

THE

"Gander"



AUGUST—SEPTEMBER, 1943

THE GANDER

Published through the kind permission of Group Captain C. L. Annis, in the interest of the personnel of R.C.A.F. Station, Gander, Newfoundland.

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THE STAFF

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Cartoons	Cpl. M. L. Storm
Photographer	Cpl. M. A. Jackson

The editors are interested in making this Magazine a monthly publication. In order to do this the next issue will be called Oct.-Nov. and will be on sale at the Drill Hall and also in the Canteen on or about Oct. 31st.

All copy, pictures, cartoons and ideas for this issue should reach the editors by Oct. 8th. Since we are interested in enlarging the Unit Gossip Column for this issue sections are urged to appoint a reporter to submit copy.

WE WANT EVERY SECTION REPRESENTED.

CONTESTS

About the only thing left over from the old "GANDER" was the cover. We are now interested in changing this for a new design. A prize awaits the winner for such a plan. Originality and expression of ideas in keeping with the new magazine are the object of this contest.

As every section has someone pull a "boner" at some time or other, we are interested in hearing about it. Send in your section's "Boner of the Month."

Also for the best joke or cartoon of the month we are offering a worthwhile prize.

All copy for the above must reach the Editor's desk prior to the 10th of each month. Drop your entry in the Gander Mailbox.

—THE EDITORS

• EDITOR'S NOTES •

Well gang here it is, the new GANDER, the issue you have been waiting for (we hope). It represents a new venture for this station. All dolled up in a new face it sports plenty of interesting pictures and copy about you and your surroundings. Starting with this issue we are planning to feature one section in each issue with its particular story in pictures. This month the Laundry takes the Spotlight; incidentally, it is one of the most unusual set up in the world. Next month it may be your section. Watch for it.

Along with this is the beginning of a new column, "Personalities of the Month." In it we will endeavour to give a brief outline of the personal history of the people around you. People you know and frequently meet around the station.

This did not all happen by the waving of a magic wand but rather by the sweat and tears of a hard pressed staff. At a meeting held during the latter part of August it was decided to enlarge and modernize the station magazine. The Commanding Officer, Group Captain C. L. Annis, O.B.E., and the Station Chaplain (P), F/Lt. M.C.P. Macintosh, deserve a vote of thanks for their unceasing efforts towards that end. Their interests in this matter have greatly contributed to the creation of the new magazine.

Several new members have been added to the "Gander" staff, among them are LAC J. F. Patterson who is Associate Editor and came to us from the Dartmouth paper, "Thumbs Up". "Pat", as he is affectionately called by his co-workers also doubles up as feature writer. Another of the associates is Cpl. M. L. Storm who was formerly with the "Fingal Observer." "Stormie" combines his unusual talents of cartooning and writing. Recently added too, is Cpl. M. A. Jackson of the Photo Section. He may be new on our staff but he is by no means new on the station. Jackson has served here for 27 months. Cpl. "Joe" Sourkes a P.T.I. man is giving us his best as sports columnist. Ken Genge of the Y.M.C.A. does the honors when it comes to writing for the entertainment column. With the personnel of the sections changing so rapidly its hard to keep up with the correspondents. For your information a list of these is found on the opposite page. Keep in touch with them and give them the latest gossip.

This is your magazine and we want your ideas. So drop us a note in the Gander Mailbox at the Drill Hall. Perhaps you've seen action overseas, had an unusual experience in the ser-

vice or had a strange occupation in civilian life. Now don't be bashful! We want your story and ideas. All you have to do is write it out, sign your name and section and we'll do the rest.

V V V V V

Recently we received a classified want ad from an unidentified LAC. It reads as follows: WANTED: A blonde, about five foot two, weighing 100 pounds. Must be single, unattached and good-looking. Likeable personality also desirable. Apply B. B. 108.

His idea is good but then he's not alone. He must have missed out as there was such a maiden here recently in a U.S.O. show. See entertainment page .

V V V V V

If all goes well next month's issue should have a picture of a Pin-up Gal. The idea is not our own nor is it original but we think you'll agree that it really is worthwhile. Let's have your ideas on this subject also the names of your favourites.

V V V V V

Have you a problem of the heart? One concerning your love life? If so, consult our new columnist "Anti Mo." If you just have heart trouble consult the "M.O."

V V V V V

This month we bid farewell to a gang of hardy pioneers, The W.D.'s who were brave enough to come up here and teach us wolves how to behave. They did a grand job while they were here and we are sorry to see them go. But with them our wishes for the best of luck and happy posting. While we're about it here's wishing the newer ones the best and hoping that they will soon find their places in our "Happy family."

V V V V V

We are interested in compiling a library of magazines published by R.C.A.F. stations across Canada. In it we would like to have a copy of the magazine from your last station. These would be available for your use at the Station Library. Send in the names of your "mags," and we'll secure them.

V V V V V

Here's hoping you enjoy reading the contents of this magazine. And we trust we'll see you again next month.

THE COMMANDING OFFICER



GROUP CAPTAIN C. L. ANNIS, O.B.E.

THIS IS OUR "C.O."

On a sunny day about a month or so ago, the station was mustered for a rare ceremony. When the parades, the band playing, and the inspections were all over, the station gave a hearty salute to its new C.O., Wing Commander C. L. Annis. A couple of weeks later he was promoted to the rank of Group Captain. He is still rated as one of the most popular commanders the ranks have met. Two little-known anecdotes may be related to give some impression of the new C.O. and his way with the staff.

The first occasion was during a softball game. It was a close match and the going was pretty hot and heavy on both sides. The Group Captain was pitching for the Officers' team and he was doing very well. The bench jockeys on the opposing side, (incidentally most of them were fairly new to the station) kept trying to get his goat. They were riding him without mercy. Not only did he take it but he was dishing as good as he received. You can imagine the startled expressions a bit later when the identity of the pitcher was discovered.

The second event took place just recently. During one of the cleaning "bees" in the Admin. Building, the newly installed Commander got wind of the fact that there was to be a big campaign, with brushes, (scrubbing for the use of) and wax, (polishing for the use of) and paint pots, in fact the "domestic works". Hearing about it, the "Old Man" decided to come back and following the principles outlined in his informal chat with the Station in the Rec. Hall recently he pitched in to give a hand. He was down on hands and knees scrubbing along with the Adjutant.

That gives you some idea. Actually trying to get something about him condensed into a page or so is a bit difficult. For instance it could be mentioned that he comes from a long line of Annis's. One member of his family looked up the subject and found that a military member of the clan Annis was at the court of King Charles I. More recently though the male members of the family have turned towards medicine and law as an occupation.

One of the Youngest C.O.'s

There were Annis's in Maine, U. S. A. in 1638. They moved to Canada in 1795. Which seems early enough. Getting there early continues as a hereditary trait. At 31 Group Captain Annis is one of the youngest C.O.'s in the Air Force. Further he was the original C.O. of a famous anti-Sub. Squadron. His fortunes and affections are still intertwined strongly with that outfit. He was pilot of the first aircraft to make an attack on enemy U-Boats in North American waters. He flew with the first Squadron to make a crosscountry flip in formation. Incidentally this No. 3 Squadron was the daddy of the later-formed Nos. 10 and 11 Squadrons.

Has Amazing Trip

No. 3 Squadron which he had joined on June 1, 1937, had some other distinctions. They were the first to do night practise bombing over here and the first to move its whole crew entirely by air. They were using Waputis at the time. These were the old DH9A with Jupiter 6 engines, a biplane relic of the last war. In June, 1937 four pilots had taken the Waputis from Ottawa to Hal-

ifax and return. The complete Squadron, eight aircraft flew from Ottawa to Calgary. They flew single line astern formation in Northern Ontario. In some places they followed the railroad tracks for direction. Altogether he described it as an amazing trip.

It was while he was out in the western country that he met the girl whom he married on October 14, 1939. He relates that he is very fond of the West. At about that time the custom of delivering aircraft from the United States was for the Americans to deliver the planes to the border and then for the ceremony of pulling them across to the Canadian side. There they were taken by Canadian pilots, (among them Mr. Annis) to points where they could be of some use.

Attended Toronto University

The Group Captain had managed to get in the Air Force fairly early also. After the educational circuit of grade school—at the Stone School, founded in 1864—in Highland Creek, where he had been born on January 22, 1912, and high school at Scarboro Collegiate he left to attend Toronto University. His method of locomotion was likewise progressive. He walked to grade school, "About a mile and a quarter in the good fresh air off Lake Ontario", bicycled to high school and his dad treated him to a car for his college journeys. His home, a 125 acre farm at Port Union, was about 20 miles or so from the college in Toronto. He feels very strongly on the beneficial aspects of growing up in the country and many of his happiest reminiscences are of that time.

At college his course was Engineering and he graduated in 1936 after specializing in thermo-dynamics and refrigeration. He passed up a very good industrial offer to join the R.C.A.F. in July of the same year. He graduated as P. O. (Provisional) in December and was elected to a commission in the Permanent Air Force.

Was B. R. Director

Since then his record has been a steady climb. Most of the details cannot be listed here but they include the following, O. C. of 10 Squadron three times; E. A. Command Armament Officer in Sept. 1940, there he met G/F (now Air Vice-Marshal) N. R. Anderson, whose conduct as a living example of an officer and a gentleman made a great impression on Mr. Annis; he worked under Air Vice-Marshal Anderson at A. F. H. Q. in Ottawa in 1942 where he directed Operations for the R.C.A.F. until Dec. 7, 1942; he then took over the position of B. R. Director which post he retained until April 4, 1943 when he reported to Dorval for his new pride and joys, the big V.L.R.'s.

Typical of his regard for the men on the station is the fact that he decided to live, as they do, apart from his family. In that way he feels he can sympathize more strongly with those who must be separated from them. He can understand more closely, he says those who desire postings or leave.

But his regard for the "Little Genius" his son is most manifest. Douglas Warren Annis is two years and seven months old and lives with his mother at their home in Ottawa.

(Continued on Page 18)

THE BIG THREE GET TOGETHER IN QUEBEC CITY



President Roosevelt, Prime Minister Mackenzie King and Prime Minister Winston Churchill are caught by the camera at the final press conference at Quebec. Prime Minister Churchill told correspondents they would be justified in spreading a feeling of confidence.

— PERSONALITIES OF THE MONTH —

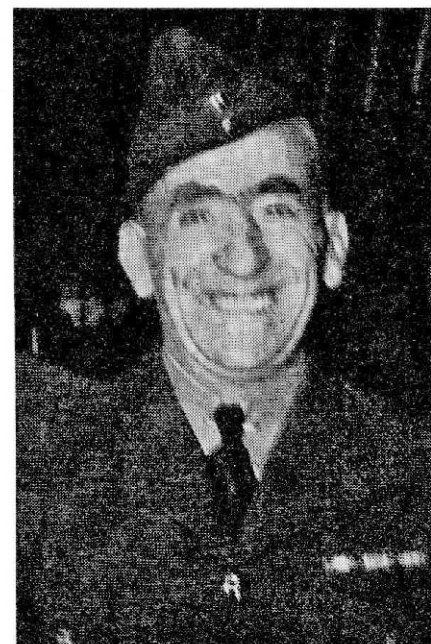
FLIGHT-SERGEANT W. MOORBY

"I've seen this place grow," said F/S Moorby, senior N.C.O. i/c the Airmen's mess, when we dropped in to pick up a few facts about him for the GANDER. A Ganderite since March, 1942. He said that facilities were few and rations, "poor" when he jumped off the "Newfy Goofy Ltd." with a soup ladle in one hand and a dixie in the other.

A native of Nottingham, England he came to Canada in 1921 and followed the sun as far as Regina. But plenty had happened to him between the time he came to Canada and his birth in 1891. "When I was nine," he reminisced in Nottingham-flavored accent, "I carried a lance for the Lord Roberts Parade which returned from the South African War. And 14 years later I was in the Army myself." Enlisting at the outbreak of the last war he joined the Imperial Army Royal Garrison Artillery in France. This outfit helped the Canadians at Cambria, Arras and Paschendale. It was here our man Moorby learned to dodge death by inches and stir his pots to the thunder of cannon and the shrill whistle of flying shrapnel.

Speaking of the local set-up, the flight confided. "Some people may complain, but you can't serve potatoes if you get beans." "Its going to be a lot better, though," he continued, "They've got a new system at the Railhead (whatever that is) and they'll be carrying a more varied stock."

Then he went back to reminiscing.



CPL. JACKSON—Photo Section

Bitten by the bug (Photographericus) previous to enlistment at Ottawa, Cpl. Jackson, M.A., R. 96034, came in on the beam with a lens in his eye and offered his services to the R.C.A.F. He mildewed like the rest of us for a while at Toronto and finally hit this place around May of 1941.

The Gander dropped into his neat section the other day and found him busy at his desk by the door. "Do you like your work?" we asked. "I certainly do," he returned. "And," we pressed. "If you are still in one piece when the war ends, what do you intend to do?" For a reply he glanced around the section and said, "PHOTOGRAPHY, of course!" We then tried to prod him about local activities, but ran into the old cul-de-sac of censorship, etc. However, we can mention the fact that Cpl. Jackson does quite a bit of work to help THE GANDER along. Also, you'll be seeing some of his work in forthcoming issues of "WINGS".

(For W.D.'s only) Cpl. Jackson is single. We asked if he ever thought of getting married. "Well," he confessed. "I have hopes . . . some day."

LAW L. M. BRUCE

A very familiar sight on the streets of Gander is W308970 LAW Lou Bruce of the Motor Transport Section, driving anything from a jeep to the ambulance or stake trucks. Your reporter managed to have a few words with this young lady while she was busily engaged in cleaning out the ambulance. She took a look at the dust which was wafting around the place and then with a sigh set to work with a will to make the ambulance, which she is driving for the week, as clean and neat as a new pin. Between strokes of the broom, we managed to learn a few things about Lou's life before entering the Service. She was born in Montreal and lived there for only a short time. Her family removed to Winnipeg, where she went to school. Just before Christmas 1942, Lou decided that she should do something to aid in the War Effort, and as a result answered the call of the R.C.A.F. W.D. No. 7 Manning Depot at Rockcliffe was the scene for her first taste of Service life, then No. 2 K.T.S. at Toronto claimed her for a month. On April 9th of this year Lou arrived in Gander, and although it is her first experience on a non-training Station, she told us that she has so far had a grand time and managed to keep very busy. As far as hobbies are concerned, the Drill Hall can provide the Bowling and Badminton she likes, then in her off time too she manages a good deal of reading and writing and knitting.



SPORT NEWS

BY CPL. "JOE" SOURKES



After an eight team elimination series, the above team brought to this station the softball championship from Grand Falls. Left to right, front row, are: Easterbrook (H. B. Harry); Coates (Ted); Carveth (Rod); Carter (Gordie); Watterson (Jack); McCullough (Sid); Romanowiz (Sid). Back Row, Sourkes (Coach); Cutler (Cut); Jenkinson (Jenks); F/O Chas. E. Burns; Scopp (Alfie); Maas (Little Fella'); Cherney (Chic) in absentia.

Believe it or not, this sorrowful looking bunch actually won a softball championship back in Grand Falls. We came through on top in an eight team elimination series, and brought home the bacon. By the time this has gone to press, the R.C.A.F. "B" team as it is called will be well under way in the league against the boys in "Brown."

Since this photo was taken, postings have broken up the team somewhat. Our catcher, Carter, and right fielder, Coates, have gone back to Canada. These boys really helped spark plug the team to victory: both in play during the day and training at night. Now, this training at night might sound a little "off the beam" to you readers, but it actually played an important part in winning ball games. It was a different kind of training, something new in the world of sports. It consisted of a sort of liquid diet, consumed at the expense of the good citizens of the town—together with retiring at late hours—while the coach walked back and forth tearing out his hair. It was through this peculiar type of training that the team became known as "The Home Brew Kids."

Among the teams the Home Brew Kids conquered were two with very impressive records. Due to censorship regulations we can't mention the names but they are two who had not been beaten until they met the R.C.A.F. "B." That, done by a team which was only put together at

the beginning of August is something to be proud of. Let's hope that Gander will have at least a good successor next summer.

SWIM CLUB

Last spring a great deal of enthusiasm was shown by swimmers on the station, in the forming of two Water Polo teams. It was hoped that after the game for which they were training was over that this same group would continue their interests in swimming in the form of a Station Swim Club. Postings and leaves stepped in at just the wrong time, and the group that remained was not big enough to survive.

Now, however, the formation of a bigger and better Swim Club is under way. With the help of some of the better

swimmers and organizers on the station an initial program has been mapped out, and its just waiting for you fellows and gals to show up with some good old enthusiasm to put it across. Below is a list of the things the P.T.I. offices expects to accomplish.

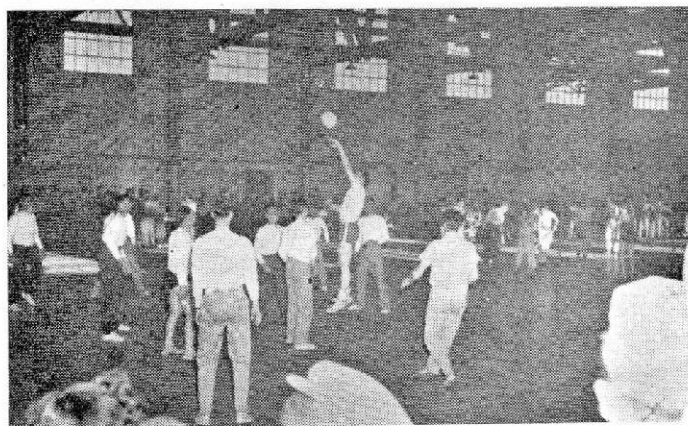
1. To develop a swim team to represent Gander.
2. To develop Water Polo teams.
3. To help provide instruction for non-swimmers.
4. To provide for club members, periods of sport with happy recreation.

The entry requirements for the Swim Club may sound tough. Actually they are not hard at all. Here they are:

1. Demonstrate three different strokes in fair style. (25 yards each.)
2. Swim 50 yards in 40 seconds or less.

Get out and try them for yourself, when you can do it, why, come along and join the Swim Club.

At present the pool is reserved for the group every Wednesday night from 5 to 8. But if the club grows as it should, more time will be allotted.



BASKETBALL

With summer weather closing in around us, it will soon be time for basketball again. The only basketball played thus far, this season, was by pick up teams, in the Indoor Sports Night. By the looks of the pre-season warm ups, there should be a hot, close section league, here this winter. Some of those boys really flash some nice style. Noticed too, was some good material for the Station Basketball team. Your reporter is of the opinion that there are enough good ball handlers on this station to be able to beat some of the teams "our friends across the way" bring out. What say, fellows.

BOWLING

Bowling is another sport that flourishes in the cold weather. The alleys were put in good shape for the bowling season and now that remains is for the bowlers to get into shape. Section leagues will be starting in the near future, so get all you can in the "open bowling" periods, now. When the leagues start, there will be little if any open bowling. If all goes well possibly we'll be able to get another good bowling team together this year for competition in Grand Falls.

INDOOR SPORTS NIGHTS

Oft times of late, the P.T.I. staff have heard the whine, "when is the floor going to be open for us poor kids?" Invariably when that happens, its Indoor Sports Night for some section of the station. On that night, one section has complete and exclusive use of the gym floor for competitive sports and games.

Its a new kind of recreation created to give everyone on the base a chance to find out what the Drill hall is used for. Too many of us are in the habit of spending our nights reading, going to the show, visiting the canteens or just lazing around the barracks. All those things may be alright but you'd feel much better after taking up one or two of those evenings each week in the sports at the Drill Hall. Get out there and take advantage of the sports facilities that are here for your use.

TABLE TENNIS

On August 31st, anyone visiting the Drill Hall, found the ping-pong tables stretched out across the centre of the floor. That was the night for table tennis enthusiasts. Through the efforts of a small but efficient committee, a tournament was being held, and it proved to be very interesting and entertaining. Twenty participants batted it out for two and a half hours, before a winner was decided. The winner was Sgt. Chene from the Hospital staff, and his runner up was LAC Gagne of S.R.D.

The committee promises us, that there will be another tournament soon, so those of you ping pong players, who missed out, remembers to be there for the next one.

TUMBLING AND HANDBALANCING

As you may have noticed, a small group have been working out on the mat at tumbling and handbalancing. They have come out primarily to get some regular all around exercises and get it in an interesting way. This they are doing, and at the same time, are testing their ability to accomplish new things and are knowing the satisfaction of mastering something different each time they come out.

Those turning out are not experienced trouperers, but just some of the fellows interested in fitness, fellowship, and fun. Anyone can get in on it and those who turn out regularly will receive a pleasant surprise at the number of things they can accomplish in a short space of time.

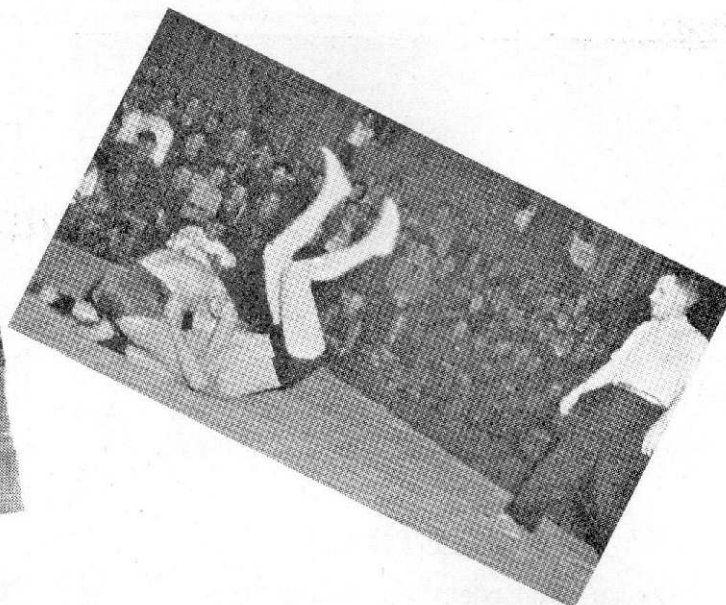
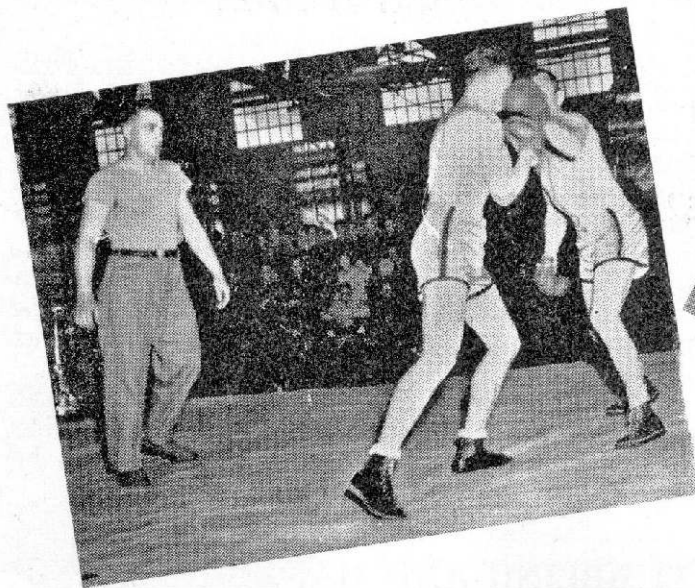
To keep fit, one must exercise. The best kind of exercise, is that you can get without mental drudgery. This necessitates activity that is both interesting and challenging, in itself. Tumbling and handbalancing not only satisfies these requirements, but they also give a good all around work out to all muscles of the body. Come on out fellows! Beginners or advanced, there's a place for everyone.

FLYING LANCERS

Maybe you don't know all of us very well as yet, but hello from the Flying Lancers. Greetings, salutations, etc. The news this time might be a bit scarce but some of it is good anyway. The ball team coached by "Crusher" Jenkinson has been doing pretty well in the softball league. They finished the season in second place and so far in the play-off series the score is four victories and two defeats.

The line-up is as follows, with P.O.'s Johnny Hamm and Lobb behind the plate; Flight-Sergeant W. N. MacLeod doing most of the pitching during the season and Rocky Rindell sharing the doings later when Mac went away on some days leave; on first base is Flight-Sergeant Arthur "Muscles" Jenkinson; at second is K. R. Renwick who also doubles in the augmented quartette

(Continued on page 14)



THE GENTLEMANLY ART OF SELF DEFENSE

Yes Sir. Boxing and wrestling have found their spot in Gander's sport agenda. It took a long time, but finally it's here.

First the punching bags made their appearance, then the mat was made, and now we have the ring. Today it's a common sight to see skipping ropes, punch bags, and mat, all in use at the same time. The boys are getting themselves into shape for the forthcoming wrestling and boxing show, which is to be held in the near future.

This show will feature participants from the entire station. It is hoped that this will create a desire in some of our able-bodied Airmen to learn of these sports.

Classes have already been started in both boxing and wrestling, and with a little of your time and effort, you could be one of those in the ring, instead of always being a spectator. That's a challenge, men—let's see you take it up!

EARLY MORNING P.T.



Early morning physical training is one of the important health rules for aircrew. Shown above is one of the groups who indulge several mornings a week. From the expression on their faces it is obvious that they are enjoying themselves. These chaps are members of one of the famous Anti-sub Squadrons.



—W. D's PAGE—



FIRST IMPRESSIONS

by ann anonymous

What's your trade? Clerk Steno.? Good, report to the Admin. Building right away . . . next? What a welcome for a forlorn, air-woosy W.D.! But we clambered out of the ship—harness et al—and gazed listlessly around the unending, uninteresting horizon while veteran W. D's. bombarded our humming ears with lurid tales of what a "wonderful" place this was and how simply marvellous all the male personnel were and how we could dance and picnic to our heart's content . . .

You might think this was falling on deaf ears? Not on your life! After duty we showered,



hauled a clean shirt out of our kit bag and proceeded directly to the Airmen's Dance as full of vim and vigour as if we had slept for two days before. Oh, the thrill of meeting someone from your previous station and running the gamut of all the mutual friends and foes!

Living up to tradition, our friends across the way held a dance for the benefit of the "new crop", and handed out the same old line! But don't think we weren't prepared! Altho' it was great fun, and nice to have someone take an interest in your favorite likes and dislikes, "slow and steady still wins the race" . . .

Two picnics following these orgies completed the week and just about completed us! More

A FAREWELL TO W.D.'s FROM A W.D.

This is my first effort in the Gander but I am glad to have this opportunity to say good-bye to my sister W.D.'s who have gone on and publicly to say how one W.D. feels about this group of girls who have now left us.

We came together, short ones, tall ones, fat and thin, last August. I was among the group who came willingly to bear the burden of Gander which the men had reported as a hard one to bear. We were afraid to arrive but we expected and received the support and friendship of all the services on the station, on both sides of the runway and all along the railway tracks.

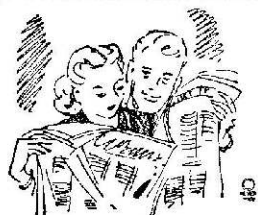
Our effort was to be friendly—by the very few we were misjudged—we found all but the few good friends and I know we were all willing to share the burdens. The pleasures we did our best to increase. We have, as a group, danced miles in Gander and we do not regret one step we took with anyone of our fellow service men who enjoyed our company—we couldn't all be feminine Fred Astaire's or Judy Garland's but we tried, and hope succeeded just a bit.

Then, too, the many restrictions we had put upon us because we were W.D.'s—we know it made you laugh at us but it wasn't our fault and if it gave others a laugh, it served some useful purpose—so laugh away at the old gang of Gander W.D.'s. They took it and they can still take your laughter if it is kind.

As to our work, the crowd, who have been and gone, hope it has been as satisfactory as we desired—we faced disappointments but we, the old gang, do not blame Gander—perhaps our successors will have better luck in establishments and advancements—we hope they do.

Enough of this—now my personal farewell to the group of two hundred plus who came last August—you were grand people—every girl a real person who could be a real friend whether she were a cook, a messwoman, an office buddy, an M.T., or the grand old G.D. who did things and did them well. Good-bye the first girls of Gander—I am left but I ask no better fate than at some date I may see you all again and enjoy the privilege of working and playing with you. You were the type to stand shoulder to shoulder with and face Gander and we all only asked the privilege to stand four square on any front with our men and help them do the job over there.

delightful activities than civilian life would provide in a month. We think with one accord, that we're going to like this isolation!



SECTION GOSSIP



DEPOT DIRT

HOW ABOUT IT? Okay, here it is, but remember that you asked for it and don't expect any apologies. Furthermore if others wish to fill the space reserved for the delinquents you can file this drivel in the customary manner i.e. the wastebasket.

There are new faces at the sub despair depot, not one or two, but, as elsewhere in the camp, many. Of course we all feel that there aren't enough of them and that just one more would be in order, but who knows, it may work out that way some day, maybe not tomorrow, but soon!

We wish to welcome, through the columns of the "Gander", our new Officer Commanding, S/L E. C. Atkinson. Our wish for the new O.C. is that he be to our depot what we are sure Group Captain Annis is going to be to the station in general and we know he will be!

Since the trend of the day seems to be more-or-less "off with the old and on with the new", we'll continue with the typical farewell to our former officer commanding, S/L L. D. Wickwire; a hand shake for F/L "Ike" Houston and at the same time we'll say "We'll be seeing you" to P/O "Curley" Crampton (Junior Technical Officer and proud of it!)

Now that we've gotten ourselves into it there could be no end if we were willing to continue, so here we draw the line, no we're not rank conscious but damn it, postings, promotions (?), new arrivals, etc., are like Old Man River, they just keep rolling along. For the time being we refuse to roll with them.

The other day we made the mistake of asking on parade for contributions, yes, even suggestions; as a result we too might well leave a space here and dedicate it to those in our hangar who failed to co-operate, even with suggestions. Note: Any correspondent for a periodical will tell you that the statement that there was an absolute lack of suggestions is a gross exaggeration, but believe you me, brothers of the fourth estate, it isn't in this case.

The lads in the hangar have been getting in a devil of a lot of night work lately—no! you're wrong, not with the new arrivals—and the popular belief is that they want to be well ahead of their work so that they can devote twenty-four hours a day to getting caught up on their drinking, if and when the beer finally arrives on the station.

Speaking of new arrivals (and who isn't these days?) we heard the new girls heralded long before they hove into sight. The wolf pack

from the hangar was out at strength and their howls made the bitter truth known. The novelty has long since worn off however and even their trips with Peg, the faithful opener, don't cause a tremor.

We might mention here that we've heard from Alex Grant, but don't rush us. He didn't answer all your questions, no, not even one of them. . . Perhaps next time? He finds the new station much the same as any other though and tells us that he is gradually becoming re-acclimatized. We'll see that all communiques are issued on arrival . . . watch for them.

There are mutterings now of parties to come. We can't say whether they will be common garden variety weiner roasts, dances, or what have you, but they will be parties deluxe. In an attempt to make things more interesting our lads are already training on the punching bags in the recreation hall and tell us that they do believe in "Getting in Condition the Pleasant Way." We'd like to be able to say that the welcome mat is out (right side up) but we are afraid that we can't.

The following is not meant to be a criticism, gentle reader, but we believe in "Credit where credit is due." There was one sentence, only one mind you, in the May-June issue of the "Gander" that did irk more than a few of us here at the depot, to wit: "Props were made from the ground up by our station Works and Buildings." We don't know whether our work was below ground or above us but it sure as hell was Work, as any of our lads in the Fabric Section will testify and they did burn a lot of midnight oil to be sure that everything was ready in lots of time.

Here and now we want to say that the boys in the armament section seem to have given their "all" to the cause. At any rate the Kitty on the wall in the pistol section sure is well weighted down which only goes to prove that the 'Bad' in any of us will come out eventually and in some cases often. In this regard we have been requested to announce on behalf of the armourers that "Red" Collins was leading the field by a length on the home stretch.

A big hand now fellows for our many "remusters", good luck lads and may the best of everything come your way. There are many to follow boys, and there are none who wouldn't like to be right in there pitching with you. One hope though is that all the remusters don't come through on the same day. The hangar would be deserted if that were the case. Another thing, lads, always remember that you were once "ground crew", and further, always be proud of it, you have a right to be!

As publicity agent for the despair depot, I feel it my duty to get in a bit of advance publicity on our not too far distant (we hope ! ! !) field day, date to be set later by the committee in charge.

The date? ? Oh Yes! Watch for it—we have an aircraft, yes you know the one . . . who doesn't? and when it makes its test flight our hangar will be nothing short of the midway at a county fair. This is all still a matter of conjecture but the personnel, including the O.C., are all in accord. Don't forget, ALL ROADS LEAD TO THE DESPAIR DEPOT ON CANSO DAY ! !

"POST OFFICE COMMUNIQUE"

Men may come and men may go but I stay here forever. In fact folks I'm almost classed as a permanent fixture when the officer comes to take inventory. There has been a lot of activity in this Department lately, what with postings, replacements, and so on. Sorry we missed the last issue, but hope that this covers everything.

Two of the four originals who were here since this office opened have been posted—Scotty MacDonald and Nancy Watson. The "little bit of Scotland" was very popular with everyone on the station and for us at the P. O. she was really a jewel to work with. Best of luck, Scotty! We know you won't be lonely wherever you go. By the way how is the "strictly friendship" policy progressing?

And all you old timers will remember Nancy Watson. There was a girl who knew everyone and her motto was "mail for the multitudes." We all hated to see her go but now she is back in Dartmouth keeping the boys in the Airforce happy. I figure if one could be a ghost and walk behind her down the Mess Hall, one could hear her saying: "Hey, there's a letter for you"—"Did you get your papers."—"Aw that's too bad, cheer up! It's coming to-morrow." Yes, Nancy and Scotty were great kids and to them go the best wishes of all who worked with them.

Bill Bock, the big handsome Calgarian came back with us for a short while before being posted back to Canada. This was his second stretch on the Gander and he left a lot of lonesome W.D.'s in his wake. Bon voyage, Bill!

We hear our old pal Wilma Armstrong is still handing out the mail at C.A.P.O. No. 5 and is finding life there very interesting. We wonder why ? ? How about a little light on the subject, Army?

Replacing Wilma is the ever jovial Flo Venne. Flo has a pleasant smile for all the customers and her easy going manner takes everything in its stride. Here's a tip to the Airmen—she can really jive at those station dances.

The two remaining members of the old Vanguard, Joy Bryenton and Caroline Sopschysn are firm believers in Horace Greely's motto "Go West young man." Both of these girls are veterans here and know practically everyone on the station. Their chief topic of conversation these days is a posting—well don't worry girls—you'll go and maybe you'll go West.

Then there are the two more recent members of our Postal Staff, Eric Fowlie and Harold Behm. Harold is an old timer from the last War out to do his little bit again. Eric's quick sense of humour cheers us all up when things are going wrong—and say gals, can he ever swing a mop. That goes for all the rest of the boys in here too—they get plenty of practice.

We had another great loss some time ago when the idol of thousands, "Hank, the London Kid" was transferred to C.A.P.O. No. 5. We hear he's having a great time playing ball and haunting the parks in St. John's.

No post office news would be complete without mentioning our cheerful little Sergeant. He has been here so long he'll soon be taking out citizenship papers. The Sarg is wise in the ways of the P. O. and when any of us are in doubt about anything he is always there to give us good guidance and the benefit of his long experience. Yes, we surely would miss our Sarg.

Enough for now. Good luck to all you guys and gals we have known and are now on other stations and best wishes to those of you who are newcomers. We hope we can make your stay a pleasant one by passing you out plenty of that old "morale builder"—the mail.

HOT BITS FROM THE FIRE HALL

We wish to say a few words in this month's Gander and hope that they are of interest to the readers.

There is no doubt that some will say we cause enough trouble by ordering this or that place cleared up or correcting some about smoking where they shouldn't. Really, we hate to be a bother, but it is our place to see that fire prevention is carried out to the letter instead of seeing a charred corpse carried out on a stretcher.

There is a marked decrease in the number of fires and could-be fires on the station; this shows that the personnel are fast becoming more fire-conscious. This has been achieved with your co-operation and it is certainly appreciated.

We are sorry to report the posting of four of the clan, namely, Cpl. Robinson, LAC's Schmidt, Rivard and Wright. They have been with us for quite awhile and are going to be missed, not only by us, but by many others on the station as they made many friends. We wish them every success at their new stations.

The new addition to our home is beginning to take shape and we hope that it is soon ready to be occupied. With its completion should come single beds which will be good news to LAC Brennan. He thinks the top bunk is rather high to fall out of at 3 a.m.

We have heard a lot of complaints about the lovely showers that have fallen these last few days, especially from the Romeos and Juliets, but it is music to our ears as it keeps down the number of bush fires caused by careless smokers who love to flip their cigarette butts without extinguishing them first. There are a number of Airmen on the station who, we think, will agree with us as they have helped on different occasions

to fight these fires.

One thing we would like to know is why Cpl. Thorne gets up so early. Could it be the Call of Nature?

The firefighter known as "The Kid" has gone off his feed lately. Could the cause be the posting of a certain cook?

One of our boys has been thinking seriously of getting married. Anyone wishing to give the boy any advice, address all correspondence to LAC Joudrey, C/o No. 1 Fire Hall.

Sayings heard quite often around the Fire Hall:

Dean: "I think I will go fishing."

Champion: "I am going to build a boat."

Brennen: "Isn't it time to eat?"

F/S Fowler: "Who ate my chocolate bar?"

Sgt. Carr: "Don't look at me!" (spoken with a forked tongue.)

That's all—there is no more. Till the next time keep them going till we get there.

SIGNALS

Gander, Sept. 5, 1943—The shores of Gander Lake were tonight the scene of the Signals Section picnic. An almost 100% turnout aided materially in the success of the evening, the only complaint being that the Air Force did not send enough W.D.'s to brighten this bachelor haven.

Two truckloads of Airmen, Airwomen, cokes and hot dogs descended on the Transport Command dock, and decamping a few hundred yards to the west, proceeded to make merry around the old camp fire. 'Capt.' Dan Cherry of the good ship "Shell" provided a diversion for those couples who sought solitude, by conducting 'Moonlight Cruises' on the lake. Others sought still deeper solitude in the fastnesses of the forest and had to be finally rescued by a search party. F/S 'Robie' Robertson was one of these who lost their way. 'Robie' was suffering from that type of light-headedness that results from a posting to Canada.

Only one circumstance threatened to spoil the evening. Nobody had brought a bottle opener. Some ex-Boy Scouts among the ranks came to rescue with a method of using a coin to open a bottle at the expense of only a few mashed fingers.

The W.M.'s and W.O.G.'s now have their own, personal trade improvement handbooks. Issued at the end of August these manuals were, for a couple of days diligently read, or at least their illustrations were admired. After all it might help at the trade test if the testee knew what the equipment looked like. With the quarterly trade test only a matter of days away, there was, momentarily a certain amount of studying done by those boys with 'Sparks' (we are not referring to the R.D.F. men) and then those volumes were carefully shelved until that glorious day liberation arrives, and Johnny will go marching home, or rather, will take the 'Ganderberry.'

But seriously boys, don't you think it would aid the war effort if you were to try to improve your trade knowledge.

' - - - that noise—we wanta go Aircrew.'

Not to be outdone by other sections, Signals Men are also trying to remuster to Aircrew in large numbers. The first to attempt were 'Al' Grainger and Cpl. MacFarlane. Grainger failed to pass the M.2, and as a consolation prize he received a pair of hooks and posting to Dartmouth. 'Mac' was successful and now while awaiting a posting to Lachine, is sojourning at the Wireless Section country club, otherwise known as R.C.A.F. Transmitters.

Situated deep in the heart of the Newfoundland bush, Transmitters is a popular resort of those who are suffering from shattered nerves as a result of the mad whirl of life in Gander. Fresh air, sunshine, home-cooked food, and light work—very light—combine to restore to health the most hopeless neurotic.

After being lost in Gander for 25 months, Sgt. Johnny Clark has finally been found by D.A.P.S., and posted to No. 8 A.O.S. Ancienne Lorette P.Q. Johnny is the veteran extra-ordinary of the Signals Section, who is so Ganderized by now that he scarcely cared whether or not he was ever posted—Oh Yeah!

Another among those who have departed our midst is Flight "Robie" Robertson. Robie has returned to St. Hubert which he left a year or so ago to come to Gander.

A new arrival in our midst is Ron Moore, a telephone operator, recently arrived from Souris, Manitoba.

The 'Flyboys' are back. Dick "Mk 1" Allgood and Dick "Mk 2" Hake have returned from the Gannet Squadron. During a four month absence "Mk 1" has added a couple of hooks to his sleeve.

Dan Cherry, the eternal L.A.C., has finally bridged the gap. Danny's stripes came through during the period of local prohibition. What a drunk that wasn't!

A SHORT BROADCAST

FROM STATION STORES

Hello, everybody! We're still here although somewhat scattered (and I mean scattered especially when you go to get your clearances, what?) However we hope some day soon to be in a spanking new building which is slowly (!!!) arising on the site of the old one. It has one new addition, a small covered porch where we may serve refreshments while you wait (no wise cracks now!) for your goods (that is if you don't grouse too much over the waiting. Got you there didn't I?)

Since the last Gander we have lost many of the long time members of the Equipment gang, both boys and girls. Dave Vininski, Gordon, Stevie, Wallie Plumb, Tommy Ellis, MO Price and Clark have all been posted back to Canada. Among the W.D.'s Barry, MacDonald, Salidas and Jacques have left Gander. Good luck to you all

on your new stations. It was grand to work with you and to know you all.

We have in turn had a good many newcomers and I want you all to meet them. In the Stores we have Corporal "Scotty" Leckie, Williams and LAW Alexander who may not realize what an event she is as she is the first W.D. Equipment Assistant to come to Gander since the old gang in August, 1942. Corporal Beattie Bennett, our Gas Kings work with Sergeant Styan and Connors who hold sway over our new inflammable building (whisper)—in the old days it was the paint shed. Do any of you remember trying to unlock those padlocks in the cold, cold winter.) In Clothing Stores Sgt. Gilmour is boss with Wakely and Faucett. Our new Steno. from Montreal is Tetreault. Publications is now looked after by Cpl. Sisson and LAW Thompson. So we say farewell to the old pals and hello to the new.

We have had two sports nights with Signals and although we haven't proved the victors in all events we gave you some competition and just wait until we learn to play basketball.

Well, Ganderites, Stores is now signing off with this query: Why does a certain man haunt the Post Office? Does he think he'll get a letter every day, even if he is our oldest citizen in Equipment?

WORKS AND BRICKS

Presenting . . . the section where you bring all your troubles . . . Works and Buildings! First, we in this section wish our former correspondent, Ronnie Ward, the best of luck in his new stamping grounds "somewhere in Canada." Good luck, Ronnie. With two draftsmen and a steno taking your place as correspondent we hope we may be able to keep up your splendid work of reporting for Works and Buildings.

Congratulations to those who have served their "term" and have been released on good behaviour (or was it?) Due to the numerous postings from our section of the "bad boys" during the past two months there is very little to talk about as all the new ones seem models of perfection. They'll learn. This is our first opportunity to welcome, through the medium of the "Gander," F/O Hill to our section. Nice going, A. J., keep it up.

Has anyone noticed the new Victory Garden on Major Williams' upper lip? What inspired that, Major, your leave in the wild and woolly West? Here's hope it doesn't affect Flight Tuplin that way on his leave in Ontario. What's wrong with the plumbers since Ollie Allison left? It seems awfully quiet, or maybe it's just normal now.

If only Doc Norton were here he might be able to tell Dixie when, where, and how she is going out on posting. By the way, does anyone know who it was Dixie swore at so vigorously over the phone when they informed her she was posted? Pelton insists it was the adjutant.

Can any of the occupants of Barrack Block 110 tell us who the glamor boy of the painters is?

Some of the lads in the section would appreciate a few lessons. They should be good if he tells all.

We're wondering how much Sgt. Davies of the electrical section has lost on bets with his wife on the date of his future (?) posting. It's a good thing it's all in the family.

Pelton still carries that dazed look (or is it more dazed?) he acquired on his recent visit to St. John's. What happened, Larry? Did you meet some of those old girl friends, all at once?

Have you W.D.'s seen the new ornament we have in our drafting room? It has the cutest mustache and blue eyes and should be of particular interest to those of you who are from the West, since he, I mean it, is from Winnipeg.

What's wrong, Paul, don't you ever do anything we can gossip about now? Why not be a little more helpful? You used to tell us about those crocks but now we don't even hear about them. But we **have** heard rumours of a plan of a house being drawn up in the drafting room.

We hear F/S Ralph broke his arm in a fall from a truck and as a result spent considerable time in the hospital. Are you sure you weren't reaching for something, Flight? Anyway, it's good to see you out getting your own clearances. No. 1 "M" Depot is going to look good to you this time.

What has started the rush in the Diesel Plant for marriage licenses? It couldn't be the broken down Diesels, could it, boys? Or is it just that you want something else to nurse?

We wonder if our section commander's fishing has improved since the time he went to Joniton's Pond and got nothing but wet legs. Was it fishing?

The powerhouse gang is blacker than ever and always so well camouflaged it's impossible to be sure who is doing what, if anything? F/S Mathe seems to be able to top them all or it is just his natural complexion? We hope not.

Has anyone noticed the new beauty of the Works and Buildings Office Shack? It was repainted by **us**, repeat **us**. The office staff came back en masse one evening and covered themselves with glory and green paint.

BITS OF THE BLAST

Well, Armourers! Here's another note to keep you up in the news of we 'Newfies.'

First, congratulations and best wishes to F/S Mahoney and his bride from all the boys in the Armament Section. How's married life, Bob?

Maybe the newcomers around here don't know it's wise to be silent especially for awhile. Welcome to the Gander, boys, and we hope your stay here is a long and enjoyable one.

Some of the boys didn't waste much time in finding their way to the Falls. Looking over the situation, eh?—mostly girls. Hope you have better luck next time, Mitch. There can't always be a Yankee sailor. Our tall, dark and gruesome Andy seemed to make quite a hit with a certain blonde. Remember Dottie?

Why so forlorn these days, Stan? Too bad

these postings come. Most inconvenient at times.

Commonly known as "Newfy" around the section, one of our old gang went home on furlough but yours truly is informed that there is a better time to be had at the Falls. Ask Norm, he'll tell you.

How's the fishing, Slim? Or wouldn't you know? Sleeping bags seem to have a great attraction for you.

The Prof. after his leave is very quiet on the whole affair. It really couldn't have been that dull, could it? What is this we hear about thirty-nine successive bills, Bud? Maybe a certain Flight Sgt. would like a few lessons, or can you beat it, Hep!

Last but not least we would like to know what Ritchie's attraction is away from camp. It couldn't be women or do you know about them too. So for another issue I wind up this chatter with a message for snarling Jim. Look east, look west, far north and south; it looks quite bare but not as bad as over there.

—R. M.

"HALT, WHO GOES THERE!"

Congratulations are in order for the recent promotions received by Flying Officer Aiers, D.A. P.M., now Flight Lieutenant and also Sergeants Ware and Madden now Flight Sergeants. Best wishes! LAC's Brydie, Jeffery and MacKenzie bid the fellas goodbye at the Station Guard House and promised to write from Trenton. Guess the Postal system is at fault? The lads at St. John's on Temporary Duty seem to be having proverbial hard times. LAC Southerby bumped into a door and altered his facial expression. LAC Rauch, Zimmer, Boulton, Henderson, Habermehl and St. Germain and Weir, D., were out picking berries one fine afternoon and came accidentally upon a herd of cows. How were the berries and milk, boys? Hope you'll be back with us soon. LAC's Syd Smith (Plumas), Gord Bayley (De-Mott) Chuck Royce (Annie) Jim Bradley (Funnyman), as usual are always squabbling and believe it or not but we heard, indirectly of course, that "Plumas" stood up a W.D.! Tut! Tut! They simply refused to take Tubby's (Cpl. Don Davis) fatherly advice on social etiquette.

Everybody's wondering why LAC Kitchen spits and polishes every second night or so. Puppy-love we say! Wonder what the attraction is at Grand Falls? LAC's Covell, Smith, Thornton and Gordy Miller seem to have captured her heart anyway. Come on, Guys, let us in on the secret . . . we won't tell anyone—that is—hardly anyone. LAC Dennick is quite a comical "little" lad and has his troubles with clearances, meals and W. D. dates but we like our fat boy!

Sgt. Jerry Lemieux is the proud possessor of a shemale pup of unknown parentage who politely slobbers all over you. Who gave it to you, Jerry? My what a bargain! Cpl. Gus Brault says his offspring slightly resembles Winston Churchill but opinion is varied. Irvine "The Terrier" displays great persistence in the face of fearful odds—Never say die, Irv.!

FLYING LANCERS

(Continued from page 7)

which harmonizes on the slightest provocation, (it is said he plays short-stop on this team); at third, the hot corner, is Sergeant Harry Wood, the Armorer; short-stop was shared by W.O.2 Heber Harrison Hall, the Schubencadie (all right so the spelling is wrong, can you spell that word?) Kid and Corporal Ned Kay; in left field is Flight-Sergeant Ed "Pop" Voysey, the Squadron's Mother Carey; in centre is "Fireman" Bill Teams, who musta saved that hat from a boyhood ambition; it is strictly from Canadian Pacific; in right field were another couple pilots, Flight Sergeant "Jake" Broad and P.O. "Robby" Robinson.

Just to give you for instance of how Muscles got that nickname, the third baseman for a certain anonymous team in the playoffs has ceased, desisted, and not even has he been playing since he tangled standing up with the Crusher after trying to beat out a hit.

A flock of new hooks brought forth the usual felicitations (?) Four fitters (Oh the fitters are a bunch of dum de de) got promotions. Among them are Flight Sergeant MacPherson W.R., he took them with him to the Canadian metropolis where he is going aircrew; Sergeant Wm. H. Teams, got his third; Corporal Nick J. W. Nicholson, for his deuce; so did the long blond M. J. Overend, who is here on a visit from Vancouver.

Two armorers were promoted also, the aforementioned Jenky Jenkinson who got his crown above the stripes and Fred Evans from Chester, Nova Scotia, (take a bow, Fred,) got a couple. Mike Scissons, got two hooks among the fitters.

Among the senior N.C.O. pilots, R. A. "Rooney" Hodgins and S. G. Lunua got their Flight, (set 'em up in the next alley boys); and Heber Harrison Hall got his sergeant major; Flight Lieutenant W. J. McCarthy also was raised to that rank recently.

Three of the vets. of the Squadron are leaving for Lachine, (one of them is already on his way); LAC C. K. Hum, rigger and F/S Jenkinson. Jenky has been with the Squadron about 15 months and served overseas with the First Canadian Fighter Squadron. He is an armorer guns.

Sergeant: "Why didn't you shave this morning?"

L.A.C.: "I thought I did but there were twelve of us using the same mirror this morning and I must have shaved some other guy!"

The first moron picked up the phone at one o'clock in the morning and dialed a number. When he got an answer, he asked.

"Is this one-one-one-one?"

The second moron on the other end replied, "No, this is eleven-eleven."

"Sorry I woke you at this late hour, then," apologized the first moron.

"That's okay," said the second. "I had to get up to answer the phone anyway."

We Deliver By Air

Yes, "we deliver by air", might well be the slogan of that busy building near the railroad station, the Laundry. They do just that. The semi-weekly laundry of two other R.C.A.F. stations is flown here, when the work is completed it is returned in a like manner in short order. The only known place in the world this service is available.

Employing many of our W.D.'s, this section does an important job of keeping us supplied with clean clothing and bedding.

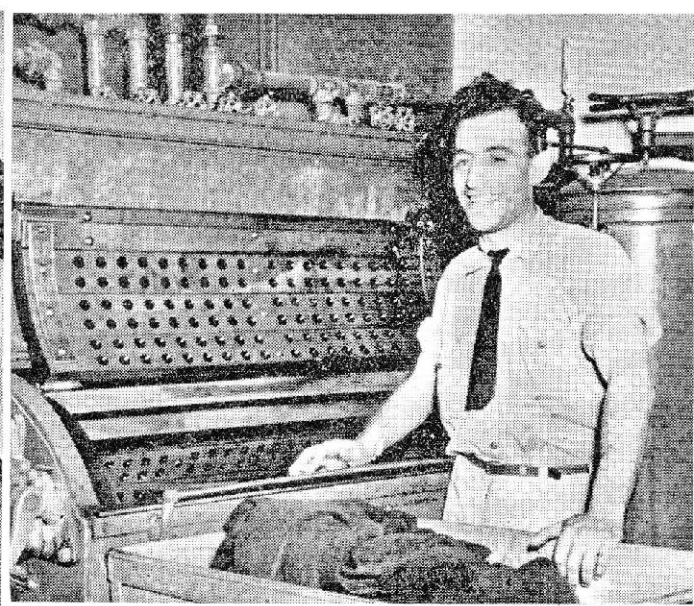
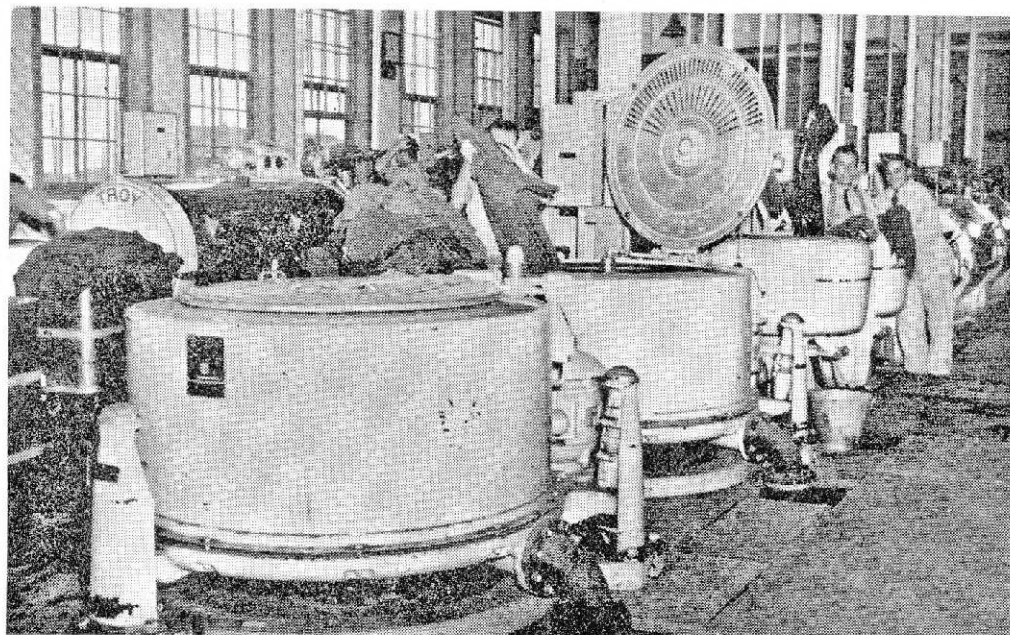
It was the first of its kind to be operated by the R.C.A.F. and has met with great approval. The plant boasts of being the most modern in the North American Continent and within its walls are the most modern machines available.

Directly behind the parent building is the newly opened cleaning and pressing establishment. Although this section is comparatively new, it is a smooth running one doing a grand job of keeping us neat and clean at all times.



The laundry and dry cleaning plants put through a tremendous amount of work during a day, shown in the top left photo are LAW Fay Daniels, Cpl. L. E. Brownlee; LAW Lillian Penney and LAW E. I. Corrigan, hard at work sorting apparel. At one of the many folding tables are AW D. MacCarthy, LAW E. M. Gunderson and AW R. Barnes shown in the top right. ALONG one wall of this huge building is a row of shirt pressing machines shown in the lower photo is a small section of these machines. The operators pictured here are AW M. P. Rodger; LAW D. M. Wagner; AW Ruth Randell; AW L.C. Austin; AW G. M. Elstead and AW Yvonne Landry.





LAC's G. H. Miles, C. J. Marentette and J. J. Pilon are shown in the top left at work on one of the big washers. Top Right is F/S W. B. Richardson, N.C.O. i/c of Dry Cleaning Plant. Centre Left: LAC's Len Parkhouse and J. F. Hanrahan are hard at work at one of the steam pressors. Centre right: is the orderly room staff under the supervision of F/O J. A. Burton Officer Commanding the Laundry. Left to right are: LAW I. M. Parsons; Cpl. A. H. J. Dean; F/O Burton and Sgt. H. W. Shea. Lower left three of the W.D.'s in the Dry Cleaning plant who wait on the counter and also mark up the tags for your suits. They are from left to right. LAW's Lyndelle Coombs, Gertrude Mouland and Julia Richmuth. Lower right is LAC S. Kallioostian operating one of the dry cleaning washers.

— OFFICERS ON PARADE —

THE S. A. O.



S/L R. C. WESTON

Squadron Leader Ralph C. Weston, O.C. "Flying Lancer" Squadron, has been over four years with the R.C. A.F. joining the Auxiliary Air Force early in the summer of 1939. Three years ago this (August) month he went overseas to join No. 3 R.A.F. Fighter Squadron which was then stationed in the northern forbidding, but vital approaches to the Island Fortress. It was to the Shetland Islands in the craggy, bleak approaches to Scotland that he was assigned, not far from the important naval base of Scapa Flow.

Two years later, in August, 1942, he returned to Canada and after a short administrative course at Trenton, Ont. he assumed command of the present Squadron. Now he retains command of this same Squadron in this other Island bastion.

Sees Action Overseas

Reticent, he will say almost nothing of his experiences in the overseas theatre fighting against the deadly Luftwaffe under the baton of the "Little Corporal" who tried also unsuccessfully to emulate that other corporal who tried to rule Europe with almost triumphant arms. Queried, the young Squadron Leader replied that "You can say that more Germans shot at me than I shot at them".

Still, for two years flying, starting during the Battle of Britain and continuing through the ever-increasing

(Continued on Page 22)

This interview started out legitimately enough. "The Gander" for instance found out that Squadron Leader John Clarke Heaton is from the city of Montreal where his civil occupation was dealing in objects of art, paintings, pictures and the like. The firm was a family concern. However right about there the talk veered to a discussion of the duties and an explanation of the office of S.A.O. (Senior Administrative Officer.). And from there it gravitated quickly enough to a discussion on the new canteen now under construction near the drill hall. Besides this there was a complete explanation of the movie theatre, of which S/L Heaton is proud.

The programs are chosen with considerable care and an arrangement



S/L J. C. HEATON

has been made with distributors in St. John, N. B., whereby the products of several movie studios rather than one or two are sent up here. The selection has been so successful that another station in the not too distant vicinity asked to have them sent there afterwards. Later this developed into a four station circuit and even bigger things are hoped for, in the way of popular programs for the Canadian Theatre. All the profits by the way from this venture are turned back into station funds and are used

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F/O WESTAWAY

Flying has long occupied the life of Flying Officer Westaway popular O.C. of two important services on this Station. On the wall of his room in Barrack Block 45 hangs the khaki wings of the R.F.C. (Royal Flying Corps) the intrepid fore-runners of the R.A.F. The wings are above a photograph which also hangs there. It shows the Flying Officer in his younger days together with some of his fellow pilots at a "Show in Mesopotamia" shortly after the close of the last Great War.

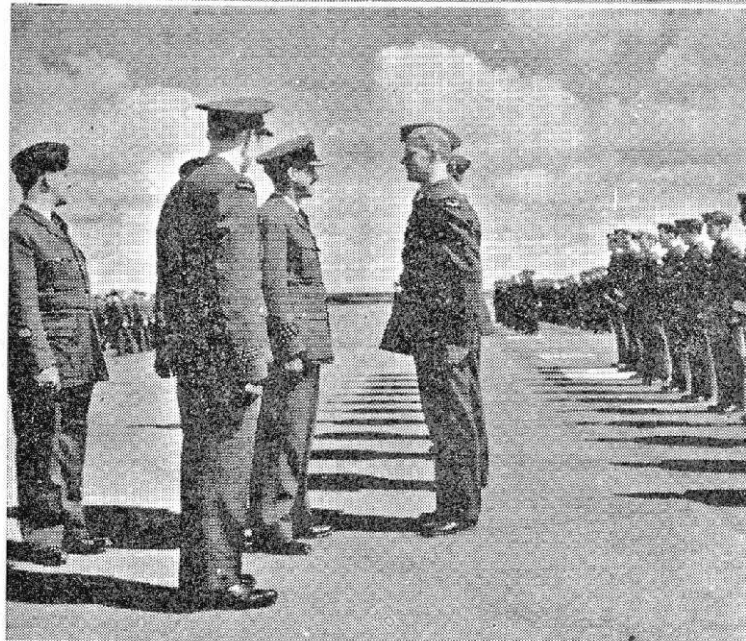
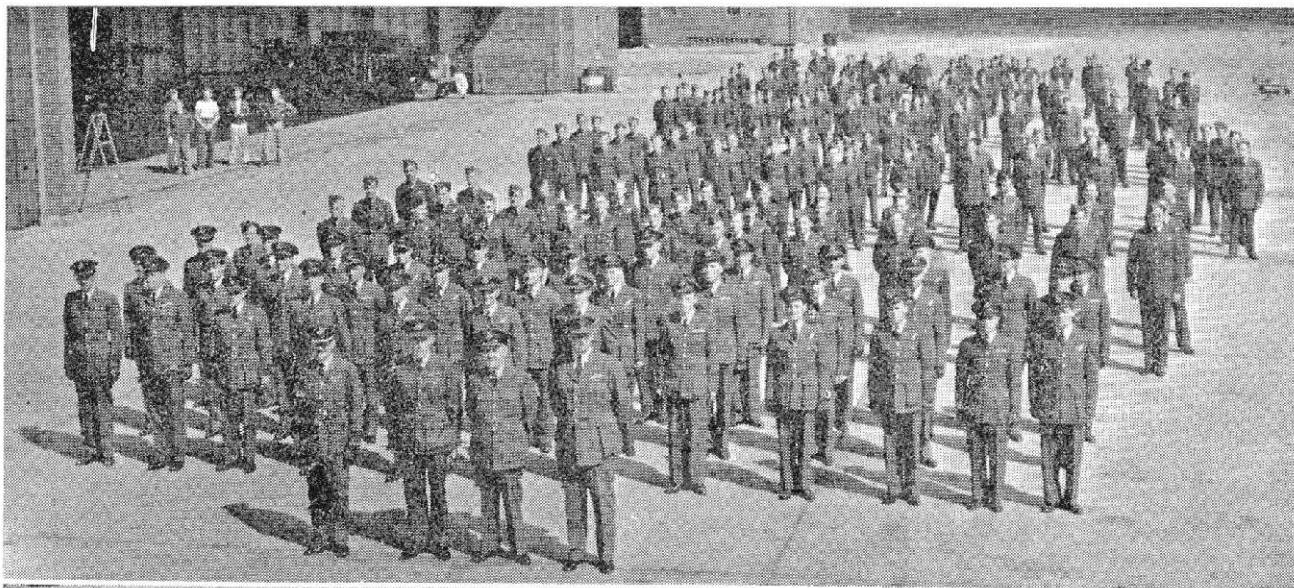
Born in Plymouth, England, he joined the Hampshire (Infantry) Regiment in 1916. But the chance to get out of the sticky mud and into the blue adventurous skies made him forsake foot-slogging for a faster means of locomotion and he joined the almost-legendary daredevils of the air. He was commissioned in 1917.

Was "Bush Pilot"

He has been flying almost entirely as an occupation ever since. The khaki wings have been replaced by the silvercolored wings of the R.C. A.F. In between times, during the lull that hung like sultry clouds over Europe from 1918 until 1939 he continued his desired avocation. In 1927 after ten years service with the R.A.F. he came to Canada and got a job with the Ontario Government in the Air Service Forestry Branch. Here, he flew with the other so-called "Bush Pilots" making surveys

(Continued on Page 22)

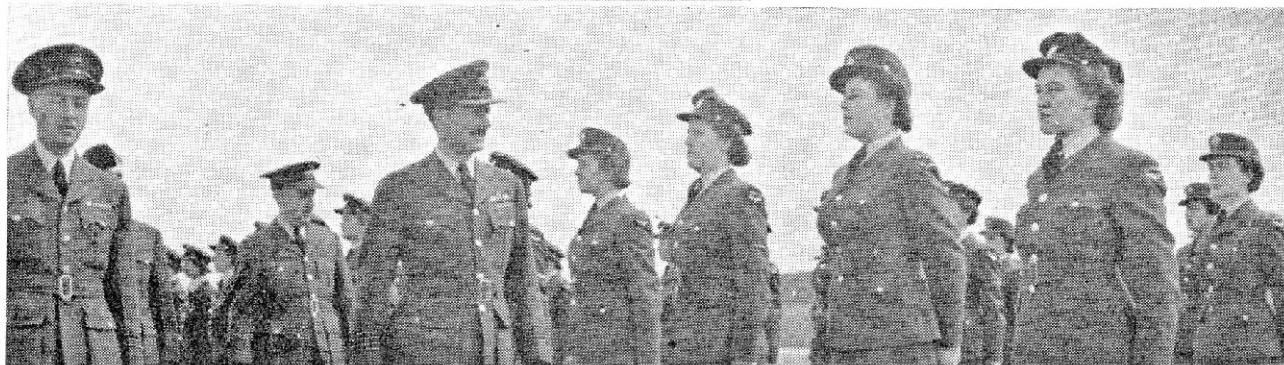
CHANGING OVER PARADE



ONE BRIGHT SUNNY AFTERNOON, August 6, 1943, to be exact the station was gathered to take part in the "Changing over Parade". During the ceremony which followed, the station bid farewell to Group Captain L. E. Wray, R.F.C. who was posted to Halifax, and welcomed as its Commanding Officer Wing Commander (now) Group Captain C. L. Annis, O. B. E.

The parade was one of the best ever held on this station at least so we were told by the Station Warrant Officer.

The top photo shows one of the larger sections on parade, heading it is Group Captain Annis. Left shows Group Captain Wray bidding farewell to one of the airmen. The inspection of a flight of W.D.'s by G/C Wray is shown in the lower photo.



GROUP CAPTAIN C. L. ANNIS, O.B.E.

(Continued from Page 3)

Regarding the O.B.E. decoration which he wears on his battle-dress, he modestly asserted that it was "for singing". When he was asked the name of the song he sang, Mr. Annis replied that it was just recognition through

himself for the good work done by his old Squadron. His honor came out on January 1, 1943.

"They are the ones who deserve it", he emphasized. They are the ones who have to fly out over the ocean despite the weather, fog and rain and snow and sleet and all the rest of it. They're a swell bunch."

And, oh yes, in case there is anyone who still doesn't know he can tell some mighty good jokes.



Entertainment



One of the first programs to take place in August was our Minstrel Show which was produced by our Glee Club and assisting talent. It played to a large and enthusiastic audience in our own theatre on Wednesday, August 4th and was repeated later in the American Theatre on Friday, August 13th.

Our Station Dance on Friday, August 6th was a farewell party for G/C Wray and Mrs. Wray and also an opportunity for us to greet our new Commanding Officer G/C Annis. It was also the farewell dance played by our deservedly popular band and they were given a most hearty send-off. By general consent, it was one of the best station parties in Gander history.

An Airmen's Picnic was a new departure sponsored by the Airmen's Dance Committee and proved to be a most successful one. Over one hundred couples were taken by Bus to a beautiful spot on Gander Lake where fires were prepared and a most pleasant evening spent. Coffee and hot-dogs provided a fitting climax for the evening's fun.

The Airmen's Dance on Friday, August 27th was, as always, a well patronized event. The American Band dispensed some excellent music and a good time was had by all.

For those who enjoy good music, there are Programs of Record Music every Monday night in the R.C.A.F. Chapel at 2030 hrs. These programs have already developed quite a following and more are welcome. The music played covers everything from Strauss waltzes to symphonies and a short explanatory talk is given before each composition.

U. S. O. SHOW

Again the thanks of the Ganderites are due to the U.S.O for their courtesy in extending an invitation to be their guests at another U.S.O. stage show. This was held on Thursday, Sept. 2, and it was very evidently well appreciated judging by the whistling and loud applause that greeted the talents of the professional entertainers who visited us.

There was a cast of six with Unit No. 90 which had come to us here after six weeks tour of the Maritime provinces on the East Coast. Besides their versatile abilities the master of ceremonies, Jack Shea, the "Mad Auctioneer" handed out many cartons of cigarettes, and a couple of cases of pop. There was some hope that nylon stockings were to be available, but the

cigarettes were a compensation when the hose didn't appear.

Andy Arcari, accordeonist, made a big hit with the large crowds which attended the two showings on Thursday night. Changing over from his former career as a concert artist, Andy got down to cases early with some impressions in eight-to-the-bar tempo of the good old "Jingle Bells" as it might be played in different countries. Starting with that maestro of the jump beat, Fats Waller, he took the Ganderites rapidly and in a boogy buggy through Jerusalem, (oy vay), the thistled heather of old Scotland, (just a bit of a wee doch and doris), and some other places. Andy started off his program with a portion of his concerto for accordeon, the whole of which he had played with the celebrated Mr. Stokowski's Philadelphia outfit, the Philharmonic. Almost incredible fingering of the squeeze box brought forth melodious, classical harmonies. He confided after, that he was going to Holloywood shortly to do a specialty with the Brazilian "Wham" girl, Carmen (Souise American Way) Miranda in a forthcoming M.G.M. movie. He also conducts a large school in the eastern States where he teaches several methods of playing this instrument.

Kathleen Quinn, the canary with the troupe, a gorgeous blonde, made another big hit when she sang the hit song from "Hello Frisco Hello", "You'll Never Know." Later she blued it up a bit when Andy Arcari played her accompaniment for a bit of spine-tingling swing. I forget the name of the piece, but the melody lingers on. Miss Quinn used to sing with Little Jack Little's orchestra. Was with them for four years, singing over the two major U. S. networks, C.B.S. and N.B.C. She mentioned that Little Jack Little is now in the South Pacific with Ray Bolger, the famous tap-dancing star in "Stage Door Canteen" entertaining the boys. Miss Quinn expects to go out again shortly when this unit closes. She hopes that she gets overseas. She likes entertaining servicemen she says.

Trudy Simmons, the acrobatic dancer who does inside loops with nary a take-off run, is from Chicago. Graceful and breath-taking is the way she juggles that beautiful figure around the stage. Miss Simmons has been in several Jack Benny pictures and appeared for several years at the Empire Room in Chicago with the Muriel Abbot dancers. Her latest movie was with Kay

(Continued on page 20)

"MINSTREL SHOW"

The Minstrel Show that took place in the R.C.A.F. Station Theatre on Wednesday, August 4th at 2030 hours was indeed a success. In fact so much so that the "Gander Minstrels" put on a command performance for our friends across the way. Record crowds attended both performances and the audience was quite attentive.

Now of course my readers no doubt will be interested in knowing that the Minstrel Show, sponsored by the Glee Club was carefully rehearsed for under the able supervision and direction of Eugene Hill, Y.M.C.A. Director, who, by the way, set the music for, "For your Necessary Action."

The Group consists of a Chorus of 35 W.D.'s and Airmen. This club had its inception in April, 1943, and has progressed steadily to its present strength and popularity.

The first performance of the Glee Club was broadcast over V.O.N.F., St. John's and re-broadcast through other stations to points in the United States and Canada.

Since several members in the chorus have recently received their posting the Glee Club would welcome anyone interested in this endeavour. The members practice for a period of two hours every Wednesday evening.



THE MINSTRELS

U. S. O. SHOW

(Continued from page 19)

Kyser in an as yet unreleased film called "Right About Face."

The Marionette Show, which got such a big reception was the handi-work of the Balfonte's, Ruth and Paul (they're married). Eighteen years in vaudeville, all over the U.S. and previous tours with U.S.O. units have given them a wealth of experience at entertaining. Puppet strong men, jugglers, conga-leers and the rest played the miniature stage to the strings held by the Balfonte's.

Jack Shea was master of ceremonies. Veteran of the last war with the U.S. forces, he was recalled for this one but received his discharge shortly thereafter on medical grounds. His feats of legerdemain, (sic) got a big hand, Your "Gander" correspondent got 'framed' as the

"THE AIRMEN'S PICNIC"

The outing took place Saturday, August 14th in an ideal location. Everything favoured this event as the weatherman smiled upon the happy group as they boarded buses provided for transportation. With spirits high the 120 couples were on the way for an enjoyable evening.

Around the home-like fire with a delightful moon overhead everyone joined in a rousing sing-song led by LAC Carl Liddle. The music was supplied by Cpl. Davis, F. E., Cpl. Makie and others, which was very suitable for the occasion. "Papa" Moorby was busily brewing coffee and even consented to sing a little ditty which was applauded with whole-hearted approval. S/O Gear, S/O Findley and our Padre, Flight Lieutenant Macintosh were on the scene and it is our hope that they too had a fine time.

Some individuals of the less timid type got a big kick out of the new form of skinning the dogs of their outer wrapper, sitting cross-legged on a nearby hillside whilst performing the operation.

After a grand feed of hot-dogs covered with mustard or plenty of delicious relish and sometimes both, and this accompanied with gobs of coffee, the fun-

making gang wended their way towards home at 2300 hours.

This completed the first Airmen's Picnic organized by the Airmen's Dance Committee which sincerely hopes that bigger and better ones will be possible in the near future.

New Soldier: "Does it get very hot in North Africa?"

Old Soldier: "Does it get hot? Why, once I saw a dog chasing a rabbit and it was so hot they were both walking!"

party of the second part in the Hindu handkerchief trick.

Many thanks are due the Special Services Office of the U.S. Gov't. for their inclusion of Gander in their circuit. Among the recent stars who have played here under their auspices have been Paul Draper the famous musical comedy dancing star and Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy.

VARIETY SHOW SCORES SUCCESS!

The night was that of Monday, September 13th; the time approximately 7.35. It was almost 25 minutes before the curtain was scheduled to go up on Y.M.C.A. Director Eugene Hill's newest production "Gander Varieties." The members of the cast were tense. You could tell that they were just the slightest bit dubious as to how their individual acts were going to be received. The house was packed to the doors with servicemen of every rank, and previous experience had taught them that one of the toughest jobs a performer, no matter how fully experienced, can contend with is that of pleasing an audience of servicemen. They're plenty critical and make no bones about it. If your act is the slightest bit corny, they'll give you the Bronx Cheer—but loud and long! If they like you, they'll show their appreciation with an almost deafening round of applause.

Finally that fatal moment arrived and the orchestra, billed as Professor Nichni Propedych's Red Onion Jazz Babies, made with the overture while master-of-ceremonies AC2 Bob Harvie, a former Toronto radio announcer, stepped forth to get the show under way. The orchestra, in reality a Dixieland combo recruited from the new Gander band, put the show on a strictly rhythmic basis with a sparkling and very refreshing rendition of "Honeysuckle Rose." The audience, now in a decidedly entertainment-minded groove, showed their appreciation to LAW Una Wilson and LAC Pete Gagne for a clever skit titled "Nature Abhors a Vacuum." LAC Bill Carter was next on the line-up with a trumpet solo—"Body and Soul." Carter will be remembered by many Eastern Ontario dancers for his inspiring trumpet work with the Richard Avonde orchestra who held forth nightly at the Brant Inn. Bob Harvie brought down the house between each act with his funny (and occasionally slightly pornographic) stories of the Lou Holtz variety. As a matter of fact, Bob had 'em rolling in the aisles (until the Special Police came down and confiscated the dice!)

Flying Officer Prentice offered two Victor Herbert ballads that made for easy listening while Private Michael Race of the U. S. contributed to the show with a dance routine that was slightly short of super. (Watch for Mike and a chorus of pulchritudinous W.D.'s in a forthcoming show.)

After two tuneful bits by the orchestra, a quiz was held with questions prepared by the Y.M.C.A. The winning team was presented with five tickets each to the R.C.A.F. Theatre.

Cpl. John Bigham and Cpl. Jessie Roche offered a novel interpretation of a "Farewell To Arms"—depicting the marked difference between the American and British farewell. LAC Oz Zarnke sang "Always In My Heart" and was encored not once, but twice, singing "It Started All Over Again" followed by "There'll Never Be Another You."

It was at this point in the festivities that Professor Nichni Propedych was officially recognized as LAC Pat Riccio, one of the mainstays of the reed section and arranging department of the

new Gander R.C.A.F. Orchestra. Pat took up the alto saxophone and "sent" the audience "out of this world" with his "Limehouse Blues" and "After You're Gone." Private Roger LaRose and LAC Alfie Scopp closed the show with a jittering routine that might have captured honors in any jitterbug contest.

Our hats are off to Eugene Hill for a grand performance. We'll be looking for bigger and better shows this forthcoming season and we know that with our genial Y.M.C.A. Director in charge of production we'll be treated to some top-drawer entertainment.

GUARD TURNS HUNTER

LAC "Stan" Preston, one of the Security Guards of this station recently had quite a night. While on his post late this evening he was bothered by a low hooting sound. This incessant noise rather annoyed Stan. Looking around for the cause he spied an object sitting in a tree about a hundred yards from where he was standing. Finally he decided it must be the thing he was looking for. At any rate in order to break the monotony of the shift Stan decided to take a shot at it.

One shot was sufficient to bring down "the Thing." In the dusk of the evening even now he wasn't sure of what he had hit. Upon advancing to the spot where the object lay fluttering in the dust he found that it was an owl. Another shot finished the giant bird.

The bird was brought back to the barracks and news of the kill soon spread around camp. In fact it spread to a former taxidermist who offered to stuff the bird. So now Mr. Owl is just a lot of stuffing.

AIRMEN'S DANCES

The Airmen's Dance Committee announced recently that a certain amount of trouble had been brought to note. In the first place they stated that Senior N.C.O.'s have been attending the dances. These persons had been sold tickets by unscrupulous airmen, who were given the tickets free of charge and returned the favor by selling them. Pretty small chaps these.

Another matter brought to light was the fact that certain airmen are regularly crashing the dances by some means or other. Some break in through the windows and others by scrounging fake tickets, etc.

Due to the limited number of W.D.'s on this station it is only fair to have a maximum of 150 couples at the dance. Each week only 145 tickets are given out but recently there have been almost double that number of airmen at the dances.

The Airmen's dances are an excellent form of recreation but unless these above mentioned practices cease forthwith the dances will be cancelled. It's up to you. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Girl: "I told you to stop kissing me."
Airman: "I did—several times."

S/L R. C. WESTON

(Continued from Page 17)

offensive of the Battle of Germany augurs well for his ability to pilot the speedy and formidable Spitfire and the famed early night-fighter, the Hurricane.

Trained in Ontario

His home town is St. John, N. B. where he followed his hobby of sailing when he wasn't attending a civil aviation course at the University of Saint John. He joined the then-expanding No. 117 Squadron which used the facilities and planes of the municipal Airport. It was used for Army Co-Op. Later when war broke out the Squadron was split up and Mr. Weston embarked upon the regular curriculum of a fighter pilot's course, at Camp Borden and Trenton in Ontario.

Flew Famous Spitfire

After his six months' sojourn with the No. 3 R.A.F. outfit he joined the Canadian Squadron, No. 1 Fighter which had been gaining for itself a splendid reputation since its arrival in Britain about a year previous. The outfit was then in the English Midlands. After four months with them he was made Flight Commander of the new 411 Squadron. Both these Canadian Squadrons had the famous Spitfires, Britain's blazing answer to the numerical superiority of the Germans.

In June, 1941, he received his first command. He was made O. C. of No. 412 Canadian Fighter Squadron, still flying Spitfires. Here he remained until his return to Canada in August, 1942. After a short leave and the course at Trenton he assumed command of his new Squadron in Nov. 1942. He was married in December, 1942.

S/L J. C. HEATON

(Continued from Page 17)

for such things as furnishings for the new canteen.

—The New Canteen—

And this new canteen is really going to be something if all the plans (which are subject to a lot of things like shipping space, priorities and such) are successful. The opening date is also at the uncertain mercies of the abovementioned things. The furniture is to be comfortable. That was something. S/L Heaton stressed.

Leatherette-covered settees and chairs, and hot dog toasters and coffee bar and possibly a short order counter for good old bacon and eggs, (remember those?)

There are to be five wickets for the serving of food and dry goods such as stationery, pop, toilet articles and the rest. And the W.D's can come in too. In fact there are to be tables and chairs and all the trimmings of a good restaurant so far as possible. Five thousand dollars is to be spent for furnishings and kitchen equipment. And that ladies and gentlemen is a lot of the old mazuma, the soft money, lettuce, long green or what have you.

The present canteen is to be translated into a recreational centre for the W.D's. It will be furnished as such and they will have it to themselves. And oh yes, by the way, in the new canteen will be a section reserved for officers and possibly senior N.C.O's. And for the doughnut dunkers who must be getting off the beam for lack of practice, there is good news. The new centre is to have a doughnut making machine, for the backing of those succulent delicacies.

The S. A. O. has for his command the task of (under the Station C.O.) all problems and matters of administrative policy of all the various sections on the station. Such as the Dental Clinic, Works and Buildings, the Laundry, the S. P. O. (another set of initials which mean Station Personnel Officer, or Station Adjutant), Entertainment, Accounts Office, the Y.M.C.A., the Theatre, Airmen's Missing, etc.

All questions regarding such things as establishments change of policy or problems affecting the station as a whole are sent to him as a sort of admin. trouble shooter.

—Likes Fishing—

But about himself, there was considerable more reticence. He did mention that his home town was Montreal, that he went to Montreal High and to McGill University where he majored in English and History. Since then though the two latter subjects have occupied not particularly warm spot in his affections. He didn't explain why. But he does like fishing and golfing. At least there is fishing around here. But the salmon so far that have been hooked have been fairly small, about four or five pounds. He's going to have one more try. Which is fair warning to the salmon to be wary, because there

was a determined gleam as he mentioned the fact of the next trip.

—Was Captain—

In the last war he was with the Victoria Rifles, a lieutenant with the 24th Battalion. When the war was over he had the rank of captain. The Squad on Leader joined the R.C.A.F. in this war back on March 28th at Montreal. He took the first course in Admin. at Trenton, Ont. starting April 1, 1940. Since then he has been with No. 1 Wireless School, Montreal, 5 B. R., Dartmouth, as Adjutant. Then he spent six months as a Troop Ship Conducting Officer making three trips to England on these ships. Later he was adjutant of 119 Squadron, Station Adjutant, and S.A.O. at Sydney, N. S.

He arrived at Gander, March 26th, 1943 and has been acting in the capacity of S. A. O. for all hours of the day and night since.

F/O WESTAWAY

(Continued from Page 17)

and helping to guard the vast natural timber resources of that inland province.

Rejoining the R.C.A.F. in 1942, he has been stationed at Rockcliffe, near Ottawa; No. 1B. and G. school at Jarvis, Ont. and has been on this station since June of this year.

Given Ribbons

And oh yes, those ribbons on his ample chest. He says that they are just service ribbons denoting operational flights against the fierce tribesmen of the North-West Frontier in Iraq and India. Among his colleagues in that show which lasted for some time after the last war was Squadron Leader (now) Air Vice-Marshal Collishaw, the internationally famed Canadian Ace of World War 1. They flew the D.H. 9 A. a close relation to the Waputis which were used at the outbreak of the present conflict.

Holds Two Commands

Flying Officer Westaway is now O. C. of the Air Transport of Personnel, which arranges transportation for those fortunate individuals who are going some place, usually Canada. He is also O.C. of the Air-Sea rescue work, but that is either self-explanatory or must remain a secret.

Mr. Westaway is married and his wife and two children remain at his home in Simcoe, Ont.

PADRE'S CORNER

LEISURE TIME

F/L M. C. P. Macintosh

One of the problems which confronts personnel on any Station is what to do during off duty hours. There are many who think that there is little to do once the day's work is over and as a result retire to their barracks or canteens and there spend their leisure hours. An old proverb comes in and says, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." How true that can be, we know from experience. The constant attempt to do our work,—which is often routine work and therefore of a monotonous note—and forget all other forms of work, sport or entertainment, almost invariably reveals itself in worried faces, taut nerves and weary bodies. If ever an attempt has been made to prevent this evil and to provide the means for constructive wholesome leisure duties and sports for airmen and airwomen, that effort has been made on this Station. There are few departments which have not been touched, and fewer possibilities which have not been probed.

In the realm of sport there are outside games and inside sports provided for all who are at all inclined to participate. In the drill hall there are the bowling alleys, the pool room, the tennis courts, badminton courts, basketball, bordenball, table tennis, punching bags, not to mention the distinct advantage that is ours in being the proud owners of a splendid swimming pool.

For those who prefer to stimulate the mind there is a well stocked library containing books on biography, fiction, history, travel, sociology, economics, English, religion, reference and technical, plus a miscellaneous assortment on many other subjects.

For those who wish to be entertained by others there is what will ultimately become one of the best motion picture theatres in the R.C.A.F., providing many of the latest high quality films.

To others who enjoy an evening of music, Mr. Eugene Hill Y.M.C.A., Supervisor, provides at the Chapel an hour or more of recordings taken from the great composers.

Nor does this exhaust the list of things obtainable and free for the asking. There are many whose education was rudely interrupted by the war, and others too, whose education was interrupted by problems at home, and who did not have an opportunity to go back to school,—some because they could not afford the time, others because they could not afford the money. At last their dreams can come true. In a busy class room in the drill hall, well qualified teachers are found offering advice, and instruction in mathematics, shorthand, typing, English, art, science,

trade improvement classes and others, while some members have signed up for correspondence classes through the generous channels provided by the Canadian Legion and are enrolled for classes in philosophy, psychology, economics, history and other university subjects, which will be the foundation for them in the post war world when they enter university life.

Space will not permit to write of the other attractions which await personnel in the leisure hours, the lakes,—teeming with fish, the barrens with their plentiful harvest of berries, the countless gifts which Nature has provided for the children of men,—all these stir up in our hearts a feeling of pride and satisfaction that we are fortunate enough to be at C.A.P. O. No. 4.

GET FIT AND KEEP FIT

For some days, at the bottom of each page of the D.R.O. you read this slogan: "Now is not the time to relax." Of course not! When everything is going well for the Allies, when the Victory is nearer everyday, it's time up more than ever, here in Gander, to do your best to get fit and to keep fit, morally and physically.

I still remember some very wise remarks given by W/C Belway, actual C.O. of No. 1 "Y" Depot, concerning the necessary qualifications to possess a good morale and to be efficient in the Service.

"Clean living: not just of the body but clean living also in your actions, your conduct and your truthfulness.

"High courage: to carry out any and all duties assigned to you. Courage to stick to the job and see it through at whatever the cost.

"Initiative: the amount of initiative you display will soon be noticed by your superior Officers and either favorably or adversely committed upon to higher authority.

"Intelligence: Don't develop an inferiority complex or adopt a defeatist attitude. If you are in doubt how to proceed, remember there is always somebody who can tell you. Don't be afraid to ask.

"Alertness: Always be on the look-out for something to do. Don't adopt the policy of "letting Joe do it." Remember that it is only by all pulling together that we are going to be victorious.

"Be steady and dependable, have decisiveness and observation; keep your eyes open and your mouth shut. Don't criticise your Superiors for they know better than you do what must and what must not be done."

Before all, have and keep the strong convictions of your faith, sticking to your Divine Creed as the Nazis and the Japs stick to their Creed of

(Continued on page 30)

WING COMMANDER JOHN MAITLAND YOUNG



It was back in Hamilton, Ontario, not far from his home town of Oakville, that "Jake" Young, as he was affectionately known to his fellow officers, started flying. Since that early date his career as a pilot has been a brilliant one.

One of his original members of 119 Squadron, formed in Hamilton in 1938, his experiences have been many and varied with the R.C.A.F.

He received his "Wings" at Camp Borden in September, 1939, and on August 6, 1943, he was given command of the Squadron of which he was so fond. Educated at Appleby College, in Oakville, his civil career as an audit clerk in Toronto was forsaken for the intriguing thrills of the skies.

Wing Commander Young was posted to the West Coast shortly after the outbreak of war. His commission as a Pilot Officer, (Provisional) had come through the year previously. Since that time he has seen many theatres of war, including the vital task of anti-submarine patrol. In fact in January, 1943 while flying one of the twin-engined bombers with

which the squadron was then equipped, he made a devastating attack on one of those undersea prowlers. Although because of the weather, a typical North Atlantic blizzard, accurate results could not be obtained, the crew was more than reasonably sure that it was a "kill."

Back in January, 1941, the late Wing Commander was sent to Rivers, Manitoba, on a Specialist Navigation course. His first office with the Squadron he so ably commanded before his untimely death was as a Navigation Officer. However, before this command he was at Yarmouth, Nova Scotia with 119 Squadron, rejoining them after a period of some time.

For about six months of the present year he occupied a responsible position at E.A.C. as controller. While he wasn't able because of the pressure of office duties attached to his command, flying was still his great love and he made flips as often as circumstance permitted.

On August, 1940, he was married to a charming Hamilton girl, Constance Isabel Grace. Their home was at Toronto. Although his home town was Oakville, it was in Toronto where he was born on June 29th, 1917.

A thorough gentleman and officer he was well-liked by his men and the other officers who knew him best. His hobbies of photography and sailing were somewhat neglected of late although he was expert at both these.

To his wife and family, the entire station extend their deepest sympathy. They know full well how much he has meant to them, both as a loving husband and a son and to us all as a friend and respected Officer Commanding.

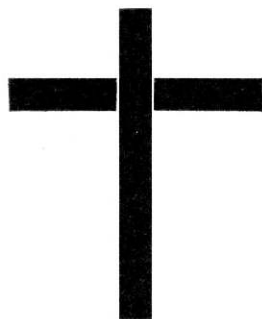
ADVANCE

To you who reached for dreams with eager fingers,
And clutched a falling star for freedom's sake
Here is our pledge for now and for hereafter,
A covenant that we shall never break.
Within our hearts for you through all the ages,
Will be a shrine to keep your dreams aglow
And in the quiet of your rest remember
That it was you who led us to the foe.
When all is done and tears are dried from sorrow,
You shall not be forgotten for your part.
Your every valiant deed will be remembered

And cherished in the beat of every heart.
And rain will fall again as in the old days,
And green the verdure on your distant grave.
Each separate drop in fancy be a Teardrop
Shed by a grateful country for her brave.
Soft winds that you once knew will tell your story
And bear it over land from sea to sea.
And though your youth lies dead still have you proven
That those who die for Freedom must be free.

—L.A.C. G. B. ROBINSON

In Memoriam



W/C YOUNG, JOHN MAITLAND
C 939

S/L MACKENZIE, J. GRANT
C 12929

F/O BILL, VICTOR EDWARD
J 6683

LAC WARD, GORDON
R 152186

AIRMAN'S PRAYER

Pilot Divine, and Lord of all on high!
Thine are the starry squadrons of the
sky!

Lead us whose wings for freedom's
sake now soar,
Into our hearts Thy faith and courage
pour—
And hear our prayer!

Set Thou our course whose trust is laid
on Thee—
Oh, Thou Who chartest all eternity!
Through cloud and sunshine, through
the darkest night,

Guide Thou our wings who battle for
the right—
And hear our prayer!

Father and Friend, in Whose almighty
Name

We dedicate our lives to freedom's
flame,

Bless now our wings as on through
space we wend!

Bless us who to Thy care our souls
commend—

And hear our prayer!

STORM CENTRE

by Cpl. M. L. Storm



Il Duce's gone and done it. We always did suspect that he was sticking out that chin a little too far. After all, you can't go around with a chip on each shoulder and your chin stuck out like a sore thumb without some one taking a poke at it. Even the "Decadent Democracies", as he was wont to spurn us in his more balmy days, can resist temptation and swallow pride for only so long. We, ourselves, were itching to do it many years ago when he first began to prod the Wops awake and bless 'em with an inferiority complex. What now, O Wop! now that pappa's gone; are you going to talk turkey or hide behind the musty skirts of your ancient glory and tell us we are a bunch of brutes? Shades of Ethiopia we should not drop bombs upon so old and venerable a civilization. Personally, we'd like to see a little more civilization; the modern kind, with hot and cold water and votes for everybody.

Our new Commanding Officer, Group Captain C. L. Annis, **OBE**, had a little homely chat with us the other morning. "Come in your work clothes," he said, "And we'll have a get-together in the gym." Or words to that effect, anyway. The station personnel took him at his word and went, and found, we hope, inspiration. The Commanding Officer called us "one big family" and stressed the need of fellowship during our sojourn amid this isolation. Ease and friendliness flowed from him and rippled through the ranks like a beneficent Nile. The harvest should be good. That, of course, depends entirely upon the workers in the field, as is always the case. It is our station. It can be OUR happiness. Having the good fortune to interview the Commanding Officer later in the day, he reiterated his hopes and aspirations. "I like Gander," said he. "And I want everybody else to be, at least, happy here." With such leadership, how can we fail?

Beneath an almond tree, upon a shell-seared Sicilian slope that looked towards Barrafranca, Time correspondent, Jack Belden, came upon a Yank who was guarding his colonel's radio. The air was full of dust and death and the occasional railroad roar and detonation of Nazi rocketshells. In spite of all of which, the Yank soldier was brushing a mouth-organ across his lips to the tune of, "Oh, Suzanna, don't you cry for me." He looked up at Belden . . . and winked!

Which reminds us of a story that comes from Middlesbrough, on the north-east coast of England. It was during those hysterical days of the unforgettable blitz. In a little house on a mediocre street lived an old couple. Their sons were at war and their daughters "in munitions". They were alone. From above, the bombs

Advice To The Lovelorn

BY AUNTI FLO

Well fellow Ganderites, we have a big surprise in store for you. The Gander has been extremely fortunate in securing the services of that noted expert in the affairs of the heart, Aunti Flo. To introduce Aunti quote her most famous slogan. "Rest in peace and let Aunti Flo solve all the problems of your heart." And now without further ado, here is Aunti Flo to speak for herself.

"My dear readers. It gives me a great deal of pleasure to be able to try to help you in any and all affairs of the heart. It has been my privilege to help many hundreds of forlorn buds to blossom forth into the radiance of true happiness with the "right" man. Won't you let me help you?

Now my dear readers, here are a few letters from some of the many people I have been able to help.



Dear Aunti Flo:

I am a new arrival on this Station and have a very perplexing problem on my hands. I am blonde, about five feet tall, and weigh 100 pounds. My eyes are blue and I still have my own teeth and they tell me that I am not bad to look at, Oh yes! my age is 20 and my shape is very comely. My officer would like to promote me, but I am afraid that after passing the present Drill Test Board that I will become muscle bound and will lose all my girlish charms. What shall I do? Shall I take a chance on my figure and charms, or shall I stay as I am?

"BUNNY" PAIN.

Dear Bunny:

It would appear that your interest lies in someone who has already been promoted. All those who have been fortunate enough to pass the present Drill Test Board are muscle bound, hence I cannot see that you would be sacrificing your future by going through with the test. Good luck my dear, and let your conscience be your guide.

AUNTI FLO.

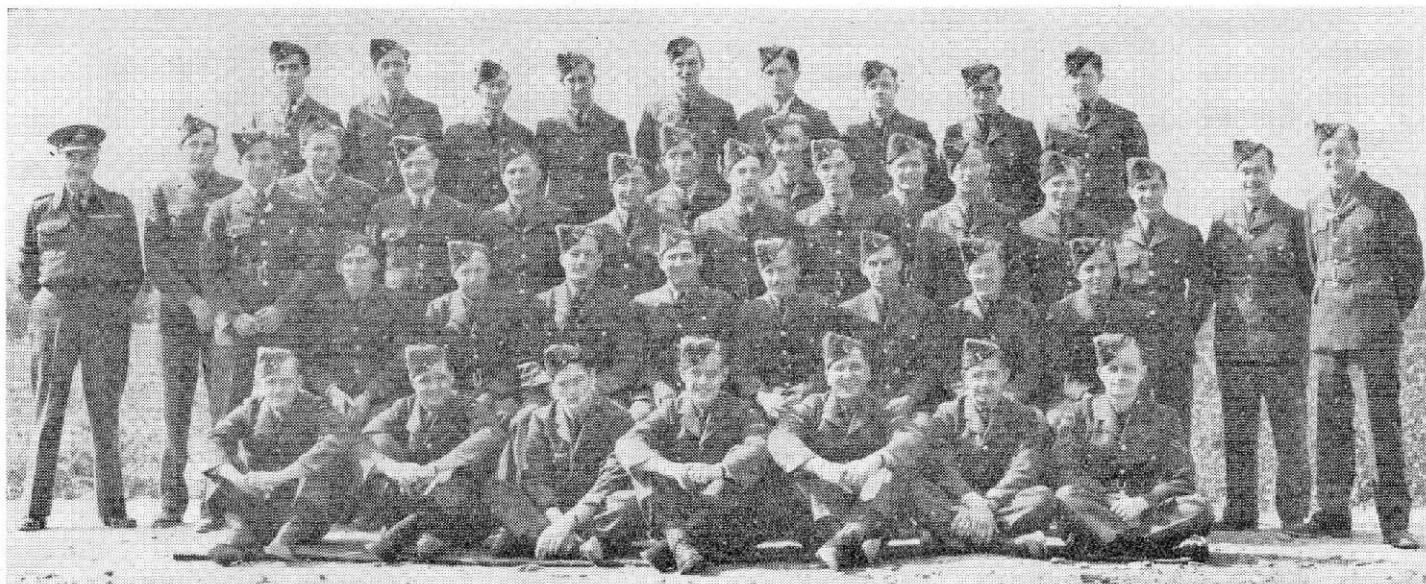
Dear Aunti Flo:

You should see my George (pronounced Jarge)! I met him on a five day pass at one of the local resorts and I really fell like a ton of bricks. He wants to marry me, but he hasn't worked for over three years. Should

(Continued on Page 27)

came down. The street behind their little home was a mess of rubble. "Come, lass," pleaded the husband. "We'd better get in the cellar before they blow us to smithereens." "What" ejaculated his homely wife, "An leave my lovely kipper?"

THE GUARDS



A group of the Security Guards serving on this station are shown in the above photo. From left to right they are, front row (seated) LAC McReynolds; LAC Saltel; LAC Royce; LAC Ferguson; LAC Cockburn; LAC Huehnergard and Cpl. Davis, D. P. Second row (seated) LAC Bayley; LAC Platt; LAC Preston; LAC Borosnik; LAC Sleno; LAC Walker; LAC Howells and LAC Arenson. Third row (standing) F/Lt. Aires; F/S Ware; Cpl. Evans; LAC Peters; Cpl. Brault; LAC Shepperd; LAC Davis B. R.; LAC Kirton; LAC Penney; LAC Galarneau; LAC Slumski; LAC Weir, J.; LAC Mathison; LAC King; LAC Eason; LAC Milligan and LAC Simpson. Back Row: LAC Shulman; LAC Thornton; LAC Covell; LAC Irvine; LAC Miller, G. J.; LAC Masse; LAC Thompson; LAC MacDonald and LAC Gurney.

WEENIE ROAST

The far cry of the wolves was heard that certain Saturday night of the Guard "weenie roast". By wolves we mean those two-legged creatures with a human abode. Such cries as "Where the devil are all the women? Who the H--- is in charge of this affair? and Somebody do something, quick," were passed in front of the Barrack Block when word got around that most of the women the gang had invited were posted out that same afternoon. Things were looking very black until the new group of W.D.'s, tired as they were from their morning's train ride, volunteered to help them out.

Eventually two truck loads of guys and gals pulled away and headed for the picturesque cove by the lake which had previously been chosen. There a giant fire had been built and the vitals for the evening had been put on to cook. While the gang were settling down "Elmer", Cpl. F. E. Davis, struck up the music on his guitar (pronounced git—er) and soon the whole troupe was joining in a rousing sing-song. In company with "Elmer" was his bride of only a few weeks. Cpl. Jack Harder also turned instrumentalist and assisted Cpl. Davis on the guitar.

"Windy" Simpson, that robust son of Hamilton as usual was the party's live wire and between cracking jokes and leading the sing-song kept the party in high spirits. It was during the impromptu entertainment that LAC "Frenchy" Lauriault surprised the crowd with a few solos. His tenor voice rang clear and strong on the clear air of that beautiful night. His efforts were sincerely appreciated by listeners.

"Joe-boy" Bayley took command of the situation around the fire and was found busily engaged in tending the fire and cooking the "weenies". During the serving of the lunch which consisted of hot dogs, mustard, and "Cokes", the "Terrier" Irvine, opened bottles a mile a minute. Coke bottles we mean.

The picnic was a success in more ways than one. Several noted friendships have arisen from it. It even came to note the "grandma," a confirmed bachelor, took an interest in the charming company provided. As a result he has been dating regularly.

Another such affair was held the following week to enable almost the entire guard personnel to attend.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

(Continued from page 26)

I marry him or not, I do love him, but you can't live entirely on love. Please help me.

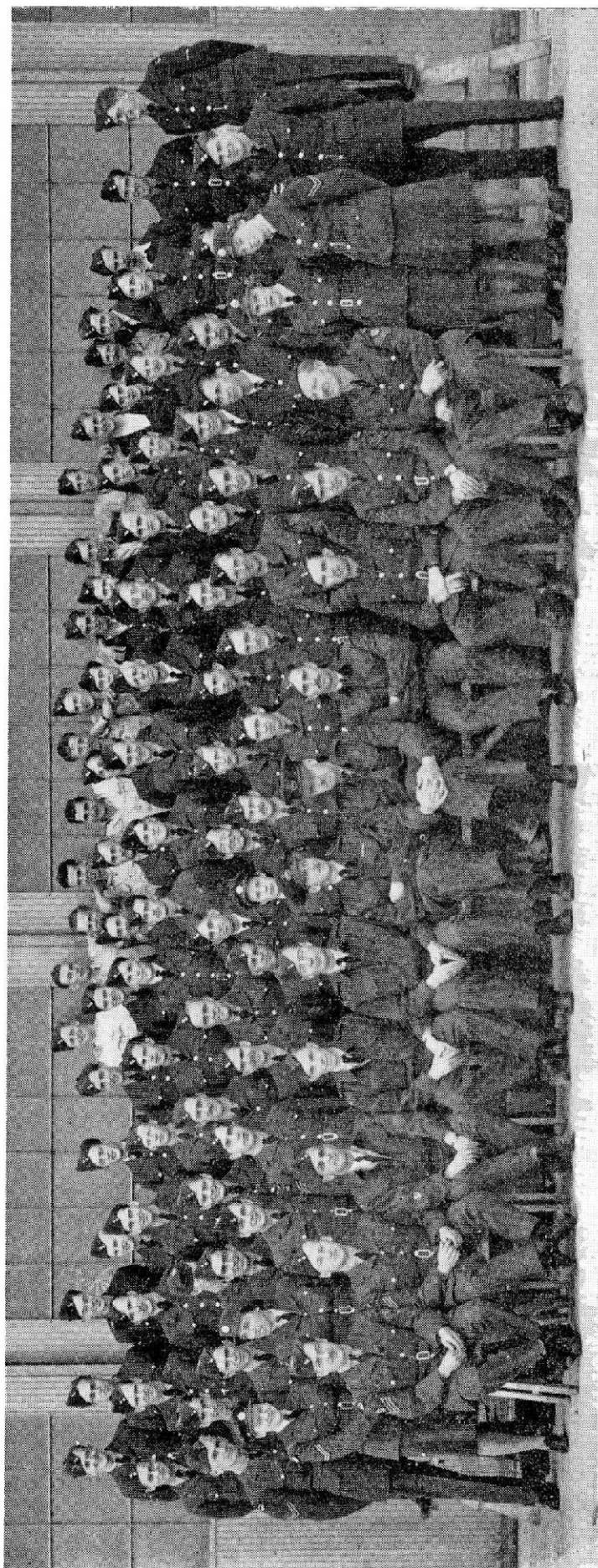
PRUDENCE STRUDEL.

My Dear Pru:

Your problem is really a most interesting one, for I was able to draw a great number of conclusions from your letter. It would seem that since the war has been going on for about four years, and that your finance has not worked for about that length of time, that he must be in the Service. It all depends on how long the war lasts. You may have to support him for ever and it will be hard for the two of you to live on love alone. My advice dearie, is to tell him to fly a kite, and you will be much better off. There are still lots of good boys in the world, and you will get one of them some day. Keep your chin up, and good luck.

AUNTI FLO.

SUB REPAIR DEPOT



An individual section is this sub repair depot shown above. Tucked away in a far corner of our station these fellows and gals carry on the work of salvage and repairs. From left to right front row are: F/S Hilton; F/S McEwen; W.O. 2 Cook; P/O Crampton; F/ Cronsberry; S/L Atkinson; F/L Evans; P/O Williams; W.O. 2 Granner; F/S Robertson and F/S Paxton. Second Row: Cpl. Powers; LAW Coffin; Sgt. Mahoney; Sgt. Ouellette; Sgt. Atherton; Sgt. Ganton; Sgt. O'Grady; Sgt. Johnson; Sgt. Watson; Sgt. Burnette; Sgt. Turner; Sgt. Yarwood; Sgt. Kedrosky; LAW Martin and Cpl. Abrams. Third Row: Cpl. Olson; LAC Wilson; Cpl. Goodhead; LAC Sanford, R. B.; Cpl. Watterson; AC 1 Riddell; Cpl. Crowe; Cpl. Lawson; Cpl. Viggers; Cpl. Paul; Cpl. Baxter; Cpl. Sears; Cpl. Wittick; Cpl. McBride; LAC Hounsborne; LAC Kuz and LAC Kearns. Fourth Row: LAC Parlette; LAC McKenzie; K. B.; AC Gaxdie; LAC Ramer, W. K.; LAC Stark; LAC Fulton; LAC Lambert; LAC Bonnier; LAC MacDonald, J. H.; AC1 Clarborough; LAC Lynch, J. L.; LAC Keseluk, Geo.; LAC Wentzel; LAC Proter; LAC Hocking; LAC Hill; LAC Morrison and LAC Patterson. Fifth Row: LAC Garnett, S. J. B.; LAC Hurton, G. D. S.; AC1 Telfer, D. R.; LAC Westcott; LAC Campbell, R. W. T.; LAC Hayes; LAC Galloway; LAC Michaud; LAC Malo; AC1 Liddle; LAC Blake-man; LAC MacKenzie, G.; LAC Bjorge; LAC Sanford, C. R.; LAC Ingoe; LAC Sherry and LAC Chaba. Back Row: LAC Collins; LAC Rafuse; AC1 Jensen; LAC Randall; LAC O'Neill; LAC Battle; LAC Aves; LAC Beadle; LAC Horton; LAC Lightfoot; and LAC Ross.

SECTION NEWS

ETHER-DRIPPINGS

by P. D. Q.

Never in the history of the Station Hospital, has there been a greater worry for the Sgt. Major in charge. Just a few days ago, like a bolt out of the blue, postings began coming in, and before he really recovered from the shock of losing a few of the staff, he realized that nearly all of the old staff had been posted. Major Chesworth, like any dutiful Father, has taken this fact with great sorrow, and the effects of his uneasiness, and worry, can be noticed each time he removes his service cap. Matters are beginning to look better now, and we hope that the new girls will prove themselves as worthy as the ones they have come to replace. We feel sure that they will. It will take time for the new staff to get acquainted, and get adjusted to their new work, but we hope that soon again, we may be the same big happy family as in days gone by.

It will be a very sad day for all of us, when we bid Au-revoir to the Senior Medical Officer. Wing Commander Ferguson has always proven himself very much attached to his Duty of Medical Officer, as well as to the great responsibility of being S.M.O., and he was ever popular with the Hospital Staff. We bid him God-speed, and as our parting wish, we hope he may find the very best in life. May health and success be with him always, and here's to a happy meeting at some place or other in the near future. We say welcome to our new Senior Medical Officer, Wing Commander Sifton, and we hope that his stay in Gander, will be none other than the very best.

When we dig up a few of the old proverbs, we like to bring to you one that readily applies to some of the old staff left in the Hospital. The one, "You never miss the sunshine until the shadows fall," really finds a haven in the minds of the men in charge of the kitchen, Steward Stores, the Treatment Room, along with a few of the boys from the Wards. Cheer up Men! The sun never sets, but that it has to rise again, and no one knows what lies beyond the horizon. We miss them all, it is true, but our loss, we hope, will be someone else's gain. We hope that in leaving they have taken with them many happy memories of days spent in Gander, and we all join in together in wishing them the best of luck and success, and many a happy landing.

For the last week, there has been a great amount of activity in the Orderly Room, due to the fact that Sgt. McHardy has been busily engaged in keeping the wolves from the door. Could it be that there is some special attraction there?

One evening a certain Sgt. was seen entering the place toting a coke along. Come, let us in on it Lou!

It has been observed that Cpl. Bomphrey has met one of his old acquaintances. We would like to have more information on this, and we would all enjoy very much knowing about No. 8 Bomph. Ole Boy!

One cannot help but notice the extra vim, vigor, and vitality of our mad scientist, since the new staff arrived. Could it be that a certain W.D. Lab. Assistant has been the cause of all this activity on Frank's part. We would certainly like to know Merc.

Alaska seems to be a great distance from the Gander, but thanks to the splendid means of transportation in Canada, and the superb railway service in Newfoundland, we have with us a newcomer who admits being a native of this cold, windswept portion of our hemisphere. There is no reason why you should insult the climate of Newfoundland by locking yourself in the refrigerator, Banda. After all, this is not Florida!

The Kitchen staff hopes to be able to get away with murder, owing to the very sincere friendship between a member of the staff here, and a certain service policeman. Keep it up Hellard, but be careful and be sure to come in on time every night.

Another item of interest has been the arrival of a charming W.D. Cpl. for the Kitchen. We all wonder why all those trips to Steward stores by members of the ward staff—"WOLVES"—and again, Johnston seems to be using quite a number of bottles these days. Come on Johnston, what is the big attraction, or is the Dispensary a lonely place to be in! She is rather nice, isn't she?

Some Scotsman was heard singing, "Auld Glasgow Belongs To Me," at three o'clock one morning. We would like to know if "Auld Queen Ann" had anything to do with it. Sir Malcolm, give an account of yourself.

The fishing season is practically over now, and Malcolm, Joe and Bomphrey were seen salting away their fishing equipment. Salmon and trout will undoubtedly rest easier, now that these three big game hunters have put an end to their fishing trips.

We would like to question F/Sgt. Fancett about a certain reconnaissance trip taken to Gander Lake, one evening about 9.30 o'clock. What was the water like, Flight, and was the moon as bright as the night before? Come Flight, let us in on it.

Howie is still quite taken up with a certain W. D. and each evening he spends a good hour or so making himself presentable. What is he like

Stanley. Keep it up, as we like to see Howie so happy.

Shupe, our mad pack store kid, is still rolling snake eyes, and shows no signs of ever changing his way of living. He can't be living right that kid!

Friends, the space on our scandal sheet is getting smaller and smaller, and the gossip is weakening, so until we scout around a bit more we will wish you pleasant reading and a happy month in the Gander. What was meant to be confidential statements a few days ago, have been given to you by the special service of our generous spy ring. We hope that the special dope gathered by you from this sheet, will prove to be an asset to all readers.

Educational Section

Most of the activities of the Educational section are centered in the Drill Hall, the location of the office, Library and Classroom.

Perhaps the most familiar branch is the Library. Catering to an average of 80 or more people per day, it offers them the choice of some 2,800 books. These are composed of all varieties and on most subjects. The past summer has seen them catalogued, and classified, so its patrons know where to search for books they desire. New books are added monthly to keep it up to date. A very welcome addition recently is the Encyclopedia Britannica. Another service of the library is the supplying of newspapers from various home points. These are subscribed to and are placed in the Lounge Room. Their numbers are greatly increased by donations from various members of the station, so that a good assortment is provided.

Various classes are sponsored by the department. Perhaps the oldest and best established of these are the Pre Aircrew Classes. Here the prospective remusterers to aircrew are given instruction in the intricacies of the Mathematics they will later have to know. Science classes delve into the mysteries of astronomy, electricity and other necessary details, while English classes brush up long forgotten details of speaking and writing so others can understand. At various hours of the day the sound of "dit dahs" from the classroom indicates that some prospective ambitious student is getting that Morse he learned into shape. Weekly too, from an eerie darkness, flashes of light and the sound of voices indicate that the classes are being literally "shown" what is which as far as "Aircraft Rec" is concerned.

With the aid of some much sought for typewriters provided by the Canadian Legion Educational Services, typing classes are held frequently through the week to enable desirous ones to learn to type, or to learn to type more rapidly. Stu-

dents never seem to be lacking for this class. Shorthand classes are proving popular this last while.

With the arrival of supplies, the Art Class is under way. Here may be seen the future artists labouring with their charcoal and paints, under the helping hand of their instructor. The results indicate that the time and effort are far from wasted, and we expect great things from these budding Angelos.

One educational endeavour which is not very obvious is that of Correspondence Courses. These are provided by or supported by the Canadian Legion, and offer a very wide range of subjects. Practically any elementary or high school subject, and a widening choice of university subjects are now available to personnel of this station. Our enrollment seems to increase monthly, with some 150 persons studying everything from Music and Philosophy to Mathematics and Engineering.

PADRE'S CORNER

(Continued from page 23)

Power. Be always convinced that the first victory is to be won over yourselves.

Thus, in every sphere, spiritual and material, you'll get fit, you'll be able to "keep" fit.

And, for God's sake, don't get ganderized . . !

—C. A. METAYER, H/F/LT.,
R. C. Chaplain.

FRENCH

Eh oui, on est à Gander! sur un station d'ailleurs des plus belles, des plus complètes. Plusieurs ne semblent pas s'en rendre compte, c'est curieux. Ils aimeraient mieux probablement l'Afrique et ses "simouns" de 120 degrés de chaleur, ou la fière Albion et ses rationnements, ou encore Montréal et ses restaurants, pour ne pas parler du reste . . . Le trouble est, voyez-vous, que la guerre ne se fait pas qu'à Montréal et c'est bien dommage; on y serait si bien, on s'amuserait bien plus qu'ici. Evidemment. Voyons, un peu de virilité. La conduite héroïque des centaines de Canadiens qui tombent actuellement en Italie condamnent vos gémissements.

Votre bel esprit français vous a mis au cocur un attachement sacré pour la terre qui vous a vus naître et grandir, vous la défendriez jusqu'à la mort ainsi que les êtres chers qui y habitent. Transposez cette force sur le plan international et dites-vous bien que vos sacrifices actuels, nous les connaissons, ne pas inutiles; ils s'ajoutent à des millions d'autres sacrifices dans tous les pays alliés, ils assureront les douceurs de la paix, une liberté sacrée non pas seulement aux êtres qui vous sont chers, mais à tous ces êtres de par le monde qu'une barbarie sans nom a voulu entraîner dans le plus dégradant des esclavages.

C'est quelque chose ça . . . ça vaut au moins la peine d'y penser!

—C. A. METAYER, H/F/LT.,
R. C. Chaplain.

Wedding Bells

MAHONEY—WIENDWILT

Cupid bit the Gander dust and brought us wedding bells the other week when dark, handsome F/S Mahoney, R.E., a New Brunswickian, became the best man in the life of AW1 Evelyn Wiendwilt, a neat and trim westerner from Regina. Bridesmaid LAW Johanna Broteur and (2nd.) Best Man Cpl. Moran, J. gave them moral support "per ardua ad



marriage". Guests were Sgt. Palmer, J.; LAW Kennedy, LAC & Mrs. Gallant. Spt. LaJeune, padre, tied the knot. The couple left for a seven day honeymoon at Grand Falls in the company of LAW Sinclair, G. & Cpl. Patterson.

With the permission G/C Annis, a party was held for F/S & Mrs. Mahoney at the Admin. Bldg. The Commanding Officer, the Adjutant, the S.A.O., officers and staff attended. Sgt. Anderson, of the Sergeants Mess, made a wedding cake for the occasion. And the Orderly Room Staff presented the couple with \$25. These ceremonies over, everybody danced until 1.30.

The Gander asked the customary question, "Where do you intend to live after your honeymoon?"

"Are you kidding?" the Groom shot back.

BLUEBERRY BEE

Perhaps the gang that went out that certain Sunday to pick those delicious morsels of nature, namely blueberries, looked a little Ganderized. To be sure they were not. The idea of picking berries is good pastime and also makes for good eating. Those pies, have you ever eaten anything so delicious? Let's try it again some time.

MORPHY—GILLINGHAM

On August 18, 1943, at the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Cornerbrook, LAC V. E. Morphy, son of Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Morphy of Zelandia, Sask. took as his bride Mary Alfreda, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Gillingham, of Cornerbrook.



The marriage ceremony was performed by the Rector, Rev. T. E. Loder, R.D.

Matron of Honour was LAW Feltham, one of the W.D.'s of this station. The groom was ably supported by Sgt. R. Strains of the R.C.A. Dental Corps; P.F.C. J. Cheyning and Sgt. N. Reves both of the U. S. Army were ushers.

LAC Morphy is a security Guard by Trade and has been stationed here for 16 months. Following his return from Cornerbrook he said that his bride will leave shortly for Toronto, Ont., her future home. He has been in the force since Sept. 14, 1941. Following courses at Saskatoon and Trenton he was posted to this station.

SHOCK FOR THE DRIVER

R.C.A.F. transport drivers mastered the British rule of the roads very quickly—but find the road signs more puzzling.

For instance, one town, through which they pass occasionally displays this warning at its approaches: "Remember—the child playing in the road may be yours."

The lads from "over there" find that statement a bit startling.

DAVIS—HAYLEY

Following a quiet wedding which took place at the United Church in Grand Falls, Merritta, daughter of Mrs. and the late Frederick Hayley of Bonavista became the bride of Cpl. C. E. Davis, R.C.A.F., son of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Davis of Sidney, Man.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. Sydney J. Hillier pastor of the church. The marriage took place on August 24, 1943.

Bridesmaid for the occasion was Miss Lillian Wyatt of Grand Falls. The groom was supported by LAC Harold Nesbitt, R.C.A.F. of this station.

Cpl. Davis is a Security Guard and has been stationed in Newfoundland for 15 months. He joined the R. C. A. F. on July 16, 1941. Prior to his



posting here he was stationed at Daulphin, Man. and Bottwood. On Nov. 1, 1942 he received his "hooks."

HIGH FLIGHT

Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth,

And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;

Sunward I've climbed and joined the tumbling mirth

Of sun-split clouds—and done a hundred things

You have not dreamed of—wheeled and soared and swung

High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,

I've chased the shouting winds along and flung

My eager craft through footless halls of air.

Up, up the long delicious, burning blue

I've topped the wind-swept height with easy grace,

Where never lark, nor even eagle flew;

And while with silent, lifting mind I've trod

The high untrespassed sanctity of space,

Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.

—JOHN GILLESPIE MAGEE.

GUFF CENTRE

K.P.: "What do they do with dough-nut holes?"

Cookie: "They use them to stuff macaroni."

* * * *

A farmer was driving past the insane asylum with a truck load of fertilizer. An inmate called out:

"What are you hauling there?"

"Fertilizer," replied the farmer.

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Put it on my strawberries."

"You ought to live here. We get sugar and cream on ours."

* * * *



TO A LOVELY AIRMAN

I think that I shall never see,
A girl refuse a meal that's free.
A girl who doesn't even wear,
A mess of doodads in her hair.
Girls are loved by fools like me,
Cause who on earth would kiss a tree.
(By a Man)

* * * *

REPLY:

I wish that I could only see,
A man whose hands aren't quite so free.
A man who wouldn't even dare,
To kiss, to hug, to want to stare.
A man who won't expect too much,
In return for a show, a dance or such.
A wolf who is not on the spree,
Brother, dear brother, SHOW him to me.
(By a Woman).

* * * *

Did you hear about the girl who bought a bicycle so she could pedal a little in the country?

* * * *

Mother, entering room unexpectedly: "Well! I never . . ."

Daughter, quickly: "Oh, but Mother, you must have!"

When God gave out brains, I thought

He said trains, and I missed mine.

When He gave out looks, I thought

He said books, and I didn't want any;

When He gave out noses, I thought

He said roses, and I ordered a big red one.

When He gave out legs, I thought

He said kegs, and I ordered two fat ones,

When He gave out ears, I thought

He said beers, and I ordered two long ones.

When He gave out chins, I thought

He said gins, and I ordered a double.

God, am I a mess!

* * * *

Bad men want their women to be like cigarettes—slender and trim, all in a row, to be selected at will, and set aflame—and when the flame has subsided, discarded only to select another.

The fastidious man wants his women to be like cigars—they are more expensive, they make a better appearance, they last longer, for after all, if the brand is good, they are seldom discarded but used to the end.

The good man wants his women to be like his pipe—something he becomes attached to, knocks gently but lovingly, takes good care of always.

A man will give you a cigarette, offer you a cigar, but he never shares his pipe !!!

* * * *

Judge: "I'm sorry, but we can't issue a license to your grandchild. She's only 15 and too young."

Old Negro Granny: "Lawdy, mister jedge, wat we gwinna do, She's ol' 'nuf to do what she done did."

* * * *

The husband answering the phone said: "I don't know. Try calling the weather bureau," and hung up.

"What was that?" asked the wife.

"Some Airman, I guess. He asked if the coast was clear."

* * * *

"What's the difference between kissing your sister and kissing your sweetheart?"

"About twenty minutes."

It is said that Hitler went to a fortune teller and asked her, "On what day will I die?" She replied that he would die on a Jewish holiday. "Why are you so sure of that?" asked Der Fuehrer. "Any day on which you die WILL BE a Jewish holiday."

* * * *

The new sentry, butt of half the war jokes ever written, had been instructed to force all officers to dismount when nearing his post and was enjoying the privilege to the full. Through the murk of the late afternoon he saw a F/Lt.

"Halt!" he yelled. "Dismount!"

"But," said the wondering F/Lt., "I have no horse."

"Makes no difference," said the guard. "You hustle 'round and get one!"

* * * *

Sergeant: "See here, I just can't stand seeing you kiss that girl any more!"

Corporal: "S'matter? Opposed to sentimentality?"

Sergeant: "Naw. It's my girl!"

* * * *

The airforce doctor was questioning the new nurse about the L.A.C. patient. "Have you kept a chart of his progress?"

The nurse blushing replied, "No, but I can show you my diary."

* * * *

Corporal: "I sure had a swell time last night!"

A.C. 2: "Where were you?"

Corporal: "Damned if I know."

* * * *



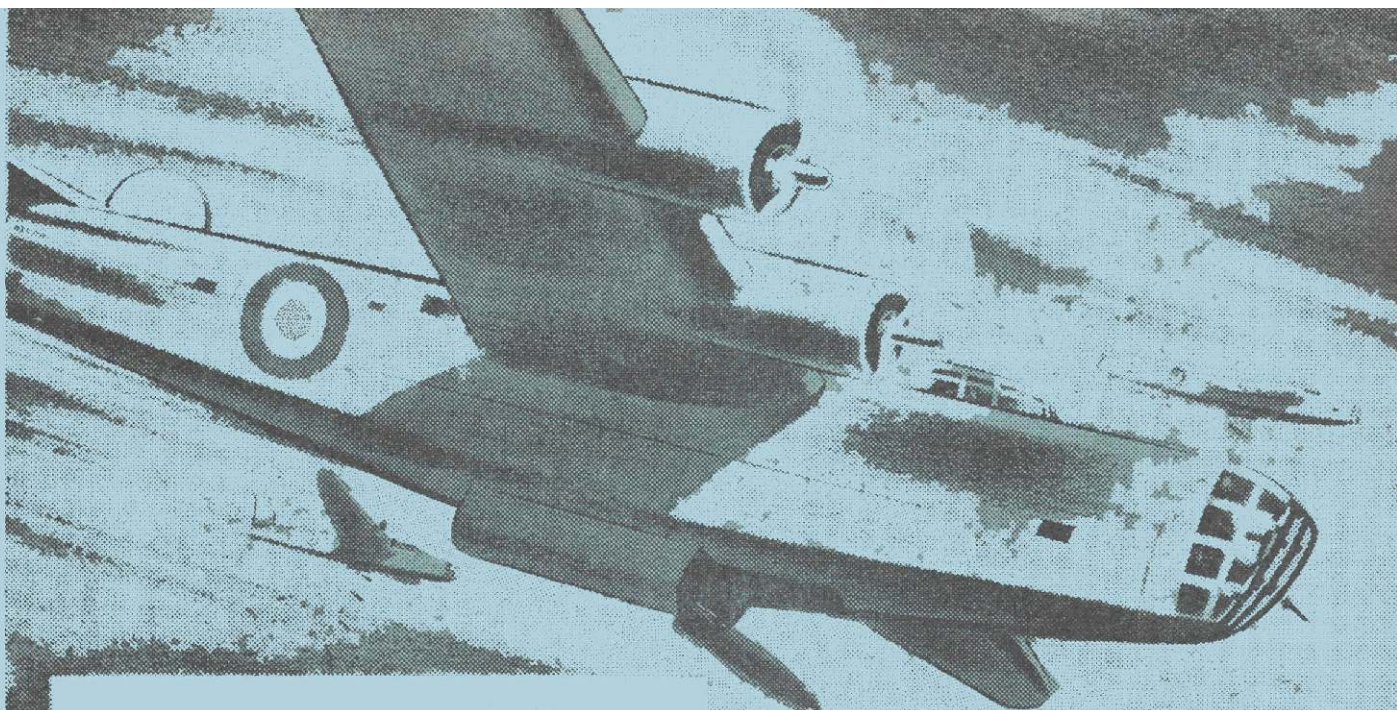
"Just look at this," gushed the proud mother, waving a letter. "They've promoted our boy for hitting the sergeant. They've made him a court-marshal!"

Coming Attractions

at R.C.A.F. Theatre

DATE	FEATURE	ARTISTS
Oct. 3—	"EDGE OF DARKNESS"	Ann Sheridan and Errol Flynn
Oct. 5—	"FOREST RANGER"	Fred MacMurray & Paulette Goddard
Oct. 7—"REVEILLE WITH BEVERLY"		Ann Miller and Wm. Wright
Oct. 10—"YANKEE DOODLE DANDY"		James Cagney and Joan Leslie
Oct. 12—	"GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE"	Ann Sheridan and Jack Benny
Oct. 14—	"SOMETHING TO SHOUT ABOUT"	Don Ameche, Jack Oakie and Janet Blair
Oct. 17—	"THE HARD WAY"	Ida Lupino and Dennis Morgan
Oct. 19—	"THE AMAZING MRS. HOLLIDAY"	Deanna Durbin and Edmond O'Brien
Oct. 21—	"THE MOON IS DOWN"	Cedric Hardwicke and Henry Travers
Oct. 24—	"THUNDER BIRDS"	Gene Tierney and John Sutton
Oct. 25—	"HELLO, FRISCO, HELLO"	Alice Faye and John Payne
Oct. 28—	"DESPERADOES"	Randolph Scott and Glenne Ford
Oct. 31—	"THE BLACK SWAN"	Tyrone Power and Maureen O'Hara

The above schedule is subject to change



YOUR BOND may buy THIS BOMB!

Here's the investment of the hour. Put your money in bonds to bomb the Axis. Put your dollars to work smashing "Festung Europa". Every bond, every bomb, has its job to do: how quickly that job will be finished depends on the number of bonds and bombs. So put your dollars, every one you can scrape up, into 5th Victory Loan Bonds. The Axis is on the run: turn that run into a rout. Speed unconditional surrender. Bring our boys back home.

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