

The Patrician



The Magazine of the
Royal Air Force
British Columbia



"... HE ALSO VISITED THE R.A.F. UNIT."

Vol. 4

JUNE - 1943

No. 3

PRICE FIFTEEN CENTS

Eat at the . . .



Olde Smithye

CONTINUOUS SERVICE

ENGLISH SPOKEN

PARTIES DONE

BANQUETS ARRANGED AT PRACTICALLY NO NOTICE

Any food obtained from the blue with our exclusive Magic Wand Service.

No order too trifling and none too tall.

Meat Guaranteed Fresh — No Old Buck.

**You Want the Best Food:
You've Had It**

"If you think it's hoss,
Ask for the boss."



TELEPHONES: Complaints 16 (20 lines). Compliments, Out of Order

From Beethoven to Bach
and bach to Boogie Woogie



BROHN'S BAND

—or what's left of it.

NEW MEMBERS WANTED—
Those with a wanderlust need
not apply.

DRUMMER URGENTLY NEEDED
—must have homing instinct.



Sgt. Brohn, like everyone
else on the Unit, can be
contacted by 'phoning
"The Pat" Office.

The Sign of the 3 R's

TELEPHONE 18

Prop., R. GALLON



Has Your Education Been
Neglected ?

Let Me Polish You Off !

Even the Stars Take
My Courses.

THE PATRICIAN

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

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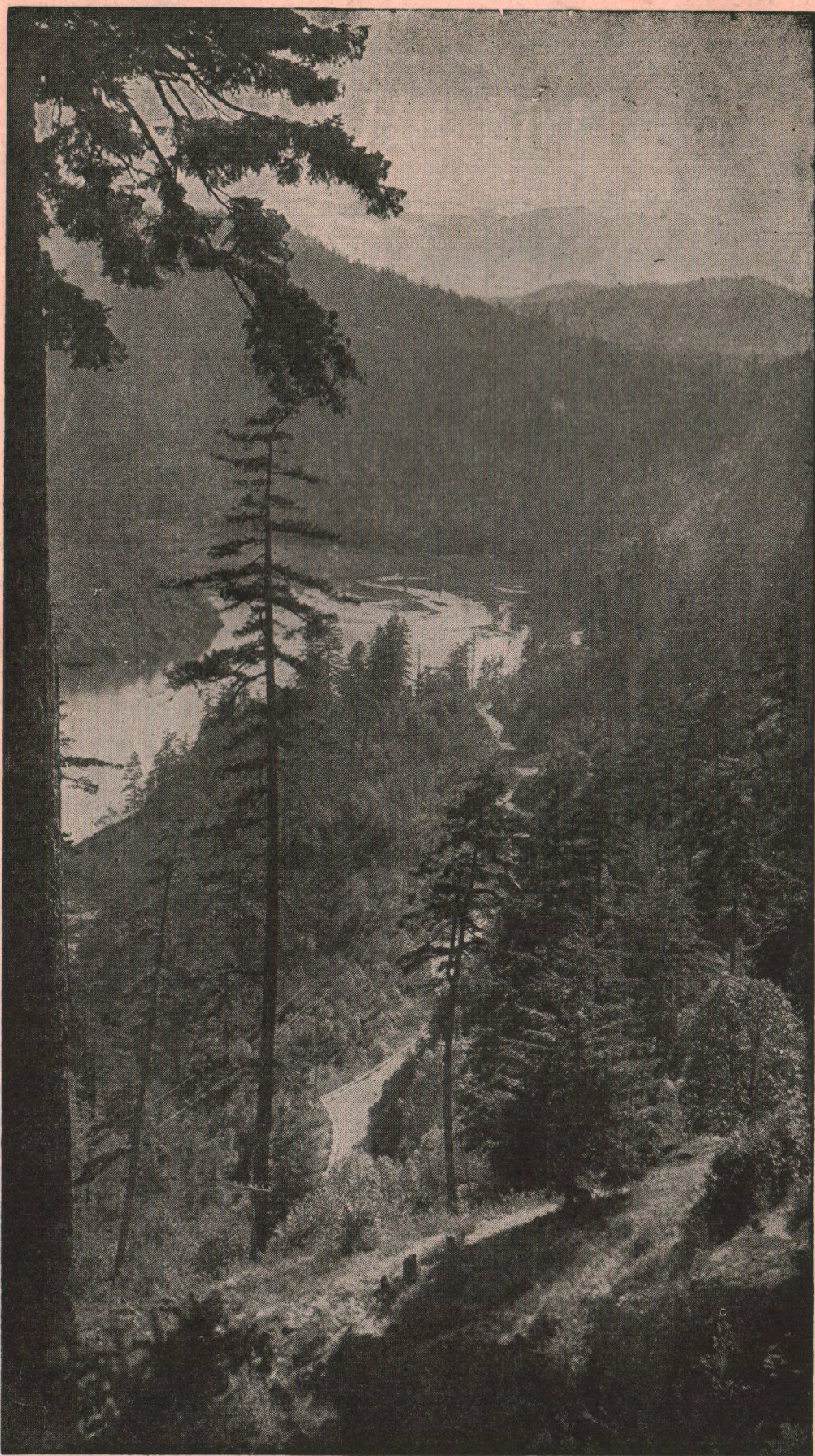
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FINLAYSON ARM, about thirteen miles from Victoria. Here a Norwegian village was erected, used in the filming of "The Commandos Strike at Dawn."



Vol. 4, No. 3

JUNE, 1943

15 CENTS

This month we feel justified in giving pride of place to the result of the recent Victory Loan Campaign on the Unit. For the last loan about \$5,000 was subscribed. This time the Unit Victory Loan Committee was more ambitious and, while realizing the obvious difficulties in "selling" Victory Bonds to those who are, after all, only temporary citizens of Canada, set an objective of twice that sum. The amount actually subscribed was \$16,400. At the time of going to press we do not know how this compares with the results achieved at other R.A.F. Units in Canada, but we are confident of a high place in the list. Congratulations to all concerned, and especially to Capt. J. W. Gallagher and his hard-working committee.

We welcome the recent newcomers to our ranks and hope they will be happy here. Most of them realize their good fortune in coming to the best part of Canada (correspondence on this subject is **not** invited) at its best time of year. For one who complains that he is stranded on a blooming island there are ninety-and-nine who are congratulating themselves on being posted to a blooming island. We hope that the pleasant atmosphere and lovely scenery will inspire them also to blossom forth in all suitable directions—in their work, in sporting and social activities, and in the literary sphere. Especially do we invite you to burst into song or to express your feelings in other ways suitable for publication in your Unit magazine. Short articles, stories, sketches and poems will always be welcomed. But if you decide to burst into song, please no more "Airmen's Laments," unless they are of a very high order. We already have more than we can use, and all airmen seem to lament the same things anyway.

The Unit has now reached a stage where the number of "old boys" is likely to become greater and greater as time goes on. If you are next for "the boat" or if you are reading this in another hemisphere, don't forget that your contributions to the magazine are particularly welcome.

—THE EDITORS

Farewell



This month "The Patrician" reeled under the bitterest blow in its history—four members of its staff being posted. Two of them, L.A.C.'s Reed and Roberts, joined the staff when the idea of "The Patrician" was formed, 'way back in a billet at West Kirby.

Frank Reed, a well known camp personality, gave much of his time to the benefit of Unit personnel. Producing the photographs which have made the magazine so popular often meant working until the early hours of the morning. In addition to this his literary ability will long be remembered—those consistently clever and humorous yarns written in Reed's inimitable style have done much to further the success of the magazine.

Les Roberts joined the staff as advertising manager and with no previous experience made a very successful job of it. He very quickly established the magazine on a sound financial basis and at the time the order forbidding paid advertising was issued, the bank balance stood at several hundred dollars. Recently he gave valuable assistance on the editorial side of the magazine and in those last-minute rushes preceding publication proved himself to be a very reliable and conscientious worker.

Sgt. Inglefield, better known throughout the camp as "Dingle," was responsible for the art work and lettering on the picture pages. His fame as a signwriter also brought praise and appreciation from the camp in general. Many other Unit organizations other than the magazine owe "Dingle" a debt of gratitude for the many posters and other artistic work which he so willingly did for the benefit of the Unit.

Last but not least is L.A.C. Wharton. Wilf, a comparatively newcomer to the staff, was a capable assistant to Frank Reed—deputising for him on many occasions and proving himself to be a great asset to "The Patrician."

Please excuse me for making this a personal farewell, but through working with these fellows for so long I've got to know them and realize probably more than the majority the great amount of work they have done so unselfishly for the benefit of Unit personnel. I feel sure that I voice the opinion of our readers when I express grateful thanks for their work and wish them the very best of luck wherever they may be.

—JERRY GOSLEY,
Co-Editor



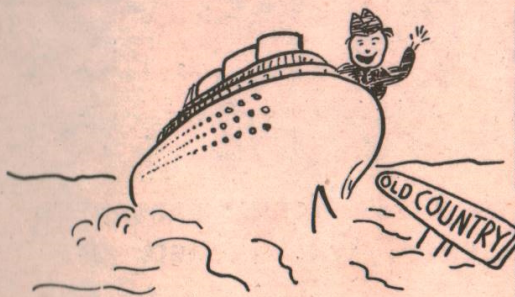
THEIR DREAM
CAME TRUE



THE PIONEERS SAY



GOODBYE TO VICTORIA



GOING ...



...GOING ..



...GONE



HIS EXCELLENCY THE
EARL OF ATHLONE
 GOVERNOR GENERAL OF CANADA
 AND H.R.H. PRINCESS ALICE
 VISITED THE UNIT ON MAY 10TH.

THE ARRIVAL



AT THE
 INTER-BLOCK
 SOCCER
 FINAL



THE TEAMS 9A & 25B WERE PRESENTED
 TO HIS EXCELLENCY WHO KICKED OFF

9A - WON
 5 - 3



VISIT of the GOVERNOR GENERAL

On Monday, 10th May, the Unit was honoured by a visit from the Governor-General of Canada. He was accompanied by H.R.H. Princess Alice. Included in the Viceregal party were the Governor's private secretary, his A.D.C., Capt. Leveson Gower, and Miss Vera Grenfell, lady-in-waiting to Her Royal Highness. The party was met by the Commanding Officer and after the presentation of the Officers to His Excellency and Her Royal Highness, tea was served. Several visiting Senior Officers were also entertained to tea, including Air Vice Marshal Stevenson, Air Commodore McLeod, Group Captain MacGregor, Wing Commander Marshall and S/L. Poupore. After tea, a short tour of the Synthetic Building was carried out. Thereafter the party adjourned to the Unit football field, where His Excellency kicked off at the final of the Unit League Competition.

To The Boys Of The R.A.F.

The time you've spent out here with us
Is like a life apart,
We hope that it will always bring
A warm spot to your heart.

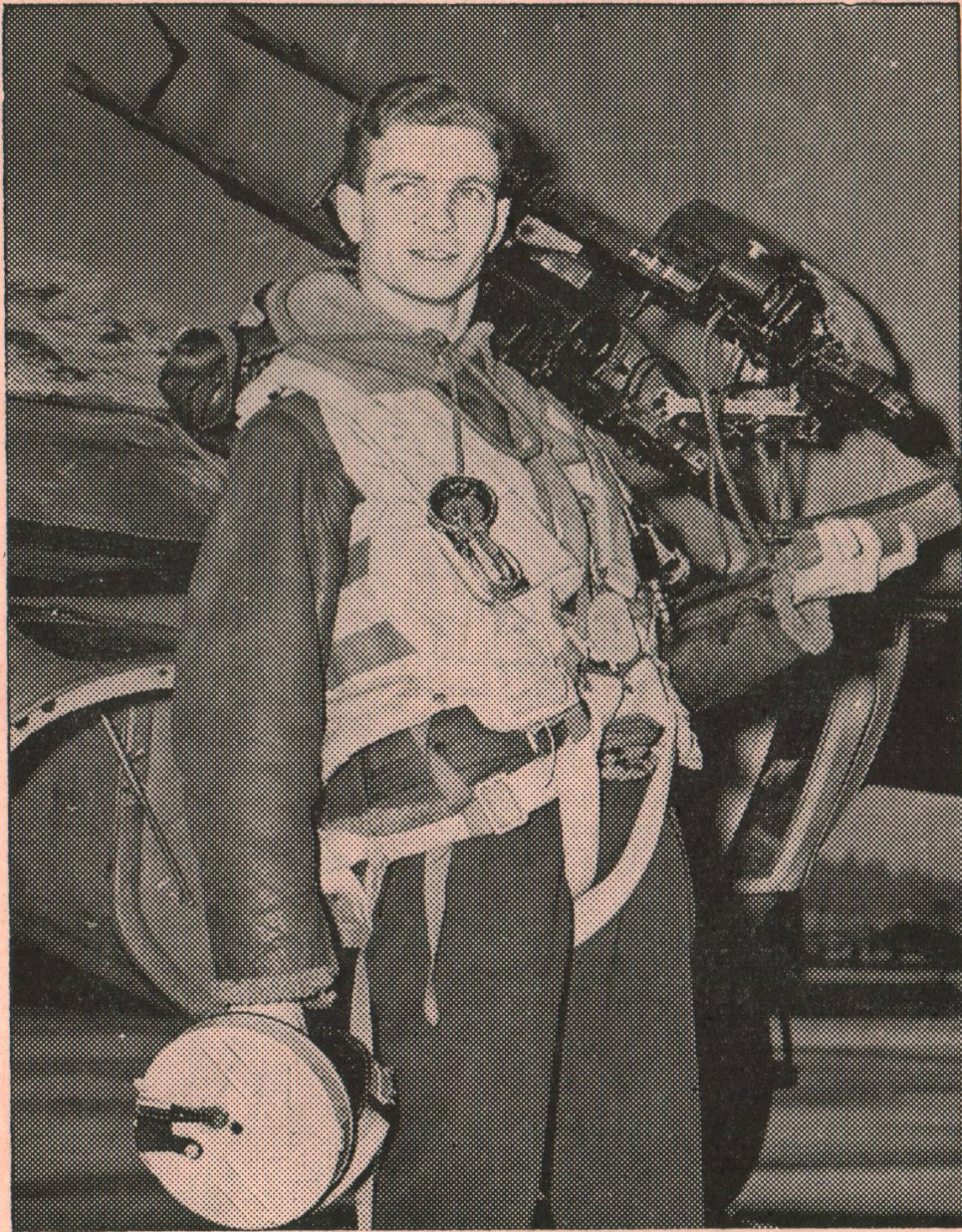
Fond memories of the friends you've made,
The days and nights of fun,
Like pictures will return to you,
You'll see them one by one.

The highway on a winter's night,
The mountains in the sun,
The park on Sunday afternoons,
Those days with rod and gun.

And when you leave us to return
To that dear land you love,
May God who watches over all
Bless you from above.

—MISS WENDY PERKINS,
Victoria, B.C.

THE CHALET. Deep Cove, is now open at week-ends for afternoon tea and chicken dinners. Beautifully situated, it faces the sea and an ever-changing panorama of snow-capped mountains. The proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. H. Pratt, particularly welcome members of the R.A.F.

P/O. BRUNEAU ANGERS HELPS VICTORY LOAN CAMPAIGN

P/O. Bruneau Angers, R.C.A.F., now gunnery assistant to F/Lt. C. A. Kidd, of the Gunnery Section, has had some interesting experiences during this war. Outstanding amongst them was his remarkable escape after bailing out over a German industrial centre when his plane was shot down by intense flak. Since his return to Canada he has visited many war plants and spoken at Victory Bond rallies. During the recent Fourth Victory Loan Campaign he visited Vancouver and New Westminster, emphasizing the necessity for people to buy bonds.

NEWS FROM THE OFFICERS' MESS

His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada and H.R.H. Princess Alice were the guests of the Mess for tea on Monday, May 10th, 1943. (Victoria papers please copy!).

1 1 1

Football has, temporarily at any rate, become the vogue amongst the officers. The opening match, Officers vs. the Mess Staff, resulted in a win by 4 goals to 2 for the former. The big event was the game played in the pouring rain on Tuesday, May 11th, 1943, between the married and single members, goals by P/O. Elbourne (2) and F/O. Butt (1) gave the married officers a win, F/O. Smyth scoring the two goals for the losers. After the game interviews were held with the officers and the following opinions expressed:—

W/Cdr. Gibson: "H'm! A bit wet! Don't you agree? H'm."

W/Cdr. Wurtele: "I'm walking about in absolute agony."

F/Lt. Spencer: "No, I didn't play. I was far too busy."

F/O. Allen: "What does 'Off-Side' mean?"

F/O. Wisdom: "I thought it might be rough. That's why I wore my identity discs."

F/Lt. Spiers: "I'm told that you are not allowed to handle the ball."

F/O. Ford: "A splendid game, do you mind if I sit down."

F/O. Emmanuel: "I was playing but I never really got the hang of the game."

1 1 1

S/Ldr. Doug. Mitchelmore, one of the few remaining pioneers of the Mess, has become due for repatriation. During his tour, he held the Mess reins for a period when he acted as P.M.C. A small farewell party arranged for him attracted most of the permanent staff, and developed

S/Ldr. Wilde appears to have perfected the fine art of synthetic weight-lifting. Good show, Geoff!

S/Ldr. Simmonds has explained that he has always been in the Service. His masterly handling of the "Drapery" section of the Mess he attributes to coaching by the lady professional.

Who was the officer who offered a lady a drink and then proceeded to the "Smile" show without satisfying the order. Pretty good(e). What!

We noticed on menu the other day the item "Omelets (5 min. service)." It is pleasing to note that an attempt is being made to speed up the service at meal times.

Ha, Ha, Sir!

"We are taking every precaution," the M.O. told a 'Patrician' reporter at a special interview, "to stop this disease from spreading, particularly amongst the new arrivals. That was the reason for our recent order cancelling cinema shows and camp entertainment."

"But Scarlet Fever, surely sir?" queried our reporter.

"Bah, just a cock and bull story, you must remember that the malady which we are fighting is more a mental complaint than anything else and consequently we refer to it by name as little as possible."

"What are the symptoms, sir?"

"The patient is depressed, in effect suffers from morbid melancholia, his memory deteriorates, his eyes have a glassy appearance, which brightens to an unnatural lustre on hearing rumours, he becomes miserly and hoards huge quantities of feminine clothing and tinned edible goods, and is constantly describing himself as "Cheesed."

"What treatment do you prescribe, sir?"

"Well, of course the cure can only be effected by a course of treatment that necessitates a return to the U.K., and when this is delayed the patient's condition is apt to get worse. At the same time distress can be alleviated to a certain extent by plenty of fresh air, exercise, and hearing some good stories, which reminds me, I haven't heard any lately, have you?"

"No indeed, sir, but the Stock Exchange is a long way away, sir."

"Ah, yes. Ha Ha!"

"Ha Ha! sir, but by the way I did hear one about a mouse and an elephant."

"Oh yes?"

"Yes, sir, an elephant met a mouse, and the elephant wanted to show the mouse how strong he was, so he dashed around and tore up a great tree, put his trunk round the trunk and threw the trunk several yards."

"That's a bit confusing, isn't it?"

"Well, sir, he curled his own trunk around the tree trunk, and threw the tree trunk with his own trunk, sir."

"Oh, very funny. Ha Ha!"

"Ha Ha! sir, but that isn't the joke, sir."

"Isn't it?"

"No, sir, you see the elephant said to the mouse, 'Now you couldn't do that, could you?' and the mouse replied, 'No, but then I've been very ill.' Ha Ha! sir."

"Eh?"

"Why? I don't think that's very funny, are you sure you feel all right, not feverish or anything? Perhaps you had better report sick in the morning, parade at 7:40 outside the Rec. Hall, and march smartly to the M.I. room, you probably won't have to wait more than two hours. And don't forget your small kit."

"But I don't feel ill, sir."

"Don't you, that's a pity."

"Well, sir, now you come to mention it, I have been feeling rather Cheesed lately, sort of depressed and forgetful. I keep on thinking of English pubs, and once or twice have found myself muttering "Roll on, Roll on."

"Ah, the usual symptoms, let me look at your eyes, hmm, a definite case of airphawsick, more commonly known as Boat Fever. I'll see if I can arrange to have you put on the next posting list for the Old Country."

"Oh thank you, sir, thank you very much, sir."

"Don't thank me, I'm only here to do my job, and next time you have a good joke, you needn't worry about it being too clean. Ha, Ha!"

"Ha, Ha! sir, I'll see what I can do, sir."

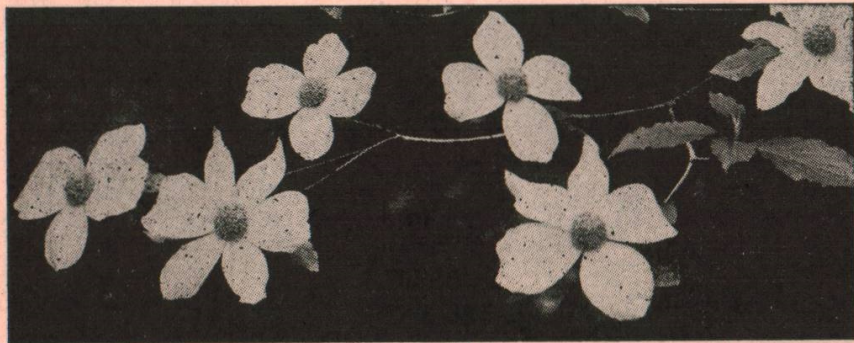
"And let me give you a tip, my lad, never never go sick on the morning of a C.O.'s parade. Ha, Ha!"

"Ha, Ha! sir."

—F. REED

INFORMATION PLEASE

Out in Winnipeg a potential John Kieran has popped up in the Canadian Army. "What is an adjutant?" the examining officer led off the intelligence test. "An adjutant," replied the young man, "is a large bird of uncouth appearance. It has an almost bald head, a tremendous capacity for eating, and acts as a public scavenger. It can swallow a cat with ease." That wasn't the answer written on the card but the recruit was not only correct—he was word perfect with the encyclopedia.



DOGWOOD—The emblem of British Columbia, which during the past month has lined the roads to Victoria.

THE PAT FUND

For the benefit of the new arrivals, we give a brief explanation of "The Pat Fund." It was organised by "The Patrician" staff in January, 1942, since when thousands of dollars have been raised for the Bombed and Homeless of Britain. This money has been given chiefly in small sums by Unit personnel. Collections are made each cinema night and tins can be found in most sections. Raffles and other competitions have been organised by various members of the Unit. Please carry on the good work started by the pioneers—you know just as well as they, how the folks at home need your help.

The month's collections are as follows: Cinemas and Concerts, \$116.06; Training Wing Armoury, \$69.57; Sergeants' Mess Dance, \$20.50; Mr. F. W. Howell (Victoria), \$20.40; Accounts Section, \$17; Guard Room, \$12; Equipment Section, \$11.20; Anonymous, \$10; "Housie-Housie," \$8.95; M.I. Room, \$8.20; Sergeants' Mess, \$5.32; Headquarters, \$4.50; "Patrician" Office, \$2.70; L.A.C. Wood, \$2.50; "B" Flight, \$1.30. **Total, \$310.20.**

R.A.F. OFFICERS' WIVES CLUB

The above club has been formed by wives of R.A.F. Officers stationed here. Its chief aim is to send bundles to Britain and plans are now in hand to hold a garden party to raise funds for this purpose.

Mrs. L. P. Gibson was elected president, with Mrs. H. E. Dunn, vice-president; Mrs. George Spiers, secretary; Mrs. Donald Ford, assistant secretary; Mrs. G. Coveney, treasurer, and Mrs. N. K. Stansfeld, assistant treasurer.

A willingness to participate in the Land Army scheme was expressed.

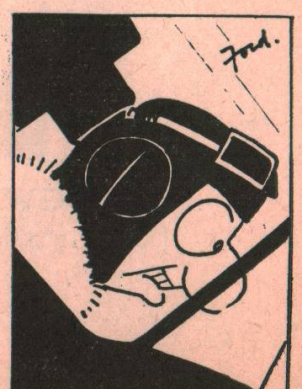
Except from a letter received by one of our civilian readers:—

"Gentlemen:

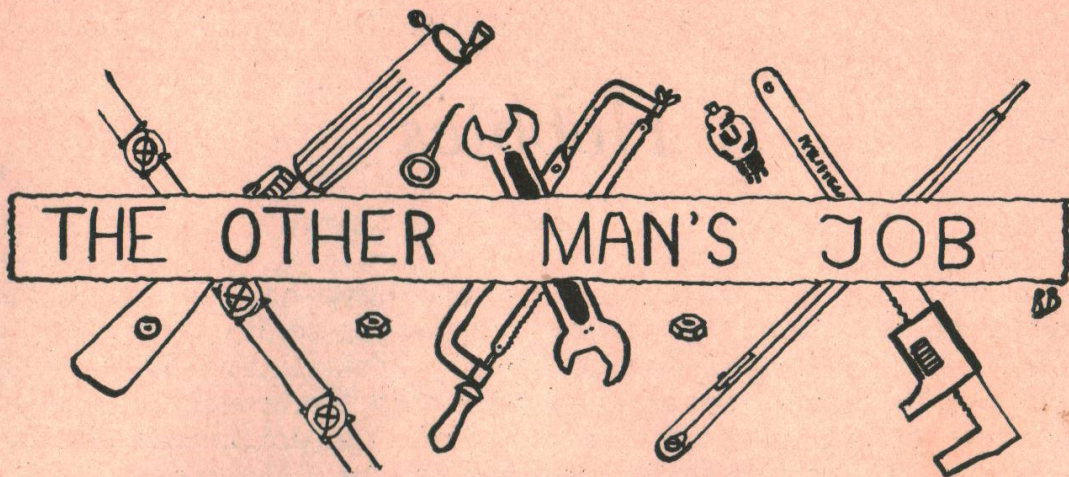
JAM

". . . . Please be advised that any stocks held for the government by this firm are intended for such projects as the construction of airports, etc.

Wouldn't the runways be rather sticky ?



1009 02E-27



No. 21—DENTAL CLINIC

The Dental Clinic is the fair-sized building next to the fire-hall on the main thoroughfare leading to the Officers' Mess. Past its ever open doors and broad windows pass the motley crowd. Most hurry past with a prick to their conscience, "I should go in, but no I'll make it next week" and they breathe a sigh of relief at having got past safely. Others pass by and seeing some of their friends getting attention, brighten up with, "'Arry's getting 'is—wouldn't I like to help. That's it—pull 'em all out. That's wizard!" Others more sympathetic say, "I'm glad it's 'im and not me."

Finally, a brave airman will muster his courage and arrive at the clinic to make an appointment, but when he is told to wait a few minutes and he will be attended to, he hurriedly makes excuses, "I'm very busy" or "I'm going on a 48, could you take me next Friday?" The four or five chaps who are in the waiting room (some feeling pretty low) say to themselves, "Why didn't I think of that?"

In Captain Gallagher's chair in the surgery, F/O. Droford, D.F.C. (with bar), a very brave man for he has decorations to prove it, is saying, "Aw, Doc, maybe we had better not do this today—you won't hurt now, will 'ya?" Which just goes to prove that even the greatest of heroes are cowards many times whilst in the dental chair.

Well do we, at the Dental Clinic, remember Course 14. My, it seems like yesterday that they came rushing to the clinic with, "Well, Doc, do you think you can finish us off today? We're leaving the day after tomorrow, you know." Is it any wonder that the Dentists finish the day with that worn out and worried look. Ah me, maybe one of these days an ideal course will arrive and they will come and have all their dental work completed long before the course is due to leave.

Those hated words "Dental Parade" when heard by most people, conjure up a picture of a dentist gleefully drilling a tooth in the mouth of some unfortunate patient. Now, we know that there is nothing funny about the dental experience, but it is one of those things that has to be done and is being done at our clinic with the latest and best methods known to dentistry. Our operators do like to do a good job and painlessly, too. Their gratification comes only from seeing the patient leave the clinic happy and well satisfied.

—J.W.G.

Hobbies



If there are any of our readers who have not yet visited the magazine office, may we suggest that they do so, if only to see the artistic efforts of L.A.C. George Lowday, Cpl. George Buvyer and Cpl. George Slater. To the latter, whose lifelike models have been so often admired, we have already given a fair amount of publicity, so, therefore, we bring into the limelight the new talent recently discovered.

L.A.C. George Lowday's fascinating hobby is "throwing pots"—though not in the generally accepted sense—"throwing" is the technical term for making a pot on a potter's wheel; and a technical process it is, consequently we will not attempt to explain how Lowday achieves his attractive results. When asked, he very definitely refused to consider making replacements for the breakages in the Airmen's Mess.

A school teacher from Peterborough, L.A.C. Lowday took a three months' course on Arts and Crafts at the Hull College of Art and it was here that he discovered his aptitude for modelling and pottery making. He also attended night classes in Victoria and the examples now exhibited in the office are the result of his work there.

George Buvyer's specialty is oil painting, and the eight exhibits now temporarily adorning the office walls are fine examples of colour combination and artistic blending. Most of the pictures are copies which he does to improve technique, yet probably the best of the collection is the only one painted from life—a truly natural study of Sooke.

Painting has been his hobby since leaving school, although before coming to Canada he did very little. Since arriving here, eighteen months ago, he has attended night classes in Victoria, where, to improve his figure work, he took up charcoal drawing, afterwards concentrating on oil painting, his enviable talent being developed by Mr. Arthur Chuckley, a widely-travelled and well-known local artist.

Why not call at "The Pat" Office and see this display of art by members of the Unit? You will probably be asked to drop a coin in "The Pat Fund" tin, but we're sure you won't mind that.

For the information of newcomers and any others interested, the Victoria Evening Classes begin in the autumn and cover a large number of subjects, including commercial art, painting and drawing, pottery, public speaking, carpentry, etc. They are free to servicemen and transport is arranged. For further details, apply to the Education Officer.

—J.G.

HOBBIES



LAC. GEORGE LOWDAY

CPL. GEORGE BUYER





**"The HONKY TONK"
P.S.I.'s NEW BABY**



THE PALAIS GLIDE



WISH THE OLD FOLKS WERE HERE



**THE SERGEANTS'
MESS DANCE
MAY 1st, 1943**

**SGT. KEEGAN (DOC.)
PRESENTS THE PRIZES**

P.S.I.'s New Baby



Born May 9th, 1943, at No. 5 Hangar. Christened by Maintenance Erks—"HONKY TONK." Complexion, Post Office red.

She makes two dignified trips per day—one in the morning and one in the afternoon—from the Airmen's Mess, where, after loading up to the gunwales with sandwiches, cakes and tea, she (H.T.) ambles across to the Maintenance Section, where an overalled gang of hungry airmen hurriedly wipe their hands on their pants, form into two queues and make hurried purchases.

NOTE.—Suggestions from airmen for the general wellbeing of the Unit are always welcomed by P.S.I. Each Section has, or should have, a representative on the Station Institute Committee. This Committee meets monthly in the "Admin." Office, the time and date being notified in D.R.O.'s.

—J.J.

RYE IN RHYME (*For Dry Weather*)



The horse and mule live thirty years,
And nothing know of wine and beers.

The goat and sheep at thirty die,
And never taste of Scotch or Rye.

The cow drinks water by the ton,
And at eighteen is nearly done.

The dog at fifteen cashes in.
Without the aid of rum or gin.

The cat in milk and water soaks,
And then in twelve short years, it croaks.

The modest, sober, bone dry hen,
Lays eggs for nogs then dies at ten.

All animals are strictly dry,
They sinless live and swiftly die.

But sinful, ginful, rumsoaked men
Survive for three score years and ten.

P.S.—And some of us, the mighty few
Stay pickled till we're ninety-two!!

—RAY



CANADA CLUBS



For the benefit of those brethren who have lately come amongst us, it may not be amiss to preface these reports with a brief explanation of the nature, purpose, and aims of the "Canada Clubs." These clubs are quite autonomous, electing their own officers and arranging their own programmes, centreing their interest around some aspect of Canadian life. Available to them through the facilities of The Canadian Committee, is such assistance in the way of lecturers, publications and films as the individual club may feel it needs.

Already active are five clubs, and two more are recruiting at the present time. Persons interested in any side of life in Canada will be welcomed into the existing clubs, or new clubs will be organised to meet any need. Give you name and indicate your interest to F/O. A. B. MacKenzie, or F/O. R. Gallon, Education Officer, and the facilities available for making a thorough investigation into things Canadian while you are in the country will be explained.

AUTO CLUB

A new club had its beginning when a number of the Diesel Club people found that it would be just as well to know a little about that mysterious term "ICE" before exploring injector systems. Led by Sgt. Thornhill the group will get the gen on engines before the parting of the ways, one section going on to diesel and the other to find out about gear boxes, brakes, and steering wheels.

DIESEL CLUB

Having got over our first three lectures with only a few snags appearing, I think members of the club will agree that we are now well on the way to a successful and enjoyable series of lectures and visits to local factories. The opening lecture was given on 30th April, 1943, by Mr. Moffatt, M.I.M.E., an expert on Diesels, and we came away greatly impressed by his first talk. Transport on this trip was a source of worry as owing to a slight mishap the vehicle refused to start and was Chiefy Rile-yd! However, we managed to start back to camp about 2300 hours and arrived in one piece before 12 o'clock. The second lecture was just as interesting as its predecessor, only this time we shared our transport with Sgt. Hodson's would-be engineers who finished their tour rather early and craftily swiped our vehicle, leaving us in the lurch until 12 o'clock. Our spare time was spent in the Police Station (by invitation). By kind permission of the R.C.A.F. and with the assistance of F/O. Mackenzie our future visits to Victoria will be made by 'bus. We still have room for more members and all the "gen" can be obtained from Sgt. Thornhill, Repair Squadron.

—H.A.T.

ENGINEERING CLUB

The first visit of the Engineering Club was made on May 6th and 7th, when 50 members paid a visit to the V.M.D. Works, Victoria,

On arrival at the works we were introduced to the officials. Mr. Beech, the foreman plater, acted as our guide, and took the party on a systematic tour. We were introduced to the foreman of each department, who explained the work in progress.

We first inspected the boards where the patterns of the various parts of the ship are made. From these patterns the actual ships' plates, etc., are manufactured. We continued with the marking out shop, the foundry with its up-to-date electric furnace, prefabrication, machine shop and welding, etc.; also ships under construction on the ways, one just launched and one almost ready for its trials.

Members of the club wish to take this opportunity of expressing their appreciation for the success of the tour to F/O. Mackenzie and officials of the V.M.D.

More visits to engineering works and the showing of films of interest to members are being arranged.

Any personnel wishing to join the club should contact Sgt. J. Hodson, Modification Section.

—J.H.

FORESTRY CLUB

A Forestry Club has been formed on the Station, and trips to logging camps on the Island have been arranged for members who expect to spend some part of their leave in a camp watching the operations. Unusually good facilities for acquiring a knowledge of this industry exist on Vancouver Island, for every type of logging is carried on. Persons interested should see Sgt. Pickett. 'Phone 45.

GARDENING CLUB

Blisters have hardened to callouses, aching backs have become supple once more, and once-remarkable corporations are beginning to subside as straggling green lines appear in the allotments in the Unit garden. Already amateur gardeners are discoursing learnedly on the relative merits of 4-10-10 and 9-3-5 as opposed to farmyard manure.

Gardeners will compete for prizes for the best vegetables and flowers produced, and the operator of the best plot will receive absolutely free, one beautiful brand-new "48."

Lay-outs of the gardens are exposed to vulgar view at various strategic points about the camp, including "The Patrician" office, for the benefit of those sporting souls who would like to lay a few pennies on their favourite starters.



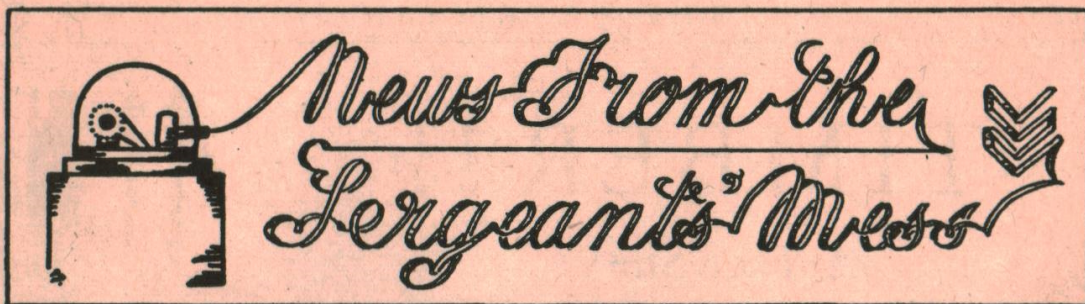
PER ARDUA AD ASTRA

Worthless the prize that easily is won,
Achievement hollow if 'tis not begun
By honest effort, born of hope and fed
By confidence.

Whatever path we tread
Abounds with pitfalls, obstacles and snares.
The journey may be short; or else the years
May pass and leave us striving in their wake.
Strong the temptation, often, to forsake
The uphill track and take the easy way
That lures us with its glittering display
Of tinsel finery, causing us to chase
The shadow for the substance till the race
Is lost irrevocably.

Better far to fail,—
If fail we must, attempting to assail
Ambition's citadel, where dreams come true.
Rather, admit not failure but renew
The effort to attain the heart's desire,
Surmounting difficulties that conspire
To daunt the will and undermine the strength.
Let progress be our watchword till at length
Victorious, emerging from our wars,
Through tribulation we shall reach the stars.

—ROBERT TAYLOR, Cpl.



News From the Sergeant's Mess

Milord Marketis having been absent from the select circle for some little time, has taken his seat of honour again. The Tank comes into his own and mopping up operations continue.

1 1 1

There is no truth in the rumour that when the spot failed to function for a recent "Smile" show—Sgt. Robson was sent for.

1 1 1

Mr. Middleton, who has long had an issue of metal polish for his brass neck, has demanded an increased quota now that he is completely brassed.

1 1 1

We hear that F/Sgt. I'Anson has been making enquiries regarding salary, etc., for the dubious honour of scribbling this page—muttering the while something about "getting square."

1 1 1

Then came the anti-climax when Sgt. Pickett actually had a chit excusing him from duty! After all this time!!

1 1 1

We must congratulate F/Sgt. Huggins on his posting for aircrew training. His going leaves a serious gap in the original inventory, but we wish him all the good luck there is.

1 1 1

We must now welcome his successor, F/Sgt. Jones, who, brandishing his tankard, has quickly come into the limelight.

1 1 1

Last month we held our first "dry" dance and although the vast majority were very sceptical of its success, everyone present had an enjoyable time.

1 1 1

Sgt. Johnson wishes to apologise to those members who were disturbed by his inspired oratory in the early hours of Sunday, May 15th, due to the overwork and the worry of managing the Unit Football Team.

TIMBER !!

A True Story



"I would strongly recommend all of you to take every opportunity of seeing what there is to be seen during your tour of duty in Canada. I regret to say I did not make the most of my opportunities."

Words to the above effect were written by G/Capt. Robertson, A.M., the first C.O. of this unit, after his return home.

How many of us thought, but two years ago, that we should see B.C.? How many even knew where B.C. was situated?

I thought it over. I had been to the Forbidden Plateau and skied; I have played golf on all the courses in Victoria, and also at Capilano and Shaughnessy on the Mainland. I've visited Harrison Hot Springs, I've done a little salmon fishing and sailed round some of the "myriad islands of the Gulf." But there was much more to be seen and done so that I should be fully equipped in future years to shoot that pleasant line, which eager listeners are prepared to accept from one who has travelled to the outposts of Empire.

* * *

It was on Monday, April 15th, 1943, that Mr. Wellburn kindly arranged for me and five others to visit his logging camp at Duarholme, which is but a few miles from Duncan. Arriving there at 9 o'clock, after an early start (what a line!), we proceeded along what they described as the main road. This "highway," about 8 ft. wide and paved with timber, extended, we were told, for 31 miles. We turned off it about 3 miles from the saw mills, then being at an altitude of 1,250 ft., roughly on a level with the highest point on the Malahat.

The timber consisted of firs, and surprisingly, the odd Arbutus tree. Immediately on arrival, we saw a timber truck being loaded with the aid of the spar tree rigging and a donkey engine.

From there we moved to the big show—a bit of top-rigging. The selected fir was about 100 ft. high. In a few minutes, our exhibitionist was up and completing the "dressing." He then started on the real thing and shortly after we heard the call "Timber!" and saw the head come hurtling to the ground. Alan Heyd had completed his top-rigging, rested for a few minutes on the stump and then returned to ground level. I walked down to him and remarked that it was a "topping" exhibition! He smiled weakly, but it was obvious that he was exhausted after his energies. I learnt that such a job, which he had completed for us in about 30 minutes,

normally takes a couple of hours. He said that there was not much whip in the trunk from which the top came off—just 6 ft. or so!

We moved on to see them felling trees with a power saw, a fairly simple method—in the hands of experts of course. Trees with a trunk diameter of 2 ft. could be laid low in 3 minutes without any preparation. Next we saw them collecting the trees for cutting and loading. Returning to the saw mills, we found that the lunch hour had started and the machinery was at rest. (If only we had arrived punctually!).

Anyway, it had been a grand show and we returned on the last ferry, keen to relate our experiences. Back in camp we are approached: "Hello! Have you been off for the day?"

"Yes," we reply. "We've been up to Duncan vis . . ."

"Oh! then you've missed a damned good film on logging and another one on horticulture. They showed you everything. You should certainly have seen it."

"Yes—possibly," we replied a little sadly—but oh! one can see a film anywhere. We had seen the real thing, we'd shaken hands and chatted with the toprigger; we'd actually felled a tree, operating the power saw with our own hands. We had started to make the most of our opportunities. What about you?

Pictures on page 5.

—A. E. ARMITAGE

OUR COVER PICTURE

L.A.C. Hollingworth, of the Photographic Section, is this month responsible for the newsy cover picture. It shows His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada, the Earl of Athlone, leaving the Unit soccer field, after kicking off in the final of the Unit League. He is accompanied by the Commanding Officer and F/Lt. H. E. Dunn, Officer i/c Soccer.

CONGRATULATIONS

To the following on their recent appointments and promotions we offer our congratulations: P/O's D. R. T. John, K. J. Butt, J. Wisdom, R. J. Curtis, G. E. Milne, B. Murphy and D. C. Thompson to Flying Officer; F/Sgt. W. Hunter and Sgt. J. W. Gadd to Pilot Officer; Sgts. S. S. Williams and F. E. Price to Flight Sergeant; L.A.C.'s R. Duncan, J. Sams, E. G. Price, R. H. Snell, J. Smithson, J. Corless and A. Woodbridge, to Corporal.

Our best wishes are offered to the following on their recent marriages: W/O. R. G. Durward, Sgts. J. T. Gamble, J. Jenkins, Cpl. W. B. Eden, L.A.C.'s H. S. Lindsay and A. P. Bowker and A/C. K. Garland.

To the following babies of Unit personnel we send our greetings: David Nelson Jones and Sharleen Agnes Brown.

BOOKS TO READ



"LAUGH PARADE," by **Stephen Leacock**—All the old favourite Leacock short essays are here—satire and admirable fooling on the most diverse subjects. Leacock is a man of many parts: he has been professor, author, and lecturer. He tells us that he was once introduced to an English audience thus:

"Not so long ago, ladies and gentlemen," said the vicar, "we used to send out to Canada various classes of our community to help build up that country. We sent out our labourers, we sent out our scholars and professors. Indeed we even sent out our criminals. And now, (with a wave of his hand towards me) they are coming back."

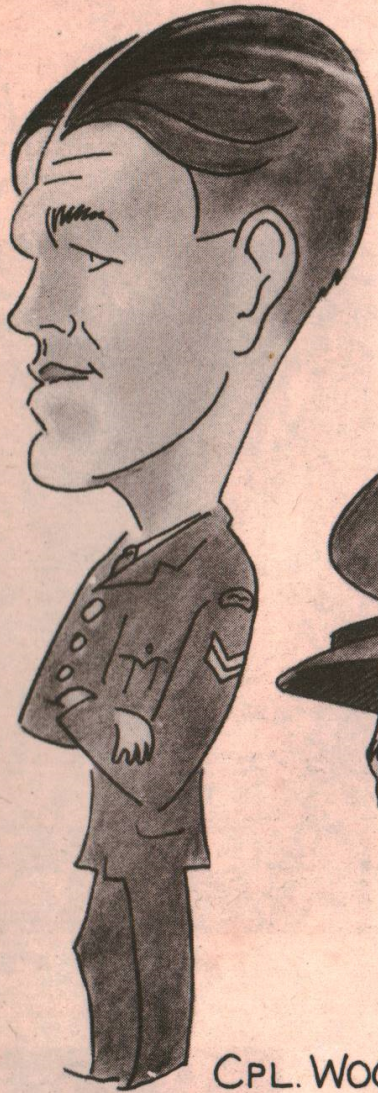
Few authors who set out to be funny will pass the test of having their work read aloud, but it is hardly possible to have this collection without wanting to read out "the good bits"—how Ah-Yen, the laundryman, had a great interest in one of his customers, a student. "I helped him at each succeeding examination, as far as lay in my power, by starching his shirts halfway to the elbow, so as to leave him as much room as possible for notes." You will also learn all about Lake Awatawetness, where "schools of pike, mackerel, doggerel, and chickerel jostle one another in the water. They rise instantaneously to the bait and swim gratefully ashore, holding it in their mouths."

—R.G.

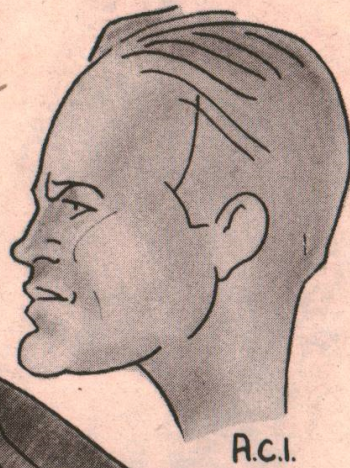
"THE INDIANS OF CANADA," by **Diamond Jenness**—Don't be put off by the rather forbidding title-page of this book which is a well-written and beautifully illustrated account of the Indian tribes of Canada from the earliest times to the present day. A leading authority on his subject, the author covers every aspect of Indian life and history. This might mean very little, for there is a vast difference between knowing all that there is to be known about a subject and being able to talk or write about it so as to interest the ordinary reader. Here is a welcome instance where the expert is also a brilliant writer. It would be doing him less than justice to say that his presentation of facts is interesting. It is downright gripping, and the remarkable illustrations, many of which are coloured, make a perfect complement.

Much of this book has particular local interest because numerous tribes are native to the British Columbia Mainland or Vancouver Island. There is plenty of glamour and excitement in their earlier history, but the story of their latter days is a pitiful one. It is the tragedy of a primitive people unable to adapt themselves to unknown diseases and too-rapid social changes.

—R.D.H.S.



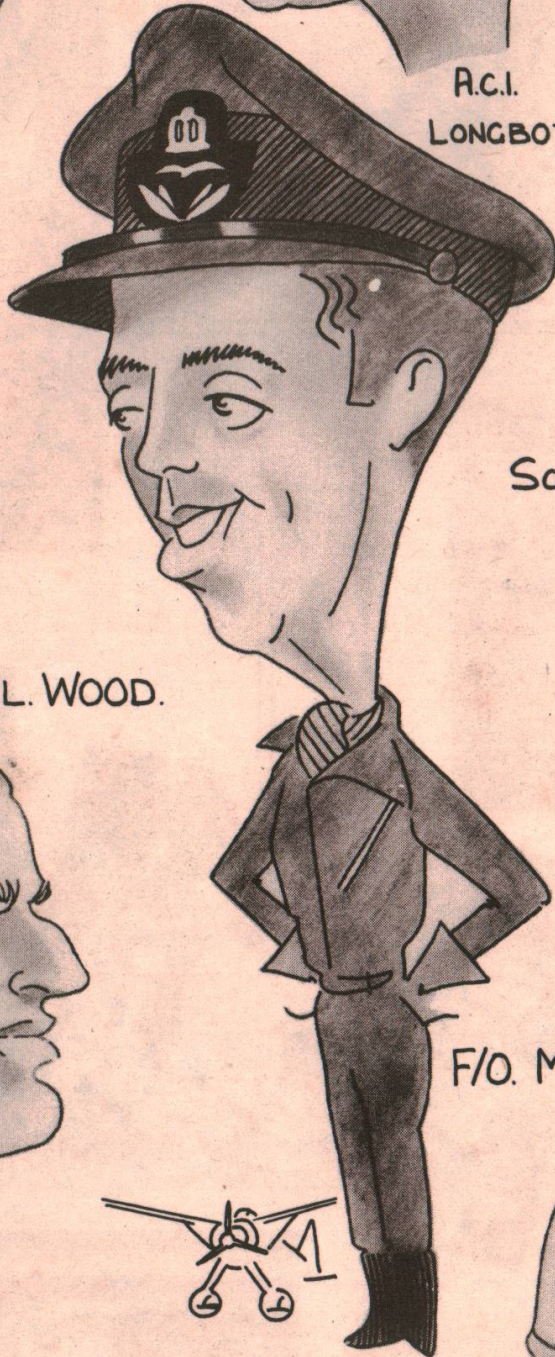
CPL. WOOD.



A.C.I.
LONGBOTTOM.



SGT. COWLEY.



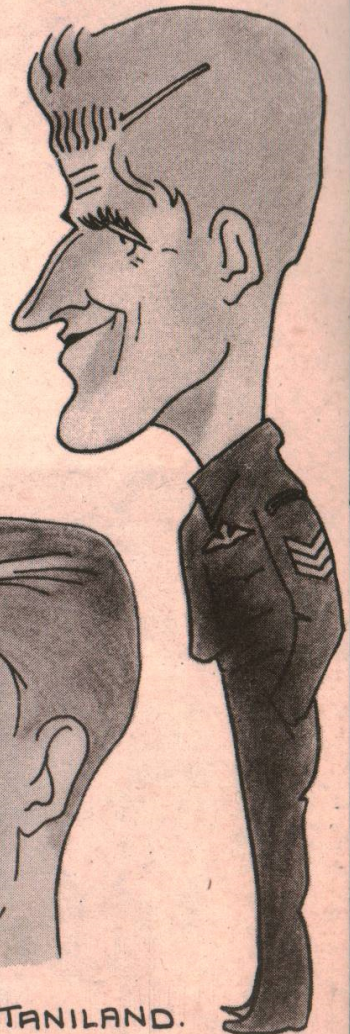
F/O. MILNE



L.A.C. GAVIN



L.A.C. FIELD



SGT. STANILAND.

Ford

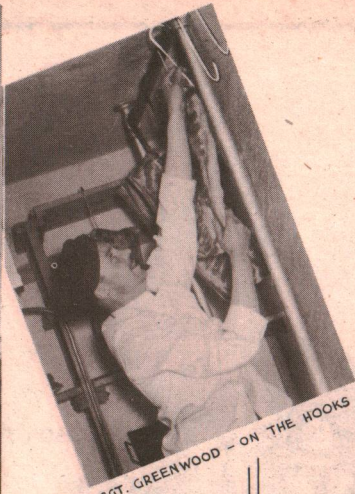
Personnelities

MEN AT WORK

No. 12 ~ The AIRMEN'S MESS



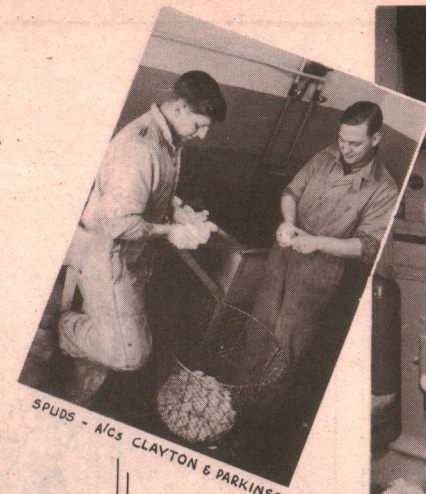
UNLOADING RATIONS



SGT. GREENWOOD - ON THE HOOKS



A STIRRING SCENE
LAC. HARRISON



SPUDS - A/Cs CLAYTON & PARKINSON



LAC. BUTLER IN A MIX-UP



OUR DAILY BREAD



CPL. MAYCOCK & A/C. COCKSEY



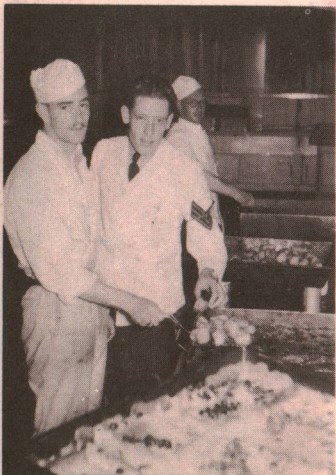
ANY COMPLAINTS?



COME AND GET IT



TEA FOR TWO



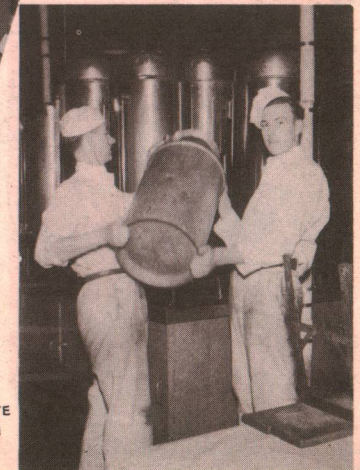
SGT. PATTISON
O.K.'S ROAST POTATOES



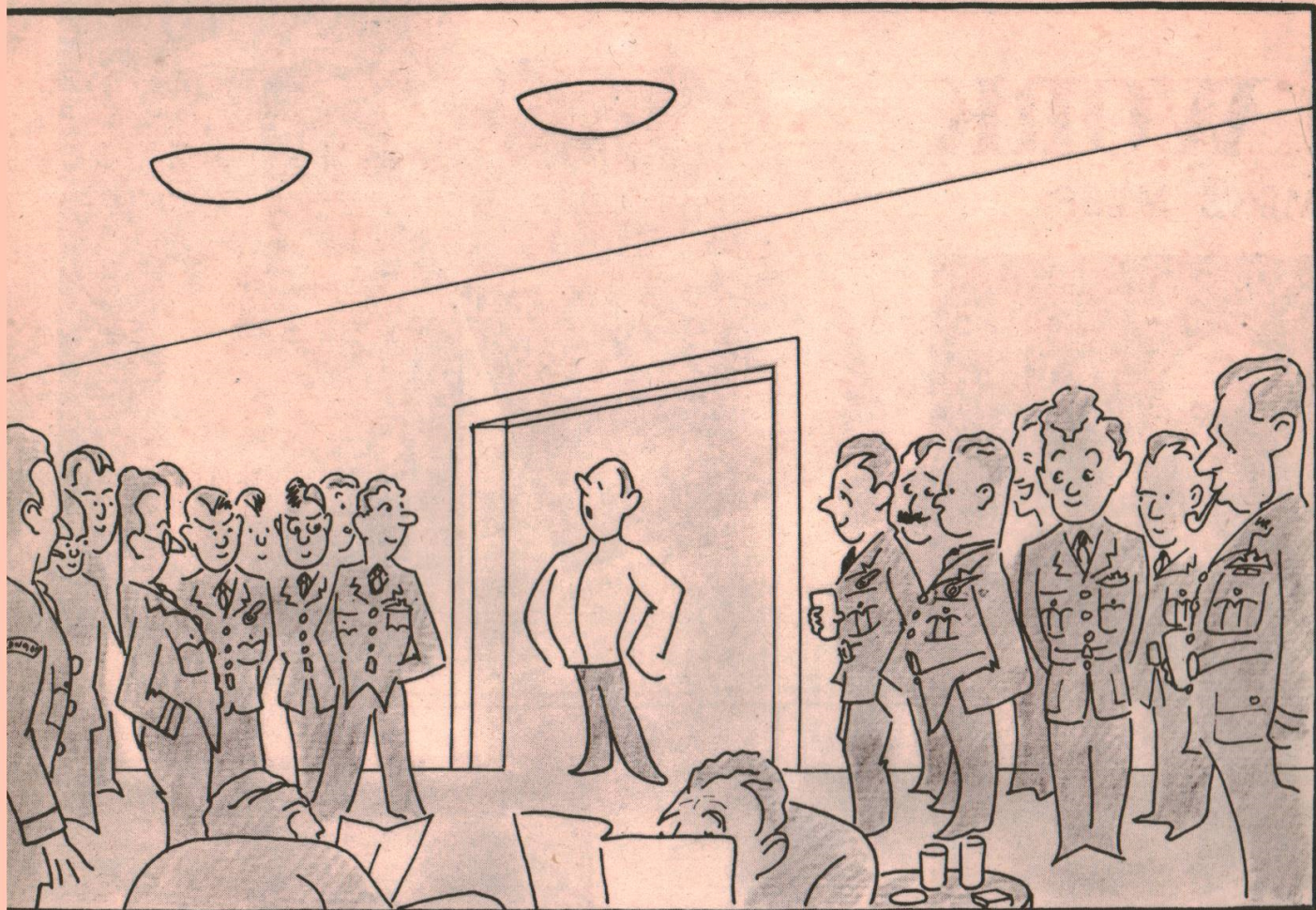
VERY TASTY -
SGT. MADDOCKS
AND CPL. PARKS



WHAT'S COOKING?



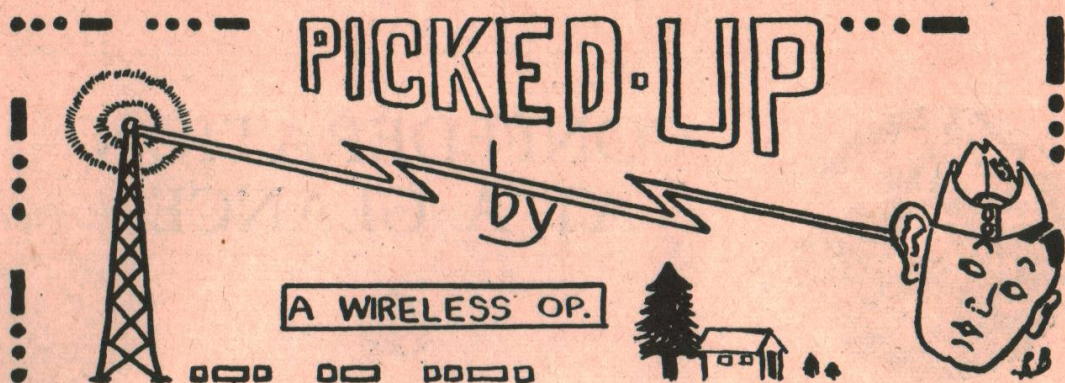
MILKO - LAC. FOOTE
& A/C. STEVENSON



"Gentlemen—Lunch



—is Served."



PUKKA GEN

Who was the officer who, when feeling a bit seedy, mixed himself an Alka-Seltzer. He went out a few minutes later feeling much better. On his return he found the Alka-Seltzer untouched—he'd forgotten to drink it!

1 1 1

Heard after the Victoria "Smile" show:—"Why doesn't Gosley cut his act down to an hour?"

1 1 1

Taxes must be hitting Cpl. Richards pretty hard. At one time he could launch out and pay as much as \$7.00 for a car, but recently he bought one which only cost \$1.00!

1 1 1

Seattle Resident: "What are you in?"

R.A.F. Erk: "The R.A.F."

Seattle Resident: "What does the R stand for?"

1 1 1

Who were the two sergeants who unintentionally gave a strip tease act for the entertainment of the canteen staff?

1 1 1

Portland Resident: "What are you in?"

R.A.F. Erk: "Royal Air Force—from England."

Portland Resident: "Good gawd, don't tell me they've retreated this far!"

DUFF GEN

Talk about erks shooting a line, what about this: "Binkie," the W.D. mascot of the "Smile" show was shooting a horrible line in Seattle about being a hostess on a bomber!



CONFEDERATION AT A GLANCE



I asked Sergeant Pickett the other day what he knew about Confederation. He gave the matter due deliberation before he replied: "I generally think of the States when I hear the word, but I suppose that when Canadians use the word they are talking about the time when the confederates got together!"

Now Canadians regard Confederation with the same respect and reverence that English people accord to Magna Carta or 1066—it is a matter which has had a profound influence on the way Canadians live to-day. Therefore I was shocked to learn that Sergeant Pickett, whom I had always considered a model of erudition, knew nothing about it. I also concluded that since he didn't know, there would not be very many people on the station who would know, and that the gen should immediately become available.

Canadians were really not much concerned about Confederation, until it became apparent that our good neighbors to the south were desirous of becoming more than neighbors, and were thinking of moving right in. They had just concluded their War Between the States, and the victorious north had a big, well-trained and well-equipped army. There began to be circulated a doctrine known as "Manifest Destiny"—that the Manifest Destiny of the United States was to develop and control the great empty western end of the continent. Since by far the greater half of the western end of the continent belonged to Canada, Canadians got a bit worried, especially when they considered the chances of a hastily-raised Canadian militia against the veterans of the Civil War.

As was the custom in those days, Canada appealed to the Mother Country, and was met by politely indifferent British statesmen, who, in their courtly way, indicated that as the traditional attitude toward Canada was not to care who owned it, neither did they. Vestiges of this Georgian political theory still survive in the minds of R.A.F. airmen on the station, whenever it rains for longer than seventeen minutes.

However, the fact that Canada, loosely organised as she was at the time, was unable either to defend herself, or get help from England was now brought home to the Canadians. Canada lacked even the elementary political organization necessary to arrive at a unified policy for its own affairs. Having been nosed out of the nest by Britain, she had to do something to save her own skin.

Unfortunately, a bitter feud had been raging for years between John A. Macdonald, the leader of the Conservative Party, and George Brown, the leader of the party called the Clear Grits (later the Liberal Party). Both men realized that Canada's salvation lay in Confederation, and they buried their differences enough to allow them to work together for it. George Etienne Cartier, leader of the French-Canadians, also threw in his lot with them, risking his popularity with his supporters. But unselfishness of this sort is infectious, and a wave of enthusiasm for Confederation swept over Canada.

The result of this feeling was the Charlottetown Conference, in 1864, where Confederation really was born. This conference was followed by one at Quebec, and the basis for Canada's constitution was worked out. Followed two stormy years when the plan had to be sold to the provinces. Newfoundland turned down the proposal, as did Prince Edward Island; New Brunswick was so hostile to the idea that Confederation seemed impossible there, and the legislature of Nova Scotia was in such a mood, that Tupper, Premier, decided not to place the resolutions before it.

The event that turned the tide, oddly enough, was an invasion of Canada. In the United States a strange organization known as the Fenians had sprung up. Anti-British in character, they had all sorts of wild ideas, ranging from the annexation of Canada to its seizure as a base for an attack on Britain. In the spring of 1866 about 600 of them crossed the Niagara River from Buffalo, and nine persons were killed in the resultant skirmish. Other threats were made along the border during the year, and Canadians began to see defence as a real problem. Sentiment changed in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and by December both assemblies had voted for Confederation and a third Conference was called in London.

With the Quebec resolutions as a basis the London Conference spent two months in drawing up a bill for the British Parliament, which was passed in March, 1867—the British North America Act, the Constitution of Canada.

By the Act four provinces, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Lower Canada and Upper Canada, which were renamed as Quebec and Ontario, were united into the Dominion of Canada. The system of government was set out, and the division of power between the federal and provincial governments defined.

On July 1st, 1867, the Dominion of Canada came into being. It was a great day in Canada's life, and we celebrate it in this country as Dominion Day. If Sergeant Pickett and I are spared, and if there is any beer left in this great Dominion, this coming Dominion Day I will hold a cold bottle before his thirsty eyes and ask him again what he knows about Confederation. Not until he tells me that he understands the matter fully will I put the bottle within reach of his clutching hand.

—A. B. MACKENZIE

It's a Sign of the Changing Times

(Acceding to many requests, we print below the rhyme written by Cpl. Jerry Gosley for the recent "Smile" Show)



I'm sick of being "terribly British"
And reciting the "Wheels of War,"
It's terribly cheesing—these things to keep wheezing
I find it a frightful bore.

To keep up-to-date isn't easy,
It means that I must write new rhymes,
As Montgomery said—"I must push ahead—
It's a sign of the changing times.

You remember those days back in Britain
When the Huns tried to shake us with raids,
Their plans went to hell but this camp has done well,
They've worn us all out with parades.

They've a Beveridge Plan back in England
But they've nothing like that over here,
We must stand in a queue for an hour—sometimes two
For a liquid—which locals call beer.

Even officers now feel the shortage
And that is the biggest of crimes,
So now the camp vicar must bring his own liquor,
It's a sign of the changing times.

The language has changed, you will notice,
Everyone now says "I guess,"
And the jitterbug germ makes me squirm like a worm,
It's infected the Sergeant's Mess.

We always said "Jolly good show, chaps,"
When things went off smoothly and right,
It was one of the rules at the very best schools,
But at this school they say "Favourite!"

To our first Unit Dance in the Rec. Hall,
We carried our partners through slime,
But now, my dear Madam, you can walk on Macadam—
It's a sign of the changing time.

At one time we all could ring sections
And yell out "How do, Jack, what's new?"
But oh, what a change—now a voice cold and strange
Sends a frigid reply—"Who are you?"

New faces have recently joined us,
This fact's an encouraging note,
For I hear from the stores that they're making some oars
And Joe Middleton's making the boat.

Standing up here's quite exhausting—
It's thirsty work reading these rhymes—
Adolf, be cursed—I can't quench my thirst—
It's a sign of the changing times.

A boat was travelling slowly up the Thames with a typical river boatman aboard. He spotted a bowler hat floating downstream, steered the boat to it and picked it up. Much to his surprise there was a man's head underneath. He looked at the man and asked what he was doing. Chap in the water answered, "I'm just going up and down the river. I do it every day."

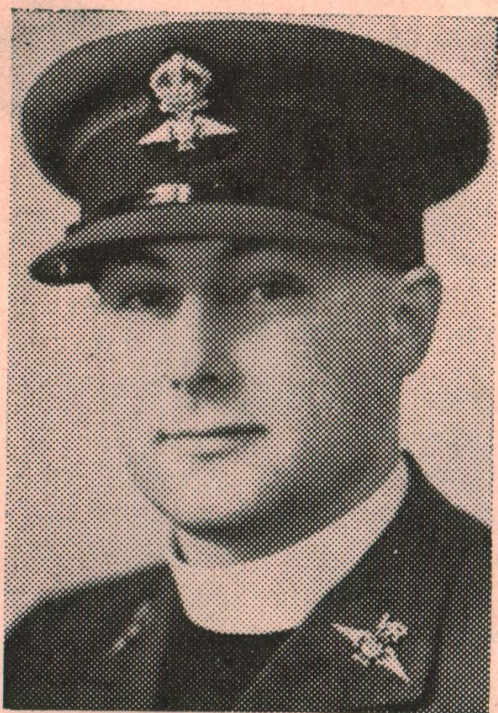
The surprised boatman said, "Don't you get tired?"

"Oh, no!" replied the chappie, "I'm on a bike."



"Didn't know you were a cookhouse wallah!"

"I'm not. I'm room orderly!"



REV. E. W. L. MAY

A Letter from Padre May

(Late Chaplain of this Unit)

Somewhere in England.

My Dear Editors:—

Yes, I will write a letter for "The Patrician" with the greatest joy.

I am glad to say that my magazines are reaching me regularly. You may be chagrined to know that when the anniversary number arrived I mistook it for an advertisement for Benger's Food and threw it aside. You will recall that on the cover was a drawing of a big bouncing one-year-old.

Presently—fortunately for you, and for me, too—happy memories of Benger's Food began to rise from my subconscious mind, and at length I felt impelled to see if Benger's was still being so outstandingly successful. Lo and behold, it was "The Patrician"! Tally-ho!

I am now stationed in the north of England, not very far from the Lake District. Despite the beauty of the locality, I still think that British Columbia is the most lovely region I have ever seen. I shall have to revisit it some day. I remember with gratitude the astonishing hospitality and kindness which was shown to me on the Island. I send my love to my friends on the Station, in the parish, and in the neighbourhood. I think of them in turn in my prayers. The Cricket Club will be glad to know that the travelling clock which it gave to me is one of my treasured possessions. It keeps excellent time. It takes precedence over all the other clocks which seek to wake me in the morning.

Life in England rolls along uneventfully. In this secluded spot on the coast little occurs apart from flying activities and periodic military exercises. Mine-fields marked "Death," however, serve to remind one that much lies under the surface of our apparent complacency. Once in a while an illiterate dog ignores the warning, with the result that unwittingly it rises to unprecedented heights in its wild career "per ardua ad astra."

The food situation is not unsatisfactory. The Messes are on the universal messing system. So all ranks have the same food. Although I have been here for seven months, my weight remains a solid fifteen-ten, notwithstanding the forfeiture of innumerable quantities of

ice-cream, bars of milk chocolate—and veal cutlets at the Sussex Cafe. So you may rest assured that we are not in a decline by any means.

When you are about to return to England you would be wise to buy in Canada any articles which you are likely to require in the near future. By doing so you will avoid disappointment, perhaps; and you will help to relieve pressure on the home market—an important consideration. The following articles might well be purchased in advance: Underclothes, pyjamas, socks, handkerchiefs, sock suspenders, braces, rubber-soled shoes, razor blades, racquets, balls, fountain-pens, watches, playing-cards. Remember, airmen have no clothing-coupons in England; nor have the W.A.A.F.—not that you would know anything about their requirements anyhow.

Over here we are deeply impressed by the magnificent work which you are doing in Canada. Some of us are tempted to feel that your work is more conspicuously valuable than ours. You are overseas; we are merely at home! It makes me smile when I remember the numbers of men who used to tell me how they wished they were "back in the middle of it all." I can assure you that in England we too feel that we are "out of things." So stay where you are; and congratulate yourselves that you are called upon to do so vital a work under such pleasant conditions, amongst a people so splendidly kind and generous.

We have with us personnel from Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. They are a fine crowd of men. The Canadians are invariably overjoyed when I pass on to them my weekly copy of "Superman," which a friend sends to me. If the Canadian papers knew what pleasure the weekly "comic" editions give to their boys they would make arrangements for supplying them regularly. They make an invaluable contribution to morale.

May I finish my letter on a religious note, for old-times sake? Lord Halifax has said: "We are on our way to victory." But to what kind of victory? the kind of victory that brings war in its train after an interval of a few years? a superficial victory which is unaccompanied by that "inner peace" which is of supreme importance? Canada has shown us how to treat each other as brethren. If we would take that inspiring example in social friendliness as a model for the Old Country, and combine it with an active loyalty to the Architect of the Universe, identifying all our aims, ideals and aspirations with the Mind of God, what a miracle of achievement might be wrought through the instrumentality of the British Empire! God bless you all.

Yours sincerely,

E. W. L. MAY

"My jewelry is all wearing out," said the wife to her husband, as she fingered her diamonds.

"Smile" Show Notes



Our first show since going to press last month was on the Unit on April 27th which, by all reports, was a great success. We had as guest artist Hughie Green, the famous British radio, stage and screen star, who is now a pilot officer in the R.C.A.F., and at the time was stationed near here. Later he took part in four other performances with us, including Seattle and Victoria. We offer our sincere thanks for his very valuable assistance and we shall long remember the pleasure we had while working with him. The following night we played at the Gorge, when over \$50 was raised for the Red Cross. Next came our second goodwill visit to Tacoma and Seattle. At Tacoma we sold War Bonds in Liberty Square, broadcast from KMO and played to a very large audience at the Temple Theatre in the evening. At Seattle we made two broadcasts from KIRO, gave a show in the afternoon at a Naval Air Station, and another in the evening at the Moore Theatre. Proceeds from all shows went to war charities.

A repeat performance was given on the Unit on May 11th—again we played to a packed house. The following evening we appeared at the Royal Victoria Theatre, sponsored by the Victoria Centenary Committee in aid of the Solarium and British Save the Children Fund. Part of the programme was broadcast and \$600 was raised for the two charities. Two days later we entertained the most appreciative audience to date at the local Naval Barracks.

The show has suffered a great blow in the loss (due to postings) of three of its most popular members—L.A.C.'s George Walker, Jim Skelly and Les Roberts. George Walker was one of the few original members of the band and was largely responsible for its success. Jim Skelly, one of the pioneers of R.A.F. entertainment in B.C., will be greatly missed by our civilian audiences with whom he was always a favourite. Les Roberts speedily rose from a rather timid announcer to a suave and polished compere, giving such a professional touch to the show. We're going to miss them. In offering sincere thanks for the hard work they have done for the benefit of the Unit we wish them "bon voyage" and the best of luck.

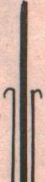
—J.G.

A townsman took his small son to visit relatives on a farm. Once there the father allowed the child to run free around the farm. Some time later they came upon the child with a rabbit in his hand, shaking it vigorously and saying, "Five and five, five and five." The father stopped him and asked why he was shaking the rabbit. The child replied: "Our schoolteacher told us that rabbits multiply fast, but this dumb cluck can't even add up."



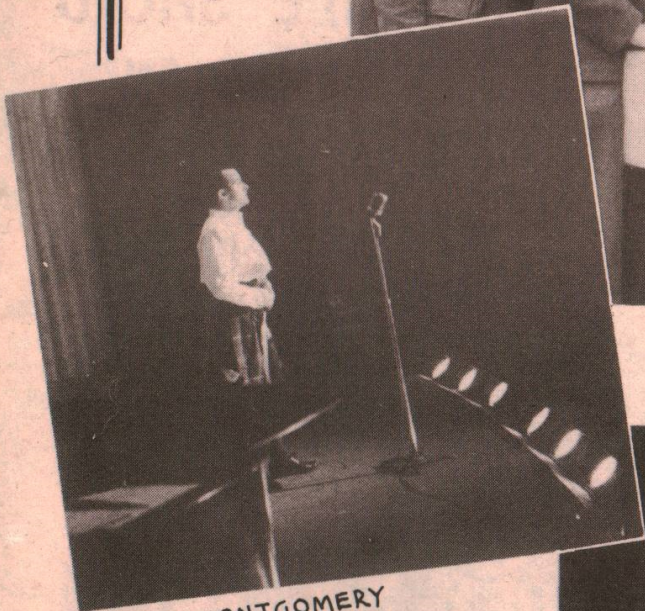
HUGHIE GREEN AND THE GANG BROADCAST FROM KIRO STUDIOS


"SMILE"
IN SEATTLE
 IN AID OF WAR CHARITIES



TACOMA MAY 3
SEATTLE MAY 4

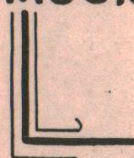


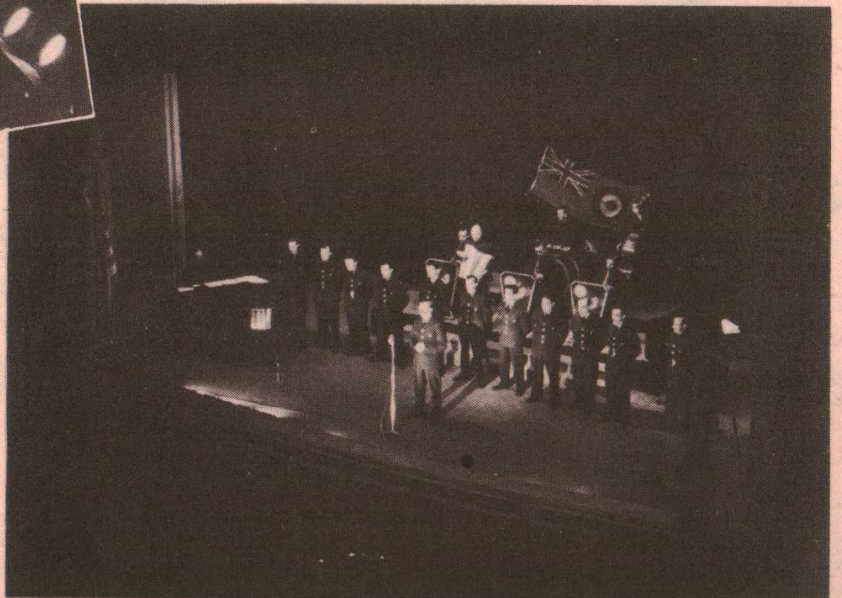
WHERE'S THE DRUMMER



FRANK MONTGOMERY

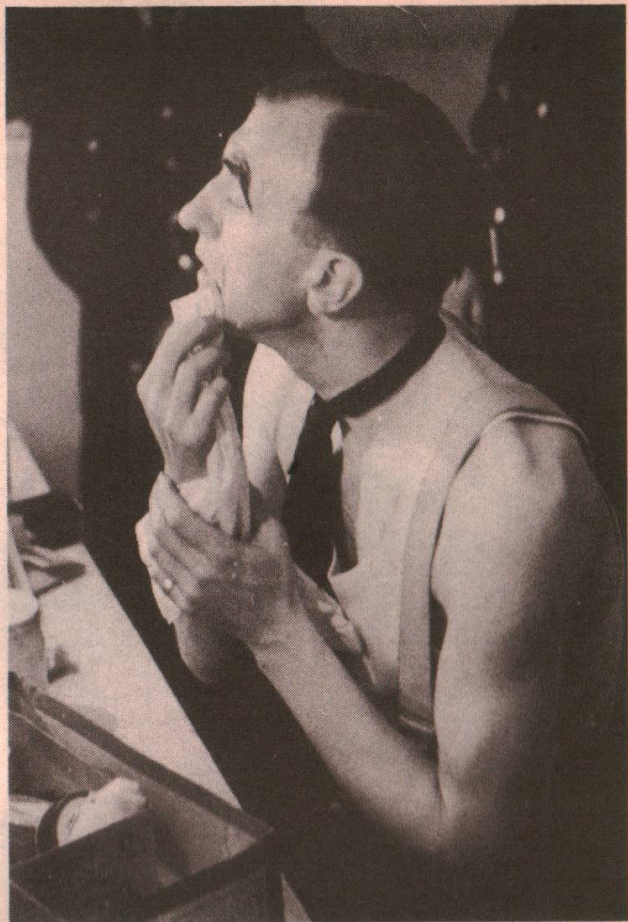

AT THE
MOORE THEATRE


THE FINALE





STAGE DOOR, MOORE THEATRE, SEATTLE



BILL BUTLER IN THE DRESSING ROOM



GEORGE WALKER TRIES A
YANKEE CIGARETTE

R.A.F. "SMILE" SHOW

ENTERTAIN AT AN AMERICAN NAVAL AIR STATION

MAY 4TH 1943

LEAVING THE NAVAL STATION THEATRE



ANONYMOUS LETTER

To the Editors:—

I am addressing this letter to the members of the "Smile" Show, whom I think need a little plain talk. I am a new arrival on the station, so naturally I wanted to see the show for the first time. Here is what I think of each turn or act. The opening number would have been alright if you had had someone to sing. The singer with the band's first number, well, you could throw him out until the swell went out of his head. It is the same with the band—they are good and don't they know it. Suggest ice-packs until after broadcast. Bill Butler is certainly a good member. He keeps his audience laughing right through the turn. Ted Warrior (George Formby the second) has excellent talent and ought to go far if he can only make his tone a shade deeper. Jerry Gosley, with his old school tie act, was good, but he puts it on a bit too fine. Ronnie Brohn (Sgt.) is tiptop, without a doubt, but he is the same as the rest of the band. He should also take off his tunic. He is apt to sweat on the stage under the weight of his sergeant's strips. The "Erks in Harmony" are very good—need a little polishing. Hughie Green, as guest artist, was really excellent. He certainly retains his talent although having been away from the stage for quite a while. Denis Collier was very good indeed; he is the boy to start your opening number. His lead into the finally was grand and certainly was a fine finishing touch to the show. On the whole, it was a jolly good show and I enjoyed it very much. Artists take warning! Don't get too swell-headed.

—A NEW ARRIVAL

A REPLY

It is our rule to ignore unsigned contributions, but we feel that this masterpiece is worthy of publicity.

We agree with the critic's opinion of the opening number—Gosley always has had a lousy voice, but someone has to open the show . . . Crawley, the band's singer—we nearly had to throw him on, but of course our mystery correspondent wouldn't know that . . . Of course, the band are good, don't we all know it? . . . Thanks for Bill Butler's bouquet . . . We'll arrange for Warrior's tone to be deepened—just a shade. Would something similar to Robeson be the right colour? It should go well with a ukelele! . . . Yes, the old school tie's nearly strangled Gosley on a number of occasions. He's busy learning the Yorkshire dialect now—will that do? . . . We have arranged for Sgt. Brohn to do a "strip" tease act next time for the benefit of our anonymous correspondent . . . For the "Erks in Harmony" we've bought a tin of Brasso . . . Hughie Green was delighted by his compliment . . . If Denis Collyer starts the opening number, who's going to finish it? Can Gosley? "Finale" we're glad

he said our "finally" was fine, but with so many "swell" headed artists on the stage all worthy of so much criticism, we doubt very much if our critic enjoyed a minute of it.

Now, dear correspondent, what about you giving a one-man show—a kind of Ruth Draper effort. Go on, please do, we'll all be there.

—J.G.

Musical Merry-Go-Round



A recent notice in D.R.O.'s stated inter alia that the Unit Band was in "a precarious position" (sic). This picturesque phrase could have been interpreted in several ways in our "Heyday," but at the moment of writing, it has one meaning only, and that is "Depletion." What with inevitable resignations owing to recent postings and the desire on the part of one member to "seek pastures new," our number has been reduced from nine to five! We would again remind our newest arrivals that Sergeant Brohn will be only too pleased to encourage and assist any "likely performer."

This month, we offer our best wishes to L.A.C. George Walker, one of our most versatile musicians. George was "hot stuff" on the alto sax and violin, besides being an accomplished pianist and a very useful bass player. The String Ensemble, however, was his special pride, and as leader of this popular combination he found an outlet for his artistic talent. Best of luck, George, and more power to your elbow!

Talking of versatility, this seems to be a sine qua non for small outfits and our own is no exception, as was proved by our recent performances at Tacoma and Seattle. At these shows, force of circumstances necessitated a re-shuffle in our Dance Band line-up and we had L.A.C. Anderson (Cheeky Charlie) on the drums with L.A.C. (General) Montgomery on the bass.

The newest "act" in our "Smile" show programme features Sergeant Ronnie Brohn and L.A.C. Les Minto in "Four Hands and a Piano." This duo made their bow at the Royal Victoria Theatre on May 12th, at the "Solarium" Concert, and their fine performance was an instant success, the smooth and even style of Les providing a perfect background for the more dynamic and nimble fingered gymnastics of Sgt. Brohn.

—F.I.M.

LUCKY BLIGHTER!

P/O. Austin won a War Bond, value \$500, in a sweepstake held on a R.C.A.F. Station.

Y.M.C.A. NEWS



Hospitality—Newly-arrived personnel will find that the homes of residents in Sidney, Victoria, and other Island towns, also in Vancouver, New Westminster, and other towns on the Mainland, will be freely opened to them, as a "home away from home," while they are here on their tour of duty.

These good people feel that it is a great privilege to entertain the members of the Royal Air Force, and it is hoped that as many as possible will take advantage of the opportunity offered, as it will do much to provide variety in living conditions, and we must always remember that "a friend in need is a friend indeed."

Summer Camping Trips—Through the kind co-operation of Mr. Currie of the British Columbia Government Travel Bureau, four hikes are being planned for each of the four summer months—June, July, August and September. Further details will be announced in the near future. Personnel desirous of joining the first party, which in all probability will be from June 23 to June 30, should hand in their names as early as possible to Mr. Letroy, Y.M.C.A. Supervisor.

Maps, Magazines and Bulletins—Hundreds of the above items have been supplied for the use of Station personnel by the British Columbia Government Travel Bureau, Victoria Publicity Bureau, Department of Mines and Resources, Ottawa, the British Columbia Automobile Association, and various State Governments of the United States, as well as the C.P.R. and C.N.R. Railways.

During the past three months, magazines have been supplied through the efforts of the Boy Scouts and Cub Troops of Sidney, B.C. Scout Master Freeman King and his troops are to be warmly thanked for their generous support of this part of our work.

Ping-Pong Balls—Owing to the scarcity of various sports items, it has been found necessary to ration ping-pong balls on a weekly basis, as follows: Airmen's Canteen, 9; Sergeants' Mess, 4; Officers' Mess, 3. Personnel making use of this privilege, which is provided free of charge, are asked to keep this fact in mind when playing, and to preserve the equipment by careful usage.

Canada's Playground Booklets—Personnel are reminded that a set of three booklets illustrating and describing Canada's recreational centres, parks and playgrounds can be sent to relatives or friends in the Old Country. Copies may also be obtained for their own use. These are provided through the courtesy of National Parks Board.

● S P O R T ●

IN THE WAY OF SPORT

By the Sports Officer

During the past month we in the Sports Store have been hard at work on the scheme for a sports field which was outlined in the last issue of this magazine. Let us then look back a little and see exactly what has developed.

We are now in the fortunate position of having a soccer field that may be called our own, and, although it is by no means perfect, progress is being made slowly but surely to bring about much needed improvement.

The construction of a 440-yard track is proceeding quite favourably and immediately following the Inter-Services Sports Meet at Sidney on May 24th, the problem of laying a sand and oil surface on the ground already prepared will be tackled. Even though the track is by no means complete, it is possible for all those interested in athletics to begin training.

The improvement of the boxing ring has been one of this month's chief concerns and although many difficulties have been met, it is felt that when you read this, the job will have been completed satisfactorily.

The Tennis Court outside No. 5 Hangar is now complete, and two others are also under construction. At the same time an outdoor Badminton court has been prepared on the south side of the Dental Clinic, and specially made shuttlecocks will be arriving in the near future.

It is gratifying to see so many people taking advantage of the facilities that have been provided up to the present moment and gives the members of this section the necessary inspiration to improve the situation.

In closing I would like to thank those men who have willingly helped to carry out the work. Unfortunately they are few in number and volunteers are urgently required during the evening to further the progress of our Sports Field.

—D. A. BELLAMY

SOCCER

This merry month of May has been a period of elation and bitter disappointment among football enthusiasts on this Unit.

To begin with, on the first of the month the Unit Eleven defeated V.M.D., the local champions, after extra time in the preliminary round of the B.C. Province Cup. With two minutes to go V.M.D.

were winning 3-2, when Craig, our outside right, sent a beautiful shot well out of the reach of Moon, the opposing goalkeeper, to equalise. In extra time Potter, the hard-working inside right, scored following a free kick, and from then on the R.A.F. just took command of the game. This was indeed a bitter blow to Manager McColl of V.M.D., who had set his heart on winning the much coveted Province Cup.

The semi-final game against Vancouver Pro-Recs was a different story, however, for early in the game, following an injury to Boulter, the centre half, two goals were scored against us. Subsequently the Unit team took charge of the game and did everything but score. Eventually Craig scored but try as we may that ball would not pass the uprights for the equaliser, and after the game the Pro-Recs manager apologised for winning, stating that never had he seen a team so outplayed and yet win.—Motto, "Goals Count."

On Monday, May 10th, the Inter-Block Final took place between 9A and 25B, the former winning 5-3. This match was graced by the presence of His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada, the Earl of Athlone, who is President of the English Football Association, and kicked off.

It has been decided at a general football meeting to commence another Inter-Block Competition and, judging by the display in the recent Married vs. Single Officers' match, we should get a very good entry from the Officers' Mess.

If any of the new arrivals at this Unit have played in Station teams, or any reasonably good civilian side, will they please communicate with F/Lt. H. E. Dunn, or the Sports Officer, without delay.

—H.E.D.

CRICKET

Cricket practice opened with a flourish at the beginning of May, and if this early enthusiasm is any criterion the Unit is set fair for a splendid season. An attractive list of features has been arranged, including two matches in Vancouver and the Victoria and District League schedule is due to commence on Saturday, June 5th.

Up to the time of going to press, two matches have been played, the first against the University School, resulting in a win for the Unit by eight wickets, while in the second, Brentwood College was defeated by 83 runs.

For the information of newcomers to the Unit, four matting-on-concrete wickets are laid at the north side of the Main Stores, and the principal practice nights are Tuesdays and Thursdays. This, of course, does not debar personnel from using the practice wickets on any other night, while cricketers on night shift may book out gear during any afternoon. Any of the new arrivals (and also "Old Hands") who are interested are invited to come along and have a knock.

It is proposed to organise an inter-block or inter-section cricket league, and with this in view a concrete wicket is going to be laid at the north side of Main Stores. The quicker the ground is pre-

pared to receive the concrete base, the sooner will the league commence—so how about a spot of help? Don't worry, we'll tell you where and when!

It is with great regret that we have to chronicle the departure from the Unit of our First XI captain, Cpl. Green; vice-captain, Cpl. Stobart, and L.A.C. Mundy, three stalwarts of last season's successful team, and we wish them the best of luck, and good cricket wherever their journeys may take them.

Results: 8.5.43 v. **University School**—University School, 64; R.A.F., 92 for 2.

12.5.43 v. **Brentwood College**—R.A.F., 117 (L.A.C. Naylor, 34); Brentwood College, 34.

Any further information as to the facilities, etc., for cricket may be obtained from F/O. Ballantyne (Officer i/c cricket), P/O. Bellamy, Sports Officer (phone 27), or L.A.C. Beach (phone 51).

—C.W.B.

TENNIS

As the number of courts on No. 4 Hangar Apron has had to be reduced from three to one, the Tennis Committee have been exploring other sites on the Unit.

Work is now proceeding on wooden cases which will form the basis of a wooden court to be erected on the northwest corner of the parade ground.

The grader is also working on the ashes north of the Officers' Mess. It is hoped that these two courts will be ready for play shortly, meantime there is:—

(a) The court on No. 4 Hangar Apron; (b) The court of F. J. Baker, Esq., Third Street, Sidney, which can be used by R.A.F. personnel and their friends every Monday and Friday, and other days by asking Mr. Baker, phone Sidney 40; (c) The court of J. J. Woods, Esq., Experimental Farm, East Saanich Road, which is available to R.A.F. and friends every Tuesday and Thursday and on other days by 'phoning Mr. Woods, Sidney 47M.

The Committee are very much indebted to Mr. Baker and Mr. Woods for their kindness, both this year and last, and it is hoped that tennis players will make as much use of these courts as they can to relieve congestion on the only one now being used on the Unit.

An open tournament, the first rounds of which were played by Sunday 23rd May, had an excellent entry of over 40 players and it is expected that from the winners and runners-up the Station team will be selected.

Tennis racquets and balls are supplied by the Sports Officer. At the moment up to 3 balls can be purchased by each player. The Sports Officer will also help you arrange matches, so get in a lot

of practice and try and get in the Station team, as the enterprising secretary, L.A.C. Daley, is trying to arrange matches anywhere between South America and the North Pole.

—R.H.

BOXING

Four of our lads put up a remarkable show in the face of enormous difficulties in the Provincial Open Boxing Tournament in Vancouver at the end of April. Though we were only given ten days' warning, they turned out in pretty good shape.

A/C. French showed Vancouver what pretty boxing really is, and at the end of his fight with Hamilton of the Pro-Rec. A.C. either colour might have been raised. L.A.C. Gorton made an unsuccessful attempt to frighten his man to death and then proceeded to show he wasn't kidding, unluckily he opened an old wrist injury, but he fought on to the end. L.A.C. Daniels met an experienced "slugger" and it was the experience not the man that beat him. A/C. Brunty showed his usual excellent form, but ran into an unlucky punch from the very experienced opponent—a Golden Gloves champion! The sportsmanship was excellent and a little more training might have considerably altered the results.

We are still up against a certain lack of enthusiasm, however, and could do with some more people—the more amateur the better—who are keen to learn to defend themselves in our pleasant sporting way.

—K.C.R.

VOLLEYBALL

The challenge round was reached and matches played on Thursday, May 13, with 16 teams participating. Last year's champions, the Charioteers of the M.T. Section, were all posted recently with the exception of Cpl. Hartill, who formed a new team, and although they put up a very good game, were defeated.

In the semi-final, the Gnashers defeated Goldusters, and Wings defeated Independents, and after a hard-fought final Wings (Training Wing) came out on top as Unit Champions by defeating the Gnashers (Dental Corps). Final scores as follows: 9-15, 15-10, 15-12, 7-15, 15-11.

—L.L.

ATHLETIC AND CROSS-COUNTRY

Now that the local Inter-Service Championships have been decided, it is hoped that all Sections will get down to "polishing their spurs" for the Unit Sports on 31st July.

As an interim attraction a cross-country run will be arranged for the end of June and it is hoped that all Sections will turn out their best talent in the same manner as for the 3-mile road race. From all accounts "C" Flight will meet stiff opposition this time.

Long before the Unit Sports Day the track will be in good condition for training and we can thank the untiring efforts of the Unit Sports Officer and his staff plus volunteers for the results obtained.

A great deal of work has yet to be done and volunteers and suggestions are welcome. For information contact P/O. Bellamy by 'phoning 27, or F/O. Tickle, 'phone 49.

SWIMMING GALA AND DANCE

A combined Swimming Gala and Dance will be held in the Crystal Garden, Victoria, on June 24th, open to all personnel of the Unit. The various events will include:—Relay Race (teams of four), Dinghy Race (teams of five) Pupils v. Staff, Dinghy Fight (teams of five), Plate Diving (open), Comic Race (open), Display Diving, Comic Diving, Empire Relay (teams of four), consisting of New Zealand, Australian, Canadian and British personnel, Ladies' Race (open), Veterans' Race (over 40 years), Empire Diving Competition, and Water Polo (Staff v. Pupils). Further particulars may be obtained from F/Lt. C. A. Kidd in charge of the Swimming Gala, and entries to be made through:—Officers, F/Lt. Spiers; Sergeants, F/Sgt. Gregory; Corporals, Cpl. Neale; Airmen, L.A.C. Keegan and Pupils, P/O. Davis.

Dancing will follow to the music of the R.A.F. Dance Orchestra until 1 a.m. Admission to the Gala and Dance, 50c each.

IN OUR KITE

Ron, our pilot, is whistling "Moonlight Becomes You." As he has forgotten to switch his intercom. off it is coming over and I interpolate, "Hello, Ron, there must be a lot of interference. I can recognise that tune." The crate lurches as Ron takes this on the chin, then he says, "I was just thinking of the first time I heard that in New York." "I've got a blonde in New York, too," I say, and then Sid's voice breaks the silence from the W.A.G.'s position. "I've got a —" "Oh, we know what you've got," Ron and I chorus. "We heard all about her last night."

"No, look here, it's —" "As I was saying, Ron, that blonde is a honey."

"Yeah? That little piece at home in Christchurch beats all the blondes in New York."

"Listen, boy, you've never seen Melbourne. You'd think you'd strayed into a Ziegfield chorus walking down Swanson Street."

Over the intercom. comes a muffled roar: "Sorry to interrupt, boys, but there's a message here to return to base."

"Crikey! Give us a course, Bryan."

This, my sons, is intended as a warning. Never talk about blondes on the intercom. Brunettes are much better.

—W.B.P.



ANZAC DAY

PARADE - VICTORIA ON
APRIL 25th. 1943

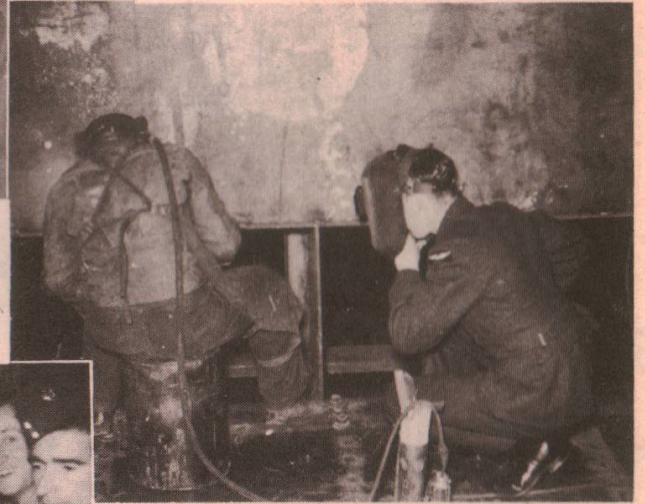




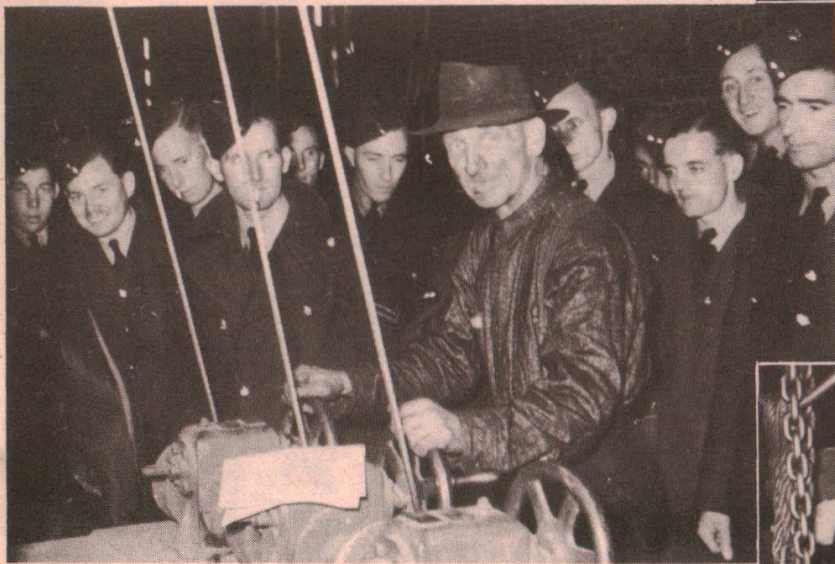
INSPECTING THE UNION WELDING MACHINE

ENGINEERING CLUB VISIT V.M.D.

MAY 6TH. 1943



WATCHING A WELDER



IN THE MOULDING SHOP



IN THE MACHINE SHOP



SOME MEMBERS OF THE CLUB

CORPORALS' CLUB PAGE



Many changes in the committee have occurred since the last magazine appeared. F/O. A. Carswell has taken over the job of officer-in-charge from F/O. R. A. Austin, who did so much hard work at the formation of the club, for which we offer our sincere thanks. Cpl. Stobart, as secretary, wrote this page once and then departed without waiting to see the result. Following quickly in his track was Cpl. Houston, the recently appointed chairman. Cpl. Kemp temporarily took over the duties of secretary—the new chairman is not appointed at the time of going to press. There are not many of the originals left, but what few there are, extend a sincere welcome to the many new faces which now adorn the precincts of the club.

Little interest in sport is taken by members—it seems a pity that the club cannot be represented in the various Unit sports competitions. Will all those interested in the formation of club teams for any sport, please contact Cpl. Webb, Sports Section?

The Darts Tournament, which is still in progress, attracted nearly fifty entrants and was won by Cpls. Neale and Chappell. . . . Cpl. Tinley still occupies the major part of the club. . . . A varied selection of gramophone records have now been purchased—add your requests to the list provided and the committee will do their best to obtain them. . . . Whoever pinched the "Esquires" might as well come back and collect the copies of "Macleans" and "Life."

R.A.F. SWIMMING GALA AND DANCE

June 24, 1943

CRYSTAL GARDEN » VICTORIA

Enter the Swimming Competitions — Bring Your Girl Friends

Help to Make It a Success — Admission, 50c Each

TALES

FROM THE

TARMAC

Who was the M.T. Despatcher who sent a driver out with his vehicle to collect chairs from an "unspecified building"?

✓ ✓ ✓

Brief summary of a recent cup-tie in which the Station XI came off second best: "Truscott took the penalty; the goalie saved the penalty; the R.A.F. paid the penalty." On being interviewed later, Cliff explained, "A gremlin hit me on the back of the neck, just as I drew my boot."

✓ ✓ ✓

It is reliably reported that no new Committee was formed on the Unit last week.

✓ ✓ ✓

The Entertainments Officer is of the opinion that it is unnecessary to prohibit members of the "Smile" Show from using "vanishing" cream during future performances.

✓ ✓ ✓

A certain Corporal who has been on the Unit since the Mud-Pie Days was heard to remark in the Canteen: "Struth! If I'm here any longer I'll be more than a pioneer—I'll be a settler!"

✓ ✓ ✓

L.A.C. Letchfield (Three-goal Stanley) says if he is still here next season, he will accept V.M.D.'s generous offer to play centre-forward.

✓ ✓ ✓

Overheard during a recent Camp Cinema Show: "Say, mate! Wot's the name of this 'ere film?" "'Delayed action,' chum."

✓ ✓ ✓

The nursing Orderly, on being asked to name three types of bleeding, replied: "Venial, capillary, and artillery."

✓ ✓ ✓

Corporal Griffith (with two f's, mind), recommends a raw egg shampoo for those who suffer from dandruff, etc.

NOTES ≡ NEWS ≡ NONSENSE

So Now We Know—"Those who are interested in the progress of Colonial shipbuilding can see an excellent specimen if they please by going to the Hudson's Bay Wharf. 'The Favourite,' a fore and aft schooner of 125 tons, was built at Sooke and recently brought over here to be fitted up." (Reprinted from The Daily Colonist of May 14, 1868.)

1 1 1

Be good, sweet maid; be good, sweet maid,
And let who will be naughty
For if you grow worse each passing day
What will you be like at forty?

1 1 1

Did you hear of the seven morons who overslept because their alarm clock was only set for six?

1 1 1

Gramophone concerts are held each week in the Reading Room in the Recreation Hall. Recent recordings have included Dvorak's "New World Symphony" and Beethoven's "Seventh Symphony."

1 1 1

Sincere thanks to Mr. and Mrs. H. Pratt, The Chalet, Deep Cove, for a donation of \$10.00 to "The Patrician."

1 1 1

A very interesting film was shown in the Recreation Hall on April 29 by Cpl. Farrar, of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, of the voyage of the St. Roch through the Northwest Passage and the Arctic Ocean.

1 1 1

Last night I held a little hand
So dainty and so sweet
I thought my heart would surely break
So wildly did it beat.

No other hand in all the world
Could greater solace bring,
Than that sweet hand I held last night,
Four aces and a king.

1 1 1

Sailing Boat for Sale—A twelve-foot sloop-rigged dinghy, in excellent condition. One set of sails in good repair. \$60 or any reasonable offer. For full particulars contact Cpl. J. Hill, S.H.Q. Orderly Room, or L.A.C. R. Thompson, Training Wing Orderly Room.

NOTES ~ NEWS ~ NONSENSE (Continued)

Hobbies Club—Anyone interested in the formation of a Hobbies Club, which will include Mechanical Engineering, Woodworking, Model Aircraft Building or Art Metal Work, is asked to hand his name to S/Ldr. J. Johnson, S.H.Q.

1 1 1

Caviare comes from the virgin sturgeon!
The sturgeon is a very rare fish!
There's not many virgins among the sturgeons!
And that's why caviare's a very rare dish!

1 1 1

The Little Theatre Players again visited the Unit on May 5, when they gave an excellent performance of Ivor Novello's "Fresh Fields" to a large and appreciative audience.

1 1 1

There was a young man named Whatdoyouthink,
Who loved a girl named Tiddlewink,
Now Tiddlewink loved her Whatdoyouthink
And Whatdoyouthink loved his Tiddlewink.

Now I'm sorry to say some trouble started
And all of a sudden the lovers parted,
So Whatdoyouthink lost his Tiddlewink
And Tiddlewink lost her—what do you think?

1 1 1

Don't marry a girl because she looks sensible, because a sensible girl has more sense than to look sensible.

1 1 1

Did you hear of the bright young thing who went on a diet and all she lost was her husband?

1 1 1

A.C. Jacobs, Armament Section, is now Unit correspondent for the R.C.A.F. magazine "Wings." Anyone with material suitable for publication is asked to get in touch with A.C. Jacobs through "The Patrician" office.

1 1 1

Another successful Corporals' and Airmen's Dance was held in the Recreation Hall on May 20.

1 1 1

Following their recent marriages, two popular members of the Y.M.C.A. Canteen staff have now resigned. Cpl. Eden and Miss Olive Lattanzi were married on May 1, and on May 8 Sgt. J. Jenkins was married to Miss Leila Harlock. We offer our congratulations.

HONKY TONK

:: TEA TAVERN ::



Proprietors:

HONEST JOHN DUERDIN — HOT LIPS GRIFFITH

Open every afternoon at 3
for the pause that refreshes.

Try a portion of our delectable fodder.



Special Offer:—A free, full cup of Sgt. Major's tea given free with every twenty-seven sandwiches.

ONLY GROUP "A" MEN EMPLOYED

Owing to shortage of staff, due to war work, private parties cannot be catered for.

"THE PAT" OFFICE

—or *Unit Dump*

Leave your Umbrellas,
Overcoats, Drum Sets, Old
Boots—in fact anything
that will occupy as much
space as possible.

We employ trained acrobats
to get in and out of the office.

Use our telephone—
everybody does—
Don't bother to ask.



We are, as a matter of fact,
a PUBLIC CONVENIENCE

FLAHERTY, McLEOD & TINDALL

Airworks Ltd.

Why take the boat? Fly to
Vancouver on one engine.

Trans-Atlantic crossings can
probably be arranged
to suit your convenience.



Visit our "Ops." Room—
open day and night.

GENMEN ON FLAPS

Dime novels, gladly accepted
for duty W.A.G.



Come and be briefed—it's a bind.

CINEMA SHOWS

June

- Wed., 2nd**—"SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS"—Joel McCrae and Veronica Lake.
- Sun., 6th**—"49th PARALLEL"—Laurence Olivier, Leslie Howard, Raymond Massey.
- Mon., 7th**—"LAS VEGAS NIGHTS"—with Phil Regan, Bert Wheeler, Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra.
- Wed., 9th**—"SLEEPERS WEST"—Lloyd Nolan and Lynn Bari.
- Sun., 13th**—"GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN"—with Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Ralph Bellamy and Lon Chaney, Jr.
- Mon., 14th**—"NIGHT OF JANUARY 16th"—with Robert Preston, Ellen Drew.
- Wed., 16th**—"BLUE, WHITE—PERFECT"—Lloyd Noland and Mary Beth Hughes.
- Sun., 20th**—"NIGHTMARE"—with Brian Donlevy, Diana Barrymore.
- Mon., 21st**—"PRIORITIES ON PARADE"—Jerry Colona, Betty Rhodes, Anne Miller.
- Wed., 23rd**—"SECRET AGENT OF JAPAN"—Preston Foster and Lynn Bari.
- Sun., 27th**—"SIN TOWN"—with Constance Bennett, Broderick Crawford and Andy Devine.
- Mon., 28th**—"ROAD TO ZANZIBAR"—with Bob Hope, Bing Crosby and Dorothy Lamour.
- Wed., 30th**—"SWAMP WATER"—Walter Brennan, Walter Huston and Anne Baxter.

The above programme is subject to alteration.

PROVIDED BY THE NATIONAL Y.M.C.A. WAR SERVICES



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