

GANDER



**SPRING
1945**

GANDER

PUBLISHED BY THE R.C.A.F. AT GANDER, NFLD.

EDITOR'S NOTES

V-E Day had us stumped. We couldn't very well come out with a flash and stirring editorials are hardly our strong point, so in the end we decided to ignore the whole thing. After the first flush of illusion was over that seemed the most appropriate treatment anyway. Obviously there is still a lot more to be done.

In line with our policy of giving you something on which to feed your nostalgia for Gander in the years to come we chose Phil Barlow's story of Newfie fishing folk. When Phil writes of the sea and the people who live by it he speaks out of experience and with the quickened insight of the story teller seizes the pathos underlying the harsh ordeal of their lives.

Have you ever wondered what happens to people who get married on the station? Rita Larsen investigated and tells you how one couple have managed very nicely in spite of all the apparent difficulties. She also turned a highly imaginative eye on a very improbable future for Gander, but then her guess is as good as yours.

The Photographic Section set out to tell the story of Works and Buildings and the Hospital each in a page of pictures. How skillfully they accomplished it you can see for yourself if you turn to page 13 and page 23.

With summer coming, according to the calendar, we thought that a little attention to the outdoor types might be appreciated so we sought out F/O Al Ross who knows about these things and got him to give us a few helpful hints. The title is just one of those things that can happen in any editorial office.

Molly Brown was being helpful, even if perhaps a bit wistful, when she wrote an article on overcoming the psychological difficulties of dealing with war-torn civilians. We agree that some such guidance is needed but don't take our staff artist's conceptions too literally.

With this issue we finally bring pin-up pictures close to home, figuratively, if not literally, within our grasp. Its a beautiful thought and I leave you with it because this is the last issue of the Gander with which I will be associated. As a matter of fact by the time this one reaches you I hope to be well out of range.



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FLOTSAM

A SHORT STORY

BY PHIL BARLOW

"GOOD Land, Jim, what a storm!" Ma said as she poured our breakfast coffee. "Worst I ever seen."

"Yep," Pop answered. "Wust storm ever been on this south shore. Never knew the old Gulf to kick up so."

The waves were booming against the breakwater and the bigger ones broke clean over it, sending salt spray in with the wind to join the rain and slash against our kitchen windows.

The wind was blowing in across the Gulf of St. Lawrence with nothing to stop it clear from Canada, screaming and moaning about the house and making the fire in the big stove burn like mad. That fire felt extra good too.

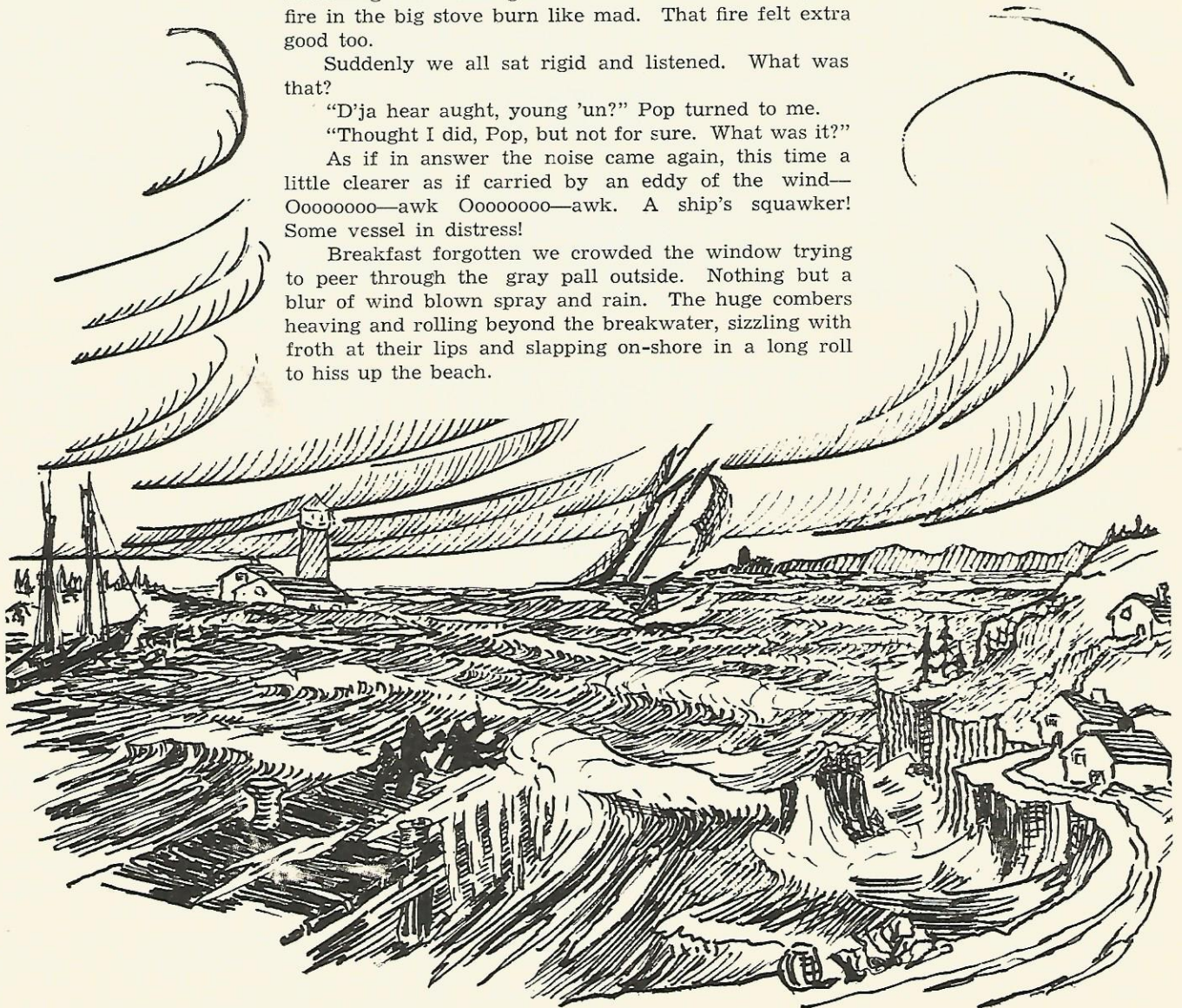
Suddenly we all sat rigid and listened. What was that?

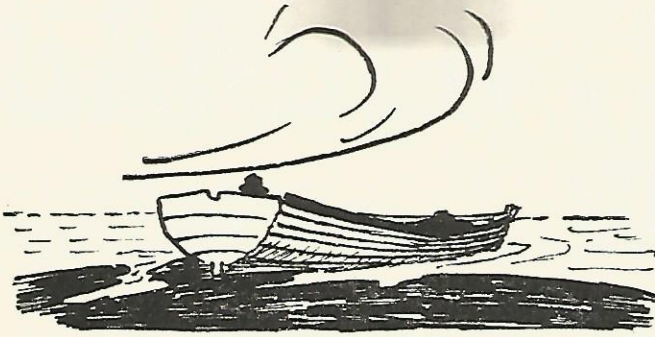
"D'ja hear aught, young 'un?" Pop turned to me.

"Thought I did, Pop, but not for sure. What was it?"

As if in answer the noise came again, this time a little clearer as if carried by an eddy of the wind—Oooooooo—awk Oooooooo—awk. A ship's squawker! Some vessel in distress!

Breakfast forgotten we crowded the window trying to peer through the gray pall outside. Nothing but a blur of wind blown spray and rain. The huge combers heaving and rolling beyond the breakwater, sizzling with froth at their lips and slapping on-shore in a long roll to hiss up the beach.





Suddenly out of one of these great troughs reared the bow-sprit of a vessel. She rode to the crest, teetered a moment, then rolled on into the next trough as the sea seemed to run out from under her.

She was a fair ways off but running in fast with the sea. We all watched for some time, trying to make out what manner of ship she could be. There was something vaguely familiar about her but it was hard to see what in those fleeting glances as she rode the crests.

"NEVER make it," Pop said with conviction. "No ship can cross the bar and get through those reefs in this storm, even if he knew the channel."

"But he does know the channel, Jim." Ma had a queer look on her face. "That's Cap'n Tom's boat, I'm sure it is!"

"What!" Pop looked again. "By Golly, Ma, you're right. Young Tom out there in this weather."

Pop started swearing in earnest.

"I seen the young idjit down to the village last night, half lit as usual, braggin' up Old Tom's schooner to a bunch of his pals. Likely they's been out there all night, tryin' to sink it."

Pop had no use for young Tom who had just come back last summer from some boarding college, where he had won himself quite a name in sports at least, even if he hadn't done so well at his books. Oh, he'd passed all right, but just.

That was Tom—ease by as easily as possible and all the village knew how Cap'n Tom and his wife Marthy had scrimped and saved to give the boy an education. Tom never seemed to care. The captain wanted him to be a lawyer.

Young Tom however had ideas of his own. He greatly preferred spending his evenings at Callahan's Tavern in the village and his days matching wits with the sea. Any boat at all was just fine with Tom. Anything from a schooner down to a dory, he was at home in them all. The rougher the sea the better he liked it. This used to both Old Tom and Marthy an awful lot. They had a queer superstition which had become legend in our village about Tom and the sea. Everyone knew of it but none of us youngsters, not even Tom, had any idea what it was all about.

YEARS ago I had asked Ma but she had looked away quickly and snapped, "Hush, child, its none of your concern and I don't

want you to ever mention it again."

Ma, although easy going generally meant what she said and her unusual sharpness had its affect. I never asked again.

I was to get the answer today though, and to wish I hadn't. But I'm getting away from my story.

We stood there watching, with our noses flattened against the glass, and finally noticed old Cap'n Tom Aaron hurrying down the breakwater. He looked mighty worried and hadn't even taken time to dress properly against the November cold. Bare-headed he was with his long white mane blowing in the wind and his short beard stiff with the frost rime made by his puffs of breath.

The old man was agitated, it was plain to see.

Pop started swearing again. "Poor old chap's like to catch his death a' cold and all on account o' that damn young piece of driftwood that ain't worth the salt in his porridge."

He banged his fist on the window ledge. "Just like a blasted squid, Old Tom fishes him from the water and what thanks does he get—none, that's what. Just spits in his face and goes right back into the sea. Good place for the damn young idjit. I'd like to break his blasted neck—if the sea don't get him first."

"Don't, Jim! Great Heavens, don't say that!" Ma turned from the window wringing her hands. "Poor Tom and Marthy. Oh, Jim, it's awful!"

Pop grabbed his coat and sou'wester. I did the same and we set out down the breakwater after Cap'n Tom.

MA TOSSED me a heavy seaman's coat for Cap'n Tom, saying that he didn't have any coat.

I had to run to keep up to Pop's long strides. He was so mad I don't think he noticed me at all.

Cap'n Tom was muttering directions toward the vessel when we got there, just as if Tom could have heard him above the wind and roar of the surf. His poor old hands with the stiff fingers curled up as if holding the helm as he felt the vessels way past the outer reef.

"Hard a-starboard, boy, that's it. Now catch the luft and swing her back. Old devil sea always had a claim on him, Jim, but he knows she kin sail. Real sailor, our Tom, should be though, he comed from t'sea ya know. Easy now, easy boy, steady all. Watch that channel! Watch it!"

All the time coaxing his ship and the boy through the reefs and nearer the bar.

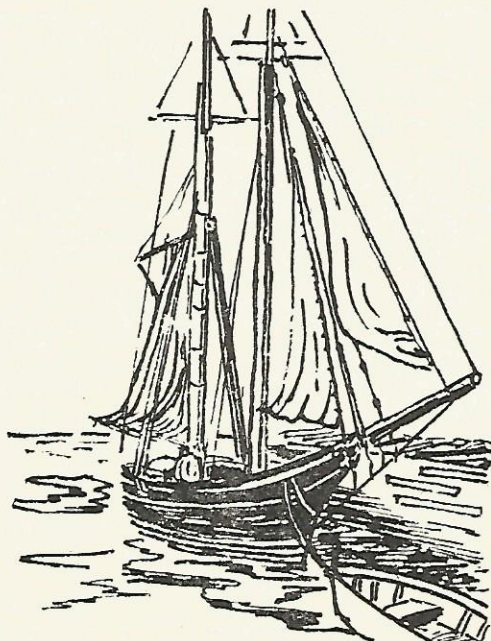
He turned to Pop again. "Damn-ed old sea devel claims his own, they say. Hope this ain't it. Boy was borned to it though. Could be, she be's some damn storm."

"T'll be all right, Cap'n," Pop rumbled. "If anyone could come in today, Tom could."

"Aye, a good sailor Tom is, b'longs to the sea devil though." The Cap'n was afraid.

This puzzled me greatly but I was too concerned at the time to take note of it.

(Continued on page 31)





THE COMMANDING OFFICER

BY NAN DOIG

DREAMS of far away places, excitement, adventure, perhaps even a citation—these are the things we all long for in our airforce careers, but to one man this has all become a reality. He is our new Commanding Officer, G/C. W. I. Clements.

As a graduate of Royal Military College and the Pilot's Training Centre at Camp Borden, he spent the years 1934 to 1937 at Dartmouth, doing preventive work against rum runners during the summer in conjunction with the R.C.M.P. at Shediac. In 1937 he was transferred to No. 2 Army Co-operation Squadron at Trenton and that summer and the next were spent in collaboration with the Army.

Interchange duty with the RAF came in March, 1939, and consequently he became attached to a Blenheim Squadron, which he followed into France at the outbreak of War. Of his experiences, the book "RCAF Overseas" has to say: "The Distinction of being the first member of the R.C.A.F. to see action against the enemy belongs to Squadron Leader W. I. Clements, who, as a flight commander in No. 53 (Army Co-Operation) Squadron of the R.A.F., accompanied that unit to France when it became a part of the Advanced Air Striking Force in September 1939, just two weeks after the outbreak of hos-

tilities. On September 29th, Clements piloted one of his Squadron's Blenheims on a long distance night reconnaissance trip into Germany and, after adventuring as far as Hamm and Hanover returned to land near Amiens with his gas tanks empty."

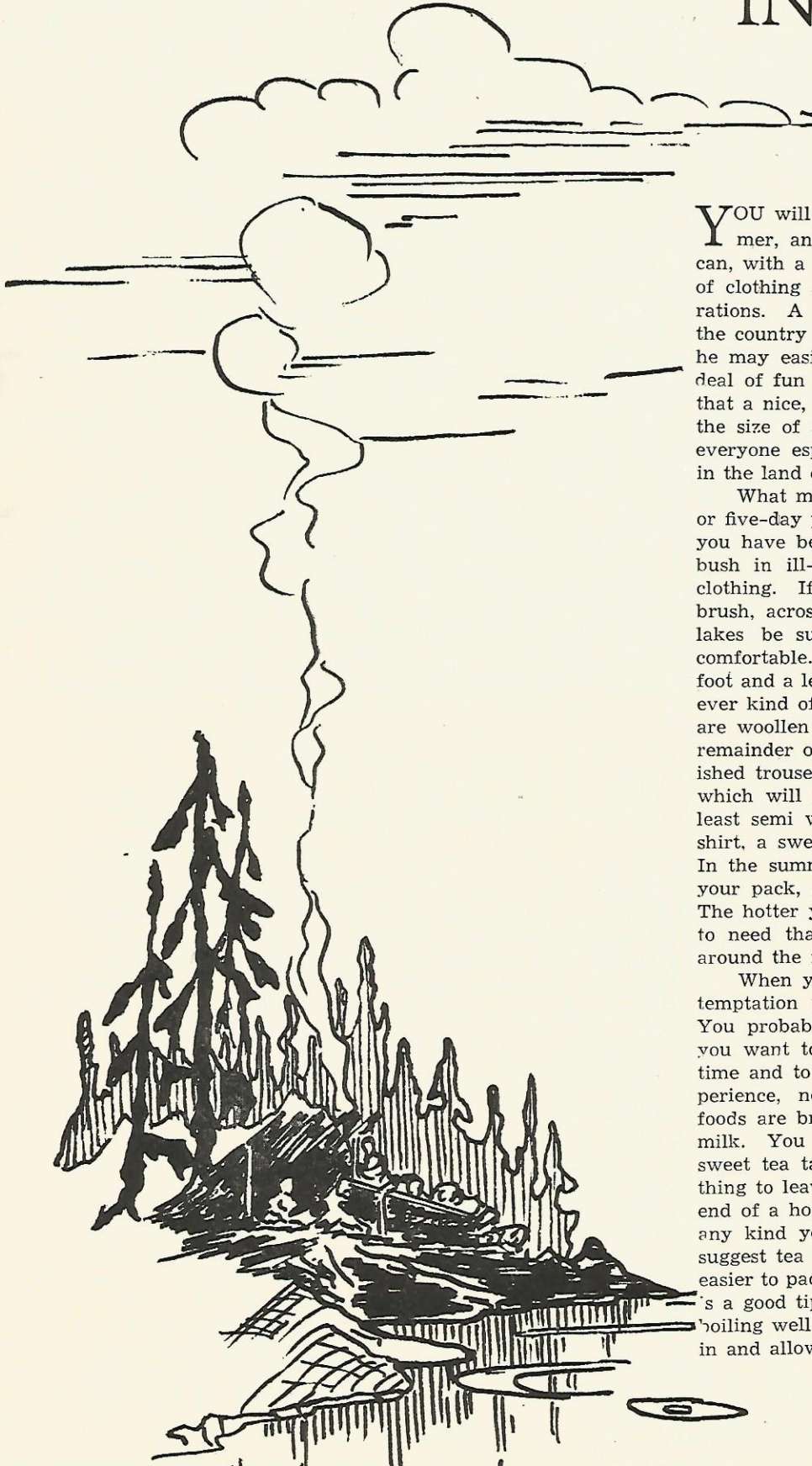
He stayed in France until February, 1940, when he was recalled to serve at the newly formed Overseas Headquarters in London. Repatriation to Canada came at the end of 1940 with subsequent posting to Headquarters in Ottawa as Director of Operational Requirements.

In August 1943 he joined a British Mission which was going to visit the Pacific Theatres. Composed of Army, Navy and Air personnel, it had three Canadians and four Americans attached. During a nine months tour they visited the United States, the Hawaiian Islands, Midway, Johnston, Palmyra, Canton, Wallis, the Fiji Islands, New Caledonia, the Solomons, Australia, New Guinea, India, China and then back through Egypt and North Africa to England, arriving back in Canada on April 29th, 1944.

After a short stay at Headquarters Group Captain

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YOU TOO CAN SURVIVE IN THE BUSH



YOU will probably be going into the bush this summer, and you might as well enjoy yourself. You can, with a little preparation, some care in the selection of clothing and equipment and by a sensible choice of rations. A camper should never depend on living off the country except in the case of absolute necessity, but he may easily supplement his rations and have a good deal of fun in doing it. However I have always found that a nice, tender little portion of good red steak about the size of a large frying pan is appreciated by nearly everyone especially when they have spent a few hours in the land of good appetites wherever it may be.

What might otherwise have been a happy week-end or five-day pass can easily become a miserable ordeal if you have been injudicious enough to traipse out to the bush in ill-fitting shoes or uncomfortable, inadequate clothing. If you are going to enjoy tramping through brush, across streams and down the plashy margins of lakes be sure your footwear is both waterproof and comfortable. I have always found a boot with a rubber foot and a leather top to be as serviceable as any. Whatever kind of boots you have, at least be sure your socks are woollen and you have at least one extra pair. The remainder of your clothing should consist of smooth finished trousers, such as gabardine or any other material which will not pick up snow in the winter and be at least semi water repellent at any time, a good woollen shirt, a sweater and parka or coat of some description. In the summer the sweater and coat should be part of your pack, and saved until you settle down in camp. The hotter you are on the trail, the more you are going to need that extra clothing when you start lounging around the fire in the evening.

When you are choosing your rations, beware of the temptation to overload your pack with non-essentials. You probably have already overestimated the distance you want to go, and remember we are out for a good time and to come back rested and refreshed by our experience, not weary and saddle-worn. Your primary foods are bread, tea and sugar. You can dispense with milk. You will be surprised at how good clear, black sweet tea tastes around a camp fire. Butter is a good thing to leave out. It will only be a rancid mess at the end of a hot day, and if you have bacon or fat meat of any kind you can manage quite nicely without it. I suggest tea rather than coffee because it is a great deal easier to pack and much more convenient to make. Here's a good tip about tea, though. Have the pail of water boiling well and throw the required number of handfuls in and allow it to settle. If the water has been brought

OR HOW WILLIE BECAME A HERO

BY AL ROSS

fully to the boil the tea leaves will go to the bottom, all right, but if not they form that familiarly inconvenient mat all over the surface. What other provisions you take will depend in part on how able a scrounger you are, but at least dry rations are always obtainable on the station and you can easily supplement them with canned goods from the canteen or the civilian store. While you can't always depend on your skill as a fisherman, if you include the fundamental tackle needed you can be pretty sure of making a few meals off some of the finest fresh-water fish in the world.

JUST a word about estimating distances. Don't set out to make your first trip a cross-country endurance record. The bush is handy. Take it easy. Know where you're going to start for and know how to get there. You can cause yourself and a lot of others a good deal of work and anxiety by getting lost. Choose your camp site early enough in the day so that you can settle yourself comfortably before night fall and really set about making yourself comfortable. That is the surest way of enjoying yourself in the bush, the first mark of a good woodsman—they never rough it.

If you have a tent, so much the better, but since you probably haven't don't let that deter you from taking a warm dry shelter; even if the weather is absolutely cavu—you know Newfie. A very comfortable camp can be made with a lean-to of evergreen boughs built facing the fire. A square frame is made with a pole across a couple of forked sticks and evergreen boughs laid against it to form an angular shelter that will be water-proof if you put the heavy part of the bough along the top of the frame with the needles pointing downward, so that a thick matting will shed the rain and you can sit, dry and comfortable, swapping lies as long as the fire lasts.

Cut plenty of boughs. When you have quite sufficient, cut that many again and you will probably have enough. Use the coarser ones on the roof of the shelter and make your bed out of the smaller ones, tucking the wooden ends well down underneath. It may not make your GI mattress look like a feather-bed but with the clean smell of spruce under you and fresh air around you, you're tired body will curl up like a kitten on a cushion.

Once you get your camp site set up, build your fire-place and gather in a sufficient supply of dry wood to last the length of time you intend to stay. Now you've got the work done you can relax and decide who is going to catch the fish and who is going to cook them. Anyway, I'd like to eat them.





END OF THE TRAIL—Al Ross brings his party to their campsite with plenty of daylight left.



PLENTY OF SPRUCE BOUGHS — Johnny Holmstead makes sure he will be dry above and below.



WHILE EAGER BEAVERS make camp, these three get supper coming up.

A WELL-BUILT SHELTER and a hot supper look as though Turtle, Taylor, Kelly and friends knew how to look after themselves in the bush.



THE REWARD of a well planned camp — dusk, tired bodes and the smell of coffee.

GANDER BRIDE

A W.D. TURNS HOUSEWIFE

By RITA LARSEN



A SMALL SNACK BEFORE BEDTIME—the Hornes enjoy real coffee and home made delicacies.

VENA and Harold Horne have made a charming, successful home for themselves in Gander, and their lives undoubtedly more closely resemble an ordinary civilian existence than any other on the station.

The largest room in the "Married Quarters" is a sunny kitchen, a community affair used by the several couples in the building. It has all the ingredients of an honest-to-goodness kitchen back home, complete with cookie jar, an old-fashioned teapot and rows of neat chinaware stacked on the shelves.

The other two rooms are attractive and comfortable. A little ingenuity and a flair for scrounging can make many things—Vena and Harold are justly proud of such little conveniences as a heater made with an electric cone and reflector, a lamp shade from half a grapefruit juice can, and quite a respectable floor with a tin test



Her dresser set was improvised from available packing cases and made in the Hobby Shop.

covering and some dozen coats of brown paint. They draped flowered curtains, padded window seats, painted lampshades—the inevitable Air Force green—made end tables, shelves, plump cushions and chair backs, and covered up the cracks in the walls with pictures, most of them hand painted by a friend on the station.

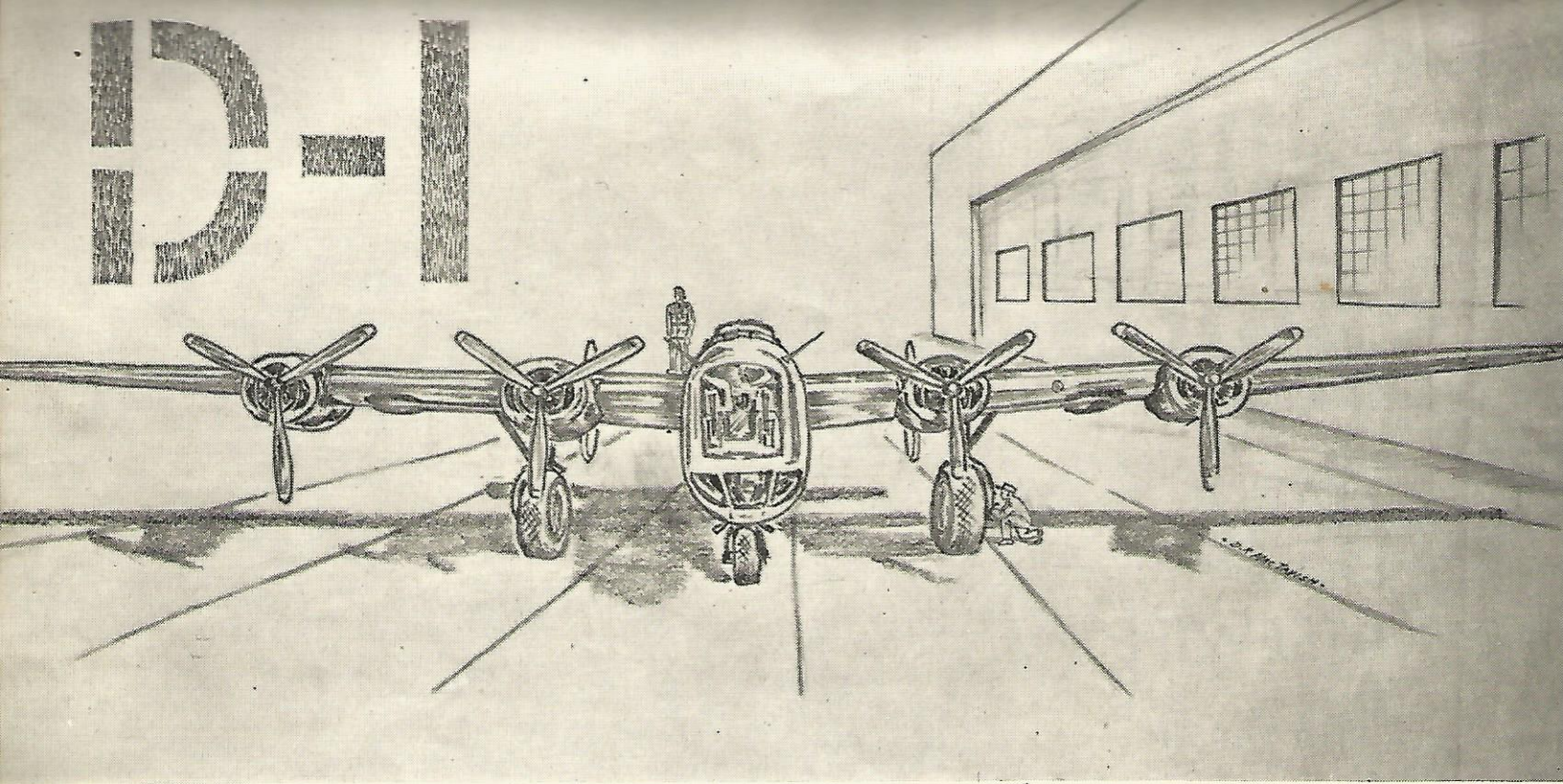
The result is indeed different from the average barrackroom. Their privacy is really appreciated — no more of the long bedrooms accommodating 18 persons for them—they go to bed when they please and are unmolested by any conscientious orderly corporal flicking the lights off at the crucial moment of a tooth brush hunt. They don't worry over inspection every morning, and whether the blankets are turned over the regulation 12 inches.

Any number of photos and bric-a-brac are kept in sight or scattered to their own taste, and they have no next-door neighbor to filch the last cake of soap or drop his boots with a clunk from the upper bed. In short, discipline in their off-duty hours is a delightfully remote word and they can listen to their radio in peace, with no voice barking at them for heavens sakes to shut the thing off and consider the shiftworkers.

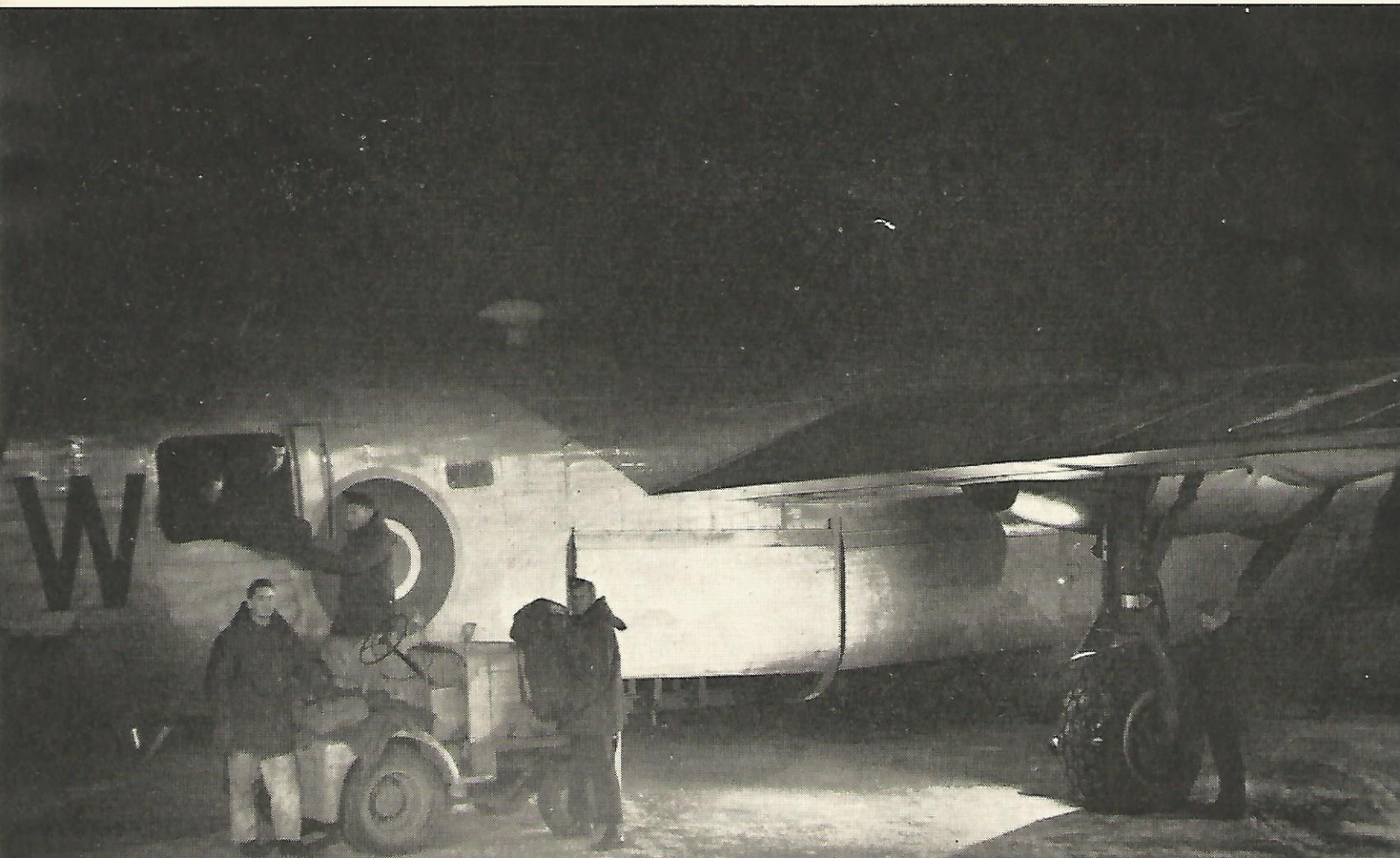
Meals are on a comfortably civilian basis too. They have none of the patient line-up around the messhall in the morning for the usual reward of an egg and piece of cold toast; or the need to dash madly away from the table in order to leave room for the next guy. Ordinarily, of course, the Hornes haven't much time to fuss around with meals but are both accomplished can openers and manage to get quite a variety of canned goods from the General Canteen or the Humber Store. Vena is an excellent cook and enjoys the meal-planning part of housekeeping. She has fond recollections of a sumptuous Christmas dinner, and the joys of roasting a chicken in the frying pan.

Of course the most wonderful part of it all is being together, and it is also quite a satisfaction to be doing something about post-war life. They won't have many adjustments left to worry over, and will really be able

(Continued on page 24)



THESE GROUND CREW HELP UNLOAD AFTER A PATROL. Miller examines a tire, Leclair and Bednorski in the side hatch, Brener, Cannon and PaPlante load the mule.





ARMOURERS LOAD and UNLOAD HEAVY DEPTH CHARGES. They are responsible for the proper functioning of the complicated release mechanism.

THE ground crew have been waiting in the Flight Room for the sound of a patrol aircraft due home in the early hours of the morning. The aircraft needed for tomorrow stand ready and waiting in the hangar. The desultory voices of the men stop when they hear their aircraft in the circuit. One of them picks up a flashlight and goes out onto the dark, empty runway. As the aircraft rolls uncertainly toward the hangar the man flashes his light and guides the pilot into his narrow parking space among the unlit aircraft that line the apron. The hangar mule rolls up under the wing, the bomb doors slide open and the crew crawl out and stretch muscles tired with long inactivity. The ground crew help them gather up their equipment and pile it on the mule. The sergeant asks the Captain of the aircraft how she behaved and understands the depth of gratitude that a tired man can convey with only a nod and a word.

In a moment the aircrew are gone and the sleeping behemoth with all its myriad intricacies belongs to the men who look after it. Tomorrow it must fly again. The riggers begin a minute examination of the airframe, the thousands things to be remembered and checked, the tires, the control cables, the massive arms that lift the undercarriage and all the infinitely small bits of mechanism upon which the safety of ship and men depend.

The armourers truck and dolly backs in beside the fuselage and the crew lower the depth charges out of the bombays and trundle them away to the dump.

The fitters have re-started the engines and now the dark aircraft is awake again, the red glow is in the cockpit, lights spring up in the bomb bay and back in the

tail. Men crawl over her testing, checking, listening; they are the wireless and radar mechanics, skilled tradesmen in crafts about which the world knows little more than the names.

There are others—the armourers inspecting the guns, the camera man with his own all-important installations. Each one searches for trouble and he knows that if he finds it he may be working the rest of the night.

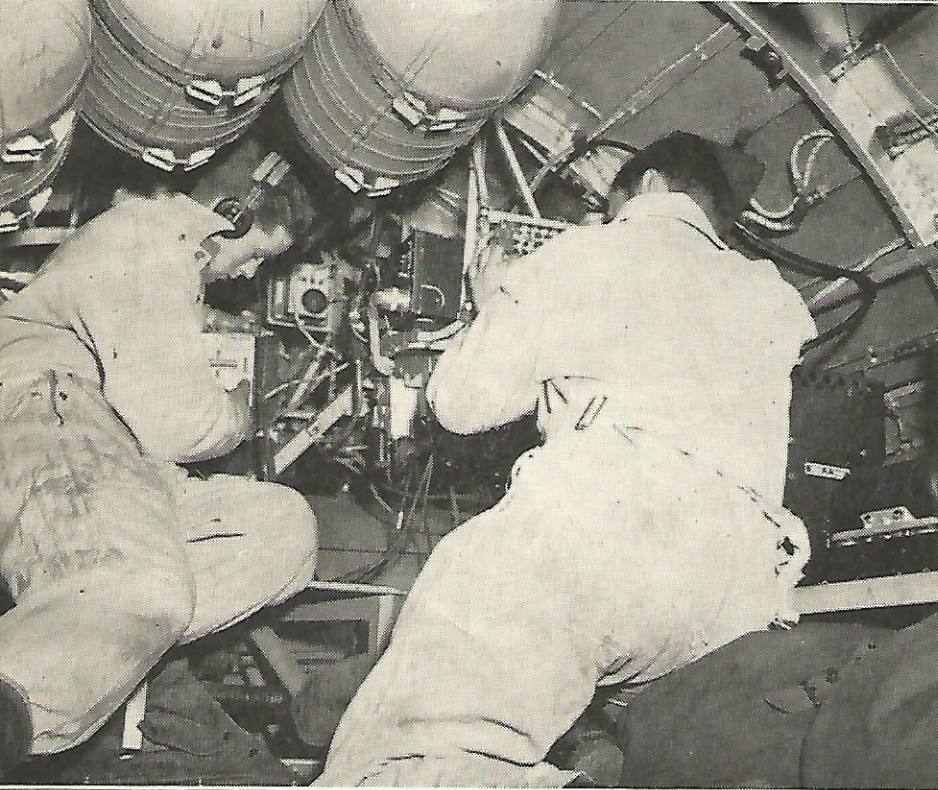
But—that's doing a D.I.

D.I.'s are not always so easy. For example a wire may have worked loose in the radio equipment and may be very hard to locate. However it must be found so the poor, weary WEM goes over every bit of wireless mechanism to find the difficulty.

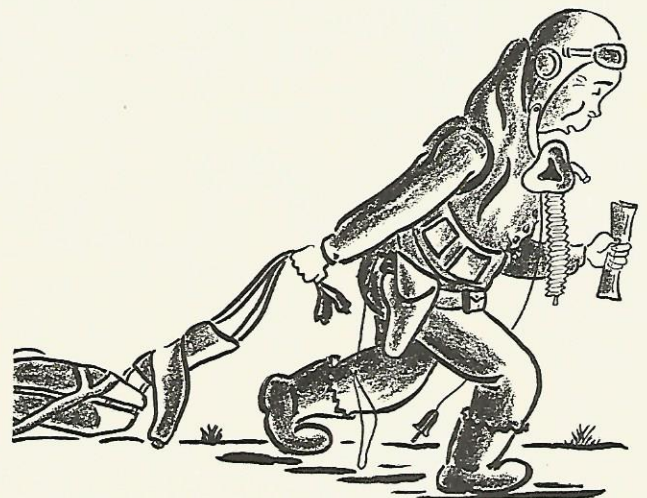
Such trouble is generally quite obscure, necessitating checks and double checks. When the trouble is at last spotted and repairs made the final over-all check goes through to make sure that the flaw has not affected any other part of the delicate equipment. On the other hand, it may be the fitters' turn to see the coming dawn before his job is finished. Any one of a hundred little troubles may have developed in the ship's varied mechanisms.

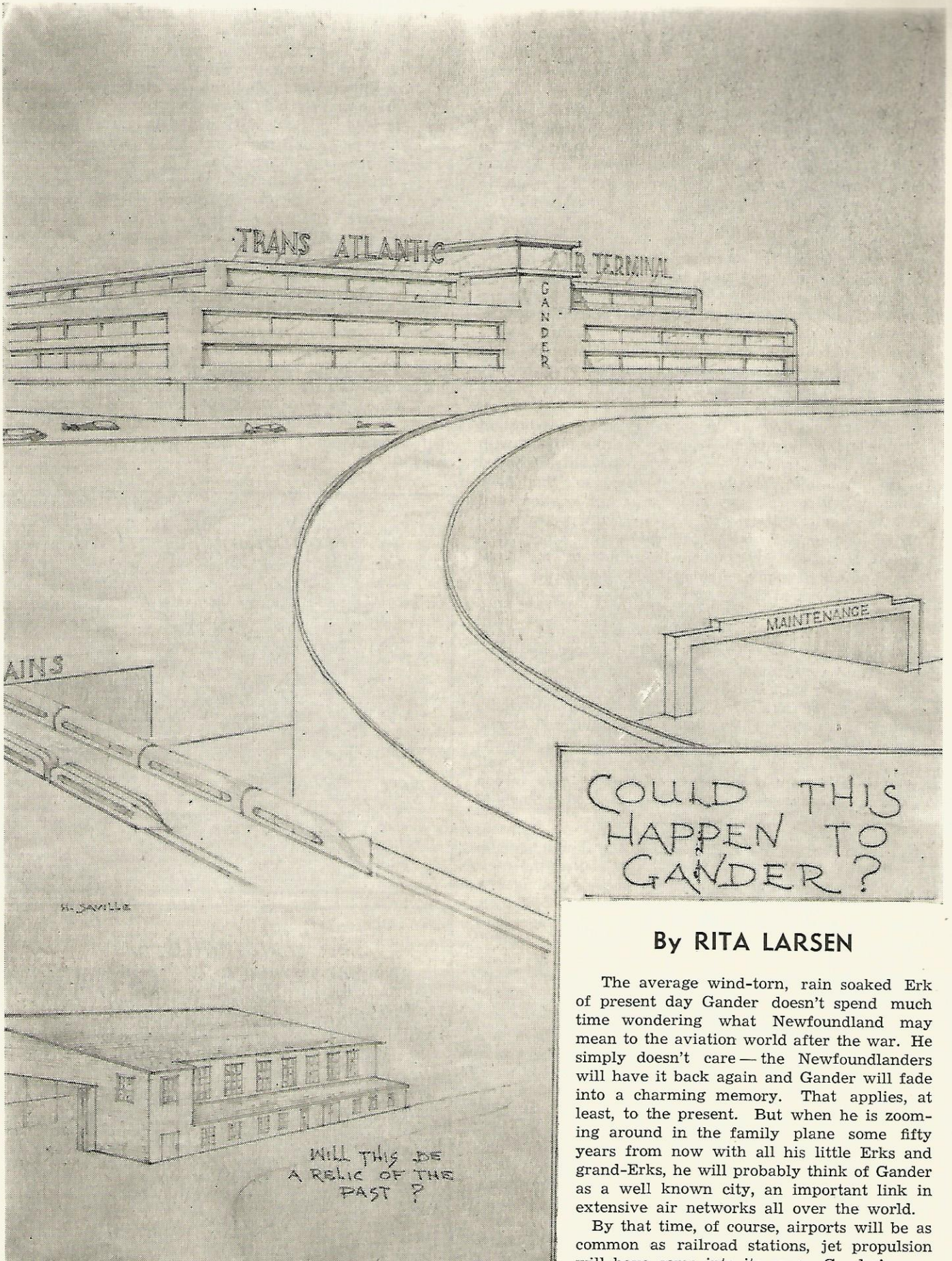
A small connection in a fuel or oil line may have worked loose causing a noticeable drop in pressure and subsequent faulty engine performance.

There is little enough praise for these boys but their greatest satisfaction lies in the hearty smiles of acknowledgement and confidence before the take-off in the morning from the aircrews whose safety lies so completely in their hands.



(Upper left) Rigger checks the big tool and brake assembly. When 30 tons of aircraft touch down these must not fail. (Centre left) Wireless Mechanic and Electrician work late at night to meet tomorrow's flying schedule. (Lower left) The camera is just one of the hundreds of things that must be loaded and checked on every aircraft every night. (Upper right) The fitter looks inside the cowl for splashes of oil that might betray a cracked cylinder.





COULD THIS
HAPPEN TO
GANDER?

By RITA LARSEN

The average wind-torn, rain soaked Erk of present day Gander doesn't spend much time wondering what Newfoundland may mean to the aviation world after the war. He simply doesn't care—the Newfoundlanders will have it back again and Gander will fade into a charming memory. That applies, at least, to the present. But when he is zooming around in the family plane some fifty years from now with all his little Erks and grand-Erks, he will probably think of Gander as a well known city, an important link in extensive air networks all over the world.

By that time, of course, airports will be as common as railroad stations, jet propulsion will have come into its own. Gander's geo-

WILL THIS BE
A RELIC OF THE
PAST?

graphical location indicates its great possibilities as a central air terminal. Planes even now are able to make a non-stop flight from America to Europe but the costs of operation are a great deal less with an intermediate stop available for refuelling purposes and maintenance. Therefore extending into the future it is possible that Gander terminal will feature prominently not only in flights between America and Europe but daily time-tables will be arranged to London, Paris, Moscow, Rome or Casablanca, with possibly a bi-weekly or more frequent schedule to Australia and the Middle East.

The terminal itself will not bear much resemblance to the No. 5 Hangar of today. The potentialities of plastic are becoming more and more significant every day, and that material will figure outstandingly in its construction—such as impressive full length panels for windows, a transparent roof, and even plastic furniture. Cement and steel, magnesium alloys, towering pillars, mirrors stretching from floor to ceiling, indirect neon lighting, enormous drapes—every comfort and convenience will go into the structure which will actually be a city complete in itself.

The ground floor of the terminal will be a constant stream of hurrying people, eagerly rushing around with bellhops and attendants, or studying specially designed maps containing simple illustrations to the bars. Linguists will be in many and convenient locations and able to direct an Italian or a Hindu with perfect ease. An announcer will be calling out plane schedules—special acoustical equipment will eliminate the nasal drone peculiar to present day train announcers—and after a refresher at the bar people will have no difficulty locating the exits as indicated on their maps.

The second floor will probably be devoted to the shopping area, with drug stores, dress shops and millineres. A couple of theatres will rival with each other for patronage. Line-ups will be unknown because of elasticity of seating devices, and the manoeuvrable chairs will eliminate the agonies attributable to the well known movie pest. According to technical engineers, dimensional projection will be effectively developed, as well as some device for conveying the odor of a rose garden scene or a beef steak fry specializing in fried onions and ketchup.

Lunch counters and dining rooms will undoubtedly occupy the third floor together with of course, the bars. In another fifty years a Zombie or Singapore Sling will be a mere insipid memory and customers will mix their own, automat style. The thirsty one will walk along and study small flashing neon signs—"Brandy" "Scotch" "Rum" "Soda" "Gin"—plug in a coin and fill his glass. The last sign will switch on and off with effective brilliance, and will read "Bromo."

The fourth floor might be a business section—commercial people fussing around in their law offices, untangling international mix-ups and valiantly trying to get a sad-faced little Yugoslavian his permit to enter Russia; real estate people high pressuring a timid few into purchasing a plot of land located on the outskirts of Bombay; and bankers wearily computing foreign exchange and forgetting how many yen or kronin make up a dollar and ten cents.

Outside huge transports will continually be landing or taking off. There will be no control tower as planes will be brought in and despatched on radar beam and by radio control. Privately owned aircraft will whizz in and out with cheery independence, for refuelling of both the plane and the pilot. Aircraft checkups will be accomplished by shooting the plane down a giant ramp

to the Maintenance Section, located conveniently beneath the terminal. The odd aged pilot or passenger will reminiscently peer at the surrounding countryside and shake his gray beard in the wind—in spite of fifty years' worth of improvements, nothing can be done about that wind—as he marvels at the amazing buildings and runways, remembering the days when dull green barracks and cinder paths and rocks were the order of the day. He may even incredulously gape at the Silver Bullet speeding through with its luxurious coaches and jet propelled engine, and then go back and tell his bored descendants for the tenth time wild exaggerated tales of when the Newfie Bullet was known to puff in a day or even two days late.

In fifty years the airport certainly won't be for the sole use of wealthy or famous people. Air travel will be inexpensive and safe, so that Grandfather Erk and his descendants can spend a three-week holiday on the Riviera or wander down to Egypt and gaze at the Sphinx if they have a mind to do so, using either commercial airlines or their own private faithful Annie.

Let no one deny Gander has exciting possibilities. What's to prevent its future development and a return visit of Grandfather Erk? The old boy would certainly enjoy it.

Painting Man



NAME: Bram Ritchie.

AT GANDER: R.C.A.F. Bandsman and manager of the R.C.A.F. theatre.

COMES FROM: Toronto, Ont.

HOBBY: Painting theatre posters and cards for all occasions.

POST WAR PLANS: Commercial art.

Dramatist



NAME: S/L Tom Stirling.

ON DUTY: Assistant Admin. Officer.

OFF DUTY: Enjoys badminton, bowling and swimming. He is also an active participant in the Drama Club and is often heard in 30-minute radio plays over VORG.



LIGHT AND POWER



TABLES, CHAIRS AND LOCKER DOORS—



SPRING CLEANING

MACHINE TOOLS—This is precision work.

WORKS AND BRICKS

All-important to the well being of station life are the men who keep the buildings in a state of good repair, the men whose job it is to provide the essentials; heat, light and water; the Stationary Engineers, Diesel Fitters, carpenters, firemen, painters, plumbers, tractor operators and electricians. The men in that section are busy both day and night, and while their jobs entail difficult working conditions, uninteresting repairs and heavy physical labour, their work continues efficiently and well toward the satisfactory upkeep of station maintenance.



ARTISTE—A painter has pride in his work.

HEAT—and constant hot water.



Time Out to Relax

THE secret of happiness in Gander is activity. A busy day or nerve-straining shift is frequently topped off with a fast set of badminton, several strings of bowling or a refreshing swim in the pool. However social activities are all-important too and some party, get-together or jive session is perpetually being hatched.

Movies are, of course, the chief means of diversion and every showing is remarkably well attended. Second on the list of popularity are the station or section dances, and their great successes can easily be testified by many an aching foot the morning after.

However Gander is really a very self-sufficient and independent station; the airmen and airwomen don't content themselves with movies and dancing. They have evolved not only entertaining but many useful after-duty occupations as well. The Hobby Shop takes care of a great many of these; wood-carving, ornate designs in plexi-glass jewellery, comfortable slippers, intricate decoration jobs—these all claim scores of faithful followers every night.

The Drama Club offers much diversified activity. At the present time its chief pride and

(Lower left) The Commanding Officer meets the station informally at the Easter Dance, Monday, April 2nd. (Lower Right) Habituees of the Hobby Shop find time passes too quickly once they became absorbed in their work.



The Easter Dance was an entire station affair and crowded the Drill Hall to its full capacity. It was also the first opportunity afforded our new Commanding Officer, Group Captain Clements, to meet the station personnel and give an informal address.

The Entertainment Committee did a thoroughly satisfactory job in arranging the hall decorations, the dances, the lunch and the prizes. A Jitterbug contest attracted a large circle of watchers. It all added up to a completely successful dance and was immensely enjoyed.



In Ganderland

joy is the number of radio skits broadcasted over VORG with remarkable success and truly convincing sound effects. Closely affiliated with drama is the Journalism Club, an association where budding playwrites and authors can experiment and see just how much aptitude they have in the literary world.

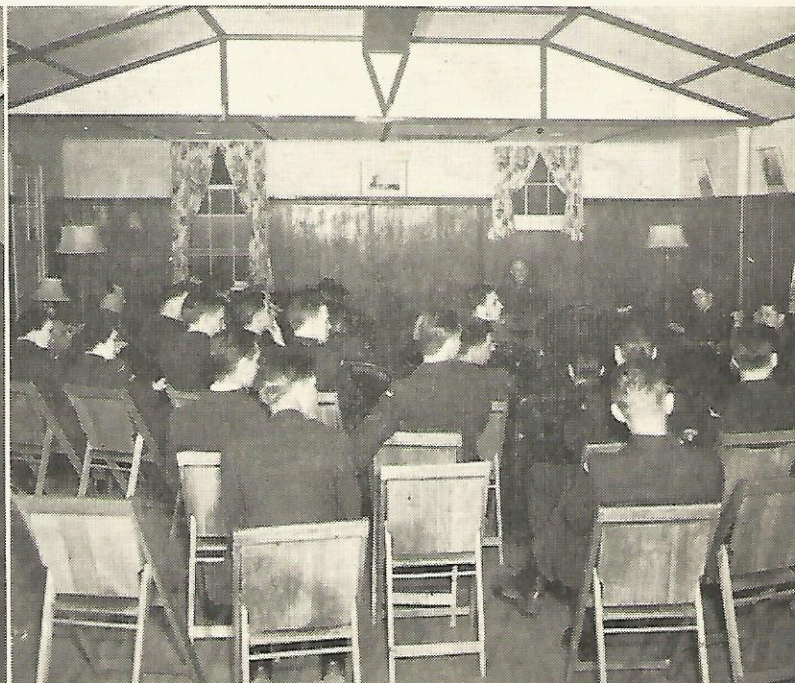
The Glee Club is another source of after-duty occupation. Its members enjoy singing and could easily furnish excellent material for a chapel choir or front chorus line in a variety show.

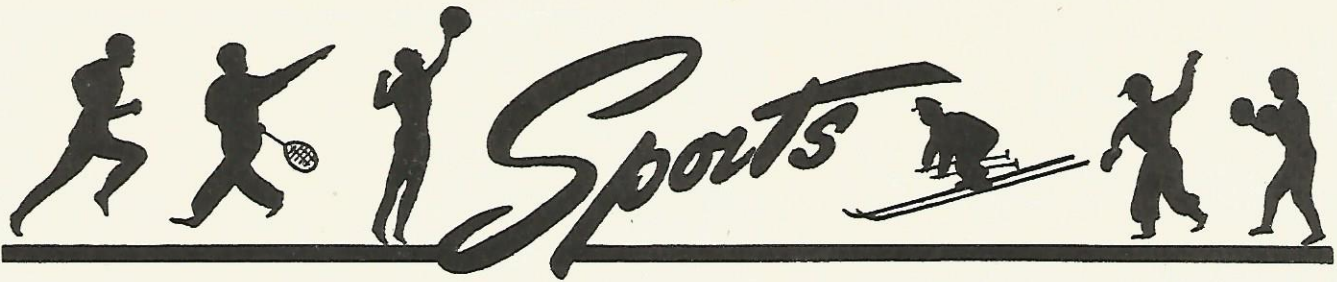
A well-attended gathering called the Discussion Group sponsors great inter-changes of ideas every Sunday evening and many an argument often waxes long and loud into the late hours. "State Medicine," "Women After the War," "Election Time in Canada"—many and varied are the topics under discussion.

Monday night musicales hold their full sway over lovers of the classics. Recordings of New York or London Philharmonic interpretations of many of the great masters—Tchaikowsky, Beethoven, Mozart, Chopin and others are appreciated by a large group of listeners. A commentary is given before each concerto or suite.

It all boils down to the fact that its up to each individual to make exactly what he or she pleases of time spent in Gander—its either considered a boring, life-wasting piece of desolation or a station capable of providing many entertainments including a practical education not only in the study of human psychology but in any other field which holds their interests.

(Upper Right) Owen Watkin and Leo Ciceri take part in a radio play. (Centre right) Choir broadcast, over VORG. (Lower right) A ponderous moment in the Discussion Group. (Lower left) A craftsman creates a possession someone will prize for years to come.





WIND UP OF WINTER SPORTS

GIRLS BASKETBALL SERIES

The 1945 Girls' Basketball Series broke out in earnest with two games played at Torbay for the right to go to Canada to contest the E.A.C. Championship.

The Gander club consists of Jean MacTavish, Freddie Mayers, Grace Brebner, PeeWee Clark, Yoli Jacobs, Marg Roe, Jean Murchee, Kay Bonner, June Levoy, June Fitchell, Micky McWhinnie, Barney Mahar—coach and Fl/O Jackson as manager. The girls were entered against Torbay and Number One Group for the Number One Area playdowns.

These games were total points to count and the Gander clan led by Capt. June Fitchell stormed into Torbay with the victory lust still prevalent from last year, to sweep both games.

They defeated Torbay by 20-11 and Group by 45-36, thereby winning the right to advance to E.A.C. Both games were highlighted with plenty of thrills.

SWIMMING

Gander beat the gun on summer by holding the first swim meet in the indoor pool. Johnnie Holmstead headed the Meet committee and got together a galaxy of

aquatic stars that surprised everybody including the participants. Leo Ciceri won with a total of 14 points. Morlock placed second with a total of 13 points and Hill, an American, garnered 10 points for third position.

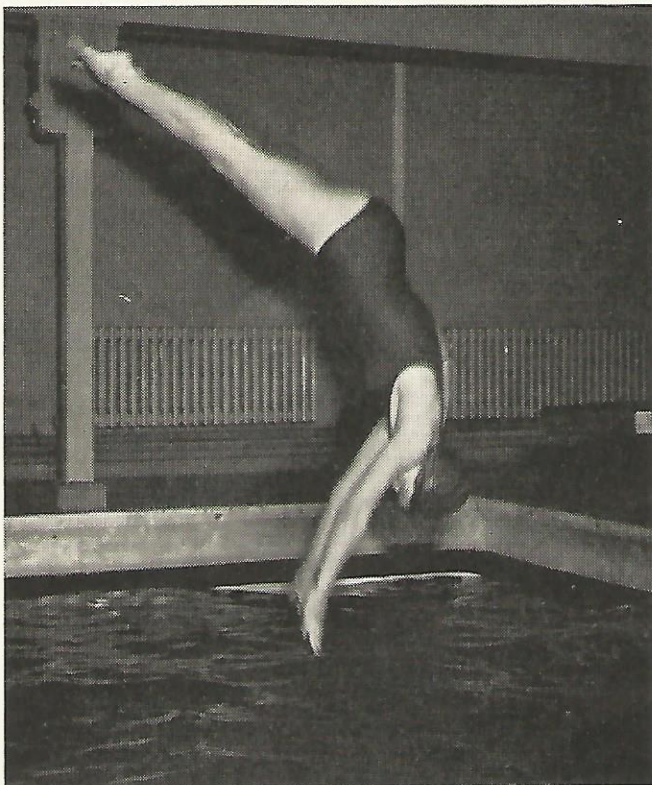
For the W.D.'s Jean Brock capped the contest with a total of 15 points and Kay McRuer came second with 14. Yoly Jacobs was in third position with 5 points.

Even the dog paddle types came in for fun on the big splash parties organized for pool enthusiasts by the MMCA office. The PTI staff have done a lot to make this end of the Drill Hall a sport focus by the improvements they have made in re-painting showers and lockers, installing a new diving board and thermostatically controlling the temperature of the water.

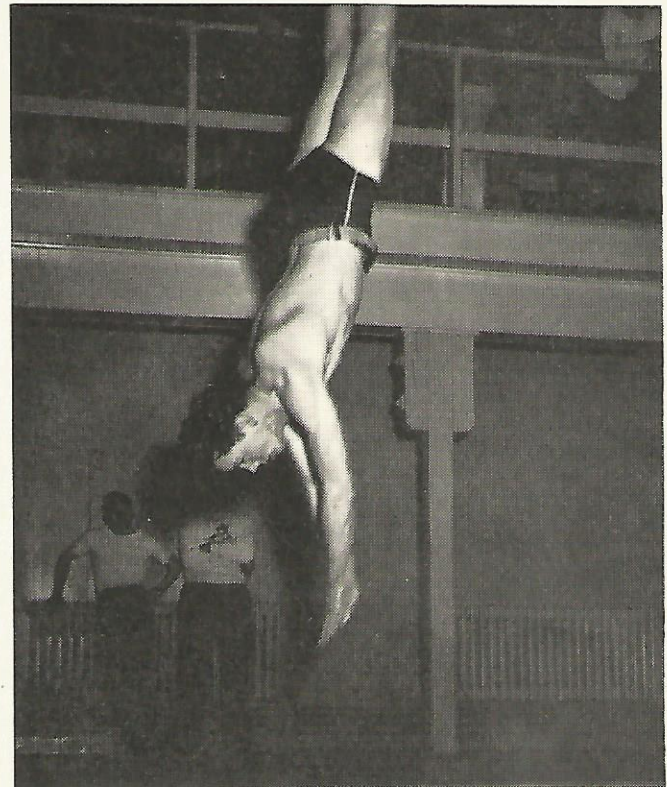
E.A.C. PLAYOFFS

The team left for Halifax on Mar. 9. They were put up at Gorsebrook and drew Moncton for the first round.

The game opened fast and the Gander kids took a quick lead and had the Moncton team 8-3 by five minutes of play—then things began to happen. June Fitchell left the game with five fouls and our girls seemed lost without the powerhouse. The game seemed to fall apart



PERFECT DIVING FORM—Kay McRuer executes a back flip.



HEADED UNDER—Don Bacon comes out of a jackknife.

**NEWFOUNDLAND
CHAMPS**

**Back Row: F/O Jackson,
Leavoy, Bonner, Murchie,
Jacob, Meyers and Maher.
Sitting: MacTavish, Breb-
ner, Clark and Roe.**



and by the end of the first quarter Moncton had rolled ahead 18-10. The outlook was dark.

The second quarter opened cautiously with neither team doing much hard playing. Fate hit Gander below the belt again as Jean MacTavish was carried off with a sprained ankle. From then on it was just a matter of time.

The game ended 46-28 for Moncton. No one was disappointed. Who could be, particularly in Canada? The Ganderettes are still undisputed champs of W.D. basketball in Newfoundland and that in itself is an accomplishment.

BASKETBALL

As most basketball fans know, the 1944-45 basketball schedule came to an end after a very hard fought and closely contested schedule. This year the brand of ball compared very favourably with senior class ball being played in Canada, and when compared with last year's basketball season in Gander the teams on the whole displayed a much better style of ball, both in passing and shooting. The standing of the league at its finish showed last years' champs, the Basketeers, coming out in first place, with 19 wins and 3 losses for 38 points. Following close behind were the Officers in second place, Combines in third, Admin. in fourth spot, and Electricians finishing off in the cellar. The first four teams secured play-off berths.

THE PLAYOFFS

First and third teams, and second and fourth teams met in a two out of three series. Winners of the series to play off decide the championship. In the Skymaster-Admin tilts the games were hard fought, but Skymasters took two in a row to make the finals.

The Basketeer-Combine games attracted a lot of attention because of the great rivalry that had sprung up between these teams. Of the three losses, suffered by Basketeers in the schedule, Combines were responsible for the two. However, Basketeers managed to take the



Visiting team of Wrens from St. John's

Combines two straight and thereby won the right to meet the Skymasters in the finals.

The first game of the series was very close with Skymaster's eking out a narrow one-point victory.

The following game again resulted in a win for Skymasters, this time the winning basket being made in the last 10 seconds of play. In the third game Basketeers came back from an 11-point deficit to go on and win by 10 points. Incidentally this was the last game the Basketeers were to play with a full team as postings and T.D. depleted the teams strength considerably. In the fourth and final game, playing before a crowd of some 500 basketball enthusiasts, Skymasters rang down the curtain on a very successful basketball season, by handing Basketeers their third loss, and thus becoming Champions. A survey of the teams' players shows clearly the strength of the Skymaster's team. They are probably the strongest R.C.A.F. team to hit Gander.



CHAMPS—Won station finals. (Back row)—Fairbairn, Harrison, McKeachie, Nagorson, Shane. (Kneeling)—Broadhead, Adstead, Siborne, Jenner and Ciceri.

HOCKEY NEWS

After a hectic winter season we can now look back and say, "Well it was worth all the time and effort." The hockey rink was a new venture this year. In past seasons it was felt that hockey couldn't be played outside with so much snow but the gang this year took the challenge and won.

Ten teams battled for the championship in two leagues. A lot of fine hockey was played and a great deal of fun was had in the hard fought games. Louis Lacourse has been the sparkplug behind the whole season's hockey and deserves a hearty cheer.

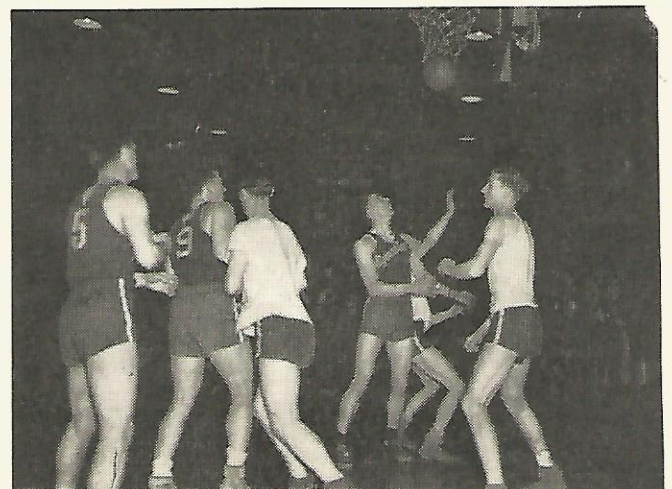
The S.P.'s came out on top of the Headquarters league and Flights won in the Dumbo league. Tough luck with our weather man prevented a final series for the Station championship. Charlie Miller took an all star team to St. Johns for the island championship against Torbay. Gander was in there fighting all the way and lead the scoring till almost the final bell. Torbay tied the score and in the overtime period the breaks went to Torbay who came out of the game with the island championship.

Hockey definitely went into the major sports bracket on the Gander this winter and every one who had hockey ambitions had lots of opportunity to play his favorite brand of shinny. It was a great season.

In the last Gander we mentioned the fact that the Ski Committee had started to work. During March they came up with the best ski meet ever held at Sun Valley.

Even the weather was kind and for two days crisp air and brilliant sunshine were in order for the meet.

Saturday afternoon, Mar. 10th, the committee got the meet away to a grand start with three cross-country races. The "B" class (novice to you) mens race got ten starters away on a two and a half mile bush trail laid out by Paul Martino and Ted Platt. Wraight from 10BR came home in front with Thomas and Armstrong flying in behind. The girls did a quick mile jaunt with Is Brownlee leading the way, Kay MeRuer and Ann Knight



TENSE MOMENT in final Skymaster-Basketeer clash.

followed in that order. The final afternoon race was the five mile (plus) "A" class cross country. Its a long the trip. Millette of the Canadian Army paced the race way for any but the experts and six of the best made chased by the SP. Harry Wolfe and third position was filled by Ted Platt.

Sunday afternoon brought out a large crowd of spectators to watch the downhill and slalom races. Bright flags marked out the course down the slope. Millette again took the first place in "A" group by doing some very fancy skiing. LaMaire, LeDuc Wraight and Armstrong shared the honours in the "B" group. These boys showed fine ability and next year will have to move up into the top bracket. The girls were there to show the men a few fancy turns on the hill and both the downhill and slalom races were packed with thrills and even a few spills—didn't we all. The jumping event finished off a mighty good show. The jump was built on the steepest point on the hill and here was where there were really thrills and spills. Its away beyond me how anyone can sail through the air at that rate and ever hope to make a three point landing.

After the meet championship crests were presented to Cpl. Millette, Army; LAC Wraight, 10BR; and Cpl. McRuer, Flying Control at a party held in the WD club. Everyone agreed that the meet had been a lot of fun and had done a lot for the sport on the Gander.

BADMINTON

The station badminton tournament came to a conclusion after a very successful and popular elimination series. The various winners played off at Torbay for the right to proceed to Summerside for the E.A.C. Championships. The winners of the station events were: W.D. Singles—Sgt. Pearton; W.D. Doubles—LAW Jacob

HIGH SCORERS—Basketeurs: Back Row—Dunaway, Thulin, Farrell, Lewis, Scopp and Maher. Kneeling—MacFarlane, Heaney and Brennan.

and Cpl. Leavoy; Men's Singles—Cpl. Mel Grant; Men's Doubles—F/O MacFarlane and F/O Thompson. Mixed doubles were taken by Cpl. Podolski and LAC Thulin. All these winners earned themselves a trip to Torbay to compete in the area championships. The three stations, Torbay, Group and Gander were represented in all five events. Starting with the W.D.'s Singles Gander drew a bye and then Sgt. Pearton, who represented Gander, met the Torbay entry in the finals. Unluckily for our side, Pearton's opponents played a terrific game, and although Pearton put up a fine battle, she was beaten.

In the women's doubles events, our team of Leavoy and Jacob also suffered defeat at the hands of the Torbay entry who played a very smooth type of game.

Getting Gander into the winning columns, Cpl. Mel Grant showed up well and lived up to advance expectations by winning his matches in true championship style.

The Men's Doubles team of Thompson and MacFarlane beat the challenging team from Torbay in two very exciting games to bring home another winner for the Gander team.

The mixed event provided a very close series, with Tulin and Podolski showing up very well, and giving Gander the right to send three entries to Summerside.

Mel Grant, who won the singles, lost out in a hard fought match. In the doubles, June Leavoy replaced Pat Podolski who had been posted, and teamed up with Tulin. Unfortunately they came up against extremely strong competition, and dropped out in the finals. However, the Men's Doubles team of Thompson and MacFarlane had the honour of bringing the only E.A.C. championship trophy home to Gander.

Our thanks to Major Clark of the Canadian Army Dental Corps and LAC Weaver of the Dumbo Armament Section, for their hard work in organizing and running off the tournaments.





EASTER BONNET
Her new-style Easter Bonnet
Hasn't any frills upon it.



SQUID-JIGGER
This may look swell on a fisherman
But it won't help Susie get her man.



TAXI! TAXI!
This one—the chapeau operational—
Is quaint and queer, but not sensa-
tional.



WAR IS HELL
In this little model, the W.D.
Is ready for any emergency.

*Are These Hats
Necessary?*



SUN VALLEY INTERLUDE
The ski-cap isn't stylish

*Sing a song of chapeaux
On girlies short and tall;
Here's what Gander girls will wear
Summer, Winter, Spring and Fall.*

*They were styled for issue uses
Route marches or parades;
Thees rainy days in Newfoundland
Or shelters in air raids.*

*So we keep our tresses covered
Whether marching yards or miles;
Since no girl can ever dare go out
'Thout one of these fetching styles.*

*Perhaps we like them very much
Or maybe not at all;
But the Air Force gives 'em to us free
And we get no choice at all!*

MOLLY O. BROWN.

Now It's Called our W-D Club

By MOLLY O. BROWN

In the W.D. Lounge these days a couple of giant but emaciated cockroaches and the frail ghost of a once fat and rosy cupid hold sad communion through the long night watches, and mourn their vanished prosperity. For the lounge once known, not without reason as Passion Palace, has undergone some changes in recent months. Due to certain uses and abuses to which it was put, we almost lost it altogether, but the ever-resourceful "Y" stepped in and preformed a swift and complete miracle.

No longer does the mouth-watering fragrance of frying steaks and real coffee lure visitors to the back room. It has become a busy place where a variety of groups of people seek food for the mind rather than the body. There the discussion group settles the affairs of the world every Sunday night; concerts of recorded symphonic music draw a growing audience; the drama group and the journalism club woo their respective muses; and mighty masculine minds wrestle with the intricacies of contract bridge. In its spare time it is a games room.

The main room, once a place of soft lights, carpets and chesterfields, has been stripped of most of these luxuries and equipped with an amplifier. Here, any night in the week, the local rug-cutters and jitterbugs can be found enjoying their favorite sport. Every Saturday night a capacity crowd packs the room for a Bingo game followed by informal dancing. This is the only night on which the lounge holds open house. Other nights the use is restricted to W.D.'s and their guests. Records for the dancing, played on a small turn-table in the office, are changed by members of the committee who volunteer for the job.

The writing room, once seldom used, has become a work-shop for the cleaner and less noisy hobbies, such as weaving, wood-carving, leather and plexi-glass work and wood-carving, with LAC Heppner as an instructor. Here many airmen and airwomen have resumed hobbies once enjoyed in civilian life and others have discovered a new and interesting way to spend their spare time.





Saturday night is WALTZ TIME—Open house in the W.D. Club. Wednesday night is strictly jive and there is dancing every night for the regulars.

How Ya Doin'?

Did you have a good time
At the doin's last night?
Is the doin's I made ya
Workin' all right?
Shall we go to the canteen
And help doin's get tight?
Or go up to the doin's
And pitch woo all night?

Oh, Sergeant! My doin's has gone on
the blink!
That there little doin's is busted I
think.
Better call up the doin's and tell 'em
"Come fix,"
Cause I'm doin' the doin's for doin's
at six.

MOLLY O. BROWN.

Our spotlight points with pride to LAW Felice Fuddyduddy, for her untiring efforts to brighten and make beautiful the lives of her fellow servicemen and women. At the present time, Felice, who combines culinary skill with a scientifically inquiring mind, is working on a formula to make roast beef and mashed turnip taste like spring lamb and new green peas, and prune pie like crepe Suzettes. When this little chore is finished she intends to leave no stone unturned in an effort to find out what it is that makes the airforce coffee taste like that.

But Felice has other interests besides food. She has been working for some time on a folding easy chair for people who have to stand in airforce line-ups; an arm-rest for service personnel visiting Ottawa, Montreal and Toronto during a "salute everybody" drive; and colored glasses to make the prevailing "airforce green" look like something—anything—different. All these experiments are very discouraging but Felice keeps up her flagging zeal by saying to herself, like a prayer, "Life can be beautiful—I keep telling myself."

MOLLY O. BROWN.

HAIR vs WEATHER

By KAY BONNER

"To be or not to be—that is the question. Whether 'tis nobler to bear the slings and arrows of outraged W.D. superiors or to get a brush cut."

This problem which Shakespeare has so neatly put in a nutshell for us is a very real one to all W.D.'s.

Several types of hairdress find favour, chiefest of these being the mighty roll. For the W.D. with long hair this is a natural. All that is necessary is a foundation on which to make the roll, commonly known as a "rat" or "boiled hair." But if your best friend forgot to set her hair last night and walked off with your "rat" you may have to resort to a trusty shoe lace. This definitely promotes a scalped appearance and has none of the corpulent look of a roll with a foundation. Whichever way you look at it, your troubles are only just beginning. Now you have to cope with your hat and this will perch on top of the roll in a way that will make an eggshell on a drum look well fitting.

So you decide perhaps it is better to get a feather cut and a permanent. As everyone knows, back home permanent waves have now reached a high standard of perfection, but after a week's exposure to Gander weather they are neither permanent nor a wave. Thus, a saddened and disillusioned airwoman, you find yourself every night labouriously winding pin curls in a vain hope that tomorrow your hair will be off your collar.

Next in the deglamorizing process is the donning of a hairnet. This is known as the "I've been heckled 'til I'm desperate" hairdo and as the name suggests should only be adopted as a last resort. Hairnets are commonly advertised as "invisible" but upon hopefully arranging it on your curls you find it stands out like a fishnet drying on a rock. So you shrug your shoulders and say "Oh well, at least it will be up." And there, my friend, is where you are mistaken. After a brisk walk to work through the fog little wisps begin to creep through the mesh and by the time you arrive at work you look like a porcupine who has suffered a bad fright.

The sou'wester comes in at just about this stage. Presumably it's a cure-all for every coiffure trouble and all you have to do is hide your head inside of it when running around outdoors. On paper that theory sounds wonderful but a sou'wester is not exactly the type of headgear one would call chic. Male Ganderites generally start up the refrain of the "Squid-Jiggin' Ground" whenever one of these atrocities looms into view; also such a cumbersome piece of millinery is slightly incongruous when an enterprising W.D. dons one to splash through rain to work in the morning, only to find at noon the weather has pulled a typical change and she has to walk out with an imitation fire helmet in the hot sun. Furthermore they practically defeat their own end by making a tangled mess of the fetching curls you so carefully patted in to place before leaving the barracks.

By now you have begun to realize that you are fighting a losing battle. None of the prescribed coiffures are proof against Air Force life and Gander weather. At this point, many girls sit back and say "Nuts—let it sag," but if you are made of sterner stuff you will probably go on fighting a rear guard action for some months. Many remedies have been suggested but it seems as though Shakespeare may have the last word after all. Let's all get a brush cut!



LABORATORY DIAGNOSIS



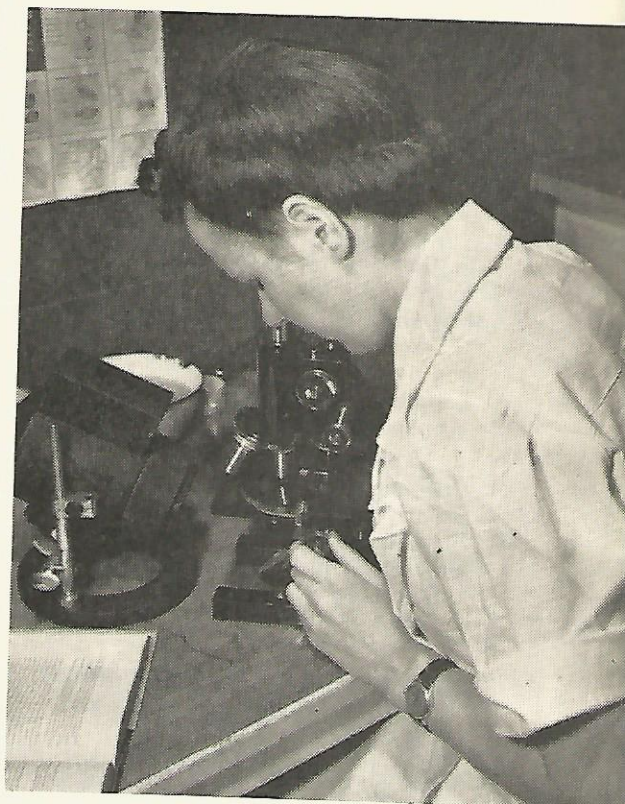
RECORDS



OCCUPATIONAL THERAPY

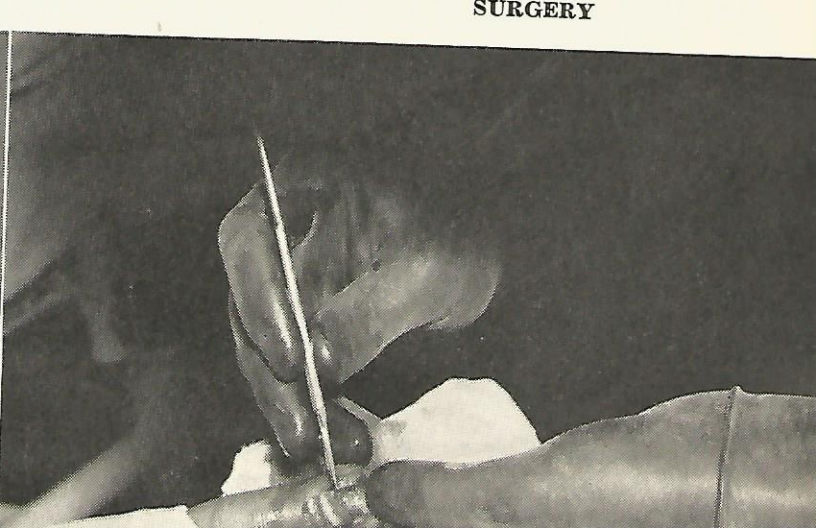
STATION HOSPITAL

Gander's isolation necessitates a large hospital complete in every detail from each piece of kitchen crockery to the finest surgical instruments. The Sir Frederick Banting Memorial Hospital is an efficient medical centre with its staff of skilled doctors and nurses, its up-to-date equipment, its large wards and scientific laboratory. Civilians living in Gander or surrounding area depend entirely on the R.C.A.F. for medical care, and are frequently admitted to receive surgical treatment. It is a fine example of a Service general hospital and effectively guards the health of all station personnel.



MICROBE HUNTER

X-RAY



SURGERY

UNUSUAL JOBS

By KAY McRUER

In a weathered hut overlooking Gander Lake live three pumpmen, Harold Morlock, Doug Barnett and Albert Brown. They have a view that any tourist resort would gladly claim and their job is to guard the pumps that send one million gallons of water to the camp for daily consumption.

Their Air Force life is every airman's dream. They live in quiet seclusion, their job is their responsibility, their cooking, their hobby. Morlock, a station wrestler utilizes his brawn by fetching their water from a spring well. The fifteen hundred gallons pumped a minute is not for them. Doug Barnett, the chief cook exchanges his favourite recipes with his wife.

In winter they are all but isolated with radio, books and some neighbouring S.P.'s for amusement. Summer finds them living a civilian's holiday, fishing, boating, sun bathing and eating—steaks!

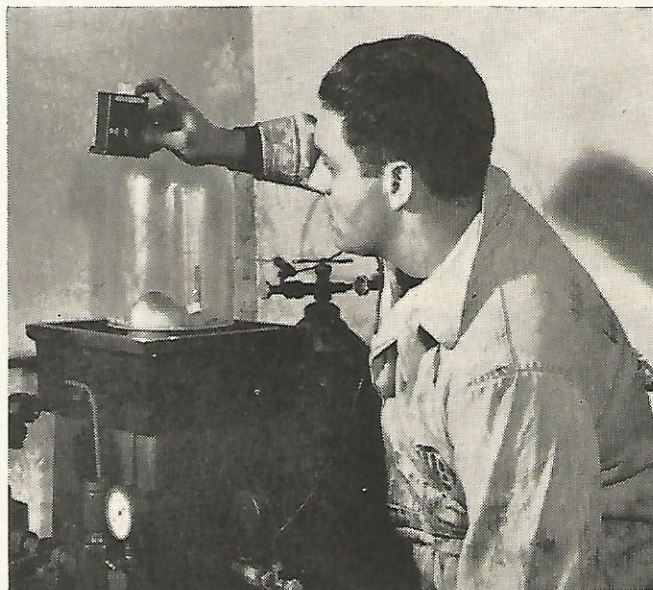
Cpl. Upton of Station Workshops has since coming to Gander gained an unexpected knowledge of Newfoundland. His job as crewman for the mercy plane has brought him to many of the far flung coastal settlements.

When they "pitch in" the villagers crowd around, and fire them with questions. Then Cpl. Upton and F/O Labreche, the pilot nonchalantly stand by to be photographed, while the doctor goes off to his patient.

The trips are all day jobs beginning too early in the morning. The patients like to fly and the trips usually occur without incident. On one occasion the plane became bogged under by about four feet of heavy snow and slush. Then Upton had visions of remaining till spring fishing through the ice for a living. The villagers rallied around and with about a hundred men



MERCY PLANE CHECK-UP—Cpl. Upton keeps his aircraft ready to go at a moment's notice—and goes with it.



HE TESTS OUR WATER SUPPLY and lives down at the Pump House at Gander Lake.

behind a tow rope they hauled the plane to safety. A convenient frost that night made the bay safe for take-off. Next morning pilot, crew man, doctor and patient were (sorrowfully) Gander bound.

Usually a medical orderly is associated with patients, corridors, doctors and thermometers. Periodically the daily routine of LAC Howard is interrupted, he packs his kit bag, boards the speeder and is off to the bombing range at Soulies Pond for an indefinite stay to relieve the orderly on duty. In winter he hikes in by snow shoes or skis, summer he arrives in state via the crash boat.

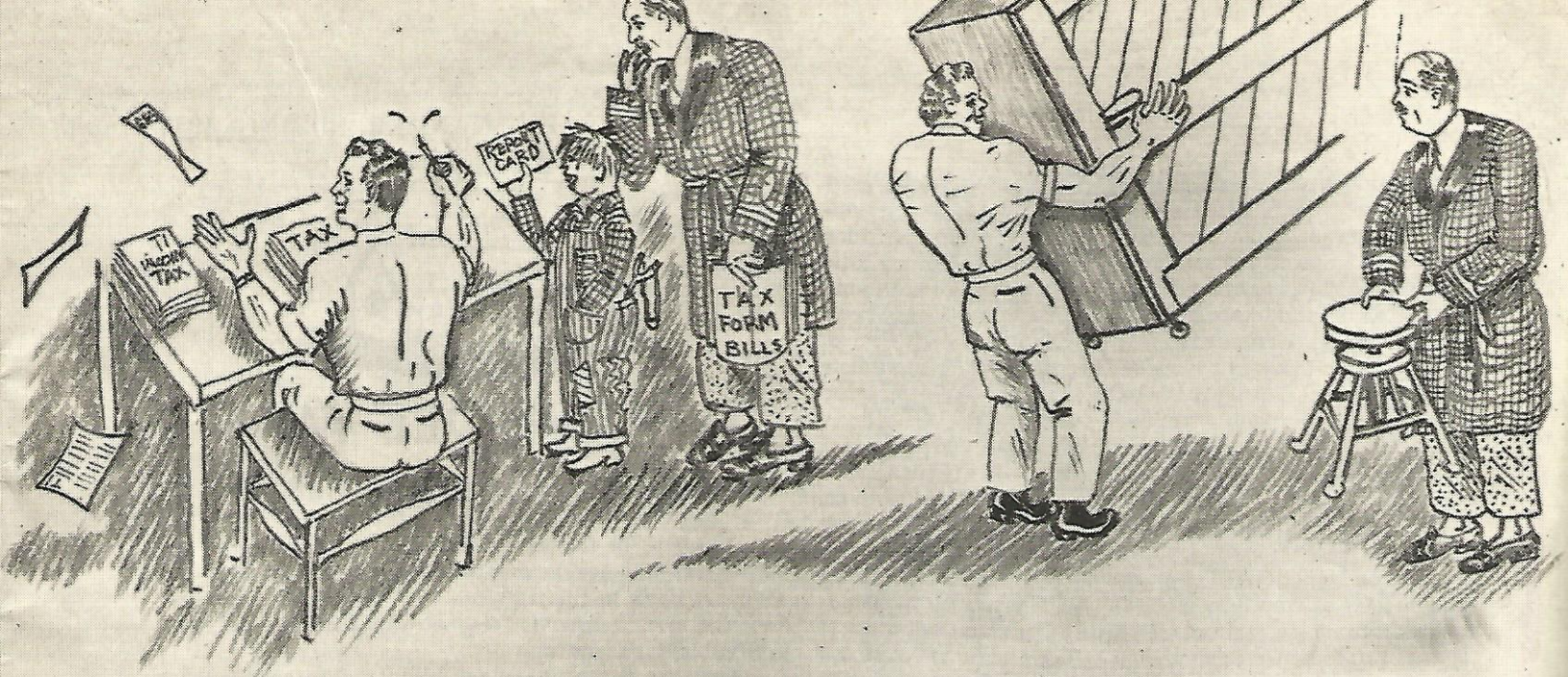
The medical man is there in case of any emergency. Fortunately these are few and far between so he finds himself on an extended holiday with not much to do but catch up on back reading, and learn bomb plotting.

When flying is over for the day its to the woods and fishing streams for the tower occupants. A catch of maybe sixty trout in one evening has happened more than once. The place is snug and warm but lonely when the winter winds are blowing and the snow is piled high. When the summer comes it is a job that the orderly eagerly grabs—no more camp only the life of the woodsman.

GANDER BRIDE

(Continued from page 7)

to appreciate the convenience of popping over to the corner grocery for a couple of beefstakes and a loaf of whole wheat bread. But until that happens they are quite content to stay right where they are, thank you. It is difficult to realize such a set-up could exist in Gander—no bed check, no barrack inspection, no mess hall—it's wonderful. Speaking of messhalls and messes generally, you should have tasted the butter tarts they had the other day. They were delicious, so . . . oh, I'm sorry. Did you say you had one meat ball for supper?



HOW TO GET ALONG WITH CIVILIANS

By MOLLY O. BROWN

It begins to look as if we might soon be returning home—this time for good. Of course we have all seen the Personnel Counsellor and mapped our glorious careers for ourselves. We have seen the Education Officer and begun courses of study to prepare ourselves for those careers. There remains only one problem to be considered—how to get along with civilians. It is impossible that the civilians we left behind us should be the same people they were when we set out to make the world safe for democracy—again. The grim battles of the home front have had their casualties, and it will be up to us to make the period of readjustment to normal peace-time living conditions as easy as possible.

Take for instance, the important matter of food. We have lived for years on blue-ribbon beef, high grade tea and coffee, not to mention cake-with-sauce-on-it and prune pie. And for none of these delectable items did we ever have to hand over ration coupon or cash. We just went to the mess hall and that was all there was so we ate it. But since we have had all the roast beef, civilians have had to be content with the left-overs, the unconsidered trifles like porterhouse steaks, lamb chops and pork tenderloins. Don't turn up your nose when the little woman proudly sets a prime roast of beef for you to carve. To you it's just roast beef again, to her it's a week's ration coupons, hard to get, and expensive. And don't be surprised if Junior faints when you dump your usual four tablespoons of sugar into your fourth cup of coffee. It's probably his cereal sugar ration gone for the week.

If you notice a cynical gleam in Uncle Pete's eye as you dash out to spend your clothing allowance on some fancy civvies, pay no attention. While you've been clothed in pure wool custom-tailored suits with nicely blended accessories drawn from the never-ending supply in

clothing stores, he has been seeking in vain for a worthy successor, at any price at all, to the Harris tweed top-coat that long ago became so shabby even the dog wouldn't use it for a blanket. And when the little woman's last pair of nylons sprang a run and she found there were no more to be had, she had to be content with mere rayon—or perhaps even lisle. And it won't make her feel a bit better if you tell her that W.D.'s wore lisle all the time. The very thought is depressing. A dozen pair of silk or nylon is the best cure.

Then there's the matter of filling out forms—and I don't mean putting on weight. You will probably find that father and Uncle Pete have a kind of complex about it. Even a simple and familiar operation like signing Junior's report card or filling out a cheque is apt to bring on something like an epileptic fit, caused by bitter memories of countless government forms to be filled out in quintuplicate and sent back to this or that bureau. If wars are fought on paper then father and Uncle Pete are Grade A veterans. Better wait awhile before you ask them to help you with the forms from the Selective Service Board.

There's been a housing shortage too. While you were living in a spacious clean, airy, well-heated dwelling in an exclusive district, wife and Junior and the twins and cousin Mary have been sharing Uncle Pete's studio apartment near the glue factory and thinking themselves very lucky to get it. They may show signs of incipient claustrophobia and they will certainly take a very dim view of it if you leave your size thirteen B, boots leather black airmen for the use of in the middle of the floor. You might set up house-keeping in an old barrack-block, just to get the family used to having "Lebensraum" again.

THE RED CROSS LADY

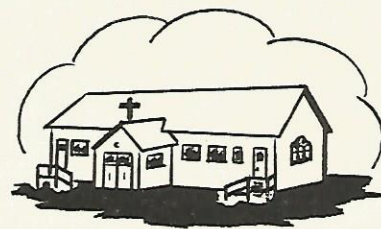


Miss Dorothy Martin was employed in her home town, Toronto, before joining the Canadian Red Cross Transport Detachment there in 1941. After two years in Toronto area she was posted to St. John's, Newfoundland, with two other Red Cross workers.

From the very beginning of her career Miss Martin was active in occupational hobbies, one of her greatest ambitions. In St. John's she had her first material break

in this work when she was attached to a Service Hospital as a handicrafts instructor. Here she introduced and developed handicrafts in all their phases for nearly two years, before she found herself enroute to Gander and a physiotherapy job in the Sir Frederick Banting Hospital.

Miss Martin says she likes Gander very much and the personnel have co-operated with her enthusiastically. Even after their release from the hospital, many patients have come back repeatedly for help and advice on handicrafts which they began under her tutelage. During her short stay here, many excellent pieces of workmanship have been completed, from intricate pieces of weaving to lovable black and white stuffed panda bears.



THE WHOLE MAN

By CLAYTON KRAMER

Nowhere in the world are greater opportunities afforded for the development of the whole man than are given us daily in the Service. Life in the Air Force can be considered a splendid teacher who instructs us physically, mentally and morally.

One has to be altogether blind not to acknowledge the excellent facilities for sport, exercise and drill that develop physical strength and moral stamina. Our daily work which is done under the close observation of specialists and with the constant watch for efficiency and discipline require that we be and continue to be mentally alert and alive to the possibility of personal and collective improvement. Every year in the Service is surely the equivalent of a year at College in the abundant knowledge and valuable experience we can gain. Attendance at Church Services and participation in religious activities keep us close and loyal to the Faith of our Fathers and confirm the noble traditions handed down to us by our parents. Even outside Church influences, daily contacts with so many people of various temperaments and our endeavour to preserve peace, harmony and cooperation in spite of obstacles develop in us those priceless, natural virtues of patience, self-control, unselfishness and courage that go to make up the essential ingredients of a refined and successful gentleman.

Shall we not conclude, therefore, that Air Force life in all its physical, intellectual and moral phases can and should make us better than we are and develop to a useful degree the body, mind and soul?

The Air Force would wholeheartedly approve of a certain man's last will and testament: "My heart's desire for my children is that they may be sane, wholesome, strong and Christian—body, mind and soul in symmetrical development—and that they may serve God and men to the limit of their several abilities."



8th VICTORY LOAN

BY W/C T. C. McGILL

At time of going to press, on the eve of V.E. Day, our story cannot be told in all its glowing colours. However it can be said that today we have sent in total subscriptions for \$182,300 which is 114% of our quota (\$160,000).

There is a lot more to come and it seems obvious that we shall exceed the \$189,000 subscribed in the seventh Loan.

To all the teams, canvassers and purchasers I would like, as Chairman of your Committee, to give you my thanks for doing such a splendid job.

V.E. Day has been celebrated and the next question is "When do we get home?" That is distinctly obscure of course but I still feel we will all have plenty of time to complete our payments on this Loan before we go back to feeding the chickens on that new farm we are all going to buy.

You won't be sorry, any of you, that you put away that few extra hundred bucks in bonds and you'll probably say, "Well, that old bald-headed so-and-so wasn't so far wrong after all, even if he did sound like the voice of Impending Disaster"—

Thanks again and happy landings to you all—**always.**

T. C. McGILL, W/C,

Chairman Gander V.L. Committee.

(Editors Note—Final figures for the Eighth Victory Loan—Quota \$160,000—Sales \$213,050 which is 133% of our quota).



POST WAR PLANS

MOST of us are going back to our old job of selling vacuum cleaners or changing spark plugs at the corner garage. However a little private sleuthing uncovered several imaginative post war plans, and four of these are briefly outlined. We hope they will soon materialize.



MUSICAL COMMENTATOR

CPL. LILY KOTYK

"Good afternoon, friends, and welcome, new listeners of 'Sunday Concert.' On today's programme of the immortal music of the great masters we present to you sixty minutes of the works of Peter Ilytch Tchaikowsky."

Who can be cold as to refer to such a desire as a 'Post War Plan'—to me, it is a dream that is a reality.

Fort Frances is a small town with a broad mind—not easily influenced by extravagant or simple niceties which is only vanity that may lead to a form of destruction.

The latest thing that has 'really' happened, locally, was the installation of a Broadcasting Station, CKFI. I, myself, have not even seen our Radio Station, as all this has come about since I last visited my home, but I know that great things are surely coming about, and that CKFI is going to do a good part in the growth of 'Our Town.'

Music in Fort Frances is as old as Fort Frances. Appreciative and creative knowledge and talent—theoretical, instrumental, vocal, is widely distributed throughout the town and district,—what with church choirs, choral societies, a String Ensemble, nationalistic music (our town is really very cosmopolitan), and the almost traditional annual Music Festival. Should any of the love and appreciation of music have become lost, or lessened during the years of war, I want with all my heart to help restore it.

The programme will consist of the best recordings of the classics,—heavy and light, appealing to people of all

classes, of all tastes. Those who can resist, or do not understand Beethoven, Mozart, Sibelius or Brahms, will revel in Offenbach's 'GAY PARISIENNE SUITE'—or a rendition of 'The Flea' by some renowned basso. Short, intimate glimpses, into the life and inspirations and work of the composer—brief synopsis of the composition—an introduction to the artist or artists—followed by calling special attention to certain themes, passages which may resound in its own particular charm, or interest, lyrical loveliness, wistfulness, or sweet or bitter sadness.

For who, in this wide world can remain untouched or unmoved by music, one kind or another, one way or another?

I feel that the people will be very co-operative and willing. It has worked before,—I love to do this, therefore I shall do it well.

FISH FARMER

P/O BERT AYLESWORTH

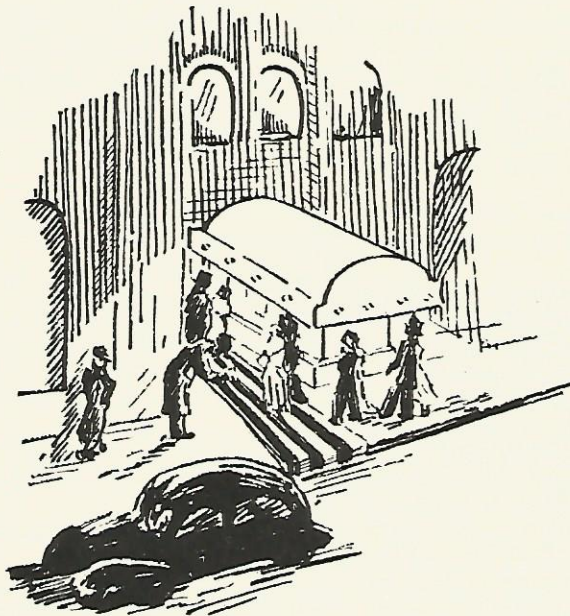
I am going back to the farm I left behind me. Aside from being already established, I have other reasons for making that my post-war plan. I like the combination of manual and mental labor necessary for successful farming. I like the freedom from time clocks and bosses. I like the variety encountered in doing a job completely as opposed to the tiresome repetition of a specialist or assembly line work. And lastly I like to watch and help nature in the miracle of growth.

Farmers, as a class, are quite conservative, but I like to be trying new things all the time—sometimes to my sorrow! During my sojourn in the Air Force I have laid plans for several new schemes. One of them is fish farming. Its not an original idea as it has been done in many places in the U. S. and Canada. The method is



very simple. You add commercial fertilizer to your pond or lake, to promote the growth of algae. You stock it with fingerlings of a herbivorous fish to eat the algae. Then you add fingerlings of a carnivorous fish to eat the first species. Harvesting the crop is a pleasure.

I am situated in southwestern Ontario where natural fishing is scarce. So I believe sportsmen will pay well for the privilege of dropping a fly in my trout pond. What do you think? Would you like to come down five years from now and sample my speckled trout? Bring a good stout rod with you. DREAMS!!!



NIGHT CLUB

MULARKIN SYNDICATE

After two years of intensive research, the three of us have finally evolved the Canadian Night Club of Tomorrow. Its walls of silicon plastic resin will enclose features in catering, dancing entertainment and interior decoration never before seen in Canada. It will be a restful haven for tired businessmen; a scintillating bright spot of revelry for people of college age; a socially correct rendezvous for luncheon engagements; the choice of sophisticates. Music, for your dancing or listening pleasure, will be produced by a large orchestra comprised of the very best top ranking Canadian musicians who have already been chosen from broadcasting and recording studios across the breadth of the Dominion.

As well as the modern ballads of the day, which will be handled in a completely different manner by a vocal department already in training, the orchestra will bring to the ears of the dancing public works of famous composers such as Tschaikowski, Mussourski, Stravinski, Chopin, arranged in a modern symphonic style.

The finer points of such arrangements, normally lost in the shuffle of dancing feet, will be taken care of in the same manner in which they are handled during broadcasts and recordings. A series of microphones properly placed and individually controlled with speakers designed for both "highs" and "lows" will insure pianissimo passages from being submerged—an impossibility for the average amplifier.

Efficient air conditioning will keep a neighbors cigarette smoke from your eyes while, he in turn, will not be annoyed by the odor from your Sirloin and Mush-

rooms.

During the course of the evening the colored lighting effects will be constantly changing to suit the mood of the contrasting types of musical selection presented by the orchestra. Thus the very atmosphere of your Club of Tomorrow will be in keeping with the musical entertainment.

The calibre of present day floor shows will be raised to a complete stage production and will be presented during festive seasons such as Thanksgiving and Christmas, the theme of production being typical of the occasion.

Lavish? Yes. Will it require an exorbitant capital? Perhaps. Fantastic? Definitely not. We have enjoyed planning it and dreaming of it and working with it, and are confident that in the near future The Mularkin Club, Canada's club of tomorrow, will be transformed from an idea on paper to a fact in reality.

POTATO WHOLESALER

CPL. WILFE WAITE

I am going to reopen and expand a business that my brother and I started just before I joined the Air Force.

I spent my first seventeen years on a farm near Summerside, P. E. Island. Deciding that farming was not for me I determined to go to business college and later taught in that same institution for nearly five years.

It was during this time that I learned how business operates and on various holiday trips to other parts of Canada and United States I was amazed to find that the difference in values of farm products between the farm and retail markets were extremely high. The natural question occurred, "Who gets the rake-off?"

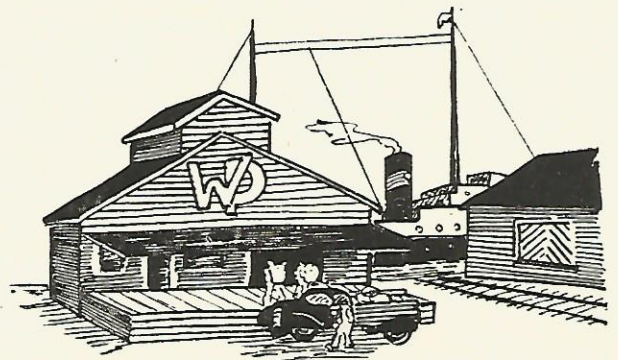
On exploring the matter more fully I decided that the farmer could increase his profits manifoldly by gaining some direct large quantity outlets for himself.

Working in conjunction with my brother who now owns the home farm we experimented in the Toronto markets with five carloads of potatoes.

The experiment succeeded, in fact so much so that we had to circulate through our home area and buy produce from our neighbors to fill further orders. Almost before we realized it we were in the middle of a nice little business venture.

True the war hasn't particularly helped but neither has it hindered us. The post war possibilities look good. Of some outlet we can always be certain as the mortal public have to eat.

With our perfect locality for supply and such markets as we hope to get I think we can make it go. At least there will be the satisfaction of having tried.





Gander Schoolhouse

There is a building at the northern end of Chestnut Street which, although new is often passed by almost unnoticed. A small brown building, set back a bit from the street, its predominant feature is the abundance of large windows.

It is, however, for five days a week one of the most important little buildings in Gander.

From early Monday morning until late Friday afternoon this spot rings with the voices of Gander's 56 civilian children.

Back in 1941 there were about 12 civilian children of school age living with their parents here at Gander. As there was no regular means of giving these children a proper education at that time it was decided to invite an inspector of schools up from St. John's to attempt the founding of a school.

Although all of the present 56 pupils speak English fluently there were some of the four nationalities represented who could not, on their arrival in Gander, speak anything but their native tongue.

The ages range from five to sixteen and they are taught from the Kindergarten stage to the ninth grade by Mr. Arthur Baker who is a native of Hodges Cove near Trinity Bay, Nfld.

Education is still built around the three R's, and the children wrinkle their brows over the usual primers,



Hobbyist

NAME: Harold Heppner.

IN THE SERVICE: Serves as an aero-engine mechanic.

HIS HEART LIES: In Handicrafts and in helping other craft enthusiasts.

FUTURE PLANS: Hopes to supervise handicrafts and hobby work in convalescent hospitals.



spellers and multiplication tables. Geography is undoubtedly a difficult subject to keep up with, but tales of Christopher Columbus and King Henry VIII have lost none of their fascination and certainly a good chunk of Newfoundland's own history is being enacted under their very noses.

The same old schoolboy pranks are pulled off with the same old regularity, and Mr. Baker has his quota of stay-ins after school. It's a poor place to play hockey from though—the children are transported in large buses and a truant scholar would find it pretty difficult to sneak down some back alley for a bootleg game of Cops and Robbers.

The children, who show a real interest in the school work are also quite keen on other activities such as their rather impressive collection of War Bonds and Stamps and the Junior Red Cross.

Like all normal children, however, the keenest interest is displayed in the recess periods during class hours.

During these break-offs in fine weather the shrill young voices at their games about the school yard form a pleasant contrast to the usual humdrum noises of a large air station.

Heard but not seen

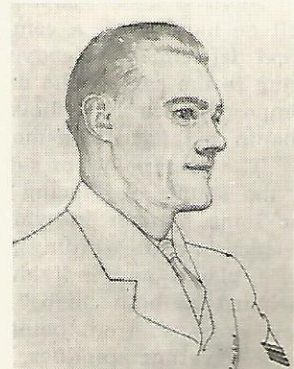
NAME: Dave Mansfield.

HOME: St. Catherines, Ont.

SERVICE TRADE: Clerk admin. Until recently in 10 B.R. orderly room.

HOBBIES: Radio announcer at V.O.R.G. and Journalism.

FOR THE FUTURE: Possibilities of Commercial Announcing.



FLOTSAM

(Continued from page 2)

There in front of us we saw just about the finest example of seamanship we ever hoped to see. Whatever his faults Tom's a real sailor. To bring any ship through the narrow channel of our reefs takes skill. But a disabled schooner in that storm!

The ship crept in under stay-sail and jib, and as it came closer the Captain cupped his hands and began to bellow directions. All his sixty years of roaring down the winds of the seven seas went into that bellow too. For once young Tom paid attention.

WELL, the wind and storm being such every so often a wave would break clear over the breakwater and we'd get a drenching which didn't help the old man's temper any, in spite of the coat Pop made him put on.

Cap'n Tom looked awful funny in Pop's long coat. It came clear to his ankles and his hands just disappeared up the sleeves somewhere.

Tom timed the bar well and slid over on the crest of a big comer which took him neatly into still water.

Then it happened.

That same wave broke in a long roll against the piles and slapped over at its peak right where we stood.

Cap'n Tom and I were knocked off our feet and if it hadn't been for Pop we'd likely have gone right on with the wave back into the sea.

I didn't realize at first that the old man was hurt until I saw Pop bend over and pick him up. Pop carried him up to the head of the breakwater where it was dry and laid him down very gently—it was awful. He was so still and white.

Certain that he was dead I didn't know what to do next, but Pop said he was only stunned and figured he'd come out of it before long. Still, the little pool of blood that was forming from that cut by his ear where he'd fallen against a pile-head didn't look good.

Young Tom must have seen us and thought he was dead too, for he came up on the run as soon as he reached the wharf. I'll never forget how he looked. He kept saying, "Cap'n—Cap'n—for God's sake come 'round and speak. Somebody do something—please!"

Pop spoke very quietly, though he didn't like Tom. "Quiet, Son, don't disturb him." Then to me, "Young 'un, you'd better fetch Marthy. He's comin' round."

When Marthy arrived young Tom looked up with tears in his eyes. "Mom, I've killed him, broke up the Martha Anne, and now this. Oh, God, it's awful!"

MARTHY never said a word, just knelt down beside her husband and clutched his hand, an awful dread on her face.

She never even looked at Tom, nor let on he was there.

After a long time Cap'n Tom opened his eyes, looked up and murmured, "Marthy—Tom."

Tom was all for saying how sorry he was but the Cap'n bade him be quiet. He smiled up at Marthy and in a voice scarcely more than a whisper said, "Well, Marthy, I guess this is the start of a long voyage for me, eh?"

"Hush, now," as she started to speak, "I don't want you taking on none. It had to be some time."

Marthy looked up to the sky and as Pop pulled off his sou'wester, said very reverently, "Lord, thanks that I could be near when the sea finally claimed its own."

"Aye, Marthy," the old voice was getting weaker fast. "Ye were always mighty feared that some time I wouldn't get in."

He turned to Tom. "Boy, I don't want you to go blaming yourself for anything. It's no fault of your'n, Tom. You're as much part of the sea as the wind and salt spray.

"You've always wondered why—why we never—let you near a—boat, Tom." The faint old voice went on. "Well, about nineteen years ago next month—about—Christmas time it was, I was putting in—from the last—trip of the season when I espied a small object bobbin' about in the waves—some two miles to lee'ard of us. Looked like a small boat—so we bore down on it to find out.

"Twas a boat, sure enough, and in it—was a small curly headed boy about two years' old with a blue reefer coat wrapped around him. He was cryin' something awful. As we came closer we saw something else—there was a man in the boat too, stretched out on the bottom frozen stiff. Lord knows he hadn't been dead long but we'd arrived too late anyway. I took the baby home and Marthy was plumb wild about him. Figgered God had sent us a Christmas present for sure. Right from the start he played around the wharves and boats and was nigh to drownin many's the time. Well since he come from the sea, it 'peared to us that the sea might want him back. The sea was like an enemy.

"WE WERE awful sure of that, Tom, so we did our—best—to prevent it. Guess we slipped up somewhere—though, it didn't work out that way." At this point the Cap'n's voice gave out altogether.

After a long pause he went on. "Well boy, the sea wasn't an enemy after all—the lad and the sea became close friends and he became the best sailor I've ever seen. Better than me by a good sight. The sea won't harm its own, and they'll always be friends.

"That's why I say if God so wills it he can have my part of the sea. Fact is t'whole ocean is his—always was and always will be." He looked toward his wife. "Eh, Marthy?"

"Aye, Tom, so be it!"

The rest of us hardly breathed. Young Tom looked mighty confused, his face all puckered up and his eyes squinted. He didn't catch on at all.

"Well, whatever became of him, Cap'n?" he asked in a hushed voice.

The old man smiled up at him, a kindly twinkle of affection in his blue eyes.

"You're that boy, Tom. Now do you understand?" So that was it!

Well, I guess you know the rest. Right after the funeral Marthy moved to town to live with her spinster sister and in January Tom commenced the repairs on the Martha Anne. From there he went on to build up a good sized fishing fleet. He quit the wild ways and became a good business man and I think a good husband. I ought to know—I married him.

THE COMMANDING OFFICER

(Continued from page 3)

Clements was posted to No. 2 S.F.T.S. at Uplands as Commanding Officer, finally coming to Gander in March of this year.

Thus we find ourselves with a vastly experienced and thoroughly operational C.O., which is just as it should be on an Operational Station. Group Captain Clements, we welcome you and sincerely hope your stay will be a long and happy one.



CPL. ALMA MITTON



CPL. JUNE LEAVOY

