

*Baker*

# GANDER

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1945



# GANDER

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# Mister BIG



HE JUMPED AT THE SOUND OF A VOICE.

## COULD HE WATCH UNJUST PUNISHMENT?

by JOAN F. HALL

IT WAS dawn now and still he lay staring out the window. If anything was to be done it would have to be done today. And it was day now. The black night of indecision was almost over and the time for action was approaching.

Action, yes, drastic action. The case would have to be dealt with this afternoon and after that it would be too late. In his tortured imagination he could almost see that damaging report lying in a drawer of the big desk. He knew it was there already and it was only luck that it hadn't been dealt with yesterday. It stated the facts so baldly and yet omitted so much. It omitted so completely the "why" of the whole affair and no one would ever tell that "why." Something about the little fellow's helplessness had touched an inner spring of decency that he had never felt before.

He knew the facts and for the first time in his life he was finding out what it meant to have a conscience. He had always managed best on a combination of brawn and brains that had left no room for kindness or sympathy for the other fellow. It was no accident that they had come to call him Mr. Big. Although he had always appeared indifferent to the name, in his heart he believed in it and had tried to live up to it, no matter what the cost to other people.

He had thought he had seen so much injustice in the Air Force that until it touched him personally he could ignore it. Now Mr. Big was going to have to live up to his name, but in a way he himself had never dreamed of. He was going to commit a major offence, and to

save an airman's skin. He, who had always considered himself as better than his fellow men was risking his career for another. He smiled grimly to himself.

The decision was made. Jumping out of bed he threw on his uniform and slipped out quietly. He didn't notice the beauty of the summer morning or hear the birds singing, he only realized that it was still too early to go to the Admin. Building without arousing suspicion.

He hesitated at the door, then turned and walked slowly down to the Fighter Redoubts. Plodding along the embankment, he watched the fighter aircraft taking off. They looked so carefree, racing and swooping above him. It made him long to be able to take off in one and just keep going as fast as he could go. But that would settle nothing and Mr. Big had never run away from anything in all his life.

He turned abruptly and started back for the station, hoping to reach there at the time when everyone would be out on parade. He had timed it correctly. The Morning Work Parade was just forming up. He was thankful that it was not the day for C.O.'s Parade, when his absence could not be so readily covered up.

Slipping in the back door of the Admin. Building, which was deserted, he made his way to the office and without hesitating opened the door and walked in. He paused just inside the door. He had been in this office often enough before, but never on such an errand.

He walked around the desk and after listening to make sure there was no sound from the secretary's office

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SNOW BLOWERS ARE AN IMPORTANT FACTOR IN OVERALL ALLIED STRATEGY.

# AERODROME MAINTENANCE

by DON MUNRO

WHEN Ike Eisenhower releases a communique of a thousand plane raid it means a lot of things. It means Organization with a capital O. It means a string of a dozen airports from La Guardia Field to Prestwick, Scotland to nurse heavy bombers across the North Atlantic. It means thousands of ground men keeping those airports in shape for thirty-ton, hundred and forty mile an hour takeoffs and landings.

The men who have that upkeep job at Gander are typical of those thousands. Well, almost typical. Gander is shared by the Canadians, British and Americans. These men are Royal Canadian Air Force men. They're from every province in the Dominion. Before they enlisted they were farmers, miners, truck drivers, carpenters, mechanics, oilworkers, lumbermen. They were tower observers, clerks, printers. They were dollar-an-hour shovel operators. They bought grain in northern Alberta, fished for scallop in the Bay of Fundy. They

worked on the Alaska Highway.

In Gander's winter they are important men and know it. They know very well that without them not one American or R.A.F. combat aircraft would ever touch this airport. Gale-driven snow drifts fast and deep. No one has to tell them just how many anti-sub patrols the R.C.A.F. could carry out under those conditions.

Soon as the storm passes its peak on that Newfoundland field the crew chief gets his instructions from control tower. He is told which runway is to be cleared first. Orders are given and ten wide, green garage doors slide smoothly up and back out of sight. Starters whine, engines choke, hiccough, die, are started again, roar to life—the monstrous, yellow snow-blowers advance on the runways.

This blower is a machine to be reckoned with. It's



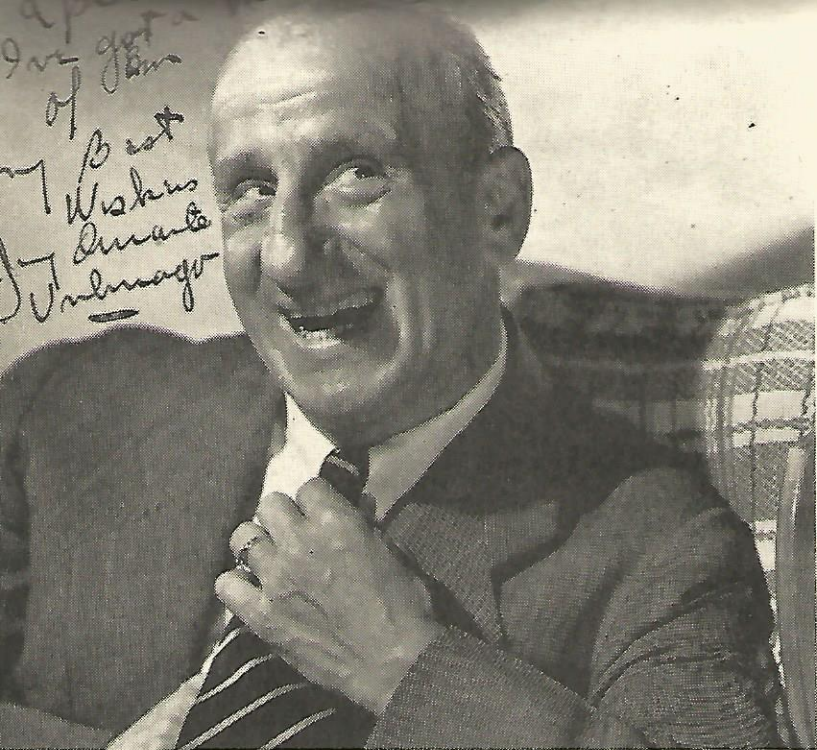
**THE UBIQUITOUS BULL DOZER** fights from Guadalcanal to Gander. Here Don Simpson, Salmon Arm, B.C. rides the big pusher up a snow mountain beside one of the runways.

not just a twenty-seven foot, five ton truck. For one thing it's got two motors. One is a conventional, snub-nose sort of affair poking its way well back into the cab. The other takes up a good third of the vehicle, is boxed up and carried behind. This rear motor is a one hundred and thirty-two horsepower Buda whose gas consumption is figured by the hour, not the mile. In one hour it may use three gallons if the snow is fairly light—six if it's deep or wet. Big Buda's job is to drive the blower, focal point of the hungry-looking arrangement of augers and chute grinding along in front of the truck. The augers are like two huge, revolving, steel spirals lying on their side one above the other. They chew up snow and ice, swallow it into the blower directly behind. That blower is just a hefty fan with blades like scoops. It simply whirls the snow through the chute built over it. With light snow and a favorable wind it can toss drifts one hundred and twenty feet or so at a rate of eighteen to thirty tons a minute. Damp snow may cut that down to twenty-five or thirty feet. The telescopic chute built over the blower is highly adaptable. It can be turned hydraulically to direct the snow to the right or left or to the front. This means that it can be utilized to load

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**THE BLOWER** can throw thirty tons a minute one hundred and twenty feet.



# V O R G

## IT BROADCASTS SIXTEEN HOURS EVERY WEEKDAY

VORG hasn't always been a resounding success. Ganderites watched its humble start at a few hours a day with an aircraft transmitter in December, 1943. The studio, in the basement of the Commanding Officer's house, had to compete with the shattering enthusiasm of the furnaceman's shovelling. In May, 1944 they pointed to VORG's new studio and control room in the air-men's canteen. They knew that just a week before a change had been made to a more powerful transmitter. Then in December they set their dials to sixteen hours of daily broadcasting from a mature station. Ganderites are proud of that record.

**DURANTE AND COMPANY ARE VORG REGULARS**

**YOU HEAR COLONNA, DE HAVEN, ALLYSON, HOPE, RUSSELL AND LANGFORD ON COMMAND NIGHT.**





S/L BRIGHT, 10 B-R M.O., HOLDS MONEL CONTAINER FROM AIRCRAFT FOODBOX. SUTHERLAND AND KLEON CHECK CONTENTS.

## AIRCREW MESS

IT PACKS LUNCHES, SERVES STEAKS AT ODD HOURS

by GRACE H. BABBITT

PROBABLY the most frequented and well known places on the station are the messes—officers', air-men's and sergeants', but there is another mess—the aircrew mess, that comparatively few of us ever hear of or see. Located in the Operations block it is out of bounds to all personnel but aircrew and the mess staff. It is to the underground as an oasis is to a desert. Small, compact, neat and spotlessly clean, it is so bright and cheery that you are almost shocked to find it there, but it is a pleasant shock. S/L Bright, its patron saint, says that in his opinion it is the best aircrew mess in the R.C.A.F. and is willing to be quoted on that.

The mess itself is small—can seat about twenty-four. Back of it is the kitchen. Next, opening on a little hall, is the refrigerator and after that the storeroom. The

whole unit is indirectly lighted, airconditioned and furnished with up-to-date equipment which includes a large electric stove. Everything in it is orderly and shines from scrubbing and polishing.

S/L Leitch is in charge of the aircrew kitchen, assisted by S/O Roland, the dietitian, and S/L Bright, 10 BR Medical Officer. S/L Leitch and the other BR controllers supervise the kitchen when they are on shift, and, says S/L Bright, he and the dietitian work out the details.

"Don't know just exactly where I fit in, but whenever any food is needed I have to chase around and get it," said S/L Bright, with a gleam in his eye that suggested he knew all the angles in the scrounge game.



**A CREW JUST IN** from patrol thoroughly appreciates a hot steak dinner. Seated, left to right: WO2 Steeves, F/L Wallace, Sgt. Wilson, Sgt. Philips, P/O Sherman, F/L Dyke, F/L Bent. S/L Bradley, standing, O.C. 10 B-R keeps a paternal eye on things. LAC Morresette is serving.

On the mess staff are six men, three chefs and three general duties, with Cpl. George "Scottie" Sutherland in charge. They work in three shifts of two men each, 8 a.m. to 4 p.m., 4 p.m. to 12 midnight, and 12 midnight to 8 a.m. Cpl. Sutherland has been working in the aircrew mess for some months, likes it very much and is proud of his staff and of the results of their work. The only complaint he had to make was that he has a hard time getting beer for the aircrew boys. Before this copy of the GANDER goes on sale Scottie will have left as he has just been posted.

**THESE PIES GO OUT ON PATROL BUT NEVER COME BACK.**



Last December was a rush month for the mess with 2,020 meals served. Crews of 10 BR and 164 squadron and some transients eat there. Each member of aircrew stationed here pays \$1 a month for extra messing. Transients are charged 50c. a meal.

The kitchen is notified several hours in advance that a crew is going out on patrol and will be arriving for a meal. Before leaving the men are served a meal similar to breakfast, consisting of a choice of fruit juice, a choice of cereal, bacon and eggs, toast and coffee. Each crew takes with it an electrically heated box containing a hot lunch for the men while they are on patrol. Into the box are packed thermos bottles of coffee and soup and small monel metal containers with hot vegetables and meat which is usually roast beef. Potatoes for the lunch in the air are cooked in their skins and packed in the food box that way for if they are peeled first they turn black and do not look very appetizing. Food that is not to be kept hot, such as cookies, bread and butter, sugar, salt, milk, etc., is packed in a large tin. Included in the menu for this meal is fresh fruit when possible, otherwise canned fruit and sometimes pie. The men seldom eat much while they are flying however, preferring to wait until after they return to their base.

On their return the weary crews sit down to a dinner of steak and onions, fried potatoes, two vegetables, dessert and for each man a bottle of beer. Getting the steaks and the beer is a problem that the mess staff has to wrestle with constantly, but it is a problem they don't begrudge giving their time to, for they feel that no one deserves the best dinner they can prepare more than the aircrew just returned from patrol. They regret only that often the crews are so tired that they can't do the dinner justice and literally fall asleep over it.

# PERSONNEL COUNSELLOR

## A Good Man to Know

by RAY HUGHES



**Cpl. Doug Barnett talks over his future with Personnel Counsellor F/L Edgar who has qualified himself to give sound friendly advice to anxious airmen and airwomen.**

**P**ERSONNEL Counselling, a comparatively new branch of Canadian educational and vocational study, was introduced into the Air Force about a year ago. It can be explained most simply as the taking of an inventory, not of equipment or tools, but of the abilities and aptitudes of the individual airman and airwoman.

The initial step in this enormous program was taken in the spring of 1944 with the inauguration of a school for Personnel Counsellors at Rockcliffe. It is of local interest to note that Gander's former Personnel Counsellor, F/L Crookshank, is its present Commanding Officer. Since the school's inception more than 200 officers, both men and women, have graduated as Counsellors and are now scattered all over the globe, wherever R.C.A.F. stations exist. A station having a minimum strength of 400 has a Personnel Counsellor of its own. Smaller stations share the services of a visiting Counsellor.

The Counsellors are selected for their knowledge of men and of Air Force life. Civilian experience is carefully considered. They come from all walks of life and include former school teachers, businessmen and those experienced in social work. They know the problems and attitudes of the average airman and as a result inspire confidence. The Counsellors have a sincere desire and ability to understand and advise their fellows.

On visiting the Personnel Counsellor the individual is given a series of tests. The purpose of these tests is not to determine the skills the airman has acquired but rather his abilities and aptitudes. The results give a clear picture of the individual and place him in one of fifteen categories which include the trades and professions requiring the same aptitudes he possesses. This analysis gives him a vivid picture of his own potential-

ties in civilian life.

The men and women who visit the Personnel Counsellor fall naturally into three groups. They have definite post-war plans, their ambitions are vague or they have given little or no thought to a future career. Of those who have definite plans there are some who intend to return to the jobs they left, while others wish to complete an interrupted education or take up a trade.

The test records give the Personnel Counsellor a clear idea as to whether or not the person in question is adapted to the career he wishes to follow. For example: an airman may wish to study medicine but his tests may show that he has not the aptitude to achieve ultimate success. In such a case the Counsellor is able to guide him into a more appropriate field. With the cooperation of the Educational Officer he is given a list of courses he may take while in the service.

Those who have indefinite plans or none at all are guided into the proper grouping which includes the professions in which he is most likely to achieve success.

The Air Force is the first branch of the service to inaugurate a scheme of vocational counselling for the post-war civilian occupation of its personnel. An interview with the Personnel Counsellor is compulsory before discharge. The airman's record of tests and courses taken is available to the Records Officer at the Release Centre. He in turn is able to guide the airman into his desired field.



**GRACE BABBITT** broadcasts her last Hospital Hi-Jinks program for shut-ins. She helped win VORG's present popularity and contributed regularly to the GANDER. She has been posted to Montreal to resume her enlisted trade.

# Grace Babbitt

## SHE DOES JOBS WELL

**G**RACE Babbitt is a radio voice. She is also a journalist. At one time she even operated a lathe for Pratt and Whitney. Whatever she has done she has done well. That has endeared her to people from Oregon, where she went to university, to Gander.

Every weekday at two o'clock Grace completed a half-hour of cheering request numbers from hospital patients. It was "Hospital Hi-Jinks." The closing line, "This is Grace Babbitt, your H H Orderly . . ." was as familiar in Gander life as the post office or the cinder path. Then there were the Sunday "Book Reviews" and the Wednesday and Saturday "Hollywood Headliners."

Even with the welter of preparation for these broadcasts, Grace somehow managed to whip up her inimitable articles on station life for the GANDER and the Journalism Club. All these jobs and others were thoroughly done. It is Grace Babbitt's way.

## Night Flight

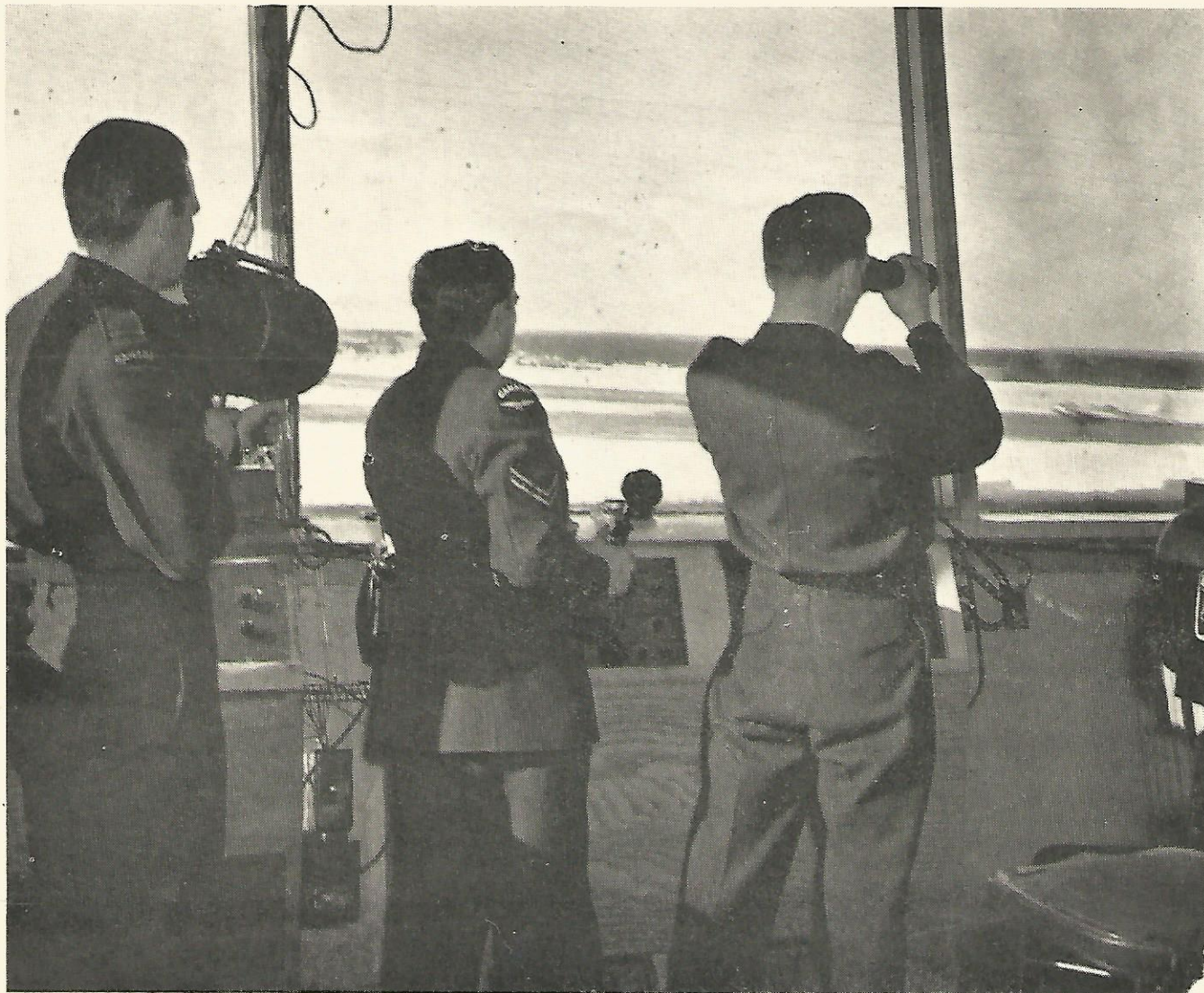
by N. V.

I have been up there, in the twilight air,  
When the sun goes down to earth;  
Saw it melt its shape, and in beauty drape  
Soft clouds in golden mirth;  
Saw unfolded hues of reds and blues  
That no earthly hand could draw;  
And I've marvelled much at the Midas touch  
Of the Hand I never saw.

And when wings of night o'ercome the light,  
Softly darkness falls about;  
While far below, like candle glow,  
Hermit lights are breaking out.  
Then above us all in the Master's Hall,  
As though calling in the day,  
High Heaven bares her majestic flares  
As she lights us on our way.

Then with graceful sweep through the hours of sleep,  
O'er the earth like Pan we trod;  
And we are alone on a floating throne,  
All alone in the hand of God.  
But I know as I ride on the star strewn tide  
I can feel his presence there  
In a peace of mind that I only find  
In my quiet place of prayer.

What refreshing peace up above the fleece,  
Such as earthlings never know;  
And I sympathize when I realize  
That myriads down below  
Have never flown, have never known  
The song that Heaven sings.  
For words cannot tell the magic spell  
That goes aloft on wings.



F/O SCOTT, CPL. HUMPHREY AND P/O ALLEN BRING AN AIRCRAFT IN TO SAFE LANDING.

# CONTROL TOWER

IT'S A SMART COP ON A BUSY THOROUGHFARE

by KATHERINE McRUER and NAN DOIG

**O**VER 2,000 landings or take-offs are logged monthly in the Control Tower, Gander.

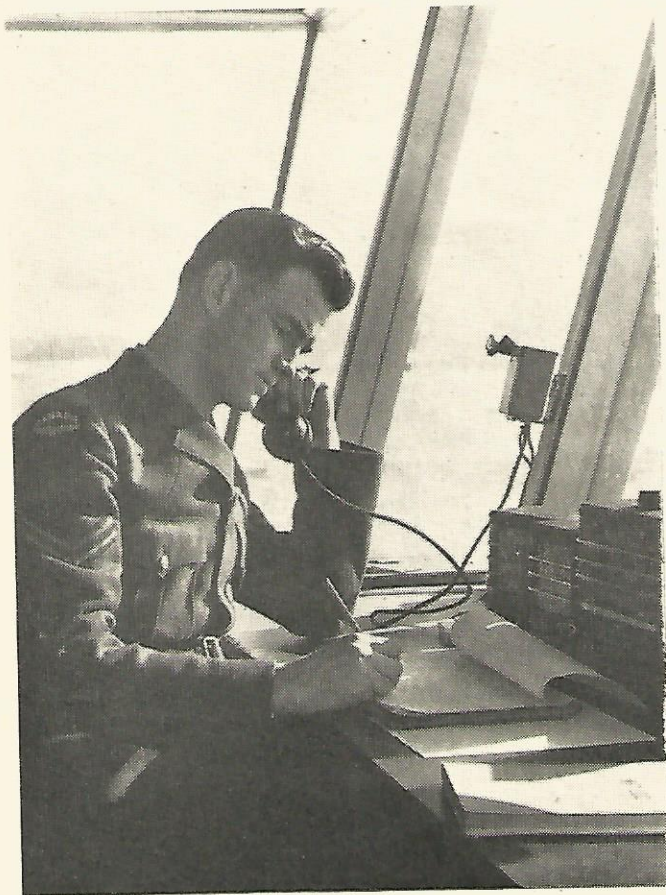
When weather is fit, flying commences, the Tower's job begins. An aircraft calls in for traffic clearance. St. John's Airway Traffic Control Centre is contacted for his clearances consisting of altitude of flight and traffic instructions. These are relayed back to the aircraft. He is given taxi and at the appropriate time take-off instructions. While this aircraft is being given its clearances other aircraft are calling in for radio checks, landing instructions and clearances.

It keeps the staff of one officer, a radio telephone operator and recorder continually on the watch. Each aircraft has its place in the traffic pattern and the landing instructions must be given quickly and carefully.

One type lands slowly and uses only a hundred feet of the runway, another lands quickly and needs the whole strip. They keep all these things in mind as the operator in a clear voice calls, "847 on the downwind leg, you are cleared for final and landing. 967 on cross wind, you are cleared to the down wind leg."

Static, aircraft transmitter trouble, foreign accents, weather deterioration, power failure are everyday hindrances. The Aldis lamp is in constant readiness. Flares are standing by. When an aircraft with engine trouble calls in the watch is doubled. He is given precedence in landing, the ambulance is called into readiness. The Tower is tense until he is on the ground.

In normal weather conditions an aircraft is cleared by St. John's A.T.C. to make a contact landing. How-



**CPL. PARSONS CHECKS AN AIRCRAFT DEPARTURE WITH FLYING CONTROL.**

ever when the weather closes in an instrument landing is necessary. At the A.T.C. centre a controller has in front of him a board listing all the aircraft in Gander area with their estimated times of arrival. He gives each aircraft an altitude to fly. This height is delivered to the aircraft via Gander range. The aircraft hold their positions, flying a previously set course until they can be cleared to Gander tower. When in Tower Control area they receive their landing instructions and begin instrument approach. Special equipment is used under deteriorating weather conditions, equipment which will bring an aircraft to within fifty feet of the field. When conditions become unfit the aircraft are diverted to other fields.

Strange requests from the planes provide humorous touches to busy days. One pilot called in to find out how hot a baby's milk should be before consumption. The R.T.O. and not a proud father obliged. In a soft Texan drawl another pilot will ask the Tower to find out where his crew's lunches are. A very British accent will demand the time and a Canadian will ask if the Newfoundland train has arrived. The Tower personnel have renamed themselves "Gander Tower and Information Centre."

Gander Tower receives them daily and sends them out again, pilots with thousands of hours to their credit, pilots still green from training, school-tense and nervous as they make their first overseas hop. Planes loaded with mail, freight, passengers, hospital patients and patrols all receive the same alert attention. The Tower is proud of its record to "keep them flying."

# DUFFY'S

by JIM MURTAGH

IT'S a humble little place and it doesn't get much publicity squatting there just across the road from the theatre. Its structure is of the simplest design, being merely four walls, a roof and inside a little recess that serves as a bar. Despite this drabness of interior it remains one of the few buildings where gaiety is at a maximum. For here airmen come to celebrate some special occasion, to break the monotony of a humdrum existence, to escape from inhibitions that threaten to engulf and to embrace the comradeship that is always present where men gather to drink beer.

Into Duffy's, as it is affectionately called, flows a cross-section of all trades, personalities, and political beliefs. The product sought after comes in one delicious flavour, in one standard container and at one price—the dream of a storekeeper. It is the custom when entering to take a place at the line's end, hoping to reach the bar before the evening's quota has been sold but this custom is sometimes ignored by a small minority.

Just as convention forces young ladies to be escorted when attending a movie, so is it the code of Duffy's for airmen to visit in company. Beer must be drunk with companions to afford the greatest enjoyment. As the number increases so does the merriment. There are limits, of course, and experts have decided that eight persons make an ideal party when the goal is a wholesome, noisy evening. On the other hand if a quiet discussion is desired then the party should not exceed four persons.

We visited this magic house one evening last week for the purpose of collecting on-the-spot material for our story—in the line of duty you might say. Being shrewd fellows we were quick to realize that to gain a proper insight it would be necessary to simulate as nearly as possible the conditions that prevailed. With that thought foremost in our minds we picked up our quota and looked around for a suitable table. By the strangest coincidence we recognized several friends who occupied a cozy corner. Upon making a friendly advance we discovered to our profound surprise that they had had the foresight to reserve a seat and had ordered a few extra quarts for just such a contingency. Not wishing to appear prudish or ungrateful and remembering that sacrifice is part of a reporter's job, we decided to do the democratic thing: we accepted the invitation and with great deliberation lifted a quart bottle to our lips, glasses being a sign of affection.

After two or three applications one becomes aware of the extreme affability of one's companions. What a friendly group we were! Such splendid fellows! Where not long before the odd shy face and reticent tongue could be detected there now existed laughing countenances, always anxious to add their bit to the evening's merriment.

To the left of our table singing has broken out. They are celebrating the posting of one of their comrades. Postings are always considered first-class excuses for having a party. Sometimes the weather delays the departure of a posted airman with the result that an evening's party is stretched out to last several evenings. All of this causes rapid depletion of beer stocks and the

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# DUMBO SQUADRON

## Joe

by ALFIE SCOPP



I AM sitting in my office in the hangar one morning and I've got all the Senior N.C.O.'s lined up before me and I'm giving them their daily Joe Jobs. I've got the Major cleaning up oil stains, some of the Sergeants washing aircraft, the rest of the Sergeants sweeping the floor and I've got one special job for a certain Flight Sergeant which is just in keeping with his talents when some guy shakes my shoulder and tells me to wake up. I am quite peeved at this 'cause I am enjoying this dream very much, but it seems that I've gotta get up. So I open one eye cautious like to see what kind of day it is. Well, you know what it's like. The authorities say the weather is unmentionable. I agree—it is! Today is the kind of day people are always saving up their money for. But I get up, get dressed and washed and I am ready to go when a rumor comes around that there is work in the hangar. All of a sudden I don't feel so good, in fact I remember that I hurt my right shoulder in a technicolor dream I had last night (before I went to sleep I ate some Rainbow Trout). So I figure I ought to go on sick parade.

I'm in the Doctor's office for about half an hour and so far all he's asked me is how old I am, what Church I go to, who did I vote for, who's my favourite movie star and what's my favourite Radio Show. I am trying to figure what possible connection there is between the colour of my girl friend's eyes and my hurt right shoulder when he shoves a thermometer in my mouth and says "Wait here, I'll be back." After a half-hour's waiting I am getting more than a little mad, 'cause this is a very sad thing to do to a fella, indeed there is nothing quite so boring as waiting for the Doc with a thermometer in your mouth. I've got nothin' better to do so I write myself a little poem like this:

Affairs clinical make me cynical.  
Why oh why must I wait for the Doctor?  
Cause he met a Nurse and stopped to talkter.  
And while he converses with the Nurses  
I am going from bad to verses.

Just then the Doc comes in and looks at what I wrote. "Now I know you have a fever," he says. Then he finally asks me what's wrong with me. I tell him my shoulder. He grabs my left shoulder and arm and tries some wrestling hold. "Does that hurt?" he asks. "No," I sez. He steps on my shoulder. "Does that hurt?" I say, "No." "Well what hurts?" he asks. "My right shoulder," I tell him. So he examines it very carefully and then tells me I need glasses! I don't argue with him 'cause I remember that my friend visited the Doc last month when his eyes were bothering him and he's been wearing a plaster cast on his leg ever since. Sometimes I think the Doctors are trying to discourage us. Another reason

I don't argue is 'cause I know that to get glasses I'll get a buckshee pass to St. John's. Sure enough the Doc gives me a five-day pass and I'm off to the big city. First though, I head back to the barracks and start to pack. I pack my rubbers, sou'wester, rain-coat and my sun glasses and streak down to the station to catch the express.

I get on board and find it's pretty crowded, but everyone seems to be having a great time. In one corner a couple of kids are bawling for their Momma, next to them a character is tying on a fine load, in another corner someone's pitching woo home-town style, which in a railroad car is strictly the hard way. Everyone is singing a swingy little thing called "Squid Jiggin' Ground." I come in and a fellow says, "Hy'a gettin' an bye? Have some brew?" Not wishin' to be a wet blanket I say, "Why shor," and take a drink. Then I pick myself up off the floor and look for a seat. That home brew sure is powerful stuff. All you need to make it is an empty barrel and a dead cat. Put the barrel in a corner of the room and from time to time throw in raisins, apple-cores, old socks, orange peel, cigarette butts and anything else handy. Leave it stand for a month or so and then take some out and pour it down the cat's throat. If the cat comes to life you know the brew is ready. I hear a story that when the Navy got a new cruiser it was brought to Newfoundland to be christened and some character suggested it would be more fitting if instead of using champagne they used a bottle of home brew to christen it with. The day of the launching a goodly crowd is there and some tomato swings the bottle at the cruiser. There is a terrific bang and when the smoke clears the dame's gone, the bottle's gone, and so is the cruiser. I also hear that they find that the buy who suggested using home brew is a Nazi sabotagent and he is discovered when he tries to send a message to his Fuehrer saying "Christened cruiser—crippled same."

Anyhoo, at last the train starts going and we are on our way. I am looking at the beautiful scenery which consists of huge boulders and such stuff. After a while I get hungry so I head for the diner. "What'll you have?" says the waiter, "Fish or salmon?" I don't like fish, so I take salmon. After the meal he brings me the cheque. I look at it and tell him I just want to pay for the meal I don't want to buy up the whole railroad. He sez "Don't tell me, tell the President of the Railway." I ask, "Where is he?" He sez, "I don't know, but keep lookin'—you are on his track!" I figure I won't argue with this guy. He's too sharp. So I head back for my seat hopin' to meet someone who is not so sharp but is a little more curved.



**IT MAY MEAN** Gander sunshine, but Cpl. Lily Kotyk, Fort Frances, Ontario, is apparently quite happy about the whole thing.



**IT MAY MEAN** the way LAC Ray Hughes cuts in on LAC Nat Rosenberg for a dance with LAW "Corky" Corcoran.

# GAUMLESS MAY MEAN ANYTHING!

**IT MAY MEAN** clean-up night in the W.D. lounge. Eager beavers Larsen and Paradis help Gundy Gunderson, Freddie Meyers and Jeanie MacTavish.





LAC LENNY WILLIAMS and CPL. H. WOLFE demonstrate top-notch form on Gander's ski run. This winter's good ski weather has given enthusiasts excellent opportunities for developing skill. A slalom course has been laid by advanced skiers.

SKIS ARE LOANED free of charge to all service personnel. Cpl. J. N. Valdron is busy keeping them in repair.



## by ALFIE SCOPP

HI GANG, this is your old sports reporter back again on the job with all the latest dope on Station sports and activities. We missed out on sports in our last edition, but we intend to make up for it by devoting a lot of space in this issue both in photographs and in write-ups to whatever sport your taste lies in, whether it is basketball, skiing, hockey, or what have you.

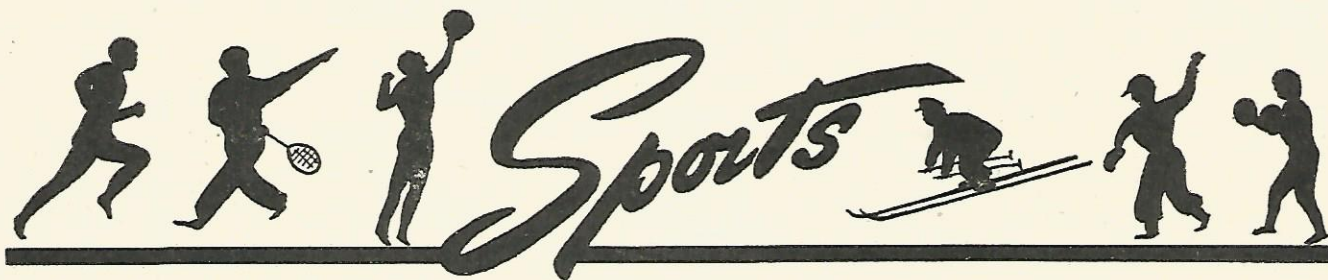
The general sport picture looks pretty good and almost every one of the sports mentioned has attracted large crowds both in those participating and those who are spectators. Before we go into detail on any individual sport we would like to take time out to thank the P.T.I. Office for their help in various sports organizations, but especially we would like to thank the Y Office for the help they have given in lending their time and influence wherever needed. Take a bow fellas and keep up the good work!

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I think that I shall never see  
 A poem lovely as a tree,  
 Except when it's in front of me  
 When down the hill I start to ski.

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TAKING ADVANTAGE of the perfect ski conditions prevailing in Sun Valley, hundreds of ski enthusiasts regularly make a bee-line for the P.T.I. Office where



## THEY ARE RELAXATION AND PART OF DUTY-FITNESS

they make a clean sweep of all the serviceable ski equipment and head for the hills. While there are a few skiers in the professional class in our midst, the majority are made up of amateurs who make up for what they lack in ability with a surplus of enthusiasm. The soft snow has saved a lot of broken bones. It is easy to see those who are the new-comers to the trails by observing those who are standing up while eating in the Mess Hall. Incidentally while most other sports on the Station are confined to the male side of the Services, skiing is one sport where the girls can with practice become just as proficient as the men. Amongst those girls noticed on the ski trail are Ann Knight, Jean Robertson, Is. Brownlee, Kay McRuer, Nan Doig, Hilda Bell, Freddie Meyers, and Yoland Jacobs. Also noticed regularly on the ski hill is a wee bundle of snow going downhill with frequent stops. We have never got close enough to find out who it is, exactly, but we strongly suspect Peewee Clark. (It's a small snowball). Another group of people noticed on the ski hill are those characters who don't do much skiing but stand at the bottom of the hill and knock themselves out every time some fellow or girl rolls by with their skis in the air and their head buried in the snow. Anyhow, whether you ski, stand around, come down hill standing up or otherwise everyone seems to have a swell time.

An attempt is being made to re-organize the Gander Ski Club. There is a lot of work which an efficient ski club could do, which would help tremendously in both the enjoyment and safety of all skiers. Amongst some of the things that will be carried out are climbing lanes on the ski hill to ensure that people going down hill will not get tangled up with people coming up hill. Some sort of tool box will be kept at the hill containing screwdrivers and excess straps, because it is no fun for anyone to hike the two or three miles out to the hill and then be forced to go back just because one has broken a strap or loosened a clamp. A good idea is to have first aid equipment available. An incident that came pretty close to home occurred when George Kent gashed his cheek bone and nothing was on hand to stop the flow of blood. In fact it was this accident that prompted George's famous remark, "Let's go home, I'm running out of blood."

An invitation has been received from Cornerbrook requesting a Gander team to participate in their annual five-mile Cross Country Race. Provided the Ski Club gets organized some sort of meet should be held at Gander, the winners of which would represent the station at the Cornerbrook Ski Meet.

THE NUMBER ONE SPORT on the Station's list right now appears to be basketball. The league, under the President, Barney Maher, has been a very successful

one. The committee consisting of Maher, Shepherd as Vice-President, Weaver as Secretary, have had more than their share of headaches, but have overcome all difficulties and kept the league running smoothly in spite of the shortage of equipment. They deserve a great deal of credit.

Probably by the time this issue is being read, the Station Champions for 1945 will have been decided, but at the time of this writing it certainly would be a hard job for anyone to pick the team which will cop the title. While the Basketeers are in first place with a record of 17 wins and 2 losses this doesn't mean anything special because they are essentially the same team that won the basketball championship last year and in the first half of the season their experience in playing together carried them to the top. However the other teams in the league have been building up their strength and now it's anybody's guess as to who is actually the best team. The Dumbo Squadron Officers have been lucky in finding that a number of the newer members of the Squadron are hot basketball players. This is particularly true of F/L Jenner and F/O Broadhead who make a very effective line when they team up with F/L "Tiny" Fairbairn. In the Admin. team, Dix, Wallace, Charlton and Brownell are keeping their team in the running with their offensive punch. A team that was late in getting under way but who are now respected in the league are the Combines. Built around the veteran Basketeer, "Doc" Krainer, they are the best defensive team in the league. If the terrible twins, Roberts and MacFarlane, keep up their present scoring pace, they will be a hard team to beat. The Electricians have had a lot of tough luck in building their team and really took a beating when Wiens, the league's top scorer, was posted and left their team without the scoring punch that he provided. However Hart, Keetch, Chambers and Lamey together with the others still manage to give the opposing teams a hard game. In the Basketeers' rank are five of the top ten scorers in the league. Not in the scoring list but still in there punching are Brenner, Bruce MacFarlane and Thulin. The teams right now are battling for play-off berths. The way it looks now, Basketeers will probably meet Admin. and Officers will meet Combines in the semi-finals playing two out of three series. Winners of the semi-finals will play off in the finals in a three out of five series. For the results see next issue's sports pages.

With four games left to play for each team, here are the teams' standings: Basketeers, 34 points; Officers, 25 points; Admin., 21 points; Combines, 20; and Electricians, 6. Top ten scorers of the league are Fairbairn, 150 points; Maher, 146; Krainer, 136; Brownell, 134; Scopp, 115; Farrell, 109; Wallace and Hart, 108; MacFarlane, 104; Lewis, 94; and Heaney, 93.



**10 B-R RIGGERS AND FITTERS**—Back row, left to right: Lenthier, Grosse, Pew, Williams, Senior, Poag, Morrissey, Inglis, Gillard, Haynes, Dilman, Grecco, Folkison, Flavin, Patch, McIntosh. Front row, left to right: Fulton, Riley, Lewis, Vansickle, Hoystead, Heaney, Stewart, Brown, Greenlaw, Field.

AFTER A LATE START the 1945 hockey season got under way with a bang. A total of ten sections have entered teams which are divided into two leagues, one consisting of various sections through the camp and the other league strictly a Dumbo Squadron affair. Making up the first league are the S.P.'s, Workshops, M.T., Laundry and Flying Control. The Dumbo league consists of Fitters, Aircrew, Electricians, the Outcasts and Brewzin Boozers. A good brand of hockey is being played and in the near future an all star team will be picked which with a little luck may make a trip to Canada. With such a prize as an incentive the fellows will really put on their top form.

ANOTHER VERY POPULAR Winter Sport is the free skating period when all those who feel the call of the open respond to it by going down to the rink and drawing a pair of skates. Almost any clear night can find dozens of couples skating arm in arm looking very healthy, happy and not a bit cold. Though this isn't a



**SGT. MCINTOSH REFEREES** a face-off when F/O Charlie Miller drops the puck for LAC's Greenlaw and Field. Forward Stewart is on the alert.

**10 B-R RIGGERS' FIELD AND RILEY** are having a tough time pulling a fast one against the determined opposition of 10 B-R Fitters' Fulton, Kew, Greenlaw and Goalie Morrissey.



competitive sport, still it attracts as many participants as any other activity on the Station.

Incidentally, with regard to all hockey and skating, thanks are due to Cpl. Lou Lacourse of the P.T.I. Office who has devoted all his time to keeping things running in an orderly manner at the rink. He has drawn up the hockey schedules, equipped a hut with proper facilities for dressing and is to be found most any time of the day seeing that the ice is kept in as good condition as possible.

THE BORDEN BALL LEAGUE of '44-'45 came to a close with the Dumbo Squadron Officers emerging as this year's champs. Playing a hard, fast brand of ball throughout the season, the Officers finished the League's schedule in first place and retained their grip on the top spot of the League by defeating all opposition in the play-offs.

Sparked by Fairbairn, Shane and Billings they were a hard team to beat and those who played against them found they were a hard team to bump into as well.

ARE YOU A 97 POUND WEAKLING? Have you goose pimples where your muscles ought to be? Do you find that your shooting arm gets tired after the eighth pass? If all these things apply to you, then you want to see Cpl. Jack Kinsley and his band of beautiful hunks of men, for they are running a really fine weight-lifting class on the Station.

Although this is only the second time that this team has been brought into public view, it is by no means a rookie sport on the Station. In fact it has quite a history, dating back as far as May, 1942, when it was first introduced on the Station by three founders, Cpl. Jack Kinsley, Sgt. Cy Humes and Cpl. McDuff. Mac has since been posted.

In December of the same year the boys were posted to Dartmouth taking their weights with them by aircraft and continued to train at that Station. In April of '43 they returned again and have been here since. Cpl. Dawkins came back at the same time and has since been an active member or lifter as the boys call it.

From that time on the Club has continued to flourish, although interest at first was limited to the original members as equipment on the Station was scarce as well as quarters for training. However as more equipment was added by the men themselves more members were introduced, membership has increased so that a shift system had to be introduced. A training group consists of about 5 members and the work-out averages from 2 to 2½ hours. Afternoons and nights 7 days a week finds a group in the lifting ring.

Gains in body weight, strength and all-round bodily improvement have been noticed. A fact that the boys are particularly proud of is that only one man out of 170,000 can press his body weight overhead and we are proud to say that they have several men who can accomplish this feat and as much as 25 to 50 pounds more. The members of the club are of the opinion that it could become one of the largest activities and hold a major interest among the men of this Station. They are speaking from experience because only they know how many men they have turned away due to lack of room and equipment.

This sport has had the approval of several M.O.'s on the Station who have shown considerable interest in the club's progress. Good luck, fellas, and if anyone sees a muscle walking around with muscles on it, you can bet the writer's been taking their super-duper course.

Continued on page 29



**STATION CHAMPIONS, 10 B-R Officers Borden Ball.**  
Kneeling: Shane, Taylor, Billings.  
Standing: McKilligan, Little, Fairbairn, Nagorsen, Adamson.



**ALL-STAR BASKETBALL.** Kneeling, l. to r.: Maher (Basketeers), Brownell (Admin.), Lewis (Basketeers), Maklan (Combines), and Broadhead (Officers). Standing, l. to r.: Krainer (Combines), Scopp (Basketeers), Thulin (Basketeers), Kaufman (Combines), Farrell (Basketeers). Not pictured: Wallace, Fairbairn, Jenner.

#### WEIGHT LIFTERS

Front row: Kinsley, Dye, Spilsbury, Owens, Humes.  
Back row: Brown, Lamey, Dawkins, Hoehns, MacKinnon,





**R.C.A.F. ALL-STARS sink basket in battle with American Army team. Hard-fought games in inter-section league won enthusiastic following. A full schedule of games keeps drill hall busy every evening.**

**F/S COULING is keeping a helpful eye on beads drawn by Folkison, Ashworth, Zurbrigg and Rhind.**



# Those Y Movies . . .

## Y SERVICEMAN RON MASSON ON THESE WORLD-TRAVELLING SHOWS

**M**OTION pictures are our most popular source of entertainment today and YMCA War Services have played a major part in showing films to servicemen ever since the beginning of the war. Every station, camp and outpost gets a regular weekly service wherever possible.

How do our small stations, our hospitals and our isolated posts get programs where they are not as fortunate as we are here at Gander with our standard thirty-five millimetre movie houses? These men are serviced by sixteen millimetre movies which the YMCA supplies as often as programs are available. Many a Y man has made long night trips over bad roads to put on a show for men who look forward to the weekly showings as their only outside entertainment. Overseas the sixteen millimetre movies are shown to our fighting men right up behind the lines where they have come back for a little rest and relaxation. The YMCA movies went right along with our men on their march across Africa, into Sicily and Italy and now into Europe. During the years of pre-invasion, sixteen millimetre YMCA-sponsored

**VOLUNTEER WORKERS** cut mile-long trail last fall from American Hospital to Gander Hill. Beginners find undulating trail takes them in easy stages to fast ski run overlooking lake.



movies were providing entertainment to our men in England.

At the outbreak of war portable movie film was scarce. Most people had access to regular movie houses, consequently the supply of sixteen millimetre film for full length programs was limited. As the army and air force stations were set up the men needed entertainment for their Rec halls. Many of you, as you think back, can remember those first shows you saw at a station, the "wild west" and the "thriller" being the only type available. However as time went on and the demand grew the film producers made copies of the regular movies for the small projectors and today we get some of the latest pictures on the sixteen millimetre machines. Film service has developed into a huge project and the YMCA film department in Canada now has to make arrangements for over five hundred showings a week. Circuits are set up whereby the programs travel on a regular route and cover the country from the far northern Pacific posts to Newfoundland and Labrador.

Some of the showings are to only a very few people, such as in our hospital at Gander, or to a gun crew somewhere along the coast. Other places the crowd may be a couple of hundred men jammed into their little mess hall. The screen more than likely is balancing on chairs to get it up nearer the ceiling. Men are sitting on benches, tables, chairs and even on the floor in the aisle while the light beam from the projector is just clearing their heads. The machine has to be set up in the kitchen back of the serving counter to make room for everyone to get in. YMCA movies mean a lot to the men on these stations.

Wherever a station does not have its own thirty-five millimetre programs the Y will continue to supply free shows for service men as long as the war goes on. The machines may be small but they do a mighty big job in bringing enjoyment to thousands in the services.

### Jazz Man

NAME: LAC Lloyd Kelly; known as Keyboard Kelly

AT GANDER: 10 BR Radar man

AMAZING: Started studying piano at Toronto Conservatory of Music when he was eight; gold medalist at twelve

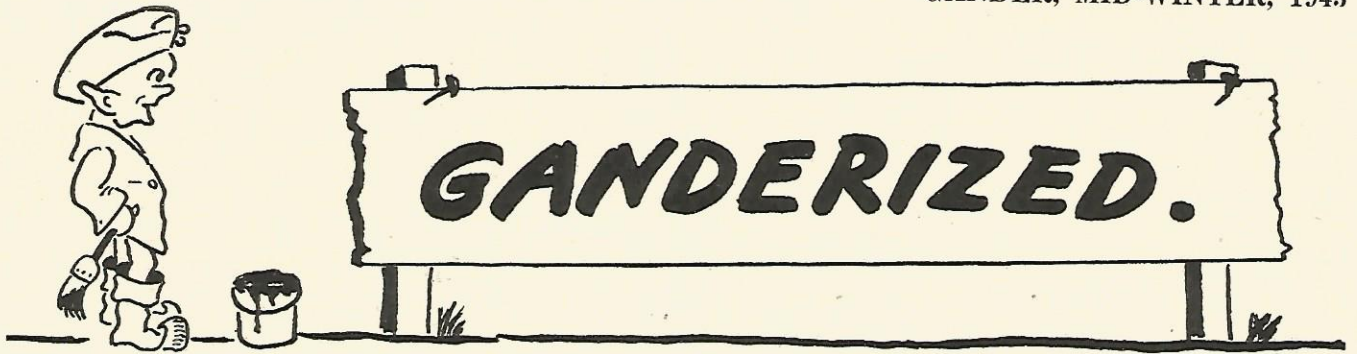
JOB PREFERENCE: With Chicago musicians

POST-WAR: Cincinnati College of Music

PENCHANTS: Jo Stafford, Duke Ellington



PENCIL DRAWING BY JACK LOWRY



On Thursday night the W.D.'s  
Get down on pretty, dimpled knees  
Seeking, after godliness,  
Something approaching cleanliness.

In issue shorts or teddy suits  
In underwear or bathing suits,  
They give, if viewed from front or rear,  
An aspect rather more than queer.

With pail and water, brush and soap,  
They wash the floor quite clean, they hope,  
And, having removed all muddy tracks,  
They spread great gaumless gobs of wax.

And when they've polished off the floors  
They tackle windows, walls and doors.  
No speck of dirt escapes detection,  
And all for what? C.O.'s inspection!

—MOLLY O. BROWN.

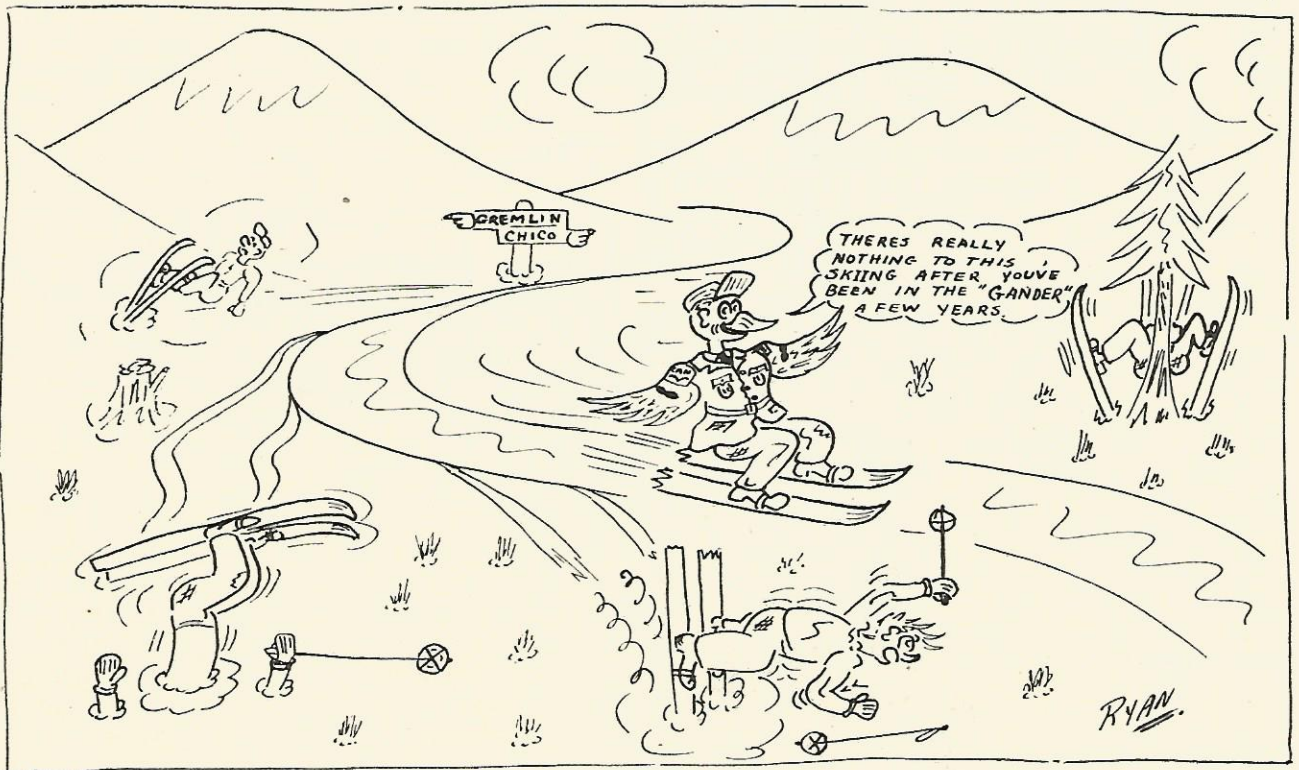
The W.D. with stockings grey  
Goes sadly on her lonely way.  
The W.D. with stockings tan  
Goes out with a grin to get her man.

You may walk on the floor or the ceiling,  
O'er the mess-hall walls you may creep,  
You may set all the nervous girls squealing  
As out of dark corners you peep.

I don't care  
If you sit on a chair,  
With a dignified air;  
Or get in my hair.

You may even walk on the table  
And pick up such scraps as you're able;  
But oh! If you value your pate,  
You cockroach, stay out of my plate!

—MOLLY O. BROWN.





by MOLLY O. BROWN

## Goodbye!

The subject of postings is at present a more than usually live one. For a few critical days we considered wearing a sandwich board bearing the words "Are you posted? Where to?" on one side and "Yes, I am. To Scoudouc," on the other. Beneath these vital points there could have been a few subsidiary points, such as: "Well, cheer up, you'll be in the next lot," and questions concerning what the other station has that Gander hasn't: "Is there milk?" "How long does it take to get into town?" and a couple more concerning what Gander has that the other place hasn't: "How about men?" and "Is there any hot water?"

With these last words we reluctantly lay down our pen—you can't say you lay down a typewriter—and bid farewell to Gander and the GANDER. There's nothing we can possibly say to indicate our feelings. Perhaps we'd just better close with "There's no place on earth just like Gander" and you can take that any way you like.

SUE JACOBS.

## Hello!

Times have changed since the last issue of the GANDER burst on a waiting world. A great long posting list came in and many a dream came true at last. Our staff lost two valuable members when the axe fell. Sue Jacobs, the editor of the "Feminine Front" and Joan Hall, our capable business manager, have taken themselves back to Canada, talking gloatingly of fresh milk and thick, medium-rare steaks and other blessings of civilization.

It was truly a case of "Hail and Farewell" for no sooner were the good-byes out of our mouths than we found ourselves saying hello to the newcomers, with that gracious condescension that veterans, even of only a few months or even weeks, are pleased to greet newcomers to any station. It reminded us of the time only a scant eight months ago that old-timers looked at us pityingly and said "Two weeks! You haven't unpacked yet!" We are so thoroughly unpacked now that we doubt if we will ever be able to pack again.

There were so many strange faces in Barrack Block 110 for a while that we sometimes wondered if it were we who had been posted to another station—but the weather reassured us. It could exist only in Gander. By now though the new faces are grown familiar and though it is a little late we welcome them and hope they enjoy their stay in "Gaumless Old Gander."

## Cap Gaumless

Fashion is capricious. The "cap gaumless" of last ski season, filed away at the bottom of the kit bag, has become the rage this winter. The reason for its sudden popularity is unknown. Perhaps a year's repose under the usual accumulation of impedimenta helped relax the shape a bit; perhaps, after the sou'wester we've been wearing anything looks good. We, personally, are quite frank in saying that the touch that endeared the "cap gaumless" to us is the felt crest which doesn't need shining. Let no one think though that that careless appearance is achieved easily. Before venturing out in it the really smart W.D. visits Elsie and has her hair carefully curled around the edge of said cap. That's what it says here anyhow.

## Jiu-Jitsu

We can't seem to avoid the subject of P.T. It always crops up in some new and horrible form. The final blow fell recently when ten volunteers selected on the "I want ten volunteers; you and you and you" basis, were introduced to the art of jiu-jitsu. We will refrain from comment on why this was thought advisable. The final word on the subject was voiced by an army sergeant whose W.D. date was explaining the new activity to him. "And so," she concluded, "If you find a W.D. suddenly flinging you over her head, you'll know why." "Oh," he replied, impressed if slightly confused, "You mean jitterbugging!"

## Kurske-Curwin

The R.C.A.F. Chapel was the scene of a pretty wedding on December 23, at 4.30 p.m. when Marjorie Muriel Curwin became the bride of Cpl. Harold Frank Kurske, with F/L A. Genest performing the ceremony. Cpl. F. Watkin played the organ and LAC B. Ritchie sang a solo.

The bride, who was given in marriage by the Commanding Officer, G/C H. B. Godwin, wore a floor-length white dress and shoulder veil and carried a white satin muff trimmed with white and silver poinsettias. AW1 Burt Mahaney was bridesmaid and Sgt. W. H. Ingram attended the groom.

After the ceremony the couple left the chapel through a guard of honor and proceeded to the W.D. lounge where a reception was held and a lovely wedding cake cut.



LOOKS LIKE A CASUALTY! PRETTY EILEEN WONDERS IF THERE ISN'T SOME BETTER WAY TO STOP

## *A W. D. Goes Skiing*

by MOLLY O. BROWN

SOME call it ski-ing and some call it she-ing. The difference is immaterial and has nothing to do with gender. Like horse-back riding and sailing it was once a useful method of locomotion but having like them been superseded by swifter and more comfortable modes of travel it has like them become an expensive and uncomfortable sport.

By some unfortunate whim of fate I was not introduced to ski-ing between the ages of five and ten, which is the only period in which the human animal finds it pleasant to stand suddenly on its head in a snow-drift and escapes with minor abrasions after sudden and violent contact with trees, rocks and other details of the landscape. I had to wait till I had become somewhat set in my ways and my body was compounded of something slightly more rigid than sponge-rubber and kapok, before I tried to slide downhill on the surface of three feet of snow with a couple of glorified barrel staves harnessed to my feet with steel.

The day of my great adventure was bright and sunny and the temperature a little above zero. I hadn't gone far before I realized that the boots were too big. I could walk around inside the darn things. However I told myself to remember to ask for smaller ones next time and concentrated on the business of progressing—forward if possible. "The idea is just to slide forward with one foot, then with the other," said one of my companions. It was her second trip. I tried it out and found it quite easy. "There's nothing to this," I was thinking, when we came to a turn in the road. Now you wouldn't think getting round a simple little street corner would present much of problem would you? Neither did I till I found myself on the ground in a tangle of skis, ski-poles and legs.

I righted myself and all went well—for a while. We left the road and took a pretty trail through the woods. I was beginning to feel cock-sure—a certain sign of danger ahead—when we came to a road with snow banked

high on either side. Crossing that road cost me two falls and most of my dignity but "I dood it." Now the hills began to come. The first one was tricky. It seemed to slope in several directions and my skis showed a dangerous indecision as to which way they should take. However that one was passed without mishap and we went on to the next. It looked much simpler but I guess there was an evil spell on it or something because I found myself lying at the bottom unable to move, apparently because my legs and my skis were crocheted into a doily behind me. I was extricated from this predicament and found no bones broken and all legs and other attachments firmly in place, much to my astonishment. There were lots more hills and I went down them all—some of them twice—and fell on them all—some of them twice.

Long ago in my tobogganing days I learned that in order to slide down a hill you must first climb up. In skiing, having gone down all the hills, you then have to climb them again on the long journey home. I don't know why hills are so much longer and steeper when you are going up them. Climbing hills on skis is an art in itself. You go up side-wise like a land-crab and if you are lucky you don't slide back down just as you reach the top. I guess I'm not very lucky—or else I don't live right.

I reached the drill hall with no ill effects apparent to the naked eye but I will never be the same woman again. I felt that if I once hit the sack the orders of eight A.V.M.'s and a Flight Sergeant wouldn't drag me off it. And with unbelieving ears I heard my own voice saying, "It was marvellous. Let's go again tomorrow."

## THE CASE FOR THE *W. D.'s*

by RITA T. LARSEN

THERE are approximately 10,000 women serving in the R.C.A.F. at the present time—10,000 W.D.'s who are acquitting themselves more than creditably at various trades and occupations, replacing men for aircrew duties or, as now, freeing them for transfer to the Army and consequent active service. Yet many of the 10,000 have been criticized unfairly, have been the objects of disparaging glances cast down long noses and have been considered social inferiors to the average Canadian girl whether employed in Jim's Beanery or the household of W. Cotswold Pye, Member of Parliament.

Strangely enough, of the two classes of people whose criticisms are the loudest and longest one seems to be the blustering fight-it-on-paper boys, the do-nothings who so ably discuss war and politics over a smoky table in the beer tavern and can state to a nicety what everybody else should be doing and why. The majority of this class know nothing whatever about the W.D. and derive most of their information from whispered scandals over back fences, or opinions formulated by the odd occasion when some girl happened to make a faux pas in public with consequent sudden attention to her uniform. The second group consists of a few old die-hards in the R.C.A.F. itself. Most aircrew people bless the

Continued on page 31



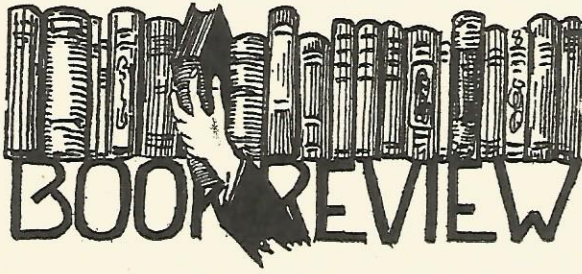
### DEPARTMENT OF POSTAL CONFUSION

WHEN one blonde girl appears at Gander some take notice. When two blondes appear more heads turn. When the blondes are twins and about five foot four, everyone looks twice. That happened in January. The Bambrick twins, Lillian and Maude, have been confusing the Air Force since April, 1942. They left their home then in Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island for Rockcliffe Manning Depot. Since then they have worked in the post offices at Mont Joli, Dartmouth and now Gander. After hours they spend time at the Drill Hall, skating rink, skiing or dancing. Vital statistics show they are twenty-one, blonde, slim and attractive. One twin is one inch taller and six pounds heavier than the other.

### *Bluenoser*

NAME: LAW Ursula W. Bennett.  
BORN: Dominion, N.S.  
ENLISTED: January 16, 1943  
LENGTH OF TIME IN GANDER: Eighteen months  
GANDER JOB: Equipment Assistant, Repairable Section  
FOIBLE: Keeps huge pencil behind her ear to put people on her list, great eraser to take them off her list dependent upon whether they are in favour or out.





## GANDER VISITOR WRITES OF THE R.C.A.F. IN THE ALEUTIANS

by GRACE H. BABBITT

**A**BOUT a year ago F/O D. F. Griffin, R.C.A.F. Public Relations officer, visited Gander. He had just returned from the Aleutians where he had spent several months and while here in Gander he spoke to the Discussion Group one Sunday evening of what he had seen and done there and how the airmen stationed on the three R.C.A.F. bases there lived. He was an easy, entertaining speaker, as any who were there will remember and under the influence of his lively personality and his colorful descriptions we felt that we could see the life he was describing to us. His account of conditions in the Aleutians was the more interesting to us by comparison with our own and before the evening was over we all felt exceedingly well off in our location. We realized that we here, in comparison to the personnel at the far west corner of the continent, had no reason whatsoever to be browned off.

That talk and more was contained in an article written by him and published in WINGS the following month.

Not long after leaving here F/O Griffin was killed in an aircraft crash near Goose Bay. Most of the personnel of this station will recall the particulars of that disaster.

F/O Griffin wrote an interesting, lively story of R.C.A.F. operations and the life of Canadian airmen in the Aleutian theatre in book form.

FIRST STEPS TO TOKYO, the account of the long, grim vigil maintained by the R.C.A.F. in the Aleutians and Alaska during the early part of the war is a small volume. To be exact it contains 50 pages and may be read in less than an hour. It is written in the fast moving newspaper style and contains many photographs of the personnel of the stations he visited. It is chock full of names of airmen he met there, with humorous little anecdotes about them and several thrilling, tragic tales of wartime adventure on those dreary outposts.

With the rapid turn of events in the past few years most of us have almost forgotten that at one time not so long ago Japan was a real and terrible menace to us in the Aleutians. Had it not been for quick, aggressive and effective action on the part of the Canadian and American airmen based there the enemy might have reached the mainland of the North American continent.

Few people realized then, or do now, that the R.C.A.F. played a noteworthy part in defeating Japan's plans on that score. To mention only one thing F/O



### In Memoriam

R217380 Cpl. Symmonds, G. A.

R215545 LAC McEwan, W. F.

Griffin revealed in FIRST STEPS TO TOKYO, only a few hours after the R.C.A.F. was asked for help by the United States a Canadian fighter squadron arrived in the Aleutians prepared to give it. We should all know and be proud of that. It is good that in FIRST STEPS TO TOKYO we have a record beyond official files of what our men did there. It is a pity that we do not have more of such books. Canadians tend to minimize their own efforts and deeds. There should certainly be no shame in giving credit where it is due. Everyone else does.

#### FRENCH BOOKS

Saint-Exupéry, Antoine de, *Pilote de Guerre*, Editions de la Maison Francaise Inc., New York, 1942, \$2.50.

Corday, Pauline, *J'ai Vécu dans Paris Occupé*, Editions de l'Arbre, Montreal, 1944, 75c.

Leske, Gottfried, *J'étais un Aviateur Nazi*, Edition Bernard Valiquette, Montreal, 83c.

Lengyel, Emile, *Dakar*, Didier (Editeurs), New York, 1943, 90c.

Books reviewed and recommended are available in the R.C.A.F. library.

# I Begin My Day...

by PADRE DOUG MACINTOSH

"SEVEN o'clock, sir . . . Seven o'clock, sir!"  
"What's that? . . . Oh yes, thanks very much. Switch on my light, please."

Well, my day has begun.

Just as I am losing consciousness again I heave back the bed-clothes and reach for my watch. Seven ten. Didn't realize I had been that long saying my prayers.

Let me see—breakfast at seven forty-five and Morning Devotions at eight ten. No time to lose. I turn on the radio for time checks. It's George Kent at the controls this morning. He sounds cheerful. "One Meat Ball," a special gravy number, has just spun round and round on the VORG platter and come to a stop. Then George says, "Nineteen minutes and thirty-five seconds to eight o'clock. Hold your lids kids for this next one is really going to ride. It's a plain case of Scotch and Soda by Charlie Barnet."

Going into the mess at seven forty-five a.m. is like going to church. You usually meet the same people and you know that the others are all at work. It's the best time to eat though. No shoving and pushing. The cooks can all concentrate on poaching my egg.

Studio A at two minutes past eight. George nods benignly and I settle down before the mike. Ah, I did bring my Bible. The day of the big snow storm I arrived without it. The drifts were deep and when I got back with it I couldn't speak. I made imploring signs to Bob Harvie and he graciously played hymns for five

minutes while I flaked out and panted. But today I'm normal. And so over the air waves goes the invitation to worship, "a ten minute program of morning devotions bringing you daily strength for daily needs."

Huge sparkling icicles hang from the eaves of the chapel and I notice tracks in the snow as I walk up the steps. Others have been there before me. But now I am alone . . . yet not alone. It is so still, so filled with the Divine Nearness. The horizon of my day rolls back. Above the still sad music of humanity I hear the choirs of angels sing. Here again is Eden, redeemed by One who died upon a cross.

Back in my office and deep in the day's agenda. A sad, thin-lipped face with sharp, suffering eyes appears at the door. It's Jim again.

"Well, I'm posted."

"Well, just what you wanted and right out to good old Ontario."

"Anything I could do for you in Moncton—it wouldn't be any trouble."

"No Jim, I can't think of anything. Just say hello to the padre for me. Chaplain Estey is an old friend of mine."

"Well, goodbye and thanks, Padre."

Through my open door drifts the aroma of fine coffee. The Y office across the way is as busy and cheerful as a country store in mid-morning. Earl fills my cup. Sugar and cream? Yes. Ah! First brew! My day is well begun.

## DUFFY'S— Continued from page 11

fervent hope that the weather clears before one's head explodes.

About an hour before closing time singing has become fairly general. Usually three quarts are enough to remove any doubt that one has about his singing voice. These vocal offerings consist of well-chosen folk songs that find special favour with the denizens of the tavern. Such exquisite melodies as: The Squid Jiggin' Ground . . . Drink, Chugalug, Chugalug . . . North Atlantic Squadron,—are all just a small part of a bulging repertoire of well-known and dearly-loved classics. Wet Canteen choirs present their songs in a way that is nothing short of admirable. The desire to sing is overwhelming and such minor matters as having a voice, knowing the words and music are inconsequential. Wholesome, uninhibited melody is what they have to offer. We love those boys.

When the evening's fun is over the lads stream out into the refreshing night air, some to seek the comfort of their beds, others to make a call wherever their fancy lies. Coffee has a great attraction for many of Duffy's boys and when they proceed to the Dry Canteen their every movement is followed by the eyes of that portion of the camp known as teetotallers. Some of these eyes are hostile but most are understanding. The non-members unfortunately do suffer some small inconveniences because of the devotees of Duffy's. There are times

when happy slumber is disturbed because of the loud entry into the barrack-room of two or three celebrants, but eventually the minor disturbances cease and all is order once again. The rooms become quiet, the teetotallers to dream of home and family, the club members to sleep it off.

## Cigar Smoker

NAME: LAC Hunter Patterson

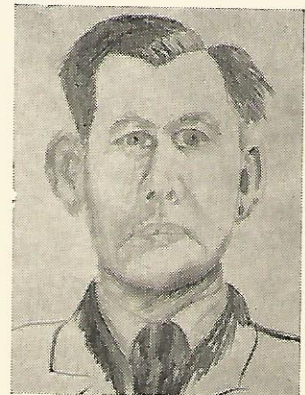
BORN: 1912, Dew's Place, Scotland

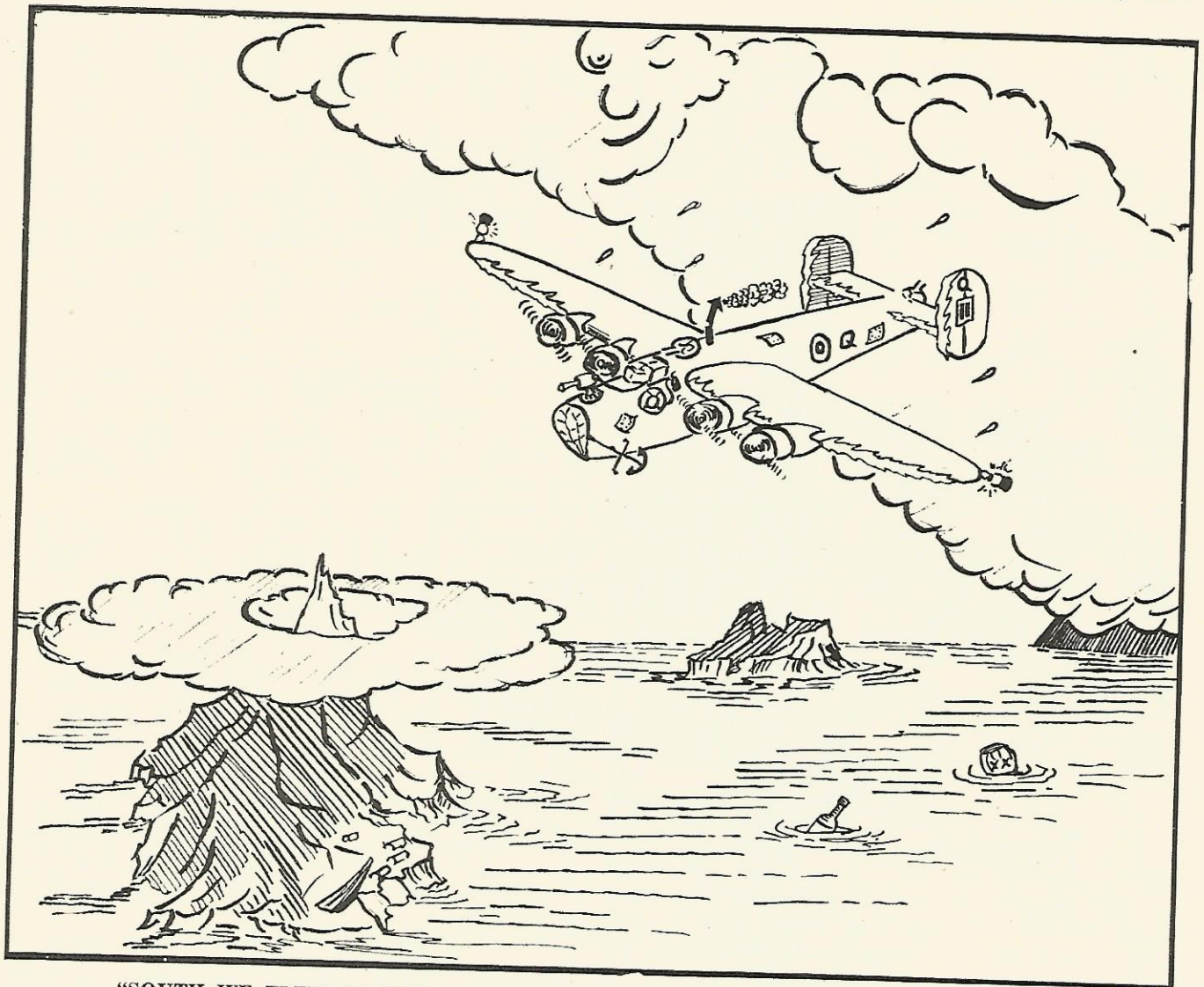
ENLISTED: November 4, 1941

GANDER JOB: Central Warehouse truck; supplies Blue Label, extra messing and supplies to canteens.

DELIGHT OF HIS HEART: Churchillian cigar

DISTINCTIVE: Gentle brogue





"SOUTH WE FLEW IN QUEENIE FOR Q, WITH OUR LOAD OF SLEET AND SNOW."

## The Rhyme of Queenie for Q

*Not so long ago one of our aircraft was diverted to the Azores. While the crew languished amidst tropical luxury they took out a Portuguese poetic licence—fee, 10 scoots—and whiled away the pleasant hours jointly composing this rhyme which they have submitted with appropriate apologies to Samuel Coleridge and his "Ancient Mariner."*

THE sky was blue, the day cavu,  
I hurried from the mess.  
The crew had met the gen to get,  
The take-off time grew less.

Beside the road upon a goad  
There leaned an ancient seer,  
With long red nose and purple hose  
Quaffing a foaming beer.

Though I was late, no time to wait,  
He held me with his ee.  
Oh pilot grey, I fear the day  
When thou hast stoppèd me.

The ancient  
pilot unfolds  
his tail.

“Oh hapless bird that thou hast heard  
The tale of the luckless crew,  
Of the men who went on night flight bent  
In the Liberator Q.

The night was fair when we took the air,  
The forecast pretty grim.  
But Group was sure their hearts were pure,  
For all of us could swim.

Past Soulies Pond and still beyond  
The island of the Funk,  
Till Newfoundland on our left hand  
Below the sea had sunk.

And lone on high we rode the sky  
And lone below the sea.  
The pilot's guide was his brand new bride  
As he conned the A.F.C.

Our effortless flight across the night  
Was followed by a bird—  
But I did slander the faithful gander  
And cursed it with a word.

The sensitive gander  
leaves the ship.  
The curse operates  
and the transfer pump  
fails.

The engineer in mortal fear  
His heart a sodden lump  
Cries out, “Alas, no drop of gas  
Comes through this bloody pump.”

High octane fuel lay in a pool,  
His clothes were dripping wet.  
He tried to suck and cursed his luck  
And lit a cigarette.

The third wag sat on the captain's hat  
And was sick on the compass bowl.  
“Eftsoons,” he said, “The air is dead,  
I raise nor man nor soul.”

The second mate bemoaned his fate  
As we flew and flew and flew,  
“Why did I ship on this cursed trip?”  
And he didn't have a clue.

Quoth the navigator, “I haven't ate or  
Had a cigarette.  
I've taken fixes by dozens and sixes  
And still we're nowhere yet.”

“Now what new curse,” the first mate cried  
Over the intercom.  
“The soup is cold, the stew hath mold,  
The food-box on the bum.”

The bow was up, the stern was down,  
Nor steady keel we kept.  
We had no word from the hapless bird.  
The navigator wept.

The crew sore tried  
are condemned to go on.

The first Wag swore midst the static's roar,  
For he heard scarce dah or dit,  
But he twirled the dials and switched the coils  
And made some sense of it.

“You're in the soup,” said the signal from Group.  
“You've cursed your faithful gander.  
“You can't come home to your own airdrome  
“So on you must meander.”

“There's a distant land where palm trees stand  
“Beneath a tropic sky,  
“And you'll get there if you're still in the air,  
“So just go on and fly.”

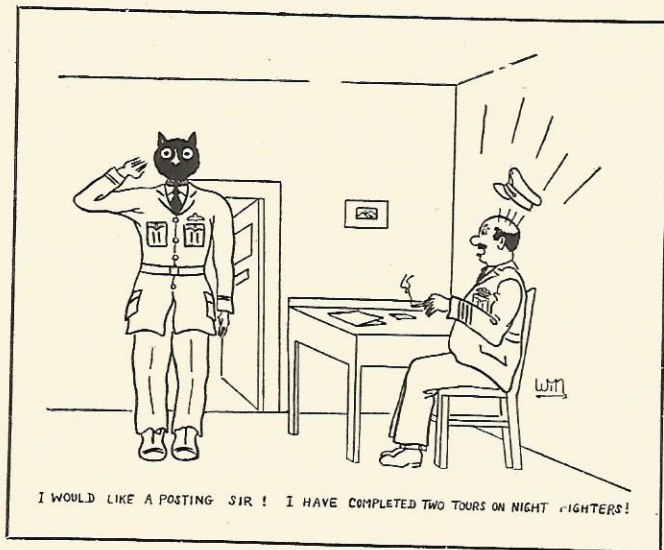
So south we flew in Queenie for Q,  
With our load of sleet and snow,  
And the steady drip from our icy ship  
Fell down on the sea below.

“Young man, I wite, there was no night  
“So long, so black, so drear,  
“Nor ever a crew in such a stew  
“Went on in better cheer.

The gander leads Q  
to a strange  
landfall.

Like the albatross our Gander Gus  
His gruesome vengeance wrought.  
He draped the cloud like a dismal shroud  
Around the place we sought.

But we slid beneath the charnal sheath  
And laughed to see the shore.  
Came screaming down on the sleeping town  
In our old B 24.



### MR. BIG— Continued from page 2

started to search through the drawers. At first he was careful not to disturb anything, then as the report was not in the first drawer, lost caution and searched frantically. Ah! This was it. His eyes gleamed. Now to destroy it. Tearing it up was not enough. The pieces would be found and put together. Took out his lighter—it wouldn't work. Another frantic search, this time through his pockets for matches. Now to burn it. The three sheets of long paper took an aeon to burn as he had to do each one separately, dropping them in the ash tray and making sure they were completely consumed.

The last corner of the last page was burning in the ash tray. He jumped guiltily at the sound of a voice behind him.

"Oh, good morning, sir. I didn't know you were here. I thought I smelt something burning."

"Er . . . yes, corporal. I dropped a match into some scrap paper in my ash tray. But everything is under control now, thank you."

With a relieved "It is done," feeling, the C.O. sat down at his desk and started on his day's work, putting from his mind the thought of the airman who would not be appearing before him that day.

## S. M. O.

NAME: W/C Willard  
Douglas Marshall

BORN: St. George,  
Ont.

ALMA MATER: Uni-  
versity of Western  
Ontario; cum laude,  
'37

INTERNSHIP: Lon-  
don, Ont.

POST GRADUATE:  
England

MARRIED: Mary  
Forbes Hall, Guelph,  
1938

ENLISTED: First in  
R.C.A.M.C.; trans-  
ferred to R.C.A.F.  
medical branch at its  
inception



PENCIL DRAWING BY D. R. MACTAVISH

But the perverse bird had the final word,  
For idle there we lay.  
With liquor—liquor everywhere  
And none of us could pay.

With tongues hung out looked round about  
The bottles on the shelves.  
No 'scots we'd got among the lot.  
We had to help ourselves.

Senoritas sung in a foreign tongue  
Nor could they translate "gaumless."  
We called for rum—champagne would come—  
Damned be this curse upon us.

For days and weeks and months and years  
On that desolate isle we wait.  
Our wives, thrice married now, at home,  
Bemoan our sorry fate.

We wept and cursed our lengthy stay  
Upon that distant isle.  
The spell still lay, we had no pay!  
No scots! What is more vile!

The skipper wite, "Take off first light,  
To hell with ice and snow!"  
The crew cried "Aye," but Group said, "Nay,  
"We'll tell you when to go."

So with many a shout we sallied out  
On each successive night  
And hurried down to storm the town.  
It was a gory sight.

"Passa Que Va," the drivers cried  
To set their mules in motion.  
We're off to dine with song and wine  
In an alcoholic ocean.

Then came the day we flew away,  
Away from that balmy clime.  
In a flood of tears the pilot steers  
For the land of snow and rime.

As home drew nigh the gander sly  
Took one last parting shot.  
For Queenie so old had caught a cold  
And coughed and blew a pot.

# The Day After Tomorrow

## It Belongs to the Man Who Meets it Today

by DONALD RYAN, C.I.E.S.

**S**ERVICE men and women have a means of increasing their educational, vocational or cultural background readily available in Gander. In the office of the R.C.A.F. educational officer is a yellow bulletin listing seventy-nine courses which any serviceman may take. These courses are supplied free of charge by the Canadian Legion Educational Services at Ottawa. They cover a wide variety of subjects from elementary courses to junior and senior matriculation, the equivalent of first year university.

For the commercially-minded serviceman five courses are offered in business arithmetic, bookkeeping and Pitman shorthand. He who wishes to develop his knowledge of mechanics may choose from several technical courses including mechanical drawing, automotive engineering, practical electricity and sheet metal work. Six vocational courses are offered in farming and agriculture. Lastly on this bulletin is a list of special service courses such as Pre-aircrew English and Mathematics, Practical English and Mathematics for the Army, Machine and Electrical Shop Mathematics. Similar facilities are provided by the provincial departments of education such as the British Columbia Home Study Council.

Senior matriculation may also be obtained free of charge from the University of Toronto. The other Canadian universities charge a very moderate fee ranging from two to ten dollars for the course.

The International Correspondence School offers commercial as well as technical and science courses. Similar instruction may be obtained through the British In-

stitute of Science and Technology, Nova Scotia Technical College and from several universities. Canadian servicemen may also make use of the services of the National Home Study Council of the United States. This association offers a well-recommended list of subjects. Academic courses are offered under such titles as Social Security, Interior Decoration, Background of the War, Postwar International Construction, Photography, Forestry and Music.

In addition to the correspondence courses available there are at present twenty-seven actual school room classes being conducted at Gander. Nineteen of these are among Canadian army personnel. The remainder are among the R.C.A.F. Sixteen of the nineteen Army courses are on conversational English, one in mathematics and the others in Instrumental Music and Choir. The R.C.A.F. classes are in shorthand, typing, mathematics, German and Spanish. These classes are taught by specially appointed instructors. Texts and supplementary reading material are supplied upon requisition by the Educational Officer. These may be borrowed from the R.C.A.F. or Canadian Army libraries.

An average of eighty-five students a month apply for courses through the educational office and many more take advantage of the information rooms and the discussion groups conducted on the station. By this means many are preparing themselves for entrance to University and others are broadening their technical and cultural knowledge.

### SPORTS—

Continued from page 17

**THE GANDER RIFLE CLUB** with a present membership of 175 was formed in January of 1944 under the guidance of Sgt. Dave Harrop. The club started with 4000 rounds of ammunition but this was soon used up due to the unexpectedly wide interest taken in the club. Since at the time no more could be obtained the club had to suspend operations temporarily. Fortunately during the summer another 30,000 rounds of .22 ammunition was procured and the club re-organized under F/Sgt. Al Couling.

Plans for the future include monthly competitions with prizes for the highest scores in each group. A tyro (beginner to you) has as much chance of winning a prize as the expert, for the members are divided into three groups according to their scores. The first group includes members with an average score of 90 or over; the second, those with an average between 80 and 90; and the third, all those whose average is under 80. There is also a lucky spot prize given by the Y.M.C.A. every night.

Among the most deadly shots are LAC Hutchinson, S/L Harvey, Cpl. Meering, W.O.2 Planche, LAC Todd, LAC Crichton, Cpl. Morton, F/Sgt. Ashworth, Sgt.

Weaver, F/L Bedford, F/L Turnbull, F/O Bulman, W.O.2 Bond. There are also a number of enthusiastic W.D. members with LAW's Spademan, Shearer, Gregoire, Cpl. Podolski and Sgt. Drew as top ranking shots.

### Engine Man

NAME: W.O.2 Wilfred  
Ambrose Woolsey;  
known as "Chief"

BORN: Hamilton, Ont.,  
1915

ENLISTED IN RCAF:  
June 6, 1938

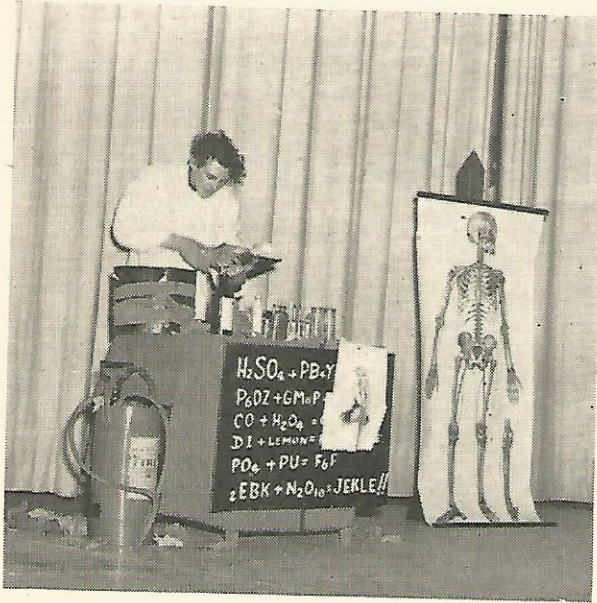
OCCUPATION: Motor  
Mechanic, Motor  
Transport.

POST-WAR PLANS:  
Permanent R.C.A.F.  
service

AMAZING: He fash-  
ions by hand miss-  
ing pieces of ma-  
chinery that outlast  
the original.



PENCIL DRAWING BY D. R. MACTAVISH



**DR. ALFIE WRESTLES** with some strange potions to produce the most favorably received revue in this winter's theatrical season at Gander.

## AERODROME MAINTENANCE

Continued from page 4

an accompanying truck. As a matter of fact a five ton auxiliary truck can be loaded with snow in fifteen seconds.

Operating a snow-blowing truck is a full-time job for one man. The cab is jammed full with twenty-four controls, six meters. To regulate his forward speed successfully the operator must keep one ear open to the rapid, throaty cough of the rear motor, gage his rate by its sound as the augers crunch into the piles.

King blower is helped on the job by the plows. Just how the plows supplement the blowing will depend upon the snowfall. Perhaps a V-plow with side wings, known as a Walter Snow Fighter, will move down the centre of the runway first. Its straight path is guided by the lights of a parked truck at the far end. The ridge it piles is then tackled by the blower. Blowers and V-



**HOW'S THE WEATHER TODAY?**

plows may be staggered this way right across the drome, those on the outside continually lightening the load to be taken by those working out from the centre. Often a strip half the width of a runway will be cleared first. It may take from two to six hours to open that. Then control tower tells the men whether or not to complete that runway or move to another. At present the crew chief reports to the tower for his instructions, but a two-way radio on tower frequency is now being installed in a light delivery truck.

Sounds like a simple job, this snow-removal business, but it's not. It is cold, often damp. It is body-aching. Seats in the cabs are straight-backed, soon feel hard. Arm and shoulder muscles stiffen trying to subdue the trembling, swerving steering wheel. Eyes grow blurred straining through a steaming windshield, glued in a sort of hypnotism on the streaking white glare rushing behind the headlamp. Riding a roaring, shaking blower at snail's pace for hours at a stretch is a job for tough determination. Breakdowns are not infrequent. Those blowers are equipped with safety devices to protect their drive shafts. If the augers ever shudder into a two-by-four, piping, or other obstacle hidden by snow, protective shear pins break, stopping the augers, permitting the drive shaft to revolve freely, untouched by the sudden shock. The shear pins must be replaced before blowing can continue. Usually it is done on the spot. Passing aircraft constitute a hazard to the men—passing aircraft and Mr. Westaway. He is the one man squadron, pilot of the mercy flight Norseman. Veteran airman Westaway lands when and where he can without respect of blowers.

There are few bright spots in a seven-hour battle against the snow. But there are some. There is a spine-thrilling sense of adventure in being a part of the rumbling, headlighted, night parade of hurrying plows, creeping sputters. In the daytime it is relieving laughter to watch a fellow blower a half-mile away looking for all the world like the Newfy Express puffing clouds of smoke in an avalanche up to its sand dome.

In all their hard work these men have a very shrewd eye on the immediate present. Certainly they are working to clear the way for ferried bombers, for Atlantic patrols. But there is something closer to their hearts than a distant battle against an enemy they have never seen. They want to keep the field clear for the precious T.C.A. mail plane.

Headquarters for these crews is an office building, storage shed and garage sitting around an L-shaped lot in a broad depression just off Well Road. The main office building is a long, one storey shack built of four-

## Pie Man

**NAME:** Sgt. Perry  
William McIntosh

**AT GANDER:** Half  
the bakers in the  
RCAF—since there  
are only two mus-  
tered under 'Baker';  
the rest are chefs.

**HE COMES FROM:**  
Barrie, Ont.

**HE HAS BEEN IN  
GANDER:** Three  
years

**HE LIKES PLAYING:**  
Hockey, badminton

**MARRIED:** All of one  
month!



PENCIL DRAWING BY JACK LOWRY



SORRY, 192 IS STILL BUSY!

inch siding covered with building paper. Oil drums, side plows, parts of vehicles are parked all over the place. The whole set-up gives an impression of being in just a little too much of a hurry to bother with fussiness. The door of the tar-paper shack opens right into a sort of informal lounge. The floors are rough planking, dirtied by oily boots, mud, snow. Across the far length of the room there is a counter surmounted by a ceiling-high framework of protective chicken wire. Back on the inside of the counter there is a two-burner stove. This is a planned refreshment bar for the crews. It has not yet materialized. When there is no particular rush for work the men sprawl around the despatcher's little office on chairs, tables, the floor or just prop themselves against the wall. They are still wearing their parkas, their blue R.C.A.F. service caps, their heavy gum boots. They play gin rummy, argue, or just reminisce.

Besides being responsible for all the runways, Aerodrome Maintenance men clear the thirty-odd miles of roadways across the entire station. A bulldozer is kept busy piling coal dumped by the trains. Summer work is less spectacular than snow removal. The men feel they are nothing but a joe section in the warm weather. Monotonous road-patching, general construction work can't compare with the conscious knowledge of glamor attached to the blowing mammoth.

They don't all like their work. Some regret the day they mustered into it, long to be back at the old job. For others it's the only type of work they've ever done.

After the war most of these men expect to take advantage of rehabilitation opportunities. For the present they know their job and they're doing it superbly well.

### THE CASE FOR THE W.D.'s

Continued from page 23

girls heartily as without feminine replacements they might have been skewered down to a tiresome clerical job with air experience limited to the odd scrounged flip in a Harvard some fine Sunday afternoon. But a great many airmen resent the W.D.'s invasion into a field formerly exclusively masculine, look down on them with maddening superiority, put a shady question behind their motives for enlisting in the first place and generally wish they'd shoo off home to their knitting.

When a man enlists he departs from his home town in slathers of honour and glory, a flourish of drums and trumpets, farewell parties, congratulations and general



W. D. CORPORAL Jean Ramsay painted this corner in the officers' bar.

fanfare while dear old ladies get all misty-eyed and reverent reflecting on the bravery of their beloved little Joe Erks marching heroically off to war. Different indeed is the attitude toward a W.D. recruit; somehow it just isn't the thing for a girl to consider her country's war her war too and her privilege to get into it if she wants to. People wisely shake their heads over "that girl's doings" and dolefully prophecy with great relish her moral ruin. Enlistment is just as important an undertaking for an airwoman—just as great an event in her life—but she begins it on the debit side of the ledger.

Consider instead the personal change that is going to come into the life of AW2 Sadie Snubnose. She is subject to the same type of discipline as her brother Sam only more of it. Poor Sadie makes quite a sacrifice when she either cuts her hair or rolls it into an unexciting sausage of respectability around her head; when she wears a stiff collar and tie, warm stockings and sensible shoes while her heart yearns for free and easy frocks, high heels and sheer nylons; when she foregoes the traditional feminine privilege of expressing her own personality with individualistic costumes of her own choosing or wearing a hat which resembles a cross between the corner vegetable store and a crepe suzette; when she submits to the indignity of bed check every night or the uplifted eyebrows of a suspicious NCO if she stays out and admires the moon for an extra fifteen minutes; and above all when she meekly bows her head and yes ma'ams her superior officer with humble obedience, for psychologically speaking women have a much more difficult time taking orders from each other than do men.

But Sadie really doesn't complain very much—in fact she's usually wearing a pretty cheerful little grin and is all set to stick it out for the duration. She just wishes that Mr. and Mrs. Averageman would consider her in much the same category as their own enterprising offspring with as many faults but, bless you, just as many virtues. Given sufficient encouragement and approbation Sadie is all set to do really great things and prove to those narrow-minded old skeptics she can not only battle successfully against the rigors of the Service but also overcome their discouraging censures and criticisms to boot.

And Sadie will!

# Editor's Notes

WELL this is it—and simple and unpretentious as it is it has caused us a good many headaches. Just about the time the magazine should have been taking definite shape on my make-up board the “exigencies of the service” slipped in and whisked me off to the sunny Azores. It was all very pleasant I can assure you but I still managed to shudder once in a while at the thought of you Ganderites waiting anxiously for your magazine while it lay in inert piles on my desk and I frittered away the sunny days munching fresh pineapples and scratching the resultant hives.

The real extremity of the situation didn't present itself until I came back and discovered that the Service had again dealt us a body blow by posting most of the Gander staff when my back was turned. Cpl. Joan Hall, our business manager, who knew everything there was to know about the magazine and who had carried on so efficiently that I hadn't even bothered to learn the details of what she did had just up and left an aching void in the staff. LAW Sue Jacobs was gone (I even learned that on the other side of the Atlantic as soon as most of you knew it here) and with her I thought had

gone the light from the W.D. front. To complete my confusion LAW Grace Babbit was going so fast she only had a couple of minutes left to dash out another of her inimitable articles that we on the Gander have come to accept as the very staff of life.

You can imagine my embarrassment about the whole thing—but I reckoned without the intervention of the guardian angel who seems to govern the destiny of the GANDER.

LAC Don Munro and Cpl. Phil Barlow, both brand new members of the staff, had had the initiative and enthusiasm to just quietly take over the situation and go right ahead on their own. While I was busy composing a suitable explanation of why the March issue would be appearing in June, they walked in and practically presented me with a ‘fait accompli.’

That sort of thing renews your faith in men.

Then with the addition of Cpl. Rita T. Larsen as business manager and LAW Molly O. Brown, whose wit has long been one of the brighter aspects of this whole business, as W.D. Editor, we finally went to press with a new masthead from top to bottom.

## I Lived a Dream

### Harry Huehnergard Rubs His Eyes at the Release Center

KITCHENER, ONT.

IT MUST be that I haven't completely wakened up yet but strangely enough I do miss good old Gander, or maybe and more probably I miss the M.T. bunch and the gang around barrack room 13 in Barrack Block 149.

When I left there my reporting date was December 20th. That was too close to Christmas so I asked for an extension—and got it. I ultimately reported December 28th bravely hoping to be out for New Year's.

On the auspicious day I sauntered back into the old Toronto Manning Depot with a heart quivering with nostalgia, but now it was No. 4 Release Center and a very different place. In the entrance way over a very obvious wicket hung a huge sign, “Incoming Personnel Report Here.” There was no evidence of human activity and on enquiry I discovered that what the sign had inadequately attempted to convey was that I was to go down the hall, through the Blue Room, through the Rotunda, into the Bull Pen, into another corridor and it was on the right hand side.

I was chagrined to learn that I had to go on parade in the morning but it mollified me a good deal when I found that it wasn't until 10:30. That is a time I can understand and it did a lot to sooth a soul bruised by a Gander time-table. My bunk number was 1492 but the historical significance escaped me until I had crossed oceans of empty floor space looking for it.

I was actually very lucky to be moved right into the discharge wing because until you get there they are not above joeing you. It's just a tradition I suppose. The reason I got through was that my medicals and documentation had been done at Gander. It saved a lot of

time and inconvenience.

In the discharge wing we had another lecture by the P.T. and D. Officer on absenteeism and discipline—and we waited. The parade was called again in the afternoon—and we waited. The second day, morning and afternoon, we paraded and waited. The third day we did exactly the same thing. The fourth day was a little different though. It snowed. Finally on the fifth day my name was called and I was told to report for an interview on the sixth.

On the Tuesday I went before the Veteran Welfare Officer and learned that because I lacked sixty-eight days of my three years service my rehabilitation grant would not take effect before the end of the war but that my gratuities would commence in about eight weeks. We discussed the whole situation but he couldn't tell me any more than the Personnel Counsellor did at Gander.

The same afternoon I saw the Selective Service and got cleared as far as my job was concerned. Some of the others were not quite as lucky and walked out looking a little dazed with a discharge in one hand and an Army call-up in the other.

The next day I dashed around madly and cleaned up my clearances establishing a new indoor record of six hours and forty minutes. The pay parade was the wind up and was certainly the best effort an Air Force paymaster had ever made as far as I was concerned.

I can't tell you what it feels like to walk out of there with your button and your little slip of paper. You'll have to find that out for yourself.

—HARRY HUEHNERGARD.

