

W.A.G. Mag.



OCTOBER, 1943

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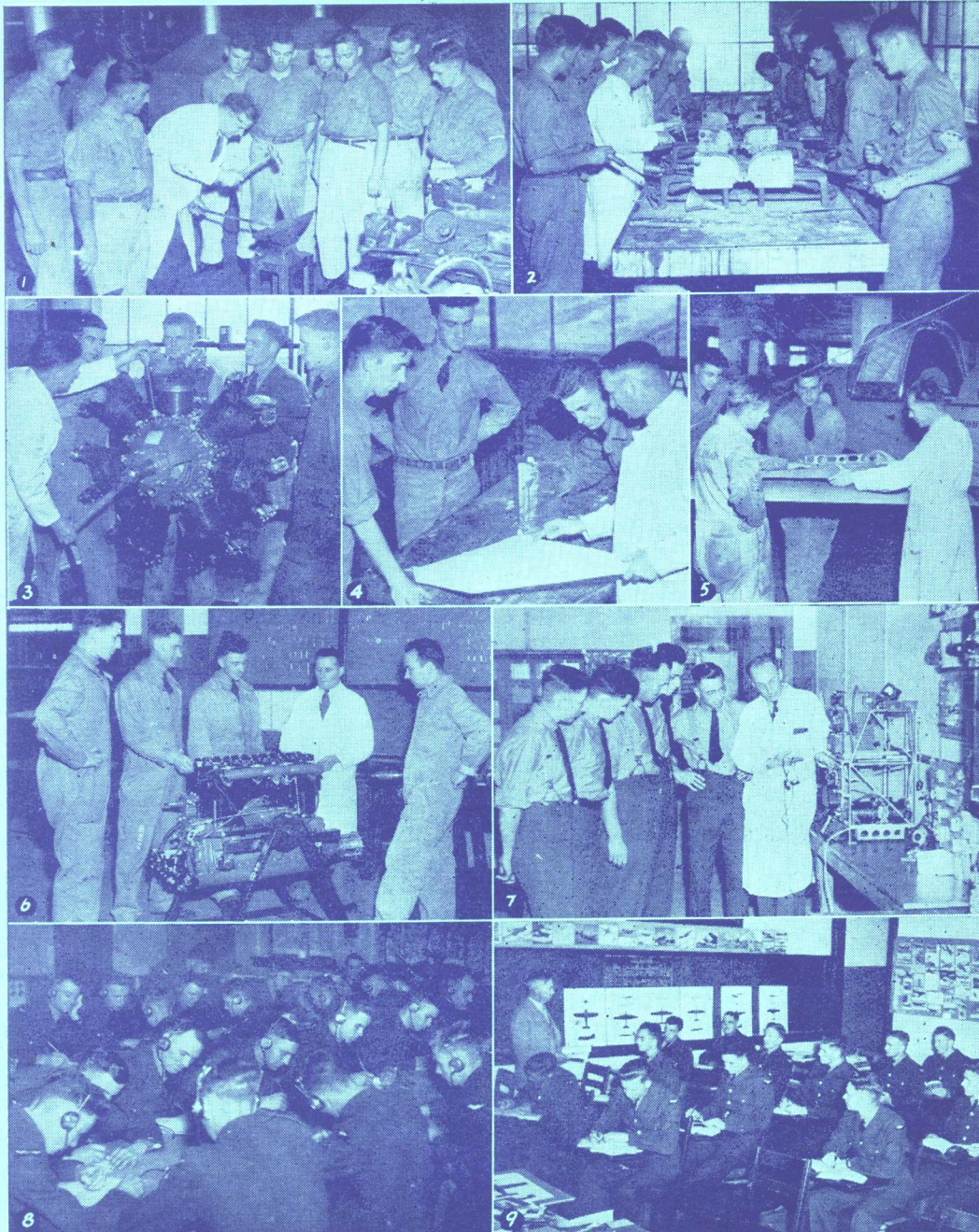
ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

R.N.Z.A.F.

R.A.F.

R.A.A.F.

AT OUR W. E. T. P. SCHOOLS



Pictured above are scenes of classes conducted at the Manitoba Technical Institute, Anna Gibson School and St. John's Technical School, under the extensive training program of the War Emergency Training Plan. These schools are attached to No. 3 Wireless School for pay and discipline.

At the M.T.I.: (1) Forging; (2) Soldering; (3) Aero-Engine; (4) Air Frame fabrication; (5) Rigging; (6) A.E.M. class; (7) Radio instruction. At the St. John's Technical School: (8) a class in wireless... At the Anna Gibson School: (9) a lecture on aircraft recognition.

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Photos by H. K. White.

Remember, you are asked only to lend your money. You are not compelled to give it as in Nazi-occupied Europe. You are still free to give of your own free will.

Let's do all we can to keep our Canada free. Let's buy all the bonds we possibly can NOW.

When you are asked to buy Fifth Victory Loan Bonds, get your name on the dotted line for all you're worth.

SPEED THE VICTORY

Once again the Dominion Government is turning to the people of Canada for financial aid to help finish the war successfully.



This time \$1,200,000,000 is being sought to buy the tools of war to keep our men supplied on all fighting fronts of the globe.

The Fifth Victory Loan offers men in the service an opportunity to save for after the war and also enables the men in training to get into the fight with their fighting dollars.

Don't forget that this is now an offensive war. We are no longer taking it. We are dishing it out. We are now on the road to victory. But the road is a long one, and to speed the victory means more money—more money than ever before.

Today your dollars can buy guns, ammunition and vital supplies for our comrades in arms. Tomorrow your dollars will buy you many of the luxuries you have always wanted.

By lending your money through Victory Bonds you are also investing in your own safety, while in the service. Remember, our W.A.G.'s get the best of equipment and this costs money.

Between the Covers

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Bomber Radio Operator Rates High in Importance

LONDON—(R.C.A.F. News Service)—The radio operator on an R.C.A.F. bomber is a pretty important fellow. His task isn't spectacular, but when he's needed, he's needed badly.

Picture a bomber over the Ruhr Valley with a wounded crew member aboard and with one or two engines out of commission, perhaps belching smoke. There's no moon out, and freezing rain beats a constant tattoo on the fuselage.

Visibility is virtually zero, and the plane is forced to return home—must do so by the shortest possible route. We won't say that the navigator is "lost", but his idea of his location is too vague if the ship is to get home without crossing enemy-occupied territory where flak positions are heavy.

This is an emergency to be handled by the wireless operator, who sits at his own little table in a compartment surrounded by radio receivers, transmitters and other radio devices of a special nature. He is a man who can find out what lies ahead—despite the clouds, despite the darkness. He can find his exact location, or the course to follow to reach home. Or if the crew are ready to ditch in the sea, it is he who gives Air-sea Rescue Service his position.

Gets a Fix

So the navigator calls up the Wireless Operator and asks him to get a "fix". The WAG contacts a control station in England, which in turn co-ordinate with two other stations, and in no time they are able to signal back the distressed plane's exact location. When the bomber gets closer to home the WAG can ask for a "QDM", which comes back to him in the form of a bearing and course to fly in degrees.

Typical Wireless Operator-Air Gunner is Sgt. Jack Williams of Box 4, Cumberland, B.C. Jack, who is on an all-Canadian squadron, once got his trailing aerial shot away by an unusually heavy concentration of flak.

"It came too close for comfort", was all he had to say. He considers such experiences to be just part of an "every-night" job carried out by Canadian airmen. Men like Jack don't often have glowing accounts to tell interrogators grouped around a table. The WAG usually sits there, quietly sipping a mug of hot cocoa as he listens to the vivid reports of the other aircrew.

It's only when he has guided his bomber back to home base by bearings, or perhaps manned a machine gun to blast away at attacking night fighters, that he enters into conversation.

Invaluable Work

Sgt.-WAG Milton Warren, of Geraldton, Ont., making his 13th mission over enemy territory recently, was able to assist intelligence officers to accurately chart the position of a particularly large fire on the target map. "I just happened to be looking out my window as my pilot banked to avoid a flak barrage", said Warren, "and there, expanding outwards like the ripple in a pool of water, was an explosion that would have done the old devil proud. It bloomed up like the hole made by a crayfish . . . if you know what I mean."

Matt Cruickshank, 29, formerly of 424 Pitt Street, Cornwall, Ont., garage mechanic, is another. You see WAGS come from all walks of life and all ages. Some of them formerly had "ham" stations before the war. Others knew nothing about electrical devices and had to learn "from the ground floor up". Their job is never done. New technical radio aids are continually being developed and they must master their use and operation. Codes and methods of procedure also change, and the wireless operator absorbs their use. He is constantly "going to school", so to speak. By actual count, he's required to do more things in an aircraft than any other man aboard. He's the key man.

Seldom in News

You don't read much about wireless air-gunners in mission reports unless they happen to be stories about bombers that have been lost in bad weather . . . or have been saved from the seas by signals sent out on a portable radio from a rubber dinghy. Then the attention focusses on the boy behind the key. He is the only man in the aircraft who can guide the ship back. The pilot can't do it . . . he has no course to fly. The navigator can't do it . . . bad weather makes it impossible for him to take an astrosheet or to chart a course without radio bearings. It's the WAG's show. He's the man the rest of the crew look to, to get them home. He's the unsung hero of the mission. It's just an every-day job to him.

Our Disciplinarians

By Joe

Having downed two plates of ice cream and a bowl of pickles last night in a fine effort to achieve my secret ambition—a dream of Betty Grable in technicolor—I was annoyed to receive instead, a quiet pastoral scene from a western picture. One of the more daring interludes showed a sheep dog darting among his charges, keeping them together, directing their course and barking at the heels of the stragglers. Feeling that he was being watched, the dog—apparently the chief actor in the picture — stopped suddenly and turning around, gave me a long, soul-searching look. To my amazement I discovered that his were the uncompromising features of my disciplinarian corporal at Manning Depot. You can be sure, dear reader, that I was mighty glad to see him again (but don't bet on it).

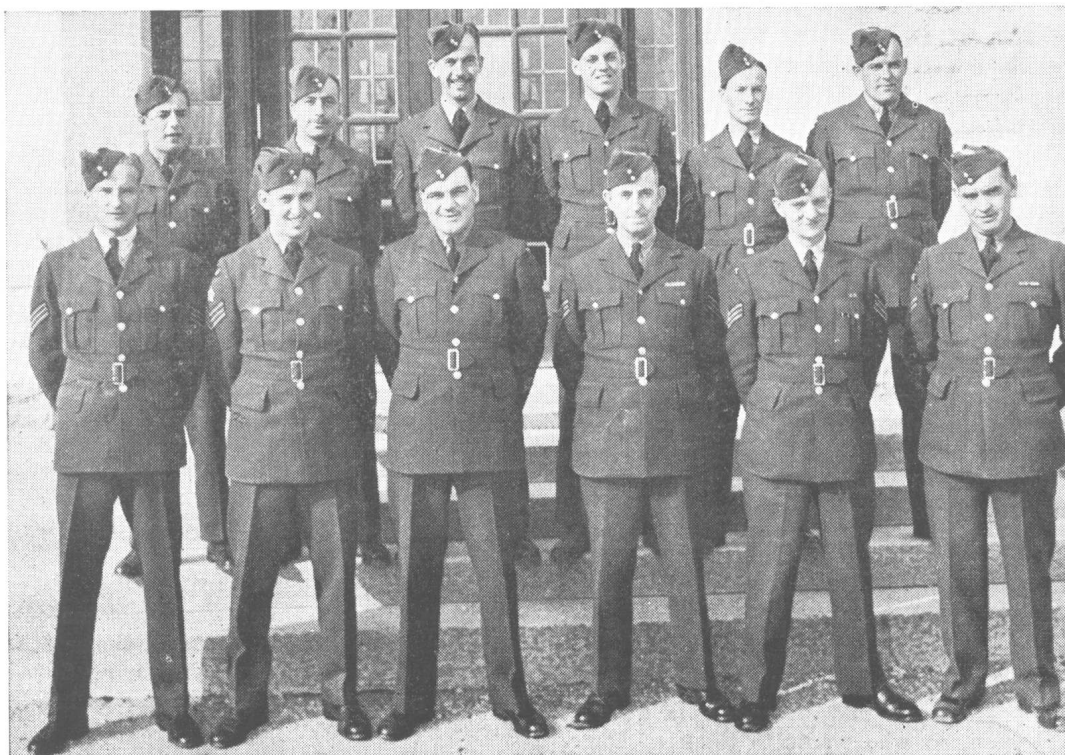
Certainly I am not suggesting that my former playmate had gone to the dogs or that his mother was of the canine species, but

rather that at his work I had apparently always likened him, subconsciously, to the hard-working, patient, wholly admirable, sheep dog,—respected by everybody but the sheep.

Having personally (and that's as near as you get to my identity, chum) broken away somewhat from the fold (sheep language) I can look somewhat dispassionately at disciplinarians (not easy, I admit) and find them for the greater part very good chaps. Delving deep into my notes on this form of life I come up with the following theory, quote: "A good disciplinarian is a fine fellow but a fine fellow is not necessarily a good disciplinarian", unquote. You have five seconds to unravel that one.

There are approximately twenty disciplinarians on this station and if they were laid end to end and could be counted on to stay there, this article would not be written anonymously.

(Continued on page 14)



Front Row (left to right): Sgt. Sisco, E.; F/Sgt. Vlassie, E.; W.O.2 Bland, T.; F/Sgt. Morrison, H.; Sgt. Jowett, G.; Cpl. Jones, A.

Second Row (left to right): Cpl. Ludwig, R.; Cpl. Bereskin, J.; Cpl. Cramb, R.; Cpl. Lattimer, V.; Cpl. Mills, V.; Cpl. Bray, A. Absent: W.O.1 Gray, J. R., S.W.O.; Sgt. Ellstone, M.

The Boys from "Down Under"

Cpl. L. H. Wilkinson.

Another entry of Aussies has built up the strength of the new 77 Squadron. Good luck to them in their efforts to gain WAG wings. The road is hard but as many of them have been doing a job of work in our AIF and Home Forces they have already proven that they can "take it" and "dish it out".

They have brought along some of the latest home news of mates in the services, many of these having joined the ranks of dead heroes in the New Guinea ranges. By the way, the war seems to be brightening up a little up that way, and our enemies have been pushed well away from our front door.

We still have to regain all of Dutch New Guinea and Raboul. The latter will be a tough proposition as it means a sea hop of a few hundred miles from the mainland with Truk Island not very far north.

Back home the voting majority seem to be greatly in favor of keeping the Labor party in power while the New Zealand elections resulted in a close win for the Labor party, thus starting their third term of office.

The regular monthly issues of the Australian Comforts Fund parcels are greatly appreciated by our boys and seem to come at a time when they are most needed.

Our down under news service is regular and touches on most events of interest. Word that a beer wagon had upset in a Sydney street is the type of touching little episodes that makes us homesick and glad that the days of television are not far off. One's imagination runs amok as he envisions crowds of people gathered kneeling in silent prayer or "something". Apparently the beer shortage is still acute. What a terrible thing war is. However, we seem to do well in Winnipeg. We picked out a few extracts from letters to home.

Winnipeg is one of the finest cities we have visited to date. It has so much of everything including four seasons in one day. The summer spring and fall remind us of home. But Winnipeg, we are told, averages ten girls to every man, so who wants to think of home. We have noticed that very few Aussies or Newsies are about the station on week-ends, so most of them have a home to go to, thanks a lot to the hospitality of Winnipeggers.

The next event of interest to all 'down-unders' will be the Melbourne Cup. This is on the first Tuesday in November. Already the boys are talking of the best horses. It is the one race in Australia when everyone has a bet or a ticket in a sweep. Quite often it is won by a Newsie horse. As we tell the Newsies: we grow men in Australia, not horses. We hope to be able to get the acceptance before it is run.

At the Flying Squadron

By W.O.2 N. Joseph

Personnel of the Flying Squadron is changing fast with many of the boys going into aircrew. We'll fix 'em and fly 'em too! Sgt. (WOG) D. V. Woods and Sgt. (WM) C. R. Taylor are both taking to the air and Flying Officer R. A. Fiddes, former O.C. Air Operations, is going after the double wings of a pilot. Then F/O Fiddes hopes to go back and start in again where he left off after operations in England, Malta and North Africa.

* * *

Due to ill health, Flight Lieutenant Morton, our adjutant, has retired from the R.C.A.F. Our best wishes go with him! Taking over the adjutant's job is F/L Hearn, formerly O.C. of 65 Squadron. A welcome is also extended to F/L J. G. Mathieson, new O.C. Air Ops, who came to the Flying Squadron after active service with B. R. Squadrons on the East Coast.

* * *

From the femme's corner comes the good news that LAW Mitchell has been promoted to a corporal, and the bad news that AW.1 Davis is leaving us for No. 1 Training Command in Toronto.

* * *

The St. Charles Hotel was the scene of a festive dinner dance on Friday, October 8th.

Almost every member of the Flying Squadron was present and a good time was had by all.

* * *

The advent of winter brings on the bowling season and this year we have ten teams in our league, all raring to go.

Notes from the Signalling Section

By Sgt. Mac Taylor

The old Comm. Section "aint what it used to be"—we are now known as the Signalling Section. This has been in effect for quite a while now, but there are probably still those who are not aware of the change. However, don't let it fool you. We might not have the name, but we still have the game. Apply to the nearest trainee for information on this matter.

We are all pleased to see Flt. Lt. R. E. Mooney take over the job of "Signal Section Boss". Many of us remember him from the earlier days when No. 3 was yet a pup, and some of us before that. While we know he has undertaken one of the toughest jobs in the Air Force, we are sure he will fit in fine, and are doubly sure that we are all behind him. Welcome to the Section, Sir.



F/Lt. R. E. Mooney

A great many changes have taken place within the last month and while we were muddled up for a while things are beginning to straighten out. Foremost among these changes was the loss of two of our instructors and pals, namely Sgt. Tarzan Walker and Sgt. Happy Fierce, who re-mustered to aircrew. Most of us in the section have worked and fought with these two for a long time and needless to say the loss is felt. Especially in the games room do we miss the Walker 5th Overture and the Fierce Stomp. But we know our misfortune is their good luck so all the section wishes them the best possible and may all their dreams come true.

Probably by the time you read this we will have lost more of our old gang to aircrew duties. Sgts. Gauvreau, Gair, Esselman and Kuster have been cutting out aeroplanes and doing stall turns for the past month. They are expected in Edmonton about the 15th of October. So, in case they are gone before the next issue our well-wishes are again extended and there is no need of mentioning how we will miss them and their habits to

which we have become accustomed and which we have endured.

Everyone was happy to see Cpl. "Tommy" Bedwell back on the job again. We do not know if his stay is for long but we certainly hope so.

The Cpl. you see going around with a worried look is not worrying about the usual things like money, bills, etc. The first one is always tough on the proud father, they say.

Everything being said that is printable, may we take this opportunity of again reminding the trainees that morse isn't so tough if you dig in the right direction. Remember you can write all day, but it won't do you any good if you're not concentrating. In other words, "Tain't what you do, it's the way that you do it."



Now that fall and winter are rolling around, Lorne Gleason, our "Y" Supervisor, is giving a call to all boys who are hunting for recreation, whether it be private parties, the theatre, rifle shooting or hobby work. The entertainment groups around Winnipeg put on some great shows for the Services down at the Orpheum Theatre and if you drop around to see Lorne, he will see that you get some tickets.

How about giving the girls a break, fellas; your "Y" man has plenty of invitations for parties on Saturday nights. No sense wandering around town when you can go to a good private party. Mr. Gleason can also fix you with a week-end off the station, or a real Sunday dinner.

Here we have almost forgotten the biggest event of the month. Yes, you're right, it's the Airmen's Dance in the Drill Hall on October 16. Be there, boys! It sounds good!

Lorne Gleason also wants to remind the flight seniors that now is the time to get their teams entered in the rifle shooting competition for the coming months.

"Hen Gen"

By AW1 M. Gordon

Four new sets of hooks are shining in the W.D. barracks now. Congratulations are due to Mitchell, O'Malley, Cronkite and Wilson. The WOGS are really showing what they are made of and we are proud of them. But apparently the life of an NCO isn't as easy as all that. One of them was taking parade for the first time the other morning. Everything went well until she reached the S's, S-S-S-S-teele she called, and the echo came back again, C-C-C-C-C-orporal.

* * *

We were awfully interested in being asked to Government House to an inter-service tea last Saturday. We met lots of army gals, and other W.D.'s and THE Wren. She was the only one in Winnipeg at the time and at least could boast that no one else had on the same dress. We wandered round and admired the beautiful furnishings and licked our fingers after we had demolished all we possibly could of that lucious gooey cake.

* * *

We are so glad to welcome Sgt. Ward and Pat Hall back to No. 3 and are very sorry to see Davis off to Toronto. Good luck in the East, Marge. No. 1 Training Command is luckier than it knows.

We hear that the boys in the radio room got a free concert the other day. Annie Laurie was being featured in a solo performance. Versatile people, these WOGS.

And who is the WD who has been displaying such a sudden interest in hockey? Could it be a purely athletic viewpoint?

Sergeant Caldwell has been seen out with a pretty handsome P/O lately, congratulations, Sarge, I guess all he needed was that red headed influence.

* * *

The W.D. canteen is holding an open house every Tuesday night. This is a special invitation to all you boys to come in and have some fun. We'd love to see you, so let's make it a date for next week. Come over anytime after nine o'clock. But if you stay after twelve you'll have to help roll back the rug.

St. Johns "Tech" Notes

The third entry of AG's has now begun its strenuous studies at St. John's Tech. Night School . . . sad, at the first glance, but who ever complained about being able to sleep in every morning. Comprising a half dozen NCO's and about a hundred "Clarks", we fairly ooze with the spirit of one happy family.

After our first week here, we really "love de place" and could gladly shake the hand of Mr. DAPS for having posted us here.

It was, however, with a great deal of fear and trepidation that we presented ourselves the other morning for our Harvard Test — so many of our men are re-musters and it takes more than a week to get Johnny Muscle and Jane Heart into the proper conditions for 'so much' of this 'up, down, business'. We all made it, though just barely. Corporal Rogers said "Next time, I'll try going to bed the night before the test". LAC Pryce (short but tough) quote—"If those benches were a half inch higher, I would have had to use stilts. It's the first time that I played the part of a cocktail shaker—unquote, and then slunk, leadenly away. (What could he have meant?)

More anonymous questions:

Why didn't I go to school instead of being ignorant like "Pa"? "Why don't they keep the women away from the school so that "Victor Mature" MacDonald could get to classes on time"? "Why does the weather have to be so grand—evenings"? All right! All right!

We've had a pennant designed for our school and almost everyone has shown a desire to obtain one—we're right proud of it. That's all for now, dear readers, but you'll be hearing from Corporal Bereskin's clan regularly in future WAG Mag. issues.



Squadron News

69

By LAC S. E. McBride.

This is the "fighting 69th" reporting. By the time the magazine goes to press our squadron will be one month closer to the day of graduation. We have managed to get to Outstations and Crew Labs and are doing nicely. When we first went out there we thought for sure that we would all end up with shattered nerves, but after the first week we found that our nerves were still intact. It could be that the W.D. personnel out there have a very soothing effect on our nerves.

With only one squadron to graduate before our great day, we are naturally very excited. All of us are looking forward to graduation and it can't come soon enough for us.

* * *

"I have decided—I have spoken"; these words are now famous and will go down in the annals of the squadron's history. They are the favorite saying of our new and popular N.C.O.—Corporal Mills.

* * *

Wedding bells are in the air for a certain party in 7A. He was seen downtown on Saturday shopping for a narrow gold band. We hope he found a nice one.

* * *

A few of the inmates have taken up the habit of smoking cigars, much to the protests of the other boys.

* * *

"Shorty" Calned is constantly being kidded about his size. It's getting so that people on the street comment on his height. On our last parade, one onlooker remarked—"Look at the little one in the middle". "Shorty" still hasn't got over that. Never mind, kid, remember that good things always come in small packages.

* * *

LAC Cozry and LAC Meloche have returned after spending a few days at Deer Lodge. They had their tonsils out. For a few days after their return they were at a loss for words. Because of their sore throats their conversations were somewhat limited.

71

By LAC S. E. T. Gannaway.

Our squadron is back from its week of leave now and the poor unfortunates who stayed behind are all showing a quiet grin, a haggard face and puffy eyes. From reports I have heard the boys who went to the States slept all day and played all night. One had said to me that he had not seen daylight once in the States and doesn't know what the place looks like after nine days there. He only saw it in the dark. There are weird tales told now all over the hut of happenings seemingly incredible.

Not all went to the States. Quite a few of the boys made a smouldering track for home while a small band of Anzacs went to Kenora.

The flights have now been changed around with the results each man is finding new "cobbers" and getting to really know more men.

We have now with us Cpl. Berry (discip.) in Sgt. Grant's place, resulting in much disturbing yelling very early in the morning. Friend Malyon gets peeved at being awakened before breakfast and Logan doesn't like it much either. Cpl. Berry tells him he will grow into a fine big man if he rises early, so soon we will have to be good to beat Logan from our beds.

Our sports personality this week is Cpl. (Baldy) Bradley. He started wrestling in 1940 and made a good show all through for 3 years until he joined the R.C.A.F. In that space of time he won 3 junior championships in Ontario with a weight of 160 lbs. We have no doubt that if Baldy had continued with this he would have made big things. Still, he says wars must be fought and there is plenty of time after the whole thing is over. Good luck, Post-war Brad.

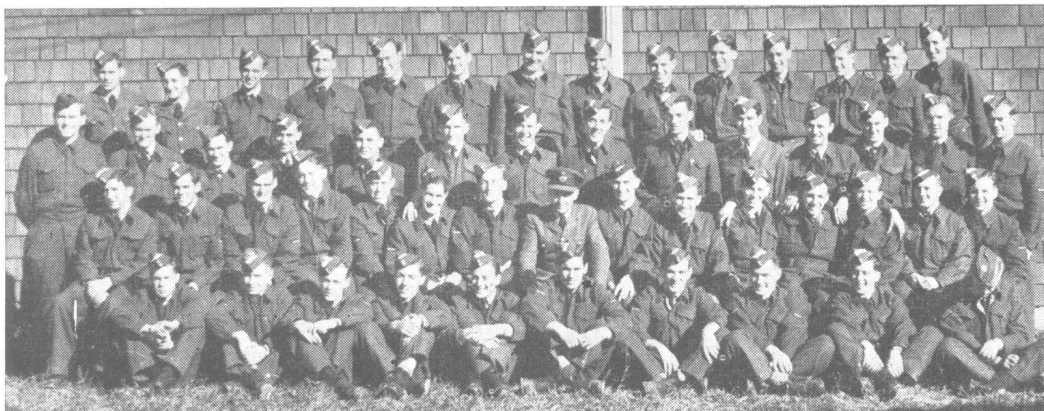
An airman overseas wired his wife asking for a divorce. His wife wired back saying, "We have been happily married for ten years, but if you want a divorce you may have it. Is it another woman?"

"Of course it is," came the reply.

His wife wired back: "What has she got that I haven't got?"

"Nothing," answered the airman, "but she's got it HERE!!"

Among Next Graduates



First Row (left to right): Langill, O. C.; McNair, M. C.; Dishart, D.; Dauplaise, M.; Mussellum, E.; McCrae, J. B.; Scharf, W. J.; Fuller, D. C.; Ferguson, J. B.; Cpl. Graves, J.

Second Row (left to right): Garty, C. D.; Budd, A. J.; Cavanaugh, B. T.; Bruce, B. S.; Gillette, L.; Court, L. G.; Adams, J. R.; F/O A. E. Hockly, O.C. Squadron; Walker, H. J. T.; Jewell, C. V.; Leitch, R. O.; Sawchyn, E.; Rhuebottom, P.; Chatfield, H. R.; Pinkham, J. M.

Third Row (left to right): Parker, J. R.; Leveridge; Riddle, I. S.; Agnew, T. M.; Buckland, H. E.; Green, C.; Cowan, L.; Strable, R. P.; Prososky, J.; Kirby, C. J.; Caddigam, V. C.; Armstrong, D.; Bowdrey, A.

Fourth Row (left to right): Garland, M. G.; Hill, E. J.; Thomas, C. A.; Morris, J.; Kenny, S.; Sharp, D. A.; Routly, W.; Murray, R. A.; Sandercott, H.; Walker, A. J.; Brown, C. E.; McCarthy, P.; Magill, J. H.; Hoare, H.

About Squadron 67

By LAC J. R. Adams.

As twenty-eight weeks of "Toil and Bloodshed, Sweat and Tears" near their conclusion, Squadron 67 presents this, our manuscript, the last which will ever grace the pages of this noble volume.

The finishing post is in sight and every man is bracing himself with that last final effort to master the intricacies and problems which always lie in the path of a potential WAG and his success.

Squadron 67 was born in the chilly air of an April afternoon, when those white gates, which we all know so well, closed, imprisoning between the ramparts of No. 3 Wireless School, a band of hopeful trainees. Little did they realize what confronted them—if that white gate had borne the inscription "Abandon hope all ye who enter here", maybe those men might not have been so eager to pass through them.

The original 67th, the only squadron of its kind at that time on the station, was composed solely of Canadian personnel—a draft of men who had been drawn from all parts of the country. Since the time of its birth the 67th Squadron has seen many happy days and

some which have been dismal, and a few of its members have been forced to relinquish their places in the squadron. However, to atone for this, we welcomed a group of die-hard New Zealanders and Australians from the sixty-third and sixty-fifth entries.

Under the strong and capable hand of a hardened veteran whose forbearance and guiding influence has become a password throughout the squadron, we have prospered, and those melodious vocal rhapsodies — the voices of those children of his brain — the flight commanders, can often be heard echoing his efficient words of command even unto the very tone of his voice. Corporal Jones is one of the Old Brigade from World War I and has also seen action on the Atlantic coast during this present war, and although he hates beer and hard liquor, he is master of a complete understanding of men and their little idiosyncrosies, and all members of Squadron 67 would like to express their appreciation of the keen interest Corporal Jones has taken in their well-being throughout the long weeks of this course.

(Continued on page 15)

Squadron 77

Main activity of this Squadron over the past few weeks—apart from the minor troubles of morse, radio and procedure—has been centred in sport.

After a series of false starts and misfires some sort of order crept forth from the chaos. The league game proved favorite among the rugger players who had two scratch games with Squadron 75. The Union Match ended in a three-all split decision. "Happy" Harman crossing for a sweet try.

The league game was a scoreless draw and finished in darkness; no one knowing who was who or why. Pick of the three-quarters are Harman and Jack Henry, who is at home anywhere in the back line. Among the forwards Bede Donlon and Don Turner played hard football in both games.

The Australian Rules team had only one game, Squadron 75 proving too fast in all departments. Playing at Assiniboine Park

we took a licking to the tune of 9-9 (63) to 1-7 (73). Allan Barrett, full forward, kicked the squadron's lone goal. It is to be hoped a return match can be arranged as the boys feel the next time will see a horse of another color finish a length or two in front.

Allan Barrett, incidentally, is suffering from an idea and would like to hear from any 77 genius who can sing, groan or make a noise (preferably musical) on any instrument.

Funniest turn of the month was Fred Longe's 22nd birthday. Ably supported by boozin — sorry, bosom — pal "Skeeter" Hargreaves, Fred put on a show in 9A Hut worthy of the palmy days of old Australian tivolli shows.

The boys extend sympathy to LAC Jamieson, who has been ill and has been transferred to another squadron, and to "Paddles" Wightman, who has had a long stretch of rheumatic fever and who has not yet returned to the fold.

. to Get Sparks Soon



PART OF SQUADRON 67

First Row (left to right): McKinnon, J. L.; McPhail, I. D.; Buchanan, G. D.; Holmes, B.; Knuff, E. H.; Harrison, G.; Normandeau, P. E.; Scott, J. W.; McLean, H. J. A.; Handford, E. Q.; McLean, K. A.

Second Row (left to right): Buchanan, R. H.; Haywood, D.; Pinkerton, B.; Thompson, S. D.; Wilkins, J.; Lilley, W.; Bard, U. J.; Wilson, W. T.; Lambert, E. W.; Berry, R.; Shillington, J.; Anderson, D. C.

Third Row (left to right): Perrin, A.; Miron, R.; Brown, L.; Olson, A. D.; Taillifer, W.; McDonald, J. M.; Copeland, R. W.; Davis, C.; Martino, R. J.; Looten, H. J.; McAmmond, K. D.; Hendry, G.; Hay, R. W.

Fourth Row (left to right): Clausen, F. A.; Gibson, C. V.; Obrien, W. B.; Fletcher, L. F.; Cooke, W.; Cpl. Hutton, E.; Strange, D. B.; Kostyniuk, H. D.; Jamieson, H.; Jamieson, J.; Hinchcliffe, J. T.; Cpl. Berry, H. A. Absent: Cpl. Jones, A., Squadron Disciplinarian.



We laughed on that sorry, sorry day just about two months ago, when, on arrival, everyone started pounding our ears about the evils of morse, radio, procedure, etc. Yes, we laughed just like little Audrey of old. Now we are carrying on the great crusade, considering it our sacred duty to warn all newcomers of their dismal future — they also laugh.

Now we are to be seen shuffling around, bearing the burden of knowledge and trailing a morse key—a mute testimony of the horrible effects of morse and more morse. However, we will not bother you with any more of our troubles. Now for a few notes from the boys:

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:—

No, Hut 8 is not a convalescent home just because Jack Grice is writhing in agony with a sprained knee, Jack Bennis has his right hand in a bandage, Manson is hobbling about on crutches. Don't get the wrong impression. This is still Hut 8, No. 3 Wireless, bearing the scars of war.

What would Squadron 75 be without Perspex Pete filing away at that bit of "Fugitive from a windscreen" or "Red" Orr being a few minutes (just a few minutes) late for parade or Domonique having a chronic case of duty watch. A very serious ailment by the way.

And here's the news from C flight. We are keen, ever so keen, the right type and all that. What with the boys in Anzac House (the digger to you) and hospital, our numbers are small, but our prestige is great.

News from the Morse front: According to Mrs. Milling we are certain to graduate — that's according to Mrs. Milling.

At P.T. our promising young bucks shine,

73

By LAC Simms

After weeks of deep study, not too difficult exams, and long painful days of waiting for "yes" or "no"!! the time has come for 73 to depart for a nine day "rest" free from morse, radio and instructors. The occasion? Mid-term leave, of course.

The boys rush back to favorite haunts in the "east", "west" and some south, to make the best of a short holiday in which so many will do so much.

To those who stay, they, too, will have quiet and rest. It has been said that our very popular Cpl. Bray was on the verge, so he probably will be glad of the break.

Due to exams, things have been reasonably quiet in the hut the past few days. Of course, life would be incomplete without a small amount of what "D" flight calls "fun"—So some nights, life was complete.

Squadron average has remained above the good point to date, even with the loss of Percy (letter drill) Whitebread our favorite, for that very necessary extra two or three wpm over each test. Percy is on a hard earned fortnighter. Nevertheless, more power to the hard work of those sergeants and corporals who helped pull us through.

Even in these trying days our squadron does not lack romance, for who should be betrothed, but the very well known and popular "Pancho" Forbes. 'Tis said that the happy event takes place within the next nine days. Best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Forbes and may they live happily ever after.

By the time this WAG Mag is published, our leave will have come and gone. We will have come back, with a much brighter outlook on life and a kind thought for our instructors, for now the next big day approaches rapidly and with the help of Sgt. Squirrel, Cpl. Reid and God, we'll make it!

led by our ever-popular Corporal King "Kong" Pooley. We are certain to be "supermen"—or else!!!

Our leading temperance advocates—LAC's Clothier, Webster, Steel, Skelbon and Maguire

(Continued on page 14)



Our S. W. O.

This issue, being dedicated to the 'Discips', pardon I, the gentlemen of P.T.I. and Drill, it is only fitting that space be allotted to the life and loves of the 'Head Man'. We refer, of course, to our mighty atom, (as in up-and-at-'em) Warrant Officer J. R. (Get-your-blankety-blank - hands - out - of-your - pockets) Gray.



W.O.1 J. R. GRAY Oct. 16th of that year, for lo, there had been born a son.

"Dolly" grew quickly enough into adolescence, but suddenly stopped stretching. In defence, he says, quote, "Why get any taller. I'd only have farther to fall on party nights."

He attended the West Hamilton and Prince of Wales schools and the Hamilton Tech, graduating in due course. "Due course" meaning "OK, son, find yourself a job". Which he did, first with the firm Bradstreets until they merged into the firm of Dunn and Bradstreets, whereupon there wasn't room for the three gentlemen, and guess who was let out? Well, it wasn't Mr. D. or Mr. B.!! He held the T. Eaton Co. together for a while, which probably caused the retirement of the President, and subsequently returned home to Guelph, Ont., where the sporting world took his fancy. (O.H.A. Junior Hockey finalist, Ed. Note.)

In June, 1936, he went on a tour of the States, enjoying self-inflicted poverty to see how the other half lived; took part in the General Motor riots in Flint, Mich., in Sept., 1936, but left rather suddenly. The scab workers thought he was a picket and the pickets thought he was a scab, worker!!

Returning to Guelph and Toronto, he became travelling clerk for a broker. During his travels he happened to see the R.C.A.F. Trenton hockey team play off with Pt. Colborne for the finals, and became so enthused

(Continued on page 15)

Manitoba "Tech" News

Hello, everybody. Here we are with some news and views from the good old Manitoba Technical Institute, as compiled by our disciplinarian, Sgt. Jowett. Here is what he has to say:

October 1st saw another bunch of fellows graduate from our school. Aero Engine and Air Frame Mechanics, Wireless Operators and Wireless Mechhanics. Quite a number of these boys were posted to their home town and were pretty happy about it all. We heard a gang whooping it up at the railway depot on Saturday night, and lo and behold it was no one else but the above mentioned graduates. We wish them happy landings.

* * *

A large number of new students arrived at this school over the week-end, from all parts of Canada, and to those fellows we extend a hearty welcome to Manitoba Technical Institute and may all their efforts be successful.

May I also at this time offer an hebalf of Mr. William Webb and his staff a very cordial, although belated, welcome to Wing Commander A. Walmsley, the new Commanding Officer of No. 3 Wireless School, our parent unit. Sir, the staff and students wish you the very best in your new command.

* * *

Flight Sgt. Simpson was seen leaving the school the other night with a rifle and case and when asked by Sgt. Jowett if he wished a ride home, he replied, "No thanks, I am going to my mother-in-law's."

STOP PRESS NEWS

As we go to press it is learned that our Protestant Padre, Flt. Lt. G. E. Phillips has been posted to No. 8 Repair Depot.

For nearly two years Padre Phillips has been spiritual leader at No. 3 Wireless School, and his interest in all station activities has been a source of encouragement for all.

Our loss is No. 8 Repair Depot's gain.

Sport Highlights at

COMMANDO COURSE

In an effort to improve the physical fitness of airmen on this station the P.T. section is constructing a "Commando Course", which should be completed shortly.

The obstacles were carefully selected so as to develop the trainees' keenness, courage, strength, alertness and all round physical endurance.

Included in this course will be thirteen obstacles. Three 2½ foot hurdles will introduce the participants to the course, and a post dodge will familiarize them with it.

A long rib-run, consisting of bags laid laterally across a box will follow, with a ladder-clim ten feet high, being next.

A bear trap, similar to an enclosure eight feet high and twelve feet square is next and some difficulty should be encountered in overcoming this obstacle.

Following this, a wall climb fifteen feet in height, precedes a straddle run fourteen feet long. This obstacle consists of two boards or logs facing each other diagonally with space of one foot in between and must be negotiated on the run.

A maze or dodge will follow. This consists of separate, semi-enclosed cubicles through which the participants must find their way on the run.

A rope swing over a mud and water pit should be the cause of much after-hour working and laundering.

Following in sequence are an old tire suspended above the ground and a hand-over-hand ladder climb over a water pit.

A record will be kept of the fastest time, and each month a "Station Comando" will be selected with full recognition tendered him.

All told, the "Commando Course" should prove to be a boom in the work of developing keen, alert and physically fit airmen and so enable them to perform their task much more efficiently and with greater ease.

RUGGER

The station Rugger league continues with Squadron 69 winning over 75 in two successive games by the scores of 22-8 and 16-8. The 75th entry is getting stronger all the time and should be the team to watch.

Squadron 77 made its initial appearance by losing to the league leading Sqdn. 71. The 71st squadron is only one game ahead of 69 and a thrilling game should result when they meet next week.

The station saw its first Australian Rule football game when Squadron 77 met Squadron 75 at Assiniboine Park. 75 emerged victorious by a score of 63-19.

Squadron 65 graduated and with them went many fine football players and athletes, such as LAC Breed, LAC Girvan and LAC Heperi. Their fine sportsmen were a credit to their team and we wish them the best of luck always.

SOFTBALL

The Flying Squadron, now Inter-Squadron Softball Champions, took the Mid-West Aircraft Softball team into camp in a game played on No. 3 Softball Diamond, Tuesday, September 28th.

The fifth inning opened up with the Flying Squadron on the short end of the score, but their fighting spirit was too much for the Mid-West crew. Harry Muncaster clouted a home run with two men on bases and so turned the tables on Mid-West. The Flying Squadron collected four more runs to close the fifth inning with a leading score of 8 to 3.

Mid-West showed a great threat in the sixth inning when they chalked up four more runs and played smart ball.

The Flying Squadron soon increased the lead in the seventh inning when they wound up the game with more runs to make a final score of 10 to 7.



No. 3 Wireless School : :

Sport Personality of the Month

Cpl. "Wally" Stanowski needs no introduction to Canadian hockey fans, but we are proud to present him to airmen from far away places and those who are not followers of the sports pages.

Wally's claim to fame—and it is well staked, — is his great success in amateur and professional hockey. Being a Western boy, (Winnipeg is his home town), he practically grew up on hockey skates but first reached the limelight as a defenceman for the St. Boniface Seals when they won the Dominion Championship in 1938.



The professional scouts were in the Cpl. W. Stanowski house for those final games and it didn't take them long to wave contracts before the eyes of our 19 year old defence star.

Wally accepted the offer of the Toronto Maple Leafs to enter pro hockey. For the following season he went to Syracuse, the Leafs farm team, to get a little extra training for big-time hockey.

Moving up to the Toronto team, Stanowski started on a forward line with Langelles and Mann. (By the way, Pete Langelles is now stationed at No. 3, too.) Shifted back to his regular defence position, our corporal began to star. His youth, personality and great skating made him a real crowd-pleaser; and he had a prominent part in bringing the championship Stanley Cup to the Leafs in 1942. As evidence of his playing, Wally made the professional all-star team in his second year, amongst big-time company and nearly copped the "best-rookie" award in his first year.

With a great future ahead of him in the sports arena, Wally left to fly with the R.C.A.F., but due to color blindness, he is now keeping the boys fit as a P.T.I.

Wally is an old married man of one month's time, married, he says, to "the sweetest little girl in the world". Of course, he met her following a hockey game.

Quizzed as to his activities off the ice, Cpl. Stanowski claims that he keeps in shape trying to catch up to his Squadron for a roll-call check-up.

CRICKET

The cricket season came to a very successful end on Saturday, Sept. 23, with our Wireless "A" finishing on top of the league. The final standing is as follows: 1st, Wireless "A"; 2nd, St. Georges; 3rd, Juniors; 4th, Wireless "B"; 5th, Wireless "C"; 6th, Wireless "D".

The schedule ended the same way as it started with a great deal of enthusiasm amongst the players. The schedule also produced many a fine player and top scorers such as Foster, Gilliam, Watkins, Evans, James, Allen, Dunden, Gillespie and many more.

This section wishes to thank all the players who participated in the league for their full co-operation throughout the season. And we certainly hope to see many of the cricket players active in the coming autumn sports.

WAR IS HELL

"Well, men, there's our objective,"
Our valiant sergeant said, . . .
"The zero hour approaches;
Our course is straight ahead."

Our men stood grimly waiting
To meet their supreme test;
They knew that in this battle
Each one must give his best.

At last the sergeant signalled;
We charged and charged again,
The dust of combat cloaked a mass
Of bloody, milling men.

A few stormed the objective,
The rest lay where they fell;
That's how we catch a bus to town—
Yes, brother, war is hell.

Committee Planning Many Station Dances

The first big dance of the season will take place in the drill hall on Saturday night, October 16th.

This will be the first of many dances to be held for the airmen, and W.D. personnel of No. 3 Wireless School and their friends, announced Flt. Lt. W. Marginson, chairman of the station entertainment committee.



Flt. Lt. W. Marginson

Aside from the regular movie nights under the Y.M.C.A. War Services supervision and the concert parties from Winnipeg, it is planned to have many entertainment evenings arranged for our own personnel, Flt. Lt. Marginson

told a "WAG M.A.G." reporter.

Many ideas are being considered now by the entertainment committee and by the time the next issue of "W.A.G. MAG" appears, a complete line-up for the coming season will be arranged.

OUR DISCIPLINARIANS

(Continued from page 3)

Seriously, though, there are as many likeable men in this branch of the service as any other and their customers should not mix their feelings toward them with their general opinion of all forms of discipline. Personally I cast my popularity vote for the disciplinarian who is husky of frame, short on words but long on vocabulary, smart on parade; one who has lived fully and learnt well, with a resultant understanding of humanity in all forms, seasoned with a sense of humor. Then I would feel that warnings would be amply given and when the boom was dropped on our heads it would be a well earned punishment.

LAC Joseph Trainee might have another picture of the ideal discip. For instance, he might appreciate a mild little fellow with soft voice and loud footsteps. Partially deaf and blind with a sympathy for the frailness of the human form and a firm conviction

that a bed should look as though it had been slept in.

Like the Service Police the disciplinarian is here to stay and his chief mission in life is to protect us from ourselves. Without either of these trades (and don't confuse them) we would be in deep water all the time with subsequent disastrous results to service ambitions (if any). Remember, LAC Trainee, that these are the men you should particularly thank on Graduation Day along with your instructors. Believe it or not, you will be doing it, too.

As is usual with the other fellow's job, it looks an easy one, but the disciplinarian must be a man of tact and patience, satisfactory to his superiors and pleasing to his customers. He must have confidence in himself and in the importance of his job.

I do not agree with the airman who wise-cracked on watching a disciplinarian put his flight through their paces on the parade ground the other evening. "Two more commands and he's through for the day".

In closing this article we trust we are leaving you with a greater understanding and appreciation of the work of a disciplinarian. Behave yourself and you have no better friend.

(Ed. note: Anyone wishing to consult the writer on further aspects of a disciplinarian's job are asked to call at the Digger during visiting hours.)

75

(Continued from page 10)

are renewing their efforts to improve the moral and teetotalistic character of our boys and we wish them every success—they'll need it.

* * *

Visitors to our Hut, after September 24th, were astounded, surprised, but not in the least perturbed to see both Aussies and Canucks with the most mournful and soulful expressions on their faces—gazing sorrowfully and tenderly feeling their feet. They immediately arrived at the regretful conclusion that the boys had been marching "Why?" they demanded in most surprised tones. "Why do you think?" moaned the injured ones.

* * *

Our newest and latest "famous last words"—"Where will you get ten men in a hurry?"—If you desire further information call and see the person who experimented for himself one night after lights out. This displaces the old favorite "Lend me a dollar".

67

(Continued from page 8)

During the past few months there has been some new and notorious faces amongst us, among whom can be seen the smiling countenances of Thomas Agnew (Saskatchewan), and Les Court (Australia), both of these men brought with them from Squadron 65 their fine athletic accomplishments. Then, of course, there is Matt Hunter, a man of varied accomplishments and who can remember the day when Squadron 61 first saw this station, and we must not omit mention of that happy little visage of cheribian innocence which recalls to my mind one of the blonde Ruebottom twins, his accomplishments — shall we omit them?

And so with hopeful hearts the sixty-seventh squadron looks forward to its graduation.

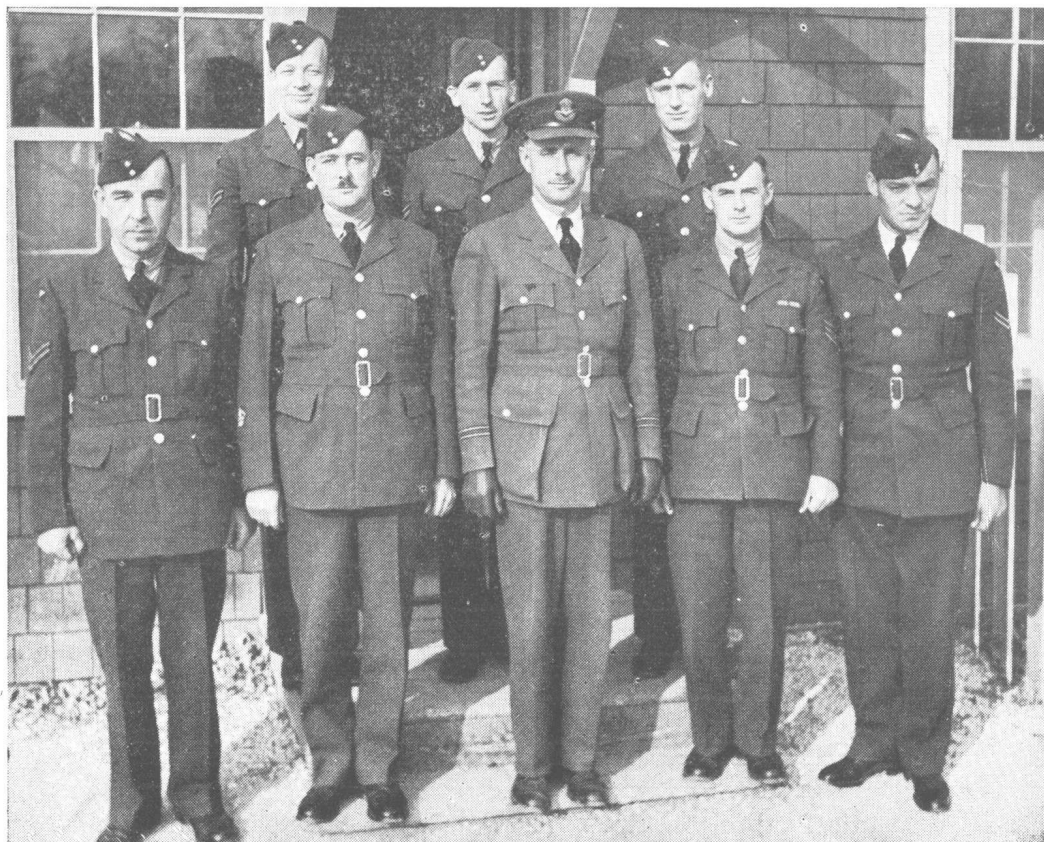
OUR S.W.O.

(Continued from page 5)

with the boys in blue that he decided to join up, providing they had a spare yard and a half of uniform left. They had, and he did. He says himself that "as usual" I was about the only R.C.A.F. rooter in the rink."

"Dolly" has been stationed in Trenton, Calgary, Vancouver, Ottawa, before the war, No. 1 M.D., St. Thomas and No. 3 W.S. since the war, arriving at this unit on January 31, 1941. He was a member of the first Fighter Squadron in Western Canada and has watched this station grow from infancy to the great Unit it is today.

And last but not least, our hero is happily married to one of Toronto's fairest, lives in Charleswood, complete with wife and a shaggy mammal called Smokey!



OUR SERVICE POLICE STAFF

Front Row (left to right): Cpl. Smith, R.C. A.; W.O.2 Hitchon, F. R. R.; Flt. Lt. R. D. Phillips, acting D.A.P.M.; F/Sgt. Hadden, J.; Cpl. Lines, F. A.
Back Row: Cpl. Jenner, A. J.; Cpl. Britton, H. C.; Cpl. Perry, C. Absent: Sgt. Vidito, B.; Sgt. McMahon, R. A.; Cpl. Reed, C. A.; Cpl. McArthur, L.; Cpl. William, C. B.

Who's Your Favorite?

Here is a ballot for choosing your favorite stars in radio and screen. Fill in the names of your like in the lines below and drop the ballot in the boxes located in the Airmen's Canteen, W.D. Canteen, Sergeants' Mess and Officers' Mess before October 31st.

B A L L O T

RADIO

Best Variety Program

Best Musical Program

Best Comedy Program

Best Dramatic Program

Best Comedienne

Best Actor

Best Actress

Best Man Singer

Best Girl Singer

Best Announcer (Networks)

Best Announcer (Winnipeg)

Best Orchestra

SCREEN

Best Actor

Best Actress

Best Comedian

Best Comedienne

Best Songstress

Best Singer

Best Dancer

Best Comedy Picture

Best Dramatic Picture

Best Musical Picture

Best Orchestra

The Airmen's Hymn

When the last long flight is over,
And happy landings are past,
When my altimeter tells me
That the crack-up comes at last,
I'll point her nose at the ceiling
And I'll give my crate the gun,
And I'll open her up and let her zoom
To the Airport of the Sun.

And I think that the God of flying men
Will smile at me kind of slow,
As I stow my crate in the hangar
On the field where flyers go.
And I'll look on his face as He greets me
The Almighty Flying Boss,
Whose wingspread fills the heavens
From Oreon to the Cross.

Then I'll look all around me in wonder
As their greetings fall on my ears.
Those who passed unafraid to the twilight,
In the mist of forgotten years.
From the battle-shocked airways of Flanders
From the ocean's cold merciless breast,
From the pole, or the glare of the southlands,
Flyers' voices bidding me rest.

There'll be Hinchcliffe, Nungesser and Coli,
And brave little Eva McKay
Who flew to the West in the sunshine
Of a sleeping yesterday.
There'll be Richthofen chatting with Barker
With young Roosevelt and Ball standing by,
And they'll welcome me home in the morning
To the Airport of the Sky.

There'll be others who'll wave me a greeting,
Maybe Alcock or Hawks, who's just gone.
P'haps Amelia will say, "Hello Flyer"
As I stand in the glorious dawn.
Kingsford-Smith, with McCudden and Andres,
Will be laughing o'er days that are past,
And they'll give me the wave "Happy Landing",
When I come to the crack-up at last.

There'll be Amundsen, Post, and Will Rogers,
There'll be hangars that will glitter like gold,
There'll be hangars where grease never enters,
There'll be motors that never grow cold.
There'll be ships there for Ed. Rickenbacker
And for Bishop when day's work is done,
And I'll join in the welcome we'll give them
To the Airport of the Sun.

Sign ON THE
DOTTED LINE TO
BEAT THE AXIS...



Speed the Victory

With the enemy reeling back on all fronts now is the time to plant the finishing punch . . . with 5th Victory Loan Bonds. Sign up NOW. Sign up for all you can carry. Sign up to bring the boys back home in triumph . . . soon. Every dollar, every bond, counts in this great forward surge of our fighting forces. And remember, Victory Bonds are Canada's finest investment.

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