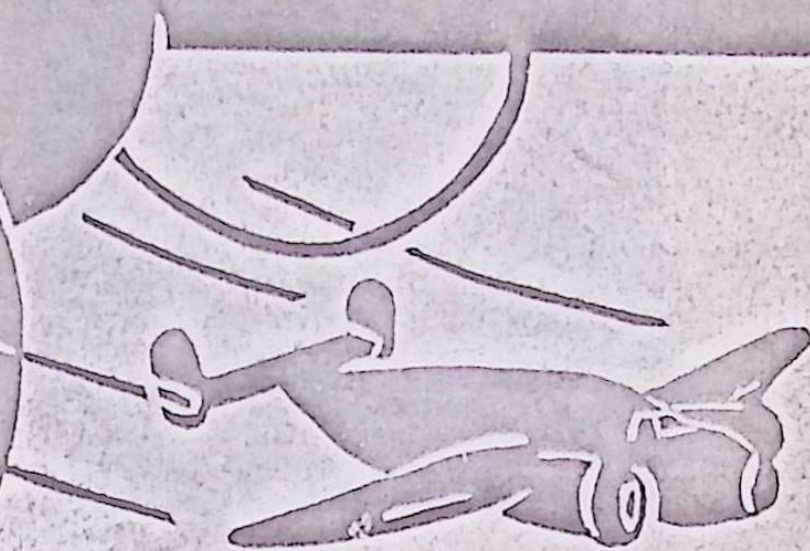


SOUVENIR ISSUE

The

ADVENTURA



MAGAZINE

of

The Royal Air Force

+++

PENNFIELD RIDGE

NEW BRUNSWICK

CANADA

+++

JANUARY 1944

Visit the new
Y. M. C. A.
Lounge & Snack
Bar

open at the old
Sergeant's Mess



Group Captain A. Leach, M.C.

I am pleased to welcome this new edition of the Station Magazine, for many reasons. Firstly, it shows that good use is being made of leisure time. Secondly, it proves that we can provide good entertainment for ourselves and are not entirely reliant on outside sources. Finally, it provides us with a permanent record of our stay in Canada. Nearly all of us have strong ties at home and are waiting with varying degrees of patience for the day when we will be united with those who are dear to us. In the meantime we would be foolish not to realise the many advantages that Canada has given us, and worse than foolish if we did not appreciate the many pleasant times we have had here. Certainly, if we do not appreciate them now, we will appreciate them later and in this connection the Station Magazine will serve as a record of old friendships and old associations.

I trust that all the personnel on the unit will regard this magazine as belonging to them and will all make some contribution to its continued success. Good Luck "Adventura."

The Adventura

JANUARY 1944

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The Editorial . . .

This third issue of "Adventura" owes its existence to the recently organized "Press Club." After financial restrictions had been imposed by Air Force Authorities on Service Publications it seemed likely that "Adventura" would cease to appear, unless some enthusiastic support was forthcoming. For ten months no such support was evident and "Adventura" languished in deepening oblivion. It must be noted that a certain dissatisfaction with the magazine was implied in the apathy that acquiesced in its disappearance. There were criticisms of the first issue of "Adventura." It was considered "too heavy" by some. To others it seemed a medium through which officers dispensed, of their largesse, a few crumbs of culture to the illiterate. It was obvious that if the magazine was ever revived these criticisms, as far as they emanated from an intelligent perusal of the magazine, would have to be considered. At the same time, the concession which should be made to the "dimmer types" is always a speculative question. Editors arrive at different decisions. Mr. Henry Luce of "Life," for his part, has decided to employ the photogenic features of Miss Gypsy Rose Lee, Miss Mary Martin, and/or Miss Betty Grable to relieve the tedium of culture—one picture of Miss Lee balancing so many pages of the improving word. This was a problem for the "Press Club" when it was summoned into existence by the enthusiasm of Mr. Wes Wright, Y. M. C. A. Supervisor.

The "Press Club" comprises men of all ranks who are interested in reading and writing. Membership is open to all. When Mr. Wright called the first meeting there was an enthusiastic gathering and "Adventura" had the support it needed for a new lease of life. If it is to continue to appear regularly this support must be maintained. It is intended to be a permanent feature of Station life and only the support of the whole Station can make it such. Any criticisms of this present issue, and there will be criticisms, should be aired at a meeting of the Press Club or communicated to the editors in writing. It is not sufficient to abuse the editors personally. They will obviously have done their best with the material at their disposal. Any constructive criticisms will be appreciated and acted on. A regular magazine will need regular features. The "Dead Letter Box," for instance, can be made "Live." Competitive features will be introduced. A topical crossword, for example, might be introduced as a prize-winning feature. These are suggestions which occur to us. Others will probably occur to you. Let us get together and make this magazine a regular and worthwhile feature of Station life.

Investigating Shangri-La Pennfield

Come with me on a tour 34 OTU and investigate the beauties and mysteries of this hive of corruption. We stand outside the main gate, and glance away from the main camp, looking ahead we can see a series of newly erected buildings, the most prominent being the Drill Hall where we can see almost any evening a unique performance of equally unique gymnastics given unconsciously by W/O Harris and F/S Wiltshire, both these gentlemen will also impart any information on the French language upon request. The Sergeants Mess is also a prominent feature in this section for it is here that they imbibe in the particular type of refreshment that enables them to look and behave as if hypnotized. Training Wing Staff occupy one of the newest barrack blocks, these privileged gentlemen can slip surreptitiously into Saint John and St. George, without undergoing first the pleasures derived from booking out.

The Booking out is done at this building here. To get across to it it is necessary to go round the Barber's pole-like barrier, that provides some Security Guard with the delightful job of manipulating whenever a transport proceeds in or out. The building mentioned is on the left, the faces peering at you with suspicion, are not those of inmates but those of Service Policemen. It is true they are nearly all S. P.'s at present engaged there all at one time. You see, to book out for an evening, it is

necessary to produce your identification card (if asked for) and a permanent pass on which is a number that bears no relation to either your service number or to any official number given to you at any time by the Services, but it does provide the multitude behind the portals of the Guard House with some means of passing the time. It is necessary to make a hurried exit in case the strange malady afflicting all members of the S. P. family becomes too contagious.

Passing up the main drive we hesitate at the imposing structure on the right, S. H. Q., where one's pay is reduced "accordingly" by a truly permanent staff of Clerk/Acct's, headed by a staff of "Brass Hats" whose attitude of importance is second only to that of a visiting Air Commodore. We pause at the most disorderly room where no information may be attained on any subject whatsoever. The central registry where L.A.C. Udall's tongue can be seen to advantage licking stamps. Then it is necessary to dawdle at the spot where erks and angels fear to tread, for in the last three offices, to barge in might cause either the S. W. O., Station Adjutant, Admin. Officer, or even Groupy, to throw a fit or might even interfere with their frequent indulging in refreshment obtained from the cook house at regular intervals.

Investigating Shangri-La Pennfield . . .

Continued from Page 4

Turning right we wonder what peculiar odours exhude from the airmen's mess, which can be seen on the right. This rare combination of aromas gives one the impression that Dante must have visited this spot, when he devised his famous book in which he rewards the vile patrons of iniquity, by plunging them into a lake from which exhudes the vilest of all smells. The barrack block on the left houses "C" Flight, or what used to be Yarmouth Detachment, better known as the neglected battalion; one may obtain a fever, a cold, or even pneumonia, by sleeping a night there. The other blocks are pretty obliging in that direction also. Some evening relief from boredom can be obtained from a visit to the Rec. Hall, where Col. Shepard tries to satisfy the appetite of S. H. Q. in search of entertainment. The Y. M. C. A. is on the right, where the lounge lizards congregate, and where the privilege of hearing the latest and worst noises ever recorded, can be heard any evening, on a radio gram surrounded by airmen who profess to be adoring fans of Harry (Hot), James and Frank Swoonatra.

Towards the end of this main road, one gets a glimpse of the Fire Hall, where the Fire Piquet sit daily, listening with all ears to the delights of Fire Fighting, an address inflicted daily by F/Sgt. Cebarge. Lastly along this boulevard the Officers, the mess being well

and truly named, according to the wierd and wonderful sounds emitting therefrom. The Oxford accent, can be heard coming from recently commissioned men, who in all probability never saw either Cambridge or Oxford.

At the cross-roads, we pass the converted Drill Hall, now being utilized by Training Wing; it is within these walls that pupils get more confused every day, and where the techniche of where not to drop bombs is taught. Training Wing Headquarters is within sight, occupying the formidable "H" block, Sgt. Lonsdale and his merry men disport in the orderly room. This building hides and houses most of the items one would never imagine to be connected with an OTU. All the most unreliable weather reports can be obtained here. All the Secret "Signals" pass through here. The Education Officer hibernates in one of its many rooms, Opp's room, headed by the "Intelligence" Officer, who, according to his weekly Intelligence Narrative, must have been editor of some local penny dreadful. The Link Trainer where one may experience anything from seasickness to an ordinary dizzy spell, is also available to the more air-minded.

No. 1 Hangar, "A" Flight, here Chiefy Wilkinson struggles with a system of his own design, frequently called the "Swing Shift," tries hard without any obvious success, to have all available erks at work at once, work out their time off, their meals, their 48's, account for sickness and absenteeism, and altogether perform miracles, his worst critics always seem to mention something about "crashes."

(Continued on Page 14)



STATION CHATTER

On January 2nd, by some mishap, the Break waggon was guilty of selling tea which actually contained sugar. Not to mention the sandwiches that were not more than two days old. Must have been the Christmas spirit prevailing.

Upon entering the sacred precincts of a certain conservatory one is confronted by the notice: "If you do not salute upon entering or leaving, it will be assumed that you have recently joined." The unique mentality responsible for this delightful spot of information belongs to one bearing the trade mark of a fruit that most of us enjoyed when we were happy.

How to retain perpetual youth? This problem is solved by our muscled N. C. O. Information may be obtained on this course at the new gym. It is here where one may see those ageing members of the unit, attempting to emulate the man on the flying trapeze, or do anything that will prevent rigor mortis from setting in.

S/Ldr. Harrison is advised not to wander in and around the woods wearing that "Busby."

P/O Hopkins has provided men of Repair Squadron with a problem, Where does his fur cap begin and where does it end?

A vicious rumour is circulating, to the effect that "Blondie Lee" is about to get his "Props," also that A. C. Ashborne has signed on for another tour of duty in Canada.

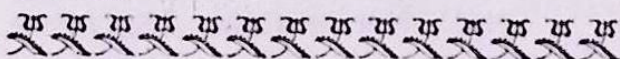
Plans are going ahead with a view of extending the Guard

House, more accommodation is needed for the ever increasing number of S. P's.

Personnel of S. H. Q. wing have condescended to tolerate the presence of Maintenance "scum" at their dances, providing Training Wing and S. H. Q. fail to purchase all available tickets. D. R. O. 320.

Upon realizing his ambition, of indulging in his first shave, A.C. Jones intends to tell a certain W/O "to get some in" the same N. C. O. having been a F/S for 11 years.

Cpl. Wheeler has already applied for the post of pedestrian traffic cop when he returns to "Civvy Street."



BRAVO BERNARD

That was a mighty fine evening's entertainment which your Adventurers' Dramatic Society put on here December 1st. All who attended were well pleased with the high calibre of acting in your series of one-act plays and sketches. We particularly liked "This Ain't The Air Force," and even at this late date still derive chuckles from its hilarious originality. Orchids to Met-man Rush, Nursing Sister Sally and the other characters in that play. Can't forget either the fine work of the regular members of your cast. Sorry we haven't got room to mention them all by name, but we'll be looking forward to seeing them when you present your three-act play towards the end of February. Hurrah! The title is "The Fourth Wall," by A. A. Milne, that means a good comedy thriller!

IT'S A WAR WEARY WORLD THAT WE LIVE IN

It's a war weary world that we live in,
The airmen had just drawn their pay,
The sergeants were bobbing as usual,
And the boat was not in the bay.
The corporals were jungle juice juggling,
Dodging their rounds you can guess,
The pupils were shooting a really nice line,
Flight sergeants were gay in the mess,
There was the usual joy in the guardroom,
They were working the four to twelve shift,
Giving the works to the poor little erks
Who had been a few hours adrift.
Up in the Equipment Section
With a sinister smile on his face,
A satisfied "basher" was sitting—
He'd refused to exchange a shoe-lace.
Now we come to a happy young airman
Whose name in this epic we'll forge,
By playing an air on a "G string"
With a dame he'd picked up in St. George.
Down in the W/T Section,
In accents both regal and grand,
They were talking of Sweet Fanny Adams,
St. Andrews and the Station Band.
The boys who worked in the cookhouse,
They served up the grub with disdain,
And if it didn't meet your approval
You could stick it somewhere that was plain.
The M. T. were doing some scrounging
And at scrounging they're pretty spry,
A pigeon loft handman was feeling brassed off—
A pigeon had spit in his eye.
The Met Boys had been really busy—
Predicted a night really swell,
But all of the aircraft were grounded
And it rained like the clappers of hell.
The mellow chimes of the jolly old twitcher
Said exactly a quarter to foo,
The lobster was now the most popular song,
But Salome was still number two.
Then up spoke the i/c of "A" Flight,
In manner both jovial and gay,
"Cor stone a crew, ain't it wonderful,
We ain't had a pile up today."
It's a war weary world that we live in,
I'm nearing the end as you'll note,
But Wait!! Look! There on the horizon,
No it isn't—yes it is—IT'S THE BOAT!!!

Ground Strafe!

In most Messes today you will find a gaggle of somewhat aged ex-Army Officers, who deplore the somewhat obvious fact that the R. A. F. isn't the same as the Army, and as for discipline, my boy . . . well, I don't mind if I do—why, the whole Battalion broke down and cried when I left 'em in '18.

It is true that the differences are there all right, but in our anxiety to mark them, we surely slip up on one essential, common to all Services, of "getting to know your men." That sounds dull to some people, as also unnecessary, damped as it can be by the old arguments that the men want to be left alone, and not interfered with. Now that's a half-truth—and air-crews (commissioned and non-commissioned) have not been slow in getting hold of the wrong half, using it as a reason for complete oblivion as to the personal side of flights and sections, on whose competence and discipline their lives may well depend.

It is no use saying "We're too busy flying"—in between such spasms, there are long hours of wailing; and an intelligent (if possible) or assumed (if necessary) interest in what the ground staff is doing on the kites is a sure way of improving serviceability, by the very simple method of personal contact. Most of us like to be known by our names, too, and you will have made the first step in the right direction when you can yell out "Snooks," instead of "Hi, you!"

Crew-rooms and Flight offices possess some strange power (stor

ed up, maybe, from the magnetic waves given off from shooting lines) of firmly clamping air-crews to what seats are available. An occasional visit, therefore, to maintenance, armoury, signals or parachute sections would need a terrific effort of will-power—but it could be done.

During working-hours—which are bound to include length periods when airmen develop their genius for just leaning—opportunity may arise for something a little more organised than the game of statues. Think it out—and see too how your men feed, and what their quarters are like. You'll be surprised,—and so will they.

After hours is another story, but can be read on the same lines. Most stations are distant from the alleged glamour of towns—so that local entertainments, and particularly those run by your own unit, are necessary; to rely on occasional USO shows is not enough (as the airman said when admonished for being three days adrift).

The Station Entertainments' Officer should be as glad of suggestions as you should be to make them—if they are to be constructive they must reflect the wishes of the men—(not yours), and this can only be achieved by your knowing them in and out of work.

And the result of all this deliberate rushing in where at the moment air crews fear to tread? A happy station, with the men as keen as you must be on the one job that matters—winning the war.

R. B.

An Opinion

As an Englishman I have a natural pride in my country and at least as much as, if not more, than the average but I lose some of this when I hear so many chaps say what an awful place Canada is.

Let me say now that the average chap has had a better time in Canada than he ever had in England. He has eaten better, travelled more and been shown the greatest hospitality one could desire. I do not suggest that all these things can or should take the place of Home, but they are factors which should be considered. That you are away from home is not the fault of Canada, but so far as they can, her people try to make up for this deficiency. Realise this and we are sure you will be grateful.

There are differences in Canadian living and our own but they are slight and often things which the size and population of this country, compared with our own, make unavoidable. The people themselves also are different, largely due to the previously mentioned circumstances. Don't condemn them for this but accept it as you hope they will accept the differences they find in you. If we all do these things we shall understand each other better and enjoy ourselves more. We are virtually guests of another nation and as such our behaviour will reflect upon future associations and through us we may bring closer ties than already exist. We may speak of differences but we have no right to criticize, for if we do we show our lack of tolerance and understanding.

Let us, whilst we are guests in Canada, think only of the kindness we have received and not how much we miss home. Let us show our appreciation and thanks in such a way that Canada's memory of Englishmen will be nothing but pleasant. This will be a credit not only to our country but also to ourselves as individuals. Furthermore, Canadians deserve this appreciation as a whole.

In finishing this brief article let me remind you that most Canadians originated from our own islands and so have much in common with ourselves, including a share in our traditions. Their pride in the feats of their own fighting men and war output does not lessen their enthusiasm for our own country's achievements and in feeling proud of our own we should also share their pride in theirs as a contribution to the greatest Empire in history.

CPL. R.

On January 1st 1944, F/Sgt. McInnes of Equipment Section was informed by Air Force Authorities that he had been awarded the **BRITISH EMPIRE MEDAL** Military Division.

The Station is justly proud of F/Sgt. McInnes on winning such an award,—which is recognition by the highest authorities of a duty well and truly done.



The Spirit of Xmas in the . . . Sergeant's Mess!

On December 20th, 1943, the Sergeants Mess was invaded by a strong force of children from the married quarters, and about sixty more from the local school. A large number of the children were accompanied by their mothers.

Never have the ante-room and dining room echoed with so much genuine childish laughter and frolics. The vast number were held successfully at bay by the P. M. C., W/O Smith, F. W. F/Sgt. Winstanley, F/Sgt. Rogerson, ably assisted by W/O Portlock, F/Sgt. Bentley and Sgt. Parsons.

The catering was left in the hands of Sgt. Davies.

Prior to the party proper, the children were entertained to a cinema performance of animated cartoons which were kindly donated by the Y. M. C. A., and judging by the laughter, proved a highly successful opening.

The next item was the feeding. This had caused quite a headache beforehand owing to the shortage of suitable beverages, as fresh milk was not obtainable. The suggestion of one N. C. O. to open the bar was rather frowned upon. It was at last decided to give the children "cokes" and other similar refreshment. They certainly went to town with these, and all the helpers were busy for quite some time with the bottle openers.

The ladies were regaled with tea and sandwiches, whilst the kiddies

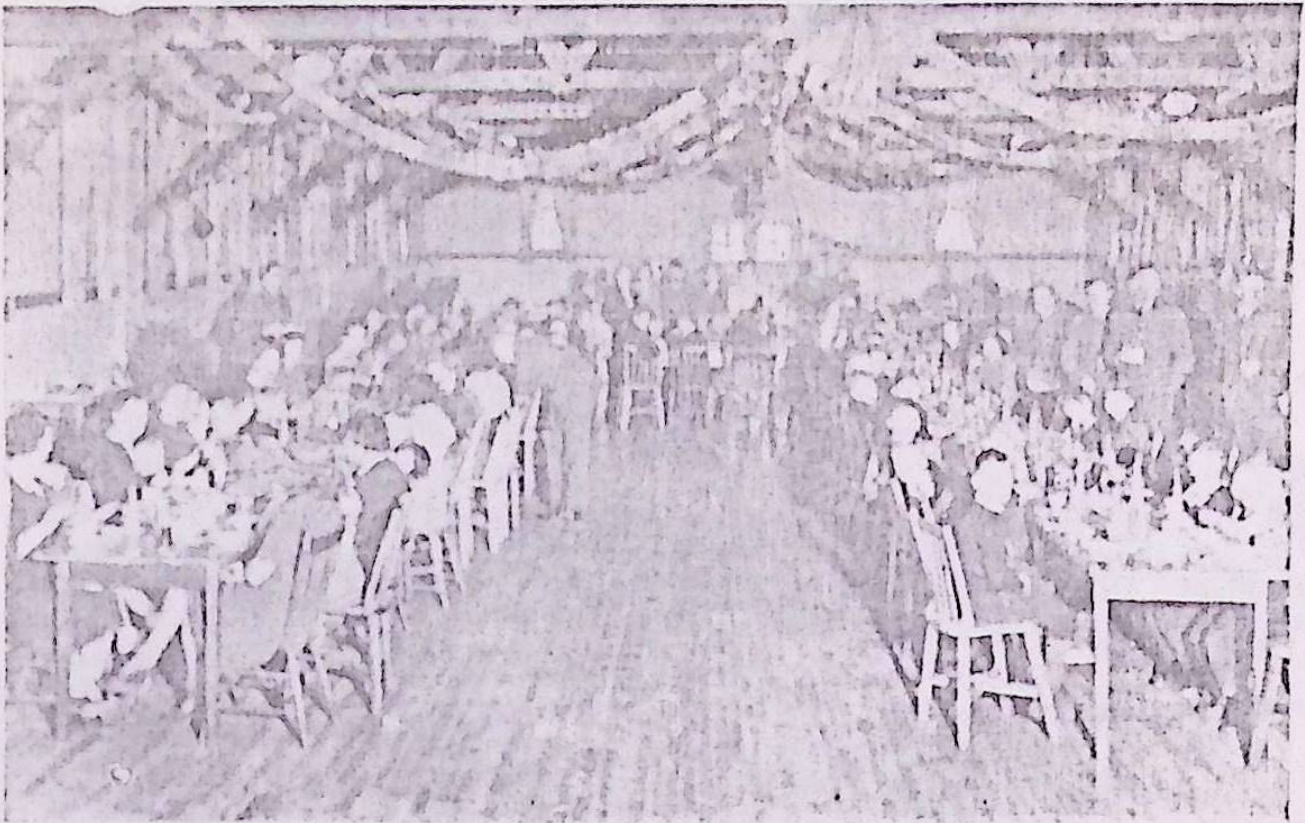
gorged themselves with cookies, jellies, and some really sticky cakes that the kitchen staff had prepared specially for the occasion.

Suddenly the stage sprang into vivid relief, and there he was! Father Christmas himself, complete with red coat, leggings, and a wonderful white beard (F/Sgt. Bentley). Children rushed from all parts of the Mess crying, "Father Christmas has arrived." Each child received a present from the Christmas tree, where Father Christmas was assisted by Mrs. Wintle and Mrs. Secker. The eagerness of some of the youngsters was evident by their falling up on to the stage. Father Christmas soon restored order however, and things went smoothly until every child had received a toy. The remark was passed that one F/Sgt. should have no difficulty in finding a job after the war, even though it would be only seasonal.

At the conclusion, each child was given a bag of sweets, chocolate and fruit, and so was brought to a close a most enjoyable afternoon—for the N. C. O.'s as much as the children.

A word of thanks must be given to all the Mess members who waited so patiently for their suppers until well after 1800 hours.

An echo of the occasion was forthcoming when a letter, which



Happy throng of kiddies, with their respective mothers, at the Christmas treat which was held for them in the Sergeants' Mess, Pennfield, N. B.

The Spirit of Christmas in the Sergeant's Mess

is produced below, was received from the Secretary of the local school.

The Commanding Officer,
R. A. F. Station,
Pennfield Ridge, N. B.

Sir:—On behalf of the residents of the Pennfield area, I want to take this opportunity of thanking you, Sir, the Senior N. C. O's, and all other people under your command, who assisted and made possible the children's treat given to the children of residents of this area.

I want to thank you and tell you

that we appreciate the kind and generous thoughts behind the party just as much as I want to thank you for the party itself.

I can assure you that every parent was deeply touched by the generous spirit of the Royal Air Force personnel at Pennfield, and would greatly appreciate it if you would convey to the Staff at Pennfield our grateful thanks.

Wishing you, Sir, and all personnel of the R. A. F. at Pennfield a Happy New Year, and especially the hope that 1944 will be the year of complete Allied victory, I am,

Yours faithfully,

MR. S. A. MCKAY,
Secretary.

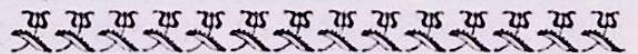
“BILL BAILEY”

I was listening to Frank Munn on the radio the other night and his announcer was saying that one of his most requested songs was: “I’ll Take You Home Again Kathleen.” Frank proceeded to sing it very well indeed and the fellow across the way was saying that if Frank had any room he would be obliged if he could be counted in too. The fellow above me (the one who makes the bed shake), said that he liked to hear the “Lost Chord.” I heard the Welsh Choir practise this number one night and after that I should think that all future search for it would be rather futile. Personally I don’t want this sort of number. I don’t know whether I am a lowbrow or not, but right now I would like to hear, “Won’t You Come Home Bill Bailey.” And I don’t think I would want Frank Munn to sing it even if he would, which I doubt. The reason why I want this particular number is something that makes this short essay somewhat longer. It takes me back to a bed the R. A. F. was lending me at Farnborough (Hants). After duty I was lying there speculating on the nature of the cosmos and listening to a fellow in the ablutions singing “Bill Bailey.” And he was singing it from the soul and with a voice that was only a tuppenny bus ride from Shoreditch. It is the only voice for Mr. Bailey and I listened with admiration. I wish I could get down on paper the exquisite richness of this voice. You have surely been told by the S. W. O’s Kelly that your pass has not been signed. You have heard Sid Ledger tell you that the four-cent stamps are gone. Hollingsworth has told you there are no “seconds” and you have certainly heard

Freddie Frewin. It was a combination of these. And as I listened to this rhapsody:—

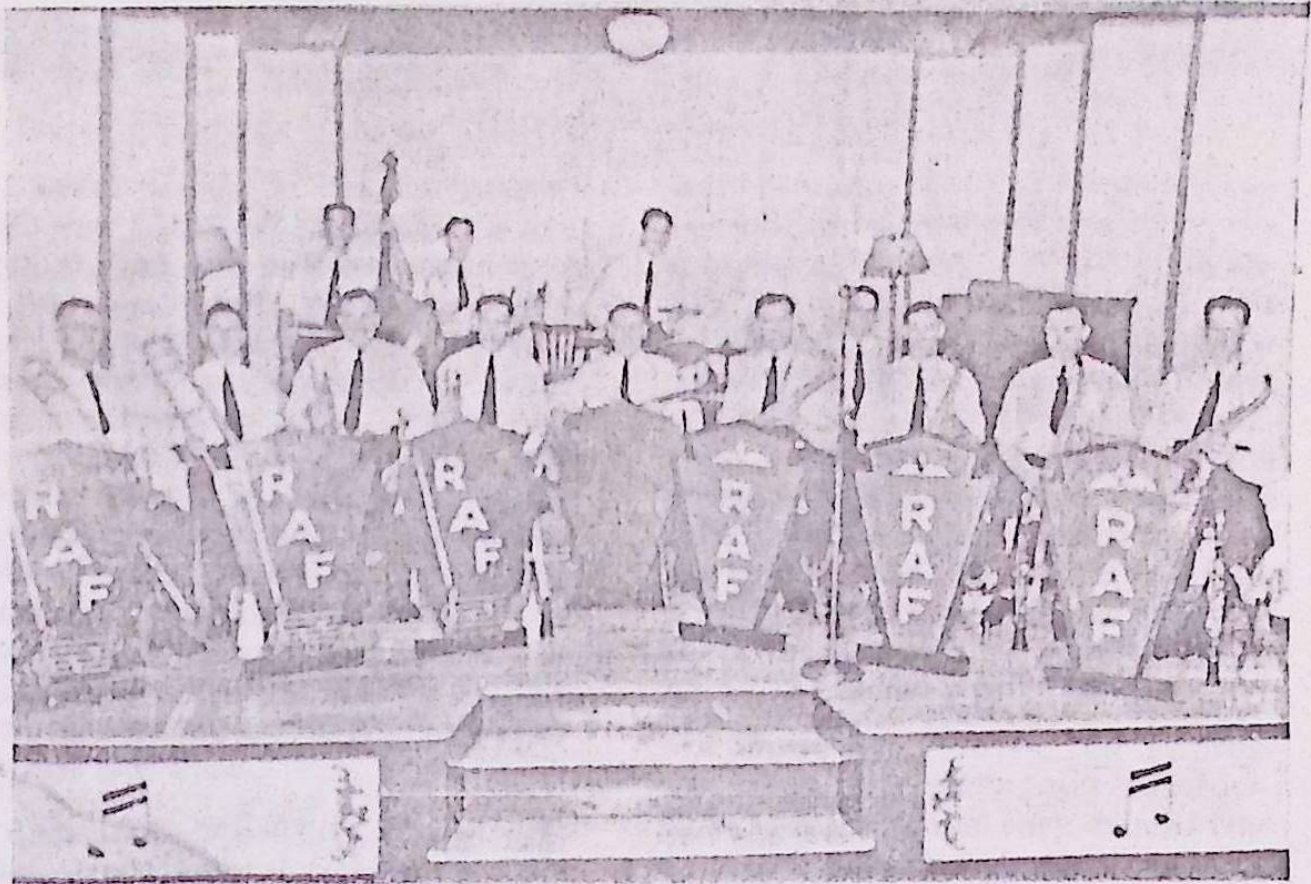
“No sweeter music e’er was heard
In springtime from the cuckoo
bird.”

a guy came in with the mail. In a moment I was being informed by my girl-friend that she considered our relationship at an end. That she had established relations with an exempt civilian gentleman who intended regularising the position but she was my “friend always and so long, Mabel.” And that was that, and the fellow in the ablutions was still singing “Bill Bailey.” Since then the song has had a meaning for me. It is a hymn of release from the past and of hope for the future. It is to me what Lincoln is to the coloured people of America. And when the next big release comes—you know which one I mean—I would like to hear it again. I would like to have Hollingsworth, Kelly, Ledger and Frewin with Streatham’s own Gillman on the sax and while Harry is setting them up again I would have them sing the chorus just once more. Boy would I cry in my beer.



BOUQUET TO BENTLEY

Yaws suh, we all can remember way back to August 11th and 18th of 1943 when “The Exiles” under your direction put on that snappy revue. All the lads in it did a smart job, but we remember best the two Dutch Sgts. in their song and dance act, Max Brown and the Station Orchestra. All the actors were super, and here’s luck to you in your new venture, which (we hope), will be ready by the time this mag. is printed.



STATION DANCE BAND

People say "Third Time Lucky." It certainly is for we have been waiting for this opportunity to put an article in this paper. Probably all of you have heard the band by now, some of you with enjoyment, and some with disgust. Unfortunately for us, the radio these days sets such a high standard in the world of swing with its professional players that too many of the personnel here expect the same from us, only semi-pros. We don't profess to be a Tommy Dorsey or Glenn Miller outfit, but we do put our best into our entertainment, whether it be a civilian engagement or camp dance or concert. We do honestly realise that some of our playing isn't perfect by any means, but please do try and encourage even greater efforts with constructive criticisms instead of a jolly good bind. It is no pleasure to us to displease you as we have to suffer individually from perhaps a hundred chaps who all have little grievances against us.

We would, at this juncture, like to thank the various Wings that have asked us to play for their dances, both on and off the camp, and hope that in future all Wings will follow suit. We like to play for you and incidentally, it helps your own P. S. I.

Many of you may remember when the band first started getting organised. A dance band for this Unit was arranged on the boat coming over, and as soon as we landed preparations were made for the purchase of instruments. Things started going when we were at Yarmouth in the form of piano, drums and alto-sax at one or two of the local dances in the town. Since then, the band has continued to grow steadily until today you have a big band that has made quite a name for the Station, down here in the Maritimes and at quite a number of other places due to its several broadcasts over CHSJ in Saint John.

You would be amazed at the requests we have received to play in towns far away from here, but as always our own Station and personnel come first. So, remember, give the band all the support you can as it is YOUR Station Band and we want you to be proud of it.

We would like to thank the editors of "Adventura" for this space and to wish you all a very happy and prosperous New Year.

E. A. T.

PUSHING 'EM IN AND PUSIHNG 'EM OUT

Reveille has sounded. A new day is born,
 We ought to feel good on such a bright morn
 But somehow we cannot get into the spirit
 For they've taxed our endurance up to the limit
 By having kites pushed out and having 'em in,
 Just at someone's fanciful whim.
 To the hangar we go in a half-hearted way
 Knowing what's going to happen today;
 As we approach the N. C. O. roars,
 "Double up there, two-six on the doors,"
 So it's started again and we must begin
 Getting 'em out and getting 'em in.
 Now comes the part, to us, a main factor,
 For one of the boys tries to start up the tractor;
 The tractor won't start. Now that is a sin,
 For we'll be pushing 'em out and pushing 'em in.
 The first one is out, we're stuck on the ice,
 So out come the air-crew like so many mice,
 They all gather round and give a great shout
 And seem to enjoy this pushin 'em out;
 We manage to get four out on the line,
 Already started and warmed up in time
 Then we are told "There's a fog coming in,
 And so once more we're pushing 'em in;
 That's how it goes on hour after hour
 It's no wonder the erks are looking so sour,
 It's labour in vain, it seems so to him
 This pushing 'em out and pushing 'em in.
 What can we do but just carry on
 And silently pray that the boat won't be long
 For we're certainly cheesed, of that there's no doubt
 With pushing 'em in and pushing 'em out.

L.A.C. G. ROBINSON.

Shangra-Li Pennfield

Continued from Page 5

No. 2 Hangar. Here "B" Flight, together with Inspection Flight, perform their "daily sweeps" of the hangar with broom, and at the same time keep up a standard of Serviceability, that up to the present is well below average, the more malicious members of its staff boasted of having at least "one" serviceable, during the entire month. Chiefy Wiltshire, meek and mild, consciencious, and never offensive, struggles valiantly, to achieve the impossible, and murmurs, "If only we had Mosquitoes instead."

No. 3 Hangar, "C" Flight, ex-Yarmouth Detachment, completely indifferent to other Flights, determined to work out her own salvation, and making a good job of it too. Wonders are performed with U/S kytes, and a high standard of Serviceability, can be depended upon from this section, experience with Yarmouth Detachment has proved extremely beneficial. Chiefy Bentley guards the welfare of his charges with the devotion of a broody hen, but is amply rewarded, the scales being in the minority. "C" Flight can be relied upon in all circumstances.

(To be continued)

THE CORPORALS CLUB

I went along to the Corporals' Club one night, at the Editor's behest, to find out what went on and to find out what the Club looked like. I knew already that the Corporals were very proud of their Club and jealous of it. They had worked hard for it, and had dutifully paid up a little sub every pay-day when we erks just walked out. Their labours had been watched sympathetically by Group Captain Leach and the Senior Admin. Officer, and on July 1st, 1943, the Commanding Officer officially opened the Club.

Certainly the Club has a very cosy atmosphere. It is quite spaciouly furnished (by the Y. M. C. A. and P. S. 1) and has facilities for most indoor games. Also I noticed that a Corporal could write a letter there if he were so disposed.

On the left as I entered I saw the "Ventura Inn," presided over by that genial character Charlie Goble. One would think that such a congenial vocation would be enough for any man. But not such a man as Charlie. He paints. Remember the tables in the Airmen's Mess? Charlie did those. And he has taken his talent to the Corporals' Club too, and the interior decoration does him credit. His painting done, he now dispenses "jungle juice" to the lads. It's a pity other interior decorators don't do the same.

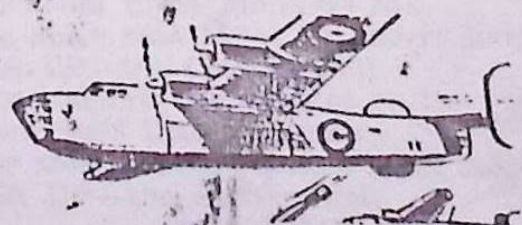
Still looking for copy I was welcomed by Corp. Hinton, who has been the chairman of the Club since it was established. He spoke very enthusiastically about it, naturally, for he has put a lot of work into it. He spoke of the

dances they had enjoyed already and of the others yet to come. He told me about the Corporals Football Team trained on Red Ball. He told me of the other aspects of the social life at the Corporals' Club, of the occasional "At Home" weekends, when they were hosts to the wives and friends of members. He foreshadowed more and more social activity on the part of the Corporals, which would serve to divert the two hundred members and in many ways the whole camp.

I came away with the impression that they were very comfortable there, thanks very much. One Corporal told me he had refused his third because he did not want to leave the Club. It was rather late when he said this and I believe he had been patronising Charlie's Inn. But I saw what he meant. I found a most courteous hospitality there for which I now thank them. Before I left they asked me if I knew what Corporals were the best-dressed men at Christmas, or whose behaviour at the Christmas Party earned him the name of "Wolf."

Or perhaps I knew who was last in the six-mile race? I didn't know the answers to the first two questions, but as I took a last look at the place and saw Charlie wrap himself around some Red-Ball I thought I knew the answer to the last.

D. H. R.



Meet You At The "YM" Mate

Every day at Pennfield you'll hear men saying the title of this article. They gallop in, or they walk in, or they totter in as feebly as fish gasping for breath—but—they meet at the "YM." And by the looks of the building one can easily see, that it is much used. Some of you chaps, who have had to sit on the floor the odd time or two, will tell you that accommodation has often been at a premium.

However, with the co-operation of the Station we are taking over the former Mess of the Sergeants, so that we may have two large buildings in which to make you comfortable. In the new spot we hope to cater to that hungry stomach of yours, and also to give you a chance to spend in leisure those off-duty hours, which otherwise might hang heavily on your hands. Yes siree, there'll be a soda fountain, milk bar, snack bar and regular dry canteen. You will be waited upon by nice young ladies attired in blue uniforms, and the variety of products available for purchase over the counter will really please you. Maybe, by the time you read this for the first time, we will have already moved in. Don't forget that the lounge over there with its piano and radio is for your use. You can find a quiet spot, where you may read and write in the former building, and the only noise to disturb you there, will be that coming from the card room. Course it's going to take even a while longer for us to get everything lined up the way we want it for you, but we'll get there some day.

Every Monday morning we put coming week. Copies of this are out a Station Programme for the

displayed everywhere throughout the camp. Look it over regularly. the camp. Look it over regularly and pick out something in which you'd like to take part. If there doesn't seem to be just what you want, drop in and tell Wes. what you'd like. Course we can't satisfy everybody, but your idea might be something that would lead to a lot of fun for more of the boys. The "YM" is just what YOU make it, and with a lot more of the boys pitching in, brother—watch our dust. Not trying to steal any of JAB's thunder, but we get in the odd bit of athletic equipment. You can have it for the seasonal games. Nope, no charge! All we ask is that you save it for the next chappie to use as soon as you are through with it.

Too bad this mag. isn't Encyclopedia Britannia size or we'd give you a bit more "gen" about what goes on at the "YM." but enough for us. If you do have the luck to get posted from here to another Station, or if in your travels you bump into a "Y-Guy," just remember that that chap in grey has been trained to help you in the field of entertainment, recreation and so forth. From the time of the Fenian Raids up to the day you read this article (?) for the first time, the "YM" has been with the troops endeavouring to carry on the great work started so many years ago in England by Sir George Williams.

The Canadian Y. M. C. A. is devoted entirely to your service.

"Met you at the 'YM,' mate!"

Oh! to be an A. C. H. or "The Standard Group"

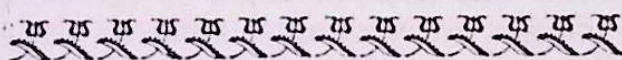
Have you ever stopped to consider just how fortunate the Air Force is in having we ACH's or as they say out here in Canada, the "Standard" Group? Just imagine if at one foul stroke, the trade, which it certainly is, of ACH was abolished and we were put u/t in some stupid trade like fitter IIE or clerk G.D. or, heaven forbid, equipment assistant. The firm may just as well pack their hand in for who could ever run it half so efficiently as us? Social life on this unit would wither away if we didn't clean up the Y. M. C. A. after these so-called tradesmen had finished stuffing themselves with their well-earned (?) pay. Think of the inner man and how pitifully thin he would be if he had to rely on cooks and butchers for meals and how chaotic conditions would be in the Officers' and Sergeants' quarters if we weren't there to straighten things out. The general attitude is that we are a lot of dim so-and-sos, but who else but an ACH, admittedly a keyman of the Control Tower could up SSQ and in an authoritative voice inform them that one of his boys had been on late duty and would not be able to go on sick parade till 0900 hours—sick man being said key-man. And who would you think would be responsible for towing aircraft into hangars already full? A Flight Lieutenant, a Warrant Officer or a Flight Sergeant? You'd be wrong—he's an ACH—and an erk at that.

We are blamed for everything, from bad weather to scrubbing of 48's; we're kicked around, shouted at, sworn at and bullied and as a crowning insult, underpaid. Re-

garding this latter grievance, it is suspected that Clerks Accounting, Pay have a life-long grudge against us owing to the fact that one of our group refused to wash any cups for their tea-swindle unless he got duty-pay and these Clerks, Accounting, Pay, like their famous cousin, the elephant, have never forgotten.

Look into the future and imagine your children asking, "What did you do in the war, daddy?"; imagine their pride and joy when you reply, "Washed dishes and polished officers' buttons." See how proud they'll be of you and how scornful of those who only flew aeroplanes! Tell them the ACH code—"If it's a hard job, trust an ACH to make it easy," and watch them all join the RAF to follow in your footsteps.

And now if you'll excuse me, I must go—I take my remustering board today.



THE CLARION CALL

Where'er the Union Jack has flown,
On islands great and small,
Where'er the R. A. F. has stood—
TEA UP—The Clarion Call.
In midst of hell and fire let loose,
When backs are to the wall,
What is the sound that cheers us on?
TEA UP—The Clarion Call.
When flying over Jerry's zone
And all your engines stall,
What words have brought you back to
base?

TEA UP—The Clarion Call.
And in the depths of Winter's frost,
When old Brass Monkeys fall,
The voice that saves us hollers loud
TEA UP—the Clarion Call.
What sounds are sweeter to the ear
Than Miss Lynn or Evelyn Dall?
The voice that breathes o'er all the air,
TEA UP—the Clarion Call.

1080498 AC/1 LEWIS, L.

DEAD LETTER BOX

Dear Editor:

I understand that the Camp Barber now has two prices for shaves—10c and 20c. Would you please tell me the difference?

"Inquisitive."

(With a 20c shave you get bandages.—Editor).

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Wot are the qualificashuns nesissery to remuster to S. P?

"Ambishus AC2."

(You are well qualified—Ed.)

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"An Erk."

(Yes, to make the pats of butter look bgger.—Ed.)

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In your opinion what is the best rank in the Air Force.

"AC. Firkin."

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What shall I do to get promotion?

"Joe."

(Just see Lees.—Ed.)

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Two months ago my sister joined the WAAFs. Last week she had supper with a certain S/Ldr. Now she's a Sergeant. Did she do wrong?

"Worried."

(Well! She didn't do bad.—Ed.)

Dear Editor:—

As a point of interest, how many men work over in "Flights"?

"Curlous."

(About half of 'em.—Ed.)

LEND—LEASE

Nothing cements the bonds of friendship more firmly between the R. A. F. and the U. S. A. than does the U. S. O., and the U. S. O. Troupe here on November 7th certainly packed a lot of concrete around those ties. Yum-yum to the three lovely ladies, and lots of belly laughs from those two "Hell-sapoppin" stars and the peppy m. c. Welcome back any time U. S. O.

CINEMA GUIDE FOR
FEBRUARY

The following is a list of some of the outstanding film productions booked for the Station Cinema for the month of February, 1943. This list is liable to last-minute alteration.

Tuesday, February 1st—"Rage in Heaven," with Robert Montgomery, Ingrid Bergman and George Sanders.

Thursday, 3rd—"Dixie," with Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour and Marjorie Reynolds (technicolor).

Friday, 4th—A double feature—"Harrigan's Kid" and "Omaha Trail."

Saturday, 5th—"Princess O'Rourke" with Olivia de Haviland and Robert Cummings.

Sunday, 6th—"Stormy Weather," with Lena Horne and Bill Robinson.

Monday, 7th—"Son of Dracula," with Lon Chaney and Louise Allbritton.

Tuesday, 8th—"The Big Blockade," with all British stars.

Thursday, 10th—"Government Girl," with Olivia de Haviland and Sonny Tufts.

Friday, 11th—"The Iron Major," with Pat O'Brien and Ruth Warrick.

Saturday, 12th—"Northern Pursuit," with Errol Flynn and Julie Bishop.

Sunday, 13th—"So Proudly We Hail," with Claudette Colbert, Paulette Goddard and Veronica Lake.

Thursday, 17th—"North Star," with Walter Huston and Anne Baxter.

Saturday, 19th—A double feature, "Never A Dull Moment" and "Mad Ghoul."

Sunday, 20th—"Flesh and Fantasy," with Charles Boyer and Barbara Stanwyck.

Thursday, 24th—"Forever and A Day," with all British stars.

Friday, 25th—A re-issue of "Mississippi," with Bing Crosby.

Sunday, 27th—"His Butler's Sister," with Deanna Durbin and Pat O'Brien.



CUP WINNERS 1943, S. H. Q. B. FOOTBALL TEAM

Reading from Left to Right—Standing—L.A.C. MORGAN, L.A.C. RACKHAM, A.C. FORD, L.A.C. HARRISON, A.C. SLYE, A.C. STONE.

Front Row—Cpl. McMANUS, L.A.C. ELDER (Capt.) A.C. McGUINNESS, L.A.C. CHOULES, A.C. SMITH.

SPORTIVITIES

By JAB

Just twelve months ago I said "I hope that the Drill Hall which at the moment is just a dream, will be with us before the skating season started." Unfortunately I omitted to say which skating season. Anyway we at least have our "Drill Hall" or to be more correct our "Gymnasium," and although I say it myself, as perhaps should not, it looks like becoming the finest service gym in all Canada, thanks to a very energetic P. T. staff headed by Sgt. Evans. All equipment is home-made including flying rings, climbing ropes, horizontal ladders, chinning bars, punch bag and ball standards. Facilities are provided for basketball, volleyball, tennis, badminton, body building, boxing, etc. Any-

body aspiring to becoming a Gene Tunney, or John Grimek can have their dreams come true by regular attendance.

The outdoor sports season ended in a series of glorious defeats for the soccer team. Thank heavens for that British spirit which allows us to take a licking with a smile. The final match of the season was against Debert in the A. O. C. trophy competition. We lost 6-1 but the boys hung on to the last whistle, fighting hard all the way.

The inter-section soccer cup was won by S. H. Q. "B" who beat "C" Flight 5-1. At the end of the first half "C" Flight led 1-0. Shortly after the resumption "C" Flight

(Continued on Page 20)

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(Continued on Page 20)

SPORTIVITIES

Continued from Page 19

lost one man taken to hospital, and playing with only ten men were overrun by the energetic Headquarters team. It was a great game, and the C. O. was there to tell them so, and to present the trophy and medals, also to promise all the players a better soccer pitch for next year, we hope.

The rugby team caused a lot of wailing and gnashing of teeth at Fredericton, by holding U. N. B. to a draw 6 all. This was the first point the Collegiattes had dropped in two years, and boy oh boy did they take it badly. Lack of sporting spirit was very evident, but they will grow up.

The boxing team did exceptionally well in a match against N. A. G. S. at Yarmouth. After contesting, and I mean contesting, seven fights, they lost the match by only one point.

"Paddy" Calvert and L.A.C. Powell scored K. Os. for 34, both in the second round.

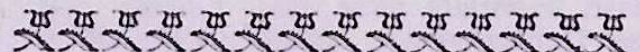
The tit-bit of the evening was a six-rounder between L.A.C. Curtin and P.O. Pearson. Pearson, a very correct boxer, did so well in the first round it looked like "curtains" for Curtin. But from here on Curtin coming along with a "wet sail" cut loose with a body bombardment, occasionally switching to the head, and made a certainty of the verdict with a really terrific final round. It is doubtful if there is an amateur (not service amateur) in Canada to beat him. Both contestants received a great ovation and deserved it.

The softball league ran very smoothly under the control of West Wright, "Y" Supervisor. The competition was won by the Officers

Mess after a great struggle with Works and Buildings. The season closed with a match between the Canadian and Home Born Officers. What's that? Who won? Gertcha. In this match the C. O., Group Captain Leach turned out for the Home Born Team. And to prove it was no fluke the Canucks proceeded to well and truly lace the R. A. F. Officers at soccer

With the coming of winter the Station finds itself in possession of one of the finest outdoor rinks in the Maritimes. Let's hope it was worth all the trouble, and hard words that were used in its erection. A station team has been nominated to compete in a Saint John League and with the interest shown, there is no reason why a station team shouldn't do well. Fl/O Edgar will manage the team and represent them at all league meetings. Here's wishing the hockey team the best of luck. Anybody playing hockey needs plenty of good wishes, and plenty of luck. This is one game I am not anxious to learn. I can always throw myself under a bus, if I want to get mused up.

Cheerio!



CLASSICAL CAPERINGS

Cpl. John Hefford and his trusty men are still having bags of fun up in the S. T. B. Theatre come each Sunday eve, around 1830 hrs. Unfortunately we haven't been able to attend many of your sessions; but those we did get to were great. Notice each Saturday in D. R. Os that you are listing in your programmes for Sunday, and they look better and better. Glad to hear you hope to move into even better surroundings, when the "Y" takes over its new building, and here's hoping more of the lads than ever will be out to hear the Music of the Masters.

Equipment Corner

Reviewing the Old Year, it is a common practice to publish a list of awards at this time.

Here, in the Equipment Section are ours:—

For being the best all-round sportsman.—L.A.C. Roper.

For the most unfailing good humour.—F/Lt. Fooks.

For being the best advertisement for the Clothing Section.—L. A.C. Mountford.

For the most humane act of 1943—To the powers-that-be, for the posting of Sgt. Charlton.

For the best piece of unconscious humour.—To the customer in the clothing section who, after having a strip torn off for his benefit, replied, "Keep your hair on."

For being the most gallant defenders of lost causes.—To the Equipment Section Football supporters.

For being the biggest optimist of the year.—To the Footballer who, having scored against us the previous evening, appeared next morning on a clothing parade.

For the most unusual request.—To the L.A.C. who, Living Out, asked for a smaller pair of shoes canvas, as the present pair were too big for the wife.

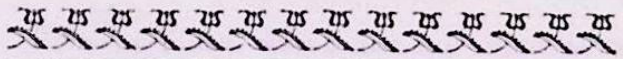
For the most notable achievement in the field of architecture.—To the genius who designed the new bar in the airmen's wet canteen.

For the tallest stories of 1943.—To the I & B Section collectively,

in which section the truth has never been permitted to interfere with a good story.

For the only question worth anything approaching sixty-four dollars.—The Clerk in the Orderly Room who asked us if we wished to be repatriated.

L.A.C. H.



The Tattooing of Timothy

John Timothy Vere was imbued
With the thought that his skin was too nude.
This foolish impression
Became an obsession;
So said Timothy: "I'll get tattooed."

On his strong right arm did he start
With an arrow-pierced red and blue heart,
Underneath it the name
Of his now distant flame
From whom he was so loth to part.

After that just, below it, another
Blue print to remind him of mother.
But the skin of this lad
Had no room for his dad,
Nor yet for dear Percy his brother.

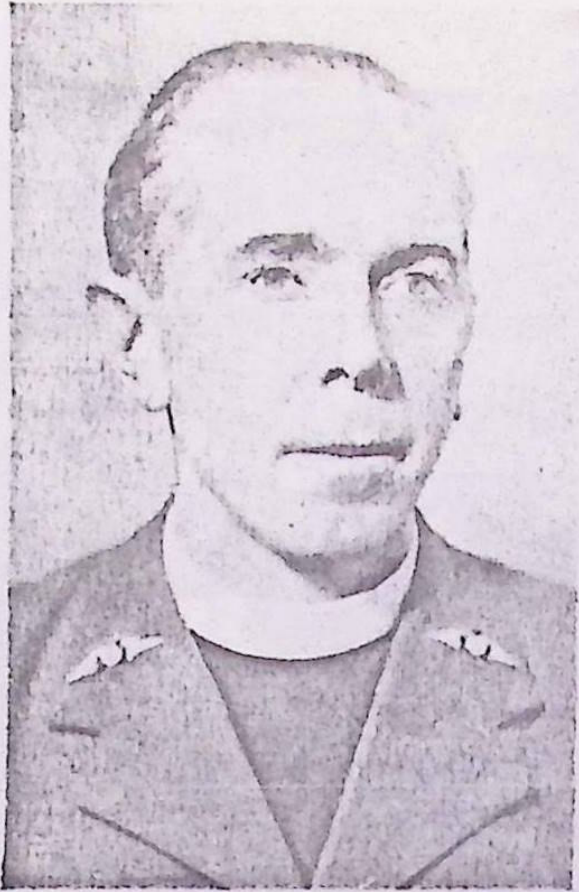
On his left arm a fully-rigged yacht
Sails over a blue blooded Scot;
A lady in tights
Keeps Tim warm o' nights,
Which might be a sin, but it's not.

But the lad never felt fully dressed
Until his proud Regiment's Crest
(Complete with the list
Of the battles he'd missed)
Were emblazoned all over his chest.

He has added the Navee's Ensign,
A crown and a ship of the line,
Dragon flies on his thighs
'Of remarkable size,
And a snake down the length of his spine.

Now when he gets back home to Flo
Whom he left behind long ago,
Will she be glad
Or will she be sad
When she sees the things he has to show?

J. P.



When we are at home, our religious life centres round our Parish Church. There we are baptized, receive our first instruction, make our first Communion and attend Mass with our family and friends. Very often in the "Service" we lose these external aids to the practice of our religion. If we try we can get Mass, but any corporate Catholic activity is impossible.

By the main Saint John road, near the Guard Room, you may have noticed a building nearly completed. It is possible that we shall have the use of this, as our own Chapel, as its size is not adequate to the number of other denominations on the Station. This arrangement is subject of course to the present work of reconstruction. We shall thus be enabled to have Mass in suitable surround-

I am very glad to have been given this opportunity of writing a few words in this new edition of the magazine, which will, I expect, reach most of you. First thing, as I shall not be here when these words appear in print, this must be in the nature of a farewell—for a few months! I should like to thank many of you for your help and friendship since I have been stationed here. It has been deeply appreciated, I assure you.

We have been working under somewhat adverse circumstances—who likes a Recreation Hall for Services?—and I am thankful that at last this Station will have before long a Church of its own.

And then—I would like to express to you all my very best wishes for this coming year and a speedy reunion with those you love. Great things will have happened before the close of it. May God guard and bless you through its length.

R. F. W. DURRANT.

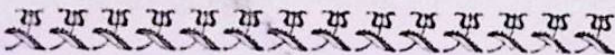
THE PADRE

Continued from Page 22

ings, receive the Blessed Sacrament, and the Services to which one is accustomed. With the help of equipment supplied by the Government and funds we have saved ourselves I think we shall have a Chapel where we can really feel at home.

In conclusion I would like to thank Padre Durrant who on my arrival and since has shown a courtesy and help far above the call of duty. We wish him "bon voyage."

J. R. ROWLAND.



Au Revoir to Padre Durrant

In saying farewell to Padre Durrant, repatriated to the "Old Country," the Station has lost one of its outstanding characters. Although of a rather shy and retiring nature Padre Durrant rendered many services and kindnesses quietly and efficiently. He was without doubt individual in his talks and advice to personnel, giving very careful thought and much thought, to their particular problems. Himself a family man he was at all times interested in the families of his flock and to those who were privileged to enjoy his friendship he was a Priest and Friend of the finest type.

The good wishes of all are extended to S/L Durrant, his wife and family; with whom it is our sincere wish he will soon be re-united, with many more years in service to his God and fellow-man ahead of him.

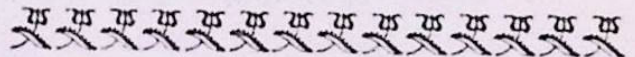
J. MATTHEW.

A TOAST

Here's to the fellows that sign on again,
Those chaps who don't fancy sailing the
maia;
There are tears in my eyes as I offer this
toast,
For I don't like to leave them behind on this
coast.
Maybe they think what they're doing is best
That's why they're not going back with the
rest.
But somehow I cannot help feeling inside
That they have got something they want to
hide.
Perhaps I am wrong for my mind is all
harried
But I know quite a few of these boys have
been married.
And naturally they don't like leaving their
wives
For uncertain places that this war decries.
So I give you again with a catch in my voice
The boys who stay here. The land of their
choice.

L.A.C.

G. ROBINSON.



O PAY!

O Pay! thou glorious grist,
Stay Stay Stay
Within my trembling fist,
Just for today.

It is not that I earn
You, or deserve,
But how I always yearn
To feel you serve
Me, with the thrills of life
Long past but not forgot.

Wine, Women, Song,
White tie and virgin collar
Not for the bloody erk
To flash his paltry dollar.
Tho even when it's split
It gives four quarters gleaming.
Enough to see a movie hit
You can't stop erks from dreaming.

So when the service spews us out
To Savoy or the Ritz,
Remember that the Sally A
Will only cost two bits.

R. C.



Christmas, 1943 at Pennfield

Can a gander at the boys tuckin' in the chow! That's the Adjutant, F/Lt. Young doing a fan-dance with the dish-towel down centre. Hiding in his shadow is F/O Kemp. The Senior Admin. Officer, S/Ldr. Elverston is looking for his money (tips?) in the rear, while hiding behind the cigar and giving forth with the autographs is the Messing Officer, F/O Morrison. That looks like the C. O., G/Capt. Leach with his

back to the camera on the left of the picture. Nice job of waiting the Officers and N. C. O's did that day, and take a look at the smiles on the faces of the men—what a meal! Don't overlook the Station Orchestra trying to blow out their brains in the background. There's Nightingale Wright and Pepsodent-smile Brown to the right, and you can also see three of the S. P. Corporals, trying to look human for once.

Autographs

