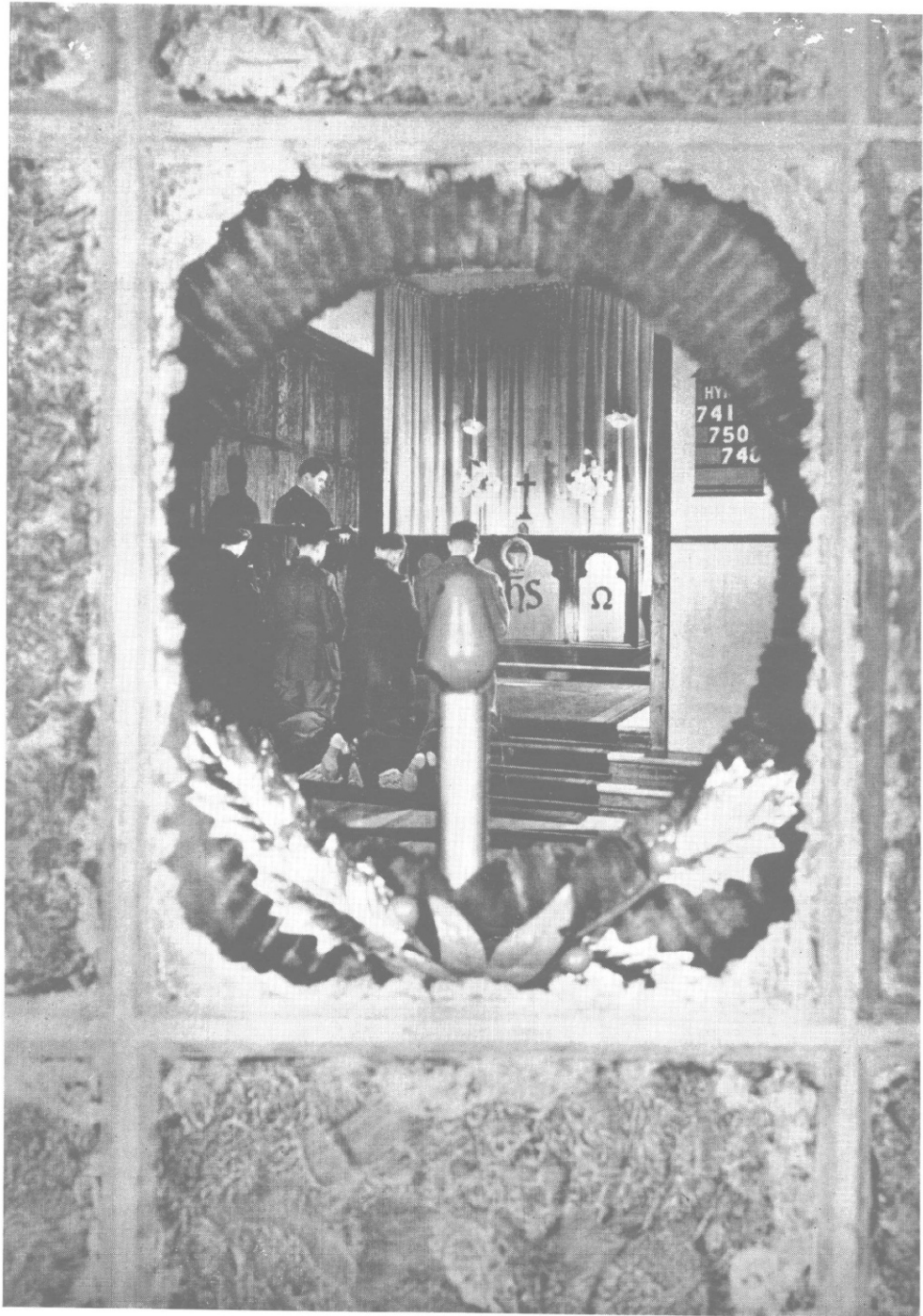


Gander



**YULETIDE
ISSUE
1944**





**A MESSAGE FROM AIR MARSHALL
ROBERT LECKIE, C.B, D.S.O., D.S.O., D.S.C., D.F.C., C.A.S.-R.C.A.F.**

Group Captain H. B. Godwin,
Commanding Officer,
R.C.A.F. Station,
Gander, Newfoundland.

Dear Godwin:

I would like to take the opportunity, at this time, of wishing you and all personnel on your station a very Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year. I would appreciate it very much if you would convey this message to all ranks of the station through the medium of your station magazine.

Yours very sincerely
Robert Leckie



A MESSAGE FROM THE COMMANDING OFFICER G. C. H. B. GODWIN

These two words bring memories of decorated trees—family reunions—friends and goodwill. To some it means a green and to others a white Christmas.

For Gander we can rejoice in the beauty of a white Christmas and a sufficient number of ready-made trees.

Although we are unable to be with our families this year, we are amongst our friends—those from Canada and those from the United States and Great Britain. They rejoice with us on this day and prove that the spirit of goodwill still flourishes.

Many people in Europe are enjoying their first “free” Christmas in many years and we feel proud that amongst other things this is possible through our efforts, the efforts of our Station to safeguard convoys and to expedite aircraft and equipment deliveries.

If God wills it, many of you will be home for the next Christmas and let us hope that the whole world can then join us in peace and rejoicing.

I wish you all a Very Happy Christmas.

G. C. H. B. Godwin G. C.



(R.C.A.F. PHOTO)

Dressed in the uniform of a Marshal of the Air Force His Majesty The King, on Friday, August 11th, 1944, visited several stations of the R.C.A.F. Bomber Group in Britain. He was accompanied by The Queen and Princess Elizabeth. The Royal Family are shown in the above historic photograph standing with Group Captain Clare Annis, O.B.E., former C.O. of Gander, Air Commodore J. E. "Johnny" Farquier, D.S.O. and Bar, D.F.C., of Ottawa, Canada's leading Pathfinder, and Air Marshal L. S. Breadner, C.B., D.S.C., Air Officer Commander-in-Chief of the R.C.A.F. Overseas.



(R.C.A.F. PHOTO)

GROUP CAPTAIN LAWRENCE EDWARD "LARRY" WRAY, A.F.C., of Belleville, and Ottawa, received his decoration "for conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. During a storm of gale force, in order to save an Amphibian Aircraft from destruction in the St. Lawrence River, he plunged overboard from a naval rescue launch, made fast and held a line until the aircraft could be towed out of danger. His action undoubtedly saved the aircraft. He was a former C.O. of Gander. Whilst on operations overseas he was reported missing—and later announced he is a prisoner of war.



Padre's Corner



PADRES DISCUSS CHRISTMAS

I say, Father: Do you still believe in Santa Claus? Oh yes, it is necessary to keep young. Do you?

I have to, Father—with two kids at home. Christmas is their day, you know. By the way, have you any plans for observing Christmas here in Gander?

Well, I've made a beginning, Padre. The Station carpenters are making a Manger for me. It is just started, but I think that it will be nice. And I have the figures of St. Joseph, the Virgin Mary, the Infant Jesus, with the Shepherds and Wisemen and the Animals to complete the nativity scene.

Where are you going to place it, Father?

In the chancel in front of the altar, I expect. But what about you? Have you any Christmas plans, Padre?

Yours sound so interesting, Father, I hesitate to say what I am doing; but I am having four candalabra made of white birch. The white birch-bark will provide a pleasant contrast to the evergreen trees; and each candalabra will hold seven red candles. Have you any ideas about decorating the nave of the chapel?

Sure thing! I have a good idea. I know of a man near Quebec who makes beautiful ropes of evergreen. Natural decorations are so much nicer. I can write to him, and have him send us enough to do the whole chapel.

Please do that, Father. We'll all help all we can. As I picture the chapel, it is going to look very Christmasy and bright. I suppose that it will be the proper place to gather for going out to sing carols on Christmas Eve. How about it, shall we make up one party and all go together?

Yes, you bet! Nothing could be nicer than to go carol singing around the station on a clear, crisp night, with the snow hanging on the trees, the lights shining cheerily from barrack widows, and everyone feeling happy and gay. That will be fun. But perhaps there is something else that we can do as well.

Right you are, Father. There is. I suggest that we put on a pageant of Christmas—just the simple Christmas story, with the Holy Family, the Angels, Shepherds, Wisemen, and Animals, along with the songs and gospel

for Christmas. Our theatre has a fine stage for such a performance, and it would bring home to our hearts the real meaning of Christmas before the festival actually begins.

You've got something there, Padre. We don't get the true spirit of Christmas until the Angels' song rings out in our souls: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." By working together to make that message known we can help make Christmas in Gander a day of worship and rejoicing long to be remembered.



"Je vous annonce une grande joie: le Sauveur du monde aujourd'hui nous est né." Ces mots tout simples des anges aux bergers de Bethléem résumement éloquemment le sens et l'esprit de Noël.

Fête de la joie profonde et intense, Noël l'est admirablement. Qui le contestera? Nos souvenirs, n'est-ce pas, sont là qui l'attestent.

Cette année, loin des nôtres, il est possible, certain même, que nos coeurs gonflés de nostalgie, se surprennent plus ou moins en proie à la tristesse et à l'ennui. A plus d'un, sans doute, Noël n'apportera pas son message habituel de bonheur et de joie.

Attention! Loin ou près des nôtres, Noël garde tout sons sens: un Sauveur nous est né, un divin ami nous est donné. Eh! oui. Tout le reste: échanges de vœux avec parents et amis, réjouissances honnêtes et enthousiastes, etc., ne coustitue pas l'essentiel de la fête de Noël. Il n'est que le prolongement social d'une joie intime, personnelle, jaillie des profondeurs de notre âme à la lumière de notre foi. Avant tout, Noël, ici comme ailleurs, célèbre la naissance à la vie humaine de Celui qui nous a sauvés et mérité le ciel; le Fils de Dieu.

Soyons donc joyeux, enthousiastes, parce que par le
(Continued on page 34)

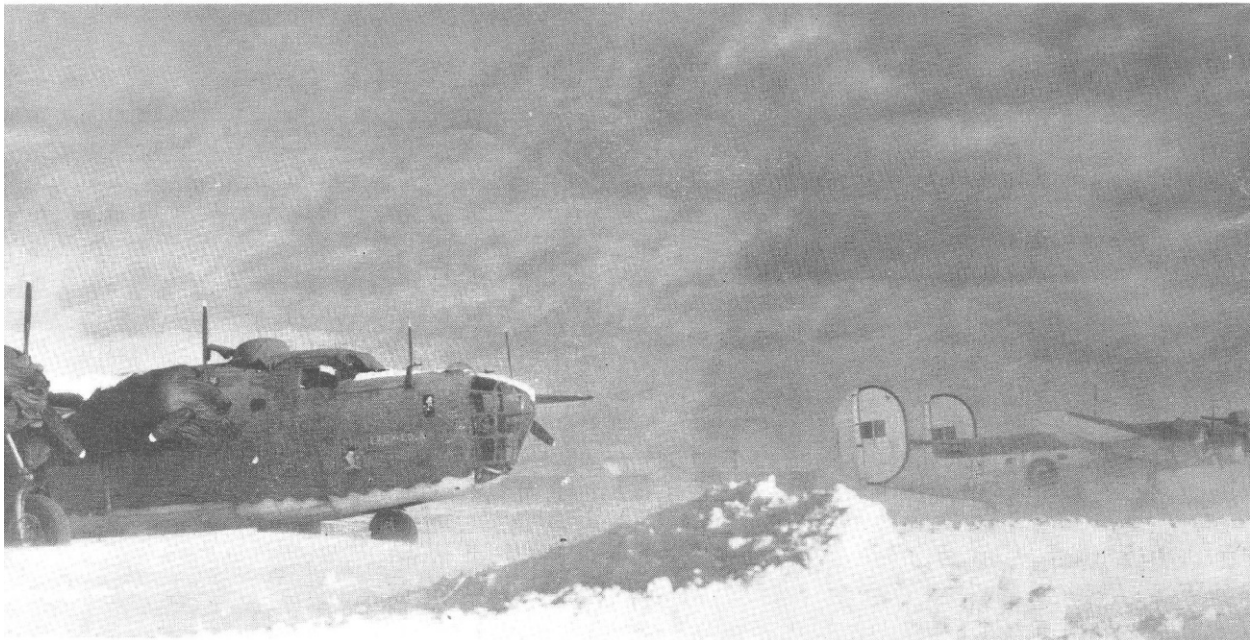
F/L MACINTOSH

F/L VILLENEUVE

UNSUNG HEROES OF GANDER



Hail to our ground crew. The men who battle the elements. Hurricane or raging snow storm, these men protect, repair and make serviceable aircraft, so that aircrew may sweep the lanes clear of enemy submarines. Each one of these men has a share in the food, munitions, reinforcements and supplies that are conveyed across the sub infested waters of the North Atlantic. Each one is doing his job, so that we may return to a safer world.





F/S Larry LeBlanc leads the Sing Song at one of the numerous popular bond rallies.

BOND DRIVE HUGE SUCCESS

The Editor,

The "Gander."

Dear Mr. Gander:

Since you are one of those "Sees All, Hears All, Knows All" guys, you probably also read DRO's occasionally and will therefore have learned that Gander, and Eastern Air Command generally, finished up the 7th Victory Loan Campaign in an individual and collective blaze of glory, by winning the Deputy Minister's Shield for the whole R.C.A.F. for the Third Consecutive Time.

In order that this may appear for record purposes in the "Gander," for the edification of all generations yet unborn, here is an extract from the final Bulletin issued—

"Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Eastern Air Command, has received the fol-

lowing signal from Air Force Headquarters, Ottawa:

"EAC HAS AGAIN DONE IT. HEARTIEST CONGRATULATIONS ON WINNING THE DEPUTY MINISTERS VICTORY LOAN CAMPAIGN SHIELD FOR THE THIRD CONSECUTIVE CAMPAIGN. EAC LEADS ALL OTHER COMMANDS ON ALL POINTS COMPETED FOR WHICH ARE—

- (a) PERCENTAGE OF QUOTA.
- (b) AVERAGE SUBSCRIPTION.
- (c) PER CAPITA SUBSCRIPTION.
- (d) PERCENTAGE OF SUBSCRIBERS.

PLEASE CONVEY TO ALL CONCERNED MY SINCERE APPRECIATION OF THEIR OUTSTANDING EFFORT WHICH HELPED SO

(Continued on page 34)





YE EDITOR SCRAMS by "EV" ROBERTS

Our Editor-in-Chief F/L H. Steirman finally has his long-expected posting. Everyone on the station knows what he has accomplished with the "Gander" Magazine since he took it under his journalistic wing about a year ago. Only its staff members realize fully how much his originality, initiative and enthusiasm have contributed to the success of this paper.

"Hy" has that rare brand of executive ability which not only organizes things and gets others to work, but makes its possessor work hard too. So many executive "types" lack this latter characteristic. He has spent countless hours burning "midnight oil" laboring on this magazine, after a regular day's work.

Let's have a glimpse at this chap, who up till now has kept well in the background on the pages of this magazine.

First of all, he comes nearer than most of us to fulfilling that dream and hope which those "World Traveler at 21" posters used to rouse in us. He volunteered for service in the R.C.A.F. in his 18th year, but wasn't called up until Feb. '41, when he was 19. He graduated one of the top five W.A.G.'s of his course from Wireless School. Then came Bombing and Gunnery School, followed by an immediate posting—without leave—to the West Coast. On arrival there he was given a 14 day leave before reporting to his new station "somewhere in Alaska." After turning his wallet and all of his pockets inside out he discovered that funds were insufficient to take him to his home in Montreal. He had relatives in Los Angeles so he and his pal hitch-hiked there and back. They enjoyed every mile and every minute of the trip. One of the highlights of that furlough was spending a day as the guest of Bob Hope.

"Hy" tells us that this leave is going to have a special chapter in a book he plans to write some time. Incidentally post war plans are: continuing college, and then going in for journalism in a big way.

On arriving in Alaska in August, 1942, he found that he was no longer a Sgt. Topping his class at B. and G. School had won a commission for him. In Alaska "Hy" was in a real "bush" station. Gander is a metropolis in comparison. The boys lived in Neissen huts, and there was plenty of "horizontal rain."

In April, 1943, came a posting overseas. A continuous train ride from Prince Rupert to Halifax with only a four hour stop at home was followed by a sixteen day voyage with a slow convoy. That was in the days when enemy U-boats were more numerous. Here again was more material for that book-to-be.

In England, our Ed.-in-Chief took a Gunnery Leader's Course at the completion of which he was promptly shipped back to this side of the Atlantic, but not before he had visited many interesting spots in Scotland and England. This time, he landed in Virginia, from there he proceeded to Ottawa—and in July, 1943, he was posted to Newfie as Gunnery Leader for Dumbo Squadron.

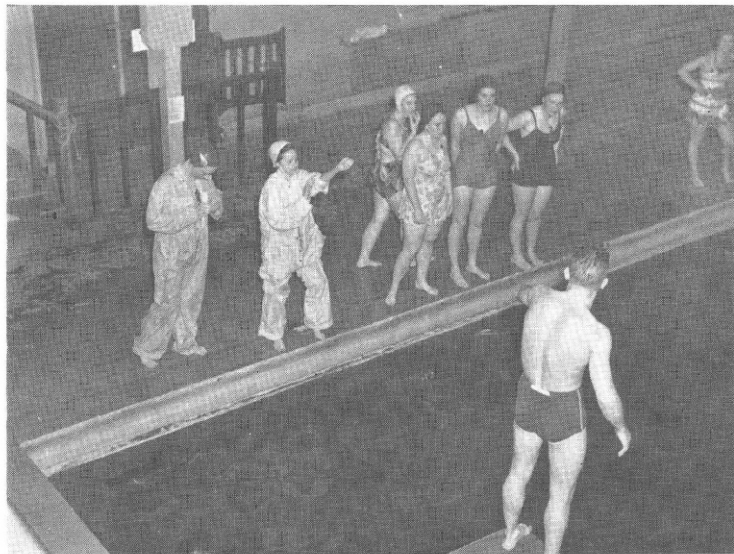
And now, after over 16 months in Gander, F/L Steirman is posted to Boundary Bay—and points west in the Far East (he hopes!) Wherever he goes, of one thing we're certain— he'll keep busy.

Previous to enlistment "Hy" worked as a travelling salesman, and spent his spare time at amateur and professional newspaper work. Somehow or other he found some spare "spare time" to enjoy such hobbies as

(Continued on page 34)



SPLASH PARTY!



Three scenes from one of the weekly splash parties run by the Y.M.C.A. Included in the evening's entertainment are races, good food, hot coffee, and dancing in the W.D.'s Lounge. Tickets obtainable from the "Y" Office.





Pte. Toohy and Cpl. Mann taking loaves from oven. S/Sgt. Hayes in background.

OUR DAILY BREAD by MOLLY O. BROWN

Our daily bread comes from the Royal Canadian Army Service Corps, who have a bakery right here on the station. The bakery boys have been together for a long time, in various places, and they are a cheery, friendly lot, who bake, for those lucky enough to be their friends, blueberry pies just like mother used to make.

We didn't arrive in time to see the whole process of making bread, when, armed with a Press Card, we invaded the hitherto forbidden ground of the bakery. It starts at five-thirty a.m., when Pte. A. J. Pilon starts the mixer, in which the Canada-approved vitamin flour is sifted the water, salt, yeast and other ingredients, in a wonderful, shinningly clean machine that is all closed up to keep out any dust and dirt in the air, and incidentally, to keep the flour-dust out of the air. One of the biggest jobs in the bakery is keeping the place clean. It is certainly so spotless that you could, if you had nothing better to do, eat your dinner off the floor.

After the bread is thoroughly mixed it travels to the divider, where, Pte. Tooney takes care of it. Here the dough is divided into what will eventually be loaves of bread. They are rolls about twelve inches long and

about the size round of a child's arm. They are rolled through complicated machinery until they are quite smooth on the outside, then they pop out of the machine two at a time, and are promptly popped into pans and set to rise, in an oven-like place which is kept at an even temperature. Then they pass to the oven, which is looked after by Ptes. Walke and Perkins. When we were there the oven was full of loaves just beginning to turn a delicate golden brown, and giving off the most delicious, mouth-watering aroma. From there they pass to Pte Birtwhistle who is in charge of issuing.

It takes five and a half hours to make a loaf of bread, or rather four hundred loaves, for that is the capacity of the oven, from the time the flour is put in the mixer until the finished product comes out of the oven ready for issuing. The bakery supplies bread to everybody in Gander. To supply this demand the bakery turns out 5000 loaves a day, of which twenty per cent are brown, makes rye bread once a week, and uses 3000 pounds of flour per day.

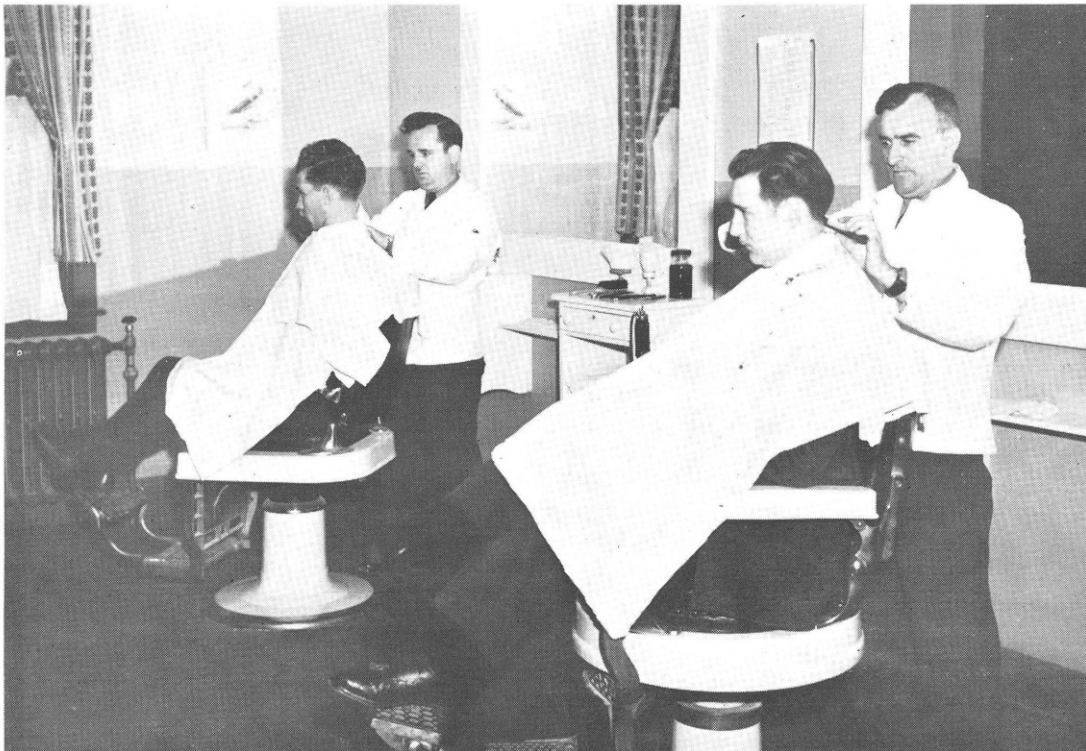
Lt. Gildert is the man in charge of the bakery, and he is assisted by Staff Sgt. B. J. Hayes, Sgt. Hindle, and Sgt. Murphy.



Good shampoos, finger waves for the asking. Cpl. Elsie Strausse, the hairdresser, has had well over a thousand appointments. Under the dryers are Cpl. Brant and AW1 Martin.

CLIP JOINTS

Catering to the best dressed men on the station is our barbership. From left to right are customer LAC Langill, G.A., LAC Curton, (The Clipper) R.W., Customer LAC Marcef, M.G., and LAC Lapointe (Smiley) T.H.

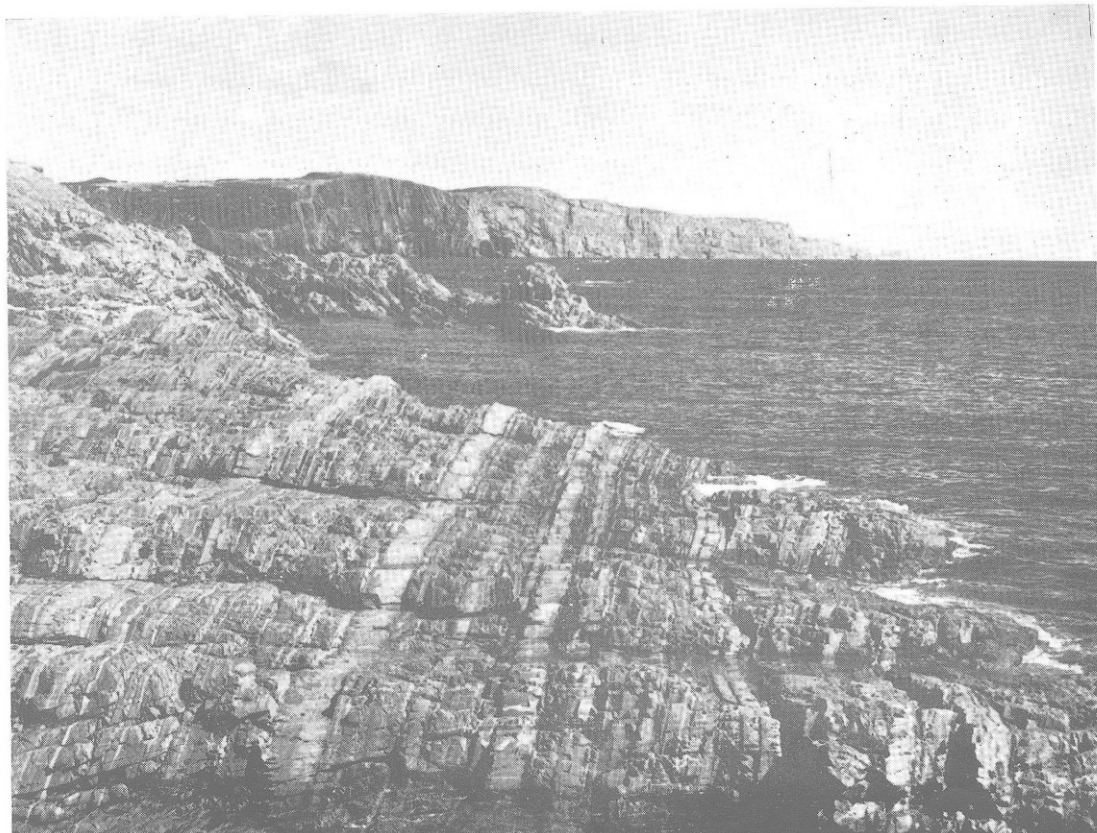




GANDER



SALON



DUMBO

SQUADRON JOE

BY LAC "ALFIE" SCOPP



Comes now at last supper time and once again I hit the trail of the lonesome swine . . . I'm walking along happy like, when I look up and I don't feel happy any more, cause coming towards me are two gees; one's a member of the Gestapo and the other's an S.P. too. Just then they catch sight of me and they almost start throwing fits. One of them, a Sgt. Major, is acting queer, pounding his head and looking at the sky as though he is asking God to give him strength. Finally, he wipes the bubbles off his mouth and says, "Do you know that you're not properly dressed." I looked down at myself, my ski boots are laced neatly, my fatigue pants are nicely camouflaged with oil, my sharp red ski shirt is blended nicely with my black tie. Of course my tunic is not buttoned completely, but that's not my fault, 'cause three of the buttons are missing. I looked back up at the major and say innocent like, "I'm not?" He yells "Don't you know you should be wearing a hat outside?" Well, I figure it's nice of him to mention it, but there is no need to worry cause I never catch cold, and I tell him so. This, he doesn't seem to like. Anyhoo, I continue on my way leaving him with my name, number and freedom for the next two weeks.

I walk into the mess hall and see what's to eat. It looks like something the cat dragged in, and then I take a bite and know I'm wrong.....it's the cat. I wonder what's wrong cause the meals have been terrific lately. Anyhow, I finish my meal, and wiping my mouth daintily with my sleeve, I leave the mess.

I head for the canteen and start looking for a girl. You see, tonight's the night of the dance and if a guy doesn't catch himself a girl of his own to take to the rat ramble, he's liable to have a very sad time indeed. This of course, can also happen even if he does take a girl. I start asking girls and in ten minutes, I've been handed more no's than enough. One of them wants to go, but when I tell her she'll have to sneak in through the back window with me, she says "no dice." Finally I see Myrt, an old friend of mine. I like her 'cause she's different. She talks to me. But I'm sad to find out that she's remustered to the Army. Then one of the boys comes over and asks if I'd like to have a blind date. But I don't go for that stuff, because the last time I had a blind date, I spent the night wishing I was blind. Soon I see that the score is strictly N.G. So, I say, "Oh well, I'll go stag." (And if the wet canteen's open I'll go stagger!!!) As I walk out of the canteen, I see that Screech, our Newfoundland thoroughbred mongrel is looking at me, so I head for the barber. Y'see I let my hair grow until I see Screech looking at me with a love

light in her eye and then I know it's time I got a hair cut.

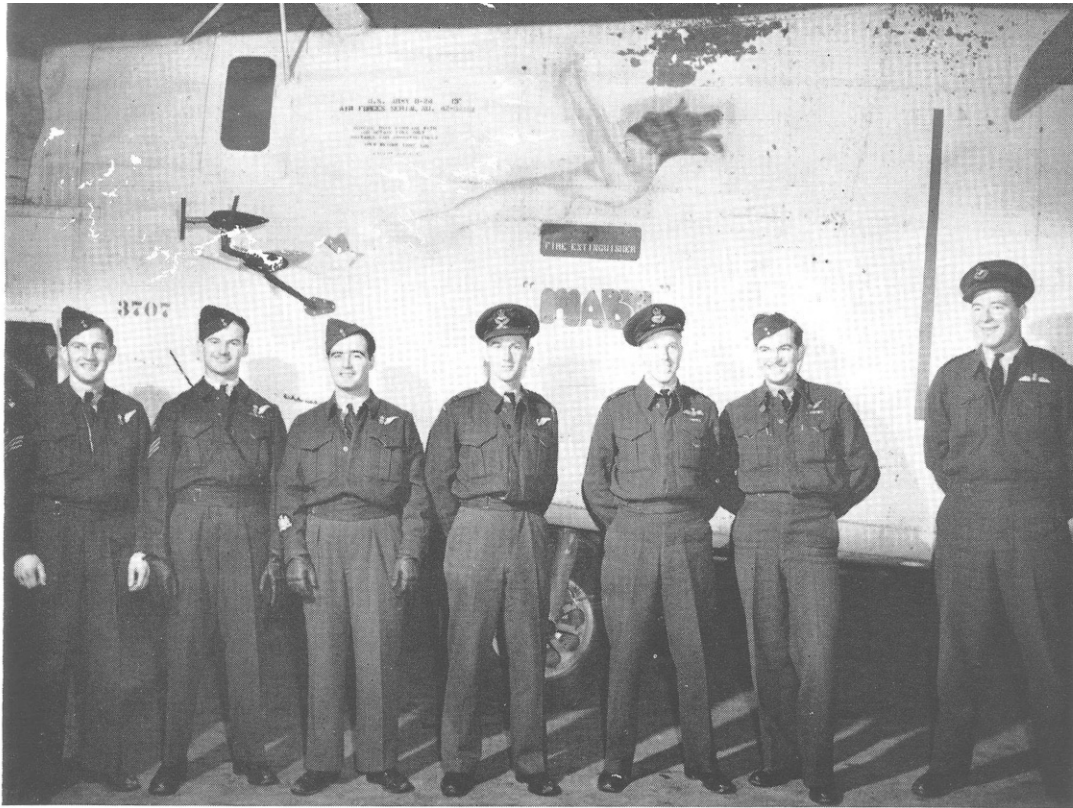
I sit down in the barber's chair and right away the barber starts going into ecstasies, he runs his hands through my locks and mutters to himself. He looks like Lionel Barrymore acting the part of Scrooge. Then he asks "what'll you have on the sides, shears or the lawnmower?" I explained very carefully how I wanted it cut and he listen's to everything I say. First he ties me down tight in the seat, then he gives the chair a terrific spin and while I'm spinning around, he holds the clippers against my head. By this time I'm quite dizzy and with the loss of my hair, I'm feeling more than a little light headed. Finally he unties me and leads me in front of a mirror. "There you are," he says. "Just like you wanted." Still shocked from what I see in the mirror, I stumble out.

Back in Barracks I ignore all remarks I hear about my hair and head for the showers. But it seems that about forty other guys have the same idea. I wonder what gives with all this cleanliness, then I remember the dance tonight. When the shower is over, I go downstairs to pick up my laundry. This laundry business is quite a headache. Not only do you get your shirts washed, you often get them changed. It's a sorta government sponsored scrap bag and you never can guess what's going to be inside my laundry bag. Last week I lost two shirts but found three extra pairs of stockings. I also found a pair of pink unmentionables, I didn't mind that so much but I bet some W.D. is going to feel awfully uncomfortable in my long winter issues.

Once the laundry is sorted out I head for my bunk figuring on getting a little sack time in before the dance starts. At the foot of my bunk is my log book, in which I keep a record of my hours in the sack.

Pretty soon, someone wakes me and tells me to get ready for the dance. I get up and bring out my No. 1 Blues. These are not only my No. 1's they are my only ones. I take a look at the press and wish I hadn't, it's been so long since I last polished them that the birds on my buttons are flying by instruments. After a half hour's polishing I've got the ceiling lifted to about five hundred feet so I quit. Then I shave, shine my shoes, comb my hair, put a drop of Chanel No. 5 behind my ears and I'm off to the hog wrastle.

First thing I notice as I walk through the door, is
(Continued on page 33)



Varga's "Mabel" lends an interesting background to this anti-submarine crew. From left to right are Sgt. Quigley, Sgt. Milner, WO1 Kent, F/L Hughes, D.F.C., Co-Captain F/O Pat Harwood, F/S Delmotte, and Co-Captain F/L "Tiny" Fairbairn.

Below: Intelligence Officer, F/L Sid Woods has a "Gen" Session with one of the Dumbo Squadron crews. Left to right are Sgt. Steeves, P/O Gulbord, Captain F/L McInnis, F/O Prentice, Co-Pilot Perkins (our new Editor) Sgt. Eaid, Sgt. Rawsthorne and the I.O.

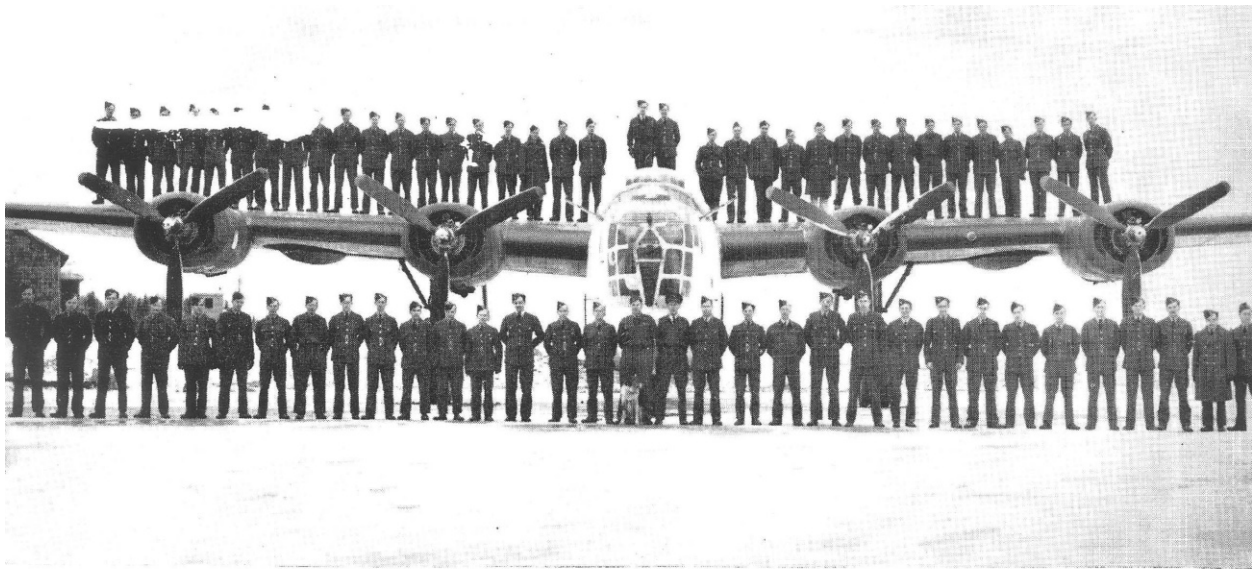




"Pal" gets some dual from his O.C., W/C A. M. Cameron, A.F.C.

Midnight snack at 0300 hours. Munching away are WO1 "Gil" Gilfillan and F/O Phil Dearing, W.A.G. Leader.





DUMBO A.E.M.'S POSE WITH THE O.C. AND ENGINEERING OFFICER

Back Row on Wing, L. to R.: LAC. Robart, J.L.; LAC. Cormier, J.E.; LAC. Langille, G.A.; LAC. Pitman, C.V.; LAC. Stewart, R.; LAC. Patch, D.; LAC. Dagg, J.; LAC. Stuart, J.D.; LAC. Burwood, G.F.; LAC. Evis, F.R.; LAC. Eirikson, G.; LAC. Fulton, D.A.; LAC. Whelton, G.J.; LAC. Leclair, J.A.E.; LAC. Warman, H.A.; LAC. Plank, W.J.; LAC. Hopkinson, T.C.; LAC. Senior, J.K.; LAC. Bailey, R.J.; LAC. Clark, R.A.; LAC. Roffey, A.J.; LAC. Slaght, G.R.; LAC. Clark, R.M.; LAC. Baudais, G.A.; Cpl. Fulker-son, E.M.; LAC. Rosenberg, A.; LAC. Bull, W.T.; LAC. Chevrier, J.N.; LAC. Wolffsohn, G.H.; LAC. Lavictoire, F.J.; LAC. Jay, S.E.; LAC. Kidney, J.R.; LAC. Boudreautt, L.H.; LAC. Chisholm, G.D.; LAC. Bain, J.A.; LAC. Jonuk, L.
 Front Row, L. to R.: Cpl. Spilsbury, B.; Cpl. Bamforth, L.; LAC. Hoysted, D.; Cpl. Woods, A.T.; LAC. Vineberg, M.J.; Cpl. Horne, H.; Cpl. Mee, W.H.; Cpl. McClellan, J.P.; Cpl. Logan, A.R.; LAC. Lewis, A.J.; LAC. Mosnier, H.C.; Sgt. Weaver, G.M.; Sgt. Roberts, G.J.; Sgt. Geldart, D.D.; Sgt. Hosey, L.W.; F/S Marrin, C.V.; W/C Cameron, A.M.; F/L Howe, M.W.; W.O. McNea, G.; F/S Donnelly, B.V.; Sgt. Chalcraft, A.D.C.; Cpl. Corley, J.D.; Cpl. Farrell, R.C.; LAC. Scopp, A.; LAC. Lowry, D.A.; LAC. Thulin, C.A.; LAC. Sallows, H.A.; LAC. Osborn, R.; LAC. Greenlaw, J.G.; LAC. Rouse, J.; Cpl. Bryson, D.A.; LAC. Sabourin, E.E.; Cpl. Finnigan, J.A.; Cpl. Karadavis, C.

AIR FORCE CROSS FOR F.O. WESTAWAY

The whole Station offers congratulations to F/O H. W. Westaway on his latest decoration—the Air Force Cross. According to KR (Air) this award is made “for exceptional valor or devotion to duty whilst flying though not in active operations against the enemy.”

Jimmy (figure out if you can, how that name comes from the initials H. W.) had more than one crack at the Hun in World War I. 1916 found him in the muddy trenches of France, but his heart was with the R.F.C. boys who flew overhead. The following year his dreams came true and he was in the perilous skies over France and Germany. His was an artillery spotting job. His final sortie in that war came near being very final. His gunners got three Jerries before the ack-ack got him, and sent his plane spinning to the ground. In the explosion which followed Jimmy was hurled forty feet. Someone in the infantry got the Military Medal for dragging him back to safety—out of range of enemy guns.

In World War II, if we consider as enemies disease, accident, and the gremlins that cause crashes, F/O Westaway is still facing the enemy. And there's certainly no question about his exceptional valor and devotion to duty while doing it, either.

Ten years of flying with the R.A.F. in India and Mesopotamia in skirmishes with frontier tribes, and another decade with the Ontario Provincial Air Service, penetrating the wilds of the northern part of the province, have given Jimmy ample preparation for the task he has carried on so well in Newfoundland.

He's O.C. of the Mercy Flight Division on the R.C.A.F. Station in Gander. That division, incidentally, is a small but mighty one. It consists of one Norseman plane and one pilot—none other than the O.C. himself. Every pilot on the Station will tell you that Jimmy hasn't an equal and everyone has a warm spot in his heart for this jolly, broad-shouldered man, with such a merry twinkle in his eyes—the fellow who can take off and land in weather when even the pigeons are walking.

The list of mercy flights, resulting in saving of life, is in deed a long one. There's scarcely a bay along the rugged North and East coast of this Island on which the Norseman hasn't landed. The plane is equipped with two stretchers, and accommodates a doctor and a nurse. F/O Westaway is his own crew.

“No matter what the weather is when he takes off—or how long he's gone, we never worry. We know that Jimmy will return safe and sound,” says the C.O.

A hospital assistant who was fortunate enough to go along on one of the mercy flights tells how all the inhabitants of the little village turned out to meet them. After a brief pause for a cup of tea and a sample of warm Newfoundland hospitality, they made a speedy return to the hospital with a cancer-stricken patient. “The people all over that part of the island just about worship F/O Westaway. Though the little villages along the coast all looked the same to us, our pilot knew just where to land. Our confidence in him was 100% plus.”

(Continued on page 32)



Songstress Ginny Simms sends Best Wishes to VORG.

A Song for the Boys . . . Singing Star Lena Horne answers requests on Jubilee.



For Programs "built by Armed Forces Radio"

COMMAND PERFORMANCE
MAIL CALL
G. I. JOURNAL
PERSONAL ALBUM
SERVICE DIGEST
GLOBE THEATRE
AT EASE
G. I. JIVE
JUBILEE
YANK SWING SESSION
DOWNBEAT
INTERMEZZO
WORDS WITH MUSIC
MELODY ROUNDUP
SHOW TIME
MUSIC FOR SUNDAY
HYMNS FROM HOME
GUESS WHO?
CONCERT HALL
MYSTERY PLAYHOUSE
THEY CALL ME JOE
THE HUMAN ADVENTURE
THIS IS THE STORY

For Decommmercialized Network Shows:

ALDRICH FAMILY
ALL TIME HIT PARADE

Station Personnel and

VORG



AMOS 'N' ANDY
BAND WAGON
CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY
OF LOWER BASIN STREET
JACK BENNY
ELANDIE
HELVIN SYMPHONY
NEW YORK FILHARMONIC
CLEVELAND SYMPHONY
KBC SYMPHONY
FANNIE BRICE
BURNS AND ALLEN
CALIFORNIA MELODIES
COMEDY CARAVAN
FEDIE CONDON'S JAZZ BAND
BALL
DOUBLE FEATURE
LUFFY'S TAVERN
FAMILY HOUR
GREAT GILBERTS/LEVEE
FRANK MORGAN
MUSIC AMERICA LOVER BEST

MUSIC FROM AMERICA
GREAT MOMENTS IN MUSIC
HERE'S TO ROMANCE
HIT PARADE
BOB HOPE
HOUR OF CHARM
INFORMATION PLEASE
IT PAYS TO BE IGNORANT
SAMMY KAY'S SUNRAY
SERENADE
COLLEGE OF MUSICAL
KNOWLEDGE
ANDE KOSTELANETZ
GUY LOMBARDO'S MUSICAL
AUTOGRAPH'S
CHARLIE MCCARTHY
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
CONTENTED HOUR
JAMES MELTON
FRED ALLEN
JOHNNY MERCER'S MUSIC
SHOP

HING CROSBY'S MUSIC HALL
MUSIC WE LOVE
NATIONAL BARN DANCE
ONE NIGHT STAND
SATURDAY NIGHT SERENADE
RAYMOND SCOTT
DINAH SHORE
KATE SMITH
VICTORY PARADE SPOTLIGHT
DANCE
SUSPENSE
JOHN CHARLES THOMAS
TOP OF THE EVENING
RUDY VALLEE
VILLAGE STORE
WALTZ TIME
FRED WARING
YOUR RADIO THEATRE

For Short Wave features:
WORLD SERIES
PRO-FOOTBALL
COLLEGE FOOTBALL
SPORTS MAILLEAG
BATTLE REPORT
BATTLE BACKGROUND
ARMY HOUR
CAVALCADE OF SPORTS
HOCKEY BROADCASTS
AND NEWS

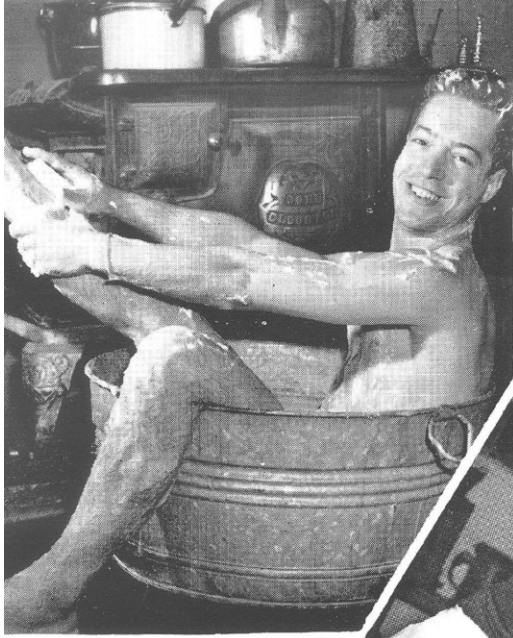


Famous Pin-up Editor . . . Here she is, the girl who answers your letters to the editor on G. I. Journal, lovely Linda Darnell.

Here She Is . . . The pin-up girl of all time, Betty Grable.



EXTENDS SINCERE THANKS
TO THE
ARMED FORCES RADIO SERVICE
FOR A FULL YEAR OF TOP DRAWER ENTERTAINMENT



Soulies Secret Squadron Scene . . Tommy Lima, Hospital Assistant, scrubs clean for the Christmas Eve Party.



Group Captain Godwin Cooks With Gas . . . The C.O. seen here frying "Their" hides.

Can this be Gander? . . . In Canada, women are five to one, in Gander the tables are reversed . . . but we can dream can't we? Left to right are Cay Clacken, Taffy Tate, Grace Babbitt, Chris Berry and Pat Barr. Our hero (darn it) is Alfie Scopp.





"Stop the Presses, Stop the Presses!"

"Smatter? Man bite dog?"

"No. Bull threw old soldier!"

Mary: "What's the age limit for airmen?"

Mabel: "Look, dearie, an airman at any age is the limit."

Airman writing his wife: "Did you get my check for a thousand kisses?"

Wife answering: "Yes, the grocer cashed it for me this morning."

"It's not just the work I enjoy," said the man on the hangar mule, "it's the people I run into."

The absentee problem in Berlin is acute. Every day a few more factories fail to show up for work.

Two Army pilots shot down in the Pacific were floating on a rubber raft when they saw a Jap submarine rise to the surface. One Pilot waved.

"That's the stuff," said his comrade. "Get 'em close to us and we'll ram them."

Two kittens were watching a tennis match. One said proudly, "My mother's in that racket."

Pilot to Navigator, observing a WAG at revolver practice: "Perhaps we should check his record. I notice after every shot he carefully wipes off his fingerprints."

Despite those stories you may hear

Of dolls who must wear glasses,
The wolves will give a second leer
If she's got a well-turned chassis.



I pitched the dice into the air,
They fell to earth, I know not where,
A moment later to my surprise,
I stood and stared at two snake-eyes.

Her lips quivered as they approached me. My whole frame trembled as I looked into her eyes. Her chin vibrated and my body shuddered as I held her close to me. The moral: Never kiss a girl in a jeep with the engine running.

When a gal tells an airman she's a perfect 36, she expects him to grasp what she's talking about very quickly.



Heard in front of the W.D.'s barracks:

"Do you think my eyes are like the stars?" she asked him.

And he replied, "Yeah."

"And you think my teeth are like a string of pearls?" she continued.

And he replied, "Yeah."

"And you think my complexion is like a rose petal?"

"Yeah."

"And you think my hair is like spun gold in the moonlight?"

"Yeah."

"Oh, Joe!" she exclaimed, "you say the most wonderful things."

"That's the guy I'm laying for," muttered the hen as the farmer went by.

They laughed when I stood up to sing—but how was I to know I was under the table?



Night manoeuvres recently found many an M.T. driver tinkering with a miss in his motor.

A teen-age girl approached her mother one day looking very serious.

"Mother," she said, "How do you talk to boys?"

"How do you mean?" questioned her mother.

"Well, when my boy friend comes over I say, 'Hello Butch,' and he says 'Hiya, Stinky. What's Cookin'?' And then I don't know what to say next."





Sgt. Martel gives the Purple Phantom "one" to think about.

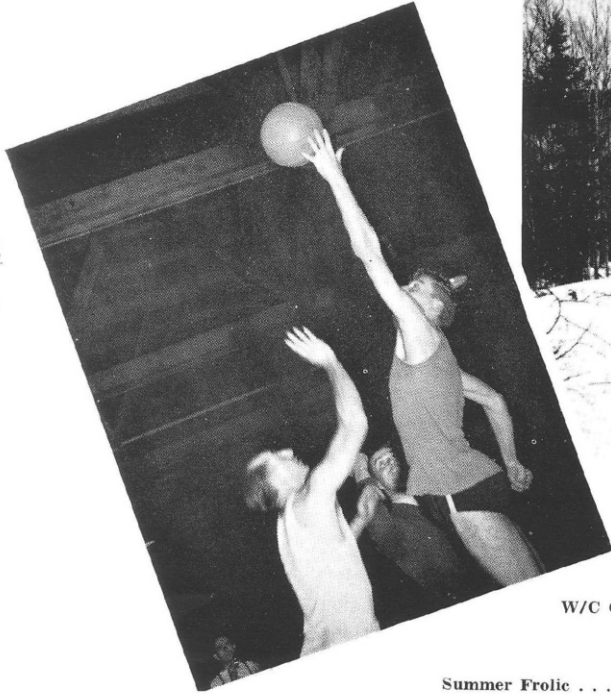


Swinging from a star is pretty LAW Mona Simms.

A lovely afternoon, a pair of skis and the old ski hill.



S P O R T



And there's always a long trek back.

W/C Cameron tosses the basketball at the opening of the season.

Summer Frolic . . . Left to right are Anne Knight, Sheila Steeves and Glad Harvey.

**S
H
O
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S**



STATION BAND

BY CPL CLARK

A few moons ago Gander was greeted with 28 musicians and one new Drum-Major. This fine upstanding group of people (with the trip across still wet on their lips) was our new Band.

We on "THE GANDER" want you of The Gander to meet your Band.

First we take the Dance Band, or as you all know them as The Solidares:

WALLY VOGEL—1st Trumpet, who hails from Kitchener, Ontario, married with a daughter. Responsible for lead chair and jazz trumpet with band, played with Ted Parker's and Ellis McLintock's units before enlisting. Wally kicks off tempos and leads the group—when not, he is to be found drowning himself in his beer.

STAN OTTAWAY—2nd Trumpet, Toronto, Ontario, single, early training in Salvation Army bands. Brilliant supporter in the trumpet section.

DOUG (BRAIN) MAPLEDEN—3rd Trumpet, Georgetown, Ontario, married with daughter. Received his training with Lorne Scots band; has been an able man in the section since its ovation.

LLOYD (STEVE) RICHARDS—1st Trombone, Toronto, Ontario, married. This jazz trombonist was featured with Horace Lapp, Paul Firman and Bert Niosi; among other accomplishments are composing strange tunes and arranging.

JOSEPH (FEN) WATKIN—2nd Trombone, Toronto, Ontario, married and with a nice new baby girl. This top-notch arranger is a graduate of the Toronto Conservatory of music and a pianist and organist in great demand. Many of his masterful arrangements have been featured by famous bands.

FRANK McKINNON—3rd Trombone, Brantford, Ontario. Single (Girls take note). Assistant Bandmaster Brantford Boys' Band. Played with Davey Grey and his Royal Cadets, Brantford Senior Band.

HART WHEELER—1st Alto. Sax, Toronto, Ont. Single, but has a certain C.W.A.C. on the line. Hart plays brilliant lead in the saxophone section and fine jazz clarinet, played with Russ Waters in Toronto.

"HAP" TURNER—2nd Alto. Sax, Thorold, Ontario, married. Played with Bud Allen, Win Philips and Henry Kelneck before entrance to the Service.

BOB (MOUSE) MEWS—1st Tenor Sax, Toronto, Ontario, married and has a very young son. Bob played with the Modernaires, of which he was a charter member, later worked with Gren Hobson and George Hovey. Fine arranger and instrumentalist, also plays piano in small group.

RAY POGUE—2nd Tenor and Flute, Toronto, Ontario, married with a son named Larry. Loves to have the arrangers write flute lead and whole notes.

HARRY (SQUEEK) WALLER—Baritone Sax and Clarinet, Hamilton, Ontario. Single but very close to the altar, Squeek plays the largest horn in the band and does a fine job. Received his training in the 91st Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders Band.

HUGH HAMILTON (KELLY) KENYON—Drums, Toronto, Ontario, single, plays a fine set of drums. Played with Nels Kelly, Bob Williamson, Chuck Smith and Russ Harris. Kelly is another boy on the brink of matrimonial bliss.

BIG EARL ORUM—Bass, Windsor, Ontario, single. The big guy himself received his training at the famous Essex Scottish Regiment, Victoriaville R.C.A.F. Band. Right now he is pretty busy thinking about getting married early next year.

KENNY (COUNT) COCKLIN—Piano, Timmins, Ont., single. Plays various instruments, played for the MacIntyre Mines Band. A graduate of Casa Manana Night Club.

GEORGE EUGENE MOXAM WHITNEY—Guitar, Toronto, married and with a new son. Stanley St. John's star performer, card tricks a specialty. Also plays cornet.

DON MILLS—1st French Horn, London, Ont. Married. Played solo horn with Weston Symphony Orchestra, also with Centennial United Church Orchestra in London.

BRAM RITCHIE—2nd Horn, Toronto, Ont. Married, one daughter. Has had many years' experience with Salvation Army Bands around Toronto. He has efficiently filled the capacity of librarian since this band was formed.

(Continued on page 33)





BILLIE BAIRD "RED CROSS"

Miss Wilma (Billy) Baird, whose cheerful presence and hard work in the Gander R.C.A.F. hospital has speeded the lagging days of convalescence and brightened days of illness for many a patient, is a native of Montreal, where she joined the Red Cross in June of 1943.

She received her education at Sir Herbert Symon Public School and Westmount High School. Joining the Red Cross, she took a course in hospital handicrafts at Macdonald College, St. Anne de Bellevue. After completing this course she put in about 300 hours as a VAD before re-

ceiving her first posting — gaumless old Gander. She arrived here last April.

"Billy's real job at Gander is the instruction of arts and handicrafts, to help patients while away long hours of enforced inactivity. However, she found, naturally, enough, that patients who had become interested in their work, were reluctant to give it up when they were discharged from the hospital. The alternative to having them break a leg in order to get back in was to open the little hobby shop in the hospital lounge four nights a week for those who were interested.

Besides the Gander Hospital, "Billy" looks after handicrafts in the R.C.A.F. Hospital at Botwood, where she goes for one week each month by aircraft, Galloping Gertie, or Newfie express.

Billy's own favorite hobbies are leatherwork and sewing and embroidery of all kinds. Her favorite sport is tennis and she also likes bowling. She doesn't care for badminton but suspects that she will if she stays at Gander long enough. The latter contingency, however, is not likely to occur, as "Billy" is leaving us early in the new year.

So long, Billy, it's been fun having you.

OPTIMISM

You've heard of optimistic folks
That do things claimed by us as jokes
The down-and-outer—small or great
The latter we would imitate.

No matter if it's just "Scotch Mist"
The name they get is "Optimist"
And often we are wont to do
A spot of optimism too.

An optimist is Gab McGrott
Forever with his bumbershoot
He claims (Now some will say he's
darts)
"For falling rain or airplane parts."

Another type is Liz Pylon
She joined in wedlock with Nylon
She claims (that optimistic elf)
She'll someday get a pair herself.

But now we come to one supreme:
Dear Gander is the place I mean
The rainy season never passes,
And so we're issued with sun-glasses.

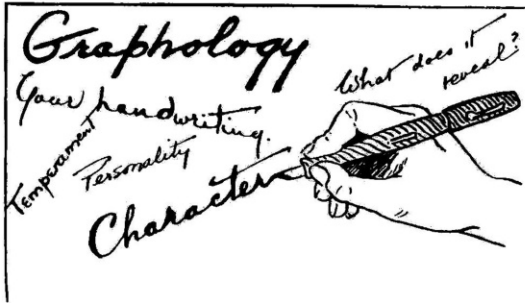
D. H. M.



HORNE—WHITE

On November 4th, at the hour of 7.30, a very pretty wedding was solemnized in the R.C.A.F. Chapel, when with F/L D. M. MacIntosh officiating, Cpl. Olivena May White became the bride of Cpl. Harold Keith Horne. Cpl. Kay Alexander attended the bride and Cpl. Bill Livingstone was best man, while the ushers were Cpl. Gus Karadavis and LAC George Charal.

To the soft strains of the Wedding March played by LAC J. F.
(Continued on page 34)



Have you mastered the first chapter "Margins"? Then let's go on with two more important points to be noted in any handwriting analysis. First we'll look at the **Base line**. Below are samples of four types of base lines—

- (1) Another rainy day in Newfer
- (2) Will this rain ever stop?
- (3) More and more rain!
- (4) If this rain lasts another day

Uphill writing as in (1) indicates optimism and ambition. This writer is not easily discouraged, is active and has an abundance of energy. Downhill writing may be caused by illness or fatigue, but the person who writes this way habitually has a tendency to be pessimistic and lacking in buoyance. Extreme downhill writing indicates melancholy or despondency. The cool, placid type who is not easily disturbed, thinks carefully and logically, and keeps his impulses in check, writes with a careful straight line (3).

Moody persons have all sorts of angles of writing—sometimes up, sometimes down, sometimes straight (4). Such persons usually have an interesting personality. You know the type—you never know just what to expect of them next or just how they will react. All you can be sure of is that there will be a very definite reaction. Such characters do not like restraint. They are not well suited for routine work and do not enjoy it.

Now let's look at the **slant of writing**.

- a. I miss you very much.
- b. Oh! What a beautiful morning
- c. That's the last straw
- d. Often there is a good
- e. This problem is a serious

You've all seen **very vertical writing**—with letters all at right angles to the line. For an interpretation of this notice **C** in paragraph below. Writing which leans forward as in **A** indicates other characteristics. Here they are:

A—Eager, enthusiastic nature, great ardor, demonstrative, impulsive, likes people, often sensitive.

B—This is a more average slant. Affectionate and impulsive to a milder degree than **A**—generally optimistic. Very rounded formations with this slant show a naive and gentle nature.

C—Straight up and down writing shows reserve and poise. The head controls the emotions. Cold and calculating individuals often write in this manner. But for these two characteristics other signs must be present. More about that some other time.

D—Aloof, reticent and undemonstrative. Often somewhat repressed and inhibited. Capable of being very hard and cold. This applies to **natural** backhand writing. Librarians, telegraphists, etc. often assume this style for business requirements, but do not possess the characteristics this type of writing ordinarily signifies.

E—This extreme backhand angle shows the same degree of emotion as the extreme forward in **A**. While the forward writing shows impulsiveness and eagerness, **D** indicates repression and restraint. Such a person is very critical, frequently suffers from depression and is undemonstrative.

When writing has a variety of slants and is upright in other places, there's a dual nature. There is much conflict between the heart and mind. Sometimes this writer is tender and sympathetic but at other times, cold and indifferent.

Uneven slants and lines are connected with a strong critical faculty. Numerous other indications are required to decide whether this faculty is based on good or bad judgment.

That's the trouble with this subject. There's so much weighing and balancing and comparing to be done for an accurate analysis. In this field it is surely true "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing." I beg of you, don't place anyone in the criminal category without an abundance of information. So far, I've mentioned very few of the criminal traits—for this very reason. You know the old saying "One swallow does not make a Summer." One flaw, nor two, nor three make a criminal. But Muriel Soggart says that "four of the ten criminal traits are enough." "And who is Muriel Soggart?" perhaps you are asking. She's one of the foremost handwriting experts of our continent and of our time. If you're interested, read her mystery novel "The Vicious R" which appears in the December issue of "The American." Her mystery fiction "X Marks the Dot" is also good.

In our next issue, there'll be the names of several good textbooks on the subject—just in case any of our readers would really like to delve deeply into the subject.

Wouldn't it be fine, if our next issue were the last—if the arch-criminals of our day had been defeated. That's wishful thinking, isn't it. You should see how my writing ran uphill as I wrote that.

Christmas
GREETINGS



Education

MEET THE LIBRARY

Probably the most widely enjoyed recreational facility on any station is the library. Gander is particularly fortunate in having the well stocked shelves in a pleasant, quiet room, presided over by cheerful, attractive A.W. Adams.

The range of reading matter available runs all the

way from the most current fiction to those time honoured classics we never really expected we would have time to read until we came to Gander.

The section of Canadiana is particularly interesting, with a growing list of titles telling the story of our country's development and of our place in the modern world. The popularity of these books is cited as an indication of the awakening interest of young Canadians in the problems and prospects of their "Unknown Country," to quote one of the titles.

The reference and technical books deal principally with the mechanical sciences but there are some that would interest the student of mathematics, philosophy or religion.

Perhaps hobbies, crafts or games are more in your line, if so you too will find the library useful. There are helpful publications for almost every interest.

So how about catching up on that reading you've been promising yourself. These long winter evenings are an excellent opportunity. If you haven't already made the acquaintance of the library, come on over.





MARRIED W.D.'s TO RECEIVE DISCHARGES

by LAW SUE JACOBS

It is very rare, in service life, that a rumour materializes with anything like speed or accuracy into the realm of actual fact. But that did happen recently, when it became evident that married W.D.'s were to receive their discharges from the Air Force. The "gen" seeped into barracks by the usual routes, but D.R.R.'s were swiftly replaced by D.R.O.'s when notices started to appear requesting married girls to report to Fl/O Jackson.

The fact that so many familiar faces will be disappearing soon, not to other stations, but to civilian life, brings forth such mixed emotions and reactions that we hardly know where to begin. Needless to say, there was the reaction of wondering whether it would be worth while to get married to get a discharge. The consensus of opinion seemed to be that it might be more difficult to get rid of a husband than a uniform. And there were jokes directed at "Whitey" whose wedding was timed neatly the day after the notice appeared. If we didn't know that the date had been set long ago we might think it quite a coincidence. There seemed to be sudden and hitherto unknown advantages in the marital state. For instance, on Monday evenings while the rest of us were disporting ourselves around the Drill Hall doing physical jerks, the married women met in comfort in the W.D. lounge to be told a few details of their future.

All joking aside, there are other sides to the question. We all talk about wanting to get out, but when faced with the possibility that some day the Air Force will actually PUT us out, we start to do some thinking. Words like "personnel counsellor" and "post-war plans" take on reality. We mean to do something about it some day—when we get around to it. We are thinking, too, about the girls who are leaving: solemn thoughts about their paving the way back to normality for the rest of us, and the fact that they've done good work while they were with us, and that it is nice to see that glimmer of light ahead that may mean the war will be over some day. But as usual it is the little things that occupy

SOU'WESTER

by MOLLY O. BROWN

Something new has been added! To the W.D.'s wardrobe, we mean. We have a new hat. And such a hat. It's one of those handy six-way models without which, so the ads used to tell us, no feminine wardrobe is complete. It is made of dirty yellow oilskin, about the shade of a pair of old washed-out fatigue pants, and it has a brim that is very wide at the back and very narrow at the front. It's handy for keeping the rain from running down your neck, but that is certainly not its most important feature.

You can, for instance, turn it back to front, when it becomes a devastatingly demure bonnet, guaranteed to inspire protective instincts in great big strong wonderful men. Leaving it back to front, but turning the wide part of the brim up, we get an off-the-face, flyaway effect well-suited to our moods of gay abandon. Still on backwards, but tilted over one eye, it gives us that "woman of mystery air" beloved by villainesses in movie serials, and also seriously impedes our vision. A jaunty, adventurous effect can be obtained by wearing it the right way round and turning up the brim on one side; turning it up all the way round and wearing it any old way at all gives you that careless, happy-go-lucky, bare-foot-boy-with-cheek-of-tan look. Or try turning it up on both sides. I don't quite know how to describe the effect, but you certainly get one.

What is this approaching?
What strange new beast is here?
Surely nothing that is human
Would wear a garb so queer.

It's dark and shapeless garment hides
It's method of propulsion;
And if it had a fish 'twould be
An ad for Scott's Emulsion.

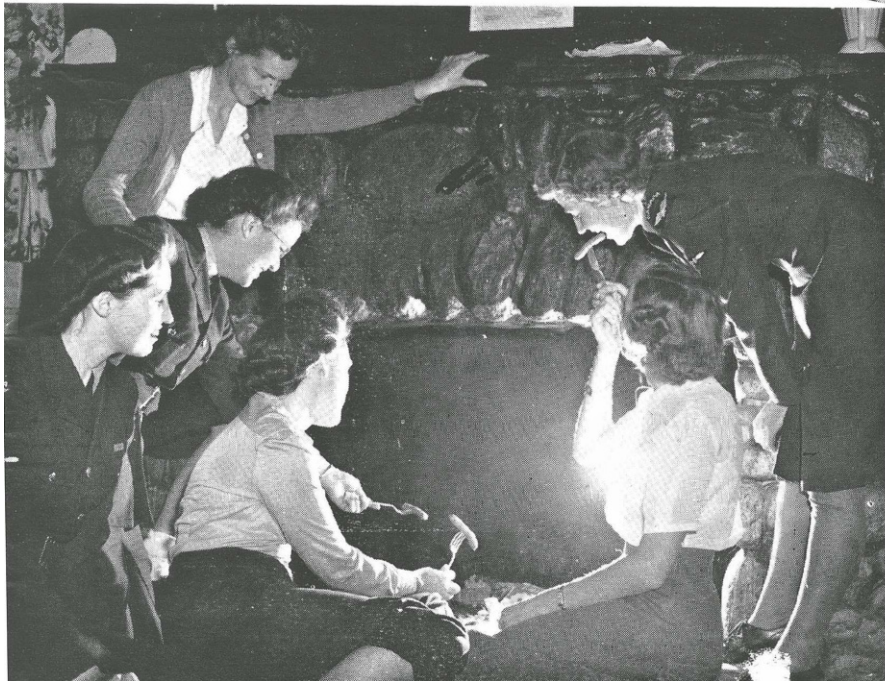
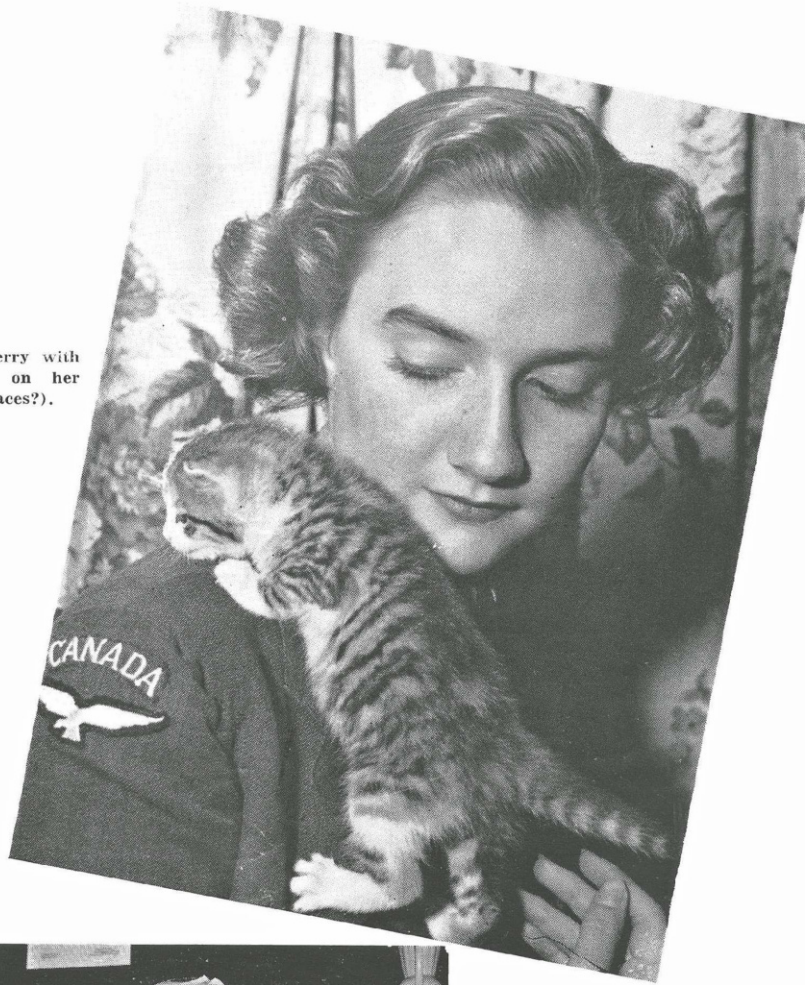
A grim sou'wester hides the face,
The features must be gruesome.
Look out! There's another one!
Aren't they a gruesome twosome?

Hush, hush my children, don't be rude.
Those clothes hide human tissue.
That funny-looking object is
A W.D. in winter issue.



most of our attention. How many rubber boots, for instance, will be turned into stores, and how many "lost?" And how will we survive when LAW Smith, now Mrs. Smith, takes herself and her badminton racket and her iron back to Canada?

Portrait of LAW Chris Berry with a bottle baby pussycat on her shoulder (wanna change places?).



Toasting their "dogs" by the
Sally Dinnell, Mary Har
Osborne, Phyllis Collins, A.
and Aubrey McEwan.



On the left is the Cinder Path. LAC's Blair and Pye walk on the most traversed road in Gander.

F/O Cloutier describes his work at the Art Exhibit, portraying his conception of Gander.



Christmas Story

by GRACE H. BABBITT

"Christmas," said my boss, Bob (VORG) Harvie, "is candy canes and colored lights and Salvation Army Santa Clauses on every corner, and the Varga girls are better at Christmas than at any other time and besides there are more of them."

I said it last year and I'll say it again—"Christmas in Gander is not like Christmas anywhere else." Christmas here this year will not be the same as Christmas here last year, but it will still be quite different from any other Christmas. What it will be like is hard to say beforehand. I wrote a Christmas story after Christmas last year and that was easy. The best I can do this year, a month in advance, is imagine.

No matter how or where we spent Christmas the word itself holds so many associations for us from our past, particularly from childhood, that nothing will ever change the feeling that it brings—the meaning that it holds for each of us.

Christmas is sleight bells and gay wreaths on doors and windows. Christmas is brightly lighted Christmas trees and crowds of people hurrying through the snowy twilight streets with their arms full of bulky parcels. Christmas is the story of the shepherds and the star and the Babe in the manger. Christmas is carols by candlelight and midnight service in a hushed, dimly lighted church. It is the three wisemen and the first Christmas gifts.

It is tramping through the snow-filled woods in search of the perfect Christmas tree. It is nuts, oranges, apples and ribbon candy. It is the living room floor and the dining room table strewn with bright tissue paper, ribbons, stickers, sealing wax, holly, and fir boughs. It is mysteriously locked drawers and closets.

Christmas is Yule logs and huge baskets of groceries. Christmas is a warm kitchen full of delicious odors of cooking. It is muffled up children singing carols by your window and stockings hanging above the fireplace.

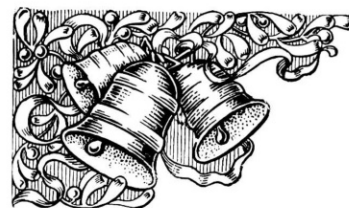
Christmas is excitement and expectancy and creeping down stairs, perhaps before dawn, to see what Santa Claus left. Christmas is trimming the tree with a star for the top. It is mistletoe over the doorway and red mittens and shiny new skates and dolls and erector sets.

Christmas is great piles of mail. Christmas is children sitting on Santa Claus' knee in a department store, telling him what they want from him this year. It is all the old songs and stories—Dickens' "Christmas Carol," "God Rest Ye Merrie Gentlemen," "Silent Night," and "T'was the Night Before Christmas," and it is Christmas



dinner with a wondrously laden table and a tremendous turkey and all the clan gathered to eat to their respective limits.

Christmas in Gander will not be like that, but the old feeling and the spirit will be here. There will be brightly wrapped gifts—(no telling what's in them). The greeting will be the same cheery "Merry Christmas!" There will be carols and Christmas trees and wreaths and snow and Christmas services in the chapel and there will be the same atmosphere of happy expectancy. We will make our own tree decorations of colored paper and ribbons and tinfoil. We will mob the post office and tramp happily back to barracks with our booty. We will get the usual Christmas cakes and candy from fond relatives and friends. All the buildings will again be festooned with fir boughs, and everyone will be everyone else's friend and family. There will be the Christmas dances and parties and Christmas dinner with turkey and all that goes so well with it. It will be all our own Christmas without benefit of merchants and their advertising schemes. Wherever we go for the rest of our lives we will always have the special feeling that goes with December 25, for in our world we were born and brought up with Christmas and it will never pass us by.



Y.M.C.A. ON ACTIVE SERVICE

Occasionally, someone approaches us and innocently asks, "What is the job of a Y.M.C.A. War Services Supervisor?" At such a question there flashes into our mind the innumerable number of things that are done by supervisors on other Air Force Stations, on Army Camps, Naval Stations, Ships in harbour, outlying coastal detachments, military hospitals, Red Triangle Hostels, and other unique operations here and there. Then, one is forced to say, "Well, almost every supervisor has a different job." He sort of makes his job to fit his situation. The best we can do to answer your question is to tell you something of what we do on our station.

First, and, we feel, most important are activities that are carried on with small interest groups such things as, Glee Club, Choir, Symphonic Hour, Drama, Arts and Crafts, Discussion Group, Physical Activities, Bridge Club and small social affairs. These activities occupy a good deal of our time, either in the actual carrying out of the particular program or in organization, preparation, and attention to a myriad of accompanying details.

Then, there is of course, routine office work, reports, orders, inventory, etc. Actually, not too burdensome a task but, at times extremely difficult to accomplish in the face of a continual coming and going of station personnel. Why do they come? There are many reasons: to get a letter censored, to ask about a meeting or a rehearsal, to ask for writing paper, a cribbage board, a checker or a chess set. To ask, "Whom they should see to get this?" "Where they should go to get that?" "Why must they—?" "When will they—?" "How can they—?" "Is there any chance of—?" "Do we know anyone who—?" "Have you seen—?" "Do you know when he will be back?" "Can you sign our clearances?" And so they beat a pathway to our door.

Sometimes they take whatever it was they came for, or, make their telephone call, or, ask their question and then go on their way. Othertimes they stay and chat. Some, in fact, just come to sit and pass the time of day.

The supervisor is invariably attached to one or more station committees. This may mean acting as president, or secretary, helping to plan and promote special programs arranged by the committee, or, handling special program features that may come on the station under the jurisdiction of the committee. On this station we have been members of entertainment and sports committees and, while it functioned, the station dance committee.

Three sixteen mm. movies a week are part of our regular schedule. These are generally run by volunteer operators. Nor, is this the only place where volunteer leadership plays an important part in our program. The success of the Drama Group and the Bridge Club are also largely due to the active participation of interested and responsible people.

Now comes an area of our work that is more difficult to describe. It is composed of many little things done for this person or that person . . . for this group or that group. Some furniture to be provided for a new room; bridge tables loaned to a group who are having a dance; a recorder loaned to a section having a party; a letter written to inquire about the possibility of obtaining uniforms for a team; the purchase of athletic

material, otherwise difficult to obtain, for resale at cost price; getting some small piece of equipment fixed at station workshop or the carpentry shop; obtaining a small amount of some necessary material for the art group or hobby shop from some section on the station. These are but a few examples, and it is in such activities as the last two listed that places us amongst the cream of the stations scroungers.

The art of scrounging is not one in which we have a monopoly however, for, we find ourselves to be victims of the practice at least as frequently as we are offenders. Especially is this true when "Cleo," our noble truck, is in running order. At such times there are always people who have to move, lock stock and barrel from the most remote corner of the station to the second most remote corner of the station, within 15 minutes or, spend a year in the digger or something equally as drastic as promised by an irate representative of a more irate S.W.O.

Then there are people who have planned a picnic at the lake and, "who just thought—that if we happened to be going that way . . ." or, the bolder types who present themselves—dressed for the out-of-doors and say, "here we are to let you drive us to the lake!" Then there is always the victim of the last minute phone call from Air Transport, who is struggling manfully under two kit bags and a suit case, on his way to catch a plane that was supposed to leave five minutes ago.

And so, doing a little of this and a little of that we go peacefully along from day-to-day and week-to-week until some difficult character comes and disturbs our usually calm routine by asking us to do the hardest piece of work we've done in ages—Write something for the Gander.

AIR FORCE CROSS FOR—

(Continued from page 17)

Sometimes a boat voyage or ride behind dog-teams is required in order to supplement the plane ride. The length of their stop-over depends on how many of the "sick and maimed" from the surrounding countryside are brought to the doctor when he is summoned for one particular patient.

There have been closely competed races with the Stork more than once. So far the Norseman has been the winner.

The particular feat that won the Air Force Cross for our hero was the rescue of two men who had crashed in a Harvard last September. Weather was closing in, and the aircraft sent to the vicinity of the crash failed to spot the two victims. Seventeen minutes after his take-off from Gander Lake, Jimmy had sighted them. He landed on a rocky lake, left the M.O. and two other men on the shore with First Aid and sleeping bags and took off again. Weather conditions were considerably worse by this time. Nearing Gander F/O Westaway called the Tower for landing instructions.

"Norseman 789—Ceiling and visibility zero, zero. Hold your position—above clouds. Stand by for further instructions. Over."

Instantly came back the reply.

"Hell, I'm no b— angel. I'm going to land."

And he landed.

The next day, clouds were hanging on the tree tops. Nothing could fly—Nothing but the Norseman. Jimmy went back to the little lake, picked up the injured men and rescue party—returned to base using a sixth sense

he evidently possesses.

It is doubtful if the two men would have survived, if they had not been found when they were.

Forced landings in the desert, rescue work in Ontario would make a long, long story.

In 1929, when Jimmy was operating from Oba Lake, Ontario, a certain Vedette landed, and its pilot and mechanic cut up a gas drum belonging to Jimmy. He has been offered numerous other gas drums to replace it—but still maintains that the pilot owes him \$8.00.

It was the C.O. who told this story—I'd be disobeying orders if the name of the Vedette pilot was revealed—but maybe you're good at guessing.

Jimmy once lived near a golf course—which was a very expensive site—because on warm days his friends used to come in after a round of golf and drink up all his beer.

F/O Westaway's wife, son and daughter are living in Simcoe, Ontario. His son is air-minded, too—is an enthusiastic Air Cadet.

"If I have enough money left for a ticket to South America, I'd like to go there after the war," says Jimmy. So if in post-war years we hear of someone untangling jungle vines from the propellers, and taking off using an alligator as a runway, or landing safely on 100 square feet on a peak in the Andes, we'll be ready to wager 50—1, that was Jimmy Westaway.

MEET YOUR BAND—

(Continued from page 24)

JACQUES (JIMMY) BEDARD—Baritone, Montreal, Que., (anyone from Canada), single, our sole French-Canadian lad. Victoria Rifles Band and Municipal Orchestra miss the services of this able player.

HARRY DIXON—Euphonium, Smith's Falls, Ontario, married. Has a boy in a Bomber Squadron Overseas. Harry is a 1st World War veteran and has had many years' band experience.

ROY (MOOSE) FISCHER—Married, Kitchener, Ontario. Roy plays clarinet and was formerly a steady and valuable player in the famous Waterloo Musical Society and Scotch Fusiliers Bands. He was Charlie Bueders star pupil.

IVAN BENJAMIN (BENNY) KIRKLAND—Hamilton, Ont., married. "Spike" plays oboe in the band and does a magnificent job. He gained most of his experience in the ambitious city by playing in such bands and orchestras as the "Hindoo Koosh" and the Centenary Church Symphony.

MARVIN (SILVER) SMALLMAN—Wingham and London, Ontario. Married. This suave saxophonist started the Lombardos on the road to fame and has been playing jazz since a high school boy. He's one of those smooth salesmen.

JEFF (GUSTAV) JOHNSON—Drums, Toronto, Ont., married. This studious chap is the boy who beats the step on our noon parades. Musical education with Royal Regiment of Canada, and Queen's York Rangers.

PERCY BERNSTEIN—Solo Clarinet, Toronto, Ont. Married. Percy joined the band a week before posting to Gander., formerly with the famous R.C.A.F. Central Band. A very hard-working musician and a big boost to the band.

HERB BOWERING—Bass, Winnipeg, Man. Married. The Stan Laurel of the band, a nice quiet fellow who does his job and does it well. Spent a lot of time in the north, and born in Newfoundland.

JOHNNY CLOSS (RED) McGHEE—Bass, Aurora,

Ontario. Hailing from the great metropolis of Aurora. For years the solo cornetist of the Newmarket Citizens' Band. Since then has changed to bass, thus proving his musical versatility.

STEPHEN HARVEY ARBON—Bass Drum, Beamsville, Ontario. Married. Easiest going guy in the band. Formerly trombonist with the R.C.A.F. Central Band. Note picture in the "God Save the King" trailer at theatre.

SGT. MAJOR BURRY—"Pops". Married, Toronto, Ont. Leading drummer and timponist with Toronto Symphony of which he was one of the originals. Nationally known for his work with C.B.C.

SGT. W. HENERSON—"Wally", Married, Oshawa, Ontario. Able showman who twirls the mace in front of the band; service in the last war and this; holder of Efficiency Medal.

Sgt. Major Burry, who so ably wields the baton is one of the originals of the Toronto Symphony. He is known by Guest Conductors from every corner of the Globe and is reputed to be one of the finest timponists in North America. A stickler for precision, nothing short of perfect will satisfy him.

Highlight in career of Band was in March 1943 when at North Bay in sub-zero weather the Band dashed out and paraded F/L George Beurling down the street until the instruments froze.

Band is well known in Ontario where they played from Windsor to North Bay.

Band helped No. 1 I.T.S. to win the coveted efficiency flag which they held for many months.

The Band has become popular in our vicinity with its Monday night Band Concerts over Radio Station VORG (8-8.30) and also on its many noon-day parades.

Once every second week The Solidares 15 men dance aggregation play for our Good Neighbour and they may also be heard once or twice a week on our Radio Station.

We in Gander (although the boy's have been here nearly 5 months) extend a hearty welcome to one of the finest, most efficient group of musicians ever to come to our fair domain.

Best of luck and keep up the good work boy's.

DUMBO SQUADRON—

(Continued from page 14)

a crowd of people in the corner, I ask somebody "What gives" and they tell me an airman asked a girl for a dance and she said "Yes" . . . now they are reviving him.

I start looking for a girl to dance with. I see a babe, so I tried to catch her eye, which is as hard to get as a five day pass. Finally, I walk over to her and ask for the dance. She looks at me and right away starts sending up distress signals.

Pretty soon, what looks like a first class mob scene starts and I know the food is being served. Being a sociable sort of guy I join the crowd. Later on I dance with a character who figures she's a hep cat. She says she loves the saxophone, especially the way it goes in and out. Her idea of a hot number is "beat me daddy . . . eight to the bar-n." Finally I see a kid that's really nice, I ask her to dance the next one and she says "Yes." So the next number the band plays is God Save the King.

By this time I'm browned off, so I head for the barracks, but I couldn't sleep a wink. All night I rolled and lost, rolled and lost, finally the crap game finished and I went to bed.

BOND DRIVE—

(Continued from page 7)

MUCH TOWARD FINAL RECORD-BREAKING RESULTS.

Having done our own part in the customary thorough manner, it is gratifying to know that the Command as a whole has also backed us up, in its usual manner.

The final figures for Gander follow:

Station Quota.....	\$160,000
Amount Subscribed	189,550
% of Quota.....	118%
No. of Subscriptions.....	1554

May I ask you, as Chairman of the Gander Campaign, to give publication to this very gratifying report at the same time recording my sincere appreciation to all Ganderites.

(Signed) W/C T. O. McGILL, M.B.E.,
Chairman, Gander Committee.

YE EDITOR SCRAMS—

(Continued from page 8)

photography, book-collecting, music and dramatics along the side. He's keen on athletics and in this field has tried almost everything but "Jai-jailai." He's also a crack shot with both revolver and rifle.

Besides his regular work here with Dumbo Squadron and the "Gander," he recently set the Journalism Club off to a good start, and then found in P/O Perkins a very capable successor to carry on with both of these journalistic enterprises.

As an AC2 "Hy" started "The Albatross" in Hagersville, as an LAC, the Guelph "Sparks," worked on the Station Magazine at Mossbank, as a P/O a mimeograph sheet in Alaska claimed some of his time. As an F/O he took over the 'Gander' and leaves it a F/L. Here's hoping that as a S/L he'll start a "Hong Kong Kronicle." He has two good friends who were in Hong Kong when it fell, and one of his most cherished ambitions is to see them again, and be there to help get the Union Jack flying again over that city.

And now Gander Station and very specially the "Gander" staff say sincerely, "Thank you, Sir, and the best of luck!"

HORNE-WHITE—

(Continued from page 25)

Watkin, the bride wearing a turquoise blue dress, brown accessories and a corsage of pink roses, entered the church on the arm of F/L Bright. During the signing of the register Harvey Paradis rendered "I Love You Truly."

After the ceremony a reception was held in the W.D. Lounge which had been prettily decorated with evergreens and streamers. Centering the bridal table was a wedding cake, cleverly decorated with hat badges and a caduceus, with work of the Hospital Sergeant.

The toast to the bride was given by F/L Bright and was responded to by the groom.

After the reception the bride and groom left for a honeymoon to Cornerbrook.

EDITOR'S NOTES

It seems quite natural when you take over a new enterprise to count your assets. Under the competent editorship of F/L Hy Steirman and his predecessors the Gander has improved in appearance and quality until we can all take a good deal of pride in publishing one of the finest station magazines in the R.C.A.F. This presents no small responsibility to a new editor and though hesitant about making any rash commitments, I am confident that with the good help of the staff we can keep up the high standard that has been set.

I like the tone of this magazine, it is mature, well balanced, clean and interesting. I want to keep it that way.

The quality of the photographic work done by F/S Hap Day and Sgt. Lavender is the sort of thing that makes an editor's life a joy. I can only hope that at least for our sake the exigencies of the service will leave them with us. I think you will agree with me that the special shots Hap Day has provided for this issue are worthy of inclusion in any of the better pictorial magazines. When time has mellowed our memories of Gander Hap's pictures will be even more appreciated because his camera has a way of glorifying the harsher realities.

The bulk of the hard work in getting out a magazine is usually done by people whose names don't always hit the masthead. They are the ones who take out assignments, work over them in their hours after duty, write late in the wash room after "lights out" to round out a final paragraph that the editor calously cuts off to fit his page. They are the people without whose continued enthusiasm your magazine would be a sorry little affair and they are the basic asset for which this editor is very thankful.

While counting these assets let's not overlook our publishers to whose careful workmanship we are indebted for the excellent reproduction of our pictures and the smart appearance of our pages.

And now a last little bow in the direction of our readers. It is for you LAC Joe Blow and LAW Winsome that we are publishing this magazine. We want you to like it yourselves and be able to send it home to your families with a certain amount of pride.

If you think that your section or your favorite activity isn't given the coverage it should have let us know about it, but remember it's a big station and it's not easy to say all that we would like to about it.

And now on behalf of the staff of The Gander I wish you all a very very Merry Christmas and Peace and Home in the New Year.

PADRE'S DISCUSS—

(Continued from page 5)

petit Jésus dans la Creche la bonté de Dieu nous parle, nous sourit, nous appelle, nous instruit. Coûte que coûte, soyons gais, fiers, reconnaissants, même en ce Noël de guerre, ce Noël à l'étranger. Que notre bonheur soit sincère, profond, communicatif.

Tel est notre voeu, notre souhait ardent et affectueux.

A tous, au surplus, bonne et heureuse année. Puisse l'an 1945 rendre chacun à sa vie normale, au pays, près des siens et marquer le debut d'une vie nouvelle plus stable et plus heureuse, remplie de mille succès.





Best of luck!
Alice Faye



*MERRY XMAS
AND
HAPPY NEW YEAR*