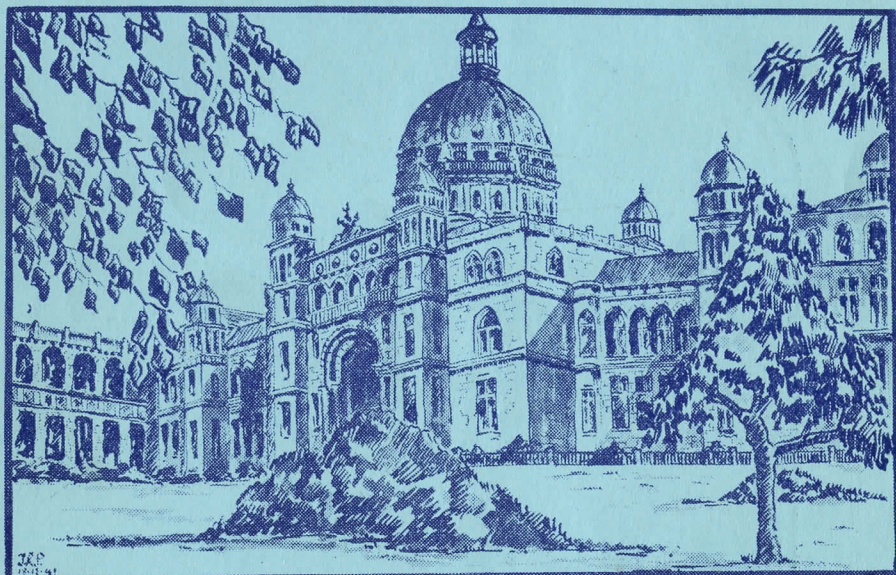


The Patrician



The
Monthly Magazine of
32 O. T. U.
Royal Air Force



GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS, VICTORIA, B.C.

Vol. 1

JANUARY - 1942

No. 4

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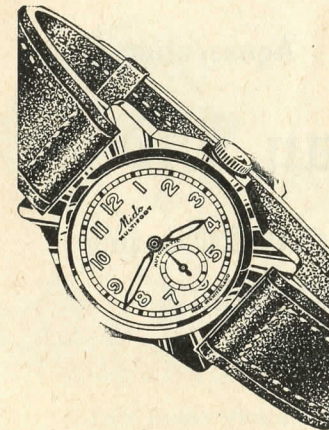
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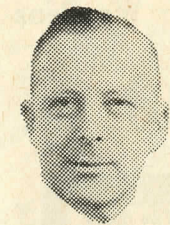
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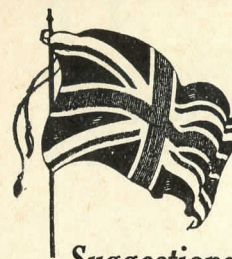


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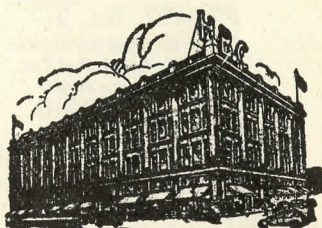
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It has everything—location, climate, resources, opportunities, all the little amenities, unimportant in themselves but which combine to make life something more than simply a matter of habit and routine.

From every corner of the Empire, people have come to British Columbia, have made their homes here, adopted our pattern, become citizens, absorbed themselves in our life and interests.

There is no doubt that the cessation of hostilities will see a lively movement of population and capital to British Columbia, to inject fresh energy into all its activities and bring fresh ideas to bear upon its development.

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA GOVERNMENT TRAVEL BUREAU

Department of Trade and Industry.

Parliament Buildings, Victoria, B.C., Canada

THE PATRICIAN

by kind permission of Group-Captain P. D. Robertson, A.M.

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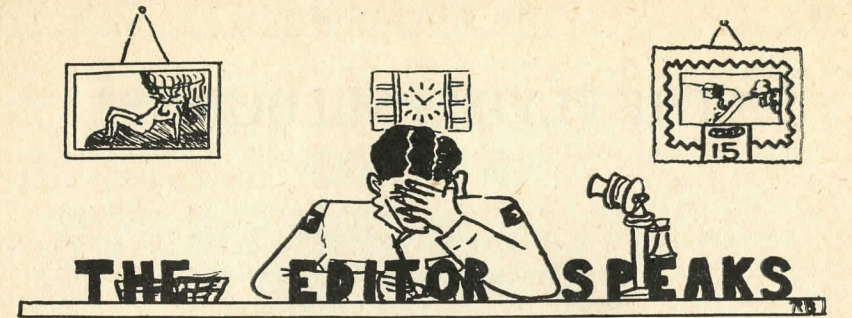
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Vol. 1, No. 4.

JANUARY, 1942

10 Cents

SPECIAL NEW YEAR ISSUE

Just a third of a year has passed and we present our fourth and Special New Year issue.

Events have moved swiftly in the past weeks. Little did many of us think when we left England that the following Christmas would be spent with the threat of air raids and blackouts. Many of us are probably glad in that we feel we are sharing a little more closely the dangers to which we left our loved ones in England, but should there ever be an air raid in this part of the world we think many of us will have some standards to live up to. Our news value will have gone and we shall be expected to put into practice all those heroic acts of which we expounded at length.

Material for the magazine still comes in infinitesimal quantities and this puts a tremendous amount of work on the staff, please co-operate with us.

Several designs have been submitted for the Unit Crest, but it has been decided to run this contest until next month and raise the prize money to \$3. Those who cannot draw should not be deterred from submitting ideas, we will get them sketched up.

Here's wishing all our readers, and especially those in the Old Country, all that they wish themselves in the New Year.

THE EDITORS.

WE CONGRATULATE . . .

Sgt. K. Sewell on his promotion to Flight-Sergeant; Cpl. L. T. Gomm now Sergeant, and L.A.C. P. Chalmers and L.A.C. J. W. Gadd, who are now wearing a couple of stripes.

Also Cpl. G. A. Gimbert on the arrival of Michael George. What a pity his father's an S.P.

"THE FLYING MILBURNS"

By G. A. A. HEBDEN

We are indebted to Mr. G. A. A. Hebden, of Victoria, for the following interesting account of a particularly air-minded Canadian family.—Eds.

Some five hundred and twenty-five miles by road, almost due north from Vancouver, lies the important little city of Prince George. Situated at the very hub of the vast province of British Columbia, it serves a wide hinterland and is outstanding among the inland towns for several reasons.

Its road to the south links Quesnel, the northern terminus of the Pacific Great Eastern and the historic Cariboo Highway, replete with all its romance of fabulous fortunes found in the gold rush of eighty years ago, with the trans-Canada Canadian National Railway, running trains from Prince Rupert on the coast across the Rockies to eastern Canada.

The swift Nechako River flows into the mighty Fraser at Prince George. The road to the northwest brings traffic from Hazelton and Vanderhoof, from old Fort St. James and from Pinchi Lake where quicksilver is produced from cinnibar mined along its shores. Trappers bring furs from "down north," from the Arctic up-stream to Summit Lake at the head of the Arctic Divide and then thirty-two miles by road to Prince George. Farming, mining and sawmilling add to its wealth.

Canadian Airways, Yukon-Southern and Pacific-Alaskan, a subsidiary of Pan-American Airways, all fly planes through Prince George to and from Alaska. Prince George has already outgrown two airfields. Her third is now under construction.

However, it is not of Prince George we wish to write, but of one of its families.

George Milburn, the English-born father, is particularly well known in the locality because of his long and distinguished service with the British Columbia Government, extending through years of clerkship in the Hazelton, Fort Fraser and Barkerville offices and later as Agent, in charge successively of Quesnel, Clinton, Fort George and Prince George.

To George and his wife, a trained nurse also from England but more recently from Victoria, B.C., whom he met at Hazelton, a daughter and four sons were born. Each of these five young people have shown such an interest in aviation as to warrant calling them the "Flying Milburns."

Colin, the eldest of the four boys, met an untimely death in a plane crash while serving as a pilot officer with the R.A.F. at Brize Norton, Oxfordshire, in 1938. His enthusiasm for flying led him at the age of twenty, after making inquiries at Vancouver, to pay his way to England where he enlisted in 1937.

After nine month's training he was commissioned and held high hopes for his future. Fate decreed otherwise. With just over a hundred hours flying-time to his credit he had the misfortune of damaging a wing in a collision with a target. The damaged wing fell off and in endeavouring to make a landing the plane cracked up. His mother, who had gone over to England, spent the previous evening with him.

Undiscouraged by his brother's accident, Frank, the second boy, now in his twenty-fourth year, holds a commercial flier's licence and is particularly interested in the scientific and commercial aspects of flying. At present he is in Toronto working on aircraft repairs.

Jack, one of twin brothers, joined the R.C.A.F. in 1940. Recently he won his wings and is now in England on Active Service.

Phil, the other twin, joined the R.C.A.F. last month and is now in uniform, serving in Canada.

Betty, the only girl, not to be outdone by her flying brothers, resigned her position in a Prince George bank and went to Vancouver where she could continue her training and obtain a pilot's licence. She has considerable flying time to her credit and hopes soon to solo.

These young people have grown up with aviation. Since childhood, when pioneer planes landed on the fields, lakes and rivers around Prince George, aeroplanes have been a part of their lives.

Colin and Frank had their first ride in 1931 in an old Fairchild which took off from the Fraser River. Betty first flew in 1932. Jack and Phil went up with their parents in 1934 and flew from Victoria to Vancouver.

As children they loved to read about planes and fliers. They devoured "Canadian Aviation," "Popular Aviation" and novels about airmen. They admired Lindbergh and Wiley Post but since have dethroned "Lindy" because of his pro-Axis activities. To Sheldon Tuck and Grant McConnachie, pilots of visiting planes at "Prince," they are very grateful for sharing their experiences and explaining their planes.

They remember the pioneer flights over their northern town. Tom Corless, a local man, flew his own plane. The Two Brothers Gold Company also had one. Independent fliers often came over.

Many hours of enjoyment were spent learning to identify, by shape and sound, Lockheed Loadstars, Barclay Groves, Wacos, Beechcraft and De Havillands.

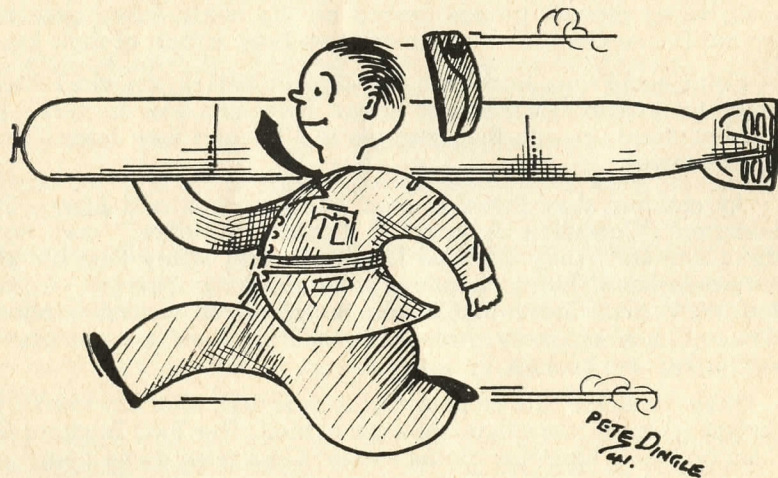
Just what lies ahead is hard to foretell; but it is almost certain that with the whole family air-minded, each supporting the other's enthusiasm, distinction in aviation should be within their grasp in the days to come. There will be hard work and hard study, too, but we wish them luck as they make their way "through labour unto the stars."

Reprisal

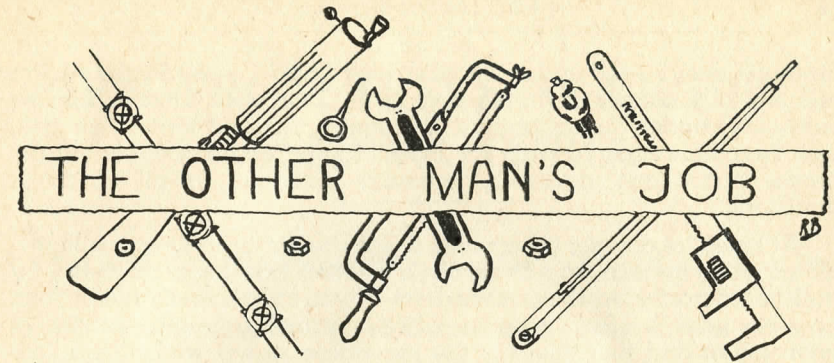
Apparently the armoury has much to learn from us,
For in December's issue they made an awful fuss
Of what they're hoping to attain
When fitters torp. they start to train
To **their** standard of efficiency.

But now the tables are reversed, it's we who give instruction,
Our fitters are attached to them to show how things should
function.
It's only right, we should point out,
That we'll train them without a doubt
To **our** standard of efficiency.

—"TORPS."



"HE CAN DO HIS OWN JOB TOO!"



No. 4—SIGNALS OFFICER

Once upon a time (in the best fairy tale tradition!), a long time ago (anyway, it seems like it!)—some one, somewhere, at sometime or other, decided to start an "R.A.F. Special School" at Patricia Bay. Be it known that way back home "Special Schools" are those to which characters needing reformation are sent!—need we say that there is no parallel? Anyway, to get on with the story—they, the great, wise and omnipotent sent every one out here whom they considered necessary for the inception of such a place! Whether they also sent the mud is a moot point (sorry, Mr. Editor, I forgot "it" was taboo as a subject). To proceed, in the haste and confusion of getting the troops here **before** the place was ready the fact that a Unit Signals Officer was necessary became completely overlooked.

Weeks later, a frantic signal to home resulted in a hapless mite being plucked from his quiet little home station on the banks of the Thames, near the picturesque old-world town of Oxford (see Ward Locke's Little Guides); and hurled with a mere 36 hours' notice on to a liner which left "X" at "Y" hours!

Much, much later, during which period he was much disturbed by the motion of said liner, he reached "Z," his disembarkation port in N. S. E. W. (take your choice) Canada. Much later, his appearance—transient but definite (Oh, quite definite!)—was noted in Montreal, and much, much, much later in Victoria. His impression of P—B—R.A.F. Station when he first saw it was much what every one else's is now!

Anyway we got here!

The first morning was a delight—every one was so glad of the arrival. After finding an office, there came quite a stream of folk—"So glad you're here, old chap—er I want—." Before the day was out I knew exactly what every one in the camp "wanted" or "expected" (depending on whether they were of the realms "earthly" or "celestial").

Now be it known unto ye that the Signals Officer's job covers a multitude of things (there are unkind people who would have said "sins")—one is expected to materialize telephone systems out of thin

air (quite easy!—see under "Indian Rope Trick"), extract information relative to a variety of things from W.A.C. or even Ottawa (not so easy—see under "Low Cunning"), organize this and that, fit aircraft, visit the countryside looking for "sites" (great fun if conducted in the proper spirit) and generally organize activities in all kinds of directions.

At times, of course, it becomes a definite strain to keep smiling—for no good reason one finds one's Section has been depleted by half (temporarily working elsewhere—"you don't really need 'em, now do you?"). Pay parades always prove a fruitful source of interruption and then there is the inevitable signal which gets "delayed in despatch" and what ho! for a panic!

Well, it's a pretty confused picture I guess—but still, as Mr. Spoke-shave hath it, "Misery acquaints a man with many bed fellows," which adequately conveys my meaning—if interpreted broadly!

Before concluding this very kaleidoscopic word picture one must in all fairness say that one day when all the wrinkles have been ironed out of the job the Signals Officer will probably die of boredom! Anyway, it's a great life, and (one more quote) as somebody once said, somewhere, "Let 'em all come."

And finally, to conclude in keeping with tradition, "they all lived happily ever after!"

—B.A.M.H.

THE NEW CANTEEN

On Tuesday, December 16th, the new canteen was opened with a smoking concert at which Bert White, Henry Switzer and Lawrence Schiller kindly came from Victoria to assist the Station Dance Band and others who provided the entertainment. Members of Victoria Civic Entertainments Committee were there as guests.

The canteen is unlike other places of its kind found on R.A.F. Stations in England. It is pleasingly decorated in cream and pale green and the dark green arm-chairs with their gaily coloured cushions create an atmosphere of comfort and cheeriness. We are grateful to the many people on the Station who have given so much time to the preparation of this building—their efforts have satisfied with great success a long-felt need.

CHESS

An invitation has been received from the Victoria City Chess Club, for anyone who is so interested, to call at their club rooms at 1118 Langley Street, where they will be made very welcome.

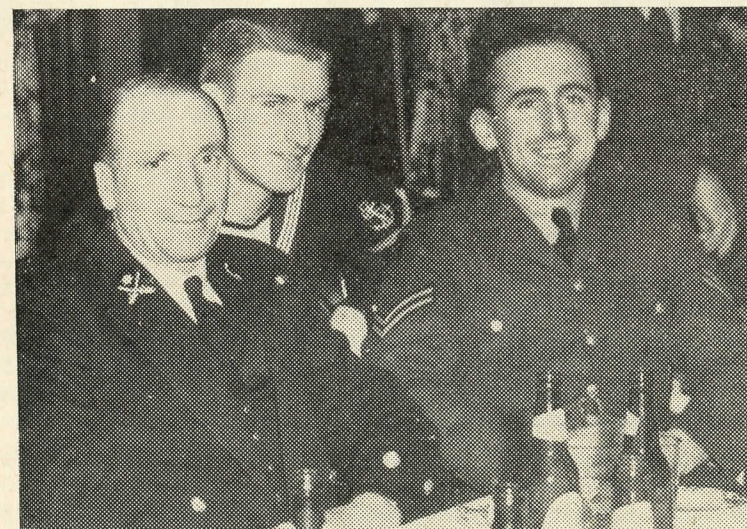
Any further information may be had on application to the secretary, W. B. Christopher, at Roger Monteith Tackle Store, 615 View Street, Victoria.

MEN FROM H.M.S. WARSPITE VISIT VICTORIA

On Saturday, November 29th, members of the R.A.F. took part in the official reception given to a number of officers and men of H.M.S. Warspite by the City of Victoria and ex-servicemen's organizations.

The programme consisted of a march through the main thoroughfares headed by the band of H.M.S. Warspite, luncheon at Prince Robert House, a football match in the afternoon which was won by the R.A.F., dinner in Spencer's Dining-room and an entertainment in the Armouries to wind up the day's proceedings.

The photograph reproduced here shows Cpl. F. G. Woodbridge, R.A.F., chatting to Alec Mansfield of the Warspite. They were at school together and had not seen each other for two years.



Our new cover picture is a reproduction of a painting of the Government Buildings, Victoria, by S/L. J. R. Pearson, from a photograph taken by Cpl. S. Lott.

I ASTONISHED THE AMERICANS



Many people have asked about my trip to the States: "Did you have a good time?" "What are the people like?" "Did you like Seattle?" etc. I thought that as people seemed interested, the best thing to do would be to write an article describing **some** of my experiences.

To start from the beginning. A request was received for me to entertain at two concerts near Ellensburg, Washington, in aid of "Bundles for Britain." The powers-that-be kindly enabled me to do this by allowing me to take a few days' leave.

After many passport formalities had been completed and reams of forms filled in, I arrived at Seattle on Wednesday, December 3rd, at 5:30 p.m. I was immediately impressed by the myriads

of lights—neon signs flashing from the tops of floodlighted skyscrapers and reflecting in the water—streams of limousines speeding along the waterfront—to me, this was symbolic of America, a new, modern country.

I was met at the dock by Mrs. J. H. McCormack, head of the Ellensburg "Bundles for Britain" organization, and as we started the 125-mile journey which took us through the majestic snow-covered Cascade Mountains I learnt something of the great work these American people are doing to help our folk in Britain. Ellensburg and district, although not thickly populated, has sent over 11,000 lbs. of clothing and hospital supplies during the past year for the benefit of air raid victims. I was also told that the whole of this American voluntary organization has sent 3,000,000 lbs. of goods to the assistance of our British people.

After a rather hectic journey through rain, hail and snow and along treacherous roads, we finally arrived at Kittitas where, the same night, I told my first American audience how "terribly British" I was. I found them very responsive and appreciative but was told afterwards that the English humour had rather "astonished" them—and that after I had omitted my "frightfully funny" stories!

Being "terribly British" and not wishing to give a wrong impression of the R.A.F. and all that sort of thing, I made further omissions with the blue pencil before my appearance the following evening at



—Courtesy Victoria & Island Publicity Bureau.

**Winter Sunset Over Deep Cove, near Patricia Bay.
Here the foliage is evergreen throughout the year.**

Our Charming Neighbourhood

It is hoped that this special pictorial supplement in our New Year issue will be of interest to our readers, particularly those in Britain and it is intended to convey to them an inkling of the beauty and interest of the surroundings in which we are now living. The places shown are all within an hour's motor run of the Station.

Vancouver Island is only 282 miles long and varies from 50 to 60 miles in width, yet within this comparatively small area can be found almost as many varieties of climate, scenery and sport as are offered by the whole North American Continent.

Victoria, our nearest city and the only one on the Island, is capital of British Columbia and was aptly described by Rudyard Kipling thus: "To realize Victoria, you must take all that the eye admires most in Bournemouth, Torquay, the Isle of Wight, the Happy Valley at Hong Kong, the Doon, Sorrento, and Camps Bay; add reminiscences of the Thousand Islands and arrange the whole around the Bay of Naples with some Himalayas for the background."



tesy B.C. Government Travel Bureau.

THUNDERBIRD PARK

in the heart of Victoria, British Columbia. Here are gathered and displayed some of the finest specimens of Indian Art, representing all parts of the vast province.

Cle Elum. Here again I found a good audience which, I was told, was comprised of Czechs, Germans, Italians, Norwegians and, as usual, Scotsmen. It was difficult to understand why all these "foreigners" (not the Scots), as we should think of them, should be living here together, and on learning that they were all Americans I asked my host to define the word. I liked the reply: "An American is one who loves liberty and freedom, no matter what his nationality—and, of course, is a naturalized citizen of the U.S.A."

Those two little shows raised \$150 for "Bundles for Britain."

Ellensburg is known as "the biggest little city in Washington" and is situated in the centre of rich agricultural land. It is a typical North-West town as we have learned to know them through the American films. Men stroll around the streets wearing Stetsons, and beer parlours are dotted all over the place. Many Indians live in the neighbourhood. I visited the house of one of them to see the basket and bead work for which they are famed. Their Indian costumes, made from deerskin with intricate bead patterns worked onto them, are truly a work of art and are handed down from one generation to another. Now they are worn only at the annual rodeo for which Ellensburg is noted. The Indian woman admitted, however, that she still sometimes uses the "skin" to carry the baby on her back.

My next visit was to the home of a cowboy—he was building it himself. Here I saw the pukka cowboy kit of my childhood dreams; big white Stetson, high-heeled boots, finely engraved saddle and the inevitable six-shooters which he told me were often carried around to shoot rattlesnakes, coyotes, etc. The photograph printed here shows him taking part in the Ellensburg rodeo.

"Were you born on the Old Sod?" was a question often asked and which I thought rather a surprising change from "Are you from the Old Country?"

I had many invitations to dinner at the homes of various people and I think it is of interest to mention some of the meals—they certainly "astonished" me. At one place we had ham, potatoes, cauliflower, pickles, olives, cheese, celery, nut and raisin loaf and tomato aspic. "Nothing very strange in that," you might think until you know that it was all served and eaten **at the same time!** Another meal consisted of mutton chops and two vegetables **with** a canned pear decorated with a date and walnut! I wonder what our old epicures in England would have said. I ate elk steaks—and liked them.

I casually mentioned our Station Band and their need for instruments. Mrs. Mc Cormack and her brother, Dr. Bickle, prompt-



ly gave me two violins. Another friend, Mrs. Powell, is making enquiries regarding three brass instruments which her sons played at one time. The school authorities at once placed their hall at the disposal of Mrs. McCormack who is arranging a concert there in aid of our Band Funds; whether that will be possible now America has entered the war I do not know, I mention the fact to illustrate their interest and willingness to do anything to help Britain.

I left Ellensburg after spending a very pleasant three days there. An introduction to the Press Club at Seattle was given to me by the editor of the local newspaper, and here I met many very interesting people who did all they could to make my stay enjoyable. We swapped information about our two countries and I was glad to note how much they knew about Britain. They had followed the work of the R.A.F. with keen interest and were justly proud of their Eagle Squadron.

Here I was asked to repeat my Ellensburg performance. I did, but forgot the blue pencil and found, just like an English audience, they liked it.

I was in the Press Club on Sunday, December 7th, when the news came through that Japan had declared war on America. I was impressed by their calmness as they heard that fateful announcement. Their radio announcers were certainly not typical of the Americans I saw. The folk I was with at the time threw their minds back to remember when was the last time war had been declared on America. Unfortunately it was the War of 1812. I apologized for that!

As I stood on the boat deck that night and watched the lights of Seattle fade away in the distance, I felt glad to know that America was now fighting with us to free the world for all those other people who love "Liberty and Freedom."

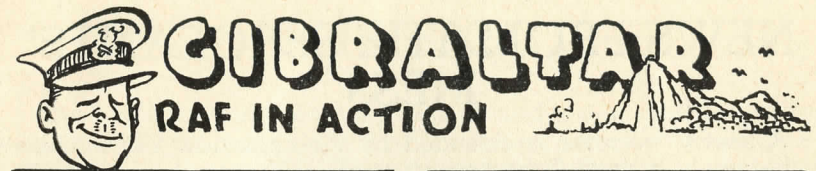
—JERRY GOSLEY.

THE STATION BAND

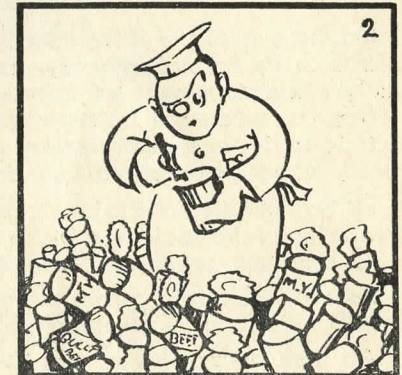
Many hours of practice have been put in by the newly formed dance band, and for the few who were responsible for its formation and the players themselves, it is very gratifying to know that at every appearance it has been hailed as a great success. The spontaneous ovation given to the strings section on its first lunch-hour concert in the airmen's dining hall was a fine tribute to the men who are giving up so much of their own time to entertain us.

The band is under the direction of F/Sgt. C. F. Jackson who is also the pianist. L.A.C. Wild, A/C.'s George Walker, Stan Carr, Alex Anderson, Frank Montgomery and Jeffrey Wilks make up a very pleasing combination.

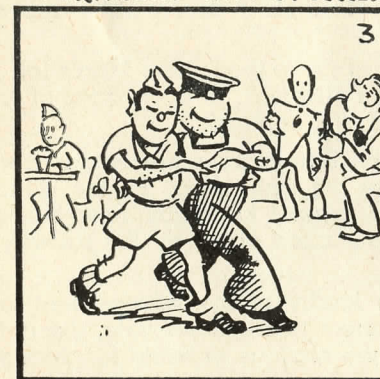
Temporarily the band is being called "The Patricians"; a new name is wanted, so send in your suggestions to the magazine office.



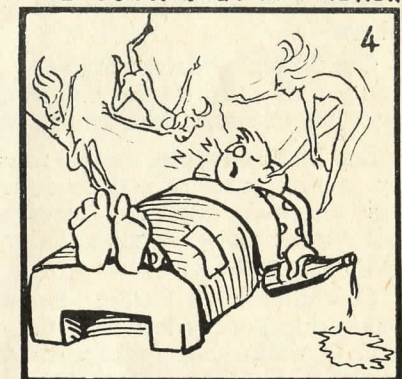
OPERATIONS WITHOUT SUCCESS



THE COOK GOES INTO ACTION



NO WOMEN - WHY NOT?



THE ONE AND ONLY DREAM

The above cartoon was drawn specially for "The Patrician" by A/C. Denis Curthoys of Bristol, now in the R.A.F. and stationed at Gibraltar.

In a letter he says the sketch is intended to portray life on the Rock and to illustrate the difference between their existence and ours. He describes the drawings as follows:

1. We frequent the border with tinned foods, etc., hoping to attract a female.
2. The majority of meals are 90 per cent tinned.
3. Dancing with sailors explains itself—they take the place of girls quite well.
4. No explanation needed.

NEWS FROM THE SERGEANTS' MESS

A hearty welcome is extended by the chairman and members to the newly arrived Canadian air-crews.

On the evening of November 28th, the Sergeants' Mess bestirred itself from its normal lethargy and threw another dance. Unfortunately something went wrong and there were not so many ladies present as usual, but in view of the filthy weather, distance from Victoria and our special variety of mud, we really cannot be surprised. Our new band is to be complimented on its first performance.

Flt/Sgt. Middleton is to be congratulated on the great strides made toward his proficiency as a gigolo. Sgt. Holmes will have to watch points if he is to retain the Mess championship.

As soon as funds permit we are going to have Flt/Sgt. Lloyd's loose box thoroughly soundproofed.

An Irish member (from the North, you understand) is evidently not going to allow Thomas Gray's words, "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, And waste its sweetness on a desert air"—apply to him.

Our Gestapo-Fuehrer hopes to contribute to the "Other Man's Job" shortly. He must be the first service policeman to even attempt to justify his existence (see you in Stalag P.B., chaps).

Sgt. Jardine reports that he found Flt/Sgt. Jackson before a mirror with a huge razor poised for sabotage the other day. Please, dear Flight-Sergeant, don't do it again; you cannot know just how much your super-drooper reminds us of the burned grass by the railway track in dear old England.

One diminutive Flt/Sgt., boasting loudly of his achievement in getting duckboards laid from the quarters to the main gate, did not seem to realize that duckboards are the obvious antidote for duck's disease.

May we remind a certain member of the R.C.A.F. Mess that our private mud bath closes on dance nights.

Flt/Sgt. Jackson has approached the armoury for the loan of a reflector sight as the foliage restricts his vision at billiards (and, we suspect, other things).

We are glad to have Sgts. Jones, Sewell and Connolly back from their travels. Sgts. Jones and Connolly still have their well-washed look but Sgt. Sewell appeared in need of either a wash or shave. Some sort of a disguise, we believe.

Flt/Sgt. Felton, overjoyed in handing over his section to the armourers for training, has fallen into every mud hole on the camp in his excitement.

—SGT. X.

LIGHTS OUT

The blackout had come to Victoria, and the streets were dark; no longer did the neon signs flash, or the picturesque globes illuminate road and sidewalk. The pre-war atmosphere of bright shop windows and gaily-lit cinemas had gone.

"The lights of Europe are going out one by one," said Sir Edward Grey in his famous speech on the eve of the last great war. He did not mean it literally, yet the immensity of the present struggle as compared with the last great war can be gathered when it is realized that in all five continents the lights this time have really been extinguished. People living in countries as far apart as China and Finland are experiencing the blackout.

This is perhaps one of the greatest examples of the stupidity of man; with modern science putting so much at his disposal, bringing him so many comforts and conveniences, he is forced by present man-made circumstances to grope around in the dark after sunset!

I wondered if the residents of Victoria would suffer as many minor casualties as were inflicted on the English town dwellers, caused by walking into lamp posts, stumbling over curbs, etc. For it seemed during those early blackout days at home that every other person had a piece of sticking-plaster somewhere on the face. After a short period, however, people became blackout conscious, and seemed to develop another sense which helped them to avoid unseen obstacles. Perhaps all those carrots we ate had something to do with it!

Now that the war has spread so far, with the United States so heavily involved, the issues at stake must be clear cut for all those who live on the American continent, and no longer will the voice of the minority be heard expressing the view that the war is no concern of theirs.

The war is bigger now, but it will, we hope, be shorter, for there will be no half measures about the United States effort. American people have been stimulated for the struggle by treacherous attack as no propaganda could have stimulated them.

As we go to press the lights of Victoria are shining again, and we trust that they will continue to do so. In the meantime, we look forward to the day when the street lamps of London and all the cities and towns we know so well will once again bring brightness to our streets. Then the years of blackout and uncertainty will have passed, as will the powers of those dictators and their associates who have caused so much trouble to the rest of mankind.

—F. REED

We learn that ice skating has become popular amongst Station personnel—perhaps this explains why so many do not care to have a seat on the last bus.

Taken For A Ride

Since our arrival at No. 32 O.T.U., we have often practised the gentle art of impressing a car-driver's generosity to the effect of being taken for a ride, but not in the sinister manner usually associated with that phrase.

Patricia Bay is, as every one knows, or should know (see local guide books), some 18 miles from the nearest and only metropolis on the island where the gay lights beckon, if not the gay life. It is somewhat of a problem to get to this glittering jewel of attraction, this Victoria.

Hence our cultivation of the art of obtaining car rides from would-be passers-by. We say "would-be" because it so often happens that the pathetic stance of a lonely erk on the roadside, peering with pale and anxious features at these cars, evokes a murmur of pity and halts a driver in his gears.

Car drivers who stop by such remote persuasion and thereby earn an airman's undying gratitude are of many and varied types, of which space permits only a few examples.

First we have the business man who drives a high-powered eight-cylinder with great fury and abandon, chattering little, which is just as well as you are usually too busy keeping your teeth clamped together.

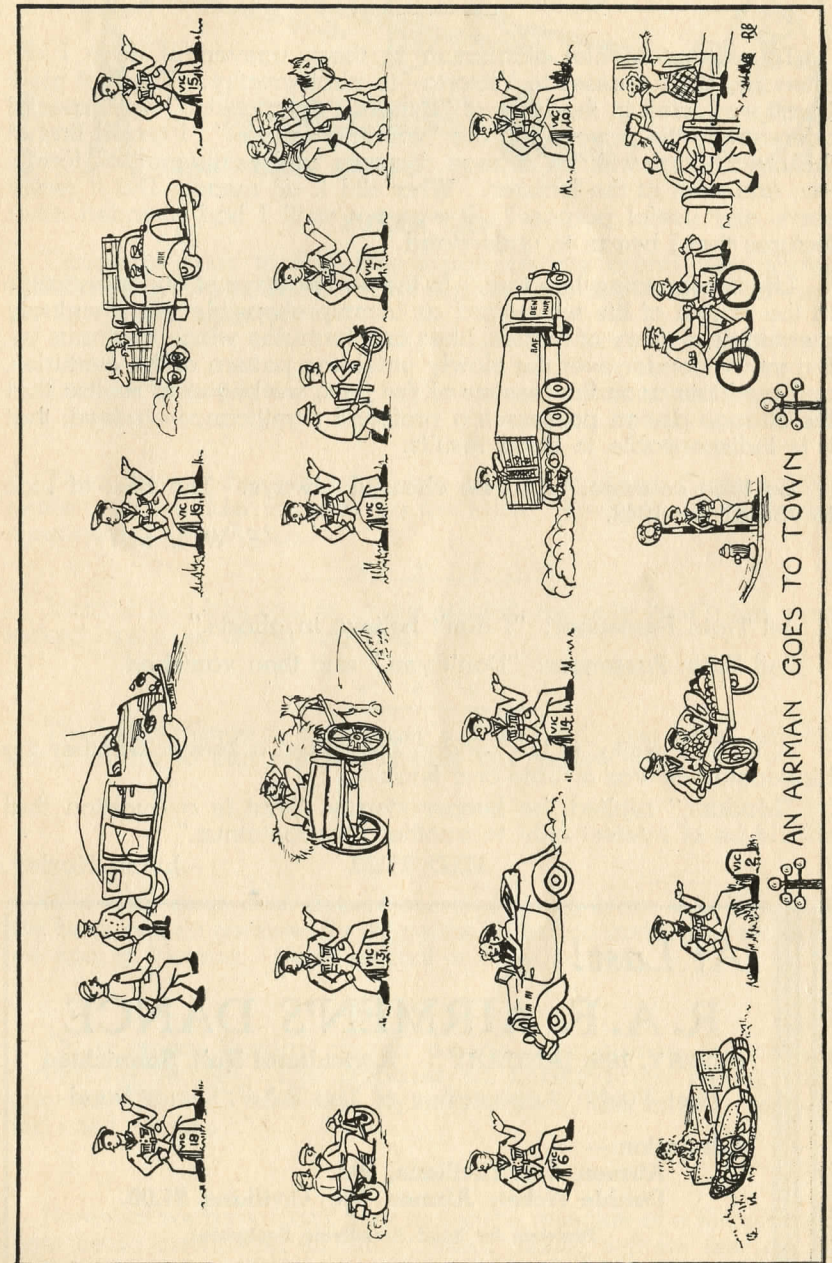
Then we have the family car which, though often crammed to overflowing with an assortment of family, manage to squeeze you in in a most intimate manner and you are accepted as one of the family.

Then there is the rare occasion when one meets a young lady, or ladies (very attractive, but aren't they all?), who are out for a bit of sport with Pop's car. This is, as we have said, a rare example—in fact, almost unknown—more's the pity!

Dialogue, whilst riding, is usually of a limited nature, due to both parties trying to avoid subjects which might prove embarrassing. The favourite would appear to be the car driver's opening gambit "Are you from the Old Country too? What part?—Oh, yes, do you know so and so?" You rack your brains but cannot think of any one when you are relieved to hear "Oh, but of course you wouldn't, I haven't been there for over thirty years."

So in conclusion, if there is any one who has not yet known the self-gratification of giving an airman a lift, and they take pity on his forlorn and pleading looks, they will be assured that those of us from the Motherland will always know that in Canada you can be taken for a ride and live to tell the tale happily ever after.

—A. R. NICKLESS.



THE PADRE'S CHAT

To prevent mental stagnation in these uneventful days I am attending night classes in Victoria—in photography. The first night I was instructed in the laws of "dynamic composition" with special reference to the principle of the "whirling square." I gazed first at the blackboard with its strange diagram and mathematical formulae, and then at the lecturer. What did it all mean: Did it really serve any useful purpose? It was not until I had attended other lectures that I began to understand.

Life is something like that. In the earlier days of our attendance in the school of life we regard as incomprehensible the seemingly meaningless array of angles, lines and formulae which confronts us. But as we ponder over the slowly unfolding pattern of the centuries, and meditate upon the lessons of the past, we began to realize that the strange design possesses a profound significance—indeed, that it is indispensable to good results.

So take courage. And be cheerful always. The best of luck to you all for 1942.

—E. W. L. MAY.

1st Train Passenger: "I don't believe in ghosts."

2nd Train Passenger: "Don't you," and then vanished.

A woman visitor to the London Zoo asked a keeper whether the hippopotamus was a male or a female.

"Madam," replied the keeper sternly, "that is a question that should be of interest only to another hippopotamus."

—Julian Huxley.

At Last!

R. A. F. AIRMEN'S DANCE

FRIDAY, 16th JANUARY - Agricultural Hall, Saanichton

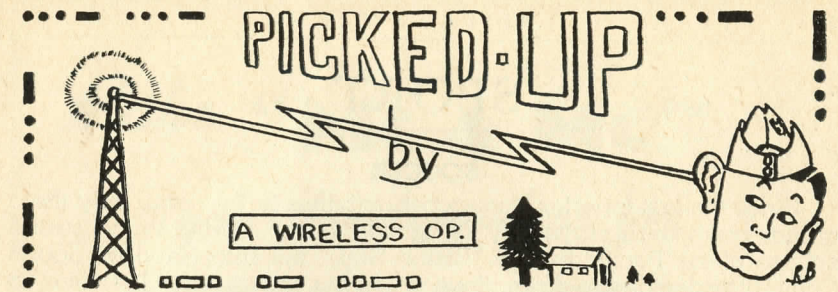
First Public Appearance of The R.A.F. Dance Band

Admission:—

Airmen, 25c; Civilians, 50c.

Double Ticket: Airmen, 50c; Civilians, \$1.00.

Proceeds for Band Amplifying Equipment



PUKKA GEN

Congratulations to F/L Pennington on his grand new show, "Landings in Waltz Time." Hot rhythm fans are looking forward to "La Conga" shortly.

✓ ✓ ✓

I notice that at last one of the barbers has had a hair cut.

✓ ✓ ✓

Then there's the erk who was posted to Swift Current. He made a rope ladder to reach his top bunk. Evidently he preferred a stairway to Per Ardua.

✓ ✓ ✓

Victoria in a blackout is, in my opinion, the only time it has ever looked like a bit of old England.

✓ ✓ ✓

The extra foliage in the airmen's dining hall also gives an old-world charm to that building during this festive season.

✓ ✓ ✓

DUFF GEN

It is with deep and sincere regret that we learn that Sgt. Gill has been caught persistently flying the "Link" to under six feet over one spot in Victoria. Court martial or case marital.

✓ ✓ ✓

On a recent Sunday church parade, one airman fell asleep during the sermon. The preacher on finishing the sermon announced, "We will now sing Hymn No. 66." The airman awoke, and cried "House!"

✓ ✓ ✓

Now that we have lunch-time music the question of a soundproof room being constructed in the airmen's dining hall for the use of "non-paying-extra-messing" members is under consideration.

SPORT

SOCCER

Since the last report on the soccer activities in the camp only three games have been played by the station team. Owing to the partial eclipse of the Pacific by the "Rising Sun," the Inter-Services Sports Committee decided to discontinue all sports activities for 1941 and so it looks as if the promise made in last month's "Patrician" has been fulfilled, for the Royal Athletic Park display against a team from H.M.S. Warspite proved that the R.A.F. had more than a slight chance to win the Inter-Services Soccer Cup.

The league match played at the Naval Barracks ground against the R.C.N. was a washout, both literally and metaphorically. The condition of the ground after two days solid rain was such as to merit no real exhibition of football and the result gave no credit or disgrace to either team.

The following Saturday's game proved much more successful. The weather prophet allowed us to play under reasonable conditions and we finished up five goals ahead of the R.C.A.F. on the Sidney ground.

After a march around Victoria and some rather drastic lapses from training by certain members of the team, our final match of an exhibition game against H.M.S. Warspite resulted in a deserving win for the R.A.F. The present very uncertain state of affairs appears very unfavourable to matches in the immediate future, but it is hoped that we will have some games to report before the next issue of this magazine.

15-11-41—R.C.N. v. R.A.F., draw, 0-0.

22-11-41—R.C.A.F. v. R.A.F., win, 6-1; F/Sgt. Huggins (2), A.C. Witter (2), Cpl. Heppenstall and A.C. Ackincklose.

29-11-41—H.M.S. Warspite v. R.A.F., win, 3-1; A.C. Witter, A.C. Collingbourne, L.A.C. Sedman.

—D.V.C.H.

RUGBY

The match with the Royal Canadian Navy was played on Victoria High School Ground on Saturday, November 29th, the day after the Sergeants had their monthly dance, and it was evident in the play of some of our senior N.C.O.'s. However, the game was full of interest and well-planned movements. A/C Hollingworth played his usual outstanding game at centre three-quarters. The teams were very evenly matched and it was only by kicking two penalty goals that the Navy got the verdict, which was—R.A.F. 3 points, R.C.N. 9 points.

Four of our players, F/Sgt. Michelin, A/C Hollingsworth, Cpl. Gillespie and Cpl. Thorne, were chosen to play for the Island XV versus Vancouver on Boxing Day.—J. J.

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your headquarters for

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Let Us Quote on Your Needs for:

Badminton	Fishing Equipment
Ice Hockey	Box Lacrosse
Golf	Rifles, Shotguns
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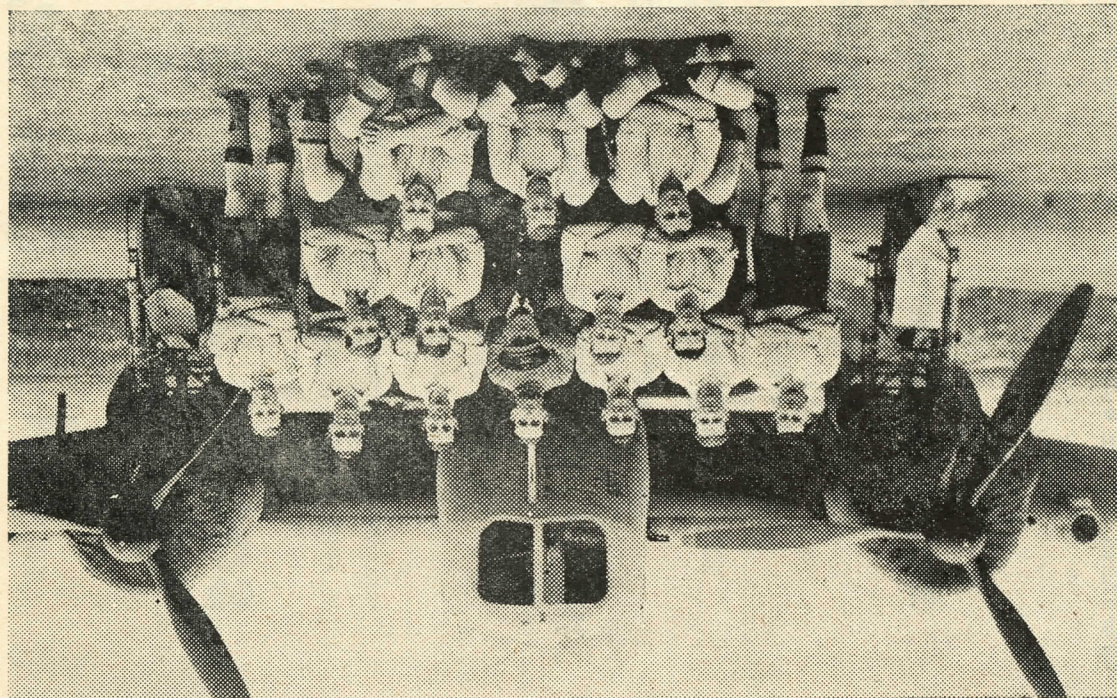
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Garden 1111



The
Daily
Colonist

Back row, left to right—A/C Munday, L.A.C. Sedman, L.A.C. Adam, Cpl. Woodbridge, A/C Hurd, A/C Kewell, A/C Hughes.
Centre—A/C Witter, Cpl. Heppenstall, F/L H. Dunn, A/C Ackincklose, F/Sgt. Huggins.
Front row—A/C Collingbourne, L.A.C. Patten, A/C Harvey.



Courtesy "The Island Motorist."

GOLDSTREAM CANYON

On the Island Highway, near Victoria.

THE STATION SOCCER TEAM



Courtesy "The Island Motorist."

MALAHAT SCENIC DRIVE

The summit is 1,250 feet above the sea. The view is pronounced by travellers to be one of the seven best in the world. Seascape, snow-capped mountains and fleecy cloud-flecked sky.

GOLF

Oak Bay Golf Club entertained eight of our members on Sunday, November 6th, to lunch and a very enjoyable game. The weather was kind and so helped to make a very successful day.—W. G.

TABLE TENNIS

The Victoria City Championships were held recently at the Crystal Garden. Congratulations to Cpl. Walker on winning the Handicap and L.A.C. Bartlam and L.A.C. Abbott who reached the semi-finals.

League matches have also been played with the following results:—

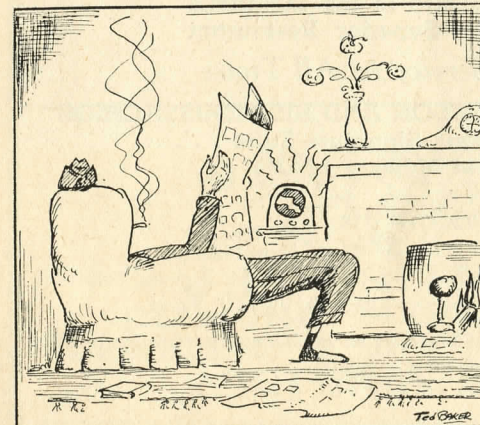
- 25.11.41.—R.A.F. No. 1, 26 games. Nut Shell Cafe, 10 games.
R.A.F. No. 2, 33 games. Firemen, 3 games.
R.A.F. No. 3, 9 games. Four Stars, 27 games.
- 2.12.41.—R.A.F. No. 1, 26 games. Rovers, 10 games.
R.A.F. No. 2. Won by default.
R.A.F. No. 3, 17 games. Four Stars, 19 games.
- 9.12.41.—No matches played due to the blackout.—L. V. R.

BADMINTON

A badminton club has now been formed and the following officials have been elected: Chairman, F/O P. W. Dunn; secretary-treasurer, A/C W. E. Barber; committee, L.A.C.'s Jenkins, Scott and Edwards and A/C J. Jones.

The entrance fee is 25c and shuttlecocks and racquets can be hired at 25c per evening (35c non-members). Three courts are available in No. 2 Hangar every evening.

When the club is firmly established it is hoped to enter the local badminton league.—W. E. B.



TO GET IN TOUCH WITH VICTORIA HOSTESSES

For Home Hospitality

ring, when in town,

Empire 5096 or
Garden 4363

or write . . .

Mrs. Archibald
3415 Cadboro Bay Road
Victoria, B.C.

OPERATIONS - 1941

Zero hour was fixed for 1800 hours and the small party of men crept forward, keeping very close to each other and picking their way very carefully through the seas of mud which abounded on all sides. They were a grim sight as they moved forward, with the stars their only light, reflecting dully on the cold steel of their bayonets.

Piles of debris were silhouetted against the night sky on all sides and their course had to be changed many times as they moved steadily nearer their objective. This was no picnic and every man present felt the tenseness of the situation as he groped gingerly forward in the darkness, always on the watch for water-logged trenches and deep holes, where a single slip would end in disaster.

The objective was in sight now, but they did not hurry, they had a job to do and they would see that it was done. Suddenly a blinding flash stabbed through the darkness and a shrill whistle sounded quite close to them. The men took a firmer grip on their rifles and exchanged glances but they did not stop, as, resolute to their task, they marched boldly forward.

"Halt, who goes there?" The challenge echoed eerily and once again a flash broke the darkness, surrounding the men in its ghostly light.

"New Guard," replied the N.C.O., in charge of the party and once again the ceremony of changing the guard at Patricia Bay had commenced.—L. V. R.

Ye Olde Cookie House

Spend Your Leisure in the Luxurious
Comfort of Our Superior Restaurant

Impersonal Service At All Times

MUSIC BY MAESTRO JACKSON AND HIS MOUSTACHIOS

With Their Famous Signature Tune . . .

"Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life"

Specimenu

Soup: Consomme a la Muderne Fish: (S)Tench

Joint: Boeuf Corded Vegetables: Peas a l'armament, Pommes Pulpies

Sweet: Patisserie au Lait Tea: "U-URN-IT" Blend

Seats near the Orchestra may be reserved on application to Maitre d'hotel

BARON VON HOLMES

—Anon

Our Gracie



It was a great disappointment to us all that Gracie Fields was unable to visit the Station during her brief stay in Victoria. However, a letter was sent from "The Patrician," asking her to send a message to the Station personnel. We have much pleasure in printing her reply.—Eds.

To the Boys:—

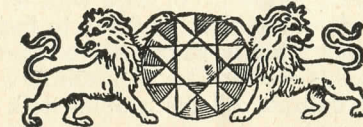
It is with deep regret that I am forced to refuse the gracious invitation I received to come and visit you. There is nothing I would have liked better, but I have been going steadily for so long now, that I have to rest every possible moment to save my voice in order to give a good performance to those good people who have paid to come and hear me.

I am afraid I have to face the issue these days and become resigned to the fact that I am "not as young as I used to be."

It has been wonderful though, to go through Canada again, as everyone has greeted me with a genuine friendliness that has given me the feeling that I am returning home after a long absence. The only thing that I regret is the fact I have had to refuse invitations such as yours because I have had to rest as much as possible because of the heavy schedule I have had to do.

God bless you all and I do hope you have a Merry Christmas.

Sincerely,
GRACIE FIELDS.



J. M. WHITNEY
DIAMOND MERCHANT
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VICTORIA, B.C.

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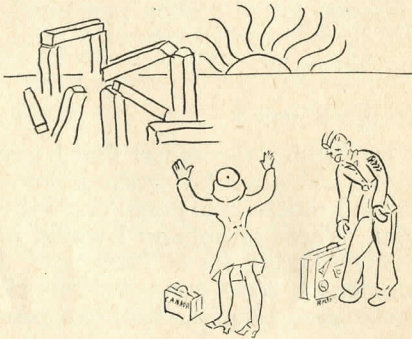
INVASION TO COME

By REBY MACDONALD

Reby Macdonald's interesting and humorous articles in the Victoria Daily Times have already made her well-known to the men of this station. Our readers will probably remember two recent articles, one on the Pat Bay mud, and the other on the attraction of hot baths for the men of the R.A.F.—Eds.

"Darling, come to England! Let me show you Stonehenge in the rosy dawn!"

To the unfortunate listener wedged in between the potted palms in a local drawing-room so that there was no escape, it sounded as if the R.A.F. were of an extraordinary passionate nature which was an alarming prospect, or else was having an attack of asthma which was equally unpleasant but less embarrassing under the circumstances. Passion or asthma, the girl did not seem to mind because she murmured in a running counterpoint, "Stonehenge at dawn with you! Stonehenge at dawn. . . ."



Now as sure as eggs are eggs, that young woman will turn up in England ready to greet the dawn at Stonehenge. She was a Girl Guide. She likes the dawn. He never was a Boy Scout. He wasn't even a Cub. It will mean an alarm clock for him and I doubt if his wife will co-operate and set it. It might wake the children; all six of them.

So hold that line, brother! Hold that line!

Canadians have what you are going to regard as a very nasty habit of travelling. There is going to be an invasion of England all right but it isn't coming from the Continent. It is coming from Canada and it is going to be made up of girls with new permanent waves under their hats and a mile or so of ticket in their purses, . . . one way tickets to England. This is when the real battle of Britain will take place. Perhaps this is what Mr. Churchill, wise man, has in mind now that he is mobilizing all the women folk of Britain for Home Defence.

If you want more case histories here they are:

A Lowland youth was telling a friend of mine that he had a country estate called "King Arthur's Seat," near Edinburgh, the other evening. Now Alice might not be a bright girl, but when some bobby on Princess Street puts her right about his country estate, the

resulting shriek is going to be heard right back at the main office at Pat Bay. And this low Scot might just as well get ready to dive under Arthur's seat and hide because the aforesaid sweet Alice, unlike her namesake, doesn't tremble at anybody's frown. Moreover, she belongs to a family whose crest, ancient if unused, sports a bloodhound rampant with a dagger in its mouth and believe me! that dagger is going to be aimed at King Arthur's Seat.

During this same discussion of family estates, one man told us that his family's country place was called "Uxbridge" and he will never forget his sad leave taking with all the family retainers lined up in the oak panelled hall hung with ancient weapons to shake hands with the young master and wish him well in the colonies. That reminded another of a similar saddened farewell in his family home at Kirby, which brought tears to his eyes. He said the butler had been with his pater for forty years.

We all have invitations to visit both places and ride a beagle to hounds. The man from Uxbridge corrected the other at this point and said it was "ride a hound to beagle."

They then urged another to talk about his little place. He had the usual English reticence. He said it wasn't much really. It was called "Chequers" but it was a bit of a bore, actually being frightfully hard to heat and all that. When pressed, he did tell us some tales of his nursery days in the South Wing, second floor, and how he used to go in late by way of the ivy on the walls throwing pebbles up first to attract his old Nanny's attention so she would open the window and let him sneak in. It seems the family was strict with him.

I saw Gertrude looking at him with dewy eyes. She does not know that he is the third cousin of the fourth undergardener. She is going to be frightfully embarrassed when she arrives and stands under the nursery window of the South Wing, second floor, and begins tossing pebbles up to announce her arrival, . . . the wag. I hope she doesn't break a window and get run in, because her uncle is a Chief Justice of Canada and there might be inter-colonial complications in which the third cousin of the fourth under gardener is likely to come off second best.

Then there is the Sergeant who fell for the girl who has never missed a Calgary Stampede and owns a ten-gallon hat autographed by the late Mr. Will Rogers. He said, quite bashfully, that he had himself done a bit of round-up work on long-haired Highland cattle and that that was really a job, because you had to spend so much time whiffling through their wool looking for the brand marks. Also the animals were ornery, not liking anything whiffling through their hair but the usual things. He has dated her up for a round-up in the Highlands when he is going to throw a few long-haired bulls for her in the heather. He has also invited her for a week-end to shoot gillies. She'll arrive. The chances are that

what she will shoot will not be a gillie. He does not know her grandmother shot Indians from a covered wagon on the Oregon Trail.

We heard a Yorkshire man telling a girl from Oak Bay, who was a contractor's daughter, and crazy about remodelly old barns that she reminded him of his sister. His sister, he said again bashfully (always bashfully), had taken an old stone wreck and made quite a decent house out of it. The place was called Whitby Abbey, frightfully romantic name. She put in modern plumbing, three bathrooms and a warming closet for towels. He invited the contractor's daughter to visit them there. The girl is thrilled to death. She is doing without a fur coat this year to save up to go over after the war. Her doting father is enthusiastic, too. He will double any money she saves. The Yorkshire man is now becoming alarmed. The only female relative he has is a wife who keeps a chip shop at Grimsby. He says, "Far be it from me to hope the Jerrys hit anything as venerable as Whitby Abbey! It would be a sacrilege and an offence against all civilization. Just the same, it sure would be a break for me if it wasn't there when I got back!"

So hold that line boys and let the girls invade England bearing gifts, not backed up by father's shot gun.

TRUE STORIES

Refrigerators are articles of common property here, and their usual purpose as everyone knows is to keep things cool. Imagine the surprise, therefore, of some factory employees at Victoria, when a very large refrigerator arrived from the camp to be repaired and two airmen were discovered inside it.

They calmly explained that it was rather cold on the lorry and they had taken refuge inside the "frig." One of the workmen was heard to remark that he knew they did some strange things in the Old Country, but he had never before heard of anyone stopping inside a refrigerator to keep warm.

Another incident that "shook" some of the residents of Victoria very severely, occurred when, after loading two machines which were nailed up in crates, on to the lorry, our "gang" found there was very little room for the airmen. There was plenty of room inside the crates, however, and as there was a loose slat on the top of one of them, it was possible for the men to crawl in.

The reaction of the general public as the lorry drove through the streets of Victoria containing two huge crates, with several airmen to all appearances nailed up inside them was, to say the least of it, rather sensational. One spectator even offered me a bag of peanuts!

Christmas in Canada



Although the cancellation of Christmas leave, due to the present situation caused a certain amount of disappointment, it was not enough to dampen the spirits of the men here on Christmas Day. A number were granted day passes and were royally entertained by our many and generous friends in Victoria and the surrounding district. A word of grateful thanks is due to those very kind people who shared with us their Christmas fare and the comfort of their homes. It was greatly appreciated.

The slightly less fortunate people who spent the day in camp had little to complain about.

OFFICERS' MESS—On Christmas Day about 40 of our Senior N.C.O.'s made their way to the Officers' Mess. Although the occasion was not marked by any festive hangings, the Sergeants were soon made welcome with suitable drinks and topical chat by these officers whom duty had compelled to forego one or other of the many generous offers of local hospitality. At mid-day the C.O. led the party to the Airmen's Mess where, in accordance with R.A.F. custom, they served the turkey and the pudding to the airmen remaining in camp. The thoughts of everyone were of home but there was no doubt that a good dinner was had by all.

SERGEANTS' MESS—The first round in the day's festivities commenced with the gathering of all available members in the Officers' Mess at eleven o'clock, this traditional hospitality setting the pace for the spirit of goodfellowship. An hour later, both officers and senior N.C.O.'s made their way to the Airmen's Dining Hall, where they took over their duties as waiters, a part they filled with enthusiasm, and not a little cheerful clowning.

At seven o'clock, the members still in camp, sat down to their Christmas dinner, with the few lady guests who had arrived by this time. During the excellent meal F/Sgt. Lloyd kept the company in a high state of amusement with his spirited and vigorous attacks on **several** legs of turkey.

Thanks are due to Sgt. Holmes for his last minute production of guests, which ensured a successful evening. Dancing continued until twelve o'clock to music by the Station dance band under the direction of F/Sgt. Jackson.

AIRMEN'S MESS—The excellent dinner, which was so expertly served in the Airmen's Mess by officers and N.C.O.'s, was a riotous affair, everyone entering fully into the spirit of the occasion. It was a gay scene, the gaily decorated dining hall with its long tables laden with good things, the band playing lively tunes, waiters rushing around, the laughter and singing, Sgt. Dukes using the double bass as a fiddle, a familiar voice roaring "Wakie, Wakie," above the hubbub and the cheers for "our popular Commanding Officer"—created a very festive atmosphere.

The dining hall staff, from the officer in charge to the dish washers, are to be congratulated and thanked for their strenuous efforts to make our Christmas dinner the great success that it undoubtedly was. The band, too, deserve thanks for adding to the gaiety.

► Make This Your New Year Resolution

Help the Bombed and Homeless in Britain

With this object in view "The Patrician" is organising a fund which should be a deep and personal concern of all ranks on the Station. Its object is one very close to the hearts and minds of us all in these times.

In the near future collection boxes will be placed in every billet and mess on the Station and while no one will be expected to give a cent unless he wishes to, it is hoped that this fund will be well supported.

S/L E. W. L. May, the Station Chaplain, has kindly consented to supervise this organisation.

CARIBOO—*or Pink Elephants*

A TRUE STORY

It was Boxing Night and the five airmen had been very generously entertained by their host and hostess. Whilst chatting over "the one for the road" the hostess mentioned her garden and the strange variety of plants which grew in it. A certain kind of moss, a favourite food of the cariboo, was mentioned, then someone suggested that she should have a cariboo to eat up the moss in the garden

After another "one for the road" they bade farewell to their hosts and set off to find the nearest way back to camp, using a map which had been specially drawn for them. The "first turn to the right" unfortunately happened to be the entrance to a private house and, after a journey along a winding tree-lined driveway, they came to a halt in front of the garage.

Undismayed, however, they swung the car round—it was a pity they hadn't noticed the little box hedge and the drop of about eighteen inches over the garden wall—for the next moment they found themselves sitting at an angle of about forty-five degrees.

A window in the house was thrown open and a female voice shouted, "What are you doing?" Nobody really quite knew. However, the next thing they realised was the husband walking towards them, accompanied by a large and strange-looking beast. They prepared for the worst.

Happily this fellow was a good hearted chap and seemed to understand the predicament—the only complaint was that his perennials might be damaged. He set to work with his car and chains to haul the airmen's car from his precious perennials In the meantime all eyes had been fixed on the unusual animal. Suddenly a word whispered faintly by one of the airmen expressed what each one of the others were thinking—"Cariboo." Yes, here was a cariboo. Just what their hostess wanted and they were determined that she should have it. Luckily it was a friendly thing, so they coaxed, urged and pleaded with it to get into the car. Eventually they did manage to get its front feet inside and with a terrific heave at its hindquarters and a whoop of delight they achieved their object. The thing wore an amazed expression. It was as they stood back to survey their prize that the car was tugged back over the garden wall, the cariboo fell out and although much pressure was brought to bear on the bewildered animal it could not be persuaded to re-enter the car. They drove away bitterly disappointed but perhaps it was as well for they learnt next morning that the "cariboo" was an Irish water spaniel.—C. G.

.....

F/SGT. C. F. JACKSON

Leader of the Station Dance Band.

His facial adornment is a sweeping success with Victorians — they're tickled to death.

.....



SERGEANTS' MESS DANCE

A Christmas dance was held in the Mess on Monday, December 22nd, and proved to be the best to date. Over a hundred couples gave the dance floor a crowded, festive air. A light salad supper was served in place of the usual ample buffet. A fair number of officers and their ladies were present, headed by W/Cdr. Beardsworth and W/Cdr. Waring. Credit is due to F/Sgt. Jackson and all members of the dance band for their excellent performance.

During December the Station was visited by Air-Commodore the Rev. M. H. Edwards, O.B.E., Chaplain in Chief to the Royal Air Force and Honorary Chaplain to H.M. the King. He is making a tour of R.A.F. Units in Canada and the U.S.A.

? ENQUIRIES ?

We do not stock drawing pins, rubber bands, pens, rubbers nor paste, nor do we possess ink, paper clips or empty bottles, we seldom have any scrap paper or the correct time; we do not issue 295's, neither do we know the whereabouts of S/Ldr. Pawson. We do not sell Christmas cards, nor do we loan books. We have not got the brass nozzle of the fire engine, nor do we know what time the padre will be back. We do not buy cigarettes for re-sale, nor do we know what the next film is going to be. In fact all we strive to do midst this continual shower of enquiries is to produce "The Patrician."

WHAT IS THE TRUTH ABOUT WOMEN ?

Women marry because they don't like to work.—Mary Garden.

Love is the history of a woman's life; it is an episode in man's.—Madame de Stael.

Woman wins her victories not through fighting nor through bravery, but through tenacity. She will triumph by repetition like an advertisement.—Will Durant.

In women, courage and a majority of other good qualities are more highly developed than in men.—Arthur Brisbane.

The history of women is the history of the worst form of tyranny the world has ever known—the tyranny of the weak over the strong. It is the only tyranny that lasts.—Oscar Wilde.

Elizabeth Marbury's philosophy for women: A caress is better than a career.

—Reprinted from "Reader's Digest."

An airman recently drew fifty dollars on pay day as he had some income tax refunded. When evening came he made haste to his favourite beer parlour, and after that did not remember a thing until waking up the next morning with a very thick head. Going through his wallet he was very shocked to find that only one dollar remained. After duty he again rushed down to the beer parlour. "How much did I spend last night?" he enquired. "Quite a lot, about fifty dollars," was the reply. A smile of relief spread over the airman's face, "Thank heavens, I thought I'd lost it," he said.

An inebriated man trying to find his way home, staggered against a telegraph pole.

He felt his way all round the pole, and then cried: "Help! I'm walled in."

SILK STOCKING CONFAB

1st S.S. to 2nd S.S.—"Don't look now, there's a heel behind."
 2nd S.S. to 1st S.S.—"Heavens above!"

Corsets are likely to become scarce due to rubber being used for munitions. This is likely to broaden Canadian women, purely in the physical sense, of course!

Soup made from boiled boots has often saved men's lives.
 Ssh! Don't tell the cooks.

The shortest bedtime story in the world: "NO!"

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