

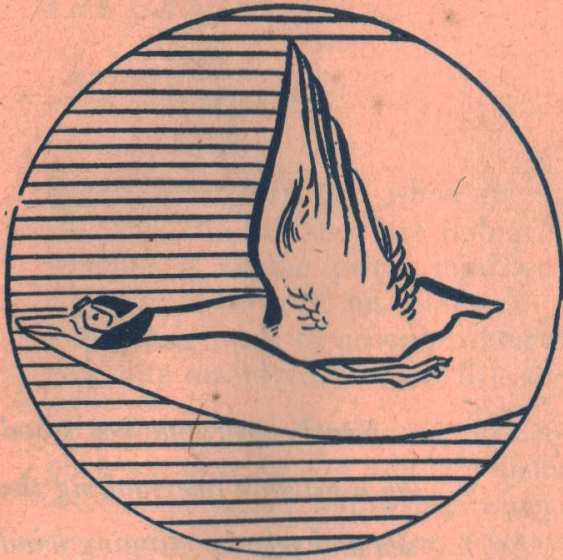
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Lac

A play all week.

Station 40 P 5'0 at two o'clock

THE
GANDER

FEBRUARY, 1943



The Gander

Published once a month, through the kind permission of G/L L. E. Wray, in the interests of the personnel of R.C.A.F. Station, Gander, Newfoundland.

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The material for this magazine is contributed by personnel of this Station.



Nearly everyone has stood on a hillside overlooking the sea and felt the clinging wind as it hugged close to the body or rushed carelessly through the hair. Those were moments of longing and happiness. Longing born of that restlessness of human nature to rise above the commonplace of every-day and to be made one with the surrounding majesty and beauty of happiness which only the balm of nature in all its primitive beauty can give. Humbled with the feeling that in all this ecstasy man alone is able to comprehend it.

Editorial

MEN lose their pep when they lose their vision. When they feel that the job they are doing isn't important. This is equally true whether it be the prime minister with his plans for empire or the common man with his plans for his home or immediate job. The motivating force of accomplishment is tremendous. It turns the dullest task into an adventure and fills the heart with joy.

We on this Station are apt to loose our vision and the essential part we play in the whole scheme of the war and the still greater scheme of world fellowship when victory is won. There is no more demoralizing condition for a service man than to be under arms and not in battle. That in a word is our status.

It takes keen minds and stern wills to 'carry on' and do our best under these circumstances. But there is a brighter side.

We may not be in the heat of battle but surely we are given a better opportunity to see the futility of war and the imperative need for all men to learn to live at peace. The fact that we must prepare ourselves for great social changes after the war is very evident. The realization that never again must the manhood of our country be allowed to walk the streets and hunger when there is plenty for all is borne in upon us.

During this period of 'holding-the-fort' let us take every advantage to develop and deepen our vision and to be prepared to carry it into reality in our civilian lives.

For the first time the "GANDER" goes on sale in our messes and canteen. This step has been forced upon us to ensure better circulation on the Station. It has been found that by leaving the copies in the messes more than one has been taken by each person. All revenue will be used to improve our publication.

There seems to be a great lack of personal responsibility towards service equipment. It is our moral duty when we see equipment being abused or in danger of destruction to rectify the condition. A point in question is the number of outside windows which are allowed to go unlatched and in a wind are blown from their moorings. There is also the matter of bits of paper and rubbish which clutter up some of the buildings and the grounds around the buildings. This is our home while we are here, let's be proud of it!

Last Month in the World at Large

- Jan. 20—Sanananda captured by Allied forces.
- Jan. 21—Nazi planes bomb London at Noon hour. Chile breaks off relations with the Axis by 30—10 vote.
- Jan. 22—Eric Knight, noted author, killed when stratoliner crashes over coast of Dutch Guiana. Old Colony Club in St. John's burns killing four.
- Jan. 23—Tripoli falls to British Eighth Army. Rommel believed to have escaped to Tunisia.
- Jan. 26—Temporary settlement of Sydney strike. Workers demands must be granted in 30 days. Voronezh recaptured by Russians. Sixteen dead in Ontario blizzard. Temperature 64° below.
- Jan. 27—Sault Ste. Marie strikers return to work following lead of Sydney workers. Prime Minister Churchill and President Roosevelt held ten day conference with Gen. de Gaulle and Gen. Giraud at Casablanca, North Africa. A.W. Mary Devine and Sgt. A. R. "Newfy" Taylor make the headlines in the St. John's Daily News.
- Jan. 28—Canada's munitions output at peak announced to-day. Liquor rationing introduced in Quebec.
- Feb. 1—Syl Apps breaks right leg in game with Boston Bruins. Sugar rationing effective in Newfoundland. Montreal homes flooded in water break.
- Feb. 2—Frank Calder, President of NHL. died in hospital. Red Dutton made temporary President NHL. Churchill pays flying visit to Turkey.
- Feb. 3—Battle of Stalingrad concluded with Russians victorious.
- Feb. 9—Russians recapture Kursk.
- Feb. 12—General Eisenhower becomes commander in-chief of Allied Forces in N. Africa. Admiral Cunningham is commander-in-chief of combined navies in this area.
- Feb. 13—Canadians no longer need passport if entering United States for less than 29 days.
- Feb. 15—National Hockey League Standings: Boston 50, Detroit 46, Toronto 42, Chicago 37, Montreal 37, New York 21. Rostov recaptured by Russians.
- Feb. 17—15 Jap and 5 U. S. naval craft sunk in fierce Pacific engagement. Russians recapture Kharkov.
- Feb. 18—42 French warships soon to join Allies.
- Feb. 19—Japs begin offensive in China. German offensive in Tunisia broken.

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A W.D's Prayer

Dear God, I pray to Thee each night,
That I may help to win this fight.
Give me the strength to not complain,
E'en when we drill out in the rain.
Each night at just eleven o'clock
Our Sergeant wakes us with a shock,
By flashing in our face a light
To see if we are tucked in tight.
Please help me overlook such things,
Keep from my tone sarcastic rings.
Make me strong and healthy please
For digging ditches, and planting trees.
I didn't know I could do such work,
But if t'will help, I will not shirk,
For we must keep those 'planes up high,
But how will such things help them fly?
Perhaps I just don't understand
The way this *victory* was planned.
However Lord, I will not kick,
Just let this war be over—quick!

Over at the bandstand the other day just before lunch time, I overheard Harry and Tom debating on the difference between "faith" and "knowledge."

"Well," said Harry. "If you know the difference, what is it?" So Thomas gave it out in this manner:

"I attended a southern church one time in Mississippi and in the pulpit was an old darky preacher by the name of Snow and the version he gave out leads me to believe is the right definition and this is the way it went:

'Now, my bredden,' he said, 'hit's like dis: Dar's Brudder Johnsing a' sittin' on de front row wid Sister Johnsing and de five little Johnsings. She knows dey's her children—dat's knowledge. He believes dey's his children—dat's faith.'"

Satisfied!

As all stories must have a beginning this is mine. A few months ago the following conversation might have taken place almost at any time or any place "Deep in the Heart of Gander."

"Well, O.K. It's a date," said a shy (?) young voice.

"Well, where will I met ya!" was the reply from the gloom.

"Well, I don't know, unless you make it in front of B.B. 110" was the answer to this.

"O.K." was all that was uttered forth.

And so begins our story. That evening it rained, our gallant hero stood patiently waiting outside B.B. 110. gradually getting soaked and wondering if it was worth it. The next night our heroine stood thar awaiting the hero and nearly froze. (O.K. Maybe it was some other guy).

From here we'll leave the hero and heroine and follow to a story printed in the "GANDER." It was written by a W.D. who either froze while waiting for her beau or whose boy friend gave her the cold shoulder because of the weather. Her story, a plea for a common room.

Finally after a few months of waiting, "the powers that be" took pity on, "the poor little W.D's", and gave us not one but two Common Rooms. For which we thank them, "muchly." The one in the Drill Hall is a swell place to meet and usually crowded. But take a friendly tip and don't go wandering around in there stag and "do" be careful who you step on.

Along about the same time the new canteen opened up. Both Airmen and Airwomen can be proud of their canteens as they will stand second to none in the whole of this great (?) country. All kiddin' aside these places are a great improvement on the old set-up.

For the benefit of those lads who have not had the opportunity of visiting "the other side" of the Canteen, no doubt there are many, here's what happens during the course of an evening: Now let's suppose you and a W.D. have just come down "that lonesome road" from the show. Hunger, immediately is your next thought. Or is it? Hunger, the one that has to do with your stomach. It's just like the old days taking a gal from the show and heading for a restaurant.

So, you make for the canteen, barge in the door and grab a table if your lucky. If you walk fast and talk fast you are liable to get one. Of course there is the usual line up at the counter so the best thing to do is get in it. Finally comes your turn. You order a couple of "dogs" and a "cup of java" or a "coke." If you order java you begin a search for the sugar, if you order the dogs you look for the mustard or relish. If its a coke that suits your fancy you look for the straws. Grim, isn't it.

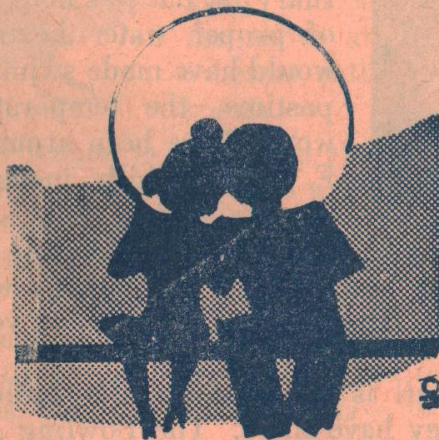
Eventually, usually about half an hour, you settle down at your table. Well, your sitting there just enjoying yourself, gazing into those pretty eyes and for a change listening to some feminine voices and music; and along about this time the 'Jute Box' runs dry so you saunter up and fill it up. Yeah! that's right, you just get back to the table and

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you find out it's "out of order" and you've lost another "two-bits." It turns out that you really wanted to talk to her about the dance next week anyway. Ten-thirty rolls around mighty soon so you wander down "lover lane" (anywhere around B.B. 110) and say good-night to her in a most "Airman-like" manner.

But here's a note on the serious side of our Canteen and Common Room the fellows and gals who are working in them are sure doing a fine job. So if it's rushed, don't get impatient and out of sorts, be patient, your not going any place and you'll get service sooner. The common rooms are a privilege, so let's not abuse them.

—H. W. H.



Works and Buildings

FLASH! Here comes the Works and Buildings to the press for the first time. Trying to be an Editor and being Ganderized at the same time, I find this a difficult job. All sections in W&B send their heartiest farewell to Sgt. Cote, Cpl. Johnston and Cpl. Boisseau on their postings back to Canada. (Why can't I go? That is what I keep asking myself). Also we wish to welcome into the fold, Russell MacDonald, J. Baker and Cpl. George Forster. We all hope their stay in Gander is short and pleasant, also the T.O's moved over with us last week. In case you don't know what T.O. means I will try and enlighten you; it means Tractor Operators. All and all they are a swell bunch of fellows. We also would like to speak a few kindly words about our W&B Orderly Room, and our good friend and boss-man, Sgt. Tuplin. Any time of the day you can always hear around the Orderly Room (Tuppie or Sgt. is my posting in?) Last but not least orchids to the Carpenters and also the Painters on their splendid work on the station and to Old Doc Norton, the man who is always in the're pitching (paint). Well folks we hope you enjoyed our little line of chatter and we hope our next attempt in the "GANDER" is more successful.

—RONNIE (Ganderized) WARD.

Gander Sportoscope



SPLASH! Pardon the pun, but another feature of our unique Drill Hall has been completed and is ready for use by all you guys and gals. Our Swimming Pool, 75 feet long, 21 feet wide, from 4 to 9 feet deep and with a one metre diving board should fill the bill for all the aquatic fans on the station.

The pool was to have opened on February 1st but was held back due to the lack of proper water heating facilities. This would have made swimming a rather chilly pastime, the temperature of the water would have been around 45 to 50 degrees F. Rather chilly indeed. Aren't you glad you waited?

About mixed swimming—well—who knows? But for the time being you will have to make use of the balcony which surrounds the pool. So gals, you will have to watch that guy of yours from there and that goes vice-versa.

Since the drill hall is the most popular building on the station let's see what else they have there. The Bowling Alleys for instance. Most of the station personnel are participating in the many leagues being run off in the four alleys. From time to time the different units and services on the station other than our own personnel have been given the use of these.

However for the past three weeks the alleys have been closed due to the shortage of pins but they will be in full swing again as soon as more pins can be flown in.

We also have a shooting gallery somewhere in the hall. There is nothing definite about it as they are still waiting for the equipment to be sent in.

On the west side of the building is the library, a large, bright room. Here, bright-eyed, cheery-mannered Cpl. Ella (Roley Poley) Green, the library's capable guardian and keeper dishes out the reading matter. On its shelves there is a good selection of reading material; everything from dime novels to the lighter literature.

Of course we must remember the supervisor of this vast building who is doing an excellent job, P/OG. (Peg leg) Hull, the P.T. & D. Officer and father of the P.T.I. N.C.O's.

The bewildering array of lines decorating the main gym floor is not as one would think a decoration but the average player in sports would see that they showed 12 Badminton, 3 Basketball, 2 Volleyball and 2 Tennis Courts. Also there are insets in the floor for the Boxing Ring. This is being built as soon as possible.

The offices of our two Padres are in south-east corner and the offices of Mr. Murray Corbet (Y.M.C.A.) and F/O. Eamer (Educational) are on the west side. We mustn't forget Cpl. Joan (Dimples) Harvey, who very capably assists the P.T. Staff.



Opening very shortly on the south-west side of the building is a lounge. A game room on the east side now holds the attention of many. A recent addition is the Barber Shop operated under the guidance of Cpl. Carl (Mad-Barber) Coulter.

With such environment, the equipment and surroundings mentioned in the above article it is no wonder that viberant enthusiasm is shown in station sports.

The basketball league is going full swing with the Officers at the top of the league and the Station Stores a close second. There is a good turnout of players and the boys really put all they have into the games. How about the remainder of the station coming out to cheer their sections to victory. It helps the players more than you know.

The hockey season is well under way and the R.C.A.F. Gander team up near the top of the league. They are under the capable management of Cpl. Jos. (Red) Tierney and have so far played four games and have had only one set back. The boys of the team are going to Corner Brook; here's wishing you luck fellows (also hoping they get around to playing hockey).

Rather slow in starting was the Volleyball league. This was due to the sections not handing in their names for teams. How about a little more co-operation fellows and the P.T.I. will have the Volleyball league running as smoothly as the rest of the sports.

The Ski Club has a large membership; very shortly membership cards will be handed out to all skiers. The P.T. Stores have approximately 50 pairs of skis with boots and poles. The shoe sizes run from seven to twelve. So it makes no difference if your feet are large or small, you still can ski.

Three or four good ski trails were cut through the bush down to the lake, south of the station. The number of casualties is not very high and so far the station has been lucky. F/Lt. Barton at the hospital can tell about that part of it.

Badminton is still going strong even though there is an acute shortage of birds. The P.T. Stores hope that in the near future they will have a never ending supply of these. So, keep your fingers crossed.

Before completing this article it would be unfair if the bunch (?) of P.T.I. N.C.O's. were not mentioned for their able, repeat able, assistance in helping to organize and run the many sports taking place in and out of the Drill Hall.

The Wolf

If he parks his little flivver,
Down beside the moonlit river,
And you feel him all a-quiver,
Baby!!! He's a Wolf.

If he says you're gorgeous looking,
And your eyes they set him cooking,
But your eyes ain't where he's looking,
Baby!!! He's a Wolf.

When he says that you're an eyeful,
But his hands begin to trifle,
And his heart pumps like a rifle,
Baby!!! He's a Wolf.

If by chance when you are kissing,
You feel his heart a-missing,
And you can talk but he won't listen,
Baby!!! He's a Wolf.

If his arms are strong and sinew,
And he stirs the gypsy in you,
And you want him close agin' you,
Baby!!! Maybe you're the Wolf!!

Central Registry Gossip

THE story going the round in C.R. the last few days is how a certain W.D., after resolving at the beginning of the year to refrain from all future night life with dashing senior N.C.O.'s, has now changed her attitude considerably on learning one of them has jumped to a P/O. Any explanations Kay?

There is also the "little" blond who answers so many 'phone calls during the day, and has to work at night to finish her daily work. Do you want a little help now and then Bea?

Perhaps we had better not forget to mention the fact that all are recuperating satisfactorily from the deluge of chocolates that hit C.R. not so long ago. I hope you've recovered by this time Maggie and have learned that two pounds of chocolates for one person in one day is too, too much.

For Necessary Action

In the annals of our history there is nothing holds more mystery
Than the terms reserved for military use.
And years of concentration in the service of the nation,
Can make a great commander of a goose.

The humble Aceydeucie when he copes with problems juicy
Has to bring them to a satisfactory close,
But the mighty Wing Commander simply writes with cunning candour,
“For your necessary action” and he’s through.

When the Adjutant is leary of the meaning of a query,
And he hasn’t got a notion what to do,
He overcomes his chagrin by noting in the margin
“For your necessary action” and he’s through.

The problems of the nation—or a point of sanitation,
Will be dealt with as they rise by a C. O.
The wrong will soon be righted—for on the page he cited
“For your necessary action” records show.

In the climb of our great Nation to its ever higher station
Many qualities have played their little part,
But to the military faction—“For your necessary action”
Will always be the closest to its heart.

—From “*Wings-Over-Seas.*”

The Life of a Postmistress

SOME people seem to think our lives are a bed of roses and that we have nothing to do (maybe they’re right) but our lives just ain’t our own any more. We are always answering questions pertaining mostly to—Oh say! is there any train mail, any airmail, when will the plane be in, what week do you expect the train? Oh, it could go on forever, doesn’t matter whether we are at a show, dance or just a little friendly walk with one of the boys, the same old question pops up.

Don’t you stop to realize, just because we know your face, or you might have taken one of us to a show or something, that there are a couple of other airmen on this station, or is it because you think you are the only one that gets letters from home. Yes, it’s the natural question, but boys and girls leave us alone when we are not on duty, I mean in the business line, hoping that there is a letter for you, you and you in every mail.

Post Office Parleys

No, it wasn't particularly because of the mail being a week or so late that Sgt. Graham was anxiously scanning the Newfoundland horizon at the elite Depot of Gander. He was hoping that George would be on the train,—George is the one who went on leave to get married you know—George hasn't come back yet,—he's a little late, we don't know whether it's the transportation that's keeping him or edaptation,—anyway he said he will tell us all about it (his wedding) when he gets back.

You know Hank. He's the guy in the little cage. Says he likes it there on account of its safe—the W.D's. can't get at him if he's locked in. Not that he doesn't like W.D's—but he has a reason—"What is it?" Oh, Hank is getting married,—yep, he's next on the A.W.O.L. on account of environment list. Best of luck anyway to Hank and his bride to be. May his little bundles come in . . . Registered packets.

You all know Joy; Joy's our quiet gal. Very patriotic, she is doing very well in establishing international relations with a lad named Buddie. Yep very quiet is our Joy,—but as they say—"Still waters run deep."

We see now that Caroline, or if you prefer "League of Nations" Caroline has acquired and put to use one of the advantages of a post office.—She knows all the transients,—and lately has been taking in the town with transient Sgt. Foster.—Caroline just got back off leave, but unlike Hank and George she claims all she brought back was a cold. (What a leave!) But anyway she says she had fun.

Of course you all know "Strictly friendship" Scottia. It is rumoured that because of impending trade tests, Buckingham knows the rates and weights almost well enough to mail a letter. Scottie seems quite anxious to pass the trade test, is it because of her L.A.W?—or could there be any other notions?

"Will you please write in my autograph Book?" Nancy has been seen of late frequenting such well known Hot Spots as the Cinema and the Coffie and Hot Dog Emporium, with a lad name of Joe. If you ask her if there's anything in it, she says "No", he just writes such nice verses in my autograph book.

And talking of trade tests—Wilma, our latest—is also hoping for the best. Why she should prefer to work in such a place is beyond us. We think the place is a madhouse. We want to make everyone happy with parcels and letters, but can't be done.—and by reading the last issue we can put the same thing again—Thanks for answering smile with smile when there is nothing for you.—You know the Newfy Express,—and the conditions over which we have no control.

"Imagination was given a man to compensate him for what he is not; and a sense of humor was provided to console him for what he is."

Postscripts from the Post Office

WHO are the senior N.C.O's. who are going to be made Corporals when a certain Sgt. Major goes on the rampage?

——and who is the No. 5 Squadron Corporal who had to hitch hike his way back from Corner Brook after enjoying his five days?

We've always been told that the Sgt. wore the pants in the P.O. —What about it "Scottie?"

Did you ever hear the one about the fellow who writes out money orders and forgets to collect for them—or could it be the fairer sex that takes his mind from his work?

It's one thing to work in a P.O., but it's another thing to be playing P.O.,—isn't it Nancy?

How come O'Donnell?—Getting tired of the Orderly Room?—Was it because O'Donnell in No. 5 Squadron was tired and had to get a W.D. to help or was it that he was too bashful to stay around and had to go on a five day pass?

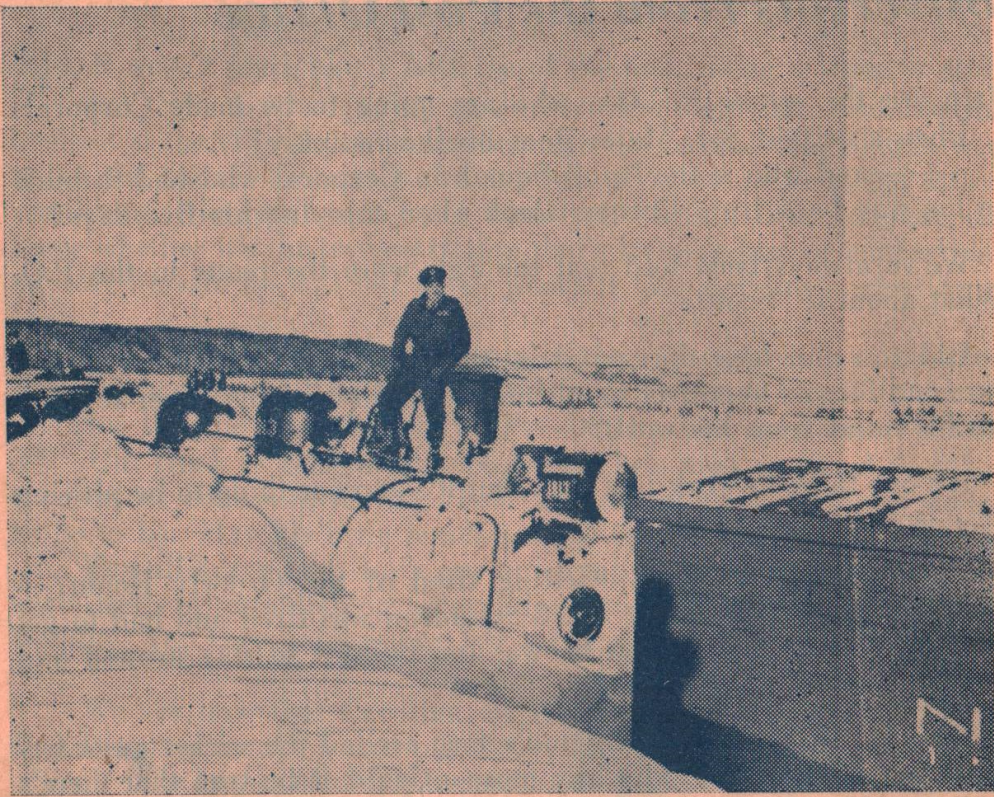
We used to see F/S Kilvington's face around the wicket quite frequently but we don't see him any more—Could it be true that there's a W.D. working in your orderly room?—Of course we don't believe this rumor as he always tells us how hard he is working.

Our Casanova of the P. O. is about to lose his status as an eligible bachelor. Just another case of the girl back home winning out, or did she? She goe George but we still wonder if she won. All joking aside, congratulations George and lots of luck to both of you.

We Wonder

WHO is the W. D. in the O.R. who longingly searches the sky for a huge four motor with one tail.—Blind dates aren't always disappointments are they Fisher.—Van's uniforms are now so spic and span we are inclined to believe that she has acquired a new friend in the Laundry.—Something must be radically wrong with the technique of our Airmen: the "Blond Bomber" still prefers civilians.—How far is it down to the Diciplinarian's Office? Ask Louise.—Who is the little red-head Minchie's rushing?—The telephone is a wonderful means of communication, eh! Kay?—Oh to work in the DRO room! Its a sure way of getting a man. Kathie would like to know why Harold was moved to the hangar.—Why has our Admin. Corporal such a dreamy look in her eyes since coming back off leave.

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The Answer to the Nfld. Express

Come listen all you soldiers
A little while will do,
It's the answer to a little song
That was composed by you.
You came down here to guard our
shores
But all you do I guess
Is run down our country and
The Newfoundland Express.

Before you set foot on this shore
Our trains were neat and clean,
We could walk into the diner
And have a decent meal,
But since you started travelling
Everything is in a mess,
And it's hardly safe to travel
On the Newfoundland Express.

While riding on the Express train
A little while ago
I heard a soldier talking
In a tone not very low.
The language of that young man
My words could not express.
It would really make your blood
run cold
On the Newfoundland Express.

A pretty lady passenger
Was sitting there close by,
Likewise a handsome soldier
With a twinkle in his eye.
He walked up close beside her
And asked her for a kiss.
She raised her hand and knocked
him out
On the Newfoundland Express.

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You spoke of a young soldier
With his bayonet by his side,
Who was going back to Canada
To wed his promised bride,
He leads her to the altar,
But little does she guess
He just kissed one young bride
farewell
On the Newfoundland Express.

If ever you decide to heaven you
will go
Don't hang around the railroad
track,
You'll freeze therein the snow.
St. Peter will give you a ticket
To a better place I guess
And you'll wish you had a slower
train
Than the Newfoundland Express.

You talk about our countrymen,
You pass them with a frown,
You'll say there goes "a Newfie"
And you'll try to run him down.
They may not be so modern,
But when they're put to test
They really can behave themselves
On the Newfoundland Express.

Some of you have sweethearts
Awaiting over there,
Likewise an aged mother
Sitting in the old armchair.
You all love and respect them,
So try and do your best
To treat others as they treat you
On the Newfoundland Express.

If ever you are drafted
And have to go and fight,
We won't keep any grudges,
But will pray for you each night.
Take one good aim at Hitler,
Be careful and don't miss
And send us back his moustache
On the Newfoundland Express.

Now to conclude our story
I hope you won't get sore,
We don't mean to insult you,
As you did us before,
But before this war is over,
If I don't miss my guess,
You'll all wish you were back
again
On the Newfoundland Express.

The girl who used to go to the city and stop at the Y.W.C.A. now
has a daughter who goes to the city and stops at nothing.

He: I'm not feeling myself to-night.
She: "You're telling me!"

Many a sober-faced little lamb goes riding in the moonlight and
comes home with a sheepish grin on her face.

Around the Town of Gander

IN June 1942 the contributors to our own "GANDER" never thought come '43 they would be able to write a column along the lines and have romance and other such items to report.

So here goes!

This is your North Atlantic correspondent bringing you the latest news flashes:

What Sergeants and Flight Sergeants are buying fancy gifts and badminton rackets?

Does "Curly" in stores realize that more than monkeys carry tales?

You can't swim in a pool room, but I understand the service police are watching our new swimming pool section and it will be officially opened when the water is in the tank.

That sure was some dance the Senior N.C.O's held on February 5th and voicing our very good C.O., "It was the best camp affair he ever had the pleasure of attending." Thanks, too, to WOI Fraser—N.C.O's for the use of "The swing session after was tops.

The departure of F/S O'Sullivan called for quite a few sessions of Mr. Trommer's favourite brew and after the number of times, Bill sang "The Newfie Express" he left on it and his parting shot, as we will all say is I'll miss those 10c. cigarettes.

Have you heard about the Sergeant who walked up to the canteen steward and asked for a tube of tooth paste and said "He had not brought a used tube with him but would bring one to-morrow?

How long have you been in Gander, Tawg? and when you hear some one say "There is herring in the bay" Tawg, don't expect to go fishing.

What say we start a most popular W.D. Campaign? and your correspondent wishes to start with a very able selection, L.A.W. Van Buskirk. As my wife isn't a W.D. he will realize I couldn't nominate her.

This is your "Gander Winchell" telling all that the pen is mightier than the arm and we will be back next month with more news and romance, and if you have a nominee for the most popular W.D. put it on the back of Steeplechase cigarette carton and don't put it in a pail of sand, they are for A.R.P. work only.

—F. J. B.

Hot Bits from the Fire-hall

To begin with our very best to F/S O'Sullivan on his recent, if somewhat inadequate posting. His stay with us at Gander made ours a great deal more pleasant and his many friends in the section and throughout the airport will miss, not only his gift to entertain, but also a first rate personality which made him so popular. Best of luck, Sully.

Our condolences next to the new boss man, Flight Towler, who only a few weeks ago still had hopes of a nice cosy transfer to Vancouver vicinity. Hard luck Flight, but we all get to love Gander after sixteen months.

Speaking of affection brings us to the possible story behind the absence of all but a few of our canine friends of the mess hall. In the good old days when Gander was a pup we acquired us a dog. He grew up to be a rather homely cur with a great desire to travel. It seems that through some miscalculation or a shortage of dog eradicator, our own prodigal hound escaped the roundup. To be made into a pair of mitts evidently was not the "Chief's" idea of a good time and it is rumoured that some of the boys on hearing of the campaign to rid the eating house of surplus mascots coaxed him to spend a few days in the apparatus room which incidentally is in the fire hall. This confinement was much against the Chief's democratic instincts and force had to be used to keep him C.B. until the blitz was over. However the next drive our wandering friend has the run of the port.

The sixty-four dollar question this month is, why didn't "Pete" go on furlough?" After two weeks of postponements his pass looked like a Chinese crossword puzzle, with records doing a commendable job of keeping dates up to the minute. To say you didn't try would be putting it mildly, but flips to Canada when you want them are as difficult as getting a beer after 9.30.

Our sincerest thanks to No. 2 Hall for their co-operation in brightening up those dull evenings. If better steaks can be fried Irish will fry them, although 65c. per lb. is rough going. It's well worth it nevertheless and explains the financial crisis in the section so soon after pay day.

Proceedings for adoption are being considered in relation to a laundryman, a policeman and a shoemaker. This combination would no doubt do much to either break the monotony or our collective hearts. We appreciate your interest fellows, and some day when you get to be great big boys, we'll let you drive the fire truck.

Which brings us to a sand sifting party which was conducted by friend George O'Toole, the latter a very new and promising member of the fire house clan. A job which might normally last an hour, continued for the better part of a day. Since it is unnecessary to specify building numbers we only hope that as much enthusiasm is shown if and when all A.R.P. pails are to be gone over.

For this month, enough's too much, so until the next issue keep them going until we get there.

—J. J. P.

Guff from the Gannett

WE noticed bewailing and gnashing of teeth from the Flight Engineers room on the 1st of the month. Could three hooks be the reason boys?

Then there's the new Sgt. in the Armament Section who fills his tool box with eats in the morning and comes to get them in the afternoon and finds that the chocolate bars have turned to wood and the apple juice to water. Rather mysterious isn't it Henry?

How come all our W.A.G's. are sporting fuzzy upper lips. Don't tell us its to keep warm. Which of the fair W.D's. is it guys? You've even got "Junior" Austin attempting one.

Then there's the F/S in the Armament Section that got lost hunting birds on his five day pass. Tch! Tch! I wonder if it was white rabbits, he was hunting? He's only been up here a month too. The best "is my face red" story we've come across lately is the one about the W.A.G. that went to the hospital with the banged up wrist and ran into a fellow invalid. You never can tell who you're talking to in those places, can you Jack?

Some of the crewmen that went South this summer are wondering if it was just a dream or not. How about it, you horizontal twins? Rather cool isn't it?

The N.C.O's seem to be having quite a time getting to know the new men, and where they hang out. The smoke rooms always well filled, yet there's never anyone there from the big Squadron. Pretty grim isn't it Al?

A soldier's sweetheart was consoled when the mail man handed her a letter addressed in the familiar handwriting after she had waited weeks to hear some news and had all but given up hope that he still cared for her.

She tore open the envelope frantically and pulled out a slip of paper on which was written these words: "Your soldier still loves you, but he talks too much."

The Gimme Gimme Section

ALL we do is blink our eyes and as sure as my name is Yussel, there beside you is an LAC with an E42 in his outstretched hand and backed up by a half dozen or so senior N.C.O's. What some sections won't do to get machines for glass cutters!

Ho Hum, here I go again—Stores' Man Friday, they call me—to report from the businest little section—all right, the busiest next to the guy's who is reading this—on the station. Is everybody happy? Don't ask.

Ring! excuse me, the telephone is abuzzing: "Equipment Section (sounds good) yes, what? ? ? O.K., I'll tell them." Hold your hats, boys, our posting has just come in No! No! Don't wake me up! (Only kidding, heh! heh!)

A certain LAC who at present is working in the clothing section has lately been heard humming the tune 'Everything I have is yours.' Can he be hinting for the WD's. to visit his place? "Praise the Lord and let me make some passes," is the song sung by many in B.B 108. I wonder what they mean by the last four words, scratch, scratch?

On our welcome list are four WD's. Wish all the luck that clothing stores can give them (what am I saying?) They are LAW's Pavely, Nickafor, Foulkes and Torrington, the latter in the main office with the bosses. How goes it, Terry? Also new to stores, but whom we've overlooked in our last issue are WO1 Charlebois and Cpl. Sarazin, the former driect from No. 1 "Y", the latter blowing in from Torbay. M.D's gain was our loss when both Cpl. Ben Plisetsky and LAC Roy Degenstein were posted to that unit on aircrew courses. From us up here to them down there goes the best of the best. In the latter part of '42, WO1 MacMillan left this station after a l-o-n-g stay for No. 1 "Y" Depot. Here's hoping the hospitality of Halifax holds out, and—lots of luck.

'A-hunting we will go', is the theme song of our two Mark 1 Romeos. (For WD information: they are sometimes known as Sniff Snifferson and Four Wheel Brakes (WFB).

King of the Kingpins (spotting them) is our flight sergeant who has spent so much time up here that the Government are debating whether or not he is entitled to naturalization papers for free. Better hurry that posting, Bob.

Before I leave my desk for work, I must read you a part of a letter that I received from home. Quote 'Last night robbers entered the house and sure made a mess of things. They looked through your dresser drawers, thinking you had some money saved up for a rainy day, but you fooled them, son, didn't you? Will close now with best regards from all! May God bless you and keep you from your loving Mother', unquote. (Ma's not very good at commas—or, hey—is she?) Good-bye all.

THE GANDER

LAW Bill "The Sniffer"—oops, pardon, I mean LAC—sure was smeared (with lipstick) after returning to barracks from a date with 'Too Too.....' In future, we suggest you wear your battle dress.

S/L Boyd, here on T.D. finds the state of our sobriety deplorable. "Why," he reports, "last night I helped two officers home from the mess and they dropped me five times."

Bits of the Blast

(From the Armament Section)

ONE of our promising young fellows, fresh from furlough, should be congratulated upon graduation to a full-fledged married man. Nice going, Ken, and the bestus for you and Mrs. Ross. Another lad plans the same trek—when do *you* altar, Liddle?

What F/S was playing a stellar game of basketball for his team, in spite of Father time? Keep it up, Mers. And why is it that Sgts. McEwan and Hepburn disappear when the same game is mentioned? Lookit the Flight.

It couldn't be old age, could it, that had two Sgts. fairly trembling at the thought of coming Commando Courses. Why, one of them should be in the pink after laboriously constructing . . . (you name it and its yours)—But McEwan pulled down a good average.

Congratulations D. W. on the crown. How do you like the indoor atmosphere? ? ?

The lads in the D.C. pistol section, now having, clean, new and modern surroundings are still full of vim, vitality and rigor mortis—eh! Hodge? ?—or have you something to say Haines? ?

Cpl. Thompson was a worried boy awhile ago, what with his furlough upcoming, his financial status, and the inability of T.C.A. to assure him of a seat. But anyway "Tom" keep your fingers crossed. You're going to need the change. Palais Royale, here I come! ! or maybe its the Picadilly! ! !

What toothless Ron is having trouble with his new store teeth these days? And what Irish red-head is teaching him (on the sly) the finer arts of artificial dentures?

Congratulations to "Chuck" Clarke of No. 5 Squadron upon receipt of his W.O.2.

What F/S from the same Squadron is making headlines in the Toronto dailies? ? ? Was Willie ever a Boy Scout! ! ! !

Why did Mulligan denude himself of his facial foliage? ? Could it be a WD from the "Bay."

The prime question of the day in this section: "Any more new armourers."

—G. P. "B"



**HERE WE COME
FULL OF RUM .
LOOKING FOR SUBS
TO PUT ON THE BUM .
IN THE NORTH
ATLANTIC SQUADRON**



The Accounts

GOT last month's GANDER handy? Know darned well you haven't, but anyway this is a follow up.

Latest plague to descend, "Cornerbrook-itis"—we got it bad. Those affected (waitin' for leave-ees to return *and* the "Newfy") Tierney, Laidlaw, Bechtel, Doc and Allan, (me too).

"Daddy" wonders if he can make it on account of 'cause—well you just read it. Four foremost say they'll report the "doin's" as of their return.

There was a little skirmish in the pay section 'tother evening. Seems the "S.P's" improperly (?) interpreted a gathering prior to a dance. The becoming red faces were worn by our Dolly, Gwen, Beckett, Doc, Livvy and Doug. 'Course we know they were just waitin' (but what the h! that is, what the heck for?).

Jack (cheer here) finally realized his long cherished wish. Ah, at last, three whole days in hospital. Yes, 'twas a blitz. A bit painful in the procedure but what's a sprained ankle or two to such a dream come true? "Swore off"—uh huh—well for a couple of weeks anyway and bein' a sergeant now and all, but—

—Different subject, new paragraph, as I was sayin': Then with Doug, to St. John's. Details slightly hazy but results observed on arrival back; sheepish grins, coatless, hatless, caseless and payless, give a small clue. We wouldn't want to say too much but heard, "Bah, St. John's, never again."

"Livvy" saved the day, a little later, back from same place, calm, cool and well collected. So well collected in fact recovered the lost debris of our wayward friends.

Oh, and bear note—"Sammy" is no more—quote: "I should like to be referred to as 'Torno' in any publication please." Flight Torno took over F/Sgt. McCullough's desk for a day—thus the above. Incidentally the wires are buzzin' again since Sammy—oh I beg your pardon—Torno's return from leave.

Flight is at Botwood (McCullough referred to). Wish he'd get back, I want a pass signed. His mustache is coming along nicely.

Flight Lieutenant Braithwaite is a patriotic soul. You know, "don't waste words, etc"—so it's "Hey Dave, Beck, Livvy" and so on. A more formal salutation might be, "Cpl. Liviston." Bless his heart!

Poor P/O Dew (newly arrived) isn't havin' any fun. Now who's the cause of this sad state of affairs? Mr. Braithwaite take him in tow your face always boasts a mouth with turned up corners. Spread some joy to the poor boy.

Don't tell a soul—but F/O Darrell likes the new NPF office v-e-r-y much—'specially when "his" W.D. and he manage to get in a little night work. Step lively sir tho', there's a Yank headin' in.

Back to the fold—Ken Morrison—fresh from Trenton's "something-or other", special course. Can do things up proper like, in nothing flat now.

THE GANDER

Gad's next of kin, Mrs. Gad now. You should see her picture—and was the cake ever good! M-m-m!

Ross and Smitty will be taking star roles next time with their tales of adventures "a-la-Canada." Smitty's A.W. loose but he'll talk his way out of it—just wait.

Browne (No. 2), (a him), has an idea he likes the W.D. mode of dress. Put on some lipstick Brownie and comb your hair down a bit, then that bad S.P. won't take your scarf away.

Brownie (No. 1), (a her),—finds it pretty grim scanning the skies and fingering the keys at one and the same. Typing and "aircrew"—gosh just what is most important in this man's airforce anyway?

Fairley has eye strain. Well, well and what's your guess?

Toni's going to New York sometime soon—but we'll save that for later.

A new face is tagged Billington (Terry). 'S no use girls, he's married, and such a nice face too.

Mike has left us. We miss him, but thoughts bring smiles not tears so we end this cheerfully. He didn't stay long but long enough to embed memories that finds us thinking of him as just being "away."

Drill Hall Staff

QUOTE SAYINGS on the go at the Drill Hall;

Cpl. Harvey—"Please! How about my remuster."

Cpl. Green—"Hey you—Anybody in the Library?"

F/O Eamer—"Anybody know where Cpl. Green is?"

P/O Hull—"Let's get crackin'."

M.I. Corbett—"My posting should soon be due."

Sgt. Barrager—"I'm out of the Hospital again."

Sgt. Gamlin—"Hope I can get compassionate leave soon."

Cpl. Bates—"I can't understand why I don't get that third hook."

Cpl. Britcher—"I just got to get up to-morrow morning."

Cpl. Caccamo—"Goin' home for Easter."

LAC Conrad—"O.K. boys, you mop the floor and I'll get the water."

LAC Lacourse—"How I lose when the boys play craps."

LAC Bakay—"I aint got no truck with wimmen. I hates 'em all."

Before we close we want to welcome Sgt. Smith of the Educational Office to our Happy Gang here.

Since our great loss of F/O Pennock who had taken over as assistant to Library, Educational Office, P.T.I's and Y.M.C.A., we wish to announce at this time the debut of a new assistant, none other than F/O Morrison (Dan). How about that stuff "Danny"?

Till next month we'll be bowling along.

—D. W. B.

Guard Snooze

By "GOSH"

ONCE again through the annals of this column we find it necessary to bid a fond farewell to more of the guards. After a year here, who can begrudge it to them. Also, we wish to welcome the newly posted gang. You'll like here, nice and cosy and all that.

Among the departed was our infamous Flight "Al" Stickney, senior N.C.O. of the Gander "sleep-walkers." Cpl. "Bud" Williams, side-kick of "Hunk O Man" Anderson, was also listed as S.O.S. Rumors which have since come out of Canada have it that these boys had quite a riotous trip home. It started in Corner Brook and then broke out again in Sydney. By now they are at work in Canada; must be kinda hard after their stay here.

Congratulations are in order for two of the boys who are sporting new books. Also one who ran a close race but didn't see a sigh. "Holiday haze", they call it.

And now to dig into the dirt bag.

Romance amongst the guards is rare. When it does flourish it soon sputters and dies. They claim the night work interferes with the dates. The dates claim they get too much time to star-gaze.

One of the curly-headed fellows who rarely wears a hat was out-ranked in the race for romance. He lost his gal to a F/Sgt.

That "Hunk O Man", recently returned from a long rest(?) in Canada, forty some odd days, is still playing cassanova. And she waited all that time too. How does he do it?

Upon returning from leave two of the guards informed their comrades that they had made the final plunge and were now roped, tied, and handcuffed, in other words married. Such nice fellows, too, but any way fellows we really mean it when we say "congratulations."

If a certain guard were a lot taller he would like to get a job coaching the girls basketball team. He watches them every time they practice, but then, who doesn't.

It's hard to say just what charm the gestapo possesses, but it has lured some of the guards under its wing; in more ways than one.

Once there were two sad guards who went to Corner Brook. On returning they were much happier. Soon two more sad men left for this paradise. On their return it appears there were only two girls for the four guys. Maybe their tastes all ran in the same direction. Too bad "the little man from Ottawa" and Junior had to run into them. Boy! what a line. Sandy, and you, too, little man with the big moustache, next time be more careful.

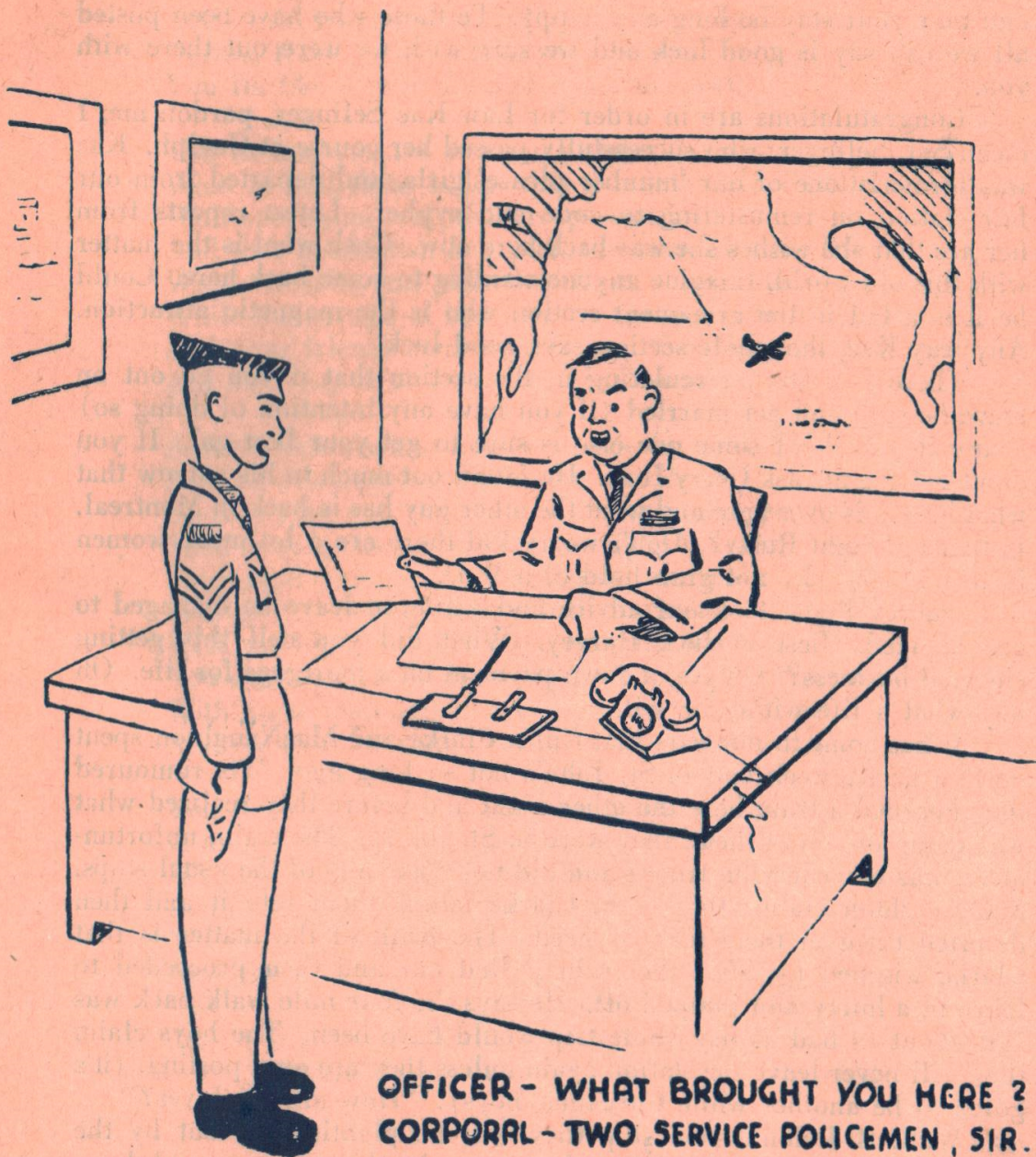
They must have been nice though, because Junior and "the little man from Ottawa" broke out in desperate colds and overstayed their five days.

It so appears that one of our new corporals would like to find a man who can tatoo. He likes his hooks so well and wants them put on permanently. Tsk! tsk!

THE GANDER

"George" claims that they have a moving lamp-post in Corner Brook. "Dusty" says the whole town keeps moving around. Three more men(?) claim they also had a good time there. Don't ask them, they don't remember a thing.

And so we leave you as the little dog said after chasing his tail, "Ah! this is the end."



OFFICER - WHAT BROUGHT YOU HERE ?
CORPORAL - TWO SERVICE POLICEMEN , SIR.
OFF. - DRUNK I SUPPOSE ?
CPL. - WERE THEY EVER .

Dots 'N Dashes

THE signals section has once more come to life. Since the departure of Cpl. Marshall, (who by the way was lucky enough to wangle a posting to Rockcliffe) things have been pretty dead around the section. The new lads in the section have come along very good and we can once more boast of having the best section on the station (are we sticking our necks out?).

There have been many changes since the last installment, mostly departures and arrivals, and to all the new lads we say welcome boys and may your stay be long and happy. To those who have been posted all we can say is good luck and we sure wish we were out there with you.

Congratulations are in order for Law Kae Selinger, pardon me, I mean Sgt. Selinger, who successfully passed her course at Guelph. Kae was formerly one of our 'number please' girls, and departed from our fair station on remustering to code and cypher. Latest reports from her are that she wishes she was back here now. Gosh what is the matter with this old world. Imagine anyone wanting to come back here. Could be it is a lad in the armament section who is the magnetic attraction. Any way Kae, the whole section says good luck.

There is a story circulating in the section that if you go out on leave be sure and get married (if you have any intention of doing so) 'cause if you don't some one else is sure to get your best gal. If you don't believe me ask Gerry Rust. He found out much to his sorrow that what he has is over here and what the other guy has is back in Montreal. Is that not right Rusty? Don't worry kid there are a lot more women in this world, why not grab hold of a W.D.

Harvey Petite took our advice and while on leave he managed to get engaged. Best of luck Harvey. What did you call this getting engaged business? Oh yes, a down payment on a mortgage for life. Oh boy what a life without a wife.

It has come to our ears that Cpl's. Clarke and MacNaughton spent quite a hectic week end in St. John's not so long ago. 'Tis rumoured they boarded a train here the other night and before they realized what was going on about them, they were in St. John's. The train, unfortunately, was one carrying troops and did not make any of the usual stops. MacNaughton claims that J. A. Clarke talked them into it and then deserted them in their time of need. The truth of the matter is that Clarke wisened up after the train pulled out and then proceeded to leave in a hurry and jumped off. He says the four mile walk back was just about as bad as the whole trip would have been. The boys claim they will never leave the station again unless they are on a posting, (it's going to be another white Christmas boys). "How are the hives?"

Well, if I don't soon stop they will be planting me out by the transmitter station, the thoughts of which make shivers go up and down my spine. Imagine dying in Newfie.

This is all for now folks, will be back with more next time.

—The MAD WOGS.

Hospital Blues

Alone and forgotten, devoid of a friend,
Sadly and grimly you wait for the end.
Cirrhosis of liver and stones in your spleen,
Gangrene of the leg and bats in your bean,
Rust in your lungs and kidneys that whine,
Boils and stricture, T.B. of the spine.
And Mastoiditis that makes living a dread,
And Sinus trouble that splits open your head;
Hernia, lesion, and lock in your bowels—
You lie like a mummy and listen to howls.

You lie and you rot and you wonder the while,
What in hell there is left that is worth half a smile,
With speculum, scalpel, forceps and knife,
And that heathenish bed pan, the bane of your life;
With vile salts and pills they flush you inside,
While the ravage of bed sores is tearing your hide,
And your friends come around and they look and they nod,
And they say to themselves, "He'll soon be with God."

And the doctors and nurses all file by your bed,
And go away saying, "Why isn't he dead?"
So they give you the ether till your brain gets lame,
Then with hacksaws and chisels make holes in your frame,
They steal your appendix, gizzard and gall,
And give your intestines a full overhaul,
With mashie and niblick the surgeon wades in,
You are bludgeoned from forelock to each aching shin,
With horse rasp and cleaver he plies his great art,
And removes all your vitals save liver and heart.

You think of yourself, but what hurts you much worse,
Is to see some poor victim hauled off in a hearse,
While of course you have suffered, it is nothing at all
Compared with some poor devil right down the hall.
You feel strength returning to your joints and frame,
And you're glad after all that you tried to be game;
You're sorry as hell for your moaning and squealing,
As you'll soon be alright, it's a glorious feeling.

—From "*Foothills Flier*", No. 3, S.F.T.S., Calgary, Alta.

THE GANDER

Seen and Heard from BB.50

IT seems, now that the new mess hall has been opened for some time, one can smell the sweet aroma of home cooking in most of the rooms. Too far to walk fellows? The fellows in the upstairs rooms seem to have a very secret game unfortunately none of us have been able to catch them at it. As far as we can learn it consists of each choosing a locker, making a mad dash for the same, climbing on top and jumping off at three minute intervals. This of course may have no significance on the game, then again maybe they think it's fun.

Now that the Barber has moved out and kindly given us his room the fellows thought it could be put to very good use. If you have lost your shirt in the "Blue Room" drop around for the Grand Opening of the "Red Room" this pay day.

We wonder why Barrack Block 50 is always the last to get back its laundry. I guess the fellows will have to start dating those "washing machine beauties" and we will all pray for better results.

Since the Flight Engineers have taken over rooms 5 and 6, which, incidentally, are next to the hospital, sick parade has increased considerably. No one knows for sure what is wrong, as the health of Air Crew, it seems, is kept secret, but my guess is that treatment is being given for bed-sores. How's my guess, fellows?

Speaking of hospitals, no less than eight men from Room 8 have been in the Hospital in the last month. Who says "Lead Swingers" don't stick together?

Gee, I wish I was Air Crew! You can't get into the washroom between 5 and 7 every night because of the F.E's. sprucing up for their dates. I'd like to give a few names but I won't, Art, Skee, Harry Knelson, Morphy, Denton, Grainger, Fox and the rest of you. We realize, of course, what a good job you are doing, keeping up the W.D's morale, but how about giving the rest of us Scruff a chance.

WE WONDER ?

If the clean sheets are ever coming?
When Cpl. Whyte is going to grow up?
When is Guy Hamel going to pay his debts?
When is Chip going over to the American side?
When is Ralph Nickolson going to run out of engagement rings?
When is Capton going to get up?
When is Fox going to get a hair cut?
When are the boys of Room 6 going to start laying out runway flare pots so we can see our way through their room at night?
AW, quit your beefing, fellows, it's a lot shorter that way.
When the Chinese in Room 8 are going to move out?
When Goldner is going to start drinking cokes?
And when am I going to stop all this nonsense?

—"The Barrack Broom."

THE GANDER



MADE IN U.S.A.

Semper Iugum

Now for a few generalities—one of them being a complaint about some badly cooked steak which was served up in the airmen's mess recently; I've seen some of 'em chum—why in one mess I was served a steak that was so rare even *I* complained and said that I had seen steers more badly hurt but who had recovered after proper treatment by a vet. (I got ten days C.B.)

Promotions should be acknowledged too, and those promoted congratulated in the customary manner: our popular P/O's "Zoot Suit" Bud Hart, "Mandrake" Holden, "Cisco Kid" Walz are now F/O's, while "Rodney The Rock" Taylor A.R. and "Von Trib" Tribner also hit the jack-pot with promotions from the ranks to P/O's.

In our next issue "Rodney The Rock" may have to be changed to "The Caterpillar Kid." Whilst on the subject congrats also to Sgt. R. P. Michel on his promotion to the "upper class" . . . that third one took a long time in getting here, eh Mitch?

By the way Steve—just exactly what *did* the girl say to this 'ere sailor friend of yours?

One of our boys recently received a letter from his sister in the States from whom he has not heard for a long time and she writes, quote:—"Jack and I are both well and we have three kiddies now, next July we hope to celebrate the 4th in the usual way." We who are also in the know see where Sgt. (Bock) Bockman and our genial "Pappy" Gilbertson had their names linked in a Canadian sheet recently: really breaking into headlines Huh?

Here's another complaint just turned in; "No mail from mother or the wife again to-day"—they probably feel the same way as you do son, why not write to *them* a little more often? they get lonesome for you too *my* wife does, and sends this little madrigal along with her Valentine card, calling it:—

So Many Prayers

So many prayers ascend this night
 In the dark
 In silent flight
 To one who knows why this should ze;
 A lot must go;
 "It's not for me;
 I want him back,
 Safe . . . and alive . . . and as he went
 Merry and good and so content
 To try his manhood
 In a test
 That takes the strongest . . . and the best
 But . . . if he could be safe from hurt . . .
 With lots to eat . . . enough to wear . . ."
 So women pray on bended knees
 For Sons and Lovers everywhere.

THE GANDER

However a few more generalities regarding the Huskies: recently I asked a certain piano-tootling F/Sgt. to play the "Sextet from Lucia" but he replied that as he did not remember it he was willing to compromise with "Three Little Sisters" played twice.

(The regular shoulder-looker-over has just said:—"even coming from you. that last crack is awful I don't like the way he emphasized the 'you'").

We hear there are a couple of new books in the library now; for the lover of Big Game stories comes one entitled "Insects are not bugs—they're really quite intelligent", and for those aerodynamically minded one called "The Flight of The Bumble B-19."

Especially for the W.D's . . . you may now buy the new Transfusion Red lipstick in your very own canteen, and as an introductory offer, with each lipstick, you receive absolutely free, a generous sized sample of the equally new, sensational, tantalizing and glamorous perfume "Forbidden Fruit No. 13"; it comes direct from France and one squirt will make you smell like Laval. Slips that pass in the type Wanted, a hand-operated wench. Ads in somebody's home-town paper Use Washo soap. Won't lather, doesn't bubble, can't cleanse—merely company in the bath. Radio fans . . Are you nuts about Crosby's voice? Are you nuts about Kate Smith? Are you nuts? Then why not use Stikko for gluing your ear to the loud speaker.

It may have happened here Two very cute nurses were slipping in late one night when they met two internes; said the cuties:—"Shh, we're coming in after hours"; came the answer, "That's O.K., we're going out after our's."

Closing in serious vein, the senior N.C.O's. are more than pleased with their new quarters, and by the time this breaks into the light of day they will probably be occupying their new mess too, and in appreciation to all those who have done their best to make them comfortable they say a hearty "Thank-you" on both counts.

So-long for this month we will probably still be here for the next issue . . and the next . . and the next . . .

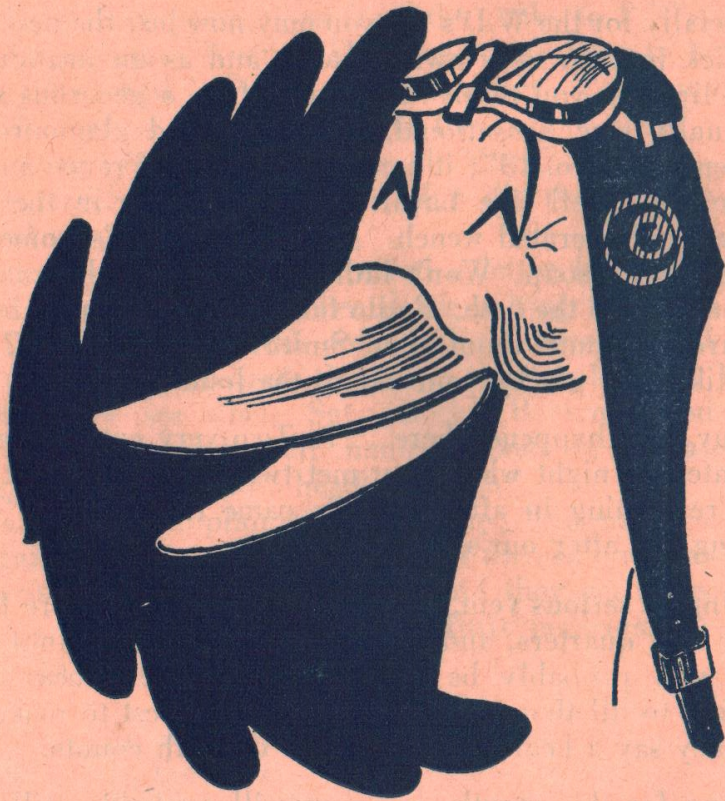
—Sgt. K. H. Whyte.

She: "Does it make any difference which side of you I sit on?"
He: "No. I'm ambidextrous."

THERE'S A SUBSTITUTE for everything, it seems, except war!
—Phoenix Flame

THE GANDER

THE GANDER



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