

"R/TALK"

Vol. 1

R.C.A.F. MONTREAL, MARCH, 1944

No.



YOUNG HOPEFUL

Story on page 2.

YOUNG HOPEFUL (See Cover)

A gold medal, adorned with "sparks," complete with ribbon — just like an award for courage—goes to the one who comes out top in the class at the end. It is an award for courage—persistence and hard work too—for it takes all these to win out in a technical course such WM, WOG or RTO.

In classes over 35, a similar silver medal is the second prize; and, where there are over 70, there is a third medal, cast of bronze. A hand-lettered certificate accompanies each trophy.

So dig in your toes, all you young hopefuls . . . and make it a good race!

HOW ABOUT A WALK?

Those of you who have journeyed the short distance to the *Westmount Lookout* will have noticed there the pedestal where rests a plaque showing, under the City of Westmount crest, the altitude at that particular spot—621.60 feet. However, you may not have glanced below and seen the little sign which points out, with careful regard for exactitude, that "*The elevation given on plaque above is altitude of sidewalk.*" Apparently an afterthought!

By the way, if you haven't been to the *Westmount Lookout* yet, we recommend that you do go. It's a grand walk — just go out the East gate, across to Cedar Crescent, turn up behind St. Joseph's Oratory, and then walk east for half a mile, and you're there (we hope!). There are some fine homes to admire along the way, and the view from the *Lookout* is grand, stretching from out St. Hubert way, west to the Lachine Rapids.

—Cpl. T. T. Vaulkhard.

"S'no fun," she said, as a fluffy ball of the soft white stuff landed down her neck.

THE PAY OFF

If you happen to be a prowler and a night owl and have passed the Accounts Office in the wee small hours of the morning, you probably saw that they were burning midnight oil,—the reason being that a new pay sheet system has been installed, and that means that EVERY airman and airwoman in the R.C.A.F. now has a new RECORD OF PAY sheet — (you figure out how many sheets were used). On top of that, all particulars had to be transferred from the old sheet to the new one — and that, in itself, is no small job, as accuracy is essential.

With this new pay sheet is a new system whereby several control ledgers are used, thus eliminating lots of mistakes. Now you've less chance than ever of getting the odd extra five spot!

Our own *Flight Sergeant John Dusseault* has taken over the big task of supervising this system, plus the instructing of other heads of pay offices within the Command. He is at present giving lectures to senior N.C.O.'s — so to him we offer our sincere congratulations.

—AC1 Higham, S.

We had a letter from a girl the other day, who maintained that the WM course had ruined her boy friend for life. We reprint an episode from the letter, as she relates it: AC2: I've known you for a long time now, and I want to ask you —

Girl: Yes?

AC2: I don't know if you'll think I'm too —

Girl: Yes?

AC2: I hope you'll answer the way I want you to —

Girl: Yes, yes, yes?

AC2: How does the fine-tune circuit work on the ATR5?

The most impossible things in the world are some of the people in it.

OUR ASSISTANT ADJUTANT

Assistant Section Officer *M. F. Cooper*, who has been assistant adjutant of the station for the past two months, hails from Schumacher, near Timmins, Ontario. A graduate of Household Economics, University of Toronto, she is also a qualified teacher of mathematics and science but has never taught, as she enlisted in the RCAF (WD) 18 months ago, immediately after her graduation from the Ontario College of Education.

Like most WD's, *A/S/O Cooper* took her basic training at good old No. 7 Manning Depot, Rockcliffe, where she went through the same mill as all the girls who serve that men may fly. After basic, she took an administrative course at Toronto and was posted to a flying station in Newfoundland, the name of which must remain secret for obvious reasons. Suffice it to say that it was a new station, or almost new, when *A/S/O Cooper* went there, and she grew up with it, progressing from a humble AW2 to a fully fledged sergeant in the course of her stay. She was sorry to leave the station, but likes it here and finds the work quite different and interesting.

The assistant adjutant has had two flips since joining up, one a short flip in a small plane and the other a trip to Newfoundland in a bomber. Compared to the four-day trip in convoy, and the famous Newfoundland express, she considers flying an ideal means of transportation. She cherishes the secret dream of all WD's—an overseas posting. But Newfoundland is the closest she has come to it so far.

She isn't the only member of her family in the service. Her brother, Wing Commander L. O. Cooper, is C. I. at Rivers, Manitoba.

—*AW2 Brown, M. O.*



AW1 MELANSON, A. M.

This former school teacher from the Maritimes (Digby, N.S., is her home) will now be continuing to do the work she loves — she has been retained as an instructor at No. 1 W. S. after graduating (from class RTO 16B) with a very high average which won her the Gold Medal.

DISCIP DOINGS

All personnel on our station regret losing a man like *F/S Russ Wheaton*. No. 9 B & G, the station where Russ was posted, is definitely very fortunate to have him with them. Good luck, Russ!

Who is our brilliant PTI corporal who specializes in snow removal?

That royal battle between the Discip's and PTI's certainly turned into a bit of a grudge match on the basketball floor. The score in games now stands at one apiece. The Discips are awaiting the return of *F/S Gutsell* to decide upon a winner. That last and deciding game should be a wow . . . what with Gutsell fresh off a PT course!

Cpl. Goodis, A.

BUILD UP THE HOME FRONT

—Send a copy of R/Talk home: let the folks know about No. 1 Wireless School. This copy can be mailed anywhere in Canada, in an unsealed envelope, for a one cent stamp.

R/TALK

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THE HUNGRY FORTIES

To smash fascism and build anew — that is the hunger of the world.

The "Roaring Twenties" and the "Terrible Thirties" have made way for a new decade, the "Hungry Forties". Not only hunger in the physical sense of the term, but also in the mental. Our diet has been devoid of idea vitamins, the basic staple of knowledge was sadly below mental nourishment standards.

War has changed much of this. Millions have been kicked around and in the process, the starter on their brain machinery came to life. The main thing these millions want to find out is why they all can't live a decent peaceful life. Out on the battle fronts of Italy the men who smashed the Nazis from Hill 736 in Sicily, and bulletted their way into Ortona made up their minds what the world should and could be like, and presented their ideas to Col. Ralston, our Minister of National Defence.

Up and down our country, overseas in all the United Nations, in farm, factory and battlefield, in service schools and universities, men and women are getting together to think out their problems — the world's problems — and learn how to solve them. Hunger gnaws at their minds, hunger to learn the ways of the world, hunger to impart their ideas to others. Today their cry is the destruction of fascism, tomorrow, the construction of their world.

Let there be no fooling. The yellow Chinese who lie in the brown earth, the

brown Africans who sleep forever in the yellow Sahara, the white dead who people the vast red nameless cemeteries of Europe have not died in vain. Every death has kindled ideas, every death has forced the reason why from some live comrade. These answers have spread to countless millions in the front lines and behind the lines. Everywhere where bullets are made and bullets are fired, people are thinking and deciding what should be done.

The one guarantee of peace and plenty, like the one guarantee of smashing fascism, is that all participate. It is no more possible to construct a world individually, than to destroy fascism individually. And where today we are united on the unconditional job of destruction, tomorrow we must be united for construction. The same careful overall practical planning is needed for peace as for war.

The basic requirement: knowing the facts.

Brain lines have outmoded breadlines. Get yourself in one. All these problems are being talked about on this station. Your opinions are wanted, and if you haven't any, hear what others think. Maybe you'll pick up a few good ideas.

These topical questions come out in Freedom Forums, Film Forums, and Current Topic groups. Freedom Forums are held every second Thursday in the Projection Room, No. 41A, near the barber shop in the basement. There's one at 1115 hours and a repeat at 1535 hours. Generally there are guest speakers. Film Forums take place every other Thursday at the same hours as Freedom Forums, and excellent films are shown. The Current Topic groups of about 7 or 8 people each, meet for one hour, once a week or once very two weeks, at 1100 hours or after parade Mondays or Fridays in Room 247. Drop in on one.

Watch the notice boards or drop in and see the Unit Education Officer in Room 247.

Here's March's Layout — March 2nd, 16th, and 30th, Film Forums.

March 9th and 23rd, Freedom Forums

—P/O Hecht.

TESSIE'S TRANSMITTER

Who would have thought to look at Tessie Allen that she had within her grasp the significant facts of a frightful secret? She was such a demure little figure in her Air Force blue no one could suspect that, within a few weeks of her arrival, she was destined to spread horror and destruction through No. 1 Wireless School and district.

Tessie had a great sufficiency of intelligence. That is to say, up to a point she was master of her fate but after that Fate took over with a vengeance.

Radio had a strange effect on Tessie. Her feminine friends noticed a decided change in her habits after her arrival at the school. From a friendly, happy-go-lucky girl she became moody and thoughtful. Upon one occasion she was discovered studying a book on the subject of transmitters. Again, she was apprehended in one of the corridors as she tried to make off with an AT3 . . . and she would have done so too if she hadn't forgotten to turn off the plate standby switch which betrayed her position with a CW signal.

After she was let out of the Detention Barracks she settled down to what seemed to be her old normal occupations around the barracks room and in the class. There was only one difference. Now she carried a large roll of paper under her arm that appeared to be the schematic diagram of some extremely complicated circuit. It was whispered that Tessie was at work on a super transmitter of her own design. When questioned on the subject, she would merely smile and say: "Just a little something I'm whipping up."

One day the Orderly Officer walked in to Tessie's barrack room and was confronted with an overwhelming sight. Tessie was attired in her "overalls" and was busy on a mass of thick conductors, gigantic radio tubes and numerous single-throw, double-pole switches. "What are you doing, AW2 Allen?" asked the Orderly Officer.

"Oh, just whipping up a little something, Ma'm," replied Tessie with her sweet little smile as she bent to work over what



appeared to be a ship's hauser but was actually the low tension cable. These massive connections spread in every direction over the floor like the tentacles of an octopus. Tessie seemed perfectly happy at her work and continued at it for several weeks.

Her classmates were ever to remember the day when a beamingly triumphant Tessie walked into the classroom and confided to her neighbour: "It's finished." When they asked her, "What's finished?", she smiled in her sweet little way and replied, "Oh, just a little something I whipped up."

That night, when the lights had been out for almost two hours, the occupants of Tessie's barracks room were awakened by the ghastly glow of mercury vapour rectifies and the red gleam of many filaments. Tessie herself was standing beside a large switch. "Here goes!" she cried. "It must have at least ten million watts output!" The other girls sat up in bed. They were rather hazy on just exactly what a watt was, but they knew that anything that ran into the ten millions was quite a lot. Tessie threw the switch.

The receiver that stood beside Martha Smith's bunk blew up.

From the Wireless School came the
(Continued on page 7)

ART EXHIBITION ATTRACTS MANY

A very gratifying variety of talent was disclosed among the personnel of this station by the recent Art Exhibition.

A prominent feature of the show was a number of pictures by that most versatile photographer *Orgill*. His portraits show a deep feeling and understanding of the character and disposition of his subjects. His use of light and attitude and catching of fleeting expressions is remarkable.

Another photographer of promise is *Wallace*, who is gifted with the faculty of catching the romance of simple scenes and, by her handling of composition, making pictures of beauty of them.

L. M. Cowie exhibited some good examples of tinted photography. Outstanding among a group of unusual shots of Banff scenes, shown by *J. W. Evans*, was "Night Cap of Clouds."

Our official station artist (and managing editor of "R/TALK") *H. M. Schneider*, displayed a group of most interesting examples of dynamic art. He strives to express with minimum pictorial representation the essence and spirit of an idea—the feeling and movement rather than the physical aspect. His "Paper Boy" seems to convey the cheerful, raucous bustle of the average newsboy in a city. Character portrait sketches in charcoal of *W/O Spark* and *F/L Zive* prove that *Harry Schneider* certainly can catch the essence of a character.

Another portrait sketch was that of an old man, in pastels, by *Ewart*. This artist also exhibited a pair of seascapes of striking effect, after the style of the great marine painter, *Arnim Hansen*.

Al Good entered several oil paintings showing a very slick technique.

Other exhibits included two color photos from *J. W. Pink*, "The Old Mill" by *Lafrenier*, and a pencil sketch by *Bates*. A group of little sketches by *Austin* were most refreshing in their spontaneous arrangements of color and composition.

—Cpl. J. M. Ramsay (WD)



(Continued from page 5)

sound of numerous explosions and wail of a fire engine was heard coming from down town. "I think I'll start modulating," said Tessie as a dull glow appeared from the direction of the city. One of the girls looked out of the window. "The whole city's ablaze!" she cried.

Tessie flipped another switch and picked up a microphone. "Testing," she said. Then it happened. There was a blinding flash as of a million sky-rockets let off all at once: Tessie dissolved in a burst of sparks, smoke and flames.

Later, when she was able to sit up and drink a little broth, the MO tried to comfort her. "It's too bad", he said. "But you mustn't feel upset about it."

And Tessie replied: "I don't feel upset about it. I think with a proper antenna, I could increase the radiation quite considerably." She smiled her sweet little smile. "Just a little something I'm going to whip up," she explained.

AC2 Corfe, J.

(Continued from page 17)

coming a donor, the Station Medical Officer has specified that the following routine be followed: Report to Station Hospital Orderly Room at any time during the day for diet cards which are to be strictly followed. Do not apply if you have a cold or have been on sick parade regularly. Donors are not excused duties for more than three hours on the day of their donation. The diet card calls for abstinence from all greasy or fat-containing foods such as eggs, butter, bacon, milk, etc., and starchy foods such as potatoes, for a period of not less than eight hours before the donation. An acceptable meal would be bread and jam or syrup without butter, any fruit juices, tea or coffee without milk; and drink plenty of water.

The Red Cross is in urgent need of donors so help us put No. 1 Wireless School in the records of the Red Cross as being the Service Unit with the highest percentage of donors helping them in their work.

INTRODUCING MRS. GABRIELLE SMITH

("SMITTY" TO YOU)

In case you are wondering who the tall brunette is in the "Y" office these days, let us enlighten you. With the influx of women into Canada's armed forces, the "Y" felt that a womanly touch in their War Services work would not be amiss. "Smitty" joins us as one of the first female supervisors.

Born in Montreal in—well, several years ago — she attended Montreal High School and business college. As a member of Temple Baptist Church, "Smitty" did a lot of young people's work, being President of the Young People's Society for two years. Basketball was "Smitty's" main sport.

In July, 1941, the name changed from Etheridge to Smith, all because one Bob Smith came to this school from Australia to take the WAG course. Sgt. Smith was shot down over the Bay of Biscay and is now a prisoner of war in Germany.

"Smitty" lived on Coastal Command stations in England with her husband until his capture by the enemy. After learning his fate, "Smitty" plunged into War Services work at the Leinster Terrace "Y" Club in London. She put in five months of hard work at the Club before joining the British Government's housing department for bombed-out civilians. "Smitty's" job was to interview these unfortunates and attempt to re-clothe and house them.

Now it is our good fortune that "Smitty" is back in Canada. Drop into the "Y" office and meet her at your earliest convenience.

YOU CAN HELP—

No. 1 Wireless School is our home. Let's help to make it more like home by keeping it clean. Use the waste paper receptacles—Start today!

RADIO LAB. PEOPLE



Remember the first time you entered one of the radio labs? A few days earlier, your theory instructor had handed you a précis — the first of many such, though you didn't know it at the time — outlining the mysteries of a complicated piece of equipment called a "receiver", which you were required to learn.

Anyway, you went into the lab — and there it was, fairly bristling with knobs and dials and suchlike. Just as your eager hands were clutching the earphones, a voice bellowed, "Leave those controls alone!"

It was the lab instructor, very mindful of the fact that parts and tubes are scarce, and knowing from past experience the destructive force inherent in an untrained trainee. Possibly you were a little resentful toward the instructor at first for spoiling your fun, but later, as you progressed from one lab to another, you realized that on the whole they were a pretty good bunch of fellows, anxious to pass along their knowledge to you and at the same time protect both yourself and the equipment. So, to the end that you may know them better, we introduce to you . . .

Front Row left to right—F/S Hamilton WO2 Mawson, AW1 Nelson, G/C Webber, F/L Gauthier, AW1 Watts, F/S Barrett.

Centre row left to right:—Sgt. Havard, Sgt. Sinclair, Sgt. Morton, Sgt. Fleming, Cpl. Pardo, Cpl. Nelson.

Top row left to right:—Sgt. MacKinnon, Sgt. Gordon, Cpl. Whittaker, Sgt. Markham, AC1 Reusch, AC1 Watson, AC1 Wheeland, AC1 Jones, LAC Mowatt, F/S Hudson, Sgt. Sweet, F/S Theriault.

F/S Barrett — Home town is Napanee, Ont. Played hockey and rugby during school; later worked in a radio school in Toronto; has second class commercial operator's license. Joined the RCAF in 1940, has been on several stations and instructed in various labs in No. 1. At present he is NCO i/c Radio Labs; also is trying to do his best as President of the Sergeants' Mess.

F/S Hudson—Is i/c Maintenance in the labs. From Grimsby, Ont.; worked in woolen industry, then with Bank of Toronto and brokerage firms in St. Catherines. Also

has his second class commercial operator's ticket and amateur licence. Joined the force in 1940; has instructed in various labs here. Says his only interesting experience in the RCAF was when F/L Gauthier (then F/S Gauthier) found a match under a bench in the old R1082-T1083 lab in 1940!

F/S Theriault—The ATI-AR2 lab is his charge. Popularly called Larry; born on Gaspé coast, but came to Montreal in 1823; was with Provincial Bank of Canada. Radio is his hobby; has experimented with VHF, also serviced radios in his spare time and was a "ham" radio operator. Was on WEM 3 and has been in the school since.

Sgt. Morton—AT3 lab. Originally from Vancouver but moved to Edmonton in 1932. Started to experiment with radio when he was 14; managed to scrounge radio parts and acquired considerable knowledge through working with them; was a radio servicemen for a year. As yet unmarried, but a certain young lady is carrying a diamond the size of a truck!

Sgt. Crawford—At present i/c MN31 lab. Comes from Quebec City; is married and proud father of two children. Worked for Civil Service in Postal Dept.; Radio is his hobby. Came to Montreal in 1940, but spent some time at Calgary as a WAG instructor; also was at Rockcliffe and Quebec.

Sgt. Butt—ATR5 lab. From Toronto, where he worked for an electroplating firm. Was an amateur, and active member of several radio clubs. Has been at Calgary as a WAG instructor; is considered one of the best lab instructors in the school.

Sgt. Markham—NCO i/c Radio Labs Workshops. Calls Ingersol, Ont., his home town; attended Galt Aircraft School and Canadian Electronics Institute in Toronto. Spent two years with the Flying Squadron at St. Hubert.

Sgt. Fleming—GR10 lab. A maritimer from Debec, N.B. Had a farm on which he kept mink; hobby is animal husbandry. Did lumbering in N.B. Has a brother in Italy who is a CQMS. Came on the station in July '42.

VHF CHATTER

The VHF Section is flourishing, with a steady stream of R/T Operators and WM's rolling through the course, and Signals Officers taking a 9-day refresher on VHF.

There were a dozen or so worried B and C groupers trying to cram a lot of study between New Year's festivities and the Trade Tests . . . the air was abuzz from before dawn to after dark as they chewed the rag over theory and circuits and stuff. However, the results were really gratifying.

The new *Synthetic D/F lab.* is most interesting, with goniometers by the score and a transmitter set that lights up like a Christmas tree. It is a wonderful set-up for teaching RTO's the art of taking accurate bearings in 8, 5 or even 3 seconds. They will be able to take a series of bearings which, when plotted on the Ops Room map, will make a track as of an actual flight of aircraft. Some exciting "interceptions" should result.

—Cpl. J. M. Ramsay (WD)

Sgt. Surridge — At present in MN31 lab. A Winnipegger; worked for Province of Manitoba as an Inspector in the Dept. of Public Works. Attended St. Paul's College, and spent eight years with the RCA (Signals). Went to No. 2 Wireless School in 1940; spent eight months at No. 1 W.S., sixteen months at Gander. Took Type and Signals Administration course at Eastern Air Command; was in AT1-AR2 and HRO labs.

Sgt. Sinclair—I/c new AT12 lab, of which he is quite proud. Comes from a farm near Vulcan, Alta. Studied radio by mail, and at Los Angeles, Calif. Joined the RCAF in 1942, came to No. 1 in June of that year. Taught in AT1 lab mostly before his present job.

Sgt. Booker—HRO lab. An Englishman from Faversham, Kent; schooled in London; came to Canada in 1935. Worked with Northern Electric as methods engineer. Joined RCAF in 1940; has been in Rockcliffe and with the Flying Squadron at St. Hubert. Married; what he wants most is an overseas posting. AC2 Wilson, J. R.

"IN TIME OF WAR..."

This is about you and your post-war plans.

You haven't any? Neither have a lot more men and women in the armed services. The easy way out is to put the problem to one side with an "I'll worry about that when the war is over." Don't be among those to make that mistake. The time to start thinking and planning of the part you will play in the post-war world is now.

This war descended upon us because, in spite of warning signs, the democratic nations neglected the maxim: "In time of peace prepare for war." We must not repeat our error in reverse. Now, while we are still working and fighting for military victory over the enemy, we must also be giving thought to plans that will provide for the successful readjustment of our lives after the fighting is over.

Demobilisation of more than 750,000 men and women now serving in the Canadian navy, army and air force will have to be a gradual process. A system will have to be established to decide who shall have the first opportunity to make the change from military back to civil life once the unconditional surrender of our enemies is assured. When you apply for your release from service the first and most important question that you will be asked is: "Have you a job to return to?"

To release suddenly a flood of people from the armed services who had no definite job to turn to would be to invite trouble. If jobs failed to materialise there would be suffering, humiliation and the danger of unrest. Those who have positions assured will be released as speedily as the armed forces can spare their services.

Way down on the demobilization list will be the fellow or girl who turns up at the interview saying, "Sure, I want to go back home as soon as possible. Job? No, I haven't a job. I left school to join up. No, my parents couldn't afford to support me for very long . . . Dad is just a working man. No, there's no particular course I want to study. But don't worry about me, I'll pick up a job all right."

There are many facts that will have to

WOG 19A HAD A SONG FOR IT

One of the highlights of the graduating party of WOG 19A was a song sheet with many a witty and humorous song with original words to some of the better-known popular ballads. We have taken the liberty of reproducing one of them here. This is sung to the tune of "Pistol Packin' Mama" of course.

CRYSTAL CRACKIN' WD

Tuning up on the HRO

And I was havin' fun!

Changed the coils with the standby on

And now I'm on the run.

CHORUS

Lay that crystal down, Babe!

Lay that crystal down!

Crystal crackin' WD

Lay that crystal down;

Took a hold of the HT leads,

Connected them up wrong,

Got the battery leads reversed

And now I'm on the run.

CHORUS

Lay that crystal down, Babe!

Lay that crystal down;

Crystal crackin' WD

Lay that crystal down!

—AC2 J. Corfe.

be taken into account; consideration will have to be given to those who are married and who have families, and those who have accumulated personal savings in War Savings Certificates will have this reserve cash to assist them in their return to civil life. But above all those who have taken definite steps in preparation for their return to peace-time employment can expect a most attentive hearing from those officials who will be in charge of demobilization.

Planning pays . . . in more ways than one. You will work, study, fight all the better if you have the satisfaction of knowing that, when the job is well and thoroughly finished, you can put aside your air force blue with all its memories, and step out, with a plan and a purpose, into the free world you have helped to preserve.

—AC2 Shea, A. A.

“OPEN WIDER, PLEASE”

How many of you have ever paid a visit to our station Dental Clinic? Not many, I presume, for it seems to be a common lament that everyone is afraid of a dentist. Why, I don't know—and I don't think you do—but anyway, let me tell you about the people who are working there.

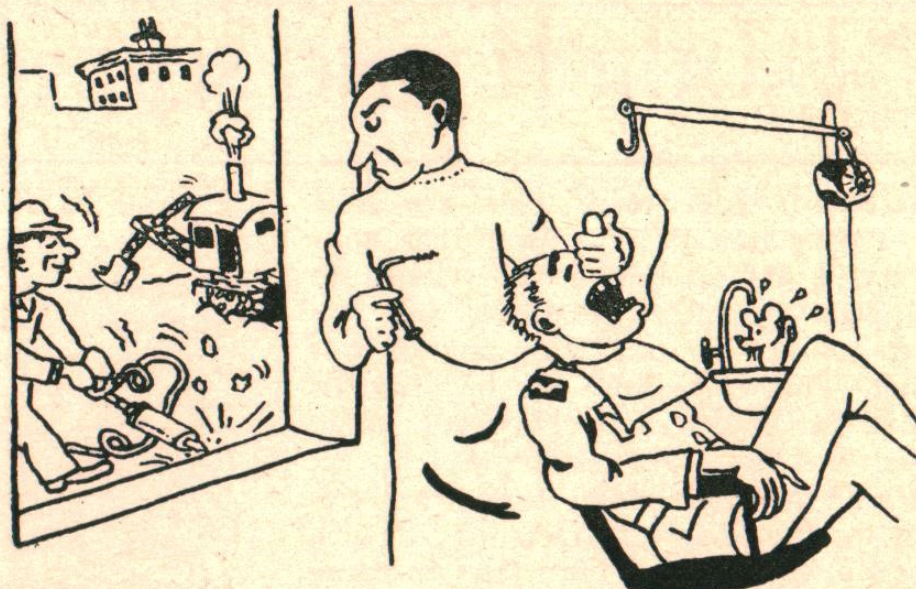
There are eight people in the Dental Clinic who devote all their time and energy to guarding your health from being impaired by infected teeth. They don't take much credit for all their pains, and some of yours, but they do deserve it.

At the present moment there are only two Dental Officers and six assistants and technicians, trying their very best to serve the personnel of the school.

Major T. E. Burton, the officer i/c, has the longest and best record of service. He holds the exalted position of Trade Test Officer for the 29th Co., C.D.C., which keeps him constantly on the 'go'. But he still finds time to curl, which is his favorite sport; and, by the way, he composes poetry for anniversaries.

Captain D. A. R. MacDougall, or "The People's Cherse," is a great guy and lots of fun, with a humour that keeps his patients in stitches throughout the operations. He has been drillin' and fillin' for a long time, but his ambition (secret—but we'll let you in on it) is to become an air gunner. Just watch him sometime when he uses a water plunger.

Sgt. Rabinovitch is the lad who says "Congratulations, you're it" when you step into the Clinic, and he immediately shows you to a dental chair. His pet interest is WD trainees, and his pet hate, filing. He



does a very good one-man job of looking after all the dental data for all personnel.

Sgt. Doug Jackson, a Dental Technician of renown, says he is from Vancouver, but we all know he is just a local yokel. Doug is a very likeable fellow but if you ever want to see him angry, just ask him what happened one morning while waiting for a streetcar.

Cpl. Stuart—a very nice boy, but very superstitious, gets terrific headaches around break periods and just has to go down to the Canteen to recuperate. Jack's hobby is delving into ancient Scottish customs like a true Scot.

And we must not forget the WD ASSISTANTS who do a very fine job—but who do not calm a frustrated male patient by holding his hand. They are:

Sgt. Arnett—"Red"—who has had six years' experience as a dental nurse and can practically tell you how many cavities you have before you open your mouth.

Cpl. Lafond (also WD) wet those brand new hooks only a few weeks ago. She works for Captain MacDougall—when he can find her!

And last, but certainly not least, there is *LAW Winters*. Although very quiet and charming, she is a crack dental assistant. We are still trying to find a dentist whom she may assist.

So, now that you know them all don't be afraid to come up and pay a visit!

Sgt. J. Galloway.

OUR FLYING SQUADRON

Strange as it seems to us, there are quite a few of you that don't realise that your school has a Flying Squadron attached to it. I suppose the prime reason is that you never come into contact with any of our personnel. This is because all but two of them live off the station. However, quite a few of you will be coming out to St. Hubert one of these days for a well-deserved flip, hence a few facts in advance will put you more at ease and tend to make your jaunt a pleasant one.

First off, the squadron is commanded by F/L Bourbonnais, a recent arrival who has already done much to improve our facilities. Chances are you will be carried around

the skies by Pilot Officer Madden or Sergeant Majors McKay or Caverhill. Here you need have no qualms, for the boys are well-seasoned pilots and know this terrain better than the tax surveyors.

The planes are serviced by the finest crew. They really know their stuff, as evidenced by the fact that we have had absolutely no mishaps since they've been exclusively on the job—over fourteen months. This crew is under the direction of F/S Rawson and Sgt. Brown, who have been with us as long as memory serves.

Now, upon your arrival, you must see that Sgt. Brennan, i/c Orderly Room, gets your name and number. This is very im-



portant. Then you are handed flying togs: boots, suit and helmet. From there you are delivered to Cpl. Mawhinney, our parachute man. He will give you a short instructional chat on your 'chute. Listen carefully — digest what he has to say. It may save your life. *If there's something you don't understand, ask for an explanation.* Be certain you know where the rip cord is, for it releases the silk; know how to undo your seat harness; have him show you how to get out of the aircraft quickly. You'll never know, as a song title tells us, just when something will happen. If it should, knowledge is your best asset. With proper knowledge you'll come through. But here, all this is beginning to sound ominous; really it isn't—"precautionary" is the word.

Next, good old Sgt. Frank Thurston, who is familiar to most of you, takes you in hand. He will explain the orders of the

day and so on. He will personally see that you are comfortably settled into the cockpit, and will be your last link with the ground. You might ask him also to show you just how the straps and glass top open, so it will be fresh in your mind.

In a few short minutes you are in the air. Now for most of you will come the realization of just what the "Air" in Air Force means. Up into the limitless space you soar, freed completely from earth, able to see in all directions for countless miles. Believe me, it is a thrill, and I personally never tire of it. You'll feel as a being apart from the grind of routine for an hour or so, and hardly aware that you're in reality doing a job. *It is a pleasure for us, the pilots, to take you up, and we look forward to seeing and welcoming each of you to your Flying Squadron.*

—P/O J. E. Madden



BOOK BRIEFS

A few books from the Station Library.

BEHIND THE STEEL WALL

Arvid Fredborg's account of inside Germany from 1941 to the autumn of '43. Fredborg is a Swedish correspondent who finally had to leave Germany. His story takes up the thread from where departing American pressmen left it in 1941 upon U. S. declaration of war.

For all of us who are interested in what goes on inside Nazidom's natal palace, this is a book to read. The author analyzes the war campaigns from '41 on and shows what was happening in Germany then. He gives a picture of opposition forces inside the land.

You'll find much to disagree with in what Fredborg has to say, as I did, but he does write some interesting new facts and presents new pictures which are of help in understanding the German problem.

PARIS UNDERGROUND

Etta Shiber's story of her exploits in the Paris Underground. She and a woman friend operated some "exit machinery" to enable Britishers to get back to England. The Nazis finally caught up with her, and brought her and her friend to trial. She was exchanged for a German spy, but her friend was sentenced to death.

This book is a thrilling account which puts many a fiction tale in the shade. Not only is it a marvellous adventure, but it gives a vivid picture of life in the Old French capital.

Read this, it will put hair on your brains.

THE BATTLE IS THE PAY-OFF

Capt. Ralph Ingersoll, ex-editor of PM, went into the American Army with many civilian misgivings. He saw the soft civilians of the U.S.A. transformed and welded into a tough fighting outfit, and he himself felt the pride and joy of being part of the army.

His book tells of the whole process and

ends with an actual battle as the pay-off. Ralph Ingersoll is a keen observer and a finished writer. Many of his experiences and feeling are akin to those of the vast majority in our civilian armies.

LOOK FOR THESE ON THE SHELVES:

The Seventh Cross	Anna Seghers
Dress Rehearsal	Quentin Reynolds
Dawn Breaks	F. S. Weiskopf
Uncle Tom's Children	Richard Wright
Citizen Tom Paine	Howard Fast
The Fight for Life	Paul de Kruif
The Edge of the Sword	Vladimer Pozner
New Stories for Men	Charles Grayson
My World and Welcome to It	Jas. Thurber

LIBRARY HOURS

Mon. to	1030—1330
Fri.	1430—1700
	1800—2130
Sat.	1030—1330
	1430—1700
Sun.	1430—1700

Rules: All fiction or non-tech. non-fiction
14 days.

Reference — Trainees 3 days.
— Staff 7 days.

Fines: 3c per day overdue.

SOME ACCOUNTS FROM ACCOUNTS

In case some sections have their eye on that beautiful hockey trophy displayed in the Dry Canteen — they might as well close their eyes — 'cos the Pay and Accounts are working out daily. Big *Jack Orr* is a regular sweat horse — comes in "off ice" all of a lather. *Andy Anderson* is a regular "smoothie" around the net. *Faithful "Junk" Junkin* — if it wasn't for his legs weakening he'd be a 60 minute guy — then *Jack Glen*, our tennis champ (with his red hair) just burns at the red line — not to mention the star goalie, *Bobby Lee*, who has two shots and 3 goals agin him. *Hughes, Bastien* and *Sgts. Richard and Morrison* just clutter up the ice to make up our team — To our next opponents — LOOK OUT !!!

WIRING LABS BOSS

Pilot Officer *A. L. Bailey*, who is in charge of the practical part of the WM's course at No. 1 Wireless School, has an office in the technical section on the second floor. But, if he can't be found there, he is probably in one of the labs — for he likes working with his hands and prefers seeing the labs at first hand to supervising from an office desk.

P/O Bailey, who calls Hamilton, Ont., his home town, was commissioned in the air force last May and was posted here on completion of a Signals Course at Winnipeg. Morse came no more easily to him than to any WOG, WAG or RTO, and he says that he got the best results when he approached it in a carefree, almost indifferent, frame of mind, instead of becoming tense and strained.

Prior to joining the air force, P/O Bailey was an inspector of ordnance and fire control devices, a job that he liked partly because it didn't tie him down to an office and a desk. He finds his work in the RCAF equally interesting and prefers his own department to any other to which he might have been assigned.

—AW2 M. Brown.

Cpl. G — —, to flight: "Lift your r-r-right foot."

The whole flight raises its right foot except for one airman who raises his left.

Cpl. G — — : Whoever it is with both feet up, p-p-put one down!

We wondered why AC2 McJerk was put on charge, for as far as we could see he was the model airman on C.O.'s parade. But he has always been a little dense, and his neighbour in the flight tells us that the following conversation took place between him and the inspecting officer:

Officer: "Shine your shoes today?"

McJerk: "No, thank you, sir. Have a cigarette?"

F/S Young says, "If you know of a one-legged hockey player, I know where he can get a cheap skate."

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT DRILL?

Try yourself on these puzzles then turn to page 23 for the answers. We've given points to each answer, so add yours up and see how close you come to being a Flight Sergeant — only don't take the results too seriously!

1. Give the length of pace and the time in marching with W.D.'s.
2. On what foot is the command "About turn" given?
3. Give the commands to complete the following movement, squad in line changing direction right, from the halt to the move, by forming.
4. On which foot is "Eyes Right" given?
5. What movement from the halt to the halt would a squad step off with the right foot?
6. What are the three positions a "Flight" may be in?
7. Where does the S.W.O. stand on the Commanding Officer's parade?
8. Give the commands to complete the following movement — a squad in sections of threes forming line on the left from the move to the halt.
9. What is the distance between flights when a squadron is in "close column of Flights."
10. What is the Squadron Commander's command when his squadron is in column of route and he wants to form close column of Flights facing the same direction?

—Sgt. W. J. Stinson.



"Y" CORNER

JOHNNIE WALKER

"Y" PAGE

The way we are galloping through the winter is terrific. First thing you know, Spring will be here. The skis we keep on hand for your use are getting a great going over, and that is just what we wanted to happen. If you have not tried skiing yet, do so. It is just about the most exhilarating sport there is. The weather is on us now when it is possible to ski in tennis clothes. This is not advisable, though, unless you are comparatively sure of staying upright — but you sure can pick up a swell tan in one easy exposure.

Activities in the school are progressing smoothly. We are certainly going to miss *Bill Cairney* and *Claude Whitenect*. Bill and Claude operated the mid-week dances with great finesse. Perhaps you already realized the fact that the very up-to-date selections were the private property of Maestro Cairney. Each time he made a few dollars lending his records to graduating classes for their parties, he would sink them into even more record for your enjoyment. A Record Fund has been established which will enable us to replace, to a fairly good extent, the records that Bill will be taking when he graduates.

The Wireless School "International Club" had its first supper meeting on Sunday evening, Feb. 20th, under the push of AW2 Kay Neil, a long list of potential members was compiled, composed of boys and girls from all over the globe. Meet-

ings by a group of this sort should produce some very interesting data. See the notices of meetings on the bulletin board, and if interested come along and join us. We are sorry to say that the inspiration behind the forming of this club, Kay Neil, graduates in the very near future. We shall miss her charming personality, but we wish her the best as she steps not only out of the school, but also into married life . . . and with that handsome young Englishman who left the school a short time ago — remember?

Our Glee Club is having its ups and downs. Graduations and double-shift problems make smooth sailing difficult. Thanks to *Mr. Clapperton's* perseverance, we are producing some pretty fair music. Everybody is most certainly welcome to attend our meetings each Monday evening. We are sorry that our only meeting place is backstage of the Reading Room. But music sounds as sweet there as anywhere, so come on in.

We are hearing kind remarks about the noon-hour musicale—the right kind, too. Some individuals still persist in requesting the type of music that our dry canteen Juke Box produces, but we make our selections from the light semi-classics right through to Bach, Beethoven, and back again. If you have any requests and the library has them, we will be glad to fill them for you.

We list the movies for the coming month. We hope you enjoy them. As usual we shall attempt to obtain the best possible troop shows for your enjoyment, so keep an eye on the bulletin board at all times.

Besides the News Boards in the dry canteen you will be able to keep posted on the war fronts by following the pin-points

MOVIES—MARCH SCHEDULE

March 3 and 6 — "Thank your Lucky Stars" . . . a musical with an all-star cast.

March 10 and 13 — "Presenting Lily Mars" . . . a musical starring Judy Garland; and the short "Ode to Victory".

Programs for the remainder of the month will be announced.

on the World Map. Most of us are too busy to do much extensive reading, so being able to see the progress of the war at a glance should help you keep up to date.

Another innovation is the calendar list of activities in the School and around Montreal. This will be hung near our bulletin board. You can help us keep this calendar up to the minute by reminding us of any event we may have overlooked. Bob Andrew (more later) brought this idea with him from Deseronto. We now cut out the list of round-the-town movie programs for your reference.

At the end of January we said goodbye to George Barker. George has taken over the "Y" work at the EFTS at Pendleton, Ont. His talents should find full scope at that station and we wish him the very best of luck.

That very willing and amiable person you see in the "Y" office with me these days is Bob Andrew. Bob comes to us from the Instrument Flying School at Deseronto. Besides a very pleasant personality, he brings with him vast experience in the fields of music and physical education. We are glad to have a man of his ability and fitness, and we know that he will make a lot of friends here. Elsewhere in this paper you will find an interesting story on another addition to our staff. "Smitty" (Mrs. Gabrielle Smith) is already hard at work and proving a great boon to the school. You WD's come on in and meet her. (You men can come along too, of course!).

Financially, the AC2 often finds himself a trifle embarrassed. Under these conditions, he might sing "I wish I had a paper dollar that I could call my own."

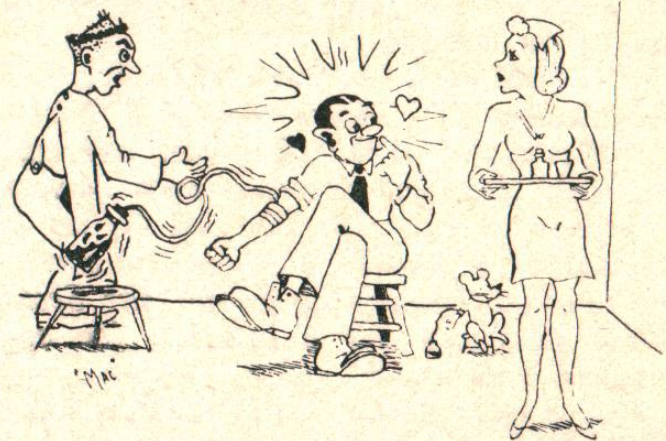
During the presentation of the "Follies Risqué" on this station, one WD entered quite late in the performance. She looked around vainly for a seat until a kindly NCO approached her and asked:

"Would you like to sit down in front?"

"I'd like to," replied the WD, "but I don't bend that way."

BLOOD AND GUNS

Here in Montreal, on St. Catherine Street, just around the corner from Guy, is the headquarters for the Red Cross Volunteer Blood Donor Service which, with the aid of volunteer workers, looks after all donors in the district. *This service exists*



to provide blood for the production of serum to be used in the treatment of "shock" suffered by members of His Majesty's forces. To carry on this fine work, many thousands of voluntary donors are needed. Most of the donors today are people who have sons, fathers, or brothers in the service or who, due to physical disabilities, are unable to do their own bit "out there." Many who were donors before joining one of the Services have carried on with their good work at the Red Cross centres near their stations. Here in No. 1 Wireless School, approximately 10% of the personnel are regular visitors to the clinic on St. Catherine Street, with a total of 309 donations to date — not including donations to hospitals and patients.

Sgt. Osmon of Workshops, heads the list with a total of 15 donations, 7 to the Red Cross and 8 to private patients. Next comes Sgt. Thurston from Air Ops. with 13 to his credit, 6 to the Red Cross and 7 others to hospitals here in Montreal. Among the trainees, the leaders are AC2s Shea, F. and Williamson, F. with 8 each; and AC's Powell, C., Catley, A., Hale, M., Speziali, A., and AW2 Larivée, E. V., with 7; and ACs Wright, D., Butler, Couch, W. and A. W. Collins, G., and McKechnie, R. F., with six each. If you are interested in be-

(Continued on page 7)

COMMUNICATIONS COMMUNIQUE

"HELLO-O-O-O-O." Comm. Section wolves are on the loose this time. Just a short report to let you know some of the things that go on in the West Wing of the 4th Floor —(we don't dare tell all — we'd end up in Verdun).

WO2 Wallace is our NCO i/c, with F/S Leclerc i/c Morse and F/S Locking i/c Procedure. WO2 Wallace, our guiding light, is awaiting his aircrew remuster at present and says he has had his kit bag packed for a month. We'll all be sorry to see him go, because he knows our Section inside out, and has a solution for every problem that arises.

F/S Romeo Leclerc (affectionately known as Leclerc, the Jerk) spends most of his day yelling about his old greatcoat, the fact that "they" won't give him a new one, and "I can put my arm t'rough the buttonhole." All kidding aside, he's a hard working NCO and is one swell guy to work for. I know, he's my boss (this should get me a 72).

F/S Dave Locking is our intellectual, having obtained his B.A. from Sir George Williams College while at No. 1. Favourite expression is "Well, XXX-darn it, who took that red pencil I just sharpened."

Personalities:

Sgt. Vic Bowen, Morse Testing. Scares all the trainees on the "Day of Judgment." Produces the artistic signwork in our Section.

Sgt. Tom McCusker, Morse. His cartoons appear regularly in "R/Talk." Also does an excellent job of ignoring WD's. In fact, we're still not sure he's noticed that we are here.

Sgt. Archie Leard, Procedure. Taught the deaf and dumb before the war. Not so sure sometimes that he still isn't teaching them. Tells corny stories, and knocks himself out laughing at them.

Sgt. "Pat" Ryan, Morse. 20-some-odd years at Morsing. Sends morse that sounds like music. Affectionately known as "Pop" by his students.

Sgt. Les Leppard, Procedure. Known to some of us as the "Black Panther". He barks at the male WOG's and howls at the WD's.

Sgt. Don Durant, Morse. Operates our Creed Room very efficiently. Back from overseas since last June.

Cpl. Ruth Clements, Procedure. A former school and music teacher. Plays piano for us when we can catch her. Her sister Joyce is also a WOG, now at the East Coast.

Cpl. Bob King and Cpl. Jerry Dunne, Morse. Always together. Favourite expressions are: Jerry — "Have you seen Bob around?"; Bob — "Have you seen Jerry around?" Jerry is very active in Air Cadet Instruction and Bob is a member of Corporal's Mess Committee and takes part in a great many Station sports.

Cpl. "Red" Tierney, Morse. Previously with the Flying Squadron at St. Hubert. Now keeps our Creed Room in excellent working order.

Cpl. Ann Kinnin, Morse. At her best when there's a schedule change, early shift, Monday morning. Is usually making dire threats about someone's future.

Cpl. "Wally" Wallingford, Procedure. Also a former teacher and another intellectual. She is writing university subjects during her Air Force career, and is also studying aircrew maths (she won't say why!)

LAW Muriel Cove, Morse. Lost interest in late passes when the 45th WOG entry left. Why Muriel, hmmmm?

AW1 "Brownie" Brown, Morse. Did Initial Training Morse at Rockliffe for four months. Likes it better here for some strange reason. Threatens to become a June Bride this year.

LAW "Char" Smith, Procedure. Likes to get into violent Procedure arguments. Very quiet and mysterious, and so no further report.

AW1 Mona Weston, Procedure. Feature Editor on "R/Talk" and Secretary of the Messing Committee. Favourite expression: "It was priceless".

(Continued on page 24)

★═══════════★ LA PAGE FRANÇAISE ★═══════════★

CHIMIE OU CHIMIQUE L'ANNÉE FATIDIQUE

Ce sont deux mots qui doivent toujours être présents à notre esprit lorsque la question suivante nous est posée: "De quoi ce corps est-il composé?" A son point de vue le plus général, la chimie se lie intimement, comme science, à tout vos travaux agricoles et manufacturiers.

Sans son secours nous essayerions en vain d'expliquer pourquoi la pluie tombe, pour quelle raison les corps composés se décomposent avec le temp, et enfin, pourquoi nous vivons. C'est avec le secours de la chimie que les agriculteurs et les artisans ont pu récemment améliorer leurs travaux. Les perfections modernes parmi les arts divers sont le resultat de nombreuses recherches de la part de nos chimistes. Les travaux de ces derniers ont puissamment aidé en particulier l'avancement de la médecine.

Pasteur, le plus grand bactériologiste que la France ait jamais produit, n'aurait pu accomplir ses travaux merveilleux et enseigner aux peuples la vraie cause de la maladie et de l'infection, s'il n'avait pas eu la chimie pour l'aider.

Il semble donc, qu'il ne soit plus permis désormais d'ignorer entièrement une science qui s'étend chaque jour parmi nous. Ceux même qui n'ont ni le loisir, ni la volonté d'en faire une étude sérieuse, quoi qu'elle soit inépuisable comme la nature, devraient faire le nécessaire pour en acquérir les principes généraux les plus indispensables.

—Sgt. J. R. Delcellier.

A NOS LECTEURS

Chers lecteurs et chères lectrices. Vous êtes priés de contribuer au succès de notre école et à celui du "R/Talk" en envoyant au bureau de rédactions vos idées et vos articles, aussi petit qu'ils soient. Il nous fera grand plaisir de les considérer. S'ils en valent la peine, le journal "R/Talk" se fera un devoir de les incorporer dans sa Page Française.

—La Rédaction.

Voici un petit calcul simple à vérifier comme chiffres et qui espérons-le se verra justifié par les événements au cours de l'année 1944. Il est tiré de la Revue de l'Aluminium.

	Hit- ler	Musso- lini	Sta- lin	Chur- chill	Roose- velt
Date de naissance	1889	1883	1879	1873	1882
Au pouvoir	1933	1922	1924	1940	1933
Années au pouvoir	11	22	20	4	11
Age en 1944	55	61	65	71	62
Totaux	3888	3888	3888	3888	3888

La concordance de ces cinq totaux est déjà intéressante, mais divisez-le par 2 et vous obtenez 1944, l'année dans laquelle nous entrons et qui verra, souhaitons-le, la fin de la guerre avec le triomphe des ailles et la disparitions des deux maladrins qui l'ont causée.

RIONS, C'EST L'HEURE

Coquette — Est-ce vrai que je suis la seule fille que tu aies jamais embrassée?

Radiophil — Je te jure que je n'ai jamais embrassé d'autres et je puis même ajouter que tes lèvres sont bien les plus douces et les meilleures de toutes.

E.D.—Tu as brisé tes fiancailles avec ton amoureux, pourquoi ça?

J.G. — Il m'a causé une trop grande déception; il me disait qu'il était spécialiste dans les ondulations electro-magnetic.

E.D. — Et-ce n'est pas la vérité?

J.G. — Pas comme je le comprenais; il est simplement commis chez une coiffeuse.

VIEWING THE SPORTS

Just a short while ago there was some talk of the laxity in participation in sports on the station. We are proud to state that we defy any person to challenge the voluntary activity prevalent now. In other words, a startling change has taken place. Although facilities are lacking, a sports programme is in full swing, with the following sports monopolizing the agenda: hockey, badminton, basketball and swimming. There is also great participation in bowling, volley ball and boxing.

To corroborate the above statement, we list one week's issue of sports equipment: basketballs 19, volleyballs 10, badminton rackets 135, hockey sticks 310, hockey shin pads 120, goal pads 22, sweaters 160, hockey shorts 82, hockey pucks 62, basketball outfits 48, boxing gloves 9 sets, skates 196 pairs. The good job being done by Mr. Dick Walker and LAC M. Dheere, in taking care of the sports stores, should not be overlooked.

A good deal of enthusiasm has been shown by trainees in their respective squadrons. Squadrons No. 2 and No. 4 are continually at each other's throats and just can't wait for their inter-squadron sports day to settle their squabbles. No. 1 and No. 3 squadrons had their sports day and No. 3 came out victorious. The badminton games win can be credited to Shea and Walker. The hockey game was won by No. 3 by a score of 6-0, with *Barrett, Bonnard* and *Buller* the stars. Winning the volleyball game gave them 3 points; and No. 1 Squadron, by virtue of a win in basketball (where the stellar players were *Scarabelli, Sparks* and *Loutit*), made it a round score of 3 to 1 for No. 3 Squadron.

Several squadron swimming meets have been held, and, after clearing the decks, we have found some potential competitive material in the WD's — *Avery, Poole, Shannon* and *Nelson*. With the airmen we found promising material in *Sanders, Gale, Brooker* and *Ellis*. They will be carrying

the school colors when the next service swimming meet takes place.

Station Teams — Basketball: Success was at a minimum, but not without great efforts from the boys. Praise should be directed to *Hayes* and *Macdonald* for their steady endeavours. The team won 3 games and lost 6, but none were lost by more than 3 points. All that was needed to gain the play-offs was to win one more game, but things were against us and we lost that one by 2 points.

We never had the same team for two successive games; as a matter of fact, the boys had to be introduced to each other before game time. The surprise of the team was *F/L Carson* who showed up well at the end of the season, although a little too tardy. The team was composed of *Elo, Hayes, Macdonald, F/L Carson, Hand, Baker, Holden* and *Richman*. Better luck next time.

Hockey: Fate has been much more affable here. At this point our team has yet to be beaten in league and exhibition games. *Davidson* and *Stinson* vie for top scoring honors, whilst *Van Buskirk, Moore* and *Beach* are no slouches either. However, a bad turn was bound to occur — *Russ Wheaton*, that incessant clown in goals, has been posted to Mont Joli; and *Jack Stinson* is away on temporary duty for a month, which makes it look black. It remains to be seen whether we "have it" or "had it." We shouldn't overlook the man who is instrumental in keeping the team in good shape, *Sgt. Jim Houston*.

Swimming: Evidently any inter-service meets that are anticipated around Montreal are dependent upon No. 1 Wireless School. At the last meet held at the YMCA, we had 14 entrants and emerged victorious. In the latter part of this month the National A.A. are having another service swimming meet and have called upon us to fill the bill.

(Continued on page 21)

W. D. BASKETBALL

More news about our "Flyerettes" Basketball team!

Talk about raging battles!—There's one ensuing between the W.D.'s and St. Anne's CWAC. In three games played against them this season the first one, though fairly rough, was mild in comparison with the next two. It isn't the type of basketball enjoyed by most players although what gal doesn't like to get into a good tussle now and then?—And what onlooker doesn't get a kick out of watching the girls let loose? But don't get the idea that poor sportsmanship is involved — after the game the cheers go on as usual, handshakes go the rounds and everyone is friends 'till the next time. Probably the reason for this strife (which fails to take place with other competition) is the close competition which has raged between our school and St. Annes in other sports — mainly track and so the battle goes on and will continue as long as competition is available between the track and basketball teams.

The "Flyerettes" have been victorious in all games except against the famous "Olympics" squad where, in two games, although we gave them a good run, we ended up as under-dogs. Then four of the "Flyerettes", namely *A/S/O Saunders*, *Sgt. Boyce*, *AW2 Barilko*, and *AW1 Gerstman*, came up against the "Olympics" in a new form — playing with the city league "Yettes" as an all-star team. The "Olympics" still did the winning, but the scores got closer and good basketball was enjoyed by teams and fans alike.

Players *Barilko* and *Hallman*, on being posted, left a gap in the team which it is hoped will be filled before playoff games commence in the near future. The team has been fairly well supported and a cheering section under the able direction of *AW2 Neil's* pep and vitality took the army gals and rooters out of their seats. She showed quite a technique and succeeded in adding to the interest of the game considerably.

On Friday, February 11, in our own drill shed with a good crowd in attendance, including the A.O.C., we played hostess to the Uplands WD top-flight basketball team, league leaders in an eight-team service league in Ottawa, trimming them finally to the tune of 42-30. The game was one of the closest played this season and feelings were high as at half-time the score stood at 20 all. Interest was aroused due to the fact that both teams hold an undefeated position in their respective leagues and will possibly therefore again meet in the playoffs at a later date. The final outcome should be interesting!

—*AW1 T. Gerstman.*

He who hesitates is bossed.

There's one thing about castles in the air — they're about the only kind of property that can't be taxed.

(Continued from page 20)

All swimmers report to *Cpl. Rosen*. Let's clean up once again!

Badminton: This sport has been gaining momentum continually. A tournament being sponsored by the Murray Badminton League at the end of February will be held at the Sun Life Building. Anybody interested in playing, please contact *Sgt. Richman*.

Boxing: *Burnell*, *Couture* and *Castilloux* journeyed to Three Rivers to box and made quite a good showing. *Burnell* and *Castilloux* boxed an exhibition and had the huge crowd on their feet. A great round of applause was given them. *Couture* rallied in the late rounds to gain a draw against *Dufort*. A Provincial Novice Tournament will take place on March 12 at the YMHA. If interested, contact *Sgt. Richman*.

—*The Spontaneous Commentator*
(*Sgt. J. Richman*).

CANTEEN CAPERS

"The Shack (with all due apologies to the Canteen), a snack and you dear," seems to be the latest theme song drifting out of the swing doors at the far end of the first floor. The roving reporter will attempt to bring to life, in print, for the benefit of any poor soul who still hasn't managed to bash his way through the crowds and become one of the inner sanctum, just what does go on.

The bell goes and the stampede is on! It's every man for himself and a true case of the survival of the fittest. You reach the swing doors . . . fortunately they have been hinged back, otherwise they would be completely removed. You have your choice . . . you can go to three different bars, which will it be—coffee, ice-cream or cigarettes? You need cigarettes, but you just have to have coffee, otherwise you will probably fall asleep in the next class. You can always borrow, beg or steal a smoke, but there obviously won't be someone with a spare cup of coffee in his back pocket.

Coffee it is! By this time your mind is made up and so are the minds of fifty other people; consequently you take your turn in line and hope you make the counter before the bell goes again. Slowly the line moves until it is your turn next. During this time that you have been patiently (?) waiting, about a dozen people have managed to crash the line, not personally, but by means of getting someone else to buy their stuff for them. At last! The liquid is yours, and you proceed to the cream-and-sugar table that reminds one, curiously enough, of the Star Fresh Air Fund bazaars, where children put up tables at some busy intersection and proceed to sell you lemonade at a nickel a glass.

Your coffee has been creamed and sugared, perhaps not to your exact taste, because while you were pouring the cream, someone banged your arm and more went on the table than in the cup, and you weren't aware of the fact that the sugar came out by the dessert-spoonful rather than by the teaspoonful.

Next you pick up your "spoon" (apolo-

gies this time to International Sterling) and proceed to look for a place to sit. There are many choice tables . . . which will you have? You spy one at last and so do six other people, and once again the race is on. You missed it, but finally you find yourself a nice round table. You put your cup down and it immediately does a conga to the other side of the table, so you race around and catch it, depositing yourself on a chair in front of it.

Something white just whizzed by your nose, but you suppose it is the after-effects of last night's party and forget it. Then you are aware of something, you're not quite sure what, feeling around your ankles. You question the "something" and find that "it" is merely looking for a lost, stolen or strayed ping-pong ball, and that "it", is quite certain it landed somewhere in this vicinity.

Clouds of smoke that curiously resemble a London fog, swirl in front of you. You take out your pocket knife and proceed to cut yourself out a slice of breathing space, a space also through which you can see your table companion. Vainly you attempt speech, but give up rather than risk your tonsils, teeth and lungs in order that you may make yourself heard. The Juke Box is in full swing and so are the more animated members of what might be Boris Volkoff's modern ballet. "Shoo Shoo Shoo Baby" . . . "Just the Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy from Company B" . . . "The Canteen Bounce" . . . all blaze merrily away. Valiantly, the Juke Box tries to keep up with the "down-beat" kids,—up, down, up, down; and all the time that this is going on, someone who is fond of the classics is desperately trying to pound out "The Voices Of Spring" on the piano 'way off in the corner. (Maybe this is just an early case of spring fever!)

Half a dozen people have come along meanwhile, trying to grab the chair right out from under you and always ending up by saying in such apologetic voice, "Oh pardon me, were you using this one?" You turn around to glare at them, forgetting that the table is like an animated Disney relic and you have to keep one foot under one of the legs and your elbow propped on

the other side. Consequently, you find a visitor in your lap — and it is not your best girl friend, but the coffee and probably the cup too . . . all over your nicely pressed zoot suit. In the excitement, you forget an almost finished cigarette in your hand and wake up to the fact that you have just burned your finger. We know there are many different languages spoken and are usually vaguely familiar with the different types — if only by sound — but it's queer, we can't place yours. Then the bell goes, an dit's time for the next round. First you had to fight your way in . . . now you fight your way out. Hey, you forgot your cigarettes!

Oh, well . . . we're all bears for punishment. 'Twas ever thus . . . but "tousjours gai" . . . that's our motto. Did somebody say something? . . . Meet you in the canteen at break? I'd love to . . .

—AW1 M. Weston.

ANSWERS

1. Length of pace — 27 inches. (2) Time in marching, 120 paces per minute. (2).
2. Left foot. (2)
3. "Right — Form". (4)
"Quick March". (2)
"Forward" (4), "by the right" (4).
4. Left foot. (2)
5. Four paces right close march. (6)
6. Line (2)
Section of threes (2).
Column of route. (2)
7. Four paces in rear of the right markers of No. 1 Flight of No. 1 Squadron (4).
8. At the halt on the left, form flight (4).
9. 15 paces or any number of paces to suit requirements. (4)
10. At the halt on the left, form close column. (4)

RESULTS:

0—10	AC3
10—20	LAC
20—25	Cpl.
25—35	Sgt.
35—45	F/S
45—50	Apply for commission immediately!

ARTIST IN OUR MIDST

The "sparks" she wears on her neat blue uniform identifies her to us as a technical instructor. But let's go further—let's press aside the curtain of the past. Is there an interesting story there?

Yes, there is! A story of paint brush and mountain scenery, of Banff and Hollywood—and pets. Let us unfold it slowly.

Corporal J. M. Ramsay is an artist, a painter of high standing among artists in West. Perhaps it was the breathtaking beauty of an Okanagan sunrise that started the development of her artistic talent, for it was in British Columbia's scenic Okanagan Valley where Jean first opened her eyes to the dawn.

After an early childhood spent between a ranch in the interior of B.C. and boarding school in Vancouver, Jean moved to Banff with her parents and went through to Senior Matriculation at Banff High School. It was just after the final exams that, bright and early one cool morning, Jean—in, shall we say, a "mood" — stalked off up a mountain side, paint brush in hand. Perched on a crag where a breeze off the snowfields stirred her light brown hair, she began to sketch, to pass the time. The sun climbed overhead but still she worked, absorbedly oblivious of the passing hours. The result was her first water-color sketch, and after the thrill of that, there was no stopping her — she really had been bitten by the painting "bug".

Jean now launched into painting in earnest, sketching everything in sight . . . and the subjects were eventually to range from a horned toad to a prize bull.

Among her first models was her pet cat Ulysses (more familiarly known as "Lulu") who showed unusual ability to learn tricks that Jean would teach him. Such an intelligent pet made a very obliging subject for sketching.

Her animal studies were very popular with the neighbors — soon half the town were waiting to have their pets' portraits painted.

At Banff, Jean came to know Carl Run-
gius, one of America's foremost animal

painters, whose criticisms and encouragement were very helpful in developing her talent along this special line.

Next year the family, in search of a warmer clime, moved to Comox, Vancouver Island, and Jean turned her talent to earning a living by painting pet dogs for Vancouver's dog lovers.

Wanderlust was in the Ramsay blood, however, and before long the family was southward-bound — for Hollywood! Jean was off to try her luck in the "city of the stars," along with her Mother (who now took charge of Ulysses, the cat) and her Father, the well-known playwright *Alexander Ramsay*.

In Hollywood, things were difficult at first. After the young Canadian artist had done a few paintings, however, the pictures began to speak for themselves and soon were in great demand. The list of celebrities whose pets Jean painted is rather comprehensive, but we can mention a few stars such as Boris Karloff, Bette Davis, Shirley Temple, Gene Autry. And there were writers and producers, too — George Cukor and many others.

In Hollywood, word about Ulysses, the feline wonder, began to get around. It is not easy to find a cat who can count up to 10 with his left paw, blow his nose, or walk a tightrope. But Ulysses could and would do these things, and many more tricks that Jean had taught him. Ulysses now became a "star" . . . he appeared in three movies, the most important being "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer." No doubt he enjoyed sitting in Clark Gable's lap and being petted by Myrna Loy. It wasn't enough that *his pay was \$50 a day*, but on top of that he was paid a bonus because he acted so well. Now, at the ripe age of 15, he is retired and lives with Capt. and Mrs. Ramsay at Vancouver.

In 1939, the Ramsays returned to Canada to see the King and Queen. When war began, they decided to remain under the Union Jack. Jean continued her painting in Victoria and Vancouver, and the pets she portrayed included those of the Lieutenant-Governor and other prominent people.

In wartime, pet-painting came under the "luxury" heading, and Jean turned her

mind toward more useful work. Since she had had some experience doing camouflaged camera blinds for animal photography in Hollywood, she tried to join the RCAF as a camouflage artist. When no opportunity was available along that line, she chose the radio field.

Now, our artist does work quite different from those romantic days of the recent past. She enjoys this life, too, and can reflect with pleasure on a year and a half with the RCAF. In charge of the "Ops Room" at the VHF Training Section, she instructs R/T Operators in Fighter Control, but still finds time for a little art work, some evident around the Section in the form of maps and signs. And she has done a few paintings here, too, such as that artistic masterpiece you viewed in the February Art Exhibition — the picture of "Mickey," our Commanding Officer's dog.

— *Cpl. T. T. Vaulkhard.*

(Continued from page 18)

AW1 "Pam" Millar, Morse. A bonnie Scotch lassie from Three Rivers. Speaks English with a Scotch burr and French phrases. Favourite expression: *Ain't it the shambles!*"

AC1 Dick Baugh, Morse. A quiet member of our section, usually to be seen wandering around with a pipe in his mouth. Teaches RTO's and male WOG's.

AC1 Stan Craig, Morse. Teaches RTO's and male WOG's. Interested in WD's — in other words, OW-O-O-O-O!

AC1 Martens, RTO Procedure. Our only RTO and a very good one. Another quiet member of our section, but he has gleam in his eye!

Sgt.'s Don Brown, WOG, and Tom Smalley, WM, the guys with the discrepancy book, are our two maintenance men. We love to mark papers while they yell at one another over the PA system. Oon is the wolf type, but we haven't been able to get anything on Tom yet.

Me — Nothing doing . . . I ain't talking!

— *Sgt. A. Jones (WD).*