

Gander



Jan. - Feb. Edition - 1944





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• EDITOR'S NOTES •

On behalf of the staff of the "Gander" and myself, I would like to bid Bon Voyage to F/L MacIntosh, former Editor-in-Chief of this magazine. As the paper changes hands, ideas, notions and idiosyncracies of the incoming staff are bound to be different. We shall endeavour to keep up the good work, pioneered by our predecessors and if at all possible, strive to improve our publication.

The finished product of any newspaper or magazine is not complete without its little problems and intrigues. We are no exception. First comes the glad tidings of an outstanding Christmas issue. Numerous letters have been received and for the most part the comments were gratifying. We bow our heads to the anonymous letter of a "Works and Buildings" writer. Yes, we inherit the gripes as well as the pats on the back.

I would like to repeat several passages from said letter written in anonymity, quote: "*After seeing your Christmas issue of the Gander, I am very much disappointed in it. Now it was a very nice issue, all but for a couple of things. First of all there was no mention of Works and Buildings. Maybe you didn't know there was such a section on this Station.*"

The letter continues and ends in the following passage: "*If we are not good enough to be mentioned in your paper, then why do they have a Works and Buildings. This Station just can't operate without us, so how about giving credit where credit is due. We want this mistake corrected in your next issue.*"

Signed—A reader of your paper sometimes when it is good.

To the personnel of Works and Buildings I humbly apologize, for there only being one page in the Christmas issue devoted to your section, e.g. page 13. Admittedly everyone would have enjoyed more pictures of all you chaps. We are quite aware of the necessity and valuable work contributed by your section and I don't begrudge any gripe that you may have. Personally, I think that only one person in W & B has taken the wrong attitude and is egotistical enough to write a letter of which three-quarters necessitated censoring. To that person may I pass on a little information.

The Station magazine is run by a purely voluntary and unbiased number of station personnel. There is a tremendous amount of thankless work attached to it and it is all done in spare time and odd moments. Over the period of a year we can look upon all the issues, as a cycle. There are so many other just as deserving sections which were not mentioned in last month's issue. We'll try and feature them this issue, or next issue or the issue after that. It is impossible to please everyone with 36 pages of printing and pictures. It is a mechanical and physical impossibility. Yet

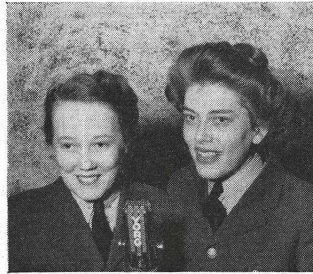
over a period of several issues, we can complete the cycle and in so doing make everyone happy.

At that we do not claim infallibility. We no doubt will have some section bring to our attention that we have somehow forgotten them. We want that brought to our attention! It is not your magazine and it is not my magazine. It is OUR magazine. It is up to us to make of it what we will. But we can only do so with your cooperation. Not with unfounded and baseless criticism, such as to say: "Feature our section and not the other fellows; 'cause we deserve credit". We are all in this fight together and we can only win with cooperation. It takes your section, the other fellows' section and my section pulling together in unison, to get **THERE**.

Certainly when a tireless few strive to please everyone, and only one person is dissatisfied, I consider it a job well done! (W & B is quite willing to wait their turn to be featured with pictures, etc., with the exception of our letter-writer.)

In closing, I would like to express my sincerest regrets to those many people whose work is of such a confidential nature that it does not permit us to feature them or their respective sections. I do promise that we shall try and get their photos and stories during their off hours.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.



Our two cover girls for this issue are none other than AW1 Eleanore Martin and AW1 Grace Babbitt. In our estimation, no two other girls are more fitting for the honour than this pair. Besides looking pretty both girls are extremely versatile and quite similar in their talents, taking a very active interest in station activities.

Both are announcers and script writers for VORG. Both are feature writers on the Gander (Read Babbitt's Christmas Story and Martin's stories on the Piggery and VORG) and both have been professional journalists prior to their enlistment. They like all sports and as you have already guessed, they are both very popular.

SAUCE FOR THE GANDER

BY
THE OLD MAN



In the October-November issue I recall writing in my column, that "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'". I want now to congratulate you on how exceedingly well you have been doing. In all my Service experience I have never seen so fine a Christmas spirit, such excellent dinners, and such happy dances, so fine an issue of a Station magazine—a holiday season so devoid of accidents. "No tragedies" was the slogan—and none there were—in fact only three relatively minor injuries to personnel were suffered throughout the entire festive season. My commendation extends to all ranks and all trades. The mess staffs deserve and win the special mention but I am very proud of **everyone's** contribution.

Now that we are well into the New Year and King Winter with his retinue of storm and cold has clasped us tightly we shall all have to take stock of ourselves and what we must best do in order to be happy and healthy in spite of the rigours the season imposes.

We have already had periods when weather has prevented flying for days on end. The aircrew then grow weary of lectures and ground training, the aircraft maintenance personnel catch up and outrun maintenance tasks, operations and control room staffs roam about their buildings, unused to the scarcity of chores and the whole Station feels let down without the customarily recurring roar of aeroplanes overhead. Meanwhile the aerodrome maintenance section struggles overtime to keep the runways and roads clear, M.T. men and machines are strained sometimes beyond the breaking point to meet their schedules, messing and canteen staffs face up to the feeding of augmented appetites, whipped up by the brisk weather and of mopping up the wet tracks of innumerable feet. The light, heat and power men ply their trades against the demands of peak loads, the service police do their rounds day and night, cold and miserable. All those

many others, whose major occupations are outdoors, find the going tough. Even the pigeons are grounded!

For the rest there is only muchness of sameness. Signals, administration, laundry, stores, accounts, the repair depot, hospital, dental clinic, fire department, etc. see little change in routine, but the days are dull and nights are long. In common with the rest of the Station, they curse lustily at the lack of airmail, long for clear days and berate the poor Met. staff for inability to forecast a better prospect. All in all the picture so far painted has not been pleasant—but it is true. Fortunately there are happy solutions. It will be noted from the above that during the protracted non-flying periods we acquire three general classifications of personnel, viz:

1. Those who have idle time to pass.
2. Those who must work unusually hard.
3. Those whose routine is not unduly affected.

The reader will rapidly classify for himself the category into which he or she falls under these conditions. I want you to do so now.

I have seen a good deal of Gander. My first visit was on May 10th, 1940, and I have either been here or in close touch with it ever since. As a result I have seen many of our personnel grow morbid during the winter months because they had failed to recognize what to do to overcome it. Such personnel, if the number is at all considerable, have a pronounced depressive effect on the Station generally. If we allow it to gain a foothold during the next few months our "happy Gander family" which we can and must maintain, will be jeopardized and we will lose many of the shining memories that would otherwise result from our tour of duty here. To all my readers in all the above categories I give the advice below in the sincerest belief that if followed faithfully it will prove a blessing.

First and foremost you must realize that we
(Continued on page 33)

HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE VI HONOURS STATION PERSONNEL



The Distinguished
Flying Cross

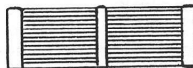


← S/L 'AL' IMRIE J-3525

P/O 'CAL' GODFREY J-26272 →



The British
Empire Medal



SGT. C. E. GEORGIANNI

MENTIONED IN DESPATCHES

S/L H. C. Vinnicombe (C985)
F/L B. Hutchinson (J9402)
F/L D. B. Ward (J9402)
F/O C. S. Buchanan (J14023)
F/O P. R. Stevenson (J23091)

P/O C. O. Best (J35949)
P/O L. H. Stuart (J36700)
WO2 G. McNea (L0115)
F/S E. J. L. Earl (R63700)
W302047 Cpl. L. Snyder



CPL. L. SNYDER



SOMETHING ABOUT NOTHING

By F/O Lloyd Ross



Before we get into the depth of our subject, may I say that I have chosen this theme to propound upon. After a long night's sleep, during which I had no dreams whatsoever, and as I am rather dense anyway, I consider that my mind is properly conditioned for a lengthy intercourse on such a worthy matter,—that is to say, a total blank. As a matter of fact, I am considered to be quite an authority on NOTHING, having been in a comma ever since I received a blow on the head at the age of 2. I have always had an ambition to do NOTHING for a living, and,—pardon this little breach of modesty,—feel that I have been rather successful in the realization of this aim. (For patriotic motives I have decided to work for the duration.) I shall feel that I have accomplished my purpose if you lay this article down without being a whit the more enlightened, or stronger, or for that matter, less informed, for reading it. As I warm up to my subject I am certain that you will feel with me the undeniable total uselessness of this article.

Firstly we shall discuss the history of NOTHING and its evolution to its present day state of perfection. It is felt that in this way you will become more confused than ever. The first time that NOTHING was used on a remunerative basis was by the first politician in the world. The thing spread like wildfire and soon the whole ancient world was talking about NOTHING. Men and women have been talking about NOTHING ever since, and especially women.

In the days of old, before there as much scientific research, many things were mistaken for NOTHING. Air was thought to be nothing but NOTHING until Lavoisier or somebody exploded that theory. The range of vision of the human eye was considered to be the threshold between tangible objects and NOTHING until some bright-eyes discovered the microscope, and someone else the telescope. It must have been very disillusioning for those early people whenever they figure they had something in another form of NOTHING, only to have a scientist come along and prove that they had SOMETHING instead. In modern times we are fortunate to have research in such an advanced stage that our scientists were able to expound and prove the Atomic Theory of Matter and indications are that this theory will just about lead us to NOTHING. Unfortunately it doesn't look like the search for NOTHING out the other way, that is towards Space, is going to avail us of another source of this tricky stuff. Out there they keep running into stratospheres, ether, light, comets, and other foreign matter.

So much for the strictly scientific aspect of NOTHING's history. I fear that we of necessity have been talking a little bit too much about SOMETHING, which is just about as common as NOTHING. We will now look at it from the standpoint of the layman. Of course

NOTHING has been going on since the beginning of time. Some people think that before Man came NOTHING was not here, and argue that it was Man's laziness which brought it to an unhappy World. The argument is not important since it is not generally accepted.

For practical purposes, the Ancients accepted anything they could not see, or feel, or taste, or smell, or hear as NOTHING. They were probably just as happy about the whole thing since for them, there was much more NOTHING around than for us of today. It is uncertain if things like winged horses, Charles Atlases, Fairies, Witches and Elves can be strictly classified as NOTHING. About all we have to work on is the known existence of Gremlins, who may have descended from Goblins or Elves. Modern day "pink elephants" and "Shangra-Las" are good examples of NOTHING. Some species of Chinese Dragons probably exist as NOTHING. When the Pope said "Nothing doing" to King Henry VIII of England, that miserable got sore and would have NOTHING more ado with Rome.

Every school child knows how old Scrooge went about giving NOTHING to beggars and poor families. There are countless examples of NOTHING deals all down through History. Remember how the odd King of England and France used to end up with NOTHING for a head. When Martha Washington's cow used to go dry, why she used to out and bring back NOTHING in the pail, instead of milk. Mother Hubbard's dog nearly starved once from eating NOTHING.

There as a time when people used to think about NOTHING, and ignorant people used to write nothing about NOTHING. Then there was the Dark Ages, when NOTHING went on for quite a while. This war has produced some good examples of NOTHING,—look at Hamburg, for instance. Oh, I could go on like this for hours.

NOTHING is a determining factor in our daily lives. The Air Force is particularly adaptable to its steady usages. If you want to hear NOTHING in its most raucous form, just hang around any Pilots' Room on a dull day. NOTHING is quite often to be seen on the runways,—Gander-berries for instance (look around the edges for the eating variety).

I think that NOTHING gets done more than anything or anybody on a large Station like this. What happens when you bravely go up and ask for a posting, or a promotion,—NOTHING. What goes on when there is no show at night? What comes through the Post Office when there is no TCA. What results when you start up No. 2 engine with the switch off? What does your officer say when you turn up at 0730 every morning, all pressed and scrubbed and shined? What would you rather do than kiss Lana Turner? What does it do besides rain around here? What am I getting paid for writing this? —Get it now?—NOTHING!!!

MARCH – SWEET OR SWING

By LAC. J. F. Paterson

Dance bands are made, most decidedly are not just born overnight. They are usually the result of a lot of hard work, skilled musicianship, imagination and a long painstaking period of fitting the members together into a crew, individualistic yet cohesive. Bill Carter from Goderich, Ont. and Pat Riccio, from Toronto, are largely responsible for the making of our station dance band, conducted by Sergeant Langstaff.

They play the music sweet and soft, and it comes out mellow,—mellow as a June night and a starry sky and a charming armful; they riff it solid and it growls out barrel house, like a whiskey-voiced scat singer in a 52nd street spot in the Big Town, and the hep cats gyrate in an exceedingly pleasurable series of weird gymnastics. It all started more than two long war years ago, when an air frame mechanic, a former professional musician, named Bill Carter, couldn't get the song of that high hot trumpet out of his blood. He hunted up a couple of pals who felt the same way, Phil Sparling and Jack Perdue, both from Clinton, Ont., and like himself, former professional dance musicians. They started to "jam" it in their spare time at St. Thomas, T. T. S. where they were stationed. It would make an interesting story (if space permitted the telling) of how they persuaded some kindred souls to join them in Air Force Blue at the Station. These also had professional experience in the big dance spots of Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto.

But musicians join the Air Force to play another kind of music. The kind you walk to. And these guys weren't used to walking. Like many another less gifted character, their dogs took an awful beating. It was a little different than playing from a comfortable chair. Then there was the matter of concert music, the long-hair stuff, which is very nice, but just ain't "got that beat that heats".

Then they landed in our community and opportunity reared up and tapped gently on their door. Not that they didn't play for dancing back at St. Thomas. They made plenty of good friends back there, and it is the

earnest hope of the members of the orchestra to stick together even after this "ball is over" and go back as a unit, already well rehearsed together and with a good book of numbers ready to go into action in the big dance spots.

The results of their constant rehearsing and arrangements sweated out by Pat Riccio in his after hours at the barracks or back stage at the Rec. Hall began to click solid. Dancers liked his arrangement of such numbers as "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" reminiscent of his favorite Andre Kostalantz; and his own compositions, like "Minor Jump", and Diggin' The Duke".

They were developing a style all their own. Don Hilton from Toronto, who played the skins, had plenty of big-time experience in Montreal and had done broadcasting in several cities; Jack Perude and Phil Sparling, part of the original trio are on sax.; then there was the deep rythm man on the bull fiddle, Jack Fallon, the blond, who had played with Frank Crawleys orchestra at the Arcadian and the Palais Royale, in Toronto and elsewhere, And around this nucleus of six, the band was formed.

The remainder of the outfit comprises, Fraser Lobban, from Owen Sound; Claude Lambert from Wyoming, Ont. who's played at the Gatineau Club, Ottawa, etc., and Charley Overall, from Ottawa, the outfit's copyist; Bill Bebbington, from St. Thomas and Mel Smith from Laing, Sask., these are all in the brass section; Frank Palen is the other sax player, he's from Woodstock and Bill Hubbard, from Winnipeg, (another Westerner) is on the piano.

Space does not permit a lengthier resume of the background of many of these lads but an example of their versatility might be mentioned. It happened shortly before a concert to be played in the old Rec. Hall. One of the key men around whom many special arrangements centred, succumbed finally,—but temporarily—to the rigors of the climate and went to the local infirmary for

(Continued on page 36)





THRU THE HOOPS

by Lac "Irv" Bennett

At the half way mark of the houseleague basketball schedule, "Dumbo" Maintenance Five are battling it out with "Dumbo" Officers for the leadership of the league. The remaining playoff spots, third and fourth positions finds, Administration, Laundry, The "Cat" Squadron and the "Lancer" Squadron closely bunched in the standing with only a point or two separating one from another.

Lac's Maher, Teetzel, Lewis and Cpl. Farrell of "Dumbo" Maintenance have been showing good form, playing heads up ball and their team is highly favoured by many to take the title. For "Dumbo" Officers, S/L Imrie's general floor leadership and playmaking, alongside of F/O Smith, a smooth working guard possessing a deadly long shot, together with the polished display of F/O McGregor around the fifteen foot line, are a few of the features of the team's play.

Playing a two way game, P/O Brown has proven a tower of strength for the "CAT" team and is one of the leading scorers in the league. Teammate Lac Mousseau, an aggressive guard has been turning in some fine performances. This squad has a well balanced outfit and may turn out to be the dark horse of the league. For Administration, Sgt. Brownell, who hails from Windsor, has been the spark plug of his team, coming through time and time again with points in crucial moments of the game. His driving influence has kept his team in the running at all times. Forwards Shepherd and Popowich have aided the cause chalking up baskets at the right moments.

One of the toughest outfits in the league is the entry known as the "Lancer" Squadron. They have lived up to their name refusing to be daunted by reputations of opposing players, they have upset many a team coming from behind to edge out so called superior teams. P/O Killoran, WO2's MacLeod and Broad are some of the players who have been responsible for the teams fine showing. Last but not least, we have the Laundry Quintet, a team riddled by postings and leaves. Lac's Easterbrook, Bennett and Sgt. Sourkes have been the big guns in the team's offensive but lack of substitutes has hampered their styles, having to play full games without relief.

A great deal of credit goes to the staff of referees consisting of Lac's Mousseau, Maher, Esterbrook, Bennett and Cpls. Farrell and Waterson, for the splendid job they are doing in handling their assignments.

In the International League, the two R.C.A.F. entries, coached by S/L Imrie and F/O Thompson have not been doing so well against the boys from the other side.

Playing against more experienced and powerful teams, the R.C.A.F. fives have nevertheless put up a good fight, the "Dumbo" outfit losing some tough tussles in the dying moments of the game. Postings and leaves have hindered the coaches in their efforts in producing strong squadrons capable of taking on the lads in khaki. F/O Mills, P/O Brown, Sgts. Sourkes, Brownell and Smart,

WINTER SPORTS

by Sports Editor

A sad note of winter sports was struck, when the decision was made to abandon plans for completing the skating rink. As it happens though, not a great deal will be lost by it. The weather here is not the best for an outdoor rink, and unless equipment and men could be released after each snowfall, to clear the snow and water of the rink: then all the time and money spent would have gone for naught.

We all know that both men and equipment are over busy doing other jobs during a snowfall; so our rink, had it been completed, would have gone to waste. Another reason that the Sports Committee did not see fit to build, was because, of the skwatings hopefuls on the station, only about five percent have skates—the others have only, hopes. This as discovered when a census was taken of the skaters and hockey players, about the time when the building of the rink became a Question.

The real enthusiasts, who have their skates here, are spending their spare time out at Dead Man's Pond. Here when the weather is clear, can be found the few who really love the sport and don't mind going out of their way to follow their interests. The boys across the way have invited us to use their rink whenever we want to, and as long as the privilege is not abused, there's no reason why the good relationship should not continue.

SKIING

To over-ride the skating situation, is the situation on skis. In the middle of December, it was suddenly discovered that there were no skis on the station, and none on order for the sports department. With winter right on us, this was something that required immediate action. And IMMEDIATE ACTION, is what it got too. History was made on this station in the short time it took between the time the skis were ordered, and the delivery date. Those of us in the P.T.I Office can really appreciate the fact. As a rule things needed for Winter would be ordered in the Fall, and Summer good ordered in the Spring, and so on. The ski situation slipped up, in the change over the department heads.

The skis however arrived after only a few short weeks; and after a hard day's work to get them in order, were ready for general use. For the first week or so, enthusiasm was so high that applicants for all 56 pairs of skis were lined up at the door at opening time—0800 hrs. From then on, as fast as they came in, others were waiting to take them out. If this continues, arrangements will be made for competition. Competition in slalom—down hill—cross country—and possibly even a little jumping. So, skiers, sharpen up on your ability! Get lots of practise—and then—Watch to your laurels!

F/L James, F/L Shane, Lac's Maher, Teetzel and Lewis. Cpl. Waterson, Lac's Moore, Mousseau, Easterbrook, and Bennett make up the R.C.A.F. squad. The "Dumbo" outfit consists of S/L Imrie, F/O Smith, F/O McGregor, F/L James, F/L Shane, Lac's Maher, Teetzel and Lewis.

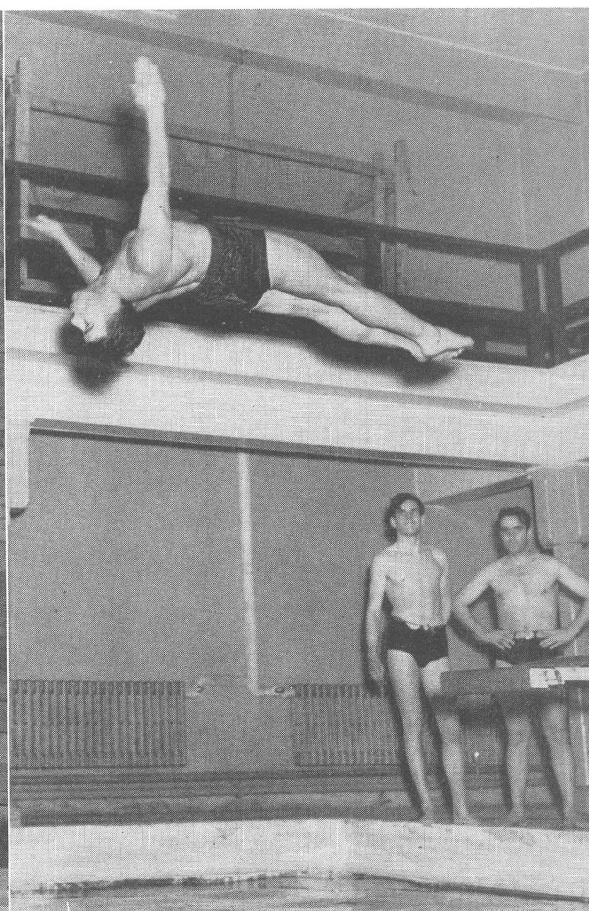
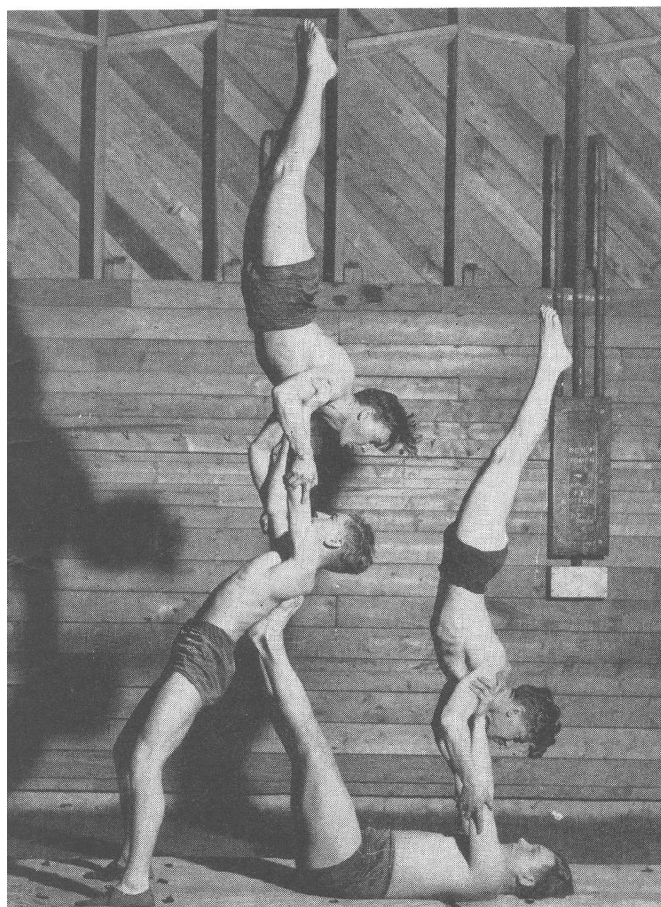


A LINE UP OF SOME OF OUR GYMNASTS

L to R D. Simpson, E. Hurd, Ken Genge (instructor), J. McKinnon, C. VanSteinberg, L. Seagle, A. Kazdan, F. Mousseau, (Assi. Instructor). In Action F. McKinnon (In the air), J. Brockenshire.

PYRAMID—Bottom—Ribirdy, Arm to arm—Kazdan, Leaning—Van Steinberg, Top—J. McKinnon.

Doing a Beautiful Back Swan Dive—Frank Mousseau.



the feminine front

For those of us who survived the festivities of the Christmas season, the New Year dawned bright and clear . . . a little too bright for some! And with it the joyous prospect of spending another year in the bush. For who wouldn't count it a joy to spring from the barracks these fine frosty mornings into four feet of sparkling wet snow. (If these is anyone would they report to VORG for "The Cuckoo Hour", please?)

Yes, winter is upon us; practically submerging us. Another reason why we suspect winter is here is the curious conglomeration of wool and fur which streams by the window (we assume there is some form of humanity inside?). Verily, the winter garb of Service personnel is weird and wonderful . . . but where, with only one locker, do they keep all that paraphernalia? Why couldn't we start something along the lines of the 'Klu Klux Klan', possibly a 'Wild Wooly Wolf' pack? Never mind, it was just an idea!

The old-timers are running true to form with their fabulous tales of "That winter back in '40 when the snow was over the flagpole, no mail for three weeks, etc., etc." But that is understandable for anyone who has been here that long . . .

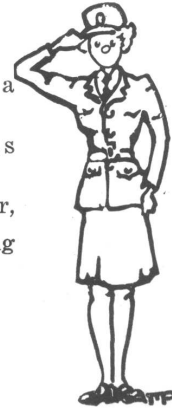
Before we get the last needle from the Christmas tree swept up Valentines' day will be upon us . . . better get your cards ordered early, boys, for the competition will be keen. An optimist told me today that it would be still snowing here in June . . . on his way back to the Mess Hall I hope he doesn't fall and break his collar-bone on the ice because it would be a shame for such a little ray of sunshine to be removed from his friends for even a few weeks. As our Christmas 'Menu' said "Dreams aren't rationed yet".



Yep! Sadee Hawkins was a
ladee,
Even though 'er past was
shadee,

Once in four, dis babe, guys fear,
'Cause she done start dat ting
"Leap Year".

By Yippi.



THE CAP GAUMLESS

Since winter came to Gander the term "Gaumless" has taken on new meaning. The poor W.D.'s have always had trouble with their head gear, having first of all to put up with the pancake type; then the new creation which censorship forbids naming, and now the ski cap, gaumless, airwoman for the use of.

The first one to appear was looked upon in amazement and was greeted with shouts of laughter. Every girl that ventures forth in one is the subject of ribbing. They sit on top of the head as if ready to take off, and of course are worn with the ear flaps down only when there is a blizzard so that no one notices what anyone wears, and cares less.

The big problem the W.D.'s now face is this—whether to wear the gaumless thing and be the subject of unseemly comment, or to freeze their ears in the local breeze and be quietly inconspicuous. Here's hoping they decide to wear them as that wind is cold (and who could be beautiful here in winter anyway?)

RESOLUTIONS

1. To be ready for my dates and not keep the current hero waiting.
2. To try to date a minimum of two lads in one evening.
3. To be on time.
4. To wear jungle red nail polish on very special dates.
5. At dances to tread light|y on his feet.



Christmas Story

By A.W.I. Grace Babbitt

The spirit of Christmas in Gander is a wierd and intangible thing. It is not a state of mind that you finally attain, nor is it a feeling that developes. Rather, you come down with it, or break out with it. You approach the Christmas celebrations quite normally. Your character is unchanged, your mood is not at all strange for the time and place, when suddenly, with no warning whatsoever, you are attacked, so to speak. From that moment on the world assumes a rosy glow, without benefit of a Gander cocktail, or any of the more civilized mediums.

I will not soon forget the exact moment at which it happened to me. It was Christmas Eve. There were piles of snow all around, as there should be, and the mess hall, as I approached it, reminded me of a mountain lodge, with its festooning of icicles, and the mellow light streaming out of its windows—all except for the everlasting and eternal smell of stew. At that moment a black dog came aimlessly loping onto the scene. It was Screech, or Newf, or whatever his name is, and he was wearing, in honor of the occasion, a stringy piece of red ribbon tied quite securely around his tail, and another equally stingy, equally tightly tied piece around his neck. Maybe it wasn't very funny, but right then I caught whatever it was that was going around, and I laughed, and kept on laughing at very short intervals for the next ten days or so.

The mess hall was lighted with red and green lights, and the great masses of fir roping and the Christmas trees gave the usually bare halls a festive appearance. The scent of fir was a pleasant change, and as the spills had not yet started their rustling showers down into the food, you could appreciate without interruption, the efforts of the staff to give the hall a holiday atmosphere. As a rule the business of eating is a serious, if not tragic one. You go in and eat as much as possible and come out again. Little is said. Christmas Eve was different. Nobody cared what they were eating, where or how they

ate it, or if they ate it at all, and I was no exception. People lingered there on Christmas Eve and laughed and sang. The place was like a roadhouse.

Back in our barrack room we were holding open house, as much as possible. We had set a sort of buffet table and were trying to get rid of some of the accumulation of Christmas cakes and chocolates by spreading them out on it. The attempt was a vain one. Apparently our guests all had the same situation to cope with in their own quarters. We had a Christmas tree, and underneath it had piled all the gifts we had been receiving for the past two months. We were proud of our tree. Like all others in the barracks, its decorations were about ninety percent handmade, by us, from tinsel, tinfoil, silver and gold paper, colored tissue, and ribbon. We had made bells, chains, rings, and roping, paper cut-outs, and of course a large silver star for the top. It as quite as pretty as any tree we had ever seen. First Miss Tomalin dropped in for a visit, but she wasn't hungry. Next came Miss Armstrong, on her way from work to dinner, but she didn't want to spoil her dinner, so she took just a small piece. After that Miss Jernholm came, but she had just finished dinner and had no appetite.

Shortly after eight o'clock we all congregated in the canteen for the carol singing. Miss Jernholm came with us. The place was jammed and everyone was even more hilarious and palsy-walsy than before. The choir sang all the old and lovely Christmas time favorites, and our versatile band proved it could play carols as well as the Anvil Chorus. The band of our friends from the "other side" came to visit us, too, and when they came stamping in out of the cold the crowd forgot its inhibitions and cheered loudly, with enthusiasm and great comradeship.

After that we had nothing to do until church time, so we meandered over to the drill hall. While wandering through we came upon a strangely unmoved, unruffled airman, disinterestedly attempting to complete the decorating of half a dozen Christmas trees that were there for the dance the next night. In his own time he explained to us that he had not been here long, that he had not been paid for some weeks, or perhaps it was months, had as yet nothing to do, and in a vulnerable moment had been trapped into this job. Lack of money can do strange things to a man. On the lookout for anything that might eventually prove entertaining, we offered to help him. He gave us the colored streamers and silver ornaments. In no time at all the place was swarming with people trailing colored paper around. Finally the crowd dispersed, and the trees emerged in gala garb, but somehow a lot of wide white streamers had become mixed in with the colored crepe paper ones.

In the barrack room again, everyone cleaned up and polished up and went to church. The dimly lighted chapel was crowded. The choir sang carols and the atmosphere was the same peaceful, glad one of Christmas everywhere—eternal, stable and sustaining.

At about one o'clock we all congregated in our night clothes to open our Christmas presents. Our W.D. officers all came in to see us again and wish us a Merry Christmas. Our room corporal was acting Santa Claus and distributed the gifts. Within fifteen minutes the Christmas-tree-end of the room was a mass of tissue paper, ribbon, contents of packages, empty boxes, and excited W.D.'s. An hour later there was still bedlam, but gradually amid the confusion and chatter one by one we crawled into bed, too tired to remember or think for a moment about other Christmases other places, feeling only that we were happy.

THE DUMBO SQUADRON

To quote an age old saying, "A step in time saves nine"; but tell that to the aircrew lads of the Dumbo squadron. Along comes the hibernating season, and along comes flabby muscles, rotund girls, weezy lungs and pale faces. The truth will out eventually, down cracks the whip and Hey Presto! Sun lamps camouflage that pool room pallor, compulsory physical jedks cut a swath on that fatty torso. 'Tis all topped off by the pleasantries of the Harvard Step test.

Shall us go into the tortures of a grueling five minutes, up and downing it with the best of them. Just imagine a bench, step up, step down to the continuous tick-tock of the metronome. "Wheeze . . . puff . . . gurgle . . . goo, I bin dooin' dis ting for 'ours".

"One minute up", says the Pt and D Officer.

"Creak, groan and humph . . . Jeese, not much longer now, hunh?"

"Two minutes up"

"Come-on . . . Come-on, Whew . . . oomph . . . SSSSSsssss . . . BANG"

Thusly ends this physicals specimen with a small flake job. On the whole, the majority last through the test, and pass successfully. No mention will be made of the charlie horses and aches.

DANCES

Foremost in the squadron entertainment field are the dances, held regularly in the old rec hall. The success or failure of the ventures, rest solely upon the shoulders of the committee members. To the officers and men who devote so much unselfish time and zeal to the squadron cause, we give Ganderblooms (Orchidaceae or Salep Orchid Mascula) to wit, the swellest orchids to be found in Newfoundland, to the Squadron Dance Committee.



A crew of the famous "Dumbo" squadron pose long enough to have their picture taken. They are P/O Syd Barker, WO2 Hank Peters, WO1 Don Giffin, Sgt. Jack Pitman, F/O Merv Harper, and F/O Bob Forsythe.



The large committee is composed of S/L Milne, F/O Campbell, P/O Maxwell, W.O.2 Smith H. B., W.O.2 McNea, F/S Bell, F/S Smith D., Sgt. Foster, Sgt. Christinson, Sgt. Hendrick, Cpl. Hinson, Cpl. Lyons, LAC Wilfert and Cpl. White.

With each succeeding dance, the popularity of the gatherings increase. All sections are reminded to continue giving their full cooperation. In so doing it will make the job for our hard working committee a simpler one.

THE ORDERLY ROOM

It looks as though Sgt. Jean Carson is planning bigger things for himself. The gremlins says that there will shortly be a Mrs. Carson. Cpl. Regent Denis also plans to tie the knot soon. She is a local girl too.

Cpl. Ellis is big time now. Aside from his orderly room duties, he is music librarian and part time announcer on VORG. F/S "Duke" Dukelaw is a bit of a draftsman. He's planning his post war home on paper, and it looks pretty good.

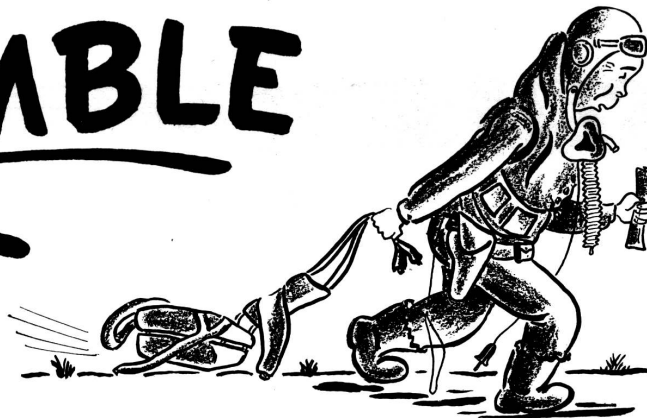
NEWLYWEDS

Cupid has had the Matrimonial bug working overtime these past months. First it was F/O Nick Grecco who dashed down to Charlottetown, P. E. I. to take the hand of Miss Lillian Le Clair, in St. Dunstan's Basilica. Next came W.O. 2 Kostyuk and local LAW Dyki who were married on the station . . . and was the reception ever wonderful.

Suprise of the lot was when F/O Al Wilson returned from leave a happily married man. His wife a San Franciscan, was the former Miss Afton E. Sprrell. They were wed at the Ellis United Church in Winnipeg

The fourth nuptual of the squadron is F/L Peter Dale and Nursing Sister Florence Mcleod . . . more of them elsewhere in the magazine.

SCRAMBLE



Signs of an early spring; Cpl. Freddie Evans (of the Chester, N. S. Evans) got himself a haircut . . . he says they-er-doggone near scalped him . . . and to think that back home the Mic Macs are on the war path and he could have got the same treatment for practically nothing, . . . well maybe a scalp . . . uh . . . his scalp . . . and Harold Harnick the long lean fair-haired menace from London, Ont. with L.A.C. Derby (can never remember his first name) from Montreal and E. W. Smith from the West, (D'Arcy, Sask) going swimming . . . and Pat Pater-son going along for the ride . . . and as usual doing side splitting splashes from the side of the drink . . . he's thinking of borrowing a catcher's protector for future visits . . . to save him on the belly floppers.

Voices that pass in the night . . . Can we go when we get our D.I's signed out, Sergeant Larlham? . . . Can anybody spare a buck until the 15th . . . Ah Smitty have a heart willya . . . (and from L.A.C. Wolfe), hey Carter go up to the hangar and see if that aircraft is in yet that's taking us on leave, willya . . . think we oughta have a weather-check? . . . the first guy that hits me with a snowball goes on fire picket for seven days and if he's a sergeant he's Joe for seven days . . . (from—guess who?) . . . say who the devil invented this Step Test anyway? . . .

By the time this comes out in print, the Squadron should have had its belated monthly dance. Plans went somewhat awry on the previous one scheduled but the dance committee have things perking well for the coming hop. Corporal Bill Livingstone, (the artist) is cooking up a few deals between artistic arrangement for certain flying things, as also Sergeant Fydell.

Among other things this correspondent would like is the ability to put on paper, some of the priceless repartee that ensues after lights out for Room 3 of "Scramble Cottage", after Derby has finished his daily stint to home, which is started promptly at about 10.45 p.m. daily . . . to put in a bottle for succulent sniffs, the odors which emanate from that certain room and which have the delicious aroma of toast and coffee and of course toasted beans . . . the heartfelt tones of the converted imbibor who says meaningly "I'll never drink again" . . . of the mental gymnastics that go into the Einstein Theory system of bidding used by the experts Marcotte and Trenholme, how they dreamed that one up is one of the minor mysteries of an age of miracles . . . or to put in his pocket for use when needed, some of that charm that smooth from Nova Scotia, Big Dick Richards has with the ladies. Jimmie Stewart might be over in England but we have

an edition right here that's plenty all right, (and he even can blush, as he will when he reads this) . . . or E. W. Smith's ability at paraphrasing song titles that are a slight case of panic . . . how that boy can make song titles live . . . his rendition of Vaughan Munroe's favorite, Let's Get Lost is "very hep" in a Mae West sort of way . . .

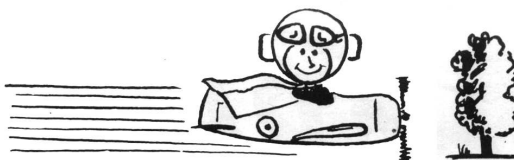
Personalities on Parade . . . by L.A.C. Nykiforuk . . . about some of our new characters . . . Dauphinee . . . he is proud to tell his wife and family that he is gainfully employed . . . his pet animal is the chore horse . . . **Gustin** . . . the handsome curly headed blonde . . . **Little** . . . he's the quiet chap in our section . . . we hardly notice him when he's around yet we miss him when he isn't . . . **Nelson** . . . you can tell him by his chemistry book . . . he isn't a mad chemist but if he keeps probing into the depths of reaction, he's going to be . . . **Nykiforuk** . . . anybody can beat him in chess but try to beat him in a 100 yard dash . . . he's stuffing algebra and can prove that two is equal to one . . . **Cote** . . . he was an electrician before he joined up. . . what is he now? . . . please inform and oblige . . . **Tobias** . . . you just can't beat him at chess . . . with his foresight he should make a great general . . . if he gets enough promotions . . . **Kadwell** . . . he was a draftsman in his happy days . . . he has seen service at Mont Joli . . .

P.S. all the above are (1) fully qualified hanger guards . . . (2) very good hangar guards . . . (3) very willing to give someone else a chance . . . **Merritt** . . . we must have a discussion . . . if you agree with him he'll change sides just to keep the discussion going . . .

The ladder of success . . . recent promotions . . . congratulatory to the following . . . Corporal W. I. Blake . . . W.O. 2 Marshall (just returned from a lengthy sojourn at Canada's Riviere-Yipe on the East Coast where he went for a health cure) Sgt. Jock Larlham . . . F/Sgt. George Luneau, who has left us for more promising hunting grounds . . . Sgt. Fydell the wireless man . . . Corporal Eli Wilde and of course Cpl. E. L. "Wee Willie" Wilson, the Brantford Boy . . .

New arrivals, P. O. Cram, J. A. from the ambitions city, Hamilton) P. O. Jones, E. P. St. Anne de Bellevue . . . P.O. M.S. Deluce, Chapleau, Ont. . . . Sgt. Vogt, J. R, also from Hamilton . . . Sgt. Haight, L. R. Toronto . . . Sgt. George Teasdale Dartmouth, (remember chillun?) P.O. Pelletier, J. L. J. P. from (of course) Montreal . . . P.O. J. Price, another from Toronto. . . welcome and the usual Gander greetings.

SLIPSTREAM



LAUNDRY

By G. J. H. M.

Sticking our heads out of a barrage of soap suds and lots and lots of clean and dirty clothes (thanks to you) we're glad to be out here pitching for the good old 1944 season, but for some of us here we just don't hope it will last till '45. Quite a few—or should I say couple—of old faces have departed from our big family down here. F/S Richardson has departed to Belleville to open another laundry (thank heaven) and Morris Beck has gone. Can you imagine a Laundryman re-mustering to Service Police? We wish them luck. Beck was giving us quite a teaser kidding the boys what a bangup time he was going to have in Montreal New Year's Eve. Even his family was showered with telegrams of his home-coming, but come New Year's Eve found Morris still in Gander and by the way at midnight we found him washing out his underwear in the washroom.

Herman (Pretty Boy) Boulter has definitely gone on the reform ticket. Can't figure it out, but I have an idea that a certain girl from Hamilton could throw some light on the subject. Fred Day, our "peanuts, chocolate bars and pop" man is still serving the girls from the Canteen but pays very much attention to one girl who seems to be getting lots of service these days.

From what I gather it wasn't such a dull Christmas for "Dago". She sure makes lovely Christmas cake—ask Fred. Most of the gang were away for Christmas and New Year's. Even the "Dead End Kids", Joe Hanrahan, "Cookie" Cooke, Johnny Gauthier, hiked down to a neighbouring town. As if Christmas wasn't exciting enough. Ho! Hum! it sure feels good to get some sleep.

Our regrets to Lorne Kusluski who has left us for a few weeks, of injuries sustained in a floor hockey

game.

Congrats. to Marsh Vail on his recent promotion. Glad they didn't post one in. Take a bow, Marsh. Just noticed Major Al Rudd asking Miles if those Messes are finished yet, not realizing George is beginning to look like one himself. Going back to Cookie Cooke again, he takes over with his numerous political speeches, soap operas and sing songs after midnight. Yes, we just lay awake all night listening to Cookie decide the day issues in his wonderful sleep. He's mighty good too, but doesn't speak any too good for the Laundry boys.

My dear bundle of nervous indigestion, Sophie Melnychuk, is sure acting mighty sweet these days. Could something be in the air? If its the same air we're breathing now it can't be that. Maybe it's love, how about it Sophie?

Many thanks to Laura, Jean and Mac McCarthy who pitched in to give a helping hand to make our last dance a wow of a success, also to Morris and Ernie. Now with another dance coming up we're endeavoring to make this another bangup affair and I will say the gang here at the Laundry have done a wonderful job pitching in to give it the necessary push.

Probably by this reading our officer, F/O Jack Burton will be back in the fold once more after an absence of nearly five months. Little "Mousie" Noseworthy, our No. 1 morale builder (well at least she's trying anyway) is going round with a faraway look in her eyes these days, I wonder if it goes out to sea. Jack Rodwell is happy now that he has a staff of one girl helping him but Jack's opinion of it all is that he'd still wish it was the Mrs. he was working with. Maybe this summer Jack.

TRANSPORT RUMBLES

By Driver Joe

The New Year has brought with it quite a few changes in the Motor Transport Section. A few newcomers now grace our nominal roll, and they are forever being overawed by the Ganderized phrases that constantly crop up in local conversations.

However, there are a few—die-hards in the section that still think the word "ganderized" is just a Boris Karloff scare. An example of this is LAC Ron Smith from Victoria, B. C. He is apparently made of sterner stuff. This of course is no commentary on the said Smith's work. We are merely pointing out that his initiation to Gander is not yet completed. Cpl. Reg Haines, in his own inimitable style, nearly finished the job in the barrack room the other night, when he innocently asked where Victoria was.

To start the year off right we introduce to the rest of the station our new boys and girls. They include LAW's Z. White, "Whitey" for short; Cora Lyons, who already is becoming well known in quite a few circles; LAC's Ted Niven; J. Dube; and E. Cooper, generally known as "Tex", 'cause he once read a Texas wild west yarn.

Any how, now that the festive season is well past, and things are dropping back to normal, a new sports committee has been organized to show all Newfie if necessary, that the M. T. is out for fun and amusement during 1944. The point is that the M. T. lads and lassies are feeling cocky enough to hurl out a challenge to any section who would like to take them on in the bowling alley. The challenge may also be extended to a number of other sports, so any gang of sports wishing to bank their heads up against a stone wall, has merely to telephone 118, and state their intentions (no fair asking for a vehicle) and the game will be on.

DITS 'N' DAHS

By Cpl. A. O. Myrven and
L.A.C. Barrett

Can you move over and make room for a few paragraphs from the dits and dahs section? Our basketball and bordenball team to date have done fairly well in the league. But of late with the postings of a number of their players it has hit the team pretty hard. But regardless, they will be in there fighting just the same so watch out.

Several of the boys have paused long enough for a few brief words of interest. Probably of most note is the posting of our old friends Vibert, Miller, Ferguson, Gelfond, Collins, Flynn and Harvard Petite.

Now for some news about the **Dits** and **Dahs** . . . the section operated by the Headquarters W. M.'s . . . Sgt. Doug. Jehan in charge, (he doesn't stand on his hooks), his chief interest in life is a wife back in Hamilton, Ont.; . . . Cpl. Ernie Sufferick here direct from No. 1 Wireless School, Montreal, nearly two years ago . . . Bob Hall, another veteran with some 17 months to his credit . . . Don Forest, the little corporal with the dark wavy hair, he turns social affairs into a riot . . . Bob Clarborough is currently interested in V.O.R.G. . . . Phil Sampson and George Barr are an inseparable pair of Westerners, the bright lights frighten them, for they love to lead a hermit's life . . . Pat Patterson, a recent arrival from Scoudouc did not take long to become adapted to this station . . . Doug Telfer, tall, dark and handsome, seems cold and reserved but has a warm heart underneath . . . Doug Hirtle, a genuine Bluenoser" . . . George Marossi, a new dark haired six-footer and John Barrett, responsible for this diatribe, nuff said . . .



**FOR LATEST NEWS
TUNE IN
570 ON YOUR DIAL**



Left to right (kneeling) LAC A. Camelon, Cpl. T. Dolomont.

(2nd. row) Cpl. W. C. Carrol, LAC H. W. Baldwin, LAC T. R. Henderson, LAC McKenny. (back row) LAC A. L. McMillan, LAC L. L. Dvenaud.

FIREMEN AND ENGINEERS

By Cpl. Brunet, A. J.

In previous issues of the magazine some of the more obvious sections have received space. Very little has been at times of certain of the departments under the vitally important "Works and Buildings" end of the station. Included in these are the Firemen—not the "Save my child brigade" or the coal heavers—but the men who tend the power plant and look after our light and heat and power generally. It is a key department and without it the station couldn't operate in the manner it does.

Being a firemen is the first step towards being a stationary engineer. This latter calls for a knowledge of boiler construction, maintenance and operation, also of refrigeration, electricity and machinery. The power plant must be in operation around the clock. Each shift coming on duty has little idea of what the coming eight hours may bring in the way of grief or trouble.

F/Sgt. Mathe is in charge of this section and they have never left the station down. At times he must be like the Newfoundland wind, running every which way, wrestling with boilers and turbines and the like. Then there's Sgt. Heigtway pacing back and forth pleading for more steam. He's almost got a highway between the turbine and boiler rooms.

Without these men, life in the Gander wouldn't be so rosy, so lets give the firemen and engineers a big hand even if they belong to coal, gas or chain gang.

AERODROME MAINTENANCE

When winter rolls around we are the most important section of the Works and Buildings. Our job is to keep the highway and runways cleared of snow, after a storm it isn't very long before aircraft are able to take off and land. We are on duty day and night.

Most of the boys are accustomed to this kind of work, in civilian life they operated shovels, graders and bulldozers or any machinery used in construction. Every province of the Dominion is represented in our section, including the North West Territories.

F/S. Rayner is in charge and he has his hands full supervising the ploughing etc. Corporal (Daddy) Wells is kept as busy as a hatter keeping the Blowers in running condition. Corporal Copley, a quiet sort of a fellow, hails from Banff. He may do a little ski-jumping for us this winter. I hope we don't have to coax him, we hear he has a record to keep up. Here's hoping we get a chance to see him this winter. Sergeant Georgianni is either at the phone or around a TD14 and we don't see much of Cpl. Cheyne and Sgt. Simpson. I guess they were away on pass or are still on night shift.

We hope the Gander can spare us a corner in the next issue. We may be able to tell you how "Pop" Earl gets along with Kinch and Seaweed (Hodgson).

SLIPSTREAM



ETHER DRIPPINGS

Cpl. J. A. Doiron

The lamp of Christmas cheer and joy was lighted on the evening of the 23rd of December, when the Hospital Staff held their Annual Dinner. Our Chief Guest of the evening was our Commanding Officer. We were indeed proud to have him honour us with his presence, and the kind words that he addressed to us after the Banquet, will always remain a cherished memory. We ended the gay evening with a Christmas Tree party, held in the Hospital Recreation Hall, and gifts were exchanged between the members of the Staff. It was a very enjoyable evening throughout, and the success of the party was indeed due to the splendid work of the Hospital Entertainment Committee.

The New Year greeted us with its usual cheer, and thus far everything has gone on well, regarding everything in general. We all join together in wishing our readers, and patients, the very best that 1944 could possibly bring. In other words we tell you to "Keep The Chin Up".

There has been a great change in the Hospital Staff during the month of December, as many of our former members have been posted. Mercer, the tall smiling gentleman who always met you at the door of the Laboratory, has been posted to his home town, Toronto. We hope that after spending over two years in Gander, he had not found it too

difficult to re-adjust himself to the fast moving town of Toronto.

We welcome our new Administrative Officer, F/O Casswell, our Medical Officers, F/Lts: Harvie and Katz., and we hope that their stay in Gander will be a very pleasant one. We also notice a few new faces on the ward staff; we will say welcome to Gander to Cpl. Campbell, L.A.C.s Potter and Peace, L.A.W.s Childs, Douhl and Pickering. Sgt. Love (Watch him girls) is also a newcomer and will deal with Diet Accounting. To all we give a hearty welcome, and we are certain that they will enjoy doing their best for you.

We send our congratulations to F/Sgt. Cowan on getting her promotion, and to Sgt. Bomphray in getting his third hook. Keep going up the ladder you two. Sgt. McCarl is back from his Mercy Flight, with good reports. We will have to ask little Mildred if she missed him. It makes us very proud to know that Babs has enjoyed her holiday season. She fell for a certain airman a few days ago! ! (The walking was very slippery) Oh was it Babs?

Banda is beginning to like our climate now. She even says that Alaska and Newfie have something in common. What is it Banda?

Well Folks, this will be all for now. May 1944 be for everyone of you a period of Success, Happiness and Health.

Until we meet again, Adios.

SECTION NEWS

Boots and Shoes

A new section has been added to the station. A few months ago only a dream, it is now a reality. Whereas at one time it was necessary for customers to wait two or three months for boots to come their way, now we are pleased to report that we are returning them in five days from the time we receive them. If that isn't service, I'll eat my boots, laces and all.

Here's the staff, dear friends who help to keep you on your uppers; Johnnie Valhoffer, hails from Regina, via Montreal, he remustered from another branch of the service; Johnnie Hrycuik was in business in Toronto before joining up, he's known as the "temporary duty king",—how he dos it.

Mel Orr is a more conservative type, like bowling and what goes with it, Scotty Munro, a comparatively new man to us, knows more about airmen and airwomen than enough, especially the latter, this is his second war, his age remains a military secret. L.A.C. Allaire, hails from Hull, Que., (you know, the place that makes Ottawa livable) bought enough airmail stamps to purchase a T. C. A. of his own.

A.C.1 Vokey, from Canada's biggest little town, Glace Bay, Nova Scotia; L.A.C. Begin, from Bridgewater, N. S.; A.C.1 Elliott, from Ontario, now on leave, always willing to do a W.D. a good turn; and two newcomers L.A.C. Nasoodi and A.C.1 Morelli have not yet joined us; and lastly our N.C.O. in charge, has been so long on the East Coast he knows the fishes by their first name, how he loves his five day passes, (it's a wife).

Tune in to VORG -- 570 on your dial

ADMINISTRATION

By L.A.C. Brown, J. E. and
Cpl. Ross, J. A.

After Roosevelt's speech the other evening and the pep talk the CO. shot us about a month ago, we go to press with all of the Administration Building represented under this column. Bear with us gang. You may be mentioned next issue if you were too good a boy or girl to mention in this one.

Now that the festive season is over and the corridors are again full with posting (in and out), we're wondering what happened to ours. You couldn't tell us could you Scottie? It has been discovered that Stan Field is the star requester on Station "VORG" Saturday Night Request Party. He blames Hank Lorrain and Scottie Ross, but our telephone operator knows the score. Bridge is now the "gen" for the more intellectuals. Consequently Flint and Hood of "N.P.F." have a hand book on the



COMING SIR?

game, Stan Steed and Ed Brennan are now advertising for a copy of it.

There's a red headed fellow in Records who is going around marking off each day on the calendar. Keep your chin up Newt, they can't keep her in "Y" Depot forever.

We now know the reason why Denick spends so much of his time in Central Registry. It all began when a certain W. D. began working there.

We won't mention any names, but, we all like Olives!!!!

Fenton is the most cheerful person in accounts. Thank God someone can be happy up here. But the new S/L in that end of the building seems happy with his study of the Czechoslovakian language.

We have come to the conclusion that there is more food consumed in the Records Section in one day than there is in the Airmen's Mess. Too bad they're not serving coffee again Hank or we could all join in.

Several new promotions throughout the building caused numerous comments. Mrs. Hiltz's son Doug, of Accounts, won the medal by receiving the only one handed out in his section for a year. Ella Muir ex-Ganderite (Accounts) now at Mountain View came back for the Yuletide festivities. "Why?" That's the \$64 question that Doug Davidson has the answer for.

Our Brand New Corporal, La verne Christie is sporting the picture of a girl on his desk . . . wonder who she is? Tut-tut here comes LAW Caruthers with the D.R.O.'s must adjourn for the present.

EQUIPMENT

by L.A.W. E. M. Coleman

Featured in this month's issue of the "Gander" are the various sections in the new Stores Building. We, in the Equipment Section, are pretty proud of that new building and when we thought that that Building was just never going to be finished, we can feel now that our efforts were not in vain and that our pride is really justified. All the sections are now moved in, everything is settled and running smoothly and life is once more back to normal.

To our new Senior Equipment Officer, S/L L. V. Vineberg, we wish to say a word of welcome. We are glad to have you with us, and hope your stay in Gander will be a pleasant one. The entire stores personnel wish to extend their congratulations to F/L S. D. J. Campbell on his second ring. We are just as proud of that as you are.

The past two or three months have seen quite a number of changes in

Stores personnel. WO1 Charlebois was posted to Dartmouth and our new sergeant-major is WO1 "Al" Deslauries. Two very familiar faces, not only in the Equipment Section but in the entire camp, the Wilson sisters, Una and Emma, are no longer with us. We certainly miss them and hope they are as happy on their new Station as they were on this one. They were replaced by LAW Joan Coates and LAW "Scotty" Easton. Another familiar face, in fact one of the oldest residents of Gander, has gone from our midst since we were last written up in the Station magazine,—our Barrock Officer, Mr. H. L. Cassidy. To his successor Mr. J. H. Flemming, although we won't go so far as to wish you'll become "One of the oldest residents of Gander" we do hope you'll stay with us long enough to become as well known as Mr. Cassidy was.

To Cpl. Fred Ambrous, LAC "Phil"

Doucet, LAC "Wally" Willis, AC "Eddie" Doucette, AC "Harvey" Thoms, AC Harier, AC Martino, AC "Frank" Keys, Cpl. "Shef" Sheffield, LAW "Shorty, Take Two They're Small," Bennett and AC Smith, all newcomers to the Section, we just want to say we hope you like working here as much as we like having you with us.

Sgt. Bernie "All or Nothing At All" Moore, in charge of Technical Stores, is still looking for his posting back to Canada, as is also Cpl. "Link" Mailman of the I. and R. Section, although I think Link might consider staying here if they would only fly in some more pigs for him to unload. He really enjoyed that job and has taken a fatherly interest in them ever since. LAC "Merv" Williams, better known among Stores personnel as "Repairable Willie" is still dreaming of that ranch in the Rockies, and Cpl. Don "Wolf" McArthur, is getting grey hair worrying for fear he won't get that posting to Eastern Air Command.

Just in case we should begin to monopolize too much space we'll leave the rest of our comments for next month's issue, but we'll certainly be back then with more news from "Stores".



THE "CAT"
SQUADRON



HOT BITS
—from the—
FIRE HALL

By **LAC. Bill Hunter**

How are you doin', Ganderites, after the holiday season? We hope that Santa was good to you, and that you were able to welcome the New Year in the approved manner, without the headache that goes with it.

During Christmas we had a nice tree decorated and set in our recreation room. Xmas day F/S Carr and Sgt. Saye prepared a little feast for us. We gorged ourselves nicely, and a good time was had by all. LAC. Slattery made a speech, followed by a solo from LAC. Burt. Both received hearty applause. The little party helped to make one forget that they were so far from home, and at Xmas one sure thinks of home.

Before we go any further with this column, we wish to pay congratulations to our new N.C.O. in charge on his recent promotion. He came here two years ago with the coveted rank of LAC and has climbed steadily to the rank of F/S. Here he is ladies and gentlemen, F/S (Hap) Carr, A. E. He succeeds F/S Towler, who was posted recently. Also posted were two corporals well known on the station, Al. Hewitt and Don Thorne. Our very best wishes go with them all. We also say welcome to Cpl. Goudet, LAC's Rixon, Delahunt, Herrmachuk and AC1 Pockwell. May their stay be a pleasant one.

LAC Rixon recently became the father of a bouncing baby boy, and he is about the happiest man in the Fire Hall. Congratulations, Eddie. We extend our sympathy to Vic Guiboche who has been in the hospital quite a spell now, and we hope he is soon back with us again.

We wonder why Harry Harrison goes into the Mess Hall by the centre doors.

We want to wish everyone the best for 1944, and to thank you for seeing that there were no fires over the holiday. With that kind of co-operation we can give the best fire record of any station in the command.. Au Revoir until next issue.

Photography

By **H. S.**

With newcomers arriving, familiar faces departing, and news for this column running around loose, it would happen that Tom Withers, our regular correspondent, should choose this time to be absent on leave.

As proof that even the oldest citizens sometimes move on to other stations we offer the case of Cpl. Marty Jackson who will in future be calling Scoudouc home even though dreaming of the pines of Newfy. After his thirty months, plus, on this station he leaves behind a host of friends, few of whom would care to break his record.

Came the deluge, George Arthurs, Nelson Lanthier, Claude Hannan and Roger Lavigne, all leading aircraftsmen, have been rapidly absorbed into the fold. While a description of their bright shining faces should be part of this column we feel that such a short space would hardly do them justice. Maybe justice isn't what they are looking for and a simple statement that we are glad to have them

with us would be more to the point. Just previous to their arrival Sgt. Louis Lecomte burst upon the scene through a cloud of gestures and individualistic double talk. There's never a dull moment with Louis around, nor a quiet one.

Just so Georgie Phalen wouldn't get lonely, and to keep our staff somewhere near the manpower to womanpower ratio of the rest of the station, we received an Xmas present in the form of a W.D., Vivian Caithness by name. She originally hails from Calgary but more recently from Rockcliffe where she was on the photo staff. She'll get used to the wolf calls in time, but coming from Ottawa she'll miss the clear, soprano howls of that city.

To complete our list of arrivals we should also include the little fellow who came to live at Ft. Sgt. Hap Day's house in Toronto. Hap has been straining to head West ever since. That's how things go, and as things go this is the end.

DEPOT DIAGNOSIS

By **J. D. Sutherland**

So this is 1944?

Yes, somehow we are inclined to believe it, if the appearance of various personnel was any proof. It was a hard fight Ma but we won!

Yes, our stalwarts are gone! By this we mean the old timers who have successfully braved the battle of Gander and are now rebunched, via the posting route to new fields. Among them this column has lost its star reporter, Sgt. Bob Atherton. What a man, without turning a hair he edited this column!

Ah yes! Comes now the grab-gab and what's doing in our separate hives of industry, the sections. Without further delay or to-do we break down the doors, smash all the windows and declare open house.

Congratulations go to F/O Williams on his promotion. From the log-book room and "Our Sergeant" there comes a query about something that begins with suds. . . . WO1. Granner has been making lots of changes. Couldn't be, he's

homesick. Our WO2 (Cook) has just returned from leave, happy and contented, we hope. "Our Sergeant" is a swell egg and no scandal can be written about him. (We shall now draw a blind over the night of December 24th, and "Our Sergeant".)

"Chips from the Old Lathe" or what's new in the Machine Shop: This month finds our good F/S Yarwood back with us again from leave. From the expression on his face we'd say he had a tough time getting back.

We are looking forward to Cameron and Dagenais being back this week and congratulations are due to LAC Dagenais, who tied the final knot while home on leave.

How are those "typical bucking bars" coming along Bob? Maybe Slim will give you a hand if he can get his mind off that cute little W.D. By the way, Slim, have you taken any of your friends to meet her lately?



Group Captain C. L. Annis, O.B.E., introduces the Voice of Radio Gander as a "good omen" to the large personnel of Gander Air Station as the Gander Broadcasting System's program director and announcer, Bob Harvie, completes the introduction.



F/O E. C. Skowby, who is in charge of the Wireless Section of the "Dumbo" Squadron, was chosen as chairman of the Gander Broadcasting Committee and is responsible for the efficient and smooth working of the station.

VORG

VOICE OF RADIO GANDER

By A.W. 1 Eleanor Martin

The birth of a New Year brought with it the birth of a new venture for the Royal Canadian Air Force in the way of entertainment and morale building — the Gander Broadcasting System.

Radio Station **VORG**—the Voice of Radio Gander—was introduced officially to a large audience on January 1, 1944, by Group Captain C. L. Annis, O.B.E., Commanding Officer. It was appropriate that the Group Captain should officiate at the opening ceremonies, for the radio station is the realization of one of his own ideas which he fostered from the event of his first connection with this R.C.A.F. station.

The Gander Broadcasting System Committee and announcing staff gets together in some planning and testing of features of future VORG programs. From left to right are: Flying Officer E. C. Skowby, Flying Officer A. T. Patterson, L.A.W. Eleanor Martin, A.C.I. Bob Harvie, Flight Sergeant F. E. Anderson, Group Captain C. L. Annis, O.B.E., Sgt. H. J. Christensen (kneeling) L.A.C. George Kent, L.A.W. Grace Babbitt, Cpl. Ron Cook and Cpl. Herb Ellis.





Checking up on the list of good jive recordings are AC1 Bob Harvie, F/S Anderson, F/O Skowby, AW1 Martin (one of our cover girls) and F/O Patterson.

"I have always been anxious to have a broadcast system on this station because it is so large physically", the Group Captain explained in his inaugural address. "I have felt that if we are to maintain and exploit the "Happy Gander Family" principle, we must do something to make the station smaller so far as intercommunication, exchange of ideas and singleness of purpose among family members is concerned by providing a means less stilted in style than D.R.O.'s and more flexible and all embracing than the telephone system.

"570 on your dial, **VORG Gander**" wishes to serve the personnel of the Royal Canadian Air Force stationed here, and it is the wish of the committee to express through this new medium the ideas and viewpoints as to the type of listening pleasure desired. As yet in its infancy

(Continued on page 36)

L.A.C. George Kent, **VORG** newscaster, introduces Cpl. Ron Cook, sports announcer. George has been with CJGX in Yorkton, Sask., and CJRC in Winnipeg. Ron has taken part in programs for the CBC, CFQC, and others.



F/S. F. E. Anderson, chief engineer of G.B.S., is shown at the transmitter perfecting some flaw as Sergeant H. J. Christensen checks to see that the tone is improved.

AC1 BOB HARVIE

broke into radio at CKCL Toronto, script-writing and announcing. While at CKCL wrote script and acted as m.c. for the Saturday afternoon Sweet 'n' Hot-Club, a program dedicated to partisans of swing. Sweet 'n' Hot Club had a membership of over 20,000 members.

From there to CJIC in Sault Ste. Marie as announcer.

Then joined Northern Broadcasting Company, Canada's largest independent radio chain, working at three of Northern's stations—CKRN Rouyn-Noranda, worked as program director at CJKL Kirkland Lake and at CHEX Peterborough, as announcer and script writer. Then the poor guy was drafted.

Cpl. Herb Ellis has taken over the job of record librarian for **VORG** and has a system of filing worked out that makes it very easy for the announcing staff to arrange their program from the records on hand.





Gander School of Arts

Lending a touch of the bohemian, appropriate to the purpose they were to fulfill, three small garret rooms in the old Admin. building were set aside for the housing of the Gander School of Arts and crafts. "The Gander School for Arts and Crafts," an impressive name to be sure but, one that we do not feel is assuming under the circumstances.

For, those who chose to take advantage of the opportunities that the school provide will receive the full benefits of the capable guidance and sympathetic understanding of LAC McLellan, who devotes his full time to the successful operation of the School.

Those attending to date have ranged from rank amateurs to polished professionals with several years training to their credit. We would like to point out for the benefit of everyone on the station, however, that to attend one need not have had any training in art. Nor, need they have shown any aptitude for running water colours together, or drawing "Petty Girls" in the covers of their books during their school career. In fact, all one needs is a desire to try there hands at something new. Something which may be a little challenging to their imagination; something that may result in the creation of a satisfying of work; and, something that will prove a truly satisfactory way of occupying ones leisure time in Gander.

By the time this story reaches the public, the School hopes to have moved into spacious new quarters. There, as in the past, an "open house" policy will be followed where one can go and "create" at any hour of the day or night. Mr. McLellan will be on hand a good deal of the time and will provide special instruction in drawing from madels on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings.

If you can't draw or paint you may find an outlet in wood carving, Lino-cutting, or any one of the many crafts. In any case, you will never know till you try.

Examples of McLellan's work illustrate this page.



L.A.C. JOHN BORLAND McLELLAN

Portrait painting is the specialty of John Borland McLellan, although by trade in the Royal Canadian Air Force he is a radio mechanic attached to the Dumbo Squadron. However, since September of this year he has been relieved of his duties with the Squadron to conduct art classes and under his guidance considerable talent is being fostered.

Born in Stevenston, Scotland, on the coast near Glasgow, John, who has lost none of his delightful Scottish brogue since coming to Canada a few years ago, received his training at the Glasgow School of Art and in his last year won the "Newberry Medal" for the best works of the year in addition to a scholarship of about \$300. Before leaving the Old Country, he completed his examinations for the Art Teacher's diploma for the British Board of Education which is the highest qualification recognized in Britain for teachers of art.

Having their way into Canada paved by the late Lord Tweedsmuir, Governor General of Canada, when they were barred entry due to some immigration rulee, John and his family proceeded to his post which was with the summer school art teaching staff of the Extension Department of the University of Alberta and he taught first at Vegreville, Alberta and then at the Banff School of Fine Arts in August.

In 1942 John joined the Air Force and became a



AGIN' THE RULES



Padre's Corner



LA VICTOIRE EN 1944 . . . ?

by C. A. Métayer F/Lt., R. C. Chaplain

Un grand stratège américain, le vainqueur de l'Afrique a prédit la victoire pour cette année . . . en Europe du moins. L'année 1944 apportera-t-elle réelement la liberté à tous ceux qu'une barbarie sans nom tient en esclavage depuis quatre ans et plus? 1944 donnera-t-il au monde des garanties de paix, cette paix dont il a tant besoin?

Tous peuples vaincus par les armes mais demeurés invincibles dans l'âme savent pourquoi ils luttent, pourquoi ils endurent tant de souffrances physiques et morales; nous sommes leurs "alliés"; savons-nous même pourquoi nous luttons nous? Sommes-nous vraiment alliés à leurs souffrances, à leurs sacrifices? Avons-nous au coeur ce sentiment sacré qui les anime et qu'on appelle la piété patriotique?

Qu'est-ce que la piété patriotique? C'est un culte, une religion qui fait que nous rendons hommage à notre patrie parce qu'elle tient vis-à-vis de nous êtres individuels le rôle de principe. La vertu de religion nous consacre à Dieu; la piété filiale est un culte à l'égard de ceux qui nous ont posés dans le temps, nourris et poussés pas à pas dans la vie; la piété patriotique est une protestation quasi religieuse dans sa forme, par laquelle nous nous reconnaissons débiteurs envers notre patrie de ses inépuisables largesses, par laquelle nous lui devons notre dévouement, notre obéissance, nos sacrifices, notre amour et au besoin notre vie.

Notre patrie canadienne est avant tout menacée aujourd'hui par des idéologies sataniques et condamnées qui visent plus à blesser les âmes qu'à tuer les corps. "Pervertir" est le but primordial des propogandistes de ces idéologies; ils tenent ensuite de "compromettre" et s'ils n'y parviennent pas la terreur et la violence est leur dernier argument, ils détruisent par les armes. Il est facile de constater qu'il n'est pas nécessaire d'attendre d'être détruits par les armes pour que nous prenions la défense de notre patrie menacée; les peuples vaincus de la guerre actuelle sont là pour le prouver. C'est ainsi que nous sommes engagés dans un conflit dont l'enjeu n'est pas tant la libération de tel ou tel peuple opprimé d'outre-mer que d'empêcher notre Canada de subir le même sort d'esclavage, toute liberté, religieuse et autre étant perdue.

C'est pour cela que nous combattons. Non pas tant pour défendre notre sol que pour arrêter ce flot qui menace toute civilisation et qui déjà a fait trop de vic-

VICTORY

by John Comfort, F/Lt. Chaplain (P)

We are now on the way to Victory and the time has come for serious consideration of the future. What are we going to do about the future? Our responsibilities as individuals will be greater after Victory and it is up to each and everyone of us to make sure into what space we want to fit and in the meantime to do all in our power to make ourselves capable of fitting into the space we have chosen. We are fortunately placed in this station in that there is both time and opportunity for everyone to make the best of whatever talents God has given us. Courses can be arranged that will be of great help in post war readjustment.

Mankind is a Trinity; Body, Mind and Spirit, and it is our duty to God that we should make the best of ourselves. Not to develop the mind to the exclusion of the body or vice versa, or to neglect the spiritual. If we believe in Eternal life we must realize that the spiritual part of us is an extremely vital part, for "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul."

So when we think of the future let us make sure that, in that future life of ours there is a place and an important place for God thus making Victory both material and spiritual.

May 1944 see your best wishes come true. Your Padre is ready and willing to be of assistance to you in any way possible. God bless you all.

times. Nous avons un rôle à jouer. Notre propre avenir, nos traditions canadiennes sont menacées depuis longtemps, il est temps de réagir, de lutter. Nos dirigeants l'ont compris. Nous sommes engagés à fond dans ce duel de l'étatisme totalitaire aux prises avec l'idéal démocratique, ce régime le plus favorable au développement de la personne humaine à l'abri des institutions politiques et religieuses.

Nos ennemis ne sont pas las de combattre, ils ne sont pas encore vaincus. La victoire finale de nos armes ne fait plus de doute mais à condition que nous ne nous relâchions point; à ce prix seulement, à prix de sacrifices aurons-nous fait, notre part, nous Canadiens, pour assurer la survivance d'une liberté qui n'est pas seulement nationale mais humaine.

Trop de mesquineries nous empêchent parfois de voir l'enjeu du conflit actuel il est bon se le rappeler de temps à autre.

C. A. Métayer F/Lt.

R. C. Chaplain

In Memoriam

C 1361 F/L Rae H. M.

R 1 05246 Cpl. Collins D. M. H.

EQUIPMENT



The pulse of the station's equipment goes through the veins of this office. S/L L. V. Vineberg, the Senior Equipment Officer is giving some dictation to his secretary LAW E. M. Coleman.



Delving into an intricate problem are WO1 A. F. Deslauriers and our popular F/L "Sammy" Campbell.



Busy as Bees are the personnel of Clothing Stores. None were aware of the photographer, hence this action shot. Behind the counter are, Cpl. Francis, LAC Owen Hall, Cpl. J. E. Sheffield, LAC G. M. Fawcett, LAW Scotty Easton, LAC R. M. Wakely and F/L Walker.



Readin', writin', pencils and E 42's originate from publications. In charge of that department is Cpl. Flo Sissons aided by LAW. L. Thompson.

I and R weigh a heavy problem. All stores go through the hands of these airmen and airwomen. From left to right are LAC Pearly Delong, Cpl. Link Mailman, LAW Joan Coates, LAC Levey and LAW "Rusty" Rushton.





Convertors of "Soles and heels," LAC F. Allaire, AC Harvey Thoms, AC Eddy Doucette. Peering through the "Arch" is Cpl. Tommy Hobbs.



The Orderly room staff are seen occupied in the ever rushing stream of work that is found at stores. They are Sgt. George Pounds, Cpl. Earl Beattie, LAC Phil Doucet and Sgt. Al Styan.



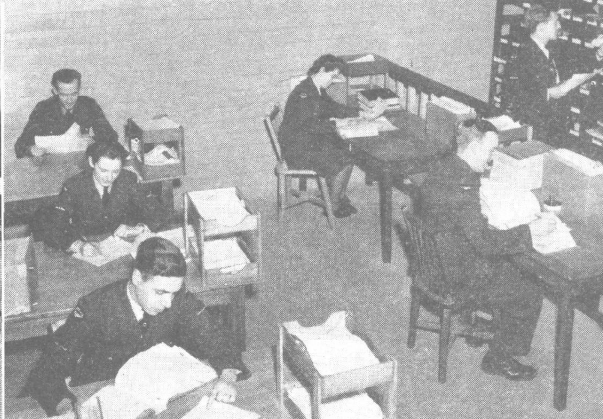
Spic and Span Tech Stores finds four hard workers. LAC A. E. "Smitty" Smith, LAC Wm. Giddings, Sgt. B. I. Moore, and LAW Ann Blender.

The photographer was greeted with enormous grins when he walked into Barrack Stores. From left to right they are Cpl. Fred Ambrous, LAC Wally Willis, LAC Frank Keys, Sgt. Don Candow, Sgt. Livingstone, Mr. H. G. Flemming, Cpl. Al Kline, LAW Mary McGrath.



Tailors LAC P. G. "Stitch" Mossop, LAC A. G. "Tony" Pantalone and pretty tailorette LAW E. L. Denty, keep the station well dressed .

Delving into the archives of Tech stores are Cpl. Don McArthur, LAW K. L. Alexander, LAC V. F. Simmons, LAW "Shorty" Bennett, AC "Rooby" Robins and searching through the shelves in LAC G. M. Williams (Repairable Willie).



DERIVATION OF GAUMLESS

by F/O Hy Steirman

The two most popular words on the station are "Ganderized" and "Gaumless". It is quite apparent that there is but one meaning to the first word, but the second word takes the cake in meaning, as to whether it is a verb, noun adverb, adjective or pronoun . . . and to top it off, just what does it mean.

Any cursing includes the word "Gaumless" on this station, so do all compliments; therefore, "You're a Gaumless character", might mean, you're a nice character or a bad character . . . but which?

Your scribe overheard a telephone conversation between a corporal of the Dumbo squadron orderly room and some other chap. It went something like this, "Are you going to the show tonight? . . . I don't know what's on but it's supposed to be quite "Gaumless" (did he mean, good, bad, or indifferent?) . . . Yah! I can get a "Gaumless" for myself but I don't know about you . . . (did he mean girl friend, scarf, jeep, the price of admission or a pair of ear muffs?.

After a little more conversation it ended, "Well don't call me tomorrow, I have to work at the "Gaumless" untill Eleven" . . . (did that mean at the orderly room, in his barracks or at VORG).

The word had intrigued me for quite some time; I decided to track it down come what may. I read and reread all the Dictionaries in the library, plus my own Webster and Roget's Thesaurus. On paper it could only be spelled three different ways, e.g., "Gomless . . . Ghomless or Gaumless". Still all the work was to no avail. Not a trace could I find to put me on the right track. All inquiries found me more perplexed and more "Gaumless" than before. Everyone used it and in any manner they please. It is reminiscent of a "free" city in in that this is a free word.

On January 16th, 1944, F/L Stan Bruce who had heard of my plight and who also happened to be reading "Wuthering Heights" came upon that very word. The book, written by Emily Bronte, who was born in 1818 and died in 1848 mentions that very word "Gaumless". It will be found on page 235 of the pocket book edition; Heathcliff quotes, "Nelly, you recollect me at his age, nay, some years younger. Did I look so stupid, so "gaumless", as Joseph calls it?"

At any rate we do know that the word was used as far back as 1818. It is possible that someone, reading that very book, revived the lost word. Personally I still don't know the exact, "Gaumless" meaning of the word. . . Do You. . . ?



If You Like
Good Figures —
Remember
570 on Your
Dial — !



GANDER BUG

by Josie

Well, sure, I suppose we have all heard of ganderberries and gander bugs and such thing around here—in a round about way, at least, but it was "Griff" (F/S Griffin of the Hospital X-ray Dept.) who really took the little ganderbugs in hand and gave them a personality. He looked after them well—kept them in a tin pail suspended from ceiling for air, in the daytime, and locked them in a cupboard, for safekeeping at night. Occasionally some would get out and find their way around the room (at least he **said** that's where they came from). In the mornings we would find ganderbugs all over—on the light bulbs, on papers, anywhere.

If you aren't well acquainted with ganderbugs, let me describe them. They are all alike. They smile, have three tails, a rather peanut shaped body with six or seven spots on each side. They have four feet, but wear mittens on the front feet only. The explanation is that the poor dears are so dumb that by the time they realize they also need mitteens for their back feet, it's spring again. They are usually quite small, two or three inches long and never more than six. The gander bug in the picture grew to historical size, so our genial Flight caught in and named it Gaumless.

We'll you can think what you like about ganderbugs, but the fact remains that F/S Griffin got his posting to Canada and by now will be doing a double job of "taking pictures" and making a home for his little wife. Best of luck Griff—we all miss you a lot—and say hello to Gaumless for us.

Sports

Continued

BORDEN BALL

Borden Ball — there's one game that's really found a spot on this Station. Dumbo Squadron Aircrew come down for a P.T. class, and they say, "To H— with P.T., let's play a game of Borden Ball": so the P.T.I. on duty complies by giving them a fifteen minutes of Borden Ball. This same sentiment is echoed by other squadrons and groups who come down regularly for classes and sports afternoons. The Borden Ball Schedule too, has far fewer postponed games when compared to our other schedules.

There are some very good reasons for this. Here is a game that has speed, produces competitive spirit, and gives you lots of fun without having to worry too much about rules and minor technicalities. This last is one of the main reasons for the popularity of Borden Ball, the fact that it doesn't take a book full of complicated rules to govern the game... That's why we find so many people interested in playing it—and the more they play, the more they want to play.

The Borden Ball league at the half way mark found R.D.F. team up in the lead, by a couple of points. Right now, there are three or four teams in the thick of it, fighting for top honours. First, Dumbo Officers team is up, then the NCO's take the lead, a couple of days later R.D.F. is up on top again. One team they'll all have to watch is the fast up and coming Dumbo Maintenance squad. The competition is so keen that it'll not be 'till the final game is played that the ultimate winner will be found.



TOTAL FITNESS BY KEN GENGE, Y.M.C.A.

"TOTAL FITNESS" is a term that has become much used since 1939.

Rotund Gentlemen at Physical Educators Conferences, editors of Physical Association Journals, outstanding athletes in sports reels, politicians in election speeches, and high Military officials all speak glibly of obstacle courses, calisthenics, amphibious drills, step-tests, and the TOTAL FITNESS of OUR BOYS.

By total fitness I believe they mean a healthy body and a peace of mind. (The word is peace not piece). It is primarily of the former that I am at all qualified to speak. The latter, I will deal with only in as far as it is related to physical education and to the association of people together in small interest groups and recreational activities. For, over and above the contributions that physical, social, and mental activities make to a peaceful state of mind there is the contribution of the spiritual, or religious faith. That there is a definite spiritual contribution I am sure we will all agree; but, it is not within my training or my capacity to deal adequately with its nature.

Can total fitness be attained in Gander? The answer, very definitely, is YES! The basic physical factors of nutrition and rest need only a passing glance.

We do not lack for vitamins, calories, starches, fats, or minerals, and I know of no one who is dying on their feet from involuntary lack of rest. In dealing with the other factors, we must heed the teaching of the trite old saying, "The Lord helps those who help themselves".

In this month's issue, let us simply look at the possibilities for physical, mental, and social recreation available on the station and see if they are sufficiently diversified to suit the taste and meet the needs of all.

Physical Recreation

Basketball, borden ball, floor hockey, bowling (all four organized or unorganized) badminton, tennis, gymnastics, rope climbing, wall weights, boxing, wrestling, calisthenics, swimming, diving, skiing, skating (we hope), hiking (stay out of the woods unless you have the instincts of a homing pigeon).

Mental and Social Recreation

Movies, radio listening, dancing, reading (books, magazines, and newspapers) writing (letters for the Gander, for the radio). Recorded program, discussion groups, band concerts, pop concerts, choir, glee club, arts and crafts, cards, pool, ping-pong, relaxation over a coke or a beer.

AND YOU HAVE THE NERVE TO SAY YOUR GANDERIZED???

— PERSONALITIES OF THE MONTH —

**LAW MICHALINE MAZURET**

A native of Windsor, Ontario, LAW Mazuret, known to her friends as just plain "Mike", is perhaps one of the most versatile members of the Gander community. "Mike" enlisted with the R.C.A.F. as a Clerk General in Windsor, in August 1942. She spent three weeks in Rockcliffe, and then took a little jaunt to Victoria, B. C., where she served for six months. Her next posting sent her toddling back to Rockcliffe, and from there to Gander.

All sports are Michaline's hobbies, but she has a preference for skiing. However, up to a few weeks ago she hadn't attempted any skiing here, because she couldn't find an outfit small enough to fit her. It is to be hoped that by this time the problem has been remedied.

At present "Mike" is employed in Works and Buildings Orderly Room, where she has become an all-important cog in the organization's machinery. On the serious side, LAW Mazuret is an accomplished person. For instance, she speaks seven languages: English, French, German, Polish, Russian, Ukrainian and Czechoslovakian. Her ambition is to become a writer, and with her command of languages she certainly has a good start in the right direction.

**LAW MOLLY NIGHTINGALE**

When it comes to driving, that's where LAW Nightingale enters the picture. In fact she did just that, in the last issue of The Gander Magazine, when she graced its cover. Since that time numerous requests have been made by admirers asking who the "cover-girl" is. Molly is a member of the Motor Transport Section, and for this type of work she is well-fitted, because driving has always been her foremost hobby. It has been her hobby ever since the day she first sneaked a drive in her family's car.

LAW Nightingale was born in Victoria, B. C., and until her enlistment with the R.C.A.F. in January 1943, she had never been east of the Rockies. Her first few weeks in the Service, after enlisting at Victoria, were spent at Rockcliffe, and from there she served in Toronto. Gander came next, and while she likes it here, she hopes that eventually she will obtain a posting to the west coast. Outside of driving Molly's next best sports are dancing and badminton. Since coming to Gander she has made many friends, and hopes she will keep adding more to the list as the weeks roll by.

**LAW JACQUELINE WILLIAMS**

For sheer tenacity, sprinkled with plenty of "Stickativity", LAW Williams is a prize winner. As a Clerk General (Medical), she enlisted with the R.C.A.F. in March 1943, but that is only half of the story. Jacqueline is a native of France. Born in Paris, she lived in the metropolis until 1939 when she came to America with her mother. War broke out while they were in New York, which made the return trip to France an impossibility.

Resigning herself to this fact, Jacqueline decided to do something to help in the fight against Germany, and after much consideration decided to apply for enlistment in the Women's Division of the R.C.A.F.

She came to Canada in December 1942 for this purpose, only to be rejected because she was not a Canadian citizen. Repeated visits to a recruiting unit in Montreal seemed to avail nothing, but she kept on trying. Her efforts were so determined she was granted permission in March 1943. After initial training she was posted to Gander, her first station. She is at present employed in the Orderly Room of the Station Hospital.

**CORPORAL DESMOND 'PAT' WHALEN**

It wouldn't do to get tough with "Tiny" for he is six foot six inches tall and weighs some 265 pounds. Furthermore it is with a great deal of ease that he lifts three times his own weight—and he really isn't in top form at the present time.

One of "Tiny's" hopes—to be aircrew like two of his brothers—died a sad death before it was born for he was too tall and too heavy. But he enlisted in Ottawa anyway—being a good Irishman he had to be in the scrap—and then his troubles began. First it was the beds—an upper was the obvious solution and that raised no objections. But it still wasn't long enough and so after some experimenting "Tiny" found the solution by rigging up a board which extends some six inches over the foot of his top bunk. Then of course there was the question of uniforms—all of these were made to measure and it was five weeks before he received a uniform and an additional seven months before he finally received his greatcoat.

Cpl. Whalen is 25 years of age and left his home in Kars, Ont., when he was 15 to go and work on a neighboring farm.

A brother, Flight Sergeant Ambrose Whalen, air gunner, was killed over Germany on his 33rd operational trip and another brother, W.O.2 "Wyck" Whalen, is also an air gunner and is serving in Iceland. A sister, Leading Airwoman Monica Whalen, is a photographer stationed at Aylmer, Ont.

**L.A.C. F.W. (BILL) MOGFORD**

Long and lanky and known as "Slim", L.A.C. Bill Mogford is a recognized personality here because everyone else has to "look up to him".

A former basketball star with a squadron team at St. Thomas, The Gander staff were anxious to get his picture with a basketball poised to drip in the easy reach (for him) basket. But Bill tells us a bad ankle finished his basketball days some time ago and he now may be seen in off moments bowling.

Six feet seven inches tall with red hair, "Red" as he is also known, waited at the Manning Depot in Toronto for two months before he received a uniform. He says he wears standard issue shirts—even though the sleeves are too short. His hobby is photography.

With the dumbo Squadron Instruments Section, Bill says he sleeps curled up—"You get used to it"—he says but he can't wait to get back home to Toronto to stretch out in his specially built bed and incidentally to see his wife who is only a foot shorter and his small three year old son. L.A.C. Mogford was with the Northern Electric Company in Toronto for nine years before enlisting in July 1942 and his service career has been spent in Toronto, Angus, St. Thomas, Jarvis, Montreal and now Gander.

— OFFICERS ON PARADE —

FLIGHT LIEUTENANT H. H. SODEN—"MO"

School days saw our little man attending Victoria School, in Montreal, and later on Westmount High School. After High School there was a career to be thought of, so "Mo" entered the Bank of Commerce as a junior clerk. After a time, in 1922, he went into the employ of the Sherwin Williams Co. of Canada, Ltd. It was as Chief Clerk in the Sales Dept. of this firm that "Mo" came into the Armed Forces, date of entrance into R.C.A.F. proper being July, 1941.

Happily married to a Montreal girl since April, 1930, F/L Soden now boasts a little nest of his own in the Big Town. His chief weakness in the animal kingdom is felines. Lovely big soft Angora Cats. "Snookums", "Mo's" silver Angora at home, does not stand for any canaries around the house.

It isn't an everyday adventure to run into a man who can lay claim to enlistment in the three branches of the Service during the same war. Immediately after the war started Navy Blue attracted him sufficiently to bring him into an Officer's Training Course in the R.C.N.V.R. For medical reasons he found that he was discharged. He immediately took a crack at the Army, with the Canadian Officers' Training Corps at Loyola University. Discharged from there, he applied and was accepted, into the R.C.A.F. From the School of Administration, Trenton, "Mo" was posted to Scoudouc, No. 4 Repair Depot where he spent 16 months. In February, 1943, he went to Dartmouth as Asst. S.A.O. and thence onto his present job.

"Mo" is fond of his work here, likes badminton, skating, water polo and basketball. You see him established in his office in the Hangar with a small following of pilots, who, as far as is known are "just in there"; can it be "Mo's" Corny Repartee?



FLIGHT OFFICER RUTH JERNHOLM

Taking a cigarette out of her ever famous cigarette case, "Ernie" settled back nonchalantly, to reminisce the events in her life that led to her becoming "P One" on our station.

Miss Jernholm was born in Denmark and graduated from the University of Copenhagen. She majored in modern languages and has a speaking knowledge of English, German and of course Danish.

Strangely enough, her reason for coming to Canada, was to learn to speak English without an accent. She arrived in the Dominion in 1929, read a poster saying, "Go West Young Man", thought it might include women, so she travelled as far as Winnipeg. Ernie settled there. Her interest in physical education, and being an exponent of child psychology, she found an interesting position for her in that city. She stepped into the job of Assistant Supervisor of Physical Education for the Public Schools.

"Ernie" returned to the land of her birth in 1936 for a visit and discovered that she now spoke Danish with an English accent.

F/O Jernholm enlisted in the auxiliary C.W.A.A.F. in October 1941. Two years later she found herself on this station as Number One director of Personnel. Her competent work and ready smile has brought her a justly deserved popularity.

Besides being interested in two gentlemen (nephews of course, aged two and 12) her hobbies are gardening, golf, bridge and reading. The only moan from this month's female personality is that she hasn't enough time to keep up her large correspondence.



FLYING OFFICER "HANK" BOULKIND

Flying Officer Henry Boulkind, "Hank" (as he insists we call him) is the walking illustration that you can be specialist, yet for your job do everything that is not connected with your special qualifications. As Station Routine Officer "Hank" explains that his job is everything connected with Station Routine. At one time or another, he has fathered such miscellanea as the canteens, Central Warehouse, airmen's barrack blocks, all G.D.'s, Central Registry, the Steno's Pool, the Piggery, and the Band.

Of late, F/O Boulkind has luxuriated in some small indulgences connected with his proper trade, Legal work. He considers as hardly worth mentioning, such trivial duties as O.C. i/c Orderly Officers, Postal Officers, D.R.O.'s, and the Daily Diary. In true Gander spirit, "Hank" shrugs off a maddening array of detailed tasks,—getting barracks decontaminated, windows fixed, opening secret mail, helping investigating Officers, arranging Band engagements, handling the civilian barracks, accommodating incoming officers.

A Montrealer, "Hank" received his primary and University education in that city. In 1937, he was admitted to the Quebec Bar. He worked for James Talcott of Canada and later was associated with the Legal Firm of Bercovitch and Spector.

One of his pet institutions on the Station is the Theatre, which he was connected with during its inception. He is a very busy man but manages time out to tend to his pipe. Evenings sees him dabbling in bridge and knock-rummy. Were he pulling the strings, "Hanks" would like the job of prosecuting Hitler, figures he has a strong case against the accused.



ENTERTAINMENT

Gander Follies of 1943

After some weeks of suspense, we were finally treated to the Gander Follies of '43 on Friday, Dec. 17th. Cpl. Russ Ewanchuk, producer, had gathered together a great array of Gander talent which gave us a grand show; a fitting climax to the years entertainment program and a good opener for the Christmas festivities.

"The Streamliners", our popular dance band, started things with "One O'clock Jump" for an overture. The curtain then opened on LAC Jim Graham who sang us a stirring theme song "In the Air 'til Victory". From then on, Bob Harvie, master-of-ceremonies, led the way.

Lack of space prevents going into much detail, but special mention must be made of the laugh provokers staged by the "Montreal Debutramps", seven "huskies" of the male sex. Their "Can-Can Girls from Canada" and "Ballet of the Bedouins" brought down the house. And no wonder Their "get-ups" had to be seen to be believed! Also in this class were the "Five Little Girls from Gallander", who turned out to be Russ Ewanchuk, Alfie Scopp, Junior Menard, Ted Platt and "Cecile" Larson. They gave us a new version of the quints in diapers, bonnets, G. I. boots and were equipped with nipples beer bottles.

Two turns of a more serious nature were deservedly popular. The first was "Bunkhouse Ballads" which featured the singing of LAC Oz. Zarnke who did an excellent job with two ballads. The second was the dance team of "Mike and Sophie". They did a professional job to a grand arrangement of "Night and Day" by Pat Riccio. To those of you who don't know the team, they are Pfc Mike Race, and LAW Sophie Melanchuk, R.C.A.F.

Also rounding out the program were the "Ganderettes", a dance team of W.D.'s, who looked very smart in their blue and silver dance costumes. Several other clever skits and excellent numbers by the band completed the evenings entertainment, for which we must hand congrats to producer Ewanchuk.

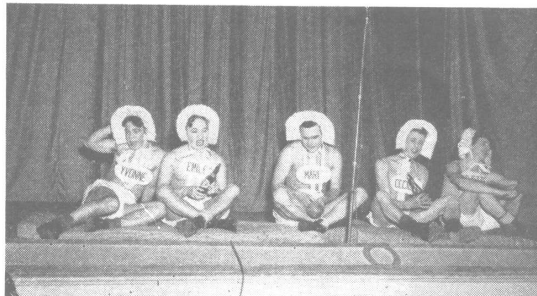
Programs of Recorded Music

If you should ever have the urge to commune with great music of the Masters, pay a visit some Monday night at 8.30 p.m. to the Hospital Recreation Room. There, relaxed in easy chairs or sprawled on the carpeted floor, you will find a crowd of music lovers enjoying themselves to the full.

It is a far cry from the early days of these programs when a few used to gather together in the Chapel and sit in considerable restraint on hard chairs. Thanks for the pleasant room now provided is due to the Senior Medical Officer, W/C Sifton. Thanks also to a noble band of volunteers who wielded paint brushes for several nights to make the room the nice bright color it is. Then there was a joint effort at furnishing by the Hospital and the Y.M.C.A. Last, but not least, our Art Class produced a handsome exhibition of pictures to hang on the walls.

The record collection for these programs has grown considerably and thanks to this and other records available on the station, we find that we do not have to repeat ourselves within too short a period. The library includes symphonies, concertos, overtures, operatic arias, a bit of piano music, and is being added to all the time. You are invited to ask for your favorites. If available, they will be played for you.

Eugene Hill delves into his books each week and at the program gives a short talk on the works to be played or their composers. For those who like their music with a capital M, this is a "must" program.



THE PIGGERY

By Eleanore Martin

T. O. S. The Piggery, R.C.A.F. Station, Gander on posting from the Prince Edward Island Live-Stock Cooperative, Charlottetown, P. E. I., 160 Yorkshire breed pigs.

"Three out of every four have gone to war" the sign on many a billboard back home (remember?) said showing an ocean going vessel carrying three fat roly poly porkers as their brother stands on the dock and waves goodbye. Presumably these little piggies were going—not to market—but to serve the armed forces overseas. But at Gander, where everything happens not according to rule, we too are serving overseas and our quota comes in regularly. But as of last month, it will be transported here in class on the hoof and in our own aircraft.

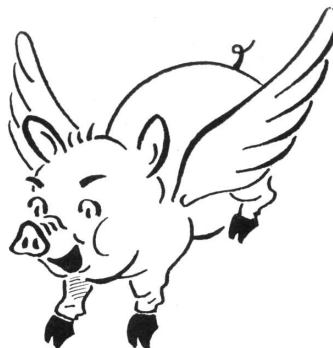
Perhaps you will wonder, as I did, whether there are signs back home now which show our "three out of every four" boarding R.C.A.F. aircraft and flying to Gander. For that is exactly what happened to the 160 pigs which were transported here early in December in several trips aboard transport aircraft. And to bring The Piggery up to strength some 40 more porkers are expecting postings here shortly and may even be enjoying the company of their brothers by the time this article reaches print.

No Daily Routine Order such as the one above heralded the arrival of this personnel which is to play such a major part in the life of this Air Force Station. And they did not have to sign in at various sections or have someone ponder just where there was a vacant bed. No—they were met by Sergeant R. H. Trueman, who is in charge of The Piggery, and transported immediately to their new quarters which are located at the end of Foss Street some little distance from the W.D.'s quarters.

So these prize porkers are on Station Strength and are waiting to serve—or should one say be served? They didn't enjoy the trip by air for all of them suffered the same vagaries of the journey as do a great many humans and took up to a couple of days to recover from air sickness. One poor little fellow, in fact, never did perk up again and passed away. He was buried—but not with full Air Force honors.

But why not bring in our pork already dressed and ready for cooking, you will probably ask. Well it seems that by purchasing young hogs and transporting them here by air, considerable saving is realized. The price of pork here is high and besides there is a natural food source from the waste in the messes which can be utilized in feeding these hogs very nicely.

If you didn't like your carrots—as who does—you dumped them down the waste container in the mess; or it might have been something else which you didn't feel like eating that day. At the time you gave no thought to the immense waste of food which might have had no appeal, as far as you were concerned but which had the highest nutritional and food value. However, apparently Ottawa—R.C.A.F. Headquarters—did consider this angle and conceived the idea of raising pigs for pork and bacon



and at the same time disposing of the immense daily waste of good rations. This plan is also a take-off on one which is in effect on many R.C.A.F. stations in England.

With a staff of four civilians and the occasional airman suffering for his misdemeanours, Sergeant Trueman looks after his charges and sees that their home is kept in good order and that they are well fed. The porkers' home consists of one large room (picture the barrack room), 101 feet long by 37 feet wide having eight partitions (pens to you). The building is wooden with cement flooring and was completed December 1, by No. 8 Construction Maintenance Unit. There is also on "L" off the main building, 29 feet wide by 38 feet long, and it is here that the porkers' food is prepared and incidentally where they are prepared for food. The building is kept as clean as circumstances permit and it receives a thorough hosing out every morning.

A scientific pattern is being used in the raising of these pigs for domestic consumption on the station. The first lot to be flown in totalled 24 and were several months old. The others varied in age down to a few weeks old. Sergeant Trueman estimated that by the first of March the first lot would average in weight 200 pounds at which time they will be ready for slaughtering. After that date there will be sufficient hogs ready each week to supply the demand of eight or nine hogs for a meal for the whole personnel of the station. It is the present plan to replace these pigs with others by the method and these are to be no more than eight or ten weeks old. Some 25 to 50 hogs will be brought in periodically by air to replace any slaughtered. Sergeant Trueman indicated that the Air Force had no intention of breeding but just to utilize the waste and provide a weekly source of meat for the mess halls.

The long and lean porker—called a "feeder"—makes the best bacon and ham, according to the Sarge who said that even when the warm weather comes these pigs will not be allowed to run outside. They receive their sunshine vitamins from cod liver oil.

The Piggery comes under Flying Officer J. Bourne who is in charge of the Station Services Offices but it is operated and looked after by Sergeant Trueman who was specially enlisted for the job. Sgt. Trueman was brought up on a farm and after receiving his Bachelor of Arts degree at Mount Allison University took a post graduate course in agriculture at Cornell University. Prior to his enlistment last April, the Sergeant was employed as office manager at the Brookfield Creamery in Truro, N. S. After taking his manning training at Lachine, he spent three weeks in Moncton on temporary duty before coming to Gander.

• • N. C. O. CHATTERBOX • •

By Sgt. Billings

Occasionally a Senior N.C.O. has a brilliant idea. The critics have forced us to prove this fact; so as evidence we herewith record the results of several such ideas. One such started with the spirit of Christmas (spirit, I said). Coincident with the spirit of Christmas is the presence of children—a few we have here on the station but certainly not enough to go 'round. So before the aforesaid idea realized that it was at a Senior N.C.O.'s Mess meeting, it had lodged itself in the minds of WO Rudd and WO Hayden who turned the idea into a motion; the motion became a minute approved and recorded; the minute became hours of pleasure for all the children in the surrounding district. The sum set forth by the N.C.O.'s was increased by the station; and the officers' and Airmen's Messes contributed their fair share of the refreshments. WO's Rudd, Hayden, Pink, Cullum, Wilson and F/Sgt. Smith should be commended for making the event a huge success.

Tuesday before Christmas, one would have thought the Pied Piper of Hamelin, having been too imbued (or is it imbibed?) with the spirit of Christmas, had gone out into the neighbouring vicinity, and with this magic music had drawn into Gander all the children. It wasn't the Pied Piper; it was the Newfoundland Express, but the result was the same. Into the station they all came tumbling—hundreds of them. Santa Claus himself was at the R.C.A.F. Theatre to welcome them (any resemblance between Santa Claus and F/Sgt. Shirley was purely coincidental). Each one received a gift and a hearty handshake or a kiss from Santa, depending on the age and charm of the babe in question. From there, they swarmed into the brightly decorated N.C.O.'s Mess where the Wurlitzer (juke box, Flight!) was playing, "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning." It must have meant that one; couldn't have been the one after Christmas. Here they were serv-



ed refreshments by the hard-working Committee, and were beginning to look very satisfied and sleepy. It was Field Day for them! The only ones who had more fun were the Senior N.C.O.'s.

Another brilliant idea was the smoker (why do they call it a "smoker"?) to welcome the NCO's of The "CAT" squadron who decided to migrate southward for the winter, after spending a cool and refreshing summer away from the noisy and nerve-shattering city life. Who's kiddin'? They came here for our health. Believe me. Ask anyone whom they have transported on leave or pass, if it doesn't improve the health! So they were received with warm feelings into our "happy little family"—naturally as the smoker progressed, the feelings became warmer, and everyone became happier and happier. By the end of the evening, the family spirit prevailed and everyone was acting just like relatives.

The W.D's interviewed say that life has become much more interesting lately.

Another thing, before we leave the Senior N.C.O.'s if only just one hero would turn out to be the loquacious, bragging type! But no, our own heroes W/O G. McNea, and Sgt. C. E. Georgianni, follow the true pattern and refuse to say anything about recent honours. Sgt. Georgianni has been awarded the British Empire Medal—and it was **not** for taking a second helping! He will utter not one word concerning this subject, but cannot be stopped re the topic "Aerodrome Maintenance". W/O McNea has been mentioned in despatches—good ol' Dumbo Squadron—and several of his buddies who have left our "mess" and got commissions, silly boys!—Larry and Bestie. Congratulations to all of them!



Have You Written Home Lately ?

AFFAIRE DE COEUR

By Willie De Wolf

Dear Willie,

I have read your column lots of times, and you have helped a lot of people, but I am in a very bad confusion with cupid and especially with my boy friend Rufus. You see I am five feet and eight inches in my stockings, and I weigh a slight 178 lbs. Now Rufus is not as big as me, but we figure that we like each other somewhat and should tie the knot soon. Two nights ago, we go to the squadron dance and we are doing a bit of terpsichore, when I sees Rufus winking at a certain redheaded corporal. The first time I says nothing cause maybe its a spec of ashes in his eye, but sure enough he keeps it up everytime he thinks I am unobservant.

Well to make tall story short, I am noticing all the time in the moving pictures that Betty Grable is slapping her boy friend and he is coming back for more, till comes the happy ending. I gives the matter some thought, and takes Rufus outside for a walk. I ask him why he gives me the double X and he has the most innocent look on his face. He says I know from nothing so I pull this Betty Grable stuff and slap him a couple of times.

Rufus is still in the hospital, and even though his nose is broken and he now has two cauliflower ears, he still wants to go through with the marriage. Do you think it is really love?

Your sincerely, and if you don't answer me I'll tell everyone that you are a fake. . . .

L.A.W. MINNIE POUNDS.

v v v v v

Dear L.A.W. Pounds,

Thank you very much for your kind letter. I really think that Rufus is in love with you. He can certainly take it and I am sure that he will have your protection throughout life. No doubt he will make an excellent husband and not make eyes at our women. You can see to that. Best of luck to both of you,

Sincerely,

WILLIE DE WOLF

v v v v v

Mr. Wm. De Wolf
c/o The "Gander",
C.A.P.O No. 4, Nfld.
Greetings Gate,

Greetings from a gaumless ganderized gal. I know you have an A1A priority on all the answers dealing with love and ga-ga gouey eyes. Last year the swing time beat of my heart was Tyrone Power. Then along came Buzz Beurling and I was dead serious on him as my ideal. But now the real reply to all my problems has become an eight beat reality. I will not mention his name as other people might steal my original idea, but I'll describe him to you and I hope you'll honour me with a solid answer.

This chap is not handsome, he is not tall but when he sings, his voice is like the voice of an angel setting up a double time pulsing rhythm to my poor little ticker. His voice leaves me spellbound. Other women shriek when they hear him, but I think that they are just after his money. With me, it is sincerety, but only too too, I promise to give up ice cream for a year and that will help me to reduce considerable. Not that I am fat mind you, but I do so want to fit into the arms that were meant for me and me alone. At present I don't think I can do it. My only problem is, that he is happily married and has acouple of kids. What do you suggest I do?

Sinatrally Yours,

A.W.2 TUBBO LARD Q11196.

P.S. I also get goose pimples and gurgle-goo when I hear him sing.

v v v v v



Dear A.W.2 Lard,

Your problem is an interesting one. It is one that has come down through the ages. Personally I don't think you are the type to fall in love with a singer. You are just an example of all my effortless work. Why not be old fashioned. When the right man comes along let him run after you. Do not give up your ice cream by any means. Why make the dairies suffer over such a trivial manner. Just bide your time.

Sincerely,

BILL DE WOLF.

WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED LOVE?



EDUCATION

DISCUSSION GROUP

by Sgt. Fydell

"When the shadow of fascism fell over nations in Europe the first casualty was popular discussion. Our enemies have grasped the fact that 'democracy is government by discussion'. It is time for us to grasp it too. When people talk and think about their common problems they develop a mind of their own and a will of their own. They become less gullible, and less amendable to the slogans and catch words and tricks of demagogues."

With these facts in mind, a discussion group was started at Gander some two month ago.

The group was formed with a twofold object, to become better informed and to help its members define and make clear in their own minds their attitudes on questions of the day. This accomplished through listening to other speakers, through discussing what has been presented, through asking questions, and through research on the part of each individual.

Sponsorship for the group is given by the educational office and the Y.M.C.A. under the Educational Officers, F/O Cummings and Mr. Ken Genge.

The group began with an attendance of about a dozen but, has flourished until it numbers about forty. The women's division is represented as well as other services on the station and their contributions have added to the benefits derived from the meetings.

The programme of each meeting is quite simple. A speaker, who has done some research and, who is usually one of the group, opens up the topic with a fifteen to thirty minute talk. After this, members ask questions and discuss the topic from all sides. At about 2130 hours, the large group separates into various smaller groups which carry on until "far into the night."

The following list of subjects and their speakers shows how varied and interesting are the topics dealt with.

"Canada—America's Problem", L.A.C. Findley.

"Canadian Immigration", Cpl. Laughlin.

"Germany, its Past and Present", LAC Tupper.

"Russia", LAC Marks.

"Education", F/O Larson.

"The Aleutian Islands", F/O Griffin.

"Anti-Semitism", LAC Rubalsky.

"Canadian Nationalism", Sgt. Fydell.

"Mexico", Sgt. Hyder.

"Rehabilitation" was discussed by F/O Larson at the first meeting.

The group meets in the basement of the hospital every Sunday evening at 2000 hours and welcomes anyone who is interested.

CORRESPONDENCE COURSES

Why not take a correspondence course?

You are, no doubt, aware that it is possible to learn to play the piano in six easy lessons and surprise your friends. You can extend the circumference of your biceps to a surprising extent all for a mere two dollars down and a dollar a month plus postage. Even to be the life of the party can be learned by correspondence.

Since all this is possible it should be simple by comparison to master mere book-learning.

Do you know that you can take a course in Steam Engineering up to 500 H. P. or even over 500 H.P. if thought necessary. A course in general salesmanship might make for social success. For the lad of domestic habits Art and Handwork, Home Economics or even Needlework Grade X are recommended. For the careless motorists courses in Surveying and Leveling or Motor Insurance Claims Assessor might be helpful. Health and Hygiene and Sanitary Inspectorship are available should need arise.

Besides all these, of course, there are the more conventional courses, which, if less spectacular, at least do promise complete matriculation standing. It is possible also to obtain an Arts Degree by correspondence. For details see the Educational Officer.



SONG FOR AN OLD DREAM

We thought we'd go to Paris
Some year in early Spring—
We'd wander through those magic
streets

And hear the chattering
About us—that quick, liquid tongue
That I could never learn.
But now the road to Paris
Is blocked at every turn.

Though spring may come to Paris
It will not bring delight.
The Paris of our younger dreams
Is wrapped in dreadful night.
The Eiffel tower, the Louvre, the
Seine—

All spots we thought we'd see
Are visited by stranger hosts
And bitter destiny.

It will not last forever—
Oh, not forever so!
They must be free, as we are free—
Though hard the course, and slow.
But all men go to Paris
Who fight that city's foe

SGT. GLORIA LAURESTON.



SAUCE FOR THE GANDER

(Continue from Page 2)

not only work here—we LIVE here. This Station, during our tour of duty, is our HOME and a home is what we make it. Every true home is built around a family—and every member of a family contributes. As the "old man" of our family I expect you all to contribute. In general we get little more out of anything than we put into it and I'm not too kindly disposed towards those who are content to coast along on the lower end of the effort scale. The ants have a name for them and keep their family happy by tossing them out. I respect the ants.

While we live here, we must occupy ourselves **gainfully**. We, that is our Block and Unit Commanders, have been reducing our Station strength generally so that we will have only our actual **requirements** to meet normal full flying day needs and to that end have arranged a large number of postings out in several trades without replacements. This has been done deliberately in order that all those who are here may be kept fully occupied. I appreciate that we are seriously under strength in several trades but remedial action is in hand. Frankly, I admit I prefer to see us slightly under strength than substantially over it. If you don't understand what I mean just ask someone who has had the misfortune to have no work allotted and who has allowed himself to be idle here for an extended period.

Gander is no place to be and be idle. It is a true statement about any Station but it is especially so here. **SO KEEP BUSY AT ALL COSTS.** I have instructed our Block and Unit Commanders, when their personnel have caught up with their work, not to let them stand around the hangars, shops or offices half on duty and half off; rather keep only enough to ensure that they will be occupied and send the rest off to occupy themselves. However, sending you away to take exercise in the Drill Hall or into organized sports is not enough. The great responsibility for keeping yourselves busy is **your own individual problem**, and not of your officers or senior N.C.O.'s. We can give you the time off, place the facilities at your disposal, urge you on and so forth—but **YOU YOURSELF** are the one who should be most interested in your own well being.

There is plenty to do, even in the worst spells of weather. The occupations may not be exactly in line of Air Force duty—but they are things that are contributions to our "family's" comfort and well being—little jobs of cleaning up, painting, shovelling snow, writing articles for your magazine, comments to your radio station, getting your hair cut mending your clothes, checking your kit or your inventory, studying for trade improvement or post war careers, indulging in your hobby—all little things but all **USEFUL**. If it is useful it is worth doing. I have little respect for the man or woman among us who is content to pass a day of which he cannot say in the evening looking back, "I have **EARNED** my

Wedding Bells

It was a beautiful morning, the sun was shining and it was Wednesday, January 19. F/L John Peter Dale of the Famous "DUMBO" Squadron, took the hand of Nursing Sister Florence Jean McLeod. It was the second time in the history of the station, that two officers were married at it's Chapel.

The ceremony was very well attended and F/L Comfort, the Padre officiated. A large reception was held later at the Officer's Mess. The Bride and Groom spent their honeymoon in Canada.

rest, I have been of use to myself and to my Service". I do not want any officers or N.C.O.'s under my command who turn from manual work because it is beneath their "dignity", nor tradesmen from work outside their trade because "it is somebody else's job". Every task on this Station is our common responsibility to complete, and if you have time and opportunity to help the other fellow and fail to do it, you have failed us all.

I know that what I have said is very much like a sermon—but it is sincere, very very sincere indeed. To those of you who have read this far I know you will be happier by following the advice. My final word is to ask you to convert as many other as possible into following it.



THE PIGGERY ended the ham shortage.—The "Gander" Staff saved in the nick of time!

* * * * *

THE GEE-SEE (to recumbent officer on lounge in O. Mess): Now look here young man you'll have to move, the Establishment doesn't call for sleeping in the Officer's Mess.

* * * * *

A.C.1:—I feel like telling that sergeant where to get off again.

A.C.2:—What do you mean again?

A.C.1:—I felt like telling him yesterday too.

* * * * *

P. O.:—Who the hell put those flowers on the table?

Orderly:—The C. O. Sir.

P. O.:—Pretty aren't they.

* * * * *

Doc.—I hear you suffer from rheumatism.

Sick Airman:—Yes Sir, What else can you do with it.

* * * * *

Love is one game that is never called on account of darkness.

* * * * *

The Lord gave us two ends to use
One to think with the other to sit with,
The war depends on which we choose,
Heads we win, tails we lose.

* * * * *

Airman:—What kind of pie is this?

Cook:— What does it taste like?

Airman:—Glue.

Cook:— It's apple. Our pumpkin tastes like soap.

A former telephone operator is going with an expedition into the South American jungle. The call of the wild, of course, is nothing new to her.

* * * * *

"DO YOU know the difference between a popular and unpopular girl?"

"Yes, and no."

* * * * *

P.O.:—I saw you on Piccadilly winking at the girls.

F.O.:—I wasn't winking, it was windy and something got in my eye.

P.O.:—Oh Yeah. She got in your taxi, too.

* * * * *



BILLBOARD ENCOUNTERED by bedraggled German troops as they advanced in a recent abortive winter offensive against the Russians:

You too can be a PRISONER OF WAR
Spend the "duration" at beautiful LAKE LOUISE, CANADA

"Don't delay, Surrender today."

(Signed)

United Nations Chamber of Commerce.

—Inspired by Canadian Dental Corps' "Dental Scraps".

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

"C'mon Joe, let's go down and have a look."

"Icing? Just sissy stuff."

"Hi cutie, look,—one hand!"

"Wires! Where?"

"T. C. A. wouldn't try this, I bet."

"Must be at least **two** wingspans apart."

"If my old instructor could see me now he'd croak."

"These Met. Forecasters are all wet."

"Let's see if they'll duck."

—REST IN PEACE...Amen.—



Hello..VORG

Will you play
"Td Love To Spend One Hour With You".

SLIPSTREAM



CALLING ALL CARS

By Sgt. L. A. Stevens

Calling all Cars. Calling all Cars. Before I get into this too deep I just want to say that the writer is just an amateur as you readers will learn later.

Deputy Chief F/Sgt. MacKenzie (better known as Mac) of this famous Police Force is back again on the old job and is ready for anything that is put before him. Mac just spent at least 5 days at Carbonear. Big Jack Moran left for his native home on a 21 day furlough somewhere in the hills of Matapedia.

Jack Adams calls the old burg Joy Town (not bad Adams). Oh yes Jack was promoted to Sgt. some time ago and we had to lasso him to get him into the Mess. Taxi driver Emin (Taxi lady), we sure miss your Wooden Shoes in the mornings when we are trying to get a wink. The Big Chief took a five day pass to Twillingate and got back on time, how do you do it Major? Oh yes, three of our famous sleuths have been posted, Berube, Hanson and Oliver. We sure miss you boys, and we hope that your stay will be long and happy.

Well he is in there punching again, Pugilist Sammy Leonard, better known in those days as Knock Out Leonard. Sammy says that Gander is so much like home that he never wants to leave. Well his old friend Jack Campbell is here with him and is better known as Old Rustler Campbell. Sammy says that he has taken about all he can stand from Jack. He is ready to challenge any Campbell. Watch out Jack, it's your funeral.

Well how is stocks to-day 'Day, Cpl Day (Doug for short) says that he doesn't care how long the war lasts as long as the stock market doesn't get bombed. (Watch the ticker Doug.) Welcome to Gander, Sgt. Williams. How do you like Gander?

HELLO Leo, was that you on the phone for at least half an hour? HELLO Stevie, is that you? Cpls. Hank Korosky and Coon are sure giving each other a lot of competition.

Calling drivers Hayes, Ferry and Watts. Two telephone operators to be picked up at Airmen's Mess and

RADIO RANCH

This is our first appearance in the "Gander", not because of shyness on our part, nor any desire to remain aloof, but simply because we, as a unit, had not been here long enough to become as "Ganderized" as the other units on the station. We now feel fully qualified in this last requisite to take our rightful place among the rest of the "Goslings".

Seriously though, we are happy indeed to contribute our little bit toward the success of the splendid magazine the "Gander". The Christmas issue was, in our opinion, a knock-out.

It will be our aim to feature a brief outline on outstanding members of our unit in each issue and it is only appropriate that we should begin with our senior member, that efficient and pretty swell fellow, our Technical Officer, F/Lt. P. F. Peter.

Born in Blackpool, England, October 22nd, 1920, he very early began a wandering career. His father's business as an engineer carried him, during the next ten years, on an extended sort of Cook's Tour to Spanish Morocco, Egypt, India, Germany, Russia, and South America, finally settling down in Montreal.

Here Paul was educated, finishing off at that august seat of learning, McGill University. He joined the R.C.A.F. in March, 1942.

He has been with "Radio Ranch" almost since they cut it out of the Newfoundland bush. We hate to lose him, but wish him every success on his new post back in Canada.

transport to Toll House at once. Later coffee for Flo, Ruth and Lucky (that is all).

Arky Dalton, another pugilist in our Force. Old Man Buie says that his pipe is just about ready to take off. Watch the exhaust Emin and get that respirator ready.

Well, we finally caught up with Sgt. Stevens, better known as Stevie,

ALIAS STATION WORKSHOPS

The "GANDER" would not be complete without a little news from Station Workshops and by the way it may be noted that is the only workshops that found it necessary to use snow fencing in summer to keep the work from drifting in.

Well, here goes for a little gossip.

We are glad to see our O.C. S/L. Lund back, after a lengthy stay in the hospital with an injured knee. Hope you are soon feeling as good as ever "Sir".

A big vote of thanks from S/L. Lund and all the boys is due to F/Lt. Perkins, who cracked the whip in the absence of S/L. Lund.

Our genial N.C.O. i/c, F/Sgt. Porter, was out enjoying a well earned rest in God's Country, is now back full of vim and vigor and full of new ideas.

Sgt. Brown carried the load in the absence of F/Sgt. Porter, and came thru with flying colors. Rumor has it he will re-muster to a carpenter at the next Trade Board.

What's this we hear about Sgt. Richard disappearing in the gloom each evening dressed in running togs. The reason for this requires further investigation. May be expecting a transfer home. With the snow so deep he will have to stay in barracks bending bars and lifting weights perfecting the body beautiful.

A hearty welcome to the three new arrivals to Station Workshops, L.A.C. MacArthur, L.A.C. Price and L.A.C. Luscott, may your stay be a lengthy one.

So long for now, look up this column for more dope in the Gander next month.

on Gander. Of course he has only been here nineteen months, just a visitor. Say Stevie, what's all the attraction in Middle Brook. Now don't tell me you were fishing.

Calling all Cars. Calling all Cars. Stand by for action. We are now ready to present and publish in the next issue of the Gander a few amateur police tales.

CHRISTMAS STORY

(Continued from page 9)

Some of us went to work the next morning—dragged ourselves dazedly out of bed after about three hours' sleep, and stumbled into the mess hall, half blind. The dim colored lights and the darkness outside didn't help much, but I do recall that the people I was able to distinguish, all appeared to be the same ones who had been in there the night before, and their attitudes suggested that they had been there all night, or up all night anyway, which they had been. Members of the band were there too, just returned from serenading the camp with "White Christmas," "Silent Night," and "Jingle Bells," all played at once.

At work, in spite of the arduous day and night preceding, everyone was in the best of spirits. Even the telephone conversations were begun and ended with "Merry Christmas!" When the King spoke at noon we heard him. Silently we stood and listened, and for a moment it was as though he were speaking to us alone—away up here on the top of the world. We were proud, and I think each of us was thinking, a little, of the other places in the world where others like us were also listening, and of the people back home, listening and thinking of us.

Christmas noon was bright and sunny. We lined up outside the mess hall to wait until it opened for our dinner sitting. The officers filed by, strangely subdued and tired looking, into the mess to serve us, in R.C.A.F. tradition, on this, our day. As we entertained the door we were each given gingerale or beer and cigarettes. The tables were set and all we had to do was sit at them and be served and eat. It was all like a wonderful party. Everyone was everyone else's best friend, and the noise in the hall was a roar of continuous laughter. The dinner was excellent and plentiful. The waiters were most courteous. The band played carols, Christmas songs, and Strauss waltzes, and some of us waltzed in the aisles for sheer happiness.

That is the way I shall always remember it—all of us will remember it that way, I think. It was such a gay time—Christmas in Gander, like nothing anywhere else, ever.

L. A. C. McLELLAN

(Continued from page 20)

radio mechanic taking courses at Saskatoon, Clinton, and Corpus Christi, Texas. He was eventually posted to Gander. In the meantime his wife and seven and a half year old son are, as he says, "camp followers" and travelled everywhere with him except into the United States. A few weeks ago they arrived in Newfoundland and are for the present located at Grand Falls.

John has been an exhibitor in the following: Exhibition of Contemporary Painting by young British Artists 1938 (held in London and later in Paris), Royal Scottish Academy, 1939, Royal Canadian Academy, 1940, Royal Canadian Academy, 1941, Canadian Armed Forces Art Exhibition, Hart House, Toronto, 1942, Canadian Society of Graphic Art, 1943, and the Royal Canadian Academy, 1943. The portrait shown in this year's R.C.A. was among 50 selected for the travelling R.C.A. exhibit to tour Canada.

V O R G

(Continued from page 19)

VORG is providing sustaining recorded programs of both classical jive, newscasts and sports round up in addition to a few special features including the popular Sunday evening spot, "The C. O. Plays Host".

New plans are being formulated for special events and feature spots, to build up the schedule and expand the daily broadcasting hours to the utmost. Arrangements are being made for Canadian news services, all the latest in Canadian sports and for many other types of programs, all of which are to be designed for the enjoyment of its listening audience. The set up too is being made elastic so as to give broadcasting time to all the services on the station.

For the present the station is working under a slight handicap. The studio is set up in the basement of the Commanding Officer's home and, while this arrangement is proving quite satisfactory, it does tend to lessen the efficient running of the station. However, a much larger set up has been promised and will include a large and small studio, a control room, a record library, a transmitter room and an office. In its plans for the very near future, **VORG** hopes to pick up remote broadcasts, dances and shows from the R.C.A.F. Theater, church services from the chapel, sports events from a Drill Hall, and Eugene Hill's recorded classical hour.

Flying Officer E. C. Skowby, who is in charge of the Wireless Section of Dumbo Squadron, was appointed chairman of the Gander Broadcasting Committee at the meeting of organization held at the home of the Commanding Officer on December 20, 1943.

A great deal of credit is also due to Flight Sergeant F. E. Anderson, chief engineer, for his part in the all important mechanical side of the picture and of course to A.C. 1 Bob Harvie, program director, through whose efforts the daily schedule is produced. Other members of the main committee include Flying Officer A. T. Patterson, in charge of publicity and the special events department, and the secretary, L.A.W. Eleanore Martin.

MARCH-SWEET OR SWING

(Continued from page 5)

some pills and a fever chart. Hastily and with the aid of the Sgt. Major Collum, (P. T. and D.) they concocted some amazing skits. One about the perils of a blond lassie in a gaumlicated Toronto street car with a body of those "gallant lads in blue" (?) Another about the trials and tribulations of a tired, wheezy old Ford the morning after a cold night.

Then for good measure the Swing Group, at which W.O. 2 Stuart "Pinky" Pink, W.A.G. from Dumbo Squadron sits in on the hot piano, played some strictly inspirational chamber music (of the lower Basin St. variety).

They have done some travelling too since they hit C.A.P.O. 4. They opened the new Rec. Hall at No. 1 Group, St. John's and played the U.S.O. Hall there.

Group Captain C. L. Annis, O.B.E. Commanding Officer of this base had the following comment to make about the outfit, "**I am extremely grateful to this very fine orchestra for the splendid support they are giving me in trying to maintain a high morale standard on this section.**"



To the readers
of the R.C.H.T.
Station magazine
"Keep me flying"
My best wishes
Love
Laurie Turner

