

The Patrician



The Magazine of the
Royal Air Force
British Columbia



ON VANCOUVER ISLAND.

Vol. 4

AUGUST - 1943

No. 5

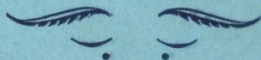
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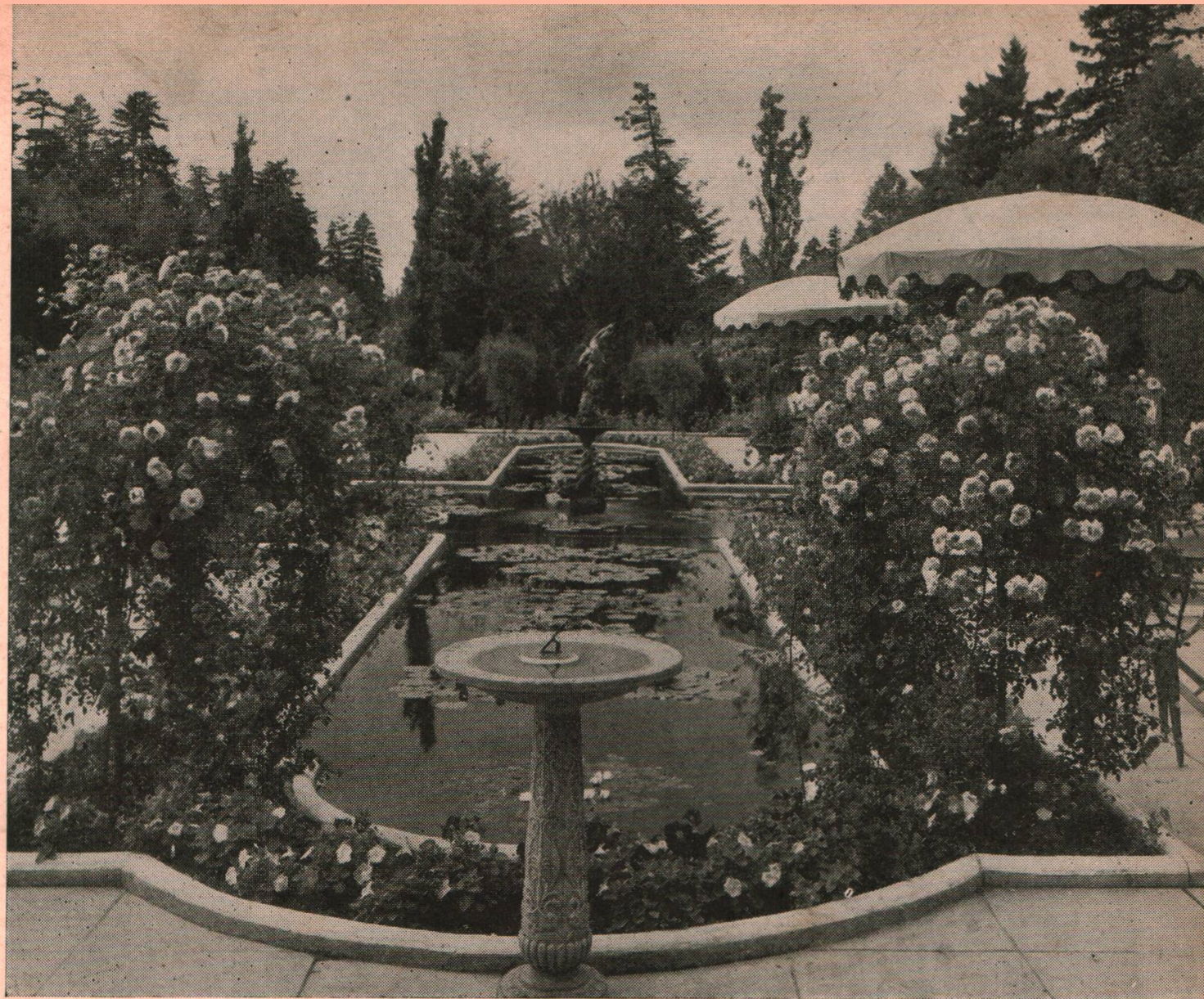
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CONTENTS

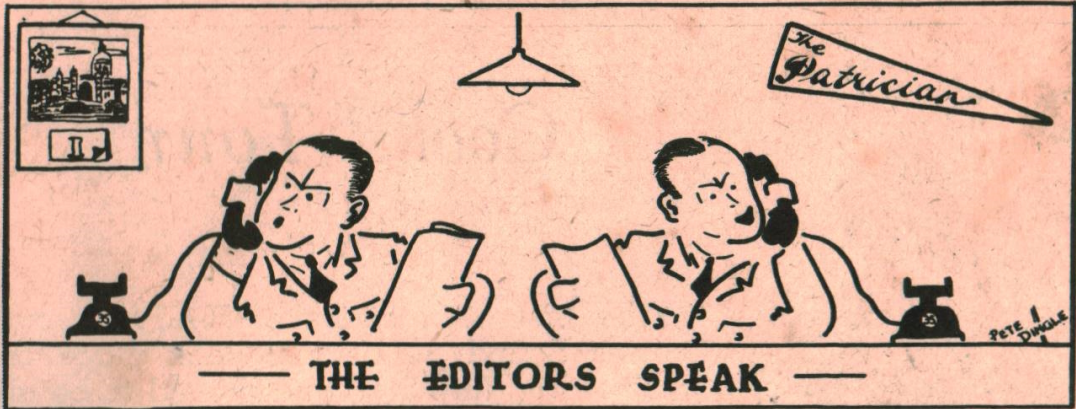
| | Page |
|---|------|
| The Editors Speak | 3 |
| Cook's Tour (by J.G.) | 4 |
| Story Without Moral (by "Mere Erk") | 8 |
| Musings About Menus (by J.H.N.) | 10 |
| News From the Officers' Mess | 11 |
| The Other Man's Job | 12 |
| Canada Clubs | 14 |
| A Day at Fairbridge Farm School | 16 |
| Naval Band Visits Unit | 19 |
| Pumpkin (by A.E.A.) | 20 |
| News From the Sergeants' Mess | 21 |
| Musical Merry-Go-Round | 22 |
| The Padre's Chat (by R. O. Mossop) | 27 |
| Ode To The Egg (by Jake) | 28 |
| Books to Read | 30 |
| Corporals' Club Page | 33 |
| Body Line (by Perion) | 34 |
| Picked-Up (by a Wireless Op.) | 37 |
| The Spice of Life (by U.T.) | 38 |
| Correspondence | 40 |
| Tales From the Tarmac | 41 |
| Sport | 42 |
| Notes—News—Nonsense | 47 |

WHERE WORLD FAMOUS FLOWERS BLOOM

A glimpse of the rose garden and lily pond at "Benvenuto," Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Butchart's renowned gardens at Brentwood, which are open to the public at the very nominal charge of 25c — a good bob's worth.



8/3/4/5/6



Vol. 4, No. 5

AUGUST, 1943

15 CENTS

Dear _____

Although you may read this a little in advance of the proper date, this is a birthday letter. Although we are not surrounded by parcels, it is a letter of thanks for your presents.

On August 9th, two years ago, a small contingent of the R.A.F., the first to establish themselves west of the Rockies, arrived from Britain. Patricia Bay, that distant and unknown point to which we had been posted, an ocean and a continent away from home, became a reality as well as a name.

Very soon the reality proved as pleasant as the name. This was mainly because of the way in which you, the people of Vancouver Island, made us welcome. No body of service men anywhere could possibly have had a warmer welcome than you gave us; no exiles could have been received with greater kindness, understanding and hospitality. As individuals, as families, or as workers in the local organizations to which we owe so much, you made us feel that we had come to a new home amongst friends, not merely to the end of a journey.

Of those who arrived here two years ago, very few are left. Most have returned to England; some have gone to other parts of Canada; some are in places more distant still. Wherever they may be, we know that they remember you with affection and gratitude, as we who are still here will do when the time comes for us to leave you.

Although we are only two years old, we can count our blessings. Chief amongst them are recollections of our walks and talks with you, summer afternoons on your tennis court, winter evenings at your fireside, Christmas as one of the family, all-too-short "48's" to come and go as we pleased in your hospitable home. Of the dances and other entertainments you have organized for us, of the endless trouble you have taken and are still taking to make our stay with you a happy one. So we celebrate our birthday by saying with all our heart—"Thank you."

—THE EDITORS



Cooks' Tour



The first of a series of R.A.F. Special Cruises Round the Islands took place on Wednesday, July 21st, and proved to be an outstanding success. This first cruise was an outing provided by P.S.I. for the Airmen's Mess staff and amongst the passengers were the Commanding Officer, Adjutant, Catering Officer, Assistant "Admin" Officer and a number of "Smile" personnel. They were unanimous in their acclamation of this new asset to the social welfare organisations of

the Unit. S/L J. Johnson, who was responsible for the original idea and for making the arrangements, is to be congratulated on this new venture which should prove immensely popular with Unit personnel of all ranks.

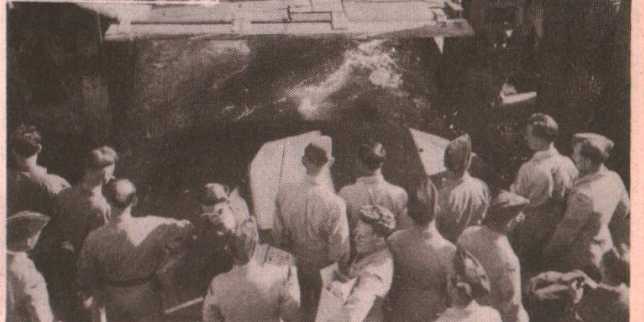
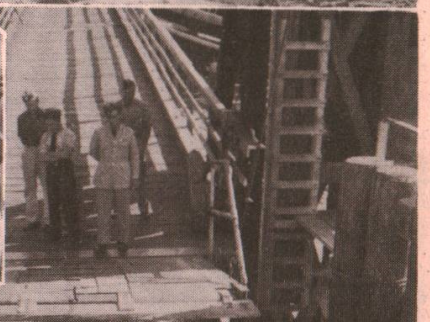
Leaving Swartz Bay at 0930 hours the "Cy Peck," which has been chartered for every Wednesday until the end of August, headed for Port Washington on North Pender Island, where we spent a very enjoyable forty-five minutes strolling through the leafy lanes and chatting to the friendly inhabitants of this delightfully peaceful place.

From there we threaded our way through beautiful islands and placid blue waters until we docked at Mayne Island, which forms the south coast of Active Pass on the way to Vancouver. There a band of chaps led by "Tiger" Upton gave a fine diving exhibition from the top deck of the boat and the landing stage. There, too, Harry Harrison lost his teeth; it was unfortunate really, because we were just about to have lunch! Harry saw them grin as they slipped beneath the water and down he went after them, but some toothless old sole must have got there first—he lost 'em, and therefore was a toothless old soul himself. It was a woeful tale he mumbled to the C.O. over lunch, which was consumed in a tree-shaded field near the landing stage.

After three pleasant hours at Mayne Island spent in bathing, sunbathing and strolling around, and resting in the shade afforded by F/Sgt. Maddocks in bathing trunks, we left for a forty-five minutes' visit to Galiano Island, just across Active Pass. Here we found another sleepy little spot far from the madding crowd. As we left, about a hundred school children crowded a hill overlooking the bay and gave us a terrific vocal send-off. Back we went to Mayne to pick up the C.O. and Adjutant (who had gone on a fishing trip) and a few others who had stayed behind. And there we waited—and waited. The erks' dream had at last come true—the C.O. and Adjutant were

COOKS' TOUR

*The FIRST CRUISE ROUND THE ISLANDS
JULY 21ST 1943*

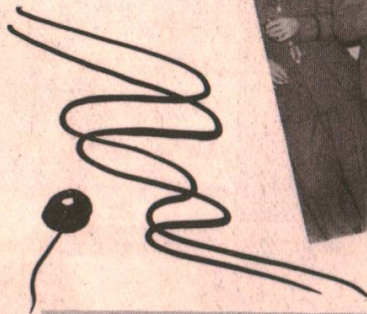


The END OF A PERFECT DAY

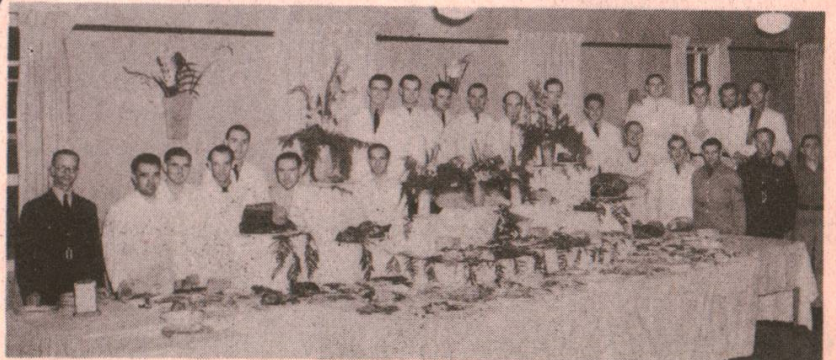


AU-REVOIR.
But not GOODBYE

Ua



A FAREWELL PARTY
to
GROUP CAPTAIN POPE



adrift—and when we say "adrift" we mean it. Their boat had been caught in the tides (probably when F/Sgt. Maddocks took a plunge into the sea) which necessitated towing it back with the help of a rope and a towel and consequently arriving half-an-hour late!

To the strains of Ronnie Brohn and his accordion we wended our way back, being entertained en route by that versatile one-man-show from the cookhouse—Tommy Beaumont.

We returned to Swartz Bay at 1800 hours happily tired, and quite resigned to suffer in silence for the sunburn which practically all of us had experienced.

Everyone on board will strongly recommend these trips—they cost only about \$1, your sandwiches, etc., can be bought quite cheaply at the Y.M.C.A. Canteen and can be conveniently carried in your kit bag. You can take along your wife or your girl friend, and you can rest assured that you will enjoy your Cruise Around the Islands. Give your name to the S/L "Admin" before it's too late.

—J.G.

... To That Better Land We Know

S/L A. E. Armitage, the Senior Accountant Officer, was posted during the month, much to the regret of his many friends on the Unit. We of "The Patrician" are indebted to him for contributing the news from the Officers' Mess since the inception of the magazine, and occasionally writing articles for us. In parting we say, "Thanks, and the best of luck."

Another very well-known personality to leave recently was W/O J. Middleton. One of the most popular personalities on the Unit, "Joe," as he was known by everyone, will be greatly missed. His yearning for "The Boat" was so intense that various members of the Unit were on the point of building him one when the news of his posting came through. We repeat the last lines of a parody written about him and sung at his last social appearance on the Unit at the Corporals' Club:—

Only last week there came gigantic news
Which lifted us and Joe from out the blues.
This was the "gen" from that better land we know:
"Sicily's invaded!—so we must have Joe."

Now he's crowing, 'cos he's going
To that better land we know.
All the best of luck we wish
To good old Joe.



Story Without Moral

Some fellows have good looks, some fellows have money, some fellows are R.A.F. pilots. Each attracts the ladies in large numbers.

Bob was handsome, his father was on munitions, and he had two silver wings on his tunic, so naturally the damsels cluttered like flies around a honey-pot.

When Ronald was on leave in Victoria the local glamour girls put in special vamping efforts, but they hadn't a chance against the competition at the aerodrome. Unfortunately for the local lasses, the government had dressed thousands and thousands of beauteous maids and hundreds of thousands not so beauteous, in light blue and dumped them down in places where aeroplanes and things congregate, thus giving them a long start on the locals.

Don't collect the impression that Bob was a gay lothario. In fact he was extremely shy, and so old-fashioned that he still treated women with respect.

Most of the inmates of the nearby roost for W.D.'s made a pass at him at intervals, but only one, a peroxide bombshell, Blondie, met with much success and even she had only managed one "coke" in Victoria and a couple of cinemas.

Then Ruth arrived, a recruit all dewy-eyed, and innocent, straight from her mother's careful tending, no powder, no lipstick, no peroxide perm, nothing but a schoolgirl complexion, brown curls, and a pretty face.

Blondie happened to be chatting to Bob in the local "coke" shop as Ruth timorously made her first appearance.

"Gosh," he said. "Favourite"!

Blondie smiled in a self-satisfied way, till she realised that he wasn't referring to her and then, following his gaze she saw the new arrival, her rival.

Personally she didn't think much of the innocent miss, but she was experienced enough to know that Bob was just the type to be smitten by simple charm and all that.

When, the very next morning she saw Ruth and Bob in shy conversation, she decided to take action. Thus it was that Ruthie was honoured by an invitation from a fully-fledged leading aircrafts-woman, Blondie, herself, to sip a cup of tea in the Y.W.C.A.

For a while they talked of anything but Bob, and then Blondie slipped into gear. "By the way," she said casually, "Is your boy-friend in the service?" Ruth blushed, "I haven't a boy-friend—yet," she admitted.

"Well," said Blondie, "take my advice and don't start on this station. They're poison." Ruth's eyes opened wider.

"Has anyone asked you to go to the pictures yet?" demanded Blondie.

"Y-e-e-s," stammered Ruth. "He wanted me to go this evening."

"A tall, curly-haired, simple-looking pilot?"

"Y-e-e-s," stammered Ruth, "but I didn't promise."

"That's Bob, he's the worst of the lot," declared Blondie, "first its the pictures, then a little drink, and then it's a rough-house."

"A rough house!" gasped Ruth. "Oh, and I should be meeting him now, he said he would walk slowly down the lane to the bus, and I could catch him up."

"He'll do the catching," warned Blondie, "any girl who goes out with Bob signs on for an all-in wrestling match."

"Are you sure?" breathed Ruth, her eyes by now popping, "are there such men?"

Blondie took out her lipstick; "Such men! Are there any others? But of all the fellows I've ever met Bob is the worst. The W.D.'s call him the 'Maiden's Menace,' and that's the nicest thing we say about him."

She took a glance at Ruth and smiled inwardly, for the little one was trembling.

"And I might have gone out with him, Ruth quavered. "Thanks for the advice, it was nice of you."

"Don't mention it," said Blondie graciously. "If you want to be safe, lock yourself in your hut every night, especially if Bob is in the vicinity."

Ruth rose, "Yes, I think I'll go now," and so she hurried out. Blondie's bosom pal blew along a minute or so later, "What's bitten Baby Face?" she asked curiously.

"Blondie was still using the lipstick. "Me," she said ungrammatically, but with a satisfied smirk. "Why?"

"She's legging it down the lane like greased lightning after that tall pilot I saw with you yesterday."

—"MERE ERK"

The Swimming Gala and Dance at the Crystal Gardens on the 23rd June was a grand effort and proved very popular and we are looking forward to a repeat performance in the very near future.



Musings About Menus



It actually started to form itself into a hazy idea when I sat down to "Dinner" in the "Oyster's Mess"—least that's what I read on the menu. And as I toyed with my "Grease of Tomato Soup," the thought had definitely materialised into an ambition. I wanted to tell the world of the work behind it all, of the airman who sits there day after day at the same old typewriter with the same old carbon paper, pounding out those faintly legible menus, the contents of which mean so much to the inner man.

By the time the "Strawberry Shortage" happened along, tears were welling up in my eyes, as my mind lingered on the everlasting debt we owe to such an organization. How else would we have known that the jelly-flummery concoction we put away last week in record time, rejoiced in the awe-inspiring title of "Norwegian Cream"? Or, who would otherwise have thought that the good old fashioned Ice-cream avec Raspberry juice and or Jam which almost tempted the respected gentlemen at "the one near the door" to "double up" came to us in French guise as "Coupe Jaques"?

The idea has infinite possibilities. From a small wooden stand supporting usually a white, thin slip of typewritten hieroglyphics, the Menu has leaped into prominence as a liaison, nay more, a beautiful interpretation of the Chef's offerings to his patrons. There should be more of it. Let us go forward—plunge into the vast realms of possible service names for succulent dishes. What could be more subtly tempting than a "Navigator's Delight," more substantially satisfying than a "Pilot Pudding," more sweet and tasty than a "W.A.G.'s Wing (sans feathers)"? I reiterate we are at the threshold of a new era in the history of the Menu. In comparison the "No service at this table" sign, is negative, final, unimaginative. It lacks that sensitive touch of the Artist—frankly, it stinks!

And so I lay down the pen, my ambition realized. But, I have but scratched the surface, it remains for those who follow on to catch up the torch and bear it aloft. I appeal to poets, to journalists, yes, and to the artists—your duty is clear. The future of this great work rests with you. Are you equal to the challenge? I wonder! !

—J.H.N.

Negatives of most photographs appearing in "The Patrician" can be borrowed at a cost of 10c per negative and on payment of 50c deposit.

NEWS

FROM THE OFFICERS' MESS

It is with regret that we have to record the posting of S/L Armitage who has so ably conducted this page since the birth of the Patrician. We shall all miss his dry witticisms which did so much to enliven these pages and those with whom he came into contact.

This humour manifested itself up to the last when, on being asked why it was necessary for him to see his posting instructions, replied that he was writing to his family and wanted to quote the authority!

We wish him the very best of luck wherever he may be when he receives his Patrician and look forward to further samples of his humour for future issues.

1 1 1

"Pumpkin's" recent behaviour is causing some concern among the Mess staff. As one member so succinctly observed: "It's alright talking about the laws of diminishing returns, Sir, but what about my—identity discs?"

1 1 1

Feminine curiosity was aroused at the recent swimming gala at the Crystal Gardens. Will F/Lt. Spiers please inform the ladies where he obtained the pattern for his ravishing shorts.

1 1 1

The charming little notes tucked in with the sugar these days prompts one to add: "Sugar is to sweeten—not thicken."

1 1 1

Attention is directed to the information contained on the outsides of the cereal packages depicting types of service aircraft. The "boost" to be obtained from one particular cereal appears to have gone to the head of the author responsible for the Hampden performance figures!

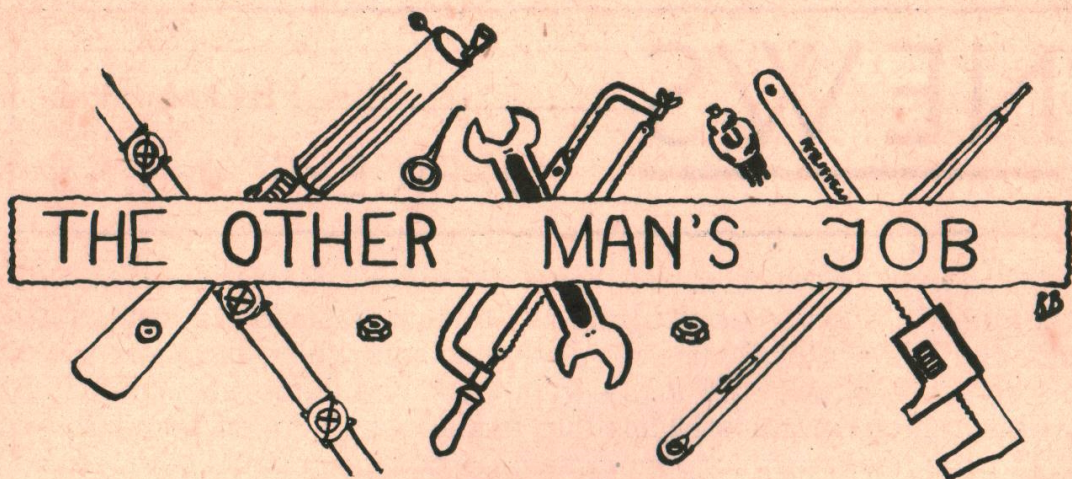
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A very successful farewell party to S/L Armitage was given in Mess on Tuesday, 13th July. "Temper your hilarity with a modicum of decorum" seemed to be the order of the day. Such acts of gallantry as were witnessed were worthy of a far better cause!

1 1 1

As we go to press we learn of the posting of two more pioneers—F/Lt. H. Dunn and F/O Coveney. It is interesting to note that the latter came to Canada in January, 1940. F/O Smyth, please note!

—R.A.



No. 23—MOTOR TRANSPORT

Scene opens: M.T. Yard—0750 hrs.—any morning.

"Hello, Ernie, what's doing? Had a busy night?"

Yes, of course, we've had a busy night, for the M.T. Yard of any R.A.F. Unit is one of the busiest if not the most hard worked section, and is usually a true indication of the liveliness or otherwise of that particular Unit.

Our own section is no exception to this rule, for where I sit writing this short article for the next issue of the "mag." just as a change from a spot of driving hours, I have the whole section in view and I know the scene that I can see by daylight is often the same far into the night—in fact the work in the yard is like Tennyson's Brook, it goes on for ever.

Many and varied are the vehicles plying in and out of the section, station wagons, panel vans (including those that turn somersaults), lorries of all types and buses, bowsers, tractors, cranes, bulldozers, etc., etc., sometimes I am inclined to think "Chiefy" served his apprenticeship with Maskelyne and Devant—I honestly don't know where he puts them all.

Further, and most naturally we all think ours is the best section on the Unit—who doesn't? and I think hats should be raised to some of our drivers who work such contraptions as that apple of our eye—we murmur her name with baited breath—OUR crane. This has been christened by a member of a neighbouring office as "Bluebird" on account of its acute speed up the main roadway, and here I must honourably mention that classic of all achievements of road transport, I speak of her last journey to Victoria, when under the expert driving of Messrs. Hainsworth & Love, Inc., from 0700 hrs. on a Tuesday until 1230 hrs. the next day, when they finally parted with her to the railway company in Victoria. Such filial devotions of this old firm and of Messrs. Slash, Bowers, Scouse and Cox who, after becoming so attached to this contraption that they actually pitched their tents with her during the "caravan" is highly commendable.

Our fitters and mechanics, too, deserve a word of praise, for the maintenance work on this Unit is a heavy and varied one, some of them I only see when they come up for air at the sacred hour

of "break"; many of them I honestly believe have a streak of "bloodhound" in their nature. It is amazing—nay more—it is astonishing to see with what speed and from what directions they appear when the old familiar tea container leaves the mess, and lo and behold before I even have a chance of pouring out a cup of the old sergeant-major for myself there is usually a foregathering of the sacred and oily ones slowly masticating piles of ham sandwiches and laying the law down as to who has or who has not completed their D.I. (daily inspection).

Think, too, of the headaches of the drivers after digesting the three fat order books which they are supposed to know by heart (?), not forgetting the Highway Code Book with its 248 odd questions.

So readers, the next time we give you a lift into Vic., or bring you back from the Crystal Garden, or when you give us a tinkle on our line with a polite enquiry if we can do you some shopping in Sidney, think well of us please, and I am sure you will agree with us that this is THE best section on the Unit?

—J.L.

SWIMMING

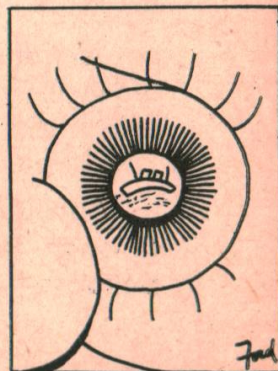
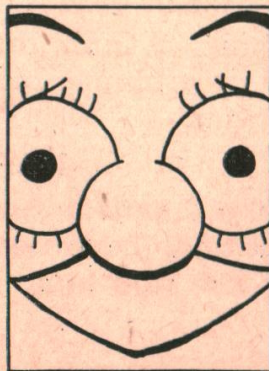
Copy received too late for inclusion under "Sport."

A very successful Swimming Gala and Dance was held at the Crystal Garden, Victoria, on June 23rd. There was keen competition in the thirteen events, which included representatives from the R.A.F., R.C.A.F., R.A.A.F., R.N.Z.A.F., C.W.A.A.C. and R.C.A.F., W.D.; honours were well divided. The Gala included some clever comedy events and a splendid diving display by the Y.M.C.A. team from Victoria. A large crowd attended and stayed to the dance which followed.

A recent A.F.H.Q. order states that all airmen must learn to swim and in consequence swimming parades have been arranged to take place three times a week at Elk Lake, under the direction of a trained swimming instructor. This is a very good thing and is welcomed by many who have not had the previous opportunity of learning to swim.

—C.A.K.

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CANADA CLUBS



The Film Forum, on Tuesday, June 29th, 1943, tried and found Bruce Hutchison "Not Guilty", on charges of conspiring to defraud R.A.F. airmen of a fair share of Canada's beer. Mr. Hutchison appeared as the guest speaker at a Forum meeting, and outlined the political and historical development of Canada. He explained Canada as the resultant of a triple stress—the effort of Canada to remain French, the tendency of Canada to become British by virtue of settlers from the British Isles, and the effect on these two parts as they resisted pressure from a great and powerful southern neighbour to make Canada American. The result, Canada as it is. The speaker went on to make an explanation of the peculiar economic division of Canada in an unnatural east-west line, and pointed out some of the possibilities for post-war reform, and future development.

After the lecture, Mr. Hutchison invited questions, and was inevitably assailed on the matter of British Columbia liquor laws. While he disclaimed any and all responsibility for the existence of the laws, he pointed out that the situation may confidently be expected to grow better in this province. The speaker further stated definitely that as far as he knows, no beer is being thrown away, and if it is, he has nothing to do with it, and finally, he, as well as the R.A.F., takes a dam' dim view of it.

The Film Forum enjoyed Mr. Hutchison's visit greatly, and wish to take this opportunity of thanking him and hope to hear him again.

The Canada Clubs carry on in spite of the weather, acts of God, and the M.T. The Diesel Club transformed themselves into radio gen-men for the evening on Thursday, July 1st, when they visited the radio range to inspect the Diesel plant there, and ended up with a detailed examination of the whole establishment. The club has decided that the contraption will work, especially since power is supplied by Diesel.

The Auto Club has almost completed its course. If there is any demand, the course will be repeated at a future date. See any member, or the instructor, Sgt. Thornhill.

The contrary Marys who labour in the Unit Garden Patch now stroll with pride in their estates, satisfied, for various reasons, that no more weeds can grow there.

The Engineering Club, due to a recent change in management, have had no programme, but expect that the coming month will be rich in new visits.

ISLAND CRUISES

Through the energetic goodwill of S/Ldr. Johnson, six day-trips through the Islands have been arranged, the first trip was on Wednesday, July 21st and trips followed each Wednesday. The cost is

moderate—one dollar per person. The boat sails from Swartz Bay at 0930 hours, returns at 1800 hours. It makes three stops—Port Washington for forty-five minutes, Mayne Island for three hours, and Galiano Island for forty-five minutes. Wives and sweethearts may accompany service personell, but no transport can be provided for civilians to the port of embarkation.

THE MIRACLE OF ST. PAULS

Ruin lay all around upon the slopes
 Of Ludgate Hill, tortured by bomb and mine;
 Blackened and fire-scorched, great commercial hopes
 In ashes ring our Nation's sacred shrine
 Which stands alone, its beauty long concealed,
 An inspiration in the Nation's heart
 Proudly in new found glory now revealed,
 A centre where Mankind can make a start
 To plan anew a world where wars shall cease;
 A place where none will ever mourn the loss
 Of what has been destroyed to gain the peace,
 And lift their eyes in wonder to that Cross
 Gleaming on high above that mighty dome,
 Spreading its influence to every home.

—R. TAYLOR

THE PAT FUND



Very few sections have handed in their contributions this month, otherwise the total would have shown a vast increase on that of last month. As it is there is a distinct improvement, \$203.57 being collected. "Housie" is one of the best sources of income at the moment.

We would again inform officers in charge of sections that collections should be counted and wrapped and be handed in to the S/L "Admin." on the 15th of each month.

Special boxes are being made and a more satisfactory system of collection is being organised.

The individual totals are: Cinema and Concerts, \$94.07; "Housie Housie," \$71.65; Training Wing Armoury Section, \$27.50; "Patrician" Office, \$7.17; Maintenance Armoury, \$3.18. **Total, \$203.57.**

"The Patrician" Office still proves a magnet on the occasions of the Corporals' and Airmen's Dances, and is usually well filled with those viewing our walls. We like people to visit us but we don't like them to forget the "Pat" Fund Box.

A Day at Fairbridge Farm School



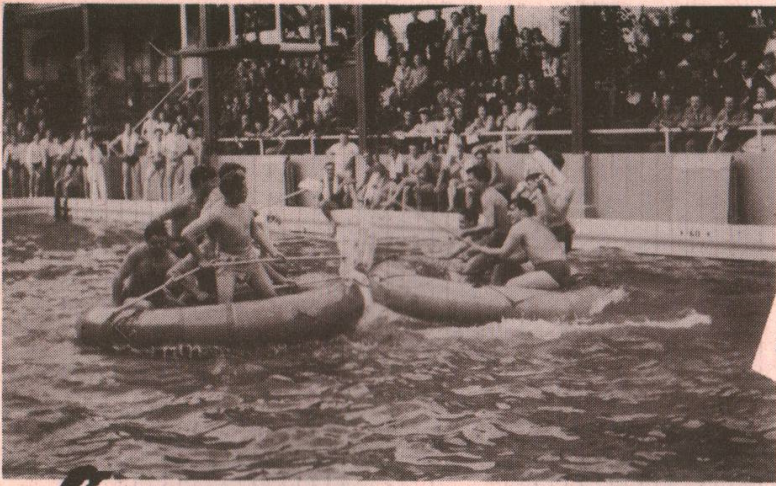
Members of the Unit Cricket Team and personnel of the "Smile" show paid an interesting visit to The Prince of Wales Fairbridge Farm School, Cowichan Station, on Sunday, June 20th.

This establishment, which can truly be termed "a bit of old England" is situated in the beautiful Cowichan Valley near Duncan and is administered by Fairbridge Farm Schools Incorporated, with headquarters in London. The object of this and other similar institutions in Australia, as visioned by their founder, the late Kingsley Fairbridge, a South African Rhodes Scholar,—is to train for life in the Dominions, boys and girls from the United Kingdom and thus give them enhanced opportunities through scholastic, agricultural and allied sciences for ultimate work and life in the commonwealth. How fully we saw and understood, on our recent visit, the good work this school is doing and our thanks must go out to the founder in the first instance and now to his successors and to the staff of this fine establishment. Those of us who had recently come from bomb-scarred Britain were indeed grateful when we saw those happy, healthy, carefree youngsters who entertained us so royally in such calm and peaceful surroundings.

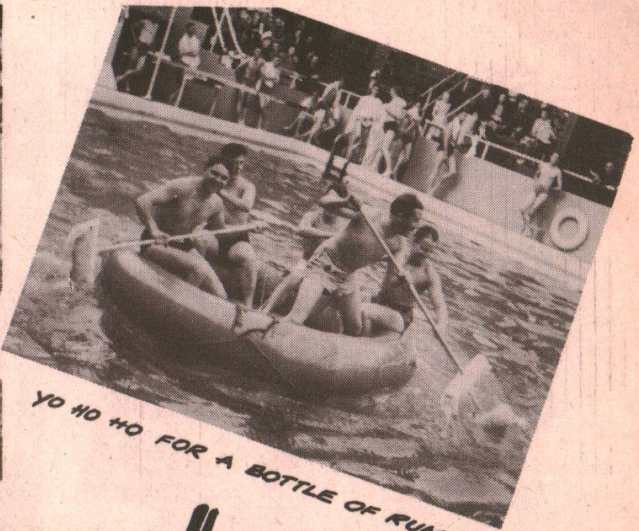
Soon after arrival we were individually "adopted" by groups of these very polite and very "English" children. We were taken on unofficial and escorted tours around the school and farm, and became truly rural in our inspection of the crops and livestock. One small group headed by L.A.C. Bill Butler made a descent on the strawberry beds only to discover that L.A.C. (George Formby) Warrior and another raiding party had hit the target before them.

After a delightful lunch in the Dining Hall with our young friends, where each of us held a position of honour, we settled down to the main business of the day—the cricket match.

Ours was the first visiting side, I believe, that the home team had entertained, and what a shock we received at the outset when, after being put in to bat first, the score board read "5 wickets for 5 runs." However with a gallery of happy children and charming visitors (many of the latter we initiated into the arts and rules of the game) the match went merrily on its way with plenty of thrills and some really good play, and our hosts, if losing the game, certainly showed us they could play with true sportsmanship. In the company of these grand children who freely discussed with us their folks back home—in London (Bow in particular) Newcastle, Sunderland, Birmingham, Doncaster, Leeds, Glasgow and hosts of other places so familiar to us—and lulled by the serenity of the surroundings, one felt transported to some sleepy village green way back in pre-1939 days.



STRONG BUT NOT SILENT MEN

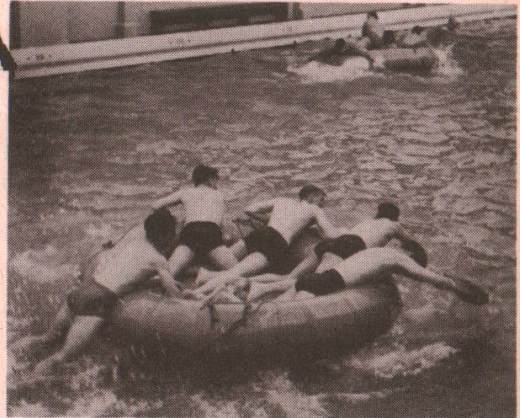


YO HO HO FOR A BOTTLE OF RUM!

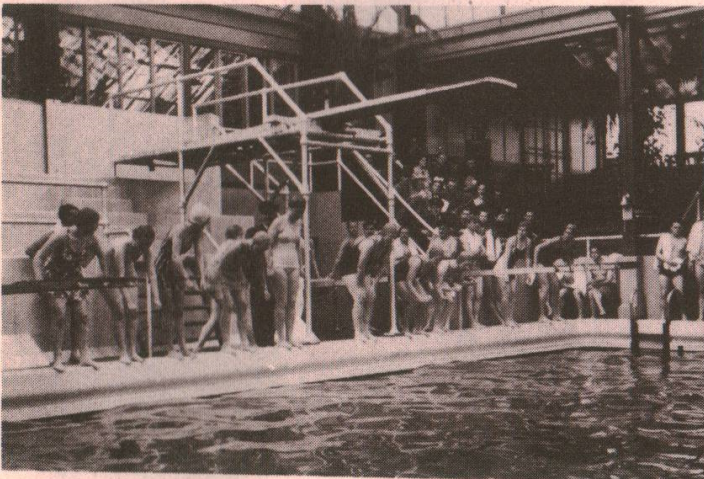
SWIMMING GALA

CRYSTAL GARDENS

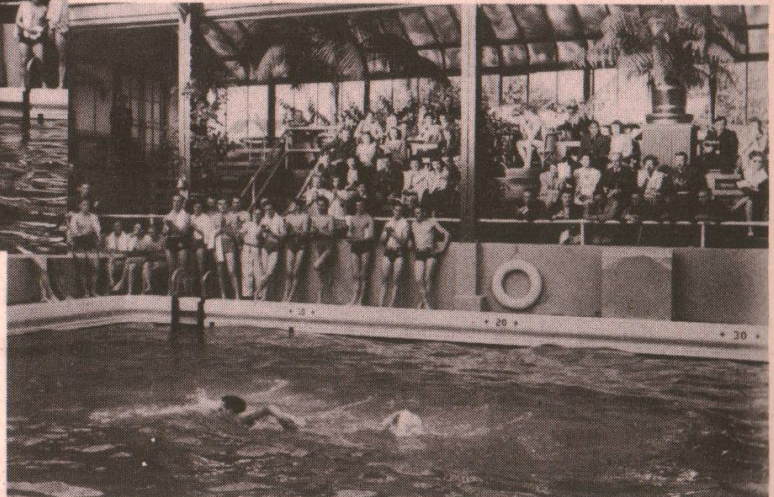
JULY 24TH 1943



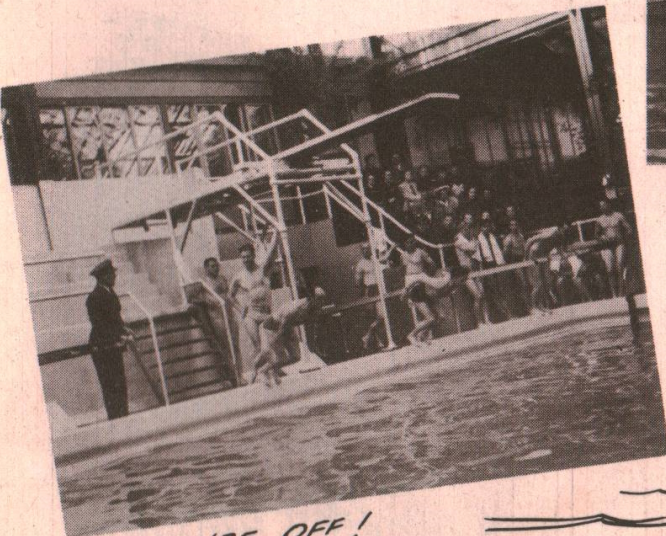
PULL FOR THE SHORE SAILOR!



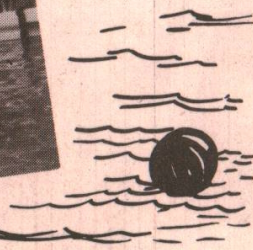
WATER BABIES.



WATER SOLO



THEY'RE OFF!



F/LT KIDD
and
P/O BELLAMY



BOOKS TO READ



Combined Operations," by **H. A. St. George Saunders**—An account of the Commando Raids, beginning with the kidnapping of a German lighthouse keeper off the French Coast, and working up through the Norwegian forays and the attempt on Rommel to the great Dieppe operation and the preliminaries to our invasion of Africa. We learn how Commando troops are selected and trained, how an operation is planned, and what marvels of timing and co-operation have been achieved. The facts are so thrilling and extraordinary in themselves that the author has deliberately pitched his voice low, so to speak, in relating them. There is not a false note, not a hint of sensationalism, in this amazing record of events. The whole book is so packed with interest and excitement that it is difficult to single out parts of it for special praise. But the high point is perhaps the story of the raid on St. Nazaire; on a schedule worked out to the minute the raiders had to run through a long harbour full of enemy shipping and protected by strong batteries and a German army, capture the surroundings of the dry dock and hold on while the destroyer "Campbelltown," crammed with explosives, was crashed into the dock gates and sunk.

—R.D.H.S.

"See Here, Private Hargrove," by **Marion Hargrove**.—The trials of the rookie are much the same in any country and any language. Translate "K.P." into "cookhouse fatigues," "furlough" into "leave," and see how the A.C.2 and the "buck private" are identical in their troubles on the drill square and in the intricacies of Pay Accounts. Private Hargrove is the dumbest of all recruits, and the record of his mistakes loses nothing in the telling, with all the terse exaggeration Americans put into their humour.

"You look at the exercise sergeant and wonder what he's leading up to. To you he looks like the "after taking" part of a malted yeast advertisement. He could probably lick his weight in police dogs."

Private Hargrove does not take kindly to discipline, nor does he relish the odd jobs every rookie collects. Here he is cleaning rifles packed in grease:—

"You use a swab about the size of a tablecloth to wipe the grease from the rifle. When you're halfway through the first rifle, you have to use the gun to wipe the grease from the cloth. When you have finished, you need a large coal shovel to wipe the grease off yourself."

Read about Hargrove for the portrait of a "brash" young man pitchforked into Service life, and rather worse than the bewildered erk you once were in the recruit training days which seem now so far away.

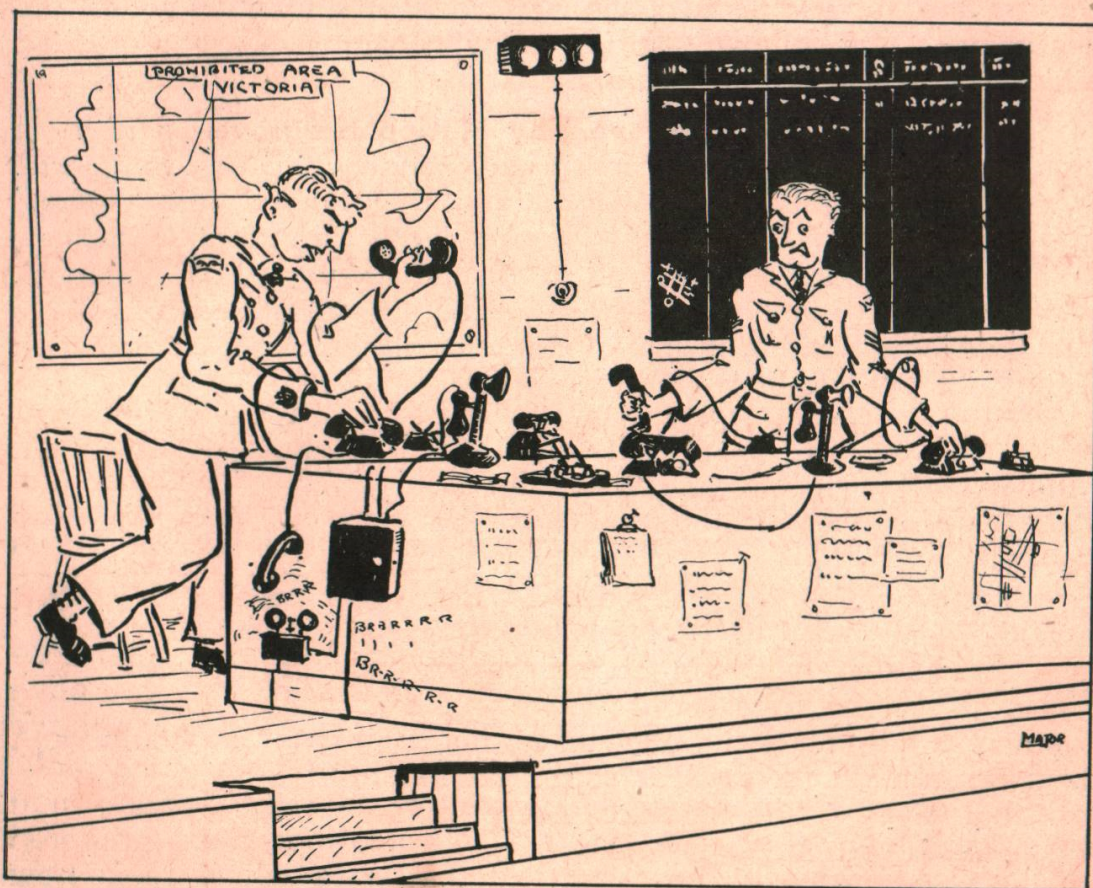
—R.G.

Meanwhile, back in the Mess-hall, as the great day drew nigh, tumultuous excitement prevailed. A day and night guard of six foot cooks kept vigil over the precious consignment. This was roped off and covered with a treble thickness of asbestos, in case of fire. Four times a day and twice nightly, the W.O. and his henchmen would proceed to the egg-dump, and, after uttering the appropriate password, would enter the sacred precincts and gaze with reverence on their "pièce-de-resistance."

As a mere reporter I have never been allowed to be present at the actual ceremony of preparing the eggs, but on the fateful morning of the repast, the High Priest himself was to be found there, arrayed in his newest garments, to conduct the ceremony of "the Erks Special Breakfast."

The expressions of delight on the faces of the honoured recipients, was a thing of beauty, a joy to watch, for what could be more delectable than two, greasy, blousy, shrivelled-up ancient hens' eggs, gazing up mournfully at you, unattended by even a single sausage or kidney, their futures sacrificed, that we, the erks, should be happy and contented? Ah me, the Eggs of Old England, long shall their memory reign.

—JAKE



A 'Phone Bell Rings in the "Ops" Room.

Ode To The Egg



Seated one day in the cookhouse, I was weary and ill at ease,
The vision of eggs before me, and a trembling came from my knees.
My heart was bowed down within me, my stomach was in revolt,
In a dream I heard voices keep calling, "Keep it up, keep on eating,
don't bolt."

There were eggs, eggs piled around my legs, in my hair, and on
the floor.

They were poached, mashed, baked and hashed, lined up outside
the door.

When I saw that my fate was upon me I said: "Better suicide, then,
Than each morning to spy, with a dark jaundiced eye,
THE INEVITABLE FRUIT OF THE HEN."

The above ditty was composed by an egg-bound erk, after having suffered from the enthusiasm of a cookhouse staff in Canada, whose delight it was to prepare eggs on every conceivable occasion. In England, of course, with rationing such as it is, the monthly appearance of the humble egg was preceded by a publicity campaign unsurpassed in the annals of Hollywood. Two weeks before the due date, invariably a Sunday, the Moguls of the cookhouse would call a secret conference, at which a newcomer to their staff, preferably one fresh to the station, was selected. (We are reliably informed that all minions of the cookhouse are Satan's apprentices, sent to serve their time on R.A.F. camps, this being considered the suitable venue.)

Clad in a long black garment, almost, but not quite covering his cook's raiment, he would sally forth to the canteen for a casual "cuppercawfee." Looking round carefully, he would whisper out of the side of his mouth as follows, "Joe, Sunday week, eggs for breakfast."

A light would shine in Joe's eyes. "Real eggs, not that powdered censored censored stuff?" Back would come the whispered assurance, and having thusly spread the seed of "gen" which would soon flower all over the camp, Paul Revere would move on. Later, while standing in the line at the canteen for his fag ration, he would say, just loud enough for several chaps behind him to hear, "Keep it dark, but if you get to breakfast early Sunday,—real eggs."

His work done, he would depart, allowing a corner of his robe to fall open and reveal the tell-tale authenticity of the white garments beloved by "Ye Cook-house Staff."

Our New Padre

We welcome to the Unit our new Padre, S/L The Rev. R. O. Mossop, who breezed into the Unit during the month. Of a cheery disposition the Padre should soon have many friends. The Rev. Mossop comes from Reading and has been in Canada for thirteen months, which time he has been stationed at Calgary. To the Padre and Mrs. Mossop we extend greetings and sincere wishes for a pleasant stay on Vancouver Island.

THE PADRE'S CHAT



"My dear friends," said the vicar, "I know you far too well to call you ladies and gentlemen." No such introduction can be made by me. The Co-Editor of this well-known journal heartened me greatly by saying, "We don't know anything about you." That is a happy thought and I for my part am blissfully ignorant as to the trials and tribulations which await me here, but from what I have seen of the Unit I know I am going to like it.

Sometimes in the past it has been my lot to address Air Cadets on "What a Padre does on a Station." I have usually explained to them that I am perhaps the only person who could enlighten them on this tremendous mystery.

However, seriously speaking, there are two things a Padre should do and which I shall try to do. The first is to preach in every way the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The second, in the words of the Regulations of the Royal Navy, "To be the friend and adviser of every man aboard."

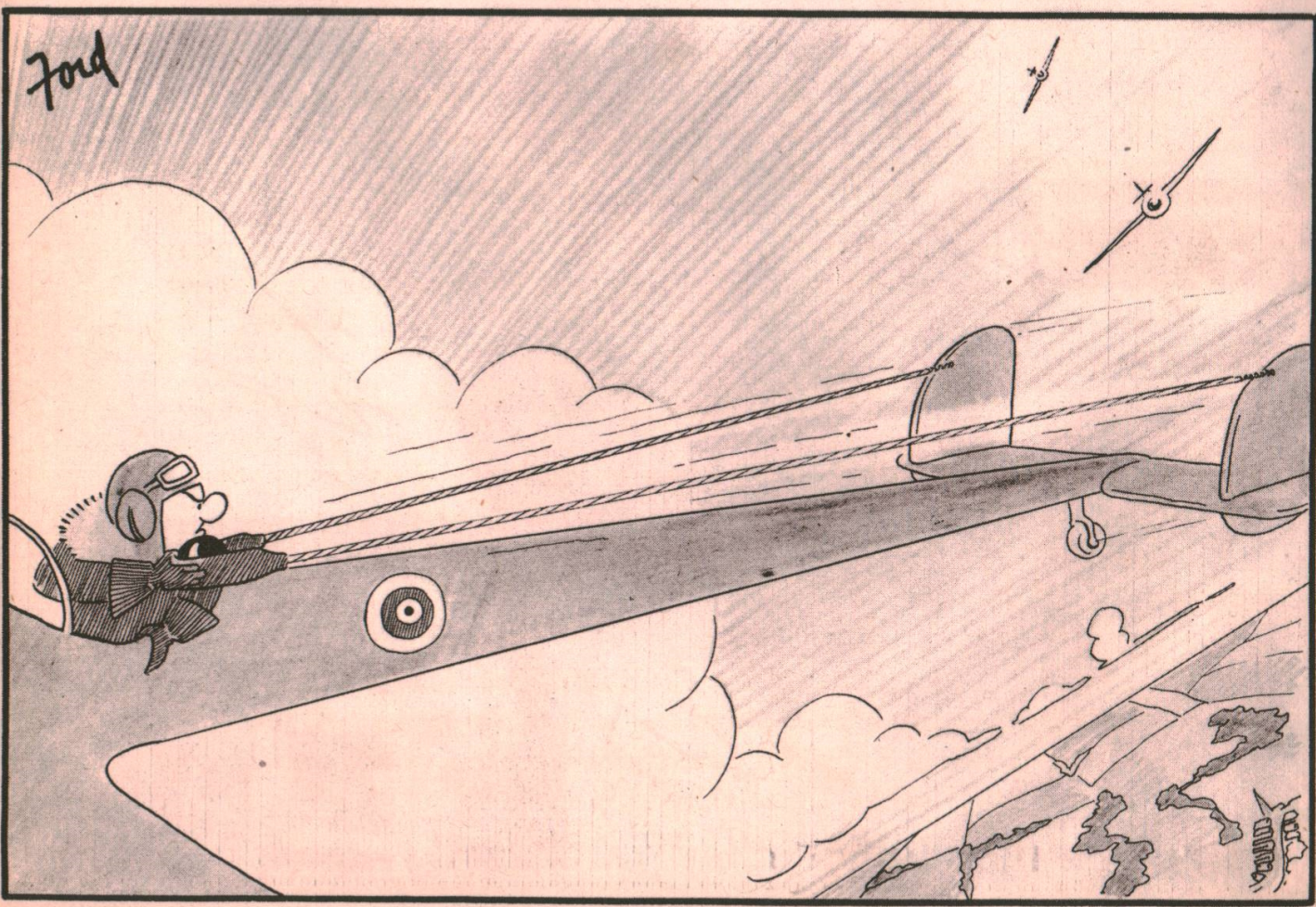
I want to get to know as many of you as possible and to help in any way I can. I know you will all help me to do my job, and that when (I hope a very long time hence!) the time does come when I have to leave you, I shall be able to say—"My friends."

—R. O. MOSSOP

Have you any material for YOUR magazine? If you have, send it or bring it to the Office before the 16th of the month. At the same time—How about putting a subscription on the books and having "The Patrician" sent to the folks back home?

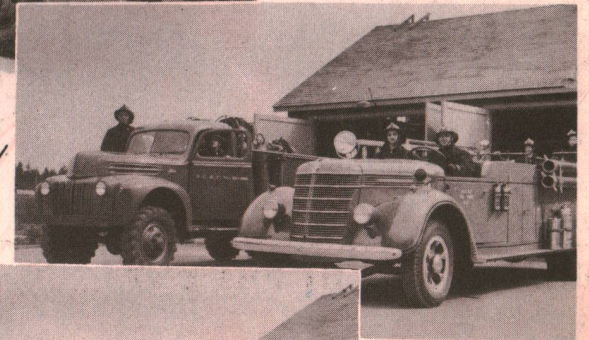
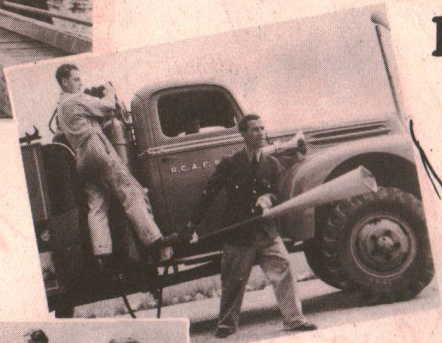


A NEW ARRIVAL AT PAT BAY.....PADRE MOSSOP

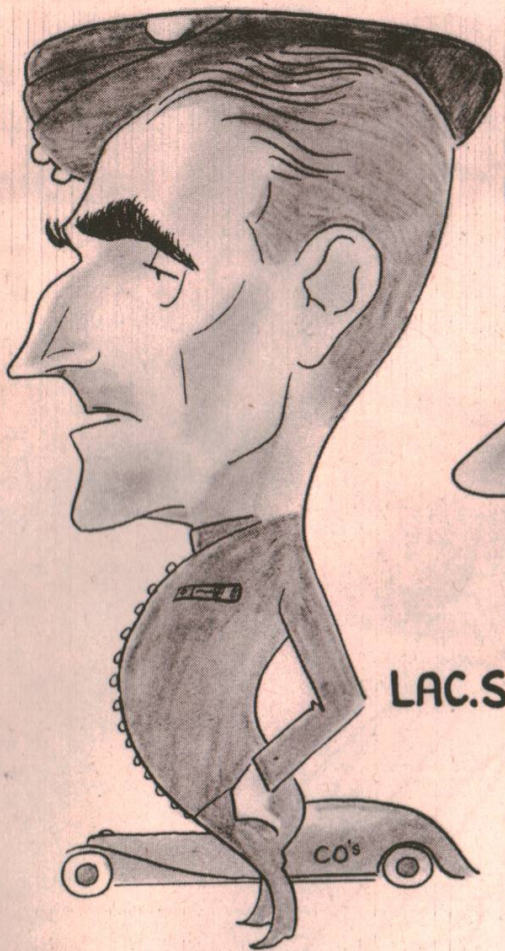


Men at Work

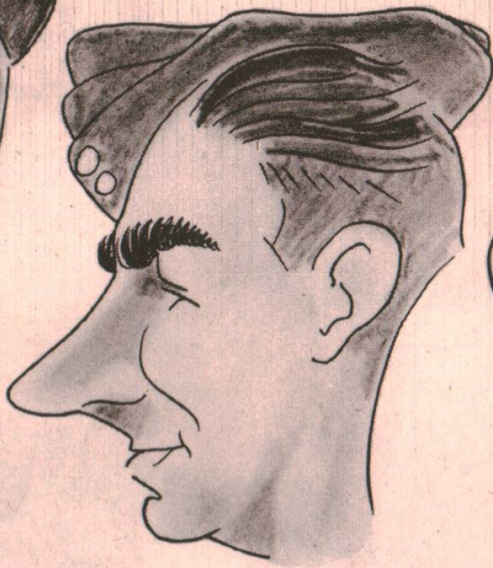
NO. 14 - FIRE SECTION



BACK R. McTAVISH, HADFIELD, WRIGHT, ENTWHISTLE, CAMERON,
WRIGHT, CPL HUNT, F/S McLEOD, SGT BONNER, CPL MILLER



LAC. STRICKLAND

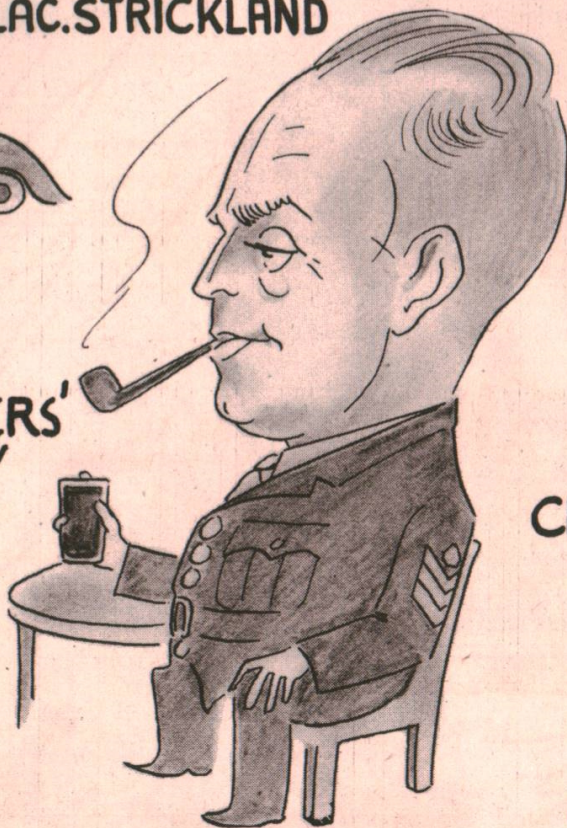


AC. WOODHOUSE



CPL. BROOKE.

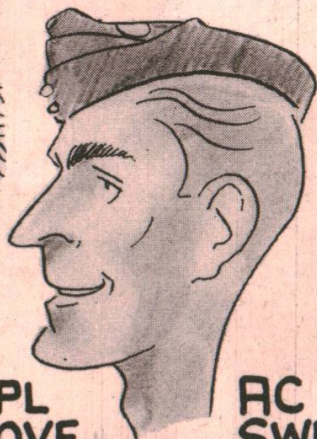
'FOUR BEERS'
F/SGT RILEY



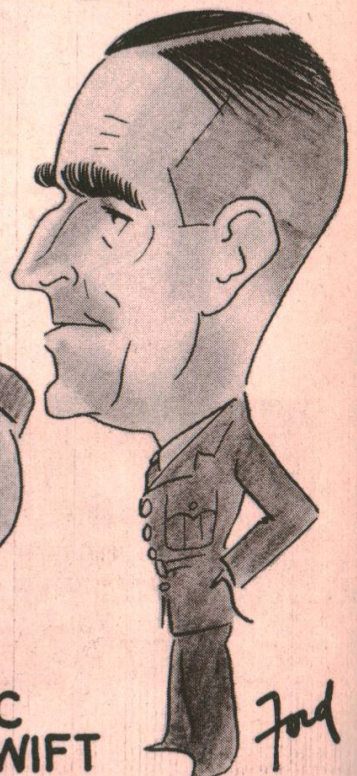
CPL. LILLY



AC. WHITING



CPL. LOVE



AC. SWIFT

7ad

Personnelities

Musical Merry-Go-Round



Again we have to record the departure of another of our ever decreasing band, in the person of Cpl. Stan Carr. However, we take this opportunity of wishing him every success as he leaves the Unit for home, on appointment to commissioned rank. Stan was one of the most popular soloists in the early days of the "Smile" Show and was equally at home with violin or saxophone. His absence will be felt very keenly by the String Ensemble, especially in these times when replacements are at a premium.

Recent performances of the band have included the Swimming Gala Dance held by the Unit at the Crystal Garden, Victoria; while their performance at Salt Spring Island was rated by the Islanders as 100%.

At the "Smile" Show in the Recreation Hall, Sgt. Brohn's little outfit delighted the swing fans with some peppy new arrangements of old favourites. Les Minto once again combined with Ronnie in a series of scintillating keyboard duets and left the audience shouting for more.

—F.I.M.

AN AUSPICIOUS OCCASION

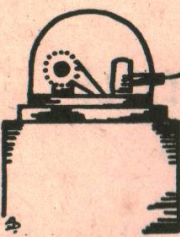
This was the day that they had all been waiting for. They had spent many hours wielding mop and broom in an endeavour to make the place spotlessly clean; had given valuable hours in the pursuit of discipline; had been through the whole procedure from the beginning; had stood in the broiling sunshine with the affairs of state hanging heavy, not on their minds but on their backs; had thought that "Never had so many been messed around by so few," and were amazed.

But now that the great moment had arrived, all hearts and souls were bent on making it an occasion to remember by one and all: caps on correctly and badge polished; uniform fitting neatly with buttons shining; equipment packed squarely with each item in proper position; trousers pressed and hanging a la Saville Row and boots brightly polished.

Then came the march past to the strains of martial tones, with not a man out of step, and each section moving with machine like precision. At the dismissal every man was in a state of complete agreement with it all, and full of eagerness for the next time.

Q. E. D.!!!!

—KAYE DON.



News From the Sergeant's Mess

These long weary months insist on trickling past, and for each one I hope will be the last,—two more creep by—there are just three of the old founder members left who really want to get moving, and what a depressing trio we must appear. F/Sgt Jackson who's mustachios are now trimmed to render their disconsolate droop a little less obvious, Sgt. Chamberlain growing more and more dilapidated-looking and miserable than ever, and myself, slowly reaching a condition of ungainly obesity, and leaving the monthly news later and still later. But we shall not flag or fail—we shall go on—to the end. We thought that we should have W/O Middleton with us to that end, but even he packed up his troubles the other day and deserted us. What jealousy rages through us as we watched the farewell committee assembled outside the quarters, and he and his escort climb solemnly into the station-wagon. W/O Ives, W/O Williams, and no less dignitary than Sir Tindall himself, saw him safely up the gang plank. Who sang something about "Poor Old Joe."?—And so again I'm nearly too late for press—that is another thing, one can no longer drop over to the "Pat" office of an evening and find Frank Reed crouched over the typewriter with abstract gaze, obviously wishing you to the devil but still vigourously assuring myself that this will be the last time.

Many times I have begged for assistance and guidance in compiling this page and always not a soul is interested. One does get rather tired of plugging the same old friends every month, when there are so many new faces about.

We should like to thank the Corporals' Club for the excellent evening's entertainment they provided for us on Monday July 12th.

—E.G.P.

On Sunday, July 2, an outing to Shawnigan Lake was arranged for Mess members, their wives and friends and proved to be an outstanding success. In very favourable weather the day was spent swimming, boating, walking and eating. "Doc" Keegan is to be congratulated on the organisation of this very enjoyable day.

Pumpkin



What springs to your mind when you read the title of this short story? An Englishman probably pictures Cinderella's fairy coach. A Canadian—Pumpkin pie, a delicacy (?) rarely, if ever seen in the Old Country. Not so the occupants of "C" quarters in the Officers' Mess.

I happened to overhear a conversation in the Mess Office. I know the people well—normally quiet, peace-loving folk.

"Who's got my tie" ? asks the Sergeant. "Pumpkin's had it," comes the reply. "That . . . dog!! I'd like to tie it on the back of the Nanaimo bus." A bit of an outburst, I thought, but subsequent scraps of conversation appeared to justify it. "He's chewed up my b . . . identity discs," chips in a normally unemotional L.A.C., holding up some half mangled tallies. "It's a . . . punishment looking after that . . . dog," comes another remark.

I concluded that they were referring to that unwieldy canine friend of man, that may be seen lounging between "C" quarters and the Mess kitchen or lying on the green-swards near the Mess Office—the possible owner, certainly not the tenant, of the small kennel at the back of the quarters.

Suggestions have been made that he should be brought on inventory charge by Form 21 to offset the number of items of equipment that have so mysteriously disappeared, and that he should be taken on the ration strength "as he eats two pounds of biscuits and half the officers' meat ration every day."

I asked an occupant of the quarters if he had ever heard of Pumpkin. "Do you mean that . . . dog that sleeps on the stairs at night?—I trip over him every time I come in." I told him he was right. "Well, I wish somebody would buy him some carpet slippers and rubber covered stones for his midnight caperings."

Anyway, he's always playful, and it's homely having him about the place. "Now where's **my** cap" ? I wonder.

—A.E.A.

The Recorded Music circle is still going strong and the programmes each Friday evening in the reading room are very well received. Why not try a restful hour on a Friday evening ?

After being entertained to tea with the Headmaster, Lt.-Col. H. T. Logan, and members of the School Staff, members of the Smile Show performed in a concert in the Assembly Hall. This included a Talent Competition at which a galaxy of stars was forthcoming. I have memories of dancers who endeavoured to out-do Fred Astaire and Carmen Miranda—a budding 'George Formby' who put the (im) proper words to the song about "Mr. Wu", and of the recitation about "The Cock Robin, who, seated on a china receptacle put his head between his legs" and so on until this really thrilling and entertaining day's work was done. When the time came for us to part from our friends the writer has visions of Ted Warrior and Denis Collyer holding an impromptu concert on the steps of the Assembly Hall where lessons in the art of yodelling were being willingly given and received.

Uniforms, tunics, caps, etc., were rescued from all the proud little lads who had worn them most of the day (one I noticed was a Squadron Leader). Addresses exchanged we made our way back to the Unit tired but satisfied, picturing in our mind's eye a contented and happy group of youngsters in a corner of this Island in which they have made their home, and an Institution that is doing a grand job of work.

—A.M.

NAVAL BAND VISITS UNIT



On Thursday, 8th July, the well-known Dance Band of the Royal Canadian Navy played at a Corporals' and Airmen's Dance in the Recreation Hall. The event was very well attended.

Acknowledged to be one of the finest bands in the country, this fourteen-piece outfit under the direction of Leading Bandsman A. Lockheed, gave a fine performance. Special mention should be made of Leading Bandsman D. Alan the band's outstanding vocalist, and Petty Officer "Baby" Cuderford whose amusingly clever "baby talk" made an entertaining break in the programme of dancing.

Spot prizes were won by Pte. Olive Hegre, C.W.A.A.C., and A/C Frank Hart.

The Art Exhibition of Photographs, Etchings and display of Graphic Art arranged by The National Y.M.C.A. War Services Committee, and by various Chartered Art Societies and Camera Clubs in Canada, which was on show in the Recreation Hall on the 25th and 26th June was a very interesting and encouraging exhibition and of special interest to the Camera enthusiasts on the Unit.



"BABY" CUDERFORD ENTERTAINS



"NEXT DANCE PLEASE"



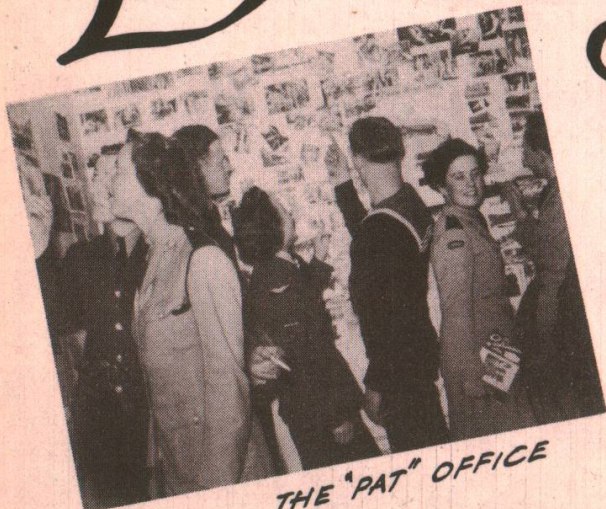
"THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES"



"WALL FLOWERS"

Dancing Time

CORPORALS' & AIRMEN'S DANCE

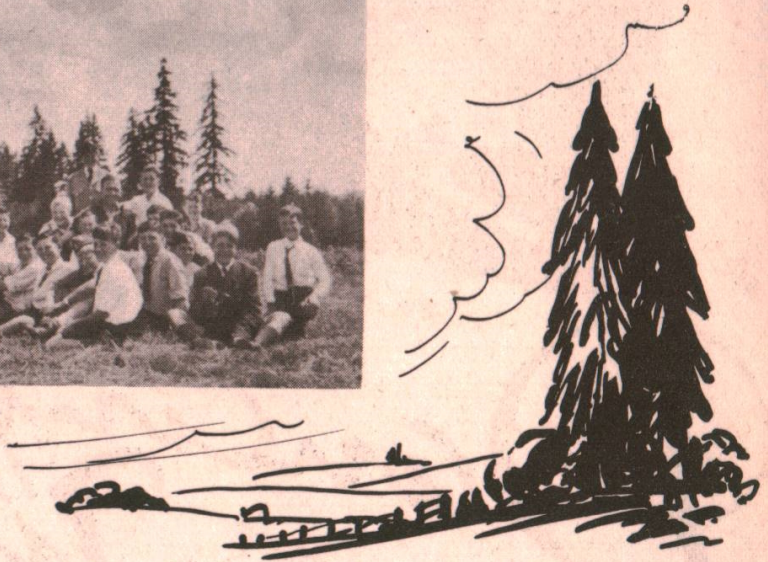
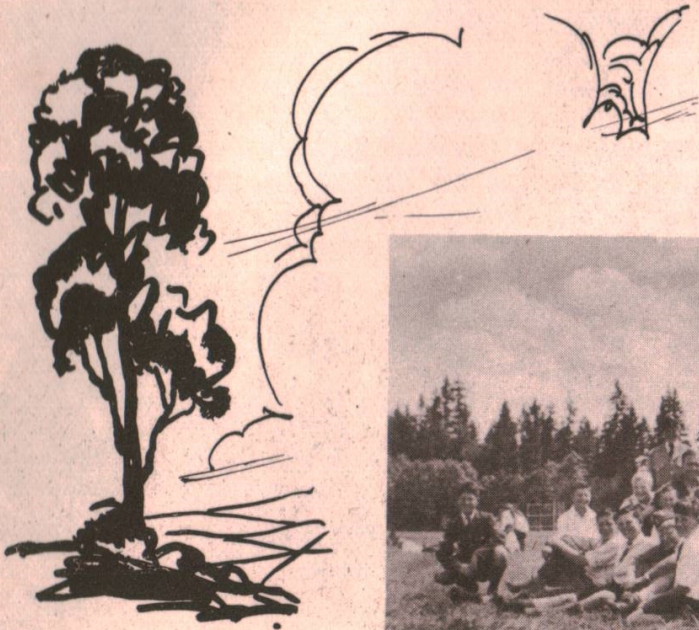


THE "PAT" OFFICE

"SITTING OUT"



A visit to
**FAIRBRIDGE
FARM SCHOOL**



JUNE 20TH 1943

SNAPSHOTS by CPL R. TAYLOR.





SINGING FOR THEIR SUPPER



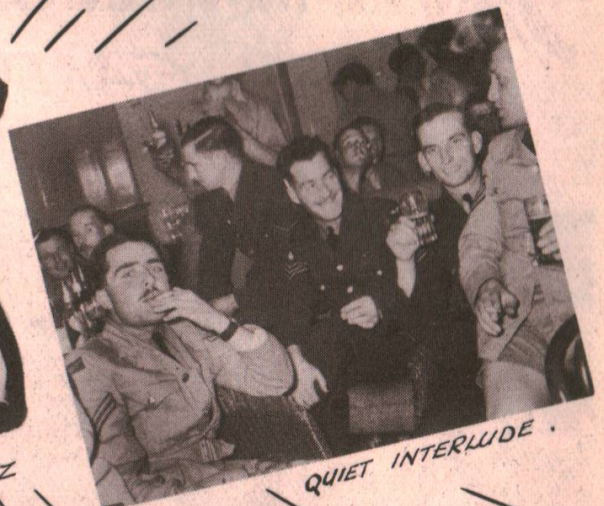
'SMILE'



AMONGST THOSE PRESENT



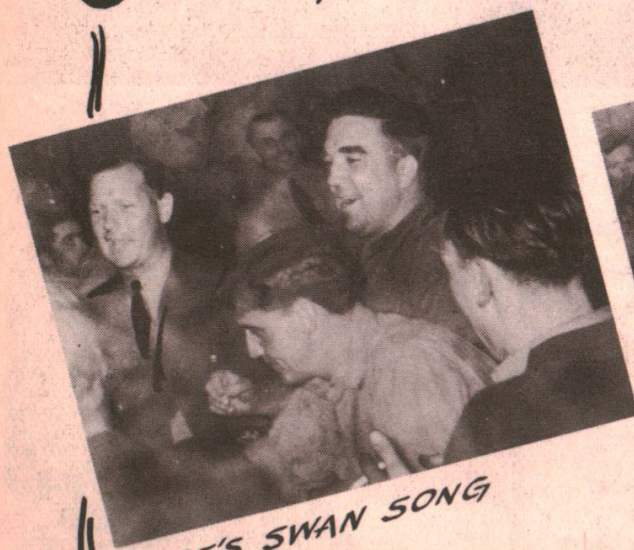
SONNY HOROWITZ



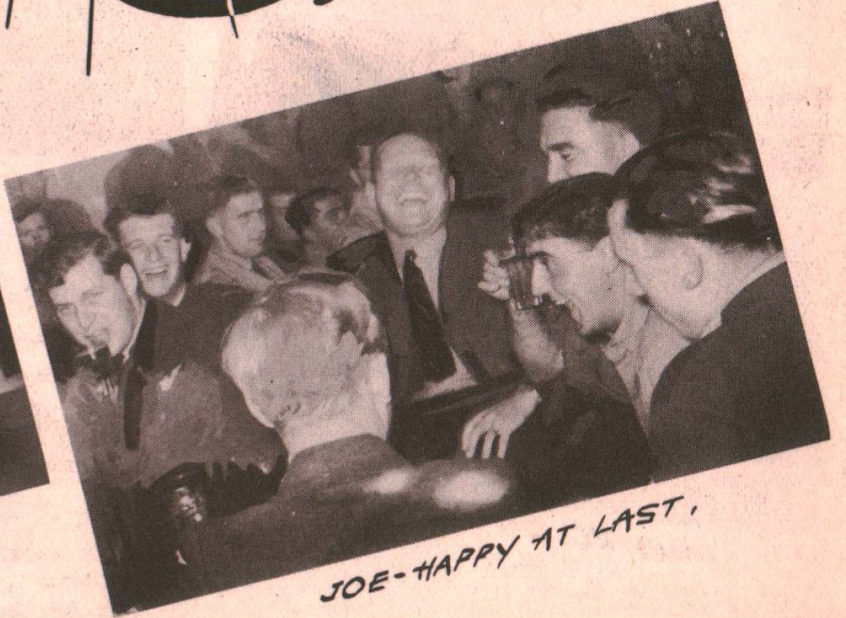
QUIET INTERLUDE

CORPORALS' Club

SMOKING CONCERT
JULY 12TH



JOE'S SWAN SONG



JOE-HAPPY AT LAST

CORPORALS' CLUB PAGE



Barely had the last page been published, in which we expressed the hope that the Club would go forward on a sound footing than we receive the news of F/O Carswell's posting. We did not have the opportunity of thanking him at a General Meeting for the interest he had shown in the Club during his short period "in office" but we do so now and wish him God-speed and good luck for the future. Once again we turn to a new Officer i/c—P/O J. C. Connor—and offer him a hearty welcome with the added hope that at least we have someone with us who is not allergic to postings—even to the U.K.

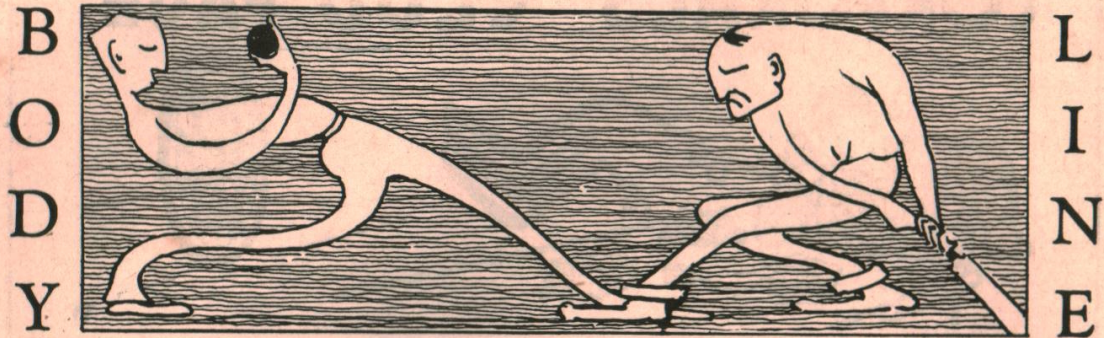
The Smoking Concert held on Monday, 12th July, may be considered a success—the usual yardstick being applied. The highlight of the evening was a song by Jerry Gosley dedicated to Warrant Officer Middleton and here we would digress for one moment and offer the heartiest wishes of all Club members to "Poor Old Joe" for a good voyage and a long spell in that "better land we know." We were all very glad that the Commanding Officer was able to attend but his breezy goodbye speech was all too short.

Corporals Robson and Wood have embarked upon the sea of matrimony and the Club hastens to offer very hearty congratulations and best wishes to them and their brides. Another kind of boat is due to be pushed out surely!

In response to many enquiries (kind and otherwise) after the disappearance of the Secretary's facial adornment it may now be revealed that he is most disappointed with the fertility of his upper lip. It is understood that his original intention was to grow a "Bush" which growled defiance, but the result, we fear, was a "Weed" that begged for mercy.

When this page is published another General Meeting will be approaching and we want to emphasise the importance of having the largest possible attendance. In spite of difficulties and restrictions there is still plenty of scope for the Club but the committee can do nothing unless it has the full support and co-operation of all members.

—J.H.



The other night, we found ourselves dreaming, rather surprisingly of a cricket match played on good old English turf. For as long as we can remember, we have been dreaming, on the verge of each succeeding season, about taking all ten wickets or slamming a century. Yet it's several years now since we last felt the resilient spring of English turf and we seem to have drifted from cricketing spheres. You can therefore imagine (yes, even you, clod!!) that with our mind attuned to the rigours of total war a sudden vision of a cricket match, even in a dream, would come as as blue a bolt as a bunch of back-pay!

And it started us thinking . . . which alone is enough to justify the phenomenon. We began thinking of those pleasant May and June days we'd spent on the verdant stage of a shady cricket ground. How long, we wondered, would it be before we should again look forward to a post card "You have been selected . . ."

Well, it might be a long time or it may be soon, but until the blessed day arrives, we shall have to survive on old memories—the hat trick we nearly pulled off; the miraculous catch which terminated a promising knock, before the duck's egg had broken, and all that sort of thing!

We remember, in our erratic youth, being attached to a club which had an annual clash, featuring the first and second teams. We, ourselves, to our undisguised and incurable amazement, were a member of the lower group! Our pride was in a small measure appeased, however, by their allowing us to open the bowling with what then was as terrifying a collection of whiz-bangs and thunderbolts as our evil mind and tremendous zeal could devise! On this memorable day, our little ground was packed and excitement was at fever pitch (to coin a phrase!!) as two ancient worthies of established fame ambled out to open the innings for the First. Our skipper, with his usual blind faith, tossed the ball to us and with what was meant to be an encouraging grin, told us to "give 'em the works." Six overs later, after giving away forty-odd runs, we were retired, exhausted, to the comparative calm of extra cover. However,

successive bowlers fared equally badly and, in desperation and magnificent hope, the skipper brought us back again.

Then it was that the devilish scheme I had been concocting in the outfield came to fruition in what we puckishly refer to as our mind. We would introduce Leg Theory to this dignified old ground; Larwood had been using it all the previous season at Trent Bridge, Lords and the Oval and had had a whale of a time! Prepare ye then, old stalwarts, for the deuce of a surprise; the old order changeth!

The somewhat portly old buffer of sixty-odd, with fifty runs under his belt, gazed in mingled amusement and contempt as we set our square-leg, two short-legs and fine, and depleted the off-side of all but three men. Striding back for our terrifying run-up, we thought "we'll show 'em"! And we did!! The first one pitched short and whizzed right over Pop's head, being taken neatly by our agile wicket keeper whom nothing was ever known to surprise! The next yorked him on the left foot and was closely followed by one that took him square in the mid-riff. By this time he was completely demoralised and a medium paced straight one took his leg stump, a moment later. We begin, in our fiendish way, to enjoy our leg theory. Meanwhile the crowd seemed to be split into two factions, those who described the innovation as "ruddy murder" and those who sneered at the batting as "out of date"!! Well, this sort of thing was repeated three or four more times and the Second's prospects began to look ever brighter. Our skipper, whatever he thought privately, showered us with praise and our team-mates were thoroughly enjoying the butchery.

Eventually came the turn of the First's skipper, a man of what is weirdly known as the "old school" . . . straight bat, open stance and good solid footing. Poor chap, he couldn't get used to the ring of crouching forms behind him and the wide inviting space to his off!! He'd have probably done better if he had switched suddenly round to a left-handed stance; as it was, the second ball he received took his leg stump out of the ground while he retreated in some disorder in the direction of a hilarious square-leg.

Back in the pavilion, over tea, there were many thinly-veiled hints about "upstart tactics," body line, and the influence of "those dashed Nottingham coal miners." But our crowd didn't mind . . . youth, represented by the Second, had held its own in open competition with the sere and yellow of experience and achievement.

But we still had a long way to go to complete victory; with two hours to play we needed 138 runs. Our chaps batted well, however, and with three wickets to fall required only thirty-odd more runs. And this is where the game began to go awry. The eighth and ninth wickets took half an hour to put on twenty-eight runs, and dark had begun to close in as the last man went out in search of the boundary which would win the game. And who was the last man, children? Why, old Uncle Perion of course!! Dithering like a leaf with the

tremendous responsibility suddenly shoved on to our unwilling shoulders! "Only four runs, old man," they said, "one hit will do it." We felt our knees quiver as we plodded our unhappy way across the darkening sward towards the leering bunch of first-teamers at the wicket. We heard, vaguely, a remark about "sweet revenge" as we asked in a piping voice, which certainly wasn't ours, for middle-and-leg. To our surprise, a moment later, we saw that the bowler was to be our old-school, first-team skipper. We couldn't remember our ever having seen him bowl before, even at the nets. The old man had never been regarded as a bowler! This, we thought, looks sinister in a big way! !

Anyway, we were completely unprepared for what happened. The fellow took a curious hop and skip and before we had realized it, had delivered the ball . . . underhand! A blasted lob!!! And the dashed ground in darkness!!!

Of course we were bowled . . . first ball!! We never saw it . . . didn't even expect it. In fact we were looking in the wrong place entirely for the deuced thing!!

What an evening we spent! Bowled by a lob, which lost us the game, we were steeped in disgrace, our former bowling triumph completely forgotten. The old men chuckled in a wise way, while our own team-mates indulged in what they fondly imagined were witty remarks at our confused expense. The Old School was never in better form with tales of the days of **real** cricketers . . . Grace, Jessop and Sidney Barnes. Thus did brains once more triumph over brawn and the old order refuseth to yield!!!

Cheerio, little pests . . . may your boat roll on soon!

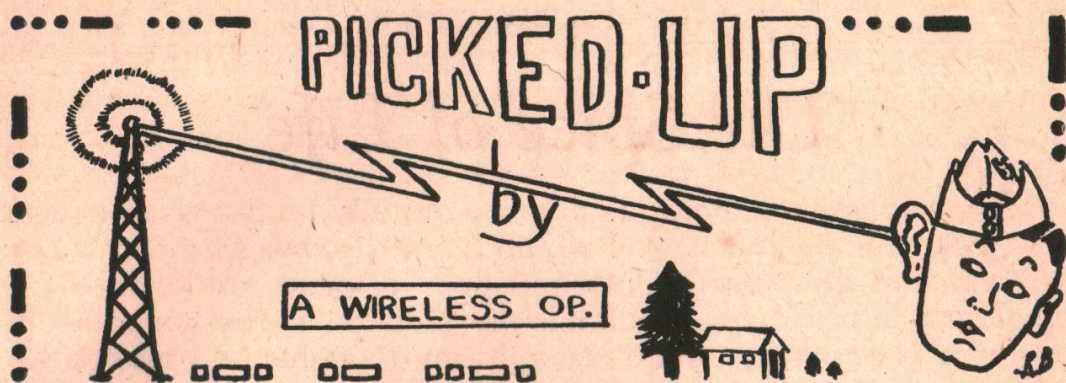
—PERION

CONGRATULATIONS

To the following, on their recent appointments and promotions we offer our congratulations; P/O J. P. Bell to Flying Officer, Sgts. R. E. Cook, W. A. R. Hanson, L. G. Tremble, P. Strutynski, A. Smith and L.A.C. S. C. Holliday on Commissioning as Pilot Officers; Sgt. L. M. Bailey to Warrant Officer; Sgt. J. A. Ashworth to Flight Sergeant; Cpls. S. K. Bond, E. H. Walker and R. Lowe to Sergeant; L.A.C's J. Keegan, T. Boulton, C. Pellett, H. Kelso and V. S. Carr to Corporals.

Our best wishes are offered to the following on their recent marriages: P/O G. D. McLellan; Sgts. D. H. Clarke, D. R. Crowfoot, and E. D. Walker; Cpl. M. A. Robson, and L.A.C's J. N. Scott and J. C. Russell.

Greetings to Patricia Jean Murphy, Elizabeth Gail Christina Wood, Earl Campbell Joyce, Ralph William Mahar and Patricia Irene Wright, babies of Unit personnel.



PUKKA GEN

A corporal very carefully filled his haversack for the I.G.'s parade. All the necessary knick-knacks were there. On the parade ground later he found to his horror that his haversack was empty—he'd filled up one belonging to somebody else!

✓ ✓ ✓

What a day! Cpl. Smith arrived in camp at 0615 hours! 10B2 are now subscribing for an alarm clock.

✓ ✓ ✓

Who was the pilot in A Flight who climbed laboriously to 15,000 feet in an attempt to get cool only to find that his cabin heater was on?

✓ ✓ ✓

It was unfortunate for Letchfield that he came into contact with one of the Navy's crack boxers.

✓ ✓ ✓

Who was the erk who went from section to section looking for floating chocks after being told that an aircraft carrier was about to land? and who was the sergeant who nearly joined in the hunt himself?

✓ ✓ ✓

W/O Timms has become the Unit tea-taster in lieu of F/Sgt. Jackson!

✓ ✓ ✓

Did you hear of the sergeant who, when asked by two erks for a cigarette, pulled out a full packet and broke one, giving half to each? Another case of one for all and half for one.

DUFF GEN

Sgt. Hoefling says that when he gets to the U.K. he's going to sleep in the morning and cycle round England in the afternoon!

✓ ✓ ✓

Latest rumour: "We're posted to Ex Lax!"

The Spice of Life

I have not been on the Unit long, so naturally I have faults to find (had I been here some time, I would have discovered many more upon which to discourse). But apart from all other irritations, there is one thing in particular which fills my mind with woe—or rather it is the lack of one thing which occupies my thoughts and makes me wonder if life is all that others have claimed for it. It is not a big thing: others would say it is a trivial matter, but of course they are wrong, for I regard it as most serious. "Go on," you exclaim. "Damme! Out with it! The suspense is horrible." We-ell—I say it with a rush, lest emotion claim me—there is no pepper in the Airmen's Mess.

"Good gawd!" you reply. "Is that all?" Certainly, and isn't that enough? No pepper. Do you realise what that means? Is not the lack of that delectable herb a grave denial to the palate? Is not our diet rendered wholly incomplete by the omission of that lively spice? Pepper—that fiery yet almost intangible thing which adds grace to a dish; that scarcely visible particle of flame whose gentlest touch makes ambrosia of mere commonplace food—ah no, we are without it, and hence our meals are nothing but dunnage to our stomachs.

And when I say pepper, I mean that familiar black-and-amber dust—not that evil, violent concoction of cayenne, whose leering redness proclaims its viciousness: that is not pepper, but a miasma from the depths of hell. Nor do I mean that wishy-washy, strengthless paprika—bah! For that is but decoration to the yoke of a fried egg. No, I mean just pepper, commercial pepper, penny-packet pepper, the pepper of common bars, of railway restaurants, of suburban households, of the palaces of the great. In fact, pepper.

There is salt: I do not deny that. Shakers of salt, buckets of salt, truck-loads of salt, gasometers full of salt. But what is salt? Call it chloride of sodium and the uninformed would reject it as poison. There is no magic about salt: it is a coarse thing, an avalanche of white boulders compared with the faery, gentle sifting of pepper. Moreover, it is a substance we are compelled to eat—one might say it is a medicine. Deny us salt, and we are cretins. ("Do not be personal," you say. "We don't like salt." Well, I can't help your condition.) Salt, we are told, is a powerful article of trade with isolated savages. There you are! A mere thing of profit, a symbol of domineering capitalism, a menace to the peace of the world.

But—pepper! Pygmies do not rush from their leafy fastness to consume handfuls of pepper, as they have undoubtedly done for salt. Eskimos do not quit the silent northern wastes in search of pepper. No, it is a thing of civilisation, of the graces of life, of polished, candle-lit tables, of gleaming dress-shirts, of white and jewelled arms. If there were no pepper in the days of peace, would not

Heidsieck, Bristol Cream, Sandeman's, and Drambuie be transformed to the juice of mothballs in our mouths? I am not suggesting that you add pepper to your champagne, your sherry, your port or your whisky, although a generous blast of cayenne—that bloodshot, wicked poor relative of ordinary pepper—is a fine thing to add to the white of an egg and vinegar to recover from over-joyful tipping.

I stray. Gentleman, I plead for pepper. Give us pepper and we are happy men. We will rise at six-thirty, be punctual on parades, do our chores with gleeful vigour, read DRO's daily, wash behind the ears, and perform our labours in tuneful harmony if the boon of pepper is but vouchsafed to us.

—U.T.

(Note.—U.T.'s plea has been answered, his boon vouchsafed. Unfortunately (for him, but not for us) he arrived on the Unit during a temporary shortage of his favourite herb. If temporary shortages can produce articles as good as this one, we shall be happy to obtain for any writer on request a list of commodities which are "off" for the duration. Eds.)

"Smile" Show Notes

The forty-third performance of the R.A.F. "Smile" Show took place on the Unit on Monday night, July 19th, to a packed house. It was primarily for the entertainment of new arrivals and consisted chiefly of repetitions of turns done at previous shows, nevertheless the faces of many old supporters were seen in the audience.

Introduced as compere for the first time was F/Lt. Hugh Parker, whose poker-faced drollery was an outstanding success. F/Lt. Parker is the Unit Intelligence Officer and his voice is already well known in thousands of Canadian homes through his four weekly broadcasts on "Security." He has had many years' experience as a stage artiste and playwright.

On June 6th we entertained the C.W.A.A.C.'s at Macaulay Hut, and were ourselves royally entertained by them afterwards.

On July 12th a number of "Smile" personnel assisted at the Corporal's Club Smoker, and at the R.A.F. Garden Party at Sidney on July 21st in aid of British War Relief.

Future dates include Sports Day and a visit to an Army Camp on the west coast of the Island.

We very much regret the departure of Cpl. Stan Carr, one of the original members of the "Smile" Show and one of the band's most accomplished instrumentalists. Stan Carr could always be relied upon for a polished performance. On behalf of the Unit we would thank him for all the hard work he has done for the entertainment of others and wish him the best of luck in his new surroundings.

—J.G.

CORRESPONDENCE

We print herewith excerpts from some of the letters received at "The Patrician" Office during the past month.

Here's one from L.A.C. Jeff Wilks, original drummer in the Unit's Dance Orchestra, now stationed "somewhere" in England: "... The food situation seems to be fairly well in hand as regards quantity, although the quality suffers somewhat. Cigarette supplies seem quite ample, though not too plentiful in the N.A.A.F.I.'s, where they are rationed, due to the fact that they are considerably cheaper there. Beer seems to be twice the price and half the strength. . . . In the entertainment world the "pièce de resistance" seems to be the Western Brothers' "Get up them stairs"—it shook me rigid! . . ."

From the Middle East came: "... I and the rest of our chaps have just read your magazine. The word most often heard is 'spawny.' They want to know how your fellows dare say 'Roll on the Boat' . . ."

Hal Nelson writes in the Tacoma Times, Washington: "... Permit me to congratulate the boys of the R.A.F. on the publication of an excellent magazine—"The Patrician" . . ."

Major L. Bullock-Webster of the B.C. Drama Association writes: "'The Patrician' is full of interest and is exceptionally well got up. It should be placed in all public libraries as a lasting memento of the R.A.F. on the Pacific Coast."

↑ ↑ ↑

Cpl. R. Carter,
1108626, R.A.F.,
Indian Command.

Dear Eds.,

The other day I received the anniversary copy of your mag., and believe me it took hold over here like wild-fire, especially with there being such a great contrast between the Stations—yours and ours out in this country.

This copy was posted from one of your boys to a friend of mine in Blighty, and from there onwards. One point you stress—that you're just depicting the social side of station life, and it isn't to be confused with a holiday camp. Well, I must confess to us it sounds O.K. You've a great station, great neighbours and a great magazine. I wish you boys bags of luck and good wishes for the future, and may you be on the Victory Parade. (What a day!).

I'd like to say more about our place, but naturally being nearer the Yellow b . . . , censorship is more rigid so all I can say is we're "copin'."

The descriptions of your arrival and the mud are very amusing and you've certainly got things organised—but you can't tell us anything about rain, ugh!

Good huntin'.

Yours,
—R. CARTER (Sheffield)

TALES FROM THE TARMAC

We imagine Cpl. Laidlaw must be the most enthusiastic gardener on the Station, especially since we saw him busily planting outside the Guard Room in the "wee sma' hours" recently. Was it Deadly Night shade, Corp?

It is rumoured, in the usual places, that the new Shower Rooms of 25 Block, when completed will have an up-to-date Lounge for the numerous waiting list, complete with craftily concealed radio and soda fountain.

The Air Cadets from Victoria were being inspected. A young strip of a lad was seen moving off on his own. "Come here, you" bawled the youthful Sergeant-Major, "Where are you going"? "To the Orderly Room,—where I work" said the chubby faced youngster, who happened to be A.C. Annett.

Arrangements are now in progress for F/Sgt. Duerdin to put on his famous "Gipsy Rose Lee" act at the next Smile Show (Admission by invitation only).

A certain Clerk in Maintenance Wing H.Q. always wears blue glasses when typing Secret Letters. He says it helps him to "keep it dark."

We sympathise with the recently married Corporal whose fate was in suspense until his best man procured him a set of brand new suspenders to brace him up for the Wedding March.

We understand that with the ban on "pin-ups" the C.O.'s weekly inspection will be much shorter in future.

Answer to "A. PRANG":—A Chinese landing means—One Wing Low.

F/Lt. Herbert thanks this column for the recent appreciation of his lettuce crop and promises that next year's supply will be bigger and better than ever.

Cpl. Beckett (The Cigar King) has written a very instructive pamphlet entitled "Advice to the Shipwrecked," based on personal experience around Deep Cove.

Then there was the Duty Clerk from Training Wing who asked the Orderly Officer's permission to keep a date, as the weather was so beautiful. The O.O.'s reply is reputed to have burned the wire.

—F.I.M.

● SPORT ●

IN THE WAY OF SPORT

By the Sports Officer

Glancing back over the few articles I have written for this magazine, my eye was attracted by the opening sentences of my first effort—I read "It was with a feeling of disappointment that I left my last Unit in Ontario" and I felt in that moment how much more deeply are my regrets at leaving Pat Bay. For one who is "on the boat" this may sound somewhat paradoxical. However, my feelings are definitely mixed at leaving, because I have made so many friends here and other parts of Canada that there must of necessity be some strain at having to say "goodbye." The fact of returning home, of seeing Britain after such a long absence, will, I know, lessen the sadness to a great degree.

As I write I am reminded of a remark passed by a friend of mine who said, when he learned of my approaching departure "At least you wont be 'in the way of sport' any more old boy." That of course is perfectly true but someone else will take up where I have left off. To him I say "Welcome to Pat Bay."

To all of you who have made my stay so pleasant, who have co-operated to make sport and physical fitness possible, who have worked unquestioningly when sports equipment was needed, and who have given of their spare time in our effort to improve our somewhat rough sports field, to you all I say "thank you", and farewell, and remember those words of Rudyard Kipling—

"Wherefore we pray you, sons of generous service,
Be fit—be fit, for Honour's sake be fit."

—D. A. BELLAMY.

SOCCKER NOTES

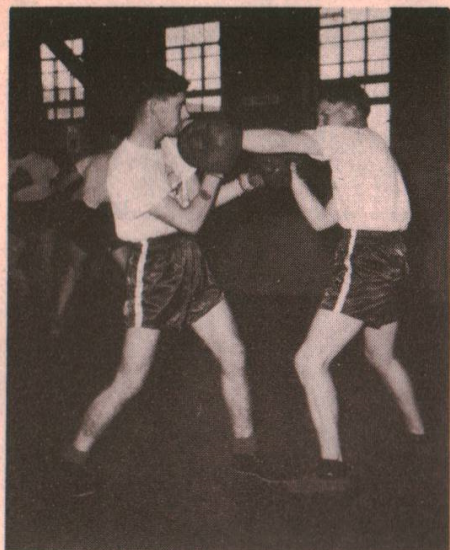
The Unit team had no fixture during the month of July but a Victoria "All Stars" team which included some Unit players, namely L.A.C.'s Craig, Potter, and Truscott and A.C.'s Braddock and Cox, travelled to Vancouver to play a Vancouver selected team on the 10th July. Unfortunately the V.M.D. players chosen for the representative game were unable to play and although our own lads played well Victoria were not strong enough to upset a well-balanced mainland side. The result was a win for Vancouver by 5 goals to 2.

The Unit Summer League is progressing very well and all matches to date have been played as scheduled.

Despite the hard ground and an often tricky ball, all matches have been played with plenty of vigour and no quarter has been

Boxing Team

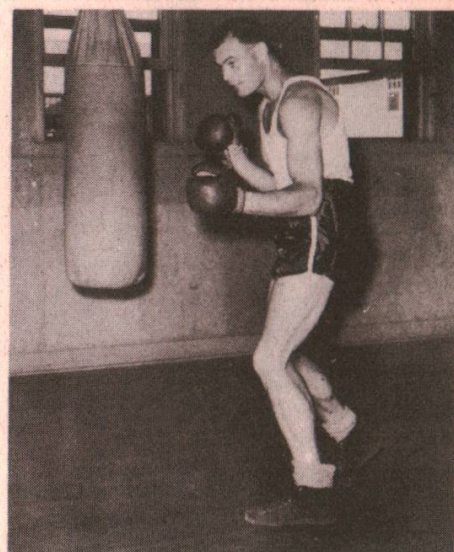
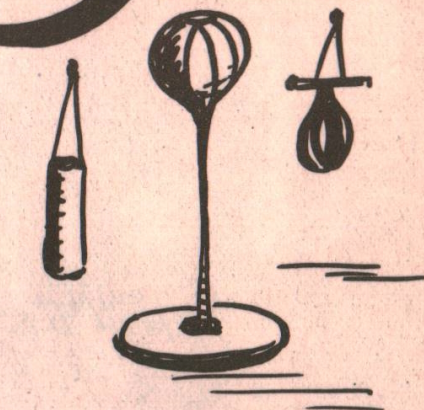
RAF PAT BAY



BRUNTY AND COOPER



WITHAM



THORNER



• BOXING TEAM. •

FRONT

GAVIN, BRUNTY, WITHAM, THE CO.
SWEENEY, FITCOMBE, COOPER, HEAPS,

BACK

S/L JOHNSON, BAILEY, DANIELS
SGT, THORNER, PASSMORE, GORTON
P/O BELLAMY



SPARRING
PRACTICE

ODDS & ENDS



THEN

FOREVER ENGLAND
S/L AND MRS. D. L. ENGLAND.

NOW



M.I. ROOM STAFF RECENTLY POSTED

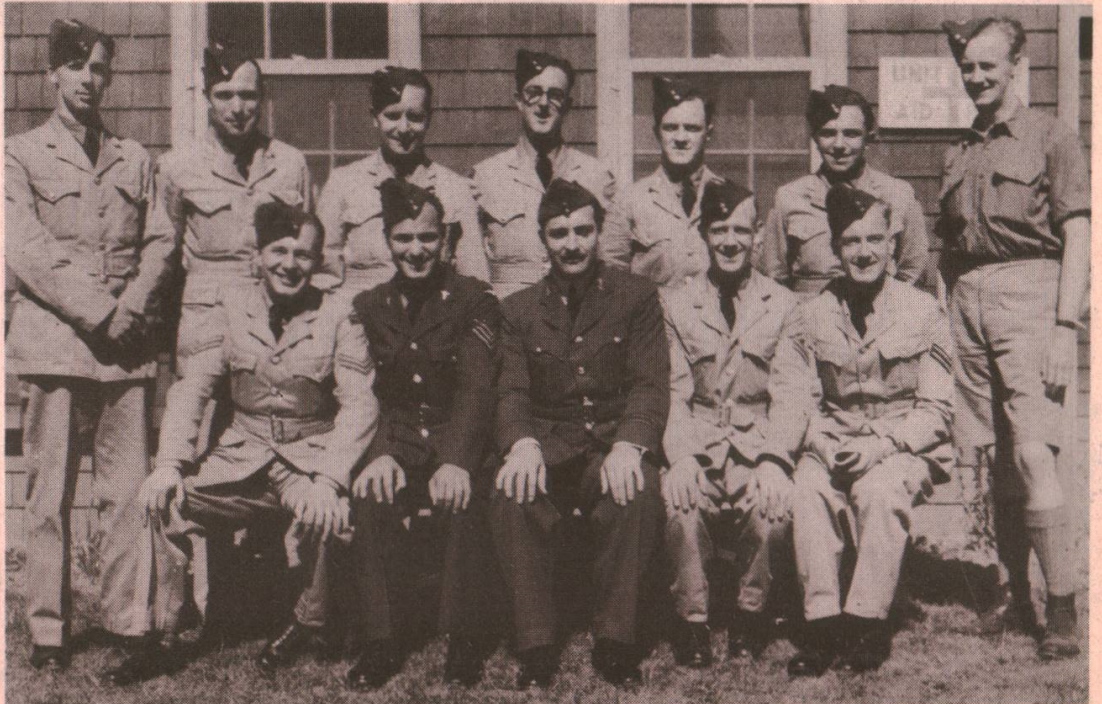
FRONT.

CPL. PORTER, SGT. KEEGAN, FLT GREENWOOD
CPL. FISHER, CPL. FIELDING,

BACK.

LAC. DENNIS, AC. PERRY, LAC. LAMB
LAC. PARTINGTON, LAC. CLARKE, AC. NICHOLL
AC. LUCK.

R. A. A. F
SGT. OLIVER
WINNING THE
'3-MILE'
CROSS-COUNTRY
RACE
JULY 6TH.



shown by either side, with the result that many of the games have been decided by an odd goal.

Summer football appears to have come to stay whilst we are here in Canada, according to the number of matches that are played on open nights. All participants are commended on the keen interest they have displayed.

—R.G.C.

CRICKET

The highlights of the past month were our trips to Fairbridge Farm School and to Vancouver. The day at Fairbridge was a great social success and less stress was laid on the cricket game. However, the boys showed us some delightful fielding and bowling, and on a tricky wicket skittled us out cheaply. Their batting was unfortunately weak and made little more than a procession. The next trip there is awaited eagerly.

For Vancouver to fall to us twice within seven days seems incredible yet very pleasing. At home we batted first and after a hard fight put on 166 runs and kept our opponents' runs down to a minimum, finally bringing their innings to a close 5 runs short of our total.

At Vancouver 168 runs did not seem sufficient on such a wicket as at Brockton Point, but MacPherson and Sams each taking four wickets, helped us to victory by 35 runs. Again our fielding kept down the runs, Hall conceding no byes for the second time, and taking four excellent catches behind the wicket.

In general the standard of our cricket seems to have improved, the presence of several smart Australians giving an extra keenness, especially in the field.

Unfortunately the concrete wicket on the camp has not materialised and now the scheme has been put aside. It is a pity, for we could have had some fine inter-section games but present circumstances make the course taken unavoidable.

Results: 25.6.43 v. **Spencer's**—R.A.F., 101 (Oliver, 33 not out); Spencer's, 25.

26.6.43 v. **Five C's**—R.A.F., 96 for 5; Five C's, 95.

27.6.43 v. **Vancouver**—R.A.F., 166 (Webb, 33); Vancouver, 161 (Sams, 6 for 51).

1.7.43 v. **Vancouver**—R.A.F., 168 (Sams, 58; Webb, 33); Vancouver, 133 (MacPherson, 4 for 39; Sams, 4 for 30).

7.7.43 v. **Spencer's**—R.A.F., 171 for 5 (Hall, 93); Spencer's, 83 (Thompson, 5 for 17).

10.7.43 v. **Albion**.—R.A.F., 119 (MacPherson, 38; Bennett, 38); Albion, 78 (MacPherson, 4 for 29).

14.7.43 v. **Spencer's**—R.A.F., 47; Spencer's, 128 for 8.

—T.H.W.

TENNIS

The weather has caused a lull in the tennis season, but next month should prove better. The open tournament has reached the

semi-final stage, with F/Lt. Allen v. L.A.C. Parker, and S/Ldr. Armitage v. Cpl. Hoppenstall, battling for the final.

On Monday, 19th July, a team of four, F/It. Allen, Cpl. Oliver, L.A.C.'s Parker and Day visited an R.C.A.F. Station to play a friendly tournament of singles and doubles, which resulted in a win for the R.C.A.F. Other matches will be arranged shortly.

The committee proposes to arrange a doubles or inter-section tournament if enough interest is forthcoming, so find a partner, there's still room in the Station team.

Anyone posted from the Unit wishing to sell his tennis racquet should contact P.S.I.

—T.D.

GOLF

Once more the Club has to report the loss, due to posting of one of its founder members and late President, S/Ldr. A. E. Armitage. We bid him 'Bon Voyage' and a good "put." F/O Cave, first class golfer with a keen interest in the game and the club is now at the controls.

A farewell golf party for S/L Armitage was held at the Ardmore Golf Club, competition honours going to the following:—W/Cdr. Gibson, F/Lt. Haddon, Major Mullin (U.S. Army) and F/O Smythe.

During the month a novel competition was played over the Ardmore Course, the following winning prizes:—Best gross, A/C Bertsch; lowest score, Sgt. Cowley; highest score, Cpl. Chester; best aggregate (3 holes), A/C Pattison; and longest drive, L.A.C. Drake.

An "Eclectic" competition is being held and members are asked to hand in their cards to the Secretary or any member of the committee. Closing date to be announced later. Of interest to all golfers is the practice net now erected behind No. 5 Hangar and Cpl. Thornley and L.A.C. Drake have offered to give any advice which will help in improving the members' games.

—J.T.D.

BOXING

At the beginning of July Sgt. Thorner took over as trainer and the results since then have been remarkably good. Some fifteen enthusiasts gather in the gym between 1600 and 1700 hrs. each Tuesday and Thursday, and an organised and scientific hour of training and instruction is carried out.

We are interested not only in those who want to enter the competition boxing, but also in those who are novices, and those who merely want to keep fit.

Wouldn't YOU like to learn self-defence and keep fit? Ask your Section-Commander to release you for these periods of instruction! Take your pals into the gym in the evenings. Enquire at the Sports Office, Recreation Hall, for further information.

—K.C.R.

NOTES ≈ NEWS ≈ NONSENSE

Cpl. Burgess, 10.B.8 would like a copy of the "Indian" Number, April 1943. Can anyone help?

✓ ✓ ✓

Reporter: "I've got a perfect news story."

Editor: "How come? Man bite dog?"

Reporter: "No, but a hydrant sprinkled one."

✓ ✓ ✓

As the small town dog said to his friends when he left for a big city: "I hope they keep me posted."

✓ ✓ ✓

Another doggie rhyme:

The dog stood on the burning deck

The dog was nearly frantic,

He hadn't seen a tree for weeks

Upon the blue Atlantic.

✓ ✓ ✓

Imagine my embarrassment . . . Seasick and had the lockjaw.



.....
.....

Roger Simkin, winner of the Baby Show at the Garden Party, organised by the Officers' Wives Club at Sidney on July 21st. He is shown with his mother, the wife of L.A.C. K. Simkin, S.H.Q.

The Garden Party was a great success and resulted in over \$700 being handed to the British War Relief Fund.

.....
.....

NOTES ♪ NEWS ♪ NONSENSE (Continued)

"You look sweet enough to eat," he whispered soft and low.
"I am," she answered hungrily, "Where do you suggest we go."

♪ ♪ ♪

"Melvin! Melvin!"

"What, Ma?"

"Are you spitting in the fish bowl?"

"No, Ma, but I'm comin' pretty close."

♪ ♪ ♪

"We're going to give the bride a shower."

"Count me in. I'll bring the soap."

♪ ♪ ♪

MESSENGER BOY—LONDON VARIETY

Among the messengers was a small boy who begged to be allowed to take a message, but the chief warden, feeling that the danger was too great for him, put him off time after time with various excuses, the final one being that he had no bicycle. "Please, sir," said the messenger, "Billy will lend me his bicycle."

After some hesitation the chief warden finally sent him off. After a long time the boy returned, breathless, wild-eyed and bleeding, and covered with dirt . . .

"I daren't tell Billy, sir, but I've lost his bicycle. I was blown off it and when I got up, I could only find the front wheel."

♪ ♪ ♪

Why not make use of the Room set apart for Study in Barrack Block 8A. Open to all Station Personnel all day up to 22:00 hours.?

♪ ♪ ♪

"I know," said the Violet, "the stalk brought me."

♪ ♪ ♪

Mary had a little lamp

A good one we don't doubt,

For every time that company came—
the little lamp went out.

♪ ♪ ♪

An infant was awakened from a peaceful slumber in a hospital. Looking down at his raiment he yelled over to the occupant of the next crib, "Did you spill water on my diapers?"

"Naw", was the answer.

The first speaker looked puzzled for a moment, and then said, "HMMMMMMMM, must have been an inside job."

ARE YOU TANNED?

All Handsome (Air)Men Are Slightly Sunburned

FLANKS, FRONTS OR POSTERiors
DELIGHTFULLY DYED AND DECKLED



Nifty Shorts, Vests, Combs and Knick-Knacks Supplied

VISIT THE "GEN-MEN'S" LIDO
BLOCK 25B (SAANICH ROAD SIDE)



Of Interest to the Hairless
Scalps Brownd Off at Short Notice



Usual B/S Brands of Lotions on Tap at M.I. Room
(Exclusive 7-Day C.C. Treatment by Prof. Ogden)



Burn Your Way to Beauty



Positively No Connection With Other Nudist Colonies on the Unit

Don't spoil your game.
Results guaranteed.
Age no barrier.
Kind treatment.
Easy terms.

Take
Heed
Of
Reputable
Nifty
Lashers.
Enjoy
Your Game.

DRAKE & THORNLEY
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We Cure All Ills or Contract Them

A feature of this course is the
eradication of profanities.

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Are You a "Binder" ?

If Not — Why Not ?

LESSONS IN THE ART

By Appointment

By Arrangement

— or By Post



Documents docketed and Liquor
Permits liquidated (if over 21) in
spare moments.



"SIMKIN" is the Name
(but just ask for Ginger)

Address: "THE BINDERY," S.H.Q.
(First Floor)

Graduate (with Diplomas) from
Morecambe & Loose Jaw

CINEMA SHOWS

August

Sun., 1st—"HENRY AND DIZZY"—Jimmy Lydon, Mary Anderson.

Mon., 2nd—"FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLFMAN."

Wed., 4th—"SEVEN DAYS' LEAVE"—Victor Mature, Lucille Ball.

Sun., 8th—"I WANTED WINGS"—Ray Milland, Veronica Lake.

Mon., 9th—"GET HEP TO LOVE"—Gloria Jean, Robert Paige.

Wed., 11th—"A DATE WITH THE FALCON"—Wendy Barrie, George Sanders.

Sun., 15th—"LAS VEGAS NIGHTS"—Phil Regan, Bert Wheeler.

Mon., 16th—"THE AMAZING MRS. HOLLIDAY"—Deanna Durbin, Barry Fitzgerald.

Wed., 18th—"PLAYMATES"—Lupe Velez, May Robson.

Sun., 22nd—"STAR SPANGLED RHYTHM"—Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour.

Mon., 23rd—"ONE DANGEROUS NIGHT"—Warren William, Eric Blore.

Wed., 25th—"THE LITTLE FOXES"—Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall.

The above programme is subject to alteration.

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