

The Patrician



The Magazine of the
Royal Air Force
British Columbia



"IT'S BEEN GOOD KNOWING YOU."

Vol. 4

JULY - 1943

No. 4

PRICE FIFTEEN CENTS



"Bags of Dough for the asking"



PROFITS **S**TEADILY **I**NCREASING

MESSRS. "Let 'Em All Come" JOHNSON
and "Never Caught Bending" AUSTEN

have pleasure in announcing that their

POOOR **S**TARVED **I**NFANT

*is now eating well and ready
to take on practically anything*



EQUIPMENT SUPPLIED FOR EVERY SPORT

PERSISTENT **S**CROUNGERS **I**NVESTIGATED

Let Us Know **YOUR** Little Game



GARDENING TOOLS, SEEDS & PLANTS of Every Description

Flowering Trees - Fruit Trees - Gum Trees - Boot Trees

Tyres Trodden - Radiators Repaired - Boats' Bottoms Ballasted



SPECIAL OFFER—Bicycles, Perambulators, Invalid Chairs,
Roller Skates and Parasols Now Available on Our Kindly

PAY AS YOU GO and **BEFORE YOU GO** System.

DON'T DELAY

PLEASE **S**IGN **I**NSTANTLY

Party Novelties

Small But Circulating Library

Fancy Dresses, False Noses, Trick Cigars, Laughable Patter

Juggling Taught - Try to Balance Our Books and Like It



Barge Into Our Office Any Time With Any Request

Extensive Vocabulary - Fit Guaranteed

PRAY **S**TEP **I**NSIDE

THE PATRICIAN

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

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. (Caricatures and Cartoons);

A/C A. MURGATROYD (General)

PHOTOGRAPHER:

L.A.C. W. GARDNER

ART EDITOR:

L.A.C. H. SHAW

ACCOUNTS:

CPL. M. ROBSON

Material for publication must reach the office of "The Patrician" before the 16th of each month.

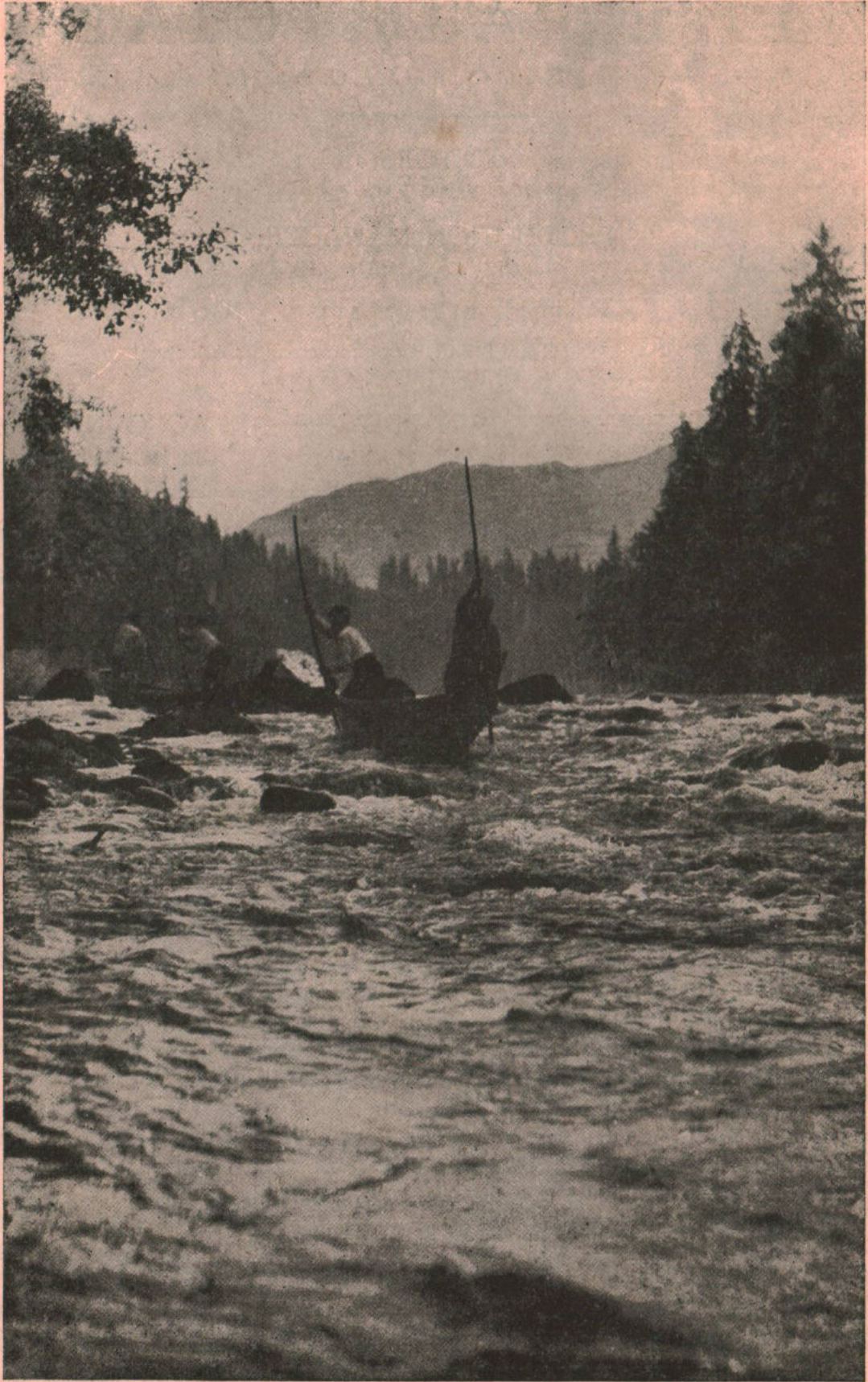
Subscription rates: 3 months, 50c; 6 months, \$1.00; 12 months, \$2.00. (Available only to service personnel.)

Cheques to be made payable to "P.S.I."

All correspondence to be addressed to "The Editors, 'The Patrician,' Box 250, Sidney, B.C." and not to individuals.

CONTENTS

	Page
The Editors Speak	3
Poster Posts Pope (by G/Capt. S. L. G. Pope).....	4
Farewell to Group Capt. Pope (by K.D.A.).....	7
Dirty (by R.G.)	8
A "48" by T.C.A. (by J.J.C.).....	10
News From the Officers' Mess.....	11
The Other Man's Job (by J.B.).....	12
B.C. to Berlin (by F/Lt. Pexton).....	14
News From the Sergeants' Mess.....	17
Canada Clubs	18
Canada (by T.H.W.)	22
Sorrowful Yearly Event (by J.P.).....	24
Books to Read (by W.E.P.).....	29
Cafe Society (by U.T.)	30
"Y" News	34
Picked-Up by a Wireless Op.	35
"Smile" Show Notes (by J.G.).....	36
Corporals' Club Page	39
Sport	40
Tales From the Tarmac.....	45
The Padre's Page (by J. C. Lusk).....	46
Musical Merry-Go-Round (by F.I.M.).....	50
Notes—News—Nonsense	51



"Shooting the Rapids"
(Minkish River, Vancouver Island).



Vol. 4, No. 4

JULY, 1943

15 CENTS

It is not our intention to say much more about a matter which has already been thoroughly aired, nor would we editorially rebuke Bruce Hutchison for his well-meant observation in the "Victoria Daily Times," that the British airman is unhappy in Canada. Rather, since it has been our privilege to see most of the controversial matter that has been written around the subject, we would offer the following observations for your consideration:—

First, let us say a word about manners. If a visitor notes that the mantel has not been dusted nor the windows cleaned when he visits his friend's home, it is considered to be tactful to comment on the fine tone of the piano, or to remark on the high quality of the food or drink that is offered. The cosmopolitan has developed the art of visiting a country to the point where he is welcomed wherever he goes because he obviously enjoys the visit, and is not too obviously disturbed about such purely local matters as liquor laws, or bus fares, or, for that matter, central heating or plumbing! Canadians can hardly be expected to understand that we enjoy and admire their wonderful country if we state that bare fact and then proceed to enumerate the things that we dislike.

Now, we want to apologize to Bruce Hutchison. We thought that as a blood-relation of yours (we have the same great-great-grandparents) you wouldn't mind a few remarks about the things that concerned us both. Nobody can say that you don't like Canada, Bruce, and of all our cousins, you criticize Canada as much as anybody. So we thought that, when we criticized, our loyalty and admiration would be taken for granted, just as yours is. Well, we're sorry, and while we don't think you'll mind if we continue to be critical, we'll make it plain that if we complain it's because we feel at home here.

—THE EDITORS

OUR COVER PICTURE

Once again we are indebted to L.A.C. Hollingworth, of the Photographic Section, for the cover picture. It vividly captures the atmosphere as hundreds of men wave farewell to their many friends as they leave Vancouver Island en route for "The Old Country."

Poster Posts Pope



In the turmoil of the terrific events of May, 1940, I received my orders in France to return immediately to Great Britain (undoubtedly I was required to save England in her dire extremity) and yet many people in France and in England did not, to my great surprise, seem to appreciate my tremendous (own assessment) importance and merely asked, "Why posted now?"

Feeling a little snubbed—and anyhow what does expense matter at such times—my wife and I sailed into the Ritz Hotel for a champagne cocktail. On leaving (with confidence and esteem fully restored) and turning down Piccadilly to visit the Royal Air Force Club—(there to raise the morale of the members by showing myself)—imagine my delight at finding my own convictions confirmed by this poster on the Ritz paper stand. Here indeed was a ready answer to any or all who might doubt the reason for my sudden movement. The poster was purchased and borne proudly in front of me on my entry to the Club.

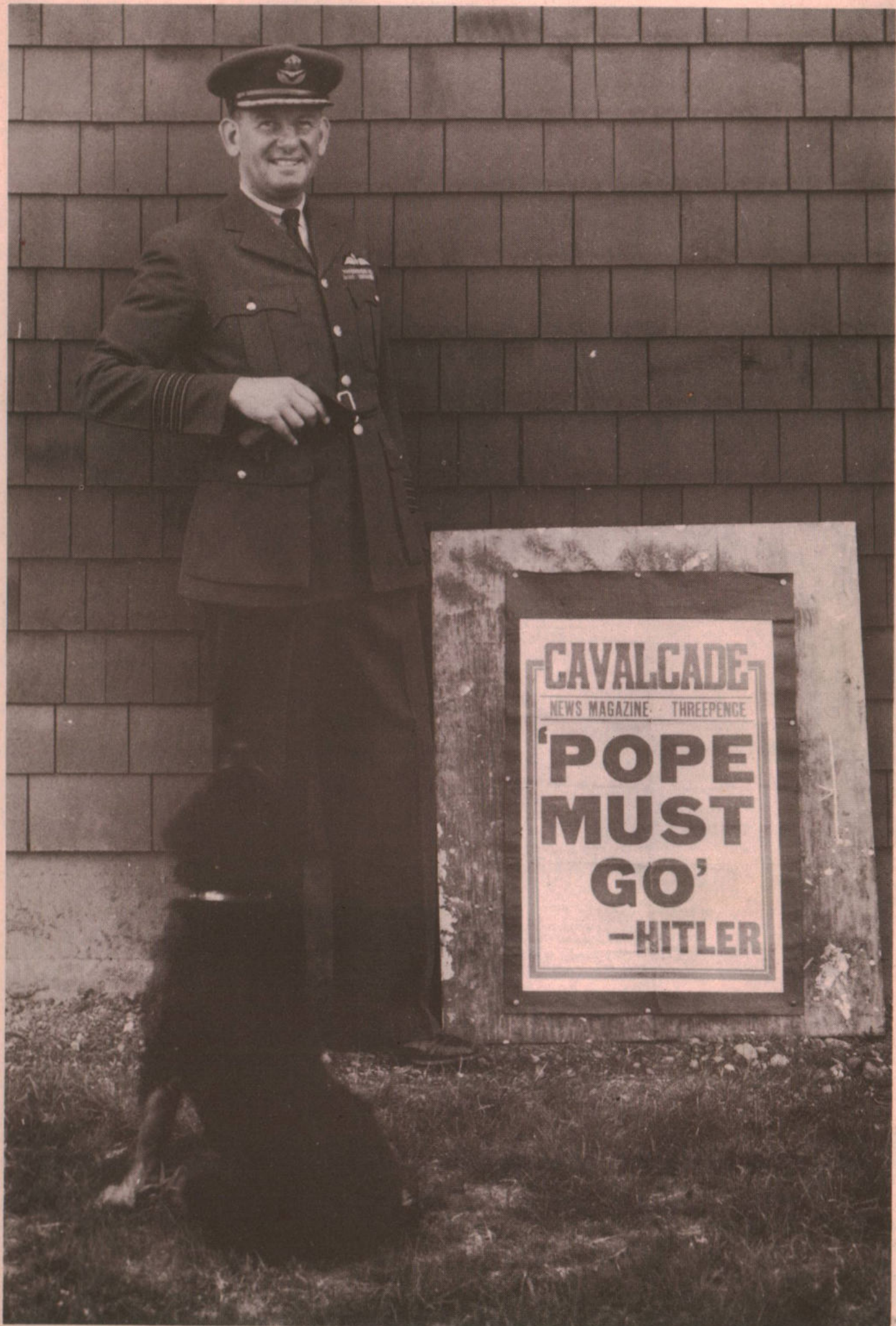
Again we now hear dark rumours of colossal impending events in Europe so of course I had already anticipated my posting back there, but in case any of my old pals on the Unit wonder why I leave British Columbia now—just at the start of the summer playboy season—I again produce the ready and obvious answer. Remember, big men are required for big events so we will all meet soon again (I hope).

HITLER MUST GO!—POPE

REVELATION

We note the Head refers to the past history of this poster and maybe he does not know that, though we are prevented from disclosing official secrets, we are in a position to confirm from irrefutable evidence received through our secret feminine contacts, that the same influence has been instrumental in his present posting. This source speaks of Hitler's jitters as he studied the outstanding achievements of the Unit during the past year. He has resolved on its immediate dissolution (starting at the top) as a matter of first importance.

Is it true that Mr. Bruce Hutchison has been invited to attend future Pay-Parades, to see that the boys get their fair share of the "swag"?



CAVALCADE

NEWS MAGAZINE THREEPENCE

**'POPE
MUST
GO'**

- HITLER



SOME PERSONNEL
PAST & PRESENT

Farewell to Group Capt. Pope



In the pages of this magazine for the last few months there appear several articles which say "au revoir" to departing friends. The tide of time has eroded the comparatively old established community here and as it continues its course more and more of the old foundation is carried away.

As I write this I am thinking sadly of the fact that yet another of our old friends is leaving, this time G/Capt. S. L. G. Pope, D.F.C., A.F.C., our C.O. Only on this Unit have I had the pleasure of knowing him, but his exploits and experiences prior to his settlement in B.C. we all know (I would refer our new acquaintances to the April, 1942, issue of "The Patrician").

When early in 1942 he visited this R.A.F. outpost he fell a victim to the charm of the locality, and subsequently he returned here in March of that year to take over command.

At that time his expressed intention was the forging of a sound foundation of happiness in the Unit, from which would arise efficiency and achievement. This intention he has always adhered to, and as a basis for that necessary all-out effort to fulfil the Unit's purpose and to "Keep 'em flying," he has insisted on the happiness and healthy exercise of the Unit's personnel. He has set an example of happiness and fitness, and that towering mass of bronzed flesh does not suggest that the helmsman has steered the ship only from behind an office desk. He has the habit of turning up at all times and at divers places, keeping a watch on all of the Unit's functions and a close control on the co-ordination of effort.

In 1938 he led the Gladiator "tied-together" acrobatic formation on a flight to Paris. That is a page from the past, but I do think that that accomplishment is symbolic of his command and the way he has developed confidence in all under his command. He has always maintained that control and supervision, but at the same time has permitted the maximum freedom consistent with the maintenance of discipline. This has allowed the full exercise of initiative and has been an incentive to greater effort. Firm but just has been his administration of discipline; equal, if I may take a comparison from the field of sport, to the determination and firmness with which he tackles many a game of squash or tennis.

Whilst it is not known exactly when the C.O. will be leaving us, I would take this opportunity of expressing on behalf of the Unit our sincere thanks for all he has done for us, and extending to him our hearty good wishes and the best of luck for the future.

—K.D.A.

Dirty

(With apologies to Damon Runyon)



It is maybe eight-thirty of a Wednesday night and I am sitting at a table in the Canteen thinking about my return to the U.K., which is a proposition I think about many times before. In fact, I am devoting a great amount of my valuable time to this subject ever since I left my ever-loving wife and set foot in this country, which is now eighteen months ago, and a lot too long, at that.

Well, I am sitting there thinking it is going to be tough to spend a large number of months in this neighbourhood, and wishing I had my two bucks to shoot into town come Saturday, when all of a sudden I look up and who is in front of me but Rusty Charley.

Now, if I have any idea Rusty Charley is coming my way, you can go and bet all the coffee in Java I will be somewhere else at once, for Rusty Charley is not a guy I wish to have any truck with whatever. In fact, I wish no part of him. Furthermore, nobody else on this Unit wishes to have any part of Rusty Charley, for he is a guy who hangs around Headquarters, and a very low guy indeed. In fact, he is well known as one of the lowest guys in air force circles, which is saying a lot, as a large number of dead-beats for which the U.K. has no use whatever are collected in this same district.

However, just as I am rising to my feet and suggesting for him to take it on the lam, as I greatly wish him to do so, he says very pleasantly, "Dirty, how'd you like to go home on the next boat?" and while I am wondering whether this mutt is still suffering from the prairie madness which I hear he has while he is in these same prairies, he seats himself and makes such a proposition that I am bound to say I did not think all of Headquarters, including officers, could think up, not to mention Rusty Charley himself, for it is well known that he does not have enough brains to grease a needle. None the less, the proposition which he lays down before me and which I am not allowed to split on account of Service matters being careless talk, no matter what, seems to me to be a one hundred and fifty per cent. solid brass-bound certainty, not putting it high.

So I agree with Rusty Charley that this is a good thing when it comes off, and that I am prepared to finance him to the extent of fifty smackers on the day that I am told I am for the next boat, although I am bound to admit that I do not inform him that I have no more than two bits at the time of speaking, because I figure that by the time Rusty Charley is able to fix things I am sure to have fifty smackers, me being a guy full of zing, and moreover it is well known to one and all that I am overdue for my tapes for no less than two years if not more, which means lots of doubloons for me when Records pull it out.

So for a month, or maybe two, I am one of the happiest of citizens and there is some talk of having an enquiry about the fact, and one day when I am leaving the Honky-Tonk I am told by Chiefy that I am on the draft, just as though I didn't know already.

Now, I wish to say that I am a citizen who puts his honour above practically everything else except maybe liquor and my ever-loving wife, so I proceed to hock my possessions to certain parties who are not smart enough to get their overseas service folded up like an accordion, the total proceeds amounting to sixty potatoes, of which I pay off Rusty Charley no less than twenty-five as naturally I am not going to make over the full fifty on account of nobody respects a guy who is soft, and soft is what I in particular am anything else but, for I do not see any percentage in it. Furthermore, Rusty Charley is himself for the boat, and I am of the opinion that it is better to have him respect me all the way right till the time I sink the first pint, which is a moment I have been dreaming of for quite a spell.

Now, it is plain to one and all that everything is set and gentle readers are wondering what my beef is, and suggesting that I shoot the works, which I am willing to do, although it is a painful matter with me. For it is on the day that I pay off Rusty Charley that I breeze into town and blow off my hard-earned nickels on merchandise of one kind and another, especially rye, and finish up in a joint Rusty Charley has told me of where they are apt to take a broadminded view of these liquor laws, and the proprietor is a personal friend of Rusty Charley's and is prepared to offer me the glad hand in no uncertain fashion. None the less, at this late moment, I am suspicious of the motives of all concerned, for around two p.m. there is an argument in which I do not by any means come out well, not to go into details, although I figure that no sailor has a right to slug a high-class airman, and furthermore the steps down from the joint are broken before I fall down on them. So it is plain to the gendarmes when they bring me back to the Unit that I am in no condition to move, and shortly I have several parts of the body in rolls of plaster, which is uncomfortable, not to say binding. And moreover the Doc claims that as a result of my sad accident I babble in my sleep all concerning Rusty Charley and me, and the officer who visits me just naturally refuses to believe a guy like me, no matter what.

So the boat leaves the day I go into the operating theatre though believe you me it ain't no theatre as I see it, and when I come out and am indeed still unable to move eyelids together several citizens are falling over their big feet to tell me the news. "Dirty," they say, Rusty Charley is posted to the East." And now it will be plain to one and all that I do not wish to be approached by any more people saying will I join a Canada Club and will they kindly get the hell away from me.

—R.G.

A "48" by T.C.A.

May the motive which inspired him remain a mystery, let it suffice that he did it After completing a three months' saving campaign, one of our erks triumphantly marched into the offices of the Trans-Canada Airlines in Victoria and was greeted with a cheery "Good morning, sir, what can I do for you?"

The fact that The Erk wished reservations for a week-end trip to Calgary produced nothing more than a raising of the eyebrows—obviously the clerk was well-bred and bent on humouring this airman, who, no doubt, was suffering from the heat or something.

However, he proceeded to fill in yards and yards of tickets and dubiously handed them over. Promptly, and to the clerk's amazement, The Erk handed over the "dough"—sixty-eight bucks—(the result of the saving campaign)!

The great day arrived, and there among the luggage at the airport could be seen a small, somewhat battered, suitcase, the property of the now poor but happy Erk. Curtains drawn, safety belts fastened, the roar of the engines—and the long awaited trip had begun. Vancouver was reached in 20 minutes (Vancouver week-enders please note), and from then on curtains were opened to allow an uninterrupted view of the scenic splendour of the Rockies. A meal was served at this point, consisting of fruit juice, chicken salad, ice cream, cookies, etc. The Erk was tempted to ask if there were "any seconds," but thinking again, he decided that such a thing wasn't done in such high circles.

The charming hostess added to the pleasure of the trip by supplying The Erk with the latest magazines, a pillow, and later, coffee and biscuits. For those interested, hostesses are not more than 5 feet 5 inches, less than 125 lbs. in weight, and under 25 years of age.

A short stop at Lethbridge, a change of "Kites" and soon The Erk was on the last hop of his outward journey. Four and a half hours after leaving Vancouver Island he alighted at Calgary—the dull routine of camp life forgotten, in the glamour of a truly grand experience.

How The Erk spent his "48" in the friendly city of the Foothills is of interest only to himself—sufficient to say that the time for departure came all too quickly.

The return journey was made on the evening 'plane and The Erk had a great view of the bright lights of Vancouver before the hostess drew the curtains with a polite and apologetic, "Sorry, but the Minister of Defence says you musn't."

A most enjoyable week-end came to an end when the T.C.A. 'plane alighted once more on Vancouver Island at 2230 hours—and so to bed, to sleep, probably to dream of another such glorious week-end.

—J.J.C.

NEWS

FROM THE OFFICERS' MESS

"New faces for old" might be the cry in the Mess at the present time with the large number of new arrivals coming to replace tour-expired officers. To those who have gone and to those who are about to go we say, "Good luck, and we'll be seeing you." To the newcomers, "Come in and make yourselves at home."

1 1 1

A number of officers are said to be trying to organise the publication of a "D.R.O. digest." They consider it would be most useful to any who have not the time to read the unabridged editions, and it might also cut down some of their "duties."

1 1 1

A novel golf competition was organised and played at Ardmore Golf Club on Wednesday evening, 26th May. This attracted a field of 25, which was nearly 100% of the golfing members. The competition proved quite successful but there should have been an actuary to work out the results. The following were the accepted prize winners: 1st Prize and "gold" bottle, F/O R. Hollis. Consolation prizes were received by S/Ldrs. Loyd, Goode and Simmonds, F/Lt. Robinson, F/O's Cave, Ford and Coveney and P/O Bellamy. After the awards the party repaired to F/Lt. Robinson's "night club," where there was a fitting end to a successful meeting. Thanks are due to Mr. Sisson for having specially prepared the course for the occasion.

1 1 1

The Adjutant is said to be intensifying his drive on the wearing of identity discs, more particularly since he caught himself without his own at a recent blood grouping.

1 1 1

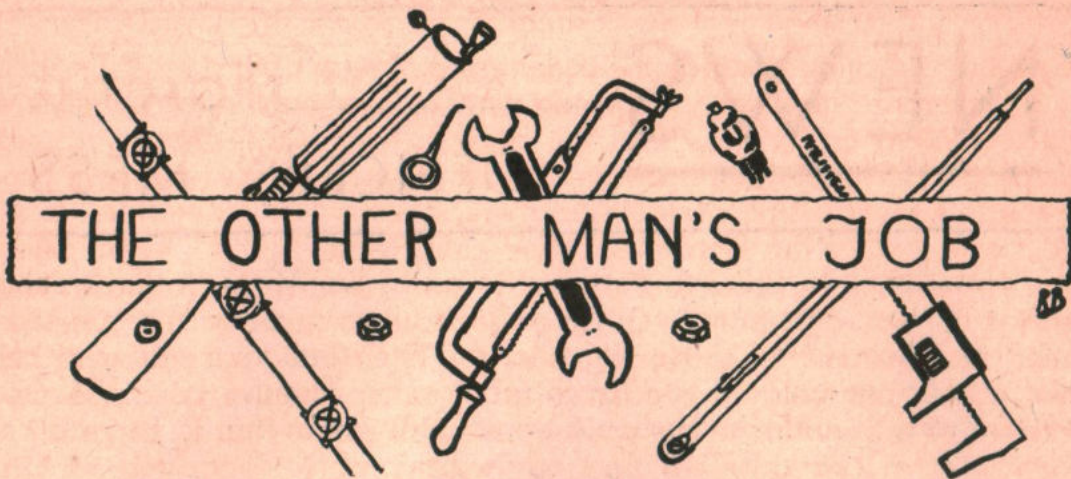
Arising out of the last Mess quarterly meeting does the P.M.C. ever find items on the agenda included on his charge sheets?

1 1 1

The lady who missed her drink (refer to these notes in June issue of "The Patrician") has accepted the apologies from the officer, who "wore the cap" well and truly.

1 1 1

A farewell cocktail party and dance was held for Group Captain Pope, D.F.C., A.F.C., in the Mess on Friday, 18th June. Cocktails were served from 18:30 hours followed by supper. Occupied dancing the evening and was put on at midnight show a cabaret informal very. A time had was good by all.



No. 22—THE BATMAN

The designation "Batman" has no connections whatsoever with that most English of all sports, "King Cricket." (Oh what blest memories of Headingley on the first Monday in August—or of Old Trafford—Praise the Lord and Roll on the Boat). No, my dear dears, according to the Dictionary the word Batman (if you didn't already know the fact) means "Officer's Servant," the word itself having an old French derivative meaning "Pack-saddle?"

In paths of peace most of the Batmen could be found ruminating as "Gentlemen's Gentlemen," Valets, Waiters, Barmen, etc., rather a mixed crew certainly but all serving a useful part of life and occupying niches in the halls of fame.

The species "Batman," I am sorry to say, is dying out back in the old country, as feminine influence usurps them from their time-honoured customs; by this you will gather that their duties are now undertaken by personnel in the Women's Auxiliary Air Force. Nevertheless, out here the Batman has a sound role to play, and although his job is often mistakenly referred to as a "Scrounge" his duties are essential and interesting. When details of this feminine invasion into this time honoured male "stamping ground" are discussed by some of their gentlemen—especially those of the bachelor fraternity—the eyes of these latter sometimes glow with a glitter that is somewhat uncanny. No doubt they picture in their mind's eye one of these "fair damsels" (we have other names for them) drifting lusciously into their manly boudoir at 0700 hrs. and shaking them craftily in the depths of their "Pits," reminding them that a cup of tea (of the Sgt. Major's variety) is on hand—and other things besides. Nevertheless these damsels are sometimes of the "fair, fat and forty" type and that all are usually possessed of a secret weapon—an "armour piercing tongue" (not what you thought—eh?).

However, enough of the needless cackle and let us get down to business and give a brief resumé of the day's work in that hive of industry on this Unit—"Quarters, Officers for the use of."

Round about 0645 hrs. (or earlier if he be of the conscientious type) the Batman will be found all bright and smiling and in clean bib and tucker beginning to scout around the Mess in search of the required

ingredients that go towards the essential make-up of that most English of all customs, the early morning cup of tea, and after satisfying himself (by a crafty cup) that the brew is just right—gently rouses the aforesaid gentlemen from their most profound slumbers, and proceeds to satisfy all palates—strong, weak, sweet or otherwise—from the same pot of the aforementioned delectable liquid. From such time onward until breakfast break he can usually be found in the realms of "spit and polish" in an endeavour to turn out his "Gentlemen" real proud and in pristine glory. Then after partaking of his own somewhat belated breakfast or so much thereof as those dispensers of provender in the cook-house will allow him to have if he hasn't got a late chit—we find our worthy object engaged on his daily chores in the officer's cubicles. The word "cubicle" has a sound of monastic life about it but nevertheless some of the pictures gracing the walls would certainly be an eye-opener for the more delicately minded among us. But as such rooms are in the possession of beds, these last are then prepared in readiness for the next relaxation from the day's arduous toil, or possibly the handiwork on the said beds will often be put to the test round about noon. Floors are then polished to an inhuman brilliance in order (so it is said) to trap the unwary one who has imbibed too freely and not too well—and there goes the warning for dinner. Sometime afterwards, refreshed by a crafty nap, he can then be found on the scene of his labours skilfully wielding sponge and iron on his guvnor's best blue, and doing a few running repairs to the hosiery and cleaning a lot of (un)necessary hardware. Eventually 1700 hrs. arrives and the last anguished howls for "Batman," "Why is the water turned off," "When will it be on again," "Has my laundry come back," etc., etc., has finally died down, our humble servant can make his weary way to the Airman's Canteen, dry or otherwise, where with other "well educated" members of his trade union (shades of Mr. Bruce Hutchison) he can indulge in a good moan on his job; the Air Force; rate of pay; Canada in general and Victoria in particular. And so we leave our friend threading his way (who said across the seeded areas) to his lonely barrack block, thence to pass the dark and fruitful hours of the night in dreams of "roll on the boat" and to the time when, surrounded by a few bosom pals in the local, he can shoot the line as to how he fought the Japs in the Aleutians—or should I say "Ablutions" ?

—J.B.

R.A.F. WIVES' SOCIAL CLUB

An R.A.F. Wives' Social Club has recently been formed—sponsored by Mrs. Ellis, of the Sidney Hostess House. Membership is open to wives of all ranks of the R.A.F. Already over thirty members have joined this club, of which the aim is to bring Canadian and English wives together in social activities.

All wives are earnestly invited to join. Anyone wishing to do so should contact Mrs. Ellis at the Hostess House or the President, Mrs. J. McG. Dukes; 'phone Sidney 227Y.

B.C. to Berlin

An excerpt from a letter to F/O E. J. K. Penikett,
from F/Lt. H. C. Pexton, late of this Unit.

"... Actually there is very little news. It is all rather like going to the Office for the first week or so, a lot seems to happen. After which every day becomes almost the same and you look to the future with the same regularity. In our present job we have of course our high spots, excitement and moments—and what moments sometimes! Somehow on this tour I have gone out with a different spirit. That should not be the case for we are still fighting for the same cause. Since going out to B.C. I became refreshed. I became aware of the full meaning of freedom and what thorough happiness I derived from it, and I think of the friends I made who helped to make it so. I returned very much strengthened, I can only hope I don't weaken. It's such a horrible feeling being shot at. Only the other evening on returning from a long trip we were suddenly enveloped by accurate flak. It's rather amusing listening to your crew telling you to get weaving—like a back seat driver in a car—as though I am not already doing it. That horrible clatter as the flak drives home. What a relief when the engineer shouts all engines O.K. and the kite still answers the controls. "How much longer to the French coast?" I asked the navigator. "1 hr. 55 mins.", he replied. I noted the time and told myself I must not look at my watch. The sea at last—how grand it is to see it again. We cross the coast with a sigh of relief—Hell's bells, why can't they leave us alone?—"get weaving." Our E.T.A. was up and there was no sign of land. Our fears were roused, gosh! were we over the Channel or the North Sea, and our W/T's u/s. Land ahead—thank heavens. We have our compensations, on my recent trip we set off at dusk and as we flew southwards making for a French port we witnessed a glorious sunset that reminded me so much of V.I. I recalled so many I had seen, and thought of you all—possibly thinking about having lunch. As we approached the target it looked far from healthy. I was feeling a bit uneasy but thought of B——— 18 months ago. It couldn't be worse. "I am going in now lads." I couldn't help but smile to myself as I listened to several members of the crew as they out-did each other in saying what they saw. Three of them are new to the game and were undergoing their first baptism of fire. The kite seemed but a grandstand to them. Little did they realise how much I was sweating, far more than in a Turkish bath. Such incidents help to ease the strain. I expect you have felt that way. Do you wish that you were on Ops again?

The best ten years of a man's life is between 30 and 40.
And a woman's between 22 and 24.



YOU LUCKY PEOPLE! AU-REVOIR TO THE "PAT" STAFF

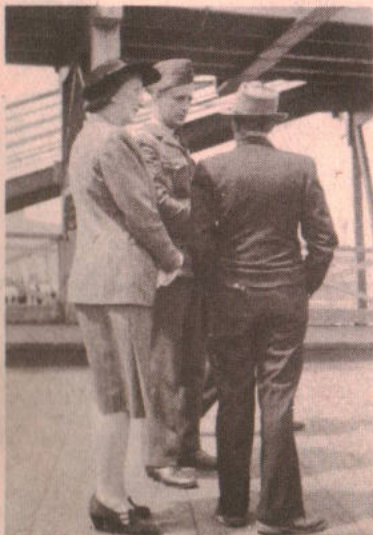
Back to the 'OLD COUNTRY'



WON'T BE LONG NOW!



CHAPMAN DOES IT AGAIN!



WHO SAID BOAT!



WE'LL BE SEEING YA!



VISIT OF THE
VICTORIA
AIR CADETS



L.A.C. REAH
VISITS HOLLYWOOD,

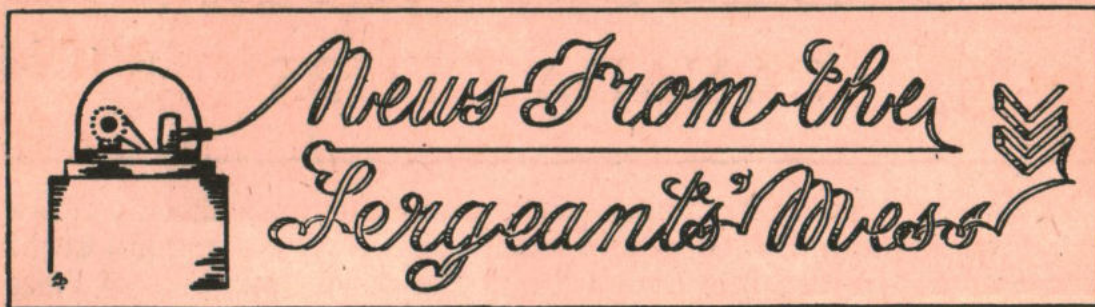
Suey...

Basil Katsone ... Katsone Zomell!

Walter Pigeon

Col. Macdonald
British 8th Army
O.C. Photographed
unit which made
Recent Victory.





News From the Sergeants' Mess

We hear that a certain ageing F/Sgt. Air Gunner is reduced to using anti-wrinkle cream to preserve his good looks. Period. We sincerely hope that "commencing" cream will not become a necessity.

1 1 1

It is regretted that there are those on the Unit who do not know who may, and who may not, attend the Sergeants' Mess Dance, and having gate-crashed, give little indication of even reasonable behaviour. For the information of such, sticking plaster is now available from the Mess Clerk's Office.

1 1 1

In view of the acute situation, a proposal has been made that the extra messing charge be increased to one dollar per diem, and that all meals be poured out! F/Sgt. Jalland has made arrangements to live in camp, as soon as this becomes effective.

1 1 1

With the coming of the sunny weather, the Mess (with the rest of the Unit, no doubt) beheld F/Sgt. Rafferty's shortlonglongshortlong long short short shorts with amazement!

1 1 1

Apparently the last time Sgt. Blood was Orderly Sergeant he was informed that it was his duty to clear all the tables in the Airmen's Wet Bar by 2130 hrs. Being an Australian he took it to mean the full glasses only—to the consternation and chagrin of all airmen present.

1 1 1

We saw F/Sgt. Makin girlishly blushing the other evening—F/Sgt. Kinne had told him to get his knees brown!

1 1 1

There was rejoicing in the "Glory Hole" when Sgt. Robson left us, but he has now been replaced by two very large F/Sgts. from Carberry.

1 1 1

One recent guest night saw F/Sgt. Makin performing a fantastically fierce fandango. F/Sgt. (the High) Preece also wove warily about, but appeared in constant fear of the Whip. He did, however, resume his former position as Choir Master with all his erstwhile vigour and artistry.

1 1 1

F/Sgt. Gregory, Gestapo Chief of Training Wing, deplores the declining number of candidates for extra Orderly Sergeant!



CANADA CLUBS



The Canada Clubs continue on their even tenor, with only a few minor upsets to mar their placid existence. With the coming of the fine weather at last, it is hoped that some of the members of these groups will be able to take advantage of the offers of trips to other parts of the Island and the Mainland to see the factories and the plants that interest them. In this regard, it would be as well to mention here that any person with a 48 or leave that is anxious to put in a few days exploring Canada is welcome to any advice and assistance available from F/O MacKenzie. (Tel. 45).

Information is now available as well concerning the Canadian Youth Hostel Association, and persons of an out-door turn of mind may now take advantage of these facilities for walking or cycling tours. Application forms and information leaflets are to be obtained from F/O Gallon, the Unit Education Officer.

AUTO CLUB

The club is now well into the subject of internal combustion and we are advised by Sgt. Thornhill that notes have been made of all preceding lectures, so that new recruits may enter the class at any time and come abreast of the class with no difficulty. The Club meets on Wednesday at 1900 hours in the Synthetic Training Building.

DIESEL CLUB

Your reporter is assured by the new crop of Diesel experts now emerging on the station that the really interesting part of the lecture series given to the club is just commencing. Due to the incapacity of the reporter to explain just why this is so, means that the information must be accepted as the fact of the matter. The lectures are given by Mr. Moffat, M.I.M.E., an expert on Diesels, and the members are rapidly becoming experts themselves. Some difficulty is still experienced in transport, but the upsets are accepted by the members with true British stoicism, and the club meets its instructor week after week, surmounting the most implacable obstacles to keep its appointments.

ENGINEERING CLUB

Two visits feature the programme of the Engineering Club, and so successful were they that it is hoped that an early "repeat" engagement may be made on behalf of those members who were unable to find accommodation on the first occasion.

Visit to B.C. Electric Sub-Station

Under the guidance of F/O Tate, a party made an inspection of the B.C. Electric Sub-station in Victoria. Shown round the plant by Mr. Peele, Superintendent Engineer, the party saw the automatic devices that accept the load from the three generating plants, the

up-to-date transformers that step the supply down and then step it up to the various requirements of the city. Above the deafening roar of the transformers, Mr. Peele explained that power was supplied from Jordan River, from Goldstream, and from Brentwood Steam Plant, and is taken in automatically, regardless of the voltage. Members expressed themselves as being very well satisfied with the visit, and hope later to make further inspections of the sources of the electric power.

Visit to "The Colonist"

A second party made a visit to the plant of the Victoria Daily Colonist, where it was met by a cheerful individual who introduced himself as "Charlie," and who proceeded to outline the career of The Colonist from 1858 onward, and with a great deal of interesting comment, conducted the party through the Advertising Department, the Press Room, the Composing Room, the Photo Engraving Department, and the Editorial Rooms. The guide, Mr. Charles F. Patrick, was obviously dubious about the chances of the publication of the newspaper the following day, due to the hospitable way in which the newspaper people demonstrated the various machines in the plant to absorbed groups of Club members. A careful search was made for drunken reporters hammering out scoops on battered typewriters, but Mr. Patrick explained that, due to the war shortage of man-power, reporters had to get drunk during overtime. This new regulation has contributed greatly to reportorial sobriety, and is a development that should not be missed by Hollywood.

The Engineering Club wish to extend their thanks to the Manager of the B.C. Electric, and the Editor of The Colonist, who made these visits possible, and to assure them of a very enjoyable and profitable trip.

GARDENING CLUB

The station gardens are beginning to resemble a reasonable farm now that orderly rows of vegetables have made their appearance. Many of the gardeners have also been successful in growing a good supply of weeds, which will eventually appear on mess tables as "wild spinach." A particularly posh effort, if "posh" can be applied to a garden, is the plot of Maintenance Wing. F/O Carswell has made a bower in the wilderness, much to the despair of the more modest plots in his immediate vicinity.

Service Police Visit

The camp underworld quivered in its boots as word flashed around the Soho and Limehouse districts in the billets that the S.P.'s had finally got the "gen." A very successful and enjoyable visit was made to the Criminal Investigation Branch of the B.C. Provincial Police. Inspector Peachey explained the use of various filing systems, and gave the party a very comprehensive outline of the use of fingerprints and the methods by which they are produced, and Sgt. Young showed the party a number of modern instruments

used in the detection of crime. A great deal of interest was displayed by our Service Police in modern police methods, and the thanks of the Section is expressed for the very kind and capable exposition of the Department rendered by both Inspector Rodchey and Sgt. Young.

FILM FORUM

A show of short subjects, including Travel films, Industry, the War, Canada, etc., is now presented every Tuesday at 1900 hours in the Photo Lecture Room, Synthetic Training Building. When it is possible a speaker on matters of interest will be added to the programme. Some of you will remember the excellent talk given by the Rev. Michael Colman, who is to visit the unit again in August. Wives of personnel may attend, escorted to and from the Synthetic Training Building.

"CANADA" PRIZE COMPETITION

Report of the Judges

The response to the Prize Competition organized in conjunction with the Canadian Committee, for an article on "Canada," was disappointing. Only six entries were received and nearly all were cut to the same pattern. In approaching their subject most of the competitors seemed to think along the same lines as the little girl who thought to please the tortoise by stroking its shell (and was told she might equally hope to please the Dean and Chapter by patting the Dome of St. Paul's). Nearly all of the articles would have been improved by more frankness and less flannel, by a little more everyday English and a little less of the highly-coloured language of the advertising pamphlet.

The names of the authors were removed from the scripts, which were submitted in turn to a representative committee of six members. Each member voted on what he considered the order of merit, and the result was a clean-cut decision as follows:

1st Prize (\$10.00)—Corporal T. H. Webb

2nd Prize (\$5.00)—S/Ldr. C. S. Goode

The article winning the First Prize appears on Page 22, and excerpts from some of the other articles submitted may be published in future issues of "The Patrician." The two prize-winning articles have been sent to the Canadian Committee in accordance with the rules of the competition, and cheques will be sent to the winners in due course.

A "snip" from the Rev. Coleman's talk:—

"... there were three sexes created, men, women, and parsons..."

SASKATCHEWAN CONCERT PARTY

On Thursday evening, June 17th, the popular Saskatchewan Concert Party presented another excellent show in the Recreation Hall. During the intermission Miss Nellie Small read a message of regret on the impending departure of the Commanding Officer, and, as a mark of appreciation, presented him with a pair of Indian totem poles. The C.O. in reply paid a tribute to the important work which these entertainers are doing, and showed his gratitude in a practical way by kissing all the very attractive girls in the concert party!

Western Air Command "Joe Boys" Concert Party, under the direction of F/O Frazer Lister, gave a much-appreciated entertainment on the Unit on May 25th.

Times Photograph.



Mr. Bruce Hutchison, the well-known Canadian author and journalist, whose comments in the local press regarding the R.A.F.'s "dislike" for Canada caused so much discussion recently. On June 15th he visited the Unit to gain first hand opinions from all ranks and kindly promised to write an article, which we hope to publish in the next issue of "The Patrician."

CANADA

Cpl. T. H. Webb's winning article in the recent competition organised by the Canadian Committee.

"Smythe, take that gum out of your mouth and don't chew in class again. Smythe, why are the St. Lawrence ports closed during the winter"? The place was a school in Cheshire, the lesson was on Eastern Canada, and Smythe was the laziest of a tiresome class of boys. Most of the pupils experienced such difficulty in seeking to understand the geography of Cheshire, that it furrowed our brains as well as our brows to learn about places further afield. However, I stood up boldly, and, refreshed by the gum, gave the teacher and the class a rambling and mainly imaginary account of Canada. This concluded, everybody, not least myself, began looking forward to the next move. We had "done" Canada.

After what seemed to be an eternity, with nothing to gaze upon but water, the cry of "There's land" aroused tremendous excitement throughout the ship. For nearly three hours we steamed landwards across a glassy sea. The rails were lined with relieved men. All were glad to see the land which meant for some—home, for others, the unknown. None who were there will easily forget the first sight of that land glistening in the spring sun. Colour ranging from the white of the snow on the rocky shore to the reds and browns of the conifers created a picture which was made realistic by the presence of brightly painted cabins scattered haphazard amongst the trees.

I was in that district only a few days, but everybody assured me it was the best place in Canada to live. I couldn't deny it. Weren't all the shops full of things which had long since become only a memory at home? Wasn't the place well lighted at night, with searchlights on the fronts of cars, instead of a land of Stygian darkness dotted with occasional glow worms? And the weather tolerable, with crisp snow and little slush? Yes, this was undoubtedly the best spot. It was with some sorrow that I left **the** Canada to travel west.

For countless miles the countryside seemed much the same to me. Perhaps there were small differences which I couldn't detect, in the speed of travel, for my next halt was in sunny Alberta. After spending some time in that province I began to feel at home in the Prairies. I got to know most of the people around, except for their surnames, which were not needed. Those vast open spaces held so much of interest that time passed quickly. I learned to think in terms of wheat and horses, and found that the bright lights and the big cities, the cafe's and amusement places, were not essential to a contented life.

For me, there was a new atmosphere in that wide world of the Prairie, where the weather ranged in the course of a few weeks from sandstorms and grilling heat to ice and near-blizzards. As an eager

tourist I was disappointed in the mild behaviour of the Chinook winds, but as a resident I was happy to be there during a harmless phase of the weather cycle.

The striped undulating fields of corn stretching towards the Rockies fascinated me. I was at the centre of the granary which was feeding my own country and I knew that in years to come I would be proud to say that I had come to know that grand part of the continent well. I must have been hasty in my earlier decision. Undoubtedly **this** was Canada.

The remainder of the Dominion towards the west began to reveal itself, as I journeyed by land and sea to "the other England." The mountain barrier was a tremendous and impressive sight, with the sun beating down on the snow caps and gorges, the lakes and the foaming rivers. I decided that man had somehow cheated nature, to complete a railroad track across such ranges.

Arriving on the Island, I seemed indeed to have arrived "home" and settling down was an easy process. The roads were skirted by hedgerows instead of dykes; instead of monotonous flatness there were hills and valleys; in the speech of most people there was an echo from some Old Country shire.

Within a few weeks I had made many friends, amongst whom were several "old-timers" from whom I gathered a great store of information about the resources of the province, its beauties and its history. From the facts imparted by Mr. Whyte, the senior Bruce-Johnson, and old Miss Lazenby and from my own experience I began to see the far West as the fairest picture of them all, needing no finishing touches by artists from the other Canada and none but native methods of work. Being so thoroughly a son of England, the old slow muddle-through-somehow methods struck so many chords in me that I would be damning that fair land itself, if I didn't decide that this was the best of the provinces. My mind sees in the same light as the locals. **THIS** is Canada.

"Smythe, take that vitamin tablet out of your mouth. Why are the St. Lawrence ports closed during the winter"? But this time it will be myself explaining to a new generation of Smythes. However tiresome the class or however lazy the Smythes, Canada won't be an abstraction on a map. In re-living my own experiences here I shall be able to make Canada live for them. We will become natives of each province in turn and in the end they will realise, as I have done, that the true Canada is in all of them, and that together they make a country which offers everything that man could desire for a full and happy life. They will realize, as I have done, that Canada's true wealth of natural resources and enterprising people, its fertile earth and its scenic beauty, its youth and its spirit, should and must make it one of the foremost countries of the world.

A Sorrowful Yearly Event

All right you chaps. Take off your tunics and roll up your sleeves. What's your last three? Oh dammit, there's another bloke fainted, this is getting monotonous, a bloke every five minutes. I wish they would wait until they got over to their rooms. That is the trend of the Medical Orderly's conversation as he lined us up in the past terrible few days. It may have been terrible for him, all that work. I wonder if he thought about us hobbling around camp like a portable pin cushion, saying at very frequent intervals, "Hey you clumsy blighter, mind my arm"?

"Right you go into the M.I. Room with this," says the Sergeant, and off we go to have whatever is coming to us. Oh boy, they have got nursing sisters on the job now, Hm, she's nice isn't she, the one over there with the ginger hair. Uh, Uh, she's coming over here. You go first, Bill, gosh, did you say she was nice, she has made my arm feel like my head does after pay day. Oh, I don't know whether I like her or not now, still she has nice hair and a nice smile, hasn't she? You coming over to the room, Bill? I don't feel too good, how are you?

These are the mingled thoughts of the average airman as he surmounts the annual torment, but what about poor Joe, the Medical Orderly, he has had to work overtime getting the lists ready and the thanks he gets is oftener than not to be called a so-and-so butcher. I have heard even worse than that on odd occasions, still the boat will come one day so

Joe was sleeping the sleep of the just the other night when two inebriated erks woke him up to say they were on day off the next day and could their inoculations be arranged for another time. Joe says something about splitting their skulls with a fire-axe if they don't get out of here and our erks depart with haste, wondering what is wrong with Joe tonight.

So next morning, Joe, being a forgiving sort of bloke, is having breakfast in the mess, feeling at peace with the world, when up comes another sleep-stricken erk: "Hey Joe, I fell asleep yesterday, and I should have been inoculated, can you organise it for me?" Joe nods his now weary head and ambles out. The last time we saw him he was going towards Pat Bay with a twenty-pound weight around his neck. Poor Joe, he shouldn't have joined.

—J.P.

Sidelight on Selective Service: The plumber who joined the Air Force and was mustered as a Cook because he told them he could turn a good joint.



L.A.C.
BUTLER



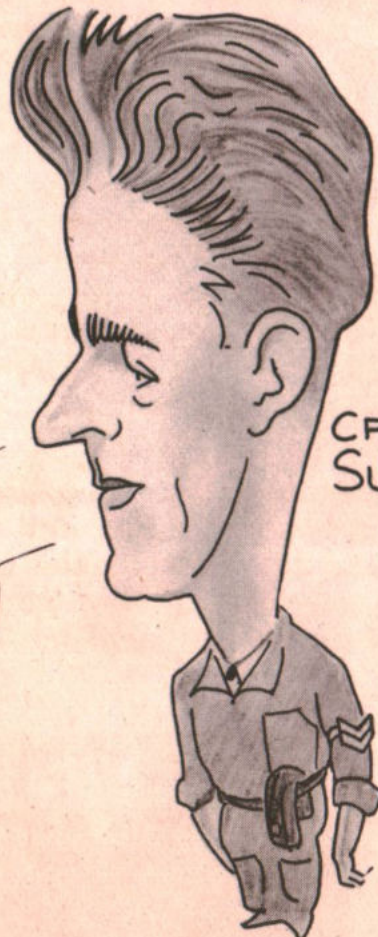
F/SGT.
RAFFERTY



F/SGT FYTCH



L.A.C. TATTERSALL



CPL BOWD



CPL.
SUMMERS.



CPL OLIVER

Ford

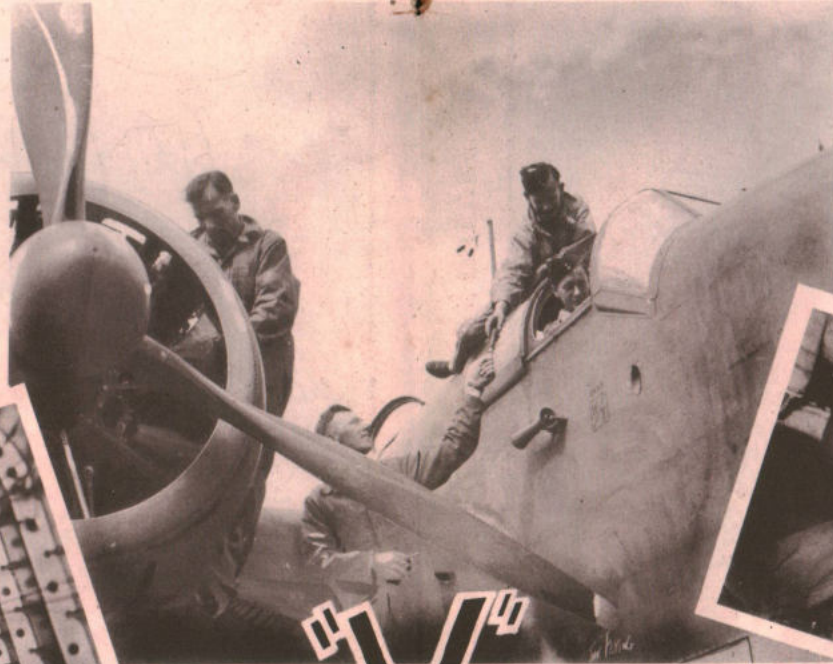
Personnelities

MIEN AT IVORIK

NO. 13-REPAIR SQUADRON



SPRING CLEANING



'THE BARON' LOOKS ON.



DINGHY KING



THE INSIDE 'GEN'



LOOKING TECHNICAL - SGT ASHWORTH



MAD WITH THE MODS
CPL BECKET & GANG



GRINDING EM DOWN
CPL SMITH



GIVING THE LIFTING PROBLEM THE ONCE OVER



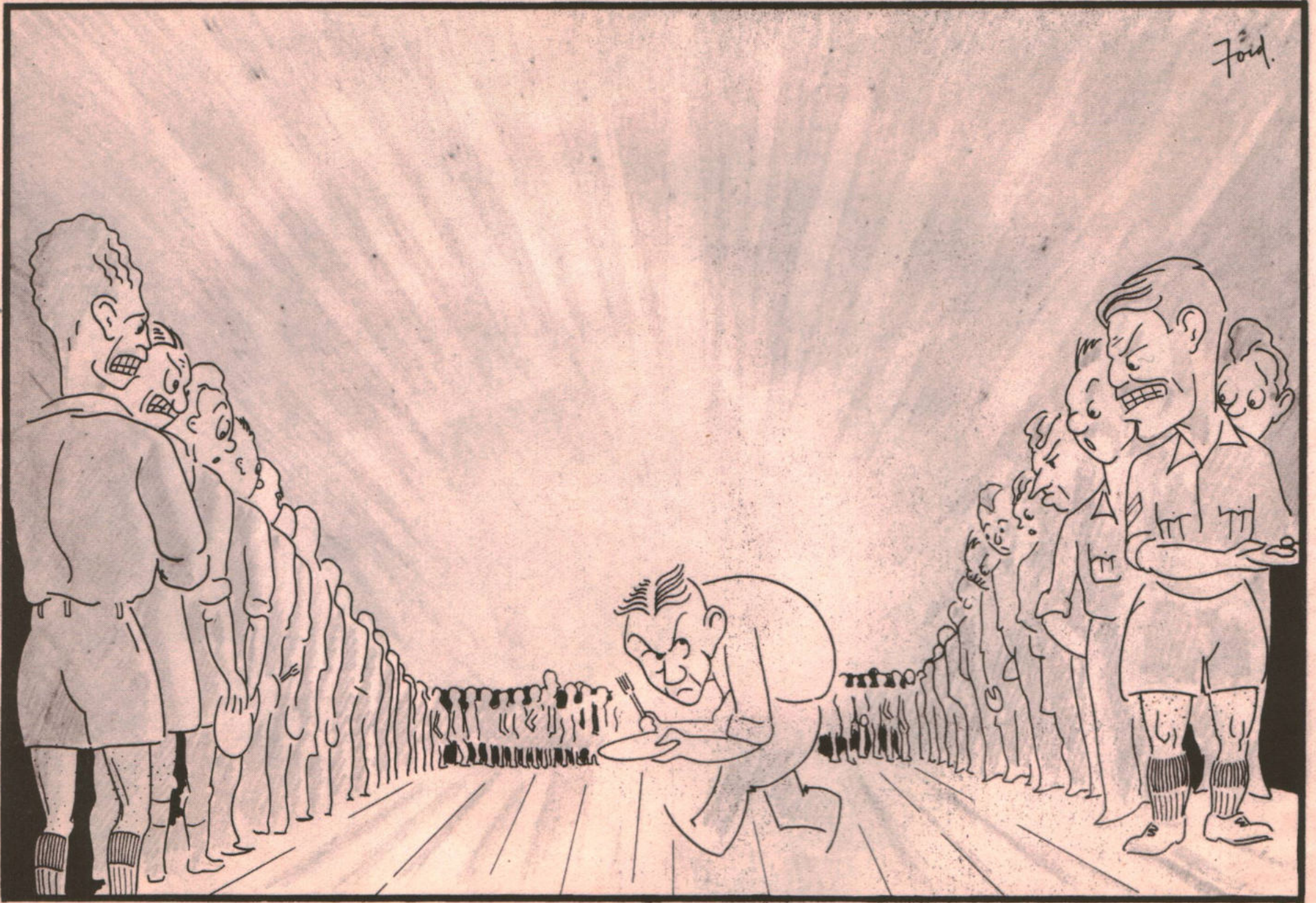
FILTH, D. WELLS AND SOME OF HIS BOYS



WINDMILL EXPERTS

BET IT WON'T FIT

Ford.



"THE ERK WHO JUMPED THE QUEUE"

BOOKS TO READ



"One World," by Wendell L. Willkie—A colourful and intimate record of Wendell Willkie's flying trip round the world last autumn. In 49 days he travelled over 30,000 miles and visited statesmen, diplomats, service chiefs and other public men in the Middle East, Turkey, China and Russia. His observation of conditions, his impressions of leading figures, and his reflections on post-war organization are stimulating to a degree that compel interest in the material and admiration for the man. He gives us honest and convincing sketches of Stalin, Chiang Kai-Shek, General Montgomery, the new rulers of Iraq, Iran and Turkey, and many other people whom we want to know about.

One of his best portrayals is that of the Middle East. Without an important native trading class; without an adequate educational system; without the means to combat a series of horrible diseases; and without the sound political theory which can help to overcome arbitrary government, these countries are liable to develop an impatient nationalist outlook. Unless guided by the Americans and British as part of a progressive world order, he thinks they may fall under the sway of extremists.

Again and again he stresses the urgent need for full and real co-operation between all the United Nations, now and after the war. Only thus shall we get a stable and just peace, speedy material and cultural advance, and a world made "one" without the suffering, the diseases, the frustration and inhumanity which we have inherited but which we now have the technical means to combat. He has no fears for the future, provided always that the United Nations can find leaders with international vision and social enterprise, not limited by narrow nationalist policies or by business interests.

Willkie criticises various aspects of British Commonwealth policy and administration, but is equally critical of some of his own country's policies in similar fields. He welcomes the statements on war aims which have come from the United Nations up to now, but he wants to see them go all the way to the idea of a real world organization concerned to bring political and economic freedom to all peoples, and he wants the immediate establishment of a War Council of the United Nations.

Some readers may feel that Willkie's plans assume an America a shade too paternal toward the "backward peoples," or that he is a little too sure of American goodwill to all peoples regardless of adequate dollar returns. But whether or not we agree with all his conclusions, this is a profoundly interesting and informative book which will open our eyes to the urgent problems of today. —W.E.P.

Cafe Society

Some-one (I forget who) once said that something or other (I forget what) was the microcosm of something else (that, too, escapes my mind at the moment). But contemplation of that statement—for what it is worth!—brings us to a consideration of the Airmen's Canteen, which is indeed a reflection of the face of one type of male society. The trained observer, the Gallup Poller or what have you, may find in the Canteen's habitués much at which to marvel, much at which to shudder, much which is amusing and much which is positively astounding.

The fame of the Stork Club was the result of Cholly Knickerbocker's patient daily advertising: would not "The Patrician" be well advertised to post in the Canteen a genial reporter whose job it would be to inform us monthly of life in the row as seen from near the laundry hatch? If a yahoo believes there is no material about which to write, I will list some of the types his errant pen might draw in greater detail. As I consider the following merely as notes for the O. Henry or William Saroyan whose job this may become, I will do no more than give a bald, tabulated list.

The Edger, Wiggler or Sidler:—That practised man of many queues, who comes late into the Canteen and sees a colossal line-up before him. Is he daunted thereby? Not on your life. Straight-away he goes to the head of the queue, taps a shrinking individual on the shoulder, forces a quarter into his unwilling hand, and says: "Tea and two doughnuts, and make it sharp!" Within a moment he is at a table with his refreshment, whilst those of us who have been impatiently propping up the wall for ten minutes marvel (a) at his nerve, and (b) at our own forbearance, in that we do not reach out and slosh him one.

The Gazer-into-the-Distance, or Stout Bilbao:—The man who drinks his coffee with his eyes fixed unalterably upon some point in the Rocky Mountains, groping meanwhile for the remnants of his tomato sandwich—unconcerned that his ill-directed hand sweeps to the floor a bottle of Orange Crush, two field service caps and a packet of cigarettes. This chap is either a philosopher of great promise or perhaps is wondering whether Pay Accounts knows he left the U.K. in debt.

The Rockefeller, or Twenty-Dollar Bill expert:—This expert crops up in the middle of the morning rush. He purchases merchandise to the value of five cents, then planks down his bill of large denomination with a belligerent "change this or else" air. The resultant confusion at the till delays us sufficiently to grind away two more millimetres of our magnificent white teeth.

The Woolton, or Buyer for the Nation:—Rather the reverse of the Rockefeller. Buried within our Woolton's fist is an oil-stained document, which bears the requirements of an entire flight. A moun-

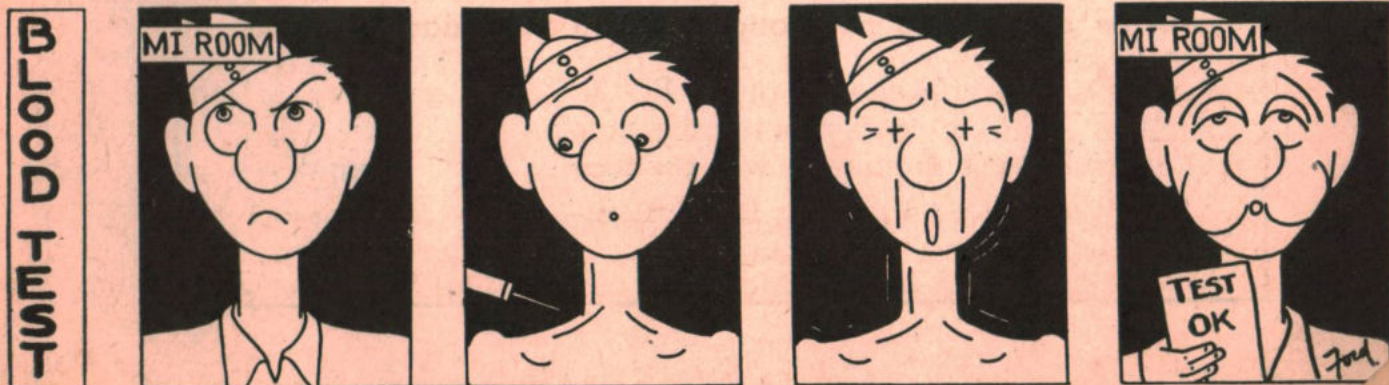
tainous heap of goods piles up before him, and just before it reaches toppling catastrophe he bawls: "'Enery!" whereupon 'Enery emerges from the rear, opens his shirt and fills the luggage space therein with all that his belt and abdomen can support. Woolton then tips out a great collection of small coins upon the counter, representing the flight's morning whip-round. Carrying two milk-bottles in his mouth, and clutching feebly at an armful of wierdly assorted oddments he staggers off behind 'Enery. So are the wants of the hangar wolves satisfied.

The Party of Jolly Old Pals, or Boys Will Be Foolish:—Who has not seen these little cliques foregathering every morning? Usually a couple of corporals, a L.A.C. or two, and a small mob of erks, which assembles in a grimy clot around two tables, and proceeds to make merry. Tea is sipped, sandwiches and cakes vanish at a fearful rate, and then begins the game of throwing balls made out of paper napkins, tipping over chairs, blowing out matches and other hilarious fun. If one goes to take an empty chair in such a circle, it is seized from the hand with a reproachful look and the remark: "This is for one of our lot—sorry!"

The Disputants, or Socratic Duo:—Normally consists of two Scotsmen, two Geordies, or a Mancunian and a Londoner. Loudly, waving their eatables in the air and in other people's faces, they argue the respective merits of Dundee or Dunoon, South Shields or North Shields, Piccadilly of the warehouses or Piccadilly of the Burlington Arcade. Noses are thrust against noses, and scowl is matched with scowl. "You roody Scotsma'", observes Dunoon to Dundee. "Oo-erp, oo-erp!" scream the Geordies, in a jargon unintelligible to those born away from Tyneside. "Stook-oop Sootherner," says Manchester to London. "Yer dun't know what yer torkin' abart, mate," counters London loftily. Thus amicably do the inhabitants of the gem set within the silver sea live together

The above is the result of but a casual glance around the Canteen: many and much more interesting types have not been mentioned. There is a vast field for research here, and who knows but what the scholar may not find during his study of this cross-section of mankind the key to the problems of the world's future—or, mayhap, the missing link?

—U.T.



Aren't We Suffering?

Have you ever complained about being posted to Canada and criticised everything Canadian you ever saw? I doubt if there is one of us here who could give the negative answer to this question. Well then, what constitutes happiness and contentment?

W/O Tindall is very rarely permitted to speak of the Middle East, but the other evening he slipped a little information out while we weren't listening and our lively imaginations re-built the scene in our minds and peopled it with airmen we have known.

The Blenheims have come from base to a landing field in the blue near Benghasi. They have been checked over, refuelled and generally prepared for the night's raid. The ground crews are "off duty" and are taking their pleasures. One stretches out in the shade and tries to remember the last time he had a shave, a bath, or even a good wash. He hasn't seen a decent sized town for about four months, during which time he has had just three bottles of beer, which took a lot of organising, having been flown up to him by a friendly observer—not Mr. Tindall of course, for he would have consumed it within three minutes of take off . . . and here he lies with more money in his pocket than he has ever had in his life before, but what to do with it—where to go?

A little way off sits a chap on the edge of his fox hole, trying so very hard to squeeze a classic from a violin—a violin, battered, half full of sand, and minus one string. Around him are gathered his cronies gazing admiringly at the musician or lost in sheer ecstasy of good music. Happiness and contentment. In an hour's time they will be cursing the sand, the aeroplanes, Jerry and the eternal bully and hardtack. But now they are happy, not even envying the lads at home going down to the village pub for a couple of pints and a sing-song.

What the blazes have **WE** got to complain about?

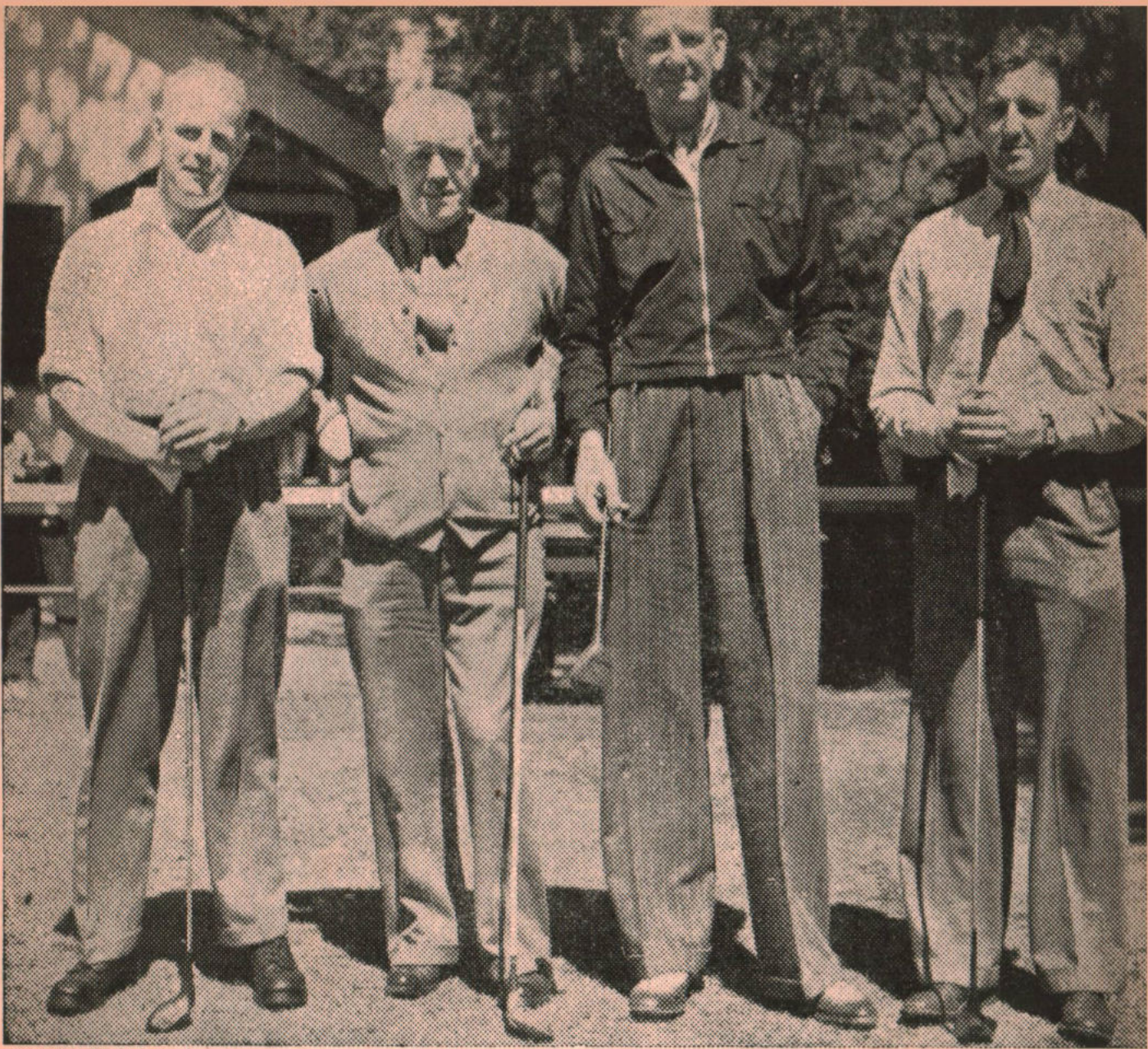
—M.E.

CORPORALS' AND AIRMEN'S DANCE

will be held in the Recreation Hall on Thursday, July 8th.

The Dance Orchestra of the Royal Canadian Navy
will provide the music
and Navy entertainers will produce a short cabaret.

All arrangements as before.



Colonist Photograph

Amongst the senior officers who took part in the Inter-Services Golf Tournaments at the Colwood Club were: Col. C. C. Ferrie, Major-General A. E. Potts, Group Capt. S. L. G. Pope and W/Cdr. L. Gibson.

ON ARRIVAL

Leaving a few broken hearts behind us, and with a few misgivings in our minds as to what lay ahead of us at our new station in Canada, we departed from our comfortable billets in the United States, and arrived at British Columbia. After our tedious train and boat journey, we were welcomed with almost open arms by the personnel of the Unit, a great majority of whom had happy looks of anticipation on their faces. Anticipation of making a great journey back over the route that we had just travelled.

At first, a little time was taken in breaking the "ice," due, no doubt, to the feeling that we were "rookies" invading the territory of hardened pioneers. However, we find that the Unit is very congenial, and compares more than favourably in scenery and surroundings with most stations in the R.A.F. and has a lot of amenities that cannot be found in England.

So here's to a happy stay in British Columbia, as well as putting a shoulder to the wheel that will roll us back home again.

—KAYE DON.

Y.M.C.A. NEWS



Cinema Shows—Among the films shown during the month, was a special film donated by the American Motion Picture Producers' Association, "In Which We Serve," Noel Coward's masterpiece, which he wrote, produced, directed and in which he played the leading role. Although this film had been shown just recently in Victoria, it was exceptionally well attended when shown in the Recreation Hall.

Hospitality—The recent arrival of a large group of replacements has created a much greater demand for hospitality than has been experienced for the past several months, and the Y.M.C.A. Office has been very busy in completing arrangements.

Being mentioned casually as above, it would not seem to entail a great deal of work, but the detail of arranging, and constant follow-up, takes a considerable amount of time and effort, where patience and accuracy are at a premium.

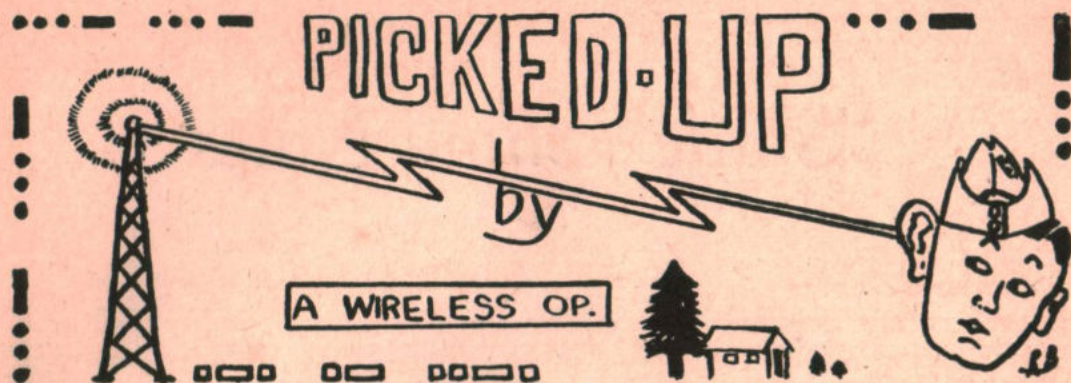
Mrs. Archibald, the committee worker who looks after R.A.F. personnel, has departed for the summer months, and her work in Victoria is being taken care of by Mrs. Baker. Mrs. Selman, who had charge of arrangements for more than two years in Vancouver, has now been replaced by Mrs. Don Brown. Both these ladies are tireless in their efforts, and our appreciation of their co-operation is unbounded.

On September 15th, 1942, the Government of Canada decided to restrict travel of military personnel to the United States, placing them on the same basis as British civilians. This has made it practically impossible for the Y.M.C.A. Supervisor to assist in arranging hospitality in the United States, as it would entail requests for a gift of money, as well as a letter of invitation, which of course is impossible.

Owing to the fact that four men who were members of the Y.M.C.A. Canteen staff left the Unit, the Y.M.C.A. Supervisor took over temporarily management of the Canteen, until such time as replacements could be brought in. The Y.M.C.A. at Macaulay Hut very kindly lent Mr. Fred Watts, who has been acting as Assistant Canteen Manager.

Many of the lads regretted the departure of Harry, Graham, Fred, and Reg, as they were popularly known, but it is hoped that others will soon be found to fill the vacancies.

Record must also be made of S/Ldr. Loyd's hole in one at the 5th at Ardmore. Congratulations to him and may he do many more (if he can afford it).



PUKKA GEN

Who was the W/Op. who, after calling an aircraft for about fifteen times with no result, sent the message, "Are you sure your Receiver is switched on?"

1 1 1

"Is that all you've got to do?" snapped the F/Sgt. to the erk who was making a perspex ring. "Oh, no," said the erk, "I've got a heart and an aeroplane to make yet."

1 1 1

Have those aircrew types with brevets on their khaki shirts, also got them tattooed on their chests? and does the Cpl. Discip. who wears his stripes on his pullover also have them stitched on his pyjamas?

1 1 1

One of the officers leaving may take with him a secret which has always been a mystery: Why he turned up at the office one morning wearing a steel helmet and carrying his gas mask at the sling. Definitely Alert!

1 1 1

An erk told a member of the A.T.C. that a Cheetah engine had ten cylinders because it was known as a Cheetah 10.

1 1 1

Who are the recently made up Corporals who "wetted" their tapes in tea?

1 1 1

It was reported to the M.O. that an erk was lying unconscious outside the Airmen's Mess. "O.K.", said the doc. "Partington's there—he'll look after him." . . . and so Partington lay on.

DUFF GEN

There's been a marked decrease in the number of dogs around the Camp recently. The amount of sausages has increased, and the dog biscuits which would otherwise have been wasted, have now appeared in the Airmen's Mess!

"Smile" Show Notes



On June 8th a few members of the show were guests of the Navy in their weekly half-hour broadcast programme, "Liberty Boat," after which a further half-hour's entertainment was given. The latter included for the first time A/C Horowitz, a newcomer to the Unit, whose live-wire personality and, as yet, uncensored British jokes "brought down the house." He again proved his popularity when "Smile" visited the R.C.A.F. on June 14th—stepping in at a moment's notice to comper the show.

A/C Hunter, another newcomer, is already making a good reputation for himself as an accordianist—he has acted as standby for Sgt. Brohn on a number of occasions during the month.

Other places at which "Smile" Show entertainers have assisted include Sidney Hostess House, Three Services Canteen and Fairbridge Farm School—the visit to the latter will be featured in next month's number.

With the intention of forming a second concert party an audition to find talent amongst newcomers was organised during the month but received very poor support. However, another attempt is to be made. During the "summer" evenings, weather permitting, a series of outside concerts are to be staged on the boxing ring. It is hoped that these informal shows will encourage those with entertaining ability to offer their services. Will all those wishing to take part give their names to Cpl. Gosley, "The Patrician" Office, as soon as possible.

—J.G.

EVENING—OFF SIDNEY PIER

The pastel sky, enchanting blue; a white-winged gull, its rendezvous,
Off Sidney Pier.

Dark sombre set, a tiny jewel, an island green, there to be seen,
Off Sidney Pier.

When evening comes, my heart grows light, to sit and gaze and
heed the night,
Off Sidney Pier.

Clear water running deep, beyond the ken, of men whose eyes
no longer seek the gifts God brings,
Off Sidney Pier.

But soon there comes a wondrous glow, the evening sky is flushed
with fire, the sun sinks low, below the twilight scene,
Off Sidney Pier.

Each snow-tipped cap beyond the bay, is kissed with gold as evening
falling seems to say, "Rest well tonight, for dawn's soon here,
Off Sidney Pier."

—A.J.



GET OFF Y' KNEE'S!



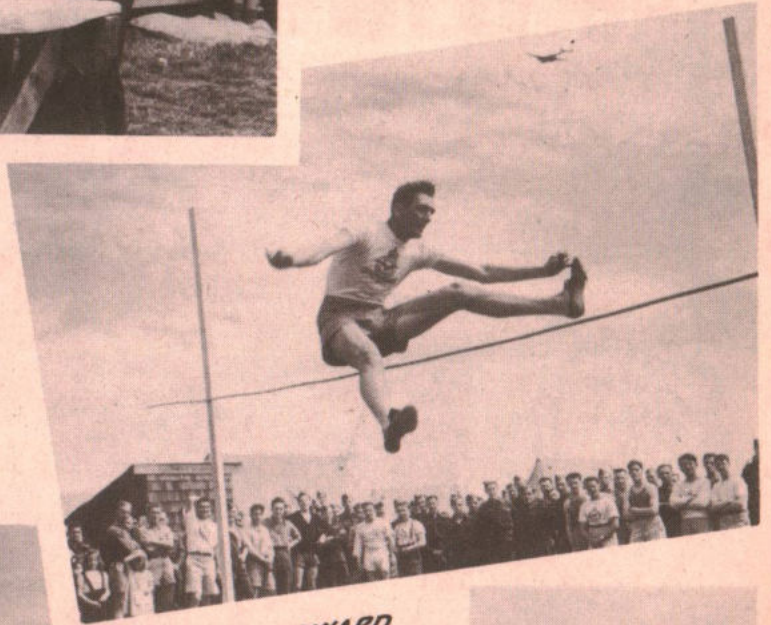
*MAJOR-GENERAL A.E. POTTS
PRESENTS TROPHY TO P/O A. BELLAMY*



Sidney

INTER-SERVICES
SPORTS

F/SGT JEFFERY SECOND IN 100 YDS.



*SGT. HOWARD
WINNING HIGH JUMP*



*SGT HAINSWORTH
LEADING IN MILE*





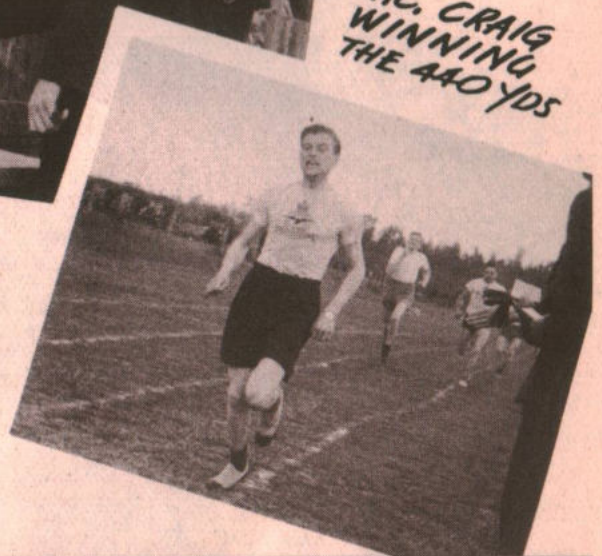
LAC. GORTON RUNNING
SECOND IN 1/2 MILE

MORE
Sidney
SPORTS



SGT HOWARD RUNNER-UP,

LAC. CRAIG
WINNING
THE 440 YDS



THE WINNERS
UNIT CUP 1943.



BLOCK
9A

BACK ROW:-
PARKINSON, HARTILL,
COOKE, COLLINSON,
HOUSTON, BAMFORD.
FRONT:-
STRUTT, HALL, P/O. D.A
BELLAMY, WITTER, LOWE,

CORPORALS' CLUB PAGE



An excellent attendance at the last General Meeting promised well for the new lease of life which was voted for the Club. A new committee was elected and we welcome the new members and in particular Cpl. Paddy Gillespie as president.

A great effort is being made to organise Club Sports on a sound basis and we are glad to note the enthusiastic response to the call for players for various sports. Cpl. Webb is the club representative for sport and he is anxious to get full support for all teams. One football match has been played against Barrack Block 25A, which resulted in a goalless draw—"Never in the history of the field of sport were so many goals missed by" A Trial Match has been played and the new team intends to make every effort in the Unit League. The Table Tennis team has already played two hotly contested matches with the Sergeants' Mess and honours are even; after the last match a note of confidence has crept in and we are preparing to issue challenges in all directions.

Parcels have been sent to Cpls. Gallant, Thompson and Fletcher who are "in dock." The Club wishes them a speedy recovery.

A complaint. Some members have said that they don't agree with the way Club Funds are being spent and for that reason do not wish to continue with their subscriptions. Well, with such a large membership we don't expect everyone to have the same ideas but we can only act on suggestions put forward through the Suggestion Book or made verbally at General Meetings. We **want** suggestions for Club Activities—the more the merrier, so attend the next meeting and **tell us what you want.**

After suffering many setbacks during its short existence, due chiefly to posting of prominent members, the club with a committee at full strength and led by Flying Officer Carswell, should now go forward with real confidence to take up its rightful place in all branches of the Unit's activities.

—J.H.

The young evacuee was caught peeping through the keyhole.

"What are you doing there?" asked the lady of the house.

"Finding out what platonic means," was the reply.

● SPORT ●

IN THE WAY OF SPORT

By the Sports Officer

For the past two issues of this magazine it has been our aim to set before you the plans of the section in so far as the laying out of a suitable sports ground is concerned. We feel that progress, although somewhat slow, has been made, and while admitting there is room for much improvement, it is hoped that you have been able to enjoy the facilities provided up to the present.

A new feature "in the way of sport" was discussed at this month's general meeting, and the possibilities of forming a Unit Riding Club, open to all ranks, were explored. There are such excellent opportunities offered in this respect quite near to the camp and within the bounds of everyone's purse that it would indeed be a pity to neglect them.

Consequently it is hoped that everyone interested and anxious to avail themselves of a chance to learn how to ride will assist in the commencement of this club when the first meeting is called.

It is quite apparent that one of the urgent summer requirements is a cricket field and the idea has been adopted of laying a concrete wicket. With this end in view, work has been started on the sports ground and foundations have been dug by the members of the section with the help of the Unit gardener. The completion of the scheme will be left in the hands of F/O MacLaran, the Works and Buildings Officer, who has promised to lay the concrete. As soon as this has been prepared it is felt that inter-section cricket may be commenced on the Unit. Unfortunately there are many difficulties in the way, including lack of man-power and what is more important, lack of money. However, we have been assured, that in the very near future this work will have been completed.

As a final word, I would point out that we in the Sports Section are ever ready to receive and review suggestions and complaints which will tend toward the improvement of sport on the Unit.

—D. A. BELLAMY.

SOCCER

During the past month very little soccer has been played by the Unit First XI, in fact great difficulty is being experienced in getting together a really representative team, for recently we have lost the

services of some of our best and most popular players, among them being F/Sgt. Huggins, Andy Hughes, Lofty Heppenstall, Paddy Houston and Jimmy Martin.

On Saturday, May 29th, the Unit team travelled to Vancouver to meet No. 3 R.D., R.C.A.F., but unfortunately there was some misunderstanding, consequently an army team was fielded to oppose us, the result being 6-2 in our favour.

To aid the local Solarium, a soccer cup has been donated by Councillor Worthington, to be competed for by V.M.D. and the R.A.F., the cup going to the winner of a series of three games. Two of these games have been played. The first game played on June 3rd was won by the R.A.F., 3-1, and the second game resulted in a reversal, V.M.D. winning 5-2. The final match of this series took place on June 17th at MacDonald Park and after a keen game V.M.D. carried off the trophy.

The Inter-Block League is now in full swing, the contestants and spectators showing keen enthusiasm, despite the attentions of myriads of insect supporters who seem to resent this invasion of their domain.

—H.E.D.

CRICKET

Another setback has been sustained during the past month, for we have lost more valuable players who did sterling work last season. L.A.C.'s Beach and Snow both held the task of opening our attack; they will be difficult to replace and will be missed by the players and spectators in Victoria with whom they were very popular. Besides playing, Beach also carried the burden of secretary, a job that he always did efficiently, in spite of the many difficulties he had to overcome. Wherever they may go we wish them "Good luck and good cricket."

The keenness that was shown at our early net practices has continued and the selection committee is in the happy position of having plenty of players from whom to pick the teams. We hope the concrete wicket will soon be ready in order that games may be played on the Unit. This will give those who have difficulty in finding time to play in Victoria a greater chance of feeding their enthusiasm.

We welcome those pupils who have made use of the nets and look forward to seeing more. Even if they cannot always be spared for Unit matches we know that they will give us a good game when we play them, as is intended.

As is seen by the results, our season is again going as successfully as last year; we hope that Vancouver will also fall to us this month.

Results: 25.5.43 v. **Victoria & District League**—R.A.F., 142 for 7; Victoria & District League, 17.

2.6.43 v. **Spencer's**—Spencer's, 114; R.A.F., 116 for 6.

9.6.43 v. **Spencer's**—Spencer's, 99; R.A.F., 102 for 6 (Hall, 72 N.O.).

- 11.6.43 v. **Brentwood College**—Brentwood, 55; R.A.F., 94 for 3.
 12.6.43 v. **Albion**—R.A.F., 160 for 5; Albion, 103.
 16.6.43 v. **Spencer's**—R.A.F., 60; Spencer's, 65 for 7.

—T.W.

TENNIS CLUB

The tennis this season is as popular as it ever has been, despite the loss of the two courts by No. 4 hangar.

The one remaining court by No. 4 hangar is in constant use and the tournament is now getting into the concluding rounds.

Unfortunately Group Captain Pope had to scratch from the tournament and it is with very real regret we lose his help as a player and his ability at arranging matches. His efforts to get equipment and courts for tennis never relaxed.

The erstwhile secretary, L.A.C. Daley, has been posted to Greenwood; this, too, is a great blow, not only was Daley a stylish player but an excellent secretary. At the moment of writing this we are wishing him God speed and casting around for another secretary.

Tennis and Squash matches were played against Seattle on June 5th and 6th. They were far too good for us but such excellent hosts that we soon forgot our dismal display.

It is essential to get a representative Unit team so will competitors in the tournament remember to give all their scores to Corporal Heppenstall.

—R.H.

BOXING

An open-air show held on the Parade Ground on the 27th May was a great success, and the attendance was far in excess of the seating arrangements.

A blind boxing bout between G/Capt. (Tiny) Pope and that beefy giant F/Lt. (10 ton) Shaw supplied the light relief to serious and interesting boxing displayed in the other bouts.

The extreme coolness with which Sgt. Townsend, of No. 17 Course, handled his man caused comment from quite a number of people, and we are grieved that he will have left this Unit before our next show.

P/O Bellamy put up an excellent show in view of his lack of experience and his opponent's (L.A.C. Byworth) relative beef.

A.C. Brunty and Sergeant Murdoch of Work Point gave a very spirited exhibition bout and displayed excellent ring-craft. Sergeant Murdoch is the Seattle Golden Gloves Champion.

Private Parker, another Seattle Golden Gloves Champion, kindly gave an exhibition bout with F/O Rawles.

We wish to thank publicly all the Army personnel who came from Work Point, both for their kind co-operation on that occasion, and the offers of future aid to our infant club.

The show seems to have aroused considerable enthusiasm, even more than we had hoped, and another show is being considered for the end of July. Meanwhile our thanks and appreciation to all those who made it possible, in particular, G/Capt. Pope, S/L. Johnson, and P/O Bellamy. Further thanks are also due to the officials and also to L.A.C. Gorton, A/C Brunty and A/C Daniels for their part in the coaching of some of the participants.

—K.C.R.

VOLLEYBALL

The R.A.F. Volleyball Team had the satisfaction of reversing a previous result, by defeating the Vancouver Y.M.C.A. Volleyball Team—Provincial Champions—on our own court in the Recreation Hall here. The match was played on Saturday, 29th May, 1943, before a small but enthusiastic crowd, and undoubtedly the players benefited considerably by having the moral support of the volleyball enthusiasts. The scores in the best of a seven games match were as follows: 15-6; 10-15; 13-15; 7-15; 17-15; 9-15.

The team worked together very well indeed, and were strong both on the defences, and on the attack. Especially notable were the spectacular "kills" of "Lofty" Smith.

The R.A.F. team was composed of the following players: Len Letroy, Captain; Cpl. Brodie, Cpl. Russell, L.A.C. Sharples, L.A.C. Doughty, and A.C. Smith. Roy Holmes, Physical Director of the Vancouver Y.M.C.A., was referee, with L.A.C. Jimmy Hall, linesman.

Prior to the game, the Vancouver players were entertained in the Officers' Mess, where afternoon tea was provided, and following the match, a dinner was provided in the Boxing Gymnasium, through the courtesy of the P.S.I. Before departure, the Vancouver players expressed their very great appreciation of the wonderful time which had been provided for them, and wanted their very best wishes to be carried to all personnel on the Unit.

—L.L.

ATHLETICS AND CROSS COUNTRY

Our athletes put up a fine performance by winning the Inter-Service Challenge Cup at the Annual Sidney Track and Field Meet on the 24th May when they "brought home the bacon" in the shape of a fine cup, presented through the generosity of The Sidney Businessmen's Association.

A strong team spirit prevailed throughout, with the majority of events keenly contested and the results in the "straight" events fully illustrated the enthusiasm with which our boys had trained. Our Commanding Officer left the field satisfied and confident in the final result.

The individual award went to F/Sgt. Buck of the R.C.A.F. with 13 points. Sgt. Hainsworth and Sgt. Howard of the R.A.F. were close runners-up with 10 points each.

Final results were as follows: 1. R.A.F., 64 points; 2. R.C.A.F., 50 points; and Army teams third and fourth.

It is hoped that this first athletic win by the Unit will be an incentive to all enthusiasts to support the 3-Mile Cross-Country on the 29th June and to make a "super" effort for the Unit Sports on the 31st July.

A lot of work has yet to be done on the track, and volunteers are urgently required to finish what should be a reasonably well-prepared athletic field. Training is now under way, and committee members can be contacted on the track any night from 1800 hours.

—J.T.

CONGRATULATIONS

To S/Ldr. E. C. Brown we offer our congratulations on his being commended by H.M. the King, and to the following on their recent appointments and promotions we also offer our congratulations: F/Lt. J. G. Flaherty to Squadron Leader; F/O's J. J. Allen and F. C. Ballantine to Flight Lieutenant; P/O's T. B. Wimbush, A. Spruell, C. D. T. Smart and T. S. Dobson to Flying Officer; F/Sgts. T. F. Pugh, G. Walls, E. Sowerby and L. M. Bailey to Warrant Officer; Sgts. L. Staniland, W. Boyes, W. G. Clarke, L. R. Lauzon, C. J. Campbell and J. C. McPhee to Flight Sergeant; Cpls. W. E. F. Curtis, W. J. Flynn, J. J. Pratt, T. Chappell and T. McWilliam to Sergeant; L.A.C.'s J. Douglas, R. Howison, R. West, B. Storkey, H. J. Major, L. E. Y. James, W. Hunt, J. Miller, S. Fyffe, W. Pike, P. Parrish, T. E. Griffiths, F. Whitty, K. J. Hutchings, G. E. Lant, I. L. MacKinlay, F. R. Vernon, R. M. Johnson, A. E. Chapman to Corporal.

Our best wishes are offered to the following on their recent marriages: F/O J. E. L. Underhill, P/O's J. E. Swordy and R. W. Fulton, Sgts. G. A. Dieno and C. E. Tattrie, L.A.C.'s E. A. Downey, E. W. Storkey, G. King, C. Field, H. Harrison, P. O. Neal, and A.C.'s A. S. Anderson and L. Darker.

To the following baby, Gloria Judith, daughter of A/C K. Garland, we send our greetings.

SHORT STORY CONTEST

The Vancouver and Mainland Branch of the Canadian Authors' Association is sponsoring a short story contest for the men and women of the armed forces, with a special invitation to members of the R.A.F. Units in Canada.

Prizes in War Bonds and Certificates of \$100, \$50 and three of \$10 will be given for the winning stories, which should be from 2,500 to 5,000 words in length.

Further information and the conditions of the competition may be obtained from "The Patrician" Office, Recreation Hall.

TALES FROM THE TARMAC

We understand Tubby Turner of SHQ Cafeteria Inc. is expecting to sign a long term broadcasting contract with the Red, White and Blue Network.

✓ ✓ ✓

They say Flight-Lieutenant Herbert is the author of the latest gardening "Gen" Book—"What to do with Surplus Lettuce."

✓ ✓ ✓

"You can call me "Curly," said Ted Griffiths, on being interviewed regarding his recent elevation to the "Two Stripe Club." Test for gas, Ted!

✓ ✓ ✓

We would like to know if Cpl. Hill is still carrying on with his early morning voluntary P.T. exercises, or does he prefer to limber up in Blanket Bay, as of yore?

✓ ✓ ✓

Who was the runner who referred to our "chloroformed" water supply?

✓ ✓ ✓

From a reliable source, we gather the password for prompt exchanges up at Main Stores is "205—R.O.T.B.—Good old Joe."

✓ ✓ ✓

An athletic looking young man dashed into SHQ. attired in the minimum of P.T. clothing, and was severely told off by Chiefy Brolly for daring to appear in the sacred territory improperly dressed. "Was my face red," said Chiefy when he discovered the culprit was a high ranking officer!

✓ ✓ ✓

F/O A. B. Mackenzie, the genial gen-man on Maple Leaf Lore, has been unofficially described by "the boys" as Canada's Ambassador (without portfolio) to the R.A.F.

✓ ✓ ✓

What happens to the Nursing Orderly who has to "report sick"? We understand from L.A.C. "Ginger" Partington that it is not exactly a "Busman's Holiday."

✓ ✓ ✓

Unusual musical (?) ability is displayed by Cpl. Howe, who can tap out any tune you care to mention, by holding a pencil between his teeth. And you can say that again!

—F.I.M.

THE PADRE'S PAGE



Good-byes are hard, and I do not at all like saying good-bye to so many good friends on the Unit. But I hope I shall see many of you again and specially I look forward to seeing a lot of you on your way home.

When I came to the Unit I had been told that it was the best station in Canada; and now when leaving I am sure that was right. If it has been your only station in Canada, you don't know how lucky you are. I only regret, like many other people, that I did not take more opportunities of seeing the country round about. I write this from Banff on the way east: if you get the chance, you must come here, as well as to all the other places within reach of the coast.

I once said that I wanted to help you see why we are in this war, and why we are sent on this extraordinary trip half way round the world. Do keep your eyes open for the moral principles involved in this war, the right and wrong in it, not just the necessity and expediency.

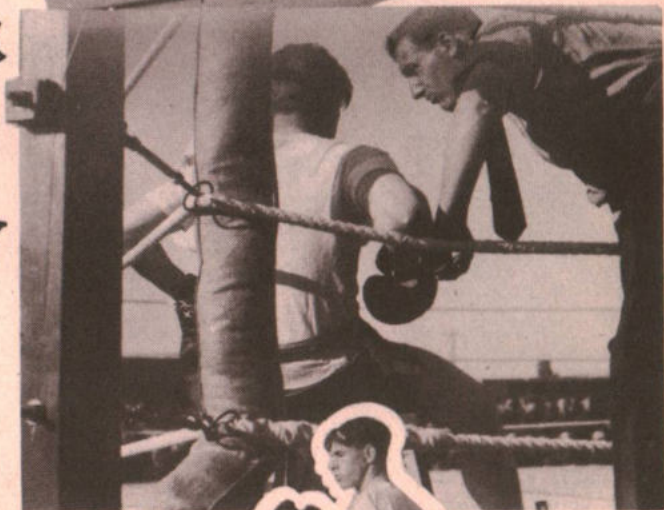
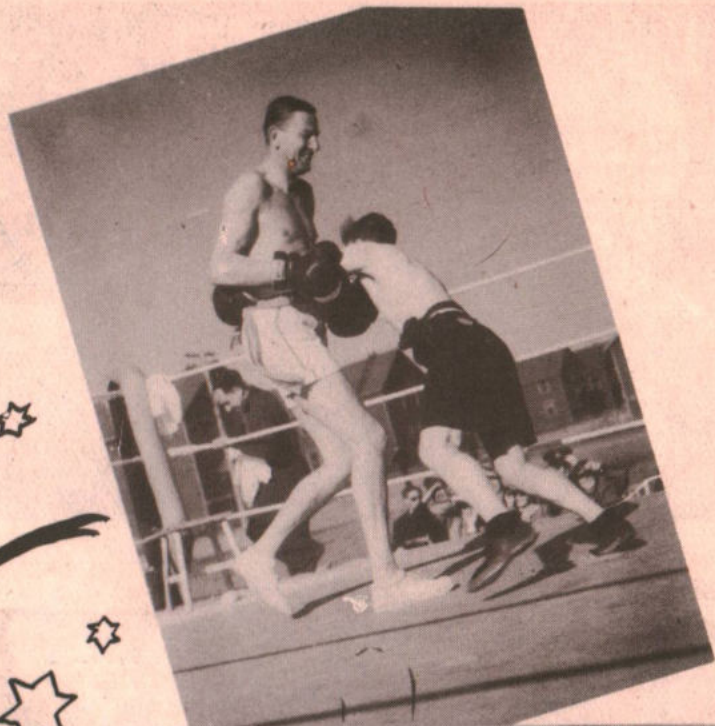
Greetings and all good wishes to Padre Howells and his successor, and to you all who are the church at Patricia Bay.

—J. C. LUSK.

THE PAT FUND

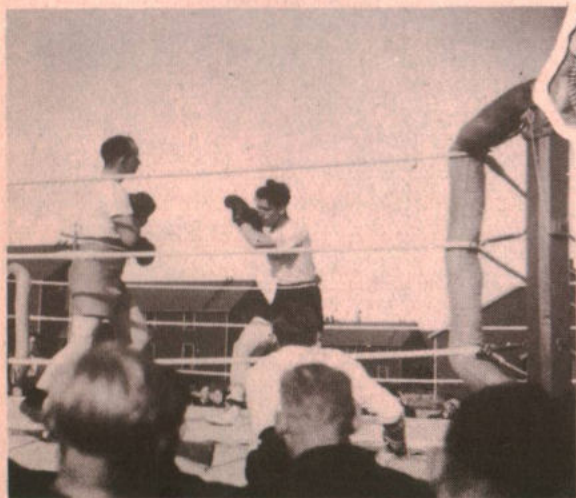
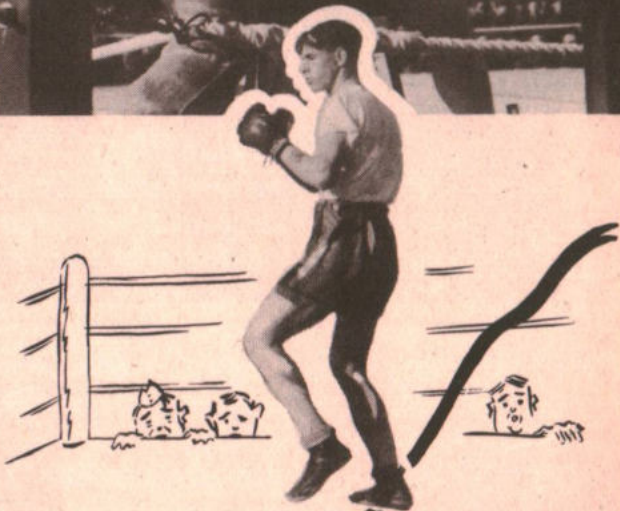
Since January the voluntary contributions to the bombed and homeless of Britain have steadily increased but it is with regret that this month we must record a very great reduction in receipts. The average collection each month for the past six months has been \$280.00, this month the total is \$193.74. The cinema takings alone have dropped by nearly \$60. Surely no-one can object to paying, say 5c for an evening's entertainment, especially when the money goes to such a worthy cause. Possibly this great difference in contributions is due to the fact that newcomers are not yet "Pat Fund" minded. May we appeal to them to support the fund as the "old hands" did and help us to continue to send to those who so badly need it, a little financial assistance to show that we have not forgotten them?

The month's collections are as follows: Cinemas and Concerts, \$57.40; "Housie-Housie," \$47.60; Training Wing Armament Section, \$42.25; Accounts, \$12.00; Guard Room, \$6.50; Training Wing Signals, \$5.70; Photographic Section, \$5.00; S.H.Q., \$4.03; M.I. Room, \$3.70; Signals, \$3.30; "Patrician" Office, \$2.76; Mr. H. Pratt, \$1.00; A/C Grady, \$1.00; Anon, \$1.00; A/C Thorne, 50c. **Total, \$193.74.**



Boxing Tournament

MAY 27th





*SIGNALS DELIVER LETTUCE
FROM THEIR 'VICTORY' GARDEN
TO THE 'Y' CANTEEN -*

ODDS & ENDS



*THE ENGINEERING CLUB
VISITS
"THE DAILY COLONIST"*



The NEW 'PAT' STAFF

*LAC'S GARDNER, MURGATROYD
& SHAW -*



TODAY'S FAIRY STORY

Lo and behold a certain F/Sgt. took himself for a walk to while away the idle hours, until the magic hour of 7:30 p.m.—the opening time of Ye Olde Sergeants' Mess Tavern, where that true Englishman's delight—ye olde Beere—flows freely.

Along the road he did plod his weary way when a local citizen drew up in his fiery chariot drawn by many horses, of the name of Ford, and did offer him a lift into the fair city of Victoria.

It being a warm summer evening our weary traveller bethought to quench him his thirst at the tavern called "The Gorge."

Some minutes later another local inhabitant hearing wails of despair did espy our hero by the roadside bemoaning his fate, "Woe is me," he cried, "the place is shut."

Being of generous heart, the local inhabitant after seeing our hero's great need of refreshment, did take him into such lesser known taverns as "The Six Mile House," "Regent" and "Caldwell," but of a surety there was a drought throughout the land and the wells of liquid refreshment were dry.

Muttering evil words about something called "rationing" our hero retraced his steps to the fair city and mounted the "Victoria-Air Port" Stage Coach. With hanging tongue but shining face he entered the warrior's encampment and hearing sounds of great cheer and a chatter of bibulous tongues, betook himself to the Sergeants' Mess Tavern, to be greeted with the wonderful words, "Sorry chum, been sold out for an hour."

—T.H.B.

THE NEW STAFF

Last month we recorded the departure of four members of "The Patrician" staff. This month we welcome their successors—four fellows who have offered to help produce the Unit Magazine.

L.A.C. BILL GARDNER has accepted the responsibility of providing the ten picture pages each month. Bill, who comes from Slough, was employed by the Fairey Aviation Company before the war, and was a keen amateur photographer.

A/C ALAN MURGATROYD, one of the latest arrivals, was a solicitor in civilian life, and hails from Harrogate. His presence on the Editorial staff should enable us to avoid any possible libel suits!

L.A.C. HARRY SHAW, our new Art Editor, comes from Bristol, where he was employed as an artist by the Imperial Tobacco Company—producing the original pictures for cigarette cards and designing advertising displays.

We thank them for offering to help and we feel sure that their assistance will mean a continuance of the good reputation of "The Patrician."

Musical Merry-Go-Round

During the last few weeks, the orchestra has had a more or less quiet spell, which is only natural, as the out-of-doors life appeals to Unit personnel while the good weather lasts.

However, they have been quite busy with rehearsals lately, and when the band is finally up to strength with suitable replacements, Sgt. Brohn should be able to put on some really good shows when the "Season" comes round again.

Recent performances included a dance at the R.C.A.F. (W.D.) Hostel in Oak Bay, Victoria, and the monthly Airmen's Dance on the Unit. Then there was the "Smile" Show at the R.C.A.F. Station, which was considered one of the best performances to date.

Newest member of the dance band is A/C J. Bibby, who is now performing as drummer, and putting up a good show, too.

The String Ensemble is now reduced from a quintette to a quartette, with violin, 'cello, piano and bass. L.A.C. Stan Carr has proved himself a capable leader of this popular group, whose recent performance at the Officers' Mess was very well received and was specially commended by our erstwhile Commanding Officer, Group Captain S. L. G. Pope, whose keen interest in the orchestra as a whole has always been a source of encouragement to them.

—F.I.M.



Some of the girls in Miss Florence Clough's Concert Party, which gave an excellent show on the Unit on June 10th.

NOTES ≈ NEWS ≈ NONSENSE

Any airman wishing to safeguard money and valuables may deposit them with S/L "Admin.", for safe custody any morning between 10:30 and 11:30.

✓ ✓ ✓

He (as they drove along a lonely road): "You look lovelier to me every minute. Do you know what that's a sign of" ?

She: "Sure! You're about to run out of petrol!"

✓ ✓ ✓

Erk: "Do you serve women here?"

Bartender: "No, you have to bring your own."

✓ ✓ ✓

A very successful Corporal's and Airmen's Dance was held in the Recreation Hall on the 3rd June, when a good company had a most enjoyable evening.

✓ ✓ ✓

We are indeed indebted to Miss Florence Clough for a visit from her talented Concert Party on the 10th June, which played to a "packed house" in the Rec. Hall.

✓ ✓ ✓

Heard on a local roadside:

Hello,

Hello.

Ride ?

Yes,

Hop in,

Wait,

What ?

Nice boy ?

Yes.

All right.

Wait,

What ?

Nice girl ?

Yes.

Good-bye.

✓ ✓ ✓

Gramophone Concerts are held on Friday evening of each week in the Reading Room in the Rec. Hall. Music lovers will appreciate the programmes given. Why not try them ?

NOTES ~ NEWS ~ NONSENSE (Continued)

Hundreds of letters have been received from folk in "The Old Country" telling us how much they look forward to receiving copies of "The Patrician" each month. Are you sending one? If not, why not place an order at the magazine office where they will regularly send copies of the mag. back to the old folk. Mailing rates are: 3 months, 50c; 6 months, \$1.00; 1 year, \$2.00.

✓ ✓ ✓

"F-e-e-t," the teacher declaimed.

"What does that spell, Johnny?"

Johnny did not seem to know.

"What is it that the cow has four of and I have only two?"

The class was dismissed.

✓ ✓ ✓

A recent "March of Time" film at the Capitol showed Cpl. Ted Spencer, L.A.C. Les Minto and L.A.C. Cecil Reah dancing in the Hollywood Canteen. Les Minto had as his partner a luscious armful of Miss Joan Leslie, the famous Hollywood film star.

✓ ✓ ✓

An R.A.F. Pilot said "Damn"

I have spent half the night over Hamm,

Now for breakfast you boast,

Of dried egg on toast,

When the least I expected was "Spam."

✓ ✓ ✓

The Other Man's Job—On a recent morning when a number of those "hoary old worthies" who push pens in H.Q.O.R. were wielding scrubbers and floor-cloths right niftily in the Airmen's Mess, it was suggested that a reciprocal exchange of personnel might pep up the airmen's daily menu. How about a few stewed "D.R.O.'s" and some freshly chopped "Committees of Adjustment" as a change from the everlasting tomatoes for breakfast?

✓ ✓ ✓

A "prang" a day keeps 295's at bay.

✓ ✓ ✓

On Thursday evening a small group of the Unit personnel were entertained by an illuminating discourse from the Rev. Michael Coleman, Rector of All Hallows Tower Hill, London, on his experiences afloat (as a Padre to that grand body of men in the Merchant Navy) and as a typical city parson in the blitz. The talk was preceded by a short but interesting film show of "Shorts," amongst which was "London Can Take It." It is hoped to have a return visit from this able and fluent speaker in the near future, and we look forward to a further "breezy" interlude.

EDWARD WARRIOR

L.A.C.

Voice Specialist

LIZZIE STREET



You, too, can have a tenor
like mine



Everyone laughed
when I started to sing
—they still do.



ALL PUPILS ACCOMPANIED BY
MYSELF ON THE MIGHTY
WURLITZER



Let Us Fix Your Clock
You Won't Recognize It!

CHARLIE

ANDERSON

INSTRUMENT BASHER

(Near the Honky Tonk Stand)



Were you late for your
last date?
It's bad manners — don't
do it again!



Cigarette Lighters Fiddled With
—Results Not Guaranteed

Ye Olde Discip Stores



Special Summer Sale

BLANKET RULERS AND
SPIRIT LEVELS OUR
SPECIALITY.

(3 sizes stocked)

15 ins. - 12 ins. - 10 ins.

(3 qualities)

ORDINARY B/S

SPECIAL B/S

SUPER B/S

Come and Purchase Our New
Super Secret Weapon.

Buy now

U — will be satisfied.

Lowest prices.

Largest value for money

CINEMA SHOWS

July

- Sun., 4th—"YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER"—Rita Hayworth, Fred Astaire and Adolphe Menjou.
- Mon., 5th—"MAJOR AND THE MINOR"—Ray Milland, and Ginger Rogers.
- Wed., 7th—"HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY"—Walter Pidgeon and Maureen O'Hara.
- Sun., 11th—"THE MAN WHO LOST HIMSELF"—Kay Francis and Brian Aherne.
- Mon., 12th—"THE GLASS KEY"—Brian Donlevy, Alan Ladd and Veronica Lake.
- Wed., 14th—"CADET GIRL"—Carole Landis and George Montgomery.
- Sun., 18th—"NIGHT PLANE FROM CHUNKING"—Robert Preston and Ellen Drew.
- Mon., 19th—
- Wed., 21st—"TURNABOUT"—Adolphe Menjou, Carole Landis.
- Sun., 25th—"LADY EVE"—Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda.
- Sun., 26th—
- Wed., 28th—"OF MICE AND MEN"—Burgess Meredith, Betty Field.

We regret that the full cinema programme did not arrive in time for publication.

The above programme is subject to alteration.

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

