

NOVEMBER 1955

# The GOSLING



RCAF STATION, GOOSE BAY

---- THE G O S L I N G ----

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Group Captain E.M. Mitchell, D.F.C., C.D.,  
Commanding Officer, R.C.A.F. Station,  
Goose Bay, Labrador.

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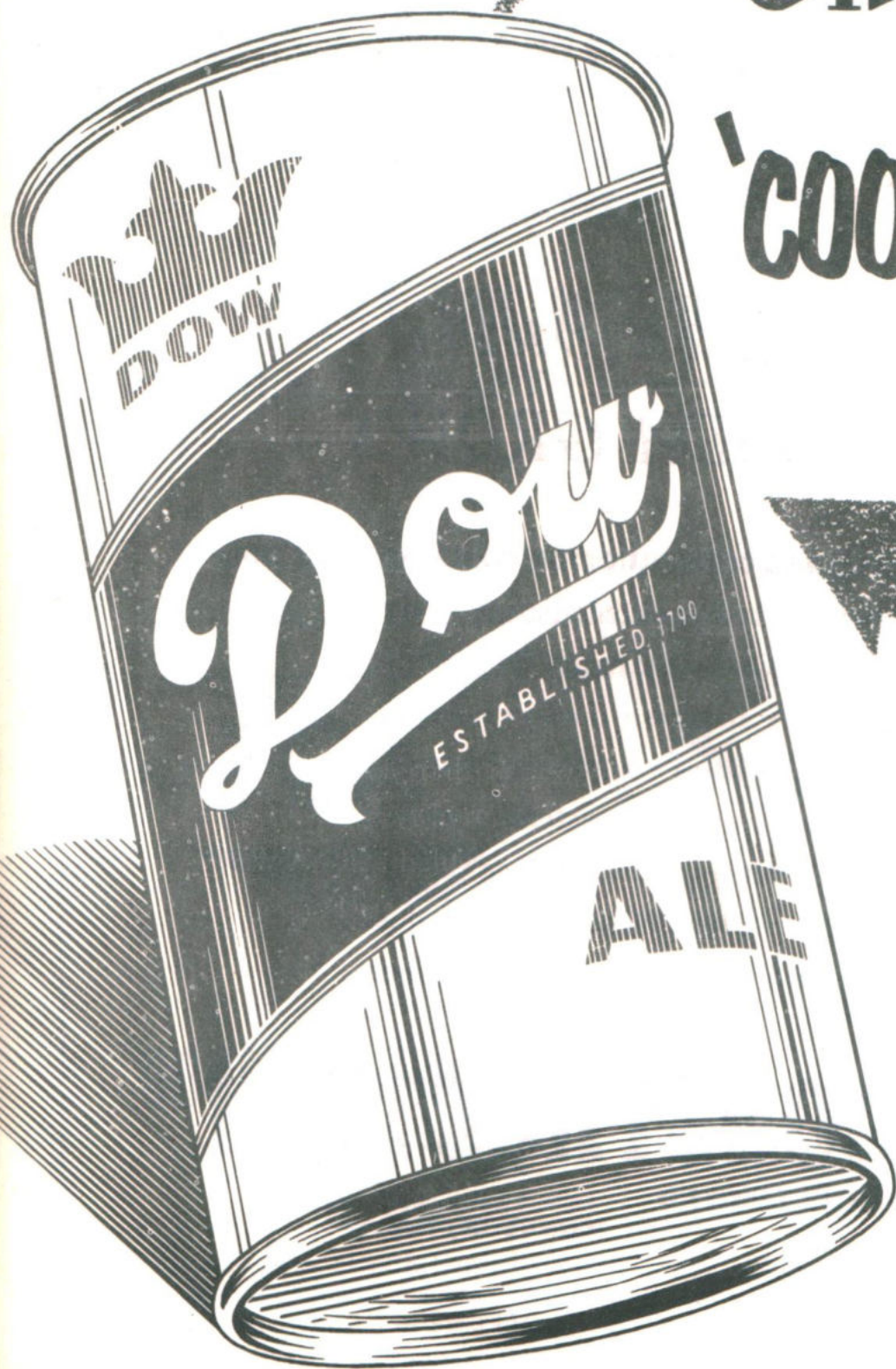
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Cover Picture.....

Two Eskimo kids fishing.

Only Dow  
is  
'COOL CONTROL'  
BREWED





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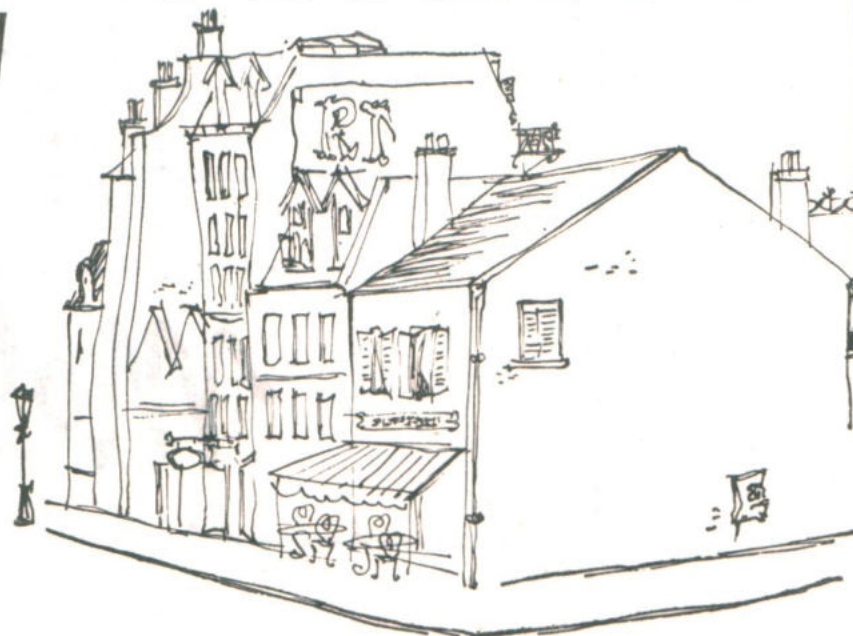
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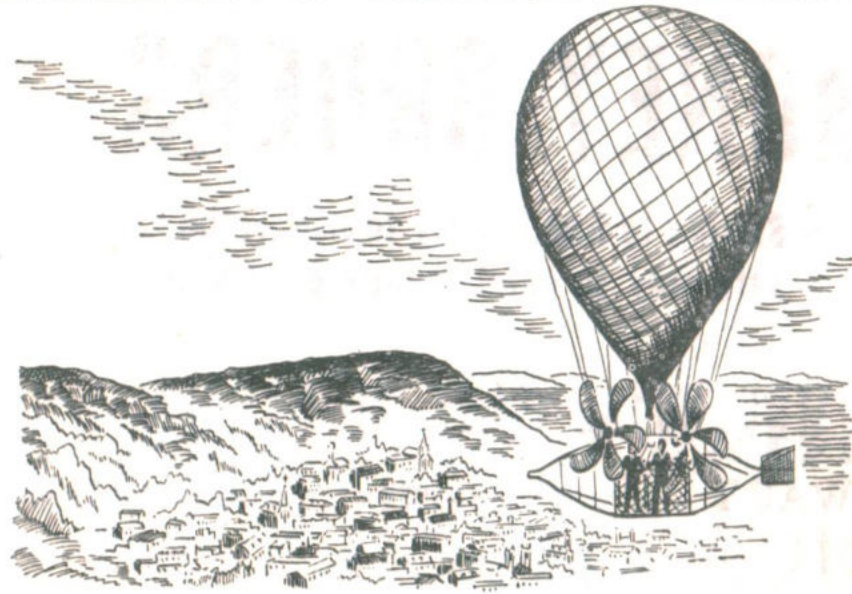
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# MOLSON'S REMEMBERS...



## FIRST FLIGHT IN CANADA . . . 1879

*Molson's was 93 years old when Charles Page built a dirigible at Montreal, filled it with coal gas, and by means of a small engine flew it over 40 miles from the city, June 21, 1879.*



## FIRST AEROPLANE FLIGHT IN THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH . . . 1909

*J. A. D. McCurdy, then a young engineer, flew his "Silver Dart" biplane three-quarters of a mile, rising 40 feet above the ice at Baddeck, N.S., Feb. 23, 1909.*

**Molson's**  
ESTABLISHED 1786

# Editorial

Once again we take our readers to "somewhere different". This time we are visiting RCAF Station Frobisher Bay.

The research for this particular feature has proved most interesting, but not a little difficult. However, with the help of the Manager of the Frobisher Bay Hudson's Bay post, several encyclopaedia, history books and some assumptions, the facts have been laid bare. We hope you enjoy reading it as much as we have writing it for you.

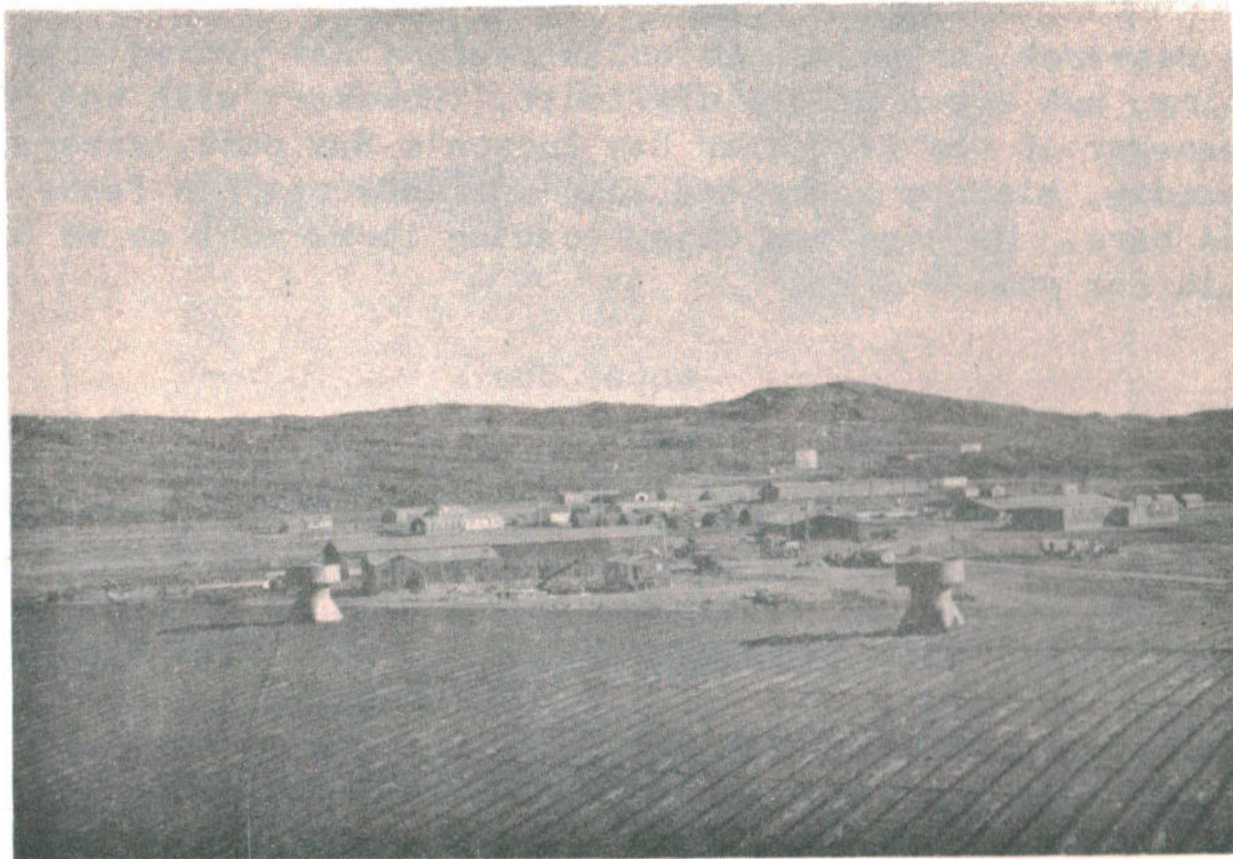
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It was originally intended to make the "Editorial" the media for discussing current affairs. Several times it has been tried. We have finally given up all hope of either catching up with what goes on in the world, or, alternately (and this is particularly true recently) of "what goes on" catching up with "The Gosling"!

Which of course brings us to the point. As you are all aware, supplies for such a project as the station magazine must be purchased outside Goose Bay. Furthermore, owing to the nature of the material used, such as inks, paper, master-sheets and such, they cannot be stored for any time without deteriorating. Delays occur in obtaining stock, despite ordering long in advance, and we must apologize once again for the time taken to produce the last issue. It's not us folks- it's them! But please, don't write to your M.P. about it, he's having his troubles too!

# LIFE WITH THE ESKIMOS AT FROBISHER BAY.

By F/O. G. D. READ.



The RCAF/USAF Station-Area As Seen From The Tower

For those of you who have no idea of where Frobisher Bay lies in relation to Goose, let us try to give you a picture. If you follow the Labrador Coast far enough to the North, then jump straight across the water (still going in the same direction) you will land on Resolution Island.

Resolution Island is part of the group known as Baffin Land, which is composed of numerous large Islands running in a roughly north-south direction. To the south, this land is divided by a body of water known as Frobisher Bay, and RCAF Station Frobisher Bay lies at the extreme north end of this stretch of water.

Flying into Frobisher, you can look down on the Grinnell Glacier, situated about sixty miles south of the station. This gives an idea



Looking Over The Bay To The South

of how cold the weather can be there. However, contrary to popular belief, Frobisher Bay is not in the Arctic Circle, which lies about one hundred miles further north.

To group together the important dates in the history of Frobisher let us look at the following:

- 1576-77-78 -- Frobisher discovers bay, engages in mining and attempts to set up colony near its entrance.
- 1861 -- Charles Francis Hall, American explorer, makes first survey of bay.
- 1914 -- Hudson's Bay Company establishes first Frobisher Bay post near entrance to bay.
- World War II--U.S.-Canada Air base is built and forms basis of present Frobisher Bay settlement and location of H.B.C. post.

Frobisher Bay settlement, the biggest U.S.-Canada army air base in the region of the Canadian Arctic, was established during the Second World War. The Bay itself has been known to white men since the Elizabethan age, when it was the scene of the first mining

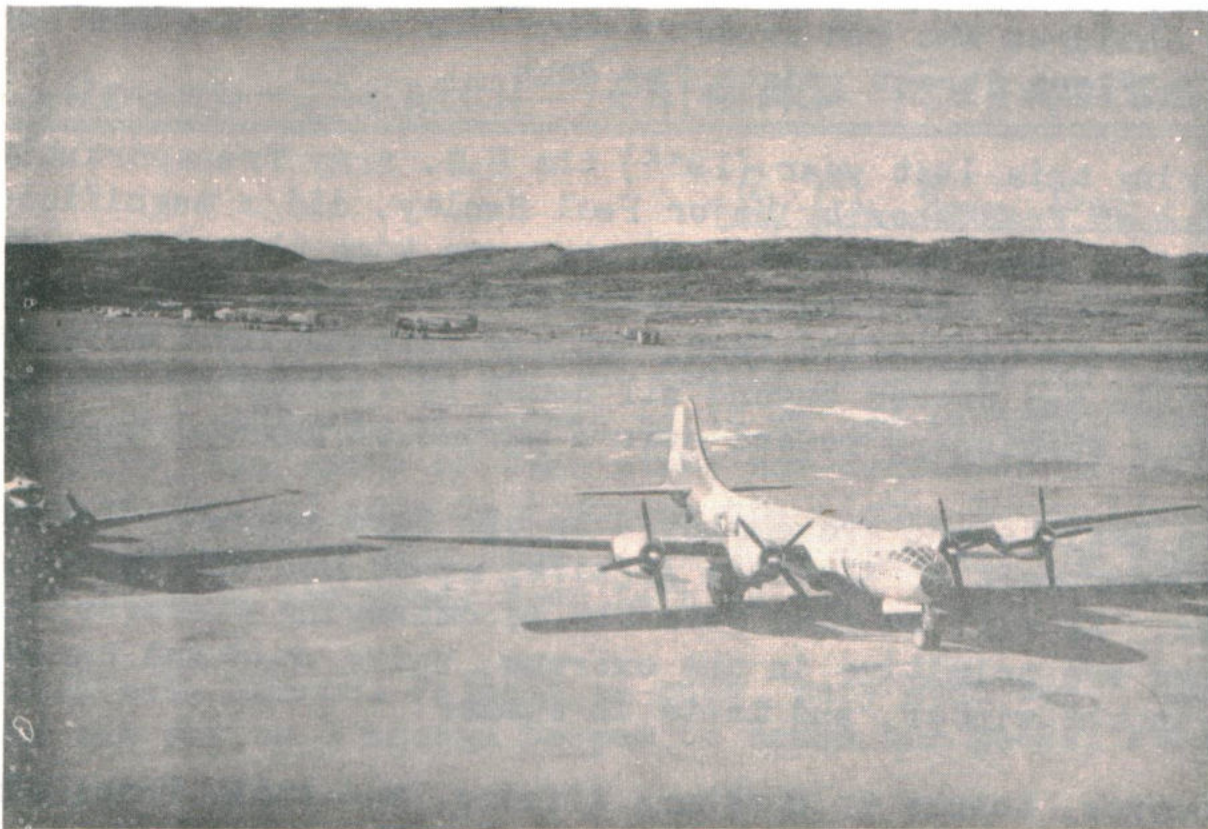


F/O Read And Lac (now Cpl) J. Murray In The Control Tower

venture on Canadian soil, and the first British attempt to establish a colony in North America. Nineteenth century whalers later worked its waters, and in the early twentieth century the Hudson's Bay Co. began trading for furs along its shores.

The two great projects of the Elizabethan age were sponsored by Queen Elizabeth and directed by Sir Martin Frobisher, one of her leading navigators. Both failed. They were launched as a result of Frobisher's discovery of the Bay in 1576 when he was convinced that it was a strait leading from the Atlantic to the Pacific -- in fact, the famous North-West Passage to the Orient. He sailed about three-quarters of the way down its waters and never discovered that it was a bay. He named it, according to one of his chroniclers, "after his name Frobishers Streytes."

This was the first of three Frobisher expeditions into the bay. It initiated British trading with the Frobisher Bay Eskimos who brought seal and bear skins to the English ship and "received belles, loking glasses and other toyes in recompence." Determined to bring an Eskimo back to England as a "token" of his visit, Frobisher lured one to the ship with the promise of a bell, the trinket the Eskimos liked best. The man was so angry at being captured that he bit his



Aircraft In The Parking Area, And Rocks, Rocks, Rocks!

tongue in twayne." He died in England of a cold caught at sea.

Another token of the voyage was a piece of black rock which, improperly assayed in England, was held to contain gold. This launched a mining venture subsidized by the Queen and led by Frobisher the next year, but the ore brought back to England "upon trial made...proved no better than black lead, and verified the proverb. All is not gold that shineth." In an attempt to capture more Eskimos as hostages for five sailors who disappeared on a trip ashore, Frobisher got "hurt...in the Buttocks with an arrow." Three were captured but they also died of colds shortly after reaching England. The missing sailors were never found.

Despite the proven valuelessness of the so-called ore, Frobisher returned a third year to load his ships with more, and to establish a colony of one hundred men on an island near the entrance to the bay. This must have been Resolution Island. Thirty were "miners for gathering golde Ore." The colony was never launched, since part of its pre-fabricated fort went down at sea in a ship struck by ice. Two thousand tons of the worthless rock were brought back to England and were eventually used for mending highways and for ships' ballast.

The unhappiest victim of the venture was a London merchant with fifteen children who had staked everything on its success and was shut up in Fleet Street prison for debt.

During this last year (1955) the U.S. Army Transportation Corps, commanded at Frobisher by Major Paul Hanley, did a magnificent job of unloading supplies there. At the same time they did a little research, one of the findings being that the tide does not reach a height of only fifty-five feet, but the astonishing figure of  $67\frac{1}{2}$  feet. This was proven beyond all doubt by fathometer readings taken on a stationery vessel over a period of several weeks.

The Eskimos who are employed on the Base are all "looked after" by the Department of Northern Affairs, under Mr. Wilkinson and Mr. Hatfield. As will be seen from the accompanying pictures, their dwellings are primitive in the extreme, being wood and tar-paper shacks in the winter, and tents in summer.

However, thanks to Northern Affairs, and their Frobisher Bay staff, a model village is being built for the Eskimos near the Hudson's Bay site. This should prove to be an ideal location, being sheltered on three sides by mountains, and open to the sea on the fourth. To date no less than seven houses, a power-house, school, garage, and hospital are complete. Next year more houses will be built.

To see these little cottages is like looking into a fairy-tale village. The houses are painted bright colours, and are neatly laid out. All modern conveniences are available-except flush toilets - and anyone who complains must have holes in their head! It is the ultimate aim to set up a complete community there, even down to some kind of light industry - but that will not be for many years to come.

They even began the colossal task of building a road from the new village site to the RCAF Station, but found it too much for their limited mechanical contrivances. The main factor being that the perma-frost, (at least never more than two feet below the surface) was so embedded with huge boulders- the result of glacial deposit, probably during the Ice Age, - that the bulldozer repeatedly ran into difficulties. Then, after removing the top, unfrozen soil, the soil below began to melt, leaving a sticky mess in which vehicles and men floundered a mile to the road-head each day. At the end of one mile they gave up. Maybe next year they will have more help.

(To be continued)

# A GROUND-SEARCH TRAINING EXERCISE (CONT'D)

By CAPT. JOHN DEE. A.F.P.

TUESDAY 20 SEP 55

0645 Our aching backs! We had cut boughs yesterday for our mattresses, and although it seemed as if we had stripped every tree in the country, the agony of last night has convinced us differently. About three inches of snow fell during the night, looks like this trip is starting off really fine. I'm sure that all the romantic notions of life in the woods have left us all.

0800 Breakfast. Marcel Pelchat as cook, very good too. Cleaned up camp site and put up a second teepee to house our packs, rations and extra gear.

1000 Both camps under Pat MacKenzie practice taking compass bearings.

1030 A trail-blazing and simulated search exercise, using the tally system and sweep search. None of us managed to get lost and I think Pat is amazed no end.

1200 Lunch.

1300 Managed to drag our weary bodies over to the site of camp one. Here Pat had us construct a brush lean-to, a nine pole teepee and a stretcher. He also showed us how to make tea using the leaves of a bush which is abundant in Labrador. A nine pole teepee looks exactly like an Indian Wigwam and the beauty of it is being able to have a fire going inside. Small dry twigs are used and for the first two and a half minutes it's real southern comfort. But, the smoke which is supposed to leave through a hole in the top (as seen in all western movies) doesn't. It gets lower and lower until the inmates still enjoying this home away from home are grovelling on the ground gasping for air. We came to the conclusion that the dusky coloring of the American Indian isn't tan, they're smoked!

1700 Dinner: Stew, bread, jam and coffee. No sugar was put in our rations, the offender, whoever he is, is roundly cursed at every meal.

1800 Stand down.

2030 Turned in. Weather is still very bad. Heavy wind and snow.

WEDNESDAY 21 SEP 55

0700 We face the prospect of a cold wet day. The wind is very strong with wet snow. Lighting the fire was a problem. Jack Shultz as cook.

0800 Breakfast. We have some beautifully colored eggs, the predominant shade is green, someone is beating the Air Force.

0900 Camp clean-up. Unable to dry sleeping bags.

1000 It does not seem possible that the Otter will get in today. The visibility is almost nil.

1200 Spent the last two hours gathering wood, I think we will need all we can get. Light lunch! Sandwiches and coffee.

1700 Worked on our individual projects. These projects include paddles, bows and arrows, snow glasses, spears, in fact any useful article that can be used by an individual who only has an axe and knife to keep himself alive.

1730 Dinner; Balance of yesterday's stew. Pat MacKenzie checked camp for sickness. All is well.

1800 Built up fire, braced all tents and turned in. The morale is exceptionally high despite the weather.

THURSDAY 22 SEP 55

0800 Still snowing. Spent a comfortable night. J. Dee as cook.

0830 Breakfast. Jack mentioned I should stick to being a meat-head. Cooking just wasn't my vocation.

0900 Camp clean-up. If the weather doesn't break the Otter won't be in today either.

1000 Worked on projects.

1030 Range practice under Pat's watchful eye. We all fired the .22 Hornet and .12 gauge shot-gun.

1200 Lunch. The fellows have made me promise that after today I won't cook.

1700 The weather is breaking. Spent the afternoon piling up wood, working on projects, and drying all our equipment. Practiced trail-blazing using compass.

1730 Dinner. This cooking is the lowest.

1830 Skies are clear. Pat visits camp to see how we are. No complaints and morale is still high.

1900 Cleaned up camp area.

2000 Turned in. The discussion tonite which usually is about women has graduated to clean clothes and a hot shower. Ah, the fickle male!

#### FRIDAY 23 SEP 55

0530 No wind and the skies are clear, the fire for the first time remained alight all night.

0615 Breakfast. Terry Chenier is cook today. Anything will be better than yesterday.

0730 Preparing signal fires. That elusive aircraft should be in today.

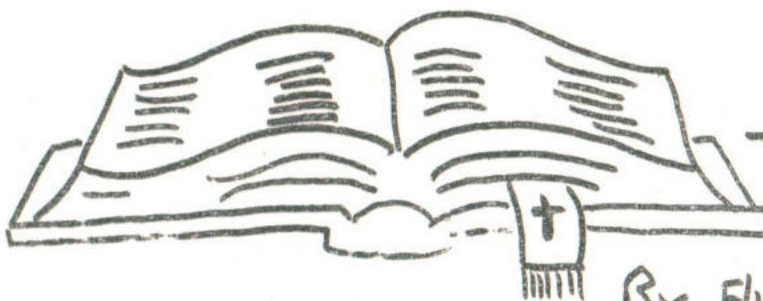
1130 Otter sighted, signal fires and orange flare lighted. Three fires placed in a triangle is the international ground to air distress signal. We then carried out a mock evacuation of an injured member. Diagnosed the injuries as a compound fracture of right femur and broken wrist, and using the stretcher previously constructed on Tuesday we carried the "patient" a ghastly, slippery mile to the main cabin. On an evacuation of this sort four men carry the stretcher while other members of the party clear a trail with their axes. The prospect of having to carry more than a mile made us wince. The carry was a success, the "patient" commented that he was perfectly comfortable during the trip.

1230 The Otter has taken off and will return this afternoon. F/L Emery, the pilot reported that our signal fires were so well prepared and looked so authentic that he was convinced that we actually did have an emergency at the camp.

1300 Lunch.

(To be continued)

PADRE'S -



- PAGE

By F/LT. J. H. McAVANY

IN TUNE WITH GOD

R.L. Middleton, in his little book of meditations entitled "Take Time" tells of receiving a monthly letter from his automobile firm regarding repairs to his new car. The letter suggested that "even a Stradivarius needs tuning"; that for a top performance his car must be periodically tuned.

A broadcasting station a few years ago received an unusual request from a western shepherd who lived on a lonely ranch. The request was simple, - that the radio station should strike the note "A" on a broadcast so that the old man might tune his fiddle to it. The request was granted gladly, and a letter of appreciation arrived from the shepherd a few days later saying, "Now I am in tune again."

In many ways our world is out of tune today. Nation out of tune with nation, neighbors out of tune with neighbors, man out of tune with fellow man. Can it be that the sharply discordant notes that sound forth in international affairs, in the national field, in the community, yes and in the family, come as a result of our being out of tune with God?

A master mechanic can adjust and tune a car motor until it hums and purrs like a kitten; a master musician can tune and play the oldest fiddle to thrill the souls of his listeners. It makes a difference in the hands of a master. What a difference can be made when our lives are placed in the hands of the Master of men, Jesus Christ, He can take the life we have to offer, adjust it and tune it to God's purpose until it sings the praise of the Most High, and serves the need of all who call.

"Take my love; my Lord, I pour  
At thy feet its treasure-store.  
Take myself, and I will be  
Ever, only, all for Thee".

-Frances Ridley Havergal.

# PROTESTANT CHAPEL GUILD.

BY JANET ANDERSON

F/L McAvany opened the Annual Fall Bazaar of the Protestant Chapel Guild on Saturday November 5th. The various tables of knitting, sewing, dolls' clothing and carriage covers, cards, jewellery and flowers, novelties, plants and home baking were gaily decorated in harmonizing color schemes.

Tea was served in the music room. The tea-table was centered with yellow and bronze crysanthemums and pale green tapers in silver candlesticks. Pouring tea were; Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. McAvany, Mrs. Coallier and Mrs. Grant.

The members of the Guild wish to thank all of the Protestant ladies who so generously donated articles for sale, especially for the Bake Table.

After all expenses were paid we cleared \$458.10 towards our "Operation Christmas Drop" for the Missions along the Labrador Coast. This will take place early in December.

The semi-annual election of Officers for the new term was conducted at the November 28th meeting. The new Officers are:-

Honorary President	- Mrs. McAvany	Past President	- Mrs. Parry
President	- Mrs. Fawcett	Vice-President	- Mrs. Cameron
Secretary	- Mrs. Clements	Treasurer	- Mrs. Fairweather
Executive Committee	- Mrs. Cockburn, Mrs. Colborne, Mrs. Hammond, Mrs. Horner and Mrs. McCormick.		

The retiring Executive wish them success with their work and hope they receive the same splendid co-operation from the members as we did during the past six months.

It has been decided to discontinue the baby-sitting service on Sunday mornings at the church, except on special occasions. Although this was in operation for eight weeks, so few families took advantage of it that it hardly seemed worth while to continue. If the need arises in the future it will probably be re-instated.

To all of you we wish a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

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# — Craft Corner —

By Cpl. R. MORRISON.

For last minute shopping, why not stop into the Hobby Shop, particularly if you have forgotten someone or something which always seems to happen every year? In the Dinky-Toy line we have Aircraft, Tractor-complete-with-hay-rack, and Racing cars. We also have different sizes of Meccano Sets suitable for all ages. In Plastic Models we have a wide assortment of both Fighter and Bomber Aircraft and also model ships, both modern vessels and ancient. In Plastic automobiles we have a very good choice of Highway Pioneers and even the 55 models. By the way, the old Pioneers would look nice on the partition separating the living-room and kitchen in the small Steelex.

For the Balsa wood Hobbyist there are boats, aircraft, and car models to choose from. The flying-model choice in free and controlled flight is exceptional.

Oh yes, something new has been added to the Hobby Shop. There is now a room, the centre room to be exact, which has been re-decorated in the latest and most relaxing colours (we think), for those Hobbyists who want to work on their different hobbies such as leathercraft, rug-making, model-building or what have you. Please feel most welcome to come in and use this room.

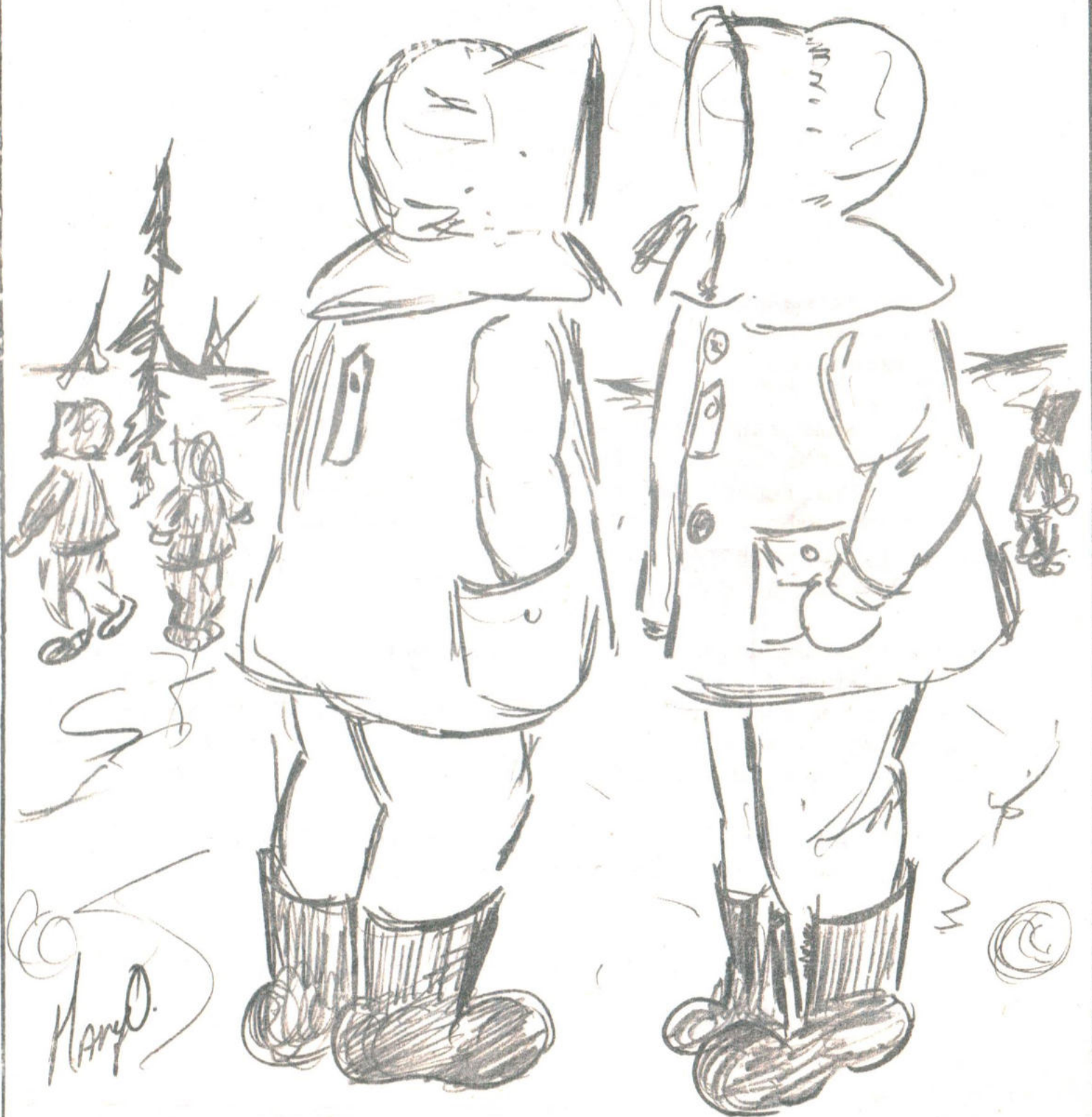
Got a film to develop? If so come and process it yourself. If you don't know how we will be mighty glad to show you. Also, if you want to make prints, which is actually the hardest part of photo work, we will help there also. This also applies to leathercraft and wood-working, and we will also start you off on a rug.

That is our invitation folks so come and see us, even if you just want to have a look and shoot the breeze.

PS

If you want something and we haven't got it we will order it for you.

"These winter clothes are warm alright,  
but how can you tell who rates a salute,  
a snowball fight or a wolf whistle??"



# TEENAGE TALK —

By MARIANNE WALSH.

Spooks and goblins danced and pranced in the gym October 28th. Our Hallowe'en dance was in full swing. An eerie ghostly effect was produced by the decorations of many willing hands. Among those present were Mr. Montrose, several parents and a few teachers.

On November 4th, the gym was filled with athletes attempting to match their prowess at many games - basketball, badminton, ping-pong and wrestling. Cokes were served at intervals. Among the spectators were Miss Stevenson, Miss Mullens, Mr. Dwyer and Mr. MacPherson.

November 11th, the Sock-Hop was enjoyed by all. Ravenous teen-agers consumed unheard of quantities of food while making the rafters quickly to the strings of bee-bops. The evening proved a great success.

The teen-agers met at their party-shack on the base on Nov. 19th for a showing of a movie by Mr. Arnett. Later they returned to the school for a short dance and light refreshments, gaily chaperoned by Mr. & Mrs. Arnett, Mrs. Kennedy, Sgt. Sutherland. Carols were sung while the sleigh carried us to High River Boat Club and back on December 2nd. The ride was followed by a short dance at the school, chaperoned by Miss Mullens. Refreshments included hot cocoa, cakes and cookies.

The last few weeks have passed quickly and smoothly due to the work of many. We take this opportunity to thank those who are making the running of our Teen-Town a success.

V-V-V-V-V-V-V-V-V-V-V-V

Boys will be boys, but girls these days are running them a clothes second.

V-V-V-V-V-V-V-V-V-V-V-V



# A Christmas Folk Song

The Little Jesus came to town;  
The wind blew up, the wind blew down;  
Out in the street the wind was bold;  
Now who would house him from the cold?



Up rose the Sheep were folded near;  
"Thou Lamb of God, come, enter here."  
He entered there to rush and reed,  
Who was the Lamb of God indeed.



Then opened wide a stable door,  
Fair were the rushes on the floor;  
The Ox put forth a horned head;  
"Come, little Lord, here make Thy bed."



The little Jesus came to town;  
With ox and sheep He laid Him down;  
Peace to the byre, peace to the fold,  
For that they housed him from the cold!

-Linette Woodworth Reese.





AFTER YOU, MARCO POLO

by Jean Bowie Shor

This is the story of a fabulous trip.

Franc and Jean Shor, a young American couple, set out in the mid-twentieth century to follow the seven-century-old trail of Marco Polo from Venice to Peiping. Polo's route lies in a no-man's land along the boundaries of Turkey, Iran, Russian, Afghanistan, Pakistan and China. Only a handful of Westerners have ever crossed these high passes and unexplored valleys since Polo's time. Border skirmishes are frequent, strangers are automatically assumed to be enemies.

The Shors' adventures matched in fascination and variety those of Marco Polo. They picnicked with the Shah of Iran. The King of Afghanistan personally gave them permission to cross the forbidden and forbidding Wakhan Corridor. They trekked across the Godi Desert where they found Genghis Khan's grave. They crossed deserts and mountain ranges, were entertained by the great and the savage.

Jean was kidnapped by the Chinese Communists. Franc contracted a deadly fever in the snowbound High Pamirs. One of their "trusted" guides turned out to be a bandit and murderer.

They drove off wolves at night with flash bulbs; they slept in their clothes during sand and snowstorms; they travelled by ancient bus, horse, yak, and on foot. Ultimately tribal warfare blocked their route across the high passes of the Wakhan Corridor in wildest Afghanistan. Unable to cross the Chinese border, ill and hungry, they literally staggered into the fabled peace and beauty of the Hunza Valley, the Shangri-la of northern Pakistan.

This is a story written with humor, warmth, and sensitivity, of these exotic lands and strange peoples. It is a stirring adventure and a superior travelogue crammed with vivid detail and dramatic contrasts.



"Well all I can say is -- if I got a whole box of soap flakes for that lit' word -- what would you do if I told you the pip I have in mind now?"

# WITH THE CIVILIANS

By 'BERT' TEED

"By Ned, the snow sure was late this year!" - as Ned Foley would say. But here it is and we will have to make the best of it. At least it's white and clean!

The past month has seen the usual change of faces. Would it surprise you to know, that in the first 10 months of this year some 232 civilians were struck off strength? In most cases it meant a like number being taken on, so you can see why there are so many strangers at your table. Have you ever thought about how much work there is to documenting this number of people? On the day they come in they are checked in the CPO's Office. This includes the making out of Income Tax forms and checking on Unemployment Insurance. Then they are given a slip and have to report to the various sections on the station. At the A.F. Police they are questioned and finger-printed, and on Monday each week new employees go to the Hospital for a Medical. Besides the places named they report to the S.W.O. for accommodation and bedding, and to pick up their meal cards. Then, when they leave they must be cleared by the various sections before they get a clearance certificate and flight authority, after which they must check their baggage through Canadian Customs. If they go out to the coast in small boats, they don't need a flight authority or to report to Customs. It's surprising how many do, too!

Did you know we had a horse here for a couple of days? Horses have never been very common in this area. When the Lumber Company from Halifax was here years ago we are told they had horses and cows. Part of the old stable can be seen on the Goose River just above Groves Point, and the last horse was owned by the Grenfell Mission at North West River, but was disposed of some 5-7 years ago. Until the one flew in by P.A.A. the other day, en-route to Ireland, we had not seen a horse in this area for quite some time. And it wasn't Pegasus!

We see a new entrance to the Airmen's Mess, which will provide wash rooms and a place to hang clothing. In the past people have lost articles of clothing when left in Lounges or Mess halls, and it was for this reason that many failed to remove their flight-boots or overshoes, even though regulations required it. It is to be hoped that with the new place and a little care, there will be no more losses. Most of it has been taken in error, but proper marking and time will prevent loss, which causes extra work for the Police Department.

FOR THE WHOLE  
FAMILY ~  
SHOP AT THE  
"BABY"

FOR  
THE BEST IN  
SEASONABLE  
ATTIRE!

Quason's Bay Company  
INCORPORATED 2<sup>ND</sup> MAY 1970

# RECREATION

By F. O. GEARY

The most popular Winter activity on "The Goose" last year was CURLING. Our ice was by no means regulation size but all members of the Curling Club really enjoyed themselves. Last year we had an active membership of over 160 curlers; this year we anticipate over 200. Our ice will be down in the dock-area and we have four sheets of regulation size.

Curling got its start at Goose last year and at least 75% of the club members were curling for the first time. For the benefit of beginners who are planning to curl this year there follows a brief description of what the game is all about.

Curling originated in Scotland and was played on open air rinks. It is still played outside in Western Canada but the great majority of curling is done on indoor rinks. It is a game in which one can be active from the ages of 14 to 90 and is fast becoming the most popular winter sport in Canada. It is principally a social game with definite rules of etiquette, but during Bonspiels the competitive spirit and the will to win runs as high as in baseball or hockey.

A team, (termed "rink") consists of four players - (1) lead or 1st stone, (2) 2nd stone (3) mate or vice-skip (4) skip, who is the captain and master-mind of the rink. To understand how the game is played a few terms should be explained.

HACK: the foot hold from which one delivers the stone.

STONE or ROCK: made of granite about 40 lbs. in weight with colored handle.

HOUSE: a circle 12 feet in diameter with colored circles similar to a target.

HOG LINE: a line across the ice approximately 15 ft. in front of each house.

IN TURN; on releasing the rock a right handed player imparts a clockwise spin to it. This causes the rock to curve or curl to the right thus giving the game its name.

OUT TURN; on release the stone is given an anti-clockwise spin causing it to curl to the left. The ice is purposely made rough by "pebbling" so the rock has traction on it.

END; the completion of one round, or when all rocks have been delivered and the score tallied. Eight, ten or twelve ends make a game.

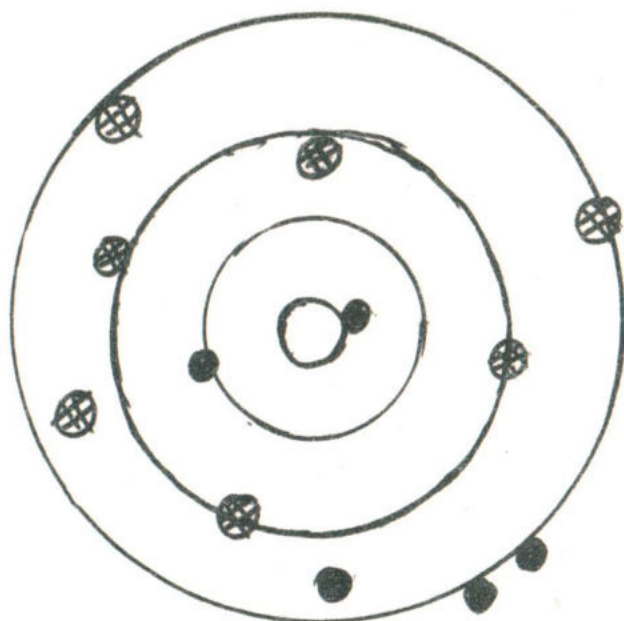
Now we are ready to start a game. The two mates toss a coin to decide which team throws the first rock. The loser chooses the color rocks he will use. Our rocks are red for one team blue for the other. The two skips go to the opposite end of the rink; the 2nd's and mates stand at the sides of the ice ready to sweep their team's mate's rock on the skip's instruction, and "blue" lead prepares to deliver his first rock. "Blue" skip places his broom on the ice and signals for an out turn or in turn depending on where he wants the rock to go.

The lead aims his rock at his skip's broom giving it the turn the skip signals for. The rock is taken out of play if it does not reach the Hog Line, if it passes right through the House, or if it hits the side of the rink. After "blue" lead delivers his rock, "red" lead prepares to do the same. Each man on the rink delivers two rocks, alternating with his opponent. The lead is followed by the 2nd then the mate and the last two rocks are curled by the skip. The mate is in the house directing the play while the skip is delivering his rock.

The main idea of the game is to get as many rocks as possible nearer the "bull's eye" of the House than your opponents. This is done by curling your rocks in behind others which act as guards (a draw game) or by keeping the other team from scoring by knocking their rocks out of the house (knock out). One rink only scores at the completion of each end ice.

SCORE; Blue 2. Red 0. The number of rocks of similar color closest to the centre count. Reds have more rocks in the house but blue count because they are closest to the "button".

(SEE DIAGRAM ON PAGE 30)



● - BLUE  
 ⊗ - RED.

Each player has a broom and when the skip yells "sweep" you sweep your own team's rocks only, when the opponents are delivering their rocks you are an interested by-stander. Why do you sweep? A well swept rock will go about 10 feet farther than if it isn't swept.

#### A few rules of etiquette:

1) The player acting as skip is the only one allowed in the House during play. Players sweeping the rock up the ice must stop before they get to the House.

2) At the completion of an end the two mates decide the score and are the only players allowed in the House. The skips should be walking to the opposite end of the ice ready to direct the next "end". When the score has been decided by the mates the lead and 2nd clear the House of rocks and align them ready for play. The winning mate places his score on the score-board.

3) The acting skip is the only one allowed to sweep an opponent's rock and then only when it has passed the centre line of the House.

4) The skip not active in directing the play should stand to the side of the House with his broom off the ice while a player is delivering his rock.

There are many finer points to the game not mentioned here but you should now have a very basic idea of how to curl. It really is a game that gets in your blood and you will never get a better chance to learn than here on "The Goose". The cost to join a normal Curling Club outside is in the vicinity of \$50.00 whereas \$5.00 will get you a membership here.

We'll see you all down at the Curling Club.

### HOCKEY

Our ice makers "Ab" Abbott and Jerry Arseneault are busy getting the rink in shape for those real ardent hockey players and skaters. The weatherman has not been too co-operative at the time of this writing but our boys will have a good sheet of ice for the winter season.

F/O Art MacKey is the Chairman of our hockey league and Cpl. Roger Neron is Secretary. It was decided at the meeting to sponsor an Inter-section league this year and the station will be divided into six sections. The Airmen and Officers were the only two Messes who could ice a team so the Inter-mess league was cancelled.

### VARIETY SHOW

All you people interested in putting on a variety show of local talent listen for announcements of meetings at the beginning of the new year. We will be needing stage hands, manager, prop men, etc., as well as performers.

How about it? It's your station, your time, and your show. Let's make it a whing-ding success! Come on all you stage-struck people, get the grease-paint out of storage and let's go!

-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-

"Hear no evil, see no evil, speak no evil," and you'll never be a success at a tea party.

-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

"RED-TAPE" LANGUAGE, AND WHAT IT REALLY MEANS.

UNDER CONSIDERATION; Never heard of it.

UNDER ACTIVE CONSIDERATION; Will have a shot at finding the file.

HAS RECEIVED CAREFUL CONSIDERATION; A period of inactivity covering time lag.

HAVE YOU ANY REMARKS; Give me some idea of what this is all about.

YOU WILL REMEMBER; You hold the bag awhile - I'm tired of it.

CONCUR GENERALLY; Gone out - don't know where he is.

IN ABEYANCE; A state of grace for a disgraceful state.

KINDLY EXPEDITE REPLY; For God's sake try to find the papers.

PASSED TO HIGHER AUTHORITY; Pigeonholded in more sumptuous office.

FOR APPROPRIATE ACTION; Do you know what to do with it? We don't.

GIVING HIM THE PICTURE; Long, confusing and inaccurate statement to a newcomer.

REFERRED TO YOUR REMARKS; An unscrupulous method of making a junior do all the work so the senior can write "forwarded".

I APPROACH THE SUBJECT WITH AN OPEN MIND; Am completely ignorant of the whole matter.

THIS WILL BE BORNE IN MIND; No further action will be taken unless you remind me.

THIS WILL BE DEALT WITH SEPARATELY; Perhaps, but with any luck you will be forgotten entirely.

CONSIDERING THE WIDER ASPECTS OF THE CASE; I have very narrow views on the subject myself.

YOU WILL REMEMBER; You have forgotten if, indeed, you ever knew.

IN DUE COURSE; Never

ALL ORDERS ISSUED BY MY PREDECESSOR ARE TO REMAIN IN FORCE; I haven't read them yet, but shall take the first opportunity of altering them when I do.

SNOWED UNDER; Only able to take one and a half hours for lunch.

AS THE CHIEF OF THE AIR STAFF IS WELL AWARE; Good Lord! We've forgotten to inform Ottawa.

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ONE

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# STORK REPORT

The Gosling is happy once again to welcome the following V.I.B.'s who checked into this wonderful world at Goose Bay via the R.C.A.F. Station Hospital:

Ian Gordon, son of Mr. & Mrs. E.L. Barclay, D.O.T. Born 2 Nov.  
David Mark, son of Cpl & Mrs. J.S. Arsenault, RCAF. Born 20 Nov.  
Donald William and Douglas Gerald, sons of Lac & Mrs. G. Roy.  
Born 27 Nov.

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Ladies Barracks, Phone 52r2.

- Avon Products - Mrs. Marg. Arnett. Phone 171r12.

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Mrs. K.D. Cunningham, 29 Woodland Crescent.

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MAGAZINES - Mail order subscriptions to all magazines. Terry Chenier,  
28 Bay Crescent, Phone 80.

HAIRDRESSING - Beauty Parlor. Hours 9 to 6. Open every Tuesday and  
Thursday nights. Closed all day Wednesday. Phone 24r1.

FASHION FROCKS - Your Fashion Frocks representative - Mrs. Bob  
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Sgt Brown TJ from Toronto  
Cpl Gallant JP from Chatham  
Lac George JM from Uplands  
Lac Gillis G. from Foymount  
LAW Shoubsall GN from St. Johns  
Lac Steels BR from Clinton  
ACI Bonenfant JR from Camp Borden  
ACI Mennie WE from Aylmer

AND GOODBYE TO....

W/C Grant N to AFHQ	Lac Clark DJ to C.A.R.O.
Sgt Hopton LF to Trenton	Lac Doucet J to Lachine
Sgt Johnstone HC to Chatham	Lac Gagnon JL to Uplands
Sgt Leonard DJ to Rockcliffe	Lac Hadley AN to Aylmer
Sgt Lewis E to Edmonton	Lac MacDonald JJ to Foymount
Sgt Newcombe DR to Lachine	Lac MacKenzie P to Nemaoc
Cpl Blais RS to Uplands	LAW Murrant AC to CARO
Cpl David JR to Lachine	ACI Caljouw WM to Calgary
Cpl Pajot AP to Edgar	ACI MacKenzie GD to Summerside
Lac Begin JP to Portage	

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A quick-thinking employee came up with a new one when his foreman said, "Hey, bud, how come you're sleeping on the job?"

"Goodness gracious," he shot back, "can't a man close his eyes for a minute of prayer?"

ooOoo

The best way to get men to circulate at a party is to put the food in one room and the pretty girls in another.

ooOoo



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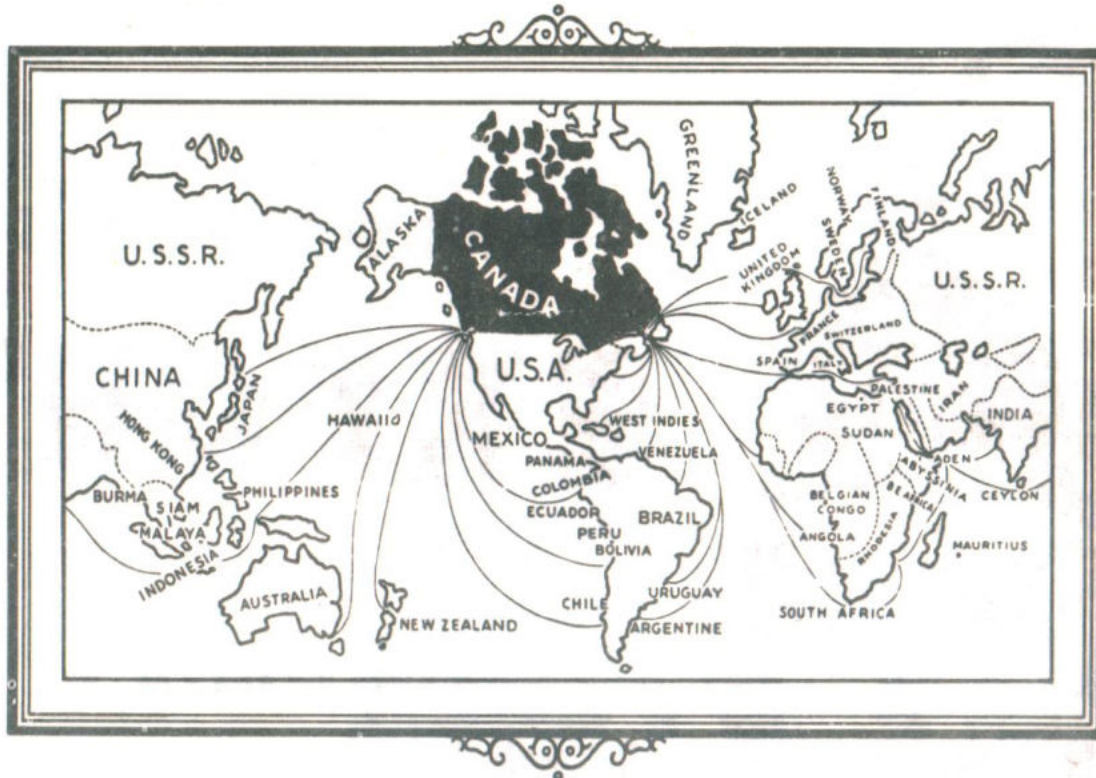
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