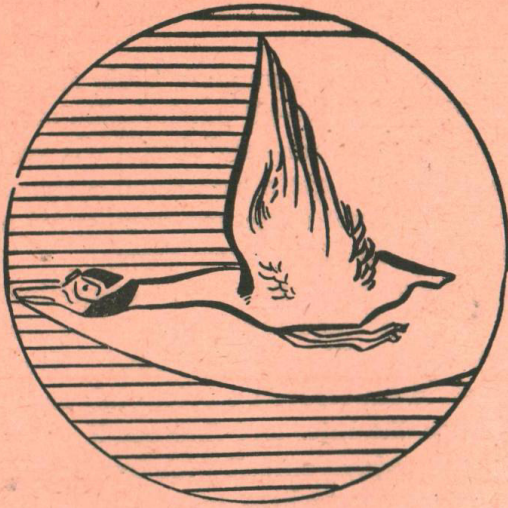


The
"Gander"

--- MAY

JUNE

1943 ---



The Gander

Published through the kind permission of G/C L. E. WRAY, in the interest of the personnel of
R.C.A.F. Station, Gander. Newfoundland.

STAFF

F/Lt. G. S. Tanton
HONORARY EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

LACH H. HUEHNERGARD
EDITOR

F/O WM. TEMPLE
CONSULTING EDITORS

CPL. D. P. DAVIS
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Material for this magazine was contributed by personnel of the Station.

Points of View

IN all due respects, I don't see why most of us, including this jerk writer, at one time or another, cuss the laundry staff. Its a known fact that the fellows and girls work hard trying to keep us clean and neatly dressed. Have you ever been told, that the laundry you sent in was (let's put it mild) dirty? "NO!" But between you and I if the job isn't done correctly the person who did the job certainly gets H—L, and brother I mean told off properly.

In last month's GANDER, there was an article with a somewhat similar say, telling us that months ago when the word laundry was unheard of and we crowded three or four washings into one. It was grim and take it from me it was just that.

Both the laundry and the dry cleaning plant are doing a great job, so let's all pitch in and try to keep the cuss words soft. If it's griping you and if you have anything to say, say it in your barrack room and about your own section. You'll probably have a few words to say about it.

The true reason for this article is for the refugees (rookies) and many an old timer of Gander.

The laundry and dry cleaning plant in my humble estimation is one of the most progressive establishments on this station. But who am I you may ask. Well, none other than an eighteen month veteran.

Going on Leave?

ARE you thinking of going to Toronto on leave, soon?

If so there's some people waiting there to see you!

Yes, you, brother!

If you go in by train from any part of the country, to spend a leave there, you'll arrive at the Union Station.

And that's where these people'll get you.

When you go upstairs from the lower concourse you'll find a big central information bureau "under the clock" and—take our tip—just make for it and you'll find the people waiting to see you we mentioned up above.

Who are they? They're the girls of Information Please Service and no matter what hour of the day you arrive by train they'll be waiting to see you.

And can they answer questions? Baby! They're

members of the Landseair Club and other voluntary girl workers—all patriotically out to help you fellows in uniform—and they'll tell you everything from where to get a shave and a shower to where you'll find that nurse you were sweet on last time you were "in dock" down there.

They've spent months in compiling the "Book of Answers" and they'll give you the answer to anything you'll want to know! Where to go to sleep and eat (if it's a service club or a hotel they'll give you the rates and find out if you can get in), where to enjoy yourself with free tickets to theatres, sports, movies, where to go and eat, what places of entertainment are open Sundays, where you can get a free swim or indulge in free sports, where you can get quick service on that creased suit.

Just don't think that any of your questions, however queer or out of the way they may seem to you, will remain unanswered if you just put them up to the smart Information Please Service girls you'll see at the Information Bureau or floating round the main rotunda dressed in their snappy blue uniforms with red shoulder straps and smart tri-cornered hats. Quite a lot of them speak French too brother, if that's your language.

Seven days a week from 7 a.m. till midnight they're there to serve you. They want to serve you and they'll be disappointed if you don't take your questions and your worries to them.

This Information Please Service has been organized and will be maintained by the Landseair Club under the direct supervision of Mrs. J. A. R. Mason and at the instigation of the Citizens Committee for Troops in Training who you all know in connection with the free entertainment you get in your camp, the sports equipment they secure for you Winter and Summer, Spring and Fall, the legal advice service they provide for your dependents and many other services.

Don't forget Information Please Service when you hit the Union Station, Toronto. It plans for your welfare and may well make for a happier and brighter leave while you're down there.

Two South Carolina Negroes were talking about the depression.

Amos: "Boy, what would you do if yo' had all de money in de world right now?"

Sambo: "Well, suh. Ah reckon I'd pay it on mah debts—fah as it'd go."

The Accounts

WITH ten, no less, new accountants practically here—who of us will be left to read this ditty anyway, so I should be able to get away with ‘most anything.’ Thought that last month too but was politely told to watch my “P’s” and “Q’s” next issue.

‘Course I could eliminate a reference per individual and maybe talk about the prospective move to new quarters across the alley in which we should be settin’ when this meets the eye. However, don’t think I will. Renovations are always bright and clean and my instructions were to “give with the dirt”, so here goes for a little wallowing.

“Is S/L DADSON in?”—Oh, hello Ken d-e-a-r!”; the wail of each, and every Nursing Sister entering our abode. Why don’t those babes stick to their own territory, and anyway he’s not the paymaster.

F/L BRAITHEWAITE is so confused these days (or it is nights) has taken to most carefully hanging clothes ‘n stuff in mid air. Maybe Botwood and a posting will relieve the strain. Poor dear!

F/O DARRELL still favours M. T.—a brunette is added this month but blondie is holding her own. (She rates private interviews). Must admit it’s helping his disposition. Oh you’ll hear about the dark one a little further on, don’t worry!

What do you know P/O DEW has taken a new leave on life—or rather the telephone office and is quoted as “just the sweetest thing” by the gals there. Guess he’s not worried that a smile will be mistaken as a come on now or that Mrs. Dew will be hearing any tales.

Flt/Sgt. MORRISON really feels Code and Cypher is more up his alley. “Thank up” (by his little self mind you) the intricate sign language now used to convey messages from wing to wing. One worry—what to the innocent bystanders—strangers to our section—think of the war dance tactics while our flight is endeavouring to attract the other-wingers, preliminary to said messages?

Initial sight of Corner Brook’s wonders beheld by Flt/Sgt. McLEOD and Cpl. RELYEA this month. Wonders are right—flight wonders what it looks like beyond the confines of the hotel room and Ross couldn’t see anything but the Mayor’s daughter. Wonders too if it’s such a good idea being engaged after all.

There has been quite a bit of dew between the pay office and the register desk. How about letting us in on it Doug. Is the traffic through F/1. Braithewaites’ office really necessary? Maybe H.E.S.M. could answer that one!

Cpl TORNO is still managing the section very well thank you. He’ll be revising K.R. (Air) shortly now so don’t despair, it takes a little time you know.—But as “Hawkins sir”—a very good show!

TERRY is the boy who has all the girls thinking he’s just “too-too.” But as a fair warning to any who have ideas Junior’s picture is quite prominently in view.

We don’t think BROWN (2) is doing right by the little Grand Falls gal. Wonder if he ever thought to consider that letters can be pretty incriminating evidence tho’. Whew!

ALLAN is a little more cagey—thinks B(2) is well on the way to being “hooked” and being afraid of a little of the same is making his trips to yon fair metropolis a little less frequent.

KEITH (new) will be W/C anyday now. He can out-trade-test the trade-testers. We don’t quite approve of the illusion he has about fooling the gal back home tho’. You don’t really think we’re as gullible as that do you Keith?

BROWNIE (1) is casting longing eyes towards Torbay. I just can’t be posted before I spend five days there—oh gee—no, not that”!

Since GWEN attained her “B” grouping—and with the return of “that” squadron there’s just no holding our most photogenic lass.

BUD has written for three photographs. Quote: “Rush ‘em sis—must get married to three gals at once or at least leave a picture.”

FINLEY (new)—the Good-Humour-Kid. Never a grouch, never a beef, just a perpetual growl (no we didn’t say howl!)

ELLIOTT (new too) and FORD (newer still) haven’t disclosed their traits yet. We’ll watch closely and give you the guff next month.

FAIRLEY’S theme song: “Oh the Lady in Red—I’m certainly crazy ‘bout that Lady in Red.”

LIVVY (Dad)—wants to go home. (If the gals at home only knew what a letter can do—woo! woo!).

Dog-Bit-DAVIDSON, the serge from Sage Brush Corners (so Darrell says): Significant of the former’s furlough capers. Many more capers such

THE GANDER

as that, and with the horses, and we'll need a plastic surgeon to make him recognizable.

BECK should be on the canteen committee with drinkin'-partner Tierney 'tis said . . . so what goes? Somebody better smarten up.

DOC—Doctor of the voucher epidemic. What a business! . . . and it's beginning to tell. (There's something somebody knows that would make much better reading but the rats won't spill it).

Why does DAHL start so at the mention of that name on the officers nominal roll? "You know there's just no need for some rules and reg's in this Air Force."

LeBRUN's appetite has slightly waned. 'Course ants in one's jam (yes I said jam) isn't exactly an aid to the cause tho' some people say they're good eatin', and 'look at the extra meat ration," says Flt/Sgt. Moorby.

BILL LAIDLAW has forsaken the poor Newfies and taken to travelling claims. Maybe feels the step will expedite his own travels.

(Why does everybody want to leave Gander?)

Sgt. CHAPMAN is also M.T. conscious (the same brunette as Darrell eats hot dogs with). Don't let a mere band around his arm scare you off Chappy. "Faint heart, etc. . . ." you know!

New faces have already appeared but don't know your names boys so till we do, words are few.

—And that's the works—

Hot Stuff from the Canteen

Or DIRT FROM BEHIND THE COUNTER

Now that the hot dog season is over and the canteen staff can pause a moment for breath, we thought it was about time we put our two cents' worth in the GANDER.

You know us well, we're the guys and gals back of the counter you get so exasperated with when we haven't got what you want.

First of all, there's Bob Crooks. Congratulations Bob, on those shiny new hooks. Hope you enjoyed that furlough, and figure that Toronto took a beating during that time.

Then, there's the rest of those homesick Torontonians, Bob Ferris, our ice-cream man and "Don Juan" Curtis, the answer to a maiden's prayer (we haven't found the maiden yet), also Alex (he's shy) and our slim little boy "Mac" from the Eastern

Township of Quebec. And we mustn't forget "Pop" Cote. By the way "Pop" are you still looking for that posting?

We also have those two people who stick together so well in our daily arguments, Cpl. "Don" Trites and George "Moncton" O'Brien. The writer would like to record a few spicy sentences from these Moncton-versus-Montreal-versus-Toronto disputes, but censorship forbid it.

Of course you all know our "little Nell" or "Stewie" to some of you. Why don't you drop in sometime and have your fortune told? Stewie hears all, knows all and tells nothing.

"Tommie" who just got back from her furlough must have had a wonderful time there in Montreal, she only stayed two weeks too long. Was it all the fault of T.C.A.?

The cute number in the W.D. section that gets the boys so entranced that they spill the coffee and pour the soup down the girl friend's back is Kay "Newfie" O'Keefe. But kindly take a hint fellows, she doesn't like Canadians and we're all waiting for her to write a book on the merits of Newfoundland, even if it will end up only as a stamp-sized leaflet (Ouch).

All in all, we have our serious moments. Yes, "Service with a smirk", we always say. If you don't see it, ask for it, but then we probably won't have it, anyway. But somehow we like to know you're taking an interest in the place.

Victory Loan Rally

At approximately 2100 hours on the night of May 16, 1943, Hitler burned. He literally went up in smoke as F-Lt. G. S. Tanton, Protestant Chaplain, touched off the torch carried by Cpl. Martel of the M.T. Section. This was the climaxing feature of a program run off after the successful conclusion of the Fourth Victory Loan of R.C.A.F. Station, Gander.

A dummy of "Herr Schicklegruber" was erected in the rear of the Drill Hall and Cpl. Martel touched off the gasoline soaked dummy to celebrate this station's going "Over the Top."

About three hundred of the various branches of the service on this Station were gathered there. The R.C.A.F. Station Band was in attendance and played several numbers.

The "Sky-Pilot" rose and gave a brief message in appreciation of the whole-hearted co-operation

THE GANDER

of the entire Station and especially to the Accounts section who, he said, "do all of the bookkeeping in such a loan."

The official quota for this Station was \$75,000 but the personnel here know how to save money, and as a result the loan was oversubscribed.

Equipment Section

MEEET the section with a smile—grr!—otherwise Clothing Stores to you folks. They're known as "Counter Hoppers", just a couple of clothing guys, and gals doing next to nothing (Oh Yeh). To some they are real people, to others they are just scruff.

Introducing "Ink Spot" Gordon and A.W.O.L. (a wolf on the loose) Stevenson, talking double dutch and kidding bookworms, "Sally" (the W.D.'s Specialist) and Torbay's gift, "Woody" Woodworth and all four watching the boss. Lloyd "Fuzzy" Perry alias "Curly" who claims we drive him to the point of distraction, mainly pulling his hair out.

Trying to satisfy every Tom, Dick and Harry and WD isn't exactly a pleasant job. Some of the lads and lasses don't understand that we have to go according to orders which has us snooping in most C.A.P.'s and every now and then pondering through a year's AFRO's to show some jerk that hocks, woollen undies, cotton, must be washed before being exchanged. Sure we are regarded as sarcastic little but we have no inclination to be that way. Same old battles, day in, day out, but do we get bored? You're darn tooting we do but then again our "positions" would be dull if there wasn't at least one good session.

The most common excuse is—"I was too busy on my clothing day, I must have pants—I'm walking round with my toes sticking out—boy! was that close—or else a tearful W.D.—"I simply must have stockings—mine are all in runs"—turn off the water works sis, here's your stockings.

Matching trousers and tunics for a lad is as rare as finding a steak before your eyes at breakfast time but the "customer's" reply is always—"Ah, you just don't wanna look."

One might expect us counter Joes' to have well matched suits being able to select our own but yours truly plus the other "Equips" sport around 1943's latest in Zoot Suits.

The height of optimism cropped up recently when a squadron lad strolled in on a H.Q. parade expecting to exchange his winter woollies for some summer undies, "it is kinda warm in these things"—July, and he's wearing his heavy flannels—what a lummox?

Even after duty when the counter Joe's step out for a bit of recreation or to a show with one of the girls they seldom have the opportunity to forget "shop." "Are my boots in, have you any new uniforms, any W.D.'s shoes in yet, when are we getting our new uniforms (I'd like to be able to answer that \$64.00 dollar question myself).

Fellows continually nag to see when they can scrounge some articles of clothing. Others are not so friendly, they would stop you in the mess or canteen where you think you'll be at ease but no, some smart jerk is sure to say "I say there bye, if you aren't too busy to-morrow, could I come down and change my uniform?"

People say "Counter Joe's" become "slap-happy" but those who have seen us hopping behind the wicket will agree that we might get shirt-nerty or sock-nocky but not slap-happy.

And as we leave this fair section of suits, brushes tooth, brushes hair, stockings W.D., undies, cotton, and jackets, straight, and what not may we leave our slogan within you all, "if you don't like our service, go to some other stores."

Just a few drabs and dribbles from thither and you—since the last edition a few of our lucky members of the union have departed from this fair land (?)—F/Sgt. Ferrier to Calargy; Sgt. Gore to Gaspé (sure miss the laugh, Howard); Cpl. Malcolmson on Aircraft-Recognition Course (all the luck, Iz); Sub-Stores gang to Torbay, bye, namely F/Sgt. Lefurgey and Brother Beaton and our little Steno J.P. to Scoudouc—to you all the very best, we'll miss you and to the newcomers—Sgt. Gilmour, F/Sgt. Calder (rescued from Botwood's clutches); Lac. Kirby and Ac. Millar—may your stay be a pleasant one—Ah? brave optimism?

17 C certainly is the hub of activity these days what with all the W.D.'s in our orderly room (?) and the Major in the midst, the traffic is terrific, one would honestly think someone had cut a highway through there.

We would like to know why Gordon dashes madly to the 'phone every time it rings—could be you

THE GANDER

were expecting a posting, Gord?—How Sally manages to keep so many figures in her head and we don't mean the kind that walk around either—what we would do without F/Lt. Turner's dashing around with a piece of paper in one hand and his favourite expression "What the dickens"—talk about energy, what kind of cereal for breakfast, sir?—if F/Lt. Irwin really means it when he says the W.D's are a bother—you know you like it,—if "Mac" will get her posting to Sydney one of these days and just what is the attraction there—also what happened to our Lulubelle while home on leave—mehinks he's been smitten—if Sally and Gordon will ever get along—one pulling for the W.D's parade and the other for the Airmen's parades, never a dull moment—if wolf No. 1 will ever find the one and only—and if Curly will ever stop bellowing and scaring the poor W.D's out of their wits—and so dear friends this is the Equip. Scruff signing off until next month (hope we're posted by then).

"FROM THE MUMPS WARD"

Away from the joys of the healthy,
Away from the laughs of the lot,
We hope and we pine for our freedom,
As we lay on our hospital cot.

But they say in spite of our protests,
That the mumps are a bad thing indeed,
They keep piling the pills and the gargle,
And a bit of that cascarra weed.

They tell you to stay there and slumber,
While they stand by your bedside and smile,
Your pulse and that sleek old thermometer,
Seems to be in their minds all the while.

So we lay there in bed and we wonder,
Just how long this hand holding will last,
How long shall we smoke those thermometers,
Just when do we break up our fast.

From my bed I hear footsteps approaching,
And a voice full of tenderness say,
Is your throat better, pal, and please tell me
Have you had a bowel movement to-day.

Once in Gander the darkness is falling,
The end of a true perfect day,
'Ere I go, my pals, let me tell you,
Please lend me your ear as I say.

Never go on a party in Gander,
Never hide your rum in a tree.
'Cause you'll catch your head in a sapling,
And land in Ward 4 like me.

—Just Joe.

TREES

Summer 1940

There are two giant firs with their heads together
I noticed one night in a long still kiss,
Unknowing of ought but their own love's bliss,
Uncaring of me, of the years, of the weather.

I watched them in May, in July and December,
To see if they slacked their loving embrace,
If the strain of the years had showed it's trace;
I'm told they have been there since man can
remember.

As they stand there together in silent caress
Does soft warmth flow through tender branch and
bark,
And yields love's sweet shame out there in the dark,
Or does one hold the other in hungry duress?

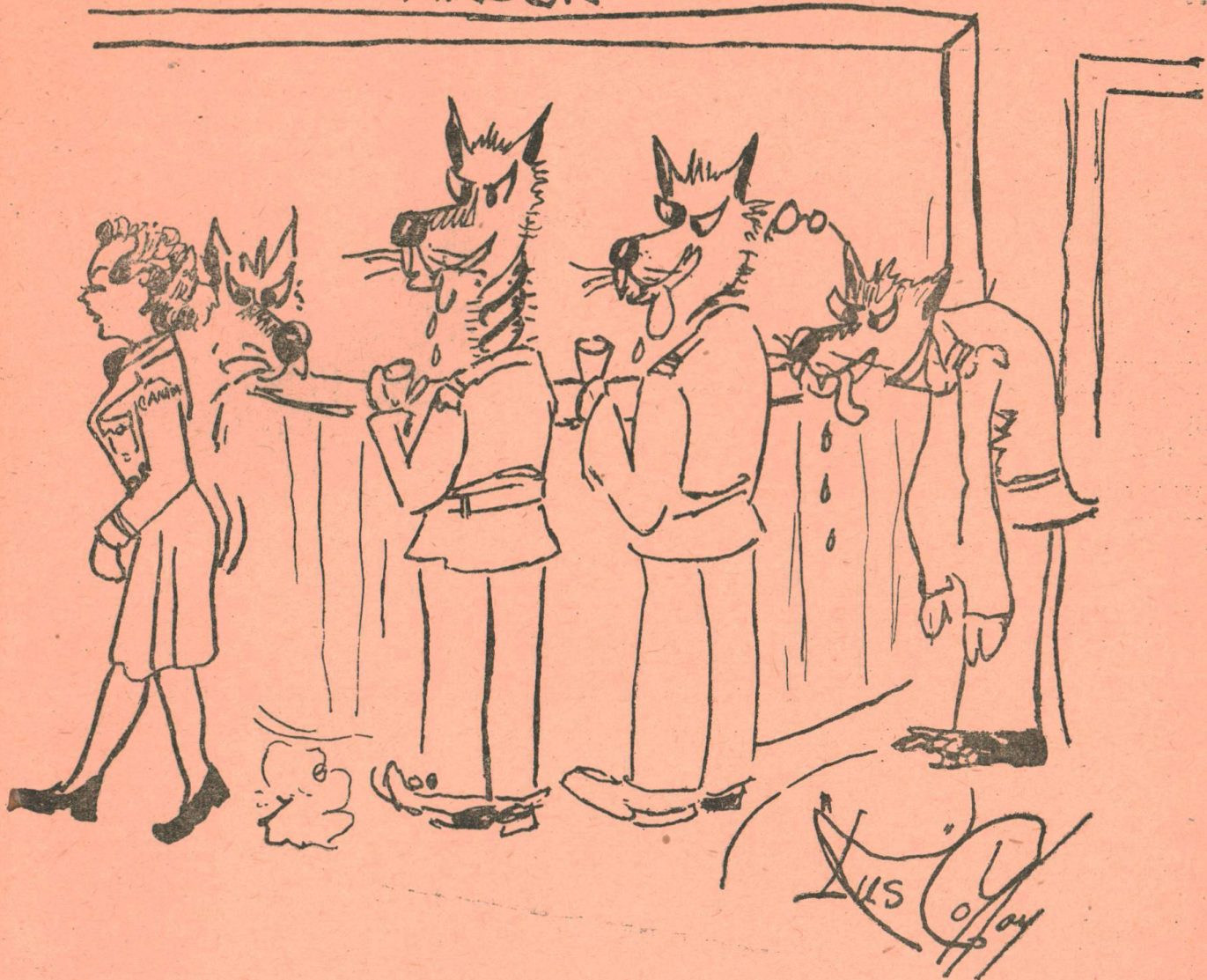
We loved last night, you and I, in our kiss,
Yet to-morrow lies between us, a fearful abyss.

A Dutch comedian comes crawling upon the stage and in this attitude tells his audience: "Two years ago I had a motor car . . . then we were not allowed any gas and I bought a bicycle. But my tires could not be replaced and so I had to walk. But I couldn't get any leather to have my shoes resoled and so you see—I am now crawling . . ." Then erect, the comedian adds: "But if I had started to crawl two years ago, immediately after the Germans occupied our country . . . why, I'm sure I would still be driving my motor car."

* * *

I ain't got no kingdom to trade for a horse, but
pretty soon I'm gonna have a tireless \$998 car that
I'll be tickled to trade for a \$2 jackass.

GANDER



A Few Definitions

A recent visitor to Ottawa from this Station was lunching with a group of statisticians and other consultants who help the Wartime Prices and Trade Board to control the prices of this and that, when one of them, just to show that you can control prices and still have a sense of humour, read to the others the following definitions:

A conference is a group of men who individually can do nothing, but as a group can meet and decide that nothing can be done.

A statistician is a man who draws a mathematically precise line from an unwarranted assumption to a foregone conclusion.

A professor is a man whose job it is to tell students how to solve the problems of life which

he himself has tried to avoid by becoming a professor.

A consultant is a man who knows less about your business than you do and gets paid more for telling you how to run it than you could possibly make out of it even if you ran it right instead of the way he told you.

A specialist is a man who concentrates more and more on less and less.

An economist is a man who can make a simple subject complex, a complex subject simple; in other words, an economist is simply simple.

* * *

Rookie: I'd go through fire for you.
She: What a silly ash you'll be.

Webb's Hotel

WE have decided to use a small column in your "GANDER" regarding our Special Rates and accommodations of the "Little House by the Side of the Road."

For your convenience we are open all hours and nobody is ever refused admittance. The meals are fit for a king and we don't mean MacKenzie King.

Special rates are given on a 28 day stay. Here we have rooms without blinds, where the sun never shines in the window to cause you embarrassment while you polish and shine. Hot and cold running water, mostly cold, is available with castile soap, as a purifier. However, no sponge baths are allowed.

Fourteen days is not considered on the above rate so please do not embarrass the staff by quoting the prices. Snoring is not permitted. Liquor carried only in the stomick but we have the necessary equipment to cyphen the contents from the internal organs.

On 168 hour stay accommodations are as follows: Hardwood filled mattresses with the spring overhead. A new system of from three to nineteen in a room has been installed and is seemingly enjoyed by all.

We consider it a privilege to be able to have you with us when the outside world no longer needs you.

From 168 hours and up we give you the privilege of learning the world's leading trade; folding blankets; the proper care and cleaning of all china and porcelain, also how to be healthy in 168 easy lessons.

For those of you who like exercise, we have the equipment and facilities to organize hikes. Of course you carry all the equipment but the unique feature of our hikes is that you never have far to walk home.

Companionship is guaranteed while you are off the premises as two of our capable men will escort you to or from any part of our fair city. Our motto is service. Our aim is to satisfy and that's an order.

Sign here in a service station:

We require a deposit of 50 per cent. from customers we don't know, and 100 per cent from some we do know.

Vast Airbase in Nfld. Takes On 'International Aspect'

THE following appeared in a Montreal paper a few weeks ago:—

An R.C.A.F. Base in Newfoundland, May 20 (C.P.—It is unique in many respects, this huge air base carved out of the rugged Newfoundland wilderness. "Half-Way House" for the vital North Atlantic Ferry Service, it is almost inaccessible except by air, lying in dense bush with tiny hamlets scattered here and there.

For instance, there is its international aspect. "It is really a United Nations station," explained the commanding officer, a wiry, dark-haired group captain wearing the ribbon of the Air Force Cross.

To the base come huge bombers, fresh from North American aircraft plants, bound for Britain and the air war over Nazi Europe.

In the fast-widening fringe of clearing that surrounds the tarmac may be found units of the Canadian Army and the United States Army, the R.A.F. and the R.C.A.F. There are also civilian Newfoundlanders engaged in construction work, and the Air Force C.O. heads it all.

"I'm more like the mayor of a town than a Commanding Officer," he chuckled.

The "town" generates its own power, pumps its own water, has its fire hall, its sewage and garbage disposal system.

Less than a year ago it was almost wholly a man's town but now more than 200 members of the R.C.A.F. (Women's Division) take a growing part in the work of the community and enhance its social life. The only other women are small groups of R.C.A.F. Nursing Sisters, British W.A.A.F., and a sprinkling of civilians.

Adding spice to the international flavor are the distinguished visitors who come and go—from Moscow, London, Washington—pausing here for a few hours or a few days before continuing on missions of far-reaching import.

One page in the guest book bears a single signature, "George." It is that of the late Duke of Kent who dedicated the Sir Frederick Banting Hospital here in September, 1941.

It was not far from here that the Canadian scientist lost his life in a plane crash.

The Banting Hospital, by the way, is something to talk about. Out here, when a patient needs X-ray

THE GANDER

or complicated laboratory tests, it is not possible to load him into an ambulance and whisk him off to the nearest city hospital, as air force stations in Canada can do. The hospital had to be brought to the patients. The low, green, one-storey-and-half-a-basement building houses 150 beds and X-ray, physio-therapy and pathological laboratory equipment that would be the envy of many a larger institution in Canada.

It would have been rather startling to find among the patients an 18-day old infant and a woman of 82, had the commanding officer not explained beforehand, about civilians.

"We didn't intend to treat them," he said. But they came anyway, by dog team or on foot, and camped on our doorstep. There was no other hospital they could go to and we couldn't turn them away. So we drew up a scale of civilian rates and took them in. Now we're doing a \$10,000-a-year business."

It was here, too, that the R.C.A.F. launched its first and only laundry business. With the nearest facilities at St. John's crowded beyond capacity, getting shirts, blankets and sheets laundered was more than a problem. It was practically an impossibility. So, presto! A neat building filled with shiningly-efficient laundry equipment where washing is done for all army and air force personnel in Newfoundland.

It's a co operative effort for, while the plant was built and is operated by the R.C.A.F., the equipment was installed by the United States Army.

Morons

HERE are a few of the many little moron jokes, some are good, some are bad and others well—
Did you hear about the little Moron who:

- ¶ Pulled his teeth so he could chew his gum.
- ¶ Took his bicycle to bed so he wouldn't have to walk in his sleep.
- ¶ Poked his eyes out for a blind date.
- ¶ Put his nose out the window so the wind could blow it.
- ¶ Put the clock under his bed so he could get up on time.
- ¶ Was a magician so he went around the corner and turned into a drug store.
- ¶ Took the cap off his knee to see if there was any beer in the joint.

¶ Committed suicide by smoking on the 65th floor and throwing the wrong butt out.

¶ Took cream and sugar to the movie because they had a serial.

¶ Lay with his head on the curb to keep his mind out of the gutter.

¶ Cut off his hands so he could write short hand.

¶ Went to the florist to buy a defense plant.

¶ Wouldn't shoot craps because his wife didn't know how to cook them.

¶ Moved to the city because he heard the country was at war.

¶ Cut off his fingers so he could play by ear.

¶ Pushed the cow off the cliff so he could hear the Jersey bounce.

¶ Took liquor to bed with him so he could sleep tight.

¶ Went into the closet so he could change his mind.

¶ Ran around the top of a Wheaties box because it said "Tear around here."

¶ Wanted to be a vitamin because he heard so many say "B-1".

¶ Sat on the corner with two slices of bread waiting for a traffic jam.

¶ Took a street-car home but his mother made him take it back.

¶ Went to the lumber yard to see what the school board looked like.

¶ Went into the living room because he thought he was dying.

¶ Made three socks for her son because she heard he had grown another foot in the Air Force.

¶ Saluted the refrigerator because someone said it was General Electric.

¶ Took hay to bed to feed his nightmare.

¶ Backed off the bus to keep a lady from pinching his seat.

¶ Cut off his arms so he could wear a sleeveless sweater.

¶ Drank eight cokes and belched 7/Up.

¶ Killed his ma and pa so he could go to an orphan's picnic.

¶ Took his nose apart to see what made it run.

¶ Jumped through the screen and strained himself.

¶ Took a ruler to bed to see how long he slept.

¶ Wanted to die with his boots on so he wouldn't hurt his toes when he kicked the bucket.

¶ Thought the bed was narrow, so he got a bed spread.

¶ Thought a mushroom was a place to neck.



First Play Presented To Gander Audience

FOR the first time in the history of the R.C.A.F. at Gander a Play was both staged and produced by the personnel. Several weeks ago the Gander Little theatre group took it upon themselves to produce, direct, enact and stage the Play "The Ninth Guest." The Play was so well received by the audiences that another one is under rehearsal at this date.

From the first this group encountered great difficulties in production. The production manager was posted and Cpl. Ross Relyea picked up the fallen pieces and pasted them together again. Costumes were scarce so the actors (and I mean actors) sent home for the necessary articles. Props were made from the ground up by our station Works and Buildings. And so it went that every difficulty encountered was overcome and the Play staged.

Putting on the Play before a play-loving audience would have been a cinch but here too this group had trouble. They played before one of the toughest lot of critics ever assembled—

mostly their friends by unwittingly a most difficult audience.

One of the sidelights nearly ended in a head of grey hair as our fun-loving Padre called aside the production manager and told him the C. O. who was present had walked out in the middle of the Play.

Most of the artists had never been on the stage before but the audience soon forgot that, and were carried away by the drama that was enacted before them. After the performance they gave it is no wonder that so many were asking them to put on another Play in the near future.

And now for the Play:

At the stroke of eleven the guests begin to arrive at a Bienville Penthouse with the promise of a most unusual evening, a most unusual party. That is how the "Ninth Guest", began its two hours of mad mystery and chilling thrill.

It is said to be by far the best mystery thriller of the present generation. The Play was written by Owen Davis, a playwright who has written more

THE GANDER

successful plays than any other man that lived and was founded on the novel by Gwen Bristow and Bruce Manning.

The guests, as they arrive one by one, accuse one another of being the host of the party. Finally eight guests are assembled and all are arguing as to who the host can be when the butler calmly announces that even he does not know who the mysterious person is. However, when Hawkins turns on the radio a voice from over the air answers questions they are all seeking to solve.

A voice over the air tells them that they are to play a most unusual game of life and death—that each will die before morning and that each will die by his own hand. Panic follows as the guests realize that they are trapped in this penthouse apartment, fifteen stories above the ground floor and with no means whatsoever of escape. They are informed that the door is electrically charged with enough current to kill them all and that the ninth guest is Death.

With the guests being a strange assortment of people, each one hating the other above all things, excitement naturally follows.

That is the situation made clear early in the First Act, and through the Three Acts the audience sat open-mouthed, watching the development, psychological and physical. The voice from the loudspeaker of the radio calmly goads the prisoners on to their doom—making them sacrifice themselves. One by one they fall victims to their own evil mentalities. A movie actress, a woman lawyer, and a society woman are the three females locked in with a politician, a doctor, a professor, a newspaper man and a captain of big business.

The characters in order of their appearance are as follows:

Janson Osgood.....	Paul Bowskill (LAC)
Mrs. Margaret Chisholm.....	Una Wilson (LAW)
Hawkins.....	Sam Torno (CPL.)
Dr. Murray Chalmers Reid.....	John Bigam (SPL.)
Tim Salmon.....	Dave Tupper (LAC)
Sylvia Inglesby.....	Lillian Vaughn (Spl.)
Peter Daly.....	John Schaski (LAC)
Hank Abbot.....	John Dedard (AC)
Jean Trent.....	Ella Muir (LAW)

The following personnel took part in behind-the-scene activities: Sound Technican, Jim Jarvis (AC); Electrical Technician, Ralph Young (LAC); Stage Manager, Carl Liddle (LAC);

Radio Voice, Terry Billington (CPL.); Production Director, Ross Relyea (CPL.); Properties, Rawleigh Keith (AC); Prompters, LAW Goldie and Devine and Makeup by W.O.I Charlobois.

'When's the Beer Coming in?'

TIME now for a few words from Central Warehouse, where diplomacy reigns supreme or is supposed to. After ten months of trying we've decided diplomacy needs a bit of assistance. A few manufacturers or factories would help.

The canteen business on this station would be a paradise for civilian wholesalers but its been one large headache for Smitty, Bill and S/O Walsh.

"When's the beer coming in?" with emphasis on Canadian beer. "Any more watches like those last ones?" "How about getting——" and so the questions go until we feel like replying, "How about getting" but suddenly remember the old diplomacy racket!

As far as our staff we wonder why Bill shows so much interest in the activities of the Dry Canteen. Tommie, what's the answer?

And our mighty Sergeant—"Smitty, what did you do at that smoker that Saturday night?"

The quiet and peace-loving Jack Burch has been the new addition to our staff. He's had a few shocks but like the good airman he is, he carries on. We are pleased to see Miss Walsh back from her strenuous course at Trenton. We noticed too that she had those khaki coloured cars on her return.

Deliver us from the haunted expressions of Bad and Happy of the Non Public Funds and we might be able to carry on a few more days.

Donald M. Nelson was told by his doctor that his health is as excellent as ever despite the tremendous responsibility assigned him. "How can you keep so fit, with such a big job on your shoulders?" Nelson was asked. "I don't look at it as a big job", replied Nelson, "but as a lot of little jobs."

* * *

One soldier has a novel way of getting those cookies and cakes he loves. The Coffeyville Kan., Journal recently received a letter from him asking that the following advertisement be inserted in the paper's section: "Wanted: Good baker of cookies, cakes and pastries. To apply, send large samples."

The Airman's Hymn

When the last long flight is over
And happy landings are past
When my altimeter tells me
That the crack-up comes at last.
I'll point her nose at the ceiling
And I'll give my crate the gun,
I'll open up and let her zoom
To the airport of the sun.

And I think the God of flying men
Will smile at me kind of slow
As I stow my crate in the hangar
On the field where flyers go.
And I'll look at his face as he greets me
The Almighty flying boss,
Whose wing-spread fills the heavens
From Orion to the cross.

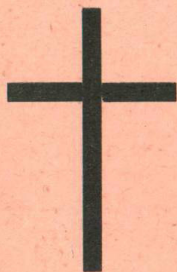
Then I'll look all around me in wonder
As their greetings fall on my ears
Those who passed unafraid to the twilight
In the midst of forgotten years.
From the battle shocked airways of Flanders,
From the ocean's cold merciless breast,
From the pole or the glare of the southlands
Flyers voices all bidding me rest.

There'll be Hinchcliffe, Mungessor and Cole
And brave little Eva McKay
Who flew to the west in the sunshine
Of a sleeping yesterday.
There'll be Richtofen chatting with Barker,
With young Roosevelt and Ball standing by.
And they'll welcome me home in the morning
To the Airport in the sky.

There'll be others who'll wave me a greeting,
Maybe Alcock or Hawks whose just gone.
Perhaps Amelia will say "Hello Flyer"
As I stand in the glorious dawn.
Kingsford Smith with McCudden and Andrees
Will be laughing at air-days that are past
And they will give me the wave happy landing
When I come to the crack-up at last.

There'll be Amundsen, Post and Will Rogers,
There will be hangars that will glitter like gold
There'll be hangars where grease never enters,
There'll be motors which never grow cold.
There'll be ships there for Ed Rickenbacker
And for Bishop when days work is done
And I'll join in the welcome we'll give them
To the Airport of the sun.

—Unknown.



IN MEMORIAM

F/Lt. J. P. M. Barsalou
C 1237

F/Lt. B. A. Casey
C 1061

F/O J. R. W. Cleeland
J 11797

P/O J. H. Millar
J 20859

WO.2 A. F. Marrice, A.
R 93368

Sgt. J. B. Stallwood
R 122657

F/Sgt. Richie, C.
R 132235

LAC Gadsby, F.C.G.
R 137302

R.C.A.F. Station Laundry

ONCE again we take the liberty of airing some of the choicest bits of gossip from the laundry staff although it took a good bit of sleuthing to find out just where the dirt lay. Any attempt at coherence or the developing of sensible ideas is merely accidental. Hold your hat for here goes:

Some of the boys, namely, Pat Phillips, Harry Shea, Ernie Junop, Al Wright, and Slim Berrington went on a fishing trip recently in to the wilds and came back looking as if they had been on a 100 mile trek. You know, sun-burned and tired out but they had lots of trout.

Horrors! Flying Officer Burton has trimmed his moustache. He has done such a good job of it that many of us didn't quite recognize the good-looking officer who walked in that fateful morning.

The Major is still running around with that worried look on his handsome face wondering whether the plant will finish all the lots of laundry work by the end of the week. Don't worry, Major, we girls and especially the girl with the shiny hair and boyish cut are backing you up to the limit. The other night, we found Georgie Phalen fast asleep on her knees under the bed. What could she be looking for, Gander berries or perhaps a posting? Flash—new championship won. McAdam tipped the highlights by recently turning in a fine bowling score of 25, no more, no less.

Since a certain tall Corporal in the P.T.I. office was posted, our Ruby is very seldom seen in those quarters now. Dry those tears, Ruby, there are lots of other tall Corporals in the R.C.A.F. One of these times our play-boys, Chartrand and Pound, are going to knock one another off the truck in their daily endeavour to decide who is the best man. Wonder when they find time to work. Romance of the laundry: Mona and Ed are still hitting it off although there have been a few minor discords. They both came back from a long walk to Dead Man's Pond one Sunday with very red faces. Sun-burned, so they say.

What hot-headed gal in what laundry office likes to jitter-bug with what guy from stores? If your motor conks during one of your strenuous dance routines, don't blame it on him, Sophie. Mystery of the week: Most people collect things like stamps and coppers but we know one who has started on watches.

We wonder what "Nickie" sees in that handsome American. Could it be that the various ratings he has been making lately have something to do with it? And while we are mentioning laundry romances, one happy young lady is doing a good job of wearing down the tracks. You won't be here forever, Parsons, and the trains do need them.

Love affairs in the laundry are becoming so thick that even our genial man of the world, George, has taken unto himself a feminine companion, or using the term commonly used, "a bag." Rumour has it that he spends many an evening whispering sweet nothings in to her ear.

And so to bed. If you get very little shirt back with your cuffs some time, don't be too hard on the laundry staff because they really do work.

Halt! Who Goes There?

SPRING certainly does strange things to men. Yes—even the guards come under its spell. At least so it appears at the Station Guard house where recently the gang there were seen around with picks, shovels and other implements. Soon, what formerly was rock barrenness was made into what they hope will be a lovely lawn. Is this Spring or did P/O Payne have something to do with this? ?

"Oileen" has a strange glint in his eyes these days. It isn't the sun is it "Kelly." And "Casy" another one of the guardhouse, seems to like Gambo and he doesn't go there just to fish.

The inimitable pair of "Curly" and "Dusty" recently made another trip to Corner Brook. As usual they came back looking like, \$\$\$-&, well, they were plenty bad. On the way back to the Station "Dusty" met a Yank he came back with his hat but we still can't figure out what he did with what was under it.

If anyone on the Station sees a lonely airman looking tired and as though he's lost his best friend, it'll probably be "Freddie" returning from a fishing trip some place down the line. He comes back in the barracks without any fish but usually has a great story about the big one that got away.

Almost every noon "Dippy" gets impatient and finally wakes up "The Western Gopher", hands him his guitar and begs him to sing to him. He usually does.

Postings, postings, and more postings but not for the guards. There's a lot of talk but not much

THE GANDER

action on it. Rumours fly thick and fast around B.B. 108. The last number we recorded was D.R.R. No. 496. But for the latest stuff see Stoney.

Breaking all former traditions "Chelsea" was seen at the "Club" the other night. Pretty grim there son. But as "Noisy" and the "Fat Man" were with him we figure he was alright.

"Lizzy" left Webb's Hotel again. This time he said it was his last as the beds there are a little too hard.

Ever since Maurice heard D.R.R. No. 245, that we were being posted across the pond he's been practicing his English accent. Now he can't get rid of it. Maybe that's what attracts Bennett.

"B.J.M." was all set to settle down after he got his love life in smooth order. The latest is he's got his posting, or am I telling. Now what happens Toni.

What's in a letter? Ask Milligan he gets them regularly from a place not far from here. How about it, Buz?

Sgt. Allen and his Gang after working on a fence for two weeks were given a pass. But it appears that there were more than just the gang went on a pass. How about it Flight?

Yes, Muskoka is a beautiful place in the summer, Flight. Are you still hoping for your posting there or just Temporary Duty? ? ?

That seems to be about all for this trip as the dirt bag is empty. But if you see any of the guards looking especially happy they will have either left the Club or have got their postings.

It seems the guards or at least a greater part of them are wolves. It also seems being quartered across from the W.D. barracks causes a lot of howls from this gang, especially around 10.30. Who started all this?

Before closing this little column it perhaps would be wise to give you a brief summary of what the boys on temporary duty are doing.

Eight lads in a shack with the old man from Hanover district, Zimmer by name, in charge. This could only lead to the smoking of many pipes and a few short ones.

"Rocky" the kid who left here with a blonde moustache still sports it. From all report the lad does alright by the girl around their camp.

Then St. Germain, he's usually too busy to do much but his washing. He started one week and sometimes get through the same week.

"Wild Bill" H. seems to be leading a wild life in the city. But Buzz might be interested to know he's been running around with a former gal of his. Pretty grim when she telegraphs him when she arrives home.

"Stankie", McKay's fellow countryman, has a new nick name. At least we think he has according to his blonde baby "Snooks." Ever notice his dimples? She did. That's it fellows, just 'Dimples.'

The Hamiltonian, Henderson, hasn't changed; he's just like all of us; kicks up a fuss when someone wakes him up when he comes off shift.

Affectionately called "Pop", Sudaby has a spare time hobby of making nicknacks. And very good too. He's enjoying his stay there and spends leisure time by "shooting the breeze" with other vets.

Last but by no means least is the man with the voice, "Doug" W. He's still true to his wife and after seeing her picture who can blame him.

All in all they seem happy and are doing a good job of keeping their assignment clear of any mishap.

Bits from the Blast

UNDER new management this issue so we wish to welcome F/L. Casper and P/O Cambell to our section and hope they enjoy their stay here. But to us, nine months still looks like a long time. Did we say nine months?

Things have been moving too rapidly around the section and if we turn around once more there won't be any of us left. However, best of luck to the fellows who have gone to the North Atlantic Squadron. But what with the postings to the respective squadrons stationed on the Island you are still with us. The question at the moment is who'll go first you or us.

With one pair of lovers (or maybe loafers) gone we wonder what the W.D's are doing now. I mean the former editor, A.P.J., of this column and his sidekick Jim. But the section is still in there with our handsome (?) Flight and his sidekick Corp. still in there trying to keep the hospital and mess hall gals busy. And we don't mean at work. Lucky break being messing Corporal, Ay! Jack.

A constant argument down at the dumps. Who is out in front? Maybe we have our own ideas boys.

A certain man is looking forward to his proposed visit to Grand Falls. It couldn't be from those novels you've been receiving in forms of letters, could it Norm?

It was a great show and the representatives from the section share in the laurels for their performances in the recent play here several weeks ago. We are proud of Paul and Jean. If the Armament isn't careful it may lose you to the stage. Pardon us! But seriously you were great and that goes for Jarvis too even though he didn't appear on the stage his back-stage work was perfect.

Best of luck to Beaver and Bedard on your courses and remember us here.

For all you guys that are hoping for postings I insert the following poem although it has no bearing on it. Anyway here 'tis:

Joe Armourer

We are not the heroes who off to battle fly,
We are not the airmen who combat in the sky,
But who put the bombs and load the guns,
Armourers, you know chums, we're the ones.

We are not the heroes who go to meet the foe,
We merely make the armament ready for the show,
And when Jerry's overhead and eggs are dropping
'round,
Joe Armourer, my children, manns the guns upon
the ground.

And the pilot gets the glory and why should they
not,
It is they, not Joe Armourer, who have the battle
fought.
But what could pilot, gunner or bomb aimer do,
If little Joe Armourer forgot to turn a screw.

They are the heroes who on the ether soar,
But when this mess is over and the angels write the
score,
Among the mighty warriors whose names are on the
slate,
You'll find the humble Armourers name listed with
the great.

Congratulations are in order for Hepburn, on his flight, while running a close second comes Hodgins, Ross and Donovan with the first two hooks.

Say will you ever get tired of dusting off those hooks and smiling Hodge? ?

Strange Facts About This Station

STRANGE things take place on this Station of ours. Here are a few of the more comical submitted to the Editor:

The two lads who while going for their mail and chatting about drinks (hard) passed by the hospital when the taller remarked "I certainly wouldn't mind a couple of shots of——. That's as far as he got; before he knew what was what, he was stretched out on a slab, pinned by two orderlies while another gave him a few "shots." Within three minutes they had him in bed with a fever.

S.F.—He got his drink. He later passed out.
* * *

The W.D. nursing orderly who when asked what was wrong with the lad in bed 12 answered "He's sick."

S.F.—She was serious.
* * *

The riot (laughter) in the post-office recently:

W.D. Clerk: "Name?"

Airman: "Snowball."

W.D. Clerk: "Come back next winter when there's more of you, wise guy."
* * *

W.D. Clerk: "Next."

Airman: "Mailman."

W.D. Clerk: "What the —— are you doing there? Come over on this side of the counter, smart guy."
* * *

W.D. Clerk: "Next."

Airman: "Damn, initial R."

At this the W.D. Clerk faints.

S.F.—There are airmen on this Station by those names.

The little girl who once was 5 going on 6 is now 32 going on 21.
* * *

"I never thought you'd marry that man."

"Neither did I, my dear. I hated his ways, but adored his means."
* * *

"Do you find it pays to keep bees?"

"Yes and no. We don't get much honey, but they have stung several collectors."

THE GANDER

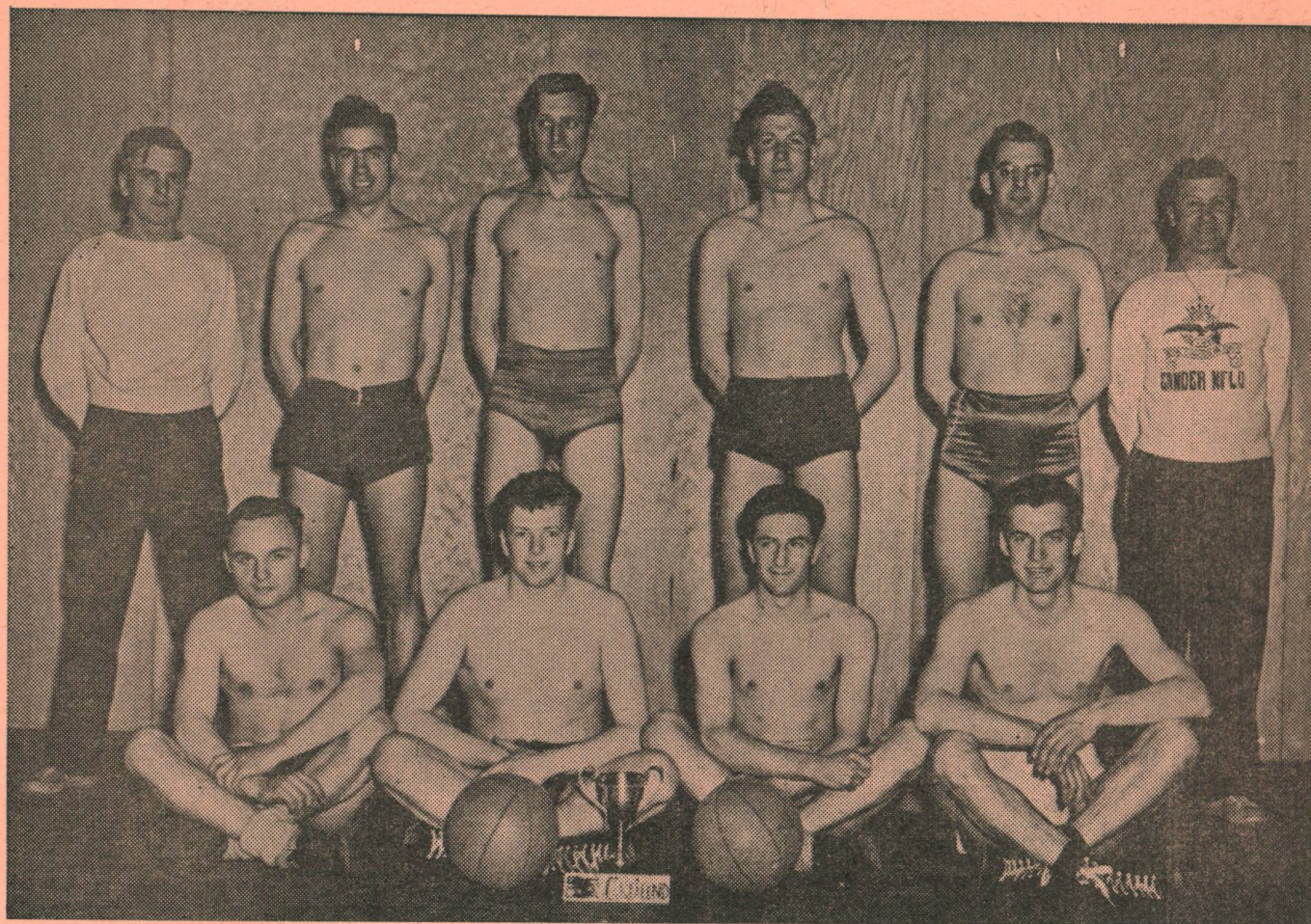


By far one of the most popular spots in the Drill Hall is the newly decorated Lounge Room. Dressed up in a modern motif with the furniture in a blue leatherette covering, it affords the best of comfort and relaxing surroundings. Here, too, are the writing tables and a radio with phonograph attachment, all for the enjoyment of the personnel.



Since the Library moved from its quarters in the old recreation hall it has grown and now affords a well lighted room in the Drill Hall. From its small beginning it has gradually increased the number of books until the walls now have literally become lined with interesting reading. Shown above is a typical group gathered around a table taking advantage of the peace and quiet. Most recent addition is the newspaper rack which carries copies of Canada's leading newspapers.

STATION BASKETBALL CHAMPS



Following the winter and spring Basketball games the groups shown above came out on top. They are a former squadron ground crew team.

Gander Sportscope

ONCE again it is time for the latest sports news and gossip from the Drill Hall.

Before we start on the latest sports doings we would like to take this opportunity to welcome the new P.T. and Drill Officer, F/O C. Burns who replaced F/O G. Hull. We are sure that F/O Burns will enjoy his stay here on this Station. We were all sorry to see F/O George (peg-leg) Hull leave and we hope that he gets along as well on his new Station as he did here. He had quite a time before he left here—he was married and also received his promotion to F/O from P/O. All the luck in the world George.

Baseball

On June 1st the Softball League was officially opened by G/C Wray, L.E., and is on its way to be a huge success.

There are eighteen teams in the league and it has been divided into two sub-leagues, A. and B. Each sub-league will play off within itself and in the finals A will play against B.

Two games will be played each night if the weather permits and when it gets warmer there will possibly be three or four games played each night.

We now have two diamonds and the use of the Atlas Diamond, also there are two more diamonds under construction. We lost the use of our No. 1 diamond as it is going to be used for other purposes.

The International League will soon be under way with teams representing all parts of the station participating.

There will be two teams entered by the R.C.A.F. in the International Baseball League. All those interested be sure to turn out for practices.

THE GANDER

We are glad to welcome W/C Annis back to the Station as he was the main cause of the success of the Softball and Basketball League last year. All the fellows that were here last year can appreciate the amount of work that he did.

So—how about it fellows when the teams are out playing be sure to come out and cheer them on. There is lots of room around the diamonds.

As all you mermen and mermaids know our pool is still in operation and that we have our diving board back. It is not in as good a condition as it was before but there will be a new one in soon. Soon the pool should be the meeting place of the Station, that is as soon as the warmer (?) weather comes.

If there is anybody who reads this column (I hope) who is interested in Water Polo, please get in touch with Cpl. Joe Sourkes, P.T.I., who is organizing a couple of teams to play against other parts of the Station. It really is a lot of fun fellows. If you are not drowned within the first couple of practices you most likely will be in the first game. I am only fooling, you hope.

Since the new squadron arrived there has been quite a bit of enthusiasm shown to play floor hockey.

The captain of their team has been pulling his hair out trying to get the other sections to form teams so that his team can challenge them. If any of you fellows who have played the game or are interested in playing will choose a team from your section we will be able to get a league started. Turn the names into the P.T. Office. We have all the equipment here.

Badminton

Badminton is still going strong and looks like it will continue that way all through the summer. What we would like to know is where everybody is getting the birds to play with. We are still keeping our fingers crossed that some day soon the shipment of birds that we expect will be in.

Bowling

The alleys are still in full swing and will continue to be open all summer.

There will be another inter-station league started in the early fall.

Tennis

Indoor tennis is progressing fairly well but the acute shortage of racquets and balls makes it hard for everybody to play. However, by the time our outdoor tennis courts are ready we should have

sufficient equipment in. There will be two outdoor courts as well as the two indoor courts.

Track and Field

There will be a track and field day in the latter part of the summer. All events of track and field will be open to all personnel. So—a hint to the wise—get in condition and stay that way. If we can put together a good enough team there is a very good chance that we will go out to compete against one of the nearer towns, the same as we did last year.

Fishing

Fishing is one sport on this Station that almost everybody is doing. Hardly a day goes by but that you see a group of fellows or a fellow and a girl (sweet thing) going out with fishing rods and packs on their backs. Believe it or not but they do bring back some fish, if only to prove that they went fishing.

There is a chance that very shortly you will be able to get rods, reels and lines on loan at the P.T. Office. You will be able to buy flies at the canteen. In the meantime those that are really interested in fishing can purchase their own equipment at the civilian stores. It is not too expensive.

We have a little information on places where to fish and camp and if any are interested they can drop in at the P.T. Office. Don't forget your fishing licence.

Boxing, Wrestling and Tumbling

Boxing, wrestling and tumbling will be started near the latter part of June as we should have our mats ready by then. All those interested hand their names in at the P.T. Office. There will be competitions in each event by R.C.A.F. personnel and also against the other services.

Slush

Our curly-headed little boy "Cac" is no longer our star attraction with his head of curly curls. He paid a visit to Mad-Barber Coulter the other night and as anyone that has seen "Cac" lately will know that Coulter liver up to his nick-name.

Our own Cagey (remove the main dirt) Conrad received his Cpl. Hooks and he not only traditionally wetted them as everybody does but in everybody's opinion he drowned them and is continuing to float them bi-nightly.

It is very strongly rumoured that our attend C" kid or the M.O's friend, is very shortly going

THE GANDER

to be posted back to the land that we have almost forgotten. Is that true Sarge?

We are very sorry to announce that everybody's friend, the station's friend, battling Ernie Bates, has returned to his homeland to continue his pugilistic efforts. Good punching Ernie and the best of luck in that fight for your third.

We are wondering when "Blondy" Bakay is going to come out of his daze, even if it was his first trip to Corner Brook in eight months.

We hope that Ella (Rolly Polly) Green is having a good time in Canada after her operation for appendicitis. We can truthfully say that she is not all there now. Well almost.

If anyone is interested in quiet moonlit trails they should get in touch with Ray. (Daniel Boone) Britcher. who, due to his many fishing (?) trips in the morning and at night should be considered a very good source of information.

Then of course we must not forget the two right hand men of Cpl. Conrad's, "Lil Abner" Delahunt and "Atom Bowler" Lacourse who are both aspiring to be the big boss when "Cabey" Conrad is finally sent back to his wife.

There is not much that we can say about "no women" Sourkes and Forman who are ever faithful to their spouses back home.

Anyone who has noticed a certain P.T. F/S. leading the band is wondering whether he is swinging that mace or whether it is swinging him.

We would like to congratulate the two teams that went to bowl against Grand Falls. As far as we can gather both sides were tied evenly.

Well peoples, I guess that it is time to bid you a fond adieu and until the next time, remember there is lots to do down here.

Fishing's Fun Ain't It

IT happened right here in Gander just a few days ago and the details have been volunteered by one of the members of the party: some of the Huskies went on a Fishing Trip. They really did do some fishing, with real lines and bait, and lots of enthusiasm, but the only thing they caught for all their trouble was a couple of head-colds caused from wet feet. Here is the story as it was told to me;—"We set out with all the necessary equipment and enthusiasm required for a successful fishing trip, and after walking through bush and water,

over and around rocks for what seemed an eternity, we arrived at our destination. Our piscatorial skill was not rewarded, so feeling that something to eat and drink might revive our wilting spirits we set to and made a fire on which to prepare our meal. Somebody started a fire, right on the side of a bank of all places, which meant that someone had to hold the frying pan on the blaze all the time; we had meant to cook the fish we caught but used our bait instead—no, not fish worms, but bacon—and it tasted mighty good to us. The tea we brewed was something about which to write home for it nearly ate the bottom out of the pot, but with the bacon, a few mosquitoes and the odd twig, we satisfied our hunger. The funniest incident was Pappy almost dragging his—er—er—feet along the ground, but he was happy shortly afterwards when we managed to scramble aboard a freight train . . . some of us in the caboose, the others spread along the length and breadth of the cars, but next time we go fishing we aim to take some food along with us and not rely on the fish we catch to provide our supper." These fellows are going to have a heck of a time trying to live down this episode fishin' is fun ain't it?

Semper Iugum

THIS month we go to press with an apology on our lips so to speak, for while we have said "Welcome" and "God-speed" repeatedly to several of our personnel during the past few months, we have not as yet officially welcomed our new O.C. or Adjutant—Flt/Lt. "Pappy" Gilbertson and F/O (The Marquis) J. Lawrence respectively. (Where do you fellows get these names anyway?) "Welcome, gentlemen"—and may our welcome to the Huskie Squadron include the later arrivals too, they are:—F/O's Scarlett, Fairfield, and Ward—P/O's Yule, Horrell and Ockenden, and F/Sgts. Badgley and Penner. Some of the following items are almost history now but D.R.O's and the deadline for this paper did not coincide for the last issue so congratulations on promotions are in order to F/Sgt. "Doc" Brown who now sports the commissioned rank of P/O, and Sgts. Eakes and Foster on the addition of a crown to their three hooks. Good work fellas—"what is the secret of your success?" To F/Sgt. "Billy" Bishop we say Bon

THE GANDER

Voyage. and don't like to part with you but know you'll do a good job over-there: lots of luck "Billy."

More congratulations . . . this time to F/Sgt. Vic Gillette who has recently become a Daddy; just take a look at the chest on him, he's as proud as a government mule, and has good reason to be for she is a big blue-eyed fair-haired young lady according to her Daddy.

We salute Miss Gillette with:—

*She is so little to be so large!
Why, a train of cars, or a whale-back barge
Couldn't carry the freight
Of the monstrous weight
Of all her qualities, good and great.*

An old French proverb has it that 'a Father is a banker provided by nature' . . . how about it Vic?

* * *

At least one of our pilots appreciates the work done by the ground-crew and goes to bat with the following verses to prove it; being one of the ground-crew this scribe says "Thanks, H.F."

Though thanks may be inadequate
For what we have in mind,
Those 'thanks' are always in our hearts
Though sometimes hard to find.

Thanks to the boys who keep our kites
Sleeked down to fighting trim,
And keep those motors purring
With the guts to bring us in.

Don't think we take for granted
Your toil and sweat and pain,
If you ever had a motor fail
You'd know just what I mean.

And who can tell, perhaps some day
The Hun will come—it's through the Gate.
Then if the ground-crew missed a thing
A flaming death, the pilot's fate.

Yes, fellows, we appreciate
A ship that answers to the touch,
It's answer is the work you've done
And is recognized as such.

You see fellas, the pilots *do* appreciate your work even if they don't tell you all about it, and realise that if it were not for your untiring efforts they wouldn't do no flyin' nohow. Don't you feel better after reading the above verses? I do.

Sometime last week one of our officers, referring to a certain Ac, said to a Flight Sergeant (please note that it is spelt in full) "Ac So-and-So appears to be abnormally lazy, what is your opinion?" to which the F/Sgt. (abbreviated to save space) conscious of his elevated rank, replied: "Well sir, I don't want to do the man an injustice, but if it required any voluntary work on his part to digest his food he would die from lack of nourishment."

Our monthly innuendo: Will Mr. Ward please tell us all about his fishing trips; and what is so interesting along the railroad track Mr. Ockenden?

Several requests laid on our desk this month are for the words of our squadron song—it's a good idea and we submit them herewith. Come on you newcomers, get together on them.

The Huskie Song

(Sung to the tune of The Cassions

Go Rolling Along)

Over land, over shore, you can hear the Merlins roar
As the Huskies go flying along.
In the fog, in the clear, just as long as they have beer
Why the Huskies go flying along.
So it's up boys, up to the bar and get your rye,
You're gonna need it when you're way up in the sky:
Run boys ramble I think they've called a scramble
And the Huskies go flying along.

How about all getting together during the next few weeks, bring your news and scandal to this desk, and we will endeavour to write up a real newsy column for the next issue. Come on youse guys.

What's Cookin'?

FOR this issue we would like you to pay an imaginary visit to our dining room at the Officer's Mess and listen in on the conversation during the meal hour. So hush, now, and let's get a load of what goes on:

"Hey, it's two minutes after twelve. when are you going to open the doors?"

"Sorry, Sir, my watch says two minutes to twelve. Just a moment and I'll ask Mr. Murray for operations time."

"Oh boy! Am I hungry! Pass the water and throw over a slice of bread while you're at it."

"Say Darline, what is this anyway?"

"We just serve it. We don't identify it, Mr. Olauson."

THE GANDER

"Oh say two, three and a half minutes boiled, Miss."

"Sorry Mr. Griffiths, we can't give double orders."

"And a glass of tomato juice, please."

"Oh waitress. can I have some *hot* mustard. This hasn't got enough sting' to it."

"Okay, sir. I'll make some that will make you jump."

"Hey, Bubbles, there's a man at your table."

"Aw shucks—I don't care; I've got to go and meet Danny soon."

"Padre, when is the GANDER coming out?"

"My dear when the goose goes in."

"How did you manage to get me that second helping of beef. It's so scarce."

"I've got drag, sir, both in the kitchen and in the Newfie Express."

"Nickofor, may I have a hot beef sandwich without the sandwich and no parsnips and just a little potatoe?"

"May I have another potato, Darline."

"They're fattening, Mr. Dale, but I guess I can get you one."

"Why aren't there any potatoes to-night, May?"

"Sorry, Mr. Gray, I'm not the cook!"

"Well, you take this macaroni and cheese back and tell the cooks to keep it till——"

"I'll tell them sir, but not the way you said it."

"Say, I caught a few fish to-day. Do you suppose you could——?"

"You clean them and we'll do the rest."

"Hey Darline, may I have a second helping?"

"I'll be with you in a minute, Mr. Leighton."

"Thank you. Your a dear."

"Did I tell you about the little Moron who——"

"Okay, break it up."

"How come you have turkey and rice soup to-day when it was chicken yesterday."

"You'd be surprised what we can do, Mr. Cassidy."

"Yes, yes, we girls must stick together. My! You girls treat me better than my first wife."

"Okay, Pade, that's enough."

"When are you going to get a hair cut Miss Crocker?"

"Telephone for Mr. Turner, please."

And so the babble goes on during three meals a day. This may give you a vague idea of what

we put up with. So keep your chin up everyone and do as we do, "Grin and hear it."

Soup's on and those men are here again, so until next time don't complain about the strawberries and cream.

CHINESE TALK

Nice night	Happy wife
In June	Another night
Stars shine	In June
Big moon	Stars shine
In park	Big moon
On bench	Ain't happy
With girl	No more
In clench	Carry baby
Me smart	Walk floor
Me love	Wife mad
She coo	She fuss
Like dove	Me mad
Me say	Me cuss
She say	Life one
O.K.	Big spat
Wedding bells	Nagging wife
Ring Ring	Bawling brat
Honeymoon	Realize
Everything	At last
Settle Down	Me too
Married life	Damn fast
Happy man	

GANDER SUNSET

A girl on Himalayas' northern slope.
Alone by crystal spring a-dreamin, sighs,
Old memories melting softly from those eyes
That gaze in melancholy—seem to grope
The clear blue waters—there a tale to seek.
What fires so hot that daffodillian cheek?
A milder pink the wild rose petals she
Through golden fingers scatters carelessly
O'er silky face of that slow-moving creek
Which carries down from Everest's misty scree
The essence of a glacial blue crevasse.
Do you remember warmer findlings, lass,
Than this year's roses—laughing summer play
Beside some warrior now far away?

Life is described by a scientist as the metabolic activity of protoplasm. It often seems even worse than that on Monday mornings.

This space reserved for sections who didn't submit copy.

How about it??

THE GANDER

Corporal: Where did you get that black eye?

Private: I went to a dance and was struck by the beauty of the place.

* * *

Sentry: Halt. Who goes there?

Voice: You wouldn't recognize me anyway. I'm new here.

* * *

Private: What kind of pie is this?

Corporal: What's it taste like?

Private: Glue.

Corporal: Then it's apple. The pumpkin tastes like soap.

* * *

Rookie: Do you serve women at this bar?

Bartender: Naw. You gotta bring your own.

* * *

Rookie: How long will I have to wait for a shave?

Barber (after close look): About six months, I guess.

* * *

The chaplain preached a forceful sermon on the Ten Commandments, sending one private away in a serious mood.

He eventually brightened up. "Anyway," he said, "I never have made a graven image!"

* * *

Last year, in England, a woman was interned because her diary was found to contain the note, "Kill English queen and install Italian." It took the police six weeks to find the simple explanation—that she was a beekeeper!

* * *

An American newspaper correspondent in Japan wrote to a friend, "I don't know if this letter will ever arrive, because the Japanese censor may open it." A week later he received a note from the Japanese post office saying, "The statement in your letter is not correct. We do not open letter."

* * *

Two Negroes were discussing their chances of being drafted.

'Taint gwine to do 'em no good to pick on me." said Sam, "cause I ain't gwine to do no fightin'! Ah ain't lost nothin' in dem countries and dey can't make me fight."

"Yo' may be right," replied Mose, "Uncle Sam can't make you all fight but he can take yo' where de fightin' is an' den yo' use yo' own judgment."

A new rating was sent aloft one night with strict orders to report all lights—all lights, it was emphasized. As soon as he hit the crow's nest he sang out:

"Light ho, sir. Two points off the starboard bow."

The officer screwed the glass in his eye and scanned the horizon. Not being able to raise anything, he asked:

"Can you make her out?"

"Yes, sir."

"She's the moon, sir."

* * *

The submarine had torpedoed a Nazi steamer and taken its crew aboard when the Dutch commander started questioning the German captain:

"How long have you been at sea?" he asked. "Only tmein Fuehrer' knows," the Nazi answered, drawing himself up. "Where were you going?" the commander asked and again the German answered, "Only mv Fuehrer knows." He gave the same answer when asked about his cargo, from what port he had sailed and what had been his destination.

Finally the Dutch submarine commander asked him, "Who was your father?" "Only my Fuehrer." The German started to reply. Then he quickly broke off and finished with an angry "Donnerwetter!"

* * *

A modern girl may know the ropes, but they are not the kind you hang the wash out on.

* * *

Another good thing about telling the truth is that you don't have to remember what you said!

* * *

The most serviceable of all assets is good will. When once you have it, it works for you automatically.

* * *

"Do you believe that clothes make the man?"

"Well, a good suit has made many a lawyer."

* * *

Missus (pettishly)—"I didn't run after you—no such thing."

Mister—"Listen, honey! A trap doesn't run after a mouse but catches it, just the same."

* * *

A woman who fasted for 62 days.

To prove that the stunt could be done, From hundreds of Scotsmen had letters of praise, And proposals from seventy-one.

