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MID-SUMMER, 1945
GOOSE BAY,
LABRADOR

THE HONKER

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Editor-in-Chief.....Sgt. G. F. Jones
Re-write Editor.....Sgt. M. D. McLean
Feature Editor.....Cpl. A. R. Jordan
French Editor.....Cpl. J. R. A. Brisset
Photographer.....Cpl. C. H. Buckman
Layout Editor.....LAC G. M. Ulyatt

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EDITOR'S NOTES

With this second issue of "The Honker" must go a note of thanks to those who have shown their support of this project. To those who showed their endorsement by their purchases go thanks for their interest in putting the magazine on as sound a financial basis as an undertaking such as this can hope to attain. Welcome as is the clink of money in the till, still more welcome is the constructive criticism which the more thoughtful segment of our readers have generously proffered. All of the criticisms offered were well founded and all have been seriously considered by the publishing committee.

Whether or not a base paper truly reflects the life and spirit of the station it represents depends entirely on the extent to which those charged with its preparation are able to gauge the feelings and attitudes of the personnel of that base. Those active on the paper are, necessarily, conversant with the feelings of only the sections with which they are in close contact: this limitation can be remedied by the acceptance of all personnel of their responsibility in conveying to the paper's staff their feelings as to how the job should be done.

In this issue a number of reader's suggestions have been included, if our readers will continue to pass on to the committee their criticisms, future issues cannot fail to present in the truest possible focus the segment of life it is their job to portray.

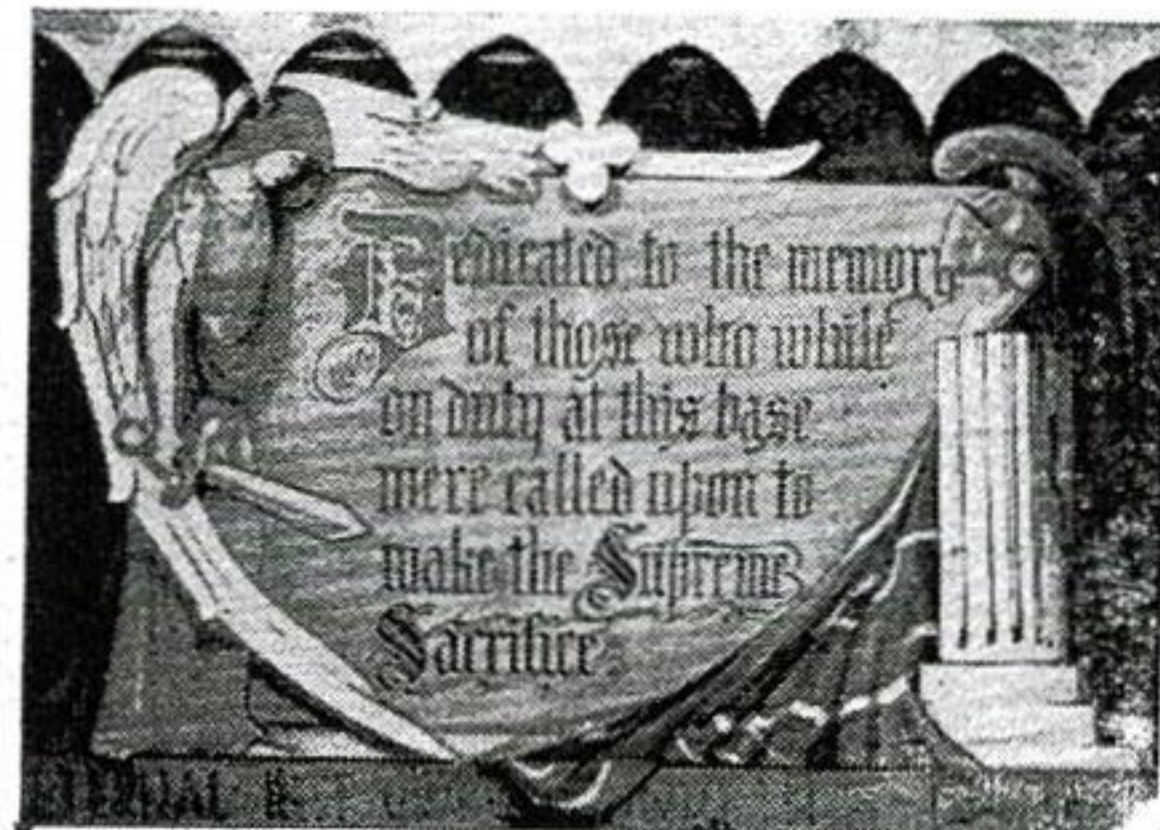
And speaking of criticism (or suggestions) we hasten to point out that the use of the word 'inertia' in the last issue was not an error. The Oxford dictionary defines 'inertia' as the property of matter by which it continues in its existing state of rest or uniform motion in a straight line. Once the war machine got under way it crushed everything before it much as a steam roller or avalanche, and that same force will bring Victory on the Pacific front.

Since we last went to press there have been changes in the command of several of the groups stationed here. The R.A.F. group have a new C.O. in the person of W/C Ralph, while Lt. Col. C. O. Schurter has arrived to take over Lt. Col. Hassell's post as Commanding Officer of the American forces. Lt. Col. Schurter is no newcomer to Labrador, having served as Operations Officer at Goose Bay in 1944. A member of the American permanent force, Lt. Col. Schurter has had a varied experience in Arctic work on both coasts of America.

The Section News featured in this issue is the result of an effort to have all sections of the station represented. To the best of their knowledge, the committee contacted each section: if your section was overlooked, they will be glad to rectify that omission in future issues. If your section was contacted but failed to present any copy by the deadline, how about making a genuine effort to be in there when copy is next called for?

The pin-up on the back cover is of Irene Hilda, who raised temperatures considerably when here with a USO show troupe in late June. The picture was taken by Cpl. Buckman of the 'Honker' staff; it is the result of a sitting which lasted from late evening till the dawn's early light. Of such assignments, 'Buck' says, "It's a pleasure."

A feature of Air Force life is the constant changing of personnel—almost every meeting of a station committee must open with the introduction of new members. The station magazine com-



WAR MEMORIAL
IN
R.C.A.F. STATION CHAPEL

In Memoriam



F/L F. A. HALPIN

mittee is no exception to this general rule: the next issue will require a number of new names on the masthead. To those planning to invade any branch of journalism as a post-war career, work on the 'Honker' might well serve as a preliminary apprenticeship.

THE COVER

"When the convoy arrives . . ." is a common expression among Goose Bay personnel in the early summer, for the arrival of the first ship brings civilization that much closer and relieves the tension of isolation. Ships of the season's first convoy lie at anchor in the bay. (Although, since the victory over Germany conveying of ships to Goose is no longer necessary the term "convoy" is still used affectionately by the boys at Goose.)



LABRADOR LIFE

—INDIANS

F/O G. A. Frith, in collaboration with LAC. G. Budgell

The story of life at Goose would not be complete without some reference to Indian life of Labrador. There is no fence around the camp, but at strategic points the D.A.P.M. has erected signs warning that dogs will be impounded if not properly tagged and advising visitors to the station to report to the Service Police office. And some of these signs are in the "native tongue." Just what this means no one seems to know, but the reference was no doubt to the Indian population, although it could apply equally well to the Eskimo.

A great deal of interest in Indian life was stimulated by Padre McGuire for it was he to whom the wandering Indians turned for spiritual advice and the odd bite to eat. Last year he performed a marriage ceremony and this year the young people came back for a baptismal ceremony. On both occasions Goose was agog with excitement for the dark-skinned natives with their brilliant red and yellow and orange-colored clothes attracted a great deal of attention and provided a field day for the local photographers.

This tribe of Indians, some four hundred in number, have their winter home in Seven Islands on the Gulf of St. Lawrence in Canada and it is there that they have what they are pleased to refer to as their "stick houses" where they lead a normal existence with furniture of all types including phonographs and other luxuries. Each spring they set out for the northland and move in two bodies, one going to Davis Inlet and the other to North West River. It is while on the spring and fall trek that airmen at Goose get their closest associations, although many have had an opportunity to visit the camp at North West between the months of June and September.

As the land is so full of waterways and land travel almost impossible, they use canoes to make part of their journey. In them they pack their tents and stove and other household and personal goods. In winter they use snowshoes and sleds. Contrary to popular opinion, they have only one dog and do not use dog teams, although they may harness their only dog and use him to pull the sleds in winter.

One reason why the trip overland takes some four months is that they follow the game and live off the land as they travel. When they make a kill of caribou or bear, they stop until they have eaten all the meat. They dine and sleep and dine again until all is gone before thinking of moving on to new hunting grounds. And then it becomes a matter of fasting until they find more game.

Padre Cassidy maintains that they can travel a full day on a cup of tea and spoonful of lard. They are known to be inveterate tea drinkers.

Besides caribou and partridge there are rabbits and berries as well as various barks and roots that are edible. In the spring they eat a red berry called a "partridge berry" which stays on the bush during the winter and ripens in the early spring; in the summer they have raspberries and blueberries. And the streams of Labrador supply fish and "mud suckers," a species of eel.

They do not seem to understand the white man's ideas of game laws or game conservation programs for they kill whatever they require whenever they require it, regardless of condition of fur or mating seasons, etc. And the Indians also deal in furs, which they obtain while on the trail. When they have made a large kill of caribou or bear, they remain on the spot for some time, and it is not long before fur-bearing animals are attracted to the spot. So by finding themselves a meal, they also find themselves valuable furs, which in turn means hard cash and food at a later date.

When the Indians reach a trading post they spend almost every cent they get from their furs. The story is told that they will go behind the counter and make a pile of all the goods they want and when they have a complete collection they ask the price. Most traders insist that they spend at least half of their money on food. In dealings of this sort they are extremely honest. One young man followed his dad around behind the counter and seeing a mouth-organ, promptly put it into his pocket. Six months later the father came back and returned the mouth-organ explaining that it had not been paid for. Probably the little fellow was not permitted to smoke for a week or two as a punishment.

And that is one thing that impresses the tourists. Almost every native smokes. The older women smoke clay pipes and the younger ones cigarettes. At the wave of a package of cigarettes they automatically fall into line for a photograph. And the children also love chocolate bars and gum.

Honesty is only one of their many virtues, and one wonders at their moral code when so many live in a single tent under such primitive conditions. But believe it or not, an interpreter stated that in twenty years he had not known of a single case of illegitimacy.

The women seem to do all of the manual work. They hew the logs and draw the water and wait

upon the men folk, as well as haul the sleds in the winter trek. Perhaps that, too, is as it should be. They bear many children, but a goodly number never reach maturity, due partly to the rigorous life and partly to the ravages of tuberculosis. Each tent seems to have an invalid within, most of whom have the emaciated appearance, with hollow cheeks and glassy eyes and often with a hacking cough. And there are those who have had experience with mechanized dandruff.

The life of the children is much like that of any other children. They laugh, and play, and sing in quite a normal fashion. When very young their parents carry them on their back, and in winter they place them in moss-lined bags and draw them on sleds. And some have a little schooling on the side, for there are those in the tribe who mastered the arts of reading and writing which were taught them many years ago by missionaries, and this knowledge is passed along to the children. Besides their native Indian tongue the children learn to speak French for French is the main language in the Seven Islands settlement. The children love their dogs and when a visitor comes calling at the camp, they invariably come out with little puppies in their arms. And no doubt when alone with the tribe they have moments of playing house and imitating their elders in play. But childhood is short in this wild and rugged life for the boy early follows in his father's footsteps in fishing and hunting and the girl takes on the domestic duties.

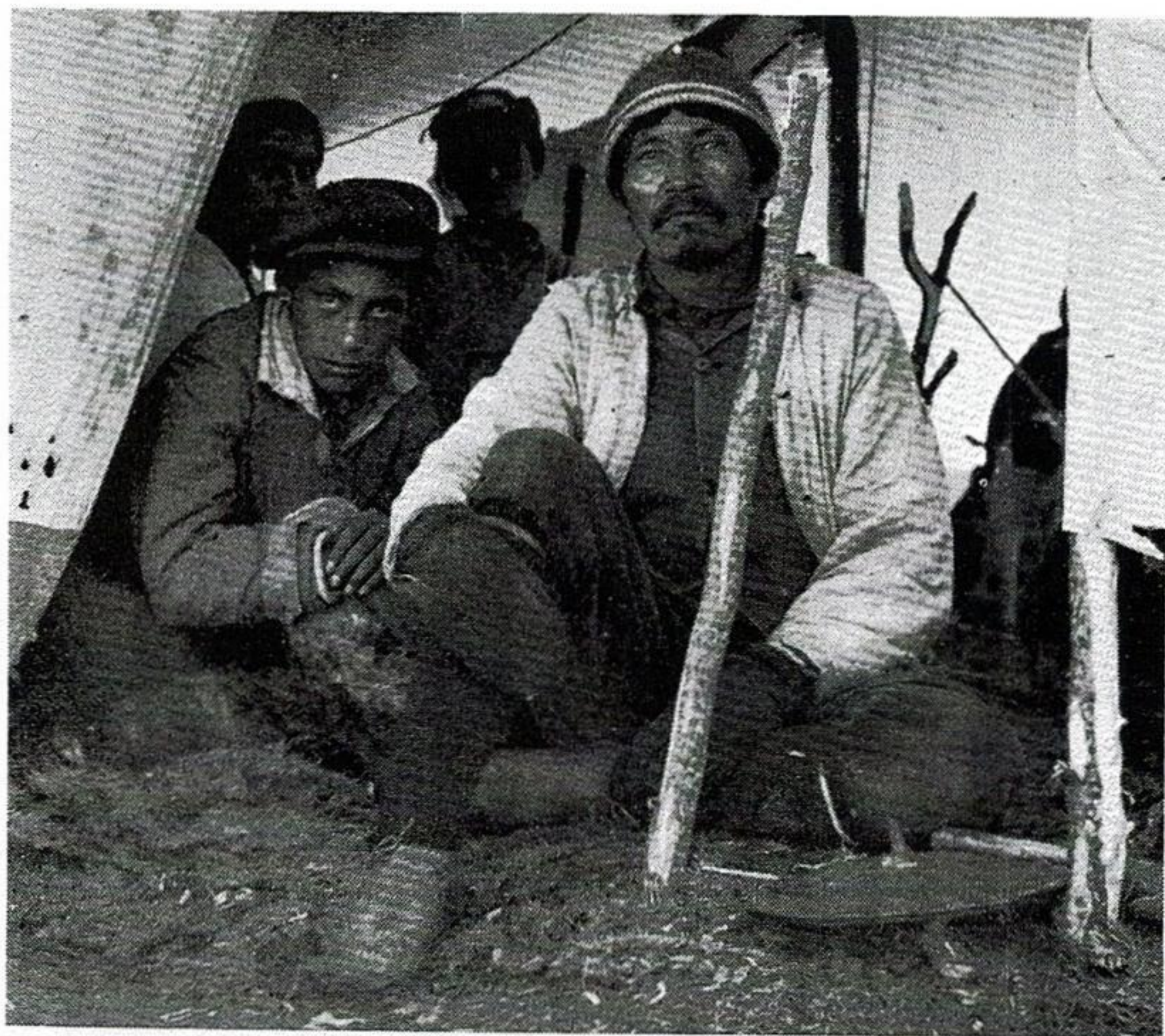
The tents themselves are thin, but reasonably large and they usually contain a small tin stove and a few boxes and trunks. The floor is strewn with spruce branches which, when newly set up, have a very fragrant odour. The Indians sleep and eat on the floor and sit cross-legged. Outside may be seen a cooking fire or stove and down at the water's edge, a canoe. On the pegs around

the tent may hang washing of a sort. Also outside may be seen a hammock fashioned from a blanket in which sleeps the young papoose. Nearby sleeps the Indian dog.

Most of the domestic duties such as cooking, washing, or chewing the hides are performed outside. And they are interesting indeed to watch. Bannock, a mixture of flour and water is baked in a frying pan on top of the stove, and when cooked resembles a round, flat loaf of bread. They do not seem to use an oven. The women folk also cut the wood for the fire and the method is rather unique for instead of anchoring the pole with the foot, they sit on the end of it and move down the pole as they cut off firewood lengths. And in washing, they use a wooden wash tub which is placed on the ground and they kneel or squat beside the washboard as they work. And probably a good deal of washing is done by the edge of streams.

Such a life is not without its pleasanter moments for they take pride in their handiwork. While there is no souvenir industry to speak of, they do make moccasins and mitts from moose hide and they ornament their leather work with beads and line them with silk. The designs in most cases are relatively crude. Dances, too, provide a pleasant interlude and the summer usually provides several opportunities for a real hoedown. To the rhythm of a homemade drum they form a large circle around a huge campfire and stamp and shout in the most approved and systematic manner.

There is one implement that all Indians use and it is popularly called the "crooked knife." It is not a regular knife for it is made from a file and fashioned like a small sickle, and it is operated by a drawing motion. Of course they use planes and saws and hammers when they can get them but the "crooked knife" has an important place in the household.



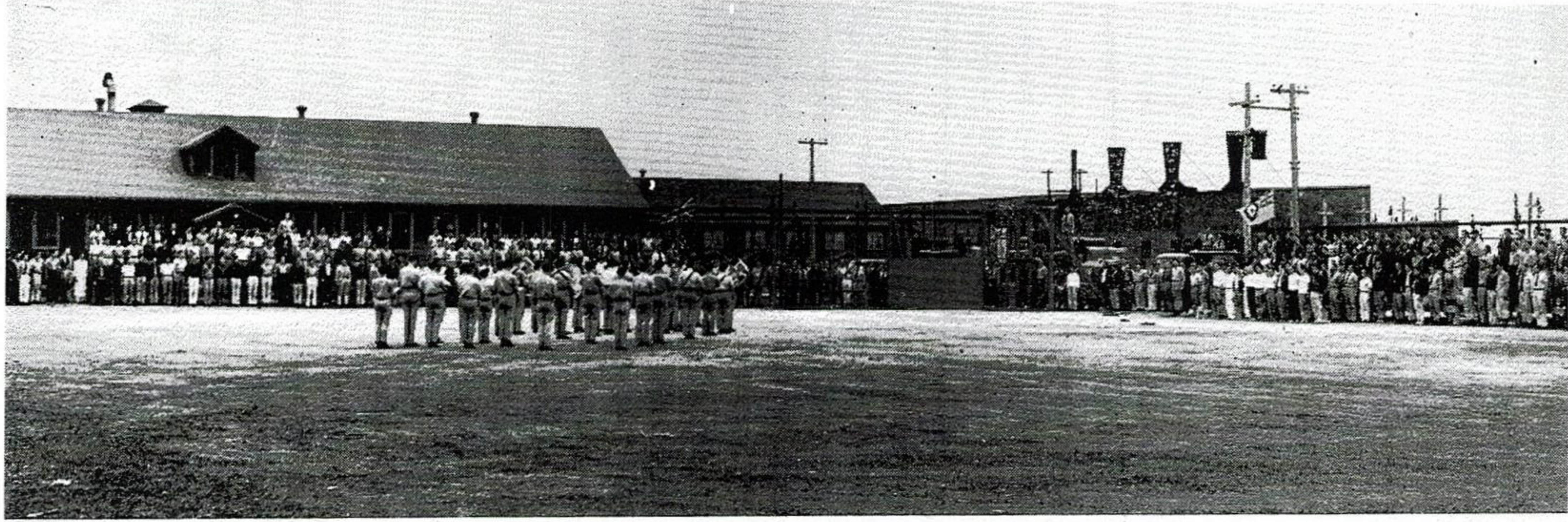
SPORTS

"AND THE TRIBES DID GATHER"

By Cpl. A. Jordan

In the year 1945, out—far out—in the wilderness of Labrador there dwelt a small group with foresight and great ideas. They gathered about them others and went forth into a barren field which was found behind the house where many came to eat. For some weeks they laboured and made the ground flat, causing to be erected seats thereon. Their labours bore fruit and out of this barren spot arose a field whereon sport would be made by those who would play with the bat of carven wood and a rounded object covered with the hide of the cow and known to many as a ball. When their labours were completed all was ready and there came to this spot a great multitude and they overflowed the seats thereon and spilt into the field thereabout. Then there came a throng of men who made joyous sounds with instruments of brass and pig-skin, and they didst spread into the aforementioned field of sport and did with their horns and drums pay tribute to one who sits on the high throne of the seat of empire, while the multitude did stand with great quietness such that the falling of a pine needle could be heard for miles about. Then with thunderous shouts the ceremonies did commence. Gathered there before the multitude were those who would do battle one tribe against the other to see who couldst smite the ball of the hide of the cow the farthest and hurl the fastest. There also came to this spot men of high office, and he who is known as the one of many rings and the father of the tribes of the goose didst prepare to test his skill against one who administered unto buildings. The one who administered to buildings didst swing his arm and hurl the ball of the hide of the cow with great speed toward he of many rings, but he of many rings stood unafraid and didst swing the bat of carved wood and didst smite the ball of the hide of the cow high into the air, even unto the clouds, but there came one fleet of foot known as Thompson and he did gather the ball of the hide of the cow unto himself even as it descended from the heavens. So according to the laws as laid down by the men of wisdom the great one was vanquished and did depart to the seats thereabout. Then came one dressed in striped shirt and spake unto those who did watch saying, "The contest which would be first is between those who heal men's wounds and those who send messages without wire unto far-off places, and he who will hurl for the team of the healers is named Alberry

while he would take hold is named Newman, and he who would hurl for the men of messages is named MacLean while he who would take hold is named Jeschke." Then didst he of striped shirt say magic words, "Play ball," and the battle did commence. The tribe of the healers of men played well but those who send forth messages didst smite the ball of the hide of the cow hard and far having on their side many men of great skill among whom were Slavik and McMullen who did strike the ball of the hide of the cow far out of reach of even the farthest afield of the healers and thereby did score many runs. So the healers of men were vanquished by those who did send messages to far-off places, and they who did watch did marvel. Then did the men of music prepare to test their skill against those who did control the goings and comings of the great metal birds. Once again he of the striped shirt came forth and spake words of wisdom saying that he who is named Burke would hurl for the men of music and Hoganson would take hold, while Huber would hurl for the men of control and Michalak would take hold. Then again did he of the striped shirt say, "Play ball," and the battle did begin. The multitude did wonder at the speed of throw of Huber and Burke, both threw exceeding well and Burke didst strike out sixteen of those who opposed him while Huber didst strike out six. The battle didst go well and each tribe did little exceed the other until there came with the bat of carved wood one who plays upon the drums and is named McBride and he didst smite the ball of the hide of the cow far out into the wilderness and the men of control were helpless before him. After him came Mather and Lavelee who didst also smite the ball of the hide of the cow hard and far thereby scoring runs. After this the men of control did strive long and hard but couldst only smite the ball of the hide of the cow but a few times obtaining but one run, so as the battle came to an end the men of music were ahead by the count of one and those of control did say to themselves that they would be patient and take revenge in another battle which was to come at a later time. Thus did end the first evening at the stadium of the bay of the Goose and the multitude did go to their various places of rest saying one to the other that they would return to watch again.



These pictures are evidence of some of the sporting activity on this station of ours. The boys here at Goose know their softball as can well be seen by the intent look on the faces of the crowd watching that great epic, the opening of "Goose Stadium." During the opening game between the Wireless boys and the Hospital, we see "Celeb" Turnbull calling Perry safe while Jeschke, catcher for the Wireless section, stands by watching MacLean attempt to tag the runner out.

We should be justly proud of our record in sport both on and off the station. The interest in inter-section sports runs high and the men of Goose hold an enviable record for the various times that they have sallied forth to participate in Eastern Air Command games. Our sports facilities here are by far the best of any available on any R.C.A.F. station, be it in Canada or overseas. All one has to do is name the sport and it has been, or is being, played at Goose Bay. At present, tennis, softball and horseshoe pitching are the predominant sports activities. There are two excellent tennis courts in the rear of the main gymnasium (better known as the "Rec" Hall), and horseshoe pitches can be found near almost every section on the station.

International sport is also a big feature at Goose Bay. Tournaments of various types have been held between the R.C.A.F., Canadian Army, and our American Allies on the other side of the runways. Recent events of this type worth mentioning were the softball games over on the

American diamond on July 4th. Our American friends were celebrating their Independence Day and invited the R.C.A.F. Station team and the Canadian Army over to play against their all-star team and their Officers. Somehow or another things got crossed up, for both the R.C.A.F. and the Canadian Army won their games. Before the summer is over other games of this type will be played and there is a good possibility of an international field day on Labour Day.

There are seventeen teams taking part in the inter-section softball league, which is divided into two halves. This department picks the Band to top the league in their half of the schedule and then go on to win the station championship, although we may be proven wrong by the time this issue rolls off the press.

We wish to welcome to the fold F/Lt. Matheson, our new P.T. and D. Officer, whom we are sure will do all in his power to carry the load, in the sports department, as F/Lt. Hull did in the past. Other key men in this important section are F/Sgt. Harry Bernstein, a classy boxer in his own right, Sgt. Johnny Fripp of skills fame, and of course, Cpl. Joe Knott, the "Rec" Hall's handy man. So fellows, the equipment is there under excellent management and all is needed at any time is your cooperation and whole-hearted support of all sports activities. Then you can be certain that your stay at Goose will be made more pleasant.



The Fourth Freedom

By Sgt. G. F. Jones

The fourth plank of the Atlantic Charter—freedom of worship—exists both in theory and in fact on the Goose Bay base. The composite nature of the base has resulted in its being endowed with devotional facilities comparable to those of a medium-sized town; not only are all denominations offered facilities for worship, but they are, in most cases, offered choice of places in which to worship. The variety of services and chapels affords the churchgoer a choice enabling him to worship in the setting and under the leadership which affords him the greatest inspiration. The religious leaders of each of the services welcome visitors of other services to their chapels.

The nature of the services displays both reverence for the old-established procedures and a resiliency demanded by war-time conditions. Both the Roman Catholic and the Jewish faiths follow the time enriched rituals of their creeds with certain deviations the times demand. In the case of the Catholic church, a special dispensation has permitted the holding of Masses after the hour of noon to allow servicemen to carry out their routine duties without sacrificing their religious obligations. The Jewish personnel are served by travelling chaplains, as even on a base as large as this their numbers are not sufficient to permit of a resident chaplain. Both a Canadian and an American Jewish chaplain pay periodic visits to Goose; the Jewish chaplain, Capt. H. A. Gordon, has a parish of truly epic proportions, travelling a circuit extending from Bermuda to bases well within the Arctic circle.

No small part of the work of the chaplains is of a humanitarian rather than of a strictly secular nature. They are available at all times for consultation by those in need of guidance in the face of difficulties and are able, by virtue of the honorary rank they carry, to do valuable liaison work in bringing to the attention of the authorities cases where special treatment is merited by extenuating circumstances.

Both the U.S.A.A.F. station and the R.C.A.F. station have, within recent months, completed new centres of worship. The American chapel is arranged with a large chancel finished in natural wood, the altar hangings of maroon velvet offering rich contrast. It is used for Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish services, the altar furnishings being changed to carry out the symbolism of the particular service.

The two Protestant services each Sunday are under the direction of the resident chaplain, Capt. U. K. Perego, of Shreveport, La.; a feature of the services is the singing of a mixed choir under the direction of Lt. Elton Van Purnis, with the organ background provided by Cpl. Edward Sharp, Pfc. Theda Whipple, and Pfc. Ianthe Weimer, who alternate as organists.

Capt. W. G. Woods, U.S.A.A.F. Roman Catholic chaplain, not only serves the congregation at Goose but also pays periodic visits to more north-

ernly stations. His ministry here includes a high Mass each Sunday afternoon, a distinction of which few American bases can boast. Capt. Ammann directs the choir.

Both Protestant and Catholic congregations of the R.C.A.F. meet in the one building with separate altars at either end but using a common organ. The Catholic chapel has altar hangings and backdrop in muted tones of green which offer effective foil to the richness of the ceremonial vestments. Before the altar hangs the sacristy lamp, burning constantly to remind those of the faith of their religious duties. A small but effective choir with organ accompaniment sings the traditional music of the Mass. Direction of the activities of the Catholic personnel is in the hands of Father Cassidy.

The Protestant chapel has been much enhanced by the recent installation of an altar in antiqued finish with a three panel screen painted in glowing colours in the manner of medieval stained glass. Both the altar and the backdrop were executed by Cpl. Howard under the sponsorship of Flt. Lieut. Tompkins, who has recently supervised the construction, in a niche in the chapel, of a memorial executed by the same artist to those who passed on while in the country's service at Goose Bay. A welltrained choir provides leadership in the singing of hymns which are chosen from the United Church hymnal.

Jewish personnel of the entire base gather each Friday evening in the American chapel for a service which is conducted, when no chaplain is visiting on the base, by Cpl. Julius Reimer, a former theological student from Brooklyn, N. Y. In addition to the weekly service, special observance is made of the various holidays of the Jewish year.

Providing a link between the Army, the R.C.A.F., and the U.S.A.A.F. is an active laymen's group, the Christian Fellowship; its activities, which include week-night services in the various areas and a Sunday 'Fireside Hour' featuring congregational singing in the R.C.A.F. chapel, are aimed to provide a meeting ground for those who, in civilian life, were active in the Young People's groups of the Protestant churches to which they belonged. The Fellowship is planning to extend its scope to include social evenings and outings, at which it is hoped that the same warm Christian welcome, which pervades its present services will prevail.

Perhaps the most valuable aspect of the serviceman's religious life is the opportunity it affords for the growth of the religious tolerance; in civilian life many were, by force of circumstances, intimate with few outside their own faith. The closeness of station life has brought many in contact with people of radically different beliefs. Such an experience cannot fail to promote the inter-faith tolerance which must be a feature of post-war America.



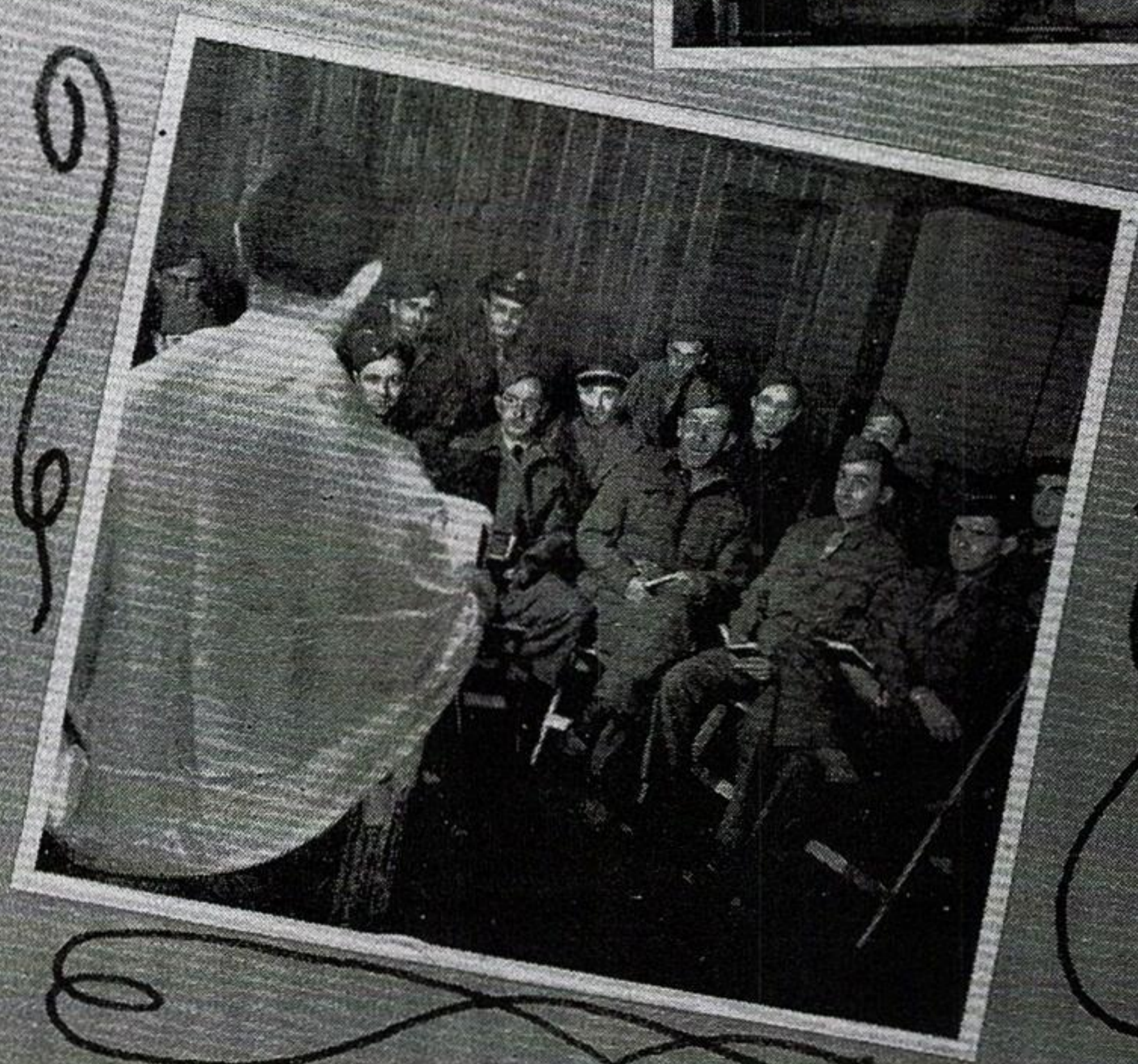
USAAF
PROTESTANT
SERVICES



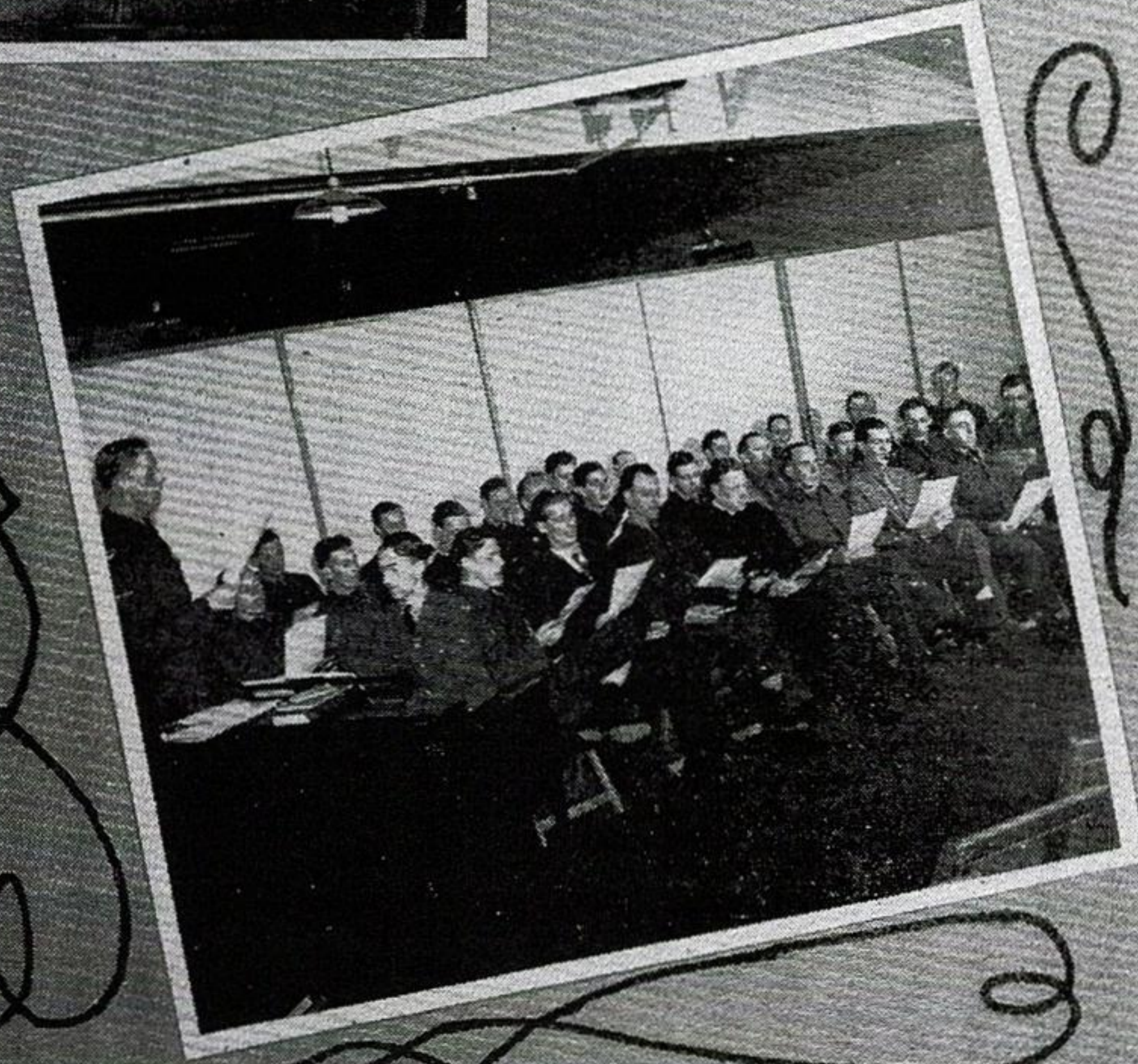
MASS
RCAF
CHAPEL



THE
CHRISTIAN
FELLOWSHIP



JEWISH
EVENING
SERVICE



USATC SPECIAL SERVICES SOLDIER SHOWS



Lt. Lester Rosenblum, ATC Special Services officer at Goose Bay. Actively supervising the soldier-show program and high instrumental in the promotion of Canadian-American recreational activities. Claims to fame: beautiful wife Dorie, husky son Ric, and Brooklyn residence.



T/Sgt. Harold Meyers, soldier-show impresario and the 'Ziegfield' of Goose Bay. Nothing immune or sacred to his zeal for uncovering new talent. An excellent organizer. Claims to fame: his unlit stogie and rustic fence office.

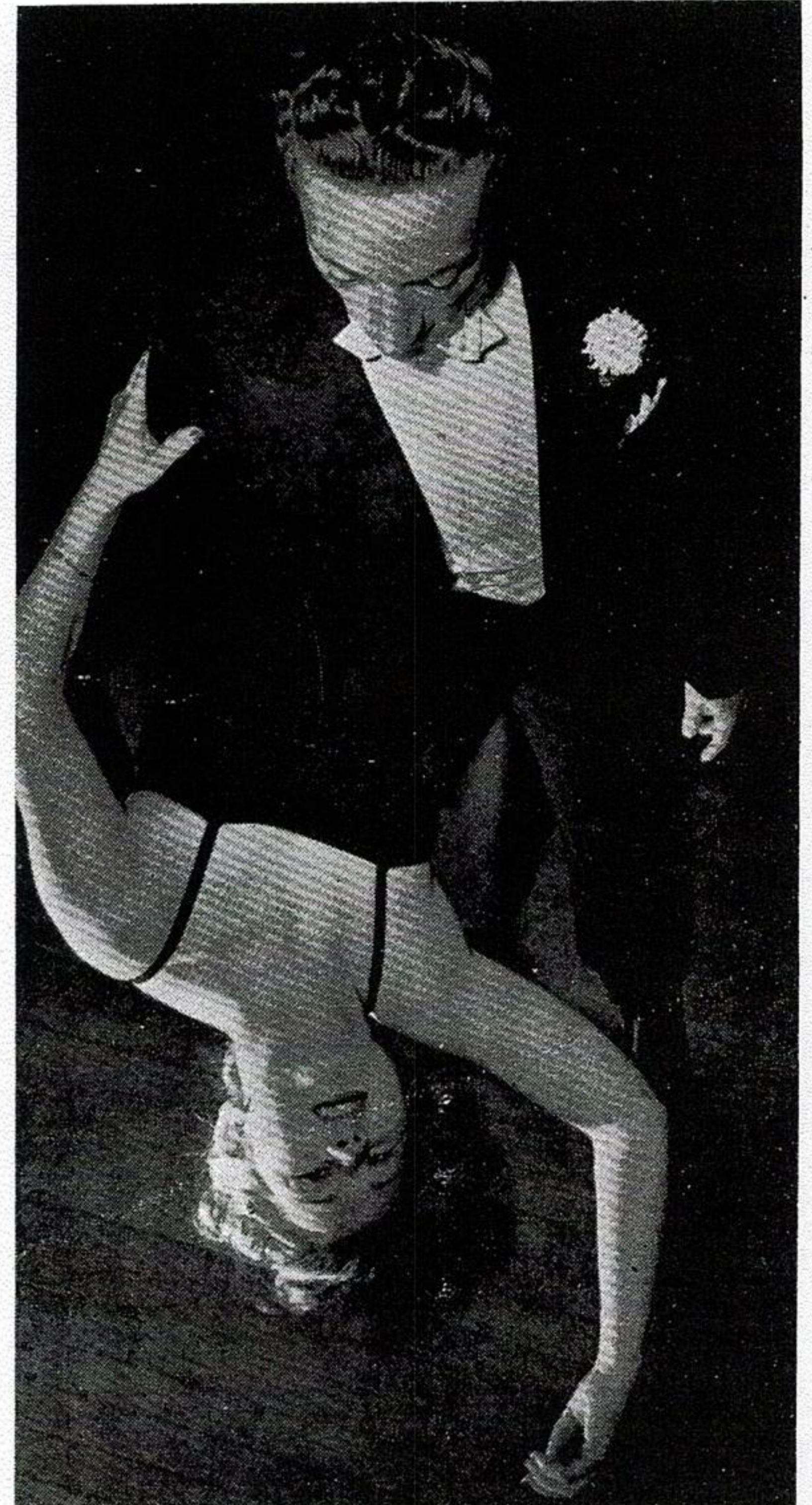
Soldier-show activities are the outstanding feature of the American Special Services program. The keynote of the program is off-duty soldier participation. These productions are completely G.I.—written, directed, staged and acted in by the military personnel of Goose Bay. This theatrical program is supervised by Lt. Lester Rosenblum, Base Special Services officer, and spark-plugged by energetic Tech Sergeant Harold Meyers.

Goose Bay's first G.I. show SNOWED UNDER, written and directed by Sgt. Meyers, went on the boards of the AAF theatre early in February of this year. It was enthusiastically received by capacity audiences. This musical variety revue was capably emceed by Sgt. Al Muench. Much of the success was due to the fine musical support provided by the RCAF band led by Flight Sergeant Al Forbes.

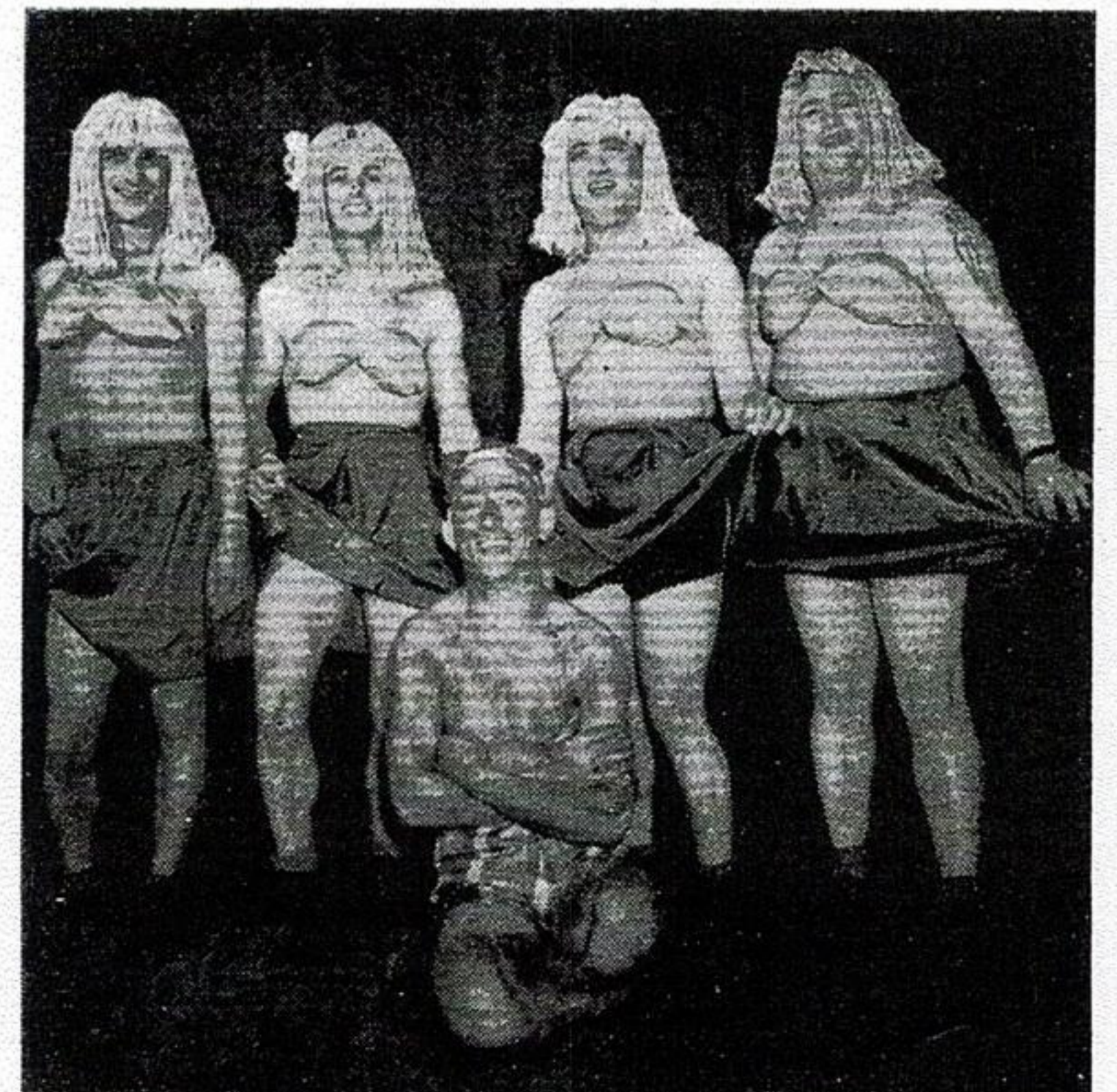
Two months later the pendulum swung from music and gags to satire, the result being PERILS OF FANNY, a 'burlesk' of the Gay Nineties type of melodrama. Directed by Sgt. Meyers, FANNY featured Wac Pfc. Phyllis Fowler in the title role, Capt. C. Ammann as the villain, and Sgt. Muench as the hero. Marking the debut of Wac personnel on the local stage, the cast also included Sgt. Lida Barr, Pfc. Josephine Poudrier and Pfc. Doris Carter.

The next hit along Goose Bay's thespian road, was produced under the aegis of Cpls. Ferguson and Bachinski. These veterans of the soldier show program wrote and produced NITEMARES OF 1945, a collection of musical and comedy sketches. Pfc. Ann Kauffman's musical and acting talent contributed greatly to the success of NITEMARES.

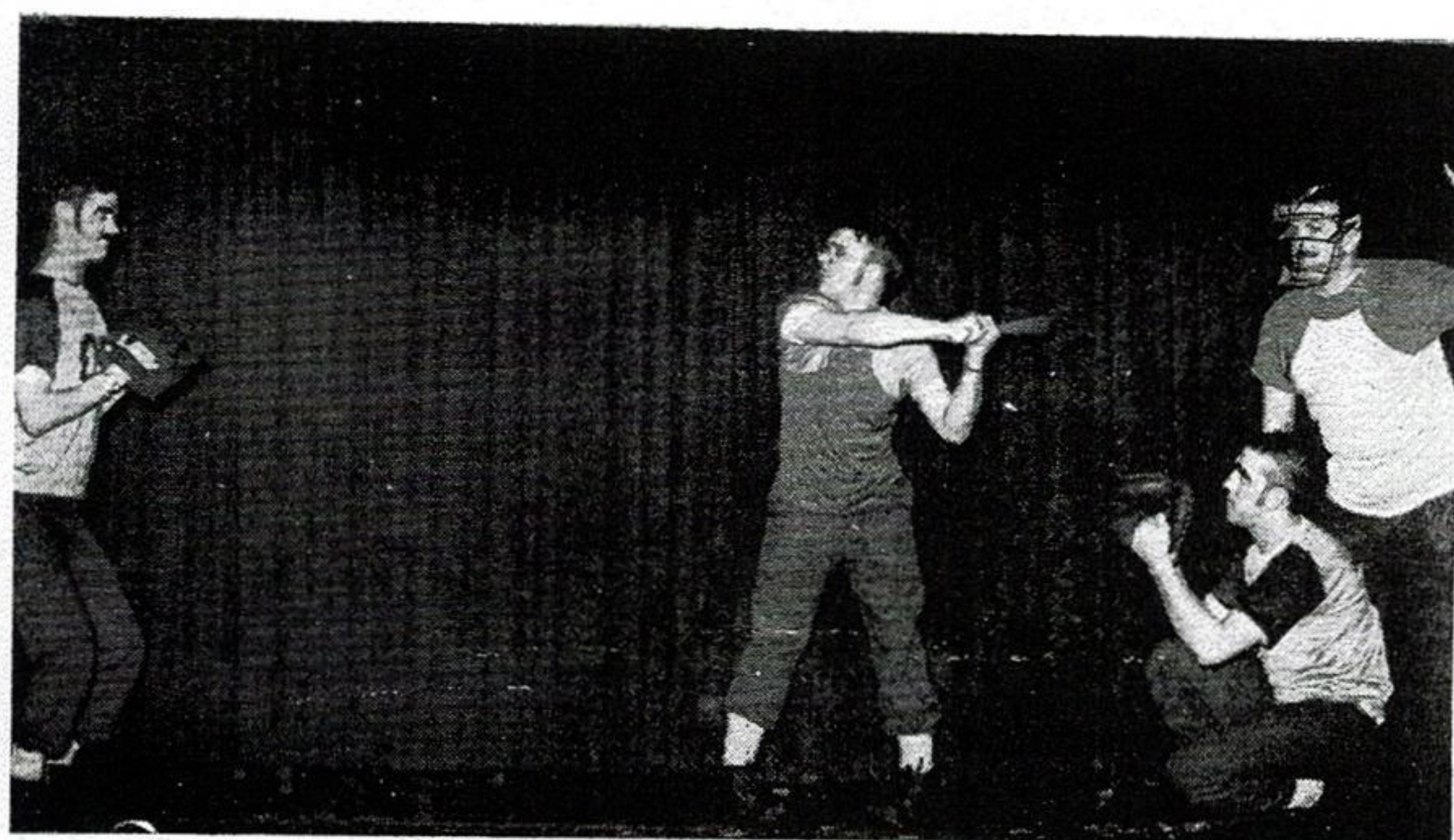
The last and most popular of these soldier amateur shows, the famous HELLZAFLOPPIN, was staged early in June. HELLZAFLOPPIN was a smash hit in both the American and RCAF areas. Again Meyers directed, this musical extravaganza launching dancing into the G.I. curriculum. Outstanding were the terpsichorean performances of toe-dancer Cpl. Marian Sanker and dance team S/Sgt. Bob Pascuzzi and Cpl. Lolly Vornbrock.



Exponents of the best in ballroom dancing, Labrador style, is the team of Lolly and Bob (Cpl. Lolly Vornbrock, S/Sgt. Bob Pascuzzi). They strutted their stuff in HELLZAFLOPPIN.



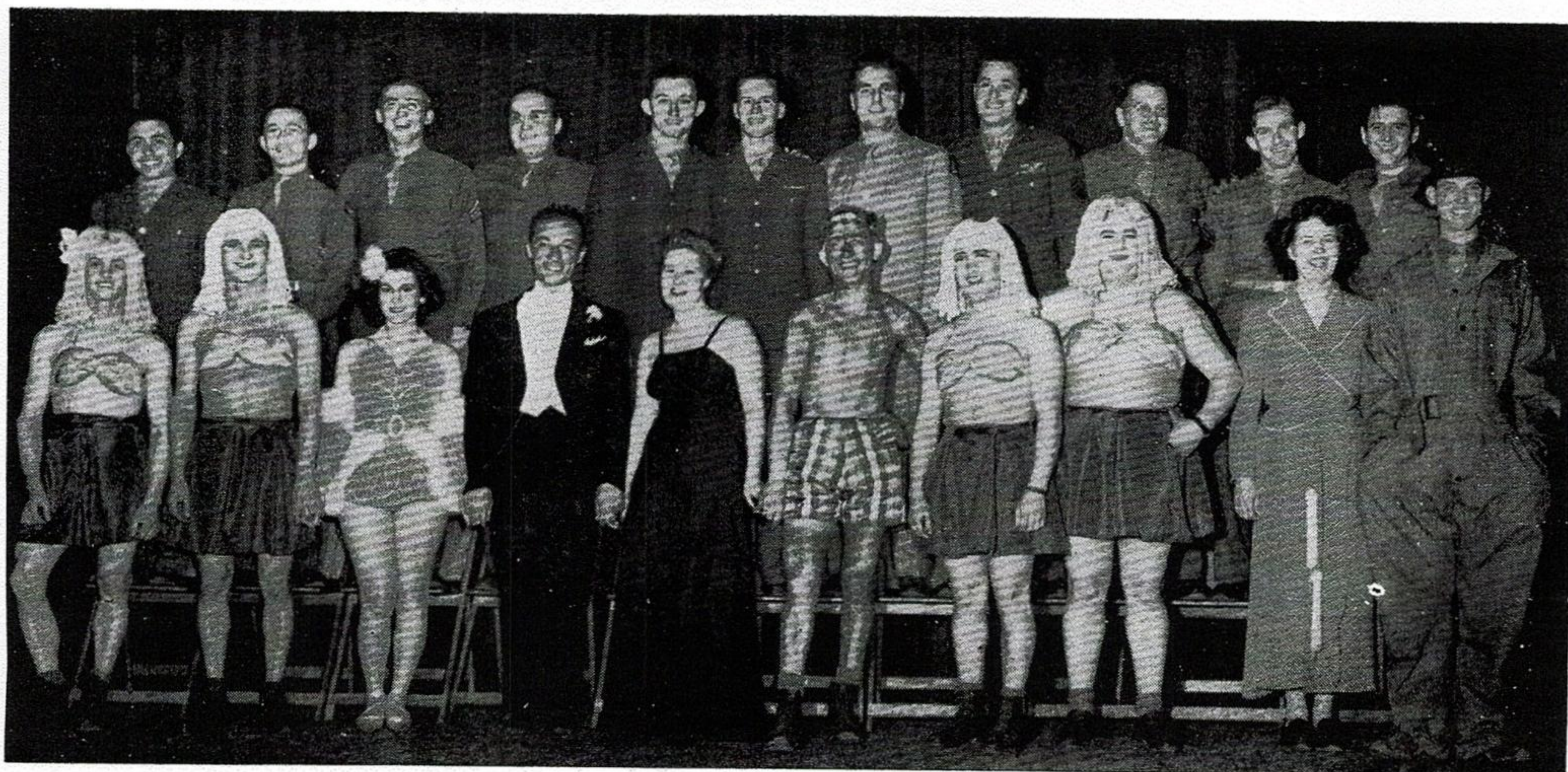
No meat rationing here! Every G.I. show has one—a beef trust—and HELLZAFLOPPIN was no exception. From L to R—Cpl. Heinz, Pfc. Greaney, Cpl. Gronczewski, Sgt. Taylor, Cpl. Moschella.



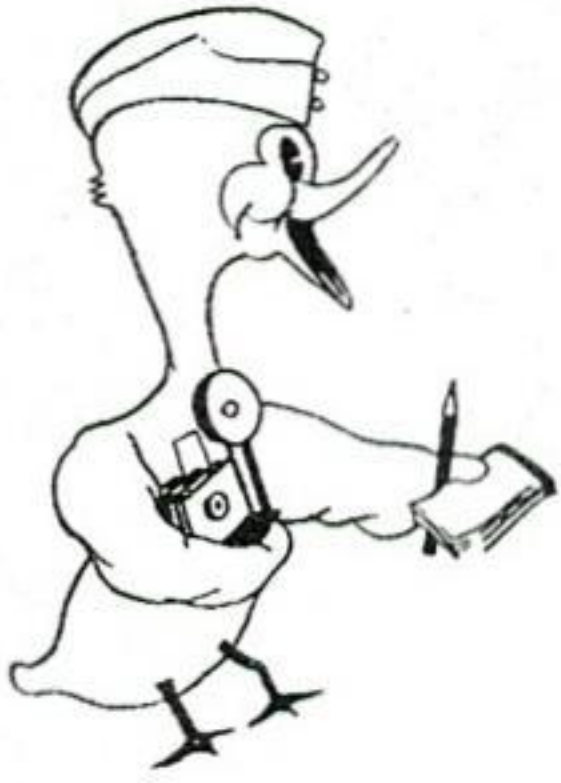
PERILS OF FANNY. Barbershop quartet composed of S/Sgt. J. Seng, Pfc. E. Mankowski, Cpl. C. Bourcier, and S/Sgt. H. Marnor warbling and acting 'Take Me Out To The Ball Game.'



PERILS OF FANNY. Fanny is really in trouble as it appears from above that villainy will triumph over virtue. Holding the pistol and the arm is the villain, Capt. Clem Ammann. The arm belongs to Wac Phyllis Fowler (Fanny) and the suspenders to Sgt. Al Muench, the Heroic Homer.



All G.I. cast of smash hit—HELLZAFLOPPIN



THE LICKING FLAMES

By LAC D. L. HOBBS &
LAC J. E. MANION

This is a bit of news that has crept into the Fire Hall lately. Let us say a few words about our Port Hope firefighter, who got himself posted to Goose to become a barber. Nice going Rex, You should be able to put away the bowl any day now.

And of course we must say a word or two about our Richmond (Que.) glamour boy. Right now his favorite is, "Wait till you've been here a while, eh Bub?"

We can't forget our new arrivals either. Namely the Forest Rangers, led by the one and only "Smokey" Watson. We are wondering what "Smokey" will be like after he has been here for a while. "Eh Bub?"

The boys are wondering about Hobbs, Cousineau, and Billis, and their famous boat trip. Were they really lost, or was that just a gag to spend the night in Happy Valley? If we remember correctly, Hobbs and Cousineau had blisters all over their hands. How about it "Nip?" Could it be that you never touched the oars? Will sign off for now. See you next month.

CLIPS FROM EQUIPS

By LAC A. E. KNOX

It was with sadness that we of the Equipment Section learned that one in our midst smuggled out our mascot, A.C. 3 "Quip" "Z" Group. However, consoling ourselves in the thought that "Quip" has reached a higher station in life than any of his canine friends here at Goose, we will not deal too harshly with the culprit who spirited him away—so quit trembling, "Legere."

It was while one of the Equipment Section, "Bus" Brown, was on the scrounge in clothing stores that Cpl. Nesbitt, while endeavouring to please a transient airman, issued off Brown's hat that happened to be sitting on his desk. We hope that Brownie won't find it necessary to pass through

GOOSE GOSSIP

hate to see him placed on charge for indecent exposure.

One of our associates, Norm Beston, received a staggering blow the other day, when he was informed by the 'powers that be' that he had been grounded from his death-defying feats of riding down the I and R ramp at the back of a hand cart.

It is now that your correspondent makes public the fervent prayers of the entire Equipment Section that our newest member, S/L Turner, is graced with the successful fishing of which he is always in quest. P. S. We also hope he finds a truck for his transportation.

True to his word, S/L Millett has finally fulfilled his latest statement that Temporary Duty would be shared in the section. The first one granted this privilege was F/O Blackett, who waved farewell to spend a few short days in Brig. You lucky fellow!

If the reader, providing we have one, should find a clearance to No. 4 R.C. for LAC Knox, would he kindly forward same to Equipment Orderly Room?

FLASHES FROM 29 R. U.

By LAC JIM BRADLEY

To the average individual at Goose Bay 29 R.U. is but a small "something" out "somewhere" in the bush. But since regulations have become less stringent it is possible to tell you that we are a Radar Unit located in the near vicinity of the Station Hospital, which we pass daily on our way to work. It is because of our long ride that we have adopted the title of "Radar Ramblers" for our softball team.

However isolated from the main station we may be, our fellows take an active part and interest in all fields of sports and other activities.

"The Radar Ramblers" with the continuous practice they have had under the able and experienced coaching of Sgt. Hal Buckle should, we confidently believe, make a good showing in the intersection softball league at Goose Bay.

In addition to sports, quite a number of our fellows, among whom are Del Facey, Al Knott and Gordie Eaton, spend a great deal of time and effort in the various hobby clubs. It is evident by the work they turn out

their efforts.

Have you ever heard of Cardinal Puff? Neither did we until we met Jack Richardson, one of the unit's S.P.'s. When Jack becomes inebriated in the canteen he tries to repeat a long complicated sequence of verses concerning the adventures of a certain Cardinal Puff. However, each time poor Jack has a lapse of memory somewhere near the mid-point of the story. Keep trying Jack, some day you may succeed.

In the world of fishermen we have Corporal Robichaud who caught what is to become a legend among those of this art at 29 R.U. Are you sure you didn't have it sent from Canada, Robby?

Last but by no means least we wish to introduce our Officer Commanding, F/L Delorme, who came to us after serving many years overseas as a Radar Officer. Although isolation is not a thing to wish on anyone we hope that his stay with us will be a long one.

SIGNS FROM SIGNALS

By SGT. G. F. JONES

Seems that taking the "Big Jump" into the Sea of Matrimony is the thing to do around the Signals Section. Harry Shugar, and Sexsmith, are the latest ones to try it.

Our number 1 softball team is the team to beat in the inter-section league, according to the experts, but the boys will have to play heads-up ball to stay in there.

Under the supervision of Sgt. Fraser, and within the protective jurisdiction of Cpl. McMullen, we find several bushed characters who keep the transmitters of the RCAF Signals Section running smoothly. Grace, Joan, Alice, and Irene, stay out there too. In case you're wondering who the girls are, well, they are the transmitters that keep the forgotten WM's busy. If you have ever been out to the "Dew Drop Inn" you will know just how large a part femininity plays in the routine. Out there we have the best and largest collection of pin-ups in E.A.C.—bar none. They're everywhere—walls, ceiling, doors,—even on the mirrors. "Dew Drop Inn" sometime and see for yourself. But bring your own mosquito swatter; they dive in

GOOSE GOSSIP

THE D.R.O. BOYS

By CPL. JACK BRISSET

So sorry fellows, no postings today.

Ray finally made that leave plane, after nine months. He claims he wasn't bushed when he left. That wasn't "Hub ba Hub ba" I heard you muttering, walking down to the aircraft, was it, Ray?

Keep up the good work team. Three straight wins is not so bad.

Morley Payne has that "Where's my posting, Sir?" look in his eye. Don't get excited "Smokey," E. A. C. knows you're still here.

BOMBS AND BULLETS

By SGT. F. W. ELKES

At long last, two of our lads, MacKenzie and Guindon, have got their second phase postings. Good luck to both.

Congratulations to Corporal White, who expects to become a father in January, 1946. Knapp has just returned off leave and has his fingers crossed.

We hope Sgt. Cairns passes his biology exams soon, then maybe he can get back to his own trade.

Sgt. "Pop" Elkes and F/S Jamer hope to remuster to Bomb-Aimers soon, especially after that Hamilton River episode.

It is hoped that more officers and airmen take advantage of the twenty-five-yard range.

BOILER ROOM BLUES

By LAC M. A. LEWIS

A word from the boys who man the boilers. Since the first of the year many of the old familiar faces have gone and new ones come in. We have lost one of our members by death, the late Corporal Glover, and "Pop" Hart by discharge. "Pop," who is a veteran of World War 1, has the best wishes of all the gang. Cpl. MacDonald (Black Mac) and LAC Hodge have been posted to Scoudouc. The crowd will miss old Mac who never has been the same since he shaved off that moustache, and Hodge who has complained incessantly of being bushed since he came back off his annual leave. We wonder why.

While we are on the subject of

LAC Fletcher we are told that, if he doesn't soon get at the Japs, he intends to build himself a kyack and paddle around the Northwest Passage to tackle 'em from the Arctic. We admire your pluck, Fletch old boy.

We are willing to bet that the firemen's record of becoming papas cannot be beat, for four of them—Cpl. English, LAC Bailey, LAC Goddard (now posted) and LAC Lewis became proud papas at almost the same time. Next?

WISHY-WASH

June 21st was a gala day for all the laundry staff, in that we took advantage of the opportunity of leaving the confines of Goose Bay to attend the annual fair of the Grenfell Mission, at Northwest River. We enjoyed ourselves immensely, and are looking forward to future parties. No casualties were reported by the staff, although an explanation was required from Sgt. Bowley to determine the cause of his red nose. He claims he was the victim of sunburn. The decision rests—but in doubt.

THE GRUB STAKERS

By CPL. KEN WRIGHT

We had the misfortune of losing one of our friends from the Butcher shop in the person of "Red" Archer. His smiling face and ready humour will be greatly missed by all.

Anyone with a diamond for sale should see LAC Digout. We understand he will have use for one in the near future.

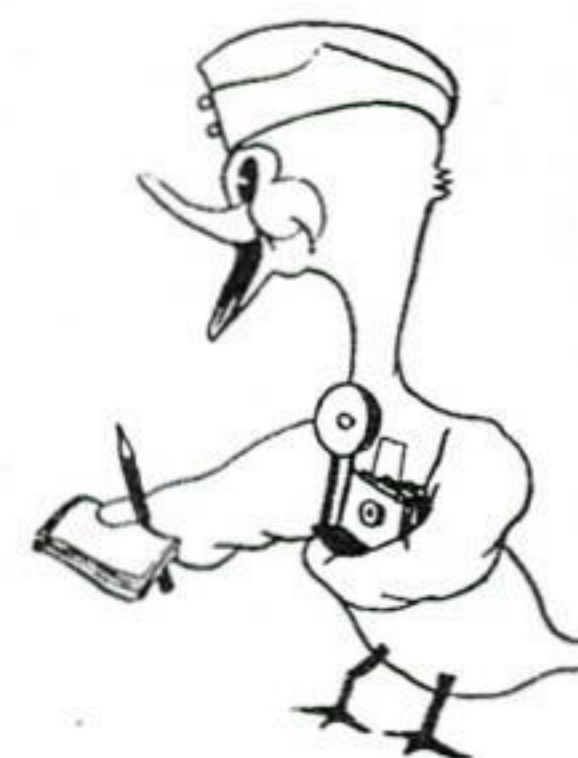
Sgt. "Johnny" Arsenault is now on that long-looked-for furlough, seeing the sights of Canada and the U. S. A.

Our softball team will be going full blast with the return of Sgt. Fuller. Good luck fellows, you have a good start.

LABRADOR — Intersection de deux mondes

By Cpl. J. R. A. Brisset

Le Labrador; qui couvre une superficie de 110,000 milles carrés, est encore de nos jours l'un des plus vastes territoires non exploités de notre continent. Une population d'un peu plus de 4,000 milles habitants,



dont la majeure partie est formée d'agglomérations indiennes ou esquimaux, a jusqu'à maintenant effleuré à peine les ressources naturelles abondantes et variées que renferment son sol et ses cours d'eau.

L'aviation moderne a permis de faire connaître au reste du monde ce grand pays d'avenir, pour employer l'expression des experts qui l'ont visité et habité, le Labrador offre de grandes possibilités de développements aussi bien dans le domaine économique que colonial. Durant la période de reconstruction d'après-guerre on y verra une prospérité sans cesse grandissante. Les puissances industrielles telles que la Grande Bretagne, le Canada et les Etats-Unis réaliseront bientôt la nécessité de se tourner vers le Nord pour s'y approprier les ressources naturelles qui commencent dans certains cas à s'épuiser d'une façon alarmante chez eux.

Des progrès considérables ont été accomplis durant ces dernières années de guerre pour améliorer les moyens de communication entre les différents points de ce grand territoire. Les avions des nations alliées et sillonnent en tout sens, du plus gros avion de transport au plus minuscule monoplane, avec un maximum de sûreté si l'on considère les risques auxquels les pilotes devoient faire face il y a seulement quelques années. Des postes de radio et de ravitaillements sont situés à des endroits stratégiques le long de la côte de l'Atlantique et même de l'Arctique, d'autres, à plus de cent milles dans les terres. Après avoir contribué largement à la défaite de l'Allemagne, ces stations continueront de guider les aviateurs dans leur mission de paix qui sera de tracer de nouvelles routes et d'y transporter le matériel et les hommes nécessaires à son développement.

Les Alliés, en se servant du Labrador comme tremplin pour leurs randonnées transatlantiques, ont reconnu par le fait même sa valeur stratégique de première importance. Reconnaîtront-ils sa valeur commerciale? L'avenir seul saura le dire.

STATION

BY LAC BILL



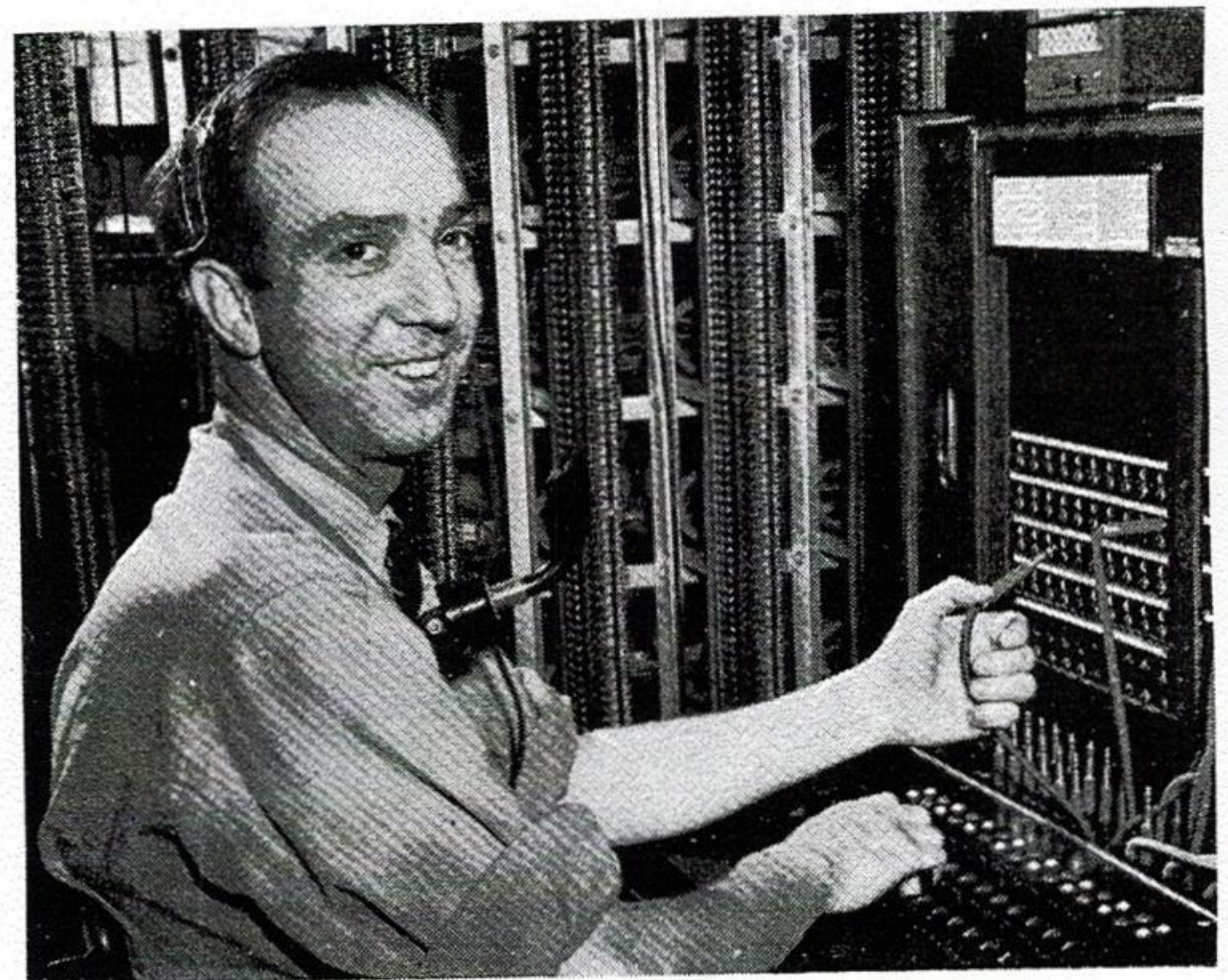
Cpl. Rex Turnbull may not sound familiar to you, but if we said that he was the "Celeb," you would no doubt know in a second whom we meant. We are sorry to see him posted back to Canada for the "Celeb" has been well-liked everywhere, and in his seventeen months here he has been a familiar figure as umpire at numerous baseball games. Before enlisting, Rex played around Montreal, his home, incidentally, and the rumour is that he was the Sinatra of baseball with a tremendous following among the bobby socks and swoon kids. He describes himself as the "prize bunker" at 29 R.U. where he has been keeping a "watchful eye." Best of luck on your new station, "Celeb."



The man who has seen the development of Goose Bay from the early days is F/S Bowser, who is up here for his fourth successive summer. The first marine man into these waters, he can tell quite a story of the first time in '42 when his M398 threaded the straits of Belle Isle which were strewn with wreckage of torpedoed ships. They took on the last load of fuel oil from a convoy, and then proceeded north, eventually entering the treacherous waters of Hamilton Inlet without a pilot. That, marine men will tell you, is indeed a feat, but needless to say, Bowser arrived without mishap. When the cold weather comes he is one of the lucky ones who will be heading for warmer parts, namely his home and headquarters in Dartmouth. When D (Discharge with a Capital "D") Day arrives he is looking forward to further work on ships operating from the eastern seaboard.

After nineteen months in Goose, our "Y" man, Don Hills, has left to transfer to the army for overseas duty. We are grateful to him for expanding our sports and we feel sure that he will do the same on his new station. Don, who is from Berwick, N. S., worked his way through college as a professional referee of basketball and hockey. Interested in boys' work, he spent some time in Brantford, Ontario, as a secretary in that field. We all wish Don the best of luck wherever he may go.

A real veteran in Goose is LAC H. A. Peters, with twenty-one months in Labrador to his credit. He is very likely the voice that says "Operator" when you pick up the phone to make a call. Peters is an Islander from way down east in Charlottetown, P. E. I., where he was engaged in fox-farming and potato growing like most of the gentry thereabouts. After discharge he hopes to return to these occupations on "Spud" Island, with chicken ranching thrown in for good measure. Peters has been on many of the EAC stations, but the grapevine reports that most of his mail is addressed to a certain person in Sydney. While here he has shown a great interest in athletics, with an especially heavy accent on bowling.



PERSONALITIES

MARWICK

If you see a tall, dark sergeant conjuring up a live pin-up girl from his hat, don't be surprised—it is our master-of-magic Sgt. Leonard who, since receiving his toy magician set at the age of ten, has built an envied reputation in the occult arts, with a library of two hundred books, several of which he has written himself. At one time he appeared with a friend of his—name of Houdini! We have all enjoyed watching excellent performances of his from time to time, but he tells us that he could present a far better show if he had all the equipment for his one thousand tricks with him. That would be some package to carry in a kit bag, so much of it has to be left at home. This is not Doc's only talent by any means; he has played in dance bands and college orchestras in many parts of the States, and can be seen thumping a bass fiddle for our own dance band. Born an American citizen, he graduated as an osteopath in Pittsville, Missouri, and in pre-service days practised in Charlottetown and Sussex.

Jack of all trades, and master of them as well, is LAC W. G. Gavaras. He originally trained as a WOG but studied WEM work on his own and that section is where you will find him on this base. Hailing from Fort William, Ont., Bill was even more versatile in civilian life—as a waiter, restaurant manager, and waiter on one of the big boats on the Great Lakes. Single—as yet! Here at Goose he holds an enviable record for the number of courses he has completed—and with flying colours—everything from bookkeeping to poultry. The latter, incidentally, is slated as a peacetime hobby. At the present time he is deep into accountancy. It need hardly be stated that Bill has no trouble in whiling away the time up here.

One of the reasons that some fellows are none too anxious to be discharged from the hospital, once they are admitted, is Nursing Sister Thora Gerow from Picton, Ontario. Shortly after the end of her training at Belleville General Hospital she enlisted in the Air Force and was stationed at Summerside. For the past seven months she has been at our hospital and it is reported that she was very surprised to find many interesting cases here, including, of all things, native confinements. One little Indian girl, named Mary, is particularly indebted to Miss Gerow who taught her to speak English during four months hospitalization with severe burns. Nursing Sister Gerow is fond of dancing and likes all games and sports, although she confesses that she doesn't consider herself an expert in any one of them. When the day for pretty hats and dresses comes once more, she plans to enter public health nursing.

A man of experience is Mr. T. G. Ling of the Department of Transport. Before starting his thirteen months on this base he saw service at Charlottetown, Moncton, and Dorval. Studying at the Johnson Radio School in Halifax, he graduated to join the British Merchant Navy for a two-year period as radio officer. While in this service he saw plenty of action and in June of '41 was torpedoed off Iceland. At that time everyone managed to get into lifeboats, but after three hours afloat, they noticed that their boat had not sunk and decided to re-board her. This they did—and sailed on to Scotland. Mr. Ling was in Liverpool and Glasgow during the blitz and can tell many interesting experiences of those days. One of the most pathetic sights he ever witnessed was the sinking of the first U. S. destroyer to go down in this war. Since their boat was in convoy, they could not stop to pick up the survivors of the ill-fated ship.





THE RHYTHM MAKERS

by Cpl Bill Hume

When war came upon the world in 1939, Canada rallied to the cause of the British Empire. At the outset, the government decided that bands would serve no special purpose, but before the first year of conflict ended, events had proven that we were confronting two enemies, namely, the Axis powers and one even more vicious—Boredom. The RCAF recognized the morale value of music and decided upon its use to combat this "second enemy."

Our present band was organized at RCAF Band Headquarters early in 1941, and under the direction of Cpl. E. Hancock, present Bandmaster, was posted to one of the largest and most important of RCAF stations—Trenton, Ontario.

Cpl. Hancock, now WO11, gained his position by virtue of his musical background which includes a professional career of some twenty years, five of which were spent with Vincent Lopez as featured trombonist. Sergeant A. Davidson, our assistant Bandmaster, before enlisting in the RCAF was Bandmaster of one of Toronto's foremost Salvation Army Bands.

The wide field of entertainment in the RCAF called for the inception of a dance band, so our present orchestra was formed. Here it might be in order to mention a few of the instrumentalists. LAC "Bill" Hill, present leader of the dance band, has had a varied career in music and has played the alto saxophone in dance bands around Kit-

chener, Brantford and Hamilton. His favourite experience is a year's stay in Boston at the Boston Conservatory of Music. While in Boston, Bill played with a coloured aggregation led by "Sabby" Lewis. On his return to Canada, he taught music in the Ontario Public Schools until enlisting. As well as playing solo clarinet, Cpl. Norm Bell does a fine job on the tenor sax, as does LAC "Johnny" Burke of Winnipeg. "Johnny" is now sometimes known as "Goose Bay's Plastic Magnate." Our other alto sax player is LAC "Al" Hoganson of Halifax. Preston, Ontario, has contributed to the dance band by producing three of its native sons who comprise the trumpet section—Roy Anderson, lead trumpet, Ray Dutchburn and Bill Mather. The trombone section boasts the only permanent force man in the band—Cpl. Jack Nixon of Ottawa. "Jack" teams up with Cpl. "Jack" Barrowman of Tisdale, Saskatchewan, to round out the section. Last, but not least, is the rhythm section which includes LAC "Jack" McBride of Winnipeg on the drums, LAC Ivan Stump, A.C.C.M., of Meaford, Ontario, at the piano, and "Pop" Garland on the bass fiddle. "Pop," incidentally, did a fine chore with Cliff McKay's Band in the West Indies. As a climax to this colourful stay at Trenton, the Band was posted to Goose Bay, and all the boys in the band will agree that we have played to no more appreciative audiences than those of this station.

Riffin' with the R.A.F.

Most notable event in the RAFTC Unit last month was a change over in Command of the Staging Post, when, upon the departure of Wing Commander P. J. Dundee, after a two years' stay at Goose Bay, Wing Commander R. J. Ralph, A.F.C., assumed the multifarious duties of Commanding Officer. Strict, though just in handling the affairs and men under his control, Wing Commander Ralph has shown himself a leader with a grand sense of humour; he possesses a large repertoire of amusing stories and is no mean performer on the "ivories."



RAF are proud to have in their midst, LAC. Clifford Hewis, who is the Organist at the Station Chapel and who has proved himself a musician of high capability. "Cliff," a Bachelor of Music, and Fellow of the Royal College of Organists, is the Assistant Organist at the City of Lincoln's beautiful Norman Cathedral and Music Master of the Lincoln School.

Bouquet of the month in the RAF Unit must surely go to Sgt. Leonard Nelmes and his small staff in the Aircraft Radio Maintenance Section, who have had an exceptionally busy time recently, checking, re-checking and correcting the complicated radio equipment on the RAF and Civil aircraft passing through Goose. They have been seen dragging their weary bones back to bed at all



hours of the night, and early morning calls for them have been frequent. Seldom, however, were they heard to complain, and always maintained that cheery spirit which has brought the United Nations so very far, must and will carry them through to the victorious end.

In whatever part of the globe they might be stationed, it is not long before Englishmen get together and start punting a soccer ball around. Labrador presents no exception to this rule and soccer has provided the main stay of RAF recreation during these summer months. Members of the Canadian Army have provided, so far, the only opposition, and though RAF have usually enjoyed the better of many exchanges, Army cannot be praised too highly for their continued dogged determination and thorough sportsmanship. RAF are eager to meet an RCAF team at Soccer, but for some reason the latter seem reluctant to take up the challenge. How about it Canucks?

Depicted below in RAF soccer team are: Standing L. to R.: A. B. Quinn, B. Sharpe, W/C R. J. Ralph, T. E. Mallaban, D. Lowe, S. L. Nelmes, Cpl. J. Alexander (Team Manager) and G. E. Gardner. Kneeling L. to R.: M. Keenan, A. H. J. Sandford, A. E. Mills, H. W. Earney and F. C. Bailey.

Both Canadian and American friends on this base have noticed and remarked upon the number of new members in the RAF community, and the absence of many old faces. Since the last issue of "The Honker" two outstanding characters have departed the fold for warmer climes. "Mike" Chamberlain, who will always be remembered for his superb production "Goose Pimples of 1945," performed here last January, is now in the Bahamas, and Ronald Hughes, first Staff Cartoonist of "The Honker," is attempting to keep his paint brushes cool in Brazil. "Jock" Baillie, "Nobby" Clarke, the incomparable Douglas-Hamilton, and the hesitant Frank Bennett are all doing duty elsewhere in the American continent.



"GOOSE GRINS"

Here is a story about our dubious friends, the Goose Bay Mosquitoes.

One of the boys was lying on his bunk attempting to sleep after a graveyard shift when he overheard two mosquitoes talking to each other. The conversation went something like this:

"Say, Susie, shall we eat this fellow here or carry him outside and finish him off?"

"Oh, let's eat him here," replied Maisie. "If we take him outside the big ones will get him."

Flight Sergeant of the Mess: "Hey, men, go easy on the meat. Those knives aren't expendable."

Corporal: "Here, sir, taste this."

Orderly Officer: "What's wrong? That's good soup."

Corporal: "But the cook claims it's coffee, sir."

"She swears she has never been kissed."

"Maybe that's why she swears."

Country Girl: "Paw's the best rifle shot in this country."

City Slicker: "And what does that make me?"

Country Girl: "My fiancee."

"But, Sir, you wouldn't call me a deserter if you knew my Sergeant—I'm a refugee."

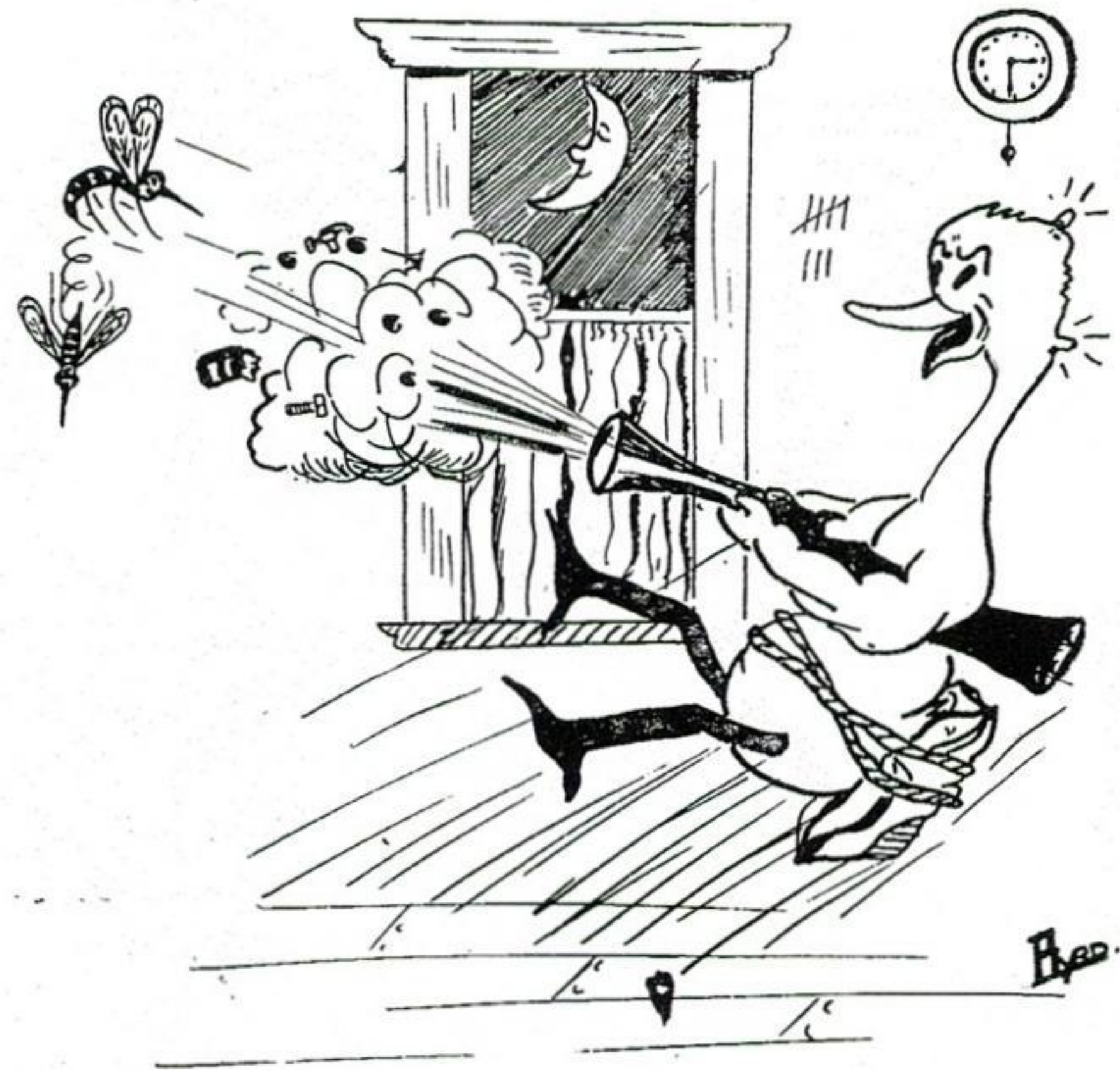
Padre: "Rumour hath it that you have become engaged to one of the local girls, one at Mud Lake, and another at North West River. How can you do such a thing?"

LAC: Well, sir, it's this way. I have a bike."

Mrs. O'Grady went into a photographer's and said: "I have here a photograph of my late departed husband. I'd like to get an enlargement made. But do you think you can remove that awful straw hat he has on?"

The photographer said: "Did your husband part his hair on the left or right side?"

Mrs. O'Grady replied: "I don't remember, but when you take off the hat you can see for yourself."



Heard after an all-night poker game:

"Gez I better go down and see the Personnel Counsellor about this Rehabilitation Grant."

I've just had the most terrible shock! Coming back from the mess I looked in my bunk—and I wasn't there."

"That bruiser of a sergeant isn't so awfully tough as he's supposed to be."

"No? How's that?"

"When I fell down, he wiped his feet before he stepped on my face."

"Halt!" yelled the Sergeant-Major to a squad of airmen. But one of them marched on.

"Here, Busby, what were you doing before you joined the Air Force?"

"I was a driver of horses, Sir," replied the airman.

When the flight was marching again, the Sergeant-Major called: "Squad, halt! Busby, whoa!"

Itch the truth—the mosquito usually comes in with a sting as a preyer.

RIONS!

Mademoiselle Joséphine est jolie, gracieuse mais mince comme une feuille de papier.

Pauvre Elle! disait une de ses amies. Elle n'en a pas pour longtemps . . . Elle a la poitrine prise.

"Alors un monsieur: C'est donc celà, que je ne lui en ai jamais vue!"

Dans un cinéma un jeune homme s'aperçoit qu'il est assis voisin d'une jolie jeune fille.

Sans tarder il pose sa main sur le genou de sa voisine.

Soudain la voix de la demoiselle se fait entendre:

Monsieur, je vous préviens que si dans dix minutes vous n'avez pas retiré votre main, je vous rife

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FLYING CONTROL



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SNAPSHOT
ALBUM



FIREHALL LADS



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