

The Patrician



The Magazine of the
Royal Air Force
British Columbia



FROM LITTLE SAANICH MOUNTAIN

Vol. 2

APRIL - 1942

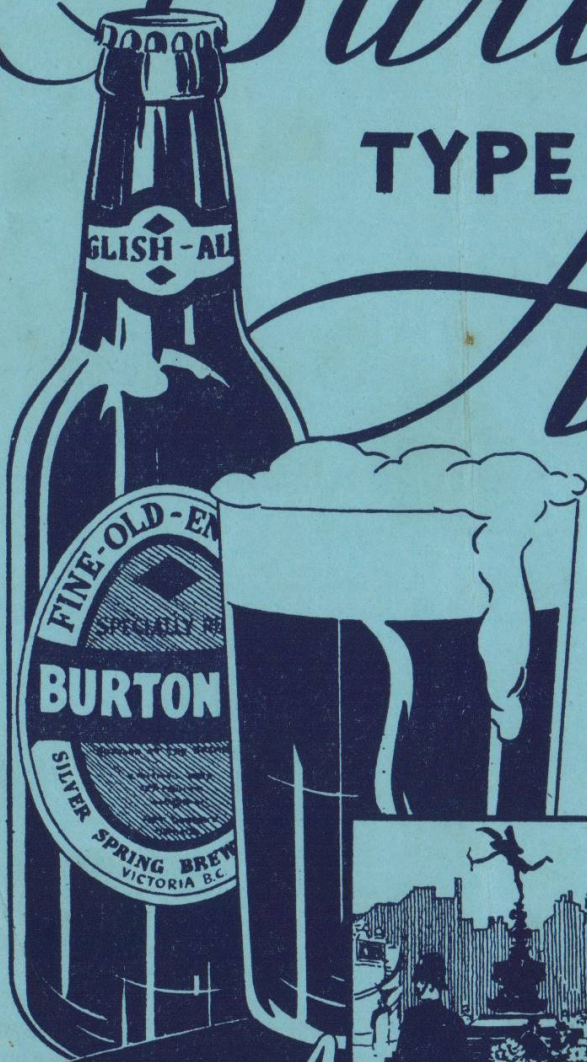
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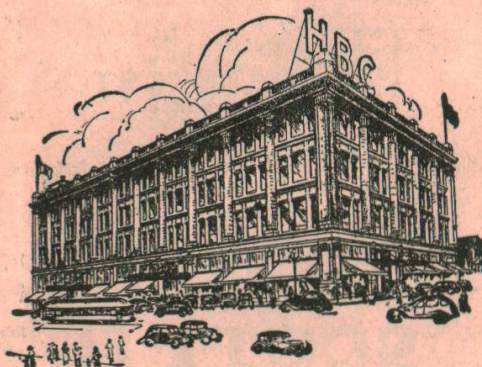
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THE PATRICIAN

by kind permission of Group Captain S. L. G. Pope, D. F. C., A. F. C.

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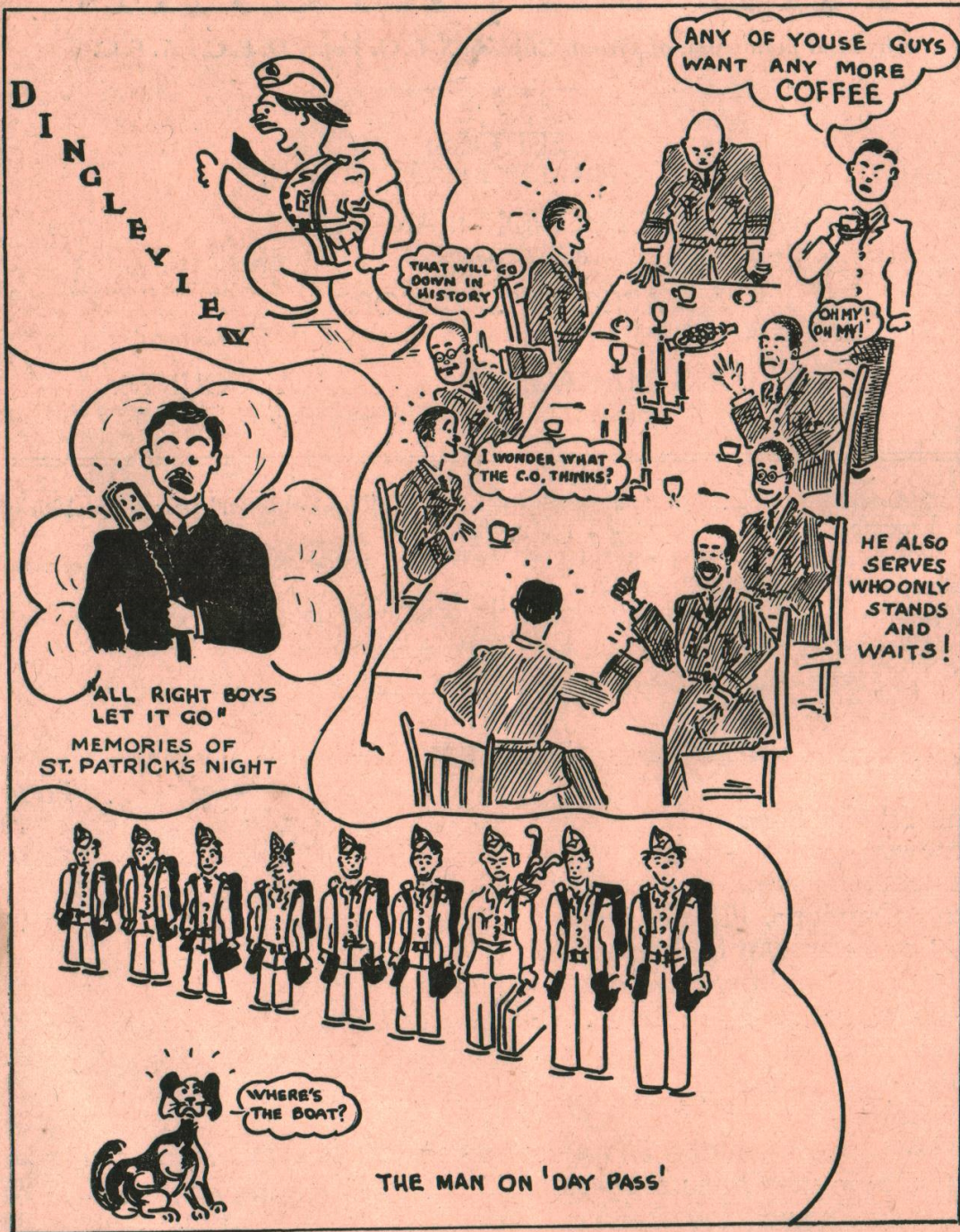
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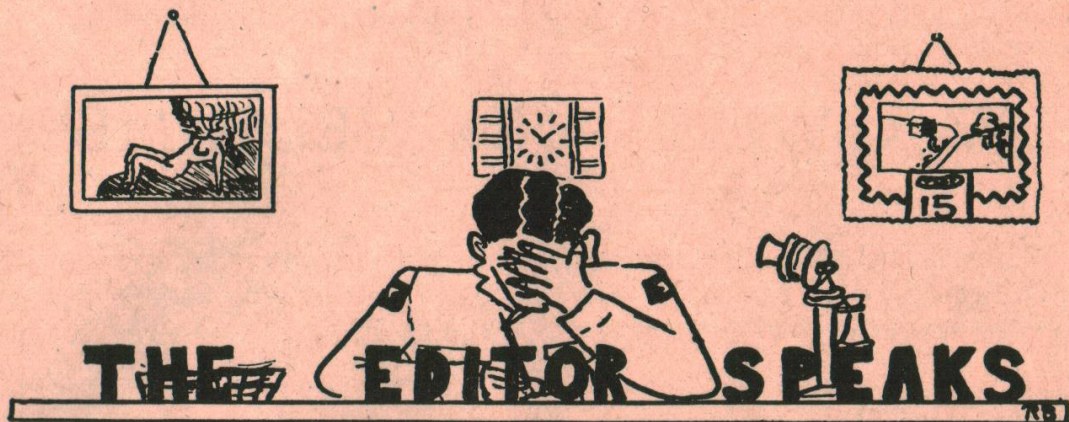
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HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

O to be in England
 Now that April's there,
 And whoever wakes in England
 Sees, some morning, unaware,
 That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
 Round the elm tree bole are in tiny leaf,
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
 In England—Now!

—Browning



Vol. 2, No. 1

APRIL, 1942

10 Cents

Once again the editorial has to be written—always it is left until the last minute, each of us hoping that the other will get down to it. We just have to say something (or do we?) so here goes.

The bulldozers are now slowly levelling the camp and we've heard it said that gardens would help to cheer up the place a little—why not sections compete with each other? The M.T. have given a lead already by digging a patch outside their building. "The Patrician" will be giving prizes at a later date.

It is hoped to form a Dramatic Society and produce a "thriller" in the near future and we feel sure that there are a number of people on the Station who would like to take part. Those interested please get in touch with S/L J. R. Pearson immediately.

Our new cover photograph which was taken by Sgt. R. J. N. Gill who has done so much good photographic work for the magazine, is a view from Little Saanich Mountain, and shows the Olympic Range, Washington, in the background.

"The Pat Fund" for the Bombed and Homeless of Britain has, unfortunately, not received the support we anticipated. We feel sure that this appeal has been overlooked and look forward to printing better results in our next issue.

Due to your interest and increasing support the circulation of "The Patrician" continues to rise—twelve hundred copies have been ordered this month, with more pages than ever.

THE EDITORS.

Ask Sgt. Craig who the girl on the cover is!

FAREWELL AND WELCOME

There is no doubt that the news of the departure of Group Captain P. D. Robertson, A.M., from this Unit and Canada was received with sincere regret by all personnel at Patricia Bay.



GROUP CAPTAIN P. D. ROBERTSON, A.M.

From the very first day he arrived at the Unit in September, 1941, he found himself confronted with many difficulties. Those early days when the Unit was struggling to organize itself in a strange country are still very fresh in all our minds, and we know the difficulties and worries that were his.

Perhaps many of us do not know or appreciate the amount of time and hard work our late C.O. put in to improve the welfare of the personnel under his command, and to commence the job we came to Canada to carry out. Unfortunately, he will not be with us to see the fruits of his labours, but he can rest assured that through his untiring energy and devotion to duty the foundations on which the Unit will grow have been well and truly laid.

May we wish him the very best of luck for the future, and say thanks for everything he did at Patricia Bay to make a difficult life easier for us all.

In welcoming our new Commanding Officer, Group Captain S. L. G. Pope, D.F.C., A.F.C., we extend our best wishes and hope his new command will prove a happy one for him.

Group Captain Pope was born in Dublin on 28th March, 1898. In 1915 he joined the Inns of Court O.T.C. at Berkhamstead and rose to the rank of Corporal, but had to wait until he was eighteen years old before being commissioned in the R.F.C. in May 1916. He learnt to fly at Northolt on Maurice Farman's, and at Croydon on Gnome Avros. His pilot's certificate No. 2074 was dated August, 1916. He had to wait until he was nineteen before being allowed to proceed overseas, so he was sent to Tern Hill as a Flying Instructor. He proceeded to France in March, 1917, and was posted to No. 60 Squadron, which was at that time equipped with Nieuport S.S. Fighters. He remained in this unit for nine months and—in his own words—became a close observer and keen admirer, but unfortunately not an efficient imitator of all the fine work done by Major A. W. Bishop, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., during that period.

On posting to the home establishment, he was appointed Instructor at the C.F.S., Upavon, where he commanded the advance Fighter Flight which was equipped with S.E. 5's and Dolphins.

In July, 1918, he was appointed Captain and Flight Commander in "Billy William's Circus" in Scotland, with headquarters at Ayr. He cruised around all the Training Schools in the northern area, testing and giving the Gosport instructors' course to the Instructors at their own Stations.



GROUP CAPTAIN S. L. G. POPE, D.F.C., A.F.C.

He was again posted to France in October, 1918, and arrived in No. 208 Squadron (equipped with Sopwith Snipes) just as the Armistice was declared. He then proceeded to the Army of Occupation at Cologne and was Flight Commander in this Unit until it returned home and was disbanded in 1919.

He was posted as an Instructor (Flying Officer) to the Flying Wing of the R.A.F. Cadet College, Cranwell, which was just being formed. In April 1922, he proceeded overseas and joined No. 8 Squadron at

Kirkuk (Iraq). He was promoted to Flight Lieutenant in the middle of 1923 and became Flight Commander of "C" Flight No. 55 Squadron at Mosul.

After three years in Iraq he was posted to Headquarters Middle East at Cairo and remained there until he was invalided home with para-typhoid in 1927.

On posting to the home establishment, he was appointed test pilot to command the Single Seater Experimental Flight of No. 22 Squadron, Martlesham Heath, when he made the first life saving parachute jump by a Service Test Pilot and received the gold Caterpillar pin.

In August 1929, he was appointed to the Directorate of Technical Development Branch at the Air Ministry, where he was responsible for criticizing designs for new aircraft, and originated the layout of equipment and instruments, etc., at the Aircraft Firms, later flying the aircraft when they reached Martlesham Heath. In February, 1932, on promotion to Squadron Leader, he was posted to Command No. 54 (Fighter) Squadron (Bulldogs).

In January 1933, he proceeded to the R.A.F. Staff College. On 7th September 1933, he was appointed to command No. 801 Fleet Fighter Squadron of the aircraft carrier H.M.S. Furious (Nimrods and Ospreys) which ship cruised to the West Indies and Mediterranean. Whilst in the Greek Islands his squadron gave aerobatic exhibitions at Tatoi, remaining ashore as guests of the Greek Government for a week.

In January 1936, he left the Fleet Air Arm due to sickness and was convalescent for four months. During July, 1936, he was posted as Station Adjutant at the School of Naval Co-operation, Lee-on-Solent. He was promoted Wing Commander on 1st April, 1937, and took command of a new Fighter Station at Debden, using Gladiator and Hurricane aircraft.

In July 1938, he led the Gladiator "tied together" aerobatic flight to Paris for a week's exhibition as guests of the French Government. In March 1939, Debden was completed and upgraded to Group Captain command, so he proceeded to take over command of No. 226 (Bomber-Fairey Battles) Squadron at Harwell. This squadron being in the Advanced Air Striking Force, he led it fully bombed up to France, in the morning of September 2nd, landing at Rheims Champagne aerodrome.

In May 1940, he was promoted to Group Captain and flew back to take command of an Operational Station with two Hudson Squadrons operating over the North Sea and Norway.

In November 1941, he was posted to command an O.T.U. in Canada, but before taking over at Sidney on 1st March, 1942, carried out an extensive inspection of training schools from Victoria to Prince Edward Island.

VANCOUVER ISLAND HOLIDAY

Last September four of us decided that when the Spring came we would travel up to Campbell River and from there explore the wilderness beyond. Accordingly we studied game laws, the prices of bear traps, snake bite serums and rifles. Having carefully planned our high adventure, we promptly forgot about it!

Early in January the idea recurred and having arranged the leave as best we could, set off at mid-day on Saturday, Feb. 7, over-loaded with equipment and optimism.

The members of the expedition will bear identification at this point. Uncle, usually seen trotting around S.H.Q. with a beatific expression on his chubby little face; tall, dark and handsome (hereinafter known as T.D.H.), mostly found in the vicinity of the guard room held together by a webbing belt which also supports a holster and revolver; Useless, who fiddles his misspent life away over "Heath Robinson" gadgets in the Sympathetic Building and myself, mainly lurking furtively in "B" Flight Armoury.

T.D.H. got in some good ground work in obtaining a U-Drive for only \$8 time, \$2 for the radio and 6c a mile—buying our own gasoline and oil. The car was quite lively and after calling in Victoria to collect some useful rations presented to us by a seasoned Island traveller, we arrived in Duncan at 1530 hours, where we had a late lunch and after rudely breaking off Uncle's flirtation with the waitress, made our way to Nanaimo and from there to Harrison's Auto Camp at Parksville. Here we were welcomed by Mrs. Harrison who came from Manchester about the usual time ago and still retains the Mancurian manner of speech and hospitality. A cabin was rented for \$2 per day and the good lady promptly proceeded to make us feel thoroughly at home. Useless had spent seven years of his misguided existence in Manchester so he revelled for some time in unaccustomed popularity and celebrated the occasion by smoking a cigarette, an act which reminded us of a short spell in the tear gas chamber without respirator!

The next morning we jumped smartly out of bed about nine and since I had appointed myself (there was no opposition) permanent duty cook, made an indifferent attempt at cooking breakfast. The Canadian bacon had me beaten at first but after experiment found that it **can** be cooked decently—with care. Uncle made the tea—and what tea! Never since we left England have we tasted its like. Useless soaked two of my handkerchiefs in crying his eyes out for hot water to wash in and T. D. H., last out of bed, did the washing-up. At 11:30 we left for Englishman's River, arriving in half-an-hour. This beauty spot is a few miles to the left of the Parksville-Alberni road and fully justifies a visit. There are two sets of falls, the river widens into a tumbled rapid which promptly disappears into a

narrow cleft in the rock about 50 ft. in depth and rushes out again almost at right angles, very narrow and presumably very deep. The lower falls are not so picturesque and only a few feet high, but the deep pool into which it falls and the background of rocks and timber make it quite impressive.

Leaving here at one o'clock we passed through Cathedral Grove with its deep silence, permanent feeling of dampness and huge timber. Having paused a little at the Grove we proceeded "over the mountain" (as the Parksvillians have it) to Alberni and Fort Alberni, with neither of which were we very impressed, but an ample meal of grilled steak



Photo courtesy
Is. Publicity Bureau
CATHEDRAL GROVE

and mushrooms at the Beaufort Cafe helped us along a little. Useless had a salmon steak and burst into tears again when he saw what we were getting for our 75c. Here again we had to curtail Uncle's flirtatious tendencies and finally arrived back at Parksville at about five o'clock.

It is only natural after such a field day we had a good lie in the next morning. The weather was not too good, so we just ate, slept and played cards until seven in the evening, when Uncle got restive, went to the door and sniffed the breeze. Yes, he said, there was definitely some beer in the village. Shocked as we were at such a statement we thought we had better humour him and go out and have a look round. With the certainty of a bloodhound he sniffed his way up the road, round to the left and across the road. Puffing heavily, he just managed to push the door open, gasp "Four beers, please," and collapsed into a chair. The lady of the house is of Yorkshire but had adopted Lincolnshire when very young, so T. D. H. and Uncle were on home territory and spent the rest of the evening discussing the prices of turnips and taties.

The next day was the day of days when we had decided to make the journey to Campbell River and Elk Falls. It dawned clear and sunny with small sprinklings of rain and we travelled as quickly as possible, calling at the Campbell River Post Office to collect all our mail! Six or seven miles beyond Campbellton, over very bad road lies Elk Falls and there we really have something. I shall not make a serious attempt at description—that would require a Zane

Grey. Not only are the Falls themselves spectacular but the immediate surroundings form an oasis amid a most monumental example of vandalism as ever we realised possible. For practically as far as the eyes can see is a wilderness of stumps. This scene of desolation was not improved by a huge fire which swept this part of the Island a few years ago.



Photo courtesy Victoria & Is.
Publicity Bureau

ELK FALLS

Across this waste winds the dirt road to the first part of Elk Falls Park, Forest Glade, as apt a name as anyone could imagine. Tall, slender trees, their trunks dappled with sunshine, brilliant green undergrowth and the subdued roar from the Falls as the Campbell River pours down about 150 yards of rapids to drop 120 feet into the canyon, throwing up a dense cloud of spray in which there being a rainbow which Useless, more by luck than judgment, managed to collect on Kodachrome.

We left the Falls about two o'clock and made our way to Painter's, a very luxurious fishing resort, and there consumed another vast steak apiece before setting out for Parksville.

The last day! Never did four people realise that with greater regret. One of the grandest holidays we've ever had . . . and the cost? Well, we covered five hundred and twenty miles, we did not need to restrict our expenditure and yet the all-in cost was only about \$20 per head for four and a half days.

—E. G. P.

YOUR OPINIONS, PLEASE

We thank P/O W. E. Payne for collecting from various people a number of suggestions for the improvement of "The Patrician." They are as follows: (1) More photographs of local scenery, (2) more reports of station activities, (3) more write-ups of individual characters, (4) more competitions, (5) a live-letter box, (6) more informative articles, especially those of the travel type, (7) more representative contributions, (8) brighten the humour, more scurrility, less censorship, (9) articles on how to spend cheap holidays in the vicinity and (10) by providing suitable material for discussion the magazine can help to increase our knowledge and deepen our understanding of a land in many ways so different from that to which we shall return as better citizens if our minds have been broadened and our experience enlarged.

Our replies to these suggestions are: (1) We endeavour to print as many local scenes as possible with the valued assistance of the local press and the Government Publicity Bureau who loan us their printing blocks free of charge. The expense of printing our own photographs is very high, e.g. the cover picture costs \$7.00, (2) all the social and sports events are already fully reported. Other Station activities cannot, of course, be mentioned. Suggestions 3 and 5 are open for discussion—what do you think about them? We think No. 4 a good idea but again the question of expense looms up when one thinks of prizes, (6) in most of the numbers to date articles have appeared dealing with this subject, (7) this is entirely a matter which concerns our readers—we have appealed on numerous occasions for section representatives, they would be welcomed, (8) one R.A.F. publication has already been banned! (9) two articles appear in this issue, (10) we purposely avoid subjects of a "deep" nature as our idea of a Station magazine is one which causes amusement rather than serious thinking. However, maybe we're wrong, let's hear from our readers. In this issue you will find a questionnaire, please fill it in and return it to us and in doing so you will help to produce the kind of magazine that YOU want.

TO SMOKE *or* NOT TO SMOKE

Letters written to the "Bolton Evening News" by a Canadian and an Englishman on the question of **Smoking in Cinemas**:—

Sir,—I wonder if the film-going public ever realize what they have to put up with, also if the theatre managers in this country have a thought of their patrons. I have just been to see the picture "Aloma of the South Seas," a picture with many striking exotic scenes with gardenias and lilies, etc., in profusion, and the tropical sea also, and whilst one endeavours to remove his or herself from the dreary dark surroundings of reality one is almost gassed with the smell of smoke. Today I had a man sitting in front smoking his twist. The surrounding people being obliged to suffer and cough. In Canada no one is permitted to smoke in the theatre. The air is cleaned and purified with a pleasing aroma, often adjusted by the management to suit the environment of the show. I have been told many times that one has to be tough to stand strong tobacco, but I invariably answer "Where there's no sense there's no feeling." If only you people could just breathe for once the air of the prairies, the Rockies or the slopes of the Pacific you would never want to be permeated with the foulness of tobacco.—Yours, etc.,

CANADIAN.

Sir,—Replying to the letter on Friday by "Canadian," nearly 75 per cent of the film-going public indulge in smoking, and as they have smoked in cinemas all their film-going life, the manager could hardly request them to do otherwise, and if our friend, "Canadian," happened to be so unfortunate as to be anchored behind a twist smoker, all I can say is, better luck next time. I admit that even a twist smoker would agree that a few exhaust fans about a cinema would be welcome, but certainly not the extinction of smoking in the theatre.

Our friend should one day during his stay in Beautiful England take a walk over the moors, Winter Hill, Great Hill, anywhere round there, and breathe the air that is offered to him, and I am sure that it will take the "wind out of his sails" as regards the Rockies and the Pacific Slopes, of which I have probably seen more than he has.

I have been to these non-smoking cinemas in Canada, Nova Scotia, Trinidad, and all over South America, but give me good old Bolton or anywhere in Little Old England, where one can watch the film and enjoy his tobacco.—Yours, etc.,

H. BATEY, M.N.

THE RIGHT SNIFF

Horace was a winsome lad and somehow he never felt quite at home in the Service. When scrubbing the floor of the Sergeant's Mess, or doing one of the thousand jobs that it falls to the lot of the A.C.H. G.D. to do, his thoughts would constantly stray towards home. He would wonder if the chickens were laying, or if Bessie the cow had calved yet. These thoughts eventually became an obsession to him, and one morning his corporal noticed that he was behaving in a strange manner. For the corporal saw Horace buy a packet of cigarettes in the canteen and sniff it in a very dissatisfied manner before tearing off the cellophane wrapping. This seemed rather odd, but when Horace was on pay parade and after saluting smartly bent down over the pay table and distastefully smelt the dollar bills, the corporal was sure there was something wrong. It worried him so much that he couldn't eat his tea (not surprising as meat-balls were served).

The next morning the corporal told the Sergeant about Horace, and together they watched him. Several times they saw Horace stoop down and pick up pieces of paper, sniff them disgustedly and throw them away again.

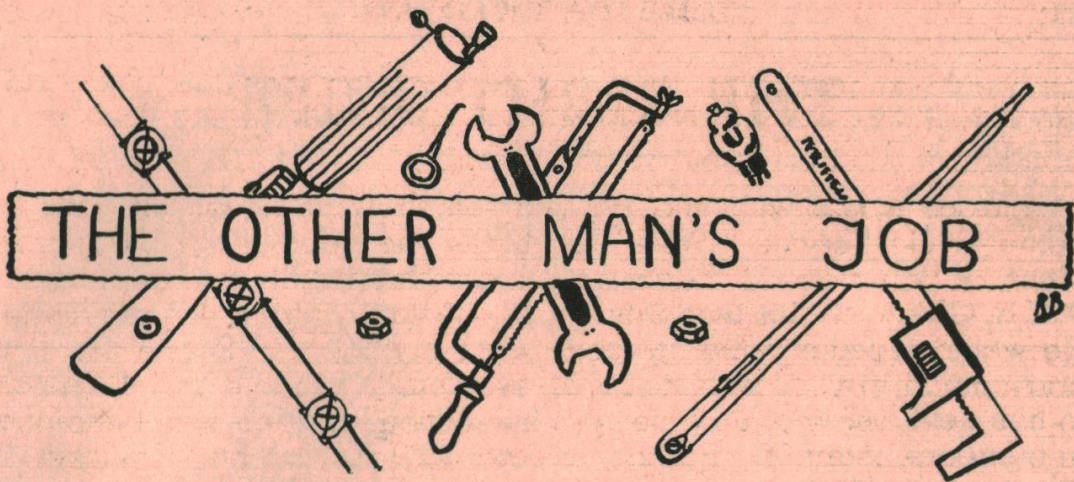
The Sergeant told the S.W.O., and he too was able to observe Horace's strange behaviour. The S.W.O. decided that Horace must report on the next sick parade.

There was a C.O.'s inspection that afternoon, it was sunny, and the reflection of the sunshine from the thousands of highly polished brass buttons almost dazzled the C.O. He could not help thinking how lucky he was to have such a smart body of men in his charge, his bosom swelled with pride. Suddenly there was a disturbance in the ranks, and the C.O. was horrified to see an airman walk out and quite casually stroll towards him. N.C.O.'s were dumbfounded, beads of perspiration stood out on the S.W.O.'s brow. Horace, for the offender was none other, continued to walk slowly towards the C.O., when he was a yard or so away he stooped down, picked up a dirty scrap of paper, smelt it, and was heard to mutter: "This is not the piece." Then the spell was broken, officers barked orders. N.C.O.'s were galvanised into action. Poor Horace was led away.

When Horace came before the M.O. he still persisted in smelling every piece of paper he saw. The M.O. said: "Obviously crackers," and recommended his discharge.

But this is not the end of the story, dear reader, for one day soon after this Horace was handed his discharge papers. As was his usual custom he took a good sniff at them, then he sniffed again, a smile spread over his features and he wore a most satisfied expression. "Ah, these are the ones I've been searching for," he said, and we haven't heard of him smelling one piece of paper since!

—F. R. and J. R. P.



No. 7—THE LINK TRAINER

After the novelty of the first few trips in a Link Trainer, the victim is apt to lose his zeal. To freshen his interest and to impress on him the advantages of this type of training, we of the Link Trainer Section spend some time and care on introductory remarks to new pupils. If you were a member of a new course you would hear something along these lines:—

"Once again you are confronted with the Link and once again the most of you look into this room much as you would look into a torture chamber; before then starting on this machine, which in all probability is exactly the same as you were on before, let us stop and consider, let us try and understand what we are trying to accomplish by whirling around in that box. In all things we must understand what we are trying to accomplish if we are to have any hope of succeeding. So many of you have said to me, 'I can fly an aeroplane by instruments but I'll be damned if I can fly a Link'; others will say, 'Oh, but this Link doesn't fly like any known aeroplane!' Of course it does not; we are not trying to teach you to fly an aeroplane, you already do fly an aeroplane, you fly through the skies hither and yon, you are an intrepid birdman, so why should we be trying to teach you to fly! I am the first to agree this machine is like a butterfly in a high wind, it is like that on purpose, It costs remember £2,000, and it would cost a good deal less if it were not so sensitive. It is made without weathercock stability so as to keep you continually on the qui vive, to make you fly not the plane but the instruments. The physical movements may correspond in some way to those you would make in an aeroplane but your real effort is to fly the instruments, to put the needles of those instruments where you want them and to hold them there. Elaborate exercises and reproduction of rough air conditions are added teasers for you to control a number of things at once as well as flying the ship correctly. Remember when you first learned to drive your car you looked at each instrument separately, after a short while you saw the dashboard as a composite picture, and then in what the Germans call an augenblick—a flick of the eye—you saw how was your petrol, your amperemeter, oil pressure, speed and perhaps the time of the day, not only that but if you were running short of petrol



Photo courtesy Victoria & Is. Publicity Bureau

JIGSAW PUZZLE OF VICTORIA AND VICINITY—1, Inner Harbour; 2, English Skylark; 3, Mt. Arrowsmith; 4, Mr. Butchart's Gardens; 5, Forest Trail Riding; 6, Beacon Hill Park; 7, In the Cowichan Valley; 8, Sproat Lake; 9, Old English Home; 10, View from the Malahat; 11, Elk Falls; 12, Creel of Trout; 13, Catch of Salmon; 14, Seaside Golf; 15, Observatory; 16, H.M.C.S. Royal Roads; 17, Christmas Day Bathers; 18, Native Indian; 19, Cathedral Grove; 20, Unique White Bear; 21, Dry Dock; 22, Topiary Gardens.

"Any Mail, Corp?"

Out on the Western seaboard,
On the shores of Patricia Bay,
An airman entered the P. O.
At the close of a weary day.

"Oh woe is me," sighed the airman
As he watched the last letter fall,
Then turned away disgruntled,
For him no letter at all.

Oh what has become of Pamela,
Dear Nellie and bright Lulu Gray
Who vowed when he left them in England,
That they'd pen him a letter each day.

Pamela was young and quite pretty,
The loveliest girl that he knew,
In Lilac-time, Spring-time from London,
They'd gone down together to Kew.

Pamela, dear girl, would be working,
At jobs all English girls do,
So that Lilac-time, Spring-time and Peace-
time,
May reign once again over Kew.

But Nellie, the soft clinging ivy,
Must have married that sailor instead,
When his ship sailed up the old Mersey,
To dock at the Port Birkenhead.

About Lulu he had no illusions,
She'd more sides than a prismatic glass,
And he knew he was only a side light,
With this fickle but lovable lass.

Of course he'd had seaside romances,
Round the coast of the whole Irish Sea,
From Lena the girl from Llandudno,
To Seacombe's sweet little Marie.

There was Nettie, the girl from New
Brighton,
And Winnie the Wallasey Belle,
Dear dumb little Bessie from Bootle,
And blue eyed Ulverstone Nell.

He remembered in fancy old places,
All of which he could roam in the dark,
Eastham, New Ferry and Hoylake,
Or Conway Street straight to the Park.

He thought of the girls he had known,
Remembered each little caress,
As he kissed them good-bye in the
Midlands
And gave to them each his address.

Those girls could not all be so fickle,
They said they would write him each day,
And oh how those fellows at Sidney
Look for letters from Nell, Rose or May.

Our airman stood inwardly fuming,
At the Postman he shot a fierce stare,
And decided the fellow was careless,
And had mislaid his letters somewhere.

Maybe too his number was blurry,
Or his name not written quite plain—
No harm in asking the Postman,
Just to look through the letters again.

So with hope in his bosom rekindled,
And fight showing plain in his eye,
He'd demand they would find him some
letters,

Or forsooth he would strangle a guy.

But the Postman said calmly and coolly,
Unmoved by the airman's sad plaint,
"I'd give you all dozens of letters,
But I can't give you blokes what there
ain't."

—LOTTA L. BUNK.

(Continued from Page 20)

put in some of their time on the Link even between flights. And if you do enter the Link Room, give a kindly word to the Instructor, who will be struggling with more sweating sceptics and turning out more and better intrepid birdmen from his revolving boxes."

—R. H.

OVERSEAS POSTING

Recently we interviewed four members of the R.C.A.F. who have been attached to the Accounts Section here since October and who have now left en route for England.

When asked if they were looking forward to their visit they all agreed that they were but, like us, they didn't very much like the thought of leaving their families and friends at home. Jack Pike, Edmonton, is looking forward to seeing Somerset which he left when only a few months old and where many of his relatives live. He's being married before he leaves Canada—perhaps he's afraid some man-snatching English girl will "hook" him. Harry DeLong of Rossland, B.C., wants to visit the homes of all the friends he has made on the camp, whilst George Baker, also of Edmonton, is eager to see London, Birmingham and all the big cities he has heard so much about. Jack Kirkpatrick of Calgary was born in Kirkcaldy, Fifeshire, and left there in 1928, he is keen to go back and renew his acquaintance with his birthplace. He also wants to visit Folkestone where his wife's relatives live.

They were then asked what they thought of the R.A.F., a general discussion ensued and from out of the rabble we managed to pick up a few fragments . . . full of praise for the S.P.'s—best lot they had ever met . . . disliked the food as compared with Canadian camps . . . liked very much the chaps with whom they had been working . . . and the way they had generally been accepted into our camp life and treated as "one of the lads" . . . the R.A.F. slang they had learnt would be useful to them in England.

They seem to want to experience air raids, hear whistling bombs and the sirens—not eagerly, admittedly—but "for the experience."

George was the only one who would be affected by the cigarette shortage, the others don't smoke. Harry was eager to visit an English pub and taste our "marvellous" beer. After reading the latest reports on the now watery English beer, we're afraid Harry's going to be disappointed. They were all very definite about one thing—they must see Ipswich! We believe that someone in the accounts section has been "shooting a line."

As we wished them "bon voyage" and a happy stay in England, they promised to write and give us their impressions—material for another article.

A coloured boy was strolling through a cemetery and reading inscriptions on the tombstones. He came to one which read: "Not dead, but sleeping." After contemplating the phrase for a few moments, the boy scratched his head and said: "He sure ain't foolin' nobody but hisself."

POISANALITY!

The two letters below, both dealing with the influence of the R.A.F., were received recently. "J. M. A." is a lady in Victoria, "P. M." a member of the R.C.A.F.

We have often heard and read complaints that we, on this side of the Atlantic, are mutilating the English language with our slang expressions.

One of your worthy R.A.F. expressed the desire to learn the Canadian language before returning to England. Having been under the impression for twenty-five years that Canadians spoke English this was a startling request to say the least. However, it turned out that such expressions as "you're darn tooting" and "hot diggity dog" were this person's aim. We undertook to do our best along these lines but are somewhat startled to discover, after a number of—shall we say—lessons, that our vocabulary now contains such expressions as, "ball and chalk"; "catch up on my kip"; get on the "blower"; "shake him rigid"; "go for a burton"; "you've had it," when in reality, you haven't had it at all; and to refer to our beloved bed as our "snakepit"; while our R.A.F. friend is still at the "you're darn tooting" stage and hasn't learnt another thing.

Then again, take the subject of dancing. No one would ever guess to look at us now, that we were once a confirmed jitter bug and that the "hotter" the music the more pleased we were. What has happened? Instead of teaching these Englishmen to "get in the groove" we find ourselves threatening all kinds of horrible tortures to the orchestra leader if he plays anything faster than a slow fox trot.

The above, mind you, has all taken place without ever a word being said. And Hitler thinks he can beat such men as these. He doesn't know what he is up against. They don't know what the word defeat means. They undermine all our hard-fought for ideas without a murmur, by their silent perseverance.

The following extract from one of our papers aptly illustrates our point:—

Americans spend their time telling the world their country is the biggest and best in the world, but the British just give the world credit for having enough intelligence to realise Britain is, without having to be told.

A word of advice. Don't try to change them, you will wear yourself out. We have been concentrating our efforts on getting one R.A.F. into the good old custom of having a "hot dog." Result?—Two ham sandwiches every time!!! —J. M. A.

P.S.—We wish just one thing and that is, that the R.A.F. would apply a little of this quiet perseverance to keeping the creases in their trousers and keeping their coats from looking as if they had been slept in. They are so polite we hate to say anything.

(Most of the clothes worn by the R.A.F. have seen **active** service but we're too modest to tell you.—Eds.)

Dear R.A.F.: May I offer the congratulations of a grateful Canadian? Your arrival here has produced a peaceful revolution among our female population who, apparently, unknown to us, still yearn for romance in the best English tradition. You have accomplished in a few short months things we have always wanted to do. Girls whom we have by necessity, escorted, admiring their sleek black clothes and colourful American masks have suddenly started to appear with soft tweeds and scrubbed faces.

This was puzzling until one night I asked one little lady what had become of her (un)lovely red mouth (formerly outsize and now a pale soft rosebud). "Oh," she replied, "Fighting men like their women to be soft and natural—it's really our duty you know." For a few seconds my chest pushed at my untarnished uniform and then I noticed she wasn't even looking at me—her eyes had strayed in the direction of a "clean-cut" English lad, pumping his way ungracefully around the dance floor with an adoring, dewey-eyed Canadian lass in his arms. Her face too, looking suspiciously clean of make-up.

Well, keep up the good work boys—change our puppets into women, but don't be surprised when you return to England to find that we also have had our effect. English women are traditionally susceptible to Colonials!

One last word of warning. Remember that these soft exteriors are very new. Don't rub too hard!

—P.M., R.C.A.F.

JIM WILSON

It was with regret that we heard of the pending departure of the Y.M.C.A. supervisor, Mr. J. Wilson, popularly known to everyone as "Jim." He has worked untiringly for the benefit of the officers and men on the Station, arranging week-ends (in conjunction with the Victoria Hospitality Committee), social events, cinema, sport, and numerous other things which have helped to make our "playtime" more enjoyable. He had a difficult job, made harder by having to build his own foundation. We appreciate his work and offer our thanks to him, wishing him luck as he leaves us to go to England to take up similar work.

His successor, Mr. Len LeTroy, was at one time physical instructor at the New Westminster Y.M.C.A. We wish him a happy stay at Pat Bay.

Erk, walking into Victoria store: "I'm going to order two radio sets, but I am afraid that you'll have to give me credit."

Salesman: "H'm—Er—"

Erk: "As security I will leave one of the radios."

Is Exercise Essential for Flying Crews?

This article is **not** by a doctor and the writer bases his theory solely on twenty-seven years of close association with flying personnel. A famous surgeon whom I was congratulating on the wonderful work he had done for mankind stated that the day was too short or he might do more. He never took exercise, he was never ill, he was thin, he worked 40 hours in 48 and on his holiday he merely fished, and on that he did **not** grow fat. Were—he maintained—the time spent at games and sport by the majority of Britishers passed at work there would be fewer red ink bank balances.

I agreed with him, I am not an exercise maniac, but experience has taught me it is a necessity to aircrews if they are to do a good tour of active duty and to remain happy throughout. No man can work efficiently, indeed no animal or even machine can work indefinitely without sleep or rest. Man is particularly prone to nerves and inefficiency if he does not sleep well.

In war, air crews have frequently to do two or three jobs in the day. You will have read and seen on the pictures of the last war how crews frequently ragged and drank at night. Few people have troubled to analyse why. The majority of air crews had hardly reached the age of twenty, the drinks that they had in France were beer, wine and rarely spirits and were probably the first drinks they had had in their lives. By evening they were exhausted from their flying, particularly as it was usually in the neighbourhood of 18,000 feet without heating or oxygen, and consequently the smell of a beer bottle was almost sufficient to make them exhilarated and in a playful and childish mood which is truly depicted in the war stories and in movies. This was merely the result of a reaction. Crews were encouraged in addition, to ride, play polo, tennis and go swimming when opportunity offered. When on the movies you see the rough and tumbles which took place in the messes, the breaking of furniture, the wrestling, the boxing, the running around the aerodrome at night you must not conclude that this was the direct result of alcohol. It was a reaction due to the fact that the body and the muscles require exercise and they forced the brain to lead them to it, so that even without organized games these youths had to find a natural outlet for the bodies' demands.

In these days of long, tense flying hours, with pilots, navigators and air gunners in cramped positions intensely on the lookout, experiencing A.A. fire or concentrating on navigation and blind flying, a heavy load is exerted on the nerves. It is a subconscious load and is not appreciated by the person concerned, but when back on the ground a tired lackadaisical feeling is experienced. This applies particularly to crews of Coastal Command Units who probably do many hours of uninteresting flying over the sea. Once

on the ground crews feel like retiring to the mess to put their feet up on a chair glance at or pretend to read a paper but in fact they slumber or snatch periods of unconsciousness. If you are married you proceed home to your darling little wife who is so pleased to see you that she wraps you up, gives you a cup of tea and you snatch a short period of rest, you then probably proceed to the stuffy cinema. When ten o'clock arrives you do not feel sleepy and do not want to go to bed, and when you go you find you do not get a long uninterrupted sleep. Now the next morning you quite definitely do not feel as fit and rested as the man who has gone to bed at ten o'clock and had a real good night's sleep. You continue with this bad sleeping habit for a while and then it gets you down, your enthusiasm about flying, your happiness and your appetite all fade out and you become what the doctors call "war weary." What is the answer? This recipe I have tried and I know not of any failures. Like all medical matters the prevention is better than the cure. When you land from a long job your mind and your nerves are tired, your body and your muscles have, comparatively speaking, done nothing for hours, your blood has been driven naturally to your mind and your nerves and this has sapped a certain amount of energy which gives you the tired lackadaisical feeling. Your body has been robbed of this energizing fluid and if you allow it to go on day after day like this, instead of your body bucking up your nerves and mentality it becomes a load on them, particularly if it does not get its normal rest and sleep. If in this lackadaisical mood one starts to take exercise, the body recovers miraculously and energy sprouts up from some unknown and unexpected source, one feels young, energetic and gay. This happens particularly if one forces oneself to play a short game like squash or tennis or if one goes for a run. The same applies to going into the gymnasium and taking individual strenuous exercise. If, however, facilities for these games are not available, or one does not play them or feel inclined to play them, if one merely does shadow skipping (that is jumping on ones toes without using a rope) for from three to five minutes, one suddenly feels quite different, the tired feeling is gone and the body feels revived. What you have done is to set the blood coursing actively through the body, and the body demands its movement. Now then, whether you continue playing games or merely say, "Well, I feel fine—I'm out to the local," or "I am going to the mess," it matters not, you have shaken yourself from the lackadaisical mood and you will find no trouble in entertaining yourself till 10 p.m. Then when you go to bed you will find you will have a sound solid sleep until you are called in the morning.

This is not an advertisement for any game or sport, this is not a quack remedy. It has been proved on active service. The crews who followed this recipe completed their six to nine months on active service, but the crews who scoffed at it packed up at a very early date.

—P. P.

NEWS

FROM THE OFFICERS' MESS

It is rumored that S/L L—— is applying for posting to Penticton on passionate grounds.

1 1 1

P/O's E—— and S—— are reminded that scrap iron is not to be parked in front of the Officers' Mess. The officer i/c salvage will be pleased to give advice.

1 1 1

"Amongst those present, we noticed . . ."

It was the WILDEst of MAY mornings as the POPE crept through the chapel GARDen from the CAVE to the SHORT HOUSE. He had just left HER BERTH and removed the MANIFOLD disguises he was WARING—his MITTONS and a couple of false BEARDS WORTH about ten cents each. He rang for his CLARK, knowing it would be a TICKLEish job. "I'm BROWNEd off," he said, "with TELLING you to ACT ON instructions regarding her PAY NExt Friday, since it apPEARS ON orders and it is at leaST EVENS ON it not being DUNN." "WELL Sir," came the AUSTENTacious reply, "It transPIERS that you are in the CART WRIGHT up to the neck. I have noticed with aLARM IT AGES you so and after all, WHITTAKER so seriously?"

Meanwhile the ROBINS ON the HOLLIS near the SMITHy, chirruped knowingly.

1 1 1

A special tea (cakes, cream, jellies and cherry pies) was put on for the Brentwood schoolboys during their recent visit. We were pleased to see S/L May and F/Lt. Dunn sharing in the feast.

1 1 1

F/Lt. Austin, who came from the U.K. with the advance party, has been posted to another unit in Canada for promotion. His antics round the ping-pong tables will be sadly missed. Good luck to him in his new post.

1 1 1

F/O S——, who recently sustained a cut eye, attributed the accident to Rugger. Was he tackled by a blonde or a brunette?

1 1 1

It is rumoured that in order to economise on paper, Training Wing are introducing a new form "Application not to go on leave."

ELEVATOR EPISODE

Philbert is in some ways a most peculiar sort of fellow, and to me, anyway, his method of making a date did seem rather unorthodox. It all began when we were in Victoria recently during an afternoon off, having a cup of tea in one of the larger stores.

As usually happens when attempting to stir the tea, the label and string attached to the tea-bag found its way into the tea pot. While I was endeavouring to fish them out, Philbert gave me a smart dig in the ribs and whispered, "See that blonde." The effect was rather disastrous, my arm jerked violently, causing the tea pot to give a sudden lurch, and its contents shot out over an elderly gentleman who happened to be sitting next to me. There was some confusion. The old gent complained that his suit was ruined, obviously a ridiculous statement as his waistcoat was hardly marked! I quickly pointed out to him that I, too, had some cause for complaint, as all my tea had gone and this would cost another ten cents.

After a few minutes' rather animated conversation I very kindly arranged for the old boy to sit in the toilet while his trousers were dried with the aid of the crockery drying machine (the wet trousers seemed to cause him some embarrassment.) I looked around for the cause of the commotion. There she was directly in our line of vision, and as attractive a piece of goods as one would see anywhere, and quite worth spilling tea for.

Philbert had his eyes focussed on her in a glassy stare. I don't know what his thoughts were, although they'd probably be quite easy to guess; he seemed very much enamoured.

The blonde was sipping coffee and munching biscuits. It was evident from her neat brown uniform that she was employed at the store, and was probably having her afternoon break. Soon she had finished, and rising from the table she flitted gracefully away. Thinking that this was the end of the little episode I gave my attention to the second pot of tea.

It was then that Philbert showed the initiative, dash, and tenacity that has made the R.A.F. so famous (or has it?) Smartly nipping off and leaving me to pay his bill, he followed the trail of the blonde like a hunter bent on tracking down his prey.

At this moment the kitchen door was opened, and a cloud of blue smoke emerged, closely followed by a strong smell of burnt cloth. Peering through the haze I caught a momentary glimpse of a pair of flaming trousers very much entangled with several cups and saucers, then the door was closed again. I thought perhaps it would be wise if I now moved off also, as I did not relish the thought of being chased through the store closely pursued by an irate and trouserless old gentleman.

Philbert was standing near the elevator when I caught up with him. He hurriedly explained that he had discovered that the blonde was an elevator attendant, and that he was going to try and make a date with her. I said I would wait for him, and spent a pleasant hour or so in the music department. The salesman there was very obliging, the selection of records he played for me beginning with Handel's "Messiah" and ending with "Way Down Texas." He seemed rather upset though when upon Philbert turning up again, I explained that it was really no use us buying any records as we had nothing to play them on, and wore quite a pained expression as he looked at the pile of needles that had been worn out.

There was a definite greenish tinge on Philbert's face, for it appeared that he had spent the whole time going up and down in the elevator. Every time he had tried to get into conversation with the blonde attendant someone had stepped in and asked for the second floor, or fourth floor or basement. Together with the fact that she had been constantly crying "Going up" and "Going down" he had literally made no progress, and with the constant sight of floors flashing past, he now felt rather sick. Thinking rather regretfully of the bill he had left me to pay I gave him no sympathy but suggested a walk to the Elk's Club, as this would probably clear his head.

Two hours later he suddenly jumped up from the table (this time I grasped my glass very firmly in case of accident) and said he was going to telephone the store and ask to speak to the blonde who should be just finishing her elevating. Now feeling very friendly towards everybody, I agreed that this would be a splendid idea, and he sped towards the telephone.

Before I had time to dispose of the drink he had in his excitement left upon the table he was back again, this time beaming. The blonde had arranged to meet him at the staff exit in ten minutes as the store was closing for the day. Snatching his hat and overcoat from the peg he moved off jauntily.

I thought that would have been the last I should have seen of him that day but he was back again in half-an-hour and was once more dejected. For although the blonde had met him as arranged, she had told him that she really couldn't have anything to do with him until they had been formally introduced. However, she said that she attended a class on Tuesday evenings for the Uplift of Souls of Young People, organised by the Greater Victoria Anti-Rye Drinking Association and Affiliated Institutions, and if he cared to attend something might be arranged.

This was hardly the sort of thing Philbert had in mind, and entirely nonplussed he had beaten a hasty retreat. It is extremely unlikely that he will ever attend any Tuesday evening classes for the Uplift of Souls of Young People, but I have a strong suspicion that neither will the blonde. Did she think him a little too persistent and have some amusement at his expense? I wonder.

Later on in the evening we hurriedly dodged out of sight of a rather angry looking old gentleman wearing a badly stained grey jacket and some blue-serge trousers which were very many sizes too large for him.

—F. R.

THUNDERBIRD CAVE

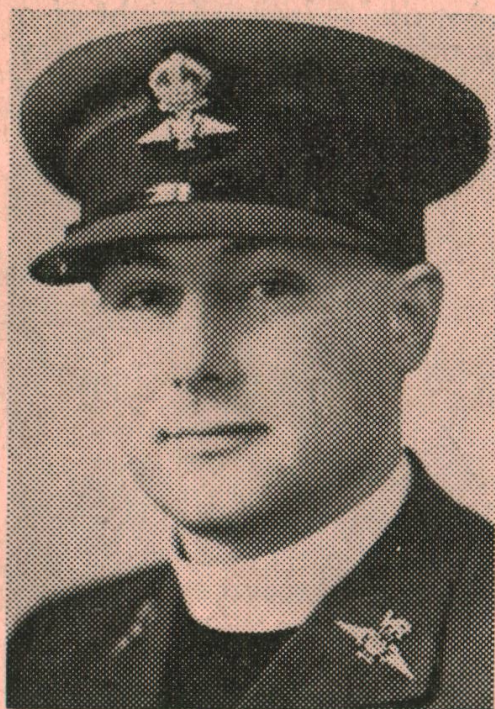


To you R.A.F. boys who are interested in the mystery of bygone days, you have within easy walking distance of your Barracks the famous lair of the Thunderbird or the Thunderbird Cave. On the top of Mount Newton, which is reached by travelling about three miles down the East Saanich Road to John Dean Park, there is a gigantic rock which at one time in days gone by was used as a place of safety or refuge by the Indian and his family from the hostile tribes. It is shaped in the form of a giant whale. Part of the wall has been formed by human hands. The building of the wall is reputed to be over two thousand years old. From this Cave or Rock has come down to us a Legend from the old Indian tribes. I will now give you the Legend.

The Thunderbird was a great spirit of darkness and evil, whom the ancient Indians feared. When the Great Spirit was angry he sent the Thunderbird to subdue the people who were disobeying him. The Thunderbird was a giant bird and when his eyes flashed fire, the lightning flashed in the heavens. When he shook his wings the thunder rolled across the sky, and on his back he carried a lake and when he was angry and shook himself, so down came the rain.

Once upon a time the tribes of the Saanich people had displeased the Great Spirit. He said that unless they mended their ways he would send the Thunderbird to take away from the mouth of the Inlet the giant whale who guarded their fish. The tribes did not hear his word and disobeyed him further still. So down came the Thunderbird, his eyes flashing fire, and the beat of his wings could be heard for days. He was so angry that the water from the lake upon his back fell in a steady pour for seven long days and seven long nights. Then the Thunderbird swept down to the mouth of the Inlet and took up the huge whale and flew with him to the top of the mountain, where he became solid in the form of rock, and there he is to this day for you and me to see, always remembering that we must never displease the Great Spirit.

—FREEMAN KING, Sidney, B.C.



A Hair-Raising Race!!

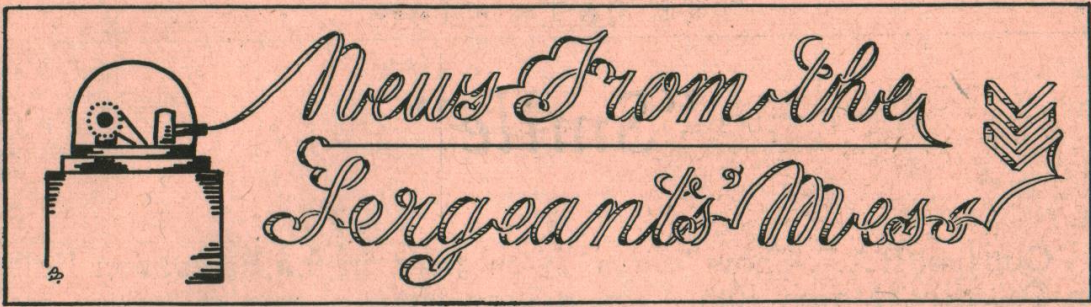
We feel sure that many of our feminine readers will be tickled to death with the result of an offer of \$10 made by our whimsical Padre, S/L. E. W. L. May, to the fellow who can grow the biggest moustache in six weeks. This competition, which is open to ALL Station personnel, quite naturally starts on the First of April, when all entrants must present themselves at the Padre's Office without a vestige of hair on their upper lip and hand over an entrance fee of twenty-five cents which will be given to "The Patrician" Bombed and Homeless of Britain Fund which the Padre supervises. Six weeks later—don't bother to work it out, it's May 13th—a concert is being arranged at which the Padre will judge the winner, who not only will receive the \$10 but will have the doubtful honour of seeing his image appear in the pages of this excellent magazine!

If more than thirty top lips are entered a Second Prize of \$5 will be given.

Come on Chaps — Get Cracking
HELP TO CAMOUFLAGE A MILITARY OBJECTIVE

Try to beat this—  —Guess who?

It took years to raise, but don't let that deter you.



News From the Sergeant's Mess

There seems to be a new disease in the mess known as adelloyds.

1 1 1

Truth is stranger than fiction on dance nights. Even Mr. B—
treads a stately measure.

1 1 1

After much deliberation Mr. S— and Sgt. R— have decided
to go fifty-fifty for a jar of Brylcream.

1 1 1

Mr. M— keeps his "office" so carefully locked that we suspect
a very private secretary.

1 1 1

Where does Mr. E— go on Friday nights?

1 1 1

What diplomats we have! R.A.F. W.O.'s in Canadian "blue"
and a R.C.A.F. F/Sgt. with brass crowns.

1 1 1

We were shocked when Sgt. D— got caught with his hand
in the wrong place! After all these years, too.

1 1 1

Sgt. to F/Sgt. is a long hop out here but why worry? Five years
back pay should cover a week's leave.

1 1 1

Two sergeants were so excited at the prospect of wearing their
full pack for the first time, that they toured every room in quarters
to show themselves off. What a pity they were not allowed to wear
it to the "Blue Moon"!

1 1 1

Another successful Mess Dance was held on March 2nd. Group
Captain P. D. Robertson paid a farewell visit and was accompanied
by Wing Commander Waring and Wing Commander Pawson. The
Station Dance Band under its famous Maestro performed excellently.

1 1 1

Which sound is the most pleasant to the ear? A Harvard engine,
the trumpeter or a certain F/Sgt.?

"Smile"

Our first R.A.F. Show "Smile" was given in the Recreation Hall on Tuesday, March 10th. Ten dollars were offered as prizes by "The Patrician" for a talent competition and this competition was the highlight of the evening's entertainment.

The programme started with coloured films showing the beauties of British Columbia. We were all rather startled by the opening number of the stage show, for when the curtains were drawn the band appeared to consist of seven F/Sgt. Jacksons playing various instruments. On closer examination, however, we were relieved to find that our senses had not deceived us—the other six Handlebar Hanks were wearing dummy moustaches.

After the band's opening number it was announced that the services of none other than the great Superman himself had been secured (at enormous expense) to act as compere. Whilst the audience waited in hushed expectancy, the diminutive Cpl. Inglefield sprang on to the stage midst a thunderous din and crashing of cymbals. The revelation was then made that he, Dingle, was the famous Superman, the hero of a thousand strip cartoons!

Following this was a song by Frank Montgomery, more commonly known as "Monty." Later in the programme he gave some exceptionally lifelike impersonations of camp personalities which proved to be one of the highspots of the show. Some popular melodies by the band came before the first contestant in the Talent Competition, A/C Jim Dove with his whistle. What sort of a whistle it was nobody seemed to know. I do not think that it could have been a tin-whistle, for from illustrations in the office encyclopedia it appears that the tin whistle somewhat resembles a flute. This particular whistle, however, had a sort of a hook on the end of it which was rapidly pushed in and out while air was forced from the lungs of Jimmy Dove into the mouthpiece of the aforesaid whistle. The escapement of air (no doubt from the end near the hook piece) caused certain sounds to be emitted. It is evidently a very difficult instrument to play, and very hard to keep in the right key. Anyway the efforts of the "Whistling Dove" were very much appreciated by the audience who loudly called for more.

The next entrant was "Curly" of the R.C.A.F., with his songs and guitar, his was quite a polished performance, and he seemed very much at home in front of the microphone. "Curly" was followed by the smiling Cpl. Millen of Cookhouse fame, who described himself as a R.A.F. comedian "rough type." His broad cockney humour caused the audience a great deal of laughter. Cpl. Millen is certainly the possessor of a strong stage personality. Very popular, too, was Bill Cann with his accordian. He played tunes that we all

knew, and the boys seemed quite anxious to keep him on the stage.

The last contestant was Jim Henry, who sang very seriously. He was accompanied at the piano by Cpl. Smith. When offered the microphone he waved it away contemptuously, it might have been Cromwell saying, "Take away that bauble." Jim Henry has an excellent voice, but unfortunately those who sat behind the four front rows could not hear it. Perhaps there is some fault with the acoustics of the hall! By the careful way in which he framed his mouth when singing we gathered that he had taken many lessons in elocution. Two members of the audience rendered some assistance by an impromptu whistling accompaniment reminiscent of the nightingales. It is no exaggeration to say that Jim Henry's number was enjoyed by all.

Cpl. Smith was to have performed on the ivories, but although he was present and accompanied Jim Henry he could not be persuaded to perform solo—did your nerve fail you, Smithy?

Community singing was the next item on the programme. F/Sgt. Middleton's interjection "Wakee! Wakee!" after the line "Into your tent I'll creep," caused a roar from the rest of us.

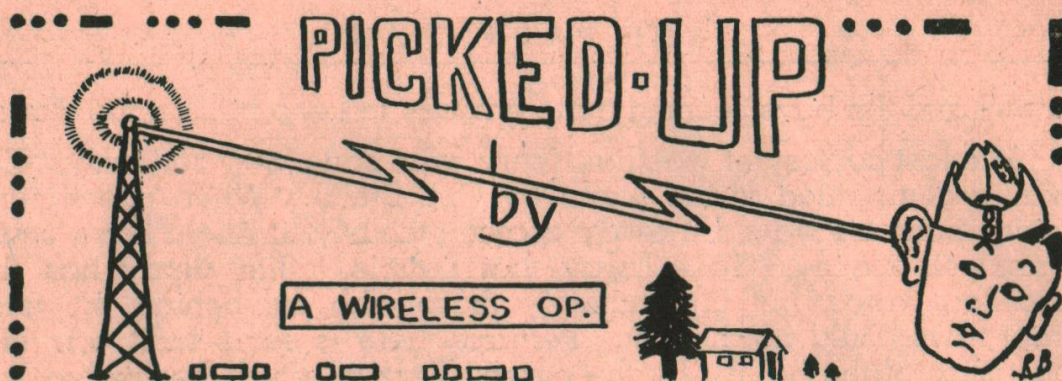
Quite an interesting feature was the singing competition between Canadian and R.A.F. personnel, which was led by Jim Skelly and Jerry Gosley. In endeavouring to make more noise than the rest Jim Skelly almost swallowed the microphone. There is a remarkable contrast between Henry's voice and Skelly's. Henry's voice is tuneful but not very powerful, Skelly's voice is powerful. The Gosley-Skelly Anglo-American News Bulletin was much appreciated. I understand that most of the news items came from the Ron Breckon News Agency. Two members of the band, Stan Carr, and Alex Anderson, gave solo performances; Stan on the fiddle and Alex on the sax, both artistes had an excellent reception.

Gallery quips were provided by our old friend "Danny." The rusty voice which we all know so well could be frequently heard all over the hall, giving us typical Lynch wisecracks. However, it seems that "Danny" is more shy than we thought he was, for when asked to come up on the stage and really entertain us he refused.

The Talent prizes, presented by S/Ldr. J. R. Pearson were awarded as follows:—1st, "Curly"; 2nd, Bill Cann; 3rd, Cpl. Millen.

Thanks are due to all who assisted with this first concert, not forgetting Sgt. Joyce and A/C Jones who did much off-stage work. The show was a success—let's have some more. —F. R.

On March 3 we were entertained by the United Scottish Societies Concert Party, which included the Highland Lassies' Pipe Band, and on the 24th the Red Triangle Concert Party paid us a second visit. We thank these hard-working entertainers for two pleasant evenings.



PUKKA GEN.

Did you hear of the wireless op. who has given up all hope of promotion? He says he feels sure his A.C.1 will be awarded posthumously!

1 1 1

Have you seen the M.T. Superman? He runs wildly around the camp at some incredibly early hour. Perhaps he'll change his mind now that we have to rise in the middle of the night!

1 1 1

Another M.T. wallah thought he'd take a street car ride to the "Car Barn" which was prominently displayed on the front of the vehicle. He didn't know it was the "tram shed."

1 1 1

Amongst the notables wearing shamrock on St. Patrick's Day was Paddy Dunn—he looked more like a blinkin' bush.

1 1 1

Who is the "gallant" corporal (do we hear the cry of "No Blue"?) who carries a pair of ladies' shoes in his car so that his fair passenger will not wear out her own shoe leather walking back?

1 1 1

Our windmill, like every other, evidently needs a good blow before starting to work.

1 1 1

With apologies to small town news, "The well-known 'Plug' Field poured tea for the shower in the Workshops."

DUFF GEN

Did you hear of the right-off-the-course Eq/Asst. who, when being paid for the first time in Canada, was presented with a ten dollar bill and instead of marching off smartly stood waiting for the other seven copies?

SPORT

SOCCER

In spite of the fact that the soccer season is drawing to a close the past month has seen tremendous increase in the interest displayed by the unit in this particular sport. This has been largely due to the generous lengthening of the evenings by the introduction of Pacific War Time which has permitted the playing of quite a number of inter-section "blood" matches after normal working hours. Unfortunately, as previously stated, the season is nearing its close and it is too late to establish an organised inter-section league, but it is hoped that we shall be able to run a cup competition from the commencement of the next season. If present interest is any indication it can be assumed that our next season will be a very successful one and inter-section matches a great opportunity for the unit team selection committee.

Only one game has been played by the unit in the Inter-Service league. This took place at Admirals Road on March 7th and ended with the equal distribution of two goals between the R.A.F. and the Navy. The R.C.A.F. have withdrawn from the league and we have three more games to be played against the Army before completing our fixtures.

The United Services team has shown considerable improvement since its first game at Duncan and is now recognised as a strong contender for the local soccer cups. The Native Sons were entertained at Royal Athletic Park on February 22nd and returned home very dejected to report a defeat of 5 goals to 1 revengefully administered by the "palefaces." On the 8th March the next round of the Phoenix Cup brought us up against the Esquimalt team from whom we took 2 points by scoring 3 of the 5 goals of the match. The first round of the McGavin Cup brought the United Services and the V.M.D. (Victoria Machinery Depot) together for the first time on the 15th March but this time the odd goal in five did not come from the foot of a service player and a very tough game went in favour of the Machinery Depot team. These last two games found 7 R.A.F. players in the Services team and their improvement in the standard of football played fully justified their selection.

Another month should allow for the completion of our Inter-Service league fixtures and, it is hoped, the announcement of the R.A.F. team as the league leaders.

—D.W.C.H.

RUGBY

28.2.42. Royal Roads 6, R.A.F. 3—This was our first game in the Cowichan Cup series and the R.A.F. were very unlucky to come off the field the losing side. Good hard tackling by both sides was the

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feature of the game with our pack a little superior to the Navy. Lloyd Williams, the Victoria "Rep" player, kicked two penalties whilst Hollingworth raced through to score the R.A.F.'s only try. A good game.



The Rugger Team, looking a bit worse for wear, snapped by the Padre after the Royal Roads game.

7.3.42. James Bay Athletic Association 3, R.A.F. 3—A game dominated by forward play with half backs seldom on the move. Although the R.A.F. were giving away much weight in the pack they played robust rugger with solid tackling. High tackling was prominent and although this is allowed in the "Old Country" it is considered dangerous play here—consequently, more penalties. Although this has been the cause of numerous R.A.F. losses they still persist in tackling high and will not learn from past mistakes. Nevertheless a win for the R.A.F. would have been a fair result. Tries scored by Smyth (disallowed for interference by Hollingworth, (who should have known better) and Spiers for forward pass. Michelin missed a "sitter" penalty kick between posts. Grogan, of J.B.A.A. and the "Reps," who is considered the best place kicker on the Island, also missed a penalty kick but made up for it later in the game. The pack played exceptionally well, probably due to hard training and the leadership of Windmill. Outstanding backs were Spiers, who retired with a cut eye, and Smyth, Michelin had an "off" day. A hard but good game. —J. J.

TABLE TENNIS

Congratulations to both R.A.F. No. 2 and R.A.F. No. 3 teams who were successful in reaching the final for the Cup Championship of the 2nd Division of the Victoria Table Tennis Association. The final

matches between the two teams were played week commencing 16th March in the Crystal Gardens and the Recreation Hall with R.A.F. No. 2 emerging as Cup Champions with a score of 28 games to 8, and 19 games to 17, and R.A.F. No. 3 as runners-up.

A challenge match between the Jokers and R.A.F. No. 1, was held in the Recreation Hall on 12th March with a win for No. 1 team by 14 games to 8.

A photograph of the Table Tennis players will appear in our next issue.

BASKETBALL

The basketball team has suffered badly through the posting of several of its best players—new members will be more than ever welcomed.

A basket has now been fitted in the Recreation Hall and personnel may use it as and when they please. Basket balls may be obtained from the Sports Store, which is now situated at the back of the Recreation Hall.

Results of games played—19.2.42., 115 Squadron 17 pts., R.A.F. 9 pts.; 5.3.42, R.A.F. 32 pts., H.Q. R.C.A.F. 15 pts.

J. D. T.

THE PADRE'S CHAT

"The Forbidden Plateau"—the land of the Hairy Giants of ancient times, or (less fearsomely) "the Switzerland of Vancouver Island," where there is skiing until May. In the summer, breath taking canyons, great ice caves, roaring waterfalls, placid lakes, deer, wild geese, wild flowers in profusion, heather clad hills and timber filled valleys, a riot of scenery and colour all within a few hours of the Island Highway. A trip never to be forgotten. The Forbidden Plateau Lodge (altitude 2,100 feet) is 161 miles from Victoria. It can be reached by car. Those who are ambitious and wish to ride or hike to their destination can go a further seven miles to McKenzie Lake Camp (3,200 feet), where they can sleep, catch fish, row on the lake, ride or indulge in mountain climbing—or just do nothing. If they wish to expend even more energy they can climb to Mariwood Lake Camp (4,000 feet), another 5½ miles to the northwest. If you are interested come and ask me for further details.

Perhaps you would rather take your "48" or seven days at sea level, remote from the regions of Hairy Giants? In that case there is a delightful cottage at Deep Cove which has been lent to the Royal Air Force by Mrs. Bagley of Victoria. A small boat is available for rowing and fishing. Those wishing to book the house should apply to me. There are numerous beautiful walks at the north end of the

Tarmac Notes

Anyone wishing to fly please apply to the Manager, Week-end Flying Club, No. 1 Hangar. Twenty-four hour service.

/ / /

The first venture in converting aircraft for submarine service was not successful as the "prototype" had great difficulty in surfacing.

/ / /

It is suggested that part-time tractor drivers be issued with spurs. A certain Scotsman should also wear his shrapnel helmet when in action.

/ / /

The practise of flight members playing football on Sundays will be discontinued as the physical effort required tends to undermine their health.

/ / /

A certain W.O. hopes to make a fortune in oil deposits found on the hangar floors.

/ / /

Scavenge filters are now to be referred to as Filters Mk. "T", Plugs as Mk. "D" and brakes as Mk. "K."

/ / /

Burnt offerings of brake linings by pilots to maintenance crews are no longer solemn ceremonies.

/ / /

Who was the armourer who staged an indoor firework display? His victim was severely shaken by the ghastly ball of fire!

/ / /

Certain flight members have taken up temporary duties as flight engineers. We are wondering what the attraction can really be. Perhaps it is because of the income tax question.

/ / /

We now know why hundreds of dogs roam the hangar floors, dining hall and 10 Block. The whistler is responsible. Flutter a pinion there!

/ / /

Who were those blankety blank Wright brothers anyway?

Continued from page 40

peninsula. I have explored the paths and lanes round the coast from Deep Cove to Sidney, and I am astonished at the beauty of the district. I suspect that many are unaware that such lovely country is so close at hand. Instead of "thumbing" your way to Victoria, go north for a change.

E. W. L. MAY.

RADIO SPONSORS CASH IN ON WORLD WAR II

Advertisers Aid Allies Aim!

Now that the entry of our neighbours, the States, into the war is an accomplished fact, it will not be long, we imagine, before we find those ubiquitous geniuses or genii, the radio advertising sponsors, taking time on the air to broadcast "running" commentaries on the various battlefronts, interpolated by spiels on their own particular product.

Something in this style may result:—

You are listening to your radio and the voice of the announcer is heard: "This is the Red, White and Blue Network, and this is Station OG in Jeepville. The Sweet Fanny Adams Cookie Programme, brought to you by the makers of your favourite and my favourite—Sweet Fanny Adams Cookies (they are as sweet as they sound). Remember! When you go to your grocer, ask for Sweet F.A. He will know what you mean! Now we are taking you to a scene somewhere in the world to listen to an actual battle (by courtesy of Sweet Fanny Adams Incorporated), where we hope to let you overhear some of the actual commands, and possibly a word from one of the soldiers. Here we go, then, over to Fred Flap, in the Front Line!"

Fade out announcer and fade in to the sounds of battle, gunfire and whining of shells, etc. Voice of radio commentator: "Thank you Station OG. Well folks, here we are right in the front line and as I sit here in my box at the top of the hill, I can see the battle raging beneath me. I have the assistance of Major-General Maudlin Tite who will explain to you the battle square by square. I have a magnificent view of the battleground stretching away on both sides and I should say that there are about 30,000 people present. What do you say, Major-General?" M.G. Tite: "Oh rather, oh yerss, abserlutely doncherknow. Square one to eight hundred." Fred Flap: "Thank you, Major." Well, the battle has been raging now for about 36 hours and neither of the sides has scored any great advantage. The enemy are pressing heavily but our boys are holding them well and have repulsed them many times from their half (Squares 1-400) with heavy losses. The enemy has a slight advantage in ground as they are shooting from the hill side, whilst our lads are defending the sea side. It's a swell match, though, folks, both sides dishing it out and taking it on the chin. Here come the opponents again, a swinging movement all along their forward positions." (M.G. Tite, "Squares 325 to 408." "O what a show! They are halted I think, yes, I'm sure they are being held. Oh no, here

they come again. Oh splendid, splendid. Our fellows have rallied marvellously and have thrown them back. Who was that do you think, Major?" M.G. Tite: "Hard to say, dontcherknow. Can't see so dashed well without my confounded glasses—what?" (Here the voice of the sponsor announcer breaks in): "Now just a few words about Sweet Fanny Adams Cookies. Here's a letter written by one of the boys who may be out there now fighting. Here's what he says: 'Just before I go over the top, my company commander always issues us out personally with our pep ration of Sweet Fanny Adams, and boy, how good they taste before we hit zero hour. I wouldn't be without a Fanny for anything.' Well there you are folks, you see what the boys think of them. Now go right ahead and try them. Once you've tasted a cookie like this, you will never want another."

Fade out radio sponsor. Fade in voice of commentator. "Well, folks, the battle is going swell and it's still anyone's game. Both sides taking a lot of punishment but still full of the old one-two. Our side has made some ground don't you think, Major?" M.G. Tite: "Yerss, our Johnnies are puttin' up a pukka show. Fine shootin', fine shootin'." (Fred Flap): Now just a moment, folks, I'll switch the microphone over to the battle ground where one of the boys will speak to you. Over! (Fade in sound of battle.) "Hello, Mom, hellow, Dad. This is Bert. I'm having a swell time. Wish you were here. I've just K.O.'d 18 of their side. Oh boy, what a fight! Here's some more of 'em coming so I'll have to scam, I'll just munch on a Sweet Fanny Adams, and then, yippee here I go." Voice of Commentator. "Well, people, there you are, you can tell how our boys are feeling. Oh what a fight. What a fight! Here they go right through. (M.G. Tite, "Squares 400 to 788"). Only another 12 squares to go and its our battle. But what's this? Our men are stumbling, they're losing ground again. Oh fine, did you see that, Major? The Officers have brought out their own packets of Sweet Fannies and given them to the men and on they go, 8 squares, 6 squares, 4 squares, another few and its over. They're through, and the enemy are retreating everywhere. What a photofinish and all due to Sweet Fanny Adams Cookies. Well, folks, that's the end of the battle and what Sweet Fannies have done for these boys on the battle front, they can do for you on the Home Front. So don't forget, folks, next time you go to your grocer, ask for Sweet Fanny Adams, the Cookie for the Rookie. 'By now."

Fade out, and total collapse of radio listeners!

—A. R. NICKLESS.

Our best wishes go with two popular officers who left the Station during the past month—Wing Commander G. I. Pawson, who has returned to England, and S/L A. A. Austin, who has been posted to Caron, Sask.

NOTES - NEWS - NONSENSE

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

Much has been said in this and other issues about the few men on the Station who have stood in the limelight to entertain the rest of the fellows but no mention has yet been made of a chap who gives up two evenings every week, working behind the bright lights, to bring pleasure to hundreds of men—he operates the projector in the cinema. So let's give a big hand to Ken Sayers of the Accounts Section.

✓ ✓ ✓

Virtues are learned at mother's knee, vices at some other joint.

✓ ✓ ✓

He: "Something seems to be wrong with this motor. It . . ."
She: "Don't be foolish. Wait until we get off the main road."

✓ ✓ ✓

Patricia Bay was called Union Bay until the Governor-General visited here with Princess Patricia, who opened the Solarium (children's hospital) at Mill Bay.

✓ ✓ ✓

A bachelor is a selfish man who does some worthy woman out of a divorce.

✓ ✓ ✓

From the "Daily Mirror." Advt. "Most feeders find Kow-Kare a valuable aid before, during and after the ordeal of calving. Try it yourself." After YOU, Claude . . .

✓ ✓ ✓

Flirtation is paying attention without intention.

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R.A.F. Flyer shot down in flames in the U.S.A. The following conversation took place between a L.A.C. clerk from S.H.Q. and two girls in Seattle recently:—

1st Girl (interestedly): "What's the uniform?"

L.A.C. (proudly): "The R.A.F."

1st Girl (adoringly): "Gee, do you fly? Alone?"

L.A.C. (modestly): "Yes."

1st Girl (admiringly): "Gee!"

2nd Girl (quickly): "Where are your wings?"

The encounter was immediately broken off.

1 1 1

An appeal by the A.R.P. authorities in Victoria for trench-diggers had one answer during the first two days—it came from L.A.C. Anderson of the R.A.F. M.T. Section. Come on, Canada, dig for victory.

1 1 1

Many a woman who can't add can certainly distract.

1 1 1

The second R.A.F. Dance held in the Crystal Gardens on March 17 was a great success. Being St. Patrick's Day the atmosphere was permeated by the smell of shamrock. The Commanding Officer headed the list of men from the Emerald Isle. Paddy Dunn was unavoidably absent—perhaps it was just as well, the Garden floor can only stand so much.

1 1 1

It has been suggested that we start a **WANTED—FOR SALE—EXCHANGE** column which will be available to everyone on the Station. A nominal sum of 10c will be made for each entry. If a Box Number is required the charge will be 20c. Hand in your notices before the 18th of the month to "The Patrician" Office. Here are the first two advts.:—

WANTED—A Fishing Rod, good condition. S/L. J. R. Pearson.

WANTED—Good make Midget Radio Set. F/O. B. A. M. Herbert.

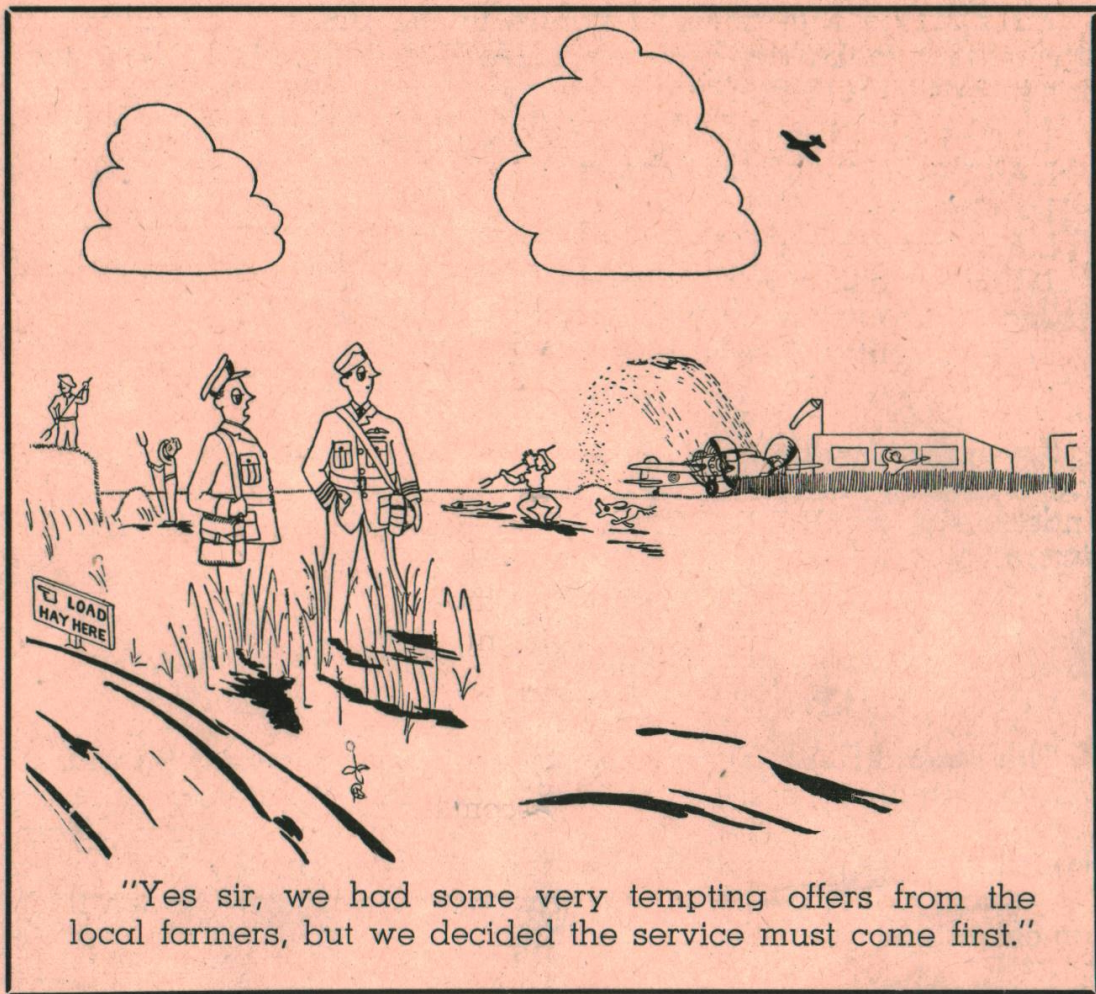
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The Station Dance Band



"Yes sir, we had some very tempting offers from the local farmers, but we decided the service must come first."

—H. D. C.

"Come On Fellows!"

It appears that "The Pat Fund" to help the bombed in Britain is not getting the support it deserves. Every R.A.F. Station in Canada has a similar fund and many thousands of dollars have already been sent home. Surely we on this Station can also raise substantial sums for such a deserving cause. It would be easy to write harrowing stories of the effects of air-raids on some of our people, but this is not necessary. Most of us have seen too much to be able to forget easily. Recently there has been some more bombing of British towns, and although it is true that several months' respite has been given, we should have learnt by now that we must always be prepared. Therefore it is hoped to build up a sufficient reserve in the Lord Mayor's Fund to meet any emergency should the "blitzes" come again.

Personnel in certain offices in S.H.Q. have conceived the bright idea of emptying pockets every morning and putting all spare cents into the collection box, the police are doing it, too. Will other sections please follow, or raise money by some other means?

While we are here and able to enjoy so many of the things that have been denied to our people at home, we can at least make some sacrifice each week to prove that the men of the R.A.F. in Canada have not forgotten those who have made it possible by their courage, and ability to "take it," for Britain to carry on. Come on fellows!

The amounts collected during the first eighteen days are printed below. In future the boxes will be opened on the eighteenth of each month.

Officers' Mess, \$2.84; Sergeants' Mess, \$1.05; Dry Canteen, \$1.20; Wet Canteen, \$0.58; ;Guard Room, \$1.45; S. H. Q. Offices (collected in a week) \$1.00: Total, \$8.12.

CONGRATULATIONS

To the following on their promotions:—

P/O. D. N. Robinson to Flying Officer.

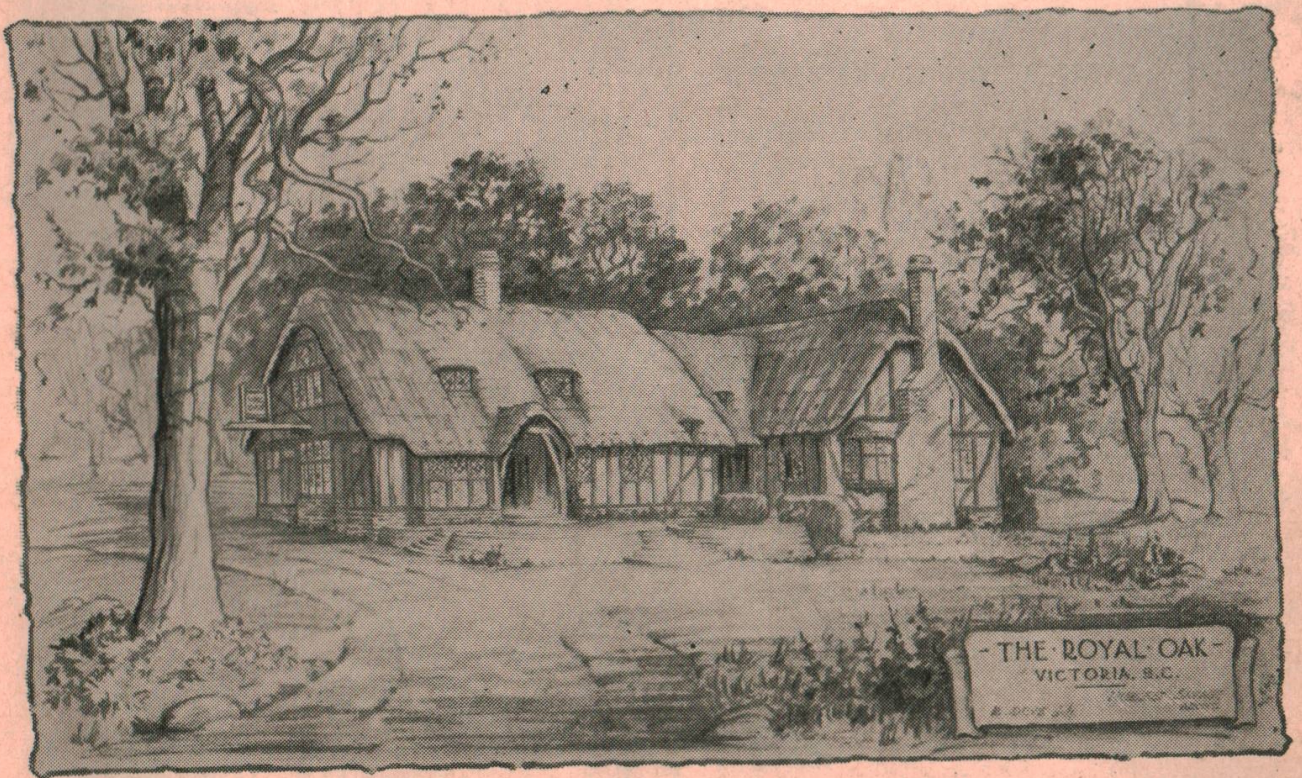
Sgt. D. R. T. John to Flight Sergeant.

L.A.C. H. J. Conroy to Pilot Officer.

Sgt. K. J. Butt to Flight Sergeant.

L.A.C. H. S. Porter to Corporal.

And to Cpl. G. R. Summers on becoming the father of a daughter, Rosemary.



THE ROYAL OAK, Victoria. Built in the style of an English 14th century hall house, was opened on the occasion of the visit to Victoria of their Majesties King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, May 30th, 1939.

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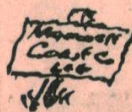


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