

VOL. II. NO. 2

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# Sparks

4 WIRELESS SCHOOL  
GUELPH ONT.

PRICE FIVE CENTS





# "SPARKS"

## EDITORIAL STAFF

Printed with the kind permission of G/C. A. H. Keith Russell, C.O., of No. 4 Wireless School

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VOL. II GUELPH, MARCH, 1943 No. 2

### STAFF-PILOTS

G/C. A. H. K. Russell

Once again the time for the monthly editorial for "Sparks" has rolled around, and much headscratching goes on, without any result except dandruff. However, how about a chat concerning the Flying Squadron this month?

In former times, staff pilots at Wireless Schools, were, in the main, of a type known vulgarly as "old sweats." These men were, to a large extent, pilots of the last war who took a refresher course, after which they began flying W.A.G.'s on their air exercises. They did a grand job and filled a gap of large dimensions. All credit should be given these old timers, who now have carried out their duties in two wars.

The new generation of staff pilots are the up-and-coming graduates of the J.A.T.P. (now C.T.E.). We now have pilots flying our W.A.G.'s, who in due course will also be flying them overseas, in the face of the enemy. The association of these two types of aircrew should be productive of that crew spirit which is so vital to team work in the big bombers which will blast "Heinie" into eternity within the next few months.

To all staff pilots, old and young, goes the thanks of the school for their hard and sometimes monotonous labours. We know they will keep up the good work, and to those who, from time to time, leave us for other duties, or overseas, we wish good luck and pleasant reunions with the graduate W.A.G.'s of this school, with whom they flew as staff pilots.

### IN WHICH WE SERVE

Ft/Lt. J. P. Lardie, Padre

Some months ago, in an army camp here in Ontario, a peculiar type of remark was overheard—"Private - - - is going to make a superb soldier—he hasn't a brain in his head."

Undoubtedly the idea was simply that a man with little or no intelligence will follow commands implicitly

and to the letter, because he is incapable of thinking for himself.

Fortunately for the welfare of our country, the three branches of service are made up of men who have human Souls—human souls that are endowed with the faculty of reason, and the faculty of free will.

Because these men are gifted by the Creator with the faculty of reason, they understand that their superiors are invested in a position of authority by legal, and valid, and lawfully constituted means, and therefore, that such authority comes, indirectly at least, from God Himself.

Furthermore, because these men are gifted by the Creator with the faculty of free will, they are able to, and in the vast majority of cases, actually do show the required respect not only for the office of a superior, but also for his commands and wishes.

We are fighting against an ideology which says that the individual human being is not a human being, because he has no human soul with the faculty of reason, and the faculty of free will—that he cannot or must not act reasonably and freely.

To be logical, our Navy, our Army, and our Air Force, must be made up of men who can use their intelligence and their free will, to act as human beings, not only in the course of their studies, in preparation for Active Service, but also in their obedience to all the commands of all their superiors.

What is equally important, if we are logical, is that those who hold the office of superior, of whatsoever rank, since the authority which is theirs comes from God Himself, must show themselves to be men who are worthy of the respect and obedience which their position demands.

Discipline is said to be "the spirit of prompt obedience to the reasonable commands of a just superior."

And that, in principle at least, is the manner In Which We serve.

### THE FIGHTING IRISH

As this is written, the air seems full of "My Wild Irish Rose" and other Irish music. Comedians of the radio are bringing out their green-tinted jokes, shamrocks are seen everywhere, advertising the coming frolics and parties. Stories are told about the Irish.

There's one story that sticks in our mind about one certain Irishman. Born to the aristocracy, his early life took an unusual trend as a result of his father's death, and for years he ran almost wild. Later, older brothers, concerned, sent him to school in England. Handicapped by his early lack of education he applied himself diligently and graduated from Cambridge with high honours.

During World War I he became a Lieut.-Colonel at 26 and prior to the outbreak of the present war, while serving in the Far East, studied carefully the "blitz" tactics of enemy General Rommel.

Recently General Sir Harold Alexander has had to do with the success of the famed 8th Army's drive through Egypt and Libya, the greatest military chase of history, said by some to be the turning point of the war.

On March 17th when St. Patrick will be remembered, we should also bear in mind the contribution to the cause of Victory by "Fighting Irishmen" everywhere.

## Flt. Lt. Gilmore Commanded Radio Mech's Detachment

Advised that this month it was his turn to reveal his life history to the readers of Sparks, Mr. Gilmore remarked characteristically—"So I have to tell the truth?" The following, however, would readily be vouched for by anyone who knows F/L. Gilmore.

Born on his father's prize livestock farm north of Markham, Mr. Gilmore claims Toronto as his home town and it was here that he attended school. Being a keen athlete he no doubt suffered the usual bruises and broken bones on his way through North-Western High.

World War 1 was getting under way at just the proper time for the youthful Gilmore and in 1915 he was off to France in the "40th Sportsman's Battery"—a battery largely made up of hockey players and athletes and of whose team he was a member. Arriving overseas in February, 1916, he served in France until the famous battle of Vimy Ridge. It was here in April, 1917, that many Canadians fought in the battle later immortalized by the Vimy Memorial. It was here too, that F/L. Gilmore received the wounds which caused him to be invalided home. Arriving in Halifax in November of the same year he saw at first hand something of the terrific damage of the famed Halifax Disaster since his boat docked some 12 hours after the explosion of the sodium-loaded ship in Halifax harbour. Back in Toronto he continued medical treatment until February, 1918, at which time he was discharged from the Army.

Associated with the T. Eaton Co. in Toronto, he became a department manager and revisited the various parts of Europe on numerous occasions as buyer. Says he, "I couldn't leave Germany soon enough on those trips." In 1937 he changed occupations and remained in a general insurance business in Toronto until enlisting in the R.C.A.F.

At the outbreak of war he attempted to get back with his old "outfit," artillery, but, as he says, was given to understand that this was to be "a younger man's war." Artillery's loss was our gain, however, and in May, 1941, he became P/O. Gilmore of the R.C.A.F., bound for a course in Administration at Trenton. On graduating he went for a short while to No. 1 Wireless School, Montreal, prior to the opening of the school here. Arriving at the O.A.C. June 30th, when there was no unsightly fence across the colourful campus, he embarked on a tour of duty as Admin. Officer.

Memorable to F/L. Gilmore and to

all who knew them were the Aussies of the 25th Entry. As O.C. Squadron he came to know them very well, is still pleased to keep in touch with many. When the 25th, which has now made its stinging contribution to the Allied cause the world over, had graduated, Mr. Gil-



Flt/Lt. Gilmore

more became assistant adjutant for a time and later O.C. 31st Entry. Then came the 45th fresh from Security Guard and much in need of capable Admin. Since their graduation, just prior to Christmas, 1942, F/L. Gilmore has been the busy O/C. of Radio Mechs.

Previously in 1942, F/L. Gilmore had been posted to No. 15 Radio Detachment, University Training, the personnel of which are more commonly known as "Radio Mechs." Their technical training is under the capable guidance of the O.A.C. but their discipline, Admin., etc., has been the responsibility of Mr. Gilmore. The esteem with which their O.C. is regarded by the Radio Mechs was well illustrated at their recent graduation banquet. The sentiment was mutual and these fellows of No. 15 detachment will be missed equally by all who knew them.

Along with other things which go to make his office a busy one has been the job of Air Cadet Liaison Officer for Guelph squadrons since April of 1942.

One of the proudest moments of F/L. Gilmore's service life would be that in which he pinned Pilot's Wings on his 20-year-old son Duncan at No. 2 S.F. T.S. Uplands, recently. Duncan is the older son of a family of three, two younger daughters still at home in Toronto.

To F/L. Gilmore and to P/O. Duncan, Gilmore, personnel who know the likeable Squadron Commander will wish every success for the future.

## Some "Gen" on Operational Units

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

Recently the chief instructor accompanied by F/L. Mooney made a trip to No. 31 O.T.U., Debert, and No. 36 O.T.U., Greenwood. While this trip was on official business, connected with training, it is thought that through the medium of "Sparks" we could pass on some information which will be of general interest to all Wireless Air Gunners.

Both O.T.U.'s are located in Nova Scotia and situated in a very rugged type of country, but one cannot help but be impressed with the tremendous activities which take place at O.T.U.'s. For those who are unfamiliar with the functions of an O.T.U. the purpose is to convert Pilots, Observers, and Wireless Air Gunners who, up to the present, have received their training separately, to crews suitable for operation of aircraft on either Coastal or Bomber Command. For the first few weeks the Pilots, Observers, and Wireless Air Gunners are trained separately. The Pilot receives conversion training on the type of aircraft used. The Observer receives special navigational instruction. In the past the Wireless Air Gunner has received refresher instruction on Morse, Procedure, and Wireless Equipment both on the ground and in the air, the flying training in aircraft flown by staff pilots.

Wireless Air Gunners may be posted to an O.T.U. shortly after graduating from B. & G. School or may not arrive at the O.T.U. for possibly three months after serving as staff operator at an A.O.S., but it is very important to remember that all W.A.G.'s are tested on their arrival in the subjects given at Wireless Schools. Possibly some information on these tests will impress every Wireless Air Gunner on the importance of keeping up their Morse, speed, reviewing procedure, and retaining their knowledge of equipment, between the time they leave the Wireless School and eventually arrive at the O.T.U. Tests are given on arrival in all subjects, but the possibility always exists that there will be a surplus of W.A.G.'s. Those who receive the lowest results may have to be held over for a later course, or may be posted back to an A.O.S. for further training. No Morse instruction is given during the normal working hours at Debert, but special classes for Morse are scheduled during the evenings. A test is given at the end of the second week at 22 w.p.m. Those who successfully pass this test need not attend compulsory Morse, but must pass a similar test every two weeks. Failure to pass these tests means that the W.A.G. will

(Continued on page fifteen)

## Efficiency Award Again Flies Beneath Our Ensign

No. 4 Wireless School With Help of No. 4 Wireless School Flying Squadron, Wins the Minister's Pennant for Second Time in Succession

At the graduation of our most recent group of successful candidates, there was presented for the second time (the first was when the award was introduced) the large white Ensign with the significant blue "E" and Maple Leaf which means that No. 4 Wireless School has, for the past quarter year been the best Wireless School of the R.C.A.F.

Following introductory remarks by our Commanding Officer, Group Captain A. H. K. Russell, the presentation was made by Wing Commander MacKeen, Deputy Personnel Staff Officer, No. 1 Training Command. Acting in the unavoidable absence of G/C. Richards, P.S.O., No. 1 T.C., W/C. MacKeen expressed his pleasure at being present for such an occasion at No. 4 Wireless School and extended congratulations to all who had in any manner, contributed to the winning of the Award.

While the method of selecting the most successful school in each case remains necessarily secret, the Wing Commander pointed out that every section and every person on the station and at the Flying Squadron at Burtch, had consciously or otherwise, made his contribution. Everyone, from the Commanding Officer and the Chief Instructor, through the Instructional Staff and all sections, to the most recently arrived trainee has been responsible.

A wish was expressed and a challenge thrown out that the Pennant should again be flying from our flag pole when the next quarter is up. It is easily seen with whom lies the responsibility.

### MR. EDWARD SPIARS PASSES

There passed away at his home in Guelph on Wednesday, March 17th, following an illness of some two weeks, Mr. Edward Spiars.

Mr. Spiars had for some 30 years been employed by the Ontario Government and was well-known to personnel at the O.A.C. Recognized by all his friends here as "Pop," he had kept his peace-time job as janitor of Macdonald Hall and will be remembered by all who have stopped there since the R.C.A.F. came to Guelph.

Always ready with a quick tongue and a cheerful smile, he loved to tell the history, on which he was an authority, of Macdonald Hall and the people who have passed through its doors.

"Pop" Spiars will be missed by former students of Macdonald Institute and personnel of the R.C.A.F. alike.

## "CANADA'S SPOTLIGHT BAND" PLAYS FOR PERSONNEL OF No. 4 WIRELESS SCHOOL

Record Crowd of Officers, Men, and Women of R.C.A.F. Pack Memorial Hall

The response of the audience is the best way of measuring its appreciation of a program. The program brought to us in Mem. Hall on Monday evening, March 8th, by Mart Kenney and His Western Gentlemen, with Judy Richards; through the courtesy of the Coco-Cola Co. of Canada, was then, undoubtedly appreciated by all personnel of the R.C.A.F.

Arranged through co-operation of the Canadian Legion Office here, under Mr. F. G. Baldwin, the program consisted of a wide variety of music, including a few very entertaining comedy numbers, and others of the "higher appreciation" type. Outstanding were the efforts of four local enthusiasts at conducting—the band responded perfectly! Not to be forgotten was the almost reverend treatment of the oft-hummed Kenney theme song, and vocals by the quartet. Judy Richards, with all her charm of personality and captivating voice, will long be remembered as she sang, "I'm Saving Myself for Bill."

Thirty minutes of the generous program were broadcast over a Canada-wide hook-up by the C.B.C. Cy Mack, whose voice was recognized by many, gave a star performance as the personable announcer. While Airmen and Airwomen listened in Mem. Hall, their buddies, sweethearts, and relatives across Canada listened by radio.

Sax-playing Martin Kenney, likeable and buoyant leader of Canada's Spotlight Band, is now completing his thirteenth year as band-leader, bought his own horn from proceeds of a paper route while attending school in Vancouver, went after his career the hard way. He gave up his job and began playing for keeps at the age of 18, as saxophonist in an orchestra in Hotel Vancouver.

Most of the "Western Gentlemen" actually do hail from Canada's west coast or nearby, though for years they've been playing tours for Canadians from Glace Bay, N.S., to Esquimalt, B.C. The band of course has made its contribution in men to Canada's wartime struggle, but, surprisingly, the band has stuck together, and now consists largely of men not liable for military service. Their service, military or otherwise, is of a nature that many would not rate lowly in the country's united effort. And Judy Richards by the way, is married, her husband is a sergeant in the Army.

"The show," says Mart, "is not con-

## "Wings" Makes Its Appearance "Log" of the R.C.A.F. Now in Second Month

In February there appeared in newsstands of the canteens of the R.C.A.F. everywhere, the first copy of "Wings." According to sales, the tabloid-type publication has been received with gratifying popularity. Also according to the editors, the material submitted has been of a volume to cause much encouragement. This is important because the secret of success in producing a magazine is to have more material than you can hope to use. (Sparks speaks from experience. We've never had that much material.)

"Wings" itself is a sort of "picture-story-news" paper of a quality that permits the use of some very good cuts. Introduced after the announcement that advertising would be eliminated in service magazines and newspapers, "Wings" provides a Service paper for those stations which no longer have their own. More than that, following somewhat in the footsteps of "Wings Abroad," newspaper of the R.C.A.F. Overseas, it provides a meeting place and a method of distribution of news which is of general interest throughout the R.C.A.F.

Judging from the first two numbers the people responsible for "Wings" are going to do their job in the most interesting and pleasant manner. They use plenty of pictures and plenty of humour. And this brings us to the point that contributions are always enthusiastically received—for "Wings" as for "Sparks" and these contributions will be cleared through the same channels as those for "Sparks"—so let's get busy.

One more point. One half of the proceeds from the sale of "Wings"—5c per copy—may be retained on the station for the use of the station magazine. When you buy your several copies of "Sparks" why not also take a copy of "Wings."

### AFRICAN ALMANAC

"I was convinced that the British Government personnel had a sense of humour," said Vice-Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, Britain's Commando Chief, "when I saw a recent report from the Middle East reading: 'This year the British entered Bengasi one week earlier than usual'."

—United Press.

sidered by us as only a concert, but provides, we hope, a touch of home. Probably the last time that many of the boys listened to us, they danced with wives or sweethearts miles away."

To Mart Kenney, his orchestra, Judy Richards, to Coco-Cola, to the Canadian Legion, and to all who contributed in any way, the personnel of No. 4 Wireless School, are sincerely grateful.

# SQUADRON CHATTER

## NO. 1 SQUADRON

F/L. Carnegie, O/C.

Cpl. Flemming Disciplinarian

Guess the most important event that has happened since the time of Aesop's fables, is the birth of, or the creation of, the Widget Family. They are the first generation of the Gremlin family and like the creation of Squadron 1 are a cross between the extraordinary and the downright sublime. We don't as yet know whose biological idea it really was. The only thing that remains of much importance is that the male seems to have been the dominant factor in their creation. For no one has ever seen a female Widget. Like Squadron 1 they are all dominant factors in the life of their race.

So, like Squadron 1, and birds of a feather they think they should fly together. And like the unusual component parts of the Squadron they have their various duties to perform.

From early in the morning, until late at night, they are always patriotic and have a fine sense of duty. Once they get a command they always carry out the command to the best of their ability. So much then to expect from the Widgets.

Oddly enough, though, the Widget boys are humorous in their outlook on life. And they pick out the fellows they best like to practice on. Some of the tricks may be accidental or just get in their way.

"Scrooge" Widget tripped up a lot of the 55th and got them transferred to Squadron 1, and by the way things are looking, they are not repenting of their spiritual influence. Not only have they got a head-lock on these boys, but also on some of the original 57th. And as a result old Scrooge seems to have delayed them in getting the best results in their twelfth week exams. The only advice we have to offer is to get the dingle puss to work for you and not against you. You will have to devise your own way of dealing with the villain!

That is what happened to Cpl. Fleming. He was invaded by the "anaemic" red (B) Squadron. They got his tonsils so inflamed that he couldn't talk, and had to go to hospital for a few days. And while he was there, they found that they could not bear the treatment, so just to compromise they planted some temporary ever-bearing caraganias on his upper lip. See now that he has shaved them off. Anyway we are glad you are back again O.K.

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## NO. 2 SQUADRON

F/O. Fallis, O/C.

Cpl. Stewart, Disciplinarian

Well, the 59th has passed through its freshman stage. (We hope.) There are now two entries behind and one of them has already been given their props. What a relief.

Now we can smile at the new entries knowingly—and strut around telling all the new chaps (and make sure they are new ones) all about radios, receivers and transmitters. Using all kinds of fancy language that Corporal Davies taught us. Ah, the mysteries that dwell in these vast dark halls.—Morse tests on Thursday—Reaction control on the R.1082 or is it T.1083—or is it the reaction control?

However, the fellahs are getting pretty handy with the radio receivers in the labs. They seem to know just where to find the good orchestras but boy it sure takes a long time to find the C.W. signal.

Nevertheless we were—a short time ago—all worried about our I.T.S. exams and now what happens—our twelfth week exams are coming up, and some of us are going down. Touch wood.

"Solid" Napp nearly had heart failure last week or so when the Corporal said he had six mistakes. But the Corporal was wrong, Napp as usual is solid.

I wonder why Ron Hawthorne goes to the writing room every night. I heard—through the grapevine—about Steve Wrathall on the Sunday night Toronto train. Is it true?

Well, another duty flight has just passed by. The drawback—at least one of them—in the life of a W.A.G., is standing in line, waiting to see whether or not you get a job. Will this war last forever?

Have you heard the barber-shop quartet up on the fourth floor? Or need I mention it? We have an operatic bass and an Irish thrush. Is that right, Gord?

Spring should be here by next fall and then Dupuis can put his collar down.

I see that the boys now want to go down for their own mail. Maybe June is in the air or the post office.

I saw the deacon over at the dance the other night. Was he looking for something, we wonder. Or was he admiring Slim's light fantastic?

I see one of our boys is raising a cookie duster. Why don't you get one, Spratt, or don't you like cookies? It is also rumoured that Dwyer has been made a prisoner of the 61st. We miss ya in here, kid.

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## NO. 3 SQUADRON

F/O. Rice, O/C.

Cpl. Franz, Disciplinarian

Well lads, here is the first issue of the 61st Entry, and we're LAC's already. They certainly don't waste any time; even to the extent of making you feel at home. (Manning Pool). They even have fatigue parties here. Only they go under the nom de plume of "Duty Flight." Although I don't know very many of you yet, don't worry—I will—and how.

I see where quite a few of the "lads" brought along alarm clocks, so they can get up early (7.45). But they found out—lo and behold—that as long as Corporal Franz was around they didn't need them. Isn't that right, Newmanville? . . . . When Corporal gave us a lecture about Airmen being quick to get off the station when going on a 36, I was wondering whether or not that included Corporals—Franz? Saw Lockhart and his girl friend and I don't blame him for not being able to concentrate on his Morse, etc., when he has someone like her to concentrate on. . . . Charlie "Red" Robertson doesn't do badly either, with his C.W.A.C., named Mavis Sweet. Boy, is she a "HONEY." . . . The attraction in Toronto must be pretty terrific, by the looks of L.A.C. Shehan on Monday morning. L.A.C. Weir's weekends certainly have a devastating effect on him—it takes him all week to recuperate. . . Well, I see where "A" Flight has started the "eight-ball" rolling. They have the "honour" of having the first A.W.L. in the 61st. Here is something of interest to "C" and "D" Flights. Contributions will gladly be accepted in aid of the "Sergeant Wilkes' Chalk Fund." . . . Here is a line from the "Wandering Hebe"—He tells me that the bright "spot" for Monday nights will be ~~our~~ own Mem. Hall—where they have bingo and dancing (free so he tells me). So a word to the thrifty, (including myself) should be enough. . . . Now to look a little more on the serious side of things, fellows—We'd like your opinions and comments on an idea that a few of the boys have—namely, that the 61st should have a Squadron (W.D.) girl. So if any of you are interested in this, get in touch with Benito in Room 314. And while we are on the subject—the W.D.'s are going to have a W.D. Night, so watch for the date—and give them your support.

CHATTER MATTER

O'Farrell—"Do you think the fence is too high?"

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**NO. 5 SQUADRON**

F/L. Houlding, O/C.

Sgt. Mitchell, Disciplinarian

Attention gentlemen, the Senior squadron has the floor. It has been a long grind and a lot of work, so we expect you poor slaves of the 55th on down to praise Allah at our approach. Thank you.

**Squadron Ambitions:**

"Adonis" (self-appointed) Croucher—A harem of admirers and a hand-carved pedestal for display purposes.

Beiss—To have his name in "Sparks"—granted old man.

Dernier—To possess a library of good music—this lad really knows his stuff.

Dulley—A hotel, a case of beer and thou—has been realized, I hear.

Some time ago "Yardbird" Bova was observed tripping lightly up and down in front of the Ad. Building with a papoose on his back—but how come the rifle instead of a bow and arrow?

Dint has been on his best behaviour since a while back when he became defaulter of a seven lb. baby—Sorry, I'm short of material this month.

Beanpole McLean is back in the news again and is said to be working on the switched-heart principle. He can't seem to get his bearings, it used to be blondes, now it's redheads. Hope you don't obtain a "fix," Mac.

By the way, a word to the wise from one who knows:

"Stay inside and have your drink,

Or else you'll land in Guelph's fair clink."

—a rather chilly spot but educational if one spends one's time reading what the moving finger writes. And having written, said finger is not the only thing which moves on;—the place is very much inhabited.

Maryesther writes me about the young lady who went to bed with a bus ticket so she wouldn't have to walk in her sleep—how!!!

As our stay at No. 4 draws to a close with each passing day, we slowly but surely come to the realization of our goal, for a preview of that goal. See Page No.....

Don't go away, we'll be back next month with the finals.

When a dignified colonel boarded a San Francisco trolley a young W.A.A.C. sprang up, saluted and offered him her seat. He returned the salute, but bade her be reseated. She insisted. He insisted. She got cross. Finally he roared, "Madam, I am making a fool of myself. Good day!"

They saluted. - He got off and walked.

—Colliers.

**NO. 6 SQUADRON**

F/O. Mickles, O/C.

Sgt. Hollywood, Disciplinarian

Here we are back again, desperately digging into the last half of our course. Our flights have been shuffled, and by the time this reaches you, "A" and "B" Flights will be "sailing" through out-stations (we hope!)

With the addition of three R.A.F. lads, we hear wild tales of the Irish Gremlins, and bonnie girls found along the Clyde. It's stories of this nature which lure the lads across the sea. Every now and then, Rogers gives us a line about the "pipsqueak" or about the day he cut the trees down in the Vicar's yard. . . . It has been rumored that Knetzer is getting worried, although we don't consider him the home loving type. We feel quite happy to know he is going to "settle down" like his fellow classmates, Potter and Mitchell. . . . Paul Etier also has notions of this kind—a Guelph girl too. Maybe it is because it's Spring, but the way he talks about his newly-found dream-girl, one never knows what will happen. Besides being the last word in beauty, Paul also claims that she has many accomplishments. . . . Whitehead visited Hamilton a few weeks ago, and what happened, no one will ever know. He talks in his sleep about a girl named "Betty," and then proceeded to sigh deeply, as though he had just received one of Hedy Lamarr's old sweaters. . . . Now that the Seventeenth week exams are over, our biggest worry seems to be how we are going to pack all our stuff, to go to Burtch. We still have the odd pessimist who sees the fifty-seventh looming towards him, but these are usually the lads who keep pulling those nineties out of the air. . . . Getting away from the subject of classes, we would be greatly relieved if someone would tell us who the gander was who went over Shaw's head with a lawn-mower. He is actually afraid to walk into the billiard room. Short haired or not, though, he still does okay in the Royal Connaught in Hamilton—with the help of Iverson, of course. By the way, when is Iverson going to learn that Instructors simply detest Wags. who read magazines during Compulsory Morse Periods—Cowboy Stories at that!!

On the whole though, nothing very exciting has happened around here lately, with Guelph's two well known hangouts closing down early on Saturday nights. We find the only topic of conversation barring Doc. Ohm's examinations, to be Clem Keegan's phone calls. She's a well-liked girl too Clem—the darling of them all. Only lives across the street too.

Before closing, we would like to mention the sudden swelling in Sgt. Taylor's

chest when he took over our Squadron during Sgt. Hollywood's absence. After all, it isn't every discip. who has the privilege of handling the fifty-fifth—is it Sarge?. We sure like U. S. Don't we? Never mind though, just keep giving the old pep, the old shape to the sixty-third, and they'll come along okay. Of course, you mustn't pull any boners, as we're still within shouting range.

Well, we definitely have run out of news, so good-bye for now—we'll be back.

**W.D.'s DANCE AT CUTTEN FIELDS**

L.A.C. Bergeron, J. M.

On February 10th, the girls gave a dance for the boys, way up there at Cutten Fields.

All who went, had a grand time, and appreciate all the work the girls went through to make this possible.

At first, the boys were a bit shy . . . a few "Paul Jones" were played so that everyone would meet. Before long, the boys who had been smoking feverishly were talking or dancing with the girls. To give us a rest and also amuse us, some of the boys gave us a show. Those who took part in it were the following:

Sgt. J. Hall, Cpl. R. Keys, Cpl. A. Davies, Cpl. M. C. Taylor, L.A.C. H. R. Copeman, L.A.C. R. Imrie, L.A.C. L. Nassif, and L.A.C. J. R. G. Patenaude.

They were all dressed up as W.D.'s, and gave us their impression of the girls on parade, "all in good fun, of course."

Sgt. J. Hall had quite a lot of trouble in picking up his dressing . . . and I mean dressing, everything he had on seemed to be falling down at the wrong moment, to the amusement of everyone.

Cpl. M. C. Taylor was always applying more and more make-up, and in doing so, broke ranks which added confusion in the flight, and laughter from the spectators.

Then a "volunteer" was required, but this time not in the usual way, no one went at first . . . then Cpl. Anderson from the Radio Section kindly volunteered, and he was really the ideal one too, from the way he performed.

He had to do an imaginary—"strip-tease." But we will still take Gypsy Rose Lee. A few other attractions were shown, which were all very good. Then we resumed our dancing until the call for . . . food!! Delicious sandwiches and cakes were served with coffee. Our C.O. was also present, with some of the officers, and their wives.

It was a lovely evening, and we all sincerely hope you will have another very soon, and if we can be of service to you, we'll be glad to help.

## PUKKA AND OTHER GEN

by L.A.C. Johnston, S.G.

The title of this column, we hope, is derived from an old Indian expression "Pukka," meaning, good, true, top-hole, or legitimate; Gen, if you can believe the R.A.F., means, information, news or dope. So this, it is hoped, will be Pukka Gen. Anyone dreaming-up a better title will kindly submit same on the back of an old wag-bag and qualify for the following prizes:

1st One (1) slightly used Attend B left over from an old case of tonsilitis.

2nd One (1) set of removable corporal hooks for use in crashing the grub-line in the Beanery.

And another thing. Not wishing to reflect discredit on anyone else, we—the editorial we—are just one W.A.G.

Entertainment Note: We are not yet in the 63rd, but it could happen. So, taking the long view, we have been looking over this entry and find two Wags with real talent, who are:

**Dess Davy**, an entertainer of considerable quality who in a successful professional career has laid 'em in the aisles from St. Catharine Street to Broadway and from Wet Canteen to Mem. Hall. We caught his act at the Hall on February 24th and, believe us, Dess is the most refreshing thing to hit this station since they threw in nine day leave. Like a true trooper, Davy is a lad who is just as generous with his talent as nature has been to him.

**Lee Smith**, an M.C., impersonator, minstrelman, and a real Wag who has yet to make his debut here. But we can hardly wait.

To all who suffer come with us each Thursday with its Morse Test we dedicate the following:

Sergeant Jervis  
Makes me nervous.

And this, also is true. The orderly officer on his tour of duty in the Mess recently, put the person-to-person touch to the "any complaints" routine. Most of the Wags were non-committal but a certain airman who was wolfing a platter of meat balls said he thought it "Just lovely, Sir, as usual." Later we learned that this person is a corporal on the Kitchen Staff. You have to admire even a Corporal who is loyal in the face of anything, what?

A Hearth Hiss. One night at Madison Square Garden a prize-fighter crowd boo-ed and hissed and yelled "Fix?" at Ernie Shaef when he failed to get off the canvas after ponderous Primo Carnera laid an apparently impotent right upper-cut on his whiskers. The next day, Shaef died of a brain concussion suffered as his head hit the floor, and a

(Continued on page sixteen)

## L.A.C. "Johnnie" Gilard and Corporal Ursell Lead 49th at Graduation

The Efficiency Award was not the only one presented as the 49th left for B. & G. Two others, the winners of which also contributed to the winning of the "E" for No. 4 Wireless School, were the Academic Award, won by L.A.C. Gilard and the General Proficiency Award won by Cpl. Ursell.

L.A.C. "Johnnie" Gilard is well known by many on this station, having come here in September, 1941. Working in



the Sergeants' Mess for a time, he moved to the Sergeants' quarters as caterer where he remained until re-mustering in July of 1942.

Born in Toronto in 1918, he attended Runnymede School and Western Tech., where he spent three years in the Cabinet Makers' Course. (Some members of the mess may remember his able use of a carving knife.) Graduating in 1936 he formed a partnership with a brother in a business which had kept him busy after hours while going to school. Together, and with the aid of several boys with bicycles, they built up the largest paper route in Toronto, delivering some 1,900 papers a day.

In 1940 he became salesman for Canada Bread, and remained with them until enlisting in August of 1941. After a brief stay at No. 1 Manning Depot in Toronto, he came to Guelph. Being married since July, 1940, "Johnnie" has made his home in the nearby city.

Engraved on the plaque which adorns the rotunda of the Ad. Building will also be the name of Cpl. Ursell, winner of the General Proficiency Award.

Born at Winnipeg, Manitoba, he counts Port Arthur, however, his home town. Attending public and vocational school at Fort William, he graduated and went to work in 1937. Beginning as bell-hop in the Royal Edward Hotel he worked through the positions of night clerk, day clerk, and bookkeeper. When enlisting in the R.C.A.F., he held the post of assistant accountant in the same hotel.

After "signing up" with the R.C.A.F., he underwent an operation which later barred him from making Aircrew category for which he planned. Taking a place in the Naval Reserve he was quite

prepared to go on active service with the R.C.N.V.R., when called again by the R.C.A.F.—missing his Navy draft by some three hours.

According to R.C.A.F. recruiting staff, he was sure of being overseas in six months, etc., etc., but after enlisting in September of 1940, he found himself behind the switchboard at No. 1 Manning Depot in Toronto.

In July of 1942, Cpl. Ursell was again able to qualify as Aircrew and immediately remustered. Shortly, he began work here with the 49th entry.

At the successful completion of a busy phase of training, these two fellows are now off to B. & G. at Jarvis, looking forward to further adventure.

## Service Police News

by Selrach

So this month the Service Police said good-bye to Cpls. Meredith and Cliffe, who were both posted to Toronto. Then in swift succession came the posting here of Cpl. Nagle from Elora . . . Cpl. Isherwood from up around Owen Sound way . . . Cpl. Oberle and LAC. Amos to swell our ranks. We are glad to greet all you new chaps.

We also send God speed and our best to Cpls. Clark and Conron who are posted to Halifax and from there probably "overseas" . . . They did their duty whilst at No. 4 Wireless School and we are proud to have had them with us.

Our new D.A.P.M. (Deputy Assistant Provost Marshal), F/O. McIlvena, hails from Toronto and has quite a creditable record of service behind him. The Service Police join with Sgt. Clarke in wishing him welcome and assuring him of our best efforts to make this unit all that he could desire!

There is little else in the line of news to be retailed from this section except that the "digger" is clean and ready and waiting for . . . "who knows" . . . but let's hope that you are not the next offender.

A few pointers that the Service Police can pass along that might be of interest to all Airmen and keep you on the right track are . . . Read DRO's daily and pay attention to all the rules and regulations that are appearing and changing with the different seasons.

Wear only Government issue and wear it correctly . . . that is the new spring style for Airmen. Service Police have their job halved by the Airman who reads the rules and abides by orders . . . it's only for offenders that the "digger" is maintained!

That being about all for now . . . we beg off and will write a bit more about the S.P.'s in time for next month.

# DWUBLE-YEW-DEES

## SO-LONG TO JEANNIE

A very familiar figure to disappear from the Campus in the month of February is that of LAW Forbes. "Scotty" at last got her long-dreamed-of posting overseas. She has been on this station since the first W.D.'s got here away back in January, 1942.

To those who didn't know her, she was rather a terrifying character, but to her friends . . . was just a lot of bluff. It seemed as if she knew and had a word for everyone on the Station, and sometimes if she was annoyed at anyone, those words could not have been found in Webster's. As her nickname "Scotty" suggests she came from that hardy breed north of England. I think her patriotism is shown in a poster still hanging over her old bed in the barrack room. She brought it in one night after one of her celebrations. On it, in large letters, it has the well known wording "There'll Always Be An England" and below in larger writing (that of Forbes) is "As Long As There's A Scotland."

So, in wishing Jeannie good luck and Au Revoir, there will be many who will never forget her, and still more who will miss her in more ways than one. Still she hopes she will be able to welcome us on the docks "over there" and nearly all of us hope so too. Give us the chance and we'll be there in "Column of Route."

## VALENTINE'S DANCE

Cutten Fields saw last February 10th, the most successful dance of its existence. The School of Cookery asked No. 4 W.D.'s, the four-week wonder Code and Cypher males and several Headquarters R.C.A.F. to join with them in a Valentine dance. There were several different types of dances arranged, such as a spot dance and the favorite tag dance. In the ladies' tag dance, the C.O. was much in demand.

Half way along the evening, Cpl. Keys (W.D.) all in good fun, gave a demonstration of the W.D.'s drill periods. He was aided and abetted by several Code and Cypher members all decked out in skirts and tunics of the airwomen. The audience's laughter reached a very high pitch when the boys very literally "picked up their dressing" and when on parade and inspection the N.C.O. remarked "Miss Hall, you need a shave."

Cpl. Anderson (R.C.A.F.) also added to the evening by giving an imitation of a Strip-tease Act without taking a stitch off. One would almost have thought he was thoroughly familiar with the proceedings.

To bring the dance to a close "eats" were served. Although plenty was provided there was not a scrap left. When the end came everyone was very loth to leave and still another and another dance was requested. Here's hoping there'll be another such dance and soon.

## BASKETBALL

Up until a few weeks ago, the W.D. basketball team had sailed through its games with flying colours. That is until it met Hagersville. But the finals are not through yet and Guelph is still hoping to come out on top.

Nearly every night the gals practice about two hours with Sgt. Crowe (their coach) yelling encouragement and threats at all and sundry. The boys on our team very obligingly turn out to play against the gals. Sometimes things get a little rough and LAW Noyes is more often on the floor than not. But it is all in good sport.

The last time we went to Hagersville, the ride there and back was as much fun as the game itself. Owing to the breakdown of the busses, we went in a truck. After it was full, five more got in, so you can imagine how much room there was. If you think it is funny to ride with Cpl. Julian's and F/O. Scott's feet on top of yours for a couple of hours you should try it sometime. Still there was a lot of singing and leg pulling (literally) and also not a few Moron jokes. Still the teams arrived back in the wee hours of the morning none the worse except for a lack of sleep and perhaps slightly crestfallen. But we have still a chance to win yet.

Later—the game with Hagersville is over. Guelph lost but they put up a good fight for it. Both teams played the game with vim and vigour and the cheers of the bystanders was very loud and encouraging. One of the players of the Hagersville team hurt her knee and was very dramatically carried off the floor. There was no serious harm done. The airwomen were rather sorry to see the season over, but agreed it would be rather nice to have a little time to themselves until next year.

## A LITTLE OF EVERYTHING

Why was Cpl. Hassel so unhappy because he was on Canteen Duty one week-end last February? The Service is no respecter of romance Corp.

Flt/Sgt. Wilson has been recklessly threatening again to throw his money away lately. Ask him for what he would give a month's pay, will his face ever get red?

## DOROTHY HIX

Dear Miss Hix:

I am an instructor who just got married and I find my wife can't cook. I find we are drifting sadly apart. Could you please prevent this tragedy?

Corporal Run-Down

Dear Corporal:

Eat at the Mess Hall.

Miss Hix

Dear Miss Hix:

I am a civilian girl that reads your column every month (When Sparks comes out). I met a Wag at the K. of C., who said I reminded him of Sunrise on the Desert and my hair like golden wheat in the wind and my lips like rose petals covered with dew. Is he lying?

Miss Drowl

Dear Miss Drowl:

My experience with Wags isn't that extensive.

Miss Hix

Dear Miss Hix:

While I was home on leave, my girl friend's mother introduced my girl friend to a soldier a week before I got there. She went out with him a few times to dances, etc. and finally he asked her to visit his home for the week-end. While she was there, his brother in the Navy came home for a week and my girl friend liked his eyes so she went to the movies, etc., with him. My girl friend's sister, who I am also fond of wrote that she didn't like to see me treated like this, so she was going along with his friend. It seems to me that I missed out all around. It doesn't really bother me but what I would like to know is whether I should go home on leave again.

ACI Meek

Dear Meek:

Why don't you go home a week earlier next time?

Miss Hix

Dear Miss Hix:

I am a W.D. who is continually being bothered by a Sergeant, who wants to take me out. But I have a boy friend in North Africa, one in St. John, N.B., one in Ottawa, and am engaged to a chap overseas.

Do you think it is fair to the boys to go out with this Sergeant, what shall I do?

Perplexed LAW.

Dear LAW.:

Get yourself a new hat and join the Foreign Legion.

Miss Hix

Congratulations to Sgt. Allanach and Sgt. Parslow on gaining another stripe. Congratulations of another kind to Cpl. Blackman of the C.P.C. on—well—gaining a wife.

# Headquarters Squadron

Editor's Note—We regret that the "Know Your Instructors" column usually appearing on this page is absent for reasons beyond our control.

Next month, however, it is planned to begin a new series dealing with the formidable men of Morse and their section.

## EM - TEE

After many months lay-off, this column has finally managed to make the deadline.

Among our items of interest was the arrival of a future M.T. driver (20 years hence) in the person of little Samuel Wayne, son of the proud AC1 Dickison. If Sam, Jr., sleeps as much as his pappy, he will certainly be his mother's pride and joy. Keep up the good work Sam.

Speaking of arrivals, we must not overlook our new W.D., Sonia. We are very proud of our little Miss Ellis. She really upheld the honour of our girls at a recent radio quiz. She had the only perfect score from No. 4.

Our three W.D.'s, Connie, Sonia and Alona (Browne for Short), proudly wear their aircrew battle dress and the way they usually drive, wings should have been part of the issue.

"Clark Gable" Hannah has finally decided to invest in a seeing-eye dog. He thoroughly convinced us that the guard-house barrier (due to cold weather) warped and pushed back the bus; we also believed him when he swore the platform at I. & R. turned left without signalling; but when he tried to kid us that the C.P.R. lamp post winked at him and leaned on the fender, we decided that he was spreading too much "oil" for these days of rationing.

Using the old "oil" reminds us of L.A.C. Joe "Stalin" Dolman and his supposedly good bowling team. M.T. has challenged Joe and his buddies at least twice but "stores" has a habit of backing down and playing Works & Buildings. We'll meet up with you some day, Joe.

That's about all for now folks. We have one request to make before closing. Please do not phone the M.T. between 12 noon and 1300 hours week days, Sundays, or holidays, as it seriously disrupts our game of "500." Eddie Dennis claims the bell disrupts his "Spread Miserer" and this is the reason for his 2300 (in the hole) score.

So long for now.

A. E. T.

Send "Sparks" to the folks at home.

## INTRODUCING

The new Station Warrant Officer—"Our Sergeant-Major"—comes to us with the stirring reputation of a go-getter; to date he has fulfilled that reputation to a "T." The Major has a fine background of military training; up until 1938 he served with the Royal Canadian Dragoons. This experience should stand him well as Chief Disciplinarian at



W/D. 2 Cowan, R. H.

No. 4, and he should find little difficulty in enlisting the wholehearted co-operation of his staff. The Major has two children—Robert, aged 2½ years, and Anne, aged 5 months; he and his family have now taken up residence in Guelph.

Headquarters Squadron extend a sincere welcome to F/L. R. L. Houlding as their Officer Commanding, and if H.Q. offers him plenty of scope for achievement and promotion, it would be their sincerest wish that he stay with them for a long, long time.

Headquarters at present constitutes a squadron of some 320 airmen and airwomen. The new flight of air gunners (standard) are rapidly finding their place, and have already made their presence felt—in more ways than one!! They are an industrious group, and in addition to their rather heavy general duties and the drill and P.T. parades, they have asked for night instructional classes—needless to say such classes will be arranged.

Headquarters' loss was Burtch's gain when F/S. Bill McNair was transferred; Bill will surely be missed here, but we are certain he will find plenty of scope for his energies at Burtch.

The Station Warrant Office will not seem quite the same now that Sgt. Bill Alexander has been moved to Burtch. "Alex" doubtless will be very happy on a flying station, and having charge of our Air Operation Flights will keep him busy.

Sgt. Anne MacKay has added the feminine touch to the Station Warrant Office that has been lacking for some

time; may she linger with us and may her smile never grow less contagious.

Only F/S. Jim Metcalfe remains (at time of writing) of the Armament Section; they have been scattered to all points of Ontario; they're a grand bunch, and we wish them luck in their new fields of endeavour.

During the past month H.Q. lost six G.D.'s to overseas posting; most of us envy them the opportunity of getting a close-up of the scrap; our sincerest hope for them is a happy landing and a safe return to their families and friends.

The low, disturbing rumble you heard, suggesting another storm, was only the groanings of H.Q. personnel when they heard the announcement that for some time to come the fire piquet would be chosen from their ranks!

Victory gardens will constitute a real part of our war effort this year; many of the lads in Headquarters will participate in the project this year, under the leadership of Fred Baldwin of the Legion. It's a real contribution, fellows.

Congratulations are in order to F/S. "Spanky" Taylor; may his shadow never grow less; to F/S. Hall, who, someone has said, certainly has his arms full with all the W.D.'s in the School of Cookery; also to Sgts. Houston and Bramah of the hospital staff and to Sgt. Martin of Central Registry. They're all fine fellows, and we extend to them our best wishes.

## Can You Guess Who?

Who's the rotund Flight Sergeant who was so shocked the other day when he was holding forth at great length on the merits of platonic friendships—to have someone define them as "play for him" and "tonic for her."

Who's the W.D. Sgt. who says she agrees with Mae West in that, "The best way to hold a man is in your arms . . ."

Who's the Discip. Corporal who admitted after a night in Kitchener that, "The conscience was something that felt terrible when everything else felt swell?"

Who's the W.D. who in course of duty and donned in Battle Dress has occasion to visit the Netherlands' Barracks? Why did they keep her waiting so long in the medical reception hall? For shame, "AW6"—didn't anyone ever tell you that it's strictly against KR(Air) to enlist in any foreign service W.O.A.S.?

From what flight did the following alibi come when the C.O. was inspecting? "I'm at attention, Sir; it's my uniform that's at ease!"

It couldn't have been one of our W.D.'s we know, but who WAS that glamour girl at the Mart Kenney dance whose gown showed everything but good taste?

Kay Dee.

# Radio Mechanics Detachment

F/L. Gilmore, C/O.

Contributions by Gord. Elliott

Cpl. Biggar, Disciplinarian

## FAREWELL TO RADIO MECHS.

With this issue we bid farewell to No. 15 R.D.F. Detachment.

The fellows who've made the "Radio Mech's" page one of our most interesting will be missed both by readers and by all associated with them.

The class which has just graduated, Class Three, will be the last to come to the O.A.C. Providing a proper finishing touch, they have passed their finals with an exceptionally high standard.—Ed.

## GRADUATION

This month being our fourth and last at No. 4 W. S. causes us to think back over the past eighteen weeks of study and suddenly to realize just how fast the time has gone.

Our members were slightly decreased early in January after the Bar Examinations but since then more students have come here from other universities to complete their training or to take refresher courses, until now at the completion of our stay in Guelph the detachment is even larger than at the beginning of the course.

Notable incidents of the past month or six weeks include the promotion of our discip. to the rank of sergeant; several long, drawn-out weeks of cramming for the final exams; and the fatal day—March 10—followed, of course, by our graduation banquet, "et al."

In accordance with official regulations, our graduating dinner was held in Memorial Hall. Bruce Anderson capably acted as master-of-ceremonies. Following the excellent meal and appro-

priate toasts, we were honoured by a few words from Group Captain A. H. K. Russell, Commanding Officer of the Station. Several guests were present including our teaching staff from the Physics Faculty of O.A.C. and also Flight Lieutenants Lardie and Hamilton, Padres of the Wireless School.

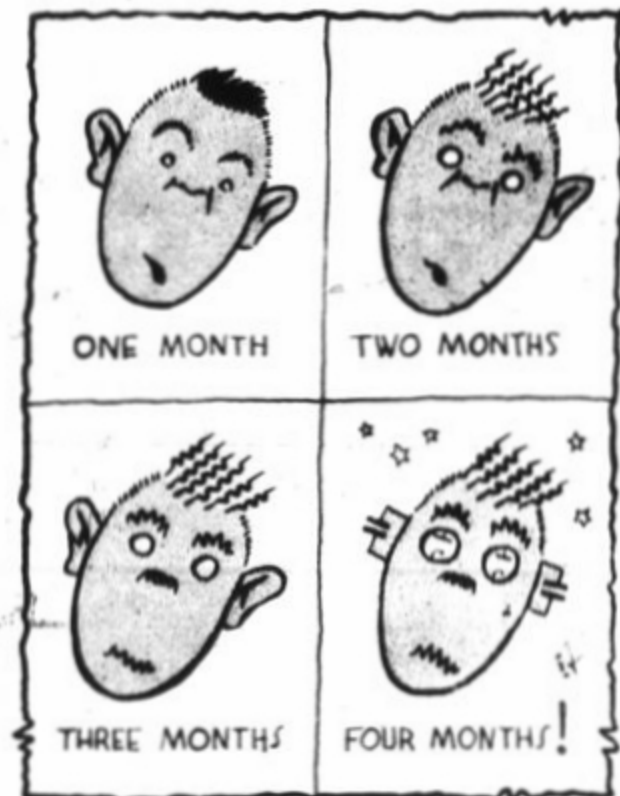
The program which followed was quite revealing. Paramount and M.G.M.'s only real threat in years was found in the cast of that thrilling melodrama "Lucy" (or, "Head for the Roundhouse, mother, the brakeman can't corner you there!")—presented by four members of the squadron. Gene Munro (precisely why I am here!), as on S.P. covered a lot of ground. The boisterous sing-song which followed with Vaud Pals at the piano topped the evening. Most noteworthy of the compositions rendered was our own "Delta Va and Delta Vg" song, followed closely by "I'm a Rambling Wreck of a Radio Mech." F. L. Gilmore, O.C. the detachment, is to be commended for his excellent assistance in helping the banquet committee organize such a successful evening.

## BOWLING

Anyone passing within a radius of half a mile of the downtown bowling alleys on a recent Wednesday evening would have certainly expressed considerable concern from the hoots, hollers, cheers and jeers, emanating from the scene of action of the final round of the squadron's all-winter bowling tournament. Some sixty-odd players, making up ten teams, keenly vied for recognition in the league standing. The final results found the Faculty team, the "Cyclatrons," and Red Beardsley's sextet, the "Vectors" tied for first place with 22 points each. In third position, with 21 points came the "Dogpatchers," captained by Jack Taylor. High individual honours went to "Abe" Selinger for his high single game of 335; and to Al Dunn for the high triple of 787. In recognition of these scores, the various teams and individuals were presented with very acceptable prizes at the banquet. Prof. Blackwood, who, incidentally excels at all forms of bowling, made the awards.

Said a Negro taxi driver in Washington, D.C.:

"Ah've nevah seen so many uniforms as there are heah now, and so few soldiers."



EVOLUTION OF A RADIO MECH.

*'Twas early in November last  
As now a backward glance we cast  
And think how little did we know  
Of such queer stuff as RADIO!*

*A volt, an ohm, an ampere-turn  
We thought there wasn't much to learn  
But sine-waves, jeeps and tuning range  
Soon caused us all our minds to change.*

*Electromotive force that bucks  
Densities and lines of flux  
Electric circuits, lamps and bells  
Inductance, frequency and cells.*

*Inventors in the past have found  
Another grid, perhaps to ground  
Improves a tube in many ways  
But introduces some new daze.*

*So if the valves you have on hand  
Do not suffice your set's demand  
Invent a new one, others did  
By simply adding one more grid.*

*We've struggled on from fall 'till spring  
And learned—"it says here"—  
everything  
They tell us Clinton will be clover  
But "Really old boy, Move it Over!"*

—Blimey.

And so we take our leave. It has been enjoyable working for and with you all. Hope to see you again soon.

Cartoons appearing on the Radio Mech page were drawn by Glen Lehman and we wish to thank him for them.



## FROM ONE SISTER TO ANOTHER

The following letter was written by a member of the R.C.A.F. (Women's Division) to a younger sister contemplating enlistment. It runs:

"Dear Connie:

"Mother wrote that you were seriously thinking of enlisting. She mentioned something about you going in as a Medical Assistant. There are two sub-groups, medical stenographer and hospital assistant. The former is an excellent trade and quite a new one. There were only two girls at Brandon who were medical stenographers.

"If you want to join up, Connie, go ahead. I have never regretted doing so and there's no reason why you should. As long as you don't go in filled with wild ideas of having a marvellous time, you'll be all right.

"You can have a good time but there's lots of hard work to do. It took quite a while to make the men in the services realize that we could work hard and we hope the new recruits will keep up the standard.

"In any service you will meet all types of people but take them as they are, remembering that there's always some good in everyone. Women in uniform are still very new and therefore are criticized for everything they do. Remember that when you are in uniform your behaviour in public is a responsibility to the whole women's services.

"You will find that there are lots of jobs you will have to do which you do not like or that seem apparently useless. But do the job without complaining for complaining makes things much worse.

"You must make up your mind before you join that you have definite ideals and principles and that you are going to stick to them. When you get away from home and its influences you may become a little undecided as to whether the things you were brought up to think as right are so. They are and do not let anyone talk you out of it. People look up to you if you are sure of yourself and of how you intend to behave.

"There is a lot of good to be gotten from service life. More than most realize. They always think of the bad you come in contact with. The latter are things that if you meet and overcome, you are the stronger for it.

"Don't ever let yourself get bored and sick of what you are doing. There's always a posting around the corner and something new to learn, new people to talk to and new ideas to pick up. You also appreciate home all the more for being away from it.

Yours—"

From Montreal Gazette, Feb. 17, 1943.



by Sgt. A. D. Simpson

Well Pals and Gals, this issue of "Sparks" finds us with about the largest W. & B. staff that have ever got together at one time at No. 4 Wireless School.

The newcomers include L.A.C.'s "Larry" Johnston and "Don" Todd, carpenters deluxe. Then there is "Fritz" Fraser, steam fitter by trade, but hockey player by choice and also by some of the reports from the Sports Section. When he goes down the ice, the defence players of the opposing team suddenly remember they have to go home for something they forgot.

Now let's see, next comes Smitty our mobile artist (I think his name is Smith). Smitty specializes in (1) playing the drums, (2) W.D.'s. He sure does beat the first, but I hope not the second. Another addition to the painting department is "Bert" Churcher. Bert is a local lad but until recently was stationed away down south at Burch.

Two more new members are A.C.'s "Chuckler" Mulligan and "M. P." Stevenson (M. P. stands for Master Painter). Both boys are Air Gunners to be but we hope they stay with us for awhile.

Without a doubt, Ab Levesque is the only Corporal on the Station with a batman. His every movement is watched with devotion by Junior. Maybe Junior is afraid Ab might tell him another one of his famous stories he heard on the train to Sault Ste. Marie. Just one of those stories is enough for one war.

Amendment—For: ("Let's go to Kitchener") Halliday Read: ("Let's go to Kitchener") Shore. Johnny says his one ambition is to become a liaison officer between the R.C.A.F. and the C.W.A.C.

The W. & B. section wish to take this opportunity to welcome the new Station Warrant Officer, W.O.2 Cowan. May we soon have the pleasure of building something for him. Anybody got any suggestions?

We hate to see the Armament Section move out. Swell bunch of fellows. Good luck to you on your new assignments.

That's that—will see you next month.

Outside a barbershop in a war-boom town: Come in and we will give you an estimate on your hair cut.

## PITY THE INSTRUCTOR

This editorial, clipped from the Montreal Star, finds sympathetic readers among Instructors everywhere.

Not only are these men, whose only crime is that they've conducted themselves in such a fashion as to become selected as Instructors (you just don't volunteer for such a job) obliged to carry on in what is often for them a dull monotone, but they are occasionally subjected to incriminating remarks to the effect that they're "hiding behind a desk."

The following is a just and intelligent presentation of their case: "Few people realize how great is the number of trained wireless air gunners, wireless mechanics and wireless operators who have graduated from No. 1 Wireless School, Queen Mary Road, for the figures cannot be published. This centre, now the largest wireless training school in the British Empire, is also one of the major and most important contributors to the success of the British Commonwealth Air Training plan, and the chief share in the credit for this achievement must go to the officer and non-commissioned officer instructors.

Unfortunately, several unthinking and uninformed people have, by word of mouth, and through letters to the press, cast aspersions, even insults, on the instructors because they have not gone overseas in three years of war. The fact is that a large majority of these men of all ranks have applied time and again for transfer overseas, either to air crews or in any capacity. One of the older instructors at the centre has twice applied for air crew transfer despite being over age, and has asked for overseas postings on four different occasions. He still claims that his superiors may yet send him over to avoid being pestered any further.

"The position of the instructors is a most invidious one. The civilian need only ask himself what he (or she) would be able to do in face of the command of a superior officer. For example, at a recent meeting at the school, Wing Commander K. R. Patrick, chief instructor, told over 100 instructors: "You may well forget about going overseas, for the time being at least. We may as well put a stop to this continual clamouring for overseas postings right here and now. None of you is more anxious to go overseas than I am, but we have all got to realize that we are far more valuable to the Air Force in our capacity as instructors here than we could possibly be overseas. You instructors are the cream of the radio and communications men in the R.C.A.F., and your value to the service does not permit of your being sent overseas."

## SERGEANT'S MESS

Conspicuous by their absence at the present time are the Senior N.C.O.'s of the Armament Section. This explains in part why there is less noise at the north end of the quarters in the Ad. Building. It also means considerably fewer 'phone calls. Seriously all members join in wishing the best of luck to the departed men of Armament.

Speaking of noise we notice that we now have "P.T." Pete Danciu in the Ad. building—with his guitar—and mouth-organ, both of which he plays at the same time. Pete and "Benry" Greaves should get together and have a bonfire. Guitar, mouth-organ, violin and perhaps Flight White's radio. (It is rumored that Pete broke his lease with W.O.1 McGuire in the other quarters by playing "You Are My Sunshine" on said musical instruments while the "Sgt.-Major" struggled to enjoy his noon siesta.)

Speaking of music—who was it suggested that Sgt. Alexander should organize another "Alexander's Rag Time Band?" If this has anything to do with the rendition by Sgt. Alexander and "Knobby" Clark of that famed old English war tune, "Salomey" we suggest that no band could keep up. Personnel of room 257 point out that after the 12th time over "Salomey" even the "North Atlantic Squadron" sounded possible.

The re-decoration of the dining-room has been the chief topic of discussion at mess meetings of late. Through the co-operation of Works and Bricks (whose Sgt. Simpson is now a member) there has been much improvement in the general appearance. The window drapes are just what we needed. Sgt. Jack insists that the best decoration would be more W.D. Sgts. in the new uniform.

While on the subject of the dining-hall one's mind naturally wanders to the meals eaten there. This brings us to the subject of the messing committee. This committee—Sgts. Wilkes and Amendola deserve the gratitude of all members for their fine work.

We would like to know—what Sgt. plays fervently on the tune-less mess piano "I Got Along Without You Very Well" interchanged with "Somebody Else Is Taking My Gal?"

## Pome

A Sgt., quiet, calm and young  
Who seldom makes great noise,  
Whose Morse makes happy Wags look  
glum—  
Why call him "Wolf" McQuoid?

Promotions and new members are too plentiful to make individual mention but to one and all the Mess extends its

best. As Chairman suggests, let's go out of our way to make people feel at home.

It has been suggested that "Spanky" Taylor should wear a white glove while directing traffic at the noon hour traffic crush.

Another quarter year is up. Officers for the coming session are as follows: Chairman, W.O.1 McGuire; President, W.O.2 Cowan; Secretary, F/Sgt. Fulford; Entertainment Committee, Sgt. Hollywood, Sgt. Hockey and Sgt. Mitchell. To the retiring Secretary, F/Sgt. Metcalfe, all members will wish the best of luck as he leaves for a new station.

The Messing Committee, consisting of Sgt. Wilkes and Amendola, in recognition of their work in improving the situation in Messing have been asked to act for a second term. These fellows would be quick to acknowledge the co-operation of Flight Fuller in arranging the menu. Also to the Flight's capable assistants—"Mac," and his girls, we owe much humble thanks.

Speaking of entertainment, the present committee will have another opportunity to display their talent before the end of the month. At the last meeting it was decided to hold a Mess Dance. It is hoped that a record number of Senior N.C.O.'s may find it possible to attend. The committee, as on previous occasions, assures a splendid evening for those who do.

## EQUIPMENT SECTION

Here we go wondering again who the equipment assistant was that on seeing the slogan on the orderly room blackboard, "Anything less than your best is deserting," proceeded to the publications section to look up K.R. (Air) to see what the penalty for desertion was. Could it be that his conscience bothered him.—We wonder?

The old cry of "Rags, any rags today," would seem to be rather an appropriate theme for F/Sgt. George Egan and L.A.C. Harry Fisher, who are in charge of the Equipment Section salvage. Apparently those old burlap bags and tin cans in the I. & R. Section are not an accumulation of garbage of weeks gone by, but are a part of the salvage of this station. In time these items mount up and are sold to local dealers with the receipts going to headquarters.

Little do we realize the value of these items, and to you and I, these old tin cans, paper cartons, and burlap bags are something for the garbage collector to worry about. Harry Fisher, in his true Scotch manner will tell you otherwise, because according to him an old potato bag, returned to a farmer, en-

ables that farmer to bag more potatoes for our use. Hundreds of pounds of bottle caps for instance are salvaged out of our canteen. In the kitchen old fats and bones are salvaged and remanufactured into valuable chemicals for our use in this war. So when you read that poster about "Mowing them down with your old razor blades," stop and think. The old thin razor blade which is of no value to you, put into the salvage tin in your washroom will soon mount up into the thousands, then be converted into tons of high grade steel for use in vital war industries.

Things are certainly happening fast for Sergeant Al Wilmot, as a matter of fact, whenever it rains it really pours for him. Sgt. Wilmot is the Equipment accountant in Clothing Stores and just recently was promoted to the rank of Sergeant. Back home in Woodstock his wife promoted him to the rank of "father" with an eight pound baby girl. We hope this is only the beginning for the Sergeant, of course we mean in the way of promotions!

"Adam's Ale" will probably be enjoyed by thousands for years to come, but to A. W. Logette, the drinking of it will bring back fond memories of a W.D. quiz show recently broadcast from coast to coast. Logette is part of the publication section and her "Issue Day" following the broadcast made her wish that she had answered drinking water instead of apple juice.

L.A.C. Edgar Guest believes in the adage of Horace Greeley, "Go West young man." Guest is the equipment assistant attached to the Radio Mechs detachment and recent postings off this station had him in the direction of No. 1 Equipment Depot in Toronto. All of this section hope that he will make as many friends on his new station as he did here.

The local bowling alleys have been the scene of our recreation activities. Worth mentioning was the night of the second W. & B. challenge to our section, in which once again we are sorry to say, "our pick and shovel" neighbors, led by F.O. Etherington and Sgt. Don Simpson, went down to defeat. There were many new faces (thank God!) in attendance, namely "Superman" Fraser of W. & B. and Roy Evans of this section. Despite the fact that Roy's eyes were focused on one of the other alleys, his score indicated a much better score. Amongst the high scorers were Fred Williams and Bill Rowe of Clothing Stores who had rushed down to the alleys after finishing a late clothing parade and still managed to pile up three high scoring games. Perhaps the work agrees with them!

# News from the Flying Squadron at Burtch

Burtch Editor—SGT. R. G. McINTYRE

Since the last time Burtch notes appeared in Sparks we have had to bid good-bye to Flight Lieutenant Carrie, our S.A.O., who was posted overseas. With genuine regret the entire station bids Mr. Carrie good-bye and best of luck, and a safe return. Always on the job here, ever helpful to smooth things out for all or any of the boys, he was, in Airmens' lingo, a real guy. By the way, did you know that he helped to put out a fire at Galt when on his way to Guelph on clearance. Well, he did. Good show, Sir!

We welcome Pilot Officer Garbutt to Burtch as our new S.A.O., and hope he likes us and will enjoy his stay here. The officer holding down the S.A.O.'s chair at this station has never a dull moment, so many things of infinite variety can, and do, happen around this Flying Squadron that there is no chance of the S.A.O. growing into a dignified, portly old gentleman.

While on the subject of postings we may as well bring them up to date. We have traded W.O.2 "Bob" Cowan, who, besides being head man around these parts, also managed our hockey team, for F.S. "Bill" McNair. At the moment we don't quite know at what extra-curricular activity Bill shines, but soon as we know we'll tell you! Squadron Leader Lussier has taken over the management of the hockey team, so lots of wins are looked for.

After being with us for around eight months our five New Zealand pilots have been posted overseas. During their stay here they made friends all over the station, and, I'm told, even as far north as Paris, not to mention Brantford. What say, Little Joe? P.O.'s Sage, Shearer and Murray were just recently commissioned here. Good-bye and good hunting boys.

Congratulations to P.O. Utterback recently commissioned, W.O.2 MacLeod who is now a W.O.1 and "Alabama" Sherrill who totes around the important insignia of Flight Sergeant.

## HOCKEY—

The Burtch hockey team, previously mentioned, has been putting up a swell show of winning games, and, considering the small station to draw talent from, is not getting half the support it deserves. Unfortunately we have no sports representative on Sparks just now, and not being expert in hockey matters we cannot do justice to the team in this column. We do, however, ask everyone to buy tickets and attend the games. The team is a credit to the station, show the team you are for it.

Flight Lieutenant McVeigh has turned the reins of maintenance over to Flight Lieutenant Marshall and Air Ops comes under the command of Flying Officer Alexander, who took over from Flight Lieutenant MacLean. We hope both these officers will enjoy their stay at Burtch, and to their predecessors we wish good-bye and good luck.

We regret that so little mention has been made on this page of the splendid work being done on behalf of the personnel here by the Canadian Legion. As



Illustrated by L.A.C. Pinnegar.

Quite correctly this drawing depicts Gremlins where they belong—in the Air.

We're not sure if the Aircraft they're working is one of our new "Yales" or not but thus far no serious consequences have been reported.

The Gremlin, if public enthusiasm doesn't control itself, is going to do a rather inglorious Swan Song—a fete which it doesn't deserve. We suggest that the Gremlin be kept where it belongs, where it was found by the R.A.F. and where it can be of most use—"in the Air."

Who ever heard of a real Gremlin upsetting ink bottles and stealing pencils?

this is a fairly isolated place, a surprisingly large number of airmen look forward with much pleasure to the excellent and varied entertainment provided by the Legion. Three movies, bingo and open house on Sundays are standard practice, and in addition we have had visits from such fine shows as the Merry Madcaps. Mr. Harry Tait, our Legion representative since the station opened, has also provided an excellent library, and an untold amount of

games, playing cards, etc., are always available.

This is our opportunity to offer our rather belated thanks to both Harry and Mrs. Tait for everything they are doing here.

Now, for a word to all sections here at Burtch. The creation of the new Air Force mag. "Wings" does not mean the end of Sparks. Our magazine is being continued, and will be published monthly as before. We of this station have our own section of Sparks, so let's use it. Contributions from each and every one here are welcome; come along and tell the editor your story, and so long as it won't burn the paper we'll use it. Lots of interesting things are happening—let the others know about it. It is impossible for one or two men to cover everything, so, give a hand. Next month, thank goodness, a brand new sports writer makes his bow, (if he doesn't get himself posted). Watch for a real write-up on the station sports and social doings.

The merry little poem that follows will be all for this month. It is, of course, dedicated to the WAGS; bless their hearts. . . .

## A WAG'S PRAYER

O Lord, I want an A.G. wing,  
And Sergeant's hooks that it will bring,  
The kind that goes with Wing Parades,  
Not feathered ones for shoulder blades.  
To be precise, a flying badge—  
The single fin for I'm a WAG.  
Then I could eat in the Sergeant's Mess  
The food in ours is—well you guess.  
No props or flashes, sentry-go,  
Mopping floors, canteen Joe.  
A thirty-six for a forty-eight  
Or none at all if you are late.  
Cut off all our reveille passes,  
Extra morse and extra classes.  
When duty watch falls in at night  
No Sarges fall out to the right.  
W.O.2's don't take P.T.,  
Get the digger or C.B.  
The secret is, the Sergeants tell  
Is persevere and work like—well  
But, as for study, I don't know how,  
I guess, Lord, it's in your hands now.  
Well, that's the lot. Good-bye, see you next month.

RGM.

## SOME GEN ON O.T.U.

(Continued from page two)

be assigned to Morse instruction every night until he can demonstrate a Morse ability of 22 w.p.m.

Crewing up takes place after the fifth or sixth week. In addition to crew training, the ground instruction at an O.T.U. is composed of instruction on the type of wireless equipment installed in the operational aircraft, lectures on securing M.F. and H.F. D/F Bearings, and fixes, special operational procedure, signals organization of operational Units, W/T aids to Navigation, manipulation of special aids to navigation installed in the aircraft, the care in handling of carrier pigeons, and instructions in the use of the aerial camera.

All crew training is based on one Pilot and Observer, and two Wireless Air Gunners, for each aircraft. It is necessary for the Signals Training Staff at the O.T.U. to make sure that the Wireless Air Gunners assigned to operational aircraft are efficient in all phases of their work before being crewed up. This makes it necessary to have a sufficient number of W.A.G.'s posted to allow for losses due to sickness, or lack of knowledge on the part of the W.A.G., or any other reason that may prevent the crewing up after the first few weeks training.

On satisfactory completion of crew training, familiarization instruction is given either in aircraft fuselages, located in the hangar, or this instruction may be given in the aircraft itself. Interesting lectures are also given by the Station Photographic Officer on aerial photography, also lectures on the care and handling of carrier pigeons, the use of dinghies, and the procedure used for requesting assistance in emergencies. The W.A.G. may be called upon to act as aerial photographer on any mission—he may be asked to secure photographs of the proposed target, and quite often is called upon to photograph the results of bombing or other action against the enemy. It can be seen by the above that the W.A.G.'s time is fully occupied during his 12 weeks at an O.T.U., and that no allowances can be made for those W.A.G.'s who have neglected to retain the information given to them at Wireless Schools.

Both F/L. Mooney and myself had the pleasure of talking to several Guelph trained W.A.G.'s who assured us that they were quite confident of completing the course within the 12 weeks allotted. Some time was spent by the writer going through the records of those W.A.G.'s trained at No. 4 Wireless School and it was that, except for a few isolated cases, all graduates from our school have done exceptionally well

in the past. The Signals Training Staff at both Debert and Greenwood assured us that this was the case, but we were convinced that W.A.G.'s in the future must be even better trained and more capable as we were notified that the refresher training and pre-crewing up training was to be discontinued immediately.

One thing we do know — that the W.A.G. who is keen to get on with the job will enjoy his stay at an O.T.U. You will find that all the training given at the O.T.U.'s is extremely interesting, especially after being crewed up. Very elaborate crew trainers have been constructed and a description of these crew trainers is as follows: They consist of booths built on a high platform in a building similar to a hangar. The Pilot, Observer, and W.A.G. are allotted to each booth, which is laid out to represent the interior of an aircraft. A small port-hole is located at the front of the booth through which the Pilot and Observer can see a screen on which is projected a moving landscape. This picture may be taken over water and suddenly a submarine may be sighted in the water below. Each member of the aircrew duplicates exactly what he would do under similar circumstances on an operational flight. If it is decided to attack the submarine, a run is made over the target and the results of the attack are registered in the control room which is located below the booths. Similarly the Wireless Operator carries out his duties exactly as he would on an operational trip. Bearings are taken which are recorded automatically in the control room. A Wireless Operator in the control room acts as W/T ground station for maintaining communication with the aircraft.

The real interest commences for the W.A.G. after being crewed up and the aircraft to which he is assigned is actually engaged on navigational or operational flights. These flights may last anywhere from three to six hours. The crew is briefed prior to and after each flight in the operational room exactly as would be done at an Operational Unit on active service, overseas.

On completion of the course the various crews are posted with the exception of one or two crews who are retained for a period of three months to act as instructors.

Finally, one point we would like to stress—it was discovered at O.T.U.'s, both from perusing the records and from interviewing the W.A.G.'s who were having difficulties, that air-sickness was a very serious problem. If you should experience air-sickness notify your Medical Officer immediately, he may be able to help you. Otherwise, while you may

hide the fact, eventually it will catch up with you, and it is too late to report air-sickness after you are crewed up as you may affect the progress of everyone concerned in your particular aircraft. Also we would like to emphasize that every W.A.G. should put the time at his disposal at a Wireless School to the best possible use, for we know that you will be the first one to regret it if you do not measure up once you arrive at an O.T.U.

## AH, SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE

(A Day at D.A.P.S.)

A drama in one act and one scene (which is plenty).

The scene is laid in the office of the controlling mind of D.A.P.S. At 0900 hrs. the controlling mind enters and pushes five buzzers simultaneously. Receiving no response, he pushes the sixth, and the second O.C. appears.

O.C.: "Why does no one answer my buzzer?"

2nd O.C.: "You posted them all away yesterday, Sir."

O.C.: "Good God, this is sabotage. Give me an aspirin. (Takes aspirin and sits in deep meditation). Where are they posted to?"

2nd O.C.: "One went to Alaska, one to Gander Bay, one to Vancouver, one to Halifax, and one to Saskatoon."

O.C.: "Ah, good distribution. I knew I hadn't lost my touch. Where are the replacements coming from?"

2nd O.C.: "Well, Sir, the whole five are coming from Fingal, but they are mad as hell and want them to be replaced."

O.C.: "From where?"

2nd O.C.: "One from Alaska, one from Gander Bay, one from Vancouver, one from Halifax, and one from Saskatoon."

O.C.: "Good work. Couldn't have done better myself. How many of them are married?"

2nd O.C.: "All of them, Sir."

O.C.: "Hmmm. That only means moving fifteen families. Splendid, splendid. Remind me to recommend you for promotion."

2nd O.C.: "There's an urgent letter here, Sir. Would you look at it?"

O.C.: "Yes, let's have it (reads and looks progressively more annoyed.) This is absurd, it's fantastic."

2nd O.C.: "Yes, Sir. It's Fingal again."

O.C.: "Here they say that they are carrying a F/Sgt. Green supernumerary to establishments, but as the establishment is being increased by one flight sergeant they wish to hold him to fill the position. Really, some of these people don't realize they are in the Air

(Continued on page sixteen)

## NO. 1 SQUADRON

(Continued from page four)

Then there is Dan Cupid Widget. He gets the boys all excited about going to Kitchener. Last Saturday he had about twelve of the 57th down at C.N.R. buying tickets. He got a picture of the boys and sent it in to the "Scoop" office. From what could be made out there were—Bradshaw, Waight, Graham, Clawson, Stewart, D. Bowers, Deveaux, Daiggle, Almun, Gillespie, and some others whose identity will remain so so. Old Dan says little but is always heard.

Leaving this angling thought for a minute, we want, as a Squadron, to say we are glad to see "Hop-a-Long" Osborne back again. He is having a good recovery from his "spill" on the step of Creelman Hall. It is unfortunate, and from now on you better watch your step.

Today, February 25th, several of the 57th attended the funeral service of an airman, from the Ferry Command. After many trips across the pond he was a victim of a train accident.

At this time—while your humble scribe is wondering why the C.P.R. should find it necessary to stretch a fifteen-minute stop to six hours (freight cars derailed)—many other greater events are taking place . . . here is a sample . . . E. Shannon, class senior of 57A, is standing beside his "future" at a certain spot in Toronto, saying "I will" or "I do," etc. He is, in fact, cinching the deal, or, getting hitched. While this great ceremony must be an ordeal, we are sure our friend Shannon will prefer it to the tender treatment given him by his classmates (such as tossing him in the pool, etc). Anyway, while waiting for news of this event, we wish Mr. and Mrs. all the luck in the world.

Doing the right thing is O.K. in itself, but doing that and later finding you are wrong, constitutes a "zero beat with a loud whistle"—it is most provoking. Just ask A. J. Carrey or G. K. Kennard how they felt after crawling out of bed one morning, shaving and dressing, ready for breakfast . . . then being told by a sympathetic roommate that it was only 4.15 a.m. (How would you feel?).

An airman who had apparently changed his opinion of another's physical prowess (somewhere between Toronto and the "West") was heard to say: "But he looked as harmless as a bottle of milk with a straw in it!"

We, of Squadron 1, wish to extend our deepest sympathies to LAC. G. Thomas, whose mother passed away recently.

We can always live on less when we have more to live for.

—S. Stephen McKenny, Reader's Digest.

## NO. 2 SQUADRON

(Continued from page four)

I see Wisener had his buttons polished this morning. Breaking down, Dick?

There is a young man—namely Scotty Delude—who carries a picture around in his book, of a certain young woman. Culp has been trying to get a look at it. Purely curiosity, of course. Don't put it on the wall, Scotty. It is not an aircraft picture, is it? I wonder how Spike did the other night.

Some of the lads don't seem to like the Games periods—the whole squadron in fact.

Jones says he has a Charley horse and wants somebody to keep it for him till after the war. But everyone seems to have their own.

Clarence is quite a pool player. But Smitty will always win by a nose.

Lyle finally got his letter.

We see Sergeant Taylor is now a flight.

Probably by this time next issue, most of us will have been at out-stations. What a trial that's going to be. Usually people go fishing at that time.

Anyway, as the wonders of this course unfold before us, and finally become a reality—it never seems to end. But this column will, so till next issue, good-bye Fairbairn, and behave yourself Lalonde.

## PUKKA AND OTHER GEN

(Continued from page eight)

lot of people in New York were a little ashamed.

So, we don't like hissing. We don't even hiss No. not even when Universal Pictures bleat out that call sign at the movies, but a lot of fellows do and it's moderately funny, especially if you're a little Morse-happy as we are. But hissing becomes extremely unfunny when directed at more animated objects, such as authority, which, we submit, is constantly more necessary than it is occasionally irritating. We hate to see our fellow-wags embarrassing themselves and we know that a lot of them realize that hissing is not very good sport, especially when delivered from the safety of numbers. Of course it is all meant to be fun since, we contend, nobody with a legitimate beef is expressing it in this miserable and spineless manner, but if there be any such within our approximate weight-range who might here take exception we will be at the gym immediately after compulsory classes on the day this Sparks appears.

## SIGNS OF THE TIMES

In a Hollywood restaurant: Please don't insult our waiters. Customers we can get.

—Reader's Digest.

## NO. 3 SQUADRON

(Continued from page four)

Jones—"It makes no difference. I've brought along the wire-cutters."

Numainville—"I wonder where the Western Hotel is?"

Westphall—"I can't understand it. I only got 98."

Sergeant Shehan—"As you were."

## Is It True That?

O'Farrell was given an award for being the best behaved lad in the 61st?

The boys stay on the station on their 36's?

Class Seniors get Duty Flight?

L.A.C. Thomas and Charles Atlas are brothers?

The attractions in Guelph on Wednesday evenings must be colossal, judging from the results of Thursday's tests.

If any of you fellows are interested in forming a clambake, get in touch either with Dick "Krupa" Dowding or Larry "El Vino" Obine, in rooms 329 or 319.

## Espirit de Corps

Although many of you lads don't know it, we are very lucky to get Corporal Franz and Flying Officer Rice for our disciplinarian and Officer Commanding respectively. We find in F.O. Rice a very fair and generous Officer Commanding and in Corporal Franz—the best discip. on the station. As for our rooms, there is no doubt that No. 3 Squadron has the best barracks and the cleanest. So, come on fellows, let us be fair to the O.C. and Corporal Franz, and pitch in to keep up the motto of No. 3 Squadron—"The Bestest of the Bestest."

## AH, SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE

(Continued from page fifteen)

Force."

2nd O.C.: "What do you want done, Sir?"

O.C.: "Post F/Sgt. Green to Dartmouth. From Dartmouth post F/Sgt. White to Regina. From there post F/Sgt. Black to Goose Bay. From Goose Bay post F/Sgt. Blue to Dutch Harbour. Post F/Sgt. Jones from Dutch Harbour to Winnipeg. From Winnipeg post F/Sgt. Smith to Vancouver. Post F/Sgt. Brown from Vancouver to Dartmouth and from Dartmouth post F/Sgt. Green to Fingal."

2nd O.C.: "But, Sir, F/Sgt. Green is already at Fingal."

O.C.: "Damn it, man, don't argue; do as I say. What do you want to do, break down our system? Ah, I see it is 1200 hrs."

Both depart smiling, happy in the knowledge of a morning's work well done.

Curtain.