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PHOTOGRAPHER

# The Gander

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APRIL, 1942

NO. IV

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R.C.A.F. Station, Gander, Newfoundland.



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Cover Design by Sergeant R.G. Falconer.

## *Editorial Comment*

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We are sure that you all felt a little pang of regret when you heard of the postings of our Editor-in-Chief, Wing Commander Woods, and the Chief of our Editorial Staff, W.O.2 Little. Both took a genuine interest in the "Gander" magazine and worked tirelessly to make each new edition better than the one before.

This task to make each new issue "bigger and better" than the one before has fallen on our shoulders now, but to carry out this task we must have your wholehearted co-operation. Do not lose sight of the fact that this is your magazine and that it is what you make it. Copies are sent to points all over Canada and the United States and those receiving them read them and judge us by them.

This month we have contributions from several sections, who have promised to submit a column each month. What there is of these contributions is fine, but not all the sections are co-operating. It's so very easy to write up a few lines from your section each month — and the "kick" that all the airmen get out of it will prove that it is well worth the few minutes it would take you. All you have to do is to elect a "reporter" for each section in order to gather material, then select an appropriate heading for your column and hand it in. You don't even have to type it for publication.

This appeal for magazine material is directed to YOU. Without material this magazine will fall through. Remember, the originators of this publication went to a great deal of time and effort to get it going and it is up to us — it is our duty to keep it going. There is no reason whatsoever why we cannot make this the best publication from any station of the Royal Canadian Air Force; and, with your co-operation, we will!

—THE EDITORIAL STAFF.



# How To Get Along

(The following article is taken from "Thumbs Up", the semi-monthly magazine of the personnel at R.C.A.F. Station, Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, and was written by Sergeant Pilot N. Lougheed).

Perhaps the biggest chance in the life of a young man is when he enters military service. It is an exciting adventure and the young man quickly adapts himself to his new life. He finds it interesting and not too hard, but there is always the one who must find out things for himself the hard way and soon finds himself in trouble through his own fault and is a very unhappy person.

The most common type is the recruit who starts life in the force by becoming homesick. True it is not his fault that he misses his family, but invariably he takes the wrong attitude and sulks. To relieve this attitude he should see movies, make friends, write home; and remember that thousands of others have left good homes. The opposite of this is the chap who thinks that Airforce life is one huge picnic, especially after "lights out" is sounded and his jokes, cat-calls and yelling are heard until all hours. This is a prize way to become unpopular with your friends who appreciate the fact that "lights out" is for sleep, not for disturbing people.

We must not forget the "Food grumbler." What a pleasure to eat near one; in no time at all his continual grouching and complaining has many convinced that the food is as terrible as he describes it. Feeding a huge group of men is a trying task to even the most competent kitchen crew and new recruits must realize that they cannot have individual attention. They will receive good, wholesome food, no fancy service or frills, and complaining will not help. There is a proper place for complaints and unless your complaint is justified it is best to say nothing.

What a joy to bunk near one of those "dear souls" who hails from a superior family and only associates with others because he is forced to. In short, he is the type who considered himself far too good for his humble rank and it is not long before he is ignored and deserted by his former friends. His opposite is perhaps the best known person in the force. I refer to "Joe," "Good Old Joe." He is positive that every one picks on him regardless of what he has done; everyone making his life miserable and always giving him the dirty end of things. Before long he has little respect for the Air Force through his own

depressed mental attitude. Often he will go on a "bender" and when the S.P. pick him up he complains all the harder and cannot understand why they picked on him.

If you want to be popular with your fellow airmen, don't try to get ahead by "Pull." Don't criticize or brag. The well-liked fellow is the one who pulls his share, always has a cheery word and ready to help those in trouble or overburdened.

Always remember that when you are off the Station with your friends or out with a young lady, you are still a member of the Royal Canadian Air Force, "The World's Finest Airmen."

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## "Off The Record"

(by G.S.M.)

It's rumored that the staff of Sir Frederick Banting Memorial Hospital are working overtime, trying to find a cure for "Posting Fever"—a dreaded disease so prevalent in Gander.

Is Art Foster trying to set a new style in sports clothes? We like that "cute little number" he wears in the Gym that consists of a little sweatshirt over trunks. Anyway, he sure can swat those shuttlecocks!

Who is the AC. on the orderly room staff who poured over the latest copies of all the movie magazines, studying portraits of Gable, Taylor, Coleman, etc., and wondering what type of moustache he should adopt?

We suggest a strict, slimming diet for the LAC. who, on seating himself for breakfast the other morning, had the seat collapse under him—much to the amusement of the other diners.

Congratulations to "Herb" Kaden on his posting ! ! ! !

Something should be done about those three who talk and argue politics during each meal. First thing they know they'll be Prime Ministers . . . . . or something.

Why do the Officers always applaud so heartily when Mr. Corbett, the "Y" man, screens a cartoon?

Is that REALLY a sty on the left eye of a certain Flight Sergeant—or did he bump into the proverbial "door"?

Many were the colorful description of the "Noofie" express when it puffed in four days overdue a week or so ago, and then by unfortunate error (?) went right through to St. John's without dropping off our personal mail.

The top favourite tune of the month seems to be "Deep In The Heart Of Texas," (Clap, clap, clap, clap)—and among the favourite "flicks" at the "Gander Opry House" were "Dumbo" and "Honky Tonk."

Several occupants of room six who are rather "light sleepers" complain that the occupants of room overhead should get out

of the habit of standing on their lockers and jumping to the floor when getting up.

A certain Flight Sergeant in the squadron complains that the "limelight" he has received in previous issues of "The Gander" embarrasses him no end; but, can we help it if he makes himself "Headlines" by careening about the hangar on bomb dollies smoking the blackest cigars in Gander and wearing a colorful parka—even Winchell wouldn't pass that up.

I bet you never thought there was a romantic setting in Gander; well, there is. Between the mess barrack fifty a "dainty" little rustic bridge over a singing little steam pipe with the brilliant Gander moon shining softly on the soft, "gooey" mud below!

If you catch the sweet aroma of toast and coffee when in the vicinity of barrack fifty, you are approaching "WALT'S PLACE"—famous for its tasty midnight snacks and Liquors! The slogan for this "cosy rendezvous" is: "If you like it, tell your friends; if you don't, tell us." Wouldn't we like to ! ! !

Who is the little (!!!!!) A.C. in stores that has received the nickname, "Tailspin"—and why?

From all appearances the occupants of Room 11 are getting in shape for the baseball season.

We're really sorry to see so many of the "old boys" leaving us for new stations. Don't get us wrong—we're glad for them. Best of luck, fellas, and don't ever forget that, in spite of this land of "dogs, bogs and frogs," we had a lot of fun.

We hear that Marshal Goering is fond of walking. As a matter of fact, he has to take three steps forward before his trousers will move.

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## *Sports & Entertainment*

(by M.I. Corbett, Y.M.C.A. War Services)

Basketball has been the outstanding sports activity during the winter months. Seventeen teams in a three division house league took part. The winners and runners-up in each division played off. At the present time Accounts and Signals are playing off a two-out-of-three games series for Station Championship. Plans are in progress to put on a supper for the champions and present them with a team trophy and also individual awards.

In addition to the House League, the Station had two teams entered in the International League. The Americans, however, proved too strong for us and, though there were some close games, that is as near to winning as we got.

At present a mens' doubles and mixed doubles badminton tournament is in progress. In the groups taking part are representatives from all sections of the Station. After the

finals, which will be played Saturday, the 25th, the ladies who took part in this event will be entertained by the officers at the officers' mess.

During the latter part of March, the Notre Dame Dramatic Society and Glee Club of Grand Falls presented an Irish play and Irish musical number to the personnel of the station. The play was put on in No. 3 Hangar, to an audience of about 1200. In spite of inadequate stage effects and sound equipment, the troupe did a very fine job. After the show the troupe was entertained by the officers in their mess until train time. It is fortunate that it was not this week we were entertaining as the train is four days over due.

Padre Taylor organized an Easter party for the children, and was very much enjoyed by the youngsters of the Station. "Fifi", the clown, did a swell job of entertaining the youngsters. The various messes vied with each other in seeing which could turn out the fanciest looking cakes. The Padre saw to it that each child received a token and presents.

The large movie outfit that we have been expecting for so long is apparently still "In transit." In the meantime, the Y.M. C.A. is still running the 16 mm machine.

For "Pop" Hunter's benefit we are trying to get "Little Red Riding Hood" as a sequel to "Peck's Bad Boy."

A new man has been added to the "Y" staff. He is Ray L. Dedels. Ray has had extensive training and experience in music and theatricals. At present he is combing the Station for talent, so here's your chance to get in a choir, glee club, hill-billy band, or what have you.

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# Know Your Citizens

(By LAC. George S. Middleton)

Last month I introduced you to an airman from the Maritime Provinces—New Brunswick to be exact. This month, by way of contrast and because we have an interesting personality from that part of Canada, I have interviewed Phil Basham who hails from the Okanagan Valley, British Columbia.

Phil, a life member of the International Accounts Society, rides the hobby of mountain climbing, and has had many thrilling experiences in his career. Though not a member of the famous "Alpine Club," he belongs to a group that is closely connected and has done most of his climbing with members of the Alpine.

Phil considers his "crowning achievement" was in climbing 11000 feet to the top of Mount Baker in Washington, Oregon and told me all about this adventure from the time his party

left home until they returned.

To enjoy the hobby of mountain climbing the first thing you must do is hop out of bed very early in the morning—which should prove quite easy after being in the Air Force. This particular adventure to Mount Baker that Phil told me about started at seven a.m. Climbing for almost twenty-four hours they didn't stop to camp until midnight. Never having tried mountain climbing I just have to use my imagination to feel the "kick" you would get out of camping so close, under the stars on a clear night, thousands of feet above sea level.

No doubt, after all that climbing one would feel inclined to stay rolled up next morning—but not this particular group. They were up next morning and started to climb again by six a.m., reaching the summit at four o'clock in the afternoon.

Phil claims the satisfaction of having reached the top is satisfaction enough for all the work in getting there, without even considering the views, etc. "At the top of Mount Baker," says Phil, "there is a lead box in which is kept a record of all those climbing the mountain." Among the details taken are your name, address, date you climbed, length of time it took you and weather and visibility on that particular day. The day Phil was up the visibility was such that you could see clearly the mountain peaks in the National Park in B.C., which are approximately three hundred miles distant.

In climbing a mountain of this height, Phil explains that it is sometimes difficult to breathe, and as you near the top it becomes necessary to stop for a few seconds every few feet to catch up on your normal breathing.

We can readily understand the many dangers involved in a hobby like this, but the Alpine Club takes them in its stride. There are dozens of crevices high up on mountains and, as Phil explained to me, in going up in the morning there may be a natural "bridge" of frozen snow across, but by the time you come back to that spot in the afternoon, the sun may have melted it and you have a ticklish little problem on your hands.

Some of the necessary equipment for mountain climbing are goggles, well-nailed leather boots equipped with Swiss edge nails for ice and rock. An ice axe and crampons are needed for glacier climbing and, of course, a good, thick rope to tie around your waist. It is also necessary to apply a thick coating of lotion or "grease paint" to your face and hands, for the sun on the ice and snow can cause painful and harmful sunburns. This "grease paint" usually consists of a mixture of vaseline and other salves and lotions.

In Phil's business life a great deal of his career was spent with a large wholesale company, working his way up to assistant credit manager; also holding a membership in the Vancouver Junior Board of Trade, being an active speaker for the "Gravel Club."

Phil is employed in the Air Force as a Clerk Accountant for the duration, from where he plans to resume his civilian employment and return to his favourite hobby—mountain climb-

ing; in spite of the time his foot slipped while traversing a "rock face" and he found himself dangling over 1200 feet of "nothingness."

Should we say "Happy landings Phil," and thanks a million for the swell interview.

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## Bomb Bursts and Breach Busters

(By the Armourers)

We are given to understand that Sergeant Edwards put on 130 pounds during his leave. "Congrats," Eddie.

That cloud of dust seen on the runway one day last week was not a prairie dust storm off beam—the Armourers were "bombing up"

FLASH—LAC. Morgan is going overseas—lucky man. All the luck in the world, "Shorty".

"Wireless" Weeks is busy producing the "beam" people are always "on" and "off" in Gander.

Flight Sergeant Swan thought a 'Queen' was a playing card.

Who was the armourer who thought you needed an E.42 to get a "washout? ? ? ? ?"

A hearty welcome and wishes for a long stay are extended to our newcomers!

Evans claims he needs four more men to do his "Joe" jobs.

Our radio programme was received all over the Station, and I mean ALL over—ask the control tower.

Now the snow is going and the mud shows up, we can appreciate last years debris. Have you seen the "Noofies" come out of their winter quarters ? ? ? ?—and then we get "sun blinds!"

Some say "The Armament Section is a 'hub of activity"—there is an awful lot of grease around.

See you down on the range soon and in this column again in the next issue .

# Personal Hygiene

(By W.O. I Harold V. Corbett—Medical Branch)

Hygiene is the Science of the maintenance and promotion of health and the prevention of disease.

It is concerned largely with investigation of the causes and methods of spread of disease and the means of prevention. This entails much research work of a scientific nature, and the rapid strides made in recent years have borne fruit in the reduction of preventable disease. Hygiene is a progressive Science which calls for continual investigation. The Medical Branch of the R.C.A.F. will help by instruction, advice, supervision, and precept, but these are of little avail if the individual airman does not play his part. It is the duty, therefore, of every airman to take his share in looking after, not only his personal health, but those of his comrades. The objective is twofold, first to prevent actual disease and secondly, to promote and increase health.

The airman is in a somewhat different position from a civilian, in relation to disease. First of all, they have all been subjected to a thorough medical examination before entering the R.C.A.F.; they live a disciplined, communal life, which is under constant supervision, and under this system of supervision and discipline, health measures can be adopted more rapidly and effectively than in a civilian community.

On the other hand, the communal life of an airman brings about close contact between individuals and, therefore, greater opportunities for the transference of communicable disease from one to another. Garrison life in barracks most nearly resembles the life of the civilian in respect to housing, water supply, and conservancy, and the individual airman does not have to concern himself with sanitary matters, other than personal cleanliness while in barracks, but on active service, diseases of all kinds become more prevalent for the following reasons: First, Men are crowded more closely together and disease germs can be more easily spread from sick to healthy men. This applies to airmen taking courses of several weeks, who are in close contact, in large numbers in classrooms.

Personal Hygiene, a knowledge of which in these particular places, will do much to decrease the spread of disease germs, e.g. the use of handkerchiefs when sneezing to prevent droplet infection. Secondly, airmen in this category are not so resistant to disease because their vitality is lower through exposure to fatigue, mental strain, less satisfactory feeding, and to unaccustomed climates. Third, in times of war the situation makes it necessary to occupy cramped quarters at times and sometimes unhealthy sites are used which would be otherwise avoided.

Personal Hygiene embodies more factors than the mere

brushing of one's teeth. Clothing, food, climate, work and rest are very important headings which we must deal with scientifically to accomplish the desired results.

Therefore, in Personal Hygiene, the daily round of life of an airman causes many impurities to be deposited on the surface of the body and these impurities must be removed if the body is to be kept healthy. The skin requires frequent cleansing, not only to remove visible dirt, but also the salt, grease and dry sweat poured out from the glands of the skin, which would otherwise become clogged. Daily washing should be practiced and special attention given to the arm pits, crotch between the buttocks, the feet—especially between the toes—and hands. A hot bath should be taken at least once a week, and more often if facilities are available. Cleanliness of the hands and finger nails is most necessary—especially with personnel handling food.

The hair should be kept short and should be combed and brushed daily. Hair brushes and combs are generally neglected and should be washed every week. The teeth should be cleaned at least twice a day, and at bedtime. The use of tooth picks for the removal of food particles after meals is a practice to be recommended. Dirty and decayed teeth accumulate germs. Decaying matter and infection invariably result.

Personnel who are posted to operational stations should be particularly interested in their own health and that of their comrades, because of the vital position which they are holding. Personal Hygiene is a matter of supreme importance to avoid the loss of man-hours due to sickness and minor infection. "Athlete's Foot," "Vincent's Angina," etc., take their toll of many man-hours which could be easily prevented with practice of the above mentioned simple rules.

As is often the case, R.C.A.F. personnel are posted to widely separate centres in Canada and other countries, and climatic conditions, therefore, vary greatly. Care must be taken accordingly, for example, the water supply at Stations varies considerably in chemical content, etc., and sometimes water is supplied from doubtful sources. The Medical Officers take several samples at periodic intervals to guard against disease from this source.

In conclusion, Personal Hygiene is a matter of habit. The cleaning of one's shoes, the shining of buttons, and the appearance of one's clothing are more of disciplinary habit and are no more important than personal daily habits. There are many personal habits, such as changing of socks daily, keeping feet dry, etc., that may seem much to your health and to that of your comrades, therefore, remember: "Prevention is better than cure."

## Announcements

### ENGAGEMENT:

We are happy to announce the engagement of Sergeant E.A. Kenyon to Miss Ellen Spring, of Hamilton, Ontario. Wedding to take place in the near future.

### MARRIAGES:

Congratulations and best wishes to Corporal T.M. Metcalfe on his marriage to Miss Gertrude May Cross of Grand Falls on April 14th. 1942.

Sincere good wishes for happiness to Sergeant D. L.G. Edwards on his marriage to Miss Norma Gare of St. Catherines, Ontario.



## In A Sentimental Mood

Each month we receive a number of good poems, but this month we have, what we think is, the best group to date. Our first was written by Flight Lieutenant P.D. Cameron at No. 15 S.F.T.S., Claresholm, Alberta. When the late Sergeant Pilot Murray Rodgers was accidentally killed in an aeroplane crash at No. 15 S.F.T.S., while Formation Flying, his father made the significant statement that inspired this poem:—

### *He's Got His Wings Now*

I saw fast planes soar through the sky,  
 Piloted by those who loved to fly—  
 Young men dressed in horizon blue,  
 With flying hours . . . not just a few.  
 And as their finished courses drew,  
 They changed positions as they flew  
 In Close Formation, straight and true,  
 Watching each signal, every cue!

A plane then flashed toward the ground—  
 Transfigured, as the sun went down!  
 Beside that plane an Angel flew  
 With Wings, not just for one but two.

Before the plane had reached the earth  
 God snatched a soul for Higher Birth;  
 For wings of wood and fibre sewn,  
 God substituted Wings . . . His own.

A Pilot now for God he flies,  
 From star to star in purple skies—  
 In Grand Formation—Angel Throngs—  
 His Squadron flies to right all wrongs.

His Squadron Leader—Christ the Lord,  
 Who from this earth to Heaven soared—  
 He was the First to earn His Wings;  
 And to all others, Hope, He brings.

And so "Through Peril to the Heights,"  
 All greater Pilots take their Flights;  
 To meet their Wing Commander, God—  
 For they are not just men of sod.

This poem was kindly contributed by LAC. Paul Harden of the Accounts Section.

Our second poem in the group this month is by our own Sergeant Jack Forbes; and I'm sure, after you read it over, you will agree that it is one of his best to date. Its title is . . . .

## *Jack's Room*

There's his fishing tackle standing in the corner;  
His trusty sporting rifle stands there too,  
His tennis racket, running shoes, etc.,  
His skates, his skis—they're waiting for him too.

There's that picture of the girl he met at college,  
School and pennants deck the wall,  
Ash trays and souvenirs grace the breaux,  
And gay colored rugs leading to the hall.

There's a pile of magazines on the table by the rocker,  
There's his cosy slippers lying closely by;  
There's his pipe, just exactly as he left it,  
Half broke, half smoked, on mantle high.

There's the closet door standing partly open,  
Gay colors peek out to greet the eye;  
Sport shoes and slacks in fast colors,  
Hats, suits and a gay assortment of ties.

Yes . . . a long time he's been gone to join the Navy,  
My son, young lad — strong, vigilant and free;  
But, still, everywhere I look it seems that I can see him,  
The Jack I knew still lingers here with me.

Finally, here is one contributed by "Mac"—and the title is—

## *The Atlantic Patrol*

We have winged out way, high in the boundless blue,  
To play our part, to do what we could do  
To rid the world of that mad, sullen beast  
Who from his rotten, evil lair has come,  
In few short years to wreck his havoc on a world at peace  
Which only sought, by devious ways 'tis true  
To spread to all the sons of men its riches  
Lavished by bounteous hand, before, on few.

We, too, have skimmed the angry, white-capped waves  
Of northern 'lantic's vast, unmeasured power,  
Beneath the cold, grey skies of storm,  
In search of those who from beneath the seas  
Pounce on the unsuspecting, unarmed weak

And send them to their doom ; their only hope  
That death ; if it must come, be quick and merciful,  
And not the slow, dull pain of cold and thirst.

Our work has been that we, in company with  
Our Comrades of that other blue, the sea,  
Should bear to England's shore, in never-ending stream,  
The food and all the implements of modern war ;  
That she, who finds herself, as often in the past,  
Once more the foremost champion of the right,  
Should have at hand the aid that she requires  
To guarantee the triumph of goodwill.

And some there be, of both the blues the same,  
Who from their task have not returned again ;  
And we, who still are here know not  
The time, the place, nor yet just how they died.  
But this we know, and knowing take great pride,  
That, as they died, their duty they performed,  
And were not loath to go, these comrades true,  
Because they died for freedom, and for you !

To those who find their sphere in some safe spot  
We have a message, which we wish you'd hear—  
We do not envy you, and would not trade our life  
For all that seems to you so good and dear —  
But, as a challenge from those 'ready gone,  
And those of us who still shall not return,  
When our job's done make it your task to see  
That man, where'er he dwells, shall be free !

This final poem in our group is affectionately dedicated from  
the Airmen of the Squadron to the following:—

**FLYING OFFICER J.W. SKIDMORE**  
**PILOT OFFICER K.G. SCHAEFER**  
**PILOT OFFICER A.W. RUNTE**  
**SERGEANT A. CHAPMAN**  
**CORPORAL C.G. HEENEY**  
**LEADING AIRCRAFTMAN J.S. LEGON**

# Through The Lens

(By Personnel of the Photo' Section)

The Photographic Section on this station is a department that most people know little about. Many think that all the boys have to do is to "run around on a bright, sunny day taking pictures of anything that takes their fancy." Such is not the case; the "Shutterbugs" are a busy lot, working hard from "morning 'til night."

Because much of their work is secret, and only a few see the results, don't get the impression that the Photo' section is a "Bed of roses."

The other day we received the request: "We need a Photographer to take some important pictures." The cameraman dashed out of the building — eager to risk his life if need be to record on film the "Battle of the Atlantic," or whatever was required of him. Great was his dissapointment when he was shown a manhole and asked to descent to focus on a leaking water valve. Standing up to his knees in mud he was heard mutter: "I Wanted Wings!" Such is a sample of the endless variety of photographs that must be made in order to give the "lowdown" to the "higherups."

A couple of weeks ago the 'phone rang in the Section and a very joyful voice inquired: "Can we have some photo's taken of the Squadron Leader's going away party?" Tucking his Brownie under his arm the "Photog" "whistled out" through the door. After grouping the "Empties" and the "Fulls" together, he managed to get a shot of two before getting "shot" himself.

They say the bagpipes are a dirty trick the Irish played on the Scotch, but the tables were turned the other day when a certain Irish photographer rushed out to get a picture of the P.E.I. Pipe Band and landed exactly in the centre of a Gander mud puddle and returned to the section looking as if he'd been through the "Battle of the Boyne."

What certain aircraft was chased by a heard of caribou the other day — or was it vice versa ? ? ? ? Anyway, you know

What certain Barber-Photographer is going to "scalp" the next trade test officer who refuses his remuster?

Was the Photographic section the first to put in an E.42 for a "WAAF" Is it the darkroom boys? What do y' say, Jackson?

Congratulations to Pilot Officer Aselstyne on his promotion and to Corporal Donn Williams and LAC. Reg. Thayer on their postings back to Canada. We hate to see you go, boys!

Well, boys, this is your "Photographic Pidgeons" signing off, and you'll be hearing the "shutter click" again next month.

# Laugh & Live

(Excerpt from Douglas Fairbanks' Book )

There is one thing in this good old world that is positively sure—happiness for all who strive to be happy—and those who laugh are happy.

Everybody is eligible—you—me—the other fellow.

Happiness is fundamentally a state of mind—not a state of body.

And mind controls.

Indeed it is possible to stand with one foot on the inevitable “banana peel” of life with both eyes peering into the Great Beyond, and still be happy, comfortable, and serene—if we will even so much as smile.

It's all a state of mind, I tell you—and I'm sure of what I say.

Do you ever laugh?

I mean do you ever laugh right out—spontaneously—just as if the public weren't listening with drawn clubs and a finger on the button connecting with the “hurry-up” wagon? Well, if you don't, you should. Start off the morning with a laugh and you needn't worry about the rest of the day.

I like to laugh. It is a tonic. It braces me up—makes me feel fine!—and keeps me in prime mental condition. Laughter is a physiological necessity. The nerve system requires it. The deep, forceful chest movement in itself sets the blood to racing thereby livening up the circulation—which is good for us. Perhaps you hadn't thought of that? Perhaps you didn't realize that laughing automatically re-oxygenates the blood—your blood—and keeps it red? It does all of that, and besides, it relieves the tension from your brain.

Laughter is more or less a habit. To some it comes only with practice. But what's to hinder practice? Laugh and live long—if you had a thought of dying—laugh and grow well—if you're sick and despondent—laugh and grow fat—if your tendency is towards the lean and cadaverous—laugh and succeed—if you're glum and “unlucky”—laugh and nothing can faze you—not even the Grim Reaper—for the man who has laughed his way through life has nothing to fear of the future. His conscience is clear.

Wherein lies this magic of laughter? For magic it is—a something that manufactures a state of felicity out of any condition. We've got to admit its charm; automatically and inevitably a laugh cheers us up. If we are bored—nothing to do—just laugh—that's something to do, for laughter is synonymous with action, and action dispels gloom, care, trouble, worry and all else of the same ilk.

Real laughter is spontaneous. Like water from the spring, it bubbles forth a creation on mingled action and spontaneity

—two magic potions in themselves—the very essence of laughter—the unrestrained emotion within us!

So, for me, it is to laugh! Why not string along? The experiment won't hurt you. All we need is will-power, and that is a personal matter for each individual to seek and acquire for himself. Many of us already possess it, but many of us do not.

Take the average man on the street for example. Watch him go plodding along—no spring, no elasticity, no vim. He is in a check-rein—how can he laugh when his pep is all gone and the sand in his craw isn't there anymore? What he needs is spirit! Energy—the power to force himself into action! For him there is no hope unless he will take up physical training in some form that will put him in normal physical condition—after that everything simplifies itself. The brain responds to the new blood in circulation and thus the mental processes are ready to make a fight against the inertia of stagnation which has held them in bondage.

And, mind you, physical training doesn't necessarily mean going to an expert for advice. One doesn't have to make a mountain out of a molehill. Get out in the fresh air and walk briskly—and don't forget to wear a smile while you're at it. Don't over-do. Take it easy at first and build on your effort day by day. A little this morning—a little more tonight. The first chance you have, when you're sure of your wind and heart get out upon the country road, or cross-country hill and dale. Then run—run until you drop exhausted upon some grassy bank. Then laugh, long and loud, for you're on the road to happiness.

Activity makes for happiness as nothing else will and once you stir your blood into little bubbles of energy you will begin to think of other means of keeping your bodily house in order. Unless you make a first effort the chances are you will do very little real thinking of any kind—we need pep to think.

Think what an opportunity we miss when stripped at night if we fail to give our bodies a round of exercise. It is so simply, so easy, and has so much to do with our sleep each night and our work the next day that to neglect to do so is a crime against nature. And laugh! Man alive, if you are not in the habit of laughing get the habit. Never miss a chance to laugh aloud. Smiling is better than nothing, and a chuckle is better still—but out and out laughter is the real thing. Try it now if you dare! And when you've done it, analyze your feelings.

I make this prediction—if you once start the habit of exercise, and couple with it the habit of laughter, even if only for one short week—you'll keep it up ever afterwards.

## Around Ten B.R. Sub Stores

(by Personnel of that Section)

Our place is not so very large—just a hole in the wall in hangar six—but over this counter is done one of the greatest businesses in Gander; and the funny part of it is, no money ever changes hands.

The “Fitters” and “Riggers” who patronize our establishment are a funny lot. We often wonder why our new mechanics draw so many rags from stores, but drip pans are quite oily, aren't they ? ? ? ?

Then the old story of “Why” we haven't got this, and “Why” we haven't got that and “When” are we getting it. I took one of the Fitters aside the other day and explained to him that a war had started back in '39 and it wasn't over yet. The news seemed to have spread for the question is not being asked now.

The Electricians—our next-door neighbours—cause us little worry, but you can ask LAC. Goldie why! —or is it because nothing ever breaks in the aircraft ? ? ? ?

The airmen in “A” and “B” Flights seem to think that it is a long walk from one hangar to another and back again, but they will learn; for someone always pays for another's error.

Would someone ask “Flight” Rosser what he intends doing with all the hacksaw blades he has drawn from stores? We have been wondering what business he is in.

A little plea to our “Fitters” and “Riggers”:- The rag situation is getting serious. They tell us that in Canada they are being issued on loan cards. You wouldn't want this to happen here, so go easy, fellas!

A certain mechanic inquired about a certain tool the other day. We have been wondering how he got his “A” Group—did he wave his hands in front of the trade test officer ? ? ? ?

And so, fellow airmen, we of Sub Stores are taking this opportunity of thanking you for your patronage in the past, and that in this new period of account we may continue to give you what we got (when we get it!).

See you again in the next issue!

**Vote! Vote! Vote! Vote! Vote!**

In a lot of the large army, Navy and air corps camps in the United States, and in several of the R.C.A.F. and R.A.F. stations throughout Great Britain and Canada, the personnel hold on election ever so often for the purpose of choosing their favourite stage, screen or radio personality.

Now, take for example the men at the famous Fort Dix in the United States, they voted Rita Hayworth their favourite; while an R.A.F. Squadron in Britain voted Linda Darnell as "The Girl We'd Like to Come Back to." Then another army camp in the U.S. voted Dorothy Lamour their favourite "Pin-up Girl".

Not to be outdone by these other stations, we here at Gander are going to make public our most popular "Glama Gal."

Maybe you'll choose Lana Turner for her blonde loveliness; maybe Rita Hayworth for her luscious looks; probably Judy Garland for her appealing voice—or maybe Bette Davis for her superb acting. Then there is Ingrid Berman's charm and acting ability.

Of course our favourite doesn't necessarily have to be a woman—'though I doubt if we'll pick a man. We all enjoy Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Cecil B. DeMille, etc. So, if you think a male star deserves your vote, then, by all means, vote for him.

Simply fill in the ballot at the bottom of this page and drop it in the ballot box by Mr. Corbett's door in the Recreation Building, **before May 20th, 1942.**

Whichever star wins will be informed by mail, and who knows, maybe we'll get a nice, enlarged portrait for our reading room—or it might lead to a visit sometime.

All clear?

O.K., let's go ! ! ! ! !

.....  
(cut along this line)

My vote goes to: .....

Remarks: .....

.....  
.....



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