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The

# ADVENTURA



## MAGAZINE

of

### The Royal Air Force

...

PENNFIELD RIDGE

NEW BRUNSWICK

CANADA

...

MARCH 1944



*Wing Commander A. L. Bocking, D.F.C.*

\* \* \*

I regard it as an honour to be asked to introduce the second issue of the present series of "Adventura." A well produced Station Magazine is always indicative of a good Station spirit. Co-operation and team work is of course the keynote of crew training at this unit, and to win the war quickly it is essential that this feeling must prevail from the United Nations down to the lowest rank of any individual service.

I'd like to take this opportunity to wish those of you of the Royal Air Force who will be going home shortly, and those of the Royal Canadian Air Force who will be going overseas, all the best of luck, and may you have an opportunity of smashing the Hun in his own country, smashing him so hard and so thoroughly that never again will we or our children, be called upon to defend our very lives and homes.

Finally, we are all delighted that the Station Magazine has been resurrected, and sincerely hope its span of life will be a long one.

# The Adventura

(Magazine of the Royal Air Force Station, Pennfield Ridge, N. B.)

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Treasurer	F/Lt. HENDRY, F.
Literary Editor	Cpl. YOUNGMAN, B.
Publicity	A.C. WEINBERG
Distribution	Cpl. DENNISON, Sgt. BECKER, R.
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Sports	F/O. BLOOM, J.
Photographs	F/O MARSH, A.
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# The Editorial

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Because this is, for most of us, the last issue of "Adventura," it is not intended to analyse in detail the various criticisms of the previous issue. The majority of the personnel of the station is more concerned with the future than the past, and with this issue "Adventura" has had its say.

Looking back on Pennfield is going to be a pleasant occupation. Some time, possibly soon, the family is going to be gathered around the fire, and with the most sympathetic audience in two years (New York excepted) we will tell them the whole story. It will be a story of mud and the southern side of Yarmouth, and the snow, and the wind pinned to the snow at Pennfield. It won't be quite like the soldier who

*"Wept o'er his wounds and tales of sorrow done,*

*Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won."*

but it will draw those deep sighs from the womenfolk, and we will have the glow of satisfaction that comes with every line well and truly shot.

To aid you in this diverting occupation you now have four copies of the Station Magazine. They have all tried to reflect the spirit of the station, and in future it will be pleasant to look up the old faces on the photographs in this and other issues and speculate on what became of this one or that. Certainly those of us who were closely connected with the magazine will remember it with affection.

Now when we have, as the professionals say, put the last "Adventura" to bed, we would thank all those who were interested sufficiently to give of their time and energy to its composition. This quality of interest is a virtue. It springs from a mind that is alive, a mind that refused to let Bugs Bunny fill its horizon.

It is proper to give thanks to the Y. M. C. A. Supervisor, Mr. Wes Wright, for his enthusiastic leadership. His work has been a source of inspiration to the editors and we would have him know that it is appreciated.

So "Adventura," as it is at present constituted, says goodbye to Pennfield with the wish that good fortune attend all its readers, and that the good fellowship that grew among them may flourish and expand until, knowing each other better, we may learn to know the rest of the world too.

# "The Miracle Man"

You don't believe in miracles. Neither did I, until last April, that is. And then—

"Hello. Sister. Got anything exciting in your ward?"

"Hello, Doctor. On leave again?"

I nodded.

On my previous leave, six months back, I had spent half of my precious ten days helping them out. The suburban, where I had worked before joining up, was, like most hospitals, short-staffed with the services swallowing up so many doctors. Actually, it hadn't been such a sacrifice on my part as it might sound, because it gave me a chance to do some real clinical work again. After a night of blitz on the city and docks we might all be working in the Resuscitation Wards and Operating Theatres from before dawn till early evening.

"Well, yes," said Sister, "we have quite an odd piece of surgery in at the moment. You see that man in the corner there, playing draughts with the boy? We call him The Miracle Man."

I saw a man of some thirty years. A man dressed in the hospital blue of up-patients. He looked just an ordinary chap, the sort whose face you never remember.

"What's so odd about that?"

"Well, it is quite a story. Come into the office and I'll tell you why we call him The Miracle Man."

There hadn't been a real raid for about ten days. But the Hun must have discovered that a convoy had come in. You could usually tell when a heavy night raid was to be expected, because if the sirens went around

lunch-time, we took it to mean that a Jerry 'reco' plane was looking to see what lay in the river and docks, and if there was any big bait there you could reckon on a noisy night.

On one of the merchantmen lying in dock, a stoker had been feeling out-of-sorts for a few days. Another bout of the indigestion he had suffered for years on and off. But in the afternoon he suddenly collapsed in terrific pain, and they whisked him off in an ambulance to the city hospital.

The Receiving Room M. O. examined him. A clear-cut case of a perforated peptic ulcer. And that meant immediate operation, for when a stomach ulcer bursts it is a major abdominal crisis.

The surgeon had just made the skin incision when the sirens sounded. They were using the old theatre on the first floor. Not an ideal place in times of bombs and blast. But there was no thought of that. The surgeon was a Canadian who had been in England since the outbreak, and "carry on" was now second nature to him.

He was a neat and efficient surgeon. He operated with methodical precision. An interne assisted. Two students look on. The theatre sister presided at her instrument tables, two nurses at her command.

The ack-ack barrage was in full-cry now, hunting the droning in the sky. The droning waxed and waned repeatedly, punctuated by the crash of bombs, some nearer, some further away.

The pin-hole perforation in the stomach wall had been over-stitched

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# ... That Boston Trip

There are twenty-eight men from this Unit, who will never forget the "48" they spent as guests of the Boston Bruins' Hockey Club in Boston. Thirteen of the group were R. A. F. (eight R. A. F. lads backed out at the last minute before departing, and weren't they sorry?) and the remaining number were R. C. A. F. Certainly you must have heard from them on February 7th, that is from those of them who could still talk, just what a swell time they had.

Early in January, Wes. Wright, the Y. M. C. A. Supervisor, wrote to Mr. Art Ross of the Bruins asking if he could bring a party of men down to see a professional hockey match in Boston some Saturday. A reply immediately came along inviting fifteen. By that time there were many more than fifteen already booked for the trip, so the invitation was extended to include up to fifty; but bus accommodation could only be made for twenty-nine. At 10.40 p.m. Friday, February 4th, the group climbed into a special S. M. T. bus at the gate and were soon over the border at Calais. Wes. had arranged with the Customs to facilitate the crossing, and nothing went wrong until Steinfeld almost remustered to a U. S. A. customs' officer. While waiting the Greyhound bus an impromptu concert was given in the Yankee Customs Office by Cpl. Johnny Parouch, his accordion and his melody men.

Not content with that performance the group became an entertainment troupe and practiced all the way. Dumped out by mistake at the bus depot in Boston we straggled in column of bunches for three miles or more until there on the horizon was the Hotel Buckminster Palace, now taken over by the Army. It was

there that Lt. Col. Brown of the 1st Service Command had made arrangements for us to stay. There too was Frank Ryan of the Boston Bruins, to see we were properly taken care of and to direct the boys, who wished to spend three hours in the shopping centre of Boston. You might ask Sid Ledger what nice stores (a-hem) they have there.

Five forty-five and there we all were at the Hotel Manger for a meal—and brother, what a meal! ! ? ? Steaks as big as a dream. Everything was on the house. There were speeches from Art Ross, Frank Ryan and the other officials of the Bruins, from Lt. Col. Brown, the Mayor of Boston and so forth. Toasts were proposed. Parouch played. Sax Petrie and Andy Tierny sang. Newspaper photographers banged away with flashlight shots. Everybody talked. Our boys made a bit hit. What a time!

And over at the Boston Gardens, before the game started between the Bruins and the New York Rangers the announcer made a big speech about us riding sixteen hours in a bus to see the game. He asked us to stand up, and we arose from our swell reserved (free) seats to be met by a storm of applause and cheers. No need to tell you about the game. Boston won, thanks to the vocal support from Pennfield led by F/O Lockhart. After the game it was back to the Hotel Manger to meet all the hockey players, some pro baseball players, sports' writers from all the Boston newspapers and the Associated Press, and all kinds of celebrities.

Nick summed it all up on Sunday morning by saying to all and sundry, "Whizzo. Whizzo."

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# A Six and A Four and A Six

You'll pardon me stranger, I'm no dog in the manger,  
Your patience I don't wish to goad.  
But since my arriving three words keep reviving,  
Say are they a pass-word or code?  
Then there's the Batory, oft heard in a story,  
Fat pork that was dropped in the sea,  
Of escorting tubs and thousands of subs,  
And Night Guards that started at three,  
There's a C. N. R. run—seventeen hours of fun—  
That for speed has ne'er been surpassed.  
Of rounding a bend and you reached journey's end,  
You'd found an Arcadia at last.  
There's ranting and raving in language depraving,  
That would sizzle the quills of a coot,  
About Powers That Be saying, "Here's the Navee,"  
And once more you chaps got the boot.  
There's an Indian Summer that must have been rummer  
Than anything seen on the screen;  
Of one, Sister Sally and Kate in a Galley,  
And Scroungers who flitted unseen.  
Then came the great frost when you thought all was lost,  
With temperatures fifty below,  
Of icicles higher than any church spire,  
And oceans and oceans of snow.  
Whenever you meet—the erks and the elite,  
You mention with lump in the throat,  
Even when masticating you're always debating  
A mythical something—the boat.  
So please do not go, I just want to know,  
And I'm really not asking for kicks,  
So put me at ease, explain won't you please  
A SIX and a FOUR and a SIX?

L.A.C. LEWIS.

## BEST CONTRIBUTION CONTEST

We are pleased to announce that the winning contribution is "The Wolf," written by F/Sgt. Rogers, which appears on page 22. Honourable mention to W/O Harris for his letter "Pro-Pennfield" and L.A.C. Tice for his story "Flying Bullet," while our sincere thanks go out to all those whose efforts you will read in this issue.

## Station Chatter

Unmistakeable English accents have been detected in the Welsh choir of late. It is assumed that the new members have been granted honorary Welsh citizenship.

The next time an airman walks under the barrier at the main gate, four hostages will be shot.

The most difficult part of the work of the Cpl. i/c E Flight (Pigeons) is convincing his charges that the bombing range is at Utopia.

The Sergeants have a guest night early next month. Queensbury rules.

What car is involved in a lend-leave agreement.

Airmen requiring hair-cuts at the Barber Shop during the month of May should submit forms of application (triplicate) by April 1st.

If all of the Station policemen were to lie head to foot on the road starting from the main gate, they would get wet when the thaw sets in.

# SPORTIVITIES

By JAB

Well it seems the hard work put into the making of the ice rink was well worthwhile.

Reckoned by the shouts, screams, and also the sick reports daily, the short season has been fully appreciated. The weather clerk has been very kind in dishing up plenty of dirty weather, the kind on which the Canucks thrive.

Under F/Lt. Edgar's eagle eye, the Station team developed into a very useful lineup, with "Shep" Mayer always in the forefront, when he was not in the penalty box. F/O McEachern was a tower of strength, and I mean tower. Eiffel of the same ilk had nothing on Mac. when he skated on to the ice fully equipped.

In their first away match the team took a bit of a lacing from the Garrison Beavers, a team who seemed as busy as their name implies, but put up a great fight, the score 9-0 being a bad reflection of the respective merits of the teams as the match was played.

In the second away match, reinforced by Lt. Cormier and Keefe, from Camp Utopia, the team showed much improved form, and played more as a team. Cormier, McEachern and Mayer combining well together, when they opposed the Saint John Beavers. At one time when our boys took the lead early in the game. "Believe it or not" as our old friend would say, I saw two fair maidens sitting right by my side burst into tears, "real salty, bitter tears." It just wasn't right, how dare a visiting team, especially an Air Force team, take the lead from our boys, and on our ice too, Booh, Booh, and more Boohs, why, and for what rea-

son they didn't know, but BOOH, just the same.

"Twinkletoes" Mac, something or other, was the Daddy of the lot that night. He gave an exhibition of skating and scoring, that took the game out of the Hooliganism class, and made a scientific sport of it. My hat is off to Twinkletoes. I enjoyed his exhibition of high class hockey, and so did everyone present who went to see two teams on the ice. He proved that hockey can be played as a sport and not necessarily as a free-for-all.

The basketball team, after dropping a match to Camp Utopia, came right back to win a very well merited victory over the Saint John Skylarks, to the tune of 35-21, quite a nice tune. The Skylarks could not quite reach the high note set by Hughie Tait and F/O Fletcher. More games are in the offing for the "Netters."

After agitating for a boxing ring for eighteen months we now have one. One thing I ask of you, Please please, don't look under the canvas; Sgt. Evans has made a grand job of camouflaging, and has made a cheap knock-up job look like something right out of a first class workshop. Thanks Serg.

## DICKY CURTIN DOES IT AGAIN

Four men were taken to the St. Peter's Hall, Saint John, to fight in a tournament staged by the Garrison Sports Committee. Staged did I say? well put on. Far be it from me to criticize another man's efforts, but when I say that only one set of gloves were available for the show, need I say more? ? ? ?

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# .. Six Shows a Week ..

CPL. W. A. SHEPHERD

For nearly two years now a bunch of lads have been doing their utmost to give the Camp some of the finest film entertainment to be found anywhere throughout the Service. We now have the reputation of showing some of the latest films first in the country, and recently we premiered two outstanding productions here on the Camp. I refer of course to little Margaret O'Brien's unforgettable performance in "Lost Angel," and to the Rosalind Russell—Brian Aherne feature, "What A Woman."

Running the Station Cinema for the past twenty months has really been a grand experience. Never has a cinema staff had a better audience to deal with. Wet or fine, bad show or good, we have always had your support. At times we have also had your vocal comments, especially when we have given you Yankee War Films. It has always been difficult to impress upon Englishmen that these films are really made for American civilian consumption, and not especially for us.

When I return to my armchair and fireside, I shall remember the howls of the Pennfield "wolves" when Marilyn Maxwell and Betty Grable appeared on the screen. I shall recall the chewing gum the staff removed from the floor after the shows—the shillings that were passed for quarters as admission—the moans that went up when you got fifteen odd cents change—the gallop to leave the shows before the end flashed on the screen.

Perhaps when you turn on your radios one of these days back in "Blighty," you will hear the golden tones of L.A.C. King telling you that "he dood it," tonight at six and eight-thirty, or that other binding

voice that used to ask you not to use the bottom doors, in case the "erks" got mixed up with some of the N. C. O.s.

I bet you will dream of Bugs Bunny, Wacky Wabbit, Donald Duck and Woody Woodpecker, and greet your wives and girl friends with, "What's cookin' Doc?"

Recently we have shown so many cartoons, that the staff have become seriously affected, and Squadron Leader Goodlife is beginning to wonder whether or not he has Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs working for him.

And you will not forget the efficient band of operators, headed by Cpl. Hinton and L.A.C. Self, who have done all the technical work on the shows. They may be giving you the same service at your local Odeon one of these days. Perhaps you will see some of the more robust members of the Accounts Section outside the foyer, with a row of medals on their chests—"Battle of Pennfield, 1942-44," and the "St. George and St. John Cross" with Bar.

But to be really serious—we all want to thank you sincerely for the support and interest you have shown in our efforts. It has given us every encouragement, and until that day when the Station present "Roll on the Boat," we'll do our best to continue the good work, and especially the good shows.



## MUSINGS FROM A G. I. S. HIDE-OUT

There are one or two questions concerning education in our community here at Pennfield that should be settled. Two will suffice for the time being, although there are many more.

Not very long ago an airman was heard to ask: "Is there an Education Officer here?" Still more recently, an Officer was heard to exclaim: "So, we have an Education Officer!" The correct answer to both these individuals is "Yes," and has been for a year now.

The natural sequence of thought brings out the age-old question "Why?", or, to interpret the query more fully "What does he do?" Now this gives a very good opening for some people to shower remarks about 48's. leave, signing Clearance Certificates, drinking tea and strolling around the camp; on the other hand it gives me a very good opportunity for "shooting" a terrific "line." Casting this golden rarity aside, I will try to show what he could do for you.

Education in the Services is primarily a voluntary matter—if no people approach the Education Officer, then he will have very little to do in the way of direct education and will have to fall back on the indirect methods such as obtaining books, magazines, pamphlets, films and even lantern slides (as seen recently in the Y. M. C. A., and, I think, enjoyed). When people do come along, their needs and problems are studied and met as far as possible.

In Canada there is a strong movement now towards REHABILITATION—a word you are bound to come across time and time again in the future, and which simply means "preparation for return to civilian life." This conversion from "No.,

Rank, Name" to "Mr. So and So" will be made with every attempt to give "Mr. So and So" all possible chance of resuming life where he left off, or, if it is feasible, in a better position than when he joined the Service. The Canadian Government is making a real effort to solve this difficult problem and, as was no doubt expected, is meeting with many criticisms (these are to be found in press and magazine articles if required).

What about the R. A. F.? Are we being forgotten? The answer is "No." Pz S g hrd hrd hrhr hrhr "NO." The same problem is being tackled in the U. K., but we do not hear very much about it. So far the only definite scheme in operation is a very good one for ex-operational personnel who are unfit for further Service. Other schemes are on the way, being studied, organised and remoulded so as to be put into operation as smoothly as possible when the time comes. Don't think you have to be incapacitated before you will be helped. Don't ask me why we not being told about the official plans. (Could it be in deference to those who clamour: Get the war over before you think about Peace?)

Whatever you think of education you cannot deny it helps in the long run. If you want to take advantage of what is being offered now or what will be available in the future, find out if there is an Education Officer on your Station. Then do not hesitate to go and see him; he will be very glad to see and help you if he can. Those who return to the U. K. shortly should remember this—it may be to their advantage. Whether you do or you do not, I wish you all the very best of luck.

P. A. HENDRY, P/LA

# The Flying Bullet



"Whatcha doin' Joe?"

Joe, with his small file poised over a piece of shining metal, looked across at the F/Sgt. and grinned sheepishly.

"It's kinda personal, Chiefy," he replied.

"Well you're on duty now. There is the jug, go and fetch the tea."

Joe sighed almost tenderly, returned his file to his tool box, and taking the piece of shining metal fondly in his fingers, slipped it into his pocket.

That evening Joe poked his head round the armoury door. Mike 'Ar-ris was duty armourer.

"Er— — Hiya Mike. How are y' keeping?"

"None the better for your askin'."

"Hm. I thought I'd just drop in, you being duty armourer all by yourself. Thought you might like some company."

Mike lifted his mug of tea. "Don't shoot me that ———," the rest was drowned in gulps of tea.

"Joe," said Mike, "I'm glad you dropped in. We can belt up some amo. together ———"

"I'd like to Mike, but, ——— well, ——— y' see I got some rather important work to do, ——— personal."

"O. K.," frowned Mike, "if your personal affairs is more important, go ahead, but I thought you'd come round here to keep me company."

"I'll make a bargain with you, Mike. Let me finish this what's so important to me—no, to us," he sighed, "and then I'll help you belt up amo."

Joe opened his tool box, took out a small file and with a shy glance at Mike, took a piece of shining metal from his pocket, and began his mysterious work.

Next night Joe straightened his tie and put that last kink of hair in place and headed for Black's Cove. Betsy was a steady girl; she was Joe's girl. They walked down the street arm in arm and Joe steered her towards the beach.

"Have you been working hard?" said Betsy.

"Yes," said Joe.

Impulsively he turned to her.

"That's a cute fraternity pin you are wearing, Betsy."

"I got it at school," she smiled.

"Wish I'd been to school."

Then with a mysterious glint in his eye, Joe dived into his pocket and drew out a piece of shining metal.

"I'll give you this for your fraternity pin."

"What is it, Joey?"

"Why, it's a flying bullet," he glowed.

"Oh, that's sweet, it's just like my kid brother used to wear when he was in the Junior Commandos."

Joe took it and pinned it to her blouse with loving care and looked at her appraisingly.

"You look lovely, Betsy," he said.

She handed him her fraternity pin.

Next morning Joe strutted into the armoury.

"Good morning, chaps."

Mike looked up. What's the matter with him? Anyone would think the boat was in."

"Gosh, it's warm in here, Chiefy," and with a flourish Joe took off his tunic.

"Where'd y' git the button, beautiful?" cracked Mike.

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# Padre's Page



The following stories are my contribution to the Station Magazine, and they are passed on to you for your interest and, I hope, your benefit.

James J. Corbett was once asked, "What is the greatest asset in boxing?" To which he replied: "Fight one more round. When your feet are so tired that you have to shuffle back to the right, fight one more round. When your arms are so tired that you can hardly lift your hands to come on guard, fight one more round. When your nose is bleeding and your eyes are black, and you are so tired that you wish your opponent would crack you one on the jaw and put you to sleep, fight one more round. Remember, that the man who always fights one more round is never whipped."

The Knights of Bruges were warriors when men fought for their very existence. Their motto was "Plus Est En Vous"—there is yet more in you.

But there is another kind of rare courage, the courage of moral convictions. Gene Tunney in his great days as a boxer was invited to a complimentary dinner. After the meal a floor-show was put on of the kind that became common at Stag Parties. Gene was the honoured guest of well-meaning men; he was not responsible for the show, and when it became far worse than vulgar, he arose and said simply, "Gentlemen, I don't care for this sort of show. I think it is indecent. You'll have to excuse me." Then, as he walked out, others followed him. All they wanted was someone to lead.

God bless you all.

FATHER ROWLAND.

## MY DEAR FRIENDS:

As you read this, your new Protestant Chaplain at Pennfield, Padre Howard Guinness, will just be settling in. Reports of his splendid work at Charlottetown have come before him, and I know that he will be a very great inspiration and help to all. As for myself, I have been here for some weeks only and temporarily, and I do not know you all as well as I should like to, but I am very sorry to leave, and I shall look forward very much to seeing many of your faces again as you pass through "No. 31." And I pray that, as you come to leave this country, under God things may go well for you.

I liked very much something that a tough and likeable "Yank" Able Seaman said in a film the other night so quietly and earnestly that you could see he really meant it: "I got faith—see?" "I got faith in God, President Roosevelt, and the Brooklyn Dodgers!"—strictly in that order! Anyone of us who, with the necessary changes, of course, can say that, has got what it takes, and the nation need not be very worried about us, because the roots of the nation's life will be well and truly in our care. And the roots of a nation's life are remembrance of past history; attachment to the Land, reverence for the Home; and the Fear of God.

*"O Lord God, when thou givest to Thy servants to endeavour any great matter, grant us also to know that it is not the beginning but the continuing of the same until it is thoroughly finished which yieldeth the true glory."*—Francis Drake.

May God bless you all and be with all whom you love!

L. OWEN WILLIAMS.

# ... It's Ensa Tonight

Being stuck out here in the wilderness for these many months, we'd almost forgotten about Ensa, but the New York Ensa Committee had not forgotten us. On February 21st they sent us "C For Yourself," produced by Robert Fenemore, and two shows were given in ye olde recreation halle. Judging by the applause the boys went for the numbers in a big way.

This production was much different from "The Combines" in that all the actors were professional, and lent to the acts the old touch of perfect stage control. Featured star was Norma Terris, whose selections from "Bitter Sweet" were highly appreciated. Assisting artists were Calude Horton, Rowan Tudor, Jean Cameron, T. Walstrum, Marguerite Jackin-off and Lenora Brouner. To our mind the best act of the night was the piano solo work and we were only sorry that our piano was not a big concert grand so that the music could have been as good as the effort put into it by the soloist.

All in all, it was a grand night's entertainment. Thanks a million to the cast for flying down from Montreal to do the shows for us. They have what it takes, when they can undertake such travels to entertain us boys. We regret, too, every time a visiting troupe arrives, that our accommodations behind the curtains are not the best; and "Adventura" respectfully suggests that immediate improvements be made back-stage. This would be even a finer way of saying "Thanks" to the visiting troupes than would any spoken or written words that might be offered to them by anyone.

Come again, Ensa! The "Welcome" on our door-mat is always turned right side up, whenever you are concerned.

## Shangri-La Pennfield

Owing to pressure of space, and a growing conviction that the airmen on this Station are sufficiently acquainted with Pennfield Ridge by this time, it has been decided to withhold the continuation of this essay. It had its interesting features. It looked in at "D" Flight where personnel were scrounging around Chiefie Ransford looking for a flip and seventy-five cents. It went around to Five Hangar, and met inter alios Cpl. Slag-heap Jones; Cpl. "Jimmie," the authority on "How To Be An American"; Spike, etc., etc.

But for the most part, it trod on old ground. It flogged the willing horse, or a dead one; and the one is unnecessary and the other futile.

*"Let no rude hand deface it  
And its forlorn hic jacet."*

## Unclassified Ads

- AC Plonk "A" Flight wishes to exchange New Blue Tunic for older model with split back, and torn sleeves.
- If the LAC who spent his last "48" with Maisie will communicate with her father, he will hear something that will take that smile off his face.
- Corporal Policeman desires employment during off-duty periods. No manual, clerical or mental work.
- Saxophone Player wanted for Station Band. No one with knowledge of instrument or music need apply.
- Vacancy exists in Airmen's Mess for a Butcher. Must be good horseman.
- ACH in cookhouse desires change, would consider Control Tower or Met. Office. Write in confidence.
- D/F Station have pups for sale. Spaniel-cum-St. Bernard. Would exchange for rabbits or anything edible.

# .. LETTERS TO THE EDITOR ..

Editor:—There are many things, for which one should be grateful even at a place like this. It is a failure of human nature to dwell mostly—on the blacker side of things. I often hear how outlandish this place is, but very rarely is anything heard about how very convenient it is to be able to get to the living quarters without having to struggle through all kinds of weather to a house, or a shack, perhaps a mile or so away. Again do these people, who complain, ever stop to consider how easily one can visit such interesting places as New York and Boston, etc., from this "outlandish place"?

Then, one hears continually, that there is nothing interesting to do in one's spare time. The average man should occupy at least eight hours out of each twenty-four at his normal work. To continue in good health, another eight hours should be spent in getting some sleep, which leaves only eight hours during which to have meals, clean up, write those letters home and get some form of relaxation such as sport or study. There is such a variety of subjects that one can take, that anyone wishing to learn something, likely to prove useful later in life, should not be at a loss for interesting study. For those who just like to read, there is a very large stock of books always at the Y. M. C. A., and a quiet lounge in which to sit. As regards Sports, great strides have been made in these last six months, and anyone who so far has not paid a visit to the Gym is missing something. Here one can indulge in any form of exercise, or learn to play all kinds of Canadian and English games. So, whenever that feeling that there is nothing to do creeps in, take a stroll to the Gym, where you can get a heap of satisfaction in playing a healthful game, knocking a punch bag or a pal about, climbing a ladder or rope, or with doing some special exercises under the watchful eyes of one of the instructors in the Body Building Room. For the really energetic person, there is the Skating Rink whilst for those requiring a quieter way of using up some spare time there is always the Cinema. At the Positively easy price of fifteen cents. And afterwards a quiet cup of something, a sandwich, and a smile at the Snack Bar.

The hospitality we have received, the wonderful work of the Y. M. C. A., the fruit and the cigarettes, these things are going to recur in the after-time, and we will say to ourselves, "Pennfield was not so

bad—after all! Certainly it was better than this ——— blankity, blank, blacked-out place!"

Yours etc.,  
W/O HARRIS.

Sir:—Morale is an oft-mentioned word these days. What about the morale at Pennfield? Why can't we have it elevated by more local interests and amusements? We read in "Wings" that an isolated (save the name 'till they've been to Pennfield) R. C. A. F. Station on the Prairies has had an indoor swimming pool and oowling alleys built. (What appropriate punishment to make the janker-wallah a pin-boy!) But why can't Pennfield do likewise—or is the R. A. F. to remain the Cinderella for amusements?

We have heard much about the Service (R. C. A. F., Army and R. C. N.) concert parties—but have we seen them? Perhaps it is deemed more important for morale that the Navy Show should visit New York than Pennfield. We hear "Victory Parade" on the radio regularly, but have Mart Kenny & Co. ever delighted the Pennfield fans? The fact that Pennfield is hard for these shows to get to means that it is equally hard for us to get away from Pennfield and therefore we deserve special consideration.

One other factor has an adverse effect on morale. The absence of W. A. A. F. or W. D.'s. I'm not being sarcastic. Even S. P.'s have been known to wear clean collars with ladies-in-uniform in the offing. Having seen the difference made by the arrival of W. A. A. F. at two other stations, in regard to morale, pride-in-personal-appearance, and general conduct, I know it would be a great boost to Pennfield.

I'm not detracting from the herculean efforts of the Sports' Section, or the Y. M. C. A., or the Pay Cinema—but we need more variety.

But, who will hear our cries in the wilderness? The Official Finger is irretrievably irremovable, it seems. If they won't bring the better type of interest and amusement to the Station, the Station will go out twice-monthly, after pay-days, and find the worse type.

Ask the M. O., if you don't believe me!

DISGUSTIPATED.

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

# "WORK"

DEAR SIR:—

There is a persistent rumour going around that the tour of Pennfield Ridge, which began in the last issue of your magazine (see page —) is being conducted by "C" Flight. Certainly the remarks about "C" Flight strike us as the best piece of line-shooting we have heard for many a long day. Since this Flight, which is so "completely indifferent" to other Flights, is continually borrowing equipment and even personnel of "B" Flight in order "to work out its salvation."

If the rumour is true, then "C" Flight must be suffering from a bad attack of professional jealousy — and we, as the Flight which gets the hours in, — can quite understand how they feel.

Yours etc.,

"B" FLIGHT.

("C" Flight, NO; Yarmouth, YES! "D" Flight shoots next. Editor).

(This is an Open Letter to the boys on the Station.—Editor).

Gestapo Headquarters,  
Pennfield Ridge, N. B.,  
March, 1944.

SIR:—

Your most recent edition of an otherwise excellent periodical contains the implication, albeit erroneously, that certain members of this heterogeneous community are the absolute acme of incompetence, stupidity and ignorance and inefficiency; and in its closing sentences remarks with delightful cynicism upon the humanistic appearance of three members of this same section, thereby implying that normally their facial expressions are reminiscently characteristic of a somewhat simian heritage.

Whilst we have no particular desire with loquacious terminology or erudite phraseology to give vent to caligraphic invective, or alternatively to display our lexicographic aspirations.

Yours unequivocally,

J. S. W.

(Whatever he says he's trying to prove that policemen can write. He has made his point. Policemen are literate. So there.—Editor).

'Twas midnight and the graveyard watch  
The W/ops crawled to their section,  
A pint of Red, a lie in bed  
Had brought on genuflection,  
Now alas the time had come  
To rise from mattress soft,  
To stagger to the wireless room  
And work the kites aloft.  
With furrowed brows they turn the knobs  
Manipulate the dials,  
Are the WAGS on frequency?  
Not by b—— miles.  
Call them on the Broadcast boys,  
This quiet 's most distracting,  
They may be deaf, they may be dumb,  
Or the digit wants extracting.  
With squeaks and groans and grinding  
gears  
The beacon cleaves the air,  
The kites come homing on its beam  
With bags of luck and a Prayer,  
Then in the cold bleak light of dawn  
The Signals boys creep home  
And the things they say when the break-  
fast's cold  
Aint fit to be wrote in a pome.  
Back to the billet once again  
To roam they never hanker,  
They cherish a friendship warm and true  
Their closest pal—their —,

L.A.C. MORRIS, J.

SIR:—

If you haven't been posted back to the U. K., don't bother reading this. If you have, this is your clearance from the smallest (in numbers only) group on the Station.

We aren't saying "good-bye," we don't like that,—just "au-revoir," and we hope to meet you again. We wish you the very best of luck and, being us, health in abundance. We want you to know that we have grown to know you and to like you, and that we are sincerely going to miss you.

Happy Landings!

Yours etc.,

N/S McLELLAN, S. A.  
N/S McCALLUM, K. B.

(On behalf of the boys on the Station, we would warmly reciprocate these good wishes. It has been pleasant to see the Nursing Sisters around the camp. They stood out like the "good deed in a naughty world.")



## The Army of Occupation at Pennfield

Sitting Left to Right; Second Lieutenant Tilley, a family man with dependants at Fairville, spends his hours on the Station wondering what those — cooks do with all the good food from his supply depot.

Capt. S. Weiler hails from Ontario, (Canada to you). Claims to fame by reason of a wonderful wife and a swell son living in St. George and because he went to High School with Wes. Wright. "Stan" looks just as snappy in the white dental gown, when filling RAF bicuspids.

Capt. E. Bourgeois, practised dentistry in Moncton, lives in St. Andrews with Mrs. B. Keen on fishing, hunting, crib and snooker. Wishes he were back in Labrador, but is happy to be a "Yanker" in the R.A.F.

Capt. A. Mullock, our Army Co-op Officer dreams of his Toronto home, but lives at Pocologan. Is still hoping that some day soon he may decisively trim P-O George Fowler at a game of backgammon.

Standing Left to Right: Sgt. J. B. McLellan, our "Jimmy" came from Glace Bay, N. S. to i-c the dental office. Favorite topics (a) the Maritimes, (b) gals he has known and (c) why aren't the sgts allowed in the ('Y') canteen?

L-Col. E. Hache, hangs out at the Supply Depot. Is a bit of a mystery to some of the lads here, but there is something sweet in St. John, who recognises best in his blue "walking-out" suit.

Sgt. C. D. Hanson, from St. John, is the dental plate maker and specializes in nifty-choppers made to order. His hobby is a bi-weekly trip to St. John to see the Mrs. and a cute daughter.

S-Sgt. (Doosie) VonRichter is also from St. John. Is proud of the R. C. A. S. C. badge on his shoulder and just as proud of the local depot. Biggest job is looking after "that young Hache, darn him!"

L-Cpl. R. J. McNeil, calls Glace Bay his home. Holds heads for the dental officers, and bangs out long drives for the softball team. Spent a lot of time in "dock" not so long ago, feels better now thank you.

Missing: Pte. S. McNeil, home on leave at Glace Bay. Sorry you're not in the picture, Mac, but we'll see you soon enough at the Dental Clinic and meantime, when are you going to learn to play basket ball?

And so, proudly we present the army. We may have kidded them a bit, but in all seriousness we do appreciate the grand job of work they are doing for us at Pennfield. Representing the "Senior Service", they stand out in a crowd of Airforce blue uniforms by reason of the good old khaki, and they will continue to stand out in our memories as being a fine lot of men. Best of luck to you, Army, and Carry on.

# "SHUTTERS UP, LADS!"



When you read January "Adventura," many of you asked for pictures of girls. Since postings started to come in rather frequently, many of the 'wolves' have been asking the girls in the canteen for snapshots of them. We show in this picture two of the loveliest featured at the canteen, they are none other than raven-haired, petit, Polly Justason and smiling fair-haired Audrey Gillespie.

Blast those 'Y'-men! They would have to get in the picture too. That's Wes Wright, Sen. Supervisor, on the left and Dave Davidson on the right. The photographer tells us the girls weren't allowed to have their pictures taken for posterity unless the men were in too! Tut-Tut and Tut.

Maybe in the next issue we might be able to have the other girls, Dot Grist, Eileen McNeil, Mrs. Ellis, Mrs. Palk and Mrs. Mitchell without benefit of interference from the males. It would be nice too if we could present a few of the volunteer ladies, to name a few:— Mrs. Bloom, Mrs. Denning, Mrs. Redmond, Mrs. Hutton Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. Bigelow, Mrs. Kay, Mrs. Whitehead, Mrs. Forsythe and others who smiled at us while they poured out the tea and passed out the sandwiches. Thanks, Ladies.

# The Y's Remarks

Remember the last issue of "Adventura"? Sure, that was the payday when somebody handed you a green booklet and said, "Ten cents, please!" Well, inside those green covers there was an article on page sixteen and to follow up on it we have these few lines. It's safe to use the plural "we" now, for H. J. 'Ron' Coleman from the St. George Red Triangle Club has been sent out to take his part in the "Y" work here. If you haven't met our chubby little chappie—don't delay. Drop in now and see for yourself. There is no admission charge. Ron is quite a snap, as many of you know. He would appreciate your help as he tackles the job of forming a Station Church Choir.

The organizing of such a Choir is not meant to conflict with any other similar group on the station; but it is being attempted with the thought in mind of assisting at Church Parades every Sunday morning. Quite a number of you C. of E. and O. D. men have remarked that you liked the recorded music coming over the Y. M. C. A. amplifier at the Church Services arranged by Padre Williams. You will enjoy the services even more, if there is a choir to lead the singing, and to a greater extent, if you yourself are a member of the choir. Trained or untrained, your voice can help.

In the January article mention was made of the new building. Finally, after lots of troubles and worries, we moved in there on January 20th. As this article goes to press, there is a more settled atmosphere surrounding the canteen there, and yet we are not finished. P. S. I. are going to cover the canteen floor, buy a bit of

furniture and generally try to lift the face of the premises. In the lounge we were really "stuck" for furniture. So we borrowed a flock of chairs and have been using that room as a little cinema, where free 16 mm. movies have been presented. The "Y" has agreed to send in large quantities of new lounge furniture, and that added to P. S. I.'s contribution will make the spot very attractive. The new lounge should afford a grand place for the Sunday evening classical music concerts; and, all in all, the informal atmosphere there can be used to great advantage at all times during the week.

That whirlwind of activity you saw at the "Y" office along about February 15th was Wes, trying to look busy and clear up his cluttered desk, before leaving for another station. Unfortunately for you, the powers-that-be cancelled his move for the time being. Dave Davidson, who was with us at the "Y" canteen from December 20th to February 10th is on sick leave. It seems the doc. decided Dave's "ticker" was in poor condition. At last reports Dave was still confined to his bed in his Saint John home. Here's a wish that it won't be long before he will be back on his feet. He may be back here.

The first words I remember hearing at Pennfield, when I arrived, were: "Sir, the ablutions are just around the corner!" The next words that stick in my mind are those an airman said to me two days later. "I'm six four six." To those words I recall saying a thank you, and to the others, "I'm the new Y-guy!" However, since those early days, I've come to know what six four six meant. And to me, six four six will always mean—a grand bunch of men. It will be completely impossible for me to forget the friendships made amongst you. To all of you—Cheerio, Happy Landings, Hasta la Vista, and "God Bless."

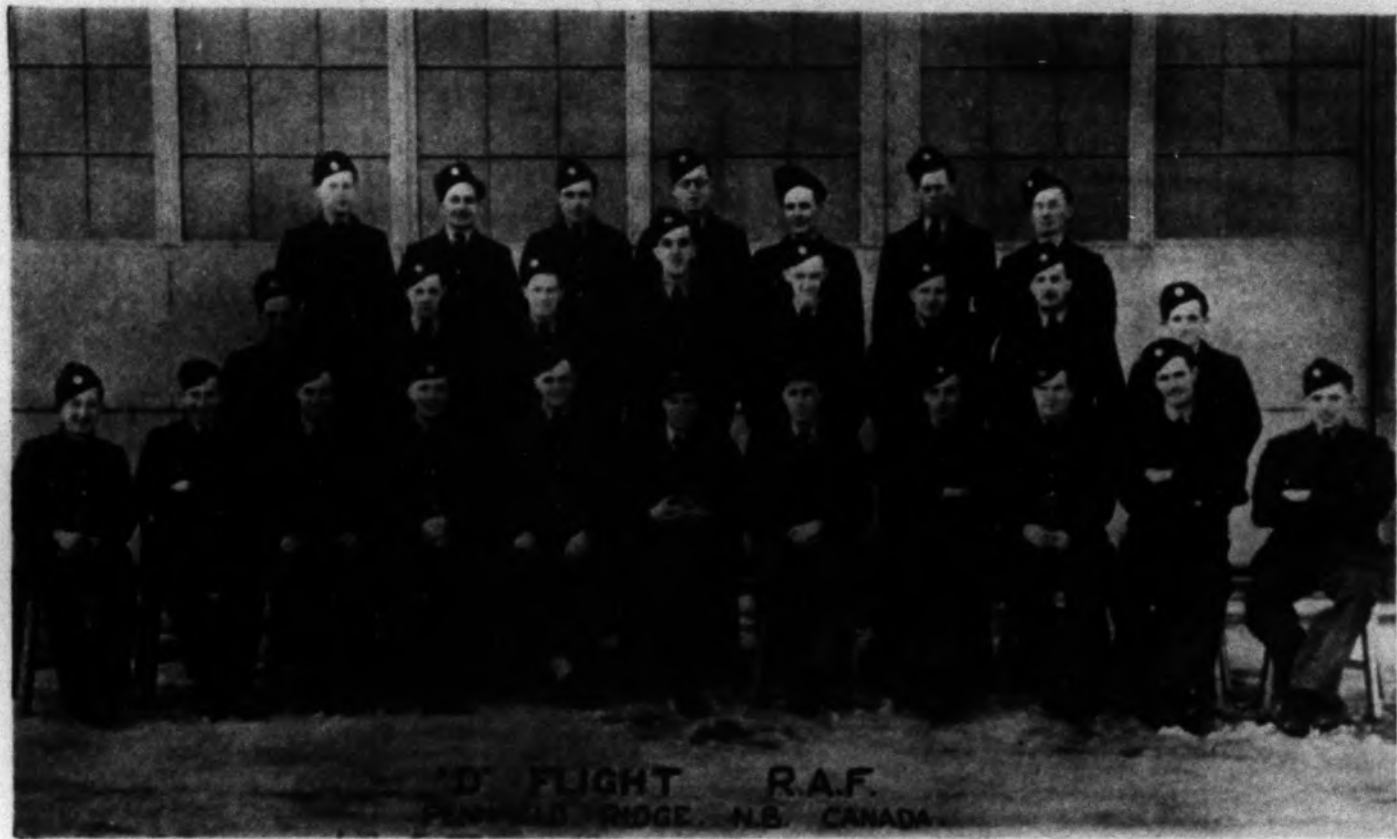
WES. WRIGHT.

Senior Y. M. C. A. Supervisor.

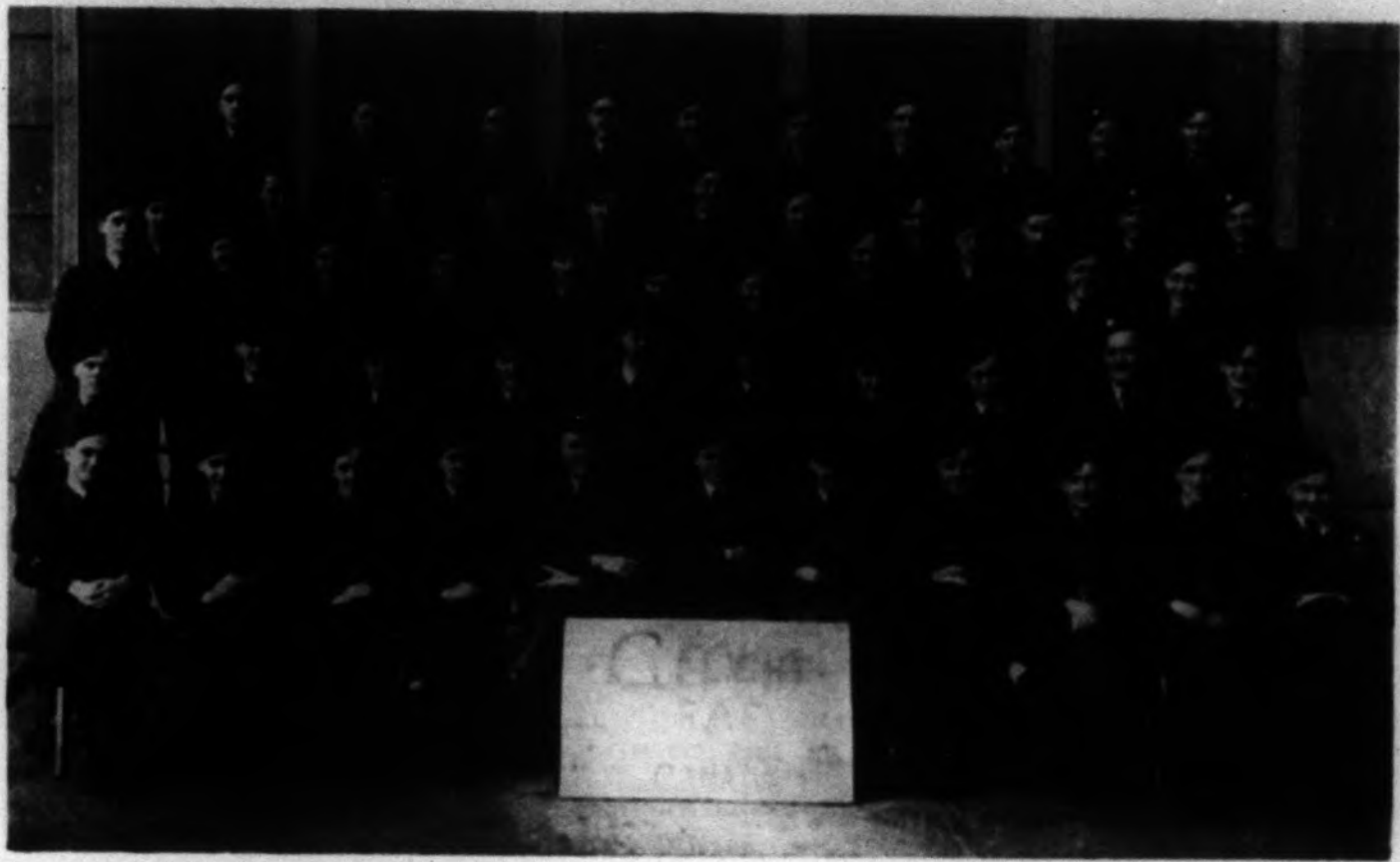


SERGEANTS MESS, R.A.F. PENNFIELD RIDGE, STAFF MEMBERS, MARCH 44









PAGE 29





## THE WOLF

"I always did say a girl should know her own mind before she decides on marriage. Not that I think thirty is old mind you.

"When I met Joe I knew it was the real thing. He looked such a gentleman in his R. A. F. uniform and white shirt. He told me he was really a pilot but they took his wings away for flying low over a church on a Sunday, and made him work on the Sanitation Dept. He still had the stripe on his sleeve, though, to show that he was waiting to be an officer.

"A girl must have a little relaxation some time as I told my mother when she gave me old Harry for staying out so late—and when Joe used to whisper in his quaint English accent, "Wot abaht it?" I was like putty in his hands.

"Although I say it myself—when I wear my black dance frock and put just a touch of powder and eyeshadow on—I don't look a day over twenty.

"I knew Joe was intoxicated (with love) at the dance that night and when he whispered, 'Baby, you're the real thing,' I could hear the wedding bells in the distance.

"We arranged to buy the engagement ring on his next 48 and I popped round to the jewellers and picked the one in the window I was going to let Joe choose for me.

"I waited on the corner for nearly two hours but he didn't turn up. One of his pals broke the news to me,—Joe was on the Boat.

"I'm still puzzling it out.

"Who was Joe?"

F/S ROGERS.



## Massey-Harris Combines

Besides making excellent weapons of war in these days and fine farm machinery in peace time, Massey-Harris can produce a really smart stage-show, as we discovered on January 24th. This is not meant to be anything in the way of a review, but simply through "Adventura" to record an appreciation of "The Combines."

This troupe had presented many shows to the Armed Forces in Canada before they arrived here. Advance notices we had read in the papers were loud in their praise of the entire production, and we can only echo those statements. Having a female compere added a touch to the show that might otherwise have been lacking, for she gave an appropriate introduction to every act. This is the type of show which appeals to with their songs and dances, the comerservice men. The snappy chorus line edian with his weird costumes and peppy patter, the baritone with his hearty songs, the girl singer with her songs of love, the dancers with their acrobatic stunts, and the musical caperings of a lady sweet and lovely—what more was needed? Nothing, brother, nothing!

We don't know if any of that troupe were professionals in pre-war days, but the complete cast were certainly of professional calibre. To all of them for their efforts, and to Massey-Harris for footing the bills, this Unit owes a great debt of thanks. It was a grand night's entertainment, and if we were only a little closer to Toronto, Ontario, we might hope—instead of just wish—that "The Combines" would be able to make a return engagement.



**CORPORAL'S CLUB — MARCH 6th**



**CORPORAL'S DANCE — MARCH 8th**

## Corporal's Club Activities

To start the month off, the dance originally scheduled for January was held on the 9th of February and was the biggest success so far. The ladies (bless 'em) came from far and wide, for in the words of the C. O., "These dances are the best on the unit," and this one was no exception. Almost one hundred couples were there to dance, eat the refreshments, drink the beer and goodness knows what when the lights went out accidentally (?) Cpl. Shephard was in his usual benevolent mood as M. C., and by some mysterious means, discovered that several of the girls had birthdays either on the ninth or very near to it. Each girl, as it happened, was either twenty or twenty-one—an amazing coincidence. Cpls. Goebble and Fletcher are to be congratulated for the imposing array of eats that they provided for the wolves—they were greatly appreciated.

Three social evenings were held during the month; one for the airmen, one "Guest Night" and one at the Sergeants' Mess. The airmen's night was a great success and the takings for the drinks almost constituted a record. At the guest night, the ladies were unfortunately rather conspicuous by their absence, but as it was held on a Sunday night during Lent, it was only to be expected. A pleasant evening was spent in the Sergeants' mess when the famous S. M. T. Eastern Brothers, Cpls. Colley and Shephard, rendered their celebrated "Play the Game, You Cads." From accounts still being received, certain senior N. C. O.'s are still rather wary of talking to Corporals in case their weaknesses will be taken into account when next we are invited to their Mess—which won't be long, we all hope.

By the time this appears in print, we will have said "Au Revoir" to a number of the old faces. We wish them a safe passage back to the "Old Country" and lots of good luck for the Second Front or India, which ever it may be. We welcome the new faces who have arrived and would like them to know that subscriptions may be paid to Cpl. Robinson, the new treasurer, any time, though preferably at pay-days.

Regarding the Club itself, the curtain has at long last been put up and the Club certainly looks the better for it. The billiard table is being renovated and re-cushioned this month and it is to be hoped that the standard of play will go up enough to lift the team from the bottom place in the league. How then, you billiards and snooker players, how about withdrawing the proverbial digit and helping Cpls. Weir, Hodgson and Murdoch to win a game now and then? By next month I hope we'll be at the top and not at the bottom!

R. F. M.

## LASSIE COME HOME

Perhaps you've heard of William Tell,  
Mexican Pete and Equimaux Nell,  
Lovely DuBarry, Cleopatra, Old Salome  
and Frank Sinatra,  
Tales of Love and Tales of Glory, but bend  
over chaps here's another story.  
This is the Saga of Pennfield Bill who but  
for booze would be with us still.  
One night, and though this may seem sin-  
ful, Pennfield Bill put down a skinful.  
He left the "Tank" with north wind blow-  
ing and to add to his pleasure he  
found it snowing.  
He'd taken so much the fellow was blind  
but wandered on—'twas a bit of a  
blind—  
He staggered along to where he was billet-  
ed feeling like haddock recently fil-  
leted.  
But passed it by and got truly lost out on  
the drome midst the snow and the  
frost.  
He wished he could fiddle 'midst fire like  
Nero as the temperature now was well

below zero.

He was chilled to the marrow in the great  
freeze and soon was propelling his  
way on his knees,  
In circles he moved, around and around,  
and soon he was frozen stiff to the  
ground.  
They saw him next morning when making  
a flip—they knew he was gone as he'd  
sure lost his grip.  
They buried him deep—did no embalming  
—he was pickled in alcohol something  
alarming.  
Some say he was calling "Lassie Come  
Home" and went out to find her there  
on the drome.  
But he didn't find Lassie, not even a bone,  
all that he got was six feet and a  
stone.  
It's sad is this story, so please take my tip,  
if you must have a drink, don't have  
too big a sip.

1080496 L.A.C. LEWIS,  
Maintenance Wing H. Q.

# The Miracle Man

Continued from Page 4

and then sealed off with a small patch of omentum, when the stick of bombs straddled the hospital. One exploded between the theatre block and the maternity ward.

Have you ever seen a building blasted? At first it takes on a look of stupid surprise, and then from a slow start it topples over in dignified haste. And after the main shock comes the after-rattle of small pieces of debris, raining down from the sky like hail.

The hospital's own rescue party were on the scene in no time. Quickly but methodically they worked in the darkness in the settling cloud of dust. Carefully shoring, carefully removing, heedless of the air-raid and the noise and the shrapnel.

They found them all dead; some hardly recognizable. The surgeon. The Interne. The Sister. The students. The nurses. All—except the patient.

They extricated him from the wreckage with tender care. He was bruised and shocked—but still alive. His incision gaped open, but there was no bleeding. Brick dust is a fine haemostatic.

Gauze, cotton-wool and a binder over the incision; hot-water bottles and blankets. An ambulance drove up as near as it could, and gently loaded. The air-raid was still in progress, but the ambulance picked a careful way, round craters, over water-hose and past fires the two miles to the suburban hospital. Further from the intensity of the raid now centred on the docks.

Gently the ambulance was unloaded, the patient taken straight to the underground theatre. Here a surgical team took him over. Warmth. A pint and a half of shock-absorbing blood plasma. A minimum of anaes-

## WHY PICK ON ME?

When I joined the Air Force four years come next month

I felt proud and was full of ambition. For four solid weeks I was bashed on a square To put me right into condition.

I got all the Cen on the DO's and the DONT's As well as some from the M. O. But none of this training has been of much use, Just hark to my sad tale of woe

Oh, why was I made a Policeman?  
Oh, why did I join up at all?  
They made me a Policeman because of my weight

And 'cause I am 6 feet 2 tall.

They sent me to Uxbridge to learn all the dope On what all good airmen should do, The Larceny Act, Defence Regulations, King's Regs, and the A.C.I.'s too.

I learned unarmed conflict and got bags of drill And left there as fit as could be. But once on a Station and in the Guardroom I only learned how to make tea.

Oh, why do I now have to wear a white belt?  
Oh, why do I make early calls?  
Oh, why do I have to make out 252's  
The minute some poor airman falls?

Oh, why do we send our patrols out at night?  
When the temperature's 30 below?  
When no saboteur, if he's in his right mind,  
Would go out in the cold, cold snow.

Oh, why must I bind all the airmen who err?  
An important part of my work,  
When surely there's something far better to do  
Than worry the poor little 'erk.

I have often been asked, "When this war has been won  
And we're back home again full of cheer,  
Will you still be a Policeman?" I plainly reply  
And loudly "NO, NO B . . . . FEAR.

1050177 Cpl. Chrystal, K. A.

thetic. The wound displayed and thoroughly cleaned. The peritoneal cavity mopped up and generously sprayed with sulphur powder. Closure of the abdominal wall in layers. Return to the post-operations' ward. Prognosis poor.

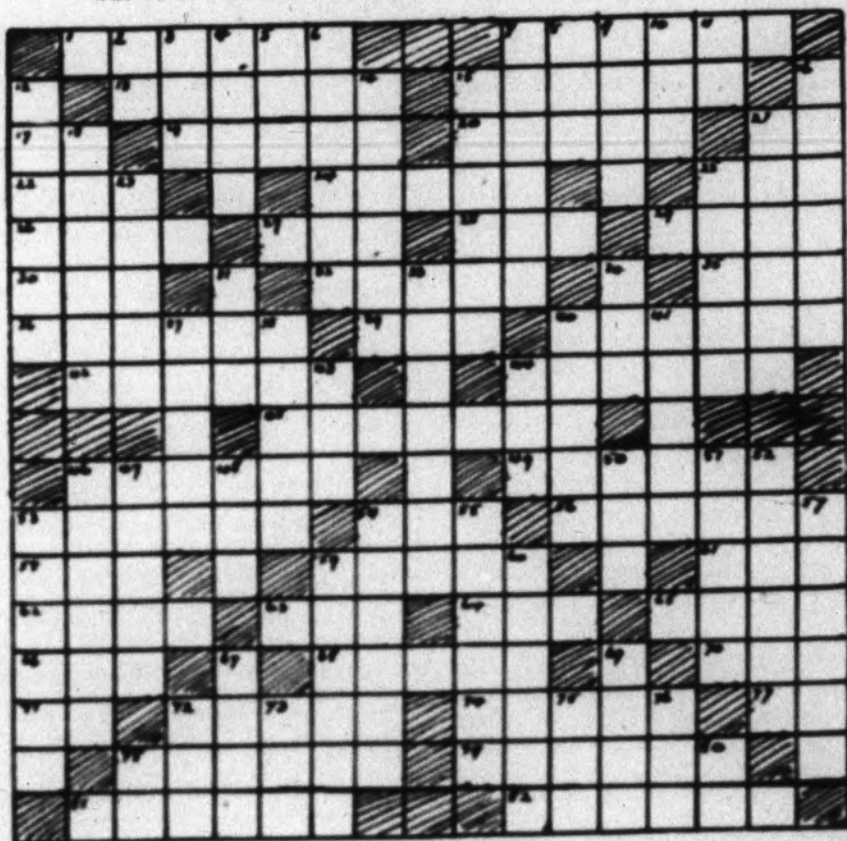
"For a few days we couldn't see how he could survive. But they're tough in the Merchant Service. And now he is up and about and doing nicely.

"He doesn't know the whole story, and I don't know whether we will tell him. So it is only when he is not there that we call him The Mir-

## COMPETITIVE CROSSWORD PUZZLE

### RULES:—

- (1) \$5.00 in cash prizes will be awarded to the first three correct solutions examined, and will be made up as follows:—First, \$3.00; Second, \$2.00; Third, \$1.00.
- (2) Entries are to be handed in to the Y. M. C. A. Office not later than 12.00 hours April 1st, 1944, and must be on the mimeographed entry form enclosed with this magazine.
- (3) Members of the Editorial Staff are not permitted to enter this competition, but solutions will be accepted from other men of all Ranks.



### ACROSS

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1—Heard in the Cinema—too often.</p> <p>2—The "Y" man.</p> <p>12—Each man feather their nests.</p> <p>13—You are red.</p> <p>17—Before 11.00 hrs.</p> <p>18—Trade name.</p> <p>19—Bumped by a Math?</p> <p>21—Maintenance routine.</p> <p>22—He ought to get promotion.</p> <p>24—Reel in reverse and still strains.</p> <p>25—No relation to 14 Down.</p> <p>26—He's so well!</p> <p>27—227—and don't shoot the host</p> <p>28—Seems baby to cut off the boarder's head.</p> <p>29—Place for negative results, except on dance nights</p> <p>30—Why did the confused boy leave the girl that night?</p> <p>32—Belongs to the Duke of Windsor.</p> | <p>25—S/Ldr. Fatts.</p> <p>26—You could wear them, but not in this state.</p> <p>28—More than half-eaten.</p> <p>29—Almost an eternal triangle in the Mediterranean</p> <p>31—Questionable place, but not out-of-bounds.</p> <p>34—Last three?</p> <p>35—Fly, my lady! On your broken head.</p> <p>36—Dressed off at Poundfield?</p> <p>38—Break the bow of that boat and give us the gun.</p> <p>39—Places where they are eaten.</p> <p>41—Does the Armoury keep it under canvas?</p> <p>42—Just another of those R. A. F. plans.</p> <p>43—A Sgt. drops an aspirate for us.</p> <p>44—Fireman's stockings.</p> <p>45—S. F. chief.</p> <p>46—An airplane-like manner?</p> <p>48—1 strip for a run.</p> <p>49—The odd forty winks.</p> <p>50—The odd which you may have to pay for!</p> <p>51—Has this section been introduced?</p> |
|---|---|

- 68—Equipment section please get these sizes the right way up.  
 70—One age you must reach.  
 71—Bony sitting.  
 72—On the level, it could be shot.  
 74—The soup has a beat.  
 77—Short measure.  
 78—Obviously *Ti* Down went too far.  
 79—How some information got to Germany.  
 81—One per man per billet perhaps!  
 82—Change your P.D., and reverse your rates to no purpose.

### DOWN

- 3—That certain something.  
 3—Drop it and you've had it.  
 4—For Ins and Outs.  
 5—Joe!  
 6—Was the editor told to leave the Wet Canteen?  
 7—You can see (his animal should be picked up by the Police.  
 8—Jack up for vermin.  
 9—I've got it!  
 10—The works.  
 11—So little time.  
 12—Those excuses for absence.  
 14—A villain to shoot at.  
 15—The Irish again?  
 16—Must be AC Tubb.  
 18—I see my share.  
 21—Is the "Lobster Song" one of them?  
 22—A skeleton version.  
 23—This side has a winning way.  
 24—Not so hot!  
 25—Heavy-weight boxes.  
 26—The funny man of the crew.  
 27—Widow's cigarettes.  
 28—Peace feelers?  
 29—They certainly shoot a line.  
 31—This fellow is almost a pain—the' not necessarily in the neck.  
 32—Does he make hay while the sun shines?  
 33—"Daily News."  
 34—Depends on false reports.  
 37—One of many off the N. B. coast.  
 38—... some in!  
 39—Ah! A Nazi in the R. A. F.  
 41—Butterup below an enterop.  
 42—E've my pole.  
 43—My mother is somewhat confused at being worshipped so much.  
 44—A. S. Q. knows all about them.  
 45—Singular pallidromic belief.  
 47—Apparently the cobbler turns reader.  
 48—Ah, Gran is on the camp, I see.  
 49—Bella.  
 57—Not a easy fire, by any means.  
 60—Sticky information.  
 72—A swerving vehicle.  
 73—"The ——— was here, the ——— was there."  
 75—Material punishment.  
 76—Certainly has wings.  
 78—Buck—and not even polite.  
 80—Not an H. O.

CPL. B. R. YOUNGMAN

March, 1944

## ODE TO C FLIGHT or Why the Wiz in Fritz?

We have a guy named Frizzle  
 The same as that in drizzle  
 Who made them tear their hair for miles around  
 Wanted for investigation  
 Even sent an invitation  
 But still the guy was nowhere to be found.

When at last they caught him in  
 Not wholly ignorant of his sin  
 And placed before him all the grim details,  
 Just what could be the guy's excuse,  
 Did his wife expect papoose,  
 Or did the time go chasing shady trails?

But no he didn't have to think,  
 No one even raised a stink.  
 In fact they let old Frizzle off scott free.  
 The job went to some other bloke  
 And now the whole damn thing's a joke,  
 But brother had it been just you or me.

We would be O O forever  
 Or something just as clever,  
 Or even sent right off to Gander Bay.  
 Can it be the Frizzle luck,  
 Or are the Boys afraid to buck  
 The brother of a Wing COMMANDFR-Aye?

Mac.

### TEA-TIME TOPICS

- "Move up a bit, chum."  
 "Hi ya, Joe?"  
 "Been on a forty-eight?"  
 "Ya, got back this morning. Two hours adrift. Met that blonde again. She's supposed to be going with a Sgt. Pilot, but she says my technique is better!"  
 "Pass the salt, please."  
 "What's on the show tonight?"  
 "Don't know, but save me a seat."  
 "Lena Horne was on last night. Woo woo!"  
 "Any seconds?"  
 "They'll give you one — the Flight's standing there!"  
 "You'd think the cooks were paralyzed in both arms the way they serve the grub out!"  
 "Where's old Charlie these days? Still on leave?"  
 "No. He came back couple of days ago. He's in dock. Pass the jam down."  
 "Hang on for me. I wanta take some tea up to the billet for Lefty."

B. R.

## Dramatic Society Scores Smash Hit



"The Fourth Wall" by A. A. Milne has a sub-title of "The Perfect Alibi" but no Alibi was needed for the production of this play by our own station personnel March 3rd was a real success. Those who saw the play, have been busy ever since telling the others just what they missed. Talk about a night's entertainment—this play was as fine a one as you could get anywhere on a military camp, and even in civilian life, we've paid good prices for plays that couldn't touch this one.

To Cpl. Bernard Youngman, for struggling gallantly during eight weeks of practice, when it looked as if postings etc., would wash his entire cast away, this Station owes a hearty vote of thanks. The C. O., Group Captain Leach, echoed the feelings of the entire audience, when, after the final curtain, he enthusiastically applauded the efforts of the actors and called for more work by them in the near future.

But, let's introduce to you the complete cast as they are pictured here and reading from left to right: Jack Rush, stage manager; Cpl. Graneek, Adams the butler; Sgt. Denny, the Major; Mrs. Turner, the widow-vamp; Mrs. Graneek, Jane; Cpl. Mead, Carter - boo; Mrs. Grist, Susan; F/O Sherry, Jimmy; P/O Hopkins, Laverick - hiss; LAC Self, the victim - bang; Cpl. Lazenby, "matter-of-routine" constable; LAC Mansell, Sgt. Joe; Cpl. Youngman, producer. To all of these Pennfield Station is most grateful, and of them all we are very proud. "Adventura" mentioned in the last issue that we welcomed the play with delight and looking back upon it we will have nothing but a very pleasant memory.

Bernard Youngman writes us as follows:—"I should like to add an appreciation of the genuine and unstinting efforts of my excellent Stage Manager, Jack Rush (Met. Section). In an endeavour to underline certain remarks made by the Commanding Officer concerning our production in particular and station entertainment in general, I completely forgot, until it was too late, to refer in my curtain remarks to certain other points and thereby deprived Jack of the praise so justly due to him.

"I apologise to Jack. The station should know that his painstaking attention to stage equipment, props, lighting and noises off (so excellently timed, enhanced whatever success "Fourth Wall" made as a production. At least five members of the cast (male!) wore clothes literally "supplied by Rush."

Thanks also to F/Sgt. Bentley for invaluable help with flats and set, to Cpl. Saniford and the lads who wielded hammer and saw, and to all who loaned props—and gave the 'practical' help just when it was needed.

## A Dramatic Moment in the Play "The Fourth Wall"



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## THAT BOSTON TRIP

Continued from Page 5

After twenty-four hours in Boston we boarded special Greyhound buses at two o'clock Sunday afternoon. One of the party, (no names, please) kept talking about the girdle he'd bought for the little woman and how kind the saleslady was. Others talked about other things, that were just as funny. Many of the lads kept remarking about the hospitality of the Bostonians and of the number of invitations they'd had to return, or to spend leave at homes there. But everybody sang when the buses made a special stop before leaving the city. Ron Hardy took some good snaps of the group there on the street corner with two smiling Irish cops looking amused and a bit bewildered. We were a bit bewildered too, what with Mike Dolan looking for his hat, Cpl. Kelly looking for a bite to eat, Harry Leather looking for a seat, and Sgt.

Becker looking for a girl!!

No more to add about the trip back, except that we made it; and in the biting cold of the dark Monday morning at Pennfield, everybody kept thinking of the warmth of Boston. "Just like the States. Yes sir, just the same as in Boston." These are the passwords remaining from the trip.



# M. T. Section

"Hub of the Unit," they call this spot, and well they might. Is it not on the hubs and wheels of their wagons that everything travels? I venture a guess that there isn't a Section on the Station, which does not telephone Number 16 to ask for service.

When you call No. 16, you'll likely hear the melodious voice of either Cpl. Jock Perry or Cpl. Mickey Finn. Of course, if you call at night you are just as apt to hear L.A.C. Freddie Frewin, who sits by the 'phone wondering why he gets such fiendish ideas to cause him so much D. M. T. Despatcher's jobs. After waiting until a wagon comes in, you may find yourself or your goods ready to be hauled by Nickey, Smitty, Bert, or Nobey—or any of the gang. The Assistant Adj., F/O Reed, is officer i/c the Section, and working under him are such stalwarts as F/Sgt. Clegg and Sgt. Cooper with Cpl. Kelly doing the able assisting.

Herewith we give you a sample of some of the requests made on Extension No. 16 during a day. There are films to be brought to the pay cinema tonight—Can you send a snow-blower out to Hangar 3?—The Supply Depot wants rations without delay—Hurry and get the Accounts Officer into St. George for the pay—That Officer from such and such a section wants you to pick up his laundry in Saint John—Stores have a lot of freight down at Pennfield Station—When are you taking the boys out to the bombing range?—The Service Police must get into Black's Harbor, when you go to the crash boat—The Y. M. C. A. just called asking for a truck to pick up cigarettes and chocolates from the Station—rush—The Control Tower wants you to buy another pack of bird seed for the sparrow caught up there—You have to

## PARTING AT MID-DAY

*The flesh vibrates  
crawling at the knuckles  
as thigh to thigh  
and lip to lip  
they take a last embrace.  
Under the span of girders  
and in the jostle of warm bodies,  
while dum-dum voices  
beat across the brain  
in enflaming cross fire,  
they stand alone  
imprisoned in their sound-proof room  
of air  
oblivious of the tracer lines  
of speech which spatter  
on transparent walls,  
or waves of understanding  
breaking on the rainbow ceiling.  
The tableau moves and breaks  
and the door is opened  
to the cannonade  
of sound.  
After the whistles' jagged scream  
all that's left  
is an ache  
and a thumb print  
on the white gloss  
of a summer handbag.*

S. G. P.

meet that train in Saint John to pick up those Officers—When are you sending out for the salvage?—Send the light ambulance to take So and So's wife to the Maternity Hospital, St. Stephen—urgent!—Is there a transport to St. Andrews' Dance tonight?—Here's another 658—When can you?—How long will it take?—Why?—What?—(pass the aspirins, please).

Tough, efficient, quick with a snappy comeback, known by their nicknames from Saint John to St. Stephen plus points north, south, east and west,—they'll never pass an Airman or leave him behind if they can help.

# WE GO TO PRESS



Our photographer catches the Editorial Staff huddled over problems confronting this issue. From left to right you can see LAC "DOUG" RACKHAM, the assistant editor looking up from the one and only typewriter to impart a little wisdom gained at Helsinki to SGT "ROY" BECKER of the circulation department. At the long table P/LT. "FRANK" HENDRY, the treasurer, smiles happily (it can't be over the mag's financial condition). S/LDR "PADRE" ROWLAND, chairman of the committee cogitates (\$4.00 word!) as CPL. "BUNNY" YOUNGMAN shows him a poem from last year's issue. Y. M. C. A. "WES" WRIGHT, vice chairman, adjusts his bifocals to observe the result of his blue pencilings. AC WEINBERG, publicity director has a smile at a contemporary magazine from St. Thomas Ont. The editor himself, LAC "TAL" JONES, pauses with his five-gallon pen in hand to dreamily consider a split infinitive or an elusive adverb.

Unfortunately not all the Staff could be on hand at the time the picture was taken, since this Magazine is compiled only during off-duty hours, and March 6th, when this "shot" was made, was no exception. Therefore, you will not find in the group such lusty supporters on the Staff as have been - CPL. DENNISON, i-c distribution; CPL. MEAD, entertainments. F-O J. BLOOM, Sports and P-O. H. MARSH, photographs.

## THE CONTESTANTS



## SPORTIVITIES

Continued from Page 7

Dicky Curtin once again stole the show. Opposed to Sergeant Napper, lightweight champion of the local garrisons, he looked, as usual, to be in a tough spot in the first round. Midway through the second, Dicky ripped a terrific left hook to the liver, and the gallant sergeant's head came forward to meet a left uppercut that took him right on the button, fast, and hard enough to place him comfortably on the canvas. He didn't hear the valuable ten seconds tolled off that might have been used to bring him round, there was never any doubt about him being out, the moment that left reached his jaw. These two will meet again.

In my last write-up for "Adventure" I said there wasn't an amateur in Canada to beat Dicky, not "service amateur." Well Napper is a service

amateur. So HOW GOOD IS DICKY?

Six weeks ago I picked the 23rd of February as the date for our first boxing show on the Station, and had a really first class programme lined up. Publicity was out, and we were sitting pretty. We were going to show the locals how a show should be put on. But "Pluvius" had one on us, and on the evening of the 22nd Wham, winter!!! and two feet of snow, with a gale of "gale force." Boxing phooey. Just try to put your show on.

Moncton representatives got as far as Saint John, and stuck. S. M. T. send buses out on a day like this not Bernard Shaw likely, to \_\_\_\_\_ with your boxing, so \_\_\_\_\_ No Boxing.

The wires were burned up making new arrangements for a new date. Finally we decided to rub our "Mrs. Miniver." She is getting on any way and no one will miss her, and Walter is now running around with "Mrs.

## "KNOCKOUT"



## SPORTIVITIES

Curie," put the Station dramatic show back till Friday, and the boxing show March 1st.

Well, the boxing programme went on as per schedule, and was voted the best staged show seen in these parts for many a long year. Army, Navy and Air Force were all represented, and the honours, as they should have been, well divided.

Over eight hundred saw the nine fights staged and were full of congratulations for the staff responsible. The Group Captain, a very interested spectator of the evening's entertainment, when presenting the prizes expressed the opinion that more shows of the same calibre, would be welcomed. He thanked the contestants, and congratulated them all on the sportsmanship showed by winners and losers alike. Some fighters find it very hard to take a victory without just that little bit of "that's

how it should be done," but let me say here, and now, we saw none of that on the night of the 1st March.

The top liner between Johnny Lifford, "Canadian" Army, and Tommy Ashurst, 34 O. T. U., was a real fight for all of the six rounds, so much so that negotiations are afoot to re-match this pair for the Maritimes' title, held by the former. Both men are willing, it is now up to H. Q. to give us the green, and away we go.

Dicky Curtin once again stole the show, by stopping Don Campbell of the R. C. N. in the third, of a six rounder. Curtin had, as they say in this part of the world, "too much on the ball." Still it was a great fight while it lasted.

L.A.C. Waterman in his first fight for the Station, showed real class finishing well ahead of his opponent over three. This boy will go a long way if he sticks to the game.

L.A.C. Ellis showed greatly improved form, in his three rounder. In fact, I heard whispers querying

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# With The Composers

## WITH THE COMPOSERS

Old notes often become useful and when I was asked to write an article on music for "Adventura," I thought the following stories picked up in divers places might be of as much interest to the reader as they were to me when I first heard them.

Perhaps I can do no better than to recall in the first place how one of the world's greatest songs came to be composed.

Von Hellborn, Schubert's biographer writes as follow:—"One Sunday during the summer of 1826, Schubert with several friends was returning from Potzleinsdorf to the city (Vienna), and on strolling along through Währing, he saw his friend Tieze sitting at a table in the garden of the 'Zum Biersack.' The whole party determined on a halt in their journey. Tieze had a book lying open before him, and Schubert soon began to turn over the leaves. Suddenly he stopped, and pointing to a poem, exclaimed, "Such a delicious melody has just come into my head, if I but had a sheet of music paper with me." Herr Doppler drew a few music lines on the back of a bill of fare, and in the midst of a genuine Sunday hubbub, with fiddlers, skittle players and waiters running about in different directions with orders, Schubert wrote that lovely song."

"That lovely song," refers to his "Serenade," which is known the world over.

One of the most popular composers and one of the brilliant social lights of the nineteenth century was Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. The following story is staged in Buckingham Palace, London, where we find Queen Victoria, Prince Albert and Mendelssohn, who has been summoned to

play for them. The Prince Consort suggested that Victoria sing one of Dr. Mendelssohn's songs, whereupon the Queen replied that "first the parrot must be removed, or he will scream louder than I can sing." The two men and the Prince of Gotha made a dash for the bird, but Mendelssohn won, and calmly bore the cage into the hall, to the astonishment of the servants. The Queen was unable to find any songs, as her music had been packed for a holiday at Claremont. Mendelssohn, quite at home (this being his second visit), suggested, "But one might perhaps unpack?"—and Victoria did. She sang the song "Schoner und Schoner Schnukt Sich." Mendelssohn returned to Hobart Place, where he was staying with his friend Klingemann, and remarked to his wife, "Buckingham Palace is the only really comfortable, pleasant house in England, in which one feels 'a son aise'."

Mention must be made, too, of the story of the Scherzo "L'Apprenti Sorcier," by Paul Dukas. This is a musical enaction of the poem "Die Zauberlehrling" by the German poet Goethe.

This piece is one which is not easily forgotten, and is very easily understood. One would be permitted a few chuckles on hearing it, even in the serious atmosphere of a concert hall. If any of you saw Disney's interpretation of it in his "Fantasia" then I'm sure you will have a darned good laugh when hearing it in the future. I do.

Finally I wish to recall an incident in the life of the prolific opera composer, Verdi, which I think has an important message for the music lovers on the Station.

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**Airmen's Dance, March 15th**



**CWAC's at Airmen's Dance**

# The Y. M. C. A. Dry Canteen



## Snack Bar

"Adventura" wanted to have a group of you in this picture, but if we had had it taken when you were there, there would be nothing to see of the snappy set-up. So here's a picture for you showing how the place looks before the nightly or noon-day stampedes have started.

You'll remember this place, as that happy spot where you bought cigs, chocolate bars, (chocolates too—sometimes), fruit, ice cream, sodas, sundaes, milk shakes, shaving essentials, soap, handkerchiefs, writing paper and envelopes, ink, jelly powders, cosmetics, combs and a hundred and one other little items. And who could forget the Snack Bar at the right of the picture? Just to look at it makes one imagine those tasty sandwiches, suppers, tea, coffee, milk, pie and ice-cream, bovril, oxo, soup, biscuits and so on adinfinitum.

It took a long time for the Canteen to be set up as you see it, but at last it came and we were glad to have it. To us it has been more than an ordinary canteen. It has been a meeting place, a spot to drop in and chatter a bit, while idly supping the odd spot of tea. When it closed at night at 22.00 hours, the place was a mess, but it was that way because it had been used. This was no spot reserved as a show-place. It was a place that catered to the weekly demands of an average of 10,000 customers.

To those responsible for the long hard job of getting together this improvement over the old arrangements "Adventura" says: "Thanks to you for all the boys. A very good show!"

# The Flying Bullet

Continued from Page 10

"Oh that," grinned Joe, with a valiant attempt at nonchalance. "That's just a little something a friend gave me."

"Ah younug love, 't'is a won'erful thing," chuckled Mike.

"Well, don't moon there like a love-struck idiot," growled Old Harry, "get on with your work—there's the jug, fetch the tea."

Life in the Armaments Section flowed as smoothly as the tea down the ever-ready gullets of the armourers. Day followed day and the boat rolled on without a hitch until one day when Chiefv threw an outer and there was powdered egg for breakfast and the weather was as bad as Met Section had forecasted. The boys weren't feeling too good and when Mike took off his tunic that morning, Joe said something nasty about a flying bullet he was wearing for a tie-pin.

"I was wearing these things before your number came up, chum," he retorted.

And when Joe handed Mike his tea that morning he muttered something about stealing another man's ration.

That night Joe strode into Black's Cove with resolution in every step he took. "Where's that brooch I gave you?" he demanded of Betsy, before they had gone very far.

"What," that funny little bullet you made for me? Why, Joey dear, I gave it to my kid brother 'cause he wanted it for his Junior Commandos."

"I thought I meant more to you than that," complained Joe.

"Why, Joey dear, you do mean a lot to me, but so does my brother. Isn't it right that he should?"

"Hm," said Joe noncommittally.

A week or two passed by and Joe

# With The Composers

Continued from Page 36

At the height of his fame the composer decided to exploit his great popularity to produce an earlier work of his which he knew to be of inferior quality. When the night for its first performance came along he was somewhat afraid for its reception, but at the end the uncritical crowd were loud in their cheers and screamed for the composer, their beloved Verdi. As he stood on the stage receiving their loud praise he felt very satisfied and began to feel that perhaps the work was a great one after all. So as he preened with satisfaction, his eye lighted on a box where the composer Rossini sat, silent, his arms folded. And immediately Verdi knew what he had known all along, that the opera was not worthy of production.

I like to think that the dozen or so "Rossinis" who foregather at the STB every Sunday night can sit back and let the indiscriminating majority shout their heads off at the juke box.

*"Let the rest reason and wonder,  
'Tis we musicians know."*

ALBERT HUNTER.

did not see Betsy quite so often. She had engagements at the hairdressers and shopping expeditions into the big to her Aunty's. When they met, Betsy did not seem quite the same; city with her Mother, or invitations she seemed pre-occupied and always wanted to go home early because she worked hard at the fish factory all day. Mike stopped wearing his flying bullet and when questioned about it by Joe, he said it was on account of some suspicious individuals who couldn't mind their own business.

Now never let it be said that Joe was suspicious by nature, but he took to noticing that his friend Mike 'Ar-ris had been doing a lot of visiting to Black's Cove and though he hated

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# The Flying Bullet

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himself of even suspecting such things, he noted that more often than not these visits coincided with the days when Betsy did not feel well, or had to visit the beauty shop.

He decided he would settle this business once and for all, he'd call her up and charge her with two-timing him. He would bluff her into admitting it.

"Hello Betsy? — Yes this is Joe. You've been going out with Mike 'Arris," he blurted.

"Oh— d-did he say that?"

("Now I'll find out," he thought to himself).

"Yes, he told me you gave him the brooch I made for you."

"W—well where is it? I gave it to him 'cause I like him, but he won't wear it now."

"I don't know and I don't care." He slammed the receiver down and headed for the wet canteen.

It was the night of the Black's Cove and Seal Harbour Fish Haulers' Union Ball.

"Thish way to the Fish Balll," yelled a voice as six armourers tumbled from the bus and turned in the direction of the Black's Cove Assembly hall. They marched along the street in merry throng, and only one was sad.

Suddenly the ring-leader hollered, "Now fellas, act sober even if you ain't, thish is the Fish Ball."

The festivities had begun when they entered, and the five wolves in sheeps' clothing merged with the crowd. Joe remained despondently on the outside. He was looking for someone. Not ten feet away from him danced the perfidious Betsy with her arms round the neck of \_\_\_\_\_

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# SPORTIVITIES

Continued from Page 35

the verdict, but to my mind it was a correct one.

L.A.C. Griffiths was another to show he is made of the right material, displaying an amount of pluck not often seen these days in the ring.

Sergeant "Jock" Porter, P. T. I., was introduced from the ring. He is the European and A. B. A. heavy-weight champion. The Sports' Officer has found a man willing to meet Porter, and with permission from Halifax, we may see a fight for the heavyweight title of Eastern Canada now held by Porter.

The Station Band was in attendance and played popular tunes prior to the first fight, and closed the proceedings with "The King."

Ten minutes were devoted to a very polished display of muscle control and hand balancing by the Station P. T. I., Sgt. Evans. Sgt. Evans at the ripe old age of forty, still gives as good an exhibition of these arts "as arts they are" as has been seen anywhere, and shows the value derived from conscientious training.

Now let us be serious for a moment.

I have now completed my tour of duty in Canada, and doubt if I will be here to write-up the coming boxing news for the next edition of "Adventura," so I take this opportunity to say "Au Revoir" to Pennfield, and all I have met here. I take some very pleasant memories with me, of a great country, and a great people, and as we are want to say in the great country in which I lived prior to coming to England, "Alles sal rev kom, Alles van die beste, en Tot Siens."

JAB.

