

Appendix "A"

SOUVENIR ISSUE

No. 1

The

ADVENTURA



MAGAZINE

OF

No. 34 O. T. U.

PENNFIELD RIDGE

NEW BRUNSWICK

CANADA

Nov. 1942

Price 10c

The Adventura

Magazine of the Royal Air Force Station
Pennfield, New Brunswick

+ + +

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+ + +

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*Wish the Officers and Men of the
Air Force at Pennfield Ridge
The Merriest of Christmases and
continued success in the New Year.*



Group Captain A. C. Evans-Evans

I am very pleased to welcome officially this first issue of the Station Magazine. I think it is a good and healthy sign that the Officers and Men of this station should get together and produce a record of their activities here. It gives them a pleasant occupation in the writing of it, and gives us all some pleasure in the reading. And something more than this. In the aftertime, when we are all back at our normal occupations, it will be pleasant to remember these things; to take up this book and think back on old times. I intend keeping my copy for that purpose.

I would like to take this opportunity, too, of saying that any such activity as this, which has the good of the station as its aim, is sure of my help and encouragement. There is so much that we can do for ourselves, that we are not worth our salt if we merely wait for someone else to come along and entertain us. So let's get something done.

Before I close let me wish everybody on the Station the compliments of the season. A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you all!

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THE JEWELLERS. 41 KING STREET, SAINT JOHN



The Editorial Page

tleman that we knew you in the first burgeoning of your prowess; that your first steps faltered forth on our pages.

The great thing from our point of view is that after six months we have become articulate. There is no end now to our possibilities. If any man on this station knows anything that we don't know, then it is his duty to inform us and we will send it round the station. If any man on this station has felt the wings of poesy touch his face, let him report to us, and we will take down his fine frenzy and bequeath it as a rich legacy to all who can read on this station. To any artist at all, any decorator (except one) who hopes one day to adorn some bridge with all his own work, we afford better canvas than any fuselage can provide. And if all these people were to come to us with their little masterpieces in their hands, we would give them their first ticket for the ride down the centuries. It won't take them far, maybe, but it will get them started.

What we have been saying here is, that this magazine belongs to you, that it is yours to foster or forget, that if the next issue isn't always better than the last, then you are losing your grip.

Finally, we would thank those who have made contributions to this present issue, and to those whose contributions have been held over through lack of space we would give assurance that their assistance is greatly appreciated, and we trust that they will continue to support our future issues.

A Merry Christmas to you all!

A great responsibility rests on us who have sponsored this, the first magazine this station has ever had. We have long thought of the possibility of a magazine and now we have one. Whether you think this a good or bad magazine is not to the purpose now, for at this stage you are powerless to do anything about it. But you are, of course, full of bright suggestions for the improvement of the next. This is as it should be. You may be sure that we as editors will be delighted to hear your views. We would like to co-opt you on the magazine committee. We hate to think of the mute inglorious Miltons that may be vegetating on this camp, standing one side and letting us poor hackmen do the writing. Many have approached us in our other capacities, and asked our advice about courses in journalism and kindred subjects. It would be a good idea, we think, if you let us hear from you, so that when you do write that article that is going to curl the hair of the editor of the "London Times," we can tell that gen-

In A. D. 1938

Each week-day morn at ten past eight

A young man left his parents' house

And, with a muttered curse or grouse

Would make his way with heart like lead

To where he earned his daily bread.

This lad, his parents' joy and hope
Was known to all as young Joe Soap.

He spent his hard-earned filthy lucre

In local hall at playing snooker.
Although not quite beyond the pale

He even took a glass of ale.
Then came the outbreak of this war;

Joe carried on much as before
And felt no overpowering urge
To don a suit of sky-blue serge.
But former chums of young friend Joe

Had joined up long before and so
Joe found it hard to force a grin
When told that he should "get some in."

They shouted "Join," which forced the lad

To talk it out with dear old dad.
His father said, "Now listen, Joe,
I really think that you should go."
Joe thought so too and went next day

To join as A. C. 2, Soap, J.
An Uxbridge sergeant said, "Now Soap

In service life there's lot of scope
For lads like you, for you'll be paid
According to your rank and trade.
Now choose whichever trade you like."

Said Joe, "Well, sarge, I own a bike."

Then said the sarge, "It seems to me

The job for you is Fitter E."

Next day Joe Soap had joined a draft

Of others of this trade or craft,
And went to Blackpool; it was there

He marched for hours around a square,

Went peeling spuds and scrubbing floors

And doing most unpleasant chores.
Then came the oft-remembered thrill

Of posting, Joe had learned his drill.

At Cosford after many weeks
Joe learned to deal with glycol leaks,

He knew each radial and "in line,"
He even knew which forms to sign,
If with a minor he could cope
He gladly signed the sheet "Joe Soap."

Engine, flame trap, blower, prop—
He knew them all, he cured mag drop,

Was even known to do his stuff
When Pilots said "the engine's rough,"

This latter feat caused great commotion,

Gained Joe Soap some swift promotion,

Rose from the ranks within a year
Became an S/L (Engineer);

Joe missed the happy days of yore
And how he swept the hangar floor,

Which makes the story's moral clear,

Do sweet B A and have no fear
That you will ever have to cope
With problems like S/L Joe Soap.

+
**From
The
Chair**
+



There is a story in this volume of a boy who got very confused and eventually he gives up the ghost and promises to "put the whole question before the Padre in the morning." I am unlikely to see this fellow, for such things do not happen. But other things do, and the best of us get a little confused at times. At such times as these it is always good to tell somebody about it and I am at your disposal. I am in my office every day and you will find me there every night from seven to eight o'clock. It is not always possible to resolve the problem easily, but between us we generally find some solution. So if you ever feel a little under the weather just come and have a chat. I shall be most happy to see you.

And you must not wait until some trouble has overtaken you. I am always most glad to give any advice or help to any airman who is planning for his future, or who is working during his leisure hours on a course of study by which he hopes to fit himself for the peace that lies ahead. And this is a most important subject. For the

war will not go on forever. One day, perhaps when we are least expecting it, we will be once more at peace, and each of us will go back to the civilian job we last occupied. But there are some among us who have no such job to which to return. They should be using their leisure time wisely, and now when the winter prevents any outside activities is a good time to start.

In this connection there are many splendid facilities open to all airmen offered by the Canadian Legion Educational Services. Practically any subject at all can be taken by correspondence, either with one of the Canadian Universities or with a qualified instructor appointed by the C. L. E. S. Help is available in the camp for most of these subjects and if you come and explain your requirements to me I will arrange such help for you.

A class already exists in Mathematics for those airmen who wish to remuster to aircrew. This class is under the able guidance of Mr. G. B. Brown, B.A., and L.A.C. Jones, and several airmen have already remustered and are now under training as aircrew. Further classes in English language and literature will soon be available, and classes will be set up in any subject that attracts sufficient airmen.

This represents such an excellent opportunity for self-improvement that I feel it would be a criminal waste if these admirable facilities were not exploited. So come along and see me and I will get you started on whatever course interests you.

Before I close let me wish you a very Happy Christmas and may the next year be always better than the last.

—C. W. M.

GREMLIN VALLEY...

"Where every prospect pleases and only man is vile."

Pennfield, as the name implies, was discovered by William ("Pennsylvania") Penn, who, horrified by what he had started, left it to the Indians. Unimpressed by our predecessor's gift, the Indians quickly got the hell out of here, and left it to the Canadians, who promptly went to Upper Canada, in the hope that their Good Neighbours would take over. But though the Americans got very near to holding the baby, like a later encroachment on British preserves, they stopped short at Calais. Indeed to look at the map of North America, one would think they recoiled in horror at the sight of our happy little valley.

Well, came the war, and even gravel-dumps assumed a certain ephemeral, but none the less negotiable value. Needless to say, there could be no suggestion of local pride of ownership standing in the way of the national, nay allied war effort, as on a morning in April, when one naturally would be in England, we arrived here. Well not quite here—that transition would have been too much even for the phlegmatic English.

The prisoner ate a hearty breakfast, and for a month we were entertained royally at our Nova Scotian camp. Though we had no present home of our own, at least the plans for it looked lovely. Until they could be realized. "You might as well get cracking for the next six weeks at Pennfield, which just happens to have been vacated by a Canadian unit." "Why?" suspiciously. "Re-organization."

airily. So we finally got here. You want we should go now? But how can we — don't you know there's a war on?

Few other desert places can conjure up more vividly visions of Shangri-La, of El Dorado, of Hy-Brasail, than that Nadir of Nirvanas, Pennfield Ridge. The natives in their picturesque way have long recognized this, and though they are not blind, they just shut their eyes and don't give a damn. Civilization however, can be glimpsed over the hills on a clear day, if you look in the right direction. Mists, enshrouding the district in a veil of gossamer, come rolling in gently from the sea, but on the clear night this summer—a Friday as I remember—a black-out was ordered by the A. R. P. authorities, so now we shall have to wait until next year to see what goes on in the world outside.

Some of our adventurous comrades, not lacking in spirits but always ready for more, have invaded the sacred precincts of Kew-nonklipperdom, where the magnificent white elephant of the a'c'holquin spawns her young of a different colour. But this is not the place to chant a CPRia—that warrants a session to itself.

I should like to tell you more about our little home from home, but I've just heard there's a transport going to Saint John right away. (surprise!) and anyway there'll be plenty of time during

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SPORTIVITIES

By J. A. B.

And when the last Great Scorer comes,
To write against your name;
He writes not that you won or lost,
But how you played the game.

All amateur sport should bring out the best sporting instincts in one, teaching one to be generous in victory, and pleasant in defeat. Remember always, the game is the thing. So when the time comes for you to bend the knee to a better man, do it gracefully.

A good loser gets more kudos than a bad winner.

The outdoor sporting season for this part of the country, is at an end. Owing to climatic conditions, little can be done with regard to providing for outdoor sports for the coming winter.

It is to be hoped that by the time the winter is definitely with us, the new drill-hall, which at the moment is just a vision, will also be with us, and provision is being made to provide all the indoor sport possible.

During the past season, the station soccer team played several away matches, and finished up with a 100% record.

The internal soccer league is in the closing stages, and it is here that the writer was prompted to quote the above verse.

Too often during the season, matches were postponed because a sectional player "is on a 48," or because "one of our best players doesn't feel well." This is the wrong spirit. Dates should be kept, even if a team has occasionally to field a weaker eleven than they would have wished. This habit must stop.



L.A.C. Powell (left) and L.A.C. Dyason, runners-up in the I. S. B. A. Championships

The softball competition was won by the aircrew team, very well led by Sgt. Greer. The winning team was composed mostly of reserves, as the team that had fought its way to the final, had been posted. Still, they managed to come away after a no-score fifth inning to win comfortably, if not easily. The Lady Davis Floating Trophy, was presented to the winners by the Camp Commander, Group-Captain A. C. Evans-Evans. Medals were presented to both the aircrew and maintenance teams.

Five members of the station boxing team were taken to Halifax for the Inter-Services Boxing Championships, and did very well under conditions at which the writer expressed his disgust. Two

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Four Days Leave



Well, I had the telegram as arranged, and so I went along to the orderly room to ask for four days' leave. Of course I know that you can't get four days, and that the orderly room is not the place to go if you could, but somehow I always do these things the hard way and as I say I went along to the orderly room.

The first thing I saw was that the door was shut, and on it was written "Keep Out." Just like that, uncompromising. So I knocked and waited.

No answer.

So I knocked and opened the door, but very slow and very tentative.

Chewing gum and knocking typewriters, desultorily, were four WAAFS, and doing nothing but looking very busy was a corporal. Four women and one man, so I spoke to the man.

"I have here a telegram," I began.

"One takes off one's cap in the presence of ladies," he says, and very severe at that.

I don't know whether you have noticed it, but if you ask a corporal anything, he generally starts talking about something else and generally it is a something else which is very unpleasant. You go to Pay Accounts and ask for a Casual because you haven't been paid since last Shrove Tuesday be-

cause you have been away, and the first thing the fellow tells you is that you've got your hands in your pockets. In five minutes time he will tell you that casual pay parades are held on Tuesdays and Thursdays between the hours of 1300 and 1315, and here it is Friday, 1425 hours. Or go to the Guard room—but of course it is always a mistake to go to the Guard room.

Well, there I was in the orderly room with my cap in my belt and I didn't know whether to say anything or not. Pretty foolish I felt there, I can tell you, what with these WAAFS looking at me as if I were a dirty exchange voucher as well. So after what seems to be a very long time I start up again.

"I have here a telegram."

"See the Flight Sergeant," he says, very cold. "Outside," he says.

"Thank you, Corporal," I say very polite but rather sneering as well.

Outside people with papers are walking back and forth as they nearly always do in S. H. Q. and little queues are forming every which way, and standing there. I get to thinking of different Flight Sergeants I have known. Of course some people can't bear them, and others obviously have. Personally I can take them or leave them, and

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LAND of GOLD

By Fit./Lieut. P. V. CABOT



I first saw the island of Madagascar from the deck of a 400-ton tramp steamer in which I had crossed to the island from Durban.

The journey took a day or two more than a month as we had called at other places en route, including the island of Reunion, another French possession in the Indian Ocean. The great importance of Madagascar and its strategic position is now patent.

I was not, at first, particularly impressed with the second largest island in the world. The port of Tamatave, where I landed had no docking facilities even for a 400-tonner, which meant going from ship to shore in a lighter. Tamatave itself, lying to the northeast, had not a great deal to commend it and I remained there a few days awaiting the departure of the next train for the capital. At the time of my visit there were only two trains a week, running on Tuesdays and Fridays, but it was a never-to-be-forgotten journey.

Winding up from the coast inland, climbing the steadily increasing foothills, the slow, labouring, "puffin' billy" tackled the assault on the mountain ranges as an aged and overfed snake makes its way through bouldery country to its winter sleeping quarters.

At some particularly steep gradients the ancient and leaky engine would come to a reluctant halt in order to get up sufficient steam to continue the climb. The bored passengers would descend from the train and walk ahead for half an hour or so until the train had

dragged itself up to them, when they would re-board.

The name of the capital, Antananarivo (nowadays called Tananarive) means "the place of a thousand houses," derived from the Malagasy TANA—a house — and ARIVO—a thousand. It does not necessarily mean that there are a thousand houses comprising the "big city," but to denote that it is the largest and most important place in the country.

There were in those days a couple of modernish hotels and several quite reasonable residences, particularly those occupied by the Governor General, the British Consul General, several wealthy traders and other business people.

The queen's palace is one of the outstandingly interesting places and, knowing the history of the war between the Malagasy and the French Republic at the end of the nineteenth century, I was eager to look the place over, as it was in the very throne-room itself the war was brought to a close.

For there, on an early October morning in the year 1899, after several days of bloody and bitter fighting, the French forces, making their final assault, penetrated the defences of the palace, and, rushing through the corridors into the throne room, found the Queen of Madagascar seated on the throne with the Englishman, who was her chief of staff, standing, with revolver and drawn sword, at her feet.

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METEOS

Some duff gen concerning the Met. section that has gained credence on the station must be refuted. The Drs. Buggie and their satellites do not make the weather. They are capable of much but this they admit is beyond them—making the weather you understand, not the weather itself. To anyone familiar with our weather the rumour will appear malicious. Meteos say they would not mind being responsible for Florida's weather, but to be accused of making our weather must be considered character defamation of the worst sort.

Meteos early learned the harmful effects of the weather on morale, and have done all in their power to nullify this. Many will remember the eleven-day fog we had. It was wonderful to see the joy created by the daily forecast that the fog would clear the next day. Of course it did not, and many thought, not realizing the cheerful intent of the forecast that the Met. section really meant them. Eventually on the eleventh day the morale of the forecasters cracked and they prophesied four more days of fog.

The task of the Met. section is to describe our weather. This they try to do in the technical English of Meteorology rather than the rough, explosive, non-technical language of non-professional observers. The staff agrees that the forecasts are never—well hardly ever—wrong. True their clients sometimes misinterpret the forecasts, but this is due probably to lack of training and possibly will end in time.

The Padre when asked if this article should be serious replied, "We are going to have some serious articles but we haven't got one about Met."

But it was too late.

G. B. BROWN, B.A.



COMPLIMENTS OF

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TIES, ETC.

Peacetime Reverie

Sometimes when I sit quietly I can see things as they were then: lush grass of an English June, the tumble-down timekeeper's hut with a door that never shut, the sweet-bitter smell of sprayed paint in the hangar, the yellow-varnished canteen where we drank coffee when the cloud was low.

I can see the others: Catley, who was twenty and looked eighteen, Barbour with his big moustache who was old at twenty-four, Hathersich with his sandy hair and freckles, Blundell always pushed into the air by his instructor, Beardsworth immaculate in black overalls and often a gaudy scarf, Montgomery in whose M. G. we once drove up to town at hardly less than seventy, with me sitting on the transmission.

Sometimes I can even see myself, flannels and an old tweed jacket, with a silk scarf round my throat. A parachute is humped over my shoulder, and a helmet swings in my right hand. Stannard shows me how to adjust my parachute. I fasten my helmet, scramble into the cockpit and pull on my gloves. The stick moves sideways, and back and forth. I plug in my gosports and hear Stannard say, "Can you hear me?" It is as though he were speaking in a padded room. I pull down the mouthpiece. "Yes, thank you. Very well." We move forward through the rough crouch. The yellow wings are not so solid, but bob and shake as the wheels roll over the grass. We are taxiing quite slowly, and close to the fence. You might think this was fun instead of a moment I have almost dreaded.

We stop, and the tail-trim moves forward. It is not the tail-trim to me yet, only a shiny lever. Another Tiger Moth comes gliding in. Its wheels touch the grass and bounce it back into the air. A burst of engine and it settles down. Then we are moving, have turned into the wind. The grass blades streak together, and my eyes can no longer hold them. Back and away goes the ground, and I have to focus my eyes consciously to allow for it dropping. Then I see a hedge and realize we are flying. No longer a word, or an unexplored sensation. Life has been good. I have flown.

As we bump above the trees, I stick down into the cockpit. The stick moves from side to side to maintain our lateral balance. I wonder whether I shall have the speed of reaction necessary to control it myself.

When I look out the lake is underneath, the lake where the swans are. More bumpiness as we pass over it, then one wing lifts against the sky. We fly parallel with the aerodrome, back into the circuit, cross wind, throttle back, into wind and land. As we taxi along there are the same bursts of engine, and the wings bend down to touch the grass. I wonder if I have flown at all.

I went over that hedge many times in the next few months. And about as often I walked down the dusty road to the White Hart in Chalk. Sometimes we were more affluent, and went into Chalk by car. Ford's friend, whose name

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Cuttings

By "THE SNIPS"

At last the mystery of the eerie sounds emanating from the Rec. Hall after a recent airmen's dance has been solved. Still, even Bing started from a moan and worked himself down!

A line is said to be the shortest distance between two points. Evidently an L.A.C. we know forgot his lines on the night of a "Scotch" celebration in Saint John.

Which S. P. had the courage to admit that he "didn't profess to be a b....y Sherlock Holmes"?

Rumour has it that a streamlined member of Pay Accounts is starting a school for Commissionaires!

It is suggested that a dictionary be supplied to the Orderly Room. Two of its members seem to have run out of words to describe each other.

Players in the new string ensemble are said to be using their fiddling fingers for the first time in months.

A certain Wireless Op., (who should be a lover of Cornish Pasties) complains that his excursions to Saint John have been reduced from six to three a week. Efforts to obtain permanent leave of absence for all Wops have met with no success.

L.A.C. is under the impression that someone on the stations owns a magic carpet. He is still wondering how he travelled from the Royal Hotel, Saint John, to Pennfield.

TO THE UNREWARDED GREAT

Endurance is a monument, the
splendour of whose head
A crown of chisselled thorn
Adorns—
A man of stone whose heart has
bled.
His eyes look still
Upon that hill,
Where freedom, love and purpose
are
Fixed, yet flashing like a star.
A cloud of wings, a storm of guns,
a thundering of feet,
A gloom of city walls
Down falls,
And floods across the silence of
the street.
Swift and strong
That street along,
Men run. Men fall. Walls, towns
again
We can rebuild, but not those men,
Whose courage was an arch of
flame, a singleness of fire,
Who formed each tear
Into a spear,
Whose blows were strong with
purpose, swift with ire.
To strike and stand
They pledged their land.
Above the street where death and
courage march,
More lovely than the rainbow
spring their arch.

S. G. FIRTH.

Personnel having Arithmetic Primers for disposal are asked, in their own interests, to hand them in to Pay Accounts.

Airmen desirous of donating some small sum in appreciation of civility shown by a certain Equipment N. C. O. should see a brain specialist.

A CUSHY JOB



It was a cloudless day. Outside was all noon and the burning blue. The soft wind brought the smell of pines mingled with the salty tang of the sea, and the air throbed with the sound of powerful motors. It was a satisfactory sight to see Conversion Flight working at full pressure with all their aircraft in the air—both of them. It was Pennfield!

To many of you the job of flying instructor must seem cushy, very little to do when the weather closes down, and apparently not much to do when it is fine. Oh! how wrong you are!

Let me clear your mind of this erroneous impression.

A new course arrives, and you are allotted about three pupils. There they are standing in front of you and the Flight Commander tells them in a few brisk words what is expected of them. Conversion Flight, he tells them, flies from dawn to dusk. This, of course, is well known to you, yet it shakes you to the core to hear it said in cold matter of fact words.

You take your pupils into an aircraft, and explain the many switches and levers and knobs. All the while they nod their heads in a dazed sort of way, and try to look as if they know what you are talking about, but fall hopelessly. At the end you say in the most blase tone you can, "It is really quite simple" and then laugh in the nastiest way possible! The

pupil smiles weakly but politely, and totters out of the aircraft looking like a piece of chewed string. Next you take him on a Familiarization Trip. You show him a few landmarks at the same time you are nonchalantly pressing and pulling everything you can lay your hands on. Then the real worries and the horror-stricken moments arrive for the Instructor. It must appear to the pupil that you simply love him to swing 90 degrees on the take-off, and you look surprised when he says in a hopeless voice, "You've got her, Sir." Or when feathering the starboard airscrew he puts the port engine into cut-out, you mustn't hit him on the head with a spanner as you meant to, but you say in the most paternal way you can muster in the rather embarrassing circumstances, "Now that was a silly thing to do wasn't it?" Or when night flying the generator fails and all the lights go out, the pupil says to you in a voice tinged with apprehension, "Should that happen, Sir?" You must not let the pupil know that the shock has put you into an "interesting condition," but you just say carelessly, "Think nothing of it!"

Have you ever tried to appear carelessly indifferent when cold fear has found its way to the pit of your tummy?

No the job's not quite so cushy after all.

Chromium Charlie.



Wishes the
Royal Air Force

Pennfield, N. B.

A Merry Christmas
and
A Successful New Year



S. M. T. SYSTEM



Broadcast for BBC from CHSJ Studios, Saint John, N. B.
Left to right (Band)—A.C. THORPE, A.C. LINK, L.A.C. JONES, Cpl. BEADHAM, A.C. BRADLEY, L.A.C. ELSEY, Cpl. TURNER (Vocalist), L.A.C. HUNTER, Cpl. YOUNGMAN, A.C. COCKS, L.A.C. KELLY, Sgt. GASHIN, L.A.C. COLLEY, L.A.C. MANSELL, F/L. FINE (Dritecor), GEORGE CROMWELL (Manager CHSJ), Cpl. BATH (Organist).



Ass. Section Officer M. E. Armstrong (stand)
and Troop. Section Officer S. A. MacLellan,
proving that one can be decorative as well
as functional.





EVENING GLORY



**BEAVER HARBOUR
SAINT ANDREW'S**

FRESH LOBSTERS



**A TREE THAT LOOKS AT GOD ALL DAY
THE GOOD EARTH**



CONVOY!

**BEAVER HARBOUR
SAINT ANDREW'S**

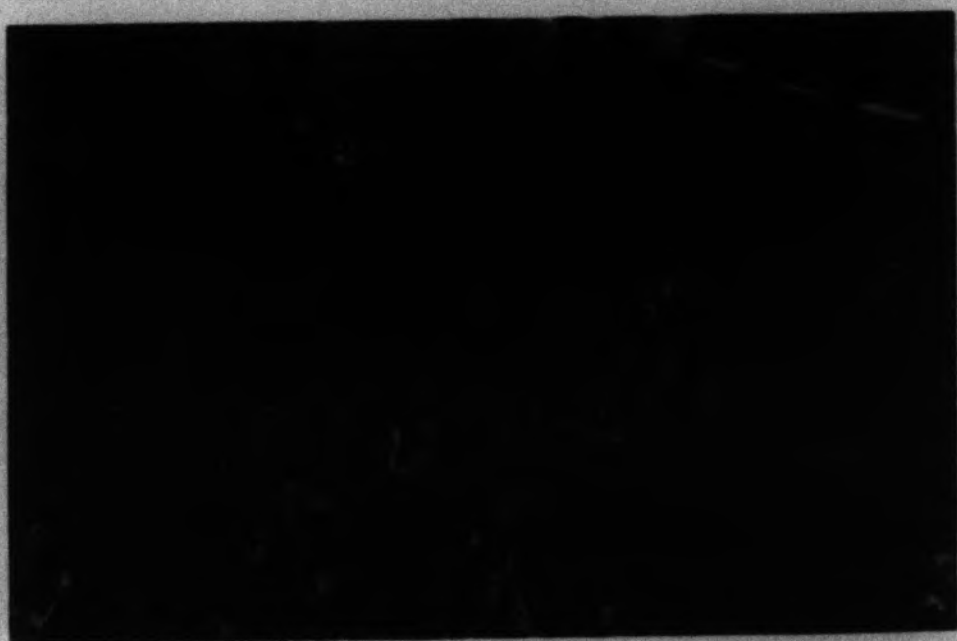


THREE DARKIES

FRESH LOBSTERS



**AND LIFTS HER LEAFY ARMS TO PRAY
ST. ANDREW'S-BY-THE-SEA**



Part of the crowd at the dance held at the Recreation Hall on Wednesday, Nov. 11th.

WINNERS OF COMPETITIONS

The title of the Magazine was suggested by Corporal Youngman.

The best funny story was submitted by L. A. C. Colley.

Best entry in the photographic contest submitted by Cpl. McKenzie, G. S.



Hospitality Centres

SAINT JOHN

Because many service men were seen standing aimlessly around on their precious 48s, and because people who wished to entertain them did not know how to contact them, the City Council of St. John decided to establish the City Hospitality Centre. It is located at the Capitol Theatre, which Mr. Golding the Deputy Mayor and manager of the theatre, has kindly put at our disposal. Here you will find the writer every day, except Sunday, from eleven to one and from three to six. At other times she is available on the telephone (3-5286). She is ready to dispense what you will recognize as the "gen" (pukka variety). She will arrange for you to be entertained at a home, or she will provide you with suitable partners for a dance or a picture show. She will inform you of the many entertainments which are available, and the many points of interest in and around St. John. So please do not stand on ceremony and wait for a formal invitation. Come along to the Capitol Theatre and let me know what you would like to do. I will do my best to make the necessary arrangements. Here's hoping you will all come.

Before I close I would like to wish all personnel at Pennfield Ridge a Merry Christmas and a very Happy New Year. Good luck to you all!

ALLICE L. FAIRWEATHER,
Sec'y City Hospitality Centre.
Capitol Theatre Lobby, St. John, N. B.

ST. ANDREW'S

St. Andrews has many amenities for airmen on week-end leave, and most of these are centred at the Mercury Club. Here, games of all sorts can be played, and a pleasant lounge is at the disposal of all Service men all day and every day. Dances are arranged in the evenings, and a party is held every Saturday night. Transport has been arranged to and from the camp every Monday, Thursday and Saturday nights. Tickets are obtainable at the Y. M. C. A. It is hoped soon to arrange facilities for Winter Sports.

The many airmen who have already enjoyed themselves at the Mercury Club will identify the pleasant atmosphere prevailing there with the personality of Miss M. Shaughnessy. She extends a hearty invitation to all airmen of this station to visit the Mercury Club, St. Andrews.

Compliments of
J. M. ROCHE

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SAINT JOHN, N. B.

PROLOGUE

There is a certain Warrant Officer, in a certain section, in a certain hangar who always instructs his "Small Boys" to carry out his orders "RELIGIOUSLY."

One dark and stormy night, at

the Death Knell (i.e. 1700 hours), two lonely figures staggered wearily from kite to kite.

Arriving back at their sections, frozen stiff, they completed sundry small tasks and rendered the following report:—

The Labours of the Good Servants

With woe in their hearts they repaired to the place of weeping, wailing and the gnashing of teeth at the hour of eventide.

They did labour with great skill and diligence on their Commander's appointed tasks until Vespers when with joy in their hearts they did prepare to rest their weary bodies.

But lo! and behold! there came unto them, one of D. I. crying:

"Woe is me! Ye 922 and 849 are u/s of a great u/sness. Hasten and perform thy mystic and potent blessings upon them, or I shalt verily catch it on the morrow."

So one of ye higher caste, did verily put ye spurt on, but found that all the words of the man of D. I. were of nought, as the u/nesses were only small u/nesses and so only performed divers small tasks upon them, crying.

"Oh! Ye men of little of wisdom, withdraw thy digits, can'st thou not tell a Type 29 socket suffering from the great duffness by now?"

And

"Thou art verily a nit-wit, can'st thou not see that ye foolish W. A. G. hath twiddled ye knobs?"

"Get thee hence and sign thy parchments!"

And so saying, he sent them forth muttering many foul mouthings under their breaths.

With all this done and more, the good and faithful servants did collect their chits of the Sup and Wine (late type) refreshing themselves at the House of Cooks.

Therefore their Commander should'st not say

"Thou wer't verily scrounging."
"Sparks."



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SAINT JOHN

FREDERICTON

YARMOUTH

AMHERST

"Why The Y"

Almost one hundred years after Sir George Williams founded the Y. M. C. A.—“my last legacy and a precious one”—the Red Triangle is recognized everywhere and now in 1942 the Canadian Y. M. C. A., through its War Services Committee, stands ready to serve the men in uniform. So it is, that at Pennfield Ridge, the “Y” welcomes the opportunity to be of service to those who are coming from England, its birthplace. Unfortunately however, there seems to be some misunderstanding with regard to our function here. The purpose of this article is not to defend our mistakes, or to boast about our successes, but rather to humbly state what we are prepared to do here. The Y. M. C. A. is acting for the people of Canada. It has been entrusted by them, and through governmental channels, is being supported by them for one reason only—to be of service to YOU.

At Pennfield a large part of this service is through the dry canteen. This canteen is operated without profit to the Y. M. C. A. Two per cent of the net profits go to the organization to cover cost of administration. This agreement was reached early in the war, and although it has since been found that administrative costs exceed this amount, the “Y” still abides by its agreement. The balance of the profits, after being duly audited, are turned over to the P. S. I. The “Y” canteen then is your canteen. It isn't simply a place of business. It is a service humbly rendered. Mr. Horsman and his staff desire to be of assistance to

you. In exchanging your money for your merchandise they would welcome the opportunity to become better acquainted with you, and they would be more than pleased to receive any suggestions regarding stock and operations.

In addition to supplying you with stationery, small games, free movies and sporting equipment, the Y. M. C. A. supervisor is prepared to serve you in many ways. His function is to co-operate with all those who are entrusted with your happiness and welfare while in the service. He is specially trained along recreational, educational, religious, entertainment, and athletic lines to organize, or work with those who do organize, these things. He is prepared to perform any service which is in accordance with the principles and purposes of the Y. M. C. A. which would be of assistance to you. That is his reason for being here. He would welcome your suggestions, and most of all your friendship. Why the “Y”? Simply to serve you. If we fail at Pennfield it could be our fault and it could be yours—ours for not accepting our trust, yours for not accepting the service which we offer. The new supervisor and staff stand ready to accept this trust to the full extent of their ability. How about you?

A. R. JONES.

This Language Business

Poor Solomon! No, not because he had—was it a thousand wives?—but because, years ago he wrote something about words that would cause him profound reflection to-day.

"A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver," quoth Solomon—and in his wisdom could never have dreamt of present-day depredations and degradations of the spoken word.

In Noel Coward's "Hay Fever," one of the characters says, "Words—masses and masses of words!" To which comes the reply, "They're great fun to play with." And so they are, especially when new ones are invented and old ones are rejuvenated.

This war has given us its quota of new words—"seavacuation," "jettison," "morale," "navicert," "blitz"—a plane "stodges and zooms"; the B.D.S. "detonates an unexploded." Cities are "Coven-trated," and since the Nazis first bombed a rabbit, everybody prefers to "hare" along. Both Japs and Nazis are coming in for their share of "rabbit hunting" by the way.

Being in the R. A. F. has given us a vocabulary that is nothing if not picturesque. I am referring now to printable stuff, of course; there would be no point in reiteration. So—a pilot knows what it is to "judder," and if he "gets a gong," it may be the D. F. M. though probably not as a "bom-phateer" of pamphlets, and certainly not in a "flap." I wonder when he meet "flak" does he know the word is derived from the Ger-

man "flieger abwehr komone"—the "gun that drives off raiders"? Probably too busy dodging the "Paul Pry's" and "bearded ladies" worked by the Nazi "Ack-ack" "erks," or evading the "Beer-beers" "rat-trap."

Unusual uses of familiar words, and strange conglomerations of pseudo-words both confound and dumbfound us,—and in a strange country often "shake" us. Have you told your Canadian hostess that she is "homely"? If so, you may have insulted her, for out here, it means "unattractive" and even "unsightly." Or did you feel horrified when a place you intended visiting was described as "homey"? No, it's not "smelly," it's "cosy." That posh car you've scrounged is "snazzy." Are your jokes flat? If so, they're "corny." But "corny" music is hot stuff! Speaking of music, by the way, did you know that those bugle calls for and on early morning parade are "angels' whispers"? Quiet

In your travels, you have met Americans and Canadians who speak a peculiarly elastic slang, some of which is already current speech. We shall probably meet it in England one of these days (!) so let's get ready for the kid brother at home. We all know what "slum" is, but if for dessert (?) you are offered "shivering liz" don't expect the local girl in negligee—it's only jelly! If you must go to the "wet canteen" don't get "stinko," just "lap a couple" and then stay "up the pole"—sober! You've met a "zombie." We call

The Camera Angle

A pleasant diversion from the routine work of the section has been our connection with this station magazine. On any such undertaking as this where all the talent and resources available are called upon to contribute, the photographic section is looked to as the normal channel to handle matters photographic. We have been happy to do our share. As the reading of the contents of this magazine will prove we are surrounded by an abundance of talent in literature, music, art and so on. We believe photography to be no exception. It is evident that all the photographers are not in the photographic section. So you who are so inclined get busy and develop your really worth-while hobby. No doubt your 48s have, at some time or other, taken you to the very spots pictured on the centre page of this magazine and yet possibly you were not conscious of such photographic possibilities all

around you. So keep your eye keen and don't let the beauties of our Canadian winter go unphotographed.

Pictures are seldom appreciated at the time but your album will in the future become one of your most cherished mementos of your stay in Canada. However, don't let your enthusiasm run to shooting military areas. You won't likely find anything of beauty in such places anyway and your camera is worth too much to take the risk.

An airman on 48 went to the best restaurant in town and the obliging waitress hovered round.

"Yes, sir. What can I get you?"

"I'll have two rotten eggs, a piece of burnt toast, and a cup of cold tea with no sugar."

The waitress looked at him in surprise. "But why?"

"Oh, I've got worms, and anything is good enough for them."



I'll get an extra 48 when the Flight Commander sees these pictures

WITH THE COMPLIMENTS
OF THE . . .

China « » Chest

ST. ANDREW'S, N. B.

Happy Christmas
TO THE R.A.F. IN CANADA
AND GOOD HUNTING
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ST. ANDREW'S, N. B.

Good Luck R. A. F.

SPORTIVITIES

(Continued from Page Nine)

of our boys, L.A.C. Dyason, and L.A.C. Powell procured runner-up trophies in the welter and cruiser-weight divisions, respectively. This was a meritorious performance on the part of these two men, as the opposition was exceptionally good.

The rugby team only got going late in the season, opening with an exhibition game, Home-born versus Colonials, at Saint John, the former giving a classical exhibition, to win 40 nil.

The speed of the game, and the hard tackling without any protective armour, astounded the locals, who asked the same question as the little boy asked the conjuror, "How do you do it?"

The team travelled to Fredericton, to oppose a New Brunswick College team, taking a beating from the schoolboys, to the tune of 13-3. Condition was the telling factor here, for the collegiates never eased up, and paid more attention to the man than to the ball, and our chaps just couldn't take it at that pace.

For the indoor season, preparations are being made for the playing of Badminton, Quoits, Table-Tennis, Basket and Volley Ball, and Pool. There will be a Whist Drive every Wednesday evening in the games room. There will be five cinema shows a week, and a bi-monthly dance for airmen in the Rec. Hall.

LAND OF GOLD

(Continued from Page Eleven)

Surely, here was a scene worthy of a great artist's paint and palette. And so, in this interesting and dramatic fashion the island of Madagascar passed into French control.

The queen was exiled to, I believe, French Morocco, where she died as late as 1925.

From that time onward the French did little or nothing to explore the vast resources and possibilities of the island, which is indeed, one of the richest colonial possessions in the world.

The first Governor General was Galleni, who afterwards became the military governor of Paris and it was he who organized and dispatched to the Battle of the Marne in 1914 what was afterwards known as the Taxi Army. The victory of the Marne, which brought the onrushing, invading German army to its first halt, has often been attributed to this quick and courageous action on his part. He, himself, was a good and promising Governor General for the island, but none of his successors were particularly bright, with the result that very little has been heard of this interesting and valuable country until quite recently when it became the centre of the World War affairs during its temporary occupation by the British forces.

I made my way by easy stages for the real interior and some five weeks after landing I arrived in the Betsiriry country, which lies in a great valley between the Bengalava and Bemera mountains in the southwest.

Here indeed is the Land of Gold.

The dried-up streams and tributaries of the great Mahajela and Tsirabina rivers are packed tight with the precious metal. For many hundreds of square miles it is difficult to walk near the old river beds, particularly near the foothills of the mountain ranges without literally treading on gold!

According to an ancient story, Dick Whittington made his way to London because he had heard that the streets were paved with gold.

In some parts of Madagascar today that phenomenon would be true.

In some later issues of this journal I hope to write more of this amazing country which is inhabited by seven different tribes, each peculiar to their own trade or pastime.

Finally, here is one curious and amusing custom which is practised by the Betsileo people.

When a woman of the tribe dies she is carried from her house toward the burial ground in the normal native fashion on a bamboo bier, but at the half-way point the whole procession returns to the house and waits there an hour until proceeding finally to the interment.

This custom is based on the theory that a woman would never normally leave her house without leaving something behind!

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A Very Busy Cat

A farmer, having a sick pig, was advised by the vet. to administer a pint of castor oil. He passed on instructions to one of the farm hands, a dull-witted man who, intentionally or otherwise, misunderstood the message and gave the prescribed dose to the cat.

The next morning the vet. called and was informed of the mistake. He asked immediately to see the cat, whereupon the farmer drew his attention to the garden where, to the vet's astonishment, there was a veritable army of cats. On asking for explanation, he was told that there were five digging, five filling in and five looking for fresh ground.

—Submitted by 1088631 L.A.C.
Colley, Accounts Section.

*Wishing the
R. A. F. all the
best for this
Christmas Season*



**COCKBURN'S
DRUGS**

Established 1876

66 Years of Service

ST. ANDREW'S, N. B.

Four Days Leave

(Continued from Page Ten)

not knowing this particular Flight Sergeant, I keep an open mind. As a matter of fact I notice a door lower down which bears the legend F/Sgt. Leatherhead, and underneath some one has written something like this—

"So busy a man as he there
never was

And yet he seemed busier
than he was."

It is almost poetry in a way, though I have altered it a bit, for to tell the truth, this fellow's spelling was a bit off. This door suddenly busts open and a Flight Sergeant comes bouncing out. He speaks rather quietly to some fellows around me, but I cannot hear what he says because my ears are badly in need of a syringe, but I can see that he looks very stern and un-leave-giving. Nevertheless, I clear my throat and speak as follows:

"I have here a telegram."

"Are you a leaver?" he says unnecessarily fierce.

"Yes, Flight," I say, "and I have—"

"Attention!" he shouts very very loud.

So I came to attention. You know how it is when a fellow starts shouting in a narrow corridor. He feels a bit silly about it himself and you feel silly too and the sooner it's over the better.

"Right turn! Quick march!" and off I go. I do not mean to go, but a fellow behind is nudging me, and I have to go.

"Left wheel," he says. "Halt! Left turn."

(Continued on Page Twenty-nine)

Four Days Leave

And sitting there is the Adjutant.

It is the Adjutant I wish to see of course, but I do not think to see him in this particular way. Notwithstanding, I put my hand in my pocket and I say, very cultured:

"I have here a telegram"—

"Quiet!" roars the Flight Sergeant, and his voice is twice as loud as before and he blows two papers out of the "In" basket.

The Adjutant looks up at me very sharp, and rather unpleasant I thought, so I shut up.

The Adjutant then starts to read from one of several papers on his desk. He reads very rapidly, and rather bored as if we all knew it already, though for my part, it was all new stuff to me. It appeared from what I could gather that some L.A.C. Weaver did, while on active service, wilfully put his boot through a wireless set so as to render it unserviceable. The set apparently cost twenty-two pounds ten shillings.

The Adjutant then stopped reading and said very distraught, "What have you to say about that?"

Well of course I had nothing to say offhand. I mean, goodness knows what made the fellow do it.

It might have been one of a hundred things. I looked around at the fellows with me and I wondered which of them could have done it. I thought it would more likely be the short fat one, because he looked a very human type, and I think it is very human indeed to put one's foot through a wireless set. But I didn't mention this at the time, because you couldn't be sure how this Adjutant would take it.

(Continued on Page Thirty)

A farm labourer was notified by a firm of solicitors that he had inherited an estate. After the notification he heard nothing for months and so he asked the farmer on his next trip to town to contact the solicitors. This the farmer did.

"Oh, that is a question of will probate," said the lawyer. "There has been a rupture in the proceedings. You will be notified."

The farmer went home and sympathised with the labourer. "There is some fellow Will Probate in it with you," he said, "and he's been ruptured. Until he's cured you don't get a penny."

Submitted by A.C.L. Addison H.

Don't Neglect Your Eyes!

It's poor policy—Some day you may be sorry.

BETTER CONSULT US

"To be sharp, see well — To see well, see Sharpe"

Optometrists **SHARPE'S** Jewellers

Four Days Leave

"Four days and your pay will be adjusted."

I think he said "adjusted," but I was not hearing well.

For a while nobody said anything, so I thought I'd get the good word in here.

"I have here——"

"Left turn! Quick march!" shouted the Flight Sergeant, and there we are back where we started in the corridor. I am just going to ask Weaver what ailed him, when both fellows leave me and join another queue just forming up.

"That just serves you right," says the Flight Sergeant, and he goes on, ungrammatically, "You ought to have spoke up."

"There has been a big mistake," I say.

"Yes," he says, "You made it with your boot," and pleased with this remark he goes to have a chat with the Corporal who was so helpful in the first place.

Well, there I am standing there, and I am not sure whether it is Wednesday or breakfast-time, when the S. W. O. comes up the corridor. He looks very dignified, of course, and rather gentle for a S. W. O., so I approach him, very very respectful, and I say as follows:—

"I have ——"

"Put your cap on!" he shouts in a voice that lifts my lower dentures, "Where do you think you are—in church?"

I am going to put the whole thing before the Padre in the morning.

Peacetime Reverie

Continued from Page 13

I have forgotten, had a Lagonda open tourer. He would pack it so completely that only legs could be seen after the first corner. I think I preferred walking. When we arrived by car we generally arrived noisily, and in those days exuberance was far from being my nature.

For lunch we had sausage and chips, or cold roast beef and salad. The chips were delicious being cut with little wiggles in them. And two sausages always cried for a third. Usually we had a half of bitter with our lunch, though Catley once asked for a glass of milk. The odd half never seemed to have any ill effects, and I cannot remember when I had more than one. There was of course the time when we were sitting in the snack bar instead of the lounge, and a fast drinking contest developed between two members of the party. Each drank three pints, just pouring them back, while the rain streamed down the windows

(Continued on Page Thirty-one)

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ST. ANDREW'S, N. B.

Peacetime Reverie

and the rest of the crowd looked at the low cloud and said happily, "We shan't fly this afternoon." We not only flew, but one of the contestants did his first spinning. When next I saw him the whole of his face and his prematurely bald pate were a chalky white, and a hard red line showed where his helmet had been. He just looked at me without saying a word.

Some of the people were already flying Harts. They were fearful aeroplanes to the rest of us, particularly when we watched the steep fast glide of their approaches—compared with Tiger Moths—and listened to the backfiring of their Kestrels. The story was that they were difficult to land because of their float, and that even instructors made a good landing only occasionally.

Later I realized that this was an exaggeration put about by those who had got as far as "service types" so that they should get more hero worship than before. I cannot remember ever contemplating the time when I should fly a Hart. I never did fly one, nor have I since.

A Hart was the first aeroplane I ever saw to prang. Beardsley came in much too fast, being full of excitement at having seen a Tiger Moth that was down in the marshes. At the time when he should have thought to go round again he decided that it was all right to land. He touched down and rolled on and on. Towards the edge of the aerodrome the ground sloped down. When he reached this spot he put on his toe brakes really hard. The Hart skidded

sideways and rose slowly on to her nose. When I got there Beardsley was unfastening his Sutton harness and climbing out.

I shall never again sit in an Anson and think how huge it is, never drink with Barbour and Catley and half a dozen more. But one day feeling slightly odd in my old clothes I shall go back to the White Hart and ask for sausages and chips. And a half of bitter.

R. N. H.

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the Season*
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BOWLING
ALLEYS**
...O...
69 KING STREET
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Language Business

(Continued from Page Twenty-three)

him a "rookie," though out here, he may be just an unpopular girl! And to make it a little difficult a "rookie" may also be a "jeep" which to some of us is a small car! So what! Our "sprog" is a "zebra."

When you choose between a "bomb-heaver" and a "six-and-twenty tootsie," be sure and "bring a beetle to a chubby" (not too hard!) and you may get a night out with her.

Have you met "sub-deb"? You will. Sub-debese is a contempor-

ary American slang. We know the English girl whose had "a thrillingly lousy time, my dear,"—well, Miss America would have been "curdled"! She is a "sugar-puss;" her nice boy is a "glamour-puss," who may take her for a ride in his "meat-grinder" for a spot of "booging." Come on worm, squirm" will get her to the dance, but don't ask a "bubble dancer" unless you like washing dishes with him!

Warning? Don't kid yourself if your "cuddlecat" murmurs, "You are my jewel." She hates the sight of you!

Words fitly spoken! "Oolie droolie!" This language business! Slumber on, Solomon!

Trusses + Surgical Supports
Foot Appliances + Crutches
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Prescriptions come *First*
WASSONS Pharmacy

"Largest Drug Store in the Maritimes"

INFORMATION

Is it true that eleven gentlemen from Maintenance Flight have been trying in vain to obtain a larger size in hats since November 15th?

Can it possibly be true also that someone else needs a larger BALLY size in head-gear?

In the funny papers we read of Dagwood often missing the bus. We notice BLONDIE never misses and will invariably turn up complete with nominal roll and pencil, ready for a stiff day's work.

Congratulations to Trenchard's trio for their rendering of "My Sisters Cats" during the cup final celebrations.

Can it be possible that quite a few members of the Sergeants' Mess will soon be awarded the first G. C?

Stranger things happen.

We wish to know if one of England's air aces actually had an air gunner hidden in his Hurricane. We would give any PRICE to know.

It is rumoured that while a certain Corporal was having his blood tested the M. O. remarked, "This is mainly Red Ball Ale"!

Can you guess who the chap was? We give no CLUE, IT would be embarrassing.

It is suggested the width of doors in be increased so as to give outside pilots a fifty-fifty chance of using same whilst wearing a parachute.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,

How refined our S. P.s are!

Who said dat?

By PUKKA & GEN.

Compliments of
H. V. MacGILLIVRAY

Watchmaker and
Jeweller

* * *

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SAINT JOHN, N. B.

A hearty welcome awaits the boys
of the R. A. F. at . . .

Riviera Restaurant

One of Saint John's Finest Eating Places

Pennfield Ridge

Very few had known this place
before

The trees were cut and earth
was levelled out;

It took a thing gigantic as a war
To make this spot well-known
and talked about.

For Pennfield Ridge, close by the
town St. George,

In former times deserved no
special fame—

Today, the men who live and work
here, forge

The human means to play in
war's grim game.

It's just an airport to the casual
eye;

(The girls, however, think in
terms of men!)

To most, it's just a place where
airmen fly,

And trainees get the latest,
modern gen.

But look beyond this; surely you
must see

That these are men resolved to
smash the foe—

Who soon will fight, and die, for
you and me,

And save the precious freedom
that we know!

WING-COMMANDER COAKER

It is with regret that we have
to record the departure for past-
ures new of our genial O. C. Main-
tenance Wing, W/Cdr. Coaker.
His cheery smile and hearty laugh
will be missed by his friends at
Pennfield. We wish him all the
best in his new station.

Of the original officers on this
station four have left. They were
—P/O W. G. Scott, F/O Park,
F/Lt. Stables and W/Cdr. Coaker.

This is no time to moan and criti-
cise

Because this thing or that is
taxed so high—

Perhaps the man who volunteers,
and flies

Through lethal lead, may better
question, "Why"?

Instead, my friends, give well of
what you own;

Face cheerfully the shortage
war implies—

O'er German towns we shall repay
your loan,

And drive the German eagle
from the skies!

November 8, 1942.

Pennfield Ridge, N. B.

Symbols of Supremacy Jewelled Brooches

Bearing the insignia of some loved one on Active Service make a distinguished Christmas Gift. Brooches with crests for almost all units can be supplied.

Henry Birks & Sons Limited—Jewellers

ADMIRAL BEATTY HOTEL - SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Gremlin Valley

(Continued from Page Eight)

the next three years, or the duration, whichever is the longer. So as we pull down our ear-muffs and wrap our scarves more closely round our frigid faces, it is not

without regret that we say good-bye for now to Pennfield Ridge, that happy little vale of peace, of which truly it has been said, "You may be bored, but there's never a dull moment."

COLUM BINDER.

FINAL TABLE OF THE INTERNAL LEAGUE SOCCER

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	GOALS		Points
					For	Against	
"M" Flight.. . . .	18	14	1	3	58	30	29
"A" Flight.. . . .	18	13	4	1	40	35	27
"B" Flight.. . . .	18	13	4	1	31	31	27
S.H.Q. "B"	18	13	5	0	61	36	26
Sgts.	18	9	6	3	27	46	21
Cpls.	18	10	8	0	51	32	20
Arm.	18	8	10	0	27	33	16
Elec.	18	7	10	1	20	59	15
S.H.Q. "A"	18	2	14	2	9	24	6
Officers.							

The Management of the Strand Theatre

Take pleasure in wishing
The officers and men of
R. A. F. Station, Penfield
A Merry Christmas
and a
Successful New Year

Compliments of

**ZELLERS
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