

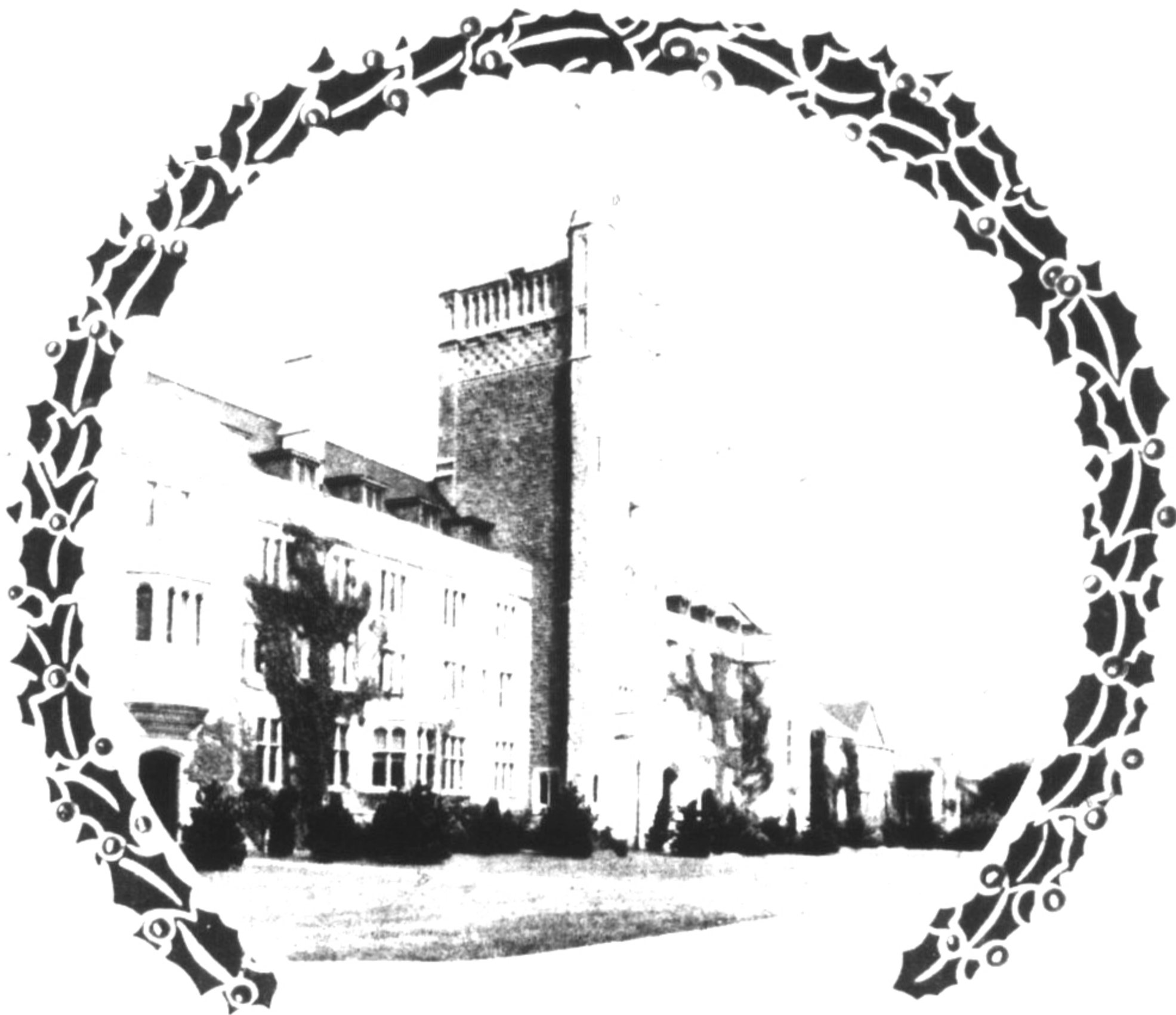
VOL. 1, NO. 9

PRICE FIVE CENTS



# SPARKS

NO. 4 WIRELESS SCHOOL, GUELPH, ONTARIO



Christmas  
December, 1942

ISSUED MONTHLY

CHRISTMAS 1942



# "SPARKS"

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VOL. I GUELPH, DECEMBER, 1942 No. 9

### "THE MINISTER'S PENNANT"

G/C. A. H. K. Russell

It is a source of great pride to No. 4 Wireless School to have been adjudged the first wireless school in Canada to receive the Minister's Efficiency Pennant, which is now so proudly flying at our flagstaff on the parade ground. Three things predominate in the decision on which this reward was made.

First, the efficiency of our Flying Squadron. Both pilots and ground staff are deserving of the highest praise for their excellent work. The amount of flying done and the increasing demands for flying time which have been met by the Flying Squadron, testify to the hard work done by the flying staff. But they could not have done this without the great work of the maintenance department, who have set such a high standard of serviceability that our pilots and trainees are always confident that their aircraft are "right" when they leave the ground.

Holding the Efficiency Pennant depends on several factors of which only one is the Flying Squadron. Other factors are discipline and health. Let us, one and all, determine that our behaviour at all times will be a credit to the R.C.A.F. Trainees, especially, will know that if they get into health or disciplinary difficulties their training is "shot" and every time this happens, Hitler chuckles and Tojo giggles. How about making these two laugh out of the other side of their face! And let's keep that "E".

### MERRY CHRISTMAS

Flt/Lt. Lardie, Padre

It is time again that we should recount the story that has not grown thin, in spite of 1900 years of wear. It

is a story that was not meant for children, but for men—for men who understand the dignity of human nature.

The story is that one winter's night in an animals stable in a hillsidecave, a young Jewish Virgin named Mary gave birth to a Child. And when the Child was born, the heavens were rent with the tremendous burst of praise that came from the Angels' Choir—"Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth Peace to men of good will". Then shepherds came from the nearby hills, and entering the cave, they fell upon their knees in adoration, and wise men too, from foreign lands to the East, brought their richest gifts to lay at the feet of the Child.

That simple story of how God became Man, will tell us in a thousand different ways of the dignity that is ours as human beings—as brothers of the Child. It is not for those who have degraded themselves in such a fashion as to sell their souls to a Fuehrer, or Duce, or Emperor—it is not for those whom a ruthless godless paganism has changed to human beasts, who would dare to destroy our freedom and our homes, and crush beneath their marching feet even our Love of Christ. The story is not for them, for it is the story of Christmas—and there is no Christmas without its Christ.

It is Christmas here, and our country is at war. We have taken up the sword not because we want to live on bestial hate or frenzied force, but because we must fight for the individual, personal rights that no one under God can take from us. And even though we are at war, we can still look back to the hillside cave and see there—Mary's Christ. And here, at least, that means still—Merry Christmas!

### SEASON'S GREETINGS

S/L. N. C. Parkes, C.I.

I would like to take this opportunity to wish all a very happy Christmas and a successful New Year. To the instructional staff of No. 4 Wireless School, I would like to express my appreciation of your efforts in the past year. For the past consecutive eight months, this School has been well out in the lead. While all personnel of this School contribute to a certain extent, you are the men who are mainly responsible for the results obtained.

Let us make a New Year's resolution that we will produce even better results and firmly resolve that every graduate from No. 4 Wireless School will be capable and fit to fill his position as a Wireless Air Gunner, when he reaches his operational unit overseas.

The news these days would indicate that 1943 will be a very crucial year for our side, and the W.A.G.'s for whose training you are now responsible will be the ones we all will have to depend on when that time comes.

To all the trainees of the School, we hope you have an enjoyable holiday and will come back refreshed and determined to put all your efforts into your training and show your appreciation by putting out a little extra effort to make up for the training time lost during the holiday season.

## Squad. Leader Aldersley with P. F. since beginning of R.C.A.F.—now Stores Officer at No. 4 W. S.

Not having entirely grown up with the R.C.A.F. it can be truthfully said that the R.C.A.F. came into being and has grown up since S/L. Aldersley first became connected with Canada's Air Services.

But S/L. Aldersley has not always been connected with Canada's Air Services. Born in Tonbridge, Kent, England (some 60 miles from London) he came to Canada in 1913 and, in the Province of Alberta, attempted to convert himself into a good Canadian. His efforts in this respect appear to have been fairly successful, for, in the winter of 1916-17 we find him serving in France as an infantry soldier with the 78th Winnipeg Grenadiers.

His military career commenced in April, 1916, when he enlisted in the 151st Infantry Battalion of the Canadian Expeditionary Force. After serving in Canada, England and France, he returned to Canada and was discharged from the Canadian Expeditionary Force in April, 1919.

In January, 1921, he first became connected with the Air Force, when he was attached to the Air Board Air Station at Morley, Alberta, in the capacity of Air Clerk Stenographer. This unit was moved to High River, Alberta, in March, 1921, when construction of the present station was commenced. During 1921 S/L. Aldersley enlisted in the Canadian Air Force and carried on at the High River Air Station in the capacity of Orderly Room Sergeant until April, 1924, at which time the Royal Canadian Air Force was formed and took over all stations previously administered by the Air Board and Canadian Air Force.

At this time S/L Aldersley transferred his activities from the Orderly Room to the Equipment Section and, on April 15, 1924, we find him working as an equipment assistant at R.C.A.F. Station, Jericho Beach, Vancouver. In April of 1927 he was transferred from Vancouver to No. 1 Equipment Depot, Ottawa, where for eight years he was employed as N.C.O. i/c of the Accounting Section. In 1935 with the rank of W.O.1, he took over duty as senior equipment assistant at No. 1 Equipment Depot. In January, 1939, he was transferred to R.C.A.F. Station, Trenton, and attached to the Equipment Training School as School Warrant Officer. November, 1939, found S/L. Aldersley working as a member of the equipment staff at No. 1 Training Command Hqs., where he remained until April, 1940, when he was posted to Air Force Headquarters, Ottawa, to assist in the organ-

ization of the Appropriations Accounting Section.

In July, 1940, he was posted to the Equipment and Accounting Training School at T.T.S., St. Thomas, with the rank of Flying Officer, where for two years he was Chief Instructor.

June of the present year brought F/L. Aldersley to Guelph (June was just the time of year to be comfortable in those



Squadron Leader Aldersley

P.F. shorts, remember?) and since that time there has been considerable change in the local stores situation. We take this opportunity of extending congratulations on his recent promotion to Squadron Leader and best wishes for the future.

Asked for comments on his experiences in the Service, S/L. Aldersley states:—

"I used to look forward to the day when I would know everything about the Service but today I look with bewilderment on an ever changing colossal organization which is as strange to me as to the new arrival. For instance:—

Those fellows we call AC.2's used to be 2nd A.M.'s and some (not so clever) were 3rd A.M.'s.

That AC.1 used to be a 1st A.M.

That Orderly Room Sergeant used to be an Air Clerk Stenographer.

That thing with the blades used to be a propellor, today it's an airscrew.

That Air Foreman Mechanic with the greasy cap and soiled overalls has donned brass buttons and a crown on each arm and is known as a W.O.2.

That humble and inoffensive individual now known as an Equipment Assistant, used to be a storekeeper and his disguise appears to have been adopted in the hope that by this means he would leave behind his previously bad reputation. His dissatisfied customers however,

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## CODE AND CYPHER SCHOOL NOW IN OPERATION

This station is now the scene of operation not only of the School of Cookery and No. 15 O.A.C. detachment R.D.F.—to say nothing of No 4 Wireless School but now includes No. 1 Code and Cypher School of the R.C.A.F.

It's syllabus being of highly secret nature, training commenced December 1st, with very little ado. Occupying part of MacDonald Annex, now nicely decorated and appropriately remodelled, the present class of W.D. personnel is small, but subsequent courses will be large.

Officer Commanding and Chief Instructor is P.O. J. C. Palmer, formerly of the nearby town of Galt, who comes to the School after a number of years experience in similar work for the Canadian Navy at Ottawa. The training calls for a four-week course in "Code and Cypher". Just what that means can hardly be enlarged upon here or anywhere else. It seems that girls who graduate will be qualified to take perfectly good English and make it unintelligible to the uninitiated and vice-versa—or something of the sort.

The Instructional Staff includes S.O. E. V. Francis and A.S.O. N. M. Taunton of R.C.A.F. (W.D.) posted from Washington, D.C., and S.O. J. W. Silvester, W.A.A.F. recently of the Ferry Command at Montreal. Several signals officers have mentioned instruction in this work would be of value to themselves.

Wishes for every success are extended to staff and classes alike.

## R.C.A.F. WILL PUBLISH "WINGS"

Since the official taboo upon the sale of Advertising in Service magazines, it is regretted that many stations will find themselves without the station rag. This fact is fully acknowledged and regretted by authorities in Ottawa and as a result it has been decided to publish a monthly "news-magazine" which will be sold in all canteens of the R.C.A.F. at the reasonably small fee of 5c per copy. Of the amount collected we hasten to point out that 50% may be retained by station funds for the purpose of financing station magazines or newspapers. Further it is stressed that this monthly publication is not intended to replace unit papers, rather to support them, reiterating that there is a definite place for what is justly called the "station" magazine.

"Wings" as it will be called, probably as a sort of counterpart of the official "Wings Abroad", which has long been the voice of the R.C.A.F. overseas will be neither magazine nor newspaper, but rather a part of both. It will bring to

(Continued on page fifteen)

### A Tribute by Letter

With this issue "Sparks" would like to pay tribute to those graduates of this school who have left for Active Service, never to return.

We therefore feel it appropriate to reprint excerpts of a classic-like letter from F/O. Pettis, O/C. of our original Entry, and now in England, to a fellow Officer here.

The letter is written of one of our first graduates, P/O. Lloyd George Morrison, and we like to think of him in the same tone with and perhaps representative of all the others who have followed in his footsteps.

"In the Fall of 1918 in the very hour of victory, there was born in St. Thomas, one of those many children christened with the name of Britain's old war premier. Thus, Lloyd George Morrison was only twenty-three when he came to Guelph, but he was mature for his age, both in appearance and demeanour. He would easily have passed for much over thirty.

"That was probably the reason, as well as his early evidenced popularity, that caused me to choose him as Class Senior of 21C. He combined a friendliness with a hard-boiled toughness (and could display the latter whenever required!) so that his Flight was always well-disciplined. Once he asked me if he would be allowed to take matters into his own hands, or, as he expressed it: "Whale the tar out of anyone that raised too much row?" Smiling, I assured him, that I knew how to turn a blind eye to many things and I have no doubt that, more than once some of the more turbulent airmen were corrected in this unorthodox fashion.

"If the boy had any minor fault as a Class leader it was perhaps his inability to inspire the slower, dull-witted plodders, so that his Flight was lop-sided, yet his own technical work was much above the average, nor were his activities confined to classroom alone.

"He acted as chairman of the canteen committee. He organized several of our concerts and, possessing a fine baritone voice, he was most generous with his offerings, both on and off the Station, for he was active as soloist every week in a down-town Guelph church. If his voice was at its best in simple songs, these were the sort the men preferred and he seldom attempted any more difficult aria. He had appeared often on the concert stage in civilian life and, for a time, had taught music in his own native city.

"I posted him to Fingal, near his home, and there he was one of the three leaders in Bombing and Gunnery so that he gained his commission at the same time

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### A CHRISTMAS WISH!

As Christmas draws near for the year 1942 there seems to be every indication of its being the "Whitest" Christmas of the war. At this time we don't particularly like to talk about the war—at any time for that matter—but the fact is that a war exists, a war which we must win in order to maintain those things which we hold dear—for example Christmas.

For the first time, the news of the world appears favourable to our cause. Previously our men on the battlefronts, the seafronts and the airfronts were forced to fight against terrific odds without any very concrete prospects for the allied nations. They fought boldly and bravely and died freely under men like Churchill and Roosevelt, providing a background and a reason for the present encouraging atmosphere.

Now the point has been reached where our men can go forward, we can take the offensive and eventually that offensive must end in Victory and Peace.

We started out to wish you a Merry Christmas. Well, the point we're trying to make is that everyone here, in doing the daily monotonous task pleasantly and well, has justly earned a share in the cheerfulness which is so catching at this time of year. We, of Sparks, sincerely hope that you of the R.C.A.F. and R.C.A.F. (W.D.) here and at Burtch, in fact, all Airmen and Airwomen everywhere, may enjoy this justified Christmas happiness to the very fullest degree and we hope that through our efforts we may have been able to contribute something to that happiness.

—Ed.



### PROMOTIONS

Congratulations are offered on the following promotions, announced since the last edition of Sparks: Flt/Lt. Davidson, who has occupied the Office of S.A.O. since September is now S/L.; F/O. Gilmore is O.C. No. 2 Squadron on R.D.F. Detachment and F/O. Rowinson has been Officer I/C Armament for sometime.

Best wishes to all.

### SPARKS SELLS AT 5c PER COPY

Our last issue, that's the one dated in October and published in November, was the first for which we were obliged to charge the advertised fee of 5c. We said it was because we could no longer sell advertising. However a last minute signal came through with permission from A.F.H.Q. to sell space in one more issue—but you'll notice that there are definitely no ads in this one.

We would like to be able to announce that the sale was beyond all expectations, etc., etc., but all we can really say is that we sold enough to prove that the magazine is read by at least the majority of the personnel on the station. In addition the sale was of such a proportion that we feel justified in going on to produce the magazine—if under something of a difficulty.

The magazine of course is far from self-supporting and we express again our appreciation to the Canteen Committee for their financial backing. The point is however that we feel that there should be more and even more sales. We hesitate to print what we think of the fellow who would read someone else's Sparks—either by waiting 'till the other chap is finished or by looking over his shoulder—and we repeat that we're confident that most everyone does want to read it.

Here we like to point out that we aren't giving you any of that stuff about supporting the old school paper and esprit de corps, etc., etc. This we feel unnecessary for two reasons: 1. The people on this station know without being told the meaning of 'esprit de corps' and so on: 2. That (modestly) we think that Sparks is dam' well worth a nickel.

Therefore why not buy a copy of Sparks as it comes out every month (for the month previous) and insure that it will be able to continue production. For our part we on the staff will do our very best to bring it to you regularly. The organization behind the magazine is much more "organized" and experienced than formerly and we should like to acknowledge the keen co-operation not only from the staff, but from contributors in all walks of station life.

But don't forget the point—spend a nickel and buy a copy. If you really can't bear to read it yourself, send it to a relative or friend. They probably don't know us here and might appreciate it.

One thing more—since the official banning of ads from Service publications, we note that most schools of all varieties are discontinuing their magazines. It therefore seems logical that No. 4 should be keeping up its tradition of the past—not only by publishing a magazine but by having it widely read and widely circulated.

Thank you.

Ed.

# SQUADRON CHATTER

## NO. 1 SQUADRON

F/L. Carnegie, O/C.

Cpl. Flemming Disciplinarian

Open the gates, and jump aside, the 57th entry to No. 4 Wireless School has made its debut. It was a great day November 23rd, for the lads—wind burnt, rain soaked security guards from Moncton, N.B., Manning Depot, Toronto, and airmen from other parts.

Then, like a barrage of buckshot, came the stiffening "news" of P.T., haircuts, drill, etc. Could this be another Manning Depot? But our fears soon proved to be little more than the traditional doubts of A.C.2's on the road to Wagdom.

Strictly speaking, we were impressed by the layout of No. 4 Wireless School, with its scholastic atmosphere. No. 4 is a fine station with a staff which is, to say the least, hard to equal, and with its high degree of efficiency, we have a goal set before us which we will endeavour to uphold.

No. 1 Squadron is made up of four flights through which are regimented airmen from the far shores of Newfoundland to as far west as Edmonton, Alberta, and have, as per usual, found the surrounding ideal.

Many mysteries no doubt lie before us, but at present most of our difficulties are untangled by the air Force F. B. I. and in no uncertain terms, we mean Sgt. Taylor and Cpl. Fleming. Every squadron has its Wisenheimer (Stewart, D) its Tomeo (Garniss) its barrack room lawyer (Rolinger) its glamour boys (B Flight) also such oddities as the bearded ladies (Sloan, Faguy, Clawson, Shannon) and double jointer (J. Gibson) but never before have we had a "five by five" discip., or a "four by four" aide-de-camp. They know all the answers even how Cleopatra kept herself in the pink. So under their genial command laugh and grow up—but don't fall by the way-side.

Our first "36" was enjoyed by all, especially the Ontario boys who visited their home towns for the first time in more than two months—then had to account for those extra pounds which had filled out their blues. A jolly time was spent in the vicinity of Toronto by two of our prize specimens, namely Wicklum and Shannon—we will "assume" that they took a few pictures and visited the museum—but some have their doubts? We are also glad to hear that everything is back to normal in Amherstberg, Ont. Eh Bob? - - - Who's always on the beam before, during and after lectures—no

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## NO. 2 SQUADRON

45th Entry

F/L. Gilmour, O/C.

Cpl. Stewart, Disciplinarian

A long time ago came the 45th entry—and now they are leaving. Our stay here at No. 4 Wireless School has been a most entertaining one—a few set-backs and heartaches—but still we feel we've accomplished something.

A number of us came from K.T.S. at Trenton and for awhile had trouble getting into the spirit of things—but under the firm and helping hand of Flight Lieutenant Gilmour, Squadron O/C., we slipped into the groove and when the diplomas are handed out, the 45th will head for Bombing and Gunnery with everything a good W.A.G. needs

Now that our last mile is about over and the goal line almost crossed, the lads thrill to the memories and high lights of their stay at O.A.C. We like to remember the first day we came through the gates of the School and saw the beautiful buildings, and the thick carpet of green grass shaded by stately spruce and fir trees - - - it was big and tough and mean - - - but beautiful—A Shangri-La for W.A.G.'s. How we remember the tough inspections—F/S. MacIwain's commanding voice on the drill square—and duty flight—and how the boys grumbled about their jobs—Then came exams, and after exams, compulsory classes. Then we hit out-stations, oh! But the 45th kept plugging.

After out-station came Burtch. A and B flights were first to go and the 45th regained some of their threatened prestige. C and D flights did their operating two weeks later and touched off the flight training with a roaring success. And now all that remains is the march past.

Personalities of the 45th were numerous. Composed of Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, Americans and R.A.F. personnel, good times and laughs were produced by the thousands. Some of the unforgettable scenes:

Fayad's flirting with the W.D.'s.

Middleton and Butchart's parties at the downtown hotels - - - the "beefing" of Rowatt and Murphy. Lester's excellent work when he was forced down at Burtch - - - Aquin's trite expressions such as "acres and acres of green" - - - Colborne's one-man laundry in room 452 - - - Corporal Stewart's mysterious trips out of town on weekends - - - Everyone "riding" Plumber - - - Graber with his 6 foot girl friend - - - "Black Horse" Desmarais and St. (the Germ) Germaine's trips to Kitchener - - - Porterfield running for the bus

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## NO. 3 SQUADRON

F/O. Rice, O/C.

Corporal Franz, Disciplinarian

Well, here we are on our 22nd week and just a few more weeks to go, oh happy day! - - - I can see that a few of the boys will be trying to get their Morse now as that big day will soon be here. Stay in there boys, and don't let it lick you as it has been done before and can be done again. How about it L.A.C.'s Lefstein and Reganstriffe?

"A and B" Flights are now at Burtch and with Corporal Franz there to look after them I think they will be O.K. We are still running hither and thither around Outstations as yet but only have about 10 days to go before we go to Burtch and then watch the clouds go by—Zoom!—here we come—Zoom—there we go. - - - I hear that L.A.C. Legault formerly of the 47th entry and just put back recently was married on November 28. Congratulations kid. One more to show us that it takes a man to take that step especially in these times, and may you live happy ever after and I mean "After". - - - L.A.C. Howie is feeling better now that his mis-understanding with his girl friend who is in Ottawa, has finally been settled and boy! was he worried. - - - Had a big Boxing Tournament on November 16th of which No. 3 Squadron was well represented by L.A.C.'s Belanger, Bonany, Meyers and Oshirrif. It was a very good show with L.A.C.'s Belanger and Meyers coming to a draw and L.A.C.'s Bonany and Oshirrif coming off with a win.

Who is the lad that spends most of his time on the telephone, and more than nickles are spent too. Oh isn't love grand—you've got something there big boy as they are very far and few between. Talking about love what happened to L.A.C. Lappierre over last weekend at Kitchener as he certainly doesn't look the same since. Maybe those Army girls are a bit too rough eh fellow and I guess you had better stick to your W.D.'s from now on as I know they just adore Frenchmen.

Now I am beginning to understand why the N.C.O.'s at Outstations pull their hair out especially, when given 2 minutes to backtune, L.A.C. Horsley (The Horizontal Kid) takes 19 minutes—tut tut my boy you will have to do better than that or all the N.C.O.'s will be buying special hair tonic to replace the hair they have pulled out and no wonder hwew! 19 minutes tish, tish, tish.

Then there was L.A.C. Hendricks (The Miracle Man) who backtuned with his receiver off and got something too—

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**NO. 4 SQUADRON**

P/O. Garbutt, O/C.

Cpl. Keys, Disciplinarian

Towards the final month of a W.A.G. course events move so swiftly that it becomes difficult to record the happenings.

The course of study that appeared all too lengthy when we arrived a few days ago) has left little time to spare while absorbing the assorted details our technical N.C.O.'s have ceaselessly attempted cramming into us during these past months.

The physical changes in No. 4 have also been noteworthy Flt/Lt. Mitchell having left No. 4 to head the U.A.T. end of the R.C.A.F. is succeeded by P.O. Garbutt a very pleasant sort of officer—instantly liked by the forty-niners.

Sgt. Taylor is with us—yet not with us—He and Cpl. Flemming being Drill Instructors for the new 57th. Having captured a good man from No. 4 Squadron on arriving speaks well for their success on this station, Hooplah.

The Sergeant is still very much with us and definitely on the station. The smiling bulk of "Pud" outside the Mess Hall still has the effect of causing forty niners to automatically get back in line and check that mad dash for the mess. Line up—Good luck Sarge "BY THE LEFT".

So—on to outstations and we feel sure, mental collapse, under the probing technique of Sgt. White—the Mad Marconi—that mythe of noises and interruptions to shatter the nerve of the scrawny W.A.G. is all poppy-cock. Never any of those difficulties—unthinkable. VE AIBVP70 - K3-X5-DC ACK ARR.

In the midst of all this crisp winter cheer comes the astounding news that there will be nine days leave given all entries—except, of course—the 49th.

This almost lost the war for us until cheered by the news that armament instruction will be stopped at No. 4—Nothing to add to the struggle of Procedure—Morse and Radio.

The fact that later developments will make 51 and 53 etc. the beneficiaries of that bit of thoughtfulness means that we naturally will write the final armament paper at No. 4 Wireless.

Little London was bombed from great heights with huge gales, causing he and "Hopalong" Cassidy to retire to a shelter—diggings—digger or what have you—

So another entry is almost ready to wind up its stay with air ops at night over this snow covered land to add to the interest and experience we need—we're quite satisfied. Thus onward Christian Soldiers—a very Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year to you all and your cause will prosper.

**NO. 5 SQUADRON**

Flt/Lt. Thomson, O/C.

Sgt. Mitchell, Disciplinarian

As the curtain ascends on another month, ye 53rd enters into the sacred realm of No. 4's old timers. When this is printed we shall have completed half our course and will be proceeding on no less than 14 days leave—and it's all legal - - - We have a foothold now and are getting down to work in earnest. Bill Findlay in particular is working hard lately—since his recent marriage he has reported on sick parade practically every morning—fallen arches, no doubt. They tell me that Claude Oscar (alias "Frenchy") Legroulx is a loan shark—or is it sucker bait?

Since this column last appeared an organization called "The Corn Club" has made itself known on the fourth floor, with (you might know) O'Dominie and Mahfood as Prime-ear and Kernal. Its purpose, so they say, is to bring about the betterment of corn, but personally I detect the presence of the proverbial "coloured gentleman in the woodpile."

Words that will live forever department:

"Let's put Goddard to sleep." "Break it up lads, here comes Tip Toe." "What will I do with my toothbrush?" Wake up Dougall". "It was too crowded to get a haircut Sarge." A flight Squadron Portraits". - - - Syme and his perpetual pipe - - - Farmer Price and plow - - - Parrott hunting, in vain, for his long awaited "moustache" - - - Owers knocking apart 5 out of 5 of the skeets - - - Dunne taking over "B" flight.

We all congratulate Corp. Leduc on his promotion to No. 5 and hope his stay won't be too limited. I wonder why J. Lloyd never gets to pay parade on time? They say he doesn't care because he has an income on the side, but I haven't seen her as yet. Mr. Brown reports that aside from 5 or 6 S.P.'s he enjoyed his vacation very much, thank you. Have you ever taken notice of Ferguson when he isn't aware of it?—a three ring circus. "Kee Wee" Groves, that conscientious New Zealand lad, was seen in the fair city of Toronto with a greatcoat—a red-head—a beach umbrella and a perplexed look. What was he doing? counting snowflakes - - - It has been observed that Bessette has been wandering about our fair station wearing a rather worried face of late. Perhaps he is troubled about all his women way back in Montreal East. Speaking of women—who was the ylcanthropus in room 412 (?) who had his kisser slapped for telling a gal her eyes had the unfortunate and disturbing habit of gazing in two directions simultaneously? Congrats. to Sergeant Mitchell whose three hooks and upper-lip wings blend perfectly together.

**NO. 6 SQUADRON**

P/O. Mickles, O/C.

Cpl. Hollywood, Disciplinarian

Although the 55th entry has only been on the station a few weeks, we find the time really flying along and won't feel acquainted until we are writing our farewell message to "Sparks". However, in the meantime we're going to try to be a good bunch of all round fellows, and make the school proud of us, also our O.C. and Drill Instructor.

So far, the boys in D Flight are boasting of having the smartest men in the class, namely, that mighty atom himself, Sgt. Bert King, who by the way is now resting u pin hospital. Hurry up and get out of there Bert—even Claud misses you.

D Flight also boasts of "Tuffy" Banville the boxer and "Tyrone" Richardson, also a boxer but a lady killer in his own right.

Sgt. Covington can't figure out how any Nazis will dare attack our hard boiled gunners namely "Bubbles" Lobban, "Daisy" Prijce and "Pinky" Roy.

The boys are wondering how "mud-pack" Wilson and Al Almon, our "pro" skier, is getting along with the W.D.'s.

"C" Flight seems to be very interested in the forth coming marriage of their own "Red" Potter. He always refers to his future wife as "Chicken". Believe me, "Chicken" had better grab Red while the grabbing is good, as he has his eye on a couple of eligible W.D.'s.

They also want to know who the class comedian is who had to pay three days "C.B." for one drag on a cigarette—between classes. Has anyone had a close-up on "Handsome's" dream girl Rita? and does that airman in Room 211 really intend to Remuster?

This is all for the 55th for the present, but don't worry—we'll be back.

Squadron Chatter (Con. on page seven)

**PUZZLE (for W.A.G.'s only)**

You have a receiver of the Superheterodyne type and suspect that the R.F. value is unserviceable. You interchange an I.F. for the R.F. Okay? It still won't work. You interchange the I.F. for the Detector. You use the Detector for an R.F. Amplifier. Won't work. You disconnect the aerial and put it on the headphones so the signal must have to get there. To make sure, you reverse the battery leads so the electrons—will go the other way, which is the way they should have gone in the first place, isn't it? Finally you take out the magic eye and try to see what you're going to get for christmas.

Puzzle is—will the receive still work? (You may think there's no answer to this puzzle, but just turn to page 20)

# SPORTS

by L.A.C. Egee

Hats off to the W.D. Basketball Team!

Sgt. Crowe, their coach, says they are putting forth every effort to make a swell team. The girls are to play in a five team loop with Brantford, Hagersville, Dunnville, and Jarvis.

Some of the girls have played in school competitions prior to enlistment.

"Shorty" Walker, the teams tallest player, doesn't have very far to reach for the old basket; which should mean plenty of baskets for the W.D. Team of old number 4.

The players are:

Cpl. Dalton, Cpl. Bond, Cpl. Willis, Cpl. Parslow, A. W. Pfeffer, Gawne, G. K., Tinline, D. J., Heenan, D. M., Walker, J. F., Leaming, J., Noyes, C. M., McCalleim, E. M., Harrison, I. E.

## BOXING

The Boxing Tournament was held on Nov. 16th and the results were published in D.R.O.'s of Nov. 17th.

Much could be said about L.A.C.s Voyce and Franklyn, of the graduated 43rd, who put up a great show even though they had no training

## SWIMMING

There will be a four man relay team at Hamilton on Dec. 12, competing in an Air Force Swimming Meet.

Sgt. Carpenter, L.A.C.'s Mendes, Mendes, and Coulton are the men that are stroking away for No. 4 W.S.

We wish these men all the luck in the world and may they continue to keep winning for the Air Force no matter where they may be.

## BASKETBALL

December 3, was to see the first Interstation Basketball game at Mt. Hope. Postponed because of the weather but left the team straining at the bit for a crack at the gents from Mt. Hope.

Sgt. Taylor is in charge of the team but doesn't say much about it to anyone. We hear that he is covering up a new "White Hope" who he may spring any minute. I guess we'll know about it when it happens.

I hear from the P.T. kids that the team should do very nicely. We hope that Sgt. Taylor won't keep anymore secrets about his boys in the future.

On Dec. 8th we saw a double triumph here at No. 4. The W.D. Basketball team defeated the Jarvis W.D.'s. The girls were very terrific and, me-thinks, they will end the season on top.

The gentlemen of No. 4 also whipped the gentlemen of Jarvis. They too are

quite the thing. It seems that you will be very fortunate this winter in having some real teams perform for you.

## ICE HOCKEY

The outside hockey rinks are now ready for flooding and will be in use shortly.

Galt arena has been rented for Monday nights and it's intended to play inter squadron games on large and smooth ice.

Soooo, may we advise you outdoor lovers - - - ice skaters - - - to send for your skates and get them all sharpened for some smooth cutting.

## POOL SHOOTING

Many of the fellows take advantage of the fine Pool-Tables in the basement of the Administration Bldg. Perhaps some of the newer fellows have never played pool or haven't known that it is possible for them to play in the room at any time. Why not try a few games??? Just drop into the Canadian Legion Office and sign for a cue and try your luck at a very interesting game.

## INDOOR GAMES

Chess, Bridge, Table Tennis, etc., etc., games are now being arranged by Mr. Baldwin of the Canadian Legion. These things should be lots of fun to help fill up your evenings. Cruise into the Legion Office and ask for complete information about any of your favorite games.

Incidentally, if you want a date some evening ask Mrs. Kay Crowe in the Legion Office to pick out a nice blonde for you. Some like brunnetts.

I'll guarantee a lovely assortment can be had. I lean more toward the blonde side.

## RIFLE CLUB

Some of you sharpshooters or hopefulls want to join the Station Rifle Club. There is more than one reason for your so doing.

Of course you want to improve your eye and maybe win some of those buttons.

You'd be surprised at the number of W.D.'s that belong to the club. They go over to the range every Tuesday and Thursday evening in slacks, etc., and really shoot some terrific scores.

Thursday, December 3, I decided to go over myself and investigate the situation. I didn't want to leave the place once I got there.

Sgt. Hovey, "dead eye", W. D. Cpl. Parslow and also a W.D. blonde were there. They were the main characters

in the play.

I decided to impress the blonde with a terrific score of 80.

After looking at my target I fainted dead away only to come to in a blonde's arms and hear a faint 100 mentioned. Now I'm gun shy.

## EAR TO THE KEYHOLE

F/S. DesJardins was a mad man for days the other week. His beautiful wax floors had to receive a light covering of Caustic Soda. It's all over now and things are running almost normally again.

What P.T. Cpl. is always asking, "Got a smoke?" Some day he'll get an answer like, "Stacks of them". I've seen a smokestack but never stacks of smokes.

The Blonde P.T. Cpl. broke his mirror the other week. For three whole minutes his hair was a sight until he got another. This same fellow has been broke ever since he met Hazel. We wonder if it will lead up to anything?

One of the muscle-men is nuts over a babe called "Pat'n Mike". So help me!

One P.T. Cpl. is always on sick parade getting X-rays. We have heard they are of his head.

When F/S. DesJardins was asked whether he had any complaints to make for publication he said, "No complaints. I'll leave them for the W.A.G.'s."

The whole P.T. Staff from F/O. Scott down wishes all of the W.A.G.'s and everyone on the station a very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

I'd like to say good-bye to the whole station and wish everyone the best future possible and a Merry Christmas.



Sgt. T. on the Dawn Patrol

**NO. 7 SQUADRON**

P/O. Baird, O/C.

Cpl. MacSwain, Disciplinarian

In the thirty odd days expiring between the issues of Sparks a fellow hears a great deal that is worth printing, much more that is not, and more again that is unprintable. Much that is heard is simply the common or garden variety, of belly-aching, with or without foundation, but nevertheless, since it comes from the men and women who are No. 4 Wireless School, and since Sparks is therefore theirs, it is the responsibility of any representative to see that his column reflects the general opinions—and the occasional current complaint—of those whom he represents.

This brings us to a little matter of 5c. To begin with, it is surprising how well and thoroughly Sparks is read. Any one connected with the paper will know how the trainees look forward to the appearance of a new issue, and also the number of inquiries received relative to the date of that appearance. This being true it is perhaps equally surprising that even the most enthusiastic readers are complaining about the aforementioned 5c, the necessity of which is so reasonably explained in the October issue. It is felt that Sparks is more than a collection of news items; it is a medium through which the advice, opinions and comments of our officers and instructors can most effectively reach the entire station personnel; it is a medium through which announcements are made and support solicited—relative to various forthcoming events, whether educational or entertaining in nature. Referring to the 5c one Wag has remarked that it is "like asking us to pay for D.R.O.'s". There is some basis for the comment despite the fact that Sparks is the more popular publication.

Sparks, of course, will continue to be read as widely and thoroughly as ever by the personnel of this Station but there will be only one or two copies to a room of six or eight members, and fewer copies will find the way through the gate to spread their good publicity among civilians, among other Services, and other Stations of this Service.

Remark of the Month: "Join the Airforce" said Tony (hot-foot) Lalonde to the boys who turned out for the C.O.'s parade in scruff.

Men of the Month: Scheunenau, who has the best right hand yet seen on this Station, and Fedouck, who has the fastest left, winning bouts for the 51st in the Boxing Tournament. Champs.

Event of the Month: Cpl. MacSwain's noble defence of the 51's property in the Battle of the Mop and Wringer.

Girl of the Month: Same as last month.

**TO WIRELESS OPERATORS**

*If you can keep your nerve when all about you,  
Are stations jamming hard, and blaming you;  
If you can "hold the air" though others flout you,  
Until you get the longest message through;  
If you can send, and not grow weary sending,  
Nor overture the man who has to read:  
If your mistakes are rare, and prompt their mending,  
If you believe that haste is never speed;  
If you calmly contemplate the chatter,  
Of greenhorn operators fresh from school;  
If you can sit with messages that matter,  
And wait until they're finished—and be cool;  
If you can read through half a dozen stations,  
The weaker signals that are meant for you,  
And pick 'em out, with few interrogations,  
Yet never feel ashamed to ask those few,  
If you're jack of all trades, tinker, tailor,  
If there's scarce a thing you cannot do,  
If you're an electrician, and a sailor,  
Telegraphist, accountant, lawyer, too,  
If you're propelled by energy that's tireless,  
If you don't fear the job that's never done:  
Then take my word you're fit to work at wireless,  
And anything you'll get, you earn, my son.*

Brought back from England,  
by S/Ldr. Parkes, Chief Instructor.

**ARMAMENT SECTION**

We are sorry to lose L.A.C. Hardy and L.A.C. Estabrook who have been posted overseas—best of luck, boys. We welcome to our section Cpl. Stewart and A.C.1 Perry from Mountain View.

We notice that Sgt. "Yorke" Hovey is upholding the armament section in the night-club, that is, between 48's.

In common with some other sections of No. 4 Wireless, the Armament Section seems to find Kitchener increasingly attractive—it wouldn't be because a new C.W.A.C. camp has been established there—or would it?

Cpl. Atkinson is complaining about the number of visitors he has in the precis room when he has a W.D. assistant—after all Cpl. you can't expect to have things all your own way.

**RADIO LABS SECTION HOLDS BANQUET**

**Lieutenant J. G. McKim on Leave From U.S. Signal Corps is Guest of Honour**

The second of its kind, the banquet and dance held by the personnel of Radio Labs on Friday evening, December 4th, was largely attended and largely successful.

At the conclusion of a fine chicken dinner a Toast to the King was proposed by chairman W.O.1 Daniel, R.A.F., who then called upon Flt/Lt. Mooney, Officer i/c Radio Labs, to introduce the Guest of Honour. Lieutenant McKim, replete in the two-tone uniform of the U.S. Signal Corps and formerly Sgt. McKim of the R.C.A.F., who thanked his one time colleagues and brought to mind the days when everyone here knew him as "Gord."

Legion Officer F. G. Baldwin expressed his appreciation for the invitation tendered him and paid tribute to the work accomplished by the men of Radio Labs.

S/L. Parkes, Chief Instructor, expressed the good wishes of the gathering when he congratulated Lieut. McKim on completing his training and being appointed to commissioned rank. He cited the record of "Sgt." McKim after this school, as being typical of what might be expected from any of our Radio Labs staff, "given the opportunity."

Following the banquet the entertainment committee consisting of Sgts. Sellars and Middleton provided a program including a number of vocals by L.A.C. Partridge and a skit written and produced by Sgt. Middleton. (The skit, depicting a typical class, was a howling success.)

Credit goes to the committee in charge—W.O.1 Daniel, Chairman, Sgt. Bill Amendola, Secretary, and Sgt. Bury for the success of the second banquet of its type. May there be more.

**HOSTESS HOUSE PROVIDES A FULL WEEK OF ENTERTAINMENT**

Hostesses Miss Jean Martin and Mrs. M. A. Hall, at present relieving for Miss Barham, are endeavouring to make the basement of Memorial Hall the most convenient and pleasant recreation centre and meeting place possible.

Working closely in conjunction with Canadian Legion, their schedule is a very full one. Highlights of their regular features are the Open House on Sunday afternoon and evening, with refreshments from 4 to 6 and again from 7 to 9; Bingo on Monday night; Movie upstairs by the Legion on Tuesday; the very popular Y.W.C.A. Dance on Wednesday night and another movie in auditorium on Friday.

(Continued on page fifteen)

### Equipment Section

First, we the staff of this section wish to take this opportunity to wish all of this station, the season's greetings. With a New Year coming on we look back at the old year and see a year of improvements and progress as far as this section and the station as a whole is concerned. Many will recall the old clothing parades where standing in line for at least an hour was only the beginning. Now fourteen wickets are available for large or small clothing parades—a combined technical and wireless stores making it possible for more efficient and speedier issues of equipment to Flights or Sections. Recent visitors to this station have acclaimed our "stores" as a model and that is something to be proud of. So with that feeling of having accomplished something, we start a new year.

Many new faces are now to be seen around and many old ones will be missing. F/Sgt. Foan replaces F/Sgt. Picard who has been posted to Aylmer, Ontario. Other new additions to our section are Corporals Groff and Campbell. The latter is spending his time in technical stores where he will take on the duties of Corporal Abramson who has been posted to No. 1 T.C. H.Q. To those that have left and to those whom we welcome "Here's wishing you all the luck possible."

On one of our steno's desks now sits a little sign with the name of "Mrs. Pfaff". Miss Kay Chapman, pretty young stenographer of the equipment section finally decided to take Sgt. Bob Pfaff as "her lawfully wedded husband." So on a sunny Saturday afternoon in a quiet little church at Acton, Ontario, Kay Chapman and Sgt. Bob Pfaff became "Mr. and Mrs." Two weeks later Mrs. Pfaff was presented with a handsome floor lamp by S/L. Aldersley on behalf of the equipment section.

Since the addition of A.W. Plant to tech stores a certain sergeant of the signal section (not mentioning names) makes it his business to frequent this group in his spare time for unnecessary loans of tools and equipment. The feminine touch is proving to be an asset to the section, and faces that we have never seen are making appearances. We have managed to keep our W.D.'s well distributed amongst the different groups. The pleasing smile of Airwomen Crook, Atkins, and Litzgus will greet you at clothing stores—Leaming and Yost in barrack stores—Smith and Logette in publications and Plant in tech stores. All capable of meeting requirements from nuts and bolts to tables and chairs as long as you have your voucher properly prepared and signed.

(Continued on page twelve)

### LETTERS FROM GRADS

Sparks would like to have more letters from graduates. The following letter gives some idea of the work done by men of No. 4.—Ed.

Sgt. H. V. Lamb,  
Aust. 412150,  
R.A.F. Ferry Command,  
Berry Field,  
Nashville, Tennessee, U.S.A.  
November 18, 1942

Flight-Lieut. Gilmore,  
No. 4 Wireless School,  
Guelph, Ontario.

Dear Sir:

By now of course those 70 Australians who first shattered the placid calm of Guelph way back in September, 1941, are scattered around the world's battlefronts and I have long since lost contact with most of them. Some are now receiving their baptism of real action in the victorious drive against the Axis forces in North Africa; others attached to bombing squadrons in Britain have taken part in raids against Nazi strongholds in Europe; quite a number are engaged in the ferry services, some operating between Canada and Scotland, some between Britain and Africa, and a few of us are delivering bombers from the United States over the South Atlantic to Egypt; still more are attached to reconnaissance squadrons in Britain; while two most fortunate returned to Australia and are helping to defend our homeland.

About 18 of us Australians trained at Guelph were sent to Ferry Command, and the intention then was to use us on the Pacific ferry service. They seemed in a hurry about it, and we were all rushed through a special course in one week. In that week we had to increase our Morse speed from 20 to 25 words a minute. We were all successful and in the following week our names were listed for immediate departure for Australia. You can imagine our excitement at the prospect of seeing our homeland once again but we were doomed to disappointment. Only two of our lads—"Monty" and Tommy Simmonds—got away when there was a sudden change of plans. The American Air Corps took over all Pacific deliveries and we Australians were not wanted.

Then followed a long period of waiting and spasmodic study and training at Dorval, Quebec, while we were prepared to make the crossing over the North Atlantic to Britain. We all did a fair amount of local flying to become familiar with various types of equipment, and went on long day and night navigation flights to get some limited experience in keeping W/T contact, getting D/F bearings, etc.

None of us will ever forget that first flight over the Atlantic. It was our first real test, the culmination of all those long weary months of training, but you will be pleased to know that every Guelph graduate came through with flying colours, and every one was recommended for a permanent job with Ferry Command. Of course we all knew, in theory, and role we had to play to perfection, but still it was all very much like an actor playing a part without a rehearsal, or an athlete competing in a race without a practice sprint. In this case, though, lives were at stake, and much depended on our ability to maintain that lifeline of W/T communication across the vast expanse of ocean.

To all of us, though, after the first few hours out over the Atlantic, there came a wonderful feeling of confidence as the ground control station, immediately responsive to its call, came back clear and distinct, soothing and reassuring. It was like that all the way across, and my admiration for those men at the control stations in Newfoundland and Scotland is unbounded. Never for a moment did I feel cut off from the rest of the world. I knew I just had to press my key, and there would be an immediate helpful response from our alert and watchful guardians.

We took off a few hours before midnight in blinding rain and amid the crash of thunder and the flash of lightning. The forecast was bad weather for the first few hours, and then all would be well. Almost as soon as we were airborne with our heavy load, the ground disappeared from view, and we were tossing around violently in the overcast.

Within three hours we had flown out of the storm, the explosive crackle of static in my radio abated, and the stars shone out bright and clear. About half way across I contacted long range H/F D/F cathode ray stations in the north and south of England and they came back with position lines which gave us a perfect fix of our position, about which there had been considerable doubt because of the influence of the storm. From there onwards, with the assistance of a succession of radio bearings, it was all plain sailing.

We could sit back at our ease and appreciate to the full the quivering beauty of the northern lights which on that night made a brilliant and most colourful display. Then we welcomed the first warming rays of the sun rising straight ahead of us. A few hours later there was the first gladdening sight of land as the rugged coastline of Ireland loomed up on our track.

We landed more than an hour overdue after a flight of 11½ hours, and with less than an hour's gas to spare.

(Continued on page sixteen)

# DWUBLE-YEW-DEES

## Ft/O. Moorhouse is C. O. of R. C. A. F. School of Cookery

"I was born and raised for a few years in a parsonage with four walls, and after that more or less went astray by myself." In these words, Ft/O. Moorhouse made an endeavour to explain her early life. Her father, John Clayton Moorhouse, was minister of the United Church in the town of Birr, a few miles from London, Ontario, where she was born.

Slightly embarrassed at being interviewed, Miss Moorhouse continued: "I went to school, am still living and hope I won't die for a little while." She received her early education at Thedford and Kerwood Public Schools, migrating to Clinton High School and Central Collegiate Institute, London. She first "strayed" from the parsonage walls to enter Alma College, St. Thomas and later attended the University of Toronto, graduating with a Bachelor of Arts degree.

Her first business sallies caused her to spend two summers at Bigwin Inn, Muskoka, and the Christmas seasons at Wendel Holmes Book Store, London. She then disrupted The Manufacturer's Life Association, Toronto, whilst in her own words "She had fun and games changing their library around." They must have been quite impressed by the change as she remained in their employ from 1933 to 1941 from where she joined the R.C. A.F., after a year with the Red Cross Transport Service. She has the distinction of being a member of the first C.W. A.A.F. (now R.C.A.F. W.D.) Administrative course, entering the service as an AW2 and graduating six weeks later, high in her class, as an A.S.O. Posted to No. 4 Wireless School, December, 1941, in the short span of one year she has risen to the rank of Flight Officer and Officer Commanding, The School of Cookery.

Though cooking is very distant from the field of literature, Miss Moorhouse has proven equally enthusiastic over her new vocation. She is one hundred per cent for the School of Cookery trainees. She considers theirs one of the hardest trades in the service. As she says: "They work long hours under most-uncomfortable conditions and hear only complaints and never praises. I just wish I had half the cheerful spirit of these trainees." In our opinion she has, and this undoubtedly accounts for a great deal of their happiness.

A keen insight into human nature and ready understanding of the other fellow's problems coupled with a delightful sense of humour (the latter very obvious in a pair of sparkling eyes and a ready

smile) endear her to her associates. Interested in tennis, golf, swimming, badminton and skiing her leisure seems to be particularly "active". Any spare time she devotes to reading.

Still quite a young woman, Miss Moorhouse is running a neck and neck race



Ft/O. Moorhouse

for success in the service with her brother, Ft/L. Moorhouse, Medical Officer at No. 1 Bombing and Gunnery School, Jarvis, Ontario. Personnel of the School of Cookery here unanimously extend the best of wishes to Ft/O. Moorhouse in her future service career.

### ODDMENTS

Since the advent of Cpl. Anderson (W.D.) few days in hospital, Cpl. Anderson (R.C.A.F.) has become a regular visitor. In fact if anyone wonders what has happened to his hair lately, the solution is that the girls gave him a shampoo and wave. Curly-top Anderson he was known as.

Headquarters girls No. 4 have a basketball team which they are beginning to take very seriously. Practises are frequent and they are now playing other Stations. The boys had best look to their laurels in this field as they too will soon be challenged.

Some of the feminine members of the "Rifle Club" are proving to be very good shots—beware Airmen—don't double-cross them.

There does not seem to be much need to welcome the gals from the Code and Cypher Unit. As they come from the various stations over Canada, it is just

## DOROTHY HIX

Dear Miss Hix:

Well here it is almost Christmas. This brings up a problem. A touchy problem and rather personal. It's this. Should I touch my girl-friend for enough money to buy her Christmas present or shouldn't I—and what do you think she'd like? Do you think she'd spend as much money on me as I could borrow from her to buy a gift? A fellow's got to be practical you know and right now I've got to be very practical. You see I'm just recovering from one of those hair-cuts you get when you spend more than so many days in the whosit. I'm getting off the track. Please let me know what you think of my problem. You see it's sort of my girl friend's problem too.

Hairless Joe

Dear Hairless:

I see evidence of the real Christmas spirit, but don't let your enthusiasm run away with your girl friend's money.

Miss Hix

Dear Miss Hix:

As a W.D. I was on this station taking a short course and promised myself not to become involved with any of the airmen. Instead I am now tangled up with a Security Guard. Now I am leaving what shall I do, I hate to think of him standing out in the cold for hours thinking of me.

Sympathetic

Dear Sympathetic:

Too bad, its going to be a long hard winter.

Miss Hix

Dear Miss Hix:

Merry Christmas and thanks for your last year of advice.

A Corporal

Dear Corporal:

Happy New Year with no fresh problems.

Miss Hix

like old home week for some people already at No. 4. Not only have some of the airwomen met before, but also some of the airmen have been seen to offer the old friendly handshake.

To all W.D.'s on this Station "Sparks" wishes to say "Merry Christmas" (goodness knows we've been dreaming of a white one long enough). To those who will be able to get home or to friends, their happiness is assured, those few less fortunate enjoy yourselves here, and we will all join together in the New Year's celebrations. At the New Year's Eve Dance (many thanks to the powers that be) the airwomen will come into their own. What better way could those in the Service wish to see the year in. **HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL.**

# Know Your Instructors

By FLT/LT. MOONEY

## Sgt. T. Jack

Was born in Clydebank, Scotland, and came to Canada at the tender age of one year. He finally settled in London, Ontario, where he attended Public School and High School, obtaining a Senior Matriculation. Upon leaving school, he worked for a time with Canadian Press and for 2½ years with CFPL, the local broadcasting station. In September, 1939, he enlisted in the Air Force Auxiliary squadron in London, the 114th Bomber Squadron. In October, he entered the Active Air Force as a Wireless Operator Ground, and eventually arrived at No. 1 Wireless School via Manning Depot, Toronto.

He completed his course with W.O.G.2 and was retained for instructional and staff duties. During employment as an operator at No. 1 W.S. ground station, he qualified for remustering to the W.E.M. trade and moved out to the Air Operating Section at St. Hubert's. There Sgt. Jack remained for about one year, employed on aircraft maintenance and instructional duties. He arrived in Guelph in September of this year to augment the staff of Radio and Battery Labs., specializing in G.P.I. training. After serving his "tour of duty" in this lab, he has just recently moved to the R1082—Canadian D/F Lab.

## Sgt. D. Stannah

Akron, Ohio, is Sgt. Stannah's home town where he spent the first seven years of his life. After moving to Canada, he eventually settled in Toronto where he completed Public School and 3 years of Continuation School. He worked for the Goodyear Tire Co. for seven years, then took up radio and electrical service work and finally had his own Radio Store for 4 years prior to enlistment in the R.C.A.F. in September of 1940. He started out on a W.O.G./W.E.M. course at No. 1 Wireless School and graduated with W.E.M.6 in May, 1941. He was retained for instructional duties and was posted to No. 2 Wireless School, Calgary, on W.A.G. radio lecturing. After a brief posting to No. 7 S.F.T.S., in MacLeod, Alta., he came to Guelph in August, 1942. Here, at No. 4, he has been on G.P.I. instruction since his arrival and has just recently been promoted to the rank of Sergeant.

## AC1 K. Hagar

A comparatively recent addition to the Radio Labs instructional staff is AC1 Hagar who comes from nearby Welland, Ontario. After completing Public School, and Technical High School work in machine shops practice, he went to work for a time with the Atlas Steel Co.,

Welland. From there, he went to Canadian Westinghouse in Hamilton where he was employed as an electrician on servicing and installation work. With a good practical background in electrical work, he took the preliminary wireless course at the Galt Aircraft School, and entered the Air Force as a W.E.M."S"



SGT. T. JACK



CPL. A. TOWNSEND



SGT. D. STANNAH



SGT. E. CORBETT



AC1 K. HAGAR



CPL. D. HASSELL

in February, 1942. He arrived at No. 1 Wireless School, Montreal, in April via Manning Depot, Toronto, and started his Wireless Electrical Mechanics course with W.E.M. 22. Graduating in October with high marks, he was retained for instructional duties, and was posted to No. 4 Wireless School. Since then, AC1 Hagar has been assisting in the various labs in preparation for full-time instructional duties in Outstations on Signals Trainers.

## Cpl. A. Townsend

This instructor is a native Torontonian by birth and education. After completing Technical High School, he worked with the Ford Motor Co., for a number of years, then took the Junior Radio Engineering Course with Radio College of Canada which he completed in six months. Since then he has worked with various radio companies and was employed on maintenance and servicing in the Radio Department at Eaton's prior to enlistment. He entered the Air Force as a "direct entry" W.E.M. in January, 1940, and was posted to

AFHQ. receiving station at Rockcliffe Air Station, Ottawa. He worked here and at the main transmitting station until May of the following year when he was posted to No. 1 Wireless School to take the Air Force W.E.M. Course. Cpl. Townsend graduated well up at the top of W.E.M. II, and that, along with his previous practical experience with the Air Force, "marked" him for retention as an instructor. He came to Guelph in December, 1941, and started duties in the T1083 lab. and the R1082-Can. D/F lab. After a lengthy term Direction Finding, he was just recently moved to the G.P.I. labs.

## Sgt. E. Corbett

Hails from Windsor, Ontario, but now calls Detroit, Michigan, his home town. After completing Public School in the former city and junior Matriculation in London, Ontario, he went to work in a Detroit machine shop. During this period he became interested in amateur radio as a hobby and at the same time studied radio at the Detroit Institute of Technology. He enlisted as a W.E.M."S" in the Air Force in June of 1940 and arrived at No. 1 Wireless School in August, via Manning Depot in Ottawa. He took his Wireless Electrical Mechanics course with W.E.M.4, graduating in March, 1941. He was retained at No. 1 for instructional duties on W.A.G. instruction in the T1083 laboratories. When No. 4 W.S. opened, he came to Guelph in June and has been on W.A.G. radio lecturing here ever since. He was radio instructor for the 25th and 37th Entries and is at present with the 51st Entry along with Sgt. Parkinson.

## Cpl. D. W. Hassell

Another comparatively "new" instructor in the Radio Labs. is Cpl. Hassell who comes originally from London, England. After a period in Toronto, he now claims Hamilton as his home town. Here, he completed 3 years Commercial High School and worked in an office for 7 years prior to enlistment. He took a 4 months wireless course under the D.P. Y.T. scheme at Galt in preparation for enlistment in the Air Force as a W.E.M."S" in October, 1941. By way of Manning Depot, Toronto, he arrived at No. 1 Wireless School, Montreal, and commenced course with W.E.M. 16. Cpl. Hassell graduated from the course in April, 1942, in second place, thus winning for himself the No. 1 W.S. Proficiency Medal. As a result of this, he was posted to No. 4 as an instructor. After familiarization periods in each of the various labs he was "posted" to Signals Trainers in Outstations and, along with Sgt. Ross, is helping to keep the pressure on and get the boys in shape—technically—for the Air Operating Section.

# Radio Mechanics Detachment

F/L. Gilmore, C/O.

Contributions by Gord. Elliott

Cpl. Biggar, Disciplinarian

At our first "offense" at writing an article for "Sparks" we sincerely hope that our readers, if any, will not be too critical and that our literary efforts, irregardless of quality, will not be too readily condemned.

On behalf of the entire new Radio Mech Detachment, we wish at the very outset to express our warm congratulations to Flight Lieutenant Gilmore on his recent promotion. Although we only knew him for a short time as a Flying Officer, we feel certain that his new rank is quite justified and we are proud to have him as our O/C. As the former writer of this page, L.A.C. I. Teitel, has said, "He is an O/C. after our own hearts". And to Group Captain Russell, C/O. of No. 4 W.S. we wish to express our thanks for his recent words of welcome and best wishes for our success.

A newcomer's first impressions of this station have undoubtedly been voiced in these pages many times so anything we might say in that regard would probably be verging on repetition. However, as we gradually get settled in our new barracks and attempt to accustom ourselves to the "new regime" under Corporal Biggar, we can truthfully write home to the wife or girl friend and tell her we are "having a wonderful time but wish you were here!"

We have yet to hear all the comments that have been thrown our way regarding No. 3 Flight. Perhaps their marching reminds you of a flock of moving windmills but we doubt if any of the veterans of six or seven months' service did any better before they went to Manning Depot. And we have it from questionable sources, that the reason some of our boys came here directly after enlistment was to get to a station where there are W.D.'s. Well girls - -?! And we should probably warn you now, W.A.G.'s as well, to watch your step, because just as soon as we find our stride and can all get our left feet on the ground at the same time, our parades will certainly steal the show, in spite of our acting drill corporals.

## THE FLOWING CURRENT

By Ann Node &amp; Kath Ode

Studies are going strong—we were told we covered the toughest part of the course again today. Some of us already feel that we need an extra half hour in the morning for study (in bed). And our maths are picking up too; we learn that the only logical phrase in Analytical Geometry is "which is absurd".

The Prof. says it should be printed right on the cover.

Jim Speelman, our mathematical wizard, recently decided to make a graph of the results of one of our tests, in the hope that it might give some indication as to whether or not any of us would get passed the Bar Examinations at Christmas. He was certainly surprised when the curve turned out to be a question mark.

To add a little mist to the ever-increasing fog that is gradually enveloping this radio course they tell us in no unconfusing terms that electron-drift is definitely from the negative to the positive pole, but "conventionally" the current is said to go in the other direction. Most of us can visualize this much better now, after last month's delay in getting paid. Theoretically, a pay parade should make one's finances go from a negative to a positive state but we are only fooling ourselves if we don't talk about it doing just the opposite, especially when your pay amounts to five bucks and you already owe six.

One of our most industrious students, Bruce Sutherland, nearly brought the roof of the physics building down last week when he asked Mr. Day if Lenz's Law had anything to do with refraction in a pair of binoculars. We thought everybody could see through that. And don't forget fellows, the Prof. tells us it is bad form to pass out "at the bar".

## SPORTS

Corporal Bigger is of the opinion that the Radio Mech's basketball team would make a good polo club. In our first competitive endeavour of the season our hoopsters lit into the Eleventy-fifth (?) entry of Wags but were quickly extinguished by a rapid-fire score of 32 to 20. After the cries of "we was robbed" subsided, we realized that maybe we'd do better next time; and we did too! Yes sir we won the second game. Of course if our opponent's team had shown up it would probably have been different, but a default is still a win, so breaking even for two scheduled games isn't too bad, eh? How about some of you lads turning out on Tuesday nights and giving Morrison and Lampitt a little support. They shouldn't have to score all the points next game (what points?).

Our bowling achievements seem more fruitful. In the first timber-tustle against the O.A.C. Physics Faculty, the Radio Mechs came through with a 91-pin lead. Our high bowler was Reed

Elliot (please note: just one "T" in the last name—Scotch!!—now I spell mine - - - O excuse me!) and he was ably supported by Nicholls, Kinch, Hoover and Luke. The instructors' team consisted of Professor Blackwood, and Mr. Flegler, Mr. Kemp and Mr. McIntosh; with the high score honours for this team going of course to the Prof. himself.

It is also very gratifying to see so many Mills Hall's boys taking to such rougher pastimes as table-tennis (we refuse to tell the joke about the ping-pong bat), dancing, "blackjack" and bridge. It is hoped that we can organize a tournament for all the would-be table-tennis stars and if only we can keep the corporal from showing off his fancy serves and stuff, the competition should be keen. As for dancing, we have been asked by one of Don Juans (name on request—please apply in person) to make a plea for more W.D.'s at the station dances. "Walter, Walter, lead me to the alter." And the card games we have noticed, vary all the way from Munroe, cheating at solitaire (any similarity to Mortimer Snerd is purely a matter of opinion); to Davey "Range Buster" Taylor reaching for his shootin' iron and beatin' Mitch Watt to the draw because he pulled four aces from his sleeve. (We're really only kidding; they use toy water-pistols.)

And while we are still on the subject of sports, we might add that among our group we have a professional baseball player, Jim Morrison; and another lad, Art Boosamra, who formerly was practice-goalie for the Canadiennes hockey team.

## SO LONG FOR NOW

In the last issue, "Sparks" bade farewell to the graduating class of Radio Mechs and offered words of welcome to the new Detachment. We appreciate the good wishes and hope we can carry on with the same success as our predecessors. If we all pull together we should really "go places and do things", and we mean exactly just that!

In conclusion we would like to wish all our readers the heartiest compliments of this festive season, and to all of us who will have the misfortune to be subjected to "Bar Examinations" before our Christmas leave, the very best of luck and success.

SEND A COPY OF SPARKS TO A FRIEND IN THE SERVICE

## SERVICE POLICE NEWS

by Sgt. C. D. Clarke

One of the most heartless jobs in the Royal Canadian Air Force is that of a Service Policeman - - - and, "Gosh!" says the AC.2, "Why have a Service Policeman?"

There are two distinct lines of thought which have been developed as to the duty of the Service Policeman and they are the "Human element" and the "Property element". In the past there has been too great a tendency to interpret crime and sabotage prevention in terms of "property" rather than in terms of the "Human element."

Service Police Officials and teachers have worked hard to have the S.P. conscious of such station offences as improperly parked cars, open doors and windows, location of light switches, fire alarms, etc., but these facts fail to give the S.P. any insight of an individual who may use these means to commit an offence - - - and just so long as Sabotage and Crime are committed, we shall be getting at the solution in an awkward way when we devote our teaching only to the property protection angle - - - the ways of the transgressor are queer and should be studied!

In all countries the army serves as a sort of second line police force and is constitutionally available to enforce order and protect Government property. Hence every man who wears the King's uniform is to be considered nominally a policeman and a protector of the King's good name and property. There has always been, in civilized countries, some attempt, however, inadequate, to enforce law and order and by so doing to establish a protection paramount in its desire to give freedom, justice and protection to each individual - - - and this is just as true of the R.C.A.F. Service Police Corps as it is of Civil Police!

Now, a word about the police personnel here at No. 4 Wireless School - - - It is a acknowledged fact that the preventative policeman is the policeman of the future and that the 'Hard-boiled' S.P. is an object of the past - - - that is the theme of our outfit - - - the essence of our service - - - and has been, in fact, from the time we started service.

Senior in service on the Station are Cpls. Harwood and Wolfe and both these men have had considerable Police experience. Cpl. Wolfe in the R.C.M.P. and Army Provost Corp. and Cpl. Harwood as House officer in a large Toronto concern.

Hamilton Police force is ably represented in Cpls. Cliffe and Jackson. Cliffe being attached to the Hamilton Police for 17 years and knows his civil law front and back - - - Jackson being on the cruiser car division beside being a stalwart hockey and football player.

Cpls. Brooks and Clark are next in line for a review - - - Brooks being just back from Gander Lake and very glad of it - - - Jack was also a R.C.M.P. reserve man. Cpl Clark hails from Saskatoon and has had 12 years with the Imperials to his credit.

Then next we come to Cpls. Meredith and Conron - - - both these men are able exponents of just how the good S.P. should be. Cpl. Conron loves his 'Dog and Gun' and has promised us many a fine rabbit. Cpl. Meredith has promised to put up a dollar for every one Connie produces!

## EQUIPMENT SECTION

(Continued from page eight)

Such slogans as "Aw-w what's a razor blade" and "I'll mow 'em down so help me", are familiar phrases to Sgt. Martin. Those who saw him plastering the washroom walls with those salvage posters will remember the sergeant clambering all over the walls and plumbing fixtures trying to get the tacks to stay in. Then again there is the "umpteen" times he missed the tacks and hit his fingertips. The words Sgt. Martin used cannot be reprinted but we think he should stay with the "unsung heroes" down in clothing stores and let someone that can handle a hammer do the job in the future. Not that we think he made a bad job of it, but it's the sergeant's dear little fingertips we are worried about!

There is a story in Canadian History of a young girl named Madeline De-Vercheres who in seeing the Indians trying to attack the fort persuaded the women and children to make loud continuous noises, thus making the enemy believe that the fort was crowded with soldiers. So does our Cpl. Simpson of W. & B. Apparently he is trying these tactics to make us believe that his bowling team is unbeatable in their challenge to our section for a bowling game. Despite his praises of high scores by L.A.C. Johnson and Levesque we accept their challenge but time alone will tell the tale.

Things to stop, look and listen for at the equipment section:—

- (1) Trainees trying to convince Sgt. Martin that they need a new great-coat, despite the fact that they can't button them.
- (2) That distinguished Oxford accent of A.W. Logette in publications.
- (3) That "Clark Gable" grin of L.A.C. Rowe in clothing stores.
- (4) The continuous arguments that L.A.C. Clements of barrack stores puts up, whether he is right or wrong.
- (5) The team of Fisher and Petrie in the I. & R. Comedians if anything!

## NO. 4 WIRELESS SCHOOL RIFLE CLUB

A combination of keen enthusiasm, new .22 rifles and 67 accurate marksmen and markswomen, provided ideal ammunition to start No. 4 Wireless School Rifle Club off with a B-A-N-G.

On Nov. 12th an organization meeting was held in the Armament Office, where preliminary business problems were discussed and settled. A \$75.00 grant received from the Airmen's Canteen Fund, and a \$7.50 grant received from the School of Cookery Canteen Fund was spent in the purchase of 5 Winchester '68' Rifles and 2 Savage Model 3C Rifles. Thanks to F/L. Rowlinson's detailed instructions and supervisions, those who had no previous experience in handling fire-arms, now feel perfectly at ease with a finger on the trigger. Thirteen airmen and two airwomen have qualified for their Bronze Rating Prizes.

Sgt. Hovey, J. E. who habitually turns in 100% scores, has definitely set the standard on the Bull's eye.

With a spirit of friendship, clean sportsmanship, and lively competition prevailing, the Rifle Range in the Turret Building promises to be a popular spot each Tuesday and Thursday evening.

## LEGION NEWS

The Legion Office with Auxiliary Secretary F. G. Baldwin and busy assistants has been keeping up its record of providing good entertainment.

On the suggestion of Flt/Lt. Hamilton, Padre, and through the co-operation of the Guelph Music Society "Presto Club" a number of musical programs of a very high order have been provided. Outstanding among these was a Sunday evening concert presented by L.A.C. Howard Hughes of the R.C.A.F. Accompanied at the piano by Mrs. Helen Durrant of the Presto Club, Howard Hughes sang to an appreciative audience of Airmen and Airwomen, answered many requests for encore.

These increasingly popular Sunday evening concerts have also included performances by Campbell McArthur, Margaret Inett, Betty Spry of Guelph, and Miss Dorothy Garbit of Toronto.

To the Guelph Presto Club we say a sincere "Thank you."

Looked forward to for December 10th is a concert presented by Miss May Wilkinson, formerly of the Chicago Civic Opera, accompanied by her brother P/O. Wilkinson, J. H. of this station. P/O. Wilkinson has announced that he will be leaving for overseas shortly.

Coming events include a pre-Christmas dance on Wednesday night of December 16th in the Hostess House and the New Years' Dance on New Year's eve. Keep these dates clear.

## SERGEANTS' MESS (Only)

Congratulations, sympathies, felicitations, etc., are extended to Sgt. Bob Pfaff, local Drum-major (jive-hound on the traps in weak moments) and Mrs. Pfaff who was formerly Kay Chapman of stores. (Still of stores).

Sgt. White seems to be having phenomenal success with his combined one-tube Transmitter-Receiver P.A. system code practice set or whatever it is. We understand it does everything but the weekly wash—maybe it needs another modification. It has a beautiful "circuit". It also has an effect on all the other radios in the building, but the rest of us need the code practise anyway.

Sgt. "Pete" Danciu has sold his Thunder Scooter. We are sorry to report this, because it always gave something to talk about—but then of course he has a car now. Pete apparently isn't sorry to be rid of it. Says he "Praise the Lord I didn't hit anything with that." If Pete had even been able to get the thing out of fine pitch I'm sure it would have taken off - - - Congratulations are offered W.O. 1's McGuire and Townsend on their recent promotion. The new one-tone uniforms are quite smart. - - - Off the record we offer a big hand to the present messing committee—there seems to be a marked improvement. The red tickets promote a greater appreciation for meals—for instance you really appreciate breakfast if you blow in with about two minutes to go, and find you left the ticket in your other trousers - - - At first we thought it was just natural to find Sgt. Herdman whispering in the ear of the pretty girl, but later we found out he'd lost his voice and really had to whisper—we apologize. But isn't it so different around the Mess when Sgt. Herdman can't talk? - - - We welcome to the Mess a couple of "Repeats"—no we didn't say repeats. They're Sgt's. Ted Scott and Alex Hart - - - Orchids to the Entertainment Committee for the fine job in organizing the party of November 27th. Much fun was had by all (who attended). Take a bow, F/S's McIlwain and McNair. Lunch-hour music (apparently intended as an aid to indigestion) was provided by Sgt "Dutch" Dutchburn, piano, Bob Pfaff, traps, Joe Morgan, bass fiddle and Mac MacIlwain, both hands and both feet - - - Now that Sgt. Herdman has his voice back again we learn that he has become engaged. Did not being able to talk have anything to do with this? Anyway the engagement was effective ooooohrs 20-11-42. The wedding will be one of those Bliss-in-Blue affairs because the future Mrs. Herdman is A.W. 1 Willis, E. E. of Military Post Office No. 35. Congratulations.

## FLASH

## RADIO LABS.

It is rumoured that the W.E.M.'s are going to provide Sgt Corbett with a pair of boxing gloves this Christmas. Good idea! and may I suggest he install a transformer core in the bottom of each glove. Preferably of 25 cycle design.

Sgt. Mess has been working strenuously for several months building up synthetic D.F. Equipment. (artificial D.F.) It is hoped that in due course, he will perfect a most wanted instrument, a synthetic instructor!

It has been noticed that many trainees are bringing their radios into the instructor's room for repairs. This is quite all right as it tends to increase the knowledge of the instructors, however due to the great number of radios being received, we request that they not be piled more than three deep, as it may increase the damage already done, should they fall. (If you take your radio in for repairs, beware of these things):—

- (1) Sgt. Middleton—Selling you a new radio.
- (2) Sgt. Moss—Removing condensers or other parts and using them for the School's P.A.
- (3) Sgt. Ammendola—Holding it for ransom.
- (4) Sgt. Day—Repainting the power transformer and charging you the price of a new one.
- (5) Sgt. Wilkes—Doing away with any unnecessary R.F. and A.F. amplifiers.

This Sections personal estimates as to the number of targets required to win the "Expert Shield"

- Sgt. Bury—100 targets flat.  
 Sgt. Danciu—500 perhaps.  
 Sgt. Parkinson—Undecided.  
 Sgt. Corbett—Nobody knows.  
 Sgt. Bewley—1000 targets plus 1000 for sighting.  
 Sgt. Middleton—Dominion Marksmen haven't that many targets.

25 cycle alternating current does many funny things. To the type "A" starter for instance, doesn't it Cpl. Stannah?

For some time now, W.O. II Lewis has been working on a mathematical problem, without much success. The problem is as follows: What is the exact size of pie plate required to bake a pie with a perimeter of 12 inches? May I suggest Major, that you consult Mr. J. Brown of 124 King Street, he works for Canada Bread!

Two instructors of the W.E.M. section were overheard discussing electricity:

First Instructor: What exactly is electricity?

Second Instructor: I don't know, nor does anyone else, that's why the Electric Light Company sends you a bill at the end of the month for the number of watts!

W.O.1 Daniel: Now take England for instance—

Sgt. Farmer: You take it!

W.O.II Lewis: Where's Sgt. Findlay?

Sgt. Findlay: Here Sir.

W.O.II Lewis: What!

So 'till next month Gentlemen, and with protons of love,

I remain,

Yours turly,

Volter Vinchell

## THE WORKS

Another month rolls around and again we are told it is time to report on the goings on of the busiest section of Number 4. Not many changes have taken place since the last "Sparks" except we have a new carpenter, L.A.C. Hess, from Centralia. Our other service carpenter, L.A.C. Johnnie Shore, has decided he would rather be a discip.—beg pardon, a drill instructor—he even pounds the nails by numbers. All the boys have suddenly awakened to the fact that there are other kinds of drilling besides electric and brace and bit so here goes, hip-pause.

Oh, I forgot, will L.A.C. Ab Levesque or Corporal Don Simpson please fix the buzzer system for Miss Moorehouse in the School of Cookery. The Ladies of the Cuten Club claim that L.A.C. Merv. Gordon is the best at fixing the Boiler at nights. Boy, can he ever get 'em warm and keep 'em that way. Of course, it took our new fireman, Corporal Branter, to teach him how.

One of our latest additions to the staff, A.C.1 Duffy, is a mathematics wizard and we have a suspicion that he could quote Shakespeare if in the mood.

Captain Norton, of the Dental Clinic, Flying Officer Etherington and most of the Works and Buildings staff went bowling one evening. Can we ever bowl! Even the Equipment Section are afraid to take us on. Of course, they bowl different than we do—we roll it and they shoot it.

We believe someone should make out a Work Order to have the W. & B. section build a good stout high chair in order that a certain hefty Sergeant will not have to stand for hours at the wicket in the Post Office.

A quiet but pretty wedding was held recently in the Mac Annex. A certain charming Corporal was the bride. The

(Continued on page sixteen)

# News from the Flying Squadron at Burtch

Burtch Editor—SGT. R. G. McINTYRE

## BURTCH LOOKS FORWARD TO CHRISTMAS

After many, many times starting to get our contribution to Sparks under way, and just as many times "putting it off," conscience, with the assistance of the Bell Telephone Co. and Sparks Editor, has finally kicked us in the pants and here we go!

We had a rather thin time for a week or so as far as flying was concerned—the weather done us dirt. However we are at it again piling up the hours—ask 47A and B for details. We have also been able to do a spot of night flying; our pilots are a versatile lot, daylight or dark they don't seem to mind (very much). In this issue we bid goodbye and good luck to our R.A.F. quartette—Oddie (the Pink), Butler, Amies and Groves. Also leaving us are F/L. Wm. Thompson, F/O. Colling and P/O. Peters, for Florida, no less. The lucky so and so's!

The all-important topic around here is Christmas leave, and everyone hopes the weather will be good to us until the 23rd. Large plans are being made at any rate.

Burtch contributions to Sparks have fallen off badly and we are quite sure there is a lot of talent hidden away here that could be used to put our section of the paper across. This is an invitation to everyone here to contribute something of interest to your paper. Due to "no advertising" regulation, more space has been allotted for our use so get those items in, Sgt. Pilot Oddie's letter in last month's issue has started something. Cpl. Quinn is evidently not taking that crack without coming back and the battle is on. Stand clear, ladies and gents, give them lots of room.

As this issue will be in your hands for Christmas, the Editor, on behalf of the O.C., Officers, N.C.O.'s and Airmen of this station extends to our parent unit our best wishes for the kind of Christmas you all want to have; and so goodbye 'till next year. Ed.

### THE "BURTCH BRUISER"

Sgt Pilot McDonald, G. G., a new member of our fighting "Hurricane Squadron" 4W.S.F.S., Burtch, hails from Niagara Falls. Born to fly November 9th, 1920 he attended Public School and four years Collegiate in the Shredded Wheat town. Enlisted October 4, 1940, after 11 months G.D. at No. 5 Brantford, he remustered to Aircrew September 1, 1941. Then with the aid of two pillows and a plug of chewing tobacco, his career as a pilot began. He attended No. 1

I.T.S., Toronto, E.F.T.S., Windsor, S.F. T.S., Aylmer. On graduation joined the 132nd Fighter Squadron, Rockcliffe. Then out to the west coast for further training. After crossing the continent four times, finally landed at Burtch. His five feet three and a half inches of height, has already earned him the handle of our "Burtch Bruiser", says he was behind the door when his Scotch parents were handing out height. The target of numerous ribbings, but can he take it. Welcome to Burtch—"Bruiser".

## GREMLINS, ETC.

*This is the tale of the Gremlins  
Told by the P.R.U.*

*The incredible tale of the Gremlins  
But believe me, you slobs, it's true.*

*When you're seven miles up in the  
heavens*

*(That's a hell of a lonely spot)*

*And it's fifty degrees below zero*

*Which isn't exactly hot - - -*

*When you're frozen blue as you're  
flying,*

*So cold you cannot think,*

*When you're thousands of miles from  
nowhere*

*And there's nothing below but the  
drink—*

*It's then that you will see the Grem-  
lins*

*Green and gamboge and gold*

*Male and female and neuter*

*Gremlins both young and old - - -*

*It's no good trying to dodge them,*

*The lessons you learned on the Link*

*Won't help you evade a Gremlin,*

*Though you boost and you dive and  
you jink.*

*White ones will wiggle your wing-  
tips*

*Male ones will muddle your maps*

*Green ones will guzzle your glycol*

*Females will flutter your flaps.*

*Pink ones will perch on your perspex*

*And dance pirouettes on your prop*

*They'll freeze up your camera shut-  
ters,*

*They'll bite through your aileron  
wires,*

*They'll bend and they'll break and  
they'll batter,*

*They'll insert toasting forks in your  
tyres.*

*That is the tale of the Gremlins,*

*Told by the P. R. U.*

*(P)retty (R)uddy (U)nlikely to  
many*

*But fact, noe the less, to the few.*

The above gives an interesting insight and a somewhat relieving explanation of certain apparent phenomena

which have long been accepted as fact, more or less.

Current discussions and printed articles seem to have brought the matter quite into light of day and it is interesting so say the least to note the antics of these little creatures and to find that they exist in such numbers and perform in such a variety of ways. Exact information as to size and other characteristics seems vague and irregular—but no one any longer doubts that there is such a thing as "them".

One source of gen points out that they are about a foot high wear soft pointed shoes (spats), tight green breeches, red jackets and stocking caps. Another writer working on the theory that Gremlins travel between the knees of seagulls maintains that some varieties at least must of necessity be almost fly-weights in accordance with the comparatively small pay-load of a seagull. It is also said that it has become the habit of Airgunners to invite these amusing little fellows into the tail turrets for the sake of companionship and warmth. In this case they would probably be about knee-high to an Airgunner.

Unfortunately as yet no one seems to have actually "seen" a Gremlin but it is known that a female one is a finella and babies are widgets.

Meanwhile these creatures, or whatever they are, sometimes playful and amusing, sometimes troublesome and mischievous go on doing those things which people in their ignorance used to think to be the result of "accident" or "bad judgement" etc.

Gremlins can talk. One is definitely known to have tapped a pilot on the shoulder, after he had been flying for some time through cloud, without having been able to glimpse the ground, and whisper in his ear "You silly fathead—you're upside down!"

An Ice-Gremlin or "Spandule" takes over at about 10,000 feet (normal varieties apparently operate only at lower altitude) and this fellow is really troublesome. Other annoying species are those which play seesaw on the automatic horizon, use the compass for a merry-go-round, slide down the radio beam when a plane is trying to land, punch holes in pontoons, jab crew members in the back when they're too busy to scratch, drink up the gasoline, etc. They also climb into gun barrels and deflect bullets.

This is all very interesting indeed but anyone who has ever toyed with a Wireless set must surely have had dealings with still another variety (or varieties)

**BURTCH—(Cont'd)**

of these versatile little people. Speaking now with particular interest to our business of Wireless training here at No. 4 it is common knowledge that someone or something is responsible for the most unexpected and unheard-of manipulation of dials and meters. This leads the uninitiated to exclaim frantically such things as this "But Corp., I did have zero beat". Whereupon the Cpl. knowingly smiles to himself and dismisses the matter without comment. (Sometimes we think that trainees are mistakenly victimized by certain instructors who aren't absolutely up on their Gremlins). Most definitely there is a Gremlin encountered at Air Ops (apparently one qualified both in radio and flying) who has some ingenious manner of dealing with Loops so that the whole outfit has to fly backwards to get back to the Airport.

Seriously we're more concerned about what might be called W/T Gremlins than about those which merely inhabit an airplane. We suspect they belong to some sort of hairy-footed octopus variety because they can do so many things at once—and so quietly.

In the light of recent developments along the above lines it would seem that Yahooti or Yohouti or whoever he is, was erringly held responsible for many peculiar things. Just where he fits in we aren't sure. He always seemed like a sort of fictitious character, very useful though he was. But Gremlin—well nobody doubts the avowed existence of Gremlins and while we sort of hate to see Yahooti pushed into the background we really think that Gremlins are the people we've been looking for. Don't you.

We would like to hear more about this matter.

**"WINGS"**

(Continued from page two)

units everywhere news of general interest, feature stories, interviews, amply abetted by photographs, cartoons, and the best wit of the R.C.A.F. From advance information we gather that the very best of talent has been assembled to make this a magazine which will be of universal interest and appeal as well as constructive and informative. We look forward to the first issue in January, 1943.

In order to make "Wings" your magazine, and mine, a station reporter is to be appointed on each unit and already we have received considerable gen as to the work of the above-mentioned. Apparently it is assumed that where station magazines are going to carry on—i.e. Sparks, the established staff will automatically be responsible for the reporting on that station. We should like to

make known that this part of the plan, the whole thing in fact, was drawn up without our being consulted and we already have both hands full and then some. Therefore once more we call upon the readers of Sparks and more particularly its staff to see that No. 4 Wireless School is represented in proper fashion.

It looks very much as though "Wings", too, is going to be a good magazine. —Ed.

Note—Since the above was prepared a further development has taken place regarding an appointment of a representative for "Wings". P/O. Garbutt, T. R., the new O.C. of Number 4 Squadron has accepted the responsibility in this regard. He wishes to make known that the above still stands and requests that representatives of Sparks in various Squadrons and Sections should now consider themselves representatives for "Wings".

**HOSTESS HOUSE**

(Continued from page seven)

Miss Martin wishes to point out, however, that Hostess House is open daily from 10 to 10—provides a comfortable meeting place for relatives and friends of those in the Service. There are always facilities for various games including a fast Ping Pong table.

In addition Y.W.C.A. Hostesses are interested in the families of personnel, are anxious to know of cases of illness, etc., will be glad to meet trains during duty, hours, arrange parties, etc.

Regular meetings are held for the wives of Officers and men and at present this organization is working out a plan for a Christmas party for the families of Airmen on Dec. 21st.

We suggest you make full use of the facilities of Hostess House.

**SQUADRON LEADER ALDERSLEY**

(Continued from page two)

still recognize the wolf in sheep's clothing.

And now, W.D., which used to mean War Department, refers to Women's Division. We can no longer tell those tall stories to our wives and sweethearts about being Pilots (Pilits) etc., when we were really on the business end of a broom because now, they too are in uniform.

P.S. in a letter received by Flt/Lt. Gilmore from P/O. "Monty" Montgomery, a member of one of his former squadrons.

"If this should reach you by Christmas and even if it doesn't, to you and all yours and those at No. 4 W. S. a Merry Christmas and a Victorious New Year from Australia."

**TRIBUTE**

(Continued from page three)

as he was awarded his W.A.G. "wing". He left immediately for overseas, so that I never saw him again.

"It must have been about the first week in June that I saw his picture in the newspaper - - - "Killed in action over enemy territory". Knowing him as I do, I am confident that his work on operations was characterized by the same conscientious thoroughness that he displayed during his stay at Guelph. Older than his years, not brilliant, and lacking a little spontaneous humor that might have made his task as Class Senior an easier one, he was nevertheless one of those steady, reliable men without which no Squadron could ever be complete.

"Old tunes have their memories and associations. Just as "A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square" will ever remind me of George Barber's singing, so will that plaintive negro melody "Without a Song" always bring back to me the vision of Lloyd Morrison singing it, by popular request, over and over again. Every time the tune runs through my mind, I recall the boy whose period of active service was so short, who seemed scarcely to have reached England before his name was on the "Roll of Honour" the boy whose reliability and popularity became a by-word at Number Four. "I'll never know what makes the grass grow tall,

I'll never know what makes the rain to fall,

I only know there ain't no love at all - - - Without a song."

"I like to think of Lloyd George Morrison facing death with that song on his lips and in his heart, secure in his abiding faith that only with the supreme sacrifice comes the final victory.

**NO. 2 SQUADRON**

(Continued from page four)

everytime he sees a certain sergeant - - - Bourgeois and Berard heckling the Sergeants aided by Hassett, The Pennsylvania Kid - - - Bercusson's wife trying to contact him while at Burtch - - - Corbett being "joe-ed" for guard duty at Burtch - - - Pitre with his eyes on a certain Guelph beauty, but not having the nerve to ask her for a date - - - Rowan's singing in the morning - - - and countless other incidents too numerous to mention.

When we leave No. 4 Wireless School to take our place in Canada's fighting machine we will take with us many fond memories of our training at Guelph and the many friendships we have made. We thank the O.C. of our Squadron, our instructors, and the staff at the School for their co-operation during our training—so until we find a place as good as Guelph—Heaven can wait.

## LETTERS FROM GRADS

(Continued from page eight)

The experience of radio operating and the confidence gained in that one flight of 11½ hours, however, was worth a year of training on the ground.

I had only four days in Britain, but in that time mainly by force of circumstances in trying to catch the first available ship back to Canada, I made almost a complete circuit of England, and managed to get a full day in London.

I came back in a small Norwegian cargo ship of less than 3,000 tons. We sailed alone without escort or convoy, and we were able to make fairly rapid progress. Despite the zig-zagging, we were back in Canada within eight days.

That was then the beginning of July. In the following month, 11 of us Air Force radio operators who had been attached permanently to Ferry Command, were sent down in all R.A.F. crews to the United States to ferry bombers over the South Atlantic to Africa, via South America. Out of that 11 seven of us were Australians, and five were trained at Guelph—Ken Shergold, Arthur Jones, Gordon Seward, Fred McKay, and myself. I'm sorry to say that the plane carrying Gordon Seward on his first flight across was forced down on Vichy French territory in Africa, and Gordon with the rest of the crew, was interned. However, now that the Vichyites are beginning to realize at last we are going to win this war, we have every hope that Gordon will soon be released from his Dakar prison and will be shortly with us again.

I would like to point out that it was a distant compliment for the 11 of us to be selected for this ferry service over the South Atlantic. The route had only been pioneered a short time before, and civilian radio operators only were being used. The civilian personnel of course greatly outnumber us, but despite their years of experience, you will be pleased to know that we Air Force trained men are more than holding our own against them, and our work is commended generally.

I think it's now recognised that work we are doing is among the more important and difficult of aerial radio work in the service. In one complete trip from the United States to Africa, for instance, we have to work on many different frequencies, contact all kinds of ground stations, some good, some bad, and most important keep our radio in commission the various stages of a trip lasting seven days and more. Most of the navigation depends on our ability to get and take bearings.

By now most of us have made two complete flights to Africa and back, and have gained invaluable experience. I am now on the eve of setting forth on

my third South Atlantic crossing. We have now got into a regular shuttle service routine, and as soon as we get back from one trip we have four days rest, then we are assigned to a plane, test it out, and off we go again.

We usually get a very quick journey back in one of the gib four-engined cargo planes. For instance, today is Wednesday, last Sunday night I was in Africa, and we arrived back here at Palm Beach early yesterday morning, (Tuesday)—a flight of more than 7,000 miles in 48 hours. These planes of course just keep on going, landing every now and again just to refuel, and then on again.

On these long ferry flights across, we have each had a share of memorable experiences too numerous to mention now. All sorts of little things can and do go wrong at the wrong times. On my last trip, one of them nearly sent us down into the Carribean when both engines cut out. Off the coast of French Guiana on this trip we sighted an enemy submarine. It crashed as we swooped over, and as I was able to make an immediate radio report of its position we are hopeful that it was eventually duly disposed of.

By the way, it might be of interest to the C.O., Group Captain Russell that his friend, Flight-Lieut. H. J. Martin who was instructing for about two and a half years, is my captain on these South Atlantic flights

The lads with me, Sergts, Shergold, Jones, and Mackay, wish to be remembered to you, and with me send their best wishes. I hope to see you within a few months when I expect to get some leave.

Cheerio for now,

Yours sincerely,

Harold V. Lamb

## NO. 1 SQUADRON

(Continued from page four)

matter how he feels—Sgt. Thorton? - - - Whose voice is often heard, enjoyed by "D" flight, and has a harassing effect upon the squadron? - - - "Col. Bogey" Osborne—Can the R. M.'s explain the smashing victory which was won by No. 1 Squadron basketball team last Tuesday? Incidentally the opposing team did not show up, and the result was a sad case of "default". Possibly the R. M.'s were cramming, having started their course two weeks late—but we are still "ready and wondering" - - - Whose past is catching up with them? Why not ask Ted Owen and LaGrandeur! - - - Who is most likely to in "C" Flight? He who has boots and buttons always polished, always on the beam day and night, has a jovial personality, even before breakfast—C. F. G.

Study and daily routine are still up-

permost in our thoughts, but the Christmas and New Year's season are running a close second—which allows us a suitable finale for this column—"A Merry Christmas" and a "Happy New Year" to one and all of No. 4.

## NO. 3 SQUADRON

(Continued from page four)

how, I don't know, but he probably got something far worse from the N.C.O. who was looking after him at the time at Outstations, and I'll bet it was a four letter word beginning with "H" and ending with - - - well I'll let you have three guesses.

Well I could go on and on into the night, but gosh I had better stop soon and leave some room for the rest of the staff.

Before I leave you however, I would like to say that the boys in "C and D" Flights sure miss that early morning call of Corporal Franze and wish he was back here with us as the Mess Hall seems to be losing a great deal of business what with no alarm clock to wake us now, and the first thing you know the boys will be losing weight and those boys will be filled to the brim at Burch which won't do at all. My, My! you never know the value of something until it can't be had and then you start to think how true—how true—how true.

That is all until next time—so until then—Adieu kind friends Adieu.

## THE WORKS

(Continued on page thirteen)

groom was a handsome and well liked drill sergeant. Apparently this affair has been going on for some time and was even a surprise to members of the W. & B. who seldom miss any dirt. An unusual touch was added by the fact that both the bride and groom were dressed alike, also the bridesmaid and best man. The officiating minister was the Reverend Brother Crawford dressed in a painter's overalls. Witnesses were W. & B. electricians, painters and carpenters. So don't try to get out of it you two. If all the Sergeant's wives, living in town, will call this section we will, for a small charge give the Sergeant's name.

Why do pianos and red-heads go good together? Ask a certain corporal in the Equipment Section.

The Equipment Section wonders what causes all the whelps and squeals in the second floor of the W. & B. Section. Maybe Corporal Simpson will tell.

Well, ladies and gentlemen of the R.C. A.F., as this is the Christmas issue of "Sparks" may we leave you with this thought—the best propoganda that can be spread among ally and enemy is The Story of Christmas. And may all your Christmases be white.