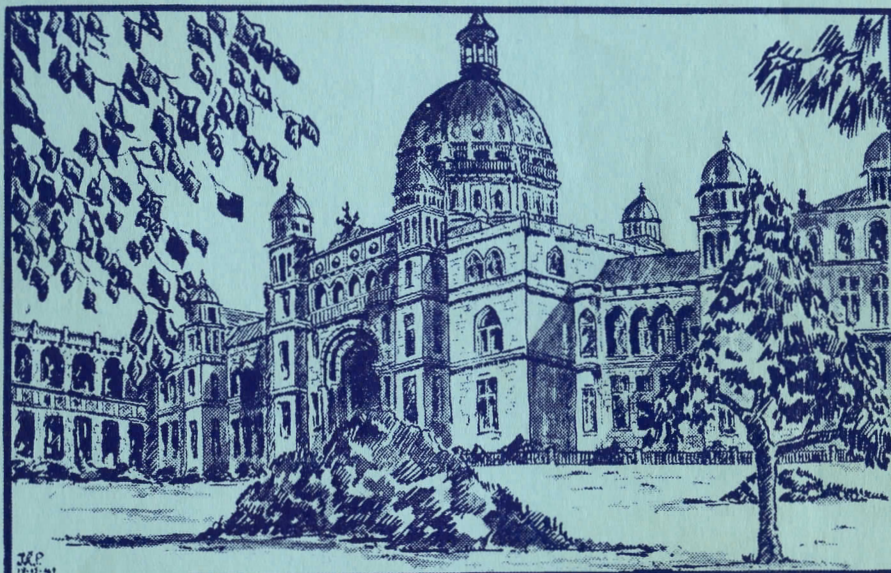


The Patrician



The Magazine of the
Royal Air Force
British Columbia



GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS, VICTORIA, B.C.

Vol. 1

MARCH - 1942

No. 6

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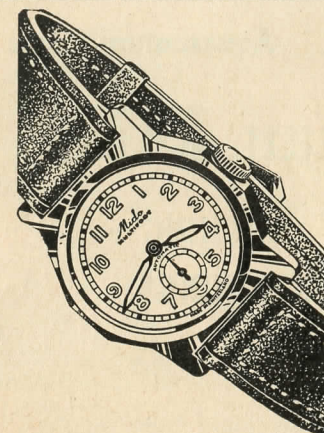
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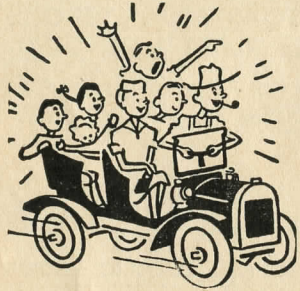
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THE BRITISH COLUMBIA GOVERNMENT TRAVEL BUREAU

Department of Trade and Industry,

Parliament Buildings, Victoria, B.C., Canada

THE PATRICIAN

by kind permission of Wing Commander G. B. Beardsworth

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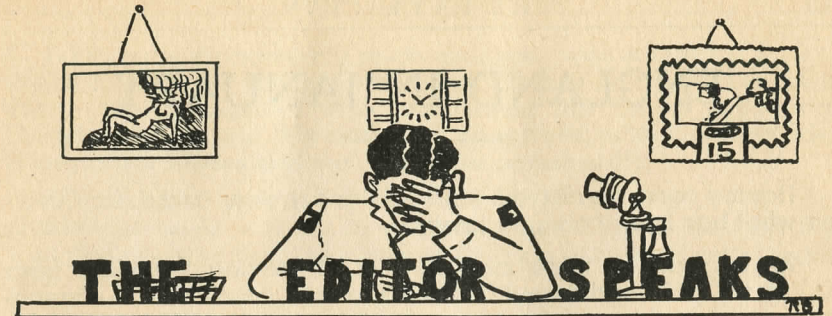
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Vol. 1, No. 6

MARCH, 1942

10 Cents

Most of us have been here for a little over six months. During that time there have been many changes, both in the weather, which in spite of all our disparaging remarks, does not give us much cause for complaint, and in the international situation, which can only be described as—a situation.

Steel helmets and respirators, discarded, as we thought, until embarking for home again, have once more made their familiar and unwelcome appearance. Just recently the news has been pretty grim, with details of serious setbacks, and although these will eventually be overcome, in the meantime no one feels particularly happy about it all. However, on these occasions the Englishman's sense of humour is one of our greatest assets, and has done much in preventing discouragement through these difficult times.

So with "Chins Up" we present the March issue of "The Patrician," hoping that it will in some small measure give entertainment and cause a few smiles. In doing this it will continue to justify its existence.

Owing to a recent order, it is not now permissible to sell copies of "The Patrician" to civilians. However, extra copies may be bought on the station and given to friends if desired, as the order only applies to the sale of magazines, and is not intended to prevent civilians from seeing them. Copies may still be posted home and there is no need to stop your subscriptions for magazines to be sent to Britain.

With the sixth issue, Vol. 1, is complete, and arrangements have been made for volumes to be bound. If you wish to keep your magazines in good condition, and have them made into attractive looking books, these bindings will be an excellent investment. Full particulars will be found on page 25.

As the time has now arrived for the cover illustration to be changed, we invite the submission of suitable photographs. These should be handed in to "The Patrician" office before 18th March.

THE EDITORS.

ENGLAND IN JANUARY

Having recently arrived from England I was asked for "gen" on what has been going on lately.

As I spent the three months prior to leaving travelling from O.T.U. to O.T.U. and B. and G. School to ditto, I was able to observe quite a lot of things. As an appropriate start may I say that the mud of Pat Bay is fine, but one or two of the newer English stations, such as—in-the-M—ud and Per—e, have a far better brand both as to consistency and adhering quality. After a five minute walk around the above stations—if one lasts that long—it takes an army tank to haul one out. Air raids have been few and people regard the "Wail of the Banshee" as a personal insult. Our "Glamour Boys" have had to roam far and wide and even usurp a portion of Bomber Command's work in a vain endeavour to keep up the batting average. At that they do alright. Transport IS a problem, buses cut down to half, trains nearly as bad and no matter which method of travel is used, one is in danger of being trampled underfoot anyway. The blackout is still "The Blackout" and at each station the fight to get to a window and the effort to understand the porter's answer to one's question, "Is this Royston?" leaves one perspiring freely till a kind elderly passenger says, "It's the second stop."

Cigarettes are still hard to get. Beer—alas, the beer that was is no more. Again has it been diluted with water. That strength that so often kept our spirits up is no more, it is but a dim distant memory. Whiskey, the drink of those with multiple rings, of a thickness, is scarce and like an addition to the income tax in price. Wine is almost non-existent. The pubs no longer stick to licensed hours, some open at 1800 hours and close at 2000 hours, others vary this by opening at the latter and closing as usual at 2200 hours—if the supply lasts that long.

Work, everyone is working, at something, and, in spite of reverses, people remain calm and confident of the final result. There is an increasing number of W.A.A.F. and A.T.S. who are still doing a very good job; when driving one notices at once they know the law says, "Keep to the left."

Christmas was quiet and the rations sufficient. I of course, was recalled from leave on the 24th to be told I had to report at a point some six hours away on December 30. Being Christmas I was unable to tell the Waaf Acting Adjutant just what I was thinking, but my wife, on the other hand, fused the telephone wires. Talking of telephones—they put me through 160 miles on Christmas Eve in ten minutes! Kerlossal!

Rations are probably not much changed, eggs still two a month, tinned food is now rationed and tinned milk is being used a great deal more. **I enquired what they would like me to send from Canada and was told chocolate bars, dried fruits, raisins, marmalade, honey, razor blades and tea and sugar occasionally.**

The weather always—or does it?—stays the same. Fog and drizzle—but snow was not in evidence when I left in January, fog was, and not even the loud curses of Training Command could make it lift.

The evidence of the "Blitz" has rapidly been cleared up and people are already deciding how much nicer the new buildings will look. The Air Training Corps boys are much in evidence, carry themselves smartly in uniform, add to the already heavy responsibility of officers in returning salutes and invade all and sundry aerodromes to the despair of C.O.'s, C.I.'s and the F/Sgt. responsible for serviceability. In other words, England is more or less as you left it, still teeming with visitors in various uniforms—all carrying on.

—P. B. H.

HELP THE FOLKS AT HOME

Under the supervision of S/Ldr. E. W. L. May, the Station Chaplain, the Station fund to help the bombed and homeless of Britain, a cause that cannot fail to appeal to us all, has been organised by "The Patrician." A collection box will be placed in each of the following:—Officers' Mess, Sergeants' Mess, Wet and Dry Canteens, and Guard Room. Details of amounts collected will be published in "The Patrician" each month. All money collected will be given to the Lord Mayor's Fund for the Relief of Bombed Areas. Money is still needed, both for immediate use and also for reserves in the case of sudden emergency. It is hoped that the fund will have generous support.

CONGRATULATIONS

To the following on their promotions:—
S/L. G. I. Pawson to Wing Commander.
F/L. A. E. Armitage and F/L. J. A. Piddington to Squadron Leader.
F/L. P. W. Dunn to Flight Lieutenant.
P/O. A. Mitton to Flying Officer.
Sgt. E. C. Williams to Pilot Officer (R.C.A.F.)
Sgt. R. H. Colyer, Sgt. J. J. Williams and Sgt. C. H. Rider to Flight Sergeant.
L.A.C.'s S. Robinson, N. Lisle, W. McBeth, L. H. J. Webb and L. Whittaker to Corporal.
And to Sgt. W. Maskill on becoming the father of a son, Howard; and L.A.C. H. J. Davies on the arrival of Elizabeth Ann.

DANCE RAISES \$372

The dance organised with the intention of handing over the proceeds to the dependants of the late Cpl. G. A. Gimbert and A/C F. G. Bradley and held in the Crystal Garden, Victoria, on February 3, was a decided success. Well over 600 people attended, including the A.O.C. Western Air Command, Air Commodore R. E. Stevenson and Mrs. Stevenson and the officer commanding, Wing Commander G. B. Beardsworth.

Two dance floors were used and the music of the R.A.F. Dance Band was relayed free of charge by the B.C. Sound Equipment Co. A competition for a lamp given by B.C. Electric Co. and a box of stationery given by Diggon-Hibben Ltd. raised \$31. L.A.C. A. J. Skelly was M.C., and Miss Maxine High, the popular Victoria singer, sang a number of songs with the band.

At the last moment the organisers were informed that the dance could not be held with its original purpose but it was agreed to proceed as arranged and hand the profits to the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund. A cheque for \$372 was eventually sent to the Fund headquarters with an explanation of the circumstances and a request that the dependants be given a substantial sum above the amount they would normally have received.

The Entertainments Committee who organised the dance wish to thank the Daily Colonist and the Victoria Daily Times for their publicity and the many people who assisted in making the dance so successful, especially the following who gave prizes: Mr. C. Nichol, Messrs. David Spencer, Ltd., and Messrs. McLennan, McFeely & Prior, Ltd.

Flora: "You know, George proposed to me last night."

Dora: "Doesn't he do it beautifully?"



MISS MAXINE HIGH

Eminent Naturalist Discovers New Bird Life on Island

**"Biggest Sensation Since the Pterodactyl Panic!"
Says Professor Cola-Coca**

(From our Own Special Extraordinary Incredible Correspondent)

Sidney, B.C., April 1st, 1942.

The eyes of the world are focused (a little dimly it is true) on this remote British Columbian settlement, where at nearby Patricia Bay, Professor Cola-Coca, has tracked down a new genus of bird.

When I interviewed the famous naturalist this morning at his hotel, "Ye Olde Hostesse House," he was busily writing up his notes, and when I was shown in he peered at me warily over the top of his glasses, and at the same time, covered me with his elephant gun until I assured him that I meant no harm. I will say no more, but will quote the Professor's own words:—

"I am proud (he said) that I should be the first man to make observations on the discovery of this new, rare, and wild bird, which has come to make its home here, and, to which, I have given the name "Erkus Fantastikuis," or more popularly, the "Greater Bluecoated Ayrmann," or alternatively, the "Bluer Greatcoated Ayrrmann." I believe it was around the summer of '41, that this new species of bird was first noticed, and very little attention was paid to them at that time, as they were of a brownish colour, and it was not until a few weeks had passed that their coats changed to blue. This was the first time that they had been noticed as far West as this, although reports had been received that huge flocks of them had been seen in other parts of Canada, and it was only the other day that, I myself, was lucky enough to entice one into my car, and observe it closely.

I am able to disclose that the bird is of no mean size, and whilst appearing docile enough, I feel there are many that would prove formidable opponents if aroused to anger. Most of them are plain in colouring, and markings, except for an unmistakable colouring of gilt on their chests. On some this colouring is quite bright, whilst on others it appears very dull, depending on the state of health no doubt. The young, or less experienced of the specie, are known as "Sprogs," and are liable to be very meticulous about their appearance, but this, they rapidly grow out of as they obtain mature years.

I have noticed that some of the specie develop curious markings, and stripes on their coats, and these adopt a certain swagger in their strutting walk, which leads me to believe, they are birds of a certain

authority, more especially so as they utter queer barking cries, which may be some sort of commands. In a place of concealment the other day I noticed one of these creatures with a peculiar marking towards the end of each wing, which uttered a cry sounding like "ubble," whereupon several of the species quickened their normal gait to a lope, crying in rather a high pitch, "cur." Their gait is normally upright, although on occasions after they have been hunting, and satiating themselves at the drinking grounds, usually in flights of two to six, they develop a strange lurching walk, swaying from side to side, and making peculiar noises, and it was during one of these periods that I was astounded to see one actually carrying the other, also it is in this stage that they are most violent and will even turn upon their own kind.

It is interesting to observe these birds making for their feeding grounds, usually at regular intervals throughout the day. They can be seen in the distance making their way steadily towards their objective, and woe betide anyone who would stand in their way! They eat noisily, and show remarkable acuteness in their choice of food despite the apparent lack of variety.

At night they appear to congregate in batches of 20 or so, with a chief bird in charge. They are extremely lethargic in their manner, first thing in the morning, and it is then that they are easily trapped. They are very sluggish in their habits, but they also appear to be expert fliers except in the case of "Sprogs" who are liable to crash to the ground for no apparent reason.

The males are far more superior in numbers in this country, although I understand it is possible that the reverse is the case in the land of their origin. There they mix with their own kind, but here I have observed, that they will follow females of other breeds, even though they meet with little or no success. Several of them have, however, been found to attach themselves, and display a form of affection, but I have not been able to discover whether this is of a lasting nature. I should imagine that the female of this species as in every other, is much more deadlier than the male, and I am most anxious to finance an expedition to their land to conduct a closer investigation.

In conclusion a word about their cries. Many of the sounds they make are entirely unintelligible, I should say untranslatable to the human ear, but here are three you may like to know so that you may recognize an Ayrmann if you hear one:—"Joyinn" or "Joyan," "Gettsomin" and "Anijen." The first two sounds, I take it, denote ridicule or contempt. The second, a note of defiance, and the third sound, a term of enquiry uttered in a pathetic whining tone.

I have much more to do in my researches here, and I hope to be able to publish a lengthy paper for the Society of International Insignificance in due course."

A. R. N. and H. J. C.

NEWS FROM THE OFFICERS' MESS

The officers are indebted to the airmen who overturned a U-Drive in the Sidney Duck Farm. Duck was served in the Mess for the first time on the following Tuesday. (Will personell please refrain from running over dogs!)

✓ ✓ ✓

The mystery of the Black Bag has at last been solved. It carried apparently "promotion." Congratulations to the new Wing Commander.

✓ ✓ ✓

"Whiskey" is no longer served in the Mess. The S.L.A.'s dog is now R. & A. at Elk Lake.

✓ ✓ ✓

The following movement in the officers' quarters is recorded: From Tin Pan Alley to Berkeley Square—Peter the Silent.

✓ ✓ ✓

It must have been with "mixed" feelings for the Padre that the "Devil's Own" was unpopular in the Mess.

✓ ✓ ✓

A successful operation was performed on the two assistant A/O's. They have at last been separated by the "detachment" of one of them. Both well.

✓ ✓ ✓

It is understood F/O R..... has decided not to put his foot in it again.

✓ ✓ ✓

It is believed one of the younger F/Lts. is going into the ship-building business.

✓ ✓ ✓

Mr. Profit is losing his monopoly of car sales to the officers. We hear that a certain Squadron Leader has recently negotiated a sale without profit.

✓ ✓ ✓

The Equipment Officer has asked us to state that those wishing to travel in the S. A. O.'s car must provide their own top hats as these are not a service issue.

✓ ✓ ✓

We have been asked to deny a rumour that F/Lt. A..... is applying for reduction in rank in order that he can have a lower pigeon-hole in the serviette rack.

✓ ✓ ✓

Take your fishing tackle with you when you fly. For further particulars apply to S/Ldr. P.....

Children of the Mothering Clouds

Children of the mothering clouds, e'en of those
That sentinel the night with streaks of grey;
Companion of the stars with whom they play,
Teasing the moody darkness where it shows;
And laugh to see the storm give back their blows
Laugh with the fickle sun of the new day,
And fold the arms of rainbows round the way
Where lovely April comes with her first rose.

Yea, children all, that hold an Empire's trust;
The grey hawks of the mountain-land and sea;
The gay, grim lads that turn the moon to rust
By their spilled blood; their rich outpour-ed youth,
As they win through, win through to victory:
The victory of honour, love and truth.

—DUDLEY H. ANDERSON, Victoria, B.C.

Do You Know?

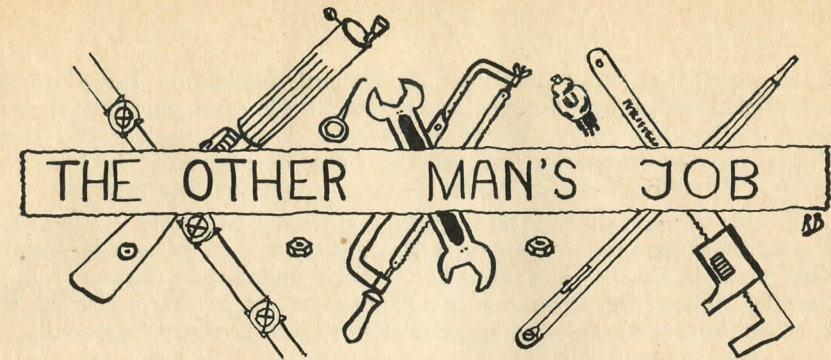
Have you ever stopped to think how a fly lands upside down on the ceiling? It is an interesting question and the Victoria Daily Times recently printed an article on the subject, parts of which are reprinted here.

Perhaps some persons know the answer, but certain scientists do not. Only recently the Brains Trust were "stumped" during a radio programme when an R.A.F. pilot, in playful mood, asked them: "How does a fly land on the ceiling? Does it loop the loop, or turn upside down before landing, or what?"

The fact seems to be that flies do not always make ceiling landings in just the same way. Mr. J. D. Alan, aviation expert of the London Dispatch staff, spent many hours studying flies as they landed on the ceiling, and he reports:

"Much patience is needed because the fly will not land where you want it to land. Further, the touchdown, or touch-up, is so fast that it beats the eye. The least common landing is the plain half-loop. More often the plain half-roll is used, and most common of all is a double action which no pilot should try to copy. Approaching the ceiling at high speed, the fly does a right angle turn, and skids sidewise. Then it does a half-roll and lands on the ceiling."

Mr. Alan's ideas are interesting, but he may not have seen exactly what happens. Perhaps someone will turn a high-speed moving picture camera on flies reaching the ceiling, and will settle the question once for all!



THE EQUIPMENT ASSISTANT

"WHERE'S your Voucher"? This question usually marks the introduction to the Stores where, to the uninitiated, there appears to be a bounty of equipment all ready to be taken away without any questions asked. Unfortunately for them, however, they find that it is by no means as simple as that, and that is where the Equipment Assistant comes in. It is his job to see that nothing is issued without that little piece of paper, that bane of a Section's life—a voucher, and also to extract from the victim his signature, which he is often loth to give.

The Equipment Section is responsible for the receipt, storage and issue of all items of equipment from the bed you sleep on to the clothes you wear, from the smallest nut and bolt to the engine of an aircraft. Every article that goes to furnish and maintain a Station is the job of the Stores and despite the sarcastic remarks one is apt to hear about the "cushy" job of a "Storebasher" as an Equipment Assistant is usually termed, it will be realised that there is a lot more to it, than the disgruntled erk who cannot obtain a new tunic, imagines.

It is not all a matter of handing out a can of paint or exchanging sheets every other Monday morning. All transactions have to be carefully recorded and a strict check kept of all issues and receipts of stores and above all to see that sufficient stocks of equipment are held on the Station so that occasions will not arise, when for example, an aircraft is grounded owing to the Stores being unable to supply a vital piece of equipment. If such occasions do sometimes arise, it is probably due to the demands made by the Station Equipment Section on the Equipment Depot not being met, and until such time as this equipment is received, the Flight will have to curb their impatience.

All Equipment Assistants have to take a course of training before they are posted to a Station and although this course now only lasts for a matter of six or seven weeks compared with a corresponding term of months before the war, it entails a very great amount of study into the intricacies of storekeeping. In fact it has

been said that many embryo Equipment Assistants have gone stark mad before half their course of training is over, and that those who do survive leave it with a fixed and glassy stare and are liable to enter a padded cell at any time, or alternatively take to drink. Possibly this has been already noted on this station!

It is a fallacy we hasten to point out, that Equipment Assistants are able to equip themselves with new outfits of blue whenever they wish to do so. Far from it! It is as difficult to persuade the Flight Sergeant that you are in urgent need of a new collar as it is to get him to modulate his tones when he is Orderly Sergeant!

In Britain there are new recruits to the ranks of Storekeepers, the WAAFS. They are being drafted in in considerable numbers and many stations now have a full complement of women who have taken their places by the side of the men. We cannot say whether it is due to this that many male E.A.'s have volunteered to serve overseas or not, but we hear that this "plague" shall we say, is spreading to this continent and we may yet hear the sweet tones of a CWAAF asking, "Have **you** got a voucher?" Let us hope then that the answers she may get will not offend her sensitive ears, and we imagine that in Canada at least, a WAAF's language should match her actions!

If this little article on the Equipment Assistant's job has not convinced readers that a little more consideration be given before condemning the storebasher when they are turned away with the sinister remark, "YOU'VE had it chum," they should apply for a course of training. We fear however, that the Stores will still continue to be a source of permanent irritation, but our backs are broad and even if we cannot always "dish it out," we hope that we can take it. After all it matters not to the Equipment Assistant whether he issues his stock or retains it. In fact he is eager to issue it as what he has not got on his charge, he cannot lose, or as the Prophets of the East (Aboukir) would have it—"Per Ardua Ad-Asbestos . . .!"

In conclusion may we leave you these lines to ponder on:—

"Pity the poor storebasher, he deserves all your pity,
All he wants is your help, and not your enmity,
He'll do what he can, he's really no groucher,
But whatever you do, oh please bring a voucher!"

—A. R. NICKLESS

Brunette: "I'm Mr. Jones' wife."

Blonde: "I'm Mr. Jones' secretary."

Brunette, icily: "Were you?"

After the bombers passed over, the following sign appeared on the wall of a London inn: "This blasted pub is open."

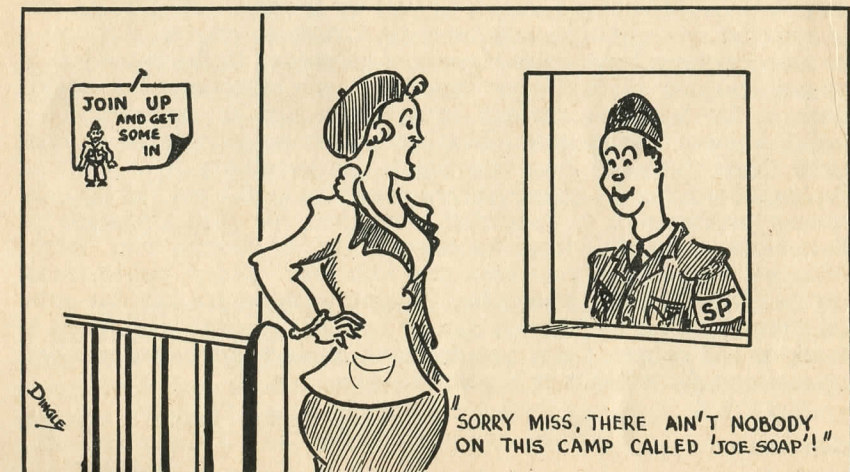
Suspense

There, he'd done it—the impulse so long withheld had been gratified. Now to see whether he could get away with it. It had been done in other countries so why not here? Feeling that little thrill of pride at doing something that was illegal he sat relaxed and watched the thin curling smoke creeping up and up. Oh, it was too easy, there was absolutely nothing to worry about. He could easily get away with it and if he could do it once he could do it many times. He visualised in his mind repeating this experiment, although of course now it was no experiment, he had proved that it could be done.

But wait, not so fast! Surely someone had noticed his action and was even now coming towards him. What should he do, it was too late to escape from his action now, well he would bluff it out if the worst came to the worst. He could swear that it was all a mistake. Ah, his fears were unfounded. He wasn't spotted, he **had** got away with it, and now he could relax and inhale the illicit smoke from the cigarette he had lighted in the forbidden precincts of the Victoria cinema.

—A.R.N.

Extract from a letter received from a girl in New York:—"Thanks loads for the copies of "The Patrician." I think they're swell. Don't forget to give your editors my congratulations." (Thanks, a lot, babe.—Eds.)



POINT OF VIEW

The mess fire crackled cheerfully, the somnolent circle drowsed at a respectful distance from it, the distance dictated entirely by the heat.

Somehow, sitting as we were, gazing at the steaming, hissing timber, it carried us back to the home country, each probably in his own thoughts reviewing some cherished memory.

For no apparent reason the phrase "splendid isolation" drifted into my mind and stuck! Few of us here stop to realise just how isolated we are—I hear murmurs of "Oh, don't we?") but in the main it seems that the statement is true.

T'would call for "hollow laughter" if it were stated that this statement is possibly truer for the officers than the men—but, in certain senses at least, this is definitely the case and there are ample grounds on which to base it.

Have you chaps ever stopped to consider the situation in which the "officer i/c section" finds himself?

On a unit which is new the situation is always precarious. One generally has no colleague in the same "line of business" to consult on major decisions; in a far-off land it is much more difficult still. Not only has one to administer and build up efficiency in the section—(often there is deadly competition for items of equipment with other sections)—but there is the liaison with the local arrangements to be made and here we at least are fortunate in having little or no language difficulty!

Next time you carry your troubles to the "i/c"—or are carried by them to him—it will add interest if you try to realise all that he has to consider, your trouble may be quite trivial—to anyone but you—in any case you have some dozens of comrades in the same job to whom you can explain your view-point and denounce the unfairness of the world in general and the section in particular!—a habit, known I believe as "Binding." But we who have to consider these thousand and one points, sit peculiarly in a state of "splendid isolation"—collectively we are "the staff," but individually almost everyone is a specialist, each has his own decisions to determine, some of us have the onerous task of dealing with "minor offences"—usually in your view met with very "major" punishments no doubt—well that's as maybe. Anyway chaps, it's food for quite an interesting bit of thinking, if you are still reading and want to think and of course, the more you think about it the better you will understand the other man's point of view.

Quite a sermon, eh? Well, don't tell Padre—(mine is **not** his department).

—SPARKS.

THE RECREATION HALL

"Lovers' Leap"

Although the new hall has been in use during the past two months for the twice-weekly cinema show it was not until February 9, that a stage show was presented. The Victoria Little Theatre Association brought their successful production, "Lovers' Leap," which they are presenting to members of the three services in the neighbourhood. This witty little matrimonial mix-up was very appreciatively received by the crowded audience, most of whom were seeing their first play since leaving Britain. The production of this light-hearted, three-act comedy was excellent and the characters were very well cast. Those taking part were Mr. and Mrs. John Kerbey, Mrs. L. H. Lovely, Mr. Vaughan Barker and Mr. Charles Patrick.

The Stage

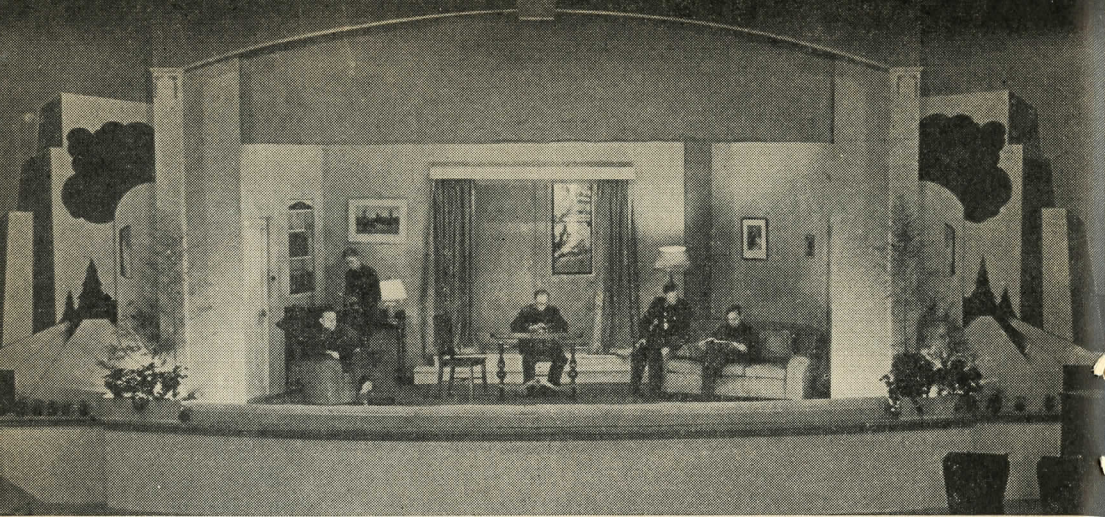
The play was enhanced by the admirable stage which has been erected by several men on the Station and great credit is due to these carpenters, electricians and others who gave up so much of their own time to complete what is acknowledged by everyone to be an excellent job.

Congratulations are extended to Cpl. E. A. Inglefield who was solely responsible for the decoration of the proscenium. Whilst being very attractive in itself this clever artist's impression of towering skyscrapers on a background of blue is so designed as to focus attention to the stage. Ably assisted by L.A.C. H. Gretton, he spent many "off duty" hours on the work in order to complete it in time for the first show.

Future Concerts

Now that the stage is available it is hoped to organize shows amongst Station personnel. Anyone who can sing, dance, play a musical instrument or entertain in any way is requested to hand in his name to the Entertainments Officer, F/O B. A. M. Herbert or any member of the committee. Trumpeters and a trombonist are urgently needed by the Station Dance Band, the instruments are available and it is hoped that anyone who can play them will offer their services when it is known that the band would be greatly improved by their inclusion.

An impromptu Concert is being arranged for Tuesday, March 10, in the Recreation Hall, with the Station Dance Band and other R.A.F. entertainers. "The Patrician" is offering \$10 as prizes for a talent competition open to all members of the R.A.F., R.C.A.F. and the Army. Anyone wishing to enter, please hand their names to A/C Gosley, "The Patrician" Office, before Thursday, March 5.



THE STAGE OF THE RECREATION HALL

The stage of the new R.A.F. Recreation Hall at Patricia Bay. It was built by the men on the station and the proscenium was designed and painted by Cpl. E. A. Inglefield. The setting is that of the Victoria Little Theatre Association, whose three-act play, "Lovers' Leap," was recently presented there.

THE PADRE'S CHAT

Are you a pessimist? or are you an optimist?

Our life on earth is to no little extent what we make it. Our disposition colours the appearance of everything around us. If we are smiling people the world smiles back again; if we are disconsolate folk the people whom we meet seem lugubrious also; and if we are sarcastic and satirical persons our neighbours and colleagues appear to us to be sour and acrimonious, and we complain that Fate has thrown us among a particularly ill-humoured or incompetent set of people. In other words, the world tends to be our mirror. Furthermore, it is not generally realized that a warped outlook upon life affects our health. The mind of man can effect actual changes in the chemistry of the body and bring about numerous ailments.

In my last chat I recommended "a little auto-suggestion" as an aid to a better outlook upon life. If you will do this for a few minutes every day, with the precepts of the Great Physician to guide you, seeking to direct health-giving rays of divine sunshine into every nook and cranny of your mind, you will find that you are steadily progressing towards that full personality which is the desire of every man. You will find yourself increasingly able to meet and to overcome the trials and difficulties and the temptations of life. You will be "transformed by the renewing of your mind." (Romans 12:2.)

—E. W. L. MAY.

"Seven-up"

... No, not what you think—this isn't an advert for Canadian aerated water, it's the name of a cottage near Pat Bay—only five minute's walk away as a matter of fact. It's name was derived from the fact that it is rented by seven airmen of the R.A.F. from this Station. I'm lucky to be one of them.

We have been in possession of the cottage since September and since then have spent many happy hours in it and its pleasant surroundings. To reach it we must pass along the beautiful wooded coastal road alongside Patricia Bay, through one of the many thousands of tracts of land set aside by the Canadian Government solely for the use of the Indians—this Indian Reserve, which is called T-Ysum, is inhabited by descendants of the Flat Head tribe, now known as Coast Indians, and outside of their wooden shacks can often be seen raw sheeps' wool hanging out to dry prior to being made into sweaters, stockings and other clothing for which these Indians are famous.

"Seven-Up" is not a mansion, although many times we have tried to make it look like one by photographing it from some of the strangest angles, yet when every spool comes back it looks more like a hen coop than ever before. Still, it's a grand little spot, set off the road in the middle of a field seemingly miles from anywhere, yet, within easy reach and hidden amidst trees, is the farmhouse belonging to the owners of "Seven-Up" and it is here that we get fresh milk and eggs just whenever we want them. It is here where the Lamberts live. They're grand folk and do their utmost to bring pleasure to our "off duty hours" and "week-ends off." They came from England about thirty years ago and they say that having us living near them makes them feel they're not so far from the "Old Country" after all. If it's near pay day and we can't afford to buy "grub" for a week-end we always know that the Lamberts are only too pleased to have us join them for meals—all seven of us! As I've said they're grand folk and I'm not flannelling—they're genuine!

Now more about the cottage. Although I have described it as looking like a hen coop from the outside, inside it's a comfy little place. There are two bedrooms, a sitting room and a kitchen, complete with range, cooler and "what have you." The nominal rent includes comfortable furnishings, bed linen, crockery, laundry and electric light. Wood for the stove is obtainable in huge quantities from the woodlands round about—stove fuel hasn't cost us a cent—yet.

"Agatha" is the greatest of the cottage characters, she is getting on in years but her pink cheeks still glow with the light of peaceful contentedness. Her beaded skirt is reminiscent of the flashily-

dressed ladies who amused the troops during the last war and her graceful poise is admired by all newcomers who are introduced to her . . . "Agatha" is a standard lamp!

The radio set is affectionately known to everyone as "The Monument." It was given to us by Mr. George Macdonald of Victoria and we have derived hours of enjoyment from this enormous piece of furniture which is so like the Cenotaph in Whitehall!

A great advantage of having "Seven-Up" is that we are able to entertain the people who have been kind enough to invite us to their homes. They seem to like being guests of the R.A.F.—or perhaps they flatter us, but it does make us feel a little more independent when we are able to reciprocate a kind act. Our first guests were the Robbins of Pat Bay—more "Old Country" people—they had previously thrown open their beautiful little home to us. Now we try to comfort them—their only child was a medical officer at Hong Kong—now they are suffering indescribable suspense wondering what has happened to him, his wife and child. We sincerely hope that when they do get news it will be good news.

The Hammonds too, have been welcomed visitors to our domain—they have also invited us to share the comforts of their home. One of their many kind acts was during the Christmas festivities, I visited "Seven-Up" one week-end to find an iced Christmas cake and a hundred fags left by them addressed to "the Seven Saints?"—the question mark was theirs!

We buy most of our stores from Bay View Lookout, a little store on the way to the cottage, owned by Jack Brookes and his wife; they often slip a few tablets of soap or a packet of biscuits into our grocery parcel or else they give us a bundle of magazines to take along with us. It was from this place that the photograph on the cover of the first three issues of "The Patrician" was taken.

Mrs. Brookes tells interesting stories of her youth in England when she helped a famous friend of hers, Mrs. Sylvia Pankhurst in her great drive for Rights for Women. At one meeting a young woman was being roughly handled by a policeman and in the rough and tumble Mrs. Brookes neatly snipped his ear with a pair of scissors—the "copper" was eventually rushed off in an ambulance telling the world that he'd been shot! On another occasion she rammed a long hatpin into the buttocks of a burly "bobby" because he interfered with Mrs. Pankhurst's campaign. The women of Britain should for ever be grateful to Mrs. Brookes for her great work on their behalf—I wouldn't like to speak for the men! By marriage Mrs. Brookes was a relative of Sir Joseph Chamberlain. The late Mr. Neville Chamberlain used to carry her around as a child and nicknamed her "Sky Blue" . . . Yes, a very interesting conversationalist, but I'm wandering away from my subject . . .

Many well known Victoria personalities have been entertained at "Seven-Up" and recently three of the Seven had birthdays in one week—that was an excuse for a party, we had one—quite a

good "do," too. Fairy lights and fir branches decorated the place and lent a gay atmosphere to the evening. At these parties everyone brings their own supper, everyone makes the coffee and everyone gets in each other's way!

I could go on for a long time reminiscing on the parties and people that "Seven-Up" has seen, but maybe you stopped reading this long ago? A disturbing thought is that when we leave Canada we shall leave "Seven-Up"—we shall miss it, but, who knows?—maybe one day some of us will come back.

—"GOZ."

IF HE COULD ONLY COOK!

Last month we were criticised by a few readers for our jocular remarks concerning the marriage of an airman. As the person concerned and his bride-to-be took the references in the spirit in which they were intended, we feel that although we welcome criticism, we can let that slight censure pass unheeded and therefore proceed to give a little of our expert advice to A/C Ronald Braybrook, whose marriage to Miss Thelma Bernie is to take place at St. John's Church, Victoria, on Saturday, April 4. We think we cannot do better than to draw attention to the article on page 28 and hope the information therein will prove invaluable. Maybe it's as well "Butch" can cook—or can he?

We offer our best wishes to them both.

BINDING—Arrangements have been made for the first six numbers of the magazine to be bound in full blue cloth, stiff covers, at a cost of \$2.00 per volume (including the six numbers). Anyone wishing to avail himself of this offer is requested to bring his copies together with cash to "The Patrician" office before March 31st.



J. M. WHITNEY
DIAMOND MERCHANT
JEWELER & SILVERSMITH
VICTORIA. B. C.

.....
 Yates St.
 at Broad

DASHER

By our own very Special Co-respondent

(This is the first in a series of candid interviews of personalities in the public eye.)

It was my very good fortune last Wednesday to interview one of Patricia Bay's and incidentally one of the War's most distinguished airmen. Naturally, service details and some of the more exciting reminiscences have had to be omitted in compliance with censorship regulations but even so, there is no lack of interesting material which can be disclosed in print.

It is certain that "Dasher of the Ansons" will go down to posterity and live in the world's future history books. His name will be a byword to all those even remotely interested in aeronautics and indeed, his fame will surpass the renown of many of our greatest warriors—Nelson, Lawrence, Ghengis Khan and Boadicea, to mention only a few.

There is no mystery about Dasher. True, he is almost impossible to analyse, difficult to probe, reluctant to display the genius within him, but in his presence, facing those steel blue eyes and inscrutable features, one is immediately conscious of his uniqueness, his forceful personality, his awe-inspiring powers of command—his unswerving dash. I knew at once that he was a man I could follow through Hellfire and give of my best. How splendid to have such a leader in that tough outpost at Patricia Bay.

So much for my first vivid impression of him. I shall never forget the amazing display of admiration and devotion shown by his followers as I watched him climb out of the cockpit of his Anson and walk towards the unpretentious office in which I sat. Had there not been a most unusual rainstorm at the time, I am sure the profoundest acts of worship would have been made by those swarming around him, as once did happen I know after one of Dasher's daring exploits in the wilds of Ulster.

The intrepid birdman greeted me with a tired smile and warmly shook my hand. He motioned his clerk outside and offered me a cup of special tea—"hangar tea" they called it—always reserved for Dasher after his epic flights. We sipped it in silence and he relaxed into an easy chair prepared to answer all the questions I could summon enough courage to ask.

We must have talked for hours. Never before have I been so absorbed, never so thrilled listening to the fantastic stories he recounted in his simple style and voice. There was no show, no boasting, his words were undeservedly modest. His campaigns are too well known already to warrant repetition here, for the reader must know of the countless exploits of Dasher's Ansons—his long expeditions across the oceans; his terrible battles with the elements;

his miraculous escapes from destruction over grim mountains and remote forests; his faultless mastery of the Anson, that chameleon of the skies. Success belonged not only to him but also to those who ardently followed in his slipstream, for he was invariably a courageous leader and an apt teacher. Even in the darkest hours when far off his track, heading into the unknown and prey to the storms and the eccentricities of the elements he always brought his Anson back, returning to his base as surprisingly and as gloriously perhaps, as the setting sun would appear should it once choose to rise again above the evening horizon.

And so, reader, we must leave him. Not a word may be said of his mission here, for his schemes are secret and momentous. But one day ahead, after the victorious peace, there will be greater laurels to add to his name. Until then, salute all Ansons in the sky, for who knows when that swift, silent chariot of gold may be carrying Dasher on another quest.

Absolutely Ridiculous Piffle

1. As soon as bombs start dropping—run like hell, it doesn't matter where, as long as you run. Wear track shoes if possible, if people get in front of you and are slow, you won't have any trouble getting over them.

2. Take advantage of any opportunities afforded you when air raid warnings sound, by—(a) If in a bakery, grab a pie or cake; (b) If in a tavern, grab a bottle; (c) If in a movie, grab a blonde.

3. If you find an unexploded bomb, always pick it up and shake it (maybe the firing pin is stuck). If that does not work, heave it into the furnace. The fire department will come later and take care of things.

4. If an incendiary bomb is found burning in a building you are in, throw gasoline on it—you can't put it out anyway, so you might just as well have a little fun. If no gasoline is available, throw a bucket of water on it and lie down—you're dead. P.S.—The properties of the bomb free the hydrogen from the water causing rather rapid combustion, in fact, it will explode with a beautiful crack.

5. Always get excited and holler blue murder. It will add to the confusion and fun, and scare the daylights out of the kids.

6. Always drink heavily, eat onions, limburger cheese, etc. before entering a crowded air raid shelter. It will make you very unpopular with the people in your immediate vicinity, and eliminate any unnecessary discomfort that would be more prevalent if people crowded too closely.

7. If you should be the victim of a direct bomb hit, don't go to pieces—just lie still and you won't be noticed.

—ANON.

A WOMAN—Generally Speaking

Husbands-to-be, Please Note

(The Editor recently gave a radio talk on "Matrimony and Women," parts of which were printed in last month's "Patrician." One sentence, "Woman, generally speaking, is generally speaking," caused much speaking amongst members of the opposite sex and here is a letter received from one of them.)

Men are what women marry. They have two feet, two hands and sometimes two wives, but never more than one collar or idea at a time. Like Turkish cigarettes, men are all made of the same material. The only difference is that some are a little better disguised.

Generally speaking they may be divided into three classes, husbands, bachelors and widowers. An eligible bachelor is a mass of obstinacy entirely surrounded by suspicion. Husbands are of three varieties, prizes, surprises and consolation prizes.

Making a husband out of a man is one of the highest plastic arts known to civilisation. It requires science, sculpture, common sense, faith hope and charity—especially charity.

It is a psychological marvel that a soft, fluffy, tender, violet-scented, sweet little thing like a woman, should enjoy kissing a big awkward, stubby-chinned, tobacco-and-bay-rum-scented thing like a man.

If you flatter a man it frightens him to death and if you don't you bore him to death. If you permit him to make love to you, he gets tired of you in the end and if you don't he gets tired of you in the beginning.

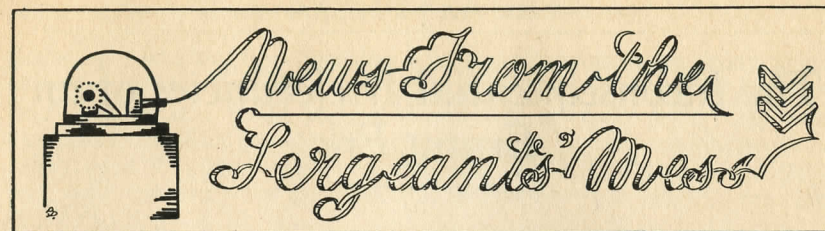
If you believe him in everything you soon cease to interest him and if you argue with him in everything you soon cease to charm him. If you believe all he tells you he thinks you are a fool and if you don't he thinks you are a cynic.

If you wear gay colours, bright nail polish and a startling hat, he hesitates to take you out and if you wear a little brown toque and a tailor-made he takes you out and stares all evening at a woman in gay colours, bright nail polish and a startling hat.

If you join in the gaieties and approve of his drinking, he swears you are driving him to the devil and if you don't approve of his drinking and urge him to give up his gaieties he vows you are driving him to the devil. If you are of the clinging vine type he doubts whether you have a brain and if you are a modern advanced and independent woman he doubts whether you have a heart. If you are silly he longs for a bright mate and if you are brilliant and intellectual he longs for a playmate.

What on earth is a poor gal to do anyway. I'll give up and just be myself . . .

—NELLIE.



Somebody was so peeved last month that no names may be given for the time being.

✓ ✓ ✓

F/Sgt. J— was so pleased that he shone where another failed that he thought Sgt. X was not such a bad bloke after all.

✓ ✓ ✓

We all take a grave view of the fact that F/Sgt. H— and Sgt. F— couldn't flannel their way into the States for their leave. We admit we've weakened since we came here, but surely not as badly as that?

✓ ✓ ✓

We are glad that F/Sgt. B— has a chance to prove his theories on boils. Sgt. P— had a lot of advice when he took his meals standing.

✓ ✓ ✓

Sgt. C— got a shock when he burnt his arm. He really thought he was fire-proof. F/Sgt. L— and Mr. M— knew he was an Irishman and so did some pretty slick mule skinning.

✓ ✓ ✓

F/Sgt. M— has become an authority on "Lemon Sours"! To you, most wise and beloved F/Sgt. we humbly elevate our chapeaux.

✓ ✓ ✓

It appears that an excellent grape vine telegraph exists amongst the damsels in Victoria. Several of our most brilliant amorists have discovered that they are not as good as they thought they were. What a potential source of Sergeants' Mess News!

✓ ✓ ✓

It is said that the fifth column is so good hereabouts that the Victorian young ladies know exactly how many pages from Esquire adorn the walls of the quarters inhabited by F/Sgts. M— and L—.

✓ ✓ ✓

Sgt. C— says that he has sold fifteen pairs of running shoes since the Jap flap started, but he's kept the best pair for himself.

✓ ✓ ✓

The Mess gets so deserted on pay nights that W.O. B— thinks it would be an idea if we imported a couple of mice to cheer the place up.

—SGT. Y.

The Inconsequential Irrelevancies of an Errant Erk

We have been asked by several of our malicious friends, who are aware of our erstwhile connection with more sensational journalism, to submit something to the "Patrician." Having looked at one or two back numbers of this witty sheet, we baulk at the idea of offering our humble scribblings to a public weaned on such excellent fare as you chaps have been churning out. However, after a good deal of prodding, we have shaken off our habitual lethargy and offer you, in all modesty, these trivial jottings.

I suppose we ought to tell you something about ourself—we're really quite interesting when you get to know us! And don't let this habit of ours of writing in the plural person fool you. We remember at school, how we used to think Caesar was no end of an original johnny writing all his stuff in the third person, and later, at the same school, when we found a chap in the "New Yorker" writing very wittily in the first plural, we decided then and there that the first singular was obviously outmoded. We think it lends us more substance anyway. As to ourself, we are a thoroughly disillusioned and very bitter A.C. plonk, languishing in a cold and comfortless bachelordom (match-making mothers of Victoria—as per last month's "Patrician" please note and take to heart).

A few words about your silvery-tongued orderly sergeants. We **love** them! We can imagine nothing more delightful than their puckish little caperings in the cold grey dawn, as they dance gracefully through the billets tweaking the ears of somnolent erks and filling the air with the mellow music of their light laughter. Ugh! If we should ever in future years as a civilian, have the profound misfortune to encounter one of these things, we can imagine ourself dropping, like a cloak, our carefully preserved attitude of urbane benevolence to all, and undergoing a Jekyll-Hyde metamorphosis, into a grim and vengeful sadist. We shall invite him to our home, beaming at him in our oily way to allay suspicion, the while our mind races wildly, conjuring all manner of evil sport to practice on our catch when we finally have him in our power. The gay devilry of the Inquisition will be as girl guide's horseplay compared with our little party. Don't let's dwell on it—it's too horrible to think about!

Then we have F/Sgt. Jackson's moustache. This magnificent hirsute decoration really is a credit to the station and should be accorded every display of respect and admiration. We suggest, with our waggish grin, a daily salaam by all erks and other low life with all eyes turned in the general direction of F/S J. wherever he may be. We remember, painfully, those dear dead days when

we were a student of something-or-other, deciding in our rosy ignorance to grow ourself a luxurious moustache. The resultant sparse and ridiculously virile red bristlings not only severely damaged our pride, but sent us into a fit of despondency from which we don't seem ever to have emerged. We like the F/Sgt.'s piano-playing, too, and the way he handles his orchestra. In short, we like the F/Sgt.!

And your S.P.'s. Now, they are really something! In all our vast experience—two whole years—we have never encountered anything quite so remote from the average reptile-like individual one usually meets wearing an S.P. band, as your courteous chappies here. We think, shudderingly, of the odious and uncouth creatures we have met in various guard-rooms, these old eyes fill with wonder as we look at your fantastically human and surprisingly rational policemen. After all, one doesn't look for it, you know. And we're **not** flannelling!!!

With characteristic grace, we will avoid the subject of mud. Entirely! Oh! and talking of mud reminds us of the food here—we think we'd better avoid that, too. Literally!

We were privileged to hear the other night a performance by your Gosley fellow. In our clumsy way we'd like to congratulate him, too, on a very polished doings. We wonder vaguely where and when these aging eyes have been once before offended by that execrable tie he wears. There was another laddie, too, whose name escapes us, who infused lots of pep into the show by being himself, Chevalier, Hulbert, Durante and Uncle Tom Cobley and all just as and where he felt like it.

It occurs to us that we've been drooling at you quite long enough. If this sort of dilettante drivel appeals to you, let His Grace the Editor know and you can have some more—we're good for umpteen hundred yards of this stuff yet. As we get to know the place better, we'll probably run into lots of interesting odds and ends. And now, with your permission, we will let the pencil drop from these weak fingers, and make our unsteady way to our favourite Victorian opium den where we can forget this grey world's drab misery in the nebulous fantasies of a beautiful dream.

Goodbye, little hogs!

—PERION

(Many thanks, Perion. Let's have some more.—Eds.)

"How did poor old Jim die?"

"'E fell through some scaffolding."

"Whatever was 'e doing up there?"

"Being 'anged."

Peace. The period of plotting between two wars.

THE CLOSING CHAPTERS

With the following letters we draw to a close the battle that has recently raged throughout our pages on the question of "shooting a line." In our opinion the verdict must be a draw as obviously there are six of one and half-a-dozen of the other. We thank Reby Macdonald for starting the argument—let's begin another on a different subject.—Eds.)

Evidently It's International

I was most interested to read in "The Patrician" certain remarks concerning the Canadian ladies and their extraordinary cleverness in the capture of a male for their own exclusive benefit.

This trait does not belong to the fair lassies of Victoria alone, their sisters in the Old Country can give them points and still compete. I know. I spent fourteen perfectly safe years in Eastern Canada and inside fourteen months of meeting a lass of Gloucestershire, during which time I had only had a very few and rare "leaves" I was "shot down in flames" and made a captive for life.

That is my version! The R.A.F. are not the only "line shooters." The 1st Canadian Division—I went over with them—have done quite a bit on their own and twenty per cent of the single personnel are reported to have either been snared and led to the altar or "line-shot" their way to it. Some Texan members of the Eagle Squadron also seem pretty good, having persuaded certain "lovelies" that their ancestral estates among the cacti were quite up to the standard of romance as portrayed by Hollywood. So girls, take heart, your sisters over in England are doing fine, too, and boys, if you want to beat some "line shooting" from visitors in England you'll have to do better than reported.

To finish up. A certain Polish officer who had persuaded a lassie of Auld Scotland to marry him, got as far as the part in the ceremony where the parson says "... keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live," he cried in broken English, "No! No! Please, for the duration only!" It seems he already had a wife in Poland!
—P.B.H.

As Always, a Girl Has the Last Word

"And what did you say your phone number was?"

I couldn't remember having said it, but I rapidly snatched a pencil and paper from nowhere and drew an inclusive map of the vicinity in which I live; marking all air-raid shelters, anti-aircraft guns, bus stops and tram lines. Here was one airman, I thought gleefully to myself, who would not get away by giving the feeble excuse that the streets are very confusing in Victoria. Here was one who would come back for a return visit. He has. In fact there is a rut worn down the road between the bus stop and my front door. But the return visits of said airman are not to

be attributed to any charms to which I might modestly lay claim (and believe me, I tried), but to an old saw which Aristotle or somebody invented, "The way to a man's heart is through his mouth."

Allow me to describe the first visit of this man from the so-called "Romantic R.A.F."—all the following visits being of the same plan. "That airman" as he has become known to all and sundry members of my family, arrived promptly on the dot of six, sniffing the air like a blood-hound, and remarking in a foreign accent that, "The bus ride did give one an appetite, what?"

Well, I don't have to have the house fall on me . . . casting aside all hope of any forthcoming complimentary remark regarding my latest hair-do (which had taken me two and a half hours to pin up), I led him to the dinner table. Eagerly he eyed the spread. From then on the questions of my amiable father regarding the "Old Country," which he left only twenty-two years ago, fell on deaf ears. My mother was kept busy restacking his plate—she didn't even have to insist—the meanwhile idly thinking that perhaps there was something to the rumour that the food at Pat Bay isn't dished up like the Ritz.

When his stare became glassy I led him back into the living-room and parked him comfortably on the sofa. Too comfortably. Seeing his eyes close I cast around desperately for some threads of conversation in which I might tangle him. But at that moment my mother, always an understanding soul, stomped loudly into the room, remarked that, as they were going out, we would have the place to ourselves, threw me an arch glance and swept out.

I turned to my guest and said brightly, "That will be nice, won't it?" It wasn't bright enough. A peaceful snore broke the stillness. I sighed gently and got out the tiddly-winks. What has a home-cooked meal got that I haven't?

Time rolled on. At ten-thirty I gently woke him. "Your bus," I suggested. Slowly he came to, got to his feet and with an old world charm and courtliness apologized gallantly for having fallen asleep . . . "the air in Victoria, y'know . . . and might he come back and visit me again, next Thursday . . . around six, perhaps?"

I had lost the use of my vocal chords . . . I nodded wearily and showed him to the door.

Oh well, anything for the Cause. Ah, romance . . .

—JANE

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SPORT

SOCCER

As forecast in the February report the Inter-Service League has been resumed and the two games played have won us 3 points out of a possible 4. Thus in the 6 league matches to date 8 points have been gained out of a possible 12 which gives the R.A.F. a share in the lead with the R.C.N., although our goal average of 23 for and 8 against places us above the Navy. With 2 more matches against the R.C.A.F., 3 more against the Army and 1 against the Navy before the close of the season, it looks as if the R.A.F. will prove itself the best team and finish up with the cup. Our present team is quite capable of such an achievement, but we can only hope that service transfers will not affect any of our soccer players.

Two friendly matches outside of league fixtures have been played with Army teams from Gordon Head and Work Point Barracks. As can be seen from the appended results the R.A.F. continued its policy of registering decisive victories.

At a meeting of the Services Sports Committee it was decided to enter a United Services team in local soccer cup series, the team to consist of players picked from all four entrants in the Inter-Service league. The first game was played on Sunday, February 8, against the Native Sons at Duncan, and four of the R.A.F. team, F/Sgt. Huggins, Cpl. Woodbridge, Cpl. Heppenstall and A/C Chapman, were selected to play. This game was played with no prior practice games to give the selected players a chance of attaining team combination and consequently a 1-0 lead was turned into a 3-1 defeat by the time the second half had ended. Other cups, however, are up for auction and it is hoped that the services will do some better bidding with more R.A.F. players represented.

Friendly Games—28.1.42, Gordon Head vs. R.A.F. Won, 8-1.
31.1.42, Work Point vs. R.A.F. Won, 8-2.

Inter-Services League—7.2.42, Army vs. R.A.F. Won, 4-3.
14.2.42, Navy vs. R.A.F. Draw, 2-2. —D.W.C.H.

RUGBY

R.A.F. XV. vs. University School, at Victoria, Saturday, February 7th. This game was a hard fought struggle from the start. In the first half the R.A.F. stuck the cracking pace set up by the school, but in the second half once again lack of training showed on our side. This, however, was counterbalanced by the team's stamina, they fought doggedly to the end, the final score being 11 points to 3 in favour of University School. We were handicapped by injuries to F/Sgt. Michelin, a broken finger, and to Cpl. Gillespie, who sustained a broken nose.

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R.A.F. XV. vs. Brentwood College, at Brentwood, Thursday, February 12th. Owing to pressure of work and a number of injuries we had difficulty in raising a side for this game. At the last minute we were lucky enough to obtain the assistance of one or two unknown players. The game once again proved to be a tough ding-dong struggle throughout, but in the end, thanks to solid play by our "unknowns," we triumphed by 6 points to 3. —J. J.

TABLE TENNIS

A challenge match was held in the Recreation Hall on 6th February between a picked team from Victoria and No. 1 team. Although some very good games were witnessed the final result went against us with a win for Victoria of 16 games to 4.

A number of league matches have also been played, with the following results: 26.1.42, R.A.F. No. 1, 15 games, McDowell's Plumbers, 21 games; 27.1.42, R.A.F. No. 2, won by default, R.A.F. No. 3, obtained a bye; 2.2.42, R.A.F. No. 1, 20 games, Liberty Cafe, 16 games; 9.2.42, R.A.F. No. 1, 18 games, Sylvester U Drive, 18 games; 10.2.42, R.A.F. No. 2, 17 games, Rovers, 19 games, R.A.F. No. 3, 8 games, Four Stars, 14 games; 16.2.42, R.A.F. No. 1, 20 games, Hills U Drive, 16 games; 17.2.42, R.A.F. No. 2, won by default.

—L. V. R.

GOLF

On Sunday, 15th February, a team of twelve players of the R.A.F. Golf Club played a team from the Royal Colwood Golf Club at Colwood. Our team only registered 3 points against 17, but although the result would appear bad on paper the majority of the games were strongly contested.

Now that the longer days are here it is hoped to get in some practise and we hope this summer to be able to put out a really first class team.

Colwood course was playing beautifully. The weather was real golf weather and the hospitality of our hosts overwhelming. All combined to make a perfect day and we look forward to the "Revenge" match. —J. R. P.

BOXING

The old orderly room has now been equipped as a temporary gymnasium, complete with punch balls, heavy punching bag, wrestling mat, etc. Training, which includes early morning runs, is now going ahead amongst a number of keen enthusiasts.

Any members of the R.A.F., R.C.A.F., or the Army who are interested in this sport are requested to get in touch with Sgt. J. Joyce, whose efforts have been responsible for these facilities being provided.

BASKETBALL

A basketball team has been formed on the Station and has been entered in an inter-service league. A good deal of enthusiasm is being shown in the game and it is hoped that plenty of active support will be forthcoming. Anyone interested is requested to get in touch with Cpl. J. D. Thorner.

Our first game was played on Feb. 12, against Gordon Head Cadets, and although we were beaten by 44 points to 8 we were not dismayed as we had only one practice and our opponents were playing five national champions. —J. D. T.

R.A.F. IN SAN DIEGO

Early in December a number of men left the Station en route for San Diego via Seattle, Portland and Los Angeles. The border was crossed on December 7th, the night of the attack on Pearl Harbour, and in consequence they received a tremendous welcome everywhere along the line, the general expression being, "We are in with you now." The journey was quite uneventful and the weather dull and raining, however, Californians travelling in the train kept telling them that rain was "most unusual" in that State and that the party would probably not see any at all there. The rain continued despite their assurances, so they took a different line and said that even if it did rain it never thundered.

The party arrived in San Diego about midnight in pouring rain, but the town was a veritable fairland of lights and the streets crowded. The lads were allocated to their rooms in the San Diego Hotel, one of the nicest in the city.

Next morning at breakfast the men were addressed by Wing Commander Homer Berry, an American pilot with a distinguished flying record, who was serving with the R.C.A.F., and attached to the Consolidated Aircraft Corporation. The first day there was nothing for the men to do but the officer in charge, F/Lt. H. E. Dunn, had to contact the manager of the firm to organise the classes, etc. While this was going on the most tremendous thunderclap ever heard in the State of California shook the whole building, giving everyone the impression that the Japs had arrived; again, as the natives said, "Most unusual weather," but this we eventually discovered was a typical Californian expression and it gave the erks a chance to come out with many wisecracks about "Sunny California."

From then on, however, the weather was beautiful and in their spare time the airmen had some wonderful trips, for the Californians are the most hospitable people one could ever wish to meet. Every day huge cars pulled up and wanted to take the "British Fliers" for a ride with supper to follow. Many of these trips were down to

Mexico, for they were only fifteen miles from the border. The places visited across the border were principally Tijuana and Caliente, the latter famed for having the largest race course in the world.

San Diego itself is a boom town and as the inhabitants say, "wide open," in the sense that there are no petty restrictions except that cocktail bars, which is their equivalent to our better class English pubs, must close at 2 a.m. and not open again until 6 a.m. Their business hours being only twenty hours a day for seven days a week! Picture houses are mostly open twenty-four hours a day for seven days. Bing Crosby's private race track at Del Mar is nearby and excellent bathing facilities, etc., are available at La Jolla.

There were two or three black-outs at first but the lights came on again and if anything, more signs were added, including many new ones featuring enormous "V's" and "Remember Pearl Harbour."

As Christmas approached every shop had in its window and every house in its front garden, a Christmas tree fully illuminated and decorated. The Americans certainly think the world of their Christmas trees. Even every barrack room had one!

What impressed most people, including the hotel staff, was the excellent behaviour of the R.A.F. men, for the American equivalent is a very boisterous individual and always wants to be making a noise and indulging in horse play. In fact in every way the airmen successfully fulfilled a diplomatic mission because they gave the American public a picture totally different to that usually given by the average Britisher, inasmuch as there was none of that—to use their own words—"Haw! Haw! business" from anyone. Everyone behaved in a perfectly natural manner with no affectations, whereas they seemed to imagine that all "limeys," as they call us, should speak with either an Oxford accent or broad cockney.

At the factory work commenced daily at 0700 hours, with a half-hour break at 11.30 hours, until 16.30 hours, with no work on Saturdays or Sundays, although latterly a resumé was arranged for Saturday mornings.

Too much cannot be said for the hospitality shown by the American people, especially over the Christmas period. Several men spent Christmas and subsequent week-ends at Los Angeles and on local ranches.

Sgt. Cartwright, a member of the party, quickly played his part in cementing the relationship between the two nations—he married an American widow after only a few weeks in San Diego!

WOMEN. OH, DEAR!

1st Erk: "My wife can talk for hours on any subject."

2nd Erk: "Mine doesn't even need a subject."

THE ALBUM

By GWEN CASH

Determined that Jap bombs—if any—will find me with my house in order, I attacked the book shelves with gusto and a damp cloth.

A couple of school day prizes from Redditch Secondary School. A complete Shakespeare for dramatics from King Edward's Foundation. Copies of books I'd reviewed for the Seattle P.I., the Vancouver Province, the Canadian Bookman. A book of verse by a cousin. Belle Lettres by an uncle. Some of my father's novels, long out of print. His notes on a Life of Disraeli, never written. Novels I put aside for the R.A.F., "Better Bed Manners," which may get a chuckle over. All the literary odds and ends of a not particularly well spent life. And THE Album. Damp cloth forgotten, I sit on the floor in the middle of undusted books to remember.

I'd almost forgotten those days of the last war and grease paint. The nights I was so tired I'd barely try to vasceline it off and wriggle out of costume in cold English bedrooms to plunge into a feather bed. Troops and hospitals; hospitals and troops. Brave men; wounds; music; laughter tears.

Here's a color wash of a Cairo water seller by Pte. Con Planck, who afterwards made himself a name as an artist. "With all good wishes from Pte. S. Lowe," Fourth Worcestershire Regiment; wounded at Gallipoli 4th June, 1915. "When the golden sun is shining. And your mind from care set free. When of others you are thinking. Will you sometimes think of me?" writes Pte. F. Curry, 2nd Sherwood Foresters, wounded 22nd July, Espres, a bit sentimentally.

Lt. F. H. Tingley, Field Artillery, 1st Canadian Division, just signs his name. Corpl. T. Sowden, York and Lanc. Regt., wounded in British advance at Virmelles, breaks into a sort of verse: "When I were a little boy with mother sweet at home, I thought I'd be a soldier boy to foreign lands to roam. But now, I am a man and soldier true and roamed I would like to be with mother dear at HOME SWEET HOME," and a very nice thought, too, my lad.

Pte. J. Cooknell was, he tells me, wounded at Festubert 15th May, 1915. And Pte. E. Brown, 8th K.R.R.C., got his at Hooge, July 30th, 1915. Sgt. S. H. Bartell tells me to remember him to "the boys at Hill Crest," a hospital outside Birmingham, where we gave shows frequently. In January, 1916, Pte. B. Palmer of the Rifle Brigade announces: "By gum, I'm stuck" over a penny stamp.

In '17 I seem to have gathered a bunch of officer signatures—α Lt.-Col. Street of Ottawa; Colonel P. Murphy, C.E.F.; someone named Ridley of the Grenadier Guards; Charles H. Sclater of the Royal Montreals.

Oh dear, how long ago it seems! How old I must be getting!

NOTES - NEWS - NONSENSE

(Please send in material you think will be suitable for this new feature.—Eds.)

Congrats to the six chaps from Signals who had such a remarkable escape when the car in which they were riding crashed over a fifteen feet bank and overturned in four feet of water.

✓ ✓ ✓

The trouble with travelling on the straight and narrow is that you don't see any curves.

✓ ✓ ✓

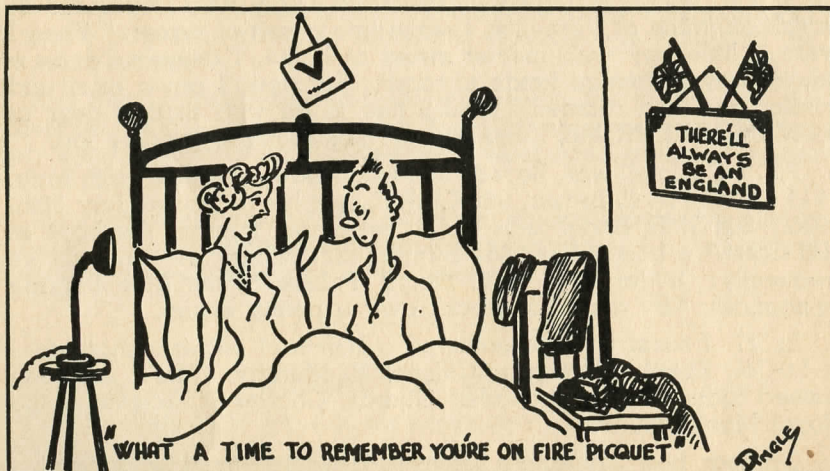
Kitty Hawk is the name of the town in North Carolina from which Wilbur and Orville Wright made the first flight in a heavier-than-air machine on December 17, 1903.

✓ ✓ ✓

Judge, putting on black cap: "You'll die when you hear this one!"

✓ ✓ ✓

Night Flying Instructor's Suggestion—To make pupils feel at home in their first solo, a record of their instructor's voice will be placed in the back cockpit. When they feel lonely they can switch on and be comforted by the silver-toned voice of their instructor saying, "That's right, you — fool, kill both of us!"



The figure surmounting the dome of the Parliament Buildings, Victoria, is that of Captain George Vancouver, who was sent by the British Government to take Vancouver Island from the Spaniards in 1792.

✓ ✓ ✓

We ain't no thin blue 'eroes,
We ain't no blackguards, too,
We're aircraftmen in barracks,
Very much the same as you.

And if at times our conduct
Ain't what your fancy paints,
Why, aircraftmen in barracks
Don't grow into plaster saints.

✓ ✓ ✓

Extract from Collin's English Dictionary:—

MUD. n, Wet and soft earth. In Canada (slang), land.

So now you know!

✓ ✓ ✓

The staff of the magazine wish to thank A. R. N. and H. J. C. for the many laughs sent in by them. Sorry, blokes, all the best stuff is unprintable.

✓ ✓ ✓

Buying a car is like getting married, once you get the license you can go as far as you like.

✓ ✓ ✓

The Natural History Museum, Parliament Buildings, is open to visitors every week-day from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sundays, 1 p.m. to 5 p.m. Admission free.

✓ ✓ ✓

On February 5, the R.A.F. Dance Band, under the direction of F/Sgt. C. F. Jackson, Jim Skelly, Bill Cann and Jerry Gosley, gave a concert to members of the services and their wives at the Hostess House, Sidney.

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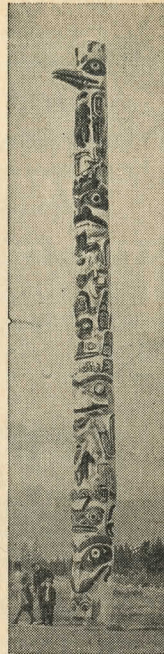
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