

# Trio Will Not Forget Isolated Island Vigil

Ottawa, Nov. 27.—Tales of a wind so strong that it was impossible to venture outdoors; of a Christmas dinner of wild duck that tasted like codfish; of yearning for fresh milk, motion pictures and an egg out of a shell, are told by three members of the Royal Canadian Air Force, now back in Canada.

For 11 months, the three, Cpl. H. D. Adam, Davidson, Sask.; LAC. W. Allard, Ottawa, and LAC. B. Gershman, Toronto, were members of an RCAF unit based on isolated Spotted Island. The island is located 250 miles northeast of Goose Bay, Labrador, and about 20 off the mainland.

On his return to Canada, Cpl. Adam said that the first thing he wanted was fresh milk and proceeded to consume two quarts during the first hour he was back in the Dominion. LAC's Allard and Gershman were primarily interested in fresh eggs and motion pictures.

### Will Never Forget

During their period of isolation the air force party spent their off-duty hours playing cards, reading and game after game of monopoly. They admit that at times things became a bit boring, but everything taken into consideration, their stay on Spotted Island was one they'll "always remember."

They told how parcels and papers sent them by their families, sometimes reached them in a week and at other times there was a five-week period between deliveries. Their mailman was an aircraft and a parachute. Other supplies were taken in with them, or arrived during summer months by sea. The summer months brought company to their small island. Fifteen families of natives took up residence for a summer fishing.

The unit's cook received the plaudits of the trio. "What that guy could do to make the most common food taste like a meal for a king was really something," said Gershman. "He could take ordinary sausages and fix them up in such a manner that they tasted like the finest steaks."

### Fishy Taste Prevails

"But he ran into an obstacle he couldn't hurdle last Christmas," said Adam. "When we failed to receive any chickens or turkeys for Christmas dinner we went hunting wild duck. We were lucky, but poor cook, the duck beat him. He used every stunt in his bag of tricks to try and get rid of the fish taste, but without success. We might just as well have sat down to a Christmas dinner of codfish, savory dressing and cranberry sauce, as those wild mallards."

This year, the boys figure they're a jump ahead of Santa Claus. Just a few days before leaving their island a shipment of turkeys was received. The day before sailing for home, they had their Christmas dinner. "That makes up for the one we missed last year," said Gershman.

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