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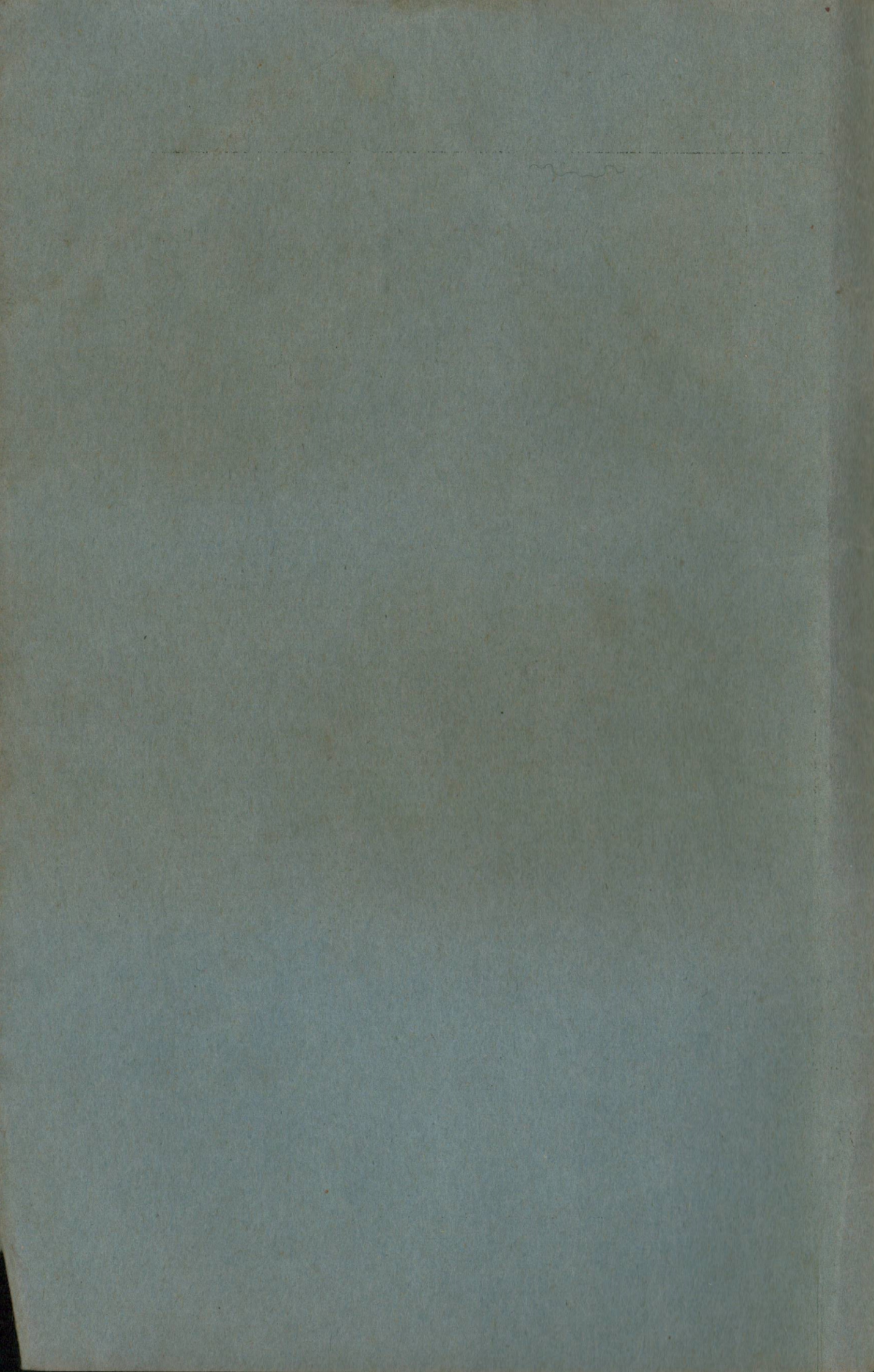


**THE**

**"Gander"**



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



# Season's Greetings



R. C. A. H. Gander

# The Gander

Vo . I

JANUARY, 1943

No. 10

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



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# EDITORIAL

CHRISTMAS has always been known as the Children's Festival and yet it has a far more reaching application than that. True to-day there is a tendency to play on the emotions of childhood and commercialize our finer sentiments yet Christmas has a message of hope and joy for each individual.

The "Christ-Mass" brings its ageless message of: 'Peace on Earth to Men of Good-will.' And if our hearts are atune, we like the Shepherds of old may still hear the glorious angelic song above the din of battle and the confusion of every-day life.

Christmas brings the eternal message of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. Only in the fulfilment of that Divine precept can humanity realize its destiny. All the petty philosophies of individuals become dwarfed and so inferior when measured by the Philosophy and Way of Life that the first Christmas brought to the world. How little even after two thousand years we really grasp the implications of the Christmas Message.

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## A CHRISTMAS EVE PRAYER

*O Lord, there sit apart in lonely places,  
On this the gladdest night of all the year,  
Some stricken ones with sad and weary faces  
To whom the thought of Christmas brings no cheer.  
For these, O Father, our petition hear,  
And send the pitying Christ-Child very near.*

*And there be tempted souls this night still waging  
Such desperate warfare with all evil powers;  
Anthems of peace, while the fierce strife is raging,  
Sound but a mockery through their midnight hours;  
For these, O Father, our petition hear,  
And send Thy tempted Christ-Child very near.*

*Lord, some sit by lonely heartstones, sobbing,  
Who feel this night all earthly love denied,  
Who hear but dirges in the loud bells throbbing  
For loved ones lost who blessed last Christmastide.  
For these, O Father, our petition hear,  
And send the loving Christ-Child very near.*

—Selected.

---

TO ALL OUR READERS AND FRIENDS WE EXTEND THE WISH  
FOR A HAPPY AND BLESSED CHRISTMAS AND IN THE  
NEW YEAR FOR PEACE.

—"THE EDITORS"

# Ether Drippings

BY R. W. HICKS

**A**FTER a few months of idleness, convalescence and a little face lifting the guys and gals from behind white walls are getting out of the old wheel chair and getting back into the limelight, hence the following contributions of poetry, bouquets and cracks, wise and in some cases perhaps unwise.

The items in this column have been contributed by personnel from not the biggest section but beyond a doubt the most popular on the station—that's right folks it's the hospital, so here we go.

This was overheard in the treatment room a short while ago and I think it shows the spirit of this man's army even when they are sick.

A certain L.A.C. went on sick parade with a head cold and the M.O. prescribed steam inhalations for him. The treatment room orderly fixed up the inhalation and proceeded in the usual manner by placing a sheet over the patients head and the inhalator. While under the sheet this L.A.C. suddenly shouted; "Help I can't see." Another Airman waiting for treatment heard him and rushing over to him said "Why what's the matter?" "I've got my eyes closed, stupid" was the reply from our sick L.A.C.

## *Hail and Farewell*

The Hospital Staff bade farewell to S/L Racicot this month, along with F/LT. MacDonald. They were both very popular men and our loss is another stations gain. We wish them the very best at their new station.

We had the pleasure of welcoming F/LT. MacGougan to our hospital this month. He has proven himself a very fine and likeable officer in the short time we have known him and we hope that his stay with us will be a long and happy one.

We welcome the new Nursing Sisters Paddison, Sleeth and Mac Lellan.

By the time this issue gets to press our congratulations to F/S Gillan of the dispensary on his recent vow of "for better or for worse" will be a little late but here they are anyway Gil.

If any of you girls of the W.D. section are going to the next Sergeant's dance and happen to meet a certain F/S from the Hospital orderly room don't send him for a cup of tea because it seems that this particular lad is a little absent minded about coming back. I think from here on, George, we will let Rosie take it up.

From the department that handles those mysterious X-Rays we are expecting some interesting developments. In that department a certain young lady was very recently 'filed' away. Imagine finding you in position like that Miss Kennedy. Could it be that you are blushing?

To get back to something a little more serious we offer for your approval a poem written for the GANDER by a very versatile young man from the treatment room L.A.C. Thomas.

Some folks are always grouching,  
It's a shame to hear them rave,  
If they would spend more time working,  
Think of the time it would save.

Work isn't so bad if you do it and grin,  
It really makes life worth while,  
So the next time you feel like grouching,  
Just hold up your head and smile.

Our column wouldn't be complete without something from the girls in white who are always around with a charming smile and a few words of encouragement to the boys who are flat on their back when they need it most. The following is an incident that took place a short while ago:

One of the W.D. Hospital Assistants was looking after a very sick patient in one of our private wards. On this particular morning our trim little assistant was carrying out part of the patients treatment by taking in his early morning glass of milk. On entering the room which had not yet become very light she walked to the bed and gently put her hand under his head to raise him up and said "Be a good boy, wake up and take your milk." Only when the patient had partly sat up in bed did our little assistant realize that this was not her patient. It seems that during the night her patient had been moved to another ward and in his place was a high ranking Naval officer. It could be called your most embarrassing moment, couldn't it Miss Hamilton?

—OKHWH.

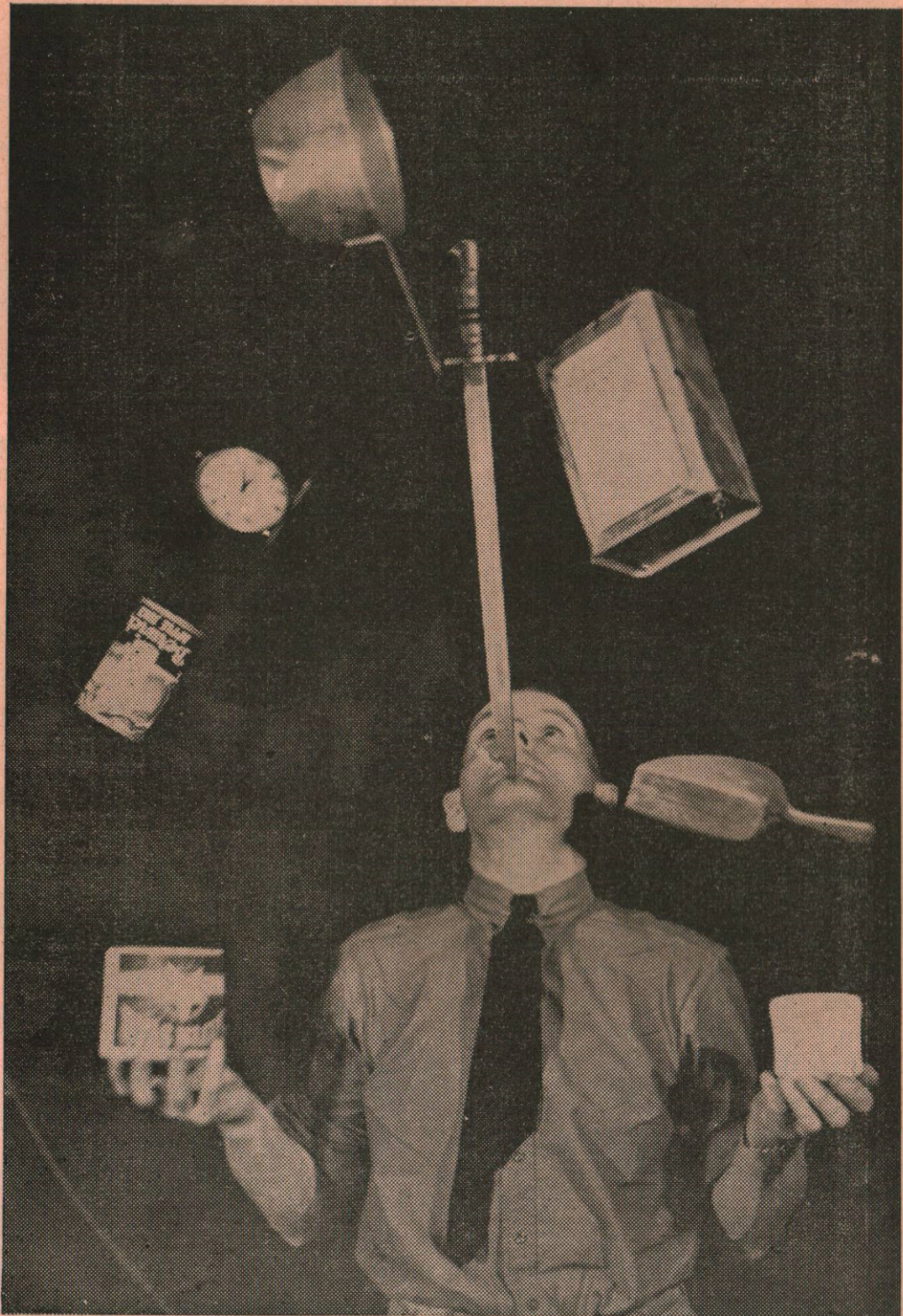
What prominent young lady from the hospital kitchen was reported to have been seen at the Rec. Hall with her 'Father' (?) At least you could have told us about it Jeanie.

It is rumored that the bearded and lengthy locked hermit from the same department has suddenly come out into the bright lights after a short illness. That visit to the wards certainly did something to this shy, quiet individual, for he has suddenly developed a flare for the limelight. Almost any evening you can see this bearded Swami tripping the light fantastic or heading for the American 'Opry House' with one or more of those desirable, rosy cheeked W.D's. How about letting your hair down and giving us the straight dope on the situation Penny!

To our young lady of the nimble feet we would like to ask a question: How do you keep those five guys from tearing each others hair out Winnie?

The guys and gals around this section are a little amazed at the actions of a certain corporal who has recently arrived from No. 8 S.F.T.S He has suddenly become allergic to our fair W.D's. Could it be that he was wronged at some time or other by someone from that particular section or on the other hand does pretty Marion in Toronto still hold all the cards? Why keep the gang guessing Norm!

Before ending our column we would like to extend a welcome back to L.A.W. Purvis after her long period of illness. Now that you've returned to our fair Metropolis we hope that you will enjoy nothing but the best of health from here on.



SIX MONTHS IN GANDER

# The Women's Division-- Then and Now

## PART I—CIVILIAN

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**MORNING**—Gets up about 8 a.m., decides to wear new sweater to work. Listens to radio before going to work and arrived ten minutes late. When Boss comes in asks for afternoon off in order to shop for new formal for firm annual ball next evening.

**NOON**—Decides to go easy on lunch, remembers old waist line, orders salad. Gets hair done like Veronica Lakes because he admires her. Can't decide whether to buy lipstick and nail polish to match at hair-dresser's, but does finally, expects raise at first of month.

**AFTERNOON**—Shops, can't decide between jersey dinner dress and black evening dress with sequin jacket. Gets both still depending on forthcoming of raise.

**EVENING**—Takes good hot bath and takes time getting ready for date, decides to keep him waiting a while, as it is about time he had a talk with parents. Can't decide whether to wear sweater and skirt or silk jersey dress. The sweater has its points, but decides to wear dress. Unable to go in car because of gas rationing but decides to wear high heels anyway, they do more for self. Feels she hurt his feelings by neglecting to notice his shiny buttons—how was she to know he cared about the darn things.

**AT DANCE**—Wishes had worn sweater and skirt, feels overdressed in jersey number. Feels self-conscious because of small run in nylons. Danced with all services, but conversation was over head unless centered on self. When stringing favorite line was told "off the beam," puzzled, but doesn't think it a compliment. Danced with five officers, they look wonderful in their uniforms which are softer to lean on but their dancing is stiff unless they are.

**ARRIVAL HOME**—Wishes Dad would not drop shoes so loudly so often, most embarrassed when Mother asks if he is gone yet. Asks if he would like a lunch, then wishes he'd said no because she hates to make lunches. Wishes he would say goodnight and mean it, for a change. Tells him he has to work hard next day, and needs sleep. Thanks him for lovely time and when door closes behind him kicks off shoes and wishes feet could be screwed off and left to soak overnight. Tries to finish True Confession novel, but falls asleep with lights on.

## PART II—R.C.A.F. (W.D.)

**MORNING**—Rises at 0630 hours, (or is supposed to rise), shines, polishes, washes, sweeps floor, makes bed, dashes to mess-hall for 5

minute breakfast and arrives at work at 0800. Makes out pass for 2330 hours and gives it to Corporal to give to Sergeant to get signed by W.D. Officer. Settles down to a hard days' work, wondering who is to get all the "JOE" jobs this day, knowing full well it will probably be her. NOON—Leaves the office and dashes madly for the post office for the mail that hasn't arrived yet—T.C.A. grounded again. Eventually arrives at the Mess-Hall, hungry as a bear, thinks of waistline, but passes by steam-table, emerging with the whole business in her arms—having concluded that most of the other girls are fatter than she is anyway. Why aren't there handles on the cups? During dinner gossips with other girls that she ate too much as usual, but is going to have a daily round at badminton or bowling every day to make up for it.

AFTERNOON—Tossed for chocolate bars and lost, so had to borrow two bucks till pay-day. Tells herself that she must quit eating candy anyway, knowing that this is a most foolish pledge, with Christmas just around the corner. Remembers that she has to bowl at 1700 hours, wonders how in h— they expect her to work till 1700, bowl at 1700, eat at 1700, and change into her bowling togs at 1700, *all at once*, and still be there on time. Always manages to make it though. Puts on shorts for bowling, looks in mirror and scurries back into slacks remembering that there will probably be some airmen there to heckle.

EVENING—Bowling over, broke a 100 for the first time, tears back to barracks, takes quick shower before all the hot water is used up, shines, polishes and presses. Scrambles through locker, emerging with clean shirt, only to find that Sergeant Major Rudd has stripped off all the buttons (while it was in the Laundry). Frantically shouts the length of the barrack room for some safety pins. Ah! ready at last. The Corporal enters the room, just as she is about to leave. Hopefully stands by as the Corporal's eyes rest on that non-issue shirt, wishes she were a Sergeant and could tell that Cpl. off. Ends up changing shirts. Rushes out to Chestnut Boulevard, and finds her gallant airman among the crowd, holding up a tree.

AT THE THEATRE—Glares at escort for enjoying his gum so much when she can't do likewise in public. Looks daggers at the party gigling behind them during the show. Saw show six months ago, but the three of them (him, her, and his rifle) are enjoying it again. Gets separated from escort during mad rush to get out of theatre, stumbles on the rocks outside, as he dashes madly up to her. Saunter home the long way—up the Receiver Road, come back faster than they went up. Glances nervously at watch at 2328, at 2329 tells him that holding hands and loitering in front of barracks just isn't done. Makes door of B.B. 110 at 2331, only to meet duty N.C.O. as she sprints up the stairs—smiles trustingly as she passed and keeps on going.

Tip toes up to her own bunk, starts whispering to the other girls about the show, only to hear a stern "Settle-down" from the direction of the Room Corporals bed. Gets into dressing gown and disappears into washroom. Rinses off make up, and tries to get into the room again quietly, but wind bangs door shut and rouses the ire of Cpl. Westcott again. Hurries past and climbs into top bunk, falling sound asleep before realizing that the pillow is lumpy and hard.

## “Post Office Chatter”

WELL folks, here we are again to give you a few tidbits from the inside of the Post Office. Lately Caroline, (Soapy to us) has been busy knitting, we wonder what from the shape its taking, it ain't for Britain, but we think it has something to do with the King's Regulations; of course we don't blame her, its pretty cold these nights down by the railroad tracks. Nancy, the innocent member of our staff has been going around singing, "Somebody else is taking my place", could it be that that certain charming member of the hospital staff took some one else out???? Joy, when you are standing gazing into space, what are you thinking of? Wonder if it could have something to do with a certain C.P.C. from No. 2. We understand the skating on Dead Man's

COME ON . . .  
GIME SOME MAIL . . . OR ELSE



is good, even during a blizzard. By the way we wonder who the W.D. is that the 'Ladies Man' of our Corp has been trying to date? His efforts are obvious but so are the results, obviously nil. Maybe you had better change your technique George. Enough said about No. 2 Glamour Boy, here's to No. 1, Hank, Gander's gift to the W.D's, he's still evading or maybe he is thinking of the girl back home, home being a little place on the outskirts of Hamilton known as "London." Be elusive Hank, show her you don't care and give us a break. Last but not least there's our Sgt. who hails from a small town called Edmonton. Say you Easterners what do you mean small. He must be tired of telling us the rates

and otherwise helping us prepare for Trade Tests, but he's as glad as we are when it's all over. Sgt. spent a few days in the hospital not so long ago, and we hear that he was well taken care of. Well we always knew our hospital assistants were well taken care of.

We of the P.O. Staff have our troubles just like any other section, main difficulty this month was the day the girls heard they could take their trade test and remuster to P.O. Clerks, but happy was the day we all passed. Our greatest dread is the days there's no boat mail and T.C.A. informs us that the ceiling is Zero and flying is washed out. Now being merely Postal Clerks we don't understand all that technical language. Maybe Soapy could explain, she spends most of her time talking with a certain Sgt. Aircrew to learn all the terms.

Early in December construction was begun on the "Walls of Jericho." Confusion reigned supreme, Hammers, Nails and Boards and Airmail don't exactly mix so don't be surprised if some of your folks write and want to know why the heck they received a hunk of ply board instead of the usual letter. Our new theme song by the way is "He's only a bird in a Gilded Cage." And if it weren't for our number one Scrounger Scottie, we'd all no doubt starve. That's O.K. Scottie more power to you, all contributions thankfully received. Just one word about Jeanie, our efficient driver. We wonder if a certain Sgt. is as dreamy as she is, how about it Len???? As for the Airmen and Airwomen we serve, we want to thank you all for your patience and courtesy. We know you get discouraged at times when we continually shake our heads and mutter those final words, "Nothing To-day," but nine times out of ten you smile and thank us. That takes courage to be polite when you really are disappointed and worried about not hearing from home. So to all of you a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year" from all of us Postal Scruff.

*Famous Last Words*

Sgt. Buckingham:—Isn't there a letter from Corner Brook for me to-day?

Scotty:—Nancy will you please clean my shoes to-night, I have to meet him after work.

All of Us:—When do we eat? and who goes first?

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## An Outsider Looks at the Post Office

I GOT to thinking the other night about just how important our Post Office is to this Station. Can you imagine what would happen if we should suddenly find ourselves without a Post Office and incidently, without any mail. Did I say incidently? That's putting it mildly. There would be no more scanning of skies for good old T.C.A. Good weather or bad weather wouldn't mean a thing any more and this thing called morale would take a sudden nose dive. As for land mail, that monstrosity we fondly call the Newfie Express isn't good for much of any-

thing except to bring our parcels in to us so the railroad would probably go bankrupt or something. If that ever happens, I hope it is the' or something! And last but by no means least, there'd be no more Scottie, which would take the heart right out of the Station. Am I right, Buck? Anyway, you can see that this lack of mail is leading straight to catastrophe. But is it that way now? No, Sir! Day in and day out we troop into the Post Office for the "tie that binds" and the service with a smile that goes with it.

I've yet to figure out just how they all stay as cheerful and pleasant as they do. It doesn't seem to matter how rushed they are or how many times a day they are practically called a liar and a dope when they have had to tell someone that there was no mail for them or whether they feel good or bad—the pleasant atmosphere stays put—and is that something.

Of course there is the social angle too. Lots of fellows somehow or other seem to get sidetracked into some convenient corner with a W.D.—and what corner isn't convenient—with a date for that night as the net result, but so what—you have to keep romance alive somehow and it is getting a little chilly out these days.

Lots of times too, you run into someone there that you haven't seen for sometime and you sort of get together and discuss the situation and if there isn't any situation to discuss—well, who cares—it's fun anyway.

So to all those swell guys and gals in the Post Office who hang out on the other side of the wicket, may I say—more power to you and long may you stay with us—without you we just ain't.

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## — || The Discipline of Sport

**R**EAL sport is an antidote to fatalism; the deep objective of games is really to train one's reflex of purpose, to develop a habit of keeping steadily at something you want to do until it is done. The rules of the game and the opposition of other players are devices to put obstacles in your way. The winner must keep everlastingly after his objective with intensity and continuity of purpose.

Wilfred Trotter, the famous English surgeon and philosopher, once remarked: "I think the great contribution the English have made to the valuable things of world culture is this: an interest in struggling for an unpredictable goal. As you go eastward from the British Isles, you run into cultures of gradually increasing susceptibility to fatalism. The Englishman's games have made him less fatalistic, and as a result of the discipline of sport he will keep struggling even though his intellect would indicate his cause to be lost."

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An American soldier in Newfoundland was giving some illustrations of the size of his country. "You can board a train in the state of Texas at dawn," he said impressively, "and twenty-four hours later you'll still be in Texas."

"Yes," said one of his listeners, with feeling, "we've got trains like that here too."

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*A LONELY AIRMAN'S LETTER TO HIS SWEETHEART*

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*Dear Sweetie:*

I was getting pretty tired of Gander so told the C.O. I was quitting and headed for Glenwood; a small village. Not AWOL, just on pass. Am staying at a place where one gets lots of sleep and very much good good. Oh, man, cream and strawberries are Heaven after eating that Air Force food. This place has all the comforts of home. Soft chairs, sofas, clean towels and linen (for a change) and the people are very hospitable. My daily routine is different that on the station where one gets up at seven o'clock (?), dashes madly to the mess hall for breakfast, then makes a fancy spurt to the parade ground for 8 o'clock parade. After that little ceremony. our airmen do something all morning which some call work and others call "swinging the lead." At the first stroke of twelve noon, our happy airmen prance merrily to the aforesaid mess-hall and partake of what passes for dinner. Make a complaint to the O.O. about the meal and you wash dishes, so we meekly keep silent. From then on, you have the choice of improving your mind by reading, improving your beauty by sleeping, or improving your pocket-book by playing crap or poker. However, I must be stupid because I never win and yet all the boys continually brag about how fat their roll is getting.

Then comes 1.30 p.m. again and we all troop out on the parade ground with pleased looks on our silly faces, happy at the thought of going back to work (?). The afternoon passes fast enough if we talk to each other on such important topics as the war, girls, current events, girls, witch craft, girls, Bob Hope, and, oh yes, I nearly forgot, girls. About 4.30 in the afternoon, everyone has developed a peculiar habit of turning one's head in the general direction of the clock. The clock has protested against this practice on several occasions but apparently has given it up as a bad job. I personally believe it was getting self-conscious. Anyway, when Mr. Clock decides that it is 5 p.m., there is another general stampede for the mess-hall just to see how things are in those parts. Once again, our happy warriors exercise their bridge-work on a particularly appetizing section of cow's tail which somehow passed into this country under the title of beef. The cows in Canada must be turning cart-wheels lately for the beef on one's plate looks as if it might join in the table conversation, too. (That last line doesn't make sense but I could never make sense since I came to Gander).

Then begins the evening's round of fun. Would you like to dance, go to a show, or go to a concert? If it's dancing, then wait until Friday night for the airmen's dance, providing the officers don't have a priority on the band. On such occasions our brow beaten airmen have to turn on their most pleasing personalities and woo a female in uniform of all things. However, they are women under the uniform, I guess. Trying to shag or do the routine with Air Force boots is something like an ostrich going through a ballet dance number. And when a brother airman cuts in on your partner, just smile sweetly and kick him on the knee so that he is out of action for the rest of the evening. He may growl at you the next morning but just tell him all's fair in

love and war and even if we aren't in the actual war, we can at least have a little war among ourselves.

The only advantage in going to the show with an airwoman is that you can hold her hand in the dark. It's just a matter of form, there's no heart interest. You do it so that she'll remember she came with an airman. The other evening at the show, I became so engrossed in the picture that I began holding the hand of a fellow airman. He was highly flattered and wanted to know whether we should toss to see who should buy the marriage license.

If you like concerts, then there is the RCAF band, which really does a good job. I prefer going with an air-woman interested in music because she most likely will concentrate on the music. A girl not interested in music is more apt to concentrate on the good looking boys in the next row.

I started out to tell you about the life at Glenwood, but must have hit a siding somewhere. I wake up at 9 a.m. usually, peek out the window and go back to sleep. I wake up at 9.30 a.m., peek out the window and go back to sleep. By 10 a.m., the stomach raises a white flag for food since I've had over twelve hours sleep and I stagger downstairs, trip over the dog, and tear into a swell breakfast. Then follows about a mile walk into the village to see whether the rest of the world is alive but mainly to flirt with the pretty girl postmistress. The stomach then receives a wonderful dinner which is really tops. Around 2 p.m., the body wants some exercise so a stiff row in the boat around Gander Lake is the order. The wind and waves are getting so high now that the boat never is sure which way it is going. Then back to the farmhouse for a couple of hours sleep and then a marvelous supper. You don't appreciate food until you come to Gander in the Air Force. The evenings are spent by writing letters, playing cards and snoozing.

Yours sincerely,

—J. A.

P.S.—All kidding aside, Gander really is a swell station.



# FAREWELL . . . . .



*GROUP CAPTAIN R. H. FOSS*

Group Captain Roy H. Foss came to us to take over a half-built station. The period of his service here was one of continuous growth and expansion, with all the changes and adjustments that this entails.

As the station took shape, he was able to bring to his duties, among other qualifications, the judgment of an experienced builder, and the engineer in charge of construction, Mr. Chestnut, testifies to his own good fortune in being able to confer with a commanding officer who had complete and instant comprehension of all difficulties encountered.

His knowledge of flying was, of course, extensive, and he set for the younger men a fine example of courage and skill in a number of "mercy flights" to bring into the station hospital, civilians ailing in remote parts of the country where medical attention could not be had.

In his hard won leisure, he set the station record with a "possible" fifty in skeet shooting, and reveled in the trout and salmon fishing which the countryside afforded.

We shall not soon forget this big soft-spoken man—the grave manner, as befitted his serious attitude towards his duties; the orders given quietly, yet with no mistaking the firmness behind them; the scrupulous sense of justice in his decisions; and, for the off-duty hours, the infectious smile, the twinkle in the eye, and the friendly word.

*Au Revoir, Sir, and may the best wishes go with you, from,*  
GANDER.

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#### HOW TO REMAIN AN ACE

---

1. Never say "Sir" to an officer at any time.
2. Never salute an officer—unless you have a butt in your mouth.
3. When given an order, never carry it out immediately . . . . any old time will do.
4. Don't bother about shining boots or buttons . . . . it's a waste of time anyway.
5. As for uniforms being clean or pressed—phooey—you're a fighting man, not a blooming sissy.
6. Don't go to any trouble about being clean shaven or having a neat haircut.
7. Avoid all parades if possible—except pay parades.
8. Always be late turning-in to work and the first away to the mess.
9. If you want to smoke, the hanger is as good as any place.
10. Abuse and mistreat all equipment; it's government stuff and they have plenty.
11. Write lots of letters, full of complaints, out of channels.
12. Always speak degradingly of your own outfit—especially when discussing military secrets with strangers.
13. Finally, always try and be one of the boys who continually clutter up the orderly room.

—SGT. WHYTE. K.H.,  
Husky Squadron.

• • • • • AND HAIL



*GROUP CAPTAIN L. E. WRAY, A.F.C.*

*LAWRENCE E. WRAY*

Born in Toronto in 1908, Lawrence E. Wray acquired learning and knowledge in Toronto and Belleville, Ontario, schools, up to and including senior matriculation. In 1926, he entered Royal Military College at Kingston, passing the prescribed four year there, and proceeding, upon graduation, to Borden, where he won his wings in the fall of 1930. Those were lean days for the Airforce, but Canada was very definitely reminded of its skill and efficiency through the showings of the famous 'Service Squadron', whose aerobatics became nationally famous as did the Siskin Aircraft, which they flew. Flying Officer Wray was emphatically among those present. In 1934, it was decided that an aerial survey of the Northwest Territories and the Arctic region would be undertaken, and he was moved to that work. It was during this period that the famous Coleman '40 search was organized and effectively carried out—by Flight-Lieutenant Wray. From there, he was brought back to Ottawa, to supervise the formation of photographic and survey outfits. Followed quickly the command of a communication squadron, and a test divisional establishment. For all of two and a half years, he was occupied with testing aircraft, until posted to Vancouver to assume command of No. 6 Torpedo Bomber Squadron. Thereafter, he opened the station at Queen Charlotte Islands. (Wing Commander Wray was the first Commanding Officer of that station). In the fall of '40, he took over command of Patricia Bay, Victoria. In 1941, the powers-that-be at Ottawa decided that they needed him for staff work, and he became successively Deputy Director and Director, of Operations—until last November when he came to Gander.

Among other highlights not mentioned above is the fact that he organized and conducted the Duke of Kent's areial tour in 1941. It was during this tour that he acquired the coveted AFC. To date, the full details of its acquisition are not available, but perhaps we will have the whole story in the next issue. In 1940, he married Miss Audrey Garland, the famous figure skater, whose Canadian and world championship performances are known to every follower of the graceful art. (It is rumored that we may even see the lady at Gander in the not too far distant future). One small daughter, aged one, completes the present establishment. (Perhaps we shall see her on the station, too.)

Sports? Name it, and Group-Captain Wray will exemplify it. Badminton, golf, skiing, basketball, rugby, hockey—to name a few. Baseball, the great American game, presents no problem to the C. O. While on a short tour with the No. 46 Bomber Group of the U. S. Army Air Corps in California, he became an outstanding member of their diamond team.

So there—or here—he is in a thumbnail, ladies and gentlemen—our new commanding officer. All of us know him as a soft-spoken, pleasant personality, but—there is a rumor afloat that he looks with favor upon the glistening button, and the non-overstayed pass.

Welcome to Gander—sir—and to the *the* Gander. May your stay be a pleasant one and your tenure as Editor-in-chief of this magazine mark a period of outstanding growth and increasing fame.

—THE STATION.

## Life With the Armourers

OF course the first thing that comes to our mind is to wish the best of welcomes to our new Armament Officer, F/O Howse, who hails from right here, this island of never ending surprises and sunny days. We wish your stay with us will be a long one and that you will find in us all the cooperation you desire.

Next thing on our list, is to congratulate our nine new Corporals and Sgt. Mersereau's shiny crown. May it be remembered as "F/O Patstone's Last Stand."

We now have a very fine picture of A.C.1 Nicholson in our new section. The white flash in your hat looks good Nick. What is it suppose to represent?

It has been rumored that our section wants an M.T. of its own. As far as I can figure out, we need nine new trucks for the freshly made Corporals. Guess you really started something Evans.

Dan Cupid is catching with the armourers at least. Congratulations, or should we say condolences, are in store for A.C.1 Ferran and Cpl. Rickard of 127., both of whom recently went off the deep end.

A.C.1's Liddle and Ross are also topics for discussions as far as marriage is concerned. Both, as the rumors go, are thinking of tying the knot on their forthcoming leaves. Good work men, hope you will be as happily married as we are single.

Bowling on Sunday nights is coming along, but unfortunately, the fellows aren't. We appreciate the fact that you all want to keep up the moral of the W.D's by dating them pretty regularly, but let's make each Sunday a bang-up bowling session, and maybe someone will break 200 yet.

Too bad you had to ruin a new pair of pyjamas, Lawrence. Those hooks didn't look good on them anyway.

We are all waiting for an answer to: When is Hodgins going to break 100 at bowling? Are the Armourers going to pull together and have a dance? When is Hamel going to officially take over the new Rec. Hall? How did Guy, who sleeps in the first bunk beside the door get his sore throat? Certainly it wouldn't be because he's always yelling: "Hey you \*%\$!\$ Close that %\$!!\$ door! Who is going to be our next office boy? You lost a great opportunity there Hodge. Why is Heaps never seen in the canteen at night with the fellows? (We all know the answer to that, eh Kae?) When is Sgt. Burdette going to buy some cigarettes? Nick, what happened to that *sweet* little girl, who, when the stars were bright and the moon was low, used to come around looking for romance? And lastly, when am I going to stop?

Gee, I didn't realize it was getting so late, Hamel just came in so there really isn't much use getting on with my job now—it must be almost four.

At last the Armourers have a new home of their own. You may have seen it beside No. 5 Hangar—rather odd in architecture, but essentially an Armament Section. It is a long call from the time when each man equipped himself with arms to the present time of standardized

armament. That is where the Armament comes in. The ultimate goal in modern war is to get the best punch in first.

The importance of the section cannot be overly stressed at the present time. As the station grows, so this section becomes of greater importance. We know Gander has grown, but few realize the work accomplished by the Armourers under the able leadership of F/O Patstone. During the last ten months many changes have taken place; new buildings, complete reorganization, and now we are proud to present one of the smoothest run sections on the Station.

You may ask—what do the Armourers do? (I sometimes wonder besides eat and sleep). But all jokes aside, their work is as diversified as it is important. Remember the phrase “Bomb Bays! Open Sir!” Why? Well, to drop the bombs the Armourers so carefully placed upon the racks, bombs that were stored, hauled and kept in order, the details of fuzing these bombs, loading guns in the ‘Hurry Boxes’, cleaning and maintenance and guns, pistols and rifles—you will find the Armourers on the 25 yard range, down in the bomb dump, and at defence pits checking guns and ammunition. Station Defence against gas is also part of the Armourers duty. That is only the beginning.

The new G. I. School (Ground Instructional) is also part of the new organization. Here the “Junior Commandos” take a two weeks course in general weapon maintenance and battle drill, instructions on the use of machine guns, tommy guns and rifles—good stuff to know and really interesting. Then there is Gas Drill and decontamination—and last but not least the Gas Chamber.

All this did not just come about by wishful thinking. It was the result of much planning and hard work. Bit by bit, as each obstacle was overcome, we have grown to serve more efficiently, more effectively the needs and demands of the best R.C.A.F. Station. Only the best is good enough for Gander, and we are here to see that you get the best in Armament service, instruction and supplies. Drop in sometime and meet the *best* Armourers in Newfoundland.

---

#### THINK FIRST

Before you say a word that stings,  
Or rankles in some heart,  
Before you toy with quarrelings,  
And from some old friend part,  
Remember that a kindly word  
Will all the trouble end,  
And that it's foolish and absurd  
To banish a good friend.

Before you chide a simple child,  
Or cause a single tear,  
Before you're tempted or beguiled  
At innocence to sneer,  
Think how much sunshine would be gone  
But for the childlike mind,  
And thank your stars for every one  
To whom you can be kind.

## Distinguished Arrivals

**M**ANY weeks ago, a leading American Weekly published the following: "Those air force lads in Newfoundland—know the meaning of home-grown meals. The roasted fresh hams and spareribs with cabbage which appear frequently on their tables come direct from their own backyard. The R.C.A.F. in that island facing the Atlantic have discovered that the best and most productive way of getting rid of potato peelings, sour milk, stale crusts, is to feed 'em to porkers. Hence, no meat shortage in the kitchens—their supplies come straight off the hoof."

If they were talking of this Station, they were beating the ———. It is only now that we are able to announce the arrival on the Station of an advance guard of 16 porkers, which it is hoped and expected will be the nucleus of a populous piggery.

Rumour has it—and of course all rumours are true—that the coming of the pigs was the occasion of a signal of unfortunate ambiguity. It seems that the captain of the aircraft which called on the mainland for the pigs to bring them here, sent the following signal: "Will travel as soon as the weather is fit for pigs."

The GANDER sent one of its representatives, an experienced hog-caller, to meet the aircraft and interview the new arrivals. He lost no time in seeking out the Senior Hog present who spoke for the delegation: "We are delighted to be among you" he grunted pleasantly, "and we are sure we shall find everyone on the station most congenial. It will be a privilege to serve you, or, perhaps I should say, to be served up to you. We take our responsibilities very seriously, I can assure you. Indeed, one of our number has composed some stirring verse on the subject."

The GANDER representative, with the perspicuity of the trained pressman, lost no time in obtaining a copy of this breathless poem which we now have the honour of presenting to our readers. Here it is:

Come, fellow-hogs, both great and small,  
 Let's heed stern duty's bugle-call  
 And play the hog, and give our all,  
     It's all that we can do.  
 And this, in time, it may be said,  
 Of hogs wha' hae for Air Force bled  
 (So that the airmen might be fed)  
     That they were heroes too.

See, like a veritable hill,  
 The long-accumulated swill.  
 On! on! attack it with a will.  
     The line of duty's clear.  
 On poundage let ambition fix,  
 Forget your "perfect thirty-six"  
 (Duty and fashion never mix)  
     The hour of triumph's near.

And so ere long the rounded cheek,  
 Upholstered ribs, and quarters sleek,  
 Show we're attaining what we seek—

A choice rotundity.

And while we're striving for the right  
 We'll reproduce with all our might  
 E'en our opponents in the fight,

Exalt fecundity.

And having done, without a squeal,  
 The knife upon our throats we'll feel,  
 To make the airmen many a meal

Is our fulfilment high.

In airmen's sinew we will live  
 More power to their elbows give.  
 This is our role vindicative.

Who said that pigs can't fly?

Meanwhile, behold our spirits come  
 Into some hogs' elysium,  
 Our souls at rest, our grunting dumb

And all our cares laid down.

Upon celestial clover we  
 Will fare throughout eternity  
 And know complete tranquility

And wear the martyr's crown.

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## Grumbles

**F**OR pete's sake why doesn't somebody do something about a decent place for the "gals" to meet their "guys"?

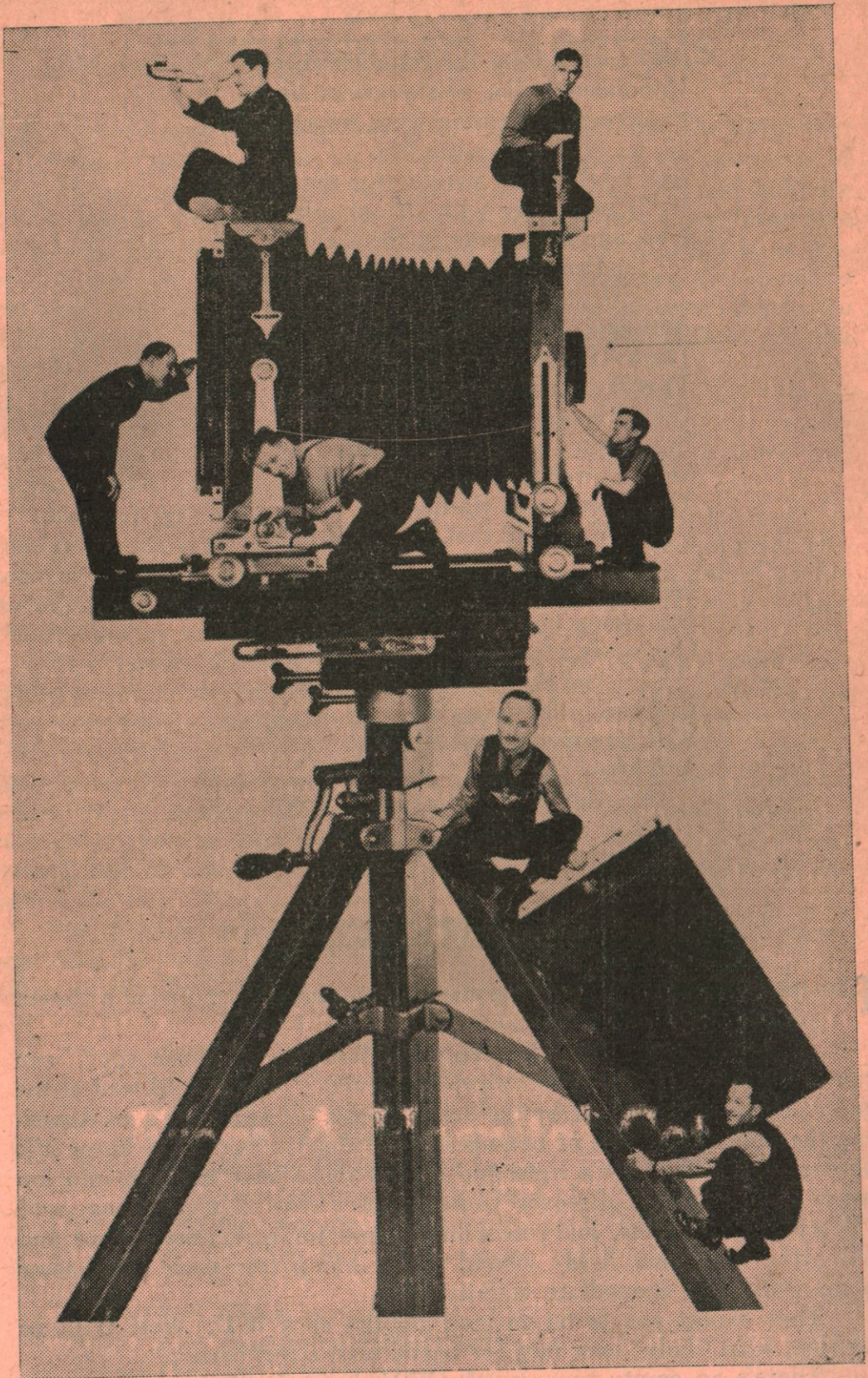
It's a fine set up when the reply to "Where will I meet you?" can run anything like this: "Well now, let me see." "You could wait at the end of Chestnut Street, or by the Schoolhouse." (And if he's an American the poor guy is out of bounds beyond that). "Course I know it'll be dark, but I'll carry a light and hope I don't have to flash into too many grins before I discover yours." Or—"Now if it's raining, well I'll try to be on time, but you scout around for a sheltered place and I'll bring along my X-ray vision. We'll bump into each other some place within the immediate vicinity."

They expect you to be on your dignity as a W.D. Well W.D. or civilian, what "lady" ever met her friend on a street corner?

There's an empty room in the W.D. barracks that could be converted into a reception room without any great danger of a mobbing scene.

Why don't you people who have the "say so" practice a little "trust" in respect to the above suggestion? Ever heard of the word?

—From the W.D's.



STATION PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION

W.O. 2 Bussiere, E.  
AC Maurice, L.A.  
Cpl. Todd, W.  
LAC Crabb, R.H.

Cpl. Jackson, M.A.  
LAC Juzak, F.  
LAC Molony, C.E.G.

## M. T. Backfires

WELL here we are again with a few more news items concerning the Gander gear jammers.

First of all, the personnel of the M.T. Section wish to take this opportunity of wishing all personnel of Gander a Merry Christmas and the Very Best of Luck in the coming year.

We have had quite a number of changes in the personnel of our Section since the last issue of the "GANDER." There are very few of the old boys from last winter left with us now. Included among those who have left us, are Major Grenke and Sgt. Murray Oikle. I'm sure they'll be missed by quite a number of the personnel of other sections as well as by the personnel of the M.T. We all wish them the best of luck at their new stations.

Some of the boys were quite surprised to see Joe Dutha come strolling into the barracks one evening after returning from temporary duty with the speeder sporting a little growth of hair on his upper lip. When asked if he had forgotten to shave, he said that it was because he wanted to grow a mustache. Tell the truth Joe, was it because you spoke out of turn one night and some one clipped you? We all understand that it's pretty hard to shave a split lip.

The most sorrowful and heart-broken man in Gander is Tommy McNichol after finding out at the post office that he didn't get a letter from that certain one. We'd sure hate to see Tommy looking like that during the holiday season, so we hope the mail keeps rolling in for him.

I think there's an awful lot of people in Gander who know Tex Lohnes, so if any of those people want to hear a good story ask him about the time he had the black out.

Calling Jackson, A.L.—When you take a girl home from a dance, make sure you pick one about your own size. It's pretty hard for a short fellow like you to say good night *properly* to a girl when she is a lot taller than you are. How do you manage it Al, when there are no steps for you to stand on?

In October we opened up our winter festivities (?) with a bang-up, old time barn dance. I think everyone had a real good time. Many thanks to "The Gander Hill Billies" for their fine music, also to the W.D's for turning out "en masse" and helping to make it the great success that it was. The boys from the good old M.T. have promised to do everything they can to make this winter as entertaining and enjoyable as possible for the swell bunch of girls we have here in Gander.

Here's welcoming our new Major, W.O.1 Fraser; also the new M.T. boys who arrived in Gander recently to work (?) with us. Hope your stay here will be enjoyable and no longer than some of the boys who spent nigh on to two years here.

Cpl. Carriveau, our little red headed friend from the Capital City, is not as tough as he some times let's on to be, especially when he lets a W.D. swing him off his feet at a dance, and leaves him lying on his back on the floor.

Does Chuck Sayer remember the time he found his slippers nailed to the floor, and his bed filled with saw dust? I hate to tell you who was responsible for this little joke, but for certain reasons I must let you know that it was Joie Bondreau, who has left us now, and Bob Arnold. Maybe Tex Lohnes had something to do with it too.

The reason Sgt. Henderson of W. & B. was so *crabby* last month was because he missed the train to Corner Brook.

Reports have it that Cpl. Hagar on his next leave, is going to take the big jump into matrimonial bliss. He says it's love, but we think it's a lucky thing for him that there's a big scarcity of men back in Canada or he'd be left holding the bags.

Cpl. Fairfield feels pretty proud of the time Miss Wenzel (The Raleigh Girl) brought him up on the stage the evening Joan Blondell was here, and placed the imprint of her luscious lips high on his forehead. You really had something that time Buck, but we can't understand why she picked the man, who at that time was driving the garbage truck, when there were so many others there for her to choose from.

Well that's about all for this issue, but we'll be back again next month with a little more scandal dug up by

PHIL BARRETT.

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### PAY DAY BLUES

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Here I lie upon my bed,  
Throat so dry, throbbing head,  
Bloodshot eyes and body sore,  
The morning after the night before.

Can't eat nothing, got no pep,  
Lost my money, lost my ——?  
Can't get up, I feel so bad,  
What a helleva time I had!

Never felt so bad before,  
Even my darn old tongue is sore,  
Can't remember where I went,  
Don't know where the time was spent.

But what a time it must have been,  
Look at the terrible shape I'm in,  
When I hiccup it tastes like Gin,  
What a drunk it must have been.

—Donated by an AIRMAN.

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Contributed by Mr. G. Burke:—"Captain Blanchard says that the Dental Parade looks like the Wing's Parade at Uplands."

## Christmas Club 1942

**A** PROMISE made a promise upheld. Everyone who entered the Christmas Club received a prize. Some were more fortunate than others, but nevertheless all received a memento of Gander.

F/O. A. R. Ganner, former D.A.P.M. of Gander, now stationed at Baggotville, Quebec, was a lucky fellow. He won first prize, a \$135. watch. F/O. Ganner has LAW Martel to thank for his good fortune.

LAW Martel, a quiet little miss but nevertheless a hustler when it came to selling tickets, sold more than \$300 worth of the total sales. Being the major ticket-seller, she made the big draw. Group Captain L. E. Wray, AFC, Commanding Officer of our beloved station, was present and made several draws for other prizes.

Preluding the draw, Officers of this station presented a program of "this and that" for the entertainment of the Airmen and Airwomen. Featured on their most inspirational entertainment was that well-known artist "Mme. I'msure I'veanitch" otherwise known as Mme. "Shaka Nottyhip." She presented a sensational dance known as "The Gander Bug." During her devastating performance the Madame went through the motions of "The Dying Swan", (maybe she should have—died I mean) pizaccatos, minuettes and a series of other movements which I'm sure were her own creation.

A drama of Ye Olde Barrack Bedlam, otherwise known as "The Hour Before Retiring," was re-enacted by our superiors. Take an Airman's word for it the circumstances were true enough—almost too real. F/O. Burton stole the show in this act with his antics of an airman too lazy to change into pyjamas (maybe it was the lack of them) and clad in his "issue undies" and hastily being called out of bed on a most urgent mission. "You know how it is boys."

Rusty, too, that intelligent animal of F/O. Tomlinson, which has become a part of station history, at least to all those who have been stationed here for more than six months, played his part well. Whether his performance was an accident or planned, the author does not know, *we* only suspect.

During the program an old time shadow drama was enacted on a make-shift screen. This type of show was old but nevertheless cleverly done in that it showed the ingenuity of our officers, both men and women, in picking this particular field of entertainment. This scheme was the forerunner of the modern movies.

Ray Dedels, one of the 'Y' men on the station, too, played a part in the show. Ray a singer of renown, sang two vocal solos accompanied at the piano by bashful Sgt. LeRoy of the R.C.A.F. Band. During Ray's encore he proceeded to settle down and go to work. Taking off his coat and doing an excellent job of his rendition of "Journey's End."

Several times during the acts a woman (who later was found to be S/O Crocker) was seen being chased across the stage by a rather

shady character. Finally in the last scene she was caught. This is the dialogue:

*Woman:* Eeeeeek!

*Man:* Which way is it to the \_\_\_\_\_

Sorry folks the curtain came down.

All in all the Officers showed themselves to be real actors as well as good sports in contributing to the entertainment of the Airmen and Air-Women. Thanks a million for a good show and let's have another.

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'Twas a beautiful spring morning. A little worm wriggled its way above the soil and looked around, and said: "How beautiful the world looks."

A few minutes later another little worm wriggled its way to the surface. The first little worm said to the second little worm: "You're beautiful, will you marry me?"

And the second little worm said to the first little worm: "Don't be silly, I'm your other end."

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TWELVE MONTHS IN GANDER

## Semper Iguum

**I**N this column we will not mention any definite names or numbers when referring to the squadron, it's a military secret, so let's call it the Husky Squadron for identification purposes; as yet we have received no mention in the GANDER so maybe this will serve as our introduction.

We arrived here some weeks ago quite unostentatiously complete with lock, stock and barrel so to speak, and set up a serious little business all of our own.

Judging by what some of you have seen of us we may appear to be a snug little "flying club", but in reality each of us is a picked expert at his trade; so far we are but few but nevertheless we form the nucleus of a full squadron. If it's excitement you want try and be around sometime when the whistle blows and someone yells Scramble . . . it's only a matter of seconds sometimes before the ships are in the air batting out a couple of hundred M.P.H. Check with the boys in the control tower.

The whistle blows—Issy is our star blower—there's a clatter as each and every one gets his feet to grip the cement, then from all sides and points of the compass bodies hurtle through the air; almost in a twinkle one hears the words "All-clear?" and from under a wing comes the answer "All clear"—"Contact"—still from under the wing comes the answer "Contact"—then a roar as powerful engines start whipping up their hundreds of horses. Battery carts, fire extinguishers, service caps, the odd airman or two, stones and gravel, start flying in all directions . . . . . they're off, and we stop to draw breath. Suddenly someone remembers about poor Issy's breathing apparatus so runs inside, pulls out a pair of deflated lungs from the ends of the whistle, hands 'em back, and Issy breathes again, ready for his next effort. Funny thing about pilots too—they are supposed to be nerveless, yet experts say that the human eye alone has around 137,000,000 nerve endings: we also have a funny(?) pilot for he was heard to say:—"My one regret is that I have but one life to spend in Gander." Guess he doesn't like the place.

There have been promotions too, within our ranks, all of which were well and truly earned by hard work and long hours; good luck to those who received advancements, and better luck next time to those who did not.

### *Heard Around the Mess*

A badge-of-honour for a man is a medal on his chest; for a girl, a blister on her heel.

---

### *Evolution of the Automobile*

- 1940—No running board.
- 1941—No gear shifts.
- 1942—No tires.
- 1943—No car.

## “The Accounts”

**F**URTHER to last month's "dope", this section has so completely changed, we who were newcomers last month suddenly find we're the veterans.

Postings—Commissions—S.O.S's—T.O.S's—gosh! Ya' just about go c-r-a-z-y!

And in case you're interested in how we found Squadron Leader Dadson—well he's no grouch if you get what we mean, and you'd better get what we mean!

Also, all those boys got their postings and "Mike" the "new-one" last Gander, has turned out to be our new Corporal (Inventory Man) Sam's right hand laddie; but sad to say, he's inherited Sam's "phone-itis." What a shame. However, were enlisting the aid of the best known "Itis" specialists and hope to cure the poor boys 'fore long.

Jack's appendix are still with him but his cold is developing nicely. A few more "blitz's" and he'll be well on the way to the hospital.

Bud went to Corner Brook but had a hard time gettin' to the train. Seems as though a rifle and a coat went a'missin'—and at such an ungodly hour. All ended well and—well—just well I guess.

If "Okie"—oh I beg your pardon—(fresh start): If Flight O'Connor ever gets back from temporary duty, he'll be posted. (If he only knew).

Wonder what happened to the Allan-Relyea-Vatcher set up? You didn't lose your grip did you boys?—and she's such a little thing too! Somebody better smarten up. Three guesses. (I don't know a thing!)

Sometime soon we'll boast a bride. Yeah! She's gone an dood it.—Toni we mean. Those little ol' weddin' bells will be a-playin' "for Jockie and me"—tra-la-la-lee! (Watch for further developments).

Gads going out to get married too. She's at St. Thomas.

And speaking of "itis's"—as we were—remember? The boys seem to be very much afflicted with "marry-itis.?" 'Least we've so heard from our lads recently posted. Claim 'twas the effects of the "Gander-bug."

Dope's either rationed or scarce—or is it taboo? That's my cue for an exit, but we'll be back, so don't fret.

---

### *A W.D's" FIRST FLIP*

'Twas a Harvard—a beaut!  
 —And the pilot was cute,  
 But my very first worry  
 'Case to "exit" meant hurry  
 Was, how could I fall  
 If the darned thing should stall  
 When about me were tied  
 Many straps, side to side.

When I asked what to do  
 If my fears should come true,  
 All around smiles appeared;  
 So how could I feel "sceered"?  
 Then below things got smaller  
 And I wanted to holler.  
 Guess I did once or twice  
 But soon thought, "Hm-m, nice!"

Yes, I even went brave  
 And this signal I gave,  
 "How about a few loops?"  
 "Ooh—Golly!—Gee!—woops!"  
 "Gosh I feel awful dizzy.  
 Can't you straighten this lizzy?"  
 Then he looped, stalled and turned,  
 My poor tummy felt churned.

"Oh—at last—solid ground.  
 But it's movin' around? "  
 "No it isn't, it's you,  
 Come on kid, we're through."  
 Said a voice close at hand  
 As I staggered on land.  
 "We're down, all is well."  
 But it really was swell!

---

### THE THIRD VICTORY LOAN CAMPAIGN

**T**HE Third Victory Loan Campaign at R.C.A.F. Station, Gander, rolled up a total of close to \$58,000.

On practically all R.C.A.F. Stations the Victory Loan Campaign was most successful—the amount of Victory Bonds subscribed for by service personnel being far in excess of the returns in the first and second Victory Loan Campaigns.

Taking into consideration the number of people on the strength of this Station in relation to the amount of bonds subscribed for at Gander, there is very good reason to believe that we are well out in front.

The success of the Gander campaign is directly due to cooperation between all ranks resulting in good "team" effort. The canvassers worked hard and put lots of enthusiasm into their work. The sales effort was met by a great response, and a very large percentage of the personnel subscribed for third Victory Loan Bonds.

The Third Victory Loan Committee wish to thank all those who helped out. You did a grand job.

C. R. SLIPP, Flying Officer,  
 Chairman, Third Victory Loan Campaign, R.C.A.F. Station, Gander.

## From Herring to Gophers

**T**HE ingenuity of the Control Officer in the performance of his duties has never, for a moment, been doubted by the writer, but for sheer ability at deciding whether the weather is fit for flying goes to a certain Control Officer at a School in Western Canada. It seems that it was very difficult to tell whether the poor visibility at this Unit was due to heat haze or dust storms. So, in order to overcome this, the Control Officer captured a number of gophers and kept them well fed in a box in the Tower. Each morning he would proceed to his Tower, and if in doubt as to the cause of the poor visibility, he would (1) open the window, and (2) throw out one of the gophers. If the gophers started digging before it reached the ground, he knew it was a dust storm and promptly hung out the checkered flag.

My agents tell me that on hearing this, our Control Officer went out to Gambo and purchased some herring, and that he had them concealed in a tank in the Tower out of reach of the station felines, on certain wet mornings when in doubt, he gently released one of these out the Tower Window. If it swam away, he concluded a high tide on in Gander Lake. If it just dropped, he figured the usual misty weather. But on a certain morning he gently launched a herring out one window, and it promptly swam majestically back into the Tower by making a left circuit (conforming with aerodrome procedure) and in rear window.

Confidentially, my conclusion was that the herring was too domesticated, or that some WAG sneaked a flying fish into his squarium. If our Control Officer at that time were still here, you would notice a worried look on his brow, and I believe that he is still pondering the question of just how that fish knew when to get in out of the wet. I sometimes wonder if that herring did not have more sense than some pupils, and perhaps the odd instructor.

*Assorted Wit and Humor????*

Two of our popular Sergeant Majors had participated on a Christmas evening festive, so highly, that on leaving this certain house smartly saluted the front porch Christmas tree—We wonder who? Ask Rudd and Balaam.

---

## From A Hospital Cot

**I**T'S surprising what a lot you can see and listen in on from your bed, so long as you make sure that the ward door is kept open. And when, like me, you're really not sick, but just lying around swinging the lead, you're grateful for the diversion.

For instance . . . . .

We've lately had a small civilian, aged four, in the hospital. He was very popular, needless to say, and while he was convalescing, one of the boys was never lacking to push his wheelchair up and down the hall. It was necessary to tack a sign to the back of the chair: "Not to be fed between meals."

I fear, however, that little Jesse—that was his name—must have overheard some naughty words. Or maybe he had learnt them before.

Anyway one day I could hear his voice down the hall, chanting "You is a (censored)! you is a (censored)!" Then I heard the voice of one of the boys (always keen to correct erring childhood) say, reprovingly, "Say 'you *are* a (censored)!'"

One of the Lassies (to newly admitted patient): "And now you'll be needing pyjamas. Which size would you like? We have two sizes—too big and too small."

Another of the Lassies (to myself, who had got things comfortably rumped and covered the bed with newspapers, also rumped) "And what have *you* been doing? You look like a Direct Hit."

And then there was the other maiden who rubbed my back with liniment, instead of rubbing alcohol. Was her face red! And my back!

But, let me end this little list of bits and pieces with a rousing cheer for all the hospital staff—doctors, nursing sister, hospital assistants and all the rest—for their skill and cheerful devotion to the patients. We all are keen to get out of hospital. But we know that when we do, we shall be parting from good friends.



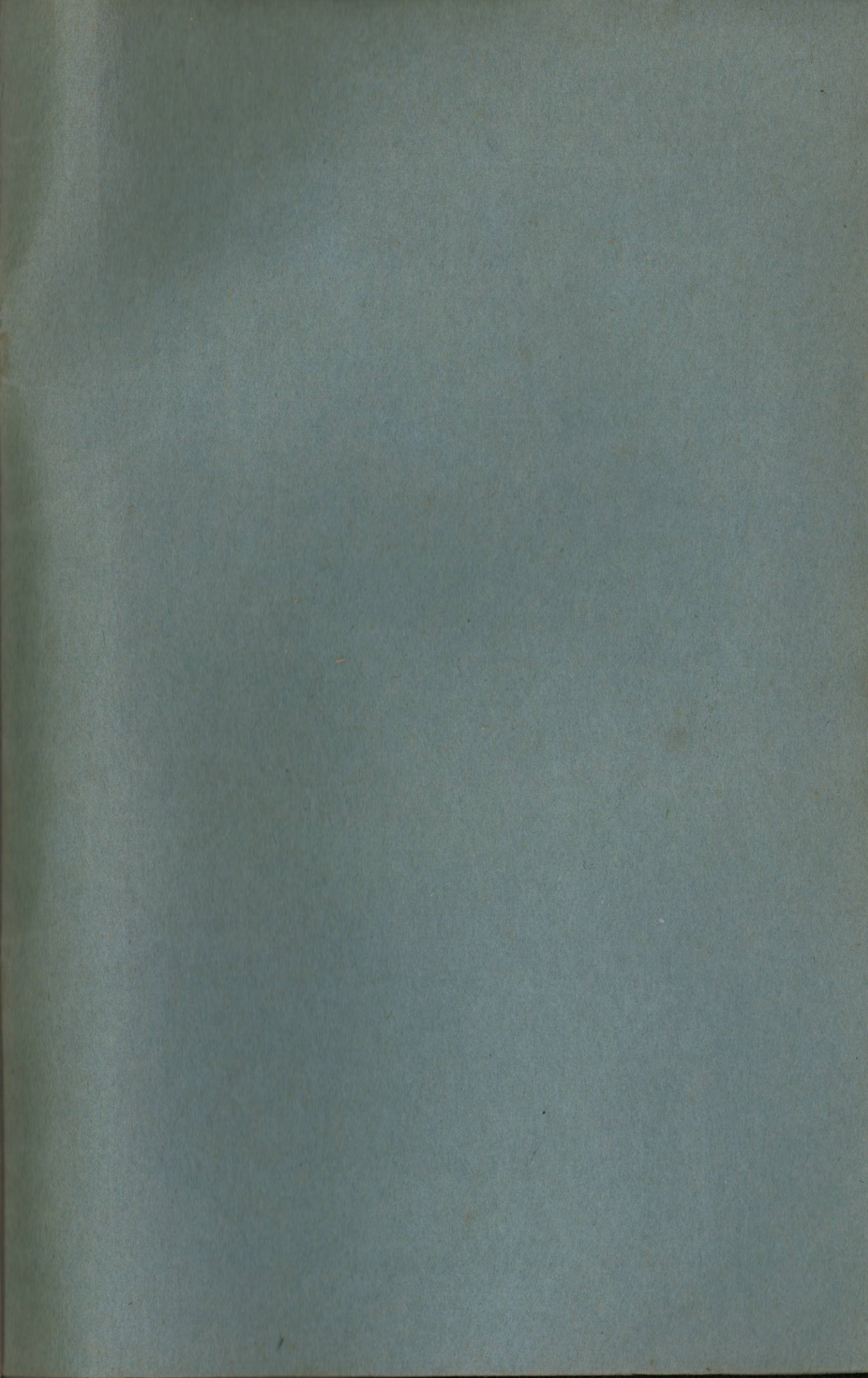
... AIRFORCE LIFE IS DIFFICULT  
FOR A SENSITIVE SOUL ...

# ADVANCE

To you who reached for dreams with eager fingers,  
And clutched a falling star for freedom's sake  
Here is our pledge for now and for hereafter,  
A covenant that we shall never break.  
Within our hearts for you through all the ages,  
Will be a shrine to keep your dreams aglow  
And in the quiet of your rest remember  
That it was you who led us to the foe.  
When all is done and tears are dried from sorrow,  
You shall not be forgotten for your part.  
Your every valiant deed will be remembered  
And cherished in the beat of every heart.  
And rain will fall again as in the old days,  
And green the verdure on your distant grave.  
Each separate drop in fancy be a Teardrop  
Shed by a grateful country for her brave.  
Soft winds that you once knew will tell your story  
And bear it over land from sea to sea.  
And though your youth lies dead still have you proven  
That those who die for Freedom must be *free*.

L.A.C. G. B. ROBINSON

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