

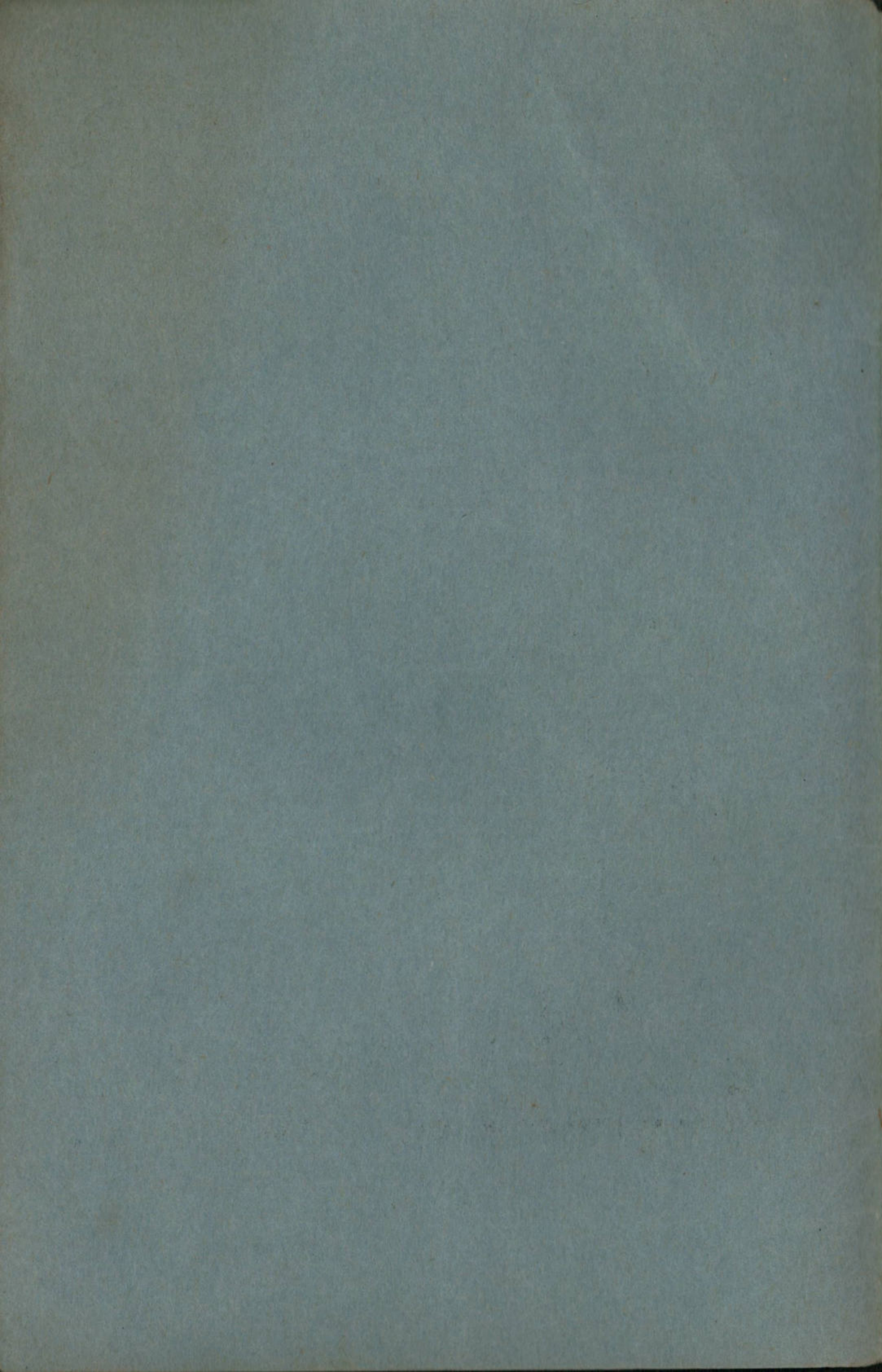


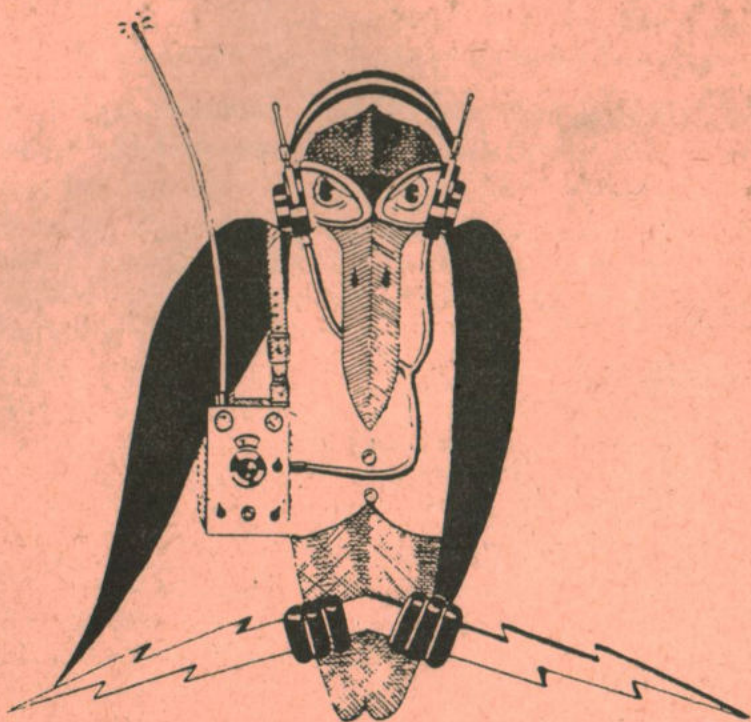
THE

"Gander"



**R · C · A · F · STATION
GANDER · NFLD ·**





THE HAMSHACK

Rare species of Ganderia Wogosid commonly found sliding down radio beams or riding to work on a megacycle.—The mascot of the Gander Signal Section.

The Gander

VOL. I

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



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Editorial--Who Is "Joe"?

HAS anybody here seen Joe? Joe, with the general duties complex? Now, don't you say, "Yes, I know Joe", because your Joe is not the Joe I mean. I mean the Joe who can be an officer, a C.C.O., an Airman, a wise man or a fool. You can't distinguish him by the stripes on his sleeve, nor by the rings under his eyes. He just looks like other folks except for a little "sheepish" grin sitting around the corners of his mouth. You can't tell him from a guy that's all made up for a dance, except that a fellow when he's Joe stays at home and winds the clock and puts out the cat while the rest of the gang go howling.

Joe is not usually a very pious fellow. You often find him swearing softly under his breath, muttering vindictive threats that he doesn't really mean against the Service. Joe gets up at night sometimes when all the rest are sleeping. He doesn't want to get up and he doesn't get up to attend to the requirements of the natural man. He rises because of some irritating little trouble that has occurred in the small hours. An Airman has torn his pants crawling through the fence, and the rip of the cloth on the wire has aroused a corporal and an arrest is made and Joe is told about it. Joe would have been just as glad if the Airman had got stuck unnoticed on the fence all night and let decent people sleep. But Joe commends the corporal in his duty and goes back to bed.

Joe is usually a good-hearted fellow. He works for nothing, not because he wants to work for nothing, but because His Majesty's Service requires that he does. And Joe makes a virtue out of a necessity. He sympathizes with himself and thinks how he's doing his little extra bit for King and Country, and how well he'll have earned a good down-sitting after the show is over, and a drink when the cock crows in the morning.

Joe has a funny habit of changing his name and appearance. You can be certain that Joe is always going to be around, but you never can tell just what new name he's going to take or what new facial characteristics he'll assume. We know Joes who are old and have been in other shows and know many comrades and have stories to tell. Then again, Joe will impersonate somebody who has just come in. A lad with down on his face, his pants freshly pressed, and saluting at every opportunity.

Joe has a way of causing general good humour. Other people laugh when they see Joe. They don't laugh with him; they laugh at him. They smile good-humouredly to think they are not Joe. But as they leave him they are sobered by the thought that some day soon they will be Joe. But then there always has to be a Joe—just like there's always going to be an England. Everybody has to be Joe sometimes or other. Everybody except the Padres or maybe, just maybe, they are Joe all the time.

The Reader's Editorial

THIS is an editorial written, not as opinions of an individual but as the opinions of many, the opinions, not just of an editorial staff seeking to fill space in a magazine, but of the readers themselves. Often, in many publications, the editorial page is made use of in such a manner as to lose sight of its true purpose, that of discussing matters in which the readers themselves are interested. These things do not always deal with high sounding topics nor concern discussions about theoretical problems, on the contrary they are often of an every-day type. It is with such as these that we intend to write of . . . your ideas . . . your suggestions *your* editorial.

An important problem on this station is that of recreation. Much has been accomplished and there is a good deal being planned for the future but here is a small, easily carried out suggestion that quite a few have thought of and considered. Impromptu dances have proved so popular in the "rec" hall that it seems that more of them would be very much in line. The main problem of course is suitable music and a very simple solution has been offered . . . the purchase or rental of what is commonly called, a nickleodian. This could be used at any time of the day by any number of individuals and would likely pay for itself in a very short time . . . can someone do something about this suggestion, it seems like a commendable one?

The main topic on the station of late concerns the airmen's canteen. It seems too bad that an airman has to resort to the repeated use of service canteens other than their own for the purchase of many things that should be for sale in their own canteen. It is admitted that conditions here make it extremely difficult to sustain plentiful stock of any sort but when other canteens seem to overcome any difficulties, there can be few if any reasons why our own can not accomplish the same. Airmen have now been chosen to take part on various committees including the canteen committee, it is hoped that these men will take advantage of the opportunity offered them and do all they can to assist in solving any problems there may be.

Concerning the canteen: it has also been suggested that regular reports of the uses of the canteen funds be posted at intervals in detail. It is the custom on many stations to post these monthly and there are many here at Gander who would like to see this carried out on their own station. After all, it is the individual who supplies this fund and it is surely right that this individual should know just where his money is being used and to what extent. There is much room for improvement along this line and now that we have a special committee to attend to these affairs we are looking forward to seeing a marked difference.

Another minor item that many are complaining about is the somewhat thoughtless use of electric razors at such times when radios are usually in use. Dinah Shore and the hum of the razor do not sound particularly harmonizing at any time so a little consideration might help fellows.

“Exchanges”

A NUMBER of magazines put out by other R.C.A.F. Stations have reached us.

“*Depot Digest*” shows us what they are doing at No. 4 Repair Depot, Scoudouc, N.B., in the way of a Service paper. It is published monthly and the second edition, for June, has reached us. Its columns are well written and interesting, and the enterprise of its Editors is shown in the inclusion of a section in the French language for its French speaking personnel. This is possible only where the type for the accented letters is available and where compositors accustomed to setting up French “copy” are to be found. It is interesting to note in passing that this section includes a translation in verse of Kipling’s “If”, and a note that in a recent class receiving their “Wings” at St. Hubert, first place was taken by a French Canadian pilot, Jacques Thibault, of Hull.

This paper also contains a friendly and regretful farewell to Squadron Leader Wickwire who was leaving Scoudouc to come to Gander. Since he has come to us he has become as strongly entrenched in our goodwill as in theirs.

Another Repair Depot paper is *The Sixardee* which as its name suggests is published by Number 6 R.D., Trenton, Ontario. Its fitting slogan is “You bend ’em—we mend ’em.” This interesting paper is a weekly, and the edition in hand is the sixteenth.

Still going West, we have *The Chinook* of No. 8 Bombing and Gunnery School, Lethbridge, Alberta. Its third monthly edition has reached us. It contains a long article setting out in simple language the organization and functioning of Station H.Q., an article on the work being done by the newly-arrived airwomen, an enthusiastic article on fishing opportunities in the District, and so on. This paper is well on its way.

Coming back to New Brunswick, we find *The Eastern Provider*, published by the personnel of No. 5 Equipment Depot, Moncton, and now in its seventh month. This seems to have all the components of a popular station paper—especially lots of those short breezy personals that readers of a station paper look for.

And last, but not least, we welcome the first edition of *The Slipway*, published by our near R.C.A.F. neighbours at Botwood. Publishing a paper where facilities are limited is not without its difficulties, as we well know, and we greet with best wishes our newest contemporary, with its messages from all sections of Botwood Station. The launching is the hardest, and “The Slipway” we feel sure, will continue with providing strength.

How We Feel

FROM the *Slipstream* published at Macleod, Alberta, we quote:

"A few of the girls are going off to Gander, Newfoundland. They have been called practically everything from 'goofy' to 'crazy'—(the other words won't be mentioned), but they're still determined to go. I wonder what their boy friends said to them. 'They ain't telling by golly!' The nearest wisecrack they've heard so far about the Gander posting was from a certain runner on the station; to quote: 'When you geese go down to Gander watch the feather's fly! 'Tsk' Tsk!'"

So you see fellows, we weren't the only ones who took a ribbing. That is if it is any consolation to you.

The feathers haven't started to fly but many voluntary changes have been noted around the station. For instance who would have thought of shining brass before going out at night; or shaving again at night or pressing baggy trousers? It's being done now though. We wonder why? ? ?

The boys at the mess were at one time pitied by the rest of us. But not any more. They're envied now.

When even the Padre at a Sunday morning church parade attributed his large audience to the fact that the "WD's" were on the station. How about it fellows! ! ! !

Say, that "WD'S" brings up a little matter that might save you a little trouble at some time or other. These gals don't like to be called "Waafs." They say that they are "WD'S" (R.C.A.F. Women's Division). So a word to the wise is sufficient.

At present we just stand and stare and murmur to ourselves, "Gosh, women on the station; what, a change."

Someone said that the Airforce boys were slow. It appears that way. It was brought to note that the Army boys ran away with the gals and held a dance the day after they arrived. What's the matter? ? ?

A few weeks ago a newspaper reporter travelling through Gander wrote that if a Broadway chorus girl was to wander through the streets here, she would be surrounded by a hundred admirers before she could get her shoes dusty (or muddy). But not any more. It looks as though we'll have to find something else to grouse about, now.

This may not have happened but then again it might.

"Hello?" said he nervously to a maiden who had just come out of the mess hall.

"Hello" said she with a shy little quiver.

"How about . . . er . . . er, how are you? he stammered.

"Why I'm fine. How are you? And lovely weather isn't it?" she reassured him.

Thereupon the bashful airman groping around for something to say found his topic . . . the weather. From here we leave them to discuss the pros and cons of whether the weather of Gander is livable.

A half hour later coming back along the same road brings us to the same two standing talking but not about the weather. By this time the airman living up to the Airforce standards has found out the gals history along with her home telephone number.

"How about going for a walk? says he, "and I'll show you Gander."

"Fine," says the maiden fair, "I'd like to see it."

So they see all the sights of the station, and end up at the "rec. hall flickers." The show over he takes her back to her barracks thinking himself a lucky guy that he got a girl.

Yep, it sure is strange the influence women have over us men. We've all heard stories of what we'll call "embarrassing situations" since the gals arrived.

The one we like best is the one about the befuddled airman who while getting his dinner in the messhall picked up his dessert (cake and sauce) and moving along the counter stopped to admire one of the "WD's." He was so taken up with the girl that he walked off, picking up his cake in his fingers and leaving the dish sitting on the counter. What a life!

And then there is the one about the sleepy airman who claimed the reason for his condition was because he had spent so many nights at the station during the "WD's" long-awaited arrival.

SINCE THE W.D.'S INVADED GANDER

Gander is not Gander any more—Flight Lieutenant E. J. Verrier.



Everything's fine so far—but I'll be able to tell you better in a year or so.—Flight Lieutenant Marchand.



In my opinion W.D's on the station are a great asset. They have removed that feeling of isolation and have made Gander the best R.C.A.F. Station in existence.—Flying Officer H. T. Bourne.



Since the advent of the W.D's, this Station has improved 100% in morale, efficiency, appearance and entertainment.—Flight Sergeant Ormandy.



I am more than satisfied with the able manner in which they discharge their duties. The W.D's. certainly put the Airmen's Mess and Kitchen in "tip-top" shape.—Flight Sergeant Moorby.



They are a fine bunch of girls and have contributed largely to Station entertainment, dances, etc. In work, they assume responsibility as capably as men.—Mr. Corbett, President of the Y.M.C.A.



Ah Gee! The W.D's. have spoiled all our fun. We can't even swear anymore. . . dammit! !—AC2 Cursem.



Grand Falls



BEING called upon to write an article for our local gazette is hardly my line of work but it seems I am supposed to qualify. Our Assistant-Assistant Editor conjured that after learning of my recent visits to our nearest metropolis, Grand Falls.

The information contained in the following is meant only for newcomers to our fair station.

Seeing that our education in Canadian schools has been sadly neglected, where Newfoundland is concerned, I will give you a very brief review before going further.

The climate, as most of us are led to believe, is not one of fog and cold. Rather it is a bracing one or what is known as a cool temperate climate. Another common mistake is to think that the only industry is fishing, although cod fishing is the main one. Pulp and paper manufacturing, also mining are major industries. One of the largest pulp and paper mills in the world is located right at Grand Falls. Another point of interest to any of you who have attempted to hike in the woods, is the fact that nearly one third of the island is covered with water or swamp-land. (I wonder if that explains our Gander mud?).

No doubt there are a few "first" impressions of Newfoundland which need correcting. Gander is definitely not an example of what the whole island is like. Have you ever tried to find a few blades of grass around the station?—(passing up the "green pastures" around the "admin" building of course). In contrast notice the scenery along the railway on your next trip out. Some of the villages along the way, remind you of the summer resorts by the river back home.

But I'm afraid I'm wandering, let's go to Grand Falls. There is not much left to be said about the modes of transportation as most of you arrived on the Overland Limited—the one and only. It leaves here Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays in the wee sma' hours o' the morn. Around seven a.m. after a sleepless night's travel, the conductor parades through shouting "Windsor next stop." Of course you don't hear what he said but you are ready to get off regardless of where you are. But this is your destination, the train does not go through Grand Falls. The final mile is traversed by taxi. *Note*—it's a fifteen minute walk just in case you are financially embarrassed on the return trip.

The taxi will deliver you to the door of anyone of the three hotels, or the hostel. For those who wish to live in luxury, three room suites may be obtained at a reasonable price. The familiar "double room please" is often heard, singles may also be had. Boarding house style is quite popular, with the usual row as to who is going to shave first. Not wishing to break away from your daily routine you will find a comfortable bunk at the "Sally Ann." Two of the hotels are located downtown, with the other hotel and the hostel a short walk from there.

The pulp and paper mill is the only industry in the town. It is owned by the Anglo-Newfoundland Development Co., with headquarters in Great Britain. As a result the town itself is controlled by the company and many of its customs tend to be along English rather than American lines.

One of the first things you notice are the wickerwork lunch baskets, carried by the men working in the mill. You never see a lunch kit. It reminds me of the Sunday afternoon picnics in the woods back home. The streets seem to be the proper place to walk in Grand Falls, at least that is where you find the majority of the pedestrians. I always meant to find out what the sidewalks were for. Of course no one is going to grumble about the blackout, though those streets are too dark to walk down alone at night—(but why walk alone).

A surprise to the majority of us was the number of new cars seen around town. In fact you never see any old square covered models. Of course you'll also notice that the left side of the road is popular with the motorists. With the steering wheel on the left you find it doubly hard driving. If you should decide to go cycling don't forget that English wheels have no coaster brake. Hitch hiking is not a common practice in Newfoundland as we found out. Several cars had gone by when we noticed that all the drivers were glancing at us then staring up the road to see what we were pointing at.

Regardless of all these customs which we find amusing, I can truthfully say that I have never felt so much at home, away from home, as I have on my visits there. You will never find people more friendly and hospitable. A good many of the boys now stay at private homes which they would not exchange for anything.

If by chance, you were lucky enough to get your pass for a week end, you will find plenty to do. There is always a dance at the K. of C. of Friday nights. These usually last until one thirty or two and are well attended. The atmosphere is very friendly so you will have no trouble getting acquainted. As it has been a long time (much too long) since I've set foot in a dance hall in our native land, I cannot remember there being any difference to the ones here. Of course you realize that its not like spending an evening at the Normandie Roof in Montreal. Personally I prefer the Saturday night dances which quit at twelve o'clock; these are held upstairs in the Parish Hall. All dances are scheduled to start at nine thirty so they are usually in full swing shortly after ten. Although Grand Falls is what is known as a "dry" town you see numerous beaming countenances at the dance hall. Sorry fellows, I can't explain further.

Seeing that passes only come once a month you find it rather hard to get to bed at night. Getting up at noon therefore does not leave you much time for sightseeing. If you are ambitious a very interesting morning can be spent touring the paper mill. Permission must first be obtained from one of the mill supervisors.

Swimming is very popular during the very short summer. Besides the river, there is an outdoor pool. The river is probably the best; when the logs are not coming down. For those of you who prefer golf, there is a marvellous golf course a short way from town. The tennis courts are always in use and it is no trouble to get a few games of mixed doubles. Badminton is a favorite winter sport along with basket-ball. The feminine sex really hold up their end of the sport parade. You see them all the way from the basket-ball gym to the swimming pool. (Is that why you see so many fellows sitting on the rocks down by the river, or waiting anxiously around in a pair of swimming trunks?)

I could go on to describe all the million and one other pleasures such as having a huge steak and French dried or that, oh so rare, glass of ice cold milk, perhaps even a sundae. But as that would prove more boring than the preceding notes I suggest that you spend your next pass in Grand Falls to find out for yourself.

Bishop's Falls, situated on the same river, is a nine mile drive from Grand Falls. It is somewhat smaller in size but is well worth seeing. Perhaps you may meet the same people who made your stay there so enjoyable. Dances are usually held on Wednesday nights. The falls here are also worth seeing. And for the enthusiastic fisherman this is a perfect spot for reeling in the salmon (but don't forget that fishing license).

There is something definitely wrong with you if a week-end pass spent in Grand Falls and vicinity is not a very enjoyable one. Entertainment can be found regardless of your likes and dislikes.

—N. W. B.

PER ARDUA AD ASTRA

"Through adversity to the stars":—
 The theme of those who roam the sky,
 Who cast aside all mortal bars
 That bind them to this earth to fly;
 Then, spreading gleaming pinions wide,
 They set their course for highest goal
 And 'cross the spacious heavens ride,
 Avengeance deep in heart and soul.

Ten with the flaming sword of wrath
 They strike down Satan's awesome might
 Though obstacles impede their path
 And Death attends them in their flight;
 And if the earthly goal is lost,
 Outnumbered in their fight with Mars,
 They still fight on,—count not the cost,—
 And rise in glory to the Stars!

—J. R. M.

A young lady went for a swim in a secluded spot, but forgot to take along a towel. She had come out on the bank, and was allowing Nature's balmy breezes to dry her, when she happened to hear rustlings in the bushes nearby. "Who's there?" she asked.

"Willie."

"How old are you, Willie?"

"Seventy-nine, dammit."

From The Orderly Room

It's the soldiers' right to grumble
When in billet or in line,
When the raid becomes a fumble
Or when things are going fine;
But you've heard so many stories
Of their life where danger lurks
That, for once, we'll hear the wailings
Of a poor O.R. Staff Clerk.

We have heard about the sniper
Calling down the Heaven's wrath;
Of the bomber and the piper
Making fun of Heinie's staff,
Yet, these heroes all do tremble
When F.O.'s act the "Turk,"
But it's cursings of Group Captains
On a poor O.R. Staff Clerk.

Though the C.T. may be narrow
And each shell hole filled with rain,
Yet the narrowness of Brass Hats
Sends a Staff Clerk quite insane.
For it's "Type this." "Check my figures."
"What's the strength of men at Kirk?"
"Order bombs." "Phone Signals." "Damn it!!"
You're a poor Staff Clerk."

While they never take staff courses,
They must know the Martial Law,
Quote K.R. (Air) on horses
And ten thousand items more:
.D.R.O's and Ancient History
They can tell you with a jerk;
For the Modus Operandi
Ask a poor O.R. Staff Clerk.

When the guns have ceased to thunder
And the front line is no more;
When Hitler sees his blunder
And they stop this bloody war,
What a life will be the private's . . .
Lots of fun and little work!
But they'll still be wanting statements
From a poor O.R. Staff Clerk.

When we've gained the last objective
 Of this life and get above
 Where the pilots stop their scrapping
 And do nought but sing of love
 Then their faithfulness to duty
 And the jobs they did not shirk
 Will be entered in the Good Book,
 By a poor O. R. Staff Clerk.

A GUARD'S LIFE

Out here in old Newfie
 I think I'll go goofy
 Just one thing my young life has marred.
 I enlisted one day, but they sent me away
 As a noble Security Guard.

Ten months I did duty
 In the land of much beauty
 At Dauphin way out in the West
 But before I was through, I felt mighty blue
 And sadly in need of a rest.

Then to Trenton my billing.
 To improve my darling
 They sent me for twenty-one days
 They said that my trooping would get my "C" grouping.
 About that I'm still in a haze.

We are known to the nation
 The eyes of the station
 Not one bit of glory is barred.
 They sing out our fame in Recruiting Lane
 The boys of the Security Guard.

When this war is over
 And we're pushing clover
 Or the daisies that bloom in the yard.
 The slap-happy dough boys
 The air-forces "joe" boys
 Make us proud of the Security Guard.

—LAC DAVIS, F.E. (Sec. Guard)

It Costs Money to Travel

An Englishman had lost his way, tramping in the Highlands. After
 rambling for hours, he spied a shepherd.

"Hey!" he shouted, "I'm lost."

"Is there any reward offered for ye?" inquired the Scot.

"Course not," was the reply.

"Well," said the Scot, "ye are still lost."

A Day With The Equipment Assistants

(Or a quick entrance to a nervous breakdown)

BY BLACKIE

One Bright and Sunny Saturday

- 7.00 a.m. Snore.
- 7.15 Snore, snore.
- 7.30 Snore, snore, snore, buzz.
- 7.35 *Vininsky*;—Hey *Hartford* and the rest of you guys, its time to get up.
Hartford;—I'm no barrack detail, stop annoying me.
Plisetsky;—Like heck you are, it's my turn.
White;—Listen fellows, *Deggy* didn't slip in until two this morning, how about giving it to him?
Hartford and Plisetsky;—O.K.
- 7.45 Everyone can be seen putting on their last bit of clothing and making for the door but even at this time *Brothers Beaton* and *Jennings* (the Gospel Singers) are only starting to look for their socks and if I know these two eggs, they won't be ready for quite some time.
- 8.00 Roll Call and this is what happens; (*Cpl. Hobbs* presiding)
Cpl. Plisetsky;—(someone else) Link Trainer.
LAC Degenstein;—(someone else) Coal yards.
LAC Hartford;—(someone else) Barrack duty.
The others;—(a stooge with a "G" grouping) washing their room.
 At this moment both *Sgt. Gore* (a witness at parades) and *Cpl. Hobbs* faint, and the few remaining go out for help, (It's too strenuous a job for them).
- 8.03-? What they do I don't really know but its a far way from the word, *work*.
- 12.01 How these guys do it I can't say but every time I walk into the mess hall, which is no later than 12.02, everyone from Stores are seated comfortably while half the station are standing in line I know now where the word "Scrounge" was originated.
- 12.40 Everyone is back at Stores but out of twenty fellows, all I could get a word of, were three as in every nook can be seen three or four taking their beauty rest (sleeping).
- 1.30 Time for the afternoon roll call and how they all are present I don't know but maybe its because they think the major will be there.
- 1.33-4.59 No different from what happened in the morning except that they had more time to do it in (whatever that was).
- 5.01 Once again all are seated with the exception of four who at this time are out having their daily appetizer.

- 5.02 From this time until 5.58, I would advise that all those wishing to talk "shop" with the boys had better wait until the following day as they sure are "jumpy" fellows after five.
- 5.59 The post office now takes a beating for these chaps have invaded the place and an S.P. or two are always present in case of trouble, (boy are these fellows ever tough).
- 6.15 Time has certainly flown and these guys have only started, up to barracks now where everything is done but sleep.
Gordon;—Anyone going to the show?
Normand;—Yeh, as soon as I finish pressing my pants.
Gordon;—Oh, up to the old "Tricks" again, eh?
Sottiaux;—I'm going.
Stevenson;—Me too.
Lee;—How old is the picture, never mind I'll go.
Degenstein;—I'll be right with you.
- 6.29 The room is now empty except for LAC Normand who as Gordon said was up to the old "trick."
- 6.45 Fifteen minutes till the movie go's on which gives the "Angels" time to start some mischief.
 The rain of paper you now see floating through the theatre are by no means souvenirs but leaflets letting everyone know that Stores will be closed to-morrow (boy how these chaps love to work). Time marches on and so did that picture, for it is now; see next line.
- 8.46 Back to the barracks they crawl and I do mean crawl, the snails.
- 9.46 Exactly one hour later, yes it has taken them that long to get "Home" which is room 14 Barrak Block 67, as if everyone didn't know. As one enters this lovely room they will no doubt notice the sign upon the door which reads, "Where solemn rest is spent by those who love to stay awake."
 Upon entering their room conversation at once starts:—
Gordon;—How about a little jive?
 At once out of nowhere you can see an airman floating through the room and heads straight for the recordio and fills the order by playing "Song of India."
Cpl. Perry;—Make room you guys and let me do a little tap dance (that boy can sure tap, I wonder why he isn't on Monday's? can it be that Sally takes up most of his time?). Just as soon as Perry fades out in go Degenstein and Gordon, with a little jitterbugging which fits the two to a T.
- 11.00 Eleven o'clock has finally rolled around and while other barrack rooms are closing their lights and the lads trying to find the most comfy side to sleep on, room 14 are starting their second half of the evening.
White;—Hey Sottiaux, can I borrow your stove?
Sottiaux;—Pritchard has it.

Pritchard;—Someone from the graveyard room has borrowed it (he means Room 15).

Sottiaux;—Why the sons of blueberry's, I'll show them who owns the darn thing.

Hartford;—Has anyone got a can opener?

Vininsky;—Why don't you get something of your own?

Hartford;—Settle down, you black \$%“& (£) before I—

Vininsky;—You'll what?

Hartford;—Nothing.

Well, well, here comes Cpl. Plisetsky half cut accompanied by his two aids, Cpls. Beaton and Jennings and what a sight.

Plisetsky;—What a night, boy did we have fun—

Gordon;—Go to you old souse, your drunk.

Plisetsky;—I'm not drunk, why all I had was two beers.

Gordon;—Boys, he says he's not drunk, why he's out like a light and lying with Beaton and Jennings in the same bed and not only that but he has his pajamas on top of his clothes

Stevenson;—(Trying to get forty winks) why don't you guys settle down?

One of the Lads;—Lay dead you fugitive from a grave yard (he's from Toronto) before we put you in the showers.

Stevenson can now be seen playing dead and trying his best to get some sleep.

The room corporal, breaking his heart, turns out the lights and prepares himself for a good night's rest but little does he know that the boys aren't ready and as soon as his head hits the pillow four bed lamps are turned on which are bright enough for any runway. Talk has followed the lights going on and four of the lads have just decided that they need a shave which includes Clark, known to everyone as "Lulubelle", three of them make for their second while the other uses his lawn mower, commonly known as the electric razor.

12.15

Ah, good old twelve-fifteen has finally come, which means another day has passed for those sweet little boys from stores and until the sun shows its face again, any similarity between a smart airman and a storekeeper is purely accidental. Good night all.

"When I was a little child," the Sergeant sweetly addressed his men at the end of an exhaustive hour of drill, "I had a set of wooden soldiers. There was a poor little boy in the neighborhood and after I had been to Sunday school one day and had listened to a stirring talk on the beauties of charity, I was soft enough to give them to him. Then I wanted them back, and cried, but my mother said 'don't cry, Bertie, some day you'll get them back.' And believe me, you lop-sided, mutton-headed, goofus-brained, set of certified rolling pins, that day has come."

R.C.A.F. Library, Gander

(A list of New Books)

<i>Copies</i>	<i>Author</i>	<i>Title</i>
1	Adams	The epic of America
1	Anderson	Diesel engines
1	Bercovici	Best short stories of the world
1	Chase	The economy of abundance
1	Churchill	The world crisis
1	Collins	The radio amateur's handbook
1	Croft	Practical electricity
1	Dafoe	Canada fights
1	Dana	Two years before the mast
1	Darrow	The story of my life
1	De Kruif	Hunger fighters
1	De Kruif	Men against death
1	Deschin	New ways in photography
1	Dooley and Kriegal	New vocational mathematics
1	Easton and Mahn	Automobile construction
1	Esty	Elements of electricity
1	Fischer	Men and politics
1	Flaubert	Madame Bovray
1	Franck	Foot-loose in the British Isles
1	Franck	Roaming in Hawaii
1	Franck	Roaming through the West Indies
1	Gail	Romping through physics
1	Griffith	Carpentry
1	Habe	A thousand shall fall
1	Hambro	I saw it happen in Norway
1	Heiser	An American doctor's Odyssey
1	Henderson	Failure of a mission
1	Hitler	My new order
1	Hudson	Icy hell
1	Hugo	Notre-dame de Paris
1	Jaffe	New world of chemistry
1	Johnson	Applied mathematics
1	Kallett	100,000,000 guinea pigs
1	Kipling	Barrack room ballads
1	Kipling	Collected verse
1	Kipling	The favorite poems and ballads
1	Kraus	The men around Churchill
1	Langewiesche	I'll take the high road
1	Low	Low on the war
1	Lyons	Stalin
1	McKenney	My sister Eileen
1	Maugham	The 'summing up
1	Maurois	Tragedy in France
1	Miller	You can't do business with Hitler
1	O'Brien	Will Rogers

<i>Copies</i>	<i>Author</i>	<i>Title</i>
1	Priestley	Britain speaks
1	Rodman	The poetry of flight
1	Saroyen	My name is Aram
1	Shirer	Berlin diary
1	Stark	Hold that tiger
1	Stefansson	Iceland
1	Thackeray	The history of Henry Esmond, Esq.
1	Thackeray	Vanity fair
1	Thane	The Tudor wench
1	Untermeyer	The book of living verse
1	Valtin	Out of the night
1	Wensley	Forty years of Scotland yard
1	Wishart	Woodwork practice and theory
1	Woollcott	While Rome burns
1	Zweig	Marie Antoinette

— FICTION —

1	Allen	Anthony Adverse
1	Boyd	Drums
1	Bromfield	The green bay tree
1	Bronte	Wuthering heights
1	Byrne	Field of honor
1	Cather	Death comes for the archbishop
1	Cather	O pioneers!
1	Cather	Sapphira and the slave girl
1	Christie	Cards on the table
1	Christie	Murder of Roger Ackroyd
1	Dostoevsky	The brothers Karamazov
1	Doyle	The white company
1	Du Maurier	Rebecca
1	Ellsberg	Treasure below
1	Ferber	American beauty
1	Ferber	Come and get it
1	Hemingway	A farewell to arms
1	Hemingway	For whom the bell tolls
1	Hergesheimer	The limestone tree
1	Hilton	Good-bye, Mr. Chips
1	Hope	The prisoner of Zenda
1	Irvine	Fray Mario
1	Irwin	Royal flush
1	Irwin	The stranger prince
1	Kantor	The voice of Bugle Ann
1	Lincoln	Cap'n Dan's daughter
1	Lincoln	Cy Whittaker's place
1	Lincoln	Kent Knowles: Quahaug
1	Lincoln	Storm girl
1	Llewellyn	How green was my valley
1	Locke	The beloved vagabond
1	London	The call of the wild
1	Mendelssohn	Across the dark river

<i>Copies</i>	<i>Author</i>	<i>Title</i>
1	Morley	Kitty Foyle
1	Morrow	The Lincoln stories
1	Peterkin	Black April
1	Remarque	Flotsam
1	Smith	Topper
1	Stoker	Dracula
1	Wallace	Ben-Hur
1	Walpole	Fortitude
1	Wolfe	Of time and the river
1	Wright	Bishop murder case
1	Zweig	The case of Sergeant Grischa

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Your dedication of last month's "GANDER" to the Women's Division was a thoughtful gesture, for which we are most grateful, and we sincerely hope that we shall always be, at least, partially deserving of the many kind things you said about us.

We consider it a privilege and an honor to be here with you, taking a vital part in the gigantic struggle against a threatened darkness, and appreciate heartily your efforts to make our life in Gander a pleasant one.

In the event of danger or disaster, you shall not find us lacking in determination, strength and fearlessness—we promise!!!

—C. T. S.

"THE PADRES LAMENT"

Our Padre is a worried man
And asked the Police to take a hand
Because a book a lad did borrow
Regarding sex to-day—to-morrow.

This lad now with good intent
Gives lectures to those slightly bent
This book is not for lovers meant,
You married men please take a hint.

Now the Padre's filled with gloom
He heard the W.D's will be here soon
Return this book with all due haste
Because there is no time to waste.

—ANON.

Guard Snooze

JOE "BRUNE" WALLS one day not long ago had his chance. He made use of it and got a bear. The animal was apparently annoying some of the "Newfies" at a certain post they started to throw stones at it. The bear became angry. "Little Joe" was called to give assistance. He did but definitely. Five shots were fired. Five hits were registered. Now we were wondering, who was more scared—Joe or Bruno? ?

No doubt, many persons were wondering about the three guards who appeared in the Mess Hall all sporting "Baldies." It appears that our three heroes were the victims of a clipping-party. We are not sure of the origin but we suspect that Flight Stickney had plenty to do with it. He got off with a mere brush cut.

"Sweetheart" Putman was the first victim. He started out with a cross cut. After wearing it for one day turned to a baldie.

Next on the list was "Bruno" Walls. He celebrated his victory over the bear. As a result he had a V for Victory. This didn't last long either. Result, another "baldie."

The other guard was, friend Rogo. He got clipped in his sleep. Flight Stickney was a bit nervous when he tried his hand at the art of barbering. This, too, finally resulted in another "baldie."

We wonder how these fellows would like a posting ? ? ? ?

The guards have entertained the W.D's on two occasions. Weiner roasts, or reasonable facsimiles, were held at Gander Lake. Both were successful. Several of the fellows are still taking the gals out. How about it "Scotty" and MacNeil.

One of the guards at "18" was bragging about having invited six girls to the party. The truth was he ended up without a girl. How about it Miller?

Corporal Sattzman has been having a time arranging the duty roster on Friday nights. However, he seems to get to most of the dances but no one ever sees him dancing. How about it Corporal?

When the guards played the gals in a ball game the best they could do was tie it. Now we know why they dropped out of the series so early. Perhaps it was due to the pitching of Corporal "Mabel" Muncaster or the catching of Corporal "Annie" Rankmore. Or maybe, the gals are just too good.

We wonder how many of the lads in "18" got their "C" grouping? Also, what the Trade Board officer thinks of them after asking what they thought of Gander and guard duty.

What's Munroe going to do with all his money? He cuts the boys' hair more often than a woman changes her mind.

R/O Bourn: Use your noodle, lady. Use your noodle.

W. D.: My goodness, where is it? I've tried, pushed and pulled everything else in this car.

St. John's

How many times have you wished to be exactly one thousand, one hundred and twenty-five sea miles from New York and at the same time one thousand, nine hundred and sixty-eight of the same from Liverpool, England? Haven't you ever had the longing to reside in a city that rests on the same parallel as Seattle, Washington? Haven't you ever had the deep desire to be at least five hundred and fifty-five miles from Halifax, (who hasn't), and still be exactly one thousand miles from Montreal? (that's different) Of course you have,—and here is your great opportunity! Spend your next pass in the oldest city in North America,—the first British capitol city outside of Great Britain,—in a spot discovered only five years after Columbus rode the beam to the West Indies?—a community of over forty thousand individuals,—namely the Queen City of Newfoundland! . . . the Capitol! . . . St. John's!

So, after thoroughly perusing such statistics in some tourist pamphlet, we become extremely interested in said city and definitely decide to visit this community on the tip of the Avalon peninsula. The pamphlet also may have mentioned that this sea-board metropolis contains, (quote), three government bond stores where the choicest brands of spirituous liquors may be obtained and also a store that is devoted entirely to the sales of wines and beers, (end of quote)! But this little item had no bearing what-so-ever on our decision to visit St. John's of course!

There are three methods of reaching St. John's; by plane, train or dog sled. The plane is much better than dog sled because one finds it entirely unnecessary to carry along fish to feed the dogs. However, may your opinion be unbiased; select any method of transportation that you may desire

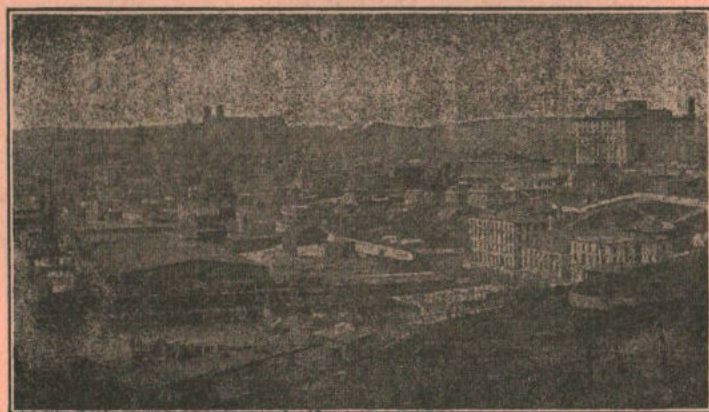
Soooo, after smiling at the hostess and being systematically rebuffed along with the rest of the passengers in the aircraft, we take off for St. John's while trying to sneak a look through the curtain at the airfield below. Incidentally, it may be well to note that these hostesses have eagle eyes and they'll catch you sure and you *do* feel awfully silly.

On landing at Torbay a smiling gentleman will offer to drive you into St. John's for the small sum of one dollar but,—on that end of the island they are also familiar with the sign of the raised thumb and for those of you who may feel the pangs of bankruptcy after the fifteen-fifty trip via T.C.A. this is an easy "out." It is only about a ten minutes drive into the city and it is through countryside that may very well remind you of the farmland around home.

On arriving in St. John's you can start immediately for any one of three large hostels, (after all, you can't sleep in those government bond stores), or for those of us who carry stripes where they do the most good, or carry cash gained by some other nefarious means, there are a few good hotels. These hotels however, will likely be already full but they usually carry a list of outside addresses of good boarding houses

to which they will direct you. Due to the large increase in transient and permanent population in St. John's you may expect high rates for room or board of any sort although fine meals can be obtained in many restaurants for quite moderate prices.

The capitol of Newfoundland is an interesting city built upon the shores of a virtually land-locked harbour enclosed by rugged, five hundred foot hills. The entrance to this ideal harbour is less than a quarter of a mile wide and through these Narrows move ships of all types and sizes, flying flags of many nations carrying men and goods into the safety of this well-guarded port. The picturesque city itself rambles in a confusing manner about the hillsides making it very easy for a newcomer to become lost. The most commanding structure in the town is the Roman Catholic cathedral, built high on one of the numerous hills, its magnificent architecture rising over two hundred feet above the rest of the city. The greater part of the town is of wooden structure but there are a number of fine stone buildings in the business section



ST. JOHN'S

of the city that parallels the waterfront including many large department stores.

There is much to do in St. John's to fill out a five day pass in the way of recreation and general social activity. The three hostels, the Red Triangle, K. of C. and Caribou Hut as well as other organizations hold regular dances throughout the week. The American U.S.O. also admit Canadian service men as guests at many of their various activities. The young ladies of St. John's are as friendly as could be desired and as there are comparatively few airmen in the district compared to men of the other services they still are not quite sure what to make of the airforce. This gives us a great opportunity to form a reputation (of some sort or othar), for the "gentlemen in blue". . . . in St. John's you may also be referred to as "glamour boys" and other choice-epithets-but such is fame.

For those of us who like sports other than the usual indoor ones practiced on pass, there are several tennis clubs, admission to which can be obtained by arrangements at the Newfoundland Tourist Bureau. This latter organization, incidentally, will be able to assist you in many ways if you are ever at a loss for information. The Bally Hally Golf

and Country Club, a short drive from the city, has a sporty, eighteen-hole course and green, and fees are one dollar per day or five dollars per week. Clubs may be obtained here from the club professional if you are not in the habit of carrying a set around in your kit bag.

There is one roller rink in town if you prefer the hardier types of sport but you will find it somewhat different from the average Canadian floor in many ways. For instance, it does not seem to matter a great deal which side of your partner you skate on not that you'll be standing up long enough to worry about that! Which calls to mind that you will likely notice that it does not always seem to be the rule to walk on the outside when out with your lady friend. However, those of St. John's and vicinity still think it the proper thing to do so don't get any ideas about letting the girl friend take the brunt of any splashes from passing cars,—even if your uniform is just newly pressed!

St. John's too has an equivalent for Toronto's High Park, Montreal's Mount Royal or Quebec's Plains of Abraham for those of you who like scenery or other things. Bowring Park is about three miles out of the city proper but its winding paths, rolling lawns, scenic waterfalls and well planned landscaping make it a beauty spot well worth visiting even if you happen to be alone, and that *is* saying something!

When first planning on your trip to St. John's it would be a good idea to include a small flashlight in your kit, for a rigid permanent blackout is in force. This blackout causes a lot of trouble in getting home in the morning until one gets to know the districts by the shady silhouettes of the surrounding buildings. You will likely find yourself apologizing to many lampposts, stepping up curbs that aren't there or falling off ones that are before you get used to the darkness but you *will* finally get used to it and maybe even get to like it, who knows?

All in all you will find St. John's well worth visiting, from the high, frowning hill on which Cabot Tower stands, to the rolling Bowring Park, from the heart of the busy city to the six hundred and more miles of highway that radiate from it throughout the Avalon peninsula. The Newfoundlanders are as full of good will and courtesy as ever and will do all in their power to make your pass a pleasant one, opening their homes and may I be so bold to say, their arms to you all. Here is an opportunity to make a good reputation for the airforce,—take advantage of it . . . spend your next pass in St. John's!—"JR."

The patter of tiny feet was heard at the head of the stairs. The proud mother raised her hand, warning the members of her bridge club to be silent.

"Hush," she said softly, "the children are going to deliver their goodnight message. It always gives me a feeling of reverence to hear them. Listen!"

"Mama," came the message in a shrill whisper, "Willie found a bedbug."

Dots 'n Dashes

(BY A MAD WOG)

The Anniversary Review

AFTER receiving so many fan letters from admirers of this feature and after previous efforts drew such admiring acclaim from literary critics, distinguished members of the book-of-the-month-club and mother we have decided to make it a monthly column. No doubt many of you will regret that it cannot be run as a weekly feature but after due consultation with the editors we found that conditions beyond our control made it impossible. Also, the suggestion to put this column on the front page or in red type cannot, we are sorry to report, be carried out for, due to our inherent modesty, we shrink from any undue publicity. However we will do our very best to follow any other suggestions of our extensive and growing audience.

A number of the men of the signals section found it their privilege to celebrate their first anniversary in Gander a short while back. With tears in their eyes they chatted together of the days that were,—of days of the past when Gander was a different place than it is now,—a place of snowy wastes, desolation, lonely winds and nature! As the sun sank down behind the room tops of the many, newly-erected buildings and as the Newfoundland eve crept in, these men sat, talking in fond reminiscence of the past and in a pause in the conversation one arose and in the silence,—recited a praise of the past, a praise to Gander as it once was:—

A Post Mortem To Gander

(With apologies to Robert W. Service)

There's a post on the upedge of nowhere
Where somewhere comes smack to an end,
And only the coldest winds blow there
And there's nary a homestead or friend;
There's never the laughter of children,
Nor smile of a beautiful belle
It's death on the edge of the Arctic—
'Tis the nethermost gateway to hell!

There's the scream of the wind in the sky there
That batters down humans like straw;
Yes, many brave men go and die there,
Clutched in the North's frozen claw.
There's never the song of the robin
Or bloom of the violets in spring,
There's just weepin' an' crying an' sobbin'
While the devil and death have their fling.

Now Service has told of a meanland
But this one's not up there at all
And it's not in the wild wastes of Greenland
Nor up where the polar bears crawl.
No,—it's here by the stormy Atlantic,

(A Newfy might take it for slander),
 But men are right now going frantic
 Here in the hell-hole of Gander!

. and as the story-teller sank slowly down onto his bunk a sigh arose from his pensive audience,—a sigh drowned only by the laughter of passing girls and the music from the dance. Girls! There once was a time when, through the long winter nights, men just sat on their bunks and thought . . . or,—after the first six months, just sat;—girls were a thing of other lands—of other places. And at this thought another solemn-featured man arose and this time, murmured a prayer of the past, oft used in years gone by:—

A Prayer to the Girl with a Guy Here in Gander

A prayer to the girl with a guy here in Gander
 For she's in a hell of a hole . . .
 Yes, a prayer for the girl with a guy here in Gander,
 May heaven look after her soul:

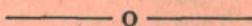
For when he gets home after years here in Gander,
 Afar from the form of a frail,—
 I'll tell you without any cutting of candor,
 He's a female manhandling male!

He'll be glaring and staring and possibly swearing
 And his greeting can not be deferred,—
 He'll be drooling, no fooling—just positively scaring
 For an action speaks louder than word!

Talking or balking won't be of much use,
 He's a hell-raising son of a gun,
 Take it for granted, you're in for abuse,
 Your only safe bet is to run.

So my pretty,—I pity the plight of your station—
 But don't let the problem beat us.
 Yes, just make the best of a grim situation . . .
 Get clothing all made of asbestos!

. and at the end of this paean of the past the sigh arose again . . . this was no more, the men slowly stood up, looked sadly at one another and wandered over to the wet canteen! Those were the days,—when Gander was Gander and men? they—were Ganderized! ! Farewell to the Gander past and a toast to the Gander present.



With quite a gap left in the section due to postings, which have started coming in at least, we bid farewell to Penny and the best of luck from the whole section goes with him, (yes the W. D. section too Penny). Norm says he will see that those broken hearts are mended . . The big question on hand now is, "Will Vi still remain true to the signal section?"—we hope so.

The boys are all wondering what Cpl. Geary thinks of the Newfoundland girls (or should we say Corner Brook girls).

We hear the "Kid" is making a big hit with the W.D.'s now. It must be bad when they come up to our six foot Adonis and coo sweetly "I've been just longing to meet you since I came on the station." Ah Lewis—where art thou?

The section including the Squadron Leader will now recognize "A" shift as being okay; at least on the other end of a mop handle. The boys have all learnt the hard way and from now on they will attend the C.O.'s parade.

By the way Pat, what is Sonja's last name? The boys are really anxious to meet her.

Sorry Jim, the civilian girls on the station are not allowed to attend our dances. You could have quite a time if "Tephi" pronounced as per Webster Tea-fy, could have come eh? Incidentally the Flight wants to know what you do on Sunday mornings. It couldn't be that Bernie has the morning off or could it?

There's a new way to make up roll calls now. Quote our landline section, two AC's, two LAC's, one Cpl., one Sgt., *six Flights and one WOII*, or is that the wrong way? Oh!—who is the Warrant Officer who got "stood up", or what had he told the gal?

And why do the girls call him "Flight Pat"? He sure must splice a wicked line?

The poisonality of our gals is getting so infectious that even the Control Tower on its rickety cardboard base isn't immune any longer. What the devil is happening around here anyway?

Flight will you make out an E.42 to get one step ladder made for Maxie? Or maybe we could get him moved to a lower bunk. It seems a shame to waste so much energy on four tries to get into the upper every night.

What operational clerk searched in vain for a hole in the floor the other morning? Sleep walking or sleep taking "Faith"?

Ah—Hopedale here we come. Fred, why did you say, "That's me sir"? Let's not shout "Wolf" any more, eh, fellers? ? ?

Why do the W.D.'s sit on the sun porch at the hospital all day? We'll fool 'em. Pull down the blinds, boys!

Watson and MacEwen measured circumferences the other night. Mac won so he's in Goose Bay now. Tough luck, Jerry, but maybe you'll reduce up there.

It's something astounding all the officers catching colds these days. What's more amazing is the two who were in hospital, sharing the same room last week. Purely coincidental of course, or, no it couldn't be?

Baseball seems to have reached a new high in attendance. A number of the lads are attending regularly. Overheard at the last game:

First spectator, "Do you know the reason the girls wear those sport sweaters?"

Second Spectator, "No, why?"

First Spectator, "Well, there are only two reasons and they are both obvious." Ouch, that one hurts-

The Signal Section hereby challenges one and all to a sleeping contest. Last minute flashes indicate that Harry Davies is a close runner-up on Peter (who is never thoroughly awake). Yes, Pete hit Ripley's column last week and the M.O. says it isn't sleeping sickness.

Armament Chatter

BY "DEPTH CHARGE"

HERE'S hoping A.C. Coudert's sprained ankle will soon be O.K. By the way Henry did you catch the woman you were "chasing" in Corner Brook?

What Bomb Armourer came back from leave with a bad cut over his left eye? "Sorry about the accident in North Sydney Roy; hurry up and get well."

Congratulations are in order for some of the fellows. "Nice going Smitty, Doc and Cy."

Who's the Sergeant who still insists on eating in the Airmen's Mess after 11 p.m. every night? "How about it Cy?"

Is it true there's a man left over from the "Stone Age" working in the section. "You are a man aren't you *Homo*?"

"Good luck on your Commando course Hodge; we only hope you are kidding."

"Has anybody seen Eddie's posting lying around? Don't tell us it's been misplaced. We are keeping our fingers crossed that it will be to or around St. Kitts."

We hear Heaps has been made new President of the Dance Committee. "Who said the Armourers are a bunch of Bums." Will he have much time for his new duties? He's paying an awful lot of attention to W.D. K. Selinger. "Good luck, Jack, on both accounts."

CONGRATULATIONS to the newly-appointed Sergeants Smith, Trotter and Loutet. Isn't it customary to treat on such occasions? Cpl. Beck is also sporting Joe stripes. The W.D's are certainly coming up in the world.

Our Entertainment Committee

"THE next dance will not be a tag dance. Get that you wolves." One of the usual announcements at a Friday night dance. "But don't be too disappointed, because shortly after there will be a tag." From the commotion which arises, perhaps it would be wise to call it a "grand change." Everyone does it.

Later in the evening comes lunch. This is served by courtesy of the gang at the mess hall and dance committee. However, very little credit has been thrown their way. It's about time someone said something good about them.

Since you W.D's arrived here the job of the entertainment committee has grown to immense proportions. It also necessitated the forming of a dance committee. At least now they can arrange and conduct something that will more or less satisfy everyone. They try their best and so far all attempts have been fairly successful.

The socials on Monday nights have been drawing large crowds. It is surprising the amount of talent there is on this Station. Everyone will agree that the skits put on by the gals and guys are clever and well acted. We should have more of these. If you have talent as an actor, actress, impersonator, musician, dancer or what have you, *don't* be bashful about it. Drop into the 'rec' hall and tell them about it. So far everyone has been very cooperative. Don't let it slacken. The 'Y' will appreciate it and so will the gang you help to entertain.

Hats off to our band. When they first arrived here they spent a good part of one evening at the Station waiting for the instruments so they could play at one of the initial dances. They are good sports and excellent musicians. One of the favorite number of dances, and now the band's theme song is the "Gander Bounce." It was written especially for you fellows and girls.

All in all, our entertainment and dance committee deserve a great deal of credit. Orchids to them, and continued success.

Plans are underway to remodel the 'rec' hall stage. A Gander Follies, although still in embryo, is gradually taking shape. Plays, pantomimes, stage shows are amongst the things to come. Besides, these there are the dances and movies.

So gang, with the new 'rec' hall, a remodelled stage, maybe it won't be such a hard winter after all.

Sports And Entertainment

THE Softball season is coming to a close with both the House League and the International League teams who are in the playoffs fighting it out for the championship in each League. In the House League, the Hospital is in first place with sixteen points; The Motor Transport in second with twelve. There were six teams in this series, four of which have been eliminated. Credit is due all the teams in both Leagues for getting their teams out for games in spite of postings, injuries and leaves.



R. C. A. F. STATION SOFTBALL CHAMPIONS,
GANDER, NEWFOUNDLAND, HOSPITAL TEAM

From left to right:

Front row: Cassidy, D. C.; West, G.; Coghlan, D.; Carmody, C. C.;
Macrillo, S. S.; Back row: F/Lt. Wilson; H. Duffy; L. MacKenzie;
K. J. Bates; E. J. Winchester; J. Hicks; R.W.; Mr. Corbett, M.I.

The big battle will be in the next game, when pitchers Butterfield of the M. T. and Coughlan of Hospital meet in the final game of the series.

The International League playoffs are being played by R.C.A.F. No. 1 and the 5th Ack-Ack in the best of two out of three series for the Gander softball championship. In the first game between these teams, the combined effect of "Tiny" Warnock's pitching and the timely hitting

of "Weak with the Willow" Johnny Paruch blazed the trail for a sixteen to nine victory for the R.C.A.F. In addition to the above efforts, Mgr. "Murph" Blandford's heady coaching kept the team out in front all the way.

The R.C.A.F. teams have not confined themselves to victories on the Station alone, but have had trips to Corner Brook and Grand Falls from which they brought home trophies to prove their prowess on "foreign" fields.

We wish to thank F/O Swanston and the personnel of Airdrome Maintenance, Works and Buildings and the Paint Shop "gang" for their very fine co-operation in construction and maintenance of the ball fields.

Twenty-six men from the R.C.A.F. of this Station took part in the three day Track and Field meet held in Grand Falls.

There were seven teams entered in this meet which included hardball, softball and fourteen Track and Field events. The R.C.A.F. ball teams were eliminated early in the meet. The hardball team seemed to have the breaks all against them in this game. Under the management of McAloney the team has beaten all Section contenders and deserve a lot of credit for making this activity a part of the Sports programme.

The R.C.A.F. placed third in the meet. They would have done better if the Americans hadn't brought a one man team by the name of "Tex", who not only played a whale of a game in left field, but also took four firsts in the Field events. The Americans won all their games in both hard and softball. In the final game of baseball, the score was tied in the tenth inning with the Americans at bat needing one run to win. "Doc" Ankrum first man up, hit a two bagger but was called back on a doubtful foul. On the next ball pitched "Doc" smacks it into the deep center field weeds for a home run; which is a fitting climax to any ball game.

Space does not allow writing the side-lights of this trip, but I would like to stress the fine sportsmanlike attitude of all units. "Doc" Ankrum and his "Boys" from the U.S.A. and the R.C.A.F. seemed like one unit; cheering and helping each other at all games and events during the meet.

This department cannot close without mentioning the W.D's and what they mean to the morale of the Station. Now we have dances, concerts, picnics and other social activities. In another part of this magazine we have given our personal views of this group, so we end this wishing them a happy time and good luck.

—CORPORAL BATES and CORBETT.

The Sports Whirl

Contributed by L.C.A. "MURPH" BLANDFORD

*And when the one great scorer comes
To write against your name,
It matters not, you won, or lost,
But how you played the game.*

HAVING spent the summer at Gander and having been closely associated with the gentlemen who did such a wonderful job of running both

our House League and International League, I think it is about time to start handing out orchids and three lusty cheers for a big job, well done. So step right up Mr. Corbett, Mr. Dedels, and last but not least our good friend Cpl. E. J. Bates, the big- good-hearted and good-natured lad from Niagara Falls, or is it Corner Brook?

While on the subject of orchids don't forget the lads who gave their time at umpiring as well as playing and made a good job of both. I refer to Johnny Paruch, Ronnie Ward, "Bob" Boycott, C. Myles, E. Woods, and C. Lowry, Jim O'Conner, Bob Butterfield and "Quints" Everist. The last four have now left the Station, but wherever they may be we know they are a credit to the Air Force.

The last to be mentioned shall be "first", and I mean the man who really got things done in a hurry and done well, who played with us and worked for us, that Prince of Good Fellows Wing Commander Annis.

For the boys who like their baseball via the big leagues we give you our latest news from the American, National and International Leagues.

The American League: It's the same old story, Yankees ten games ahead of Boston with the big surprise of the year the St. Louis Browns in third place. It looks as though Ted Williams of the Red Sox dodged the draft board long enough to again lead the league in hitting with an average of 349, which is 16 points higher than his closest rival, Joe Gordon of the Yankees.

The National League: With two weeks to go we find the Dodgers and Cards having a hip and tuck battle right to the wire with the MacPhail gang two games in front. Pete Reiser of the Dodgers, who led the league last year is in front again this year but Enos Slaughter is breathing right down his neck just two points behind. The Cooper brothers, Mort and Wilber form the Cards best battery, accounting for 19 victories.

The Internatioal League: We find the "Junior Yankee" having little trouble winning the pennant with Montreal second, Jersey City third and Syracuse in the last playoff spot. The Montreal Royals eliminated the Toronto Maple Leafs by taking a Labour Day double header from them. Speed seems to predominate in the International League this year. In speed tests at Jersey City the other day, Johnny Rucker, of Jersey City, beat George Stirnweiss (a potential Yankee who stole 70 bases this season) at 100 yards in 10 seconds flat in full baseball uniform. In speed tests for circling the bases it was a tie. Both boys were clocked at 13.6 which is really flying.

Hoping you enjoy this sort of chatter, and if so, please let the Editor know and we will give you more of the same on the World's Series.

What? no mention of the W.D's. Come, come.

Laundry

So you want some laundry done? Well,—I had the same idea and being curious as to just what was going to happen to my treasured issue union suits I decided to investigate. Thinking back to old Sam Ling's shop on corner I strolled across the track and into our Gander Laundry and consequently was hardly prepared for what I saw. Stretching out through the large roomy building was a maze of machines whirring, grunting and steaming. I thought—my poor unit suit, it's some place in that mechanical set up!

F/O Burton finally came to my rescue and guided me safely about the plant and explained the various machines to me, shades of Buck Rogers. Huge tanks tossing clothing about in 1,000 gallons of water, weird gadgets for drying and stretching socks and other lever covered machines stood about. First, every item of laundry is stamped with a regimental number and then sorted out into various piles depending on type of clothing and material. We dodged a few men hurrying about with carts of laundry and came to a row of vari-sized washers. Due to regulations it is not permitted to reveal the number of machines but you can take my word for it that there were plenty. The largest one is about 130 times the size of an ordinary household washer n' that aint hay! !

These washing machines are very intelligent "creatures," they take the clothing, wash it in properly heated water and then—when through with it, drain out the water and ring a bell to attract the attention of some rushing laundryman. Incidentally, these men always seem to be busy and being on their feet all day can't make things easier for them. My respect for these men who make things seven to eight shades whiter has increased considerably since seeing them in action working the way they do.

But back to the production line. From the washers the material is placed in large cylindrical tanks where it is whirled around for about 15 mins. in which time the most of the water is extracted by centrifugal force. From here we passed down the line to more huge tanks; these were the driers, though I can't imagine why they just don't hang the stuff out in the sun to dry or can I? ? ?

At this point the line splits—objects to be ironed out flat, such as sheets, continue straight on down to the flat work ironers. These consist of banks of rollers through which the sheets weave in and out and eventually come out thoroughly pressed and dried. It kept the operators going to handle all the sheets that had to be lifted and folded (they'd be great fellows to have around when there's some bunks to be made up they could do a room while I was still on my first one).

The rest of the laundry, such as shirts, socks, skirts, etc. (not being a married man I didn't know all the names for all those things included in the etc.), so leave the line here and branch off to the pressing machines. It requires three separate pressers for one shirt pressing

unit; one, a curving gadget, does the collar and cuffs; and other gets into that part around the shoulder and back that makes a man swear when he has to press a shirt by hand; the third machine finishes off the back and sides of the shirt. Various other types of pressers of many shapes handle the other types of clothing. The one for socks is almost undecipherable, consisting of a revolving platform upon which is a number of cage-like sock stretchers. When a sock is placed on one of these, hot air blows up the centre to dry it as it moves around the circle and by the time it comes back the operator is able to remove it.

'Twas about then that I thought of old Sam Ling again with his heavy hand iron and his pink slips (and I don't mean the ones with the figures *in* them!). Contrast is a poor word to explain the impression that one obtains in that laundry,—large, bright and airy it retains none of the damp stuffiness and steamy atmosphere that permeate many a laundry. Our Gander laundry, the largest on the island—according to F/O Burton (and he should know), rates with the very best and most modern equipped plants in Canada and is actually much better than many.

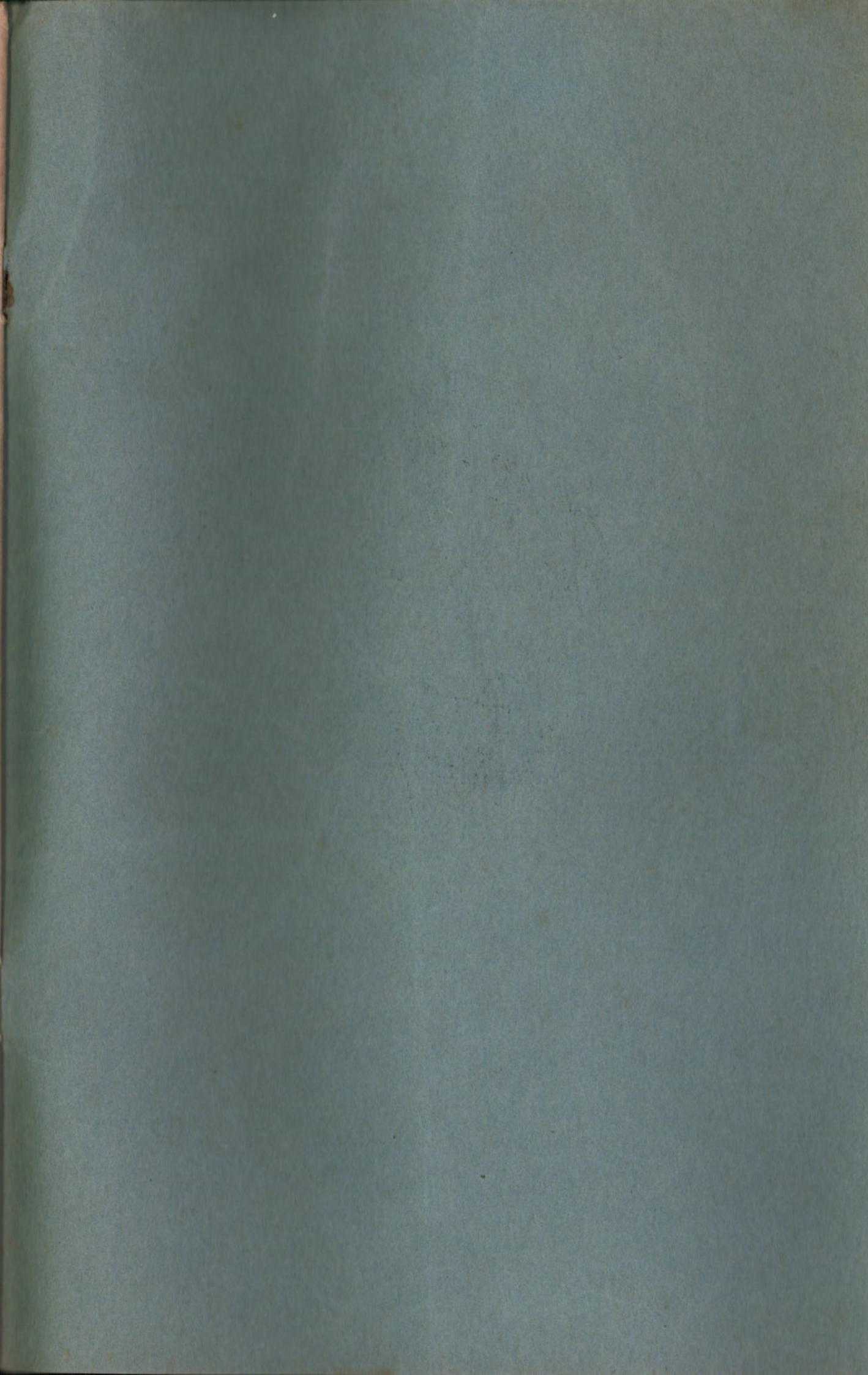
If fully staffed with trained operators it would be capable of handling laundry for all the armed troops in Newfoundland! The Flying Officer is extremely proud of his men and had a great deal to say about them. Some of the operators have reputations in all leading laundry associations across Canada and the new men, formerly untrained, are working like experienced operators.

W. O. Rudd, the F/O's able assistant was, before the "duration" manager of the laundry of the well known Chateau Frontenac in Quebec. F/O Burton himself, though unwilling to see his name in print, (must be a phobia of some sort), has quite a reputation behind him. His last position while still free—er—in civilian life, was as manager of the Toronto General Hospital laundry. By the way, the laundry association of Canada operates the only training schools for laundry managers and our Flying Officer Burton is one of the few Canadians who has qualified in the ten month course taken at this school. (Now that I think of it I believe I was told by the F/O not to say a thing about him). As well, I always did think an article on "digger" life would be interesting, and I don't mean the type our "Newfy" excavators lead either.

Well, I covered the complete laundry right to where every item is individually checked and placed in its proper pile and was amazed at the efficiency and care with which all the work was being done. Modern to the proverbial "n th" degree it was well worth seeing and is a far cry from Sam Ling or from that washing machine at home. Of course it was pleasant to look out the window and to see a young lady hanging up some flapping laundry on a nearby clothes-line, (and boy do some of the lads down there know about that), but with the W.D's. on the way here, I guess the laundrymen will be able to find enough interest in the plant itself.

In closing, I think congratulations are definitely in line for both Officers, N.C.O's. and Airmen down there on the other side of the tracks—even if I never did get to seein' my B.V.D's. —J. R.

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