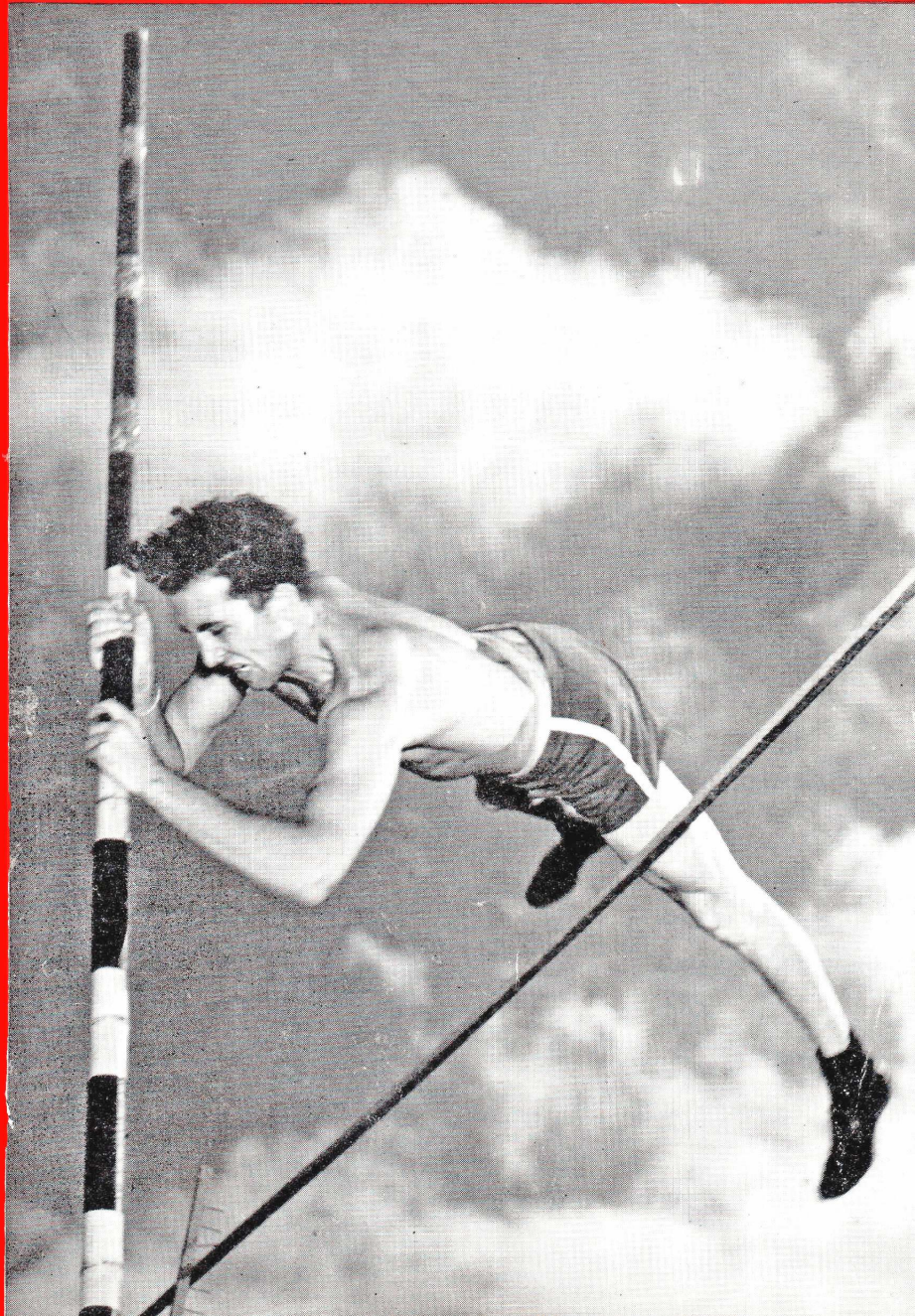


# Gander



SEPTEMBER  
OCTOBER  
1944

# THE GANDER

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

## THE STAFF

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# • EDITOR'S NOTES •

Human nature is funny. We on the GANDER staff have come to realize it quite suddenly. We, who deal with words, are at a loss for words, and we are humble as we accept the praise of our Commanding Officer, as received in the following letter.

7th October, 1944.

F/O H. Steirman,  
Editor-in-Chief,  
The Gander,  
CAPO No. 4, Nfld.

Dear Flying Officer Steirman,

I would like to extend to you and your Staff of the Gander Magazine my sincere appreciation for the excellent results of your long hours of work in making the last issues of the Station Magazine such an outstanding success.

I quite realize that this represents many hours over and above the regular duties of all concerned and I do feel that the magazine is a great credit to the Station and to the Service generally.

May I request your continued efforts in this respect and would like to add that it is appreciated by all personnel on the Station.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) H. B. Godwin, G/C,  
Commanding Officer  
RCAF Station, Gander, Nfld.

Outstanding (we think) of the changes to take place in this issue, is our revamped cover. We hope that the readers of the publication agree that our new face is a step forward in keeping interest alive, whilst retaining a swell appearance. In years to come, when we recount our small part in a huge war effort, we can always turn back to the old issues of the "Gander" Magazine, and refresh our memories of yesteryear.

There are quite a number of regular dances held on this station, and the majority of them are tops, with regards to food, entertainment and prizes. But the dance that I shall remember for a long time to come, was sponsored recently by 8 Construction & Maintenance Unit. It was one of those good dances with a nice crowd, and the station orchestra (Ye Solidaires) in attendance. I put to good use my latent terpsichorean talents, and had an enjoyable evening.

Prior to leaving the dancehall, I was approached by a member of the dance committee of 8 C.M.U., where the following conversation took place.

"Did you enjoy yourself Sir?"

"I certainly did, I had a very pleasant time, thank you."

"You're welcome Sir, and we will be very pleased to have you attend our future dances."

It wasn't much, just a few words of kindness,

but it left a tremendous impression on me, and I shall always remember that evening as one of the nicest I have ever spent.

Quite noticeable, among all the station magazines and newspapers that wend their way to this desk, are the injections, that each respective magazine is the finest and the bestest in the service.

Each station publication is justified in being proud of its efforts . . . what, with all the time, sleepless nights and midnight oil spent, each magazine has the right to say, "Our's is the finest . . . etc., etc. . . ." Which brings up something else worthwhile mentioning. You know, we think that the "Gander" is the best station magazine in the R.C.A.F. and we think . . . etc., etc.

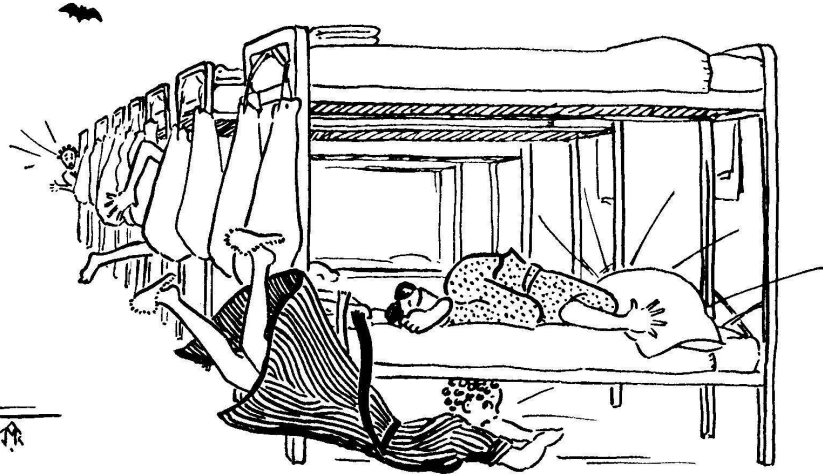
New features, gags and cartoons, spice this original issue, and for something different, there is the picture story of "A typical day in the life of a W.D. at Gander." Our Model was good-natured Molly Hartell of the Laundry. No doubt our readers will join the chorus of Ahs and ohs and oooooOOOOows (depending whether the reader is male or female). Thanks Molly for your kindness and cooperation.

The funniest thing to hit this magazine in ages, is "Dumbo Squadron Joe," by Alfie Scopp. The story immediately brought to mind a cartoon by Ricky (famous R.C.A.F. cartoonist). The drawing and the tale of "woe," go together like ham and eggs. I sincerely hope the powers that be, forgive us for reproducing this cartoon.



The cover shot shows LAC Leadbeater clearing the pole vault at 10 feet, 4 ins. This remarkable photograph was taken by F/S Hap Day. More of his work may be seen in the ensuing pages.

W "D"  
DAY



STORY BY EV ROBERTS — ILLUSTRATED BY CPL JEAN RAMSAY

"Everything went wrong today—I just feel like crying or screaming or something," sighed one of the girls as she gazed down at the passers-by on the roadway below.

"Cheer up, old dear—the war news is good. This can't last much longer."

"Oh what a beautiful morning," crooned Frank Sinatra, while the lights were being turned on and the blinds were drawn. Only half a dozen girls were in the room. One was in bed trying to snatch "40 winks" before going to work on the "graveyard" shift. Others were preparing to retire. One, perched on an upper bunk, was busy shining buttons and shoes. Another sat at the table before a propped-up mirror, laboriously arranging pin curls.

"EEEEEEK! There's a Bat—cover your heads!" shrieked a voice that shattered the silence. The thoughtful miss for whom everything had gone wrong, whipped over to the would-be sleeper and tugged the

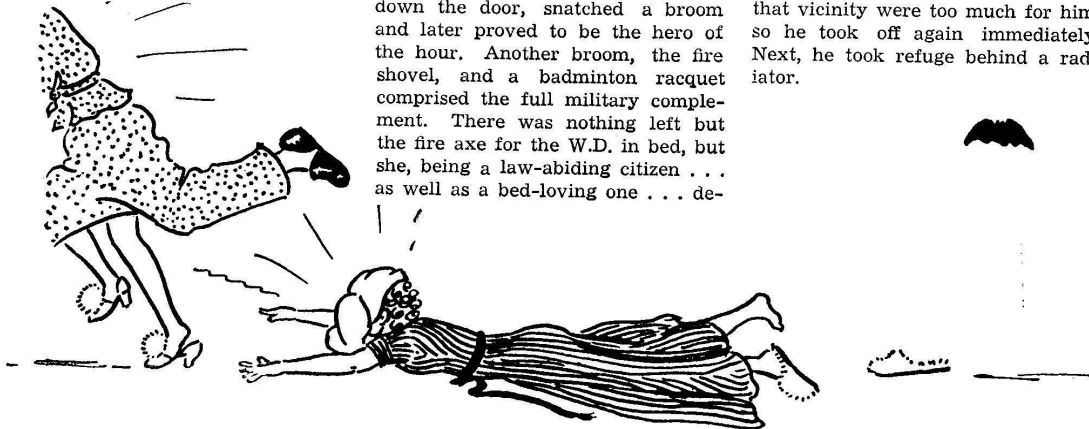
sheet up over her head. Then she snatched a tin helmet and prepared for combat. A quick-witted W.D., particularly allergic to bats, hastily made her exit, slammed the door behind her and held it firmly from the other side. The gal on the upper bunk also made a quick leap and dashed to the door, but it was too late. She pounded at the door, bouncing up and down and shouting, "Let me out—Please let me out, please, please!" But to no avail—the courageous type on the other side was taking no chances.

Another donned an old style hat, pulling it well down over her ears. It didn't resemble a New York model . . . but style wasn't wanted just then. Another clad only in . . . well . . . let's not be too explicit . . . popped her hat (nouveau mode) atop her tresses. A towel was wound turban-like around another head. Then the search for weapons began. The girl who had tried to batter down the door, snatched a broom and later proved to be the hero of the hour. Another broom, the fire shovel, and a badminton racquet comprised the full military complement. There was nothing left but the fire axe for the W.D. in bed, but she, being a law-abiding citizen . . . as well as a bed-loving one . . . de-

cidated to remain neutral and watch the fray from a vantage point between the sheets.

At first the bat stayed near the ceiling. The motley gang of modern Amazons pursued him from afar, with a war cry that would have daunted a tribe of Iroquois. Reaching the end wall, the bat made a quick "about turn" and so did the "Amazons!" This time they were being pursued. They ducked; they dodged; they shrieked. The noise attracted visitors from other rooms. They came to scoff but remained to scream.

Then as if he wondered if the voices could reach an octave higher, Mr. Bat tried a bit of low flying. He swooped down and flew between the upper and lower bunks. As he descended the voices ascended. The bat, frightened and exhausted, stopped for breath. He paused at the bed of the "graveyard shift" girl but the writhing and screaming from that vicinity were too much for him, so he took off again immediately. Next, he took refuge behind a radiator.





"The poor defenceless little thing," murmured one of the girls.  
 "Defenceless . . . nothing . . . ." replied another. "He looks like a dive bombing lib. when he swoops down."

The girl who had been wielding the badminton racquet took up her post at the open fire escape door and each time the bat came near waved frantically and announced in high-pitched tones "This way out Sir."

After what seemed like a century (almost five minutes) the bat found the door and disappeared into the darkness. Finally the pursuers, save our heroine, had fallen by the wayside. All leaned against kit bags or sat panting on their beds. The lone rangeress continued the chase to the finish.

She lay flat on the floor as breathless as if she had just finished a three mile race. The Room Corporal, hearing the screams from the Drill Hall, hastened back to barracks and found a multitude of curious people standing on the roadway outside wondering how many murders were being committed within. Arriving just at the end of the battle, she raised the arm of the prostrate figure and shouted "THE WINNER."

"This is a lovely way to spend an evening" crooned Frankie Sinatra. The bat, perched on the opposite fire escape, hummed quietly "The W.D.'s will win the war, parley-vous . . ."

# AFFAIRE DE COEUR

By Willie De Wolf

Dear Sir:

Since receiving my "A" Group and corporal's hooks, I have been pursued by a certain damsel, which I ain't mentioning any names. Now since my rise to fame and fortune, I have been getting lots of phone calls from this girl, telling me that I am a snob as I am ignoring her more than somewhat.

The truth of the matter is, I have taken her out a coupla times, and have received no encouragement and lotsa cold shoulder. Then my sergeant realized that I had bags of talent and gave me a raise in pay. Now that I am in the higher money bracket, she is whistling another tune.

My resistance broke down last night and I had a date with the party of the first part. She said that since it was leap year she was asking me to marry her, and if I refused I would have to buy her a \$12.49 evening gown now on sale in St. Johns.

Now what I would like to know is, does she really love me or is she just after a new dress.

Sincerely,

CPL. SMART E. PANTS



Dear Corporal Smart E. Pants:

Your problem is not as difficult as it sounds. You know it's rather easy to play it cagey when confronted by a scheming woman. It is quite obvious that she is after a new dress . . . naturally. The thing to do is catch her by surprise . . . be foxy . . . Marry Her!

As ever,

BILL DE WOLF



# FAMOUS ARTIST VISITS GANDER

BY EV. ROBERTS

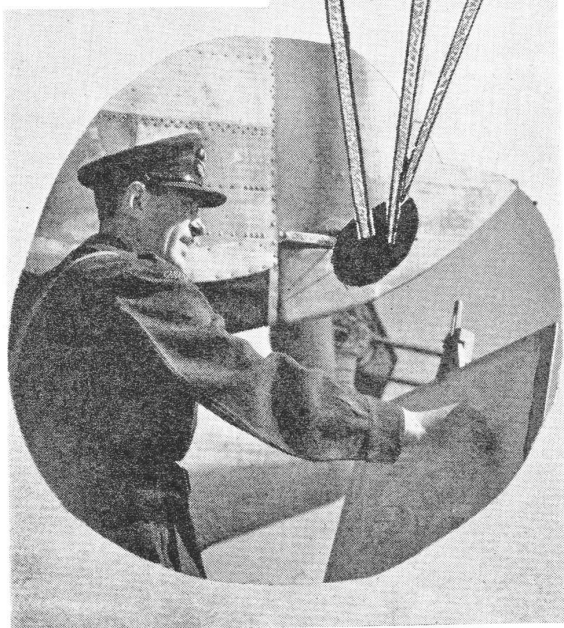


Since the beginning of September, many have noticed a stranger in our midst, weighed down with easel and paints, pedalling along on a dilapidated bicycle. He is F/O A. E. Cloutier, of Ottawa, with a tremendous job on his hands, and only two short months in which to gather material for it.

Our artist is one of the nine men chosen by the Historical Branch of the R.C.A.F. to make a permanent record in paintings of the work of the R.C.A.F. in World War II. Kingston and Torbay were the other two stations on which he has worked on this assignment.

Regarding his accomplishments previous to his Air Force career, F/O Cloutier is quite reticent. "How well I fulfil this present job is the only thing of importance now," he stated and it did not take long to get the impression that he is putting every bit of his intensive energy into "this present job."

But here are some bits of information gleaned in the course of an interview: Studied art chiefly in Montreal—in collaboration with Edwin Holgate now in R.C.A.F. also, he



designed three thousand square feet of murals for the Canadian Pavilion at New York World Fair, 1939. Immediately prior to his enlistment he was Art and Printing Supervisor for the National Film Board.

Much thought and energy have been put into the project now in hand. He has sat for hours, long after midnight in the cockpits of parked aircraft "just looking" at planes taking off. Inspirations gained there are later jotted down in notes and sketches. On fine bright days, he works on outdoor scenes. When rain prevents this, there is much to be done indoors.

At first F/O Cloutier found the enormous size of our station bewildering. The predominance of horizontal lines almost baffled him. "On fine days, all of Gander is in a hurry, it seems," he stated. "Even the skies move faster here than anywhere I've been."

This "hurry" accounts in part for the elusiveness of his subjects. "I get an aircraft in just the right light—begin a sketch, and before I know it the props are going, and my sketch pad is blown out of my hands."

Nothing is being left undone to make his painting a true picture of Gander. To supplement his own work in pencil, oil and water color, F/O Cloutier has taken numerous photographs. All this data will be used when he returns to Ottawa, to crystallize certain situations and phases of life in Gander.

He was impressed early in his visit here by a girls' Softball game being played at the edge of a runway. At two minute intervals gigantic aircraft were landing—their wings casting a shadow over the diamond—and the noise of their engines drowning out the umpire's voice. To spectators and players alike these planes—the sight of which would have thrilled thousands of Canadians—were commonplace. The game only absorbed their attention.

Life here is not all a bed of roses—all personnel do not wear a smile at all times and our artist realizes this. He does not want to make it appear so. Pictures of men and women coming out of the theatre with faces still lighted up after their "escape" to the outside world, by means of the screen, is one picture he would like to do.

Among his sketches so far, F/O Cloutier has these—the briefing of a crew, men reaching a/c to go on patrol, night effect of a take-off viewed from the Tower, operators in Control Tower using Aldis Lamp, sketch of a "Met" man, and the Control Tower, from outside.

He hopes to accompany a crew on a long patrol, and later after thus gaining a knowledge of how they feel, he hopes to portray "A Return From Patrol."

F/O Cloutier has this to say, and many of us might take note, "I have become ganderized very quickly (and

(Continued on page 32)

## So Long — Gene

Ever since he came here on March 10, 1943, from Camp Borden, Ontario, Eugene Hill has played a larger part in the direction of the entertainment facilities of the station. It was his quiet efficiency that won him many friends among the personnel. Now, after 19 months, which most of us agree is long enough at Gander, "Gene" has been posted overseas, and though no one would grudge him his posting, there are many who will be sorry to see him go.

A choir master and organist and teacher of music in civilian life (he was organist and choirmaster at St. Alban's Church in Toronto and taught at the Toronto Conservatory of Music) "Gene" has played an active and important part in the musical life of the station. He organized a station Glee Club, of which he was conductor, and has also been organist and choirmaster of the R.C.A.F. Chapel. The weekly symphonic hours in the hospital lounge, which he started, have a very faithful and appreciative audience, and since its inception "Gene" has built up a library of over two hundred classical recordings.

Besides his musical activities, Eugene was a valuable prop and mainstay of the station dramatic club, which owes much to his quiet encouragement. He has also been responsible for the showing of three weekly movies, in the hospital on Thursdays, the Officers' Mess on Wednesday's and one on the R.A.F. side for civilians on Friday.

After his trials and headaches, booking travelling entertainment troupes for Gander, and dealing with tickets for them, "Gene" feels as if running Toronto's Royal Alexandra would be a cinch. Among the shows



that have come during his stay are the "Life-Buoy Follies" the R.C.A.F. "All Clear Show," an R.C.A.F. concert unit, and the last, well-remembered "Meet the Navy." He also organized a bridge club which meets weekly in the hospital lounge.

"Gene" Hill says he has enjoyed his stay in Gander, but he feels he has been here long enough, and he is looking forward to his stay in Great Britain, where he spent some time before the war. Gander will say good bye to him with regret, but wishes him all the luck in the world on his new posting.

## ANOTHER TRAIN OF THOUGHT

BY F. O. HY STEIRMAN

Yippee! Leave . . . 14 days of it . . . Yippee!

Rush . . . pack . . . clearances . . . pay . . . mainland . . . whew . . . on the train at last homeward bound. Hurry train, hurry! The gals in Montreal can hardly wait. Gosh look at the rain outside; pretty, eh what? Yah, here it looks good, Who cares if it rains, we only complain when we're back at the station.

Boy, what a looker sitting in the other seat. Nope won't give her a tumble, I must be **true** to both my fiancées. Yum is she ever an armful . . . hurry train, hurry, I haven't got all year, just 14 delicious, delovely days.

Why do we have to stop at each little jerk-water town. I'm not on Air Force time now, I'm travelling on my leave and every minute counts.

Gol darn it, I can't read, it must be time to eat; why we're only outside the city suburbs and an hour and 15 minutes have gone by already. At this rate I'll spend all my leave on the train . . . Hey . . . CONDUCTOR.

14 Days Later

Woe is me, look how fast we're going. The railway people must be working for the Air Force. They try to get us back a few hours earlier so's we can go to work at once . . . Ouch my head. I knew I had one too many.

Don't rock the train like that, I'm trying to sleep. Oops, S'cuse me Mishter. Oh, H'lo C'nductor, I'm going back to where I come from, 'n I won't tell you cause it's a military secret . . . Ouch my head.

H'lo Blondie, gee, you're kinda cute? Wanna read my magazine, hunh, willya, hunh? Say you've got big blue eyes. How's about you sitting here with me, hunh? We could make beautiful music together . . .

I'm sorry I toldya, pardon me . . . I didn't mean it, honest. No harm intended. I didn't know she was your wife . . . and you're so big and strong . . . OUCH!

Here already conductor, why I got on less than an hour ago . . .



## BASKETEERS SOFTBALL CHAMPS



### APOLOGIES EXTENDED

We wish to take this opportunity to extend our most humble apologies to the "Dumbo Basketeers" for our mistake in the last issue when the semi-finals were written up as the finals.

The story behind this bunch of happy characters goes back to the spring of 1944. The setting is a steam filled locker room, and five guys named Moe, who have just won the station Basketball Championship, are trying to figure out how to stay in condition until the next season rolls around. One of the boys suggested forming a Softball team, which was thought a good idea by the rest. How good an idea it was is evident by the above picture, showing the Basketeers Gander Softball Champs.

Back Row—L. to R.:

Gordie Bain, fielder, since posted, played heads up ball throughout the season.

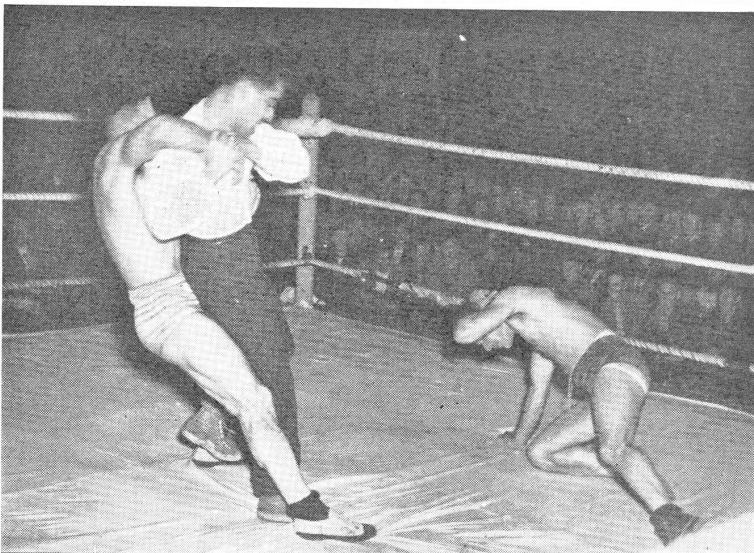
Gus Beaudais, shortstop, selected for station all-star team. This is his second softball Championship in a row.

Alfie Scopp, fielder, organized and named the team. Also was one of the original basketball five.

Harvie Paradis, the voice, did a capable job as a supporting player.

Bob Farrell, pitcher and clean-up hitter, was another of the original

(Continued on page 29)

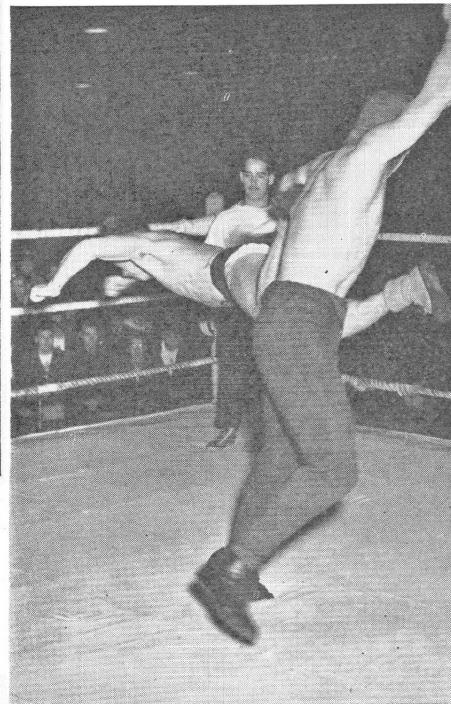


Proving there is never a dull moment in our wrestling nights, Bob Gagnon, referee and Smitty mix things up while Martel takes five on the mat. The crowd, just a small portion of the 800 odd attending, seem to be going for this in a big way.





Different people show different emotions, while the girls smile, scream, and swoon, the lone male pictured looks as though the performance leaves him cold.



Round and round he goes and where he'll stop nobody knows—Hap Day takes a fine action shot, Garype being sent for a ride by the Purple Phantom. There's no ill feelings remaining between Len Parkhouse and Marty Martel, but just wait until they get together in the ring again.

## SPORTLIGHTS

### Boxing

If attendance is any indication of an events popularity the boxing show held in the Drill Hall was a huge success.

First bout for the night was Hussereau vs Brill, with Brill coming out on top by a small margin.

A Newfoundland boy, Cameron, scored a surprise upset by taking Anderson who is a ranking Western middle weight.

Final bout for the night was an action packed slug-feat with Andy Best punching out a technical K.O. over Spencer.

All in all the 800 fans that came out to cheer their favorites agreed that it was a fine way to spend the night at the Gander.

A vote of thanks should go to Cpl. Wilson for putting on the show.

### Wrestling

Fans who follow the grunt and groan game, and there are many of them in the Gander, had themselves a fine time at the recent Wrestling Show.

While the Masked Marvels, Purple Phantoms, etc., were knocking themselves out in the ring, the fans cheered, whistled, clapped and yelled 'FAKE.' The Masked Marvel (Len Parkhouse) received a broken collar bone and four busted ribs in one bout which ought to show the fans that these boys weren't fooling.

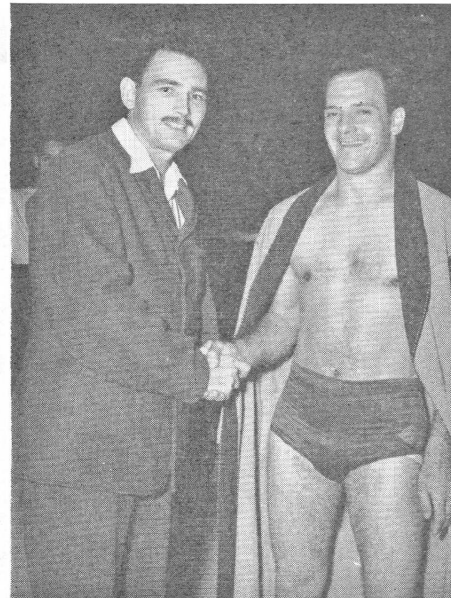
The Purple Phantom managed to tie Jerry Garype into a human pretzel and then sat on him. This was enough to win the bout for the P.P. It was a hard fight all the way and especially hard on the women in the audience.

In the second bout Marty Martell and Harold Smith forgot their personal grievances long enough to oool their resources for a battle royal with the referee. In this event everybody got into the act with the referee ending up on top by calling the bout no contest. This bout was a tremendous success with the crowd.

Last event of the night saw a new champion crowned. Rib Ribberdy defeated Strangler Murdock to become Gander's Heavy Weight, King of the Burp and Bouncers. George Miles announced the bouts and Bob Gagnon refereed.

### Basketball

It would appear by the pre-season style being flashed around the  
(Continued on page 29)





## YES MA'AM

by LAW SUE JACOBS

The Staff of the Gander Magazine, and your scribe in particular, welcomed our former W. D. Editor, Eleanore Martin, now A/S/O Martin, who returned to Gander on temporary duty from the Department of Public Relations, AFHQ. It was her job, in the few days she spent here, to write impressions of the station—and who wouldn't welcome the opportunity to say exactly what he or she thinks of Gander? The fact that she sports a ring on her sleeve instead of a prop has not changed her at all. We have it on good authority that when she entered her old room in the W.D. barracks, so many people tried to get through the door to say "hello" that there was a serious traffic jam.

We tried to interview her in a professional manner for this column, but somehow we couldn't adopt a very serious attitude, considering that we spent the first 8 months of our respective service careers keeping track of one another. She confessed that she misses station life,



and that the contrast between Gander and AFHQ is in many ways favorable to the former. She was entertained one afternoon at a tea in the W.D. lounge, and in turn entertained her hostesses with tales of life "in the outside world." We finally asked her for some comment on the W.D.'s, and she replied "I hear they're wearing blue this winter—and you can quote me on that." Welcome back to Gander, Eleanore, we wish you'd come oftener and stay longer.

## STUFF 'N' THINGS

Once again the W.D.'s are tripping the light fantastic in the Drill Hall—and as usual it's more fantastic than light. Every Monday evening the doors are hermetically sealed while we indulge in anything from swinging on a star—pardon, we mean a bar—to skipping rope. A few more normal activities like badminton and swimming are included, but personally, we are looking forward to a rousing game of jacks 'n' ball next Monday.

The W.D. barracks have been stormed by more than bats lately. An even more terrifying invasion occurred recently, necessitated the "story of a W.D.'s life" in pictures. S/O Bjornson constituted the advance guard of the operation, and was assisted by Ye Ed, F/O Steirman, and F/S "Hap" Day, the man with the camera. As reconnaissance scout, Miss Bjornson's efforts weren't always successful. At one point, a shriek of terror followed the opening of a door. "Hy" and "Hap" slammed the door, and stood outside wondering just what they should do next. The question was answered as the door opened cautiously, a head peered out: "Well, why didn't you tell us you were here?"

By now most of us have experimented with at least one of the new-style (collar-attached) issue shirts. The general consensus of opinion seems to be that, while it is nice to eliminate the search for collar studs on cold dark mornings, there is still something to be desired. Whoever cut those shirts probably didn't know much about girls. We have tried, without success, to think of a way to detach some of the material from the extra-long sleeves, and add it to the almost non-existent shirt-tails. Some day the powers that be will get tired of seeing us stuff them back into our skirts at frequent intervals, and then it will be G.I. to wear them Sloppy Joe style.

### LINES INSPIRED BY A NOTICE IN THE W. D. BARRACKS

*Alack—Alas—no song—no tune—  
The end has come—no more perfume.  
We've given all and glamorized  
To "send" the boys less Ganderized,  
But fate steps in with ruling hand—  
Waves the wand and stops the band.  
Alack—Alas—no moon—no croon—  
We girls can wear no more perfume.*

D. H. M.

## A. W. D. AT THE WRESTLING

by Molly O. Brown

The more wrestling matches I go to the more I am convinced that the secret of a successful wrestling career is not so much the ability to wrap your opponent up in his own arms and legs without breaking anything important or toss him effortlessly out of the ring, as the possession of a keen sense of comedy and drama. If not, why does a 115 pound wrestler light into a 225 pound referee and try to throw him out of the ring? And how come a wrestler whom you have seen apparently ruined for a week at least greets you gaily in the Mess Hall the morning after the fight, obviously sound in wind and limb. And why do some wrestlers seem to go out of their way to obtain the disapproval of the spectators if not because, like some movie actors, they have found that it pays to play the heavy villain.

Take Slim, for instance. He looks as if he'd had it. After a fall that shook the drill hall, he drags himself slowly to his feet, hind end first, like a cow. Someone in the crowd yells "Sock 'im in the Guts, Slim!" and in obedience to the command of his public Slim's feet lash out backwards and catch Bernie neatly and efficiently in the breadbasket, knocking him gasping into the ropes. A few seconds later he gets his own back when, seated comfortably in the small of Slim's back he apparently tries systematically to remove toes, fingers and other permanent fixtures.

The ref is part of the show too. Otherwise, why that admonishing forefinger, and the stern frown of a parent scolding a naughty eight year old. And why else does he toss a pint-sized actor—I mean rassler—back into the ring like an armful of old clothes, if not to get his share of the laughs.

My father used to say that fights were no place for a lady. Well, maybe I'm no lady. Anyway I always did have a low taste for slap-stick comedy and I'm firmly convinced that a session of hearty yelling is as good for adult lungs as it is supposed to be for babies. Of course, if I didn't firmly believe that it was nothing but a good show I wouldn't go. Imagine what those guys could do if they really meant business. I have, however, one dire foreboding. One day one of those wrestlers is going to lose his dignity—and his bathing trunks—in the ring.



## Wedding Bells



The softly lighted R.C.A.F. Chapel was the setting for the wedding of LAW Lola M. Martell and Lt. A. St. Louis at five p.m. on September 28th, 1944.

With the late afternoon sun shining through the windows, Col. J. Plamondon gave the bride in marriage. The Wedding Mass was performed by Capt. W. Marin, Padre.

A floor length white wedding gown with a finger tip veil was worn by LAW Martell. Her bridesmaid, Cpl. E. Marsh, wore powder blue with a matching veil held in place by pink velvet flowers. Maj. T. H. Harvey acted as best man.

At the conclusion of the ceremony Lt. and Mrs. St. Louis passed through a guard of honor formed by brother officers of the groom and left by car for the army camp, where a reception was held.

The toast to the bride was proposed by the Commanding Officer, Col. J. Plamondon, and replied to, by Lt. St. Louis, on behalf of his wife.

After the reception the bride and groom left for a short honeymoon at Grand Falls.

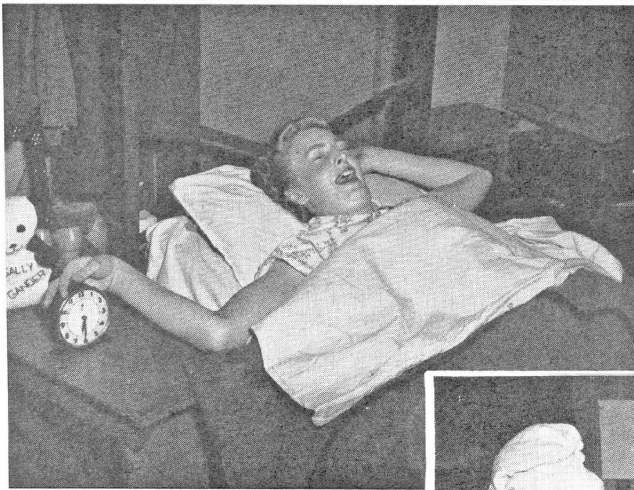
Faced with mutiny and insubordination our lovable Editor-in-Chief, still protesting, is running our little cartoon. It all happened at a recent dance (our Editor using his Press card). Truth is stranger than fiction and two beautiful damsels planted two perfect cupid's bows on our Editor's cheeks. Seeing is believing and 'Lovable' still has the evidence on his handkerchief which he has added to his collection of booty.

# *A Day in the Life of a W. D. at Gander*

Photography—F/S Hap Day  
Story—F/O Hy Steirman

The Women's Division have been on this station for over two years, and a day in the life of any W.D. would typify the work and pastimes of the others. Naturally temperament, personalities, night shifts, looks, etc. enter into the thing, so we have chosen an average girl. Typical of the many W.D.'s at Gander is LAW Molly Hartell. Molly, a pert natural blonde from Turner Valley, Alberta, has seen 16 months on this station.

Molly works at the huge laundry, that keeps the men and women at this base, smart looking. Although only 22 years old, Molly has been in the service one and a half years. During her stay here, her travels have included five day passes to Grand Falls and one furlough home. Her hobbies are, horseback riding, badminton, bowling and embroidery.



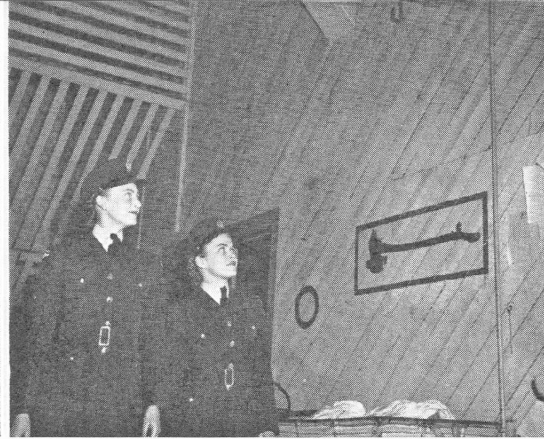
"Oh How I hate to get up in the morning . . ." well 0630 hours is a little rough, especially when you'd like another 10 minutes in bed. But Molly has had her seven hours of beauty rest, and she sleeps on the bottom bunk of a double-decker.

Washing away the early morning blues is an every day occurrence, but there's always lots of good natured ribbing, to start the day off right. From left to right in the foreground are: Molly, Sue Jacobs and Tony Browne. In the background are Mary Hardy and Audrey McEwan.





Honest, we thought we'd never see the day, but seeing is believing and there it is, "Glamour in Lisle Stockings" (at 0645 hours).



Work is one mile from the mess hall, and Molly and her chum LAW Mary Suffisick get to work just in the nick of time.



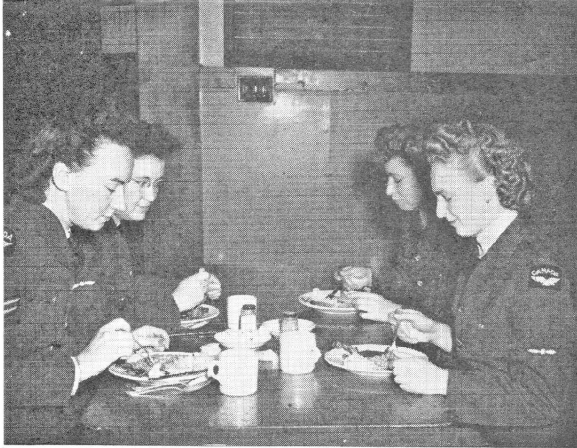
Molly's work as checker is to ensure that the bundles go to their correct owners, and in a neatly wrapped package. Sergeant in the background is Harry Shea.

Today's noon day meal consists of "One Thousand and One." Molly reaches for her helping, and I am sure the smile on her face comes from the three letters just received.



On her way to lunch, Molly stops off at the Post Office. Only two things can make a beautiful girl smile, male or mail. In this instance, that genuine grin was caused by three letters.





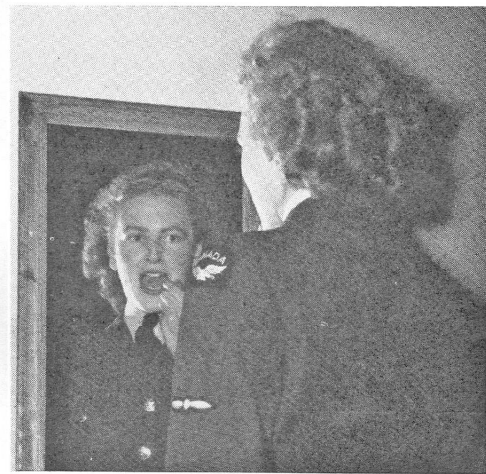
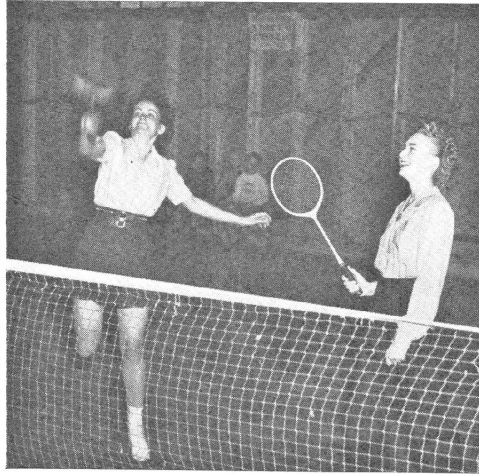
Eating their potatoes, beans and bacon, and "chewing the fat" are Cpl. Jean Simmonds, LAW Mary Hardy, LAW Polly Cunningham and Molly.



When the day's work is o'er and supper has been stowed away, Molly flakes (relaxes) on her bunk with Smitty (the cat) in her arms.

At 1800 hours, Molly and LAW Val Thompson, get into a game of badminton doubles, in the gymnasium. The three little spectators are Newfoundland children.

Molly has a date at 2015 hours, so she is seen here prettying up for her beau. (Date may be show, dance, party, or just a walk.)



It's 2200 hours and we see . . . guess who? Although W.D.'s are allowed out until 2230 hours. Molly gets in earlier as she must be at work on time next morning. Molly has a "steady" boy friend but he wants his name and face to remain a military secret. This is a discreet time to say Good-night . . . and God bless you.

# DUMBO

## SQUADRON JOE

BY LAC "ALFIE" SCOPP



There was an awful noise in my ear and I woke up to hear VORG's morning program. I figured I'd better listen to hear what's for breakfast. Y'know, it seems that we're not allowed to say what we're having for our early morning repast. This is for security reasons—the cooks' security. But Bob Harvie, our radio announcer is a pretty sharp guy and he's figured out a code.

If the first number on the program is by Benny Goodman we have boiled eggs; Artie Shaw, Pancakes; Harry James, fried eggs; Dinah Shore stands for bacon but I bet she wouldn't stand for ours. Andre Kostelanetz stands for something special like when the inspector general is visiting. The most popular guy is Kay Kyser of course, because he means powdered eggs. They say these eggs are supposed to taste like the real stuff, but I'll bet there isn't a chicken in the world who would admit she is the mother of a plateful. But that, as Jimmie Durante would say, "is neither Besame nor Mucho." If Bob Harvie just says "This is Bob Harvie" we know it means ham for breakfast.

Anyhow I lay in my bunk and I figure should I lie on my sack or get up. It's half past seven and I must be at work by eight. So I lie there and I figure how nice the sack feels, I say to myself, "Three minutes to dress, ten minutes to wash, two minutes to get to the mess hall, ten minutes to wait in line, one minute and a half to eat and three and a half to get to the hangar." Then I say "What's the good of washing, I'll only get dirty again," so I stay there till twenty to eight then I figure which'll do me more good, a warm, comfortable body building, highly gratifying stay in bed—or breakfast."

I'm wondering what to do when some Joe Erk opens a window. Now it's been a mild winter this summer but that first shiver is enough to make me see it's an easy win for the sack, in the Battle of Bunk over Breakfast. Finally I get up and dress. In our room everybody throws their clothes in a pile and the first one up is best dressed. So I look like a very sad character indeed as I amble over to the hangar. Right away everyone is asking questions. The Flight says "Why weren't you here at eight o'clock?" I look him straight in the eye and say "Flight, I was barrack Joe." He says "You fellas sure keep your room clean, you're the fourth guy from room nine that told me he was barracks joe today. Well, seeing as you fellas like to do things go round to the back of the hangar and move the oil barrels."

All of a sudden I don't feel so good. This Oil barrel business bothers all the boys. You see, every day some

sergeant comes into work and decides that the oil barrels need moving. It does not matter which side the barrels are on, they've got to be moved to the other side. Maybe it's because they're mad because (a) they didn't get a letter from the wife, (b) they got a letter from the wife, (c) they missed breakfast, (d) they had breakfast.

After the flight leaves us to our work we change the date on the flight's calendar to tomorrow, when he comes back he looks at the calendar, thinks it's tomorrow, looks at the barrels, and figures their back to where they should be. This may sound dizzy but it isn't nearly so dizzy as some of the things our sergeant's tell us.

At dinner-time we hike for the feed shack. There is a new man with us and when we walk by the airmen's side he wants to know why we don't go in that side. Naturally, no one answers. "Whatsamatter?" he says, "is the food better on the girls' side?" We just keep walking. "I know," he says, "You just want to give the girls a chance to see you, you handsome brutes." Now it is never put so crudely in our set, so quick like we give this guy the brush. Then we go in and get in line.

While in line we spend our time watching the women, commenting on the meal, etc. By and by we get to the serving line. Today's menu includes mystery meat, a type of ground up meat with a pile of ground still in it. The girls behind the counter are taking a beating but they wear their usual smiles. We are beefing because the soup is as cold as our F/Sgt's heart when the orderly officer comes and asks for complaints. Suddenly everybody loves the meal. The officer sits down and eats dinner with great pleasure, which surprises everybody but me, because I can see that every now and then he takes a bite out of a lovely pork chop he has thoughtfully placed inside his jacket. This is what is called "unusual initiative."

Next we head for the canteen where we order western sandwiches (two slices of bread with wide open spaces between). Then we head for the hangar and work. The working part cannot be mentioned as naturally it's a very closely guarded secret. In fact it's so secret that my sergeant has yet to find out what I do.

(To be continued by popular request—next issue)

# RADIO RANCH

BY GRACE H. BABBITT

Why it was called Radio Ranch I had no idea, until the day Hap and I went out to see it. At least one good reason was evident to us as we drew up to the gate—the lot was surrounded by a high board fence, so that the enclosure had somewhat the appearance of a corral.

We were ushered into the guard house to sign the book, and at a glance guessed at what we were later to find to be a fact, that this was the social gathering place for the personnel of the Ranch. There were of course, pin ups on the walls, complemented by a picture of some relative of Atlas. The usual Air Force furnishings, bunks, etc., were supplemented by a pair of lead (?) dumbbells and a rather tired looking stove. All considered it was rather a cosy set up.

After we had registered we went out to see the grounds. It was a bright sunny day and the officers and men congregated on the lawn for Hap to photograph them. I might mention right now that the lawn is beautiful. The grass is as thick and fine and green as any you'd see anywhere, and they did it themselves too. Aside from a little trouble collecting the current mascots, a dog and a cat, and getting them to pose politely, in the midst of which endeavors the cat settled everything by stalking off by itself, everything went according to plan. Whereupon Hap went off on business of his own, and S/L Hill proceeded to tell me a little about Radio Ranch.

The boys are on duty there all seasons, in all weather, day and night, 'just in case' anything should ever happen. They hope of course, for the sake of the others involved, that nothing will, yet at the same time look forward to any occurrence that will break the deadening monotony, any opportunity for them to really use their training.

He recalled a morning when a strange aircraft missed the base after many hours of airborne time spent crossing the Atlantic, and sent out calls for help. Radio Ranch came to its aid at once, and showed it the location of the airport.

Further proof of the efficiency and value of the staff was shown one stormy night when they received word that a diverted aircraft had failed to arrive at its destination long after its maximum endurance time was up, and it was evidently down in the sea, or somewhere in the bush. Combining the information they were able to obtain, the Ranch boys gave a position from which to search which was so accurate that the probable area was narrowed down to a third its size, and the rescue party quickly found the lost aircraft.

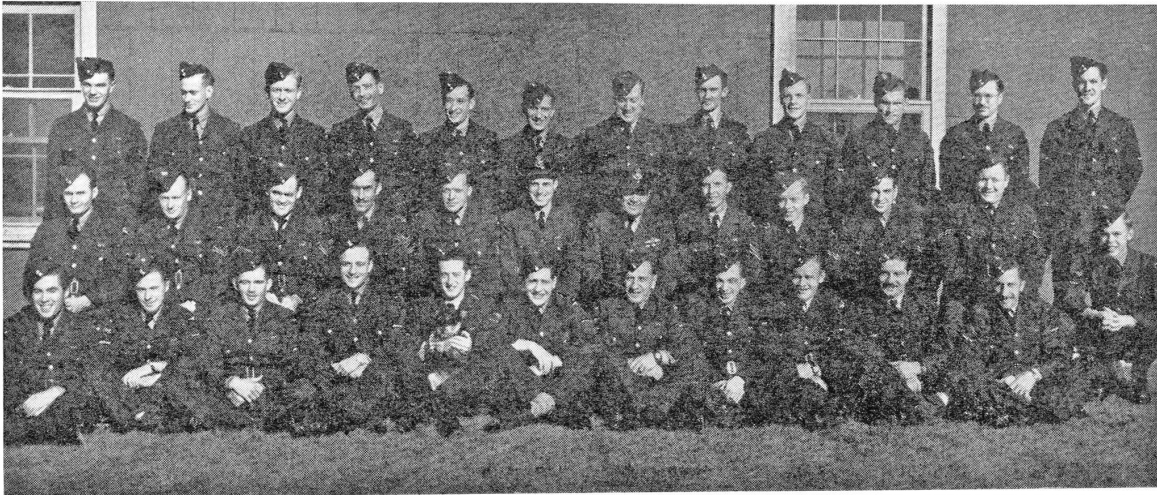
They don't limit their good deeds to aircraft and aircrew. One wild night last winter, when the wind was blowing 90 miles an hour, a jeep stuck in the snow half a mile past the Ranch. Its three occupants waded through the waist high drifts to Radio Ranch, for help. The Ranch boys went out, dug out the jeep and brought it back.

Radio Ranch is located quite a distance from the station, and with the winter weather we have here in Newfoundland—high winds and drifting snow—there have been many times when the Ranch boys had to really struggle to get there themselves. Nevertheless they have a record that, under the circumstances, it pretty hard to beat, for only once has a shift been late. When the car can't get through the boys get out and walk, and it's a long walk, believe me.

Before we left they invited us to have tea, and  
(Continued on page 32)

Front row L. to R.: LAC Williams L.A., LAC Cowie J.D., LAC Tomasson W., LAC Somers R.J., LAC Taylor R.E., LAC Sugar A., LAC Tarnow C., LAC Christopherson W., LAC Cotnam R.V., AC2 Bellemare J.O., LAC Bergeron J.  
Middle row L. to R.: LAC Armstrong R.E., Cpl. Bail J.W., Cpl. Tackney J.G., Sgt. Lacombe F., F/Sgt. Hansen R.H., F/O Noble W.H., S/L Hill C.E., Sgt. Ingram K.N., Cpl. Grant J.W., Cpl. Whitehouse W.G., Cpl. Kelly D.S., LAC Malloch C.C.  
Back row L. to R.: Cpl. McAllister W.J., LAC Whitfield S., LAC Young B.N., LAC Cohen H., LAC Davis W.J., LAC Kelly A.F., AC2 Parman E., LAC Grills L.D., LAC Elder R.B., LAC Bear R., LAC MacNeil H.A., LAC Hayman G.

Dog—Josephine





## R.C.A.F. TRIO

by Eugene Hill

Last week, a new entertainment group came to Gander. It was the R.C.A.F. Trio, three lads with musical attainments of a high order. On the last lap of a tour of the Island, the boys landed here from Botwood by the famous R.C.A.F. special one evening at six o'clock. By eight o'clock, they were treading the boards of the Legion stage for the boys of the Canadian Army. Then followed appearances in the R.C.A.F. Theatre, the USAAF Theatre, the NCO's and Officers' Messes of the R.C.A.F., the Officers' Mess of the Canadian Army and a Concert in the R.C.A.F. Chapel. By special request, the Trio also gave a Concert at the RAFTC. So ended a busy week of music making "on the Gander," as the natives say.

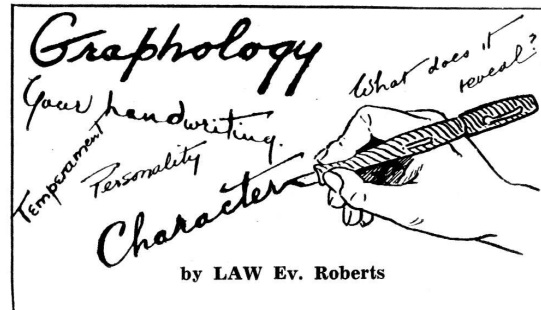
Colin Bray, corporal, and "daddy" of the Trio, is possessor of a fine baritone voice and twice toured Canada with the Imperial Three Star Entertainers. He has had considerable experience in Concert, radio and light opera work and just before joining up appeared in a production of "Naughty Marietta." He enlisted as a rigger in 1942 and after a year and a half re-mustered as an Entertainer and has been singing ever since.

The violinist was Philip Puchtiar, a native of Toronto. At 16 he won the gold medal for violin at the Canadian National Exhibition and also the Rose Bowl trophy at the London Musical Festival. Since then he has made many appearance in concert and on the radio.



Glen Geary, pianist, is a Vancouverite. As a student he won top honors in the Vancouver Musical Festival and later attained a fine reputation as accompanist and soloist in concert and radio. He enlisted as a bandsman and played in the Camp Borden R.C.A.F. Band for two years. For the past nine months, he has been touring as an Entertainer.

The Trio certainly made a warm spot for themselves in the hearts of many "Ganderites" and we wish them bon voyage and may they return again soon.



Sounds stuffy, doesn't it? Don't be alarmed—it's just a name for the Science of Analyzing character from handwriting. Notice please—it's a **Science**. Many people seem to think it's in the same category as tea-cup reading, fortunes by cards, etc. But it's not. It's an old, old subject; the Greeks and the Chinese studied it centuries ago—the Italians and French studied it in the days of the Renaissance. Today it is taught as a special subject in many U. S. Universities. Many large firms employ a graphologist. This accounts for many ads. which contain the request "Applicants will please make applications in their own handwriting."

But you're probably not interested in these details. You're wondering maybe why the girl friend dots her i's with a little circle, instead of just an ordinary dot, or why she writes with a large margin at the top of the page, which narrows towards the end.

Or perhaps you wonder why the boy friend's writing runs up hill, or why he underscores his signature. All these things and more you'll know I hope, before this series of articles is complete. There'll be one in each issue of the Gander for a while. For a good specimen to analyze there should be at least twenty lines written in ink on a large sheet of paper.

The first thing to notice is the margin. Margins and spacing reveal artistic tastes. Musical and artistic appreciation are shown by wide margins.

Besides showing good taste, margins also indicate a tendency towards thrift or extravagance. For instance a wide margin on the left side of the sheet with a fair sized margin on the right, indicates extravagance or an inclination to spend generously.

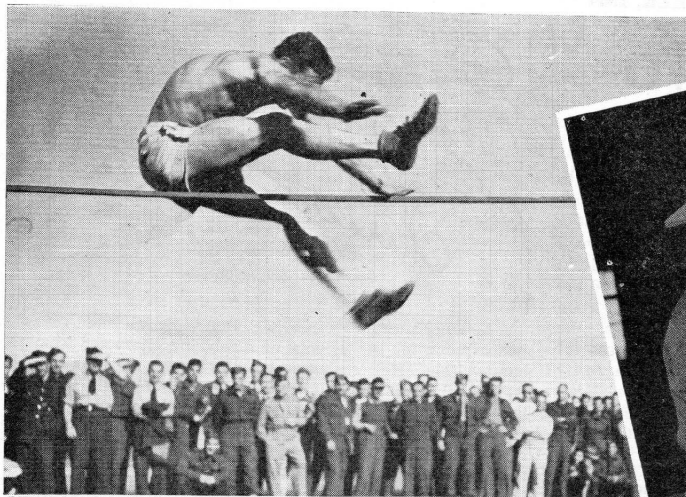
When the margin on the right is wider than the one on the left, it shows a forced inclination toward thrift. If on the other hand the left margin is very wide, and there's scarcely any margin at the right, it reveals a "penny wise and pound foolish person." Maybe you've noticed a left hand margin wide at the top and gradually tapering to hardly any at the bottom of the page. This writer has an innate sense of thrift which subconsciously overcomes tendencies toward extravagance.

When the reverse of this is found in the margin the writer is instinctively generous, has good taste, and has through training or circumstances learned to check himself.

Wide though disorderly margins are an indication of poor judgment, an unreliable and disorderly sense of beauty.

Never judge margins on a post card or small sheet of paper. Don't be too alarmed if you find your margins are narrow. Air Mail letters, Wartime paper salvage and other present day circumstances tend to make margins diminish.

That's all the space for this time folks. In the next issue we'll continue from here.



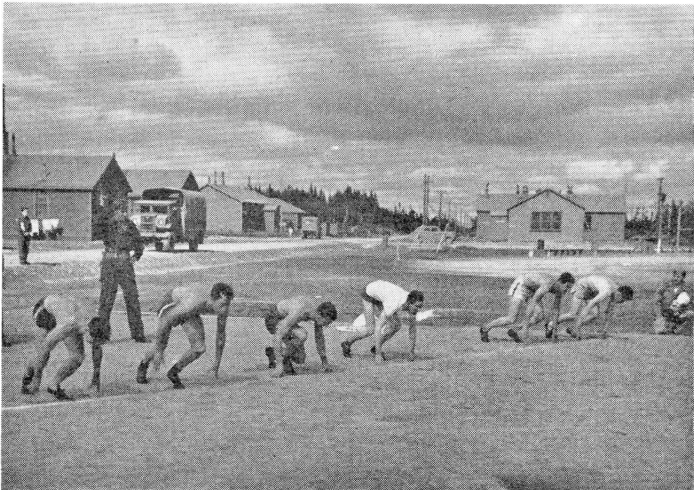
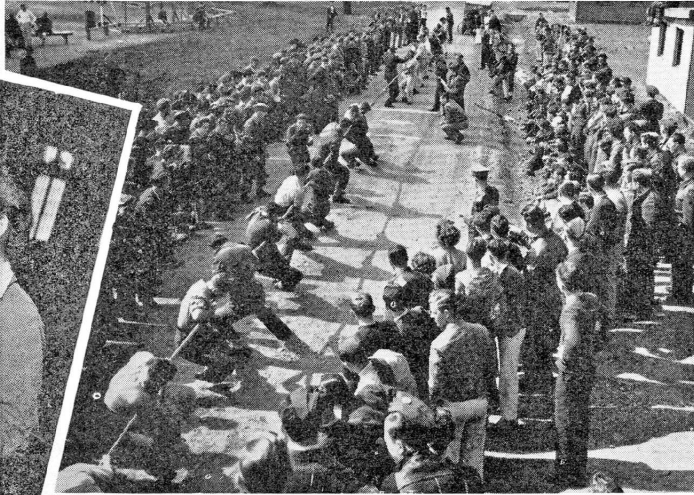
## TRACK

The weather was as keen as the competition promised to be. From all the various sections of the camp fans arrived to be on hand to cheer their Track and Field representatives.

The Meet started with a parade of all the athletes marching to the music of the Army Air Force's Band. The parade was reviewed by the Commanding Officers of the R.C.A.F. and the Canadian Army.

The R.C.A.F. team rolled up a total of 57 points to finish a close second behind the Americans, taking 7 firsts and 5 seconds. Highest scorer of the meet was Leadbeater with 19¼ points. Also scoring for the R.C.A.F. team were Karl, Day, Weiselberg, Hollaway, Weaver, Scopp, Roberts, Dawkins, Sutherland and Bradley.

The tug-of-war was one of the most exciting events of the day, with the R.C.A.F. brawn pitted against the Canadian Army, the R.C.A.F. coming out on top.



## MEET

Our W.D.'s lent a touch of color to the meet in special events scheduled for them. AW1 LaRogue won the High Jump, AW1 Peewee Clark the Broad Jump, and LAW Spademan showed a fleet pair of heels to the others in taking the 60 yard dash.

Thanks are due to Capt. Evans and S/Sgt. Joe Dimaggio of the Americans, Mr. E. M. Way of the Canadian Army, Capt. Dennis of the Legion and F/O. Miller of the R. C. A. F. for the help in planning and running the show. It was a great meet and more international and inter-service meets in other sports are being eagerly looked forward to.

A track post script may be added saying that because of their fine showing a four man team was selected to help represent the R.C.A.F. at a meet being held at a nearby allied base. The men put on a great show gathering 2 firsts, 2 seconds and third, fifth and sixth.

# A Page of Poetry

## WHY I AM A BACHELOR

by F/O Hy Steirman

*The wrath of love did forge a link,  
In soul and mind I did despair,  
In mental anguish I did think,  
That fury was a maiden fair.*

*I reminisce and visualize.  
Did God create this superb dream?  
The depth, the beauty of her eyes,  
Imparting such a sparkling gleam.*

*Could I have known that this was masque?  
Or have suspicion of a plot?  
Had I the foresight but to ask;  
Perhaps 'twas meant to be my lot.*

*A gay hello!—two hearts beat one,  
A mystic twinkle in that glance,  
She bids adieu—and I was won,  
Bewitched with magic of romance.*

*We meet again! time marches on—  
I am in love; Oh bliss! Oh rapture!  
The world's afire. My hate is gone,  
And all's set for me to capture.*

*'Twas then I asked her for her hand,  
'Twas then I heard the fateful story,  
She'd up and wed another man,  
With much more fame and gold and glory.*

*My vision then began to crumble,  
Mur'drous schemes I did construe,  
Soliloquising I did mumble,  
"The day we met I'll always rue."*

*Each pulse beat to that heart of mine  
Says, "Single you will always be,"  
Each beat a tick in father time  
Doth signify, no love for me.*

*And now I thank the stars above  
Who did preserve my woeful fate,  
In keeping me away from love,  
When cupid came a little late.*

*How speedily the time doth flit,  
Whene'er I meet a wily—she.  
But—now I loveth with my wit,  
And a Bachelor I will always be!*

## AREN'T WE ALL

by Molly O. Brown

*Am I gaumless, grim, and gruesome,  
That once was young and fair?  
Do I pick the ganderberries  
From the liquid Gander air?*

*Has my brass that Gander glitter  
That is green as Newfie grass,  
Do I tear Grand Falls to pieces  
On a roaring five-day pass?*

*Do I search the lists of postings,  
Desperation in my eyes?  
Do I look as if I've had it?  
Well I have—I'm ganderized!*

## MATHEMATICS

*Please return whatever I've sent,  
I've no idea where my two new shirts went,  
Socks, and hankies and underwear too,  
Have been "Reported Missing" since visiting you.  
I assure you I wouldn't make half as much fuss  
If instead of minus it came back plus.  
So if new customers you wish to attract,  
Please learn to add instead of subtract.*

## VICTORIA CROSS MADE FROM ENEMY CANNON

Most exalted of all decorations given the armed forces for heroism is the Victoria Cross.

It was established in 1856 by Queen Victoria, on the suggestion of the Prince Consort, as a reward for individual acts of supreme gallantry by either officers or men.

In the royal warrant it was ordained that "the cross shall only be awarded to those officers or men who have served us in the presence of the enemy, and shall have performed some signal act of valour or devotion to their country."

The cross is of modest bronze, cast from captured cannon. On the obverse is the royal crest of a lion above the British crown with a ribbon beneath it inscribed "for valour." On the back of the suspender from which the cross hangs is recorded the name, rank and other particulars of the recipient. The back of the cross carries a record of the act for which the decoration was awarded. The holder is entitled to V.C. after his name.

In the event that it is won twice by one man a replica cross is added to the ribbon. This has happened only twice in the approximately 1,000 times it has been given.



Left to Right are the Gander Hillbillies:—Wilf Maki, Norman Quibell, Jim Adams and Larry Hamilton.

## Gander Hillbillies

"We like mountain music,  
Good old mountain music,  
Played by a real Hillbillie band!"

Our Gander Hillbillies may not boast of coming from the hills of Virginny or even from the plains of old Wyoming, but Wilf, Centre Punch, Larry and Quib set Gander toes tapping every Tuesday and Thursday night as the "Cavalcade of Corn" is transmitted over the air. Who are these minstrels?

Wilf Maki brings his piano accordion from Redditt, Ontario. He played the sax in the local orchestra or doubled on the violin for old time tunes. While roaming around on construction and freighting jobs, he began taking an interest in the piano accordion and that same squeeze fiddle has been heard as far north as James Bay. After the construction of the Trans-Canada highway, he moved to the mining town of Geraldton, Ontario. Here he played in the Goldfield Band and in the local orchestra.

Jim Adams is better known as the "Centre Punch." He has farmed or worked at mechanics all his life in Listowel, Ontario. In 1940-41 our fiddling wizard won a prize for trick fiddling at an old time dance band in Toronto, Manning Depot. VORG is not his first experience at playing over the radio. He has played over CKNX Wingham, Ontario, and in the Fingal Old Time Band.

Larry Hamilton began his career as a trapper and tourist guide around Madawaska, Ontario. Later he worked in the Upper Canada and Yama Gold Mines at Kirkland Lake. It was at these mines that Larry played in orchestras and tried out his vocal organs. As well as taking an interest in music, Larry is interested in sports. He has done considerable boxing, plays a good game of tennis and is a softball pitcher. He is also the only married man in the group.

Norman Quibell, nick-named "Quib" accompanies Larry's guitar with his own. Though he has led a quiet life in Gander, he can boast of a varied life. "Quib" calls Rimouski, Quebec, his home town and is one of the

## JAILO AGAIN

I'm writing this from a certain secluded spot and I don't mean "deep in the heart of Texas." At present my favorite song is "In My Solitude." I'd like to tell you where I am but my jailers won't let me.

You'll be happy to know I've received my stripes. I took a picture in them but they insisted on placing a number round my neck. The meal is fine. Lotsa variety. One day water and bread—next day bread and water. One Sunday we had raisin bread, or I thought it was until I saw one of the raisins walking.

Say, you heard of the old pine tree? Well they didn't build a coffin out of it, they made a bed. I know, I'm sleeping on it! Please send some sand-paper, if not send a mattress. But I guess I'll be O.K. I'm learning to sleep with the grain. A guy slept here one evening and the next day he wrote a hit song called "Bruise in the night."

The work here is very interesting. At present I am engaged in research, seeing how far down under the dirt the floor is. Today I uncovered two gophers. I must have broken up a romance because I heard one say to the other "I could Gopher you in a big way." Up at five a.m. and pile bricks till 12 p.m. From 12 to 12.05 p.m. it's my rest period and I can do anything I want. Then I go back to work and unpile the bricks. My friend the S.P. says that this will help me learn how to build my own house and says I ought to name my house after him. I received another three days because I started to sing, "I'll Never Mansion Your Name." As you can see this place hasn't affected me, much.

I guess I'll have to sign off now because it's awful uncomfortable writing this way. You see, when I came in they gave me a lovely set of bracelets as a gift but my jailer is keeping the key.

Your Par' Ole Friend.

P.S.—Please get someone in the mess to bake me a cake with a file in it.

P.P.S.—Please send another file to get inside the cake.

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original members of the St. Anthony Mines Hot Shots. He has worked as a freighter at the Mines and a mechanic for the Department of Transport. He played guitar and banjo for the Falcon Bridge Gold Mine Orchestra. While on furlough "Quib" haunted the Aragon Dance Hall in Winnipeg.

The Hillbillies all arrived in Gander around July 1943. They were all quartered in one of the distant barracks and spent the evenings entertaining the boys. At that time VORG was just passing the experimental stage and it was suggested that the Hillbillies have a program. It came to pass and although the boys took a rest during the summer they are now back on the air, playing jigs and reels that have all the characteristics of Korn.

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**BUY ANOTHER BOND**



Cpl. Clark beating his brains out while LAC Moxie Whitney (the guitarist) would love to help him.



Swinging from the rings is curvacious LAW Peggy Wiscombe. Need we say more?

Lovely Monica Phalen (Dental Assistant) tries her luck with rod and reel.



# Roamin' Ganderland

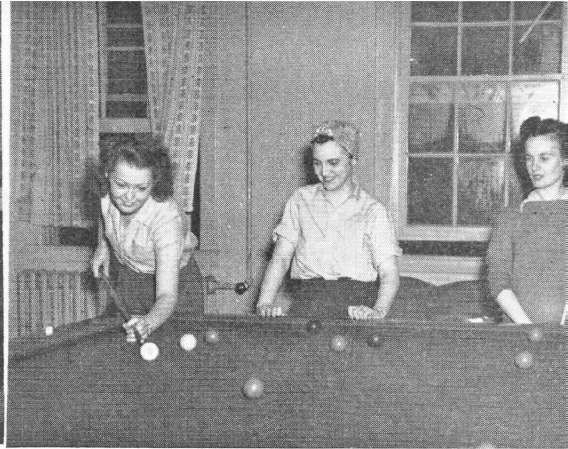
WITH "HAP" DAY

A bevy of beautiful broad-jumpers! The sports girls are left to right: Ev LaRocque, Glad Harvey, Grace Brebner, Polly Cunningham, June Leavoy, Helen Hope, Peewee Clark and Ruth Spademan.



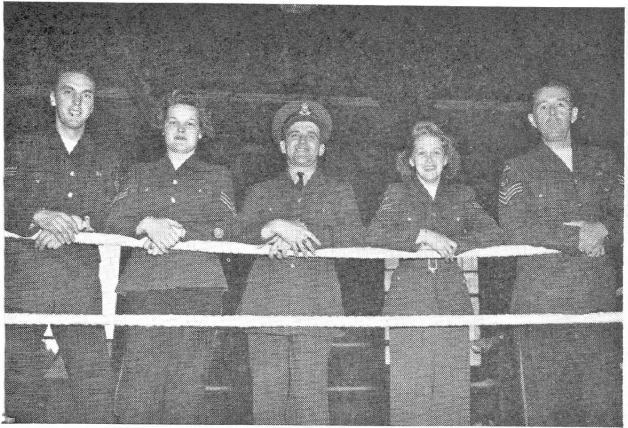


The YMCA runs an informal wiener roast and dance.



Keep your eye on the cue-ties. Left to right: Irene Rose, Doris Carlson, and Cpl Wabb.

Muscles Incorporated:—Left to right: Larry LeBlanc, Pat Padolski, F/O Chuck Miller, Grace Brebner, and Don MacCormack. (Missing is popular Louie Lacourse.)



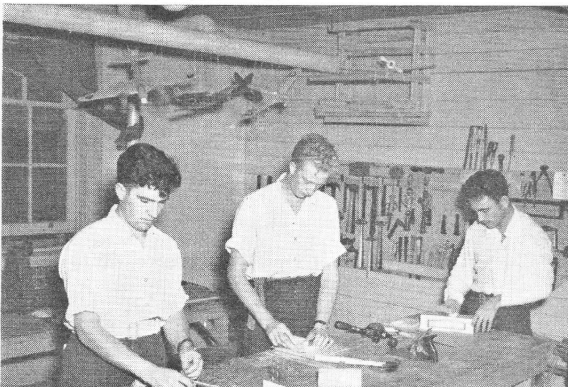
One—two—three—hup. A Conga line at a recent Sgt. Dance.



The Ole Swimmin' Hole pools the beauty of Cpl. Lou Harvey, S/O June Bjornson, and Cpl. Stevens.



Hospital patients at work in the Hobby Shop. Gnr. C. Gervais, LAC E. A. Ellison and LAC Len Parkhouse.





## Education and Rehabilitation

by Sgt. Dunaway

Who has not tried the bowling alleys in the Drill Hall? Very few, I'll wager. Yet of all these energetic young people how many have noticed a sign nearby inviting them to visit two of the friendliest officers on the Station, The Personnel Counsellors? In case you have not, try taking a short imaginary visit.

The Personnel Counsellors are ready at all times to help you with any problems concerning the Post-War period. After discussing your problem, they will arrange to give you various tests which indicate your aptitude for mechanical work and your ability to learn new things. On the basis of results in these tests you are advised to specialize in fields for which you show best adaptability and qualifications. Thus you can decide exactly what you desire to do after the war. Then you are sent to see the Education Officer.

At the Education Office your plan of action is made. If you have, for example, completed grade ten and wish to attend University to become an Engineer, your entire course is planned for you. As you will readily understand only the introductory work can be taken by correspondence. The courses that you will be required to take to complete your Senior Matriculation will be made available to you and you will be registered for one of them. On completing the first course you will be signed up for the second.

If, of course, there is a small group of persons wishing to take a certain subject, every effort will be made to give the class actual instruction. Several classes of this type are now in progress on the Station. The Calculus class is held once a week. Calculus is one of the subjects required for persons entering the Engineering profession. It is to be understood that a person can go to University and take such a subject, but every subject that is taken while in the services places you that much nearer your final goal.

Other courses offered are Senior Matriculation Algebra, Grade IX Mathematics, Shorthand and Typing. The latter two will prove valuable no matter what type of work you may enter.

This advice applies to you WD's as well as the airmen.

These classes are held for your benefit. Why not take advantage of them?

With the end of the war if not in sight at least in mind, it is now time to think of your own future. Don't delay any longer. Start today by visiting the Personnel Counsellors.

# Education

## Books You Ought to Read

by Grace H. Babbitt

### A PASSAGE TO INDIA—E. M. Forster

Although published twenty years ago, "A Passage to India" has recently gained a new popularity with the Second World War, to such an extent that its publishers recently reprinted it. Besides its beauty and interest as a novel, it is, as a political document, more timely and valuable than ever before. No one interested in the India problem, or in the state of our world to come should miss it.

In fact, when Dr. Henry Seidel Canby, founder of Saturday Review of Literature, last month compiled a list of the 100 outstanding books of 1924-44, "A Passage to India" was among those he chose.

In 1913 Edward Morgan Forster went to India with a Cambridge don, Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson. He made use of his several months' trip studying India and the Indians, the rulers and the ruler, and wrote "A Passage to India" as the result . . . "one of the saddest, keenest, most beautifully written ironic novels of the time"—"a masterpiece of subtle characterization" with "a story that moved like a house on fire." The theme is the relations of the English in India and the Indians. That the good will of people on both sides did no more than complicate the problem, makes it the moving story it is.

Lionel Trilling, writing of E. M. Forster recently, said he "is a novelist of enduring value, who can be read again and again, and who, after each reading, gives me what few writers can give us after our first days of novel reading, the sensation of having learned something."

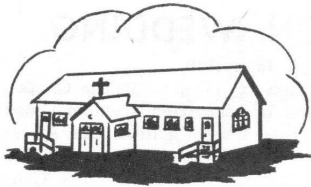
Forster, Mr. Trilling points out, was fortunate in his birth date. He developed in the golden age of the English novel—that time when the Victorians were ending and the Edwardians beginning, when literary art had not become the monopoly of critics and poets only, but was at the disposal of novelists as well.

Forster's central theme is always the inability of the middle class English to enter imaginatively the lives of others—Italians—Hindus, or even natural Englishmen. Throughout his writing is the splendor and strength of the liberal tradition—the splendor and strength of thoughtfulness. This it is that gives body and insight to Forster's novels.

Rudyard Kipling's "Barrack Room Ballads" might be considered as supplementary reading to this. Though overworked, his "Ballad of East and West" is similar in character and color to "A Passage to India," and all in all, his ballads of India have the same message, which only serves to emphasize the quality and merit of Forster's book, for undoubtedly Kipling knew the East as few Englishmen, or few men of any country have known it.

"Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never  
the twain shall meet,  
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's  
great Judgment Seat;  
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor  
Breed, nor Birth,  
When two strong men stand face to face, tho'  
they come from the ends of the earth!"





## Padre's Corner



### THE CASE FOR RELIGION

by F/L Douglas MacIntosh, Chaplain (P)

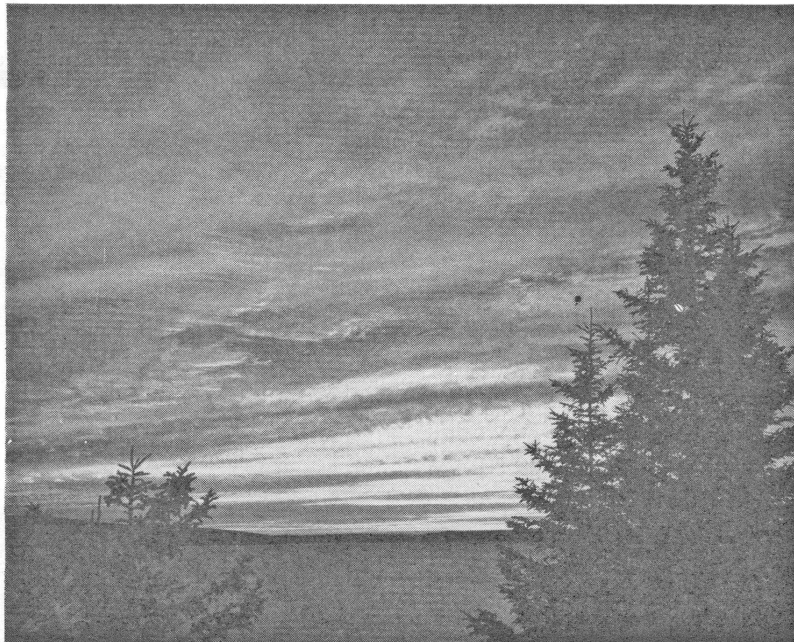
There are three levels of living that hold out the possibility of giving meaning to life—the physical, the intellectual, and the religious. It is possible to say that man is a creature of instinct, emotion, and appetite, and to see our chief end in identifying ourselves with these vitalities. It is also possible to say that man is a rational being, a thinker, and to see our chief end in the exercise of the mind and the expansion of the field of knowledge. The third possibility is to say that man is a religious being, a spirit, and that our chief end is to glorify God and to do His will. The Bible affords us examples of the working out in life of each of these possibilities.

Samson is the strong man of the Bible. He lives on the plane of physical vitality and appetite. The Book of Judges tells the story of his moods and deeds. When a lion attacked him, "he rent him as he would have rent a kid." Set upon by the Philistines, "he found a new jawbone of an ass, and slew a thousand men therewith." At last, beguiled by a woman, his enemies "took him, and put out his eyes, and brought him down to Gaza, and bound him with fetters of brass." Samson sitting eyeless in the prison house of Gaza is a picture of the ultimate inadequacy of physical vitality and impulse as a basis for life.

Solomon is the wise man of the Bible. He stands out as the person of complete mental attainments who found the meaning of life in knowledge. We read that his wisdom "excelled the wisdom of all the children of the east country, and all the wisdom of Egypt." He was devoted to science, and "spake of trees . . . of beasts, of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes." Yet in religion he became an idolater, and in morals a slave to sensuality. Solomon, the wise fool, reveals the ultimate insufficiency of culture as the fulfilment of existence.

Jesus is the good man of the Bible. The gospels present him as the Son of God. His perfection consists in his obedience to the heavenly Father—in his revelation of the character of God. And he taught that for all men the meaning of life is to be found in doing the Father's will. He said: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you." His affirmation that the meaning of life is to be found in religion has stood the test of time. After nearly two thousand years his words are read and pondered more than those of any other man. Today as the quest for life's meaning leads us beyond the realms of physical vitality and intellectual achievement we find ourselves confronted by Jesus Christ, his cross, and his sermon on the mount.

#### SUNSET ON GANDER LAKE



## WHAT A MESS

by LAW Is Brownlee

There was a time 'way back in April '41 when people on the Gander ate in what is now the civilian mess. Then as the camp spread "Joe's Lunch Counter" moved to the building in which the sergeants now dine. It wasn't until the Fall of '42 that it moved to its present premises on Foss Avenue.

The stories that the "old timers" tell rival those told about Paul Bunyon. One of the best goes something like this: It seems that one of the so-and-so's (remember it was a man's station then) had the nerve to complain about the dinner that was handed to him. It was the last straw for the fellow who was standing over the stove cooking it for him, so he picked up a poker, leaped over the steam table and dashed after the "moaner." People looked, and then laughed as the two men disappeared rapidly out the door.

Yes, it must have been quite a different story when bully beef and hard tack was the daily menu because the "Newfie Distress" was trapped on the Topsail Mountains. Bear steaks may have given a little variety when someone had the courage to go out and bring them in. There were a few men who stood over a very small oven for hours on end whipping up cakes and pies with their own lily white hands.

One of the changes for the better was the inauguration of the Ganderberry service in the summer of '43. Fruit and fresh vegetables carry via air much better than by train and boat.

It wasn't until March, 1944, that the back part of the mess (where the work is really done) was enlarged. After all, the mess was feeding more than double its official capacity, so you can see the need for expansion! It was then that the cooks got a beautiful big oven but they still lift out the pans of cakes and pies with the well-worn wooden paddle that came with the first oven. The "glory-hole" for scrubbing pots was made a little larger too—there is room for all the dirty pans now.

Mention must be made of the rations. Our Mess draws eggs, butter, cheese, etc., from the Royal Canadian Army Service Corps. Of course the butter is beaten up before it is served in the dishes but that means it is on the tables more often. Some of the eggs are the synthetic variety but at least you can't tell the difference when they're in the cakes. The peaches, pears, relish, and ice cream are bought out of the Extra Messing Fund. One of the main topics of discussion on the station is emergency rations—you know, potatoes and turnips that don't look exactly like potatoes and turnips. They may appear this winter again but just remember they're better than none at all. The authorities claim that powdered milk has more calcium in it than fresh milk, which may make you feel better as you choke it down. The brown, white, and rye breads are baked for us by the boys in the Army Service Corps. Their doughnut machine has just been moved to our Mess so we'll be dunking again.

Then there was the story about the man who entered the Mess one day with vengeance in his eye. Two

## A STATION WEDDING

by Cpl. Joan Hall

The huge doings started at 7.30 p.m. in the Chapel. It started right on time too, and my friend (whom I took along for moral support) and I were a little late, so received a few dirty looks, just to start things off right.

Bride—LAW Maizie McGoon, of The Foothills, Canada.

Groom—LAC John Wolff, from the wilds of Ontario.

Father—Played by the C.O., of course.

Mother—Miss J., only she didn't weep.

Bridesmaid—LAW Mary Jane Gigglesmith.

Best Man—LAC J. W. Sadsak (his name is James, like his father, but his father is called James, so he is called Willie, only he seems to be called Sadsak.)

Padre—The Padre—very smooth, with considerable pomp and dignity.

Organist—AW2 Smith, of the Smith family. She played "I Love You Truly" in the intermission, but didn't swing it as she had promised—very disappointing.

The bride wore a beautiful ensemble of a weird sort of khaki colour, with a peculiarly shaped blue hat and black shoes, while the groom was smartly dressed in blue.

The Chapel was tastefully decorated with those flowers that one of the girls made ages ago, (was it for Easter?) and some Newfie fir boughs. There was only a small congregation, about a dozen or so girls, and no men, except one that one of the girls had dragged in, or that is what it looked like.

Miss J. and the C.O. trotted in after the bridal party to help them sign the register. While this important part of the ceremony was going on, the congregation trooped outside and grabbed handfuls of rice and confetti (that stuff from punches) and lined the walk. When the wedding party came out they had almost got down to the pews before the organist saw them and started to play the Wedding March, but she made up in enthusiasm for the lateness. As the bridal couple came out of the church they were well and truly showered with the rice and confetti, just like a real wedding.

There was a pause for refreshment before the reception, during which my "Moral Support" and I went to the canteen and had a coke. In the lounge, where the reception was held, the main attraction was a great gaumless four-tiered wedding cake, all fancily iced. There was no formal reception line, but everyone just wandered around. The only line that formed was the one to kiss the bride—that one was very popular for a while, until the girls started getting their own back by kissing the groom.

Refreshments were served, the usual sandwiches, cookies and coffee, plus a piece of the wedding cake. The little groom was feeling pretty happy by this time and went around telling everyone that it was the happiest day of his life and anyone that said he wasn't the luckiest guy in the world he would sock on the nose—and he isn't even as tall as I am.

cooks picked up a hot poker and a meat cleaver. Said man performed a hasty exit.



## N. C. O. CHATTERBOX

In this issue we wish to welcome Sgt. Brennan as our new Secretary of the Mess. While we are on the subject we also extend our regards to all the new members.

The bouquets this month are thrown to the members of the Entertainment Committee for the success they made of our dances. The Entertainment Committee is also to be thanked for their efforts in turning the Mess into a place of enjoyment. Some of their achievements are the popular weekly Bingo nights and the Sunday afternoon Open House programs. On Sunday, Oct. 8th, they were able to give us the music of the R.C.A.F. Trio. They also have other plans in mind such as bridge and cribbage tournaments. WO 1 Jackson is really taking this entertainment business seriously when at the last mess meeting, after several hundred dollars had been voted for the purpose, he took the floor and requested that a like sum be voted for the cause. Of course sound does not travel very well in the Mess and that may be the reason.

The Dance held Aug. 25th was a huge success. G/C Godwin really gave the party its go ahead sign when right after the refreshments he gave the order to whoop it up. The dancers matched the versatility of the orchestra and one of the bright spots of the evening was the Conga line. The Solidaires kept the ball rolling all through the evening. Incidentally at this dance Jerry Lamoureux was heard to say that the dance, although very enjoyable was comparatively quiet.

Our second dance for the period held on Sept. 30th was, although also very successful, just the opposite of the first. Never a dull moment and hardly anyone could claim it was quiet. One of our friends however after a strenuous weeks work, completed by a short hunting trip, arrived at the dance, only to fall asleep and miss all the fun. It was open house for Democracy and WO 1 Lamoureux, in the right spirit for the occasion, kindly volunteered to spend the next Monday helping to scrape paint from an aircraft. Despite a weakening of spirit, Jerry gamely stuck to his bargain and saw the day through to completion.

It is now time to say good-bye and good luck to our departing members, and may their new stations be as good as the old.

For those of us who wish we were departing and aren't we will give you time to read the following and then ask, "What are you kicking about."

### THE GANDER VET

Back in the summer of 1941 a man was posted to Gander. He was one of a few but since that time, conditions have changed. Those that came with him and



**SGT. TOMMY HOBBS**

who were here when he arrived are now all posted. The one remaining man is Sgt. Tommy Hobbs, often referred to as the Gander Vet.

When Tommy arrived at Gander there was not even one hangar completed. There was mud knee-deep and the now old time "Dumbo" Squadron was a mere detachment. On top of all this there was not even a C.O. and the only entertainment was a show that was housed in a tent.

From the time of his arrival, early in July, until the snow came in the fall there were only nine days of sunshine. This fact and the depth of the snow that winter lead Sgt. Hobbs to scoff at the idea of softball when in the spring there were preparations made to build a softball diamond.

Tommy is in charge of the shoe repair on the station but when he first arrived due to lack of equipment for his own section, he was placed in charge of the Publications Section.

Sgt. Hobbs has only once left Gander officially when he was sent on Temporary Duty to Toronto. Incidentally it was on the return trip from the Mainland that the Caribou was sunk.

Speaking of the good old days, Tommy remembers when the current rumour was that W.D.'s were coming to Gander. This rumour did not prove as false as the usual ones of today and even Tommy is now forced to admit that the W.D.'s are here.

Sgt. Hobbs' hobby is his work in which he really takes an interest. Tommy was married just about a year ago and that will no doubt account for his interest in five day passes.

Tommy admits that he is a little shaky but he wonders whether or not he is really as bad as he is portrayed in the various cartoons.



## OFFICERS ON PARADE



F/L W. G. (BILL) LEITCH

Familiarly known as "Bill" by the aircrew boys of Dumbo Squadron, F/L Leitch is a popular Controller who has served fifteen months in the Ops Room here. Before coming to Gander he spent two years at E.A.C. doing similar work.

His career previous to enlisting was an interesting one. After obtaining his B.Sc. at the University of Manitoba, he accepted the position of Field Biologist for "Ducks Unlimited (Canada)". While thus employed his development of the "Waterhen Project" in Kinisto, Saskatchewan was the highlight of his work. Three months near Fort McMurray, Alberta at an experimental area Game Refuge followed this.

Mrs. Leitch, now residing in Winnipeg, is keenly interested in her husband's field of research. She accompanied him on a three months' project at Last Mountain Lake, and assisted him in trapping and banding 350 ducks. In the weeks that followed they received over fifty letters from all parts of U.S.A. . . . as far south as Texas—from duck hunters who had bagged some of their banded Mallards and Pintails.

In Gander F/L Leitch has enjoyed Skeet-shooting with Dumbo Squadron, fishing, swimming, Badminton and hiking. He and F/L Ganong were going to spend their leave following in the footsteps of MacCormack who walked across Newfoundland over a hundred years ago. F/L Leitch wanted to take modern arms and ammunition while F/L Ganong favored three pound of powder and shot as their predecessor had done. So the project fell through. They had to spend their leave in Canada.



FL/O MERIE JACKSON

All good things come in small packages, and the tiny bundle of energy, dynamite, understanding and good sport labelled FL/O Merie Jackson, is no exception. Although her career in the Air Force is an interesting one, her private life prior to enlistment is even more enviable.

On October 19th, our chief W.D. Officer saw three years of service with the R.C.A.F. Chosen to be one of the first 150 C.W.A.A.F.'s accepted, she has been stationed at Toronto, worked up to Cpl. there; transferred to No. 9 S.F.T.S. at Summerside, where she became a Sgt. and later received her commission.

She then became transport Officer for W.D.'s, and was stationed at Three P.C., Hagersville, Summerside and Sydney. Was posted on an Administration course at Trenton, returning to Eastern Air Command, and stationed at Scoudouc. Eventually she found her way up to Gander.

Her variegated career has seen her doing an odd assortment of jobs. Her first, was berry picking at the tender age of 12. It was then that she became actively interested in people. An interest which grows each day, and helps her with the many problems that confront a Senior W.D. Officer.

Also on her list of jobs is photography, journalism, voluntary documentation work for the Army before her enlistment, and several types of work at The Vancouver General Hospital.

Hobbies include, leatherwork, music, study of people, reading, and building up a huge library. She has one brother a 1st Lieut. in the Canadian Army, another brother in Lima, Penn., and a sister. Her journeys have brought her to South America, and have included extensive travel in the United States. Her most famous trip never took place. Offered a job to travel to China with a Mission that left Canada in 1936, she was forced to refuse, due to strong family objections. Well, we suppose Gander is next best.



F/L BURTON

F/L Burton has more or less been connected with laundries for years. Prior to his enlistment he was in charge of the laundry in the Toronto General Hospital, which he claims was just for educational purposes, since he already operated his own laundries in Medicine Hat. When asked what he intended to do when the war was over, he simply answered "Operate a Laundry". We feel almost safe in saying therefore that this is definitely his life's work.

Way back when there was no laundry in Gander the Airforce sent F/L Burton and his Sgt.-Major up here to start one. Upon their arrival they found at their disposal, one very large building, without a floor, and one huge mound of snow, under which they were told, was their machinery. Then started the long process of hauling the machinery down, sweeping off the snow and scraping off the rust, but determination finally won out and without so much as a blueprint at their disposal, they jig-sawed the pieces together. To their amazement, when the job was completed, they found they had two snow plows and one bread-cutter left over. Thus the laundry came into being.

As the Airforce Laundries' "Daddy", F/L Burton also started plants at Goose and Moncton, and is justly proud of his "several boys" who are now making the rounds on the North West Staging Unit and the Northern portion of British Columbia in their travelling laundries.

His hobbies run to breeding horses and golfing. As he can indulge in neither of these two pursuits in Gander, he has gone in for agriculture in a small way and spends his odd moment nurturing along two dozen lettuce plants, two California poppies and one very prosperous looking "crawling ivy", which he claims to have carried all the way from St. John's in his hand, undoubtedly an almost next to impossible feat.



★ PERSONALITIES OF THE MONTH ★



**BARNEY MAHER**

Since the fall of 1942 there has been a long, lean, curly haired boy wandering around this station. His name is Barney Maher. You may have seen him in the drill hall in that one and only red suit (he admitted that he had finally washed it himself in Rinso and cold water.) Or you may have seen his long legs wrapped around a tree on the "Gremlin Trail" some time last winter; or on the tennis court; or in the bowling alleys; ad infinitum.

A report on Barney's career in the Gander reads straight from a sport's page: centre on our squadron basketball team, champions in 42-43, same position on the Basketeers, champions in 43-44; assistant coach of the Gander girls team 43-44; captain of the softball team who were runners-up in 43; captain of the Basketeers this time playing softball and station champions in '44. Yes! the boy is quite an athlete. After a half hour of hard pumping he mentioned the facts that he had played Jr. and Juvenile O.B.A. in '37, '38, and '39.

Barney was born in Manchester, England, on 27 Nov., 1922, and came to Canada at the tender age of 2. He and his father settled in Meaford, Ont. (in Barney's words, on Georgian Bay near Wasaga Beach, Canada's foremost fishing town.) The red suit came from Meaford High.

Service career summed up would be coast to coast . . . Penetic, B. C. to Gander . . . from February, 1941 until now.

Post war ideas—university.

P. S.—He drinks 10 cups of powdered milk per day.

**LAW H. M. (BANDY) BANDA**

Hospital chef, par excellence, is the job held by "Bandy" Banda at the Sir Frederick Banting Hospital on the Station. Her work calls for preparing special diets for hospital patients, and "Bandy" loves her job.

Hailing from Prince Albert, she enlisted in April, 1942, and was stationed at No. 10 R.D. in Calgary. Before answering the call to colours, she worked as YWCA Hostess in an Army camp at Dundurn, Saskatchewan.

"Bandy" who has been stationed here 13 months, likes Gander and the very many friends she has become acquainted with during her stay. Besides making friends easily she is an expert rifle shot and likes nothing better than shooting a .30-30 or .22 calibre rifle. This interest has ripened since joining the Air Force.

Her numerous other hobbies include, music, art, reading, dancing, and swimming. When time permits, she dabbles in painting. Her favourite pastime is reading poetry.



**HARVEY PARADIS**

Harvey is an A. F. M. but more than that he is a "cat" and he sings! His first attempt at singing with a band was with the "Streamliners" on this station last winter. Remember his rendition of "Candlelight and Wine"? It was too much. The "Streamliners" are now representing the R. C. A. F. overseas and the fact that Harvey couldn't go with them was sad but we can still hear him with the "Solidaires". The boys in barracks are threatening to put him in the showers if he keeps it up night and day. We'd rather have "Night and Day" than Harvey in the showers! He never misses a dance and he likes to jive. Quote "Beautiful girls, jazz, and jivetalk knock me out."

Harvey is from Ottawa and was born on May 7, 1922. He said that he was hit on the head when he was four, run over by a tricycle when he was five and was a casualty for the rest of his school years.

He joined the R.C.A.F. in July, '42, and after 4 Canadian stations came to Gander in May, '43. Played softball with the Basketeers this year. Used to play football and hockey . . . "when he was a kid".

Future outlook—well, you may hear that voice over some radio network some year!



## BEHIND THE MIKE

with Bob Harvie

# VORG

As this article meets its deadline, a wealth of new top-flight shows are hitting the air here at VORG . . . shows like Dunniger—Master Mentalist, Blondie & Dagwood, Amos 'n' Andy, All Time Hit Parade, Johnny Mercer's Music Shop, James Melton, Mystery Playhouse, Nitwit Court, Eddie Condon's Jazz Band Ball, etc. However, when this article finally reaches the Gander newsstands those shows, at least most of them, will have disappeared from the VORG kilocycles because of the fact that they're merely temporary replacements for net features like Jack Benny, Fibber McGee and Molly, Duffy's Tavern, Fred Allen, etc., which we hope to have back ever so shortly.

This article also makes its deadline at a time when VORG is beaming the World Series up and down Newfoundland for excitement-starved baseball devotees. The Armed Forces Radio Service are feeding the Series to VORG and some 150 American Expeditionary radio stations the world over. Even Allied troops fighting in Germany heard the Series at the same time, but hardly under the same conditions, as we in Gander. It was the same play-by-play account that domestic radio stations in the United States and Canada received with all Gillette commercials knocked out by AFRS. VORG is planning many more special sports events direct from

**MAESTRO DURANTE PUTS OUT WITH A HIGH NOTE . . . to the amazement of Sgt. Bob Welch, Claudette Colbert and Ronald Colman during COMMAND PERFORMANCE.**

Armed Forces Radio Service Photo.



the source as they're fed to us by Armed Forces Radio.

Have you a favorite radio program that isn't included on the VORG daily broadcast schedule? If so, write us and tell us about it and we'll see to it that your letter reaches the program director of the Armed Forces Radio Service. It's their way of ascertaining the type of radio show servicemen and women away from home want to hear. Your letter will be given every consideration and, where possible, your favorite show will be added to the AFRS schedule for rebroadcast over VORG and 'round the world.

**DIDJA KNOW?** That news announcer George Kent originally broke into radio as a sports announcer? His big ambition is to some day broadcast Dominion Junior Hockey Finals from Maple Leaf Gardens? . . . That Grace Babbitt reads three books weekly for her Sunday evening "Book Review?" . . . That your "Cavalcade of Corn" duty watch Herb Ellis took the middle-aisle plunge on his last leave? Kept it a closely-guarded secret until the fatal day? . . . That the three top American radio shows "Command Performance," "Mail Call" and "G. I. Journal" aren't even heard in America. Shows are produced especially for Armed Forces personnel overseas. VORG presents "Command Performance" every Sunday at 11.00 p.m., "Mail Call" Fridays at 10.30 p.m. and "G. I. Journal" Monday at 10.30.

Our special thanks to Canadian Army Public Relations in St. Johns for their continued interest in VORG and their regular shipments of CBC discs. Mart Kenney's victory Parade, Bert Niosi's Swing for the Services, I at-American Serenade are all regularly-scheduled and your continued co-operation will be greatly appreciated! . . . Are you an amateur song-writer? Send the lyric and lead sheet of your original song to Connie Haines in care of "Sound Off" Armed Forces Radio, Los Angeles. If your song is chosen, music will be scored by Major Meredith ("You and I") Wilson and sung by Connie on a future broadcast of "Sound Off."

"Sound Off" is presented by VORG every weekday morning at 9.00 . . . Down goes the "30" mark on another page and, until next time, we at VORG remain

Yours for the dialing.

" INVEST IN VICTORY  
BUY BONDS "

# Sports (continued)

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

## DO YOU KNOW THE SCORE—YOUR SCORE

You may not be "a 95 pound weakling" as was the case with "Atlas the Muscle Builder" before he started his most lucrative muscle-building career. On the other hand, you may have no desire to build yourself up to "look like him"—a mass of overly-developed, bulging muscles. It would be rather nice, however, to have the kind of body which, when exposed to the critical eyes of our fellow men, would not cause us to feel ashamed or even self-conscious. It would also be a source of some satisfaction to know that physically we are—up to average—better than average or, on a level with persons who have passed through a program of strenuous physical training and are, for all intents and purposes, in top-notch shape.

For the purpose of such an evaluation of our physical efficiency tests have been conducted, measurements made, results recorded and standards set. These tests include movements

that bring into play all the muscle groups in the body. The standards are arrived at by taking the average score of many thousands of individuals. One test for example, is the act of chinning oneself. This is how it works:

(U.S. Army Physical Efficiency Test)

No. of times performed	Point Score	General Rating
18 and above	100	
17	95	Excellent
16	90	
15	85	
14	80	Good
13	75	
12	70	
11	65	
to	to	Average
7	44	
6	38	
5	32	Poor
4	26	
3	20	
2	14	Very Poor
1	8	

## SPORTLIGHTS (Continued from page 7)

Drill Hall these cool autumn nights that basketball is going to be a first place activity on many a Ganderites list. Noticed too was some pretty fine material for a station basketball team, with a little organization and practice this reporter thinks that we can take some of the teams put out by our neighbours across the way. How about that, Gang?

### Softball

Bob Farrell of the Basketeers pitched the ball, Van Sickle of 10 BR "C's" swung and popped the apple into the waiting glove of Barney Maher. There was a roar from the crowd and the '44 Softball season at Gander came to an end with the Basketeers proving themselves the top team in the circuit. It was a tight battle all the way but the Basketeers had the edge which makes the difference and they took the series in three straight after dropping the opening game. Their ability to hit in the pinches put them in the winners' column.

Highlights of the series . . . Roy Hotel holding the "C's" to one run with three on and one out . . . Chuck Wright's timely hit with two on that won the first game for the "C's" . . . Carl Thulin's and Barney Maher's shoestrings catches on what looked like impossible tries . . . Jerry Riley's twelve strikeouts . . . Gus Beaudais and Alfie Scopp hitting two home runs in a row . . . Bob Farrell's hitting in the tying and winning runs of two games.

Everyone, player and spectator alike, agreed that it had been a fine season and a good brand of ball had been played throughout. Lou Lacourse of the P.T. staff was responsible for the schedule and made a fine referee.

If you should wish to find out what your Physical Efficiency Score is and, try to improve it, drop in at the "Y" office and ask the author for the complete set of tests and scores. By the time this article comes off the press we hope to have these tests and individual scoring cards mimeographed and, to be using them in conjunction with activities on the apparatus. Also, if you wish to rectify a muscular weakness, further develop a particular muscle-group, or, correct a postural defect and, YOU ARE READY TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT, come into the office. We will be only too glad to suggest a few exercises that you may find helpful.

We may never have "the Body Beautiful." We may never be a Venus or an Adonis. Nor, is there any need for us to look like an X-Ray photo of the Thin Man or, a possible applicant for Barnum and Bailey's Fat freaks. We don't want to be superman or, superwoman, but we would like to look presentable in a bathing suit and be decently fit. Wouldn't we? . . . Want t' try? ?

## BASKETEERS SOFTBALL CHAMPS

(Continued from page 6)

five. This makes three titles in a row for Lefty.

Gordie Parker, early season third sacker, since posted, while here was a potent factor in the teams make-up.

Danny Hoysted, covered the hot corner, fitted in nice with the all-star in-field.

Front Row—L. to R.

Milty Lewis, held down the key sack, well enough to make the station all stars, also one of the original five.

Roy Hotel, pitcher, proved himself a fine come through man in the play-offs, both in hitting and pitching.

Barney Maher, team captain, also of the original five, made the all-star team playing first base.

George Davyduck, fielder, always in there when the going was tough. George's spirit helped his team mates a lot.

Bert Woods, team manager, took a lot of kidding from the gang but did his job well.

Not present at the time of the picture were Carl Thulin, all-star catcher, also one of the original five.

Ronny O'Meara, fielder, who played fine ball during the season and did a good job in the play offs as well.

# IS IT?

by FI/O M. Jackson



"Gander is different." Yes that's what they said the first day. So I looked for the differences. There were many but I don't want to discuss those.

No! It's prunes—ordinary brown rumped prunes—that brought this on. And have you ever thought about them? They eat them here same as anywhere else, officers, airmen, W.D.'s, I guess maybe Chinese, Africans and South Americans would too, only I've never watched anybody but Canadians.

The eating of prunes isn't a specialized art—or a localized one—but it is an individual problem. Everybody eats them in his or her own particular way. That's what makes it so fascinating. Watch sometime and you'll see. Personality stands out at each clamp of a prune stone.

Take the timid person for instance. He regards his prunes very carefully before he starts off. Then he manfully pushes each to a particular spot on the plate, lifts one on to his spoon and looks round the table. Ah! He's not observed! So the prune disappears quickly between his lips. Now comes the problem of dispensing with the stone. He carefully gets it to the front of his lips and with a furtive look about the table, lifts the spoon again and silently puts the stone on it. With nary a sound it is put on a side of the plate.

Further down the table there is the reckless type. He is not fooled by a prune, not he! The biggest one first and in they go, one after the other. Sometimes this type is known to collect two or three stones in his mouth all at once and even to talk at the same time. He **likes** them! The disposal of the stones is no problem to him—no sir. Up goes the spoon, ping, ping, ping—they're out, and plop back on the plate. For perhaps a minute he's busy then a sort of triumphant look appears on his face and the spoon is flung aside—the job is done.

Down the row is the person who eats the offensive things because he feels he ought. For him it is a reluctant and rather agonizing business. A look of extreme disgust comes over his face as he starts and deepens as he goes along. Finally with a face like that of a cat that has just sniffed a pair of dirty socks he has to give up and with a stifled groan he pushes back his chair and disappears.

This brings us to the man on the very end. It's hard at first to see what he's going to do, he covers well. Oh yes, he's the hoarder type. His locker is probably full to the brim with bits and ends because he can't bear to part with anything. So in eating prunes he does it in an economical sort of way. Not a bit is wasted. He hangs onto his stone with a thoughtful look in his eyes and rattles it around between his teeth. He bites at it several times and when he is sure that it is quite naked he drops it with a thud back to the plate. There is no thought of using the spoon for the downward journey. No, that would be a waste of energy. One loses interest in this type because he takes so long.

But beside him is a better specimen. Indeed yes. This is the short tempered person. He didn't want prunes in the first place and is annoyed that he has to be bothered at all. He wastes. His spoon is clutched at a loose angle in his hand and he drips juice from place to cavity and glowers if it gets on his suit. It's everybody's fault The fruit disappears quickly and almost half of it reappears on the stone. His movements are jerky and often he's been known to miss the plate altogether on the outward trip. He makes growling noises in his chest all the time and heaven help you if you offer any suggestions.

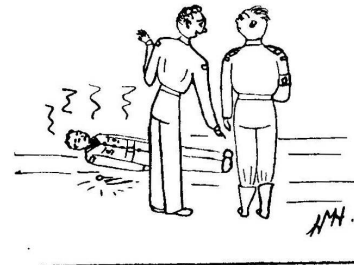
On his left is the bored type. He has that "Migad again?" look. Listlessly he puddles around in the juice

and sips a bit in his own time. He talks in a sotto voice between onslaughts but finally he gets down to it. One disappears. Heavenly days it's gone—stone and all. His stomach rebels with a yelp but wearily he goes on anyway. What's a prune stone—it was a hard night last night.

But see, across the table we have a dainty little miss—even eating prunes. She has to be on the job but she's going to attend to this first you bet. Somehow she balances prune, in spoon between two fingers, with the little finger cocked at just the right angle. Elbow out she forms her lips into a kissable "O" and like a little bird in goes the prune. As she eats her eyes widen, she sees a friend. Because of the business at hand she is speechless poor soul but her shoulders, hands and eyes and head do the greeting for her. "Good morning!" She, like the hoarder type, doesn't require the spoon again until the next hoist. So to get rid of the now no longer required article she lowers her head to a level of the table. "Plonch." See? As easy as that. With a couple of readjusting shakes she's all set for the next one.

So am I, but it's time for work so I can't wait any more. But you see what I mean—prune day is just the same—even at Gander.

## ORDERLY OFFICER



Its quite all right sir, he just got a Knife, spoon and **Fork**.





The Gander Mag was recently sued by the famous "Scoff" Magazine. They claimed we stole their jokes. We would like to deny this publicly, our jokes are stolen exclusively from Esquire.

Fight Manager—Well, what are you beefing about? You came into this racket with your eyes open.

LAC—Yeah, and they've been closed ever since.

LAC—"How do they make hot dogs?"

Cpl.—"Oh, they come by the pound."

LAC—What kind of cigarettes do you smoke?

Sgt.—Any kind you've got with you.

Flight—Is Irene easy to kiss?

Sarge—Like falling off a log.

Flight—Where did you get that black eye?

Sarge—I fell off a log.

Did you start growing that beard when you were a boy?

Oh, no. Then I was just a little shaver.

He had a heart of gold—yellow and hard—just like the Flight's.

Heard at the Education Office—"I won't need to take ground school—I graduated from an agricultural college.

It seems that the Mess Staff were starting a drive for better manners in the Mess and the following was overheard.

"Will you have some beans?"

"No," came the immediate answer.

"No what?"

"No beans," was the brusque reply.

A gang of men were out in the bush after a crash and a new Joe on the job seemed to be having more than his share of trouble with the large Newfie Mosquitos. He noticed however that the Sgt. with the party was hardly bothered at all. He inquired about the reason for this and here is the answer that he received.

For the first part of the evening the Sgt. is so full that he doesn't notice the mosquitos and for the last part of the evening the mosquitos are so full that they don't notice the Sgt.

Cook—This food is very palatable, and also very nutritious. It also includes all the vitamins!

Joe—Aw, what the heck do we care—as long as it is fit to eat.

AC2—Are these real sausages?

Cpl.—Naw—just hamburgers in tights.

Sarge—How do you tune these swing instruments?

Bandmaster—You don't!

I think it is just terrible sending all those nice airmen to Gander. What will they do when they get there?

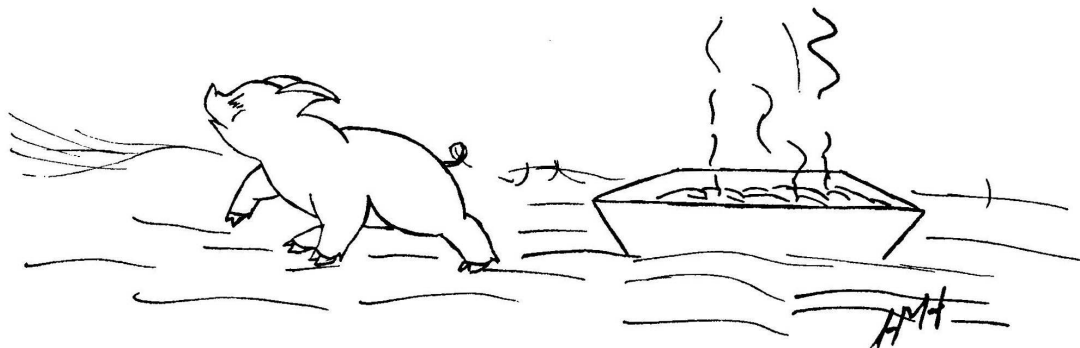
Good heavens, girlie, ain't you ever been out with an airman.

Orderly Officer—What's the idea of taking toast out of the Mess hall?

AC2—I want to make some charcoal sketches, Sir!

A WD transport driver took her truck down to the area Repair Shop and the following was heard—There's something wrong with my battery. The Cpl. says it's a short circuit. I wonder if you could lengthen it.

## OVERHEARD AT THE PIGGERY



"Phew—You'd Think I Was An Airman"

## ADMINISTRATION GOES FORMAL

The Administration Staff held a so-called monthly dance on the evening of Sept. 8th. The dress for this dance was formal and the colors of the ladies evening dress blended well with the uniforms of the men.

The music for the dance was provided by the Soldaires who really did a very fine job. An early portion of the dance was broadcast over V.O.R.G. and the band sounded as well over the air as it did in the Recreation Hall.

Lunch was served around ten-thirty and following the intermission the Admin Staff did their best to end up in the red by giving prizes for nearly everything. LAC Mac MacKay from the M.T. section won the door prize. The next lucky people were Cpl. MacWhinnie of the Dental Clinic and an LAC from the M.T. who won the elimination dance.

Between times various opinions about the dance were gathered and according to LAC Barney Maher it was a grand dance following a grand ball game. An opinion was mistakenly gathered from LAC Fiset, who was on fire piquet, he however admitted he was having a fine time in spite of everything.

A spot dance was next on the program and this event went to LAW Val Thompson and a Cpl. of the S.P.'s.

The dancing ceased with a number dedicated to LAW Kay Husulak who would have been having a swell birthday party had the dance lasted till after 12.

The committee in charge of the dance were F/S Lorrain, F/S Wray, Sgt. Pollack, Sgt. Ingram and Cpl. Larson.

## RADIO RANCH

(Continued from page 14)

with that in the offing I guess Hap and I showed ourselves to be as agreeable as any two people in Gander. We adjourned to the guard house where the Sergeant busier himself making toast and tea, and we busied ourselves eating it. It is there that the day shift has their noon meal, and there the members of the night crew drop in now and then during the long hours of darkness for a cup of coffee. The stove came in for its share of attention just about then. It seems that the construction company that built the Ranch left it behind, and the Air Force in typical Air Force fashion, decided that regardless of what it was like it was still a stove, thus no other stove would be necessary.

In style it resembles a clothes boiler with a chimney. It once had a cover, but with the passage of time this cover and the cover lifter both became quite US. In desperation S/L Hill and F/O Noble went scavenging, at length obtaining another cover of sorts, only to find that it was just exactly the right size to go through the hole instead of over it. Undeterred they finally solved the problem by finding a hugh granitware tea pot, the base of which just fits over the opening. This is kept on the stove all the time, filled with water. It has no cover either.

The Ranch is never without pets of some size or description. The desirable ones are usually appropriated before long by covetous people of other sections. The undesirables hang around until they are eliminated. Of all that have come and gone there are only two that can be recalled readily,—a little brown dog named Newf, and a cat who was called Virginia. The present duo is a small fuzzy vociferous mongrel, Josephine, and Joseph, a bob-tailed black and white cat, with a mind of his own.

## FAMOUS ARTIST VISITS GANDER

(Continued from page 4)

he used the browned-off version of the word) but I know that what appears to me as commonplace now, will, after I return to Canada, and have time to think about it—take on a magical aspect and I shall be glad to have been here."

He feels that this will be the experience of many who have served her for a much longer term, and hopes that in post war years they will have this compensation for difficulties and hardships endured now.

F/O Cloutier says he has been fortunate in having a wife who has always been a source of help and encouragement to him in all his work. He says that even across the hundreds of miles which now separate them she seems to understand his problems, and her confidence is reassuring to him.

All who have had the good fortune to have met and known F/O Cloutier join in wishing him "Good Luck" in this and all his future work, and hope that some day we'll see some of his paintings of Gander in the National Collection. Then—after our memories have been melted by Time—we'll say "Good Old Gander!"



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