

THE

"Gander"



OCTOBER—NOVEMBER, 1943

THE GANDER

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

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THE STAFF

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PhotographerCpl. M. A. Jackson

CONTEST



A cash award of \$5.00, we repeat Five Bucks, awaits the winner of the contest for the best cartoon of station life. The cartoons must be original.

Cartoons can be left at the Protestant Padres Office and must be submitted before November 20th, 1943.

• EDITOR'S NOTES •

The old bug-bearer of this station, namely transportation, held up over half of the copies of August-September issue of the GANDER. They were held in Moncton and out of necessity gave way to more important air freight. However, we hope that this problem has been solved and that it will not rear its head again.

v v v

Early in October, news of great importance reached this station. Just how the news spread isn't quite known but it did get around the station—but fast. The Commanding Officer, Group Captain C. L. Annis, O. B. E., became the father of a husky baby boy. Fortunately, he was home on leave to greet his new son. And so from "our happy family" here we wish to extend to his "happy family" in Canada our sincere and heartiest congratulations.

In this issue of the GANDER you will find more pictures of people you know and see about the station. Among these are photos of the I.G.'s Inspection, the M. T. Section, and the Flying Lancers Squadron.

Among material worth reading is "Rhubarb for Breakfast" by LAC Paterson, and the C.O.'s article "Sauce for the Gander." So far we've been using our own ideas and we are interested in finding out just what you think about our attempts. Pass along your comments to the magazine by dropping a note in the Editor's mail box. And while you're about it how about slipping in a story, gag, or an idea for the improvement of your magazine.

This month of November is remembered throughout the Allied World for its Memorial Day, Nov. 11. It seems quite fitting therefore and opportune that there should come unsolicited to the editorial desk the other day a short article written by a member of this station who desires to remain anonymous, it tells of his chum.

His chum Jerry "bought his" over there during this struggle for freedom. There are none of us here, chafing for action as most are, who haven't buddies or brothers or sisters or friends in the thick of it. Some of them have already gone.

This is the story of Jerry and Hank, two buddies. One of them is gone. But this is Hank's touching remembrance.

From the Signal section comes a capable assistant editor, L.A.C. Jack Barrett. We call him Slim, and he hails from Toronto. Before joining the Airforce nearly two years ago he worked on the Toronto Globe and Mail. At present we have

been keeping him busy doing rewrites but he's promised a feature story in the near future, so watch for it.

Monday, October 18, 1943, found this station and all stations, cities and towns across Canada especially busy transferring cash into a more secure form by subscribing to the Fifth Victory Loan. The objective of this station is \$140,000, an amount much larger than has ever been subscribed by this station before. "Save while serving" is a good motto and on this station its an

excellent policy that is easy to do. Let's put the amount allotted us over the top as we have in the past.

Numerous correspondents sending in material to the magazine have neglected to sign the copy. Some material of a very fine nature had to be discarded because it lacked information on some points and the person who wrote it forgot to sign the copy. We didn't know who to contact and trying to find anyone on this station is like looking for the proverbial needle in a haystack! Another matter which was brought up was submitting material. All copy should reach the Editors by the eighth of each month. Your co-operation in this matter will result in the magazine

being on the station at the end of each month.

The December issue will be a souvenir book. Printed on extra fine paper with a special cover it will be made up of pictures from cover to cover. We hope to have pictures of every section in it. This magazine will be sold for 25 cents a copy in the canteens and it is hoped that it will be on sale before Christmas. We are asking again for your ideas for this extra special edition of your magazine.

To anyone who expects to be off the station, either on pass or if he's lucky on posting, while the Christmas issue is on sale, arrangements have been made whereby you can secure a copy of it. By leaving your name and address with Cpl. D. P. Davis B.B. 108 or the Protestant Chaplain along with the cost of the magazine, copies will be sent or held for you.

Our sisters in the Service, our beloved W.D's have had a birthday. Yes, October 22nd, marked the second anniversary of the formation of the R.C.A.F. Women's Division in Canada. We are both proud and honored to have them serving on this station with us. We realize this would be a very dull spot without them and we admire their pluck in serving here and elsewhere in the world.



LAC H. W. Huehnergard
born and educated in
Kitchener, Ont. Was on
the staff of the Kitchener
Daily Record for 5 years.

SAUCE FOR THE GANDER

By "The Old Man"

It is my intention, during my monthly rambles in this column, to dwell primarily on matters of Station interest having mostly to do with advance information on things to come. This is in order that, having been told, you can plan and suggest the best ways and means of accomplishing new objectives that we set for improving our Station, furthering our value to the Service and our happiness during our stay here.

I have publicly stated to you that I consider our prime purpose at Gander is to pursue the war effort to the best of our ability and concurrently to prepare ourselves as better citizens for our country when, having won the war, we return home again. To accomplish this let us be careful that whatever we do, we do it well—with drive and spontaneity and enthusiasm. Let us never do things by half-measure, I would rather see things left undone than done poorly. So let us really work while we work, really play while we play and really relax while we rest. More than anything else I would like to see our Station's reputation wax along the lines "if its done at Gander it is done well". To gain it we will each require the others help and I have no qualms in this regard.

Our Station's peculiarly isolated position is such that we involuntarily all keep, or want to keep busy, just to prevent the time from dragging. Nothing is more unpleasant for an individual than to be on a busy Station like this and have nothing profitable to do, either in work or play. Believe me, we all are trying to organize our Station and reduce our establishment and strength so that **everyone** will have a full time job to do during working hours! But "all work and no play makes

Jack a dull boy" and the saying applies here with the same force as anywhere else. In fact the gainful happy employment of our leisure is one of our major problems and, I believe, as this scientific machine age progresses with its labour-saving devices, must needs more and more engross us and our civilization in the years to come. It is in regard to this latter aspect that I wish to devote myself in this column. We will reserve our D.R.O.'s and

Standing Orders, etc. for the pursuit of useful work and our Magazine and other agencies for gainful relaxation.

First let us consider this Magazine itself. The August-September issue was a great improvement over previous editions and—in spite of the shockingly generous article favouring the undersigned called "this is our C. O."—can definitely be categorized as "done well". I would like on behalf of the remainder of the Station, from so many of which I have heard such "favourable" comments, congratulate the editors and contributors. But it will be even better in future—more pictures more "spotlights", more variety

and better prizes for contributions, more something you will want to keep or send home. But, as the editor said in his note "this did not all happen by the waving of a magic wand". It took hard work. Your staff wants and needs your help, your contributions, your ideas and suggestions. It is OUR magazine for our own Gander family. Shame on any man or woman of Gander who finding time or having ability does not do his or her bit for our common good. So "come across"—all of you. We are really all a part of our magazine staff.

(Continued on page 30)



G/C Annis, O.B.E. and Air Vice-Marshal Godfrey, M.C., A.F.C.

RHUBARB

FOR BREAKFAST

by LAC "Pat" Paterson

The take-off was a bit bumpy. With full throttle, the two spitfires raced down the levelled field which served as a drome and smoothly pulled into the morning mist. The field except for the fine-pitched purr of the pair of Merlins was quiet. Around the perimeter other Spitfires were parked, spaced at intervals at their dispersal locations. A small knot of ground crew men stood watching the take-off, listening with practised ears to the powerful hum of the engines.

A slight tug on the stick and the planes eased swiftly into the air, the bandy-legged undercarriage folding into position beneath the tapering wings. It was about ten o'clock and flying for the R.C.A.F. Squadron located just outside the pulsing heart of the Empire, London, had been washed out for the day on account of weather.

The two youthful fliers were off to pay a visit to the communications and transportation system of the Nazis in France, the nation held in bondage. Their particular target on this January morning was close to Dunkirk. They flew close to the deck until they reached Manson on the English coast. There they set their course for 17 minutes at right angles to the French coast to fool possible spotters. Later they altered their course again and flew right to their target for the day. They skimmed across the channel to prevent perception by the R.D.F. system of the Germans which could not pick up planes flying at such a low altitude. It was a bit more interesting that way of course. One slip would be the last one, flying at such a speed so close to the drink.

They tested their guns, a formidable array of armament for the Mark 5 Spitfires, two 20 m.m. cannon and four .303 machine guns. In the sand dunes of the northern coast of France they found plenty of ack-ack batteries. These they swept over so fast and so close to the ground one pilot claimed later that he saw the open-mouthed astonishment of the startled Jerry gunners. Each of the pilots picked a battery and sweeping in at 300 plus miles per hour with guns blazing they blasted the deadly nests which still had their guns pointed into the sky. Both gun posts were wiped out and inland they sifted picking their targets.

The narrator telling this story, explained that it was the custom on mornings such as these when flying was washed out for a fighter squad-

ron for some of the pilots to pick out a target and go out on a "Rhubarb." These were strafing expeditions into occupied France shooting up trains, barges, control towers and the like. In other words generally raising as much hell as they could and at the most vulnerable spots that could be chosen by careful and scientific selection. They were never, for instance, the result of some foolhardy expeditions or joy riding.

Upon being assured by Operations that no sorties had been chosen for that particular day the pilots who had decided to have some extra fun would visit Intelligence. There they looked over the file of photographs taken by daring reconnaissance pilots in the secrets room and consulted with the Intelligence officer on duty. After careful deliberation these spots were picked out.

The fighter pilot telling the story continued, "We had gone inland a little ways when my Number Two chose his railroad and turned looking for some locomotives. He saw one pulling a line of much-needed supplies and proceeded to beat it up.

Pouring down with his cannon fire he picked the vulnerable spot on the engine and had the satisfaction of seeing it explode. Meanwhile the leader had selected a barge canal which ran parallel to the railroad about five hundred yards distant. Here he noticed several all metal self-propelled barges and sank them. These barges were about the same width as the canal and sinking them meant that the canal would be tied up for some time. The leader of the sortie continued up the canal and shot up the lock-operating mechanism and control house before leaving.

The pair of marauders next noticed some Nazi soldiers in a nearby field and turned down for some further shooting. Then noticing a lone figure in the next patch the Number Two swept in on him. Just as he was getting ready to blast he noticed the figure waving his arms. It was a French peasant whose brave salute had saved his life.

By this time the two ships had reached Newport and were running into some heavy ground flak which made them decide to turn back, since their mission was accomplished anyway. Suddenly they discovered a flight of five Me's 109 coming towards them which helped their decision to scoot for home.

(Continued on page 27)



J. F. Paterson Educated in Toronto grade school to University. He reported for the Daily Commercial News, Toronto for six years.

— PERSONALITIES OF THE MONTH —



LAC LOUIS "Louie" LACOURSE,
R117436

Born, Fort Coulonge, Quebec; educated, in schools at Fort Coulonge and Waletham, Que. Boss of the Bowling Alleys "Louie" always manages to make a fine showing in that game; its one of his favourites; as are Hockey and Baseball. Last year on the Gander Hockey team he scored five goals in a game against Corner Brook thereby helping to win the championship for this station. **Service Record;** Joined August, 22, 1941 had Manning Pool at No. 2, Manitoba, then was sent to Uplands. He arrived in Gander Dec. 3, 1942 and began work in the Drill Hall. **Hobbies,** takes active part in all sports.



A.W. 1 GRACE CAVELL DEWLING
W305105

Born, Little Bay, Notre Dame Bay, Newfoundland; educated, R. C. school Brigus and completed at Spaniards Bay. Nickname, "Spud". **Service record,** joined W. W.'s in St. John's, Nfld. May 29, 1942, Manning Depot at Rockcliffe, Ont., thence to Victoria, B.C. arrived Gander February, 1943; occupation clerk operations; **hobbies,** stamp collecting, swimming, skating bowling, badminton; likes this station but would like a posting overseas.



FLIGHT SERGEANT
A. HENRY "TUP" TUPLIN, R103045

Born; Hamilton, Ontario, July 26, 1913; educated, in public and technical school and attended business college in that city. He is foreman of works in the W & B Section; was carpenter at one time. **Service Record;** enlisted March, 1941 took basic at No. 1 Manning Pool, Toronto, Ont., then served at Mountainview until he received his posting to Gander arriving here in October, 1942, and is still not particular about leaving. **Hobbies;** bowling, soccer and badminton; at present is second vice-president of the Sergeants Mess Committee. Says of the R.C.A.F. "I have never met a finer bunch to work for or with."



CPL. JOHN SPENCER BIGHAM,
R70420

Born; Weybourn, Saskatchewan, April 14, 1920; educated, Bellville, Ontario and Leduc, Alta., present home is in Drumbo, Ont. Was a wireless instructor at four R.C.A.F. Schools during which time he chalked up some 250 hours in the air. **Service Record;** Enlisted on September 4, 1940, took basic training at No. 1 Manning Pool, Toronto, Ont.; served at No. 3 I.T.S., Victoriaville, Que., No. 4 W.S. Guelph, Ont., W.S.-F.S. Burch, Ont., R.C.A.F. Station, North Sydney. On Feb. 19, 1943, he arrived in Gander and still likes the place. **Hobbies;** music, station art classes and dramatics. Occasionally plays for services at church. While serving at No. 1 Wireless School in Montreal played the Organ in Station Chapel there. Likes Pipe Organ.



N.S. JEANNIE MURDOCH

Born, Winnipeg (somebody here from the West) Man.; **education,** Kerrobert, Sask., which she now calls home, nurse training at St. Paul's Hospital, Saskatoon; **service record,** joined R.C.A.F., March, 1942, at Winnipeg, served 15 months at S.F.T.S. Carberry, Man., thence to Gander arriving one windy evening, July 15, 1943, has been happy since; **hobbies,** travel and fiction books and two off-the-record items, namely, horse-back riding, (a tender subject) and a good game of cribbage (this latter point she admits a much debated one).

In civil life, Nursing Sister Murdoch spent 14 months at a hospital, whose capacity had some elasticity, in the bush country beyond steel's end in the Peace River country of northern B.C., namely Fort St. John. Eighteen beds and a big back yard accommodated a Warner Brothers movie idea of the north-west-characters, all characters, Indians and adventurous drifters as well as residents working on the Alcan Highway.



CPL. A. C. "VAN" VANDERVLEIT
W301996

Born; Amsterdam, Holland; education started in Holland and coming to Canada at an early age she finished her schooling at St. Laurent High School, Montreal with finishing touches at Toronto where her parents now reside. Joined W.D.'s Jan. 20 1942 at Toronto and is now secretary to G/C Annis, Commanding Officer. **Service Record,** Jarvis, thence to 14 S.F.T.S. Aylmer, both in Ont. and for the past 15 months has graced this station with her pleasing personality and doesn't wish to leave; **hobbies,** amateur photography, dress-making, favorite sports, badminton, bowling and horse-back riding; speaks and write the Dutch Language as well as English.



LAW JENEVIEVE "JEN" CHIPMAN
W305132

Born; in Sydney, N. S.; at early age came to Cornerbrook, Nfld., received education in Public and High School there. Was G. D. until recently when she received a remuster to Postal Clerk. **Service record;** Joined W. D.'s on July 1, 1942 in St. John's, Nfld.; received basic training at Rockcliffe and came to Gander on the second draft of W. D. arriving on this station August 7, 1942. **Hobbies:** badminton, dancing and reading; likes Pearl Buck's novels and books on current events. Would like a posting to another station.



AC 2 JOSEPH ("Joe the Barber")
GORDON

Born, Nestleton, Ont., his parents were American but his mother liked Canada and so arranged for her family to be born there; **education,** largely in Buffalo with some extra curricular semesters in Chicago and Toronto; **service record,** joined up in Toronto, April 29, 1943, this is first station after his period at the "Y" Depot; trade, barber and parlor (?) tricks; civil occupation, semi-professional magician, which meant playing a number of nite-spots in Chicago and Toronto doing magic; also traveling with a couple of circuses, Jones' Brothers and with Reuben and Cherry, where he performed magic and in ancient circus tradition doubled in brass and everything else; had own barber business in Toronto where home now is, married and has two children, Don and Ross Gordon.

PADRE'S CORNER

WELCOME

This month we welcome to our Station another Padre, Flight Lieut. Comfort, who, previous to his enlistment, held a parish in the Diocese of Quebec. He has already won a place for himself among the Station personnel. As time goes on he will become better acquainted with you and the Station, in fact we both will become better acquainted with the station. In the past the Padre has been confined to the office too closely. Except for the visiting of patients in hospital, the regular routine work has occupied many hours of each day. And to that the correspondence which includes letters to parents who have become worried about their boys or girls; letters to wives who have heard nothing from their husbands for a long period; letters to next-of-kin after accidents occur; plus innumerable other requests which often leave the padre little time for reading, study, personal correspondence or sports.

With the arrival of F/L Comfort, it is proposed that we visit alternately all the sections on the Station and learn something at first hand of the type of work you are doing in your service here. More than that we want to meet you, to help you and if necessary to advise you on problems which to you are the most important things in the world.

Primarily our task will be to help you in spiritual and moral problems which arise from time to time. In this respect we need your co-operation too. Without it we cannot help or even know your problems. So make it apoint then, of getting to know your Chaplains and helping them while helping yourselves.—F/L M. C. P. MacIntosh.

TWENTY FIVE YEARS AFTER

"The good that men do live after them" is a true saying, and equally true is the fact that wrong thought and action has its own effect on the future. Thus men fought from 1914-1918 for an ideal. "A world fit for heroes—" and it really took heroes to live in such a world. Somewhere the ideal was lost. The League of Nations seeing the right were afraid of the consequences and today we realize that there can be no compromise between right and wrong.

It seems, looking back after twenty five years, that almost everything was tried in one country or another to make a better life. Unions became strong, supposedly to protect the working man and to raise his standard of living. Educational facilities were increased and social services extended—all apparently to no avail. The working man's lot became harder; the educated man found the opportunities for using his knowledge limited and social services found themselves facing ever increasing burdens.

One thing stands out clearly that Christianity as a way of life has not been given a serious trial. That the will of God for man has not been seriously sought. That a better world will never be achieved by war or by act of parliament, that only better people can make a better world. Twenty-five years after we are again in danger of making the same mistake in staking all in the victory of our fighting forces and placing our trust in might and in this or that party programme, be he Liberal, Conservative, Communist or what have you—all in the past have shown their weaknesses and the failure. It remains therefore for the individual to make himself a better person, to have an ideal to live for and if necessary to die for. We want as the basis of a better world—men and women of God, who earnestly seek His will and not afraid to do it.—F/L John Comfort.

SPORT NEWS

BY CPL. "JOE" SOURKES



After a hard fought struggle through the softball season, "C" team, all ground members of an anti-sub squadron took the honors. The above photo shows the team shortly after they were awarded the trophy. From left to right, back row they are: Cpl. "Lefty" Farrell; LAC Jerry Riley; LAC Ray Lucas; LAC Gus Baudais; LAC Jack Cooper; LAC William Palmer and W.O. 2 Jerry McNae. Front row, LAC "Peanuts" Rivard; Cpl. "Pat" Patterson; LAC Bud Doyle; F/Sgt. Al Coleman; LAC Ivan Cader; LAC Maurice Weaver and Sgt. Stan Couch.

SOFTBALL

Softball may be out of the world news, but in Gander we do not allow ourselves to be governed by things of the outside world. If we want to write about ball in November, why—we write about ball.

The finals finished in early October with an Anti-Sub Squadron "C" team finishing on top. They had a really tough battle right from start to finish. Six of the stations best teams earned themselves a right to compete in the finals. The end of that series found H. Q. Flights and the anti-sub Squadron "C" team tied for first place. A two out of three series was played to decide the winner. The "C" team boys say that H. Q. Flights are a great bunch to play against, they give you fight coupled with good sportsmanship all the way.

Below is a list of the 1943 season station softball champs:

Al Colman: our faithful manager and coach. We understand that he is a marked man. All the ball team wish to thank Al for his coaching and good judgment and we are looking forward to his coaching our indoor sports this coming winter.

Jerry McNae: assistant manager and although it isn't proper to let out military secrets, we feel it is our duty to the women readers to point out that he is potential wolf in a WO2's uniform.

Ivan Cader: some say "good old Cader," but we would like to know where he learned to run bases. "Speedy" did a fine job behind the plate.

Stan Couch: our utility infielder and assistant coach. Incidentally we hear that "Pop" Couch is to become a proud father (again). Congratulations, Stan.

Flash Palmer: slow but sure and did a capable job in right field when the occasion demanded.

Ray Lucas: our constantly crippled loyal first baseman. We hear that Halifax is quite a

cozy little place—the reason must be a girl (how about it?)

Jerry Riley: our No. 1 pitcher. We understand that love at first sight is quite in order. (That's leave for you—ask Riley, he knows).

Peanuts Rivard: our brawny third baseman who played his position very well.

Earle Morphy: Earle left us recently and we want to wish him the best of luck in aircrew. Incidentally, thanks for the heads up ball on third base and pitching.

Pat Patterson: Pat made no errors in left field except the time a certain young lady was sitting on the bench. (Ask Pat about the lump on his head.)

Ernie Hurd: centre field wouldn't have been complete without the little fellow, even if he couldn't hit worth a d - - - .

"Gary" Cooper: long and lanky, but he looked good in right field. Who is it in St. Johns? (Gary).

Lefty Farrell: Lefty divided his duties between centre field and pitching and did a nice job.

Farmer Baudais: very fast on second base and was a match for anybody for his position.

Hap Doyle: the pop fly king did a very good job on second and short. The girls say he is cute (?).

Ted Knowles: sure fire at short and third position, even with an injured left hand.

Bub Weaver: another good infielder. Beware ladies

Last, but by far not the least we would like to mention our most loyal supporter LAW Erickson, (Billie to the gang). She was the team's inspiration and although she has been posted the boys wish to pay tribute to the way she cheered them on when the going was tough.

WRESTLING

One night during the first week of October, wrestling fans were given a rare treat. Two of the station's best wrestlers, were out on a party with some of their friends; and they decided to liven up things with a little friendly tussle. The monotony of "fill 'er up", was getting boring.

The fight was on! The fighters circled around each other, and then circled around the referee. This latter job was no mean feat—the referee weighed almost as much as both of them put together. Finally they locked arms and went to it. First one seemed to have the edge, then the other—and after a while it looked like the referee was winning. By this time the crowd, which had started small, was growing into the three figure mark; and each one was cheering for his favorite.

The participants were up on their feet once more. First they leaned on each other, then on the poor referee, then they leaned on the wall; finally they found the mat and leaned on that. This they must have found most comfortable, because they stayed there the longest.

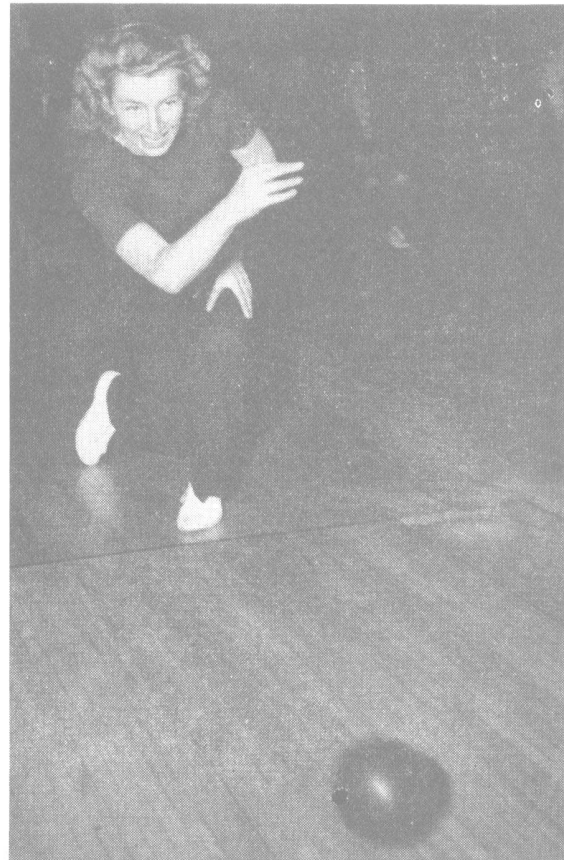
One of the wrestlers was finally thrown (I ain't saying who or what?) and the bout was over. But the party continued through the night.

Many names have been taken at the P.T. Office for wrestling instruction. By the time this news is out, wrestling classes will already have started in the Drill Hall.

BOWLING

The scene shifts the scene changes—new faces come in, the old ones move out. Who have we left of the familiar faces in the bowling alleys of last year? Cpl. Conrad (Cagey) has moved on to Toronto, LAC Bakay (Blondie) is now on his way to Mountain View: we still have left with us LAC Lacourse (Louis). Working with Louis is LAC Brooks (Harry) who has earned his position in the Alleys the hard way. Last Spring for a while,

STRIKE!



Cpl. "Pat" Wiess of the Hospital Bowling league is shown above giving her best for the team. And believe it or not that toss ended by bowling over all the pins.

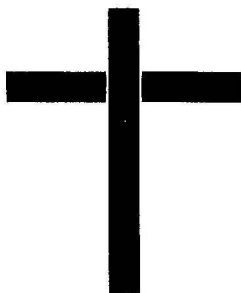
he spotted pins, now, having familiarized himself with the workings of the alleys—he takes his turn in full charge.

As for activity there's one spot in the drill hall, that sees steady action every day from 0100 hrs. to 2300 hrs. Each night a different section takes over to carry on their own section league. Here too, is one spot in which the girls can match skill with the men. And occasionally here and there, you see a red face where just that has happened.

There's no definite information yet, as to when the winter bowling league will be under way. But! Have patience! It must start before winter hits us, so it's sure to start soon.

(Continued on page 25)

In Memoriam



F/LT. ROBERT BRYSON DUNCAN, (SR) (Med.), C13380
LAC CAMPBELL, J. F. R112115

F/LT. JOSEPH ALBERT RAYMOND POIRIER, J9147

F/LT. ROBERT FRANK FISHER, J5821

F/O JAY SYNER JOHNSON, J7987

F/O STEPHEN ANDREW SANDERSON, J21297

WO2 BARABANOFF, JOSEPH ALEXANDER R129211

WO2 JENKINS, FRANKLIN ELWOOD R72936

WO2 LAMONT, JAMES R97502

WO2 MacDONALD, ROBERT WEIR R64946

WO2 HOWLETT, WILFRED R113408

WO2 SILVERSTEIN, JACOB R67673

SGT. FINN, ERIC MORGAN R72026

SGT. MacNAUGHTON, WILLIAM GORDON R7526

SGT. WARE, RAYMOND FRANK 4074

SGT. ELLIOTT, FRANKLIN HICKS R74645

SGT. WOOD, STANLEY ALBERT R51027

CPL. BEATTIE, HAROLD DAVID R84899

CPL. JOHNSTON, ALEC CLARE R64066

CPL. HAMBLY HOWARD KENNETH R78656

CPL. MARR, RONALD DOUGLAS R99167

LAC PATTERSON, GUY RIDGEWOOD R207868

LAC RADCLIFFE, ALBERT JAMES R177668

LAC VEILLEUX, JOSEPH ACHILLE JEAN PAUL R177329

LAC READ, EDWIN WILLIAM R150207

AC1 DYNES, CHARLES LAURIE R173349

MY BUDDY

"Peace I leave with you." So the lesson's read and the Book closed. The proud recession swells as black-gowned figures pass the plaque that spells a long, illustrious list of honoured dead. These were the men who bought our peace before and paid the price in blood and sweat and tears. These were the men who gave us careless years. Now ends another summer of the war.

"Not as the world gives, give I unto you."
The evening air is hushed, save for the shrill cicadas sounding in the grass. The light that barred with brilliant tones the deepening blue, fades in pale splendour on a distant hill. But dawn will break. Let no man fear the night.

—Gloria Lauriston. (Voices of Victory).



There was nothing so very extraordinary about my chum. He had an ordinary appearance, ordinary manner and ordinary personality, it seemed. He was just another Canadian chap, same as you or I. Born and raised in one of Canada's larger cities and growing up amid surroundings similar to those seen in any other city in the Dominion. Yet he was destined to become a figure set apart from those who walk life's road with a steady plodding tread from day to day, never veering their footsteps from the beaten road.

It is he and his type who are paving the road for Canada's younger generation. To help make this land we live in everything we want it to be, moulded with our own hands and not by the claws of a tyrant dictator.

Why I'm writing this, I don't know except perhaps to remember a friend who did his duty and then went a little further, yes . . . just a step too far, for him. For his step took him too far. He never returned.

gone, to remember all the little things we did together, which seemed so unimportant and trivial then, but are retros and friendships. It seems strange, now that he is now blossomed and magnified into a memorial of our friendship.

He was a friend of mine. We grew up together. We went to the same schools together, shared the same sec-

The day we both graduated from high school and he slapped me on the back and said, "Well, I guess school days are all over. Now to become a somebody." Who could foretell what was in the future. Yet if the same events were to face him again, I doubt if he would take one step backward from the path he eventually chose.

Then there were the days when we first began to work and spend our insignificant pay checks together. He bought me cokes and I returned the compliment at the first chance. There was that little confectionery store where the gang would congregate, just to be together although none would admit it. They all claimed it was Mrs. Davidson's pies that lured them but I know better now. Where are they now? Well, Joe is in Italy. Tommy is in England. And the others? Scattered by the winds of War. Some, many, have passed on as Jerry has passed on. But there are no regrets and there never will be. If they have died, they died fighting for what they believed to be right. Right in the sense of what we all believe to be right. Freedom of speech, freedom of worship and Justice for All.

At the outbreak of war Jerry and I, as before, chose the same path. We enlisted in the Air Force. The above sentence may be just a short one with a vague and abstract meaning to most of you, but to us it meant everything. It meant leaving our parents, homes, friends and just lately, sweethearts. However war shows no preferences and we are in it.

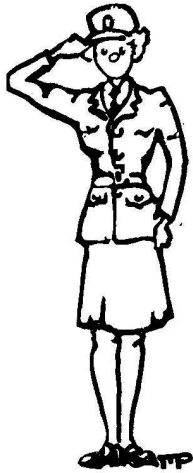
But then came calamity. Our bond was severed. Jerry passed his aircrew medical, while, due to a minor ailment, I was destined to remain on the ground, it meant separation. He for his role, and I for mine. We wrote regularly to each other. He wrote vivid descriptions of life at I. T. S. and S.F.T.S. and then his graduation. There was the Wings parade, his proud parents and later his activities at an advanced training centre.

Then the moment we had both anticipated and dreaded, in a way. Jerry was "going over". I longed to go with him. Oh! how I wanted that, but there was little we could do about it.

A few months passed, Jerry had won promotion and distinguished himself admirably on many flights. On one he had gained for himself the coveted D.F.M. for bravery in the face of heavy enemy fire. He modestly made little of it in his letters but we learned it was for saving the life of a fellow airman who had been seriously wounded by flak. But the inevitable was bound to happen.

In a raid on Cologne he and his crew failed to return. There wasn't much to it. Just a brief notice in the papers stating that P.O. G. A. R. . . . had failed to return after an engagement and must be presumed lost. Later a report came through, "Killed in action".

There were few who realized what those few lines meant to me. I can see Jerry now—smiling and unafraid. His letters had often described his thoughts as his aircraft winged through the chill clearness of the upper strata. He had felt exuberant and free soaring above the clouds detached from all earthly things and I feel that even now he is still enjoying the splendour that belongs to him and his kind.



the feminine front

"THERE's a destiny that shapes
our ends,

Rough hewn tho' they be . . ."
and Shakespeare had never
heard of Gander! A good station,
withall, and our forthcoming
formal makes the old morale
soar for the time. Also brings
with it nostalgic memories of
the days before October 22nd,

1941, (you know, we celebrate our second anniversary in the Service on that date); memories of the almost forgotten past, the carefree life, wearing our new fall suit and foolish hat, dressing up in frilly evening gowns for 'the ball', and generally having a wonderful time, giving little heed to the wee small voice of conscience that every so often asked us if our Red Cross meetings and War Savings Certificates were all we could offer in the way of our 'War Effort'. But, came the day when we just popped into the Recruiting Centre to see what it was all about . . . this business of dressing up like a soldier and going to war . . . and we liked the W.D.'s who smilingly staffed the Recruiting Centre and enticed us to 'sign here', and we liked the W.D. officer who clarified our views and made us see the real value we could be to our country.

After a wave of parties and brave parents on the platforms, we came swiftly back to earth (in stout issue shoes) parading by the light of the silver moon (and who, of the old originals, doesn't remember No. 6 Manning Depot (now No. 2 K.T. S.) at 0730 hours of a frosty December morning? We never knew that one outfit could have so many pockets and brass buttons. Came graduation with its attendant pride and thrilling feeling of being one of a great force to outdo the rules of darkness; then thrust out bewildered, our heads whirling with newly acquired knowledge, baffled and shy, to take up duties at our first Station.

Yes, it was a struggle at first, that transition from civilian to airwomen, but it's been fun too. . . and we later left those very same Stations feeling very tearful and blue at leaving real friends, and each with a good store of Service (and other) gen to arm us against difficulties on our travels 'through adversity to the stars'. Strange as it may seem, many W.D. Ganderites took reluctant farewell of this Station, and others preferred to stay for another winter, which must prove something.

—Cpl. Goonie.

The three Chinese sisters who aren't married:

Tu-Yung-Tu.
Tu-Dumb-Tu.
No-Yen-Tu.

SIX POINTS FOR OCTOBER

by Emma

Events—The second flutter of Gander W.D.'s is imminent — such high hopes are concealed under hair nets and woollen suits. We are planning once again to be our own sweet selves — if only for a night. Watch our skirts.

Color—We of the W.D. wonder if the male section ever get as hungry for colour as we do — if so, you have our sympathy, boys. Nice colour in the trees and skies, and the moon, of late.

Collars—We are wriggling inside our collars thinking of getting out of them—it really is fine to be a lady, we think. . . So, oh happy October 22nd, our birthday.

Names—Also here is a new suggestion for W.D.—Woeful dears! we are blacked out every night at 11, no fatigues for us because we are W.D. we must be military, smart—never just girls, after five. But cheer up, we are taking it, we joined to help and if we must pay for the privilege—we can.

Great Coats—Now to the coming winter (if winter comes, can Spring be far behind?) our fall coats come on October 15, just watch the luckies with new ones—as for the old, they will scream with pressing.

Girls, this is your page, so please shake the dust out of the would-be brain and come forth to us, if not agog with interest enough to keep the whole station reading it far into the night, at least news (W.D. preferably) and poems and stories enough to persuade our own girls to read and wonder. This paper is for **you**, and we want to know what you like to read. Thanks, girls, that's wonderful.

And before she says adieu tell the next issue, Cpl. Goonie says there's no one in the wide world who exasperates her more than a none-too-good dancer who, when he trods on her dainty little feet with his size (issue) nines, smiles amiably and says patronizingly "That's quite alright, dear".

A little girl and boy were in their baby carriages outside a store.

Baby girl: "Are you a boy?"

Baby Boy: "Yes!"

Baby Girl: "How do you know? Are you sure?"

Baby Boy (looking underneath the covers): "Yes, I'm positive of it."

Baby Girl: "How can you tell?"

Baby Boy (smiling, lifting on foot): "Blue booties!"

SECTION GOSSIP



Wing Commander Maxwell Pearson Martyn, C851, in the above photo is the recently appointed Officer Commanding the North Atlantic Squadron or as it is sometimes called the "Dumbo" Squadron.

W/C Martyn, a soft spoken Westerner, hails from Alberta but has spent most of the last five years at stations on the East Coast. The Wing Commander joined the Permanent Force in the Spring of 1938. In early November, 1939, he arrived at Dartmouth with the first R.C.A.F. Hudson Squadron to take part in Anti-Submarine operations off the Atlantic Coast. Then in 1941 he got his first touch with Newfie and was in on the opening of another prominent Newfoundland base. He commented that at this time it boasted of only one runway.

When asked when he first came to Gander the Wing Commander consulted a very impressive-looking log book. "Now let's see," he mused, turning through the pages, "Here it is, Sept. 12, 1941. I flew Air Vice Marshall Anderson up here from Dartmouth so that he could bid farewell to the Duke of Kent after his Canadian tour." Since that date he has made numerous landings on this station but officially he was posted here Oct. 4, 1943, when he took over his present command.

In May of 1943 he was again at Eastern Air Command Headquarters this time as BR Controller. In the Spring of 1943 he went to Ottawa where he took over duty from G/C Annis as Director of BR Operations.

Unfortunately the Wing Commander has never had the opportunity of making an attack on a sub but on several occasions has witnessed the damage wrought by U/Boats on our shipping. His ambition is still to get a sub and we hope that this is soon realized.

He was born at Calgary, Alberta and his education in that province went as far as the University of Alberta. His present home is in Edmonton, Alberta where his wife and two children, Heather age two years and Donald age eight months, now reside. W/C Martyn was married at Halifax, N. S. on June 8, 1940.

As far as he could remember his hobbies and sports consisted of photography, mountain climbing, squash and

golf. He claims that he is very poor at these but from what we've heard he does alright when he gets a chance.

DEPOT DIRT

We mentioned Canso Day in our last story and now we are pleased to announce that it is only two weeks off! We know it because we saw that written in the remarks column on a voucher! Don't feel that this item will have lost its advertising value due to the fact that Canso Day will have come and gone by the time that this gets into print. We assure you, patrons one and all, that Canso Day has only been two weeks off ever since we've been here and our so called tour of duty is now in its death struggle. Thank heavens and its residents!

We asked for suggestions or contributions on parade the other day and believe it or not we found our efforts rewarded. At present I have a few items on my left which, I take it, must be from the depot armament section because no one could write so poorly as this and not be the one and only "Red" Collins.

Red tells us that Jack Waterson is really getting Ganderized these days, what with running around the hanger with a wrench in one hand and a club in the other. From here we'll go on and give you just exactly what Red has given us, take it or leave it!

Quote: What has the blond senior N.C.O. in the armament section got in common with a casket 'Can it be Coffin?'.

From another source: Never have the misfortune of having to work with Red Collins in the close confines of an air craft turret."

Sgt. Mahoney seemed to have a lot of friends at the Armourer's Dance. Would they happen to be dry-weather friends, sarge?

F/S McEwen's appearance at the dance the other night clearly defined the term gaumless. The flight walked out onto the stage, turned around twice, slowly, smiled and walked off, after accepting the booby prize.

Ex-LAC O'Neills' sudden interest in books is being attributed (by some) to the attraction of the RED leather chairs in the library. Delete words where applicable.

We are told that Carl Liddle was a great help at the armourer's dance but it seems that the microphone interfered with the Graft he was after . . . Right, Mary???

Its a secret as yet folks but it seems that even the armament section personnel have been busy lately with Cpl's Waterson and O'Neill as straw bosses. Casual laborers involved included Hayes and Chaba. End quote.

It seems that Red started to wander here, he mentioned something about the D.C. pistol section being busy and about the subs being sorry, we wonder what he could possibly mean—surely he doesn't mean The Subs. Perish the thought, perish the subs!!!.

We have been requested to advise Cpl's Ingoe and Dahms that the beer is in. It seems that these two N. C. O's recently set up the cokes on their promotions and that more is expected of them.

FLYING LANCERS

By Cpl. Livingstone

The ranks have been augmented recently with some new aircrew arrivals. **Introducing**, P.O. W. B. Downey (to date we don't know if he sings like his illustrious namesake, who must make easily twice as much as W. B.) from Crookstown, Ont., (no comments please); P.O. D. H. Killoran, (Irish?) home town, Toronto,—that well-lighted cemetery west of Montreal—both serviced and winged at Dunnville; W.O. 2 Sarjunt Majuh Harry Garson, native of Halifax. Harry has had service at Summerside, Dartmouth and other spots on the sunny (ha-ha) East Coast; W.O. 2 J. W. Johnny Brant. Born in Electric, Montana, the Major has travelled quite a little, now claims York, Penna for a home town; Welcome gentlemen, anything we can do to make your stay more comfortable just let's know—within reason, (postings are not within reason). We welcome also the return of F/Sgt. Webb from temporary duty.

At this writing Flight Sergeant Marshall and Sgt. Koski are still in the hospital, (Nursie, come over here and hold my hand—O-h-h-h-Nursie); The long and the short of it in the Armament section Big Dick Richards and Wee Willie Wilson are still holding hands—er-keeping steady company, that way they can trust each other—Sgt. E. C. Alfalfa Bill Burrell took five days off recently, one of them was spent at the nearby metropolis.

Congrates, P.O. Reid, has a new Flight Commander, Mrs. Reid; P.O. R.C. Crampton, now signs it F/O.; L.A.C. Berry, who got his air crew; Cpl. Payne, who got his posting.

Sounds in the morning . . . Don't that blarstead wind ever stop? . . . Mid-town vignettes; L.A.C. Dude Ferris coming to parade looking frightfully becoming in his new tartan windbreaker and his hair slicked down, later alternating sweating and praying (?) a new engine into place in as greasy a pair of coveralls as these rheumy eyes have gazed upon! Cpl. U.S.A. "Lightnin" Shottland skipping lightly about the hangar with a screw driver and toggle eagerly questioning the Pooh-Bah of the T.C.A. about the time of the next mail-plane from Canada.

A tea-party was held recently in B.B. 149, beans were served. Sounds in the evening, "Aint that wind ever gonna have a heart."

PHOTO SECTION

By LAC T. WITHERS

We comparative strangers have been asked to stop sticking our noses in just anywhere and throw a little light on ourselves instead of others. And

we think its high time we received a little free publicity in return for the magazine pics. Now the spot highlights our tallest and blondest—Chuck Millens; Slim to some intimates.

I'd always thought that Grumpy was a little guy, but Chuck knocks this assumption into a cocked hat by having most of the characteristics of the Disney dwarf. Don't let the gruff exterior scare you—beneath it lies a heart of gold. But for a guy who gets such lovely pin-ups from back Winnipeg way, he should talk the way he does about women. Nothing seems to shake the mood; not a recent trip to Corner Brook. Withall, he's a damn good provider . . . and cook . . . my, my. His forebearers, being disciples of Horace Greely, have endowed him with many fabulous Western stories, which he inflicts upon anyone who starts a regional argument. Now that we've welcomed Howie Severson back, he'll revert to his old custom of asking Howie's confirmation and collaboration.

Howie, the silent, usually with a worried frown on his noble brow, leads a hectic life, trying to keep things orderly. It will be much easier for the rest of us now and perhaps we can get a weekly day of rest. He came from compassionate leave in Vancouver, with the latest news of Gwennie, remember her? It'll sure be tough on us Ontarions when Moliski, the third Westerner returns from her leave.

Most of you met our Cpl. Jackson in the last issue, so no further introduction is needed. But W.D.'s! he expects a posting so capitalize on that little quip shortly. Not that we'd like to see Marty tie those big, big eyes to just one girl, because the consequences might be terrifying when he can't resist turning his head at another beauty. Honest folks, he has the supplest neck on the station.

Since Georgie Phalen joined the section, lilting North Atlantic Squadron songs have burned our ears.



While, admittedly, our morale has been boosted, we have had to contend with the alleged beauties of the Eastern Shores. She does confess, however, that fog-balls roll on the Cape Breton streets and cats follow the neighbours home

There's a budding romance here, but of that there'll be no mention. Whom am I to object if more than pictures are developed in the dark-rooms? Someday we may get more information on those teddy-bears she and Kay take to bed with them. Kay's been here too long to warrant any introduction,—a tip for the wary tho', just don't mention Newfie.

The other George is Clarke, with an "e". He leaves no doubt about Hamilton, Ont. He must have a tie-in with the Chamber of Commerce of that 'town.' Not as bad as he tries to seem, but if any of you girls would care to give him a tumble, you must make the initial overture yourselves. A corporal as of Oct. 1st, and, in spite of some rather broad hints, hasn't wet his hooks yet.

Come around some time and meet the section's cute baby. Maybe it would be as well to pass the place—he'll yell anyway. We call him 'Curly,' a natural; for those who care, his proper name is Johnny. This wolf claims it's his turn now, after coming from Girl Town Ottawa. Made quite a hit in the Hospital recently, and has accomplished some of his best work on various chester-fields. A good kid tho', in the drawing room or bar. Guess it's his complete enthusiasm for everything that gets you.

"Beat" and "Hap", our bosses, are two of the boys and a tough combine to beat at euchre. The fact that most of us can be found in the section after hours, in spite of rumours to the contrary, must be credited, in part, to these two who forego the comfort of the senior N.C.O quarters for our own homey atmosphere.

Apple-cheeked, jovial Major Beattie has been with R.C.A.F. since pre war days and so he naturally calls Ottawa home. Official recognition should be given his wife, for the regular shipments of goodies. "Hap" Day hails from Toronto, sports a mustache and a convincing manner.

Tommy Withers, the man responsible for this, another Ontarian, Guelph to be specific, is the quiet studious type, who can usually be found in the library. He agrees with Clarke in regard to Hamilton and wants to get back to Ontario (who doesn't). He has a ready wit and an

eye for beauty, especially, "skinny faced blondes". He claims that books are the attraction in the Library.

Now the light is turned off but before we go we'd like to ask a favour. Don't, Please Don't! ask for prints. While we deplore the lack of materials available for photo finishings, and hate like hell to turn down requests, it has to be done. Scarce supplies must be reserved for operational work. Well do I remember one hectic week-end in Montreal, trying, futilely to obtain a roll of film, and as a result having to carry in my mind, a picture of the sweetest little skinny faced blonde this side of Guelph, Ont.

"HALT WHO GOES THERE!"

CPL. D. P. DAVIS

Security Guard Duty and the monotonous work it entails, has from its inception caused endless disputes regarding the generalities and irregularities of the Trade amongst those detailed, by personal choice or otherwise, to this particular Section. But in all fairness. . . Guard Duty is an essential trade on many Stations and must be considered highly important just as long as this war lasts. The prime purpose of Security Duty is the protection of R.C.A.F. and other Government property against sabotage, fire and theft. The system of shifts routine procedure, pen-work and untold of exigencies are naturally taken care of by the Officer Commanding and his N.C.O.'s. Guard Duty is a matter of being on the job 24 hours a day; being awake when Mother Nature demands that you sleep eating from two to six meals a day (just whenever your innards demand satisfaction); imagining or visualizing beautiful scenery when all that is within sight is an endless expanse of underbrush or just plain Terra Firma; or being out in the rain, snow, sleet, hail, heat, underwear, birthday suit or No. 1 blues. All in all the Guards are an even-tempered, jolly bunch of lads just awaiting their chance to re-muster to their choice of a trade or Aircrew.

Now for some Guard Gossip and goings-on. Gord Miller and "Curly" Irvine arrived back from leave to find that they were posted to No. 5



M.D. Lachine as potential aircrew. Lots of luck fellas. Ron Kitchen is cavorting with the Gals as usual. Who is she anyhow, Ron? Marcel Turcotte and his buddy "Charles Atlas" Bellemare are the clowns of Room 10 and really amuse the mob with their quaint sayings. Wonder what caused Maas to miss that truck that went over the newly tarred road? My goodness! Jimmy Simpson and Corporal Evans have taken to drinking beer from tin containers. What a line they shoot when they are "Tanked." Tommy Ware came back from leave too and all he brought back was a cold in the head. Some leave . . . some cold! Plumas, that's Sidney Smith, who is a very handy-man and a real good sport, made himself a trunk. Going somewhere, Sidney?

L.A.C.'s Sutherby and Habermehl are trying out for Service Police. May success crown your efforts, fellas! George Kerr and Harry Huehnergard had quite an evening of it recently. Next morning George was missing his cap, serge, blue, airman for the use of; and Harry couldn't talk. Such outings, will they never cease?????!!!!!!

M. T. STUFF AND BLUFF

Taking heed of that famous phrase, "What's new on the Gander?", the M.T. Section has decided to break it's long silence and allow itself to be slander and slaughtered for the benefit of our big happy family, and the old maid's home. The M. T. has long been considered a good news source, and during the past month has the distinction of being the first section to have an airman wish he could commit hari-kari, Jap style. It all started when the Orderly Officer's eyes popped; then our eyes popped, and LAC Bower's practically did a yo-yo bounce when he realized he was walking out of the airman's mess with a plate, soup bowl and cup (All dirty). Some say this is the first stage of Gander-itis, but Bower's says he was just dreaming of a white Christmas. Incidentally he is now reading up on the gentle art of Japanese suicide.

Another nut to crack is LAC Dennis who climbs bunks in his sleep, and stares his bunk mates in the face. LAC "Sandy" Norwell claims the resemblance is the nearest thing to a zombie he ever saw . . . Speaking of sleep, take LAC Roy for instance.

The M.T. also has the honor of

having in it's midst (or mist), the one and only original Gander Cover-girl, LAW Bruce. Her picture graced a page in "Gander" last month, and now we can't do anything with her. Anyone wishing an introduction to Miss Bruce (as if you don't know her) can have one by applying to the dispatcher on duty . . . The Miss Bruce episode is causing considerable jealousies among the feminine M.T. drivers, and all during the day primping is going on in 5th Avenue style. But the lipstick still comes off, damn it.

Among the newer W.D's in the section are Corporal Ferguson, LAW's Redmond and McWhinnie. The latest report on them is they are doing fine, with McWhinnie in the lead. Oh you kid!

Corporal Briggs who recently returned from furlough reports that Canada is still there. The only thing that made his sore was that he found Gander still here when he got back. Corporal St. Mars who carried the load while brother Briggs was away is now recuperating, and is expected to be back to normal health within the next year or two.

Notice is here by served on the M.T. Trio, LAC's Gardiner, Rewbury and Wadden to cease herewith their nocturnal crooning as it has a bad affect upon the other drivers and is steadily sabotaging the war effort.

Newsy Notes: Bus Run Smitty, has been on nights so long he can even pick out a good looking W. D. in the dark, but then that can't be correctly termed news for he has long been considered the section's dark horse. . . Corporal Aldcorn and his speeder crew now have a song, "Bounding, bounding, over the Newfie rails." After a usual busy bouncing day, the boys can be seen rumba-walking into barracks where they proceed to straighten themselves out on the bed rails. . . Enough of this before we get sued.

FELLOW READERS!

Arrangements have been completed whereby you may now send your friends in Canada and elsewhere in the world a copy of the GANDER.

By merely submitting the name or names and addresses of your friends to the N.C.O. in charge of your section along with the cost of the magazine, copies will be mailed to them from the printers in Canada.

The Christmas issue is a souvenir issue, so get your subscription in early.

THE ACCOUNTS

Cpl. R. Relyea

Our correspondent of the past issues has been posted and I was asked to write up the Accounts Section for this issue. I'm not promising



anything wonderful and also, if I say anything I shouldn't, I hope to be posted by the time this issue is printed.

At the present time, our boss, S/L DADSON is home on leave, and if I may say so, just a little A.W.O.L. Better get back here soon, there is somebody in an office not far from N.P.F. that looks kinda lonesome.

Congratulations are in order to F/L DARRELL on his second ring but that's beside the point, do you still eat olives by the hand full, you wolfe?

"Hello, is that F.O. DEW? This is the C. O.'s steno, have you any birds George? Jean and I want to play some badminton." — "That's swell, you bring along a friend."

Once again F/S McLEOD ventured into the far away port of Cornerbrook this time he saw what the outside of a hotel room looks like, at least he had his picture taken outside. Then again I'm not so sure he saw very much, it was mostly see-saw.

Say, I wonder if F/S NESBITT'S girl friend really can write or if it's just the brush off. What would you think if your girl sent you five blank sheets of paper in an envelope. Tricky things these women.

Poor Sgt. DAVIDSON looks rather lonely lately, not doing much to make the headlines. It's OK Doug. we all miss her and from what I hear ELLA wants to come back.

Duck fellows, here comes Sgt. LUTES with a quarter in his hand, I'll bet he wants to toss "Fifty or No." By the way Sterling, how are things in Cornerbrook, or maybe Sgt. Chapman could tell us better than you, he seems to have a better memory.

Poor BUD PROBERT will never improve, he still looks at all the beautiful legs that walk past his window in the pay office. Here, here, Dud.

Better be careful Cpl. BRENNAN one of these days the walls are going

to crumble and fall on you when you stalk up and down the halls. "Pick 'em up but put 'em down gentle like."

Don't see much of Cpl. FLINT, I guess there must be some strong attraction in the Central Warehouse.

Cpl. BETCHEL'S theme song is the Beer Barrel Polka once again since another 1000 cases of the beverage come in. And you were almost in good shape Jack.

Lucky Cpl. BIDDELL is going Air Crew. I guess you won't have to come back and work nights anymore "Biddie".

Others that should be mentioned are:—MALTBY, the AC S/L, he came and went; GIBERSON, as he is still waiting for his M2 so he can go; CHRISLEY still looks for TCA and his posting to No. 1 T.C. in May, but I won't say what year; LITTLE-JOHNS keeps that respirator under his desk for the civilian pay parade; LAW ROSE won't be going to St. John's on her five day passes any more from the looks of things; LAC HILTZ is just Mrs. Hiltz's little boy Doug; LAC SHEPPARD our accountant and paymaster from St. Thomas.

For those who were not mentioned in this despatch, all I can say is that I don't know you well enough to write any dirt about you but it is my sincere hope that by the time the next issue comes out that you will have gotten off the straight and narrow and done something that can be printed.

FROM GANDER'S SOAP BARREL

by G. J. M.

After the build-up in the last issue of the Gander we simply had to come out of hiding and take a few bows. Gander's Permanent Force has finally been recognized, and boy! are we proud.

At present we are all concentrating on our new club, and judging by recent progress, feel justified in saying that everybody will have a good time this winter. At the time of writing we are planning a section dance. The bowling season is under way with opening day proving a great success. Unfortunately, our W. O. 1 Al Rudd, could not appear; said he spent the night nursing a cold. Too bad—he might have copped the chocolates for the lowest score.

Several new girls, including quite a large proportion of Newfoundlanders, have come in since the last writing, but most of the old gang is still here. Only yesterday I saw Morris Beck picking out a family plot in

Boot Hill. His folks are coming over to take advantage of Gander's long, warm summer. Cpl. Hugh Dean is still with us, after we all thought he was leaving for good. Rumour has it that Hugh will celebrate his second anniversary soon; that should be a terrific night. Our boss, F/O Jack Burton, is in Moncton and W.O. 1 Rudd is carrying on splendidly. Of course, that is due to all the chocolates the gang are eating.

Our sympathies go to LAW Mrs. J. Robinson who is in hospital. Cpl. Jimmie is lost, missing her greatly. Sophie Melenchuck has been notified that she will soon receive her discharge, as the R.C.A.F. is retiring them at sixty now. Lee Coombs has been hitting it steadily lately, and it seems that she will fall in line with Robinson, Gallant, and Miles, the Three Musketeers, who don't understand why they can't have their own barracks. Fred Day has officially announced that he will be married next May when he becomes eligible for an old age pension. The real hold-up is that the dice have not been breaking his way lately. He is working hard every night, and here's hoping he makes his point.

Well, we hope you have enjoyed the gossip from the cleanest section on the station. So long.

SIGNALS

LAC J. Barrett

The impossible has happened, six W. O.G.'s have finally been remustered to aircrew. The lucky boys are Kostiuk, Young, Bobbett, Stephens,



Shaskevich, and Provan. "Tiny" Young came in from the range to go to Lachine and "Fishie" Herron, who tried valiantly but unsuccessfully to remuster to W.M., has replaced him.

Another shift affected Leo "Mort" Summers, a Teleprinter Op, who has gone to No. 1, Training Command Headquarters in Toronto, and has been replaced by Norm Rose, formerly of that station. This is Norm's first operational station. He is a Torontonion who was posted from Manning Pool to No. 1 T. C. seven months ago.

A twelve place code instruction room has been wired in the new Operations Building. It is equipped

with tape recording and sending apparatus and will be used to provide advanced instruction for W.O.G.'s, in order that they may qualify for the "B" and the highly coveted, but until recently, seldom obtained "A" groupings. At the present aircrew classes are not being held, but may be arranged in the near future.

After holding a highly successful picnic early in September, Signals embarked on another at the end of the month. This one turned out quite different from expectations, in fact many unexpected things happened,—one airman disclosed the startling fact that he was a Mohemmedan, while another, a corporal to be exact, proved himself to be a marathon swimmer. Who were they? We ain't talking.

In case the M. T. Section might want to know who broke the stanchion on one of their stake trucks, we can't remember; for that matter we can't remember anything, we are writing all this from hearsay.

The M. T. Section got even with us however. They took our runner, Norm MacMurchy, who is now a driver.

HOT BITS FROM THE FIRE HALL

By LAC "Bill" Hunter

Here we are again with a few words to you Ganderites. Since you last heard from us, there have been many changes in personnel and the Hall itself. The additions, lean to's and alterations are finished we hope. The rattle of hammers and grinding saws had us about crazy. We now have more room to move around and should be able to find our boots and be out on time when there is an alarm without tramping over each other.

We wish the best to LAC's Maw, Qouchey, Dilby, Dean, Borden, Kenny and Lloyd. They left us recently for Canada and how they hated to go — we had to put the door back on its hinges (they sure did hate to go!) We also welcome the new arrivals, Sgt. Pare, Cpl. Stewart, LAC's Harrison, Davis, Burt, Halls and Newcombe. May their stay be a pleasant one.

Most of our readers, saw the pictures that were displayed in the Post Office, Drill Hall and Airmen's Mess



—"During Fire Prevention Week". With your co-operation, there should be no more pictures like them, taken on this Station. There were no fires that week, why not make every week the same?

We have a very happy fireman with us, LAC McCallum—he became a father recently—and it's a Boy! Congratulations, Mac.

LAC Spiers says the wife to be had the bedroom suite bought months ago. He who hesitates is lost, Spiers. LAC Bunnan just arrived back from leave, and the first thing he said was "Is there any beer in the Canteen yet?"

Cpl. Thorne, we understand, is going to be married when he gets back to Canada, providing he doesn't change his mind again (it is as changeable as the weather).

We would like to know who the W. D. is that LAC Longmire meets at the show?

Thanks a lot, folks, for taking time to read our meagre column . . . there shall be more next time.

STATION STORIES

You have heard of the "Great Trek" made by the Boers,
A very Historical Fact,
But right here in Gander our very own Stores
Are now in the self-same act.

In the cold winds of March a very Big blaze
Started us on our way,
When to find all the parts of stores was a maze
As we heard all the sections say.

But believe it or not we are now coming back
As our new home is nearly done,
And soon the station will have the knack
Of finding Stores all in one.

As you can see by the foregoing, "Stores" is on the move again. Don't we have fun?

Our new building "56" is finished enough so that some of us have moved in amidst carpenters and painters. When I say some of us, I mean the Orderly Room or as they now are Orderly Rooms.

One night not so long ago our Flight, a sergeant and some others painted the floor and then the move began. Desks, chairs, tables, papers, files, etc., until now we have our officer, stenographers, major equipment and the Provisioning Section

all in "56", while the rest of us wait hopefully to see what happens next. Maybe by the time the GANDER comes off the press we'll all be together again. Do I hear a sigh of relief for those clearances?

Since our last GANDER we have lost our Senior Equipment Officer, F/Lt. Irwin to A.F.H.Q. and while awaiting his replacement we are all standing behind F/O. Campbell who now has to do two men's work.

Two other members of long standing are also gone or going from our lists. LAC White, one of our oldest citizens, has been posted to Calgary. Good luck, Bernie, in your new station. The other is LAW Stewart from clothing stores and after a stay of fourteen months will soon be leaving for Claresholm, Alta. Good Luck Stewie, we will miss you in Clothing.

New equipment people are coming all the time and I hope they will enjoy their stay in Gander.

Here's a joke from the Equipment:
First Airman (hopefully), Oh!
you work in Equipment, Don't you?
Second Airman (firmly) Yes, Bub,
but **not** in Clothing stores.

First Airman (sadly), OH! . . .
(Do you get it?)

FROM THE POST OFFICE

AC 1 ERIC FOWLIE

Here we are again with a few little items from the Post Office, the most popular spot in Gander. The thought uppermost in our minds these days is the Christmas rush—it won't be long now. We are all looking forward to those nice Christmas cards and parcels that are such fun to handle???

Last month we bid goodbye to two of our 'old timers'—two girls who were among the first draft of W.D.'s to arrive at Gander and also two of the first four Postal Clerks at this office. Joy Bryenton and Caroline Soposchosyn have gone way out west and with them the best wishes of all who knew them.

Four newcomers, Tenice Gibbons, Pam Watts, Harry Clarke and Sheldon Ribble have joined our happy midst. Three Easterners and one Westerner which brings up our Eastern representation for those ever re-

(Continued on page 31)



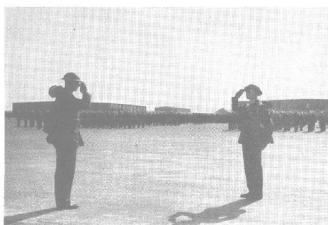
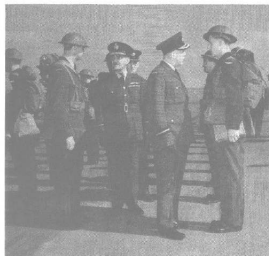
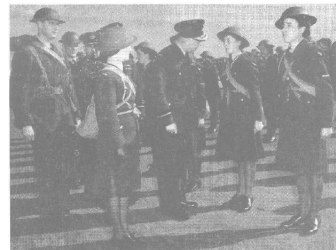
D. I. G's INSPECTION

Air Vice Marshal Godfrey, M.C., paid our station his routine but highly personal call a little while ago. Readers will no doubt remember the exercises that were held, webbing equipment et al. And it is gratifying to hear that Air Vice Marshal Godfrey was particularly pleased with the display. Accompanying him were A/C Morfee, A.O.A. Eastern Air Command, and his Personal Aid, W/C Aldridge.

Said Air Vice Marshal Godfrey, gathering the men and women about him on the Parade Square, "This is a

fine show, I'm mighty proud of you. It is very gratifying to me and to your Commanding Officer. There is one thing you will never forget—and will remember with pride—and that is that you have had a part to play on this important station."

The Air Vice Marshal went on to say that he had watched our station grow from blue prints to one of the finest stations in the Dominion and that the men here see as much action as the boys on the station in England.



— OFFICERS ON PARADE —



SQUADRON LEADER FRED "LOUIE" LUND

One of the more dominant and personal characters in this Battle of Gander is Squadron Leader F. "LOUIE" Lund. His job is Chief Engineer Officer, but that doesn't occupy all of his time.

President of Airmen's Mess Committee, President of Trade Improvement Class, and always finding time to assist in the welfare of tradesmen on this Station.

In the Barber Shop or in the Officer's Mess or wherever he happens to be, his happy faculty of getting people to talk and to listen to his many witty jokes make him one of the best known Officers on this Station.

He has a big job to do here. As Chief Engineer Officer, serviceability of aircraft and Technical Supervision becomes one of his responsibilities.

First started in Aviation with the Curtiss Aeroplane Company, Hammondsport, New York. Saw service in the last War with the R.F.C. and R.A.F. At the close of the War he did a spell with the Royal Canadian Naval Reserve at Dartmouth, N. S., joined the Non-Permanent Air Force in 1923, later transferring to the R.C.A.F. in 1924, and serving continuously since.

During that time served ten years at Camp Borden which was then, as now, one of the primary stations for training pilots. "They were the happiest years of my service life", he commented.

Naturally with such a long service record he has done duty on most of the permanent Force Station in Canada. Rockcliffe and Trenton, also hold fond memories for him. He stated too that the men whom then headed the Permanent Force held the organization together through-out the trials and struggles of such a body in peace-time Canada are still heads of the R.C.A.F. "Most of them at one-time or other have been my O.C's," he said.

He "just plugged along" in his trade as A.E.M. and worked his way up the ladder slowly as was natural in those days. Finally he reached the exalted position of

(Continued on page 32)



SECTION OFFICER (BILLY) GEAR

By J. F. Paterson, LAC.

Section Officer W. (Billy) Gear is from Grand Valley, Ont. which is a small place not far from Orangeville, Ont. Her folks have a three hundred acre farm there, in good farming country. One thing she regretted around here is the fact that it is not fertile ground. Some of the problems of providing fresh fruit or vegetables would be cleared up if it were possible to have, say, a Victory Garden on this station such as some of the mainland stations have.

She likes to get behind the steam table in the Airmen's Mess at meal times, whenever she is able. This despite the fact that whenever she does so, it means that paper work and organizational details of the Chief Messing Officer of this station are piling up in her office. To clear this up it often means working as long as eighteen hours a day. But she likes people, and she likes to meet people. And getting behind the steam table is one way of meeting a whole lot of them.

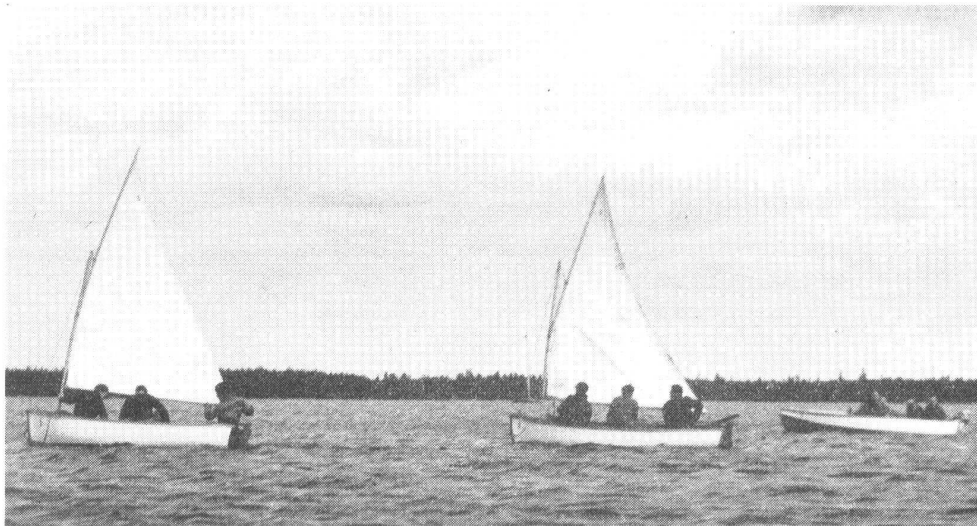
When she arrived at this station on February 12 of this year the problem of feeding was not such a big one, at least numerically. Since her arrival the personnel has increased considerably.

Before her entry into the R.C.A.F. in November, 1942 and her O.T.C. course at No. 2 K.T.S., Toronto, she had been chief dietitian at the Hospital for Sick Children in that city. There, she had also been engaged in providing meals for a large number of people. It was there also that she had the good fortune to work with and as-

(Continued on page 32)



Entertainment



Despite the weather, it was a most successful afternoon and thanks is due to Lieut. Thompson, S.S.O. for arranging the Regatta and extending the use of the newly acquired boats to R.C.A.F. and R.A.F. personnel. It was a foretaste of bigger and better Regattas to come next summer—if we must be here!

INTERNATIONAL REGATTA

Something new in sports for Gander took place at the "Pond" on Sunday afternoon, October 10th. It was an International Regatta with teams representing the R.A.F., and R.C.A.F., and "our friends across the way." Despite a high wind blowing right off the icebergs, all entrants were on the job and a good many spectators as well.

After the band welcomed the special guests things got under way with the Canoe Doubles which was won in fine style by the R.C.A.F. team of L.A.C. Jerry Manion and Sgt. Bourassa. Our rowboat entry L.A.C. Bill Yates lacked a bit of weight to keep on course in the stiff wind, but put up a good show and placed second, with our friends' entry first. The Canoe Singles was won by our L.A.C. Bill Collins who finished with a nice margin to spare over Milt Vorgeas the "X" entry.

The Sailing Race was the last event and a very exciting one. At one time near the finish it looked as though the R.C.A.F. team would make up for a bad start and beat the leading "X" team on the last "tack." However, it was not to be and the R.C.A.F. team of L.A.C. Tupper, Cpl. Hanson, and L.A.C. Bill Collins placed second. The "X" victors were Sgt. Jim Jewell, Pvt. George Sanderson, and S/Sgt. Rosner. When the final reckoning was made it was found that the R.C.A.F. and our friends were tied with 16 points each.

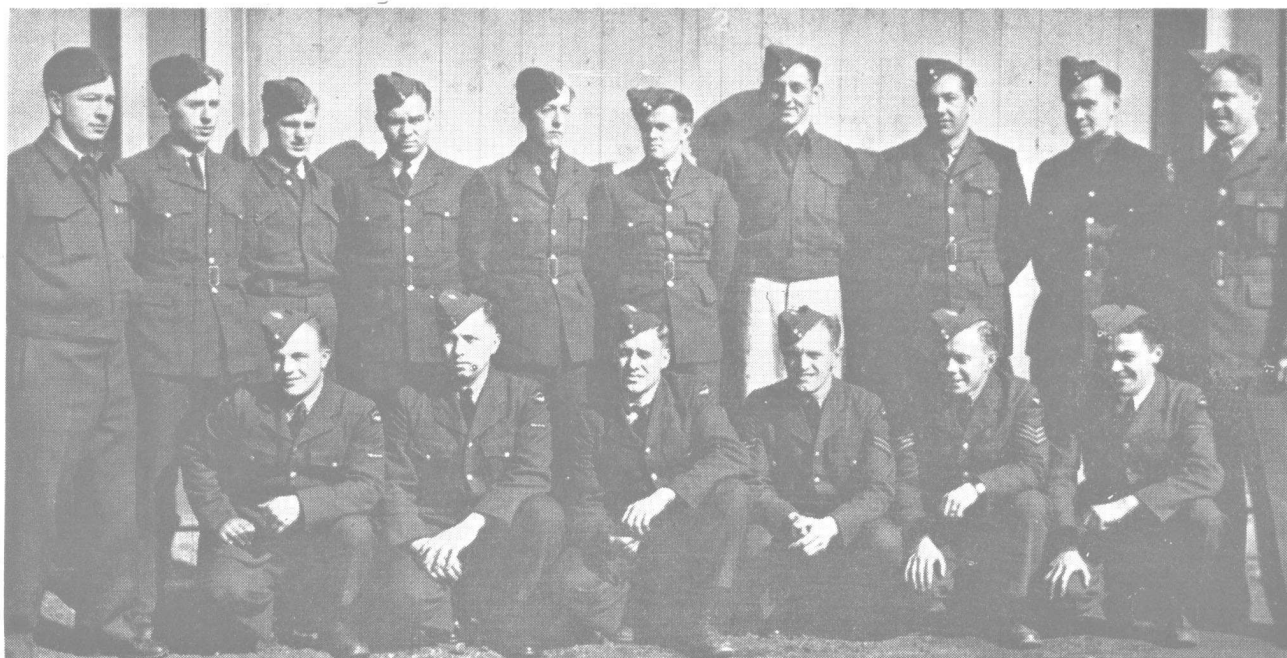
CALLING ALL ARTISTS

A few weeks ago the lecture room of the Drill Hall saw the first meeting of the local lovers of art, and those interested in the formation of regular classes for the purpose of sketching, water-colouring, and oil painting. These classes, now an accomplished fact, are the joint undertaking of the R.C.A.F. and the Canadian Legion Educational Services. The cost of the project is borne by both the Canadian Legion and the Station Fund of this station. The materials are furnished free of charge to the members of the class with the single exception of oil, paints and brushes, which are sold to the class at a very low price.

The reader may wonder as to the exact purpose of these classes. First of all may I say that as a whole the members of the class are definitely not a group of professional artists by any means, and that anyone having any desire to "try his hand" at sketching, drawing or painting is very welcome to attend. The prime purpose of the classes is to create a pleasant and profitable pastime for the airmen and airwomen of this station. During the classes one may draw or paint exactly as one wishes. There is a living model at each meeting, and all work is carefully considered and criticized by LAC J. R. MacLellan. It is the hope

(Continued on page 28)

MOTOR TRANSPORT



Part of the gang at the Motor Transport section among them are drivers and mechanics, from left to right, they are: (kneeling) LAC Cormier, Winnipeg, Man.; LAC Brown, Winnipeg, Man.; LAC Wood, Toronto, Ont.; Cpl. Briggs, Hamilton, Ont.; Sgt. Cleveland, Liverpool, N. S. and LAC Kilbride, Gaspe, Que. Standing, WO1 Burnell, Hamilton, Ont.; Cpl. MacDougall, Strathroy, Ont.; LAC Schnare, Chester, N. S.; LAC Carveth, Peterboro, Ont.; LAC Halle, Sherbrooke, Que.; LAC McCance, St. Thomas, Ont.; LAC Adams, Listowell, Ont.; Cpl. Branagh, Montreal, Que.; LAC Young, Fredericton, N. B. and F/Sgt. Davies, Sault Ste. Marie.



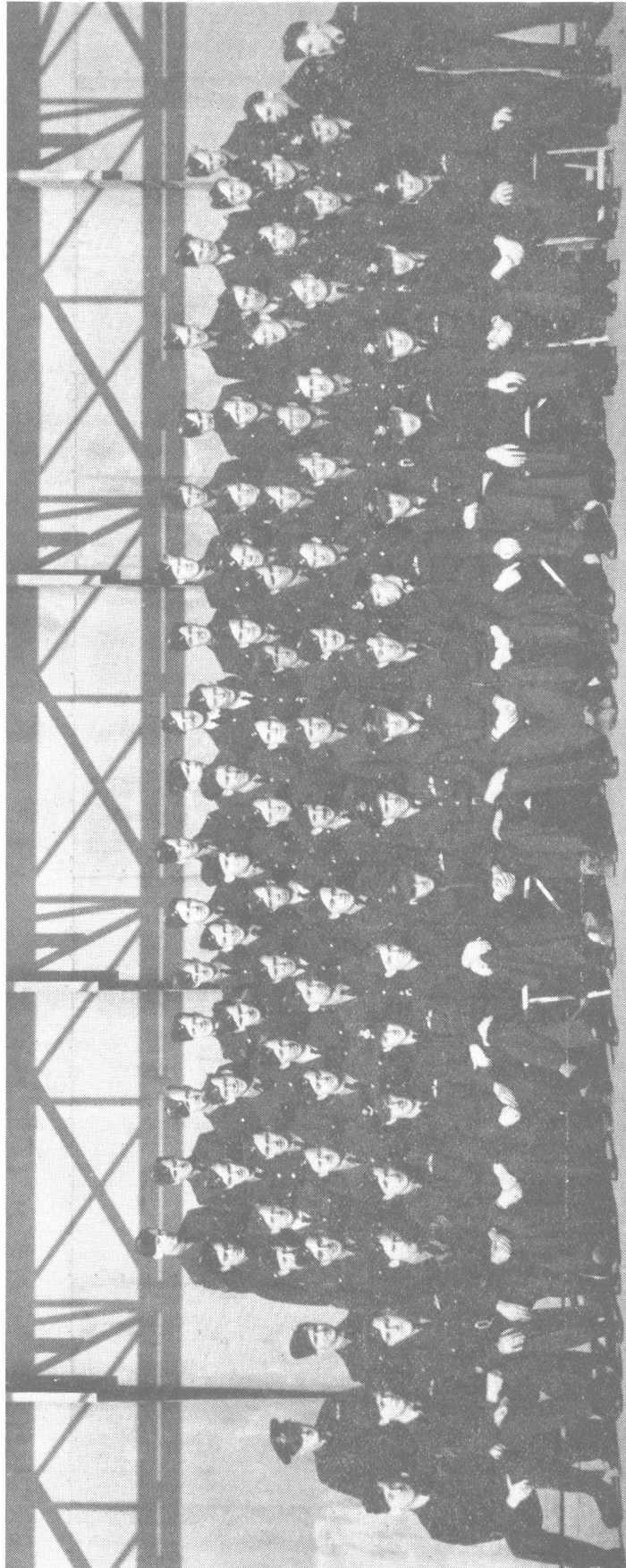
A few of the fellows in the stock room are shown in above left, they are: Cpl. MacDougall, Sgt. Cleveland, and LAC Wood. Right, F/Sgt. Davies advises LAC Adams and Kilbride on a piece of work.

See Photos on opposite page.

Busily engaged in cleaning a windshield of one of the station wagons is LAW O'Connor of Vancouver, B.C. (top left). The jovial staff of the M.T. Orderly Room are: LAW Wilson of Vancouver, B. C., WO1 Burrell, Senior N.C.O., and Cpl. St. Mars of Winnipeg, Man. (top right). Taking motors apart and putting them back together again is a specialty with LAC Dean of Hamilton, LAC Brown of Winnipeg, and LAC Carveth, (centre left). The gremlins around the truck shown in the centre right are LAC Halle, LAC Schnare, Cpl. Branagh and underneath the truck is LAC Cormier of Winnipeg, Man. The lower photo shows a group of the W.D. Drivers on the station, from left to right they are: LAW Redmond, Vancouver, B.C., LAW O'Connor of Vancouver, B.C., Cpl. Ferguson of Kerona Ont., LAW Nightingale of Victoria B.C. and LAW Bruce of Winnipeg, Man.



FLYING LANCERS SQUADRON



Tucked away in a large hanger at the far end of camp is this squadron of men who play an important part in the station's welfare. The Flying Lancers from left to right, front row, are: W.O. 2 Garson, H.; F/Sgt. Lunau, G.; W.O. 2 Brant, J.; W.O. 2 MacLeod, E. C.; P/O Keyes, J.; P/O Solomon, R.; F/O Crampton, R.; F/O Taylor, H. C. (Flight Commander); S/L Weston, R. C. (Officer Commanding); F/Lt. McCarthy, W. J. (Flight Commander); F/O McColgan, A. E. (Adjutant); F/O Armstrong, D.M.; F/O Ford, J. A. L.; P/O Lobb, K. A.; P/O Reid, J. C.; P/O Killoram, D. H. and P/O Dickinson, J.R.; Second row: P/O MacLean, A.W.; Cpl. English, C.; LAC Wolfe, M. C.; Cpl. Livingstone, W.; Cpl. Kay, E. R.; Cpl. Laing, J. H.; AC Tinanov, A.; LAC Soren, A.M.; Cpl. Wild, E.; LAC Gibson, C. F.; LAC Riddell, E. L.; LAC Simpson, C. M.; LAC Bernier, J. L.; LAC Paterson, J. F.; Sgt. Burrell, E. C.; P/O Downey, B. and F/Sgt. Hodgins, R. Third row: F/S Webb, J. H.; LAC Larcombe, K. G.; Cpl. Seissions, M.A.; LAC Turnbull, G.; LAC Renwick, K. R.; LAC Crawford, J. B.; LAC Henry, M.R.; Cpl. Scott, D. W.; LAC Annis, M. C.; LAC Wagner, H. W.; Cpl. Grobe, H. A.; LAC Smith, W. E.; LAC Stark; Sgt. Smith, L. L.; Sgt. Wood, H. and F/Sgt. Voysey, E. Fourth row: LAC Sirois, P. I.; Cpl. Fydel, J. F.; LAC Welsh, B. C.; LAC Sullivan, K. S.; LAC Peacock, L. G.; LAC Day, G.A.; Cpl. Overend, M. J.; LAC Galley, G.; LAC Gardiner, D.B.M.; LAC Johnson, T. A.; Cpl. Larham, J.; LAC Marcotte, A. S. and F/Sgt. Coates, H. Fifth row: Sgt. Esson, A. M.; Cpl. Shottland, S.D.; LAC Austin, A. J.; Cpl. Kennedy, D.; Cpl. Wood, J. B.; LAC Decarie, H. J.; AC Carter, F. T.; LAC Trewin, A. P.; LAC Challenger, W. G.; LAC Putnam, R. E.; Cpl. Cunningham, J. D.; LAC Winser, A. R.; LAC MacLeod, E. C.; LAC Graham, J. D.; Cpl. Nicholson, J. W.; and Cpl. Trenholm, M. W.

STORM CENTRE

by Cpl. M. L. Storm



Old Tom, a well-known civilian member of our little village, was quite burnt up (figuratively) down at the disposal dump the other day. He was trying to manoeuvre the contents of a garbage can from the back of an M. T. truck into the incinerator, when driver Adams, at the wheel — and likely dreaming about the gal back home—lifted his foot off the clutch. The sudden movement of the truck pitched Tom and the garbage

can head first into the incinerator. Said Adams, ambiguously, "He was sure hot under the collar!"

Not so Delayney (Admin), who got so boisterous in the barracks the other night that the boys finally pushed the fire-extinguisher hose down the top of his pants and water-logged his nether regions. Said Delayney (moistly), "Hey! My Number One blues!"

Some one asked "Slim" O'Conner (Armourer) the other day what he would say when a grandson put that time-worn query to him, "What did you do in the last Great War, grandad?" O'Conner, well-known for his pithy replies, said, "I'll tell him I bought Victory Bonds." Incidentally, have you? There is a woman in the States who was saving up to get a divorce. She bought a Victory Bond instead. The reporters asked her who changed her mind and she replied, "I found out I hated Hitler more than my husband."

Hatred is a thing which we have been taught from childhood to abhor. The majority of us find it hard to hate. And if we have not been in direct contact with the enemy, our reactions are liable to be "soft soapy". A relative of ours, serving in England, was on leave in a certain East Anglia town. The first night he was there, the town suffered a severe air-raid. The authorities called for volunteers, so he went down to the damaged area with a pick and shovel. He was sent to help excavate a bomb-shelter which had sustained a direct hit. "Five hundred people had been in that shelter," he told us later. "And the first thing I came across was a woman's arm with fingers clutching a baby's hand. That made me see red, I can tell you," he said bitterly. "I had not hated the Nazis till then."

The line-up at the theatre was long and the night was miserably wet. A.W.D. was standing in front of us, swallowing impatiently and chewing on her fingers. When we finally reached the door the man called, "Tickets, please!" "Eek!" cried the W. D. "I've just eaten it!" And, by golly! she had. She must have thought she was chewing that hard-tack.

Incidentally, the Mess Hall people may welcome the

following suggestion handed to us by "Red" Collins of Slow Repair Depot. "They ought to use this hard-tack for Skeet Shooting!" he remarked. Maybe so, Red. But we don't use 20 mm. cannon at the Skeet Range. The M.T. section could make wheels out of 'em. However, that would be kind of hard on the roads, and the Atlas people might put in complaints. Oh! well, let's eat them and charge it up to the dentist.

We wish to make public apologies to a certain Senior N. C. O. who one day asked us if the Censor would overlook an occasional "X" at the foot of his letters. We told him the best thing to do was to get hold of some lipstick and make a lip-mark. "That's much more imaginative than an "X", anyway," we argued. Perhaps we should have explained, however, that to get a W. D. to mark his letter for him is an entirely different matter. What little woman back home wouldn't be mad as blazes! Send her this, Sarg. Then maybe she'll believe you . . . we hope.

Sometime ago we wrote to the heart-throb down London way. The Censor got mixed up and put someone else's very affectionate letter in the envelope by mistake. Ours went heaven knows where! The girl-friend sent the letter back with a few suspicious remarks. We immediately sent the letter to the Adjutant to be returned to its writer. Two weeks later we got the same letter back from the girl-friend! Life's just a vicious circle.

There was a Censor named Detter
Who once mislaid a letter.
And now I am shunned 'cause the girl-friend
got dunned
And my debtor a lovely love-letter.

SILVER SWEETHEART

How we love to see thee fly,
Like a brilliant light across the sky,
And bring to us that precious mail,
Through thick and thin or rain and hail.
We all start cheering with delight,
When we see thee come by day or night;
We know your sound, it's like a song,
Darned well we should we're here so long.
When silence reigns wherein we dwell,
And the hum of your motors breaks the spell,
Out of the darkness someone would say:—
"It surely is the "T.C.A."
Thanks to the crews that fly those ships,
You really run some record trips;
Hats off and thumbs up as you go on your way.
We'll be waiting tomorrow for our T.C.A.

Written by
L.A.C. TRIPP, C.N.

TRAGEDY: Once there was a millionaire who spent a fortune on a cure for halitosis only to find that his friends didn't like him anyway.

v v v

Girls who were raised on cod liver oil have legs like this ! !

Girls who ride horses in the park have legs like this ().

But gals at night club bars who keep saying: "Here's How!" have legs like this) (.

SIX LITTLE SISTERS



UNA AND EMMA WILSON

The Wilson sisters, Una and Emma are known to their fellows as Mark I and Mark II. The nicknames are probably due to their association in a business way with Equipment Stores. From Saint (please spell out S-A-I-N-T) John, New Brunswick, where they taught High School. They joined up together on January 8, 1942. Both are L.A.W.'s 'A' group in their trade. Emma had hopes at one time of becoming an M.T. driver but the trade selection board asked her in a nice way if she wouldn't rather take Equipment Ass't.

In the early days of the W.D.'s service, basic training was even more hectic than it is considered (by the rookies) now. In a four week period, basic and technical training was combined. After graduation from 6 M.D. in Toronto they were sent to Summerside, Prince Edward Island, and were posted to Gander on August 7, 1942. They are both a bit wistful about the possibilities of a furlough after fifteen months in Gander.

Emma keeps herself busy with two art classes a week and after finishing a still life in "tempora", is anxious to attempt some portrait of heads in oils. Una would like very much to get a quiet room where she could practice her beloved Debussy on the piano. Una likes dramatics also, and played the part of Mrs. Margaret Chisholm (who died by her own hand from poison) in one of Gander's recent dramatic offerings, "The Ninth Guest."

Both hold their degrees in English and History B.A. from Queen's University and are both in the Gander choir which gives them a lot of satisfaction. The Wilson's claim ancestry from County Tyrone in northern Ireland and before joining the service kept house together with a colored maid and an Irish scotty named "Tim."



MONICA AND
GEORGINA PHELAN

Two very pretty representatives of Cape Breton, (Glace Bay to be exact) are Phelan sisters, Georgina (call me Georgie) and Monica. Georgina has finally achieved her cherished ambition in the service, in the photographic section after a recent remuster. Monica is remustering to dental assistant. Both have been on this station since January 15, 1943. Monica was still feeling pretty happy over her recent furlough spent at home. Georgie is hopeful that hers will come through.

This is their first station after their basic training at Rockcliffe, Ottawa. Both enlisted on the same day, the anniversary of Armistice Day, November 11, and the occasion is still very vivid in their memory. Monica had been thinking it over for about a year and finally she and Georgie decided to make the break together. Back home they had both been active in the C.Y.W. Catholic Youth Welfare) under Father Nash, its founder and director.

They were educated in Glace Bay at St. Anne's Convent and attended high school there. Both had done miscellaneous work before joining the service. Georgie getting the photographic bug from her employment in a photo studio before enlistment.

Monica likes flying, in fact she flew home on furlough. Georgie is still a bit leery of too much atmosphere. They used to take part in operettas and concerts back home, but here they concentrate more on badminton and bowling and a lot of dancing, and parties where they serve ice cream. Monica reads a lot but has no special favorites so long as its an interesting book and as a hobby, Georgie keeps a photographic record of her life in the Air Force.



MAXINNE AND
MARJORIE BOLIANATZ

Flashing dark eyes and ready smiles are identifying marks of the sisters Bolianatz who work in the officers' mess, Corporal Maxinne, stewardess and L.A.W. Marjorie, waitress. Between them they share thirty-five months service in the Women's Division of the R.C.A.F., Maxinne joining in March, and Marjorie in August, 1942.

Marjorie shares the distinction of being chosen for the first of the W.D.'s famed Precision Squadrons and toured Canada with that unit. Later the Squadron went on tour throughout the Province of Ontario in connection with the Third Victory Loan campaign. Their home town is Avonlea, south of Regina, Saskatchewan, where their folks farm an unstated number of acres, Maxinne wasn't just sure of the exact number, but it was a few sections.

Maxinne had her manning at 6 M.D. on Jarvis Street in Toronto, while Marjorie did hers at Rockcliffe, Ottawa. Then Maxinne went west again to Brandon, No. 12, S.F.T.S. where she stayed until July, 1942, posted to this station in August, 1942.

Both of them really like Gander, Maxinne having twice had the chance for a posting and refused. They like dancing and bowling. Corporal Maxinne played a lot of softball back home, as did her sister, Marjorie. Maxinne pitched sometimes or played the field, Marjorie usually played outfield. The name of the team? The "Happy Go Luckies" and it must have been good, because they claim they usually won the prizes for the games. They both like movies. Marjorie and Maxinne come from a family of ten, the three eldest of whom, including their brother are all in service. Their brother is in the navy, at latest reports on the West Coast.

SPORT

(Continued from page 7)

TENNIS TOURNAMENT

During the month of September a tennis tournament was run off in the drill hall. The call for contestants was answered by ten doubles teams, anxious for fun and sport: these they achieved.

It was a doubles elimination tournament. Thus, teams who thought they were out of the running were surprised to find themselves billed for another game. One of these teams, eliminated (supposedly) in the first round, went on to beat all competition and earn a spot in the final round. Their contestants were the same ones who had barely beaten them out in the first round. The story was the same in the finals. LAW Francouer and LAC Easterbrook were runners up to F/S MacLeod and Cpl. Sourkes, 3—6, 7—5, and 6—3. It was a tough battle well worth the prize of cigarettes, given by the Y.M.C.A. Incidentally, Ken Genge of the Y.W.C.A. is doing a lot of organizing work since his arrival on the station, and deserves credit for this good work.

BORDEN BALL

An effort has been made by all branches of the service, in the last few years, to find some new competitive sports which are easy to learn. Games with too many complicated rules are only good for the few, who are trained athletes. In the Air Force, we have men of all ages, and from all walks of life. . . In order to please them all, it is necessary to find something at which they can all play at one time. Many new games have been tried and found wanting, this game has passed.

Borden Ball is the game you see played in the drill hall using a rugby ball and hockey nets. Actually its a mixture of basketball, football, and hockey. For the edification of those of us who are not familiar with the game, here is some of its history and rules.

The game was first introduced at Camp Borden, Ont. Hence the name Borden Ball. It's new, having first been conceived during this war. The credit for the introduction of Borden Ball goes to Mr. A. Ley, one of the War Service representatives of the Y.M.C.A.

Remember three simple rules and you've mastered the game.

1. You can only hold the ball three seconds.
2. You can only take three steps while in possession of the ball.
3. No bodily contact.

Two months ago the game was not even known on the station. To-day it's a common sight seen in the drill hall every day. A league has been started and is being closely contested by ten teams representing most of the sections on the station.

The P.T.I.'s like the game, too. They say that it's the easiest game to referee. All you have to do, is stand in the middle of the floor with your hands behind your back, and a whistle in your mouth.

When the time comes, you blow the whistle and yell — SKINS! /— SHIRTS! — SHIRTS! — SKINS! But at that they're looking for volunteers to do the job. Anyone want to learn?

BASKETBALL

The toot of the whistle, the sound of stamping feet, the swish of the ball through the hoops, and the cheers of the crowd are the noises one hears these nights passing by the gymnasium.

Judging by the enthusiasm shown all around, the basketball executive consisting of LAC Bennett, pres. LAC Scopp, vice-pres. and LAC Estabrooks, sec'ty., predict another successful season. The various sections have been holding practices and getting into shape for the opening of the station league which began the 1st of November.

With an efficient staff of competent referees to handle the games, much of the difficulties encountered last year should be solved.

BOASTS CHALLENGE

Signals are entering the forthcoming basketball season with a lineup much more powerful than the team that last season finished second after giving Headquarters Flight a hard battle for top honours.

The basketballers of last season suffered the disadvantage of being practically all short specimens, but the revamped team of today is taller by a good six inches.

Will the new height and strength brought by the summer's postings be the star combination this year? This correspondent says YES and should the final verdict be no, we will eat one boot—black, ankle, leather, cooked a la Airmen's Mess.

And why are we so confident? Have you not heard of the fearsome reputation the Sparkers have already acquired? To date they have been scheduled to play only one exhibition game, and what did their worthy opponents do but default.

What was that from the two bit seats? "Signals too trivial to be bothered with", listen, Bub, I am authorized to issue the following challenge—"That Signals will give anybody a run for their money, anytime, in the following sports, Basketball, Volleyball, and Bordenball. Just see their manager, the locquacious Cpl. Ferguson."

Hear that, "X" Detachment?

HOCKEY

Good news! There will definitely be a hockey rink on the station this winter. The location is chosen, and the materials are on hand. All that now stands in our way, is the good old Newfoundland weather man. The rink will be behind the hospital, beside B.B. 48. We're looking forward to some good section competition and a station team that will be unbeatable on the island.

Floor hockey too, will find its place on our sports agenda, this winter. As soon as more floor space is available in the drill hall, we'll be able to draw up schedules and get going.

EDUCATIONAL

by P/O O. P. Larson

Having been approached again by that staid and honourable Editor of "The Gander" for an article portraying some department of the Educational Section we feel it is our duty to do so. We say it is our duty because it gives us an opportunity to display the work being done so that personnel may take full advantage of it.

This article will deal with three departments of the Educational section — Remustering, Trades and Rehabilitation.

Remustering

One of our basic and fundamental duties is to prepare airmen for aircrew duties. Many airmen in the Service have not the necessary educational qualifications for aircrew. A large number are very anxious to remuster to aircrew and we try to make it possible for them to do so. If an airman desires to remuster to aircrew we have an interview with him and try to determine as far as possible his educational standing, and also his determination to carry on training. If we are satisfied that he is potential aircrew, then we administer a Classification Test (many have experienced that doubtful pleasure already.) On the basis of the C. T. score, it is possible to get an idea of where this man will fit. The airman then makes out his official application for aircrew and this application is immediately sent to the Section Commander for remarks and recommendations. Following this, the application is sent to the Hospital, where the airmen is given his M2. In the meantime, classes are underway in pre-aircrew Mathematics, Science, Aircraft Recognition and Signals. Classes are held in the evening and the total number of hours' instruction given to all pre-aircrew classes per week is twenty. It is possible to complete all this class work in approximately three months. At the end of the class, examinations are given and the marks forwarded to the proper authorities.

Within the last month or more a large number have been posted from this station to take air-crew training. Lately such postings have been increasing.

Trades

Another important part of our work deals with Trade Improvement Classes. It is a recognized fact that if there is to be progress, tradesmen must be kept abreast of that progress. New developments are continually being made, changes are continually taking place, so that it is very necessary that regular classes and instructions be given to all tradesmen on the Station. This involves a large number of classes and also a large number of instructors, it also involves the keeping of almost countless numbers of records. It is laid down that examinations must be given each week and that the results of these examinations, together with the attendance, be forwarded to the proper authorities. If an airman is posted, his records, including all examination results and attendance, must be forwarded to the next Station. The keeping of these records is a task of some magnitude (which

falls upon the Education Office) but the most important part of the work is to see that the classes are carried on and that the tradesmen receive proper instruction. Trade Improvement Manuals have been obtained for four of the trades and others will be obtained as soon as possible. Slides are available for certain trades to illustrate the lectures. At present time, arrangements are being completed to secure a regular supply of films dealing with important phases of certain trades. A number of reference books for some of the trades are on demand.

Rehabilitation

As the War shows signs of entering into its final phases, the problems of rehabilitation take on a more realistic aspect. Canada's rehabilitation programme for ex-members of the Armed Forces, male and female, has been developed by a committee of the Cabinet under the chairmanship of Hon. Ian MacKenzie, Minister of Pensions and National Health, assisted by a General Advisory Committee of senior officials in the Public Service, with twelve sub-committees. The programme although not yet complete, is already in operation. The Education Section has the latest information on what is planned for ex-members of the Armed Forces whose education was interrupted by their period of service. The plans are dealt with briefly below.

The Government will finance the university education of an individual for the number of months he has served. In other words, if at the conclusion of hostilities, a man has been in the R.C.A.F for 36 months his tuition at a Canadian University will be paid by the Government in any course he chooses for 36 months. At the end of that time, should his progress and attainments be such that the authorities deem it in his interest and in the public interest to continue financial aid, it may be extended beyond the period equivalent to his Service. This assistance applies also to University graduates who may wish to take a post-graduate course. The plan stipulates that the assistance will be given only if the individual registers at a University within fifteen months after discharge. In the case of post-graduate work registration must take place within twelve months.

For those who may be interested in vocational courses of various kinds following discharge, plans have also been made. The length of time during which help may be provided depends upon the length of service, and, in this instance, the maximum time of such assistance is twelve months.

The "assistance" mentioned in the above provisions means tuition fees, athletic fees, maintenance grants. Clarification of the last term has recently been received. Any unmarried person, discharged from the armed Forces, who enters, within 15 months after discharge, a Canadian University or approved vocational school, will be entitled to a maintenance grant of \$44.20 per month. A married person, without children, fulfilling the above, will receive a grant of \$62.40. There is appropriate sustenance allowance for dependents.

Wedding Bells



On Monday, September 27th, the R.C.A.F. Station Chapel was the setting for the wedding of WO2 W. H. Peters and Sgt. Audrey Macrea. The bride was given in marriage by Group Captain C. L. Annis, OBE. The best man was WO2 Larry Hollinger. The ceremony was performed by F/Lt. C. A. Metayer. The wedding breakfast was served in the Sergeant's Mess.



Shown above are Cpl. and Mrs. (AW) Pritchard following their wedding which took place at Memorial United Church, Grand Falls on Monday, September 13, 1943. The bride was the former Hilda Patricia Pearson, daughter of Mrs. and the late N. J. Pearson of Vancouver, B. C. Cpl. Earl Elmer Pritchard is the son of Mrs. W. Salmon and the late Frederick Pritchard of Algonquin, Ont. The marriage was performed by Rev. S. J. Hillier of Grand Falls. AW Alfreda Schnurr and LAC Bernard White also of this station were attendants.

RHUBARB FOR BEAKFAST

(Continued from page 3)

While they were still well out of range the Nazis opened fire which was a give-away on their inexperience. Turning about the two Canadians gave them a short burst which discouraged the Nazis, who were out-gunned individually, from too close contact. The Germans climbed for a higher ceiling and the Spits continued on their way back with the Me's trailing out of range. They made a couple more darting attacks without any damage to the British ships.

However, in turning to repel one of these attacks the leader of the R.C.A.F. sortie tore out his port navigation light. He put in this way: "I was turning around a house and must have been pretty low because the light was torn out either on a corner of the house or on a clothes line in the yard."

"We made the channel O.K.," he went on, "accompanied by plenty of flak. My number two man had his ship hit on the starboard wing by a 20 m.m. shell from a ground gun. This caused a radiator leak. The Messerschmidt's noticed the damage but still refused to close in. They were waiting for his plane to fold up, at which time they most likely would have come after me."

This reluctance to tangle was not usual,

he stated, though and tended to confirm his suspicion that the Jerries were inexperienced. They didn't even climb into the sun, a favorite fighter trick. They came about half way across the channel with the Spits, before returning.

Meanwhile despite their preoccupation with the tailing Jerries the two Spits had managed to shoot up and knock out another ack-ack battery on the French coast. Nearing home the engine on the Number Two ship started to seize up and the two planes had to slow down considerably. They made their home airdrome all right, but the pilot on the second ship was fairly burned up. It seems he had been given a brand new kite that morning and bringing it back all banged up sort of made him angry.

On their return they made their report to Intelligence and found the field still closed in with low ceiling. It was the first "Rhubarb" for "B" Flight on their new station. "A" Flight had been out the day previously on a sortie and "B" of course wanted to keep up.

Editor's Note:—The pilots referred to in the above yarn are, respectively, Squadron Leader R. C. Weston and (then) P. O. Buck McNair. S/L Weston is from Saint John, New Brunswick and P. O. McNair (later to earn the D.F.C.) is from North Battleford, Saskatchewan.

ENTERTAINMENT

(Continued from page 19)

CALLING ALL ARTISTS

of the organizers of these classes that those interested in any of the various phases of activity on the station will use their interest and talent to good advantage by sketching the games, hobbies, and anything which might be of interest, to be used in making easel paintings as a record of these station activities. We sincerely hope that anyone interested in the classes will come to see us at our meeting place on the third floor, old administration Building, on Tuesday, Thursday, or Saturday evenings from 1900 to 2130 hours.

BAND CONCERTS

One bright day in September—the ONE remember?—our new Band arrived from St. Thomas. But the Bandmaster looked sad. No, it wasn't what you think. He did appreciate the beauties of Gander—BUT—his music was lost! Now a Band is a Band—with music, but without music? Well, what have you? However, Sgt. Longstaff was nothing daunted. A visit to our neighbors and we had sufficient music for a program.

So, Sunday afternoon, September 19th we had our first Band Concert. And it was a good one. A popular song for you and a bit of the "classics" for me (or vice versa) and lots that come in between. But where were you music lovers? Sitting on the lakeshore or lying in your bunks? There weren't many of you on hand that day. For shame.

Since then, the missing music has arrived and everything is under control. We have had more concerts and the third featured Cpl. Doug MacLeod popular baritone. The attendances have steadily improved but just to make sure all you music enthusiasts get a chance to come we are going to have future concerts on week nights. And—if you haven't been yet—you're missing something! The "Sarge" and his boys know their stuff!

GANDER VARIETIES NO. 2

The day is Monday, October 4th. Time 2015 hrs. (8.15 p.m. to you). The house lights go down, the Gander Rhythm-Makers get hep on "One O'clock Jump" and the curtain opens "Gander Varieties No. 2." And it was a variety.

Besides our own home grown talent, Capt. Korn had brought over a group of entertainers from the other side. So, after the hot overture by the Band, our genial Master-of-ceremonies, Bob Harvie came forth and began the proceedings.

Cpl. Segal and Pvt. Campenella kicked off with a skit "Problems of a Private." And believe me, they were many. The problems, I mean. They were followed by another visitor, Justin Beamon, a tenor with a very pleasing voice. His singing of "Moonlight Becomes You" brought him a big hand and an encore. Our own L.A.W. Swann did an amusing recitation "Between Two Loves" in Italian dialect.

Then the Gander Rhythm-Makers cut loose again. This time it was "Two Old Maids in a Feather Bed, one leaned over to the other and said—" Well, I can't go into detail, but it was fun. "Radio Burlesque", a skit by our visitors Pvt. Campenella, Sgt. Jones, Cpl. Chiusano and Sgt. James brought many laughs. L.A.C. Oz. Zarnke with Eugene Hill at the piano, sang "Can't Get Out Of This Mood," which brought cheers from his many fans and an encore from Oz.

"Twentieth Century Ltd." was a skit which featured Miss Reichenbach of the Red Cross and Sgt. James and Cpl. Segal and showed us the troubles of a soldier's wife. (P.S. It seems to be keeping one's date book straight.)

Schnickle—Somebody's German Band then marched out and with "Der Fuehrer's Face" proceeded to roll them in the aisles. Their "March past" had to be repeated to quiet the uproar. Pvt. Michael Race and Nellie Carter then gave us a smooth ball-room dance to "Begin the Beguine"—and were they nice to look at—both in evening dress.

Sgt. James was probably a bit mis-leading but it was a permanent-wave that she got last night. The Rhythm-Makers then brought things to a rousing finish with "Minor Jump" and the "Anvil Chorus." As an added attraction the program ended with a movie short which was of particular interest to us in this part of the world. It was "Wings Over the Atlantic."

SWINGTIME TROUPE

After touring the North West Staging Route, the R.C.A.F.'s, now augmented, Swingtime Troupe headed down Gander way to give us the best nights entertainment in many a long month.

The original trio of Dave Davies, Jimmy Riccio, and Len Moss has grown into a full fledged troupe with addition of comedian Rube Super, magician Dennis Thyne, M.C. Van Kingston, and concert pianist Cliff Poole. Ably assisted by Jimmie's brother, our own Pat Riccio, the trio presented a wide selection of popular tunes, swing, and boogie woogie. For those who prefer the classics pianist Cliff Poole was the attraction of the evening. And is there anyone who does not like classics the way Cliff plays them? A student of the celebrated Miss Mona Bates and an Associate of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, this latest addition to the troupe is one of the best known, young musicians in his native city of Toronto.

Dennis Thyne was deservedly popular. Anyone who could make whiskey out of water, especially during our dry season,, was indeed the man of the hour, and more so when he stymed an S. P. for good measure.

What show would be complete without a little slapstick? And this was where Rube Super shone. Rube believes in doing things quickly; he became Ganderized in two days. We hate to think what condition Rube would be in if he stayed here as long as most of us.

Not satisfied with merely introducing other numbers, M. C. Van Kingston sang a vocal solo, "You'll Never Know" and recited P/O John Magee's immortal poem "High Flight".

SUB HUNTERS



Air Crew members of a famous anti-sub squadron are shown above in a briefing conference with the Senior Intelligence Officer. From left to right they are: W. O. 2 Gilmour, M. J., R91469, Gravenhurst, Ont.; W.O. 2 Bielski, B. J., R102428, Winnipeg, Man.; F/Sgt. Conlin, L. R., R109242, Drumheller, Alta.; Flying Officer Campbell, J. B. L., J23967, 392 Ball Street, Coburg, Ont.; W.O. 2 Johns, A. C., R69281, Sudbury, Ont.; the S. I. O., Flight Lieutenant Purdy, Digby, N. S.; W.O. 2 Lindsay, H. C. R102173, Ft. Qu'appelle, Sask. and Flight Lieutenant Martin J. R., J2932, Winnipeg, Man.



The team goes into a huddle before operations. Another of the anti-sub crews are shown here. From left to right they are: W. O. 1 Adanson, A.C. R93537, Vegreville, Alta.; F/Sgt. Daye, E. N., R125123, North Gower, Ont.; W.O. 1 Billings, J. R92420, 844 W. 18th Ave., Vancouver, B. C.; Squadron Leader Milne, R. F., C1596, Saint John, N. B.; W. O. 1 Maxwell, W. C. R93153, 9 Bartonville Ave., Mount Denis, Ont., Cpl. Hake, R. D. R84495, 826 Carlaw Ave., Toronto, Ont., and W.O. 1 Henry, R97041, Muskoka, Ont.

SAUCE FOR THE GANDER

(Continued from page 2)

The Christmas Card contest was a real success and I feel certain that you will be more than pleased with the prize winning card. It will be on sale shortly at quite reasonable prices.

There will be a Christmas issue of the Gander Magazine. It is planned to make it a special souvenir number, printed on fine paper and replete with pictures galore and other items of interest. You will read more of the details elsewhere but your ideas for subjects, scenes, etc. are important—so drop your notes or hints in the Editor's Box in the Drill Hall.

Your Station Fund committee is trying to purchase a Public Address system for the Station over which you can hear the news, concerts, plays etc. in your messes, the hospital, canteens, etc. So far we have been unable to get the desired priorities for delivery of the equipment but they are coming.

The W.D.'s will be glad to hear that it will soon be possible to turn over the present Dry Canteen as a Recreation Centre of their own where they can relax and entertain "by the invitation only". The S.A.O. and your W.D. officers are anxious to obtain your ideas on how best to fix it up to your taste and for your enjoyment.

It is the intention to form and operate a Rifle Club as soon as possible; .22 calibre rifles will be used and the shooting gallery will be below the bowling alleys in the Drill Hall. All Station personnel will be eligible to shoot. There will be instruction and prizes. Put your pressure on the Station Armament Officer to get it going.

The Drill Hall will be improved and some alterations made—particularly to improve ventilation, gallery accommodation and to provide additional entrances and facilities which will save the floors from tracking by muddy feet.

By the time this is published the New Dry Canteen will be open for use or nearly ready. You will be highly pleased with the effort and care your Committee has put into its accommodation and facilities. And they are ready for more suggestions as they are running out of ideas.

A considerable amount of additional sports equipment has been purchased and is enroute. Be sure to use it—a healthy body and a healthy mind go together.

A Technical Classroom has been designed and is being set aside in the new hangar. The Station Fund Committee has voted five hundred dollars towards the purchase of books, models, charts, technical samples, etc. and will vote more money if you can tell them what you want or need in this regard. See the Education Officer or the Chief Engineering Officer with your suggestions.

In all the foregoing you will please note that your help and your ideas are being sought. I don't want to hear anyone moaning about "why isn't this done or being done" unless he has an idea and desire to do something constructive about getting it done. It is very easy to tear down—to build is another matter. If you can think of some idea to make things better here and a practical way to accomplish it then please bring it forward and

Bits from the Blast

LAC "Ronnie" Mathews



Station Armourers
Request the Presence of Your
Fuselage and Power Plant for
Night Flying at The
"Wreck Hall".
The night of
October 11, 1943.
Take Off — 2030 hours.
Crews to Fuze Their Own Bombs.
Refuelling at "Arming Points."
Dress? Naturally.

—B. Y. O. L.

Cocking the gun with the above invitations the Armourers let loose a bomb shell of entertainment which was so ably concocted by F/Sgt. McEwen and Sgt. Cotes with the co-operation of the other Senior N.C.O.'s of the "A" sections.

Detention with the first down beat of the band, released a series of fast burning fuzes and rapid explosions of fast and slow dances. This included spots and novelties and filled out the evening with time out for a few refreshments.

During the course of the evening a definition for "Gomul" was given. We're still none the wiser. Are you, Carl?

As the smoke cleared away and the effects of the concussion subsided everyone left tired but happy from a first but successful hop. Do you boys think we should have some more?

We bid farewell to two members of our sections, Nick and Andy. Good luck to the both of you on your new stations; while in the same breath we want to make Kaufman's stay here official. Hope you like it, me son.

A smell of the cork Doc and you're ready to give the blast. Remember the washroom?

It could be dangerous to go back to Canada, Mitch. What Cpl. likes to keep his partners to himself? And so for another issue we ring down the curtain.

we will do something about it; also be prepared to do **your** active share towards its fulfillment even if it means a crusade for the cause on your part. There is a suggestion box inside the north entrance to No. 1 Administration Building. Suggestions for improving any phase of our Station or Service life are more than welcome and, if it is original, you will get the credit.

As my mother told me "it is better to keep 20 men working than try to do 20 men's work." There is value in the statement and my objective here is to keep you all busy — which also keeps me busy — and all of us happy. Which — if you have been able to hang on this long — is all for now.

The new definition for morale, by Australian soldiers in New Guinea, is "what makes your legs do what your head reckons impossible.

SECTION GOSSIP

(Continued from page 15)

curring East-West arguments. All four are very enthusiastic about their new surroundings and say they plan to spend the winter here.

Tenice adopts the 'love 'em all' policy so popular with one of our ex-clerks now in Canada. And Pam—she thinks the Security Guards are such grand fellows. Harry haunts the bowling alleys—He's quite a bowler too! Shell gets the lion's share of the staff mail (and all from his grandmother too). Congratulations are in order for our new Corporal Harold "Red" Behm. He's the guy who dispatches and receives the mail—just like old time, eh Harold? Flo has returned from the long awaited leave with that faraway look in her eyes. She says the Capital City is such a lovely place but we wonder if she just means the scenery?

Doug Baker, our lackadaisical, blue-eyed stamp vendor of the C.P.C. is at present on temporary duty at another P. O. He'll be back after his furlough to the Dust Bowl which he calls home. How are the 'ornery' women, Doug? Cpl. Bill Friesen is back with us for the second time. He ran the show here during the Sgt's absence and did a good job of it too. When asked about his posting Bill says, "I expect to lock 'er up when all is over". Our energetic little man, Sgt. Graham to you, has returned from his furlough in good old Alberta. He reports things pretty tough in Canada now, says he'd rather be here . . . (we've heard that song before!)

Well guys and gals, that's the story from here. We leave you with our slogan "Come wind, come rain, come Newfie Express—the mail must go through!"

WORKS AND BUILDING SECTION

LAC A. L. Pelton

Hey! Hold on there, we're coming, we've just received authority to go to "Press", so here we are once again, folks, to tell all about the do's of W & B Sections, it was a hard fight but we've won, so here goes!

First of all we take great pleasure to welcome our new Steno, although



she's from a lively Station such as Moosebank, Period, she will find none the less here, with all the goings around. By the way her name is E. S. Smith, Smithy for short and you boys who want to get acquainted with her, well, you simply ask for permission. Kidding aside, we feel that she is very competent and is an asset to our staff. We wish her the best and a short stay here.

We mustn't forget our Officer, F/O Myles, who has been with us since last spring. We take great pleasure in congratulating him on his recent promotion which now makes him a Flight/Lieutenant.

The Staff misses the able assistant F/O Hill, who has been called out on T/D for the last month, we are looking forward to a speedy return. Looking out through his office window one day, he was heard by an innocent by-stander to exclaim "Purty grim".

We envy Major Williams on his recent trip to Canada on T/D (The lucky Stiff).

Just a few lines from the busiest section on the station, W & B Painters. We would like at this time to introduce ourselves to you. "Doc" P. S. Norton is the oldest one of us in the section. "Doc" has been here for over 21 months and is looking forward to being posted. We will all miss you "doc" when you go, but the best of luck to you wherever you go.

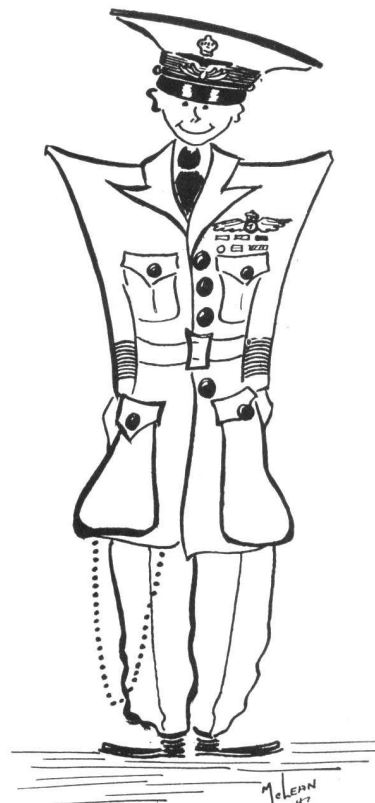
George, or better known as "bob" McMahon is the next oldest with just two weeks behind "doc". Bob is the Sargeant in charge of the section and is getting ready in anticipation of handing the reigns of duty over to another. To you too "Bob" we wish the best.

To the big tall good looking lad, Louis Babbin, who joined our section early in the spring we bid you welcome; and only hope your stay will not be as long as some of the rest of us. You won't mind though as long as you can go to Grand Falls. Oh Yeah!

An introduction ladies and gentlemen to our latest addition Cpl. Johnny Lapointe, Johnny comes from around Montreal, so finds this place very tame after the bright lights. We welcome you John and wish you the best both in girls and promotions. May your stay here not be too long.

Red Benson "Gee! More W.D's" Al, our handsome newcomer from Toronto resents carrying a plunger around. Cpl. Donoghue tells the boys "Think nothing of it. I did it for 23 months".

IT WON'T LAST THAT LONG



Harvey sees the T.C.A. coming in. To the Post Office quick. Tiny Bentley four meals a day. Another newcomer to the Section is Art from Montreal. To Jack also a new man we say, get well soon fella.

Please close the windows, if you get too warm, remember there are valves on the rads.

Have you ever heard of Elect. W&B? Well if you haven't come and introduce yourself when you have trouble (Electrical).

We wish to take this opportunity in congratulating the very few fortunates who have left our live-wire Section. Good luck Bates and Hiscock. To our new number we wish them lots of luck and a speedy recovery.

Shop Gab

W.O. 2 Cribb, "There's a light out in W. D. Barracks. LAC Hartman, "OK I'll get it". LAC Ferguson "Sorry I don't agree" LAC McCooeye "No letter again to-day".

Then there's Sgt. Bourassa who when he has nothing to do pulls the alarm boxes and worries the firehall and control tower or both. If by chance your bed lamp is missing look up Cpl. Nichols. He has a habit of saving them for souvenirs.

SQUADRON LEADER "LOUIE" LUND

(Continued from page 18)

W.O. 1 (or as one Corporal once said, definitely off the record statement, a partner in the divine scheme of things). This was still in the Permanent Force.

It was not till 1940 that he received his commission. At that time he was writing up examinations on ground subjects for air-crew at No. 1 Training Command, Toronto. Served as Chief Engineer Officer at No. 3 Calgary, and was transferred to the East Coast in 1941, and now is well known to most Operational Squadrons.

His policy has been and still is "Be fair to the man and fair to the Service," and he figures he is quite happy in the Service.

On the wall of his office there is a plaque which reads "Nil Bastardi Carborundum". Really translated it means something like "Don't Let The B - - - Grind You Down". He doesn't!

Married, The Squadron Leader makes his home on the Dartmouth Lakes, Waverley Road. His Son is a Flying Officer in the R.C.A.F. at Sydney, and a daughter is attending the University of Dalhousie. He arrived in Gander in May of this Year and an easy way of finding him in the Officers Mess is to approach a group of the younger Officer's sitting around laughing heartily. You will find genial S-SLLLL "LOUIE" in the middle, regaling them with some of his yarns.

Back home he has five dogs, all English Wire Haired Fox Terriers. After this brawl is over he plans to settle down to raising chickens and dogs.

SECTION OFFICER "BILLY" GEAR

(Continued from page 18)

sociate with Dr. F. F. Tisdall who was in the research laboratory. Her former association and his guidance with (now) Group Captain Tisdall, Nutrition Consultant for the R.C.A.F. and the Army at A.F.H.Q. at Ottawa has been of great value in her duties on this station.

One thing though, Miss Gear emphasized, was the fact that the menus and diets provided for the personnel of the R.C.A.F., is worked out on a scientific and healthful basis by experts in research laboratories in Canada. In addition there are sometimes obstacles which interfere with the normal pursuit of providing not only nutritious but appetizing and desirable dishes. One of these is the war. Another is transportation. Another is the rationing program in effect so stringent in Canada under the Government auspices. The Government is not only ensuring an adequate supply of food for present needs, but is trying to build up reserves for post-war necessities. Then there is the Government problem of providing food for the workers on the home front. Many of them are doing hard work and heavy work and they must be fed. Then there is the question of scarcity of help on the farms, which are after all the primary producers. In the case of her own family, she mentioned, her folks have a three hundred acre farm and her father is forced this year to allow much of his acreage to lie idle because he can't get sufficient help. Forced to sell some of his livestock for the same reason.

There was one other thing recently which just goes to show you that headaches can sometimes come in bunches. Postings nearly wrecked the messing schedules for a few days. In fact for a couple of days they (meaning the W. D.'s) just went with a swoosh. This meant that for those two days Miss Gear, and a few N.C.O's and

Airmen with the two remaining W.D.'s had to provide the meals. This she remembers as a hectic period, to put it briefly. But she told proudly of how they all pitched in and worked very hard in order that the men in the Hangars and on the station generally could carry on.

But this was not intended as an apology of the Messes. Miss Gear has promised an article on the whole subject of messing for a coming edition of the "Gander". In it she will explain the score on getting rations, cooking them, on menus and diets and all the rest of it. She wanted to make it quite clear that it is not due to thoughtlessness or callousness that sometimes it is necessary to have beans (the poor men's caviar) for breakfast. Rations being what they are, it is not possible to provide anything else. At that, she explained we are better provided than many stations on the mainland.

She did say though at this time, "With rationing so strict in Canada, it is becoming increasingly difficult to provide the kinds of food such as meat and butter which the Airmen want and that we would like to give them. In order to make the food we have got around we sometimes have to fill in with some other items not always so desirable to the Airmen. It's getting harder too to vary the diets with extra messing because canned goods, meats, pickles, jam and spices are also rationed on the mainland and they just can't always be obtained."

Too, things like handing out pats of butter at meal times instead of permitting the diners to help themselves is a disagreeable practice, she stated. But it was made necessary because some of the lads and lasses had a habit of scrounding four or five pats of butter and those who came later had to do without. These scoundgers are usually the biggest moaners too when anything is short. The next time you are at the mess, notice the butter and bread left around the tables. And then the next time there is a butterless and breadless meal you will know at least one of the reasons.

But about Miss Gear. She likes to play golf. And you know how many golf courses there are around here. She also likes to read, Detective stories—gory stuff. But her record in this regard,—well—she admitted wryly that so far she has not finished one complete book since she arrived on this station. Books on current history are also favorites.

But dancing is another matter. She likes to dance. Again you know the score of dancing on this station, if you happen to be a member of the distaff, (or W.D.) side.

There was one thing the Chief Messing Officer wanted to mention though. It was her staff A.S.O. J. Hewson in charge of the Airmens Mess, Flight Sergeant Woodland of the same Mess and all the others, N.C.O.'s, Airmen and Airwomen who work under her. She wanted to make public her appreciation for their great co-operation. The Mess is open twenty-four hours a day. Hardly is one meal finished before the chefs are hard at work again cooking for the next one. It is a little publicized but vital part of the important job of Keeping 'Em Flying". Feeding the men who fly the planes and those who help to keep them serviceable is a big job.

As Chief Messing Officer, Section Officer Gear has to look after the Officers' Mess, the senior N.C.O.'s Mess, the Airmen's Mess and a civilian Mess which provides meals for the non-service personnel working on this station. She remarked to this representative of the "Gander" that he was fortunate in being permitted to look behind the scenes of some of the doings of a big station. "It must be very enlightening", she said. It is.

GUFF CENTRE



Judge: "So you say the defendant stole your money from your stocking."

Blonde: "Yes, your honor."

Judge: "Then why didn't you resist?"

Blonde: (Pouting) "Well, how did I know he was after my money?"

* * * * *

The latest Washington story is that they have a very simple and rapid test for stenographers there now. The candidate for a job is ushered into a room which has in it a washing machine, a typewriter, and a machine gun. If the girl recognizes which is the typewriter, she's hired.

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Kappa: "Your sister is spoiled isn't she?"

Sappa: "No, that's just the perfume she uses."

* * * * *

Did you hear about the Scotsman who took his girl to the beach and told her shady stories so he wouldn't have to rent an umbrella?

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Doc: "Have you told Mr. Brown that he's the father of twins?"

Nurse: "Not yet. He's shaving."

"You say that new girl of yours is lazy?"

"Say, she's so lazy she won't even exercise discretion."

Foreman: "How long do you want to be away on your honeymoon?"

Employee: "Well, sir — er — how long would you say?"

Foreman: "How do I know? I haven't seen the bride."

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Wife (wailing): "How can you talk to me like that, after I've given you the best years of my life?"

Husband (unimpressed by her emotion): "Yeah; and who made them the best years of your life?"

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Running to an air raid shelter during one of Herr Hitler's daily raids over London, one cockney scrub-woman said to another: "Blimey, if these bombings keep up we'll all be blawsted to maternity."

"Right," replied her fellow worker, "and with all these blackouts you won't even know who done it!"

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The sympathetic clergyman in an English village called on an elderly lady to inquire if she was unnerved by Nazi bombers roaring overhead. "No, indeed, your reverence," she replied, "I get all the shelter I need by reading the Bible. Then I have a glass of whiskey and go off to bed and say: 'To hell with 'em.'"



Some say the 'wolves' ate it.

Coming Attractions

at R.C.A.F. Theatre

DATE	FEATURE	ARTISTS
Nov. 9—	"GIVE OUT SISTERS"	The Andrew Sisters, Richard Davis
Nov. 11—	"PRIORITIES ON PARADE"	Ann Miller, Jerry Cologna
Nov. 11—	"MISSION TO MOSCOW"	Walter Huston, Ann Harding
Nov. 14—	"JOAN OF PARIS"	Michele Morgan, Paul Henreich
Nov. 16—	"FOREVER AND A DAY"	All Star Cast
Nov. 18—	"MEANEST MAN IN TOWN"	Jack Benny, Priscilla Lane
Nov. 21—	"THE PIED PIPER"	Monty Wolley, Rodney McDowell
Nov. 23—	"I D A H O"	Roy Rogers, Virginia Grey
Nov. 25—	"CHINA GIRL"	George Montgomery, Gene Tierney
Nov. 28—	"THE TUTTLES OF TAHITI"	Charles Laughton, Jon Hall
Nov. 30—	"HIT PARADE OF 1943"	John Carrol, Susan Hayward
Dec. 2—	"I ESCAPED FROM THE GESTAPO"	Dean Jagger, John Carradine
Dec. —	"ACTION IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC"	Raymond Massey, Humphrey Bogart
Dec. 5—	"THEY GOT ME COVERED"	Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour
Dec. 7—	"STAND BY FOR ACTION"	Charles Laughton, Robert Taylor
Dec. 9—	"SEVEN DAY LEAVE"	Lucille Ball, Victor Mature

The above schedule is subject to change