



THE

"Gander"



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GANDER · NFLD ·**

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WINDSOR, NEWFOUNDLAND

COMPLIMENTS OF

THE STAFF HOUSE

Grand Falls, Nfld.

G. Allen, Manager.

The Gander

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

Although the New Year is well past the dawning stage it still seems appropriate and not too late to mention something about New Year Resolutions. One, issued by the Department of Munitions and Supply for Canada seems to have summed it all up, it follows in part:—

“As 1941 fades over the horizon, this world is wracked with deadly anguish. A Canadian mother tearfully eyes a vacant chair; a young wife anxiously scans the news; a little girl lies bleeding in Russia; a hunted youth in Serbia slinks through the night; an English mother shudders at the shadow in the sky; an old man in Poland wonders if release will come in his time.

“Whether I am serving in the fighting forces, a workman at my lathe, or an employer of thousands of men; an engineer planning new industries or a boy just learning my trade; a girl in a munitions plant or a farmer behind my plow, I must play my full part in this crisis. Mountains can be moved when many willing shoulders get beneath the load.

“I AM RESOLVED to undertake vigorously the work which lies before me, to be industrious and to wrestle resolutely with obstacles, to be untiring at my work.

“I AM RESOLVED to be cheerful and uncomplaining at all times, sympathetic to those who work beside me, and to those in authority over me.

“I AM RESOLVED to be tolerant of the shortcomings of others, realizing that to make an effort is commendable, to attempt nothing is deadly.

“I AM RESOLVED gladly to do without some of the things I am accustomed to enjoy, for it is good to deny oneself—even to suffer in a noble cause.

“I AM RESOLVED that if I am fitted to serve my country best in the fighting forces, I will take my place proudly beside my comrades.

“I AM RESOLVED to strive with all my power, to press on in my daily task to the limit of my endurance.

It may be that my modest effort will tip the scale, and set a great shout of deliverance 'round the world. Brave men shall not die because I faltered."

The old year has been tough but it has had its bright spots. We have made seemingly small sacrifices in the battle for freedom. Let us continue to make them with cheerfulness and courage. Meanwhile we have much to be thankful for. We have continued to be spared the serious hardships which afflict so many places and now we fight side by side with new, powerful and determined Allies.

With every good wish for your **Health, Happiness and Prosperity** in 1942.

—THE EDITORIAL STAFF.

R. C. A. F. Remembers

There's a chair in our Messroom that's vacant,
 There's a lad who will never come back,
 Who will never more join in our laughter,
 Or answer wisecrack with wisecrack.

So we pause for a while to remember,
 And we drink to his memory with pride,
 But it's more to our gay laughing comrade,
 And less to the hero who died.

And the rafters re-echo our laughter,
 As, recalling some incident shared,
 With our gallant and carefree companion,
 We drink to the hero who dared.

And the stranger may think we are callous,
 But the initiate will understand,
 There's a brotherhood staunch that unites us,
 Which death neither breaks nor disbands.

So tonight, we may drink in our messroom,
 And tomorrow in Vallhalla's Hall,
 But, whether in beer or in nectar,
 We pledge, "The best comrade of all."

—SGT. L. J. TIBERIO.

Dec. 29th, 1941.

R.C.A.F. Solves Mystery Of 'Round The World Flyer

On May 28th, 1939, Thomas H. Smith, son of Harvey F. Smith, attorney, of Clarksburg, West Virginia, U.S.A., left Old Orchard, Maine, for Dublin, Ireland, in a sixty-five h.p. Aeronica aircraft, number N.X.22456. A type of plane largely used in the United States and Canada as only adapted for short flights among civilian flyers and since the beginning of the war has been used considerably in the training of personnel at Flying Service Training Schools in Canada under the Commonwealth Air Training Plan. Mr. Smith was a demonstrator and salesman of light planes, and had previously, on the first leg of his flight, flown from California to New York a distance of approximately 3,000 miles thereby establishing a record for planes of this type.

Records, passports and flight plans later recovered from the plane after it had been found, disclosed that Smith's intentions were, to follow a great circle route as follows: California, New York, Maine, Ireland, France, Spain, West Coast of Africa, Brazil, West Coast of South America thence north to California. In this type of aircraft—although well equipped with instruments—the flight was extremely hazardous, the aircraft was not equipped with radio and once airborne, Smith had no way of checking his position or weather conditions ahead.

After leaving Old Orchard, Maine, nothing was heard from Smith, who intended to fly non-stop to Dublin, Ireland. On August 9th, 1941, an R.C.A.F. aircraft departed from Gander, Nfld., for North Sydney, thence to Dartmouth, Nova Scotia. The pilot sighted what appeared to be the wreckage of an aircraft in a very desolate and uninhabited region. On closer examination it was disclosed to be a type of civil aircraft and had apparently been there for some time. The terrain made it impossible to land, so the position was plotted and the flight was continued to North Sydney and the following day to Dartmouth, N.S., where the details were made known to Headquarters, E.A.C.

A few days later Flying Officer Langmack, Pilot of the aircraft returned to the scene of the crash and some photographs were taken. From the plane's markings it was obviously American and an investigation disclosed its identity and the fact that it had been unheard of for a period of two years and nearly three months, further investigation established the pilot's identity, also all details leading up to the time of his crash. As a U.S. Army Air Corps Unit was

stationed in Newfoundland the photographs and all data then in possession of the R.C.A.F. was turned over to the U.S. Air Corps who proceeded further with an investigation of details as to the actual crashing of the machine and what had happened to the pilot.

On August 31st a party of U.S. Army Flyers landed at a small lake about one and one half miles from the scene of the crash and proceeded over very rough terrain, to the top of a small mountain, where below them resting on a slightly sloping ridge—very rocky and rough—rested the aircraft which was immediately identified as a 65 h.p. Aeronica, number 22456.

The plane was found to be equipped with a very good set of instruments, sufficient for the proposed flight, but no radio, extra tanks were provided for fuel and their capacity was enough to provide a cruising distance of 3,000 miles non-stop. Inside the cockpit was found a Very's Pistol but no cartridges, and a flashlight which worked perfectly, without a renewal of batteries, after more than two years in a fabric covered "ship", subject to all the weather changes that this particular area is noted for; there was also a flight plan showing the intended great circle route that was being followed, which in all, covered a distance of nearly 13,000 miles and passports to several different countries, a photograph of Smith, some correspondence and a brief note from him written before he abandoned the aircraft; stating that he had been forced down by icing conditions at 10.40 a.m. GMT, and that he was afraid of freezing to death if he remained, but in case he could not locate any habitation within a reasonable time he would attempt to return to the aircraft. Smith's note indicated that his first plan was to travel in a South Westerly direction, which was crossed out and changed to North Easterly, had he elected to try the South West course there is a possibility he might have reached the coast, which was approximately 40 miles South, but by heading North East there was no possibility of him lasting long enough to reach any habitation. The party of U.S. Flyers investigating the crash covered the ground for a considerable distance in the direction which he had taken, in an effort to at least find Smith's body, but the only indication that he had gone that way was the finding of a crude arrow fashioned with stones, pointing in a North Easterly direction, and under the stones was found an old Portuguese coin. No other trace of Smith has been found and it must be presumed he perished from exposure.

—R. B. E.

Behind White Walls

The Station Hospital squats complacently at right angles with Pattison Road and Elizabeth Avenue lending an air of assured well being to the stream of uniformed mortals who pass or enter its portals.

Should you ever be the unfortunate victim of disease requiring the assistance of the surgeon's scalpel, perhaps you would be interested in knowing beforehand just what it is all about. Better than that, let us suppose that you are invited to attend a session in the operating room with someone else the fortunate or unfortunate victim. Here is what happens.

After being shown to the operating theatre, you are given a long white sterilized gown which you slip on, a mask and a little round shaped sterilized cap and instructed to keep out of the way. The surgeon and his assistant's come in, enter the scrub-up room and wash, seven minutes of this is required, a quick rinse in ether, then masks are slipped on over cap and face, leaving only the eyes looking out. Another two or three minutes washing and sterile gowns are taken out of the sterilizer and slipped on. Keeping the hands clear of anything that isn't sterile they stand waiting for the patient. The patient already prepared and under opiates is wheeled in. As soon as he is on the table the sister steps forward to expose the abdomen and swab it violently with iodine, at the end of a long pair of forceps. Then the sister and the assistant arrange sterile fields to leave only the minimum of working space and the surgeon takes a scalpel and divides the skin and muscles in a steady reddening line. The intestines come out distended and inflamed, these are examined carefully in a search for the disease already diagnosed, finding it, repair is completed. Less than a hundred years ago the patient would have been screaming with pain. Before Lister, it was deadly to open the abdomen. Surgeon after surgeon, expensively and delicately trained have improved and perfected the technique now used automatically.

The sister passes the stainless steel and sterilized instruments. A vein oozes and is caught with a hemostat, catgut is slipped around the hemostat and the vessel is tied. An artery spurts, spotting the sterile clothes and is caught neatly and tied. The hemostat is removed while the sister and assistant hand what are needed and cut when told. With unemotional precision the surgeon starts to close the wound. He looks at the anaesthetist sitting by his bubbling glassware at the end of the table, then at the patient from whose flaccid mouth a thin stream of saliva flows. As he sews up the wound, using sutures of specialized and sterile materials to suit the tension, he explains briefly about the operation and

finishes with the statement that the patients chances of living are better than they were an hour ago. He finishes and steps back. The sisters move in and start dressing the wound. The patient is swathed in blankets, lifted on the stretcher carriage and wheeled away. Recovery uneventful. Had you glanced at your watch when the wound was closed, you would have noticed that not more than twelve to fifteen minutes had elapsed from the time the operation had started until it was finished.

Soliloquy

Did you ever see an airman who was really satisfied?

I have never found one, although I've tried and tried.
He grumbles at reveille, he grumbles when in bed,

He is always overworked, and he's always underfed.
When they fit him at the Station Stores, he kicks about the size,

No one can ever please him, nobody ever tries.
He grumbles in the mess hall, he kicks on pay parade,
He kicks about the money, he thinks he's sadly underpaid.
If there's another war when this war's o'er, what will he do then?

Like a bloody fool he'll join once more and grumble once again.

Just take a look around you, it will prove just what I say,
Men with ribbons on their chest, right back in the fray,
When they put their civies on they laughed, and cheered and then,

They solemnly swore they'd serve no more, but here they are again.

And when they get in action, and they're fighting now and then,

They'll fight like hell and grumble as well, and go back and fight again.

And when they're back in civy life, they'll grumble as before,
Complain and mumble, kick and grumble, and wait for another war.

—S. A. MacARTHUR,

The Automatic Gyro Pilot

The fact that automatic pilots have become an essential part of equipment of all large aircraft, both civil and military, has only recently been realized. The aircraft which the human pilot is now asked to handle has become so complex with the addition of new and highly specialized "gadgets" that it is desirable that he be relieved of the routine task of operating the aircraft controls to maintain the course, attitude and altitude of the aircraft, thus greatly reducing fatigue and allowing more time to be devoted to navigation and other duties.

The automatic pilot is not, however, a new development. Work to this end started as far back as 1906. The first gyroscope ever to be used in an aircraft was made and installed as long ago as 1909.

There is a natural tendency for a pilot to distrust any mechanical device which its designers claim will do a job that formerly depended for its successful fulfillment on his own skill and experience. This feeling must apply above all else to an automatic pilot. It is almost an aggravation to find that one's aircraft is being flown as accurately under automatic control as it can be when it is receiving all the concentrated attention on the part of a human pilot to maintain course and altitude with extreme accuracy, or to fly through rough air with a maximum degree of passenger comfort and a minimum of labor in operation of the control column and rudder bar. The prolonged experience of automatic flight required to instil this confidence can be greatly reduced by a complete understanding of the control mechanism which achieves such astonishing results.

All apparatus designed to control an aircraft automatically has one common feature. This is the gyroscope, which is utilized for the purpose of establishing the fixed reference, departure of the aircraft from which can be detected and corrected. The problem is not simplified by the fact that an aircraft has six degrees of freedom in space.

The spinning gyroscope is unaffected by external forces, caused by the motion of the aircraft. It will tend to remain in whatever position it is set, and it is this property of 'rigidity' which provides the basic references necessary to the operator of the automatic pilot.

In the case of the Sperry automatic pilot (which may be taken as representative of the latest practice in automatic pilot design) the basis is the well known artificial horizon and directional gyro. Thus a pilot has no need to refer to the indications of the instruments to know that his gyro pilot is functioning satisfactorily, since he has ever before him pictorial evidence of this fact.

The principal of operation of the gyro horizon and directional gyro is familiar to most pilots. In the former case, a gyroscope spinning about a vertical axis is controlled by gravity through a simple mechanism, so that it will at all times remain truly vertical. This reference line is used to show pictorially the angular movement of an aircraft in bank and pitch. The directional gyroscope incorporates a gyroscope spinning about a horizontal axis, which is used to stabilize a compass card that may be set to coincide with the readings of a magnetic compass. It will then maintain this heading for a considerable period and throughout all manouvers of the aircraft. The indications of both the horizon and directional gyros are accurate and the instruments are dead beat.

Some forms of the automatic pilot employ a mechanical linkage between the gyro element and the control valves which are used to operate the main controls of the machine. However in the more later types of automatic pilot no direct linkage is employed, thus preventing the possibility of the sensitive gyro element from being disturbed. Attached to the gyro element are semi circular discs so arranged, so that for any given flying position the flow of air from each of the two parts, for each axis is equalized.

Should there be, however, relative movement between the boxes in which the gyros are mounted, which are rigidly attached to the aircraft, and the gyros themselves, one point will be opened and the other closed by the cutoff discs. The two points are attached to either side of an air relay valve, consisting of a diaphragm mounted in an outer casing and having a control spindle.

When air is drawn from one side of the diaphragm through the open point in the gyro case, the reduction of pressure on this side of the diaphragm causes the control spindle to be pulled over to one side. This central spindle is attached to a balanced oil valve, to which oil under pressure is supplied by an engine driven pump. When the air relay valve spindle moves off centre, the balanced oil-valve spindle is in turn moved off centre, allowing oil to flow to one side or the other of a piston in a servo cylinder which is directly connected into the control system of the aircraft.

In practice it is necessary to arrange that the control points are returned to the neutral position before the aircraft itself, so that the connective control is taken off before the aircraft reaches the neutral position. This is accomplished by means of a "follow up" system which limits the amount of control applied in proportion to the deviation of the aircraft from the set altitude at which it is flying, therefore the "follow up" prevents oscillation. Thus it is seen that main controls of the aircraft are operated without any load being applied to the gyroscopes.

Since control about each axis can be applied merely by

opening and closing points in relation to discs which are mounted on the gyro element, it may be easily realized that the human pilot can, by moving these control points, cause his aircraft to make any required manoeuvres, to climb or dive, bank, turn or flat turn, to correct small variations of course, or to alter course. There is a small knob for each axis, by which the control points are activated.

Therefore the value of the automatic gyro pilot is based upon its recognized ability to relieve the human pilot of the physical effort of flying and to hold the aircraft on a steadier, truer course. It contributes to the safety, comfort and efficiency of all types of aircraft operations.

H. S. WIDEMAN, Fl/Sgt.,
Instrument Section.

Life---A Funny Proposition

Man comes into this world without his consent, and leaves without his will.

During his stay on earth, his time is spent in a continuous round of contraries and misunderstandings by the balance of the species.

In his infancy he's an angel; in his boyhood he is a devil; in his manhood he is everything from a lizard up; in his dotage he is a fool.

If he raises a family, he is a chump; if he raises a small cheque, he is a crook and the law raises the devil with him.

If he is a poor man, he is a bad manager; if he is rich he is dishonest.

If he is in politics, he is a grafter; if he is out of politics, you can't place him and he is an undesirable citizen.

If he is in church he is a hypocrite; if he is out of church, he is a sinner and is damned.

If he donates to foreign missions, he does it for show; if he doesn't he is stingy.

When he first comes into the world, everybody wants to kiss him; before he goes they all want to kick him.

If he dies young, there was a great future before him; if he lives to a ripe old age, he is simply living to save funeral expenses.

Life is a funny road, but we all like to travel it just the same.

Around The Apron

NEWS—ODDS—ENDS

By the "Roaming Reporter."

We wonder if L.A.C. Dunne's reason for returning on time from his '72 was due to not being able to make connections with a freighter for South America.

The boys from 38 say, "come on in, the water's fine."

Competition for a certain Sergeant has been pretty well eliminated with the singeing of P/O Hutchinson's moustache.

Who, we wonder, was the Sergeant who tipped the orchestra five dollars at the New Year Ball in the Newfoundland Hotel, St. John's, to play the Blue Danube, then sat at the bar, and now wonders why he never heard it.

We understand Sergeant Tiberio will soon receive his instructors badge after giving a lecture lasting fully five minutes to the gunners.

Speaking of gunners, have you seen any around???

What airman told several people he met, all about his miraculous escape from Dunkirk? Who's the guy that—Oh! Hello Hutch.

The "Old Boys" still think their stay here is the longest six months stretch they ever did.

Joe Savage says his clerks annoy him at times, it seems they whistle while they work. Sid Bulmer says his annoy him too—they just whistle.

A certain sergeant has a ladies watch for sale—cheap—unused too.

We are happy to hear the boys of room No. 8 are kept in good shape under the capable guidance of Cpl. Davidson.

We understand that the Instrument Section are devising a machine on the style of the auto-pilot, to do all the work there—that should be easy.

Can anyone explain the attraction at the Guard House???

What's the mob doing there???

Who's the guy that jumped through a window in Grand Falls??—and who's the guy that was tossed out of the Cabot House on his car???

What airman ran around in Grand Falls with his hand in his pocket, clutching an imaginary gun to keep back the snakes and the pink elephants that were chasing him.

Speaking of black eyes—have you seen any lately???

Everything's all right in Grand Falls. For further particulars ask Al Harris.

Have you ever heard anyone say?....

"Some new fellows in? I should be going out soon."

"Don't do it now, wait until tomorrow."

"Looks like Goose Bay next."

"Any place is better than this dump."

"Well I guess we won't be here much longer."

"Are all the armourers doing D.I's. this morning?"

"Let someone else do it, I did it last month."

"Where are the new 'Observers'? In the pilots room?"

"The gunners did it."

"Four more unserviceable this morning."



The Mechanic's Creed

(By L.A.C. Jim Denniston in Ottawa Citizen.)

Maybe we're only the ground crew,
And perhaps we'll never fly,
We only work on the grounded planes,
To get them back in the sky.

We don't get pretty golden wings,
And we lack the crowd's applause,
We can't tell tales of fights and things,
We just find out what the trouble was.

Maybe we won't fly the big ones,
But you'll find us over there,
Maybe we won't be firing the guns,
But we'll keep the planes in the air.



Sports & Entertainment



The R.C.A.F. Band and Orchestra under the direction of Sergeants Friburg and Ormandy are proving a sure fire hit with the Station personnel, and an outstanding attraction and addition to our entertainment.

During the holiday season they put on a very fine concert in the Recreation Hall, including vocal numbers by the Ganderberry Quintette, and a jam session by a Quartette from the orchestra.

Mrs. Santa Claus (impersonated by Sgt. Carisse) paid the Station a visit during the program and made presentations to Group Captain Foss, Squadron Leader Tufts, W.O. Hamilton and "Y" man Corbett. Mrs. Santa took quite a shine to the C.O. and as "she" presented him with a gift also branded him with a heavy lip stick kiss on the forehead.

Forty N.C.O's and Airmen took part in a Badminton doubles tournament that ran for three weeks. Prizes were awarded the winners: Sergeants Arseneau and Brotherhood, and the runners up A.C. Greaves and Grossman.

At the present time we are planning to take a bowling team, basketball and badminton team to Grand Falls to compete with their Athletic Club in these sports. This event is scheduled to take place around the fifteenth of the month.

At long last we have got started on the basketball backboards, so in a few days time there will be a notice in D.R.O's. inviting all basketball players to try out for a Station team. There will also be an invitation for anyone interested in conditioning classes to turn out. These classes will be for the purpose of getting fellows in shape for different sports and also for those who just want to get in shape.

Regarding boxing and wrestling and hockey—somehow the mat we were going to use for boxing got itself wrapped around the Catalinas that were being shipped out. For further information on this see Squadron Leader Slemon. As to the rink the boards are all up and the grading done, but every time Fl. Lt. Butts thinks its a good frosty night for making ice and gets nicely started flooding the rink, Fl. Lt. Verrier shows up yelling "Shut that such and such hydrant off, you're taking all the water away from the boilers." So it looks that when we have freezing weather we have no water and when we have water (rain) we have no freezing weather. However I've been told that Dead Man's Pond is frozen over, maybe we will play our hockey there.

Be with you again next issue if the Pond is frozen solid enough.

—M. I. CORBETT, Y.M.C.A. War Services.

Selected Wit and Humour



"Any of you lads know anything about shorthand?" said Sergeant Frieberg to the boys in the band one day.

There was a quick response. Six of them fell out at once.

"Righto. They're shorthanded in the airmen's mess." So the six spent the morning peeling potatoes.

A good looking young lady had just been brought into the hospital for an operation. The doctor examined her and ordered her to undress and get ready for the ordeal. Accordingly she took off her clothes and climbed onto a wheel table. The nurse covered her up with a sheet, trundled the table into the hall and left her while she went back to get instructions from the doctor.

Presently down the hall came a man clothed in white from head to foot. He paused as he came to the girl, lifted the sheet and examined her, then dropped the sheet and proceeded on his way down the hall. Behind him came another white clad figure who stopped to lift the sheet and examine the patient, only to proceed without comment. A third figure appeared. Lifting the sheet he stared intently at the girl on the table.

"For heaven's sake," cried the nervous patient, "when are you going to operate on me?"

The white clad figure carefully replaced the sheet and prepared to resume his journey.

"Darned if I know, lady," he said. "We're just the painters here."

An old lady living in the country had a son in the Navy. On one of her rare visits to a neighboring town she saw a sailor. Trembling with excitement she asked him if he knew her boy. She told him his name.

"Well, what ship is he in?" asked the sailor.

"What ship?" exclaimed the old lady. "Are there two?"

A young sparrow in Gander the other day fluttered home with all its feathers gone. To its mother's frantic inquiry as to where it had been, the sparrow replied: "I was flying a little low, mama, and got mixed up in a badminton game."

"Henry," said his wife, "Who is Mabel?"

"Mabel," replied the husband, "Why—er—didn't I tell you? Mabel, my dear, is the—er—the name of a horse I backed yesterday. It won. Here's a fiver for you."

"Henry," his wife greeted him when he returned home that evening, "you know that horse you backed yesterday?"

"Yes."

"Well, it's been ringing you up on the 'phone!"

A sailor was cast away on a desert island. After he had been there for nine years, he awoke one morning and saw a lovely woman floating towards the beach on a barrel. The barrel washed ashore and the woman approached.

"High ho," said she. "And how long have you been here?"

"Nigh on ten years," said the sailor.

"Gracious," said the woman. "Then I shall give you something you certainly haven't had in a long time."

"Bust my leg!" said the sailor. "Don't tell me you got beer in that barrel?"

Mandy who had a little shack in the Florida swamplands, called Rastus, her little boy. When he reached the door, she handed him a pail.

"Here, chile," she said. "G'wan down to the ribber and get mammy some watuh. Mammy's gettin' some cohn-ponc ready."

Little Rastus scampered joyfully off to the river, swinging the pail. In a short while he returned. The pail was empty and the smile gone from his face. Mandy saw the empty pail.

"Mammy," said Rastus, "there's a big alligator down there and I'm afraid of him."

"You go right back and nebber mind that 'gator, he won't hurt you," ordered Mandy.

Rastus went off and returned a second time. The pail was still empty. Mandy raged at him and told him he was a 'fraid cat.

"Don't you know that 'gator won't hurt you. He's just as scairt of you as you is of him."

"Well," said little Rastus, "then there's no use gettin' water, mammy, cause if that 'gator is as scairt of me as I is of him, that water ain't fit to drink."

The trouble with travelling on the straight and narrow, is that you don't see any curves.

We come into the world asking Why? And go out asking Where?

Health experts say the only safe place to kiss a girl is on her photograph. Picture yourself doing that in Gander.

We hear that women in the Army are being taught how to change a flat tire. Hitherto they have had to depend on the divorce courts for that.

IN OURSELVES

Not in the clamour of the crowded street,

Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,
But in ourselves are triumph and defeat.

The man who always has a kick coming usually finds
that it eventually arrives.

18th Century Prophecy

The time will come, when thou shalt lift thine eyes
To watch a long-drawn battle in the skies,
While aged peasants, too amazed for words,
Stare at the flying fleets of wond'rous birds,
England, so long the mistress of the sea,
Where winds and waves confess her sovereignty,
Her ancient triumphs yet on high shall bear,
And reign, the sovereign of the conquered air.

(Translated from Gray's "Luna Habitabilis" 1737.)

They say Hitler is haunted by the ghost of his former
self. But wait till the ghost of his present self starts to stalk
him.

To get up in the world you have to get down to earth.

Man is descended from the ape,
We've long been comprehending,
And from his antics and his shape,
It seems he's still descending.

"Gestapo"

Have you ever heard of a square jawed bird
By the name of Serg. McStrap—o;
And his royal click of track down dicks
Who form our great Gestap—o?

They can track down mice and society lice,
On tiger tracks they are grand—o.
They can shoot damn nice—with ivory dice,
But their mark they never find—o.

Now, anything you lose, from nuts to shoes,
Just buzz our great Gestap—o.
If they catch the rat, you can bet your hat
He'll surely take the rap—o.

In search of a bike, one time I mind,
They searched in every pack—o;
They upturned chairs and frigidaires,
But they couldn't find a trace—o.

Now bikes are such small delicate things,
They'll get lost in a very small crack—o;

So we can't blame the staff of McStrapo's draft
For failing to solve this mister—o.

There's another case, they failed to unlace;
The truth of this I'll not grant—o;
They failed to find trace of a seaplane's base,
Said, "It must have been lost in the brine—o"

So here's a toast to our royal host
And here's another round—o;
We've behaved darn well, (though bored like Hell)
At the presence of the Gestap—o.

—J. A. F.

This bloody town's a bloody cuss,
No bloody trams, no bloody bus,
And nobody cares for bloody us,
Oh bloody, bloody, bloody.

No bloody sports, no bloody games,
No bloody fun with bloody dames,
Won't ever give their bloody names,
Oh, bloody, bloody, bloody.

If it isn't dust, it's bloody snow,
The bloody winds, they blow and blow,
They take all your bloody go,
Oh, bloody, bloody, bloody.

All bloody clouds, all bloody rains,
All bloody mud, no bloody drains,
The Ministry's got no bloody brains,
Oh, bloody, bloody, bloody.

And everything's so bloody drear,
Twenty cents for bloody beer,
And is it good? No bloody fear,
Oh, bloody, bloody, bloody.

The bloody 'flicks' are bloody old,
The bloody seats are bloody cold,
You can't get in for bloody gold,
Oh, bloody, bloody, bloody.

A certain guy, a bloody sarge,
A bloody menace at bloody large,
We're always on a bloody charge,
Oh, bloody, bloody, bloody.

The bloody dances make me smile,
The bloody bands, are bloody vile,

They only cramp your bloody style.
Oh, bloody, bloody, bloody.

The bloody planes, they bloody roar,
Can't even let a bloody snore,
It's time this bloody war was o'er,
Oh, bloody, bloody, bloody.

NOTE: This poem was written by an "Aussie" on Mossbank, Sask. Now aren't we glad we are in Gander???

Two Cent's Worth From The Orderly Room

Now that the holiday season is over maybe those pink elephants will stop marching up and down the streets of our fair (?) city.

Congratulations to all those who contributed to the decorating of the Christmas trees around the Station! Between the colorful lights in the various messes, rooms, hospital, verandahs and windows of the homes on Chestnut Avenue and the huge one by the Atlas Siding, they certainly helped chase "Old Man Gloom" away, and made this dreary old place look "real purty."

About the funniest period in the Orderly Room this month was the fellas reporting for their "dog tags," (Identity Discs) and asking in a puzzled tone: "Where do you wear them?"

Sergeant Major Hamilton must be a "Cecil and Sally" fan, judging from the way he can imitate Sally's giggle. He's quite confident that he could be Sally's stand-in any time as far as her giggle is concerned—but to us it sounds very much like a bad case of hiccough.

The most popular song in the showers this month is "Chatanooga Choo-Choo," from the film "Sun Valley Serenade," which stars beautiful Sonja Henie. This catchy tune reached top place on last week's "Hit Parade." Nothing but the tops for our "Bathroom Baritones,"—that's us!

We notice the "hooks", (both Sergeant and Corporal), on the arms of several of our fellow airmen—nice going fellows and congratulations. Don't let them go to your head, though, for remember—"What goes up, MUST come down."

A certain rather stout (?) Sergeant likes to tell about the evening he kissed the C.O. on the forehead, leaving a perfect imprint of his heavily rouged lips.

One of the nicest gifts "from home at Christmas" is held

by popular Donn Williams, of the Photographic Section. It is a small, holly-wrapped box, containing a small piece of cotton batten—soaked in water. Lying on top of this was about a dozen and a half violets, fresh from his Mother's garden in Chilliwack, (Near Vancouver). Rightly enough, Donn was zealously guarding them as if they were gold nuggets, but I did manage to get a sniff—and in said "sniff" I was carried the approximate distance of 4000 miles, to a scented garden in Chilliwack, where there was peace and sunshine.

The thin layer of ice on the barrack steps has caused many an airman to suddenly lose his dignity. It certainly wakes them up with a start, when they come tumbling out with their eyes half shut early in the morning, strike the ice and suddenly bump down a dozen steps on their—Well, land where people land when they land.

We are having quite a few new arrivals at the Squadron, and it's quite interesting to ask them what they think of the place. Most of them are amazed at the Railway system here. Whether their amazement is caused by the "quaint" system, or wonderment that they ever arrived in one piece, they just didn't say. Best of luck, fellas, and we feel sure you will soon feel as much at home here as we do. (!!!)

We are all happy to see the change in the size of the "Gander Opry House", where a lot of us spend at least two evenings a week. Gone are the days of pushing and grunting to get a seat in front of the screen, or peeking around a couple of rude posts that were determined to spoil your view of Lana Turner, Rita Hayworth, Ann Sheridan or Hedy Lamarr.

Speaking of films and theatres—we have a super Recreation Hall of our own. Wouldn't it be swell IF we could get a 35 mm projector and rent the latest films. We'd all be more than willing to pay twenty cents or more admission, wouldn't we fellas?

The latest mode of entertainment at the moment is the "Gander Broadcasting Company," which may be heard in a sparkling (?) half hour of recordings each evening. I have been informed that, after the transmitter gets into full swing, present plans are to broadcast comic sketches, plays, songs, recordings, etc., and that, before the winter is over, most of the fellows will have had their share of broadcasting. It's a swell idea, we think, and we'll all be tuned in.

The telegraph company must be trying to make the holiday season last a bit longer judging from the way Christmas Greeting telegrams are still straggling in, or maybe they believe in the slogan to "Be prepared for Christmas." YEAH, Christmas 1942!

Have you heard the one Sergeant S—— has been telling? It's pretty corny, but here goes. He claims a certain Corporal was calling the roll on parade one day, and when he came to his own name, called it and nobody answered, he promptly marked him absent and reported him to the Major

right after parade. There seemed to be no end to the complications which arose from this stupid error, but the climax came when the Corporal was brought before the O.C., and between banging his cap on and off while he was his own prisoner and witness, the poor guy nearly went daffy—nearly? Well... (End of joke—laugh here!).

I think it would be a good idea if we started a radio shop on the side over here at the O.R., because there is hardly a day goes past that we don't sell a radio of some kind, and oh, how familiar the words "Recordio, allied, mid-west, and Sear Roebuck" are to us! We don't really mind, though—anything for our fellow airmen, that's us! OUCH!

The "byes" who were invited to spend New Year at Corner Brook certainly must have enjoyed themselves—judging from the droopy jawed appearance they have presented for the following forty-eight hours. All kidding aside, though, we are all exceedingly grateful to the citizens of Corner Brook, Grand Falls and St. John's for the courtesy they always extend to every Canadian airman who visits them. Take a bow Corner Brook, Grand Falls and St. John's.

If you want to cry on somebody's shoulder, go to the Padre, that's what he's there for. Take all your troubles and woes to him—all except financial—he's broke too.



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