

The Patrician



The Magazine of the
Royal Air Force
British Columbia



FROM LITTLE SAANICH MOUNTAIN

Vol. 2

MAY - 1942

No. 2

PRICE TEN CENTS

Burton

TYPE

Ale



The finest ale that's
brewed in Canada.
Clear and sparkling.
A drink that really
satisfies. » » »

SILVER SPRING
Product
VICTORIA B.C.

This Advertisement is not published or displayed by the Liquor Control Board
or the Government of the Province of British Columbia.

May 3rd. 1942.

With the
Compliments of

All the best.

Northwestern
Creamery
Ltd.

From

John

COMPLIMENTS OF

Gordon Ellis
Limited

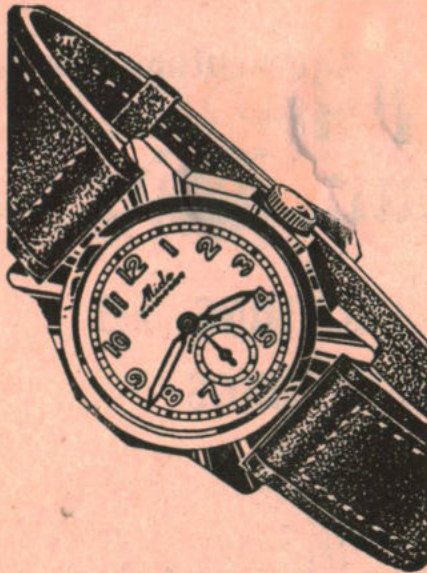
The English
Woolen Shop

1015 Yates St. - Victoria



Phone Empire 7147

1107 Government Street
Victoria, B.C.



SHOCK-PROOF - WATERPROOF
Anti-Magnetic - Stainless Steel
\$42.50 TO \$80.00

Other Makes from \$22.50

F. W. FRANCIS

1210 DOUGLAS STREET

CORDIAL WELCOME EXTENDED
TO MEN IN THE SERVICES

The
Nutshell

Under Original Management

Breakfast - Lunch
Tea - Dinner

8 a.m. to 8 p.m.



617 Fort St. Empire 6142
Victoria, B.C.

With the
Compliments of

**Northwestern
Creamery
Ltd.**

1015 Yates St. - Victoria

Phone Empire 7147

COMPLIMENTS OF

**Gordon Ellis
Limited**

*The English
Woollen Shop*

1107 Government Street
Victoria, B.C.



SHOCK-PROOF - WATERPROOF
Anti-Magnetic - Stainless Steel
\$42.50 TO \$80.00

Other Makes from \$22.50

F. W. FRANCIS
1210 DOUGLAS STREET

CORDIAL WELCOME EXTENDED
TO MEN IN THE SERVICES

**The
Nutshell**

Under Original Management

*Breakfast - Lunch
Tea - Dinner*

8 a.m. to 8 p.m.

617 Fort St. Empire 6142
Victoria, B. C.

$\frac{1}{2}$ a CROWN
in London

$\frac{1}{2}$ a DOLLAR
here !

That's what we used to say about our special English Dinner, but we very much doubt if you could now get anything like it for Five Bob ! But here it's still half-a-dollar and it's still a Jolly Good satisfying Dinner. : :

TERRYS

A. R. MINNIS

FORT at DOUGLAS, in Victoria

Let
"SANITONE"
Be Your
BATMAN

Want to look noticeably Smarter, Crisper, Cleaner ?
A "Sanitone" treatment for your uniform will lift you out of the ranks and catch the Colonel's eye. :: ::

NEW
METHOD

Garden 8166

Jaegar Woollens

Aquascutum Coats

O. H. Dorman, Ltd.



MEN'S CLOTHING and
FURNISHINGS

Agents for the Best English and Scotch Woollens

1328 Douglas Street

Phone Garden 5311

Victoria, B.C.

**AIR FORCE
OFFICERS' UNIFORMS
and GREATCOATS**

•
DACK'S SHOES
Regulation Air Force Style

W. & J. WILSON

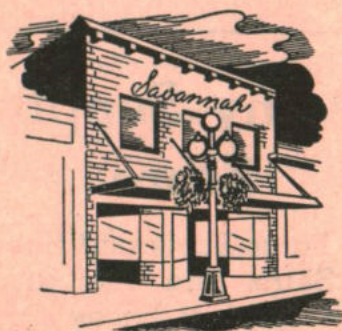
Imported Sportswear
For Ladies

English Clothing
For Children

1217-21 GOVERNMENT STREET, VICTORIA, B.C. PHONE GARDEN 5013

**SAVANNAH
STUDIO**

Portraits



780 FORT STREET

G-3821

Compliments of
**THE
OWL DRUG
Co.**

**PRESCRIPTION
DRUGGISTS**

54 Years in Victoria

R

W. H. BLAND, Manager

Campbell Bldg.
Fort & Douglas Sts.

G-2112

Compliments of

**The
Modern
Pharmacy
Ltd.**

•
G-1511
•

Douglas Street at Johnson

THE SERVICE TAILORS LTD.

FORMERLY THE ST. JAMES TAILORS

The Largest Stock of Uniforms, Hats and Every Type of Regalia
in Western Canada at Lowest Prices

IF IT'S TO BE HAD - - - - - WE'VE GOT IT

Best Equipped and Most Efficient Remodelling of Service Uniforms
on Vancouver Island at Moderate Cost

717 View Street E-8715 Victoria, B.C.
(Near Royal Dairy, right next Britannia Branch, Canadian Legion)

Specialists in
ENGLISH TOFFEE and SWEETS

We Feature **Overseas Mailing**
(No Charge for Packing)

**The
English Toffee Shop**

813 Government Street
(Opposite Post Office)

Compliments of . . .

Pacific Club

❖
VICTORIA, B. C.

**Corsages
Cut Flowers - Plants**

❖
WOODWARD'S
Florists

619 Fort Street - Garden 5614

**Army Supply
Store**

**Air Force Boots and Shoes
Shirts and Ties at
Lowest Prices**

1109 Government St., Victoria, B.C.
Empire 7633



Your Friends and Relations in . . .

BRITAIN

Appreciate

Parcels of Food

Let Us Pack and Mail a Parcel For You

Suggestions:—

PARCEL No. 1—

1-lb. Canned Butter }
1-lb. Red Label Tea } **\$1.95**

PARCEL No. 3—

1-lb. Canned Butter }
1-lb. Red Label Tea } **\$2.60**
2-lb. Cube Sugar }

PARCEL No. 5—

1-lb. Canned Butter }
1-lb. Tin Ham } **\$2.80**
½-lb. Red Label Tea }
½-lb. Sugar }
3 Chocolate Bars }
½-lb. Pkg. Cheese }

All Parcels POST PAID

List of Further Suggestions on Request

SCOTT & PEDEN LTD.

Phone Garden 7181

»

»

510 Cormorant Street

Jean Fraley

CHOCOLATES

*"The Chocolates that are
different"*

Mail Orders Promptly Filled

Phone Empire 9533

609 VIEW STREET VICTORIA

Compliments

of

The DOMINION HOTEL



VICTORIA, B.C.

SUSSEX APARTMENT HOTEL

Coffee Shop

Two Squash Courts For
Hire . . . 25c per Player

1001 Douglas Street, Victoria, B.C.
Empire 5233

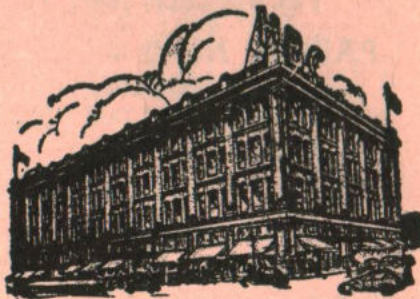
Hudson's Bay Company.

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670.

You'll find it quick and easy to shop at the "Bay" for all your Air Force needs as well as gifts to send back home . . . all at most modest prices. Next time you're "in town" visit the "Bay" . . . you'll find a pleasant welcome.

Air Force Grey Shirts	\$2.50
Black Socks, pair	75c
Serviceable Braces	\$1.00
Air Force Blue Handkerchiefs.....	25c

These and many other necessities to be found in our Men's Wear Dept., Street Floor at "The Bay."



Live

IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

There are few spots known to man where life can be lived more agreeably than in British Columbia.

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

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

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

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA GOVERNMENT TRAVEL BUREAU

Department of Trade and Industry.

Parliament Buildings, Victoria, B.C., Canada

THE PATRICIAN

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

EDITORS:

S/Ldr. J. R. PEARSON AND A.C. C. GOSLEY

PRODUCTION MANAGER:

A.C. C. GOSLEY

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

CPL. E. A. INGLEFIELD (Pictorial)

L.A.C. F. REED (General)

ADVERTISING MANAGER:

L.A.C. L. V. ROBERTS

ACCOUNTS:

CPL. L. SUMNER

Material for publication must reach the office of "The Patrician" before the 18th of each month.

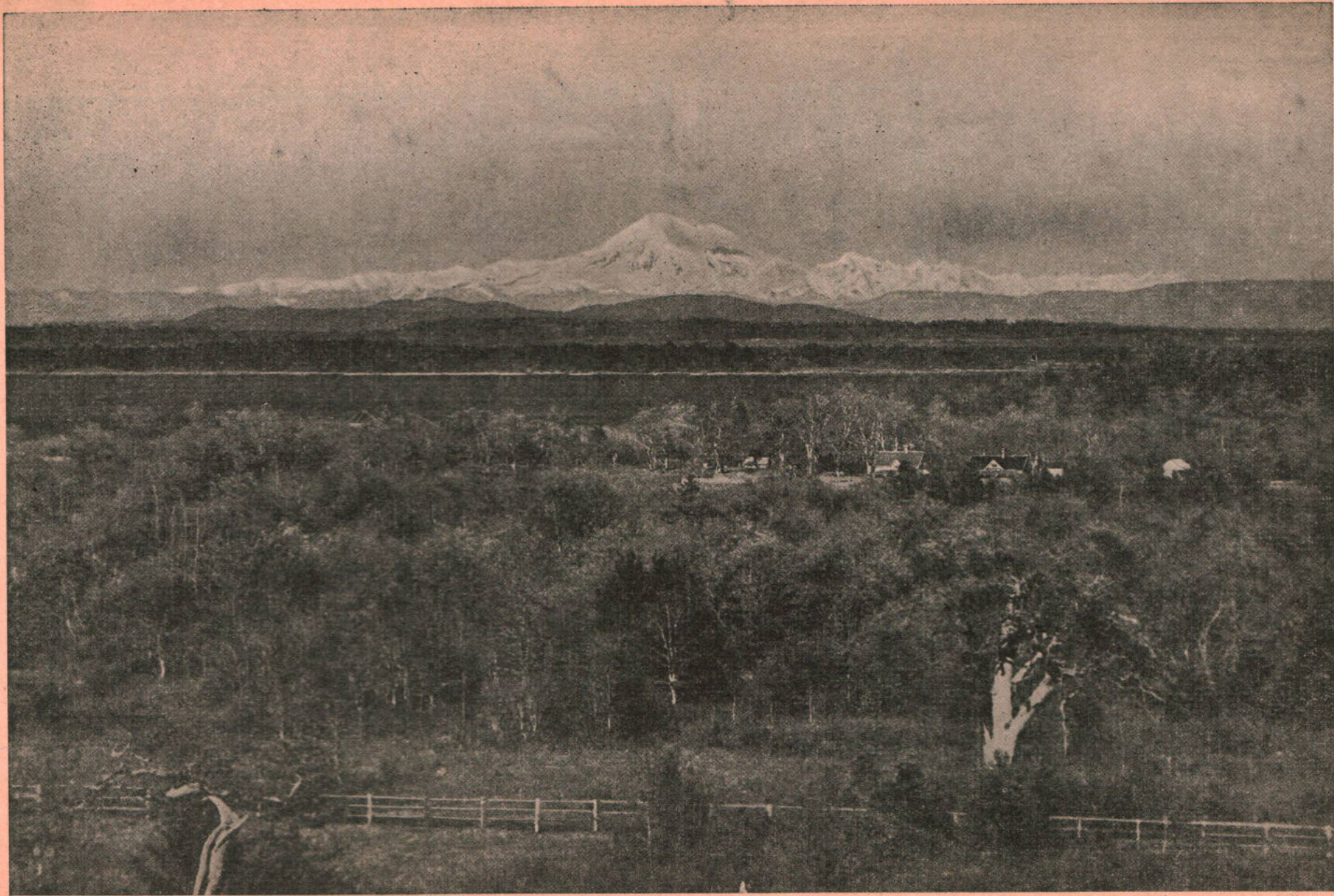
Advertisements: For particulars of rates and space write to the Advertising Manager, "The Patrician," Box 250, Sidney, B.C.

Subscription rates: 3 months, 35c; 6 months, 70c; 12 months, \$1.40.

Cheques to be made payable to "The Patrician."

INDEX

	Page
The Editors Speak	9
Spade Work (by F. R.).....	10
It Grows Without Saying (by A. R. Nickless).....	15
The Other Man's Job (by R. D. H. S.).....	17
Weddings	20
News From the Officers' Mess.....	21
Cola Coca Still At It! (by A. R. Nickless).....	22
Why Not Learn to Ski? (by P. P.).....	24
The Plateau Visited (K. D. A.).....	26
Why Should We Fight for England? (Harold Wood).....	28
Gardens	29
Believe It or Not (The Eds.).....	30
"Click!" (by Summitar).....	31
News From the Sergeants' Mess.....	32
The Race Is On.....	33
Tales From the Tarmac (by F. I. M.).....	34
Picked-Up (by A Wireless Op.).....	36
Sport	37
The Padre's Chat (by E. W. L. May).....	43
Two In a Canoe (by S. L.).....	44
Notes—News—Nonsense	46
Ode to Spring (by C. D. Carter).....	47
Cartoons and Photos.....	8, 10, 19, 20, 22, 24, 27, 29, 30, 33, 35
Special Insert.....	13, 14, 39, 40



MOUNT BAKER, WASHINGTON, FROM OAK BAY

Photo courtesy of Provincial Government Travel Bureau



Vol. 2, No. 2

MAY, 1942

10 Cents

Special Gardening Issue



Never before has the Editorial been written under such favourable conditions, seated in easy chairs with cigarettes and stimulants within easy grasp, the radio softly reproducing the strains of a Strauss waltz—we feel inspired to write—well, it's a talkative atmosphere anyway. Needless to say we are not writing this in camp.

First, we'd like to welcome the newcomers to the Station. We feel sure they will find as we did that the hospitality of the Canadian people is overwhelming and that they will endeavour to make our new comrades feel that they are not in a very different country after all.

This month we present for your approval a new inset which we hope to continue. As this is printed by a less expensive process than before it is now possible to include more of our own photographs, therefore we shall be pleased to receive your pictures for future issues. Please bear in mind that they must be interesting, amusing or unusual. Don't be disappointed if they are not all printed—we try to interest the majority of our readers.

From the large number of questionnaires which were issued with last month's magazine, two were returned! From this lack of criticism we can only think that "The Patrician" meets with your approval. It is gratifying to know this but we would point out that constructive criticism is always welcomed. By the way, ideas for a competition are wanted. What do you suggest?

We congratulate the three R.A.F. teams who achieved such remarkable results in the Table Tennis League and hope that theirs will be the first of many successes in the field of sport.

THE EDITORS.

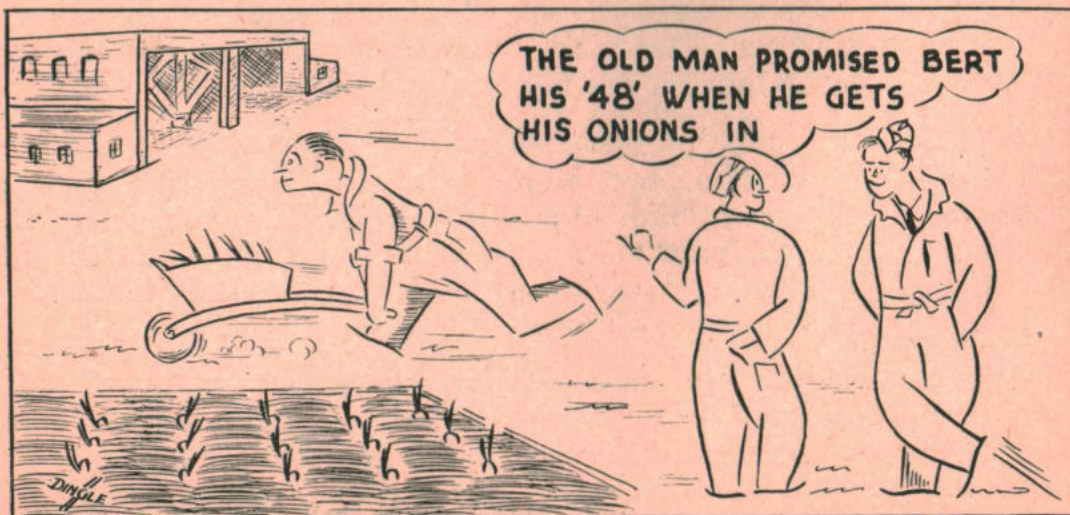
Spade Work



Spacious lawns, smart shrubbery, herbaceous borders, rambler roses, airmen sitting around in deck-chairs during the cool of the evening, idly sipping iced drinks supplied by the cookhouse, all these things are visualised by our gardening experts. Some of them with rather more material ambitions talk of nice crisp lettuces, hearty cabbages and prize marrows, for the latter it has been suggested that the plot of ground between 9 and 10 blocks should be very suitable for growing mushrooms, the same also applying to the ground behind the old orderly room.

All are agreed that gardening is the biggest thing to hit the camp since the sudden enthusiasm for motoring (you may remember that soon after we arrived here every third person was the proud possessor of a jallopy). But motoring seems to have had its day and there is no doubt about it that gardening is now THE thing. The workmen on the camp were somewhat astounded at first to see the enthusiastic digging, they had spent many months in making trenches and filling them up again and were rather jealous of our fellows going into competition with them. However they nodded their heads wisely and murmured something about secret fortifications, little suspecting that the trenches were being dug for sweet peas!

The biggest sensation so far has been the solitary daffodil, planted while in bloom in front of the Signal Section, S.H.Q. It looked so pretty standing there midst so much ugliness that many a hardened sergeant shed a tear as he passed by. Noticing it for the first time in the dusk of the evening a certain S/L. stooped down to smell it, he thought it couldn't possibly be real. Whereupon a voice from one of the windows growled "Leave that . . . flower alone."



In view of the fact that "The Patrician" will at a later date be giving prizes for the best gardens, our roving reporter has toured some of the section gardens, most of them still in the making and humbly presents you with the gen collected.

The stores was the first section to be visited, as the storebashers are responsible for issuing new blue and the reporter's tunic is somewhat shabby he thought stores should come first. A little praise can sometimes work wonders! Here a certain A/C. Fry was putting in some very healthy looking plants which had been given by a Mr. Chapman who lives nearby (will other civilians kindly note?). Cpl. King is in charge of the storebashers garden, and although when approached by our reporter he gave a dour Scotch look and said, "I have nothing to say," he seems to have the situation well in hand. Perhaps he's had some hints from our "Mr. Middleton." It appears that the storebashers are going to keep a cow somewhere round the back so that fresh cream will be easily available for the strawberries they intend growing!

Wandering across from the stores to the Torpedo Section our reporter was amazed at the amount of labour which had been expended. Here were steps, flower beds in the making, and a fish-pond which looked strong enough to drop torpedoes into, this will surely have to be camouflaged when completed. L.A.C. Piercy was busy baling water out of the pond as for some unknown reason it had turned a muddy colour. It was explained that there would soon be several goldfish swimming around, one to represent each member of the section, the tiniest one will be called "Robbie." We are wondering if there will also be a pike! In any case this garden is a "patten" for the rest. In order to steal a march on others this enterprising section has been using a cold-frame for their plants, having the bright idea of empty ice-cream tubs as flower pots for tomato plants.

The workshop's garden was rather small, all being contained in one window box. Although L.A.C. Craig outlined ideas for roses round the doors, P/O. Coveney was not quite so ambitious, referring rather vaguely to an aviary later on. With one cow, several fishes, birds, and sundry dogs and cats, it seems that animal life will be well represented!

Most of the gardeners explained that they were going in for lawns and flowers as there should be no shortage of vegetables here, but as can readily be imagined the cooks thoughts ran to food and there were hundreds of lettuce arrayed in neat lines growing beside the cookhouse.

Approaching B Flight Armoury and seeing the huge rustic structure one is immediately reminded of the Great Divide. The exhibit these armourers were most proud of however, was their broken spade, proof of how hard they had been digging. Rambler roses trailing up the rustic-work is the main theme here, and a lawn (under construction) surrounded by plants. Do the armourers intend returning to Canada to see the roses bloom? Sgt. Dean and A/C.

Pollock have been ably assisted by the rest of the section with the notable exception of Cpl. Watters who has been an uninterested spectator.

F/Lt. Peter Dunn of A Flight is probably our most enthusiastic gardener, his neat plot outside No. 1 Hangar attracting much admiration.

The Maintenance Armourers' garden is in the special care of F/Sgt. Butterworth. Crazy paving strikes an original note here!

The Photographic Section were still planning, L.A.C. Joyce had worked hard making several hundred feet of trellis-work, painting it a bright green, but he wasn't quite sure where to put it. There were several suggestions! Incidentally it took him almost as long to remove the paint from his boots and the floor of the section as it did to make the trellis.

The Parachute Section looked like a seed merchants, the seeds had just arrived and were all spread over the counter prior to being scattered on the virgin earth. Here was a certain sense of discouragement, three times the ground had been carefully prepared, only to have the bowser tear it up again. They were thinking of bribing one of the security guard to stand by with rifles and bayonet. If the bowser made another attempt would it then be a case of infantry versus a mechanical unit? Great pains were being taken to prepare a lawn. The reporter very carefully examined the section floor and is able to dispute the rumour that grass is growing under the parachute section's feet.

The M.T. Section proudly boasted that they were the garden pioneers, their garden is surrounded by neat green trellis made by L.A.C. Christie. Shrubs, daffodils, primroses, tulips, etc., are all in this plot. But now it seems that they are going in for market gardening in a big way for L.A.C. Tytler is talking of a thousand lettuce plants!

Ending this tour of inspection our reporter wearily dragged his aching feet towards the guardroom, here Cpl. Lott was interviewed. He is a keen gardener and has been responsible for the attractive layout. However we suspect that the S.P.'s have the advantage of forced labour which is of course very convenient for the heavy work. Cpl. Lott explained that many of the hedges near the camp contained wild flowers suitable for cultivation. One word of warning, the police have planted some seeds in front of the guardroom, so unless you wish to have some terrible charges on your sheet, for Heaven's sake don't step off their pathway!

And so it goes on, the British people are enthusiastic gardeners, they will cultivate where they can, and roses or radishes, pansies or potatoes, there is always a consolation in growing something. After all it is much better to sow harmless little seeds than scatter wild oats! Perhaps as our keenness in gardening grows we shall go to bed with soil in our fingernails and backs that ache through digging, dreaming of huge cabbages and marrows that take prizes, instead of the Victoria blondes. Or is this expecting too much?

F. R.



THE TORPEDO SECTION'S "FISH" POND

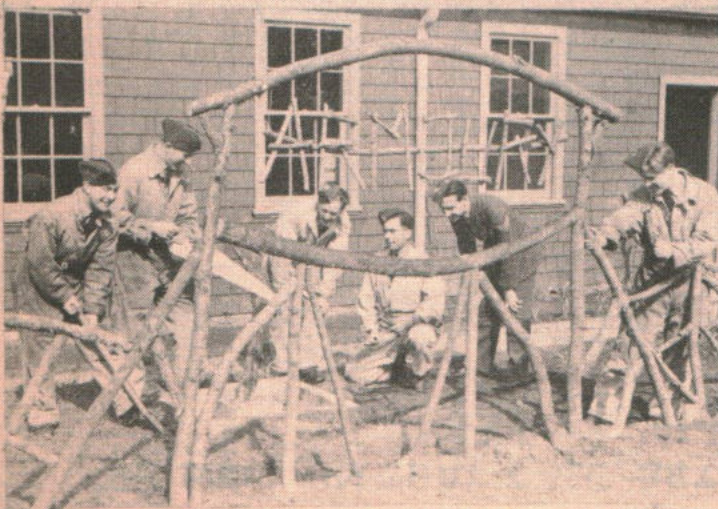


MR. MIDDLETON SUPERVISES AT THE STORES



HOW DIFFERENT THE POOR AT THE RICH LIVE FROM THE S.H.Q. SIGNALS

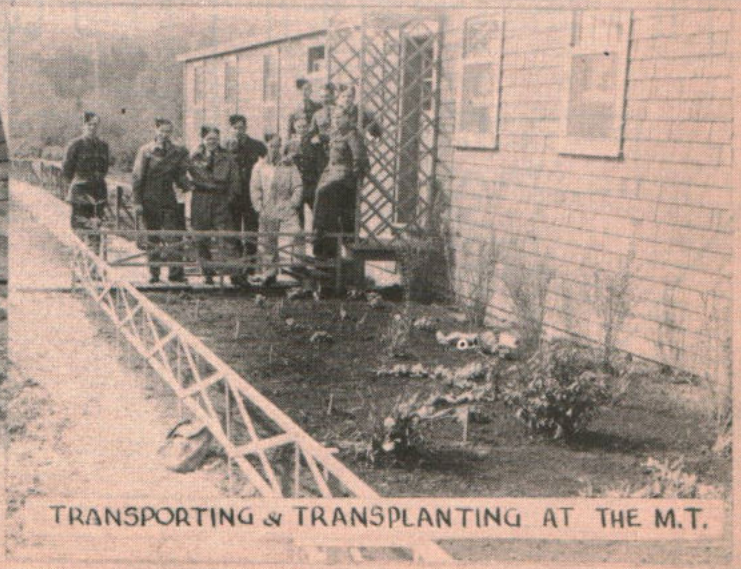
'IN OUR GARDENS'



RUSTICS AT THE SHOOTING BOX

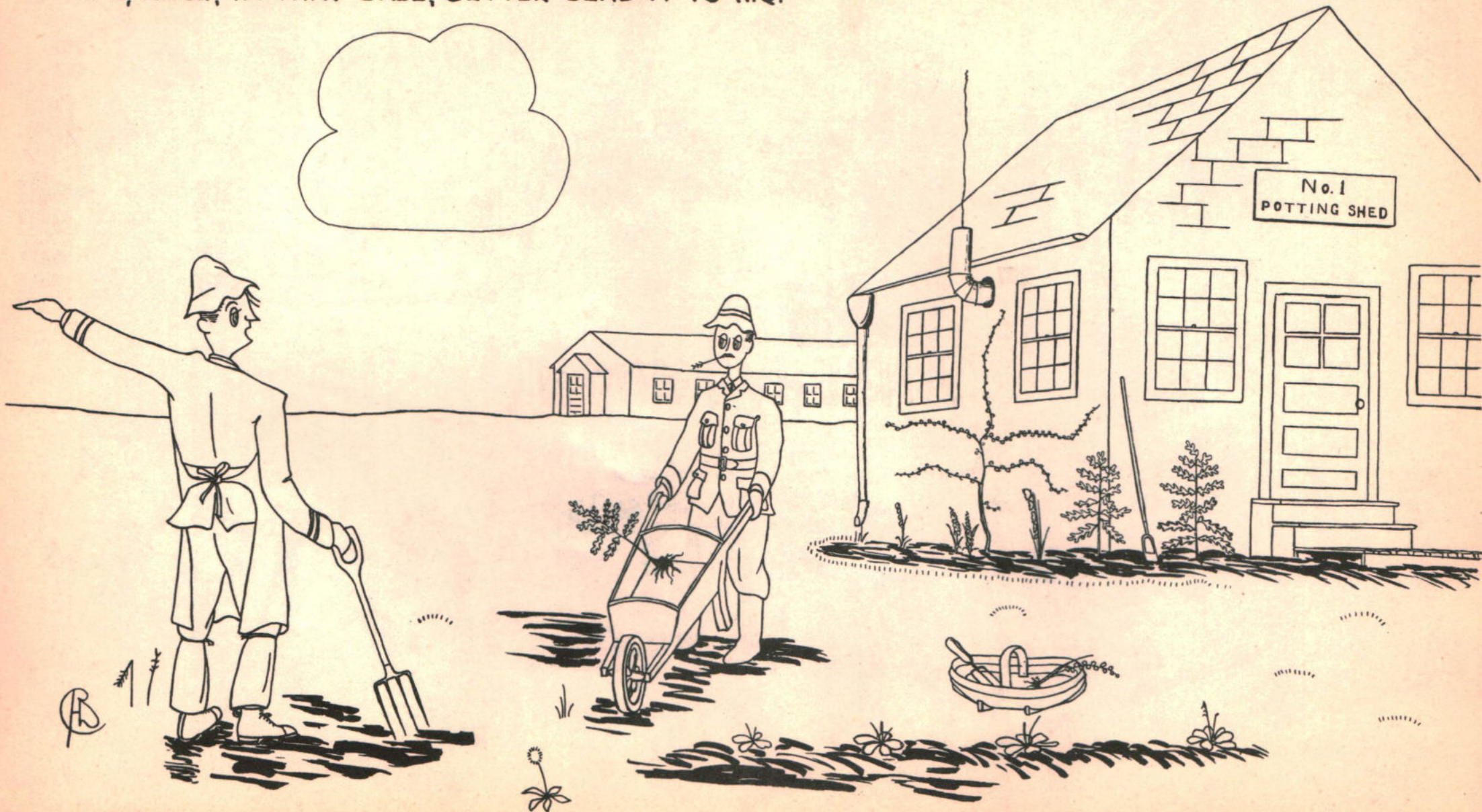


LOTT'S PLOT AT THE GUARD HOUSE



TRANSPORTING & TRANSPLANTING AT THE M.T.

"I SAY, SMYTHE-MIDDLETON, OLD BOY, THE WEEDS GO OVER THAR"
"BUT THIS IS A RASPBERRY CANE, OLD THING."
"OH, WELL, IN THAT CASE, BETTER SEND IT TO H.Q."



IT GROWS WITHOUT SAYING

In and Out of Our Garden

By Mr. Middleton's Assistant!



Good afternoon.

With the coming of Spring and the annual kickoff by Dame Nature, we are compelled to take notice of the earth which has at last emerged from the layers of camouflage which have hidden it for so many weeks past.

Not all of us are enthusiastic gardeners, due no doubt to causes over which we have no control or desire, but this article such as it is, is written for the benefit of all who would learn of the many beauties of nature which can be found in a garden, and especially in a R.A.F. garden. We cannot vouch for the accuracy of the names of the various flowers and plants that are given but we imagine everyone will recognise their variety during the course of the wanderings around our patch.

The most common plant to be found at any time of the year is the common gen-plant, or "Little Knowledge Blossom." This plant is a very hardy annual and needs little encouragement to produce astonishing results. There are two common varieties, the "Pukka" and the "Duff" specimens, both are equally liable to grow with amazing rapidity, although the Pukka plant is easily killed by non-attention, whereas the "Duff" flower can be induced to spread without any great difficulty and will give results which will prove astonishing to the grower. Actually the Duff variety of this plant can be considered as a weed and although it produces a pleasant looking flower, it shrivels quickly and leaves an objectional odor behind it. One should be very careful when raising this plant as the results may cause the grower much embarrassment.

Another very prevalent specimen of R.A.F. cultural research is the "Bindersweed" or "Greater Morbid's Brownoff." No one knows exactly when this plant was first discovered but it is one of the earliest specimens of flowering plant known. It is a drooping type of plant producing a minute flower brown in color to begin with and gradually turning a brassy shade, finally ending in a peculiar cheese-like color. This plant is quite definitely a weed and one to be avoided at all costs. It can be grown without any difficulty whatsoever and needs no tending to develop and spread. Its ability to spread in this manner proves it a difficult plant to tackle and unless it is cut down in its early stages may prove very troublesome later on.

We all know of course the well known genus of plant known commonly as "Boozer's Gloom." Known under other names such as "Canteen Cactus," "Bottle-Blossom." It thrives under application

of alcohol and is found growing best when tended towards the 15th and 31st of the month. It is a very popular plant and requires very little attention once it has obtained a firm hold.

If space permitted I would like to mention many other varieties of plants which can be found in various parts of the garden but I must leave these until a future time.

If there are any readers who are unfamiliar with the above mentioned specimens, may we suggest that they write to the Editors who will no doubt furnish them with the necessary information as to joining the Service garden club and "getting some in."

—A. R. NICKLESS.



WANTED—FOR SALE—EXCHANGE

A nominal sum of 10c is charged for each advertisement, 20c if a Box No. is required.

Serviceable Tennis Rackets wanted for use by members of the R.A.F. Any offers to S/Ldr. A. E. Armitage.

.22 Rifle wanted, any make, must be accurate. A/C. H. F. Chaffey, Cypher Office.

Good Camera wanted, state make and price. Write to "Patrician," Box No. 100.

Camera wanted, good make, preferably Kodak or Zeiss, folding or compact. A/C. Ray West, Block 10, Room 8.

For Sale—Skates, size 6, nearly new, A/C. S. King, Barber's Shop.

Wanted—Second-hand Radio. Good condition. S/Ldr. J. R. Pearson.

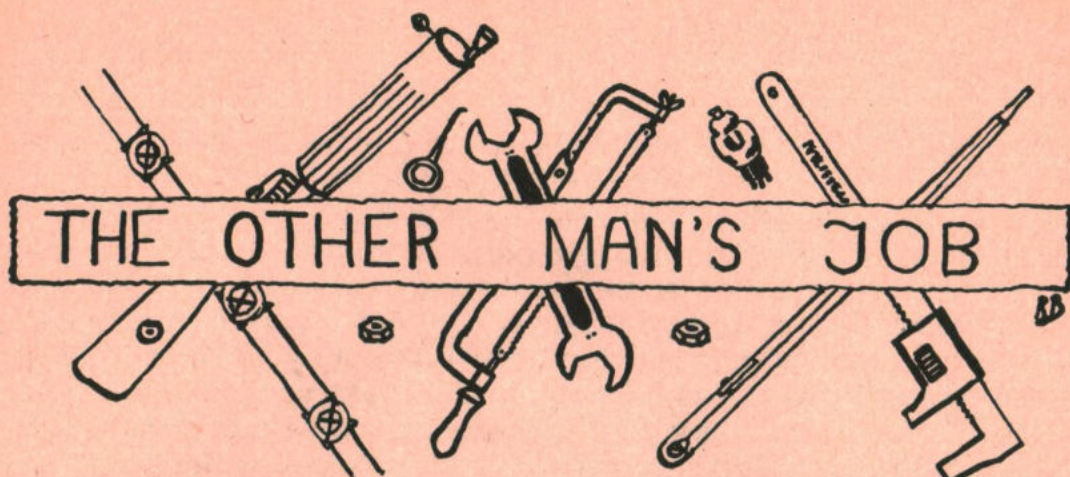
Wanted—One pair ladies' second-hand shoes—the pair mentioned in last month's mag. are worn out.

Grand DANCE

CRYSTAL GARDEN » TUESDAY, MAY 19 » 8 to 1

R.A.F. Dance Band

In Aid of "The Pat Fund" for the Bombed and Homeless of Britain
Double Tickets: \$1.25



**No. 8—"THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS RIGHT"
OR CATERING MADE EASY**

One of Dickens' characters was always clad in a top-hat and a broad smile. Lately we of the Catering Section have been wearing regulation head-dress and a puzzled frown. For we are puzzled. From Catering Officer to A.C.H. i/c Swill Pails we are puzzled. We realize as well as you do that nearly everybody knows more about catering than the people responsible for it. We still can't understand why we of all people should have been asked for an article on the work of this Section, when the Station is simply crammed with gifted amateurs who know all the answers. We thought of several names—we often do—but the Editors insisted.

There are two main schools of thought on catering:—

(a) It's simplicity itself. The rations are all regulated by official scales, so there's no silly nonsense about choosing.

(b) It's the worst job on the Station. You're expected to turn out varied and interesting meals day by day from a scale of rations which remain the same month by month.

Like most truths, the truth about catering lies midway between the extremes. It is true, for instance, that catering staffs can and often do exist for days on little but tea and nicotine. It is likewise true that they get extreme pleasure from successful experiments with new dishes. Even though the equipment available may not lend itself readily to the methods they know to be best, they will struggle with it and devise all kinds of expedients in the effort to produce good results. Much of the equipment here is ill-adapted to the production of favourite British dishes, but we object so strongly to your diet being dictated by lumps of steel or aluminium that we have invented many stratagems to overcome these intractable objects.

When you look at a caterer or a cook (if you can bear it), you see a man who has experienced human nature at its worst and yet retains a childlike trust in the goodness of his fellow beings. You can, and often do, trample him in the dust for a week; but smile approval of his dinner of the eighth day and he is your friend for life. Everybody connected with catering who is still at large is a walking monument to the triumph of faith over reason. His reason tells him

that if people (people, of course, not you) behave as they do over food, then the outlook for humanity is fairly grim: his faith tells him that you (I mean people) are capable of higher things.

Take a typical scene: The catering staff have spent hours on the diet-sheet, trying to work out new patterns from the same old lines and circles of the ration scale, balancing carbohydrates, juggling with proteins, seeing that you get your vitamins spread nicely over the week. Amongst the old, tried favourites they have introduced one or two new dishes, because you have told your representative on the Messing Committee that you want more of this, less of that, none of the other. Cooks and A.C.H.'s have arisen while it was yet night, have got the fires going, prepared and cooked the food. Senior Cooks have hovered around seeing that the ingredients were just so, that the dishes were cooked for exactly the right length of time. The moment for serving arrives. The Catering Officer gnaws his gloves in mingled pride and apprehension; the N.C.O. i/c Messing fingers his moustache; the Senior Cook continues to hover but begins to quiver; the atmosphere is charged with suspense. All this drama is for you. And what do you do? Sometimes you bolt it and ask for more. Then we like you. Sometimes you eat it with the lingering appreciation good food deserves. Then we like you very much. Sometimes you eat a half of it and push the rest away. Then we still wish you well. Sometimes you put the lot into the waste-bin. (Remember that fillet steak, soldier?). Then we — — —. In short, sometimes you like it and sometimes you don't.

That's one side of catering—the continued effort to introduce variety into the daily arrangement of meals and also to make use of the available equipment to the best advantage.

The other side is the administration detail. This covers the indenting for and purchase of foodstuffs, their inspection, checking and recording, and issue to the various Messes and to living-out personnel; the maintenance of Messing accounts and ration strength details; the business of contracts for the sale of swill and bones, and such matters, equally familiar to other Sections, as the compilation of parade states and duty rosters, leave records, staff orders and instructions, and so forth. The cleaning of kitchens and dining-halls, and everything connected with them, is a continual process. Every day, while half a ton of meat is being dissected in the butcher's shop and half a ton of potatoes bounce through the vegetable peeler, thousands of cups and saucers and plates are being washed for the next meals. And now, every day, our beds of lettuces and herbs need some attention, too. Nor does the night-cook sleep at his post. Each night it is his job not only to prepare the meals for those on late duty and to prepare the kitchens for the following day, but also to render and clarify the fats used for frying, for pastry and cakes and other kitchen purposes.

So will you think of these things when next you want to kick a cook or curse a caterer? A dog is allowed two bites, a murderer is sometimes reprieved, so it is just possible that a cook's occasional

error of judgment is not really intended as a personal insult to the eater. And when you think of the risks taken by the Axis, the risk to your palate in showing it something new doesn't seem very grave, does it?

—R. D. H. S.

"THE PAT FUND"

It is encouraging to see such a vast improvement in the receipts for the fund for the Bombed and Homeless of Britain. Since last month some sections have voluntarily collected odd cents from their members every morning and it will be seen from the list that these have amounted to a not inconsiderable sum. A/C's. Norris and King have done very good work, both by collecting in the Barber's Shop and the Cinema—it is emphasized that all these collections are voluntary and you are only asked to give what and when you can afford.

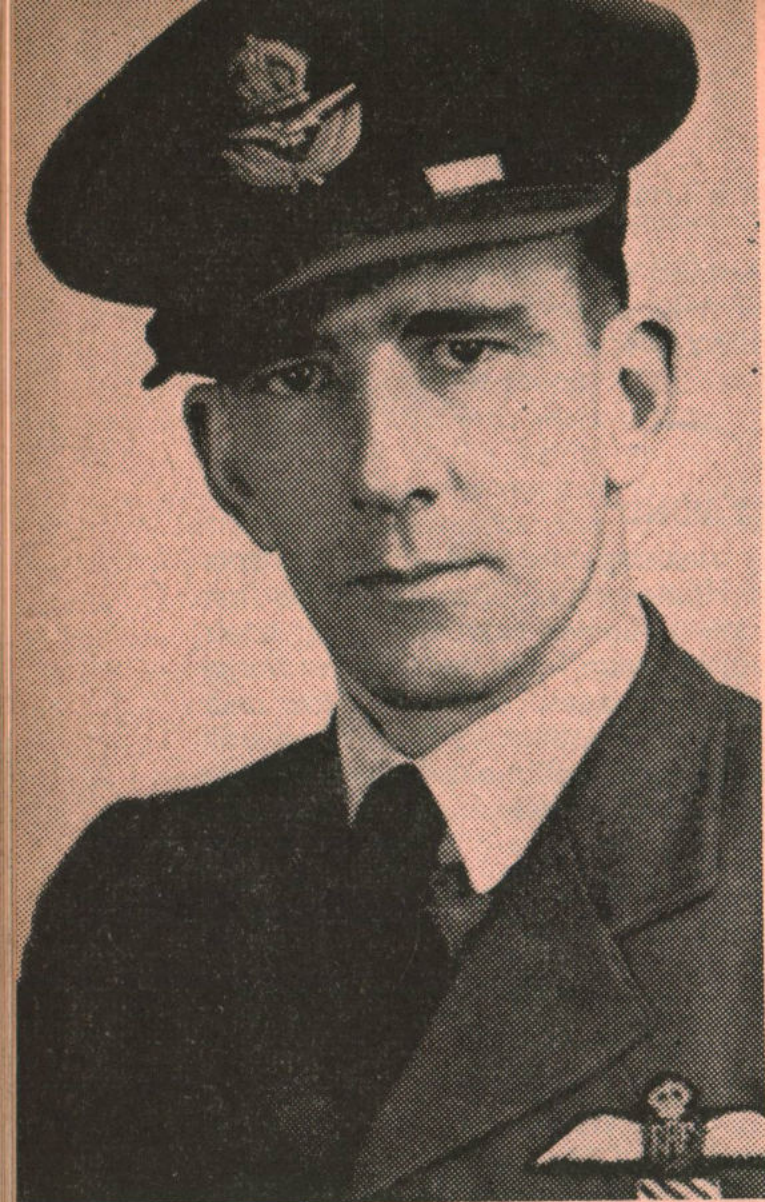
It has been decided that tins will not in future be placed in the Canteens, instead each Section is invited to raise money in its own way. We feel sure that the majority will welcome this opportunity of doing something to help the unfortunate sufferers in Britain. Let's make a greater effort than ever. Most Sections have now got a tin, if yours hasn't get one NOW from the magazine office.

The organisers ask just one favour. Will each Section please return its collection tin to "The Patrician" Office on the 17th of each month?

The takings are as follows: Cinema, \$25.29; Barber's Shop, \$7.56; Torpedo Section, \$4.85; Guard House, \$3.75; Equipment Section (3 days), \$2.42; Orderly Room, \$2.40; Officers' Mess, \$3.43; Sergeants' Mess, \$2.03; Dry Canteen, \$1.17; Wet Canteen, \$00.24. Total, \$53.14.



SPROAT LAKE, near Alberni, B. C.



In Spring, a young man's fancy . . .

We offer our best wishes to five men of the Unit who were married since our last magazine went to press.

The photograph on the left shows F/Lt. K. W. Trigance, D.F.C., whose bride was Miss Anna Byrom of Victoria.

L.A.C. S. C. Joyce of the Photographic Section married Miss Mary Walkey of Carberry, Manitoba.

The photograph on the right shows A/C. R. Braybrook of the Airmen's Mess with his bride Miss Thelma Birnie of Victoria.

A/C. W. J. Downing of the Link Trainer Section married Miss Alma McIver of Victoria.

A/C. W. C. Dolby of the Marine Craft Section married Miss C. P. McKay of Vancouver.



NEWS

FROM THE OFFICERS' MESS

The posting for service elsewhere of Wing Commander G. B. Beardsworth has removed the Unit's first P.M.C. He was to a very great extent responsible for the comforts which those members who occasionally remain in the Mess on their watch evenings now enjoy. His knowledge of what went on in the Mess was uncanny. It still remains a mystery how he knew who was late for breakfast (surely there is no Gestapo amongst us?). On his trip to . . . we wish him bon voyage and good luck.

His successors, Squadron Leader Mitchelmore is a popular choice. We are confident that under his guidance high cockalorum will flourish without any further casualties.

1 1 1

The very successful cocktail party given by H.Q. Staff to a few (?) friends was slightly marred by the look of horror on the hosts' faces every time they saw their guests take another drink. If they were shaken by that, what will happen when they see their Mess bills?

1 1 1

Answers to correspondents: (Jealous). No. The hood was that colour when he bought the car.

1 1 1

The interest taken by all members in the Mess garden is most gratifying. The two members (with the help of the M.W. runner!), who are responsible for most of the manual labour notice that very few pass without manifesting some latent horticultural instincts.

1 1 1

Flight-Lieutenant K. W. Trigance was married on Saturday, April 18. To Mrs. Trigance and him we offer our best wishes. It is feared that we shall see him in the Mess less than ever.

1 1 1

The cars parked in front of the Mess belong to members. They are not an exhibition of early models transferred from London for safe preservation during hostilities.

1 1 1

We understand that P/O. Austin has decided not to transfer to M.B.C. For his information there is no R.A.F. trade of Deep Sea Diver.

COLA COCA STILL AT IT!



Noted Professor Continues His Studies

Readers may remember a short time ago we had the unusual privilege of publishing an exclusive interview (so exclusive indeed that the learned Professor took to his bed for a month after reading it. However our snooping scribe has once more prevailed upon the famous man of letters to reveal some more of his researches into the wild life of the "Greater Bluecoated Ayrmann."

"Since last writing I have heard that this strange species has been observed scratching about in the soil and carrying seeds and plants which they have uprooted from other parts of the peninsular. This made me so deeply interested in the domestic habits of this peculiar bird, that I determined to ensnare one of them into my trap for a period of 48 hours. Craftily baiting the trap with a hot bath and a secluded room in which the creature could retire at will, I persuaded one of them to accompany me to my quarters, albeit rather charily, not knowing the habits of this particular specimen I had captured. My first impression was one of disappointment as the bird could hardly be prevailed to utter a single cry during the whole journey to the cage I had prepared for him. This was most upsetting as I had been studying very diligently the various calls and cries uttered by these creatures and had compiled a glossary whereby I could readily understand their language. During the whole journey I do not think this specimen uttered more than two cries, one when I offered the bird a paper tube of tobacco (to which I believe many of them are addicts). To this offer it replied with a croaking, "Dontminifido" and the other occasion was when we had to pass several others of the same species which attracted my captive's attention causing it to chuckle throatily and extend two of its claws in a peculiar sign, crying what sounded to be "Yuvaditchumm."

Arriving at my abode at last I escorted the creature into my lair, noticing how craftily it was watching all the exits from my den, its little eyes darting from side to side with a bright intelligence which boded no good I thought. However once inside and pouring a glass of amber liquid which I set before the creature, I was relieved to notice a pleasant expression creeping over its moribund features. Extending a claw to test the beverage, no doubt, the bird then made short work of it with evident signs of relish. Replenishing its glass

I was amazed to see this one disappear in like manner. Busily entering this note in my book, I was too engrossed to observe that the creature had loped away and when I looked up again I was amazed to see it squatting before the fire uttering pleased grunts and stretching its body in evident appreciation of the warmth. Beckoning to it to make full use of the pleasure it was undoubtedly getting, it turned its beady eyes upon me and uttered a loud caw of delight. Leaving it there to indulge in its obviously unaccustomed pleasure I busied myself with my work, until glancing up again I saw that the creature had now taken itself to my bathroom and was standing there softly clucking in such an appealing manner that I could not hesitate to deprive it any longer of the thing which it no doubt needed so badly. Ushering it into the room I left it happily splashing about and gurgling contentedly to itself. Whether it was due to the extreme warmth of the fire or whether the work of the day had proved too tiring, I don't know, but unfortunately I dropped off to sleep for a time, and when I awoke I immediately thought, "What of my specimen?" Dashing to the bathroom I knew it was no use. It was empty and apart from very obvious signs that the bath had lately been tenanted, there was no sign of my late captive. Calling in what I thought to be its native tongue I received no reply and I was forced to abandon the chase. The creature had made good its escape.

I am not disappointed however, we scientists have to accept these matters but I shall take good care next time to attach a chain to its leg to prevent such an occurrence again. Meanwhile I am continuing my researches unabatedly and hope to publish a paper shortly.

—A. R. NICKLESS.



CONGRATULATIONS

Here are the latest promotions, if they continue at such a rate we shall shortly have to publish a special inset:—

F/O. B. A. M. Herbert to Flight Lieutenant, P/O. J. A. Whittaker to Flying Officer, P/O. H. W. M. Telling to Flying Officer.

Sgt. C. A. Goodhead to Flight Sergeant.

Cpls. J. Wilson, T. Teasdale, J. Dean, J. D. Thorner to Sergeant.

L.A.C.'s. L. C. W. Symons, H. Morgan, L. L. Stobart, L. Sumner, S. R. Bedford, S. Windmill, L. Jenkins, E. E. A. Neale, D. Bushell to Corporal.

L.A.C.'s. Neale and Windmill will no longer be subjected to civilian curiosity regarding their stripes; from now on they'll wear them in the more usual manner.

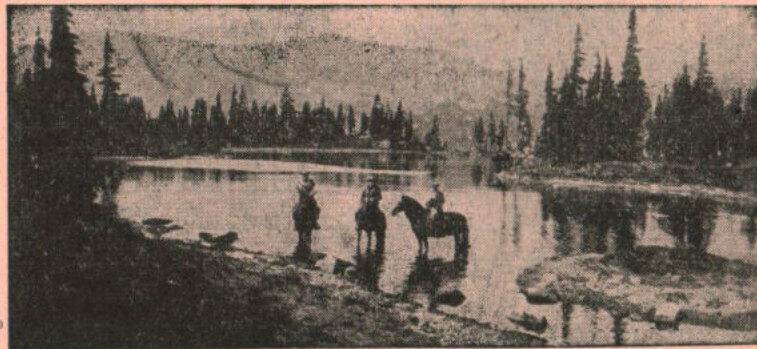
Congratulations to the following fathers:—A daughter, Dorothy, to W/O. W. Hubbard; a son, Patrick Charles, to Sgt. F. Connolly; a son, Michael Harry, to A/C. H. W. Pullinger.

WHY NOT LEARN TO SKI?



Leave has two limitations—duration and finance. Leave's primary object is to make one return from it feeling fitter and happier. This can be achieved in several ways according to one's choice. The majority elect to start with letting off a little steam, others proceed (either before or after steam release) to strenuous exercises, whilst others again prefer quieter and more stately exercise; a minority confine themselves to pure relaxation, reading, attending concerts, cinemas, etc. Few realise how very easily leave requirements can be met from here within the limitations of duration and finance. The allures of wine, women and song, and the quieter amusements in Victoria and Vancouver are already too well known and too well advertised to require detailing here.

For strenuous "health and strength" seekers, riding, tennis and skating, as well as golf, fishing and good hiking are all at the door step. It is not, however, generally realised and appreciated that one of the finest sports which provides change of air and scenery is also within easy reach. Skiing is a magnificent all-embracing open air exercise which combines thrills and an element of danger with social activities and other incidental amusements. To the British mind, skiing is, unfortunately, connected with social status, special clothing, costly living and expensive equipment. It is my aim to show how wrong is this conception. From a passage by T.C.A. with the inevitable luggage limit of 40 lbs. I managed to ski at Banff, outside Montreal and outside Quebec. Naturally, I had no special clothes or equipment, but by hiring boots and skis, tucking the ends of service trousers under socks, letting down the flaps of field service cap over the ears, and tying string around the end of my jacket sleeves to keep them a tight fit over my gloves, I managed excellently and even found that the wet seat of pants were dried in a very few minutes on a bedroom radiator.



ON THE FORBIDDEN PLATEAU

I have since explored local skiing possibilities and discovered the Forbidden Plateau. It is just a few miles north of Courtenay and is therefore easily within the compass of all airmen on short leave.

The half price ticket (to service men in uniform) on the 'bus from Victoria gets you to Courtenay in about six hours after a very beautiful and enjoyable drive. A car takes you from Courtenay to the Lodge in about 20 minutes and from then on your hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Wood, will make you thoroughly comfortable with good food, hot baths and comfortable beds. You can hire all necessary equipment and the services of an instructor are available. You will then climb—at first on foot and later on skis—or your posterior, and after an hour you will reach the top fully realising how unfit you are. There you will find a hut where you can brew yourself a hot drink or imbibe other revivers, after which you proceed to tumble around on soft slopes of all gradings amidst the most wonderful scenery. All skiers of all sexes are friends, so you won't be lonely, and always remember that although things look black under the snow there is always the sunshine and virgin whiteness when you emerge. Half an hour down to the Lodge and a hot bath, good meal and another reviver, and so early to the most welcome of beds and a right-thorough night of slumber. Next morning may start dark and stiff all over, but when you climb again (perchance through rain and fog) you find yourself in lovely snow and bright sunshine and so all the fun starts again. Of course, should you be "Ginger" and impulsive, you may not fully appreciate all the pleasure at the moment, as you will read in the following article. However be not put off!

For three dollars a day inclusive, plus the hire of skis at a dollar and boots at 75c a day, you can all have this most enjoyable change and health-giving exercise, and can further credit yourself with a new attainment. Skiing at the Plateau will be on until June—try it!

Books and full information on the subject can be obtained from the Padre.

—P. P.

Thanks a lot Flt./Lt. Herbert for the film of the Inspector General's Parade. The pictures were good and the commentary excellent.

Learn to **DANCE** *and be* **POPULAR**



It's EASY • It's FUN

Inexpensive

AGE NO BARRIER

REDUCED RATES TO MEN IN UNIFORM

Mr. and Mrs. GEORGE ROSALY

Fort & Elford

Victoria's Leading Ballroom Instructors

E-4854

THE PLATEAU VISITED

A Survivor's Account



Four days' leave—where should we go? After many arguments I made up our minds we would visit the Forbidden Plateau. On the morn appointed for our departure we noticed both the sun shining and the birds singing **after** coming off the morning rehearsal parade. The schedule for the day's run had been based upon catching the 1100 hours ferry, the noble M.V. Cascade, and whilst this stalwart little craft steamed to its appointed destination we passed the time dusting the "hearse," the lamps and rad. were polished until the whole outfit resembled the village fire engine on gala days.

On dry land again we steered our course in a general northerly direction and by early evening we were at Courtenay, where we turned westward into the setting sun. For the benefit of the unsuspecting, and we were then, there follows about six miles of amazing mountain road, climbing steadily to a height of 2,000 feet, through a wilderness of tree stumps. Apart from discovering the fan belt was broken when we were half way up and the water boiling furiously, and then taking the wrong turn, coupled with the fact that darkness was descending and we had not the least idea whether we were in actual fact going where we intended, we mutually agreed we were not doing too well. We pressed on, later placing bets on whether there was any smoke coming from the chimneys of the Lodge when eventually we saw it, or whether it was as deserted as it looked.

A cordial greeting was extended to us on arrival, which together with a warm cheery room, and a meal preceded by a nip in lieu of a "stoup of Malmsey," revived our spirits. The subject automatically arose then, of what time would we set out the following morning for the ski grounds, and would we care now to go and select our skis.

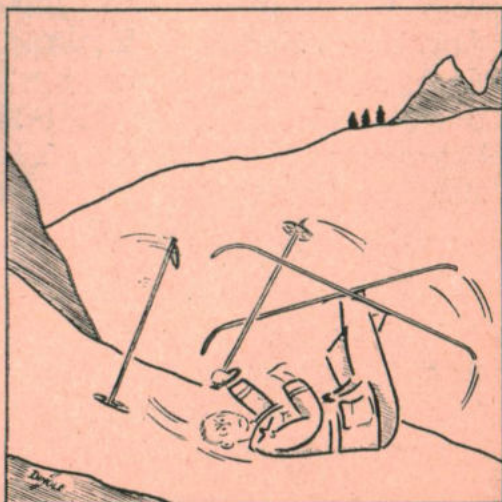
Whether it was a question of neglected education or a lack of opportunity I will not reveal, but the confession has to be made that never in my life had I even stood upon a pair of skis. Unfortunately for me my companion had, and he knew all about such mysteries as Christies, Snowploughs and Herring boning. Although I had up to this time been completely unprepared for the possibilities of attempting this sport, I kept as brave a face as possible, and hoped for the best.

Into the basement with firm resolve we strode, and were there greeted with the odour of wax, and the sight of all the paraphernalia associated with this strenuous and skilful sport. With trepidation boots were selected, size being judged to allow for layers of stout

woollen hose. I observed that the correct thing to do was to select a pair of skis of length which allowed one to place the palm of the hand with arm extended on to the curved end of the ski, whilst the reverse end was still resting on the ground. This I nonchalantly commenced to do, in order that the casual observer might imagine I had been reaching for the curved ends of skis since my cradle days. Someone suggested that the two lengths of timber I selected were sufficiently waxed, I agreed but expressed the doubt that they would be fast enough. Now do not misinterpret this as bragging, because in actual fact I fully realised that the only comfortable enjoyment I could possibly get from this first experience of skiing, was the enjoyment I was experiencing in that basement before the unwieldy pieces of wood were affixed to my two lower limbs. I might add at this stage that the individual who stated that those skis were sufficiently waxed, most certainly made that statement with malice aforethought.

Next morning dawned, not brightly but bright enough. Two intrepid bodies ventured forth with skis professionally over left shoulders, and ski poles in hand, and commenting in no uncertain terms on the glorious mountain air and the joy of living generally. The snow line commenced at the Lodge and there was a gentle climb to the nearest peak and ski grounds, a difference in elevation of some 2,000 feet and a distance of approximately two miles, which is normally covered on skis in about an hour, so we were told. As we reached the snow I fastened on the aforementioned lengths of timber and promptly became oblivious to everything and everybody, my whole thoughts were concentrated on my feet and the problem of remaining vertical.

The number of times during the next two and a half hours that it took me to reach the summit, that I had to gather myself off the ground, I cannot record. Furthermore it was my misfortune or due to my own clumsiness that my left foot and the corresponding ski parted company far too frequently during that endless climb. As was ever thus, the last few yards proved the most difficult, the slopes were or seemed more acute. On one particular tiresome little piece, I suddenly went out of control, vaguely I can remember a mixture of trees, clouds, horizon, snow, skis and poles. Happily I had the presence of mind to allow a little time for all this to settle down. Realisation or reason eventually returned, and an amazing sight met my eyes. Never would I have thought it possible for one human body, two planks of lumber and two poles to have interwoven themselves into such a



fantastic design, but most astonishing was the fact that no limbs appeared to be broken.

Eventually the "lookout" on top was reached, a fire was already kindled, and soon there were cups of hot tea together with a belated picnic lunch. Later after a repetition of many undignified gymnastics we were back at the Lodge, the fact that my companion had already had a hot bath and changed by the time I got in calls for no comment. But for my part that hot bath which was preceded by a "Guinness" and followed by a good meal was a grand conclusion to a day that actually I had thoroughly enjoyed.

Yes, the Plateau is worth a visit, and as regards skiing there is just as much fun in being unskilled as being fully experienced. Shakespeare said, "Experience is a jewel, and it had need to be so, for it is often purchased at an infinite rate." I do not know if Shakespeare were ginger, but he obviously tried skiing. —K. D. A.



Why Should We Fight For England?

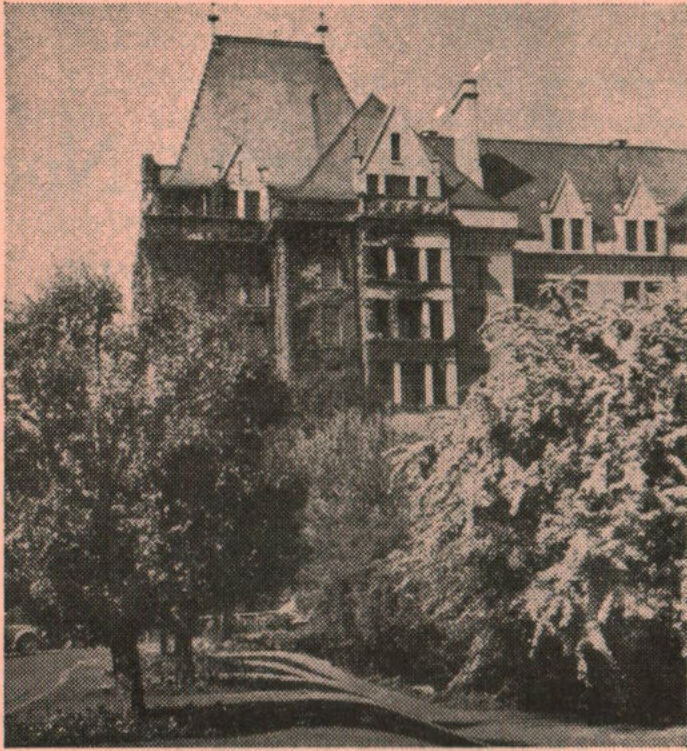


"Why should we fight?" he asked me, "'Cause England is at war?"
 "Why are they fighting now, dad, what are they fighting for?
 What does it mean to you, dad, to babe and mums and me?
 The Germans won't come here from away across the sea.
 So why should you go there, dad, and leave us here to cry?
 Is it 'cause England owns us? Is that the reason why?"
 His eyes looked widely at me, I tightly held my son,
 And this is how I answered his questions one by one:

"We fight when England calls us, for in her sacred keep
 The ashes of our fathers lie in her soil—asleep.
 And many times for England they fought that she'd be free,
 And they are part of England, and so, my son are we.
 And some may pass her by, lad, and some may scorn her hand,
 But we must be forever a part of that fair land.
 For everything we have, son, that's good and fine and just
 Was washed in British Blood and given to us in trust.

"And we must keep that trust son, against the force of greed,
 And fight beside Old England whenever she's in need.
 And once again she's calling, across the Empire wide,
 And all her Empire answers, 'You'll find us at your side.'
 Oh, yes, we're owned by England, but we own England too,
 As you are part of me, son, and I am part of you."

—HAROLD WOOD.



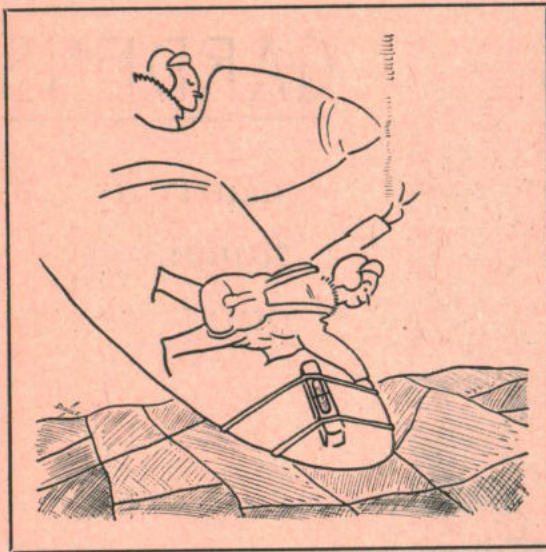
GARDENS

—*nearly as
famous as
ours!*

The Empress
Hotel, Victoria.



Butchart's
Gardens,
Brentwood.



Believe It or Not

R.A.F. PROVES RIPLEY WRONG



Open Letter to Robert Ripley,
New York.

"Does a Spirit Level always tell the truth?"

"No! In an airplane it always shows level no matter what position or angle the plane is flying."

Dear Mr. Ripley,

In the Victoria Daily Colonist, dated March 15, the above information regarding the reactions of a spirit level appeared in your regular cartoon. It rather puzzled us—we couldn't believe it, yet, we thought, "Ripley is never wrong." Someone suggested that there might be a trick in the wording—we read it and re-read it but couldn't find one. We erks argued heatedly as to whether it was right or wrong (an erk, Mr. Ripley, is a R.A.F. slang word meaning an airman of lowly rank and no social standing). Some said you were right and murmured something rather vaguely about centrifugal force, others very definitely said you were wrong. This argument grew beyond the control of the erks—sergeants and even flight sergeants were often seen in animated discussion on the subject. The uncertainty of it all began to play on our nerves . . . what really did happen to that little bubble of air? At last we asked a pilot officer—he shall remain unnamed lest the disclosure of his ignorance compel him to hang his head in shame—being erks we always thought pilot officers knew everything. He referred us to the Chief Flying Instructor who went into a huddle with Squadron Leader They, too, shall remain anonymous for the same reason as the P/O. It must be said, however, that all these officers thought your statement was wrong but your reputation prevented them from giving a definite answer. The last-mentioned Squadron Leader decided that as these furious arguments were undermining the morale and mental fitness of half the Station personnel the best thing to do would be to make a practical test.

A few days later we took up a spirit level on one of the routine flights. The pilot was most obliging and climbed and dived and rocked and rolled—all eyes were on that little bubble. What happened? Why, the thing just moved about as it does on a table which is being tilted.

We agreed that you asked your readers to "Believe it or Not," but frankly, Mr. Ripley, we don't—now.

The R.A.F. stationed here are awaiting your reply with great interest.

Yours on the level,
THE EDITORS.

(A copy of this month's mag. has been sent to Mr. Ripley.—Eds.)



"Click!"



Have you a camera? If so, why not go into action right away, now that the fine weather (?) is here?

Come on, now, fish that camera out of your suit-case or kit-bag, give it a good spring clean, and start producing good, interesting pictures, pictures that will tell a story to the folks at home. There lies quite half the fun of photography—giving pleasure to others.

The object of these few words is to form a Station Photographic Club. Here in British Columbia we have the ideal surroundings and atmosphere for this very interesting hobby, indeed, it is a photographer's paradise.


The finest method of improving your photographic technique is to swap experiences with others. If, then, a sufficient number of keen amateurs will join forces and form a Club, the possibilities will be enormous, just think—rambles across country, Club meetings, competitions, exhibitions, lectures, informal talks on member's problems, and last but not least, the "gen" on what NOT TO TAKE.

Yes, there IS a war on, and well we know it; but even in war-time we must prevent this fine hobby from going rusty. During our lecture hours we must get away from camp routine, relax, and do something different for a change, without having to "thumb it" into Victoria every night.


So if you have a camera, whether it be a chromium encircled Zeiss or Leica, or even a humble "click box," and are genuinely interested in the art, give this motion your support. Let's make full use of these long, light evenings.

If interested, get in touch with Sgt. Gill in the Link Trainer Section, without delay.

—"SUMMITAR."



News From the Sergeant's Mess



Surely the most incredible story of the month is of the chap who said that a bullfrog bit his wrist, or did she have her false teeth in her hand when the offensive started?

We hear that the Inspector General was rather mystified by a certain model tram, until it was explained that the owner is going back to his nuthouse as soon as the war is over.

The venerable Baron arrayed himself in best blue, set his ears back and pomaded his fungus the other night and since that time he's been very secretive and even more eccentric than usual. Has he found a hidden store of loganberry wine?

Many and various are the questions fired at the Mess Caterer, the latest being, "What time does the water come on?"

At least one sergeant has handed his cap, F/S., into stores as he is getting so little chance to wear it. We suspect that Pathrick, who was born in Dublin himself, is after being facetious.

It has been proposed that a course of astral navigation be started for the benefit of those members who are experiencing difficulty in reaching the top bed, and who in frustration are at present sleeping on the floor. Also a lecture on "Oxygen for High Altitude Flying," would assist when the necessary equipment is issued.

The magnificent Maestro performed his best for the Dance on 1st April and a good time was had by all. Group Captain Pope paid his first social visit to the Mess, accompanied by Wing Commander Waring and many other officers.

We notice with dismay that the nightmare blacking brush, which we thought peculiar to Swift Current, is making itself noticed again.

It is said that F/Sgt. Salisbury now has to sleep on the floor to make room for Drag the Second.



The Race Is On!



**Padre Gives \$10 for Biggest Moustache
on May 13.**

Thirteen days to go—will they all make it? That's the question of the moment. Ten faces bristling with newly-grown hair can be seen wandering around the camp—not always, however, for many are so well camouflaged that they merge into the background in an incredible manner.

Men already famous for their hirsute facial decoration have been interviewed by a "Pat" reporter and we record herewith some of the statements made on the subject of the Padre's competition and advice to competitors.


"All S/L. Wilde would say was that some of the efforts he had seen were "A jolly good show, old man, jolly good show." He added that amazing results would be obtained by rubbing in a little chloride of lime every night and morning. F/Sgt. Salisbury, the wearer of a not diminutive fibrous growth advised the entrants to drink plenty of water and as the hairs pop up tie a knot in them immediately to prevent them from slipping back. The next on the list was Sgt. Dukes but he was not to be found, I heard later that he had slipped out of camp disguised as F/Sgt. Jackson. Fortunately the latter was at home when I called and after being invited to a cup of tea (for which the F/Sgt. and his staff are already well-known), he proceeded to demonstrate a half-roll, loop, falling leaf and other difficult manoeuvres with his own famous top lip shrubbery. He pointed out that the art in executing these movements is to avoid tickling one's nose as there is a great danger of sneezing to death. I thanked him for his valuable contribution to our review and set out to seek some of the competitors.

The size of some of the entries can be gauged by the following story told to me by Sam King and which involves Ron Norris, his partner in crime at the Barber's Shop—they have both entered the competition—Sam was recently reading the newspaper when he saw "Black Bear Shot At Shawnigan" sprawled across the headlines. He dropped the paper and rushed back to the billet. He said, "I couldn't tell you what a relief it was to find old Ron sleeping peacefully on his bed."


(Continued on Page 45)

TALES FROM THE TARMAC


The Servicing Squadron Buffet (free to Guest Officers above the rank of Flight Lieutenant) has applied for the services of a full time waiter to cope with the ever increasing pressure of work.




A certain W.O. was seen recently, dressed in best blue, posing with studied nonchalance, in the wilderness behind Main Stores. They also say the photograph was very life-like. Autographed copies now on sale!




A certain Flight Lieutenant who has fabulous shares in the Aerated Water business has been bribing the Station's best amateur gardeners to work for him at the rate of "one free bottle per man-hour." Is it worth it?




The Senior N.C.O.'s of "A" and "B" flights are rehearsing a new and daring dance for the next airmen's concert. They call it "The Tail Wheel Shimmy."




"Wee" Kirke, almost an institution in No. 1 Hangar, caused an air of great despondency to settle upon the precincts of the Servicing Squadron Offices. "Who shall carry us back the can?"



Twice per day the personnel of "E" flight check their watches by the exemplary punctuality of Flight Sergeant Goodhead. At 0959 hours of a morning and at 1459 hours of an afternoon, the Flight sets his course for the Mackenzie.



Since the migration of the recently formed Maintenance Squadron to their new stamping grounds at No. 5, there has been a severe shortage of waste oil deposits on the floor of No. 1.



The members of No. 1 Armoury's Horticultural Society collapsed en masse when "Chunky," alias "First-on-the-flair" was seen to lift a spade; but the said members recovered when the Honourable Chunky explained that he was only using it as a temporary boot-scraper.

That the camp water supply will be turned off temporarily on Sunday afternoons to enable the Torpedo Workshops "Well of Loneliness" to burst forth into a gushing fountain. At present, little "Nobby" Clark has consented to act as Water Diviner, using Chop-sticks as his medium.

"Take up thy bed and walk" does not apply to L.A.C. Wilde. He left his in No. 1 Hangar Stores; but Cpl. Heritage has not found any roses, so far.

—F. I. M.



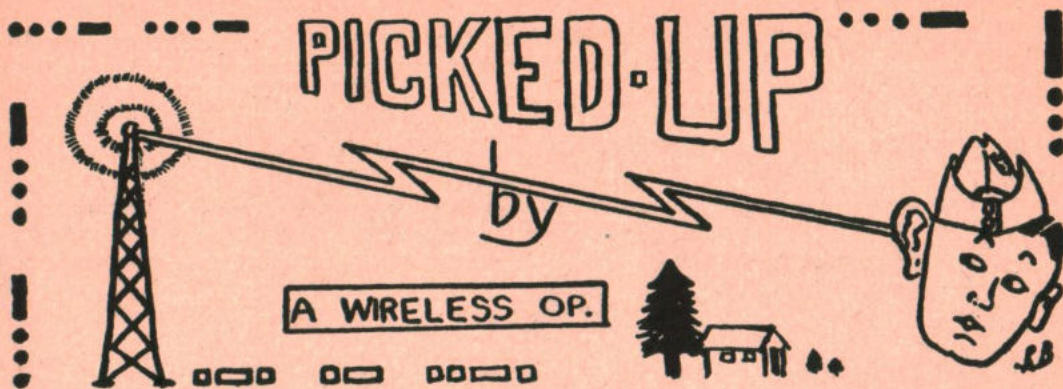
On Monday, April 13, the Station was visited by His Excellency the Earl of Athlone, Governor-General of Canada. He is shown here with our Commanding Officer, Group-Capt. A. J. Ashton, officer commanding R.C.A.F. Station, and F/Lt. L. Stadfield, R.C.A.F.

FLIGHT LIEUTENANT PETER A. KIMPTON

It is with the deepest regret that we have to announce the death of one of our Officer staff pilots, Flight Lieutenant Peter A. Kimpton, in a recent aircraft accident.

Flight Lieutenant Kimpton devoted a great deal of his time to the activities of the Unit, and had become a very popular officer with all ranks. He took a keen interest in "The Patrician" and contributed many articles, amongst which were "Canadian Journey" and "Dasher." His untimely death came as a bitter blow, and we fully realise what a grand comrade we have lost.

On behalf of the Officers, Senior N.C.O.'s. and Airmen of this Unit, the editors of "The Patrician" would like to offer their deepest sympathy to the parents of Flight Lieutenant Kimpton in their great loss.



PUKKA GEN

The Stores ran out of chevrons this month. I don't wonder—the Accounts Section Office alone reminds me of a cage of zebras.

A F/O. has been placed in the BX1 category for petrol instead of the usual B1. Obviously he's got that little Xtra something that the others haven't got.

Recently in a beer parlour three Petty Officers asked a R.A.F. F/Sgt. if gold crowns above three chevrons and a large moustache signified that the wearers had been through Dunkirk?—the F/Sgt's name was not Jackson!

Members of 111 Sqdn. dug a deep hole when it was learned that local Indians were to present them with a Thunderbird totem pole. It was later learned that the pole was about eighteen inches in height.

The congestion caused by early morning parades marching to work may necessitate an S.P. being detailed for point duty at the busy crossroads.

Sorry to hear that a Flt./Mech's. girl friend has left to join the Canadian Waafs. He was on duty watch, too, the day she left. 'Tis a sad story, but there is always **compassionate** posting.

DUFF GEN

The famous saying, "Give me Liberty or give me Death," has been amended slightly to read, "Give me Liberty or give me Life," which would mean, of course, that in Canada Liberty is seven cents cheaper.

The Workshops Boys are going to petition their Officer i/c for a special Hangover Parade at 1400 hours on any day immediately following a dance at the Crystal Garden.

SPORT



SOCCER

Since our last write-up, the Unit team have engaged the Army in the United Services League fixtures on two occasions. The first encounter resulted in a 3-1 reverse. In the second game, however, we gained our revenge in no uncertain fashion, running out the victors by 4-2. In this latter game, after being two goals down at half-time the team struck their true form, and completely over-ran the Army team. Everyone agreed that the high spot of the game was the equalizing goal scored by Hurd—a smashing thirty-five yard oblique drive. The winning of this game keeps us in the running for the league championship.

Yet another R.A.F. player has been selected to represent the United Services team, A/C. Martin, our recent discovery in the left wing position. Martin's inclusion in the team brings the total of R.A.F. players to eight, the remaining seven consists of F/Sgt. Huggins, Cpl. Woodbridge, Cpl. Heppenstall, A/C. Hurd, A/C. Hughes, A/C. Hall, A/C. Mundy.

It is hoped in our next edition to give a pen-picture of each of our players covering their performance with the Unit team.

—G. W. and L. D. H.

RUGBY

R.A.F. v. Royal Roads. Won, 14-6—Although without the services of P.O. Smyth and F/Sgt. Middleton, the team in this match gave an inspiring display, and by its victory in this third match of the Cowichan Cup series remained in the running for the trophy.

At the half-way mark the R.A.F. were three points ahead. A good passing movement by the "threes" culminated in Spiers sprinting, side-stepping, and hop-skipping his way through the Royal Roads defence. A grand try.

Shortly after the resumption the R.A.F. went further ahead. From a five yard scrum Gillespie picked up and scored. Spiers converted. By scoring two penalty goals in quick succession, and thereby reducing our lead to but two points, the Roads showed us that the game was still far from won. It was difficult at this stage to understand the Navy's policy of preferring set scrum's to lineout's as Greenhalgh hooked the ball for us most consistently. It was from one of these scrums that "Paddy" Nolan selling one of his famous "dummies" put Spiers through for the latter's second try, and just before the end Hollingworth raced through to place the issue beyond all doubt. Both tries were unconverted. A word of thanks to the referee, whose tight control earned him great respect from both sides.

R.A.F. v. J.B.A.A. Lost, 9-3—We were honoured by the presence of the C.O. at this match, but the team was unable to reward him and the large body of supporters with a victory. Our forwards, although giving much weight away, played hard, but the brilliant hooking of Doug. Bray for our opponents' caused us to be on the defensive for the greater part of the first half, and our line was crossed twice.

We rallied for a spell in the second half and reduced the six point lead our opponents had gained, through an unconverted try by Smyth. This try was the only bright spot of the match from our point of view. The movement started by Nolan in our own '25 saw his pass go to Spiers, who gained about forty yards, Smyth took the latter's pass and with a desperate burst of speed flung himself over the line. The Bays put paid to our rising hopes with another unconverted try. I do not wish to detract anything from the value of the victory of the Bays by much criticism of our display in this match. I prefer to state that we played as well as our opponents would let us. They were on the top of their form, they were the better team and so their victory was just.

—L. S.

TABLE TENNIS

No. 1 Team finishing a very successful season, defeated Hill's U Drive by 39 games to 33 to become Cup Champions of the 1st Division Victoria Table Tennis Association.

The records of the table tennis teams for their first season are as follows:—

No. 1 Team—1st Division Champions.

No. 2 Team—2nd Division Champions.

No. 3 Team—2nd Division Runners-up.

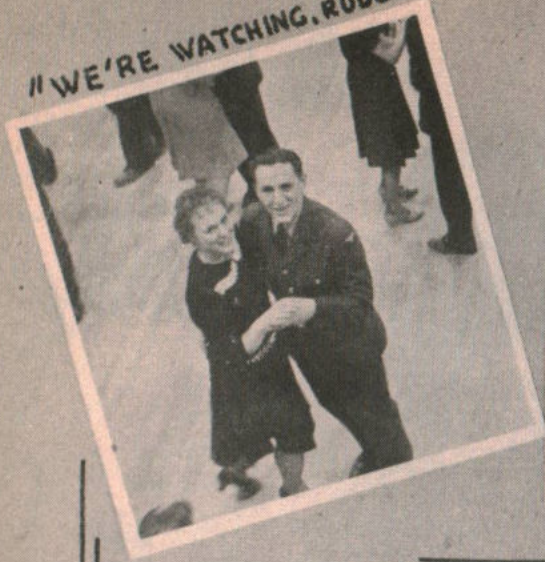
At the Presentation Dance on 17th March, at the Chamber of Commerce, Group Captain Pope presented the cups to the two captains, Cpl. Walker and A/C. King, and all the players were presented with replicas. Photographs of some of the table tennis players appear on page 40.

—L. V. R.

BADMINTON

Four courts are now available in the Synthetic Building to club members, the entrance is opposite the M.T. Section. Exceptionally good lighting without glare is a feature of these new courts. Members are requested to leave these in the first-class condition which they now find them. An American tournament is now in progress for prizes given by the Y.M.C.A. May we remind those interested that the membership fee is 25c per month and names should be handed to Sgt. Mills, Synthetic Building, or L.A.C. W. Barber, Signals Section.

"WE'RE WATCHING, RUDGE"



"INTERMISSION"



The AIRMEN'S DANCE IN THE RECREATION HALL ~ 10th APRIL 1942

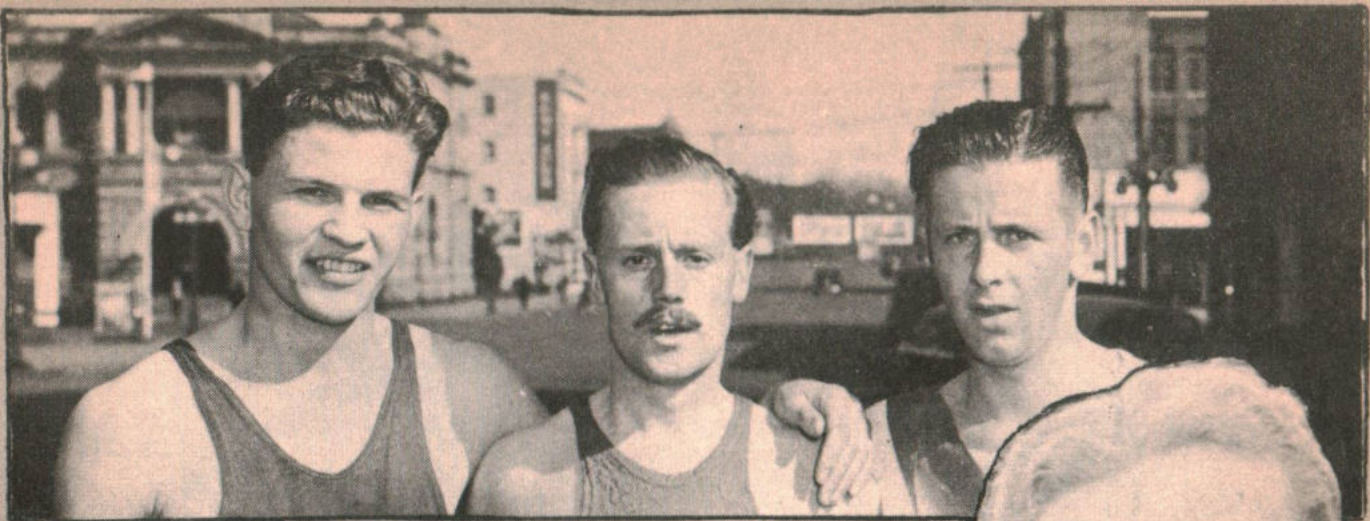
"SWING IT"



"NICE WORK, BEECH"



"--AND YOU, TICH"



Victoria Times

INTER-SERVICES ROAD RACE, VICTORIA, 3. 4. 42
1st BRADY - NAVY., 2nd ABBOTT - R.A.F., 3rd BROOKS - ARMY

WINNERS

TABLE - TENNIS
THE C.O. PRESENTS THE CUP TO Cpl. E.D. WALKER
CAPTAIN OF No 1 TEAM ~ SOME OF THE PLAYERS



(PHOTOS BY Sgt. GILL)



SEFF



KING



ANDREWS



MCINTYRE



HARDING



CAMPION



ABBOTT



WALKER



WILDMORE



SAMUEL

BASKETBALL

The season has now finished and considering that this was our first season and in view of the fact that we had very little support from members of the Station—well, we didn't do so badly, tying with 115 Sqdn. for third place in the League. Gordon Head Cadets were first, and R.C.A.F. N.C.O.'s with R.C.A.F. H:Q. tied for second place. The game played against 111 Sqdn., 30-3-42, resulted in a very close win for us—20 points to 19. We were beaten by the N.C.O.'s on 1-4-42 by 31 points to 27.

—J. D. T.

RUNNING

On Good Friday seven men from this Station took part in the Inter-Services Road Race of 3.3 miles in Victoria, and although only fourteen days' notice of the event was given, the R.A.F. entrants did exceptionally well considering their short period of training. Abbott, of the R.A.F. who put up an excellent performance, finished 20 seconds after Brady, R.C.N., who won the race in the very good time of 18 mins. 39 secs. Brooks of the Canadian Army was third. For the most part of the race Abbott set the pace, but towards the finish the better training of the Navy runner showed to advantage. The seven R.A.F. entrants were in the first twelve to finish and if the race had been between teams would have won easily.

A photograph of the winners appears on page 40 of this issue. During the month Abbott has been posted away from this Station. He will be missed as he has not only distinguished himself in the above race but was also the backbone of the Table Tennis team. We offer our best wishes to him and to the others who have gone with him.

TENNIS

By kind permission of the Commanding Officer, five tennis courts are being provided on the Apron of No. 4 Hangar for use by members of this Unit, and by the time this reaches our readers it is hoped that at least three of the courts will have been completed and tennis will be in full swing.

Six rackets are being purchased through the P.S.I., and the Tennis Committee are puzzling their heads and going into high finance debates in order to find ways and means of procuring further rackets. Tennis balls have already been purchased by the club, and members may purchase these on application to S/Ldr. A. E. Armitage, or Corporal Denn.

The Y.M.C.A. on this Station has supplied over 40,000 sheets of writing paper, and 25,000 envelopes since September 1st.

Victoria Girl: "Did anyone ever tell you how wonderful you are?"

R.A.F. Erk: "No, I don't think anyone ever did."

Victoria Girl: "Then I'd like to know where you got the idea."

Make "MC & MC"

your headquarters for

FISHING SUPPLIES

● HARDYS ● ALLCOCKS ● MILWARD

English Fishing Tackle

RODS » REELS » CASTS » FLIES



We Can Outfit You For . . .

HANDBALL

SOFTBALL

GOLF

TENNIS

LACROSSE

BASEBALL

We Carry Complete Stocks of . . .

FURNITURE

GENERAL HARDWARE

TOOLS

BUILDERS' HARDWARE

HOUSEWARES

ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES

SILVERWARE

CUTLERY

MARINE SUPPLIES

AUTO ACCESSORIES



McLENNAN, McFEELY & PRIOR
LIMITED

1400 Government Street

»

»

Garden 1111

Private Exchange To All Departments

THE PADRE'S CHAT



It was very early in the morning. The sky was ominous and forbidding. It began to rain. We had hardly left the ground when we were enveloped in cloud. We could see nothing. More and more dense became the swirling wet blanket. We were tossed about by thermal currents. Higher and higher we rose. Suddenly something started to happen. Light came flooding into the cloud, giving the mournful environment a less disheartening appearance. Then all at once—dazzling brightness. Gone was all shadow and gloom. Above was the sun, shining in all its glory, set as a resplendent orb of gold in a radiant background of blue. The clouds which had enveloped us in their dank folds, which had seemed so grim from below—there they were, spread out beneath us, their tops caught in the rays of the dawn of a new day and glowing with a soft loveliness in the morning light.

Life is like that. There are times when the outlook is gloomy and forbidding. No break can be seen in the threatening sky. Nevertheless, putting our faith in God, we seek to climb—only to find that we are now assailed by fog on every side. All light has gone. We feel as if we have been forsaken. Why should we bother any further, we ask ourselves? Who cares what happens? What does it matter anyhow? Then, when things are at their worst, a change takes place. A mysterious light seems to flood in from somewhere. We are cheered and encouraged. We make a further effort. And as we toil and seek to mount upwards, tossed hither and thither in currents of adversity, all at once we find ourselves in the sunshine. Below us lie our erstwhile difficulties, strewn out like an undulating carpet. How lovely they are when seen from above! Then slowly we begin to comprehend everything. Because we have persisted in the face of overhanging difficulties we have at last been enabled to rise above our troubles and to see them as the angels see them. We have penetrated the overshadowing veil and seen the glory of the Sun of suns, the majority of His heavens. By the paths of faith we have ascended to knowledge.

—E. W. L. MAY.



BENEVOLENT FUND

On Tuesday, April 21, another successful dance was held in the Crystal Garden, Victoria, the proceeds were handed to the Benevolent Fund which the Commanding Officer is forming. As many of our readers know, most stations have a similar fund which is for the benefit of personnel needing urgent financial assistance.

TWO IN A CANOE



When I came upon the two "Bills" they were talking on the beach. Bill the first was seated on a rock emulating Rodin's "Thinker" and studying the ripples on the water. Bill the second was admiring the sky. Both were discussing the weather.

Now Bill the first was always just called Bill, his real name being one of those that are inflicted rather than selected. The other's name really was William but he preferred Bill—and is the sort of chap that can't stand being called William, however, as he owes me 45c this justifies my using "creditor's license" and referring to him as Ben.

The conversation between them was slow. "How about a paddle?" suggested Ben, "it's good for your feet," he added, with the air of one who has made a lifelong study on the effect of brine on sidewalk slappers. Bill's face took on a pained expression, "Tha's not at Blackpool now tha' knows and the bottoms of tha' trousers'll get wetted," he replied. It was then that Ben noticed the canoe and suggested an afternoon's boating. "Can tha' row, then," enquired Bill patiently. "No, but I can paddle," asserted his friend, and noticing the dangerous glint in Bill's eye added hastily, "proper paddle like the Indians use," gesticulating with both hands after the style of a performing seal. "I'll take tha' word for it," answered Bill, "but be careful."

After several stages of launching, during which they resembled anything between a hippopotamus and a paralytic parachutist, their craft finally grated off the beach, rocking slowly but definitely away from the shore. Ben swung the paddle from side to side, singing snatches from the "Volga Boatman," in a queer throaty baritone. "Up to your expectations, Bill?" His travelling companion eyed him critically. "It's up to my shoes if that means anything to you," he said, pointing down. Ben cocked a knowing eye at the water lapping the soles of Bill's shoes. "It always comes in a bit at first," he remarked hopefully, but Bill wondered whether the sweat on his brow was a result of energy or fear. Two minutes later they were both removing shoes and socks and rolling up their trousers. Bill eyed his friend with a pained expression and remarked, "Make tha' way to t'other boat, we'll make it in time, but be steady." "I'll be careful," promised Ben and shortly afterwards took a crab-like leap towards the other boat, failed by about two feet and left Ben hanging on to the edge of the other boat wearing a defeated expression and a large piece of seaweed over his right eye. Now boats will balance with one person in the centre. They will also balance with one at each end, but when 180 lbs. is suddenly and unexpectedly removed from one end they do not balance, but Bill hadn't time to figure this out and when Ben turned he was just in

time to see Bill's head break the surface. "Glug! Glug! Brsschi, pww," spluttered Bill, spitting out his top denture and a pint of sea water. "What happened?" enquired Ben. "Glug, glug, brsschi, pww," repeated Bill, striking off to retrieve his cap which was sailing merrily beyond the wreck of the canoe. "My cap, my cap badge, my shoes," wailed Ben. "I'll lose my job, they'll give me a discharge." "Hell fire, for Pete's sake don't grizzle, my tunic's in there," said Bill, contemplating the canoe which by this time was sailing away upside down in smooth strategic retreat. "I'll get 56 days for this." Bill let out a horrible shriek, "Blimey, there's 18 dollars in that tunic!"

With the astonishing vigour of a man possessed, Bill struck out with an oar and propelled their new ship to the shore. As they stood on the shore the upturned canoe slowly moved towards them. "My 18 d-d-dollars," murmured Bill disconsolately. Bill stayed diplomatically silent. Eventually the canoe touched shore and Bill leaped into action and was partially pacified when he found his tunic still under the boat. "If I weren't a gentleman, Ben," Bill muttered later as he laid his money out to dry, "I'd tell you a few home truths about your parents."

—S.L.

(Continued from Page 33)

Johnny Adams and Bert Gretton of the Torpedo Section seem to be keeping their brush-like appendages under control. I heard that they were selling clippings to the Station Gardening Scheme officials.

John Hill couldn't stand the pace and has already dropped out but there are others all with their different designs and colours, plodding along until May 13—that will be a good night. The Padre will judge the winner at a concert which is now being organised. The R.A.F. Dance Band and other Station entertainers will take part. A nominal sum of 10c will be charged for admission and this will be handed to "The Pat Fund." Come and help to make it a success and give a big hand to the ten chaps who have so sportingly entered this competition."

Our First Interest Is

THE COMFORT AND WELFARE OF OUR GUESTS

J. EM. NEELY, Manager

Hotel Douglas

VICTORIA'S STANDARD HOTEL

Douglas Street at Pandora

Empire 4157

NOTES - NEWS - NONSENSE



Many thanks to Mr. Vik McClure of Los Angeles, California, for the gift of a clarinet. This makes a total of five instruments that have been given to the Station Dance Band by residents in the U.S.A.



Wabbits has a funny face; their pwivate lives is a disgwace. You'd be supwised if you but knew the funny things that wabbits do—and often, too!



It seems a great pity that the pictures shown at the Station Cinema should be continuously broken by the changing of reels. We have received a suggestion that an entrance fee of a nickel or dime be charged to purchase a second projector. This has been done on nearly all R.A.F. and R.C.A.F. stations in this country. On the purchase of a new projector the charge should be dropped entirely. What do you say, chaps? A dime won't break you, and it'll help buy a lot for YOUR cinema.



Pioneers in the field of mechanisation must be men with nerves of iron. Men whose gallant, heroic and indomitable spirit is never doubted. Such men as Alcock and Brown, Seagrave and Campbell and Nervo and Knox. To these famous names can now be added Goodwin and Churchard of S.H.Q. Signals. Who knows but what their daring exploits might revolutionise the present mechanised war?



She: "Who do you think you are, Father Christmas?"

He: "No, why?"

She: "Then leave my stockings alone!"



We were glad to see that the Rugby team had vociferous support at the match against the Royal Roads (the Navy were depth charged, you remember). Their cheer leader, unfortunately, kept out of the game by an injury, was well in "touch" with them. We would hesitate about saying his cackle is worse than his tackle.



And condolences on their defeat at the hands of the J.B.A.A.'s, throwing us out of the running for the cup. Despite a very fine amount of touch-line advice we were not able to push them over, but never mind, there's always next season—or is there?

The first Airmen's and Corporal's Dance was held in the Recreation Hall on Friday, April 10, and proved to be a decided success. About 300 people danced to the music of the R.A.F. Dance Band. The spot dances were won by Miss Florence Lundstrom and A/C. D. Andrews and Miss Elsie Nadurick and A/C. C. Clark.

We understand that it is considered impolite these days in the fire department to come out with that American expression, "You're TELLING me," one is apt to be misconstrued.

The gardening cartoon in this month's inset was done by F/Lt. H. D. Clark. We thank him for his interest and look forward to seeing more of his work in future issues.

Ode to Spring —and all that



Er—Spring !
 You perfectly priceless old thing !
 I'm frightfully bucked at the signs that one sees;
 The jolly old sap in the topping old trees;
 The priceless old lilac, and that sort of rot;
 It jolly well cheers a chap up, does it not ?
 It's so fearfully bright, so amazingly right,
 And one feels as one feels if one got rather tight.
 There's a tang in the air, if you know what I mean;
 And the grass, as it were, is so frightfully green.
 We shall soon have the jolly old bee on the wing—
 Er—Spring.

Old fruit !
 You've given old Winter the boot.
 The voice of the tailor is heard in the land,
 (I wonder what my rotten credit will stand ?)
 And the birds and the flow'rs (but especially the "Birds")
 Will be looking too perfectly priceless for words.
 We shall have to get stocks of new ties and socks,
 And of course we must alter the jolly old clocks;
 In fact—as I said—you're a priceless old thing—
 Er—Spring !

Old bean !
 It's—well, it's—you know what I mean.
 It's time I was oiling the jolly old bat.
 So, cutting a long story short and all that,
 The theme of this jolly old song that I sing,
 Is—er—Spring !

—C. D. CARTER.

(Reprinted from the Vancouver Province)

Compliments of . . .

THE GENERAL WAREHOUSE LIMITED

Men's Furnishings
Boots and Shoes



Two Stores to Serve You

1420 Douglas Street
(Near City Hall)

1110 Government Street
(Near to C.P.R. Ticket Office)

If you enjoy reading
"The Patrician"

the folks at home will enjoy it, too. Hundreds of copies are mailed to the "Old Country" each month, so why not add your name to the list?

Rates, including postage:

3 months	- - -	35c
6 months	- - -	70c
12 months	- - -	\$1.40

PERIOD ARTS LTD.

"THE ENGLISH SHOPPE"

S. A. Reynolds, Director

SPECIALISTS IN

Finest English Bone China
and Crystal

(opp. Empress Hotel) E-3931
VICTORIA



*Without the Advertisers' Support
There Would Be No "Patrician."*

Do Your Part and Patronize Them

SPECIAL RATES FOR MEN IN HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES

Offered by **BLUE LINE CAB CO.**

742 Yates Street

G arden 1155

A 15c Phone Call Will Bring You a Cab

Patricia Bay R.A.F.	- - - - -	\$2.70
Patricia Bay R.C.A.F.	- - - - -	2.90
Patricia Bay R.C.A.F. Officers' Mess	- - - - -	3.00

— **Also U Drive Cars at Reasonable Rates** —

WE SELL

Electrical Razors
The Famous Makes
SCHICK - SUNBEAM
REMINGTON

ENGLISH CHINAWARE
Crown Ducal . . . Woods
Royal Winton . . . Royal
Albert . . . Meakins . . .
Paragon.

Electrical Appliances
Toasters - Irons
Clocks - Curlers
Kettles - Radios

FURNITURE
Chesterfield Suites
Bedroom Suites
Dinnette Suites

MACDONALD
HZI DOUGLAS ELECTRIC LTD. Corner VIEW

Free Telephone Service to Men in the Services

A FULL FILM *and*
PHOTO SERVICE

↓
Prints 4 Cents Each
Magna Prints . . . 5 Cents Each

All Work Done in Our Own Workrooms

Jus-Rite Photos, Ltd.

Studio and Laboratories: 714 YATES STREET, VICTORIA

A REAL
ENGLISH SWEET SHOP

Lees'
CANDY MANUFACTURERS
SINCE 1892

612A VIEW ST. - VICTORIA

E. A. MORRIS Limited

TOBACCONISTS
Wholesale - Retail
EST. 1892

Agents for
DOBIES FOUR SQUARE TOBACCOS
BALKAN SOBRANI MIXTURE
DUNHILL'S PIPES AND TOBACCOS
STATE EXPRESS CIGARETTES

Lighters by
Ronson, Orlik of London, Dunhill, etc.

1116 Government Street
Victoria - - British Columbia

— DAILY —

LUNCHEONS

TEAS

DINNERS



Saturday Supper Dance

By Reservation



**Royal Oak
Inn**

Royal Oak Phone Colquitz 152



We know all the rules,
And we've got all the tools,
It would pay you to make this de-
duction,

When you've chosen the site,
And made sure it is right,
Then call on the Marwell Construc-
tion.



**MARWELL
CONSTRUCTION
CO. LTD.**

VANCOUVER, B. C.



*The
Marwell
Co. Ltd.
1950*

FINE SELECTION OF . . .

MOCCASSINS

at

McMARTIN'S

LEATHER GOODS STORE

Telephone Garden 6613

716 Yates Street Victoria, B.C.

LOCAL MEAT MARKET

A. D. HARVEY

Dealers in

DRESSED MEATS - FISH
FROZEN FRUITS and
VEGETABLES



SIDNEY, B.C.

Phone 31

BROWN'S

(Victoria) Nurseries Ltd.

618 View Street

Phones: Garden 6612—Garden 3521

LEADING FLORISTS and SEEDSMEN

Flowers For All Occasions . . . fresh

From Our Own Greenhouses . . .

We Specialize in Corsages, Baskets
and Floral Arrangements.



Say It With Flowers from BROWNS

We Are Bonded Members of the
F.T.D. Association.

We Wire Flowers To All Parts of
the World Where Possible

East Road Service Station

and Bicycle Shop

SIDNEY

(150 yards from the R.A.F. Station)

H. D. HANSEN Telephone 111

Your Local Drug Store

Can supply all your needs
in Patent Medicines . . .

Stationery . . . Gift Goods
and Photo Supplies.



Agent for

Crystal Photo Finishes



Prompt Service and
Guaranteed Satisfaction
on All Photo Finishing
and Enlargements.



Baal's Drug Store

PHONE 42L

SIDNEY

MARY'S COFFEE :: BAR ::



*"The House With the
Friendly Atmosphere"*



Opposite R.A.F.
Station

**Remember Mother's
Day - May 10th**

GREETING CARDS AND GIFTS

at the

GIFT SHOPPE

SIDNEY

Rosa Matthews

Have YOU Given

to

"THE PAT FUND"?

STAN'S GROCERY

S. WATLING, Prop.



Phone Sidney 181

Third Street at Sidney Ave.

SIDNEY

AVENUE CAFE

- TAXI -

LUNCHES ❖ MAGAZINES
CONFECTIONERY

Films - Developing - Printing

FRANK L. GODFREY, Prop.

Agent for Coach Lines



Phone Sidney 100

**Patricia Bay Service
Drive U Cars**

Repairs and Servicing

Boats for Hire

ROW BOATS 25c per Hour

POWER BOATS . . . 50c per Hour

PHONE 26M

Ask for Tom

**MITCHELL &
ANDERSON
LUMBER
Co. Ltd.**

— Lumber —

HARDWARE

and

ELECTRICAL GOODS



Corner Beacon and First Street

SIDNEY

Phone 6

**THE BLUE MOON
COFFEE SHOP**

(Opposite R.A.F. Guard House)

"Where the coffee is an art
and good food a speciality."

Phone 152 M

Mercury U Drive Cars for Hire

**SERVICE MEN
GET THE BEST
SERVICE IN
TOWN**



At David Spencer, Limited

Service Toggery for the Air Force Men . . . In Air Force Colors

**TIES - SCARVES - SOCKS - HANDKERCHIEFS
SLEEVELESS SWEATERS
and Many Other Essentials**

DAVID SPENCER, LIMITED

INVITATION

to Members of

R. A. F.

No, it's not an invitation for a week-end in the Country or to a "Pink Tea." This is just an old established Real Estate Office ("Estate Agents" to you), but we DO invite you to come in if there is anything we CAN do for you. In every form of Fire, Casualty and Auto Insurance we DO know our stuff.

KER and STEPHENSON Ltd.

1121 GOVERNMENT STREET, VICTORIA » G-4127

Compliments of the

VANCOUVER ISLAND COACH LINES, Ltd.



*Complete Bus Service to All Points
on Vancouver Island*



.....
**Special Reduced Fares for
Members of H.M. Armed Forces
Over All Inter-urban Lines.**
.....



Phone E mpire 1177

Depot: Broughton St., Victoria



PRINTED BY DIGGON-HIBBEN LIMITED