The PROPAGANDER

Published Quarterly
at the
U. S. ARMY
AIR BASE . . . . .

GANDER,
Newfoundland

FALL 1944

Meet Colonel Landers...

IT MAY be of comfort to those who deplore the lack of actual physical combat in the Air Transport Command to know that the CO of this base, Col. Sigmund F. Landers, who at the time of Pearl Harbor was commanding an important air base in the strategic Panama Canal Zone, enjoys his service in the ATC because he feels that it's a very active branch —one in which "we know that the planes we're handling will soon be at the front helping to bring the war to a close."

"There's a great satisfaction in actually seeing your work being applied directly to the war effort," believes Colonel Landers, a veteran of over 25 years in the Air Forces who entered the ATC last March at the same time Dow Field, Bangor, Maine, then under his command, left the First Air Force to join the North Atlantic Wing, now the North Atlantic Division.

COLONEL Landers was stationed in Panama from 1940 to 1942, a time when the Canal Zone was building up its defenses. His command consisted of Albrook field and its outlying jungle bases. This was not his first tour of duty outside the continental limits, for from 1924 to 1926 he served in the Philippines, participating in field manoeuvres over territory later the scene of this war's fighting. The Colonel returned from the Philippines through China and Japan on a trip of several months.

The Landers military and air careers began simultaneously when he entered upon aviation cadet ground school training at the University of California at Berkeley, during the first World War. At the time of the Armistice, he had just begun advanced training at Lake Charles, Louisiana—so he did not get overseas. Instead he was transferred to Ellington Field, Texas, and later Kelly Field, Texas, where he received his Regular Army commission.

DURING service at Langley Field, Virginia, in 1920 and 1921, Colonel Landers took part in the experimental bombing of battleships under the late Gen. Billy Mitchell. In 1923 the Colonel was assigned to industrial war plans work, where he assisted in laying the ground-work for the Army's planning for war-time expansion.

After coming back from the Philippines in the late twenties, Colonel Landers was stationed for four years at Brooks Field, San Antonio, Texas, where the Air Corps Flying School was then located. The Colonel and the flying school both left Brooks field at the same time, the school moving to Randolph Field and Colonel Landers being transferred to the Air Corps Tactical School at Maxwell Field, Alabama. His six and one-half year tour at Maxwell Field was his longest stay at any one air base. From Maxwell he went to Mitchell Field, New York, and from there to Panama.

On his return from Panama, Colonel Landers was successively stationed at the San Bernadino (California) Air Depot and the Charleston (South Carolina) Army Air Base. After Charleston came Bangor, Maine, and Gander, Newfoundland. in that order.

Colonel Landers considers Loveland, Colorado, his home town. He is married, and his wife has been with him at all of his stations, previous to this one. She was evacuated from the Canal Zone when the war broke out, and travelled by Army transport to New Orleans, through the height of the Caribbean submarine menace. Just prior to his transfer to Newfoundland, Colonel Landers and his wife celebrated their Silver Wedding anniversary at Bangor.

THE Colonel admits that pilots are inclined to favor the latest planes as they come out—and reasonably so. He says that he prefers flying heavy planes to pursuits, although he's piloted pursuit planes on occasion, including the P47, one of the most recent of these aircraft. Of the "heavy stuff," Colonel Landers professes to prefer the B-17.

"This is one of the best temporary bases I've had a chance to observe," says the Colonel of this post. "It is much better here than at any of the temporary bases in the U. S. — or Panama, where the outlying stations were pretty rugged. However, permanent bases of permanent construction are understandably superior to war-time installations," Colonel Landers concludes.

Colonel Landers congratulates Pfc. Wesley Fleetwood for his victory in the 220-yard finals of the International Track Meet. Capt. James Evans, Physical Training Officer, looks on as Fleetwood receives his award.

CHAPLAIN'S MESSAGE

Although the ATC fulfils a very essential need it does not provide the opportunity to live dangerously as in other branches of the service. Therefore, we are deprived of the "coming in on a prayer" form of religion. We are too far removed from the foxhole and the life raft to be driven to our knees in that manner. Acts of heroic faith, courage, and devotion give many a satisfied feeling that the religious life of our men is rolling along with overwhelming victory. However, religious men and women must stand on their own feet, and not on the faith of a friend in a foxhole, on the sea, or in a bomber over Berlin. The hardening of the spiritual arteries and spiritual astigmatism continue to be dreaded diseases. Many are denied the spectacular type of religion, but we are never denied the strength, comfort, and love that comes from an omnipotent God. The dangerous circumstances may not exist here, but there is a supreme need for balance, stability, and strength. We are discovering that God will supply the basic needs of every heart. God reveals his love to every believing heart wherever you are or whatever may be your assigned duty.

Protestant Chaplain, John A. Turner.

THE PROPAGANDER

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Captain John A. Turner, protestant chaplain, discusses the new wing being built on the chapel with T/Sgt. Robert Goodman, left, and Sgt. Wallace Kemnitz.

CHANGE OF NAME

With this issue THE PROPPAGANDA becomes THE PROPAGANDER, a change which is possible because of the declassification of the geographic location of this base.

The cover photograph was taken on this base by T/Sgt. John Meyer.

The PROPAGANDER

PUBLISHED BY THE SPECIAL SERVICE OFFICE
AT THE U. S. ARMY AIR BASE—AT GANDER, NEWFOUNDLAND
Fall 1944

ARMY OF OCCUPATION IN GERMANY, 1919

by 1st Lt. James T. Fitzpatrick

A REMOTE and not very consoling thought which flits through the mind of many a GI these days is "After the cannon's roar has ceased, and the last of Schikelgruber's playmates have been brought to justice, what if I should find myself a member of the Army of Occupation?"

Doubtless few of the personnel in our little sun-kissed oasis here lose much sleep over the problem. What with such pressing problems as the price of VO at the NCO Club or the dilemma of sweating out a furlough or a replacement, one might regard such a question as nonchalantly as "Which blouse shall I wear to the Red Cross dance tonight?" However, when one recalls that the last American soldier didn't leave Germany until 1923—five years after the close of World War I—he can't repress a shudder, and a small, still voice within him wails, "Buddy, after umpteen months in Newfoundland, what if you were dumped in Munich or Heidelberg for another infinity?"

DETERMINED to get one man's first-hand reaction to such a fate, PROPAGANDER dispatched this footloose reporter to the office of Major Warren M. Rogers, Base Air Inspector, to find out what a doughboy does and doesn't do when he is one of a vast police force in a foreign land. The Major had this to say:

"In December of 1918, a month after the Armistice, we left French soil at Metz, and began hiking cross country through Luxembourg and into Koblenz, the German city at the confluence of the Rhine and Moselle rivers. There were six picked divisions assigned to occupy Germany. I was part of the Twelfth Field Artillery, 2nd Division, Regular Army.

"The German countryside was not shell-ravaged after the last war, and it was beautiful country to hike through. We brought along our horses and our light artillery—French 75's. On the way we were required to "spit and polish" every day in order to impress the German people. The same practice was used by Hitler as his troops were marching into Paris during the present war.

"Our duties were simple enough once we arrived in Koblenz. We had daily drills, parades, and an occasional review. General Pershing insisted that all Germans between the ages of six and sixty surrender their beds to the troops, so we were billeted in the peoples' homes and lived with them. They were required to supply the beds with clean linen, and make up our bunks daily. On the street we were not allowed to walk, converse, or in any way fraternize with them.

MAJOR ROGERS

"I KNOW you wonder if the people of an occupied country ever lose all their hostility toward an invader. On the surface, the Germans were always friendly, but when one of them walked in upon you suddenly, you could detect a fleeting expression of hatred on his face. In a split second this would vanish, and he would be politeness itself, with a big grin of welcome, but you could never

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The bleak, undeveloped terrain around Mt. Peyton out of which it was necessary to carve an airport.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF AN AIRPORT IN NEWFOUNDLAND

The following information is made available through the kind cooperation of Squadron Leader H. A. L. Pattison, Director of Civil Aviation, Newfoundland Government; Group Captain D. F. Anderson, Commanding Officer of the local Unit of the RAFTC; and Flight Lieutenant C. M. Brant, Signals Officer of the RAFTC, and compiled by S/Sgt. Vernon Bobbitt.

WAY back in 1935 the British held a conference in Ottawa at which it was decided to build a trans-Atlantic terminal airport in Newfoundland. Agreements were reached by the governments concerned to permit one British and one American company to undertake experimental flights across the Atlantic, in an attempt to establish early regular services. James A. Farley was the United States representative at the conference. It was hoped that these experimental flights could commence in 1936, using suitable flying boats which were already in operation by the companies. It was realized that land planes would certainly be brought into operation on the North Atlantic with the normal progress of technical developments in aircraft, but at this time no such land planes existed. Also, the time it would take to build the necessary airports would be such that it was essential to conduct the early experiments with flying boats, bases for which could be built in a short time. Consequently, late in 1935, officials of the British Air Ministry visited Newfoundland and selected Newfoundland sites for a flying boat base and a land plane base to be built at Gander.

Early in 1936 work commenced under Air Ministry instructions in England, Canada and the United States to establish the necessary ground services on each side of the Atlantic and in Newfoundland. At the same time the Eire Government commenced the establishment of a flying boat base, with the necessary wireless and meteorological facilities, at Foynes.

THE Newfoundland government assumed the responsibility for the development of the local bases with the assistance, both financial and technical, of the Civil Aviation Branch of the British Air Ministry.

The site of the land base was chosen in 1935 by British Air Ministry representatives because of the wide, level plateau and its nearness to Gander Lake. The first person here for the business of building the base was Squadron Leader H. A. L. Pattison, an Englishman on loan from the Royal Air Force.

In June, 1936, a band of forty workmen arrived at Gander, which was the same as any other uninhab-

ited location on the railway . . . just thick forest and bush on either side. They made their camp beside the railway and commenced to clear an area of one mile square. They were preparing the ground for an airport, but what an airport was they had not the least idea.

Travelers on the train were deeply interested in the large clearing which was being made and the area became known as the Newfoundland Airport, although no one visualized the ultimate development and considered it a dream that aircraft would ever be seen in this location.

IN AUGUST, 1936, a technical representative of the Air Ministry arrived in Newfoundland with the primary object of developing the flying boat base and to install radio facilities for the forthcoming experimental flights. In the meantime, the Canadian Government, which had assumed responsibility for the meteorological services, had gathered the nucleus of a forecasting staff and commenced training in the specialized work of trans-Atlantic reception. A radio engineer, J. N. Johnson, known as "The Admiral," arrived with his staff in 1936 from the English Marconi Company.

Early in 1937 Squadron Leader F. L. Ratcliffe and Flight Lieutenant C. M. Brant joined the above named men and engaged the local staff, among the first of which were Vince Myrick, Art Pittmen and, a little later, Bill Heath, Charles Blackie and Bill Lahey, all of whom are still serving with the RAF at the airport. In a short time the radio station was ready for operation with facilities for direct communications across the Atlantic and for aircraft, together with the necessary navigational assistance in the form of medium and high frequency direction finding, which installation was the first of its type put into operation on the service basis. In January, 1937, communication was established with Foynes, and is still maintained.

The land base at Gander received little attention during the winter of 1936-37 because in winter work was uneconomical. However, by the end of the summer of 1936 great progress had been made. The working strength had risen to 500 and many new graders had changed the forest primeval into a semblance of runways.

IN THE same year came the first man to develop the meteorological facilities of the base, a Newfoundlander, Hughie Bindon. He was joined in 1937 by Mr. McTaggart-Cowan who became chief meteorologist.

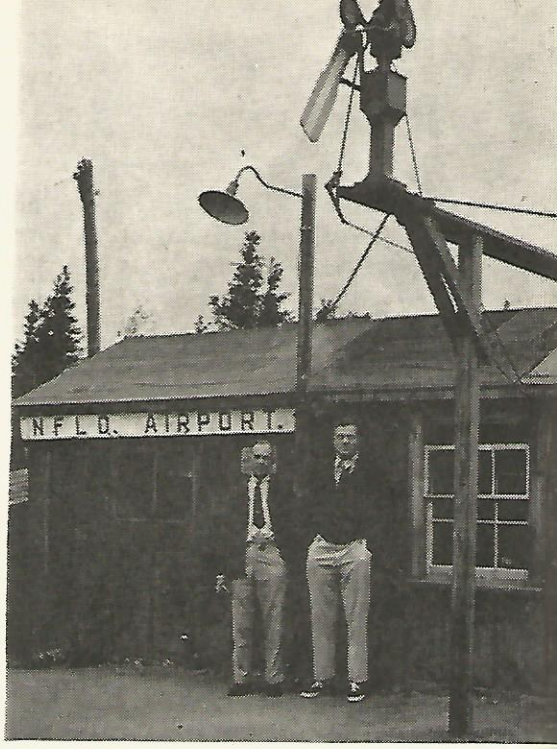
In the spring of 1937 there was considerable activity at both land and marine bases. Nine hundred men were working on the land base and the marine base was ready to start experimental flights. The first trans-Atlantic flights were on 5 July 1937, when Captain Wilcoxson of the British Overseas Aircraft Corporation flew from Foynes, Ireland to Newfoundland and Captain Grey of Pan-American flew from Newfoundland to Foynes. The Englishman used an Empire Flying Boat called the Caledonia, while the American was flying a Sikorsky 42, "The Betsy," now in the United States Navy. The eastbound flight took approximately twelve hours and the westbound flight fourteen hours. The American and British lines ran a service until the sea base froze. The success of these flights was a happy augury for the future.

Air Commodore "Taffy" Powell of the RAFTC, in the second crossing, broke the North Atlantic west-to-east record on his trip back to Ireland in September, 1937.

CONSTRUCTION of the base at Gander proceeded under the Department of Public Works, Newfoundland in 1938. There were signs that there might be land planes ready for further experimental service so the work was rushed in order to have at least the full length of all the runways available together with a hangar. However, technical developments of the land planes on both sides of the Atlantic did not fulfill expectations and the runways still remained unused.

Early in 1938 progress on the Newfoundland Airport was not fast enough so Mr. Jewett, a Canadian, was made chief engineer. He was assisted by Kenneth R. Chestnut, Don Ross, and Jack Drover, a young Newfoundlander of 21, who was active in laying out the runways and clearing the land. Construction engineers, Newfoundland workmen and Canadian supervisors came with bulldozers, concrete mixers, Tarmac pavers, and trucks. By the end of 1938 the full length and half the width of each runway was laid out.

In 1938 the "Mercury," piloted by Captain D. C. T. Bennett was launched pick-a-back by the "Mayo." Bennett is now an Air Vice Marshall in the RAF, leader of the Pathfinder force, which has accomplished such outstanding work in the location and marking of targets for saturation night bombing attacks in Europe. There was no "Mayo" on this side for the return trip and the "Mercury" took off unassisted for the Azores.



Standing in front of the hastily build railway station and post office, the first building to be built at the land base, are Henry DuPont and J. J. Ferrell who were perhaps the first visitors from the States to the new base.

DURING 1938 it was realized that the main traffic across the Atlantic would be carried out by land planes, and that a permanent radio station would have to be established near the land base. Thus on the completion of the flying boat season in 1938, control, radio and meteorological organizations, which by this time had reached a strength of about fifty, moved over to the land base. 30 November 1938 really marks the actual beginning of the base at Gander as an operational unit. The move itself is quite a story for it coincided with a particularly heavy blizzard. However, communication with the outside world was not interrupted, and when the key was lifted at the sea base for the last time, the land base was ready to take over.

The same year, equipment for the installation of the Lorenz blind landing system, then in regular use at major airports throughout Europe, was purchased through the British agents of the Telefunken Company of Berlin. This equipment was installed by British engineers and it appears that this transaction has led to the prevalent rumor that the land base was constructed by the Germans. Certainly, there is no vestige of truth in this rumor.

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NEWFOUNDLAND WOUNDED ARRIVES IN NEW YORK

by Cpl. William A. Gold

THE somewhat fictionized version of letters received from a former Newfie inmate who was, until recently, absent sick at Mitchell Field. The wounded, a hernia hero, T/5 James S. Eyestone, wrote the facts to me. They are embellished for the sake of his Newfie-weary colleagues at this station.

6 August 44

DEAR Line Corporal:

You can just trot right on down to the guardhouse and tell the Provost Marshall to call off his gumshoes. And you can tell Joe Ferguson to quit fingering my stripes, for I'm no more AWOL than a three star general. You might also drop into that den of thieves which passes for the Signal Co. orderly room, and tell Papa Bordeau to note my present status; i.e., fur to ab sk. Course he'll eventually hear about it through the proper channels, but I thought you might enjoy the look which will pass across his grizzled kisser when you tell him. And to those who are my proud and sweaty creditors . . . TS!

My furlough, old mighty Line Corporal, has come to an end, and I am, tomorrow, about to embark to the operating room. It will be sometime before I'll be able to return to the rocky bosom of Newfoundland, a thought which leaves my mutton-fattened face wreathed in sly grins. Bet you're all ears and arms to hear the story . . .

Dutiful soldier that I be, I reported to La Guardia on the stroke of twelve, told my sad story to P & T so's I could get that dismal hop back to the homeland, and took off for New York and that last round of revelry. The next morning I was all set to go, and presented my hung-over form to the medics for a preflight. Perpetual motion had not yet set in, so they were satisfied to let me go; but the thought of returning to Cod's Country made me wince, somewhat, and I brought forth my sorrowful tale: My rupture was ailing . . . did the lieutenant think it advisable for me to travel with my lower colon draggin' on the ground?

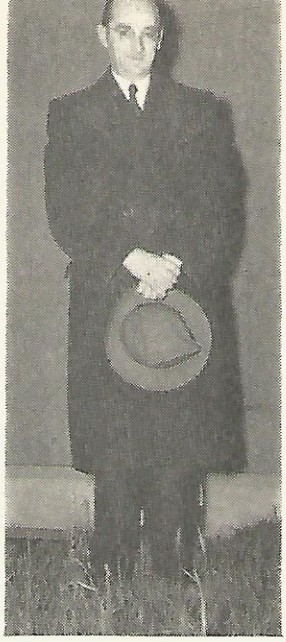
THE lieutenant, after much turning of the head and coughing, gasped in dramatic horror, called two pill rollers and the meat wagon, and that tasteless trip to Newfie was definitely off. Really, old LC, I had trouble with my face . . . I couldn't keep from smiling.

They gutted me two days later (didn't feel a thing), and left me to die in a nice white ward full of Anzio and Normandy wounded. Laugh all you wish, but it was not fun lying there with the knowledge before you that 6% of your entrails were now fertilizer. However, I recovered sufficiently (that's the brave soldier!) to be able to sit up and shoot the breeze with my fellow wounded. They caught it rough, all right, and I still feel a little ashamed for ever being in the same ward with them. After I showed them a copy of the General Order awarding me the Good Conduct, and the certificate from Search & Rescue, they admitted that I, too, 'had gone through hell.'

You may think that it was a bit tiresome in that ward all day long, but I happen to know better. Every day streams of Legionnaires, Red Cross cuties, Nurses's Aides, and a host of last season' debutantes marched through the ward spreading good cheer and heaps of morale to us poor wounded. One of them saw the chart which mentioned that horrible word "hernia," and she confessed to me that she, too, knew how heavy those ammunition boxes were.

OH, THEY babbled on and on—come up and see me as soon as you get well—and did I make tracks to get well damn fast. Especially when I latched on to a sweet bim who wanted to know if I liked sailing. When I got through with my spiel she thought I was Sir Thomas Lipton's first mate. I only hope the library has exhaustive research on the subject . . . with plenty of illustrations.

(Continued on page 35)



The "Barrel Man" himself, Joe Smallwood, in front of the RAF piggery.

NEWFOUNDLAND "BARRELMAN" Raises Pigs

by Sgt. Neale Reinitz

IT's PRETTY widely understood that newspapermen come up against the more complicated aspects of civilization in their daily contacts. They must make their occupational way amidst all sorts of human twists and turns—a very logical situation, because it's the twists and turns of existence that form the pattern of that which the newspaperman is seeking—news.

This may account for the open favoritism that the great majority of working newspaper writers and editors profess toward the simpler forms of life—e.g., the rural and agricultural existence. In the specific case at hand, this theory may help to explain why Joe Smallwood, ex-journalist and for seven years the famous "Barrel Man" of the Newfoundland radio, is now running the Royal Air Force piggery on this base, a livestock plant with an annual turnover of 1,000 porkers.

Smallwood, a wiry, alert-looking man of 44, describes himself as "having done what every newspaperman has wanted to do—go farming." After a career that carried him from the acting editorship of the St. John's Evening Telegram at the age of 18 through newspaper endeavors in Halifax and New York and a tenure from 1936 to 1943 as the Barrel Man, radio expert on Newfoundalnd history and national lore, Joe came into command of the RAF piggery, with the prerequisite of two years' experience on his own small farm near St. John's.

DURING the last two years of his nightly-except-Sunday broadcast, Smallwood devoted his leisure time to his farm, which had its own piggery. As the months went by, he found himself becoming more and more interested in his farming and hog-culturing and at the same time losing interest in his radio identity. The possibilities of success for a super-piggery founded on the heavy accumulation of food scraps at the military installations in Newfoundland occurred to him, and he first betook himself to the commandant of a U. S. Army base on the island with the pork producing plan. The CO of the post was interested and willing to co-operate, but negotiations hadn't yet been entered upon when Joe heard that Group Captain D. F. Anderson, DFC, AFC, commanding the RAF at Gander, had already started a small piggery. Smallwood contacted G/Capt. Anderson, and before long the present piggery was in operation.

The material aid and moral support extended by the RAF CO were essential. "Were it not for Group Captain Anderson," Smallwood remarked, "the piggery would never have been set up, and even if it had been built, it would not have attained one-tenth its present success, but for him."

Smallwood represents his seven-year radio task as the Barrel Man as that of 'glorifying Newfoundland," much in the manner of Florenz Ziegfield's efforts on behalf of the American girl. His method, he says, was the stirring up of patriotism and pride in his country by making known the facts and fancy of its 450-year existence. During the seven years of his sponsored broadcast, Joe received close to 70,000 fan letters and over 3,000 visitors to his office at St. John's.

THE Barrel Man spoke, on his program, of the folklore, history, geography, and politics of his native land, brightening his narrative with tall tales, a form of humor currently popular in Newfoundland, which, he says, is roughly parallel to the wit of the Mark Twain and Josh Billings style which prevailed in the United States in the latter part of the last century. For two years during the program, the Barrel Man offered to take a crack at answering any questions about Newfoundland his listeners would put to him. Among queries running into the thousands, Joe reports that there were only about a dozen that he could not handle.

The "barrel man"—whence the name originated—is an impressive figure on the masthead of a whaling or seal-hunting vessel such as those that have plied forth for many years from the 1,200-odd "outports" which dot the Newfoundland coast. The barrel man crawls up through the bottom of this barrel, which is attached to the forward mast, and from this lofty perch he serves as ship's lookout, keeping sharp watch for possible quarry.

The Barrel Man personality became almost a national tradition during the years of the broadcast. It was because of the public enthusiasm for the program's name and subject matter, Smallwood modestly asserts, that candies were named after the legendary lookout and a great many local ice carnivals featured individuals masquerading as the Barrel Man.

SMALLWOOD'S barrelling was only a logical culmination of his previous experience as a journalist. This background, which includes the authorship of some six books about Newfoundland, equipped Joe well for his role as national radio historian and human interest dispenser. Among his recollections are occasions on which the Newfoundland government would refer direct to the Barrel Man inquiries about national matters received from without the country.

In consonance with his role as an historian of Newfoundland, Smallwood covered many of the early trans-Atlantic airplane efforts for the United Press as well as the St. John's papers. These flights included the

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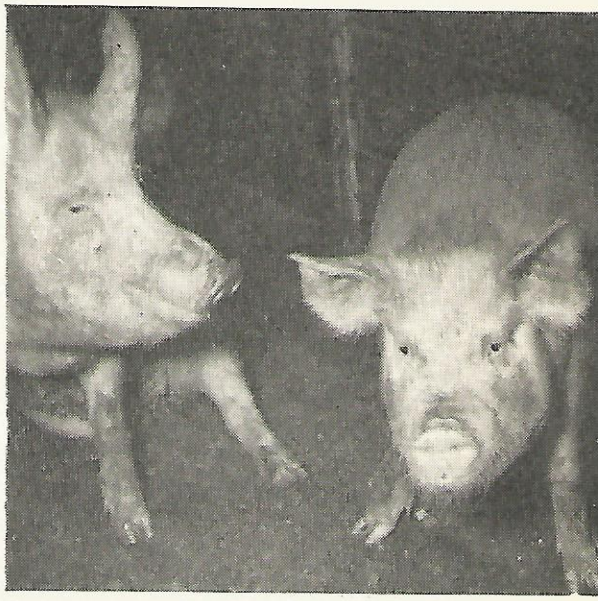


Two RAF porkers talk things over.

Search and Rescue

by Captain Manuel Korn

DURING the first week of September a message was received in the Operations Office at Gander asking for help in rescuing certain crew members of a B17 who had bailed out over Canada. The airplane in which they had been flying was proceeding from Presque Isle, Maine to Goose Bay, Labrador. The ship had passed over the St. Lawrence and was flying over the province of Quebec when it developed trouble and went into a spin. After several crew members had bailed out, the pilot succeeded in pulling out of the spin and leveling off. The plane returned to Presque Isle and preparations for the rescue were begun. Messages were sent to several stations in the North Atlantic Division requesting planes and crews to help with the search.

Among the pilots who went from this base was our former Search and Rescue Officer, Lt. H. D. Blakeslee. As he relates the story, the first problem was to restrict the area of search, to determine the approximate position of the men who had bailed out. In making this calculation, the position of the airplane as reported by the pilot, its altitude and the winds, were taken into consideration. The next step was to divide the general area into zones for each plane to search. Each zone was about fifteen by twenty miles. Twelve planes participated in the search and each was assigned several zones to carefully comb.

BAD weather prevented flying for a while and the first day of search (S-day) was three days after the men had bailed out. The area in southern Quebec which was to be searched is mountainous, heavily wooded country, crowded with rapids, hills, cliffs, gorges and generally rugged terrain. Although the altitude providing best visibility was 500-800 feet, Lt. Blakeslee says every stream, valley and lake was buzzed from five to fifty feet above the ground. At night the planes flew at a higher altitude but low enough to see any type of fire. Several fires were sighted during the night flights; their positions were charted and they were investigated the next morning, but in all cases they were camp-fires which had been made by trappers or Indians.

On S plus 1 all the zones were eliminated and new zones were charted as the general area was extended on all sides. Bad weather limited searching on S plus 2. During the middle of the afternoon of S plus 3 a small campfire was sighted and the survivors were seen around it. Lt. Freesland, who spotted the men, flew back to base, reported their location. Lt. Martins returned there in a Norseman equipped with floats, landed on a nearby pond and picked them up. They were in an army hospital two hours after they had been sighted.

In six days they had eaten one woodpecker and two squirrels, killed with their .45s. During that period they had heard airplanes five times. The fire which first attracted attention to the survivors was a small campfire which they had built for warmth. Lt. Blakeslee believes they would have been rescued much sooner had they built fires designed to attract attention. During daylight smoke fires are best and at night huge bonfires can easily be seen from the air. Instead of planning to attract attention, the survivors had left their parachutes (which can be very useful) and started walking towards the coast. In five days of walking through the thick woods they had moved only three miles from their parachutes, which were found later that day. A man walking on the ground, especially between trees and brush usually cannot be seen from the air. The survivors did nothing to help the searching party find them—which is the most important thing to do when lost. It is safe to assume that there are planes looking for you, if you are forced down in the middle of nowhere

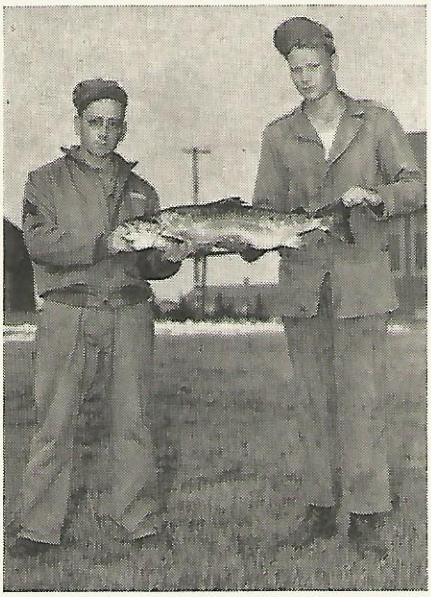
The search and rescue squad on a hike last winter.

your job is to help the searching party find you, not play hide and seek by roaming around. Another factor which delayed the rescue was an erroneous position report by the pilot of the B17. The survivors were found forty-five miles west of their course.

OUR Search and Rescue Section at this base consists of one flying officer and five non-coms. Among other things, training for arctic search and rescue includes learning how to handle dog teams. All the men are graduates of the Sled-Dog Section of the War Dog Reception and Training Center which is now located in Nebraska. The men are old-timers when it comes to living outdoors. Before entering the service S/Sgt. Mike Korpi was a woodsman in a lumber camp. Cpl. Lawrence Morrie was a trapper, S/Sgt. David Armstrong was a dog trainer and worked for a veterinary. Sgt. Peter DiPalma and Cpl. Theodore Yasses spent a great deal of time outdoors hunting and fishing.

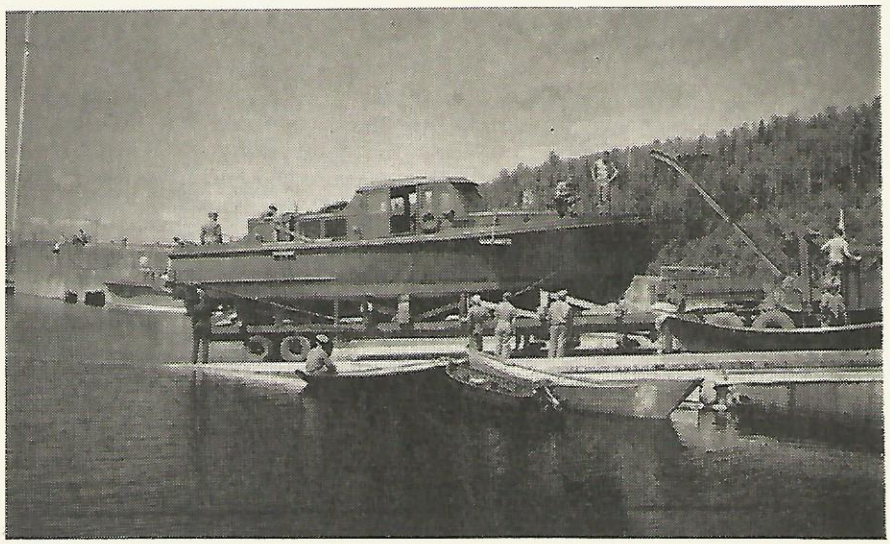
Last winter they took groups of men into the woods on overnight hikes to train them as assistants for search and rescue work. This summer they had the benefit of the new crash boat to explore the lake and the region surrounding it. And this coming winter they are hoping to have a dog team so they can move further and faster from the base in case their services are needed.

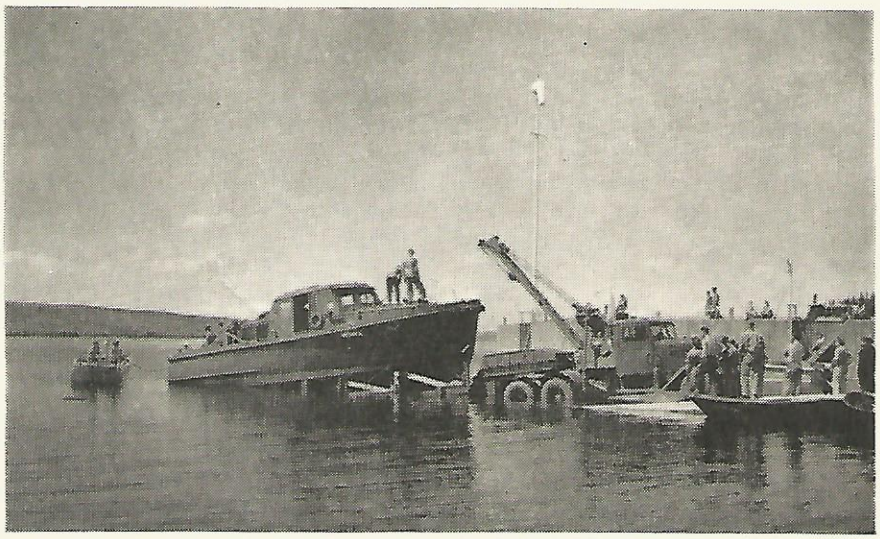
PROOF

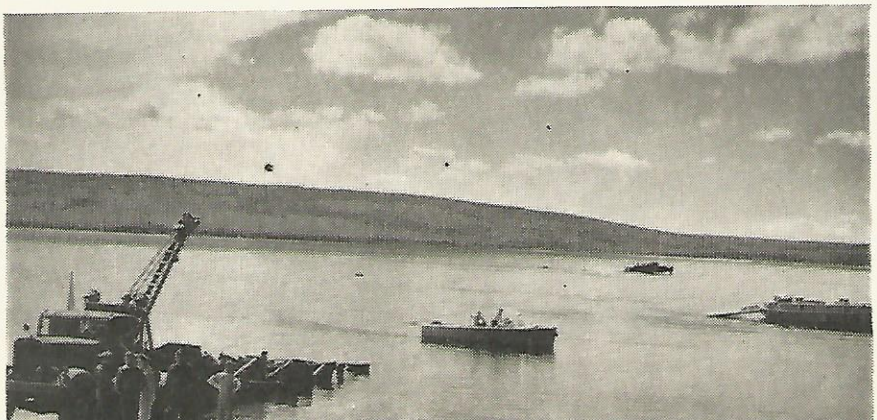


Sgt. Bill Gordon, 15 pound salmon, Cpl. Warren Ross

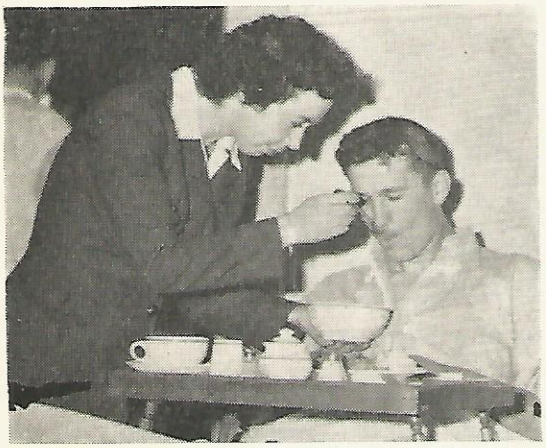
LAUNCHING OF THE CRASH BOAT THIS SUMMER







THE RED CROSS



It's worth while being laid up in the hospital when there's someone like Helen around.

THE Red Cross, not an uncommon organization on Army posts from here to Kunming, is doing perhaps the most humane job in this global war; the newsreels and magazines have shown that well enough. But there are some facts about the local set-up which we think are interesting and which can be mentioned in all honesty and without fear of being accused of 'plugging.'

In one month recently, the local Recreation Hall was host to over 13,000 guests. Don't ask us how they kept count, but Helen says it's so and her word is good.

Helen is Miss Reichenbach who says that more people know her in Lexington, Ky. than anywhere else, unless it be 865. Helen has been here over a year now, is a good little soldier and has been the friendly big sister to many a lonely GI. She knows her job and does it with dignity. We can't tell you about her trip back from leave in the States recently but it's a good story and she'll tell it to you.

Mrs. Brotschi taught a class in Latin American dance steps. Nothing like getting ready for the Caribbean Division while you're still in the North Atlantic.

THE father of the Recreation Hall and its attendant functions is Jake Horst who used to teach Latin, French and coach in a Baltimore private school. Jake came to 865 in January 1942 and left recently for a domestic assignment. He has done about everything, and more, which one expects from a Field Director, which is the formal name for his position. At first he was charged with corelating the activities of the A & R office. Then came the planning and furnishing of the Recreation Hall, the activities of which are illustrated on these pages.

Just arrived for duty with the Red Cross are Mr. M. H. Buckley, Field Director, and Miss Billy Hale, recreational assistant.

The purpose of the Red Cross is to step in and do any job in any military establishment which is not covered by the Army. Of first importance among these is counseling with men on personal problems. In the last year and a half the local office has talked with over one thousand men when they needed advice and help which only an agency like the Red Cross could give. Emergency furloughs are arranged when there is illness or death back home. Usually it takes two days to get the report from the local chapter which has investigated the 'case' in the soldier's home town.

THE recreation program has, perhaps, been the chief contribution of the Red Cross here. The Rec Hall is open from 10 to after 10 each day; bingo parties, classes in Spanish, French and dancing, free movies, dances are regular features. The Rec Hall is a comfortable place which anyone may use, regardless of rank.

The Red Cross gets some odd requests. One day a sergeant, who was visiting the post, came up to Mrs. Louise Brotschi, who spent several months here, and said, "There's one thing wrong with this place (he'd been here only a few days) and that is that I can't find any toothpicks or blotterpaper." Louise had some blotter paper for him, but she had to snitch some toothpicks from the officers' club.

A lieutenant rushed into Mr. Horst's office and said excitedly, "I just got in. I haven't heard from my wife for over a month . . . for I've been traveling . . . and she's been expecting a baby for over a month. Could you get in touch with her?" The next day Mr. Horst was able to tell him, "You are the father of a seven pound boy which looks just like you. Your wife is well." "Gee," said the lieutenant, "can you make six copies of that?"

HELEN has been conducting a shopping service recently and has helped many a man buy Christmas presents through the Red Cross shopping service in New York City. One GI was absorbed in the purchase of gifts for five young nieces and he and Helen agreed but when it came to a gift for a one-year-old nephew Helen said, "It should be something soft, which would not hurt him." Whereupon the GI got mad and said, "A fine thing, the Red Cross making sissies out of young Americans. Who's going to fight the next war?"

And then there's the story of the private who had a little sister whose one wish was a new Girl Scout uniform for the Memorial Day parade in Elizabethtown, N. J. The private gave $27 to the local director, who sent it to Washington and who, in turn, sent it to the local chapter and finally, and on time, the little girl got a complete new outfit. There was, it seems, no one else at home who could perform this service.

Sometimes we take the Red Cross for granted, as a child often does its parents, but when it's all over and the uniforms are put in moth balls and the statistics on the war are in, there will still be the Red Cross, ready to pitch in and do a tough job as long as it's necessary.

Domestic scene at Christmas with Mr. Horst and Helen.

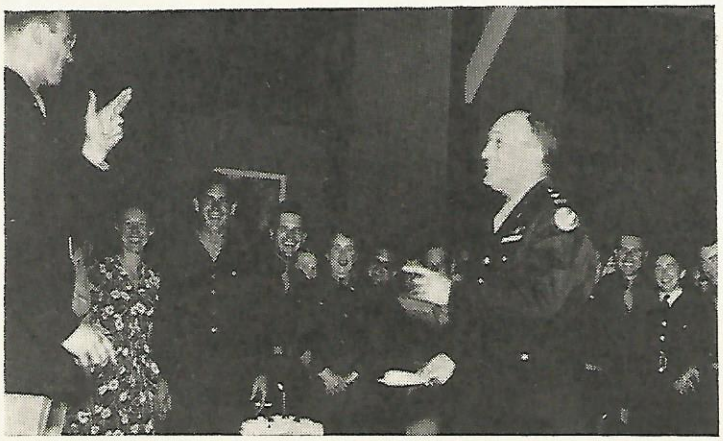
We have never been in the Rec Hall yet when the pool tables were idle.

This is not a coke ad, even though we can count fourteen bottles.

The shoes in the foreground are those of the photographer on the balcony. Down below we see Cpl. Jim Motte, former assistant at the Red Cross, looking on at a palm reading at a carnival.

FIRST BIRTHDAY PARTY

The CO gets the first piece of Birthday cake.



Picking a recorded show is Cpl. Dave Mansfield, of St. Catherine's, Ontario, who acts as operator and announcer for the radio station several evenings a week. During the day Dave works as a clerk in an orderly room.

VORG

THE LOCAL RADIO

By LAW Grace Babbitt

ON New Year's Day, 1944, the local radio station, VORG, commenced broadcasting as an auxiliary service of the RCAF.

The studio, transmitter, control room, record library et al were at first located in the recreation room in the basement of the home of the Commanding Officer of the RCAF. The equipment consisted of a handful of borrowed records, domestic turn-tables, a solitary mike and an aircraft transmitter, not to mention the bank of storage batteries which made their mark on the CO's rug.

Today the station transmits fourteen to sixteen hours daily from modern, sound-proof studios in the RCAF General Canteen. It has an authorized power output of 250 watts radiating from its 150 foot antenna in the remote transmitter area.

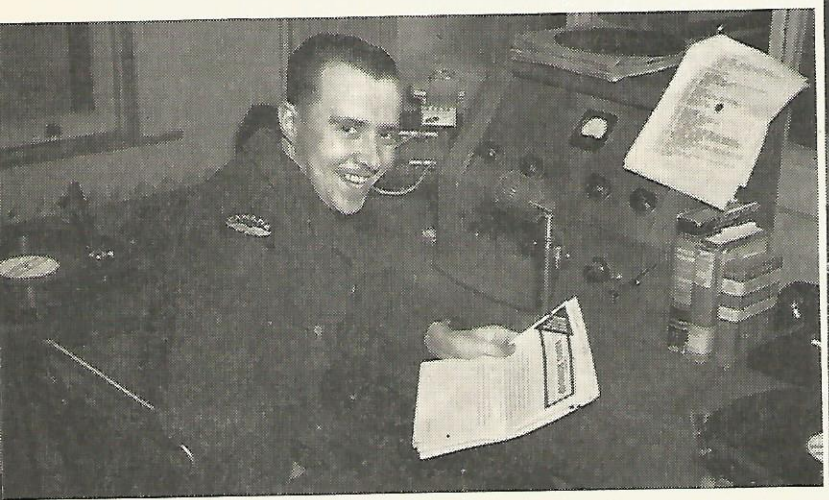
TRULY cosmopolitan, the entertainment is provided by selecting the top shows from the Armed Forces Radio Service, the London Transcription Service and the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. Through its short wave receiving facilities listeners get the latest world news seven times daily as broadcast by London and New York. Canadian News Highlights are specially teletyped from Toronto for airing. It is via the short waves that many special programs and events, of which the recent World Series games is an example, reach the radio audience.

In addition there are a number of locally-produced shows. Bob Harvie, program director and chief announcer can be heard on the air every evening with his "Jive at Five," not to mention almost any other time during the day with various short programs. He is your host for the Saturday Night Request Party. His 'spare time' is spent in the control room as operator. Bob is the lad who ran the station practically single-handed in its early days, and to him should undoubtedly go much of the credit for the local productions. Bob was a radio man back in civilian days in his home town of Toronto.

GEORGE Kent, of Winnipeg, who was also in radio before he enlisted, formerly read three newscasts daily, but since short wave news was made available, he has been giving only a short newscast nightly, consisting of Canadian News Highlights. "Looking at Sport," a nightly program of fifteen minutes duration, is prepared and announced by George. He is also commentator for the Victor Record Album, and does his share of work as an operator.

"Hollywood Headliners," a twice-weekly program and the Book Review, are produced and presented by Grace Babbitt, of Boston, Mass., who also conducts a daily request show for hospital patients and personnel entitled "Hospital Hi-Jinks."

Among other local productions are "Rhythm Reveille," and early morning hour of music and time signals conducted by Bob or George; "Cavalcade of Corn," twice weekly, as arranged by Herb Ellis; the music of the Hillbillies, broadcast direct from the studio; remote control broadcasts of the church services, Glee Club concert, RCAF Band and dance music by the Solidaires.



In the control room—Bob Harvie caught reading up on what to expect in this week's record shipment, while an AFRS show is on the air. Bob has been attached to the staff of VORG since its inception.

On the air—Cpl. George Kent introduces LAW Grace Babbitt who is ready with the script of Hollywood Headliners. Both at present spend their full time at the radio station. Cpl. Kent's service trade is RTO and LAW Babbitt is a Clerk Operations.

ALTHOUGH he is seldom heard on the air, the station is in charge of another Torontonian, Flight Lieutenant A. T. Patterson, who originated the broadcasting system with a memo to the CO back in November, 1943. He is in the Signals Branch but often devotes more time per twenty-four hours to the technical problems of the station than to his other duties.

Flight Lieutenant Patterson said, in a recent interview, "As chairman of the broadcasting committee I wish to thank the many who have helped to build the so little into so much. Special mention is due 1st Lieutenant Annis G. Thompson and Captain Manuel Korn and the U. S. Army Special Service Office, as well as Sgt. McKnight and the Canadian Army Public Relations Office."

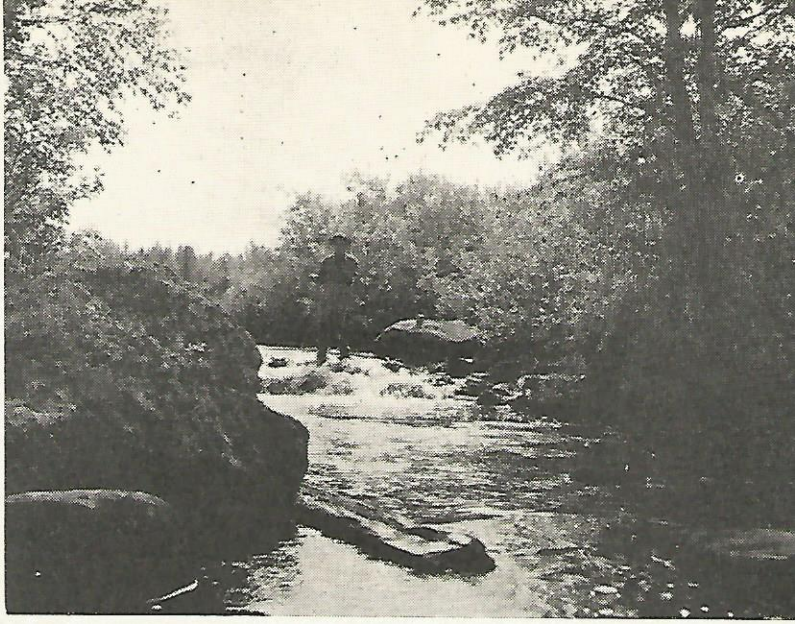
LAC Kenneth "Del" Dellenbach tunes in an NBC newscast, as Cpl. Herb Ellis signs off a show... "Del," a Hamilton, Ontario, boy is a wireless mechanic at the station radio shop... One of his special jobs is to look after the remote control broadcasts. Herb is another Torontonian. He has been announcing and operating for the station during his spare time ever since it was begun.

The RCAF radio station staff congregate for the cameraman on the steps outside the studio. From left to right they are: Cpl. Mansfield, LAC Dillenbach, Cpl. Ellis, LAW Babbitt, AC1 Harvie, F/L A. T. Patterson, the station's chairman and chief engineer, and Cpl. Kent.

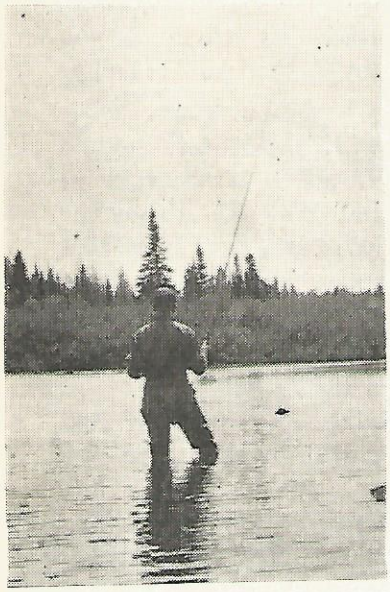
Photographs of VORG by Flight Sergeant H. A. Day, RCAF.

As the stage is being set, T/Sgt. Arthur E. Hausker, EM director of the Air Base Band and charter member of the expedition, contemplates the latent wild life of northern Newfoundland's lush landscape while he sweats out embarkation.

FISHING EXPEDITION GIVES NATURAL RESOURCES A FLING



No kidding about this. It's M/Sgt. Daniel O. Sturkie, base sergeant major, and his is a pose of direct action, campaign hat and all. Is that beer or bait in the can on the rock?

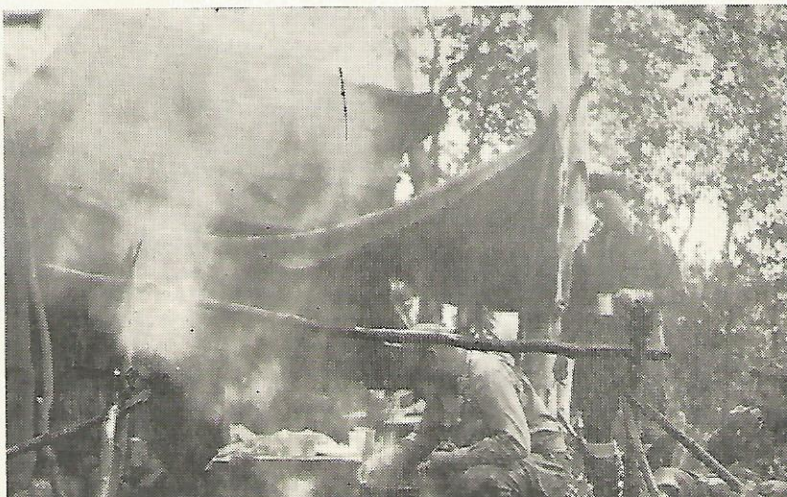


One of the fishermen already in action. From the rear, S/Sgt. Walter Hayle appears to be the model of a Newfoundlandized Isaak Walton. That knee-deep pose looks especially handsome to non-competitors in the piscatorial pastime.

Post-mortem close-up. Munn and Law are all smiles as they hold the victims up for display. Law hasn't ever been seen in a better mood, even after administering a perfect stroke with the clippers. (Note—He's a barber.)

Everyone seems very preoccupied in this outdoor kitchen scene.

Salting the fish down. Action shots are apparently the order of the day. A graceful finish to the outdoor excursion.



At the close of the first round—the losers on the string. The winners, left to right, Hayle, Cpl. Glen Munn, Sturkie, Pfc. John McKnight, Pfc. Donald Law and Hausker.

THE STRANGE AND TERRIBLE STORY OF THE CORPORAL AND THE WITCH

BY SGT. W. L. COPTHORNE

THIS story is a product of the disordered imagination of one who has been stationed in Newfoundland almost as long as Corporal Jessop. Thus, were any similarity to be found between the characters represented and actual living people, it would be more than merely coincidental. It would be remarkable.

IT WAS on the night of November fifteenth, 1944, that Corporal Jessop first began to doubt his sanity. It was true, he reflected, that he had been stationed at the same isolated air base in Newfoundland for seventeen months and that he had developed a kind of vacant, unseeing stare and a habit of letting his sentences trail off in the middle that he knew would be disconcerting to the folks back in New York. Even his friends in the Third Avenue bars, who were the most understanding people he knew, would think him a bit queer at first. But nearly everyone who had been stationed on the base for over a year looked and talked in the same peculiar way, so it was probably natural enough—certainly no cause for worry. Now, though, he was afraid, for just a few minutes before his mind had deceived him into thinking he had seen the impossible happen. He had watched Herbert, the fat, affectionate Priorities and Traffic office cat suddenly turn into a terrible old woman, talk to him for a few minutes, and then turn back into Herbert again. There could be no doubt about it; his mind had slipped over the edge. He steadied himself against a packing case and tried to think out clearly and rationally just what had happened.

IT HAD been a quiet night in the P. and T. office and he had been sitting alone on duty with his feet upon the desk, riffling through an old copy of **Esquire** when Herbert came in. Herbert leaped lightly upon the desk, rubbed against his ankles and purred. Jessop was fond of Herbert, so, speaking to him affectionately, he reached into the drawer for a can of evaporated milk that he had that very evening borrowed from the mess hall, and poured some of it into a dish. He then shifted his feet off the desk, got up, went over to the locker and took out a can of shrimp that he had bought for Herbert at considerable trouble and expense at the Newfie store. The incredible transformation took place just as he started back to Herbert with the shrimp. Within the blink of an eye Herbert was no longer there and in his place there stood a grotesque, hunched up little old woman with a huge, beaked nose, scraggly hair drooping down over her wrinkled cheeks, and the most piercing black eyes he had ever seen. She was dressed in ragged clothes and she leaned on a bent and knotted stick. Jessop dropped the can of shrimp and stared at her, his eyes starting from his head. "Who are you?" he finally managed to gasp. She leered at him and in a cracked old voice answered, "Herbert." Then she laughed a great mocking laugh that caused his blood to run cold. She broke off suddenly, advanced a step and sneered, "Fool of a corporal! Can't you see for yourself what I am? I am a witch!" Jessop backed away. "What do you want?" he asked thickly. The old woman chuckled and was just about to reply when there was the sound of a jeep pulling up outside the door. It was Flaherty, the AACS messenger, coming to pay his nightly visit to P. and T. and he was whistling loudly. The old woman rapped on the floor with her stick in annoyance. "You will see me again," she hissed, and before Jessop's terrified eyes she vanished into nothingness and there in her place Herbert appeared, crouched on the floor, quietly lapping his evaporated milk.

FLAHERTY strode into the room and ejaculated profanely, as was his custom, about Newfoundland, the weather and the army. He spied the can of shrimp that Jessop had let drop to the floor. With a grunt of satisfaction he picked it up, opened it and started to pick out its contents. "What's the matter with you?" he asked finally, glancing up at Jessop. You look as if you'd seen some damned ghost, or something."

Jessop pulled himself together. "N-no," he said, and his voice sounded as if it were coming from somebody else. "Not a ghost—a, witch!" and he looked at Flaherty with dazed and frightened eyes.

"A what?" asked Flaherty, his mouth full of shrimp.

"A witch," Jessop repeated.

Flaherty laughed coarsely. "A witch? My God, man, you'll have to cut out the N.C.O. Club for a while. I had to. It had me seeing a two headed Ubangi savage a few weeks ago. The two heads kept trying to face each other, but they couldn't because their mouth got in the way. It was terrible." He went on to describe at some length the further peculiarities of this monstrosity who, it seemed, appeared before him stark naked, but Jessop wasn't listening. He just sat staring at Herbert.

Flaherty finally left with more comment on Newfoundland and the army and a final injunction to Jessop to steer clear of the N.C.O. Club. "But I haven't been to the N.C.O. Club for a month," Jessop said tonelessly to himself.

As soon as Flaherty had gone Jessop expected to see Herbert turn again into an old woman. But nothing happened. Herbert finished his milk and then began rubbing against Jessop's legs, mewing for the shrimp.

With an unsteady hand Jessop gave him the few bits that Flaherty had left. Herbert ate them and curled up on a pile of rags at the bottom of one of the lockers and went to sleep.

For the next two nights nothing happened and Jessop had once more begun to regain confidence in himself and to look at Herbert as he would at any normal cat, when the thing happened again. This time it was just after Flaherty had left. There was no chance of being disturbed and the old woman, or Herbert, if one could distinguish, chose the time wisely. Again Jessop had settled down to **Esquire** when at his side, where previously Herbert had sat, there suddenly appeared the terrible old woman.

Jessop jumped up and backed against the wall. His heart beat doubly quick and he could feel the perspiration starting out on his forehead. "Who are you? What do you want?" he blurted.

THE old woman leaned forward on her stick and fixed Jessop with her bright black eyes. "Don't be alarmed, Corporal," she croaked. "You have nothing to fear if you do as I ask." She settled herself painfully on the edge of the chair and motioned Jessop to sit down on a box opposite her. He stood, transfixed, feeling that this must be part of some horrible nightmare—the kind that he used to have as a child after a particularly gruesome fairy tale had been read to him.

"Before telling you what you must do I will tell you my story," the old woman said, and then she proceeded to rasp out the strangest story that Jessop had ever heard. By the grace of the devil, to whom she had sold her soul, she had reached an incredible age. She had been living in Salem, Massachusetts, back in the days when witchcraft flourished there, but had been forced to flee the town to escape burning. She had taken passage on a ship bound for England but had been discovered exorcising some spirits in the hold of the vessel, and had been deported unceremoniously at St. John's, Newfoundland.

"But I took vengeance on that crew," she chuckled, "I called a curse on the pack of them and they never reached England. Their bones have long since been rotting away at the bottom of the Atlantic."

SINCE then she had been wandering from one fishing village to another in Newfoundland. "The devil takes care of his own up to a point," she grated, "so I didn't starve." She had had some unfortunate experiences but had taken vengeance for every one. Once while disguised as a hare she had been shot at by a farmer and had been wounded in the leg. A wound sustained by a witch while in the guise of an animal, she explained bitterly to Jessop, will persist when the human form is reassumed, and she had been walking with a bad limp ever since. What she had done to the farmer and to his wife and to his innocent children is too horrible to repeat. Jessop listened to all this, bewildered and sick at heart.

For the last six months she had been living at the P. and T. office in the guise of Herbert, and for a good reason. Before the devil would let her die he insisted that she return to New England and there wreak her vengeance on the descendants of the Salem judges who had persecuted her in Salem so long before. She couldn't do it by remote control from Newfoundland, for she didn't know who they were. Her problem was transportation back to the States. All this talk about witches traveling by broomstick was nonsense and, since boat travel was not only difficult but also dangerous in these times and made her seasick as well, she was determined to return by plane. The request, or rather the demand, she had to make of Jessop was this. He was to see to it, by virtue of his position at P. and T. that she got a ride back to the States.

JESSOP, staring into the old woman's eyes throughout this long recital, felt dazed and hypnotized. He answered mechanically. "I can't help you. I —"

"I didn't ask you if you could," the witch interrupted testily. "I said you must. Otherwise it will go hard with you." And she leered viciously at him.

Jessop protested. "I'm only a corporal," he said desperately. "I'd like to help you, but I can't give orders for you to ride on a plane."

The witch looked at him craftily. "You can slip Herbert on the plane, can't you?" she said. "As Herbert, myself, I've tried often enough, the devil knows, but they've caught me every time."

Jessop remembered how Herbert, spitting and snarling, had several times been ejected from planes bound for the States on which he had been hiding. "I'm afraid I can't," he said. "I'm liable to be busted."

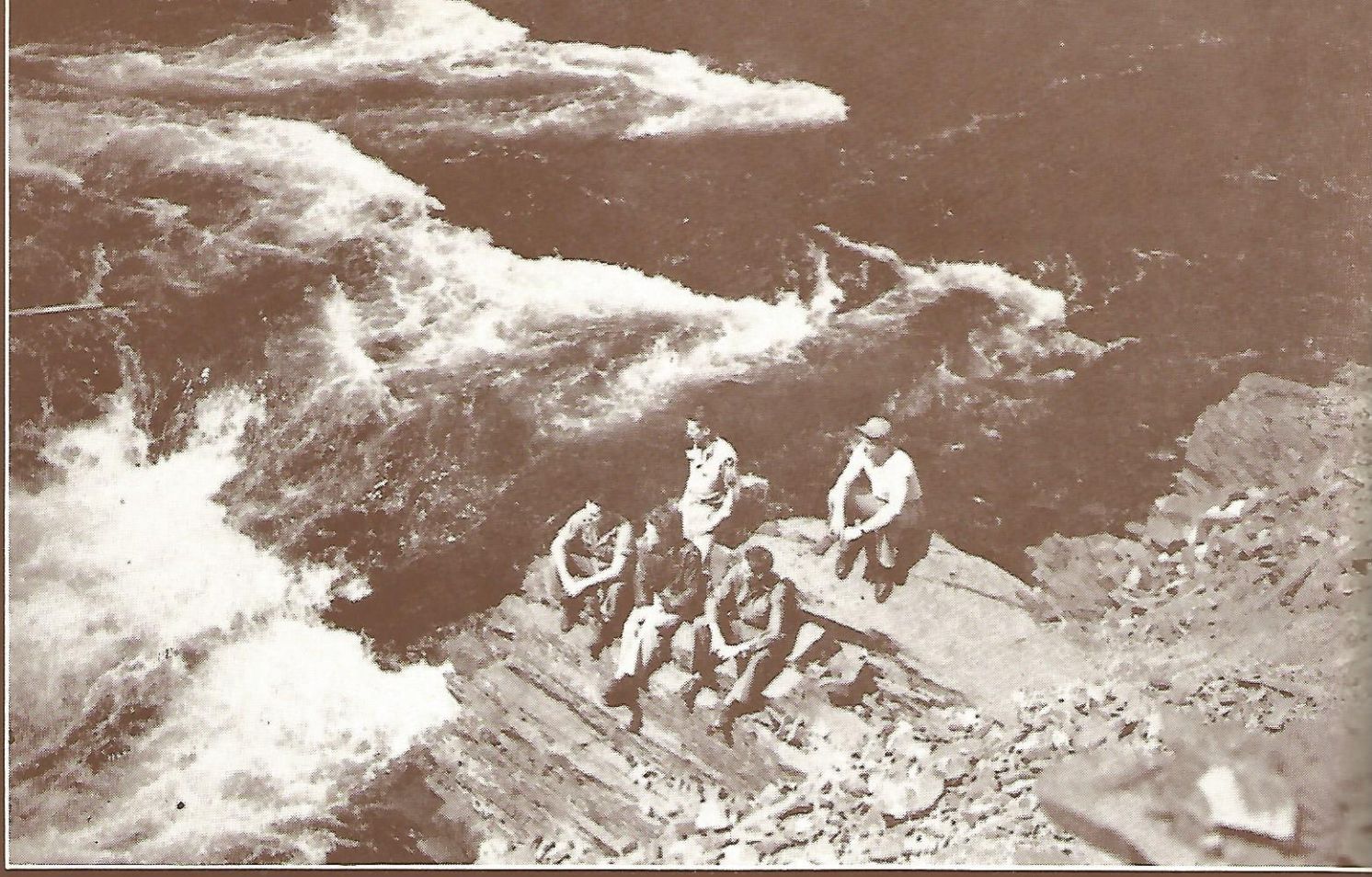
The old women who had lived long enough at a military post to know what "busted" meant, cackled derisively. "Don't worry, Corporal," she said. "If you don't hide me on a plane going to the States within a week, you won't care whether you're busted or not. Remember the captain and the crew and the farmer and his family. And I could tell you stories even more horrible. We'll talk again tomorrow night."

With these words she vanished and in her place sat Herbert, conscientiously lapping himself, head down with his rear left leg stuck high in the air.

THE next day Corporal Jessop reported to Lt. Holcombe of P. and T. and asked to be relieved of night duty for a while. He was reluctant to give reasons and his manner was strange, but Lt. Holcombe had been stationed

(Continued on page 27)

"Good Heavens! We've let in a Drill Sergeant"



GI's on the Exploits River

The Photo Section Presents...

A tow to the line on Gander Lake

Pinching for breeze and position

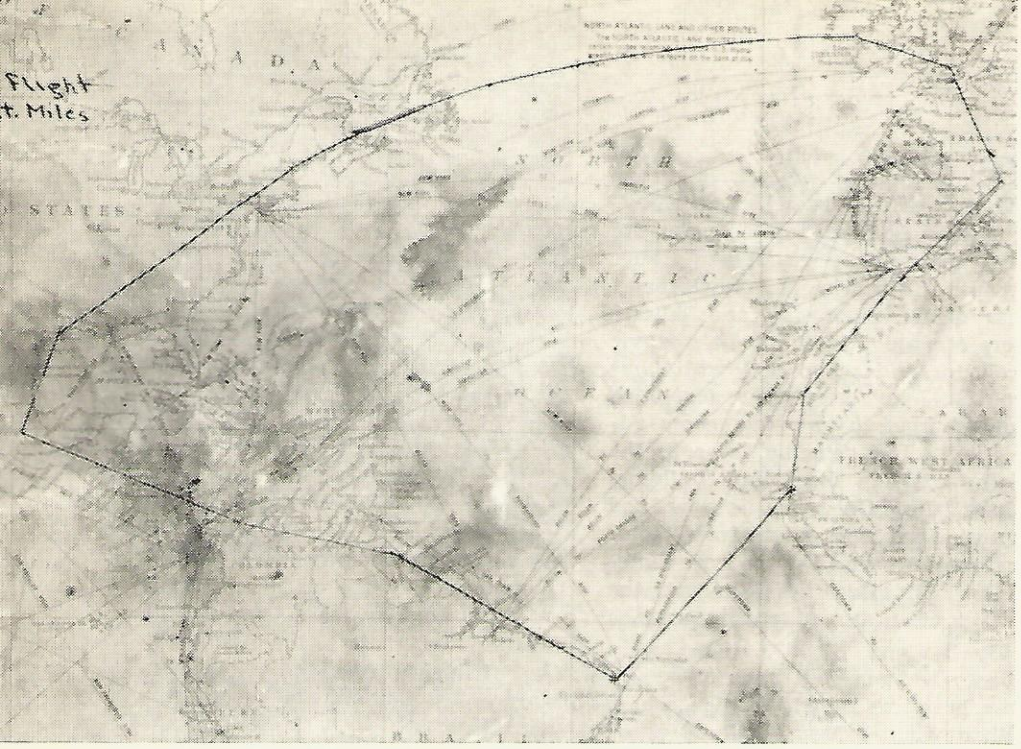
Round the bend

The Grand Falls on the Exploits River

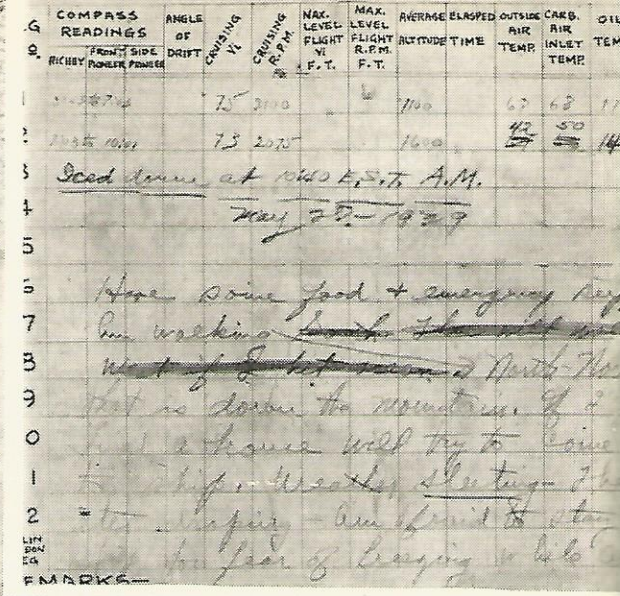
Newfoundland Ranger and a GI

Newfoundland Snowfence

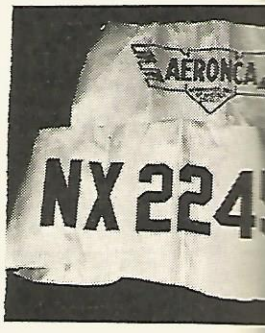
Homeward bound



The map which was salvaged from the wrecked plane, with the Great Circle course as of 1939 charted.



Pilot X indicated much of his fate in these words scribbled on a readings chart found in the wreck. He never found the house he had hoped to come upon.



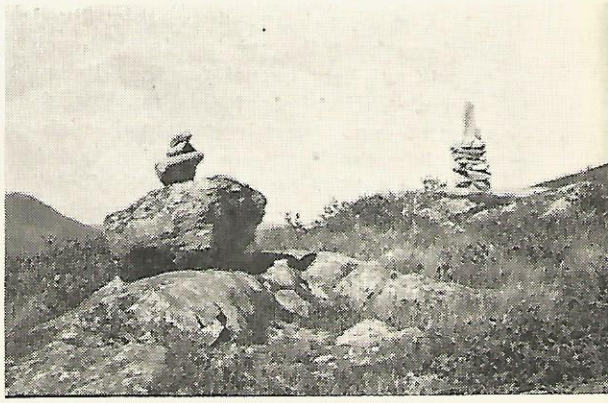
License number and trademark, salvaged from the plane by the searchers.

NEWFOUNDLAND AIR TRAGEDY OF 1939

This is the story of a young American aviator, "Pilot X," who in 1939 attempted to fly the Great Circle alone in an Aeronca monoplane. From the time he departed from an airfield in Maine, no trace of him was found until 1941, when a searching party came across his wrecked aircraft in the bog, about 50 miles from Gander. Pilot X, whose body was never recovered, might never have lost his life so mysteriously, had present-day airways communications been in operation at the time of his flight. With the proper advice, it has been presumed, he would never have taken off from Maine. Pictures by base photographers tell much of the mysterious story.

The searching party which found the plane notes with care the stone pile symbols Pilot X constructed in the vicinity of the wreck.

A 1941 aerial view of the wreck and its desolate surroundings.



Alone on the desolate Newfoundland landscape, these stone piles remain to commemorate one of the many courageous, but unsuccessful attempts to fly the Atlantic.

BRIEF HISTORY

(Continued from page 5)

In the spring of 1938 the project was well in hand. There remained the paving of the full width of the runways and the completion of the drainage. The land base could be considered fully ready for operation but still there was the lack of suitable aircraft for Atlantic flights. During the summer season flying operations did commence with the arrival of two refueling aircraft which were used throughout the summer of 1939 to refuel in the air all Imperial Airways' flying boats leaving the marine base on the eastbound crossing.

MRS. BRANT, wife of Flight Lieutenant Brant of the original Signals Unit, was the first and only woman at the airport at this time. She found life a bit rugged but interesting. Roads were nonexistent and the Signals Staff either skied to work or went in a contraption known as the "Prairie Schooner," which was a small house on skids towed by a tractor and supplied with food and a coal stove.

During blizzards pocket compasses had to be carried otherwise there was a very good chance of losing the way and becoming a casualty. Mrs. Brant and her husband had to ski to the railway station, a mere shack, for food supplies. At one time they were marooned for four days by a blizzard and this taught them a lesson that sufficient food supplies must be kept. They had no furniture, cooked on a pump-primus oil stove, used cable drums for tables and apple barrels for chairs. Mrs. Brant was asked to make up the list of the first food to be requisitioned by the engineers to supply families to arrive later.

Taking one's wife to the wilds of an undeveloped country for purpose of colonization or government duty is not new to Englishmen.

THE Brants' first home was at the marine base where they lived throughout the winter in a house without heat except for the kitchen stove. Hearing of this an English aunt sent over long flannel night shirts; the Brants in addition to the night shirts used "Birch billets" which are merely heated Birch logs wrapped in blankets. The lowest temperature F/O Brant remembers was 34 degrees below zero Farenheit, but this was uncommon.

By February, 1939, there was a nucleus of a small town at Gander . . . there were six women and 1500 men. They had parties in the dining room in the old Administration building; they skied, skated, fished and formed a club, called the Newfoundland Airport Club for which the local government granted a liquor permit. All service personnel, members of the Engineers, and officers were eligible. They bought a movie projector and piano and with films from St. John's gave shows for which they charged twenty-five cents admission. The "cinema" was in the dining room in the Admin building, where the TCA office is now and many Newfoundlanders saw their first movie there. Dances were sometimes held after the show and the gentry often turned out in style.

By the end of 1939 there were twenty women and the first child born here was Donald Myrick, whose father was a Newfoundlander on the radio staff of the RAF. Dr. Knapp from Lewisporte made frequent trips to Gander in the early days, for there was no hospital. He pulled teeth, delivered babies and was solely responsible for the health of all the workers. No epidemics occurred. There was a small shack where medicines were dispensed. Dr. Knapp rode on a little speeder with his small black bag to 'help the folks who were building the big airport.'

WILLIAM Trask, a Newfoundlander, was of great help in getting local laborers, without whose aid the great base could never have been built.

By the outbreak of war between England and Germany in September, 1939, the land base was complete and ready for civil operation. The cost, which had given so much trouble in peace time, was forgotten. The value of a fully completed airport in such a strategic position could not be overestimated, particularly since it was the only operative airport in Newfoundland or the Maritimes at that time.

To celebrate its completion the entire personnel turned out in one huge spontaneous parade with trucks, brooms, and shovels over shoulder, graders, pavers and every piece of moving equipment. All the workmen carried the tools they had used in building what was then the largest paved area in the world. As for buildings, there was the hangar, which stands out today for its humped roof; the red-topped administration building, the steam plant, the staff house for the Engineers and the two radio-stations — the transmitter building two and one half-miles to the South of the Camp and the receivers two and one-half miles north.

FLIGHT Lieutenant C. M. Brant, who joined the radio staff in 1937 and is a Senior Signals Officer in the RAF, recalls the first dance he attended with his wife at the land base. It was occasioned by a visit of the Grand Falls Badminton team. There was heavy snow and they set out for the dance by bulldozer, five of which bogged down before they finally got through in the sixth one. Another memorable dance was held to celebrate the completion of Beaver Centre, named for Lord Beaverbrook and now occupied by the RAFTC. There were so few girls that seventy were imported by train from Grand Falls. Unfortunately the Army got wind of this, boarded the train when it arrived and had to be ejected by main force.

The first aircraft ever to land at the airport was a Fairchild piloted by Captain Doug Fraser. He landed in 1938 before the runways were finished, on skiis on the snow.

THE second aircraft to land was piloted by a Mr. C. Bachman, a Swedish house-painter, who, on 15 May 1939, was going to fly from Newfoundland to Stockholm in a Lambert Monocoupé.

He said, "If I don't get there, or if I do, I won't have to paint houses any more." All he had was a railway map. Mrs. Pattison made sandwiches for this historic Atlantic flight but the plane was so heavily fueled that there was no room for them inside, so she tied them on a string inside the cockpit just above the pilots' head. The Pattisons saw him off at dawn but thought it a risky business. The authorities would have stopped him here but he had papers signed in the States giving him the permission to attempt the flight. He had been told to pick out a rock in the Atlantic, which is sometimes invisible, and to change his course there, but he was advised by S/Ldr Pattison to set a rhumbline on Stockholm and hope for the best. He was never heard of again . . . . probably he was iced up about 300 miles out.

About this time the Old RAF Harrow bombers played a big part in many flight experiments in refueling. The Empire flying boats, the "Clyde" and 'Clair" were refueled in the air by the Harrows by Flight Refueling Ltd., under contract to British Airways.

On the outbreak of war it appeared that commercial operation on the Atlantic would be suspended, but the civil staff was retained, not know-

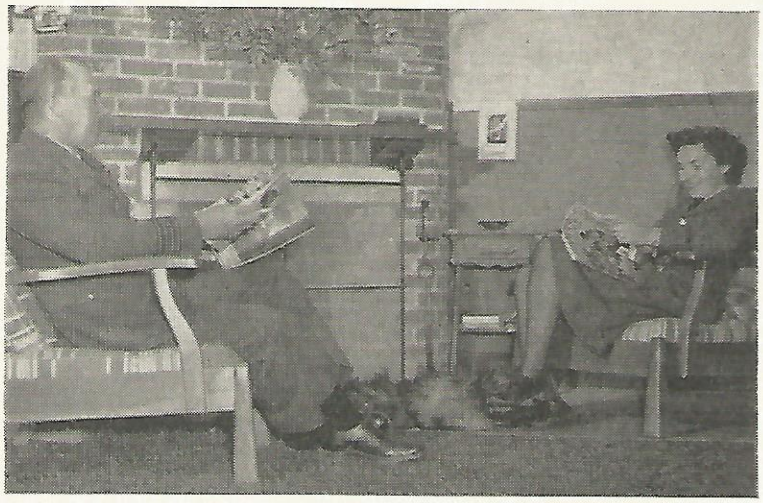
(Continued on page 33)

Group Captain and Mrs. Anderson at The Barn, the COs residence.

RAFTC

Even a brief visit to the RAFTC station at Gander gives evidence of a different type of set up than one finds on most American military posts although the general objectives are the same.

The RAFTC station was formerly operated by ATFERO, a civilian organization acting for the British Ministry of Aircraft Production, but the flow of deliveries to Britain was increasing so rapidly that they were unable to expand to meet it and in July, 1941, the RAF Ferry Command came into being, headed by Air Chief Marshal Sir Frederick Bowhill with headquarters in Montreal. Subsequently, the Royal Air Force Transport Command was formed with headquarters in England and the Atlantic Division of Transport Command in Montreal became known as 45 Group.



Group Captain Anderson and Section Officer Doreen Holman of London in the lounge at THE WAAFERY.

The RAFTC unit here is a staging post with important signals and control facilities capable of handling all delivery and communication aircraft using the North Atlantic routes.

As to composition and organization of the Unit, the Aircraft Maintenance department is composed of civilians recruited in Canada and Newfoundland. The Signals Department is partly civilian, some of the latter being members of the original Signals detachment who came here in 1938.

There are also Hotel, Security, Motor Transport and Marine Base departments, whose personnel are nearly all locally recruited civilians. The Marine Base, which is situated on the lake, is a well-equipped and organized little unit capable of handling all types of flying boats up to and including Boeing Clippers.

The huge transmitter station, which is the largest station of its sort devoted exclusively to aviation on the North Atlantic continent, has been supervised for the last five years by J. S. Gillingham, a Newfoundlander.

When the two large hangars were built two years ago they were reputed to be largest in the world.

(Continued on page 25)

At work in the Meteorological room are, left to right, Charles James, Newfoundlander; Keith McLeod, Saskatchewan; Group Captain Anderson, Leo Shea of Brigus, Conception Bay, Newfoundland; Walter Allen, Halifax, Nova Scotia; Gladstone Lester, a Newfoundlander, and Frank Healy, St. John's, Newfoundland.

Security Guards, all Newfoundlanders.

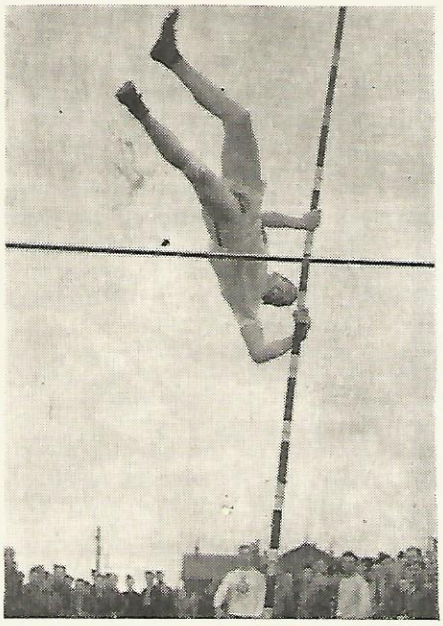
The Joint Control room at the RAFTC is truly a cosmopolitan place. Seated are, left to right, Sgt. Raymond R. Rayle, Akron, Ohio, USAAF; Flight Lieutenant J. W. (Sandy) Welsh, Vancouver, and Flight Lieutenant Stirling, St. John's, Newfoundland, RAF. Standing at the board are, left to right, Lt. W. W. Stevens, Neosho, Missouri, USAAF; Brian O'Rourke, civilian, St. John's, and Squadron Leader L. E. Clark, Christchurch, New Zealand, RNZAF.

Outstanding trackman on the USAAF Base at Gander is Jones who is seen here clearing the bar at ten feet six inches during the second International Track Meet on 10 September.

Jones is shown here patting Fleetwood on the back. The latter has just won the 440 yard run—time, 62, seconds. Ayd, American, was second and Bradley, RCAF, third.

TRACK

In this same meet Fleetwood, American, is seen in the final seconds as he wins the 220 yard dash . . . time, 27 seconds. Coming in second is Adams, American.

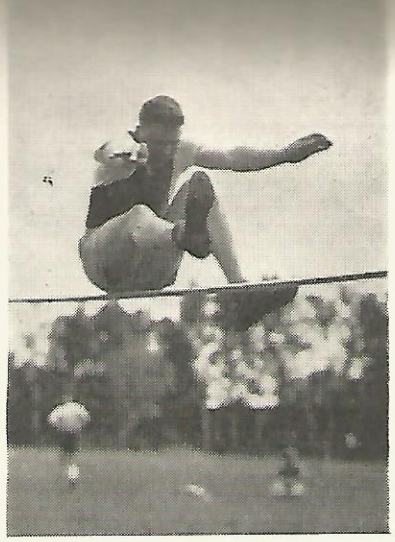


Jones clearing the bar at ten feet four inches.

In the Tug of War between the Royal Canadian Air Force and the Canadian Army, the RCAF won two out of three pulls. This was an event of the second International Track Meet.

Jones, American, is here seen breaking the tape at the first International Meet on the Canadian Army Track. Jones won the 100-yard dash in 11.3. O'Shea of the Canadian Army was second and Adams, American, first.

Kosminski tossing the shot put in the second meet.



Adams is clearing the bar at five feet four inches at the Grand Falls Military Sports Meet, 19 August.

Coming in first in the 100-yard dash is Leadbeater, RCAF in 10.5. Fleetwood, American, was second. Also at the Grand Falls Meet, we see Cote, Canadian Army, winning by inches from Talamantez, American, in the one-mile run.

The Women's Division of the RCAF had their events too. Here is L. R. Spodman hitting the cord at 8.4 seconds. No, the second gal doesn't have four hands and four feet. Miss LaVoy is behind Miss Clark. Miss LaRocque is seen coming in fourth.

In this same meet Fleetwood, American, is seen in the final seconds as he wins the 220 yard dash—time, 27 seconds. Coming in second is Adams, American.

First row (left to right) are Guerin, Bobo, Adams, Crocker, Kozminski, Vanness and Ankrum; second row, DiMaggio (coach), Fleetwood, Jones, Ayd, and Provenzano (assistant coach). Absent when the picture was taken were T. Williams and Talamantez.

RAFTC

(Continued from page 23)

The roads on the RAF site have alliteral names; Bowhill Boulevard, Anderson Alley, Waafery Walk, Radcliffe Row and Macgillivry Mall, named for persons prominent in the development of the base. The whole area is known as Beaver Center, named for Lord Beaverbrook, former Minister of Aircraft Poduction in England.

Curious to visitors are the bright red berets which are worn by the Security Guards, all Newfoundland recruited civilians. The functional purpose of the red hats is merely to distinguish the guards from other uniformed personnel and, although the men are fond of them now, they disliked the fancy headdress at first.

Several small cottages have been built from lumber salvaged from old construction barracks by civilian personnel and the families of some of the men who live here.

Unlike the U. S. Army, the RAF may have wives on the post if the wives are already on this side of the Atlantic. There are about fiftten wives here, three of whom are Americans, Mrs. James Howard from the Bronx, Mrs. James from Brooklyn and Mrs. D. F. Anderson, wife of the Commanding Officer, from Camden, Maine.

Uncommon to most military posts is the children's playground which was built, not only to give children exercise but to keep them out of the hangars. There is even a wading pool which children of civilian and military personnel use.

The WAAFERY is the official name for the building which the half dozen WAAF officers call home, and a neat little place it is too. The WAAFs are all officers who came from England and whose tour of duty is six months to a year. One WAAF and her RAF officer husband live in an apartment in the basement.

The present Commanding Officer is Group Captain D. F. Anderson, D.F.C., A.F.C., an Englishman who was with the British Embassy in Washington before coming here. He and Mrs. Anderson, who voted for a U. S. president this year, live in "The Barn," which is a very comfortable home for these parts.

"Cooperation among the services here has been extraordinarily fine," the Andersons state. "But," says Mrs. Anderson, "I must admit my first welcome on the American side of the Base was not too cordial, for my husband and I were literally shot at in our car by a sentry who thought we should have stopped at a snow covered stop sign. That however was only one humorous incident in an eventful life at an isolated air base."

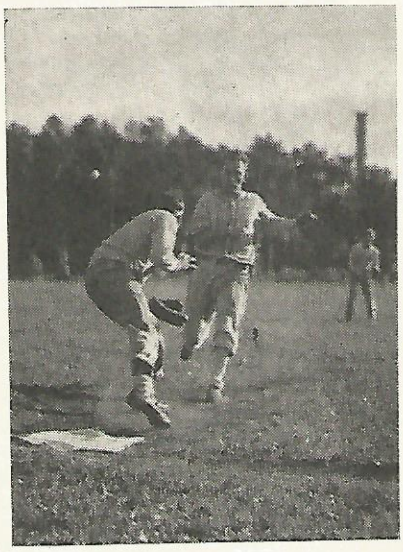
We came away feeling that the English know what their job is and are doing it with as little folderol as possible.

And this is important in the winning of the war!

Two favorite teams of the season, the Broncos and Thunderbolts, are shown. Roach is at bat, the catcher is Ankrum, and the umpire Zaic

BASEBALL

The personnel of the Physical Training Department. Front row; Cohen, Fleming, Davis. Back row: Buchar, DiMaggio, Costa and Morton.



Chapman sliding into third base on a three-base hit at Grand Falls.

The Forecasters, champions of the American Softball Leagu First row, left to right, Raunch, Levine, Westcott, Schaaf a Snyder. Second row, Ossin, Rawitz, Asch, Chaset. Third ro Wagner, Buege, Golden, Berman and Raphael. Top row: Gree Himes, and Gage. Other team members not shown: Dea Stadolnik, Thistle, Cawley, Morisi, Salovitz, Smith and Diar The Forecasters won 22 and lost six games.

One event at the Grand Falls Military Sports Meet was a ball game. At bat is Weining, American; Nalin is catching and Mr. Way umpiring, both from the Canadian Army.

Second place in the American League was taken by the Thu derbolts, shown above. First row, left to right, Ankru (captain), Buege, Newell, Flannery, Brunsman, Caggiano a DiMaggio. Second row: Antos, Musser, Bryant, Harvey, Lar and Ernest. Missing from the picture are Vanness, Chapma Sturkie, Rogers and Birberik.

THE STRANGE AND TERRIBLE STORY OF THE CORPORAL AND THE WITCH

(Continued from page 16)

in Newfoundland for a long time too, and he noticed nothing odd. He agreed to put Jessop on day duty and Jessop felt better. Even as he spoke to Lt. Holcombe, however, he felt the almond eyes of Herbert resting accusingly upon him and he hurried out of the office as quickly as possible.

He was unmolested for the next day or two, but he avoided Herbert and always saw to it then when he was in the office he was never alone with him. He started violently every time he saw a cat, and once in the mess hall he dropped his tray when the harmless mess hall kitten rubbed against his leg.

On the third night after his talk with the witch he was speeling fitfully in the barracks when he suddenly awoke to hear a voice whispering in his ear.

(Continued on page 29)

=1944=

The Broncos were the champions of the American and International League with a record of 23 wins and three defeats. Shown above are: First row, left to right, Carroll, Brogdon, Martin, and Lowe. Second row, Morris, Steinmetz, Harvey, Baich and Roach. Third row, Heckathorn, Newsome, Longhouse. Missing when the picture was taken were Bell, (captain), Andler, Terry and Shuman.

The Pillrollers ended up third in the American League. In the first row, left to right, are Branachak, Sylvester, Ramick, (captain), Henry and Maddox. Second row: Herman, Lassar, Zaidel, Weinig and Schnadter. Not present for the picture were Branca, Driscoll, Whitey and Jones.

city slickers on the downbeat

Are you a fuddy-duddy who puts the humbug on the Homburg? Then glance at the gay blade striding into the picture, pipe the classy little chassis who tags along beside him and then dash out and buy yourself a mundane Homburg hat. The plane weave double breasted GI overcoat which our live wire wears is also strictly uptown stuff which can be worn in the day or night shift or placed on the ground. The blue pinhead dotted worsted OD suit has maroon stripes shot through the weave, the color of which is picked up in the Glen Urquhart (remember that Glen Urqhart spelled backwards is always difficult to pronounce —try it. See what we mean?) plaid tie. On the sidelines you'll find the team-mates, a pair of chamois slip-on gloves with handstitching, a natural cashmere muffler with maroon and blue hound's tooth checks, and a pair of blue and maroon ribbed wool hose. **"Savoir faire?"*** This guy's lousy with it!

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to QM Warehouse.)

*Savoir faire (pronounced Savoir faire) means Savoir faire.

FURLOUGHS

Sgt. Melvin Gjestvang and his fiancee, Lois Wagner, in good old San Antonio, Texas.

S/Sgt. and Mrs. Walter L. Beall in a Washington, D.C. night club.

Recently S/Sgt. Amos Hilton went home to visit his parents at Hickory, N. C. and got there just in time to plow cotton for his 70-year-old father, who runs an 85-acre farm without help. Seven of the Hilton boys entered the service; one was killed at Pearl Harbor and one on New Guinea.

S/Sgt. and Mrs. John Forke made the most of a furlough in Chicago.

Cpl. Claude Pennell and Virginia Damaska in Beaver Falls, Penna.

This is not a double exposure, it is S/Sgt. and Mrs. Lee Hancock and their 6-month-old twins in Concord, New Hampshire.

ARMY OCCUPATION

(Continued from page 3)

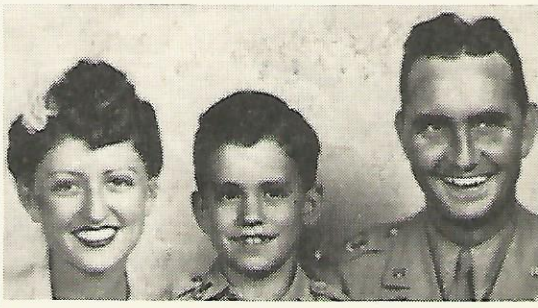
forget that momentary expression.

"German homes were very much like ours. They usually had kitchen ranges set in tile, tile bathrooms, and the women were immaculate housekeepers. The custom which appealed to me most was that of eating five meals a day. The main meal was served in the evening. Remember, I was only a kid of nineteen then, and chow five times a day — that was something!

"Germany was not shot up after the last war, which made conditions different from those which will exist for the Army of Occupation after this war. As I said, our duties consisted of drills, parades, and reviews. Everything was quiet and peaceful. This time I will venture to say that the morning sun will frequently reveal the bodies of dead American troops, killed by Nazi snipers who have not forgotten Hitler's teachings, and who still believe themselves to be the master race. This will keep our soldiers constantly on the alert, as though they were on sentry duty. Our men will probably establish camps and sleep under canvas, and will not enjoy the fine homes we lived in.

"One day that will always live in my memory was the Fourth of July, 1919. We marched to Fortress Ehrenbreitstein located on a hill outside the city, and as our massed artillery would fire one salvo of blank ammunition, each of the 1200 men would set off rockets, then another salvo followed by flares, alternating like that for over one half hour. The effect was one magnificent display of fireworks. This was done primarily to impress the Germans, and it certainly did, as well as provide us with the most colorful Fourth of our lives."

Lieutenant and Mrs. William Brabham and Larry in Miami, Florida.



JOE DAVIS DEPARTS

SAW Joe Davis last night. Had his orders at last—shipped out today, the last of the real old timers. Some boy, that Davis. I'll miss him. Joe used to be a traveling cosmetic salesman until Sam converted him into an ammunition man. By the time I arrived, the Battle of Newfoundland was in the last round and Davis was a mechanic. Only knew him twenty-two months—talk about pious friends and drunken companions. Long winter nights and powdered eggs didn't get Joe down—much.

We chewed the fat while he packed and then went up to the club. I stood treat most of the evening—wanted to hear him get wound up about the "Old" days one last time. When sober, Joe always used to tell us about how tough the "old" post was on the men. Had some of them counting the stories he used to tell. After about two or three hours, Davis would begin to rant about what he sarcastically referred to as the "improvements." That was always the signal to take him home.

Davis would recall (and too often did) the days when fresh milk was served at breakfast by Techs and Staffs pulling kp, when topkicks pulled guard, when furlough papers were singular, when intervals between mail deliveries ran up to a month or more, when the bull gang was full and the guard house empty, and when weekly alerts, dirt roads, and a tent with a 16 mm projector for a theatre were the outstanding disadvantages of the post. Soft coal stoves and Newfies to keep them going were also recollected as were the Canadian hospital sick call for GIs, the passes you **had** to take, the one line for the single nightly beer.

DAVIS used to play ball against the officers when an outfit would root for its own louies and captains when they were at bat. He remembered with no difficulty when the PX's stock consisted solely of shoe polish, fruit juices, candy bars, and Spuds, Kools and Raleighs, when everybody flew sub-patrol, when one worn-out jeep served the entire base. That amazingly accurate Radio Berlin weather report when a heavy snowfall was predicted to begin in ten minutes and last four hours happened right on schedule, as well as that night the OD fell in an excavation and waited over an hour to be pulled out were brought up in retrospect.

Them was the days, Joe used to say. We used to do more per man with fewer tools and no parts than today with all the post's reforms. At this point Joe's scorn was clearly aroused, his manner excited, his voice raucous, his motions violent. Gradually he worked up to date. Landscaping programs. Bond drives came in for the greatest panning. But the lay-offs hacked out of the working days once or twice a week for morale-raising retreats while work piled high (to be done at night or Sundays) were the bitterest recollections. Come to think of it the good-conduct medals ladled out by the bushels three or four times to the same man brought the best laugh.

But Joe's actions as well as the volume of his voice signaled time for us to leave the club and reluctantly I led him home, having squeezed the orange practically dry. That's the last I remember of him. I awoke this morning and he was gone. He was a good boy, that Davis. I'll miss him. Now I have nobody dependable to lead me home.

—G. S.

THE WITCH—

(Continued from page 27)

"You can't escape me, Corporal," said the voice and it gave a suppressed chuckle. Jessop groaned in terror and he shut his eyes to the dim outline of the witch. She ordered him to be silent. "You have four more days to put Herbert on the plane. If you don't try tomorrow, you will regret it."

ON THE following day a wan and haggard Jessop stumbled to work. Two planes were leaving for the States and in desperation he was determined that Herbert would go on one. He watched his chance as it was loading and, on the pretext of checking some baggage, he climbed on the plane, Herbert coccealed in his flight jacket. He deposited Herbert in a corner and covered him with a piece of canvas. Herbert softly purred his approval. As luck would have it, the canvas was lifted just before the plane took off and Herbert was ejected. The second attempt was even more fateful, for this time Jessop was caught trying to stow Herbert away in the latrine of the plane.

"For Pete's sake," ejaculated the pilot who chose just that moment to look back there. "What do you think you're doing?"

Lt. Holcombe was up front and seeing Jessop with the cat he came back in some bewilderment. Jessop was at a loss for an explanation and then the gods came to his rescue.

"Herbert was trying to hide again, sir. I was just taking him off the plane," he said. At this explanation Herbert scratched him on the hand and leaped from his arms out of the plane.

"It looked to me as if you were trying to hide the cat yourself," said the pilot. He was a disagreeable person of a very suspicious nature.

THAT night Jessop lay wide awake and staring in his sack and when the witch appeared at his side at about three in the morning he had steeled himself to meet her. She was very angry and her voice was high. "So, Corporal," she shrilled, "You saw fit to put the blame on me! You know full well that it was **you** who were putting **me** on the plane. But let it go, let it go," she continued impatiently. "You have only two more days. Remember the captain and the farmer."

A light suddenly flashed on in the barracks, but the witch had been wary. When M/Sgt. Duggan looked down at Jessop, there was only Herbert peering out from under the bed.

"You got a woman in here, Jessop," Duggan said. "I heard her voice. Where is she?"

"There is no woman," Jessop said weakly, "only Herbert." But Duggan was insistant. He poked around,

(Continued on page 34)

BARREL MAN

(Continued from page 7)

unsuccessful Hawker-Grieves attempt, the first successful crossing by the US Navy plane NC3, and a few weeks later, the first non-stop flight across the ocean by Alcock and Brown—all in 1919. The Barrel Man's newspaper experience includes time on the staff of the New York Times, the Boston Herald, and the Halifax Herald. In St. John's, he worked as acting editor of the Evening Telegram and as editor of the now defunct Daily Globe. (St. John's, which once had seven daily papers, now has

(Continued on page 33)

The smiles on top come from Anita D'Allaire, supported by two other D'Allaires. The family has worked together for nine years as acrobats.

LT. OSCAR NATZKE, a native New Zealander, who has sung in the Royal Opera House at C Garden in London and at the Met in New York, leads the Sea Shanty Singers. When what kind of music the troops like best, he said "All kinds, but they are more appreciati good music, even highbrow, these days."

MEET THE NAVY

AMERICAN AUDIENCES were completely won over to the Royal Canadian Navy last July when their show played in the American theater at Gander. It was generally conceded to be the best bit of theater to be seen on the local stage. MEET THE NAVY recently won a North American poll of shows playing to servicemen. "This Is The Army" was second, with "Winged Victory" third.

The show was assembled by talent scouts from all units of the Navy, has been shown from coast to coast in Canada as well as in Detroit and Washington and expects to go overseas in the near future.

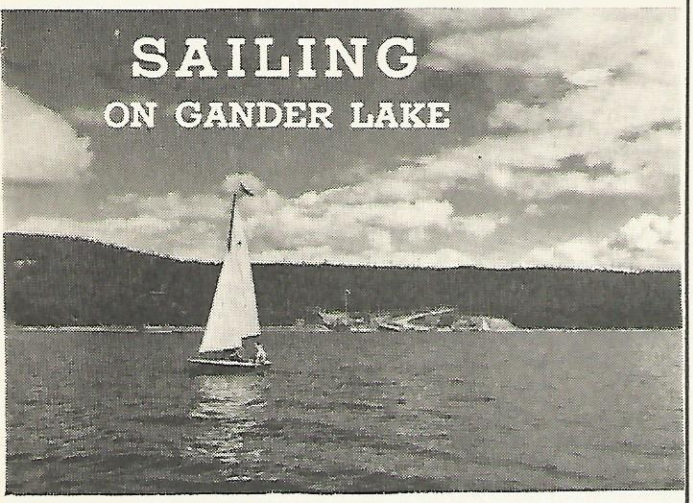
At the end of the show GOD SAVE THE KING and THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER were played by the orchestra and many observers couldn't remember when they had sounded so well together.

CAMERON GRA of Montreal has neat little Hol wood contract in pocket as a result meeting the Navy

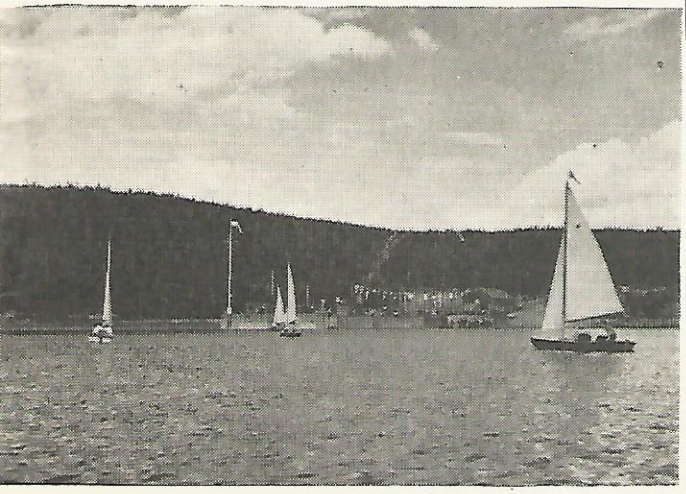
BETTY REILLY SHAW, the Zazu Pitts of Edmonton, was first a cook in the Navy, but her thespian instincts could not be quelled and she now handles the boys as above, in MEET THE NAVY.

When three gobs get together there are ually some tall stories, and there were ma in the show.

Skipper Chaloka and Crewman Di Maggio hoist the racing rig.

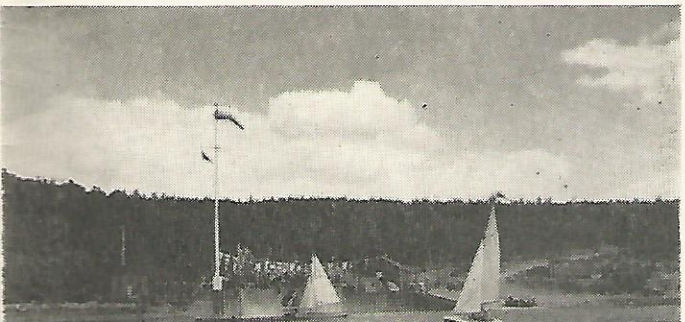


A practice tack for final check.



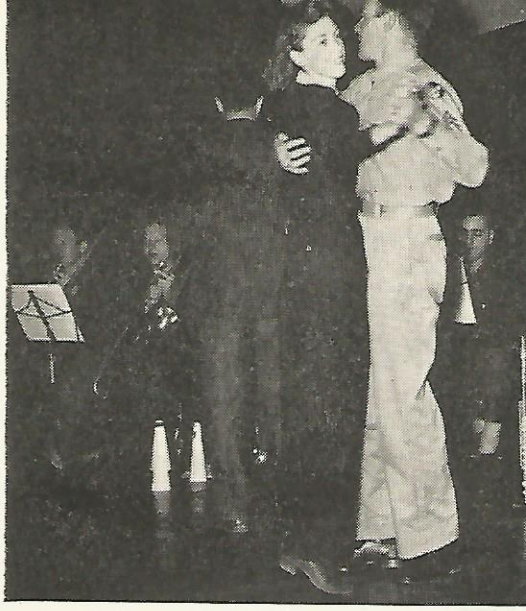
Flares away, and the heat is started!

"676" crosses the line for the day's honors.



OPEN "FOR THE DURATION"

Leading Airwoman Eileen Butt, of the Royal Canadian Air Force, cuts the ribbon which opened the Special Service cabin at Dead Man's Pond early in September. The cabin is scheduled to remain open for the duration.



T/Sgt. Norbert Vanderbloomen and Miss Betty Way transplant their dancing feet to the floor of the cabin on opening day.

The cabin is available upon request, to organizational and group affairs. A couple of weeks after the opening, the base officers held a Saturday night party there. In this first scene Major Riley and CWO Pozzi of QM partake of chow in the form of hot dogs and cold cuts. Betty, of the canteen, is serving.

A scene around one of the cabin's two fireplaces.

The cabin snack bar. Sgt. Herbert Jannelle seems to be surveying the situation, coke in hand, from his Esquirish position at front and center.

"And so we leave this picturesque recreational facility by the sunny waters of the pond here in the heart of beautiful Newfoundland," the travel folder says.

BARREL MAN

(Continued from page 29)

only two.) Smallwood also founded the Humber Herald in Corner Brook. In 1936, however, all these newspaper efforts came to a head in the single radio venture.

Pork and its by-products are popular dishes in Newfoundland, and perhaps the fact that swine, under ordinary circumstances, require only swill to be cast before them, makes them a comparatively easy livestock to be fattened for the kill, considering the ultimate culinary benefits to be derived. These factors indicate the advantages of piggeries in this northern clime.

ABOUT 700 porcine tenants reside at any one time in the succession of steamheated sties that comprise the RAF hoggery, at present the largest in Newfoundland. Soon, with the addition of curing facilities, it will be the only piggery on the island to smoke its own ham and bacon and boil its own ham. The process will be carried through, Smallwood remarks, "from the little grunter to the finished product." When the plant is functioning according to projected plans, the by-products of the swill-eaters will be utilized to the full. Lard will be "rendered," bones will be ground for fertilizer, and dried blood will be used for protein feed — the latter function creating the case of the porkers a rather vivid parallel to the cycle of human existence. The fattening hogs will grow robust on the blood of their predecessors, only to pass this nourishment on to their descendants after they themselves have been slaughtered.

An annnex to the piggery in the process of construction contains an array of breeding stalls, where two boars,—one native, one Canadian,—have their fling at improving the littering rate of the native sows. A virile boar, Smallwood estimates, is good for about forty sows. Up to now, most of the young pigs have been shipped from Canada at the age of from eight to ten weeks old. Those "farrowed," or "littered," at the piggery have been in the minority. The average imported sty-dweller lives about six to seven months after he arrives—this half-year being the usual time of fattening for the pigs, once they are out of their infancy.

It would be reasonable to suspect that Joe Smallwood is not sorry that he followed his journalistic incentive toward this fundamental way of making a living. However, the officials in Government House, St. John's, as they eat the weekly shipment of sausages from the RAF piggery, may quite possibly remember to regret that the Barrel Man, in his nightly program, no longer stimulates national interest and patriotism throughout Newfoundland.

BRIEF HISTORY

(Continued from page 22)

ing what the military developments would be. During the winter of 1939 experiments were carried out to test the possibility of operating on wheels under winter conditions. These experiments had most valuable results, and in the following winter delivery of military aircraft to Great Britain was commenced using the original civil organization. These operations continued until the RAF Ferry Command was formed.

IN FEBRUARY, 1939, Chestnut Avenue, named after Mr. Chestnut, the engineer, who is still stationed here, was built with its comfortable houses. Squadron Leader and Mrs. H. A. L. Pattison, Squadron Leader and Mrs. F. L. Ratcliff, Mr. and Mrs. Rod Hayden of Shell Oil and Mr. McTaggart-Cowan, meteorologist of the Department of Transport, Canada, were among those who established homes. The first task of this staff was to provide radio and meteo facilities and to teach the Newfoundlanders to be the local staff of the important chain linking the two continents from an air viewpoint.

Mr. Rod Hayden had established refueling arrangements at the marine base in 1938, and he and Mrs. Hayden moved to the land base in 1939 when the Hayden home was ready for use. Young Jackie Hayden, then three years old, was the first and only American child on the base. The word 'American' has become common usage when denoting a person from the United States.

It was during the battle of Britain in the summer of 1940 that the RAF decided that all aircraft capable of flying across the Atlantic should be delivered in that way instead of being exposed to the delays and risks of loss involved in shipment by boat. It is understood that in the preliminary survey of the problem it was agreed that losses of up to 40 percent in actual aircraft deliveries could be accepted, but if the percentages proved to be higher, it would be better to ship by sea. Orders were therefore issued for the diversion of fifty Hudson bombers from the production line and for them to be fitted with special equipment including auxiliary fuel tanks, flotation gear and oxygen equipment. In the autumn of 1940, the first of the Hudsons were available and in the meantime an organization had been started to undertake the task of ferrying the aircraft across the Atlantic.

Mr. Woods Humphrey, an ex-managing director of British Overseas Airways Corporation, who had come to the United States to live, agreed to head the organization which was known as ATFERO, a civilian organization acting for the British Ministry of Aircraft production.

THE first problem which faced ATFERO was to obtain experienced pilots. RAF pilots could not be spared and civil pilots were scarce. However, in order to get things started the Air Ministry lent several pre-war trans-Atlantic Pilots. With these old pilots as a nucleus, ATFERO started, with the consent of the governments concerned, to recruit civilian pilots in America and Canada. The high wages offered, coupled with a spirit of adventure, lured quite a number of experienced pilots to join this organization and the training of these men for ocean flying was commenced at St. Hubert Airport, just outside Montreal, in the summer of 1940.

As previously mentioned experiments had been started in 1939 to determine whether the runways could best be kept serviceable by compacting the snow or by clearing it off the runways. They were continued in 1940 and the latter method proved to be preferable since compacting resulted in a prolonged period of unserviceability during the thaw.

Hangar construction proceeded throughout 1941 and into 1942. After Pearl Harbor construction became a mad scramble, but as F/Lt. Brant says, "When the news of Pearl Harbor came in on the radio, we were having a little Sunday afternoon party and we then felt that at long last we were not alone in the inevitable gigantic undertaking of ending the Third German Reich and the Japanese Empire."

The first American plane to land here was a C-47, piloted by Captain Schofield. He arrived on 10 April 1941, bringing spare tires and jacks to England. His passenger was Group Captain Anderson, the present CO of the RAFTC, who was Assistant Air Attaché at the British Embassy in Washington and responsible for getting the first batch of Flying Fortresses into the war against Germany. They were the forerunners of count-

less other planes which have used the facilities of this "Gibraltar of the North Atlantic" — an airport carved from the swamps and bush of Newfoundland in time to play its part in serving the needs of the United Nations in their fight for freedom.

The Americans arrived in force in the summer of 1941 and B17 traffic was soon to start. The first American flag was raised, at the American base, on 8 August 1941 at the dedication of a new flag pole which was located between the present Barracks 14 and 15. But this is another story.

Regarding the post-war value of the airport Squadron Leader Pattison said with a satisfied smile, "After the war the consideration of pay load points to the necessity of trans-Atlantic aircraft refueling **somewhere** in Newfoundland."

WITCH

(Continued from page 29)

looked in the latrine, down the fire escape, and came back to tell Jessop that the matter would be taken up with the Major in the morning.

Jessop didn't sleep any that night either.

In the morning he was hailed before Major Killigrew who told him of Duggan's charges and asked him to explain.

Jessop was in a feverish state and he didn't know what to say. "It wasn't exactly a woman, Major," he said. "It was a—well, not the kind of woman you think," he added lamely.

"What do you mean, 'not exactly a woman'?" cried the Major.

"It was a—a witch," said Jessop in a low voice.

"Ah," exclaimed the Major triumphantly. "I thought so. You had a —shall we say, a woman of bad reputation in the barracks with you last night?"

"A witch, a witch, Major," broke in Jessop desperately.

After a long and painful session in which Major Killigrew became blue in the face from shouting the word, "Preposterous!", Jessop was released under Duggan's eye and told to report to the hospital for sick call the following morning.

THAT night Herbert visited Jessop once more and without risking the transformation into the witch, proceeded to scratch his right arm deeply and to bite his hand. The pain of this attack raised Jessop out of the hopeless lethargy into which he had sunk. There was nothing for it but to kill Herbert. He would have shuddered at the thought a few days before, but events had determined him. He lay awake the rest of that night trying to decide how it should be done.

The next morning was dark and rainy and a pale and wasted Jessop reported to sick call under the surveillance of Duggan. The Pfc at the desk took out his medical slip and asked him his trouble.

"I've seen a witch," Jessop murmured inaudibly. The Pfc was less imaginative than the Major. "Itch," he scrawled on the slip.

The captain who examined him was a tired looking man with faded blue eyes. He was the first one who understood Jessop when Jessop said that he'd seen a witch. He didn't even seem surprised.

"Where did you see the witch?" he asked.

"At the P. and T. office," Jessop replied. "It was Herbert, the cat. He was really a witch all the time —a witch that wants to go back to the States."

"Ah, yes," said the Captain and he pressed his finger tips together, pursed his lips and looked at the ceiling.

"By the way," he added, "are they still serving that peculiar pink colored rum at the N.C.O. Club? It's very strong stuff. I don't recommend it."

"I don't know," said Jessop dully. "I haven't been to the N.C.O. Club for a month."

"Well," said the Captain, assuming a hearty tone and then letting it trail off, "a little rest will bring you around in no time. You'd better stay here for a few days." He called in Duggan and asked him to go with Jessop to the barracks, have him get what he needed for a stay at the hospital and then return with him.

BY NOW Jessop's mind was working feverishly on the problem of doing away with Herbert. It would have to be done immediately, for otherwise Herbert would be at him, through the window of the hospital, ready to scratch his eyes out. Or the witch herself would cast some spell over him and the devil only knew in what condition he'd find himself. Killing Herbert would be the same as killing the witch and his troubles would be over. His mind was made up.

Back in the barracks Duggan waited impatiently for him to get his things together. Jessop watched for his chance and when Duggan's back was turned he slipped into the latrine and then out through the other side of the barracks. He darted down the street toward the hangar where the P. and T. office was located. By an old barrel near the hangar he grabbed up an iron rod that was used to stir burning trash. Then he cautiously approached the hangar. The fog was thick and it was raining. He would have to get at Herbert without Herbert seeing him first, for Herbert had the intelligence of a witch behind his eyes and would know what Jessop was up to. He stood by the corner of the hangar in the fog and rain and gave a long, low whistle—the kind of whistle he usually gave when he was calling Herbert for evaporated milk. Then he peered round the corner. Sure enough there was a faint mew and through the fog he saw the dim shape of Herbert running toward him. He drew back as the cat rounded the corner and then brought the heavy iron rod down on its head, breaking its neck. It rolled over and lay limp, and Jessop leaned against the hangar and retched. He felt dizzy and was close to fainting. When he did venture to look at the lifeless body of the cat, he drew in his breath in horror. It was not Herbert! It was Anita, the Control-Operations cat, who had come running thus innocently to her death.

The rod fell from Jessop's nerveless fingers and he wheeled round at a terrible sound from behind. It was the harsh cackle of the witch. "Fool of a Corporal!" she cried as she emerged out of the fog. "Now you will pay for this!" But Jessop had mercifully lost consciousness and had slumped, a wretched, pitiful figure, to the ground.

WHEN Lt. Holcombe found Jessop an hour or so later he lifted him into a jeep and carried him to the hospital. When he came to he could only babble madly of witches and cats and the need of protection from Herbert. Shifts of nurses sat with him day and night and he was very shortly sent back to the States where, after further examination, he was given a medical discharge. He may now be seen almost any night at one bar or another along Third Avenue, New York, where with hair prematurely white and with glittering eye he holds people to him and tells them his strange story. Few believe him. Others, in their cups, don't properly understand him when he speaks of the witch, and, like Major Killigrew, they think he's referring to something else. They nod their heads sympathetically. They've had their troubles with women too.

WOUNDED

(Continued from page 6)

So here I wallow in the glory that befits all war heroes. Since few know where Newfoundland is, I'm still the old kraut killer who, as my story goes, stormed a pill box . . . . somewhere in Newfoundland.

Don't know where I could get an old, beat-up Purple Heart, do you?

Give my love to all the boys, and tell the KP pusher to jam it. I was up for the scullery duty last week, but just couldn't make it.

Love and kisses,

JIM.

8 September 44

WHERE yah to, eh b'y?

I give you mugs credit for one thing: you can effect more changes in that two by four chicken plant up there than the Russian army can on their four hundred mile front. Signal Co. one day, ATC the next. Wassa matter with you boys? Can't you settle down and lead a nice quiet life, for example, as I'm doing?

They sprung me from the hospital last week, and I'm now at a convalescent center on Long Island. A Red Cross station wagon whisked me out here, and since the day was frightfully warm, we stopped four times for a cold beer. The subject of the weather brought out my innocent remark of how cool it would be sailing out there on the Sound. This was met with squeals of girlish approval, and the subsequent invitations. Boy, did I lap it up! The two blondes aided me up the steps to the Admin. building, my sharpshooters medal (everyone thinks it's the Victoria Cross . . . now where did they get that idea) clinking modestly against the Good Conduct and the ATO.

This hyar old convalescent center ain't the playground you probably think it is. We live in regular GI barracks just like you common soldiers do, and we get maid service only twice a week. And Saturday is inspection day with a Medical Administrative Corps second john doing the honors. Oh, he asks you how you're getting along, did you enjoy the picnic yesterday, and wants to know if you won any money at Belmont Park. Then he mumbled to me, half apologetically, that I shouldn't smoke during inspection. He made it clear that he wasn't being chicken, just the rules, you know.

THEY post the detail roster every night after chow, and that's when you find out what's the big deal for the next day. The details aren't exactly like the ones we have in Newfie; or should I say the ones YOU have in Newfie? You see, so many guys were signing up for a party or picnic, and then goofing off for a better deal, that they had to make all 'recreation facilities' details. So if you're detailed for a picnic, a day at the races, or sailing on the Sound, you can't goof off just to hang around the barracks to read TMs and the soldiers' handbook. Course you get your choice of what you want for the day, but once chosen, its got to be that. No monkey-shines around this place, no siree; strictly GI.

The day after my arrival here the blonde bim from the hospital put in an appeaarnce with a convertible Buick and a full quart of Johnny Walker. Once out of sight of the Center, she sneaked into a two-piece something or other (and me just out of the hospital) and we set sail for the wild blue yonder. What an afternoon! We had only been sailing for ten minutes when she showed me how to make the bloomin' boat go by itself . . . leaving her, naturally enough, free for other duties. What an afternoon!

The next day it was a picnic, the day after another sail, and Sunday brings a trip to Belmont. The blonde had, meanwhile, introduced me to some of her debutramp friends, and all of them are racking their pretty heads for things to do for old, war-weary tee-five Eyestone.

LISTEN, old boy, if you can manage to strain a gut like I did, please come on down to reinforce me. I've got my hands full with all these wimmin', and just can't get around fast enough to accept all their invitations to parties, dances, and that sort of thing. The manpower shortage is terrific . . . don't know where everybody can be!

A pretty li'l thing tagged Carol just invited me to her estate for the week end. Ho, hum, more scotch, another beach party.

Tell the first sergeant I'll be back as soon as I can convalesce, which, if I have anything to say about it, will be three weeks after the war is over.

Do the movies still cost you seventeen cents? Ours are free down here.

Got to dash now . . heavy deal on tonight.

JIM.

Steak and fried potatoes were headliners on the m of the recent party put on by the Forecasters. joying the meal at the front table are, clockw starting at left, Cpl. Ossin, who helped cook the m . . . and ate a lot of it, Sgt. Clark, Cpl. Sullivan, Diarte and Cpl. Hamernick.

Yes, there were women at the party. Here are G aldine Gardner, Cpl. Tray, Alicia Gardiner a S/Sgt. Pierce.

There was no Form 446 for the Quartermaster Pa but the orders came through just the same. Sea left to right are: Sgt. Wilson, M/Sgt. Burgess, Deonlet, S/Sgt. Pierce, Pvt. Merle, T/Sgt. Milme, Gilnich, Pvt. Sparks, Cpl. Poswolsky and Cpl. Cl sane.

SAM'S GOLDEN LAUGHTER

—for the babe who's easy-going, flat-chested, not too dependable—but fun to be with! (You know?)

She doesn't know why—but watch her linger when you wear this warm and winning bouquet of light flower-scents, so tantalizingly mingled.

TOUJOURS SAM*

—for the babe who's direct, defective, sometimes difficult, has a knowledge of judo, but always interesting.

Most lotions she considers obvious. But she never gets over appreciating the subtle and complicated fragrance of your Toujours Sam—and your taste in choosing this dry, winey, exhilerating lotion.

Sam's Perfumes* *Toujours Sam (pronounced 'Toujours Sam') means Toujours Sam.*

Propagander's Fall Pin-Up is INGRID BERGMAN

Michael Curtiz, cinema director, recently said, "I call actress Ingrid Bergman 'Miss Christmas Tree' because she not only gives out her own light, but everybody else lights up

THIS IS WHAT IT'S REALLY LIKE . . . .