

No. 3 WIRELESS  
SCHOOL



TUXEDO  
MAN.

# *Winnipeg* **W.A.G.**

VOLUME 1. No. 1.

PRICE

TEN CENTS

DECEMBER, 1941.

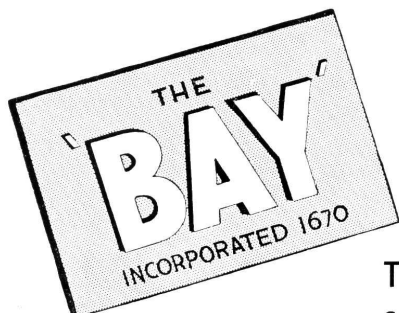


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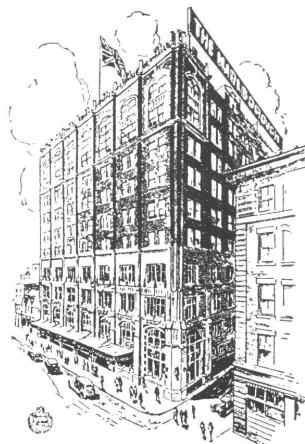
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## Wing Commander H. B. Godwin

Our Commanding Officer has had a very interesting service career. Born in Westmount, Quebec, in 1907, he graduated from McGill University in 1928 as Electrical Engineer. On receiving his commission he was posted to Camp Borden, where he received his flying instruction and Wings. In April, 1929, he was transferred to Vancouver where he received his seaplane training. Later that year, he was again transferred to Ottawa where he served on Air Operational duty and thence returned to Camp Borden where he joined the Service Squadron. At the end of the year, he was posted to the Engineering Division at Headquarters.

In the spring of '31 he joined the Test Flight at Ottawa Air Station, remaining there for the balance of the year. Early in 1932 he was again transferred, this time to Photographic duties in New Brunswick, and in November, 1932, he was transferred again to Camp Borden, this time to organize and open the first Signals School in the R.C.A.F. It was during his stay here that he was appointed to the rank of Flight Lieutenant. He remained jointly with the Army Co-operation Squadron and Wireless School until 1935, in which year he made a brief tour of England.

He organized the first independent Wireless School at Trenton in January, 1936, and while in charge of this school received his appointment as Squadron Leader. In September, 1937, he was posted as Director of Signals, R.C.A.F., in Ottawa. While holding this post he introduced a change of policy from

using R.A.F. equipment to Canadian designed and manufactured equipment. He personally attended to all specifications and development, striving successfully for simplicity in equipment specifications. In December, 1939, he returned to Trenton to take command of No. 1 Wireless School, and moved with that school to Montreal. Later he was appointed as Chief Instructor of that school.

In May, 1940, became Command Signals Officer of No. 3 Training Command in Montreal and in January, 1941, was transferred to the same post at No. 2 Training Command. In March he assumed his present appointment as Commanding Officer of our school and in May was appointed to his present rank of Wing Commander.

## Original Headquarters Staff No. 3 Wireless School

By FL./LT. E. ANDERSON,  
Adjutant.

At the time of writing, Headquarters Staff numbers in the region of 385 and upon looking back to the formation and organization of No. 3 Wireless School it is amazing to see how this nucleus has grown into our well-rounded Headquarters Staff at this date.

Early in January of 1941 the original Headquarters Staff moved to the School for the Deaf at Tuxedo, Manitoba. It was said at the time that the deaf moved

## C.O.'s Message

The organization and initial setting up of a unit in wartime is always beset with difficulties. In the history of No. 3 Wireless School those that were not foreseen were quickly overcome.

The staff of the School had not been privileged to possess much previous service experience and were forced to acquire it while working at full speed to get the School started. This they did. Not only by ambition and zeal—attention to duty and discipline, but by common sense and lots of hard work. I tender, then, my compliments and my admiration for the continuity of their effort.

The first entry of trainees strove hard and equalled the staff's efforts. They worked under handicaps not endured by later entries and passed on to their successors a tradition of technical and disciplinary excellence which, good though it was, has been exceeded by a number of recent entries.

I am proud of the splendid reputation that has been enjoyed by our unit, a reputation that has been due to the loyalty, co-operation and hard work of the trainees and the staff.

out to allow the dumb in. Subsequent events have proven, however, that the trainees passing through this School have not lived up to this reputation and have proven to be fine material for the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan.

Flight Lieutenant J. M. Smith (the present senior Equipment Officer) was posted to the School in an honorary capacity of Commanding Officer. As his staff he had the following Officers: Fl/Lt. E. L. Beach, Flying Officer (now Fl/Lt.) C. C. Stewart, Flying Officers J. G. L. Foster, W. Farquharson and Fl/Lt. Anderson, the present Adjutant. A short time later Flying Officer I. Gillean arrived. The original N.C.O.'s on Headquarters Staff were W.O.1 Marshall, W.O.2 Gray, Flight Sergeants Potter, Langlois and Pott, Sergeants Smith and Mooney, Corporals McKay, Guillemin, Manson and several others.

Early in February of 1941 Wing Commander M. M. Hendrick, the present Chief Instructor, was posted to this School as Commanding Officer, and a short time later our present Commanding Officer, Wing Commander H. B. Godwin arrived to take over. This resulted in having two permanent force officers in the positions of Commanding

(Continued on Page 6.)



## THE WINNIPEG W.A.G.

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 Wing Commander H. B. Godwin, Commanding Officer,  
 No. 3 Wireless School, R.C.A.F., Tuxedo, Manitoba.

Vol. 1.

DECEMBER, 1941.

No. 1.

**I**T was 35 below zero the day that the first group of trainees arrived in Winnipeg in February, 1941, for training at No. 3 Wireless School, R.C.A.F., Tuxedo, Manitoba.

Just 20 weeks later, in the warm July sunshine, these lads took part in the first graduating ceremony to be held at the School. They had finished the wireless part of their W.O.A.G. course and were presented with their Wireless Badges by Air Commodore A. B. Shearer, Air Officer Commanding No. 2 Training Command.

Since February 17th, 1941, when this School opened, a number of entries have graduated, received their Wireless Badges, and been posted to Bombing and Gunnery School. Some of these men are now serving overseas with the R.A.F. and doing their bit for the British Empire in its fight against the Nazis.

These lads represent the finest type of the English-speaking race. Some were farmers in far-off New Zealand, or maybe they raised sheep in Australia, or had just graduated from High School and joined up with the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan right away. Some were Americans, perhaps, from a big city, or from a ranch in Montana and joined up for the great adventure, and for a chance to help their English cousins across the ocean.

Then we must not forget our good Canadian lads from Vancouver to Halifax, who came forward and waited their turn to be called up, and there were many who had to wait for months.

Twenty weeks at a Wireless School is the length of time required to fit a man to operate a wireless set in an aircraft. During those twenty weeks the new Trainee becomes the smart, self reliant Leading Aircraftsman, ready for a month's course at B. & G.

School where he gets his sergeant's stripes and then for further training overseas at an OTU. He does a lot of grousing, gets put on fatigues, mutters under his breath (or maybe out loud occasionally) at an N.C.O., but he will find out later when he gets overseas and into action that he is just as valuable a man and as important a part of the crew as the pilot. Some of these men will be recommended for commissions, but all will do their part, in keeping with the great tradition of the Air Force, as one of the fighting forces which is helping to keep freedom alive and doing their job without thought of personal gain or glory.

As this magazine goes to press it is now winter, the North wind is blowing and snow covers the sports field and the parade ground. Nevertheless, the School goes on, turning out, every month, more graduates, fit and ready for posting to Bombing and Gunnery School for a month's further training under conditions more closely related to actual combat.

This is a young man's school, both instructors and trainees being well below the average age of any other academic institution of its size. Flying is a young man's game and requires perfect mental and physical co-ordination.

The Winnipeg WAG, official publication of No. 3 Wireless School, R.C.A.F., Tuxedo, Manitoba, makes its bow to the world with this issue. In its pages you will find much of interest, both serious and in a lighter vein. With due modesty, your Editorial staff think it's pretty good.

It is hoped that this magazine will become a medium of expression for all personnel at No. 3 Wireless and that it will receive the support of all, both Headquarters Staff and Trainees.

The Editorial Staff wish to thank all those who have given their time and talent in an endeavour to make this initial publication of our magazine a success.

*This edition of the Winnipeg W.A.G. is not only the inaugural issue, but also the last copy to come off the press before the Festive Season sets in. Your Editorial Staff would therefore take this last opportunity to wish one and all, all the joys that the Christmas Season can bring, and may it be brightly followed with health, happiness and prosperity during 1942.*

*Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year*

## IN MEMORIAM

Flying Officer T. J. Cook (C3010), killed in flying accident at Lilyfield, Man., July 8th, 1941.

Aus 401591 LAC Roberts, J. A., killed in automobile accident at Lockport, Manitoba, August 6th, 1941.

R63832 Cpl. J. A. D. Fortner, died August 7th, from injuries received in automobile accident at Lockport, Manitoba, August 6th, 1941.

R78095 Sgt. D. E. McAuley, died at King George Hospital, November 28th, shortly after posting from our School.

LEST WE FORGET.

# A Glimpse at Manitoba

By SGT. F. N. MANSON

Few of us have ever stopped to consider the various scenic and climatic aspects which combine to make up what is known as "The Province of Manitoba". However, since Manitoba is "home" to us for the time being at least and may be for some while to come, perhaps it would do no harm to take a look about us at the Province in which we live.

So great are the geographic differences of various sections of the province that Manitoba has been known alternately as "The Land of the Lakes", "The Prairie Province", "The Sunshine Province", "The Land of Snow and Summer," and "The Land of Rocks and Rivers". Within only a few miles of one another can be found all the difference between flat, bald prairie and rolling, forest-covered hills, and within only a few months all the difference between long, warm, sunny days and equally long, cold, wintry nights. In other words, Manitoba provides infinite variety and contrast, both in scenery and in seasons.

By using the City of Winnipeg as a base and by exploring North, East, South and West from there, it can readily be discovered that an entirely different topography lies in each of these directions. To the north, first of all, there lies a boundless dominion of lakes of every description, rivers both quiet and turbulent, rushing streams, lush meadows, mighty forests, and treacherous muskeg. Here, too, from an industrial standpoint, is a considerable portion of Manitoba's wealth in the form of mines, fish, timber, fur farming, hydro-electric power, and farming, to say nothing of the tremendous possibilities identified with the Port of Churchill—Manitoba's seaport.

Last summer a good many of us visited the lovely resorts along the shores of Lake Winnipeg, and all are agreed that on this score alone Manitoba has something worthwhile. There are any number of drives north of Winnipeg to Lockport, romantic old Lower Fort Garry, Selkirk—originally destined to be the capital of Manitoba, to quaint old Gimli, or to the resorts of Lake Manitoba. On the east side of Lake Winnipeg there are sedate Victoria Beach, Lac du Bonnet, or a dozen beautiful falls along the great Winnipeg River, including MacArthur Falls, Mud Falls, and Silver Falls.

Travelling east from Winnipeg the country rapidly changes from fertile farm lands to a rocky, wild, forest-and-lake bounded domain. At first there are merely a few boulders scattered here and there, but gradually it becomes more and more rough and rocky until,

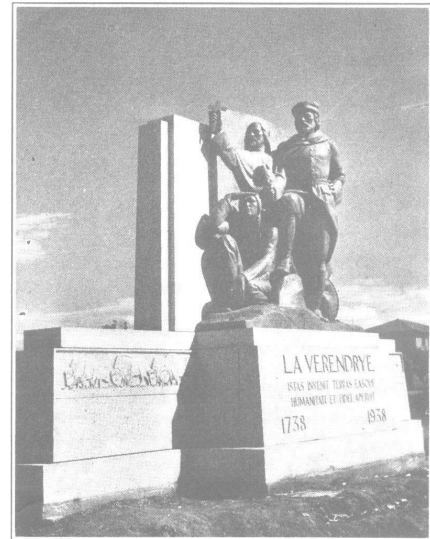
approximately sixty miles east of Winnipeg there lies a truly lovely setting of rocks, rivers, lakes, hills, and forests. This area in eastern Manitoba is a veritable fisherman's paradise. A drive through the beautiful Whiteshell is well worth the time of an entire vacation. Or a trip down to Sandilands will repay itself a thousand times over in rest and enjoyment.

Then, directly south of Winnipeg, is a section of bare prairie which stretches south to the International Border and from the Red River on the East to about forty miles West. This particular area is prairie in the real sense of the word, being absolutely flat with only telephone poles and bare farm houses to break the monotony. It is worthy of note, however, that, for a "Prairie Province", this is perhaps the only part of Manitoba, measuring approximately forty by sixty miles, which can truly be called prairie.

To the west of this section, the landscape abruptly changes from bare prairie to a country interspersed liberally with clumps of trees and intertwined with innumerable little creeks. It is largely from this sector that Manitoba's reputation as an agricultural province was earned. One hundred and eighty-five miles to the north-west of Winnipeg lies the magnificent panorama surrounding Clear Lake—"Manitoba's Lake Louise", superbly set in the Riding Mountains. This is, beyond a doubt, one of the loveliest playgrounds in Canada. From here can be found in succession Dauphin, the Duck Mountains, the Swan River Valley, and the Porcupine Mountains. A good many profitable days might well be spent exploring and enjoying this particular region.

Altogether aside from a scenic viewpoint, however, Manitoba's fame as an industrial province has been growing by leaps and bounds. Agriculture, of course, remains the prime source of wealth, but of recent years the mining industry has shown a prodigious growth until now it produces millions of dollars of precious metals every year. Then there are fur farming, fishing, manufacturing of a wide variety, railway works, and meat packing, to mention only a few other activities.

So, all things considered, Manitoba is a mighty good province, regardless of what the boys from the East say to the contrary. Or, as one Aussie put it nobly, if not resignedly, on a 40 degree below morning last winter: "Refreshing, iy'nt it?"



La Verendrye—Explorer.  
Cut by courtesy Province of Manitoba.

## PROLOGUE No. 3 WIRELESS SCHOOL

In the beginning there were little children who heard not, neither did they speak . . . They were assembled together in a great Tyndal Stone Building—wherein they might learn to understand with inward ears those things which were denied their outward ears. . . .

And it came to pass that a small group of men, a long distance away (who hearing, heard not; and speaking, spake not with understanding) caused great changes within the beautiful Tyndal Stone Building. . . . And the little children went away, and in their stead came young men from afar off . . . Young men who heard with inward ears the call of country, and "set themselves" to learn with outward ears, "dots 'n dashes", "codes 'n things," that they might serve more fully a Country, a King, an Empire. . . .

Thus it came about that The Manitoba School for the Deaf, at Tuxedo, Winnipeg, became the home of No. 3 Wireless School, Royal Canadian Air Force.

Paradoxical . . . but true!

H. F. H.

## Reminiscing with W.O.2 Gray, Station Warrant Officer

... The February that Headquarters Staff were told to move from the Instructional Building into the new Barrack Block. . . . getting settled down in the hut to find that there was no authority for heat, water or lighting facilities, so everyone moved back from whence they came . . . the few days immediately preceding the arrival of the first entry, and everyone walking around carrying beds, blankets, etc., in to and out of nearly every building on the station—The trip to Carman, which was made to honour one of our brothers-in-arms who had made the sacrifice supreme for his Country, we should have had shovels and snowploughs that day—Listening to the moans of the Aussies and Newsies the day they first arrived in February (40 degrees below zero, or awfully close to it) telling them that this weather wasn't unusual for Winnipeg, but warning them to wait until winter came—the first station dance formally opening the addition to the Airmen's Mess, and the majority of the females attending dancing around with mud on the Nylons almost to the knees, but everyone enjoyed themselves. . . . Senior N.C.O.'s will remember the first Sergeants' Mess (Mess? ?) and later moving into the N.C.O.'s Quarters gathering around the heater? ? at nights trying to coax something in the way of heat, telling each other about former acquaintances of whom it was rumored had been posted to such places of glamour as California, Florida, etc., but since that time many new members have joined the Mess and latterly the new Mess building was opened formally to a tune with words sounding like "Chug-a-lug" seemingly adopted as the Mess battle-cry. . . .

The Mumps (those two words are sufficient for that story!)—the oft-promised clothing parades for "Summer Clothing"—a certain amount of airmen apparently trying to earn a "Pathfinder's Badge", (I didn't know they were an issue) at any rate 'tis rumored that many were the airmen finding their way through the trees and underbrush in the still of the night—the many parades we attended in town and were considered as to have stolen the show—our first graduation day—our second graduation day, the grand-daddy of all cloudbursts landed here that day—more mud—the various comments heard in the Barrack Blocks when some nasty carpenters started to erect a barbed wire fence, and the odd little pieces of blue serge found thereon later by the Security Guards. . . .

The dandy leave we had during the

past year, those few days rolled around pretty quick, but most of us were broke at the end of the first week anyways—

There are possibly a hundred other less important incidents that now, when we think back, have all helped to make our stay here eventful and memorable. All in all, time has passed quickly, in a short time our school will have reached its first birthday.

So in closing this column of "Gazing back" may the writer wish to all his readers continued health and promotions all round.

## Graduation Ceremony

Triumphant after months of enthusiastic labor and conscientious study, the graduating entry, hailing from far corners of the globe, were presented with the Wireless Badges by our Commanding Officer, Wing Commander H. B. Godwin, at an impressive ceremony on the North Sports field, Friday afternoon, November 21st.

The entire School was represented on a Wing Parade, which formed a hollow square centred by the graduating squadron, and was led by the various section and squadron commanders.

Presentations were made to men from Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and Erin's Isle as the boys forgot zero weather in the joy of receiving qualification as wireless operators, ready for a short course at a Bombing and Gunnery School before taking the final hop across the big pond.

The parade was led by LAC Prince, the newly appointed station mascot.

Friends and relatives from Winnipeg attended in large numbers to witness the graduation exercises, despite the strong, cold north wind that swept the parade ground.

Following the graduation, in the evening a dance was held in honor of this graduating entry in the Drill Hall, at which over 750 couples waltzed and jitter-bugged to the music of the No. 2 Training Command Dance Band.

Bidding farewell to No. 3 Wireless School, the graduating entry celebrated in rare form its graduation as wireless operators preparatory to training as WAG's, in the Marlborough Hotel on Friday night, November 14th.

Flights C and D held the official squadron banquet, while A and B Flights held individual banquets of their own, A



Distinctive in obtaining the highest marks to be secured by a trainee in the brief history of No. 3 Wireless School, LAC E. C. Cohen, of Australia, was presented with a suitably inscribed silver identification bracelet at the recent graduation exercises. He topped his squadron, and at the same time set a new high in the School with an average of 92.2 percent.

Flight in the Marlborough and B Flight in the St. Charles Hotel.

The official banquet opened at seven o'clock, as all the boys, plus a number of invited Officers and N.C.O.'s, enjoyed a hearty turkey dinner. Following the meal toasts were made to the Commanding Officer, the Officers, the N.C.O.'s, to the Australians and to the New Zealanders.

During his remarks, the Commanding Officer officially bade farewell and wished bon voyage to the boys of the squadron. He described briefly the privileges of the station that the boys had enjoyed during their stay here, including the loose staples on the fence, which had been noticed of late, and the other facilities for skipping in and out, providing one didn't get caught. He humorously mentioned the case of beer that had been cleverly hidden behind the guard house, and had remained there for three days until the rightful owner had an opportunity to pick it up again.

Toastmaster for the occasion was LAC Smith, J. A.

Humorous highlight of the occasion was when F/O A. G. Sheffield presented "Chick" Chegwidan with a prize for the greatest "bludger" on C.O.'s parade, and a prize to Welch, "B.D.J." for being the one man who didn't have to shave for the same parade.

During the intermission between the banquet and the dancing, the Commanding Officer and other visitors paid visits to the banquets held by A and B Flights, and wished bon voyage to all the boys.

## The Sports Roundup

At the opening of No. 3 Wireless one cold and frosty February morning the outlook for sports activities appeared anything but bright. The Station rested quietly beneath a heavy blanket of snow, the thermometer seemed pegged at 35° below zero and the prevailing winds came from all directions and remained with us for weeks and weeks.

However, as is customary, even in Winnipeg, spring finally arrived and the urge to play games became very contagious. Notwithstanding that the majority of the trainee personnel was made up of Aussies and New Zealanders, everyone took to the Canadian games like the proverbial Mallard takes to aqua pura.

### VOLLEYBALL

A league comprised of teams from Headquarters and trainee squadrons operated on two outdoor courts every evening during the spring and summer months.

### SOFTBALL

A Station league operated very successfully. The boys from "Down Under" really became very enthused with softball. The Station team made a good showing in the R.C.A.F. League. The Officers, led by Wing Commander Godwin, displayed a fair amount of ability, or was it enthusiasm at this game.

### CRICKET

No. 3 Wireless contributed 4 teams to the Winnipeg and District Cricket Association. Although the personnel of teams changed as each entry graduated our standing in the league did not appear to suffer. The Koala Bears were successful in winning the Winnipeg and District Championship. LAC "Roscoe" Turner, who captained the team, distinguished himself by annexing the Bowling Championship.

### RUGBY

A squadron league operated on the Station and the School Team played several exhibition matches with other units throughout the Command. Several international stars took part in Rugby, most notable probably being LAC Sutherland, a former member of the famous New Zealand All Blacks.

### TRACK AND FIELD

A goodly number of lads represented No. 3 in various track and field meets throughout the past season. LAC Ryan won the aggregate at the Scottish Amateur Games and LAC Gerry Backhouse



Grouped around this massive pile of hardware are the Koala Bears, Winnipeg District cricket champs. Rightfully looking proud of all the silverware are, F/Lt. C. R. Higgins, manager; Cardwell, Staughton, Taylor, McAlister, Dutton, Turner, H. (Capt.) Yates, Warren, Herd, Millis, Sommerville, and Sgt. J. M. Tuttle. Front row are Ronne, Veysey, Hansen and Unitt.

won the Tribune Annual Road Race. Backhouse represented Australia at the 1936 Olympic Games and then toured the British Empire with a hand picked group of track athletes. Squadron Leader Running saved the prestige of the Officers by copping the 100 yards dash championship at the Manitoba Track and Field Meet. Very good at running is our M.O. S/L Running.

### SOCCER

Our Station team played several exhibition matches, most important being a series with the Weston United Club—one of the strongest soccer teams in North America.

### SWIMMING

Several teams were entered in an invitation meet at the Sherbrooke Pool last month. A very creditable account was given by our Aussies, Newzies and Canucks, although we were all forced to bow to the RAF's from Carberry in the finals.

### BASKETBALL

At the present time we have one team competing in the Winnipeg Intermediate League and very shortly should have a Station league rolling in full swing.

### BADMINTON

If the demand at the Sports Section for racquets is a barometer we appear to be in for a good season at the ancient pastime of shuttlecock and battledor.

### BOWLING

A sixteen team staff league is moving along very successfully at the moment.

### HOCKEY

In all probability No. 3 will be ably represented on one of the Air Force entries in the Winnipeg Active Service League. Also teams will be entered in the Inter-Unit League as soon as organization plans are completed.

Such sports as golf, tennis, riding and rowing drew a great number of followers. We extend our thanks to the various Winnipeg clubs for their many kind invitations to participate in club activities.

Irene: "And so your sweetheart went away yesterday. Parting is very painful, isn't it?"

Pat: "I should say so. Every rib in my body aches!"

Cpl. Stevens: "I never associate with my inferiors, do you?"

Sgt. Johnson: "I don't know. I never met any of your inferiors."

Cpl. Hamilton: "I've got a dandy hangover from Jim's party, last night!"

Cpl. McDonald: "Brunette, redhead, or blonde?"

Wing Commander M. M. Hendrick holds distinction as being one of the youngest Wing Commanders in the R.C.A.F. Born in Portland, Oregon, 31 years ago, he came to Canada with his parents three months later, and spent his boyhood in Montreal.

He was commissioned in the R.C.A.F. in 1934, after completing an Engineering Course at the University of Toronto, and a two year post graduate course at McGill University in Montreal. It was during his college days that he got his first introduction to the R.C.A.F., taking Provisional Pilot Officer's training in the Auxiliary Air Force. He received his flying instruction at Camp Borden, and attended his Wings parade in 1935.

After qualifying as pilot he was posted to No. 2 Army Co-operation Squadron at Trenton Air Station, where he completed an Army Co-operative course, using the old style Atlas aircraft.

It was while stationed at Trenton that he received his first taste of wireless, when he took a signals course under our present Commanding Officer, Wing Commander Godwin. On completion of this course, in the spring of 1937 he was chosen to take a special course in signals at Cranwell Electrical and Wireless School, at Cranwell, England. Fourteen months later, in the fall of 1938, he returned to Canada, and was posted to No. 1 Wireless School, which was at that time in Trenton, and assumed the position of Instructor.

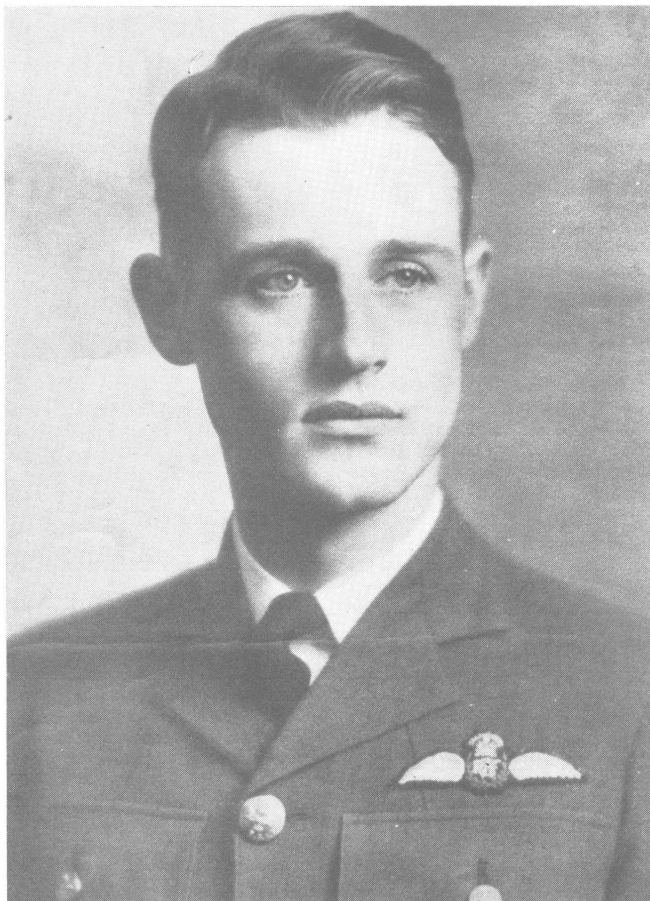
In the spring of 1939 he was granted his Flight Lieutenancy, and in turn assumed the posts of Chief Instructor and Officer Commanding the School.

While stationed here, Wing Commander Godwin and he collaborated to form the nucleus of plans for the formation of all the Wireless Schools throughout the Dominion.

At the outbreak of war Wing Commander Hendrick was called to Ottawa for a short period where he elaborated cypher facilities for the R.C.A.F. Later he returned to Air Force Headquarters, Engineering Directorate, and during his stay there received his appointment to the rank of Squadron Leader.

He was posted in July, 1940 to No. 2 Training Command in Winnipeg, there became Command Signals Officer, and while in that position laid the groundwork for what is at the present time, No. 3 Wireless School. When the School first opened he became its first Commanding Officer, and retained that post until the arrival of Wing Commander Godwin, when he assumed his present position as Chief Instructor.

## Wing Commander M. M. Hendrick



### Original Headquarters Staff No. 3 Wireless School

(Continued from Page 1.)

Officer and Chief Instructor, which was indeed gratifying.

For accommodation in these early days the Officers' Mess and quarters were situated in what is now the disciplinarians' room in the Wing. The airmen were quartered in the top floor of the Instructional Building.

As in the case of all new establishments, new problems were quickly solved and as the whole of Headquarters Staff was imbued with making progress, enthusiasm was very high and all difficulties were eventually overcome.

### BONERS CULLED FROM DEPENDENTS' ALLOWANCE MAIL

I cannot get sick pay. I have six children. Can you tell me why this is?

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

Mrs. R. has no clothes, has not had for a year. The clergy have been visiting her.

In reply to your letter I have already cohabited with your officers, so far without result.

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.

Unless I get my husband's money I shall be forced to lead an immoral life.

# Operational Notes . . . by a R.A.F. WAG

By SGT. C. W. BOWERS

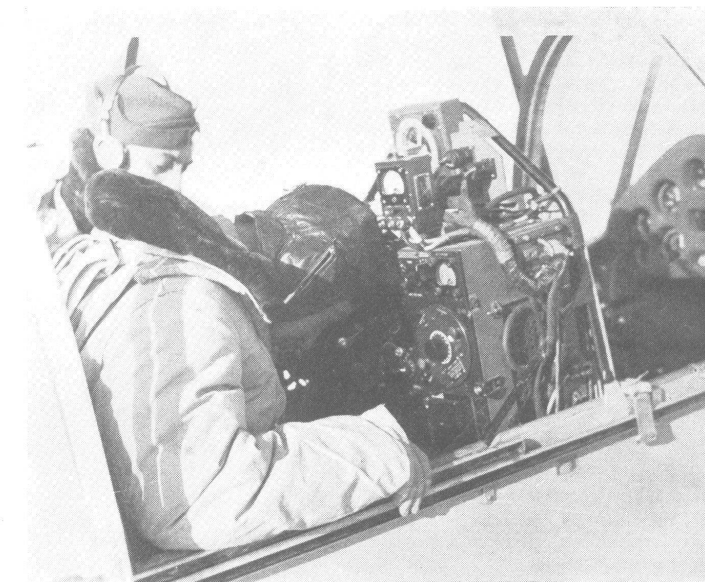
(Editor's Note—The following is a synopsis of a book of experiences and comment, prepared by Sgt. Air Gunner C. W. Bowers, a Royal Air Force WAG loaned to the Commonwealth Air Training Scheme and at present stationed at No. 3 Wireless School.)

Enthusiasm is contagious and plays a large part in obtaining accurate results. It must be borne in mind that a good crew is not due to the work of an individual. It is achieved by the efforts of a team. If one or more of the members of the team fails, errors will occur causing the loss of life and aircraft.

The team or crew may be said to consist of: The pilot, navigator, and the W.A.G. The number of the crew is, of course, in proportion to the type of aircraft being used. As the pilot is responsible for everything on or in his aircraft, he should check each of his crew before take-off.

The pilot's job is not merely flying (which in itself requires considerable skill and practice). He should take an interest in everything his crew does before flight, during flight, and after flight.

These notes of actual operational experiences are true and have happened through the inefficiency of one of the crew. Pilots, navigators, and especially W.A.G.'s should read them carefully, and



While a WEM stands aside, checking the receiver and transmitter to ensure its serviceability, a trainee hooks up his parachute straps and checks his equipment ready for Air Operating. In a few seconds the pilot will climb in and they will be off.

Trainees work hard when they work. Here they are shown hard at work in the creed room, practicing up on the morse that will be so vitally important when those night bombing raids over enemy territory are theirs.



study the ways and means whereby these mistakes can be avoided.

Decide now that YOU will not cause the DEATH of your CREW and the loss of your AIRCRAFT through your individual lack of ENTHUSIASM or through your PERSONAL NEGLIGENCE.

While on patrol of the North Sea, the formation of aircraft in which I was in the leading aircraft, was called upon to attack motor torpedo boats and other shipping. This we did but in the encounter were seriously damaged.

Petrol tanks were badly holed and one engine was partly disabled. On checking petrol gauges we, to our discomfort, found that we had only enough petrol to enable us to just about reach the nearest aerodrome, and safety. To make matters worse we had to contend with a half gale which was doing everything but assist us. Fortunately it turned out to be a side wind, but even that was enough to cause us to drift badly.

I contacted the D/F and asked them to give me magnetic course to steer to reach them. To enable us to get as many bearings as possible in sufficient time so that not to drift too far between the time of requesting the bearings and receiving, I am sure that we were working W/T at a speed of 22-25 w.p.m. throughout the whole proceedings and through efficient operating we arrived back safely.

On landing we were taxiing the aircraft across to the dispersal point, but only managed to get half-way across the drome when we ran completely out of petrol.

Another incident occurred while patrolling enemy territory on reconnaissance

duty, we ran into trouble and had a lot of evasive action to perform. We were separated from the other aircraft through various actions we both had to adopt to fool the enemy aircraft. Then suddenly we found that we had run into heavy fog, so dense we could not see our own wing tips. We only had one course left open to us—D/F—but we dare not touch the key, so we obtained a bearing by the loop.

This enabled us to fly over enemy territory without giving the enemy any chance of getting a D/F bearing on our transmission. When in a safe area we then reverted to other D/F channels and requested and obtained the necessary information required.

Unfortunately the other aircraft was shot down over enemy territory and all were killed, not through the misfortunes of war, but owing to the misfortunes of having an operator with them who thought the D/F loop was something they fixed on the aircraft to lift it by, and so did not bother to learn the loop procedure because he thought he would never use it.

Later three aircraft, including ours, were detailed to perform a search of a certain area of the North Sea. After performing this duty we returned to the base. As we continued on our journey towards home, we found that the weather was steadily getting worse and we knew that we would need assistance to enable us to get down safely. All three aircraft reverted to Regional Control and requested weather conditions at the drome we were heading for. The weather did not improve so we asked for permission to land using the "ZZ" method of approach. This was granted and two of us managed to get down safely. The third aircraft was not so fortunate. The weather was coming down fast and the third aircraft had not a great deal of time to complete his "ZZ" landing, it had an operator who thought that getting the message a second time was good enough. He had managed before to get a message through in half an hour when it really should have taken him only three minutes, so why shouldn't it work this time. Through poor operating the first run was a failure and they had to make a second run. Just before they completed it, the fog closed right down and the aircraft crashed through the side of a hangar, destroying part of the hangar and several aircraft by fire, all of the crew of the aircraft being killed.

A true story is told of an aircraft detailed for reconnaissance duties over the Dutch Coast. After patrolling the Coast for an hour or more, the crew spotted several battleships, destroyers and motor torpedo boats. The navigator made out a sighting report and handed



it back to the W.A.G. to dispatch to Base. He thought that the wireless operator would recognize a sighting report when he saw one but unluckily this operator had never taken a great deal of notice of these reports at the Wireless School, and he was either too lazy or too stupid to find out what he should do regarding the procedure used in his command.

Instead he very kindly arranged the sighting report to look like SYKO and then sent the message to Base. Of course by the time that the Base had asked for the message to be repeated and checked and sorted it out, Jerry had sunk shipping, caused a lot of damage and had returned to Base without being touched, just because of the stupidity of one man—the W.A.G.

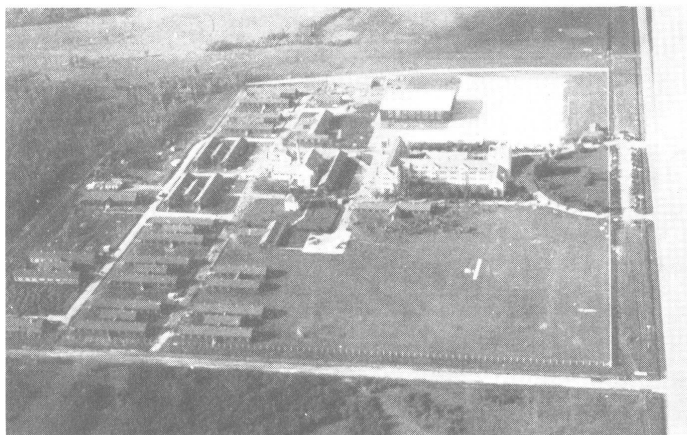
The most painful part of the whole

Ground crews make a last minute check on fuel as a potential WAG prepares to climb into the cockpit of a Menasco Moth for an hour or two of air operating, at Stevenson airport. And those flying suits weren't worn for fun. . . those clouds are cold these days.

affair was that our own battle fleet was only 50 miles away, though steaming in the opposite direction. They could have been warned had that operator known his job.

When on operational work, an operator should log everything he hears in his log book. However, you don't want a

A Bird's Eye View—  
No. 3 Wireless School.



log filled with a lot of junk, say for example:

1030—Cab Calloway's Dance Band.  
1035—Mrs. Wiggins' talk on Rinso.  
1050—How to grow leeks, by Professor Jackson.

Always remember knowledge makes safety and it doesn't suffice to know just enough to get by and nothing more. A little more than necessary perhaps, some day will save the lives of yourself and crew mates.

### Excerpts from Letters Received by Milk Board

Please send me a form for cheap milk as I am expecting mother.

Please send me a form for supply of milk for having children at reduced prices.

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

I have a baby eighteen months old—thank you for the same.

Will you please send me a form for cheap milk? I have a baby two months old and did not know anything about it till a friend told me.

I had intended coming to the Milk Office today, but had fifteen children this morning.

I have a child nearly two years old and looking forward to an increase in November. Hoping this will suit your kind approval.

I have a baby two years old fed entirely on cows and another four months old.

Will I be able to have milk for baby as my husband finishes his job as night-watchman on Thursday.

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

Milk is wanted for the baby and his father can't supply it.

### BONERS CULLED FROM DEPENDENTS ALLOWANCE MAIL

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

I am forwarding my marriage certificate and 6 children. I had 7 and one died which was baptised on a half-sheet of paper by Rev. Thomas.

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.

Please find out if my husband is dead as the man I am now living with won't do anything until he is certain.

This branch of the Air Force is a thing apart and is manned by a strange tribe who speak a language all their own. It has developed a new technique for the purpose of confusing other branches of the service and making them think that they are smarter than they really are. This technique consists of saying everything backwards such as "Boots Ankle Leather", when they mean just a bloody pair of shoes, and "Coats Great Winter Warm" when you and I know they just mean an overcoat.

They also have a game which is not generally understood by other branches which is called "Hide and Seek", or "Button, Button, whose got the Button?" This game consist of hiding all new equipment which is received from Equipment Depot in a secret hiding place, so that nobody will know that it is actually on hand. This game has been so successfully perfected that nobody in the Equipment Section actually knows what is on hand, on the principle that "Never let your right hand know what your left hand is doing." Occasionally an outsider accidentally stumbles on this equipment and tells the Equipment Section that they have it. Even then it is hard to prove your case, because often there is no voucher to show for it. If an equipment assistant is ever caught actually issuing clothing to a trainee, he is severely reprimanded for the first offence, but a second offence means a Court Martial. Minor offenders are simply remustered to G.D.

With reference to equipment nomenclature, it is worded in such a way that the common man will not understand it. This is, of course, deliberate, so that the average airman on entering stores will immediately assume a dazed look and remain in a complete trance or blackout until he finds himself outside the door, exactly in the same condition as he arrived. In fact, he will be lucky if he still has everything he started with, on account of the shortage in some items. It is rumored that there is a special branch of signals under consideration in which airmen will take a course in decoding equipment nomenclature.

An Equipment Officer must be very highly trained in his work, but must have a one track mind. He must also be very tactful, because it is very difficult to convince the average layman that an article is not available when it is plainly visible to the naked eye. With years of practice, however, and a short course in hypnotism, this can be successfully accomplished, if the subject's mind can be completely dominated.

## An Air Force Mystery

In order to successfully cope with this system, it was decided to appoint a liaison officer to investigate matters, in the hopes that Equipment Section could be inveigled into issuing some great-coats when the temperature was 40 degrees below zero. However, it was nice and warm in the Equipment Section that day, so the whole idea was given up for the time being.

Things came to a crisis, however, when an airman was found dead on the parade ground, his body frozen stiff. Upon this being called to the attention of Equipment Section, there was great confusion because the supply of forms had run out and it was impossible to remove the body for eight days, until the right form had been secured. All clothing of the dead airman were immediately removed and in 15 minutes issued to one of the boys in stores who needed a second issue of uniform because he wanted to see his girl that night and his other uniform was at the cleaners. This system is called "getting taken to the cleaners", but this was an exceptional case.

### The Editor's Apology

There was an Editor WAG,  
Who published a little MAG;

He thought he was a dandy,  
And also very handy

At printing all the news—  
He had nothing much to lose.

But when the MAG came out  
There was an awful shout

When all the airmen read  
What the Editor had said.

They all sued him for libel,  
And swore on the Holy Bible

That they would get his hide  
For hurting their manly pride.

When an Editor slings some ink,  
He sometimes doesn't think

How other people feel.  
He is a proper heel.

And now our worthy Editor  
Has many and many a creditor;

They took him into Court,  
The Judge was mighty short;

He sentenced the Editor WAG  
For putting out a MAG

To fourteen days in the Digger  
We leave it to you to figure

When publication date comes round  
Where the Editor might be found.

The Editor.

After almost a score of uneventful days across the mighty Pacific Ocean, or as my ancestors called it centuries before, "Te Moana Nui a Kiwa", members of the New Zealand Air Force, consisting of Pilots, Observers, Wireless Air Gunners, etc., arrived safely at a Canadian port.

Unsung and unheralded—owing to the secrecy of boat sailings and departures, a very necessary wartime precaution—we disembarked and were marched to the railway station where our train awaited to whisk us away to our first Canadian Training School.

Huge engines, the size of which we had never seen before, were a source of interest to all the boys. After a short delay we entrained and our journey across the continent commenced.

In no time, it seemed, we found ourselves at the foothills of the mighty Rockies and ere night fell we were surrounded by the Rockies in all their grandeur and splendour. The click of camera-shutters could be heard continuously accompanied by such remarks as, "I hope that one comes out!" or "I hope I caught that sunset!"

Never have mountain ranges been so truly named. All along the track sheer walls of rock and granite rise majestically up into the skies only to disappear beyond a curtain of clouds. In many instances, far away in the distance, we discerned rugged snow-capped peaks, high above the level of the clouds, upon which the light fingers of a rising sun rested, lending a sight beautiful beyond description.

Huge rivers, interspersed by stretches of calm, crystal clear waters or foam-flecked rapids, whirlpools and rushing torrents, cut their way through hundreds of miles of canyons. On many occasions we saw millions of feet of lumber lying on their watery grave ready to be rushed to the hungry jaws of some paper or lumber mill several miles away.

The beauty of the Canadian pines, firs, spruce, maples and other flora may best be seen in no other place than the Rockies. They have a beauty peculiar unto themselves and a fragrance all their own.

We were fortunate, while en route through the Rockies, in visiting the town of Banff, enabling us to see the famous Banff Springs Hotel, Banff Springs, world renowned playground of the rich and near rich from all parts of the world. We were privileged, while we were here, to see and meet our first real, live, in the flesh, red-coated "Mountie". Six-feet-four, broad of shoulder, barrel chested, slim of waist and tanned by wind, rain and sun, we could well imagine why the term, "The

## The Land of the Maple Leaf

*" . . . . Our First Impression "*

By LAC HOHEPA M. MEHA, (Auckland, New Zealand)



An icy stare at the Instructional Building

Mountie always gets his man" is synonymous of the name.

After leaving Banff it was not many hours before we were out of the Rockies where we encountered landscape the entire antithesis to that through which we had travelled the first thirty-six hours of our journey. These were the famous Prairie Lands of the West.

For miles around as far as the eye can see, the landscape was as flat as a billiard table, so different to our own little New Zealand. We were amazed at such a formation—so flat and almost entirely tree-less. One can well imagine and can almost see the ocean of ice which covered this section of Canada centuries ago.

From the prairies on, our numbers steadily decreased, certain entries going to the different training schools situated all over the prairies.

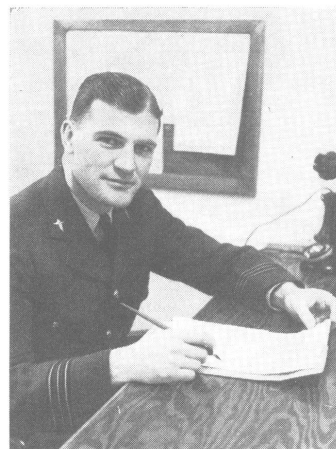
Last, but certainly not least, a word about the Canadian people. Such hospitality as has been showered upon us since our arrival in this country might be expected only in our own country and from our own people. On every hand invitations to visit with different families pour in daily. Standing week-end invitations are plentiful and are gladly accepted.

At the training schools we are shown

every consideration by non-commissioned and commissioned officers alike. Our instructors are indeed capable in their different fields of instruction.

In conclusion let us say this: As great as the Rockies are and as wide and huge as are their Prairies, they fade into insignificance in comparison to the bigness of the hearts of the Canadian people. They are the essence of kindness.

"Kia Ora"



# The History of Wireless

FROM THE 19th CENTURY  
TO 1941

By A. G. Sheffield, F/O

## Part I.

The new wireless operator of today probably has not had an opportunity to realize the interesting historical background of his trade from its inception to the present state of its development (or complication, says the W.A.G.).

The history of wireless, and those who were associated with its development, from the original conception that these "Electrical waves" must exist, in 1864, to the first transmission across the Atlantic in 1901, is a story of great interest to those studying it for the first time.

When we realize what apparatus these early experimenters used, and the tremendous progress made when one of them found what a ground connection did, the increase in the range covered when "Tuning" was used for the first time, what happened when a better detector was invented; we are not so likely to take their early efforts lightly, and should appreciate the present-day apparatus that we learn to use and operate. How different this history might have been if Sir Oliver Lodge had an R1082 and T1083 to experiment with in 1897, instead of the crude detectors used with spark coils and relays.

The following is how it all started, in chronological order—

1864—James Clerk Maxwell, a British mathematician, calculated and proved mathematically that there must exist as he called them, "Electric Waves". His figures gave the nature and velocity of these "Waves" but at this time no one was able to produce or identify them. Maxwell's name should go down in history as being the man responsible for starting investigations by other scientists which was to lead to Wireless Communication as we know it today.

1872—Loomis, in the U.S.A., claimed to have transmitted signals by wireless over a distance of 10 miles, using a version of Benjamin Franklin's experiment of 1752. Kites were used to collect energy directly from the air, but the success of this method is doubtful.

1877—David Hughes, a Welsh scientist, invented the microphone.

1879—While experimenting with his microphone, Hughes discovered that his "loose contact microphone" was sensitive

to electrical impulses coming through the air from other electrical apparatus in his laboratory. He constructed a what was probably the first transmitter using a battery and coil, with a clock-work-driven interrupter, and with this apparatus and his microphone "detector" proved that he could receive these "Electrical Waves", as he realized them to be, at distances up to 500 yards. He demonstrated this, but his results were not convincing to the scientists of that day.

1887—Heinrich Hertz, in Germany, using a spark coil, produced and identified the waves proposed by Maxwell's theory of 23 years ago. His range of reception (due to not using any detector) was limited to across his room, but exactly confirmed the previous theory.

1890—Branly, in France, produced an improved detector using metal filings, and also developed the principle of the crystal detector.

1893—Sir Oliver Lodge, in England, improved on Branly's detector, and termed it a "Coherer". This increased the range of wireless reception to half a mile, and development of practical apparatus capable of operating conventional telegraphic recorders by wireless soon followed. Lodge was responsible for inventing most of the apparatus that he used in demonstrating to the public the use of wireless, and actually showed the first commercially practical sending and receiving station.

1894—Righi, an Italian scientist, attended one of Sir Oliver Lodge's lectures in England. He was impressed by the demonstration of wireless wave operation, and immediately on his return to Italy that year, brought it to the attention of a young fellow worker, Guglielmo Marconi.

1895—Marconi duplicated the results achieved by Sir Oliver Lodge, and had succeeded in increasing the range to a mile or more. He found that he could increase the distance covered by using a large aerial and an improved "Coherer" detector.

Popoff, in Russia, is recorded as making use of a "lightning rod" as a receiving aerial at about this same time, and both he and Sir Henry Jackson, working independently, duplicated Marconi's achievements.

1896—Marconi was developing aërials as he found that his distance covered was increased by using a higher and larger aerial. He made the amazing discovery that an enormous increase resulted from the use of a "ground" connection at both the receiver and transmitter. Realizing the value of this development, he went to England and immediately took out a patent (the first British one of its kind) covering his system of Wireless Communication. With the co-operation and assistance of Sir William Preece, the Chief Electrical Engineer of the British Post Office, he demonstrated the transmission of messages several miles across Salisbury Plain. This was followed by further improvements in the apparatus used, until Marconi in the year 1897 signalled across the Bristol Channel. This demonstration used an induction coil that was capable of producing a twenty inch

(Continued on Page 13.)

*In Winnipeg*

*it's*

**BIRKS  
DINGWALL**

FOR

DIAMONDS

WATCHES

JEWELLERY

LEATHER

PENS AND PENCILS

VANITY STERLING

Etc.

--||--

Visit our store and see the  
fine selection of Air Force  
Jewellery.

Courteous gift counsellor will  
help you in your gift  
problems.



JEWELLERS

Portage Ave. and Smith St.

Not only tops in the medical profession, but also an outstanding track and field and rugby star, Squadron Leader K. H. Running is O/C our Station hospital. A graduate of Queen's University, Dr. Running majored in track events at college, and has carried his athletic aspirations throughout his military career. Shortly after the outbreak of war he joined the Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps and later, on its formation, transferred to the R.C.A.F. medical section. He has been on this station since a month or two after its opening.



A synonym—As fickle as Flight Sergeant Langos' psychology on matrimony.

"Damn it," exclaimed Sgt. Burden, as he dangled from a tree by his parachute cords, "and I was out to set a record!" "You have," retorted the farmer, "you are the first person ever to climb down that tree without first climbing up."

Garbage Man: "Any garbage today?" Sgt. Sealey: "Yes, we'll take twelve cans, please."



Late last summer No. 3 Wireless School was honored by a visit from His Excellency, The Earl of Athlone, Governor-General of Canada. After inspecting a group of honor companies, Australians, New Zealanders and Canadians, he made an inspection of the School. He is shown here taking the salute of the Guard of Honour.

Australians and New Zealanders coming to Canada brought with them a brand new game, so we thought. It was Australian rugby, an almost identical game with the English version of the game. Here is a group of them giving a demonstration on the North Sports field.

# CONFEDERATION LIFE ASSN.

FRANK HOVEY  
Representative

Wish the Boys  
of the  
Air Force  
A Merry  
Christmas  
and the  
Best of Luck



WALTER THOMSON  
Representative

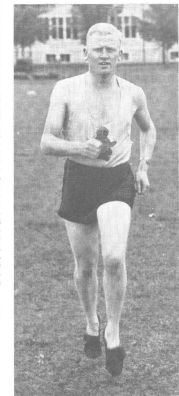
## HOT STUFF

We have seen strange and interesting sights in our lives, but the one we enjoyed most was the occasion of the first snowfall in Winnipeg this winter. And did everybody get soaked?

Punch parades were a thing of the past that morning, when the Australians and New Zealanders, who had never seen snow until that fine morning, snow-balled all and sundry with enthusiastic glee.

It wasn't safe, Squadron Warrant Officers found out, (too late for their own safety) to stand a flight or squadron "crazy", for the moment they did they placed themselves on the receiving end of a hundred odd snowballs, very few of which missed their marks.

Your reporter witnessed one such fray, when a mixture of Australians and New Zealanders of a squadron formed a veritable snowball out of the worthy Sgt. (Technical) Tuttle, and still wonders whether or not he ever thawed out from that freezing.



(Continued from Page 11.) spark (equivalent to a secondary voltage of approximately 1,000,000 volts) and using a large aerial, he was able to cover a distance of 8 miles. This proved the value of a large aerial and increased power, and later that year made possible the increase of the distance covered to 34 miles.

These early experimenters did not realize that their low efficiency was due to the lack of "tuning" at both the transmitter and receiver, and it was not until this was discovered that much improvement was made. Sir Oliver Lodge found that the addition of a coil in the aerial circuit at both the transmitter and receiver (a form of tuning) improved operation tremendously, and probably this discovery was the most revolutionary development in the history of wireless since Hertz proved Maxwell's theory. Lodge experimented with this discovery, and withheld it from publication until the following year, 1898. Progress then was greatly increased.

1897—Slaby, in Germany, also conducted successful experiments and published his method of operation over a distance of 13 miles.

1897—Marconi founded the Wireless Telegraph and Signal Company with a capital of £100,000 and started commercial developments.

1899—The South African War was the scene of the first use of wireless equipment for communication in warfare.

1900—Marconi had developed a tuned transmitter and receiver, following the publication of the principle of tuning by Sir Oliver Lodge in 1898, and succeeded in transmitting from the Isle of Wight to Cornwall, a distance of 198 miles. This tremendous increase in range from 24 miles to 198 using the advantages of tuning encouraged him to try further experiments — would it be possible to send a wireless signal across the Atlantic? In 1901 more powerful apparatus was constructed and set up in Poldhu, Cornwall, and an immense aerial was installed to make the attempt. The large aerial was blown down in September of that year, and a temporary one erected. Marconi was then surprised to find that even with this, that he received his signals from Poldhu in Crookhaven, south of Ireland, so strong that he decided to make the great attempt across the Atlantic. All arrangements were made — Marconi left the Poldhu station in charge of J. A. Fleming (later Sir Ambrose Fleming) with instructions to send the letter "S" at certain intervals beginning December 12th. Marconi went to Newfoundland, and using a kite to suspend a 500 foot aerial, on December 12th heard the three dots transmitted from the other side of the Atlantic. What an amazing feat this was — the conquest of the Atlantic only 11 years after the discovery by Hertz that these wireless waves actually existed.

(To be continued.)

One of the most outstanding athletes to enter the portals of No. 3 Wireless School was LAC "Jerry" Backhouse. Hailing from the shores of sunny Australia, Jerry was wide as a track and field man. He was once one of Australia's representatives to the international Olympic meet and later toured Europe in a representative athletic group.

## Flying Squadron

By Corporal W. G. Sanderson.

Through this Section the W.A.G. finally reaches the climax of his training. Here at last he is able to have the actual experience in individual Wireless Operation and realize for the first time what he has been trained for.

The Flying Squadron commenced Air Operations on the first of June, 1941, and from that date has always, in spite of adverse weather, seen that each trainee on an average gets at least ten and one-half hours flying to his credit.

The W.A.G.'s first contact with the Flying Squadron comes early in his training when he receives a forty minute trip in a Norseman for Air Experience or Flight Familiarization. This is followed later by another Norseman hop of one hour on Listening Watch. He comes back on the final training schedule for Air Operations, which includes two trips of two hours duration on Norseman and four trips of one hour and forty minutes on Menasco Moth aircraft, this, of course, is subject to weather conditions. In addition, there is two lectures per day on the handling of equipment and also the manipulation of same in the Demonstration Laboratory.

Few people realize what is actually accomplished in the ordinary course of events at the Field. For instance, did

you know that every parachute must be repacked at least once every two months, which process involves one hour's work for each parachute; that engines and rigging have to be inspected once every thirty flying hours and that they also have to be overhauled every 180 flying hours; that modifications involve the almost rebuilding of the aircraft? In addition to these every day duties are the maintenance of radio equipment, instruments, batteries, the handling of spare parts, flying equipment and the patching of torn fabric on the wings, which, though carefully handled, are sometimes unavoidably damaged. All this work is carried out by keen, reliable and specially trained airmen who, in their everyday duties, assume the responsibility for the lives of men in the handling of aircraft.

At the Flying Squadron the W.A.G. gets his first initiation into the Rumble Club. Here many a W.A.G. has been rumbled out of ten cents of his hard earned money for smoking in the Hangar or for leaving his parachute lock undone. Read well the Rumble Club Rules, W.A.G., or you, too, will in future be rumbled. There is down on the Rumble Club records a rumble for two W.A.G.'s who wanted to make sure that the parachute would work before taking them up and then had 25c less in their pockets to jingle. No W.A.G. has so far refused to pay this rumble when requested to do so by our rugby playing Cpl. "Tiny" Thompson, who weighs around 235.

Happy Landing.



Under the guiding hand of Squadron Leader W. R. Pollock, the Flying Squadron of No. 3 Wireless School operates efficiently. A veteran in the R.C.A.F., S/L Pollock served overseas with the No. 1 Fighter Squadron, and with the 112th Squadron from April, 1940 until December of the same year. Since coming to command the Flying Squadron he has brought the unit to its present standard of proficiency.

## Station Orchestra Hopes for Best

Here's luck to that buxom boy of pots and pans, Cpl. "Al" Scott in his worthy endeavour to organize a Station dance orchestra.

This move has been on the way for some weeks now, and is just in the process of becoming a realized fact. It is hoped that a seven or eight-piece band will materialize out of these efforts, although just what instruments will be used have not been decided up to the time of writing.

From outside reports it has been learned that the same "Al" is no slouch when it comes to a set of traps, and can take an equal turn on a vocal chorus. The University of Manitoba Radio Technicians' orchestra report that they can highly recommend him.

"All that is lacking now," Cpl. Scott said, "is the small matter of financing, which is gradually being taken care of. We hope soon to be able to supply the swing and sway for all station dance functions."

Nellie: "Real beauty is rare. Though I know hundreds of women, there are only two I consider beautiful."

Rose: "Who is my colleague?"

F/O Gillean (in history class): "Johnny, for what was Louis XIV chiefly responsible?"

Trainee (positively): "Louis XV, sir."

See us for your . . . .

## Sporting Equipment

Hockey and Badminton Supplies  
Boxing Gloves and Gymnasium Equipment  
Sunbeam Shavemasters and Shaving Supplies  
Skis, Ski Harness, Ski Poles  
Electrical Appliances  
Watches, Etc.

We also carry many other items of utility for men in His Majesty's Forces.

**Ashdown's**  
HARDWARE

MAIN STREET at BANNATYNE AVENUE

## Feathers From the Wing

By FL/LT. F. H. W. SEVERIN,  
O/C WING

The general impression regarding the Wing is that it is a sinecure — a place of retirement for officers who lack the brains or the energy to do anything else; the reward of good conduct and indifference. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

Few people who have not been a part of the Wing realize the extent of responsibility with which the Wing is saddled. From the day the new trainee comes on the Station he is immediately received into the fold by Wing Headquarters Staff, like a new born babe in the hospital. From then on the Wing is responsible for the feeding, clothing, discipline, and the general welfare of the trainee; in fact, for every trainee activity on this Station except technical instruction.

It would be surprising to learn what problems are brought up to the Wing for immediate decision and action. Squadron Commanders hold "Orderly Room" every morning at break period. During "Orderly Room" periods the Squadron Commander must hear charges, deal out punishments to fit the crimes, act as confidential advisor regarding personal problems, act as marriage broker and generally as a combination father confessor and big brother. The Wing is considering publishing a special column in the "Winnipeg WAG" to be known as "The Trainees' Woeful Wail" or "Advice to the Lovelorn".

There is a story of a Wing Officer who received a telephone call at the Bowling Alley one night from one of the telegraph companies, who told him they had a collect wire for him. As the Officer was in the middle of a hot bowling game he suggested that a telegraph messenger deliver the telegram to him. On opening the wire it was found to be from a Trainee, who was absent without leave. The wire cost \$5.58 and read as follows:

"Sir please send necessary identification for flying back at once via WU will be there as soon as possible all necessary papers for clearance of my records on person am willing to take all responsibility for action must have identification tonight please rush it to me also permission to bring recruit Kenneth Moore of this city who is anxious to join RCAF passed US air corps mental and physical exams please answer tonight"

Comment: We aren't quite sure of the mental part of the examination.

One of the chief responsibilities of the Wing is to convince Trainees that their job of W.O.A.G. is just as important as any other part of aircrew, there being a general impression that the pilot gets all the glory. Nothing could be farther from the truth, as these men will find when they get overseas. They are just as important a part of the aircrew, and in many cases it is their responsibility to see that the whole crew, as well as the plane, finds its way back home, depending upon how good a wireless operator he is.

Twenty weeks is a long time to spend in school work. Even universities have mid-term vacations, but at Wireless School there is no break in the period of instruction. As a result, the initial enthusiasm of even the best trainee is apt to lag before the course is completed. A system of week-end passes has been inaugurated for good conduct, which is an incentive for all trainees to work hard.

Wing Officers try to be fair in connection with the discipline of trainees at all times and exercise that fine judgment when dealing out punishments when necessary for infractions of discipline, which are neither too severe nor too lenient. The policy regarding discipline must, therefore, be "Let the Punishment Fit the Crime", that famous phrase from Gilbert and Sullivan's opera "The Mikado". Taking it by and large, the average Trainee at No. 3 Wireless is a pretty decent fellow. Unfortunately a few bad actors can give a whole squadron a bad name.

Hats off to one of the new entries whose crime record has been negligible since posting to this School. The Wing have their fingers crossed and hope that they can keep up their good record which should be an example to all other Squadrons.

Trainee—I'm going to give you the kiss of the century.

Gal—Give me the century first!

### CAN YOU MIDGET?

F/L Higgins—Tell me, why were you wearing such a small costume when the cops pinched the show?

Strip Teaser—How silly . . . I'm a small girl.

### Attention, Editorial Staff:

Some impressive-looking books are not as thick as their authors.

The class yell of the school of experience is "Ouch!"

"When I was in China I saw a woman hanging from a tree."

"Shanghai?"

"Oh, about six feet."

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#### Y.M.C.A. SERVICES

The following information is listed chiefly for new personnel on the Station:

The "Y" Office is located in the Canteen building and the following services will be gladly discharged upon application.

**Private Banking** — opening accounts, deposits, withdrawals, overseas' drafts, transfers.

**Telegrams and Cables** — sent, complete information available as to rates and wording.

**Money Orders:** Cashed and issued.

**Rail and Bus Travel:** Information as to rates, arrivals, departures, connections.

**Paper and Envelopes:** Issued free upon request. Supply also always on hand in Writing Room.

**Home Hospitality:** Meals, parties, week-ends arranged in private homes for those who are "away-from-home".

**Magazines and Newspapers:** A supply is always on hand in the "Y" office. These are available for the asking. Do not return them but pass them on to someone else.

**Books:** Several score books available may be secured without signing. Simply read and pass along. (This is apart from the Station Library.)

**Social Games:** A supply of table games is always in stock. These may be used in the Recreation Room or in the Barrack Blocks. In the latter case they should be signed for and returned.

#### THANK YOU

A word of thanks to Sergeant Lloyd Lee and other personnel of the Radio "Lab" for assisting on many occasions with the operation of the movie projector. Sometimes this "chore" was undertaken at almost a moment's notice. The technical knowledge of the "Lab. Men" was also called into play on occasions when technical trouble was experienced during actual operation. Thanks, boys, for help in sustaining the old adage, "The show must go on."

#### NEW WRITING ROOM

That long letter home or that "love note" to one far distant may be quietly composed and written in the new writing room, which is now established in the south-west corner of the Wing Building, formerly the sergeants' mess.

Special writing tables and chairs have been set up and free writing paper and envelopes are available at all times.

This room will be redecorated in the near future and will then present a very

attractive appearance. Pens and ink may be secured from the "Y" office in the Canteen. This system will prevail until distribution is arranged directly in the writing room.

## Good Luck Gals!

Orchids to the girls of fourth year Home Economics at the University of Manitoba, or, as their stage name would have them, the "Winnipeg Hostessaires."

These girls, fifty or sixty strong, have banded together for the sole purpose of providing entertainment for the boys in blue from all points in No. 2 Training Command.

The festivities take place the first and third Fridays of each month this winter in the second floor, I.O.O.F. Temple, on Kennedy Street, just a few doors from Portage, and begin at 7.30 in the evening, or technically speaking, 19.30 hours.

An entertainment program is provided, including a sing-song, acts by the girls themselves, and by boys from the various R.C.A.F. stations, and other outside talent. Games of all forms (with the probable exception of chesterfield rugby) are provided, and enthusiasm reigns high. Dancing and scrumptuous eats fill out the evening.

The idea bears the seal of approval of the Dean of Women at the U. of M., with the proviso that the girls and boys both leave afterwards stag. (?)

To meet the cost of rental of the hall, etc., the girls are forced to charge a small fee of 25 cents, which the boys have returned four-fold in fun.

So from us out at No. 3, girls, best of luck. You have our wholehearted support, and we'll be seeing you at your next little "do".

#### BONERS CULLED FROM DEPENDENTS ALLOWANCE MAIL

In answer to your letter and according to your instructions I have given birth to twins in the enclosed envelope.

You have changed my little girl into a little boy. Will this make any difference.

Please send my money at once as I have fallen into errors (arrears) with my landlord.

I have no children as my husband is a bus driver and works all day and night.

I want my money quick as you can send it. I have been in bed with a doctor all week and he doesn't seem to be doing me any good. If things don't improve I shall get another doctor.

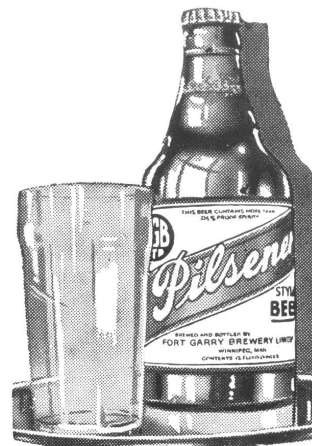
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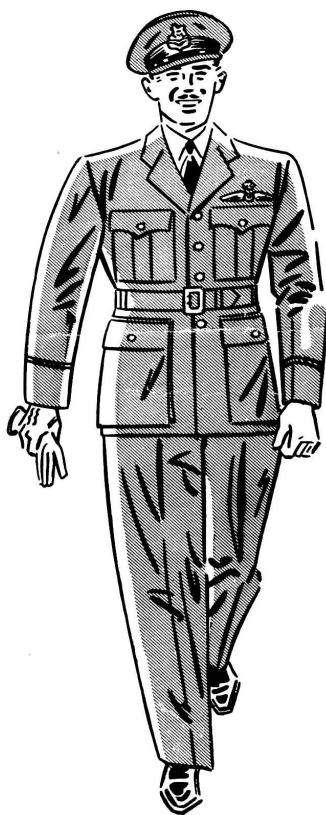
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