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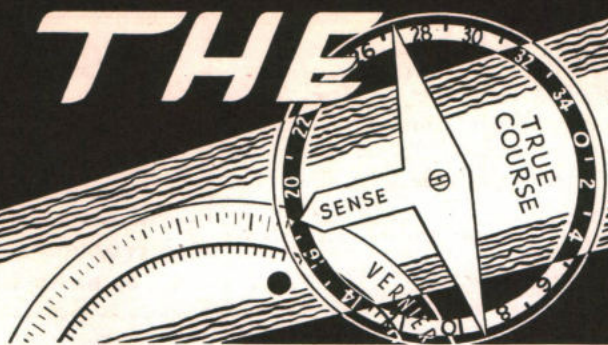
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THE BEAM



NO. 1 WIRELESS SCHOOL
R.C.A.F.

VOL. 1, NUMBER 6.

MONTREAL, QUE.

JULY, 1942

SENIOR ACCOUNTS OFFICER, SQUADRON LEADER S. COX



Over 20 years of accounting experience before the outbreak of this war well qualified S/L S. Cox for the commission he holds as Senior Accounts Officer on this station. He has to do a good job as a measure of self protection, for there is nothing that can cause more hair pulling than a few misplaced figures, and of all wails of complaint that are possible to come from a military personnel, the loudest is when there is a hitch in the pay. Without doubt, his work can attract more genuine grief out of a minimum of errors than any other responsibility on the station. His job is much behind the scenes, but his popularity of necessity never wavers as long as he marshals his staff for the all-important, semi-monthly, public appearance.

S/L Cox was born in the County of Warwickshire, England, and was educated at Wrekin College where he also received instruction in signals in the Officers' Training Corps attached to the college.

After spending a few months with his father in a metal manufacturing business, he was granted a commission in the Royal Naval Air Service in 1917. He later transferred to the R.A.F. which came into existence on the amalgamation of the R.N.A.S. and the Royal Flying Corps. His wings were awarded to him on completion of his course at Cranwell Air Station.

Posted to No. 207 Squadron he became the pilot of a Handley Page bomber and while serving in France, took part in night raids on enemy targets in Hun territory. Due to a previous crash in England, S/L Cox was later obliged to leave the squadron and be confined to hospital in France, and was returned to England just before the Armistice was signed.

Rejoining his father's business, he became a director of the firm, and was so occupied until his father's death in 1925. While continuing a varied career in the metal industry, he gathered much knowledge and experience in practical account-

(Continued on page 6, col. 3)

Patient in Sick Quarters Tells Of Dunkerque Experience

Sixteen pieces of shrapnel and four bullets caught him on the retreat from Dunkerque. To get some more of those hunks of lead out of his leg, GB658303, LAC Preston, A. B., from Windsor Mills, was in the station hospital recently. Dr. G. A. Hutchinson performed the operation. The S.M.O., S/L C. Tauer, has the "Heinie" shrapnel in his office.

Preston is not yet 27, but has had 12 years' Imperial Army service—India's frontier battles, 1933; Palestine, 1937; but the most outstanding, Dunkerque, 1940. He joined as a drummer boy, which explains the 12 years.

The staff got more than lead out of his system, they got an account of his harrowing experience. F/S J. G. C. Gagnon found Preston's reticence and modesty at first something "read about and seldom seen," but finally the pilot-to-be talked to him about what he saw at Dunkerque and the Flight passes it on to *The Beam* readers. He reminisced—

"The whole Dunkerque affair lasted three days. I got out the afternoon of the third. We had been fighting a rear-guard action and were near Torquai, inside the Maginot Line. I was a sergeant machine-gunner and had seven men and two Lewis guns in two bedroom windows of an old house, trying to stop the Huns from bringing transports up. Downstairs was a Mortar platoon with four 3-in. trench mortars and six 2-in. ones.

We could see the never-ending swarms of Huns in the distance. And I mean swarms! Back of them, one of their mortars opened up on us. Gradually they were getting our range—closer and closer! We knew it was only a matter of time, and it was. A crash came! (We were used to crashes by now). I saw rafters falling and, after a while, spent what seemed to be five minutes extricating myself. One of my boys was near me—blinded and with one arm blown off. I laid him on the grass at the back of the house. He and I were the only ones left. I picked out four pieces of shrapnel but they weren't bad at all.

That chap was a Lanc, Nobby Clark. He's in England now. We got with our own blokes and retreated to Paris via lorries, Bren gun carriers, transports, private cars, and were billeted in a warehouse packed with food—tinned peaches, cherries, and, after not having eaten for three days, you should have seen us! Then again we retreated, this time to Dunkerque.

I went in a Bren gun carrier. There was a rear-guard action all the way. A sniper got me through the elbow there—see?—An M.O. fixed it up and took my rifle and gave me his revolver. Then I got some more lead and when I got to Dunkerque I was a stretcher case.

They set me on a pier. That was hell there! The sky was littered with bombers.—Stukas. I got in about midnight. Everything was as bright as daylight. Bombs whistled and screamed, bombs and shells burst, engines roared, the smell of powder choked me. I heard people shouting, machine guns rat-a-tat-tatting. People were digging into

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CHIEF TECHNICAL OFFICER



FLIGHT LIEUTENANT P. S. SHEPHERD

Among the Personnel who are well-fitted for their work, F/L Shepherd stands very high. His general grasp of the broad field of learning is well vouched for by his years of school teaching after a successful B.A. course at University. His specialized training, resulting from a civilian mechanical engineering course, an Air Force Pilot's course, and an Air Force Aeronautical Engineering course, is sufficient guarantee to the most pessimistic that No. 1 Wireless School's Flying Squadron will have no trouble to "Keep 'Em Flying", at least, so far as the mechanical side is concerned.

F/L Shepherd was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, spent a year on a two-masted schooner as deckhand and visited Gibraltar, Egypt, Aden, Java, Philippines, Hong Kong, New Guinea, and Japan; took a pilot's course at Camp Borden in 1931; joined Air Force in 1940 and was posted to No. 1 Wireless School in 1941 after spending eight months at No. 8 S.F.T.S.

His official status is Chief Technical Officer; his hobbies are dabbling in foreign languages and collecting limericks.

Stenographer Returns — In R.C.A.F. Uniform

Miss Suzanne Simard was a member of the civilian staff at No. 1 Wireless School in the summer of 1939, and was allotted to the Station Hospital for stenographic work. Later she went to No. 13 Recruiting Centre.

The other day she came back—as an Assistant Section Officer in the R.C.A.F. (W.D.) A/S/O Simard enlisted in the Air Force as Airwoman 2nd class (AW2) and quickly rose to her present position of commissioned officer, equivalent to Pilot Officer. She looked very trim and was obviously very proud to be in the Air Force. She was on her way to Quebec City where she will be the Recruiting Officer there for R.C.A.F. (W.D.).

COMMANDING OFFICER PROMOTED

Wing Commander R. M. Smith has been meritoriously promoted to the rank of Group Captain.

The Commanding Officer of No. 1 Wireless School is an important post in the B.C.A.T.P. and is well deserving of this high rank. It is with considerable gratitude on the part of the personnel of this station that the post is filled by promoting our present C.O. rather than by replacing him with an officer already a Group Captain.

On behalf of the Headquarters Squadron and the Squadrons of trainees who with it constitute the Wing of No. 1 Wireless School, *The Beam* pledges Group Captain R. M. Smith the most willing co-operation that can characterize the personnel of an R.C.A.F. Station. Congratulations, G/C Smith.

WHO ARE THESE TRAINEES?

and PERSONALITIES Columns Are Popular Features

The Who Are These Trainees? and *Personalities* Departments of this publication have turned out to be very popular among the personnel of this station, and naturally so.

One of the most pleasant aspects about the life in the service is coming in contact with other men of varied training and activity who in ordinary life would never be met.

Knowledge of another's experiences, who he is, where he comes from, always makes interesting reading, especially at a school of this type where there is so much personal contact among the members of the staff and trainees.

There are so many trainees and N.C.O.'s to fill the monthly space allotted to this feature that there will be enough material for some time to come. It is the object of the editor to have a general cross section of the station's personnel represented in each issue, veterans of the staff from the various sections, recent additions, and some from all ranks.



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EDITORIAL

SYLLABUS MAKING IN THE R.C.A.F.

Syllabus making is more generally practised than one coming in contact with the expression for the first time would imagine.

Every conscientious parent sees that his child receives *some* preparation for life,—not for an *ideal* life, but for a life that the ordinary parent's unskilled analysis of the situation reveals is the life that the child is likely to have to live. And the child's later happiness and usefulness to society is, in a large measure, determined by the insight and the foresight his parent shows in preparing him to take his place in a complex social and business community.

So important is this preparation that governments long ago took over the parent's prerogatives in this respect and both provided the training facilities and prescribed the subject matter of the training, lest the parent's financial resources and intellectual perception of the need be insufficient for the child's and the nation's best interests. Compulsory, public education then became a fact.

While compulsory, public education, to be democratic, had to provide such a broad basis of training as would not close the doors of high executive positions in the face of any ambitious young citizen, it, nevertheless, had to be rational enough to be based on an analysis of the needs of the nation, which needs it also sought to satisfy.

Thus a nation rich in agricultural, mining, lumbering, and fishing resources, analysing its needs, set, as its educational aims, the production of scientific farmers, skilled mining and lumbering engineers, and expert fishermen as well as trained technical men in allied fields; and every step of its educational programme was tested and justified on the basis of its definite, direct contribution toward the attainment of these objectives.

A scientifically constructed outline of work and study that leads logically to the attainment of certain very definite objectives, be they the production of engineers or WAGs, WOGs, and WEMs, is called a syllabus.

Since the British Commonwealth Air Training plan is perhaps the world's greatest educational venture, and since it is altogether probable that many of us will be, even at this late date, called upon to assist in revising existing syllabi, or to construct new and more effective programmes of study, it is vitally essen-

(continued on page three, col. 1)

BOMBS

"The Personnel of This Station Should Learn The Means of Handling Explosive and Incendiary Bombs"

The following is a summary of a lecture by the Ontario Fire Marshal and of its foreword by the Attorney General of the Province of Ontario. It contains some very interesting material in respect to the manner in which we should meet threats from Explosive and Incendiary bombs.

The threat from bombs in labour disputes is vouched for by the fact that the Provincial Government of Ontario offered thousands of dollars in rewards for information leading to the arrest and conviction of parties responsible for the attempted bombing of the Kerr-Addison Gold Mines in Northern Ontario and of the Leaside Electric Power Station at Toronto.

With the coming of total war, the threats from labour disagreements have been increased by the threats from saboteurs; and conscientious Service Personnel should familiarize themselves with scientific methods for meeting the danger from high Explosive and Incendiary Bombs—they are the sort of bombs handled by both saboteur and enemy bombing planes.

The following rules may summarize what should be done in time of danger:

DISCOVERER OF THE BOMB

The discoverer of the bomb has two duties:

- (a) To safeguard human life
- (b) To safeguard property

Bombs left by saboteurs are likely to be home-made affairs of rather crude construction whose action is unpredictable; therefore the discoverer of such a bomb should warn the people away, inform the authorities, and take what action seems expedient to divert the destructive power of the bomb from valuable public property.

DETONATING MECHANISM

Bombs may be classified roughly, if they are scientifically constructed, according to their detonating mechanism.

1. Bombs depend upon physical manipulations.
 - (a) Impact bombs, explode on impact.
 - (b) Tilting bombs, explode when their position is disturbed.
 - (c) Trigger bombs, such as Anti - Tank bombs, or bombs that depend on some person touching off a trigger mechanism.
2. Time bombs, which are mainly used to prevent suspicion from being directed to the person responsible for them.
 - (a) Fuse, the simplest and most frequently used timing device. Fuse bombs are favourites of saboteurs, but they have the disadvantage of giving only a small time interval for the operator's escape.
 - (b) Clockwork mechanism are more accurate but are limited to a twelve hour period. One clockwork bomb was used at the British Pavilion at the New York World's Fair on July 4th, 1940, when two police officers were killed (a fuse bomb was used at the Leaside Hydro Electric Power Station, October 2nd, 1940.)
 - (c) Chemical type. These bombs may have a long delay period extending often-times to weeks, and are

(Continued on page 18, col. 1)

A Book You Should Read

Reviewed by
F/L G. M. GRANT

"SO FEW"

By **DAVID MASTERS**

Publishers: Collins, 70 Bond St., Toronto. Price \$2.75.

It has been the traditional policy of the Royal Air Force to be very close - mouthed regarding the achievements of its personnel. Press reports of R.A.F. engagements often include little more than the barest details. Hence the general public is sadly ignorant of the romantic exploits of those to whom Mr. Churchill made his famous tribute: "Never before has so much been owed by so many to so few."

David Masters supplies a valuable corrective to this official reticence in "So Few." The stories he relates are based on information given by the Air Ministry and as one reads them, one feels a thrill of pride in the skill and daring of our airmen. Here we learn the intimate details of the secret flight made by Lord Gort to French Morocco in June, 1940; the sinking of the aircraft carrier, "Glorious" off Norway and the big air battle over Croydon on August 15th, 1940.

A series of hair-raising adventures is listed: The miraculous escape of Flight Lieutenant Ryder, trapped in the cockpit of a Spitfire beneath the surface of the English Channel; the astonishing luck of Pilot Officer Wicks who, shot down in France, disguised himself as a Belgian refugee and had the effrontery to attach himself to a convoy of German motor trucks. Twelve days later he reached Dunkirk in time to be evacuated.

Some interesting bits of information are furnished by this book. In the chapter entitled "Scarecrow Patrols" it is stated that during the first eight months of the war the Coastal Command used Tiger Moths to patrol the east coast of Scotland. That training planes should have been used, not equipped for fighting or bombing, indicates our desperate scarcity of aircraft at this period of the war. It was sheer bluff which caused the Nazi submarines to "crash dive" from swooping Tiger Moths but the bluff worked. The winter of 1940 was one of the worst within living memory and great stretches of the sea were frozen around the shores of Scotland. Yet the stout-hearted pilots of the "Scarecrow Patrols" flew in open cockpits with no protection whatever against wind and storm and during the entire winter there was not one engine failure.

Another item of interest worth noting is the fact that the Spitfire was designed by Mr. W. S. Mitchell during the last few months of his life. Though confined to bed with an incurable disease, he triumphed over adversity in giving to Great Britain an aircraft which helped to save civilization.

A few months ago Wing Commander Kent, D.F.C., of Winnipeg, visited No. 1 Wireless School. He modestly refrained from mentioning one of his most remarkable exploits, how, trapped in the middle of a formation of 40 Messerschmitts, he shot down three and drove the remainder into retreat. "So Few" tells the story in detail and also records the important work he did in flying British bombers against balloon cables. He had many a wing cut to ribbons but the knowledge gained from these experiments was invaluable in estimating

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(continued from page two)

tial that the basic principles of syllabus making be understood by all the personnel of the R.C.A.F. training establishments.

First, following the parallel of peacetime, a nation should analyse its needs and, if necessary, it should institute a system of compulsory, public education to satisfy those needs.

Manifestly, the initial analysis has shown the need of WAGs, WOGs, and WEMs, which our B.C.A.T.P., a voluntary system of training, has been endeavouring to produce in quantity and quality. Our organization has not been leisurely trying to produce perfect WAGs, WOGs, and WEMs, but has been endeavouring to turn out in a limited time, members of these three trades who would be prepared to do the kind of work they are likely to have to do.

And therein is the heart of the syllabus making problem. A skilled analysis of the situations in which WAGs, WOGs, and WEMs, will find themselves, will reveal what knowledge and ability is absolutely essential to them, and what is merely desirable but non-essential. Peacetime training imposes no haste; war courses are at the best a compromise between the desirable and the needful, with the emphasis strictly upon the latter. The end or purpose of the particular training should be kept dominant in the mind of the instructor, and, if it is not explicit in words, it should be implicit in every line of the syllabus itself.

It is not our purpose here to illustrate the procedure of syllabus making by making a syllabus, but merely to call attention to the fact that scientific syllabus making in general, follows definite rules. First, determine by analysing his ultimate real work—not his improbable but possible work—what exactly the airman will be required to know and to do. Then state these items as objectives, to concentrate attention on the aim, toward the realization of which all his training should be directed.

After that, break down these general objectives into smaller, subordinate, specific objectives and tabulate a sequence of study or practice, all definitely related to the end in view, to realize these objectives.

Needless to say, it is entirely beyond the normal scope of this column to deal fully with the details of the subject. However, an airman aircraft wireless operator, for example, who is a university graduate electrical or radio engineer but who fails through lack of training on the simple but vital matter of sending or receiving, condemns the system that produced him as a W/T operator; while one who has the ability to establish and maintain communication, though he has not the faintest conception of what is inside a vacuum tube, what "series resonance" is, or what is an electron, is really doing the work well that is required of him.

The insight and foresight we display in preparing our WAGs, WOGs and WEMs, not for the ideal life of a WAG, WOG or WEM, but for the life that an analysis of the situation reveals is the one that he will have to face, will determine, in a large measure, the success we encounter in our war effort later on.

—THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

**WARNING —
MEDAL WINNERS**

All airmen who win, or have won, medals—gold, silver, or bronze,—awarded at Graduation Parades, should remember that they have no right to wear on their tunics, the ribbons that come attached to the medals. These medals are purely a local No. 1 Wireless School

award and are unofficial as regards the R.C.A.F. as a whole.

Instances have come to our attention of airmen wearing the ribbons. They have been ordered to take them down, to their embarrassment.

Only ribbons of medals awarded by the King, or Governor General—notice of which must appear in *The Canada Gazette* and the local D.R.O.'s—are to be worn.

RADIO LABS HEAD



**FLIGHT LIEUTENANT
T. C. BROWN**

In the forefront of radio development in all its branches for thirty years, F/L T. C. Brown is without doubt, one of the veterans of the science in this school. He was an amateur when "Hams" were officially not yet in existence and he has a foundation of extensive practical radio experience gained in both peacetime and war. With his high qualifications it is not surprising that he is Officer in charge of Radio Labs of No. 1 Wireless School.

Son of a sea captain, he was born in Cheshire, England, and received his primary education there. He enrolled at Toxteth Technical and was to have been graduated before joining his parents in Canada, but 1915 found him eager to fight, so he offered himself and was accepted for service by the First Canadian Cavalry Brigade. He served for two years with the unit in France and was then dismounted and transferred to tanks.

His proficiency as a Boy Scout signaller and amateur won for him a post in the Royal Engineers. After a total of three years in France, he served as an operator at the important Cork, Ireland, coastal station where he remained until the end of the war.

He enrolled at Dublin University but once more was interrupted in his studies and came to Canada in 1919. He decided to make radio his life work and seized every opportunity to learn the latest developments in the science, gaining a very broad experience in all phases of radio work. He became a wireless operator for the Marconi Company and travelled on ships to most parts of the world. Later he joined the Marconi Engineering Department and installed considerable equipment on the west coast of Canada.

While in the west he became affiliated with the Spratt-Shaw, Victoria, B.C. Business Institute and taught there subjects that prepared students to take the government radio operator's license examinations. In 1932, he became chief instructor of the Spratt-Shaw Wireless Department.

This work kept him busy until October, 1940, when he enlisted in the R.C.A.F. and was granted a commission as an educational officer. He was posted directly to No. 1 Wireless School where he soon was appointed Assistant Chief Instructor and later, Officer in charge of Radio Labs, which position he now holds.

F/L Brown is married and his home is in Victoria, British Columbia, but Mrs. Brown is in Montreal at present. He has two brothers, one in the navy and the other in the British Columbia Provincial Police.

PROMOTIONS

The Beam extends its congratulations to the undernoted on the occasion of their promotion to higher rank.

**APPOINTED TO THE RANK OF
GROUP CAPTAIN**
W/C R. M. Smith

**APPOINTED TO THE RANK OF
SQUADRON LEADER**
F/L M. Foster

**APPOINTED TO THE RANK OF
FLIGHT LIEUTENANT**
F/O H. L. J. Aubin

**APPOINTED TO THE RANK OF
WARRANT OFFICER CLASS I**
WO2 Teehan, W. A. T.

**APPOINTED TO THE RANK OF
FLIGHT SERGEANT**
Sgt. Taylor, F. S.

**APPOINTED TO THE RANK OF
SERGEANT**
Cpl. Morrison, J.; Cpl. Carter, F. L.,
Cpl. Buist, J. W.

**APPOINTED TO THE RANK OF
CORPORAL**

AC1 Hotson, N. R.; AC1 Stuart,
J. L.; AC1 Dervin, J. B.; AC1
Waites, W. G.

In the list of promotions for last month, the name of Sgt. Campbell of Headquarters Orderly Room was overlooked so we extend our congratulations to him now.

Obiter Dicta

Those interested in a very fine course in Radio Fundamentals will go far before meeting with a better one than is being published monthly in *QST* commencing with the June issue.

Readers of *The Beam* will note that this month, as last month, we have increased our size by an additional four pages. The splendid work of our Advertising Manager and his staff has made this possible. Our thanks go unhesitatingly to the Advertisers themselves who have given their support to this "training" magazine.

The Oscilloscope has been increasingly important year after year and is today an essential instrument in every radio maintenance shop. Next month *The Beam* will publish an article on the basic use of this measuring instrument.

THE MIGHTY WOG REMEMBERS THAT PILOTS AND WAGS ARE ALSO IN THE AIR FORCE

You all are brother airmen
And it really is quite true,
You're serving for your country
No matter what you do.

Now there is a certain feeling
Found most everywhere,
That separates the Ground-Crew
From those up in the air.

Just let us pause a moment
And think about this thing
I hope you've not forgotten, Boys,
We're all fighting for the King.

Each go and do your duty, lads,
And do your very best,
Remember, those up in the air
Are needed like the rest!

A WOG.

EL. 0142 5240 QUEEN MARY RD.

QUEEN MARY GRILL

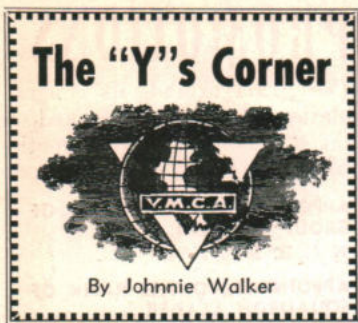
REST AT OUR SODA FOUNTAIN

"WHERE AIRMEN MEET THEIR FRIENDS"

WE SPECIALIZE IN LIGHT LUNCHES

* "NICE MEALS, BOYS, FROM 35c UP" *





Once again we have to settle down to write a wee bit of blarney about some of our outstanding activities. Naturally, being of a shy and retiring nature, we simply hate to do this. However, when *The Beam* calls us to do our duty, we have to comply. As usual, June was a busy month. To start the month off on the right foot, our genial boss managed to obtain cut rates for the "Water Follies". Quite a few of the boys attended and judging from the vocal applause in their section of the Forum, they must have enjoyed the swimming extravaganza.

Another highlight of the month was the visit of the Kiwanis concert party. This troop was well up to the standard set by its predecessors and the boys certainly enjoyed it. The rib-tickling spot of the evening was when a certain tall, shy, handsome Flight Lieutenant made a real old-fashioned bow and received a dainty greeting right on the forehead.

This month the number participating in sports has increased by leaps and bounds. We had an agreeable surprise when our softball team had a winning streak of four games. This was particularly impressive considering the fact that the majority of the spectators are in civilian clothes. Some real good Air Force hoots would go a long way to helping our team reach the top position in the league. The games are finished by 8.15 and while we realize that you have to look your best for "blondie", you should spare a little time to root for your team. With F/O Bert Light and his three P.T.I.'s on the job, it is doubtful whether any of you can find a reason for not participating in the extensive sports program now under way.

The Station Tennis Tournament with AC1 Don Bridgman in charge is now underway. We have had quite a few entrants and there promises to be some very keen competition. Anyone interested in competitive tennis should get in touch with Don immediately.

AMATEUR SHOW

One of the best variety shows ever to appear on the stage of the Recreation Hall was our own amateur show, organized and MC'd by our own Johnnie Walker. To attempt to choose outstanding numbers would be most difficult since they were all of very high quality. We were glad to welcome some of the performers who had taken part in the amateur contest and judging from the applause they received, they certainly had not lost any of their appeal.

The show started off on the right foot with the station orchestra pepping up the audience. Flight Lieutenant "Mac" Grant in his own inimitable style sang words of his own composition to the tune of "She'll Be Comin' Round The Mountain". The office quartette composed of Gladys Scott, Francis Vinnins, Sgts Packard and Stonebridge sang the girl's national anthem, "Wait Till You Get Them Up In The Air". Larry Leblanc was in top form following his recent experience on the legitimate stage. Bob Nagle with his accordion really got the boys warmed up. When Nessie, Pearl and Nora gave

such lovely advice about where to park, we began to realize why some of the boys enjoy their studies. F/O Bert Light and Corporal Bornstein gave an excellent exhibition of the manly art of self defence. Everyone regrets that the contents of the bucket turned out to be paper because we were hoping to see Johnnie get his "leap-yearly abjuration". Guess our luck just didn't hold. Jonnie Pappas thrived us with his tenor voice when he sang "Roses of Picardy" and "One Alone". Tom Ivey accompanied on the drums by Cy Heddington more than surprised us with his ability to "rap a mean tap". Never have we seen his equal among amateurs and for that matter seldom on the professional stage. Pat Skillen again made us appreciate our stenographic staff when she sang "Skylark" and "Johnny Doughboy". Eric Ford showed us how a cornet should be played when he thrilled the audience with his many selections. Sergeant Sutton and his electric Hawaiian guitar gave us—some fine numbers and Corporal Reid's cowboy band were excellent. Sergeant Houston gave us ample proof why he is one of the outstanding drummers in Canada. It certainly is puzzling how he can make his sticks twirl at such a high speed and still keep perfect rhythm. One number the boys enjoyed especially was Norma Martin's "hoola" dance and the accompaniment sung by Rita Ireland. We remember Pearl Harbor but we envy the boys in some respects. As Johnnie Walker said, after Jacques Lacomte had played for us on his trumpet, "now we know what virtuoso means". He was certainly a skilled musician. Miss Annette Favier was his capable accompanist. As one young lady said, "he has a voice like Nelson Eddy's, only better". Frankly, we never thought that "Home on the Range" could be such a truly beautiful piece until Ernie sang it for us. Our only regret is that he is posted to another station. Thus you can see that we of No. 1 Wireless School can feel justly proud of those among us who, while calling themselves amateurs, can supply an evening's entertainment of professional quality.

Y.M.C.A. SERVICES

1. MONTREAL: Maps and Directory of the city on hand at all times. C.P.R., C.N.R. and T.C.A. timetables available.
2. RED TRIANGLE CLUB, PHILIPS SQUARE: Cafeteria, dances, reading rooms and all privileges open to men in the service at all times.
3. TELEGRAMS: You may send C.P.R., C.N.R. telegrams from the "Y" office. This is a good way to make sure that your messages reach their destination quickly.
4. BANKING: Let us get your money into the bank. It is safer there.
5. MONEY ORDERS: Johnnie Walker will be glad to help you at all times. Get them as near to Pay Day as possible.
6. STAMPS & WRITING MATERIAL: Don't put off writing that letter home. Paper and envelopes are free. You can buy stamps at all times in the "Y" office. We will register or insure your mail on request. The Mail Box is located outside the East Door.
7. WRAPPING PAPER AND CORD: All you have to do is "ASK" and ye shall receive.
8. LIBRARY: You will find a wide selection of books in the library, room 225.
9. READING ROOM: For Airmen only. The one quiet spot in the building. Comfortable furniture, good lighting, no noise. Observe the rules posted by the door and help keep it in tip-top shape. Airmen clubs will use

(Continued on page 19, col. 3)

**DRAH EREW
SREHPYC ESOHT**

The cyphers offered for solution last month must have been too hard for there was not one complete set of correct answers submitted.

The U.S. Army Air Forces are calling for men with experience in codes and cyphers, and commissioned rank is offered to any man who has the necessary experience in dealing with cyphers. So you see we are not just trying to amuse ourselves. We are quite certain that the greatest chances of developing cypher experts is to be found among signal organizations such as No. 1 Wireless School.

How important is a cypher expert? Well, you will remember—or maybe you will not—that the British Intelligence under Admiral Hall of the British Navy succeeded in breaking what was called the Zimmerman Telegram, a telegram straight from Berlin to the German Embassy in Washington, offering a bribe to Mexico if she would make a "second front" on the American-Mexican border. The British handed over to the American Intelligence Department, the key to the most secret of German codes, and—United States declared war on the next pretext.

Following are the messages given last month in cypher:

1. This message can be deciphered more easily than your substitution cipher.
2. What can be more educational than the study of cryptanalysis?
3. These simple messages will all be easy if you study with us.
4. To G two seven stroke five Berlin neutral ship all fixed to be sabotaged in Suez Canal between May twentieth and May twenty-eighth G eight four stroke six.
5. Do you know how to spend less than you get?
6. He is ill clothed that is bare of virtue.

7. He (Time) keeps all his customers still in arrears by lending them minutes and charging them years.

8. Sea shells she said are sold on sea shores if sea shells are sold on sea shores where on sea shores are sea shells sold.

For this month—and no promise is made to continue the series—let us try a simple substitution type (see page eleven of the June issue of *The Beam* for explanations as to how to "break" this type). This one, when broken down will be in French, so don't look for English words.

1. CM VJFX ERF XNPUNPOF BRACMJ SJ FRGNCO MJF TNPXF SJ XNPF VNF RDCF SJFCOJH - GNPFF S'RPXOJF EONIMJDDJF SJ AJ TJVOJ - AC? OJENVSJH JV BORVARCF, JX VNPFF XRALJONVF SJ GNPFF EMRCOJ.

Now, here is one in English. Come on and see if you could rate as a useful member of the Intelligence Department.

2. WN PE KEEP OUT PEEP KEPPAUPEP PEP MA POIJKP ML PIPES, BKEICT PIPES JAP KEP? WN PEP, KEEP OUT PEEP OP PIPES.

Ambitious aspirants to fame may hand in solutions to these comparatively easy, simple substitution-type cyphers to the Editor, F/L R. O. Norman in Room 218 or put them in *The Beam* box in the "Y" office.

A BOOK YOU SHOULD READ

(Continued from page 2)

ing the effectiveness of our balloon barrage.

Airmen who would like to present a book to some friend would make no mistake in purchasing "So Few". From beginning to end it holds the close interest of the reader and adds further proof to the old adage that truth is stranger than fiction.



ASSISTANT ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICER FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT K. P. RICHARDSON



Displaying a smart military mien by his precise deportment, F/L K. P. Richardson stands out as an example to all airmen on every parade he attends. An interview revealed the reason why. He has been closely connected with military activity nearly all his life. His father fought in the Boer War and the Great War, while he has been linked with various reserve units almost since he was old enough to join one.

He was born in the Orange Free State, South Africa. As a child he went with his parents to England where the home was established for two years, and then came to Canada with them in 1912. He was educated at Lower Canada College, Montreal, and Trinity College at Port Hope, Ont.

While working for the Westinghouse Co. at Hamilton, Ont., after he left school, he joined the 40th Battery, C.F.A. and remained attached for three years, when he changed his occupation. After 1926 he was in succession in the employment of the Shawinigan Engineering Co., the Shawinigan Water and Power Co. and the Canadian Comstock Co., Montreal, and in his duties travelled extensively throughout the province of Quebec. His responsibilities included supervision in various engineering projects. For three years during this time he was with the R.C.A.S.C. reserve unit of Montreal and Quebec.

For a time he was kept busy as secretary of the League of Nations Society of Canada for this district and then he started a business of his own, the Richardson Agencies, Publishing Agents. Due to the declaration of war this enterprise had to be discontinued until hostilities cease. Anyway, the country needed his services, for he was called up by the Royal Canadian Engineers, of Montreal, with which he had served for five previous years.

About two years ago he transferred to the R.C.A.F. as an administrative officer, and after a month in the school at Trenton, he was posted to this station. For 15 months he was Officer Commanding No. 1 Squadron of the Wing and then he became the Assistant Administrative Officer, which position he now holds. His duties are many, including the engagement of all civilian employees; quarters, officer commanding Headquarters Squadron, fire marshal and generally responsible for similar duties for the whole station apart from the technical section.

Sailing, swimming and golf are F/L Richardson's chief hobbies but lately he has had added responsibilities in his home—the supervision of the upbringing of a son, which, in common with other Daddies, will tax to the limit his administrative abilities.

SECOND FRONT ?

How often these days one hears the remark made unthinkingly: "Why the h . . . don't we land a million men in France and drive right into Germany while the Hun is busy on his Eastern front?"

It is very easy for arm-chair generals to suggest gigantic moves of this type, but a little sober thought and consideration of just what landing a million men with equipment in France would entail in the way of transportation problems, would probably lead to less or these wild suggestions.

Just how many troopships, and how many transports, and what amount of naval and protective air strength would be required to land a million men in France at this time, when the Hun has the country under control and has taken every precaution to repel invasion, the writer does not know. But for anyone who would like to try and esumate these things, the following bit of information may serve as a guide.

The despatches of Lord Gort, supreme in command of the British army in France in 1939-1940, some of which have been released, show the following:

The British Army is better equipped now than it was in 1939 but the limiting factor of sea transportation is even more acute. The great difficulty of finding enough ships is always present. When Lord Gort took his tiny army to France in 1939, he had to have a fleet of ships to do it. The original British forces consisted of five divisions, probably 75,000 to 85,000 men in all. They were not mechanized and they were very short of heavy equipment of all kinds. Their passage was not seriously disputed by the German Navy or Air Force, yet it took a hundred and fifty cargo ships, averaging 6000 tons, and thirty transports averaging 2500 tons to transport these five divisions. There weren't that number of ships available, but over a period of weeks, some ships making as many as twelve trips, the tremendous job of transporting a mere 85,000 men was accomplished, the landing being made in a country of an ally, giving every possible aid in the disembarking and establishing of camps and quarters and billets.

So figure out, you arm-chair strategists, how many ships and what kind of organization you would need to land 1,000,000 men with all their mechanized equipment and heavy artillery, on the shores of a country in the hands of the enemy and only too well ready to meet such a move.

As General Wavell once said: "It is the lack of knowledge of the principles and practice of military movements and administration which makes what we call amateur strategists wrong, not the principles of strategy themselves, which can be apprehended in a very short time by any reasonable intelligence."

So you see we can't land a million troops, but — by gosh! WE WILL!

WAG

Young Sergeant Trembler was the W/Op. Of a bomber that ditched on Atlantic hop. Trembler didn't know the tricks; So M.F.D.F. got no fix; From H.F. and M.F. he'd failed to switch. The dinghy and crew spent ten days in the ditch— All except Trembler, who spent only one; For they pushed him out when they learned what he'd done. They said on the whole they thought it better: He'd been so wet he couldn't get wetter.

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EXCERPTS FROM OUR EXCHANGES

The editor is in receipt from other schools of the Commonwealth Air Training Scheme of many "exchange" publications that have a variety of make-up and content which speaks eloquently of originality and hard work. As originality is defined as 99 per cent sweat, each edition is backed by much of that labor which only those who work on a publication can appreciate, and *The Beam* is no exception.

Three main types come off the presses — mimeograph, newspaper, and magazine, the last named usually made up of finer paper, like *The Beam*, with a separate cover, resulting in a neater appearance that gives distinction.

Most of the contents are of interest only to the stations concerned, but in some there are general comments and items that are well worth repeating for the information and entertainment of those of this station, so it is proposed to cull periodically for the perusal of *The Beam* readers.

THE AIRCRAFTSMAN— ST. THOMAS, ONT.

Here is an interesting note on how to salvage wireless and electrical gear that has been immersed in the sea! "... gear should be taken out, immersed in warm water (approximately 160 deg. F) for two seconds and dried immediately, both inside and outside, by means of a hot air blower. The gear is then to be returned to the appropriate stores depot."

WAG SIGNAL—CALGARY To The WAG

Boys, I'm walking around in civvies, Like a sheep lost from the flock; Sleeping late every morning, Till nine or ten o'clock. Ten thirty every evening, I'm probably at a dance; No worry over the bunk check, No need to take a chance.

No jumping over fences, Thinking everything is jake; And reporting the next morning, To Bozak at first break. No more shining buttons, And making up your bed, Or swearing at the things we do, Or the way we get fed.

G.P.I. was just wonderful, Theory just too divine, Morse was every bit as dull; Those watchful eyes of mine. So what do you think I'm doing? With all this time to spare; Am I glad to be out of Service, With no worrying or care?—No!

Sure I've got a discharge, Chance for a good soft job. So when this war is over, I'll not be in a workless mob. But you can have my civvies, You can have my good job too. You can take away my freedom, For my good old suit of Blue.

The stores got all my clothing, But something else also; There's something that I've lost, What it is I do not know. So, boys, forget your worries, Take the good breaks with the bad, But for cripes sake, don't take civvies, For you'll wish you never had.

The WEM's Dream

I had a dream the other night, When all the Drogues were still; I thought I had a radio, That really filled the bill.

It had no tubes, condensers, Or all that silly junk, And no matter how you used it, It ne'er went on the bunk.

Nice new dials, wire and 'phones, You needed no instruction; No press-to-talk on microphone, Fool proof against destruction.

And with it came a pilot, If such a one did live, Who even used the proper call, That he'd been told to give.

(Continued on page 6, col. 2)

STATION WARRANT OFFICER W.O.2 ANTHONY, H. E.



The reason why W.O.2 H. E. Anthony has a high reputation at this station for being able to snap a wing parade into any desired position in the shortest possible time is that for nearly six years he has been kept on a job for which he has an apparent aptitude. He is no rote disciplinarian. He is among those who have a clear mental picture at all times of what they want in the form of response to a command and for this reason, he can get results in short order.

Double congratulations are due this Montrealer who became Station Sergeant-Major of No. 1 Wireless School, June 5th, and next day was married to a fellow Montrealer.

A native of this city, he attended D'Arcy McGee High School and then was employed by the C.N.R. freight department. In 1937 he joined the R.C.A.F. Auxiliary and was attached to the 115th Fighter Squadron, but three weeks before this unit went overseas in 1939, he was sent to Toronto Manning Depot to take the first disciplinarian's course. On completion of this training he was transferred to Trenton where he remained until two years ago after which he was posted to this school.

Although officially attached here, for a long time he was unofficially used by No. 3 Training Command to organize in Montreal the first units in Canada of the Air Force Cadets. The extent of this organization at present, represented by the large turn-out of personnel that it is now possible for the cadets to make, is a reflection of, and a credit to, his behind-the-scenes work for many months. This work kept him busy until a few months ago when the cadet movement was taken over by an R.C.A.F. staff officer.

Swimming is his major sporting activity and few know that he can give a commendable demonstration of jui-jitsu.

He assumed his present responsibility on the transfer of W.O.1 T. A. Allen to the west.

TAGGED

The girl was curious about the harp insignia on the cuff of the air force boy at the Hostess Club Saturday night. She asked him about it and he told her with a straight face that it was the insignia of the Irish Force. She was dubious about that—she was sure Ireland wasn't in the war. The airman assured her that he was part of a secret air corps. She left him but her little doubt didn't. She asked discreetly and was told that the harp indicated that he was a member of the air force band. With fire in her eyes she went back to him. "That harp doesn't mean you belong to the Irish air force", she told him. "It means you belong to the lyres."

THE WEM'S DREAM

(Continued from page 5)

From out this dream I then awoke,
A prayer upon my lips,
That by Dame Fortune's lucky stroke
I'd get these wondrous ships.

And don't forget a pilot too,
One who'd change the switch,
Instead of shouting o'er the air,
Why don't you fix the

(This seems to indicate a problem that faces WEMS when they get to stations.)

The Winnipeg WAG, which sports a three-color magazine cover, in a recent issue had some good ones under "Boners Culled from Dependents' Allowance Mail":

This is my eighth child. What are you going to do about it?

Mrs. R. has no clothes, has not had for a year.

I am glad to report, that my husband, who was reported missing, is now dead.

Sir, I am forwarding my marriage certificate and two children, one of which is a mistake as you will see.

In answer to your letter, I have given birth to a boy weighing ten pounds. Is this satisfactory?

I am writing these lines for Mrs. J., who cannot write herself. She expects to be confined next week and she can do with it.

A recent issue of the *Royal Air Force Journal* has this interesting note on a "Nazi Trap" and is of particular interest to wireless operators who may be assigned to the Ferry Command:

"The failure of a Nazi attempt to lure Atlantic ferry aircraft off their course was described by the Commander of No. 1 Air Navigation School, Manitoba, a former pilot in the trans-Atlantic ferry service. 'Canadian Aviation' reports that during his first crossing in a Consolidated Catalina, the trip was made by dead reckoning with instruments. The weather was so heavy that the use of the bubble sextant was impossible. The three Catalina bombers in the flight were nevertheless within a few miles of the correct track when they neared the British Isles. One of their radio messages was intercepted by the Germans and the aircraft were given an erroneous bearing. They did not get a fix from a British station until they were over France, 15 miles north of Brest. Nazi squadrons were awaiting their arrival. But a new course was plotted in time and the trip was completed in 27 hours and 10 minutes."

Following is a list of the exchanges received to date: "Contact," R.C.A.F. station, Mossbank, Sask.; "Albatross" No. 16 S.F.T.S., Nagersville, Ont.; "The Airman" No. 2 S.F.T.S., Uplands, Ont.; "The Aircraftman" Technical Training School, St. Thomas, Ont.; "The WAG Signal" No. 2 Wireless School, Calgary, Alta.; "The Slipstream" No. 7 S.F.T.S., MacLeod, Alta.; "The Mountain Viewpoint" R.C.A.F. station, Mountain View, Ont.; "The Sixardee" No. 6 R.D., R.C.A.F., Trenton, Ont., and "The Winnipeg Wag" No. 3 Wireless School, R.C.A.F., Winnipeg, Man.

The Queen of the Cannibals said to me,
As I just escaped becoming her tea:
To just two things me am belly,
belly partial—
A slice of ham and an Air Vice-Marshal.

ANOTHER CONVOY HAS ARRIVED IN ENGLAND

(F/L A. H. NANTON)

(Editor's Note: F/L Nanton was stationed at No. 1 Wireless School, and was O.C. of a Squadron. He has been on convoy work now for some time and his article appearing here is descriptive of this phase of war experience.)

These words have become very familiar to most Canadians, and they are welcomed with relief by hundreds of mothers and wives at home. The safe conveyance of our men across the Atlantic is a thrilling and intriguing story. It involves many Services and many Departments of those Services. But as I am an R.C.A.F. Troopship Conducting Officer, I will confine myself to a few remarks which come to mind concerning my own regular duties.

Personnel to board the ship are already at a Depot, trained and eager to leave, when the date for sailing has been settled. Their homes are probably as scattered throughout Canada as are the Stations from which they received their instruction. Under the supervision of experienced officers and N.C.O.'s every man is marched aboard and given a berthing card telling him the exact location of his quarters. Everything is unfamiliar and interesting, sometimes, not too comfortable, but still interesting. He is instructed by the officer in charge of his Troopdeck as to where, when, and how he will get his meals, he has to remain at this own particular spot till all the others allocated to that section have found their places. Then there is usually time to go exploring. The ship may not sail for several hours as other drafts have still to arrive. Inevitably nearly everyone suddenly remembers he wants to write a letter. Baggage is being stowed in the hold and training equipment is coming aboard. A section can't find their kit bags. Many others get completely lost and questions of every description are being asked by one and all. In general there appears to be great confusion, but it is not so, and everything settles down after a time.

The ship, now very full, may stay in port overnight and the Conducting Staff is very busy. It is comparable to a new Station opening.

(Continued on page 19, col. 1)

SENIOR ACCOUNTS OFFICER

(Continued from page 1)

ancy. Bringing his wife and son to Canada in the fall of 1929, he settled in Montreal and was employed by the Sun Life Assurance Co. of Canada where he gained further experience as an accountant.

At the outbreak of war he immediately applied for service in the air force and in January of 1940 was called up. He was given the R.C.A.F. Equipment and Accountancy course at St. Thomas, Ont., and on its completion went to No. 6 Repair Depot as Equipment Officer. Late in 1940 he was offered a transfer to the Accounts Branch which he accepted and became Senior Accounts Officer at the same station. After August of 1941 he spent four weeks at No. 13X Depot at Angus, Ont., and was then posted to No. 1 Wireless School.

Evidence that his aptitude for accuracy is being carried on in his family is proven by his son David's record in his short life so far. He was graduated from Cote Des Neiges public school in 1940 with a scholarship in Montreal High School and in 1941 was granted a Government scholarship at the same school, where he is still in attendance.

Golf is S/L. Cox's sports forte.

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No description, oral or written, can express the sensation of realism which startles the visitor. Only a personal visit may convince one of the marvellous Wax Works exhibited in the Musee Historique Canadien.

This Wax Museum is recognized by all official tourist bureaus as a major attraction of this City and is worth making it a "must" on your sightseeing tour of Montreal.

MORE OF OUR STENOGRAPHIC EXPERTS



IVY BARWELL, Technical Section; DOROTHY RUBY, Technical Section; JUDY BABINEAU, Central Registry; CLAIRE CHARTRAND, Central Registry; GLADYS SCOTT, Central Registry; FRANCES VININS, Central Registry; MRS. SAVARD, Central Registry; LUCY LECLERC, Messing Office; PEARL GARMAISE, Hospital; MRS. WALLWIN, Equipment; MYRTLE BOYCE, Equipment; ELSIE OUNSWORTH, Equipment.

The Catty Corner
Our Female Staff

There is a certain section in this, our happy "united-we-fall-together-we-stand" home from home, where tired weary airmen (and I won't mention any names, certain dark and mysterious N.C.O.'s who never look busy, altho they say they are) can sneak in, relax their aching joints, quietly smoke a cigarette or two, and presently, lulled up by the steady clak-clak of the typewriters, fall into uneasy dozes, until the P.A. system, sounding like a fog horn in distress in the middle of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, or Donald Duck after three nights in a barroom, hollers their names all over the building. But even that raucous sound does not affect them in the least. Far be it from them, these refugees in a safe port, to interfere with the workings of the P.A. system. Finally they shake themselves from their dreams of promotions, and thinking they had better report to the operators that they heard all the time, but were SO busy running off a stencil killing rats, washing a wall in the out-stations, or just reciting poetry for Flying Officer John Doe, who had detailed them for such jobs.

There is a fast and hard rule in this section concerning the use of the telephone. Never, on any account must anyone ever answer the telephone before the forty-third ring. It is strictly against all rules and established regulations for anyone to answer the telephone before it has rung its full number of rings. For one thing the personnel in this section enjoy the ringing of the telephone bell, and for another it has a pleasant silvery sound, and reminds the airmen to call up that little "number" they met last night.

One half of this section is known to its occupants as "The Burma Road". There is a door at each end, and known and unknown airmen waltz in, leaving the first and second door gaping behind them. Some airmen rush in, as though

pursued by a regiment of very angry discipis, others stroll in and smile upon the hard working stenographers, and stroll out again. Every once in a while an officer looks in, and then the whole staff smartens up and is very busy trying to look busy.

This is also the place where Class Seniors call for their flight's 36 and 48 hour passes. The old hands walk in and boldly ask for Cpl. Swehtam, or Sgt. Dier, or Yesmigcam, and not finding them there just wait around collecting in the . . . room like a lot of noisy sheep waiting for the butcher.

The new ones, poke their heads in at the door, survey the scene with a look on their startled faces, and withdraw hurriedly before anything happens to them. This is always very puzzling to the personnel of this section, and it is with great self-control that they refrain from running out into the hall and finding who it was ran off so fast.

Who ever said there was no promotion this side of the ocean was mistaken and misguided. We just recently, and much to our sorrow, lost a brace of our best N.C.O.'s through promotions. They came in looking resplendent in their new uniforms, walking up and down for our admiring and goggle-eyed benefit, and we stand, and watch, and say "SIR", and praise the cut and feel of the new suit, and altho we mourn our losses, we can say with a grin "We knew them when."

One very interesting item of conversation, especially before pay day is Money. Who has any, and who can be touched for some. Before pay day the talk is what the personnel is going to do with the money they will soon (they hope) have, and a week after this event, from whom they hope they can borrow money. And while we are on the subject of money, let us also mention the laudable habit of buck-passing (and I don't mean green-backs either). Ask anyone whodunnit, or wherezzit, or who last uzzit and they'll all do a swell job of passing the buck. But with all its faults and striking likeness to a mad house, it still is our WING ORDERLY ROOM and we love it.

P.S. Heard in the Wing: "I never do anything that I shouldn't, but if I should, someone is sure to walk in and catch me at it."

Onets Gniw

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PERSONALITIES

AT NO. 1 WIRELESS SCHOOL

SGT. H. TEASDALE

The bustling hamlet of Wolseley, Sask., a flag stop on the C.P.R. will claim everlasting fame as the birthplace of Harry Teasdale. After finishing his education at Wolseley High School he "worked" on his father's farm for a year and a half prior to joining the R.C.A.F. in January 1940. After finishing the WOG course with the first entry in July, 1940, "Harry" became an instructor in Outstations where he has specialized in WAG instruction. Harry's one ambition is to be a fighter pilot.



SGT. M. S. HILL

Though born in Winnipeg, "Mel" moved to Ottawa at a very young age and attended private school there. While attending Collegiate worked for the Ottawa Citizen as a night reporter. (I'll get him for *The Beam*. The Editor). Became interested in radio and secured an amateur license, later taking up radio servicing, for an Ottawa firm, after which he went into business for himself. He joined the Air Force in January, 1940 and came here with the first WEM class on completion of which he was kept here as an instructor.



SGT. V. H. YOUNG

Was born in London, England, but came to London, Ont., when very young where he attended technical school. Though he started his business in the printing trade, he was vitally interested in radio and after months of private study he finally entered the radio servicing field where he gained much practical experience. He was manager of Frank Gerry Co. of London. "Vic" joined the R.C.A.F. in September 1939, was on the first instructors course and has been one of our top theory instructors ever since.



SGT. H. F. HANNAY

Is a native son of Brandon, Man. He attended school in Saskatoon and later graduated from Brandon Collegiate. Worked for the Royal Union and Imperial Banks on the prairies and in British Columbia, following which he joined the real estate and investment branch of the Royal Trust. As a "ham" operator he built his own receivers and transmitters. Was called up by the R.C.A.F. in January, 1940 and after a short period at Toronto Manning Depot he came to No. 1 Wireless School with Class, WEM 2. Has been on instruction work and the examination board here. Mrs. Hannay and two young daughters live here in Montreal.



CPL. G. B. SINCLAIR

Born in 1914 in the Edmonton district, Gavin Sinclair had a hardy upbringing and not until he went to the Old Country at the age of ten was he able to secure any formal schooling. Returning to Canada as a youth he finished high school and then went into the hardware sales business. Later he decided to enter the radio field and graduated from the Radio College of Canada with a second class commercial license. He joined the R.C.A.F. in 1939 and was attached to the Central Flying School at Trenton, then to No. 1 Equipment Depot at Ottawa. He went to Edmonton on leave in 1940 to be married and then was sent to the East Coast to a Coastal Artillery Co-operation Squadron. A year ago he came to No. 1 Wireless School and being an honour WEM graduate was retained here in the labs. He is a popular N.C.O. and a promising instructor.



SGT. J. A. B. CAMPBELL

Is a Montrealer by birth and education. At school he excelled in hockey and starred with the Verdun Junior Champions. Prior to joining the RCAF in August, 1940, he was in business with his father. He took the Clerk's course at Toronto Manning Depot and came to No. 1 Wireless in November 1940. Since that time has handled many jobs in the Wing Orderly Room and is at present N.C.O. i/c Headquarters Squadron Orderly Room.



SGT. A. W. STONEBRIDGE

"Al" Stonebridge is one of the old originals at No. 1 Wireless School, having graduated from the WOG course in July, 1940, following which he was an instructor in Outstations. He was born in England, came to Ontario at the age of 12 and attended Public and High School in Oakwood. He holds seniority since 1928 as a telegraph operator with C.N.R. He is musically inclined and has appeared as baritone soloist on CKNC, CFRB and with the Montreal Men's Choir. He served on the Entertainment and Canteen Committees for many months and was a tireless worker in the Air-men's interests. He recently re-mustered to Clerk-Administrative and is now N.C.O. in charge of the Wing Orderly Room.



SGT. J. W. MCLEAN

"Mac" is a native son of British Columbia and had a wide experience in radio prior to joining the R.C.A.F. He was a ship's operator on the rugged B.C. coast, radio operator for a northern B.C. mining company and worked for the Forestry Department.



PRESENTATION MADE TO DR. HOWES BY WEM INSTRUCTORS AT BANQUET

To show their appreciation to Dr. F. J. Howes, of McGill University, who conducted a Radio Engineering course for the WEM staff of No. 1 Wireless School last winter, officers and members of the class honoured him at a banquet at a downtown restaurant June 15th.

Occupying the chair was the Chief Instructor, S/L K. R. Patrick, who, after a few mirth-provoking remarks, called on Flight Sergeant S. H. Yearron, N.C.O. head of the radio laboratory section, to speak. He voiced the gratitude of the class for the knowledge gained from Dr. Howes' excellent lectures and his most valuable aid in dealing with the principles and methods of group instruction.

Presentation was then made to Dr. Howes of a silver cigarette box, the lid of which was engraved with the air force crest and an inscription.

In his reply thanking the men for the gift of appreciation, Dr. Howes gave a short talk on the place the technical man fills in the present economy, what position he should hold, and the possibilities for his future. In the present set-up, technicians are engaged by men in various enterprises but they have little to say regarding operation or management. The war is changing this! We have found that we must have a planned economy system in order to meet the enemy on his own ground. Workers and managers must get together now from necessity. After the war they will remain together or there will be a reversion to the ruinous, competitive system and consequently unemployment and chaos.

The question is will there be voluntary co-operation in a planned economy system, or will there be enforced co-operation? That is the problem facing society after the war. It will depend on the leaders of the day. It is up to them whether the returning soldiers are on the side of progress or the side of reaction.

Passivity from the misleading Biblical consolation, viewed in the light of modern conditions, that "the poor ye have always with

MAYBE THE IDEA WAS ALL RIGHT?

The following are authentic quotations from letters sent to the British Food Office, from mothers who were in need of milk. (With our own sugar ration cards coming into effect, Ottawa officials are due to receive some interesting mail on the subject of sweetness, etc.)

"Please send me form for supply of milk for having children at half price—"

"I posted the form by mistake before my child was properly filled in—"

"Will you please send me form for cheap milk. I have a boy two months old, and I did not know anything about it until a friend told me—"

"I had intended coming to the Office to-day, but I have had fifteen children to-day—"

"I have a child nearly two years old and am looking forward to an increase in November, hoping this meets with your approval—"

"Sorry I have been so long filling in the form, but I have been in bed with my baby two weeks, and did not know it was running out until the milkman told me—"

"I have a baby 18 months old, thanking you for same—"

you," will not exist. In Jesus' day that was true for the rate of increase of population was greater than the rate of increase of goods. By 1912, however, consumer goods exceeded the increase of population, so now there is no need to have the poor. The problem must be faced and worked out.

We have a technical civilization, so technicians are important people. Now they are abused by people who make money out of them. Managers could not get along without them, yet they have no say in how the business is run. There could be no war without technicians. They made war possible, but herein lies their power. They could refuse to have their talents used for evil purposes.

The matter is a huge social responsibility and is not a political problem. We must not slip back. The instructors of No. 1 Wireless School are looking forward to having Dr. Howes being persuaded to give another course in the Fall.

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CORPORAL A. R. RAMSAY



Born at Eden, Man., raised at Neepawa, Cpl. Ramsay secured his Senior Matriculation at Neepawa, Manitoba. He worked at the printing trade in his spare time while going to school and made a considerable portion of his school expenses that way. Later he acted as full-time reporter on the *Neepawa Press Staff*.

He attended Normal School in Winnipeg and was made principal of Consolidated School at Two Creeks. In 1932 Cpl. Ramsay returned to Neepawa to become a news and editorial writer for the *Press*, which job he held until he joined the R.C.A.F. in October, 1940. Though he joined as a bandsman, he later remustered to WOG and was sent to Dartmouth and Halifax. He took the WEM course here at No. 1 Wireless and graduated with honours, winning the Silver Medal. He has been an instructor here ever since. His work for *The Beam* has been of great value. He is married and has a five-year-old boy.

Before he enlisted, Cpl. Ramsay organized and managed the successful Neepawa Credit Union Society Limited, a small co-operative bank.



The Magic Carpet

"What is this 'Air Ops' we hear about". These words are heard around the school and only a few seem to know what they mean.

We are taking this means to introduce the personnel of the Air Operating Section of No. 1 Wireless School and to give you a general idea of our work.

After the Wireless Air Gunner has completed his course at the school, he proceeds to St. Hubert for practical experience, operating the wireless equipment in an Aircraft. Moths and Norsemen are used. Lectures and instructions are given covering aerials, equipment, operation, Air operating procedure, D/F, etc. Instructional flights take place in the Norsemen and "Solo" flights in the Moth.

No details can be given for obvious reasons, but our course is complete and an enthusiastic and efficient staff assures the student of great benefit providing he in turn is attentive and receptive.

Our Officer in charge, Flight Lieutenant Trepanier, directs the policy of the section. A smooth working unit has developed under his capable direction.

Flight Sergeant Mawson, our N.C.O. in charge, has a busy time carrying out the details of our program. With a new class of WAG's coming out each week, to say no-

thing of visiting WAGS, WOGS, and WEMS, his time is pretty well filled up arranging flights, instructional duties, etc.

The remaining personnel consists of: a despatcher, a ground station supervisor, a line supervisor, line runners, lecturers, air instructors, and ground station operators.

The duties are changed around from month to month; in this way any instructor is qualified to take over any of the duties listed above.

At present Sgt. Earl Chapman, is the despatcher. His job is to arrange all flying exercises and assign instructor's and lecturer's duties.

The ground Supervisor, Sgt. Doug. Chorlton is in charge of the ground station. He also assesses the students air exercises. Lots of work here! If there are a few minutes to spare, he manages a make-shift lunch.

Sgt. Walt Townsend, Frank (Junior) Thurston, and Cpl. Doug Shantz are air instructors. They accompany the students on the Norseman instructional flights and make assessments of the students capability.

Cpl. Arnold Tierney is in charge of the line. Sgt. "Vic" Turner assists him. Their job is to see that the students are in their ships at scheduled times, to check the equipment and generally see that the student is all "set" for his air exercise. With 12 ships to look after 4 times a day, up and down, not to mention possible returns due to no contact, they don't put on much weight on this job.

Lecturers Sgts. Doug Whiteside, Frank Bull, Tommy (Froghorn) McCusker and Cpl. Greenaway take care of ground instructions and practical demonstration of equipment and procedure.

Plenty of tuning practice, operational lectures, aldis lamp and code practice is given. Direction finding is demonstrated and the student finds after a few tries, it is not the bug-bear he supposed.

Cpls. Appelt, McIver, LAC Allen and LAC McMillan at present operate the ground station installation. When necessary, the other instructors take a watch also.

The above instructors also do instructional work in turn.

Our equipment in the lecture room is kept up to scratch by WEM Sgt. Tom Jack, who also instructs visiting WEMS.

LAC Moreau looks after our equipment store, issuing chutes, headphones, exercise stationery, etc.

Clerical work and the flying log books are ably handled by Ben Smollner our clerk.

Due to disruptions caused by bad weather, aircraft unserviceability, and other unforeseen tie-ups, a definite program is impossible. Here, quick changes have to be made in our schedules and we are able, due to team work, to carry on with a minimum waste of time. Any spare time is used for code practice and aldis lamp.

A great deal of effort is put forth by our section to give the WAG his "stuff", and we feel fully repaid if this is appreciated by the student, thus benefitting everybody, most of all the "Service".

WAG 34A completed Air Ops, and 36A spent a day getting their air legs. Those who had never been up before enjoyed the flip and returned to the school determined to really sweat upon the course. "Air Crew's life", they said.

WEM 17 put in a week with us and they also got a flip a piece in the Norseman. Our own regular WEMS went out of their way to give these future WEMS all the tips on servicing Aircraft during their visit here.

The boys in WEM 17 reciprocated with help, splicing aerials, repairing loops, service work, etc.

(Continued on page 17, col. 2)

2 AND 2 MAKE 5

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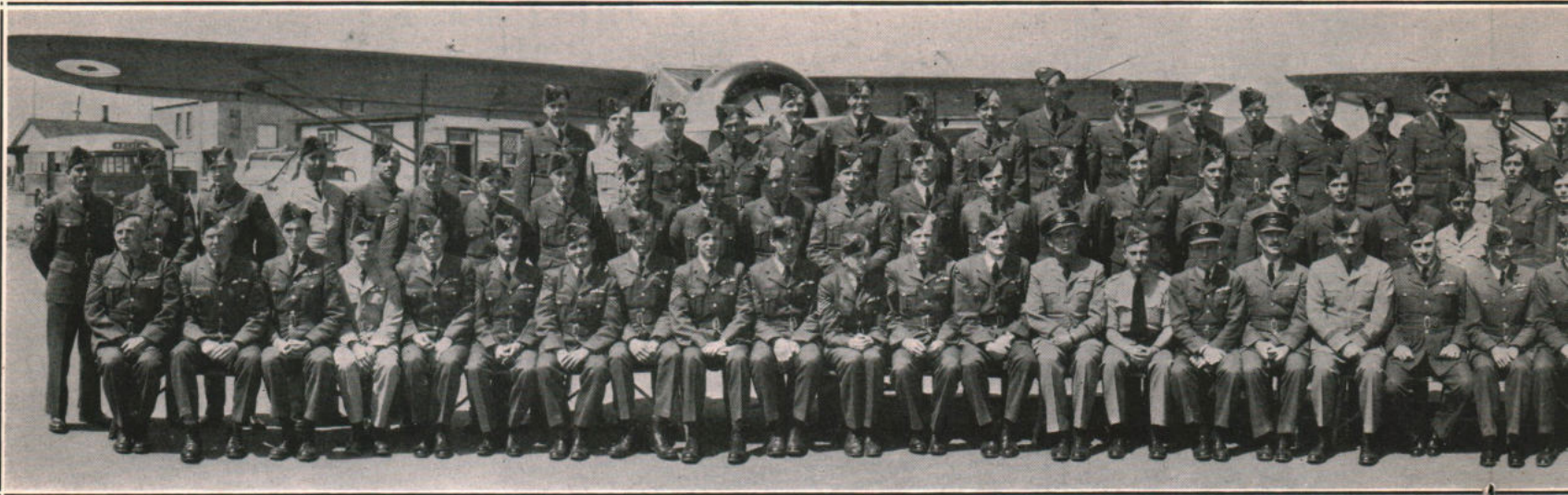
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FRONT ROW: Left to Right: Sgt. Doyle, Sgt. Studer, Sgt. Madden, Sgt. Bouchard, F/S Kincannon, Sgt. Alley, Sgt. Fisher, Sgt. Agnes, Sgt. Burhill, Sgt. Darby, Sgt. Lefebvre, Sgt. Long, P/O Grubb, F/O Rideout, F/O Taylor, P/O Naldrett, F/L Shepherd, F/L Churchill, F/L Arbick, Officer Commanding; F/L March, F/L Griffiths, P/O Meade, W/O Caverhill, Sgt. Merrette, Sgt. Leroux, Sgt. Stairs, Sgt. Blumer, Sgt. Lewis, Sgt. Bennett, Sgt. Witting, Sgt. Clark, Sgt. Fauvel, Sgt. Kirkpatrick, Sgt. Schooley, F/S MacDonald, Sgt. Martin, F/S Johnson, Sgt. Murdoch, F/S Etechells.

MIDDLE ROW: Left to Right: F/S Rawson, Sgt. Senecal, Sgt. Bull, Sgt. Townsend, LAC Reau, AC Deschutter, Cpl. Sandback, Sgt. C. Fillion, LAC Brown, AC Livingstone, AC Se Lachance, AC Berezan, AC Payer, AC Carron, AC Chiasson, AC Sampson, LAC Wright, AC Smith, AC Pacquet, AC Frechette, Cpl. Sgt. Lazowski, Cpl. Markham, Cpl. Greenawa, Cpl. McIver, Sgt. Jack, F/S Rawson.

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THE BOMBER WILL WIN THE WAR

(F/L GELLNER)

Just because the Germans—using their initial superiority in numbers and equipment—had spectacular successes in the first two years of the War, they have currently been credited with superhuman foresight and ingenuity. In fact a rather unexpected thing has already happened: The Germans have proved to be deficient just in the weapon, which was supposedly their strongest—the vaunted LUFTWAFFE—and they have shown that they have utterly misjudged the actual course of this War. And the builders and leaders of the Royal Air Force, often derided as incompetent Colonel "Blimps," just because they didn't want to adopt dive-bombers or other devices which happened to capture the mind of newspapermen and politicians, have foreseen extremely well the needs of a modern War. That's why we are now better equipped and better trained to attack the Germans from the air than the LUFTWAFFE has ever been for similar attacks on England.

The Germans assumed, that they would use their bombers (the offensive component of every air force)

1. Mainly in day-time
2. On short-range bombing
3. With fighter-escort.

On the other hand, the R.A.F. had always foreseen, that day-bombing would be a very costly enterprise, if carried out against targets far away from home bases, and has specialized on night-bombers with long range and heavy armament, to be able to repel fighter-attacks without support from own fighters. That's why the LUFTWAFFE entered the War with three typical day bombers: The JU.87 and JU.88 and the DO.17 and one bomber, constructed for both day- and night-work, the HE.111, as against the R.A.F.'s two typical night-bombers (Wellington and Whitley), one night and day-bomber (Hampden) and one typical day-bomber (Blenheim). The German bombers were generally faster than our bombers, but had the disadvantage of cramped space (which makes long-distance flying and especially navigation, difficult), short range and inferior defensive armament. German training, although generally thorough, neglected navigation, as map-reading with occasional radio-helps was considered sufficient for the expected short-distance day raids. The R.A.F. pioneered in aerial navigation on the basis of long experiences gained on the Sea and trained her navigators from the beginning in continuous dead-reckoning and in navigational methods to be adopted beyond the reach of its own radio-helps. This lack in navigational training became obvious, when the LUFTWAFFE was forced

to adopt night-bombing on long distances. One of the best safeguards of English cities, comparable in effectiveness with anti-aircraft guns, radio-location, and night fighters, are the daily fighter-sweeps over Northern France, Holland and Belgium. These sweeps force the Germans to transfer their bomber bases farther away from the coast to save the valuable bombers from surprise attacks from low flying fighters. Through these fighter-sweeps German bombers attacking England's main industrial area (the Midlands) are practically in the same position, as our bombers attacking Germany's main industrial area (the Ruhr). And once conditions were made even, the R.A.F.'s better planning in aircraft construction and crew training was bound to tell.

Long wars are not won only with the equipment on hand and in current production, but also with the equipment which at the outbreak of the war is on the drafting boards. Here again the R.A.F. has done a better job. In September, 1939, we had four types of super-bombers, suited to our conception of future offensive air war (long range, high load carrying capacity, heavy armament, accommodation for night work), in various stages of progress, from prototype to flying tests of first production models. These Stirlings, Halifaxes, Lancasters and Manchesters were not the products of experiences gained in this War, but primarily the result of the ideas, our leaders some years ago had about a future war. It was only necessary to hold out, until these superior weapons would be mass-produced. We have reached this stage now.

ING SQUADRON AND AIR OPERATING SECTION



ght: F/S Lawson, Sgt. Chapman, Sgt. Lauder, . Townsend, LAC Poapst, Sgt. Gillis, AC Car- Sandbach, Sgt. Chorlton, Cpl. Tierney, LAC Livingston, AC Sevigny, AC St. Laurent, AC Payer, AC Carron, LAC Algeo, LAC Hogarth, on, LAC Wright, AC Jones, LAC Blampin, AC Frechette, Cpl. Benditsky, Sgt. Barron, am, Cpl. Greenaway, Cpl. Hotson, Cpl. Shantz, S Rawson.

BACK ROW: Left to Right: Cpl. Morin, LAC Graham, Cpl. Erickson, AC Provost, AC Roberge, AC Bulmer, LAC Beaudreau, AC Booker, LAC Cripps, Cpl. Richmond, AC McMillan, AC Morgan, F. R., LAC Morgan, A., LAC Blackwell, LAC Steeves, AC Hineson, AC Bawn, AC Smollner, AC Lazare, LAC Osman, Cpl. Whiteman, AC Wilson, LAC Allen, LAC Bastin, AC Lepine, AC Guenet, LAC Varley, Cpl. Enman, Cpl. Wagner, Sgt. Allen, Cpl. Morrissette, Cpl. Gagne, Sgt. McCusker, Sgt. Turner.

Photographed by Federal Photos

The R.A.F.'s strategy during the eight months of the "phony war" has been severely criticized. According to the critics, Germany should have been attacked from the very beginning, disregarding foolish sentimentalities about bombing civilians, who after all are combatants in a "total" war. It should not be forgotten, that the hands of the R.A.F. were tied up by the utter unpreparedness and vulnerability of French towns. Without adequate anti-aircraft protection, the French naturally wanted to avoid any provocation, which could have brought German air armadas over their beautiful and —alas—so defenceless towns. We know now, that even after Italy had declared War, the French prevented British bomber squadrons from using an advance aerodrome (Salon, near Marseille) for a sharp attack on war factories in Northern Italy, which would have taught the Italians a lesson. The story, how the French blocked the aerodrome with lorries, has been told in the remarkable booklet "Bomber Command". This was no fifth column activity, but fear of reprisals. After the collapse of France, the main brake applied to the R.A.F.'s desire to strike Germany hard from the air was removed and ever since our Bomber Command has maintained a continuous attack against targets in Germany and German-occupied countries. These attacks have continuously grown in strength. This program will go on as our Bomber Command will get more and more aircraft and the proportion of four-engined to twin-engined bombers will increase.

Bombing can and will largely influence the outcome of the War. It may not be possible to bomb such a large country as Germany, thoroughly prepared for emergency production with the resources of most of Europe at its disposal, into submission; continuous bombing can force Germany to make decisions and to incur risks, which will eventually be its downfall. Germany may have the advantage of interior lines, but this is coupled with the disadvantage of more vulnerable communications. Most of England's communications are sea-borne and a bomb falling on the normal path of a ship, will only produce a splash in the water. Germany has to depend largely on its railway system and a bomb, which

falls on the usual path of a train, shatters the track, breaks up rails, and makes long-drawn repairs necessary. We have already referred to the booklet, "Bomber Command". It mentions an instance, where a few bombs dropped on the marshalling yards of Mannheim, caused freight cars, which used to take 24 hours to pass through the yards, to require 7 days to do the same job. Cars were piling up on both termini of the yards and the effect of this interruption of traffic was felt as far away as Sicily. Imagine a German bomber-STAFFEL on an aerodrome in Russia, getting its JU. 88's from Magdeburg, its synthetic propellants from the synthetic plant in Poelitz near Stettin, its bombs from filling factories in the Ruhr, its personnel from schools in Saxony. There are 12 aircraft to this STAFFEL. Every aircraft flies some 60 hours per month and its operational flying time is some 300 hours, after which, if it still flies, it is turned over to an Operational Training Unit. German aircraft losses on the Prussian front have been as high as 15% per raid, but let's assume, that they are only about half of that, 8% per raid, and that the STAFFEL makes 8 raids every month, which is conservative. The yearly requirement of aircraft for this hypothetical STAFFEL of ours is then:

Initial strength: 12 aircraft, 12 crews;

Replacements after 5 months caused by normal wear and tear: 12 aircraft;

Replacements to make good monthly losses (8 raids with 8% losses for each): 92 aircraft, 92 crews;

Total requirement to keep one German STAFFEL on the Prussian front in the air for one year: 128 aircraft, 104 crews;

With every aircraft flying 60 hours a month, 8640 hours will be flown every year. This means roughly: 864,000 gallons; or (again roughly): 2,750 tons of propellant. With 8 raids per month 1152 sorties will be completed in one year and (roughly) 2,250 tons of bombs used. To transport 5,000 tons of fuel and bombs alone, 500 normal European freight cars will be required. All this for only one bomber squadron, of which the Germans must have a hundred in

(Continued on page 17, col. 1)

Group Photography

Copies of all group pictures taken at No. 1 Wireless School may be obtained from

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PERSONALITIES

(Continued from page 8)

ment. Was an active HAM (VE5JN) from 1937 in addition to teaching radio in a radio school out West. His varied experience also includes work as a land line operator, press operator and meteorological expert. He is at present a radio 'lab' instructor here at No. 1 Wireless School.

SGT. O. L. SIMPSON

Was born in Elkhorn, Man., and as his father was a traveller "Simmy" received his early education in various prairie towns including Oxbow, Carlyle, Ogema, Regina and Weyburn. He worked as a travelling salesman throughout the west for the Dominion Fruit Co., later going to the Government youth training school at Regina. Joining the R.C.A.F. in May, 1940 he first went to Brandon on guard duty and then came to No. 1 Wireless School as a WOG. Being allergic to morse and radio, "Simmy" became one of the lucky G.D.'s who at last found his proper niche, for from the day he was put in the school post office he commenced to make headway. He reorganized the postal service here and is now re-mustered to the R.C.A.F. postal corps. When Inspectors from Ottawa looked over our postal system recently they decided Sgt. Simpson had done a grand job, so much so that he was complimented by our Commanding Officer personally.



ON THE BEAM JOHNNY



Rita Ireland, who found a homeless puppy in the corridor not long ago, took it home overnight and then found a good home for it. Gee, some dogs have all the luck, don't they?

Those Sergeants who go over on Wednesday afternoon and roll the tennis courts. Just think of their sacrifice too, they miss the C.O.'s parade and all that lovely P.T.

Flight Sergeant Miller, N.C.O. i/c Armament, who originated the posting of names and pictures of the top men in armament classes. Everyone likes to get credit for a good job and this is one of the best plans we have had yet for bringing the top students to the notice of the entire personnel.

Sgt. Norman Dickson who is taking a weight lifting course at the "Y" and has given up all forms of night life and dissipation. The reason for this reformation . . . wedding bells for the "Mighty Atom" in September.

Warrant Officer Anthony who took the "Big Leap" last month and cancelled his leave and honeymoon so that he could take over the Station Sergeant Major's job. Becoming a husband and the S.W.O. all in one day is quite a feat, but Mr. Anthony took it right in his stride.

Johnnie Walker, for his excellent producing of an "Amateur Night". Come again, Johnnie!

Norma Martin whose dancing on the Amateur programme made us "all-firing-mad" to aid the Americans to keep Pearl Harbour as a playground for our next leave.

Violet Aspell, our senior telephone operator, whose pleasant voice and manner in the face of many irritations warrants a monument for patience equal to that of Job's.

F/L Lanskaill, of *The Beam* Photographic Department, for the marvels he performs for *The Beam* each time he calls our attention to the elusive dicky-bird that never appears.

The tall—very tall—Flight Lieutenant who entered some of Montreal's most famous night clubs for probably his first time and—came out with advertising contracts for *The Beam*!

A.C.'s Pleau and Boyer, two French-Canadians whose conscientious performance of duty in Room 5A from 0830 to 2000 hours makes it possible for all personnel of this station to have access to their stored possessions in that room.

The R.C.A.F.

Where Coolness and Courage are needed
you'll find the R.C.A.F.,
Whose Pilots and Gunners, Hitler says,
get in his hair;
And will soon make the old villain confess
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NEW IDEA?

In time of war one reads each and every day of the new and awe-inspiring inventions with which we are slowly but gradually winning this war . . . more powerful explosive bombs, anti-aircraft guns with greater altitude, larger and faster planes and any number of other new-fangled methods of dealing out destruction and death.

It might be a pleasant interlude, therefore, to cogitate on a few of the more recent inventions which have come to light which will make our way of life and pursuit of happiness more effective when this battle of freedom has finally been won.

INVISIBLE FLASHBULBS

A new type of photographer's flashbulb will take pictures in complete darkness. It utilizes invisible infra-red rays and in most cases the people whose pictures are being taken are unaware of the fact. The bulb can also be used in lighted rooms and will be much less annoying than the old-style bulb. (Page F/L Lanskaill)

MECHANICAL CONSCIENCE

If the driver of the public bus you ride in seems more than ordinarily careful about starting and stopping smoothly, the chances are that he is being checked up by a special meter that records all abrupt stops and starts. A simple mechanism, not visible to the driver but studied later by inspectors, makes a line on a chart paper every time the driver jams on the brakes or slams on the gas. (M.T. Drivers, please note.)

(Continued on page 16, col. 1)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



The Editor,
The Beam

Clearing out some old papers, I came across three letters which brought back memories of the Infantry in the last War, and which I think may be of interest to some of your readers.

A typical Cockney from the East end of London, Private May, was one of the old "contemptibles" i.e. the Regular Army of 1914. He took part in the famous retreat from Mons when the flower of the German Army got such a hammering from the marvellous rifle shooting of our Regular troops.

He was badly wounded on at least four occasions but always returned to the front undaunted, and un-suppressed. In hand to hand fighting he was in his element, and was once observed with a broken bottle in each hand jabbing the Huns in their faces, much to their discomfort.

(Signed) E. W. TYRRELL-BECK,
Wing Commander,
Senior Administrative Officer.

Pte. F. May 209
7 Platoon B. Coy. 9th R.F.
B.E. Force, France.

8/7/17
Dear Sir

I am sending a line to you through your Splendid Sister Lady Martin. Perhaps I can get into Communication Through her to you. I have wrote Several Letters to you but have not heard If you have received them or Not I Thanked you for the Parcel also wrote about some Souvenirs I did manage to get Hold of which Included 2 German Daggers 2 Smart Belt a German Revolver also a lot of German Correspondence which I knew you would Like The Chaps who I got them off of wanted 120 Francs for them I went to see the Quarter Master Mr. Shelly he said write to you he never had the money so of course I had to return them but they were a Bargain Sir but it will not Matter I will get you some myself so it will not matter I will not go again to Mr. Shelly. Well Sir I have got more Bad News for You If you have not Heard it Capt. Ross Wounded Rather Bad Serg Major Moseley Wounded Badly believed Dead Capt Sidwell Killed Corporal Staines Killed in Fact we got it in the Neck Badly I myself believed Killed But Still Kicking The C.O. of the Sussex Killed also the Adjutant in fact words are to bad to tell you it was Murder. I say Sir do you Rember Ovillers a year ago to Day it is Just the same Weather Awful out Hear. Pouring of Rain Some Life this. But I am not Dead yet. we are out for 48 Hours and we go back again to

that Hell Monchy but I got a Little bit of my own back for them Raiding Poplar went out Scrounging you Know Sir seeing If the Dead Boches had anything to Borrow Lend or Steal. Came across 4 Boches with telephone Communication to the Front Line Trench I only had 4 Bombs to my Surprise I got was Kamerad Kamerad I remembered Ovillers Poplar I slung the 4 Bombs told them to Share them among them I remained alive I Murder them it was no use fetching any of that Filth back was it. Wot a Life Wot a Game. Oh Sir I am sorry to add to the Casualties Mr. Bird got Sniped right through the Neck. he was a Splendid Officer Well Sir I think this is all the for the Present the C.O. Colonel Overton has gone Down with Appendicitcy Major Van Sommeren in Charge So I think this is all the news for Present hoping to write better news next Time yours Sincerely

PTE. F. MAY

p.s. Got no More Paper
P.S.

Pte Richardson gave up his V.C. to a Sergeant Garratt, Garratt Lost his Life by Placing his Feet on a bomb thereby Saving Mr. Burdett Richardson and Several Others Cannot tell you more but if you see your Sisters Letter it will show you what a man Richardson Was.

Pte. F. May
36 Charles Street
Stepney,
London E.

6/1/19
Dear Sir

Excuse me writing to you but after all this long time I must tell you I have been a Prisoner of War since last March 26 after that Last Fight at Albert and of course you will know by now how the 9th Royal Fusiliers Suffered and it was no fault of mine own I was taken Prisoner as you may be sure we were entirely surrounded after Someones Mistake. Well Sir I am sorry to say when I did get into German Hands they let us well know it. Of course I am not going to blame the German Soldier Himself I am going to Put the Blame on their P.B. Men behind the Lines you Understand What I mean Sir. but between me and you Sir I am glad they are Beaten, God knows what they would have done If they got here in England it is a Wonder Sir what I have seen and know how any of us got through it well I will leave it at that. I have had a Nice Letter from the King and Queen which I shall Highly Value. Well Sir I should like to hear from you as I always had a strong Friendship for you.

I remain yours
Old Servant
PTE. F. MAY

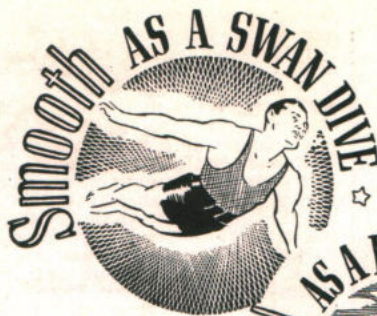
Late 9th Royal Fusiliers

P.S. Sir a Friend of yours Readressed it to me so I hope it will Reach you in Beautiful France
curse it.

Mr. F. May
36 Charles Street
Stepney, London E.

Dear Sir

In answer to your Welcome Letter which I am very Pleased to get after this Long Silence. I am very sorry to hear that you have been so Bad with Influenza and Pneumonia and very glad to hear you are fit and well again. I am not very well Myself but buck up in the Old Style you know what I mean Sir. Of course I have had a Terrible Experience with the Germans as a Prisoner of War and I shall only be too glad to Relate what I have been through. If you can manage to pay me a visit which I would be so proud to Introduce you to my Wife. Well Sir will you
(Continued on page 15, col. 2)



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IS THERE A CHOSEN PEOPLE?

(F/L G. E. MULLIGAN,
R. C. CHAPLAIN)

To any right thinking human there can be but one answer to this question, if, by chosen people we mean one super-race. Every so often mankind in its folly goes off the deep end and gives heed to some crackpot who rants and raves about this or that race of supermen; usually the myth is based on blood; hence the expression blue-blooded, etc.

In the struggle that the madman of Berchtesgaden precipitated in 1939, it is well to recognize that this same maniac composed his *Mien Kampf* in a prison to the strains of Wagner ground out on a phonograph. Wagner, in his operas and music, had attempted to re-establish in Teutonic hearts the old legends and glories of Siegfried and his pagan cohorts. Hitler himself began to imitate the personality of Lohengrin even to his ridiculous "decoration" on his upper lip; he seemed diabolically clever in playing up the weakness for his race to be bullies and overlords, and he made of his National Socialism such a fetish that its centre was actually established in Nueremburg, where rests the bones of the great Wagner. He, moreover, named the Western Wall of fortifications the "Siegfried" line.

In Europe the "balance of power" theory has been the greatest cause of bloodshed. It is not new, it came into being with the canny merchant-class of the late renaissance when the magic word "trade" came to mean vast wealth for the favoured few. It was about that time that France first allied herself with the Teutons, and that time freely, in order to establish a "balance of power" that has never ceased to cause trouble.

The lust for gold gave France the Midas touch at last and two years ago she discovered to her sorrow that gold is of little value against desperate invaders. Today the nation that gave rise to the saying, "Gesta Dei per Francos" is a slave, most unwilling certainly, to a man who appears to be Evil Incarnate.

Hitler built up his party on hatred; indeed there is no greater force to bind people together, in a frenzied unity, than hatred.

Those who act through love, do so in a gentle and quiet manner, quite the opposite of those energized by hate.

The evil genius of mankind very often suggests similar hates and dislikes among our own United Nations; certainly the failure of 1919's agreement can be traced to national suspicion and down-right hatred, on which such men as the old Tiger seemed to thrive. Today in our services we have the same danger to face, blatherskites from time to time want to know why we should depend on Britishers in

the services; as if those sons of a nation that has been called that of "knights and judges", are not able to harden our war effort after what they have seen and suffered.

Then there is that other species of whisperer who wants to suggest that the largest national block in Canada are all anglophobes and anti-semites. Let us remember that French Canada valiantly rallied to the Empire when those south of the 45th and 49th parallel seceded; that should answer the first charge along with the record of the "vingt-deux's" and the other valiant units who originated in this part of the world in the last "show". To say that a few rowdy students represent French-Canadian

(Continued on page 19, col. 3)

BEST WIRELESS TRAINEES



G. W. Brand



V. H. Wood

Each month, we hope to announce who is "tops" in wireless as a WAG, WOG, or WEM. Basing our opinion on marks made in Morse, Procedure, and Visual and upon the judgment of the instructors in these departments, we now state that in No. 1 Wireless School, R107836, LAC Ploshynsky, W. of WAG 36A is supreme as a WAG, that R157503 AC2 Brand, G. W. of WOG 25B reigns as the best WOG, and that R140151 AC2 Wood, V. H. of WEM 19 rings the bell as a WEM.

Congratulations to these three. Though we will not go so far as to predict that they will take the medals at graduation, we do say that they—and others—are definitely "in the running". Next month, the Wiring and Radio Labs' marks will play a big part in selecting the WEM.

WHEN YOU TELEPHONE HER —

In the first place, be sure you have the right number. It's quicker to consult the directory than to get a wrong number and then consult the directory.

Wait for an answer. If she's worth calling, she's worth waiting for.

Speak distinctly, and directly into the mouthpiece, and you won't have to go through that beautiful line twice. Even the best lines won't stand repetition.

Be brief, especially if she has a party line. Have pity on the long line of forlorn hopes behind you trying to get their turn at the telephone before a salvage squad picks them up for old bones.

Following these rules will save your time, give other fellows a break, and help the telephone system keep important war calls moving.

JUNE AIRCRAFT RECOGNITION CONTEST RESULTS



First place goes to R99567 LAC Davis, F.; second place to R117322 LAC Gagnon, W.; and third place to R122571 LAC Banks, L., all of WAG 38B. The pictures of these three appear in this issue.

Among those securing honourable mention for their answers are the

following LAC's: (names in order of merit), Vallee, Y.; Fitzsimmons, G.; Marchand, E.; Picken, C.; Mercer, F.; Tupper, M.; Touchie, W.; Harrell, C.; Stemmler, J.; Caldwell, A.; Pette, G.; MacPherson, D. J.; Demers, L.

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WHO ARE THESE TRAINEES?

Spencer Ross: WAG 38A

Is an Ottawa boy and is well on with his Wireless Air Gunner course here. One of his brothers was recently promoted from WO2 to Flying Officer while a second brother, a Flight Sergeant, recently remustered to Aircrew.



LUCKIN, G. H. (WEM 19)

Born 1919 in New Plymouth, New Zealand. Worked for the New Zealand Government Post and Telegraph Co., as a clerk, came to Canada on the 13th June, 1940 and is the first New Zealand WEM trained in this school, graduating in July 1942.



TAYLER (FREDDY) (WOG 26B)

A. M. "Freddy" Tayler (Note the spelling folks), one of the up-standing young men of the class. Comes from Penticton, B.C. Took his preliminary training at Vancouver Tech. Before coming to No. 1 Wireless School, was stationed at Toronto and Lachine Manning Depots. His hobby is prospecting and he is a holder of British Columbia Free Miners Certificate to prove it. His sports tend toward track and field events.



CHIDLEY, G. D. (WEM 19)

Born in 1917 in Tridian Head, Saskatchewan; however moved to the States the same year. Educated at Missoula, Mont. Worked in a creamery as a butter marker. Played rugby, basketball and track games. Came to Canada to enlist in 1941 when he joined the Dominion Provincial Plan and later became a WEM. He graduates in July 1942.



ROBBINSON, V. R. (WOG 26B)

V. R. "Vince" Robbinson, comes from Erindale, Ontario, and was born and educated in that vicinity, having attended Port Credit High School. Took his pre-entry training at Galt Aircraft School, and before joining the Air Force worked for O'Keefe's Beverage Ltd. His hobbies are hunting and fishing and chiefly riding, has his own horses back in Erindale. He hopes to take the WEM course and we wish him the best of luck.



LOCOCO "VINCE" (WOG 26A)

Hails from Niagara Falls and was educated at the Niagara Falls Collegiate. Prior to his enlistment, Vince tested several trades; he was a toothpaste salesman of no mean repute after which he tried his hand at Arc Welding. Three years of this and the desire for his own business got him, and he founded the Commercial Enterprise Ltd. Later Vince joined forces with his father and together they opened a Furniture Store. Between jobs, Vince made quite a name for himself as a basketball player, having played on no less than five championship teams.



HARRY DAVIS (WOG 26A)

Born in Cobocok, Ont., and educated at Cobocok High School and Meads Prep. School, New York. While at School, Harry was quite a baseball player, and later was a player in the Junior O. H. A. Harry worked for the Hollinger Gold Mines Ltd., and prior to his enlistment was surveying in the far north for that Company.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from page 13)

Thank Lady Martin for me for wishing to be Remembered to me. Well Sir I will not trouble you with more News at present. Mrs. May thanks you for Kindly Asking after me, So do and try and come down to my Little Humble Home If possible I will now conclude

From
your Old Faithful
Servant Late PTE F. MAY
Late Royal Fusiliers
P/S Sir now try and not go Back
to that Hells Hole France Again
Bon Swar

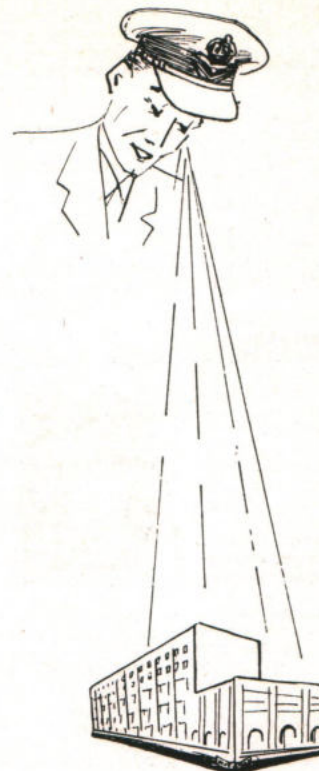
SIR:
My pal and I have had some argument about a few points on saluting. Will you, Sir, settle the following for us?

- Thank you.
Yours-for-a-smart-R.C.A.F.
1. We admit that we must salute when a military funeral party passes; but what, when an ordinary funeral passes?
 2. Sometimes when we pass two or three officers, one salutes and sometimes all salute. Which is right?
 3. When an airman is out with two girls, one on each side of him and holding his arm, does he salute or not?
 4. I saw a Squadron Leader salute a Flying Officer or Pilot Officer and they did not appear to know one another or anything. Did he mistake his rank or is there another reason?
 5. When an officer is loaded down with parcels and his arm is not free to salute should an airman neglect to salute?
 6. When an airman salutes an officer on the street should the airman stamp his left foot?
 7. At the Skating Vanities at the Forum some officers saluted and some didn't for "God Save the King." Which is right?

REPLY:

1. "Officers and airmen passing a civilian or service funeral are to salute the bier" (C.A.P.90, Section 22, paragraph 10).
2. "All airmen in a group, unless being marched in an organized party, are to salute when passing an officer." (C.A.P.90 Section 22, paragraph 17).

Perhaps, though, you meant not the airmen but officers. This is covered in the same section of C.A. P.90
(Continued on page 20, col. 3)



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OFF THE BEAM JOE



A few young whippersnapper N.C.O.'s shouting disrespectful wisecracks to fellow N.C.O.'s in front of the trainees on the parade ground. There is a place for that sort of thing . . . in the privacy of the mess . . . not where the trainees can hear it.

Those who slam the phone up in the ears of the switchboard girls whenever they cannot get a "line". Our switchboard girls do a swell job with a limited number of lines and deserve orchids instead of rudeness.

Those class seniors who failed to turn in news about a few of the outstanding men in their classes for *The Beam*. A little more co-operation along this line would be greatly appreciated.

Some of the members of the Dry Canteen Staff who are late for work and who act as if they were doing a great favour in serving customers. Don't forget boys, that twelve bucks a month is a bonus for giving courteous service.

The Sergeant who couldn't think of any better excuse for not being at a Sergeant's Mess Meeting than that he wished to attend a fiftieth wedding anniversary party. Can you imagine a sergeant being so all-fired anxious to attend a Golden Wedding shindig?

Those members of the personnel of No. 1 Wireless School whose unpublicized conduct has entitled them to the dubious distinction of being president of the Orderly Officers' Club, the Orderly Sergeants Club, or the Orderly Corporals' Club. Up with the sox, men!

THE BOMBER WILL WIN

(Continued from page 11)

Russia, if they want to oppose effectively the Russian Armies.

Now let's say, that the LUFT-WAFFE, in remaining passive on the Western Front and curtailing bomber flights in the Mediterranean and over Africa to the barest minimum, has been able to obtain from the German aircraft industry and from remaining stores the 12,800 bombers necessary to keep the 100 bomber squadrons, indispensable for an all out effort against the hard-pressing Russians, continuously in the air for one year of bitter fighting; that the LUFT-WAFFE has also been able to transport 50,000 tons of fuel and bombs in 5,000 freight cars over distances ranging from 600 to 1,200 miles to the different bases of her squadrons; and that it has found the several thousand further cars necessary for spare parts, food, personal equipment, small arm ammunition, etc., for the same units. All this would be quite a job even without any interference from our part. But now comes Bomber Command's part in the "Battle of Russia". We are destroying aircraft factories, like the big Heinkel works in Rostok. We disrupt communications all along the line from

the Rhineland to beyond Berlin and in doing so, we are destroying many a freight car laden with supplies for these 100 bomber squadrons of the LUFTWAFFE and are delaying many others. We bomb the armament works in the Rhineland, the synthetic fuel plants in the Ruhr, on the Baltic Coast and in Saxony, and the storehouses with food and supplies for these squadrons. The Germans are certainly already feeling the pinch of this interference of ours with their plans for an offensive in 1942. They are decidedly short in aircraft. Why else should they leave England practically unmolested, concentrate always only on one front at a time? They haven't got probably the immense reserves of equipment, necessary for an all out onslaught on one front. They had these inexhaustible reserves, when they struck against Belgium, Holland, and France in May, 1940 and against Russia in June, 1941. What will the Germans have to do? They will have to remove this continual nuisance, this "pain-in-the-neck", which the R.A.F.'s Bomber Command is for them. *But they cannot remove this threat without invading England, and they cannot invade England before having knocked out the Russians, and they cannot knock out the Russians unless they invade England!* In this predicament and under the threat, that their stores, their industries, their communications will be gradually bombed to bits by a continuously growing Allied bomber strength, the Germans may realize that they have to act here and now and do the desperate thing of attacking both Russia and England at the same time. Once their hands have been forced to do this, their definite defeat will not be far away.

That is, as I see it, the meaning of our relentless bombing attacks on Germany. The R.A.F. has prepared for this brilliant effort of 1942 by sound planning in aircraft construction and crew training. What is needed now is more and more heavy bombers, more and more thoroughly trained bomber crews. We should get both—heavy bombers and brave crews—from our immense industrial power and from the ranks of our warlike youth. And I believe, that these bombers and these crews will win us World War II.

(Editor's Note: F/L Gellner is a Czechoslovakian who was one of the first graduates of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan. He has participated in five or six dozen raids over enemy-occupied territory and has been cited and decorated for his feats of bravery in the face of the enemy.)



MAGIC CARPET

(Continued from page 9)

PERSONALS

An attempt to prove that two can live cheaper than one is to be demonstrated during June and July when our Sgts. Erb, Bull, Lazowski, Cpl. Hotson, and LAC Bastien take unto themselves a wife each. Congrats, boys.

Condolences to Cpl. George McIver who lost his brother a couple of weeks ago. LAC Albert Emerson McIver had been ill since last October and was invalidated home from England a week previous to his passing.

It is superfluous to say "Flying Squadron" when passing the guard on entering the school. The beautiful sunburns sported by our lads is enough. Beau coup de fresh air and sunshine out here.

During Air Operations the stork jettisoned a couple of baby boys to the homes of Sgt. Chapman and LAC Ken McMillan. One each of course. Best wishes to the happy parents.

KEEP FIT!

THROUGH SUMMER SPORTS

While studying at No. 1 Wireless you should keep yourself fit.

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CHAPTER XII of MEIN KAMPF

IT ALL SOUNDS LIKE BULL TO ME!

SOCIALISM: You buy two cows. You give one to your neighbour.

COMMUNISM: You have two cows. You give two cows to the Government, which Government gives you part of the milk.

FASCISM: You have two cows. You keep both cows, and give the milk to the Government, which lets you buy part of it back.

AMERICAN NEW DEAL: You have two cows. The Government shoots one cow, buys the milk from the other, and pours it down the sewer.

NAZISM: You have two cows. The Government shoots you, takes the cows and sells the milk.

CAPITALISM: You have two cows. You sell one cow and buy a bull.

SOCIAL CREDITISM: The Government shoots the bull.

BOMBS

(Continued from page 2)

dependent for the time of their explosion upon the time the chemical takes in eating through certain metals. Another variation is to make the action depend on the capillary action of a liquid in making the explosive mixture, such as the oil in an oil lamp travelling up the wick. The Chief German Sabotage Agent in the last war, Captain Franz von Rintelen of the German Navy, much favoured the chemical type of detonating mechanism.

DECIDE FIRST WHETHER TO MOVE THE BOMB

One of the first things to do on discovering a bomb is to decide whether it is to be moved immediately or not, and the decision should be based upon many factors. If the explosion can do little damage, the bomb need not be moved immediately; if, however, it threatens a vital spot, the personal risk in moving it immediately may be justified. If the bomb is not moved immediately, nearby places should be cleared of people, a guard established outside the danger zone to keep persons away, inflammable materials moved from the threatened area, valuable equipment moved out of danger, and fire fighting equipment be secured to combat the probable resulting fire. If the bomb is moved, the route to be taken should be cleared of people and valuable equipment.

NEVER PUT BOMBS IN WATER

It is safe to say that the popular conception of rendering a bomb harmless, namely, by putting it in water, is absolutely wrong. Fuses will continue to burn even under water in most bombs. If dynamite is left in water, it has a tendency to form liquid nitroglycerine, a very dangerous material. Further, water may increase the dangerous qualities of the bomb. Potassium and Metallic Sodium react most violently with water. Do not, under any circumstances, try to open or investigate the nature of a bomb. Their destructive force is very great, and, if they are homemade, their action is very erratic.

Further information in regard to bomb handling will be given in the next issue of *The Beam*.

(The above information is made available through the courtesy of F/L K. P. Richardson, the Officer i/c Fire Fighters on this station.—Editor.)

DUNKERQUE EXPERIENCE

(Continued from page 1)

the sand to escape shrapnel; Nurses French and English, cared for the injured.

France was through then, but there were a lot of them with us still and they were with us too in every way. Certainly there wasn't any dissension. We were resigned and there was far less pandemonium than you would imagine. We were so horribly outstripped then in men and machines that we hadn't much of a chance, did we? You can't fight a plane very well with a rifle, or a revolver. Our Ack-Ack's were still fighting a rear-guard action, but they were being used for anti-tank work against thousands of tanks. Yes, *thousands!* Our Spitfires, Hurricanes, Battles, and Defiants were marvellous. Honestly, marvellous! It made you feel proud of the British.

Plenty of the Luftwaffe came down. One crashed not very far from me and the pilot's hand was stretched out over the side of the cockpit. One of our blokes wanted his wrist watch and ring. You could see them plainly. He left for a second and when he returned he was too late. A French civilian who had been digging anti-tank pits in the sand had chopped it off with a spade. The guy was dead anyway, so what was the odds?

Dawn came. There wasn't much difference as far as illumination was concerned. Our R.A.F. were doing a grand job. They were fighting everywhere, over us, and protecting our ships. We were really catching hell. The pier I was on was bombed, about a third of it. There must have been about 3,000 stretcher cases altogether. That separated a lot of us for a long time.

Men were wading out, helping to place the injured in row boats. The row boats, yachts, tugs, pleasure craft, naval vessels, were all co-operating. They'd row them out to the bigger vessels endlessly. Some of those boats made a lot of trips. The most remarkable thing of all was this—*Every able man wanted to stay behind!* Sixteen men might be able to stand up in a row boat which would accommodate but two stretcher cases; it was another thing that made you proud. I knew then that given an even break the invincible Huns were not the men that our boys were. Things are changing now and they are going to find that out as sure as I'm here.

The Grenadier Guards marched on what was left of the quay in orderly fashion. They wanted to stay, but orders are orders and amidst all that noise, etc., they were military in every sense of the word. It did strike me as a paradox,—the able men that got away were forced to go and their officers were the last ones in every case. After all their men were aboard and accounted for, they climbed on. I landed in Dover in a French hospital ship. We were met by throngs; every car, private and otherwise was at our disposal. I went to a big hospital near Birmingham. Over 1,500 boys were there. "Nobby" Clark was right near me. I spent over nine months there. Our original battalion of 1,200 has dwindled to fewer than 150 now.

Sure I like Canada, but I'll be damned glad to get back to the show."

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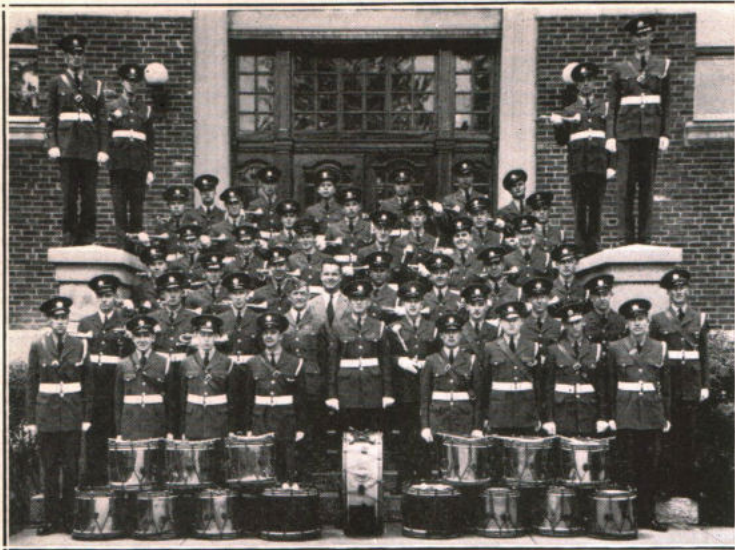
THE BEAM

AND ALL AIRMEN AT

No. 1 WIRELESS SCHOOL

From A FRIEND

NO. 1 WIRELESS SCHOOL TRUMPET BAND



LEFT TO RIGHT: (FRONT ROW), LAC Rowe, F. L., AC2 Deschamps, J. A., LAC MacKenzie, A. B., LAC Giroux, J. W., LAC Heddington, C. M., AC1 Chessell, L. A., AC1 Smith, N. K. (SECOND ROW), LAC Perrin, J. M., LAC Moodie, R. P., LAC Rason, D., W.O.1 Allen, T. M., Sgt. Houston, J. (Bandmaster), Sgt. Couillard (Drum Major), AC2 Saucier, J., AC1 Christie, E. J., AC2 Webber, L. D., AC2 Curry, M. (THIRD ROW), AC1 Rowbotham, A., AC1 Nethercotte, S., AC2 Chapman, L. J., Walker, Y.M.C.A., AC2 Miners, J., AC2 Sicluna, J. C., AC, Lococo, V., LAC Bridgman, D. (FOURTH ROW), AC1 Ford, E. J., AC1 Acheson, J. E., AC2 Bidewell, R. G., AC2 Penny, E. L., AC2 Brahm, A. R., AC2 Acheson, J. R. (FIFTH ROW), AC2 Jameson, J. S., AC2 Siesling, I., AC2 Chateauvert, M., AC2 Flagg, W. R., LAC Morin, J. H., LAC Chevalier, J. B. V., AC2 Cressman, A. E. (REAR ROW), LAC Craig, A. G., LAC Delisle, J. P. E., AC2 Wills, F., AC2 St. Onge, AC2 Lefebvre, J. E. A., AC2 Schmouth, J. B. R. (LEFT PEDESTAL), AC2 Moir, C. S., AC2 Harrison, W. R. (RIGHT PEDESTAL), LAC LaMarche, J. P., AC1 Dodgson, V.

ANOTHER CONVOY

(Continued from page 6)

The personnel do not know each other and organization has to be started from scratch. Allocation of duties must be made immediately. These include daily Orderly Officers, Orderly Sergeants, exit sentries guards, gun crews, etc., together with the appointment of permanent personnel for the guard room, mess tables, troopdecks and baggage. A librarian and P.T. instructors have to be found. Also various fatigues set up. In conjunction with the ship's staff, officers and N.C.O.'s in charge of life boats and rafts are appointed.

Reveille sounds early in the morning and, on the first day at sea, this is the signal for duties still unfamiliar. Hammocks must be properly stowed and breakfast drawn from the galleys. The routine varies in different ships depending on whether or not there is a mess hall available. After thoroughly cleaning ship there follows the daily inspection by the Captain and the Officer Commanding Troops. Boat drill generally is next at which time everyone must be on deck at his appointed place. In rough weather one usually gets a good ducking while this is in progress. An hour of training or lectures is followed by lunch, then further lectures or P.T. are given in the afternoon. Depending on space available, concerts or games of various kinds are arranged in the evening.

Daily Ships routine varies slightly, the weather is of necessity a guiding factor. But as already pointed out, the life is both new and interesting. New friends are made and a spirit of camaraderie is evident, for we are all starting out on a new adventure and are all literally in the same boat. I think the most popular topic of conversation is trying to guess where we are and when we will land. A navigator will "prove" the position of the ship by means

of calculations with his watch, someone else has "inside" information from the Captain's steward, another knows by the temperature that we are far south, and so on. It is fun guessing and no one can be proved wrong, because we are never given any inkling of where we are or where we are going.

There are many sights and incidents that seem quite ordinary at the time, but one gets a different perspective when ashore. Watching an escorting destroyer plowing through the waves, and periodically darting about in apparent search for something suspicious. Standing on deck after blackout, everything inky dark except for the phosphorescent sparks in the water created by the ship's motion. One can just focus the black outline of another ship close by, silent and moving steadily ahead. Then the low moan of a fog horn—the convoy having a roll call. To listen to a young airman singing to terrific applause at a concert within the lighted ship, while without there is only blackness and the roar of the wind. Soon the ship's company is asleep, except the duty watches and gun crews and they are very wide awake. No great imagination is needed to become excited and proud when these impressions are gained.

The days go by quickly and soon we are nearing our destination. Extra watches keep a sharp lookout for enemy aircraft, but it is our own planes that we see flying in a huge circle about the convoy. Now we know it can't be many days before the voyage is over. The lads have become accustomed to life on a troopship and it is generally with mixed feelings that they disembark.

There are no bands playing at the dockside to greet us. Just a handful of service men and dock hands. Everyone is peering over the rails, they give a cheer and throw down chocolates and cigarettes—far too many in proportion

to the number to receive them. We see barrage balloons floating about, a church with no spire, and crumpled buildings. But the scene is orderly and quiet. The little trains are waiting for us and they look as business-like as ever, the grass is very green and the people are cheerful.

A senior officer or perhaps the High Commissioner comes aboard and addresses the men. "I hope you have had as comfortable a trip as possible and in the name of His Majesty's Government I welcome you all most heartily. You are privileged indeed to be a part of the ever growing force at present in this Country, a combination of many creeds and races, a force with but one object—to establish freedom by crushing the enemy.

You will now proceed to your Allotted stations. Good luck to you all."

Another convoy has arrived in England!

CHOSEN PEOPLE

(Continued from page 14)

sentiment as regards the Sons and Daughters of Israel is to forget that the greatest French-Canadian holiday is the birthday of the greatest Jew "born of woman" according to the testimony of Christ himself. No race has any monopoly on vice or virtue.

Let us be on our guard against such 5th column stuff; the only chosen race is the race that patterns its life and its ideals on the cardinal points of justice, temperance, fortitude and prudence. The Nation that is fair, to God and man, that nation is a chosen one; the nation that knows how to use the permissible things of creation in moderation, that nation is a chosen one; the nation that knows how to overcome effeminacy, (imagine an N.C.O. holding hands in broad daylight on the streets with a dizzy blonde — how that would amuse Adolph), the nation that forms men of energy and persistence is a chosen nation; finally the nation that is canny enough to measure and recognize the real evil we fight and to meet it with the proper weapons, material and spiritual, that is a chosen nation.

HARD TO CONVINCED

Inhabitants of a Norwegian fishing village—so a current war story goes—witnessed a crash landing of a big bomber offshore. A fisherman set out to rescue the crew but soon returned without them. "They were Germans," he explained.

"But weren't they alive?" some one of the crowd asked?

"Well, one of them said he was, but you know how these Nazis lie!"

THE Y'S CORNER

(Continued from page 4)

this room, but only until 2000 hours. Room 112 Shh!

10. RECREATION HALL ACTIVITIES: Every Monday night a sing-song and movies. Two topnotch stage shows each month. Bingo every week with ping pong and loafing at all times.

11. ROOMS AND APARTMENTS: Ask Eddie, he will hand you the list.

12. SPORTS: The sports program on the station is underway. It depends on you whether your flight and squadron will come out on top or be the "booby" prize bunch of the station. There are sufficient activities for each airman to enter. Get behind your flight! Your ten points will help boost the total. Sign up now for at least one sport.

13. SPORTS EQUIPMENT: Tennis racquets and old balls (new ones can be purchased), and softball equipment are now in the "Y" office. When you borrow any of this equipment, please return immediately after using.

14. AIRMEN'S WIVES CLUB: See Padre Grant, Room 225.

15. PARTIES AND DANCES: Ask Stan Kenedy, that's his "Baby".

16. GENERAL: If you are timid about asking, look at the notice board. You will find each day's activities posted there before nine-thirty in the morning. Only important telephone messages will be taken through the "Y" office as our phone is a busy one. Your name will be placed on the notice board.



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Editorial Policy

Since the editorial policy of any publication is implicit in its contents, it may seem superfluous to say that our policy is that of publishing a "training" magazine to produce better WAGS, WOGS, and WEMS.

We are interested in all developments and uses of radio, and intend next month to introduce as much technical material as will be possible consistent with the prime purpose of every magazine, namely, that of being interesting.

AROUND THE SERGEANTS' MESS

Gerry Gagnon and Bob Fairclough took such a great liking to drill during the recent drill course that now they both want to remuster to "Discip" and join the Precision Demonstration Squadron.

Ray Boucher lost so much weight during the drill course that "Mugs" says he is a mere shadow of his former self and took him to the country for a fortnight and put him on a special diet so he would be her "ittu pudgy wudgy" again.

"Wally" Wallace received so many sincere and genuine expressions of good-will on his recent promotion that it definitely proves that EVERYONE likes to see a good fellow get ahead.

The mess has been losing some real old timers lately through postings and remuster to aircrew . . . E. J. Howe, "Ally" Robertson, Joe Pierpoint, Tommy Allan and Flight Robson. Well, the best of luck to all of them.

Warrant Officer Anthony is a reformed character since he got married and settled down a few weeks ago . . . he has given up all his old vices, including his cokes at noon . . . or so the story goes. Congrats to our Sergeant-Major.

Sgt. Kellestine was very annoyed at the Associate Editor of *The Beam* for neglecting to mention the birth of Kellestine Junior last month. We humbly apologize, Kelly, and will give you a real write-up next time.

We haven't been able to get the real inside story of that broken thumb of Gerry Gagnon's yet, but we will run the facts to earth sooner or later. Gerry says he did it "sparring" but there is a rumour afoot that his two months old son did it. How about it Gerry?

At the Monthly Mess Meeting early in June the following members were elected to act on various committees for the ensuing three months: EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE . . . F/S C. H. W. Miller, Sgt. C. C. Barrett, Sgt. M. O. Hill, and Sgt. J. A. Long. TREASURER . . . F/S R. G. Fairclough. MESSING COMMITTEE . . . F/S W. A. Daniel, Sgt. R. J. Kearns and Sgt. T. W. McCusker. FURNISHING COMMITTEE . . . Sgt. A. T. Pilgrim, Sgt. D. G. McGimpsey and Sgt. J. A. E. Couillard. ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE . . . F/S F. E. Wallace, Sgt. A. W. Stonebridge and Sgt. R. J. Paquette. A unanimous vote of thanks and a lusty round of applause was given to the members retiring from the various committees, for the good work they had all done during their tour of office.

AIRCRAFT RECOGNITION

CONTEST

(Answers to Contest for Month of June)

1. **Junkers Ju 90.**
Communications and Troop Transport.
Span 114' 10". Length 86' 3".
2. **Heinkel 115.**
Torpedo Bomber.
Mine Layer.
Span 73'. Length 56' 8".
3. **Henschel 126.**
Army co-operation.
Span 47' 7". Length 35' 7".
4. **Caproni Ca 311.**
Medium Bomber.
Reconnaissance.
Span 53'. Length 44'.
5. **Messerschmitt 109.**
Single Seat Fighter.
Span 32' 5". Length 28' 3".
6. **Fiat G. 50.**
Single Seat Fighter.
Span 35'. Length 25'.
7. **Boston.**
Medium Bomber.
Span 61' 4". Length 47'.
8. **Whitley IV & V.**
Long Range Heavy Bomber.
Span 84'. Length 69' 3".
9. **Mohawk.**
Single Seat Fighter.
Span 37' 3". Length 26' 10".
10. **Cant. Z1007.**
Tri Motored Bomber (Heavy)
Span 81' 4". Length 60' 5".
11. **Dornier 215.**
Long Range Heavy Bomber.
Span 59'. Length 53' 6".
12. **Falco 1.**
Single Seat Fighter.
Span 36' 9". Length 26'.
13. **Stirling 1.**
Long Range Heavy Bomber.
Span 99'. Length 87' 3".
14. **Defiant.**
Two Seat Night Fighter.
Span 39' 4". Length 35' 4".
15. **Fulmer 1.**
Two Seater Fighter (Fleet).
Span 46'. Length 40' 6".
16. **Halifax 1.**
Long Range Bomber.
Span 99'. Length 69' 9".
17. **Spitfire 1.**
Single Seat Fighter.
Span 36' 10". Length 29' 11".
18. **Junkers 86.**
Twin Motored Bomber.
Span 73' 8". Length 57' 4".

RULES FOR AIRCRAFT RECOGNITION CONTEST

1. Contest is open to all trainees of No. 1 Wireless School.
2. The three contestants with largest number of correct answers will have their pictures published in *The Beam*. Honourable mention will be made of the most nearly perfect of the remaining contestants.
3. Neatness may be a deciding factor in case of ties.
4. Judges will be The Editor-in-Chief, F/L R. O. Norman, Associate Editor, Sgt. J. A. Long, and the Armament Officer F/O G. H. F. Irving.
5. All entries must be in the Dry Canteen, in a special box prepared there, or in the hands of one of the judges by 1200 hours, on the eleventh of the month of issue.
6. Answers should be made on a sheet of paper, one side only, 8 inches by 10 inches with the number, rank, name, and class of the contestant across the top.
7. Answers should be given in detail, similar to the answers printed in this issue relative to last month's contest.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from page 15)

- but in paragraph 8. It sets forth that the senior officer *only* salutes. If, however, he does not see the airmen saluting, the next senior officer salutes. If there is a party of officers, the senior officer may detail one officer to return all salutes. However it is the duty of the senior officer whether he is in uniform or civilian clothes to return the salute or delegate the job.
3. If he passes an officer he *must* salute. It is against R.C.A.F. regulations for an officer or an airman to take the arm of a lady or to offer his arm to a lady except when she is elderly or is in need of assistance in crossing a busy intersection.
 4. There is another reason. The Flying Officer was probably with a lady and the Squadron Leader was alone. All officers alone, irrespective of rank, are to salute an officer who is accompanying a lady. It is a "courtesy" of the officer class and not, I believe, an R.C.A.F. command.
 5. No. The Airman is not to concern himself with the question of whether the salute can be returned or not. The airman has a plain responsibility to salute smartly. As a matter of fact, the officer should not be so burdened with parcels that saluting imposes a hardship.
 6. If the airman is not a member of a party being marched, no; if the airman is a member of a party being marched and the order "Eyes Right" or "Eyes Left" is given, he does accentuate the pace by bringing the left foot smartly to the ground as the salute (eyes right or left) is commenced or completed.
 7. Officers in uniform in a building like The Forum where head-dress may normally be worn

should, if wearing head-dress, stand and salute during the playing of the National Anthem; airmen should stand at attention. If the officer has his cap off, he should stand at attention and not salute.

Another point is worth mentioning here. All airmen should salute all officers of the Navy, Army and Air Force. Similarly all seamen and privates should salute all Air Force officers. Since the Air Force is the "smartest" service airmen will take pride in saluting naval and military officers and set an example for the seamen and privates.

—THE EDITOR.

Dear Sir:

In your leading article last month you spoke of **motivation** and implied that if we, as instructors, could get the trainees to **want** to learn, we would not, so to speak, have to **teach** them.

Now my question is simply this: How do you get the trainees of a class that way?

—An Instructor.

REPLY:

Well, that is a problem, without a doubt! It is easier to explain **how** to secure motivation than to **secure** it.

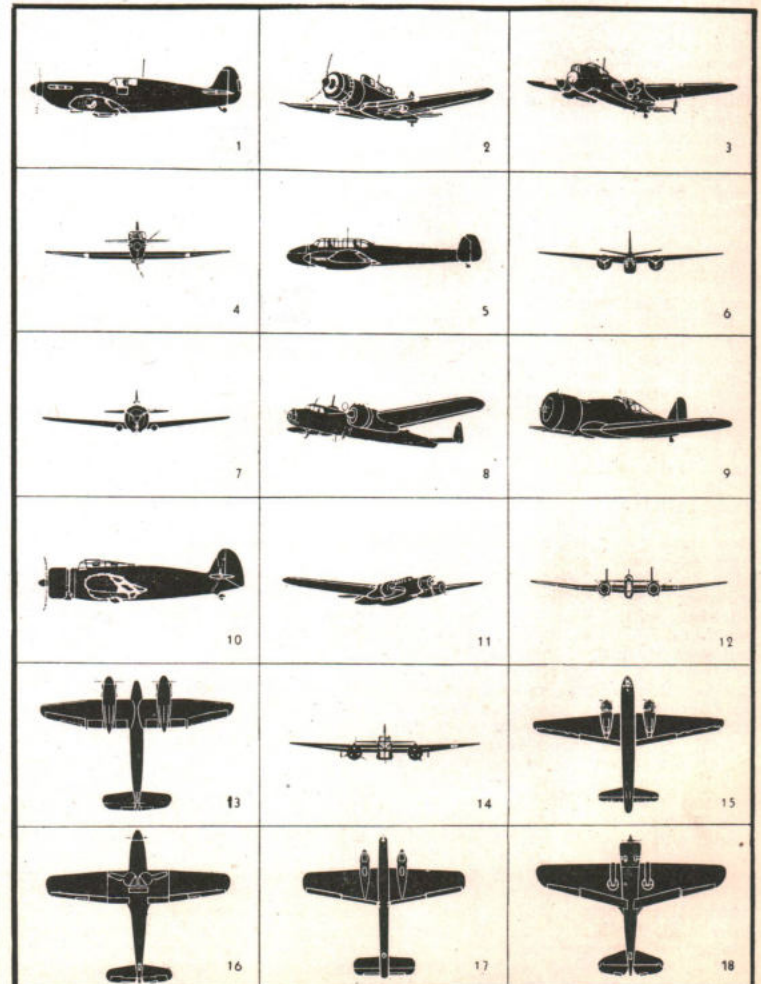
However, you remember Tom Sawyer had an objectionable job of fence painting facing him. He had an idea! He worked hard and excitedly at painting the fence and was so obviously glad to be doing it, that other boys, gathering to see what was going on, soon were bribing him to let them paint. **Tom Sawyer had secured the motivation he desired.**

Contrast that with the effect on a class of a disgruntled instructor who feels he should be aircrew, or flight sergeant, or even the C.O.

Need I really say how to make a trainee want to do what you want him to do?

—THE EDITOR.

AIRCRAFT RECOGNITION CONTEST



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