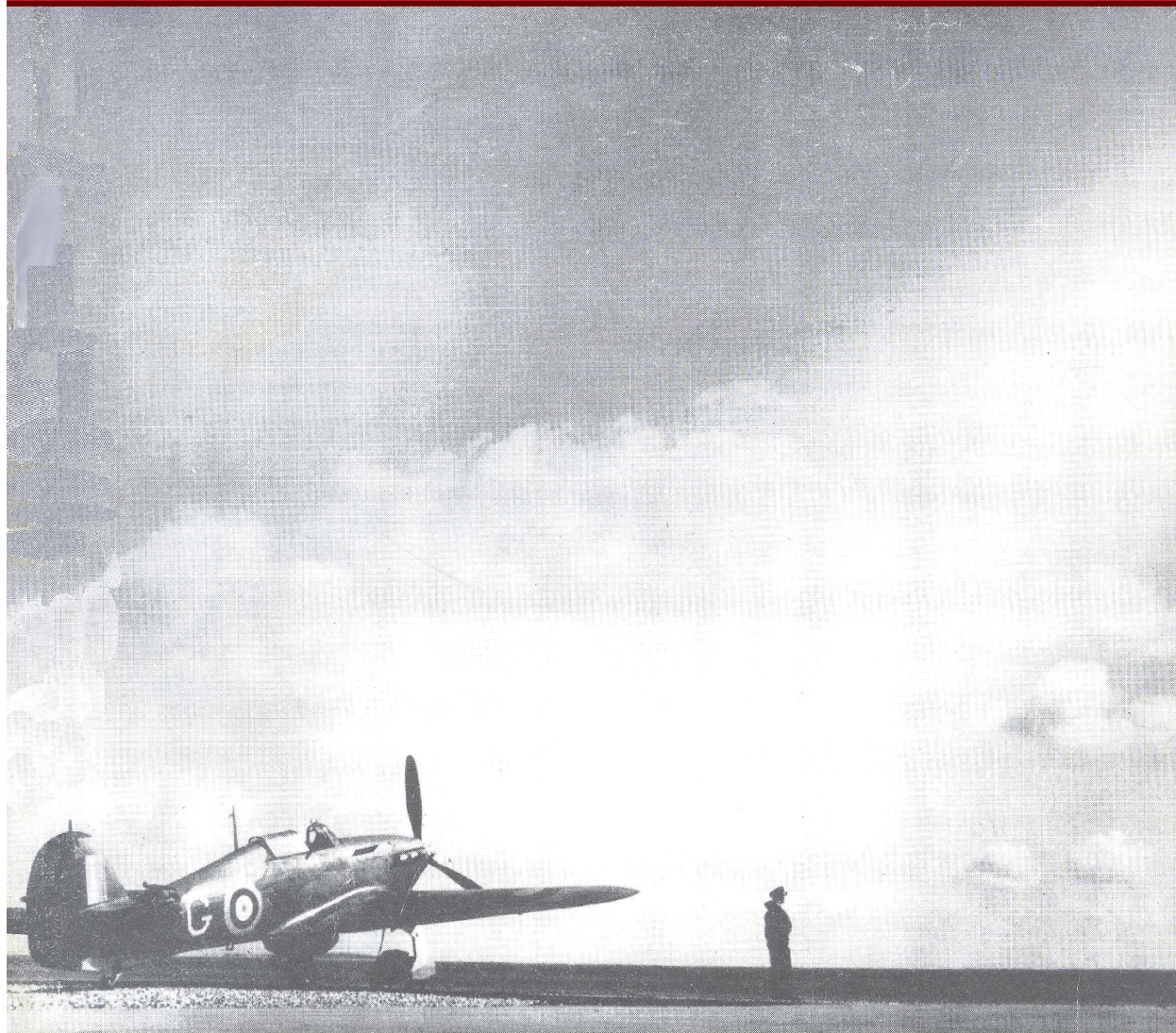


Gander



March - April - 1944





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• EDITOR'S NOTES •

HIP HIP HURRAY! HIP HIP HURRAY!

HIP HIP HURRAY! TIGER—HURRAY!

The Parade's rousing cheers were led by W/C Wigle. This was the last picture of Gander to be taken away by G/C Annis as he departed from our station.

We will always remember him, just as he will always remember us. His farewell address is symbolic of his spirit and true feelings. All Gander joins the chorus of Au Revoirs, and Goodspeed. Whene'er you meet up with the "old man", don't forget to say, "Remember me? I'm from Gander".

As this issue went to press, Gander was greeted with its new Commanding Officer, Group Captain H. B. Godwin. Our new C.O. was formerly Chief Signals Officer at A.F.H.Q. May his stay at Gander be a pleasant one.

* * * *

Spring! A word of magic and enchantment. Never has a spring gone by, without us feeling a certain joy of living. Here in Newfieland, we may not have the comforts of home, the birds may not be as plentiful to chirp in the new season, but the sight of thawing snow peaks us up just the same. Yes spring does something to us.

I would like to thank the many people who have sent in their good wishes and congratulations to our new and improved magazine. Among the letters received were those notably from Air Marshall Bishop, Air Vice Marshall Heakes, Colonel Lynch and the Acting High Commissioner for Canada, Mr. H. L. Keenleyside. It is with great pleasure that I quote a portion of the letter from the High Commissioner.

"What particularly impressed me with this magazine was the spirit which pervaded it from cover to cover—the spirit of intelligent, decent, kindly humanity. It made me feel better to read it—to know that these young people are of a quality that gives reality and promise to the future that we are fighting this war to achieve. If these are the young men and women who are doing the job, and in whose hands the future of our Canada will rest, we need have no doubts about either victory or its aftermath.

Yours very sincerely,

signed, H. L. KEENLEYSIDE

Acting High Commissioner for Canada.

I would also like to acknowledge the good wishes of our sister magazine, Dartmouth's "Thumbs Up", and our big brother "Wings". Everyone on our station joins in to thank the staff of "Wings" on their feature of our station in the March issue. Not only was the story and Andersons drawings of excellent calibre, but they were both authentic and colourful capturing a major portion of the local atmosphere.

* * * *

This issue sees us taking a bold step forward. The powers that be, have sanctioned two stories, "Gander" for the use of It is with considerable pride that we feature between these covers an excellent detailed story on the adventures of a crew that crash landed in Labrador and awaited rescue for several days in sub zero weather. Also the authentic story of a superb submarine attack, taking you on a flip over the Atlantic and tracking down a submarine.

The Farewell address given by G/C Clare L. Annis O.B.E. is featured on the next page. Our regular stories contain all the zip of former tales and then some. A new innovation is Hap Day's "Section Snapshots", while a story and pictures of the "All Clear" show highlights our center pages.

Need I mention that this month's pin-up girl is non other than lovely Carol Landis. Thanks to 20th Century Fox Films, our depleted stock of lovelies and cheesecake has been replenished for the coming issues.

I would like to remind all the readers that the "Gander is your voice. It is up to you therefore to let us know just what you would like to read. What features you want deleted, or to air your criticism and gripes in general. (But don't ask us for a posting).

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

LAST MINUTE NEWS FLASH

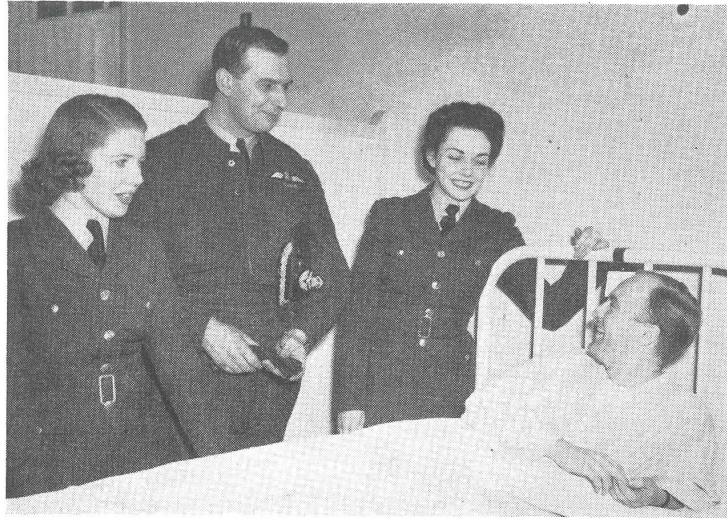
It has been officially announced that F/O Pat Cheater (J9135) has been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross. For the complete story, read "No Return Engagements".

The Distinguished
Flying Cross



COMMANDING OFFICER'S FAREWELL ADDRESS

One of the many kind acts that will always endear G/C Annis, to our hearts. He is seen here visiting a sick friend, Cpl. Potts with a swell tonic, 2 chorines from the "All Clear" show.



It is hard for me to believe that I am going to leave this Station. It has been like home for the past year, and if it were not for the fact that it is an Overseas posting, it would be a very great hardship indeed. . . . There will be work to do to combat this menace and you have never failed me once in the past — I have never had any worries at all in that regard. When there was work to be done, you have always done it. That extends to all corners. The little ones, like the shoe repair shop, the tailor shop, the barber shop, and all those little organizations that are so important — they have never failed. And then we get to the bigger ones, the laundry, the messing staff, the administration people, the accounts, and our hospitals, who look after us so well, and works and buildings and our engineering staff. You have all done your work well and I appreciate it. Then we have the flying squadrons. There are the fighter boys. I have always admired the fighter people because, as I told you last December, they have gone on working and practising hard, and it is worth it all. You have done your job. Our Radio detachment—I have been told there is no better Radio detachment in all the world and I fully believe it. Then the BR squadrons, Dumbo—which I am afraid I have to admit is my own, and I do want to say before all of you and to "Dumbo" that I have not shown any partiality. I am proud of the "Cat" Squadron. They are a close-knit organization and a big squadron; and they have been very generous in their association with us. And of the "Dumbo" Squadron—well, there is only one "Dumbo" with so magnificent a record.

Last night I talked to the officers and the senior NCO's—on this parade I want to talk to the Station, the Airmen and Airwomen, and I will say again what I said last night. One thing I have learned more than anything else is that our people naturally build and as I have always tried to give them a free hand, they have always tried to go on building, but as news gets doubtful and as lots of people like myself get Overseas to fight for our principles actively, and you have to fight in a

passive way, I implore you not to forget what you are fighting for. Remember why you joined. I have told you before that I have two little boys and I want them to be free—to be able to go to school, to go to church, to have a chance to learn, to have a job, and if they fail that is their fault. I think all you people here who are married, or soon will be, will think that way too.

We have to make the world safe for democracy, but let us not stop when it is safe. We cannot stop but must go on working at it from day to day. We must remember, as I told you before, that life is like a rowboat and you must go upstream. You always have to keep rowing—there is no stopping or you slip back. And there is one other little thing and that is that anybody can row who is refreshed—it is to forget to row when you are tired. In other words, a good man is one who can row when he is tired. Don't keep on fighting for your principles even when things look black.

There is one pleasant thing. I don't want to get too gloomy and that is, it has been a privilege to work for you and I am grateful for this—that I can go away with the thought of what a truly wonderful group of officers and men we have here. You have a fine man to take over. I have known Wing Commander Coghill well, and he is an officer and a gentleman. He will give you a good going-over when you are wrong and praise you when you are right. It is a comfort to know the Commanding Officer has an understanding heart and I ask you to back him up and make this station go on, as it can and will go on.

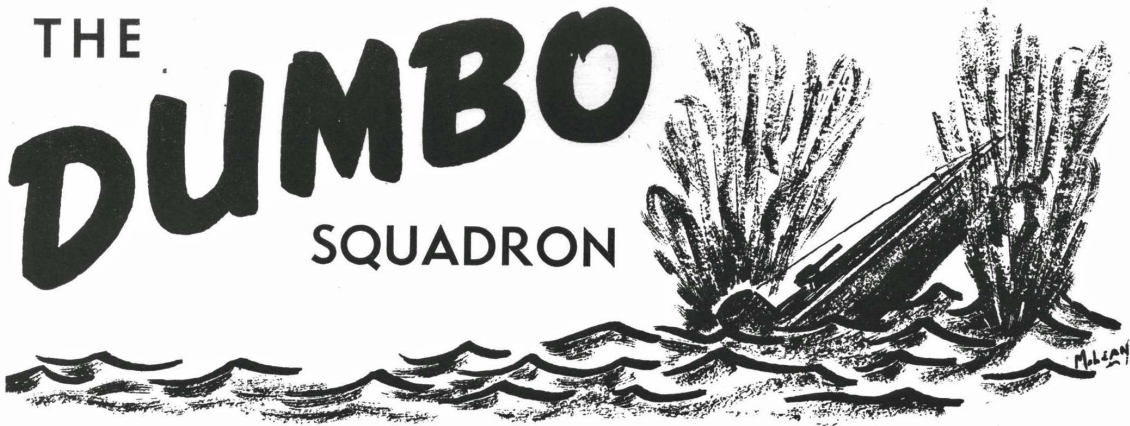
I will write you later sometime and I will give you my views, and what your chances are of getting over. All of you who want to, I hope you come across.

This is about all I have to say—except God Bless You All.

* * * *

Wing Commander Wigle led the rousing cheers for Group Captain Annis.

THE DUMBO SQUADRON



"NO RETURN ENGAGEMENTS"

by F/O H. Steirman

It is mysteriously calm out over the ocean, many, many miles from the mainland. Veteran aircrew subconsciously learn to ignore the sound of their aircraft engines; the all too pleasant hum sings of safety in flight. On quiet days the North Atlantic looks cold and foreboding, with its swells interrupting the tranquillity of the day. On rough days, the cloudy sky, the rain and the snow and the windlashed waters interpret the disturbance, as the "Ire of Neptune".

The aircraft and its crew become a part of nature, as the sun, the wind and the stars divulge their secrets to the vigilant. The ocean is more flirtatious. It says, "Seek and ye shall find"! To these everwatchful men out on tireless patrol, hunting the denizens of the deep, this means, Seeking . . . Searching . . . Probing . . .

"Pilot to Navigator, Pilot to Navigator, do you see that wake on our port bow?" F/O Pat Cheater called suddenly over the intercom as he pointed it out to the co-pilot.

Paul Lafond gazed out into the dusky lighted Atlantic. True enough there was something. The curious effects of twilight could not hide the grey conning tower and the dark sleek lines of a large German submarine. "That's a sub all right and it's shooting at us!"

Not another word was spoken. An anti-submarine crew is like a well coached football team, everyone knows just what he is to do. This crew had been flying on the East coast for nearly two years without once sighting a sub. Now all their training, their patient efforts and skills were to be put to test.

Banking his huge four engined bomber, Pat headed the aircraft towards the hated pig boat, manoeuvring so as to take advantage of the failing light. F/O Mac Wallace in the co-pilot's seat, had his hands on the throttles and his eyes glued on the instruments; Pat Patterson slipped out of his flying jacket and scrambled at top speed to the gun in the nose compartment, picking up bruises and scratches along the narrow, intricate passage. Jack Banks clambered into the top turret, banged his shin on the crank but had a bead on the target in no time flat. The camera operator, Sgt. Archer, and waist gunner, W.O.2 Kostiuik, were ready at their posts, while the crew's only contact with the outside world was W.O.2 Carter, the wireless operator, tapping out the all important message to base.

Within a matter of seconds, each member of the crew assured the captain that he was at "action station"

"Bomb Doors Open" ordered the Captain.

(Continued on page 32)





RESCUE FROM 'A' FOR ABLE

AS TOLD TO A.W.1 ELEANORE MARTIN

"THINE IS THE KINGDOM, THE POWER AND THE GLORY"

"A" for "Able" was returning from a routine flight to Iceland on the night when Ganderites were braving the famous 100 mile an hour wind and snow storm. The crew was made up of Squadron Leader "A1" Irmie, D.F.C., captain; Flying Officer Doug Campbell, co-pilot; Flight Lieutenant Gar Harland, navigator; Pilot Officer James Gilmour and W.O. 2 Arthur Johns, Wireless Air Gunners, and they carried one passenger, Flying Officer D. F. Griffin. About five in the afternoon a message to divert to Goose was received. "Able" was only an hour out of Gander when they set course for Goose.

Serenely the big bomber crossed the Straits of Belle Isle and ploughed ahead into the swirling snow storm. "A1" and Doug in the pilot's and co-pilot's seats kept a watchful vigil. Gil was sitting in the radio seat while Johns and Flying Officer Griffin occupied the tail of the big aircraft.

Gradually it became increasingly noticeable to the crew that the weather was getting worse. The snow was becoming thicker and ice was beginning to form on the aircraft. But they were only 150 miles from Goose and on steady course. "A1" decided to try to climb above the overcast. He gave the big ship more boost, but it refused to climb.

Without warning, Number 4 engine (outer starboard) cut. Goose was only minutes away and three engines

would bring them in; they continued serenely.

At an estimated 25 miles from the 'drome, Number 3 engine, (inner starboard) spluttered and died. Two engines left to land with and both on the port side at that. But the crew's confidence in their captain's ability to bring them in, never flagged.

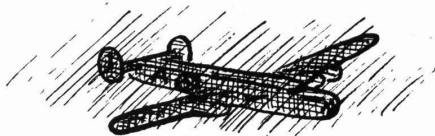
In the meantime the navigational and radio adds became unserviceable. They were unable to communicate their plight to anxious ground crews awaiting their arrival at Goose.

The captain was compelled to lose altitude. Ice was forming on the propeller governors but there was no ice formation where it is ordinarily found on the deicer boots along the wings. Still the crew was confident of a landing at Goose. "A1" was using all the ingenuity and resourcefulness, for which he is noted, in trying to keep the big B24 aloft.

By this time the two remaining engines were on fire and smoking, causing the ship to sway drunkenly from port to starboard. The crew, as a man, held its collective breath. The Number 1 engine (the outer port one) had begun to cough. Then it died! The boys knew they were in for it. The skipper exuded confidence as he informed them over the inter-com that he was going to set down. They remained calm and braced themselves for the crash.

The earth was rushing at them and Squadron Leader Irmie showed his coolness and levelheadedness then when

he made the lightning like decision which undoubtedly saved the lives of himself and his crew. He decided not to land on either of two small lakes which they were approaching but to land in a strip of trees which separated the two lakes.



The big bomber rushed into the landing at approximately 130 miles an hour. The impact was terrific. Its force swung the big 30 ton ship 180 degrees to face the direction they had come. Miraculously it did not turn over but came to a halt listing some 30 degrees to port. The big aircraft broke in half, the tail part swinging around to form an open rectangle with the wing.

In telling of the crack-up, Doug described the 50 yard swath cut by the Lib and in his own inimitable manner cracked: "She cut down enough trees for Saturday's fire." The first thing I said when I got out was "hello this place."

Al and Doug, realizing that they were alive, jumped from the broken port and starboard windows in the big plane's cockpit and landed almost waist deep in the soft snow. Struggling to the top, Al managed to stand on the snow and began to count noses. Doug was all right. Gar returned his halloa. He was hemmed in but was struggling to get out through a hole in the roof. Gil yelled that he was unhurt but was trapped.

That left two, W. O. 2 Johns and Flying Officer Griffin. They had been in the tail. Al and Doug floundered through the deep soft snow to the broken tail but found they were too late to help Flying Officer Griffin.

Their crew mate they found too. But all they could see of him was his flying boots sticking soles up out of the snow. Poor old Johnsy had had it too, they figured and turned back to help the living.

Gil they hacked out of his spot in the body of the aircraft with a small hatchet they found and he reported a very tender shoulder. Gar was still unable to get out. Finally after backing down into the ship and removing his flying suit he was able to extricate himself.

Suddenly the boys heard a scratchy sound as of something rubbing against metal. It being an odd sound in that desolate wilderness they hastened to explore.

Feebly fluttering and disturbing a twig which was making the scratching noise against the aircraft, were the incongruous looking flying boots—sticking like slim tree stumps from the virgin snow—of their chum Johnsy. Feverishly they set to work with dinghy paddles and dug old Johnsy out. His hair was white with snow. There was snow in his ears, in his eyes, in his nostrils and snow stuffed his gaping mouth.

Johnsy was just regaining consciousness. Tenderly Doug lifted him, only to be gripped in a vice-like hold. On coming to, Johnsy recalled turning his head and seeing the aircraft breaking up but did not remember making like a bullet, as he must have done to land head first and become imbedded in the snow.

That night it was 67 degrees Fahrenheit below zero!

With each step they took they sank up to their armpits in the soft snow and much time was wasted in digging one another out. And all the while the snow came down and the wind howled in the trees blowing snow in their faces. Luckily they did not feel the full force

of the gale as their position was sheltered partly by the strip of trees and partly by the aircraft.

Preparations for that first night of camping out included tramping down an area in the rectangle afforded by the tail, body and wing of the mutilated aircraft. A couple of parachutes draped over the wing and tail gave a bit more protection from the wind and a fire built from boughs cut by the plane in its descent, gave off some warmth.

But sleep was elusive. And besides the snow kept blowing in their faces and the wind kept rustling their protection. An ominous creaking noise also disturbed their slumbers. Each of the crew managed to snatch an hour's sleep by the time first light came.

Looking up as the light illumined their crude shelter, the boys discovered the source of the ominous creaking noise. Like a flash they ducked from their shelter. One of the big heavy wheels of the plane had been hanging by a thread, so to speak, and had it fallen would have killed them all. It was their second lucky escape. They gathered some of the stouter tree trunks and propped the wheel up.

They spent Saturday, February 19th, in trying to improve their lean to. The boughs of the broken trees they made into a flooring for the tent. These they covered with the engine covers and topped this with a layer of maps. Some sheep skin rugs, purchased for souvenirs in Iceland, came in handy next and then this was covered by a layer of flying clothes. On top of all this they made their beds, using for sheets the very best nylon silk parachutes and as blankets, more flying clothes. The walls they draped with further parachutes . . . shades of the Chief of Arabie . . . silk drapes and silk sheets . . . in the barren wilderness, that is Labrador.

A hunt in the debris for their Gibson Girl, the emergency S.O.S. radio set, proved unsuccessful. However Gar found his sextant and when the sun appeared for a few minutes he took a number of shots to reaffirm their position. He judged that they were 13 air miles from their destination and had they continued would have hit the field directly. The boys were anxious to get out and start to walk but every time they stepped off the packed down area they sank arm deep in the treacherous soft snow.

In their salvaging operations they found three boxes of emergency rations, a hatchet, two boxes of Very cartridges and some pyrotechnics.

While they talked of making snowshoes, they kept moving and decided to build a fire on the salvaged bomb bay door. "Al" had the bright idea of utilizing the dinghy compartments for their water heating system. So they piled snow into the three compartments and had hot, medium and warm water.

Night fell and so did the thermometer. Watches were stood during the night but poor old Johnsy just couldn't get a decent sleep. Every little while one of his pals would waken him. Though they truthfully complained of his snoring they were really trying to keep him from freezing his hands and feet.

It had been a disheartening day. Several times they had sighted various aircraft which seemed to be in the Goose Bay Circuit. They had counted on the smoke from their fire attracting any searching aircraft but the high wind kept the smoke dispersed close to the ground. During their enforced encampment, three aircraft, two Dakotas and a Canso, flew directly over them without sighting them. They tried to shoot off the Very Pistol

(Continued on page 29)



—MEET THE CHAMPS—

The Borden Ball team from the Scramble Squadron won the station championship in a bitterly contested round robin series that climaxed a season of outstanding games. The round robin series, a sort of Stanley Cup idea in miniature—was not decided until the final game (and that a replayed match) was over.

Eight teams comprised the league and of these, six took part in the playoffs. The Scramble Squadron had a record of four wins and one loss in the playoff series. Outstanding for the Scramblers during the series was Jack Vogt, a latecomer to the Squadron who netted the football many times. Bill Teams, the captain, who sparked the team during most of the season with his goal getting dropped back to defensive play during the round robin and his tallies were not so many. Bill also earned the dubious title of the League Bad Man.

The team had never played Borden Ball before they reached this beauty spot and during the season it was often necessary for many of the players to go a whole game without replacement.

Last fall after the softball season

was finished, F.O. McColgan, Squadron Adjutant and F. O. Crampton, Technical Officer, took a hand in organizing the team and much credit is due them for their formation of such a strong team.

For the play-offs the following comprised the team: goal, Art Crawford and Ernie (Wee Willie) Wilson; defence, Bob Henry and Al Grobe; forwards, Renwick, Ned Kay and Laing, and a second line of Bill Teams, Jack Vogt and Rocky Riddell.

In the final playoff game, which ended 9-8, the deciding goal to put the game on ice came with five minutes to go. The Scramblers led throughout most of the game by one goal, which margin is a very slim one in such a rapid firing game. Art Crawford, the goalie was outstanding in this game, as was Jack, Vogt. Crawford sustained a sprained thumb and a bloody nose, both coming just before the whistle blew which gave Art an opportunity to duck in for some first aid. With a two goal lead the team settled back to tight defensive play and while one more goal was scored by the Dumbo Maintenance, they managed to retain the edge and the championship.

THRU THE HOOPS

by LAC "Irv" Bennett

The basketball schedule ended with the first four teams ready to start the playoffs. The closing of the gymnasium for alterations caused a temporary delay but with the floor scraped, polished and painted, the basketeers are just raring to go.

The top position was won by the "Dumbo" Maintenance team who garnered twenty-six points, winning thirteen and losing four games. Runner up spot was taken by the Laundry Five with twelve wins and five losses for a total of twenty-four points. Third place went to "Dumbo" Officers with a record of eleven victories against six defeats for twenty-two points. The fourth playoff position was not decided until the very last game of the schedule, when Reconnaissance Squadron edged out the Administration entry chalking up twenty points with ten games won and six lost.

The "Dumbo" Maintenance quintet ran roughshod over their opponents in the early stages of the season but barely hung on to their lead finishing on top of the heap. Playing inconsistent basketball, the "Dumbo" Maintenance crew may hit their early season form and take the title. Players the calibre of Teetzel, Maher, Farrell and Lewis are not to be regarded lightly and are a threat at all times.

The surprise of the season was the Laundry Five. Lacking suitable substitutes, the Laundry hoopsters were forced to use five men in many games without any relief. After a shaky start, the team of Easterbrook, Bennett, Sourkes, Dix and Legris began to click and won their last seven consecutive games to cinch second place. With fair relief material, the Laundry lads should give any of the other three teams a good run for their money.

(Continued on page 31)





Back Row: Masse, Hank Reihl, Bill Marshall, Monty Montemurro, Ed. Kosak, Mac MacLeod, Walley Palmer, Ron Moore, Mac McIntosh, Trainer, Frank Mousseau.

Front Row: Rudy Enns, Harold Schmaltz, Louis Lacourse, Ned Kay.

GANDER WINS HOCKEY SERIES

By "Joel" Sourkes

To the Y.M.C.A.'s little office came an invitation from Corner Brook. It was an invitation for us to bring a hockey team to their fair city, for a short series.

Ken Genge of the Y.M.C.A. took over — and without flinching one bit, wired back that we'd be there with bells on. That might sound very easy, but, I'll give you an idea of a few of the jobs that had to be done before the team were finally on the train, and away to the 'Brook'.

Permission from the Commanding Officer, Permission from the Railways to travel as far as Corner Brook. At the time, there was no team on the station, and it was no mean task choosing one, in the short time allowed us. Ice — We didn't have our own. So, you see that there were a few things that needed a lot of attending to, before everything was straightened out. For this—thanks goes to Ken Genge and his two able assistants, Cpl. Louis Lacourse (Coach) and Cpl. Rudy Enns Captain).

There were two trips down to Corner Brook. In each case, our team managed to have the edge, and win out by a 2 games to 1 game margin.

Scores in the first series were—2-9, 5-4, 6-4.

Scores in the second series—6-4, 4-13, 6-5.

In the first game of the first series, the boys were rushed from a long train ride to a waiting crowd at the rink. There was no alternative but to play. For this show of good sportsmanship the team immediately gained a good following; and so, we had as many rooters as the home town team. There were two things about that game in which the Corner Brook boys had the advantage. Firstly, the uncommonly small rink, which doesn't allow for much individual play—and secondly, the new centre red line pass rule . . . It wasn't until the last period of that game that our only two goals were scored—and in the mean time, Corner Brook went merrily on their way piling up a score of nine. In the next two games, we had become accustomed to the new rules and the ice, and the Fliers (we had a name for them) were able in each case to score the extra tally, which makes the difference between a long team and a winner.

For the first game of the second series, our fliers had a little rest. The train came in about four hours before game time, and this allowed plenty time for a good meal and forty winks. Thus the six to four score. Winning that game was a cause for celebration, and believe me the Fliers were really flying—but not on the rink—Just 'High' However, they paid

INTERNATIONAL SHOW

A definite date has not yet been set, but one day during the last week of April is going to see the Drill Hall the center of hustle bustle and activity. On that day the Drill Hall staff will be busy setting up the boxing ring and doing all the other things necessary to get set for a big gymnastic and fight show.

A program of boxing and wrestling bouts, with a little International flavour to add interest, is being planned. Along with these bouts will be weight lifting and gymnastic exhibitions. A battle Royal might also be held, to add to the evening's entertainment. To top it all off, we are hoping to have the band in attendance.

If this article appears before the show is over. It'll be the first time in the sports history of the magazine and the station that our deadline is prior to an event. Lets hope that history is made.—J. S.

for their fun, because the Corner Brook team was not to be caught napping, and woke up the boys with a thirteen to four shellacking. There are no excuses for that game. The team was outplayed (and played out) from start to finish . . . The final game was the real hockey game of the series. . . . The tension could be felt on entering the rink. At no time during that game was either team ahead for more than two or three minutes. As one would score, the other would tie it up. This went on until two minutes remained until the end of the game, and the score all tied up at five goals apiece. A break for the fliers came along and they really knew how to use it. Two of the local boys got rough at the same time, and both of them were sent to the penalty box. With this break, our boys poked home the winning goal, and the game was over.

In true amateur spirit, both teams got together after the game, and had a little party. By the time the evening was over, all minor differences must have been ironed out, because members of the different teams could be seen with their arms around each other, singing Mairzie Doats.

A word must be said about a few of the outstanding players of the series, who helped our team win, and
(Continued on page 31)



the feminine front

WID BITS

With Easter on the way all our feminine thoughts were turning to new spring outfits and trying on tiny bits of straw with lots of veiling and fluff, we sighed longingly for civilization. Suddenly we 'had it'. A great crowd of new girls came in, many of them just off course or fresh from Manning Depot at Rockcliffe. We didn't mind our man of the hour turning to whistle and stare but what hurt was when he began to praise their new style issue great coats. "Boy those really look classy. That pleat and belt in the back gives them something yours hasn't got", he said and our hearts sank. We were wearing our old fitted models and knew we didn't have a chance in the Easter Parade.

We dug deep into our pockets recently to put forth two bits for a little piece of American Beauty red silk with the well-known Gander runway plan and Gander complete with goggles and helmet. This was the new crest for sports wear and is quite an attractive addition.

The editorship of "The Feminine Front" underwent a change since publication of the last issue. Corporal Betty Powers was posted to Moncton after the fine job she did on the Jan.-Feb. issue pages and we hear that she longs to be back at The Gander although she is not unhappy in her new posting. We wish you luck Betty and hope that we can keep up the good work.

Ten newcomers to the station, Women's Division Radio Telephone Operators, received their first disillusion in the service when they reported to their Section. The girls, the first W.D. R.T.O.'s to graduate from No. 1 Wireless School in Montreal, were taken on a tour of inspection. At each of the R.T.O. sites in the Section the girls shook their heads: We don't want to work in any of these places, we want to work in the Control tower and talk to the pilots", they said. Ah delusions of glamor . . .

During the month of March an all time high was set in the number of dances to which the Women's Division members were invited. Some 14 dances were scheduled and on each occasion a large number of W.D.'s turned out. We are still trying to find the one girl who managed to attend all 14 and see how she stood up to it all.

There have been several changes among our Women's Division's officers during the past few weeks. We would like to greet the following: Flight Officer C. Hornor, Assistant Section Officer F. Kent, and Section Officer E. Langford. To those who have departed, Flight Officer E. N. MacKay, Section Officer M. E. Tomalin, Section Officer Vera Geer, Assistant Section Officer J. Robertson and Nursing Sister D. L. Thompson, we wish "God speed" and as happy a posting as Gander.

NEW W. D. CLUBHOUSE

BANG! The mortar soared and with a terrific explosion burst into brilliant red and white lights as Group Captain Clare L. Annis, O.B.E., Commanding Officer, and Flight Officer R. S. Jernholm, Senior W.D. Officer, cut the green ribbon to officially open the doors of the luxurious W. D. Clubhouse.

It was on the evening of Thursday, March 16, at eight o'clock and most of the airwomen were on hand for the ceremony. They squealed and cheered as the flare burst and Group Captain Annis and Miss Jernholm led the procession into the Clubhouse.

There are a set number of regulations governing the use of the Club, among them is that each girl is responsible for her particular date. The escort must sign the guest book which is located just inside the main door. This is called "introducing" your date to the house and the W.D. must co-sign her name opposite his.

The Club was honored in having as its first guest the Commanding Officer who was introduced by Miss Jernholm. Amongst the other guests attending were Wing Commander T. C. M. McGill, M.B.E. Squadron Leader L. V. Vinberg, Squadron Leader D. F. Filleul, Wing Commander John A. Sifton, Flying Officer J. H. Bourne, Flight Lieutenant T. A. Aires, Mr. Eugene Hill, Y.M.C.A., and W.O. 2 W. A. Cullum, the president of the Sgt's Mess.

There are three main rooms to the Clubhouse which is located on Chesnut street at the corner of Pattison. The main room, or "date" room, is softly illuminated by indirect lighting and shaded lamps. The big stone fireplace exhumes atmosphere and sets off the room very nicely for a quiet evening of chatting or listening to the radio. The soft leather chairs and chesterfields are in keeping with the dark panelling of the room and the glitter of the crystal ash trays is reflected by the polished surfaces of the many coffee tables which adorn the room. Here indeed, one can spend a pleasant evening.



P. T.—IT'S WONDERFUL

By L.A.W. Sue H. Jacobs

We are going to take up the cudgels in favor of P. T. We are going to attempt to prove that, torture though it be, it has its compensations.

Now the ruling is that, when the hour of agony commences, all men shall be excluded from the drill hall. Somehow this is never quite the case. Whether they hide in the shadows until the doors are locked, or crawl through the cracks in the wall after we begin, is as yet undetermined. The fact remains that there is always a fringe of very superfluous males ranged around the hall, enjoying our misery to the full.

We start tripping lightly around the room, swinging our arms all over the place, when suddenly we catch sight of the current hero, the one who finally asked us for a date, looking as though he wonders why. We know only too well what is coming, and signal frantically to him to go away. He ignores our plea. Here it comes.

"Squat down on your heels, hands on your knees, and walk like a duck. Left, Right, Left, Right!"

From ahead comes a rebellious groan, "If the Lord had intended us to walk like a duck he would have given us web feet and bills."

"And from behind, the grunt is, "They're getting us ready for the spring thaw." A.C. 2 Don Juan is still on the outskirts grinning from ear to ear. At last it is over and we collapse on a bench and reach for a cigarette. But what is this we see before us?

A line of men tripping around the room, waving their arms all over the place. And here comes the payoff, "Squat down on your heels, hands on your knees, and walk like a duck. Left, Right, Left, Right!"

They make like ducks. We settle back comfortably with our cigarette, at peace with the world.

P.T., it's wonderful!

YVONNE LANDRY A.F.M.

LAW Yvonne M. Landry, air frame mechanic, is a girl who has really found her vocation in the Air Force. On February 14 she celebrated 14 months at Gander, but the date that really makes her eyes shine is October 27th, 1943, when she started to work at the repair depot. For her first nine months here, she worked in the laundry, but she has always like the idea of working with machinery, and she wouldn't give up her goal. Prior to her enlistment in January, 1943, she left her home in Amherst, N. S., to work in the anodyzing department of the Westinghouse factory at Hamilton, Ontario, where she helped to make parts for intricate secret equipment.

After her Basic Training at Rockcliffe, she came straight to Gander. When she started work as an A.F.M. it was without benefit of the regular course; but armed with her previous experience and her enthusiasm to help her, she has made good. Within six weeks she passed her first trade test, and in the months that followed, she progressed from making minor repairs on ailerons, rudders, etc., to a knowledge of her work which enables her to carry out D.I.'s (Daily Inspections) for her section: checking the aircraft to see that the controls are working and all the bolts locked, and that there are no tears in the metal fabric framework.

Other W.D.'s on the station have tried to switch to this trade but Yvonne is the only one who has been able

"WE" ENTERTAIN

By LAW Grace H. Babbitt

Our W.D. leap-year dance was a formal, giving us all a chance, once again, to let people see how we had looked in that far off day when we were civilians, so all the fortunate gals with long gowns stepped out, be-ruffled, be-tulled, and be-satined, and hair was let way down, or piled way up.

As usual, whenever there is a formal here, the night was an extra cold one, with a sizeable gale. The silver slippers went to the dance inside great-hulking-air-force-issue-glamour (?) boots, and the slick and ultra coiffures that had necessitated hours—in some cases—for assembling, had to be swathed in kerchiefs and scarves for even that little trip.

But the rec hall was jammed from the start and the mood was strictly party—of the gayest variety, and continued so all evening. Flight Officer Jernholm, looking attractive in a two piece violet crepe dinner gown—the short jacket silver trimmed—led the grand march with Group Captain Annis. Our wonderful C.O. had left another party just so he could come over to ours on our big night, if only for a little while.

The evening fairly flew by, leaving no complete picture to remember, just impressions—of all the wistfully lovely, very ladylike W.D.'s who wanted the band to play waltzes . . . of the tall girl in the daringly simple low cut black corded taffeta gown, designed for dancing in New York and Montreal . . . and the girl in the pastel candy-striped taffeta, also decolleté, with great wide skirt and ruffling way up top and around the hem . . . of the little lass in the pencil-slim dinner dress of flame crepe with zipper jacket and childlike round white collar and the silver slippers with platform soles she wore with it . . . the W.D. in a dinner gown with a straight black skirt and jeweled bodice who wore a sparkling Juliet cap over her light brown curls . . . and the girl with the coal black hair, pale skin and bright red mouth, who so effectively wore a snowy white shirt-waist and black skirt, like a very modern Gibson girl . . . and the watchers,—the airmen around the floor and on the balcony "just looking thanks" because it was all by invitation only . . . and in contrast, the invited lads who said afterwards that they had fun because for once in Gander they had had more than two or three dances in an evening . . . of the frantic dash across the street from the rec hall to the sergeants' mess in the Arctic air, clothed only in a few yards of satin and tulle—for refreshment . . . and of the usual final mad struggle when all was over, for clothing, and clothing, that would fit. Thanks to another committee for another lovely evening.

to stick to it. Although she would never admit it, working from eight to five every day as an A.F.M. is no tea party—but she loves it!

Despite her 14 months at Gander, she appears far from eager to leave here. Perhaps her feeling of satisfaction comes from the real love she has for her work—as she says: "I like to get right down and work in the grease"—and the knowledge of its tangible value. She can see the results of her efforts every time one of the aircraft she has worked on takes off, and she can know that she has helped to "keep 'em flying".—S. H. J.



S/L N. R. JOHNSTONE

New O. C. "Scramble Squadron" has had his pilot's wings for a long time, comparatively speaking. Aviation being an active hobby with him for years. While attending University of Manitoba, he took summer courses with the R.C.A.F. at Camp Borden and received his pilot's wings in the summer of 1931, and commissioned (Prov.) P.O. at that time.

He went overseas with the first R.C.A.F. group to leave Canada, an Army Co-op Squadron in February, 1940. There he piloted the dauntless "Lizzies". He later flew while overseas, with several Canadian Squadrons and with the R.A.F. Was one of the legendary "Few" who fought the vaunted Luftwaffe to a life-giving stalemate during the Battle of Britain.

S/L Johnstone flew the early fighter, the Mark 1 Hurricane, with No. 1 Canadian Fighter Squadron in Scotland's bleak north country, and later assumed command of its reformation to No. 401 Fighter R.C.A.F. The Squadron operated out of the hottest spot in that whole island cauldron, "Biggan Hill". Later he was made Chief Flying Instructor at a Spitfire O.T.U. Thence as super-

numerary to 412 Squadron awaiting repatriation to Canada. This latter came in February, 1943, three years after his arrival in the Island Fortress.

Lack of space unfortunately doesn't permit more than a cursory introduction to the O.C. But some mention should be made of his civilian career. He played half for the Winnipeg Blue Bombers. Played basketball also for the Alma Mammy, U. of M. and worked for the firm whose slogan is "The Pause that Refreshes" (advt. deleted). Mr. Johnstone was in the advertising and promotion end of the business and his post-war plans call for a return to Regina or points thereabouts for a resumption of selling that beverage.

Graduated from the aforementioned University, University of Manitoba with a sheep-skin bearing the letters B.Sc. (in electrical engineering). There is a Mrs. Johnstone, whose home was Victoria, B.C. Queried as to Winnipeg, (where his career got its original impetus — he was born where he considers home, after mention of such Western sites as Regina, there—) and Victoria, the O.C. was a bit uncertain. Probably take a bit of conference when the bugle blows "It's all over friends, you can go home now." Mrs. Johnstone is currently living in New Brunswick.

A lot of doings this month. Great gobs of names must be perpetuated in the book of historical recordings. If yours is overlooked, please forgive this once. **Ladder of success** taking a big leap up the aforesaid pile of rungs are two swell guys P.O. Jake (Toronto) Broad and P. O. Mac (Halifax) McLeod, it couldn't have happened to sweller g's, congrat's in a large manner. Understand the honors were observed in all their traditional ritual.

Three other pilots received the honorable order of the Wide Ribbon, Flying Officers, McLean, (say-he works on the Gander don't he?) Reid and Wood . . . Cpl. Freddie Evans, (mentioned here last month) joined the exalted company of the senior N.C.O.'s, than whom there is no whomer . . . Johnny Brant, presently recuperating from a bit of hot foot ungently applied (not to his foot) went soaring into the realms of the W.O 1's and is now spoken to with deference . . . Jay Trewin of the wireless section got two hooks, but we'll let his own section supply the proper comments, good show . . .

Two of the ground crew became happy pappies recently . . . take a bow, Cpl. Jim Overend for a potential W.D. in B. C. and LAC Putnam from the other coast,—the Eastern one—has a baby boy to tell all about C.A.P.O. 4 to, which is one way of finding an audience . . .

New arrivals in the Squadron include F/Sgt. Pim in the wireless section, taking over from Sgt. Fydell posted to Headquarters . . . Cpls. A. R. Shieflly (Kitchener) and H. G. Bolster from Coburg (the garden city) . . . Joined the hard-working armorers . . . a gaumless greeting gentlemen . . . that far-away look in the eyes of E. W. "Snafu" Smith has something to do with a lassie down Washington way and a bit of a scheme to join the Miss in holy wedlock Nick by Kafuruk reports the Squadron of Scramblers have added a new phrase unique to us—not even—Things are **not even** this or **not even** that, eac. etc. Embellishments may be added at the discretion of the speaker.

The Cat Squadron

By WO2 C. H. Macculloch



When we first took up residence in Gander last November it was thought that our stay would be brief and accordingly not much notice was taken of our squadron in station activities. However, having now been here three months it was felt we had become full-fledged members of the "Gander Family" and as such thought we should make our presence known in these pages.

With our squadron split up and accommodated in rather cramped quarters we cannot hope to attain the unity and solidarity displayed by our friends and rivals the "Dumbo" squadron across the runway. Nevertheless we are doing our best under the circumstances and thus far have survived the rigorous Gander winter.

Under our new O.C. S/L Egan we have had numerous P.T. sessions which, though approached with apprehension on the part of all concerned, turned out to be a lot of fun and productive of good fellowship within the squadron. For awhile it was rumoured the O.C. was receiving a poll tax from the P.T. and D. section, so frequent were our periods at the drill hall, but of late we have been going by crews for our exercise so the deal must have fallen through.

Another feature which brought members of the squadron in closer association with one another was the recently concluded bowling league. This comprised a twelve team setup

with games three times a week. In a schedule in which each team met once, the Pilots, Headquarters, A.F.M.'s and A.E.M.'s, qualified for the playoffs with the Pilots emerging the champions. F/O Wilson was the driving force behind the bowling and with the successful conclusion of the league, it is to be hoped that he will divert his energies to organizing other squadron activities.

Our basketball team is in the thick of the playoffs at the time of writing following the curtailment of the sport due to the recent renovations in the drill hall. Behind the spectacular play of P/O Jack Brown, the team has played heads-up ball and should give a good account of itself in the finals. Unfortunately, lack of interest in volleyball and borden ball among members of the squadron failed to produce winning combinations in those sports.

A squadron dance is believed to be in the offing and is long overdue, for it seems a pity not to take advantage of the opportunity with so fine an orchestra available on the station. Apart from a few of our more notorious wolves, not many of us have had a chance to meet many of the W.D.'s on the station, although judging from appearances they are firm believers in the "Good Neighbor" policy and slightly "Khaki wacky".

The recent visit of the assessment crew to the station caused quite a flurry among aircrew personnel of

the squadron. However, barring a few exceptions, the majority came through all right and results were regarded favorably by the visiting delegation.

In conclusion, we hope that the new members of the squadron feel welcome to our midst and that they will take an active part in all squadron activities in the future.



PUT VICTORY FIRST
BUY VICTORY BONDS

SLIPSTREAM



EQUIPMENT

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

If there's any place in Gander where life doesn't become too monotonous, that place is Station Stores. Changes of some kind are always being made and the past month has been no exception. The once quiet and serene Orderly Room has been turned into a veritable beehive of activity with the addition of all the Tally Card posters from Tech Stores. The room is now so congested that, as our Sergeant Major so aptly termed it, there is danger of somebody getting wounded in "Tally Card Action". The atmosphere in that room is a happy one, though especially when our little Benny is around. Nobody could be blue where Benny is because she's in such a happy frame of mind looking forward to a posting to Torbay. Remember, Benny, travelling is educational. At least, that's what your father says.

Have you noticed our Sergeant-Major around the building lately? He's looking extremely chipper these days and although we aren't just sure of the reason, a little bet he has with Cpl. Sheffield in Clothing Stores might have something to do with it, and no doubt she'd be able to enlighten you on the matter.

The big event of the month in Clothing Stores was the addition of a new name on our morning roll call — that of Wakely, Jr. If you happen to walk into Stores some day and suddenly, for no apparent reason, hear a deep baritone voice burst into song, don't become alarmed — it's just Ralph letting off a little steam.

Sgt. Styan, of the Paint and Dope Section is a proud papa. We hope Carol Lynn isn't too grown up by the time you see her. Congratulations to you both! It'll be nice having something besides a fence running around the front yard.

Cpl. Link Mailman has been posted to Dartmouth since our last write-up, but there's some possibility we may have to call him back. The pigs miss him. Sgt. Pounds of Major

Equipment has been posted to Moncton and it'll certainly seem strange not to see caricatures of ourselves on very scratch pad we happen to pick up around the Orderly Room. Now that George has gone, Cpl. Don McArthur is gradually getting back to normal. However, in six or eight months time he'll probably be joining George in Moncton and then he'll start all over again.

They say that in the spring a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love, etc., and it being spring and there being lots of young men in Stores, romances are beginning to bloom all around us. For instance, why is it that a certain young Corporal, who works on M.T. spares, should come all the way from Barrack Stores, pass the front office, and go up to the I. & R. Section looking for the Major, without even glancing into the front office where the Major would logically be? Of course, the I & R. is the only place in Stores where there's a tall blue-eyed blonde working, but surely that couldn't have anything to do with it. Then, too, it's been noticed that Vic has been making excuses to visit the Orderly Room a little more frequently than is necessary since our new Equipment Assistant arrived from Torbay. We aren't trying to make anything out of it, Vic, but it does look suspicious. LAC Hall from Clothing Stores is going in for badminton in a big way lately, that is whenever a certain little lady from Accounts happens to be around the Drill Hall.

We're all looking forward to some really fine music at Church this Easter, for Bill Geraghty, 'Repairable' Willie, Smitty and 'Garge' Fawcett have been attending choir practice regularly for the past few weeks. We think though, boys, you'd better arrange to have at least one practice with the rest of the choir, since you've been holding yours independently and NOT in the Station Chapel.

Power House Blues

Having been requested to write for the Gander, but having never attempted anything like this before, we do so with intrepidation. However we will endeavour to do our best. We welcome this opportunity of making our section better known as we are located in a remote part of the camp and visitors are few and far between.

At this time we would like to welcome the new additions to our staff; Sgt. Campbell of the laundry, Cpls. Smith, Jarvis and Hurley of the steam turbo plant. May their stay be long and happy.

It is with regret and perhaps a little envy that we see Cpls. Davidson, Whelan and Surette, leaving our happy family and wending their way back to Canada. May their tour of duty on their new stations be as happy as the days spent on Gander.

A sweet feminine voice over the telephone informed us that wedding bells will shortly ring for L.A.C. Feely. Congratulations! Jim and Best of Luck.

We are sorry to hear that Sgt. Highway is confined to hospital,—hope he will be around soon.

WE WONDER WHY

Sgt. Abbot was so reluctant to leave Moncton.

Sgt. Mayhew spends so much time in the drill hall, could it be that Wally is interested in more than turbines.

Sgt. Cunningham has not been seen on the ski trails lately.

Flight Mathe is so happy since the first of the month.

Flight Geldart is so worried these days. Cheer up Dick, it will soon be over.

That's about all for this time folks. See you in the next issue of Gander.

STATION WORKSHOP MYSTERY CLEARED by Willie Work

After long months of gentle hints and not so gentle moans, we managed to coax a small Farmol tractor from the powers that be. Using this with a small trailer the we picked up from a secret source, we have managed in the last few weeks to do our own trucking; and thus get back on speaking terms with the more fortunate sections from whom we were always cadging transportation. Imagine our consternation when someone kidnapped Bertha, as we affectionately call our tractor because of her big rear wheels.

Sgt. Paul Richard the big boss of the sheet metal shop and well-known wrestler and weight-lifter, had proceeded on temporary duty with Bertha and Junior (the trailer) to the S.R.D. to pick up some metal. This was a scrounge, as usual, and while negotiations were afoot some scoundrel ran off with Bertha. Sgt. Richard was very much put out but rose to the occasion and proved that his wrestling and weight lifting training was of value when he took the trailer tongue between his teeth and with almost superhuman strength dragged the whole thing back to its home base. A very dim view of the whole thing was taken by S/L Lund, as Bertha is the apple of his eye and so posthaste, Gander Yard, the home of



Newfy Dew?

the famous Gander Detective Force was notified.

Detective Inspector McKenie was assigned to the case and after spending some time on the case was forced to admit that it was one of the most baffling mysteries he had ever encountered. Sgt. Brown, Station workshops own private sleuth supplied

many valuable clues, such as the tractor's number, which incidentally was only four figures out, but could not be persuaded that his own pet theory, that Bertha had become fed up with the hum-drum ways of life and had gone out on patrol, was wrong. The mystery was eventually solved and Bertha was returned to the bosom of her family as pure as she had been before she was spirited away. Owing to the fact that some of the most important names on the station were involved in this crime, it is not possible to publish full details of the masterly detective work that led to the solving of this mystery. All of Workshop's personnel are grateful to Detectives Guthray and McKenzie for solving the puzzle and without further hesitation recommend them to anyone else who finds themselves in the same position.

As one philosopher said, "People have more fun than anybody", and we manage to have a little fun on our own hook. We have our bowling league and while there are no super bowlers in it, everyone manages to have a good time and win a couple or packs of cigarettes now and then. A team is being entered in the proposed Station Bowling League and we expect to hold our own with all comers.

KITTEN-NAPPER STILL AT LARGE

Don Forest, who, it is alleged, kitted "Daphne", a black and white cat, has not yet been apprehended by the authorities. Daphne disappeared from Barrack Block 132 last month and has since then been kept at the transmitter station. The motives for this dastardly crime are unknown, but it was unofficially stated that the transmitter staff were lonesome for feminine company.

Sparks were for a long time the only trades badges in the Air Force and even today they seem to bestow upon their wearer an air of difference, which the other badges fail to give. Perhaps it was this fact that

inspired an anonymous person to write this little ditty which we dedicate to the finest wireless ops in the country—the Gander W.O.G.'s.



THE WIRELESS BOY

Blessings on thee, little WOG,
With thy neatly pencilled log,
With thy voice so like a lark's
With thy lovely set of sparks,
With thine ears so red and still,
Pressed upon by earphones shrill—
From mine eyes the salt tears drop,
For damnit, I'm a wireless op!

Prince thou art! The pilot guy
Is but a chauffeur who can fly.
Let lesser men in aircraft go:
Strutting wingless here below,
Thou hast more than they can buy,
Thou hast sparks, they can but fly!
Little sunshine, mother's joy,
Blessing on thee, Wireless Boy!!!

SLIPSTREAM



STATION ARMAMENT BIDS ADIEU TO F.L. CASPER

By LAC L. Kaufman

As this goes to press, Station Armament says good-bye to F/L Casper. It is with regret that we lose our "O.C." of the past 12 months. In the parlance of the boys, he's been a "Good Egg" and a regular fellow. Our loss will be Ottawa's gain where he goes to take up his new post. Good luck and best wishes for future success. Don't forget us back here in the Gander.

Like Grand Hotel life goes on and we welcome back amongst us an old and popular friend, F/O. Campbell, formerly of Gander, but more recently of Labrador. He just couldn't stay away and returns to take over F/L Casper's job.

These last months have seen many old friends depart to distant places. With regret we said so long to Cpl. Storm (the Immortal) easily the most versatile armorer in our section. "Stormy" left his mark not only on us but on the entire station. His many contributions to station life will be remembered. With him went Ken Loughlin after spending only four months on the Island. (Some Luck). To Yarmouth, N. S. went an old familiar "Ganderite" in the person of one known in these parts as "Richie", alias Fred Richards. (A surprise posting came to LAC. Harold Mitchell in the form of the Bomb Instructor's Course at Mountainview. We wonder how he's doing back at school, now.

Of course this migration of old friends resulted in new faces around the section. The first of these was LAC Bill Stewart. "Stew" came from the west, and we do mean the West. After 18 months in Bella Bel-

la (no relation to Simone Simone) he made the long trip East. His only complaint so far has been, "When does the sun shine?" His favorite song is, "I want to go back to where I came from".

Following his footsteps came LAC "Cas" Caswell, also from the wide open spaces, Dafoe, Sask., to be exact. "Cas", has had a bit of bad luck of late, being confined to the hospital with a back injury after only a few weeks in the Gander. Latest report has it that he is going to Christie Street Hospital, Toronto, for an operation. We're really sorry to lose you so soon but here's wishing you a speedy recovery, "Cas".

As a further addition to our ranks is Chick Sheppard, a former Security guard. Chick has been here so long now he has grown roots.

There is one thing that all the crew, both old and new, would like to see and that is "Newf" Cotie with a smile on his face. How about it Sarge? As Slim O'Connor says, "De Gander ain't so tough."

Our proud father Jimmy McCash-in expects to go home shortly to see his baby girl for the first time Jimmy's chest expanded three inches since the big event. There'll be no holding him now.

Since "Hub" Winters saw the "Desert Song", the peaceful atmosphere at the section has been periodically shattered by his personal version of the "Riff" call. However, everything is under control and the crew is standing by with a brand new straight jacket. Any day now boys!

HOT BITS FROM THE FIRE HALL

By L.A.C. Bill Hunter

Here we are again. Adjust your specs and strain your necks as here we go with the text.

Our best wishes go to Sgt. Saye who left for another isolated station (Lucky Fellow), Cpl. Goudett and L.A.C. Brennan, who left recently on posting to Canada. They left with tears in their eyes as big as marbles. They have our sympathy. We want to welcome Cpl. McLean and L.A.C.'s Smith, Corbeil and McAllister. May they enjoy their stay.

Our new Crash Tender arrived looking the worse of the ocean voyage. Much like some humans look, after the gods of the ocean have tossed them around. With soap, water and plenty of elbow grease, it looks like new. The hall itself has taken a more modern appearance with the installation of new doors. They were certainly needed as the old type with a high wind would whirl you around like Hard Hearted Hannah at the old Barn Dance.

Don Spiers just back off leave from Winnipeg, where he became the husband of Miss Dorothy Pierce of Winnipeg. Our sincere congratulations Don and Dot. He says there is nothing like it, fellows, and he wouldn't be single again even for a posting.

Well, spring must be here as "Hap Carr" has trimmed his moustache, or else he has broken his moustache cup. Cpls. Hope and Stewart are studying C.A.P. 90. Why such sudden interest fellows?

Tommie's Blackwood system didn't work so hot at the bridge tournament the other evening where he and Halls washed out. Was Halls letting you down?

You may now remove your specs as this is the end of our text. See you next issue.

PUT VICTORY FIRST
BUY VICTORY BONDS

ADMIN.

Cpl. Ross, J.A. and LAC Brown, J.E.

For all of you readers of the "Gander" that are not already aware of the situation, we come to press again to announce the successful termination of our Bowling League. Space does not permit us to make our own caustic comments on the scoring. An unabridged detailed, and lurid description may be obtained by merely mentioning the game around certain offices. Congratulations to the winners, and better luck next time for the rest of you.

It was hoped that our "Society Column" would be able to give you the latest on our "Big Crawl" but due to circumstances over which we had no control all was a little hazy. Just before the curtain fell we did notice that one of the "Pay Staff" had taken an interest in the Station library.

If anyone has any information on who keeps the telephone operators cheerful these evenings would they kindly pass the information along. As it is all of the "letter punchers", "Paper Chasers", and "Pen Pushers", wish the two new rovers on the sea of matrimony the best.

Several new faces and legs have appeared since last we wrote, and although we've tried, you haven't been altogether familiar. Perhaps there may be something in the saying about wolves; but try us out just once. In short here's wishing you all a short, happy and memorable stay.

On several occasions sorties were made against the elements. Reports were that skiing was excellent with numerous inclines, but more falls. A few bones were broken and several eliminations on the first run, but nearly everyone went back for a second try.

The Aunners have again wheeled out their bicycles, so you can take it from us that spring is on the way. Perhaps things will loosen up in the way of postings and ease up on some of our work.

Don't be a bit surprised to walk into the building and with no intention of doing so, walk into an embarrassing position. You see we have changed offices again, but don't be surprised; we also get confused.

(Continued on page 32)



LAUNDRY HOLDS SUCCESSFUL DANCE

by Len Parkhouse

Greeting from the cleaners you are so often taken to.

Now that the dust has settled in the Old Recreation Hall we hope that those of you who attended our last scramble enjoyed it as much as the committee did in putting it over.

Due to the appearance on the station of the All Clear Show, the proposed Valentine's Dance had to be postponed. But the committee not to be out done, combined the hearts with shamrocks to make it a unique affair in the way of decorations.

The evening was a huge success as many an aching foot can tell.

It was the first dance F/O Burton, O/C of the Laundry, has been able to attend. He was asked to say a few words during the course of the evening and in his brief address expressed the thanks of our section to those who helped in making as enjoyable as it was.

Since our last issue, a few more old soaps have been posted namely, Cpl. Jack Ridwell, Cpl. Brownlee, LAW's Sanders, Brant, Henderson, Lach-

muth, Broaders, Beaver, Wygas, Hollaway, Wheelhouse, Austin Beazely, Hamilton and Wilkinson. Our very best goes with them and many a deserted male is walking around with his face in his hands these days.

We would like to take this opportunity to welcome the new faces in the section. May your stay with us be a happy and long remembered when this battle of Gander is over.

Speaking of battles, we hear that Cpl. Ed Woods will be joining his loved one during his furlough which they say is any day now.

Congratulations are in order for the boys who recently received their hooks. Keep up the good work fellas.

You may have heard some rumours regarding better service on your laundry, but as the C. O. said in a recent broadcast, Gander is noted for its tall tales. But seriously, everything possible is being done to offset the delays, even to working twenty-four hours a day.

Till next issue remember it all comes out in the wash or does it?





"ALL CLEAR"

By LAC Ron Rewbury

"So they couldn't find a rope to hang me with . . . Oh well, no noose is good noose." The house roared, but Sgt. Slim Burgess, comedian, didn't so much as crack a grin. Instead he pointed accusingly at a chagrined airman in the audience, and bellowed: "Fer gosh sakes don't try to explain it to your chum. He'll get it eventually." The house continued to roar, at one of the highlights of the popular "All Clear" show which hit Gander the last week in February.

The RCAF show remained on the station for two weeks, playing nine performances. To say it was a hit is putting it mildly, and the cast of thirty-six, was the toast of Gander during its entire visit. Inasmuch as about ninety-nine and a half percent of the personnel on the station saw the show, there is no need to review it to any great length.

One noteworthy fact about the show, how-

ever, was the continuous punch it packed which kept the audience on its toes throughout the two and a half hours of entertainment. Starting off with a bang, it opened in a whirlwind of noise, in a mock air raid, and then reversed quickly into the gaiety of the all clear. The show was full of originality, and therefore different from most stage productions. There was no M.C. to clutter up the stage, and no corny jokes to usher in the various acts. There was no delay between the acts, which followed each other without a second of wasted time. This was achieved by dividing the stage into two parts, a front and back portion. While one was in use, curtains and scenery hid the busy workers on the other, preparing for the next act. The stage sets are also deserving of comment, for their color and variety also added much to the successful presentation of the acts.

The "All Clear" show was originated at Rockcliffe RCAF station near Ottawa, and was chiefly the brain child of F/L Coote, a former English actor who had spent a good deal of his time in Hollywood, and is now overseas with the first RCAF stage show. "All Clear" is under the direction of RCAF headquarters, and is in the capable hands of F/O Marshall, who travels with the troupe. Assisting him in his "wet nurse" activities,



as he jokingly terms his duties, is S/O Fahrenhotz, who looks after the welfare of the nine W.D.'s in the show.

After several months of intensive planning and hard work, "All Clear" staged its premier in Ottawa, September 19th of last year, and since that date has been on tour in central and eastern Canada, Newfoundland, and had a brief run in the United States. The group has covered several thousands of miles, and have played before more than a hundred thousand people.

After the grand opening in Ottawa, the tour of Ontario began, then came Quebec, and the dash into the United States, where the troupe put on shows in Washington, before Army, Navy and Airforce personnel, and at military hospitals. Back in Canada again, the troupe began covering Eastern Air Command, and first made an appearance in Newfoundland, January 19th.

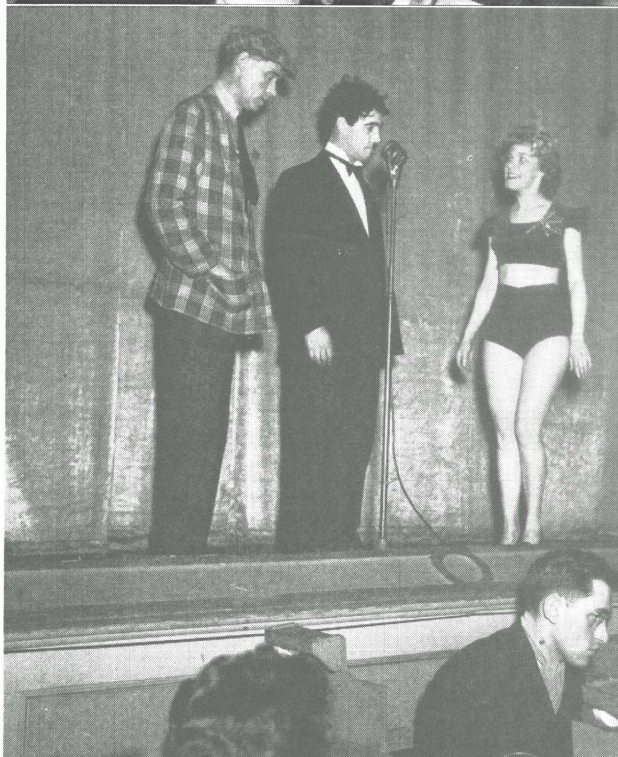
Throughout its travels the show has had many interesting experiences. However, all has not always been "all's well" with "All Clear." Several times members of the cast have taken ill, causing quick shuffles in routine. But the show always went on without missing an engagement. When the gang first arrived on the island, one of the W.D. personnel became ill and had to be left behind at the RCAF hospital, Torbay. Another suffered an ankle injury while skiing right here on the Gander, and the show opened with only seven W.D.'s in the cast.

One of the highlights of the show's Newfie visit, was a special inspection tour of the destroyer H.M.S.C. Niagara. The cast performed before Canadian seamen, and after the show, they were invited aboard ship. On board, Miss Betty Parks, a singer with the group, received special attention from the navy boys because her home town is Niagara Falls, whence the name of the ship was derived. The good people of Niagara had adopted the ship a long time ago, and have kept her provisioned with all the good things of life possible, such as books, magazines, musical recordings, clothing, cigarettes and candy.

Members of the show are from all walks of life. Slim Burgess, comic "par excellence" of the troupe, was a professional show man prior to the war, but to others it is a new and exciting game. Corporal Jack Bickell who demonstrated the fine art of acrobatic dancing, hails from Australia. When war broke out Jack came to Canada and enlisted with the R.C.A.F. as an aero-mechanic. Later he remustered to entertainer.

Sgt. Hyman Goodman, leader of the orchestra, was formerly concertmaster with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, and in addition to that, directed the radio show, "Comrades in Arms" broadcast over the CBC network.

A description of the entire cast could go on indefinitely, each member providing a colorful story. Space does not permit this, but we believe everyone is using his or her talents to good purpose in helping to keep the morale of the troops high. We all heartily agree that "All Clear" is a damn good show, and wish the cast all the best on their tuneful trip among the fighting forces.



SLIPSTREAM



RADIO RANCHO MAKES SOCIAL DEBUT

Our column for this issue could very well be headed "Welcome and Bon Voyage" for much of our time has been taken up in "Good luck and be seeing you" to some of our older members, and, "Howdy" to some new ones.

Departures to other stations in Canada which most of the boys spell "PARADISE", were Ray Lambden, Bob Grass, "Doc" Jackson, Bart Barton, Jim Campbell, "Red" Campbell, and Charlie Boulten. By this time they should be settled down in their new posts and showing everybody how things should be done, Gander fashion.

"Static" Mart Morin, Mac Johnson, "Smitty" Smith, and Jerry Girand copped the big prize with overseas postings. Their departure was preceded by some little celebration in which Cot Cotnams rendition of "The Little Red Bull" took top billing, and was heartily and successfully encouraged. Each telling seemed an improvement on the first. On their way out, these lads saw some unexpected aspects of travel in Newfoundland.

Bob Dufresne, one of our vigilantes, has gone to join the boys who fly and to him we wish a special brand of luck reserved for those who carry the fight out to the front line.

These were all swell fellows to work with who had been with us for a goodly number of months. We did not like to see them go, but we sure wish them the best of everything wherever the fortunes of war may take them.

To the new lads coming in, Corporal Joe Tackney, Bob Elder, Len Williams, Bob Samers, Bert Siugar, Jack Yanofsky and Bill Culm, we offer a most hearty welcome and we think you have the stuff to fit into the Radio Ranch picture as smoothly as hose you have replaced.

Socially, Radio Ranch, has made its debut. On Friday, March 3rd, we collaborated with two other sections to put on the "Secret Three" dance. If everyone had as good a time as the

boys of Radio Ranch, then it was a tremendous success. To Sergeant George Johnston and Ted Hamm who represented us on the much to be congratulated committee, the thanks of all of us are extended. And to the W.D.'s without whom none of it would have been possible, goes not only our gratitude, but our admiration, and the hope that your support will be as gracious and whole-hearted when we try to do it again.

Things we notice about Radio Ranch personnel as we go about our daily appointed tasks—

Stan "Poppy" Whitfield sitting on his top bunk, working assiduously at his Turkish rug and gazing rapturously into space across the court yard.

Corporal Jimmie Grant protecting the prestige of the Ranchers in the Mess Hall and incidentally spending enjoyable hours when off duty. There is little envy in this remark Jim.

Flight Moore, gazing longingly at the skies for a sight of T.C.A. and asking to be dropped at the post office on every run into the station.

Ozzie Zarnke, thanking his lucky stars to be back at Gander after only five days of K.P. at Moncton.

Corporal Bud Currie claiming to hold an all-time record for attendance at local theatres.

"Cot" Cotnam, still counting off the days until leave time rolls along and observing his customary ritual as each week passes into oblivion.



AIRDROME MAINTENANCE

By Cpl. Maki.

Shear pins, Sicards, and Snow Plows plus a lot o' hard work, we score again. Ol' man winter certainly tried to make it tough for us this winter, that's our job keeping the runways and roads serviceable and the boys certainly did a grand job. With spring just around the corner, our equipment is being checked and repaired just in case Ol' man winter tries to play a trick on us and return for a few days. One never knows what to expect regarding the weather. Before leaving Canada, most of us were told to take fur lined pyjamas along with us.

With winter almost over, who do we find in charge of our section, none other than W.O. 2 Hazlett an old timer from No. 1 C. & M. Congratulations "Chuck" hope we (don't) see you next winter.

Our new section on the Well Road is nearing completion, and up to date stock room, drivers room, and dispatchers office. Cpl. Giggie and L.A.C. McAlpine (dispatchers) are so proud of their new office that they are not filling out any posting forms. Sgt. "Joe" Howitt is rather quiet now that the snow is nearly all gone. What's smatter Joe, getting Ganderized? Congratulations are due to our new Corporals, (Curly) Dolomont, Rebbetoy, Caroll, Wells, Trobridge, Wheeler, and our friend Kelly who is about to march down the aisle soon.

The boys are anxious to have a get-together before the season ends so here's hoping we can get the entertainment committee cracking. Our last dance was a big success.

Before our next issue of the "Gander" is off the press, the gang will possible be split up so here's hoping your stay at Gander has been a pleasant one and a station long to be remembered as one of the best.

Until our next issue, we'll say so long you scruffy bunch of T.O.'s.

POST OFFICE CORNER

A few words from that busy little spot "The Post Office". At the present time, we are without our regular correspondent "Eric Fowlie". He is away on that long awaited leave in Truro, Nova Scotia, and we hope enjoying those much talked of "Shad Dinners."

At present our little bright eyes "Corky" (Lou Corcoran) has left us for two weeks of rest and relaxation—so she says—on her native Isle. How about it Corky?

There has been quite a change in the personnel of our Post Office since the magazine last went to press. Two of our C.P.C. boys, Doug Baker and Bill Friesen have gone to St. Johns and in their place, we now have Cpl. Ken McDonald and Pte. Vic Brown. Vic and Ken are no strangers here, both having spent some time here previously.

One member of our staff "Harold Behm" received a promotion to Sgt. but our Harold at that time was home on furlough greeting his new daughter, who was born since Harold came to Gander. Congratulations to Harold on both his achievements.

Our hard working sergeant "Johnny Graham" is now back on the job after a brief stay in the hospital, and he is now working as hard as ever.

THE BIG NEEDLE

By Sgt. N. B. Bomphray

From the abode of the "Big Needle", comes our little contribution to this issue.

Ganderites will long remember the night the hospital staff took to the flashing boards. As time went on weary skiers slowly returned, on skis, on foot and via the thumb—What about that F/L Hall? Lunch was served and the staff began to swallow the wounds of the "Battle of the Skis".

It is time to say hello, this time to F/O Horner, Sgts. Dane and Drummond, AC's Easter and Barber. May there stay be enjoyable. We also bid adieu to F/O MacKay, N/S's Thompson and MacLennan, to Sgt. Drummond on getting his remuster to aircrew and to Cpls. Doiron and Jack. So long, we are We were glad to see F/L Jefferies going to miss you folks around here. return fit as affiddle aftersick leave, welcome back.

It was on a Tuesday evening
Not so long ago,
The hospital staff decided
On a scavenger hunt to go.

With rubber tires and ten foot poles
And articles galore
The winner was decided—
'Twas Caswell and his corps.

S. P. RANCHO For K. P. Commandos

by LAC Rauch and Slumski

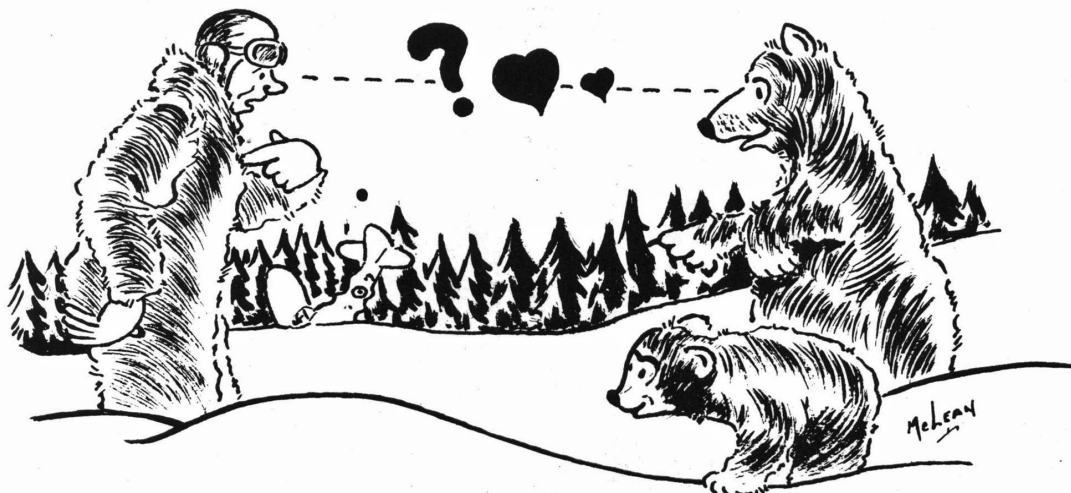
Your host Major Butray and a trusty staff cater to your requirements.

We offer in the line of recreation to correct all faults, our favourite 28 day stay, with hiking in the wide open spaces (runway apron). We do insist you carry your own pack on these hikes. Packs may not exceed the limit of 60 pounds. On each of these hikes you are accompanied by a trusty Guide to assure your safe keeping. Besides this we also offer shorter stays of 14 and 7 days. Our rates are nil.

Our accommodations in the Bunkhouse consists of single and dormitory sleeping quarters. We do, however, insist on a tidy bunk and room. Floors must be scrubbed at least once a day, sometimes more. In addition we offer the modern convenience of showers with hot and cold running water.

Meals are of the best quality. Breakfast will not be served after seven in the morning. Dinner and supper are served when and where you can get them.

With apologies to the masters, we give you our poetic rendition of the recent scavenger hunt the Hospital Recreation Club put on. May we say, a good time was had by all.





LAC's Duncan, O'Connor and Stewart of Station Armament, giving two officent looking weapons the gun.



Cpl. McCarthy attaches the punch to the "Cat" Sqdn. gun while LAC's Menard and Profit sing ". . . . and pass the ammunition".

SECTION SNAPSHOTS

BY "HAP" DAY



From left to right LAC Wolfe, M.C., ACI Morrison, R.H., LAC MacDonald, E.H., and Sgt. Larlham, J.F., all members of the "Scramble" Squadron.



A number of "Scramble" mechanics line up for Hap's Camera. Some smiled at Hap's joke, others tried to look their best.



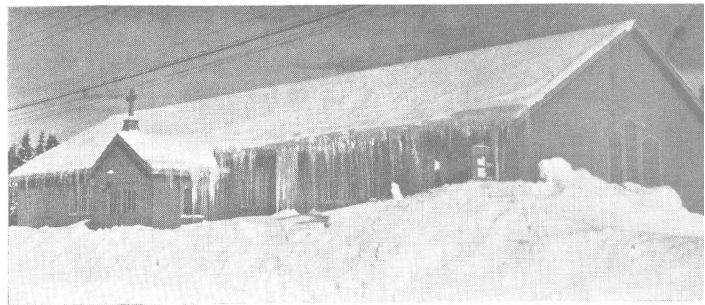
"Dumbo" armourers smile bravely into the lens. From left to right they are F/S McDevitt A.E., LAC Sparham, L.J., and LAC Pare, J.L.A., LAC Crowley, H. J.



W.D. Postal clerks working at the most popular trade in the R.C.A.F. . . Mail . . Mail . . Male . . oops Mail

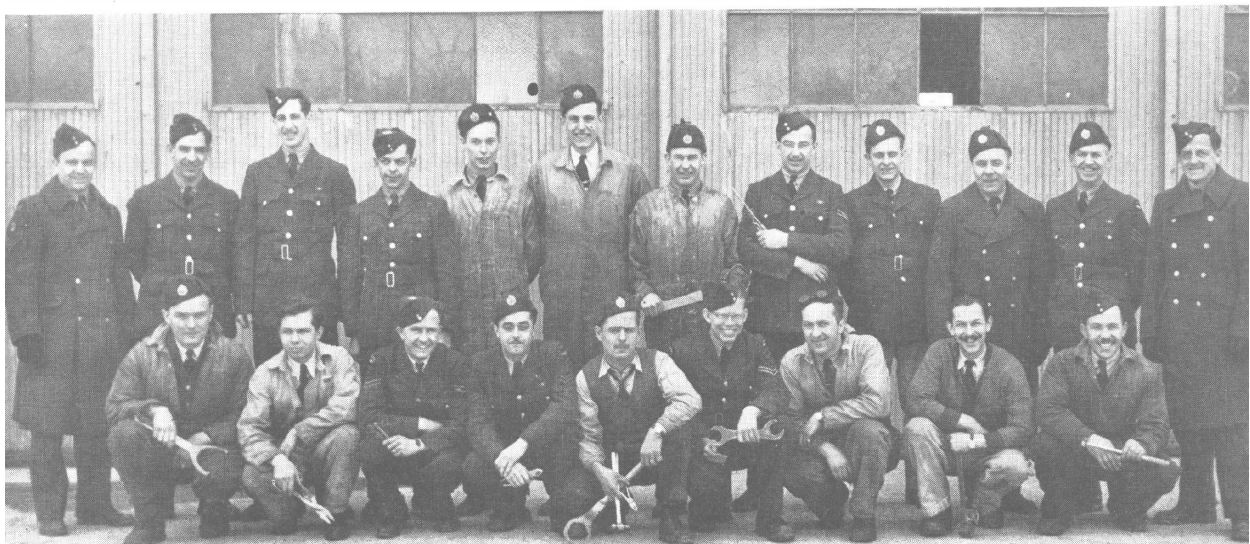


Flash . . . Dumbo Squadron hatches "for" mechanics.



A beautiful picture of our chapel after a snowstorm. So popular are the religious services, that many latecomers have to be turned away.

Hap told mechanics of the "Cat" Squadron to say "cheese", hence the impish grins. Note the huge moustache on the gent stooping, second from right.





Education

PEN-PAL EDUCATION

BOOKS YOU OUGHT TO READ

by A/S/O Armstrong

The Ship, by C. S. Forester.

There go the Ships, by Robert Carse.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
To speak of many things . . ."

Did you ever wonder where the Walrus acquired such a flair for small talk? Or how he could be so learned that at a moment's notice he was prepared to discourse on such a variety of subjects

"Of shoes, and ships, and sealing-wax,
Of cabbages, and kings"?

The chances are that in between jaunts with his friend the Carpenter, the Walrus was given to reading. Books have a way of opening new horizons, to even the most casual reader. And anyone dropping into the Station Library, situated in the Drill Hall, would be sure to find something of interest there.

C. S. Forester had already won fame as a novelist before "The Ship" took its present position of being one of the outstanding books to come out of the war. His H.M.S. Artemis typifies the escort vessels which did such valiant work in the Mediterranean in enabling supplies to reach besieged Malta. The author takes his readers right on board, and there they remain through a complete engagement with the Italian Navy. During the action, a complete picture of the ship's company is unfolded—veteran sailors, men who served in earlier wars, and young lads, who have left their land jobs for the duration of hostilities, work together in close harmony, showing in the stress of battle the results of long months of rigorous training and stern discipline.

"The Ship" is the work of an artist. The author has given his dramatic sense full play, and has written a story that is worthy of the men it would honour.

In "There go the Ships", Robert Carse reveals the rigours of life in the United States merchant service during war time. It is a harsh book, written with a full realization of the perils of the Russian convoy route, and written in the plain, often coarse, language of the men who travel that route. While Forester writes with pride and dignity of the service he admires so much, Carse writes with more than a hint of bitterness, feeling that the sacrifices of the men he describes are not sufficiently appreciated. He seems to be shouting on every page, "Can't you see? This is war!"

Courting, by mail, is a somewhat unsatisfactory business particularly if one has never met the other party. Yet it is not unusual to see in the daily press that refined ladies and eligible bachelors desire to enter into correspondence with members of the opposite sex, photographs, supplied on request, object matrimony. While conjugal bliss may be achieved by correspondence we are apt to feel that the method leaves something to be desired.

Being educated by mail also seems to present disadvantages. It requires courage to begin correspondence with a remote instructor on more or less unknown subjects, objects matriculation or B.A. Descriptive literature may be forwarded in quantity yet the thought persists that there is something irregular and inadequate about the procedure.

This is due, in part, to the doubtful standing of some of the institutions which have offered courses in the past and to the extravagant promises which they have made. We are all familiar with the "Learn the easy way" type of course and these have, unfortunately, come to be associated in the public mind with correspondence courses in general.

There is also the fact that many seem to assume that all education is gained in school and that learning ceases with school leaving. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Good teaching simply creates a most favourable opportunity for learning. Education is continued throughout life. For the man or woman in the services who wishes to continue his or her education and obtain credits for the work accomplished a system of correspondence courses has been worked out covering complete matriculation and university Arts courses.

These courses are endorsed by the Provincial Departments of Education and by the leading Canadian universities. Matriculation courses are free. University courses require a moderate fee.

The correspondence courses offered by the Canadian Legion Educational services, leading to matriculation, are planned on three levels A, B and C, corresponding roughly with high school grades 9, 10 and 11. Each course is presented in four booklets and each booklet divided into five sections with a set of exercises at the end of the section. The completed exercises are forwarded to a correspondence instructor who returns the corrected papers to the student with comments and suggestions. It is possible to complete one exercise per week spending an average of one hour per day in study. Final exams are written on the station and educational credits are attached to the documents of the airman or airwoman concerned.

Why not, then, embark upon a new correspondence with a new pen-pal? The going may be difficult and the subjects unromantic but the rewards and satisfactions obtained will be found worth while.



Padre's Corner



F/L METAYER, R. C. CHAPLAIN LEAVES GANDER



His favorite expression is "Santa pace", coupled with an expressive shrugging of his left shoulder. This occurs often during a conversation with F/L C. A. Metayer, who has been posted after fifteen months as chaplain

to the R.C.'s on the station here. A very active person, with bundles of energy, one of his favorite pastimes was flying. He managed to get in about seventy hours while here. This, with a previous thirty hours, gives him a total of one hundred hours. Libs., Forts., Harvards, and of course the Ganderberry, were the ships he has flown in. He has shared the patrol of some of the anti-sub crews out over the ocean. But his favorite flip was doing aerobatics in the Harvard, challenging the pilot to try to make him air sick. None have succeeded. This recalled his favorite sport, ski-jumping.

Born in Quebec City, F/L Metayer (a Dominican monk) was intended for a teaching career in that ancient scholastic order. His training took him to Rome and Paris for studies, which included Shintoism (the religion of Japan) and Buddhism (the religion of the Orient). At one time (he studied the Japanese language) he was slated for a theology post in Japan.

He was in Paris at the outbreak of war, and after a hurried trip to Rome for graduation exercises, he returned to France. He was a travelling chaplain with the French Forces. He made his way to the fishing village of St. Malo during the tragic month of June, 1940, and the little boat he was in, was among the escaping convoys from the immortal town of Dunkirk.

The erection of the Chapel on this station is one of

NEVER LOOK DOWN!

F/L H. Bond Jones, Chaplain (p)

From a small magazine which has come to my desk, I read the following: "Belief in God stands as the first line of moral and spiritual defense. If that defense crumbles, all human defences cannot avail to save a country from itself. Good will and understanding are as strong an armament and as mighty a weapon as a battleship, dive bombers and divisions of men".

Is there any wonder, then that worship of God has a definite place in wartime? That we who live and move and have our being in Gander have such facilities for worship?

Men trained in the art of war, who face the grim realities of war, are not interested in any activity that is merely traditional. Worship to them offers value they know they cannot afford to lose. It is spiritual adventure and the face of God is real to them.

The story is told about some American and British soldiers who were discussing the qualities of leadership given to the Allied nations by General Montgomery. Somebody had referred to the saying "Generals die in bed." "It ain't so in this war" spoke up one of the English lads. "The generals are right down there with the men. And that guy Montgomery prays." It is now a well known fact that the English general is a deeply religious man and consequently the worship of God plays a large part in his daily living.

May we during this Easter season give the worship of God its true place. Let us remember the advice being given to aircrew when being trained to "hit the silk"—"Never look down, never! Remember that!—Just a trifle higher than the wing tip, and never, never look down.

his fondest recollections of his stay here. It is considered one of the finest in the service. The donations of the boys and girls of the service, together with the kind cooperation of Group Captain Wray, a former C.O., made it possible. He inaugurated afternoon Mass and evening Devotions on the station.

In Memoriam

P/O McNicholl, W. E. (J35964)

W.O.2 Starr, P. R. (R58318)

W.O.2 Boothe, J. G. (R118129)

W.O.2 Moon, E. S. (R105265)



Sgt. Forth, R. K. (R167537)

Sgt. Sloan, P. E. (R180966)

F/S Skilleter, J. A. W. (R53890)

Sgt. Gillott, W. H. (R98982)

P/O Lobb, K. A. (J26389)

• • N. C. O. CHATTERBOX • •

By Sgt. Imata Loss

Dear Editor,

Sorry, no pix of the last dance. You can amend, add, cut, revise, or throw this whole damn column out for all I care. The material simply would not stretch with the paucity of ideas. I'll see if I can scare anything else up after I've caught up on my sleep.

—Sgt. Imata Loss

* * * *

Chalk one up on the record for a new hero in the Senior NCO's Mess. When fire broke out in the K. of C. Hostel on Hollis St. in Halifax one night early in March, Sgt. Ed Ricketts of The Dumbo Squadron sounded the alarm and helped clear the building. A nice evening's work for a chap on leave in Canada.

At the C. O. 's parade on March 6th two members of the mess were highly praised. A letter was read from the Chief of Air Staff commending F/S Raynor for special work done and Sgt. Georgianni was bestowed with his recently awarded, The British Empire Medal.

On the lighter side, our entertainment committee, F/S Delmotte, WO2 Tulpin, F/S Inglis and Sgt. Teams have been busy with plans to make the long winter evenings pass quickly.

After the Saturday evening performance on February 26th, the cast of the "All Clear" show was entertained in the mess with the bar hours conveniently extended so the most could be made of the occasion. Our CO welcomed the guests, who were quickly made to feel at home. As a



side attraction there were a few impromptu but nevertheless highly entertaining acts. A delicious lunch was served, though the occasion might have been an even greater social success if the garlic had been omitted.

The following Saturday a smoker was enjoyed by mess members. Milt Bush from the R.A.F. side starred on the occasion by singing several songs.

On Saturday, March 18th, the mess was really thrown open to the WD's for the first formal mess dance of the new year. The new removable doors between the dining room and the canteen were taken down to provide adequate dancing space and amplifiers carried the mellow music of our own RCAF orchestra the entire length of the hall. The green decorations were, we assume, used in deference to St. Patrick. Our only guess about the red is that they were hangovers (or is it leftovers) from Christmas.

Not at all the best entertainments in the mess is planned by our diligent committee however. When the crew of the lost Lib was found the evening was given over to a spontaneous celebration. At the peak of the hilarity a mock trial was held, Sgt. Billedeau being tried for the murder of an unnamed WD. After evidence had been presented for both sides, he was condemned and hanged. The concensus of opinion was that the rope should have been a little higher.

A week later we welcomed back WO2 (Pardon me, WO1) Johns. Strictly on the record for the benefit of all you people who are howling for postings . . . Gander looked like heaven to Johnny when he got back.

Page Robert Ripley (Believe it or not!) for this one. It really happened. Shortly after supper one Tuesday night a number of the older members of the mess got into a serious political discussion at one end of the canteen. They were joined by others who drifted in to wait for the bar to open. Heads together and voices occasionally rising as the contention grew heated these men took little notice of passing time. Came seven. The bar opened. No one stirred. Sgt. Billedeau, behind the bar, looked in amazement at the scene. What was happening? Where was the customary stampede? Finally he could stand it no longer. He bellowed out in his resounding tones:

"What's wrong with you men? We're open for business!" The political discussion broke up shortly after that, but WO2 Wallace would still like to know when Paul Revere made his famous ride.

Sgt. W. Cripps and F/Sgt. T.D. Ware must have been checked out on the little condensed Culbertson that's been seen over in the lounge lately. At any rate the last Wednesday in February they won the weekly bridge tournament. Congratulations, boys.

Our congratulations go out to some of the boys who are now missing from the mess. We refer, naturally, to P/O's Broad, MacLeod, Kerr, Duval, Goring, and Cooper. They probably just got tired of slumming.

PAY PARADE

With apologies to A. E. Housman

Here broke we stand because we did not choose
to watch the game, and kibitz from the rear.
Five geezlies to be sure, aren't much to lose—
but now who'll buy our cigarettes and beer.

THE LONG AND THE SHORT

Gander has just about everything . . . including the tallest man in the service, L.A.C. Bill Mogford, and the tiniest W.D., AW1 Louise Clark.

Gander's "long and short of it all" both hail from the Dumbo Squadron. Bill will be remembered as a 'personality' in the Jan.-Feb. issue of The Gander and is from the Instruments Section while Louise works in the orderly Room.

From his lofty six feet 7 inches, Bill looks down on most of us but it is with the greatest effort that he focuses on the four foot ten inches of humanity that is "Peewee". Little "Peewee" boasts that she weighs 85 pounds (dripping wet).

"Shorty" was her nickname at home. Louise tells us. However the day she enlisted at the recruiting center in Hamilton and met a fellow recruit who was some five feet nine inches in height, she became "Peewee" and it has stuck throughout her service career.

Louise finds no disadvantage in her height and says it hasn't been a drawback so far (after all remember Napoleon). Since joining the Air Force however she has encountered one or two difficulties. For instance "Peewee" somehow always managed to get to a lower bunk just as someone else claimed it. She would trail disconsolately away to the next and so on until finally there was only an upper left. So stretching and straining on tip toe, Louise would make up her upper. "I have to clutch the bed clothes and somehow pull myself up", she says but admits there are advantages in an upper.

Uniforms were also a problem to Louise. They had to be tailor made which took a month. Then they had to be altered further which took another couple of weeks. "When I finally got them", she said disgustedly, "they had made the skirt waists 24 and mine is only 21 so I had to take them in myself".

Louise is the daughter of Mrs. P. M. Clark of Guelph and after obtaining her senior matriculation, worked for two and a half years as an invoice clerk before enlisting on October 7, 1943. Following a course as clerk general at No. 2 K.T.S. in Toronto she was posted to Eastern Air Command and thence to Gander, arriving here on Janu-



ary 18, 1944. Her brother, Keith, is a coder in the Royal Canadian Navy and is stationed close by, at St. John's, Newfoundland. She has two sisters at home who although younger are both much taller.

Louise says that contact with other members of the Women's Division of the Air Force when she was a "Y" hostess at affairs at the Wireless School in Guelph gave her the idea of joining up and she is glad she did. She is interested in all sports but mainly basketball and she likes track and field work. Her other hobbies are sewing and knitting.



Remember to
write or wire
on Mother's Day
Sunday, May 14

★ PERSONALITIES OF THE MONTH ★



L.A.W. OLGA FERN NOSEWORTHY

Some W.D.'s, new on the station, were trying to get the names of their colleagues straightened out. "There's that little girl they call 'Mousie'," one said. "No, that's 'Spider'", said another. "She's both", said a third.

Practically everyone on the station knows her as either one or the other, or both, but not many know her as Olga Fern Noseworthy, L.A.W. She acquired her two nicknames by the combined traits of littleness and perpetual motion. Once at a weinie roast down by the lake someone noticed her scrambling over the rocks "just like the spider" and the name stuck. In her work at the laundry, when she first came to Gander and did quite a bit of running around with parcels and messages, she was said to look like a mouse. And it is by these names that she is known at Gander.

'Mousie' (or Spider) works in the laundry under the title of classified marker. It is she who puts the numbers on your shirts and collars and she sees that they are on right.

A Newfoundlander by birth, Spider (or Mousie) enlisted in the Women's Division in February, 1943, and came to Gander after her basic training in Rockcliffe. Her short glimpse of Canada made her determine to someday pay it another visit.

Mousie's favorite service on the station is the Canadian Army. Perhaps the reason for that is that there is a favorite in this service. She hasn't learned to speak French yet, but when the course starts she intends to study that language.

This little blond-headed character says she wouldn't mind a posting to Canada but as she said, just before she scurried off: "I'm having fun here".



L.A.W. MARY McWATTY

Do you want a post war Women's Division, girls? Do we hear a chorus of nays? No? There is one dissenting voice, for L.A.W. Mary McWatty thinks it would be a good idea and would even like to serve in it!

As a cook in the Officers' Mess, Mary says she enjoys her work and wouldn't want to be in any other trade. She doesn't get brassed off and wish herself miles away or doing something else but takes life philosophically with her mind made up to enjoy herself. Of course Mary is happy in Gander but she would (as who would not) like an overseas posting. We suspect patriotic reasons for this desire although we would not be far wrong in assuming that she might like to see her fiance who is a W.A.G. Flying Officer with the D.F.M. in the Royal Air Force. She says he is a Canadian boy who joined the R.A.F. 6 years ago and has seen operations in Egypt, Italy and England. He was commissioned a short time ago.

A native of Pakenham, Ont., Mary left home early to take a position as cook for a prominent Ottawa family. When the Women's Division was begun, Mary decided she wanted a change and also to gain an insight into the life her fiance was leading in the R.A.F. so she enlisted in November of 1941. After her basic training in Toronto, she was sent to Guelph for a six weeks' cookery course. She spent five months in Brantford and then returned to Toronto where she cooked for months at No. 2 K.T.S. She enjoyed that very much as she had quite a bit of 18 months at No. 2 K.T.S. She enjoyed that very much as she had quite a bit of considerable knowledge of Vitamins and nutrition.

Volunteering for Gander when she received an Eastern Air Command posting, Mary arrived here on her birthday, September 4, of last year. She likes it here she says. "Everyone is so friendly here. It is just like one big happy family".

BEAUTY AND THE BEASTS

ooooooooOOOOOOOW! No, that's not a wolf howl, it's just a shriek of terror. What would you do if you suddenly found yourself surrounded by three specimens in a chamber of horrors?

Look at those moustaches. Gruesome aren't they. Pretty Kay O'Keefe had to be coaxied into posing with our friends. Kay, who hails from Pouch Cove, Newfy, works in the general canteen. Her opinion of moustaches is that they give men a wolfish look . . . could be they tickle . . . could be.

On the left, Al Sorren, cigar et al (cost me a dime) started his autumn crop last September. He is a WEM with the Scramble Squadron. His main reason in growing the nosegay was to be the object of laughs and ridicule. Al certainly can take it, his favourite pastime is kibitzing at card games . . . Say how much do you charge to haunt a house?

Russ Ewanchuck (podden me Corporal Ewanchuck) grew his lip tickler on a dare. His brother also has a doozer, but failed to show up for the picture. While Sorren's has a upswing, Chuck's has a tendency to droop at the edges . . . tch. Kay is trying to start a small revolution. She wants to organize a vigilante movement and shave off half of Chuck's crop hair by hair. Winnipeg papers please copy.

Our last but longest moustache is affixed to Sam Mcleod. We challenge our public to produce a longer, waxier moustache anywhere. My odds are on Sam. A respectable member of our station orchestra, Sam began cultivating in September, just to prove that he could do it. When asked if he would retain same in civilization, he replied. "Just for one day . . . or until the girl friend gets hold of me".



★ ★ OFFICERS ON PARADE ★ ★

W/C MCGILL, T.C., M.B.E.

Senior Administrative Officer for this station, Wing Commander McGill sits on the many committees, his position entails and chain-smokes, as he genially guides them through the regulations attendant upon service groups. Came here from Dartmouth where he was also S.A.O. Served in similar capacity at Bagotville and Mountain View. Had command of No. 2 Y Depot, Moncton. After commissioning in March, 1940, W/C McGill served two years at A.F.H.Q., Ottawa.

Left a career of investment and banking to join R.C.A.F. This business he took up following the last war, in which he served as Signals Officer with the 59th Infantry Battalion of Kingston. Was in France until September, 1918. When posted to serve as Signals Officer for Canadian Expeditionary Force in Siberia. Got the M.B.E. for his work, being named in Toronto en route from France to Russia in that bleak country.

Born at Chatsworth, Ont., an unspecified number of years ago, was in business in Saskatoon with his brother until a prairie fire liquidated the project. Took up banking until First Great War interfered.

Tennis is one of his favorite hobbies, was President of the Montreal Tennis Club, in which city he has made his home for the past 25 years. Interested in music, he has taken up sketching with the flourishing Art Group here. He would like it made clear that he likes this station. "One of the best I ever was on", he stated. Wouldn't mind staying here for the duration.



A.S.O. J. M. FENTON

"Hey, cut out splashing. If you must dunk your doughnuts, take it easy, will yuh?" Splash or no splash, everybody's happy when there's doughnuts to dunk, 'cause that's extra messing, and speaking of extra messing brings to the fore, Assistant Section Officer J. M. Fenton, who looks after station funds and extra messing accounts.

A. S. O. Fenton has been a member of the Gander family since November 9th of last year, and in spite of her job in Non-public Funds, which keeps her somewhat in seclusion, is becoming well known and liked by all personnel.

Her charming manner, winsome smile and friendly bearing, are winning her more and more friends each day. Miss Fenton hails from Scotland, and for a number of years resided in Toronto, Ontario. Prior to the war she was engaged as an accountant with the Bell Telephone Company, but gave up her job to become an AW2 in the R.C.A.F.

Her airforce career began at No. 6 Manning Depot, Toronto, April 9th, 1942. From there it was St. Thomas, where her trade training began. No. 13 S.F.T.S., St. Hubert's, provided her with her first airforce accounting job, and also her promotion to A.S.O. Miss Fenton likes Gander, but there is a certain wistfulness in her voice as she says: "Actually I wanted to go overseas, I never thought I would stop a quarter of the way over." Perhaps the reason is she has two brothers over there. One in the army medical corps and one in the RCAF. Her sports are golfing, swimming and badminton. "And I hope pretty soon I'll have time to get in some swimming and badminton," she laughed when interviewed by a "Gander" reporter. "Right now I'm up to my neck in several hundred dozen doughnuts."



F/L THOMAS A. AIERS

It was nearly 47 years ago in Shanghai, China, that Flight Lieutenant Aiers began his career. It was in that city he was educated.

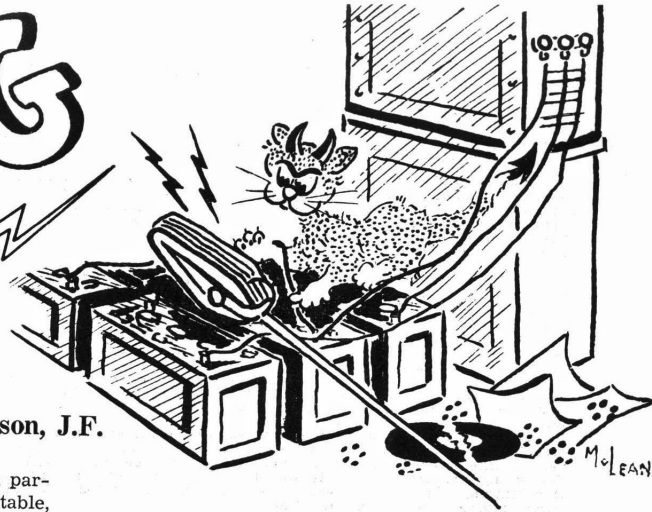
After seeing service in the first Great War with the Royal Field Artillery in France, N. W. Frontier India, Mesopotamia, Persia and Turkestan, he returned to his home in China where he resumed service with the Shanghai Volunteer Corps. This corps, incidentally, was the only unit outside the British Empire that was recognized and trained by the British Government. From Private to Captain and 2nd i/c of the Armoured Car Company he saw some service in the defence of Shanghai, 1922, 1923 and 1924 (Chinese Provincial Wars), 1925 (Communist and Anti-British Uprising, 1932 (1st. China-Jap incident), 1937-1941 (Chinese-Japanese undeclared War).

For a year prior to Japanese hostilities with Britain, the danger of a major war between the two countries was acute. Having been a witness to some Jap atrocities he sought a safer place for his wife and two children. It took him six months to obtain a passage to Canada, so great was the demand for exit from war-torn China. Finally he obtained one on a Jap ship. "It was this or nothing at all" he said, "my brother got nothing at all, he is now behind barbed wire". Very thankful that war was not declared before the ship arrived to Vancouver he and his family moved on to Ottawa, which is now their home.



VORGY

By L.A.C. Paterson, J.F.



Somewhere on this page is a cartoon of our own particular "gremlin". Little **Vorgenstein**, the inimitable, whose talent for mischief during broadcasts is from out of this world. Vorgy, as (he) (she) or (it) is affectionately termed, has a liking for power. Vorgy jumps into the storage batteries and Flight Sergeant Anderson turns slightly livid as the feline threatens to put us off the air. Another habit the little tyke has, is to crawl up one's legs, the hard way, the way telephone linemen do, by digging in for each foothold. This during a 15 minute newscast or sportscast or talk can be a bit aggravating. Vorgy has character, crawling through transcription jackets and ducking in and out of doors marked "Silence, On The Air" is only one of his tricks. No one knows whence came Vorgy. One morning Bob Harvie opened the studio and there, like one of the Victorian novelists foundlings, lay little Vorgy. We bid Vorgy a big hello to V.O.R.G.

Last month, in the story of the creation of the radio station, the interesting story of its inception was outlined. Much has been done since that time to improve reception and production facilities. Besides that, the grade of programs has increased considerably. No longer dependent on the uncertainties of shipments of ordered records from the mainland or the generosity of kind friends who lent these records, arrangements have been made so that the transcriptions from the Armed Forces Radio Service of Los Angeles, California are available. Practically all the famous network shows, sans commercials, now come our way and can be heard daily. Besides these are many programs unique to the men and women in service. Such shows as "Command Performance" where the audience actually picks the stars who appear. Many stories are told of unique requests, like the chap somewhere in the Pacific who wanted to hear the sound of eggs and bacon sizzling in the pan, just once more, and on Command Performance, the girl with the "Peek-a-boo Bang" Veronica Lake performed that chore, with sound effects. Stars like Frank Sinatra and Bing Crosby in the "Battle of the Century" and many others. These shows go only to radio stations serving directly the armed forces of the United Nations wherever they may be. We are indeed fortunate and appreciative of the fact that we are on the circuit. Also transcriptions of C.B.C. shows are now coming.

The remote control features mentioned earlier are quite an innovation for the station. They entailed a

great deal of hard work (and in the spare time of the persons concerned, it may be added.) Flight Sergeant Anderson of Dumbo Wireless Section, the engineer, has a lot of thanks for such men as the following who devoted a great many evenings to your listening pleasure and remained in the background. F/S McEwan, Landline Maintenance; F/S Walker, Telephone Maintenance; Sgt. Leech, Sgt. Christenson also of the Dumbo Wireless; Cpl. Clareborough and Sgt. Jehan of Hdqts. Signals and some others from the Dumbo Section, Cpl. McGinnis and Cpl. Teetzel, L.A.C.'s Gillis, Anderson and Grey. The electrical expert is W.O. 2 Smith and his section, and to Station Workshops under F/S Porter must go many thanks. The Dumbo Wireless Section, it might be mentioned, were the originators, technically speaking, of the station.

The studio should be in new quarters by the time this magazine hits the stand. A new transmitter is on its way also. F/S Wright has charge of the setting up of the studio in its location, the airmen's canteen. Included in the new set-up will be a sound-proof announcing studio, sound-proof control room and an office to contain the administration and transcription library of the station. The new console mixer, being built, it is hoped, will eliminate some of the bugs.

Thanks are due to Eastern Air Command, A.F.H.Q. and No. 1 Group, St. John's, without whose co-operation and assistance we never could have kept on the air.

And now for some news of the station personalities. The ones you do hear over the air. First comes Robert Q. Harvienagle. Bob takes a big bow as the chief announcer and program director. His Saturday night Request Program has "the double kick" in quantities; George Kent continues to make with the news in a professional manner and Grace Babbitt, your Hollywood Commentator and Book Reviewer (besides several other evening programs) is gaining new friends. Ron Cook, Sports Announcer, went to Cornerbrook with the hockey team, where he referred their series with that town's team; in his absence George Miles proved a capable filler-inner. Cpl. Ellis, our record man is now doing some spot announcing. And your announcer "Pat" Victor Record Album Paterson, is signing off about this time.

See you next month. In the meantime how about dropping us a line and telling us what you'd like to hear. We're very anxious to oblige.

RESCUE FROM "A" FOR ABLE

(Continued from page 5)

but by the time their cold hands fumbled with the frozen cartridges and gun, the aircraft had passed.

The next day was Sunday. A great many hair-brained schemes for making snowshoes kept the boys in good humour. They finally decided to make spruce boughs into a triangle and with parachute cord make an intricate interweaving which would be designed to tie



on to the legs. It was slow work. It was cold but they forged ahead because they had determined to get going and not spend the winter camping out.

Once more they tried to find the Gibson Girl in the bashed in plane. Instead they came across one of their machine guns. Gleeefully determined to make some aircraft notice them, they tied it to a tree having every intention of shooting off some tracer bullets toward the next aircraft that approached. But after the first couple of test shots with the weapon, it froze and dashed their hopes again.

Monday found the crew still working on the snow shoes. Uncomplaining they set in to make ready their meals for the day. They had divided up the rations and decided on two meals a day, each of these consisting of a couple of small squares of corned beef, three hard biscuits, three small squares of chocolate and some melted snow per person.

Suddenly the boys looked up and there at the edge of the trees looking with startled eyes upon the queer camp, was a trapper bundled up and wearing snowshoes. The crew were overjoyed and hastened to make their



guest welcome telling him how glad they were to see him. "I imagine you are", said Jim Gowdy as he looked around at the battered aircraft and their make-shift tent. He told them that his trapper's tilt was 30 minutes away but that he had come to investigate the sounds of chopping which had carried to his camp in the clear air.

The trapper offered to carry word of the crew of A for Able to Goose and a message telling of the health of the crew was worded. With joy in their hearts they watched the trapper lace on his snowshoes and prepare to leave. They couldn't see him go without some indication of their thanks so they tendered him some precious bars of chocolate.

That night they finished their first pair of snowshoes, and in high good spirits celebrated their rescue by having four biscuits for supper instead of the usual three.

With the homemade snowshoes strapped on his feet, Gar went out into a large snow area and tramped out an S.O.S. making each letter approximately 80 feet long. With rescue so close at hand, Gar was feeling a little bit happy and when making the second "S" in the distress signal, turned it around, which gave it a very funny



appearance from the air. Then he spread out a red and white distress parachute which completed the cry for help.

Tuesday morning dawned clear and calm. Taking advantage of the calmness, the boys built a huge fire and put green boughs on it. The smoke columned up into the blue and the crew assured itself that the signal could be seen at least 40 miles.

About nine o'clock their S.O.S. and smoke signals were observed by an American aircraft. It circled the spot and when the Pilot found they were alive he dropped emergency equipment. "The stuff positively rained down", the boys reflected. There were K rations (complete meal units including breakfast, dinner and supper), sleeping bags, more clothing, snowshoes, cigarettes, and practically everything they desired.



That afternoon a Norseman equipped with skis from Goose flew over and then landed on the nearby lake. It was then that the crew realized how wise a choice their captain had made when he landed among the trees and not on the lake. For immediately the light aircraft, some one-fifth the weight of the Lib, bogged down on the lake. Water seeped through cracks in the ice over the skis of the rescuing aircraft. Hot coffee and steaks were the most welcome provisions brought by this aircraft of mercy.

An American Piper "Cub", flown by Col. Shroeder and Lt. Nelson, landed and also bogged down. The boys then learned that their trapper friend, Jim Gowdy had arrived at Goose before the American aircraft, which had chuted the equipment to them the day before.

On Thursday afternoon, dog teams arrived and it was decided to leave the camp on Friday morning. The weather had again closed down so Doug, Al and Gar decided to take to snow shoes and go out with the dog teams. Gil and Johnsy were to remain at the trapper's tilt until the Norseman could take off and fly them safely back to Goose.

Some two hours after the party on snow shoes had set out they looked back to see a "Cub" aircraft land and take off and knew their pals were winging to warmth, food and safety.

The dog team and snow shoe party camped late Friday night and at noon on Saturday tramped triumphantly into Goose. They had made the 25 foot miles in very good time.

Saturday night in the Officer's Mess at Goose Bay was the setting for joyous reception but the real celebration came when their squadron welcomed them back to Gander.

"We, the people of Gander, convey our heart felt welcome to you boys on your safe return from this unfortunate experience. We give our thanks for prayers come true."





"Mairzy Doats nad Dozy Doats and and liddle lamzy divey A kiddley divey too, wouldn't you?"

These iddly-oozy words were spreading fast last week from Tin Pan Alley to any place where a man could go nuts over silly syllables. Most citizens could keep their sanity at least long enough to discover that this apparent double-talk was simply nursery talk — it was a paraphrase of an old verse ("Mares eat oats and does eat oats, and little lambs eat ivy. A kid'll eat ivy too, wouldn't you?") . . . "Time".

First airman: "Anybody see a necktie around here? I lost mine."

Second airman: "What color was it?"

A German mother was telling her young son that for the many blessings that life had given him he should thank God and thank Hitler.

After a moment of meditation the boy asked: "What should I do if Hitler dies?"

The mother answered: "Just thank God."

A. C. Potts: "You've never kissed me like that before, Mary. Is it because we're in a blackout?"

W.D.: "No, it's because my name isn't Mary."

The Padre was shocked at the language used by two men repairing telephone wires on the station, so he reported them to their O.C. The O.C. ordered the men to make a report and here's what the lead man said:

"Me and Spike were on this job and I was up the pole and accidentally let the hot lead fall on Spike and it went down his neck. Then Spike looked up at me and said: "Really, Harry, you must be more careful."

"Cook do you call this meat pie?"

"Yes, sir."

"But there's no meat to flavour it"

"It isn't supposed to flavor it, sir— just christen it."

S/L Wilson, M.O.: "Can you see anything without your glasses?"

A.C. 2 Doaks: "With no glasses. I can't even hear."

Last night I held a lovely hand
A hand so soft and neat,
I thought my heart would burst with joy,
So wildly did it beat.
No other hand unto my heart
Could greater solace bring
Than the dear hand I held last night
Four aces and a king.

"Tell me honestly," she said, "have you kissed other girls?"

He hesitated, then spoke: "There's no use lying — of course I have."

"Then go ahead," she said, "I just didn't want you experimenting on me."

"Did she blush when her shoulder strap broke?"

"I didn't notice."

Due to the shortage of nurses there was an inexperienced girl on the job. The doctor came rushing into a patient's room.

"Have you kept a chart on his progress?"

"No," she replied with a blush, "but I can show you my diary."

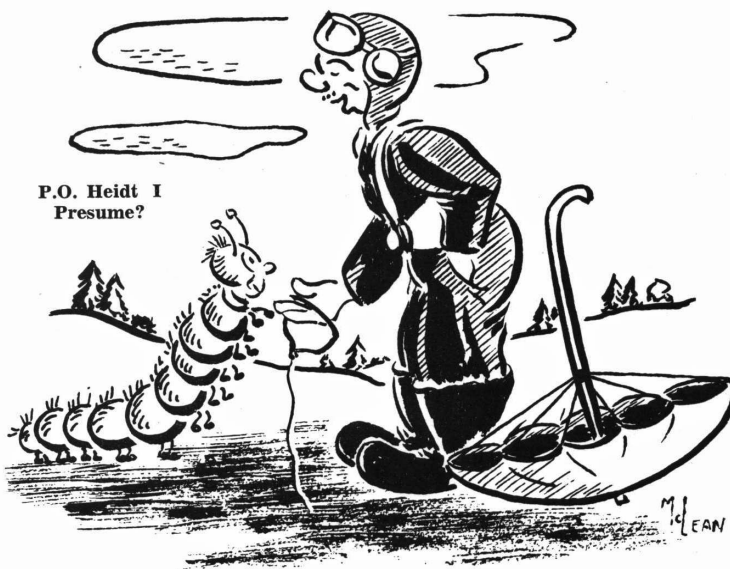
P/O: "Going my way, babe?"

Girl: "My dear sir, I'll have you know that a public street corner is no place to speak to a strange girl who lives at 215 Central Park, phone 34009."

P/O Billings: Can I put an Advertisement in your Paper?

Editor:— Mebbe—What is it?

P/O Billings:—a page worded, Pilot Officer Billings for Flying Officer.



P.O. Heidt I Presume?

M. LEAN

Sports

(Continued from Pages 6 and 7)

Thru the Hoops continued

Due to leaves and duties, "Dumbo" Officers were unable to floor the same line-up in most of their games, as a result they very seldom had the strongest five out on the court. Smith, Fairbairn and Shane carried the bulk of the play with Smith the pivot man. One of the smoothest guards on the station, Smith was a standout throughout the season turning in some fine performances. Standing six foot two and weighing in the vicinity of two hundred pounds, "Tiny" as he is more commonly known, is a tough man to stop, around the fifteen foot line he is poison to his opponents and plays a steady game at the centre position. If "Dumbo" Officers can floor a full team, they are definitely the ones to beat. With Irmie and Smith as guards, Fairbairn at centre, McGregor and Shane on the forward line, they present a formidable line-up.

Reconnaissance Squadron regarded by many as the dark horse of the playoffs may upset the dope and win the championship. In Brown who holds down the centre spot, they have a powerhouse who is in a class by himself on rebounds and a consistent scorer. Carter and Mousseau team up well with Brown and if these boys start clicking, it will be too bad for the others.

The play-offs follow along the same lines as the National Hockey League. The first place team takes on the fourth place club and the third plays the second in a best three out of five games series. In the finals, the winners of the above round begin a four out of seven game series to decide a champion. All in all, the fans should witness some very interesting and exciting games and may the best team win.

TOTAL FITNESS Part II

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

In the first article in this series we defined total fitness as a healthy body and a peace of mind. We decided that spiritual, physical, social, and mental activities all make their contribution to the attainment of such a state and that we would discuss the role of the latter three. Finally, we decided, merely by the listening of available activities, that they were sufficient in number and in diversity to make the attainment of Total Fitness an easy possibility at Gander.

What are some of the mental activities and how do they contribute? Looking over our list we see reading, writing, recorded music program, discussion group, trade improvement courses, correspondence courses, and arts and crafts.

We can quickly see that these activities will make their contribution to our mental rather than our physical welfare, that is, to the attainment of a "peace of mind." However, if we wish to go a step further, we can see that the absence of peace of mind would affect the physical condition of the body and thus impede our efforts to obtain physical fitness.

Neglected muscles become soft, sluggish, and unresponsive. A neglected mind reacts in much the same way. Exercise your mind, don't let it

become lethargic. On the other hand don't just dash about and do a lot of things for the sake of saying you have done them, secretly hoping that as a result you will have become more alert mentally. When you read, whether fiction or non-fiction, read something worth while. When you write, put something into it, not—"I guess this will be short 'cause there is little to write about"—and don't make the censor your excuse for mental laziness.

We will be at Gander for three months, six months, or a year. Instead of making it something to complain about, make it an opportunity to improve yourself. Go to the record program and begin your education in classical music. Attend the discussion group and get some new ideas on the problems of the day. Better still, learn to form your own ideas clearly and get an opportunity to express them. Help yourself get over those school-day inhibitions of speaking before a few people. Improve your position in the Air Force through trade improvement courses or, in the educational world through correspondence courses. Broaden your interests and extend your skills, try your hand in the Arts and crafts. Be mentally active, alert, healthy. Give yourself a chance for Total Fitness.

Gander Wins Hockey Series

(Continued from page 6)

at the same time contributed much of the colour in the winning.

Our goal tenders . . . In the first series Cpl. Monty Montemurro was so outstanding that it was felt when the fliers returned for the second time, that it couldn't be the same without him. This, however was said without counting on the net minding ability of Sgt. MacIntosh. Now, it is said by all team members and those who saw the games, that in both series, it was the extra experience had by our goal keepers that was the biggest difference between the two teams.

Whereas, keeping goals out is important—getting them, is also an important thing. Our outstanding goal

getters were, Louis Lacourse, Rudy Enns, Ed Kosak, Billy Marshall and Verne Atkins. Defensively we give credit to Moore and Palmer.

The boys say that they like Corner Brook very much. It seems that there were other things besides hockey which held their interest. Pretty little things, with blond hair and blue eyes.

Your reporter was lucky enough to be with the team on their second trip, and feels that this article would not be complete without a good word for the folks at the 'Brook' . . . Their hospitality is unsurpassed, anywhere. They certainly did a good job of giving the Fliers a swell time—and so a vote of thanks goes out to you in Corner Brook, from all the boys of the Team.

NO RETURN ENGAGEMENTS

continued from page 3

"Bomb Doors Open", replied the Navigator's voice crisply into the earphones, as all hell broke loose. Banks and Patterson opened fire. Both got the range immediately; the reward of much practice. They kept their fingers down on the triggers. The flak continued to burst all about them.

With his huge aircraft flying low over the rough sea, Pat skilfully closed in. Bombadier-Lafond coolly dropped his stick of high explosives on the enemy.

Pat then whipped into a steep turn, leaving behind him the plumes of exploding depth charges, Mac worked with clocklike precision at his side.

On the next run over the U-Boat, Pat flew in low again, skimming the wave tops. The nose and turret gunners continued their withering fire, disregarding the all too close flak explosions. At that, Jack Banks ducked a few "near" hits.

Paul's projectiles straddled the luckless sea craft. Kostiuk and Carter later exclaimed, that on the last run in, the sub was lifted clear out of the water. The submarine sank immediately.

Circling the huge oil slick in the rapidly deepening darkness, they all breathed one happy sigh of relief; glad that the aircraft was still intact, as one and all had feared that the plane had been damaged.

On their return to base, they were all surprised to discover that they had not been touched. They figured that the aircraft's business—like guns and gunners had mowed down the U-Boat crew and had also distracted their enemy's accuracy in the duel, hundreds of miles out in the North Atlantic.

At the interrogation, the crew was modest. Pat with his ever immaculate appearance, neatly combed hair and ever present crease in his trousers, for once did not mind his hair being dishevelled. Mac's usual friendly grin was now an "ear to ear" affair.

W.O. 2 Pat Patterson was ribbing F/O Paul Lafond and singing "Gun-smoke gets in your eyes". Paul, who

also answers to the nickname of "Toujours", took it all in good-naturedly.

P/O Jack Banks described what it was like, to watch the tracer bullets ricochet off the sub. "Just like a fire-works display", he exclaimed.

Joe Carter was the quietest of the crew, not saying very much after doing an excellent job of maintaining communication with the home base, and as he said. "Missing all the fun".

Harry Kostiuk was as happy as a pig in a mud puddle. We had all attended his wedding on the station several months ago. Now on his return, his wife was there to greet him. Sam Archer who hadn't been on the East Coast as long as the others, was the shyest of the lot. Sam was complimented for the job he did of securing photographs.

After the lads partook of a hearty meal and were rested, I asked them what had been uppermost in their minds on their trip home.

"Well", said the captain as spokesman, "I guess we were all thinking about the same things. First, that we were bloody glad to get in an attack, and, that everything went through without a flaw". The crew nodded in assent.

"Anything else on your mind?"

"There was something else on my mind, I don't know about the rest of the fellows, and it is pretty difficult to explain. Funny, but I kept thinking about the people back at the station, especially those who service aircraft. You see, anything could have gone wrong, engine trouble could have forced us to return to base early; what would we have done if the guns had developed stoppages? The whole attack would have been in vain if the depth charges had failed to explode. As it was, everything in the aircraft worked properly."

"It actually seemed that there were more than just the eight of us up there tonight. I sort of felt that every person at base, from the lowest rank to the Commanding Officer, was riding along with us in the aircraft, encouraging us, as we pressed home the attack. You see, we just couldn't miss on that combination."

ADMIN.

(Continued from page 15)

Someone generously dug a path for us out the back door as you know. Some of the fairer sex complained of claustrophobia though and remained on higher ground. The purpose was defeated when the rains came and said path became a commando course.

Several of our personnel are again breathing with a sigh of relief. Even our janitor who was getting tired of emptying pails from several leaks in the roof. Let's hope for a long drier summer.

With the advent of spring when young man's thoughts fondly turn to thoughts of love, we hear the chimes of wedding bells coming from the west wing of this famous building.

We are becoming quite musical of late, you may drop in at any time and listen to your favorite radio star, or orchestra, or you can drop down to "Records" and listen to the mournful refrain of "We Three We're All Alone" or "Won't You Hurry Home" as they are sung by the ink spots.

So we will close off our little story and hope that most of you have received your postings by the time this issue is printed.





Sincerely,
Carole Lombard

YES *I will*
PUT **V**ICTORY FIRST!
I will
BUY **V**ICTORY BONDS!

