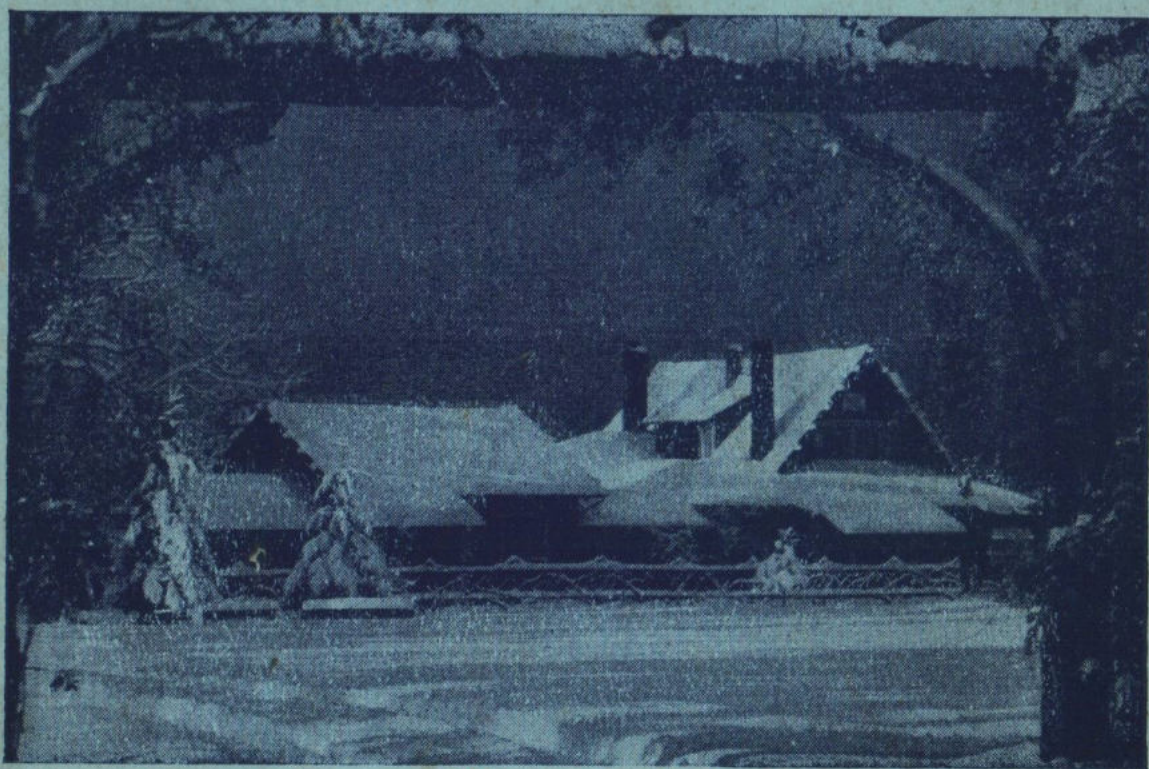


# The Patrician



The Magazine of the  
**Royal Air Force**  
British Columbia



"WHITE CHRISTMAS"

Vol. 3

DECEMBER - 1942

No. 3

PRICE TEN CENTS

# Burton

TYPE

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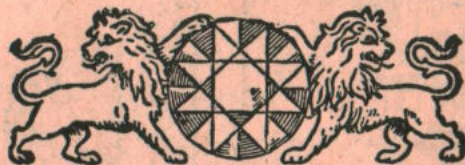
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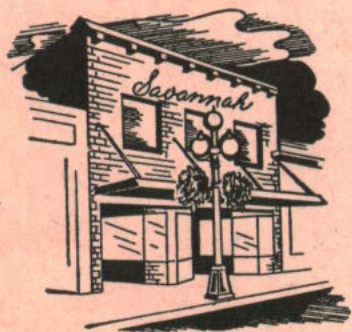
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# THE PATRICIAN

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

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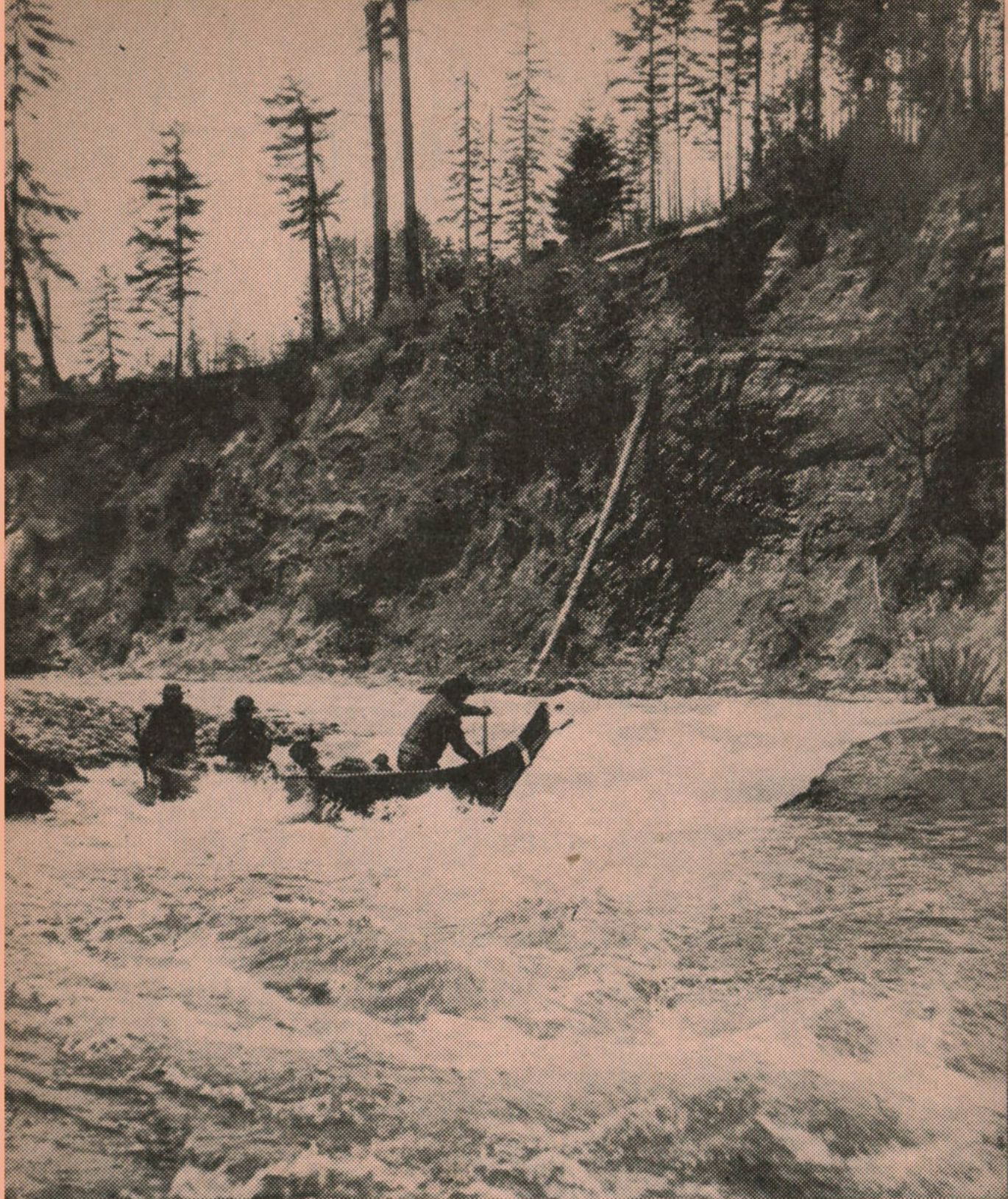
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Cheques to be made payable to "The Patrician."

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Times Photograph.

**Cowichan River, Vancouver Island**  
Known by the Indians as "White Water."



Vol. 3, No. 3

DECEMBER, 1942

10 CENTS

The foundations of "The Patrician" were very much shaken by the Air Council ruling that henceforth no advertising may be solicited for Air Force magazines after December 1st. Our magazine had been built up and existed on the generosity of local business friends of the R.A.F. and it looked at first as though, like many other magazines in Canada, we should have to cease publication, after completing what we know to have been a successful year of entertaining our own personnel and hundreds of front-line civilians in Britain—apart from many friends in B.C. to whom copies have been given as a little appreciation of the kind hospitality shown to us.

However, the P.S.I. committee came to the rescue and decided that the magazine should continue if at all possible. A proposal was made that \$150\* per month should be granted, which, together with an increased charge of 5c per copy, would save the life of "The Patrician." This proposal was unanimously carried and the new arrangement comes into effect with the January number, which although appearing much smaller will contain the same amount of reading matter and photographs.

As a number of advertisements have already been booked for long periods, the money paid to them will have to be returned. Many advertisers have given us the refund to help us over our difficulty. To these people and to our many advertising friends who have given us such valuable assistance since the beginning of "The Patrician," we offer our very sincere thanks and trust that our readers will continue to give patronage to those firms whose names have become familiar through our pages.

Subscriptions will be increased to 50c for 3 months; \$1.00, 6 months; \$2.00, 1 year; all rates include postage. **Will all present subscribers please pay the extra cost before publication of the January number?**

The Editors and Staff of "The Patrician" extend Christmas Greetings to our readers—especially the "old folks at home"—and can only repeat what we said in December, 1941, "We hope that when the next festive season arrives it will find us all in happier circumstances."

—THE EDITORS.

\*\$150 is the maximum amount which will be required. Most probably the figure will be around \$100.

# A Review of Stunt and Test Flying

By S. L. G. POPE.



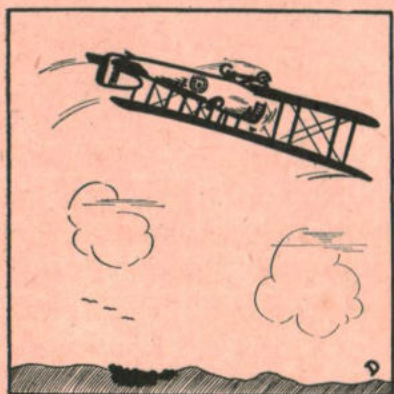
"Gosh! With no advertisements how are we ever going to fill the magazine?"

"Oh, I think we'll manage. I've always wanted more on flying in it and we can get the Old Man to shoot another line!"

This was a conversation I overheard and the result is this line. I must however start off in the approved style, going back some twenty years.

Actually midst the turmoil and rush of wartime training it may be interesting and restful to glance back and renew some of the interesting flying incidents of the good old days.

For some peculiar reason stunt flying seemed to have its main impetus about 1920 and test flying about 1930. 1940 or thereabouts saw the real modern change to all-metal monoplanes with high wing-loadings and the enumerable gadgets.



**Stunt Flying**—My first experience of stunting was in 1916 when I went up in a B.E. 2B which had warped wings instead of ailerons, with a Capt. Dunn who was later killed testing the big four-engined Tarrant aeroplane. We then looped, did flick rolls and a stunt you never hear of nowadays—the back-spinning tail slide. This is not practised in an aeroplane fitted with ailerons as it is inclined to tear them off, but it was great fun in the old B.E. 2B.

I remember looping, trying to spin, roll and then tail slide after about 15 hours solo flying. During the war Frenchmen on the Spad really discovered the first reliable way of coming out of a spin and it soon spread throughout the R.F.C. At the same time we learned to spin and flick roll.

After the war I went to Germany with the Army of Occupation and there we flew the German Fokker fighters. It was on these aircraft that we started doing inverted flying and the half-roll off the top of the loop (up till then the Immelmann turn, a kind of vertical climbing turn had reigned supreme). Our Squadron was equipped with Snipes and I had the sad sight of seeing both my brother flight commanders spin into the ground whilst trying to master this half-roll off the loop. One did an insipient flat spin on his back and was killed. The other fluttered down almost in front of my eyes the right way up but bashed his head on the two guns in front. I was up to him within a few seconds of his crash and despite the blood and gashes he seemed quite sensible and whilst undoing his collar and tie, kept saying "Don't lose my back stud." He emerged from

hospital some four months later, having married the Belgian Countess who nursed him and I gave him back his back stud for his wedding present.

Afterwards I proceeded to Cranwell which was then starting as the Sandhurst of the Air Force. I had my own pet Snipe to which I fitted an oil and petrol tank between the undercarriage legs for inverted flying. Whilst I was doing this at Cranwell a famous pilot—Pedro Mann was doing likewise at C.F.S. We mastered the reversal of controls when inverted and naturally soon came to do the slow roll and the upward roll. It was literally true to say that I used to write out on a piece of paper the order of events and take it up in the air whilst I was practising—sometimes consulting it while flying upside down. I honestly believe that Mann and myself at this time were responsible for the beginning of the new stunt style of slow rolls instead of the old flick ones.

I then practised the inverted spin and this was what led to the introduction of the now standard Sutton Harness. In the inverted spin the centrifugal force forces one outwards with a tremendous strain and on occasions the sole tummy belt nearly let me go as I was hanging a long way out of the cockpit. Some stored German Fokker Fighters had harness fitted to them and I extracted these and put one in the Snipe where it worked most successfully. It was a friend of mine—Sutton—who saw this and improved upon it and brought out the present design of harness.

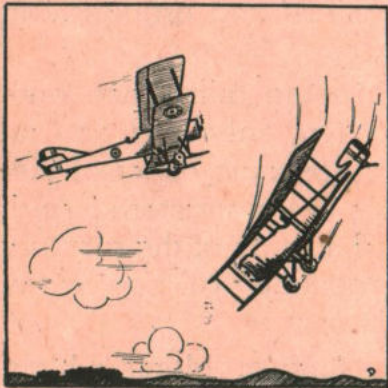
It may interest some of you now to realise the difficulties one had to contend with in the Snipe aeroplane. Not only had one to consider slipstream and torque but also the gyroscopic effect of the big rotary engine and until these three forces were mastered and understood at each of the various positions and speeds of the aircraft it was impossible to do correct stunting and practically all beginners ended up in a spin of some sort.

**Test Flying**—We now come to the early testing problems which seemed to come to the fore about 1930. Some of the main reasons for this were: 1. American Commercial aircraft were setting a high standard in speed and military aircraft were forced to try and compete with them. 2. Despite the improvements in the biplane and the increased engine power it could not hold its own with the monoplane. 3. The need to increase the speed introduced new problems for designers and test pilots. 4. The advent of the parachute enabled full-scale flying tests to be carried out with safety in lieu of tests on models in wind tunnels. 5. The R.A.F. was due for a general re-equipment with new types.

The majority of the problems then calling for solution in the Service were concerned with single-seater fighters—Gladiators, Gamecocks, Furies and Bulldogs. I was delighted when I stepped into the shoes of the now very famous Chief Test Pilot at Hawkers—George Bulman—and took over the Experimental Fighter Flight.

The Station was full of new types for comparative trials due to the introduction of the new Rolls-Royce Kestrel and the powerful Bristol radials, besides comparative performance trials for the various types of aircraft—single-seater fighters, light bombers and G.P. types, Fleet Air Arm types and twin-engined bombers. The Service was equipped with Gladiators and Gamecocks and there were complaints from the Squadrons that these were breaking up in aerobatics and practice combats. It was decided to carry out full scale tests.

The parachute now became an important factor and although the aeroplane seat had been altered to take it the cockpits had remained standard. In rehearsing a bail out on the ground I soon discovered that even under these ideal conditions there was little chance of a tall pilot complete with flying kit and special test instruments strapped on to him to make an exit. I therefore asked for the cockpit to be made larger. It is amusing now to think back on that period. I met opposition everywhere. The designer said it would spoil the performance of the aircraft. Technical Officers thought I was windy, etc., etc. Some bright spark at the Air Ministry eventually agreed that it was illogical to carry a parachute in an aircraft if you could not use it when required. Another moan went up when I demanded handles with which to aid oneself. All these things are of course now standard.



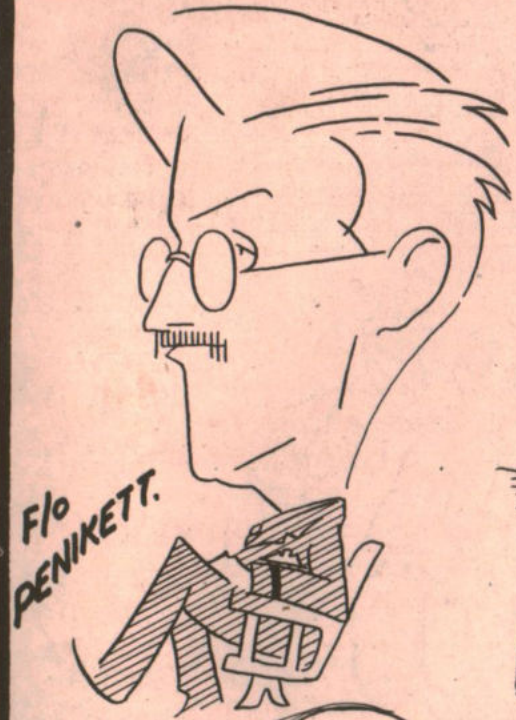
For the majority of our tests we climbed to about 12,000 feet. With the Gladiator and Gamecocks, for what we called flutter tests we shoved the nose down in a vertical dive, special instruments behind recording our speed and movements. We found that just before reaching terminal velocity the wings would start to shimmy, the control column (Joy stick) banged from side to side (I remember on account of my long legs my knees were cut and bruised on several occasions even through the clothing. At this period the aircraft was eased gently out of the dive, the pilot noting instrument readings, etc. Trials were carried on with extra pieces of wire, changing the rigging, etc., etc. Actually in none of the tests did the wings come off, although they continued to do so in the Squadrons. A speed limit for diving was then laid down for these types.

**Terminal Velocity Dives**—We now left confident that we could get out with a parachute so we asked the Air Ministry to make it a ruling that all new types would be dived to terminal velocity, that is as fast as they would go, before they were issued to the Units. This was most exciting work. It was a lovely feeling, standing vertically on the rudder bar holding the stick forward, watching the needle of the A.S.I. creep up until it remained steady, noting the speed and revs of the engine and then easing out very gently.

(Continued on Page 15)

COMPETITION IN THE MESS BETWEEN

Ford



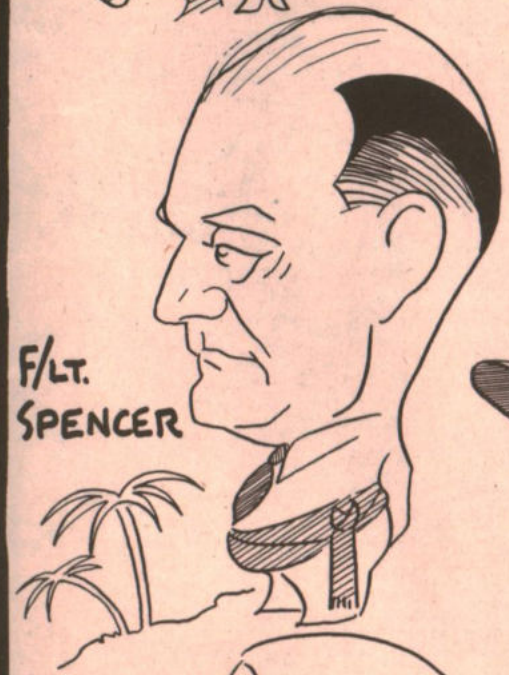
F/O PENIKETT.



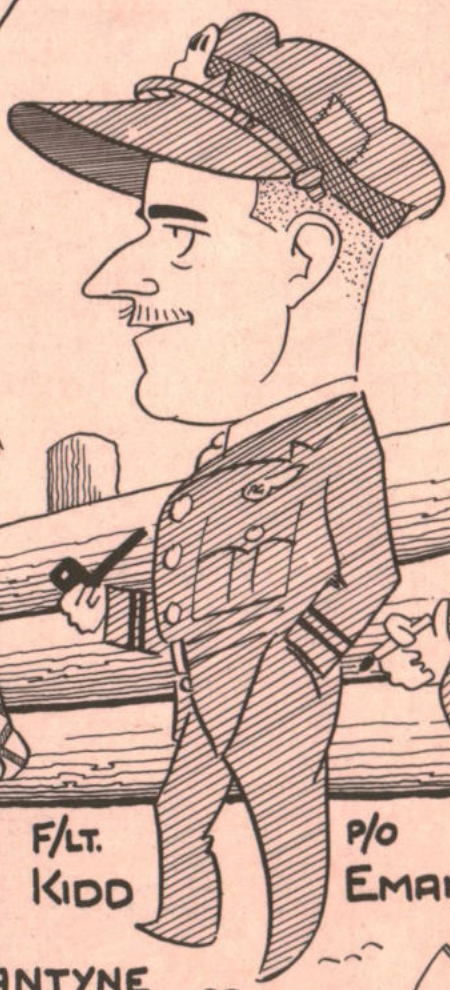
S/LD. BRAIN.



S/LD. ENGLAND.  
D.F.C.



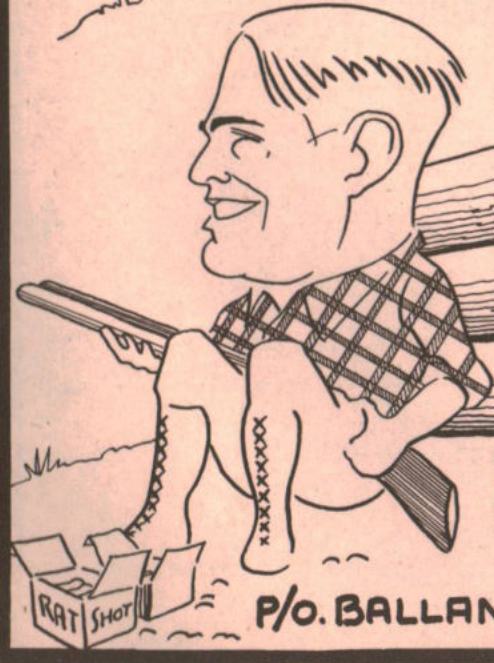
F/LT. SPENCER



F/LT. KIDD

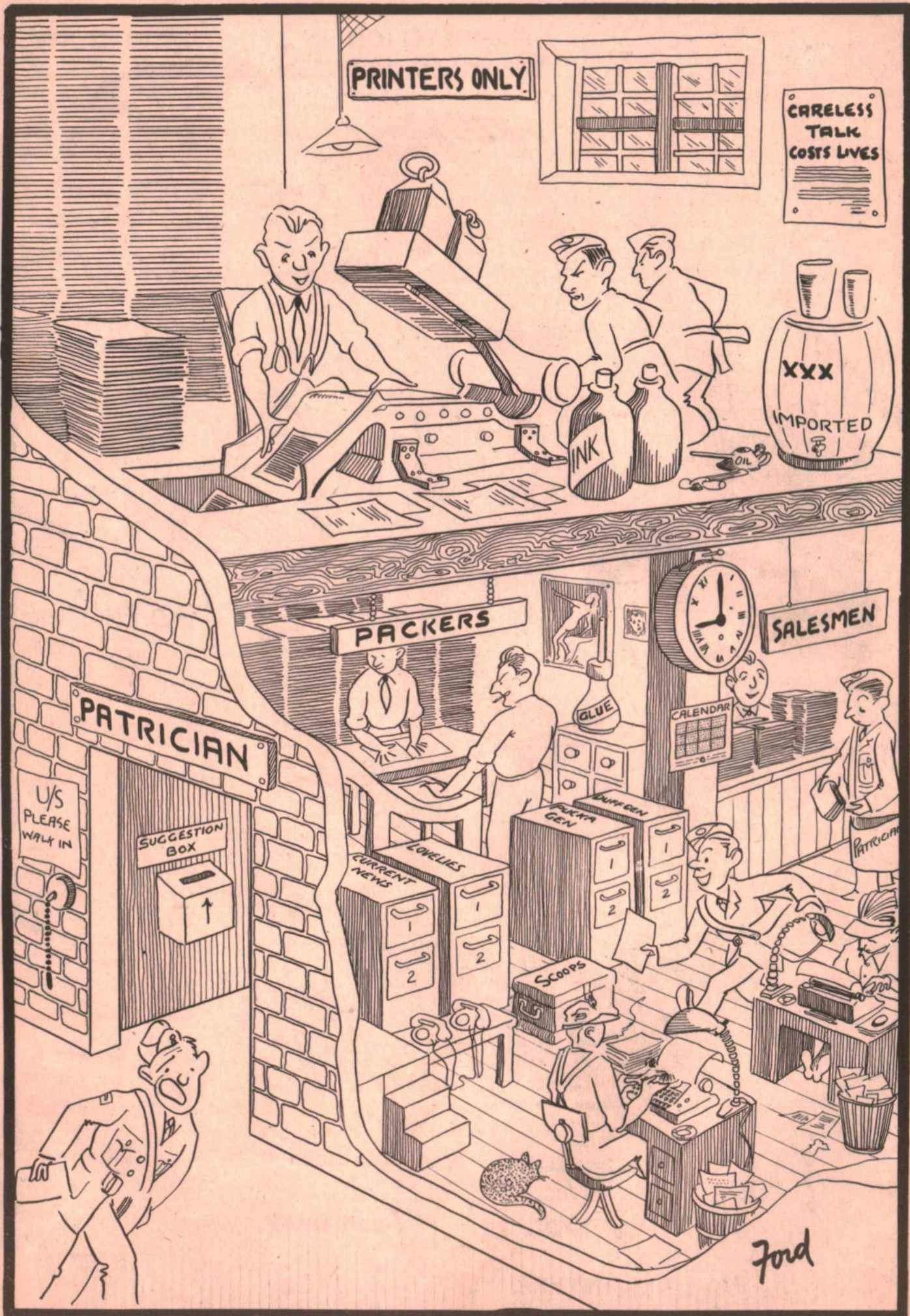


P/O EMANUEL



P/O. BALLANTYNE  
D.F.M.

Personnelities



**"The Patrician" Carries On**

At first the aircraft would vibrate, then it might have a tendency to flutter but when it got beyond this speed it suddenly got very rigid and felt quite solid. We, of course, worked up little by little to the final top speed and aircraft which proved unsatisfactory in the elementary stages were eliminated or altered. There was nearly always some thrill or another as cowling used to fly off and doors come loose, etc., etc.

**Spinning**—As mentioned earlier when talking about stunt flying spinning had become a problem. There was the stable or inherent spin and a number of pilots were being killed owing to the fact that they could not get out of spins. One frequently heard that pilots were just taking to their parachute when the aircraft came out usually just below 2000 feet. To be fair I must admit that we test pilots were inclined to laugh at this story but as soon as we started trials we very soon found it was absolutely correct. We usually started our spinning trials at 12,000 feet and if we did not succeed in stopping the spin at 2,000 we proceeded to make arrangements for evacuation. On three occasions I have myself undone my belt and stood up preparatory to jumping when for some mysterious reason the aircraft stopped spinning and got into a dive and I had great difficulty in clambering back into the cockpit again to resume control.

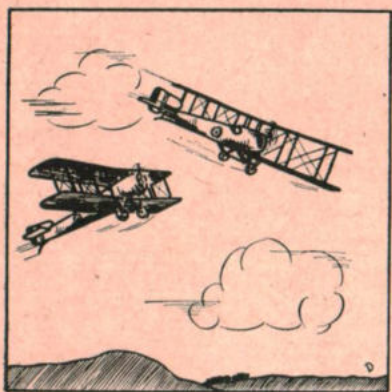
The technical experts gave two reasons for this. One was that at 2,000 feet and below the extra density of the air gave greatly increased effect to the controls and secondly that when the pilot stood up to get out his body altered the airflow over the rudder and elevator which was sufficient to stop the aircraft spinning. We had a lot of spinning trials and each aircraft had its own characteristics. The normal spin is with the nose down and most pilots were content with six or seven turns. Through tests we discovered that an aircraft will do a nice nosedown spin for six or seven turns and then it takes on a new form the nose coming up and the spin getting slower. It may be possible to stop the aircraft spinning if it is taken in hand immediately or it may be possible even later but then the aircraft will continue to turn two or three times after the reversal of controls. In some cases it will refuse to come out altogether.

The main factor in controlling the spin we discovered was the position of the centre of gravity and it was on this that we carried out most tests, finally deciding what was the safe limit for the centre of gravity.

Some of the new types were extraordinarily difficult to get out of spins and had to be altered very considerably from the aero-dynamic point of view. The process was this. We would climb to 12,000 feet and put the aircraft into a spin and let it do three or four turns and try to get it out. This was always done in the first case with the centre of gravity in the forward position. Then we would repeat, letting it do six or seven turns and noting whether the nose tended to rise and the spin to become insipient or not. If this was so we checked it at once and reported it. We then continued doing nine or ten turns even if the nose came up and it was on these occasions that

we several times had to make ready to jump. The same process was carried out varying the centre of gravity until, in the rearmost safe position, as soon as one started to spin after two or three turns the nose would come up and the spin start to slow down. This was the dangerous position.

All types were finally passed out as safe to spin and safe to dive as fast as they could go.



An interesting type—a very fast Fleet Air Arm fighter with the wonderful new Rolls-Royce Kestrel arrived one evening. It had a lovely streamlined body and was reported to be exceptionally fast. As soon as the test pilot handed it over I leapt into it and took off. After doing a circuit of the aerodrome I put the nose down a little to try the speed and imagine my horror when the right wing

dropped and the more I pushed the stick to the left the quicker it dropped. I quickly tried pushing the stick to the right and the right wing came up. I was more than a little non-plussed as I knew the controls had not been locked in the reverse manner. This was a phenomenon known as the Reversal of Controls due to the weakness of the wing. At high speed the drag of the lower aileron caused the wing to warp upwards, which in turn overcame the aileron and forced the whole plane to bank in that direction. I tried to do a slow roll and it really was great fun because at the beginning the controls reversed themselves and as one lost speed they resumed their normal functions. Besides this however, the aeroplane vibrated badly and I very soon landed. The designer was there and I told him what I thought! He requested another pilot to try it, which was immediately done. I stood beside the designer to tell him what was happening as the pilot flew by and whilst requesting him to watch the tail plane shiver we were shocked to suddenly see a large piece fly off. The pilot decided he had sufficient control and did not use his parachute. He crashed, was thrown out and his back was unfortunately broken. He is, however, still living and flying and is the famous Ogey Noakes the originator of the crazy flying.

Some months later the designer reported that the second aircraft of the same type had been improved and was now ready for trial. I went down to the works, took it in the air and although it was better I was far from satisfied with it. I quickly decided to land but whilst gliding in at under 1,000 feet the rudder bar suddenly banged viciously on my feet and I saw the rudder and fin disappear in mid-air. I scrambled out and my parachute opened just as my legs hit the tops of the trees. I naturally fell heavily on to my back and I must admit that when I came to I also thought that my back was broken.

We test pilots had had a sweepstake on for some time after parachutes came in, as to who should be the first one to use it in dire necessity and I was very proud to have won the prize and it was with some amusement that I received a telegram from my friends at the Station which read: "CONGRATULATIONS. ARE FORWARDING CLEAN PAIR OF PANTS."

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### COMPETITIONS

Many times we were asked to run competitions in "The Patrician" and eventually we acceded to the requests. Recently we have arranged three competitions and have offered such prizes as an extra 48 hours pass, 200 English Players Cigarettes, \$2.00 and free subscriptions to the magazine, yet no-one was interested. Not one entry was received for the two competitions organised last month. Obviously there is little interest in contests, it has therefore been decided to discontinue them.

---

Little Qualicum River Falls, Vancouver Island

Times Photograph.



# Greetings . . .



You heard the church bells recently  
 They must have brought you cheer,  
 But they won't ring this Christmas-time  
 Nor herald the New Year.  
 So may we join you in the wish  
 That when they ring again  
 They'll bring that message loud and clear:  
 "Peace and Goodwill to Men."

. . . to the  
 old folks at home

## VOLUNTEERS WANTED

Energetic salesmen are wanted to sell tickets for the "Smile" show in the Royal Victoria Theatre, on January 6th—it's in aid of "The Pat Fund" and our aim is \$800—over 1,300 seats MUST be sold.

Please hand in your names at the mag. office.

Following the reprint of the article "From a Woman's Point of View" in the Victoria Daily Times from last month's "Patrician," Sgt. Dukes received a message from a Mr. and Mrs. Witty in Victoria. It transpired that these people had left Filey, Yorks, in 1903 and had been great friends of his parents.

The R.A.F. Presents

# "Smile"

RECREATION HALL - 10th December, at 8 p.m.

# NEWS

## FROM THE OFFICERS' MESS

Congratulations to a certain Flight Lieutenant on his recent duck shooting expedition. It is understood that he was so successful that he now intends trying his skill on a bird in motion. Doubt is still expressed as to whether he or one of the Security Guard fired the successful shots.

✓ ✓ ✓

Two very interesting talks were given to the Staff Officers by F/Lt. Parker during one of his visits to the Unit.

✓ ✓ ✓

What is it that F/Lt. Flaherty has got that the others haven't—apart from a pen and pencil? It is hoped he won't lose "it" as well.

✓ ✓ ✓

Questioned on his recent flips to Vancouver during the last month, F/Lt. P. Dunn has explained that he hadn't seen a parrot for years! It is believed the parrot was also pleased!

✓ ✓ ✓

It is noted that although a certain P/O. A.G.'s gas ration has been cut, he is still continuing to talk. Bags of gas!

✓ ✓ ✓

With the change in courses, the permanent staff will no doubt have the privilege of hearing quite a few gramophone records played that they may have heard before.

✓ ✓ ✓

"The Problems of Sex" will appear to be engaging the attention of a certain senior Officer—no doubt in connection with the next quiz (?)!

✓ ✓ ✓

It may sound infra dig. to acknowledge that the Brains have only just arrived at the Unit. Anyway, a cordial welcome is extended to S/Ldr. and Mrs. Brain.

✓ ✓ ✓

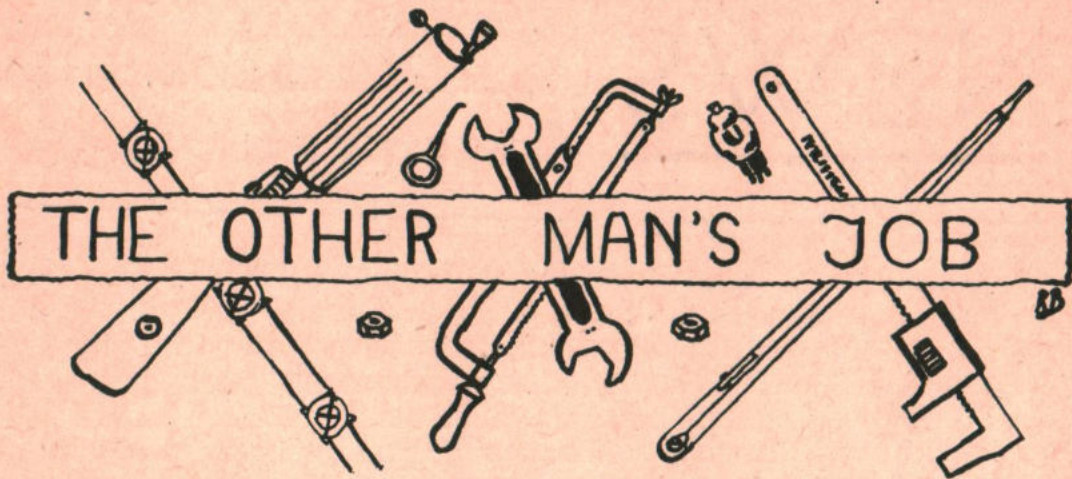
Who is the recently promoted F/O. who is still wearing the braces of his batman in England?

✓ ✓ ✓

Who said "Does what I've had plus what I'd like to have, come to more than \$18?"

✓ ✓ ✓

It can now be confirmed that two of the well-known bridge players did not use the "Blackwood" system whilst on leave in Hollywood.



### No. 15—THE AIRCRAFTHAND, GENERAL DUTIES

My day used to begin at 0630 hours in the morning—that was before I persuaded the bugler to join the Rugby team. He's been in and out of hospital every other week since then, and even when he's out his rib or something prevents him making his awful noise in the morning. I just have to "show a leg" as the Orderly Sergeant passes by my bed. (I've learned to do this without really waking myself).

At 0728 hours I must make a move, as breakfast finishes at 0730. It takes a lot to persuade the cooks that their clocks are all fast, but at last I manage to get some food. This arguing has made me a bit pushed for time and when I get back to the barrack room the Corporal i/c binds me a lot about my bed not being made up. I manage to convince him that I was held up at the cook-house, but this continual explaining is giving me a frightful headache and I am beginning to feel that I shall have to go sick.

"Why didn't I get my name put on the Sick Report?" and "Why didn't I join the proper Sick Parade?" One doesn't get much sympathy from these M.O.'s. However, I have been given an aspirin. Not much good without a cup of tea, though. I'd better get along to the M.T. Yard—their tea-swindle will be just about starting. That's a lot better, and if only the Orderly Officer's inspection were over I could have a lie down for a bit—only another half-hour though.

That was a close shave! Thought the S.W.O. had seen me. Yes, he has! That's mucked it! When did I last clean my boots, and my buttons? Get a haircut! I try to explain that I've got no money to spend on polish or a haircut. Report to the Airmen's Cookhouse at once. Am I cheesed? "Peel potatoes." "I haven't got any overalls." "You'll find some in the cupboard" . . . The Sergeant didn't ask my name. Think I'll go up to the Canteen for a packet of fags. I'll just nip out of this door quietly. That's good. Yes, I'll have a quick game of crib, Kelly. Pity old Pop had to come in and clear the place just as the game got interesting. Never mind. Kelly is cleaning the senior N.C.O.'s quarters this morning so I'll go up with him for a bit. Nice and comfortable, these Sergeants' rooms—nice wireless, too! Who's that shouting? The Corporal says I've

got to go and help clean out the Recreation Hall, and what am I doing in here anyway? Think I'll join the queue and get a haircut while I'm here anyway. Pretty good value, these "Life" magazines. What's that? The barber can't do any more, because it's dinner time.

Good dinner today, and plenty of it. Better have a kip before working parade. What the devil's that? Oh, sorry, Corporal. What's the time, then? Sorry—must have overslept a bit. Yes, I'll go and help decorate the Sergeants' Mess. They must be going to have a dance tonight. Pretty good refreshments being prepared. Yes, very tasty. I like the sausage rolls best of the lot, I think. Yes, I'll go over to the Airmen's Cookhouse for some flour, Sarge. Where did I get to, this morning? Why didn't I peel the potatoes? Very hard to convince these senior N.C.O.'s that you're not the right chap. Manage to, at last and get the bag of flour which is much too heavy for me. The Corporal takes it over to show me how easy it is when you know how. Just a matter of balancing on the shoulder, he says, as though I didn't know.

It's about time I got washed and dressed if I'm going to Victoria this evening. Becoming hard to get a lift if you don't get away sharp at five. Yes, Sergeant! Went sick this morning. Still feeling pretty groggy. Thanks a lot, Sarge. Going right to Victoria? Good! Much obliged. These trolley cars do shake you up . . . . Ah well! Not so good as the English beer, but tastes better than polish, anyway!

**Note:** In case the foregoing may give an entirely wrong impression of the life of the average ACH/GD, it must be stated that he is usually a very hard working fellow, who is at everyone's beck and call, and never knows what job he may be called upon to do next. Briefly, as Paddy Cotter says: "He is the backbone of the Air Force."

—C.F.J.

### OUR COVER PICTURE

This month's cover picture, "White Christmas," is an exceptionally fine camera study of The Chalet, Deep Cove, which, by the way, is a delightful place to spend a weekend. The picture was taken by Mr. Horace Pratt, the genial proprietor, to whom we are indebted for permission to use the photograph.



## Artist Models



Cpl. George Slater, a cook and butcher in the Airmen's Mess, has an extremely interesting hobby—he's a modeller and a most talented one, too. In his nimble fingers an uninteresting lump of clay soon becomes a life-like image of one of his friends or some well-known personality.

Before joining the R.A.F., two-and-a-half years ago, Cpl. Slater was a butcher in London, and in his spare time was a wood carver. He started modelling since he joined the service and made rapid progress with his newly-discovered talent.

Working in his bunk he first makes a plasticine model, usually from a photograph, and then a plaster of Paris mould. Another plaster model is made from the mould. This second model has then to be coloured, and although Cpl. Slater says he has yet a lot to learn about colouring, with his models to date he has achieved remarkably life-like results, especially with his Indian heads, dozens of which he has made at the request of several of his friends.

As we go to press he has just completed an excellent caricature model of Ben Blumenthal, our camp impersonator, and he is now working on a head of Cpl. "Arf-a-mo" Millen—both of these we hope to reproduce in future issues of "The Patrician"—perhaps we can persuade him to do one camp celebrity each month?

Woodwork and making plaster models are not Cpl. Slater's only accomplishments; on the opposite page will be seen a photograph of a perfect scale model of an old-time sailing ship, complete with lighthouse and sea, all rather surprisingly fixed inside a bottle—here is just another example of Cpl. Slater's artistic ability.

All these models are on view at "The Patrician" Office—they will be there during this month, why not drop in and see them?—you'll only be asked to put something in "The Pat Fund" tin!

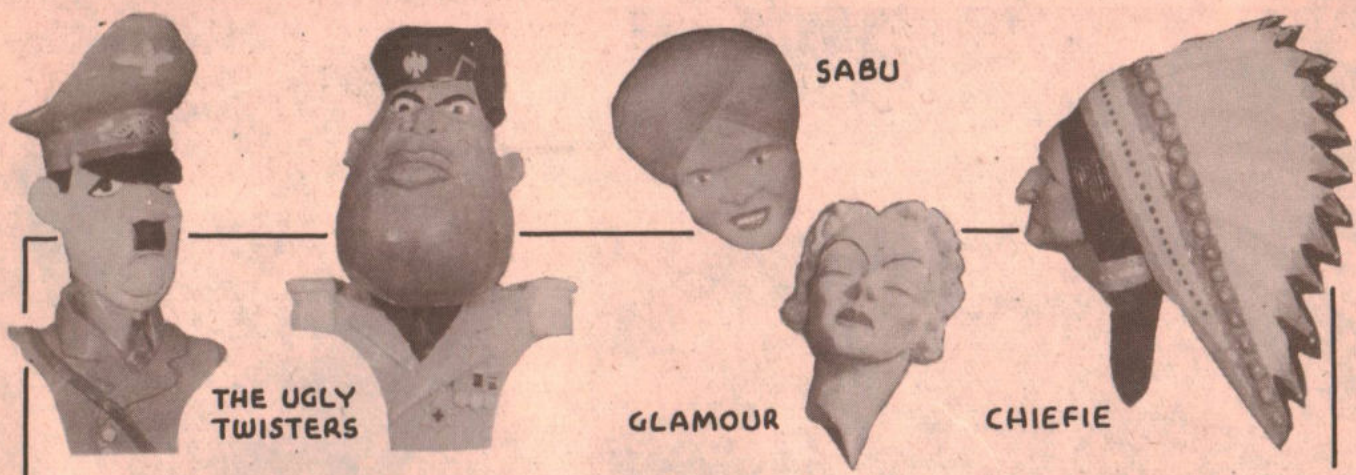
### R.A.F. DRAMATIC SOCIETY

Following the suggestion in the October number of "The Patrician" a Dramatic Society was formed and is now busy rehearsing a one-act play which is hoped will be staged during the "Smile" Show on the 10th December.

F/O. E. J. K. Penikett is taking a keen interest in the Society's activities and has been elected President and Producer. Cpl. S. Lott is the Assistant Producer, A/C. Glover, Secretary, and A/C. Gosley, Stage Manager.

Anyone interested in joining the Society should contact any member of the committee.

LAC.'s Warrior and Collyer broadcast from Camp Macaulay on November 18th and A/C.'s Anderson and Fairbairn from CJVI Studios on the following evening.



THE UGLY TWISTERS

SABU

GLAMOUR

CHIEFIE



CPL. GEORGE SLATER  
SURROUNDED BY HIS  
HANDIWORK AND  
ADMIRERS



THE PILOT



BOTTLED UP



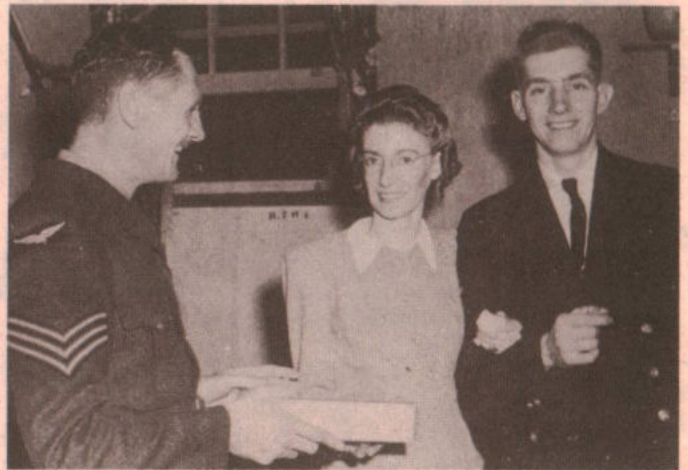
'WARE - WOLF



W/O MIDDLETON STEPS OUT



W/O's TINDALL & IVES



SGT. HOLMES PRESENTS PRIZES



ALFIE - THE LITTLE GENT

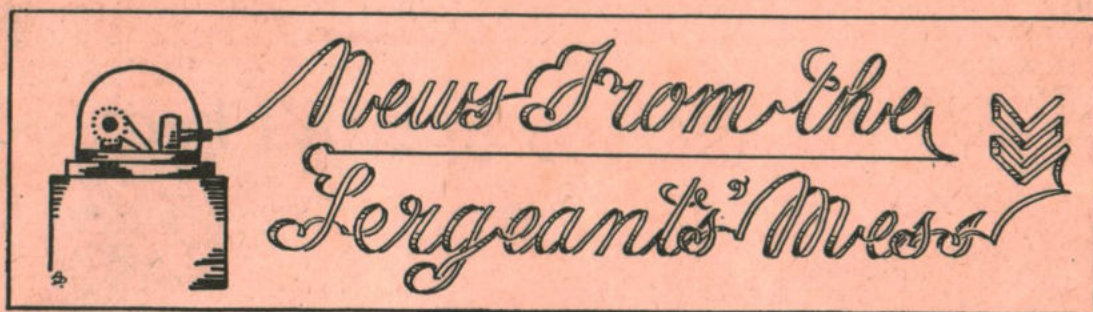
OPT. GALLAGHER & SGT. PHYSICK



The SERGEANTS' MESS DANCE ... OCT. 31<sup>ST</sup>



W/O HUBBARD & PARTNER



# News From the Sergeant's Mess

No, Sgt. Sherwood, M.W.T.B. does not mean, "More Weight than Brains."

1 1 1

The suggestion has been made that the next time we entertain the officers, we get out our best axminster for the crap school.

1 1 1

We wonder if a certain F/Sgt. pilot wore a white flannel flash in his cap when he was so royally entertained in Seattle.

1 1 1

A new aspirant to technical fame is W.O. Tindall. He is reported to put plenty of zip into his breast drill exercises.

1 1 1

F/Sgt. Makin has been elected President of the Jug Club. This noble institution has for it's motto, "Fill the jug and down with prohibition." W.O. Hubbard is senior non-filling member.

1 1 1

That chubby and ever cheerful Aussie, Sgt. Sweetman is still with us, and we begin to think that he actually **LIKES** the place.

1 1 1

We had a very successful Hallowe'en dance on October 31st. F/Sgt. Jenkinson visited the Mess after a long absence, making hay while the sun shone.

1 1 1

On the evening of Sunday, 8th October, we were entertained by an exhibition dance by F/Sgt. The Wizard of Os and F/Sgt. Maskill.

1 1 1

We are anxiously wating for every other footpath on the Station to be completed so that there may be one made from the Mess to the Staff Quarters.

1 1 1

We congratulate (in anticipation) F/Sgt. Booth on his promotion to Warrant Officer.

1 1 1

Ah well! Another month plods its weary way past us, and in the words of the little Gent, "Roll on Ascension Day and let's go up!"

# TATTOO—*you can't beat it!*



When our editor suggested that this month I should write about tattoos I immediately thought of Aldershot, Tidworth, and all that. I asked him if it had been proposed that we should hold one in Beacon Hill Park, thinking that this was rather a novel idea and would fit in well with our winter programme of "Smile" shows, Crystal Garden dances, etc. Allowing my imagination to wander somewhat I visualised a searchlight parade of the fire-picquet, while an Anson took off to the accompaniment of music from the park bandstand supplied by the R.A.F. dance band. My remarks to this effect were greeted with a cold, hard stare from the editor. After calling me an idiot, he explained that as far as he knew, searchlight tattoos were NOT on our winter programme, the tattoos he meant were on the flesh, furthermore they were quite fashionable in the R.A.F. these days, and that he (the editor) was thinking of having a crafty one of a couple of fighting snakes tattooed on his right arm.

It was in vain that I pointed out that I knew nothing whatever about tattooing, and my alternative suggestion that four pages be devoted to telling the world how I caught my ten-pound salmon met with nothing but strong disapproval. So tattooing it is.

Now this tattooing business has for a long time been associated with the sea. The reason being that up to the middle of the last century, the big gumps who were running the navy, encouraged it thinking that it acted as a preventative against tropical diseases and fevers. Furthermore these twirps were so pig-headed that when they finally found that they were wrong, they dared not tell anybody and consequently the poor sailors have been having all these horrible designs inflicted upon them ever since! However, it must be admitted that tattooing does serve other useful purposes, it can express sentiments such as, "I love Ada," or on the other hand can show that one is a fervent admirer of Popeye. Indeed sometimes they are very interesting, like one I saw recently consisting of three nude ladies tattooed on a fellow's arm just above the wrist—My! you should have seen the things they did when he clenched his fist!

Sea-serpents combined with weird hieroglyphics form a base for many of the favourite patterns, indeed no chamber of horrors could compete with a tattooist's catalogue for hair raising effects. This rather leads to the conclusion that tattooist's are people who have terrible dreams. Perhaps they eat huge steaks before sleeping thus giving them nightmares which inspire them to new horrors, or they may even employ artists who suffer from D.T.'s. I've seen tattoos of St. George and the Dragon, and oh boy! you should have seen that dragon, St. George wouldn't have stood an earthly; ships at sea in stormy weather, Minnie the Moocher, Popeye, and an occasional heart with an arrow through it. But has anyone ever seen a really

restful design like "Sunset over Lake Windermere," or "Sheep on the South Downs"? No, of course not. What we want, what this country needs, is art classes for tattooists, and indigestion tablets to stop those horrific dreams about serpents.

While we are on the subject did you ever hear the story of the cheat who went to the nudist camp? He had an overcoat tattooed on his body, but even this completely failed to hide his embarrassment.

Another young sailor who was very shy, walked into a tattooist's, the proprietor came forward beaming, with a catalogue containing pictures of grizzly bears fighting, very rattled looking rattlesnakes, and the usual hieroglyphics. However the sailor waved all these away and taking off his shirt and vest, presented his chest with the timid request, "Could you please draw a few hairs?"

Then there was the stoker who had a map of the world tattooed over his body. Making the Atlantic crossing, a nurse who was also on board persuaded him to let her trace the course of the voyage on his map. Her hand was on the Canary Islands when the ship lurched and to her horror she found herself deep in the heart of Texas.

—FRANK REED



## Sea Breezes

Blown in From the Marine Section

Since we last appeared in print we have said goodbye to eight members of the Section: F/Sgt. Rider, Cpl. R. Allen, and LAC's Knight, Burton, Payne, Harrison, Watts and Hassard. We wish them God Speed, a safe journey and lots of luck in their new sections. Of course no-one knows where they are going—but they laid in a stock of flashlight batteries before leaving!

Now that we are so sadly depleted it hardly seems worth while taking up space in "The Patrician." However, we will hang on to the end and when the time comes that you search in vain for "Sea Breezes," you will know that the R.A.F. Marine Section is no more. At that, it's existence will be news to some.

—H.T.

22nd December

## Xmas Dance Party

For All Personnel.

ADMISSION FREE - MUST BRING LADY FRIEND

Details Later

## Bill Cann Meets Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt

LAC. W. H. Cann, a flight mechanic in C Flight had the pleasant experience of meeting Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt whilst spending a few days in Seattle. Bill, who was very impressed by Mrs. Roosevelt's personality was asked to say a few words at the opening of a Salvage Campaign and he told of how the British people were helping the war effort by giving all their unessential metal and saving their valuable scrap. It was only three weeks later that Mrs. Roosevelt made her world-famous trip to Britain to get first-hand knowledge of the great effort being made by the British people.

"She's a grand person," was Bill's description of America's First Lady.

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## BOOKS TO READ



**"Escapers All," Edited by J. R. Ackerley.** The last war produced a crop of thrilling books. No doubt this war will too, but none could be more thrilling than these eighteen personal narratives by escapers of 1914-1918, fourteen by Englishmen from enemy territory and four by Germans from Allied prison-camps. The business was not so thoroughly organised as it is now. Each of the individuals who tells his story here had to start more or less from scratch. Their methods ranged from pure bluff to complicated disguises and subterfuges, from tunnelling with tablespoons through bits of Germany to getting certified as a lunatic at Constantinople. These were only the beginnings, because after the escape came the journey through hostile country to the nearest neutral frontier. The hazards described are as various as they are vivid, and there is humour in plenty to relieve the tension of these gripping tales of courage and resourcefulness.

**"Antigua, Penny, Puce," by Robert Graves.** Antigua was the country, penny the denomination and puce the colour of a stamp which belonged to Oliver Price, a rather unpleasant boy who was unkind to his sister. Or didn't it belong to him? The point only arose when he had grown to successful-business-manhood and his sister was a brilliant young actress, and either of them could have done with the small fortune the stamp was found to be worth. Then started a family quarrel besides which the bother between the Montagnes and the Capulets was like a viceregal garden party. There are high-court actions, spectacular auction sales, a sensational theft and charges of mass poisonings. The story is told with such gusto and such a wealth of inventiveness that you follow the Antigua Penny Puce and its adventures with the breathless interest which you would normally reserve for one of Oppenheim's beautiful spies. —R.D.H.S.



### THIS IS AMERICA

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt and L.A.C. W. H. Cann, C Flight, spoke at the launching of a Scrap Metal Campaign in Victory Square, Seattle, on October 4th.

# MEN AT WORK

No. 6 - The PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION



F.O. Underhill and Sgt. Teasdale assess prints.



The air-camera "gen-men."



Camera going up.



Everything stops for tea.



Film drying.



Jack Aldridge glazes prints.



"Al Capone" Gardner.



"How's this, Sarge?"



Aerial photographer.



"It's two grains short!"



"Eggy runs his film-show."



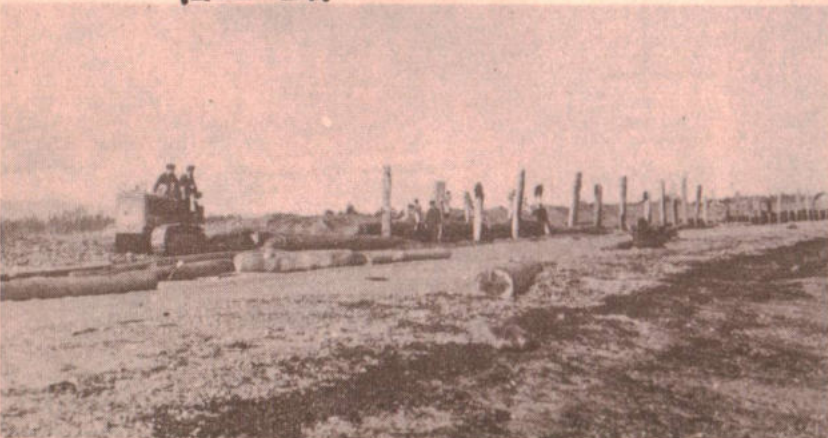
"Quite still, please."



"Holly" enlarges.



The  
WALL  
OF  
KIDD



## THE WALL OF KIDD



One looks back on distant schooling days and remembers the famous Hadrian's Wall, built by the Romans to keep out the Picts and Scots, and the Great Wall of China designed to keep back the fierce hordes from the North. Now, in the year Nineteen Hundred and Forty Two another wall is nearing completion. If you follow the road from the camp to the great city of Victoria, you will notice that on your port is the fertile valley of Saanich. Across this agricultural paradise a road takes you to the Wall of Kidd—the scene of the most gigantic engineering feat since the construction of the Boulder Dam. Flight Lieutenant Colin Kidd, R.A.F., has found his life-long ambition since he built castles on the beach at Southend at the tender age of six.

The Wall of Kidd is half a mile in length and stands about eight feet in height bordering the east side of the 400 yards range. It is constructed with logs driven into the ground supported by others and a high bank of good, old earth.

When we first came here it was evident that a 400 yards range was necessary to complete the training of a normal Air Gunner. Owing to work of greater importance, plus labour shortage, Works and Bricks could not undertake the job at the time. Undeterred, Flight Lieutenant Kidd gathered about him twenty men and departed to start and finish a 400 yards range. The ground chosen was covered with small trees and thick bramble bushes which had to be cleared. With the kind co-operation of the R.C.A.F. a tractor and bulldozer were placed at our disposal and work commenced. The ground was cleared by means of axes borrowed from "Admin." Logs were dragged along the beach by a tractor driven by a pupil Air Gunner. The bulldozer went into action and levelled out the ground and piled up earth against the log emplacements man-handled by volunteers. Slowly the range commenced to take shape but alas a storm caught us out and all the good work was ruined. The next day the Wall of Kidd was found half way up the hill, the result of the foul play of a turbulent sea. But, undaunted, work was recommenced with greater vigour. A small wooden house was missed off the camp by the civilian workmen and was found on the 400 yards range completely transplanted. A little later a fuselage followed suit much to the disgust of Maintenance. A telephone was installed and now in the depths of the night the people of Saanich are awakened by the fierce barking of twin Vickers Guns.

Still however the work goes on—the Wall of Kidd is almost completed. Long after the R.A.F. have returned to the fields of England the Wall of Kidd will stand (?) a monument to the hard-working Gunnery Section (?) of Patricia Bay.

Thanks to the Cookhouse—their field kitchen made the job of the volunteers far less trying. Long Live the Wall of Kidd. —R.R.S.B.

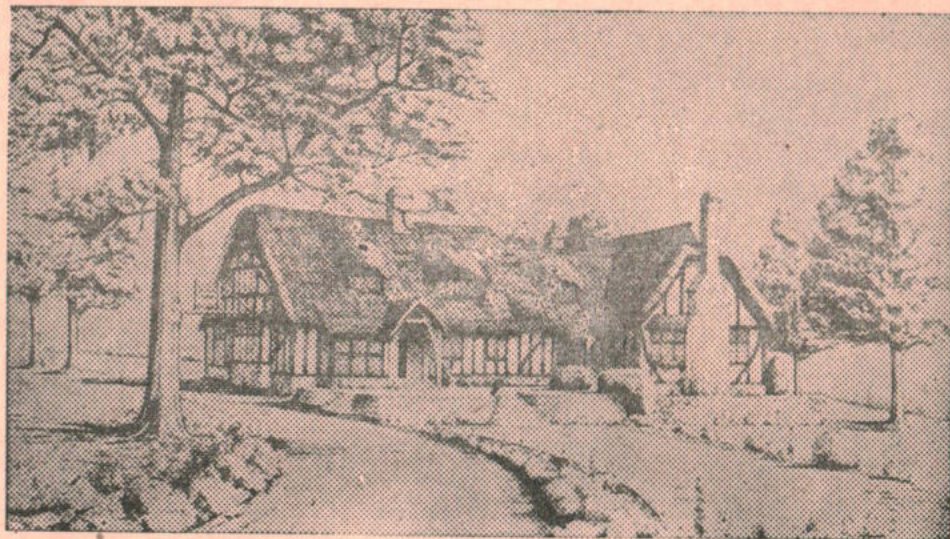
# Hudson's Bay Company.

INCORPORATED 2<sup>ND</sup> MAY 1670.

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

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

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

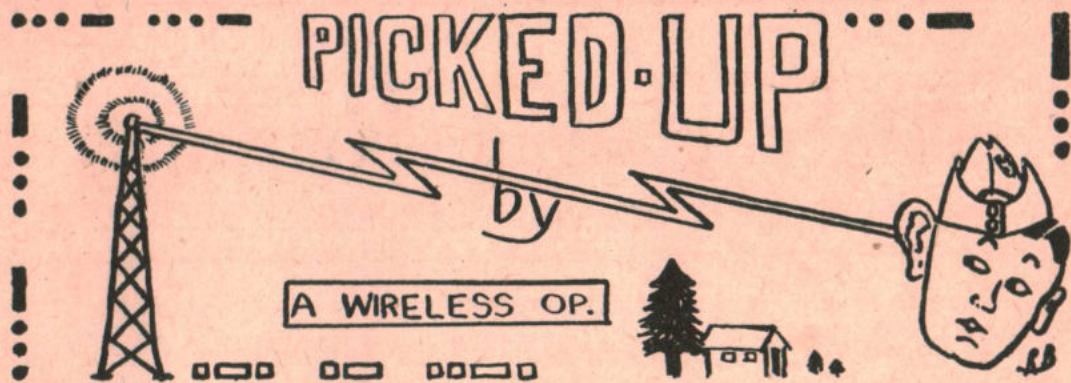


DAILY LUNCHEONS » TEAS » DINNERS

Wednesday and Saturday Supper Dances by Reservation.

## Royal Oak Inn

Royal Oak    ::    CLOSED MONDAY    ::    Phone Colquitz 152R



### PUKKA GEN

You've heard of "Blockbusters"—well, S/L Brown usually puts a clock under his foot brake to stop the car running away. This time he placed the block in such a position that the car ran away and "bust" into his own house!

✓ ✓ ✓

Have you heard of the erk who, when doing his laundry, uses a trumpet as a dolly stick?

✓ ✓ ✓

May I suggest that a big shot in the Wireless Section stops shooting a "line"?

✓ ✓ ✓

Says Sgt. Wilson, one time Auxiliary, "Weekend airman, me—b——long weekend though!"

✓ ✓ ✓

Did you notice the music that was played after the compulsory cinema show?—"In the Mood"?

✓ ✓ ✓

I've just been looking at the pictures this month. At last they've turned out a mag without a picture of S/L "A."

✓ ✓ ✓

Did you hear of the erks who made a box for the little Corporal who goes places with a tall girl friend?

✓ ✓ ✓

Or the erk who was approached by a bright young thing in Victoria who asked to be directed to a certain street. This gallant erk grabbed her arm saying: "Come along with me, I'll show you!" Imagine his embarrassment when a few minutes later he realised she was an officer in the C.W.A.C.!

✓ ✓ ✓

### DUFF GEN

One day we're going to be able to go to a shower and get water first time.

✓ ✓ ✓

The planting of the trees around the camp is expressly for the benefit of our many canine friends.

# ● S P O R T ●

## SOCCKER

Our knees are sore with praying to various members of the Soccer Committee to let us have some news. We're sorry to disappoint our readers but it's as useless as trying to find a sixpence on the streets of Aberdeen.

## RUGGER

So far this season we are unbeaten having won 4 games and drawn 1, for a total of 117 points for and 16 points against. This good record paints us as a very useful team but is, actually, rather flattering. Three of the games have been against college teams who, while showing us some real rugger, have been too light to press home any superiority they had in handling the ball.

Our hardest match was played against the Army on Remembrance Day. Knowing the opposition from last season's meetings a stiff game was expected, especially as we hoped to brighten the camp by winning a cup. We thought ourselves well on the way to victory following two tries by W.O. Middleton and one by F/Lt. Spiers, which Snow converted. A goal and two easy penalties for our opponents levelled matters just before the end and we had to be content with a draw.

With the final whistle came the climax of the afternoon. Even the spectators were perturbed to know that we could not win the cup. Apparently the Army obtained it on a default from the Navy and the result of our game did not affect its destination. Still, "Britain can take it!"

No bouquets can be rightly handed to any player in particular so far this season, nor can the committee afford to sit back and look upon the team with real satisfaction. The players have still to learn to work together as one unit and not as individuals, especially the backs. Until improvement is made in this direction we have another reason why cup matches cannot be won.

Results of fixtures so far: 17.10.42 R.A.F. 27, Brentwood 5; 31.10.42 R.A.F. 14, Victoria College 0; 7.11.42 R.A.F. 39, R.C.N. 0; 11.11.42 R.A.F. 11, Army 11; 14.11.42 R.A.F. 26, Shownigan Lake School 0.

## VOLLEYBALL

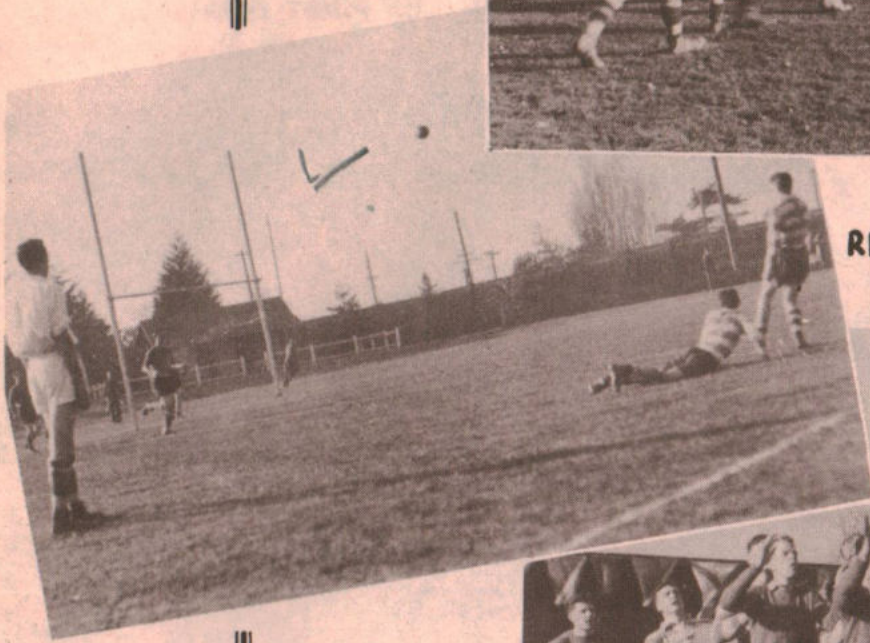
The Volleyball League concluded their tournament by semi-final and final matches on Thursday, November 12th. In the semi-final match the Wings defeated the Tinfish 15-10, 15-2, 15-5 and the Charioteers defeated the Dodgers 15-4, 15-7, 15-5. In the final match the Charioteers defeated the Wings in a closely fought contest 15-13, 15-11, 15-9. Team line-ups were as follows: **The Champions—**  
**Charioteers:** Sgt. Wilson, LAC. Campion (Capt.), LAC. Arnold, LAC.

# R. A. F.

VERSUS

# ARMY

RUGGER  
MATCH

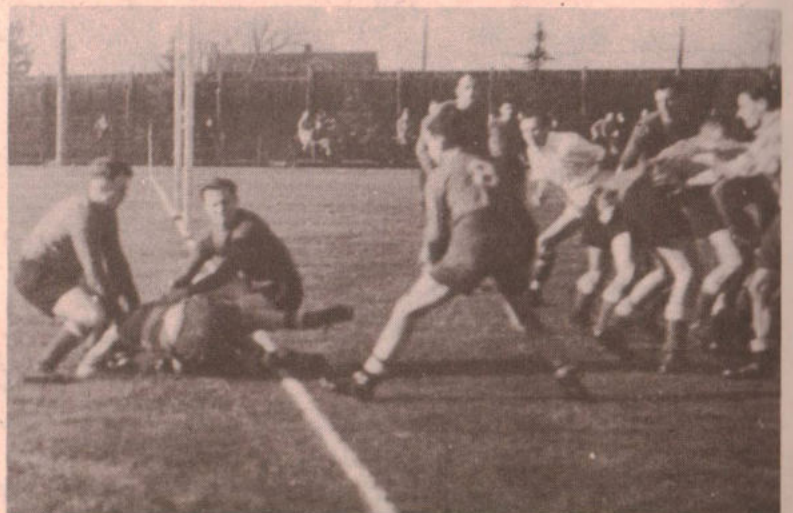


REMEMBRANCE DAY NOV. 11 1912

MACDONALD PARK, VICTORIA



RESULT, A DRAW — 11 points each





# INDOOR GAMES



F/LT. K.D. ACTON PRESENTING THE  
1st. PRIZE TO A/C SWINSCOE,  
WINNER OF THE UNIT SNOOKER  
HANDICAP. A/Cs SWALLOW,  
JAMIESON & MIDDLETON MADE  
UP THE FIRST FOUR.



AT THE SNOOKER HANDICAP  
AND BILLIARDS EXHIBITION  
27<sup>th</sup> OCTOBER



A SEATTLE SQUASH TEAM WHICH BEAT  
THE UNIT TEAM ON 31 OCTOBER.



LACs. DRINKWATER & MACDONALD BEAT  
CPLs. WADSWORTH & TROTT TO WIN  
THE UNIT DARTS MATCH.

Tytler, LAC. Lyall, LAC. Swallow and LAC. Reid. **The Finalists—Wings:** F/Sgt. Jackson, Sgt. Madeley (Capt.), Cpl. Brodie, LAC. Mailhot, A/C. Naylor, A/C. Thomas, Cpl. Heppenstall.

The Volleyball Trophy will be held by the M.T. Section and individual R.A.F. medals which were presented to the champions and finalists by S/L. J. R. Pearson at a cinema show on 25th November.

—L.L.

### BASKETBALL

It is anticipated that Basketball will eventually become just as popular as volleyball and practices are now taking place every Tuesday and Thursday at 1800 hours. Sections anticipating entering teams in the Basketball League should encourage their personnel to turn out for these practices and coaching periods.

—L.L.

### GOLF

S/Ldr. A. E. Armitage was the winner of the officers' Eclectic competition played at Ardmore Golf Club with the excellent score of 33.

### TABLE TENNIS

All the three Table Tennis Teams are now in full swing in the Victoria Table Tennis League, and keen competition is witnessed amongst the individual players.

The 1st Team are again going great guns and are at the moment in the top position in the Senior Division having played 6 matches and only dropping two points.

The 2nd Team who are making their debut in the Senior Division this season are experiencing a very lean time, but although they have yet to win their first match are gaining valuable playing experience for the future season.

The 3rd Team, who are in the 2nd Division, are having a good season and are heading the League and have very bright prospects of winning the trophy that was won by the 2nd Team last year.

A Unit League has now been formed and it is hoped to get under way on the 26th Nov. At the moment 12 teams have submitted their players to the secretary. It will be run on the same principle as the Volleyball League with Mr. Letroy of the Y.M.C.A. supervising the matches. In the very near future, the four best players from Victoria are coming to challenge us to another match which should provide the spectators with some very interesting table tennis.

Results up to date follow:

**1st Division**—Oct. 19th, R.A.F. 1st 18, Sylvesters U-Drive 18. Oct. 26th, R.A.F. 1st 21, Liberty Cafe 15; R.A.F. 2nd 10, Hills U-Drive 26. Nov. 2nd, R.A.F. 2nd 18, Barmacs 18. Nov. 9th, R.A.F. 1st 18, Hills U-Drive 18; R.A.F. 2nd 12, Liberty Cafe, 24. Nov. 16th, R.A.F. 1st 19, Belchers Movie-Snaps 17; R.A.F. 2nd 5, Jokers 31.

**2nd Division**—Oct. 21st, R.A.F. 3rd 30, Lonestars 6. Nov. 3rd, R.A.F. 3rd 31, Lonestars 5. Nov. 10th, R.A.F. 3rd 10, 55th Batt. R.C.A. 26.

Make "MC & MC"  
*your headquarters for*

# CHRISTMAS GIFTS

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*Silverware - Leather Goods - Baggage*

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*Clocks and Watches - Electric Razors*

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## SQUASH

So far as the season has progressed we have played four matches. Apart from the opening game, we have been unfortunate in not having available the services of Group Captain Pope. In the first match we divided the spoils with Yarrows. In the subsequent games we lost to a team from Seattle 1-4, to Royal Roads 2-6 and to Yarrows 3-5.

The last two matches were league games. However undaunted the team hopes to regain and hold the laurels in the forthcoming fixtures.

The handicap tournament is proving to be interesting and some close matches have been played. Our system of assessing handicaps is always under review and it is hoped that in future all matches will run to five games.

We have been fortunate in procuring some English squash balls and it is intended to use these in future competitions. The Unit court is built and marked to English measurements and rules, and in addition the softer ball causes less wear and tear on the racquets and front wall. Players in outside matches should keep their hands in with the Canadian ball.

The hope is expressed that more and more will take up this game which enables one to get so much exercise in so short a time.

17/11/42—S.R.

## BILLIARDS AND SNOOKER

In the semi-finals of the Unit Snooker Handicap some very interesting games were witnessed, although both matches were decided by three straight games. A/C. Swinscoe defeated A/C. Middleton (Rec. 14), by 57-50, 70-58 and 67-40, all three games being on the black ball. A/C. Jamieson won from A/C. Swallow by 61-51, 54-25 and 59-55. In the last game Jamieson came back from 27 in arrears to take all the balls from the brown to win on the black.

In the final Swinscoe defeated Jamieson by 4 games to 2, 53-29, 23-49, 63-29, 70-27, 40-63 and 74-36. The match was witnessed by approximately 200 spectators and the game proved to be far above the average, considering the handicap they were playing under owing to an error of mine for which I apologise.

Immediately following this match, a very interesting exhibition of billiards was given by Mr. Bert Irish.

—E.D.E.

---

The visits of the Elks' and Versatiles' Concert Parties were very much appreciated during the month. On December 18th, "Blackout Revue,"—the R.C.A.F. show, will visit the Unit.

---

The R.A.F. String Ensemble, under the leadership of A/C. George Walker, gave a programme at Resthaven Sanatorium on November 12th in aid of the local Fire Services.

## A Crafty One



Aloysius Peaboddy had always had an inventive mind. Even at a tender age at school the Peaboddy peashooter which automatically shelled the peas had enjoyed an unqualified success until an unappreciative master confiscated the whole outfit.

Space does not permit mention of all the minor inventions that can be laid at Peaboddy's door, suffice it to say that this fertile brain never failed however trying the circumstances.

At the outbreak of war, Aloysius was duly conscripted into the Royal Air Force. At the recruiting depot when they learned that he was a qualified mechanic, according to old-fashioned custom, they delegated him to the sanitary squad. A little dashed at this slight misunderstanding, but nothing daunted, our Peaboddy set to in his leisure hours and invented the Peaboddy transparent hot water bottle. The idea came to him when in his barrack block he noticed that most of the erks when filling their bottle prior to retiring at night invariably filled them too full and scalded their hands. By making them transparent the level of the water could be observed—it was all too simple.

The C.O. heard of this and promptly ordered Aloysius to manufacture one for his personal use. This was fame indeed; thoughts of rapid promotion swam before his eyes as he applied himself to the construction of this order. The day arrived when proudly he presented this child of his brain. The following day he hung around the H.Q. building hoping to see the C.O. and receive the praise and perhaps, who knows, a transfer to some other section. . . . The C.O. did not appear. The M.O. said it was double pneumonia—but Aloysius said as he rested up for 168 hours, he couldn't help it if the seams had come unstuck—it was one of those things that beset all inventors.

So they posted him to Canada and here he was put on peeling potatoes. Not a mechanical job but at least you did it mechanically. One day in Victoria he saw just the one thing he had always wanted—a car. It was only marked \$50. By giving up a Burton for a week or two he decided he could manage it. It wasn't much of a car but the old Peaboddy brain was in full swing and plans were well under way. After a Trappist existence for several weeks and a few hard-earned dollars won at solo on the Peaboddy system (whereby one always chose opponents who wore glasses so that one could see the cards they held reflected in the lenses) he finally had the purchase price.

It was indeed a magnificent job—a super Packard, a trifle old, 1899 in fact, but it went. Aloysius worked on it in all his spare moments but the one thing he could not overcome was the shortage

of cash problem. After all, A.C.H's are not the best paid people on the camp and these repairs were quite expensive. His AAA4 book of coupons went quickly enough and with them went his cash.

This was the toughest problem he had ever had to solve. It obsessed his waking hours and, as the sergeant remarked, his standard of peeling had greatly deteriorated. . . And then, the great idea struck him.

He quickly set to work on fixing a secret contrivance underneath the superstructure of the car and when completed set off for a filling station which he knew was a long way from the camp, he also knew that he had just enough petrol to make the return trip.

"How many?" asked old Hank, the proprietor as Aloysius pulled up at the garage.

"Just water," our R.A.F. friend replied nonchalantly.

Old Hank looked rather disappointed but his expression changed to consternation when his customer ordered the water to be put in the tank. "In this case it's doubtful if the customer is right," thought Hank as he proceeded to undo the cap.

"Just a minute," said Aloysius, as he dropped three small pills into the tank, "Now fill her up."

Old Hank's eyes goggled. "Jeeze, what do they do?" asked the old boy as he filled the tank with water.

"Shhh! I haven't perfected it yet," said Peaboddy, "So far I can only get 20 miles a gallon but it's much easier on the engine."

"Would it be possible for me to buy a few of those pills?" questioned Hank, hopefully.

"Well, replied Aloysius, "Perhaps I could let you have a few. Here's a packet—enough for 10,000 miles—you can have 'em for twenty-five bucks."

Hank quivered with excitement as the deal was made. "Gas rationing would hold no evils for him," thought the old boy as Aloysius drove away.

It was not until the following day as he was striving to rid his car engine of water did he realise that the wily Aloysius had had a double tank!

—J.R.P.

## ADVANCE NOTICE

The R.A.F. Presents

# "SMILE"

IN THE ROYAL VICTORIA THEATRE

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 6th, 1943

In Aid of the Pat Fund

### ANNIVERSARY DINNER

On Friday, 30th October, "The Patrician" Staff entertained to dinner in Terry's Rose Room a number of well-known press and publishing personalities of Victoria. The dinner was given in appreciation of the material support given by them to our magazine since its inception in October, 1941. Their assistance has been invaluable and much of the success of "The Patrician" is due to their interest in it.

The guests were: Mr. Sandham Graves, Daily Colonist; Mr. K. Drury and Mr. A. M. Thomas, Victoria Daily Times; Mr. C. F. Banfield, The King's Printer; Mr. S. Silvester, B.C. Govt. Printing Bureau; Mr. W. H. Currie, B.C. Govt. Travel Bureau; Mr. G. A. A. Hebden, Messrs. Diggon-Hibben; Mr. F. Giolma, Victoria and Island Publicity Bureau.

Mrs. Gwen Cash, Press Representative of the Empress Hotel; Mr. E. G. Rowebottom, Deputy Minister of Trade and Industry; Mr. C. Swayne, The Daily Colonist; Mr. T. Merriman, The Victoria Daily Times and Mr. E. Porter, Messrs. Diggon-Hibben, were unable to be present.

### CONGRATULATIONS

We offer our congratulations to the following on their recent promotions and appointments:

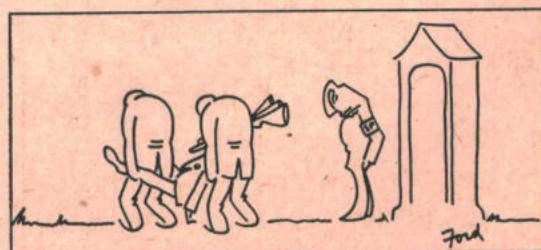
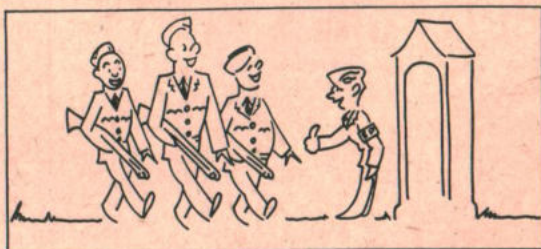
F/O. D. C. Hay to Flight Lieutenant and P/O.'s D. R. O. Ford and E. J. K. Penikett to Flying Officers.

Cpls. R. Bonner, R. King, W. Thompson, H. L. McGlade, H. Jefferies, F. Fincher, E. R. Hammond, L. Schofield, E. C. Pigg, W. Mizon and E. Ostler to Sergeants.

LAC.'s Harrison, Oliver, R. Weston, P. Wright and J. T. Speedie to Corporals.

Our best wishes are offered to F/Lt. R. L. Hanbury, Cpls. D. Bushell and S. B. Gillespie, LAC.'s C. O'Hara and D. N. Jones, A/C.'s P. Harvey and C. Bartram on their recent marriages.

We send our greetings to Shirley Ann, the baby daughter of LAC. J. Gavin.



# TALES

FROM THE

# TARMAC

Is it true that Corporal "Butch" Oldacre is going to remuster to Clerk-Stenographer?

✓ ✓ ✓

No, Willie! Sgt. P.T.I. does not mean Sergeant-Part-Time-Instructor!

✓ ✓ ✓

LAC. Reg. Sheffield, "C" Flight's multi-chrome Chart King swears he now dreams in technicolour.

✓ ✓ ✓

A lad from "A" Flight, up on the mat for being unshaven on parade, meekly explained with naivety: "You see, Sir, I was in such a dreadful hurry, I forgot to put a blade in my razor."

✓ ✓ ✓

Young Lady: "What's the difference between a Dim-out and a Black-out, Ernest?"

A/C. Ransley: "Well, dear, four Burtons make a Dim-out and eight or more make a Black-out."

✓ ✓ ✓

A/C. Dim-wit, on reading a "Punishment" entry on Orders: "Gosh! that fellow K.R. can't be so hot. He has been AC1. for years."

✓ ✓ ✓

You don't believe in Gremlins, eh? Well, ask Cpl. Anderson of Central Registry. He says they've caused him no end of worry.

✓ ✓ ✓

Corporal Frank Millen, to a would-be, though poor mimic: "'Arf a mo', bloke! Wot abaht tryin' to speak English before you imitates?" (The mimic was **not** a Scotsman).

✓ ✓ ✓

They are thinking of calling the Corporals' Club (when ready), "The Monastery," owing to the ever increasing number of Benedicts in their ranks.

✓ ✓ ✓

Overheard at a Navigation Lecture: "What is the dead centre between the City of Victoria and Sidney?" "Why, isn't it Royal Oak Cemetery?"

✓ ✓ ✓

A cross-eyed fellow, attempting a "Steve Brodie" act from one of Victoria's bridges last Summer, jumped from the parapet and hit the concrete a resounding crack. When they picked him up, he replied on regaining consciousness: "Just fancy the river frozen in June!"

—F.I.M.

## The Palomar Floor Show



With an all-professional cast, first-class artistes, and including an excellent orchestra, the "Palomar Floor Show" was presented in the Recreation Hall on the evening of Nov. 15th. The company, who had travelled from Vancouver at great inconvenience to themselves, gave their services free and provided us with two hours of excellent entertainment. The arrangements were made through F/Lt. Peter Dunn, to whom we are grateful for organising things so successfully. He also acted as compere and introduced the artistes to us.

Before the show started we wondered who Fifi was, for although the rest of the cast's photographs had been displayed, Fifi's name appeared on the board with question marks following. There was also some discussion as to how much would Yvette Dare. After opening numbers by the orchestra, we enjoyed "Charles," a perfect wizard on the harmonica, Fifi, who proved to be a very amusing clown, Julie Ballew, who has appeared at the London Palladium, and the clever and polished adagio dancing of Karren and Crockett. The boys seemed particularly amused with Julie's song "She Tried It Last Night for the First Time." I cannot remember many of the words, but there was something about "wishing she'd tried it before." "It" turned out to be ice-skating!

Lastly came Yvette Dare, who's sensational artistry was so very much appreciated. The activities of her sacred parrot "Aggaa" caused quite a flutter! After the finale "Aggaa" staged a show of his own, forsaking his perch on Yvette's wrist, he flew up to one of the beams supporting the roof, and aloofly surveyed the audience. A certain nervousness was noticeable amongst those who were sitting beneath him, they glanced anxiously upwards from time to time.

A film show was scheduled to start after the stage finale, and it seemed that "Aggaa" sat waiting for something to be shown on the screen. However, with the parrot waiting for the film to begin, and the man operating the projector waiting for "Aggaa" to come down, something of a stalemate was reached. Eventually the parrot decided he could not keep his mistress waiting any longer, and in reply to her pleas fluttered down (to the accompaniment of much applause), to perch once more on her wrist. Yvette amusingly explained it all by remarking that, "'Aggaa' has such a great sense of humour."

The whole show was thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated by all, and everyone appeared to be talking of it the next morning. We also very much appreciate the trouble that the company must have taken to provide us with such excellent entertainment.

On behalf of the Station personnel, W/Command Gibson expressed the thanks of the officers and men, and this statement was endorsed in the usual hearty R.A.F. manner.

—F.R.

MISS YVETTE DARE ~ WHO ENTERTAINED ON THE UNIT ON NOVEMBER 15<sup>TH</sup>

CPL. L. STOBART & LAC. B. PARRY MAKING UP TO BETTY GRABLE AT 20<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY FOX STUDIOS, HOLLYWOOD.

CPL. PIERCY & LAC. PATTEN WITH MISS MARJORIE CHAPMAN, WARREN WILLIAM AND MEMBERS OF THE AMERICAN ARMY AT COLUMBIA STUDIOS HOLLYWOOD ~





GAMES NIGHT - OFFICERS v N.C.O.s.

"HE ALWAYS GETS HIS MAN" -  
SNAPPED BY [A.C. LIGHT

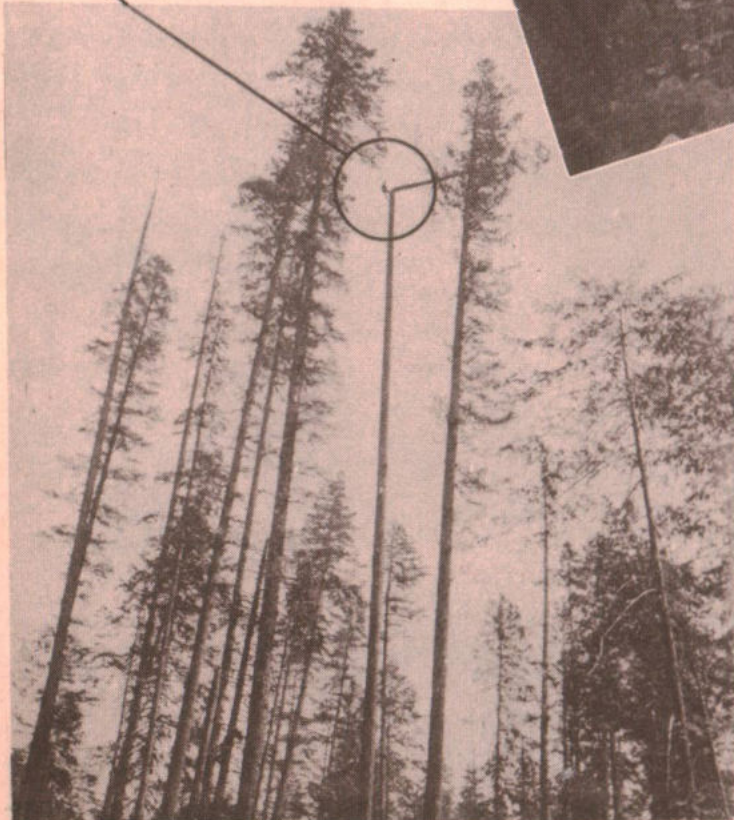
COMING THROUGH  
THE MOUNTAINS

"TIMBER!"



HERE &  
THERE

COMPETITION  
DANCE ~  
SGTS. MESS



## PADRE'S PAGE

Christmas is near again. I wonder how the first Christmas would have been reported if there had been newspapers.

"AMAZING SCENES IN THE MIDDLE EAST."

"KING BORN IN COWSHED!"

"Bethlehem, Palestine: 25th December.—Strange events were reported here this morning. Shepherds say they saw the sky brightly illuminated at a very early hour in the morning, and they distinctly heard singing and a voice directing them to visit a cowshed on the outskirts of the town. Similar experiences were told by three Iranian astrologers, who are visiting the country. They say that a moving comet, which they were observing came to rest directly above this same shed.

"Many people who came here to their native city for the census were unable to find accommodation. Among these were a north-country carpenter, who claims descent from the former royal family, and his fiancée, a girl who comes from the same town. During the night a son was born to the girl, when they were sheltering in a small cowshed.

"Some mystery surrounds the circumstances of the birth. The parents when interviewed declined to make any comment. It is claimed however by the shepherds and the astrologers that the child is the expected King and is divine. Further news is awaited."

What cynics we are, to describe in that way God becoming man. God came to us at Christmas. The maker of the starry skies became a woman's baby.

1 1 1

Last month I wrote about Christ and war, and I was attacked from two sides. I was accused of being too militaristic, of taking too little account of the evil of war. And I was accused of being too gloomy, of saying too much about the tragedy of war. Perhaps I was not so wrong! It is possible to fight and still be a Christian.

All of us believe that it is right to fight this war, but we are not so sure that it is the Christian thing to do. Christ said "Love your enemies." He did not say, "Never have enemies." That would be impossible. But when you have enemies, you ought to love them: that is, do what is best for them. We believe that what is best for Germany now is that the country should be defeated and Hitler deposed. (The best thing to do for a thief may be to lock him up in the cells). We hate Nazism, but we do not need to hate the Nazis. As for gloominess, you don't need me to tell you the world is in a mess. But what many people forget is that the root of the mess is in themselves. When we look inside ourselves, there is plenty of reason to be gloomy. But that is why we need Christmas. Remember Christ who was "God-in-a-human-life." He showed that "the heart of the Eternal is most wonderfully kind."

A Merry Christmas!

—J. C. LUSK.

## PAT FUND REACHES NEW HIGH!



Sorry about the heading but we're in Canada now.

Good show, chaps! You passed the \$300 mark this month. It's a grand effort for a fine cause. Only recently it was announced that 47,305 civilians were killed and 55,658 injured in Britain during the first three years of war. This dreadfully high total surely emphasizes the need for money to provide for dependants of these victims and to restore to them a little of the comfort they have lost.

B, C and D Flights combined to break all contribution records by handing in the magnificent sum of \$100. Much of this was obtained through raffles organised by W/O. Day who is taking such a keen interest in the Fund. One of these raffles was for five Christmas parcels to send to England. The winners were F/Lt. P. Dunn, Cpl. Goodall, LAC.'s Mundy and Parrott. Elect. & W.T. Maintenance Section appear in the list for the first time with the grand total of \$39.60—a fine start! Here again a raffle was organised and was won by LAC. Kewell.

A/C's Norris and Robertson are to be congratulated on their good work in the Recreation Hall—their collections reached a new record of \$90.46.

A/C. F. Turner of S.H.Q., organised a competition, entrants of which were asked to guess the number of sunflower seeds in a bottle. Cpl. Anderson of Central Registry won the prize of \$2.50 and gave it back to the Fund. For the information of those concerned—there were 735 seeds in the bottle.

The individual collections were as follows: B, C and D Flights, \$100; Cinema, \$90.46; Elect. & W.T. Maint. Sect., \$39.60; Equipment, \$26.70; Sgts. Mess, \$10.68; Guard Room, \$12.00; S.H.Q., \$10.00; A Flight, \$9.00; M.I. Room, \$7.00; Airmen's Mess, \$6.23; Photo Section, \$5.00; Synthetic Building, \$4.66; Officers' Mess, \$4.54; Workshops, \$3.30; "The Patrician" Office, \$1.98; Sale of Anna Neagle Photos, \$1.80; Maintenance Arm, \$1.00; "Card Sharps," 63 cents. **Total \$334.58.**

"Smile" shows were given at Fort Macaulay on November 26th and at the R.C.A.F. Station the following night.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of parcel from the Australian Comforts Fund, containing several thousand cigarettes, razor blades, matches, etc.

Photographs of Cpl. Chalmers and LAC.'s Gisbourne and Barnett are included in a number of pictures printed on the notepaper and postcards of the U.S. Army Recreational Camp, Jefferson Park, Seattle, Washington.

### WIVES IN CANADA CLUB?

"The Patrician" brings to the notice of its readers a suggestion that perhaps the wives of personnel attached to this Unit would be interested in the formation of an organisation to give them some part in the social activities of the Unit. Any ladies so minded are invited to ask their husbands to give their names to the Unit Entertainments Officer, F/Lt. B. A. M. Herbert.

### Y.M.C.A. NEWS

**COMFORTS.** 155 pullover sweaters and 449 pairs of woollen socks have been issued by the "Y" office. These goods have been supplied through the Canadian Red Cross Society and the I.O.D.E. and came at a time of year when they are most welcome.

**CINEMA SHOWS.** Sunday cinema shows are now an accomplished fact, having commenced on November 15th and will continue thereafter every Sunday at 2000 hours. This show will be open to all personnel, with the balcony reserved for Senior N.C.O's and their wives. It is also possible for airmen to attend the show in company with their wives if desired. Preceding the Sunday film, beginning at 1900 hours, there will be a sing-song for half an hour followed by half an hour of music. In connection with the musical programme, it is hoped that outstanding artistes may be brought in from outside to provide special entertainment from time to time.

—L.L.

### "THE PATRICIAN" PHOTOGRAPHS

Orders for photographs appearing in "The Patrician" must be placed before the 7th of the month, e.g., Pictures in this issue must be ordered before the 7th December. No back copies can be obtained and no orders will be accepted after the 7th of each month. We regret having to make these rules but we feel that our readers will understand when they realise that all this work is done in spare time.

## IMPORTANT!

Next month "The Patrician" will cost 15c per copy due to the loss of advertising revenue. This means that the subscription rates will also be increased.

Will all subscribers please pay the extra cost of their current subscriptions before the January number is published? Failure to do this may result in the magazine not being sent. The new Subscription Rates are as follows: 3 months 50c, 6 months \$1.00, 1 year \$2.00.

Civilians are not allowed to PURCHASE copies of "The Patrician" but Service personnel may give as many copies as they wish to their civilian friends.

# NOTES ≈ NEWS ≈ NONSENSE

A musical concert was given by the R.A.F. String Ensemble on Tuesday, November 10th in the Y.M.C.A. Canteen. A large number of the Station personnel were present and the programme was very much appreciated.

✓ ✓ ✓

Catering Officer's Lament—

I used to love the human race,  
But now I feed its silly face,  
'Twould take a better man than I  
Even to love it passing by. —R.D.H.S.

✓ ✓ ✓

F/Lt. B. A. M. Herbert is giving a series of lectures on "Radio" at 1800 hours every Wednesday in the Photographic Lecture Room in the Synthetic Building.

✓ ✓ ✓

Twinkle, twinkle little star,  
She took a ride in her boy friend's car  
What she did she's not admittin'  
But what she's knittin' is not for Britain.

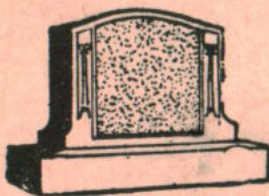
✓ ✓ ✓

At the Airmen's Dance on November 3rd, the spot dance prizes were won by LAC. and Mrs. Greenhalgh, Miss Lilian Stokes and LAC. T. Mitchell.

✓ ✓ ✓

The Unit contributed \$5,000 to the recent Victory Loan Campaign.

✓ ✓ ✓



John Stone, Brewer, is buried here,  
In life he was both hale and stout  
Death brought him to this bitter bier  
And now in heaven he hops about.

## RAYE'S TAVERN

... on Sidney's Main Drag

The Dance Floor has now been laid and the cooks employed

You had better come and see it—

You don't HAVE to go to Victoria.

A C.O. in Eastern Canada 'phoned the Ladies' Guild to ask if some of them could come over and sew wings on some airmen who had just passed out!

1 1 1

Erk: "What is the charge for this battery?"

Salesman: "One and a half volts."

Erk: "How much is that in English money?"

1 1 1

The airmen of — Squadron wish to express their thanks to the pilots of No. 9 Course for their appreciation of the work of the ground crews and the material way in which it was expressed.

1 1 1

The morning after the night before  
Our cat came home at the hour of four,  
The innocent look in her eyes had went,  
But the smile on her face was a smile of content.

1 1 1

He: "You have the most beautiful lips, your throat is gorgeous, your shoulders are divine——"

She: "What about my eyes?"

He: "I'm not going that way."

1 1 1

The November Dance at the Crystal Garden made a profit of \$75 for Station Funds.

1 1 1

F/O. R. D. Hilton Smith is giving a series of talks on "Writers of To-day," every Thursday at 1800 hours in the Photographic Lecture Room, Synthetic Training Building.

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"Farewell and Thanks"**

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**35¢ including skates and checking — 40¢ Saturdays**

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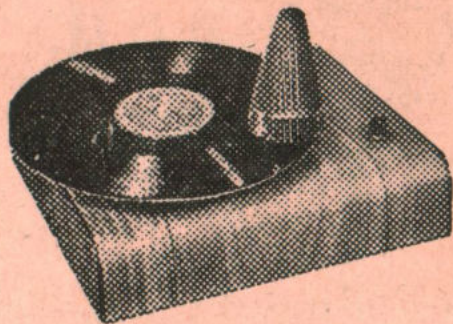


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