OCTOBER, 1942



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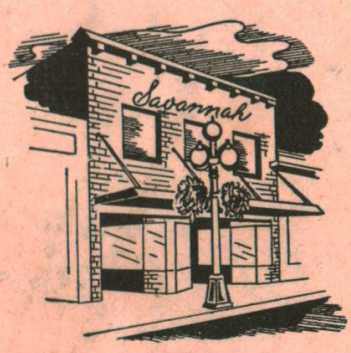

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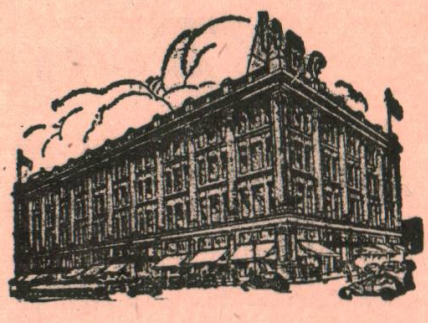

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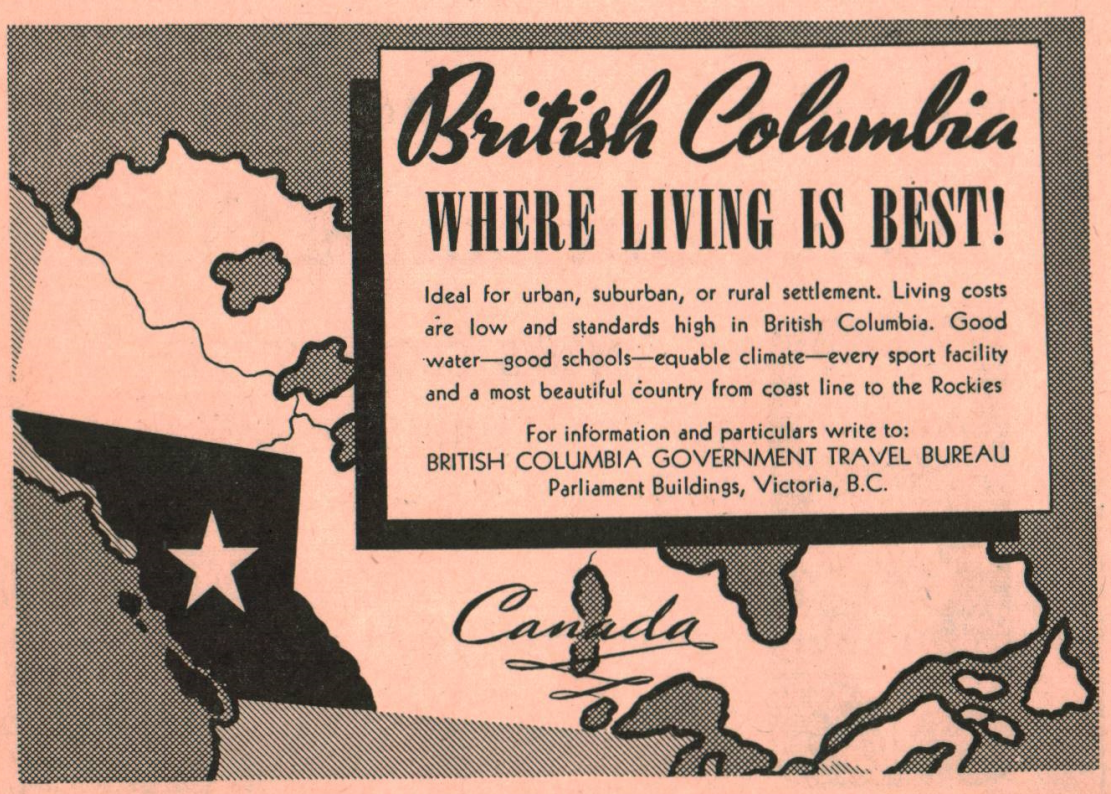

We congratulate "THE PATRICIAN" on a year's successful operation, and wish to express the pleasure we have all derived from our close association with the R.A.F.

THE PATRICIAN

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

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

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A.C. C. GOSLEY

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:
CPL. E. A. INGLEFIELD (Pictorial) L.A.C. F. REED (General)

ACCOUNTS: CPL. M. ROBSON

ADVT. MANAGER L.A.C. L. V. ROBERTS

PHOTOGRAPHER L.A.C. F. REED

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

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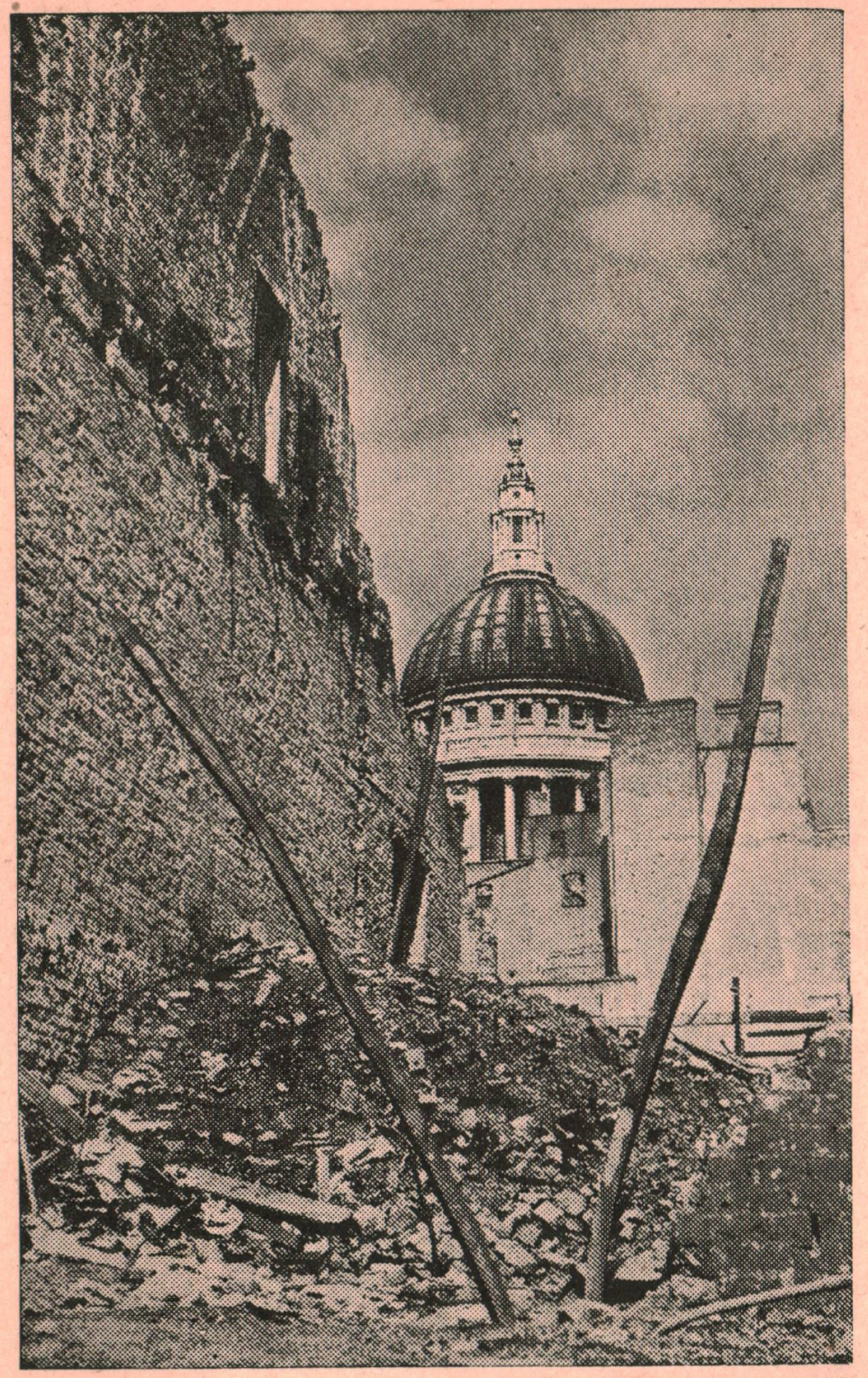
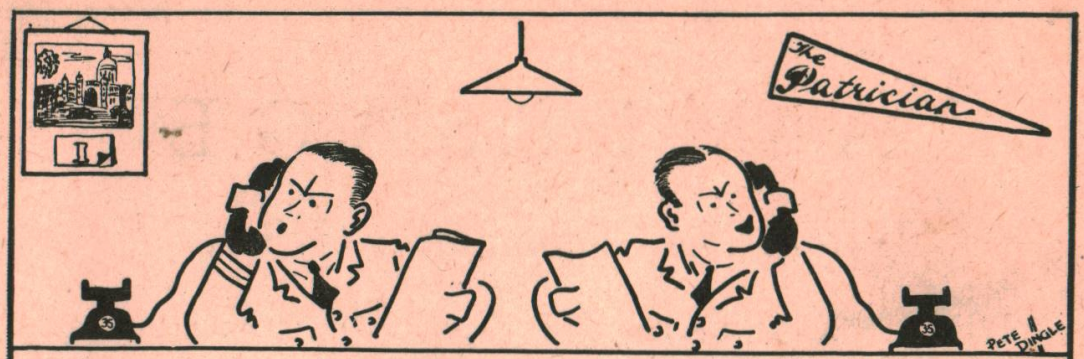
Cheques to be made payable to "The Patrician."

INDEX

	Page
The Editors Speak	7
Message from the Commanding Officer	8
Our First Year of Grace (by F. Reed)	11
R.A.F. Raises $1,958 for Charity	18
The Other Man's Job (by C. V. T.)	19
News from the Officers' Mess	21
Message from Prof. Cola-Coca (by A. R. N.)	22
News from the Sergeants' Mess	23
One Ring Panic (by A. R. Nickless)	24
American Quiz	27
Diarie of Ye Craftie Air Man in Canada (by F. I. M.)	28
From a Woman's Point of View	30
Letters to the Editors	32
Sea Breezes (by H. T.)	39
Anniversaries (by Perion)	40
Panic With a Smile	42
Peter (by Southerner)	44
Hitch-Hiked to Hollywood	46
Picked-Up (by A Wireless Op.)	49
Our New Padre	51
Sport	53
Tales From the Tarmac	59
Notes—News—Nonsense	60



Remember—the all too frequent scene like this? but perhaps those that you saw had no fine cathedral in the background, just ordinary little homes of ordinary everyday people—the Smith's and the Jones's. Perhaps you saw some of them in the early mornings walking to the "rest centres" with pitifully small bundles on their shoulders, perhaps they still smiled as so many of them do, perhaps they couldn't smile, —— remember? Then don't forget "The Pat Fund"—our fund for Britain's bombed and homeless!



THE EDITORS SPEAK

Vol. 2, No. 7 **OCTOBER, 1942** **10 CENTS**

It is with ~~conscious~~ pride that we offer this, the anniversary number for your perusal. We do not wish to dwell at length on the vicissitudes that we have met since our initial number. Many of these have been forgotten as we look to our greater difficulties ahead, —our baby has grown from some 30 pages into a young child of 60 pages, and consequent upon its growing up more is expected of it.

The best indication we have as to the popularity of the magazine is the steadily increasing sales. Our circulation has risen over the year from the initial 750 copies to 2,000. We certainly owe a vote of thanks to the advertisers who in great measure made our first issue possible and who have so steadfastly supported us. Thanks are also due to the Daily Colonist, the Victoria Times, and the B.C. Government and Victoria Travel Bureaux who have given us unflagging support with cuts and photos, to The King's Printer who so excellently produces our usual eight pages of offset photos and illustrations, to Messrs. Diggon-Hibben who have given us invaluable help and advice and who have printed the magazine since its debut.

So much can be heard of the grimmer side of things from the radio and newspapers, that the policy of the magazine has been to provide a little light reading, and a record of interesting and amusing events associated with the Station, and we have purposely avoided much mention of the war. It is our intention to continue this policy. However, it has occurred to us that those who receive copies in the Old Country and elsewhere, might get a wrong impression of our activities, when they read from cover to cover, only of our dances, our parties, our sports, and entertainments. Naturally as the magazine is a record of the lighter side of our camp life, it is logical that these events supply us with much of the material.

There are, of course, occasions when we should also like to announce to all and sundry of the progress of the work of this R.A.F. unit, the number of flying hours put in, and our part in The Empire Air Training Scheme. But these are closely guarded secrets, no matter how interesting they would be to those at home, so we'll just carry on recording our entertainment and sport, trusting that we are not conveying too much of a holiday camp atmosphere.

—THE EDITORS.

A MESSAGE

from The Commanding Officer

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

Anniversaries are pleasant, yet sad. "The Patrician" can be considered a twin to Pat Bay, they were born together, and in one year both have grown surprisingly in size, beauty and importance. In the future "Patrician" anniversaries will continue to bring us joy, but may we not be a little sad if Pat Bay has become but a memory? The existence of this little R.A.F. community (the only one this side of the Rockies) was known to very few till "The Patrician" spread her (or his) legs (or wings) and put Pat Bay and its personnel very definitely on the map of Canada.

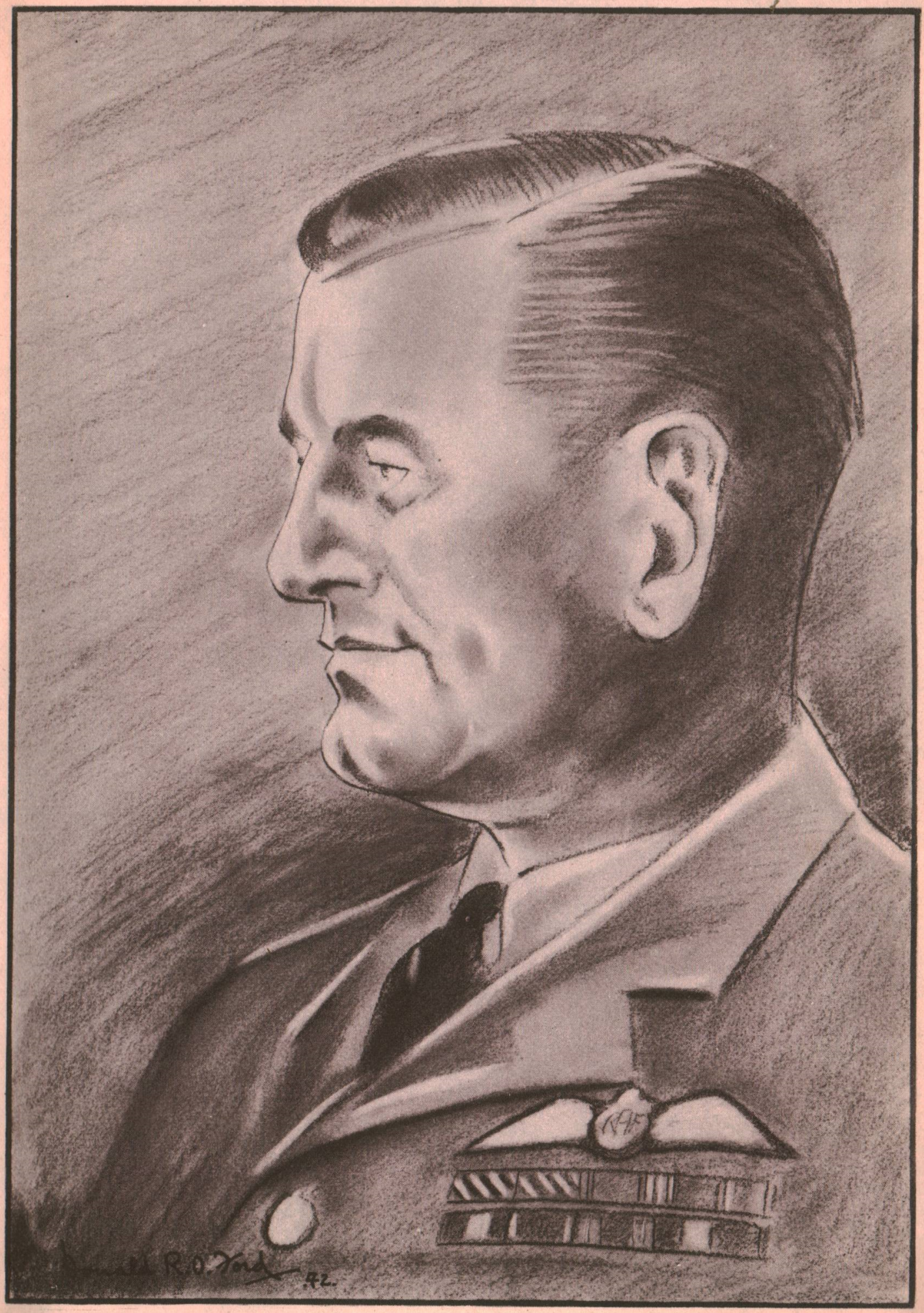
The fame of the magazine now is second only to the pleasure and joy which it distributes, and I am forced to remember that this could not be fed if it had not been for the very kind and continued support of our advertisers. We can thank them with words, but let us also do so in action, give them your full support.

The magazine is rapidly becoming an ambassador. It has become a very real and affectionate link between the R.A.F. out here and friends and relations at home. Some of you may not yet have tried sending it home, if not, do so at once, it will be appreciated, unless your home is very different to the majority.

We must also remember to thank the efficient hard working staff who produce "The Patrician" for our pleasure. I personally owe them a deep sense of gratitude. This little magazine helps to bind us all in a bond of interest and pleasure, and to form us into a close and happy community. To the Editors and others of the staff I extend on our behalf our thanks and congratulations. Long may this good work continue.

Again show to them your gratitude in deeds rather than thoughts. Help them with contributions, by buying copies, by introducing new readers, etc., and so MANY HAPPY RETURNS, "PATRICIAN," and may you continue to grow in size, beauty and popularity.

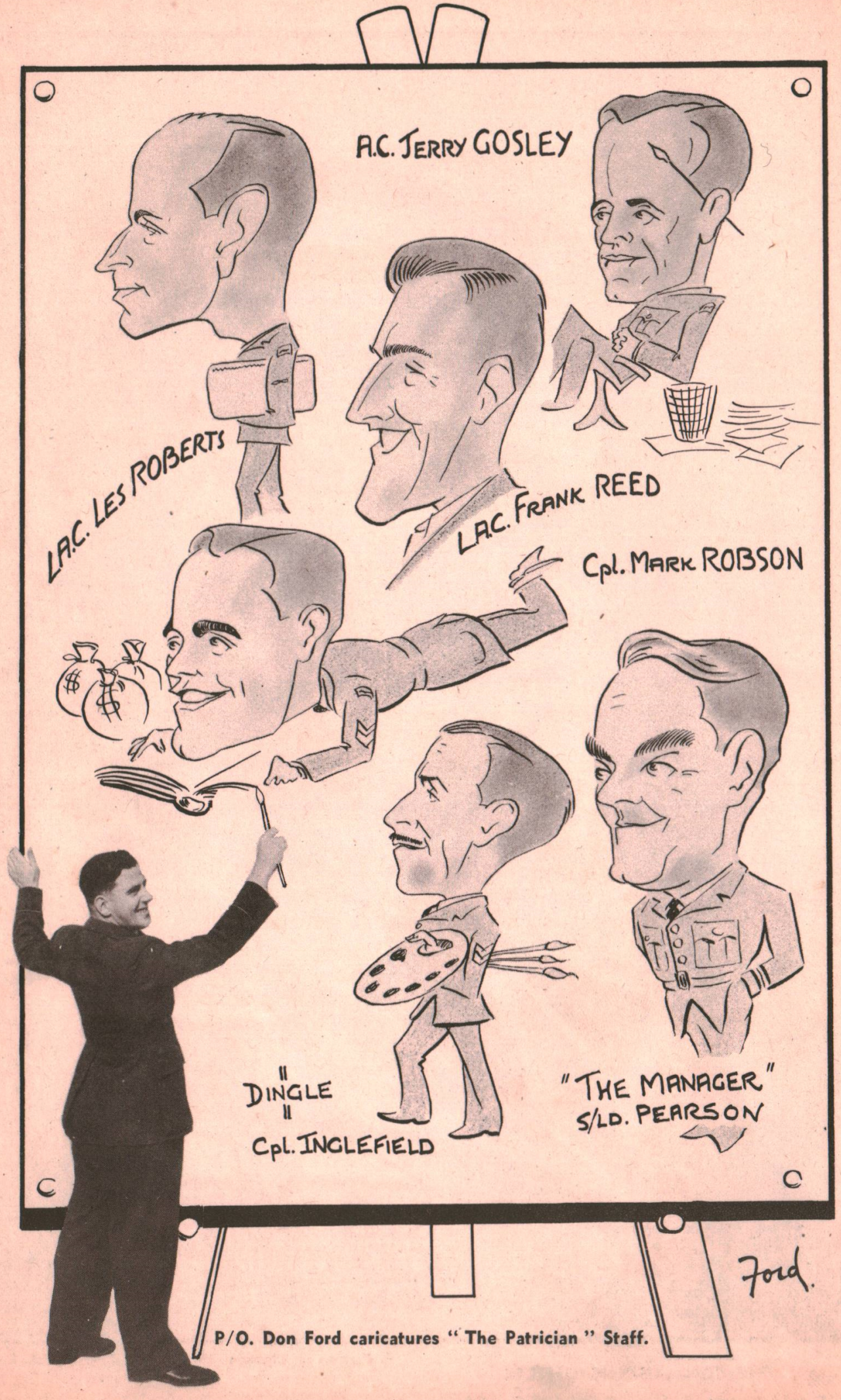
—S. L. G. POPE.



THE COMMANDING OFFICER.

Group Captain S. L. G. Pope, D.F.C., A.F.C.

A Portrait in Charcoal by P/O. D. R. O. FORD, D.F.C.



P/O. Don Ford caricatures "The Patrician" Staff.

Our First Year of Grace!



If one were to attempt to write the lighter side of the history of the R.A.F. at Pat Bay, since the first echelon arrived here in the late summer of last year, there would be many incidents worth recording that are both interesting and amusing.

Some of the highlights come easily to mind. Early impressions are usually the most powerful, and so it is with those of us who arrived in August, '41, the first few weeks spent here contained much that seemed surprising. Can you recall for example, the way that we used to hitch-hike into Victoria in the evenings (it was so much easier then), and there stand and gape open-mouthed at the lights? After so long a period of blackout the street illumination and the neon signs had quite a thrill for us, a thrill that has no doubt been experienced by many others who have arrived since. Then there was the novelty of the hamburgers, hot dogs, etc., and the relish with which we entered the cafes and ordered food without rationing restrictions. We were amazed, too, at the number of juke boxes and the "I've been here for thirty years" (must be thirty-one now !), and how odd it seemed to hear "gas" for "petrol," "street-car" for "tram" and "sidewalk" for "pavement." Now we too say we are going to the "store" instead of "shop." Heaven help us, we've even become used to the beer !

Indeed, some of us must have altered a very great deal since then, for many who criticised everything so severely and cried "Roll on the Boat" so enthusiastically, have since sent for their families.



During our first few months before there were even duckboards our Pat Bay mud made walking anywhere on the camp quite a hazardous occupation. Do you remember our famous "hair-pin bend," the corner one had to negotiate to reach the temporary Y.M. canteen? This corner had the reputation of being the most skiddy patch on the whole camp, and there were many who slipped off the wet boards into the six inches of mud surrounding. However, even the mud caused amuse-

ment as it did when "Dicky" slipped face downward into it. Then there were our infamous wooden inconvenient conveniences. Both the mud, and the "inconveniences" were the subjects of many jokes which were unfortunately not of the type that even "The Patrician" could use.

Quite a memorable evening was the night of the opening of the airmens' Wet Canteen. Rumour has it that the people of Victoria could, by leaning out of their windows, hear the airmen singing at Pat Bay. This, I think, is an exaggeration, the sound could not possibly have travelled further than Elk Lake!

It was in this atmosphere of mud, unfinished buildings, and improvisation in nearly all things, for we had arrived before the drains were laid, that "The Patrician" was born. Indeed, the history of the camp, and I will again emphasise that we are dealing with the lighter side of it, is largely reflected in its pages. We can truly say that the magazine has grown up with the camp. As the buildings have been erected and completed and the Station grown in size and personnel, so has "The Patrician" grown in size and circulation. Our first issue contained 32 pages, the twelfth 60 pages. Excluding the cover picture the first issue had two pages of cartoons but no photographs, the twelfth, 70 photographs in addition to the cartoons. The circulation has grown from the original 750 to over 2,000. Whereas the original cost of publication was a little over $100, this issue will cost over $350! We are, therefore, conceited enough to think that the birth of your Station magazine on October 1st, 1941, was quite an important event in the unofficial history of the camp.

The embryo period held many difficulties, there were a number of snags as there still are every month. Fortunately our production manager, A/C. Jerry Gosley, has a flair for overcoming them. He had the idea of forming a Station magazine before we landed on Vancouver Island and began organising things almost before he unpacked his kit-bag. S/Ldr. Pearson, then F/Lt. and adjutant, was very much in favour of the idea and showed a great interest. He gave every encouragement, becoming joint editor with Gosley, and the staff has enjoyed his whole-hearted co-operation ever since.

In preparing material for the first issue, the co-editor was under the great disadvantage of having to do it all in the barrack-room and use the room's one and only table. This was decidedly inconvenient when somebody else wished to iron a shirt or press some slacks. Furthermore a group of interested airmen would usually crowd round and read all the material. On more than one occasion Gosley would be writing a letter home, and looking up, find several fellows peering over his shoulder reading it, thinking that it was material for the magazine!



Later an office was provided in the Officers' quarters. One day this was found to be against all rules and regulations

and the office was hurriedly transferred to a room in the Sergeants' quarters. Here there were many visitors, the chief attraction as the months went by were the photographs and newspaper cuttings on the walls. Everything appearing in newspapers relating to the Station being carefully cut out and pasted up. Now we have our own office in the Recreation Hall, complete with telephone. No longer do we have to rely on borrowed typewriters for we now possess one, and at the moment the ribbon is jumping about all over the place, confound it!

But to continue the story of the magazine: In the beginning the P.S.I. had no money whatsoever, so that even if desired it was impossible to make a grant for the initial issue of a Station magazine. This meant that it had to be self-supporting from the outset. Sufficient revenue was soon obtained to finance the first publication and the increasing advertising which has had to be found as the magazine has grown has been due to the efforts of a very competent advertising manager, L.A.C. Leslie Roberts, who also gives very valuable assistance on the editorial side. We are thankful for the goodwill of the many advertisers who, by their support, have made the publication of "The Patrician" in its present form possible.

The cartoons in the early numbers were drawn by L.A.C. Ron Breckon (Jeep). Our staff artist now is Cpl. Inglefield—"Dingle" to you—who carries on the good work started by "Jeep." With the introduction of so many photographs requiring titling, his work has been considerably increased. We have also been fortunate recently in having the services of two excellent cartoonists, F/Lt. H. D. Clark and P/O. D. R. O. Ford, D.F.C. It is with regret that the news has been received of the posting this month of F/Lt. Clark. The accounts were kept by L.A.C. Leslie Sumner until his recent posting on re-mustering to air-crew. Cpl. Robson is now the magazine's accountant, and as his predecessor did he is doing an onerous job very efficiently.

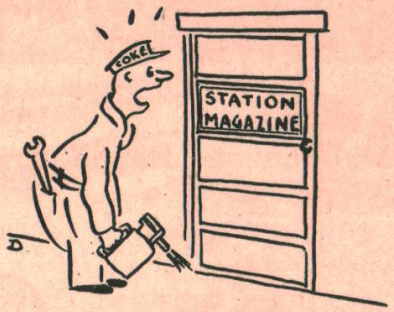
Having reached the 13th issue, we, that is the staff, are not unduly worried about its reception. When the first copies were published, however, it was rather a different story. If you care to look back you will find that only one of the contributors had the courage to give his full name. I am afraid that the rest of us were not too sure about the reception of that which was written. Those of us who had names featured on the title page could not easily escape their responsibilities, and just in case the first copy of "The Patrician" was greeted with howls of derision and cat calls, we looked around for somewhere to hide until the tumult and indignation had died down. I found a very good spot, it was an empty cupboard under the stairs of an unused barrack-room!

However, we need not have worried, the reception was better than we had even hoped for and "The Patrician" was greeted with a great deal of enthusiasm.

One of the most encouraging features has been the many messages of appreciation that have been sent from the Old Country and other parts of the world.

It is not always easy to find the right type of article, etc., so if you have any ideas, please let us have 'em. Although it is not possible to use everything sent in, contributions are always welcome. Now that we are running an eight-page supplement of pictures, the same also applies to photographs. More good material sent in would save the staff many headaches, and please let us have your opinions, your likes and dislikes and any suggestions for improvement.

Naturally with the increase in size and circulation there has been a corresponding increase in the amount of work involved. Considering that there are as many illustrations published as are found in some national magazines you will see that on this score alone there has to be a good deal of planning and hard work each month. Often the light is burning long after "lights-out" during that frantic period just before going to press.



There have, of course, been many amusing incidents, such as the case of the workman who, seeing "Station Magazine" on the door of our first office, thought it contained a stock of gunpowder! The printer's error that caused the proof of an article to be returned titled "Constipation" instead of "consternation" (we hope that the magazine doesn't bind you all that much!) Then there was the member of the Fire Section who came into the office one day and quite seriously asked the editor if he had the nozzle of the hose anywhere. Indeed, there were so many queries that the following was published in the January issue: "We do not stock drawing pins, rubber bands, pens, rubbers nor ink, we seldom have any scrap paper or the correct time; we do not issue 295's, sell Christmas cards, nor do we loan books. We have not got the brass nozzle of the fire engine . . . all we strive to do midst this continual shower of enquiries is to produce "The Patrician."

Incidentally, a person of high authority, only discovered that the brass nozzle was missing through reading about it in "The Patrician" —it caused a terrific "stink"!

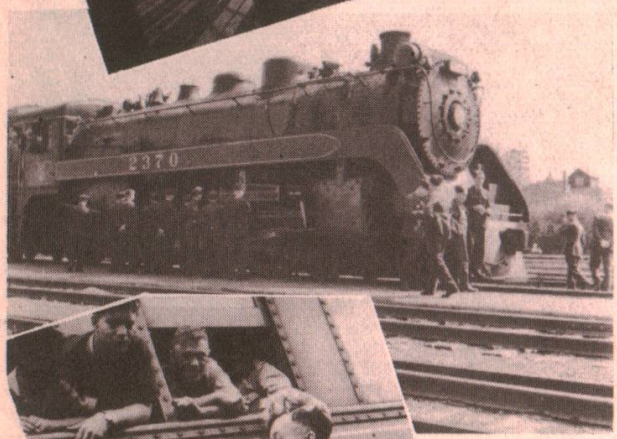
Censorship always has to be considered, and pictures are submitted to the Press Liaison Officer before publication. Confidentially, our production manager is a terrific bind. In his enthusiasm to produce the best he is constantly bullying the rest of us into doing all sorts of things. The advertising manager finds himself being cajoled into typing out long articles, the demand for pictures is constantly being hurled at me, Dingle does all sorts of things, and by the time we go to press we all feel like nervous wrecks.








TRANS
CANADA
HIGHWAY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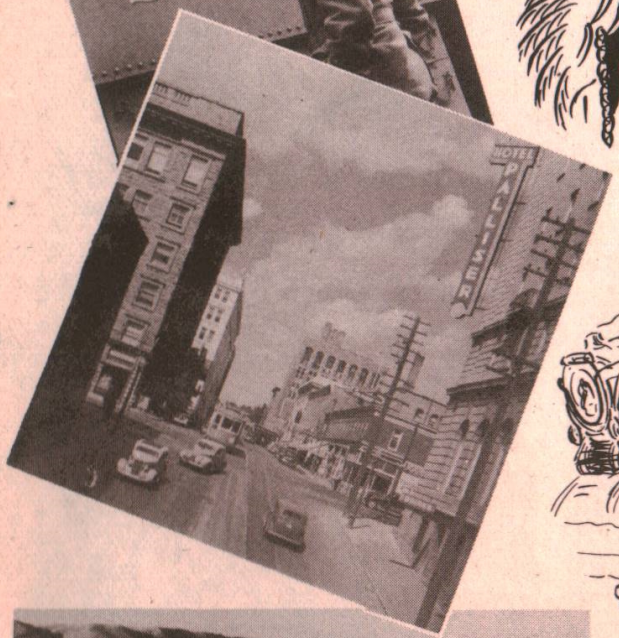
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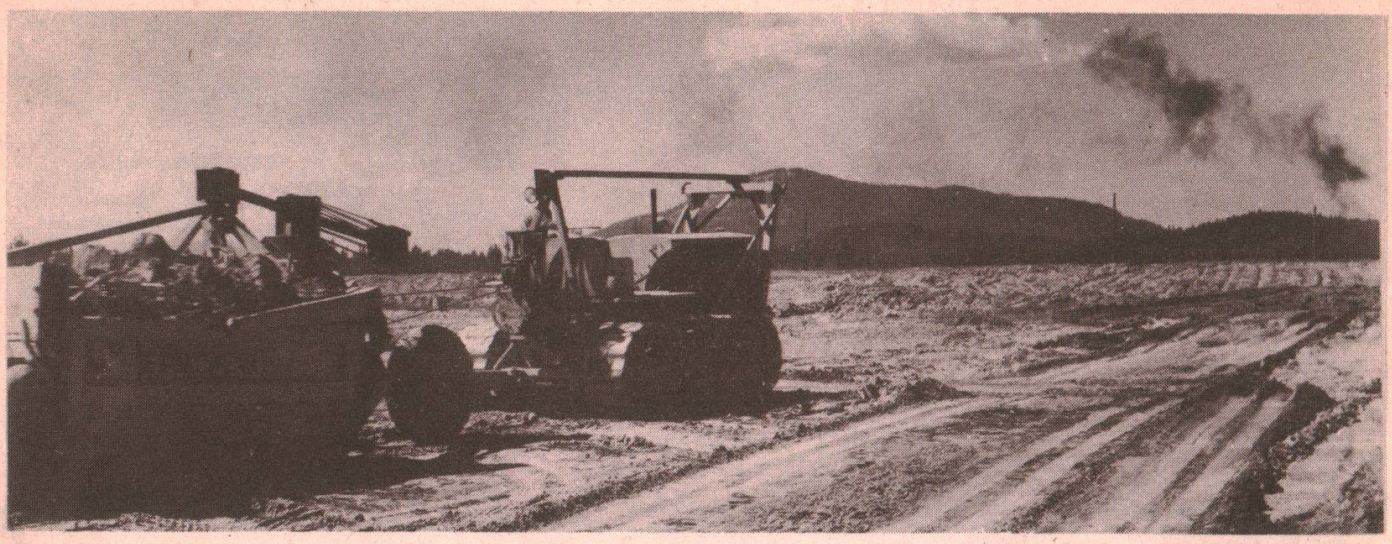
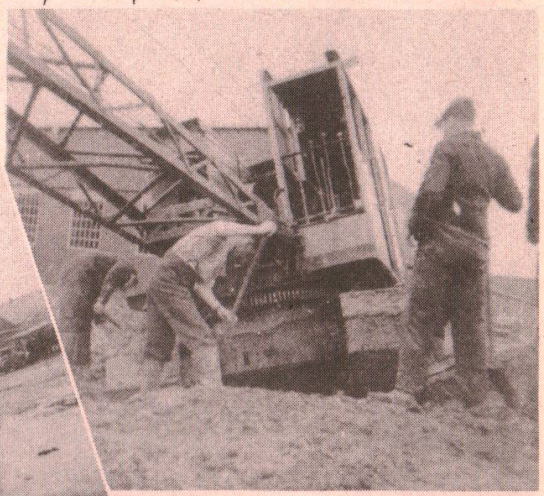


MUD!



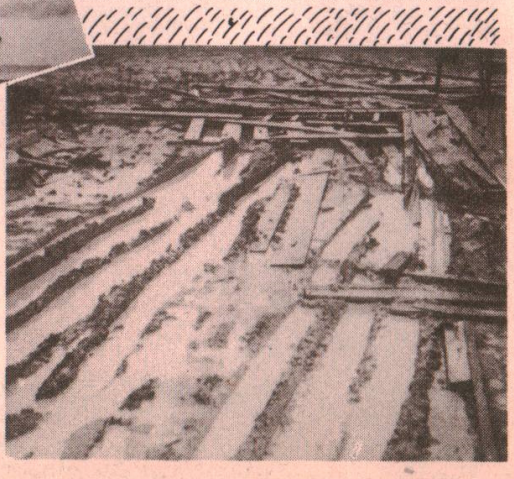












It is interesting to note the reactions of the readers, and to see what interests or amuses them most. Some little time ago I walked into the barrack-room and found most of the fellows on their beds reading copies of "The Patrician" which had just been on sale. One chap who was on the top bed seemed to be very much amused, every now and then he would give a hearty chuckle and exclaim, "That's good!" Curiosity was eventually too much for me, for I was anxious to know what was amusing him so. I stepped on the chair and stealthily peered over his shoulder. There was "The Patrician" by his side unopened, the book held in his hands and taking all his attention was a copy of "Esquire." It was very, very quietly that I crept down off the chair. —F. REED.

NOTE.—We notice that L.A.C. Frank Reed has modestly skipped over his own very important job on the magazine staff and we feel that this is a good opportunity to tell you that the majority of the photographs are his work. Although the production of these pictures occupies most of his "off-duty" hours, he still finds time to write such popular articles as "Jallopy Journey," "Elevator Episode," "Flannelling as a Fine Art" and 'Housie-Housie"—just to mention a few. Modest though Reed may be, he's a great asset to the mag.

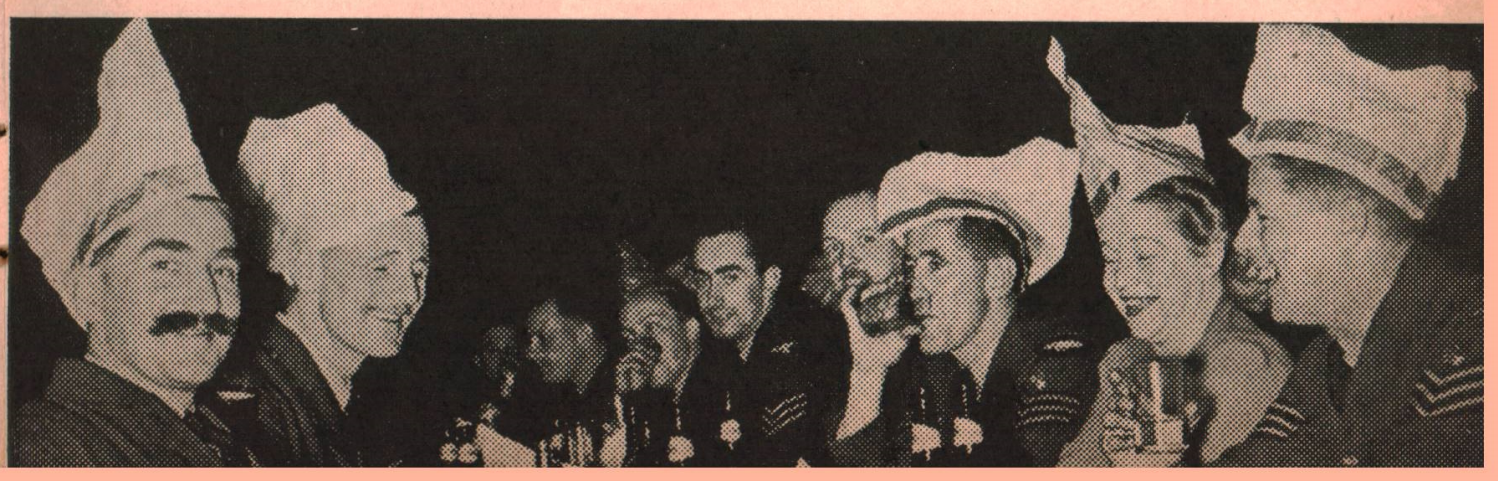
—THE EDS.

BEFORE OUR TIME

The present site of the R.A.F. Station was one of the oldest farms on the Saanich Peninsula and, at the south end, was farmed by a Mr. Simpson (one of the earliest settlers in the district, who came to Saanich about 1850), and on the north by the McIlmoy's. Later it was taken over by the Ray Bros., who ran a cattle ranch. They joined it up with their property, which was the land across the road, and is now known as Weilers Bush. The creek running through the property is still known as Ray's Creek. Later the farms were divided and at the time they were acquired by the National Defence were farmed by Mr. G. McClean. —F.K.

The cost of the printing block used on our special cover was kindly met by Messrs. Diggon-Hibben, Printers and Stationers, Government Street, Victoria.

CHRISTMAS IN THE SERGEANTS' MESS, 1941.



R.A.F. Raises $1958 for Charity

. . . for the benefit of our Old Country readers, that's about £436.

Since the first arrivals reached Pat Bay over $1,958 has been sent from the Station to various charities.

Approximately $600 has been given to the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund through voluntary stoppages of pay and the same fund benefitted by $372 as the result of a dance held in Victoria.

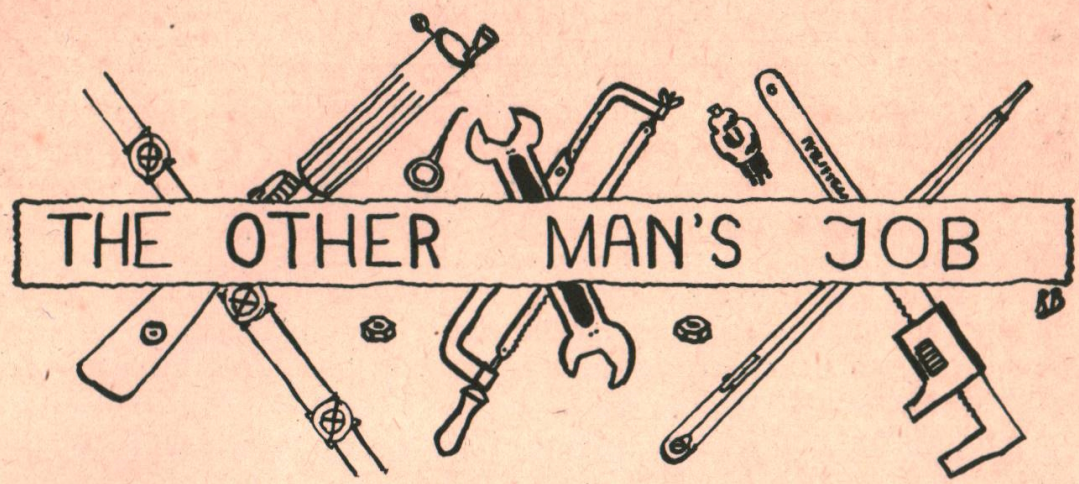
The Padre's collection for the Red Cross amounted to $201 and a dance and a collection brought $135.51 for the Commanding Officers' Benevolent Fund.

The Patrician Fund for the Bombed and Homeless of Britain—in short, "The Pat Fund"—which is organised by the magazine staff has been the means of collecting $650.44 during the past six months. This money has been forwarded to Mayor McGavin of Victoria, who is the local chairman of the Lord Mayor's Fund, and has been earmarked as a contribution from the R.A.F. Station here.

Last month's collection, that is up to 17th September—amounted to $200.92—a record—we regret to note that the Police Section have dropped from $25 in August to $2.34 and again congratulate the Stores on their remarkable effort. A few tins were not sent in. The amount is made up as follows:—Stores $57.84; Sale of Anna Neagle's photographs $43.00; Cinema and "Smile" Shows $38.78; M. I. Room $10.70; "A" Flight $8.83; "The Pat" Office $6.75; M.T. $5.92; S.H.Q. $5.74 Accounts $5.25; Photo Section $5.00; Link Trainer $3.19; Airmens' Mess $2.91 Police $2.34; Technical Library $2.00; S/Ldr. A. A. Austin $1.25; Parachute Section $0.78; "Private Party" $0.65.

The above review of the Station's charitable contributions does not include the hundreds of dollars which the Dance Band and "Smile" shows have helped to raise for various War Services. Considering that so much money was needed to provide the necessary requirements for the social side of our own camp life we feel that the result of these efforts for other charities is quite a commendable achievement. Let's keep it up and give all the assistance we can to people who are in a much less fortunate position than ourselves.

I still maintain that to the average man there are only two kinds of women—those who are so beautiful that they would be tolerable even if they were virtuous, and those who are so virtuous that they would be intolerable even if they were beautiful.



No. 13—Works and Bricks—"Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes."

The Works and Buildings Officer is usually an Engineer in civil life; his duties comprise, primarily, the maintenance of the buildings, grounds, runways, and so on, of the unit to which he is attached. In normal times his job has been, described, not unaptly, as a piece of cake: when, however, there is a touch of unpleasantness, it becomes a chromium-plated headache; he is now responsible for all new construction, future planning, the revision of existing services, the supervision of contract work and preparation of estimates, and all the manifold details that expansion implies. It is then that the W. & B. man acquires a harried manner and a worried look, for while his work has increased, even as the loaves and fishes, his staff has not. His pleas and alibis alike fall on deaf ears, and he feels that everyone who speaks civilly to him has a job they want done, usually for love: this, in point of fact, is not infrequently the case. It is a feeling widely held among R.C.A.F. W. & B. men that while the R.A.F. has been deservedly praised for its highly skilled aircrew and ground staff, too little honour has been given to its Admin. officers, who are probably the most talented group of wanglers in the world. In the hands of these past-masters, the unsuspecting "colonial" is enveloped in a haze of back-slapping and good-fellowship, from which he is jerked by the angry inquiries of his superiors as to why the unprintable deletion all this money has been spent. It is only then the poor fellow realizes he's had it.

It is always possible to avoid a certain amount of work by saying, "Oh, but that job must be done by Workshops." The only catch is that Workshops know very well what the score is, and are not above saying in return, "Certainly not, that's Works and Bricks." So, this should be used only in emergencies—there are other, less obvious methods of avoidance; but it would not do to reveal them.

The job, of course, has its compensations; one gets to know, from serving every section, the activities of the unit as a whole; and there is a certain satisfaction in planning some raid on the money-bags and carrying it through, unscathed, to a successful conclusion. Of course, a watchful eye must be kept on the Accounts Section, who may ask rude questions. In this case, a decision must be made at once: whether to adopt an attitude of injured innocence or blustering

indignation. Sometimes both fail to impress, in which case the only thing to do is to pick up the bleeding remains and withdraw as gracefully as possible.

The W. & B. personnel have an excellent chance to learn any one of a dozen trades: nearly every G.D. who is attached to W. & B. is soon specialising in some line and many of them have done very well. In a few months they are doing work they would not be allowed to touch, in civil life, for the same number of years. A keen chap can learn a great deal, and most of the chaps take full advantage of the fact.

Finally, W. & B. isn't everyone's job: many of the best and most difficult bits of work are off in some corner, unseen; there is definitely no glamour attached to it; but it is an essential job and well done, can help a station to run smoothly. When this happy day arrives, the W. & B. personnel will get gloriously swacked for one day, and then, probably, perish from sheer boredom.

—C. V. T.

CONGRATULATIONS

We offer our congratulations to W/O. J. W. Day on being awarded a "Mention in Despatches Certificate."

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

F/O's. H. C. Pexton and A. Mitton to Flight Lieutenants.

F/Sgt. B. Lloyd to Warrant Officer.

Sgts. Mills, Switzer, Sowerby, Hunter and Brolly to Flight Sergeants.

Cpls. Davies and Denn to Sergeants.

L.A.C.'s Musgrave, Fielding, Elliott, Tindall, Green, Buvyer, Messer, Moseley, Spencer, Griffin, Jacobs, Blakeley, Hoult, Waine, Hill and Ling to Corporals.

We nervously record the following marriages and in offering our best wishes to all concerned, sincerely hope that we are immune from the epidemic:—Capt. C. B. Jamieson, F/O. J. J. Allen, P/O. H. E. Maguire, Cpl. Upton, L.A.C.'s Williams, Wallwork and Bottomley.

We send greetings to Lynn Carol Chappell, Mary Campbell and Marjorie May Reah—baby daughters of Station personnel.

THE FIRST AIRMENS' DANCE, JANUARY, 1942.



NEWS FROM THE OFFICERS' MESS

The Members of the Officers' Mess offer their congratulations to "The Patrician" on its first anniversary and wish it the best of luck in its future issues.

✓ ✓ ✓

During the summer months tennis tournaments have been run for the benefit of the officers and the following winners are congratulated on their successes:

1st Singles knock-out tournament—G/Capt. H. Waring.

Doubles knock-out tournament—G/Capt. S. L. G. Pope, D.F.C., A.F.C., and G/Capt. Waring.

2nd Singles knock-out tournament (not yet completed)—Final between G/Capt. Pope and P/O. Hollis.

The entries were good, many Officers below the rank of Group Captain taking part!

✓ ✓ ✓

A welcome is extended to all Officers' wives who have recently arrived from the U.K. Good House-warmings!!

✓ ✓ ✓

Rumours are dangerous. It is therefore denied that the recent failure of the water supply at the houses of two Officers who have recently been joined by their wives was due to the fact that they have now gone on to the water wagon.

✓ ✓ ✓

For information F/Lt. P. W. Dunn is still on the strength of this Unit, and may be seen by appointment.

✓ ✓ ✓

It is hoped that with the arrival of the wife of one of the Accountant Officers claims for dependants allowance will now be dealt with more expeditiously!

✓ ✓ ✓

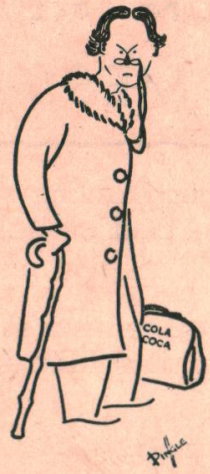
P/O. Hilton Smith is moving from Elk Lake to Bradley Dyne. It is not for the reason that he was fed up with the catering at his former residence.

✓ ✓ ✓

S/Ldr. R. G. Wilde has also moved. He is now within cycling distance of the camp. If the Officers' Mess had not been wired off, he could have reached it without peddling!

✓ ✓ ✓

Copies of Cato's recent ovation in support of and in opposition to that extra 5c messing will be issued to all new arrivals without prejudice. At that we shall leave it!



A MESSAGE FROM PROF. COLA-COCA



No word had been heard for so long from the distinguished (we almost said extinguished) Professor whose researches and writings on the "Greater Blue Coated Ayrmann" have been the subject of several of his works, that we wondered what the great man was doing. After many enquiries we finally got into touch with him and discovered that the eminent Professor had left his happy hunting ground and had gone in search of other game in Britain to report on the discovery in the British Isles of another species of bird life which has been found there many thousands of miles from its haunts. The Professor has christened this new breed the "Erkus Americanus" or "Louder-Shooter."

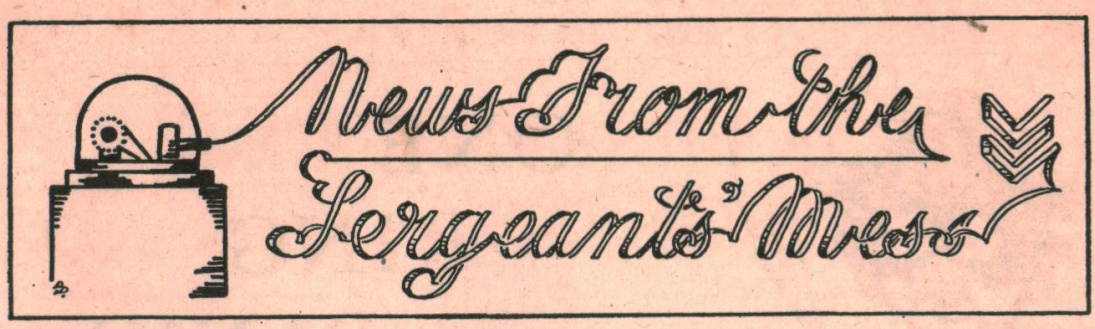
The Professor has kindly sent the following message on the occasion of the anniversary of the magazine:—

"I am pleased to be able to send a message to the inhabitants who are putting up with the migration (temporary I believe) of the "Erkus Fantasticus" which I studied at close range for several weeks during my delightful stay in those parts. It was only the news that another species hitherto unheard of in the British Isles had made its appearance here, that forced me to abandon my work and to leave for Britain to collect data on this other peculiar type of bird-life.

I greatly regretted leaving, for I had a most interesting and enjoyable time and although I must confess much against my will, that I left hardly wiser than when I came, I was greatly attracted by the "Blue Coated Ayrmann" which has infested those parts, and I trust it will not be long before I am able to return to continue my studies. In the meantime I send my very good wishes to the Editors of "The Patrician," and trust that they along with all the great family of "erks" will soar on the wings of prosperity and good fortune for all time."

—A. R. N.

This Month's True Story—A young married couple living in Victoria recently quarrelled violently. The wife had found lipstick on her husband's shirt. In vain the husband made his denials and it looked as though divorce proceedings might follow. Then he remembered lending some clothes to a certain R.A.F. corporal. A frantic telephone message to the camp followed, and later a very embarrassed corporal was making some rather shamefaced explanations to a very relieved wife.



It seems that, together with the rest of the Unit, we should look back over the past year and wonder what we have achieved in our own little sphere.

When our Mess first opened its inhospitable doors to us, we perceived a barn-like structure, unfurnished, unheated and unpopulated. Its greatest attribute was that it stood, an island in a sea of mud. Sgt. Cartwright was the first Mess Caterer and how jealously he guarded his stock of two dozen beers and ten large Players. And the first night the bar took five dollars!—drinks all round—all two of us.

Making the best of a bad job we soon organised our first dance and its outstanding success was due to the efforts of W/O. (then F/Sgt.) Felton, Sgt. Holmes and others. Since then we've had a dance regularly every month, all providing a good outlet for pent-up energies. Now we have some claim to comfort and a restful atmosphere, but there is still much to be done.

The first copy of "The Patrician" to find its way into the Mess, was regarded with suspicion, but it is now firmly entrenched with the bar stock and we wish our magazine "Many Happy Returns," just as heartily as we wish ourselves "Roll on the Boat."

✓ ✓ ✓

F/Sgt. Makin admits his social error mentioned last month and stands abashed. To rectify matters he now states that how anyone connected with armament, ever becomes anything more than A/C 2., is absolutely beyond his comprehension.

✓ ✓ ✓

Some months ago W/O. Buckingham recommended the importing of a couple of mice to cheer the Mess up a little. Now F/Sgt. Ives, one of our newer inmates, has coaxed a Gremlin in to share our sorrows. Several of us have seen him and he is a matey little chap with a bright yellow posterior, but according to the F/Sgt., his parentage is doubtful.

✓ ✓ ✓

Owing to the difficulty in locating Mess members at times, W/O. Day has been asked to design a board, complete with celluloid and grease pencils, so that a record of the dispersal and serviceability of each member is readily to hand.

✓ ✓ ✓

We congratulate F/Sgt. Lloyd on his promotion to Warrant Officer, and for our nerves sake hope that he restrains his horses in a manner befitting the dignity of his new rank.



ONE RING PANIC

The above title should not lead anyone to think that this short article is about telephone nerves or anything of that sort, although even the telephone can have something to do with the subject.

"One Ring Panic" is a form of high fever which attacks its victim immediately he puts on a suit of blue adorned with one single thin blue ring around the sleeve of the tunic. It is very prevalent amongst all wearers of this badge of rank at first and may last for a considerable time, usually depending on the stamina and character of the patient.

A certain sign of the fever is a form of jitters when the victim is approached by an airman, airmen or a party of airmen. Should the victim be in an extreme or acute condition, he is overcome with faintness at this sight and often will turn right about or slink away out of sight. As the fever abates the patient is usually able to cope with the sudden shock, although should he be faced with a parade or a special duty, he may have a complete relapse. Many young patients have been known to lie cowering on their beds unable to face anyone or anything, but with rest and cheerful encouragement from those who have suffered and survived, they manage to rally and make good recoveries.

The greatest test probably to which a victim of this virulence can be subjected, is the inspection of an airmens' mess, when in answer to the query "Any complaints?" the responses audible or inaudible (the latter being the most confusing) are liable to bring the victim out in a pink or dark rash extremely noticeable around the neck and ears. However, if inoculated with the serum of non-chalance, the patient is no longer subject to these embarrassing symptoms.

If you should meet anyone who is palpably suffering from this disease, remember a show of kindness, tact and above all refrain from causing any unnecessary suffering to the victim will greatly aid in his recovery, and bring his gratitude upon your head.

After all, anyone can fall prey to this malady and it may be **you** next!

—A. R. NICKLESS.

(The writer was recently commissioned.—Eds.)



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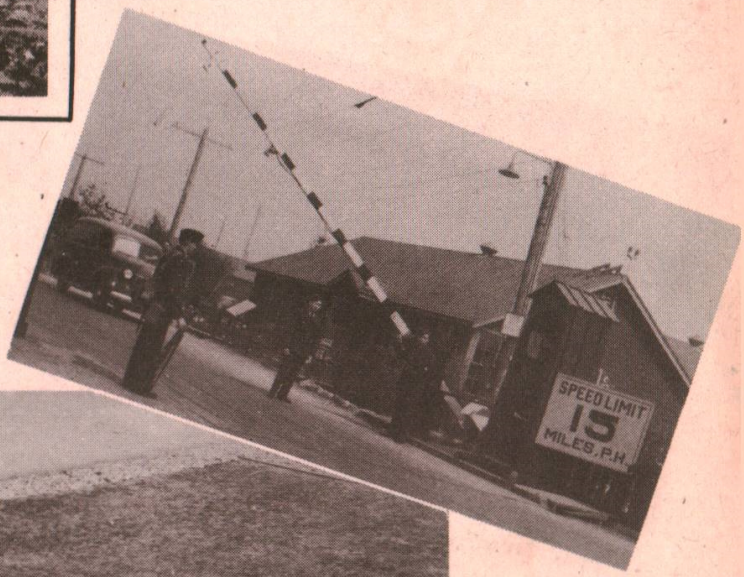






...TO THIS







Wash and Brush up



G/Capt. P. D. Robertson. A.M.



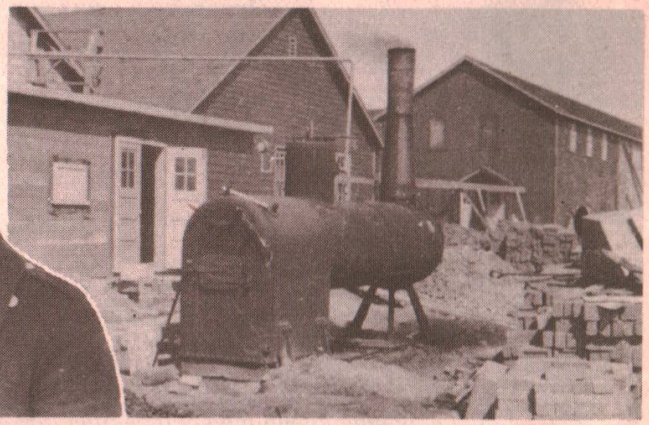
Public Inconveniences



The first Smoking Concert



"Dicky!"



Puffing Billy

MEMORIES...

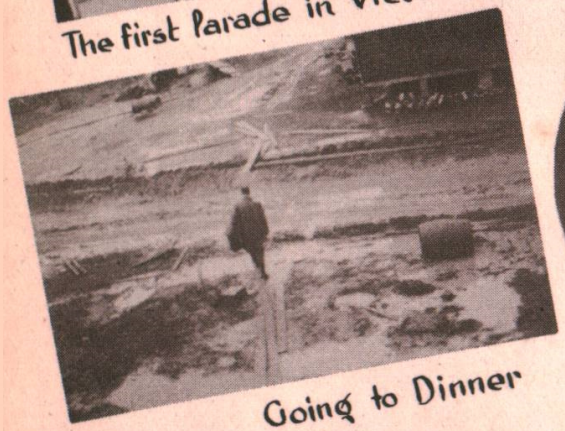
PLEASANT and OTHERWISE



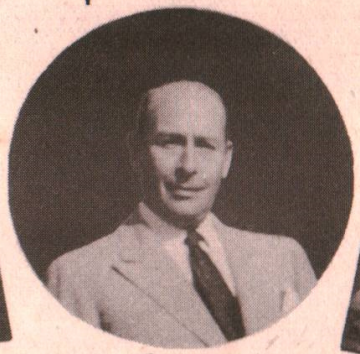
The first Parade in Victoria



Miss Anna Neagle



Going to Dinner



Sir Cedric Hardwicke



Going to Work
The Blue Moon



WINTER





AMERICAN QUIZ



The next three issues of "The Patrician" and an **extra 48 hours' pass** (subject to the exigencies of the Service) will be given to the first-opened nearest correct entry to reach the Magazine Office by the 15th October.

1. Who were the stars of the following American films? "Dead End," "Intolerance," "The Good Earth," "Safety Last," "Bordertown," "Duck Soup," "The Plainsman," "Tortilla Flat," "Ruggles of Red Gap," "Lady for a Day."

2. Who wrote the following contemporary American works of Literature? "The Grapes of Wrath," "Oil," "42nd Parallel," "The American Tragedy," "Babbitt," "For Whom the Bell Tolls," "Tobacco Road," "The Bridge of San Louis Ray," "Gone With the Wind," "Ah, Wilderness."

3. For what are the following Americans, past and present, famous? John Paul Jones, Will Rogers, William Hearst, William K. Vanderbildt, Philip D. Armour, Paul Whiteman, John D. Rockefeller, James Monroe, Andrew Jackson, Thomas Jefferson, William Tilden, Woodrow Wilson, Molly Pitcher, Benjamin Franklin, Father Coughlin.

4. In what American state is (1) the City of Washington? (2) the geographical centre of the U.S.A.? (3) the mouth of the Mississippi? (4) the Grand Canyon? (5) divorce impossible for any cause?

5. How many years' residence in the U.S.A. is necessary in order that an immigrant may qualify for citizenship?

6. When were the following regions occupied by the U.S.A.? Philippines, Alaska, Greenland, Hawaii.

7. What was the name of the U.S. Volunteer Force which fought
   (a) in Spain for the Republicans?
   (b) in the Battle of Britain?

8. Name four sports peculiar to the New World.

9. Name five types of U.S. built aircraft, indicating whether fighter, bomber, etc.

10. (a) What is the approximate area of the U.S.A.?
    (b) What is the approximate population of the U.S.A.?
    (c) What is the highest point in the U.S.A.?
    (d) What is the tallest building in the U.S.A.?

11. Give the American terms for:—dustbin, pram, hoarding, pants, parcel, lodger, first floor, boot, assistant, barrow.

12. Who were the Americans who invented or who were responsible for:—telegraphy? sewing machine? steamboat? gramophone? Atlantic cable? cure for yellow fever? modern steel production? popular journalism? ether? incandescent lamp?

Diarie of Ye Craftie Air Man in Canada

16th Auguste, 1941. Great excitement indeed as we stepped on Canadian soil after ye erksome ocean voyage.

17th Auguste. Boarded ye iron horse and journeyed westward o'er ye steel tracks for Vancouver.

Memo. Ye Rockie Mountains did cause our gallant airmen to gaze in wonder and awe !

22nd Auguste. Did step off ye train at Vancouver and forthwith did march gaily to ye wharfe and did board ye ship "Princess Louise," bound for Vancouver Island.

Memo. As I did discover in ye chart room that should we proceed much further west we might then be going east !

25th Auguste. Ye rainy season did begin in earnest 'til ye mud and slush were churned into a sticky clay which adorned our footwear continually.

Memo. Ye natives were greatly taken back at ye size of ye raindrops, saying, " 'twere never thus before."

31st October. Did celebrate Halloween Festival in good old Victorian style. Dookin' for apples, biting ye treacle scones; pinning ye tail on ye cat, treading a merry measure to ye fair damsels to ye harpsichord musick.

11th December. To ye airmens' canteen for ye grand opening ceremony where a right merry time was had by all, with boisterous laughter and rollicking shanties that did make the welkin ring !

25th December. Heigh-Ho ! the holly ! Truly a banquet fit for a flight of Group Captains was spread before us this Christmas Day ! And ye Officers and N.C.O.'s did take pleasure in handing us our plates of viands.

Memo. I did avail myself many times today to order a certain N.C.O. about to his distress.

3rd February, 1942. Right merrily did our airmen and their fair damsels trip the light fantastic at our first annual ball at Ye Crystal Garden Ballroom in Ye City of Victoria.

10th March. Off to ye Recreation Hall for ye Grande Opening Concert, at which much talent blossomed forth from among ye ranks.

Memo. Ye Moustache Competition was an affair of great magnitude.

6th April. All at concert pitch today for ye visit of ye Inspector-General who did make a somewhat lengthy inspection of us from cap badge to boot lace.

Memo. No doubt he was mighty glad to see it end at sundown.

1st Auguste. We all did gather on ye sports field for Ye Firste Annual Athletic Festival, organized by Ye Housing Committee. Saw ye Padre throw a pretty discus and ye Cpl. Wilde did put a clean shot. Ye high jump and ye hurdles were pretty spectacles to boot!

19th Auguste. Did proceed with ye Camp Entertainers to Macaulay Point, where we did amuse our soldier friends and their loves with song and patter. Which was also relayed over ye atmosphere on CJVI.

4th September. To ye ramparts at ye double where we did keep a sharp look-out for ye Imp of Nippon who would fain scare us if 'twere possible.

Memo. There were many broad yarns recounted o'er ye glass of sparkling ale in ye canteen that night! —F. I. M.



L.A.C. Charles P. O'Hara, who is to be married to Alice Patricia, youngest daughter of Mrs. A. G. Bannerman, of Brentwood, at St. Stephen's Church on October 30th.

An American was staying in a London hotel and on his first night there was finding things very lonely. So spotting an elderly man in a corner reading his paper he went up to him and asked him if he would have a drink with him. The old man looked up at him surlily and replied, "No thank you. I don't drink. Tried it once. Didn't like it." The American went away but after a while thought he would try the old chap again. This time he asked him if he would have a cigar. To this he was given the same reply, "No thank you. Tried it once. Didn't like it." Not to be outdone the American gave him one more chance and asked if he would join him in a game of billiards. The old fellow looked at him and said, "No thanks. Tried it once, didn't like it, but wait a minute! My son's coming in in a moment or two. Perhaps he will have a game with you."

The American just looked at him and said, "Your only child I presume?"

From a Woman's Point of View

What do you like about Canada? What were the differences between Canada and Britain which you first noticed? What were your last outstanding impressions of Britain? Any other observations about Canada, e.g., Food, Dress, Buildings, etc.

This was a questionaire sent out to those wives of Station personnel who have recently arrived from "The Old Country." Much has already been written in previous pages of the magazine of our impressions, and in preparing this questionaire it was thought that it would be interesting to know of the contrasts and differences noticed between Britain and Canada from the women's point of view. Although only a small number of the forms sent out have been returned to us, the replies contained are certainly very enlightening.

Those things which seem to have made the biggest impressions are (a) The wonderful B.C. scenery, (b) the absence of blackout, (c) the variety and abundance of the food, and (d) which is, of course, so much more important to the woman than the man—the delight of being able to buy clothes without worrying about the coupons.

References to the last outstanding impressions of England, are very encouraging to those of us who have been away for over a year, all the wives speak of the cheerful spirit of the people. It is amazing how all have remarked on this splendid spirit of the folk back home; despite all the inconveniences and hardships suffered by them.

Mrs. Jones, who comes from Westminster, London, replying to the question, "How do you like Canada?" says, that as the erk would say, "I'm glad I joined," mentions the friendliness of the Canadian people, and tells us of the grand way in which she has been welcomed into their homes.

Mrs. Acton, of Upminster, Essex, tells us how she enjoyed the journey across Canada, and how she appreciates the B.C. scenery, and in reply to the third question, remarks on Britain's 100 per cent effort towards the execution of the war, despite which, time is found for sport and entertainment.

Mrs. Tyler, who lived at Clapham, London, notes the terrific number of cars on the roads here, this is very noticeable after England, where there is now no pleasure motoring. The wooden houses with the greater variety of architecture, she prefers to the number of rather monotonous brick and stone buildings back home.

Mrs. Goodhead, of Rochester, Burton-on-Trent, speaks particularly of the illuminated buildings in contrast to the blackout, the powerful Canadian locomotives with their clanging bells, the plentifulness of the butter, eggs, and fruit. The freshness of the girl's dresses, the

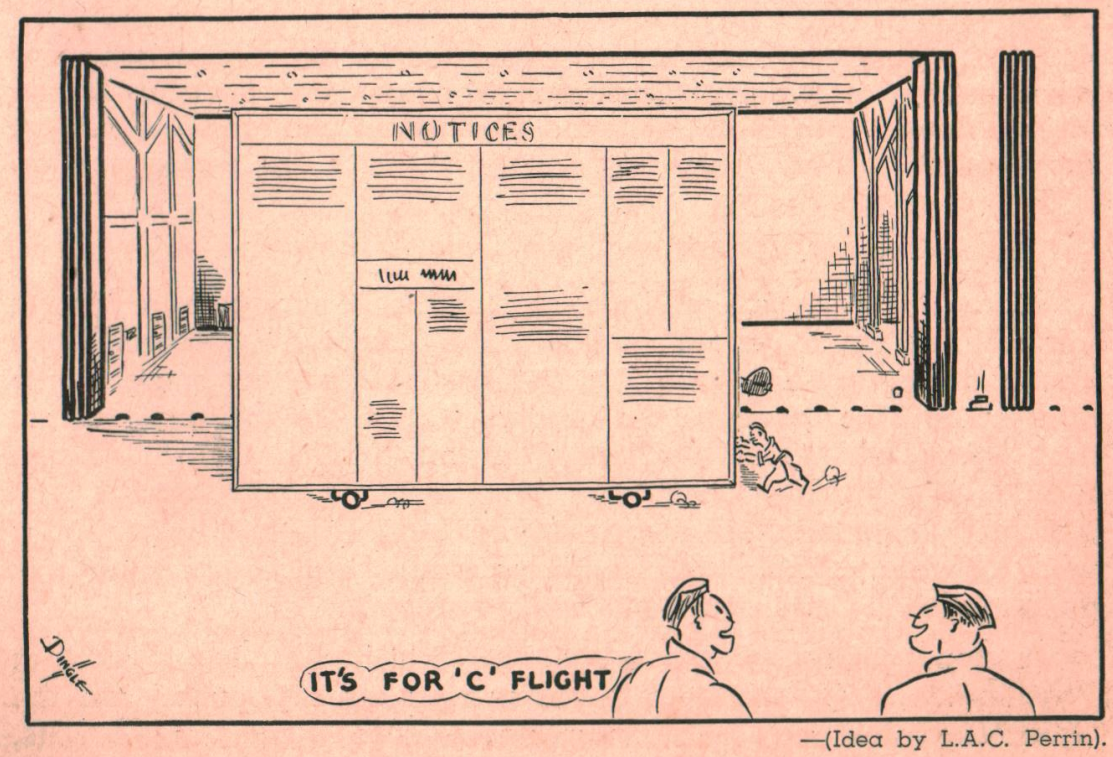
right-hand rule of the road and the undimmed headlamps. Her most recent impression of England was one of "crowded trains and cheerful faces."

Mrs. Shaw, who comes from Chester, says that the food is wonderful and that everyone, including herself, eats too much. Unlike Mrs. Tyler, she is not keen on the wooden buildings, and evidently prefers our brick houses. Last impression of Britain—everyone seemed to be working so hard yet keeping cheerful.

Mrs. Dukes, enjoying the natural advantages here, from Filey, Yorkshire, tells of the pleasure the kiddies have, how much she enjoys the scenery, and speaking of home, remarks on the sense of satisfaction the people have now that Germany is being paid back with interest for the raids that have been inflicted on our country.

We have only taken extracts from the replies as there is insufficient room to publish all of them. On behalf of all those stationed here, we trust that the ladies will find their stay in Canada an enjoyable experience. We know that they will find, as we have found, that the Canadians are a grand set of people, and will do everything in their power to help them.

The sale of photographs of Miss Anna Neagle's visit to the camp brought in the magnificent sum of $43.00 for the "Pat Fund." Thanks are due to L.A.C. D. Daley, who was assisted by other members of the Photographic Section, who did this work in their off-duty hours. The sale was organized and the materials purchased by "The Patrician."



—(Idea by L.A.C. Perrin).

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

SUGGESTIONS

Sirs,

1. Why don't they name the buildings and roads in the camp in order to facilitate the giving of directions to runners, strangers, etc., e.g., Regent Street (by Stores), Main Street or Strand (by H.Q.), Fleet Street (by "The Pat" Office), Pentonville (Guard Room), Threadneedle Street (by Accounts), Harley Street (by M.I. Room), etc. Any suggestions?

2. Why don't they give extra days off for specially good work or conduct besides jankers for bad?

3. Why don't they have competitions with prizes between the sections for the one with least charges per week or cleanest floors on Wednesdays?

4. Why don't they set up a letter box for complaints or suggestions ?

5. Why doesn't "The Patrician" have a Roll of Honour, or Distinguished Patrician Medal, for perpetrators, intentionally or otherwise, of really funny remarks?

6. Why couldn't "The Patrician" run a diary of forthcoming local and Station events of interest, including films, sport, dances, etc.

7. Why doesn't "The Patrician" interview, (a) the airman who has just had his first flip? (b) the airman who has just left detention? (c) the airman who has never kissed a Canadian girl? (d) the A/C. who has never cleaned his own bedspace (e) the airman who has never been on parade? (f) the airman who has never been up in time for breakfast? (g) the A.C.H. who has never changed his job on the Unit?

—VOX POPULI.

Many are the letters we have received from strangers in various parts of the world, telling us how "The Patrician" interests them. The staff are very encouraged to get these uncalled-for compliments and thought that perhaps our readers would like to read excerpts from these letters. Here's one from an English girl in Queen Alexandra's Nursing Association, who writes from Egypt: "I was delighted to come across a copy of your magazine and have read it word for word. Most of our Unit have read it and all agree that it is most interesting and extremely well produced."

A stenographer, working with the British Air Commission at Washington, D.C., writes: "It has proved quite popular with the Group Captains and Wing Commanders—also "Fluits" and S/Ldrs.

—to say nothing of the Air Commodores. They are always seeing somebody they used to know in the U.K. or somewhere else.

Derek Prentice, the B.B.C. announcer of the overseas news bulletins, says: "Your enterprising publication struck me as being particularly well got up, with a very high standard of contributions."

A letter received this week from Miss Elizabeth Fraser, the Hollywood actress, says: "Your very excellent magazine reached me just as I was on my way to the dentist's and I read it between drillings. I actually enjoyed the visit—isn't that a triumphant proof that your magazine is, to say the least, absorbing?"

Miss Anna Neagle wrote: "What an extraordinarily interesting magazine you've been able to produce. I do hope that you will be able to keep up the good work."

Another letter from England states: "I have read the copies with interest and have even gone so far as to copy out certain cartoons and send to George. I also send him certain of the funny stories if I can't see the point as I am sure they will appeal strongly to him. In any case the erks over here are always interested in your Station."

From Gibraltar comes, "Congrats on the Mag. You certainly do things in a big way out there in the wild, wild west."

Hector Bolitho, the famous author, also wrote to us and was very complimentary in his remarks.

A few letters received were far from being flattering—in fact some of them have been quite insulting—they've all gone into the waste paper basket—they were anonymous!

We think that you've heard enough of our trumpet being blown by others. In closing we'd like to thank those people and all the others who have written to us. We appreciate it.

—THE EDS.

WE ARE THE BOYS FROM WAY DOWN UNDER

The song of the New Zealand Air Force—you should hear 'em sing it!

From the land of the long white cloud we come,
Sons of the Empire, everyone
Helping the Mother Land of yours
As our Fathers the Anzacs did before.

We are the boys from way down under
Marching to victory;
Shoulder to shoulder we shall stand
And fight for the right to be free.
Across the sea we join our hands with you,
At Britain's side we mean to see it through.
For we are the boys from way down under,
Sons of the Anzacs are we.

LOCAL COLOUR

On August 28th the gallant M.S. "Cy Peck" shuddered beneath the load of R.A.F. and their jallopies as they made their way to Salt Spring Island to a dance at Fulford, where the Station Dance Band appeared for the first time. As they disembarked the bewildered expressions of the Islanders showed obviously that they thought Vancouver Island was being evacuated en masse. On the other hand we were somewhat astounded and not a little nervous to find the inhabitants were composed of Reds, Blacks and Whites. However, the doubtful advice of the old adage, "Never the Twain Shall Meet" was soon cast aside, especially by the Torpedo Section, who gave strength to the belief that they are the most cosmopolitan crowd on the Station. . . . The blue of the R.A.F. added to the local colour.

We rather expected the natives to execute barbarous war dances and give vent to an occasional battle cry but instead they jitterbugged—which, actually, is the same thing modernised! Nevertheless, we have good memories of Salt Spring Island—one young officer especially—his memories are so vivid that recently he was heard to mutter, "I wish they'd sink the bloomin' thing."

Gremlin Activity

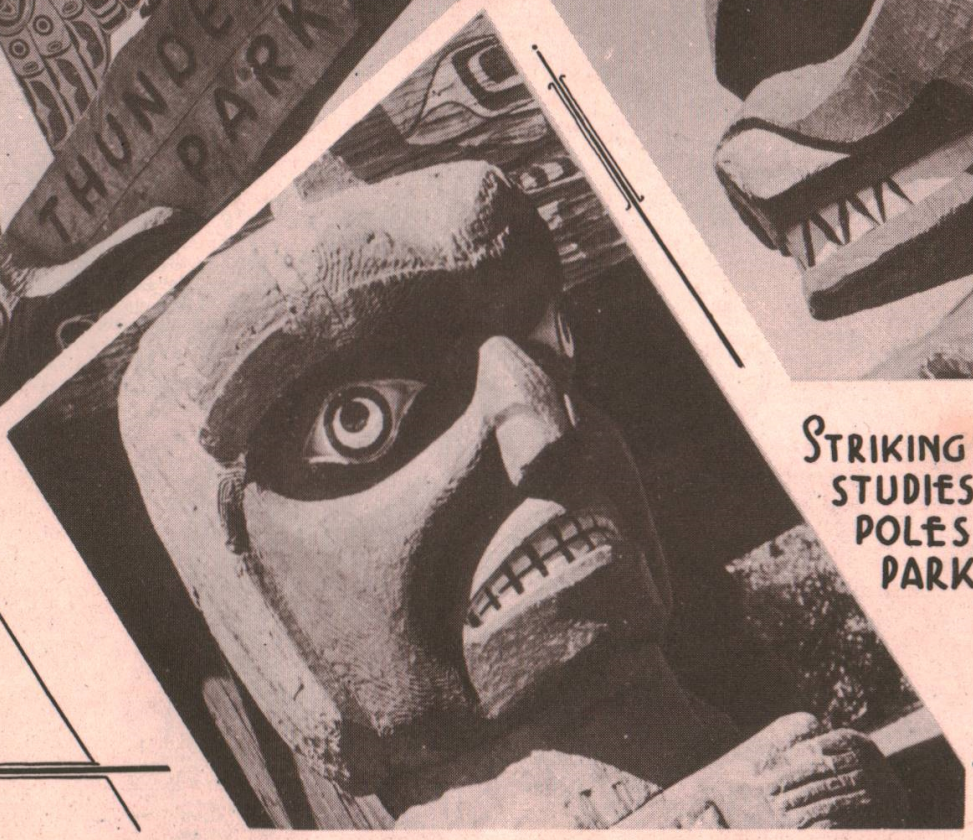
The Gremlins this month have been exceptionally active, whole hoards have been reported in the vicinity of the Malahat and numerous fires have been started by careless Gremlins who persist in throwing away lighted cigarette ends, they then flew towards Pat Bay, driving clouds of smoke before them, thus holding up the flying for days on end.

Two Gremlins have been reported perched on the front axle of a certain officer's car, from where they rattle the front wheels violently whenever the 30 m.p.h. mark is reached. Earlier in the month the same Officer while travelling along a perfectly straight piece of road was suddenly confronted with a sharp bend, unfortunately much too late to do anything about it. The car is still undergoing repair.

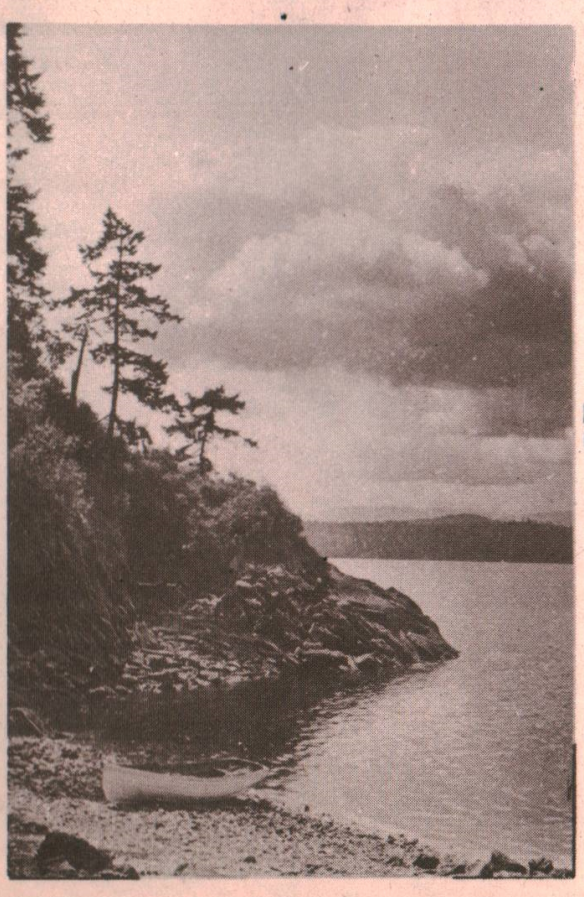
One of our most experienced pilots, while landing recently, found that his tail wheel had been retracted, this naturally was caused by a very mischevious Gremlin who undoubtedly baled out immediately as he or she wasn't seen by any member of the crew. This aircraft is also undergoing repair. According to the recent edition of "News-week" the Gremlin War Dispersal Scheme is becoming extensive as large numbers have been reported at different Air Fields in the U.S.A.





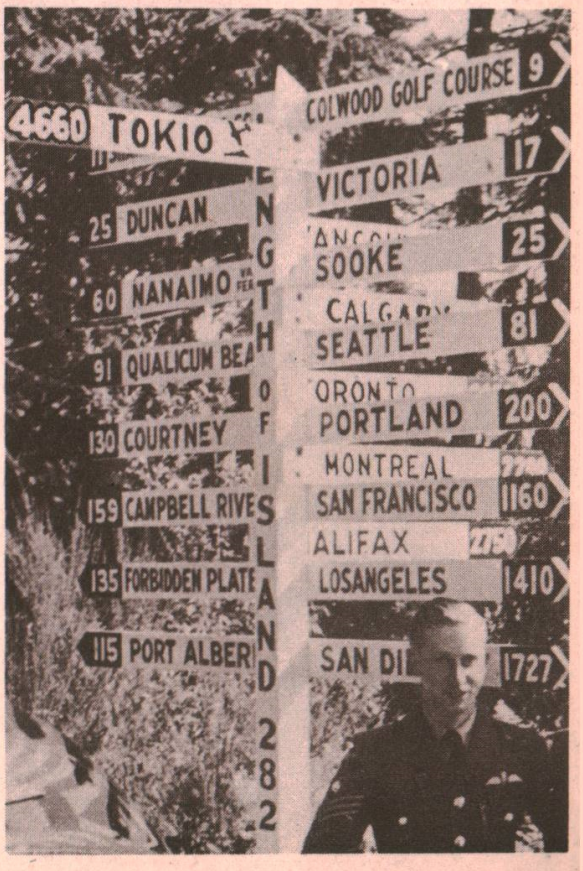


STRIKING PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIES OF INDIAN TOTEM POLES IN THUNDERBIRD PARK, VICTORIA.



BEAUTIFUL B.C.

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?



Photographs by F/SGT. R. J. N. GILL

MEN AT WORK

No. 4 ~ The EQUIPMENT SECTION



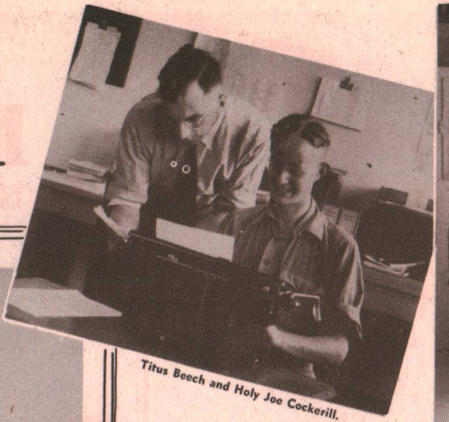
"Boris" Hughes gets his "props."



"The camera never lies?" Cpl. King and Flash Martin.



"The Hold Up," featuring W/O. J. Middleton.



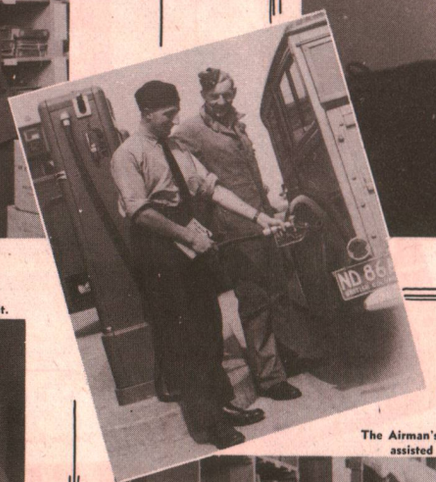
Titus Beech and Holy Joe Cockerill.



LAC. McLean, Cpl. (Bergen) Pratt, and "Charlie McCarthy."



Romeo Budd and Phantom Hanson.



LAC. Dollin—Service with a smile.



Paddy Kelso, Sinky, and "the Gaffer."



"Mr. Wu," alias LAC. Clarke.

P/O. Elbourne, F/Sgt. Collyer, and S/Ldr. Cartwright.





The Airman's "Paradise." Guardian Angel P/O. W. Mackay assisted by Andy MacLachlan and Sunny Ainsworth.

"The Brothers Malone."

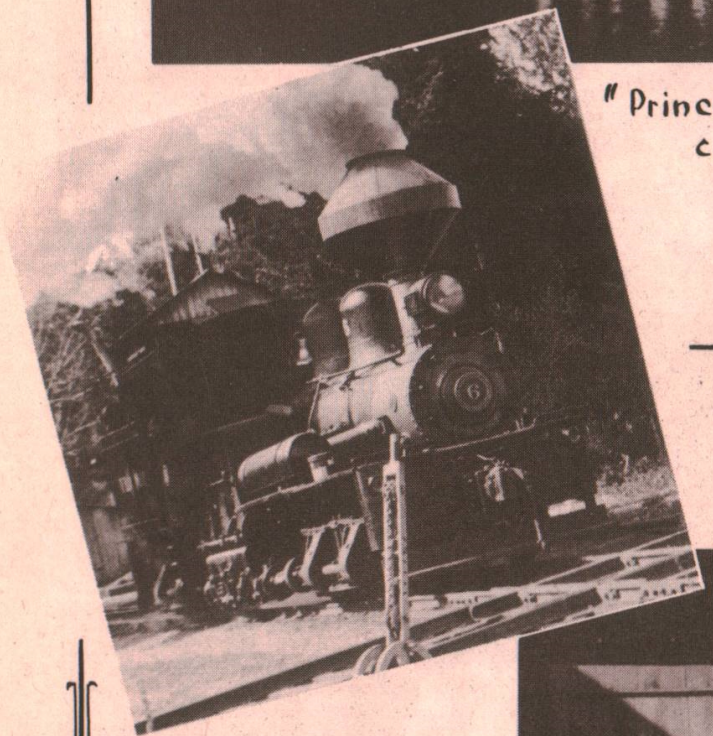




"On the Ramp." Flash Martin assists Cpl. Bill Burgess and Jock Park.

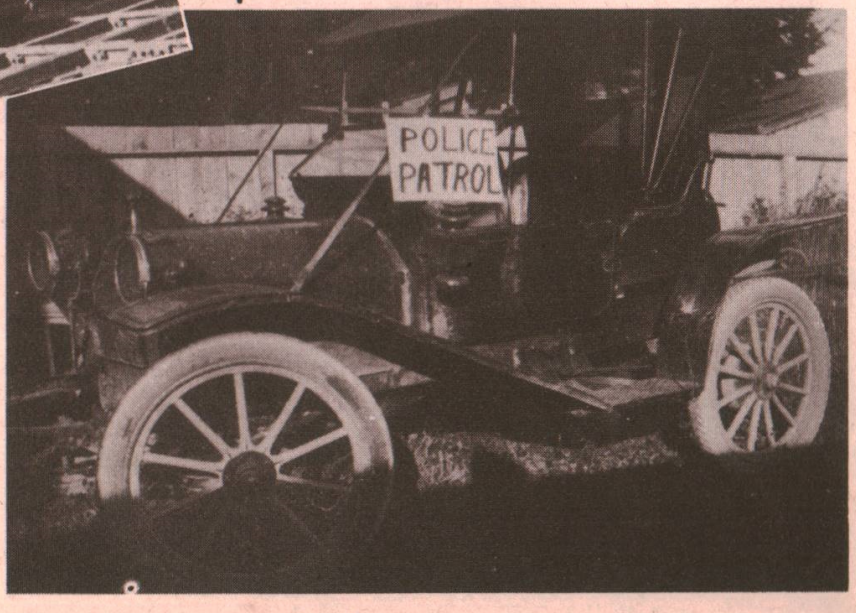


"Princess Joan" ~ a canny bit of cameracraft by Cpl. A.K.B. Anderson



A wood-burning engine used on an Island logging camp

The first Provincial Police car to patrol the Sidney District, probably 1919





Sea Breezes

Blown in From the Marine Section

The section is now somewhat depleted as regards being actually on the camp with F/Sgt. Rider and Cpl. Allen enjoying, at the time of writing, a busmen's holiday on Salt Spring Island. Sgt. Jones, Cpl. Yeadon and L.A.C. Jones are on the "Goose" doing range work and Cpl. Bedford and L.A.C.'s Drake and Tindall are doing likewise on the vessel "Jager."

Tindall has just received a lift which brings the total of acting unwanteds in the section up to three. Peter Warwick is marooned on a gas scow in the middle of Pat Bay, while Burton, Hassard, Payne, Knight and Dolby distribute themselves among sundry crash boats and dinghies. There is no truth in the report that Dolby was known in civil life as "Last Card Louie" ! Bill Harrison adds to his grey hairs by endeavouring to create order out of chaos in the section stores and Cpl. "Ches" Allen is living up to his title of Re-musterer-in-chief.

Contrary to popular conception the craft used by us are not cruise boats and calls made at neighbouring islands must be looked upon as being in the line of duty.

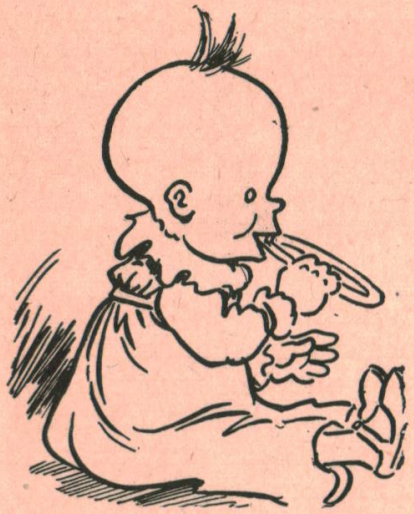
The section offers its congratulations to the Editorial staff of "The Patrician" on the occasion of the first birthday of its brain child.

—H. T.

OUR COVER KID

Our cover kid is the result of much argument and discussion amongst the members of the magazine staff. After the idea was born the kid grew, he was nursed as carefully as any other child. His expression changed many times and once we put a cap on his head—then we took it off, only to put it back again. Finally his curls began to form and then a tooth appeared until at last he was practically on his feet. He was a difficult child but we hope we've brought him up to your satisfaction. His outward appearance was due to Dingle's handiwork—he's already noted for that sort of thing.

Did you hear of the detective who sued his wife for divorce because he found a strange footprint on her hot-water bottle ?



ANNIVERSARIES

The other day we were called, unexpectedly, to the 'phone. This is a phenomenon which we always imagined to be the prerogative of really important people and we, during our arduous and perfectly foul life, have exceedingly seldom experienced the indescribable thrill of being chosen, from all the millions of people milling around, as the recipient of a 'phone call. Masking our ridiculous elation we sauntered as calmly as our palpitating heart would allow to the bleakly shining impersonal instrument which was the link between ourself and the mysterious caller from the great big world beyond. Who could it be, we wondered? What gateway to romance and adventure was soon to open? Well, to cut this ponderous drivel short, it transpired that the man on the other end of the wire was that fatuous fumbler, that inept wallower in his own gigantic welter of confusion—ye Editor! Quoth he, in his tremulous tenor, "I say you know, we're having an Anniversary number, and we wondered if you'd like to do a few lines for it." Or words to that effect; not quite so polite perhaps but that was the general idea. Of course, we felt immensely honoured and all that sort of thing—(after all, "The Patrician"!)—but as we did our frantic best to explain to that master of mumbo-jumbo, who works so deuced hard for all you unappreciative hogs, we hadn't been here a year yet and so it couldn't be done. But he was equal to that, and with his oily salesman instinct for talking people into things he said, "Well, that doesn't matter, old boy. Write something. Write about anniversaries in general! Any old anniversary!! Let me have it by Monday. Thanks. Goodbye." So here we are, humble pests, and if you don't like it you can (a) all go to blazes, and (b) butcher and roast that quivering mass of nerves and squeaks—ye detestable Editor!

Anniversaries, eh? Well, we don't recall a single one in our own experience interesting enough to tell you chaps about or even to yank out of its oblivion for our own amusement. Never having been married, commissioned, shot down, blown up, drummed out or anything remarkable like that, we really have no legitimate excuse for getting pickled every so often like lots of lucky blighters we know. Although once we seriously did consider getting married and ensuring at least one good binge per annum. Unluckily, or the reverse, depending on whether you're a cad or a damn fool, we couldn't find a wench and so the scheme was dropped.

But there have been lots of really snappy anniversary celebrators throughout history, and it seems that we moderns have lost the art somewhat. Henry the Eighth, for example. He confined himself

mainly to wedding anniversaries and managed to do not too badly at that. Six really big binges per year had this gallant jack-rabbit and spaced conveniently so that he just had time to recover from one before he began another. Looking at our emaciated and withered reflection in the mirror we often wonder how he managed to get so fat and dissipated. Did he swell in spite or because of his dissipation? Here's a man we think who really knew his onions, or whatever the phrase is.

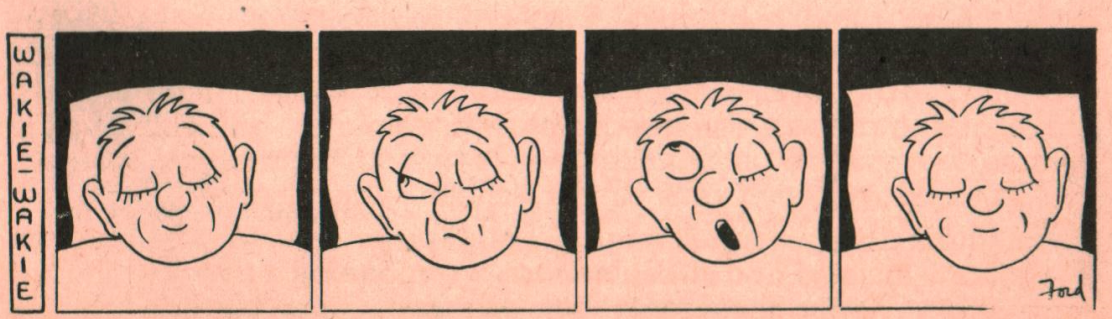
And then Good Queen Bess, the old hypocrite. This pillar of pious purity would celebrate each year, thankfully, another twelve months of virginity. Another fifty-two week-ends of successfully negotiating the stormy, rock-strewn sea of cherished chastity. "Once again, dear subjects," she would say, "I am privileged to appear before you pure and unstained . . . Regina Virgo Intacta!" While Essex sat in a corner chewing his nails and occasionally laughing uproariously up his sleeve!

And of course you all know about Ananias. This old swindler used to have an anniversary every week or so and would ring the changes on the reasons. One week it would be to remember his wedding and then it might be his birthday or the birthday of his son or anything that came to his mind. The point is he was such a convincing liar that his guests were always gulled into believing they were there for some good reason or other. We learn that subsequent D.T.'s affected his power of concentration pretty badly and in later years his inventiveness gradually evaporated. This is a point modern disciples of Ananias would do well to watch.

And so on and on. There are yards of examples of people celebrating anniversaries in odd ways. We often wonder how der Fuerher celebrates the anniversary of his occupation of London in September, 1940. Of course, he may only have been kidding; you know how he likes his little joke. But it seemed to us that he was pretty earnest at the time. Well, well, doubtless he's able to provide some plausible reason for whatever he does in connection with the great event. Goodbye, odious cretins!

—PERION.

The new extension to the Airmen's Canteen was opened on 13th September. The larger premises do avoid the congestion at break times and the more varied menu now available is much appreciated.



News from the Home Town Paper

Your local newspaper will be pleased to have news of you in its columns—your friends back home will be interested to read of your activities, so why not take advantage of the organisation which has been placed at your disposal. Cpl. S. Lott of the service police has been appointed Press Correspondent for the Station and he is eager to collect details of news about Station personnel—if you've won a competition, been married, promoted or if you scored a century or a goal—it will be of interest to the folk back at home. A large number have already taken advantage of this service, if you haven't yet done so, why not get in touch with Cpl. Lott and he will see that the news reaches your home town paper where your relations and friends will be glad to read about you.

"PANIC WITH A SMILE"

The willingness of the Station entertainers was never more evident than on Friday, 4th September, when they were asked at a couple of hours' notice to take part in a "Smile" Show which was staged in the Recreation Hall to entertain the rest who were confined to camp owing to a "Jap-Flap." The success of this impromptu show rather surprised everybody, it being one of the best to date.

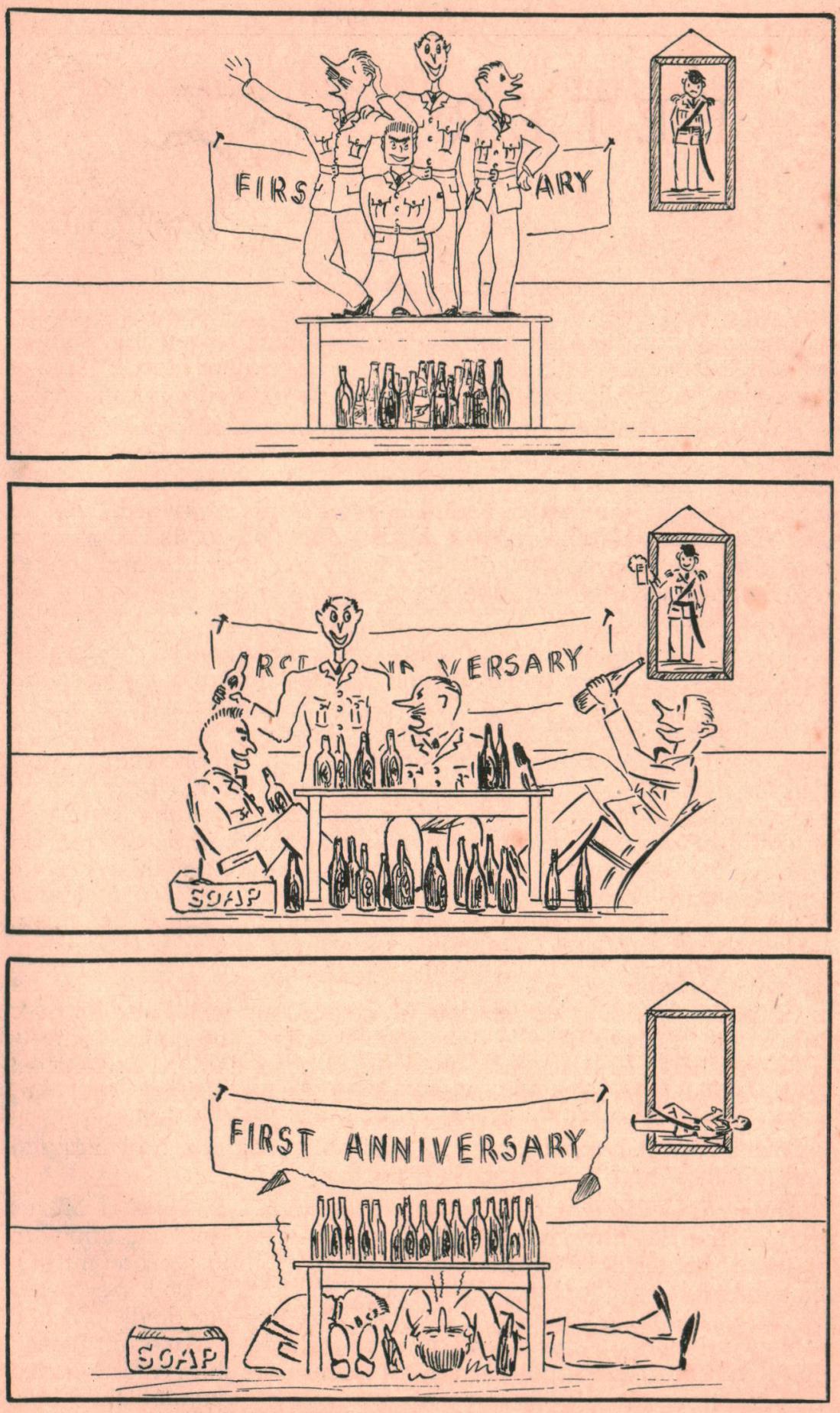
The talent competition brought to light half-a-dozen new "finds"—their standard of entertainment being very high—a great reception was given them by the packed audience, whose appreciation and applause throughout the concert helped so much to make it the "hit" it undoubtedly was.

A/C. Warrior, A/C. Jack and L.A.C. Butler won the first three prizes which were presented by S/L. J. R. Pearson and L.A.C. Bunting, A/C. Graham and A/C. Matthews were each given a prize for the sporting way they had entered the competition.

During the month "Smile" Shows have been given in The Three Services Canteen, the Sidney Hostess House, and in The Little Theatre, Victoria. The latter was to raise money to enable the Little Theatre Association to produce plays to tour the service camps during the coming winter.

We have often been asked to print the words of the signature tune, "When You're Smiling." Here they are—learn 'em in time for the next show:—

"When you're smiling, when you're smiling,
The whole world smiles with you.
When you're laughing, when you're laughing
The sun comes shining through.
When you're crying you bring on the rain,
Stop your sighing—be happy again.
Keep on smiling, for when you're smiling
The whole world smiles with you."



CELEBRATING OUR FIRST BIRTHDAY

PETER



Peter was first inflicted upon me about nine years ago. The lady who had been his fifth owner, although he was only seven months' old, had decided that she really couldn't keep him as her flat was too small. I thought that it would be rather nice to have a dog, never having had one before, and so he entered our household.

It was soon realised that he had'nt been very well brought up, he caused a great deal of embarassment one day by jumping on to the table while dinner was being served, our guests were people we did not know very well, which made it even more awkward. As he was being chased off the table he bounded on to the edge of a soup plate, with the results that the contents shot upwards and spread over the new vicar who happened to be one of the guests—My, he did look awkward.

It wasn't as though the dog was even good-tempered, tradesmen would approach in fear and trembling, and the arrival of the postman or dustman at the end of the street would be the immediate signal for Peter to be locked in the coal-cellar. After one rather trying day when he had torn the new axminster, caused a policeman to fall from his cycle and scared the daylights out of the kid next door, it was decided that he must be destroyed. However, he has such sorrowful brown eyes that nobody could do much about it, and we did have the consolation of knowing that he only bit members of the family on rare occasions.

When I told my mother that I was getting married, she said: "Thank heavens, now we'll be getting rid of that damn dog." Fortunately my wife is fond of animals, more than that she must be extremely enthusiastic about them to have put up with Peter for over eight years, for he seems to have involved us in as many quarrels as he has had himself, which is saying a good deal. I have often wondered whether it is sheer love of scrapping, or just plain bad temper that causes him to fight anything from a bulldog to a pekinese. As it happens he can run well, and has had many a hairbreadth escape when taking a licking.

Then came the war and the threat of raids. In spite of all his wrong-doing we have a real affection for Peter, and conjuring up visions of his terror when the bombs started falling we bought him some anti-hysteria tablets. When the first raid started we forced two down his throat, atlhough he struggled like the devil to avoid swallowing them. After it was all over we said, "Wake up, Peter," and gave him a prod, but the tablets were more than effective and Peter slept on. Two days later, he opened one eye, stretched him-

self, and promptly dashed through an open door after the postman. We were quite relieved but decided to give him one tablet next time.

He became quite used to the air-raids, however, and was always the first to reach the shelter, where he slept soundly until the all-clear, when he was the first away.

Returning home on my first leave, after being away from home for several months, I speculated on the excitement my arrival would cause Peter, and imagined his unrestrained joy on seeing me. I was, however, soon disillusioned. For as I opened the door of our "living" room, there he was curled up in his favourite posture in front of the fire, he looked up inquisitively, gave me a casual glance as much to say, "What, you again?" and promptly resumed his sleep. At first I was annoyed, then amused, after all it was all that could be expected of Peter.

Now he has many grey hairs underneath his chin, and no longer does his stomach become upset through too rich feeding—delicacies are too scarce for that in England! My wife often mentions him in her letters, but it's only when he behaves himself that he obtains his mention in dispatches. Usually my wife writes something like this: ". . . you will be interested to hear that Mrs. Brown has had another baby, and Peter was quite a good dog on Thursday."

I must admit, though, the last letter I had from her did cause me some concern, my wife wrote: ". . . Peter was always a good house-dog, I will say that for him, but now he goes out at nights and doesn't return home until morning. Unless he mends his ways I shall have to get rid of him."

In my letter back I'm going to say that I'm surprised at the old rascal—thought that with his grey hairs he was past that sort of thing, must be the right season for it! Confidentially, in spite of all the threats, I know that if he's still healthy, when I return home again, after my stay away of eighteen months, or Lord knows when, he'll still be there to greet me. I can imagine him looking up, and thinking, "What, **you** again?" and then promptly resuming his sleep.

—SOUTHERNER.

RAYE'S TAVERN

. . . on Sidney's Main Drag

DINE

Fine food—remember the Airport Road hamburgers? Like them? Try our Roast Tom Turkey dinner for something super.

★

DANCE

Sometimes to an orchestra, sometimes to the Music-box, but always to delightful surroundings.

Hitch-hiked to Hollywood

America has been seeing a lot of fellows from the Station during recent months and, judging by reports, our chaps have been seeing a lot of America.

A large number have visited Seattle and have returned with glowing accounts of American hospitality and some interesting stories, one of which tells of eight airmen who sang "Bless 'em All" in Victory Square where daily concerts are held to promote the sale of U.S. War Bonds. Their efforts were quite successful and were the means of selling not an inconsiderable number of Bonds. Another amusingly describes a "Swing-Shift Dance," organised for the benefit of late war workers, which began at 1 a.m. and carried on until 6, during which the dancers followed their leader and did the conga through nearby streets to the tooting of motor horns (the Yanks evidently don't have the "no horns after eleven" rule !)

Many who have gone further afield to San Francisco, Los Angeles and Hollywood have taken advantage of the lifts organised by the British-American War Relief Society. Others have hitch-hiked—two fellows covered 1,100 miles in one "hitch !"

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Noble acted as guides to two other erks who spent a week in San Francisco, dining them, wining them and generally giving them a good time. Three senior N.C.O.'s who motored down, also met Ray and his wife, who again nobly showed grand hospitality. (Sorry about the pun !). The two erks also met Anna Neagle in 'Frisco and spent an afternoon with her. Later they moved on to Hollywood at the invitation of Basil Rathbone, with whom they spent four days at his beautiful Beverly Hills home. They visited a garden party given by Tyrone Power and Annabella and met Lana Turner and Pat Paterson.

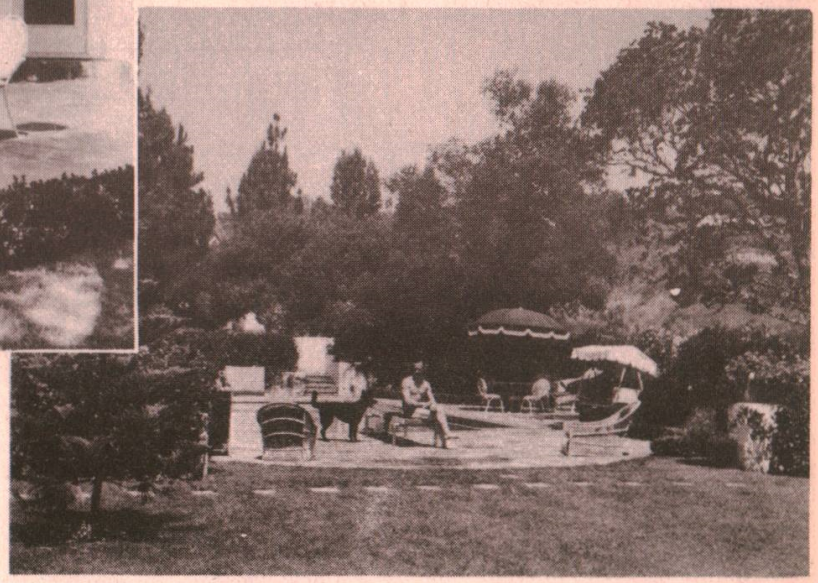
Four others met Sam Marx, the producer and director, who took them around M.G.M. studios where they met Franchot Tone and had lunch with Marsha Hunt and Eric Knight, the famous writer of "This Above All."

These are just a few of the many episodes which we have heard of recently, there have been many more. Taking advantage of this rare opportunity to visit the U.S.A. and seeing something of the life of this great country should surely make for better understanding and relationship between the two great English-speaking nations on whose shoulders undoubtedly rests the destiny of the world.

Civilian: "What about a game of golf this evening ?"
Officer: "Sorry, old man, we're on Alert No. 1."
Civilian: "What's that ? Your wife coming out ?"





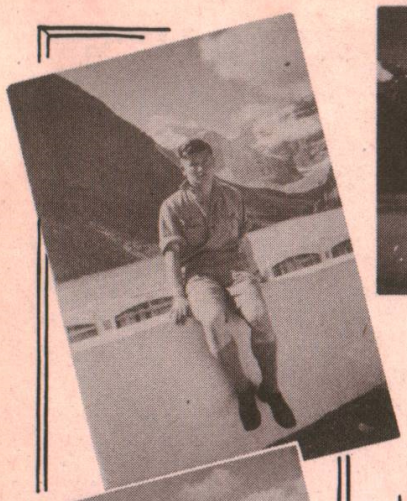


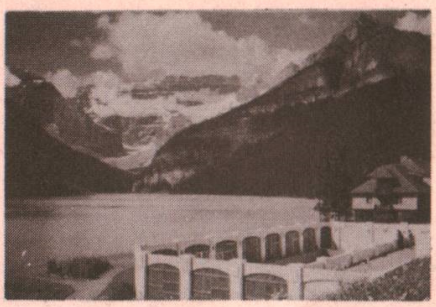
LAC. Frank Reed (above) and LAC. Leslie Roberts (right) during their four days stay with Mr. Basil Rathbone at Beverly Hills and (top right) with Miss Anna Neagle in San Francisco.

AD ASTRA

Miss Frances Rafferty, LAC. Jack Paling, LAC. Ray Hunt, Mr Sam Marx, Miss Marsha Hunt AC. Alec Chapman, LAC Steve Wright, Mr Eric Knight, at lunch at M.G.M. Studios Hollywood

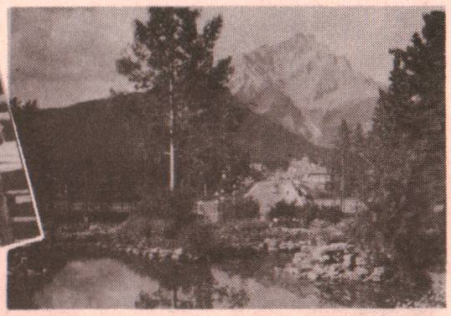






LAC Chapman and LAC Lister on Holiday at Lake Louise and Banff.





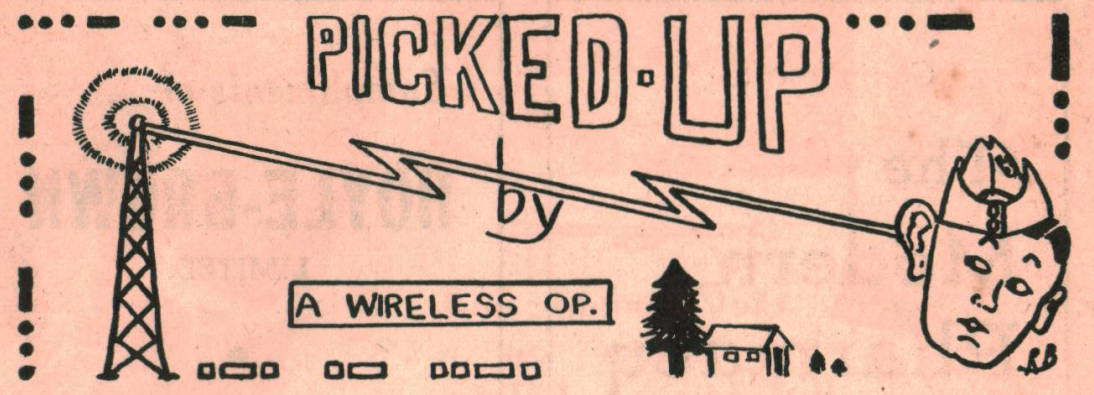
MOUNTAINS & MELONS



LAC. Les Lomas - mountaineering near Lake Louise

In Seattle two American girls give AC. Micky Field and LAC Bill Heeley a lesson on how to eat melons





PUKKA GEN

S.P.'s have strange jobs. Did you hear of the Cpl. who had to attend a calving cow on the aerodrome?

These policemen aren't really tough you know. I've just heard that the strong silent one has recently been persuaded to say "Yes" !

One cold night a power-that-is returned fairly late to camp to find one of the sentries with a blanket around him. Amazedly the powerful one exclaimed, "Good God ! I thought the Indians had taken over !"

I have to report the departure of the Dead End Kids. We shall miss 'em !

Who was the erk who said that his application had been "recondemned" ? He happened to be on a charge the following day—when asked the result he said he'd been "demolished" !

Then there was the erk who asked at the M.I. room for a No. 9. They were out of stock. After he'd taken a mixture which does the same sort of thing, he burbled something about wanting the No. 9 for his hoppo. Too late ! The exercise he got that night would even have satisfied P/O Scott !

An erk went to a Victoria store to buy some flex and after much embarassment, gesticulating and interpreting, the salesgirl found out what he wanted (evidently flex is called "cord" in this country). When asked how much he required he replied, "About nine feet." "Oh, I'm terribly sorry," said the girl, "we only sell it by the yard."

Who was the gorgeous corporal who visited a beauty salon and had a perm. ?—he looks terribly pretty now.

DUFF GEN

Who was the regular who remembered the day when B.S. stood for Boy Scout ?

Compliments of

The Modern Pharmacy Ltd.

•

G-1511

•

Douglas Street at Johnson

Compliments of . . .

HOYLE-BROWN
LIMITED

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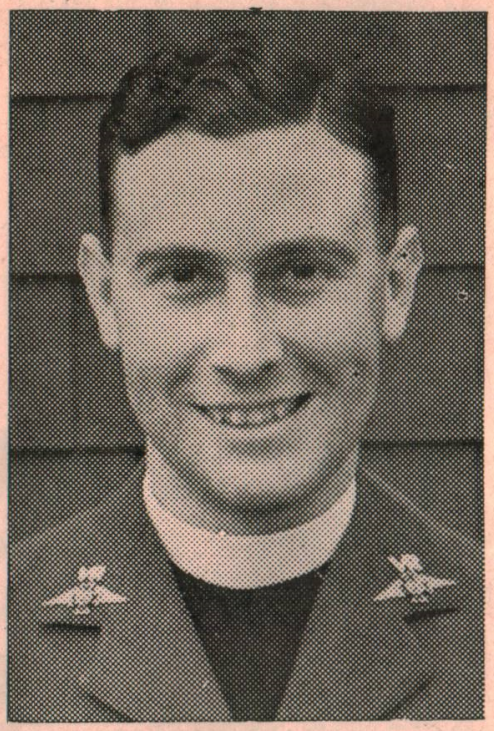


REV. J. C. LUSK

Our New Padre

We welcome to the Station our new Chaplain, the Rev. J. C. Lusk, who has taken the place of the Rev. E. W. L. May. Rev. Lusk, who is an Edinburgh man, has been in Canada for the past eight months, first at Trenton, Ontario, and then at Pearce, Alberta. In an interview Rev. Lusk said he felt very fortunate in being posted to our Station, which, he says, on account of its very good reputation, is the envy of many R.A.F. personnel in other parts of Canada.

THE PADRE'S CHAT

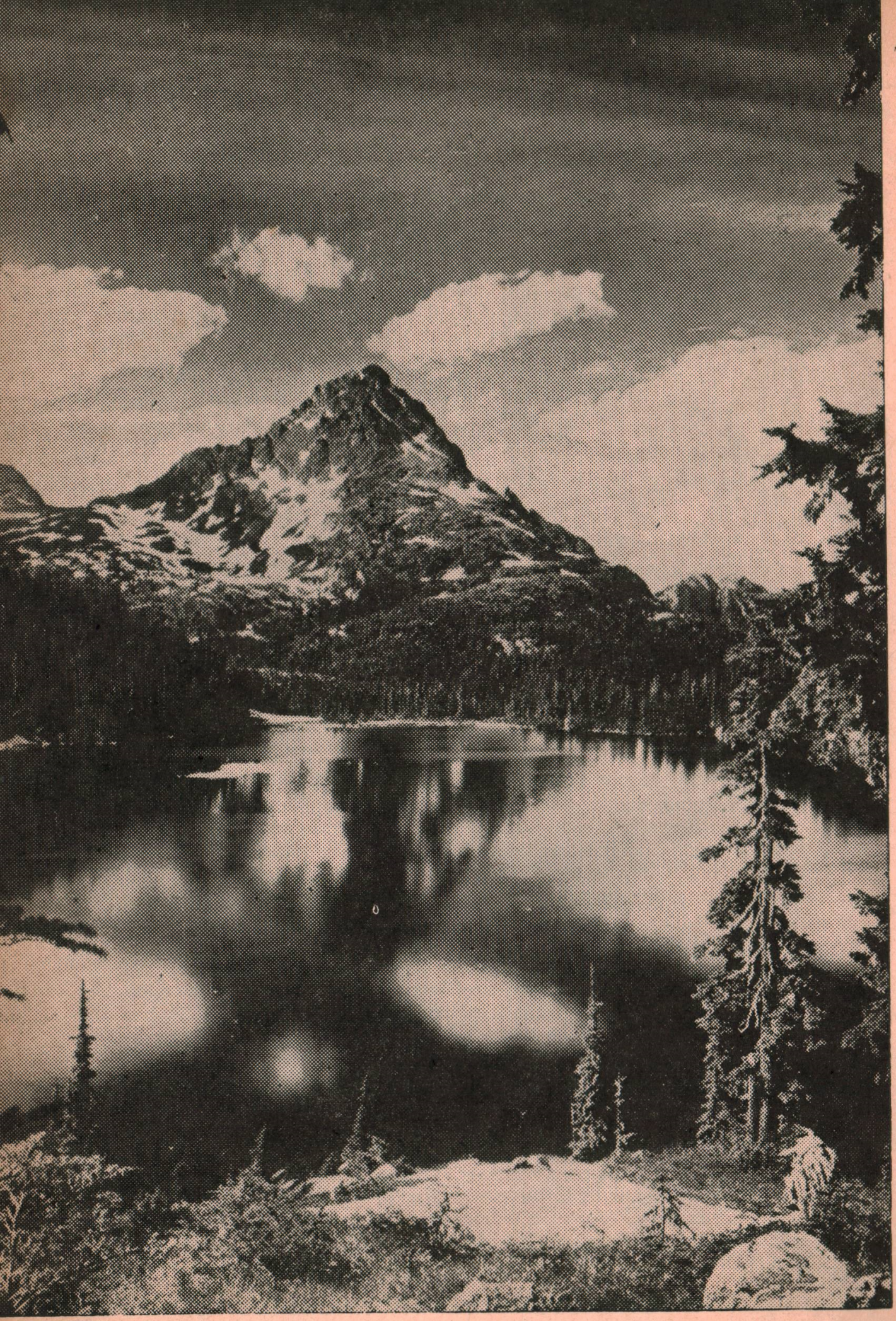
Three hours after I arrived at the Unit, the Editors demanded that I should write a note for "The Patrician." And so, when I have hardly had time to meet any of you, I can only echo the "Tally-Ho!" of your last Padre: The fox is sighted: the hunt is starting. Before long, I hope I shall have run most of you to earth. Or did he mean that you and he were hunting together? If so, what animal?

As I came across the Prairies, through the Rockies, down the Columbia River, and out on to the Pacific, I wondered at the strange fortune which had brought us half-way round the world. What are we hunting? It is really to help you to answer that question that I am sent to you. In Christianity is the answer, if we take trouble to find it.

Christianity is news about God, nothing more and nothing less. And it is a Padre's job to be the reporter and the commentator of the news. If you have never realised what the news is, I am here to tell you. If you know what it is, and yet can't quite see how it touches your own trouble, I am here to help you, if only you will come and tell me the trouble. If you already know what the news is worth, I am here to back you up, in the fellowship of the Word and Sacrament. In any case, my job is with the news about God, which is Christianity.

We are starting the second year of the Unit, and the fourth of the war. It almost looks as if the best hunter in this hunt would be the plodding cart-horse. But whatever the future may hold, there is plenty to do now. And I am very happy to be with you in it. I look forward to being your minister (which really means batman!) and Padre. God bless you.

—J. C. LUSK.



"ROOSTER'S COMB," Strathcona Park.
The highest surveyed mountain (7,219 ft.) on Vancouver Island.

SPORT

For when the One Great Scorer comes to write against your name,
He marks—not that you won or lost—but how you played the game.

CRICKET

A very enjoyable game was played against an R.A.F. team from North Battleford at Macdonald Park, Victoria, on 25th August, when the Station team just managed to beat the visitors. A pleasant day was enjoyably rounded off by dinner at Terry's.

Defeating Albion C.C. at Beacon Hill Park on Saturday, 29th August, the Station cricket XI became champions of the Victoria and District Cricket League for 1942, thus setting the seal on a remarkably successful season, ten league matches having been played and all resulting in victories for us. Similarly the Wednesday XI has been equally successful, and, apart from a solitary reverse, every game has been won.

We again visited Vancouver on 7th September to oppose a powerful British Columbia Mainland Cricket League side, and although beaten by 49 runs, the Station XI put up a really fine show, a feature being a brilliant partnership between Green (50) and Mundy (69), which at one time seemed to have put victory within our grasp, but unfortunately the tail failed to wag sufficiently hard enough to consolidate their good work.

v. Spencers, 19.8.42—R.A.F. 96 (Webb 28, Boulter 14, Hall 14), Spencers 78 (Boulter 6 for 15).

*** v. Five C's,** 22.8.42—R.A.F. 103 for 3, Five C's 94 (Thorner 5 for 22).

v. North Battleford (R.A.F.) 25.8.42—R.A.F. 150 (Thorner 37, Beach 33), North Battleford 133 (Snow 6 for 30, Thorner 4 for 43).

v. Spencers, 26.8.42—R.A.F. 144 (Pulford 45, Boulter 29), Spencers 65 (Naylor 6 for 22, Snell 5 for 36).

*** v. Albion,** 29.8.42—R.A.F. 170 for 5 (Green 79, Mundy 76), Albion 51 (Thorner 4 for 5, Boulter 3 for 5).

v. Spencers, 2.9.42—R.A.F. 153 (Seff 48, Hall 26, Pulford 22, Naylor 20), Spencers 55 (Boulter 4 for 15).

v. British Columbia Mainland Cricket League, 7.9.42—B.C. 216 (Boulter 4 for 43), R.A.F. 167 (Green 50, Mundy 69).

v. Spencers, 9.9.42—R.A.F. 87 (Boulter 40 not out), Spencers 64 (Boulter 7 for 33).

v. Albion and Five C's, 12.9.42—R.A.F. 165 for 6 dec. (Beach 46, Stobart 41 not out), Albion and Five C's 90 (Boulter 6 for 16, Beach 4 for 37).

v. Spencers, 16.9.42—R.A.F. 138 (Webb 43, Pulford 30), Spencers 88 (Woodbridge 4 for 20, Naylor 4 for 31).

* League Fixtures.

SOCCER

The first match in the Victoria and District League takes place at Athletic Park on October 3rd, against the Army. The proceeds of this match, which is being arranged by the Kinsmen's Club, are in aid of the Milk for Britain Fund, and it is hoped that as many as possible will turn out to support the team and the cause which is so deserving of our assistance.

F/Sgt. Peach of S.H.Q. Signals, who has recently arrived from Carberry, is already taking a very keen interest in soccer and has been added to the committee which now totals five members. It is anticipated that an Inter-Block League will be formed whereby eight or nine teams will be entering into competitive games. Cups and medals will be given to the winners and runners-up.

—L.B.

TABLE TENNIS

A Station Championship Tournament was held in the Recreation Hall on 18th September. There was a mixed entry of 44 players, including 5 officers, who showed surprising talent.

The finalist honours went to P/O. Ruocco (First Prize $5), with A/C. Seff runner-up (Prize $2). The consolation winner was L.A.C. Hunt (Prize $2). Cigarettes were presented by the Y.M.C.A. to all the competitors. There are now 35 enrolled club members.

On Saturday, 26th September, a party of the best players from Victoria will meet us in a Challenge Exhibition Match and on the same evening, Cpl. E. D. Walker will meet the winner of the Station Tournament to decide the Station Champion.

—S. L.

BASKETBALL

A court is now being prepared in the Synthetic Building and an exhibition game is being arranged. P/O. J. R. Scott, the Sports Officer, urges personnel to take a keen active interest in basketball, which he says, cannot be surpassed for exercise value.

SAILING

A very successful days' sailing was enjoyed by the Officers' Mess Sailing Club as the guests of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club on Sunday, 30th August. The programme consisted of an Inter-Service Competition and teams were entered by the Royal Navy, the Army, the R.A.F., and the R.C.A.F. The result of the competition proving definitely that the Royal Navy were the superior sailors ! The R.A.F. team consisted of the following officers:—S/Ldr. Fowler, F/Lt's. Kidd, Dunn, Spiers, Mitton, DeSells, F/O. Wells and P/O's. Curtis and Emanuel .

BILLIARDS AND SNOOKER

In the September number of "The Patrician" it was stated that negotiations were under way to stage a Billiards Exhibition Match,

starring the Professional Champion of British Columbia, Mr. Bert Irish. Arrangements are now completed and this game will take place in the Recreation Hall, on Tuesday, 27th October. One of the best exponents of billiards ever to leave England, he will be opposed by A/C. A. Jamieson, and Cpl. E. D. Edwards in a game of 1200 up. A really good exhibition match can be assured. Invitations will be sent to the R.C.A.F. and the Canadian Scottish, so come early if you want a good seat. Further announcements will be made in D.R.O.'s.

On Wednesday, 28th October, the final of the present Snooker Handicap will be held in the Recreation Hall, this will be the best of 7 frames, names of the finalists will appear at a later date in D.R.O.'s.

BOOKS TO READ

"The Unknown Country: Canada and Her People," by Bruce Hutchison. "An attempt to give the stranger a general glimpse of the substance, the people, the problems, the history, and the future beneath the surface." With these modest words the author introduces a remarkable and fascinating book. He is a brilliant journalist whose name above a newspaper column makes the discerning reader forsake all other contributions and cleave only unto his. He knows Canada as well as any man can know this vast country, sprawling like a giant tree athwart two oceans, some branches trailing in the eternal snows and others reaching out to the new world of the south, yet with roots still drawing nourishment from the ancient soil of Europe. Seeing Canada as the least known and least understood of modern countries—even by her own people—he writes with a freshness and charm which make his book easy reading. At the same time he tells us more of real significance about Canada than could be gathered from any number of maps, guidebooks, or volumes of statistics.

"Science Picture Parade," by Watson Davis. Why the weather? What really happens when you sneeze? Why bother to split the atom? How do vitamins affect your daily life? What use are cosmic rays? How is coal-tar used to make silk stockings and how are soyabeans turned into topcoats? These and a thousand other questions like it are answered here. Every picture tells a story, and every page has one or more pictures and the necessary descriptive text. As the book covers twenty branches of modern science, none of them can be covered very widely, but there is something to interest everybody and enough about it to whet your appetite for more information about this or that problem which particularly arouses your curiosity. And at a time when most of the world's scientific ingenuity and resources are bent on devilment, it is cheering to hear about the devoted research which still goes on with the betterment of human life as its goal, instead of its destruction.

—R. D. H. S.

THANKS CANADA

It is difficult for us to show our appreciation for the wonderful hospitality that has been given by the Canadian people to the R.A.F. personnel on this Station. Yet we feel, as we look back over the past year, that in this, our anniversary number, we now have a splendid opportunity to express our thanks. It is doubtful if there is a man on this camp who has no "home-from-home" he can go to in the evenings and during time-off, and be as one of the family. We can only hope that those Canadians serving on the other side of the Atlantic are made as welcome. So "Thanks a lot" to all those who have so freely thrown open their homes to us.

A man was travelling in a remote part of a mid-American state and had to stay for a night at a small town boasting one hotel. Enquiring for a room he was told that they were all occupied but if he wished, he could share a room with a Colonel Truscott. This suited the traveller and he arranged to be called at 7 the next morning, after assuring the manager that he would not disturb the Colonel.

Early next morning the traveller left his room and made his way to the elevator. On the way he passed the chambermaid who smiled at him and said "Good morning, Colonel Truscott." The traveller looked surprised but passed on. In the elevator the boy snapped his heels and said "Good morning, Colonel Truscott." At the entrance to the hotel the hall porter opened the door and said "Going out then, Colonel Truscott?" By this time quite mystified and beyond words the traveller went down the steps to catch a taxi to the station. The driver of the taxi pulled up to the kerb and opening the door said, "To the station, Colonel?" The traveller sank back bewildered at all this. Arriving at the station he got out and went to book his ticket. The ticket clerk looked at him and said, "Going away, then, Colonel Truscott?" Our much bewildered friend then happened to catch sight of himself in a glass and with a gasp he exclaimed, "My God, they've woken up the wrong man!"

SOCCER MATCH

R.A.F. vs. *Army*

Athletic Park » Victoria

3rd OCTOBER

In aid of Milk for Britain Fund.





Church Parade on The National Day of Prayer, 13.9.42



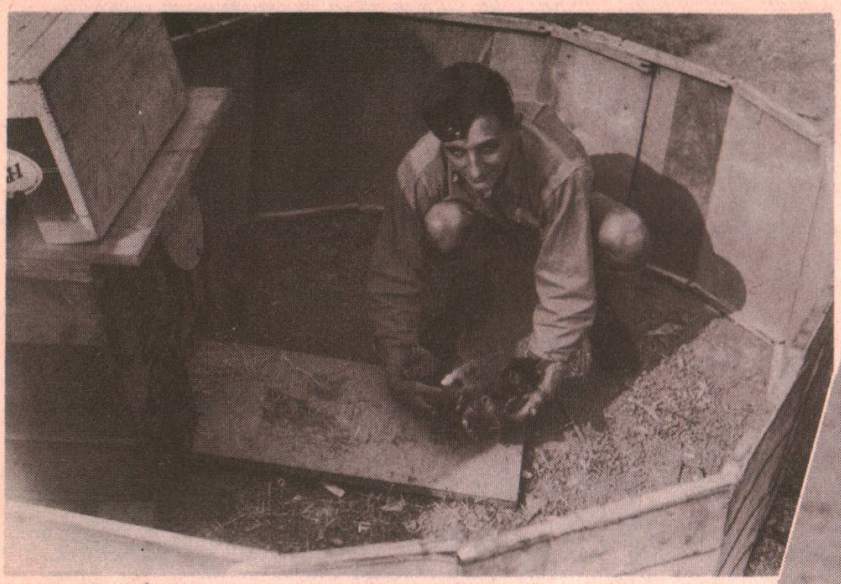


A clever snap of a skylark taken by LAC. Ray West

Miss Joy Harrington and Sir Cedric Hardwicke interested in 'The Patrician' Office walls

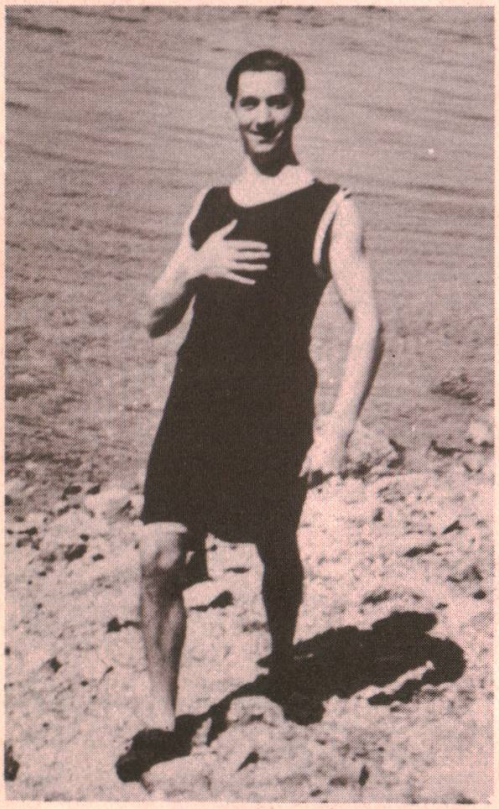


A corner of the Magazine Office





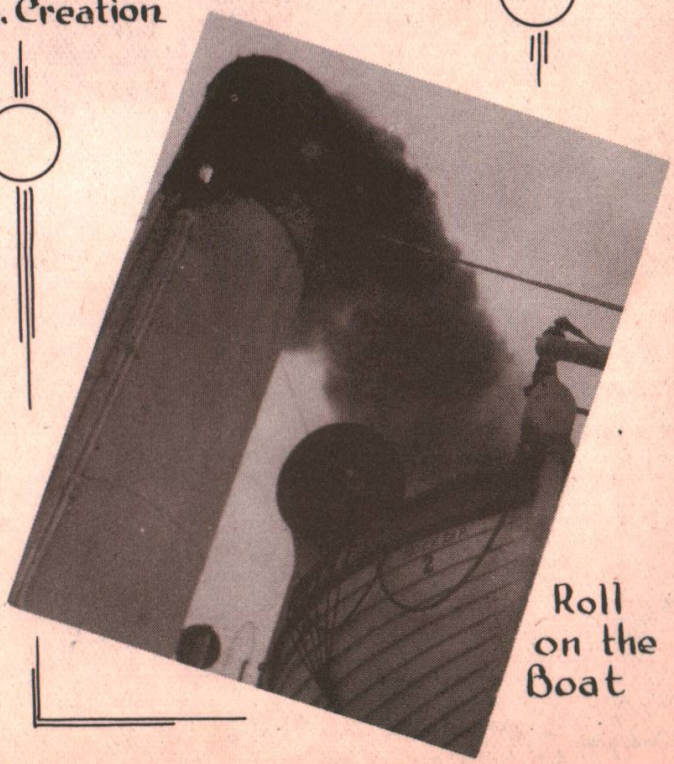
AC. Jeff Lamb with the kittens which were born at the stores - they were christened after the Seven Dwarfs - now they've all been posted!





Sgt. Physick and partner get together at the last Mess dance

'Plug' Field displays a B.C. Creation



Roll on the Boat

"Panic with a Smile" - the Talent Competition



TALES FROM THE TARMAC

There is said to be in No. 3 Hangar, a kid-gloved fitter who looks through rose-coloured glasses and whistles "Rosie O'Day." But who feels the pinch, "When DAY is done"?

✈ ✈ ✈

No, Ivor! The T.T. Room in No. 2 Hangar is not for the exclusive use of total abstainers.

✈ ✈ ✈

Who was the Orderly Room wallah who told his dame that a Link Trainer was a scientific sausage machine?

✈ ✈ ✈

They say Sgt. Hodson is proposing to hold a domestic science class every Tuesday night for the boys of 10A Block. Oh yeah!

✈ ✈ ✈

Overheard in Torpedo Workshops: Dingle, "Do you know anything about waffles?" Nobby, "Course I do. I once won a wabbit in a waffle, but it wan acwoss the woad and I lost it."

✈ ✈ ✈

Bags of cycling hours Glover, eh? Training or what?

✈ ✈ ✈

Commenting on the redecorating of Servicing Squadron's suite of offices, Cpl. ? said, "Yus! A spot of varnish 'ere, a lick o' paint there, a few dabs of shellac and blimey! you wouldn't know the old place!"

✈ ✈ ✈

"After you with that there compressor, Cpl. Robson!"

✈ ✈ ✈

Has Synthetic Training H.Q. devised a motionless form of P.T. for their clerical staff?

✈ ✈ ✈

The reaction was bound to come. From outside boards we now revert to the diminutive type. Have you seen the miniature "Lizzie" effort in No. 2 Hangar?

NOTES » NEWS » NONSENSE

Mr. A. E. Tutte (late bandmaster of the R.C.A.F. band) extends a sincere welcome to all R.A.F. personnel at the Three Services Canteen, Broad Street, Victoria, where he is now working as assistant supervisor.

✈ ✈ ✈

What did one pink carnation say to the other pink carnation?
We're a couple of pink bloomers.

✈ ✈ ✈

L.A.C. H. Linton, Block 9B 7, is collecting Foreign Stamps and is willing to purchase any number of the higher values of Canadian or American stamps, i.e. from 6c upwards.

✈ ✈ ✈

Upon the ice she used to frisk,
How rash of her her ✠

✈ ✈ ✈

Shall we have a friendly game of cards?
No, let's play bridge.

✈ ✈ ✈

May we again draw our readers' attention to the excellent Reading and Writing Rooms in the Recreation Hall? It's all part of the service—why not make use of it?

✈ ✈ ✈

A/C. Bill Thompson, of London, an electrician in Signals Servicing Section, broadcast from the U.S.O. in Seattle on September 6th. Apparently much amusement was caused by his accent which they had difficulty in understanding. He thought American girls "very nice" and asked if he might be introduced to an attractive girl vocalist who had appeared earlier in the programme. He was afterwards presented with a wallet.

✠ Did you get it?



"The Patrician," Nov., 1941.

Phone message to "The Pat" office: ""Flight/Sgt. Collyers' had twins. Is that of any interest to the mag.?

Interest? It's a sensation! Ripley will be delighted.

✓ ✓ ✓

What did one skeleton in the morgue say to the other?

If we had any guts we'd get out of this.

✓ ✓ ✓

How often the baby wakes up in the wee, wee hours of the morning.

✓ ✓ ✓

"Melody Lane," which opened on Government Street, Victoria, towards the end of last month, should prove to be very popular. Dancing commences at 7:30 p.m. every week night and a pleasant evening can be spent amidst cheerful surroundings.

✓ ✓ ✓

Forthcoming Patrician Publications. "The Tapes of Wrath" by Acting C. Unpaid; "The Shape of Wings to Come" by U. T. Pilot; "To B.S. or not to B.S." by G. D. Runner; "The Bad Companions" by C. C. Slackers; "Janker's Rest" by A. Lay Farmer; "Mein Banff" by S/Ldr. —— !

✓ ✓ ✓

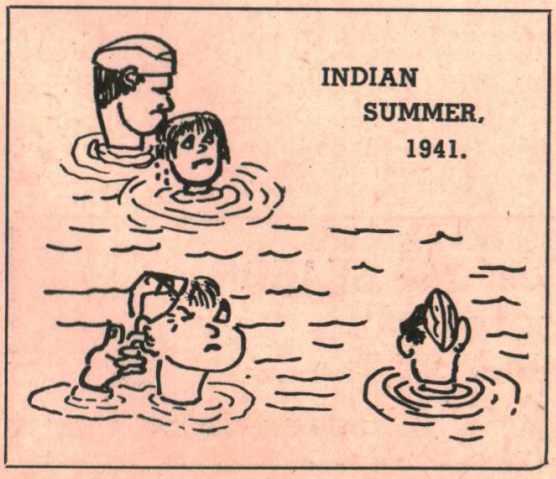
FOR SALE—1929 Buick Sedan, good tyres. Any offer? Cpl. Jacobs, Block 10A, Room 7.

✓ ✓ ✓

It is understood that while the sergeants are becoming more and more vegetarian, the airmen are as Carne-ivorous as ever!

✓ ✓ ✓

The magazine staff thank all those who have sent in material for this issue. Lack of space prevents us from publishing it all this month but we hope to include it in future issues. Thanks are also due to those who answered the appeal for photographs—those we thought most suitable have been used.



"THE BLUE MOON"

A Rendezvous,
The Moon of Blue;
Where airmen were bewitched
By girls and jokes,
Juke box and cokes,
But—the Moon has been
eclipsed!

—EDNA HOLLIS.

PICTURE PARADE

The walls and ceiling of "The Patrician" Office are practically covered with news cuttings, photographs, cartoons and other souvenirs which comprise a most interesting unofficial history of our first year at Pat Bay. It covers the time from passing through Winnipeg on our journey out here to the report of our latest cricket match. On our arrival we were news and the local press interviewed many of us. It is interesting now to read some of the replies to the reporters' questions—they're all on "The Pat" walls.

We have many visitors—from A.O.C.'s. to newspaper boys. Have you seen this unique collection? If not, why not drop in sometime—you'll only be asked to put something in "The Pat Fund" tin. One W/Cdr. pays us a weekly visit to see "What's new."

PROPOSED DRAMATIC SOCIETY

A number of people have recently suggested that a Dramatic Society be formed on the camp. This would be a welcomed asset to the social side of our activities and all encouragement would be given to it.

If there are enough people sufficiently interested no doubt a society will be formed. It must be pointed out, however, that a keenness for this very interesting pastime is essential and only those who are willing to give up one or two nights a week for rehearsals should take part.

Any of our readers who are interested are asked to hand in their names at "The Patrician" Office as soon as possible and if there is sufficient interest, a meeting will be called and rehearsals started immediately so as to produce shows throughout the coming winter.

He was damned annoyed and resentful. Why should he have to stay in camp like this? Yet he knew that he dared not be seen outside the Station. His record was clean, he'd never even done a day's "jankers," and felt furious about the whole thing. Once more he made his way to the little wooden shack, half-heartedly he enquired if they had heard anything. Yes they had! he would be free to proceed out of the camp that night for . . . at last the missing laundry had arrived.

FIRST DANCE *of the* SEASON

20th OCTOBER

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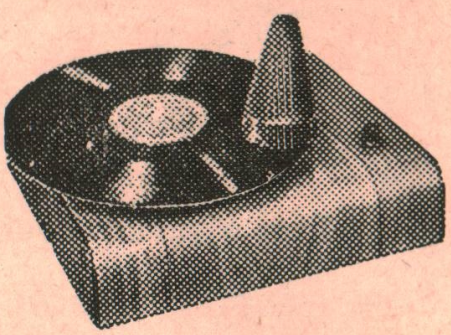

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