

Gander



July - August - 1944





Published through the kind permission of the Commanding Officer G/C H. B. Godwin, in the interest of station personnel

THE STAFF

Editor-in-Chief F/O Hy Steirman
Editor LAC H. W. Huehnergard
Business Manager Cpl. Joan Hall
Photographer F/S "Hap" Day
W.D. Editor LAW Sue Jacobs
Sports Editor Sgt. Larry Ranson
Associate Editors LAW Grace Babbitt
Sgt. I. W. M. Dunaway, LAW "Ev" Roberts
Entertainment Eugene Hill YMCA
Artists LAC McLellan, Cpl. Jean Ramsey

ASSOCIATES

Ken Genge YMCA, LAW Isabel Brownlee, Sgt. Billings,
AW1 Molly Brown, Cpl. Jean Simmonds, LAW T. Smyth.

THE COMMANDING OFFICER PINS OAK LEAVES ON FOUR AIRCREW MENTIONED IN DISPATCHES

F/L STAN BRUCE

WO2 LOADER

WO2 GRIGGS

SGT. JACKSON





A/V/M G. O. JOHNSON PINS D.F.C. ON S/L 'AL' IMRIE



SHAKES HANDS WITH F/L A. M. JAMES, A.F.C.

CONGRATULATES F/O COULTER, M.I.D.



PINS D.F.C. ON F/L CLAIRE BRADLEY



CONGRATULATES F/O 'ED' BRADY, M.I.D.

INVESTITURE

The Investiture parade on August 2nd was most impressive to a newcomer to Gander.

By a quarter to eight on Wednesday morning the squadrons had already fallen in, and were moving in a long column of route down the runway in front of the hangars to take up their positions.

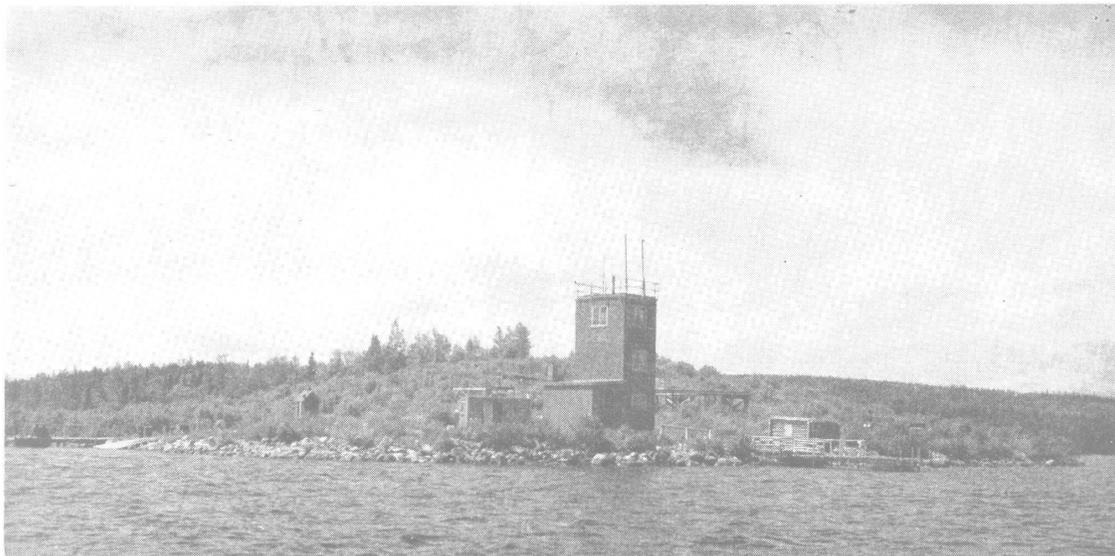
Libs, lined up in the background, silent, motionless, seemed to be watching through the light mist that was drifting in from the East.

The new band, just recently arrived on the station from No. 1 I.T.S., Toronto, put in its first appearance and was very much appreciated. After the wing had joined up in close column on the wide apron of another runway, the band soothed the parade with varied selections while the Commanding Officer inspected each squadron.

Then after the formation of a hollow square, Group Captain Godwin made the presentations of the Oakleaf to F/L Bruce, WO2 Loader, WO2 Griggs, and Sgt. I. N. P. Jackson, all of whom were mentioned in dispatches.

The second investiture on August 11th was even more impressive in spite of the showers which dampened officers, ranks, and heroes alike. The Distinguished Flying Cross was awarded to S/L Al Imrie and F/L C. W. Bradley. The Air Force Cross was given to F/L A. M. James, while F/O Coulter from No. 1 Group and F/O E. J. Brady both received the Oakleaf, having been mentioned in dispatches.

The decorations were presented by Air Vice Marshal G. O. Johnson, C.B., M.C., up from E.A.C. for the occasion.



SOULIES SECRET SQUADRON

by LAC H. Huehnergard

Not far from Gander, secluded in the Newfie bush on the edge of Soulies Pond is a lone three story building which is the home of Soulies Secret Squadron, otherwise known as the Bombing and Gunnery range. The tower, arrow and the target islands are a familiar sight to aircrew who almost daily fly over it during practice bombing missions.

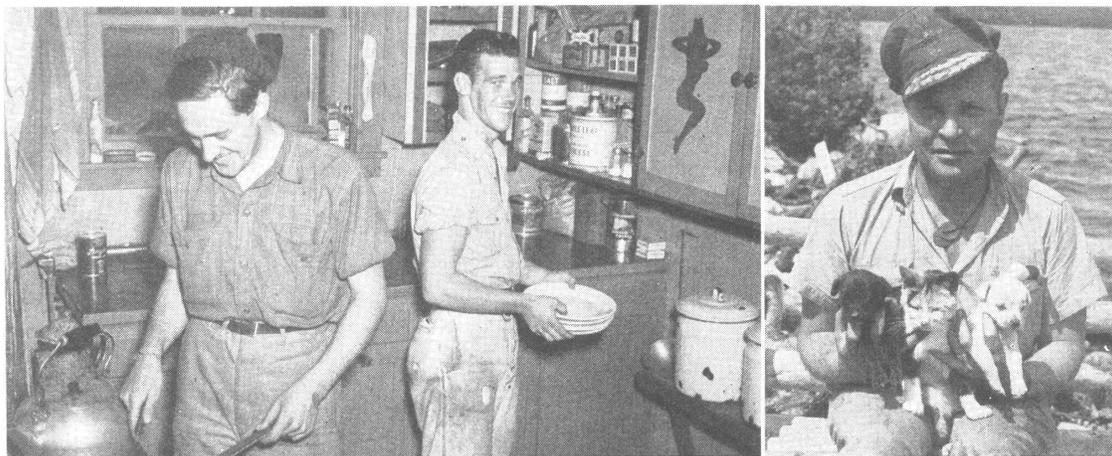
Two armourers, a marine man and a hospital assistant staff this outpost of Gander, recording all the hits and misses of these flights. Isolated as they are, living presents a big problem but these ingenious lads love it. From Reveille to Taps, it's a continuous round of different jobs which range from cooking breakfast, building a wharf or taking a reading on the Aldis sight.

Greeting us at the Benton Station, after a rolly-coaster ride on "Gallop Gertie" the speeder, was veteran F/S R. K. "Van" Vanderburgh of London, Ont. Be-

decked in flat hat, trimmed with "egg yolk," "Van" is the C.O., N.C.O. in charge, general manager and sometimes the cook of the group. Having been there since the opening of the range, he knows the setup and has gradually made improvements in the living conditions.

On the crash boat which took us the two and a half miles to the range, was marine man "Art" Gloves of Lincoln, Maine and Ottawa. Art was returning from the hospital after a check up. A few nights previous he'd been diving in the lake when the bottom came up to meet him. Art stated that for the first time in history of the range the Hospital Assistant, LAC E. A. C. Howard, was of any use.

After landing at one of the two wharves, built by the boys in their spare time, Howard learned about Art's cutting remarks and quipped that he was "joe" most of the time in the kitchen and didn't have time to follow



his trade and besides the fellows were too careful.

Hospital assistants are changed every two weeks and a previous medic put to use his free moments to do a mural in oils. The scene depicts a general view of the camp at sundown.

LAC William "Stew" Steward, the other member of the crew, is from Vancouver (although "Van" said he was bragging and that he was a "bluenoser" from Glace Bay). "Stew" was too busy to do much talking as he was engaged in preparing coffee for the gang.

Prior to dinner "Van" brought out a set of dice. It was thought at first this was a signal for a little game. But the rolling of the ivories here took on a different meaning as we soon learnt. All "joe" jobs are decided by the cubes.

On the kitchen wall are D.R.O.'s (published every three years) for the "Squadron." They read as follows:

Low man —Dishwasher.
2nd Low Man—Dish Dryer.
3rd Low Man—Clean outside.
4th Low Man—Clean Tower.

Sunday

Two low men wash kitchen and wash all wood work.

3rd Low Man—rake gravel.
4th Low Man—clean out motor shack.

Kitchen Fatigue

One man to cook breakfast weekly.

The living room on the first floor boasts of a grass rug, curtains, two upholstered chairs and a chesterfield. These were salvaged from the Sgts. Mess. Also in the room is a radio, a canteen and icebox. On the second floor is a wireless set with which they keep in constant touch with the "bench" at the Station Armament Section. The officer responsible for the boys and Soulies is the armament officer F/L Al Campbell. The Aldis sight and a newly installed remote control radio equipment are located on the third floor. The range has bunks and sleeping bags to accommodate eight men.

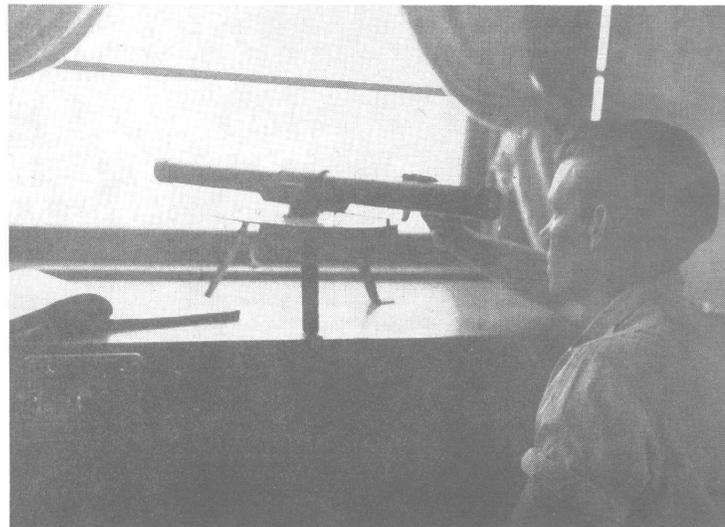
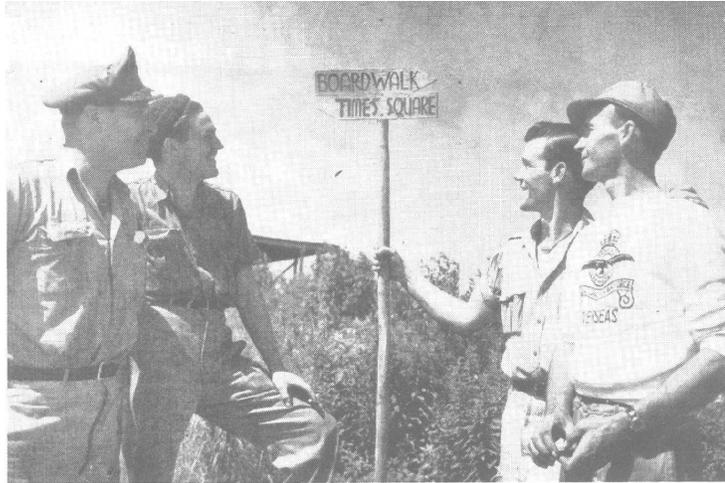
Electric power for the camp is generated by a gasoline engine.

Probably the only one in captivity is the Range's Detention Barracks. Built by the crew the "cooler" is really an ice house. During the winter they cut and store their own ice.

Streets not more than a hundred yards in length are all named. Sign posts read "Boardwalk and Times Square," "Broadway and Rotton Row."

Pets at one time outnumbered the personnel. There is a Newfie sleigh dog called "Doc," a cat named "Spitfire," whose only occupation seemed to be fighting with "Doc." Then there are a couple of week old pups Hep (Hepburn) and Swede (Pederson), so named after visitors to the Range.

Rations are hauled by boat during the summer and by dog team in the winter.



THE BOATBUILDERS

by LAW Grace Babbitt

The old bromide—"Necessity is the mother of invention" revived recently and caused Albert Guthrie and Ronald Scott to become the parents of "Rondell"—a boat in the style of a small cabin cruiser, and a nameless portable kyak.

In the March doldrums of the year 1944 these two ingenious young men fell to dreaming about the sunny summer days that would soon be upon them and the fishing prospects, all of which could be ever so much more interesting if they only had a boat. Nothing daunted, Artful Albert and Resourceful Ronald—known to their fellow workers in the laundry by the more unromantic cognomens of "Junior" and "Scotty"—determined to outdo Henry Kayser at his own game.

"Junior" Guthrie, an easterner from New Brunswick, had been employed in the Saint John drydock prior to his enlistment. There he had assisted in the construction of freighters. This experience undoubtedly provided him with much valuable shipbuilding "gen."

"Scotty" comes from Alliston, Ontario, which town has a river running through it. Back in his carefree civilian days he had had a hand in the building of at least one flat bottomed river boat.

Equipped with this experience, 1 coping saw, 1 hacksaw blade, 1 screwdriver, and 1 jack knife, these two dauntless airmen began the task to which they had assigned themselves.

They set up shop in a shack by the new steam plant in the old Atlas camp, to which they adjourned each evening after completion of their daily routine air force toil. As the building was not wired for electricity there were no lights and they could work in daylight hours only. The heating was notable by its absence.

Employees of the departed Company had discarded an oil drum which had been misemployed as a stove. The suggestion was good enough for our heroes. They moved it in and used their wood chips and shavings for fuel.

For building materials they collected scraps of plywood thrown out by Works and Buildings, the lath from

discarded crates which they discovered to be hardwood, an old tent left by contractors and some other rejected, dejected pieces of canvas (Have you seen your kit bag lately, pal?), a few nails and a few screws. They had no plans, but worked by the trial and error method. From this, and nothing more but their own inventiveness, they fashioned a boat, 12½' from bow to stern, 4' 9" from port to starboard, and 3' from prow to keel.

The frame they made of the lath. With patience and perseverance beyond understanding they warped the wood for the ribs in steam from the hot water faucets in the barracks washroom. When they had completed the frame they cut the canvas to fit it, and sewed it by hand, using shoemaker's thread.

In the meantime it was getting towards the last of May, warm weather had arrived and they were becoming impatient to get out on the lake. Their success up to this point had given them ideas, so in one week, working about an hour and a half each evening, they built a portable kyak. This creation, which will hold three people easily, above water, and four if necessary, consists of a frame built in two 6' lengths, put together with 4 bolts, a canvas cover which zips up bow and stern, and a plywood floor.

After completing this successful enterprise they returned their attentions to the big job.

(Continued on page 32)



**Boatbuilders Guthrie and Scott
Pose for the Cameraman**

**A Really Trim Craft!
The One Waving is W.D.
Cpl. Glad Harvey**

AW, GNATS

by LAW Larson



The Newfie Mosquitoes. Bless their little hearts, they really did a good job of keeping me awake last night—our barrack room was full of them and they co-operated amongst themselves to the nth degree.

According to scientists, or is it botanists, they make those humming noises in three different keys—C, G, and D awful. Maybe they had colds in their noses or had something wrong with their throats, but they just couldn't harmonize. One fruity baritone did have a rather nice voice but he knew it and overdid the whole thing. Besides, he didn't get along very well with the band conductor, who insisted on leading the horde from one ear to the other, leaving only a few snipers in the rear.

After waving my arms around in the air with no beneficial effect, I put my head under the pillow leaving just a small space for air. It was light enough to see those mosquitoes come crawling under, fairly grinding their teeth, wiping their chins, and smoothing their whiskers as they gazed hungrily at my face. At the time, no doubt, they were making rapid mental calculations as to which portions were easiest to chew.

One beckoned with his hind leg and yelled "Hey, Mabel!" to another. A third impudent little number rubbed his feelers together with relish as he greedily licked his lips and winked at his companion, presumably the girl friend. He was probably going to try and impress her with the immensity of his appetite. Perhaps it was their first date together. At any rate I could vouch for said appetite and submit proof from both embarrassing and non-embarrassing sources. I just hope that those who got away had acute indigestion.

Most of them were doomed, as I murdered them with gusto, but it didn't leave me much time to sleep. Finally, I got up and stood by my bed and swore at the cluster of woman-eaters swarming over the pillow. The girl in the next bed was awake too. I could just see her eyes—the rest of her was draped in a sheet although a person would need an ingenious device of steel-plated coverings to escape those cannibals.

The two of us discussed the situation, found our conclusions were exactly the same, and somewhat mollified I made another attempt to get my beauty sleep—after first removing all corpses from the bed. It was hard work as the little beggars were quite heavy, but the effort left me exhausted, and I did get to sleep at last. I enjoyed a nightmare, which was sheer pleasure compared to being awake and aware of my unresisting

contribution to the mosquitoes' breakfast. Today my forehead—whatever resembles an object covered with an assortment of lumps and bumps.

I particularly wish I could photograph their dental equipment which is quite amazing and uncomfortably effective. One carried a spare plate of reinforcements to be used in an emergency, and another had an intricate gold filling in the front tooth. His was the bite that caused my arm to swell up like an aftermath of T.A.B.T.

Tonight I am taking a gun to bed with me and will not spare one mosquito no matter how sincerely he falls on his knees and begs for mercy. I might go so far as to loan him the gun and permit him to do it himself which would obliterate the finger print angle, but under no circumstances will he get an opportunity for turning my face into a series of steaks, cold cuts, and shepherd's pie.

I hope Mabel Mosquito and her boy friend take heed—this is positively the last warning, and there are no hunting laws to protect them.

Now where can I get a gun?

"S" DAY

by LAC Kilbank A.C.

The magic word flashed down the line of waiting airmen like a sputtering fuse. The effect was instantaneous. A gleam came into dulled eyes and listless faces suddenly shone with anticipation. Old-timers, browned off by countless months of beef stew, sought to pre-

pare themselves for possible disappointment by loftily informing comparative newcomers that these rumours had spread before. However, they were not convincing, and in 5 minutes the growing line of men were drooling like a pack of St. Bernards. As each man pushed into the mess hall, he saw that it was true. There they lay, one on each plate, brown and sizzling, giving off a frag-

(Continued on page 32)





COMMAND TRACK MEET

by LAW EV ROBERTS

It was a last minute invitation to the EAC Track Meet that Gander received, but three days later F/O W. C. Miller, six girls and four men who were willing to compete without adequate preparation, were on their way to Halifax.

E.A.C. Track Meet was held on Thursday afternoon, the Army and Navy eliminations having been held earlier in the week.

The Meets were all held at the Navy League Recreation Centre—an excellent playground, bounded on one side by historic old Citadel Hill, and on another by Halifax's beautiful Public Gardens.

Promptly at 2.00 p.m., a colorful (take that word very literally please) March Past of all competitors in their sports attire began, A.V.M. G. O. Johnson taking the salute.

Competent officials, a lively tune from the Dartmouth R.C.A.F. Band from time to time and a number of outstanding athletes made the afternoon pass quickly.

Sgt. Ronson, LAC Bradley and LAC Weaver competed in races,

while Cpl. Day represented Gander at Shot Put and Discus. The W.D.'s took part in high jumping and the 440 yd. Relay Race.

In the latter even, six teams ran on a track designed for four. If you could have seen "Peewee" Clark, looking even more diminutive than usual, waiting for the signal to run, you would have feared, as your reporter feared, that her name would be appearing in the "In Memoriam" column. However, she held her own very well among some rather "hefty" competitors. "Polly" Cunningham and Jane Leavoy each did some fine running in second and third positions and "Glad" Harvey gained on her rivals right up to the last second. Our team made a fine attempt and came third in the race.

"Pat" Podolski and Vera Embury used up a lot of energy at high jumping. All members of the Gander Track Meet team made very genuine efforts and one could see that there was much latent ability in each competitor and that, with more practice, very good results might have been achieved.

One of the highlights of the day's events was the jumping of Sgt. Burton, Torbay. He easily out-jumped all of his rivals and won all four of the jumping events.

Good going Sarge! We Norther "Newfie" cousins of yours are proud of you.

The Summerside W.D.'s carried off the honours in the W.D. Events. The R.A.F. team from Moncton won the trophy for the third consecutive year, but the Summerside boys gave them a hard run for the silverware.

The Inter-service Track Meet held on Saturday, 19th Aug. made a very impressive opening with selections by the Army, Navy and R.C.A.F. bands in turn, and one selection by the three bands combined.

Hundreds of enthusiastic spectators cheered from the bleachers. From start to finish there was a keen struggle between Navy and R.C.A.F. for supremacy. There was seldom more than a 2 point margin at any time during the afternoon. Standings were announced frequently and the suspense was keen. The Navy was one point ahead when the final event—the ½ mile race began. Almost to the last split second it was uncertain just who the winner of the event would be. A Navy lad was the first to touch the tape, making the final standing as follows: Navy 51½ points, R.C.A.F. 48½, Army 32. Everyone joined in the loud applause as the trophy, which had been held during the past year by the R.C.A.F., was awarded to the Navy.

After doing an excellent job as starter, Captain "Phil" Edwards, well known sprinter in Canadian athletic fields, addressed the Meet. Dr. Edwards stated that he was pleased to see so many young men and women in uniform still showing such keen interest in sports, and expressed the hope that when the peace is won, Canada will be the scene of the Marathon Races, and that some of these same young people will be among the outstanding athletes of the world.

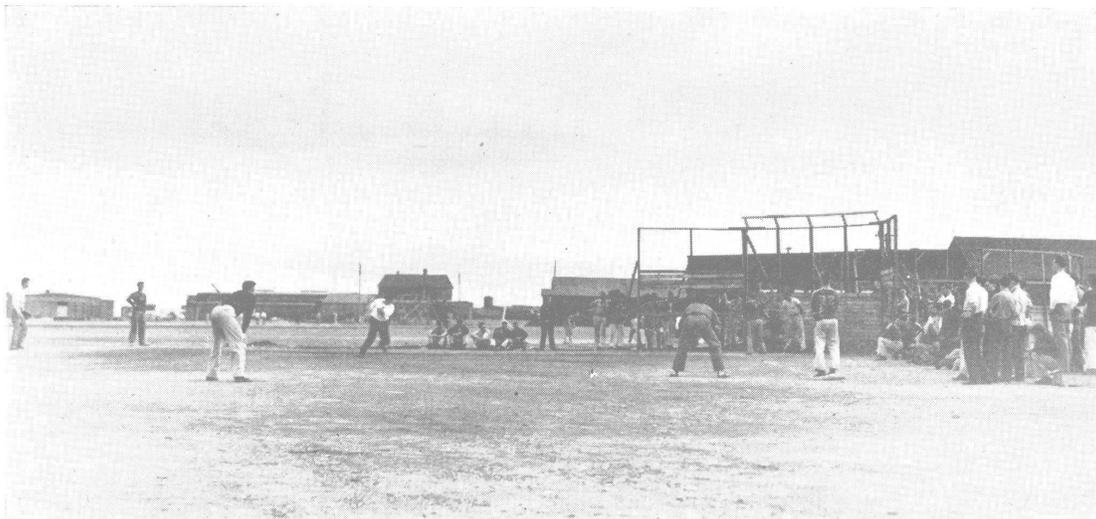
Events won by the R.C.A.F. were as follows: Discus, 440 yd. Dash, Shot Put, Pole Vault, Running Broad Jump (W.D.) Broad Jump and One Mile Relay.

Limited space makes it impossible to give a complete list of names of winners, record times, distances, etc., but all of these details will be posted on the Bulletin Board in the Drill Hall.

Sorry you weren't along folks, it was fun.



Left to right, back row: LAC Bradley, Sgt. Podolski, LAW Levoy, Cpl. Embury, LAC Weaver. Front row: LAW Cunningham, F/O W. C. Miller, LAW Roberts, Cpl. Harvey, AW1 Clark (missing are Sgt. Ranson and Cpl. Day).



DUMBO "C'S" SOFTBALL CHAMPIONS

Despite the brisk weather, a huge turnout watched the final game between the Dumbo C's and the Dumbo "Air" for the R.C.A.F. station championship. Rooting, cheering, jeers for the umpire, etc., and thrills galore made this game the most spectacular of the season with the Dumbo C's gaining the championship by the score of 10-7. The only thing missing were the pop bottles.

Batting first were the C's, and before the bleachers settled down, the score was 2-0. The second half of the inning left the score untouched.

In the second the C's couldn't get close to Gilfillan's smoke ball. When the aircrew came to bat, the rally started. Shane hit a double and Gilfillan went to first on a single. Griggs (center field) batted a clean triple bringing Shane and Gil in to tie the score. Right fielder Spanky Spance hit a single to bring Griggs in, ending the second inning with the score of 3-2.

At the beginning of the third, with one man out, Flaman, star short stop for the C's, slammed in a triple. Van Sickle, not content to rest on his pitching laurels hit a single to bring in Flaman and tie the score. The C's proved their prowess in the field as well as at bat. Peck after catching a pop fly at center, dashed after the ball again to make a razzle-dazzle catch, and did the crowd love it. Shane, up at bat for the second time, hit another double, but "air" were forced to retire with the score still 3-3.

In the first half of the fourth, with one man out, Cader singled. Peck up at bat next swated in a double. Left fielder Doyle hit out, but Cader who was at third made a clean play for home. With two men out and a man on third, Marriott hit to right field, and Spanky made a spectacular catch on the run, ending the first half of the inning. The latter half saw Wright and Harwood on base with singles but "Air" was forced to retire without adding to their score and were on the lower end of 4-3.

The fifth was a glorious inning for the C's. With Flaman on third and Van Sickle on second and Knowles out, Riley hit a double, bringing two runs in. Peck up next gets to first, Doyle pops out, and pitcher Gilfillan walks Marriott, leaving two men out and bases loaded. Cader was up next and after hitting the ball was out on a forced play, but not until Riley came home before the put out.

The score is now 7-3. By the end of the eighth, the C's are still leading 9-3, and the tension is mounting higher. With "Air" up at bat, Wright came in on a wild throw. laugh with a bit of pantomime) after wangling his way to third, Wright comes in on a wild throw. Spanky singles, Harwood pops out, Bradley hits a fly out to left field and Soanky comes in on the sacrifice. Gillanders, the "Air" spark plug and tongue lasher hits to short and is forced out at first. The score is now 9-5.

In the last inning, with both teams still trying, Doyle singles, Marriott singles, Lucas pops out, and Doyle and Marriott are on third and second. Flaman singles and Doyle comes in. Sickle is struck out and Knowles pops out to retire the side.

In the last half inning, with the pressure on, Luscombe hits a single, Shane hits his third double for the day. With a man on second and third the crowd is in a fever as there are no men out, Gilfillan after a strenuous game of pitching, swats a clean double, bringing in two runs. The score is 10-7, with a man on second and no men out. The crowd gets hysterical and the "Air" rooters are shrieking their heads off.

Griggs is up next and he bunts safely to first. Wright, flies out. Spanky is struck out by some superb pitching on Van Sickle's part, and the hopes for "Air" died when the last man to bat, Harwood, hits a fly to outfield to end the game 10-7.

The line-up for the Champs was: catcher, Cader; pitcher, Van Sickle; first, Lucas; second, Marriott; third, Knowles; shortstop, Flaman; right field, Riley; center, Peck; left field, Doyle.

The line-up for the Dumbo "Air" was, catcher, Gillanders; pitcher, Gilfillan; first, Shane; second, Bradley; third, Harwood; shortstop, Luscombe; right field, Spance; center, Griggs; left field, Wright.

Umpires were: Wiseman, Brownell and Myles.

the feminine front

W/O W. Walker, MBE

By L.A.W. Sue Jacobs

Gander was honored recently by a visit from a distinguished guest: Wing Officer Willa Walker, MBE, the senior officer of the RCAF Women's Division. Her arrival at Gander, on July 2nd, was further notable by the fact that it coincided with the third anniversary of the C.W.A.F.'s, forerunners of the W.D.'s.

A W.D. could do no better than to survey Wing Officer Walker's career for inspiration in her service life. Her civilian record is so varied and unusual that it is impossible to do more than summarize it here. In 1934 she left her Montreal home and signed on as postmistress on an Empress of Britain World Cruise, and her success in this enterprise led to an appointment in Washington, as social secretary to Sir Herbert Marler, Minister to the United States. After two years in Washington, she returned to Canada, and while in Ottawa with her father, Col. Magee, she met Captain David Walker of the Black Watch, Lord Tweedsmuir's aide. They were married in July, 1939. After Dunkirk, exactly four years before the date of the Allied invasion of France, Captain Walker was listed as missing. Three months later Mrs. Walker learned that he was safe, and a prisoner of war.

In October, 1941, she joined the first 150 AW2's that went into the R.C.A.F. Her intention at the time was to become a clerk, because she could type; or a messenger, because she could ride a bike. In neither of these aspirations was she successful, for she was shortly thereafter commissioned an A.S.O., and was later put in charge of the Manning Depot at Rockcliffe. When Wing Officer Kathleen Walker was sent to head the women of the R.C.A.F. in England, Wing Officer Willa Walker stepped into her place at headquarters. Her life now consists mainly of a succession of trips to inspect the W.D.'s in stations all over Canada.

In common with almost every W.D. in Canada, Mrs. Walker would welcome that almost mythical event, a posting overseas, but for the present, her job is in Canada, serving as the active, charming and competent example and leader of the R.C.A.F., Women's Division.

KNITTING

The Women's Patriotic Association meets every Tuesday afternoon to knit socks for the R.A.F. Services. Members of this Association, which has its headquarters in St. John's, are mostly Newfoundland women and girls, but a warm welcome has been extended to anyone wishing to attend. The meetings are held on the U.S.A.A.F. Base, so W.D.'s wishing to attend are able to get passes from FI/O Jernholm.



MEET THE WRCNS

Gander came in for its share of the invasion this summer, when the cast of "Meet the Navy" arrived at our isolated outpost. We don't have to tell you of the impression the show made on us: anyone who heard the murmurs of "You'll Get Used To It" which went on for weeks after the last sailor hat and pair of bell-bottom trousers vanished in the direction of Labrador could tell you that. The glamour of the show was not in the least diminished, for us, by the fact that the cast shared our barracks, our mess, our drill hall, and our canteen with us. We accepted them as part of ourselves, and when we decided to find out something about our sister service, we cornered them without mercy in their bunks with small respect for their exalted position as builders of our morale.

We found them a varied lot. Some were drafted into the show from professional show business, some had given up entertaining to join the Navy, only to find that the service led them back to their old career, others discovered their ability to sing and dance and produce laughs after the Navy talent scouts came their way.

Three of the girls were among the first 150 to join the Navy when the WRCNS was created. All three had been in show business before, and all three found themselves in Halifax, carrying on a full-time schedule of

(Continued on page 32)



FL/O R. JERNHOLM

After 10 months at Gander, Flight Officer Ruth Jernholm has been posted to Dartmouth. Taking her place as O.C. of the W.D.'s is Flight Officer M. Jackson of Vancouver and formerly stationed at Scoudouc.

The station joins in to say goodbye to Miss Jernholm and wishes her good luck at her new post. To her successor, FI/O Jackson, may we extend a hearty welcome.

Weddings

Last July 8th not one but two weddings were performed in the R.C.A.F. Chapel here. Both were true "war weddings" as everyone, the wedding parties and the congregation, was in uniform. The first wedding took place at 7.30 p.m., when LAW Edna Janet Messenger of Seaforth, Ontario and Cpl. Arthur Roy Erickson of Winnipeg, Manitoba, were united in matrimony. The bride looked very smart in her summer khaki uniform, while the groom wore blue. The bridesmaid was LAW Mary McWaters and the Best Man was LAC E. T. Coles. The bride was given away by our Commanding Officer, G/C M. B. Godwin, and Fl/O R. I. Jernholm acted as "Mother." The double ring ceremony was performed by F/L J. Comfort. While the register was being signed Cpl. Gwen Saunders played "I Love You Truly" on the organ.

After the ceremony G/C Godwin and Fl/O Jernholm departed to call for the second bride, as they were acting in the same capacity for the second wedding as in the first.

At 8.00 p.m. LAW Mildred Irene Williams of Kimberley, B. C., was married to L/Bdr. Thomas Best, R.C.A., of Copper Creek, B. C. In this wedding party everyone was in khaki, and the girls looked very nice indeed. The bridesmaid was LAW Moira Enraght-Moony, and the Best Man Gnr. E. T. Gerrie, R.C.A. This ceremony, too, was performed by F/L Comfort, and the bride was given away by G/C Godwin.

The two wedding parties walked down the aisle together to the strains of the Wedding March from Lohengrin, and as they came out of the Chapel were showered with rice and confetti by their friends.

Later a joint reception was held in the W.D. Lounge. A punch was served in which toasts were drunk to the two lovely brides. A beautifully decorated four-tiered wedding cake was cut by both the brides, with the assistance of their respective husbands. Refreshments were then served, and later there was dancing in the Snack Room.

After the reception the two couples left for a honeymoon in, not Niagara but Grand Falls.

The R.C.A.F. Chapel was the scene of a quiet wedding on June 21st last, when LAW Elsie Selena Biggs, of White Rock, B. C., became the bride of Cpl. Norman Arthur Pickles, of Sunny Brae, N. B. Cpl. Ruby Hamilton acted as bridesmaid, and LAC Frank Moon supported the groom as Best Man. F/L H. B. Jones officiated at the ceremony.

After the wedding a small reception was held in the W.D. Lounge, after which the bridal couple left for a short honeymoon at Grand Falls.



CPL. AND MRS. ARTHUR ROY ERICKSON



L/BDR. AND MRS. THOMAS BEST



CPL. AND MRS. NORMAN ARTHUR PICKLES



DUMBO A.F.M.'s POSE WITH THE O.C., ADJUTANT AND ENGINEERING OFFICERS

Top Row, Left to Right: Sgt. Scratch, S.O.; Cpl. Nugent, J.; LAC Findlay, H.M.; LAC Websdale, H.; LAC Davies, R.; LAC Kennerley, N.; LAC Lee, W.; LAC Coyne, M.B.; LAC Cornish, R.; Cpl. Walker, A.S.
 Center Row: Cpl. Switzer, F.; F/S Yates, A.F.; LAC Brodeur, L.W.; LAC Hall, H.C.K.; LAC Piazza, J.I.; LAC O'Mara, R.; LAC MacFarlan, B.; LAC Hull, H.C.; LAC Longaphie, L.; LAC Wilson, C.E.; LAC Black, D.S.; LAC Cook, W.T.
 Bottom Row: LAC Thompson, G.H.; LAC Charrette, W.; LAC Flaman, E.; Cpl. Fisher, D.W.; LAC Speck, H.G.; Sgt. Rice, F.; LAC Johnston, G.R.E.; LAC O'Connor, G.J.; LAC Costa, L.; LAC Feldstein, J.; F/S Bulgin, A.L.; F/S Bell, N.R.; F/O Clark, F.H.; F/L Howe, W.M.; W/C A. M. Cameron, A.F.C.; F/L Soden, H.M.; LAC Selick, M.; LAC Sadler, S.; LAC Hamel, L.D.; LAC Gagnon, P.F.; LAC Waters, C.

Huskies

by Sgt. Larry Ranson



Sport in the Husky Squadron hasn't been at its peak in the last few weeks, but they seem well represented in every line of sporting activity on the station to date. True, they may not be faring as well as could be in the big sport of the season: baseball, but win, lose, or otherwise, they are still out there and will be for some time. The greatest interest in squadron sport is shown in bowling. They are in the third week of a seven week schedule and are turning in some real hot scores.

There is quite a race for the high individual score and there is more than one looking at P/O H. Hall's mark of 320 with envy. Sergeant Dick Carwardine hopes to add a few more to his 297 to give Hall a good run for his first place. As for team scores there seems to be no catching "B" Flight (ground) Team. They are right out in front and have been since early in the schedule. Of course the tie between the Armourers and "B" Flight Officers for second place may end in one or both showing a real threat. On the whole there are very few in the squadron who missed the bowling nights for the husky squadron. Most all of the boys come down to get a little "bowl-shooting" in.

In the softball league, the boys look a little bit off color and may be trying to return to the same groove they were, in back when they had the eight straight games to their credit. F/L T. "Gordy" Fowler hopes that his "Huskies" are not knocked out before they get back in their old style. There is an order of sweaters and crests for the boys and who knows, this may do the trick. The use of a hot right arm in the pitcher's box sure wouldn't be frowned on.

The champ and the boy who seems to be able to rally "a mean bird" on the courts of the rec hall is none other than the little guy behind the typewriter in our Orderly Room, LAC 'Ron' Duffy. There has been no schedule in Badminton drawn up as yet but among the fellows who come out to play in the eve, and there are quite a few, Duffy is the boy who hands out all the defeats.

As for doing a thing on a big scale I am quite sure there is no one who can even attempt to make the biggest splashes, and the most unorthodox dives, in the manner that F/Sgt. Rolly Proulx can do and still come back in one piece. The pool is no place for an argument, even if it's only with the water you don't agree with. A number of guys have found that out after a few whacks from that water in the course of a dive or two. So far Cpl. "Chubby" McDonough has survived any after-effects.

There is one big sport in F/Sgt. Cox's estimation. He feels that although there has been no competition,

"he of course has caught the biggest." Yes, that long, every inch of it. And weighing twice what you caught. What "bluenose" doesn't try to "hook" you with that "line." Both he and Sgt. Cobham haven't lost any weight on their five-day fishing trips so far so who knows, they might be catching big stuff.

"Outdoor Tennis"

Just the mention of the word means "big-league talk" to the boys of the Husky Squadron. Maybe you've heard and maybe you haven't! The boys have been sort of just talking of what they have behind the hangar—they are not doing any showing just yet. By the time this issue is out the court will be a feast to any tennis champ's eyes. Yes, big-time stuff. There has been a lot of work put on our little enterprise and I guess Dick Carwardine, or Rolly Proulx can tell you a few tales on how they achieved the progress thus far.

It all started with one of two heads in a corner thinking of something to do. Then next you see the "joes" with one of W. & B.'s prize snow scrapers up and down a rutted but fairly level field. This done, out came the bass brooms, and brother, try sweeping this earth and see what you get. Well, they got it. Then came the fine gravel. Lord knows where they got it. And then a heavy roller from somewhere else. Now before I go further, I wish to convey the idea that we do not know why anyone would connect our name with any such word as "scrounge." By this time we were warding off WO2's and others who came to take back their stuff. Why, we even had the Army padre over to take back things every day or so. Yep! a beautiful surface.

What, no net? Presto!! One net, four rackets, and a dozen balls. Since then the boys have been seen on the court every spare minute they have off. Of course the latest addition to make the thing top notch is a ten foot backstop. As far as the Squadron P.T. and D. goes, he's willing to put the court beside the best in Canada. To say nothing of being the only one on the station.

The Huskies are expecting to have a league going or at least draw up a short schedule soon.

Newsettes

The boys of the Huskies are all happy to see S/L "Pappy" Gilbertson, their boss back with them once again after a leave in Canada. Then there are a few new faces around. The adjutant, F/O Cox is getting well known to the boys as is Sgt. Larry Ranson, the Squadron P.T. and D. New names like Volterman and Patterson are being heard in the hangar from time to time now.

SLIPSTREAM



RANCH ROUND-UP

HOT-SHOTS

by Sgt. X

It has been gardening time at the Ranch lately, and on most afternoons some of the boys can be seen around the ranch in various states of attire leaning on rakes and shovels. If landscaping will help win the war, then the Ranch boys think Churchill's famous statement should read "Blood, sweat, tears and BLISTERS." Just what causes the boys to be so active is impossible to determine—perhaps it's those promised five day passes—we can dream can't we. Bruce McDonald seems to have found the most restful position using a shovel—claims that his grandfather discovered it years ago. Nevertheless, despite many difficulties we feel we have done a good job and we are proud of our "little bit of Canada."

We were sorry to lose two more of our "originals" in the last month—Cpl. Oz Zarnke and Lac Pete Abelseth. It seems as though Oz has taken unto himself a wife since his departure—must be that "Swoonatra" effect. We were glad to see Pete get his reward and what a reward!—A posting to Ottawa.

Sgt. Ken Ingram our top hand at the Ranch recently joined the ranks of the "Benedicts"—best wishes to you both Ken, may you spend all your anniversaries at home.

We were wondering why Bill Whitehouse was strutting around with his chest out, now we know, he is the proud father of a son—keep up the good work Bill.

Our thanks go to the Sector girls for a fine day's frolic at the lake recently. Let's have more of them—our new entertainment committee would be only too glad to meet you halfway girls.

Who said we couldn't field a ball team—we even furnish the umpire. Although not at the top of the league, we are certainly not at the bottom—besides it's the last round that counts—good show boys keep it up.

A new entertainment committee was formed under F/O Noble at a meeting of all the members of the

Howdy folks:

Due to the posting of LAC Hunter who was the writer for this Department, yours truly was elected for the job, anyway here is the news as I see it.

First we all want to wish those who have been posted to some easy life station in good old Canada all the happiness and loads of fun they want.

These wishes go to F/Sgt. Carr, Cpl. Hope, LAC's Hunter, Longmire, Briden, Mailhot, Spiers, McCullum, Slaght, Thompson, Delahunt, Rixon, Wright. All these fire-fighters have left us in the past four months or so.

And now to our new arrivals, we old-timers here want to welcome you and wish you all the happiness you will find in Gander, also that your stay here will be as long or as short as you wish it to be.

These wishes go to WO2 Wiseman (our new boss) F/Sgt. Pitkeathly, Sgt. Dunn, Cpl. McLean, LAC's Jones, Metcalfe and Armstrong.

I guess that covers just about all our posting news, so here are a few odds and ends—

Congratulations to LAC Pocknell, better known as Queenie, for taking that great step toward Holy Matrimony—the boys of the Fire Department want to wish you all the happiness in the world to you and Mrs. Pocknell.

ranch, and so far it looks like the thing we have been needing for a long time—we expect a lot of you chaps but we think you can live up to it.

Some of the chaps would like to know whether F/L Ganong ever eats any of those so-called fish he catches—perhaps it's that outdoor coffee that he goes for.

Al Langevin certainly knew what he was doing when he built that chair of his—make the next one larger Al.

Leaves and Passes are supposed to raise the morale, but we wonder when we see the chaps come stumb-

And now for things we would all like to know—

1—Why did a certain Cpl. go on leave with a handle-bar moustache and return minus the moustache?

2—What is that certain attraction on the other side that a certain Sgt. enjoys very much?

3—Where does a certain F/Sgt. dig up all his jokes, could it be from some professional joke expert or just from himself?

4—And finally who is Snafu in No. 1 Fire Hall?

Well, folks, that covers just about all the news for now.

So how about a few serious points of fire prevention.

We all enjoy ourselves very much on these fishing trips, swimming parties or just a plain picnic, but there is always the danger of fire, a careless cigarette thrown away, or a camp-fire not properly put out, can cause a serious fire and would result in a tremendous fire loss.

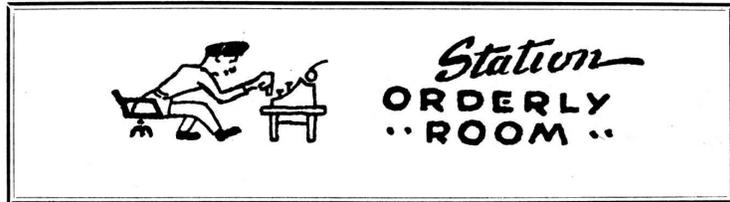
So folks be careful when you are in the bush—take time to stamp that cigarette out and make sure that camp-fire is properly put out.

The old saying is still the same "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

Until the next issue the boys wish you good luck and watch those camp fires.

ling back with that starry look in their eyes. It is reported that Bob Somers found a new heart throb on his pass—number seven isn't she Bob? Jimmy Grant is still in a daze—keeps calling for taxis to go to the mess hall. Al Sugar lost something on his pass but won't admit it—was it your heart Al? According to Len Williams five day passes are good for the morale only if you have one every five days—not a bad idea Len. It seems as though Bev Young got on the wrong train when his leave was finished and was awol—not bad if it works.

WHAT'S BUZZIN' COUSIN ?



Editor,
The Gander.
Dear Sir:

I enclose a copy of what I call (very optimistically) poetry. Against their violent opposition I send it on to you. If you consider it a definite trend in Canadian poetry, please send it on to WINGS, who will send it back to you. If you think it is very good, you are welcome to publish it in the Gander (of which I am doubtful). If, on the other hand, you think it horrible (of which I am sure) don't send it back to me. Just destroy it yourself, since that is what I would do anyway.

Cordially yours,
A. C. KILBANK.

THE WIRELESS OPERATOR'S SONG

Have you e're heard the song of the wireless man?
Dah di-di-dit dit di-di-dit dah,
Then hark to our song as best you can,
Dah di-di-dit dit dah-dit-dah.

When static howls, our nails we gnaw,
Dah di-di-dit dit di-di-dit dah,
We're the crazist men you ever saw,
Dah di-di-dit dit dah-dit-dah.

When he sends the stuff so fast and neat,
Dah di-di-dit dit di-di-dit dah,
Just wait till he's through, then send "repeat,"
Dah di-di-dit dit dah-dit-dah.

Now after his nerves you've badly shook,
Dah di-di-dit dit di-di-dit dah,
Then gaily send "try the other foot,"
Dah di-di-dit dit dah-dit-dah.

When the pilot asks for bearings to find where he might be,
Dah di-di-dit dit di-di-dit dah,
Tell him to keep on going he'll be close enough to sea,
Dah di-di-dit dit dah-dit-dah.

LAW "Una" Crawford

Orange Blossoms this month for the Admin. Building LAW Mildred Williams and LAW Edna Messenger were married on Saturday, July 8th in the R.C.A.F. Station Chapel. Congratulations are extended to the two very lucky grooms, L/Bdr. Tom Best, Cpl. "Eric" Erickson and wishes for much future happiness for all four.

LAW Daniels is about to leave us after 2 years in Gander. She is one of the original WD's who came to Gander on 7 August, 1942. You've had it, Fay! Don't let's get a western posting, eh?

Another member of the old gang, Cpl. Stan Field has been posted back to Canada. Here's hoping that DAPS posting catches up to him before he reports back to No. 5 E.D. off leave. This is one name you'll really enjoy putting on a manifest, eh Stan? The posting section will also miss the efficient help and cheerful personality of LAW Ruth Brown who finally received her long coveted overseas posting. We envy you Ruth and wish you all the breaks over there.

The MacDougall sisters, Betty and Enid have recently returned from 60 days farm leave looking refreshed and happy. Maybe they did stay away just one morning too long though!

We welcome Cpl. Flynn, LAW

Smith and LAC Wrigley, comparative newcomers to the Admin. Staff and hope things won't be too trying for the first year at least. "You'll get used to it!"

Orchids to Cpl. "Red" Newton for his efficient handling of at least half a dozen jobs. Be nice to Red, you hopeful furloughers, and maybe you can scrounge enough travelling to spend 25 days at home. Maybe!

Due to the able efforts of F/S Wray, the Admin. enjoyed a boat ride and picnic on the beach (or can we call it a beach) of Gander Lake, on the 29th of July. Who is the certain runner who inquired at 10 p.m. "Say, Flight, when are we going to have that picnic?"

By the way, where do the WD's get those flaming sun burns and mosquito bites that they bring to the office on Monday mornings? Marg Curwin really excels when it comes to fly bites.

And something else that has us wondering—when our staff goes on furlough, must they send us picture postcards of country estates and summer resorts and lengthy accounts of juicy tenderloins, big name bands and parties at the Royal York? Please note, Sgt. Lorraine.

We'll be seeing you when you pick up your clearances.

Oh low is our promotion, and lower still our pay,
Dah di-di-dit dit di-di-dit dah,
But still we keep on working like the devil night and day,
Dah di-di-dit dit dah-dit-dah.

Now if you've read this far along,
Dah di-di-dit dit di-di-dit dah,
Then join right in and swell our song,
Dah di-di-dit dit dah-dit-dah.

Unless of course you realize, our song is full of flaws,
Dah di-di-dit dit di-di-dit dah,
'Cause our verse neglects both reason and poetic laws,
Dah di-di-dit dit dah-dit-dah.



SLIPSTREAM



SP'S SEE "SUB" – "THINK" SAME!

A typical Newfoundland dawn broke cold, gray and misty over Gander that morning. At four o'clock things were quiet except for the whirring props of aircraft warming up on the tarmacs. Calls were coming in to the desk at the Detention Barracks from the men on the beats. Everywhere the situation was quiet.

Cpl. "Stew" Wilson on duty at the desk received a call from the lake. "What's that, again," he drawled sleepily "Ah! you're crazy. Go to bed and sleep it off." He was about to put the received down when the voice on the other end checked him with, "No, really I'm serious. It's out there and we've all seen it."

"But," countered "Stew," "It ain't possible."

"Possible or not," appealed the voice, "It's there."

Wide awake at the shock he'd just received "Stew" decided that if someone was pulling his leg they were going to pay for it. "Larry" Languois on duty with him was sent to the barracks to wake up reinforcements. This he did with great speed.

At the barracks Larry turned on the lights and yelled at the top of his voice, "E'erybody up!" Groans, murmurs, oaths and threats were heard from every corner of the room. A few obliged. Larry went out of the barracks with the same speed he had made his appearance

and on the way out tripped on a wire and went sprawling in the mud.

In the meantime, Paul Hayes had driven around and picked up the Major and D.A.P.M. With "tommy guns" and other assorted weapons the group set out for the locale of the trouble.

Arriving there they approached the scene cautiously as they were shown the approximate vicinity of it. And about this time a boat was being launched for what appeared to be the deck. Yes, it was there all right. Visibility was poor but that certainly looked like the real thing. It was a sub.

The possibility or probability of a sub getting into the lake was not overlooked but there wasn't time to check with the authorities. This was a time for action. Besides the enemy is tricky. Robot Bombs and all. Better not to take chances.

Slowly — cautiously — they approached. It was getting lighter now. Fingers closed caressingly around the stocks of their guns. They were getting nearer now. A hundred yards closer, closer.

"What the Hell?" oathed the "D.A." suddenly, and started to laugh.

No, it wasn't a sub, but it sure took on the appearance of one in the misty morning light. A bunch of logs tied together with a rather large oil drum on top were being

floated down the lake. The boat they had sighted was a dorry with which the Newfies were pulling the load to the other end of the lake.

Such is the night life of the Service Police. Here are a few more notes on the caper cut by the lad of law and order (?).

"Glamor Boy" Betts spent more than a little overtime at the station Guard House waiting for a certain party to come from a certain station down the line. How many nights was it? F/S MacKenzie seems to be cutting all his capers on the new lawn around the detention barracks (or is it the lawn he's cutting?)

Sammy had quite a load on his furlough. He transported a Newfie pup to his home town. With very little trouble too, we learn.

Doug. Day was wearing himself away to a shadow carrying his radio to and from his place of work. But through an act of kindness of the Y.M.C.A. he is gradually getting back to his former weight. They installed one at the Guard House.

Smitty's repair shop is now located at the lake.

With Bush getting posted out of the bush and into another we wonder what will happen to the ball team.

From the gang here to a fellow in the Dartmouth Hospital, jovial "Scotty" MacIntyre, go our best wishes for the mosta of the besta.

See the
Personnel Counsellors
To-Day!



REPAIRABLE WILLIE RETURNS !

Well, things are again back to normal in the Section and everything once more under control. Our own "Miniature Barrymore, the Great Lover," none other than "Repairable Willie" is back again after touring Central Ontario and the Great West. His love conquests were many and huge and from what we hear definitely successful. We know that the fruit situation is extremely bad in Gander, but when it becomes known that women are trading their wedding rings for a bag of plums, that's too much for us. Take heed, the rest of you Lochinvars, always take a large bag of plums when looking for the fair sex.

There are rumors that Bridgeman, just back off leave, is going aircrew, because now that he has taken over the duties of Cpl. Sissons, W.D., in Publications, you can always find him with his feet up on the desk reading books on Aircraft Recognition.

Cpl. Geraghty, better known in the upper 400 of Gander as "Flat Top," is back again, or should we say "was." Reports coming in steadily from Montreal show that Bill really had himself a time while he was there.

LAW "Scotty" Easdon, just back

from a glorious thirty days in Vancouver, is finding it pretty tough to settle down again to a normal life in Gander. Sad situation!

Reports from Barrack Block 108 to the effect that Perce Barker is having far too many sleepless nights are becoming more numerous as the days wear on. If you'd just relax and take things easy, Perce, that posting will be along one day when you're least expecting it.

We'd like to say a word of welcome here to the new ones. We've been unable as yet to become sufficiently acquainted with them to write anything about them in this issue of the Gander. We're hoping they'll be able to supply a little bit of news for the next issue.

Things have been pretty quiet around the section for the past few weeks with very little social activity. However, now that Willie is back, we're looking forward to some more picnics and dances in the very near future. In the meantime, we'll have to be content with listening to the accounts of the experiences of the more fortunate members of our staff who have seen a little bit of civilization in the past month or so. Some of the stories are really good!

Airdrome Maintenance

We were green with envy upon hearing that W. Hallow and B. Qually were celebrating at the Picadilly Club in Montreal. It brings back fond memories of our own hilarious evenings spent there.

It is with great regret that we learn of the departure of H. Turner for Western Canada. We will miss Harry and his co-pilot on the coal truck.

Congratulations Major! We wondered about the cigars until we heard about little "Chuck."

When is Cam. McArthur (The Dawson Creek Kid) going to patent his invention to facilitate planting?

Judging by appearances, Cpl. Jenkins will soon be joining the ranks of the Benedicts. Best of luck "Jenkie" and may your path always be on the sunny side of the hill.

I SAW TODAY

Wilf Maki poaching in the canteen and the season doesn't open for a week yet.

Jack Nash not describing a fishing trip with widespread arms.

Jimmy Lowes without his pliers and really busy. He must be going home soon.

SOAP DOPE

by Len Parkhouse

Guess I'd better get off my knees and stop my hand from shaking long enough to give you the dope on the soap's.

Well here it is mid-summer in Newfy (that's the time between rainy seasons) and can generally be ascertained by the crowd flocking to the lake for steak fries, etc.

We were rather surprised to see the gang that ventured into the bush a couple of weeks ago return alive. Anyone that goes on a picnic and forgets half of the food hasn't got rocks in their head, they just have the holes that the rocks came out of.

If you see any Laundry personnel walking around suffering from malnutrition ask "Rollie" about it, he knows all the answers.

Time washes by and we must bid adieu to a few more of the old gang. F/Sgt. "Marsh" Vail, Sgt. Ed Woods

and Cpl. Joe Hersey are now making a clean up in Canada.

Our O.C., F/O Burton, has returned from furlough looking ten years younger. (He was just in time to hear that he was promoted to a F/L. Congrats from the section.)

Congratulations are in order for one LAW "Dolly" Parsons and LAW "Goldie" Wiseman who on their respective furloughs got themselves out of circulation. May your futures be long and happy.

Several new faces may be seen walking around the section, welcome to Gander may your stay be long and happy (well happy, anyway).

Well as one twenty monther said to the other "Bees you got buys" to which the rapid reply came "Sure I are everybody do" and so until next issue lets keep it clean.

GOODBYE—

(Continued from page 19)

and goodwill that exists among the WD's at Gander, I'll be happy.

There are memories that will never fade—the cheery hospitality of the Newfoundland family with which I spent Christmas. Ski trails after a heavy snow. A Canso ride in spring when I saw a little emerald lake nestling in the summit of an iceberg, and seals floundering around on ice floes. The unfolding of the first birch leaves in June. A double rainbow, and clouds fringed with gold.

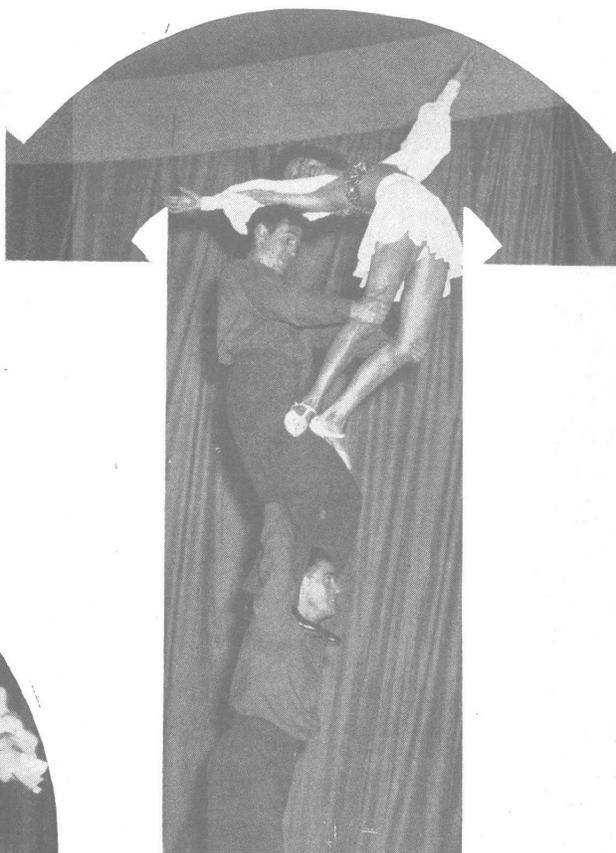
Strange, but these are the things I shall remember. It seems unimportant now, that the dust was very dusty and the mud very muddy, that the theatre seats were hard, and that I never learned to drink powdered milk.

It will be good to return to Canada. But it's been good to be in Newfie, to know some of its people, and some of the people whom it has adopted for the duration.

Navy Show

by EUGENE HILL, Y. M. C. A.

Did you meet the Navy when they were in Gander? If not you missed a rare treat. The Navy Show brought us one of the smoothest aggregations ever seen in this part of our adopted Isle. Though but half of the original show, they gave us an hour and a half of entertainment that left our mouths watering for more. Friday, July 21st, was opening night for the boys and girls in navy blue, and a full house greeted them in the RCAF Theatre.



From the snappy opening chorus of sailors and wrens with their "Meet the Navy," it was obvious that they meant business. The three gagmen, Pratt, Goodier and Murton produced gales of laughter with their routine and song "Lydia." When the curtain opened on the Navy version of the "Rockettes" the audience visibly rose in their seats. And no wonder. Such a shapely chorus of chorines had not been seen in Gander in my time. (And THAT isn't to be sneezed at. Either the time or the chorus!) And they were as good as they looked; their precision routine was tops.

(Continued on page 18)





NAVY SHOW

(continued)

Dixie Dean and Billy Mae Dinsmore were a very smooth accordion duo and a fitting prelude to the acrobatic antics of the D'Allaires. These three brothers with their sister produced plenty of thrills but they didn't learn their tricks since they joined the Navy. (Just in case you were contemplating a transfer!) They were tops in vaudeville before they joined up en masse. Bob Goodier's bit of pantomime of a lady getting dressed was very clever and brought a hilarious reaction from the audience. You can imagine our surprise a few nights later to witness the identical routine done by Red Skelton in the movie "Bathing Beauty." Naturally we wanted to know WHO got it from WHOM. Bob reports, dear readers, that he got it from Skelton in the flesh, some years ago in Montreal. We have seen dance teams before and the Lunds (Mr. and Mrs.) stacked up with the best of them. They brought back nostalgic memories too. Does anybody here come from Toronto? (Not so LOUD!) Did you ever see Lee & Sandra dance at the King Eddy? Yes. They are the one and same.

Anna Leigh differed from some singers that we have met. She was pleasing to look at and pleasing to listen to. The skit at the War-Stamp booth proved that there are kisses and KISSES. (Some you wants and some you don't!) The Three Tars, Malenfant, Sheridan and Cross produced a very neat tap dance which later introduced the chorus. We hoped and hoped—but no Hornpipe!

We thought we had seen most everything. But No. Not when we viewed John "Dead-Pan" Pratt and heard his "You'll Get Used To It." His "pan" was deader and his song funnier than any we can recall. Betty Shaw in her Auditions skit also brought the audience to the verge of hysterics. Her use of "local color" tickled many a funny bone. The Orchestra under Eric Wild took a spotlight with their clever "William Tell Overture" with variations. This smart arrangement and all the other show music was arranged by Wild himself. The orchestra's fine performance was especially appreciated in the Sea Chanties sung by Oscar Natzke and the Male Chorus. This fine group gave us a musical thrill that exceeded all expectations and the dead silence at the end of the beautiful performance of "Shenandoah" was a tribute for exceeding the wildest applause. We would like to have heard more.

The Buck Dancers, three boys and three girls all decked out in smart sports clothes reminded us of away back when. Not that we ever could trip the light fantastic like that. No. But we DID get all decked out—once in a while. Cammie Grant's story of AC2 Phelias Bleaux, number three two 'height,' at Camp(s) BORDEN almost panicked his audience. Then there was the one about the two merchants who set up business opposite Notre Dame Cathedral in Montreal. Then there—but I can't recount them all, but only tell you that we were proud to "Meet the Navy."



First Impressions

By AW1 Molly O. Brown

I don't quite know what I expected Gander to be like. I'd heard that it was different from any other station but then, it was to be my first station, so I had no previous experience with which to make comparisons. I'd heard tall tales about it, of course, everybody hears them,



but they tell nothing of what the place is really like. Some people who had been here swore it was the finest and best equipped station on the continent—others said it was a god-forsaken hole in the bush. I was filled with a lively curiosity as I stepped from the plane and looked around.

My first impression was that I was standing on the windy top of the world. Gander, the deceitful hussy, had put on her most winning smile to welcome five new WOG's, fresh from Wireless School, Montreal, as if to say, "What's Montreal got that I haven't got?" I know the answer to that one now. And the next day Gander showed us what she really could do in the way of weather, when she caught two of us well away from any shelter, in a great big, super de-luxe rainstorm. There's a lot of places I've never been but I'll take my oath that nowhere is the rain as cold or as wet as at Gander.

But that was next day. The afternoon of the day of our arrival we were given slips of paper with a list of places we had to visit. We had to get them signed everywhere we went and the powers that be had evidently considered every possibility of character, since the list included the padre and the guardhouse. We also visited the station hospital, where everything looked so attractive and everyone was so friendly that we decided to be ill at the first opportunity. Theoretically this was to have been a conducted tour, with some veteran leading us round, actually we were left to find our own

(Continued on page 29)

COMPENSATIONS

LAW Isabel Brownlee

They tell us we're Ganderized! We froth at the mouth and pick gander-berries. When we go home on leave (it does happen), we have to check constantly to make sure that we don't leap down our favourite stretch of sidewalk shrieking at our friends until their puzzled expressions stop us dead in our tracks. There are reasons behind this peculiar "Ganderization."

We are human beings and we have eyes in our heads. Those eyes see a rather amazing variety of subjects: sailboats on a lake that remind us of Muskoka, Howe Sound, or the Dartmouth Lakes; a sky so blue that it almost blends us; so threatening that it almost terrifies us. We see people eating peaches out of glass jars at one o'clock in the morning or see someone rolled out of his bed at an even earlier hour. We laugh like mad friends at all this because . . . we're Ganderized.

We stand at the end of a runway and watch the most beautiful plane in the world taxi off. It slowly lumbers out, hesitantly leaving the pro-



tection of its hangar. Then as we watch, it turns and seemingly gathers its courage to face the unknown and with a supreme effort roars over our heads. We turn and see the body of the plane transformed by a full moon to a comet streaking to the heavens. Below, the pond sends up a silver glint of a reflection through the dark, watchful evergreens. Yes, we may wish we were on it but perhaps we will open the page of a magazine that is read all over the world and see that very plane photographed as a star of World War II. We may recognize it by the names painted on its body. But we saw it before it won acclaim and so we merely smile proudly. We didn't see the expression on the faces of the boys in that plane but a few of us re-

(Continued on page 32)

GOODBYE !

At last my posting has come. Like so many long-wished-for things—it doesn't seem so wonderful now that it's here. If it had come a year ago, when looking towards "a year in Gander" was about as bright a prospect as "a year in Sing Sing," I'd be showing my joy by leaping over barrack blocks and hangars. Or if it had come after my first six months here, when I had reached that Lotus Eater stage of "bushedness" and thought "I will no longer roam," I'd probably have melted into tears at the thought of having to leave.

But now a whole year and more has passed since I first saw Gander. It was early dawn then, and that first impression wasn't so good.

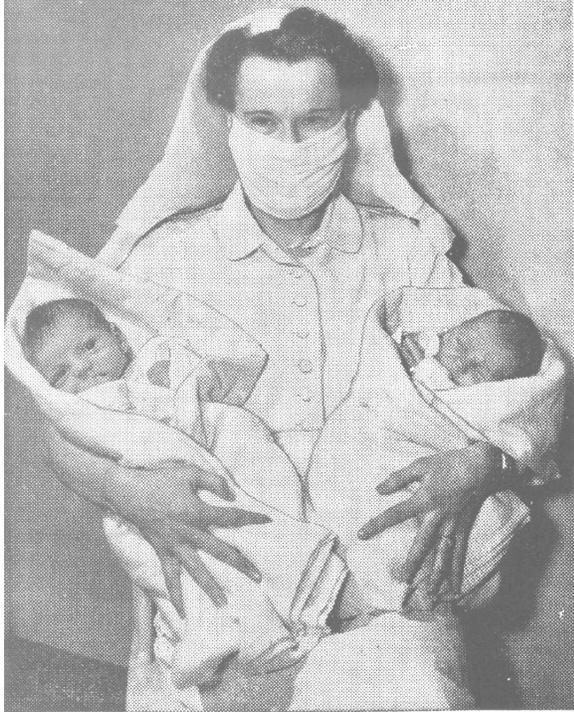
The evergreen trees looked scrawny that morning. Now, they are friendly trees; trees that furnished protection against wintry gales; trees that often bore miniature snowdrifts on their boughs and transformed our surroundings into a veritable Fairyland.

The runways were vast desolate stretches that first morning. Now, there's something majestic about them. What a story they might tell! What giant "guests" they've catered to. "Fortresses" on their way to blast tyranny and restore peace in Europe — Mail planes carrying myriads of letters to our boys and girls overseas. Transports returning with wounded men who have fought a good fight.

Those "wolves" who howled so vehemently from every window that first morning, weren't genuine wolves. All those I've met have been true gentlemen. The first girls we met didn't give us a very warm welcome. Perhaps that was because we trudged through their room at 6 a.m. on Sunday. I've learned though that they have hearts of gold. If on my new station, there's half the real thoughtfulness, sincerity

(Continued on page 15)





Three Swell Babes—The Interesting One is N/S Dot Mortimer
The Tots are New Newfies



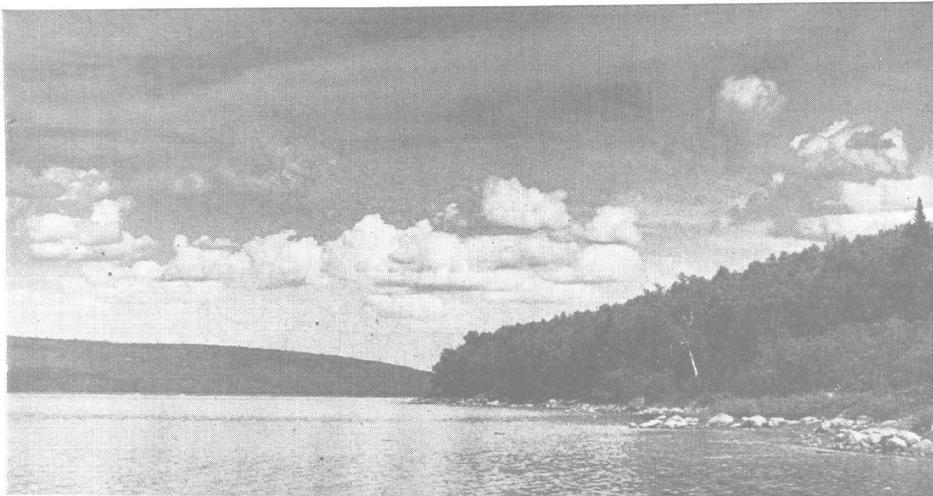
First Picture of the new Station Band

Roamin' Ganderland

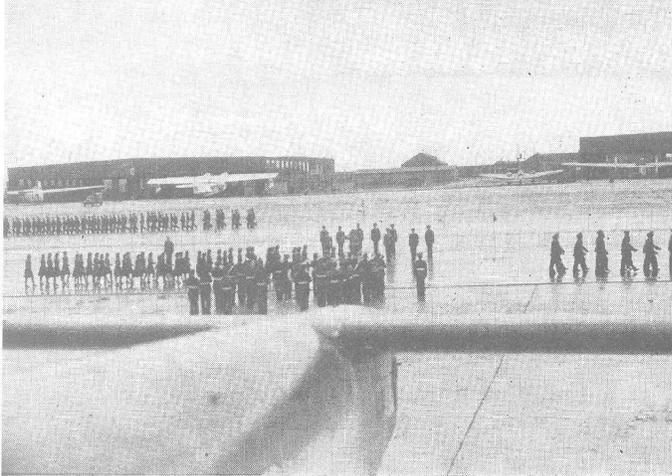
WITH "HAP" DAY



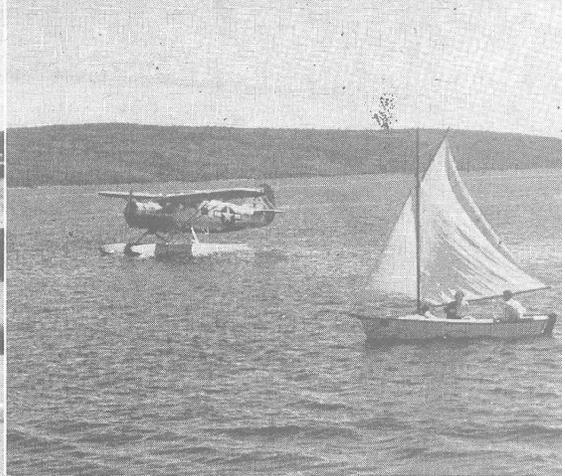
WO2 Beattie of the Photog Section and LAC Harry Huchnergard of the
Gander, en route to Soulies Pond



Serene, Romantic
Ganderlake in all
its Splendor



The March Past During the Investiture Parade



Sailboat Passes a U. S. Norseman



A Pleasant Day at the Lake. LAW Mary McWaters and an Admirer



**Four Bridge Addicts: Cpl. Teetzel, LAC Rosenberg, LAC Anderson and LAC Stewart
Marine Section: Bottom L. to R., AC Love Cpl. Moore
Top: A. C. Marriott, AC1 Lavers**

Pump House Gang: LACS Slend, Walker, Lecomate and Smith





Education

EDUCATIONAL READING

by Sgt. Dunaway

Books You Ought to Read

by S/O Kay Armstrong

"Twenty-five Stories by Stephen Vincent Benet."

Published in New York, by the Sun Dial Press, 1943.

Thirteen O'clock! Everyone knows that practically anything can happen at that hour. And in the short stories grouped together under that heading, almost everything does.

Stephen Vincent Benet is most usually thought of in connection with poetry. "John Brown's Body" and "Western Star" are in themselves sufficient to justify his fame in the field of American poetry. But his rich poetic imagination was also applied to prose, and the stories in this volume are proof of his success. The short story is essentially an "escape" form of literature. And Benet has no difficulty in transporting his readers to an entirely different world.

As an excellent introduction, there is the classic, "My Brother Steve," written by William Rose Benét. Here is a living picture of the man and the writer, written by his brother, who is himself a man of letters. The picture is so vivid, that there is throughout the book an impression of "Steve" Benét, sitting there beside the reader, enjoying the stories with him.

Included in the collection is, of course, "The Devil and Daniel Webster"—one of the best known American short stories. There is a Wellsian description of a "post-civilization" world, and in dramatic juxtaposition an episode of the tyranny so rampant in the Third Reich. There is fantasy in various forms: "The King of the Cats," "O'Halloran's Luck," or "Daniel Webster and the Sea Serpent" could have been written by a Seumas MacManus or James Stephens, for they have a strong hint of the Irish about them. There are a number of stories written in a satiric vein. "Schooner Fairchild's Class," "A Life at Angelo's" and "Doc Mellhorn at the Pearly Gates" reveal much of Benét's philosophy, and his opinion of successful living.

Running over the table of contents after reading the book, one is reminded by each title of moments spent among good companions. "Twenty-five Stories by Stephen Vincent Benét" should rank high on any list of books to have on a desert island. Why not try reading it in Gander? It's available in the Station Library.

You may have often heard the expression that a certain person is well read. Have you ever stopped to think just what is meant by that saying?

Being well read does not mean that you have ploughed through volume upon volume of the dry, stuffy type of book. It also does not mean that you have hastily read innumerable fiction stories. It means that you have a wide scope of general information gathered from a variety of reading. Just because a book is classified as fiction does not mean that you can gain nothing by reading it.

We can take for example one of the books by Alexander Dumas. "The Three Musketeers." It is fiction. It is entertaining. Now is it educational? If it is read properly it is definitely educational. From it you can gather a very general picture of the French customs at that time. Further reading of novels based on the same period of history will enlarge the picture. You now have a nearly complete picture. To complete it carefully select a good non-fiction book.

Now you may ask the question. "If I want that information why not read a book written entirely on that subject?" Here is your answer. A book dealing entirely with the subject in question would not have a very high entertainment value. Actually you have gained a certain amount of useful information, but you have made a chore of it. Why not gain the knowledge the same way as Mark Twain had the fence white-washed by Tom Sawyer. He made it entertainment and the job went easily.

Do not for a minute think that I am black-listing the non-fiction books. All books serve a purpose and there is a certain amount of information that can only be obtained by reading a good non-fiction book. The picture cannot be completed with fiction alone.

Technical information cannot be obtained by reading fiction. It can be obtained by actual experience or by reading technical books. The saying that fools learn by their own experience while wise men learn by that of others, is a very good reason to read technical books. A technical book is the experience of the past, handed down to you by those who have faced the problems that you are now facing.

If you are now convinced and are ready to start reading with a definite view in mind, your next question will be, "Where do I start?" The answer is simple. Anywhere! Pick a subject that you know a little about. Canada for example. Go to the Library and get out a book dealing with Canada. If you can't find what you want ask the Librarian to help you. Don't stop when you have gathered a certain amount of information about Canada. There are other countries and other subjects. You are never too young or too old to learn. Why wait? Start now.



Padre's Corner



COMFORT HERE !

When I first came on the Station and answered a phone call in the usual Air Force way, the reply from the other end was "most appropriate"—Comfort, Advice, Help, Sympathy and Understanding are part of the Padre's job and this Padre has found a great deal of satisfaction in serving on this Station. Now the time has come to say au revoir and to seek out new pastures and it is with real regret that I leave a fine Station and a lot of "good fellows."

To the regular attenders at Chapel I say, "Keep up your corporate worship of God, it is the best thing you'll ever do for yourselves." There are still a good many who have never joined in our worship. I'm really sorry for them. In this world of change, only God remains unchanged and it is only in worship of Him that we are made strong to endure the changes and chances of this mortal life.

Well, it has been fine working amongst you and I hope it won't be long before we are all where we want to be most. Good Luck and God bless you all.



Hospital patients enjoy a picnic at the Lakeshore. This one was arranged by local Red Cross worker, Miss Billy Baird (extreme right)

-- GANDER -- COMMANDOS !!



Commandos charge over hill



Followed by more Commandos



Grunt over wall with pack



No. 1 pin-up Commando (?)

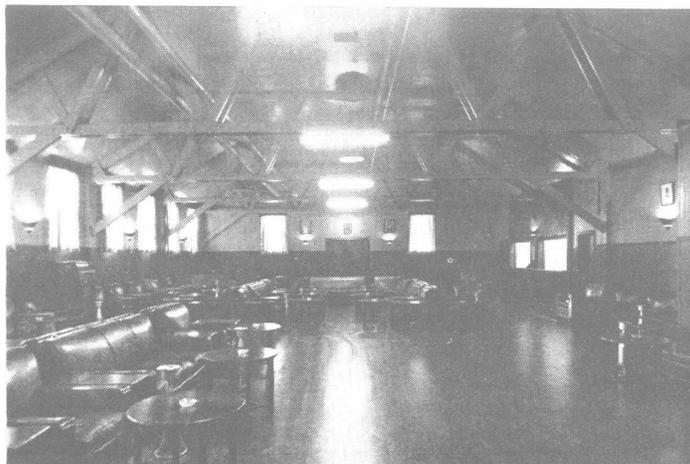


Commandos prove themselves handy



Then pause for a pose

N. C. O. CHATTERBOX



THE NEWLY DECORATED N.C.O.'S MESS

Since our last issue some very radical changes have been made in the Sgt's. Mess. The walls have been pushed this way and that way and have finally found rest in such a way as to give the Mess a much larger appearance.

No matter what part of the Mess you may choose you will find it refinished. The front of the bar has toned plyboard, the wallply board and paint and the floor now has a covering of green linoelum. The green linoelum came in larger quantities than was anticipated and as a result part of the games room got a new floor covering. The hall way and the lounge came in for their share of the linoelum and it is hoped in the near future to find the time and material to redecorate the entire building.

Indirect lighting has been added and pictures have been hung. Immediately over the door opposite the main entrance there are pictures of the King and Queen. Other pictures show various medals that can be won in the Air Force. New curtains have been put up and the records in the Juke Box have been changed (not before time) and the change is complete.

We would like to hand out bouquets to all the members who so freely gave their time and ability to aid with the redécorations. We also hand a bouquet of skunk-cabbage to those who could have and didn't help.

Congratulations are extended to WO2 Loader, WO2 Griggs and Sgt. Jackson on receiving their Oak Leaves and to WO1 Guibord, WO2 Carter, WO1 Patterson, WO2 Hassel, WO2 Thompson, WO2 Conlin, WO2 Gardner, now all Pilot Officers.

Sgt. Bilodeau also deserves a bouquet for the way that he automatically repairs the equipment in the games room. We also hope that the thorns can work their way well into the lugs who automatically break them.

We wish to take this opportunity to say good-bye to our former Mess President WO2 Smith and also to the numerous other members who have recently been posted. It is hoped that they will all find their new stations as hospitable as their old "home."

Accompanying the shortage of beer is the shortage of gossip so in its place we are giving our impressions of the July Mess Meeting.

Sgt. Mess Notes

July 31st marked another Mess meeting and as in all good meetings it was very slow to start and it was

difficult to find someone to move that the minutes be adopted as read. Sgt. Andy Anderson came to the rescue and then the meeting really got started. After dispensing with all other business in short order the one and only subject BEER was brought before the house. Not that it could be brought in on trays but it was all verbal and even WO1 Al Rudd was forced to use a hammer for a gavel.

As the election of officers for the Mess was to take place our Chairman got up and made a lovely little beer speech and got himself re-elected. Al Rudd was playing a little politics having called WO2 McNea to take over the chair during the election of officers and before anyone had time to realize it McNea was railroaded in as President.

Works and Buildings then pulled off one of their usual arguments when it was time to elect the First Vice President. Someone nominated WO2 Tuplin and another F/S Galley. The Flight tried to refuse the nomination on the grounds that WO2 Tuplin was working him too hard. It was suggested that it be moved that Tuplin was to lay off Galley. WO2 Tuplin was however elected and F/S Galley got up and stated that it served him right. Not content to let the matter rest as it was F/S Galley was nominated for the position of Second Vice President and was elected after a close race with F/S Del Delmotte and WO2 Chuck Hazlett.

Sgt. Chapman was nominated for the position of Secretary and at this point WO1 Gus Jackson moved that the Secretarial Staff remain unchanged. Sgt. Davidson came to his own rescue and quoted his record in the Mess and stated that leave, increased work and the hope of a posting would seriously effect his efficiency during another tour of duty and asked WO1 Jackson to withdraw his nomination. Jackson obliged and our slate of officers was complete. Chairman, Rudd; President, McNea; First Vice, Tuplin; Second Vice, Galley; Sec., Chapman.

The meeting was now about ready for adjournment but the subject of dancing was brought up. As the weather here is not all that it could be at certain times it was decided that the dance would be held the first Saturday night following the conversion of the Canteen from Dry to Wet. Apparently the knee and ankle joints of some of the members need lubricating before they can really cut a rug. We are to be thankful that we now have linoelum.

★ PERSONALITIES OF THE MONTH ★



LAC WM. "SAD SACK" BASTINGS

Gremlins haunt him; trouble seeks him out while passing others by. It seems that Bill has a lot in common with the cartoon character, "Sad Sack," as he is one of those unfortunate individuals who are always in trouble. Almost from the time he enlisted in July, 1943, another malady, that of picking up nicknames struck him. First it was "Homer," then "Snafu," but his last "Sad Sack" really stuck. Bill has resigned himself to his fate and decided to let it go at that.

He first saw the light of day, Dec. 20, 1924 in St. Cathrines, Ont. and stayed around that fair city long enough to get an education and a job. This job he said was that of a general mechanical joe at No. 9 S.F.T.S. and while working there chalked up some 100 hours (buckshee) in the air before joining the force.

Airforce training took him to Toronto Manning Pool, Aylmer, Ont., where he became an Armourer (Guns) then to Gander in Nov. 1943. Sad Sack is now working at Headquarters Armament Section. His only hobby—swimming.

FREDA MAYERS

Away back last March, as well as every other month of the year, all Signals was agog with rumors and anticipation. There were girl RTO's coming to Gander! Unlike most rumors this one became a fact. On the blustery morning of March 16, the (WD) RTO's arrived at Gander station, and in due time made their debut at sector; with the immediate and notable result of a 100% improvement in the appearance of the airmen in the signals section.

Among that very popular group of airwomen was and is "Freddie" Mayers. Her real name is Freda and she was born in Surrey, England, in 1925. When she was four years old she moved with her family to Canada. They settled in Hamilton, Ontario, where they have lived ever since. She has one older brother who has been overseas four years with the Canadian Army Signal Corps, and is now in Italy.

Before enlisting in the R.C.A.F. Freddie was a long distance telephone operator, a job which she enjoyed and found extremely interesting. She still remembers a call she helped put through to Tokio, and another to Kingston, Jamaica. She joined the Women's Division in October 1943. After basic training she went to Montreal Wireless School for the RTO course, from which she was posted directly to Gander.

Freddie is a blond with a lovely peaches and cream complexion. She is actively interested in almost all active sports, and is the picture of perfect health. She may be found in the drill hall at some time during the day, any day of the week,—playing badminton, swimming or bowling. She is a great baseball fan, and cheers most enthusiastically for the Basketeers. Those in the know do say, however, that her support of that team is not due entirely to its prowess on the baseball diamond.



CPL. KOLDING

The gourmets of this continent, although they are probably unaware of it, undoubtedly owe a great debt to Cpl. Anders Kolding of our station dairy. It was he, with his knowledge of bacteriology and laboratory experience, who picked out the one particular type of rare mold from a piece of French roquefort, that was necessary for the making of real roquefort cheese in America.

Cpl. Kolding was born in Viborg, Jutland, and lived most of his life, until 1939 in Copenhagen, Denmark. That year he sailed for Canada, landing in Montreal. From there he went to Kingston, then to Wolf Island, where he was employed on a dairy farm until June 1940, when he went to work for the Borden Milk Company as technical assistant in cheese making. He remained in their employ until January 1943 when he enlisted in the R.C.A.F. In April of that year he was washed out of aircrew because of his eyesight, and posted directly from Toronto to Gander, where he has been ever since—16 months now.

He attended the University of Copenhagen, where he specialized in Dairy, some of his studies being bacteriology, chemistry and anatomy.

When the Art classes were in session he was an enthusiastic student. He paints in both oil and water colors, landscapes and portraits. Entering the Gulf of St. Lawrence on his way to Canada he saw his first iceberg, towering white in the sunshine. It made such an impression on him that he has not forgotten the scene, and painted it from memory this year. It was one of the paintings selected by LAC McLellan, head of the Art school, to be sent to the R.C.A.F. art exhibition in Toronto.

Right now, with warm weather here, he is, like many others on the station, a fishing and swimming enthusiast.





SERGEANTS ON PARADE



SGT. LOUIS JOHN SANDERS

There are few "old-timers" in Gander who don't know "Sandy," the genial and obliging N.C.O. in charge of the Sergeants' Mess. Sixteen months of his four year Air Force career have been spent here, and Sandy says it's the best station yet. Of course it has one big drawback. It's a long way from London, Ontario, where his wife lives. And that little wife means a great deal to Sandy. She's really little, he says. A nine pound pike she caught last year nearly managed to pull her out of the boat.

Shortly after the outbreak of the war, Sandy donned a uniform. His ambition was to get into Aircrew, and for a time he had every hope of getting there too. He was put to work temporarily as a chef, in view of the fact that he had had eight years' experience as a baker. Anyone who dines in the Sergeants' Mess can tell you that the R.C.A.F. made no mistake when Sandy was left at cooking.

After the war, L. J. wants to make a special study of Refrigeration. Mrs. Sanders is quite an expert with a hammer and saw, so don't be surprised if one of the foremost post-war inventions is a "Sanders Refrigerator" which puts "Westinghouse" and "Frigidaire" in the background.

The Sarg says his favorite hobby is souvenir-collecting, but those who know him seem to think there's another one, which is topmost—viz.: lending a helping hand—and with a smile! Whether you want wedding cake decorated, a blueberry pie made, or sandwiches for a party, Sandy's ready to oblige.



SGT. L. L. (BILLIE) BILLINGS

The blond bomb-shell of Gander with the three strips is none other than Sgt. Billie Billings.

Billie was born and educated in Kingston, Ontario. Prior to enlistment Sgt. Billings worked as a stenographer and as a High School teacher specializing in English and Latin and teaching music on the side.

Billie enlisted in January 1943 and in less than four months arrived in Gander via Rockcliffe, Guelph and Halifax. Asked if anything of note had happened to her since she had been here her reply was "All sorts of horrible things." Then she went on to name the Entertainment Committee and the Gander Magazine.

Sgt. Billings works in the Signals Section and in her spare time would like to go riding or to take pictures but due to circumstances beyond her control she is forced to pass the time playing badminton and going to shows.

SGT. O. (BILLY) BILODEAU

"No one hates to see the Bar dry more than I do, but what can I do about it. I haven't a still out in the bush." Those are the sentiments of our jovial Mess Sgt. Sgt. Bilodeau. Billy was born and educated in Quebec City and prior to joining the R.C.A.F. had sailed the Seven Seas as a Steward in everything from a Luxury Liner to a wash tub. When asked what was his favorite hobby he decided that piloting a speedy little boat along the St. Lawrence was tops.

Sgt. Bilodeau joined the Air Force in January, 1940, and has held his present rank since October 1941. In that time he has been on but three stations. Trenton, where he was Color Sgt. for over two years; Officer's Training School at Domain d'Estrel in Montreal where he organized the quarters, messes and the bar, and since June of last year, here. Since he has been on the station, he has been Station Orderly Sgt. and is now the Messing Sgt. in the Sgt's Mess.

When asked how he liked this station he replied, "I like Gander very much and I am not at all interested in a posting."



BEHIND THE MIKE

with Bob Harvie

VORG

If your radio dial should be set at 1450 whilst you're scanning this mag, you're more than probably enjoying a romantic ballad by Sinatra, taking in a concert by the Philadelphia Symphony orchestra or thrilling to a dramatic effort with Walter Pidgeon or Jennifer Jones in the leading roles. The Armed Forces Radio Service, the world's largest radio network, of which VORG is a part, are supplying radio stations all over the world with tremendous all-star shows, each succeeding program just slightly more terrific than the last.

Recently "Command Performance" gave us Dinah Shore, Helen Forrest, Lena Horne, Frances Langford and Jerry Colonna all rolled into one Sunday evening half-hour. It was an all-song recital by the Armed Forces' favorite thrushes gathered together at the one battery of microphones. Another terrific AFRS-built show "Mail Call" brought Ed "Archie" Gardner, Ida Lupino, Irene Manning, the Music Maids, Eddie Green, Charlie Cantor and Harlow Wilcox together. For the swing-conscious listeners Duke Ellington's ork, Louis Jordan and his Tympany Five, Betty Roche and the Art Tatum Trio were presented on "Jubilee." All aforementioned shows are strictly G.I. and not broadcast to Canadian or American civilian audiences. We just can't do enough boasting about AFRS-produced programs.

"Rhythm Reveille" a full hour of music, time signals, news and chatter, is the offering from 7:30 until 8:30; "Melody Roundup" with Lum 'n' Abner, Randolph Scott, Andy Devine, Bob Nolan, Denver Darling and various guests scheduled for 8:30 and BBC news at 9:00. We've been contemplating an early morning schedule now for months. We're quite happy that it has now become a reality.

The versatile key of VORG—AC1 Bob Harvie



BBC News broadcasts at 9:00 a.m., 1:00 and 11:00 p.m. are now presented "across the boards" on VORG through the facilities of our short wave receiving station set up by F/L A. T. Patterson, Chief Engineer of VORG. BBC special events broadcasts will also be available to us through this medium, such as addresses by the Prime Minister, the King, etc. Time will be cleared by the program department at any time in order that special events, such as the above-mentioned, may be carried.

The smiling faces you see in the hospital wards these days between 1:30 and 2:00 p.m. are a result of "Hospital Hi-Jinks," an all request program for shut-ins only. Hospital patients need only submit their request to any member of the hospital staff and through arrangement with the Hospital Orderly Room requests are sent to VORG daily for acknowledgment on "Hospital Hi-Jinks." According to the letters received from grateful patients, the show has scored a tremendous success.

Notes on Nothing: Bob Hannon recently pinched for Frank Munn on "Waltz Time" (Friday at 8:00) and if two singers ever had identical intonation, phrasing and delivery it's Hannon and Munn. Couldn't tell 'em apart! My personal thanks to my old station CHEX in Peterborough, Ontario, for the "Hollywood Headliners" signature and sign-off discs they transcribed especially for VORG! Dave Mansfield is the boy behind VORG's newest voice. Dave has great possibilities and should make a good commercial announcer after this conflict. Credit George Kent, Grace Babbitt, Herb Ellis, Dave Mansfield, George Miles, George Hill and Paul Dupuis for the many overtime hours they've put in at VORG. You can rest assured next time you hear any

one of the above people on VORG that they've already put in a full day at their regular jobs. With them it's extra work on a voluntary basis.

Personalities: It's a posting for F/O E. C. Skowby, former proxy of the Gander Broadcasting System. He'd been looking for an overseas posting for these many moons and finally it came. And oh brother, what a posting! Look-alikes: F/L Al Patterson and Frank Sinatra! Paul Dupuis is the boy you hear nightly on the French news broadcasts. Translates and edits the news himself! French announcer heard on the "Canadian Army Presents" show is Leo Dubois. Show is worked from Canadian Army Officer's Mess in Gander.

We're at the closing mark just about now, listeners. Keep making with the letters and we'll continue to do our darndest to please you. Yours for the dialing.

Sports

(continued)

TOTAL FITNESS Part IV

By Ken Genge, Y.M.C.A.

For three articles we have been talking about Total Fitness which we decided to define as, "A Healthy Body and a Peace of Mind." First we reviewed the possibilities of achieving Total Fitness in the "Gander" through the following sources—mental activity, social activity, and physical activity. The opportunities seemed good so we proceeded to spend a whole article on each of the first two areas, the mental, and the social. Now, comes time to take a quick look at physical fitness and local opportunity for its attainment.

For our purpose, we'll consider physical fitness as that condition of the body which makes it possible for us to enjoy life to the fullest. What factors make such a condition possible? What is needed to attain such a state of physical well-being . . . a strong heart, strong lungs, muscles that are in good tone, a vigorous circulatory system, and, an absence of excess fat and muscle. How can these objectives be realized? Let us take the first three together, for, much of the heart and lungs are made up of muscle. Thus, achieve the third for all parts of the body and we achieve also the first and second. How is it done? By adequate exercise, exercise that will activate the muscle or set of muscles we wish to condition—running, skipping and jumping for the legs; throwing, lifting, striking for the arms; pulling, pushing, lifting, etc. for the chest and shoulders.

How to do this in an interesting way? May we suggest badminton, bowling, swimming, baseball, hiking, tennis, basketball, gymnastics, wrestling, weight lifting, running, skiing and skating. But, what activates the muscles of the heart and lungs. Think, what types of exercise make you short winded and makes your heart pound in your ears—checkers? bowling? hiking? swinging on the rings? No, none of these, rather, something with running in it. And, the longer and more steady the run-

ning the more developmental will it be for the heart and lungs. The men with the best heart and lung development are the long distance runners.

Did you know that your muscles help to pump your blood? Well, they do. The contraction and relaxation of the muscle fibres against the blood vessels that pass through them helps push the blood on its way through the body. The better the condition or tone of the muscle, the greater will be its contribution to the circulatory system. Now, we can see if we attain the first three objectives we will do much to realize the fourth. Strong heart, lungs and muscle go a long way to insure an efficiently circulatory system.

Excesses of either fat or muscle will do little to help achieve our first four conditions. Fat in excess is merely an extra burden for the body to carry and, excess muscle is about the same thing. Overly developed muscles actually hinder rather than abet circulation. Weight lifters have a higher blood pressure than any other type of athlete. More than that, rolls of fat and abnormally bulging biceps are definitely not attractive additions to the human anatomy.

Fat excesses will best be removed or avoided by diet control. Eat well but, eat wisely. Diet of course plays a large part in the attainment of any and all of the foregoing factors as also does sleep and rest. Excess muscle will be avoided by refraining from extremes in exercise and, avoidance of over-specialization in one activity. Don't be an exercise bug—don't be a one sport athlete.

Rather than go into a long list of do's and don'ts perhaps it will suffice to say that the secret of physical fitness and, for that matter, of total fitness lies in the adage, "Moderation in all things." To comply with this wisdom sounds so easy. We all know it is not easy but, neither is it impossible. Give it a try. Be physically fit, be totally fit. Enjoy life to the fullest!!!

FIRST IMPRESSIONS—

(Continued from page 19)

way around which we did, with a little help from passers-by, all of whom seemed to find something obscurely amusing about us because we'd just arrived.

I don't know whether the purpose of our little tour was to help us become acquainted with Gander, or to allow Gander to get a look at us. In any case, it served both purposes admirably. There was a certain sound, not unfamiliar, that followed us wherever we went. I thought I'd heard wolf whistles before, in Montreal and Halifax, but never had I heard anything to compare in quantity or quality with the whistles that came from windows, doorways, trucks, tractors, cars, jeeps, hangars, aircraft, and often from apparently nowhere at all, on our first afternoon in Gander. Maybe this station is different, but the men are the same as any other men—only a lot more so.

It is probably the only place in the world where "How about going for a little walk" is considered a formal introduction and an entirely normal opening remark in a conversation between total strangers of opposite sexes. But of course the boys aren't really wolves. They just have a hankering for pleasant conversation with those brilliant and beautiful beings who inhabit Barrack Block 110 and the upper floor of Barrack Block 108.

Not only did the boys make us welcome at Gander. The girls were friendly too, and that made it a lot easier to slip naturally into our proper place in a barracks life that was surprisingly different from any we had known. We were used to seeing everyone rise and go to bed at the same time; here we found that there was somebody just going to bed, or just going to work, at every hour of the day or night. The shift system had me worried for a while. I never could remember whether it was last night, this morning or today when I wanted to refer to the time and I began to wonder if I shouldn't have to cut notches in a stick after the manner of Robinson Crusoe in order to know when payday came or when I was due for a furlough. But I got used to it. I'm getting used to a lot of things; mosquitoes as big as Spitfires, blackflies, dehydrated turnip, canned milk, no cokes.

What's that you say—Have I got used to the whistling—Oh, do they still do that?



Mrs. Murphy: "What do you hear from your boy, Mike, in Australia?"

Mrs. Clancy: "Faith and it's bad news. He writes that he's running around with a jeep."

Mrs. Murphy: "Don't worry, Mrs. Clancy, that's what they call those little Army automobiles."

Mrs. Clancy: "Saints be praised. I thought a jeep was a female Jap."

Sign in front of a Marrying Justice of the Peace: "You furnish the bride, we'll do the rest."

Bashful Groom: "That's hardly fair."

Orderly Officer—"Some of the best cooks in the world are in the Air Force."

AC2—"What are they doing?"

Definition: Sir—what a sergeant says to an officer instead of, "Hey, you!"

Father (to youngster just put to bed): "Now what are you crying for?"

Son: "I wanna drink!"

Father: "Hell, so do I—'gwan back to sleep!"

Blonde: "What kind of fellow was that you had the date with last night?"

Brunette: "Well, we were sitting in the parlor, the lights went out and he spent the rest of the evening repairing the fuse."

—The Pointer, West Point.

"What's the difference between sight and vision?"

"Well a modern girl is a vision at night and a sight in the morning."

C.O.: "Why aren't you working?"

Cpl.: "I didn't see you coming, Sir."

—Camp Beale Bealiner.

A candidate, arriving at the gate of heaven, asked for admittance.

"Where are you from?" inquired the genial saint.

"Montreal."

"Well, you can come in but you won't like it."

Two officers were walking down the street—met many airmen and took the salute. One of them, as he returned the salute each time, muttered: "The same to you."

"Why do you say that?" said his pal.

"Well, I was an airman once and I know what they are thinking."

"Daughter, there are two words I wish you'd promise me never to use. One of them's 'swell' and the other's 'lousy'."

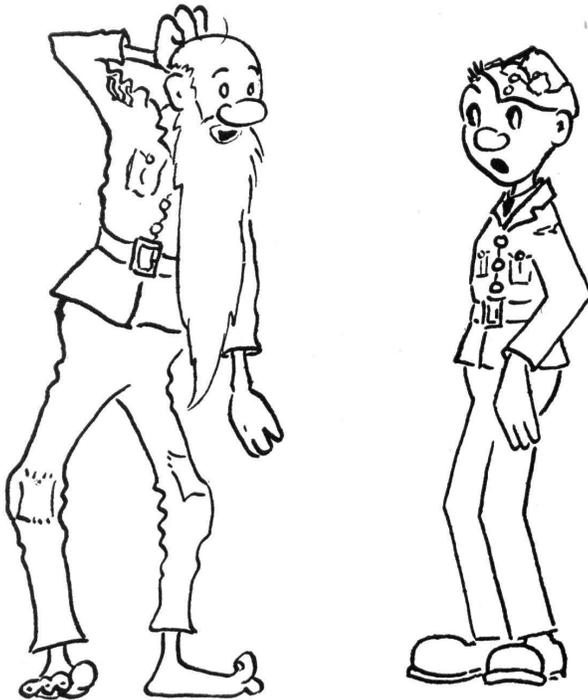
"Okay, mother, I'll promise. What are the words."

What makes this place so beautiful

I asked the Gander vet.

Thirty-six inches of rainfall

And the other eight months are wet.



A HEAVY DATE AT GANDER

by THE GANDER STAFF

How heavy can a date be at Gander? Don't ask me, I have ice water in my veins . . . I leave 'em strictly to the Don Juans. Believe me there certainly are plenty of them in the vicinity. Supposin' we meander 'round the station and inquire about the heaviness of the local dates. Let's ask the W.D. sitting impatiently in that large rocking chair.

"Poddin me for being personal Miss, but have you a date for this evening?"

"Yes I have, but he goes back to work at 10 p.m. and I could go out with you then."

Excuse me, but I am not on the market for a date. I was just wondering what people do on their dates in Gander?"

"Well this isn't just an ordinary date, this is a heavy."

"What do you mean by a heavy date?"

"When you spend three hours preparing for an hour and a half date."

"What do you talk about?"

"Why talk?"

"Oh!"

I departed meekly, and slowly climbed the stairs of the W.D. Lounge, and chanced to overhear,

". . . what are they going to do, give each girl a Sten gun?"

I pulled up a chair on the porch, and while I was in the act of lighting a cigarette, I spied Myrtle, the station character. Calling her over, I slyly questioned:

"Say Myrtle, have you got a heavy date for tonight?"

"Uhunh" (sigh)

"What does a heavy date mean?"

"When your opponent weighs 40 pounds more than you do."

"What do you mean opponent?"

"Well, you usually end up rassling, on a heavy date."

The third person I approached was a girl in the airmen's canteen, who was in the act of purchasing a lipstick.

"Have you ever had a heavy date, blonde?"

"Why shore. As a matter of fact I'm preparing for one now," extending the blood-red, strawberry-tasting stuff before me.

"Can you tell me the definition of a heavy date?"

"Are you kidding?"

"No, I really mean it."

"My impression of a heavy date is, when your girl friends wait up until all hours of the night, to hear your blow by blow description of the date, the winner, and who "necks" best, ('scuse the pun).

"Say Sarge, have you got a date for tonight?"

"Yes."

"Is it a heavy date?"

"Is it ever."

"What's your conception of a heavy date, Sergeant?"

"Sorta being nervous beforehand makes it heavy. You know, wait and more weight."

From Observation Only

You dash back from work at five o'clock in a frenzy of anticipation; you go without supper in order to have the longest possible time to get ready; you put up your hair, shower, and spend three hours performing all the rites that women perform in propitiation to the goddess of Beauty;

you polish your brass or press your number one slacks, whichever seems most appropriate to the occasion; you spend an hour coaxing refractory curls into the most becoming formation; you discover that your last pair of silk hose have developed a run and you dash frantically round the barracks trying to borrow another pair; you ask anxiously if you look all right and spend a good fifteen minutes viewing yourself from every possible angle in the barrack-room mirror.

You find yourself ready fifteen minutes ahead of time and spend them wandering restlessly round the room, looking out the window, and glancing at your watch; you proceed to the appointed meeting place and wait—and wait—and wait—and wait. You buy a cup of coffee and wait some more. A friend buys a cup of coffee and comes and sits with you. In the course of conversation she says, with unconscious malice 'Saw your big moment going into the wet canteen half an hour ago.' That, my friends, is a heavy date.



Making a Heavy Date at Gander

MEET THE WRCNS

(Continued from page 8)

regular service work, and entertaining at concert parties in the evenings, entirely on their own time.

The first of these is Anita D'Allaire, from Montreal, who with her three brothers, Bob, Pete, and Ray, presented an acrobatic act which we remember as nothing short of hair-raising. This family had toured Canada and the United States in peace-time, always together, before the war came to separate them. Bob and Pete, who are twins, were in the Air Force, but when the show was organized, they were released to join their family, and the Navy.

Then there is Beatrice Gibbs, also of Montreal, who has been dancing since she was fifteen. She was working in a factory during the early days of the war, but she always hoped that a service for women would be created by the Navy. As a result, when the WRCNS was established, she was one of the first to join. She worked as a steward, but for her too the service proved a path back to her real job of dancing. As soon as the Navy show was organized, she was released from her work to become a member of its chorus.

The third of the original trio is Betty Reilly Shaw, who will always be remembered here for her famous line: "It's amazing what these W.D.'s **won't** stand for." This amazing girl, whose husband was in the Royal Flying Corps in the last war, said that she had done just about everything else in the world, and when the opportunity came to join the Navy, her husband agreed that it was a good idea to add a taste of service life to her long list of accomplishments. Divested of her make-up and her Newfie accent, she proved to be a combination school-teacher, Civil Servant, newspaper woman, public entertainer, and wife. To say nothing of having been a cook in the Wrens before the Navy Show discovered her.

Phyllis Hudson, the avid stamp-buyer of "Kiss and Sell," proved to be just as much of a humorist off the stage as on, if much less terrifying. When we asked her in a routine way where her home was, she struck a pose and declaimed: "Midland, Ontario, the gateway to thirty thousand islands . . ." and was well launched into a further description of this heaven, but for the groans of her fellow Wrens, who apparently had heard that song before. "Meet the Navy" is her first stab at show business—she was a writer at Naval Headquarters when the talent scouts came her way, and in one hour prepared the act which paved the way to her present side-splitting role.

There are many more girls in "Meet the Navy," some of whom we failed to track down during their short stay in Gander, some of whom fled before our assault with pencil and notebook. Of the ones we did meet, they are unanimous on one score (and don't turn green, members of the W.D.'s—it isn't becoming with blue uniforms)—they are thrilled at the prospect of their coming tour overseas. England, France, Africa, and Italy are on the list—we wish them luck and Godspeed, and we're sure that laughs and applause and more laughs will follow them wherever they go.

Highest scoring robot bomb fighter is S/L Joseph Berry, 24, who brought down 60, during the Battle of London.

THE BOATBUILDERS

(Continued from page 4)

On the large boat they built a deck of plywood, and mounted on it, with the aid of 4 bolts again, a canvas cabin. To the fore of the cabin they attached a small spotlight set in a plywood frame with a canvas cover, streamlined into the cabin roof. When they use the boat for fishing they remove the cabin to make room for action.

The project was at last nearing completion and our young shipbuilders were so anxious to apply the first coat of paint that they "obtained" some candles and worked until late at night by candlelight on "Rondell's" make-up job. They painted her white with a green water line, red and yellow trim and a brown deck, and late one Saturday night in June, three and a half months after they started construction on her, they launched her in Dead Man's Pond.

There is no surprise or unhappy climax to this story. "Rondell" is extremely seaworthy, will hold seven to eight people, draws only about two inches of water, and has been used successfully many times. As she is too light to support a motor, they must row wherever they go, but they are contemplating a mast and sail as their next improvement.

There's another long winter coming up kids. Hang on to your old tents. No telling what "Junior" and "Scottie" will have afloat next summer.

"S" DAY

(Continued from page 5)

rant odour that filled the hall. The next thing that forced itself on the minds of the waiting men was the different sizes of the steaks. Some were wide, thick and juicy, while others were smaller and looked puny beside the larger ones. At the steam table there were two brawny SP's, beating off the snarling airmen who had the misfortune to draw the smaller steaks. At the tables, each man armed himself with a knife and fork, and set to, scowling and with knife clenched, fully prepared to defend his prize against all comers. At last, each pushed back his bench reluctantly, and left slowly, with a smile once more on his face, fortified for another siege of beef stew.

Yes, Europe may have had its D day, but Gander has had its S day, and of the two, I am not so sure but that the latter will be remembered the longer.

COMPENSATIONS

(Continued from page 19)

member too clearly the way we must have looked when we were in a similar position. The most of us simply wonder! Perhaps we did see the faces of the boys who fueled, armed, checked, and rechecked that aircraft, but they can be seen every day. They are our friends.

The next night we may go to the movies and see films of aircraft on the production line and in action and someone shouts, "Gee! look at the airryplanes!" We laugh . . . you see we're Ganderized.



With warmest wishes
and best regards,
Linda Blannell

