

Gander



May - June - 1944





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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 LAC "Irv" Bennett
Associate Editors LAW Grace Babbitt
Sgt. I. W. M. Dunaway, LAW "Ev" Roberts
Entertainment Eugene Hill YMCA
Artists LAC McLellan, LAC Dunn W. F.

ASSOCIATES

Ken Genge YMCA, Sgt. Laureston, Cpl. Hastings W.P.
LAW Marge Carruthers, Sgt. Billings.

• EDITOR'S NOTES •

DEAR AND FAITHFUL READERS:

This epic is being written under a shower of tears from the Blue Room. As this waterproof paper sheds the drops from my red-rimmed eyes I feel that I must have all your shoulders to cry on, so please bear with me and, "Lend me thine ear."

In this day and age of rationing, we tighten our belts when they cut a swathe in the butter plate, dis-satisfy that sweet tooth with less sugar and give us no T-Bone whatchamacallsit. But when the Gander staff is cut in half due to post-ings, I must pull out that large hanky and bawl.

It it with an aching heart that the station bids adieu to those die-hard journalists and artists who spent many a late gaumless evening putting the magazine to bed. Best wishes and congratulations go to LAW Eleanore Martin, former WD Editor and feature writer on this humble paper. Eleanore is slated for an Officers Training Course as a Public Relations Officer.

While we were pining for Elly, (literally), F/O Mac Maclean, our Make-up Editor and Artist par-eccellence buzzed off. Next came old reliable AC1 Pat Paterson our Feature editor, which left us minus another topnotch writer and editor.

Congenial LAC Ron Rewbury, ace reporter, not only for the "Gander" but also for our Big Brother "Wings" departed for bigger and better things (we hope)—and now works for "The Log of the R.C.A.F."

As we do nothing in a small way, our Sports Editor Sgt. Joel Sourkes found himself posted to Montreal. Adding more grief to my misery, Sgt. Van Der Vliet got herself a jammy posting overseas and we think just in time for the invasion (the lucky gal). AW1 Tetrault one of our staff typists thought it was time for her to leave for parts unknown.

Topping it all off our Cpl. Jean Simmonds screams away on course, and Grace Babbitt, another feature writer goes on leave. . . Now they wonder why my hair is grey and WHY all you readers pay 15 cents for this magazine to read my tearjerker.

Another problem arises, when people decide to write the editor and ask why this paper is published every two months instead of monthly.

The upheaval in staff is the main reason this issue, but our great difficulty is, that our paper is printed in Canada and the transportation of the finished product to our station presents a headache. Then there is the matter of dashing off to the mainland to read proofs and set up the

paper before the actual printing. Hence we strive for quality even though we don't come out as often as other station papers, and from all reports we definitely have something to be proud of.

This issue finds us with a new Sports Editor, LAC "Irv." Bennett and a new W.D. Editor, LAW Sue Jacobs. Two new writers who proved their worth, Sgt. I.W.M. Dunaway and LAW "Ev" Roberts, were made Associate Editors.

With the exception of the portraits of LAW Sunny Wallace and Gypsy Rose Lee (two pin-ups this issue) all the photographs were taken by our staff photographer, Hap Day, . . . and what an excellent job he did.

The Slipstream staff have taken up shooting as a pastime, and in future will be seen sportin' shootin' irons. It is hoped that this latest method of persuasion will pep up the various sections on the station who are always late with their contributions to Slipstream. We advise all section representatives to play the situation sorta cagey, and keep from being heckled by their fellow workmen. SO in future observe DEADLINE . . . or thou wilt forever eat thy meals in an upright position.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



Posing for our cover is veteran pilot, F/L. "Bill" Taylor, who has over 2,000 hours to his credit. "Bill" is seen here peering out of the starboard window of the Liberator which he captains on North Atlantic patrol.



MEET THE C. O. . . by LAC H. HUEHNERGARD

In this issue we formally greet our new Commanding Officer, Group Captain Harold Brandon Godwin, who came to this station from Ottawa, where he held the position of Director of Signals.

For a young man of 37 his airforce career has been long and varied;—16 of those 37 years having been spent in the R.C.A.F. Enlisting in Camp Borden, August 6, 1928, four years after the formation of the R.C.A.F., he trained as a pilot and earned his wings. Later, he got the gen on seaplanes at Vancouver, this was the first of many subsequent moves. "I've been in the Airforce so long and moved around so much," the C.O. commented, "I can't call any place a home town."

From Vancouver, G/C Godwin went to Ottawa as test pilot in the Test and Development Section. Next, he found himself in New Brunswick in Photography; then, back in Camp Borden with a Service Squadron, subsequently transferring to an Army Co-Operation Unit.

Putting to use a Bachelor of Science degree, (Electrical Engineering), obtained while at Mc-

Gill University, he started the first R.C.A.F. Radio Training School at Camp Borden and then moved it to Trenton. From here it was back to Ottawa, this time as Director of Signals; then again to Trenton as Officer Commanding the Wireless School. The next stop was Montreal as Chief Instructor for No. 1 Wireless School. G./C. Godwin was Chief Signals Officer for No. 3 Training Command and later No. 2 Training Command. He, then, became Commanding Officer of No. 3 Wireless School at Winnipeg. In Sept., 1943 he became Director of Signals at Ottawa.

More recently the C.O. has represented Canada at an overseas conference but refused any further comment other than that it was a "flying" conference. Also to his credit is an overseas inspectorial tour on radar and communication installations.

The Group Captain was born in Westmount, Quebec, April 24, 1907. He is married and his wife and two children, a daughter of four and a son of two, reside in Belleville, Ontario. His two brothers are also serving the colors, one in the Navy and the other in the R.C.A.F.

INVESTITURE

By LAW "Ev" Roberts

Planes overhead soared through almost cloudless skies on Friday afternoon, May 26, when an Investiture Parade was held. Officiating at the ceremony was Air Vice Marshal G. O. Johnson, O.B.E. with G/C Godwin, Commanding Officer, F/L Digby, Wing Adjutant, and WO2 Cullum as Wing Warrant Officer.

Shortly before 2.00 p.m. the impressive parade under the squadron commanders W/C McGill, W/C Wigle, S/L Vineberg and S/L Johnstone, formed in a long column of route.

With our excellent Station Band in attendance, the squadrons marched smartly to their allotted positions on one of the runways which served as a parade square. Just at this point, "Friar" a wire-haired Terrier, one of the Station's canine pets, took up his stand near F/L Digby, and viewed the whole scene with evident satisfaction. From the tips of his perky ears to his stubby tail he stood at attention while G/C Godwin marched onto the Parade Square. Then with an "I'm no longer needed here" air, he marched off to a vantage point at the side where men of the Photographic Section had placed their cameras. Some folks say "Friar" gave the C.O. a smart salute before making his departure to the sidelines.

Promptly at two o'clock Air Vice Marshal G. O. Johnson O.B.E., Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief of Eastern Air Command made his appearance.

S/L A. A. T. Imrie and F/O C. O. Godfrey were each to have been awarded the D.F.C. and F/L A. M. James, the A. F. C. Operational duties, however, prevented their being present to receive their decorations.

The parade was tense with admiration as Sgt. G. F. W. Lyons was called forward and the George Medal was pinned on his breast.

W/C Wigle read the citation in a loud clear voice and all present were pleased to hear the well-merited words of praise spoken of Sgt. Lyons for his courage and untiring efforts at the time of the fire in the Service Club at St. John's.

Sgt. C. E. Giorgianni was then called forward to receive the British Empire Medal. This award was made for his courage and presence of mind shown during a fire in Botwood. Sgt. Giorgianni's efforts at that time saved both lives and property.



Above: A. V. M. Johnson pins G. M. on Sgt. Lyons. Below: Congratulates Sgt. Giorgianni B.E.M.



What about **YOUR VICTORY AIMS?**

PLAN NOW!

CONSULT YOUR PERSONNEL COUNSELLOR TODAY

(Editor's Note: Anyone interested in his or her future should make it a "must" to see F/L J. T. O'Gormand and F/O C. W. P. Crookshank. These officers are the Personnel Counsellors for this station and are situated in the drill hall.)

To you, the personnel of Gander, may we the Personnel Counsellors say "Howdy" and herewith explain our presence.

Several months ago, March 2nd to be exact, Air Minister Power introduced a programme of R.C.A.F. Personnel Counselling in the House of Commons. Later a qualification of this statement said, "The Counsellor attached to every Unit will keep the airmen or airwomen whether at home or abroad in "direct contact with employment conditions and prospects in Canada" so that members of the Service "can make practical preparation for the future."

As a result of this programme we are now stationed here as your Personnel Counsellors.

In the R.C.A.F. today, there are many thousands of young men and women who have had no civilian experience in the world of work. Others, who are working in entirely different fields in the Service and are not desirous of returning to their former occupations. Then again some personnel lack educational or business background demanded by civilian employers. The importance of being prepared will be realized by all and the object of this programme is to assist Service personnel to prepare for their return to civil life.

As Personnel Counselling is a voluntary proposition,

it is first necessary that an applicant present himself to the Counsellor for an informal interview. The programme is designed to help them choose a career for which they are best suited and to advise them in selecting a suitable course of training in their chosen field. It is not a mass production proposition. Individual counselling is the prime factor on which this work is based. In most cases a series of interviews will be necessary before a definite decision can be reached.

The Dominion Govt. has already issued details of benefits available to all Service men and women upon their discharge. At present these benefits cover wide fields and will be of particular interest to those individuals who wish to continue their education or any type of vocational training, as well as those interested in the Veterans Land Act which provides for full-time farming, small holdings on a limited acreage (located near place of employment) or commercial fishing. Details of these and any future benefits provided by the Dom. Govt. will be available to all personnel at the Counsellors' office.

In closing may we take this opportunity of extending a cordial invitation for you to drop in and visit us at the Personnel Counsellors' office located in the Drill Hall.

JUNE 6, 1944

I only saw him twice. Still I recall both times quite clearly. Once, in twenty nine, one of those dirty days in early fall I watched, at recess hour, some boys design an intricate contrivance out of wood, paper, paste, rubber bands, and bits of twine. And, while the other lads soon tired of it—finding the task they'd set beyond the scope of their young, awkward hands—he would not quit. "Look, fellahs, this should work—I think—I hope!"

The second time—the time he won the race—I stood quite near the goal. So, when he broke the final tape with sure, unfaltering pace, I heard him cheer the others on and joke about his victory—until a sound caught every lad's attention. No one spoke. Aircraft—to our small town—were still strange things. They watched its course across the summer sky. His race forgotten, while his mind grew wings—"Some day," he said, "some day I'm going to fly."

Now the invasion launched—bold headlines spread the long-awaited story of the Breach—of air armadas thundering overhead while sweaty men gain foothold on the beach. He will not know that story's end, for he died at Dieppe—winning our victory.

LAURISTON.



CITY STREETS

By L.A.W. Isabel Brownlee

When we first came to this station and heard such remarks as "The show is on Roosevelt Street", "The Jones' have a place to live on Chestnut St.", or "You walk down Foss Ave. and turn to your right on Reside St.", our jaws dropped visibly. It smacked of civilization!

Furthermore, our Air Force address had always been a barrack block number, not a street name. So we took a stroll; or more properly named, a huge hike, around the station and read signs saying, "Jewett St.", "Hayden Ave.", "John's St." It was amusing to notice that Roosevelt St. joined Wilkie St. with no signs of upheaval of the pavement and we still think that the sign by the Post Office should read, "Stop Through Runway". But what was the story behind the names of the streets? They were obviously not of the King St., Queen St. calibre.

We went for information to the man who really knows the facts, for Mr. K. R. Chestnut, Chief Engineer on our station, planned almost every water line, hangar, and barrack on the entire station. It was he who named the streets.

He told us how Gander was chosen in 1936 as the landbase for the planes of the Imperial Airways which were already using Botwood for their sea-planes. Mr. Chestnut arrived on the scene in 1938 as assistant engineer to Mr. F. C. Jewett. The station was indeed a tiny pin-point in the midst of the wilderness—a few buildings clustered around what is now known as the "old" control tower. Mr. Jewett named the first street after his assistant, who retaliated by naming Jewett St. It was on Chestnut St. where the residential section was built up for personnel from Botwood. At that time the woods came right up to their back doors. The name of the operations officer in charge of the station was used for Pattison St. The story behind McClure St. is rather interesting. It was first named Queen St. for lack of something better but S/L Pattison received a letter

from the instigator of the Gander scheme, Mr. McClure of the British Air Ministry, asking if there was some way in which his interest in the station could be shown. S/L. Pattison obliged by changing Queen St. to McClure. The names of the second and third C. O.'s of the station will always be remembered in Gander by Guthrie St. and Foss Ave. Members of the Newfoundland Government have also been remembered—Sir Wilfred Woods, a Commissioner of the Nfld. Govt., and Sir Humphry Walwyn.

There are such obvious names as Circular Rd., Radio Range Rd., and Well Rd.

So that is the story behind one more unique feature of this amazing station. If you could think of a very good reason perhaps your name, also, could mark a spot in Newfoundland for all time. Personally, our ambition is to move from Foss Ave. in the not to far distant future.

THE CAT SQUADRON the 2nd

Calling all cats! Calling all cats! Twice the call went out over V. O. R. G. for the cats of the station to volunteer their services in a noble cause. The rat situation in the warehouses was getting out of control and traps were useless against the big, wily, Newfy variety of rats. However the cats of the station were unpatriotic and not one offered her services. (Females were preferred as they are supposed to be the best hunters—they always get their rat.)

Since the situation was desperate the search was widened, and fourteen cats of all sizes, shapes and varieties were found. Like the pigs for our famous Piggery, they were flown in. They didn't exactly enjoy the trip, in fact several were airsick, but all arrived safe and sound. When the cats arrived, the Equipment Section turned them hastily over to the Service Corps, who were very pleased to receive them.

They found that some of the cats were as wild as small tigers and could hold their own in any fight. One old tom has been seen stalking around that looks as if he had survived many a battle royal. There were also a few house pets amongst them. In fact one of them insists upon jumping up on anyone and everyone within reach—could this be a result of its "flip"? Another has already been adopted. If anyone else is looking for a kitten to adopt, please contact the Service Corps in a few weeks, there will be a good supply by that time.

The cats have done their duty nobly, and the rat situation in the warehouses of the station is now well in hand. No longer can we sing "There are rats, rats, big as alley cats, in the Quartermaster's Store", we now have the cats themselves.





BASKETBALL CHAMPS

"Dumbo" Squadron captained by Barney Maher won the station basketball title beating the "Cat" entry in the semi-finals to advance into the finals against the Laundry Five. In the opening game of the series, "Dumbo" team outfought the Laundry in a closely contested affair to take the opener. Sudden postings and leaves left the Laundry Quintet unable to field a team and as a result had to default the remaining games.

Barney Maher's aggressive spirit plus his height played a big part in the team's success, his scoring eye placed him amongst the Loop's top scorers. Bob Farrell played a great game at centre, his spot shots made him dangerous from the fifteen foot area. "Newfy" Teetzel, hot shot from the West, finished the season with a ten point average per game.

The real spark plug of the team was Al Lewis, smallest man of the Squad, who cut his opponents down to his size. His never-say-die attitude was one of the reasons for the team's winning the championship.

Alfie Scoop, player-manager, kept the boys happy with his gags and also played a fine game at the guard position. "Touly" Thulin, late comer to the squad, showed up well in all his games. George Weaver came through constantly in the pinches to win some tight contests. "Irv" Maklan, helped prove the assertion that a team is as good as its substitutes. Bill Mogford, tallest man in the league and one of the best natured chaps, was a real asset to the team. Last but not least there was "Speed" Reid, coach and team's staunchest rooter who helped the boys along at all times. . . . I.B.



After outfighting the Laundry team these men shown above copped the station basketball championship. From left to right standing are: Reid, Maher, Scopp, Thulin, Weber and Easterbrook. Seated are Mogford, Teetzel, Lewis and Farrell.



"IN THE BATTER'S BOX"

By L.A.C. "Irv" Bennett.

"Batter up!" yells the umpire, and another game is about to begin. Baseball is now in full progress with more than twenty teams competing in the station league. Rudy Enns, our P.T.I. Cpl., has drawn up a schedule which calls for double-headers to be played three nights a week. With a competent staff of umpires at his disposal, the games are handled in big league style.

More than three hundred players are participating in the softball league and managers, also coaches, are spending sleepless nights figuring out winning combinations, along with all kinds of strategy. Early season games showed some real batting punch displayed by the teams in general but when the warm weather sets in, the pitchers should find the going easier.

In the International Hardball League, the R.C.A.F. have entered two teams. The A's are handled by Sgt. Brownell and B's in charge of Sgt. Henderson. From the material attending the practices, the boys should give a good account of themselves against the lads from across the way.

It is expected that a station softball team will be organized which will visit the neighbouring communities playing exhibition games or in the various tournaments that are usually run in these towns.

SPORTS NIGHT

BY LAC "RON" REWBURY

The night of April 23rd, was a red letter occasion in station activities, and it demonstrated the fact that the R.C.A.F. holds all the aces as far as muscle men are concerned in this hinterland settlement of ours. This was clearly shown by the spell held over the jam-packed crowd, through the entire two and a half hours of sports activities, which filled the bill of the big "Gander Sports Night".

There was wrestling, boxing, gymnastics and weight-lifting, ushered in by fanfare and music by the R.C.A.F. band. Army boys competed in the boxing cards, and while they were given a big hand, were no match for the lads of blue who just couldn't be downed.

The entire show was in the hands of Sgt. Al Foreman of the PTI staff, and it started off with plenty of action, Marty Martell of Headquarters and Paul Richards of Station Workshops tried to rub each other out of existence in one of the most spectacular grunt and groan exhibitions ever to be staged here. The match resulted in a draw, after both fighters had sent each other hurling out of the ring numerous times. Referee F/S Forester, former Ontario wrestling champion, also took his quota of spills when the bout became hot and heavy.

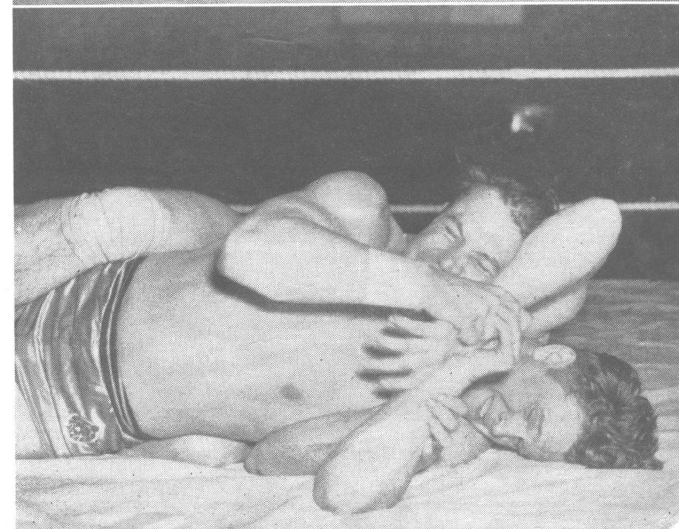
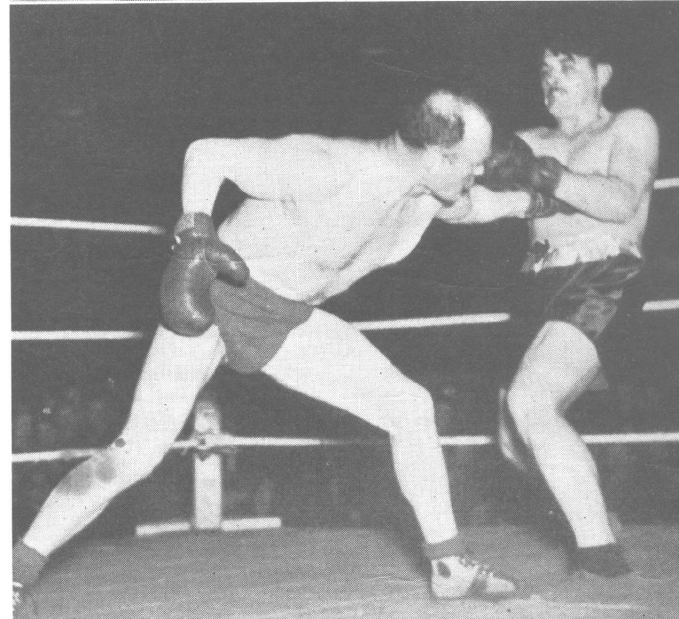
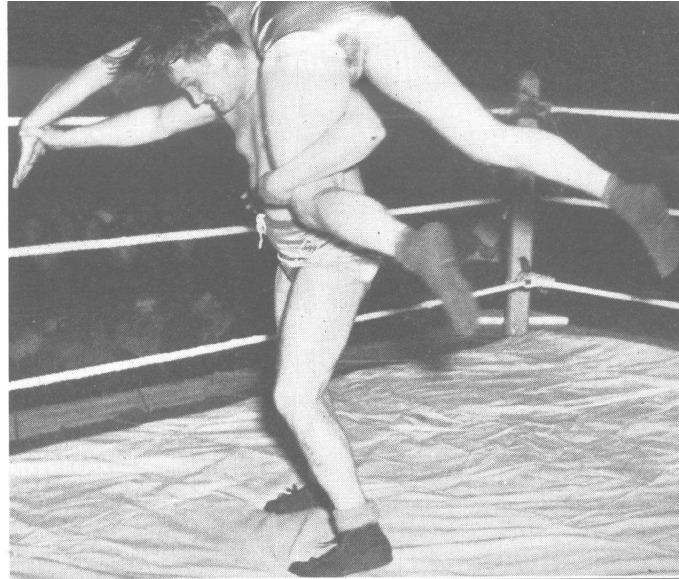
The exhibition bout was one fall or 15 minutes in the 150 pound class. Three times in the first fifteen seconds, Richards had Martell on his back, but not flat enough. At one point Al Foreman had to assist Referee Forster break it up, while the crowd went wild. Judges for the first event were Lt. Fortier of the Army and timekeepers were WO1 Rudd and Des Laurie. Group Captain Godwin made the presentation to the airmen.

The second wrestling bout of the evening featured the station "heavies" in the Dreadnaught class, when Rib Riberdy of the Motor Transport and Louis Lecompte of the Photo section put on a grueling match in two out of three falls or 20 minutes. Al Foreman handled the bout, and received more than a fair share of the bruises as he mingled with the rolling bodies. Riberdy lost the first fall in four and a half minutes, but his turn came when he downed Lecompte in ten minutes of fighting, the bout ended in a draw with one fall each.

Prior to the boxing show, a gymnastic exhibition, on the high bar was presented by Ken Genge of the Y.M.C.A. and LAC. Frank Mousseau of the "Cat Squadron" and their boys. Included, also, were LAC's Cliff Van Steinburg and F. MacKinnon. The event lasted about fifteen minutes and proved to be a talented display.

Next came weight lifting, in a real exhibition of muscle control. This show was staged by the boys of the "Dumbo Squadron". Cpl. Parker announced the various events, which opened with a demonstration of a lift called the two-hand olympic press, using a 175 pound bell-bar. This was ably done by Cpl. J. C. Kingsley whose actual weight was 35 pounds under that of the bar. L.A.C. K. W. Browne demonstrated the abdominal raise, using a 50 pound weight, and the third weight-lifter was Cpl. P. B. Dawkins, who lifted 300 pounds over his head, 130 pounds over his body weight.

(Continued on Page 31)





the feminine front

WID BITS

Ball and Chain Dept.

Among other Gander W. D.'s who were married recently are:

L.A.W. Flora Babington, who married F/S. Madden, and was posted to Summerside where her husband is stationed.

* * *

L.A.W. Mary Elstad, while on leave, married a former Ganderite—Cpl. "Ernie" Suffesick, who is now stationed at Trenton.

* * *

L.A.W. Alice "Brownie" Brown was married in Ottawa on June 10 to Lt. Roger Lord, R.C.A.S.C. He expects to go overseas in the near future.

* * *

On June 21st, at 8:00 p.m., in the chapel L.A.W. Elsie S. Biggs, of Whiterock, B. C. to Cpl. Norman Pickles, Moncton. They were married by F/L Jones, in uniform. Bridesmaid, Cpl. Ruby Hamilton, best man, L.A.C. Frank Moon. (Reception after the ceremony in the W.D. lounge).

L.A.W. Sheilagh Gilmour was married recently to Captain John Stene, St. Olav's Medal and D.F.C. Royal Norwegian Air Force. He returned to Canada after a tour of "ops" overseas, and expects to be back in England shortly. Mrs. Stene, needless to say, hopes to join the ranks of the lucky and get a posting overseas.

SOME OF THE W.D.'s CAUGHT NAPPING



THISA AND THATA

Four postings overseas occurred among the W.D.'s recently. L.A.W. Betty "Scotty" Smith, the girl with the accent you could cut with even a mess-hall knife, was posted to England, where she will rejoin her family after six years in Canada. Sgt. A.C. "Van" Van der Vliet former circulation manager for the Gander, was also posted to England.

Another change in the Editorship of the Feminine Front: L.A.W. Eleanore Martin was posted to A.F.H.Q. where she will take up public relations duties. Reports from her indicate that we'd better appreciate Gander while we can, although she enjoys her new work. In Ottawa, she writes, you send an inter-office memo to the girl across the hall. You'd probably trip over the red tape if you just walked.

Cpl. Flo. and Sgt. Bart Sissons, and L.A.W. "Dyki" and WO2 Harry Kostiuik, are setting up housekeeping in the suburbs, on the outskirts of town.

The advent of warm and sunny weather, (interspersed with a few light Newfoundland blizzards) has brought a new sport to light—the roofs and back yards of the W. D. barracks are now crowded on favourable afternoons by girls in a condition rivaling that of the ecdisiasist (there's a dictionary in the library).

Two experts on the art of "What to do with your spare time in Gander" have been on our station recently: Sgt. Ruth M. Dingle, and Miss Billie Baird of the Canadian Red Cross.

Sgt. Dingle, of Calgary, Montreal, New York, London, Munich, and points East and West, has had a career as varied and interesting, both in the service and out of it, as you can imagine. After an education which included the Royal Institute of Dramatic Art in London, studies in art, drama, and design in Munich, the Ecole de Beaux Arts in Montreal, and experience in designing for both the C.N.R. and the C.P.R., she joined the Air Force in 1942 as a General Duties airwoman. After some months doing cypher and operations work in Torbay, she found herself in Halifax, where the powers that be finally "decided I could do what I said I could do". The result of this was that she has designed and interior decorated just about every mess, snack bar, lounge, and canteen in Eastern Air Command. People who know her work can trace her progress through EAC by the curtains and chairs in said canteens and lounges. An expert could track her to her latest accomplishment, the newly decorated Senior N.C.O.'s Mess in Gander, which had a very successful debut at the recent Sergeants' dance.

(Continued on page 32)

GANDER WOMAN'S DIVISION WINS BASKETBALL CHAMPIONSHIP . . . BY LAW SUE JACOBS

For a week before the date of Friday, April 1st, visitors to the Drill Hall were struck by a new scene in the centre of the gym. Instead of the usual game of floor hockey or men's basketball, the Hall was occupied by many panting W.D.'s, persistently shooting balls at the baskets from all angles, and playing a basketball version of "Ring-Around-a-Rosy". On enquiring of the meaning of this new activity, the observer would be told: "There is a team of W.D.'s from a neighboring state coming up to play our girls next Friday, and 'Moose' has just one week to whip together some opposition."

The observer must have put this date down as one he meant to keep, because the Drill Hall was crowded with spectators on Friday night. A loud cheer went up as the Gander team, clad in white shirts and shorts, took the floor, followed by the opposing team, in red shirts and white shorts. We wouldn't like to say there was any betting going on, but there were some who would willingly support their faith in our team with something more substantial than cheers. But cheers there were, in plenty. From the moment G/C. H. B. Godwin threw the opening toss-up, to the final whistle, every minute of the game was fast and hard fought, although Gander led all the way, ending with a score of 20-15.

A return engagement was very much in order, so on May 13, the basketball team en masse climbed aboard the Ganderberry, supported by Ken Genge and "Moose", tightly clutching a basketball,

The team was greeted by a number of Ganderites on T. D. in Capos, which helped swell the rooting section.

By the second quarter the score was 7-7 and the game had taken in all the aspects of a free-for-all. Comments from the side-lines included the opinion from some airman that they wouldn't care to play in such a rough contest. The game ended in a blaze of glory with cheers of "Goosey Goosey Gander" from the enemy section, and a score of 25-17.

The visit was concluded by an exhibition game on May 15 against Group, which although not officially a part of the island championship series, had nevertheless some of the most exciting moments in the career of the Gander team. In the first few minutes of the game Read of Group sank a long beautiful basket, and our hearts sank with it. By the second quarter the score was 13-8 against us, but "Pee-Wee" Clark and "Pat" Podolski pulled Gander out of the hole with two shots apiece, leaving the score 14-13 at the end of the half, and the game ended 27-13.

On May 25 the Group team arrived at Gander for the final game of the series, which presented a return engagement of Gander's triumphs, although with a few tight minutes in the third quarter, when the Group team pulled the score from 16-5 to 16-13, but the game ended 29-13.

Box office attraction for the series, Pee-Wee Clark overcame a great obstacle in the form of height, or lack of it. Pee-Wee was the mainstay of the team, if such a well balanced team could be said to have a mainstay.

The team consisted of Glad Harvey, Mary Hardy, June "Fitch" Fitchell, Kay Hobbs, Polly Cunningham,

(Continued on page 29)

Below are the unbeatable girls and their coaches who won top honors for our station. Back row, from left to right, are: LAC Mousseau, Kay Hobbs, Pat Podolski, Sheilagh Stene, Hilda Bell and LAC Barney Maher; Centre row, Freddie Myers, Grace Babbit, Mary Hardy, Glad Harvey and "Fitch" Fitchell; bottom row, Polly Cunningham, "Pee-wee" Clark and Mickie McWhinnie. At right, "Pee-wee" is shown priming for a shot at the basket.



Huskies

By Cpl. Hastings W. P.

Due to the fact that we only had two days to prepare material for this page of "Gander", we hope our members will not be too critical and we will endeavor to show a definite improvement in the next issue.

It has only been a matter of weeks since the "Husky Squadron" arrived to take up residence with the "Gander Family" and it seems that our motto "Semper Paratus" stood us in good stead when the posting came through. But for what? That was uppermost in the minds of the majority during those trying days while awaiting transportation. However, now that we have settled down to the "Way of Life" in Gander, we hope to maintain the favourable reputation and even perhaps better the achievements of our predecessors, the "Scramble Squadron."

Our O. C. Squadron Leader "P.A. "Pappy" Gilbertson is not a stranger on this island, having been O.C. of another fighter squadron stationed here previously and from all appearances seems quite at home again. "Pappy" hails from Simcoe, Ont., and received his education in Toronto. Enlisting in Hamilton as soon as war broke out, he trained at Camp Borden and shortly afterwards was posted to England and took part in operations during the critical days, including many fighter sweeps to France. He has been associated with us for six months and is ably assisted in carrying out the squadron activities by his two capable Flight Commanders.

Flight Lieutenant R. H. "Chris" Christie hails from Halifax, N. S., and has quickly risen in rank since his joining the squadron as a Flight Sergeant in October '42 after being repatriated from overseas after a tour of operations. "Chris" participated in the North African campaign seeing considerable action in Lybia and Egypt successfully scoring three Italian and one German planes confirmed and also three probables, as well as



having the experience of being shot down a couple of times.

Flight Lieutenant G. D. Fowler. . . Flash, as the pilots call him, had just finished high school in his home town, Sprinkview, Mass., when he entered the service over three years ago. Soon after graduation he became an instructor at No. 8 S.F.T.S. a position he held for a year before becoming one of us, and from this source gained considerable knowledge and patience. He is easy going in his quiet pleasant way and there is no doubt of his popularity with the pilots and ground crew.

At present we haven't made our social debut, but a squadron dance is believed to be in the offing and perhaps will take place before this issue arrived from the printers. Apparently there is a fine orchestra available on the station and we hope many of the W.D.'s will be generous enough to take the opportunity of meeting some ambitious young men who are interested in jive, etc. . . .

We are sorry to lose our Adjutant Flying Officer M. M. Wood who has been of great assistance to many of the fellows, and also Sgt. "Jimmy" Mairs whose presence will be missed around the hangar. . . Here's wishing you the best of luck at your new stations and envy your being posted so soon.

Many interesting things have happened this month, too numerous to mention, but if a certain Flight Sergeant continues to pick up parts for bed lamps, we're afraid some riggers will throw a fit . . . also who were the two top men who spent all afternoon changing a tire on the jeep and then had to walk home. . .

Incidentally, may we take this opportunity of welcoming our new Engineering Officer, F/O. G. E. Anderson who has shown a keen interest in the squadron and devised many ways to benefit working conditions in maintenance and certainly is on talking terms with everybody.

**PLAN NOW FOR "CIVVIE" STREET —
Consult your Personnel Councillors Today**

(See Page 4)



ACCOUNTS – EQUIPMENT JOIN FORCES FOR DANCE

By LAW L. M. Coleman

The Equipment Section, in conjunction with Accounts, ushered in the month of June by staging a very successful dance in the Rec. Hall. This was the first time the two Sections had attempted a get-together of this kind, but judging from the results it will not be the last, in fact the very efficient committee has promised a series of similar enjoyable entertainments. We're all looking forward to them, Willie and Flight McLeod, so please don't disappoint us.

To date, the Admin-Equip Softball Team have played their first two games of the League and both times have won a decisive victory over their opponents. Nice work, boys, we're counting on you to carry on and walk away with the honors at the end of the season.

It's time some mention was made in our column of our hard-working I. and R. boys—the boys who look after the loading and unloading of every piece of equipment that comes into or goes off the Station, from the most delicate airplane instrument right down to pigeons, pigs and more recently, cats.

First of all, there's Harry Easterbrook, the backbone of our Softball Team and so interested in it that he spent the greater part of a five day pass levelling off the diamond and getting the field into shape ready for the start of the league. Charlie Connors, recently back from a glorious leave in Canada and New York, was surprised to find that while he was away he lost his reputation for being the only person in Barrack Block 108 who was never stuck for an answer. Our new Equipment Assistant, Barney Brill, president of the famous "Rabbit Club," recently had a heart to heart talk with Charlie concerning the breeding and

care of rabbits and it is said for the first time in his life Charlie was at a loss for words.

Roy Dix, popularly known as "Dixie", is another enthusiastic ball player and manages to keep that "just stepped out of a bandbox" look even in the midst of sliding from one base to another.

Cpl. Bill Geraghty is keeping on good terms with the W.D.'s by giving personal attention to the shipment of their baggage and spends the rest of his time looking for Jake LaTour, who can usually be found between the I. and R. office and the washroom, where he spends a good deal of time brushing his hair. By the way, Jake, how did Joan like the birthday present you bought her? Rusty has taken enough teasing since the last issue of the Gander so we'll just mention here that she's been a swell sport about it all.

LAC "Speed" Silver can be found most any time of the day running up and down the hall with a baggage truck. We often think he misses the rush and noise of Yonge Street in Toronto and is doing his best to imitate the rumble of the street cars and trucks.

Cpl. Earl Beattie often boasted in the past that he was immune from teasing since he leads such a quiet life and is keeping himself heart-whole and fancy-free. He had us fooled for a while, but the old saying "the truth will out" has again proven correct. Cpl. Beattie has just about completed arrangements to buy a chicken farm and settle down on it after the war. We know of at least five W.D.'s whom this Corporal of ours has invited to share his solitude and from what has been learned in conversation with these girls, they're all planning on accepting his offer. Cpl. "Shef" Sheffield seems to hold the upper hand at the moment

though, since, purely by accident, an L.P.O. was noticed going through the I. and R. ordering a special pair of made-to-measure "Trousers W.D." for Cpl. Sheffield. It looks as though Beattie intends to lead a life of ease and make Shef run the chicken farm.

Before closing off we'd like to say "goodbye" to F/L Campbell, Sgt. Moore, F/S Calder and "hello and welcome" to F/O McCormack, F/S Goldie, Sgt. Stoddard and LAC McKerrow. Hope you like Gander because we're looking forward to having you with us for many months to come.

Leave Bug Bites Section Hermit

By Sgt. C. Georgiani

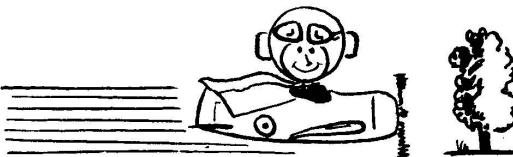
Chambers, one of the boys from the Tractor Gang at Aerodrome Maintenance, after operating a roller for an unstated number of months claims that if all his rolling on the base were laid end to end, it would stretch to his hometown and back. This would make a swell road for a furlough but as the man with the shakey voice would say, "That's a purty good one, Johnny, but it ain't the way I heard it."

Pardon us folks if we drop the matter and get to a bit more news from headquarters down on the Well Road. Our excitement of rushing hither and yon on the pick and shovel gang is now over and outside of a few weather beaten faces and a bit of burn from that rare sunshine no one seems to have suffered much. Why even the odd five day pass is beginning to put in an appearance.

But even stranger things are happening here again as a few postings and annual leaves are sneaking out of our section at long last. Here's wishing luck to Sgt. Simpson, LAC's Baldwin, Henderson, Dievenaud, and a couple more of the boys who managed to make that list. Also, Pat and Harry, who stole away on leave dur-

(Continued on page 19)

SLIPSTREAM



BEAR GIVES DECORATION TO ARMAMENT FLIGHT

BY LAC L. KAUFMAN

As this issue of the Gander goes to press, Station Armament wishes to go on record as being the only Section to have a Senior N.C.O. receive a new set of "Hooks" and his "Flight", while dressed in "civies".

You've all heard the story of Algy and the Bear? Instead of Algy, it was none other than our beloved 'Fuehrer', Flight Sergeant Don Stanton. It seems that Don was walking in the woods, somewhere in the vicinity of (censored) picking berries, no doubt, when he met a bear. Now some bears don't mind a chap in "Civies" and others do. This particular bear belonged in the latter category. Seeing Don without his accustomed three hooks and crown, he decided to rectify matters. A mighty sweep of his left paw left Don with three strips, albeit in the wrong direction. You may ask, where does the "Flight" come in? Don took to it. If you don't believe this story, ask him to show you the scars. (P.S. WD's please note, this offer is to men only.)

We wish to welcome back to the fold our old friend Sergeant Art Bruce, who has been convalescing in Montreal all winter. We hope that leg of yours is back in shape again, Art? It is with regret that we lose our good friend LAC Tex Duncan. After almost a year at Headquarters, Tex has been posted to a Squadron. Since we last went to press two new armourers have joined us. They are AC1 Jack Maxwell and AC1 Kramp, both late of Mountain View.

The date was May 31st, the time, a few minutes before midnight, and the place, Barrack Block 132, Room 6. The lights, usually out at this late hour, courtesy of Hub Winter, (without an "S") were burning with their accustomed brilliance, and revealed a motley crowd of armourers, gathered in one corner of the room. Station Armament was inaugurating a ceremony of some significance. Due

to the lateness of the hour, there was nothing formal about this party. Dress was varied from tattered pyjamas to the latest style in shorts.

The attention of all seemed to be concentrated upon a small object suspended on the wall. Someone made a crack (censored) and was immediately reproved by lanky Slim O'Connor, who swaying slightly in the breeze, remarked, "Gentlemen, the solemnity of this hour is not to be disturbed by vulgar levity." After a moment the laughter died away, and Ron. Matthews asked in his best rhetorical manner, "Who is to have the privilege of acting as our first Master of Ceremonies?" A hunk of bone and muscle stepped forward, in the shape of Tex Duncan, handsomely dressed in a pair of B.V.D.'s. "By unanimous approval", that word, unanimous, would have tripped up a drier tongue, "LAC Bill Stewart, airman for the use of, God knows what, will do the honours. Anybody object?"

The "Sad Sack", Bill Bastings to you, piped up, "I second the motion", there was a pause, and then he added doubtfully, "or something." This was followed by a chorus of "I's". "It's almost midnight", cut in Elgin Fretz, blinking sleepily. "It's an hour passed his bed time. "Yeah, let's get going", chorused the "Bobbys" twins, Kramp and Maxwell.

Stew, resplendent in orange striped pyjamas, stepped majestically forward. It was just as well that no one could see so clearly, the colour was dazzling. Their chosen master of ceremonies raised a hand for silence. All was suddenly quiet.

"Gentlemen", he began industriously, holding the wall with one shoulder (or maybe it was vice versa), "this is a solemn moment, the hour is upon us, the time has come at last. I deem it a privilege and an honour to officiate on this occasion". Turning to the calendar

hanging on the wall, he grasped the month of May between steady fingers and began to tear it slowly away, as he did so he commanded.

"Repeat after me." The Crew joined in . . .

"This time next month may we be,
Posted far from old "Newfie".
Each unto his chosen site,
Where sunshine isn't liquid light.
Where no one's heard of ersatz egg,
And beer cards you don't have to beg.
Where there's bright lights not far away,
A different girl for every day.
Where movie shows have cushioned seats,
And limousines run on the streets.
We know it's all a hopeless dream,
So what's the difference if we seem,
A little crazy, to make this rhyme,
Ask that cigarettes remain a dime.

DRIVER TRIMS WINTER CROP

By Driver Joe

Ever since summer has been in the air the Motor Transport personnel have developed into quite a sporty crowd, and it's quite the thing to trim the old mustache now that the upper lip requires less protection from the icy blasts. Driver Brian however, is one exception. Like old soldiers who never die, his grows on for ever. Why he let mother nature take its course in this age of streamlining is a dark mystery, because it is forever giving him trouble. It also causes its owner illusions, such as being in a field of ready-to-cut hay. When bowling at the station alleys recently he was under the impression he was playing on a village green. However, if our mutual friend has a purpose for his hairy growth then he is forgiven. It is hinted that he is bidding for the job of station boogey-man, and we think he'll get it, if the growing season lasts long enough.

However, getting back to our sporty crowd, we find that bowling

recently developed into a major M.T. sport. Sgt. Cleveland so far has kept the honored place of high scorer, while LAC's Stan Wadden and Jimmy Hewitt have been close runners-up.

The Transport belles have also been showing up well in the bowling alleys, and LAW's Wilson and Lyons, and Cpl. Molley Ferguson, have been demonstrating some neat curves. LAW's White and Bruce have also made some pretty good showings. Oh, what am I saying?

Another sport which has proved popular with the M.T. lads and lassies, is badminton (when rackets are available). LAC Holt has been shining brightly in this endeavour, and to date it can't be determined whether this is caused by birds or chickens. Cpl. Haines puts in an appearance over at the courts once in awhile just to keep from getting muscle-bound, but we don't know why.

Mostly, affairs down at the section have been running right along in their merry old way. New faces are beginning to appear, and a number of the old boys have gone back to Canada where they are expected to do justice to every T-bone steak they come across. Anyhow, here's wishing them luck. The new fellows don't need any luck. They're not going any place, anyway.

P.S. Funny how a certain Flight Sergeant ribs a certain LAC in the orderly room for reading "Charm" magazine, and then starts taking neck exercises to wear off a double chin.



"Breezy place ain't it."

RADIO RANCH LOOSES SOME "ORIGINALS"

By LAC MacNeil

A few more successes have been chalked up for Radio Ranch. Under the direction of F/L Ganong and F/O Muir we easily surpassed our Victory Loan Quota. The big social event of the month, our smoker, took place with the "grafters" committee of McAllister, Davis and Whitfield doing a splendid job. Especially when they unearthed a new singing star in the person of Dore-Turcotte. We were also fortunate in participating in two dances along with signals and control. Everyone, yes, even Pat Sullivan had a wonderful time. Our thanks go to the girls who smiled even when our Romeos Elder and Young stepped all over their feet.

During the last month, a few posting have clipped our wings. "Cec." Moore, Bud Currie, Pete McKenzie, Archie Persovsky and Ted Hamm all "originals" have left us. We were sorry to see them go as they were in no small way responsible for the happy home life at the Ranch. Hardly had the welcome sign been posted when F/O Jesse, P/O Edwards, "Ding" Dingman and Bill Culm left for greener fields.

Replacing some of our depleted staff are F/O Noble, Sgt. Roy Hansen, Harry Cohen, "Peanuts" Malloch and those two "Western Torontonians", Reg. Armstrong and Bill Whitehouse.

It is common talk that a certain Peter has taken over the interest of a recently posted F/Sgt. Along the same lines we hear that "Cricket" Grant has been shaving those two whiskers of his nightly—purpose close work, he hopes.

Bill Davis is trying to form an A.B. club—so far Taylor, Tomasson and Tackney have applied for membership—Cowie says the fees are too high.

Rumor has it that Cotnam and Whithouse did not as was accused catch those sardines, but rather bought them in the canteen.

Len "Zoot" Williams is now parting his hair the Sinatra way.

Mort Grills and Bob Somers are supposed to be headed East on their next five day pass—don't fight fellas.

A certain F/L has offered five dollars to the writer of a particular

poem—claim your money Bruce.

Someone has started a rumour that Armstrong and Sugar are growing moustaches.

Our ball team, although not yet a proven success is still a dark horse—not too dark we hope.

T. M. ORPHANS REPORT

By LAC Bradley, H. E.

Here we are for the first time reporting to the Gander Magazine, although our section is small we will try and give you some of the dirt.

We are sometimes called the Orphan Section, most of us being on Temporary Duty for almost twenty months and some having been here over two years.

There is a rumour in our section that a certain F/S is posted back to Canada, nice going Jerry and best of luck. LAC Lawther lost his girl friend so he packed and left for another station, too bad but it's not Canada.

We are a section which covers every nook and corner of the station, also our boys patrol the long distance lines by speeder and that is something. When you start out looking for trouble you usually find it even though it may be the foreign express or a bull moose parked on the rails.

In the lighter side of life we are plagued with a couple of wolves so here's a warning to any of you unwary girls, they are both dynamite. Generally speaking the rest of us lead a quiet Gander life with the occasional mission to the Wet Canteen.

Well, Folks, we have spilled our dirt so if any of you need any communications such as a telephone or a teletype get in touch through the proper channels and you will receive same, (sometime.)

Until the next issue of the Gander we wish you the best from the boys of the Telephone Maintenance.

"Well," said the egg in the monastery, "out of the frying pan into the Friar!"

SLIPSTREAM



The Gopher Hole

Only the dead should be underground!

"After the war," a note of the current optimism creeps into the midnight toast session in the gopher hole "I'm going to spend at least two hours a day sitting in front of a window watching the weather." Thus commented one of the WD Met section when her weather prediction concerning a picnic proved erroneous. Could she help it, poor girl, stuck away underground when she couldn't even see the clouds roll up, and the rain pour down.

There is nothing dead in the underground however. Cypher section had a thorough spring housecleaning, scrubbing wall, woodwork, desks, and floor. If the boys in teletype and traffic were heard to cheer when they saw the Sgts really working for a change, who would blame them.

Something new has been added to the WT section. WD's. Both sides made comments, and speaking for the men—but why not let the men speak for themselves.

SPEAKING FOR THE MEN

About a month ago, the CSO informed the boys that we were about to be invaded by a small but potent force of W.D.'s. The result of this was practically a desertion and a great upswing was noted in the roll call at the Wet Canteen. Of course Meikle and Grant walked around in a sort of Seventh Heaven. Stan Ewan just stood and spun his chain with that wolfish grin on his face.

Then the big day arrived; our new proteges walked in with a very worn-out look on their faces. They say it was the train ride but your writer hasn't observed much change yet. I suppose the best-known of the five are Peterman (Pete) and Lee (Cookie). In about three days, they had every male on the station pegged. And now Cookie is a walking information bureau. One of the fellows suggested she start a date bureau but nothing has come of it as yet. Pete hasn't done too badly either, she now has one of those fellows with wings pursuing her quite steadily with many phone calls, chocolates, to-

matoes and celery fresh from Canada.

One thing that has been noticed is that some of the fellows have been coming to work all shined up, especially Stan. Ah! that man Stan, he even went so far as to shave off his wonderful moustache.

Before closing, I would like to welcome them Lee, Peterman, Abbot, Martin, Verdon to the section and all kidding aside you do make wonderful lunch-makers and floor-sweepers.

FLASH—WOMEN IN THE SIGNAL

Don't look now but there's been an invasion in Gander! Yes, another of those male sanctorums has come under the influence of the W.D.'s. At first it came only as a rumour. (Can you blame the boys for reading the messages they take in) and then one dewy Gander morning some one said: "They're here!"

Just exactly what was broken up in the way of a mysterious male den in the signals section will perhaps never be known but we've heard rumors! One chap was even heard to confide bashfully to one of the new "Wogettes"; "You know, if the old boys had even seen me talking to a girl they would have crossed me off their Christmas list for sure."

What a blow—future hermits ruined at the beginning of their career.

On the part of some of the male element there was perhaps a somewhat timid burst of cheering. After all people working graveyard shifts supplied with the ingredients for lunches and wasn't it just possible that the girls might be able to cook. Look, boys, cooks!

As time dragged on it seemed that girls, yes, W.D.'s could do other housewifely things for their partners in crime. Socks were reclaimed from the back of lockers and holes you could drive a jeep through were mended during the wee small hours. "Dear Mother—I no longer look forward to having to wear my rubber boots all summer to prevent people from finding out that I wear spats, not socks. You know, perhaps sarge had something when he tried to distribute the girls so that each shift got at least one."

Now that we have told you what the boys thought of it all (well, per-

haps not all) lets take a quick look at the girls. Above all, let it be known that they were impressed! There is nothing like a fishy look and someone snarling—"just out of wireless school, eh!"—to curdle the blood of the healthiest WOG. Never let it be said that the boys were not nice to them. They were. You see the girls realized later that every new arrival gets the same questions asked of them. The next scene invariably shows two people drawing their chairs closer and swapping stories on—"Did you know Stinky? You did! Well, I remember—" and so it goes.

HOSPITAL CHATTER

Among new additions to the hospital we now have an excellent hobby shop and prospective victory garden. Some believe a chick hatchery is being set up in the sterilizer in the M.I.R. We might suggest that Johnnie Johnson has just the E42 to get you a hen house if you need more eggs. It is understood that the hospital is to be surrounded by grass. So far our lawns seem to be a testing ground for jeeps, trucks and tanks.

On our hospital staff we have a great many interesting and unusual characters. F/O Caswell, chief carpenter, has become quite a worker in plexiglass. Some of us begin to suspect he has a contract with the Cracker Jack Pop Corn Co. Then too we have quite a number of enthusiastic fishermen. So far they don't seem to have had much luck, although Jeffs Puddle is supposed to be just full of fish.

We have the matron's boy, shirtless Bill, religiously studying his dictionary nightly; smiles and chuckles Gertie; one pint Potter and half-pint Campbell; peg-leg Pick swinging the plaster; allergic Howard — allergic to what — guess. We have several Newfoundlanders to keep up the honor of that place. Say where is it? La Belle Parisienne s'attend a retourner dans son pays bien tot.

We were all sorry to see eleven of our staff leave recently. Hiseler still gets posted weekly but likes it here too much to leave. To replace those we lost, we welcome S/L Williams, F/L Nash, N/S Haylock, WO2 Younger, F/Sgt. Huntley, Sgts. Frazer and Boas.

ENTERTAINMENT

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



MUSIC AND COMEDY

Friday, May 26th, saw the production of Music and Comedy in the R.C.A.F. Theatre. This was a joint program by the Band, Glee Club and Drama Club. W.O.2 Bill Cullum was master of ceremonies for the first part of the program and introduced the Band under the direction of Cpl. George Homewood. Among the Band numbers, one with particular appeal was "Modern Rhapsody" by Pat Riccio, our Band arranger. Based on the tune "Darn that Dream", Pat gave us the works from nightmares to sweet dreams—and we liked it! Grand work—keep at it Pat. Also popular, was the ear tickling "Knightsbridge March" from Eric Coates "London Suite". Other Band numbers were the Rustucon Overture and Hungarian Dances No. 5 and 6 by Brahms.

Sighs of pleasure greeted the Glee Club on the opening curtain, for the W.D. members were all arrayed in evening gowns and were lovely to look upon. Sighs for happier days. Under the direction of Eugene Hill, Y.M.C.A., they gave us three groups of pieces, including folk-songs, popular songs, Stephen Foster songs and ending in a grand finale with the Band in Elgar's "Land of Hope and Glory".

Last, but far from least, came the Drama Club's comedy "Good-Night, Please". The thespians were dogged by hard luck all season which continued until the last gasp. The day before the show one of the cast entered the Hospital! Thanks to some brilliant work on the part of A.C.1 Owen Watkins of the R.A.F., the show was able to go on. He memorized the lines of the very considerable part during the day of the performance and went on after a very brief rehearsal with the rest of the cast just before the show. And—so good was his performance—we are very sure that you would never have realized it if we hadn't told you. The story of the successful banker who went to bed for a week just to enjoy it, kept the audience in a hilarious mood, thanks to the excellent work of the cast. The full cast was as follows: L.A.C. Lou Kaufman as Mr. Whitehouse, L.A.W. Audrey McEwen—Mrs. Whitehouse, L.A.W. Ruth Dixon—Vivian Whitehouse, L.A.C. Tom Riles—Burton the butler, A.C.1 Owen Watkins—Mr. McWinkle, L.A.W. Eva Clargo—the cook, and L.A.C. Bob Whitelaw as Basil. The direction was in the very capable hands of L.A.W. Evelyn Roberts and L.A.C. Howard handled the make-up.

Another Gander Varieties

On a certain Wednesday, Gander talent once again trod the boards to produce another Gander Varieties. Some new faces appeared among the oldtimers and gave

the program added interest. Among these was Bob Clark who made a genial and very full-fashioned MC when complete with derby, whispers, glasses, cigar and gloves, not to mention the jaunty sports attire.

Then there was Tommy Mancuso of the Canadian Army who plays a strictly professional accordian. He brought along four of his friends who played guitars, percussion and the double-bass. When they all got together on a Rhumba, the things they did to one's feet! They had rhythm. The R.A.F. sent us another newcomer in Eric Fagg. His impromptu stories and "street-car skit" had the audience "convulsing". Two Jitterbugs turned in a really "hot" performance, and had the crowd clamoring for more. They were Evelyn Gunderson and Paul Martino.

The "sustaining" feature of the program was our popular band, the Streamliners, featuring more of Pat Riccio's derangements. (Now you know what I mean Pat. For instance, when Phil tootles on his oboe in "Dancing in the Dark"—what it does to a guy!) Oz Zarnke gave forth in that voice with "Besame Mucho" and "Close to You". (Sorry girls, you've had it. He's posted.) Then we also had a couple of songs from Rib Riberdy, our popular MT driver who also goes in for large building jobs. (Anybody want a summer cottage?)

Alfie Scopp filled in for Bob Hope and gave us a resume of his leave in New York. Alfie, anybody should be satisfied with half as much. Ken Genge and his tumblers gave us some very pleasant novelties in the acrobatic line. Somebody tumbled, literally, once. But that wasn't his fault; the mat slipped. Harvey Paradies, one of our popular songsters, gave out with the band, "I couldn't sleep a wink last Night" and "Candlelight and Wine". Looks like a lot on night work there, Harvey! But NICE, if you can get it! And that was all, folks.

HAVE YOU A HOBBY?

If you ever have the urge to beat somebody over the head (and WHO doesn't), don't do it; beat a nail instead. Thanks to W/C Sifton, room has been provided in the Hospital for just that purpose; we call it the Hobby Room. First opened for the benefit of the patients, it is now opened for all personnel, Tuesday to Friday nights inclusive, each week. So—if you want to make something in leather, in plastics or in wood, here is your chance. Linoleum cutting and weaving are also to be had and all kinds of model aircraft, tanks, trucks, etc. are available. You pay for materials at cost and tools and instruction are provided for your use. Now that we have told you, we will expect an epidemic of handicrafts on the station. Go to it fellows and gals!



F/O (Now F/L) "PAT" CHEATER D.F.C.



F/O (Now F/L) "PETE" HUGHES D.F.C.

MORE HONOURS and AWARDS

TO THE

DUMBO

SQUADRON

FLYING OFFICER J. BILLINGS—D.F.C.

MENTIONED IN DESPATCHES

P/O J. LAMONT Posthumous

W.O. SILVERSTEIN Posthumous

F/O M. WALLACE

P/O J. BANKS

W.O.1 P. PATERSON

W.O.2 CARTER

W.O.2 KOSTIUK

SGT. S. ARCHER

F/L S. G. BRUCE

F/O E. J. BRADY

W.O.1 A. C. JOHNS

W.O.2 J. G. GRIGGS

W.O.2 C. D. LOADER

SGT. P. JACKSON



F/O BILL MAXWELL D.F.C.



F/L "GAR" HARLAND D.F.C.



S/L "ROD" MILNE D.F.C.



F/L PETER DALE D.F.C.



F/O PAUL LAFOND D.F.C.

SLIPSTREAM



SERVICE POLICE BUILD HOLIDAY RETREAT

Newfoundland with its abundance of lakes and streams choked with fish is the answer to a fisherman's prayer. It affords tangible evidence of Nature's goodness and many an airman and for that matter W.D. has returned to camp with a catch the likes of which have never been seen in Canada.

On a station of this size there are plenty of would-be sportsmen and a few real honest-to-goodness fishermen. Under the latter category fall quite a number of the Service Police. And last winter, taking a look at the possibilities of a good summer of their favourite sport these foresited fellows built a cabin at a nearby lake.

Their decision led them to a winter's work of clearing, building and putting a cabin into a livable condition. They chose a site on an island seeking the complete solitude from the troubles of station life. The home in the woods is a "four bunker" and a super job of construction made of the finest fir trees with the best of Newfoundland moss for chinking. It measures fourteen feet wide and sixteen feet in length; has a stove and gradually is getting the best of camp fittings.

Being built on an island, a boat was a necessity and it fell the lot of "Sammy" Leonard to get the desired article. This he did but refuses to say just where he located the rare specimen. Getting the craft out to the lake was a job and it took five men to get it there. They pushed, pulled, dragged, slid and carried it the five winding miles to the destination. It was on such a trip that "Arkie" Dalton disappear in the snow and had to be dug out.

The main instigators in the affair were Cpls. "Arkie" Dalton, "Art" Ferry, "Harry" Coons and "Sammy" Leonard; but many of the other boys spent the odd day out there helping with the construction. With the job now complete five day passes and days off are spent at the retreat with the minimum of expence and the

maximum of outdoor enjoyment.

"Doc" Chapman after returning from a night at the lake commented that the place was all right but complained that the mosquito patrol there was too good. He says they not only bite but tear off a hunk of flesh and then crawl up into a tree to gorge themselves.

Now for a little more dirt about some of the others. With Major Guthray away on furlough "Andy" Anderson is checking every aircraft for his return so he can get his pass. And with F/S Mackenzie on course in Canada Sgt. MacDonald is walking around with a worried look on his face.

The S. P. Softball Team is going great guns these days and really looks like a winner for this season. Stay in there pitching fellows!

The Flying Frenchman, Sgt. Archibault, is in his glory these days with the new jeep they have for patrol.

Looks like Cpl. Doug. Day of the Station Guard House will pay off to "Art" again. Keep trying, Doug old man, one of these times your bound to click.



MC

Power Commission Notes Decrease

Well folks here we are again. The Gander Light and Power Commission business has dropped off somewhat since the last issue of the Gander. This is on account of the long days. Our peak loads are not so high or so long but nevertheless the wires have to be kept hot just the same, besides making repairs, etc., and getting the equipment in readiness for the coming winter.

A few postings have arrived for the more fortunate ones, amongst them are Sgt. Smithson, Cpls. Hall, Surette, Whelen and L.A.C. Jones. We wish them all of the best on their new stations. These boys did a real job up here especially when the going was very difficult and trying, and to their replacements, Welcome. May your stay be a long and happy one. We regret very much to hear that our chief F/S Mathe will be leaving us in the very near future. Although the Flight claims it is just as well that he is going out because after spending several years at Fort Churchill on Hudson's Bay, he finds life rather congested here on the Gander. Too many bright lights around here to suit me, says the Flight. But watch those buttons, old boy.

Occasionally when we have a breakdown at the plant a little humor steps in to take the gloom out of life. Some time ago we had a power failure which could be attributed to a number of causes but this particular night a surge in the line tripped the turbine off. When this unfortunate emergency arose things had to be done in a hurry. Before getting the generators back on the line Engineers and firemen had their hands full running thither and yon, opening and closing valves, starting up motors, opening and closing electrical devices, etc. besides having to attend to a dozen and one matters of lesser importance. At this time everything was in a state of immobility and one false move may have caused irreparable damage to costly equipment rendering it unserviceable for a lengthy period.

Of course in times like this we can expect calls from the different sections inquiring as to the cause of the power failure. At this one particular time everyone was very busy at their respective duties and disregarded the phone altogether as everything was not proceeding according to plan. Finally the shift engineer with perspiration streaming down his face and not to say a trifle aggravated, picked up the receiver and managed to gasp into the mouthpiece Steam Turbo Plant. A sweet young voice at the other end answered, Oh, I'm so sorry, wrong number. As he emerged from the telephone booth, he was heard to mutter through clenched teeth — Those . . . dizzy dames.

Seeks Posting after Three Years

There is very little to write about but when it comes to Works and Buildings as it is a very busy section, everyone hard at work—Electricians, Plumbers, Carpenters, Diesel Fitters, Engineers and many others.

Could anyone tell us why F/S Forester walks around in a daze these days? Could he have something up his sleeve? They tell us Cpl. Moore is also very unsettled. Is that what furloughs do to people?

What's F/S. Golley's reason for wearing sun glasses? Is he wearing a disguise or could he be looking for Gander sunshine?

We will soon be saying goodbye to our good looking "Romeo", Joe Moreau, as his remuster to S. P. is about to come through. Fishing seems to be a great hobby in the W&B Section, when even "Romeo" takes it up. Instead of coming back with fish he comes back with blisters on his feet. Could that be where the "rip" started?

We welcome to our section LAW Mahaney, better known as "Bertie" or "Blondie", the little blonde bombshell we have been hearing so much about. Between you and I boys, no one has a chance with that good looking "Romeo" from the electrical section around. We also say hello to LAW Thompson, our new equipment assistant. Seems as though this gal has little time for airmen.

Its farewell to Mike Mazuret who was posted sometime ago to Canada. Also to Scotty Smith on her overseas posting. Hope she will be happy now and maybe run across a certain someone over there. By the way, could

"Stevie" have been that unfinished business she mentioned, and the reason for the forlorn look on her face when she left?

We cannot forget "Larry" our hard working draughtsman, who has a five day pass every six days or so—no sooner back when he's looking forward to the next one. Now he has only his furlough on his mind. I guess we can't blame him though,—after all he has a pretty little wife waiting patiently for him in Winnipeg.

And of course, we can't forget Major Tuplin, our foreman of works. He's been here for such a long time now that every time anyone mentions a posting, he seems to think it's him. Of course we don't blame him as he's only been here for shall we say, well, it's just been about



"This is Dr. Robert Q. Harvienagle bringing you Jive at Five over Radio Station, V.O.R.G., 1450 on your dial."

three years. Don't worry Major you'll get it any day now—you hope. Funny we can't seem to get any scandalous gossip on "Tup". But if he's here long enough we will. We can't forget the time Mr. Tuplin went fishing with F/S Poulin and F/S Magnus. It seems that the Major while standing up in the boat got a bite and in the excitement of landing it upset the craft throwing all concerned into the deep blue. They looked fine when they arrived back on the station, a little tired and a trifle soaked but never the less happy.

This seems to be all the gossip for this time. Sorry we missed some of you. But don't worry, your turn will come.

LEAVE BUG BITES SECTION HERMIT

(Continued from Page 11)
ing the night. Those remaining are dreading the return of Pat as many a sleepless night will be spent listening to his wild yarns. We all hope that his girl will remember that this is Leap Year and thus shut him up.

This leave bug is biting our hermit, Cpl. Giggie, of the office. They say he is thinking about it. Wonder if he found the new replacements and got them started on the right track? Some were wondering, too, if F/Sgt. Rayner is going to try to perfect a new kind of soap, which he could sell to the boys working at the mixing plant. From all appearances it's a cinch that they are wearing more tar on their clothes than they are getting into the trucks.

Sgt. Renaud still is trying to find out the reason he can't get a job in one place instead of travelling all over the drome in his pre-war vintage dump truck. However, he's not doing too badly as he always manages to rattle back to the yard around meal time.

TALL TALE

Aboard our ship, we had an old tomcat named Tom, who did equally well with the rats and females.

Tom was at the height of his career when one day, in a bad storm off Lower California, he was thrown heavily against the side of the radio shack. One of his front legs was broken.

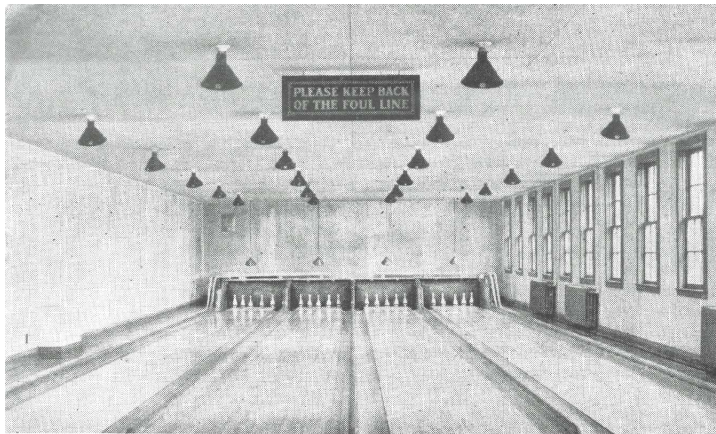
We were just about to put old Tom out of his misery, when the pharmacist's mate happened by. "Wait a minute," he said. And after applying an anesthetic he amputated the cat's injured leg above the break.

The stump healed and Doc whittled out a wooden leg for Tom. The poor animal was very unhappy, and we could hear him clumping about topside all night and most of the day. It seemed that his career was over and that he would have to live on our charity for the rest of his life.

But we were wrong.

One night, we heard a terrific racket out on the deck. We rushed up with flashlights to investigate.

There was Tom, holding a rat down with his good front leg—and beating him to death with the wooden one.



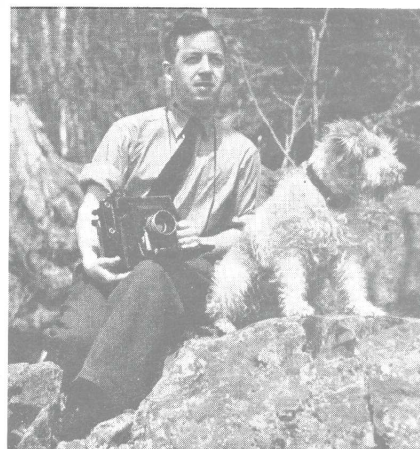
Hap took this photo of the Bowling alleys one morning before anyone was awake, it was the only time they weren't in use.



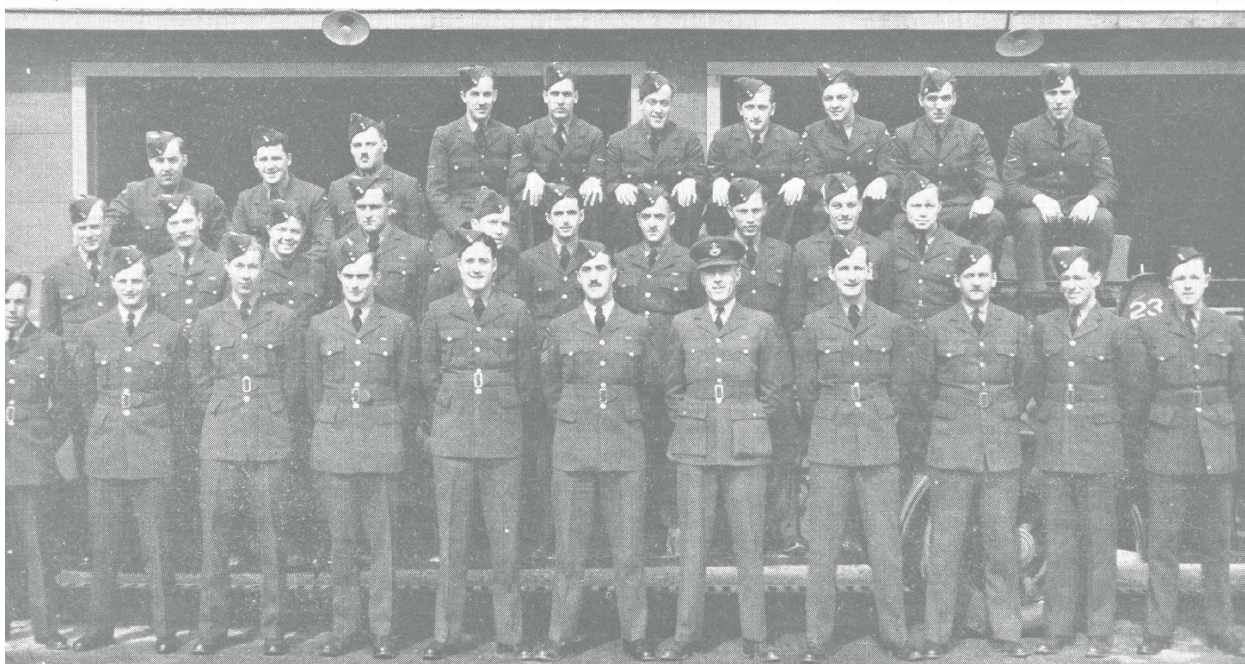
W/C Wigle since having his picture taken for the "Gander" has departed from our happy surroundings.

ROAMIN' GANDERLAND

WITH "HAP" DAY →



Here is the latest photo of the firefighters. A good bunch of lads who lead a busy life in Ganderland.





Hard at it are LAW Sue Jacobs and Cpl. Gwen Brae. Sue is our new W.D. Editor.



Cpl. Stan Lavender holds "Hypo" (the Photo section pet) while LAC Tom Withers applies the soap.



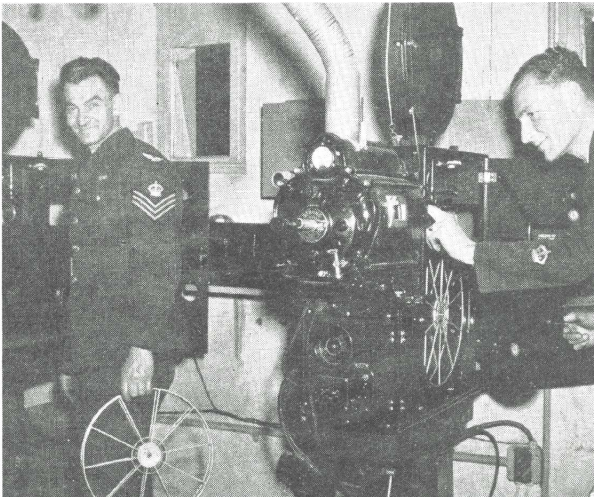
Hap came across these interested spectators at a Basketball game.

Cpl. Glad Harvey (l.) and LAW Joyce Adams (r.) caught at work by the roving photographer.



W.D. Wireless Operators work side by side with the airmen.

Entertainment coming up as the Major and Flight start the projectors at the R.C.A.F. theatre.





Education

HIGHER EDUCATION

By Sgt. Dunaway

The old saying, "God helps those that help themselves", is a good thing to remember in these times. If of course we referred to those who are a little light-fingered we would state, "God help those that help themselves!" But to return to the original trend of this article we wish to make known that on this Station not only God helps those who are willing to work and try for a definite goal in life.

It does not matter what type of work or profession you may wish to enter, help can be obtained. If you wish to end up as a Doctor, join the Hobby Club and take up "Lino-cutting". In that way you will learn to use the knife. If you have the desire to pull teeth a little machine shop practice will do you no harm. You will be able to get the 'gen' on the use of the drill, chisel and hammer, and a pair of pliers. If you would like to be an Accountant try keeping track of your pay. If you can follow the present Air Force systems you should have no trouble in civilian life.

To return to the more serious side of the story, help can be obtained, through the Education Office in preparing yourself for Post-War employment. The Canadian Legion Educational Services offer complete Junior Matriculation courses and recently several Senior Matriculation courses have been brought out. In addition to these they offer Commercial Courses as Bookkeeping, Technical Courses like Sheet Metal Work and Vocational Courses in Agriculture as well as several special service courses.

By arrangement with the Canadian Legion the Departments of Education of several of our Provinces offer correspondence courses that the Legion do not touch. The Nova Scotia Technical College is the best known of the Institutions that correspondence courses can be obtained from. I will take this opportunity to list a few of the more out of the way courses offered by the Nova Scotia Tech. They are as follows: House Painting and Decorating, Building Construction, Steam Turbines, Plumbing, Heating and Ventilation, Steel Ship Construction, Retail Salesmanship, Showcard Writing, and Advertising.

Meanwhile on the other side of the continent the Department of Education of British Columbia offers some other unique courses. They are for example: Spanish, Home Economics, Metal Mining, and Forestry as well as several of the courses offered by the Nova Scotia Technical College.

For those of you who wish a little of the so-called higher education the following Universities offer certain subjects to Service Personnel. They are: Acadia University, University of British Columbia, University of Manitoba, McMaster University, Mount Allison University, Ottawa University, Queen's University, University of Saskatchewan, University of Toronto, and the University of Western Ontario. No matter where in

(Continued on page 32)

Books You Ought to Read

By S/O Armstrong

Bright to the Wanderer: Bruce Lancaster.

If you have stood on Yonge St. during a rush hour and complained of the difficulties of getting a street car, you will sympathize with Cameron Stensrood's complaint. Standing on Queen St. he exclaimed: "Look at that! A city of ten thousand and just one sidewalk!"

Even those who don't come from Toronto should be interested in the story of the Stensrood family, as told by Bruce Lancaster in "Bright to the Wanderer", for it deals with a vital period of Canada's history. The family first settled in Canada in 1781, when people of British sympathies were being forced out of the new United States of America. As the years went by, the Stensrood's made for themselves a home and a good living on the outskirts of Toronto.

Then in 1835 came rumblings of discontent in Upper Canada. The Family Compact was ruling in a fashion too autocratic to suit many of those who had come to value freedom and independence. So there were many minds ripe to receive the doctrine of Reform which William Lyon MacKenzie was preaching.

Gilbert Stensrood, as a young medical student, was especially stirred by MacKenzie's aims, although he was counseled by the older members of his family to steer a more moderate course. In following Gilbert's adventures through the years 1835 to 1840, Lancaster presents a vivid picture of the spread of discontent, the organization and growth of the Reform Party, the spasmodic outbursts of fighting, with the climax in the Rebellion on 1837.

With Canadians fighting in every corner of the globe today, it is good to be reminded of a time when the age-old struggle for liberty was being fought on our own soil. The picture is still the same. In Canada are still the same well-intentioned, ordinary people, groping for the kind of life they want to lead. One Stensrood would call them "fumblers" but another member of the family prefers to use the term "wanderers"—he sees them as people seeking the middle way, and still not quite sure where they are heading. For all such people, we can join in the refrain of the novel: "Who watcheth over all, whose eye is never sleeping, God make the dark night bright to the wanderer."

M.K.A.



Padre's Corner



Shall We Win The Peace?

By F/L. Comfort, Padre (P)

At present we are feeling a little self righteous as to our war effort. We are fighting for freedom we say—but we are inclined to forget that although our nation started the war we all have a share in the responsibility for the conditions which made the rise of Hitlerism possible.

Religious indifference, selfishness, intolerance lie behind the immediate causes of the war. "We know that the sword cannot make peace." It can remove obstacles to peace, but peace must be made first of all in the minds of the victors.

The most distressing thing, quite evident to the serious observer, is the Religious indifference which still exists among a vast number of professing Christians and this camp is no exception and while many are indifferent there are others with no religious convictions and apparently quite content to continue that way and thus unintentionally weaken the foundation upon which, peace must be built.

There is still a spirit of selfishness abroad. The old adage, "Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost," is more of a fact than fiction. This might well be our constant prayer, "O God teach us to recognize the right of others to be treated with consideration, even our enemies. Cleanse us of selfishness and let thy grace sweeten our Spirit. Amen."

Intolerance leads to strife and well we know it. Yet the two worst kinds of intolerance exist today not only in enemy countries but unfortunately among those who are fighting for freedom and tolerance. Racial and Religious intolerance verily works of the devil for Christianity teaches the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God and that in His sight all men are equal yet intolerance is still manifested among us in anti-semitism and in the attitude of white peoples to the colored races.

Among Christians there is still God forgive us a Spirit of intolerance although there are definite signs of an awakening to the fact that in Christ all are one and we are beginning to realize that true religion can never make every one alike but can and does enable us to appreciate the other view point and recognize the essential oneness in Christ of all true Christians.

To all I would say that each of us is personally responsible for the laying of a true and solid foundation for peace, and while armies may win the war, individuals will win or lose the peace. It is time for everyone to give serious consideration to Religion and to join themselves to the armies of Christ, "The Prince of Peace," to develop in themselves a true unselfishness to rid ourselves of any intolerance and to fight it vigorously wherever it may arise. God's will can be done on earth if we will but let it govern our own lives. "And the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep our hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God."

A Letter to the Editor

Recently this letter was dropped in "THE GANDER" mailbox. It was written by an un-named airman who was stationed here for a term of duty but has since been posted. This is his farewell message to us.

GOODBYE, GANDER, GOODBYE

I'm ganderized and I don't mind admitting it, so this letter to the editor will cause no more commotion than my leaving. Seven months at this self-contained town, has made an everlasting impression on me and I'd like to pass it on to you.

I'm laziness personified and so this station appealed to me the moment I first arrived, early in November, as part of a famous anti-sub squadron. The former C. O., G/C Annis, gave me a fair inkling of how things would be when he told the station to, "work while working and play while playing." I congratulate myself on my adeptness at getting out of work.

The "play while playing" part of his philosophy was right down my alley so to speak, and after my first sight of the recreation facilities I knew that I'd like this station. Wintery winds were all ready blowing so I scouted

around the drill hall to find out how I was going to spend my off duty hours. The investigation led me to the well-equipped P.T. & D. office, where a group of business-like P.T.I.'s were congregated and I learned from them that if I had the time I could, without leaving the building, indulge in basketball, bowling, Badminton, boxing, swimming, wrestling and indoor tennis. To top that off I could use the lounge and library; visit the padres or even get a haircut if I so minded. Later developments saw our little "Y" man, Ken Genge, organize a tumbling team that could put on a good display of acrobatics on the mats, high bar and rings. Outdoor sports were limited to hiking and skiing, due to the inability of the staff to get work done on a skating rink and getting other equipment sent from Canada.

The social end of town life is represented in many functions such as dances, concerts and get-togethers in the dry and wet canteens which are a part of every day life. Our girls can justifiably take a bow for their co-operation in these affairs. The theatres offer some of the finest pictures and although the seats may be hard, find many customers for their wares. All in all it has been nice being here.

The community spirit that prevails is one of the
(Continued on page 32)



R. C. A. F. COVER GIRL

Her lovely red hair, perfect teeth, thick curling eyelashes and her peaches-and-cream complexion are familiar to more than a million people. Yet she is known personally to comparatively few.

She is LAW Agnes "Sunny" Wallace, of Richmond, Que., the R.C.A.F. cover girl. Those few who know her will say that the nickname "Sunny" applies particularly to her disposition. In Ganderland she's the Station Librarian.

It all started last Spring when the lovely W.D. was stationed at No. 13 S.F.T.S., St. Hubert. In search of pulchritudinous airwomen for a special R.C.A.F. display at Rimouski, she was discovered by the Public Relations Officer at No. 3 Training Command Headquarters, Montreal.

The famous Belgian artist Fernand DeBroux, who had previously done portraits of Air Minister Major the Honorable C. G. Power, M.C., of Air Vice Marshal Albert de Niverville, Air Member for Training and Air Vice Marshal Adelard Raymond, Air Officer Commanding No. 3 Training Command was commissioned by the Command P.R.O. to do LAW Wallace's portrait in monumental proportions.

Here she is, the R. C. A. F.'s "cover girl," a title earned by curvaceous "Sunny" Wallace.



BY PAUL E. PARENT
Public Relations Officer 3 T.C.H.Q.

This remarkable likeness was exhibited first at Rimouski in the Spring. There hundreds of people commented flatteringly on the loveliness of the airwoman. Last Fall it was a feature at the Air Force Exhibit at the Quebec Provincial Annual Exhibition which was proclaimed "the finest exhibit of the year." More than a quarter of a million people saw "Sunny" there and many a visitor enthused: "She ought to be in the movies."

When the "Reich Raiders" R.C.A.F.-R.A.F. Display was the outstanding attraction at the mammoth store of the T. Eaton Co. Ltd. in Montreal the advertising department thought so highly of its "appeal" that it was used in the center window on St. Catherine Street to advertise the "Reich Raiders" show which held sway for eighteen days. Possibly half of Montreal's population—which totals over one and a half million—saw the beautiful red-head there.

The portrait now adorns the walls of the Public Relations Office at No. 3 T.C.H.Q., Montreal and more than one visitor has looked at it and remarked volubly: "Wow!!"

In wolf language, it is still "Wow!"

N. C. O. CHATTERBOX

By Sgt. Imata Loss

There'll be some changes made. It was said the mess was a MESS and something should be done about it. So, naturally, something was done. Though the alterations are not yet completed we might mention the fact that a big improvement has been made.

One of the most startling decorations to be added, proved alas, to be only a temporary addition. Sgt. Dingle came up for a few weeks on TD and a strange blonde, (Billings now rating as an old timer) attracted more than casual attention from some of the members of the mess, notably a certain Sgt. pilot of the Cat Squadron.

New pictures have been hung however, that seem destined to stay. The King and Queen grace the far wall with the Air Force Crest between them and placed above the new indirect wall lights around the rest of the room are the decorations that may be awarded to service personnel. We have some distinguished members of the mess who can look with interest on these.

The chaps honored with being mentioned in despatches are: WO1 Johns, WO2 Griggs, WO2 Loader, WO2 Silvestein (missing), Sgt. Jackson, WO1 Paterson, WO2 Carter, WO2 Kostiuik and WO2 Archer.

A bouquet is flung in the general direction of Sgt. Weeks who received thanks (along with his co-workers Cpl. Montemurro and F/O Steirman) from the Chief of Air Staff for suggesting modifications or something or other on the thing-a-ma-bob they work with, which modifications have been adopted with fine result and the rest is an Air Force Secret.

It seems to pay to keep your mouth shut at Mess Meetings. As a result of saying what they thought or what they didn't take time to think about F/S Crothers and WO2 Gilfillan were elected to the Entertainment Committee. WO1 Jackson was also 'Joed'. It is hoped that the new committee will keep up the two dances a month that was started in May.

The reason F/S Crothers insists on longer hours for the Snooker table can be readily understood after watching him shoot a game.

We have it on good authority that Cec Goodfellow is offering to sell his entire Correspondence Course on "How to Play Snooker". He is now paying for coaching lessons at the rate of a quarter a game. The course it would seem from Cec's recent showing on the Snooker table is not worth the paper it is printed on. Cec however claims that his eyes, that went bad while he was on leave, are to blame.

FLASH—Cec has just offered to trade his course for one entitled "How to Play Marbles".

F/S Larry "I second that motion" Leblanc had a hay-day at the last mess meeting. He was even heard offering to second a "Free-for-all" between WO1 Rudd and F/S Crothers.

WO1 Deslaurier must be one of the favored few when they start bringing out five gallons of ice cream at a time to him.

With the posting of nearly all of WD N.C.O.'s the boys no longer find it necessary to sing "Good Night Ladies" immediately that the bar opens, if it opens.

If anyone is looking for a some real strenuous exercise, we have heard that Al "PT" Forman and F/S. "Commando" Woods will take them on for a hard game of Chess, Checkers, Cribbage or Bridge. We understand that Deslaurier lost his last dollar to WO2 Spance in a feat of skill. The outcome was that Des was heard trying to bribe the Umps of a softball game to give Spanky a raw deal. He promised to pay off with coke bottles.

Speaking of coke bottles several of the boys were seen out collecting bottles to get enough money to go to the show.

With all the improvements in the mess one thing is lacking, familiar bottles. If this drought keeps up what will Al Rudd do for a gavel at the next mess meeting.

Sgt. Robinson of the Dumbo armament section can be seen sporting a beautiful red beard. Some say he is trying to attract attention as to the length of time he's been on the station. Others say, he's just trying to attract attention. Robbie tells us its the barber's itch—but personally we think he hasn't the price of a new blade.

Any similiarly between handsome bearded Robinson and a certain cartoon are purely intentional.

WITH APOLOGIES TO A CERTAIN BROOK

It comes from Dawes and Jockey Club—
It comes in cans and cases—
It comes in bottles green or clear—
from many distant places—

It gurgles, gurgles as it flows,
It ruins the wind and liver!
Oh! scotch may come and scotch may go
but beer goes on forever.



★ PERSONALITIES OF THE MONTH ★



EVELYN "BOBBY" ROBERTS

As the curtain rang down on the local production of the stage play, "Good Night Please", a thunderous, spontaneous applause filled the theatre. Directly responsible for its success was L.A.W. Evelyn Roberts, who has taken the local drama group in tow. Evelyn directed "Good Night Please", and we are told that she has another play in store for us.

Answering to the nicknames, "Ev" or "Bobby", Evelyn was born in Edmonton. Was a school marm for 13 years prior to her enlistment in July '43. Five of these years were spent in Halifax, the remainder in Grande Prairie Alberta.

A teacher in English, social studies and Dramatics, Ev is still proud of the day her class won the Grande Prairie Drama Festival. According to Ev—the "Gateway to Alaska Grand Prairie is the only town in Canada.

Statistics are:— arrived on the Station November, 1943. In charge of station Dramatics. On the Station Entertainment committee. Likes athletics, dancing and movies. Has two brothers in the army. Was high pressured into writing for the station magazine (after the interview) Is also an expert handwriting analyst.

Her Dad retired from the teaching profession in 1942 at the age of 69, but has returned to teaching for the duration.

LAC BENSON, J. R. H.

Although too shy to admit it himself, LAC Benson is now known as "The Waltz King". He won a waltz contest at a recent dance and his friends are not letting him forget it. He was born in Hudson, Que. on September 29th, 1923, but moved at an early age to Lachine, where he received his education.

On leaving Grade School he was apprenticed as a plumber to L. E. Moulton & Co. He worked for Garth Co., Plumbers and Contractors, for five years prior to joining the Air Force.

Took the big plunge on February 9th, 1943, and was lucky enough to go to Manning Pool in his own home town, Lachine. Gander is his first station, and has been here for fifteen months. He likes the station, but after his lengthy stay here, is hoping for a posting in the near future. When that posting does come in he hopes it will be for the West Coast, which he has never seen.

In his spare time he plays badminton, swims, and like everyone else, goes to shows. His hobbies would include golf, if there were a golf course here. He uses to be a caddy, and has caddied for such professionals as Sammy Snead, Byron Nelson, and shoots in the low 80's himself. Some day the "Waltz King" hopes to become a steam engineer, so here's hoping you make it, Raymond.

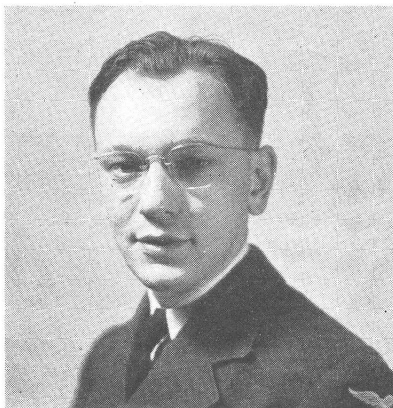


ACI A. B. BRILL

Born in the Toronto district some twenty years ago—a million years too soon, he laments—Barney Brill has been getting himself into trouble ever since. At the age of five he was expelled from kindergarten for harassing the teacher; at 15 he spent a night in jail for borrowing his father's car. Incidentally, he terminated his business connection with that worthy gentleman because, as Barney puts it, "the old boy simply wouldn't do what he was told".

A perpetual problem child, Brill was brought to Newfoundland under escort to face a charge of missing the boat from Canada just so he could linger a few hours with his current one and only. He's no stranger to these parts, however, having spent five months at Gander with the Queen's Own Rifles back in 1940. Donning the blue in early '42, he had visions of an heroic career but, after an unsuccessful fling at Aircrew, myopia (weak peepers to you) relegated him to ground duties. He hopes to wind up as Station Runner, which he claims to be the one job that he has ever performed satisfactorily. Bears a recommendation from the Adjutant of a former Base who describes him as "the only Runner who ever actually ran".

Somewhat of a Wet Canteen philosopher, his varied interests include people, plays and politics. His chief pastimes: speaking, sermonizing, soliloquizing. Favorite sport: Boxing. Hobby: dreaming up goofy inventions such as his automatic-stoking meerscham (patent applied for) and a black electric light bulb for making it dark in the daytime.



★ WARRANT OFFICERS ON PARADE ★

WO2 HENRY BERNARD SMITH

After nearly two years in Newfoundland, WO2 Smith says he wouldn't mind another two. Born in Birkenhead, England in 1902, Warrant Officer Smith belongs to a family that is serving in various fields. One brother who was in Dieppe served later in India, and is now a prisoner of war in Germany. Another is with the Royal Artillery in the Far East. A third brother is in Italy with R.A.F. Signals Corps, and a fourth is in the Royal Canadian Navy.

During the last war "Smitty" worked in submarines as a ship-builder.

In 1928 he married Miss Margaret Scarrow, of Rathwell, Man., daughter of a pioneer who moved to the west in 1875.

H. B. has taken a prominent part in public affairs, being a member of the Winnipeg School Board, Chairman of Manitoba School Orchestras, Chairman of Teachers' Pension Fund and Building Committee, Sec.-Treas. of Winnipeg Branch of the League of Nations Society.

He was interested in the Labor Movement and acted as Chairman of Bakery Workers' Union. In 1933 he served on a "Royal Commission" investigating unfair and detrimental trade practices. His enlistment in the R.C.A.F. at the outbreak of the war necessitated his resignation as candidate for parliament.

But Smitty is not a believer in "all work and no play" He was a member of St. James Football Team in Winnipeg. He also likes cricket and bowling.

He is N.C.O. in charge of the Electrical section here, and is kept very busy — but not too busy to take part in Station Activities. He is an interested member of the Discussion Group. He is probably best known as the very able President of the N.C.O.'s Mess.



WO1 A. E. (Al) RUDD

The vote is counted and the motion carried as Al Rudd, who is serving his third term as Chairman of the Sergeant's Mess heartily thumps the table with his gavel.

Al was born in England and came to Canada shortly after completing his education. He is still very much of an Englishman however and loves a good argument. Anything from mess improvement to post-war reconstruction interests him and a two hour argument is just a "short" session. If you must get on the wrong side of a dispute with Al don't draw a gun. He's more than a good shot. Before the war he was connected with the Royal Rifles of Canada and twice won the Lieutenant Governor's medal for small bore shooting. He also played soccer for English School semi-finals before coming to Canada, and later for Quebec City. He's still active in the Quebec Curling Club and hopes to do a lot of curling yet. Just one of his personal post-war plans.

At the time of his enlistment in December 1941 Al was Laundry Superintendent at the Chateau Frontenac in Quebec City. On enlistment he was posted to No. 1 Manning Depot in Toronto where he stayed until March 1942 at which time he was posted to Gander. Asked what he thought of Warrant Officers on Parade he replied, "I wouldn't mind being on parade in Canada." He'd like to stay long enough to see the NCO's Mess completely redecorated. You will, Al.

WO2 W. A. (BILL) CULLUM

"Give me your name and number, and appear on Duty Watch parade tonight!" When addressed in this manner you have now met Senior Warrant Officer W. A. (Bill) Cullum. Bill was born in Montreal and educated in Ottawa. Long before entering High School he started on his musical career, with two sticks and an old wash tub. By the time he was 14, Bill had improved to a point where the neighbors no longer paid him to move elsewhere. His financial set back was short lived.

He started playing with a regular Dance Band and it is his boast that he played in every "clip joint" in the vicinity of Ottawa. Tiring of playing for the Hep-cats and jitter-bugs Bill joined the RCAF in August 1940. He was posted to Gander in August 1942 as Drum Major and Discip with the No. 3 T.C. Band. In the fall of 1943 Bill went on a P.T. & D. Course at Trenton and returned here to take over the duties of a P.T. & D.

Recently WO2 Cullum assumed the position of S.W.O. Ever since his arrival here Bill has been very active in Station affairs. He is a Past President of the Sgt's Mess and has served on the Station Fund, Sports, and Theatre Committees. As well as his regular tour of duty as S.W.O. WO2 Cullum is the Manager of the RCAF Theatre. When asked how he liked the Station he replied, "I think this is one of the finest Stations in the RCAF, but after spending nearly two years here. . . . period.



VORG

BEHIND THE MIKE

With Bob Harvie—VORG

Hi yuh gang! Your VORG Program Director, Dr. Robert Q. Harvienagle, digs his way out of stacks of records and electrical transcriptions just long enough to make with the latest gossip on the goings-on behind the sacred portals of Newfie's biggest little radio station.

It's ancient news by now that the program and technical departments of VORG have "taken a powder" from the confines of the C.O.'s residence and are now located in new studios in the General Canteen. And brother, you should see those new studios of ours. Strictly modern, up-to-date and with indirect lighting!

Credit the Armed Forces Radio Service, the world's largest radio network, who are doing a slightly short-of-magnificent job in supplying Armed Forces radio stations, such as VORG, with the finest transcribed entertainment. In addition to that, AFRS build their own shows around top flight talent . . . shows that don't get an airing in America. Take, for example, a while back Frank Sinatra, Dinah Shore and Ginny Sims got together on a "Command Performance" shot, a million dollar show if there ever was one. Show me the commercial sponsor who could afford to pay, or even obtain, the talent that's gathered together weekly on "Command Performance." Other great AFRS shows include "Mail Call," "G. I. Journal," "Jubilee," "Front Line Theatre," to note but a few.

* * * *

VORG's ace newscaster, George Kent, is quite happy these days, jubilant over the fact that our news coverage has been greatly increased through arrangements made by Eastern Air Command with the CBC News Service. VORG listeners now receive up-to-the-minute news direct from the newsrooms of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

Discs of top-drawer CBC shows are also part of a free program service supplied by that Canadian network. The VORG schedule now boasts "Swing For the Services" with Bert Niosi's Orchestra, "Victory Parade" with Mart Kenney's Western Gents, "Happy Gang" and "Toronto Symphony Concerts."

Incidentally, speaking of symphony concerts, if you happen to be a "long hair" and in the VORG listening



Hollywood Headliners announced by
Sheilagh Gilmour Stene

area, you're treated weekly to Boston Symphony Concerts (Thursdays at 2:00), the Victor Record Album thrice weekly, the NBC Symphony Of the Air (Sundays at 2:00), "Music We Love" with Richard Crooks, "Music From America's" starring various artists of the concert stage, and "Great Music" in which screen star Walter Huston attempts to extoll the values of concert music and educate the layman in ordinary, everyday G. I. language.

Here's something unbelievable. Our "Saturday Nite Request Party" recently received a request all the way from Canada's West Coast. It seems that a serviceman way out that-a-way has a service gal out this-a-way and wanted an extra-special tune played especially for her. Believe, it was "Rhapsody In Blue." We gave the disc a spin and thusly assumed the duties of a coast-to-coast Dan Cupid!

NEW FACES: New additions to the staff include Bill Piekarski, a likeable kid, who is puh-lenty hep when it comes to radio. Seems the boy once worked up Northern Ontario way with CKCB Timmins, key station of Northern Broadcasting Company. Brother Bill has assisted tremendously in a technical way and is happy with his new job. . . Then there's George Hill, genial Dumbo Squadron red-head who is, in his spare moments, announcing and spinning discs for us a few evenings a week. George is a comer and commercial radio managers will please to keep the guy in mind when this war for world freedom finally reaches a decisive conclusion. . . Jack Quinn, of the big black seegar, is commentator on the Victor Record Album shows these days. First time Jack was introduced to the microphone he sat down, script in hand, and very calmly with all the coolness in the world whipped through the show with 'nary a "bauble." A natural if we ever saw one. And, man,

(Continued on page 32)

Sports

(Continued)

BOWLING

Climaxing a most successful season, the bowling league under the chairmanship of Cpl. Louis Lecourse ran one of the most interesting and exciting playoffs ever staged in Gander. With fifteen teams representing every section on the station, double elimination series began.

Fighter squadron, after dropping the opening game, won the next four to advance into the finals against an unbeaten Equipment team. Interest was at fever pitch with supporters of both teams jamming the spectators gallery, yelling their lungs out for their teams. Fighter Squadron came through with some tidy scores to take the series and capture the station title. The winning team consisted of McColgan, McLeod, Teasdale, Vogt, Teams and Killoran. Fighter Squadron hit the 300 mark consistently throughout the series. Teasdale had the high single with 324.

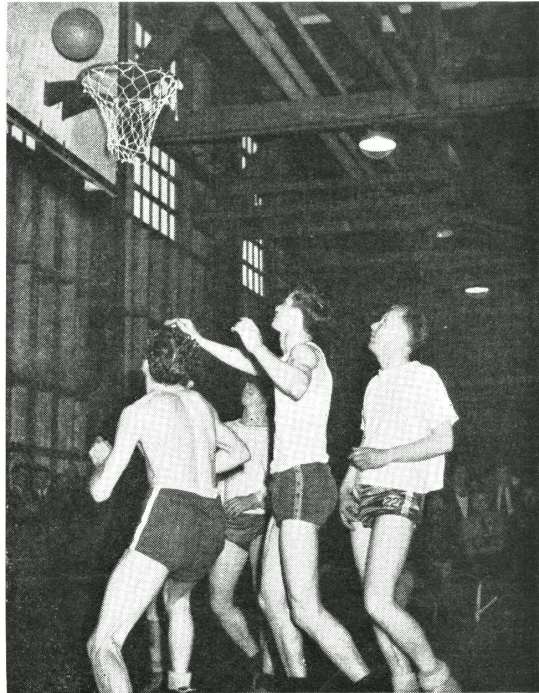


W.D.'s WIN BASKETBALL CHAMPIONSHIP

(Continued from page 9)

Pat Podolski, Pee-Wee Louise Clark, Mickie McWhinnie, Sheilagh Gilmour Stene, Freddie Myers, Hilda Bell, "Isy" Brownlee and Grace Babbitt.

Despite the individual impressions that emerge, the main thing we remember is the whole team's unbeatable spirit. Composed of girls, some of whom had never played before, none of whom had ever played together until one week before the first game, they were nevertheless a team, in the best sense of that word. They fought hard for the title of champion, played well and smartly every minute of every game. Hats off, too, to Frank Mousseau, who, aided by L.A.C. Barney Maher, spent many hours coaching the team in the manoeuvres, skill, and spirit that made them champions in the first sports contest ever held between stations on this island.



All-Stars Beat Group in Basketball

With close to five hundred fans on the sidelines, the R.C.A.F. Band in attendance, the Gander Basketball All Stars defeated the visiting Group team 49-21.

The game opened at a fast clip, Easterbrook at running guard sank four quick baskets to give the All Stars an early lead which was increased as the game progressed. Poor shooting from close in proved costly to the visitors and they were never in the picture, being outclassed by our Gander Five in all departments of the game.

In the second half, the All Star turned on the heat, Bennett, Fairburn and Waterson combining for many passing plays which paid off dividends. Easterbrook and Mousseau turned in fine efforts on the defensive, Easterbrook being very effective on the offensive, sniping ten points from out. He was a thorn to the opponents at all times. Brownell, Wallace and Scopp contributed their share to the scoring column aiding the locals to mark up an easy victory. Bennett was high man with eleven points.

For Group, Laby at centre was the best man for the visitors and top scorer with twelve points. Patterson, Drummond and Robertson played hard but poor passing hampered their attempts. Fordyce was outstanding in the back court, and gave a good account of himself.

Referee Ken Genge handled the game to everyone's satisfaction.

After the game, the home team were hosts to the Group, refreshments being served at the Canteen, with the R.C.A.F. Band entertaining. A good time was had by all.



Antiquated Kibitzer: "Yes Sir, I was in the navy myself when I was a youngster."

Chief Petty Officer: "And what was your official capacity, Sir?"

A. K.: "Four or five quarts a day."

C. O.: "Now tell me what's your idea of strategy?"

Sgt. fighter pilot: "It's when you're out of ammunition but you keep right on firing."

A newly commissioned air force officer, a sprightly young lad of 55 with a waist measure of 42, was trying on his shiny new uniform at an exclusive tailoring joint in Montreal. He viewed the stripes dubiously and inquired of the dealer, "Are you sure this is a Group Captain's Uniform?"

When a British Bomber blasted a war plant in the Danish Town of Skive, Goebbels issued a communique saying that no damage was done, except that a cow had been hit. The local paper dutifully carried the communique, then commented simply: "The cow burned for four days."

"Whatever became of your brother the one that stuttered, wheezed and whistled when he talked."

"Oh, he's a big success now—He's making a fortune giving those one minute commercials on the radio."

Man with truck wants woman with two tires. Object matrimony. Please send picture of tires.

SAME OLD STORY

"For ten years, ten long and lean years," cried the author, "I have been writing this drama, changing a word here, a line there, working on it till my fingers were cramped and aching, my brain and body weary from the toil."

"Too bad, too bad," the producer murmured. "All work and—no play."

A considerate German mother sent a pair of boots to her son on the cold Russian front near Leningrad. In due course she got a letter back which said, "Thank you Mama for those wonderful boots. They were the best I ever tasted".

"I killed five flies today—three males and two females."

"How can you tell a male fly from a female?"

"Well, three sat on the beer bottle and two on the mirror."

Air-minded and eight years of age, little Jim was perhaps a trifle scandalized. William's elastic girdle was losing grip and a white zone of linen surmounted his sinking pants as he passed down the garden path. "Hey!" shouted little Jim after him, "Retract your undercarriage."

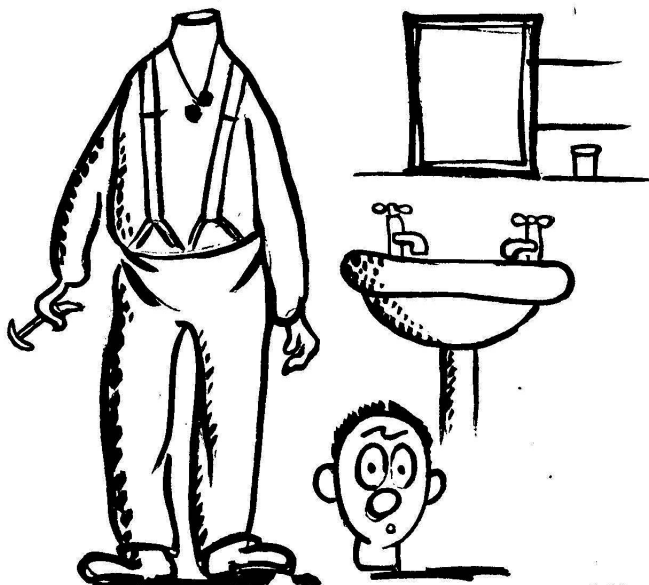
A teen-age girl approached her mother one day looking very serious.

"Mother," she said, "How do you talk to boys?"

"How do you mean?" questioned her mother.

"Well, when my boy friend comes over I say, 'Hello Butch,' and he says 'Hiya, Stinky, What's Cookin'?' And then I don't know what to say next."

From an Airman in Italy we get the latest report on how they get rid of the cooties over there. They, the airmen, bathe in gravel and then take an alcohol rubdown. The cooties get drunk and kill each other by throwing stones.



"Anybody got a Styptic Pencil?"

MC

Sports

SPORTS NIGHT—(Continued)

(Continued from page 7)

The army and the airforce came to blows in the first boxing card, which once again nursed the crowd's enthusiasm along until a tumult of shouting had developed by the end of the bout. The match staged between Gunner Cote of the ACK ACK crew and Elso Stroppa, R.C.A.F. Signals. The fight was in the 147 pound class for three rounds. Both fighters were evenly matched and the first round ended in a draw. The second round was also evenly fought. Stroppa proved to be an excellent dodger and his feinting tactics paid off in round three when he really took the initiative and came out on top, winning the bout on points.

The second bout of the boxing card in the Light Heavyweight class featured Andy Anderson of the Repair Depot and Bafford of the Army. The match called for a three round decision. Anderson took the offensive from the beginning, but Bafford fought hard. The first round ended in an even slugging match. The crowd appropriately demonstrated its enthusiasm as round two started off fast and furious. Both fighters gave and took freely. A lucky uppercut won the fight for the repair depot lad when he scored a technical knockout in one minute and ten seconds of the second round.

In a slow three rounder Gunner Lacaille of the army took on Johnny Popovich of the Royal Canadian Navy. The Navy boy took the honors in a close decision.

By far one of the best bouts of the evening, Bombadier Lemelin of the Army and L.A.C. Jimmy Rivard, P. T. & D. Section put on a smart show in the 140 pound welterweight class. The army lad ran into bad luck when, in the second round a speck of dust entered his right eye. This delayed the scrap for a few minutes, but Rivard came through with a technical knockout at the end of the third, just as the bell rang.

The fifth bout was in the heavyweight class, and featured Gunner Lacroix of the army and Cpl. Sammy Leonard of the R.C.A.F. Service Police. Lacroix proved no match for veteran ring master Sammy, who snaffled a technical knockout at the end of the third just as the bell rang.

A comical blind-folded bout brought the successful evening to a close. The contestants were bagged and set loose to clown it out. Al Forman, stirred up the strife by means of a long pole with a boxing glove attached to one end, taking pokes at the bewildered slug-gers. Those taking part were L.A.C.'s Berger, Smith and Rivard.

F/O. Ed Brady refereed the boxing cards. The Judges were Lieut. Fortier and F/L. Thompson.

TOTAL FITNESS Part III

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

TOTAL FITNESS—A healthy body and a Peace of mind.

In the last issue we discussed one factor in the maintenance of a healthy mind—suitable mental activity. Now, let us consider what perhaps a more popular side of this business—the SOCIAL.

Social activities on an isolated station? Are there any? Ask the W.D.'s that after they've danced three or four times in one week!

What constitutes a social activity? For our purpose we will say that it is any situation that gives people an opportunity to satisfy the "gregarious instinct" that some psychologists claim we have. In other words, a get-together, a chance to rub elbows with our fellowmen—to talk, to laugh, to dine, to dance, to imbibe of the spirit of goodfellowship and camaraderie. A chance perhaps, to discuss politics with your socialistically minded friends; to reminisce of days gone by with someone from home; to dream out loud the stuff that dreams are made of; to whisper sweet nothings to the passing fancy or to the one-and-only as the case may be, to speak of bigger things—of cabbages and kings; a chance to be with people, to laugh with them and have them laugh with you, to put a sparkle in the eye and lighten the heart with a feeling of fellowship and goodwill to mankind.

Are such things to be found in the Gander set-up? Come, let us examine it together!

For light hearted festivity there are of course the dances—soft lights, sweet music, lovely ladies, and an atmosphere of friendly fellowship.

You don't dance! You prefer to sit and chat about the weather and things. In that case, try a corner table or a comfortable couch in the dry canteen set off by an ice cream and coke or, a sandwich and coffee. Or, if you prefer to tete-a-tete with the ladies only, the W.D.'s Lounge is a charming spot, complete with comfortable chairs, fire place, et al. A good opportunity to talk, laugh or sing, is always to be found on a hike or, while sitting on the rocky shores of Gander Lake.

You don't want to talk! You can never think of anything to say! Then, go to the canteen and listen to the radio. Drop in on the Monday evening Musical in the hospital lounge. Take your gal into the movies. Spend Wednesday evening in the Old Library at a game of bridge. Don't let the fact that they call it a tournament scare you away. The prizes are insignificant and apparently people just go to enjoy the game and each others company.

Then, there is always the drill hall. You might think people go there just to play badminton or swim or bowl. But, 'taint so! They all do a lot of sitting, and chatting, and meeting folks, and enjoying each others company.

Reading, writing, studying, and improving oneself are good—but, they aren't everything. Don't neglect the Social. "No one has more fun than people". Don't avoid them!

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from Page 23)

things that struck me as being both amazing and wonderful. It was exhibited recently when we were competing against a couple of outside stations in sports. We had a very fine turn out for the games and it was a cosmopolitan crowd with every unit on the station well represented cheering our teams to victory. The W.D.'s basketball team were gratified to even find that approximately 75 men of the famed "Dumbo" squadron were in attendance and cheering mightily, when they made a trip recently to finish a home and home series on the other team's station.

So now you see why I say that we live in a little town, much the same as a lot of us did before we joined up and went to larger cities for training in our special trades. A station is what you make it, so for you that can only find fault, open your eyes, get into the swing of things and brighten up your stay by aiding in creating your own pleasures. I'm sure that the people put here as guiding lights, such as the "Y" men, Gene Hill and Ken Genge; the sports staff and the entertainment committees would welcome any help along the lines of making this a more enduring station for everyone.

Maybe in my service life to come I'll stumble on some station that is Utopia until then I'll sing the praises of good old Gander. So 'tis with these thoughts that I say, "Goodbye! Gander—Goodbye."

HIGHER EDUCATION

(Continued from Page 22)

Canada you may be from courses may be obtained from a near-by University. For a person with enough go and will power nothing in the line of Education is impossible. All that you need to get ahead and prepare yourself for the Post-War World is the desire and the will to work towards a definite goal.

For further information and enrollment in a course call in at the Educational Office in the Drill Hall any time during the day.

VORG

(Continued from Page 28)

does he know his Moussorgsky's and Prokofieff's!

We've finally found the type of show to suit the talents of one Herb Ellis. "Cavalcade Of Corn" (Tuesdays and Thursdays at 7:30 p.m.) is now Herb's baby. Believe us, on those nights the corn grows tall with Deacon Ellis right in there shucking!

Grace Babbitt is, at this writing, vacationing in Boston and, as a result, "Hollywood Headlners" has been turned over to charming Sheilagh Stene (nee Gilmour, the poor kid up and married on us with 'nary a notice.)

Popular live talent features on the VORG schedule includes remote control broadcasts from the RCAF Theatre featuring that "band with the fine beat" (as we call 'em) the Streamliners. The ork's arranger Pat Riccio has written a couple of tunes especially for these air shots including "Out of Bounce" and "Diggin' the Duke." The latter got its inspiration from the style of music purveyed by the good Duke of Ellington, the most popular band on VORG's "Jive At Five" Program.

The month of May marked another milestone for the technical department of VORG which up until recently was under the guidance of F/S "Andy" Anderson.

Our new studio equipment was capably constructed by Sgt. Roy Leach. The power output was upped to 250 watts, increasing our signal strength by fifteen-fold. This, as a result, of the installation of a new transmitter. Where, in former days, VORG served only the immediate community. We are now providing towns and villages of Newfoundland within a 100 mile radius, with the very best in radio entertainment.

Yes, we're proud of our Gander radio station which, in six short months, has grown from a handful of borrowed records, home-made turntables and a converted aircraft transmitter to a radio station comparable to any commercial broadcasting unit of the same proportion in America!

WID BITS

(Continued from Page 8)

Miss Billie Baird, of the Canadian Red Cross, is the lady you will meet if you are lucky enough to be a convalescent in our hospital. Yes, we said lucky, for besides being kept busy and entertained while you wait, you will probably merge with a leather wallet, sheepskin mitts and slippers, and a model aircraft or two.

Miss Baird joined the Red Cross in the spring of 1943, and was trained as a Divisional Handicraft Aid. This impressive title, she explains, stands for one who is trained in the occupational or practical, rather than the therapeutic end of occupational therapy. Her contract binds her to go wherever she is sent, and she jumped at the opportunity to come to Newfoundland, where for the first time she could put into practice the training she had received. The busyness of her workshop here testifies to our good fortune.

When she first arrived at Gander she was confronted with some sheepskin, and more model aircraft that she knew what to do with. She explained that when she took her course, no one expected that a convalescent airman would want a busman's holiday, and for once the tables were turned: Miss Baird learned from her pupils how to put together the delicate and intricate structures. Her workshop, which is located in a little room back of the hospital recreation lounge, is now equipped with tools and materials for work in leather, plexiglass, linoleum cutting, and sheepskin. We would like to see those sheepskin slippers made a part of the regular scale of issue for all those who endure Newfoundland winters.



"THAT'S
ALL
FOLKS"



The Staff
The London
The Luck
Good Love
The

