

GANDER



SUMMER
1945

GANDER

PUBLISHED BY THE R.C.A.F.
AT GANDER, NEWFOUNDLAND

EDITOR'S NOTES

Publication of Gander Magazine at this stage has been a difficult undertaking. The rapid succession of events and changes which have taken place during the past three months, both in the world picture as it affects Gander and in Gander itself, could be more easily followed in a daily newspaper. However, where the newspaper must retract and correct statements and opinions with each new turn of events, the Gander must rewrite and delay publication as a result. An attempt has been made to describe and portray the life on the Station with special emphasis on important incidents.

The departure of 10 (BR) Squadron considerably reduced Station activity and marked the end of an important contribution. The return of the Lancasters was to many a concrete evidence of the termination of the European phase of the war.

The value of the W.D. Lounge and the hobby shop was not fully appreciated until the loss of the building by fire. The article and pictures concerning this building will be of interest to anyone who has attended the Saturday night dances there or worked in the hobby shop.

The departure of the W.D.'s from Gander is another milestone in service life on the Station. Gander Magazine has sincerely appreciated their contribution to the success of the Magazine.

V-J Day is featured as Gander celebrated the final Allied victory of the war. August 14th on the Station will long be remembered by everyone, both as the end of the war and as an assurance that normal peace time life will soon be resumed.

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The crew of L'il Abner—Back Row: W/C Mulvihill, F/O Cy Derry, P/O Ralph Connor, P/O Bruce Cingall.
Front Row: F/O Ron MacKay, F/O Art Miller, F/O Gordon Williamson.

LANCASTER STOP-OVER

By Kay Bonner and Rita Larsen

AFTER the happy rejoicings of V-E Day the United Nations settled down to the business of cleaning up Europe and re-routing as much equipment as possible to the Eastern theatre of war. The R.C.A.F. were active participants in the changeover programme and began ferrying their Lancasters from No. 6 Group back to Canada—via Gander.

The Lancs were quite a novelty after a steady diet of Liberators and the huge bombers created great interest in the minds of air conscious personnel. The Lancaster has undoubtedly proved to be a superior bomber on overseas operations. The first Lancs used were actually a converted English Manchester. This aircraft originally carried a crew of five, but for effective air power it was considered greater armament and "punch" was necessary. Consequently a new Lancaster was developed carrying a crew of seven—pilot, navigator, bomb aimer, wireless operator, two gunners and an engineer. Under full bomb load the Lanc has a cruising speed of from 186

to 220 miles per hour. Its top speed is approximately 330 M.P.H. Empty, the ship weighs 39 tons. The Canadian built Lancaster has twin point five guns in the mid upper turret with an effective range of from 900 to 1000 yards.

W/C R. M. Christie was in charge of ferrying operations. He arranged the stop-overs for all squadrons, the care of tired crews, the maintenance and refuelling of the planes, the schedules and flight plans which had to be so carefully arranged and carried out.

One "Bluenose" Squadron crew and their Officer Commanding, W/C Johnny Mulvihill stopped a few minutes after arrival and were persuaded to give as much information as they could divulge, concerning their part in the European war and their impressions of wartime England—overseas experiences long wished for by every Western-Hemisphere-bound Ganderite. The crew were quite attached to their ship, lovingly referred to as "L'il Abner" and pointed with pride to the healthy looking



specimen painted on its side—"100% Good L'il Abner." They were also unobtrusively proud of their pilot who had earned himself the corresponding title "100% Good Mulvihill."

THE members of practically every bomber crew acquire great attachments for each other and work together as a close, precision-trained team. L'il Abner's crew is certainly no exception. Friendly ragging is accepted as part of the game and F/O Art Hiller, their navigator, came in for his fair share. It all began with the small matter of a flight the ship was supposed to make to Scotland. Art apparently had a few independent ideas of his own and the crew eventually found themselves cheerfully zooming over occupied Norway. Art has been "Olaf" to the others ever since.

The boys were not exactly loquacious concerning their operational work in England, but one gathered from mention of twenty-nine missions that their's was no small part in the bombing of German-occupied Europe. Their home base was in Yorkshire and their relief on returning there twenty-nine times, their satisfaction over twenty-nine blasts at the enemy, their celebrations over proof of successful raids, were self-evident but they all refused to enlarge on their dangerous missions. Of course military precaution would automatically forbid any technical descriptions, but the whole crew readily talked about the British people and wartime England. Much has already been written concerning the English as they went about the business of waging war—successfully; their sacrifice, their sense of humor and their stubborn pride, so let it suffice to say that our Bluenose friends were in complete and enthusiastic agreement.

Social life in England was, of course, carried out under great handicaps. Service centres and air force clubs always provided a place of relaxation and get-togethers. British women did not prove to have too much of the traditional British reserve and the Canadians were frequently entertained by families and their friends.

From Yorkshire to the Azores, Azores to Canada and Gander to Canada L'il Abner's crew were travelling with the pleasing prospect of a nice long leave. After that—all seven were eager to begin their thirtieth mission over Japan.



A Pleasant Voyage Down the Lake



Relaxation and Fun

AIRWOMEN VISIT GLENEAGLES

By Fl/O I. M. Burton

IT WAS a clear warm morning when we picked up the rations for the W.D. party going to Gleneagles. Twice now their trip had been postponed but this day they were all packed and the marine boat was standing by at the dock waiting for them.

Gleneagles has a very friendly look when approached from the water. Far out on the lake it can be seen like a beacon with its clean white paint and bright red roof. It nestles among the evergreens like a chalet in the hills. To a person seeing it for the first time it is somewhat of a shock to see a modern two-storey building in a seemingly isolated locality.

The main floor is composed of bedrooms, kitchen, washrooms and a large lounge. This lounge is comfortably furnished with leather furniture provided by the Officers' Mess at Gander, and there is a large open fireplace. The upper floor is entirely bedrooms and washrooms and there is a roofless sun porch in the front that catches the sun all day and affords a beautiful view across Gander Lake.

The time passed all too quickly for the group. Meals and cleaning were no problem and their afternoons and evenings were free. The work was divided by voluntary "fatigue" groups; so many to help the caretakers, Mr. and Mrs. Broderick, with the meals; so many to do the clean-

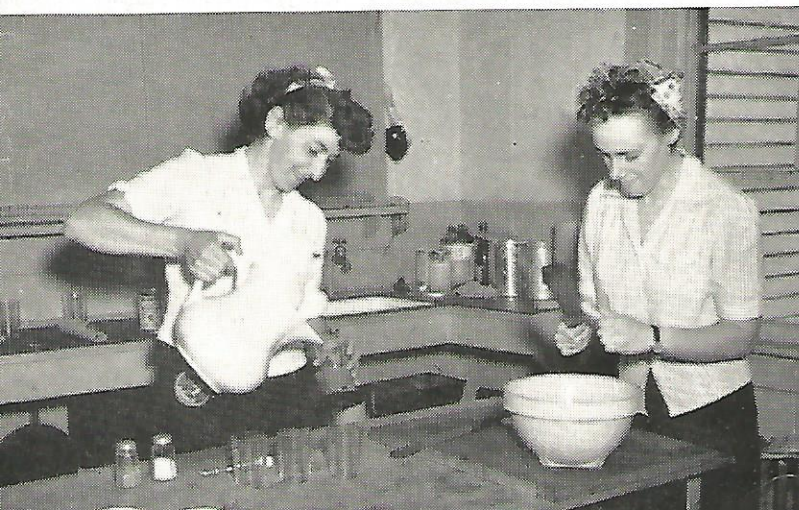
ing and dusting. Each airwoman was responsible for the cleaning of her own room.

AFTERNOONS sped past with swimming, sunbathing, hiking or fishing. The evenings were usually spent "yarning" in front of the open fire but the party invaded Glenwood, explored the many beautiful trails and returned to fill the house with flowers. One evening they visited Mrs. Murphy's, which is a farmhouse about a mile from Gleneagles. Here they met a fisherman who presented them with a string of fresh trout which they brought back and ate for breakfast the following morning. Their own fishing efforts were not very successful.

Each day the sun continued to shine and each day the party gained another coat of tan, until they looked like a group of young Indians.

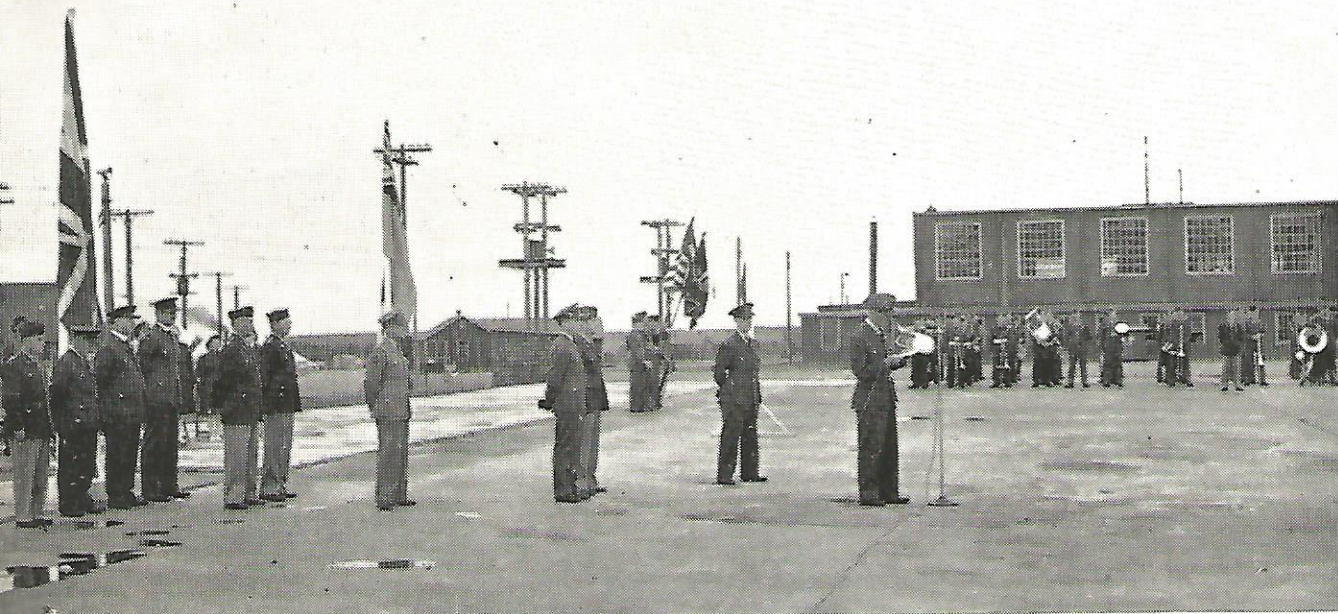
It was with obvious regret that they said good-bye to Gleneagles as the boat pulled out from the dock. Soon their voices became only an echo throughout the rooms of the house. But we think the place will remember them. Their laughter and their happiness must surely linger across the little beach and in the rooms that knew them so well during their brief stay. Their gaiety and zest for living remain where they have been, like the perfume of a flower remains after the flower has long since gone from the room.

Cooking—Well someone had to do it!



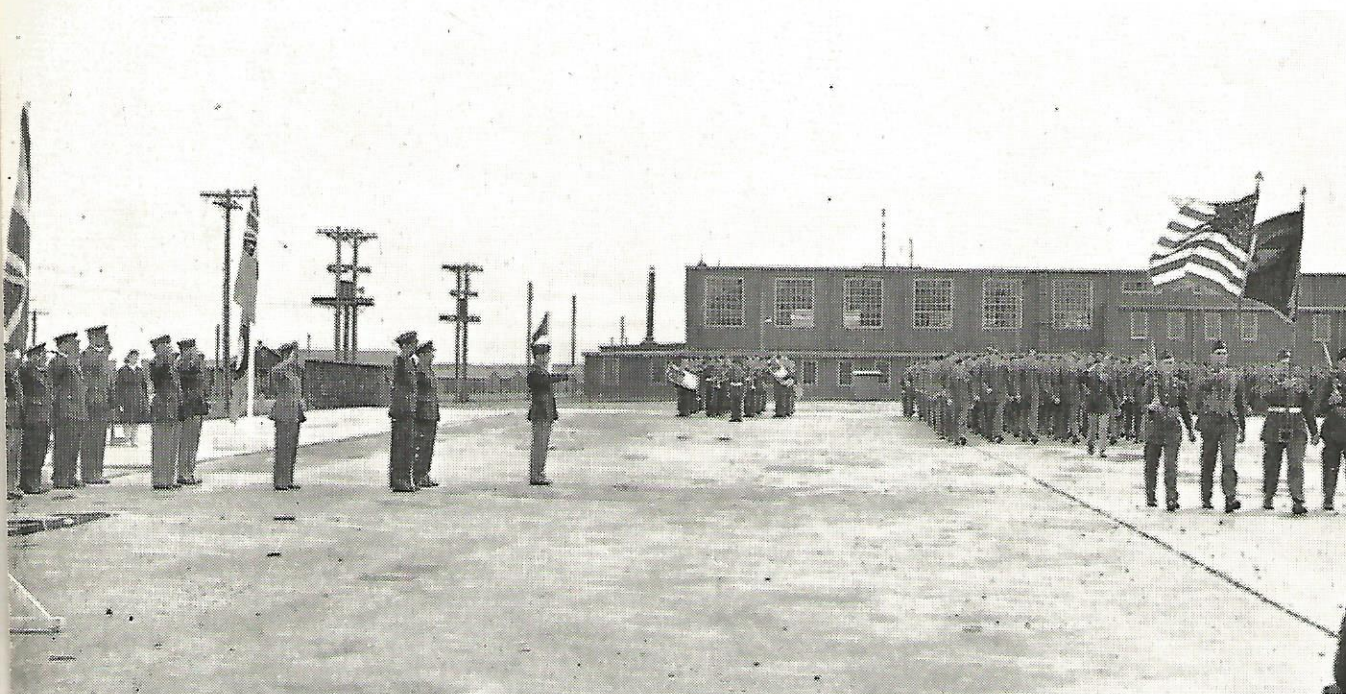
Visitor's Book





Address by
G/C
Brown, RAF

V-J



Marchpast
led by
USAAF



W/C Milsom leads Canadian Marchpast.



Station Band plays for Victory Dance.

DAY

Victory Dance in 13 Hangar.

Finis—with Fireworks.





**Bill Lawson and
Speeder**

**A retouch job
At 62 MTARS**



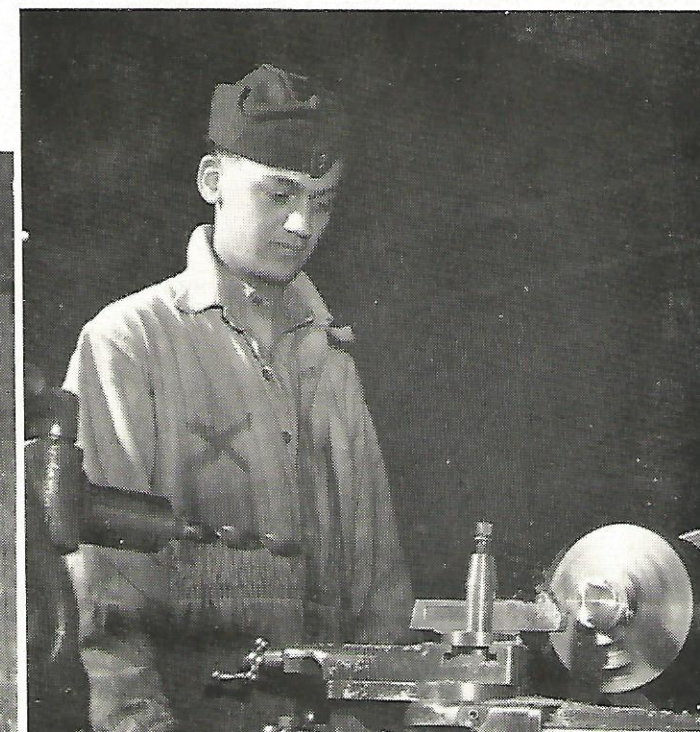
**Grinding Out
DRO
in Admin. Bldg.**

**Attention Please
R.C.A.F. Piggery**

**The Final .001 inch
MTARS Machine
Shop**



O
B
S
C
U
R
E





**It's Still Busy
Telephone Office**

**This Won't Hurt a
Bit
Dental Clinic**



**Roast for Dinner
Butcher Shop**

**Making Milk
Dairy**

**A Pressing Job
Batman's Room**



S E C T I O N S

So You Want a DISCHARGE?

By R. Larsen

YOU'RE dreaming of living in comfortable civilian clothes, of getting back to the little woman. You're all set to step into your lovely, enticing civilian life. You can't imagine why the Air Force doesn't step on it and squeeze out just a few more people in your trade—so you start circumventing ways and means of finangling that precious bit of parchment called a Discharge Certificate.

The first and most obvious step is to dream up an "extreme compassionate grounds" angle. Its not an easy one—your family are probably all in perfect health, but you begin securing several volumes of doctors certificates anyway, or maybe two dozen lawyer's affidavits generously sprinkled with whereases, to wits, heretofores and hereafters. Of course the more repetition the better—you're fighting red tape with more red tape and you won't have time to stop and realize you're getting all wound up yourself in the process. In fact by the time the "supreme compassionate grounds" build-up finally and irrevocably bounces back into your lap the tape is not only red but bluish green and a plum purple besides.

Your next venture is the essential industry angle. It sounds like a high-sounding, noble purpose and you write a positively inspiring letter to your Section Commander. You drool at great length over the almost irreplaceable position you once held—the old job has now assumed a thrilling importance—and give every detail you can think of as to just why the Primo Priceless Pickle Co. will simply fold up in a little heap without your presence. Your job was in the Stuffed Olives—you disposed of the stones. Not only that but once in a while you helped out in Cauliflower-and-Mustard, which was certainly of tremendous importance.

You add here that without benefit of your pickling knowledge Canadians will suffer greatly from malnutrition and it is your earnest, your patriotic duty to keep your country from starvation. So you sit down and write your old boss, Mr. Horace P. Sloop-Bottom, and in dulcet little phrases give him the old one-two for a please-release-my-best-man letter to A.F.H.Q.

OF COURSE old Sloop-Bottom will. He may have extremely unpleasant memories of you and your face but thoughts of increasing his staff by even you will make his eyes glisten hopefully as he plans his careful campaign to counteract the Exigencies Of The Service. So he takes his pen in hand, has the honour and pleasure of requesting your release, follows up with five or six pages of the woes of pickle manufacturing and how the public are complaining his gherkins aren't as crunchy as they used to be, remains an obedient servant and reflectively bedews the notepaper with a few well-placed tears.

Then you wait for action. You fall all over yourself every day in the Orderly Room and with hands feverishly grasping the counter you demand to know what action has been taken on your discharge, who signed it, when, how, and what with. You want the date of release so you'll know when to begin packing and still have plenty of time to dope out a buckshee trip to the West Coast by switching release centres.

The next stage is planning the letter you're going to write Horace P. Sloop-Bottom when the discharge comes through—would he please cancel your application for employment as you have decided there is more money in something—anything else, and you've already drawn up blueprints on a cat farm.

However as the weeks go into months and the months into years you begin to doubt the resourcefulness of Horace P. You always did think he had a face like a steam shovel anyway. So another campaign is begun—only this time you've decided your education is definitely lacking—the Air Force will add whole-hearted agreement here—and you want to go back to school. You are feeling the call of nature and the urge to be a tree surgeon. Naturally you will have to get a degree before such an undertaking can be commenced so would the R.C.A.F. please consider the urgency of your request and permit the removal of you from their forces.

INCIDENTALLY you find out your old squadron Sergeant whom you had always detested, is working in the discharge section at Command Headquarters. That's your clue to write the Sergeant—dear old Sarg—and put the bee on him. Naturally the first epistle deals strictly with friendly reminiscences and serves merely as an opening wedge in the delightful correspondence you are instigating with motives of extreme purity.

Neither of these schemes work, though, because nothing happens. It's now beginning to dawn on you that getting a discharge means patiently waiting for a quota to open in your trade, and that getting out is simply an invitation to join bigger and better line-ups.

The canvassing for volunteers for the Pacific phase was brought to an unexpected stop by the victory over Japan. Since your previous efforts have proved unsuccessful you curb your growing impatience and decide to relax and let Fate take it's own course.

Ode To Gander

By

O. C. WATKIN (R.A.F.T.C.)

Ye distant hangars, looming masts,
That crown this barren place,
Where rain and wind and icy blasts
The driving snow embrace;
And ye who from the stately brow
Atop the tower, th' expanse below
Of gleaming tarmac do survey,
To send upon their haughty flight
Eastward thro' th' Atlantic night
Our throbbing birds of prey;

All ye who on your duty bind,
And murmuring labours ply
'Gaints freedom's hour, to leave behind
This Gander memory;
Who with remorse and mind defiled,
And moody Madness laughing wild,
Denounce with rankling tooth
The powers that sent you here, unsung,
These dark contagious fogs among,
To waste your golden youth:

Alas! Too conscious of their doom
The little victims play,
No sense have they of ills to come
Nor care beyond today.
Yet see how round the corner wait
The Ministers of human fate,
Lurking obscure in Post-War days!
Ah, show them how they'll surely learn
In swarming city streets, to yearn
For Gander's careless ways!

How when, obsess'd with faded Care
In age-long fretful office hours,
Or gripp'd intense by black Despair
That numbs the soul with icy powers,
The memory oft, 'mid fitful noise,
Of thoughtless half-forgotten joys
Shall stab the overburdened heart.
And they'll recall the times they strayed
'Neath Gander's blanket sky, and played
Their unpretentious part:

The fight on Deadman's silent shore
To land a palpitating trout
The festal dance on shuffling floor
The "Jive at Five," the wrestling bout,
Th' encounter with a carefree jeep
Round twilight corners half asleep
In Autumn's saffron evening light,
A Liberator's solemn ease,
Loud-wing'd and lordly, o'er the trees
In thundercloth'd flight.

To each his memories: all have known
Some fleeting hours of cheer,
That quelled the universal groan,
Oppressing every ear.
So when the broadening years unfold,
And tales of youth are oft retold
With wild invention ever new,
Lo, those who loudly cursed their fate
Shall Gander's bounteous praise relate
The countless ages through.



THE KEY TO SECURITY

When you buy Victory Bonds, for whatever reason, you are fashioning the key to your personal security. You are investing in national security first of all. Canada can only have a secure future by fulfilling her obligations as a nation with world-wide interests. Your first reason for supporting the 9th Victory Loan is to help provide Canada with funds needed for national obligations. But with your savings secure in Victory Bonds you have provided yourself with the key to security and to post-war opportunity.

Sign your name for Victory—

Buy VICTORY BONDS



TRIPLETS?—Well what would you say?

Photo Section

By J. Hornoi

INTEREST in photography will increase considerably as the restrictions of security regulations are gradually lifted. Camera owners and photo enthusiasts will be out in thousands. Objects that were classed as "Restricted areas, Photography prohibited" will once again fall into the viewfinder of the camera operator.

Colour photography has not yet reached the widespread popularity that black and white has, but leading photographic manufacturers are searching for an improved mass production, easy-to-handle, and inexpensive colour material. When this material reaches the market, the craze will naturally swing to colour work. However, until that does happen, we will have to get along with the colour materials now available and spend most of our time, efforts and money on black and white photography.

The equipment needed for this hobby will range from that of an inexpensive camera, to equipment costing several hundred dollars. If more than one type of photography is anticipated, then one would need a camera on which the lenses could be interchanged. Filters are required for outdoor work. It is not necessary to buy them all, but at least one, preferably a minus blue filter which is used chiefly for adding contrast to outdoor photography, accentuating clouds against a darkened sky. It also serves to partially eliminate summer and autumn haze. There is also flash equipment to consider. It is but a waste of film trying to get action or even stills with

only normal room light. For still photographs, at least one photoflood is needed, but two or three should ordinarily make a fairly good indoor shot.

THE primary aim of any photographer is to produce a photograph. Photographers, like artists, must, for various reasons, ignore the conventional and venture into unorthodox fields of action to achieve a desired mood, effect or reaction. A photograph must tell a story. This story must be presented in an interesting fashion, and the more capable the man behind the camera, the more interesting will be the story. A photographer's task of producing a desired story differs greatly from that of a painter or author. These can draw their material from an infinite store of imagination, whereas a photographer is, of necessity, limited to a suitable background to balance the composition of the intended photograph. This may be accomplished with a natural setting, such as trees, lakes, hills, buildings, etc., or in an arranged one, where he must improvise a background for the atmosphere he wishes to create.

Another and less attractive method of improvisation is that of a super-imposed photograph. Few of these are accepted as works of art, for technical, rather than artistic skill is employed in their construction. This is a prevaricating type of photograph, and is therefore never sought for historical purposes and seldom for salon displays. It is used chiefly for purposes of advertising and for special effects.

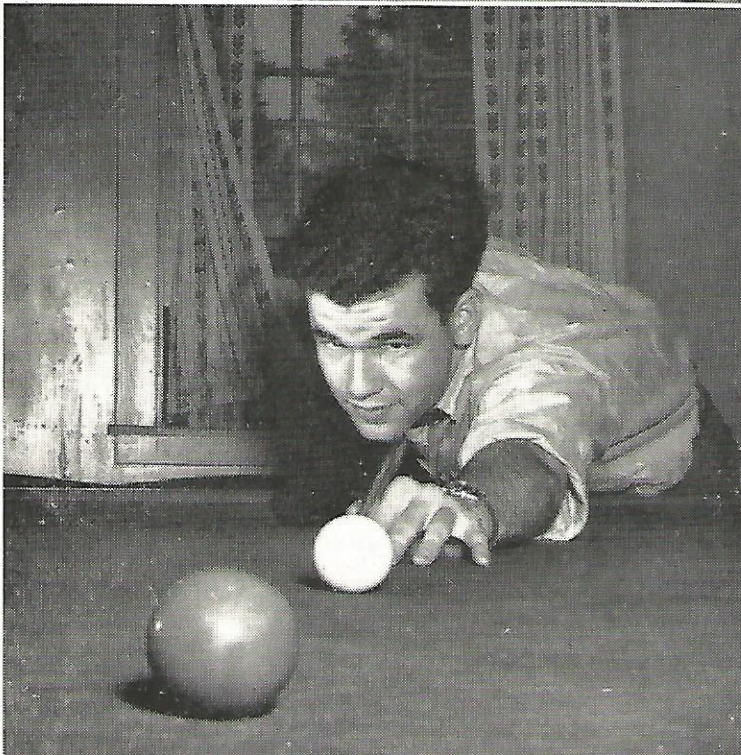
You needn't be
an expert
for shots like these.

Any good camera
and a little patience
does it.



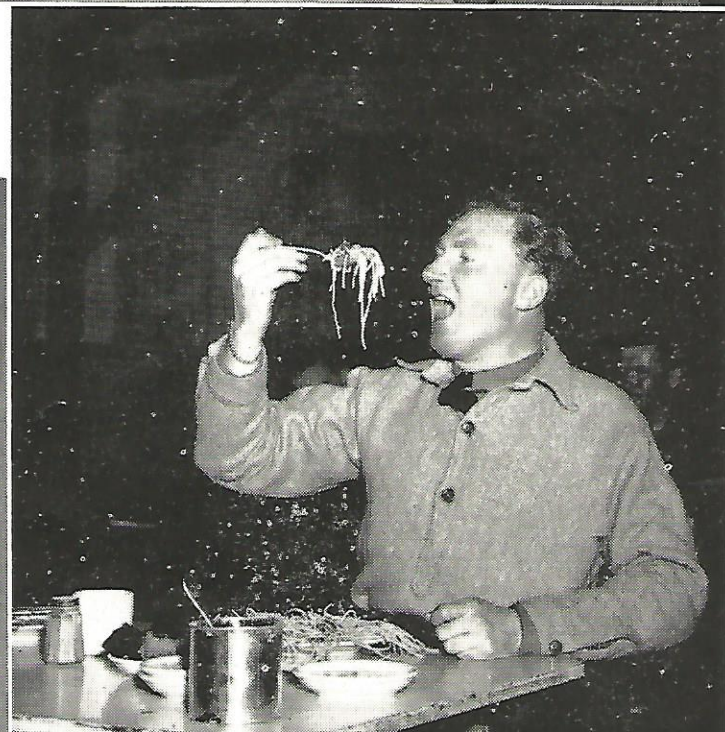
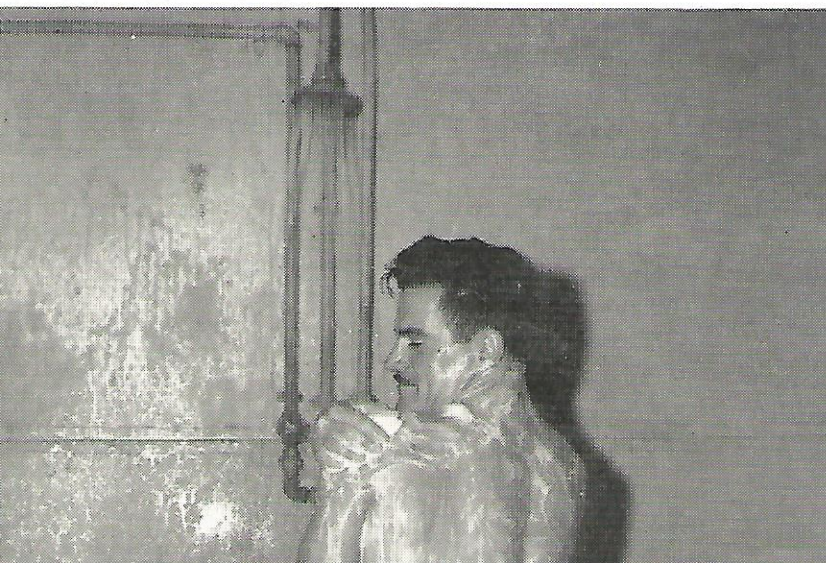


It
Sees
CANDID
What





You
CAMERA
Do
Not





As an Officers' Mess



Officers' Lounge

A BUILDING that has probably given more pleasure than any other on the Station was gutted by fire in the early morning hours of July 1, 1945.

This is building No. 46 which began life in August 1941 as an officers' mess. It was occupied by the officers until their new mess was completed in December of 1942 after which it was turned into a general canteen.

In December 1943 a new general canteen building

for the running of the building as it was not felt at this time that it was being as fully used as it might be. The building now became known as the W.D. Club and was used generally as a community centre with bingo each Saturday, a symphony night, "jive" night, discussion groups, hobby shop and club centre.

This committee was still active at the time of the fire but most activities had ceased for the summer. The

W. D. By Fl/O Burton CLUB HOUSE

was built across from the Drill Hall and building 46 became a Lounge for the W.D.'s.

Many an airman and airwoman will carry with them the memory of the steak fries in the "Kitchen" of the Lounge, of small section parties and of toasting marshmallows in front of the open fireplace.

In March 1945 the Lounge was closed for a general cleanup and a committee was formed to be responsible

hobby shop however was expanding and it was in this section that the personnel were spending their evenings.

It will be readily understood then how the spectators of the July 1st blaze watched "finis" written to many an interest and activity. As one airman summed it up, "We didn't often go there but we always knew that we could and when we did we could always look forward to fun."

As W.D. Club House—Opening Night



A/C Annis and W.D.'s—Opening Night





Main Lounge after the Fire

The Morning After





LINE UP OF VICTORY SPORTS



Ethier Does a High Vault.



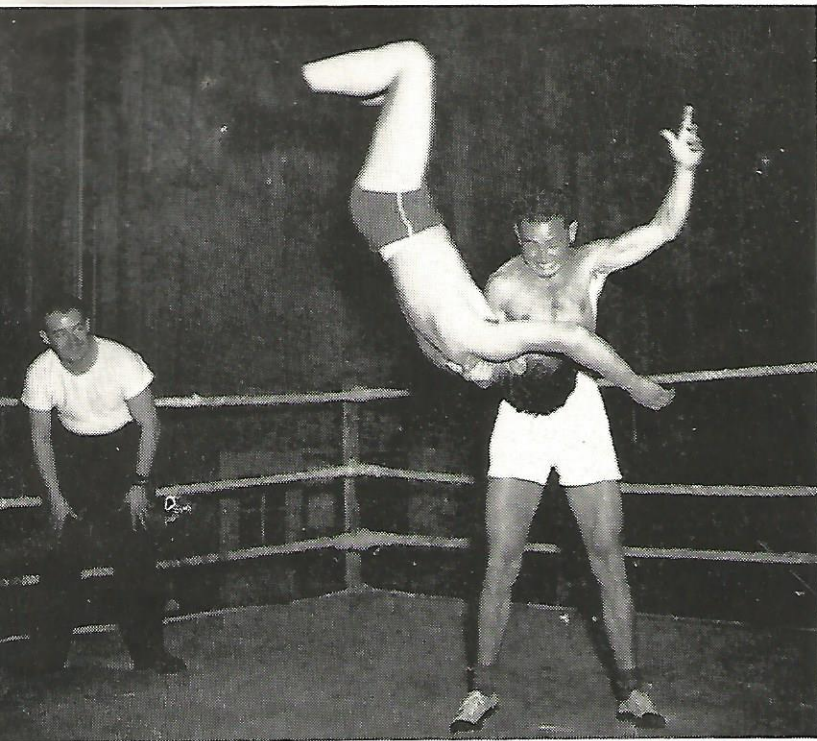
Gander Girls in Sack Race.

The Winner!—Spademan Hits the Tape.



SPORTS DAY

DON'T ever say Gander can't put over a big day in a big hurry. The Sports Day, originally scheduled for the middle of the month was advanced to August 1 so that the W.D.'s might participate in it. In spite of the weather sulking in typical Gander fashion, good crowds turned out and competition was keen. Signals walked off with the honours of the day scoring 26½ points. Station Workshops came second with 21 points and in third place stood Accounts with 17 points. The Individual championship for the men was won by LAC Kamppi from Station Workshops, while LAW Moulton of Accounts was high point winner for the girls. The novelty events were very popular with both the contestants and spectators. Aided and abetted by the running commentary of Padre Lawrence and P/O Proctor who teamed up on the mike, staff members who have never been seen to engage in anything more energetic than sitting down to the dinner table, entered Sack and three-legged races with gay abandon. A delightful buffet supper served in the Airmen's Mess rewarded all and sundry for their efforts and the day was climaxed by a Softball game between the station team and an American team. (We won). The dance in the Drill Hall in the evening brought a full day to its conclusion and the thanks of the station are extended to F/O McGerrigle (Pres. of the Sports Committee) and F/L Powers (Pres. of the Entertainment Committee) and their hard working helpers for the fun enjoyed by all.



Len Parkhouse tosses F. Beaupre in wrestling bout.
Ref. Bob Champeux

INDOOR

FLOOR HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row: Howarth, Hewitt, Vallencourt, Dixon,
Halloway, Kamppi, Pierce

Front Row: Vrebosh, Aikens, Proulx, Weinber, LaBrow



Top Row: Crimson, Mooney, Smith.
Centre Row: Powers, Hilsden, Stoddard.
Bottom Row: Waite, Logan, Kennedy.

SPORTS

A tense moment in Floor Hockey





Back Row: Howard, Beaupre, Parkhouse, Champeux
Front Row: Smith, Ganipy, Smith

RELAXATION and DIVERSION

Field Day, Army Side



Something Less Strenuous

GANDER is very proud of the showing made by its track team at the E. A. C. Track and Field Meet held at No. 1 "Y" Depot on Aug. 16. Top flight competition was met in all events but our team managed to get 22 points thus winning second place in the Meet. Y Depot took first place with sixty-four points, Pennfield Ridge won 16, R.C.A.F. Lakeburn 11, No. 4 R.D. Scoudouc 7, No. 5 E.D. Moncton 5 and Goose Bay 1.

Kamppi of Station Workshops did his share of point-getting. The boy romped off with two firsts—the running broad jump of twenty feet and the hop, step and jump—42' 2".

LAC. Ethier (Motor Transport) covered himself with glory when he finished first in the three mile event. Everyone recalls that familiar figure jogging around camp since early spring. Training pays.

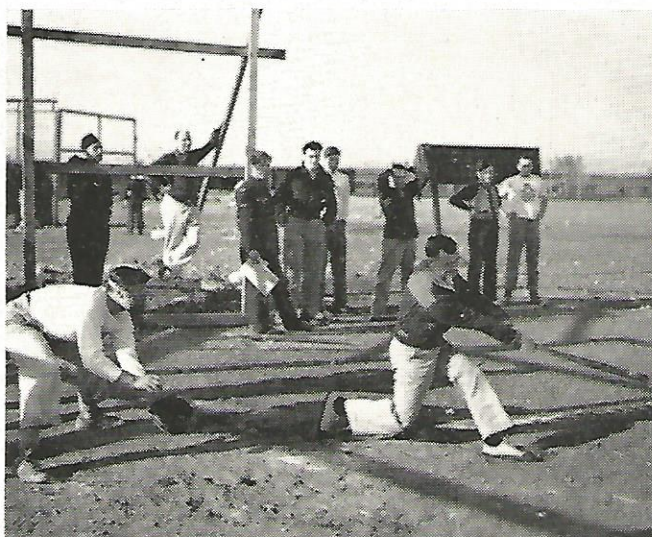
Cpl. Allison (Works & Buildings) snagged another point for the team by winning third place in the 220 and both relays won second place. Runners in the 440 relay were Ethier, Allison, MacFarlane, Hicks. Mile relay were Ethier, Cahill, Hicks and MacFarlane.

S/L McDonald and Cpl. Bradbury travelled with the team. All competitors were entertained with a banquet and dance following the Meet. The complete track team was as follows: LAC. Sexsmith, Cpl. Allison, LAC. Kamppi, LAC. Chapley, LAC. Ethier, LAC. Cahill, Cpl. Hicks, Sgt. Parsons, LAC. MacFarlane (Botwood).

W. D. SOFTBALL

IT WAS a struggle with the elements—the Met. section always scheduled rain on the evenings when the girls wanted to practice—but finally a W.D. Softball team emerged. As no competition was available on the home unit the girls betook themselves to St. John's to try their skill against Torbay and The Wrens. Unfortunately both those teams had exceptionally strong pitchers which put our girls off their stride for the first part of the game. When they settled down the games became very even and good ball was played. McQuarrie and Edwards formed the battery for the Gander team and were ably supported by Clark on third and Mollard on first and Leavoy at short stop. The return games with the Wrens, played on the home field drew large crowds of spectators (even though one game was played in the rain). Again our team came out on the wrong end of the score but they were good games to watch. Edwards was in the box and Leavoy turned in a good performance behind the plate. McKee made some brilliant catches in left field. Quinlan, that fast pitcher, Bunny Marsh and Laing were outstanding on the Wrens team. We apologize for not having a picture of the girls' team but the sudden departure of most of the team prevented this. The efforts of Louis LaCourse and Ron Masson on behalf of the girls' team were appreciated—with regular competition you could have developed a winning team, boys.

Coming Home



Strike One

Raikles catches for Lavoillette

INTERSECTION SOFTBALL LEAGUE

WITH the fine work of Cpl. Louis Lacourse behind it all, Gander has again organized an excellent intersection softball league in which all sections show a lively interest.

Originally the league was made up of eleven teams but owing to some hard luck, extended working hours, etc., the laundry team had to drop out.

The games are played in the evenings on two diamonds and unless held up by weather they always draw a crowd of fans, either to cheer on their own sections, razz the opposition or just enjoy themselves generally.

The FARMERS, a hard fighting and as yet undefeated team representing W & B, with pitcher Bill Fraser in the box have had no trouble at all in coming through victorious.

In all the FARMERS deserve plenty of credit for their 'good show' out on the diamond.

Although Fraser has been kept fairly busy hurling for the station All Stars, they have a second pitcher, Desjardin, who likewise has an undefeated record.


In second place we have HQ ARMOURERS with the SERVICE POLICE team trailing right behind them, although the ARM's are three games up on the SP's.

Although Leo the ARM. pitcher made the Station team as did 'Speed' Fraser, he was recently discharged. This was quite a blow to the ARM team.

The SP's introduced a newcomer to Gander as their pitcher, he is Red Small, a hurler of no mean ability.

Another outstanding player is John Campbell who plays third base for the SIGNALS team. With a peg like Johnny has from third a runner hasn't much chance to beat him out.

The remaining teams came up to the playoffs with about equal scores with perhaps a point or two in the difference between them.



Squid Jiggin' Ground



Oh this is the place where the fisher-
men gather
With oil skins and boots and Cape-
Annes battened down,
All sizes of figures with squid lines
and jiggers,
They congregate here on the Squid-
jiggin' Ground.

Some are workin' their jiggers while
others are yarnin'
There's some standin' up and there's
some lyin' down
While all kinds of fun, jokes and
tricks are begun,
As they wait for the squid on the
Squid-jiggin' Ground.



There be's men from the harbor and
men from the tickle
In all kinds of motor boats, green,
gray and brown;
There's a red headed Tory out there
in a dory
A runnin' down squires on the Squid-
jiggin' Ground.

There's men of all ages and boys in
the bargain
There's old Billy Chaffe and there's
young Raymond Brown
Right yonder is Bobby and with him
his Nobby
They're a-chewin' hard tack on the
Squid-jiggin' Ground.

God bless my Sou' Wester, there's
Skipper John Chaffey
He's the best man at squid-jiggin'
here I'll be bound,
Hello! What's the row, why he's
jiggin' one now—
The very first squid on the Squid-
jiggin' Ground.

The man with the whiskers is old
Jacob Steele
He's gettin' well up but he's still
pretty sound,
While Uncle Bob Hawkins wears
three pairs of stockin's
Whenever he's out on the Squid-
jiggin' Ground.

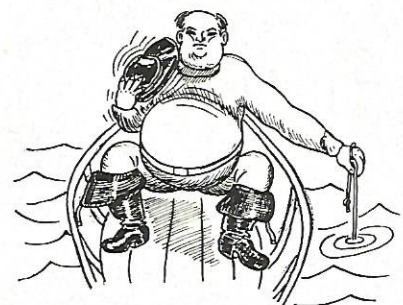
Holy Smoke! What a bustle, all
hands are excited,
It's a wonder to me that nobody was
drowned.
There's a bustle, confusion, a won-
derful hustle,
They're all jiggin' squid on the
Squid-jiggin' Ground.



There's poor Uncle Billy, his whiskers
all spattered
With spots of the squid juice that's
flyin' around.
One poor little boy got it right in the
eye,
But they don't care a hang on the
Squid-jiggin' Ground.

Says Bobby, "The squid are on top
of the water,
I just got my jigger 'bout one fathom
down."
When a squid in the boat squirted
right down his throat
Now he's swearin' like mad on the
Squid-jiggin' Ground.

Now if you ever feel inclined to go
squiddin'
Leave your white shirts and collars
behind in the town.
And if you get cranky without a silk
hanky,
You'd better steer clear of the Squid-
jiggin' Ground.





Let me see now—Did I pack everything!

Draft preparing for flight, ATO Gander

A. T. O.

BY M. O. BROWN

TO THOUSANDS of Canadians stationed with the R.C.A.F. in Newfoundland and Labrador the nickname of 164 Air Transport Squadron planes "The Ganderberries" has a very special significance. Whether we go on posting, leave, T.D. or discharge, journey home, or to a new station begins in an A.T.O. at Gander, Goose or Torbay, and it's first leg is the flip in a "Ganderberry" to Moncton. A week of weather bad enough to keep the 164 Squadron grounded is a grim week indeed.

But "Ganderberries" give more than passenger service. All of our extra messing is brought in by 164, and many a passenger returning from leave has shared his accommodation with eggs, crates of oranges, lettuce and celery. Priority freight (urgently needed pieces of equipment or supplies) is carried on these aircraft and only recently 164 delivered to Gander two Merlin engines weighing 2,420 pounds, and a crankshaft weighing 2,000 pounds. The Squadron personnel still talk of the time when, in response to an urgent call from Gander, they rounded up and flew in a dozen or so cats. Pet dogs have been passengers at various times, and a load of pigs was once flown in to form the nucleus of the present R.C.A.F. Piggery. At least one of the pianos on the station was delivered by 164 Squadron, and once, in an emergency, a "Ganderberry" made a mercy flight to deliver penicillin to the Gander hospital. Half a million pounds of extra messing were delivered in December of 1944 and in the first six months of 1945 the Squadron carried a total weight of 6,559,636 pounds of passengers and freight. Gander's share of that was 977,164 pounds from Moncton to Gander, and 671,501 from Gander to Moncton.

Of the 15,854 passengers carried in the first six months of 1945, 2,236 came to Gander from Moncton, and 2,315 left Gander for Moncton. These passengers were of all ranks and all services, though the majority were R.C.A.F. Entertainment troupes have travelled by Ganderberry; The "Joe Boys" and the "All Clear Show" came in that way.

THE Squadron was formed on January 23rd, 1943, at Moncton, which has been its headquarters since that time. The first O/C was Wing Commander R. B. Middleton, A.F.C., a popular officer with a colorful record, who had been a T.C.A. pilot before the war. He was followed by Wing Commander White, who remained in command of the Squadron until March, 1945. He retired and the present O/C, Wing Commander R. W. Goodwin, who has had considerable air transport experience in Burma and India took over. The personnel of 164—the men who "deliver the goods"—are men of experience who delivered other and more deadly cargos to Europe before being posted to the Transport Squadron. The following have received decorations for gallantry in action: S/L P. J. Roy, D.F.C.; P/O R. C. Elliott, D.F.M.; F/L L. A. Draper, D.F.C.; S/L D. H. Kenny, D.F.C. and Bar; and F/L G. P. A. Yates, D.F.C. and D.F.M. S/L J. G. Showler received the Air Force Cross, and F/L McCarthy and LAC Zorychta were mentioned in despatches, for service with the Squadron.

Personnel of 164 swell with pride when they mention the splendid safety record of their Squadron during the two and a half years that they have ferried freight and passengers to isolated stations in E.A.C. "Ganderberries" fly in the same weather as the seasoned pilots of T.C.A., and their record of long and hazardous trips safely made should be enough to inspire confidence in the most nervous passenger.

As many as 600 passengers have passed through Gander's A.T.O. in the course of a single month and 30 tons of freight were delivered in June of 1945, as well as 464 passengers. All this traffic is handled in the little office in No. 5 hangar by a staff of two, Cpl. J. E. Pye, and LAC Lanteigne. All passengers who go in and out of Gander by air, pass through this office.

The A.T.O. was our first sight of Gander and it will be there, while waiting for our flip out that most of us will give a few minutes to a quick review of our time spent on the station.

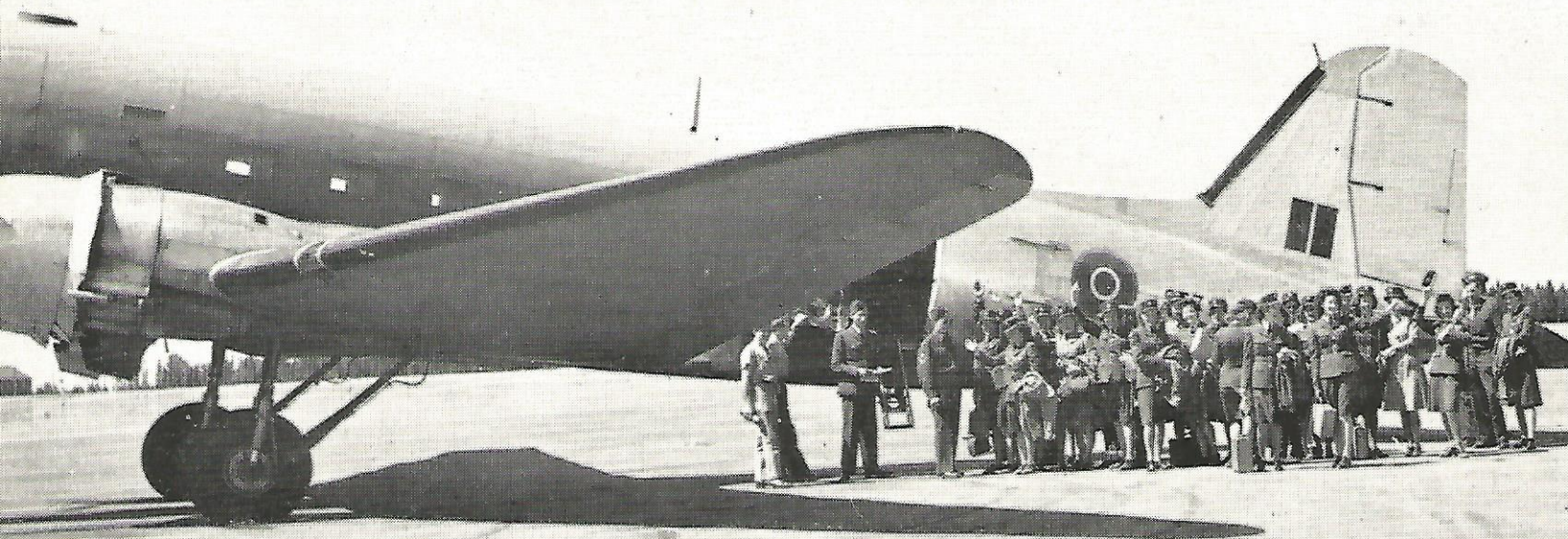


THE W. D. IN



The First
March Past
And First
Inspection
Parade

So Long Gang—Luck!



RETROSPECT

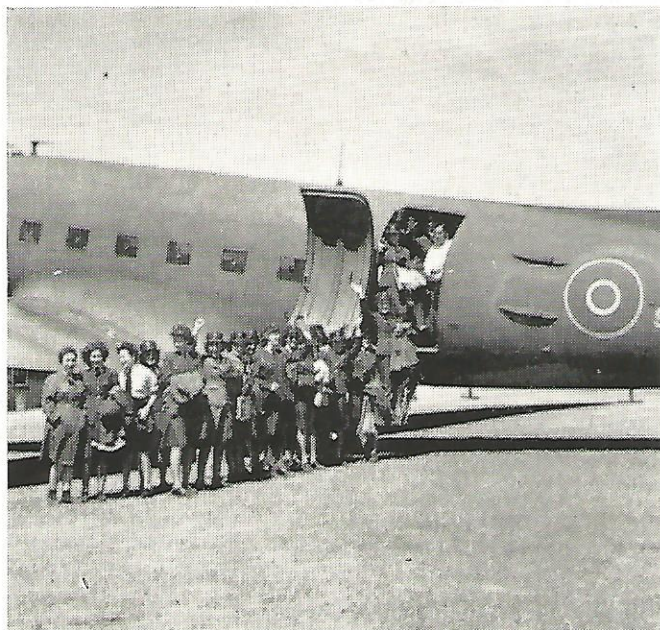
By M. O. Brown



One of the First Station Dances

EVERY airman, without exception, when approached to give his recollections of the coming of the first W.D.'s to Gander, falls into a reverie. A smile plays over his face—a distant look comes into his eyes and a wistful sigh escapes him. A slight cough arouses him—"Oh, yes, what was it you wanted to know? Do I remember when the first W.D.'s came? DO I? No, that wouldn't look good in print." This has been a difficult assignment—getting the lowdown on the impressions made by the W.D.'s on the already Ganderized airmen doing duty here. One F/S however was most helpful—he suggested looking through the early editions of our worthy publication, the Gander, and even produced the magazines. A perusal of these copies, both articles and section chatter, revealed that the invasion of the W.D.'s stimulated the barber's trade, and not to mention the

Brave Smiles



drastic curbing of language, it was cause of much vigorous button polishing and shoe-shining. The comments were all wholeheartedly in favor of the innovation. Sly digs were made at the airmen for letting the Army lads and the Americans open the "dating" campaign. It seems that the second night, before the airmen had recovered their poise, the Army lads whisked the gals away to a dance at their camp. Judging by the number of marriages between airmen and airwomen, eleven in all, the airmen soon made up for lost time. This led to a unique feature on an R.C.A.F. station—married quarters were opened.

All sections welcomed the girls "with open arms" but it seems that the Laundry was especially delighted with the new personnel and the girls proved most co-operative in learning their new trade. This led to the extinction of one of the most interesting sights in camp—the weekly wash ritual as performed by the boys in BB 48. A tottering washing machine had been entrusted to their gentle care; into this went all articles of wear—regardless of color, material or quantity.

Camp life assumed a new aspect of gaiety. The social whirl was speeded up considerably with dances, picnics, variety shows, and movie dates. At that time there were no floodlights outside the W.D. barracks—the airmen claim they could get the girls safely into barracks without the aid of those two bright lights. It suddenly dawned upon someone that the girls were sent to Gander primarily to work and that no one could be on the go continuously without some ill-effects so a few restrictions were introduced. The girls formerly had midnight passes. They couldn't have been serious because no one ever met a girl from Gander who didn't want to return. Yes, the girls have enjoyed their stay here to the utmost—both the work and the play. Such sincere regret is expressed by all the airmen at the impending departure of the W.D.'s that they must feel the same. They have enjoyed working with the girls and are already complaining at the thought of the dull off-duty hours ahead of them. With one accord, airmen and officers pay a sincere tribute to the W.D.'s and sadly bid them farewell.



REFLECTIONS By M. O. Brown

THERE seems to be no doubt that the W.D.'s will be discharged—sometime. So fashion designers, realizing just how far the clothing allowance will go toward the purchase of a new civilian wardrobe, have been busy devising ways and means of making over service dress for wear on Civvie Street. Cute things, it seems, can be done with the Wrens' little sailor hats, by the addition of a bow here or a feather there, but nobody, so far as we know has yet discovered a way of making the W.D. old style hat look like anything more glamorous than a dejected ice-bag. One W.D. of our acquaintance, with domestic post-war plans, thinks it will be just the thing to pull on your head when you rush out to the clothes-line to hang out Junior's dudies.

Perhaps in the long years ahead we shall find uses for some G.I. items which so far have merely rested in useless and comfortable oblivion at the bottom of the kit-bag, to be resurrected periodically for kit inspection. Those over-stockings, for instance. We've scorned them so far but perhaps a day will come when whistling winds will mean more than whistling wolves and we will care more for comfort than the shape of our ankles. Then we'll dig out those issue over-stockings with a shout of glee and totter forth to our Canadian Legion meeting well defended against the blasts of winter.

Then there's the teddy suit. We could wear it to do the spring-clearing in, except that we'd hate to have the ice-man see us in it. If yours, like almost everybody's was issued about six sizes too large, you can always present it to that great big wonderful man, to wear when he does the chores around the house. He won't wear it but he'll appreciate the thought behind the gift.

ONE uniform, naturally, you will keep, stowed away in moth-balls, to be disinterred on those gala occasions when you and your old cronies compress your middle-aged spread into the garments of your vanished youth and parade gallantly through cheering crowds in the streets of your home town.

But you'll be keeping two uniforms, and the imaginative fashion experts suggest you turn one of them into a civvie suit. All you have to do is remove the belt and all the insignia, including those brass buttons (hurray!) and get yourself a frilly blouse. Fashion experts are sure it won't look like your number one blues, but like something Schiaparelli dreamed up in collaboration with Salvatore Dali. But doubt creeps in. Won't there always be something G.I. about the set of the tunic and the way the skirt wrinkles across the hips?

What about the new style hat. You won't want to wear it of course, but there must be some use for it. Junior could keep his tadpoles and guppies in it, or you could keep it for passing the hat at meetings, or maybe it could find its niche in the scheme of things as a fruit bowl. But perhaps the best thing would be to put it away at the bottom of a trunk in the farthest corner of the attic until the children want to play at dressing up.

That will probably be the fate of most of our uniforms anyway, and it should be quite a day when son and daughter set out for their first hallowe'en party masquerading as Mummy and Daddy in the war.

"WHAT did you do in the war, Granny?" The year is 1975 and Granny is you, seated in a cosy chair by the fireside, your aged knees wrapped in an afghan and your wrinkled hands folded in your lap. Wide-eyed and innocent, your grandchildren are gathered about your knees, waiting to hear how you won the Battle of Gander. And you will say in pious tones not unrelieved by a note of gentle cynicism, "Children, I served that men might fly." This will convey even less to them than it ever did to you, so you will tell them how you did the thousand and one humdrum, earthbound tasks that must be done in order that men may fly. Regretfully you will assure them that you did not drop block-busters on Berlin or do doughty deeds in the skies during the Battle of Britain. "About all the flying I ever did was when I went to Gander in a Ganderberry."

Where's Gander, Granny?"

"Little ones," you will probably say, "it was so foggy I couldn't tell where it was but I think it was in Newfoundland." And memory, shamelessly aided and abetted by imagination, will draw a gruesome picture of vast runways shrouded in fog so thick that blackflies flew on instruments and five airmen were lost forever somewhere between Duffy's and Barrack Block 108.

"But Granny, didn't the sun ever shine at Gander?"

"Practically never," you will start to answer, but just about this time memory will play a funny trick. You will recall with a vividness that sweeps away the fog, a blue and golden August day when you stood on a hill near Gander Lake and watched Libs and Forts in silver succession turn in the unclouded sky. Later, when you trekked home along the dusty road, picking the largest and sweetest of blueberries on your leisurely way, you saw them lined up with military precision on the runway, birds of passage pausing in their flight, still, and terribly beautiful.

PERHAPS you will remember an incredible jewel of a windless winter day when you emerged from the Ops Block after a graveyard shift to find the antennae wires encrusted with crystal and hanging in motionless festoons against a cloudless pale-blue sky. On the trail that day there was no sound in all the world but the whispering of skis and snow and the occasional ringing laughter of the skiers.

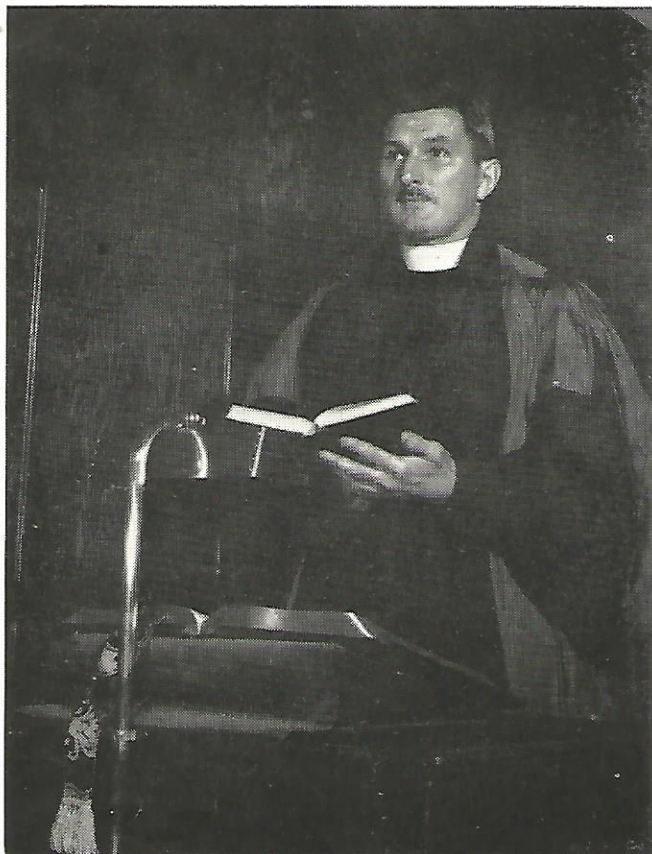
Then you will see again the unbelievable evening skies washed with floods of turquoise and orchid and lemon yellow, the long slow glide of a Canso coming to rest like a white gull on the runway, white violets frail and scentless on long slender stems, Hurricanes tumbling about like winged puppies in summer skies; far-off hills the color of ripe blueberries with the bloom still on them, the stern dignity of battle-scarred Lancs homeward bound. All these, and more you will recall as, with a dawning wonder, you realize that in its own special and peculiar way, even Gander could be beautiful.

By this time your grandchildren have crept away on tiptoe, fingers to lips. "Sh! Granny's fallen asleep. Wonder what she's dreaming about?"



As We Don't See Them—





WHAT THE WAR HAS TAUGHT US

by S/L F. A. LAWRENCE

WE HAVE had the doubtful privilege of seeing the world's greatest and ugliest war. We have seen a war waged deliberately in contempt of human life. We have seen a war carried on by slavery, starvation and murder of non-combatants. Time magazine pungently says, "The war ended appropriately in the sewers of Berlin." From such an experience what have we learned? When the judgments of God were abroad in the earth what did they teach us? What should the war have taught us?

In the first place the war should have taught us the reality of sin. Our Universities and schools have been plagued with the evolutionary philosophy summed up in the phrase, "Everyday in every way I'm getting better and better." This philosophy taught us that progress and advance were part of the universe and the older we grow and the more we know the better we will become. It rejected Mark Twain's observation that an ignorant man will steal a ride on the railroad but an educated man will steal the railroad. But we have seen that the Word of God through Jeremiah is true, "The heart is deceitful and desperately wicked." How else explain the lust for power; the pride of conquest which swept over Germany? How else explain the cruel and unbelievable murders of Belsen and Posen? But let us not go too far from home because we are familiar with transgression in our own

midst. Sin is not an old dusty word from Augustine, Luther or Calvin. It is a 20th Century experience and reality.

The second lesson we should have learned is that this old world is governed by the laws of God. When God said, "He that takes the sword shall perish by the sword," He was not uttering pious platitude but setting forth a rule of the Universe. We have been privileged to see this law work out. Mussolini rallied his countrymen to the cry, "I will give you a kingdom." They marched on defenseless Ethiopia and overran it. But what country was liberated first? Ethiopia. What man was first toppled from his balcony? Mussolini. What man went down under the executioner's bullets as he cried, "I will give you a kingdom?" Mussolini. In our time Heydrick also felt the force of the law of God, "He that sows the wind shall reap the whirlwind." This man who drove all the Jews out of Bohemia could have had his life saved by one of their clever surgeons but none was at hand. The man who signed the death warrants of thousands of people could not add a minute to his own life. The mills of the gods grind slow but they grind exceedingly small.

But what does it all mean to us? It means, plainly and simply, this. That the world can never have peace if it depends alone on man-made treaties and man-given promises. The lips that one day cry, "Peace, peace?" can the next day cry, "War, war." There will never be peace on this earth until the heart of man is changed. There will never be peace until war is removed from the heart of man; until pride, ambition, lust for power and empire are taken from the heart of man. Only one thing can do that. The power of Almighty God. The regenerating power of Jesus Christ which made Peter, Paul and Matthew live together as brothers in Christ can also make the men and women of our age new creatures in Him. That is our only hope.

Ed. Note—The padre, our wise and cheerful counsellor, is one of the most popular officers on the station. He takes a strong interest in all recreational activities. It has been said that he is the best centre fielder that ever played in the Gander softball leagues.

ADJUTANT

NAME: James Frederick Maxwell.

HOME TOWN: Ottawa, Ont.

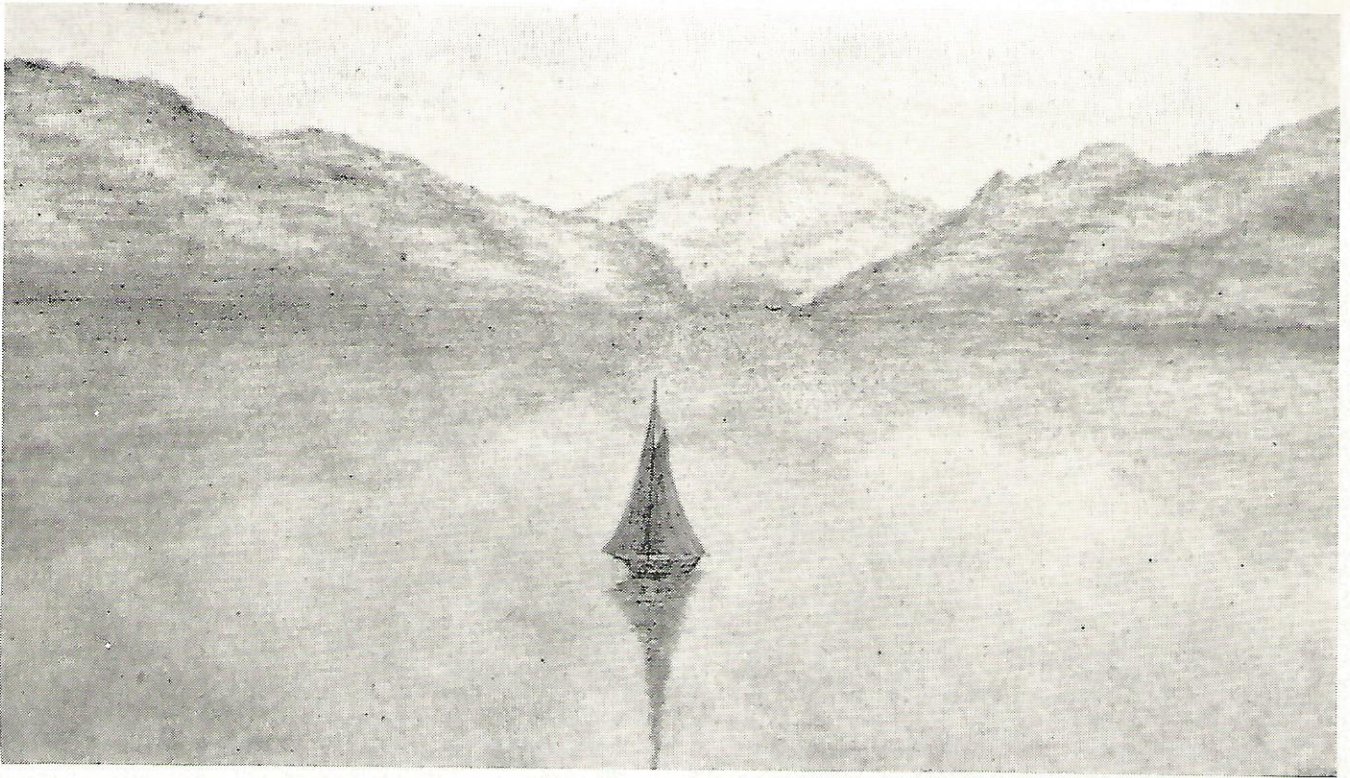
PEACETIME OCCUPATION: Civil servant.

TIME IN THE SERVICE: Three years.

AGE: Thirty-six.

HOBBIES: Sports — Football, baseball, tennis.





WEEKEND PASS IN NEWFIE

By Phil. Barlow

AFTER ten months a forty-eight! Wonderful. The big question was where to go. Twelve of us, all enjoying the same unexpected good fortune, had pooled our resources and ideas with the result that Glovestown, Alexander Bay was our chosen destination. Two of the crowd had been there before so they made all the necessary arrangements.

Like everyone else we had heard the Newfy Express derided in both story and song, therefore we approached the Rattler somewhat warily about midnight that Friday. We were in for a very pleasant surprise. The coach we entered was a pleasant, well lit and not overcrowded chrome metal and glass affair with quite comfortable seats. Narrow guage to be sure but still allowing ample room, it compared quite favourably with anything we have seen in Canada since 1940.

At the N. R. Station at Alexander Bay we were met by a large truck and driven the remaining six miles to Glovertown. The road is quite hilly and winding, affording some very fine moonlit glimpses of the surrounding country.

On arriving we found a lunch waiting for us after which we retired to real beds where we could stretch out full length without bashing our head or having our feet protrude into the room. With the good clear tang of a sea breeze drifting in the window we weren't long in dropping off to sleep.

On arising next morning, we saw a large schooner anchored in the bay putting off cargo into small boats. Three of us "thumbed" out on one of these boats and boarded the big vessel. As unloading operations were nearly over the captain invited us to sail with him down the bay.

Such scenery as was unfolded to us that morning! Great tree covered hills suddenly dropping off into the

sea with their various shades of green and gray as the sun made patterns of highlights and shadow. We caught occasional glimpses of neat brightly painted houses set off by their background of trees, with the deep blue of the bay at their feet and of course the inevitable motor boat at each jetty. Truly a beautiful morning!

THAT afternoon after a sumptuous dinner we set off down the bay road to review the scenes of the morning from the land. Less exciting perhaps but every bit as fascinating.

Wherever we went we were impressed by the friendly hospitality of the local people. Everyone we met, and the number was large as the chief means of transportation is Shank's Mare, stopped to exchange a few words or trade a yarn or two.

In the evening an entertainment was held in the local hall with ourselves as guests of honour. After the dance we received various invitations to homes about the community so the party accepted as many as possible and split up to follow our different hosts. Many of us spent the night with our new friends and all reported having thoroughly enjoyed their visits. The home that we went to had a very fine piano and after a lengthy period of music and singing, yarns were swapped, each spokesman trying to outdo his predecessor. It was after dawn when we finally got to bed.

The next afternoon the whole party went trolling. Two of the party, historically inclined, went ashore to explore some Indian Caves, missed the boat and had to walk the many miles back to Glovertown. Tiring, but the arrowhead souvenirs made the trip well worth it.

About midnight we caught the train for Gander and on arriving, after first doing some highly creditable scrounging for inner sustenance, hit the sack; tired but highly satisfied. It had been a good trip.

OVER THE COUNTER

MOST of the terrifying babel of sound that greets you as you enter the canteen comes from an amplifier hung in the centre of the ceiling. It suffers from some internal malady that makes everything that issues from it sound like an off-key rendition of the "G.I. Jive" played—or should one say "executed"—by a very amateur swing-band in an advanced state of inebriation. It is either too loud or too soft, depending on whether the canteen staff happen to like the program that is in progress at the moment.

You are hungry, so you approach the snack-bar hopefully, but there is nobody in sight. However, if you crane your neck to peer around the cash register, you may find Pierre deep in "Forever Amber," or the fourteenth page of a twenty-five page letter.

Having gained at least half the attention of the individual on duty, you ask for something. It doesn't matter what, they won't have it. Even if it is something so simple as a cup of coffee, they've probably run out of cups. You tell yourself the coffee is no good anyway and try again. "Egg sandwich?" "No egg—meat or cheese?" The Steward is maddeningly polite and you take cheese, knowing the meat is only bologna anyway. "Ice Cream?" you ask, scarcely daring to hope. He's ready for you, and there is a hint of triumph in his gesture as he points to an inconspicuous cardboard sign which says, with simple dignity, "No Ice Cream." So you take a stale cup-cake and tender a two-dollar bill in payment. This is legal tender, but he looks at it as if it were something you'd rolled off a private printing press in your spare time, and you wait ten minutes while he scrounges change.

The matter of food settled, you approach the other counter, with a view to purchasing a few miscellaneous necessities. Vic is on duty and today he is in what he doubtless considers a humorous mood. After a few assorted pleasantries he consents to inform you that there is no toothpaste, Lux flakes, or Halo Shampoo. You are not too disappointed as this has happened before, so you take tooth-powder, Rinso and Drene and ask for cigarettes. They've got them of course, but not the kind you want, and they're fresh out of matches.

By this time you have entered into the spirit of the game. "I'll take two of those," you say, indicating a popular brand of chocolate bar on the counter. "Sorry, Toots," again that malicious note of triumph, "that's the last one we got. How about 'Oh Henry?'" This scores a point for him, and you have to take 'Oh Henry,' although you don't like nuts. In revenge you make him wait while you scan the shelves. "What's that?" you ask, indicating a bottle on the top shelf at the far end. You know darn well it's hair tonic but you hope he'll have to dislodge himself from the counter, over which he is draped with easy grace, to go and find out. But you're wrong. "Say, Freddie, what's that on the top shelf right over your head?" he yells and Freddie obliges with the information. How can you win against that united front?

You scan the interesting-looking magazines on the counter, resist the temptation to ask for "The Ladies' Home Journal," and play your final trick as you present a five-dollar bill. Foiled again! The change is promptly and triumphantly forthcoming. As you leave with your purchases the "G.I. Jive" swells louder in a derisive yelp. The customer can't win in the canteen game!

THE sun is shining, oh yes, this is Gander, it is one of those rare and memorable days. The canteen staff, always pleasant and agreeable, are even more genial than usual. For some reason they have been able to forget the woes of being a canteen steward.

Granted that it is 12.01 and time to open—the order from Central Warehouse has been delayed—probably the fault of the M.T. and the staff is trying desperately to wrap a few sandwiches so that there will be an assortment. They open up beamingly and greet the masses.

"Good afternoon all you lovely people. What will you have?"

"Gabble, gabble, gabble."

"One at a time please," pleads Sunny.

One's heart naturally goes out to Molly who is hanging limply to the counter. "One hangover special (black coffee) please."

"Ahummmmm," drawls a W.D. who places a quarter precariously on the edge of the counter, Sunny goes through his daily dozen in order to reach it, "two oranges." Change is made. "And let me see,—do you have any lobster?"

"No."

"Corn?"

"No."

"Fresh strawberries?"

"No. Look we only sell the stuff. We don't make, order or deliver it." This to forestall the approaching storm.

"O.K. then gimme two sandwiches."

"What kind please?"

"Whatcha got?"

"Meat and cheese."

"No egg?" . . . Then gimme two meat and an egg."

"No egg."

"Oh!" (Great surprise)

"Then make it cheese. Take one meat out of this." She hands over a bill. "One cheese and one meat out of this . . . Hey, Sadie! Do you have a copper?" Sadie fumbles, as only a W.D. can and finally produces it. The snack-bar is not the only counter where there is trouble. In a quiet moment Charlie starts to roll coppers but a quick customer makes good use of the situation. He rushes up to the counter and slams down his big ugly hand.

"Two cokes." He doesn't say open or closed and Charlie asks him but by this time he has changed his mind. He wants one ginger ale. While selecting articles first from the left and then from the right, so as to keep poor Charlie jumping, he suddenly decides that he wants only the drinks. He will pick up the rest on his way back from the show.

Sunny goes to Vics aid in the rush. A W.D. brazenly asks to see his shorts and Sunny flushes with embarrassment and seeks refuge in the rear of the canteen.

"Hey Bud! You charged me \$1.25 for a repeater pencil and my chum only paid 90 cents."

Mac explains that there are two types of automatic pencils at different prices. Our friend did not bother to examine the pencils. He just took it for granted that the staff was building a Casa Loma on the side.

Yes, the sun has shone all day at Gander, but the canteen stewards didn't enjoy any of the sunshine.

ADMIN. VERSES

by

Kay Bonner and Rita Larsen



Once upon a time there was
An Admin. Section full of laws
But they were never kept for long
The kids were always doing wrong.

Airmen would wait for several days
Before a single head would raise
To see why Joey Erk was there
Sitting patient in his chair.



So then some little clerk will move
She's new and not yet in the groove
And saunters up before the man
Who now just doesn't give a damn.

"I want to fix my leave up here,"
He said, and gave a sickly leer
"I'm tired of sloshing through the rain
Please get me out while I'm still
sane."

But she had seen this done before
And pointed scorn'fly to the door
"For Pity's sake, have you no sense?
Call back again in two weeks' hence."

His buddy now steps up with hope
And says he wants some discharge
dope

His old man's dog has thrown a fit
He wants to leave and doctor it.

As all Erks in turn go on their way
A two-pint rookie has his say
"My Service medal's long been due
I've waited now a day or two."

Up pops a doughty AC1
Vigorously chewing on his gum
"I want my LAC at once
My girl friend thinks I'm just a
dunce."

At this the clerk will give a yawn
She turns around and soon is gone
Her morning coffee to obtain
To forego that would cause her pain.

But while for milk and cups she
fumbles
The P-A system moans and mumbles
It is the Adj and off she dashes
But all the while her teeth she
gnashes.



To think her coffee gets no hotter
She only went because she's gotter
The waiting crowds all stand and
gawk
At the way she flies when the Adj
does talk.

But Orderly Rooms are all the same
They think Joe Erk is just fair game
They'll do their best to raise his
dander
They're highly trained at that in
Gander.





The Gift Shoppe

GRENFELL MISSIONS

By Kay Bonner

THERE are few Canadians who have not at some time heard of the work of the Grenfell Mission in Newfoundland, but for many their first actual contact with this work comes when they were posted to Gander. Almost at once they heard that handicrafts from the Mission could be purchased on the station.

Among the items on display were small fur-clad dolls and we were told that usually a whole family works on these. The faces and bodies are carved from ash or spruce by the men and the women sew small pieces of seal skin into dresses and boots for the dolls. One woman, however, did better than this. She learned to carve the dolls too and was able to support an invalid husband by this work. Most of the work on furs is done at Cartwright (better known as North West River) and the weaving at St. Anthony, while the greater part of the ivory carving is done by the Eskimo far north of the mission.

On the outbreak of war markets for this work in Britain and the United States were cut off, and the mission cast about for some other means of selling their merchandise, and it was at this time Mrs. Hayden was persuaded to help with the work. During the summer the work comes down the coast by boat to St. John's and thence by train to Gander, usually arriving every few weeks until mid-December. Only rarely during the winter does any arrive and that only if an aircraft happens to land in that vicinity.

To this cross roads of the world have come people who have bought souvenirs to send to their homes and it would be quite safe to say they could be found in homes from Vancouver to Halifax and New Orleans to London, England.

Equipment Assistant

NAME: Knutsen
Steinwall Boye.

NICKNAME: Stein.

BORN IN: Vang Valdres, Norway.

PREWAR: Salesman.

SERVICE JOB: Equipment Assistant.

AGE: 42—single.

HOME: Prince Albert, Sask.



M. T. Driver

NAME: Zela White.

NICKNAME: Whitey

TRADE: M. T. Driver.

HOME: Windsor, N. S.

PREWAR JOB: Atlantic Woolen Mills.

IN GANDER: 18 months.

HOBBIES: Skiing, swimming, hunting, and fishing.



G. D.

NAME: Gerald Raymond.

NICKNAME: Ray.

HOME: Montreal, P.Q.

PEACETIME JOB: Noorduyn Aircraft.

LENGTH OF SERVICE: 3 years.

TRADE—G. D.

AGE: 23—Single.

HOBBIES: Sports.



Marine Base



Crash Boat and Crew



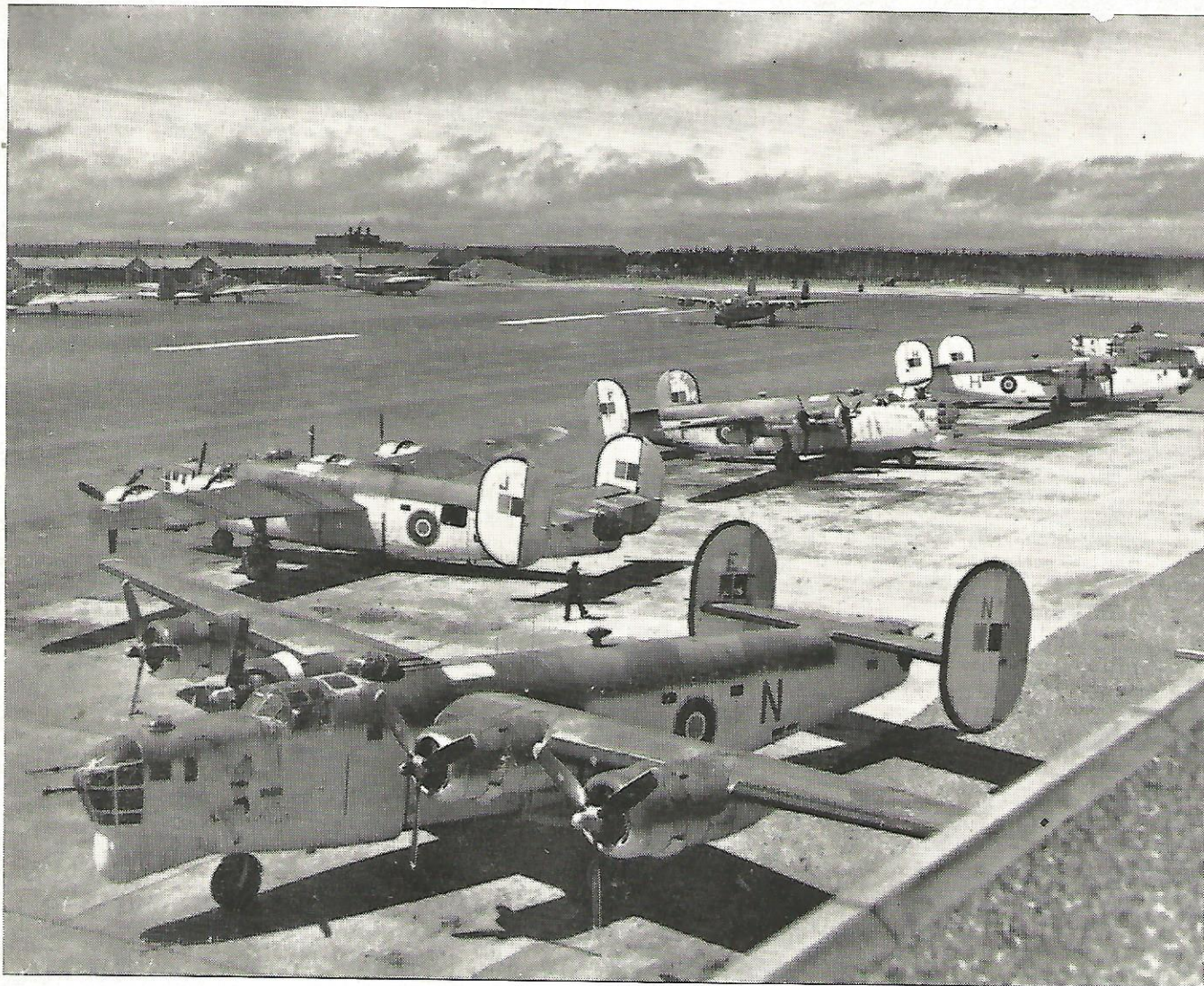
A SEAMAN in the R.C.A.F. seems rather unnecessary but there are approximately ten of them on full-time duty at the seaplane base on Gander Lake. Their job is to service the Norseman, provide transportation between the plane and docks for mercy flights. They carry Service personnel across the lake by launch, and are on ready call in the event of some accident or crash in the water. The work is essential and usually quite pleasant. Their most difficult job occurs when they have to carry a mercy flight patient on a stretcher from the Norseman to a waiting ambulance on the docks.

They certainly have a delightful job for hot summer days—gliding through cool green water and enjoying the fresh Gander Lake breezes. How pleasant to be able to call a motor boat ride your duty!

The seamen are all on attached duty from Dartmouth and the Marine Squadron there. Flight Sergeant Wentzell (left) is in charge of the crew.

The Mercy Plane





10 BR A NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON!

W/C Bradley's Farewell Speech



ABOUT the middle of May Gander lost the last squadron that had been on the strength of the station. Some months before, the departure of 128 Squadron had left some noticeable gaps, but these had been quickly filled by the increased activities of the remaining squadron. Now we were leaving the operational status to become a staging point for the Trans-Atlantic aircraft.

The coming and going of the Lancasters and the returning Ninth U.S.A.A.F. kept us occupied for a few weeks. They stopped here to refuel and then flew on to the stations on the mainland to which they had been assigned. These movements, however, only served as a short respite.

A heavy blank silence settled over the station. A stillness extremely oppressive to senses which had been acutely tuned to the roar of four motored Liberators.

Station activities suffered also. Friends were parted, sports lacked some of the usual keen competition and the good fellowship of the squadron's personnel was missed by everyone.

Perhaps it was best that our memories were short. New systems of drill and parades were ordered as a diversion and a new routine was soon in effect.

They were gone. Decorations awarded to many of them signified a job well done. In our future reminiscing we will boast of their deeds and proudly claim a small share in the job they did so well.

