

The Patrician



The Magazine of the
Royal Air Force
British Columbia



FROM LITTLE SAANICH MOUNTAIN

Vol. 2

JUNE - 1942

No. 3

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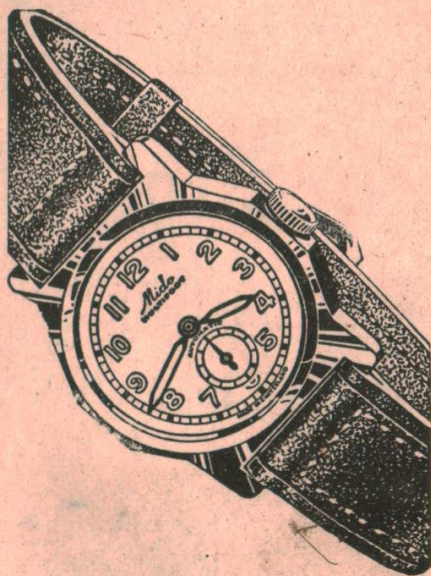
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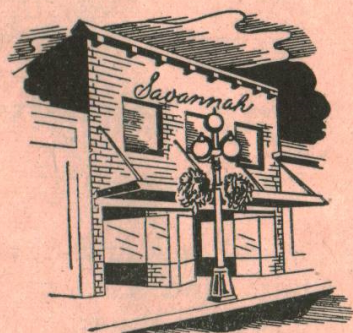
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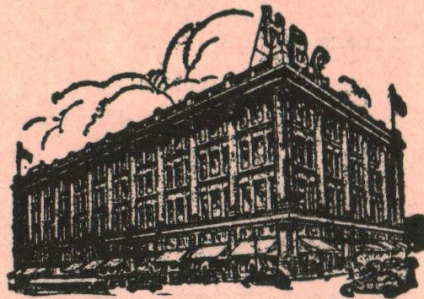
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There is no doubt that the cessation of hostilities will see a lively movement of population and capital to British Columbia, to inject fresh energy into all its activities and bring fresh ideas to bear upon its development.

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."

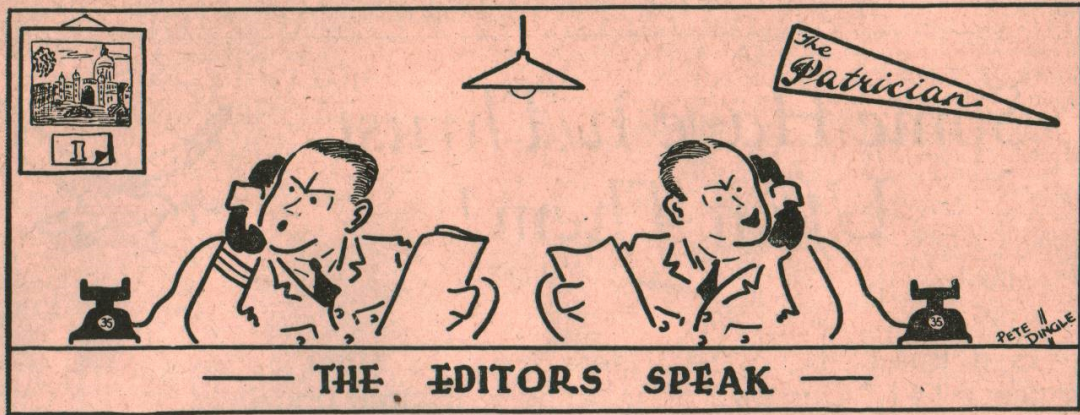
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THUNDER MOUNTAIN, TWEEDSMUIR PARK, B.C.

Photo courtesy of Provincial Government Travel Bureau



Vol. 2, No. 3

JUNE, 1942

10 Cents

Nearly every magazine at some time during the summer months has its holiday number, as this is obviously the thing to do and as we have actually seen the sun shining for several hours on recent occasions (perhaps a belated Indian Summer?), we felt that we, too, must have a holiday number, so here it is. We present it to you with the hope that the information contained herein will be of some little assistance in helping some of our readers to enjoy to the full that rare and elusive thing—leave.

We have often been asked to print a map of Vancouver Island and with the generous assistance of the B.C. Government Travel Bureau we have now been able to do this.

The cover photograph expires with this month's issue and we invite the submission of suitable photographs for the July number. Many photographs will in future be needed each month as, if funds permit, we intend to print eight pages of illustrations in each issue. If you have taken any pictures which you think will be of general interest, please hand them in, together with the negatives, to the magazine office. The negatives will be returned.

The folks at home look forward to receiving "The Patrician," according to hundreds of letters received by men on the Station. If you are not sending one, why not begin now?—the cost is only 12c, including postage.

THE EDITORS.

SOMETHING NEW HAS BEEN ADDED

Congratulations to the following on their recent promotions and appointments: F/Sgt. Felton to Warrant Officer; Sergeants Maskill, Sewell, Jenkinson and Wright to Flight Sergeant.

Corporals Robson, Berth-Jones, Poole and Hunter to Sergeant.

L.A.C.'s Flynn, Davies, Pike, Ostler, Lisle, Harthill, Reid and Robson to Corporal.

Our best wishes to Patricia, the baby daughter of L.A.C. F. W. Thompson, and A/C I. Willox on his marriage to Miss Gwendolyn Ruth Hollands of Sidney.

Some Have It Thrust Upon Them!



Is it true? No! Yes, there it is!! What, really? Yes—amazing!!! Our own dear name writ large and bold on D.R.O.'s to warn all Air Force Personnel (with accent on second syllable of course) that, in future, we are to be regarded, addressed and held in awe as an L.A.C.

We remember, one glum day in October, many years ago, becoming aware of the remarkable fact that we were 21 years old. We could hardly believe it! At last, after about 16 years' violent conflict with as adamant a body of parents as any chap ever had, we had achieved our object. Now, we were 21, could have the key of the door, stay out all night or do almost any old thing of which our parents had disapproved, because now a mysterious transition, a changing of old orders, had blessed most of our potential misdemeanours with the benison of legality!! Then there was the day we left school—not the time we left forcibly but the other time when a more indulgent establishment had allowed us to walk out of the place, dignified and voluntarily. That day was the climax of years of struggle. No one will ever know just how much effort it cost this old head to remember a sufficient number of useless facts to pass the leaving exam. In fact, our memory was so taxed that it couldn't hold all the facts, and some of them overflowed on to finger nails, shirt cuffs and tiny slips of paper cunningly concealed! But these experiences, memorable as they are, are mere unimportant incidents compared with the present occasion.

For here we are little hogs, reeling around the place, drunk with power—an L.A.C. at last. What crawling, cajoling, wheedling, bullying, threatening, scrambling, lickspittling and toadying has this new ranking cost! For two long years we've fought our way inch by inch up the almost unscalable slope. There, at the top, was the brightly burning beacon holding out the hope of a better life—and there were we, squalid, desperate and revoltingly wretched, stinking and stewing in the Stygian filth of A.C.2-dom! what bittersweet gall to cast our mind back over this two-year eternity, living again the awful horror of existence with the gratifying knowledge that it is now only in imagination.

We recall, tenderly, that sunny May morning when, armed with nothing more formidable than a breezy optimism, we walked through the big gates at — into a Brave New World. What a naive idealist we were in those days! We'd responded, dutifully, to a radio appeal for chaps with a certain specialised knowledge to help the R.A.F. in one of its more obscure forms of activity. We remember

how we were pounced upon eagerly by the recruiting people as the "very man we've been waiting for," promised commissions, bonuses, lightning promotion and almost the freedom of the city if only we'd give the R.A.F. the benefit of our unparalleled knowledge.

Yes, we were extremely gullible in those days! And how we loathed our fellow unfortunates. Gosh, we were a snob! We remember how we shuddered in revulsion at the sight of row upon row of cadaverous embryo-erks fiercely shovelling fodder into their yawning faces as though the one really important purpose in life was to get on the outside of the maximum of food in the minimum of time. But that depressing experience was nothing to the first night we spent in a barn-like barrack, packed like sardines in creaking uncertain beds. The comforting, homely smell of body plus the permeating fragrance of a few dozen regretfully discarded socks is something that we just can't forget. And how near we came to giving rein to an almost uncontrollable homicidal urge when two or three of the odious creatures got under way with loud piercing, bubbling, gargling and whistling snores frightens us just to think about it. We lay there, disgusted, depressed, nauseated and revolted until on a sudden impulse we threw a shoe in the direction of the loudest snore and bent ourselves to the task of snatching a few minutes' sleep. So this is the R.A.F., we thought, and promptly envied the cows and sheep in the peaceful fields.

Well, we finally got away from —, feeling perfectly foolish, and utterly comfortless in a prickly new uniform designed to fit almost anybody else in the world but ourselves. And what a damn fatuous hat!! Never, having worn a hat in our life except under compulsion you can imagine what a task we had to persuade the ridiculous thing to perch on our right ear and yet escape a stiff neck. We eventually got sufficiently used to the situation to forego a little of our intense preoccupation with ourself and take stock of our surroundings. The most remarkable phenomenon to make an impression on our dulled senses was, we remember, that peculiar specimen, the N.C.O. Corporals, Sergeants and things like that were a race entirely new to us. Gosh, where do these people come from, we thought. We tried in our rash ignorance to talk to one or two of them. We might just as well have tried to converse with a baboon! They just didn't understand us. They looked at us with the deepest pity, made queer guttural sounds which we assumed was condolence and moved, in a strange shifting gait, away. Months afterwards, we discovered that one could talk to them. One merely had to employ a mixture of baby pidgin English and elaborate pantomime—but it was very doubtful if one would ever be able to understand their replies. Incidentally, as time went on we heard many varied and interesting versions of these peoples' origin. Little by little, we gradually became accustomed to our fantastic circumstances. Corporals, Gen, S.W.O.'s, erks, w/effs, and u/ms became so familiar as to be commonplace. And all this time we had our by now staring eyes on the glittering Eldorado of L.A.C.-dom.

Gone were all our naive notions about "getting on" and coming to grips with the enemy. Something had happened to us—something that succeeded in slashing our ambitions to shreds. All we wanted now was our L.A.C. Like a baby gazing in shameless covetousness at the moon or a small boy with his one-track mind fixed rigidly in the direction of a fishing rod, we wanted with a deep compelling passion, an all consuming desire, our L.A.C.!! It represented to us an ideal after the pattern of Galahad's Holy Grail.

We could, were we so minded, transfix you in open mouthed amazement with strange tales of our erstwhile connivings. (Although, as we look at some of you, the thought is borne in upon us that you're not exactly lacking in questionable experiences). The mystic and highly fascinating art of pulling strings, the delicate machinations of the double cross, the facile skulduggery of "passing the buck" and the ever recurring diplomatic jiggery pokery attendant on persuading some other sap to carry back the honoured can would all figure prominently in our accounts. Keen young A.C. plonks with eager noses in uncomfortable proximity to uncompromising grindstones would see in our fantastic revelations a bright gleam of hope. A new attitude of mind, a fierce self-assertive arrogance, would replace the shifting servility. And that, little pests, wouldn't do at all, would it? You footling, wretched A.C. plonks must just languish in your serfdom—while we in the magnificent splendour of our superior rank assume a lofty indifference to your plight.

'Twas ever thus, mes enfants—success hardens the heart and stifles the sympathies! And so we, devilish and undauntable will strut haughtily the primrose path of our honeyed existence and say only this to you: "Fight the good fight, poor menials—keep your buttons burnished brightly, fold your blankets to pattern, poke and peep in the remotest corners for signs of dust, rout it out relentlessly and we'll surely save the old Empire yet!!"

—PERION.

(The Editors regret that owing to lack of space this article had to be cut.)

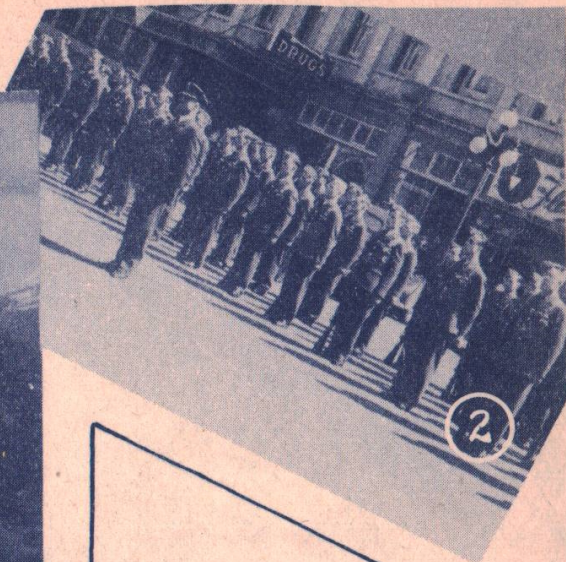


HOPS



Probably the only ones of their kind in Canada, the Oast Houses shown in the picture on the opposite page lie within three miles of the camp. As those who come from southern England and are acquainted with Kent know, Oast Houses are used for drying hops. Rather an interesting story is attached to these nearby ones. They were built by one of the farming pioneers in 1870, an emigrant from Kent named William Towner, whose picture now hangs in the Parliament Buildings. William Towner, a farmer and hop expert, agreed to work for two seasons on an Oregon farm if he could have some hop sets as part of his wages. He then came to Van-

(Continued on Page 15)



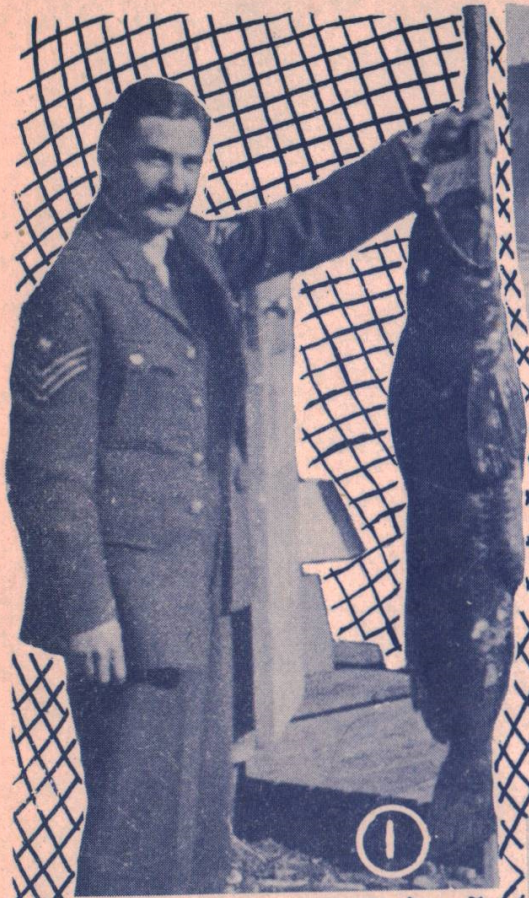
1. Near Lake Louise, B.C. Taken by A/C W. Gardner.

2. Parade in Victoria in aid of Red Cross.

3. Chorus girls of the Saskatchewan Concert Party at a show in the Recreation Hall.

4. Cpls. "Paddy" Houston and "Arf-a-Mo" Millen entertaining the Boeing team — and themselves.

5. Oast Houses along Deep Cove Road. (See page 12.)



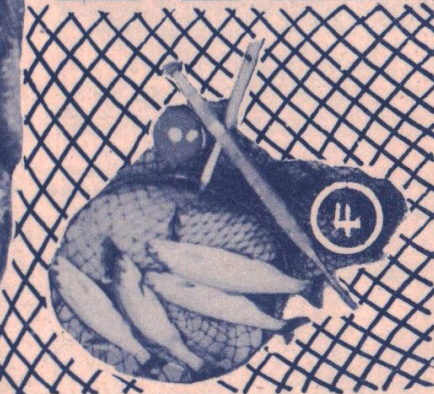
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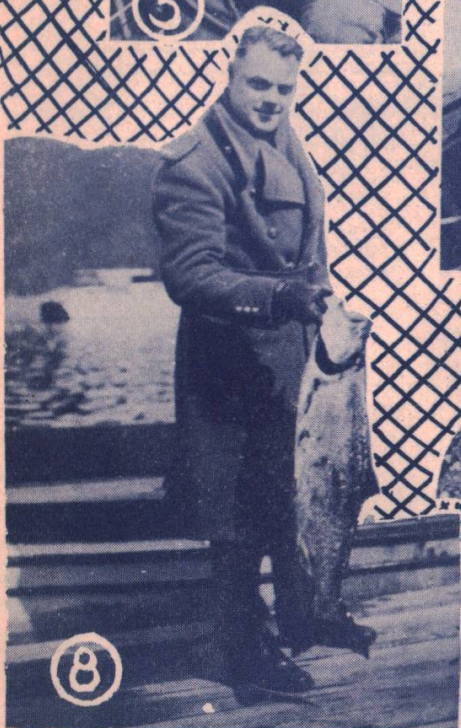
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(Continued from Page 12)

couver Island, cleared the bush near Patricia Bay, planted his hop sets and built the Oast Houses similar to the Kentish ones. The Pheonix Brewery was then formed in Victoria and his hops were used in brewing the beer there. His farming was very successful and he died a wealthy man. The Oast Houses have fallen into disrepair now as there is little use for them and they serve to store farm implements and materials.



A FISHERMAN'S PRAYER

Lord, suffer me to catch a fish
So large, that even I
When talking of it afterwards
Shall never tell a lie.

He riseth up early in the morning,
And disturbeth the whole household.
Mighty are his preparations.
He goes forth full of hope.
When the day is far spent, he returneth
Smelling of strong drink, and the truth is not in him.



An angling tutor was teaching a novice how he should fish. After several attempts to teach him how to cast the tutor gave it up as hopeless, and told the novice to try his own luck.

Luckily the novice caught a fish and reeled in until the fish was jammed up tight at the top of the rod. He turned to the tutor and said: "What do I do now?"

The tutor was disgusted, turning to him he said: "You'd better climb up the rod and strangle it."

Photographs on opposite page: 1. F/Sgt. C. F. Jackson with a 45-lb. Ling Cod caught off Sidney. 2 L.A.C. S. Fyffe, fly fishing at Shawnigan Lake. 3. A/C. Forbes admires his catch at Brentwood. 4. and 9. Catches by L.A.C. H. Taylor, Rainbow Trout at Shawnigan Lake and Sea Trout at Cowichan River. 5. L.A.C. Harrison seems pleased with his efforts. 6. A/C. Fry exhibits a Ling Cod caught in Satellite Channel by L.A.C. J. Dollin and himself. 7. "Pooh! it stinks?" says Squadron Leader Brown. 8. Squadron Leader J. R. Pearson, looking rather like Cagney, with a 15-lb. Spring Salmon caught at Cowichan Bay. 10. "Three Skates!" Soppo—L.A.C. Clarke and A/C. Fry with a 27-lb. Skate caught off Sidney Pier.

Tackling Fish

Let's go fishing, but this time not on the riverside, or out of a boat, instead, by the fireside.

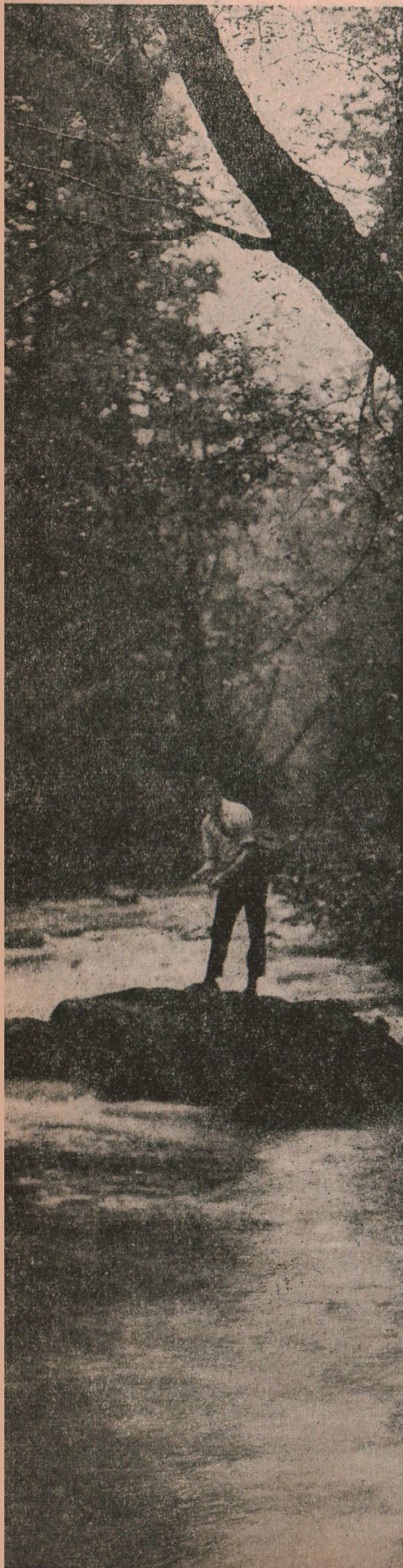
We are to equip ourselves out with some good tackle suitable to fish any water there is in British Columbia.

This is very hard as there are many types of water to be fished in this "Angler's Paradise."

First, we will start with the sea, where a lot of good sport is to be had with very heavy fish. The general method of catching same is by "Trolling," i.e., drawing bait behind a slow-moving boat. Lots more fun can be had by using a rod and reel, which can be bought from any dealer for a few dollars. A fish hooked on rod and line gives a lot more fun than on a hand line.

When purchasing rod, reel, line, etc., listen to the advice of the dealer, he knows the methods and the tackle for the district. Your tackle should be something like this: **Rod**—Stiff action, greenheart for preference, length about 8 feet. **Reel**—Free running, larger size preferably. **Line**—Make sure you buy plenty of line, best for sea fishing is Cutty Hunk, and don't forget to get good strong line. **Baits**—Best for this district is plug and spoon. These can be bought in all sizes and colours to suit. **Traces**—These can be bought already made up and ready for your bait to be attached. With the above outfit you can be sure of good sport WHEN YOU HAVE HOOKED A FISH.

All that you need now for a good day out at sea is a nice little boat, fine day, and of course sandwiches and beer.



Now for tackle to fish the rivers and lakes with. In the writer's opinion this is easily the best fishing of all. The tackle, compared with tackle for the sea is a lot lighter, which naturally gives the angler more of a thrill when a fish is hooked. There are several ways of fishing a lake or river, the following mostly used: Fly fishing, Spinning, and bait fishing.

We will start with tackle for the Fly angler: **Rod**—For Wet Fly Fishing, 8 ft. to 8 ft. 6 in., rod with a bit of "give" in it; Greenheart preferred. For Dry Fishing a slightly stiffer action rod. The choice of rod is most important in Fly Fishing. **Reel**—Best reel of all is a metal reel, with check, size about 4 ins. This will do for Wet and Dry Fishing. **Lines**—These are also very important. Make sure you get a good quality line, such as the "Kingfisher," etc. These lines for Fly Fishing are tapered and double tapered. The double tapered is the best. **Cast and Flies**—These can be bought already to connect to line. For Wet Fly Fishing three flies or more are used, but for dry fly, only **one**. The type of fly changes from month to month, so take advice of the dealer when buying flies. You are now ready for Fly Fishing.

Tackle now for Spinning: Rod—For this type of fishing is shorter and stiffer than any other river rod. The ideal type of rod is 6 ft. to 7 ft. long—split cane and fairly stiff action. **Reel**—The reel is the most important part of spinning, as this is where the line is controlled for long or short casts. Some of the best reels to use are the "Illingworth," Hardy's "Altex" and "Hardex," and "Allcocks Stanley." These reels are specially made for spinning and very easy to use. **Line**—Best for spinning is a silk line, dressed or undressed. Myself, I like an undressed line with breaking strain about 3 lbs. **Traces and Bait**—There are several baits that can be used when spinning. Plug bait, Artificial minnows, Natural minnows and Spoon bait. Different types suit different waters, so keep your eyes open and see what the "locals" are using, and use the same. The traces are bought "made up" ready to fit minnow, plug or spoon and then attach to line, all ready to go spinning.

Tackle for Bottom Spinning is again slightly different: **Rod**—Should be of fairly stiff action, length 9 ft. 6 in. to 11 ft., according to what water is being fished. Split cane preferred or bamboo cane which is light. **Reel and Line**—Reel should be easy running, of the "Nottingham" type, either in wood or metal, best size, 4" to 4½." Line is very much the same as for spinning, with the same breaking strain or even less. **Sundries**—Casts, floats, lead weights and hooks are generally bought all ready to attach to line or can be bought separate and "made" by the angler himself. Experience will teach you always to "make" your own tackle to suit the water to be fished. Now I think we have got all our tackle which will fish any place in B.C., if not I would like to see the place where we could go with the above tackle and not catch fish. Try and model your tackle like the above and results will come. So Cheerio, Tight lines.

—JOHN W. THOMPSON.

COOKIE

If you want to get on in the Air Force,
 There's 'undreds of things you must do,
 An' durin' six months as a rookie,
 I've tried a consid'erable few.
 An' out of my trials and troubles,
 I've learnt what you can't learn from books,
 An' tell you the one golden rule is
 Always keep in with the cooks.

For the drills may be 'ighly distasteful,
 An' the marchin' may worry your feet,
 But a nice cupper tea in the cook'house
 Will smooth down your feathers a treat.
 An' you'll find that the W.O.'s sarcasm
 An' the corporal's piercin'est look
 Quite 'armlessly slide off the well-nourished hide
 Of the chap who keeps in with the cook.

So remember 'is face may be smoky,
 But 'is kitchen's an 'aven of rest,
 An' drop 'im a fag when you've got one,
 An' count yourself one of the blest.
 An' in future when C.O.'s get shirty
 An' Adjutants fly off the 'ooks,
 You can say to yourself "Ah, pore fellers,
 Why don't they keep in with the cooks?"

—Anon.

F/Lt. E. B. D. BANGAY POSTED

There must be few on the Station who have not come into contact with F/Lt. E. B. D. Bangay. His posting during last month has removed an old friend.

"Doc" Bangay came out to Pat Bay last August and rapidly became a character in the mess. His horizontal cap-peak was soon well known throughout the station. He it was who threw with unerring accuracy the first snowball, not that he disliked that particular lamp shade; and he it was who introduced a modification in the nature of a stupid necktie at breakfast in an unconscious effort to reform dress regulations.

His great zeal and enthusiasm for squash, table tennis and bridge are keenly missed by many at Pat Bay and we hope he will find his enthusiasm supported in his new surroundings.

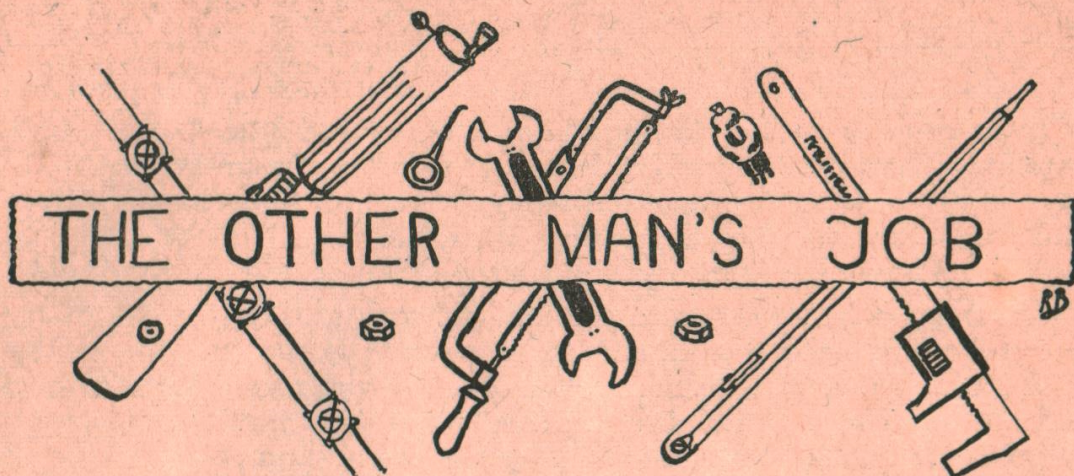
The entire CRYSTAL GARDEN has been taken by the Entertainment Committee for the Evening of 16th June, for a . . .

"Something of Everything Night"

BALLROOM DANCING to the R.A.F. DANCE BAND . . . SWIMMING GALA and WATER POLO . . . TABLE TENNIS EXHIBITION MATCH vs. VICTORIA TOWN

Continucus Programme from 7:30 to 1

Watch for Further Announcements



No. 9—THE PHOTOGRAPHER

To the uninitiated the R.A.F. photographer's job may seem to be rather a mysterious one, as most of the work is carried on behind closed doors labelled, "Out of bounds to all ranks." The purpose of this article, therefore, is to dispel this illusion and give some idea of the actual work which is done.

First of all, as everyone knows, we have cameras of all kinds. "Nothing at all to that," you say, "I've a box Brownie myself." But our air and cine cameras are complicated pieces of precision mechanism that have to be "top line" all the time, for should they fail in the air on a dangerous reconnaissance, then not only does the job have to be done over again but valuable aircraft and air crews, too, maybe friends, have to be risked and sent out again.

As already stated, the air camera is a highly complicated piece of machinery, and it has among other things a gear box that is operated fully automatically or semi-automatically by electricity, or hand-operated. This gear box contains a mass of worm wheels, gap wheels, electric connections, etc., and it is part of the photographic course that we, the photographers, have to be fully conversant with the cycle of operations of this unit and the whole camera and equipment. Other equipment consists of fully automatic controls that operate the camera with from 6 to 60 seconds between shots, semi-automatic push switches, flexible drives, electric motors and mountings. The servicing for all of which are done by the section.

The shutter speeds and apertures are set by the photographer before flight, and these settings are not altered, the camera only being levelled and corrected for drift during flight.

Besides air cameras we have ground cameras for all sorts of jobs, identity card photographs, copying prints and maps, photographing damage to aircraft, e.g. bullet holes, dents, modifications, etc., all M.T. vehicles, kit and bed layouts, Squadron groups and sometimes press work.

Often a kite will come in with a wing shot up and the photographer has to laboriously climb up into the wing with a portable floodlight and, if his section is lucky enough to have one, a Leica or

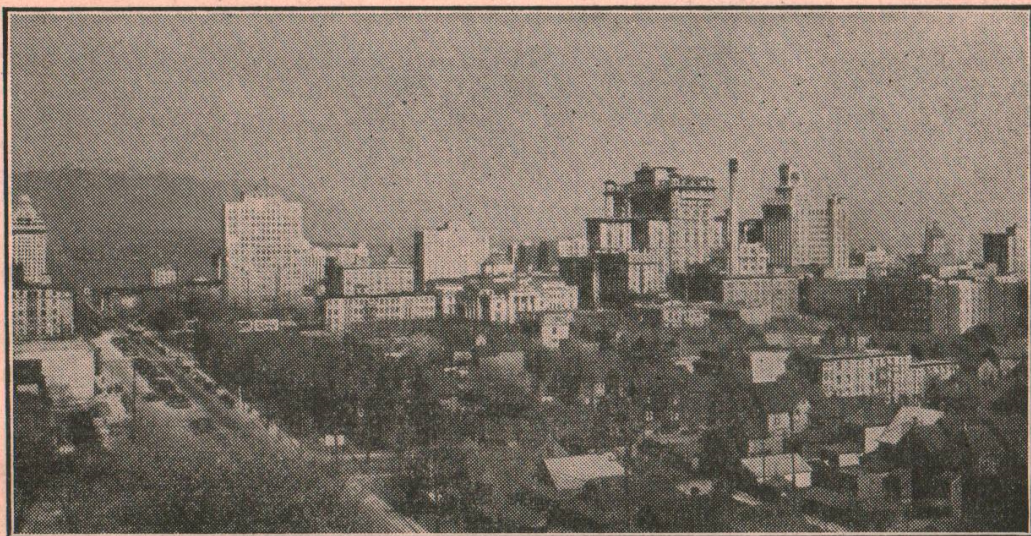
Contax to photograph the internal damage. Another kite may get its prop bent or motor damaged and this again has to be photographed. Crashed aircraft, visits by royalty, progress shots all have to be taken and processed by us. Air film and cine film from cine gun cameras, film from torpedo cameras, all go through the section. Mosaics of territory are pieced together, too, and mounted.

On busy days in England sections process and deliver as many as 3,000 prints, and the photographic section is the first to see the results of the bombing raids. As soon as the aircraft return from a raid the magazine containing exposed films with shots of the bomb damage are rushed to the section. Here everything is organised to work smoothly, processing solutions all ready, and the film is marked with details of aircraft when it is received. The film is developed, fixed, and washed as quickly as possible, then put through a bath of methylated spirits so that it will dry rapidly. Passed on to the drying room, wiped off with a leather, and placed on a drum which is revolved at high speed. As soon as the film is dry it is rolled on to a spool, hurried to the printing room and printed. A rough print being made off each negative the prints are passed on to the Intelligence Officer for assessing. Meanwhile the other permanent sets are being made, unless other films are ready for printing, in which case the rough firsts off these take priority.

It is only about three-quarters of an hour from the time the first plane lands to the prints being handed to the Intelligence Officer. Often the photographers work through the night making sets of prints. Sometimes there is a plane waiting to fly them to Com-hand H.Q. Perhaps the first raid on the next day is due to start at nine a.m., when the whole procedure starts again.

On the whole the work is interesting and as is the case with most other sections, important. If this article has been helpful at all I am grateful for the opportunity of being some assistance, as I have been assisted by other articles in appreciating the Other Man's Job.

—G. W. B.



VANCOUVER SKY-LINE

RIPLEY HASN'T REPLIED



Don't know why. Perhaps we burst his bubble or knocked him off the level with our caustic comments in last month's mag. Still, we'll give him a little more time to reply before we bring to light other instances where our readers have proved him to be wrong.

Much publicity was given by the local press to our article in the May "Patrician." We notice that "The Colonist" very carefully avoided committing themselves and emphasised "Ripley Wrong **Airmen** Assert." Tom Merriman of the Victoria "Times" was more definite and said Ripley was right. He went on to say that "A level always 'shows' level, no matter what position a plane is flying. The little bubble goes up and down to show where level is. Put the emphasis on 'shows' and don't confuse it with 'registers' and the point is clear." Is it, Mr. Merriman? We think you have overlooked the question.

In a letter to the press, Mr. Cornwall of Victoria, said, "If a plane's speed is increasing or decreasing, that is accelerating or decelerating in the direction of the length of the spirit level it's indications will be incorrect." Maybe so, Mr. Cornwall, but surely that is neither here nor there.

Let us remind you again of Ripley's statement. He said, "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." We'd like to have more readers' opinions. Come on, let's hear from you.

—THE EDITORS.

St. Mary's Lake, Salt Spring Island.

To the Editors:—I have been keenly interested in the controversy, "Does a spirit level always tell the truth?" and I would like to tell a true story that happened to me, while piloting an aeroplane during the last war. I was at the time a pilot in No. 112 Squadron, night flying on Camels; we carried one-way radios, signalling lamp, and Very pistol, for landing signals. The Very pistol was set in a holster on the floor of the cockpit; one day I threw the Camel into a loop and when near the top the pistol slowly left its holster, hovered in front of my eyes for a few seconds, and then disappeared upward, and over the top plane. Throwing her into another loop the pistol came out of the blue, floated into the cockpit, touched me on the ear, and very slowly went out of sight, over the side. In landing, I told the Flight Commander the story, and reported the loss of the pistol to the C.O. (Major Merlis-Green, D.S.O., M.C.). A good laugh was had by all, and it was suggested that I had kissed the Blarney Stone several times. As I declined to pay for the missing

pistol the C.O. called a Court of Enquiry in his office and the case went against me; however, before it adjourned the Flight Sergeant came in and asked if the Court would adjourn to the tarmac and inspect a hole in the fabric in the top plane of Mr. Burkitt's machine. The Court solemnly, one by one, climbed a ladder, viewed the hole in the Camel, reversed their decision, and ordered that the cost of the Very pistol be written off as a charge against the public.

I am, yours truly, W. T. BURKITT

Late Lieut. 16th Canadian Reserve Bn., attached Royal Air Force.



THE PADRE'S CHAT



The lecturer pinned up a large white sheet of paper upon the board. Then he made a small round mark upon it with his pencil—a diminutive blob which was only just visible.

"What do you see?"

"A black spot," someone answered.


"What do the rest of you see?"

"A black spot," they all replied.


Before them was a large expanse of white—but all that they saw was the black spot! How typical of numbers of people. Instead of concentrating their attention upon that broad area of human activity and experience which reflects so much that is bright and sunny they brood over the dark objects with scowling melancholy. Indeed, some are so preoccupied with images of darkness that they seem to lose their faculty for seeing visions of brightness. They become like those fish which lose their sight in lightless waters. They complain that they were born with a wooden ladle in their mouth; that everything is against them; and that no one seems to understand their difficulties. They even accuse their friends of lack of sympathy.

If there is a black disc in the middle of your picture which cannot be overlooked, do what we seek to do in the rifle club: look at it fairly and squarely—and drill it through and through until it no longer exists.

—E. W. L. MAY.



Two Frenchmen carrying packages, passed each other on a Paris street. One stopped the other, inquiring, "What time is it by your bomb."



Alimony is a system by which, when two people make a mistake, one of them continues to pay for it.

Evacuation

During the cleaning up period immediately preceding the Inspector General's inspection of this station, the following secret information was excavated. These orders have apparently been compiled from the experience gained by the Dunkirk Harriers, St. Nazaire Nippers and the Brest Bounders, and are designed to permit a speedy strategic withdrawal to prepared positions on the east side of the Rocky Mountains. The apparent lack of arrangements to provide for a shuttle service on the Libyan desert pattern seems to preclude any possibility of a return to this position, a fact which will be readily appreciated by all ranks.

Special Detail—(1) Aircraft 9. 10. J.G. will stand by at readiness to evacuate such essential services as the sanitary squad and R.A.F. S.P.

(2) Aircraft A.K. 72. will stand by at readiness for a secret objective in the middle west U.S.A. Crew, Captain of Aircraft, not yet detailed, but probably the Padre. F/Sgt. Butt, Bombardier; F/Sgt. Sewell, Acting (unpaid) radioman (7th class); Sgt. Pickett, gunner rear; F/Sgt. John, reserve (unclassified) radioman.

General—(1) No airman will be permitted to leave camp for two hours after the general evacuation order has been given unless in possession of a chit signed by the technical senior N.C.O. in charge of his barrack block.

(2) Four large bowls of rice, from which the chewing gum has been removed, and a five gallon drum of saki, will be left on the table of each barrack room.

(3) All senior N.C.O.'s will have their beds assembled correctly to cause as much inconvenience as possible to their successors. Disciplinary action will be taken if less than 72 degrees 17 minutes 5 seconds back lash is found on any bed.

(4) All airmen will leave their spare boots brightly polished and laced to the last hole in order to give the impression that a booby trap exists inside.

(5) Brasses on the underside of the wash basins will be polished, to convince the enemy that the British are not really mad.

(6) F/Sgt. Middleton will ensure that a large sign "Help yourself to Blue" is affixed to the door of main stores in order to inspire the distrust of the new arrivals.

(7) Full webbing equipment will be worn on leaving camp, water bottles filled with **water** and the vertical straps on the rucksacks usually left loose to be carefully rolled (2½ times).

(8) Any airman seen **not** to be fighting to get on the boat will be shot as a disgrace to the service.

—E. G. P.

Salt Spring Island Holiday



All of you will have noticed the great rounded summit of Mt. Tuam, which rises 2,000 ft. from the clear blue waters of the Satellite Channel and which is the only part of Salt Spring Island visible from the Station, but have you ever wondered what lies behind these wooded slopes? Have you realised that here within a few miles of the Station is an island with many facilities for a most enjoyable holiday at very reasonable cost? Knowing the limitations of an airman's expenditure and knowing that holiday time was fast approaching, we felt that to reveal the possibilities of a holiday on this delightful island would be a service appreciated by many of our readers.

Salt Spring Island, population about 1,800, is the largest of the islands known as the "Gulf Islands," with an area of about 70 square miles. Situated two or three miles from the northern tip of Saanich Peninsula it is reached by a passenger and automobile ferry service which leaves twice daily from Swartz Bay (about three miles from Sidney). The journey to Fulford Harbour on the Island takes less than an hour and costs only 25c.

There are over 100 miles of good motoring roads, most of which run through beautiful natural rugged scenery. Excellent fishing can be enjoyed in the sea and in most of the eleven lakes, the largest of these, St. Mary's, is stocked with small-mouthed black bass and trout. Here the Lakeshore Fishing Camp rents furnished cottages and boats at reasonable rates. Mr. Burkitt, the proprietor, an ex-member of the Royal Air Force, gives a hearty welcome to all R.A.F. visitors.

A number of holiday camps are to be found on the Island where one can enjoy perfect relaxation or indulge in more energetic pastimes. For golfers there is an excellent nine-hole course and also ample facilities for tennis and badminton enthusiasts. There is a cinema at Ganges and splendid bathing can be enjoyed at most of the Island resorts.

Vesuvius Bay Cottages, fully equipped with modern conveniences and situated on the northwest coast of Salt Spring Island are owned by J. Neil Smith. Here a launch can be hired and a store is

near at hand. Alternatively rooms and board can be had in a new modern residence.

At Vesuviois Lodge all rooms look out on to the picturesque Stewart Channel at Vesuviois Bay. The Lodge has its own private bathing beach. Riding horses are available, as also is a tennis court. Summer moonlight cruises, fishing parties and picnics are arranged.

As will be seen from our brief description, Salt Spring Island is an ideal place for those who wish to spend a quiet outdoor holiday. Why not try it? It's very near, therefore there are no heavy travelling expenses, yet it is far enough away from camp to escape from the inevitable rules and regulations of service life.

We have reported a few of the possibilities of Salt Spring Island as a holiday resort solely for the benefit of those of our readers who are short of cash but bearing in mind that others, too, can also spend an enjoyable leave amongst some of the finest scenery in the world.

—J. G.

VESUVIOIS BAY COTTAGES

Proprietor: J. Neil Smith
Ganges, B.C. Ph. Ganges 1G

Furnished waterfront Cottages. Electricity and running water. Rooms and board in new modern residence. Rates on application.

LAKESHORE FISHING CAMP

ST. MARY'S LAKE
SALT SPRING ISLAND

Trout and Black Bass Fishing. Boats and Furnished Housekeeping Cottages. Electric Light. Farm Produce. Phone 4X Ganges for Reservations for Cottages.

VESUVIOIS LODGE

SALT SPRING ISLAND
PHONE GANGES 2K.

Large newly-decorated rooms, all with sea view. Private Bathing Beach, Riding, Fishing, Boating, Tennis. Guest car meets all boats. Rates on application.

FERRY M.S. "CY PECK"

Operating daily all the year round between Swartz Bay (3 miles north of Sidney) and Fulford on Salt Spring Island. Passengers and Automobiles carried. Leave Swartz Bay at 9:30 a.m. and 5 p.m.

SINGLE FARE, 25c - CAR, \$1.00 - PASSENGERS, 15c

GULF ISLANDS FERRY CO., LTD.

ADVICE TO THE NEW ARRIVALS



Those of us who arrived here before the drain-pipes have now begun to regard ourselves as veterans and can look back with amusement (?) to those days when it was customary to hold long conversations in the most unusual places. Then there was a sense of uncertainty about everything. For instance, one never knew which billet would be lucky enough to have water on in the morning, or whether it would be possible to book out in the evening without being trapped in the mud on the way to the guardroom. Nowadays we even have roads (sorry, they're still under construction), and a goodly supply of hot water, although it must be admitted that it was always fairly easy to get into "hot water." With memories therefore of very many fatigues, including occasional turns at sanitary squadding, we can tell those who have newly arrived how lucky they are in having so much prepared by us for them.

However, esprit-de-corps and all that sort of thing being what it is, we feel sure that through the medium of these pages some helpful advice can be given to the new arrivals so that they may avoid some of the pitfalls into which we have unwontanly fallen. Take heed then all ye who are greenhorns and listen to the words of the stooges.

The following information has been collected after enormous efforts and should help considerably during the settling down period (lasting about six months).

Firstly, perhaps we should explain that it is quite easy to boob heavily by just meeting someone and politely opening a conversation by talking about the weather. For Heaven's sake don't do it. We know it's the usual thing back home to say "Nice day" or "Rather wet, isn't it," but this subject is taboo here and to talk about it is to simply ask for trouble. You see during our stay here the weather has done some very odd things, completely confounding all the prophecies made by the people who live hereabouts. Consequently although we are willing to admit the climate is excellent it still remains rather a sore point, and as far as conversation goes is best left alone.

Then again you should be very careful of the method adopted when shooting the line. It appears that certain members of our community have attempted to create a very strong impression on the young ladies of Victoria with tales of ancestral homes and strings of

family retainers. This called forth some rather caustic comments from Reby Macdonald (see February issue of "The Patrician") and strong discussion ensued for weeks. So if you must shoot a line stick to air-raids and hair raising tales of near misses, or you can even describe your prowess at sport but avoid description of your stately English homes as you would the plague.

And as regards the young ladies of Victoria, you'll find 'em very nice, friendly and quite attractive—h-m-m. In fact we could tell you quite a lot about them, but be careful, be very, very careful, for you have rivals in the field, some of which are firmly established. Remember there are soldiers in the town, sailors, too, they seem to take a very dim view of others poaching on their preserves, so tread softly, brothers, and advance with caution.

Of course you may not be even interested in girls—although if you tell us that we shan't believe you—however, perhaps a nice quiet sit down and a few beers is more in your line. Well, you can get the few beers easily enough, but unless you treat the stuff with the respect it deserves you won't have the quiet sit down. Now you might think when first tasting it and noticing the strong resemblance to vinegar well watered, that it is harmless stuff and not nearly as potent as our own "old and mild" which we regard so affectionately. Do not be deceived friends, the shrewd observer will notice a distinct feeling of elation after just a few glasses, usually accompanied by a desire to sing "Nellie Dean" loudly. Those who after reaching this stage continue to imbibe freely, will at least find themselves doing all sorts of queer things and will suffer from acute attacks of morbid melancholia the next morning. The more irresponsible ones may not even recover consciousness until finding themselves in one of the camp's private suites with breakfast served by obliging S.P.'s.

Lastly, a few words about returning to camp after a day off or being on a "48." It is always wise to do this before lights out. The reason is that some evil genius has invented a peculiar game designed to torment those who return in darkness. The method of playing is as follows:—While the unfortunate victims are away from camp, trenches are dug in unexpected places, lines of duckboards removed and placed where it is easy to fall over them and various other booby-traps are laid for the unwary. Since gardening came into vogue there are additional hazards, including the placing of large heaps of sticky black soil which are piled up near the entrance to the barrack-blocks. Very often a masterly touch is added by shifting all the occupants of rooms into other quarters, so that the victim after succeeding in returning to his room without tripping over duckboards, falling into trenches or sprawling full length into the smelly soil, finds his room deserted and spends the rest of the night roaming round in search of his bed!

—F. R.

PONDERINGS ON PARADE

How amusing it would be if we could read the thoughts of others on Special Parades. If the men standing in the ranks could know what the important official was thinking, if the officers in charge of flights and squadrons could read the thoughts of the men in the ranks, thoughts hidden behind lines of expressionless faces. Perhaps it is as well that this is not possible, for if it were so there would no doubt be a considerable loss of dignity all round! However it is interesting to let one's imagination wander sometimes, and we can easily conjure the thoughts of those taking part in an imaginary parade—the important official has for instance arrived, and he is greeted by the Commanding Officer, the usual compliments are exchanged, but this is what they really think:—

Important Official: "Hmm, not a bad turn out at all, they seem quite a smart body of men, can't say that they look particularly intelligent though, that man on the extreme right has a face like an ape. Ah, well, can't expect too much I suppose. Hope I remember my speech, last time missed out half of the confounded thing."

Commanding Officer: "Hope we are creating a good impression, the old boy looks quite pleased, must have a decent report sent in. Thank heavens they are fairly well turned out this morning, yesterday the marching was awful. Why dammit there's a man moving his head."

Officer i/c Squadron: "They'll be round for the inspection in a moment, what a queer looking bird that fellow is, he looks like a fish salesman, how some of 'em get these jobs beats me. When it's over I must remember to bring the men to attention before giving the close order march, nearly forgot it yesterday."

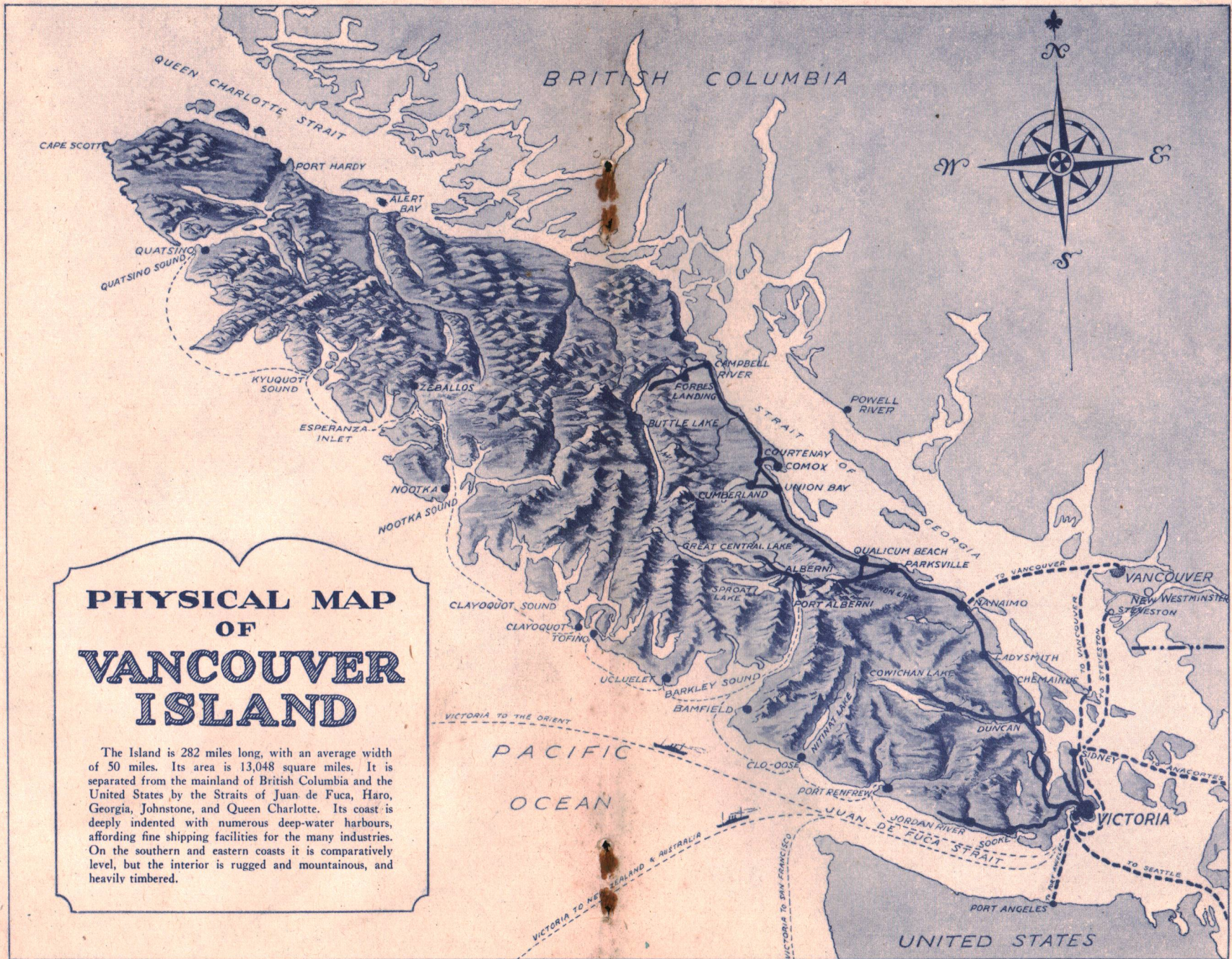
Junior Officer: "The C.O. looks very stern this morning, reminds me of Muriel last night, she was in a queer mood, never seen her so peeved, must give her a ring later on, wonder what upset her so much."

Senior N.C.O.: "Hope the silly —s keep in step during the march past, they'll hear all about it if they don't, I have to take the can back, yesterday's effort was very ropey but here's hoping."

The Airman with the face like an ape: "Blimey! but this pack's heavy, can't remember if I cleaned my cap-badge, remember doing the buttons though, well I can't take it off and see, perhaps they won't spot it. What they want these do's for I'm — if I know, waste of time I call it. The only decent parade is pay parade, don't mind that. Wonder how much longer they are going to keep us standing here. It's a nuisance about that cap-badge, wouldn't the missus think it funny to see me standing here like a twirp worrying about a dirty piece of brass. What a war!"

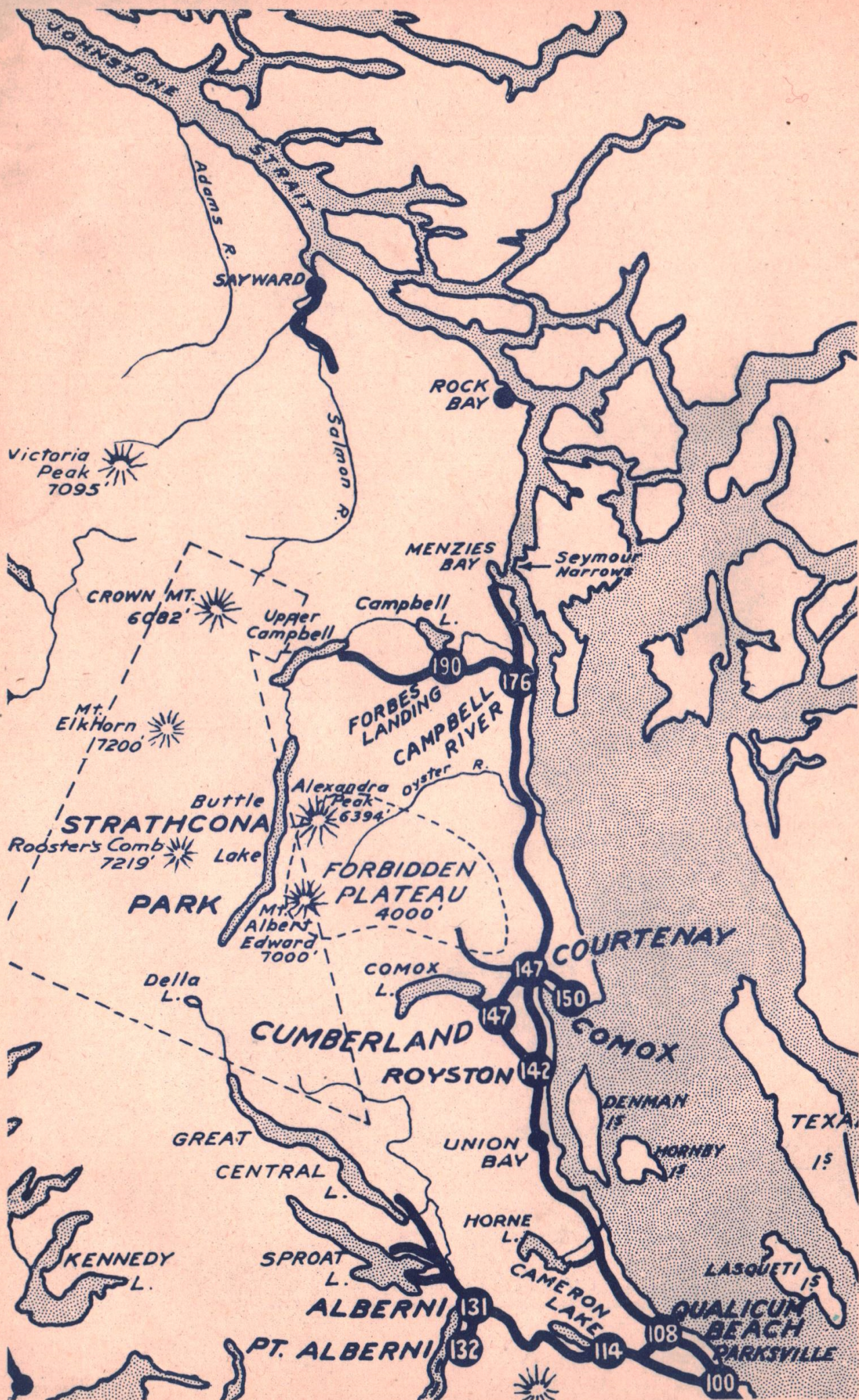
—F. R.





**PHYSICAL MAP
OF
VANCOUVER
ISLAND**

The Island is 282 miles long, with an average width of 50 miles. Its area is 13,048 square miles. It is separated from the mainland of British Columbia and the United States by the Straits of Juan de Fuca, Haro, Georgia, Johnstone, and Queen Charlotte. Its coast is deeply indented with numerous deep-water harbours, affording fine shipping facilities for the many industries. On the southern and eastern coasts it is comparatively level, but the interior is rugged and mountainous, and heavily timbered.



NEWS _____ FROM THE OFFICERS' MESS

A dinner was held on Friday, 22nd May, 1942, with No. — Course and "Treble One" as guests. No "stone" was left unturned in the effort to entertain the guests during the evening.

1 1 1

P/O. Cupper, in an after-dinner speech, referred to the subject of gardening, which he thought was apparently a part of the course. This subject was included to make the "Diggers" feel at home.

1 1 1

Flt./Lt. Spencer is one of few who have definitely "launched" themselves in the mess. His "turn" on the magic carpet no doubt surprised him as much as it did the onlookers.

1 1 1

Padre May
Has a special way
Of saying: "Hullo"—
It's "Tally-ho!"

1 1 1

A singles tennis tournament is being run and the result should be available by the next issue of "The Patrician." In congratulating P/O Hollis on his win in the 2nd round, it is pointed out that his victory is not considered the height of fact!!

1 1 1

Wing Commander Waring
Was considered rather daring
Regarding his dress
On a dinner night in the mess.

1 1 1

It has been suggested that a further economy can be effected by having **no** portion of the towel at all projecting from the automatic towel machine in the mess.

In Memorium

DASHER'S ANSON



Boating and Fishing



Boating and fishing around the beautiful coasts of the Saanich Peninsula are pastimes which are available to all, as boats and fishing tackle can be bought or hired at very reasonable cost. Below is a list of places from which these things can be obtained and it is hoped that our readers will patronise these advertisers.

GILBERT'S BOATS AND MARINE SERVICE

Next Mill Bay Ferry Landing, Brentwood - 5 Miles from Pat Bay

Launches and Row Boats for Hire . . . Fishing Tackle for Rent
Reasonable Rates . . . Everything for Salmon Fishing

Phone Keating 86Y for Information - "Flying Fishermen But No Flying Fish"

MADRONA STORE

MADRONA DRIVE
DEEP COVE

PHONE 102W

Fishing Tackle for Sale . . . Row and Sail Boats for Hire

Soft Drinks . . . Ices . . . Etc.

THE CHALET . . . *Deep Cove*

Row Boats for Hire — Good Fishing

PHONE 82F

SHOAL HARBOUR MARINE SERVICE

ALL BAY, NEAR SIDNEY — PHONE 72X

Row Boats . . . 25c per Hour

Power Boats . . . \$4.00 per Day

CANOE COVE SHIPYARDS AND STORE

3 Miles from the Camp on Schwartz Bay Road

Power Boats, 50c per Hour . . . \$3.50 per Day

Row Boats, 25c per Hour . . . \$1.50 per Day

Fishing Tackle for Hire . . . Phone Sidney 39R

WILSONA INN . . . *Deep Cove*

RESIDENTIAL HOTEL — 3 Miles from the Camp

Afternoon Tea . . . Lunches . . . Dinners, Etc. . . . Row Boats

Telephone Sidney 80X - Mrs. A. Wilson

DEEP COVE BOATBUILDING CO., LTD.

Wharfage and Moorings

R.R. 1, Sidney

Phone 145Y

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

FIRST CATCH!

It all seemed so simple. We just borrowed a rowing boat, threw overboard a line with hook, sinker and spinner attached and waited. To make it even easier we had the line tied on to a piece of stick, on the end of the stick was a bell, every time we jerked the line the bell rang.

Les rowed and I laid back in the stern sunbathing. Then the bell rang. I wound in the line and found a four-pound salmon flapping about on the end with the hook through its nose. When we pulled it up it jumped around a good deal but a wallop on the head with a hammer we found in the bottom of the boat soon stopped that.

Fishing? Pah! There's nothing to it.

—FRANK.

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

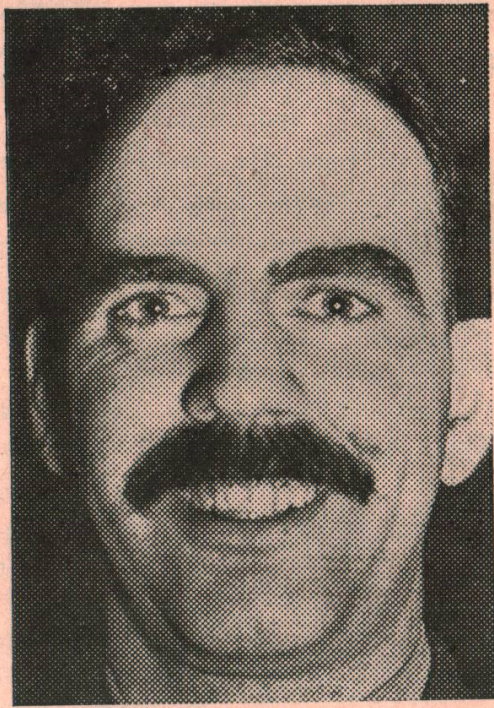
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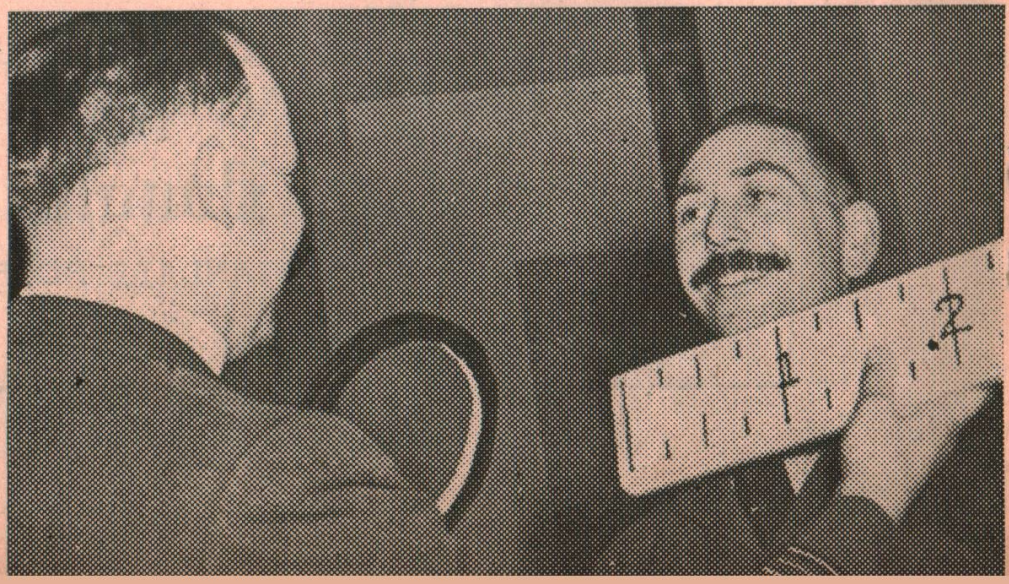
he Padre looks tickled to death as he judges the efforts of Ewart Macdonald, Sam King and Johnny Adam.



.....
The Winner . . .
A/C. Ewart Macdonald
. . . The Only
Canadian Entry !
.....



Ron Norris parades for Wing Inspection



ANOTHER SMILE



The Recreation Hall was crowded for the third R.A.F. concert "Another Smile" held on the evening of May 13th. There was a certain air of excitement about the whole proceedings which was not diminished until the Padre had awarded his Ten Dollar prize to the winner of the Moustache Competition, halfway through the show.

The concert itself was very good entertainment and much credit is due to the producer and his assistants in organising so successful a show of this nature which was practically without rehearsal and very much impromptu.

One thing that I think is always an advantage with concerts held by our own personnel, and that is the free and easy atmosphere which prevails. Often some of the best wise-cracks come from the audience who feel at liberty to hurl remarks at the entertainers which would be very bad form under different circumstances. Nevertheless, the more serious turns are appreciated as they should be, for instance, there was not even a cough during Brian Hanson's songs. However, despite the good variety of our own artistes and the excellent support from the band, the judging of the Moustache Competition was the big attraction and merits most space here.

The judging was of course burlesqued, our station trumpeters opening the proceedings by playing something which resembled "Tiger Rag." Everybody taking part in the judging wore moustaches, although it must be admitted that only five finalists, Johnny Adam, Bert Gretton, Ewart Macdonald (the Canadian entrant) and the two barbers, Ron Norris and Sam King, wore real ones. We were even honoured with a visit from the great Professor Cola Coca himself who cut snippets of hair for examination under the microscope. The other five entrants were unable to stand the strain of having porridge mixed up with their whiskers every morning and dropped out of the competition at various stages. The barbers had been hot favourites most of the time. It was rumoured that they spent long periods experimenting with various liquids which were supposed to grow hairs quickly. It was announced by both Jerry Gosley and Cpl. Frank Millen that the programme was being sponsored by Rasp Razors (guaranteed not to remove a single hair), and as each entrant was introduced to the audience he was asked to say a few words about Rasp Razors. When the Canadian appeared he shook us rigid; what a growth he had! We expected birds to fly out of it at any moment.

The Padre, complete with three-foot rule, moustache and huge magnifying glass was in his element. He tugged heartily at each appendage to make sure it was real, and carefully measured the "hairs to the inch," tapped the Canadian's moustache and described this action as "beating about the bush." He thought Johnny Adam both "Scotch and wry," and said there was a deficiency in Bert Gretton's growth as there was "a bristle missing." After careful examination with rule and magnifying glass the Padre awarded the ten dollars to A/C Ewart Macdonald amidst enthusiasm from the audience. Eyeing the five terrific growths he added that this was certainly a land of development, and remarked that there was even "scrub on the floors." Bottles of Coca Cola were produced from the eminent professor's bag and awarded to the four less successful entrants. And this was the end of the Moustache Competition, and incidentally the end of any future mention of moustaches in the columns of "The Patrician."

As regards the artistes. The Two Georges (George Fairburn and George Walker) and their two pianos will, I think, always be a popular turn. They play the sort of stuff the fellows like and our crowd didn't want to let them go. Indeed, someone who was sitting next to me remarked that this was the sort of thing that made service life worth while. Then again everyone enjoyed the singing of Brian Hanson. We are lucky to have a fellow with a voice like that with us. It seems that we have quite a talented crooner too in Bob Hale, late of Hughie Green's Gang; he croons in the best professional manner. Then there were our old favourites, "Monty" with his clever impersonations, Bill Cann and his accordion, Alex Anderson and his sax (very much appreciated), and Curly with the guitar. Sid Seff surprised us all with his impersonation of Max Miller, which brought forth roars of laughter, congratulations Sid! Cpl. Frank Millen too was on form and his act developed into a battle of wisecracks between himself and the audience, honours were about even. There were gags and songs from Joe Crawley, and we were delighted to see our own little Wigan. The Victoria Daily Times refers to him as "The George Formby of the R.A.F.," but I rather suspect the producer pushed him in front of the curtain and left his dialect to do the rest!

The band under the leadership of F/Sgt. Jackson gave excellent support to the show. If there can be any criticism it is that an effort should be made next time for a little more rehearsing, but as far as I am concerned anyway I very much enjoyed it. I think this goes for others, too. In the words of Wing Commander Waring, "Jolly good show."

—SPECTATOR



Miss Eileen James and Cpl. Jefferies, Miss Hazel Bennett and L.A.C. Masterman won the spot prizes at the second Airmen's Dance, held in the Recreation Hall on May 26.

Cola Coca At Quaint Ceremony

"Amazing Hirsute Development" says Noted Ornithologist

The eminent Professor whose name has now become a household word, has once more been gracious enough to grant our sly scribe an exclusive interview on his recent interesting experience. As he describes it in his own words:—

wood) by an invitation extended to me by the Head Curator or wood) by an invitation extended to my by the Head Curator or should I say Chief Game Warden at the large confine that has been built for the species (now known as the Greater Bluecoated Ayrmann, see my previous works earlier this year). This settlement by the way, is now known locally as the "Bullpen," a term that I am unable to understand.

"The occasion was the selection of the finest specimen for the distinction of cultivating the most impressive and well-turned out hirsute appendage on the base of the olfactory organ, to wit the beak. I was kindly ushered round by the chief instigator of this experiment, who amazed me by displaying an immense growth of hair which would easily have taken all awards but for the fact that it was false, much to my disappointment. I was even more amazed to discover that the judging platform was literally littered with creatures all showing magnificent facial adornments but without the aid of my "super XXX lens glasses" I could not decipher which were natural growths and which were artificial, and it was only by a stealthy grasping and ripping movement of my fingers that I could differentiate between them. When tears came to the eyes of the poor creatures I knew of course that they had a natural creation!

"The specimens selected as the finest on show were paraded before my guide and myself and although all had excellent and well-groomed appendages, it was obvious to which one the award should be given. A finer example of beak bush I have not seen in years. The creatures were amazingly docile considering the amount of teasing and self denial that they must have undergone during their period of development and I would have been very pleased to have arranged for these specimens to have been exhibited at the next Orthnologists Convention. Unfortunately, however, I was compelled to leave shortly after the ceremony as it appeared to me that the creatures were becoming restive and were turning on their own kind. My last observation which bore witness to this was of one creature emitting a strange rhythmic clucking into an electrical instrument, the nature of which I was unable to ascertain. I may be fortunate enough to enlarge upon my studies of this new variation in the life of the Erkus Fantasticus at a later date."

—A. R. NICKLESS

"THE PAT FUND"




The collections during the past month have nearly doubled those of the previous month, but there is still much room for improvement. May we, the magazine staff, ask for a little more co-operation from the officers, N.C.O.'s and men of the Station in our efforts to raise money for those bombed victims of Britain who so badly need our help. There are still a number of sections who are not contributing to the fund, and we feel sure that they would be only too glad to if only someone in those sections would take an active interest in it. We will supply the tins and give all the assistance we can. If the officers i/c the sections now contributing would open their tins and send the money to the Padre on the 17th of each month this would simplify collecting difficulties.

Port Albert, Ontario, a R.A.F. Station with less men than ours, averages a monthly collection of \$500. They have Boob boxes, fines and all kinds of ways of collecting money, but there every member of the Station takes an active part in the Fund—no one is allowed to make a mistake without paying for it. If they can raise such a large sum each month, why can't we?

The Equipment Section has gone all out this month levying fines, charging for 295s and using other such methods to bring in cash. Their admirable efforts have raised the sum of \$17.50—a really creditable piece of work.

The rest of the takings are as follows: Cinema, \$25.65; Synthetic Building, \$10.30; "Another Smile" Concert, \$7.61; Barbers' Shop, \$5.76; Torpedo Section, \$5.67; Photographic Section, \$5.00; Orderly Room, \$4.55; No. 1 Hangar Stores, \$4.48; M. T. Section, \$4.37; Air-men's Mess, \$3.54; Signals Maintenance, \$2.64; Moustache Competition Entries, \$2.50; Workshops, \$2.26; Guard House, \$1.69; Signals S.H.Q., \$0.97; Sergeant's Mess, \$0.57. Total, \$105.06.




POSTING "THE PATRICIAN"

The postal authorities have informed us that a large number of magazines are being taxed because they carry insufficient postage. This means that the recipients must pay double the postage rate and in many cases this amounts to quite a large sum.

If a magazine is rolled and wrapped with a paper band or placed in an **unsealed** envelope it costs 2c to any address in the world. If a letter is enclosed or if the envelope is sealed the charge is 7c. Air Mail, across Canada, whether sealed or unsealed, costs 16c.

And talking of postage—did you know that Government Regulations prohibit the sending of stamps and items of philatelic interest from or into Britain unless permission is obtained from the Philatelic Export and Import Control?

AN ENGLISH GIRL WRITES



Westcliff on Sea, Essex,
25th March, 1942.

Dear Mr. Editor:—

May I write you a few lines to tell you how much I appreciate receiving your little Magazine each month. My first reaction is only natural I suppose—I eagerly scan its pages to see if by any lucky chance there is any mention of my fiancé who is with your Unit, after which I more sedately read it through from cover to cover, adverts and all, and then it is passed on to my friends.


Regarding the February issue—"Replies to Reby"—especially "Hook, Line and Sinker" and "Invasion **has** come"—you know, Mr. Editor—neither I nor my girl friends really believe the Canadian girls are such hard-boiled little go-getters as these articles make out. Even if they **are**—do you know—I don't think we English girls are even a little bit frightened. We are quite capable of holding our men, even with so many thousands of miles of sea and land between us and our loved ones. As your contributor "Sparks" says—yea, and how!

Our dear old London Town is very gay this week (Warship week). I was in Trafalgar Square and saw the big model of H.M.S. Trafalgar, and the loud-speakers were blaring out announcing The First Lord of the Admiralty. Soldiers, sailors and airmen of every nationality were there in processions, bands were playing, and the very first day we collected over 27 million pounds. What a record! Already the horrors of the blitzes we have had are fading from our memories, and the theatres, restaurants and shops are more crowded than ever, and everywhere there is that rather exciting feeling of Spring, even if it is rather tinged with sadness for our loved ones so far away.

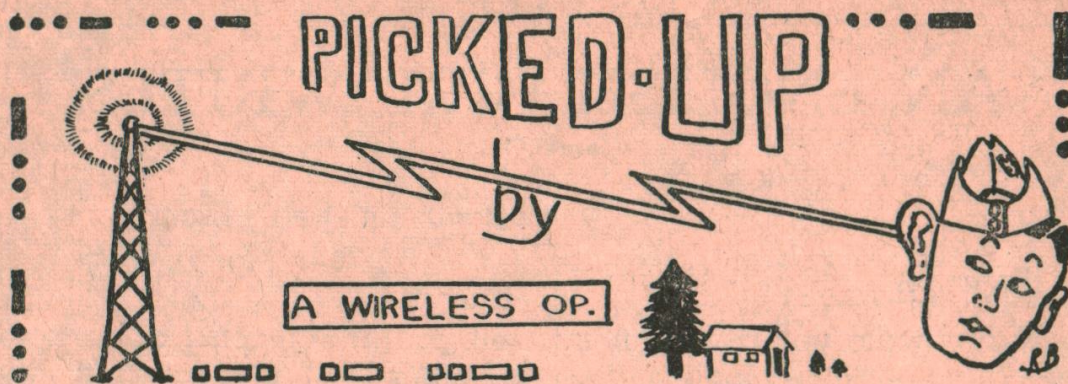
That's all, Mr. Editor. Here's wishing your very interesting little Magazine every success and the best of luck and "Happy Landings" to all our airmen at Pat Bay.

Sincerely yours, Pamela Woodman.

Another English girl writes of "The Patrician"—"It may be naughty but it's nice!"



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PUKKA GEN

At last fish have begun to drop from the skies. We thank the section concerned for their co-operation in giving local colour to this month's fishing number.

1 1 1

Why did one of the new corporals put his pyjamas on under his uniform? Emergency measures, probably.

1 1 1

Another corporal was posted on Intelligence. I haven't noticed it.

1 1 1

The Sidney Hostess House are not planting nasturtiums this season, because last year the airmen ate all the leaves.

1 1 1

I haven't noticed in the Sales and Wants column any mention of a large size "Oxometer" for sale owing to excessive wear and tear.

1 1 1

Dingle was standing near an automatic parking post in Seattle recently when a limousine drew up and parked. A well-dressed lady stepped out and popped a nickel into Dingle's hand!

1 1 1

Did you hear of the L.A.C. whose teeth went with and for a Burton?

1 1 1

Why do they call Sgt. Joyce "The Rip-Chord King"? Maybe Nolan knows.

DUFF GEN

Have you heard of the girl who thought an erk was some form of irritation you got caught with?

1 1 1

Several erks have been starving slowly for weeks now owing to them being directed to either side of the dining-hall, with the result that they never quite catch up with the queues.

SPORT



SOCCER

Among the recent arrivals from England we have been fortunate to welcome many soccer players, the most outstanding to date being A/C 1 Les Boulter. In Les Boulter we have secured the valuable services of a Welsh International who has seen long service with Charlton Athletic and, more recently, Brentford. The greatly improved individual play and teamwork of the unit eleven was put to the test and found successful when we met the champions of the Vancouver and District Soccer League at Macdonald Park on Saturday, May 9th. This team from the Boeing Aircraft Works travelled over from Vancouver to play an exhibition challenge match and brought with them a marvellous record of 13 consecutive wins. In spite of our position as hosts to the mainland team our soccer enthusiasm triumphed over ethics and we managed to score 5 goals to our visitors 3, thus ending a very good exhibition of football with a mutually agreed well-earned victory. Photographs appear on pages 13 and 36, 47.

Unfortunately this report goes to press before the end of the month for we have been invited to a return match in Vancouver on the 30th. It is not wise to attempt a forecast of the actual result of the game but it can be safely assumed that the R.A.F. will make every endeavour to impress the soccer fans of Vancouver as much, if not more, than they have those of Victoria.

The pen-pictures of our players, as promised last month, have been compiled by Cpl. Hepenstall, himself a very good player who has unfortunately hit a bad spell this latter half of the season. We all hope he will find his old form before the next season starts and will gladly welcome him back in the team. —D. W. C. H.

Cpl. Woodbridge (Goalkeeper)—Has played every match for the unit and has also represented the United Services, Victoria United and V.M.D. He has improved his play as the season has progressed and now maintains a high standard of goalkeeping. His unique style and dress make him a favourite of the Victoria fans, and on one occasion was referred to in journalistic circles as "the R.A.F. Wonder Goalkeeper."

A.C. Witham (Right Back)—Fittest man in the side. This "Superman" plays just as hard in the last minute of the game as in the first. His tackling is good, but positional play leaves a little to be desired.

L.A.C. Sedman (Left Back)—This fine, determined player has regularly appeared in the unit team and has also played with the United Services team. He has a very good understanding with the centre half and left half and usually completely obliterates the opposing right wing man.

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A.C. Chapman (Right Half)—Made his name in the "Warspite" game, when he gave a fine exhibition at Right Back. He has represented the United Services in this position. Recently, however, he has played at right half in the Unit team and has proved successful.

A.C. Hurd (Centre Half)—He is without doubt one of the finest footballers on the Unit. Plays the attacking game and is an adept in the art of dribbling and passes the ball to advantage all the time. Has played every game for the Unit team and has also represented the United Services and Victoria United teams.

A.C. Hughes (Left Half)—Only Scotsman in the side, at present. He has wonderful ball control, and his accurate passes have contributed largely to the success of our left wing forwards. His play has received the recognition it deserves and he has played for the United Services and V.M.D.

F/Sgt. Huggins (Right Wing)—From the very practice game played by the Advance Party, "Huggy" has appeared consistently for the Unit XI. He is a popular figure in Victorian Soccer Circles and has played for Victoria United, and also every game for the United Services. He is captain of the Unit team, is very speedy and "packs" a terrific shot.

A.C. Boulter (Inside Right)—Professional footballer in civilian life. Played for Charlton Athletic, Brentford and is a Welsh International. His play does not belie his reputation as is so often the case and he has proved a great acquisition to the side.

A.C. Hall (Centre Forward)—This consistent player is always ready to take a chance at goal and is particularly clever with his head. He has played for the United Services team on many occasions.

A.C. Mundy (Inside Left)—Is one of the most improved players in the team. He is a fine dribbler, who has developed a good understanding with the left half and left wing and also possesses a very strong shot. "Ted" Mundy has appeared for the United Services and Victoria United.

A.C. Martin (Outside Left)—The discovery of the season. Although only slight of build, he is smart and tricky. He centres the ball well and does not waste many goal-scoring opportunities. He will undoubtedly make his appearance with the United Services in the coming season.



CRICKET

Four victories and a draw have featured the opening of the Station cricket team's season, and, although these games have been more in the nature of practice matches in preparation for the commencement of league fixtures, some good cricket has been enjoyed, and the thanks of the Station are extended to the clubs who have entertained the teams.

We have obtained membership of two leagues in Victoria, and anyone with cricketing talent should hand in their names to the Padre. At the moment facilities for net practice are limited, but it is hoped to have wickets laid on camp, or nearby, in the very near future, when it is proposed to organise inter-section or similar matches.

Results:—

v. **Garrison**, 25.4.42: R.A.F. 85 (S/Ldr. May 20, Chapman 34, Cpl. Sumner 17); Garrison 29 (Sgt. Thorner 5 for 8, Beach 6 for 17).

v. **Royal Canadian Navy**, 2.5.42: R.A.F. 119 (Wood 41 not out, Chapman 15); R.C.N. 96 (S/L. May for R.C.N., 25 not out, Wood 6 for 20).

v. **University School**, 9.5.42: University School 81 (Sgt. Thorner 6 for 9); R.A.F. 109 for 2 (Green 53 retired, Sgt. Wildmore 25 retired, Sgt. Thorner 16 not out).

v. **Brentwood College**, 12.5.42: R.A.F. 117 for 6 dec. (Cpl. Stobart 41, Cpl. Heppenstall 24 not out, Wood 19); Brentwood College 37 (Cpl. Heppenstall 5 for 8, Snell 4 for 8).

v. **Shawnigan Lake School**, 16.5.42: R.A.F. 97 (Green 52); Shawnigan Lake School 54 for 6 (Chapman 3 for 17).

—C.W.B.

GOLF

The Golf Club now has a membership of 44 and increases monthly. Any enquiries for new memberships should be addressed to L.A.C. Green, club secretary, or S/Ldr. J. R. Pearson, president. The first of a series of monthly competitions was held at Ardmore Golf Club. A prize was given by S/Ldr. J. R. Pearson, which was won by A.C. Cann; runner-up, S/Ldr. Armitage. Photo on page 47.



NO NEWS FROM THE SERGEANTS' MESS

We were told that nothing worth reporting had happened in the Sergeants' Mess since our last issue. Someone's slipping, surely! We hear of lots of things that the Sergeants do—admittedly their doings couldn't be printed bluntly but they could at least be worded so as not to appear quite so bad.

Now that it is known that the Irish Sergeant (from the North, you understand) has taken the plunge, everyone is wondering who will be the next to go under.

Sgt. Robson has been excused the job of mess caterer, as he is unable to see over the bar.

The whole camp heard the roar which went up when a big burly F/Sgt. asked that dinky little fairy lights be scattered around the Mess on dance nights. No one suspected him of being romantic.

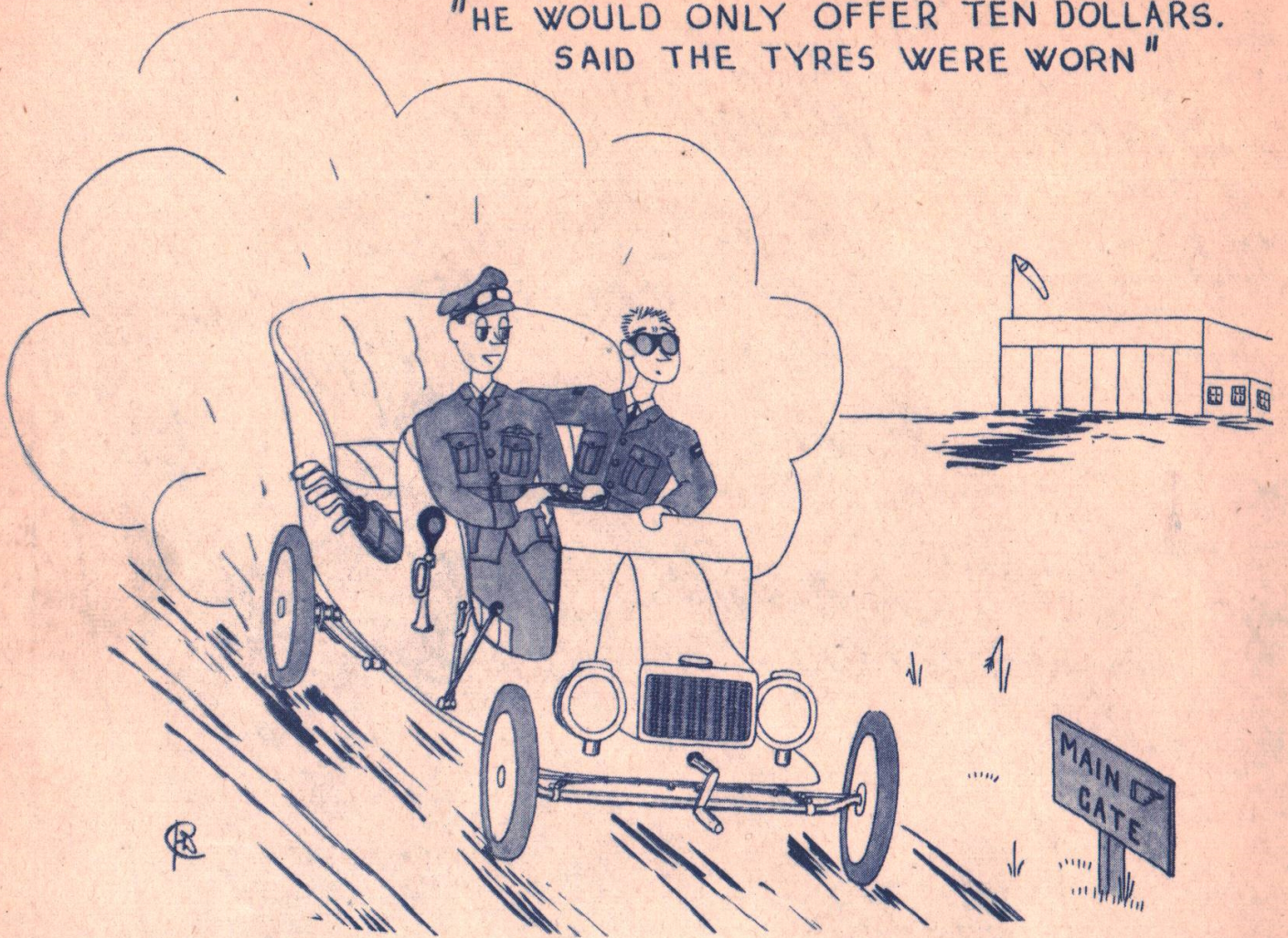
Sport

Squadron Leader J. R. Pearson
presents the first prize to
A/C W. Cann, winner of
the first monthly Golf
competition.

Pressure on the Boeing
goal-keeper, with
Huggins, Boulter,
and Martin
keenly
interested—
not to mention
Beach, the
referee.




"HE WOULD ONLY OFFER TEN DOLLARS.
SAID THE TYRES WERE WORN"



"The Sparks Fly" or "The Wops make Whoopee with
Eve—twenty years old and still going strong."

Shall We Sing Inside the Parlour?



It appears that the good old English (sorry, Scotland—British) custom of raising the voice in harmony in a company of aleimbibers is not encouraged in the beer parlours that exist in the vicinity of our nearest city here. At least that is what we are informed by our gallant band of beer-leaders who are frequent visitors to these haunts. In fact the position is somewhat embarrassing it would appear, for should the voices of erks be heard breaking forth into melody, an air of tense drama invades the solemn scene, and the proceedings are cut short by the entrance of several minions clad in their immaculate whites dashing over to the unfortunate singers and threatening them with immediate ejection for daring to break the hushed silence in which one is expected to drink their glass of beer.

This cathedral-like air of solemn hushery is a source of wonder to our minds as we cannot conceive why it should be that a person must maintain a grave silence, broken perhaps by a few whispered words (whispered mark you, else this, too, may cause the wreath of the traymen to descend on those so foolish as to raise their voices to an audible pitch). Is it that there is some taboo existing which prevents such a display of animal spirits; an ancient shibboleth to cast its aged spell on these halls that discourage the drinking public from singing? We would hardly believe so, as we believe that Canada is foremost amongst countries which induce the community-singing spirit. Or is it that the business of drinking beer is so serious and so scandalous a matter that it should be undertaken only when one is fully aware of its terrible awareness and perhaps fearful consequences, and not a thing to be indulged in in a cheerful and lighthearted manner? From our own modest experiences of smoking-room concerts at home in the cheerful atmosphere of the village inn or the "local" round the corner, where we would meet together in a goodly company around the battered piano, we imagine that no better expression of one's enjoyment could be given than a rousing song or two, sung by the company, all giving of their best—or worst! It was then that one really felt the spirit of Britain; the communal heart that beats so strongly in times of peril and adversity such as we have, and are now experiencing. We are not prepared to theorise on the whys and wherefores of a "national spirit" but it does strike us that a true national unity cannot be judged until one can perceive such evidence of it that shows itself at the Saturday nights at the "Dog and Duck" or the "George and Dragon" or any one of the hundreds of inns that have so stoutly taken all the "knocks" that our enemy has given them and still defy them. As long as the British hostelry can open its doors and its people can drink a glass of ale, and they can sing as much and as loud as they wish, no enemy in this world will ever conquer them.

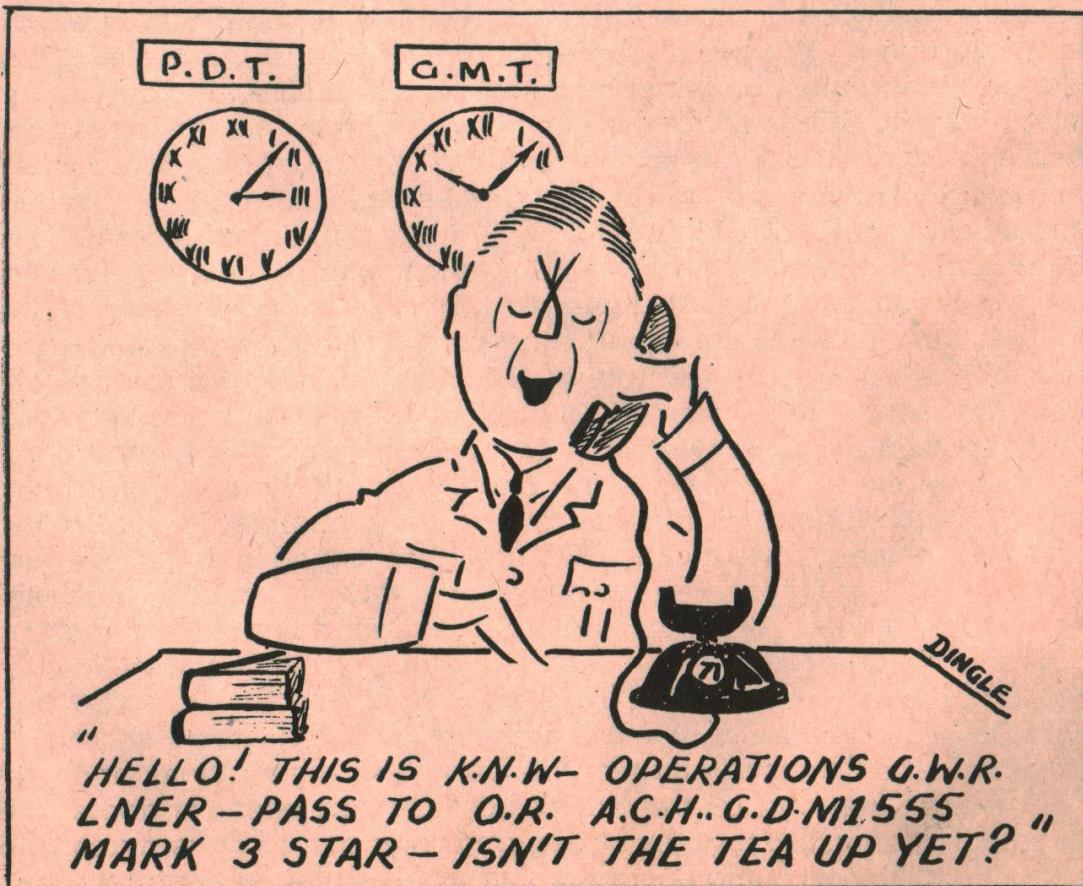
We cannot admit that we have found the same spirit existing in this country and it appears to us that if this barrier was removed, if barrier it is, a new and warmer feeling of comradeship would come about, and in the war that we are engaged in today, it is surely paramount that such a spirit as this must exist to overcome the forces of oppression that are seeking to crush anything that means freedom. It is far better to sing in a beer parlour or inn than to mourn silently and impotently when all chance of fighting has gone; we doubt whether there is much singing today in the beer gardens of Europe.

To conclude this article, which should not be taken in any spirit of criticism but merely as an expression of opinion, we believe that this repressive atmosphere is already being lifted at some beer parlours due to the energetic and persistent efforts of some members of the Royal Air Force. They at least, may triumph through adversity to the "bars."

—A. R. N.

British Columbia is rich in its resources in forest land. About one-third of the Province is land of productive quality, the most majority of which is confined to forest crop by nature.

This Province cannot afford on the one hand to waste valuable timber by fire, and cannot afford on the other to divert man-power to fighting forest fires. The people of British Columbia should exercise every care to prevent the possibility of forest destruction by fires.



TALES

FROM THE

TARMAC

They say the Scotsmen in "C" Flight felt a thrill of pride when they heard the "Hampden Roar."

✓ ✓ ✓

The Servicing Squadron Office Staff effected a completely successful withdrawal to prepared positions in No. 2 Hangar, in record time!

✓ ✓ ✓

"Swindles may come and swindles may go, but I go on forever," says the N.C.O. i/c Maintenance Wing Orderly Room.

✓ ✓ ✓

The Torpedo Workshops lads are taking an intensive three-weeks course on the study of Ichthiology under the able tutelage of Nobby Clarke. He has appointed himself a/c i/c Goldfish and Tadpoles.

✓ ✓ ✓

When asked how we felt about his departure from Maintenance Wing to Training Wing Cpl. Heppenstall replied in the Saanich dialect "Heppy big heapy happy. No more hop-ee."

✓ ✓ ✓

The genial Flight Lieutenant cum-Gardener-cum-Aerated Water Magnate has at last succeeded in driving all other competitors off the market, so that Coca-Cola now reigns supreme in "A" and "B" Flights.

✓ ✓ ✓

W.O. Day's miniature National Park will present a picturesque background for the Colour Hoisting Parades, once the blossoms burst forth.

✓ ✓ ✓

There is no truth in the rumour that L.A.C. Gisbourne is taking over the Coffee Stall formerly operated by the Thunderbird Squadron.

✓ ✓ ✓

It is noticed that Flight Sergeant Goodhead has dropped his "Oxford" accent since taking over "C" Flight.

✓ ✓ ✓

It is reported from reliable sources that Flight Sergeant Williams' new book on "Driving Accidents and How to Avoid Them," should be a best seller.

—F.I.M.

Local Purchase

N. I. V.

(BICYCLE—[N. & V. I.] Two-wheeled
Velocipede. —*Oxford Dictionary*).

I was given to understand by the Eds. that the theme of this month's publication was Fishing and a contribution on that subject was required. Now primarily I am not piscivorous and secondly, I have not yet resorted to the pastime of fishing in the placid waters hereabouts, although I believe great results can be obtained by trolling in this vicinity—I have seen some beautiful catches being displayed with great pride on various occasions.

Taking into consideration these two points I do not feel justified in dwelling on the joys or otherwise of this great sport, therefore I will leave that to others whose ability to angle has been more recently tried.

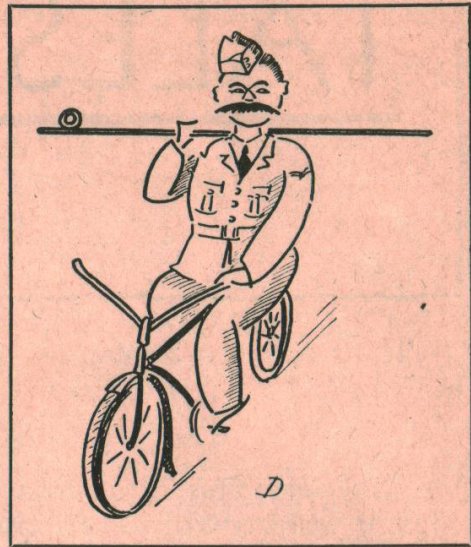
Nevertheless, it occurred to my practical mind that the potential angler must of necessity transport himself from his place of labour or seclusion to the fishing regions, and then I realized how very few carry themselves thither on foot.

Thus, in thought, I returned from the ultimate object to the penultimate action, that is the angler's progress from barrack block or residence to waterside.

Now are my wandering thoughts centred upon one subject, the faithful servant of man, the bicycle. Ah me! many a happy hour have I spent leisurely proceeding along the lanes of old England with a small but very trusted machine.

The prospect of a possibly prolonged sojourn in this Eden of the west caused me a while ago to dwell upon the subject of transportation, some contrivance was necessary, or rather essential, to cover the local area. Bearing in mind the happy hours I spent so frequently prior to these turbulent times, and also the beneficial exercise it was possible to derive, I decided to purchase a bicycle.

Having made up my mind the major task then proved the actual purchasing. Apparently these two-wheeled machines are scarce, and the vendor is being very gracious in allowing a customer to have one in exchange for dollar bills; moreover the customer has to pay very dearly indeed for the privilege. My own experience was of being limited to a choice of three models, one new, and two reconditioned. I would prefer to suggest that these two latter were in actual fact, salvage camouflaged.



The new machine was so far removed in design from its English contemporary that doubtless a short conversion course would have proved necessary before attempting to propel it along the highway. Its vast stretch of handlebars, its tremendous balloon tires and its general bulky appearance suggested that an outboard motor would constitute a more favourable and less tiring means of propulsion than the employment of the lower locomotive organs. Thereby, one of the glorious rebuilds became my property, not, may I add, my proud possession.

Eventually I succeeded in having this contrivance conveyed to camp from town; then I decided to try it out. After the first fifty yards I was quite satisfied that the cranks were mounted in a ball race of square balls, and also that the front wheel must at some previous date have been in a recumbent position beneath a particularly heavy vehicle. Experience in that brief trial run proved that the coaster brake had long since ceased to be serviceable, and then at the first incline the ratchets ceased to engage and my feet rotated at great speed without any satisfactory results. The crowning triumph was the rattle that developed with the rear mudguard after ten minutes hard effort. I had regrettably indeed been "sold a pup."

When I venture forth on that first piscatorial venture I shall proceed to the water's edge on foot and so ensure a happy state of mind prevailing for that pensive session.

—K.D.A.



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NOTES - NEWS - NONSENSE

Men in uniform stationed in B.C. may purchase a fresh water fishing licence for \$1.00 per year. No licence is required for sea water fishing.

1 1 1

Heard in the blackout: "Because you're a firewatcher, Mr. Telling, is no excuse for meddling with my hose."

1 1 1

The greetings messages recorded by a number of men on the Station were broadcast in England during the past month.

1 1 1

We deeply regret the passing of S.H.Q. Signals garden. A fine young life nipped in the bud by the W. & B. bulldozer. Did anybody see Mr. Richard's face?

1 1 1

A true yarn of two erks talking in the Wet Bar:—

1st: "How did you get on with your board?"

2nd: "I think I just failed to get my L.A.C."

1st: "Why? Didn't you attempt the \$64 question?"

1 1 1

Note attached to socks which were returned from the Salvation Army Canteen: "These were mended by a Miss Schofield. She found the socks so full of holes she gave you these two new ones and is reknitting the feet of the other pair. Isn't that amazing?"

1 1 1

Any newcomers who can play musical instruments are asked to get in touch with Ft./Sgt. Jackson. The Dance Band especially needs trumpet players and a trombonist.

1 1 1

An Irishwoman was dying and asked Pat for a last request to be granted. "Sure," said Pat, "and what is it I'll have to be doing?" "Well," said Bridget, faintly, "Promise me that me mother will come to me funeral, wid yer?" Pat was silent for a minute and then replied: 'Sure and she will, too, but begorrah it will spoil me day for me."

1 1 1

When the 'phone rang the other day in the Stores, a storebasher created a new high in dumb talk by saying that it sounded just like Mr. Tickle's ring! We supposed since it consisted of just one ring!

Little Audrey laughed and laughed because she knew what girls went without when they had no coupons.

1 1 1

Have you noticed how "Terry" the Irish Setter avoids the company of the lower canine species since his master attained Commissioned Rank?

1 1 1

"Did you see that notice we've just passed—"Tourist trips over Mountain'?"

"No, I didn't. But why worry about him? He should have looked where he was going."

1 1 1

During the month the Station was visited by Wing Commander, the Rev. J. Rossie Brown, Senior R.A.F. Chaplain in Canada for the United Board Presbyterian and Methodist Denominations.

1 1 1

Enjoyable concerts were presented during the month by the Red Triangle, Red Shield, Saskatchewan and Auxiliary Services Concert Parties.



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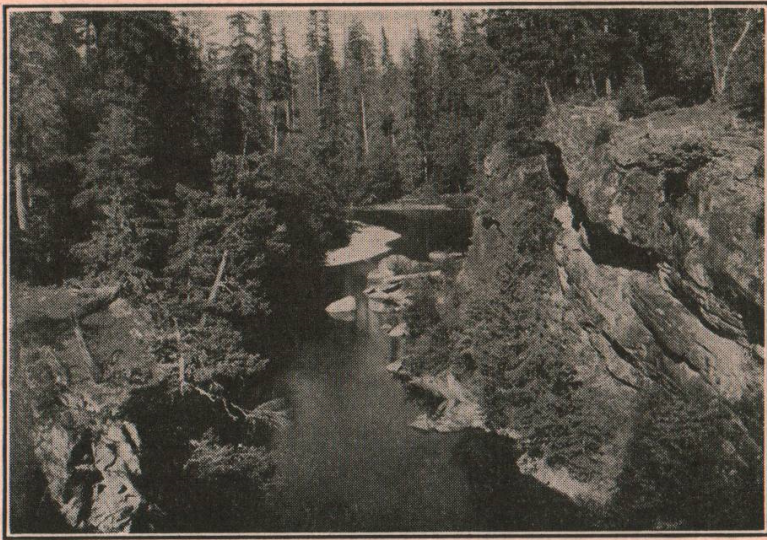
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