

VOL. II. NO. 1

FEBRUARY, 1943

# Sparks

4 WIRELESS SCHOOL  
GUELPH ONT.

PRICE FIVE CENTS





# "SPARKS"

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C.O., of No. 4 Wireless School

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A.W.1 Griffin	L.A.C. Wilkinson
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Sgt. Farmer	L.A.C. MacInnes
Cpl. Simpson	L.A.C. Johnston
Cpl. Stewart	L.A.C. Dolman
L.A.C. Mitchell	

VOL. II GUELPH, FEBRUARY, 1943 No. 1

### TO THOSE ABOUT TO GRADUATE

G/C A. H. K. Russell

We, at No. 4 Wireless School, find ourselves from time to time hosts to a number of returned graduates who take time off from their hard earned leave to return to Guelph and the old school, and to give us the benefit of their experiences on operations, or at O.T.U. or A.O.S. We don't take all the credit for this, as the Guelph girls seem to have something which draws the men back to this rather out-of-the-way station.

Nevertheless, we like to think that at least part of the reason for these visits is because our graduates got something more than seven or eight months of schooling out of No. 4 Wireless School! Ever since this School opened, it has been, as far as possible, the policy of the C.O. and the staff to try to convince the pupils under training that while here we are all anxious that they shall be as fully qualified for their trade as we can make them and in the process of such training many friendships are made of a lasting character. One has only to attend a graduation to testify to the good fellowship with which the trainees regard the instructional staff, both technical and disciplinarian. The old cracks about sergeant-majors and other N.C.O.'s certainly do not apply at Guelph.

This is as it should be and we hope that evidence will continue to pile up that No. 4 Wireless School was more than just a training school to our graduates. Again we say: Come back and see us, and if you can't come personally, write!

### A HAPPY NEW YEAR

Padre Hamilton

(Intended for a New Year's Number)

"New Year's Day is like all other days! So why all the fuss?" says the very matter of fact person. In a sense that is true, but, it is not all the truth, for, as a starting point the New Year suggests many things.

For example, a bright and cheerful "Happy New Year" greeting by a friend makes the world a more

friendly place in which to live. It speaks volumes more to the discouraged person than a disgruntled "Hello," a contemptuous grin, or a cynical silence.

The expression, "A Happy New Year," if spoken sincerely, is a wish for the other person's well being which tells of kindly feeling and is the outward expression of peace between us and goodwill toward you.

Then, too, special days are always worthwhile. Apart from breaking the monotony of a hum drum life, they are usually anniversaries of events which have particular meaning to some one. Why neglect "Birthdays," "Wedding Anniversaries," or "Memorial Days." They not only gladden some lives but also frequently have a deep patriotic or religious significance. The greatest of these days to the Christian world, undoubtedly are Christmas and Easter, but New Year's Day is not without special meaning as well.

Its greatest meaning to the writer is that it suggests an opportunity to begin again or anew. How fitting that it should immediately follow Christmas, the time of remembering the birth of the world's greatest Character and the new way of life he made possible for men. Before us lies the New Year full of opportunities.

The past failures and follies may be forgiven and forgotten. We may start out anew, leaving the past record as an old and smudged parchment and write our future on the white vellum of time yet to be born.

God, in this wise and fatherly interest, made it possible, through Christ our Saviour, for every person to start the way that leads to the abundant life, in which each lives for the other and all live for Him. In the acceptance of this ideal lies the secret to a positive, useful and happy life in the New Year.

Wishing all Sparks readers the same.

### A VERY FAMOUS MEETING

There took place recently a meeting which promises to be remembered in the history books of the future. Certainly it is one of the most significant single events of the present.

At Casablanca, North Africa, in one of the now great theatres of war, there came together the heads of the two great Democracies of the Allied Nations. With them was an entourage of the people who are responsible for Allied strategy which has now begun to pay encouraging dividends.

A veteran of the air, the trip itself was hardly out of the ordinary for Prime Minister Winston Churchill of England. For President Roosevelt and for Presidents of the United States of all time it definitely set a precedent. It was the first time since Abraham Lincoln that a President had visited a "battle theatre," the first time a President left the U.S. in war time. Never before had a President of the U.S. visited Africa and never before had he travelled by air.

Not only does the spirit behind such action speak well for an early conclusion to the war but which is perhaps even more significant, it seems to indicate something startling for the peace which is to follow total Victory.

## Flt. Lt. Rowlinson Headed "the late" Armament Section

Although in recent days the Armament Section has become more of a Hobby Lobby than an institution of instruction, it preserves its original organization (postings have not yet been announced) and makes a brave attempt to ignore the crepe which hangs ominously from the unique and original sign indicating their corner of MacDonald Institute.

A visit to this previously busy part of our school reveals to the eye the result of the ingenuity of the personnel thereof. Their workshop was always at work (doing everything from buffing W.D. buttons to making highly polished tinkets of perspex). This activity was reflected throughout the section where it was evidenced in many ways—little labour saving devices such as the camouflaged battery sleigh. Still at the head of this gallant crew then, and apparently responsible for much of the pervading esprit de corps, is Flt/Lt. Rowlinson.

Flt/Lt. "Freddie" Rowlinson is from the nearby City of Toronto, where he was born on August 2nd, 1913. His early education was achieved there with what he intimates was an uneventful term at Oakwood Collegiate. We suspect that this is where he probably developed his taste for "soccer."

In 1932 he enrolled at the University of Toronto where for four years he studied Arts and Science, specializing in Physical Education. The term beginning in 1936 was spent at Ontario College of Education, so that he graduated in 1937 qualified as a teacher in Secondary Schools. During his college days he played five seasons on the U. of T. soccer team (was probably somewhat slighter at that time).

Following graduation, until his enlistment in the R.C.A.F. he taught high school in the town of Arnprior, now the sight of No. 3 Flying Instructors School in the Ottawa Valley. Once again his interest in physical education was evidenced, and he taught this subject along with Science (probably played soccer on the side).

While still teaching he became acquainted with things military in the Lannark and Renfrew Scottish Regiment of the Black Watch, a non-permanent unit in which he held the rank of Lieutenant.

On September 5th, 1941, beginning his military career in earnest, he enlisted in the R.C.A.F. and spent the following few days at No. 1 Manning Depot in his home town of Toronto. A course in Bombing and Gunnery at Mountain View followed directly and on

January 14, 1942, P/O Rowlinson was posted to the Armament Section here.

Outstanding event of his stay at Mountain View was "The Battle of Conseccon." This was a one-man affair in which P/O Rowlinson accomplished an unusual feat. He dropped nine



Flt/Lt. Rowlinson

bombs, in one breath, on the same target—and still suffers ribbing from his colleagues of that time. By way of explanation F/Lt. Rowlinson points out that "Conseccon" was a bombing practice area, the bombs were practice smoke bombs and the reason for the whole thing was someone else had previously thrown the master switch. We make no further comment but it might be explained by Gremlins.

Since coming to Guelph P/O Rowlinson attained the rank of F/O last February and later as O i/c Armament became a Flt/Lt. Since Armament has been deleted from the Wireless School part of the W.A.G. curriculum it would now seem that much of the initiative and industry displayed by Armament Section will be lost—to No. 4 at least. Speaking for his staff Flt/Lt. Rowlinson points out that there will be much regret on leaving Guelph but adds that everyone looks forward to something a little more active.

On the suggestion that the syllabus may be considerably improved by devoting more time to Radio F/Lt. Rowlinson says "I won't be quoted on that."

**Courage in India.** In India, two native paratroop students got to worrying on the eve of their first jump, asked an officer: "From what height?" Five hundred feet." "Nothing doing," they chorused, tried to bargain for 300, were told the chutes might not have time to open. "Oh, that's different," they sighed, "We get parachutes, do we?"—from "Time."

## MINUTES COUNT—GET THE REAL "GEN"

by S/L N. C. Parkes, Chief Instructor

Only two short months ago the writer was in England as a member of a party sent from this country to secure at first hand the latest "Gen" on W.A.G. training.

We encountered every day words never heard of before. These words were in common usage by civilian and service men alike. Such words as "scramble," "wizard," "browned-off," but the one word that intrigued me the most was the word "Gen." We heard it everywhere and applied to almost anything. At the Reception Centre we visited the "Gen" Theatre. This turned out to be a veritable museum, various types of radio equipment, British and German, aircraft parts, parachutes, dinghys, bombs of all sizes, navigation instruments, maps, diagrams, and technical books. In the book shops in towns and cities and on the bookstalls in railway stations instead of fiction books and magazines the shelves were lined with "Gen". Books on Navigation, Aircraft Recognition, Anti-gas, Mathematics, How to Learn Morse, Ships of All Nations.

Every R.A.F. Unit we visited has a "Gen" room. Here were demonstrated all the latest types of radio equipment, aids to pilots and navigators. Most of this equipment is still on the "secret" list, but what this equipment will do is amazing even to a technical man.

Before I go any farther maybe we should define the word "Gen." As far as I could find out it means "The latest up-to-date genuine information on anything, the real dope, or the real goods."

Everyone in England to-day is working all out. They have realized for the past three years that every minute counts. That is why the R.A.F. has, for some time, held the superiority over the Luftwaffe, why the British Fleet, in spite of tremendous losses in three years of war, is bigger and better than ever, why the British Army after Dunkirk is now a formidable force well equipped with all the modern weapons of war, because everyone in the country utilized every minute to get the real "Gen" so they could tackle any job they were called on to do.

Our visit to England was short but intensely interesting. During the four weeks we travelled the length and breadth of the country two or three times visiting Operational and Training Headquarters, Operational and Training Squadrons, as well as various Training Schools. We realized that if we were to accomplish anything at all, if we were

(Continued on page seven)

## CEYLON TO-DAY

By L.A.C. Nagalingan

L.A.C. Nagalingan, originally of Ceylon, was posted to Canada recently to complete training with the R.C.A.F.

Having spent seventeen years in England previous to the outbreak of war he resigned his post as correspondent of the Ceylon Press in London to become a part of the Civil Defence Forces, A.R.P., on Sept. 2nd, 1939. In Aug., 1940, he enlisted in the R.A.F.

After attending King's School in Canterbury he graduated in Natural Science from Wye College of the London University in 1933.

This green, warm, invitingly picturesque Island of brilliant sunshine and deep shadows lies in the path of the Empire's Highway. It is not an isolated and forgotten spot but an evergrowing important link between the West and the East. The Suez Canal is closed; Singapore and Burma are lost; Adaman Islands, in the Bay of Bengal, is in the hands of the enemy; and the peace and security of India is threatened. The Japanese are held at the Indian frontier; consistently attacked by the air forces of the British, Canadian and United States, based in India and Ceylon. Japan made three lightning attacks on Ceylon. The first, thanks to Sqd/L. Birchall of the R.C.A.F., the raiders suffered irreparable loss. Sqd/L. Birchall, a very great friend of the C.I. Sqd/L. Parkes, became the hero of the Island, but alas, to their great sorrow he was killed in action. The Air Force in Ceylon (R.C.A.F. and R.A.F.) is now the sole guardian of that vast Indian Ocean.

The name Ceylon is of Portuguese origin. The island was ceded to Great Britain at the Vienna Congress of 1815. It is now a Crown colony, in which the rule of the British home government (through the Colonial Office) very on autocracy. Colombo is the capital, Kandy is of historic importance. Adam's Peak, Adam's Bridge and the ruins of Polanaruwa Anradapura are of great interest. Even to this day there are dams that were built in the 12th century, which have puzzled engineers. There are the famous Dagobas and Temples and the architecture of which still remain a marvel. Literacy is in the increase; schools and colleges are built and education is given to the people similar to that of the British Isles. Hospitals and clinics are built all over the Island. The peoples' sympathy in this war for democracy and freedom is with the Allies. Their war-effort befits their faith. Recently many young men

(Continued on page twelve)

## SPARKS IS GRATEFUL

At the time of the announcement from Ottawa, banning the selling of advertising in Service magazines, there was considerable uneasiness as to the fate of Sparks. Never a very elaborate or expensive magazine, on account of funds, it was feared that this might be the straw which would break the camel's back.

Hence it was that we sold the last of the type carrying ads to determine just how many copies would be sold. As pointed out before, the results weren't exactly overwhelming. Proven, however, was the fact that most personnel do read Sparks, even to the extent of paying five cents, for something which previously had been delivered free of charge.

Last issue again showed substantial increase in sales. But there's something else which we'd like to mention. This is the matter of contributions and representation of various Sections and Squadrons. From this angle there has been a progressive improvement since the first news-print type of paper early last year. This is for why Sparks offers appreciative thanks.

Now we come to the point. We feel that the resources of No. 4 Wireless School, and associated establishments, are still virtually untapped. Instead of tapping (poor pun) the same people over and over again we'd like to hear from new and novel angles. In particular at present we need a Sports Editor and Photographic Editor. (W.O. 1 Daniel has gone back to England). We also want funny stories and humorous incidents which will be of interest to all concerned.

In brief, if we continue to have higher and higher sales and more and more contributions then the future of the magazine looks bright. It will become even more representative and indicative of the unquestioned talent and varied interest of our personnel. This obviously means more and more work for the "Staff" of Sparks, but just as long as possible you may be sure that the staff will continue to bring you Sparks—even if the New Year's number doesn't get here 'till the first of February. (We could go on to enlarge on the point about observing "deadlines," too).

So let's hear from you.—Ed.

## NO. 4 WIRELESS SCHOOL VISITED BY AIR OFFICERS

Early in 1943 there have already been two visits to No. 4 Wireless School and its busy appendages.

First of these was one by the Inspector General of the R.C.A.F., Air

Vice-Marshal Croil. The Air Vice-Marshal will be remembered by many who have been reviewed by him on similar occasions. He is the sort of personality that is easily remembered.

The second visit was paid by Air Commodore McGill, Air Officer Commanding, No. 1 Training Command. Formerly the C.O. at Trenton, Canada's peace-time air base, Air Commodore P.S. McGill was recently promoted to his present rank and appointed A.O.C., No. 1 Training Command.

Although on brief notice the School made an effort to have things ship-shape. Both visitors are said to have made favourable comments.

## THE NEW SPRING SUIT FOR W.D.'s

It is not yet known whether all W.D.'s will be lucky in procuring a new outfit for this Easter or not, but it is known that some will. There is nothing that cheers up the feminine heart as much as the idea of change—especially in wearing apparel.

The hat will definitely put a new angle on everyone. Instead of the issue hat now being worn, with the fullness all around the top (rather like that of a bus driver or hotel porter) a new style altogether is being introduced. The fullness is being done away with and the brim is more to the front, a picture would tell the tale more clearly. Still we haven't tried them yet, but as someone remarked, "It'll either look swell, or like hell on some people, no in-between." We should worry, that's the way with most hats even in civilian life. It's all in the way you look at them.

The eight-gored skirt I know will be welcomed by one and all. The box pleat in civilian life went out ages ago. Now as for the tunic. The change there is in the two lower pockets. They are to be patch pockets. The belt is still to be worn.

The part that has caught most of the airwomen's eyes as they gazed at the sketches is the leather bag to be slung over the shoulder. No more trying to cram, make-up, hankies, wallets and all and sundry necessary to a W.D.'s welfare in her pockets and still try and maintain that sylphlike figure. That bag is an improvement with a capital I.

The great coat is to have the half-belt at the back. We probably won't see this article until next winter so there is not much use discussing it at this early stage.

The only thing is, when we do get our new outfits, Navy and Army Gals—Beware—We'll keep them flying.

# SQUADRON CHATTER

## NO. 1 SQUADRON

F/L. Carnegie, O/C.

Cpl. Flemming Disciplinarian

Time rolls along and drags with it many things, including No. 1 Squadron, even to the point that we're now L.A.C.'s. And much to our satisfaction, it came just in time for the five days' Christmas leave. ("My, my," said Mother, "what a handsome son I have - - - and look! - - - he has his Wings already— isn't he smart?"). But now that everyone is back to normal again, our thoughts are running in more sober channels.

The general idea has been related to us that No. 1 Squadron is sadly dissipating or something, the main reasons being—too many defaulters, too many A.W. L.'s, too many feminine interests. But after all, what is the natural life of man! Does he not have to spend his excess energies? Maybe the platonic ideas of love still haunt the boys—especially since the New Year Dance when the femininity of the W.D.'s was openly revealed. From all candid comments, the general impression was good.

Now that we are all L.A.C.'s there are no priorities, are there, Cote, Bradshaw, Waight, Grier, Schurr, Roache and Bache? We know your intentions were honourable, and your ideas were running true to form, but anybody can be late—more or less—either on parade, or on final bunk check, or on purpose - - - even a first time!

But believe it or not, the two L.A.C.'s who have been poorly hidden behind the eight ball are Stewart J. and Fogzey—amiable partners in crime. Twenty days C.B. is a mighty long time—seven days duty flight, seven days C.B. for .002 seconds late at bunk check and six days for pitching snowballs. But gentlemen, we know you had fun! What really surprises us is how there is always extra room on the "peg."

Running parallel to a mystic genius is our friend Coleman of "C" Flight, who has the most fun with angel wings you ever saw. He often says that "A bird in the hand gathers no moss!"

A recent thirty-six hour leave saw Frank (Wolf) Hennon making hay in Brantford. It must have been a real time as he landed back in Camp, all tuckered out, that Sunday afternoon. But he says it was worth it - - - also absent from No. 4 were G. J. Kennard, who woke Hamilton up - - - C. Vancielief saw his better half in Aylmer, and forgot about theory, morse, etc. ("short and sweet," says Van) - - - Shannon headed for Toronto again, and now

(Continued on page sixteen)

## NO. 2 SQUADRON

F/L Gilmore, O/C.

Cpl. Stewart, Disciplinarian

Well here's a brand new No. 2 Squadron. It came two days after Christmas, most of the fellows still suffering from hangovers, overeating and lack of sleep.

Alright, let's get cracking. Smokes out lads.

By the way it's been brought to my attention that Airwomen should have clean minds. They change them often enough.

Anyway as we were saying—after a lot of goulash we were finally told what the score was, and who was playing. But I've got a hunch that as tough as this course appears and actually is—a lot of fellows around here are going to be plenty thankful for their training some day. We couldn't ask for a better training site in Canada. Not only that, but we can wear our old clothes - - - Give us a smile, Dupuis - - -

All parts of Canada are represented by this Squadron, even Labrador—even Scottie from Quebec—even Craig from the 57th Entry. What a life for the bunch that came from No. 14 S.F. T.S. at Aylmer where we could sleep in till at least 7.30. Now we are pulled out of bed by a Cpl. with a mad glint in his eyes. Right out on the floor mind you. This is especially tough on Wrath—all who is used to rolling out of bed in time for supper, sometimes. And there's Gold, the man who eats at least half a dozen steaks at a sitting - - - Anderson looking around for Sadie Shortskirts, but alas in vain. The only girls on this station seem to be redheads, eh, Miel? - - - The red-headed baritone of room 456 has his eyes open too. - - - Then there's the student of literature who goes around whispering Hitler's famous lines, "Oh to be in England now that spring is here." But don't bring Lulu—I'll bring her myself.

"D" Flight marches well in its drill session with Hi-de-ho Taylor but you should see them between classes. Just like a snake crawling over gravel. Not only that but Dick has a girl friend by the luscious name of Gloria, who is a nurse.

Our best wishes go to George Robinson who is at present residing in Christie Street Hospital with a broken heel. He is the only one of our bunch missing. Tough luck, George.

Did you know that Dwyer used to deliver parcels on a bicycle? - - - Spratt can't understand why we're not

(Continued on page sixteen)

## NO. 4 SQUADRON

O/C—P/O McLeod

Flt/Sgt. Farmer—Cpl. Keyes  
Disciplinarians

With "A" and "B" Flights at Burch and "C" and "D" pared down to some few grim, hangers-on at outstations, the third floor wing that formerly echoed with the happy laughter of the Fighting 49th is now a dim, half-lighted trap, inhabited by slightly dazed zombies.

The daily routine rumours certainly fly thick and fast with a squadron split up as the forty-niners are at present.

With "C" and "D" smarting under the tender ministrations of Flight Sergeant White (I said Flight-Sergeant)—any story, no matter how far-fetched, is credible—So, regardless of his feelings on the subject, Snowden is dead and buried while the picture of Pippin in the canteen—tears in eyes and beer in hand—will long be remembered.

Incidentally—it should be pointed out that the person or persons responsible for such gross freedom with the truth is guilty of more than sedition. Even the meanest intelligence would hesitate at such sensationalism when a man's friends and their morale could be really injured by such trash—It might produce a temporary feeling of importance to the thwarted ego of such a character but, when, as they always do, such items are straightened out by the truth of the matter, he relapses into a non-entity once more. His little flare-up as well received as a war report by Herr Goebbels.

Our second O/C during the course—P/O Garbutt, transferred out to Burch as S.A.O. And, while he was not with us long, he is bound to do very well and advance rapidly in the service, having received the blessings of the 49th and our sincere good wishes.

A welcome to P/O McLeod is extended herewith with the hope from us that he enjoys and appreciates the forty-niners. Congratulations for having arrived in time for the banquet, Sir, and very welcome you are!

"A" and "B" should be well on their way into the Wag Bag with "C" and "D" to follow any day now—Oh well, it will soon be over. With the utmost confidence we all look forward to graduating as commissioned officers—

The confidence displayed is remarkable indeed and could only be explained by the saying—"Oh well—he belongs to the forty-ninth!" Esprit de corps!

Oft in the stilly night—  
'Ere slumber's chains have bound me—  
I lie awake and toss in fright—  
The C.I. yet might ground me!

**NO. 5 SQUADRON**

P/O McNair, O/C.  
Sgt. Mitchell, Disciplinarian

January '43 comes frigidly into existence as the "cultured 53rd return, sans anticipation, I fear, to carry on with the latter half of her training program.

This month we bid farewell to Flt/Lt. Thompson and welcome P/O McNair as O/C. In doing so, we heartily wish both gentlemen all the best in their respective undertakings.

At the time of this writing the Squadron has shrunk considerably, what with so many of the Paratrippers of Flight Sgt. DesJardin's Salt Mines in the cripple-house, but they aren't complaining except for the fact that the "gym doesn't send them pretty flowers, —tra-la—"

As did all, the gentlemen of No. 5 Squadron brought in the New Year with much gusto and personal illumination. Irwin, in fact, was so lit, that memorable eve, I'm sure he would have put even the mighty Salamander and its fiery fury to shame. While on the subject—here's a toast to Curly Bordeleau who has developed into an after-hour toast-master of much worth—to the regret of many of the lads, gastronomically speaking.

Character chatter:—"Tonto" Cameron had rather a trying session with a rope, stake and a stick of lipstick the other day. The braves had heap good time; "Tonto" had heap red face! . . . It wouldn't amaze me if Bill Haigh's choice for song of the month were "I Came Here and I Got 'Joed';" it's becoming a habit with him. . . . Le Blanc, for some unrelated reason (hee-hee) was ejected, but forcibly, from the Albion Hotel one cool morn; says he "Albion a fine fix if there is a recurrence of this dastardly deed"—waxing eloquent, Mr. "L." . . . There seems to be no doubt that Harry Terry is the most popular airman on the station; might say he is the perfect parallel to "Terry and the Pirates." . . . Cliff "Gabby" Spicer, I hear, psychologically removed himself from the clutches of the law (after a three-day heel-cooler) by the simple process of laughing his guard's nerves into a very shattered condition. . . . Some rather weird philosophy spouted from 433's Metcalfe recently. He says he is surprised to hear that Out-Stations are in the Equipment Section; when folks back home in Hickville all have them in their backyards, IMI-IMI-IMI . . . Wolfe (yes, that's right) was almost sued for slander by a discip. who assured him, in no uncertain terms, that there are no draft dodgers in the Air Force.

(Continued on page sixteen)

**NO. 6 SQUADRON**

F/O. Mickles, O/C.  
Sgt. Hollywood, Disciplinarian

Many things have happened since the 55th first made its appearance at No. 4 W.S. However we still carry on, doing P.T., attending classes, compulsory and otherwise, and are now longingly awaiting our nine days' leave. Most of the boys have fully recovered from Christmas, although Joe "Train Wreck" Banville is wondering if he should travel by dog team from now on.

The boys in "C" Flight are wondering if their class senior, Bill Reed, will be C.T.'d because of his paltry 88 in procedure, instead of his usual 100%. They are also wondering what their short haired friend is going to do now that Jackie has been transferred to Montreal.

Who in "B" Flight was down checking up on those little salt water creatures about eleven-thirty the other night? You know who we mean—don't you boys? (Malloy and Co.).

When is Whitehead going to go out and spend one of those quiet weekends he has been planning?

Sayings heard in No. 6 Squadron—  
- - - Zettler: "Let's have a little Esprit de Corps." - - - Scott: "Never mind, we'd better not print it. X/?&! &?" - - - Almon: "Let's wax the floor!" - - - Richardson: "I'm going for treatments." - - - Claud: "There goes ma commission!" - - - Josey: "I'm going to take a shower next week—nine days' leave coming up, you know." - - - Mitchell: "When's sick parade, Sarge?" - - - Simpson: "Let's just have one." - - - Gravel: "Settle down, Lads!" - - - Hare: "My name's Hogan." - - - Shaw: "Back in the States I'd shoot the works." - - - Potter: "I'm happy, I'm married!" - - - Iverson: "Boy am I lonely—no money—no girl—nothing." - - -

We are proud to boast of our basketball team's winning streak—not having lost a game since beginning their schedule.

We understand Arnold Wright is getting along fine in hospital and all wish him a speedy recovery.

We hear Potter's wife has gone back to Montreal for the time being—"Oh, well, all good things must end sometime, even if only temporarily."

It was rumoured a few weeks ago that the Royal, King Eddie, K. of C and Ryan's were all going to be placed on the "Out of Bounds" lists. Well known "Male gossip" flew in many directions—there was even talk of having the camp moved to Kitchener. People are beginning to think we're stationed up there anyway. Where, but in Guelph could a fellow have a party out on a fire escape—ask Hare!

**NO. 7 SQUADRON**

P/O Baird, O/C.  
Cpl. McSwain, Disciplinarian

With half the Squadron at outstations—and wishing they weren't—and the balance held back two weeks—also wishing they weren't—the 51st Entry is right in the midst of its most painful period. Since things are grim enough already it is hoped that this month's column will be brief and on the lighter side in direct contrast to the hours and duties which at this time are undergone by the Squadron. Perhaps because the end is now in sight, it would seem that the men of the 51st have adopted, either from painfully acquired wisdom, or sheer fatigue—a more tolerant attitude towards certain petty, but no doubt necessary irritations which had previously been somewhat irksome; in fact, more than somewhat.

While on this subject it might be mentioned that many have come to regard disciplinarians as a necessary evil, finding their awkward mental acrobatics a source of mild amusement. In a way the boys are not sorry to have come up against such persons since their attitude in that direction is now similar to that of the man who daily banged his head against the wall because it felt so good when he stopped. With a comparatively short time to go the lads are beginning to feel that even Sgts. are not so bad, being in some cases almost as good as people if carefully handled.

Again, while on the subject (this story is true and can be proven, although Service personnel will require no such confirmation). A certain Sgt. at a recruiting centre in Hamilton was approached by an Aircrew applicant. Said the Sarge: "What education have you got?" Said the applicant, "I have my B.A. degree." Said the Sarge: "Never mind that, have you got a matriculation?"

Then there was the watchful mother who took her daughter out of school when she learned that the boys and girls used the same curriculum, and matriculated together.

Things nobody should know - - -  
Why Reg. Brewer is so often in 341 - - -  
Why Frank O'Donnel gets fewer 'phone calls these days - - -  
Why Bill Fraser is so embarrassed of late - - -  
Why Ramsey is such a moocher - - -  
and many other things - - -

To Cpl. McSwain the boys send best wishes for a speedy recovery and a long sick leave.

Before closing, we'd like to express our congrats to F/O Mickles on his recent promotion. Good luck, Sir, and we all hope you get that second ring before we leave.

All for now, we'll be back, though.

# SPORTS

A combination of O.A.C. scenery and the heaviest snowfall of several years has provided a setting which makes No. 4 W.S. look almost as appropriate for Winter Sports as for a Wireless School. Primarily, however, to the discontent of most, it remains a Wireless School.

In an ideal setting then, we have ample opportunity for winter sports, the most outstanding and generally popular of which are Hockey and Skating.

## Hockey

The Station team has been working out for some time under the coaching of F/Sgt. Desjardins in the spacious Galt Arena at Galt, formerly used by the Toronto Maple Leafs, (another great hockey team), for purposes of practise. This arena has been hired as the home ice of our Station team.

It was here that we met No. 5 S.F.T.S. Brantford, on Monday night, Jan. 11th, to open the schedule in our league, which includes Guelph, Hagersville, Dunnville and Brantford.

The game, which was attended by our C.O. G/C Russell, and a number of Guelph supporters was fast and keen. The score at the end of sixty minutes being 6-6. After another ten-minutes the score was 7-7.

We solicit the support of a team which, to us, looks good. With plenty of practise and the experience of future games—plus plenty of healthy rooting, the prospects for a winning team look bright.

The players—Goal, Boosmara; defence, Cameron, Crowe, Robertson, Mitchell; forwards, Planty, Charron, Brown, Dutchborn, Ross, Jasmin, Sproat, Jack, Knetzer.

Inter-squadron hockey—Thanks to the duty flight and the P.T.I. instructional staff, the out-door rink down by the College barns is now ready for use. Its usefulness in the past has been limited by the amount of time available for playing. In the future however it's hoped that much more skating and hockey will be possible on this convenient ice.

## Basketball

Always a popular winter-time sport, this game is providing exercise and pleasure for two groups of players on the station—as well as good entertainment for a number of fans.

Both our men's and W.D. teams met challengers from Brantford here on Thursday night, Jan. 7th. The scores were 34-28 for Brantford in the men's

game and 20-10 for Guelph in the W.D.'s game.

As is unavoidably the case, our W.D. team has been thinned by the posting of valued players. Cpl. Dalton and L.A.W. Gaune have left for other stations.

Considering the results of their recent game, and with more regular practise promised for the future, it looks as though things can be expected from our W.D. basketball team.

Players — W.D. Team: Center, Cpl. Bond, Walker; forwards, Noyes, Tinline, Cpl. Willis, Cpl. Heenan; guards, Leaming, Pfeffer, Payne, Atkins.

## Commando Tactics

It has been suggested that parachutes be included in the scale of issue for this particular phase of a W.A.G.'s training.

## Skiing

The Cutten Fields provide a convenient site for enthusiasts of this pleasurable winter sport. The unusual winter weather provides a convenient amount of snow which is also quite necessary—and soft to land in.

Quite a number of personnel have therefore been taking advantage of circumstances to enjoy a sample of skiing.

Another contributing factor for enthusiasts has probably been the bright moonlight of late. We observe that the sport is popular for R.C.A.F. and R.C.A.F. (W.D.) alike.

## Swimming

In spite of the fact that the present weather is hardly in keeping with usual swimming conditions, there is considerable swimming done in the swimming pool under the gym. We understand that this water is heated, however contrary to the comments of the Commando enthusiasts who swim there. It is interesting and perhaps indicative to note that all Trainees must take a test in swimming on arrival and must be able to swim not less than two lengths of the pool before leaving.

## Postings

It looks as though the supposedly over-worked P.T.I. staff is going to be even busier. This results from the posting of two energetic members overseas. Cpls. Kerman and MacDonald have already left and the best wishes of their co-frères follow them on their way—"All the luck in the world and keep slugging."—That word slugging is very appropriate.

## Rifle Club

The sad state of the local Armament

Section has not stunted the activity of the Rifle Club in any way. Enthusiastic members still meet every Tuesday and Thursday night and have marked up quite a number of targets. Just how their targets have been marked is indicated by the long list of members appearing on this page as winners of various awards. Gold Rating Prize—Sgt. Hovey, J. E.; Sgt. Parkinson, G.E.; Cpl. Parslow, I.V.A. (W.D.); Sobel, A.J.

Silver Rating Prize—Sgt. Day, F.W.; Andrews, F. L.; Braun, W. M.

Bronze Rating Prize—Sgt. Free, Sgt. Cove, Sgt. Crowe, Sgt. Corbett, Sgt. Scrutton, Sgt. Bewely, Cpl. Ursel, Cpl. Bramah, Hill, S. E.; Lobban, G.; Blanche, F. H.; Pigeon, J. H. L.; Pringle, W. S.; Dixon, D.; Collins, D. J.; Davidson, D. C.; Barrett, W. E.; Andrews, D. K.; Hailey, B. W.; Stitchman, P.; Oscheriff, N. B.; Carter-Edwards, E.; Scott, D.; Alexander, A. M. (W.D.); Manary, M. G. (W.D.).

Much interest has been taken in this comparatively recently formed club and it is interesting to see that many of the members are on the staff. This gives the club more or less of a permanent nucleus. There is however a splendid opportunity for Trainees to get in some valuable practise—to say nothing of the awards and the pleasant company.

## "JO"

by J. G. (W.D.)

*If you are called to duty watch  
On the night of your biggest date.  
If you are given a whole day's work  
For being a minute late.  
Or if there's some little thing to do  
In the moment before you go—  
And the darned thing takes you half  
the night.*

*Lady, you're known as Jo!*

*If you've left your bunk with a  
rippled top  
And later in the day  
You find yourself sweeping the bar-  
racks out*

*When you meant to go out and play.  
Or if you've been out with the ser-  
geant's man*

*And the sergeant saw you go.  
And a bit of work comes up to be  
done.*

*Lady, again you're Jo.*

*If you think that chivalry's not dead  
And you offer to share a job  
With some big husky, healthy guy.  
Jerry or Bill or Bob.*

*And half way through he wilts out  
on you*

*And makes an awful fuss  
And leaves it all to the "weaker" sex,  
Lady, that's Jo—plus!*

*(But when all is said and done,  
Jo or no Jo, it is fun.)*

## LETTERS FROM GRADS

15th Nov., 1942,  
England.

Dear Mr. Gilmore:

You will be surprised to hear from me after such a long time, but I felt that you would like to know some small items of news about the boys, and I, myself, wanted to drop you a line on work over here.

Firstly, you know all about this country and its conditions yourself so I shall waste no time on that, except to say that, but for the weather, which is b-y awful, and getting worse, it is a beautiful land indeed, and the people are hospitable and friendly, a repetition of the kindness which we enjoyed in Canada.

In the early months, May till August, the weather graciously allowed a good deal of flying, but now it is becoming increasingly worse, preventing regular and consistent air hours. My crew is now doing the second half of O.T.U.-n'g't flying and have 5 cross-country trips to complete our schedule. How long these will take is a mystery. Leaving B. & G. on 13th March and not having finished O.T.U. by this time does not sound too good I know. The boys are spread everywhere, scattered in all sorts of jobs and all kinds of places. Len Pietsch and I were the last two of the draft to cross and arrived in England just as the others were being posted to training schools, since when he and I have been together, except that he is at the parent body (drome) of this O.T.U. while I am at a satellite. Len has finished now, and will be going to a Squadron shortly,—he is just as brilliant and good a man as ever—an exceptional W.A.G. He sends his regards to you. He and I spent 7 weeks at the personnel reception centre on first arriving, before being posted to an advanced flying unit where we spent 4 weeks as first or second operator in Ansons, flying with staff pilots, and trainee observers. Equipment used was the old G.P., same as we first had at No. 4 W.T.S. These are still used extensively over here, but we have on this Station the modern set which first appeared just as we were leaving Guelph.

There is little I can suggest as useful information for the lads still grinding away at O.A.C. except that everything learned on both the G.P. and new set will be useful over here, the more done there, the easier it will be here. Re procedure, the use of it here is restricted to bare details, but I can't say that any of the Wireless School stuff was useless. As W.A.G.'s or W/OP's, as we are termed here, the gunnery is limited, be-

(Continued on page fifteen)

## MR. ALEX MURRAY

Has been faithful Legion Office assistant since early days of No. 4 W.S.

Since August of 1941, which means to say almost since the beginning of the School, a desk in the Legion Office has been ably occupied by a friendly, well-known, grey-headed gentleman by the name of Alex Murray. To appreciate the significance of his position and his "deft juggling" of Canadian Legion finances, you need only talk to any member of the staff of that busy organization.

The "Canadian Legion Office" has not always been the elaborate, well-provided and well-stocked office which is common-



MR. ALEX MURRAY  
of the Legion Office

ly known to every trainee at present. When Auxiliary Officer, Mr. F. G. "Baldy" Baldwin sought out the services of Mr. Murray at the time of organization, there were no desks—one kitchen table and some fifty library books. Eager to make work for themselves, however, because work for them means recreation for us, the staff of the Legion Office persisted in enlarging its scope and equipment. The particular job to which Mr. Murray has devoted himself through this arduous period has been that of bookkeeper—"Keeps us persistently in the red," says Baldy.

Looking over the years which have gone to make up an obviously successful and enjoyable career we see that Mr. Murray is well qualified in his present capacity as accountant. A native of Glasgow, Scotland, the youthful clerk, who had spent formative years in a law office in Glasgow and later in the Colonial Merchants Office in London, England, came to Canada and found employment with the Ontario Government. For thirty years he served at the Ontario Hospital in New Toronto and in the capacity of Bursar for twenty of these years. As Bursar his work included the supervising of all accounting and buying.

The year 1935 found Mr. Murray

threatened in health and on the advice of his doctor he was superannuated from his position. There followed a restful visit of considerable duration to his native Scotland so that he became much improved in health.

Returning to Canada Mr. Murray has made his home with a brother in Guelph. It was here in those hectic months following the outbreak of war that "Baldy" Baldwin came to know and sought out the services of Mr. Murray as he busied himself with work in National Registration, Community Chest, etc., having already offered his services in whatever capacity to the Canadian Government.

Hence it was that Mr. Alex Murray came to occupy his busy desk in the Legion Office. "Realizing the seriousness of the situation, I knew everyone would be needed. I wanted to do some little thing to help out." You can still tell by his voice that he's a native of Scotland.

What most of us don't know and what Mr. Murray would be last to suggest is that his services have been made available to Canadian Legion War Services without remuneration. He insists "I look upon it as a great privilege to be able to give a hand. I wouldn't give it up for anything." With many pleasant acquaintances to look back upon, among all ranks, Mr. Murray also looks forward to the new faces which constantly appear.

Of Mr. F. G. Baldwin, known to every airman as "Baldy" he says, "You couldn't wish for a better man to work with." Of common knowledge to all is the spirit of harmony and co-operation which make the "Legion Office" with Mrs. McIlwain and Mrs. Crowe, busy assistants, a pleasant place to drop into.

Thus, on behalf of every trainee who has ever come to know Mr. Murray, we offer a sincere "thanks" and we hope that his health, which obliged him in January of last year to end his busy day at three o'clock, may constantly improve so that future trainees as well may get to know Mr. Murray.

## GET THE REAL "GEN"

(Continued from page two)

to get the real "Gen," the best use would have to be made of every day, hour, and minute at our disposal.

So, you as potential aircrew must make the best possible use of every minute in securing the real "Gen." Only in this way can you be a "top" W.A.G., a "Wizard" operator, when you reach an Operational Squadron.

If you don't know the latest "Gen" it may mean your life, and if we want to win this war we must make every minute count.

### Pity the Orderly Sergeant

The afternoon was bright and cheery with cloudless sky and the air so still that even the leaves hung motionless as if dead. The birds were singing their melodious songs of happy thoughts. Ah, yes! Happy thoughts—what ran through the dark channels of my mind was very remote to a happy thought. I shook my head twice and pinched myself to be sure that I wasn't dreaming. I wasn't. I was Orderly Sergeant that day. Oh death, sting me and grave triumph over my horrible fate. No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't shake myself from that bit of grim reality staring me in the face.

I resigned myself to the thought and with a deep breath, a shrug of the shoulders, and a sigh, I proceeded to the Station Warrant Office. With blank expression I walked into the Major's office and said: "I'm Joe." He told me to meet the Orderly Officer in five minutes at the Mess Hall. Twenty minutes later I saluted the Orderly Officer and we both went into the Mess. Half way down the aisle I stopped, and with a determined look on my face, I stuck out my chest. Two seconds later my commanding voice reverberated from the four walls, shattering two panes of glass that fell with a loud clatter. Three Wags dropped their plates and two W.D.'s fainted. I just stood there with a bewildered look on my face watching the Orderly Officer clambering over a table after his hat.

The whole room stood as if holding its breath, while the Orderly Officer looked at me through the corner of his eyes, softly asking if there were any complaints. One lone "Here, Sir," was heard from a frightened Wag.

On approaching our complaining friend he looked at me timidly and said to the Orderly Officer: "I don't mind thin soup, stale bread I can eat, but just through suggestion I think it would be nice if they untied those horses after they were butchered," holding a piece of rope up to verify his statement. I took the string, his name, and his number. The Orderly Officer sympathetically patted him on the head consoling him with the fact that he would attend to the matter personally.

I left the Mess Hall alone and walked to the Parade Ground in order to lower the ensign. While I was lowering away at the rope, watching a car skidding down the street, I noticed something go up past my left eye, and before I found out exactly what it was, I was suspended upside down, six feet off the ground hanging by one foot that had got itself tangled nicely in the rope. My wits not having completely re-

(Continued on page sixteen)

### L.A.C.'s Knapp and Lawrence Are High Men of 45th Entry

Any graduation is keenly anticipated, especially by those about to graduate—and perhaps the instructors directly concerned. When the graduation takes place just in time to go on Christmas leave the enthusiasm is certainly not dampened.

Two men who had further reason for enjoying graduation with the 45th Entry



L.A.C. Lawrence      L.A.C. Knapp

were L.A.C. Knapp, standing academically highest and L.A.C. Lawrence who won the General Proficiency award. These two clean cut, keen Airmen would be a credit to any graduating class.

Clarence Herbert Knapp was born at Sackville, N.B. twenty-four years ago and still claims Sackville as his home town. Attending public and high school there, he graduated from Grade 11 in 1935—which indicates that you don't have to be fresh from school to make a success of the admittedly stiff W.A.G. course.

Joining the staff of the Royal Bank, he served at Frederickton and later in N.D.G., Montreal, where he enlisted in the R.C.A.F. on December 1st, 1941. Like many others of the 45th he served a tour of Guard Duty at the R.A.F. Station at Picton and tells the same tall tales of that experience as did others. After twenty-four weeks he came to Guelph to commence his course in June of 1942, now goes back to Mountain View for Bombing and Gunnery.

Peculiarly enough, also from the Maritimes came Francis Winburne Lawrence, whose home town was Falmouth, Hants County, N.S. There he gained his primary education and later attended Windsor Academy. Never really getting very far from school, he continued studying at the Nova Scotia Agricultural College from which he graduated in 1940. It follows that he was quite at home in the O.A.C. environment here.

Enlisting in Halifax on Nov. 28th, 1941, he came to No. 1 Manning Depot and later "served time" as a Security Guard at Picton. Arriving in Guelph on June 6th, 1942, he commenced work immediately, displayed the enthusiasm and progress which was to win him the

distinction of being "all-round" man of his Entry.

Asked if they might have something to say on leaving No. 4 these two fellows agreed simply "All is forgiven." They did, however, point out that they had much regard for the fellows of their class and the spirit which had held them together through thick and thin—through their ups and downs at No. 4, of which the 45th had a full share.

### COVER AIRCRAFT

#### Mosquito

The Mosquito which appears on the cover of this issue of "Sparks" is one of the most recent developments of British Aerial Engineering. It is of particular interest to Canadians as it is being manufactured at the Havilland plant at Weston, Ont.

It is distinctive among modern a/c in that it is of wooden construction and is hailed as the fastest flying a/c in the world at present.

It is a twin-engine mid-wing monoplane with single fin and rudder and retractable undercarriage. Its dimensions are as follows: span—54' 2", length 40' 9 1/2", height 15' 3". The engines are Rolls Royce Merlins.

It is used as a light bomber; a fighter; a ground attack fighter and a reconnaissance aircraft. It has been especially prominent in making lightning daylight bombing raids on objectives in Europe and in ground strafing of trains, railway stations and troops concentrations.

As a fighter it is equipped with four 20mm. cannon and six .303 mg.

### "TWO OR THREE"

Following is an extract from a letter written by L.A.C. I. Teitel who formerly contributed the Radio Mechs Page for R.M. Class 2. It illustrates the method used in selling the "Towers Review" at Clinton, Ont.

"Just a note on the selling methods I understand they employ here. It is sold on Pay Days in the Drill 'All (that's an apostrophe as this is an R.A.F. Station). As you get your money and step carelessly to the door you are confronted by about a dozen commissioned officers—ranging from F.O.'s up, each of whom carry a stack of 'em and ask you 'Two or Three?' I understand circulation is about 105%—and climbing."

We wish to point out that "Sparks" uses no such "pressure" methods. We do like to remind you however, that it is your purchases in "Two's and Three's" that keep the thing going.

Why not send a copy home—and another to a friend in the Service.—Ed.

# DWUBLE-YEW-DEES

## NEW YEAR'S DINNER

It all started with a big crowd around the Mess Hall door. In good spirits, carried over from the night before, everyone was anxious to partake of New Year's Day special dinner. As the line up gradually strayed towards the steam-tables there was many a strange sight to be seen.

The tables were covered in white for the occasion, and every so often, was a plate of fruit. The cutlery was laid out and in attendance was practically every officer and senior N.C.O. on the Station. The Commanding Officer occupied a prominent place at the south end. He was very nobly carving up turkey. He was garbed all in white and seemed to be enjoying himself immensely. He was once even noted to adopt the professional habit of wiping his hands on some rear portion of his white pants.

Dr. Doyle, looking the part of Chief Chef was seen to slyly help himself to the odd grape when no one was looking. He was soon checked up on this and looked highly embarrassed when told off.

The crew behind the steam-tables was very motley. F/Lt. Branion was assigned to one of his favorite tricks, doling out carrots, which he undertook with relish.

Sister Nellis cheated, she got one of the men to carry the trays, while she piled it up with dishes.

Sgt. Taylor was a typical English barmaid, his hat became him so beautifully. The two peaks sort of blew around like a pair of angel's wings.

F/S McNair was distinctly seen licking his finger tips after serving a couple of dishes. Definitely unhygienic, Flight

Some of the waiters and waitresses looked painfully nervous but they may be forgiven as it was most likely their first attempt. In fact at supper it was hard to get back to the old grind "Serve Yourself" method.

It was an excellent turkey dinner.

## BLAME LOWA

When an Airman does not answer  
To his name at morning call,  
You can bet your life that Lowa  
Is the reason for it all.  
What! You've never heard of Lowa  
Who makes trouble for the men?  
Well just spell the letters backward:  
And you'll have the answer then.

By R105348 L.A.C. Culley, A.G.

## SCHOOL OF COOKERY GRAD WRITES BACK

*We started our trip out quite nicely:  
In a coach or a tram-like affair,  
Just the seven of us and conductor  
And the ride on it certainly was rare.  
We stopped just at some little junction.*

*To change to the C.P.R. train.  
And we waited for only an hour  
Till we were on our way again.  
The first night was spent in a sleeper.  
Where curtains hung over each berth.  
I was helped into bed by a porter  
Who was blacker than nothing on earth.*

*Next morning I ate in a diner.  
I thought this surely a treat  
But with all the swinging and sway-  
ing,*

*I don't know if I ate with hands or feet.*

*We reached Winnipeg ten in the morning.*

*And I still can't believe my eyes  
Why I thought the West was all wheat fields,*

*But it's a city, my what a surprise!!!  
Here an S.P. tried to help us out.  
In regards to our changing trains  
And I'll be darned if we didn't get left*

*After him taking such pains.  
However we caught the next one going*

*Arriving in Brandon at four,  
And the bus to Rivers wasn't till twelve.*

*So our sitters sure were sore.  
At two in the morning our stations were reached*

*We found everything locked up tight,  
So we slept between two issued blankets.*

*And with no sheets the wool picked all night.*

*Well now, my trip to the West is over.*

*I think the station is swell,  
Now all I want is a cowboy.  
Then I'll know I'm doing well.  
Will you give my regards to the Corporals.*

*The Sergeants and all personnel.  
And in closing the very best to you.  
Mam, you've really been swell.*

AW2. Trainor.

Typical conversation overheard between two airwomen, carrying on the age-old antagonism between the East and West.

The Easterner: "Say, Jean, name me the towns out West."

The Westerner: "Which ones, there's three or four out there."

## DOROTHY HIX

Dear Miss Hix:

Over New Year's our W.D.'s were allowed to wear civies. At the dance I met one and she sure looked O.K. She told me she was a W.D. The point is I'd like to take her out again but I can't pick her out in the Mess Hall in her uniform. Frantic

Dear Frantic:

I can't see any solution to this unless the gals wear civies again sometime. Sorry. Miss Hix

Dear Miss Hix:

Just before Christmas I bought a gift for the W.D. I was going around with. Unfortunately she was posted away a few days before Christmas. It seemed kind of senseless to send it on to her. What shall I do with it, it's strictly feminine and I can't use it?

Sgt. Stammerton

Dear Sarge:

Why don't you give it to one of the other Sgts. for a joke. Miss Hix

Dear Miss Hix:

I've always envied other guys writing to you and wanted to do so myself. But the problem I have is far too personal to have it published. Is there any way I could see you in private?

L.A.C. Anxious

Dear Anxious:

Nothing is private in the Air Force. The more personal the more likely it will be to be published. Miss Hix

Dear Miss Hix:

First thing I notice is that I'm older than most of the boys here. These fellows all go out quite a bit and meet nice girls among the W.D.'s and other places. I'd really like to be in the gang but don't know if my wife would like it.

Do you think if I increased her allowance, besides what the Air Force gives her, from \$50 to \$75 per week, she might not mind me going out a bit? I don't mind if she goes out occasionally. Also should I tell the girl I take out that I'm married? Perplexed

Dear Perplexed:

This is definitely too big a question to answer right away. Will reply in next issue. Please let me know if any further complications set in.

Dear Miss Hix:

I am wanting to get married but am in a quandry. First of all I have two lovely girls working for me and have another two on the string. Please advise me what to do.

Anticipating Matrimony

Dear A.M.

What have you got that gets them? Better change your technique—boy are you ever in trouble.

Miss Hix

# Know Your Instructors

By FLT/LT. MOONEY



W/O 1. F. S. J. Daniel, R.A.F.

"Danny" Daniel was born in Stoke Gabriel, Devon, England, in 1918. He took his elementary schooling at Harrowbarrow, Cornwall, and his secondary schooling at Callington, Cornwall. He obtained the Cambridge Senior Certificate and the London Matriculation and entered the Kelhorn Theological College. At the end of the second term he decided that this was not the life for him so he joined the R.A.F. in January of 1937.

After three months at Uxbridge and Henlow, taking drill, etc., he was posted to No. 1 Wireless School at Cranwell. Here he trained as a Wireless Operator graduating in March, 1938, and immediately afterwards commenced the wireless electrical mechanics course. He completed this course in 1939 graduating with the rank of L.A.C., Group 1, which, in those days, was quite an accomplishment in the R.A.F.

He was posted to No. 2 Wireless School, Gatesbury, as operator on the main transmitting station and was promoted to the rank of Corporal in August when he became N.C.O. in charge of the wireless station. With the inception of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan, he and other R.A.F. wireless instructors were posted to Trenton, Ontario, in January, 1940, to become the nucleus of the instructional staff of the present wireless schools in Canada. He went to Montreal, P.Q., where the first wireless school opened in February and he instructed W.E.M.'s and W.O.G.'s on the first Canadian radio equipment. He became a Sergeant in June and instructed in radio labs until June of the following year when he was posted to Guelph for the opening of No. 4 Wireless School. With the aid of a small crew of W.E.M.'s, radio laboratories were set up in Mac Institute in time for instruc-

tion to be given to the first entry. Promotion to F/Sgt. came in November, 1941, and early in the fateful year of 1942, he took time out to get married.

Undismayed by these further responsibilities, he returned from leave to the radio labs and became a W/O-1 in September. "Danny" is at present acting as general supervisor of Radio Practical and Radio Theory instruction in the labs, where he is trying to find the answer to the trainees' biggest problem—turning the R1082 receiver.



Sgt. D. E. Moss

"Doug" Moss can be considered one of the "local boys" since he claims Aylmer, Ontario, as his home town where he attended both public and high school. Upon completing high school he took the Senior Engineering Course with the Radio College of Canada. He worked as a telegraph operator with the Canadian National for four years and then had his own radio sales and service business for about eight years.

For about ten years he worked in Nova Scotia on Field Servicing for the Kelvinator Refrigerator Company. It was while he was in this part of the world that he acquired a wife and also joined the North Nova Scotia Highlanders Reserve—but there's no connection between the two moves!! He later transferred to the Elgin Regiment where he qualified for the rank of Captain.

In January of 1940, he joined the R.C.A.F. and eventually arrived at No. 1 Wireless School, Montreal, where he started the W.E.M. 1 course. Because of his considerable experience prior to enlistment, after only two months of the course, he was posted to the main transmitting station in Eastern Air Command at Dartmouth. Six months later he was posted back to No. 1 Wireless School as an instructor. He remained at Montreal, instructing on radio practical in the wiring lab until June of

1941, when he came here to Guelph, to assist in the setting up of No. 4 Wireless School.

He was one of the original crew which installed the radio equipment in Radio Labs and when instruction started, he was employed on maintenance. When construction was begun on synthetic training devices, Sgt. Moss was selected to build up the first Synthetic Direction Finding training equipment. How well he has done this work can be seen by the installations now in use in the two R1082 Labs. Working on an idea originally from Cranwell, England, Sgt. Moss had to design and build up every piece of equipment. Finally, after many trials and much experimenting, he developed the fine installation now in use. As a tribute to his workmanship he was requested to construct similar installations for No. 2 Wireless School, Calgary, a job which he has completed only recently. Now a Synthetic D/F expert, Sgt. Moss is at present equipping the Signals Trainers in Outstations with Synthetic D/F.



F/Sgt. A. W. Ironside

F/Sgt. Ironside was born in Toronto, Ontario, where he attended public school and completed five years of technical school specializing in aircraft work. He first studied radio at night school and in his "spare time" operated an amateur station—VE3AUA.

After finishing school he was employed with the National Cash Register Company in Toronto, and at the same time did a little radio service work.

In September of 1939, he joined the Permanent Air Force and was posted to the only Air Force Wireless School at Trenton, Ontario. Here he took the Wireless Operator Mechanics course which ended just before the school was moved to Montreal in February of 1940. He was retained for instructional duties and at No. 1 Wireless School in Montreal he instructed W.O.G.'s and W.E.M.'s on the AT1-AR2. In November of 1940, he was posted to No. 2

(Continued on page fifteen)

# Radio Mechanics Detachment

F/L. Gilmore, C/O.

Contributions by Gord. Elliott

Cpl. Biggar, Disciplinarian

## THE BAR EXAMINATIONS

The middle of January finds us well along the way, and approaching the half-way mark in our course. Many of us are undoubtedly still wondering whether or not Ohm was telling the truth about V, I, and R; but as the confusion increases with such impedimenta as suppressor grids, cathode bias, and the like, we find ourselves more inclined to swallow some of the fundamentals and spend more time worrying about the more practical side.

To most of us, the Bar Exam just before Christmas was definitely a hurdle to clear. Those that were fortunate enough to get over the top in one jump are certainly relieved. We are sorry, however, to lose several of our number who have found this course not of their choice, and as they go out into their new respective fields of study we wish them lots of luck. To Bowden, R. Elliott, Joseph, Lucas, Stone, McSweeney, Riley and Ringwood, we say "so long for now," knowing fullwell that the contributions they make will be their best, regardless of the capacity in which they serve.

Upon several occasions in the past eight weeks, while explaining the complicated mechanisms of certain types of instruments, the Prof. insisted that we should take our "hats off to the wattmeter." (It seems that this instrument adds the averages of all the squares and then takes the square-root, or something!) I am sure the entire squadron will agree that we should take our hats off to him, for his excellent help and apparently untiring efforts to keep us from passing out at the Bar. We will miss his lectures from now on, but with Messrs. Day and Kemp taking the helm we have nothing to fear, unless the "distorted waves" get too rough for us. When one of our tall, dark and handsome gents learned that there would be no more Blackwood lectures, he rushed into the office and was overheard saying to the Prof. himself: "It's a good thing you quit lecturing to us when you did, because the course is really getting TOUGH now!" The funny part about it is that the Prof. laughed the loudest. Maybe he isn't so dumb either, and maybe it's not as funny as I thought.

And while we are mentioning the faculty, we might express our best wishes to our former instructor, Sub Lieutenant Geo. Flegler, who recently was commissioned in the Royal Canadian Navy. In order to show him our appreciation

and interest, a short informal get-together was held just before Christmas in the lounge at which-time F/Lt. Gilmore presented him with a pen and pencil set, on behalf of the Radio Mech Detachment.

L.A.C. Connell, our very congenial handyman at Mill's Hall, is leaving this month to begin his aircrew course at Mont Joli. He will be missed at our barracks but we are glad that he finally got the posting for which he has waited so long. Happy landing, Earl!

## SPORTS

Last month, reference was made to our basketball team. If we offended anyone we are very sorry, but it still seems to be the corporal's conviction that we'd do better at polo. Perhaps that accounts for the fact we have not played any more games.

Our first attempt at staging a ladder tournament for the many table-tennis enthusiasts proved very successful. After one full month of keen competition, the tourney closed with Bruce Anderson in first place. Next in line were Charlie Quinn and Bill Rest, tied for second place. On the third rung were John Ringwood, Al Takefman, and Bill Watt. It is the intention of the table-tennis committee to start an open singles tournament immediately for all interested.

As for bowling, the interest shown by the ten teams in the squadron is definitely beyond all expectations. Our early Wednesday evenings become something to look forward to and give an ideal period of relaxation in the middle of the week. With about a dozen games completed we find the "Dog-patchers" at present in the lead, but the "Dynamos" and "Vectors" are right on their tails, tied for second place. Close behind are the "Cyclotrons" but with the team standings changing as they do, we hesitate to suggest their order in another week or two. We enjoy also, the keen competition offered by the team of the O.A.C. Physics Faculty, and are just as baffled at the Prof's ability to mow 'em down on the alleys, as we are at his agile hop-skip-and-jump from office to lecture room. The high-single bowling scores to date, include, Crouch with 293, Turnbull with 288, Edick with 286, and Nicholls with 285. For the high three-game honours we have Pollard with a score of 773, followed by Walt Nicholls with 736. Incidentally, Walter is the capable chairman of the bowling

committee, and we might mention that Tom Bradbury, as secretary-treasurer, is doing an excellent job in his capacity, too.

During the past two or three weeks several have been taking advantage of the heavy snowfalls and the nearby country-club hills by doing a bit of skiing. It seems that ice-skating has its attractions as well,—I know, because more than one fellow has told me he won't borrow my "blades" any more unless I get them sharpened!

The usual weekly card games (daily, in some rooms) seem to be carrying on as usual. Bridge seems to be the best bid for honours in room 111; whereas other games make one of the rooms as wild as the deuce almost anytime after 6.15 in the morning. (OF COURSE we get up at "reveille").

## INFORMATION PLEEZE

Since coming to No. 4, there have occurred several hailing little incidences that are causing some of our worrywarts no end of concern. We refuse to venture an opinion on some of these questions—maybe you don't think they are even funny. No? Oh well—

How long did it take "Jake" Taylor to figure out how to beat the telephone company of four cents by giving a penny a twist in the nickel coin slot? (Better check on that, Smitty!)

What used to be the big attraction at the M.O.'s office that caused our morning sick parade to look like Rommel's retreat? We saw a NEW face the other day,—do you suppose somebody REALLY took sick?

This is the pay-off: How many layers of dirt had been collecting on the transom over the door of Room 117, a while back, before it was finally washed off because someone wrote suggestions on it with a finger? Shame on you, CORPORAL. And, incidentally, it is still a matter of opinion (someone else's) whether or not the corporal enjoyed his recent venture in the art of Terpsichore at the Military Ball on New Year's Eve. He is still asking some of his friends all about it.

## LATE NEWS

We extend a very cordial welcome to two new instructors who have just recently arrived here from Clinton. We hope Pilot Officers J. G. Hartree and R. Lamothe will enjoy their association with the Detachment.

## CEYLON TO-DAY

(Continued from page three)

joined the R.A.F., the Ceylon Light Infantry, and the Ceylon Rifles as volunteers.

Seventy-one per cent of the people are Budhists and the rest are Hindus, Mohammedans, Christians and Parsees. Budha was born about 563 B.C. at Rummindu at Hepal, India. He preached his first famous sermon in the Deer Garden at Sarmath (Benares) sacred today to the Budhists of the world. The great Mauryan Emperor Asoka, in 262 B.C., disgusted by the cruelty and horror of war adopted this peaceful doctrine and declared that henceforth his conquest should be the conquest of religion. He set up columns in different parts of India and engraved on them: "For what do I toil? For no other end than this, that I may discharge my debt to living beings." Subsequently Ceylon became the cultural centre of Budhism.

Hunting is quite a popular pastime of the upper classes. The most outstanding and of great interest is elephant hunting called "Kral." Dangerous and thrilling this sport of Kings has attracted sportsmen throughout the world.

The island is dense with varied vegetation. Rubber, tea, cocoa and copra are its chief products. In addition valuable gem mines are found at Retnapura. There are quite a few Plumbago mines. Then there is the famous pearl fisheries at Puttalam, which tempted the equally famous if not notorious Marco Pollo, of ancient times.

Cocoonut plantations are in abundance. It is the general custom that travellers afoot may help themselves to green nuts—nature lavishly provides the island with bananas of varied species, bread-fruits, custard apples, pineapples, pappans, yams, oranges, lemons, mangos, ramputans, doriens, mangustans, etc. The surrounding reefs abound in fish, crabs, lobsters, prawns and mussels, etc. This abundance makes the island a veritable paradise for gluttony.

Of flowers, they are in glorious profusion, colorful and fragrant. The profusion that song and story would have us believe exists in the "Pearl drop on the brow of India."

An army private on one of the transports going to England recently won \$1,000 in a dice game. He at once hired two of his buddies to guard him for the rest of the trip, at \$5 per day. Their job: to prevent the losers from inveigling him back into the game.

—Newsweek

## THE WORKS

By Corporal A. D. Simpson

With 1943 well settled and New Year's Eve hangovers a thing of the past, we of the W & B section are looking forward to another year of huge building projects, long hours of maintenance, and frantic calls for things we haven't got.

A few changes have been made in our section since the last issue of "Sparks." Corporal (Little Chum) Grills, our artist, was posted to No. 6 Repair Depot, Trenton, and our newest wood butcher, L.A.C. Hess, has left us for St. John's, Quebec.

Undoubtedly, the most important event of the past month was the engagement of our Steno., Miss Patricia Moore, to Sergeant Don Mossman, of the R.N.Z.A.F. Lucky Sergeant!

Yes, the Equipment Section trimmed us good at bowling. We accepted our defeat gracefully and paid our forfeit as agreed. However, there are certain members of that illiberal section that can't forget it, and we will gladly accept a challenge from them if they feel up to it again.

Our chief, F/O Etherington, is also in charge of the Fire Section now.

This section is the proud owner of two new Corporals, Johnny Shore and Merv Gordon. Johnny wants neon lighting on his hooks so they can be seen at night. Merv sat up until midnight the last of the month with a needle and thread in his hand in order to sew them on by one minute after. They will soon find out that being a Corporal isn't all gravy.

We wouldn't be at all surprised if our Cuten Club fireman "Duff" Duffy came in some day with his eyes scratched out and all his hair pulled out. Cheer up, Duff, true love never runs smooth. Does it Kelly?

Well, it's time to eat, so let's go.

## PUZZLE—NAVIGATION

You are flying from Toronto to Hamilton. You have been out three hours and thirty and a half minutes exactly. Let's find out where we are.

First you take bearing on London, England, and you mark it down as so many degrees, etc. You then take bearings in quick succession on Halifax and Vancouver because you want this to be accurate. These also are measured in degrees.

The spot in which you find yourself is terrible. But definitely, you are on the spot. You are no longer between Toronto and Hamilton but somewhere in the U.S.A.

Puzzle is—Can you make Buffalo in time for the week-end?

(Let us know if you made it.)

## HOW TO SERVICE A RADIO

Based upon years of careful observation by the Author in the Instructors Room of Mac. Inst. in collaboration with various masters of the Test meter.

A radio may be fixed in a number of ways, one of the commonly used of which seems to be to turn it upside down and look underneath. But first you must get it out of the cabinet. This, too, is done in a number of ways—after removing all the nuts, bolts, etc. that you see on the outside. The larger sets you sometimes have to lay face down on the floor, this is to save you the trouble of climbing up on the table, put one foot on the cabinet and the other on the chassis—and pull. Oh, no, you use one foot and one hand. Pull on the hand with the chassis and push on the cabinet with the foot.

You then pick up the works, probably yourself too, from where they landed on the floor. (Sometimes with smaller sets this isn't worth while.) Ah, you now have the vitals of the radio turned upside down on the table and you proceed to find out what's the matter. If Bill Amendola is nearby, you ask him and sometimes he can tell you. Sometimes he has to look it up in C.A.P. 90 and sometimes he has to ask Doug. Moss. These two guys can fix anything.

But let's get back to the radio. We left it on the bench upside down. We now find however that it has turned itself right side up and one of the tubes, or valves, is missing. Thereupon you replace the valve from the set that someone else is fixing, just as someone did with yours. This you may have to accomplish when the other chap has gone out or is looking the other way.

Anyway even with a new tube or valve the thing still doesn't produce, even though you now turn the switch on, so you investigate. Incidentally, when you turn the switch on, the pilot light comes on nicely but so do the lights in all the other valves—just like the pilot light. Hm. You can't figure this out for the moment and after the moment is up it doesn't matter anyway because the tubes are all nice and dark again—really dark. Let's see now, 5 tubes at \$2.00 a piece—say this job is really going to cost somebody something.

It is now time for dinner and you shove the darn thing to the back of the bench, and the back of your head as well, and go merrily off to lunch.

In the afternoon you're frightfully busy with something else and leave the service job at the back of your mind. Suddenly, next morning, you decide to get on with it. First thing you see when

(Continued on page sixteen)

## SERGEANT'S MESS

Christmas and New Year's (New Year's Day, we mean) were obviously enjoyed by members of the Mess. It seemed to be a "White" Christmas in spite of popular songs—white as the faces of some of us on the days immediately after.

There was fun for all in the serving of the New Year's dinner upstairs. There was more fun for some than others. Station W/O McNair seems to be qualified in more trades than one—entertainment, we mean. Sgt. Taylor and many others also had, and made, fun in their white aprons and caps.

It was a pleasure to all to play host to a genial group of Officers in our own Mess downstairs for New Year's dinner—to say nothing of the splendid turkey et al.

We leave the rest of the day unreported except to say that some people apparently thought that 1943 was just going to last for one day instead of one whole year.

Considerable shooting is being done these days by members of the Mess. We mean more shooting than usual and shooting of a different variety—with guns.

Certain members of the Mess have been trying out their skis on the Cutten Club golf course. The general opinion still seems to be that it makes a better golf course than ski trail—and we don't mean to sound professional, we who perfected the original "Ostrich stop." Snow conditions have been good on the average and this is a fine thing for more reasons than one. We should like to quote a remark made by one particular enthusiast who ended up in a most unusual condition about three quarters down hill, which seems to throw a new light on the business of skiing. Said he: "I suspect Gremlins." . . . We mentioned before about electric whisker-whizzers being used—and used at unorthodox hours. We hesitate to mention names, but if Sgt. Alexander doesn't get that rag-time model of his off the air (or change the tune) then we'll be forced to—leave the radio off. Speaking of radios, we are reminded of the research (?) being conducted by Sgts. White and Nosworthy. We use the word research purposely. If the results of their efforts don't contribute to research, then they're wasted because they obviously don't contribute to reception on all the other radios in the vicinity. These two fellows might take example from nearby W.M.'s. You never see them playing with radio after the hour of 17.15. . . . "Corny" Corbett certainly is getting corny. Playing billiards he calls a "carom" a cannon.

Speaking of "Corny" Corbett, the

## SERVICE POLICE NEWS

By Selrach

Highlight of the Service Police news this month is the posting of Cpl. Vic. Makins to No. 1 Equipment depot at Toronto, and the arrival here of Cpl. Al. Nagle, fresh off a course at Trenton, to take Vic's place. We are sorry to lose Cpl. Makins and, in turn, glad to make the acquaintance of our new corporal!

Cpl. E. A. Clark is away on annual leave and we hope that he is enjoying himself . . . in the meanwhile Clarkie your mail is piling up and we don't know where to send it . . . how come you get so many letters?

Cpl. Wolfe and Cpl. Cliffe went at other day he decided to make a modification to the modification he had made to his typewriter. It was not surprising, therefore, to see the heads of a good many Radio Labs personnel all together in a huddle over the innocent typewriter, and from the group there came the most interesting remarks. The modification was completed in due course, however, and the bell does not ring everytime you press the "shift key." "Corny" now has a "Remette" Mark 1 Star 1.

Postings 1943, has gotten under way with a bang-up list of postings and the Sgt's. Mess has not gone unrecognized. Posted overseas were F/Sgt. "Hub" Moore and Sgt. Clairidge, from Accounts. These two fellows will be missed, "Hub" Moore as the butt of these "Hairless Joe" jokes and Jerry Clairidge for his disturbing nocturnal visits. To both we wish the very best. A number of instructors have been wondering how they do it.

Also posted was W.O.2 Lewis, Roy N., a former officer of the mess, and well known to all members. He occupied the position of N.C.O. i/c Radio Labs, and his colleagues of that section extend the best of luck.

Last minute news includes notice of the posting of W.O.1 "Danny" Daniel (R.A.F.), chairman of the Mess. Back he goes to England with his Canadian bride. Best of luck to both.

Officers of the Mess for the present term are as follows: Pres. W.O.2 Acton; Chairman, W.O.1 Daniels, R.A.F.; Secretary, F/S. Metcalfe. The messing committee consists of Sgts. Wilkes, living in, and Amendola, living out, members. Many bouquets and much humble appreciation for the marked improvement. The entertainment committee consists of F/S Wilson and Sgt. Taylor. They tackle their first job by way of a Smoker to be held the last Friday in January—repeat—the last Friday in January.

their cribbage rather heavily during the Xmas season and both boys are a little bit tired. The Sgt. provided them with a board with the required number of holes . . . but spaced close together so that less ground would have to be covered. . . . Bill still claims the Service Police cribbage championship however.

Our Sgt. Clarke, incidentally, in response to many requests, hails from Hamilton, was a reporter, holds a chess championship, won't say if he likes the service any better than he did when he joined up almost three years ago; but has moved into Guelph with his wife and daughter . . . on behalf of the Service Police we give him our best wishes.

No, the Service Police don't quite like their new quarters as well as the rooms they left in the Ad Bldg. . . . but they have put a little elbow grease into the business and now the rooms in Mill's Hall are looking quite spick and span!

A few quips heard among the S.P.'s: Cpl. Harwood (taking fingerprint record of W.D.): "Any scars?"

W.D. (flippantly): "No, but I can give you a cigarette."

M.O. (to Cpl. reporting for overhaul): Why have you got 376x9 tattooed over your back?

Cpl. Wolfe: That ain't no tatoo, that's where Hanna hit me as he drove out the gate this morning.

Say! said Cpl. Conron, I'm going to a christening this afternoon and may have to hold the baby . . . how do you hold it?

Don't worry about that replied Cpl. Brooks, hold it the same way you do that shot gun of yours . . .

Cpl. Meredith offers mandolin lessons to any person who may have a mandolin . . .

Cpl. Jackson is still trying to figure out a forward pass that will keep his eye out of the other fellows fists. . . that happy light in his eye may mean that he has figured out the score to all the overtime he has been putting in on the gate. . . .

But then, who hasn't?

So long until next issue.

## "SIGHTED SUB . . ."

Interestin version of the oft-quoted message sent by a young U. S. Naval Officer on ocean patrol—"Sighted sub. Sank same," is this one suggested by another seaman—"Sighted schooner, drank same."

## FLASH—RADIO LABS.

One cold day in December, a certain W.E.M. Sgt. wearing a fatigue sweater, was making his way towards MacDonald Institute. He was suddenly confronted by a Discip. Cpl. who demanded to know his name. The answer the Cpl. received was as surprising as unexpected.

The initials of the accused are P.S.—P as in "Paddy", S as in Sellars.

During the Sergeant's Dance held in November, I noticed a Sergeant being removed, by his ear, to the other side of the room.

Ladies and Gentlemen, the person responsible for this, was of all people, his wife. Yes, the girl he married.

Congratulations to the following men on their promotion to Sergeant: Sgts. Cove, Coulson, Larson, Ross, White and Stannah. It is hoped that Sgt. Stannah enjoyed his first duty as senior N.C.O.—one week as mess caterer.

Congratulations to Sgt. and Mrs. Craig on the arrival of a son, early in December. All I ask of you, Graham, is don't mention the word radio to the child, for reasons which are self-evident.

The two luckiest women in Guelph are the wives of the two champion scroungers of No. 4 W.S., Sgts. Amendola and Moss.

If these men are as successful off the station as they are on, in obtaining articles impossible for others to obtain, then, there is no reason in the world why "certain people" will be left with large quantities of butter on their hands.

NOTE: Darn it! They would ration butter after I wrote the above!

For several weeks now, the W.E.M.'s have been trying to analyze a receiver built, owned and operated by Sgt. White, of the Signal Section. According to Sgt. White, each tube in his receiver does double duty. One tube in particular proves quite interesting. This tube does two things also, that is, it rectifies, and it changes A.C. to D.C.

There seems to be quite a bit of confusion within this section concerning the writing of this column each month. Each person suspecting the other of being the author. A few of the suspects are Sgts. Farmer, Corbett, Findlay, and Ironside.

For reasons beyond my control, I prefer to remain known only as Volter Vinchell.

According to last month's "Sparks," several of the girls have been giving Cpl. Anderson of this section free hair-

do's.

If any of these girls would care to consult the editor and ask for Volter Vinchell I would be only too tickled pink to make an appropriate comment. Space being limited, etc., I am in no position to do that here.

A write-up appeared in last month's "Sparks" in which was printed a list of names of those responsible for such a swell turn-out at the last W.E.M. dinner.

I would like to add the names of two men to that list, Sgts. Middleton and Sellars. Both these men were wholly responsible for the entertainment at that dinner. In this way, I replace the cart behind the horse.

Not mentioning any names of course, but a certain Sergeant of this section, complains that there are not enough "positive" terminals on the small "C" batteries issued at stores.

All personnel of this section seem to have enjoyed the Christmas holidays.

Sgt. Parkinson paid a visit to Morrisburg—it should have been St. Catharines, though.

Cpl. Anderson returned to Montreal for a visit, but best of all, he returned back to Guelph.

Sgt. Corbett headed straight for Detroit. Something in Detroit seems to have quite a magnetic effect on Corny (Unlike poles attract. Remember?).

The other day during the Senior N.C.O.'s annual musketry practice, a certain Sgt. of this section continually turned in targets with only four hits on each. He insisted that his fifth shot was in one of the other four holes (Wow).

Ladies and gentlemen, the man of whom I speak is Sgt. Wilkes and if he continues as he is doing, I can see where Sgt. Bury is going to have some stiff competition.

During my holidays, I noticed a new Christmas game which was rapidly becoming popular. That was the game of Butter, Butter, Who's Got the Butter?

Note:—The end of the game was marked by rationing!

I would like to take this opportunity to express my apology to Sgt. Amendola for misspelling his name in my column last month. Sorry, Bill O.M., it won't re-occur.

So till next month, Ladies and Gentlemen, with protons of love, I remain, yours truly— Volter Vinchell.

## AN AC. MEDITATES

From Vancouver Province

By AC.1 Ted Freeman

*The sun comes up to greet a day  
That's nicely started on its way.  
A day that from our point of view  
Is beautiful—and peaceful, too.  
And yet, who knows at morning light  
What sorrows we may face ere night?*

*Our work was through an hour ago;  
The Kites are now all set to go.  
We don't wait long for things to  
hum;*

*Here come the Pilots on the run.  
We strap them in and wish them luck  
For we know what they have to buck.*

*The engines start up one by one  
And taxi off toward the sun.  
Each one is like a gentle steed,  
Hiding untold hell and speed.  
With a mighty roar the Spitfires  
Soar into the blue horizon,  
And, as they rise to meet the skies,  
We left below are thinking—*

*There's twelve in that formation—  
Twelve boys on sturdy wings—  
Flying off to battle  
With noble hearts that sing.  
We are standing solidly  
On Mother Nature's sod,  
While they are in the heavens,  
Very close to God.*

*Will they all come back today?  
To welcome beds on which they lay?  
To dream of home so far away?  
Or, will one or two be missing,  
Or maybe three or four?  
That we won't know 'till they return  
To bring the final score.*

*Our work is done. The D. I.'s signed,  
And everything's okay;  
We sit and talk; we read or write  
To pass the time away;  
While from our hearts a silent prayer  
Is being raised to Him,  
That Smithy will come back again  
Along with Red and Jim.*

*And now the sun is setting—  
We hear a steady drone,  
With light and heavy hearts we rush  
Pell Mell onto the drome.  
And in the sunset's dying glow  
We see the specks we love  
Come rushing nearer, and ere long  
They're passing just above.*

*We scan them as they pass o'er head—  
We're looking for "our kite"—  
And then we see there's only ten,  
The boys were in a fight.  
And as they land we look again  
There's A. and K. and D.  
There's O. and P.—Where's V. and  
T?*

*Our chests are growing tight.  
(Continued on next page)*

Well—V. and T. have not returned.  
Are they prisoners of war?  
No! They have gone to swell the  
ranks  
Of "those who pass before."

We check the kites and fix them up.  
And so this war goes on.  
Two new boys come to take the place  
Of our chums who have gone.  
Passed on—but not forgotten,  
Just as hundreds more have done;  
And we who follow won't forget,  
Until this war is won.

## LETTERS FROM GRADS

(Continued from page seven)

ing left to the Air Gunner proper, but the essentials have to be done. Did I mention that here we are in Bomber Command (Len and I) on big two engine stuff and that we have a good chance to convert to 4 engines a little later on, sounds O.K. doesn't it?

About the old story of the main man being the W/OP, and the relative importance of each member of a crew, the real idea is "crew-work," and it can be a grand thing too. The W/OP is a handy bloke to have around, for messages to and from base, and as an aid to navigation. The direction finding possibilities of the loop and radio are really good, and save the day when trouble comes along, as has happened both on training and operational flights. I have seen more than one occasion when the wireless has been the means of saving the aircraft and crew. Sounds like me giving a lecture now.

Well, that is about all, except that I am addressing this to you as F/O (hope it is above that now) and also to No. 4. Cheerio for the present, hope this is not a boring letter and I hope to hear from you in the future.

Sincerely yours,

(P/O W. S. Walker) Walter Walker.  
R.A.A.F.

Extract from a letter received by Mr. F. G. Baldwin, Canadian Legion from P/O. J. Montgomery, R.A.A.F., Australia:—

"Have been very busy this week, Baldy. I thought I would be in for an easy time of it now, as my Captain is Flight Commander, and thought we would only do "Strikes." Well we do, but have been doing them too often to be healthy. The "Nips" over this way got a hell of a shock this week and I'd like to be able to tell you about it. . . . The Japs made head-on attacks on what they thought were Beauforts but imagine their surprise when they turned out to be Beaufighters. They just blew the Zeros to kingdom come.

I have Tom Simmonds in the same Squadron now. He flies with the chap who is C.O. of the Squadron and consequently he flies less than I do.

It's hellish hot and muggy here and we get a thunder storm once a day almost every day.

According to the papers the U.S. Marines have done a swell job in the Solomons. Those boys can really fight.

It's getting near Christmas and with it I'm getting a lot of happy memories. Boy, how I'd like to be over there now and doing that New York trip again. That was really something. If you happen to go there this Christmas, you may be able to renew a few acquaintances.

To date have been lucky, Baldy. Haven't actually had an interception, but it makes me happy because if they don't intercept it means they haven't got aircraft in plenty.

When I'm not flying I have another job. I'm O/ic Parachute Section. They thought they would give me something to fill in my spare time. I give the old guarantee—"Bring it back if it fails to open."

"I'm trying to get a copy of a song, sung to the tune of 'Bless 'em All.' It's an ode to a Lockheed Hudson and should be a worthy contribution to 'Sparks.'

"We had a camp concert here the other night and it was surprising the talent that is around. One chap we thought rather good played and sang at the piano. We discovered he had been on the Tivoli Circuit out here and had written and composed various songs, one of which he sang, and at present is reaping in the royalties. Well, Baldy, guess that's all for now so I'll close and wish you and all my friends in Guelph a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

Sincerely, "Monty."

## "ODE to A LOCKHEED HUDSON"

They say there's a Lockheed out  
there on the "line"

All set for transocean flight,  
Hydraulics leaking and losing its revs,  
Hoping to get there all right.

There's many a cylinder running a  
temp

Through having no oil in its well,  
But with much concentration and  
good navigation

We'll get there and back just like  
hell!

They say that the Japs have some  
very fine kites

Of that we're no longer in doubt.  
So if a couple of Zeros should get  
on your tail,

Don't you start mucking about.  
Be careful, Be cheerful, Be calm and  
sedate

And don't let your Aussie blood boil,  
But don't hesitate, push her right  
through the gate  
And blind the poor — in oil.

Lockheeds they don't worry me.  
Lockheeds they don't worry me  
The oil throwing—with flaps in  
their wings

Battered up spark plugs and cluttered  
up rings.

And we're saying goodbye to them  
all

As back to their inserts they crawl,  
We bump 'em and bash 'em, but  
seldom we crash 'em

So cheer up my lads, bless 'em all.  
—from a Graduate in Australia.

A gentleman from Oklahoma was riding an airplane for the first time. At Phoenix, Arizona, the plane made a beautiful landing, and immediately a little red wagon rushed up to refuel it. Next stop was Fort Worth, and again a little red wagon rushed up. Same thing in Nashville. Up dashes the little red gasoline wagon, and the plane is off again. Another passenger turned to gentleman from Oklahoma and observed, "These planes certainly make wonderful time." The Oklahoman drawled, "That little red wagon ain't doing bad either."

—Lou Holtz (Kate Smith Hour—CBS)

In a gay and carefree mood, a man telephoned a friend at two o'clock in the morning. "I do hope I haven't disturbed you," he said cheerily.

"Oh, no," the friend replied, "that's quite all right. I had to get up to answer the telephone anyway."

—Contributed by Carl Brandt

## KNOW YOUR INSTRUCTORS

(Continued from page ten)

Wireless School, Calgary, where he was employed on maintenance at the transmitting station and a flying classroom instructor. By August of 1941, he finally succumbed to the Western influence, gave himself up for lost, and got married. In December of 1942 he was transferred to No. 4 Wireless School in time to replace W.O. II Roy Lewis who was N.C.O. i/c Radio Labs, and promotion to F/Sgt. soon followed. Being an "old hand" in the wireless school "business," Al has had no trouble settling down to his new job as N.C.O. in charge of Radio Labs.

## NO. 1 SQUADRON

(Continued from page four)

denies all rumours which suggest wedlock - - - Our double jointer Joe Gibson is now conspicuous by his absence. An asthma complaint proved enough to take Joe out of Aircrew and he has now passed his Trade Test for work in the Accounts Section. Should anyone mail him a copy of "Sparks," Joe will know that our best wishes go to him in his new field.

Anyone who leaves his money belt in the washroom is asking for trouble which even the S.P.'s can't solve. If you don't think so just ask Carrey of "A" Flight.

One unique room, 317, holds four unusual occupants. One is a renowned genius—Moxley, married, sane and tops the class in Morse - - - one is responsible for the lusty laugh which is really contagious, and keeps the boys in good spirits and only Jack Byrnes could be that man. The other two, Mewha and Lewis, unmarried, but hopeful, young but knowing, sometimes ready, but always willing.

Of interest to 57th is Dick Watkins who had the misfortune to have an appendix operation in Moncton, on Security Guard, and as a result missed the draft which would have put him in the front line of the 57th. We who were with him are glad to see he is now his normal self, and working to become a W.A.G.—another madman.

Alec Mann is one from "D" Flight who will soon be trying his hand at another branch of the Air Force. Eye trouble has kept him from continuing his W.A.G. course and, while he will certainly be missed, we wish him every success in his as yet undetermined future.

Famous last words: Are we going to have fewer A.W.L.'s in our Squadron, or higher fences?

## NO. 2 SQUADRON

(Continued from page four)

flying yet, neither can "Dice" Fairbairn. But they were flying pretty high on New Year's.

Seriously we all think that this is a great place, and if we didn't have to go to school, what more could a fella ask? There's even a billiard table here. Anyway so Lyle says. He's been talking about a combination shot he made last week until I think that probably the Governor General knows of it by now. I see Crawford's hair is growing back. Hitler will luff you for that. Get it cut lad.

Here's a series of interviews with some of our fellows on how they like the school:—

O'Connor: "Well I think - - -"

Ah, that's fine O'Connor. Now Dickson—

Dickson: "Why couldn't we - - -?"

Why, of course we could.

Carroll: "I think - - -"

Thank you, Carroll.

Fernley: "Not enough women."

Skinner: "I'm hungry."

So you see, folks, its magnanimous. Well they say time wounds all heels so I guess I'd better see the M.O.

## NO. 5 SQUADRON

(Continued from page five)

. . . . It didn't come to pass though because the unnamed plump Sergeant was big enough, literally, to drop proceedings.

We of the 53rd—and I'm sure our sentiments are those of the entire station—would like to hereby express our appreciation for the splendid services provided by the Canadian Legion; the nth degree hospitality of the Y.W.C.A. Hostess House and the grand musical programs presented on Sunday evenings by the Presto Music Club. They all certainly help to make life at No. 4 a lot more interesting. Much credit, too, goes to the local W.D.'s. The gals are doing a fine job—and working hard at it—I know.

Now I've seen everything Dept.—Sgt. Bury in that Calamity Jane get-up at the New Year's Day dinner . . . Cpl. Slavik with a handful of badly bruised knuckles . . . Walker and Danis going steady, a sad, sad tale . . . A man low enough to toss a pup out of a third storey window . . . A technical civie joeing "D" flight for two hours of drill.

That winds it up for this month, so AR for now.

## HOW TO SERVICE A RADIO

(Continued from page twelve)

you look at it is a blown condenser. "I wonder if that had anything to do with - - - ?" Anyway it had better come out, so you heat up the soldering iron and make a water blister on your first finger just where it bends. At the same time you remove the condenser and first thing you know you've discovered a burned resistor. This has to come out too. So does nearly everything else in the set. In fact, in a short while you have quite a neat chassis and start to wonder what you could build with it. You can't think of anything at the moment and pretty soon it's time to go home. You do this.

You now forget all about the thing and life goes blissfully on. Then one day you notice this pile of junk at the end of the bench and you wonder where the dickens it came from. "Oh yes, it was in a cabinet when I got it." You decide

it should probably be put back in the cabinet so you start looking for that. Well, somebody must have picked the cabinet that toppled off the pile of stuff over in the corner. That's the trouble with those bakelite cabinets.

Oh, well, you can't remember who gave you the radio to fix anyway, and there are so many of these Instructors around that he probably can't remember who you are. W.A.G.'s are commonly known to forget easily.

Let's hope this one does.

## PITY THE ORDERLY SERGEANT

(Continued from page eight)

covered from the incident in the Mess Hall. I made a very bad move by untying the ensign that had lowered far enough for me to reach. When it was completely untied, down I went head first. But the rope jumped off the pulley, catching itself very securely and leaving my head three inches from the ground. How long I stayed suspended in that unbecoming position I cannot say, for I was suffering from a lapse of memory when an old man helped me to my feet.

I left the ensign at the switch board. When I entered, the girl said I was wanted on the phone. I picked up the receiver and an excited voice asked me if I was in charge of the Airmen at the School. Before I could say No, I was listening to a long tale from some Old Maid who had gone to the sanctity of her boudoir, and on finding an Airman under her bed, wanted to know if I could give him two weeks' leave. I never answered. I just hung up the receiver and slowly walked away with my head down muttering to myself.

I had embarrassed myself at the Mess Hall, nearly killed myself lowering the ensign, missed the Duty Flight Parade. Now an Old Maid wanted me to give an Airman two weeks' leave. How could all of that happen to one person between 5 o'clock and 8.30?

From 8.30 until 9 o'clock, I had successfully changed the minds of two defaulters that everyone had to scrub floors in the Service some time or other. Woke up the lad detailed to the reading and writing room. Gave the runner at the switchboard the understanding that his job wasn't to rest his head on his elbows and gaze with limpid eyes at the girl on the switchboard. Told a new W.D. that the letters O.S. on my arm didn't mean that I was going overseas. And found the Orderly Corporal. At ten minutes after nine I was securely strapped in a bed at the Station Hospital.

They told me later that they found me trying to convert flies to the R.C.A.F. by painting Rondelles on their wings.

The Orderly Sergeant.