

The Patrician



The Magazine of the
Royal Air Force
British Columbia



"HERE'S TO A HAPPY NEW YEAR"

Vol. 3

JANUARY - 1943

No. 4

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EDITORS:

F/O. R. D. HILTON SMITH AND CPL. C. GOSLEY

PRODUCTION MANAGER:

CPL. C. GOSLEY

EDITORIAL STAFF:

F/O. D. R. O. FORD, D.F.C.; SGT. E. A. INGLEFIELD (Caricatures and Cartoons)
L.A.C. F. REED and L.A.C. L. V. ROBERTS (General)

PHOTOGRAPHERS:

L.A.C. F. REED and L.A.C. W. WHARTON

ACCOUNTS:

CPL. M. ROBSON

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Beacon Hill Park, Victoria, B. C.



Vol. 4, No. 2

MAY, 1943

15 CENTS

When a man has been associated with an enterprise from its beginning, has played a prominent part in its progress, and in so doing has made a host of friends, the day when he has to sever his active connection with it is a sad day for him and for those he leaves behind. In the departure of S/Ldr. J. R. Pearson the Unit has lost one of its pioneer officers, this magazine one of its founders and editors, and all of us the company, though not the lasting influence, of a very good friend.

When S/Ldr. Pearson arrived here with the Advance Party in August, 1941, the camp consisted of a few huts on a sea of mud and a lot of blueprints in the contractor's office. Those who remember their own struggles in the mud of 1941-2 will not need reminding how difficult a task he had in helping to set a whole Unit on its feet. As Senior Administrative Officer his was a strenuous and exacting job. His activities touched the work of the Unit at so many points that it is not possible to record them in any detail here, but he has left the stamp of his personality in many parts of this R.A.F. community.

However hard he was pressed by other duties he always found time and energy, often when he could ill spare either, for his chief interest—the wellbeing of the personnel, and more particularly of the rank and file. He had a keen eye for shams but a sympathetic ear for a good cause or a good idea. Many past and present members of the Unit have reason to be grateful for his advice and help in personal as well as official matters.

We often twitted him about the number of times his photograph appeared in these pages, but this was a measure of his interest in our leisure-time activities. A fine golfer, he founded the Unit Golf Club and played in most of its matches, took part in other sports, and gave every possible encouragement to the sporting activities of the Unit.

Other ventures which had his early support and owe much to his continued interest are the Unit Dance Band, the "Smile" Show and, of course, this magazine. So well did he know the "Smile" Show script that if any of the cast "fluffed" their lines when "the Manager" happened to be in the wings, they had no fears of a breakdown. He could prompt from memory.

A tribute of this kind must necessarily be something of a cross between a "Who's Who" entry and a testimonial, and can give only a very incomplete picture of the man as we knew him. But most of us will have private recollections of those personal qualities which made working with "J.R." such a pleasant experience, and these will be refreshed by the appreciation by the Commanding Officer which we publish below.

In wishing him the best of luck and success in the future we speak not only for the whole Unit but also for his many local friends. We thank him for all that he has done for the Unit, and hope that he will always look back to his days here with as much pleasure as we shall have in recalling our happy association with him.

On his departure the "Patrician" staff presented S/Ldr. Pearson with a framed group cartoon in colours by F/O. Ford, and the cast of the "Smile" Show with Cpl. Slater's statuette "Erk," mounted on an inscribed mahogany plinth. We know that these will be treasured possessions and we can assure him that when he looks at them the regard will be mutual.

—THE EDITORS

FROM THE COMMANDING OFFICER . . .

Not being a P.B. mud swaddler of 41-42, I have to speak with diffidence of the old boys like S/Ldr. Roy Pearson. However, the original members of the Unit are rapidly (?) being sacked and returned u/s to the U.K., and in addition I think I can claim to have known S/Ldr. Pearson longer than anyone in this Unit.

I met him on September 2, 1939, when I landed at Rheims, Champagne, aerodrome. A young looking chap (in mufti) came up and introduced himself as our interpreter. I remember he spoke English quite well, even as judged by an Irishman. He said, "Sir, when can I have a uniform? I have no authority in these clothes." He duly got his R.A.F. blue with leather buttons and was given the job of arranging billets for all ranks in various villages. He of course got on in his charming diplomatic manner with the French and with the R.A.F. The "erks" were happy to sleep on Pearson's straw in a barn and his officer friends enjoyed the wine which the billet landlords pushed out on pay-day.

He knew little of service ways (I don't think he enjoyed C.O.'s rounds on Wednesdays to the day he left) but his business experience helped him, and his natural interest in psychology and understanding of human nature did the rest.

He loved the airmen; he took a wholehearted, unselfish interest in seeing they were properly looked after, but at the same time he rigidly upheld the standards of discipline and behaviour expected of those in uniform. I learnt his worth in 1939 under trying conditions. I saw my opinion confirmed here under better ones.

Not only is he a friend of mine for his own charm and character but because he saved me work and worry. I knew I could leave

things to him and that he would see the erks were in all ways well looked after in work and in their spare time. He liked to be left to run his own show and I had complete confidence in leaving him so to do. I know everyone was grateful for what he did and all will feel as I do—who could have done better? To him the best of luck and thanks.

And now as I know he'd wish whole-hearted support to his successor in the job, S/Ldr. Johnson, and in "The Patrician," F/O. Hilton Smith—may they keep the J.R. flag flying on high.

—S. L. G. POPE.

from S/Ldr J. R. Pearson

To the Editors:—

It was indeed a sad moment for me when the time came to actually leave the Unit which I had seen grow from its very infancy and to which I had become so attached and where I had spent the best part of two very happy years.

I had intended making a tour of all the sections before leaving to say "good-bye" but at the last minute I couldn't face it. Good-byes are always unpleasant incidents and I would prefer to think that I shall meet most of you again so soon that it is merely an "au revoir."

I send my sincerest good wishes to all the personnel of the Unit and should any wish to write me at any time I can always be found via Lloyds Bank, 6 Pall Mall. I would much appreciate hearing from them.

God bless,

Sincerely,

Roy Pearson

O.O.: "Any complaints?"

Erk: "Yes sir, this tea."

O.O.: "What's wrong with it?"

Erk: "It's not tea, sir, it's hot water browned off."

What! NO DREAM?



Jones sat himself towards the head of his bed, wriggled down between the sheets, rolled over, and bestowed upon me one of his greatest face splitting, yard-wide grins.

"Best place in the Air Force this," he said. "Definitely the best spot in the whole firm."

During the next five minutes he gnashed his teeth forty-three times, snored twice, and slept like the innocent babe he isn't.

Then I, too, crept into bed and lay thinking of the present mode of life and the great and gallant days when that stern taskmaster, Bacchus, led one gently and swiftly to the calm and restful arms of Morpheus. Ah, well. How swiftly comes the brave new day, so infinitely futile. . . .

Bowyer stuck a surprisingly clean face through the intercomm. hatch and shouted, "Is there any bombing today, Flight?"

"Eh? What? Get a haircut. No."

F/O. MacKenzie paused in his lecture on the "Post-war stability of the Canadian dollar" and looked around hopefully.

"Who is Joe?" he asked. Silently I cursed Bowyer and took a furtive glance at my watch; ten past ten, I looked at the door. No, too obvious. "Watts! Is Watts there? Watts!!"

"Yes, Sergeant, do you require something?"

"Yes, cokes and two doughnuts apiece. Here are two dollars."

". . . of course, there are advantages and disadvantages in the fact that the Canadian dollar and the American dollar are so closely linked, because eventually . . ."

"I want six doughnuts."

"Will you refrain from interrupting me, Mr. Durward, I'm just at a very delicate point. As I was saying, the Canadian dollar and the . . ." "Seventeen cents change, Sergeant. Flight Sergeant Sewell and Sergeant Craig wanted two ham sandwiches each. That's four ham sandwiches, twelve doughnuts, . . . W. O. Durward always has six, . . . five cokes and an orange in here, then there's eight of the boys . . ."

"GET OUT!!!"

'Struth! I'll forget myself one of these days, and use physical violence against that long, useless streak

Then I pinched myself very hard, but believe me, it was no ruddy dream this time.

—E.G.P.



S/L. J.R. PEARSON HANDS OVER EDITORSHIP OF "THE PATRICIAN" TO F/O. R.D. HILTON SMITH

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GRACIE FIELDS
ENTERTAIN
CPL. S. LOTT
AT THEIR
SANTA MONICA
HOME
||



||
LAC. BILL MIDDLETON
GRACIE FIELDS
AND
LAC. JACK WILKS
||

NEWS

FROM THE OFFICERS' MESS

The result of constant enquiries around the Mess for "gossip, wit and wisdom" for inclusion on this page enables one to draw the conclusion, that, on the basis of no news being good news, the news is definitely good.

A "trial" cocktail party and dance held on Friday, April 2nd for an outgoing course was well attended by Staff Officers. The trial was to discover how the function stood up to the new liquor restrictions. It is gratifying to note that the party was a distinct success.

✓ ✓ ✓

There was some concern over the prospective posting of the only Unit barber from the Station. Fears were allayed on the information that F/O. Allen had discovered one of the leading hairdressers in the district. His wife has expressed herself highly satisfied! S/Ldr. Simmonds is rumoured to have had a "bob" also, but no reports from his lady friends are yet recorded.

✓ ✓ ✓

In sport, the snooker competition is still in progress and the golf knock-out tournament organised last "fall" is now, with the advent of spring, beginning to show signs of life. The Officers won the Inter-Section Table Tennis League, the most regular players on the team being F/Lt. Smith, F/O. Ruocco, P/O.'s Butt and Rabone. The team of Officers representing the R.A.F. in the Inter-Service golf tournament at Colwood on Sunday, April 11th, were successful in the main event, the nett medal handicap. There were only six players available on the date, but other golfers should not miss this well organised tournament. The cup was duly converted to a "flowing bowl" on its arrival in the Mess. S/Ldr. Armitage, who forfeited \$2 for beating par, has explained that from an accounting point of view he was satisfied as he was financially "up" on the day. The team was represented by W/Cdr. Gibson, S/Ldr. Armitage, F/O.'s Hamilton and Hollis, and P/O.'s Blackshaw and Peterkin. It is with very deep regret that we have to record the death of the last-named officer as a result of a flying accident a few days later.

✓ ✓ ✓

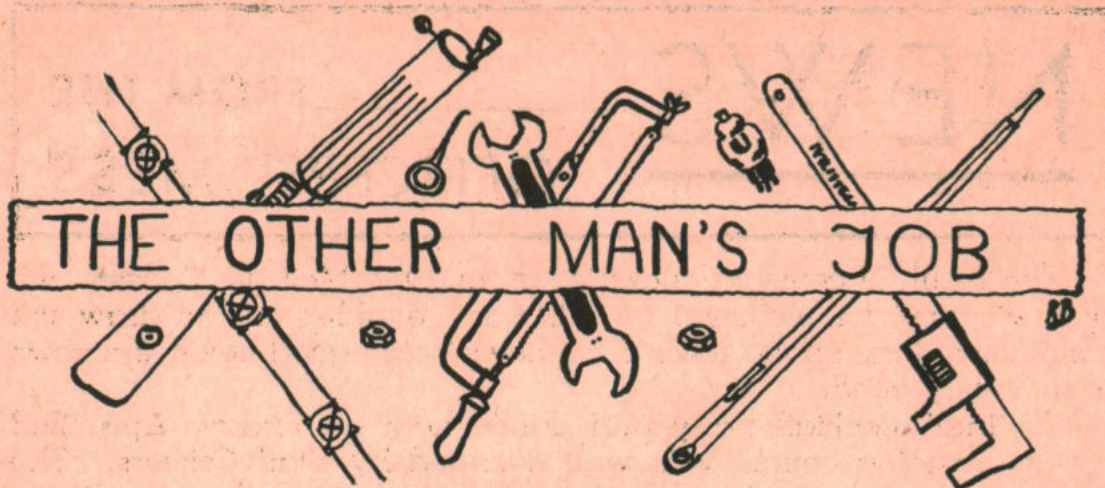
F/Lt. Hamilton has at last got a "best blue."

✓ ✓ ✓

As a result of the big "advertising" campaign on C.O.'s parades, it is noted that many officers are wearing later models of the ceremonial hat.

✓ ✓ ✓

F/Lt. Herbert is to be congratulated on the provision of music on a recent parade. Whilst S/Ldr. Wilde and F/Lt. Shaw were heard to express satisfaction at the varying tempos, it is felt that a happy medium would meet the requirements of officers of average height.



No. 20—NAVIGATION INSTRUCTOR

It is quite outside the scope of this work to discuss in full or even in part the art of AIR NAVIGATION. (The interested reader can refer himself to one of several excellent books on this subject). But it would be as well to note that Air Navigation is the art of conducting an aircraft from A to B and that without it all air operations must cease to function. That it is an art is indisputable and consequently only the cleverest of us are ever considered for this job. Ex hypothesi, navigation instructors i.e. the members of a Navigation Section are men of outstanding ability and great personal charm. That they need ability is too obvious to require elaboration. That they need charm is perhaps not so clear, and so a dissertation on the ingredients of this all embracing charm would not be out of place.

Firstly then a Navigation Instructor must be tactful and must possess a highly developed though occasionally misguided sense of courtesy. This is necessary both in dealing with his subordinates and with his superiors. Before putting over his facts or gen the Navigation Instructor must study the attitude of his class and so ensure that he does not exploit their weakness. Were he to do so, he would only buy cheap popularity from the cleverer members and ensure his final damnation by the others. These latter would then be loath to ask further questions and so would fail to benefit from his vast experience. He must, therefore, while keeping a straight face, explain in words of not more than one syllable exactly why two and two equal four and not five, a fact which is frequently overlooked by pupil navigators. This tactful characteristic of the writer prevents him from stating why the Navigation Instructor has to be tactful with his superiors as well.

Secondly he must be patient. His long hours from early in the morning till late at night, casting forth veritable pearls of wisdom would exhaust a modern Hercules. The tiresome waiting between his allotted lecture periods, when there is a surging within his breast to inform the young and inexperienced would have been the despair of Ulysses' wife. And then those frequent periods on Duty Watch lasting until the early hours—periods which are fraught with anxiety, not because he anticipates a navigational failure (for has he not

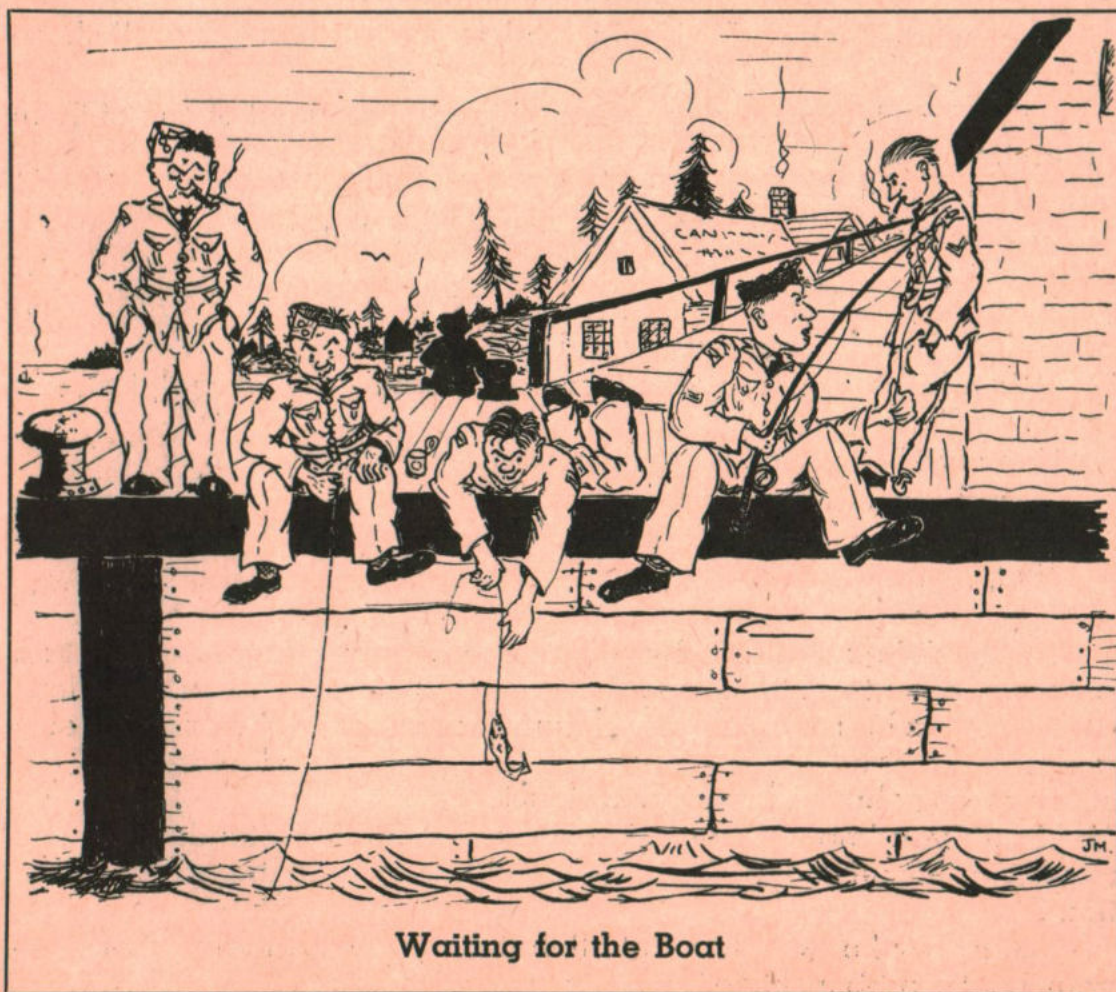
taught them himself?) but because the weather may close in or engines may fail. These are some of the trials and tribulations of the Navigation Instructor.

The last ingredient of our instructor's charm must needs be his sense of humour, which he knows full well will enable him to see light whilst all around is darkness, and which will enable him in spite of everything to carry on.

—A. Hd.-C.

CHORAL SOCIETY

This society held its first meeting a few weeks ago but has not had the support it needs to make it a real success. For the benefit of those officers and men who cannot make up their minds whether to join or not, it is pointed out that the work undertaken is of a very light nature. Simple shanties and part songs are included in the work we would like to cover, yet this cannot be done unless we have more members. So if you like to sing, give us your aid. Details of meetings can be obtained from Cpl. Webb, Sports Store.



The Search

The barrack-room was standing by its beds; twenty airmen in their trousers and shirts, with everything else they possessed in the world spread out neatly on their blankets.

"I may as well tell you," announced Flight-Lieutenant Crabtree from the door, "that this is not a kit inspection, as you were given to understand. Two \$5 bills are missing from a locker in this room, and you are now going to be searched. Carry on, N.C.O.'s!"

We streamed officiously up the room. We had examined men's feet and we had examined men's clothes, but this was something new to us.

I went to a bed in the top corner. The owner was a short grey-haired airman, with a criminal face if ever I saw one. He scowled at me horribly, but would not meet my eye. I started with his holdall, squeezing it in my hands, listening for the crackle of two \$5 bills. There was no crackle, but a darning-needle penetrated deeply into the ball of my thumb.

"Found something?" asked the sergeant at the next bed, who was engaged in holding about a hundred cheap envelopes up to the light.

"Not what I wanted," I said, and to the airman—"unroll those socks!"

He unrolled them, slowly. Something fluttered out of one of them on to the bed.

"What's that?"

"Toffee-paper, Corp. Keep chocolate an' toffee in me socks for safety."

I unrolled the other socks myself. Three bars of chocolate and one of Oh Henry were my reward.

"Why have you two cap-comforters when the official issue is only one?"

He moved from one foot to the other.

"Hand me that tin cash-box affair."

He did so. It was locked. I held out my hand for the key.

"But, Corp——"

"Come along, come along!"

The cash-box contained a number of soiled paper-bags. I laid out their contents on the suspect's spare pair of trousers: an enormous piece of cook-house cake; an enormous piece of cook-house cheese; a dozen assorted toffees; half a pound of assorted biscuits; three slices of cook-house bread, near-toast.

"Don't you know it's an offence against Station Standing Orders to bring foodstuffs out of the cook-house into your living accommodation?"

"Well, you know now. Put all that muck away again. Let's see your boots, rubber, knee."

There was another enormous piece of cook-house cheese in the left boot, but no \$5 bills in either. I went through the pockets of his spare tunic next, then his spare trousers, then his greatcoat. Then I did all his webbing, from kicking-strap to water-bottle-carrier. I blew into his water-bottle, and a cloud of dust flew out and all but choked me. Then I looked in his tube of shaving-cream, sternly inspected seven full boxes of matches, making what is known as a "percentage check"—that is, turning out the contents of three of them and telling him to put them back again, took his electric torch to pieces and shook all the bits. No \$5 bills.

I tore the lining out of his steel helmet and threw it in the corner. I made him unroll his gas cape and shake it; then his ground-sheet and shake that. I pulled his respirator out of its case, also his eye-shields and his tubes of No. 2 Anti-Gas ointment.

"What are these cigarettes doing in your respirator-case? I demanded sternly. "Don't you know it's an offence to carry unauthorized articles in your respirator-case?"

"Yes, Corp."

I confiscated the cigarettes. Then I closely examined ten packets of cigarette-papers which I found stuffed in his plimsolls, and tapped an unopened tin of condensed milk all over from top to bottom.

"Where did this tin of condensed milk come from?"

"'Ome, Corp."

"I don't believe you."

He pursed his lips but made no reply.

I shook out his polishing-cloth and threw it under the bed. I unfolded his towel, shook it, hurled it into the corner. Then I examined his boot-brushes, screwed all his clean laundry up into a ball, listening for the crackle of \$5 bills. His clean pants crackled deafeningly, and a packet of potato crisps fell heavily to the floor, bursting on impact.

"Clear that mess up," I said.

Then I told him to strip the slip off his pillow, shake it and turn it inside out. Next he unfolded his blankets, shook them and handed them to me one by one. A number of periodicals of an exotic nature showered out on to the bed, together with much parcel-wrapping, two large and partially-decayed pears and a quantity of knotted string. I hurled everything but the pears into the corner.

I was searching the lining of his spare forage-cap when voices were raised at the far end of the room. Presently a man was led away, hanging his head.

"Right," I said to my suspect—"now straighten all this shemozzle up, double-quick!"

"Yes, Corp. 'Ave they found 'im, Corp?"

"Looks like it. Come along, get cracking on this mess!"

"Okay, Corp. When shall I get my ten dollars back, Corp?"

"Not until after the court-martial. They'll want it to produce as ev—. WHAT!"

An Aussie Looks at Canada



When the news came around that we were not going to New Guinea and that Rhodesia would never see us, I was very pleased to hear that we were going to the U.K. via Canada. I had met Americans and had a pretty good idea of what to expect from the films I had seen, but Canada was a closed book to me. I knew the country was vast and wild, and that the chief pests were blizzards and wolves, but I did not know quite what to expect of the people. The reading I had done in my youth led me to believe that the inhabitants were either Mounties, Indians or the men whom the latter hid from the former, until at last the Mounties got their man. These people seemed to live in an icebound land where to stray from your hut without a bottle of cough mixture meant certain death from pneumonia.

Well, I was not disappointed in the quantity of ice and snow I found. I had seen snow in the pictures, but never in real life until we crossed the Rockies. I shall never forget the day I hurled my first snowball; there were Australians clad in pyjamas and dressing gowns out of the train as quickly as they could fall out and playing in the snow as I have only seen children play in this country. And speaking of children their accuracy with snowballs was a source of wonder and discomfort to us when we settled in a prairie town for a while.

To our surprise the natives seem to be in an advanced stage of civilization, and lived in cities which were designed more on conventional lines than the log cabin village I had expected. All that I can say about the people is that the warmth of their hospitality more than outweighed the chilliness of their country, and but for the twang in their speech, which seems to be a compromise between the English and American way of talking, I could easily have been at home.

The chaps I have met in the Air Force have a lot in common with our boys, in addition to a picturesque vocabulary, of which I could tell the folks at home about one-half and all of which has had an enriching effect on my way of speech. Of the fair sex in Canada, discretion makes me admit only that they are, on the average, very good looking and that Winnipeg deserves the reputation of having the most beautiful girls in Canada, which is only slightly less than saying the world.

The dancing on the prairie, with its music that had a swing all its own, with a piano, accordion, a fiddle and a couple of other instruments going to town on one of the old old one-steps, was something new, and I liked it very much. It was rather a shock to

find that the Canadian barn-dance is apparently an exclusively Australian dance, and we will have to change its name when we get home.

Apart from that I have only one complaint about Canada and that is the coating of ice on the streets in the winter, which is a tender subject with me. If this could be remedied and Canada were not so remote from Australia, I would say that the country has a great future.

—F.B.P.

"Smile" Show Notes

April has been the most hectic month in the history of the Show—seven performances and many rehearsals being held.

A show at Esquimalt raised \$30 for the Community Club, another at Colwood resulted in over \$180 being handed over to the Canadian Legion War Work Fund. \$37.50 was the result of a performance at Keating in aid of "The Pat Fund." A broadcast programme from CJVI appealed for funds for the Queen Alexandra Solarium and another concert is to be given at The Gorge on April 28 in aid of the Red Cross. (So far this year war charities have benefitted by about \$3,400). Servicemen's entertainments include the Sidney Hostess House and our own "Smile" Show on April 27 (about which more will be given in our next issue).

May also shows signs of being a busy month, an invitation to visit Tacoma and to give a repeat performance in Seattle have been accepted. The schedule includes two charity performances to civilians, two shows to the services, an invitation to sell War Bonds and two broadcasts—all in a "48." Then probably a big show in the Royal Victoria Theatre and another at the R.C.N. Barracks.

Sincere thanks to Mrs. McVie and the members of the Esquimalt Community Club and Mrs. Mitchell and members of the South Saanich Women's Institute for their magnificent response to our appeal for old clothes for use as "props." This splendid collection of dresses, suits, wigs and accessories should in no small measure enhance all future performances.

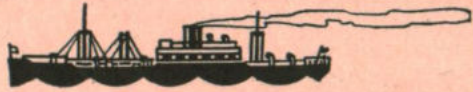
—J.G.

"You look sweet enough to eat," the erk told his girl.
"I do eat," she replied. "Let's go."

1 1 1

Glee Club. New members are needed for the Male Voice Choir—anyone interested, whether they have previous experience or not, is asked to get in touch with Cpl. Webb, Sports Store.

Arrivals and Departures



To those few lucky blokes whose dreamboat arrived sometime during the month, that group of newcomers to the Unit was a cheering sight. The time the veterans had looked forward to so much for the past twenty months or so had arrived. Some of the new arrivals were already looking ahead to the day when their boat would arrive to take them back to their homeland, although most of them were glad to be here in a country where the life was so different from the severely war-restricted existence they had just left. Their one regret was that they had to leave behind their families and friends.

Sgt. Mahar of Liverpool was impressed by the beauty of Vancouver Island, and particularly the voyage from Vancouver,—he wasn't very impressed by what he had seen of the rest of Canada.

Sgt. Pearson, Cheltenham, said the first thing he did on arrival was "woof" bacon and eggs which in Britain were scarcer than gold. He also remarked on the change of temperature they had experienced, freezing in the East and warm and sunny in the West.

A.C. Bill Brinkworth of London, along with several others, remarked on the generous hospitality of the Canadian people, especially at Winnipeg, where they were given an official reception. Many of the newcomers were impressed by the lights and the plentiful supply of food and fruit, but A.C. "Pop" Woodhouse was most impressed by renewing his acquaintance with white bread!

Regarding Britain we learned that the folk back home have enough to eat, "bags of beer and cigarettes" (at a price) and entertainments as usual. They're still keeping their chins up and are likely to keep on doing so. The Yanks are having a good time and are very popular with the girls. The manufacture of ice cream has ceased. Suggestions for parcels included cosmetics, soap, stockings, shoes, writing pads, handbags, combs, wool, chocolate, cigarette lighters, cigarette papers, watches and torch batteries.

In welcoming these new arrivals we must record a word of regret at the departure of so many of our old friends—those chaps we all knew by sight but perhaps not all by name. In sharing the trials and tribulations of building a new station from the very beginning one gets to know each other so well and we are sure that many who have left will take with them pleasant memories of their stay on Vancouver Island. With the hope that we'll meet again in the near future we wish them a good voyage and the best of luck.

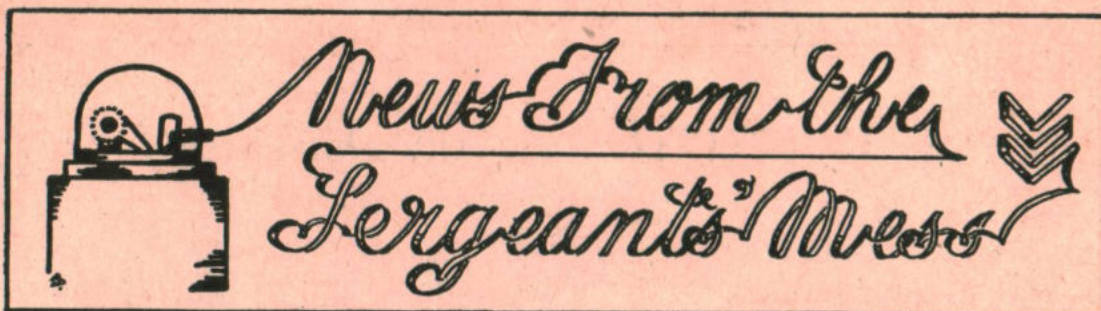
—J.G.

FROM THE OLD COUNTRY





THEY KEEP 'EM FLYING



News From the Sergeant's Mess

This month our Mess must certainly snatch an honour, for we have a member to whom even the Commanding Officer has to look up.

In order that Mr. Middleton may send last month's magazine home, we must state that he has arranged for "the Boat" for the fourth Tuesday after the ninth rain, which falls on the 42nd August—year not specified.

Then there was the Australian who rang up from the Flights and ordered a late supper, and to his amazement received a "light supper." We sincerely hope that it was not Sgt. Power!

In view of the fact that the Mess beer quota lasts nearly an hour each evening, we consider ourselves extremely lucky that F/Sgt. Preece lives out.

Raising our foreheads from the ground the other day, we found that several adjacent prayer mats were vacant. Looking further we espied an equivalent number of figures rapidly growing smaller in the distance. They were going Eastward. Our perspiring brows struck the floor again, and our supplications rose to a frenzied scream. So we were left to wish our erstwhile companions in distress, the very best of luck.

Our Test Pilot ambled into the Public Bar, propped himself against the wall, and drew circles in the sawdust with his toe. F/Sgt. Makin, full of fatherly solicitude for one of his chickens, asked the cause of his depression. "Just come from Victoria," he growled, "First b— cemetery with street lights I've ever seen!"

Pride goeth before a fall—F/Sgt. I'Anson, said to be expecting his "long-distance" medal, suddenly gets his first Good Conduct Badge—some of us are at a loss to understand even that.

The Australian contingent, led by Sgt. Wilson, suddenly requested to be initiated into certain R.A.F. ritual. What a let down for friend Power.

... "Oh, congratulations, Flight!"

IMPORTANT. Owing to the impending departure of the driveller who pens this page, another ditto will soon be required. See Editors regarding salary, material, etc.!

Wag Wizard . . . the Dot-Dash Duke



Wag Wizard liked courses, if it was only for the purpose of failing them. In his very earliest days he fell more than he walked. He was an unbalanced boy. At school Wag's chums liked him to be about the place at exam time as a buffer between bottom place and themselves. At rigger he was the biggest fumbler on the field. In the summer sun no batsman felt a sinking feeling when a catch went out Wag's way, because Wag wouldn't dismiss a man all by himself; it wasn't his idea of cricket. So you see he was always fumbling; he was a born fumbler.

When Wag went to war Hitler wasn't worried. When called up, Wag wangled himself into the R.A.F. He had heard of the Empire but mostly in connection with the chorus. Then he found his name included bang in the middle of the big Air Training scheme itself, so he left the girls and Britain behind and proceeded, as a u/t pilot, to plough up every airfield he could find in Canada. Even his instructor thought he was bad. When it got to the stage where the aircraft factories couldn't keep pace with his consumption, Wag was told to leave the cockpit to those who could. He was remustered as a u/t Wireless Operator Air Gunner. Wag's aim with a gun would have wounded the pride of William Tell; that's all. How he got through the signals school remains a mystery to this day. It was in winter on the prairie and it was rumoured that the drafting people got his surname mixed, Wizard mixed up with Blizzard, and he passed out with the weather report.

So with the fortunes of war he found himself in a new intake on Vancouver Island. Then they did something which really shook him. After the intake exam they put his name up alone; in a class by himself. Wag realised for the first time in his life that this one-man-class automatically put him at the top of the class as well as his usual place at the bottom. This delicately poised position was too much for him. There was only one way out—he must work himself into the regular class. Feverishly, night and day, he could be found limbering-up on a morse key. He worked it out that if he could move his arm in rhythm one thousand and twenty times a minute he would be doing thirty-four words per minute at morse. Half that would give him seventeen, a near pass. He turned his attention to the Marconi set. It became almost his personal property to the exclusion of everybody else. The "jeeps" trembled and just back-tuned themselves when Wag approached. His pals misunderstood his new found enthusiasm for gun aiming.

At the end of the first month the preliminary examinations placed Wag in the middle of the list, still precariously poised between top and bottom. Wag then made a big decision. He figured that a few

more movements of the arm would give him twenties at morse and that a bit of binding of Sigs. Org. would put that shaky bit straight, so that all that remained was to get the bead on the target, and he might as well be "top" as "bottom." Of course there was a bit more to it than that; he had by now got the progress bug in his blood. He "flew" through the finals. Apart from the fact that his pencil broke in the morse test, Wag never looked like a loser. Even then the spare pencil was there and he could by now catch up and carry a few letters in his head. Not one single error and first past the post.

It seems fantastic I know, and you may not believe my story, but remember that every dog has his day and it's a poor tale that has no Wag.

—CASSIUS

Musical Merry-Go-Round



This month we bid "Adieu" to L.A.C. Bob Hale who has been the Dance Band's crooner for the past year, having taken part in all the "Smile" Shows to date. In thanking Bob for his whole-hearted assistance, we wish him the best of luck, at the same time extending a welcome to his successor, L.A.C. Jim Crawley.

Another new face in the Dance Band line-up is that of Doug. Fillary, who has taken over the drums. Though new to the band, Doug. is quite an old stager on the Unit, having been here since the "mud-pie" days.

Strange to say, the "Band-Wagon" has had a very smooth run during the past few weeks and a "NIL RETURN" is rendered in respect of technical hitches, fits of amnesia, and other last minute sensations.

Judging by the size of the audience and the volume of applause, the recent appearance of the Dance Orchestra and String Ensemble at the Airmen's Canteen was very much appreciated, and in answer to many requests, Sgt. Brohn promised to arrange another "Session" pretty soon.

We are still on the look-out for additional members, especially in the brass and wood-wind sections, and any aspiring musician who cares to call on Sgt. Brohn at the Recreation Hall will receive a sympathetic hearing.

—F.I.M.

"Henry wants me to take a trip 'round the world," said the bright young wife, "but I'd rather go somewhere else."

THE PAT FUND

And the Red Cross

The following is an extract from a letter received by Mayor McGavin, of Victoria, from the Lord Mayor of London, acknowledging the receipt of £510 to the Air Raid Victims' Fund. Of this amount, £384 was contributed by this Unit.

"I note that R.A.F. personnel have largely contributed towards this gift.

"I am very grateful for this further generous donation and shall be glad if my sincere thanks can be conveyed to the citizens of Victoria and the R.A.F. personnel for their kind support of my fund. Yours faithfully, Samuel G. Joseph, Lord Mayor."

There has again been an excellent response this month, with the Recreation Hall breaking their own record and we must congratulate those responsible for the collections. The Armourers are also to be congratulated for their total of nearly \$58.

Individual amounts are as follows: Cinemas and Concerts, \$150; Training Wing, Armament Section, \$46.76; Accounts, \$25; "House," \$21.36; Stores, \$15.63; Guard Room, \$12; Unit Gun Room, \$11.27; Loan of "Patrician" Negatives, \$10; Officers' Mess, \$6.46; M.I. Room, \$6.20; "Patrician" Office, \$6; S.H.Q. Orderly Room, \$5; F/O. R. Hollis, \$3; Training Wing, Navigation Stores (L.A.C. Lyle), \$1.36; Anonymous, \$1; proceeds from "Smile" Show at South Saanich Women's Institute, \$37.50. **Total, \$358.54.**

The result of the Red Cross Drive on the Unit amounted to \$550. W/O. Day was largely responsible for the creditable sum of \$100 being collected from "B," "C" and "D" Flights.

The Unit Gun Cleaning Room quickly answered the "Smile" Show Radio Appeal for funds for the Queen Alexandra Solarium by sending in a donation of \$2.70, collected chiefly through the efforts of Cpl. Speedie.

CONGRATULATIONS

Heartiest congratulations to F/Sgt. J. T. Seeley on receiving a Mentioned in Despatches Certificate.

On their recent appointments and promotions we also offer the following our congratulations: P/O.'s R. J. Curtis, G. B. Milne and H. Murphy to Flying Officer; Sgt. N. Dukes to Flight Sergeant; Cpl. C. W. Kearley to Sergeant; L.A.C. H. Palmer to Corporal.

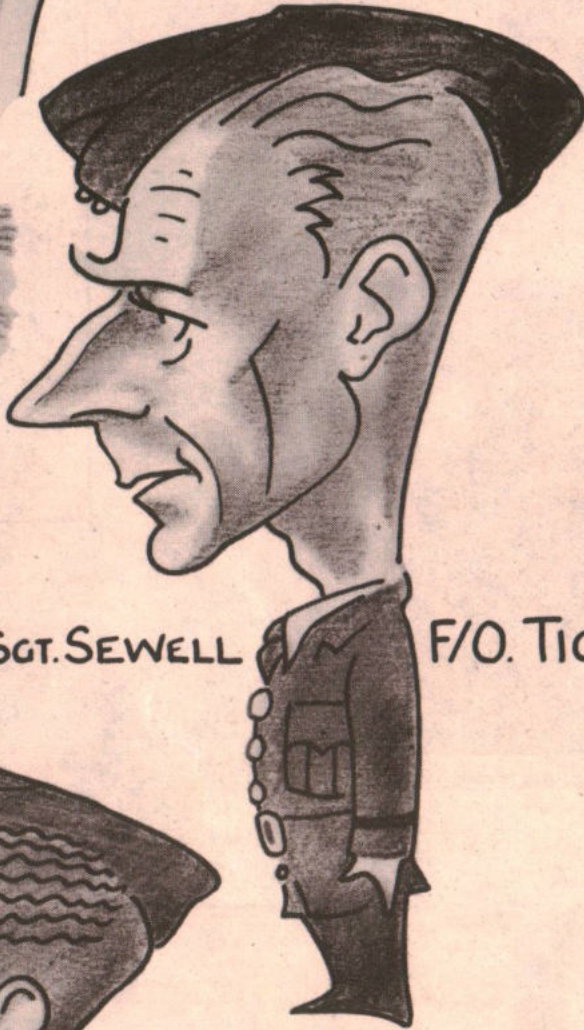
Best wishes to P/O.'s T. S. Dobson and R. T. Cunningham; Cpl's G. E. Cartland, W. J. Flynn and P. Johnson on their recent marriages.

We send out greetings to the following babies of Unit personnel: Donna Ruth Mackenzie, Richard Kent Milward and Beverly Gayle Bartram.

CPL. SINGER



CPL. CURTIS



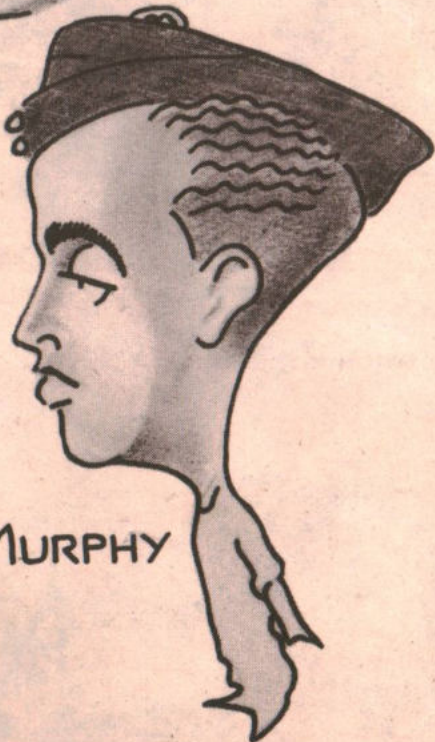
F/SGT. SEWELL



F/O. TICKLE



LAC. MURPHY



LAC. CORNFIELD

Ford

Personnelities



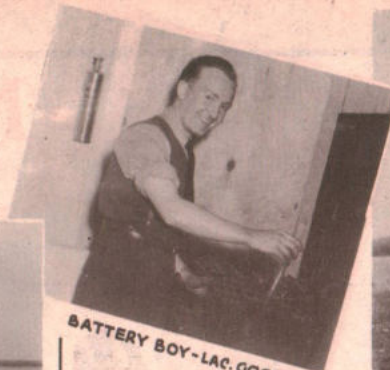
TRAFFIC DUTY - LACs McINTYRE & EDWARDS

MEN AT WORK

No. 11 ~ UNIT SIGNALS SECTION



WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING
-LAC. CARR



BATTERY BOY - LAC. GOODWIN



ADJUSTING MAST - Cpl. TOMPKINS, AC. CLAPTON



RECORD - LAC. WALKER, Cpl. TOMLINSON



R/T CHANNEL - Cpl. SAUNDERS



CHIEFY - F/SGT. HUNTER



SIGNALS OFFICER. - F/LT. B.A.M. HERBERT

CHECK UP - Cpl. BAILEY, LAC. DENTON



"YOUR POSITION IS" - LAC. DOWDEN

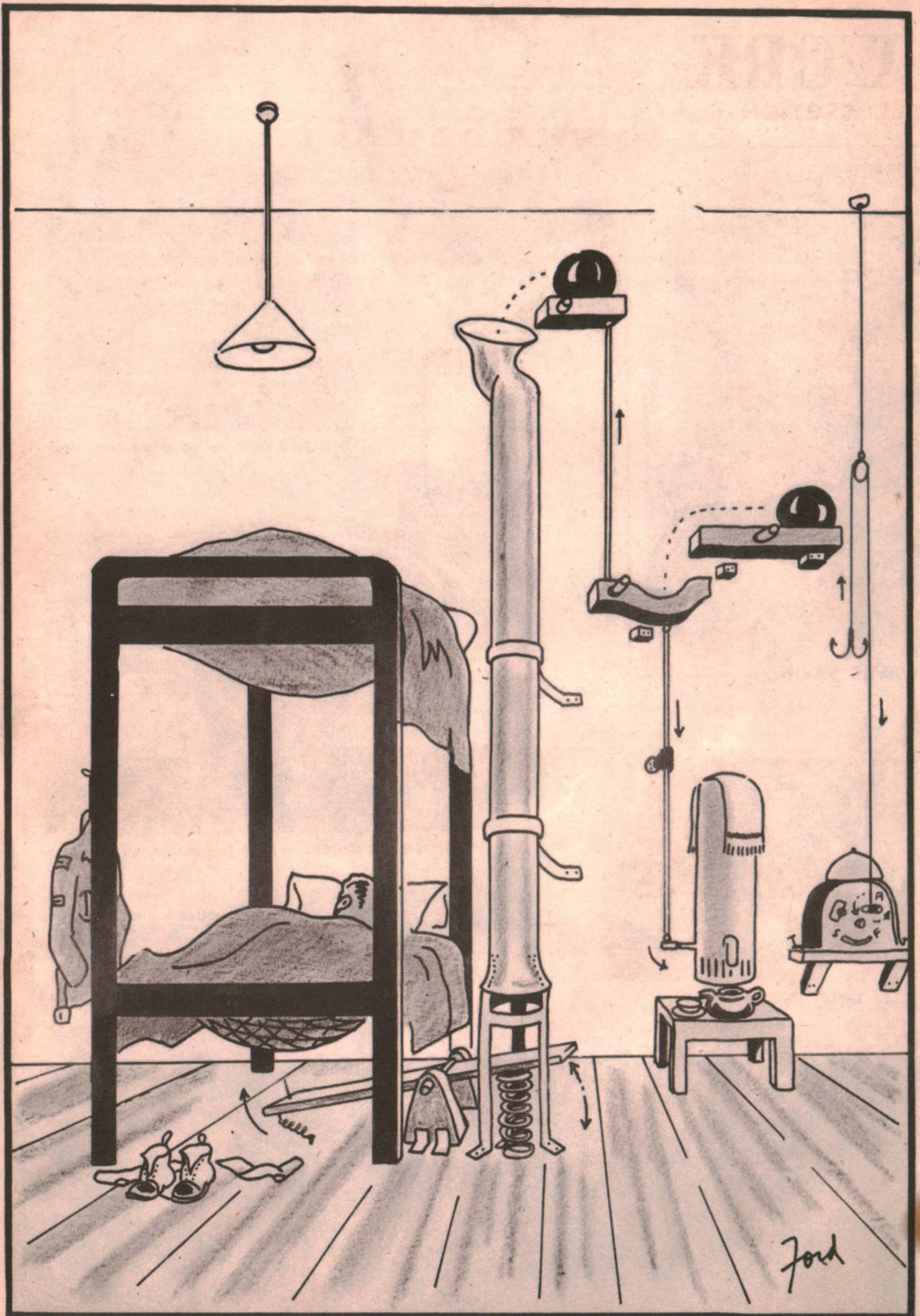


GREMLIN HUNT - Cpl. BAILEY



HAYWARD HOUSE - THE GANG





"The Waker Upper"

PADRE'S PAGE



At last there is a Church on the Station. A disused barrack room is being converted. Here is a place where there is quiet to think and to pray, and where services can be held in an atmosphere of worship on Sundays and on weekdays. It will serve as an excellent temporary church, until a proper building is erected for the purpose.

A church needs furniture. Some of the essential things can be made on the station. But others will have to be got from outside: among these are kneelers, a carpet and curtains. If any generous person can provide us with these or with any other useful articles, we should be extremely grateful.



People often ask me: "Do you think it is right to do this or that on Sunday?" and I should like to set down my opinions; they are only "my opinions," for unfortunately the churches have made no authoritative statements on the subject recently.

First, it is a natural need that every man should have a day off. Only in exceptional conditions, perhaps sometimes in war, can people live and work well without a weekly day off. That has about as much to do with religion as wearing warm clothes in winter. Then it is good for a community all to have the same day off. So everybody, whether Christian or not, ought to have Sunday off, and only the most essential jobs should be done on that day.

Second, Christians celebrate Sunday as the Lord's Day, because it was on a Sunday that He rose from the dead. We celebrate it by meeting for communal worship. How much time we give to worship must vary for each one of us.

The first principle applies to Christians and others; the second applies to Christians only. So everybody should have Sunday for recreation. Christians should have it for worship and recreation.

People differ about what kind of recreation is right on Sunday. It depends on what your work is. An office-worker needs fresh air on Sunday, a farm-worker needs rest. But remember two things: It is bad to deprive other people of a good Sunday by making them work for your recreation; and some kinds of recreation are always bad, whether on weekdays or on Sundays.

However you keep Sunday, have a good reason for it. The old-fashioned Sunday may look to us like "gluttony and gloom." But if we merely throw it over thoughtlessly, we shall be worse off.

—J. C. LUSK

BOOKS TO READ



"Good Intentions," and other books by Ogden Nash.

Ogden Nash has a great advantage over most other poets in that
his verse,

Though sometimes terse,

Takes no heed whatever of rhythm and very little of rhyme.

When observance of the rules of scansion would be a trouble

He pricks them like a bubble.

Sometimes he'll write a little tiny line,

A poor, wee, sleekit, cowering, timorous beastie of a line,

Like this one,

And other times he'll make a line so long it reminds you of the
day you lost your dog from the luggage van at a wayside
station in the Lake District and had to walk eighteen miles
along the railway to the nearest junction before you caught
up with him,

Or if they are not so long as that they are as long as the high school
going for a swim and like a wounded snake dragging its slow
length along the promenade at St. Leonards.

Ogden Nash should go to a clinic.

He's too much of a cynic.

Don't you agree that the kind of poet who would make naphtha
rhyme with asthma

Or litmus with isthmus,

Is a man who obviously ceased to believe in the human race at
about the same stage in life as he began to entertain doubts
about Father Christmas?

That is why I don't care whether he would consider a review in
this form rather rash,

Or whether if he reads it, which he won't, it makes Ogden laugh

Or Ogden Nash.

—R.D.H.S.

The R.A.F. Orchestra, under the direction of Sgt. Ronnie Brohn, gave a programme of dance and light music in the Y.M.C.A. Canteen to a large and appreciative audience on Thursday, April 8.



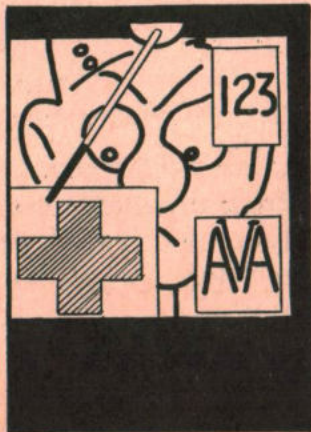
THE UNIT GARDENING CLUB



The household gardens and gardeners of Britain are world famous, and the cult and lore of gardening is inherent in every Briton's blood. In every country in the world wherever the cultivation of vegetables and flowers is possible one finds that little acre set aside for the production of vegetables for food, and flowers for decoration.

The knowledge accumulated through the course of years has enabled the ordinary man of today to grow and produce green foods in his own vegetable plot in size, in abundance and variety far surpassing anything previously achieved. With it has come increased health and enjoyment in this best of recreations. Why not carry on this good work, why not obtain your share of healthy pleasure and gain additional knowledge of vegetable production and flower cultivation? The opportunity has now arisen for any man on this unit to obtain a plot of land, and the use of tools and to acquire seeds and plants enabling him to grow vegetables or flowers under his own management. No restrictions will be imposed on the type or quantity grown, but it is suggested that an eye be given to the wants of the Messes of the Unit. Lectures will be given by experts from the Dominion Experimental Farm and from the different nurseries in Victoria. Books and pamphlets are available and it is hoped that a short letter will be issued to all the Unit gardeners giving them periodically up-to-the-minute information. Films on such varied subjects as pruning, storage of root vegetables, nitrogenous crops, soil cultivation, rose growing, etc., will be shown in the Recreation Hall. So, Gardeners, why not join the Gardening Club? Get into touch with S/Ldr. Johnson or L.A.C. S. Richman and all your queries will be answered. Do it now! Join the Gardeners' Club. It's healthy, productive and patriotic.

RECREATION



... and so to bed!

Now I have always thought that bed-manners can be an excellent guide to character. Perhaps the term "bed-manners" is rather misleading, for this has nothing to do with the newly married, merely with the behaviour of that peculiar creature commonly known as the Erk in its natural sleeping quarters, i.e., the barrack-room. Therefore I suggest that if you wish to study your fellow man, and "catch him napping" as it were, that you take note of his behaviour after "lights out."

Quite a lot can be gathered even by his entrance and approach to the bed. You will find that the timid, meek and mild sort of individual, if he comes in after lights out, will attempt to creep towards his bed, groping around in complete darkness without putting on the pilot light for fear of disturbing somebody. Virtue has its own reward so that the poor fool invariably (a) falls over a chair and makes a terrific din for which he gets sworn at by everyone in the billet, or (b) walks into a table and barks his shin horribly—a good example of a man with an inferiority complex.

At the other end of the scale we have the person who shortly after pay-day makes rowdy entrances in the early hours, bangs his way into the billet, makes loud rude noises, sings a lewd song, and puts all the lights on (in spite of which he stumbles over a chair), cries out "Wakie, wakie!" and eventually has to be put to bed by the other long-suffering inmates of the room. Very definitely a poor type, never has any money in the post office savings bank and will often be found on jankers.

Between these two extremes you will find the more normal type of individual; he puts on the pilot light and sternly rebukes the bloke sleeping near the door with a "Stop binding!" when he complains that the light is keeping him awake.

And about bed making, some chaps you'll notice make their beds before they go out, some always leave this job until they come in, and some seldom if ever make their own beds. In the latter class we have our old friend the clever flanneller, and the man who nearly always sleeps out (unofficially), who can be recognised easily by, (a) the dark rings under his eyes, and (b) a certain weakness at the knees in the mornings. Usually somewhat dapper in appearance, he seems to have a strong attraction for the opposite sex, is an expert at creeping through small holes in fences, and has brought disguise to a fine art, thus enabling him to slip in and out of camp unobserved. A speedy back door exit is another one of his many accomplishments.

The clever flanneller always leaves camp in a hurry, he invariably has to catch the early bus or meet someone at the guard room, and as he leaves he says, "I wonder if you could do me the favour of making my bed tonight, old boy, as a matter of fact I haven't much



LAC. LES TAYLOR



LAC. TOM DONNELLY & Cpl. FRANK RIGBY

SIESTA

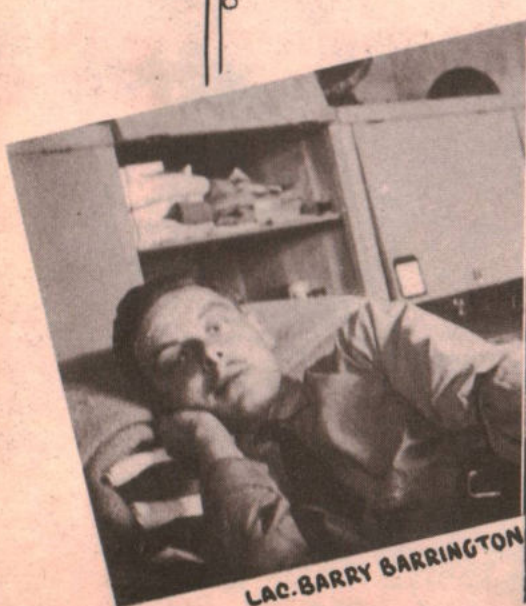


LAC. RALPH TESTER



LACs. TOMMY WOODS & WILF WHARTON

A/C. 'BOY' WATERSON & Cpl. DAVID McLAREN



LAC. BARRY BARRINGTON





R.A.F
v
V.M.D

APRIL 10th. 1943



for
THE JACKSON CUP

VICTORIA ATHLETIC PARK



RESULT V.M.D. 3..R.A.F. 2.



time . . ." etc. When he returns at night, he switches on the pilot light but quickly dashes into bed so that someone else has the dubious pleasure of walking the floor in bare or stockinged feet to switch it off again.

In the morning the first person you see around will be the unofficial sleeper-outer, as he has to make his re-entrance into camp under the cover of darkness. In spite of the rings under his eyes and the evident weakness of his knees, he pretends that he has had a restful night and may even make some pretence of making up his bed—this, of course, deceives no one. The next person up is the early riser, he always goes to bed early—very uninteresting type—does not possess a liquor licence and has a substantial amount in the post office savings bank. Very nearly last is our old friend the clever flanneller. This is part of his general scheme, so as to arrive for breakfast just a little after the others and call out, "Get one for me, old boy" when somebody else is queueing up for the tea.

So it can easily be seen how a man can be judged by his bed habits—does he for instance wear flashy pyjamas, which indicates pride in appearance? Or does he wear no pyjamas, which indicates—well, it doesn't really matter. Does he always go to bed early, or does he take nocturnal trips? Has he an inferiority complex which makes him afraid to put the pilot light on?

Quite recently, in an endeavour to find out something about my social background and the amount of grey matter, if any, possessed by me, I was asked what sort of books I read. This cross examination proved, I am afraid, very little except that I was awfully dim. However, it did rather strike me at the time that if our amateur psychologists would ask about bed manners instead of books, the results would be much more enlightening. For after all, no one is going to admit that they derive most of their reading pleasure from "the funnies," but ask a man if he turns the pilot light on or what he does after he has taken his trousers off, and in his confusion he might even tell the truth!

And in conclusion, I really feel that I must mention Bill Gardner, who sleeps above me. I have heard of people doing some peculiar things in bed, but none that will compare with Bill's habit—he actually whistles himself to sleep. I am getting used to it now, that slow classical air which starts off fairly loud until the whistle tails off into something like a snore. Very often he whistles me to sleep too, and believe me it's much better than counting sheep!

—FRANK REED

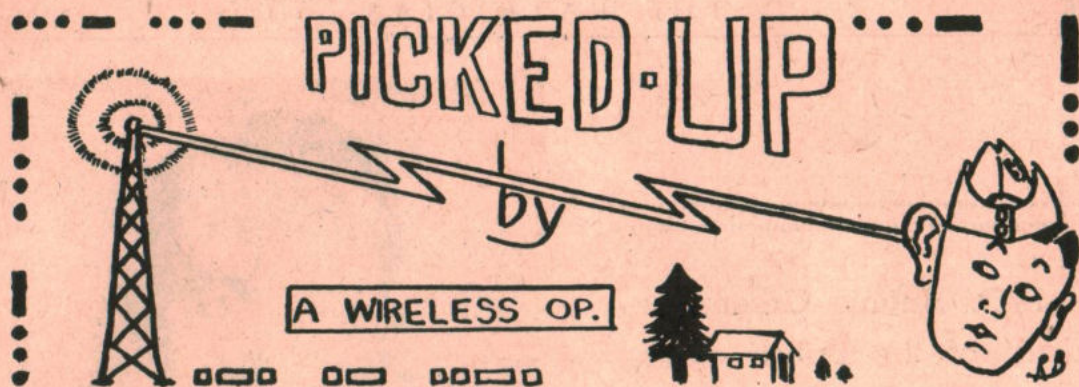
CONCERTS

Gramophone Concerts are now given every Friday evening at 19:00 hours in the Airmen's Reading Room. Classical and lighter records are played through first-class apparatus. This is the chance for those who love good music and for those who want to learn.



THE "SALLY ANN," Victoria, celebrated its third anniversary last month. These pictures include Cpls. Hellyer, Laidlaw and Neale, L.A.C. Scott-Cartledge and A/C. Johnson enjoying the comforts of this popular servicemen's rendezvous.





PUKKA GEN

Heard at the soccer match:—

Spectator: "I'm going to shout for V.M.D."

Cpl. Millen: "It'll be your last shout, chum!"

✓ ✓ ✓

Despite the shortage of beer all members of the Corporals' Club are being encouraged to drink anything but milk shakes—the mixer makes such a filthy noise in the new radio!

✓ ✓ ✓

N.C.O. on T.T. Board: "What would you do if, say, three majors came in?"

Erk: "Put in for a '48'"

✓ ✓ ✓

Is it true the M.T. Officer now has a driving licence?

✓ ✓ ✓

"Slim" Tinley, Signals, went fishing. Whilst hauling in his third denizen of the deep he was pulled into the water with a splash which caused a tidal wave around the Saanich Peninsula. Unfortunately he lost a boot, whereupon he threw the other after it in disgust. Moral: Go carefully when bobbing for your third.

✓ ✓ ✓

Did you hear about F/O. Ballantyne taking a squad of pupils for a ramble?—He accompanied them on a bicycle and horseback. Afterwards he was sore about the whole thing.

✓ ✓ ✓

Who was the Cpl. Discip. who, when on Drill Parade was given the order "To the left salute," obeyed smartly—with the left hand?

✓ ✓ ✓

Signs of the "Times" . . . the R.A.F. Spring Ensemble."

DUFF GEN

We hear that the arrival of "The Boat" for the rest of the 18-monthers has been delayed for a week—Kaiser has yet to start building it.



P/O. Hughie Green, formerly of the British stage, screen and radio, who took part in the R.A.F. "Smile" Show in the Recreation Hall on April 27.



The Map

How tiny England is this map will show,
 And how she is the butt of many seas
 That shaped her landscape to its subtleties,
 How few her rivers are, her hills now low.
 This map will tell you, faintly, of her towns—
 Pin-point for London, Thames a thread of hair—
 But will not tell of dewponds on the Downs,
 Or how the leaves of Warwick green the air.
 This map will tell you nothing of the way
 The coltish April skips across her skies,
 Nor how, in Autumn nights, the curlew cries,
 Or thrush or blackbird harmonise in May . . .
 For these such things consult that wiser chart
 Engraved upon the exiled English heart.

—James Walker, R.A.F., in The London Observer.

CORPORALS' CLUB PAGE



"Of course you'll have to write the Corporals' Page in the Mag." relished the Griff from under the fungus, "'Old Gos' will be hounding you for it on the fifteenth," and "Gos" did just that, but actually on the twelfth. Warning that it would be difficult to complete a page accompanied other instructions, but I hope that won't be too difficult.

Still one must admit that the past month has been devoid of sensations as far as our fellow Corporals are concerned. The football team, after a plucky fight, lost eventually by a substantial margin—that is usual. Frankie Millen was broke a week before pay-day—that is usual. At the general meeting the main topic was beer—that is usual. So what is a fellow to write about? Won't you help a guy in future with a spot of sensationalism? Anyone winning a medal can have the whole page, he can even write it himself. When we win a football match, it can have half a page. No space will be allotted to those caught breaking out of camp—that lacks originality and is the exclusive privilege of our seniors.

Improvements have taken place in the Clubroom during the last couple of weeks. We have a fine radio now with a gramophone attached, our stock of records will be increased every month, and before long a really fine collection should be available. A clock was purchased and was certainly needed, as were the waste-paper bins. Let the committee have your ideas and suggestions for further improvements. We have the funds.

1 1 1

The pioneers, mainstays, stalwarts and what-have-you's about to resume old positions elsewhere say, "It's up to you now, the gaps we know will be hard to fill, but keep a stiff upper, try hard, and if at first you don't succeed, drop us a line, for it's been nice knowing you and in return we promise, faithfully, to give your regards to that ham sandwich at the L.M.S. Station you know so well."

1 1 1

Which corporal forgot his date of five months' standing with a beautiful redhead for the Table Tennis Dance? Oh, Stan! How could you?

—L.S.

Y.M.C.A. NEWS



Numerous pamphlets have been requested and received from the State Governments of California, Washington, and from the British Columbia Government Travel Bureau. These pamphlets relate to geographical and industrial matters, particularly, as well as parks, playgrounds, etc., and are of considerable educational value. Personnel wishing a set of these pamphlets are asked to get in touch with Mr. Letroy, Y.M.C.A. Supervisor.

Mr. Currie, Assistant Commissioner of the British Columbia Government Travel Bureau, is assisting whole-heartedly in outlining various trips, which can be taken by Unit personnel during periods of leave. These trips will be planned well in advance, and will include Forbidden Plateau, Strathcona Park, Buttle Lake Area, Garibaldi Park, Little Qualicum Park, Mount Arrowsmith, Mt. Seymour Park. Complete data will be compiled regarding these trips, the purpose being to acquaint chaps from the Old Country with several of the beautiful areas in British Columbia. Anyone interested in taking any of these trips is requested to get in touch with the Y.M.C.A. Supervisor.

Softball and Track are replacing Squash and Badminton, now that the fine weather is here. It is hoped that a keen interest will be taken in these two activities.

—L.L.

During the month the Unit Golf Team won the Inter-Service Challenge Cup. The picture includes S/Ldr. A. E. Armitage (third from left) the R.A.F. captain.



TALES FROM THE TARMAC

The departure of Cpl. Corness from the Airmen's Mess is felt keenly by those of us who could always count on an extra helping or a late breakfast from this kindly soul.

An amazing chap is Whitty! Runs three miles every other day with no apparent ill effects; plays one game of Squash with Tub Turner and has to report sick with blistered feet next morning.

The scarcity of Barbers has resulted in some very queer "hair-do's" amongst the more fastidious of our community. Cpl. Hill led the way with a Victory V, while L.A.C. Bill Chilman was runner up with a "Blitz Bob."

Latest form of recreation in Technical Library—Scrap Books! Cpl. Wee Kirke and his merry men, Snell, Beech and Lowday, spend every break period with scissors, paste and photo mounts. Good, eh?

Overheard in Main Stores:

Officer (Sprog): "I say there, L.A.C. Would you keep a lookout for my trunk, please?"

"Curly" Griff: "Why yes, sir. What is your name, please?"

Officer (Sprog): "Oh, don't worry about that. You'll see it on the trunk."

They tell me L.A.C. Bill Barnett is compiling a Souvenir History of his stay in British Columbia to be translated into the Doric for the Dundee Courier's many readers.

In apologising to A.C. Bert Fry (Deputy Canteen Manager) this column regrets any inconvenience, nervous prostration or other ailment that may have been caused by calling him Fred, unwittingly, of course.

A.C. "Chick" Henderson denies all knowledge of an alleged offer from Hollywood to star in the next "DEAD END KIDS" film.

L.A.C. Jim Skelly is taking advanced courses in Geology, Botany, and Natural History. Presumably to enable him to study the various aspects of cacti, prickly pears and oases. Fair enough, Jim!

Believe it or not! L.A.C. Montgomery was a competitor in the three-mile road race. He says he does not intend to make it a habit, however.

—F.I.M.

● S P O R T ●

IN THE WAY OF SPORT

By the Sports Officer

It was with a feeling of great disappointment that I left my last unit in Ontario, the somewhat tedious trip across Canada adding more to my already very depressed condition. Consequently, on my arrival in Victoria, I was in no mood for combatting any further fits of depression. However, under the influence of a very cheery M.T. driver, "sweating on the boat," as it were, and very insistent that "we have a lovely cemetery, sir," I was slightly restored to my usual cheerful outlook on life. Now that I have settled down I have come to the conclusion that my stay here is going to be a happy one.

Sporting enthusiasts will, no doubt, be wondering what this section intends doing with regard to cricket, tennis, athletics, outdoor volleyball and softball during the coming summer months.

At a General Sports Meeting held on April 13th, it was decided that the land north of No. 5 hangar could be used as a temporary sports field for summer games, including soccer, until the proposed new sports field opposite the Guardroom is ready for play. Work on the former will proceed immediately and it should be ready for use shortly.

Space, I fear, will not permit further details but you may rest assured that the sports section will do everything possible to see that summer sports are available for everyone within the bounds of the camp.

—D. C. BELLAMY

SOCCER

The last month has seen a number of exciting matches both on and off the Station. By "on the Station" it must not be inferred that we now have a football pitch of our own, but rather that some inter-block matches were played on the Sidney ground.

The most important local Derby was that between 25 B "All Stars" and the Sergeant's Mess, in the semi-final of the Unit Cup, resulting in a win for the "All Stars" by 2 goals to 1.

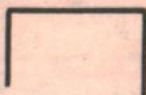
In the Senior Division, our old rivals V.M.D. registered a win over the first team on April 3rd at Athletic Park in the final of the Jackson Cup, by the narrow margin of 3-2. This was a fine game well fought and treated the Victoria public to one of the finest exhibitions of football seen in the city this season.

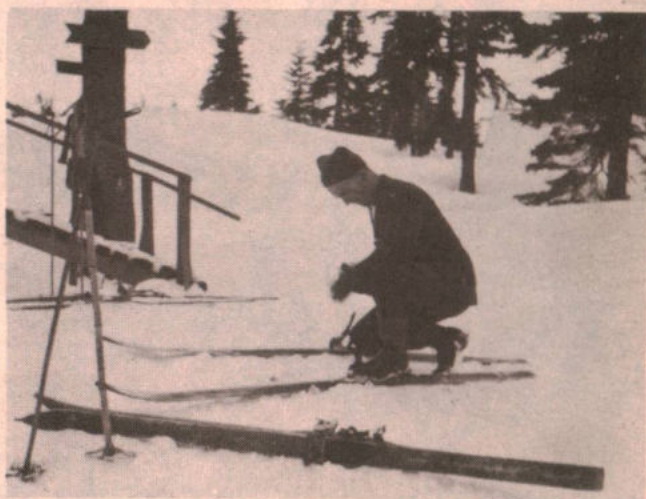
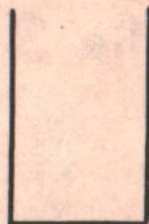


R.A.F. No. 1 TEAM



R.A.F. No. 3 TEAM


 THE UNIT
 TABLE TENNIS
 TEAMS -
 CHAMPIONS
 OF 1ST AND 2ND
 DIVISIONS
 VICTORIA LEAGUE



LACs. HOLLINGWORTH & WHARTON
 LEARN TO SKI
 AT THE
 TYEE CLUB, VANCOUVER



- THIS IS NEITHER OF THEM!





BOOKING IN!



DOES IT WORK?

The 3 MILE ROAD RACE

22nd APRIL 1943



THEY'RE OFF!



**THE WINNING TEAM - 'Q' FLIGHT
DIWELL, McCOLL, GORTON and DANBY**



**WING COMMANDER L. GIBSON, CONGRATULATES
THE WINNER - L.A.C. SNOW, ACCOUNTS SEC.**

"B" Team played the Army to a draw in the first round of the McGavin Cup on April 10th and in the replay on the 14th the Soldiers won by the comfortable margin of 5-1, although in our probably slightly biased opinion, this score rather flattered the Army.

On April 15th a team was selected from among the Service players in Victoria to play Victoria Machinery Depot in a charity match. The team selected was not strong enough, however, and was soundly beaten by 8 goals to 2.

The first half was very evenly contested, the interval score being 2-1, but in the second half V.M.D. simply dominated the game and, in the opinion of the writer, the Station team would have given them a much better game than the so-called "All Stars."

Well, at last a number of our well-known players are "on the boat" and I am sure that all supporters will wish them "God-speed and a happy reunion with their loved ones at home." —H.E.D.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

On Saturday, March 20th, we brought our season to a close by playing the Naval College in the final of the Cowichan Cup. In last month's issue a warning was given to our opponents but we just failed to prevent them from winning their third cup of the season.

The game was the most enjoyable of the year, for conditions were good and helped make it very fast and open. Both teams were evenly matched, our weight helping to lessen the College advantage of fitness, so most of the play was in the midfield. In the first half we scored two unconverted tries to the College's single goal. It was the moments soon after half-time that were most disastrous for us as we had a further thirteen points scored against us without reply. During the remainder of the play a great attempt was made in which we got two more tries but the final whistle went with the College in front by 18 points to 12.

Both lines had been crossed an equal number of times but awkward positioning for our kicks was too much for us and we lost the extra points. The team played together much more capably than during the earlier part of the season with our three quarters making much better use of the ball than had been the case. Each try was well earned, the scorers being Snow (2), Jeffery and Wadsworth.

It was, perhaps, unfortunate that our season ended so early and in such a manner for we had hopes of being more successful. If there is a next season let us hope that improvement will be made, which should be the case if there is less bickering and more training done by the club members.

—T.H.W.

GOLF

Recent postings have robbed the Club of two of its best golfers in S/Ldr. Pearson, who was officer in charge and who took a very keen interest in its players and the game, and A/C. Cann. Both will be

missed from the team. S/Ldr. Armitage has been detailed to succeed S/Ldr. Pearson as officer in charge.

Two matches have been played at Gorge Vale against the men and the ladies. Without recording the result (?) it may be said that on each occasion a most enjoyable outing was experienced by all. Transport still seems to be the bugbear to the progress of the Club.

In the inter-service golf tournament played at Colwood on Sunday, April 11th, the officers were successful in the main event, winning the cup for the team handicap medal with an average score of 79.

—"BIRDIE."

SQUASH

Since the last issue, the "novices" squash tournament has been completed and from 18 entrants, L.A.C. Snow (Accts.) claimed first honours, defeating L.A.C. Wharton (Photographic) in the final, 5-9, 9-7, 9-2.

For the information of those who are keen to improve their game by watching better players, the entrance to the improvised gallery is in the gallery of the Recreation Hall.

—S.R.

TABLE TENNIS

Once again another season has come to an end, and with it is the distinction of the Unit winning the first and second division championships in Victoria for the second successive year. In gaining these honours again, we feel proud in being able to place the trophies back in their usual place in the Canteen.

The presentation dance held at the Crystal Garden, on April 12th, where the two teams were presented with the trophies and replicas by our Commanding Officer, proved a great success. Due to the rationing, the contents of the winners' cups was rather diluted.

Congratulations to all the players of the winning teams, and especially to A.C. Longbotham, who won a double honour by becoming the second division individual league champion. We must not forget our second team, who tackled, with grim determination, the stern opposition found in the senior division for the first time.

The first Inter-Section Unit League came to a successful end on March 24th, in the Y.M.C.A. Canteen, when the Officers' team defeated "A" Flight in the semi-final, and the Armament team in the final. We hope to see them presented with the Unit trophy and medals at a Sunday evening show in the Recreation Hall at a future date.

All fans will remember seeing that great player, Harold Philam, of Portland, play in the Recreation Hall, and we publish an extract from a letter which we have received from him:

"I can't thank you and the R.A.F. enough for the swell time I had while up at your base, and the trophy I won will be treasured more than any of my past prizes. Be sure to say hello to all the R.A.F.

fellas, and if they can find time, I would like nothing better than to correspond with them." His address can be obtained from Sgt. Walker, telephone 58.

In winding up this successful season, we must not forget the people who have worked hard to make it the best yet, and we extend to F/Lt. K. D. Acton (Chairman), and Mr. Letroy, Y.M.C.A. Supervisor, our sincerest thanks for their undivided support and attention.

—E.D.W.

BOXING

At last this sport seems to have come to stay on the Unit. Facilities have been provided and are being improved.

We have been unable to do a great deal to date but feel that when we close the season after the Provincial Amateur Championships, April 29th and 30th, we shall have everything prepared to swing into next season in grand style.

—K.C.R.

VOLLEYBALL

The first division volleyball teams complete their schedule on Tuesday, April 20th, and the second division one week later. The teams then enter a knockout competition for the purpose of deciding section championships in each division. We are planning an outdoor volleyball court for the summer months, and it is anticipated that the court will be covered for the next fall and winter, automatically providing us with a basketball court, and three badminton courts, which we are greatly in need of at present.

—L.L.

THREE MILE ROAD RACE

Twelve sections were represented in the Three Mile Road Race which was held on Thursday, April 22. Of the forty competitors taking part, thirty-five finished the course. The others couldn't quite make the grade and returned in the ambulance!

L.A.C. Snow, Accounts, made winning look easy by crossing the tape in 17:16 $\frac{4}{5}$ minutes, about a hundred yards ahead of Sgt. Ainsworth, M.T. Diwell and Gorton, "C" Flight, were third and fourth respectively.

Results were as follows:—

Individual Placing—1, L.A.C. SNOW, Accounts, 17:16 $\frac{4}{5}$ minutes; 2, SGT. AINSWORTH, Sergeants' Mess; 3, L.A.C. DIWELL, "C" Flight; 4, L.A.C. GORTON, "C" Flight; 5, CPL. WEBB, P.T.; 6, L.A.C. GREENHALGH, Synthetic Signals; 7, CPL. PIERCY, Torpedoes; 8, L.A.C. PALMER, Repair Squadron; 9, L.A.C. BIRCH, Accounts; 10, W/O. MIDDLETON, Sergeants' Mess.

Team Placing—1, "C" FLIGHT, Diwell 3rd; Gorton 4th; McColl 12th—19 points. 2, Tie between Sergeants' Mess and Accounts Section. ACCOUNTS, Snow 1st; Birch 9th; Byworth 17th—27 points.

SERGEANTS' MESS, Sgt. Ainsworth 2nd; W/O. Middleton 10th; F/Sgt. Jeffery 15th—27 points. 3, REPAIR SQUADRON, Palmer 8th; Fryer 11th; Nicholson 21st—40 points.

The cup given to the winning team and the individual prizes and medals were presented by W/C. L. Gibson at a dinner held the same evening in the gymnasium.

PRIZE COMPETITION

Most of us have views on that vast subject CANADA and now comes an opportunity to win a cash prize and perhaps a measure of fame by expressing those views successfully.

"The Patrician" is glad to co-operate with the Canadian Committee in the competition, of which the rules appear below.

1. The Canadian Committee offers prizes of ten dollars and five dollars for the best and second best article submitted on the subject CANADA. The treatment may be serious, light, satirical, critical, complimentary, complaining, or whatever the author fancies.

2. The competition is open to all R.A.F. personnel on the Unit except members of the magazine staff.

3. Articles are to be not less than 750 words and not more than 1,000 words in length.

4. All articles are to be typed or written on one side of the paper only, marked with the number, rank and name of the author, and submitted to the Editors in sealed envelopes marked "Competition" by 31st May, 1943.

5. Entries will be judged by a representative Committee, but the Committee is not bound to recommend awards if it considers the articles submitted do not reach the required standard.

6. Prizes will be paid by cheque from the Canadian Committee to the two individuals selected by the judges.

7. The article winning the first prize will be published in "The Patrician" and the whole or parts of other articles submitted may also be published.

8. The Canadian Committee will try to have the winning articles published also in Canadian newspapers, and any payments from this source will go to the authors.

The recent decision to open the Victoria cinemas on Sunday will be welcomed and appreciated by all servicemen, for it fills a long-felt need for a large number of men who have nowhere to spend their off-duty hours.

1 1 1

A Unit Dance was held on Thursday, April 1, at the Crystal Garden and the sum of \$90 was raised for P.S.I. Funds.

NOTES ≡ NEWS ≡ NONSENSE

Arrangements have been made for personnel to purchase books through Messrs. Spencer's, Victoria, provided they are ordered through the Education Officer, F/O. R. Gallon. A discount of 10% will be allowed on all purchases.

1 1 1

They walked up the lane together,
The sky was filled with stars,
They reached the gate in silence,
He lifted for her the bars.

She neither smiled nor thanked him,
Because she knew not how,
For he was just a farmer's boy
And she was a Jersey cow.

1 1 1

P/O. E. J. K. Penikett has received thanks from the Chief of the Air Staff for submitting a modification to the markings of a compass which is now being adopted throughout the R.A.F.

1 1 1

Hitler and Goering went to Calais and stood looking sadly across the Channel towards England. Suddenly Goering said, "Adolf, I have an idea. When I was at school, I remember a story about a man who divided the sea in order to enable his army to cross on dry land." Then he added doubtfully, "But I think he was a Jew."

Hitler, very excited and past caring whether the man was a Jew or not, sent immediately for a Rabbi. "Is it true," he asked him, "that a Jew once divided the sea, leaving dry land for his army to cross?"

"Certainly," was the answer. "It was Moses."

"Where is he now?"

"I'm afraid he has been dead a long time."

"Well, but how did he do it?"

"By striking the sea with a stick given him by God."

"And where is the stick now?" asked Hitler, very excitedly.

"The stick?" was the quiet reply. "Oh, that is in the British Museum."

1 1 1

We thank A.C. J. Major, Telephone Exchange, for his two excellent cartoons published in this issue, and look forward to receiving more contributions from this new source.

NOTES ≡ NEWS ≡ NONSENSE (Continued)

A/C. Richman, 25B 6, requires a copy of "The Patrician" for October, 1941. Any offers?

1 1 1

Mary, Mary quite contrary,
Why do your panties show?
They cost five bucks
And I wash 'em in Lux,
Is that all you want to know?

1 1 1

Erk: "What kind of a pie is this?"

Cook: "What's it taste like?"

Erk: "Glue."

Cook: "Then it's apple—the mince tastes like soap."

1 1 1

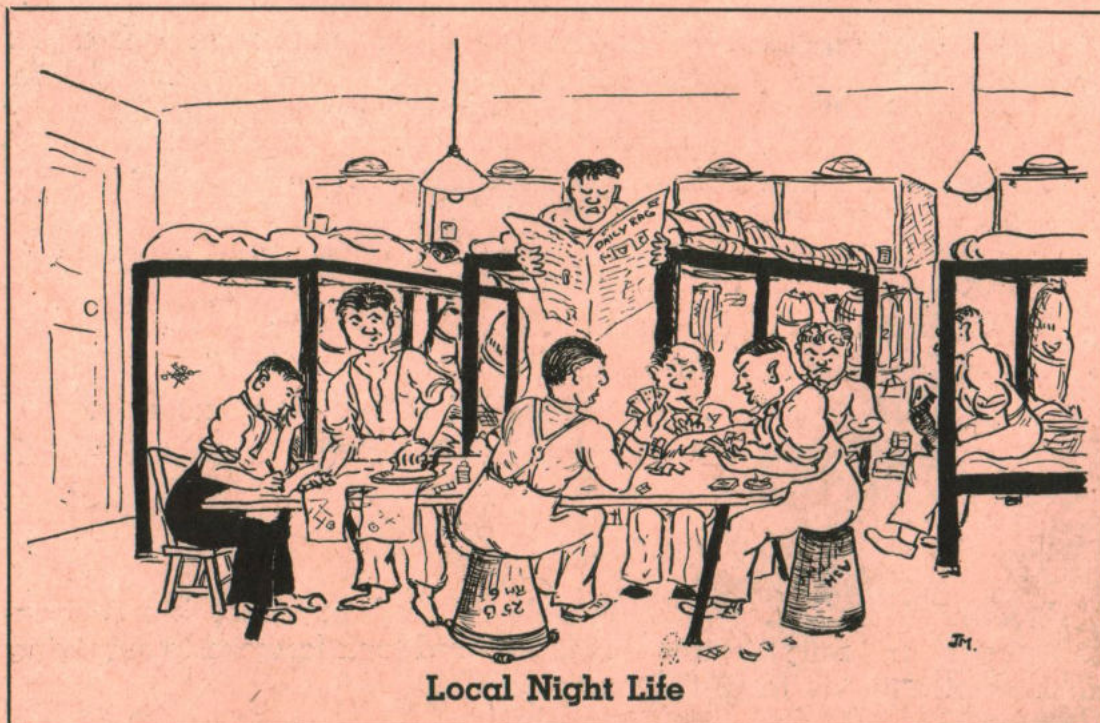
I'm a nice little girl, with a little yellow curl,
And I may not suit you to the letter,
But when I'm good, I'm very, very good,
And when I'm bad, I'm better.

1 1 1

Heard in the Airmen's Mess: "I've no complaints, sir. On the contrary, I value this opportunity to express my appreciation of the excellent sense of balance and vitamin content incorporated in these meals." (?)

1 1 1

Virtue has its own reward—but it is a bit hard on a girl's shoes.



MOUSTACHES

If you want one . . . see
Cpl. Griffith, Beauty
Specialist



If you don't . . . see Sgt.
Dukes, Ace Saboteur

Try Hubbard's NEWER METHOD Laundry

Takes twice as long as
any other — water
permitting

Send Your Doodahs, Whatsits
and Step-ins to HUBBARD



The Carne KENNELS

Is your dog a nuisance?
Do you want to get rid of
him? He will be guaran-
teed a good home if you
send him to **CARNE'S
KENNELS**



Entrance Under the Fence



SAUSAGES FOR SALE

See P. O.

AUSTEN

re **SPORTING GOODS and
MONEY MATTERS**



TENNIS BALLS - GOLF BALLS - LOANS - SHUTTLECOCKS



Cheques cashed day or night
—no cheque or stamp required.

MAIN FLOOR

.

S.H.Q. BUILDING

CINEMA SHOWS

for January

- Sun. 3rd—"TIGHT SHOES," Broderick Crawford.
- Mon. 4th—"ROBERTA," Irene Dunne, Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers.
- Wed. 6th—"TAKE A LETTER, DARLING," Rosalind Russell, Fred McMurray.
- Sun. 10th—"THE SPOILERS," Marlene Dietrich.
- Mon. 11th—"LOVE AFFAIR," Irene Dunne, Charles Boyer.
- Wed. 13th—"THIS GUN FOR HIRE," Veronica Lake, Robert Preston.
- Sun. 17th—"LABURNUM GROVE."
- Mon. 18th—"DANCE GIRL, DANCE," Lucille Ball, Maureen O'Hara, Louis Hayward.
- Wed. 20th—"KISS THE BOYS GOODBYE," Mary Martin, Don Ameche, Rochester.
- Sun. 24th—"FLAME OF NEW ORLEANS," Marlene Dietrich.
- Mon. 25th—"MEN AGAINST THE SKY," Richard Dix, Kent Taylor, Edmund Lowe, Wendy Barrie.
- Wed. 27th—"TRUE TO THE ARMY," Judy Canova, Jerry Colona.

The above programme is subject to alteration.

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