

VOL. II. NO. 3

MAY, 1943

Sparks

4 WIRELESS SCHOOL
GOLPH ONT.

PRICE FIVE CENTS





"SPARKS"

EDITORIAL STAFF

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C.O., of No. 4 Wireless School

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VOL. II GUELPH, MAY, 1943 NO. 3

POST-WAR

By G/C. A. H. K. Russell

It is a favourite pastime of a considerable number of our public men to discourse and plan regarding the new world to-be after this war is over. To the outside observer, sometimes it appears that these people would do more good if their energies were to be devoted to winning the war instead of taking it for granted that it will be won by the Allied nations.

Wars are not all bad, if they cause us to think, and if they shake us out of our complacency, and satisfaction with things as they are, or have been. For instance, this country now has more men and women in uniform in the armed forces than at anytime in its history. All these people are now entitled as part of their pay, to medical and dental service, and make use of these services to a much greater extent than ever they did in civilian life.

There is much talk nowadays, about state medical service, health insurance, and social security. It is to be hoped that experience with the somewhat similar service schemes will enable us to have a large body of well-informed ex-servicemen and women after the war prepared to give their opinions on the desirability of these plans to their political representatives.

That is only one of the fields in which our experience in this war can be put to good use in forming our new world, after peace once more descends on us.

VICTORY

By Flt./Lt. G. N. Hamilton, Padre

The first thought and greatest hope which many of us have today, is that Victory be ours: that we be conquerors, possess the laurels; know the joy of success. Surely this is commendable in our struggle for a way

of life, the opposite to which would mean the loss of all that makes life worth living.

What we seem to have forgotten, at the close of the last war, was that Victory is not a possession that can be put away and preserved, but a virtue we must keep possessing.

At this season of the year we are celebrating the greatest Victory known to man—the conquering of death by the Lord of life. The Resurrection of Jesus tells us of a Victory in which we all may share, and thus is continuous in its nature. He kept arising above every temptation, as they presented themselves, and so was prepared for the supreme test.

If a permanent Victory is to be ours, it will be because we look to Him for strength and example and continue to arise above those forces that naturally tend to separate and destroy.

A Victory every day over our studies, our selfishness, our unworthy thoughts and actions, and a determined united effort for Christ and the right and we are already possessing a Victory which will be as progressive as it is enduring.

CHANGE OF COMMAND

By the time this is printed No. 4 Wireless School will have a new commanding officer. Group Captain Russell will have left the station that he opened here a couple of years ago—a station that is justly known for its efficient working and high productive standards. He will go to a more important administrative post but will still be vitally and personally concerned and responsible for what this school does.

Taking Group Captain Russell's place as Commanding Officer here will be Group Captain D. Williams, an officer who, by virtue of his knowledge of and interest in radio, is undoubtedly well equipped to administer the affairs of this school from the technical angle.

The staff of "Sparks," on behalf of the trainees generally, wishes Group Captain Russell the very best of luck in his new work and extends to Group Captain Williams the warmest of welcomes, with the hope that he will enjoy his new post.

He will leave this School with the consciousness that he has done a good job; for his school, under his guidance has achieved the distinction of winning for three consecutive times the Efficiency Award awarded by the Honourable the Minister for Air. The award is based on the carrying out of predetermined training exercises and was won in face of persistent and great competition from the other eligible schools.

Group Captain Russell was justly entitled to the position of guiding spirit and commanding officer of this school when it was founded, for he is an expert on radio matters and an able and enthusiastic administrator of amateur radio activities. The staff grew to have a deep liking for Group Captain Russell.

Flight Officer K. R. Stambaugh

There is an ever changing array of faces among the officers at No. 4 Wireless School, but at least one of their number has stayed long enough to be familiar to most of the personnel. We refer of course to Flight Officer Stambaugh, Senior W.D. officer for this Station. This has been her home for the past fourteen months.

Although she is a naturalized Canadian, Miss Stambaugh cannot claim this as her native land. She was born in Detroit, Michigan, but was brought to Hamilton, Ontario, by her parents when four years of age, and that city has been her stamping ground ever since.

Miss Stambaugh started her schooling at "Strathallan," a Hamilton private school and when a little older was sent to Toronto to Branksome-Hall. She does not admit to ever being homesick, but there is documentary evidence to prove that she finished up at Strathallan again. Her parents felt that the good old U.S.A. should have some share in her education so off she went to Penn Junior College in Chambersburg for a course in Home Economics. A career was not an urgent necessity therefore she was free to indulge her interests and gain a bit of technical knowledge along the way. Returning to Canada Miss Stambaugh took a stab at dress designing, studying with Galasso in Toronto. Why this should lead to motor mechanics we don't know, but it did bring out an urge to find out what makes an auto tick and we next meet the young lady as a "grease monkey" dissecting the nuts and bolts of an engine. This curiosity was to come in very handy a little later, for when war was declared Kay Stambaugh joined the Red Cross as a Transport Driver and spent the next year and a half hauling salvage and contributions for Bomb victims overseas.

When the C.W.A.A.F. began touring Canada interviewing prospective officers Miss Stambaugh was one of those fortunate enough to be chosen. No doubt she felt that this was a very doubtful honor when with one hundred and forty odd other recruits she got her first glimpse of Old Havergal College, Toronto, which was to be her home for the next few weeks. The girls all dug in manfully and many pails of hot soapy water and lots of hard scrubbing put a much brighter front on their quarters. The course was really strenuous and all these little AW2's who graduated six weeks later as Asst. Section Officers had known a lot of sweat and grind and no doubt a few tears before the great day came.

The Training Wing was opened in Dec. 1941 and A.S.O. Stambaugh stayed to instruct the new recruits. On Feb. 13th, she received her first posting and was sent as junior officer to School of Cookery at No. 4 Wireless School. Women cooks in the service until this time was definitely an unheard of thing and quite a fight had to be staged to overcome this prejudice. In August when W.D.'s invaded headquarters, Sec-

O.C. of W.D.s



Flight Officer K. R. Stambaugh

tion Officer Ruth Moorhouse, who had been Senior Officer at School of Cookery, took on the job of warily guiding their footsteps into hitherto untrodden paths—and thus Miss Stambaugh, long since a full-fledged Section Officer, became senior at School of Cookery.

More changes were in store, for shortly after this move the Officer Commanding School of Cookery, Flight Lieut. Bránion, pioneered the "Nut" Lab. and Flight Officer Moorhouse was recalled as O.C. Still determined to keep Section Officer Stambaugh at No. 4, Group Captain Russell was able to persuade Command to let her follow Miss Moorhouse as W.D. Officer in charge of headquarters girls—she has most ably steered them through a somewhat stormy few months and can now take time out to breath at sight of a really smooth running section. As just reward for her labours Miss Stambaugh was some short time ago promoted to the rank of Flight Officer.

Quite a lot has been crammed into this very young officer's life and it is no wonder that when we mentioned sports and relaxation she just sighed and admitted that there wasn't much time to think about such things. When possible in the winter she goes skiing and in summertime can be found knocking a ball around Cutten Fields golf course. She enjoys dancing and shows and with a little time for reading that seems to take care of all her "time out for recreation."

YE EDITOR ILL

The anxious readers of "Sparks" will be wondering why this edition has been so long in appearing. The reason is contained in the heading of this item; Sergeant A. L. Findlay, the editor and apparently chief motive power in the production of the magazine, has been so inconsiderate as to get a contagious disease, and now is in isolation at the Guelph General Hospital. The WAG's will derive some small comfort from the realization that Sergeant Findlay, the instructor who has often circled their examination results with a red pencil is now himself "in the red"—he has scarlet fever. The present writer however, does not share the WAG's delight at this result.

If the truth were actually known, it is altogether likely that a great deal of sympathy is felt for Sergeant Findlay and practically everyone on the Station is looking forward to his rapid recovery and return to work on the magazine.

Good Hunting

A graduate of No. 4 Wireless School in the Middle East received a letter from his wife saying there wasn't an able-bodied man left and she was going to dig the garden herself.

The WAG wrote at the beginning of his next letter: "Bridget, for Heaven's sake don't dig the garden; that's where the guns are."

The letter was duly censored, and in a short time a lorry-load of men in Air Force Blue arrived at Pat's house and proceeded to dig the garden from end to end.

Bridget wrote to her husband in desperation saying that she didn't know what to do, as the airmen had got the garden dug up, every bit of it.

The WAG's reply was short and to the point: "Put in the spuds."

Smart

Teacher: "Did your dad help you with this problem?"

Junior: "No, I got it wrong myself."

The future can take care of itself, "time to think of that when our present job is well done," was Flight Officer Stambaugh's comment on concluding this interview.

It is no easy task to handle a hundred girls of mixed temperament and we would like to offer our congratulations to Flight Officer Stambaugh for the tough job she has undertaken.

Headquarters Squadron

Contributed by Jay Dee

F/L. R. L. Houlding, O/C.
Cpl. "Jimmie" Walker, Disciplinarian

Well, it's come at last—or should we say again? H.Q. now have the privilege of participating regularly in the "Ensign Raising" ceremony. And why not? What squadron is better able, better trained, and more anxious????? Well, it's part of the week's program, and any job worth doing is worth doing to the best of our ability.

Spring cleaning at Mac Hall (headquarters for Headquarters) this year was reminiscent of the days gone by when it was occupied by the gals of yesteryear. An inspection revealed the dormant artistic temperament of many of the fellows. For instance, in one room we found the quaintest pair of Air Force Blue drapes gracing the windows; in another, the daintiest dresser scarf; in another, scatter rugs on the highly polished floor; and in still another—he really was an optimist—the cutest little flower-pot in which had been planted with motherly care some flower seeds.

Biblical students often quote "Tis easier for a camel to enter the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter Heaven"; philosophers quote the impossibility of finding needles in a haystack; Discip's wail "How about 48's?"

Overheard at the Corporals' Party:

"Her clothes were so designed that she was usually seen in the best places."

Well, the first flight of Air Gunners (Std), serving as G.D.'s, have come and gone from No. 4 Wireless School. They are now posted at the University of Toronto for the Pre-Aircrew Educational Course, and we wish them every success as they enter this phase of training. Elsewhere in this issue, will be found their impressions of No. 4 Wireless School, contributed by "Sully."

Our best wishes accompany Sgt. "Mac" MacKay, who has remustered to Code and Cypher. Here's hoping this popular WD Sergeant tops the class and lands a "comish."

Spring has arrived????? Officially, at any rate, according to the calendar and the presence of the popular robin. Let's not overlook, however, the tremendous possibilities of those Victory Gardens. The contribution of Headquarters Personnel can and should be a very creditable one.

Isn't It the Truth?

"Give a husband enough rope and he will want to skip."

A certain Flight Sergeant was heard reprimanding an 18-year-old trainee and concluded said reprimand by: "You act like a child." Trainee's response: "Do you know what an adult is, Flight? An adult is a person who has stopped growing except around the middle."

Probably two of the most popular promotions on the Station in some time, came the first of last month to two Corporals who have really earned them. Yes, you have guessed it, they are Sergeant Herb Harwood of the Service Police, and Sergeant Ross Parks. Other well-merited promotions were: Sergeants Hood, Badger, and Gower.

Baby—An alimentary canal with a loud noise at one end and no responsibility at the other.

Our thought for the month—COURTESY IS A SMALL PRICE TO PAY FOR THE RESPECT OF THOSE WITH WHOM WE SERVE.

Last month we gave you a little information about Mrs. MacIlwain of the Canadian Legion and we now complete the introductions to the Legion group with a few details on Mrs. Kathryn Crowe.

This young lady, whose maiden name was Cumming, is a native of Guelph, but like most people we have interviewed lately the focal point of her education was Toronto. She graduated from North Toronto Collegiate Institute and turned her attentions to the nursing profession, entered the Toronto General Hospital as a student and spent three years of real hard labor. Ward duties are many and exacting and most of the evenings must be spent in study. These long hours and the rigid discipline had a disheartening effect on the young nurse and she began to dislike the profession. At the end of her course she did special-duty nursing, but even caring for the individual patient did not help matters and so she lost no time in returning to her home town.

Some short time later Miss Cumming married Mr. H. G. Crowe, who incidentally at present is Y.M.C.A. War Services Supervisor for Quebec City, and she spent a happy, leisurely life in Guelph until the beginning of the war. An urge to help made Mrs. Crowe offer her services to the Y.W.C.A. War Services, and she was their chairman for about a year and a half. In this capacity she was called upon to help organize the "Y" dances held for service personnel and arrange for hostesses and entertainment at the weekly "Open-house" held on Sundays at the Wireless School. Naturally Mrs. Crowe's work tied in with the Canadian Legion War

Services and so Mr. Fred Baldwin was able to persuade her to take on a full-time job with him at No. 4 when Mrs. Forbes left in August, 1942.

In addition to the hundred and one other details of Social Services Mrs. Crowe endeavours to keep an interesting library running, and she tells me that the task would be a lot easier if only the enthusiastic readers would remember to turn in all the books.

At one time Mrs. Crowe was a keen tennis player and fond of riding—however she is kept very busy in the Legion office and so spends most of her limited leisure time reading and playing bridge. Boys, anytime you want a fourth you will find she plays a good hand.

It is her fond hope that someday the Canadian Legion will see fit to send her to the same city as her husband, but knowing the ways of all services she just carries on here.

The parties and varied entertainments arranged for us by the Legion are keenly appreciated and realizing the work entailed in organizing them we all take this opportunity of saying—"Thanks a million."

War Effort

A piece of paper covered with mystic figures and signs had been discovered on the floor of the aircraft factory.

It had been seen to fall from the handbag of a girl worker who had received it from a strange woman at the works entrance. Experts had been called in to decipher the apparent code, but all failed.

Finally the manager took it home to study it further. His wife supplied the solution.

"Why, John," she exclaimed with animation, "wherever did you get this from? It's knitting instructions for one of those banned sweaters!"

The Bird

The Cooking School graduate entered the dining room and proudly placed the turkey on the table.

"There you are, my first turkey," she exclaimed.

The N.C.O. Instructor gazed with admiration at the bird's shape.

"Wonderful," he beamed; "and how beautifully you have stuffed it."

"Stuffed?" she echoed. "But, Sergeant, this one wasn't hollow."

SQUADRON CHATTER

NO. 1 SQUADRON

F/L. Carnegie, O/C.

Cpl. Flemming Disciplinarian

Spring is really in the air! As quoth the great poet and philosopher, "in spring, a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love"—but where airmen are concerned, we quote: "in spring an airman's fancy lightly turns to what he has been thinking of all winter"—unquote. So—unaffected as yet, with great zeal, J. P. presents his version in poetic form:

T'IS SPRING

When nature rises from her restful shore
She fancies man to lure.
And fascinates him to create,
Some romantic dream for her.

With a gilded eye, and a hopeful heart,
New passions surge within:
For so endowed with a lofty love,
He commences to begin.

So from barrack's wall he doth pursue,
Some fancy he happily had,
And summons smartly the other half,
Who must be femininely clad.

With no second thought, or doubtful
pace,

He strode the path of love,
To expel his fanciful dream,
Upon the one he's thinking of.
With a dareful jerk, he draws her near,
His wonders to perform,
A naive kiss upon her lips,
Though wrinkling her uniform.

There and then thoughts go unheeded,
As involuntarily, they rock and sway,
With sealed emotions, they cling as one,
Unalarmed with eyes that say—

For many months, we dreamed of now,
Our objective—Nature's share,
With undulled emotion, she proclaimed,
Could have done this before?

So if your caught in Nature's lure,
With a reason, and a ring,
Just say to yourself, chums and all,
Oh, well, T'IS SPRING.

"Solid Joe" he is known as in these days—and we refer to none other than that giant of a man, L.A.C. Roulette (Mojo), of 57A. We hope this won't inspire conceit but he deserves a word of credit for his consistent high record in Morse. At this date, he has a perfect score in the traditional Thursday "heart-breakers." Yes, we do mean the Morse tests—and can only add, keep it up "Mojo!"

How Baache ever manages to balance his "wedge" at his preferred angle, still

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NO. 2 SQUADRON

F/O. M. P. Fallis, O/C.

Cpl. Stewart, Disciplinarian

Now that the leave we had been looking forward to is over, we can settle down and anticipate the grande finale.

We are sorry to lose some of our Squadron mates to the 61st but hope they will succeed there.

During the respite from our arduous duties things really happened. Our sympathies and condolences to Greaves and Anderson—we did our best to talk them out of it but it seems when a young man's fancy turns to what the girl has been thinking of all winter he hasn't much chance of escaping the meshes of matrimony. Rumor has it that Hunt also took the fatal plunge.

Think of all the extra time we would have had to enjoy ourselves on our leave if Cpl. Stewart had been along to pull us out of bed but dollars to doughnuts he wasn't up before reveille while we were away.

What class senior of B Flight enjoyed his leave in the measles ward of the local hospital?

Where does Ison get his laundry done and what premium does he get with it?

Why did Toyne tear up a letter before going on leave? Was it because he likes tearing paper?

What R.A.F. gentlemen spent most of their leave in Kitchener keeping up the morale of the C.W.A.C.?

Our congratulations to Berger and Oldham in topping the entry in the mid-term struggle.

Stranger than Fiction:

Chandler and Holmes in at bunk check and up at reveille.

Hawthorne on parade without a cigarette.

Cracknell with laryngitis.

Beck on parade.

Hurst with a wrinkled bed.

The entire squadron express their deepest sympathy to L.A.C. Waller in his recent bereavement.

This rumor about spring in the air must do things to some of the lads in the 61st. It seems there will be quite a few lads coming back after their nine days leave with nice shining "ball and chains," which in ordinary language, means "hooked." Don't worry fellows, it's not so bad, look at L.A.C. Hansford, that "wide part" in his hair doesn't come from being married. Well, we are sorry to lose L.A.C. Bergeron, our amiable sports photographer, but he is now going on an "A.G." course, so good luck to you "keed."

NO. 4 SQUADRON

F/O. Woods, O/C.

F/S. Taylor, Disciplinarian

Winter has rolled up her bag of tricks, the skies are clearing and just as spring presents the sunshine, so does No. 4 Squadron, present the 63rd Entry.

The Flight, an "all round" good scout (who immediately got his crown) started us off and now under popular Corporal Keys (the handsomest corporal on the campus) the 63rd has now taxied out on the runway, and is "revving up."

A and B Flights are getting into "fine pitch" and are closely followed by C and D and in all the records, should be hanging by their props. Morse seems to be the drag but an increased Thrust (brain) will overcome that difficulty. Radio and Procedure, centres of much gravity, can be reduced by a good lift provided by hard work and the assistance of such very capable instructors as we have.

Our craft should maintain its equilibrium and by increasing our angle of attack bring us to the ceiling to collect our Sparks.

One ceiling has already been reached with the G.D.'s. The gals, the flowers in our otherwise grass domain, claim the lads of the 63rd are tops and vice versa, and not a few of them are enjoying the dual training. The slush and the water, the wet, the P.T. and the Duty Flight has been like water rolling off a duck's back to the gang who have come through like the 8th Army.

Talent isn't short in the 63rd either, and we have several clowns (drat 'em) many good "ad libbers," at least one rising poet, a few weight lifters (lead I think), a magician, and an honest man (who took a police cruiser for an official car and tendered a salute). Rumor (well-known barrack termite) says the O.C. is looking for talent for a show, so the 63rd should be well represented. If the No. 5 Brantford gang can do it, so can we.

Due to the fact, that even the walls have ears, names of persons are luckily withheld. However, every L.A.C. is marked with his own handywork and we can identify an ace bedmaker and his compulsory pupil, that guy with the Grandma's lip, you know" what wants buttoning, and the munching mustaches nearby, that forte of trouble "getter-inners," the guy with the duration haircut, and the lone member of E Flight. All these and many more make up that happy Squadron of chaps that I for one.

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NO. 7 SQUADRON

F/L. Gilmore, M.P. O/C.
Cpl. Calford, Disciplinarian

A lot has happened during our first two weeks at No. 4. One hundred and eighteen men representing nearly every province in the Dominion have joined forces to create a new line-up in our league at No. 4 Wireless School.

From No. 4 Wireless School, every man of the 65th has already gained something and are anxious to and will contribute something of his best.

Esprit de Corps, or whatever it is, we have it, and like it, and we will hang on to it.

To say that the barracks and buildings are terrific, is a gross understatement. In surroundings such as ours the Manning Pool, Guard Duty and I.T.S. stages seem far removed.

Our instructors have demonstrated that nothing is too much trouble if it will help. We are all for them. This spirit of co-operation and helpfulness is personified in our new O/C. F/L. Gilmore, F/S. McIlwain, and Cpl. Calford.

Able, ample-voiced Flight "Getmeup" Taylor performed the honours for our initial week at No. 4. After the first two days and nights many of us were convinced by his tireless energy, and that sleep was wholly unnecessary. By the time our own F/S. McIlwain had returned we knew something about "press down on your thumbs," and realized that the seams of your pants are put there for a purpose. We also found out about "Sleeping Bags and Magic Carpets."

Now that we know each other better it is evident that we have amongst us athletes of no mean repute. Jack Burkhart played Canadian football with Toronto Argos and Bill Tait, Flight senior of "B" Flight, carried the pig-skin for the Lachine Manning Pool squad. Tiny Birke from out of the west, was much sought after by the Calgary Broncs. It is only politeness that restrains "Tiny" from walking through doors without first opening them. Incidentally he is the most WAG on two legs on the station.

Our swimmers demonstrated their abilities at the inter-swimming meet in downtown Guelph, Friday, April 2nd, with Jack Burkhart, Pat Molone, and Jack Dunnigan whipping the white-caps.

Four of our members have joined the station band, Craig, Williams, Voisard, and choir.

The activities of the 65th will be limited to the practically unlimited facilities of our school.

SO LET'S GET CRACKING FELLOWS, it's going to be a great show.

NO. 5 SQUADRON

F/L. R. L. Houlding, O/C.
Sgt. Mitchell, Disciplinarian

Another month has gone by and with it went the 53rd Entry, for on Friday, April 16th, the WAGS of No. 5 Squadron proudly marched onto the stage in Memorial Hall where they were presented their "Sparks" by the Commanding Officer, Group Captain A. H. K. Russell. By now they are only a memory, although one which will long remain in the minds of our instructors as well as in the hearts of many a fair lassie from our City of Guelph.

As is the way with all graduating squadrons, the 53rd had their banquet on the Wednesday before graduation. For its success we owe all our thanks to a most capable and energetic chairman, namely L.A.C. W. W. (Bill) Price. Highlight of the banquet was the short speech given by the C.O. on the subject of O.T.U.'s in Canada. Although it was considered to be confidential, we think that it has given every airman of the 53rd a goal to work for.

Highest honours of the squadron and academic award were taken by L.A.C. Bob O'Hare. "Ottawa, here I come." Bob graduated with the highest marks ever attained at this school, for which he must be given special credit as he wrote the last half of the exams a few hours after learning of the death of his young brother in Ottawa.

Second place with the proficiency award was won by L.A.C. Bill Price who, for seven months, kept up a very close chase for high honours in the squadron.

Our dear Sgt. Mitchell was very disappointed on graduation as weather would not permit the squadron to do the ceremonial drill which he had so earnestly pounded into us. All we can say is "Better luck with the new entry, Mitch."

The boys had quite a surprise on graduation when L.A.C. (Junior) Lee failed to show up for Sparks parade. However, it was announced later that he was in the hospital with a bad cold. This did not deter Group Captain Russell who went to the hospital and there presented young Lee with his Sparks.

While we pat each other on the back and wish them the best of luck at Bombing and Gunnery School, let us not forget the boys who did not quite make the grade and have to stay another month at No. 4. Among them were several who kept in the limelight of the squadron all year and will really be missed by the boys at B. & G. A few of them are: L.A.C. Bill Pringle, the very capable orderly sergeant of A Flight; L.A.C. Curly Bordeleau, the

(Continued on page 13, col 2)

NO. 6 SQUADRON

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

Now that the parade square is once again clear of snow, the boys of the 55th are looking forward to that happy day when we mark down for the last time, to receive those coveted Sparks. Although that is exactly forty-six days, three hours, and twenty-seven minutes away, we feel that our time here is drawing to a close.

When you read this, we shall be back from Burtch with wild tales of how we were operating at twenty-five words per minute, and how we almost shot a Jerry out of the sky from the near cockpit of our trusty Tigerschmidt." Names, and places however, are purely coincidental.

At present, we are toiling through Outstations under the careful guidance of Flight Sergeant White, and for the benefit of the up and coming WAG's, he isn't really a bad fellow—no, he doesn't throw bricks at you—maybe a coil once in a while, but after all, fellows, what's a coil? There is one point though, which he really stresses,—The WAG must eat his challenge sheet whenever he is forced down in enemy territory. This still goes, even if the sheet happens to be pasted to a piece of cardboard.

We spend our Sunday afternoons taking pictures while garbed in heavy flying clothes, you see, these pictures are all promised to girls from coast to coast. In fact, to get that "Hollywood Pilot" effect, Whitehead, Keegan, McNicholl and Ethier even tied their pillow cases around their necks to take the place of a white silk scarf.

At present, we are trying to be a smart-looking squadron, and even Richardson is getting his side burns adjusted, at least, he is talking about it. Mitchell shines his buttons with the sleeve of his great coat, and Dumas, apparently keeps his shoes shined with the back of his fatigue pants.

A Wag's Impression of the Wireless Air Gunners' Course

First month—The WAG thinks he knows quite a lot about operating.

Second month—He thinks he is even a better operator than he was the first month.

Third month—He thinks he has mastered the art of operating.

Fourth month—He is sure he has mastered the art of operating.

Fifth month—He isn't so sure he is an operator.

Sixth month—He finally realizes he knows nothing about being an operator.

R-55356 Cpl. M. M. Stewart,
55th Entry.

Squadron Leader Doyle, Chief Medical Officer

"Sparks" now turns its eagle eye on the Medical Section and formally introduces the new S.M.O., Squadron Leader H. S. Doyle.

A Canadian with obvious Irish leanings "Hank" Doyle was born at Fort Frances, Ontario, in the Rainy River district, but he moved to Toronto at an early age and received most of his schooling there. He attended North Toronto Collegiate and the University of Toronto. There he mixed academics with sports, played centre for the U. of T. soccer team—and even found time to win himself the Inter-Collegiate Diving Championship. Leaving the University with his Medical Degree he interned for a couple of years at Toronto Western and Toronto General Hospitals and then turned his attentions to communicable disease. For the next two years Dr. Doyle was Resident Physician and Public Health Doctor at Riverdale Isolation Hospital.



Squadron Leader Doyle

War was declared during the doctor's second year at Riverdale and so he spent most of his spare time with C.O. T.C. Service life must have appealed to him because in June, 1940, he "went active." With the R.C.A.M.C. he went to Trenton attached to the Air Force, and became air minded. Several months later Lieut. Doyle was sworn into the R.C.A.F. After a short course in Aviation Medicine, at Ottawa, Ont., as Flight Lieutenant, Doyle was posted to No. 9 Recruiting Centre, London, to examine rookies and would-be rookies. Some five and a half months later he made the short hop to No. 4 A.O.S. Crumlin, which is practically suburban London.

Dr. Doyle got his real break when a diphtheria epidemic caught up with T.T. St. Thomas and he was posted there as officer in charge of communicable disease control. His skill and knowledge in his specialized work was truly tested and evidently proved most satisfactory for in a matter of five or six weeks he was

—Bringing to you the Highlights of the World of Sports at No. 4 Wireless School.

According to Flt. Sgt. Desjardins, it is expected to have the boys out on the games field in a couple of weeks—provided the weather keeps up. It will be a lot better than our "stuffy" gym!! (April 16, 2 inches of snow).

It seems the P.T. instructors have basketball teams of their own, consisting of two players on a team. "Robby" and the "Flight" always win. The Flight makes up the rules as they go along. (No wonder they win)!!

The Station swimming team composed of Jack Burkart, Jack Dunnigan, Pat Malone and Jack Barnett had a tough break the other day. They were to contest in Hamilton at the Optimist Meet, but arrived too late. The winning team's time was 1.46 secs., our boys have been clocked at 1.40 secs. Too bad fellows but you'll soon get another chance to show your stuff.

We play a game in the gym called Desjardins Ball, a sort of combination of basketball and rugby. Teams usually consist of a Flight on each team at the start of the game, two or three are left on opposing teams at the end of the game.

Gym Gossip":

called to Toronto to No. 1 Training Command to do special duty which was also with communicable disease. His reward was a long-coveted overseas posting.

Sailing from Canada in August, 1941, Flight Lieutenant Doyle joined the 414th Fighter Squadron in England. He spent the next thirteen months—their training period—with this squadron, but his luck turned, and when they went "operational" he was recalled to Canada.

The doctor doesn't say very much about his work overseas, it is still a "Military secret," but he no doubt got a lot of very useful experience medically and when the time comes for yarning about this war we do not think he will have to take a back seat. Between work and air raids he did a bit of flying, not solo of course, he hasn't a license, and he confesses to a keen interest in gliders.

Although Dr. Doyle had regrets at leaving the scene of action—there were many home ties, a charming young wife,

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SPORTS

By L.A.C. MISENER

"Quote"—Is it true that Cpl. Eddie Lithgow went on his leave, to let his hair grow back?—What about that bet the Flight has with Sgt. Crow, that he can gain 10 lbs. in a month? We find a new "star" in the gym in Cigarette "Scrounging," it is none other than the man from Mars—Cpl. Dilabbio, he takes the packages from the airmen and gives you two cigarettes back.

The boys are learning tumbling in the gym, under the "beautiful and graceful guidance of Sgt. Brown, thus far no necks have been broken.

Who is Sgt. Crow going to marry??

Is it Isobel, or could it possibly be Mary?

Cpl. Latreille may be seen at nights pounding his way around the campus in an effort to get in condition for the future track meet. His partner, Cpl. Stein, when he feels like exercising, lays down till the urge passes.

Cpl. Carter and Cpl. Robertson recently moved into the same room. It looks like a "budding" romance, especially with spring in the air. Cpl. McCombe has been posted to Burtch, to see that the WAG's do their arm swings while pounding a key at 7,000 feet. Unquote."

Hockey—

Flt. Sgt. Desjardins now has a long whip called a black snake. It is very effective! . . . We are trying to make arrangements with F/L. Geo. Duthie from No. 1 "M" Depot to get a Push Ball. A Push Ball is a large sphere (ball) 15 feet in circumference. The rules consist of pushing the ball the whole length of the rugby field over the goal line. The teams consist of one Flight per side. The winning team will get a prize from the Flight (Oh yeah)?

There is a rumor going around the Station that there will be a promotion for some of the P.T.I. Cpls. How about it Mr. Scott?

A Field Day will be held between the 24th of May and the 6th of June, with the approval of our C.O., Group Captain K. Russell. So to all you twerps, nit-wits, jerks and nincompoops, we say—get ready for it. Get training quick and make sure your Squadron wins.

That's all for now,

Sooooooooooooo long.

AWARDS FOR 53rd ENTRY

L.A.C.s Price and O'Heare Win General Proficiency and Academic Awards

As another class prepares to leave to carry on the tradition of No. 4 W.S., there were two in particular, who must have looked forward to receiving their "Sparks." These two fortunate chaps were L.A.C. "Bob" O'Heare who won the Academic Award, and L.A.C. Price who carried off the General Proficiency honours.

Robert E. O'Heare was born at Perth, Ontario, but maintains that his name came originally from Ireland. While still quite young, his family moved to Ottawa and he finished his formal education there. Leaving high school, he became a motor mechanic in an Ottawa



garage, and later spent a couple of years in a machine shop, probably learned the technique by which he later distinguished himself at No. 4.

On June 25, 1942, he became a part of the R.C.A.F. and found himself at Lachine M.D. Twenty-five seems to have been his particular number because on August 25th, he left to do guard duty at Rockcliffe—until Sept. 25th. He then came to Guelph where he picked some new numbers usually in the 90's as the result of examination papers and finally, on graduating, held the highest Academic standing ever attained by a graduate—92%.

The General Proficiency Award is one highly valued, and justly so, for it indicates the prowess of the Trainee in all-round activities. The winner is decided upon by a combination of results from Academic results along with an assessment of General Proficiency. This time it went to L.A.C. Price.

L.A.C. Price was born some 28 years ago in the city of Montreal and made it his home town until the time came to enlist in the R.C.A.F. On leaving high school he worked and studied as paint chemist until May, 1942. After a stay at Lachine M.D. he was stationed at the Equipment Depot in Montreal East.

When the 53rd got under way, L.A.C. Price was here to join them. Thereby began the strenuous activity by which he gained the General Proficiency Award. Married in August, 1941, L.A.C. Price made his home in nearby

The Discip

Who are they?

W.O.2 Cowan. The "Station Sergeant-Major" needs no introduction. He knows most everyone on the station and where they are located. Some people he knows better than others!

F/S. Macellwain (Hi-de-ho) is the senior Flight Sergeant of the discip and first saw light of day in Glasgow, Scotland, but claims Montreal as his home. He is a discip, but ask a certain Mrs. Mac located in the Canadian Legion office, who maintains discipline in their home. He knows Wags, having worked with them since the second entry on the station and has always shown a keen interest in such sports as soccer, wrestling and boxing.

F/S. Taylor (Five-bi-five) "Spanky" is a product of Toronto where he took an active interest in city playground work and played on the championship teams of the Beach League. As a livelihood he spent his time at the Union Stock Yards in the cattle business which probably accounts for that voice heard all over the station.

F/S. Hall "Jack," comes from Maitland, Ont., just east of the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence River. He is more or less a pioneer on the station, having been here for some time. The Flight has a son Robert J., who, he says, is picking up drill remarkably at the age of nine months. Mrs. Hall and Robert are residing in Guelph at the present time.

Sgt. Mitchell, (Mitch), born in England, came here with his parents at the age of five and has made his home at Timmins. There he kept himself busy refining gold and in his spare moments took an active interest in hockey, football and softball.

Sgt. Hollywood, the warbling hatter, (not mad), who chirped his first in Belfast, Northern Ireland, spent six years in the United States. He is now the answer to Guelph's maidens' prayers, has been living here much of his life.

Sgt. Biggar, (Johnny), formerly spent much of his time as a machinist in Windsor, his home town. He has always taken an active interest in sports and has achieved station fame as a sprinter, has been stationed here for about two years.

Guelph during his stay.

On leaving, to go on to B. & G., these two fellows agree they enjoyed their stay, found the course interesting, and definitely are glad its over . . .

Cpl. Walker, (Jim), makes Toronto his home where he has been employed in the welfare department although his chief interests are hydroponics and chemical gardening, in which he has been quite active. Jim has three daughters and two sons and his family is well represented in the armed forces with one son overseas in the Toronto Scottish and the other a sergeant instructor at Long Branch.

Cpl. Franz, (Gramps), is the only discip who took an active part in the last scrap and in this war his family is also well represented, with one son overseas in the army and the other a discip at Trenton. Mrs. Franz and their two daughters keep the home fires burning in Kitchener, where he was a steel worker. (No. 3 Sqdn. will know now where he gets that glint in his eye).

Cpl. MacSwain, (Mac), is definitely a bluenose from New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, although the hard rock at Moose River has kept him occupied. The blonde you see him with down town is Mrs. Mac makes you wonder why he deserves such a wonderful fate. He has over three years service and first was a hospital assistant but decided administering discipline was better.

Cpl. Stewart (Stew) Bob is one of the former Wags of this station who didn't graduate but loved the place so much (or is it a redhead) that he took a discip course and was posted back here. Tillsonburg is the neck of the woods where he was formerly kept busy in the tobacco industry.

Cpl. Fleming, (Roy), represents his family in the R.C.A.F., with his father in the navy and a brother in the army. He claims Sarnia as his home and Imperial Oil there as his way of keeping out of mischief. He played on the company's softball and baseball teams.

Cpl. Keyes, (Glamour), also claims the city of churches his home, attended Oakwood Collegiate where he played on the rugby team, on leaving school he took up salesmanship as an occupation and is now selling the R.C.A.F. to No. 4 Sqdn.

Cpl. Calford, (Cal), first decided when he enlisted he was going to fly but due to no fault of his own that wasn't to be; so now he is disciplining those who will. He received his education in his home town, Oshawa, and since that time has been employed in the General Motors factory there.

Squadron Leader L. C. Parkes, Chief Instructor

No. 4 Wireless School has developed into one of the most outstanding schools of the Combined Air Training Plan under the Chief Instructor, Squadron Leader Parkes. This school has recently been raising its already high standard of



Squadron Leader L. C. Parkes

WAG output, and it is reasonable to suppose that much of the successful air operating overseas is due, in a large part, to the efficient operating of the graduates of No. 4 Wireless School.

In this regard, considerable portion of the credit for the successful running of this School can be traced to the radio-minded executive officers. Both the Commanding Officer and the Chief Instructor are enthusiastically of the opinion that radio, and electronics, generally, is the forthcoming miracle worker of our quickly approaching peace time employment.

SQUADRON LEADER DOYLE

(Continued from page 6)

the former Anna Soper, of Toronto, and the excitement of an introduction to a very young son and heir, named Michael, born in May whilst his daddy was still overseas, being by no means the least of these.

Time out for a quick look at the bright lights and a reunion with friends and family and Flight Lieutenant Doyle was posted to Guelph. Shortly after his arrival at No. 4 Wireless School Command gave him the additional job of doctoring the W.D.s. and so his troubles really began—for surely these lasses meet with more accidents with butcher knives and bread slicers than did the boys in the "blitz."

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Hostess House Items

After receiving their Sparks, Friday's graduating class gathered with relatives and friends in the Hostess Room. Refreshments, provided jointly by the Mess Hall, the Canadian Legion War Services, and the Hostess House, were served by the officers' wives from a daffodil bedecked table. "Wing Mates" were at hand to sew on the newly-acquired Sparks.

One incident, however, detracted from the afternoon's enjoyment—Relatives of L.A.C. J. E. R. Johnson, journeying to the graduation ceremony, were involved in a car accident five miles west of Brampton, with the result that Mrs. E. Finnemore, mother-in-law of L.A.C. Johnson, required medical attention in Brampton and again after reaching the Hostess Room. It was believed and hoped, though, that Mrs. Finnemore's condition resulted from shock and that she would soon recover.



Miss Martin Serving

On the evening of Friday, April 16th, the Hostess Room was the scene of a birthday party for AW1 Priscilla Frenette. Pink candles on a white cake, daffodils, and an ample supply of apples, sandwiches, nuts and candy made a delectable-looking table about which airmen and women gathered to watch the blowing out of the candles and to eat and to drink. The evening was rounded out with dancing.

April 18's Sunday tea was sponsored and served by ladies of the Captain Frederick Bond Chapter of the I.O.D.E. A large crowd of airmen and women with their friends enjoyed the refreshments and the music—the latter being provided by Miss Geraldine Schmuck, A.C.2 John Knight, and AW2 Pottruff.

Throughout the month the weekly meetings of the servicemen's wives, the "Wing Mates," have been given over to the home nursing course being conducted by Mrs. R. D. Lark, R.N., and to the making of towels for the airmen's canteen.

Miss Jessie Martin, hostess-in-charge, is spending several days' leave at Sud-

Nearing Graduation

Nine glorious days! Now we are entered upon the last lap of our course.

There are various stories of the nine days well spent—Bremen and Anderson with stories of Little Old New York—Wrathall and Toronto and night-life—Scotty Delude, Lalonde and Paul with stories of romance and gay music from Quebec—Jones and "Leonora." There has also been quite a change in Edmunds say 456.

Still I guess the finish of the twelfth week exams removed quite a strain from various shoulders. Just before the exams the boys were going around biting their finger nails, forgetting to wear tie pins and various other insane tricks. Meisner even polished his brass one morning before he realized what he was doing. After the exams we heard various answers the boys had put down—

What happens if a V.T.25 blows out? Why naturally we attach the screen grid to the barred E thus making a charge varying on the B range but leaving the condenser without a leg to stand on.

Why do we need C.W.? The answer being of course to build strong bones and healthy bodies.

What is the purpose of the M.O.? Why to repair damages after a game of Desjardins basketball.

Why do we need a tap on the coil of the M.O.? If a W.A.G. gets thirsty and hasn't time to look for his 40 ounce, he turns the tap on to B which gives him a glassful of proton juice which is "POSITIVELY" delicious.

Now these answers may be slightly incorrect. They do not necessarily constitute the opinion of Corporal Davies.

By the way has everyone seen the picture of Anderson's new missus? We think that he is to be highly congratulated on his taste. Congratulations Andy.

Some of the members of the squadron have taken to playing bridge during idle hours. There was much amazement about a certain Jim Kindness holding seven clubs, on the part of the B.J.

Our flights have now been thoroughly shuffled and not so evenly either. C flight is not a flight, but a squadron, having in its ranks some 38 members.

However, mixing-up will give us a change and a chance to meet some more of the boys in the squadron.

Well gang, spring is supposed to be on its way. However we don't seem to

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bury. During her absence, Miss Florence Millen, who comes from the Hostess House at Trenton, is supplying.

DWUBLE-YEW-DEES

H.Q. W.D.s Hold a Party

By "MAC"

On the eve and into the morn of April Fool's Day, the headquarters W.D.s held an "at home" dance on their side of Mac Hall. Their guests for the most part were the H.Q. boys.

L.A.W. Lilia Logette acted as mistress of ceremonies; most able assistance was volunteered by Sgt. George "Parky" Parkinson who acquired a veritable fixation on the "mike," even to the point of crooning "My Melancholy Baby"—and in very good voice too.

There were the usual run of Paul Joneses thrown in at random to clear the wall space and get everyone well circulated. To add variety and incentive, there were a few novelty elimination contests—much to the amusement of the onlookers and exhaustion of the participants. The C.O., S.A.O., and Adjutant in consultation with other available officers judged the events and presented the prizes to the sole surviving couple in each feature. In order of occurrence these contests were: (1) **Statue Dance**—the music starts; everybody dances; the music stops; everybody freezes to the spot; the judges disqualify or "C.T." all those that so much as flick an eyelash; the music starts again; the whole procedure is repeated until all but one couple are C.T.'d; Cpl. "Duke" Leduc and L.A.W. Jean Tinline were the winners. (2) **Squat Dance**—the music plays; the people dance; the music stops; the people squat, but quick!; the last couple to achieve said proper squat position are C.T.'d, and so the game goes 'til one lone couple are left to take home the prizes; Sgt. Gordon Bramah and AW1 Vera Barlow were the lucky ones (or were they? that floor was plenty hard—ouch!) **Waltz Contest**—everybody waltzes while the judges mill through the crowd and tactfully weed out the contestants in order of demerit; Cpl. Fred Singleton and L.A.W. Phyl Griffin out-danced the "purge" and so were acclaimed the terpsichorean artists of the night.

Highlight of the evening was a seige of square dancing; Sgt/Major "Mickey" McGuire called off the sets while Sgts. Bill Wilkes, Benny Greaves, and Parky Parkinson rolled out the rhythm on the piano, fiddle, and guitar respectively. It was a "swing your partners, corners turn" free-for-all, well interspersed with enthusiastic war-whooping — vigorous gaiety reigned throughout.

At eleven o'clock our C.O. and O.C. (G/C. Russell and FL/O. Stambaugh)

led off in a grand march; all the boys and girls followed—destination: the buffet lunch table which was attractively decorated with flowers, candles and food (sandwiches, coffee, and multi-colored cakes).

Close to the witching hour an announcement was made to the effect that the management regretted it could not assume responsibility for any guests AWL from bunk check; whereupon, amid groans of down-troddenness all WAGS reluctantly departed. The party continued still in high gear. "The King" was played at approximately 0045 hrs. although that marked the formal finish of the function, many stayed on, gathered around the piano, and sang lustily as Cpl. Phyl Reid played the accompaniment; this went on 'til . . . well . . . Well, let's have a repeat real soon.

P. S.—For equipment and services scrounged for the good of the party, thank all aids hereinabove mentioned; also Mr. Hersey and Miss Martin of the Hostess House, F/O. Etherington, S/O. Lang, Sgt./Major Cowan, Cpl. Walker, the officers' mess, the sergeants' mess, and the duty flight of April 30th. Our dance committee: W.D.'s Logette, Noyes, Paterson, Trowell, Nesbitt, Keown, Barber, and Whitnell.

The Fun Parade

She: "I can't stand Jack any more."
Her: "Why?"
She: "Why last night I had to tell him to behave."
Her: "Oh! And he did, eh?"

She: "This is a story of a man out west who traded his wife off for a horse. You wouldn't trade me for a horse would you darling?"

He: "Of course not, but I'd hate to have anyone tempt me with a set of tires."

Model: "The artist made me pose with a rifle in my hands."

Another: "Is he doing a picture of the war?"

Model: "No, he can't trust himself."

Well, until next week, fellows.

Things We'd Like to Know

Why the 5 o'clock gang (65th) don't use their own washroom?

Why they send trainees to England for Commando training when we have one of the best "exponents" in the art of Commando tactics, right on this station in the person of F/S. "Oeck Oeck" Desjardins.

DOROTHY HIX

Dear Miss Hix:

I am writing because I don't have any troubles and I'm afraid that there must be something wrong with me. Everyone else seems to have so much to bother them, I have begun to wonder if maybe there is something not just quite O.K. I lay in bed and try to think up something but don't have any success. Do you think I'm queer and if so what should I do about it?

L.A.C. B. Odd

Dear Odd:

Seeing you are in the Airforce, it is a job for the M.O. Go on sick parade tomorrow morning.

Dorothy Hix

Dear Miss Hix:

I come from the country and don't know how things run. I mean to do them in proper channels. Anyway, I was taking one of these uniform gals out and she got posted. I called up not knowing and her friend answered. Not wanting to go out with myself I asked her out. Now what's wrong with that, she sounded indignant. How can a guy know these things?

AC2 Hill Billy

Dear Hill Billy:

One just learns these things by experience, my son. Just call the girl's friend up again, you'll be O.K. and won't have to go out alone.

Dorothy Hix

Dear Miss Hix:

I'm an airwoman and have one of the new uniforms. It's very embarrassing because the airmen make horrible remarks about you know what differences. The skirt is nicer and everything but I do wish they would quit, in the meantime what shall I do to stop them?

AW1. Plump

Dear AW1:

My dear you will only have to suffer this until all the girls get their new togs. Until then you'll just have to let nature take its course.

Dorothy Hix

Dear Miss Hix:

My problem is this. I'm a civilian that goes to the dances to entertain airmen. I meet lots of them and they are quite nice and come to the house and eat Mother's food and drink Dad's beer. They don't say much, but when they go away they write such nice letters about me to me. Why are they cold when here and nice when over there?

Lonely

Dear Lonely:

Airmen are like that, Lonely. In your case absence seems to make their hearts fonder. Never mind the war will be over in another ten years and who knows.

Dorothy Hix

CALLING C.Q.

By Sgt. Bill Amendola
VE3ARR

VO1T, VO1T Canadian VE3ARR calling es standing by. What say OM.

In Sept. issue of our well known magazine "Sparks," an old, but very familiar call was seen, the one call that all amateurs all over the world were using up to the declaration of war.

When looking for new acquaintances, something new to hear and talk about, that good old C.Q. was sent out, a general call to all amateurs, a call which will never be forgotten by those who have used it. Many, many enjoyable evenings were spent on the air both with phone and C.W. An amateur's dream was to experiment on new things with new tubes (valves) to find out what weak points a new tube would have, to use new circuits, examine their functions and design. Then to contact a fellow amateur; tell him what your results were and listen to his comments along with his, or her, experience.

I have not had the pleasure of enjoying a QSO (communication) with VO1T, our fellow ham who contributed the September article, as a fellow amateur along with many others on this station. Renewing our acquaintance of old times and commenting on each other's doings. We have had many a pleasant chat, reviewing the subjects of peace-time when many enjoyable evenings were spent "on the air!"

I have had the pleasure of speaking to VE9AL, who is now our Commanding Officer; VE3HR, Sgt. Wilkes; VE3AZZ, Sgt. Day; VE3AHW, Sgt. Sanderson; VE3AXD, Sgt. Lorch, along with many others. VE3UV, Sgt. Lambe, VE4ANH, Cpl. Reidford; VE3AEO, Cpl. Scarrow; VE3ALF, Sgt. F. Holmes; VE3ANI, L.A.C. Beyington; VE3FO, Cpl. Langstaff; VE3BBH, Sgt. Page; VE5VU, Sgt. Cartledge; VE3ME, Cpl. Dyson; VE2OS, Sgt. Clarks; VE5MX, Sgt. Hamerton from the far west, and our good friend from Newfoundland VO1T, F/S. Sellars.

All of these amateurs are now instructors on this station or at our flying squadron at Burtch. Many others did not have any type of rig (transmitter) on the air, but have amateur proficiency tickets; still others have neither but were keenly interested too. Now, not because they wanted to be, but because they were picked for that type of duty, they have become Instructors and Wireless Mechanics of the R.C.A.F.

Amateurs are well represented from one coast to the other, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, serving along with many more from various parts of the world. These have been men and women who

have been bitten by the radio bug and have learned all the radio possible the hard way. Some were more fortunate than others, some had to scrape, borrow, even work many hours after school to save enough money so that they could purchase a radio part that may be only worth a few cents, yet that was their hobby, amateur radio.

When their rig was built and ready to be placed on test, then on the air, I'll bet that most of them were as nervous as I was when I threw my switch and tapped out C.Q. on that old brass key. Shaking like a leaf, not knowing why, then listen to my receiver for an answer and when I heard my call, I said to myself, "Can this be true?" "Am I hearing things? What's the matter with me? That's my call, what am I going to say?" But I did have a real QSO communication that evening. It was the only one that night I'll grant you, but it made me feel good and I was sitting high even if I did receive a low report on my signals. But what could I expect from a bottle (valve) that was not even wired up right, however the radio bug had bitten me and there I was, right back into the Xmitter trying to get it to work better. After a time I was going places, good reports coming in on my signals, contacting fellows that I never heard of. Having a lot of fun making new acquaintances, staying up all hours of the night. One morning in the early hours while I was having a rag chew with a fellow amateur way down in Florida, there came a noise loud enough to overcome the C.W. signals on my head phones. No it was not thunder, it was a pair of ski boots that my XYL (wife) had thrown down stairs, apparently trying to tell me how late it was. But I had my cans (phones) on and it just sounded like more static. It was four A.M. so I had to QRT (stop sending) and end our QSO (communication).

An amateur's hamfest was to be held for all amateurs at the Royal York Hotel in the city of Toronto, September, 1939. I remember we were all talking about it over the air. We were going to have a swell time, amateurs were going to attend from all over the country. Then the big blow came. Once again after twenty years of peace we were at war. We all knew what that meant, we had to postpone our hamfest until after the war was won, cease operation, dismantle our equipment so that no one could use it or even reassemble it. Our government sent out notices asking amateurs, radio servicemen and radio operators for their services and with no hesitation, amateurs, servicemen and operators from all over the Dominion came to answer that call. It was

not conscription and we did not have to join then. Yes, all volunteers. Some could not enlist due to the high standards required; some were granted commissions; some with trade groupings and some as standards. Others were not even accepted, but they came and offered their services.

We may grumble and rage at this and that and what we should have done on enlistment and what not. But you will find us all doing our jobs to the best of our knowledge and ability, our spirits are not by any means broken. We are now talking of what we are going to put on the air after this war is won.

To make things easier for you many of your instructors are using their own parts, building apparatus that may aid in your training. Yes, Wireless Air Gunners, we all rack our brains to try to teach you what we had to learn the hard way. Some of us gave up good jobs. Some of us were businessmen and left personal interests behind. If you do not give your full co-operation and put all your efforts to what we are trying to teach you, we will be losers as well as you. We are all fighting for the same cause and you will never regret knowing what your Instructors are trying to teach you. Radio is a wonderful thing fellows, and may lead any of you to a fascinating hobby in peacetime, probably a good job.

This will end my Rag Chew with you.

Tnx fer ur vy fb qso cul om es 73's.

Thanks for your very fine business communications, see you later, Old man and best regards.

Canadian VE3ARR signing off and clear with VO1T and standing by for any of you hams (amateurs) listening. What say.

VE3ARR Over.

APOLOGY

This issue has been put together without the usual smooth operating editorial organization. For this we apologize and promise better things next time.

We particularly desire assistance from a cartoonist and from reporters, airmen and airwomen. Those interested will be welcome. Leave your names and room numbers with the Canadian Legion.

"Don't they teach you to salute in your Flight?" roared the Pilot Officer, who had passed him without raising his hand.

"Yes, sir," replied the WAG.

"Then why didn't you salute?"

"Well, sir," said the innocent WAG, "I didn't want to attract more attention than necessary because I'm not supposed to be out without a pass."

∴ W.M.'s at Work and Play ∴

Over in Mac Institute is an industrious group of "Wireless Mechanics," including personnel of all ranks from L.A.C. to F/S. These people, more commonly known as Instructors, are responsible for tuition in all things radio and are by all the standards of education, in a capable position to do just that. Their ranks are made up of former "Hams," radio servicemen, businessmen of radio, etc. (see article by Sgt. Amendola in this issue).

The purpose of this column is not to give laborious accounts of their capabilities and activities, past, present or future, but rather to make them acquainted to trainees in a more or less "off the record" fashion. This problem was capably set out upon by the head of our Section, busy F/L. Mooney, and many will remember the interviews conducted by him in previous issues.

Knowing this group first-hand, we are of the opinion that these fellows are among the best of people you meet anywhere in the R.C.A.F. WOG Instructors belong to a similar group.

Well, we started out to report on their "behind the scenes" activities.

Interesting to observe that it's now almost spring (?) and when spring has sprung a radio man's fancy turns to thoughts of building a new set or rebuilding the old one. There is always somebody worrying Bill Amendola and Doug. Moss in an effort to obtain radio parts for the proposed set. To listen to Bill Amendola making a deal with almost anyone reminds you of bargain day at Honest Abe's. Is it any wonder if someone occasionally gets a volume control that works, like the sound effects man on the radio? Don Farmer has just finished one of these little jobs and—it works. Don or "Wolf" Larson has for some time been accumulating material for his 1943 version of the cyclatron. When completed it is expected to be able to compete in noise-level with other models in the Ad. Building. Don Hassel (three Don's in a row—must be the Quixote influence) is working on a long and short wave job, which, if anything like the dial, should be O.K.

Considering extra-curricular activities, also considering spring, it is interesting to note the observations which are being made with regard to the proposed matrimonial anticipations of Tommie Jack and D/F. Farmer (Farmer's the Sgt. who looks as though he'd been caught in a hair-raid). If you think they're a couple of brave fellows, what about the girls? The date will be some time in

June. Let's hope Spring is here by then.

Before we forget we must congratulate "Flight" Sellars on his recent promotion. To any who know him, his is an obviously deserved "crown" and everyone in the section is pleased to see him get it.

In the Instructors' room the other day we heard a joke by "Corry" Corbett which could quite reasonably have been printed even in the pages of "Sparks." Unfortunately, we forget what it was.

On closing there's something we'd like to propose—now that it's already been proposed by Bill Amendola and others. We refer to another W.M. Dinner. The last couple we had were highly successful and the next should be even better. Think it over and be ready to lend your enthusiastic support—if you must be an Instructor you might as well make the best of an admittedly unattractive situation and, who knows, there may be worse jobs.

The coming banquet should provide some interesting diversion.

TECH. TALKS

By Cpl. Mowat

We're the rambling wrecks

From the Technical Recs.

And nary a thing we fear.

With our apologies to Georgia Tech.

Technical Records Office, for the first time in the history of No. 4, contributes its two bits worth to "Ye Olde Sparks."

I must say that this part of No. 4 is really a thing apart, and is manned by a strange tribe who speak a language understood only by those in the immediate vicinity of the office.

We play a game called "Button, button, who's got the button?" or "Hide and Seek." This game consists of personnel hiding all marks, papers, files and Command Instructions in a secret hiding place, so no one will know just what is on hand. Occasionally, many weeks later, one of the staff, quite accidentally, of course, will stumble on these articles. But then we believe in the motto "Never let your right hand know what your left hand is doing." This results in a period of continual confusion, which is enjoyed by all and sundry. Of course, there are a few of our staff, who are losing a great deal of hair by the "tearing" method.

And now for the Odds and Ends of the column. A general building up and

61st ENTRY

Spring is in the air and so is the 61st, with only a few more days before our nine days leave, "we hope." That rumor about "our Corporal" Franz being transferred certainly put an awful scare into the 61st. How could we get up in the morning without the helping hands of Cpl. Franz? Well we're certainly thankful that he's going to stay. No wonder L.A.C. Hansford goes around with a smile on his face, who wouldn't after being "blessed?"—with twins, one WAG to one W.A.A.F. The 61st have certainly distinguished themselves, especially L.A.C. Westphall, and L.A.C. Swift, in that new and most thrilling game, called "Desjardins basketball," plus the art of gouging, kicking, scratching and biting. Since the new regulation came out, wonder why so many lads put London on their pass forms? Cpl. Franz certainly has every right to strut his "stuff," especially when the Station Sergeant Major, stopped the 61st Sqdn., (not for duty flight) but (we don't know why) to congratulate the 61st on being the best Sqdn. on the C.O.'s parade. Keep it up fellows, and maybe Cpl. Franz will give us ? ? ? ?

Wonder what L.A.C. Bennett's wife said when she found one of his "golden locks" missing.

breaking down of the personnel of the Office.

First of all, we say a tearful Au Revoir to our Technical Adjutant, Flying Officer Morrison. He is a swell guy and tops in everyone's estimation.

Secondly, a very hearty "welcome" to Pilot Officer Macleod who so capably filled Flying Officer Morrison's place in our office.

A word about WO1 McGuire. He is still "on the wagon." Occasionally his feet drag a little, but he sings "I was doing all right, but I'm doing better than ever, now."

And so while I am busy dodging the bombardment of rotten tomatoes which seem to be flying this way, I will report a conversation heard between two civilian stenographers of T.R.O.

Miss Andrews: "I hate that man!"

Miss Densmore: "Why, what happened? I thought you liked him?"

Miss Andrews: "He said I could not whistle and just to show him, I puckered up my lips as sweet and round as possible and what do you think he did?"

Miss Densmore (blushingly): "How should I know?"

Miss Andrews: "The prune let me whistle."

SERGEANT'S MESS

H-m-m-m—Let's see what's happened in the Mess since the last edition of Sparks. (The last edition, incidentally, was dated in March, and published in March, we congratulate ourselves.)

On first thought, there doesn't seem to have been much ado but looking beneath the surface, you can always find a few things going on.

To get off to a good start, we extend the welcome of the Mess to those persons who have recently been posted to this Station. Also, we congratulate the following on promotions: Sgt. Sellars, who has been a W.M. here since the beginning of the school, is now F/S., and Sgt. Jarvis, who has been a W.O.G. for an equally long time holds a similar rank. Promoted from Cpl. to Sgt. are "Andy" Anderson of the W.M. Instructional staff, and Dick Badger and Lyle Gower of the W.O.G. Section. Cpl. Hood of Accounts, Cpl. Parkes of Central Warehouse, and Cpl. Harwood of S.P.'s, are now Sgts. Back from Burtch, we have Sgt. "Mac" MacIntyre, who did a capable job as Burtch editor for this sheet and whose talents we hope, will not be lost to Sparks. "Mac" is quite at home here having spent some time on the station before going to Burtch.

Speaking of Burtch, we must congratulate Sgt. "Mudder" Middleton on the cool bit of operating he did from the middle of a ploughed field "somewhere in Ontario." We understand the aircraft was unable to take off again, not because of damage or the condition of the field, but due to the extra load of mud which "Mudder" had imposed upon it while making his tour of inspection following the forced landing. They had to tow it out.

Also at Burtch lately was Sgt. Larson who seemed to enjoy the change of scenery and the opportunity to do a bit of air operating. At an appointed time one P.M., Sgts. Coulson, Jack, Cove, enjoyed a lengthy Q.S.O. with him from a lab, while he cruised about in the "Tigerschidt" above.

Of interest and appeal to all was the dance held in the basement of Mem. Hall on Thursday, March 28th. Thanks to the entertainment committee and Mess executives the evening was a pronounced success, attracted one of the largest crowds yet observed at a Mess function. Enthusiastically welcomed were a number of Senior N.C.O.'s from the C.W.A.C. barracks at Kitchener. They seemed such good dancers—so light on my feet. Perhaps for the next party we'll have them back.

In the Instructors' room at Mac Institute is a little ditty which we reprint here, not because it's appropriate for

N.C.O.'s but because it is appropriate anywhere:—

The Lord gave us two ends to use,
One to think with, one to sit with—
The war depends on which we choose,
Heads we win, tails we lose!

At the Mess meeting of April 15th, members were pleased to welcome as Honorary President F/L. West, Adjutant of No. 4 W.S. F/L. West expressed his appreciation of the honour bestowed and hoped that in the future he may be of assistance in the affairs of the Mess—we think he will.

At the same meeting it was decided that a Smoker be held in Memorial Hall on the last Friday of April. The Mess was reminded of the obvious enjoyment of all who attended the dance held last month and there appeared to be some question of whether a smoker or dance would be most appreciated by all members of the Mess. For those who prefer the dance, it looks as though next month should be a cinch for that.

With spring—or at least with the absence of sub-zero weather and fabulous amounts of snow, (Ontario's weather is always known as "unusual for this time of year") the parade square has again become visible and, sure enough, we have C.O.'s Parade. Senior N.C.O.'s now find themselves attending morning parades as Flight Commanders with squadrons throughout the campus. This arrangement apparently meets with the enthusiastic approval of all concerned and gives the opportunity to learn drill where it should be learned—on parade! The arrangement for afternoon parades also seem particularly acceptable. It would be nice to keep it that way.

The hospital seems to be getting its quota of Sr. N.C.O.'s of late. Flight White, of the hospital staff, seemed to fall victim to his own prescriptions—and spent a brief period recuperating from that well-known children's disease—the MUMPS. Sgt. Hunter of the W.D.'s also had a week's rest with a severe cold—we hope her heart didn't suffer. Flight White of the oft-heard-of Outstations also had a spell in the local hospital; did you notice how nicely the radios in the Ad Building performed during his absence? But he's back now with a bigger, more powerful version of his atom smasher, and we again have our favorite programs punctuated with squeals and squeaks.

Anyway to all who fall victim to the local hospital we wish a speedy recovery, otherwise they're sunk! And now that we have Sgt. Bramah in the Mess, we'll expect more cordial treatment.

Says "Corny" Corbett—"Last night I had a date with a new dame—one of those with an electric-personality. Boy, did I get a shock?!!!!!!

OVERSEAS MAIL

P/O. J. Montgomery,
Aus. 404735,
R.A.A.F. Base P. O.
Melbourne, Australia,
26th February, 1943.

Dear Sir:

I have just received your very welcome letter this afternoon and feel I must really do something about it.

I don't know why it is, but your letters do seem to chase me around the globe, hence the delay in getting them. The first one was sent to England straight from Canada and this one has been floating round New Guinea. Why this should happen to your letters only, when they are correctly addressed is beyond me.

I received a card from Baldy this mail too, being the first word I have had from him.

Well I'm now into my 8th month here and should be relieved shortly, the general relief is soon due. Have done quite a bit of flying and must have done over 40 operations of all kinds ranging from A.S. Patrols to Bashes. Last time we were jumped we had our rudder controls shot away but managed to trip back home over the Timor Sea O.K.

I will get just the ordinary rec leave and then will go back to an O.T.U. and then another operational tour. I'd certainly like to get back to a Ferry job. I hope the lads who are fortunate to be still on it appreciate what a break they are having. I'd certainly like to be back in Canada now.

I'm glad some of the other boys write to you. If you see or write to them remember me to them. Tom Simmonds and I were talking about them the other day. The copies of Sparks are certainly very interesting and am looking forward to receiving more.

I'd certainly like to see you because I could really tell you how we operate in our Hudsons, which I can't do very well in a letter, except to say they have been used as everything from Dive Bombers to Fighters.

Sorry "Baldy" has been off colour, hope he's O.K. again now, the only mail I've had from him has been the card, I suppose his letters must be globe-trotting too.

I'm certainly still single and don't feel like taking any fatal steps, the girls we see up here get whiter every day.

It's right on mess time and as there is a full bottle of beer to be had tonight I had better make haste or else. Our pictures are held in the open air and the screen is hoisted over a couple of trees. The pictures are pretty antiquated, but as the Yanks say, "What the hell!"

(Continued on next page)

I'm enclosing a photo of our crew taken at about the same time as you wrote, note the difference in clothing. It should give a lead to the climate. We look a ragtime crew in the photo but at least some of the eggs have been laid to effect.

I bet it will be a proud day when you pin the wings on your son, what is he on single or multi-engine craft?

Am just being entertained by Radio Tokio, bloody decent of them to broadcast a musical programme for us, their news in English gives us a great laugh, they are so contradictory. The other night they said they had sunk very nearly all the Yank Navy, then in the next breath gave as the reason for not holding Guadalcanal, that "The enemy sea and air power prevented landing of supplies and troops"—wouldn't it?

The school has certainly contributed to the out-put of the Training Scheme, which must now have assumed tremendous proportions. Please remember me to the "Grouper." He certainly is a great scout. I really made some good friends I'm not likely to forget.

The very best to you all at No. 4 W.S. and to any of my friends you may see.

All the best, Cheerio,
MONTY.

NO. 1 SQUADRON

(Continued from page 4)

keeps us all wondering. How about a chin strap?—or a hair cut?

Then there is Thrasher R. writing a letter—sometime later, said—"Wish I had waited!"

Along the road they came, all thirty of them—with their left feet dragging in the dust, and their heads lolling from side to side. Possibly the spring air and the sweet melody from the crows had something to do with their dejected attitude. But to Cpl. Anderson, who viewed the scene, with dismay, from a window in Mac Institute, it was easily understood. An ideal spring day for doing nothing, and there they were.—57B—on their way to struggle with No. 4's famed "Jeep" sets (and perhaps even blow out the odd tube—who knows—who cares?)

He looked at me like I was a side dish he hadn't ordered"—could it be Flight Taylor?

At this time Squadron 1 wishes to extend its fullest sympathies to L.A.C. Byrnes, J., whose father passed away recently.

Heard in the TR9D and F Labs—"Calling Kelly, calling Kelly—say Kelly, I can hear Hennan telling Wiklum all the details of a week-end in Kitchener

Proficiency Award Winners

Below are two pictures showing the two winners of a recent graduating entry (Sergeant Findlay knows which entry), the winners are to be congratulated for heading their entry. Their names (which Sergeant Findlay knows) will be



published in the next issue. It is apparent to all readers that the third person appearing in one of the pictures is not a WAG proficiency winner. In the absence of Sergeant Findlay and his knowledge, we hazard the guess that the third person is the mother of one of the winners. She is engaged sewing on his Sparks (this we have deduced without the aid of that infernal Sergeant Findlay).

NO. 5 SQUADRON

(Continued from page 5)

"Charles Boyer" of No. 4, also L.A.C. Bob Goddard, acting squadron commander of the 53rd, and L.A.C. Sandy Duggal, the man who lives only for those week-ends in Toronto.

With closing, we wish the best of luck to F/L. Houlding and Sgt. Mitchell with their new consignment of WAGs who will carry on as No. 5 Squadron.

(Bradshaw, Waite and Clawson were there, too.)—wish they would get back on their own frequency—but we'll wait till Hennan finishes, then ask them."

Then we have Lawson, of 57A, who has become a great worry in theory classes. In future, it is said, Cpl. Anderson will address the class as follows: "Before we discuss another point, are there any further questions—apart from the one Lawson is about to ask?" He is always sure, except when in doubt,—which seems to be quite often, (but I only heard).

According to two airmen of our Squadron, an old saying goes—"far away pastures look green"—meaning of course, if you have nine days leave . . .

New York is a wonder spot for Hugh Coleman, and "Doodit" VanInderstyne. Hugh studies the designs of shop windows, while Van takes in historic sites about town. In either case, they both wander.

Wow! Graham's black eye. Wow! Scafred knees—and peeled nose. Ha!

And now, No. 1 Squadron is faced with drill tests, "out stations," Morse

Canadian Legion War Services

No. 4 Wireless School is fortunate in being served by the Canadian Legion, and is particularly fortunate in having such obliging members in the Canadian Legion office. Under Mr. F. C. Baldwin the War Services of the Canadian Legion has been responsible for more than their required share of entertaining for the airmen. A complete list of all activities in which the Canadian Legion offers help to the airmen and airwomen of this school would make one realize that this large organization is responsible for much of the present high standard of morale.



Mrs. Crowe

One of the outstanding members of the Canadian Legion Services is Mrs. Crowe whose picture appears on this page. Her unflinching willingness to aid airmen in anything from buying a ticket to Vancouver to sending a telegram to Montreal has encouraged the airmen and airwomen of this Station to go to her for help in almost every single thing they are bothered with.

Another feature of the Canadian Legion Educational Services falls under Flying Officer M. P. Fallis, Unit Education Officer. From him any airman or airwoman may secure free correspondence courses in any one of a hundred or so different subjects; they may make up their missed high school education and even secure credit, by correspondence method for university graduation. So important is this phase of the Canadian Legion Services that the Navy, for instance, compels its junior officers to take the course offered in piloting and navigation.

See the Unit Education Officer for course

tests, radio tests, visual tests, and "contests" (or do they count?)—but enough has already been said—good-bye now—!

News from the Flying Squadron at Burtch

Burtch Editor—SGT. R. G. McINTYRE

Sparks, Burtch W.D. Section

By Cpl. Bond

Monday, March 29, 1943—FLASH—The arrival of five airwomen from Guelph gives Burtch quite a new sensation. They were the first airwomen to be posted to this small, but mighty flying squadron and are paving the way for more airwomen to come.

The girls were quartered in a very nice room in the east end barracks by the W.D. officer in charge, S.O. Hislop.

The first night on the station was one of much excitement and high hopes for the days to follow. Not much sleep was had by the girls who lay awake and wondered why the men in the barracks above insisted on banging doors and throwing their shoes on the floor as they came in.

At approximately 2100 hours the orderly officer gave us quite a shock by banging on the door. He was very bravely received by Miss Hislop who assured him that we were quite comfortable. It seems that he had come to warn the boys in the next barrack block that peeping in windows would not be tolerated.

At 0730 hours Tuesday morning the girls all dressed and ready for work, raised the window shades to watch the planes take off. Instead they were greeted by shouts and whistles from the WAGS hanging out of the next door windows. They didn't seem to believe that W.D.'s had really arrived.

Everyone has been so nice to us. In the mess they gave us a special little table in the centre of the room, all by our lonesome, marked W.D. It was a very thoughtful gesture friends, but we did feel a bit like defaulters.

Talking of meals, we really do get good meals. Now we know what you fellows mean when you say "Go to Burtch, Young Lady."

Now that the airwomen have come to Burtch we hope you'll like us. We quickly realized that "Keep them flying" is your motto and that's what we're here to help you do.

"Thank you" to all sections for your hard work and splendid co-operation in getting our barracks and recreation rooms ready.

At a future date (when we get some furniture) we hope to have a housewarming in our "Common Room", so will see you all then.

PUKKA AND OTHER GEN

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

We are not the Editor. We only run a column on this mag., and we say just about what we think about almost anything. And right now, without prejudice, we say that Sparks surprises us. Publications of this type are not usually as good, and we never worked with a better editor, although he pays off in peanuts and Joes his star reporter on the Duty Flight Parade.

The worth of any publication is judged by the demand. A lot of graduates—and others who have left the station—are still requesting their copy of Sparks, which is not only a compliment to the magazine but betrays also an interest in the Station unsuspected during their student days.

Before leaving for B. & G. a goodly number of frolicsome 51st asked us to forward copies of Sparks to them on their new Stations. And we don't mind a bit. By comparison Sparks will star in any company, not excepting the well-edited Wings out of H.Q.

Writing of the 51st Entry, we remember a lot of good fellows and others—whom we knew amongst them. Of the former we hope to meet again with O'Donnell, Hawkins, Walker, Newman, Hill and many others—and even Corporal Fraser, who, we hope, will not find it necessary to mooch so many smokes now that he is a Senior N.C.O.

We also hope to soldier again with Lalonde and Nicholson and Ruffet who were colorful members of that Happy Gang.

By the time Sparks appears, late as usual, some of our best friends will be sergeants, or better, and under the circumstances we are unashamed.

The Manly Art of Modified Murder. One cold winter evening Flt. Sgt. Desjardins drew heavily upon his pipe of tobac Quebec, spiked somewhat generously with a potent drug known only to his ancient tribe. The Flight was worried; he was not wrecking enough aircrew with his parachute jumping—a little manoeuvre which calls for a leap off the gym. Parachuting without parachutes, it is called. Still, with a few unfortunate exceptions, the WAG's were coming back for more. The Flight was indeed worried. And the crew of Physical Jerks under him were also worried, because when the Flight is worried he is very bad-tempered indeed and makes the P.T.'s do exercises with the Wags, who are generally much better

at it, being clean-living chaps who keep themselves in keen physical condition by careful dieting and occasional fence-leaping athletics.

Worried or not, when the chips are down the Flight is at his excellent best. Suddenly to his fertile brain came a flash of sheer inspiration. Thus, from this pregnant imagination, Desjardin Basketball was born; born, prematurely and definitely out of wed-lock, but none the less rugged for its illegitimacy. And illegitimate is the word.

It is a very simple game, because there are few rules. The number of rules varies inversely with the casualties produced. It is a type of warfare best conducted in an enclosure having brick walls and concrete floor. (When the swimming pool is empty we play there). The rules, very roughly—and no fooling—are:

(1) Trip your opponent only when there is a fair chance that he will crash into the wall.

(2) Deliver straight arms only with clenched fist.

(3) Bite your opponent before—not after you have administered anesthetic as described above.

This will convey a rough idea of Desjardin Basketball, which, henceforth, unless barred by international law, the Red Cross, and S.P.C.A. (Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals), will be known as the Manly Art of Modified Murder. While on the subject we note a new P.T.I. on the Station, who is going to be popular in-so-far as his trade permits. His name:

Corporal Maxie Stein. A guy who makes muscles a pleasant business, a damned efficient instructor, paunchy like all of them—but proficient.

And another new comer on the pre-aircrew course is a pretty swell kid.

AC2. Johnston, Alan. Our kid brother, who could make this column even if he weren't. Mother will miss him.

We have found a new contributor for Sparks whom we introduce here and put to work in this column before he gets in-business for himself. Jimmy Base-Smith and if he doesn't get a flat hat in this man's outfit you can give our three hooks to the first Code and Cypher girl you see.

Where there's a will, there's a way and where there's a WAG, there are likely to be a good many others not far off. Further, and less fortunately, there is also likely to be friction, if nothing

(Continued on next page)

worse, particularly where authority irks.

It's not often that the WAG gets an opportunity to deliver himself of all the gripes and questions that pile up inside; but it can happen. It did happen. And listening in while his complaints spill over isn't particularly enlightening, nor does it flatter his fellows.

There wasn't much emerged from the welter of words, certainly nothing new. About all that required an answer was the one about wishing to be treated less like children,—more like men. You wouldn't have to count "yeas" on that one, but arranging for a minority to forsake the juvenile attitude is another problem.

No one has to look very far to find a clown quite willing to express any number of others to duty watch, or to the loss of what privileges they have, just so he satisfies whatever the moment's urge may be. The vice-president in charge of statistics finds that ninety per cent of the Joes achieved that directly or indirectly through the impulsive efforts of Junior.

Junior is the guy who keeps the OGPU thriving lustily. With a discip behind every tree, and two more around each corner, he still can't smother that impulse, whatever the cost, or whoever has to pay.

Remove Junior, with his cute impromptu antics and the shadow of the discip would definitely grow less. And some of 'em throw plenty of shade.

The above will probably serve no useful purpose, unless perhaps, an opinion expressed, like virtue, is its own reward. Which, of course, is a minor issue. What we're looking for is a really good morse pencil and a Buck Rogers spectral audiovisagraph, for taking visual.

A large and robust friend, down where they take their politics seriously, used to acquire some useful money during county elections. He was one of three ample "supporters" taken along by the campaigning judge. Bulky and effective, their function was to see that the enthusiasms of the multitude kindly or otherwise, brought no discomfort to the busy aspirant to office. Every gathering of any size usually contains at least a few who become over-enthusiastic, whether it's Pike County or the basement of the Administration Building. We're inclined to admire a man who'll face a pressing boisterous thing without benefit of any form of buffer. We might add here that some would be surprised to know just how frequently the foregoing opinion has been voiced. What could explain all this valuable space so magnanimously offered? For which, many thanks, Johnston the Elder.

POST OFFICE STAFF

Below is pictured the staff of M.P.O. 105, the personnel of which have everything to do with the handling of local mail both in and out (except for writing your letters).

This Post Office, under Sgt. Day of the Canadian Postal Corps, has all the features of the city Post Office, not merely the handing out of mail. Postage stamps of any denomination are sold, as well as War Savings Stamps, Postal Notes, Money Orders, etc. We suggest that you become familiar with the fa-



Postal Staff

cilities offered. (Also it might be a good idea to get to know some of the personnel).

Your correct address, by the way, is as follows:

(Number) (Name)
Guelph M.P.O. 105
Ontario.

Not only will you assist the local staff and Post Office staffs everywhere, but you may speed the arrival of your own mail by making sure that this address appears on all your out-going mail.

Recently we managed to get most of the Post Office staff together to have their picture taken. Everyone knows where the Post Office is located in the basement of the Ad. Building, and at "break period" its personnel make a busy crew handing out mail to a lot of apparently impatient "Wags." And why shouldn't anyone be impatient for such an important thing as mail? We do ask, however, that we don't be held responsible for mail that doesn't arrive!

In the photo are seen two sisters. Can you pick them out? They are Cpl. Muriel Willis and Eileen Willis. Born in England, their parents brought them to Canada at an early age and they settled down on Vancouver Island (as much as they've settled down anywhere). At the outbreak of war they already had two brothers in the Air Force, one

is now a prisoner of war in Germany and the other is in the Ferry Command. It was only natural that they should want to join up and along with another sister, who is now stationed at Lethbridge, they enlisted. It didn't take Muriel long to become a Corporal and it didn't take Eileen long to become engaged to Sgt. "Bud" Herdman. They are to be married soon and we extend them our very best wishes.

Clarice Morgan, better known as "Newfy" comes from good old Newfoundland. A few years ago she got the urge to see something of the country so she packed her suitcase and came to Montreal, where for the next two years she made her home. On the formation of the R.C.A.F. Women's Division, she joined up—and we're certainly glad she did.

June Kirby (missing from the picture) usually isn't missing when there are a few men around, hails from Toronto. She has only been on this station for a few months but already has the boys twitterpated. How can they concentrate on Morse, June?

Coralie Whitmell, was born in Cheshire, England, and educated in England and Spain. Just over a year ago she came to Canada from the West Indies (land of the Flying Fish) hoping to join the forces. In July this was accomplished and after some initial training in Toronto she was posted to this station in August. Her one ambition is to go overseas, soon.

Sgt. George Day, N.C.O. i/c. Post office. His home is in Rockwood, Ontario, and it was there for a goodly Office, came here at the opening of the number of years that he got his post office experience. In May, 1941, he joined the Canadian Postal Corps and at the Base Post Office in Ottawa had some initial training. After a short stay there he was sent to Trenton, Ontario, from which he was promoted to the rank of sergeant.

Pte. Joe Halter, an Ingersoll minded lad, has been here since January and since that time has made many friends, especially with the cooks, for Jo really appreciates a good square meal. He keeps himself busy around the office and is glad to be here. He was posted here from Ottawa.

Cpl. Walter Blackman, of Toronto, came to this station in June, 1942, from Camp Borden, Ontario. He has been in the Postal Corps since September, 1941. Recently was married and since then is in a perpetual daze. Enough said about him.

Equipment Section

Our official name is the Equipment Section but to you and I it is "Stores." Yes, we are the airmen and airwomen who always seem to be so disagreeable whenever you want to get a hammer, claw, "for the use of," (after issuing hours) or a pair of socks anytime but on your clothing parade. Without Equipment, or "Stores," this station, we think, would be like a dead wire from which the current has gone. Without it there would be no Morse classes, no outstations, no flying at our Flying Squadron at Burtch. In other words your chances of becoming a (WAG) would be nil.

Equipment can hold up the work of an airman for a mere little thing like no buttons for his trousers; it can ground a plane at Burtch for lack of a spare part costing only a few cents that Cpl. Abramson of Technical Stores, for instance, had forgotten to order because he was busy getting you that hammer that you did not get during issue hours. We make it possible to clothe, furnish, arm and heat this station and deal with everything from bolts to transmitters, engines to pails and mops. Our "vocabularies" contain between three quarters of a million and one million items listed in eighteen different books.

Now, is this station clean? It should be, for the Equipment Section issued hundreds of gallons of floor wax, pounds of soap and cleansing powder in the past year, through our barrack stores. Then there are the hundreds of blankets and sheets that are washed by the station laundry. Are the airmen well clothed? They should be for the Equipment Section issues thousands of pairs of boots a year plus thousands of pairs of stockings and neckties, ask Cpl. Singleton.

Aircraft depend not only on gasoline, but on radio; so Equipment again on this station issues over two hundred of one type of radio valves a year. For all these things, and everything else, vouchers and receipts are needed. So our publications stores need thousands of voucher and receipt forms a year with L.A.W. Smith and Logette on hand to supply these and numerous other publications requirements.

This list could go on and on. There is nothing "Stores" cannot supply with in reason, for the needs of this station. Its items are bewildering in their variety; astonishing in their quantity; often comic in their character. So when you next read in your newspapers of bombing raids, coastal patrols, or decorations of aircrew or of the beauty and efficiency of aircraft, remember the Equipment Section—"Stores." We think it has everything, does everything, keeps

NEARING GRADUATION

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be able to find it. At least not at the time of this writing. This course may change its outlook with a little warm weather and spring atmosphere. We hope so.

Knapp will be going around with an angelic dreamy look on his face. Adams will just go around.

I saw Weir holding close conversation with a civilian young lady in the canteen, at break, one day—not so long ago. Cupid here?

Who was it in D Flight that was bawled out because he was the only one who didn't washout on Thursday?

Well by next issue our 17th week exams will be over so then we'll be just about ready for Burtch. Let's hope all of us make the grade.

SQUADRON LEADER DOYLE

(Continued from page 8)

On January 21st, this year, Squadron Leader J. H. Kreiner, S.M.O. was sent to Brandon, Manitoba, and Flight Lieutenant Doyle was named his successor. In quick succession to this promotion came a boost in rank and the Doctor now wears a third ring—Congratulations Squadron Leader.

Our new S.M.O. has a great capacity for enjoying life and is still keenly interested in sports. With little time to spare from work he has to content himself with a bit of hockey and bowling in the winter and golf in summertime. He is quite a reader and for non-medical literature has become a star member of Mr. Fred Baldwin's Canadian Legion Library.

Service life appeals to the doctor and as yet he hasn't made up his mind whether he will take a private practice or enter public health work when the war ends.

everything going. In other words, it is "the works."

At the time this magazine goes to press we find ourselves, through the kindness of D.A.P.S. with two new corporals, namely Cpls. Assim and Wilson. Which one of the two is the handsomest we have yet to decide, but from the very descriptive views by Cpl. Assim of his former station at Arnprior, one and all here feel that we have lived a life-time at Arnprior.

The theory, "a change is as good as a rest," is also being practiced by our section which accounts for L.A.C. Roy Evans now being seen in Tech Stores, Fred Williams working with Harry Fisher in the I. & R. and Doug Petrie with the "unsung heroes" in Clothing Stores.

Works and Buildings

By Sgt. A. D. Simpson

It looks like this column is going to be very short this issue. But maybe it's better that way. The Works and Buildings staff have been so busy lately that they haven't had time to make the headlines, either good or bad.

We have a new Sgt. since the last report. Sgt. Fred Castle from Windsor. Anyone who hasn't heard of Windsor just ask Fred. Anyone who hasn't heard of Fred just ask any W.D.

We said Bon Voyage to Doug Halladay at a little get-together one night. Doug is now somewhere between here and England, the lucky pigeon.

Goodbyes were also said to Bill Johnson. Bill goes to Vancouver. S-o-o-o-o who says you don't get the breaks in the Air Force.

F/O. Etherington is certainly a very obliging person. Always willing to do some small favour for some one—like pasting pictures of grapefruit juice (?) on cardboard for the Messing Officer or helping some of the staff dope out a problem.

Here is a bit of verse somebody dug up after the last Works and Buildings convention:

"Here I lie upon the bed,
Throat so dry, throbbing head,
Bloodshot eyes and body sore,
The morning after the night before.
Can't eat nothing, got no pep,
Lost my money, lost my rep;
Can't get up I feel so bad,
Boy, what a wonderful time I had!
Never felt so bad before,
Even my darned old tongue is sore;
Can't remember where I went,
Don't know where the time was spent.
What a time it must have been,
Look at the hell of a shape I'm in;
When I belch, I still taste Gin,
Gee, what a party it must have been."

Now, doesn't that make some servicemen anxious for peace? The memory of such things is just a memory and is even now beginning to lose its attractiveness. Oh, well! there's a war on!

F/O. Etherington has been posted and our best wishes go with him to his new job which, we understand, is very attractive.

NO. 4 SQUADRON

(Continued from page 4)

am glad to be amongst, who comprise the 63rd.

And now into our sixth week exams—"Tally ho lads, break formation and show'em."

More news and stuff next deadline.