

# W.A.G. Mag.

Special Christmas  
Issue



No. 3534

DECEMBER, 1943

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS THE COPY

No. 3 WIRELESS SCHOOL

ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

R.N.Z.A.F.

R.A.F.

R.A.A.F.

## See These Hits in Our Auditorium

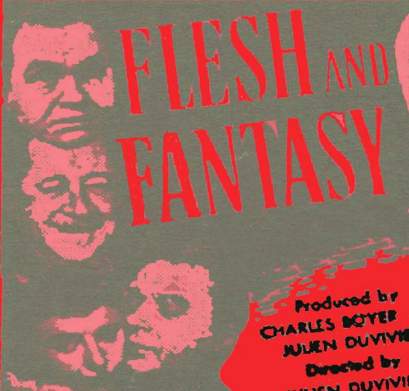
**HOWARD HAWKS'**  
NIGHTLY PRODUCTION  
**CORVETTE K-225**





starring  
**RANDOLPH SCOTT**  
with JAMES BROWN, NOAH BEERY, JR.  
BARRY FITZGERALD, ANDY DEVINE  
FUZZY KNIGHT, DAVID BRUCE  
THOMAS GOMEZ, RICHARD LANE  
and TULA RAINES


SHOWING—DECEMBER 16th and 17th



**FLESH AND FANTASY**

Produced by  
CHARLES BOYER and  
JULIEN DUVIVIER  
Directed by  
JULIEN DUVIVIER

**"FLESH and FANTASY"**  
showing in the order  
of their appearances  
**ROBERT BENCHLEY**  
**BETTY FIELD**  
**ROBERT CUMMINGS**  
**EDGAR BARRIER**  
**EDWARD G. ROBINSON**  
**THOMAS MITCHELL**  
**C. AUBREY SMITH**  
**ANNA LEE**  
**SAME MAY WHITTY**  
**CHARLES BOYER**  
**BARBARA STANWYCK**  
**CHARLES WINNINGER**



SHOWING—DECEMBER 18th and 19th



**The RITZ BROTHERS**  
**NEVER A DULL**  
**MOMENT**



with  
**FRANCES LANGFORD**  
**MARY BETH HUGHES**  
Franklin Pangborn  
Stuart Boyd Crawford  
George Zucco  
Jack LaRue  
**ROGERS DANCERS**  
**GRACE POGGI & IGOR**



SHOWING—JANUARY 1st and 2nd

Subject to change without notice.

# W.A.G. Mag.

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By permission of Wing Commander A. Walmsley, Commanding Officer.

Vol. 1, No. 8.

No. 3 Wireless School, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

December, 1943.

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Photos by H. K. White.



The editors and staff of your station magazine extend heartiest greetings for a joyous Christmas and a happy New Year to all personnel of this unit.

Thanks to the support of our readers and the co-operation of our contributors this publication now embarks upon a new year after eight successful issues to the credit of our station.

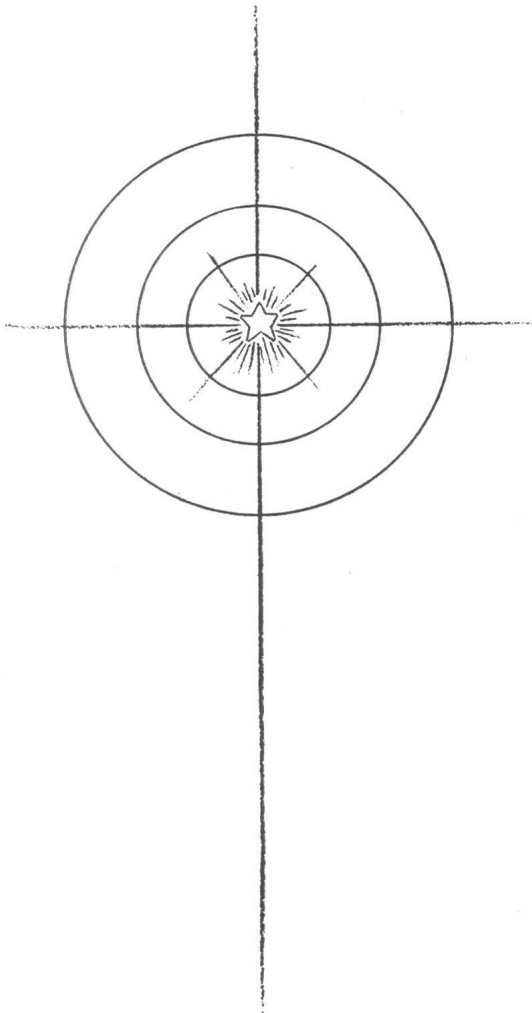
It is hoped that the enthusiasm of our writers and readers will continue to make this magazine worthy of being the official voice of No. 3 Wireless School.

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## The Meaning of Christmas

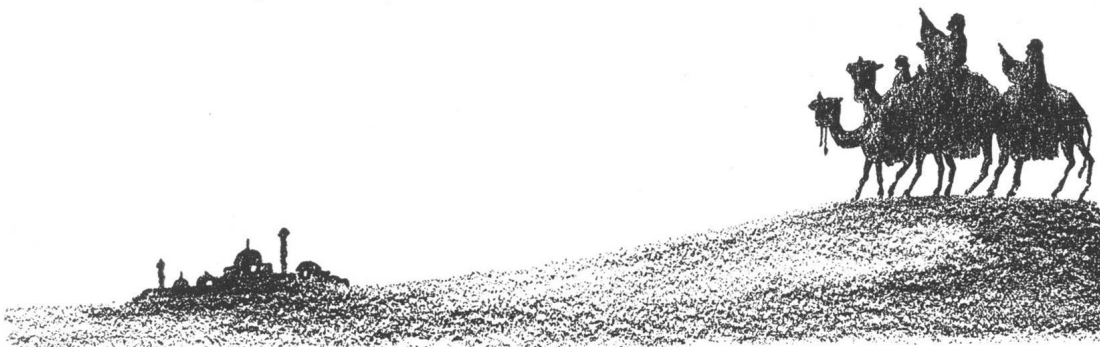
A message from our Protestant Padre,  
Flight Lieutenant W. S. Macleod.



A five-day leave, a train trip and a speedy visit home, gaily decorated trees, a turkey dinner with all the fixings, gifts given and received, are some of the things Christmas suggests to our minds. It is a distinctive time of year... No other season can be compared with it. The first Christmas morning has been reborn over nineteen hundred times, yet its attraction is just as great as ever. So it is with joy that we hail the approach of another festive season.

Do we think of Christmas only as a time of festivity and gaiety? I hope not, for these are merely the outer wrappings of this season. Deep down we know that it means much more. A world at war finds reason for hope and good cheer in the message of Christmas. Long ago, the promise of peace gladdened the hearts of shepherds as they tended their flocks on the Judean hills. It is renewed once again with the advent of Christmas. Every year at this time a mystic light brightens the world. Even those who make no profession of religious faith share its radiance. There is something that makes men different at this season of the year. And somehow we cannot dissociate it from a humble manger in Bethlehem many centuries ago.

What, then, does Christmas mean to us? If not only offers a time for holidays, festivity, family reunions; it reminds us of the hopes and aspirations of men through the years. It sums up all that is finest in human life. It symbolizes a spirit that transformed a hard old Roman world, and that can transform a hard modern world. It is the manifestation of God's love for a sinful world and His desire to remould men according to His purpose.





## C. O.'s Christmas Message



*At this season of the year when so many of us are away from the ones we love, it is more difficult to enjoy the Christmas Season as we would like. Perhaps we would enjoy this Festive Season much more if we were to think for a moment about one of the things we have, but to which we give little consideration.*

*One of our most valued possessions is freedom. We are so accustomed to freedom that we do not know the horror of being without it. Remember that Christ died so that the world might be free. We are fighting now to stay alive and for the kind of world we consider free. Sometimes the price we pay for this freedom is high. However, at this stage of our careers we are not in very great trouble. We know that the thoughts of our beloved ones are with us and this knowledge is a pillar of strength upon which to lean when we are confronted with conflicting emotions. Let us, therefore, lift up our hearts in thankfulness that we are still free, and are strong and able to fight for those we love and for those things we hold dear.*

*If we count our fortunes I am sure we shall enjoy this Season much more despite the fact that we are spending Christmas under wartime conditions.*

*I wish you all a very Merry Christmas and a most successful and Happy New Year.*

*Yours sincerely,*

*A. WALMSLEY, Wing Commander.*



### **“Son Give Me Thy Heart . . . ”**

Excerpts from the Christmas Message of the Bishop of Pembroke, to the Catholic Personnel of the Canadian Forces.

Ever as the season of Christmas returns, our hearts are touched by the spirit of our early years when we gathered about the Crib to greet the Child that was born to us, the King that reigns over us. We joined our youthful voices to those of the Angels, we rejoiced with the Magi, we fled into Egypt with the Holy Family, we lamented over the death of the Innocents. That first Christmas, a harbinger of Christmases to come, was marred by the indifference of the many and the bitter hatred of the enemies of the new-born King. With the unselfish loyalty and love of children we vowed, whatever betide, that He would always find sanctuary in our hearts and that His cause would be our cause. It is a far cry to those happy days, but let us hope the generous spirit that made them so happy has not altogether departed from us.

Christmas is a season of generosity when we exchange gifts and good wishes with our friends. It is a pagan festival if we neglect the cause of its being. “Son give me thy heart” is His ceaseless request and He will be content with nothing else. To offer a heart besmirched by sin is an act of derision and contempt worthy of the avowed enemies of God.

We must take upon ourselves our duties as soldiers of the Kingdom of God, we must make peace with the Child that is born to us. We must renew the fervour of our youth and then we can all rejoice in a truly holy and a truly happy Christmas.

May God’s blessing be with you during this blessed season and throughout the coming year.

CHARLES LEO NELLIGAN,  
Bishop of Pembroke,  
Ordinary to the Canadian Forces.

## Greetings from Our W.E.T.P. Schools

### MANITOBA "TECH" INSTITUTE

May I extend to Wing Commander Walmesley, all officers and men attached to No. 3 Wireless School and especially to the airmen of the Manitoba Technical Institute our very best wishes for Christmas and the new year.

May I also say "thank you" for the co-operation which we have received from No. 3 Wireless School during the past year. The happy relationship that exists between us has contributed greatly to the expedition of our training.

Many airmen have passed through the portals of this institute and are now serving on the battlefronts and on the training stations in Canada. They have left many fond recollections with the staff and myself and our thoughts go out to them particularly at this season.

To the men of this institute may I express my appreciation for the work that you are doing. You must keep striving to prepare yourself for the job ahead. It is no easy task that you have undertaken, yours is a very responsible position and you must remember that at all times. The performance of the plane and the lives of its crew will be in your hands, so I say "Make responsibility your key note and keep them flying".

Wm. Webb, Principal.



Wm. Webb

### R. C. Padre's Parting Message

"With regret, I bid good-bye to all at No. 3 Wireless School. I must confess that in going overseas, I am fulfilling a long-felt desire.

"Let me take this opportunity of wishing you all a very happy Christmas and a new year filled with ever and ever greater success. You will be in my memory always and share in my prayers.

"God bless and keep you all.

P. Dwyer, F/L

### ST. JOHN'S TECH. SCHOOL

On Sept. 1st of this year I had been in retirement after service with the Winnipeg School Board since 1908. Freedom from all obligation to get up early in the morning is fine for a time but after a satisfying period of this, sitting on the side and watching the rest of the world go by becomes rather tiresome, particularly in times like these when almost everyone is taking part in the activity of the war effort.

So when, after long nights of sleeping and days too full of ease, I heard on the phone the music of C. S. Langdon's voice calling me from retirement to labour. I may say I was greatly pleased and agreed with alacrity to his request that I take charge of the Air Gunners classes at St. John's Technical School.

After four months of this work I can say I am highly pleased to be working harder than at any time during my long career. Mr. Landon provided me with a co-operative and efficient staff and I find that the boys composing these classes are very much the same type as the boys at Kelvin during the time I was there. Some are quiet and serious, others not so quiet or serious but all a pleasure to work with. And as I enjoyed all my seventeen years at Kelvin, working with the men at St. John's is like being back home again.

The co-operation we have received from the Commanding Officer and his staff of the parent unit of No. 3 Wireless, through the capable and efficient Sgt. Jowett and his assistants Cpl. Bereskin and Sgt. Sisco, is very much appreciated.

For myself and on behalf of the teaching staff of this School I wish the commanding officer and his staff, a very Happy Christmas and the kind of New Year each one in his secret heart desires.

Sincerely,

W. F. Loucks,  
Principal.



## Xmas Suggestions for the Signalling Section

By Sgt. "Mac" Taylor

As the Yuletide season draws near, one's thoughts turn to Santa Claus, stockings hung up, Xmas presents, "mickeys" and hangovers. Some dirty rat filtered into our section and spread the word around that Santa Clause would not honor one letter this year as he is held up at Berlin. Evidently prop-wash from Allied Bombers over Belin have grounded him. Every time he takes off with his load of Xmas cheer his reindeer are forced down by the excessive draught from whirling Allied propellers. Due to this unfortunate state of affairs we decided to be our own Santa Claus, but we ran into a problem — how could we find out what each individual wanted. The solution came upon reading the daily newspaper. We would have a Gallup Poll. Believe me we know why they call it a Gallup Poll — we've been galloping around the section ever since trying to get into man's innermost soul and find out what he would like for Xmas. After careful study and deliberations we finally arrived at this conclusion. Give everyone a case of beer, a bottle of Scotch, 14 days' leave and two tickets home (one for you-know-who) and we would have a very satisfied group in our section. Now here again we run into a delicate problem. While there is nothing we would like better than to see everyone getting their heart's de-sire at Xmas, we have to renege—due to financial embarrassment. However, we shall list everyone's Xmas request here in the hope that some of you moguls of the mint may see your way clear to assist in this worthy enterprise. Here they are:

- |                    |   |
|--------------------|---|
| F/L R. E. Mooney   | As Officer i/c our section,<br>I have one request to make;<br>A 100% Graduation!<br>That's all for Xmas I'll take.  |
| F/Sgt. Hogle - -   | As NCO i/c our section,<br>I cannot expect to get much,<br>I've cancelled your leave, I've caused you to grieve;<br>In general I've got me in dutch.<br>But all of this dirt I have done you<br>Was not intentional, chum;<br>A shortage of instructors has forced me<br>To make of myself a big bum.<br>So for Xmas please give me instructors<br>To relieve us all of the load,<br>And maybe I'll get my lost hair back,<br>And make friends with Jugglers of Code. |
| Sgt. Taylor: - -   | As NCO Morse in our section,<br>I'll never get gifts from you thugs;<br>But give me a day when no one's away,<br>And I'll cast off "no gifts" with a shrug.   |
| Sgt. Reader: - -   | As NCO i/c Procedure,<br>I've handed you troubles galore;<br>But when procedure's a stabilized set-up,<br>These troubles I'll hand you no more.   |
| Sgt. Hamilton: - - | Just give me a good old piano,<br>And give me a musical score,<br>And give me a voice—my own ain't my choice;<br>Then I'll sing till you ask for more.  |
| Sgt. Shortreed: -  | There's one request I've made often,<br>But nothing's ever been done;<br>Could'nt you add a letter to the morse code?<br>Please Santa—I only want one!  |



- Sgt. Bussy: - - - I don't want any gift from you guys,  
And believe me, that's no crack;  
Why should I look for presents,  
Having just had my hooks dated back.
- Sgt. Oldale: - - - There's not much I want for Xmas,  
Although I will have to confess;  
I'd like a bottle of beer—a spot of good cheer,  
And a night with the boys at the Mess.
- Sgt. Thorlaicsen: - I've studied world problems to great extent,  
I'm eager to study them more;  
So let me have a hand in running this land  
On the day when we finish this war.
- Sgt. Clemenger: - My wants for Xmas aren't many,  
But one thing you can do for me, fella;  
Just give me a night when the moon's shining  
bright,  
And a date with my sweet Fiorella.
- Sgt. Reed: - - - You can beef about no gifts at Xmas,  
You can rave about all things that gripe;  
But don't beef to me, I'm happy you see,  
I have just acquired by third stripe.
- Sgt. Frittenburg: - You ask me what I want for Xmas,  
Well, I don't want anything grand;  
Just give me a shiny new baton,  
To wave when in front of the Band.
- Sgt. Wells: - - - I don't want a gift at Yuletide,  
I don't want a thing—because  
I've thought it all out—and without any doubt  
I'm convinced there is no Santa Claus.
- Cpl. Kovacs  
Cpl. Schappert  
Cpl. Neil  
Cpl. Murphy  
Cpl. Harper
- Sgt. Serdinski - - - For Xmas, Dear Friend, please give me  
A cheque that is blank as can be,  
I assure you my generous donor,  
This gift would surely suit me.
- Cpl. O'Malley  
LAW Swarbrick  
AW1 Peterson  
AW1 Ford  
AW1 Martinuk
- Mrs. Milling  
Miss Johnson  
Mr. Whitebread
- We five from the signalling section  
(Please Sir, put this down in your books)  
Want one thing above all—or no gift at all;  
Couldn't we get our Acting Third Hooks?
- There's only one gift a girl could want  
Come, come, there's nothing about that so shocking,  
If you were a lady—Maud, Susie or Sadie,  
You also would want a silk stocking.
- Civilian instructors—that's our lot,  
To the rules we must conform,  
There's only one thing that we could want  
And it's to wear the UNIFORM.

In spite of all this nonsense we, the Signalling Section, would like most of all to wish you a very Merry Christmas and a decidedly Happy New Year. May your Xmas cheer be large and your hangovers small.

To the trainees we wish that you would work as hard at the start of your course as you do at the end and we have a great desire that you all get your twenty—maybe you'll find it in your stocking Xmas morning. In any event Merry Christmas, Happy New Year and God bless you all.

# The Boys from "Down Under"

"NOW — AND THEN"

By LAC W. J. Johns

It is with rather mixed feelings that we, the men from the land of sunshine and sheep, look forward to the coming festivities. For some of us, it will be our first Christmas away from home and for others the third or fourth and we hope, the last.

Quite naturally our memories of past vacations during this time of the year chiefly concern pleasant afternoons spent on the golden sands of Bondi, Manly, Sandgate and many other equally famous and popular beaches.

Flemington and Randwick, our two finest race courses, also drew their quota of light-hearted holiday-makers to see such races run as the Newmarket Handicap and beneath a cloudless blue sky the "bookies" yelled the odds and went home well satisfied with the day's work. "Young & Jackson's" pub and many other such places were most popular after the races on the surf and much good Australian beer was consumed in the surprisingly short time before 6 p.m. when cries of "Time, gentlemen, please" echo around bars all over Australia.

Enough of "Aussie", however let's talk about the Manitoba Christmas which occurs during the season when we have all this "dry cold" which everyone tells us "we don't feel" and, incidentally, we don't feel it in our super-heated barracks and classrooms.

We have been initiated into the gentle art of ice-skating and apparently as a substitute for surfing it will do, that is judging by the number of Aussies who patronise the skating rinks both in town and here at No. 3. There is nothing that can take the place of the "gee-gees" however and we must needs be content with ice-hockey matches which are certainly spectacular and quite entertaining especially when one becomes involved in a verbal battle with fans who are barracking (rooting) for the other side.

The Christmas celebrations, leave, etc, are being spoken of by everyone, accompanied by an anticipatory gleam in both eyes and I'm quite sure that all the lads from "Down-Under" will enjoy their first "white Christmas" with all their customary vigour.

Good wishes are in order at any time and

(Continued on page 14)

THE NEWZIES IN CANADA

By LAC R. Holswich

Six months ago we arrived in Canada with many of our countrymen, and since that first day we have enjoyed Canada and its hospitality. With our arrival we had several small difficulties to overcome. We had to learn to eat our piece of pie with a fork too!

Whilst here we have been visited by our own Group Captain (Tiny) White, who gave us the latest information about our Cobbers in other theatres of the globe. This last visit was quite recently. Perhaps we shall see him again before we move on.



G/C White with W/C Walmsley

The Canadian people have been wonderful to us "cobbers" though, and we thank you for that from the bottom of our hearts. Most of us have made many friends in Winnipeg and we shall be sorry to leave them. Some of us hope to come back and visit you people who have given us our "home away from home".

With winter approaching we are experiencing a new life — many of us had not ever seen snow until our landing in this continent.

This is our first "White Christmas", and although our thoughts will be home for this event, we are looking forward to it.

You see Christmas back home means a hot summer's day when the afternoon is spent sun bathing on the beaches; if you are one of the fortunates who lives near the sea. I am. I am one of the many who likes to pass the day careening to the shore on a dashing, roaring breaker — or running and jumping over the sandhills — maybe pausing for a

(Continued on page 29)

## Our Station Orderly Room

Things have certainly been humming in the station orderly room these past three months. We have often wondered if it could be coincidental with the arrival of the new commanding officer. Statistics seem to bear out this fact, as local records show that in the past two months there has been a decided decrease in "Knittin' for Britain". The drone of high pitched voices reminds one of a cross between a bee-hive and a take-off at the Flying Squadron, but what could be expected from eight girls and two airmen (trying to keep them quiet).

Never before in the annals of No. 3 Wireless School have there been so many marriages, births, desertions, discharges, A.W.-O.L.'s, losses of pearls, amendments, retirements, resignations, postings, annual leaves, special leaves, harvest leaves, compassionate leaves, and scores of other matters too numerous to mention.

The magnetic personalities of the staff have proven beyond all doubt that it can attract anything and everything. It has been heard via the grapevine that never in all their experiences with orderly rooms do they get D.R.O.'s out just like we get them out. The staff feels very flattered at this unique distinction. (LAW Irvine and AW1 Barnett take a bow). It all comes, no doubt, through their perseverance and conscientiousness in attending three lectures a week on the pros and cons of Air Force Administration. It is common knowledge that in their spare moments they have managed to eat and get to bed.

The prevalence of good nature and even disposition throughout the staff is nothing short of remarkable, especially on a typically busy day which goes something like this:

At 0830 hours, no staff, but after putting the sleuth on the job finds that this is the morning for P.T., with a coffee chaser in the canteen. The staff arrives and the hubbub starts. Louder and louder it grows until the hum of voices almost, but never quite, drowns out the sound of six badly conditioned typewriters. And last, but not least, two telephones ring, both trying for top billing. Faster and faster moves life in the Disorderly Room. Eventually we hear voices—"I want a posting"—"I want a Travel Warrant"—"I want a Discharge"—The telephone interrupts. Take this: Queen Annie George 797—yes, I have that, go ahead, please. Can I call you back, the other phone is ringing. Sorry, we haven't a Tommy Jones here. No, not even if he is

in the Air Force, and is in Winnipeg—You're welcome. Back to the counter. "I say, I'd like to get married, could you tell me how to go about it, who do I see?" "See the Padre." "But I don't want to get married here, my goil is in the C.W.A.C.'s." (Answer censored). "Uh—uh—I've just become a father. Could you tell me where to go?" "You can go to ———, excuse me, there's the phone." "What's that? Do we know six men who would like to go on a party? Listen, lady, we know 600. I'll switch your call to the Y.M.C.A." The door opens. In rushes Course 77. "What do you fellows want." "We want to go to the blinkin Stites." "When do you want to go?" "Tonight." "Well tike your mob and go and see your Squadron Commander." Buzzer goes. "I want a nominal roll." Telephone rings. "This is the coach of the so-and-so hockey team speaking. I have four of your boys on my team. Could you tell me what day they were born?"—"Three born on Sunday, one on Tuesday."

Yes, sir, we're going nuts. It's quite a life. We can understand now why our N.C.O. i/c is going grey, and can also see why our precis so aptly called the Orderly Room "the heart of the Unit".

To get back to the more serious side of life, the staff of the Orderly Room, Central Registry, and Records take this opportunity of wishing each and every one of you a very Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

### East Meets West

It has happened again at No. 3 Wireless School. Girl from East meets boy from West and wedding bells rang for the happy couple.

The station chapel was the scene of a pretty wedding Saturday, November 27, at 3 p.m., when AW1 Louise Doucette, of Havelock, Nova Scotia, and LAC Leslie Joss, of Vancouver, B.C., were united in marriage by Rev. St. Jacques of No. 8 Repair Depot.

Following the wedding ceremony a buffet luncheon was served in the W.D. Recreation Centre. The best wishes of No. 3 Wireless are extended to LAC and Mrs. Joss.

## At the Flying Squadron

by LAC F. P. Martin

And so it finally came to pass that the Flying Squadron was transferred to the station formerly occupied by No. 5 Air Observer School. After more than a year of waiting for the good news, when it finally came it was more or less a shock. This order also brought a series of other shocks, no less important. The biggest jolt was when a notice was posted on the notice board containing the names of a certain number of men who were to be detailed to Fire Piquet for the following week. As far as these men were concerned, social activities ceased for that week.

The news was read by many with bated breath, and judging from the numerous comments, this practice will not be a welcome one. On the horizon looms the inauguration of a Duty Watch, but this is small sacrifice for the privilege of being a unit more or less independent and operated under conditions that we feel sure will be ideal. To date, things are running smoothly, and as time goes by they will run even smoother. The whole set-up as a whole, presents a very promising future, and, whether pleasant or otherwise, depends entirely on us. Of course, it will mean extra effort from all concerned, but it will be well worth it.

To all ranks goes the credit of a well handled change-over which was managed without any loss of flying time. If we continue in this manner, there is no reason why this station shouldn't be the most efficient one of its kind in Canada.

The pilots seem to be the ones who enjoy their new surroundings the most, mainly their lounge. More and more time is being spent there and by greater numbers than before.

### THE WHEE-GEE BIRD

Belonging to the same species as the Mug-Wump and Key-bird. It's common place to roost is on receiver and transmitter aerials; it delights in sliding up and down causing your receiver to go Whee-ee-gee when tuning. It also varies the amplitude of signals when transmitting (this is commonly known as modulation). If caught this bird is worth a fortune as we can measure the voltage on aerials by seeing how far it jumps off. Anyone knowing its whereabouts kindly return to owner.

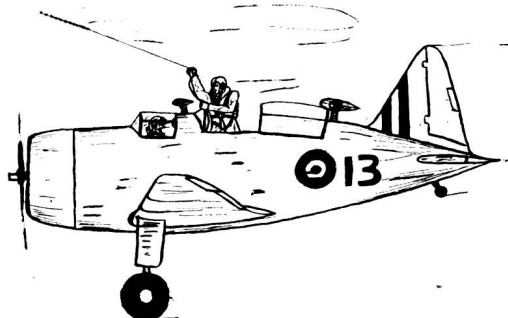
It seems that new classes are being held and even Flight Commanders often come in for a session.

\* \* \*

### LATEST W.A.G. FAUX PAS

Ground Station to W.A.G.: INT QAH  
(What is your height??)

W.A.G. to Ground Station: "About 5 ft. 7 inches".



"I don't care if you were a cowboy—  
you REEL it out!"

### BOWLING NOTES

Late in September of this year, the Flying Squadron arranged a bowling league comprised of 5 teams. The 3 sections, Maintenance, Air Operations and Pilot personnel have contributed a number of enthusiastic bowlers. The executive committee is as follows: Pres., Sgt. (Tiny) Thompson; Vice-pres., F/S Gray with F/S Hinam as Secretary, replacing F/S Robertson, who was posted to Regina in October.

The league alleys carries on in grand style every Thursday night, at the Y.M.C.A. To date, the end of the first third has just terminated with team No. 5 in the lead by two points. The top-ranking team line-up is Cpl. Stanley, Cpl. Settee, AC1's Severns, Goldenberg, Murochowski and Leiter.

In second place is the team captained by Cpl. Beattie, whose top bowler is AC1 Snider, showing the same smooth form on the alleys as he does on the ice. Snider is top bowler with the highest average of 198 and high game of 322.

With the beginning of a new schedule started in the early part of December, there has been a more enthusiastic turn-out. Keep up the good work and let's see those averages go up as the pins go down.



## About the Navigation Section

Introducing to you the Navigation Section, recently formed with the view in mind of training WAG's to become efficient map readers.

Our Staff: F/O Linfield, Sgt. Maynard.

F/O Linfield reported here a few weeks ago to become officer i/c Map Reading. In civil life he was a high school teacher at Armstrong, B.C. In the spring of 1942 Mr. Linfield swapped the "Mr." for "P/O". After taking a navigation instructor's course at Rivers, Man., he reported to No. 7 ITS, Saskatoon. Here, he first came in contact with aircrew trainees.

Being a sturdy chap, he recovered rapidly and in a few weeks was back on his feet.

After a successful period of instructing at No. 7, he was selected to return to Rivers for an educational officers' course. His next posting was to No. 3 Wireless School, where he (took over the Navigation Section and) is doing a fine bit of work.

Sgt. Maynard was the first navigator to be posted here. His job was to set up a navigation section and keep things rolling until an officer was available to take charge.

Joining the service in the spring of 1942, he received his wing after one year's training at Edmonton, Alberta. After a short instructor's course at Rivers, he spent a few months instructing at No. 7 AOS, Portage la Prairie. His next move was to No. 3 Wireless School where we now find him pin-pointing his way around the camp and setting course from office to classroom a number of times each day.

A new subject on the WAG's course, Navigation is quickly catching on. Most of the fellows are very interested. And why not? Navigation is an interesting subject. There are no road signs to follow in the air such as there are along the highways. Our guides are a bit different. On the ground there are lakes, rivers, forests, mountains, cities; in the air there are radio waves; in the sky there is the sun, the moon, the stars and planets. These are our road signs. If you know how to read these signs you are never lost.

May we take this opportunity to wish you all a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year.

Our suggestion for your New Year's Resolution: "Set your course only after careful thought and consideration. Once you set

### On the Alert

A WAG flying over North Africa on a bombing sortie, received a message, in the code of the day, and logged it. On decoding it, he found that he was to alter course and bomb a new target. However, the only thing suspicious was the fact that, at this point, his base usually came in quite weak, whereas, this message had been very strong.

Acting on this, he called base, told them about the message and proceeded to bomb the original target. On his return flight, he passed 150 Allied aircraft flying at 30,000 ft., who, upon arriving at the phoney target, found 40 "M. E.'s" circling at 20,000 ft. Thirty of the enemy aircraft were shot down and the WAG received the D.F.C.

## AIRCRAFT RECOGNITION

Fixation Only—Ready Now.

When Aircraft Recognition was re-introduced at No. 3 Wireless School in July, it was homeless until room 303 was decided to be used. Many alterations had to be made so as to make an interesting classroom — walls painted in sky effect, aircraft cut out and pasted on the walls to represent aircraft in flight, black-out curtains on the windows, etc.

Classes were just in the initial stage when Sgt. Ward was obliged to take a rest in Deer Lodge Hospital. Sgt. Lind, of No. 3 B. & G. came to the rescue and took charge.

The Orderly Room, 302, is small but friendly, so opened its doors to the navigation section. We hear a rumor that they are just tenants looking for another roost nearer their new classroom.

Due to all classes now taking a/c rec. we called for help and have been receiving assistance from LAC Spencer, who is also in charge of the rifle range.

May we extend to you the Heartiest Christmas Greetings and a Cheerful New Year.

The Aircraft Recognition Section.

course, steer it confidently and check your drift often to make sure you are staying on the right track."

# : : Sport Highlights at



Scenes at the first boxing show on December 1st, show (1) Mrs. T. A. Lawrence, A/V/M Lawrence, A.O.C., Mrs. Walmsley and W/C A. Walmsley, our C.O., watching LAC Montague and LAC Alex Seymour (2) exchange blows in the final bout of the evening. Part of the enthusiastic audience is shown in (3) as Referee Morrison (4) gives the count for kneeling LAC Seymour. LAC Montague receives the winner's prize (5) from A/V/M Lawrence. At the officials' table (6) we find, from left to right, Chief Timer Sgt. A. Dowie, the nose of "W.A.G. MAG's" reporter, Chief Scorer F/O D. H. C. Roberts, Sports Officer F/O Turner who arranged the program and S/L Caveney who acted as master of ceremonies at the microphone.

## Action Fills Boxing Show

Plenty of action, solid punches and five knockouts added up to make the first boxing show of the season, on Wednesday, December 1st, a great success.

Several hundred spectators filled the station drill hall to witness the eight bout program arranged for officers, airmen and guests.

In the first round LAC J. M. Yates of Sqdn. 81 scored a technical knockout over AC1 Frank Gleeson of Toronto. Gleeson was not permitted to come out for the third round due to a severe cut under his left eye which he suffered late in the opening heat.

A right hook flush to the jaw won LAC "Howie" Quaife of Sqdn. 77 a knockout win over LAC Bill Perkins of Sqdn. 71. The bout was fairly even until Quaife landed with his finishing blow.

One of the fastest bouts of the evening saw LAC A. White of Sqdn. 77 take a close decision over LAC G. M. Linn, Sqdn. 81. With

arms swinging wildly both contestants landed solid blows, but White was the aggressor most of the way.

Showing lots of colour in a free-swinging bout, LAC "Rip" Herriot of Sqdn. 75 won the decision from LAC "Trapper" Woodman, Sqdn. 73. Referee Tommy Bland had to interrupt the bout to raise Herriot's falling shorts.

Sending Cpl. Rowley Helford, Sqdn. 77, to the canvas for counts of nine in the first and second rounds before putting him away for good with a right cross in the third, made LAC A. J. Mitchell, Sqdn. 79 the victor of the fifth bout.

Thrown off his feet by a strong attack to the head and body LAC Len Sicard, Sqdn. 77, suffered a technical knockout at the hands of LAC Brian Mordecai, Sqdn. 71. The bout was stopped shortly after the start of the third heat with Sicard obviously in distress.

(Continued on page 14)

# No. 3 Wireless School : :

## BASKETBALL TEAM

From present indications, it might be assumed that our Intermediate Basketball Team is headed for the championship, especially if the game between our team and Fort Osborne was a sample of what they can do. Our boys out-shot, out-passed and outplayed the Army team to the tune of 44-22. LAC Woody Campbell was high scorer with 16 points and LAC Sam Dixon (team captain) was second with 9 points. LAC's Eason and Bisset were third with 6 points each.

The highlights of the game were the airmen's passing ability and also their shooting ability. At one point of the game our boys passed the ball from man to man for 2 or 3 minutes and finally dropped the ball in the basket for a couple of points.

One of the most exciting events to watch in this game were the one-hand shoots by Woody Campbell and Sam Dixon. Throughout the game both these lads won the respect of all players and the admiration of both army and airforce supporters.

The Army-Airforce game was the airmen's third game this season and they have won 2 out of the 3 games. The Crocks beat our boys 45-38 in the first game of the season but in the second game No. 3 beat Defence Industries 45-18.



The station basketball team (1) front row: LAC Eansor, J. H.; LAC Bisset, D. J.; LAC Dixon, S. S., Captain; LAC Ross, J.; LAC Evans, S. T. Standing: LAC Jameson, E. R., manager; Cpl. Neil, W.; Sgt. Pauls, S. W.; LAC Campbell, R. W.; LAC Sweeney, J. W.; LAC Morris, B. A.; F/O A. C. Turner, sports officer.

Members of our station who played on the Bombers' rugby team, western champs (2) were Cpl. Lattimer, V.S.; Cpl. Mathewson, J.; LAC Ahoff, E.; F/O Turner; Cpl. Ludwig, R. and AC2 Olsen, A. Absent is Cpl. Berry, L.

Winners of the inter-flight floor hockey league were the lads from 71B in (3). Front: Cpl. Bradley, L.; LAC Rothwell, G. C.; LAC Clark, O. K.; LAC Bresneham, J. Standing: LAC Leochko, P.; LAC Nitchie, F.; LAC Kidd, H. V.; Cpl. Lattimer of the sports office; LAC Eastman, J. A.; LAC Blaikie, A.; LAC Perry, B.

## "BEST BY TEST"



Representing No. 3 on the Command Hockey Team (4) are, from left to right: LAC McBride, R.; LAC Snieder, W.; LAC Langelle, P.; Sgt. Marchant, M.; Sgt. Luney, B.; Sgt. Trudel, R. Insert: Cpl. Stanowski, W. Absent: AC1 Pike, A. C. Langelle and Stanowski were former stars of the Toronto Maple Leafs.

## BOXING SHOW

(Continued from page 12)

Hard hitting LAC Bob Wigmore, Sqdn. 81 won the decision, over LAC Ray Sturday Sqdn. 81. Although both contestants were slow getting started they exchanged many good blows, but Wigmore's punches were too much for Sturday.

Displaying a windmill style of attack, LAC Montague of Sqdn. 75, sent LAC Alex Seymour to the canvas after two minutes of action in the third round. Lacking finesse but showing plenty of willingness to finish his opponent, Montague went to town with his flailing punches which made him the victor of the final bout of the show.

A highlight of the ring program was a wrestling match which ended in a draw between LAC Ouile Dominique, Sqdn. 75, and LAC Hamlin of Sqdn. 75. Both put on a good show of grunting and mat-slapping which pleased the crowd.

F/O D. Morrison and W. O. 2 Tommy Bland acted as referees for the boxing bouts and F/O C. A. Turner, P.T.O., refereed the wrestling match.

Presentations were made by Air Vice Marshal T. A. Lawrence, A.O.C., Wing Commander A. Walmsley, our C.O., Group Captain D. S. Blain, Squadron Leader C. L. Fisher, No. 2 C.M.U.; Major Masson, 103rd Basic Training Centre; Flight Lieutenant Alexander, Squadron Leader A. E. Game, Major Patterson, M.D. 10, and Lt.-Col. Younger, Commanding Officer 103 Basic Training Centre.

The success of this card promises many more good boxing meets, according to those in the know. Says W.O.2 Tommy Bland, former boxing champ., "With a bit more training some of the chaps tonight can be just as good as any pro. And I'm not fooling, either!"

## "NOW—AND THEN"

(Continued from page 8)

especially just at present the best wishes of our countrymen together with the "Compliments of the Season" are gladly extended to all the lads with whom we work and play be they N.Z., Canadian or English; to the administrative and instructional staff who do much to make our life in the RCAF more pleasant and also to the kind people of Winnipeg and other places who have welcomed us into their homes and thereby made our leave hours so much more enjoyable.

## FLOOR HOCKEY

The inter-flight floor hockey tournament got under way on November 11th with every flight from each squadron participating. The schedule was completed in a week with all the players showing keen interest in every game.

As the tournament progressed the four teams to remain in the semi-finals were 71B, 73C, 77C, and 79B. Flights 71B and 77C emerged winners to play in the finals and 71B won by default.

Playing on the winning team were: LAC's Bryers, Salmon, Kidd, Heaver, Clarke, Eastman, Bradley, Tyler, Graham, Haslehurst, Shelliday and Nitchi. The most outstanding players were Kidd, Bradley and Clarke.

With the inter-flight tournament finished, the sports section has drawn up a squadron schedule, whereby one team from each squadron will participate. The league schedule is short due to the fact that during the week the drill hall is available only on Thursday night and the league has to be completed before the Christmas holidays.

The league began Thursday, November 25th, with three very exciting games. The first game between Squadron 71 and Squadron 73 ended in a draw. This was a very close game with plenty of hard body-checking. The next game between Squadron 77 and Squadron 81 also ended in a 1—1 tie. Squadron 79 was the only winning team that night, beating Squadron 75 by a close score of 1—0 with LAC Johnston getting the goal.

These games provide enough excitement for anyone and many a more thrilling game will be seen as the league continues. More men who are not playing on the team should turn out to these games and give their squadrons some support. The next set of games will be played on December 16th and 20th.

The semi-finals and finals will be played December 21st, 22nd and 23rd. The teams playing will be listed on hut bulletin boards.

All players on the 71B team will be presented with floor-hockey crests on their graduation.





## A YANK FROM THE C.D.C.

Pictured here, is the local staff of the Canadian Dental Corps in one of its most serious moods. As you no doubt are aware, dentistry is an important phase in the physical well-being of Service personnel, and periodic check-ups are made during your tour of duty on the Station, and always, just prior to graduation. Starting from 'scratch' at the first of the war, the Dental Corps has rendered a remarkable service to all the Services.



Now, this unsuspecting airman just casually dropped in to the clinic for a minor check-up. Whereupon, all hands dropped coffee-cups and cribbage boards to have a look-see. Service being the motto of the Corps, his case was diagnosed as dandruff, for which Major Guthrie has the axe (a sure cure) a cauliflower ear (note Capt. Freeman with the flattening mallet) and Capt. Marquis is using the local vacuum cleaner, for when they get around to teeth! The Dental people have definitely a language all their own, which throws the average patient right off the beam. This airman, it appears, is suffering from an acute precipitation of the posterior distal mesial, which to the average layman is merely a cavity of the wisdom tooth (oh, yeah)!

Nevertheless, our clinic boasts the best set-up, equipment and staff to be had anywhere. The technicians, under the supervision of W.O.2 'Wib' Mitchell, a man of 30 years' experience, are turning out the finest mechanical dentistry in the country. The Army lads take quite an interest in the station activities, also. Cpl. Tony Evans won the Station golf tournament and Sgts. Rene Trudell and

Bob Luney are holding regular berths on the Bomber hockey club.

The dental officers have had a wide variety of experience. Major Guthrie had a successful practice for 20 years in Ontario; Capt. Marquis was also a dentist of note in Manitoba. Capt. 'Joe' Freeman was an instructor in the Dept. of Oral Surgery and Pathology at the University of Minnesota. His recent work on the substitution of plastics in fracture appliances has won him international fame.

And so, gentle readers, fear not of that ole dabbil, the dentist. To quote Capt. "Joe", in 4 hours he can remove the mossy molars and replace them with enough perfect china-ware to make you eligible to leer at Robert Taylor. Which isn't a bad idea, either.

## POSTAL PACKIN' MAMMAS

With the advent of the Yuletide Season (Yuletide, meaning loan me a 'fin' and you'll tide me over until the 15th) our thoughts normally turn to gift parcels, cards and letters from home, perhaps without so much as a thought for the very efficient staff who handle this titanic job. And to these kids, the personnel of this Station take off their Caps, Field Service, each one.

Our postal staff consist of Cpl. Baldwin, three LAW's, and whoever else can be Joe'd for the job. At present, there is a total of 7 to hand out your bills and lawyer's letters. During November, the gals handled no less than 1,400 parcels, and innumerable thousands of letters, all of which require careful checking and recording. The Christmas season should increase these figures to well over the 2,000 mark for parcels, and we couldn't get even an estimate on the letters and cards.

Our Post Office is the only section entirely under W.D. personnel, and to quote Cpl. Baldwin, she says: "My staff are doing a darn swell job and even though they work long tiresome hours, from 0800 hours to 1900 hours with very little time off, they always have a smile for the boys and gals of No. 3 when they call for mail. All in all, we think our job is swell, and we feel it's well worth the effort when you see the happiness that letters from home bring".

So let's give the girls a big hand, our co-operation as far as possible, and the very best wishes for the holiday season.



Station Orderly Room Staff (1), from left to right: LAC Leveridge, J.; LAW Irvine, W. O.; Miss M. J. Tarro; AW1 Derworiz, A.; Cpl. Christie, A. C.; Miss I. Simpson; AW1 Cresley, W. C. (standing); AW1 Barnett, L.; LAC Lapka, S.; Miss M. McKean; W.O.2 R. V. Smith and Cpl. McLeod, E. L.  
 Training Orderly Room Staff (2) standing, from left to right: F/Sgt. Greenberg, C. G.; AW1 Edmarson, P. I.; LAW Topliss, E.; W.O.2 R. U. Day, Training Warrant Officer; AW1 Tierney, M.; AW1 Pearson, M.; F/Sgt. Greco, C. Seated from left to right: Miss I. O. Keart; Miss G. M. Cook; Cpl. Reynolds, H. M.; Miss E. M. E. Booth; Miss J. H. Robertson.  
 Station Hospital Staff (3) standing, from left to right: Cpl. MacDonald, Sgt. Paula, Cpl. Stodther, Miss J. McNicholl, LAC Falk, LAC Morris, Sgt. Jewitt. Seated: LAW Longmuir, A/S/O Watts, F/L Stapleton, F/L Taylor, Senior Medical Officer; Nursing Sister Tubman and LAW Hill.  
 Fire Fighters (4), from left to right: LAC Peterson, A. T.; LAC Fraser, W. A.; Cpl. Torbet, J. C.; Cpl. Lauris, M. G.; LAC McLeod, D. J.; LAC Ulyett, W. R.; Sgt. Williams, R. R., NCO i/c.  
 Post Office Staff (5), from left to right: LAW Brantigan, M.; LAC Williams, G.; LAW Downey, D.; LAC Malcolm, G.; Cpl. Baldwin, F., NCO i/c; LAC Hayley, R.; LAW Whitley, N.  
 Central Registry Staff (6), from left to right: (seated) F/Sgt. Gibson, W. N.; NCO i/c: AW1 Orion, A.; (standing), AW1 LePas, L. A.; Mrs. L. A. R. Compton; AW1 Orms, M.; LAC Lecke, F. C.  
 Dental Clinic Staff (7), standing, from left to right: Sgt. Trudell, J. R.; Sgt. Laney, R.; Sgt. Lawrie, D. S.; Sgt. Gaynor, C. Seated: W.O.2 W. J. Mitchell; Capt. W. A. Marquis; Major J. Guthrie, O.C. Clinic; Capt. J. Freeman and Sgt. Galloway, W. B.

## "Hen Gen"

By LAW M. Gordon

The reason why we know that No. 3 is the best station in No. 2 Command, or in any Command and the reason why we look smart on parade and the reason why we're proud to call No. 3 home is our W.D. Officer, Flight Officer Taylor. FL/O Taylor came to us in October from No. 3 B. & G., Macdonald. She was one of the first 150 candidates to enlist in the CWA-AF on Oct. 21, 1941, and was one of the 50 who qualified to graduate as an officer.



FL/O J. Taylor

We know that those first 150 girls did everything that we have ever thought of doing in the way of fatigues and extra duties, which may be why they make such good officers. Or perhaps it is just Miss Taylor herself. We're scared to brag too much in case someone hears about it and takes her away from us.

\* \* \*

When Dec. 25th, 1943, dawns (about 11 a.m.) the Women's Division will have been on the station for six months and 28 days. We've changed a lot since then. We've grown from fifteen frightened girls, nearly scared out of their wits by a brass band and the prospect of 1,500 WAGS, to an efficient part of the station. We hope that it wouldn't feel the same without us. At any rate we have become quite well acquainted in the intervening time. The reception at first was amazing. Never had we seen such courtesy. Doors opened, lines melted and conversation ceased in the Mess Hall when we entered. We began to wonder if these stories of 1,500 WAGS were just a local gag, or perhaps they were practising camouflage tactics on us.

\* \* \*

Then came the day when we first broke out in slacks . . . the monkey's cage at the zoo was nothing to the noise, howls, whistles and shrieks that emanated from the barrack blocks along the roadway. Maybe it was the feminine touch that started things going, but

just about then that little guy with the bow and arrow landed on our doorstep. . . . he hasn't taken a 48 yet.

Our red-headed Sarge started things off and since then there have been four weddings and eight engagements, numerous O.A.O.'s (One and Only) and the usual number that are just o.a.o. (off and on). Which reminds us that Lewtas came back from her furlough with a great big sparkler on her finger and misty look in her eye as the train pulled out for Halifax.

And speaking of weddings we had our first on the station on Saturday, November 27th, when Doucie became Mrs. Joss. The ceremony took place in the station chapel, and afterwards we all went to the canteen to celebrate. The kitchen staff did themselves up proud with two tremendous good luck cakes—as big as the smiles on the faces of the bride and groom—and a real tiered wedding cake with a horse-shoe on the top.

\* \* \*

The canteen has been the scene of many a party since its opening on Aug. 18th. We had an "At Home" on Dec. 2nd to which we invited our civvy friends. We served them a buffet supper and then took them to the show in the auditorium. Most of them went home wondering where anyone ever got the idea that being in the service had its hardships.

\* \* \*

Most of us found out that it was like to carry a parachute this summer when W.D.'s had their familiarization flights. We have decided that the thing that takes so long in training a pilot is teaching him to manage all all those doggone encumbrances. The pilots got a fair amount of amusement out of our antics. Except for one who got so involved trying to make one little gal break our hitherto unblemished record that he ended up more than a little green himself.

But then, practical jokes run in the Air Force. At any rate, they have been running in the barracks lately.

We hear that laundry is now being done in bed, starched sheets are a specialty. And one airwoman has taken up hem stitching—or should we say sheet stitching—as a hobby.

There has been one set of sergeant's hooks and six sets of corporal's hooks acquired here. We've produced a winning sports team

(Continued on page 29)

# Squadron News

81

77

By LAC F. E. Sickles

"Haven't you guys learned how to march yet?" screams a loud bass voice to a group of lean lankies. You have just heard the loudest voice on the station and it belongs to corpo . . . oops, — Sergeant Jones. (We've just been promoted). The group is Squadron 81, one of the babies of this school.

Naturally, after two days at this school you begin to suspicion that the big voice also hides the biggest heart agoin'! Don't let on that we told you, but old Sarge is a softy — pure and simple.

Squadron 81, like most squadrons at No. 3, is truly international, with 2 parts Newzies, 1 part Aussies and one part Canucks, with a few of us Yanks thrown in. Stir well, mix in a few well chosen cuss words, add a little discipline, a bit of hard work, stand at attention in a cold, dry cold place for about an hour and you have a swell bunch of fellows.

Our fellow bunk-mates from down-under think this is a wonderful country, with especially wonderful climate; but just mention the word "home", and brother, look out! There would be a mad rush for the door. (What door?)

Since the cold weather set in, they have turned their attention from roller skating to the fine art of ice skating. After their first tryout, at which they were down more than they were up, they decided themselves as masters of the situation and immediately challenged all comers to a game of hockey. "Determination wins battles" seems to be their motto, so good skating boys.

Incidentally, if your sleep has been disturbed since this squadron arrived, don't blame it on the wolves in Tuxedo Park. Hut 10 will compete with them in a howling contest anytime. They wouldn't have a chance when the above mentioned airmen go wolfing in search of "Little Red Riding Hood".

Then, of course, like all groups, there are a few, who, in their own small way, have something of interest about them.

Take Smokey Jackson (Hi ya, Smokey!). Now Smokey is quite a character; an Aussie from down below and we love him. If he ever asks you up to see his etchings sometime — he's not fooling — he means those etchings tattooed on his chest and thigh by the bullets

By LAC S. J. Jober.

The mid-term and Christmas leave has received much attention.

Many hours of intensified study terminated with a sigh of relief on completion of the mid-term exams.

Plans for a merry Christmas with the folks and friends at home are well under way. The Aussies, too, have their invitations from across the border where a good time is awaiting them.

Our squadron wishes to thank Wing Commander A. Walmsley for his successful efforts in combining our mid-term with Christmas leave.

In the field of sport, "C" flight displayed excellent team work in the inter-flight floor hockey series which brought them successive victories. However, due to circumstances beyond control, they were unable to meet 71D in a final match. It is hoped that a game will be arranged in the near future and a decision arrived at.

LAC Joss and AW1 Doucette were recently married. Congratulations and best wishes from the squadron.

Speaking of addresses, LAC Gilmour has a rather uncommon one. His home in Queensland is at Cannon Hill and Shrapnel Road.

of a Jap sniper in New Guinea. Tall tales Smokey tells, but they're real and make good listening.

Of course he is not the only one in the hut that is interesting. Now Stan Krosicki, directly opposite from Smokey, is considered one of Canada's finest accordionists, having won the gold and silver medal awards for two consecutive years at the Toronto Canadian National Exhibition. How that boy can send you solid! Stan says he is going to bring his valuable Bertini "squeeze-box" with him on his return from Christmas leave and give the boys some swell music.

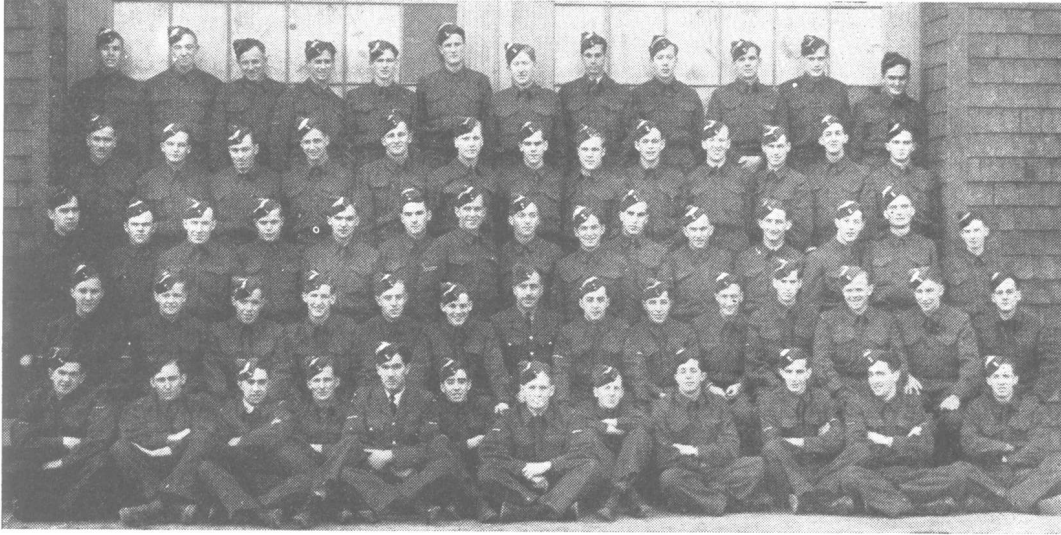
Another artist, a real one this time, is LAC McKenize. You should see the beautiful girls that adorn his locker. Petty and Varga could have some competition but for war. We're still trying to get one drawn for our own locker. (sigh!)

And now to the sports department. Say, have we got some good athletes! Well, we

(Continued on page 23)



## Among Next Graduates . . . .



First Row, left to right: LAC's Wilson, P.; O'Neil, L. N.; Spomer, E. W.; De-witt, K. N.; Prososky, F.; Forscutt, S. E.; Waugh, D. L.; Burr, R. H.; Aked, R. H.; Gelfand, A. J.; Williamson, G. E.; Woodroof, E. S.  
 Second Row, left to right: LAC's Kuzyk, J. W.; Smith, G. A.; Lovell, O. S.; Southwell, J. D.; Stewart, R. M.; Jones, C. M.; Cpl. Bereskin, J. R., Squadron Disciplinary; LAC's Ames, J. F. G.; Wotta, J.; Beales, G. W.; English, J. A.; Franklin, S. E.; Fisher, J. K.; Trathan, J. H.  
 Third Row, left to right: LAC's Bessette, E. M.; Olafson, A. S.; Weedon, J. F. H.; Shirley, R. H.; Lempriere, H. W.; McHardy, L. G.; Cpl. De-Long, J. L.; LAC Queen, G. M.; Cpl. Ranson, W. L.; Impett, N. S.; Arres, J. O.; Cook, O. W.; Logan, J. A.; Newall, R. R.; Pelham, F. C.  
 Fourth Row, left to right: LAC's Nelson, D. C.; Savage, J. W.; Wild, G. T.; Wilson, R. B.; Butler, E. J.; Breed, R. A.; Stevenson, J. A.; McSkimming, J. T.; Goldie, J. A.; Wilson, R. J.; Perkins, W. J.; Davis, M. D. S.; Mordecai, D. J.  
 Fifth Row, left to right: LAC's Wegner, H. J.; McCallum, J.; Barker, H. V.; Silbert, D.; Holswich, R. B.; Latham, F. W.; Brewster, S. P.; Anderson, D. J.; Malyon, W. J.; Howard, J. S.; Eyles, O. H.; Prestwich, T. J.

## About Squadron 71

By LAC R. Holswich

It's our turn now! After seven months of hard work and wonderment the 71st is at last at its graduation.

With the forming of the squadron LAC's Browne, Grady, Bradly and Wells were appointed flight seniors with the rank of acting corporal, and with the exception of Tom Grady, who has since left us—they have held their own. Their position wasn't very happy, but they all made a good show and Bud Ransom—well, he can't help his looks — was selected to take over from Tom.

For the "Newsies", it's all been a wonderful undertaking (off the station, of course) — yet war did this for us. Yes, it has some good points. We've made many friends in Winnipeg and incidentally with some of the "love affairs" which have developed, quite a sprinkling will be back.

The first real break came to us in the form

of mid-term leave when most of the Kiwis threw caution to the winds and introduced themselves to Chicago. A few who are naturally quiet spent a peaceful week at Kenora, while the Canucks headed for home and what goes with it.

Then came more hard work until one fine Saturday morning when the hut suddenly awoke with a start at some unearthly hour—with feverish potential WAG's scurrying hither and thither in preparation for the flying field. Needless to say those who didn't go were very pleased with the performance, and showed their favor (?) by many well-timed phrases. However, revenge is still sweet.

In the sporting world 71 has really shown its colors. Football was heaviest in demand and we can now proudly boast that our squad-

(Continued on page 23)

## Squadron 75

By LAC's Alf. Clothier and J. Creswell.

Well, 75 has passed the half-way mark on that long road to sparkdom. The would-be WAG's of 75 are again delving into the black depths of radio, procedure, etc., after enjoying their mid-term leave recently. There are still a few who can't remember whether the T1083 is a receiver or a crystal monitor, but all-in-all, the boys are slowly but surely returning to normal.

Back-slaps and handshakes are in order for Gord Davidson and Johnny McCullough who plunged into the depths of matrimony a few weeks ago. Gord was married in Windsor during his mid-term, while Johnny took the fatal step in the Chapel, recently. Congratulations and best of luck to the lads and their wives.

Within the past month we bade good-bye to two Australian lads who have returned home. Lloyd Collier and Mac MacDonald

carry with them the best wishes of all their Aussie cobbers as well as the many new friends they have made in this country.

Speaking of good code men, 75A boasts 3 or 4 fellows who have yet to make an error after 17 weeks of official tests. These madmen are M. Nichols, K. Chandler and Bill McClen.

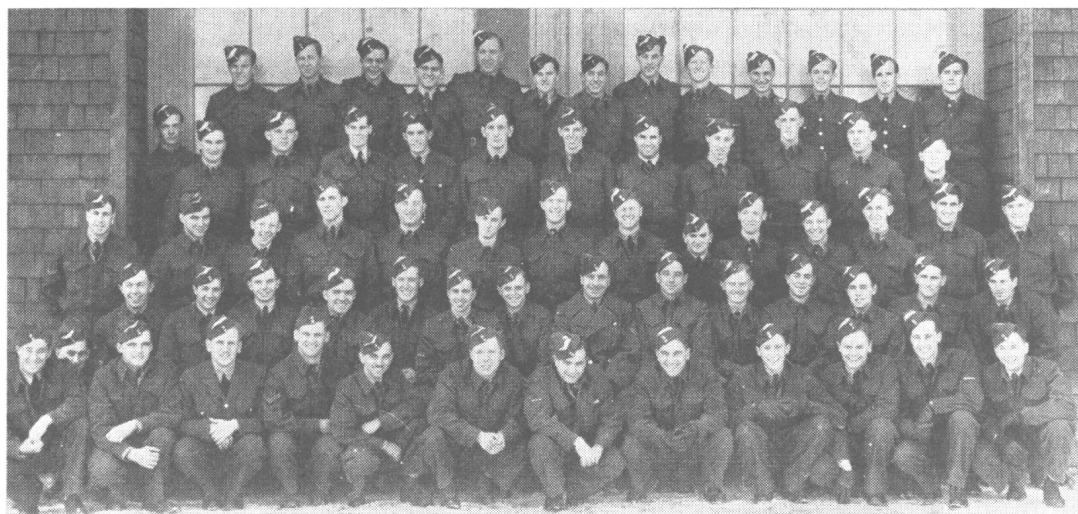
Music hath such charms, ah, yes! After an absence of two months or so, Gord MacArthur's (Super-Superhet) again lulls us to sleep to the strains of Crosby, Dorsey and Miller.

Surprise of the month: 75A's new flight senior, Red Orr.

The love-bug has been around again. We've seen that look more than once, in our Eddie's eyes, and our old friend King isn't singing all the time just because he passed the last morse test.

(Continued on page 23)

## . . . . . to Get Sparks Soon



### PART OF SQUADRON 71

First Row, left to right: LAC's Reedy, P.; Leochko, P.; Graham, J. H.; Cpl. Bradley, L. G.; LAC's Luddick, H. M.; Dunlop, H. D.; Franks, A. J.; Clouston, W. H.; Reid, J. B.; Carrie, S. R.; Walsh, J. W.; Nitchie, F. J.

Second Row, left to right: LAC's Young, D. G.; Oddlan, J. W.; Salmon, H. N.; Boyes, S. H.; Boisuert, J. R.; Barnett, W. A.; Rothwell, G. C.; Tyler, J. C. C.; Cpl. Bereskin, J. A. (what, again!); LAC's McLaren, H. C.; Horsley, J. A.; Andrew, C. H.; Brown, M. D.; Blaikie, A. J. N.; MacLean.

Third Row, left to right: Cpl. Browne, G. W.; LAC's Perry, A. B.; Parkinson, R. D. J.; Shelliday, J. F. M.; Danyluk, M.; Leery, G. W.; Stitt, A. P.; Haselhurst, G. W.; Chinsky, E.; Robson, T. E. W.; Reeve, B. A.; MacDonald, E.; Willcox, T.; Springer, G. R.

Fourth Row, left to right: LAC's Turrene, L. G.; Wymer, B. L.; Peterson, P. G.; MacDonnel, W. A.; Engler, J. M.; Heaver, G. R.; Kidd, H. V.; Clark, D. K.; Twaddle, A. A.; Beck, P. A.; Valentine, R. A.; Hart, J. T.

Fifth Row, left to right: LAC's Mossman, J. E. B.; Davidson, R. S.; Shearer, R. J.; Smith, L. L.; Eastman, J. A.; Cook, K. J.; Sodtheran, C. L.; Lonergan, E. J.; Kjernistead, P. L.; Wells, L. F.; Flood, D. W.; McLay, I. D.; Bryers, R. R.

## 73

By LAC Simms.

With only one squadron and Christmas ahead of us, this squadron now looks forward with the usual anticipation to that certain day in January, 1944. To other squadrons it's just another day, but to seventy-three it's the climax of a seven-month term.

Christmas will find us free from Outstations and signals trainers, but in the clutches of Air Ops. However, 'tis rumoured that a five-day break is heading our way around December 25, so perhaps we will enjoy a little holiday free from four walls and a jeep.

With "Hendricks Hall" virtually sapping the spirit of "nonsense" from the squadron, news suffers slightly too. However, we still wonder what position of the subject Freison was studying from under the table in A/C rec. Perhaps he was getting the feel of different shots at the target. We are not all as fortunate as Robbie of "D" flight, in having our lady friends living "just across the road". We are duly proud of the responsible shoulders of Wissler and Cpl. Fisher which sag not, even under the influence of duty watch and "2 percent-proof".

The new flight seniors are, in order of flights, Bob Middleton, Jack Wissler, Buck Gray, and Stew Sinclair, all unanimously elected. "C" flight are unfortunate in losing Buck. Seventy-five squadron gains a good man in Cecil (shorts) Collins, who replaces Buck. Cecil is another unanimous favorite.

Our N.F.H.L. (National Floor Hockey League) stands a good chance of "copping the cup". Flight "B" put up the best show in inter-flight competition.

The squadron personality for the month is our "little" Cpl. Ernie Fisher. This very popular little man seems to be the very spirit of his flight "D", and that is excellent spirit. Quite a few of the present flight went through No. 1, Toronto, No. 3 Edmonton and No. 2 Brandon with Ernie. At Brandon through sheer popularity he took on the responsibility of flight senior. Since then he has been made a Cpl., but remains "Ernie" to everyone. He is a good student and finds time to do everything. Ernie is happily married and hails from Ontario (Canada). He will make a good W.A.G.

In closing this month's column, 73 (duty-watch) Squadron wish one and all a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Our

## 79

By LAC S. Dixon.

The following letter was submitted to this reporter on a dark, cold and miserable Winnipeg evening in December. Take it for what it is worth.

To whom it may concern:

We signed on the dotted line; the man at the desk smiled sweetly and promised us adventure and good fortune. We took him at his word. Ah! we are about to be "world travellers at 21", we are going to "fly and fight with the greatest team in the world". We were happy at the thought.

After our initial months in air force blue, we were posted to No. 3 Wireless School, "Somewhere out on the great plain of Canada" where it's a dry cold and you don't feel it. It was dry at first but we carried on unmindful of the dangers that lay ahead.

The weeks rolled by and as we grew accustomed to our new life it dawned upon us that the man behind the desk was only fibbing us. "So you wanted to fly", the man behind the desk had said. Well, we did fly. We were up in a wonder plane. Our eyes met a sleek, summetrical, underslung flying beauty, known to us "flyers" as a Norseman. We had a full 40 minutes just packed with thrills and excitement in this veritable juggernaut of the skies.

As the days flew by, there were newer and bigger thrills awaiting us. For instance, "Rumor" Springham cackling fiendishly and rubbing his hands with unholy glee as he feasted his eyes on a table just loaded with "goodies" in the Airmen's Mess; Sgt. Houchen quietly explaining to us about the newest creation from Eaton's — the double diode, triple triode valve, while LAC Jamieson, RAAF, sits in the corner and frantically tears at his envied head of bushy hair; Cpl. McLatchy stepping out on parade and graciously accepting the prize for his thorough job of whipping the brute; and numerous other thrilling incidents which brighten our miserable existence.

Yes, we are happy here at No. 3 W. S. We are happy at the thought that the man behind the desk never led us astray.

Yours very truly,

The Potential WAG's of Squadron 79.

new year starts with a bang, so we hope yours does too. No resolutions for the New Year will be made in this squadron until after the night of Jan. 26th, 1944.

## THE MEN OF 83

By LAC's Henderson and Morgan.

Through the portals of No. 3 passed the "men of 83". In our bunch were the Canucks, the "Lads from Down Under", a couple of laddies from the island across the pond and a couple of the lads from the south of us. It is a combination that spells success for the "Men of 83". So we say to No. 3 Wireless School: "Hello to you from us!" As we entered the school, our home for the next seven months, we whisper in awed voice: "So this is our new stamping ground."

Gee! Gals! We picked our spirits up as we tumbled out of the bus—Some of the W.D.'s passed by.

Three days after we arrive, and we are informed that it's the deadline for "W.A.G.-Mag.", our station magazine, and we have to boast about something pertaining to our squadron. Well, life is like that. "Why does Sgt. Mills grin so?" he asked innocently. Does it spell good or evil? Well, we shall see.

Hut 7 is our happy home now. Drop in and see our Aussies act like kangaroos, only more so. On so short an acquaintance the Canucks, the RAF laddies, and Uncle Sam, who are in the minority to the Aussies in number, are getting along famously. Especially after that incident last night about "Have you got the time?" "What time?" Ah! but there was more.

You will hear more from the "Men of 83", in the meantime here is our wish for a very, very Merry Xmas from we fellows to you.

## SQUADRON 81

(Continued from page 19)

think so, anyway. Bob Wigmore or "Wiggy", as we affectionately call him, carries a mean punch in the ring. He pulled a fast one, two, three at the first boxing match of the season with Ray Sturdy also of our squadron.

Mike Mostoway, another of the ring boys is itching to get in and have a go too. He's all set to lick the mick who threw the overalls in Mrs. Murphy's chowder.

Hut 10, home of Squadron 81, is one of those quiet charming places where life begins at 10.30 p.m. (lights out). What goes on, shouldn't happen to a dog. Naturally, one night a week is reserved for sanctimonious quiet and slumber.

In the wee small hours of bright morn, the corp. slyly creeps from his soft, warm bed, and grasping firmly the small end of a baseball bat, quiets all and sundry, individually

and permanently. (lights out!) That means lights out for me too, so Squadron 81 begs respectfully to await your pleasure in the next issue of "WAG MAG" — the best money can buy. (This statement is unsolicited.—Ed.)

## SQUADRON 75

(Continued from page 21)

Those babbling babies, LAC's Griffin and Millan, always find time to converse during morse. What's it all about, boys?

The weeds of evil bear bitter fruit and he only stayed over a day or so, eh, Monty?

The temperance committee has definitely been disbanded. Treasurer McKellar reports lack of subscriptions and besides, the ration has been cut in half.

The newest shot-of-the-war is ice skating. Ask Alf. Clothier. After rising with the sun a few Sundays ago, he proceeded to the rink and cut capers on the ice that would make Sonja Henie turn green. He didn't fall down much, though, of course for a few days he had to eat standing up, but aside from that, he has it completely mastered.

\* \* \*

On behalf of Squadron 75, the contributors to this section of the Mag. would like to wish everyone a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

## SQUADRON 71

(Continued from page 20)

ron was the first to receive the beautiful trophy donated by W/C Walmsley for combined sports. We thank you, Sir.

Also to our credit are some very fine cricketers, athletes in general and the gallant few who did their best but failed—the canoe team.

We can claim some fine crooners, too.

All in all, the squadron has had a far greater success than most—including higher ranks—dared hope after our hectic birth. We have seen discipos come and go, but our present one should last to see the massive graduation banquet which is now well under way. Quote—This is what I like about the squadron. I have only to say "everybody out" and there's a mad rush for the door.—unquote. Well, so what?

Now we are moving forward—though not with all the original gang—and it's to them and all our other friends we wish "Happy Landings" and all the best for the coming year; and we carry away with us many happy memories of Winnipeg.

So the peaceful loving 71st moves on. The miracle has happened.

## Allan's Alley

This Unit is happy to welcome as its new Station Warrant Officer, W.O.1 T. M. Allan, who arrived here some two weeks ago from Dauphin. Yer 'umble correspondent was quick to note that he is a military man of the old school, with an outstanding career in the service, and pretty quick on the draw in his own quiet way.

Mr. Allan was born in Scotland, near Edinburgh, shall we say towards the end of last century. Yes, I think we shall say towards the end of the last century. He enjoyed a normal schooling, that is, for a man who was to turn out to be a discip. Tsk! Tsk!



W.O.1 Allan

He joined the 1st Royal Scots in 1905, and later transferred to the Royal Scots Greys, cavalry, where he remained for 13 years, with the exception of being attached to the R.F.C. from 1916 until the end of the first Great War. Mr. Allan went to the scene of battle on 15th August, 1914, and spent 4½ years in the blood and thunder of Europe. Of this, he is a little reticent, but obviously distinguished himself. Reading from left to right on his tunic, you will note the Mons Star, General Service Medal, Victory Medal, and the George V. Coronation, 1911.

Our S.W.O. left the service after the last war and came to the States and Canada. They say an old soldier never dies, he just fades away. Mr. Allan was never farther from the former, and simply refused to fade away. So in 1937, he joined the Canadian Army Tank Corps, transferring his affections from there to the R.C.A.F. in 1939. He has been stationed at Toronto, St. Thomas, Rockcliffe, Quebec City, Montreal, Victoriaville, and Dauphin.

He has already proved to be a "good guy" in the Mess and on the Camp; is a crack rifle shot, having attended the Bisley Competitions on many occasions before the last war; is very good at pen and ink sketching; and his favorite indoor sport is cribbage, at the mo-



All those who wish to spend Christmas or New Year's leave in a Winnipeg home are invited to enquire as soon as possible at the "Y" office. Vic Deyell will be glad to assist you to find home accommodation.

Incidentally, Vic hails from Brandon and for the past month, has been assisting Lorne Gleeson as "Y" supervisor.

\* \* \*

There is general regret throughout the school over the recent departure of Lorne Gleeson, our genial "Y" supervisor who has left to accept a responsible position with a large commercial firm. Lorne came to us from No. 2 Wireless School at Calgary, last January and since that time he has introduced many interesting activities for after duty pleasure.

Lorne's boundless energy and organizing ability will be missed by those who enjoyed the many recreational programs on the station. All of us wish Lorne Gleeson and his family the very best for the future.

\* \* \*

Succeeding Lorne Gleeson as temporary supervisor of the "Y" office at No. 3, is Walter Graw who comes to us after a year and a half at No. 33 S.F.T.S., Carberry, where he was in charge of the "Y" program.

Mr. Graw is not a complete stranger to this station, having put in some time here before going to Carberry. Welcome to No. 3, Walt and lots of luck.

\* \* \*

As the good old Yuletide season rolls around once more, the "Y" wants to be in on all the excitement. Let the "Y" help you with your Christmas parcels and your telegrams.

\* \* \*

The Y.M.C.A. wishes one and all a very merry Christmas and a bright New Year.



ment. All in all, gentle readers, a man amongst what we sometimes erroneously call men.



## Training Orderly Room

Although you may not realize it, the Training Orderly Room is the pulse of the station. It is here that all records are kept on the training progress of each trainee and all squadrons. In other words, all the vital statistics pertaining to the exam. results, postings, nominal rolls and class schedules are handled here.

The Training Orderly Room is comprised of the Training Warrant Officer, W.O.2 R. U. Day, and assisted by able Flight Sergeant C. G. Greenberg, with Corporal Reynolds in charge of the Orderly Room and Sergeant Craig in charge of the Examination Board. Also a staff of four W.D.'s and four civilian stenographers. The efficiency of this section has always been outstanding due to the co-operation of said staff.

The following is the daily routine of the Training Orderly Room:

0825: Sergeant "Blushing" Craig opens the door.

0827: Corporal Reynolds: "What, no staff here yet?"

0829: Chief Instructor's buzzer: "Corporal Reynolds, can I have a stenographer?"

"Stenographer is not in yet, Sir, we still have a minute to go."

0830: Miss Cook and Miss Kear put in an appearance! But what an appearance! "Just on time, eh girls?"

0831: LAW Toplis, AW1 Emmerson, AW1 Pearson, AW1 Tierney stagger in. "AW1 Pearson, you are a little late." "Not according to my time, Cpl. Reynolds."

0900: Miss Booth and Miss Robertson come into the office. The bus must have been on time this morning.

0910: WO2 Day: "How is the (Dis)Orderly Room this morning?"

And his able (?) assistant Flight Sergeant Greenberg requesting a D.R.O. Minute right away.

The orderly room carries on with comparative calm and efficiency until 1150 hours, at which time there is that certain slackness which denotes 1200 hours is not far off. Promptly at 1200 hours the office is vacated except for Corporal Reynolds, who answers the Chief Instructor's call for a stenographer with the well rehearsed line "The stenographers have gone to lunch, sir."

1200: F/S Greenberg: "Oh, Major Day, how I wish I was going home to have dinner with the Madam Queen (Greenberg, just a

newlywed, drooling at the mouth). Can she ever cook those nice roasted chickens she gets already roasted from Eaton's, with cranberry sauce. Oh! Major, and the deep purple chocolate cake with frosting two inches thick" (no sugar ration at the Greenberg's)—Major Day, bored and sick at the stomach strolls away for dinner at the Sergeants' Mess.

1300: Ah! on time again girls. How about doing a little work between now and 1:30.

1330: The service personnel returns to the office and work (?) is resumed.

All is peaceful and quiet (oh, how we lie!) except for Flight Lieutenant Bell's oft repeated question 'Have we got a ruling on that yet?' Don't let the whistling disturb you, that is just Sergeant Craig trilling out a merry tune. There is a continual babble of feminine gossip until about 1700 hours, at which time everyone's tune turns to "what time is it?" That is a perpetual question until 1728 hours when there is a rush for coats and at 1730 on the dot everyone is dashing out the doorway in the vain hope that they will catch the 5:30 bus.

The foregoing is a general summary of an ordinary day in T.O.R. However, had it been during graduation week it would have been a little less hilarious and a bit more nerve-racking.

We take this opportunity to wish the personnel of No. 3 Wireless School a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

### EDITOR'S NOTE

As we go to press the orderly room under Cpl. Reynolds has been moved next to the S.W.O. and will henceforth be known as the Trainee Orderly Room.

**LOVE AND LAUGHS  
ON THE LOOSE!**

Frank Ross  
presents



JOHN  
**ARTHUR ★ WAYNE**

*"A Lady Takes  
a Chance"*

with  
**CHAS. WINNINGER  
• PHIL SILVERS**

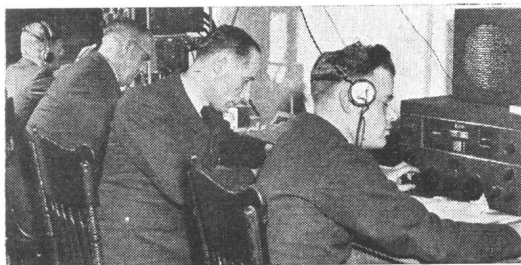


**COMING TO OUR AUDITORIUM  
DECEMBER 30th and 31st**

## Officers 'Training Section

Christmas greetings from this little section in the northwest corner of the second floor. Here anyone from an AC2 W.O.G. to a high ranking officer may be admitted into our "five room establishment", administered severe doses of varied radio subjects, their sanity threatened and finally cast out into the cruel world as Signals officers.

Personalities responsible for this training of "the men behind the men who repair and operate the equipment the W.A.G.'s are behind", are already well known to you, namely: S/L Caveney (OC), WO1 Vernon, F/S Mills, F/S McDonald, and our civilian steno "pin-up" Adair.



IN A SELKIRK FOX-HOLE

Graduates of this course, which is, incidentally, the one and only in the RCAF turning out Signals officers, are holding down responsible positions from coast to coast and beyond the seas. Why a band of recent graduates on a final exercise, according to local newspapers, even dug a fox-hole, climbed into same with an AT3 and worked an aircraft on which the W.A.G. was strung out on the end of the trailing aerial screaming for them to use R/T.

Well, after that exhibition and due to rumors that a certain O.T.S. instructor wanted release for aircrew, the powers that do such things sent us a group of W.D.'s to train as Signals officers. Distinguished by white arm bands and harassed expressions, they are the latest to feel the sting of the proverbial whip. Seriously, they are a fine group of girls and promising candidates to uphold the fine reputation their predecessors have made in the field of Signals.

The O.C., the instructor, our steno, and Course 9 of O.T.S. take this opportunity to again wish you a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year.

## "Lab" News and Views

By Cpl. W. A. Anderson

If you have not already made the acquaintance of the personnel in this section introductions are in order and here is a line on what they usually do between meals.

If you are wondering what that radiation from the office is; it's the beaming smile of P/O Sellers, our new officer i/c section filling a position which has been vacant several months. "Paddy" as he is known to his friends has had much experience in the field of radio and as head of the section should make sparks fly.

Other new personnel are Sgt. "Jack" Gillis and Cpl. "Herky" Campbell. Jack came to us from the Air Ops in exchange for that mite of mirth Sgt. "Jimmy" Smythe. No more will that hearty cackle be heard as a meek voice says "Have you heard this one?" Herky comes to us from the Officer's Training Section (You'll get used to the difference in uniforms, Herky). Welcome to this section, fellows, we know you'll make a go of it.

### Who's Who

NCO i/c — F/Sgt. "Lloyd" Lee.

i/c Instructors — Sgt. "arry" Hepples.

Lab. Instructors — Sgt. "Bob" Barrett (T1154-R1155); "Herb" Marchang (T1154-R1155); "John" Doney (R1082-T1083); "Mike" Shopka (T1154-TR9); Cpls. "Al" Dixon (R1155); "Chuck" Stoney (R1082-T1083 LAC Roy Sorrell (Batter-Wiring).

Pending postings as aircrew: Sgts. "Jeff" Hoghen, "Red" Vine.

Entry Instructors: Sgts. Jack Clarke, "Larry" Cote, "Charlie" Fieldhouse, "Ted" Howchin, "Mac" McNair, "Ernie" Squirrel, Cpls. "Stew" Stewart, "Andy" Anderson.

Stores: Cpl. "Tom" Saul.

Workshops: Sgt. "Jack" Hill.

There has been a hustle and bustle during renovations and everything seems to be in a muddle including our minds; so in closing we want to wish everyone the Season's Greetings.

"Andy".



# Notes from Our Station Hospital

By Cpl. W. J. MacDonald.

Yes, at last it's open! The Station Hospital has been all re-decorated and does look very cool and refreshing, with its coat of green paint and very colorful curtains, which have been made by the officers' wives, and so we thank the ladies, as the curtains do add so much to the appearance of our Ward.

We have been blessed by the presence of our cheery Nursing Sister Tubman, and her three very capable hospital assistants, who flit about the ward taking temps and bringing the pills.

Our treatment room is always a scene of activity, especially during "break-periods" when our three male assistants are busy with all those "special" cold treatments, that are found on morning sick parade.

Both the W.D.'s and airmen are capably looked after by our two cheery M.O.'s, and these cold frosty mornings usually finds the waiting room well partonized.

Every once in a while a homey touch is added by the appearance of one of the M.O.'s pipe, and it does take off that certain "cold

feeling" that usually goes along with a hospital.

The Orderly Room is where all the records are kept, and there always seems to be one "missing document" that keeps Sgt. Pauls in "hot water", but thanks to our Jean, she can usually locate it with the assistance of "W/C" Larry Rice.

The two corporals seem to be having quite a time these days trying to get together on the mike system, so it won't be long now till it's a common thing to hear booming through the halls, "Orderly Room, calling Cpl. Statther."

The "pink pills" are given out by our Dispenser, Sgt. Jewitt, and it is amazing the quick results that he gets.

However well taken care of you may be, and how attractive the hospital appears, it is a good rule to take good care of yourself as the one way to tell the health of a station is to judge it by its sick parade. So, come on boys and girls, let's make ours one of the healthy stations in the country.

---

## *The True Meaning*

By Sgt. L. C. Horner.

N for Navigator I'd like to be,

O for Zero you got, not me,

3 for big three—Mother, Mabel and Morse,

W for Women's Division, they brighten our course,

I for Instructors, all patient, all wise,

R for Remuster away from us guys,

E for Easy—it's Procedure—oh, yez?

L for Liar—"Solid!"—he sez.

E for Earphones, grown to my head,

S for School, to which we are wed.

S for Sammy Morse, he caused all my woe,

S for Suspicion he transmits from Below

C for Crackin' we wanta get,

H for High Tension, Sore Ears and Sweat,

O for Ohms—of resistance, you know

O for Osculation, my resistance is low.

L for Leaving and I hope to some day, full of Radio and Procedure.

A W.A.G. on the way.

## A Word from the Equipment Section

Many changes have taken place in this section since their last items of news appeared in the "W.A.G.-Mag."

The senior equipment officer, Squadron Leader A. E. Game, has been to and returned from Trenton where he passed the Advanced Equipment Officers' Course. Incidentally, while there, he had to "salute by numbers", "make right turns by numbers", etc., and he remembers distinctly the same thing in 1914 only it wasn't at Trenton. Anyway, he derives great satisfaction from the fact that his good friend the chief instructor, Squadron Leader W. C. Fisher, is doing the same thing at Trenton right now with an additional hour a day added for good measure.

Flying Officer Bert Thompson has been posted overseas, his place being taken by Flying Officer Dave Morrison of the Permanent Force, who hails from Edmonton, but has made his home in Winnipeg for many years. By the way, Dave is somewhat of a scrapper and fought in the M.D. 10 Garrison Championships in 1938. One of his victims was a welterweight who, at one time, represented Canada at the Olympic Games, but apart from this further information is not forthcoming from Dave.

Other postings have included Sgt. M. R. Williams, Cpl. F. N. Keen, LAC's W. Brabant and E. W. Rogers, AC's E. F. Barber and H. L. Rosen. The airwomen posted include AW1 C. T. Hagen posted overseas; LAW M. M. Gordon (now training as a Signals Officer) and AW1 M. E. Rome.

New faces among the airwomen are Cpl. E. Lennox of Sudbury; AW1 I. L. Sutherland and AW1 H. E. Neil from Prince Albert; LAW M. G. Lafrantz of Halbrite, Saskatchewan, and LAW M. E. Yost, of Winnipeg. The newcomers among the airmen are LAC H. J. Hartford of Windsor, Ontario, and LAC K. D. Martin of Winnipeg.

Old timers with the section are Flight Sergeant Don McKay of Port Arthur; Sergeant Jim McLean of Waskada, Manitoba; Sergeant H. S. Scott of Kitchener, Ontario; the Barrack Warden, Tom Locke of Winnipeg; our soprano, Eileen Weir of Winnipeg, the stenographer; Cpl. O. B. Duxbury of Elkhorn, Manitoba; Cpl. D. M. Standing of St. John, N.B.; Cpl. J. J. Garcia of New York and LAC A. D. Garbutt of Winnipeg.

The W.D.'s still with us are AW1 M. Mitchell, of Kenton, Manitoba; AW1 J. B. Gil-

bert, of Winnipeg; AW1 M. S. M. Mitchell of Moosomin, Saskatchewan; and the two clerks, AW1 M. E. Hough of Calgary and AW1 J. Guertin of North Bay.

All personnel of the section extend best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all ranks of No. 3. W.S.

### *"They Love Us"*

In one of those rare moments when we are all able to find one itsy-bitsy spare moment, we Disciples—though not usually given to musing and philosophizing on the whys and wherefors—fell to wondering what makes us the darlings at every station. Accordingly, just like young lovers can seldom explain exactly why they have a certain "yen for a hen", we itemized the various reasons for those many bewildered airmen who would like to "ken".

1. **Our cheerful, smiling countenance.** No matter if it's a parade, a concert, or a dash to the mess hall, one of our numbers will be there spreading good will and happiness with his mere presence.

2. **Our soft-toned, silky voices.** Never a jar, scraping nor vibrating sound is inflicted upon tender, morse-happy eardrums. 'Tis said, Caruso himself yearned for a drill sergeant's position to develop his diaphragm and—now it can be told—to sweeten even more his golden larnyx.

3. **Our helpful, inspiring manner.** Regardless of how many questions are asked — be they naive or complicated—we will patiently explain, direct or lead without losing temper.

4. **Our silent, unobtrusive ways.** We speak only when we're spoken to; turn our heads the other way in moments of stress (hands from pockets, put) and excuse ourselves profusely when we ask someone to keep in step.

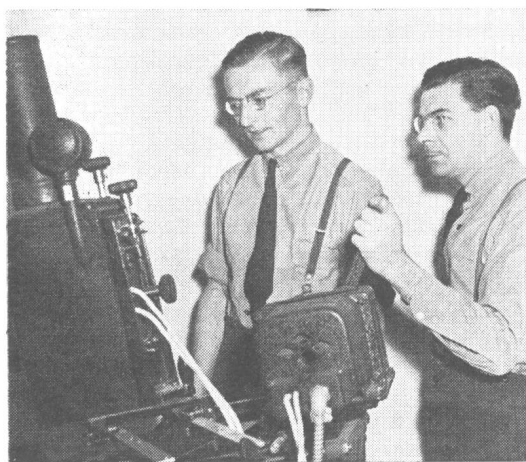
5. **Our good looks.** (Here we hasten to add that this was not contributed by any of our men, but by the many tid-bits of feminine pulchritude that now grace our cubicles. They threatened dire consequences if we omitted that and who are we to disappoint the ladies.)

With this important feature (an understatement deserving of at least a Pulitzer Prize) cleared up to everyone's satisfaction (let's not quibble) we trust that all will have a grand holiday and will return with a yearning for learning.

## Hollywood Invades No. 3

At long last, personnel of this school can now spend winter evenings on the station and still enjoy the most up-to-date movies in our auditorium. Yes, after a long wait, pleasures of downtown movies can be enjoyed by all right on the premises.

Thanks to the committee under the chairmanship of Flt. Officer Taylor, we are able to see the latest pictures even before they are exhibited in Winnipeg theatres.



In the projection room Flight Sergeant L. A. Lee and Sgt. Harry Hepples of Labs Section operate the machines which screen the latest news, comedies and full-length features.

The purchases of two new projection machines and a new screen now provide better sound and screening without any waiting for reels to be changed.

To defray the cost of the new machines, screen and operating expenses there is a nominal charge for admission.

Every night with the exception of Wednesdays, movies are shown in the auditorium at 1930 hours for station personnel only. On Sundays lady friends may be invited to these shows at the same nominal cost of admission.

For coming attraction see the bulletin boards outside the station orderly room and the cover advertisements of "W.A.G. MAG".

### THE NEWZIES IN CANADA

(Continued from page 8)

moment to watch the kiddies playing with their newly-gained toys.

Christmas here is so different — we have been invited to pass Xmas in Winnipeg, and

as I imagine my journey to my friends I shall be stumbling through snow and sleet with my coat wrapped tightly around my shivering body — collar turned up and wondering how long the blizzard will last. When I arrive at the house and am waiting for the door to be opened I shall bang my hands together to get some form of circulation back in them. I shall tenderly feel my half frozen ears and wish I was back home in the sunshine where the temperature will probably be ninety above instead of forty below.

Once inside though I shall feel the warmth of Canadian hospitality again and I shall be happy once more.

But we are looking forward to a Canadian Christmas.

However, we have all enjoyed our stay in Canada to date and we are sure we shall enjoy the rest of our stay, though naturally we are looking forward to the day when we set foot on our homeland once more. — You see — for all of Canada's hospitalities we are still New Zealanders.

### "HEN-GEN"

(Continued from page 18)

and three radio stars. Some of the W.D.'s are in the band and we have a promising glee club.

\* \* \*

All in all we think that we have every reason to be pleased with ourselves at the end of this year. Just now it seems as if that dream of a white Christmas may be a reality, but in any case it will be a bright Christmas at No. 3. We'd like to wish you all as much good luck in 1944 as we have had in 1943.

### Get Well Soon!

Best wishes for a speedy recovery are extended to A/S/O E. S. Snow, our messing officer, and Mrs. J. P. Milling, code instructor who are both in the hospital.

Miss Snow has been confined to Deer Lodge Hospital for several weeks, where she is slowly recovering from an appendicitis operation and Mrs. Milling is abed with the flu.

All personnel of this school hope that you ladies will be well to enjoy a merry Christmas and happy New Year with us all.



## Hooray For the G.D.'s

By "Joe".

No doubt you often wonder how this Station is run! Of course everybody knows there's a C.O. who bears all responsibilities.

On final analysis though, you have to admit that the G.D. boys run a great part of the show. Of course, you think we're joking—Not at all. Well! take a look around for yourself.

Who goes out every morning and brings home the bacon? Who helps the cook to prepare a meal fit for a king?

Thanks to some of us the cute W.D.'s in the kitchen can rest their weary feet once in a while and talk about—you know just as well as we what pretty W.D.'s talk about.

When the soft loving arms of your girl are not around, who manages to keep you warm? Just ask the boys in the boiler room, and those on the coal-pit. They'll swear—they know.

But to see that you don't burn in bed is left to the discretion of some of us, helping in the Fire Fighter Section.

When the C.O.'s car shines like the gleam in it's chauffeur's eyes, who do you think is responsible for that?

We hold some posts that requires tact, skill; for instance, serving breakfast in the Officers' Mess the morning after the night before is a very delicate operation.

It's also with a smile that we dish it out at the canteen. We don't expect you to notice

it, not while Helen and Alex are around anyway.

If, occasionally, your nickel is only worth a dud, by all means don't blame it on us, we don't make the rules, we only fill up that coke machine.

When up there with your head in the clouds, that is, if your pilot is not a cloud dodger, have a gentle thought for us below who are working with the Flying Squadron.

As you can see, we do about everything on this station. Furthermore, if any unusual problems come up which cannot be solved readily, it is passed on to Sgt. Beaton of the G.D. Section, and the job is considered to be done.

He is our immediate supervisor. A regular chap who manages to keep some 100 of us out of mischief and quite happy.

Of course, some of you, bright chaps, might ask us the procedure to take upon embarking a dinghy, or when Jerry manages to jam a particular frequency and I guess we would be bewildered just as if you start rattling this dit dah dit dah business at 25 words per minute.

But don't imagine for a minute that we shall remain at a loss for long. No, sir! After the day's work is done most of us sit up at night studying Pre-Aircrew Mathema-

(Continued on page 32)



**The Private Life of  
a Public Hero!**

*It's the Great  
American  
Story*

SAMUEL GOLDWYN presents  
**GARY COOPER**  
**THE PRIDE OF  
THE YANKEES**  
(THE LIFE OF LOU GEHRIG)  
TERESA WRIGHT - BAE ROTH - WALTER BRENNAN

Directed by  
**SAM WOOD**

Released through RKO RADIO

With Veloz and Yolanda, Ray Noble  
and his Orchestra. Screen Play by Jo Swerling  
and Herman J. Mankiewicz. Original Story by  
Paul Gallico.

**COMING TO OUR AUDITORIUM  
DECEMBER 22nd and 23rd**

## Works and Buildings Carry On

The current epidemic of colds and influenza has hit hard at the meagre but capable staff of Works and Buildings who, in the best traditions of the service, still carry on.

There are many projects on the station which keep the personnel of this section "on the go" at all times. Under the able guidance of Mr. D. A. Ross, our engineer in charge, new construction, alterations and maintenance are expertly dealt with by F/Sgt. J. H. Pollon and Sgt. Dahl of No. 2 C. and M. Unit.

Diplomatic Cpl. F. Crawley, whose name has become synonymous with Works and Buildings on this station, is the driving force in this section's orderly room who has a knack for getting things done. The most recent addition to the staff is draftsman AC2 Sherwood Saltman who, between plans for alterations and construction, finds time to plan a new coffee bar which, it is hoped, will soon grace the airmen's canteen.

## Sergeants' Mess Notes

By W.O.2 R. V. Smith.

On Saturday, November 13th, the Sergeants' Mess was crowded. It was a special affair. The commanding officer, adjutant, representative officers from all sections, NCOs and their lady friends were present, and all gather around W.O.1 "Dolly" Gray. What was the reason? Alas! he was being posted to No. 10 S.F.T.S.

"Dolly" had been with the boys for a long time and we were all very sorry to see him go. In appreciation of his consistent good nature and willingness to help at all times he was presented, on behalf of the Mess and his many other friends, with a silver tea service which was suitably engraved.

\* \* \*

The boys and their lady friends are still gathering around for the Saturday night social evenings. It is always an enjoyable evening especially with the calibre of entertainers which we have in our own Mess as was very

apparent at a smoker held in the Mess on Friday, October 29/43. The entertainment presented by outside talent was of good quality and well received but as the evening progressed the individual and group entertainment put on by our own boys, namely, Sgts. Shortreed, Hamilton, Horner, Gates, Graves, W.O.2 King and others was tops.

\* \* \*

A recent addition to the Mess is the new combination radio and gramophone which tops anything we have ever had in the way of regular entertainment. The selection of modern records that are on hand are proving to be a great source of contentment and satisfaction to the boys as they all loll back in their seats during noon hours and in the evenings.

\* \* \*

The members of the Sergeants' Mess take this opportunity to wish the entire personnel, each and everyone of you a very merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

## It's Not All Play For Firefighters

By Cpl. M. G. Laurie

Possibly the smallest but (we think) one of the most important sections of our school is the Fire Section.

In as short a space as possible we want to show you that we don't play cribbage and sleep all the time.

Seriously, the Fire Section on any station is a very important one and unfortunately many do not realize this. The next time you start spraying your hall with a fire extinguisher, stop and think for a moment: "Maybe Joe might have to use this thing to save valuable property — my property and possibly my life; I better leave it alone". Remember, fire extinguishers aren't toys — they are war weapons.

We have seven men in the fire section at the school and five at the flying Squadron.

The section is growing every day. We were sort of in a spot a few weeks ago when Cpl. Joe "Natural" McClary was posted to No. 10 SFTS at Dauphin. What with only four men (and a Sergeant) in the section; chances for 48's looked pretty slim. However with LAC "Bill" Elliott and "Mac" McLeod we were

able to carry on. If these two lads weren't slated for aircrew they would make first rate fire fighters.

A newcomer within the last two weeks is LAC Ben Minuk on temporary duty. Glad to have you with us Ben.

Along with fellows mentioned above, there's a few of us who literally "grew up" with the station. Providing there's no postings between now and December 25th, Cpl. "Jock" Torbet and this writer will be sitting in on our third Christmas dinner at No. 3, while LAC's "Pete" Peterson and Bill Kroser will be getting their share of their second.

Since Robert "Bob" Williams is a Sergeant and NCO i/c of the section, we left him till last. There's not not much we can say about the Sarge. If you don't know him now you will shortly. He is pretty busy these days getting the new Flying Squadron site set up.

One thing we can say about Bob is that if you see him coming; put your galloping do-

(Continued on page 32)

# Weekly Morse Test

Sgt. L. C. Horner

G for Ginzberg — we're approaching target, objective in sight, zero hour at hand. Weekly Morse Test this period. Take it easy today — get a zero — could use one.

Test sender not here yet, better take a bit of creed, no I'd better sharpen my four pencils, better head up a sheet. Oh, oh, here's the big boy himself. Looks comfortable; in good spirits; confident in himself. Why not, he's dishing it out.

The kids are jockeying about—bit of chatter, sharpening pencils, flexing fingers, wiping hands on pants — horses at the starting gate — break fast and come out fighting.

"BT?" — "F?" — "AN?" "VE?" — what the — oh, I get it, he's just testing his key. Phew! I'm not nervous, who says I'm nervous?! Already got two lines of syko down — the instructor shouldn't knock his pipe out in class — he looks sorta detached today — like a waiting-room nurse at the dentist.

Boy, could I use a zero today! — if I go back a squadron — "Here's some practice P.L. fellas". Ah yes, must be at least 6 w.p.m. —he's fooling, this is double-talk, no, there's a "the" — good ole "the" — always write sloppy before a test — gotta save myself — oh yeah?

Some Syko now — he's real good at Syko — what's the rush? — "H" or "5"? "H" or "5"? — "barred P" — watch for that one. "Alright, fellas, here is your test." Oh, God! "Just relax and copy." Is he kiddin'! (No, just the cut of my coat) — yipe! I should make jokes — the murderer walked to the death cell, a cynical smile on his thin lips.

"Dit Dit, Dit," (its comin') "BeeTee". Deep Breath. Hmmmnn . . . coming good . . . smooth . . . uh . . . "have" not "save" . . . gotta get back, change, it . . . now! . . . made it . . . not bad, boy! Not bad! . . . Concentrate on that lead point . . . mind blank, ears open . . . for a guy with big ears Clark Gable . . . watch it . . . "hweep" . . . wot the hell is "hweep?" . . . gotta change it . . . keep going . . . ahhh . . . smooth . . . "assimilation of ephemeral manifestations" . . . is this English? . . . should have taken the classical course . . . keep going . . . "hweep?, hweep? . . . keep going . . . is this a book I'm writing? . . . ooohh somebody broke a pencil . . . keep going . . . that "hweep" was in the third line I think . . . don't cross the "x" . . . never have . . . fin-

ish it off. Damn it! . . . ahhhh . . . "ack ar".

"Hweep—sleep!" . . . where is it? . . . \$%! . . . "Here is your Syko". Get Syko . . . "5" or an "H" . . . keep going, damn it . . . fast at Syko . . . uh . . . uh . . . oh oh . . . keep going . . . ahhhh . . . It's over. Here take it before I change that "hweep".

Wonder how my Syko was, maybe one or two or three or four . . . gotta get more practice . . . dit dit dit dit . . . dah dah dah. God, I need a smoke!

## HOORAY FOR THE G.D.'s

(Continued from page 30)

tics, Aircraft Rec., and you might have noticed some of us in the voluntary Morse Period after supper, while others are grinding over an Aero-Engine or Electricity Book.

Before signing off, the boys from the G.D. Section, as part of the big Air Force family, would like, when dawn of Xmas appears over the black shadow of time, like a dancer catting off her last veil, welcomed by glittering eyes and cheerful heart, to extend their best wishes to all.

## It's Not All Play for Firefighters

(Continued from page 31)

minoes in one shoe and your money in the other.

In closing we take this opportunity to extend season's greetings to the commanding officer, officers, NCO's & O.R. of the station.

P.S. The fire Section will be working 24 hrs. Christmas & New Years Day; so don't forget us when you're passing with that little Christmas cheer on your hip. (We hear it's hard to get).

## THIS IS YOUR LUCKY NUMBER

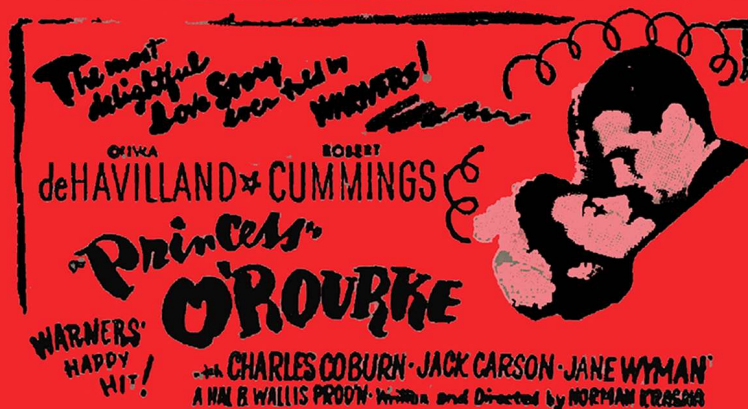
This copy of "W.A.G. MAG" may win you a cash prize of \$10.00.

A draw will be held on Monday, December 20th, in the school auditorium before the movies are shown. The holder of the copy with the lucky number on the cover will receive the prize upon producing his copy.

## Don't Miss These Hits



SHOWING—JANUARY 3rd and 4th



SHOWING—JANUARY 6th and 7th

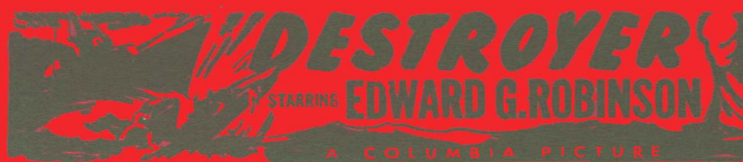


SHOWING—JANUARY 8th and 9th

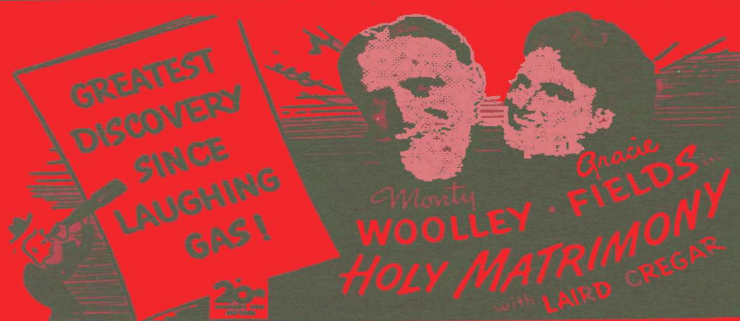
Subject to change without notice.



## All-Star Shows



COMING—JANUARY 10th and 11th



COMING—JANUARY 13th and 14th

The Most Spectacular Musical Ever Made! The Sweetest Story Ever Told!



COMING—JANUARY 15th and 16th



COMING—JANUARY 17th and 18th

Subject to change without notice.