

The Patrician



The Magazine of the
Royal Air Force
British Columbia



SUNSET FROM SHELL ISLAND

Vol. 2

JULY - 1942

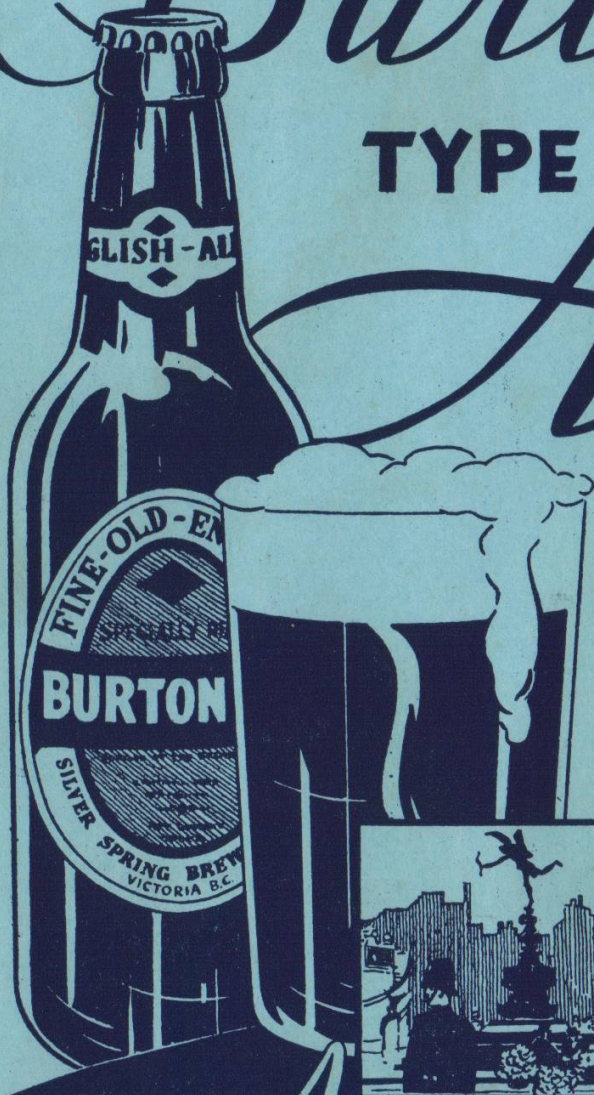
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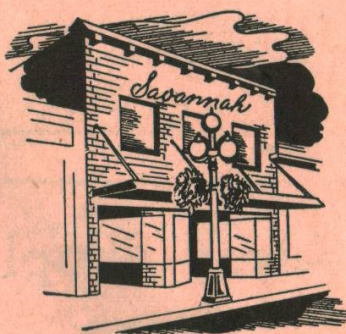
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From every corner of the Empire, people have come to British Columbia, have made their homes here, adopted our pattern, become citizens, absorbed themselves in our life and interests.

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.

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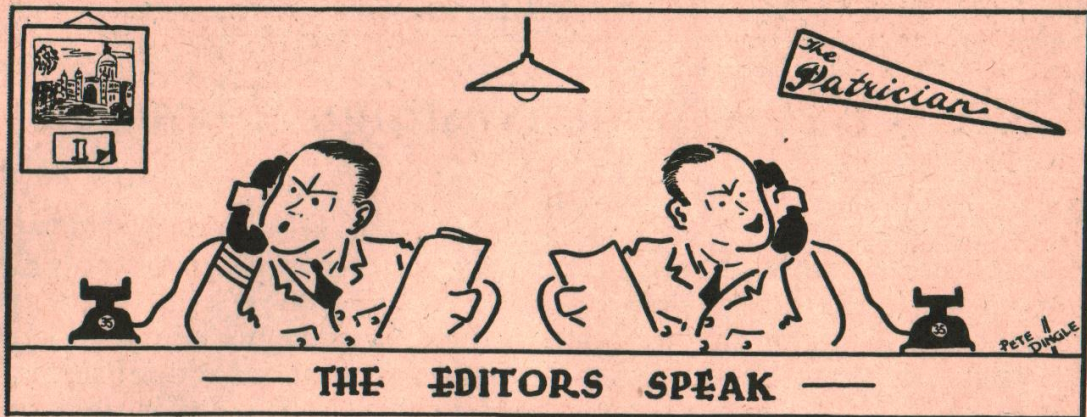
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ENGLAND ? — NO, VICTORIA

Showing the firm of Diggon-Hibben Ltd., on Government Street—the printers who so excellently produce "The Patrician."



Vol. 2, No. 4

JULY, 1942

10 Cents

This month we present the first of a series of picture features, entitled "Men at Work," and in future issues we intend to deal pictorially with the work of different sections. As the M.T. Section is always the first to be established on any Station, it is fitting that they should be first on our list.

Our new cover picture is a very pleasing camera study by Sgt. R. J. N. Gill, whom we thank for his continued interest in the magazine.

Once more we appeal to our readers to submit material for publication. To keep up the reputation of the magazine it is essential that more good material is forthcoming. If you can write or sketch, or if you can do neither but have ideas, we shall be very pleased to hear from you. Section news items are especially needed, so please co-operate.

Since our first issue in October last the number of pages and the circulation has doubled. Fifteen hundred copies are now being printed each month.

THE EDITORS.

CONGRATULATIONS

We offer our congratulations to F/Sgt. C. A. Goodhead on being awarded a "Mention in Despatches Certificate."

We also compliment the following on their recent promotions and appointments:

F/O. R. L. Hanbury to Flight Lieutenant.

F/Sgt. R. G. Curtis to Pilot Officer.

L.A.C.'s G. Piercy, J. C. Thompson, A. E. Wiles, R. W. J. Pomeroy, W. Duffy and E. D. Edwards and A/C. Upton to Corporal.

Our best wishes to Roger Wilfred, the baby son of L.A.C. W. Birch, and to Flying Officers Shorthouse and Milward on their recent marriages.

CRICKET — *Some Nostalgic Thoughts*

III

There are those who believe, with us, that the grandest game in the world is good old cricket. And there are others who, craving excitement and a stimulus to jaded nerves, classify the game along with chess, croquet and solitaire as something about as satisfying as a funeral. If, by some remote chance, one of this latter type of person happens to have read this far, we would advise him earnestly to go no farther. What follows can only be drearily painful to him, as it is really intended for those who have derived a deep and lasting thrill from the trivial and intangible little things that make the game so dear to the devotee.

We don't really know what on earth we're going to say—our only excuse being that we just had an urge to write **something** about the game. This is the first season we can remember for a very long time when we haven't played any cricket at all. And our mind goes wandering off back into the dim haze of our very imperfect memory in search of stored-up treasures accumulated during years of duck-making, wide-slinging and dolly-dropping.

We remember how, at school, we didn't like the game at all for a long time. And quite suddenly we found that we could send down quite a disconcerting ball; a ball which normally would have been completely innocuous, but which was a deadly killer when mixed liberally with long hops, wides and no-balls and got scores of wickets by virtue of its very unexpectedness. We made the House team by the skin of our uneven teeth but missed entirely the dazzling glamour of the School eleven—although we once felt very important as twelfth man!

Somewhere about this time, two chaps named Gregory and Macdonald from Australia were showing the English the value of really fast bowling. Gregory was playing havoc with peoples' heads and knuckles while Macdonald, with his poem of an action and subtle wrist-flick, was delighting the crowds and skittling the wickets. By some mysterious mental process which some of you may understand it wasn't very long before we were seeing ourself as an embryo Macdonald and bowling medium paced balls after a fantastically long run had completely robbed us of our initial energy and determination. Hey ho! those were happy days, and we are glad to say that each succeeding season has provided its pleasant memories while a quietly improving game has brought an occasional personal triumph to brighten our later seasons.

Well, we persevered with our efforts to become the world's fastest bowler and finally became a tolerable fast-medium. Macdonald had gone—regrettably lost in a motor accident—but other stars had arrived. Remember Larwood, G. O. Allen and Constantine? How we sympathised with poor old Allen when, opening the bowling for

England in a Test Match at Old Trafford, he bowled a mixture of seven wides and no-balls in his first over! One ball pitched two yards from his feet and rolled ignominiously across to square-leg—surely the widest wide that ever was bowled!!! We knew exactly how he felt. We had experienced the same sort of nervous tightness opening the bowling in our own unimportant games and we died a thousand deaths while poor Allen dragged this miserable over to its much delayed conclusion. We saw him, years later, knock a carefree fifty or so against the University at Oxford, so we felt he'd been well consoled.

Also at Oxford, we saw the clown Fleetwood-Smith and the dazzling Bradman. We saw Bradman pick up a hard drive at cover-point and take off the bails with the quickest return we've ever seen, while the astonished batsman was still in the follow-through stage of his drive and miles out of his ground. And Fleetwood-Smith persisted in losing the ball in his tent of a sweater, juggling with the thing, clowning and generally fraying the poor Varsity's strained nerves to bedraggled threads. Cricket at its most carefree!!! Shades of the Lancashire and Yorkshire ritual.

There have been melancholy occasions, too. Jack Hobbs played in his farewell county programme match at Old Trafford, and in those pre-Nazi days this was of such momentous import as almost to warrant tears!! One looked at the man who so often had been the sole bulwark against England's disaster with something akin to awe!! Because a Test Match defeat was then regarded as a catastrophe just as depressing as a military reverse is in these tempestuous times. It has always been one of our more wistful beliefs that if certain nations had learned to work off their rivalry on a cricket or football ground there would have been far less of a desire to tear each other into little pieces. Or is this too fantastic.

Have you ever noticed (you **must** have) how cricket seems to draw out the best in a man; it mellows his nature and gives him a more balanced outlook on things. The very atmosphere in which the game is played—the perfectly rolled green turf, the shady friendly pavilion, the ancient and venerable trees which surround many of our grounds, the spotless white attire, the good-natured bandinage, the soothing sight of the leisured deck-chair parties scattered around the boundary with lovely ladies in summery dresses—all this is so utterly symbolic of a peaceful and graceful life that a man must be quite insensitive if he doesn't fall under its spell.

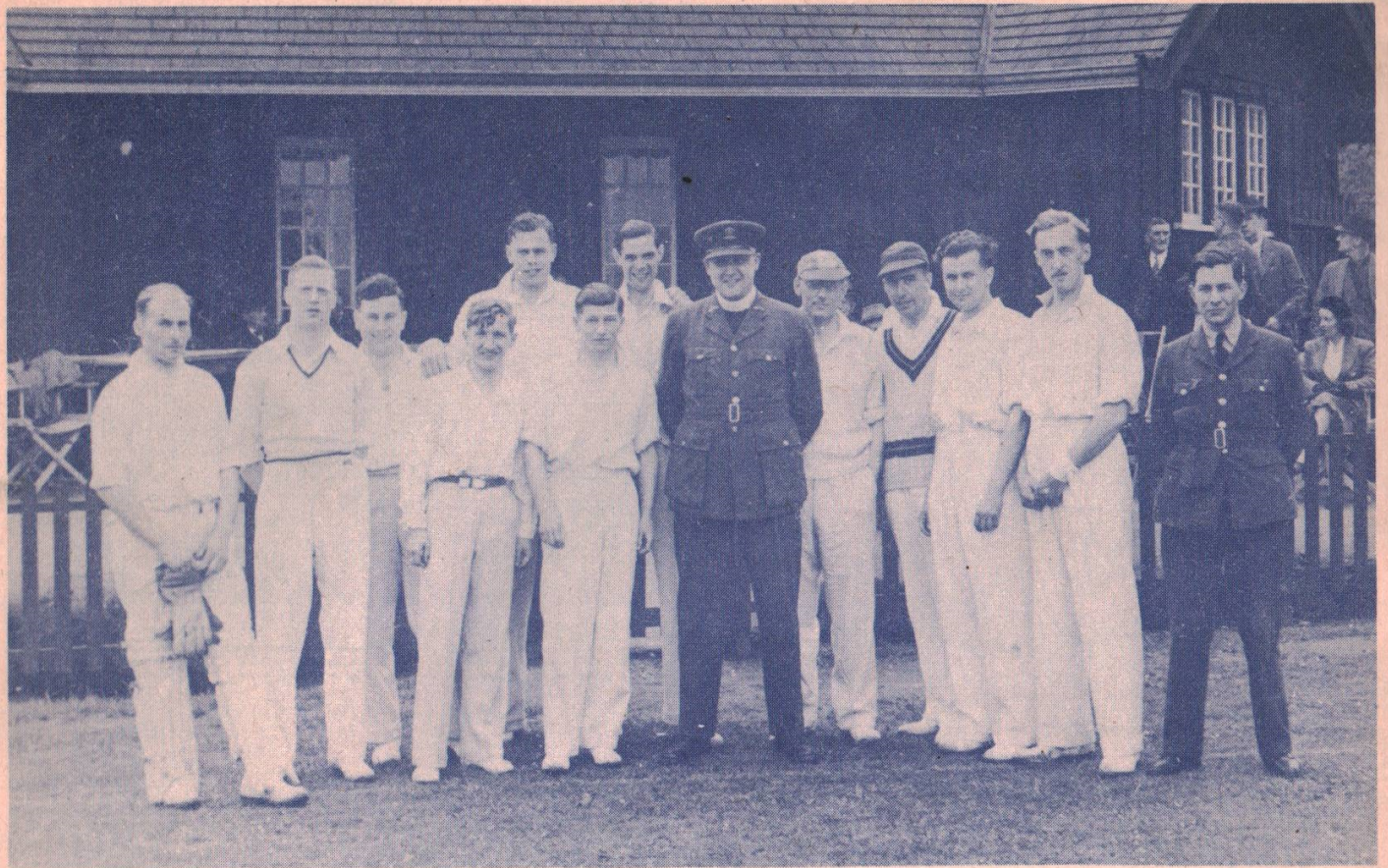
Before we came to Pat Bay we were stationed in Ontario and played lots of cricket in the Toronto and Niagara peninsular district. We look back fondly on this as one of our most enjoyable seasons; we had some wonderful games and made some wonderful friends. Our last game of the season was against a very strong Toronto team which included three all-Canada players who had toured England just before the war. It was a most exciting game, keenly played with changing fortunes and spectacular performances on both sides and ended in defeat for the R.A.F. After much posing for cameras and

signing of little boys' autograph books we adjourned to one of the players' homes for a meal and a chinwag. Eventually the time came when we had to drag ourselves away and somebody suggested singing a song to break up the party. We, ourself, winced visibly as our worst fears were realized and our pianist struck up "There'll always be an England." For various reasons, this particular composition has always acted as a mild emetic on this sensitive system and we prepared ourself for the inevitable agony. After a while, as we stood apart from the enthusiastic crowd round the piano—we not having anything remotely resembling a musical voice—we noticed the intense enthusiasm which appeared to inspire the Canadians. And we looked at them, individually, and remembering their conduct during the game and after, thought what splendid chaps they were. And we looked at our own team and loved each one for his wholesome sportsmanship, while the nauseating music became strangely pleasant. And our mind wandered back to England and its green, green fields and lanes, its people and its way of life. Then we thought of Hitler and his fantastic gang, the fatuous, pompous Mussolini and the stupid goose-stepping bunch they control. And we contrasted their way of life with ours; their intense seriousness and our light-heartedness. And we said to ourself: "By gad, there jolly well **will** always be an England—there'll **have** to be!!" Never before or since has this coldly cynical and unemotional nature of ours been so deeply moved. Sentimentality, you say. That may be; we don't know. But the fact remains that a game of cricket with as fine a bunch as we've met in a long time softened our outlook and had us regarding our fellow men with a quite unaccustomed warmth and affection.

The bumpy village green and the stately county ground seem a long way off now and it may be some time before we again desecrate the noble turf. We, ourself, find it very refreshing to dip into some of the "classical" literature of cricket at the odd time. We never tire of A. G. Macdonell's wittily disparaging remarks on the game; his "This England," among others, had us laughing outright. We're fond of Robertson-Glasgow's dreamy maunderings, too; while we found C. B. Fry's autobiography witty and interesting. And to any cricket hater who, against his better judgment, finds himself unaccountably reading this we, in our benevolence, recommend any writings of Beachcomber (J. B. Morton). He loathes the game and says so with as snappy a brand of vitriolic sarcasm as we're ever likely to encounter.

—PERION.

We regret to record the deaths of Sgt. S. K. Stillwell, Sgt. G. G. Hall, Sgt. M. J. P. O'Brien and Sgt. D. D. McColl who died as the result of a flying accident, and to their relatives and friends we offer our deepest sympathy.



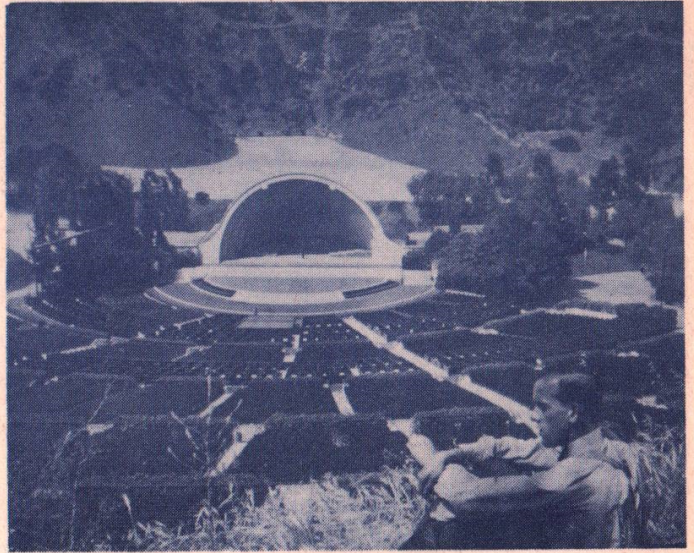
Match with British Columbia Mainland Cricket League. Played at Vancouver, on Monday, 25th May. Left to right: Green (capt.), Heppenstall, Mundy, Wood, Thorner, Chapman, Collis, S/Ldr. E. W. L. May, Beach, Wildmore (vice-capt.), Stobart, Sumner, Buyver (scorer).



Tea interval.



L.A.C.'s Diwell and Shuttleworth at Fresno—
—on their way to Long Beach.



Hollywood Bowl.

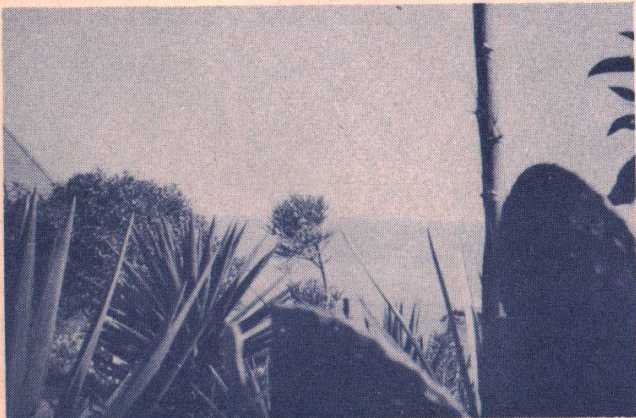
WITH CAMERA IN CALIFORNIA



The Brown Derby.



Mary Martin,
★ star
of screen and radio,
enjoys
‘The Patrician.’



Typical Southern California coastal scenery.

☆ ☆ ☆

☆ *Seeing Stars* ☆

☆

Fourteen days leave and an invitation to Hollywood . . . an invitation to Hollywood . . . don't wake me—it's a lovely dream . . . Hedy Lamarr! . . . Mae West!! . . . aaah . . . Ye gods! it's not a dream—it's reality. I'm on my way. A year ago it would have been a dream but now, a fantastic trick of fate had made it possible to accept this invitation. True, I never dreamed of a war experience like this—never really wanted one—but I, like the rest of us, had been shoved out of the front line anyway, so why not make the most of this rare opportunity.

Such were my thoughts on my journey towards that city of stars glamorized and made famous the world over. I'd been told that I should be disappointed with Hollywood, but that prophecy was wrong—I found it to be a very attractive city with its background of beautiful hills and bathed in the brilliance of the California sun. Its broad, palm-lined avenues, smart shops, unique theatres and cafes and above all the influence of screen and radio celebrities holding a strange fascination to the casual visitor.

Beautiful and well dressed girls are a striking feature of the famous Hollywood Boulevard parade. Sometimes I found it difficult to tell the difference between trousered women and long-haired men dressed in clothes of startling colour (I think Britain should have a "Slightly Brighter Clothes Campaign" after the war).

An introduction to dance band leader Ray Noble, Britain's radio favourite of a few years past, brought an invitation to see his weekly broadcast programme at the N.B.C. studios in Radio City. Here I met the star of these broadcasts—Charlie McCarthy—and his brains and voice—Edgar Bergen; also those crazy comedians Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, and Nelson Eddy, the singing star of musical films. It was very interesting to watch this programme which I had heard so many times in Canada. Afterwards, while Ray Noble and Edgar Bergen were practising a number from their new film, "Here we go Again," Bill Harty, the band leader's manager, introduced me to Fibber McGee who is also appearing in the same film. Fibber's a Scotsman and proud of it and talked a long time about "the Old Country." Ray invited me to dinner and a swim at his lovely Hollywood home which is a popular rendezvous for some of the R.A.F. fellows who are training in California. He and Mrs. Noble are generously entertaining these men during their stay in the U.S.A. and their home is "open house" to many. I was given a huge pile

of orchestrations of latest songs for our Station Dance Band and a promise of more when we wanted them. I stayed there that night and next day Mrs. Noble drove me around Hollywood and then to R.K.O. studios where I had lunch in the famous commissary. Here I saw numerous stars whom later I met on the sets during film production, amongst them were Lucille Ball, Victor Mature, Michele Morgan, The Great Gildersleeve, Tim Holt, Ukelele Ike and Tim Whelan the producer. Films I saw in the making were "Here we go Again," "Sweet or Hot," "Son of the Saddle," "The Navy Comes Through," "The Big Street," and "Once Upon a Honeymoon," starring Ginger Rogers whom I saw in the studio grounds.

I was introduced to Harry Revel, writer of such well-known songs as "Stay as Sweet as you are," "Goodnight My Love," "Did you ever see a Dream Walking, etc. He spends many hours entertaining the servicemen at the U.S.O. canteen in Hollywood where his good-natured raillery lifts many a homesick fellow from out of the dumps. Later at his hotel he gave me a copy of his latest song, "The Wings of England," which is not yet published, and offered to send music at any time to swell the library of our dance band.

I spent a lot of time at the N.B.C. studios where I met Bing Crosby, whose informal manner and dress emphasized that glamour did, after all, only originate from a publicity agent's pen. Mary Martin posed for a snap and made quite a pretty picture, too. Here also I saw John Garfield, Rosemary Lane, Frank Morgan and Fanny Brice of "Baby Snooks" fame.

I saw "The Drunkard," the play which has been running for over nine years. The audience sits at tables and drinks beer throughout the performance. The theatre is like an old barn and the whole atmosphere goes back to the early nineteenth century. Other places I visited included Beverly Hills, the beautiful residential district of the stars; Hollywood Bowl, the famous outdoor theatre; The Brown Derby; Coconut Grove; and Grauman's Chinese Theatre, where imbedded in cement in the forecourt are the actual signatures, hand and foot-prints of some of the best known of film-land's celebrities.

In the main street is the British-American Hospitality House which is organized by Capt. and Mrs. Elsey and in which many of the British stars take a keen interest. Here servicemen can live entirely without cost to themselves during their stay in Hollywood.

I have pleasant memories of a journey through charming scenery, scented with the fragrance of orange groves, to San Diego and the interesting little Mexican town of Tia Juana, just "south of the border"; sightseeing tours of Los Angeles and two days in San Francisco where, amongst the sights, I saw Edmund Lowe selling War Bonds (it looked easy). Through the impressive Giant Redwood Forest and along the beautiful Oregon coast and so back to camp. Ugh!

Per very little ardua I had at last been ad astra. No longer a dream—that city of star-spangled glamour—just a memory.

—JERRY GOSLEY.

☆ ☆ ☆

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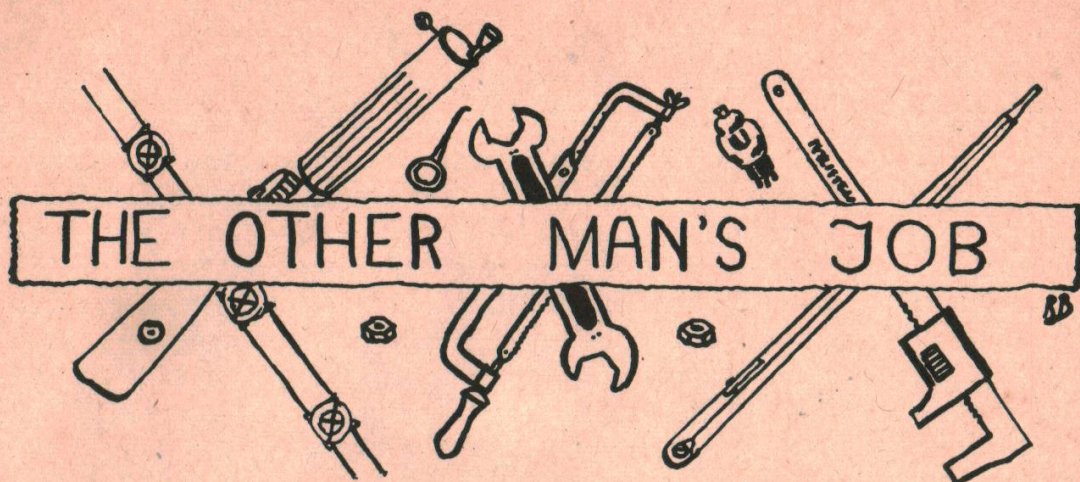
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—JERRY GOSLEY.



No. 10—THE ACCOUNTANT OFFICER

This job is almost as "easy" as any other on the station! To write an article on the subject is considerably more difficult, especially up to the standard set in the April issue of the Royal Air Force Journal under the title "The Price of Warriors." That article describes well and in light vein the duties of the pay section; and whether or not the reader is interested in the subject, he will not have wasted an instructive and amusing few minutes in reading it.

As enquiries continue to be made about "credits" the liberty is taken of reproducing a passage from that article. Quote:

"To the over credulous, "Credit day" is a phrase that spells the end of financial stress. It is hailed as the occasion for distributing those profits and interests which service accounts are believed to acquire every quarter out of thin air. Because one man for good and sufficient reasons, may amass a considerable credit, pay clerks become suspect if they do not pay substantial sums to all and sundry. . . .

"Sometimes credits do accrue. . . . Nowadays, it may happen that an airman, who is in hospital for a long period, does not draw his full money, or that his promotion is given effect from a date earlier than its publication. Then payments due are entered in the ledger. But adjustments are usually made from one pay day to another so that in ordinary circumstances, each account is kept clear. If credit day is regarded by the optimistic as a kind of 'bounty' benefit, Irish Sweep or lucky dip, they are likely to be disappointed." Unquote.

But this is digressing.

By the outside world the "paymaster" is thought to be a popular figure on the station. On music halls, he is compared with the sergeant-major which always gives him a bit of boost. New arrivals usually express pleasure at meeting him—because they have a travelling claim to submit.

On second thoughts, he possibly turns out to be a little disappointing. The travelling claim which is imagined will bring in say £x (at 4.43 = \$y) is considerably whittled down before payment. One's budget is upset because the pay is reduced by deductions for income tax and other charges which had been inadvertently overlooked.

But is this disappointment the Accountant Officer's fault? Surely the answer is NO. It's his functions that are disappointing. The main purpose of service accounting is to ensure the absence of loss. His functions would appear to be of a spoil-sport nature. They consist of: (1) Controlling the expenditure of cash. (2) Ensuring that unauthorized payments are not made. (3) Recovering all sums due to the R.A.F. (4) Fixing responsibility for the care of equipment. (5) Ensuring that loss or damage to R.A.F. equipment is avoided or paid for. (6) Maintaining accurate records of the carrying out of such functions.

It is interesting to watch the suspicious excitement on the part of a claimant when an omitted item is inserted by the Accountant Officer in a travelling claim before payment.

Actions are governed by regulations and are also subject to the eagle eye of the auditors. It is for the reason that all payments are subject to monthly audit, pay ledgers to quarterly and equipment accounting to six monthly audit, that one has to be careful not to wander from the "straight and narrow." After intervals of possibly six months, observations or come-backs arrive and have to be answered. Apart from the fact that all the personnel who had anything to do with the transactions have usually been posted and the only man who knows anything about the subject is on seven days' leave, it is often difficult to remember the circumstances why, for instance, P/O. Swift took seven hours to collect an M.T. spare part from Victoria, or a respirator issued to a civilian was not collected before his departure—please recover or charge!

You may have some idea, therefore, why a deaf (although not unsympathetic) ear is turned to requests for an advance of pay to buy a girl friend a present, to signal Air Ministry to stop a voluntary allotment in order that a good bargain in cars may be made, to write Ottawa because \$10 a day subsistence in the U.S.A. is not sufficient to pay expenses or to pay a travelling claim which it is promised will be made out in a day or two.

The distribution of wealth is apparently very unevenly divided over the station. Cases have arisen where instructions to collect travelling claims have been ignored; where money sent to personnel in hospital has been returned "not wanted." Alternatively, in making payment of say, 50 cents, it has been noticed that never has so little meant so much.

Outside, the buzzer registers the mid-day hour. "Gosh," I think. "Another morning gone and I haven't done a thing—not even my private correspondence!"

I get my hat and go across to the Mess. A few minutes later, someone comes up. "You're looking worried," he says—"what's the trouble?"

"I can't remember if I locked the safe," I reply.

least in part) you may have gained. I shall be 'hoofed' out, unless I am very lucky, to start all over again!" He paused and the astonished Briggs opened his mouth to reply to this astonishing rebuke, before words came however, Clark resumed and there was nothing in his demeanour to indicate the coming salvo. "You see," the quiet voice went on, "you are anxious to advertise your lengthy service—well and good—any sensible man would praise your integrity and fidelity to the State—but," and here the voice trembled ever so slightly, "if I, or any of the goodly body of men you decoy for being 'V.R.'s' had been in the service as long as you"—he paused, "I rather fancy we should . . ." he paused again and resumed his reading.

.

The officer looked up from his desk as the 'phone bell rang, he picked up the receiver, "Flying Officer Clark speaking"—he listened, chatted for a few moments and replaced the receiver. His gaze wandered out of the window, he smiled to himself—many moons had passed since the parade ground days. Ah, well! it was **all** part of the job—he still wasn't dealing with shipping—but then everyone must do his share and possibly this was his—he thought back again to that scented evening and still quite clearly he knew that come what may he and the other millions of V.R.'s would still be "batting at close of play."

—V.R.

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Do Your Part and Patronize Them

marched, bellowed strange numbers turned and turned again, the new R.A.F. was growing even while the distant thunder of war roll ever onward.

A.C.2 Clark had never experienced anything quite like this in his life before—mentally he discussed it all with himself and being no immature youngster decided it was rather like the camping he'd indulged in in far off Boy Scout days—all very new, exciting, somehow temporary; he learnt a variety of new facts about life—some of them extraordinary in the extreme, the appellation "Sir" grew rapidly on to his lips, freedom of speech was speedily impressed on him as being prerogative of the few, generally speaking of the few with stripes somewhere on their arms—a freedom almost invariably preceded by remarks such as: "——! If you fellows had only been in the service a few years you wouldn't break those (emphatic) rules," etc., etc.

Because he was a skilled administrator with an intimate knowledge of shipping, Corporal Clark soon found himself by all the laws of nature, in charge of a party travelling the country performing intricate and highly technical installations.

Perched hundreds of feet in the air on a swaying structure of steel, his thoughts on the subject often brought an enigmatic smile to his lips, his fellows respected him not for his technical ability where grim necessity had made him learn quickly, but for his even tempered handling of all problems associated with them and their needs. Even the old "lags" had to admit that "even for a V.R. he was quite good."

.

Sgt. Clark wearily pushed the pile of demand vouchers from him and gazed at the wall of his small office, outside his store was stacked floor to ceiling with goods all and sundry—his mind swept back to a summer evening—"it was necessary"—he picked up the pen and resumed his toil—as a "V.R." he just **couldn't** stop until he'd completed the job in hand.

Came the day when persecution brought its just reward. Sgt. Briggs who "joined up in '92 my boy!" had rubbed it in endlessly that the "'so and so' V.R.'s had no right to their rapid promotions—Dammit, took me nine years to get from Corporal to Sergeant," etc., etc.

Sgt. Clark, by now quite a veteran in the mess, put down his magazine and looked his tormenter in the eye. "How long did you say," he enquired. "Nine years from Corporal to Sergeant, that's what," quoth the unwitting Briggs. "Indeed, and how long in the service?" asked the victim. "Sixteen years," came the answer. Sgt. Clark smiled a happy smile. "Then," said he, "let me point out just this, I was in business for some twenty years before I volunteered for this—'this' is your bread and butter, a boom in your 'line of business,' and after it's all over you will retain any advantage (at

V. R.



He put down his fork and straightened up, gardening was entrancing but definitely wearying, possibly it was old age creeping on? Heigh-ho! life was pleasant, the sun was bright and it was the week-end, 48 hours of blissful freedom!

Tom Clark—Nobby to his immediate, "the boss" to his employees, "Daddy" to his golden curled youngster, was a man of no outstanding physical merit, his position in life he owed to some score of years of diligent study and persevering effort. Now at the age of 36 he held what was admittedly a good job, manager of a branch of a well founded shipping firm, his future was adequately if not magnificently assured.

.

They stood together looking out over the garden, the light was fading into the late twilight of a summer evening, neither spoke for some moments. Tom puffed at his pipe, his wife Margot holding his arm, her head resting gently against his shoulder—at length he gave voice: "You see, my dear, it's not anything that—well I just feel I must go. I know it's risking everything but then you see, if everyone played for safety there would be no stopping them."

She said nothing for a while, her eyes were just a trifle overbright, another woman might have discerned the proximity of tears—what Margot was thinking no one save her would ever know—she saw the vista of twelve happy years and somehow knew that for the time at anyrate, it was over, a little sigh escaped her and she murmured, "very well old man, you know and what will be, will be!

He turned to her and for a few moments they contemplated each other gravely, then quite gently he drew her to him, she smiled up at him and now the tears were quite easily discernible—one escaped and fell unheeded. "You know, Margot, that this is not what I want—it is necessary." She nodded and then, "You're right, Tom, go ahead." He bent and kissed her, for a second she clung to him and then stepping away turned to a bowl of flowers and began with deft fingers to rearrange them.

.

The squad had performed the manoeuvre till they were sick and tired of it, entreating, abuse, withering scorn, vain pleading had broken over them in waves, valiantly they strove to master the intricacies of parade ground drill—after all it was not their fault if their feet, accustomed to much their own way, now failed to achieve the easy synchronization that was expected of them—and still they

THE PADRE'S CHAT

Confucius is alleged to have made the following statement: "Footprints on the sands of time are not made by sitting down." Notwithstanding, many people devote much of their time to sitting down and dreaming. They dream of the future—what they would like to do in life, what they would like to be. But, sitting down in the sand, they register no progress. They have in their mind a pattern of success, but they do not transform their vision into action. If from time to time they stand up and sally forth, impelled by a sudden impulse to make a fresh start or to embark upon some new venture, they are apt to find themselves going round in circles: or else they find that the progress made is negligible—that they have allowed their speed to slacken almost from the first, discouraged by some initial obstacle or smitten with apprehension. The intention has been excellent: but it has not been reinforced and maintained by a well-disciplined mind.

Make up your mind what you want to do—and do it. Fasten your eyes upon your objective—and go forward. Be afraid of nothing. It has been calculated that ninety-eight per cent of our fears never materialize. Think of it—ninety-eight per cent! Yet time after time we make good resolutions and then allow fear and misgiving to deter us, to cause us to come to a standstill in our tracks. We sit down again, muttering in futile fashion about the injustices of life. "Too many lions in the way," we complain; "it's not worth the candle." But ninety-eight per cent of those lions are chained to the side. If we will keep resolutely to The Way, declining to be drawn aside, we shall find them receding behind us one by one. Let us have faith in ourselves—and in God. Let us practise auto-suggestion as a religious duty, making Christ our pattern of success. And we will find unsuspected and hidden forces coming to our aid. Remember the words of Goethe: "Seize this very minute! What you can do, or dream you can, begin it! Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it!"

—E. W. L. MAY.



Well, so much for group (a); this should give you some idea of the lines to work on. Now we come to group (b) which embraces those important people (to us) whom we have to ask favours from, you know the sort of thing I mean: "May I have an early chit please, sergeant?" or "Would you please sign this 295, sir?" Before any flannel is tried on people in this group, their strong and weak points must be noted carefully as it is fatal to boob. If you aren't too sure of your ground, and as most human beings are very susceptible to flattery, the best thing to do is to leave no doubt in the minds of those i/c that you are most impressed with their efficiency. This usually works wonders, and early chits, etc., are yours for the asking. Of course, all this is very simple psychology. The more advanced type deals with the sub-conscious mind exposing itself through dreams. Imagine asking your N.C.O. what his dreams were last night and you will see how much easier it is to stick to simple psychology. You may even think that he always looks sub-conscious anyhow!

Group (c) includes cooks, storebashers (clothing dept.), S.P.'s, etc.; everyone tries to be nice to these people, but rest assured it takes a really good flanneller to get anything extra out of them. The storebashers are particularly tough people, and it is a splendid test of one's flannelling ability to try and obtain a new hat or get one's collars exchanged.


The cooks, too, have a peculiar temperament, and it should always be remembered that it is fatal to lose one's temper with them. When this happens the result is disastrous. To give an instance, when at breakfast some strange looking liquid is poured from the urn into your mug, if a cook should be standing nearby don't say to him, "What the hell's this supposed to be, tea?" This hurts the poor chap's feelings, he feels a sense of injustice, loses interest in his work and consequently at dinner-time the food is awful. The clever flanneller, on the other hand, pours out a mugful of the stuff, tastes it, smacks his lips, and says, "What lovely coffee." Seeing the look of surprise on the cook's face he realizes that he has boobed and quickly adds, "Did I say coffee, how foolish of me, I meant tea. It's excellent." The cook brightens up immediately, takes a pride in his work and at dinner time cooks steaks as he's never cooked 'em before.

And as for the S.P.'s the best way to flannel them is to—no, I don't think I'll say any more, it's getting too dangerous—except to add in closing that it is simple to see what a much easier time has the clever flanneller. Easier, that is, than those who just say what they think and very often without thinking. So start now, airmen, study your fellow men. Learn to say the things to him that he likes to hear about himself; he thinks he's a good fellow, let him think that you think so too, then he'll scrub your bed-space, lend you money, and act as stand-by for you.

There is, of course, a snag—he might be a clever flanneller, too, in which case, my friends, I regret to say that you will have "had it." Maybe it will be you then who scrubs the bed-space and fights for the clean mugs in the mornings.

—FRANK REED.

Flannelling as a Fine Art

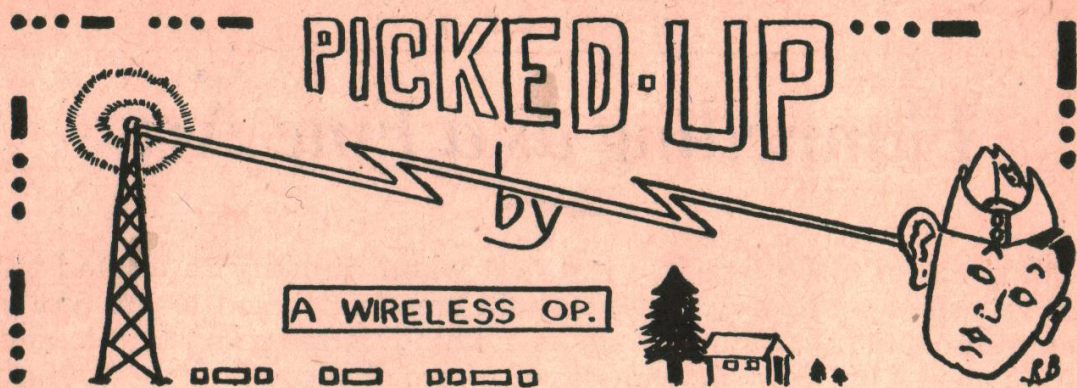


It is rather to be wondered at that when airmen are trained for the vicissitudes of service life, so little time is devoted to the really important things. Surely there is nothing more important in the serviceman's life than knowing how to flannel successfully. Nothing has been done about it officially so we will devote a little space showing advantages enjoyed by those who develop the technique.

There are three types of people whom it is most necessary to flannel; they are listed as follows: (a) Those people whom you wish to get to do something which you don't want to do. (b) Those people whom you wish to get permission from for you to do something which you want to do. (c) Those people whom you wish to get to do something that you can't do.

Under group (a) come those with whom we mostly mix, those whom we work, eat and sleep with (I mean, of course, sleep in the same room with; this is about men!) and known to us in our vulgar slang as our "oppos." By studying simple psychology and using the knowledge thereby gained to cleverly flannel with, it is often possible to get one's "oppo" to do a great deal. With careful handling he can be trained to scrub the bed-space while you merely dust the top of the locker, fight for the mugs and queue for the tea at meal times while you casually saunter to fetch the bread, and perform other erksome duties. He can also be persuaded not to spend his money too freely (except on you), so that he always has a dollar or two to spare that you can borrow for the critical period just before pay-day.

It's all done by kindness, too, just a few words of encouragement now and then, with repeated expressions of admiration for his ability; otherwise known as flannel. Sometimes, however, a more direct method of approach is needed. For instance, the night before the C.O.'s inspection the barrack-room has to be cleaned up (you are probably aware of this), there are two of you sharing one bed-space which has to be scrubbed. There is also your window to be cleaned. Now, you dislike scrubbing bed-spaces intensely, but even more than you dislike scrubbing bed-spaces you dislike cleaning windows. So you say to your "oppo," "This bed-space is filthy, but I don't mind doing it if you'll just give the window a rub over." He starts to clean the window, but do you do the bed-space? Do you Heck, you say to the fellow who is cleaning the next one, "You might just give our bed-space a mop over while your doing yours, I'll do the locker tops." If he's easy he does it, if he's no mug he won't do it; but you can always console yourself with the fact that at least you managed to get out of the window cleaning. In any case if you are a good psychologist you don't ask a bloke who's no muggins to clean your bed-space!



PUKKA GEN

Did you hear of the lady in Victoria who said that her son was the Leading Aircraftman at Patricia Bay?

1 1 1

The old gag worked again. Another unfortunate erk toured the camp in search of sky hooks and long stands. Even Drinkwater was uncertain whether they held them in stock!

1 1 1

I hear that a MARK has recently appeared on the floor of the roller rink. It must be love that makes this junior N.C.O. from the Orderly Room risk his life with a fair maiden!

1 1 1

It is said that Sgt. Dukes feels much more at home in the Sgts. Mess these days. Sgt. Robson, who sits next to him for meals, apparently reminds him of his "nippers"!

1 1 1

The world is very small. It is amazing how far some of the personnel can travel and yet be within two hours of the Unit.

1 1 1

Our wonder goalkeeper, Cpl. Woodbridge, was recently referred to by the press as being "as agile as a cat." Since he is now known as "Moggy" I wonder if it was milk he was drinking on the night of the dance?

DUFF GEN

The shortage of water has now been attributed to the fact that the authorities had not taken into consideration the consumption of tea in the Sections.

1 1 1

Did you hear of the erk who got the wind up because the Japs had invaded the ablutions?

1 1 1

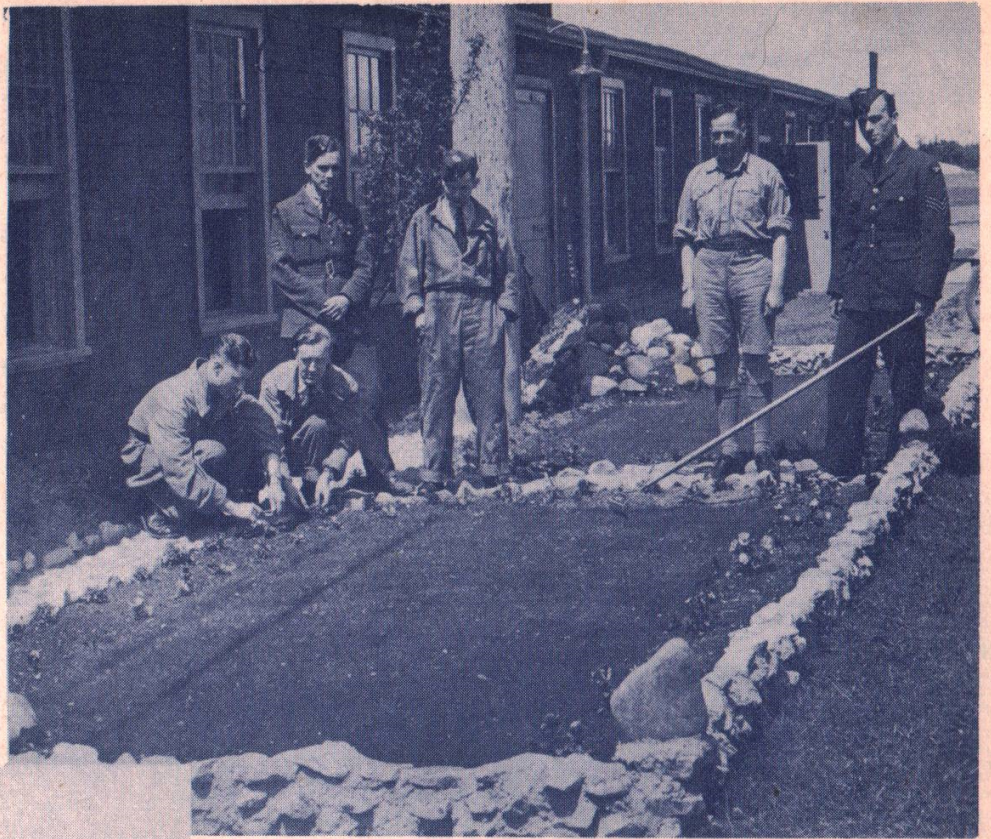
S/Ldr. P. has received a request to appear in Cochran's new show, "Hit the Deck," featuring a Beaufort squadron.

1 1 1

Then there was the dim-wit who asked the Met. Office for a weather report from the "Y" to the "Blue Moon."

GARDENING
GOES ON

MAINTENANCE-
ARMOURY



SIGNALS
MAINTENANCE
WHEEL AWAY
THEIR WORRIES

PREPARING
A ROCKERY
AT THE PHOTO
SECTION

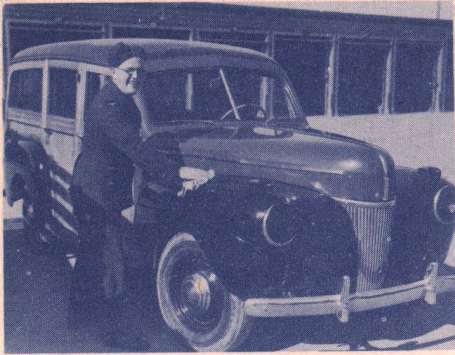


The
PHOTOGRAPHERS
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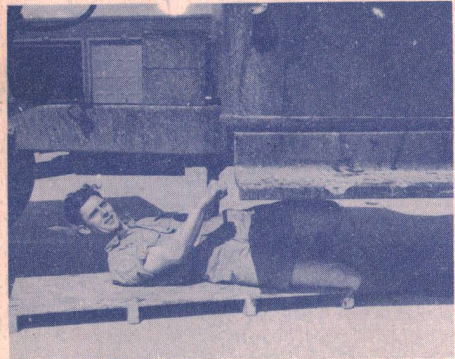
MEN AT WORK

No.1 - *The* MOTOR TRANSPORT SECTION.

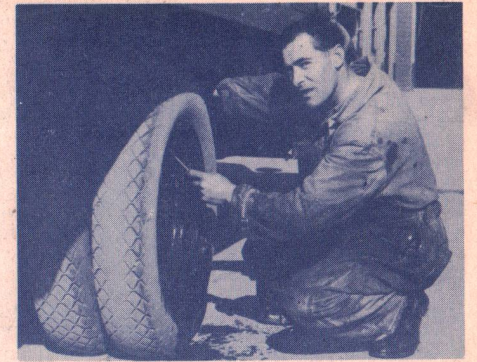
Left to right (back): Targett, Smith, Hartley, Palmer, Beaumont, Rolls, Whiting. (Front): Swallow, Arnold, Hunter, Loggie, F/Lt. H. Dunn, Sgt. J. Wilson, Pullinger, Christie, Elliot, Roberts, MacArthur, Whall.



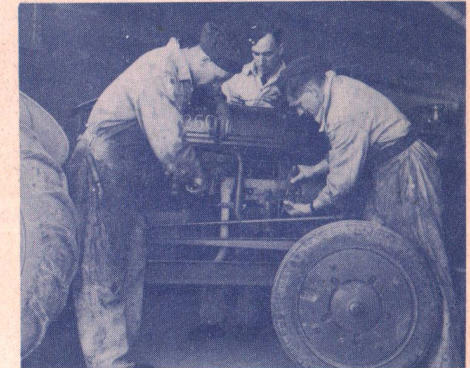
Fisher flannels.



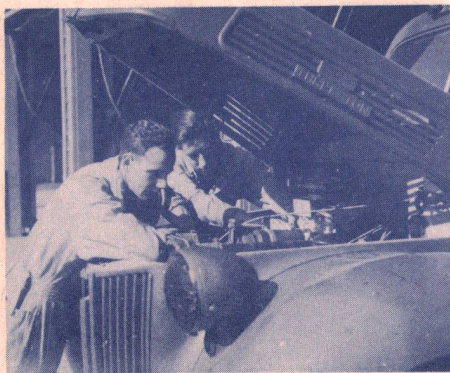
Arnold gets down to it.



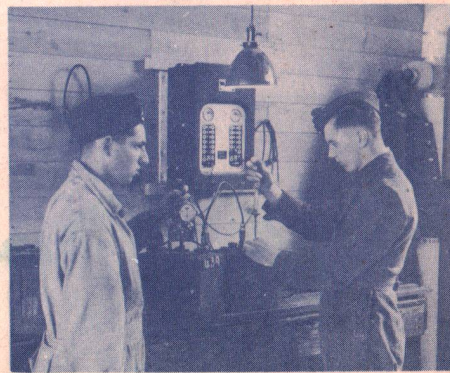
"Papa" Pullinger paraffins.



Elliott, Thornley, and Woods at work on a tractor.



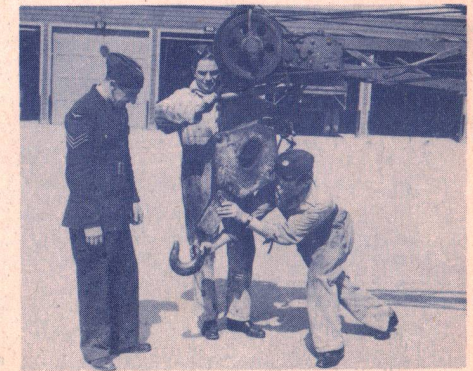
Targett and Hartley adjusting carburettor.



Testing accumulators.

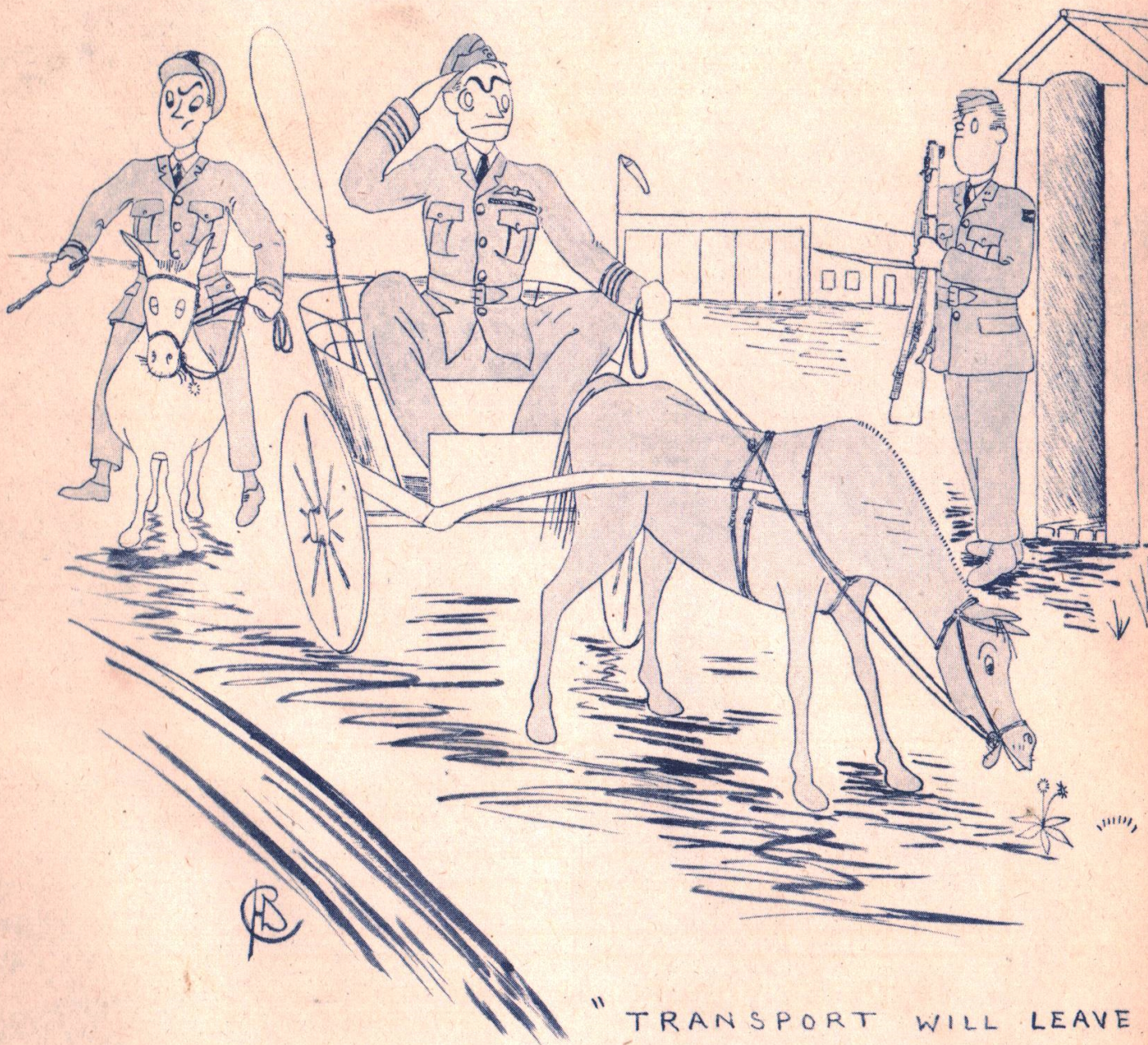
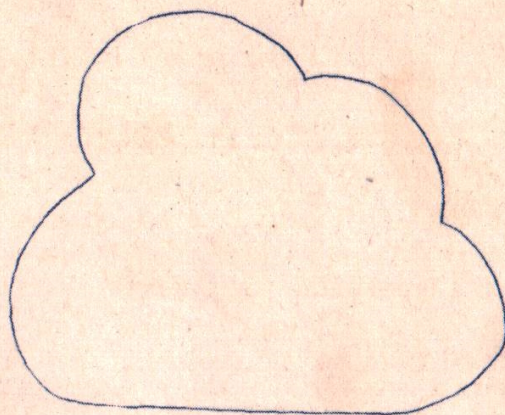


Tightening the tracks on a crane.



Nearly on the hook.

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME.



" TRANSPORT WILL LEAVE
STATION HEADQUARTERS
BUILDING AT 10:00 HRS "

Suggestions for a monthly cartoon under this heading are required and a prize of \$2 will be given for the suggestion used.

BOOKS FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT

The Station Library grows apace. It started in a very small way, but several recent gifts and loans of books have brought its stock to over 1,100 volumes. It would need to be ten times as big to include all the subjects everyone might wish to read about, but already it covers a surprisingly wide range. One gift included nearly 100 modern popular novels, another included complete or nearly complete sets of the older favourites like Dumas and Kingsley, and a loan that deserves special mention is a splendid collection of standard and recent books from the Canadian Legion War Services.

This attractive collection—nearly all of them arrived still clad in the publishers' jackets—covers many authors and subjects. There are books of travel; biographies; elementary technical books; literature; modern books on science, art, music and similar subjects, and a good selection of the famous books of the past in the best recent editions.

People read for various reasons. Some read to kill time, some to make it more profitable. Whether you wish to read as a recreation in itself, to follow your hobbies and pursuits with the aid of books, to use books as one means of keeping abreast with your present job, or to prepare for the future by studying books on your civilian trade, the Station Library can help you. If it does not contain the book or the information you are seeking, do not hesitate to make your wants known, as special requests can often be met. It is **your** library and we want you to make suggestions for its improvement and to let us know in what way it can be made even more useful to you.

—R.D.H.S.



We apologize for our first big boob in the magazine—it's on page 30 of this issue. The top picture bears the caption "Maintenance Armoury." This should read "Instrument Section." In keeping with all big publications we must blame our informants and we regret that it was noticed too late to be altered.

VESUVIUS BAY COTTAGES

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PHONE GANGES 2K.

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SO YOU WANT TO READ A BOOK?

By GWEN CASH

If you are interested in personal experience stuff, well spiced with danger, horror and gallantry; if you would understand how it is after fifteen months of terror Yugoslavia's Draja Mihailovich still defies Adolph Hitler from the Sumadija Mountains, then get Journalist Robert St. John's "From the Land of Silent People," and I'll guarantee you'll sit up nights to finish it.

Tensely and vividly written, it's the story of St. John's escape from Belgrade on the peaceful Sunday morning of April 6, 1941, when Hitler's Air Force made hell of that lovely city, to the time when he and four journalist companions set sail in a sardine boat from the Greek village of Myloi for Crete and Alexandria.

There is courage and integrity, sound sense and sympathy in this well-written book. There is a girl named Sonia, who might have been a Nazi spy but wasn't; and a "typical" diplomatic Englishman with great courage, who, come hell and high water, rose bright and early to press his one suit of pants with the Germans a couple of jumps in the rear. There are oceans of slivo (native plum brandy) and very little food. There is a six-foot Greek, who is a pain in the neck in any man's language. It's a grand book.

Robert St. John is broadcasting from the British Isles these days. He makes good talks, too.

1 1 1

Here's another—Vicki Baum's "Marion Alive."

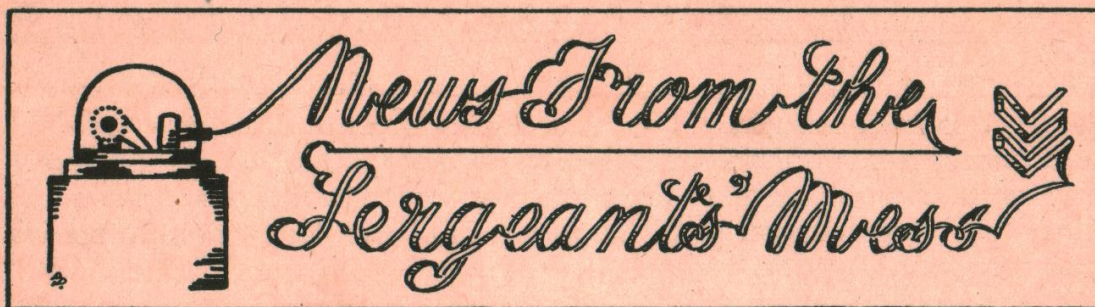
Like Steinbeck's "The Moon is Down," Vicki shows the Nazis as human but the book itself is a very different kind of book. Instead of being stylized and obviously destined for stage and movies it's the rambling, lusty account of one woman's life and loves. She is born in pre-last-war Austria, lives and marries in last war-time Germany, follows up with another marriage to an American and a slice of life in the States. She reviews her life and loves as her fanny cools on the ice of a Swiss crevasse into which she has fallen while trying to overtake the last man with whom she falls in love and whom she has momentarily turned down. It's an uninhibited book and very good reading.

1 1 1

Airmen who would like to understand what makes women tick—and who wouldn't?—should try Ilka Chase's "Past Imperfect." It's brittle and terribly amusing. And I mean terribly. After reading it you'll understand why Clare Boothe wrote "The Women" and why most men cry "puss, puss" at certain feminine remarks.

Personally I've never been lucky enough to meet the sort of women Ilka knows. But I'm always hoping.

Maybe airmen are more fortunate.



News From the Sergeant's Mess

Firstly, we must correct the editors in their statement last month that "someone is slipping." Impossible, gentlemen, we reached the bottom of the pit ten months ago.

1 1 1

Our Man Friday is very disappointed every time he goes from the Mess to quarters, for only once since he came here has his pet genii appeared from between the duckboards.

1 1 1

We have learned the reason for so many lady guests in the Mess. Ninety per cent. come purely to see F/Sgt. Middleton's knees.

1 1 1

Led by a beatifically beaming Mr. Buckingham, several members visited the Officers' Mess a short time ago. They were welcomed by the C.O. and all had a grand time. F/Sgt. Maskill and Sgt. Pickett were noticed to be swinging a crafty hip but only after the threat of a fine.

1 1 1

Story of the month: "I can't do Orderly Sergeant, I haven't had a course on it!"

1 1 1

We notice that even our new deer head has developed that glassy Pat Bay stare.

1 1 1

We have only just found out why so many billiard cues have been broken lately—Sgt. Robson breaking them down to his own size.

1 1 1

Has the Venerable Baron developed a puckish sense of humour? Fancy arranging six foot girl friends for the two drags.

1 1 1

Do you know the sergeant pilot instructor who wears a brevet on his greatcoat? . . . and they say he has one tattooed on his breast.

swish of taffeta and sequins. All records were broken as we assembled our apparatus. We turned Aggie around to face the star, and giving her a gentle squeeze (Aggie, not the star) she shuddered, and with a whirr and a clang, shutter oozed across, exposing the film star. We heaved sighs of relief, until Stinker remembered we had forgotten to put a plate in the camera.

The sun was going down as we were preparing to expose a plate at the war canoe in Thunderbird Park. As we were about to press the bulb the arm of the law arose, stretched itself and politely tapped us on the shoulder, whilst a deep voice far above boomed, "Under Defence Regulation No. 272, Chapter 4, Clause 2B, no person within this Dominion, unless duly authorised, is to photograph or make sketches or plans of, any military objective, camp, barrack, building or object of military importance, or of His Majesty's Vessels of War . . ." There was a significant pause here, agonising to us, and we were borne away swiftly to a place of known military importance, protesting violently in both English and R.A.F. epithets, to no avail. I forgot the name of this illustrious establishment, except that I could almost swear it is connected with a Laborious Promontory, or something like that—anyway that's where we lay, in the lowest, slimiest dungeon, while the wheels of justice rotated smoothly and undisturbed.

Our first peek at the Chief's pan was definitely misleading, for it bore a smile remarkably like that of a cat full of cream. When our sluggish minds grasped that much, in burst the photo-wallah, dangling **our** Aggie's lens-cap from a finger. Before he broke down and cried altogether he said, "This thing screws off! Try it sometime."

—RASPUTIN.



The modern girl adores spinning wheels, but she wants four of them and a spare.

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Offered by BLUE LINE CAB CO.	
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— Also U Drive Cars at Reasonable Rates —	

Smile, Please

The Chief picked a grubby cigarette end from his starboard pocket, solemnly accepted my match and said, "Now look here, Osbert, you've handled a camera before, so you should be able to get some good shots for us. Take Stinker with you and go out for some pictures." With which he set fire to the obnoxious weed and assumed an expression of utter joy.

Stinker and I put our heads together over it, but attained little except a hollow thud, apart from discovering that our one and only miniature camera was damaged owing to our photo expert aiming the thing at a mirror. The result was that we had to lug out the old camera Aggie, who, it is said took pictures of Lincoln at Gettysburg. She was a massive affair with three hefty legs and a dusty but mischievous eye. We left her for a while to go and buy some plates, and after being shown everything from Crown Derby down we managed to obtain some big enough to fit Aggie.

Arriving in town early in the afternoon via bus, we arrived at the depot, and were duly greeted by cloudless skies and ideal box brownie weather. Stinker's first move was to dump Aggie in the road in order to obtain a shot of the back of the bus, saying we could use it next fall in our "Roll on the Boat Series." Sweating mightily we removed the obstruction (Aggie I mean) and Victoria settled back to its old routine as though nothing had happened. Anyway we saved a plate.

Our first location was on Dallas, where we borrowed a pair of binoculars from an old gentleman, and attempted our (and Aggie's) first telephoto shot of Joe's Beanery in Port Angeles. First of all we set up the massive tripod and started the job of hoisting Aggie to the apex. Naturally we lost a wing-nut in the grass and both went after it like a pair of bloodhounds. The old gentleman gave a wheeze and a creak and settled himself to watch. He only shut his eyes once and that was when Stinker trod on his glasses.

They say it never rains but what it pours, accordingly old Aggie gave a ringing noise and shed a leg, so I hollered for Stinker to come out from the back of the camera. You see I was acting as the other leg, and Aggie is no feather. Stinker was meanwhile busy somewhere in the works muttering, "Can't see Port Angeles, there's a tree in front of it." We eventually gave up the idea of photographing Port Angeles, and trekked through the streets of Victoria in search of something more newsy.

It was then that Stinker remembered that Gloria van Dunk, the screen's Sweetest Sweater Girl, was appearing in person at the Bijou Theatre. So we duly arrived there complete with paraphernalia, just in time to see the movie queen leave her car in a

DISCIP - ATION

Of late there's been a hue and cry
For Corp.'s and L.A.C.'s,
Who never never stand upright—
Get up! Get off your knees.

The call has echoed round the camp
"Discip" is on its way.
Administration you must learn—
The quicker to obey.

The Course is short but yet complete
There's Drill, P.T. and Lectures,
And if you're good in class they'll let
You draw some pretty pictures.

The drill is fun, you must agree,
We all go through the mill.
For every man must take his turn
To exercise his will.

Corp.'s with buttons not so bright
Say things they hadn't oughter,
When L.A.C.'s bawl with delight,
"Fr'inspection, Open Order—"

For six days we drill and learn.
By then we get examined.
And if you get a hundred marks
You're well disciplined! You're Adminned!

—J.H.

THE LAMENT OF THE PUPIL W.A.G.

We sit aloft in a bumping "crate,"
The racket's somethin' shockin';
Our hands are numb, we took off late,
Why don't the kite stop rockin'.

We didn't get "Go," the receiver's dead,
There's tons and tons of static;
"You're N.B.G.!" our instructor said,
In tones, oh, so emphatic!

We've flown so low the aerial's gone
Way down to meet the fishes;
When I get back I'll change my job
And cheerfully wash up dishes!

—SPARKS.

SCRIPTURE (1942)

"They have sown the wind and they shall reap the whirlwind—"
They have thrown the boomerang, turned the two-edged sword:
Authors of destruction, pupils of the sadists—
They, who glorified the kill, earn their just reward.

Never let the memory dim, as down the ages
Treads the proud procession of avengers of the slain—
Not the merely dead in flesh, not the still of body
But the mutilated ones who will not smile again.

All the storied beauty, too, all the racial treasure—
Looted and defiled in their honourable shrines:
Take this, then—and this, then—in promise of the harvest
When the Grapes of Wrath are ripe upon their laden vines.

"They have sown the wind and they shall reap the whirlwind—"
Come, then, like Hosea—and exalt that it be so:
Heaven's instruments—we bring Jehovah's retribution;
Come, my Brothers, load and mount your eagles—let us go!

—DORIS CLUTE.

POETS' CORNER

THIRTY YEARS AGO

Thirty years ago my boys, thirty years ago,
I came to Canada from Britain really don't you know,
I'm one of the early settlers, I saw it in the raw,
I stuck it out here and now I'm sticking it more and more,
I don't like bragging, I hate to swank,
Don't think I'm crazy, don't think I'm a crank,
But I love Canada with all it can show
Since I came here thirty years ago.

Thirty years ago my boys, thirty years ago,
In those days things were very very slow,
I got fed up with the old U.K.
I wanted to see what was "over the way,"
So I took a ticket for a Ten Pound Note
I packed my grip and caught a boat,
So I got here and I would **not** go
Since that day now thirty years ago.

Thirty years ago my boys, thirty years ago,
I hate to hear you fellows when you're on the "blow"
Are **you** one of those chaps who's completely fed up
With this country, if so you're a cheeky young pup,
For what we've got here puts all else in the shade,
If at first you're unhappy don't be dismayed,
You have to wait for three decades to go,
It jolly well has to be thirty years ago.

Thirty years ago my boys, thirty years ago,
I've seen the country grow and grow and grow,
I'm an Empire Builder, I'm a pioneer
And I don't give a jot if you **don't** like our beer!
I left the Old Country in Nineteen Hundred and Twelve
And as to my past I'd rather you did not delve;
Yes I'm proud to be a Colonist, one of the early birds,
And if I don't know the country, I know **all** the words.
As I end I hope you'll say in 1972 or so,
"I came out here to live just thirty years ago."

—A.R.N.

TOUGH LUCK !

When the gods gave out brains I thought they said trains—
And I missed mine.

When the gods gave out looks I thought they said books—
And I didn't want any.

When the gods gave out noses I thought they said roses—
And I ordered a big red one.

When the gods gave out legs I thought they said kegs—
And I ordered two fat ones.

When the gods gave out ears I thought they said beers—
And I ordered two large ones.

Gee, ain't I a mess.

ANON.

LETTER TO THE EDITORS

SUNDAY CINEMAS

Sirs:

I have heard so many people ask the question: "What can we do on Sunday evening?" that I have wondered if something can be done to improve the scope of entertainment at present available in Victoria on a Sunday evening. In spite of the good work done by the Y.M.C.A., Salvation Army, etc., Victoria can still be an awfully dull place on a Sunday for members of His Majesty's Forces.

Why not Sunday evening cinemas in Victoria? Surely, this would be an enormous help in solving this problem and would be a most welcome change from walking the streets when one can no longer consume coffee, milk shakes, etc., in the cafes. Even before the commencement of the present war, cinemas all over England were opening at 7:30 p.m. on Sundays and were most popular.

The summer is with us at the moment, and providing the weather is kind one can find lots to do during the daytime on a Sunday such as swimming, fishing, etc., but there is always the evening to pass away, and there lies the problem. I would suggest that having regard to the large number of service personnel at present using Victoria as their centre, the need for Sunday evening entertainment is very real, especially when it happens to be wet.

Maybe it is asking a lot of the Editors of "The Patrician" to tackle such a problem, but I am sure you would receive the heartfelt thanks of all the members of His Majesty's Forces in Victoria if the possibility of Sunday evening cinemas could be fully investigated.

Yours truly,

J. G. DENN, Cpl.

"A KISS IN THE DARK" BY HERBERT

An amusing incident occurred recently when two officers, who had helped to entertain the Saskatchewan Concert Party after their show, were saying goodnight to the cast. Passing down the darkened coach they were shaking hands (where appropriate) and generally saying their fond farewells, when suddenly the air was filled with peels of feminine laughter. Apparently one F/Sgt., who had seen that he was trapped and who hoped by keeping quiet to remain unnoticed, was the recipient of a very fond "goodnight" from one of the hosts! A kiss in the dark—a "**huggin**"—but who was the bearded lady? Maybe F/Lt. Herbert could tell you! F/Lt. P. Dunn wouldn't know—he was on the floor!

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your headquarters for

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SPORT



GALA NIGHT AT THE CRYSTAL GARDEN NETS \$286 FOR SPORTS FUND

Over 1,000 people attended the "Something of Everything Night" at the Crystal Garden, Victoria, on Tuesday, 16th May, and thoroughly enjoyed the programme of swimming, table tennis and dancing. F/Lt. B. A. M. Herbert and his committee are to be congratulated on the organisation of what proved to be the most successful evening yet staged by the R.A.F. The keen interest and energetic work of F/Lt. Herbert was chiefly responsible for raising the grand sum of \$286 which will be used to purchase sports equipment for the Unit.

Sgt. Wildmore, Cpls. E. Walker and D. Samuels, representing the R.A.F., won the Table Tennis challenge match against Victoria by five rubbers to four.

The Swimming Gala was very popular with the large audience which packed the flower decked balcony around the pool. Swimmers representing the R.C.N., R.C.A.F., Y.M.C.A., and the R.A.F. took part. The results were as follows:—

50 yards Free Style—1st, F/O. Shorthouse; 2nd, Sgt. Leatham; 3rd, Sgt. Hanson. Time, 25 3/5 secs. **Plate Diving**—1st, F/Sgt. Gregory, 14; 2nd, F/Lt. P. Dunn, 10; L.A.C., Daley and Cpl. Hall, 9. **Plunging**—Those completing 40 feet, F/Lt. P. Dunn, F/Lt. Kidd, F/Sgt. Gregory. **100 yards Breast**, open—1st, L.A.C. Bell, R.C.A.F.; 2nd, L.A.C. Kewell; 3rd, Montgomery, Y.M.C.A. Time, 78 secs. **Diving**—1st, Sgt. Leatham; 2nd, F/Lt. Spiers; 3rd, F/Lt. Kidd. **Medley Team Race**—1st, Airmen, Kewell, Harding, Leach; 2nd, N.C.O.'s, F/Sgt. Gregory, Sgt. Hanson, Sgt. Leatham; 3rd, Officers, G. Capt. S. L. G. Pope, F/Lt. Spiers, F/O. Shorthouse. Time, 1 min. 50 secs. **Cock Shoulder Contest**—F/Sgt. Khaan and Cpl. Hall. **Tube Race**—Group Capt. S. L. G. Pope and F/O. Shorthouse. Time, 64 secs. **Water Polo**—R.A.F. 2, "The Others" 1.

Dancing in both ballrooms to the music of the Station Dance Band rounded off this very successful evening.



SOCCER

Per Ardua Ad Astra. Yes, we reached the stars, but not in Hollywood—Vancouver All Stars. On Saturday, May 30th, the Unit XI played the return match with Boeing Aircraft team at Royal Athletic Park in Vancouver. The home team were naturally determined to come off best and so had secured the services of star players from the Pacific Coast League, but we were out to establish ourselves in the hearts of Vancouver soccer fans, thus promising a strong tussle.

At half-time the score was tied at 2 goals each, contributed by Huggins and Mundy, and we considered this quite favourable, in view of the loss of our centre-half, Hurd, through injuries. Early in the second half, Parkinson, the right winger, was fouled in the penalty area and a terrific drive by Mundy converted, thus putting us a goal ahead of Boeings. Perhaps it was the boat journey, perhaps the effect of 2,500 spectators, but whatever excuse we can think up suffice it to say the R.A.F. team well and truly cracked up in the last twenty minutes of the game. When the final whistle blew our worthy opponents had seven times successfully invaded our goal, so valiantly defended by Woodbridge, to whom nothing but praise was deserving. Thus, what had promised to be a close game ended in a 7-3 defeat.

Since this match the Boeing team have become Provincial champions and are considered to be the best team in Canada. No further comments are considered necessary after this statement.

Although the season is now supposedly closed, training carries on and the commencement of the new season should see the R.A.F. fully prepared to meet and defeat any team in B.C. This may seem a rather sweeping statement but our achievements since arriving on Vancouver Island fully justify any show of optimism and we feel sure that, given the wholehearted support of the Unit, our soccer team will leave a record long to be remembered after we are finally repatriated. ROLL ON THE BOAT.

CRICKET

High-light of Station cricket during the past month was the 1st XI's visit to Vancouver at the invitation of the British Columbia Mainland Cricket League, to play a representative game against the League. Although narrowly defeated, the Station team put up a fine show and it was only our lack of practice which eventually turned the scales in our opponent's favour.

In the first two league fixtures of the season we have scored decisive victories and as the magazine goes to press we are at the head of the League table.

Pictures of the match at Vancouver will be found on page 13.

Results:—

* **v. Royal Canadian Navy**, 23.5.42—R.A.F. 102 (Green 61, Chapman 16); R.C.N. 23. Sgt. Thorner 2 for 4, Beach 7 for 3.

v. British Columbia Cricket League, 25.5.42—R.A.F. 166 (Green 47, Sgt. Thorner 35, Mundy 17, Beach 18, Heppenstall 15, Sgt. Wildmore 14); B.C.C.L. 167 for 7. Sgt. Thorner 3 for 66, Beach 3 for 80, Chapman 2 for 2.

v. Shawnigan Lake School, 6.6.42—R.A.F. "A" 40, S.L.S. 70. F/Sgt. Butt 4 for 10, Snell 3 for 12, Sumner 3 for 19.

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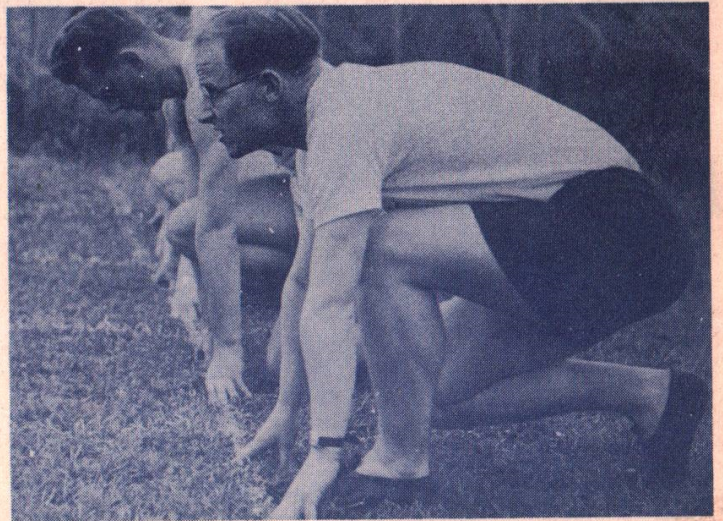
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*The
Second
Airmen's
Dance*

IN THE
RECREATION HALL
26th MAY



*SIDNEY SPORTS
STUDIES*



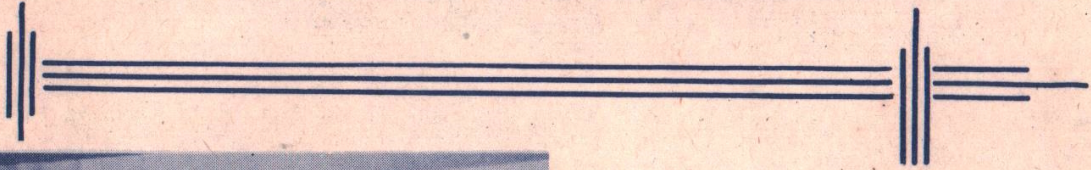
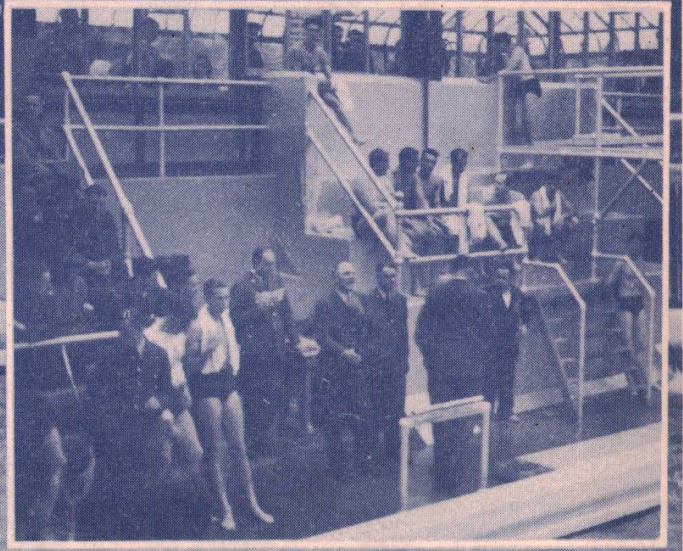
F/LT G. W. SPIERS
PUTTING THE WEIGHT

ALC 'ANDY' HUGHES
SET FOR 100 YDS.

The TUG-O-WAR TEAM
LOSING GROUND



The **SWIMMING GALA**
CPL. HALL.. PRACTISES A DIVE
INSET... JUDGING THE EVENTS



1. **The Group Captain congratulates the Saskatchewan Concert Party on an excellent performance.**
2. **"Fishing Made Easy" by Jock Craig.**
3. **STEPANIAN taken for a ride on Sports Day.**

* **v Five C's**, 13.6.42—R.A.F. 60 (Green 11, Beach 4); Five C's 22. Sgt. Thorner 4 for 10, Beach 5 for 10 (including "hat trick").

v. Spencers, 17.6.42—R.A.F. "A" 141 (Mundy 91, Naylor 27, F/Sgt. Salisbury 10 not out); Spencers 22. Cpl. Lindsay 5 for 11, F/Sgt. Butt 4 for 11.

* League Fixtures.

—C. W. B.

MINIATURE RIFLE CLUB

The small-bore club was formed by the Padre last March. It is now affiliated with the Dominion Marksmen of Canada. Up to date no less than forty members have qualified for the bronze award in the sporting rifle competitions. Eight members hold the silver award. The gold award is held by the Padre, Flight Lieutenant Herbert and Flight Lieutenant Peter Dunn. These three are now shooting for the Expert Shield of the Dominion Marksmen. The sporting rifle competitions are designed to encourage people with no previous experience of shooting. The club has its own rifles, and ammunition may be purchased on the range.

—E. W. L. M.

VOLLEY BALL

Volley Ball was given a flying start by a team from Victoria Y.M.C.A. coming to the camp and giving an exhibition game. Great interest has been taken by the personnel here and there are now about a dozen teams playing regularly a round robin series to find the best team on the Station.

J. B.

She (coyly): "You bad boy, don't you kiss me again."

He: "I won't. I'm trying to find out who has the gin at this party."

↑ ↑ ↑

"Can you play the violin?"

"I don't know, I've never tried!"

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

TALES FROM THE TARMAC

The Flight Mechanic who put the letters C & B after his name, explained that it was the abbreviation for "Charts and Boards"—one of the new allied trades in Servicing Squadron.

✓ ✓ ✓

Talking of boards—have you seen F/Sgt. Makin's "Board Magnifique" a la Totalisator de Newmarket?

✓ ✓ ✓

There is no truth in the rumour that W.O. Day intends to roll up the grass carpet in front of No. 2 Hangar, to be relaid in front of No. 3.

✓ ✓ ✓

Stinker: What's the difference between the R.A.F. and the R.C.A.F.?

Hops: "It's a difference of one letter—see?"

✓ ✓ ✓

Overheard in the Crew Room: "A draughtsman is a bloke who designs airpockets.

✓ ✓ ✓

They say Ben Shaw's Cafeteria in No. 2 Hangar is the Service Squadron's unofficial Gen Room.

✓ ✓ ✓

W.O. Struth: Is that a bally Waaf on the tarmac?

Clk. G.D.: "No sir, it's Stan Mason in his new sunshine romper suit.

✓ ✓ ✓

Who was the fitter who went into the Technical Library and asked for a volume on "Dopes and other N.C.O.'s"?

✓ ✓ ✓

As the Discip. Course Trainees went marching past No. 1 Hangar recently with arms a-swinging shoulder high, etc., one civvy employee was heard to say, "Yep, they're being trained for the Commandos."

✓ ✓ ✓

When questioned as to his preference for blue over khaki drill, Bill Barnett, L.A.C., F.M.A., etc., replied, "Well, you see boys, I'm browned off enough already." Is that a fact, Bill?

—F. I. M.

JITTERBUGS

Some time ago, the Editor asked me to write an article on "The Jitterbug Question." In a weak moment I agreed to his request. With a crafty piece of subtle flattery he insinuated that I, as a member of the Station Dance Orchestra, should be able to speak with a certain amount of authority on this controversial subject.

After interminable discussions with our better known Dance Fans, and countless man-to-man talks with the Station personnel in general, it is my considered opinion that "Jitterbugging" is looked upon with disfavour by the large majority of the Royal Air Force at Pat Bay.

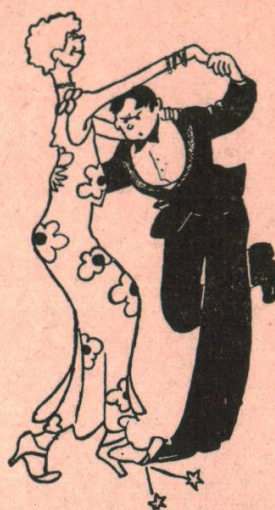
The main objection seems to be that "Jitterbugging" is more suited to the Wrestling Ring than the Dance Floor. However, be that as it may, it is only fair to give the impression of the very few "Bug" fans I encountered during my "Quiz Tour."

They hold the view that this particular form of ballroom technique symbolizes the spirit of modern youth in that it is free and easy and devoid of conventions. "Anyone," they say, "can Jitterbug, provided they have enough pep." They contend that modern ballroom dancing, especially the approved English style, is too hide-bound and needs to be re-vitalised if one is to get the maximum amount of fun out of it.

As one Canadian friend put it: "You English fellows are too straight-laced on the dance floor. You take your dancing far too seriously; and after all, the Palais is for leisure and not for labour."

Now then, what do our English boys say? One of our foremost dance fans, who is also a regular patron of the "Crystal" in Victoria, says that quite apart from any question of aloofness, there is nothing to match a waltz for dignity and poise; and as for the insinuation that English style of dancing lacks vim and vitality, he points out that there is plenty of light relief in such typically English dances as "The Lambeth Walk," "The Palais Glide," "The Chestnut Tree" and "Boomps-a-Daisy." As a further proof of the universal popularity of English ballroom dancing, he adds that British contestants from the "Old Country" figure predominantly in the list of World's Championship Competitions.

As a postscript, I may add that dance musicians, who have to cater for every taste, are only human after all, and whilst we do indulge in an occasional spot of "Jive" and "Boogy-woogy" for our own amusement, the Waltz and Tango reign supreme in our request numbers.



—F. I. M.

"THE PAT FUND"

Despite the fact that some sections who contributed during the previous month forgot all about it during June we are glad to report that the total collection is higher than that recorded in our last issue.

We should like to see a few more people taking such interest as F/Sgt. Middleton is doing in the Stores. Requests made to him are not considered until a contribution has been made to the Fund. Recently a large number of strawberries were sent as a gift to his section, he took charge and sold them to the staff, giving the money to our Fund for the bombed and homeless of Britain. His energetic efforts and the wholehearted co-operation of his staff realised the goodly sum of \$23.00—a record for any section up-to-date.

We would point out to the few who have grumbled about the cinema collections (which have been made by A/C's Norris, King and Robertson), that these are entirely voluntary. Surely no one can begrudge a few cents for an evening's entertainment, especially when the money helps such a deserving cause.

The takings are as follows: Cinema \$44.60, Equipment Section \$23.00, Synthetic Building \$16.10, Accounts Section \$6.00, Photographic Section \$5.00, Refund from bound copies of "The Patrician" \$4.25, Airmen's Mess \$3.47, Torpedo Section \$3.00, M.T. Section \$2.85, Barber's Shop \$2.42, Orderly Room \$2.00, Workshops \$1.08, Sergeant's Mess \$00.95, Guard House \$00.89, No. 2 Hangar Stores \$00.68, S.H.Q. Signals \$00.17. Total \$116.46.

The Padre's collection for the Red Cross realised the sum of \$201.00, making a grand total of \$317.46 given during the month by the Station to help War Services.

An old negro, father of sixteen children, was being lectured for having such a large family.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Rastus," he was told.

"Deed Ah is," replied Rastus, "if it happens again Ah's gwine to hang maself."

Before long the doctor was called to Rastus' home, and sure enough, another visitor was expected.

"Rastus," said the doctor, "what are you doing here? I thought you were going to hang yourself if this ever happened again?"

"Deed Ah did, doctor, an' Ah done took a rope and wrapped it aroun' ma neck and threw it over a limb. Den would you believe it, just as Ah was gwine to jump off that stump, Ah said to maself 'Rastus, you better be careful here. You might be hangin' an innocent man.'"

SEA BREEZES

Well, here we are at last, the Legion of the Last—otherwise the Marine Section.

The reason for our late appearance in print, is that being the elite of the service, we naturally hesitated to give our approval to anything even remotely gauche; but now that "The Patrician" has proved itself you may look forward to hearing from us each month.

F/Sgt. Rider spent a quiet night last week. He put on his carpet slippers.

It is rumoured that certain members of the section have volunteered to maintain a Marine Section at Ganges at their own expense!

We understand that an after order is being issued prohibiting personnel from hailing taxis in wet weather by the continual bawling of "DINGHY"!

A member of the section was lucky enough to be on hand when the Geographical Magazine representatives showed up. He posed in a group containing Canadian, American and New Zealand members of the service. Unfortunately he was in working blue. This should cause those of you familiar with Marine Sections to tremble for the honour of the Service.

—H. T.



BROADCAST

"I hope that you are keeping up that four-mile run every morning and I'm so glad to hear that you beat the Navy at rugby." This was part of a message heard by A/C "Paddy" Nolan from his wife, Mrs. Kathleen Nolan, on the radio recently. The broadcast was recorded in York and afterwards relayed from Vancouver. On the same programme was a message broadcast by Mrs. Mary Gallagher to her husband A/C George Gallagher, who was able to inform him that "the garden is in good trim."

Both of the wives are friends and neighbours and when Mrs. Nolan was notified that she would be able to broadcast, she asked her friend if she would care to share her broadcasting time. The offer was gladly accepted and both travelled from Huddersfield to York, where the B.B.C. made all arrangements without cutting down the time.

Asked how he felt when he heard the broadcast, Paddy said that hearing the familiar voice as he was sitting in the barrack room, he could for the moment, imagine himself at home again. He added that he felt very cheerful afterwards and hopes that nobody thinks he's been shooting a line about that four-mile run!

George was very disappointed as he unfortunately missed the broadcast.

NOTES - NEWS - NONSENSE

An excerpt from Oscar Ameringer's book, "If You Don't Weaken."
 "I learned how the term "hitch-hiker" originated from an old man I met in Ohio in 1890. When two men with only one horse between them, went on a journey, one man would mount and ride an allotted distance, dismount and hitch the horse to a tree or fence and proceed on foot. The other man would walk until he came to the horse, then ride on until he caught up with the hiker."

1 1 1

In the Manchester "Evening Chronicle" of May 19th is a charming picture of six-year-old Pam Bland and her mother recording a message to her father, A/C Ted Bland, a wireless operator in S.H.Q. Signals.

1 1 1

We wonder how our late members are feeling now that they have exchanged the Far West for the Middle East and whether they are pining for Pat Bay mud?

1 1 1

"Strength through joy," the Fuehrer cried
 And Goebbels spread the news.
 We'll give our workers health and strength
 And send them on a cruise."
 Alas, those bull-necked Teutons and
 Sniggering maidens coy,
 Returned much weaker than they went,
 They lost their strength—through joy.

1 1 1

The biggest moan of an airman is usually about the food and we must admit that many criticisms have from time to time appeared in these pages. However, when the food is good—and it is good now—we feel that we ought to tell the staff of the Airmen's Mess. The food at present is excellent; after all, whoever expected grape-fruit juice for breakfast, fresh salmon and strawberries and cream?

1 1 1

Quadra Street gets its name from the Spanish representative of that name who, in 1792, met Vancouver, the British representative, to carry out the terms of settlement after "The Nootka Affair" when the Spanish seized a large amount of British property, which action nearly led to war between Britain and Spain. For a time afterwards the Island was called "Quadra and Vancouver's Island."

1st Club Member: "Do you know Smith?"
 2nd Club Member: "What's his name?"
 1st Club Member: "Whose?"
 2nd Club Member: "Smith's?"
 1st Club Member: "Never heard of him."

1 1 1

CONVERSATIONS WE'LL NEVER HEAR—OR WILL WE?

Victorian: "No, as a matter of fact, I came out here last year."

F/Sgt. Middleton: "No, I never swear, it upsets my assistants and they are **such good** workers."

Orderly Officer: "What, no complaints? Why the food's rotten. Even I can tell that!"

Victoria Theatre Manager: "Yes, certainly, members of the forces are allowed in half-price."

Erk to girl: "No, I was never in a single blitz. I was too scared of them, anyway."

Any erk, on the 18 months' tour: "No fear, I'm not going back to the Old Country, I like it out here too much."

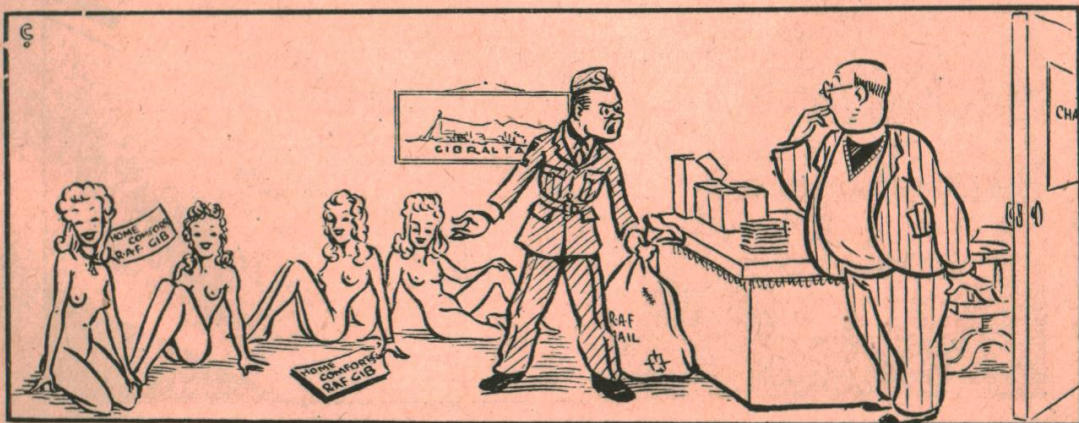
N.C.O. i/c Barrack Block: "No need to clean up this room, boys, it's perfect as it is."

Native: "Sure, the weather's always like this. Never stops raining from one year to the next."

Erk: "What, five o'clock already? Gee, I work so hard the time just flies by."

Girl to Erk: "What is the Victory V sign, please?"

—A. R. N.



In our November number we printed a cartoon from L.A.C. Denis Curthoys, who is stationed with the R.A.F. at Gibraltar. This month we received the above sketch from him which we have pleasure in printing as we feel that the R.A.F. on the Rock are not the only ones who would appreciate such comforts.



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