

# The Patrician



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



DAY OFF

Vol. 4

SEPTEMBER - 1943

No. 6

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# THE PATRICIAN

by kind permission of Group Captain E. L. Wurtele

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Above—**KINBASKET LAKE** on the Mainland  
Below—**BOAT ENCAMPMENT BRIDGE**—Big Bend Highway



Vol. 4, No. 6

SEPTEMBER, 1943

15 CENTS

This number completes the fourth volume and the twenty-fourth issue of "The Patrician." Little did we think when we brought out our first copy that we should be here on the same Unit two years later writing the Editorial for the same magazine. We didn't expect it to have such a long life of popularity, increasing almost monthly. In that two years people have come and gone and "The Patrician" has made friends with all. It now circulates in almost all Allied countries where the R.A.F., R.C.A.F., R.A.A.F., and R.N.Z.A.F. are stationed. It is encouraging to us who produce the magazine to see such interest taken in our efforts and we sincerely thank all who have supported us since that September in far-away 1941.

We appeal now for more material support, especially for our next issue, which is to be a Special Number celebrating our Second Anniversary and featuring the City of Victoria. Plans for this are well in hand and include a coloured plate, more picture pages and more articles. Will you please help us? Articles, verses, photographs, cartoons and sketches are all urgently needed. Please send your contributions to the magazine office as soon as possible.

Arrangements have been made for binding the last volume in stiff covers. Further details will be found on another page.

—THE EDITORS

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### COVER PICTURE

The photograph on the cover was taken by L.A.C. Hollingworth. It is typical of the picturesque coastlines of the numerous small islands in the Gulf of Georgia.

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### ANNIVERSARY NUMBER

Next month's issue of "The Patrician" will be a special Anniversary Number, marking the second birthday of the Unit Magazine. Please help to make this a bumper number by sending in any material which you think would be suitable.

## THE CHANGE OF COMMAND



Within the last few weeks, the personnel of this Unit bade farewell to Group Captain S. L. G. Pope, D.F.C., A.F.C., and welcomed in his place Group Captain E. L. Wurtele. The new Commanding Officer is no stranger to the Unit, having directed training for some considerable time in the capacity of Chief Instructor.

Previous to joining the R.A.F., the C.O. flew with the Light Aircraft Club in Montreal and then moved to England where, in 1935, he was a member of No. 1 Course at No. 6 F.T.S. at Netheravon. From there he flew for a year with No. 1 Fighter Squadron at Tangmere. His interests moved towards the Fleet Air Arm and, after training at Leuchars and Calshot, he joined H.M.S. Furious as a member of the R.A.F. in that arm of the Royal Navy. After an interview with the C.O., one realises that he is a much travelled man. On H.M.S. Glorious he travelled the Mediterranean for two years flying Swordfish and on H.M.S. Malaya he was with the Catapult Flight. He returned to England in July, 1939, took a C.F.S. Course and was instructing for the first year of the war at Grantham. From a Flight Commander in No. 86 Squadron, he became C.O. of a Canadian Hampden Torpedo Squadron and, on being rested from his operational duties, came to Canada and this Unit as Chief Instructor. When the C.O. was approached for an interview, he most willingly granted the request. One felt that, busy as he was with the multitudinous duties of a Command, he still had time to spare for "seeing people." He was asked if he would give a message through the medium of this magazine to the personnel of the Unit. He gladly consented. His message was that he felt fortunate at being called on to take over the reins of a Unit whose personnel displayed such a high standard of enthusiasm and keenness in their duties. He knew that he could count on the same measure of service and support from all ranks as had been vouchsafed to his predecessor. He expressed the hope that, as a R.A.F. Unit overseas, all ranks would acquit themselves in a manner calculated to reflect credit on the Royal Air Force as a whole. Welcome—Group Captain Wurtele.

—H.P.

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### THANK YOU

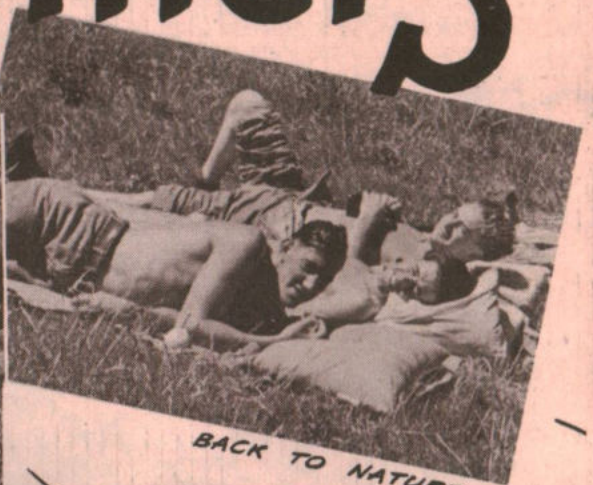
A message from Mrs. L. P. Gibson, President of the Officers' Wives Club, asks us to convey the thanks of all their members to all ranks of the Unit who gave such valuable assistance at the Garden Party recently organised by the Club at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Baker, Sidney, and which resulted in over \$700.00 being handed to the British War Relief Fund.



**THE COMMANDING OFFICER**  
GROUP CAPTAIN E. L. WURTELE

A Portrait in Charcoal by F/O. D. R. O. FORD, D.F.C.

# Sun-tanners



BACK TO NATURE.

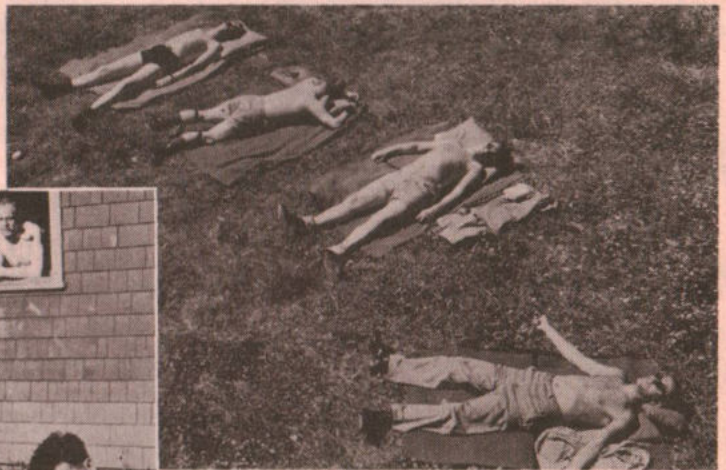
STILL LIFE.



SUNKIST.



ARTISTS MODEL.



S-H-Q RELAX



ALL BURNT UP!

---

## Can This Be True?

---

**Scene: The Unit M.I. Room**

---

"Good-morning."

"Good-morning, Sir."

"And what are you reporting sick for?"

"I don't feel exactly ill, in fact I feel fine. I sleep like a log, I eat like a horse, exercise every day, always up at reveille, never missing from me place of work. But I'm sort of worried."

"What seems to be the trouble?"

"Well, it's like this, Sir. I appear to do things different to other people. Take, for instance, the other day. A door in the office was freshly painted with a sign saying "FRESH PAINT," hanging on it. The first time that I walked by it, I looked at it, and then I walked by it hundreds of times during the day and didn't give it another thought."

"Didn't you touch it with your finger to see if the paint was wet?"

"No, Sir. Everyone else seemed to find a fascination in getting the paint all over their fingers, but not me. . . . Then there are my various applications for promotion, posting, repatriation, etc. I just put them in through my Section Commander, and wait until the Orderly Room gives me the result. Even my leave passes I collect at the Guard Room, and don't wander in and out of offices looking for them."

"Didn't you ever find your feet being drawn towards S.H.Q. to make enquiries to see what was happening?"

"No, Sir. I don't even know where S.H.Q. is. . . . And to finally put the matter beyond a shadow of doubt; I was at dinner in the Mess yesterday, and heard rumours that there was a boat list in and that my name wasn't on it, and I didn't go around asking all and sundry, 'ANY GEN?' "

"Do you mean to stand there and tell me that you didn't even say, 'WELL, STONE THE . . . CROWS,' or 'ROLL ON THE . . . BOAT,' or some such similar pet phrase? Your case is truly amazing. I shall have to put it up to Air Ministry, through Records Office, through Headquarters, through Command, through Group, through the Commanding Officer, through the Adjutant, and then we shall know what to do. I hope! In the meantime, DON'T DO ANYTHING UNTIL YOU HEAR FROM ME."

—KAYE DON

# INDIAN PICNIC



It was with eager anticipation that I accepted a recent invitation to attend the First Annual Picnic of the Catholic Indians at West Saanich Reserve. The occasion was the celebration of the Feast of the Assumption—a very important day in the lives of the Indian congregation whose little church at Brentwood is dedicated to "Our Lady of The Assumption."

In accordance with the tradition of the church the day began with High Mass, which was attended by visiting Indians from as far off as Cowichan, most of whom had set off early in the morning.

After church service, we all made our way to a large field overlooking Brentwood Bay, and in the shade of the trees we sat down at long trestle tables, suitably decorated and laden with all sorts of appetising dishes, which had been prepared on a large field oven by the women folk, whose prowess in the culinary art was quite amazing.

Before lunch was served, however, Father Lauzon, who has charge of the Indian Mission, announced the glad tidings that the various Chiefs had speeches to make! This was received with great acclamation, from which I gathered that the Indians still appreciated a pow-wow. First of all there was a word of welcome from Acting Chief Joe of the Brentwood Reserve, whose tribe were hosts for the day. Then there was the reply on behalf of the visitors from Chief Harry of the Malahats, who seemed to make a very good impression, judging by the nods of satisfaction and vigorous handclapping from the older members. Personally, I was bewildered, as the entire speech was delivered in Chinook language. I couldn't help thinking that these Indians had something, however, in that they reversed our custom of after-dinner speeches, thus relieving the often weary-eyed listeners of the necessity of keeping awake on a full stomach!

After the banquet was over, we all prepared for the sports events, which were many and varied, and the rivalry amongst the competing tribes was very keen, but always sportsmanlike. Never once was the judge's decision queried, in fact, the victor was usually applauded by his vanquished rivals, and escorted by his admirers to the prize table!

When the young braves and their maidens, and the little papooses had finally exhausted themselves, supper was prepared, on the same grandiose scale as lunch. Then came my most thrilling experience



... an exhibition of mysticism. This is a survival of a very ancient tribal custom. It takes the form of a sort of mystic guessing competition, with all the attendant frills and ornamentation of totems, arrows, and tom-toms. The "game" is played by two opposing teams of roughly a dozen on each side. The participants face each other kneeling down. In front of each team is a long smooth plank of wood and in front of that again are several arrow shaped and brightly hued stakes. These take the place of "chips." The head man on each side takes a turn at juggling with a couple of weirdly carved bones which he openly displays to the other side, and then tosses to one of his own side, who proceeds to pass them mysteriously from one hand to the other in a kind of sleight of hand movement. The point of the game is that one of the bones is more richly carved than the other, and the rival side has to guess in which hand the more ornate bone is hidden. Failure to guess correctly means the surrender of a stake and vice versa, until one side has collected all the stakes from the opponents. Needless to say, this game may go on for a quite considerable time. I was informed that it is not unusual for one "session" to last from sundown to midnight! In this case, the game continues by the camp fire glow. While one side is guessing, the other side keeps up a steady chant to the beat of the tom-tom and those who are not juggling with the bones beat out the time of the chant with little wooden sticks on the wooden plank in front of them. Usually, some of the older squaws stand behind the rival teams and perform weird motions with their hands, while they sway from side to side and try to throw their opposites off the scent. No actual words are spoken, and all guesses are conveyed by sign language. I found the game more and more fascinating the longer I watched it, and was so enthralled that I almost forgot to take a photograph.

Finally, as all good things do, the picnic came to an end, and as I bade farewell to Chief Harry, Acting Chief Joe and his little granddaughter, Princess Jeanette, I felt privileged at having captured for a brief spell the romantic spirit of the ancient land of Saanich, the valley of peace and plenty!

—FRANK MONTGOMERY

***The Magazine is the Last of the Fourth Volume***

**Why not keep a permanent record of your stay in Canada,  
by having your copies bound in stiff covers?**

The price will depend on the orders received  
but will be approximately \$2.00

Copies must be supplied, although a few back numbers  
are available at the Magazine Office.

# Oh, what a Line!

It seems that most of the copies of the "Daily Mirror," printed on July 19th, found their way over the Atlantic to Pat Bay—nearly everyone on the Unit has at least one copy. "The Patrician" received four copies! The reason—a terrific line shot by one of our "old boys"—F/Lt. Peter Dunn, who recently flew back to the Old Country, taking his wedding cake with him.

On the day of his wedding to Miss Pamela Woodman at Westcliffe, Essex, he told the "Daily Mirror":—

"That darn cake never left my sight. It was specially made for me by a confectioner at Victoria, Canada, and packed in three boxes.

"It has travelled by nearly every form of transport.

"Boat and ship, by train across Canada, by plane over the Atlantic, in an R.A.F. wagon, electric railway, motor-car—and finally by taxi.

"I put it in the luggage racks myself, and never let a porter touch it.

"On the way over the Atlantic it was strapped in the nose of the bomber, so that it would not be damaged if I made a bad landing. But I didn't. **I never do.**

"Now it is here, and I am afraid I called that cake many things before I eventually got it home.

"It weighs 35lb.

"To bring it I had to leave a lot of my personal belongings behind, as we are only allowed a total of 50lb. of baggage for the trip across."

Mrs. Dunn wore an unusual wedding ring of gold and platinum which her husband had specially designed. It was made by a craftsman in Canada.

"After all that," said Flight Lieutenant Dunn, "just before the wedding I had a message to say that I had to return for duty almost at once."

(Probably the Air Ministry heard that you never make bad landings, Pete?—Eds.)



Rastus and Liza were roller skating when suddenly Liza fell, but flopped over and came up again with remarkable agility. "Did you see how quick I recovered my equilibrium?" she asked.

"You sho did"—Rastus answered, "Almost before Ah noticed it was uncovered."

# NEWS

## FROM THE OFFICERS' MESS

Repeat performances of Mess meetings are proving immensely popular. It is felt that with a little encouragement a motion may soon be passed permitting twice-nightly performances.

✓ ✓ ✓

It is interesting to note that the Bar Officer's impassioned appeal at the last meeting resulted in the hurried production of forty-three liquor licences. Could it be that the proposed pupils' dance promoted this noble gesture?

✓ ✓ ✓

With the installation of the grand piano in the ladies' room the general atmosphere is now one of olde worlde charm coupled with a certain amount of whimsy. The "professional" is to be congratulated on her choice of decorations—with special reference to the "Virtue Triumphant" statuette.

✓ ✓ ✓

Flight Lieutenant Peter Dunn's magnificent crossing of the Atlantic as recorded by the Daily Mirror will rank with Alcock & Brown, Lindbergh and the gallant Sir Alan for sheer tenacity of purpose. We feel prompted to add, however: "Never?" "Well, hardly ever," regarding his landings.

✓ ✓ ✓

The junior member desirous of keeping polo ponies on the Unit is reminded that in Ranelagh circles it is considered slightly bad form to wear cycle clips with jodhpurs.

✓ ✓ ✓

The old firm of Smyth & Elliott is no more. We shall miss the Rabelaisian humour of the former in Mess. Headquarters will also miss the sight of a robust spectre haunting the corridors. Towards the end, the spectre took to sitting on the floor in the manner of Mahatma Gandhi.

While his method is to be commended in that it produced results, others are requested to display slightly less startling originality. Those who refuse to be deterred are expected to provide their own betel nut and goat.

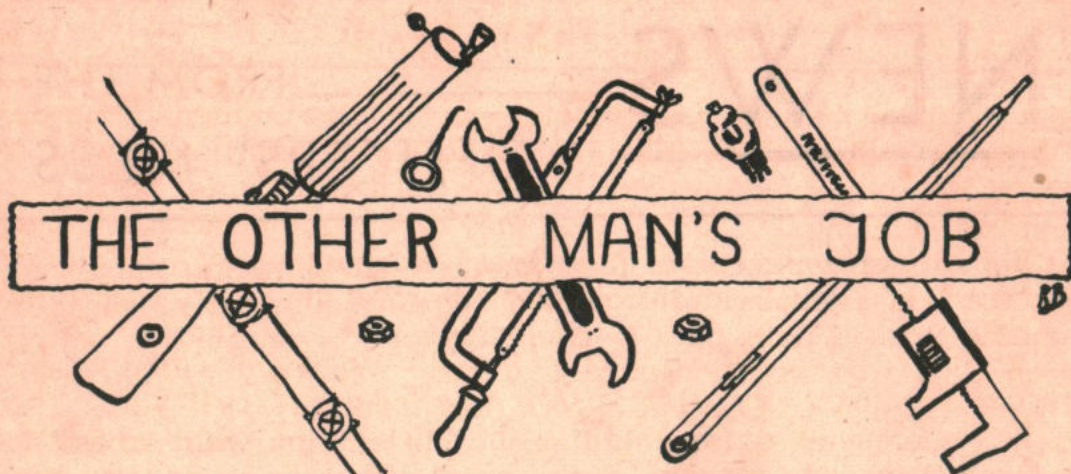
✓ ✓ ✓

Ecclesiastical circles will be relieved to learn that Training Wing is managing nicely during the temporary absence of the bishop.

✓ ✓ ✓

The member who had the misfortune to be violently ill in another member's car on the occasion of the last dance is requested to select his car with greater precision in future.

—R.A.



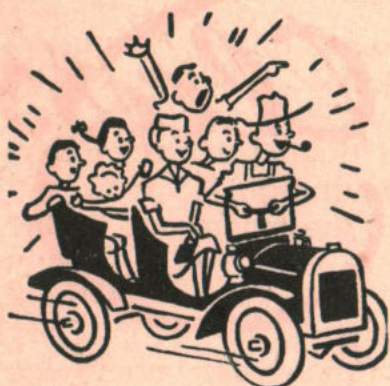
### No. 24—CORPORAL, FITTER 2E

Thank God that inspection's finished. Chiefy seems satisfied with the ground test pro-forma, so roll on tomorrow, and a week-end in Seattle with the girl friend. "Evans, get your parachute if you're going up on test." "Seen the list, Corp"? "What list, the boat list"? "No, Chiefy's put us on another inspection." "He hasn't, has he"? "What is it, forty or eighty"? "Eighty." Curse him, he knows we can't finish it before we go on week-end. I'll go along and see him, and tell him a thing or two. I'm just about fed up with him doing this every time we're on week-end. I don't care if I go in the Guard Room for it, I'll tell him what I think this time. "Excuse me, Flight, I see you've put us on another inspection." "Yes, that's quite true." "Well, it's an eight-hour, you know, and we're Duty Watch and we're on week-end tomorrow." "All the more reason why you should finish it—you can work tonight on it. In any case it's got to be finished before you go, so the sooner you start the better." "But Flight . . ." "That's final, so get going." I ask you, the logic of the man. They say he's alright if you know how to take him, but nobody knows how to take him. Wonder why he always picks on me. Wadsworth and Fletcher seem to get away with it every time. Anyway we'd better get cracking. Wonder what the compressions are like? "What's that, Evans; one pot to come off each engine"? "Oh, well, that's not too bad." "Where are you blokes going"? "Lectures." "Lectures? "Stap me, I'll go and see Chiefy about this." "You can't see him yet, because Flt/Lt. Shaw is in his office binding him about the Hangar not being cleaned up. "It says disciplinary action will be taken if we don't go, Corp." "Well, you'd better go then, but come straight back if there's nobody there to take you, as their usually isn't." "Where's Pannell"? "He's on swimming." This is terrible. Two men left. I wonder if Chiefy is on his own yet. Havn't had time to do a thing yet to this damned inspection, and it's nearly four o'clock. Who broke that"? "Not me, Corp, it just came away in me 'and." "How the hell could it come away in your 'and, you stupid runt?" Take it up to workshops and get it welded then, because I know there isn't any more in Stores." Heavens, quarter past four, and we've got to go for tea, be back at five for the machines coming in. Sixteen flying. It'll take us about three hours to refuel

and D.I. them. I hope there's no snags. "Come on then, Richards." "Where's Collinson?" "He's looking for Sgt. Aldous to see what he thinks about that exhaust ring." "Ten to five. let's get back then, and get cracking." "Thank God they're all rigging snags tonight, so we should get on with the inspection about eight." "You and Bunting can get on with it now anyway, and the others can do the refuelling." "What's that? Night flying?" Ah, here's Chiefy; a chance to get a crack at him at last. What's this about Night Flying, Flight?" "Oh, yes, I was just coming to tell you. They want three machines for half-past nine." "But what about the inspection?" "That's alright, you can work on that after you have seen the machines off, because they won't trouble you again for three hours. If you want me I'll be in the Mess." Here comes Evans. Wonder what he wants. "That Pot's u/s, Corp. Valve seat's cracked and there's no new ones in Stores." "That settles it then. He won't get his inspection tomorrow." "I'll ring him up and tell him." He says we've got to take one off the Christmas Tree. I didn't think there was one left on that damn thing. "What, a kite off the runway? Get a rope and I'll be round with the 'jeep.' You'd better stay behind, Evans, and take that pot off. You give him a hand, Cooke." Machines are coming in now, it must be one o'clock, we'll get them filled and pack in for the night. Hope Watson took the supper chit in. We shall have to get weaving tomorrow to catch that boat.

"Come on then, we're late, it's after seven, and we shall never finish it if we don't get started right away." "Pot ready to go on now, Evans?" O.K. We'll soon fix that. Mags, jets and filters all done. You get the Cowlings ready, Lewis, whilst I try to spring this damned exhaust ring into position. "That's good." Now we're nearly finished. "The electricians haven't brought the generator back yet, Corp." "They haven't? Curse them. Go up to the Section and see about it." Think I'll go and see Chiefy and see if he'll let us go if we just sign the schedule. I ought to have known better than to ask him, because he'll never let anybody go until he gets the pro-forma. Ah, here's the generator, we won't be long now. "Go and ask Chiefy to get the ancillary trade dow for the run-up." "Here's the ground test pro-forma, Flight. It's a bit low on Revs, but I've got the Instrument Maker to clean the brushes. Can I have the early chits now, please?" "Not until you've run it up again to make sure it is the brushes." I wonder why the devil they always have to clean the brushes. He's finished now. Let's have another shot at it. Worse than ever. What are you going to do now, Butch?" "I think I shall have to change the generator, Corp. "Gosh, if I don't get away by three I've had it." "I'll be as quick as I can, Corp." "Get weaving, then." "Bunting, you sign up for the D.I.'s." O.K. I can just about catch the three o'clock bus if I get away now. What a relief. Chiefy says we're the cream of the Air Force, but there are times when he treats us like skimmed milk.

—H.M.



## FIRST PRIZE ... A Car!

What a prize to tempt the gambler—even if it was a rather hoary old worthy, it certainly went—even although we saw it being towed into the M.T. Yard on the very morning of the draw, silent and powerless, nevertheless it was "an Automobile" and it certainly was able to chug along up to the Wet Bar under its own steam.

Most of the ardent sportsmen on the Unit will know now to what I am referring and a few of them who subscribed for tickets and kept their fingers crossed between the date of the purchase and the evening of the draw, were able to sample (to say the least of it) a bottle of a very expensive beverage as a consolation.

"At 1800 hours," so the notice read, "in the Wet Canteen—draw for Motor Car." What a wealth of meaning behind those words, so along I went. Amongst the small group on hand I failed to see that strained expression which, according to the novelists, is indelibly imprinted on the face of the gambler. No, the air was certainly one of expectancy but was tempered with hilarity and a certain amount of boisterousness, and jokes were being bandied about as to the unserviceability of the aforementioned vehicle, on the strength of its record of the previous morning. Anyhow, two waste paper baskets were procured and with due reverence tickets were carefully folded in the presence of neutral witnesses, when the peace of the proceedings was brought to a sudden end . . . yes, it is! . . . the very car is arriving in a swirling cloud of dust, and from out of it steps an eminent personage. Now all went abustle and apace, and the tickets were being drawn. No. 5 a Blank . . . No. 21 a Beer . . . No. 16 a Blank . . . No. 1 a Beer; (here I finally gave up the ghost. I had a one-fortieth share in this ticket . . . and I ask you . . . "one bottle of beer") but on and on the voice chanted out ticket numbers with either blanks or "beers" as their ultimate awards until the tension began to rise. Surely there couldn't be many more tickets in the basket. Ticket No. . . . 2nd Prize "Ski-ing equipment . . . F/O Hollis" . . . read out the Master of Ceremonies . . . and on again he went . . . with now much bandinage and hilarity . . . Ticket No. . . . "FIRST PRIZE" . . . "Corporal Bowers" . . . and we all breathed a sigh. The prize had been won. It was not to be, those trips of ours into Vic. . . . or those daydreams we had had of a day up the Island with a delightful piece of feminine charm occupying the spare arm. . . . No it was to be "the Greyhound" for us, or nothing. Now all I have is a memory, and a slip of paper which reads, "One share (25c) in \$10 Raffle Ticket for Car and Ski-ing Equipment" . . . Ah me! . . . Ah me!

A.M.

# *Dancing Class*



*ONE..... PAUSE..... TWO!*

*MISS FLORENCE CLOUGH  
AND  
MISS THERESA PERKINS  
WITH SOME OF  
THEIR PUPILS*



*A DEMONSTRATION BY TUBBY TURNER*

# The SERGEANTS of SHAWNIGAN

25<sup>TH</sup> JULY 1943



RELAXATION.



LUNCH TIME



GETTING "BROHNNED" OFF



THREE WISE MEN.




SUN GODS




FAVOURITE



FOUR FLIGHTS



# News From the Sergeants' Mess



I have often wondered if anyone actually reads this page and after reading last month's effort I hoped that nobody ever did. What with censorship and editing, it appeared as a fine example of the old R.A.F. pastime of confusing the enemy and getting everyone else into a flat spin as well.

1 1 1

On Sports Day everything appeared to go off as sports days usually do, but Sgt. Cowley did not compete for and win the Black Horse Trophy as he did last year. F/Sgt. Makin broke his leave (furlough, colloquially) to attend, and we take the liberty to presume that he was in no pain at all during the evening. We hope not anyway.

1 1 1

F/Sgt. Michelin found yet another worry in his young life and came to weep on my shoulder—"Look," he wailed, "the C.O.'s swiped my girl friend. What shall I do?" And thinking of things he has done for the same reason—I'm not Solomon!

1 1 1

We hear that Sgt. Pattison attempted to mince up some issue biscuits the other day. Later he took the shattered remains of the mincing machine to W/O Buckingham to be examined for flaws in the metal. Apparently the biscuits were not sub-standard.

W/O Williams left us the other day for a higher post in the East. He was one of the first staff airmen to arrive and was well established on the mess inventory. We wish him the best of luck.

1 1 1

F/Sgt. Jackson is said to have refused repatriation and taken out citizenship papers.

Australian pupil: "Any more for Ocliffe?"

Second Australian pupil: "Ocliffe, he's on the staff now."

1 1 1

Then there is the half wit—an electrician of some sort we think—who mopped his room out at 0200 hrs.



## HORSE *Tales*

By JACK SHORT

One of the top turf commentators on this continent, now broadcasting for CJOR, Vancouver, former jockey, trainer, owner, vaudeville dancer, bandleader, and a host of other varied occupations.

Saludos Amigos !

They say the pen is mightier than the sword; be that as it may, I'm afraid if I ever had to make my living by the pen, at least one axe would fall on my literary attempts. But seriously fellows, it's a privilege to be permitted a few paragraphs in your swell "mag" and as my knowledge is confined to those blue-blooded equines of the turf, here are a few of my favourite true bangtail stories and anecdotes. This is one I call my David and Goliath tale:

Away back in 1906, the smallest thoroughbred racing in America was a little bit of a horse called Booger Red. He was entered in a race one day, and who should be in the same event but the mighty Roseben. Now Roseben was not only a star, he was a regular giant in size; as a matter of fact, the largest horse on the turf. The giant went postward the hot favourite and little Booger Red, a rank outsider. Well, the two horses hooked up in a heart-breaking duel the entire distance, with lots of bumping and roughing it up, and the tiny Red getting the worst of it. But in the gruelling drive to the wire, Booger Red proved the gamer and won by a whisker from the mammoth Roseben. Booger Red, by the way, raced in the silks of the famous detective, Pinkerton.

Speaking of detectives reminds me of a humorous incident. Some years ago two Kentucky detectives pooled their resources for a betting spree. They enjoyed a lucky streak, ran their bankroll into quite a size, and then decided to buy a few horses. Their first purchase was an unnamed yearling filly. They asked a bookmaker

friend to name it, and he, with a twinkle in his eye, said, "Call the filly after my wife . . . call it Spendthrift Helen." Needless to say the fair lady in question was furious when she heard the horse had been duly named. But the following year, the two policemen bought another unnamed yearling, this time a colt, and offered Mrs. Bookmaker the honour of naming him. She seized the opportunity with great relish, and promptly christened the colt "Tight Ed."

Yes, horses are named in many curious ways. One of the strangest cognomens ever to appear on a programme turned up in New York a few years ago. It was "Pameiob." This peculiar handle puzzled turf writers considerably, so when the owner, J. W. Marsh, was approached on the subject, he explained how it came about. All his money was invested in this one bangtail, so he took the first letter from each of the words, "Putting all my eggs in one basket." The result—"Pameiob."

From odd names to an odd and unusual mutuel pay-off. About twenty years ago I was at Tiajuana, Mexico, when a horse called Shasta Pine galloped to victory. The amazed spectators and yours truly watched this unusual pay-off go on the board. \$2.20 Straight \$2.20 Place—\$19.20 to Show.

Well fellows, that just about winds up my ramblings, and here's hoping your path will always be "clear and fast."

Adios Amigos.

## A TRUE WOLF

If he parks his little flivver,  
Down beside the moonlit river,  
And you feel him all a-quiver,  
Baby! he's a wolf.

And if he says you're gorgeous-looking,  
And your dark eyes set him cooking,  
But his eyes aren't where he's looking,  
Baby! he's a wolf!

And if by chance you are a-kissin',  
And you feel his heart a-missin',  
And you talk and he don't lissin',  
Baby! he's a wolf!

And if he says that you're an eyeful,  
But his hands begin to trifle,  
And his heart beats like a rifle,  
Baby! he's a wolf!

If his arms are strong like sinew,  
And he stirs the Gypsy in you,  
And you want him close agin you,  
Baby! Maybe you're the WOLF!



## I Visit the Loggers



A different world exists less than five hours away from the main gate of this outpost of Britain. Instead of concerning myself with kites and brass buttons and day passes and salutes it became of the utmost importance that a hundred foot tree be dropped in precisely the right place; that a seven foot log be sliced into smooth and shiny boards; and that I be on time for some of the best meals I have eaten since I came to this wild land.

I arrived at the main mill of Industrial Timber Mills, situated on the north shore of 38-mile-long Cowichan Lake, amid surroundings of rugged beauty that would become a holiday resort far better than a commercial enterprise like a lumber camp. After the honour of tea with the Superintendent, I was despatched via speeder to the North Camp, which is the base of the operations in the woods.

Rather early the next morning (as a matter of fact it was 3:30 by the clock) I was awakened by the sound of the whistle, fed a breakfast which I would only torment the reader by describing, and was whisked into the woods in a caboose of the loggers' train. After an hour's journey into the hills, over steep grades that made the wood-burning steam engine pant, we arrived at the loading point, where the logs arrive from the woods across the valley on overhead cables. The cables are rigged up to spars about 150 feet high, and are hauled on their dizzy journey by massive donkey engines, mounted on runners so that they are mobile, in spite of their fifty-odd tons.

This is the system known as "High-lead" logging, where every tree is cut down, the logs wanted selected and taken away, and the slash burned. I am accustomed to selective logging at home, and the waste of millions of square feet of lumber appalled me. However, only the best lumber is taken, and in this country Nature is bountiful and forgives easily the ravishing of her plenty.

We then retraced our steps by means of the ubiquitous speeder, past camp No. 3, and into the brush where falling was being done. There I saw great trees, eight feet through, being dropped by power operated chain saws, trimmed, and cut into forty foot lengths by hand-saws. The quickness of the operation pleased me, accustomed as I am to falling by a single-bitted four-pound axe, as we do it at home. Falling in the Canadian woods is done by a gang of four men—two men dropping the trees, and two trimming and cutting the

lengths, all the while keeping an eye out for the next tree which their friends will send crashing down close by before they are done.

Work in the woods stops at 2 o'clock, because of the excessive heat and the danger of fire, so back we went to No. 3 camp for dinner—and again I will spare your feelings. After dinner we went by speeder down to the main mills, where the timber is sawn into commercial lengths and sizes.

Most of the work is done on the conveyor belt system, or on series of rollers. The logs are dragged into the mill from the boom in the water by cables, and are dropped on to a carriage which feeds the logs into a huge bandsaw, cutting off the bark and leaving the log a great square timber. Then by means of hand signals, the saw operator is told into what sizes the timber is to be cut. From there the lumber is conveyed by rollers to rip-saws which cut the lumber into smaller thicknesses. Some of the lumber goes then into the planer, and all of it is sorted and stacked to dry. It is taken by means of an overhead crane three-quarters of a mile long, from stack to stack. Wood which is to be dried quickly is placed in bakehouses. Loading is done from the dried piles directly on to flat railway cars.

Sawdust, one of the valuable by-products of the mill, is used to feed the furnaces, or is sent to the cities for fuel.

It was after ten o'clock when I came out of the mill, and I dropped off to sleep in my bunk like any tired logger. I left the camp with regret, but on this you can rely—as they say in the song—I am going to visit there again.

—R.B.

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## THE PAT FUND

What's wrong, blokes? This month your contributions are lower than they have ever been during the past year. In that period only once has the monthly total been less than \$200.00, on three occasions it has been well over \$300.00, yet this month it is only \$95.00. The cinema collection alone has in the past reached \$150.00!

A few cents mean little to you individually, yet collectively they mean a lot to the Bombed and Homeless of Britain. Please assist us by making sure that your section has a collection box, which can be obtained from the office of S/Ldr. "Admin," and please make sure that the collections reach that office on the 15th of each month.

The individual totals are as follows: Cinema and Concerts, \$38.75; "Housie-Housie," \$32.47; Mr. W. F. Howell, Victoria, \$9.60; Sergeants' Mess, \$7.75; "The Patrician" Office, \$5.52; Torpedo Lecture Room, \$1.00. **Total, \$95.15.**

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A number of the original caricatures by F/O Ford of personnel on the Unit are now available at "The Patrician" office. A charge of 15c each is being made for the "Pat Fund."



**ANNE GABER—"AMERICAN MASCOT OF THE R.A.F."**

Many of the personnel of this Unit have enjoyed the unstinted hospitality and assistance of this vivacious American girl. Her work for the British War Relief and members of the Royal Navy and R.A.F. has also earned for her the titles of "The Victory Girl" and "The One Girl U.S.O." A few months ago, in a letter to "The Patrician," she said: ". . . to all the men of your Unit, whatever rank, who are contemplating furloughs to Los Angeles and Hollywood to visit the movie centre and other places of interest, please write me a few days in advance, then I can plan necessary arrangements. My address is 139 Strand Street, Santa Monica, Cal. Phone—Santa Monica 63577."

## BOOKS TO READ



**Thank You Twice, or, How We Like America, by Caroline and Eddie Bell**—Lawrence of Arabia thought that the highest literary art was to write as you talk. Judged by that standard this book is a masterpiece. It is a short, spontaneous and supremely tactless account of their life in Canada and the United States by a girl of 12 and a boy of 10 who came from England in 1940. On their arrival in Montreal the children invented a commonsense and successful method of dealing with the press—"Reporters kept asking us questions and distracting us from looking at all the new things we wanted to see. So, suddenly, we walked off and left them."

They appreciated the kindness of the local ladies, but "it is not very nice being kissed by people you don't know. Especially ladies who get on Committees." They had been told that their hosts would probably be less reserved than the English and a great deal of flattery and gratitude would not come amiss, but "a lot of English children didn't realize this and behaved naturally; we had it drummed into us so much that we didn't make that mistake."

In Connecticut they noted that people "even take their dogs for walks in their cars, and come home absolutely exhausted by all the miles they have driven and the sights they haven't had time to look at." They found the New York subway "full of hot winds," with "masses of grim-faced people rushing along passages."

One could go on quoting indefinitely, but these appetizers should be enough to send you to the book for a feast of fun and wisdom.

—R.D.H.S.

**"Experiment Perilous" by Margaret Carpenter**—In the story of detection, more than in any other form of literature, the gulf between first-class and mediocre is easy to recognize, hard to bridge. Nothing is more infuriating than the obvious criminal, the careful red herring whose smell rises to high heaven, the dark doubts cast on the most unlikely suspects, the improbabilities and coincidences which our minds cannot accept. There will be no complaints over "Experiment Perilous." Not only is it free from such technical faults, but the suspense is well maintained in this story of a New York doctor who is unwillingly involved in the death of a travelling companion. For a first novel it is surprisingly well finished: those of us who are devotees of Sayers and Christie must be ready to admit another to the little band of those who write satisfactory stories of crime and detection.

—R.G.

## CHART-ITIS

The epidemic has broken out again. Newer ones, bigger than ever we had dared to dream of before—coloured, too, showing us statistics that never before in the history of man (or of the service, for that matter), had ever existed. Yes, I am referring to the sudden rash that has often appeared on our walls before, but which has now appeared amongst us again with such wealth of colour and detail and has erupted like a rash, which, starting in the distant sections has even crept towards the heart of things and contaminated the holy of holies. It is even rumoured that in the flights, sacred and oily Fitters IIE, can be seen preparing charts and graphs with statistics of their days off and 48's to come, whilst I am quite prepared to see a splendid and yet repulsive effort erupting forth in the Dining Hall with picturesque details of Unit egg consumption. One last straw will break me; that will be the finest of them all, the love child of my dreams, an addition to the already well-decorated walls of the "Pat" office which will show details of partners supplied to lonely airmen, of 'phone calls enquiring times of buses and steamship sailings, S.O.S.'s for erks in the cinema, requests for information on this and information on that, of bikes for sale and bikes for hire, until my poor brain reels and I sink down into nether darkness surrounded by charts the size of those in "C" Flight.

—A.M.

## "Smile" Show Notes

The only show we did during the month was at Fairbridge Farm School on Sunday, August 15th, to the staff and 150 British children. They gave us a grand welcome on this return visit, which was mutually enjoyed.

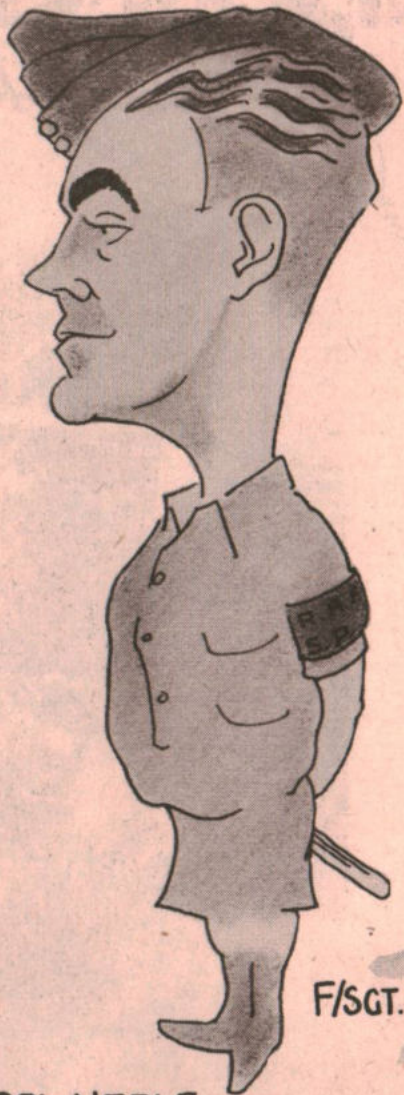
We were scheduled to play at a West Coast Army Camp early in the month but after waiting for two-and-a-half hours for transport we called it a day!

We regretfully record the loss through posting of another original member of the Entertainments Committee, Dance Orchestra and "Smile" Show—L.A.C. Frank Montgomery. "Monty," always a conscientious worker, could be relied upon to help out in any emergency. A versatile entertainer with a good voice and a droll sense of humour, he was also an accomplished 'cellist, being one of the mainstays of the String Ensemble. He will be remembered most of all for his very life-like impersonations of camp celebrities. With this talent at his disposal he spared no-one—all the little mannerisms and voice inflections were faithful reproductions of his victims. In thanking him for his devotion to Unit entertainment we wish him the best of luck and look forward to that "Smile" Show Re-union in the Old Country.

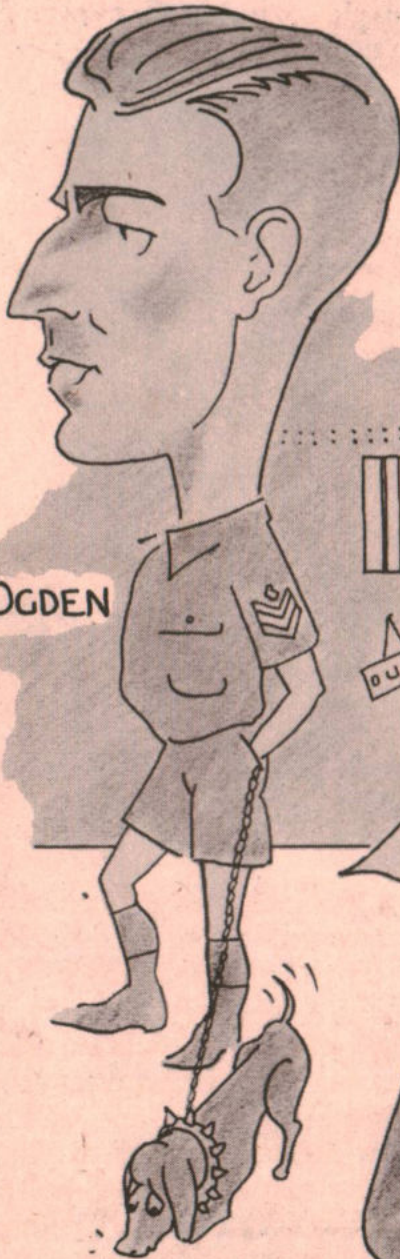
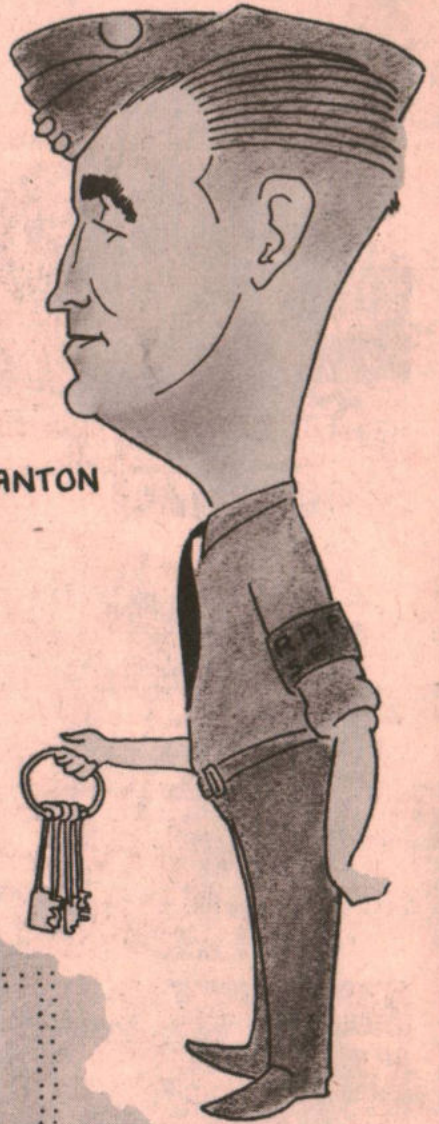
—J.G.

Ford

CPL.ROPER



P.C.SWANTON

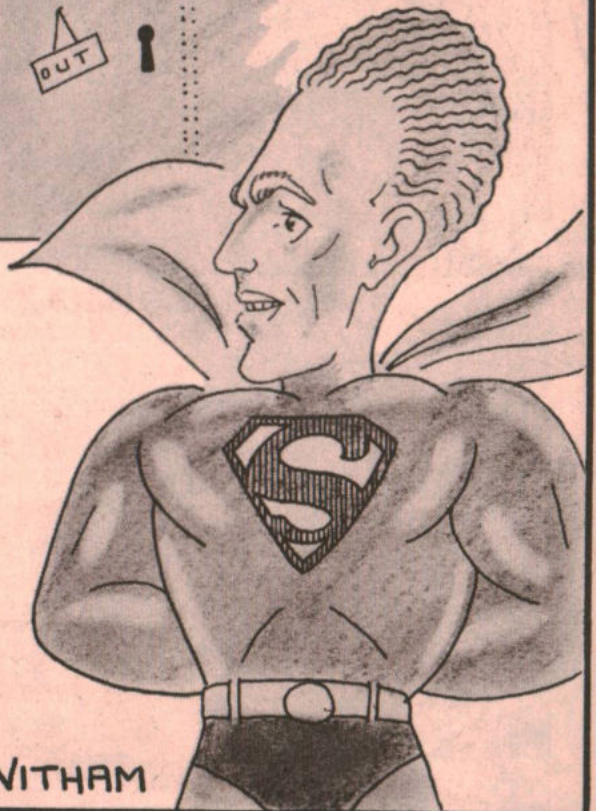


F/SGT.OGDEN

CPL.NEARLE



CPL.JENKINS



P.C.WITHAM

# Personnelities

# Men at Work

No 15 - 'A' FLIGHT



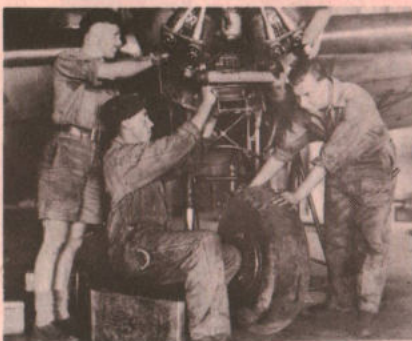
FINAL ADJUSTMENTS

THREE-PLY PARKINSON

SOME OF THE WORKERS



WALTER TURNS THE HAN



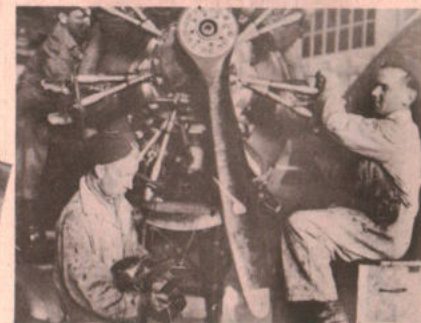
CPL. LEVER, COLLINSON, AND GALLING



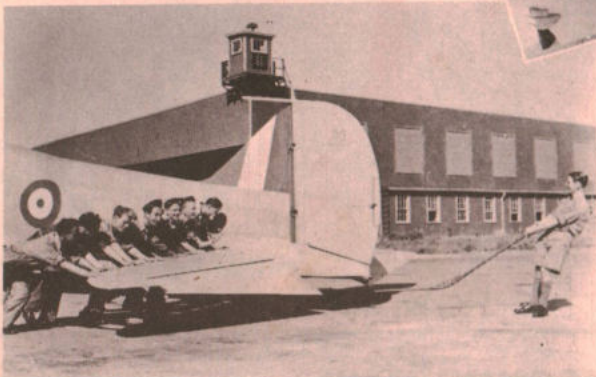
F/SGT. H. MAKIN, & S/L. E.C. BROWN



REMOVING THE PROP.



MINOR INSPECTION



JEEP



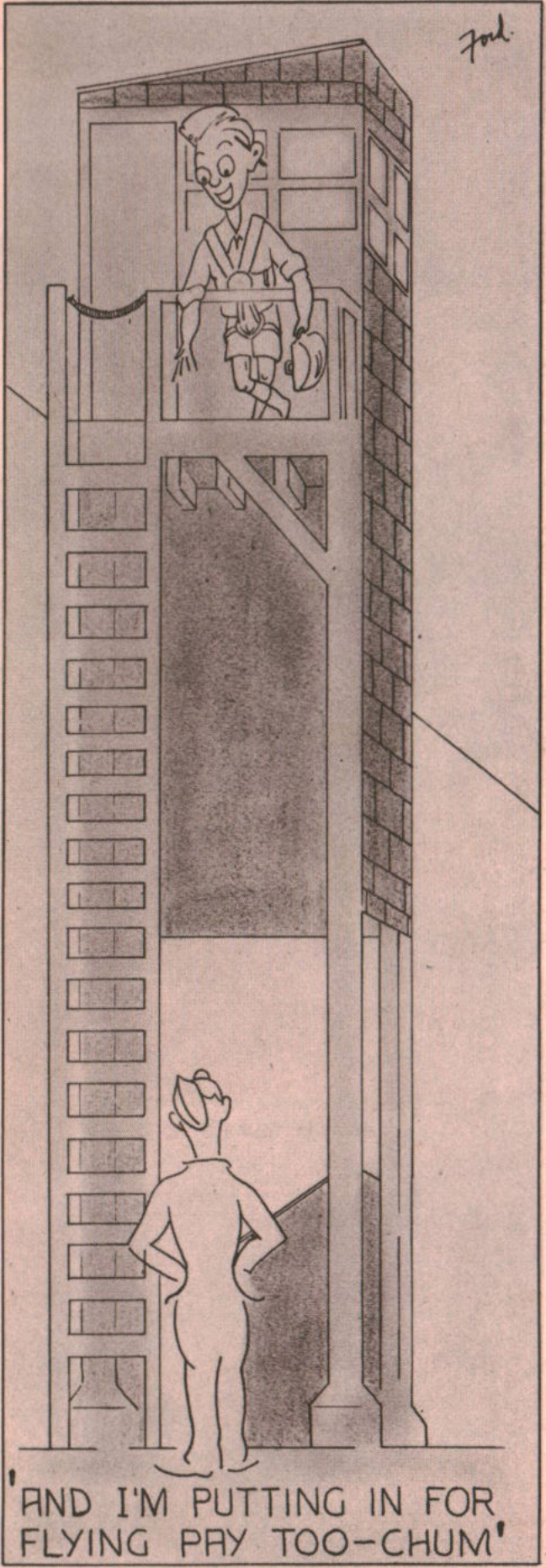
THE MEN IN "THE OTHER MAN'S JOB."

CPL. YOUNIE GETS UNEXPECTED HELP

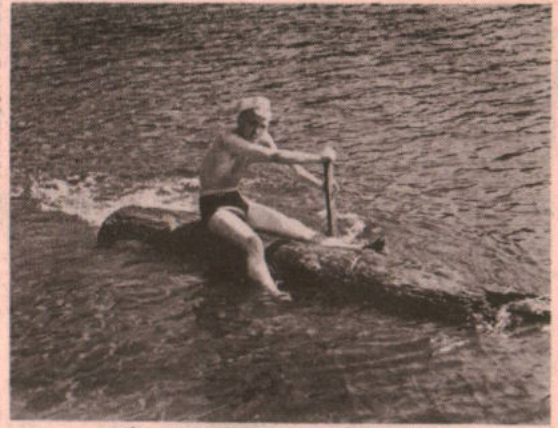


SLIPSTREAM

Ford.



'AND I'M PUTTING IN FOR FLYING PRY TOO-CHUM'



A GALLANT EFFORT!



ISLANDS CRUISE NO 2

# BITS & PIECES



UNIQUE FONT (SEE ARTICLE)

## THE PADRE'S CHAT

On August 15th at 15:00 hours a section of the 1943 Class, R.A.F., Patricia Bay, paraded at Sidney Parish Church for baptism.

They were a fine fit lot of babies of varying ages, shapes and sizes; all possessed of exceptional vocal powers.

The service went without a hitch and all our babies returned safely (not one was dropped). Tea was taken afterwards at the Hostess House, but this was principally consumed by parents, god-parents, and the chaplain.

Most people can be relied upon to attend church three times. At their baptism, their wedding and their funeral. One might term them the hatch, match and despatch. Yet this is a very foolish limitation. If belief in Christ means anything it is going to ask more of our time than that. Holy Baptism is a very wonderful service. "We receive this child into the congregation of Christ's Flock and do sign him with the sign of the Cross in token that hereafter he shall not be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ Crucified and manfully fight under his banner against sin, the world, and the devil and continue Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto his life's end."

Those words were said to each one of us who is baptized. They were our Commission in the Army of Christ. He asks full time service every day from each of us in our lives and with our lips. It is very easy to get slack about coming to worship Christ and about lots of other things, as most of us know from painful experience.

It is often laziness, it is often lack of self-discipline. Anyway, let's snap out of it and start anew, remembering our calling as soldiers and servants of Christ.

There are services for men of all denominations, both on and off this camp, and you are most warmly invited to attend.

—R. O. MOSSOP

### UNIQUE CHURCH FONT

The picture on the opposite page is of a rather unusual and interesting Font which three of the "Pat" staff discovered whilst doing some exploring on a recent Island Cruise. The Font is to be found in the Church of St. Mary Magdalen, Mayne Island, and according to the church records this fascinating and curious piece of stone was fashioned into its remarkable shape by the action of the sea. It was discovered by Canon Paddon, the first clergyman of the church, on the rocks near East Point Lighthouse, and was rowed across Mayne Island by the worthy canon and a Mr. Grey, and then placed in a cruciform sandstone pedestal in the church. Around the base of the pedestal are carved in Greek symbols the word "Dorothea" in commemoration of the daughter of Canon Paddon. The photograph is the work of L.A.C. A. W. Gardner.

## The Fabulous British

London.—Ever since Mr. Churchill revealed the desperate conditions of Britain's defences during the summer and autumn of 1940, this correspondent has been titillating his imagination with a conception of what might have happened if the Nazis had invaded and occupied this island during that year.

My growing knowledge of the English character points to the conclusion that a successful Nazi invasion would have ended the war—in favour of the British. The Nazi occupation forces would have been driven completely batty; their commanders would certainly have perished of acute stomach ulcers brought about by aggravated frustration; and Hitler, in residence at Buckingham Palace, would have long since died of apoplexy. The war would have been over and the British, as usual, triumphant.

It is not, therefore, a matter of complete rejoicing that the Germans paused across the Channel when England had only 50 outmoded tanks and a few museum field pieces with which to repel the threatened invasion. Let me explain.

Take the average Englishman. He is a curious fellow. When he likes you, he can be completely charming. When he doesn't know you, he can be graciously civil. When he doesn't like you, he can cut you with a glance as though with a sabre. And his sense of humour is as murderous as a tommy-gun when it is pointed in a specific direction.

We have numerous stories of suicides among the German occupation troops in Holland, Belgium and France along with evidence that these troops were made unhappy by the frigid bearing of the civil population. Well, the Dutch, Belgians and French are amateurs at this sort of thing in comparison with the English. If German troops were occupying England, the Thames would be doing a rushing business nightly in Nazi suicides. The Englishman is a finished product at the game of behaving with the utmost correctness while slitting your throat with a well-turned phrase.

If I were betting on a contest between a gun-toting Nazi thug and an Englishman armed with his crisp sense of superiority, I would make the Englishman an odds-on favourite. The Nazi would certainly wind up with nervous exhaustion while the Englishman wound up having a cup of tea.

For instance, when the Englishman is thrown into the company of people he doesn't particularly like, he suddenly becomes slightly deaf. He acknowledges every attempt at conversation with a quizzical grunt and nothing more. This is an excruciating experience for the person trying to make the conversation, but it is only half the Englishman's instrument of social torture. He also becomes

incapable of speaking plainly. He mumbles in his beard words which cannot possibly be understood, thus completing the process of making the other fellow utterly uncomfortable.

Now, there is no person the Englishman hates more at this moment than the Hun. I can envision nothing more terrifying than the Englishman's hate if the Hun were occupying his country. He would so exasperate the invader as to make life for the Germans a nightmare. His ancient reticence would suddenly crystallize into a very sharp point. He would neither hear German instructions nor answer German questions. And the Hun would be helpless to deal with this bizarre people. The Englishman is an expert at the sort of mental jiu-jitsu which throws the bully every time.

But, you may argue, if the German invaded Britain, he might avenge his social frustration with liberal use of the firing squad. He might murder hundreds of thousands, particularly those in authority.

The reply to this argument is that this strange island without the British running it would be as useless to the Germans as a watch without the works. To the foreign mind, the British administrative and industrial organization is complicated beyond comprehension. How it has attained efficiency in this war is a profound mystery. The Germans could not solve it in a hundred years of trying.

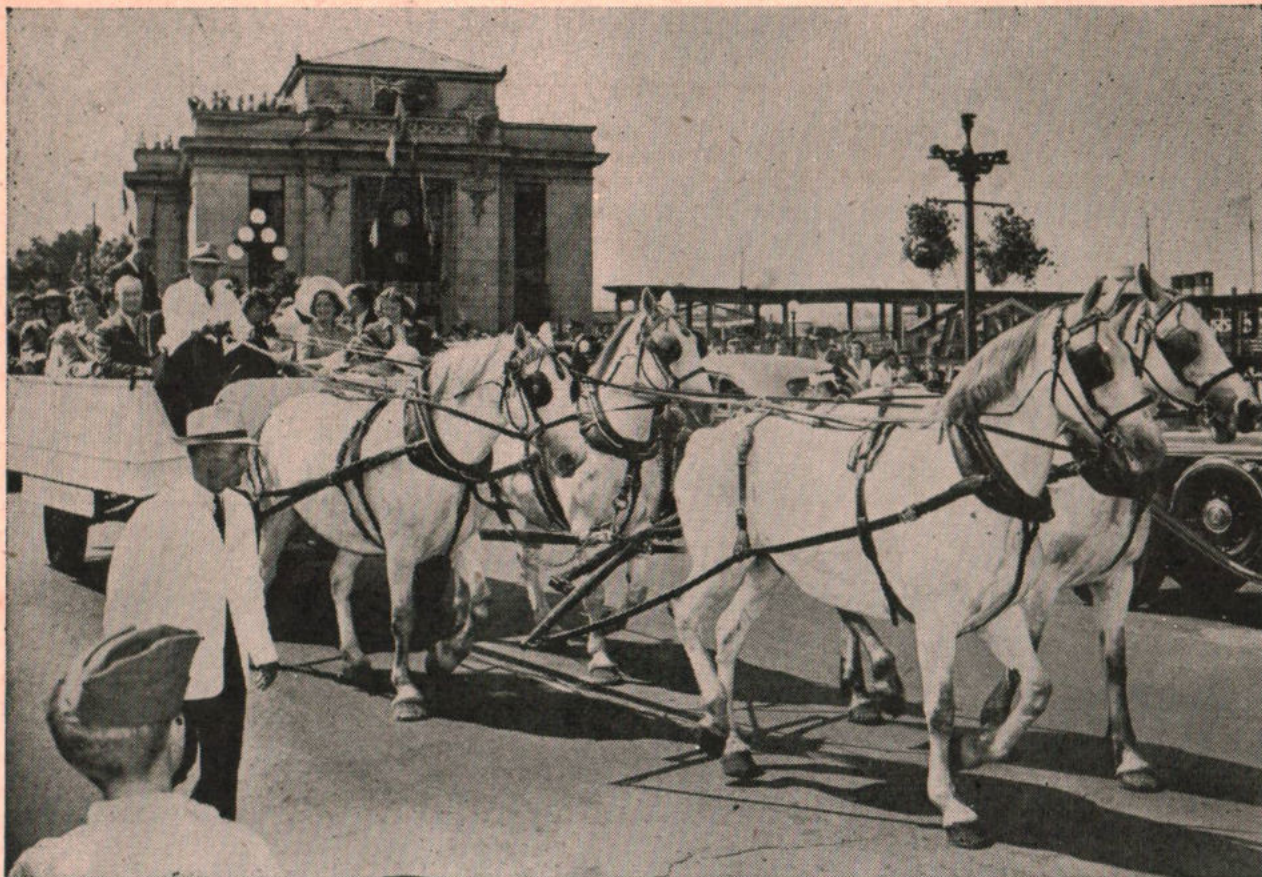
Take British war industry. A Nazi gauleiter placed in charge of British production would be rendered insane in 24 hours. The aircraft industry, for instance, is the product of a hundred thousand little workshops scattered all over the island. Vital parts are made in country garages and city cellars, each employing two or three men. How they are controlled and co-ordinated is something not even the Britisher can explain. But somehow they all work in concert. It is the prime example of British muddling through to excellent purpose. Given all the pieces of this jig-saw puzzle, a Nazi gauleiter couldn't put them together. Only a seemingly indolent Englishman, sitting at his desk while his secretary pours tea, manages to make the system work.

We apologise for printing this excellent article without acknowledgement—unfortunately the author is unknown.

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Ode to my sergeant. By 'Erkus Laborius' (A species of Bluecoated-Ayrman)

Dully and dumbly the  
depths of thy dumbness,  
Deaden and damp the dear  
delicate days,  
Thy lymphatic lump lies like  
leaden and limbless  
Lumber, that limits all  
laughter and lays.



—Courtesy of C. & C. Taxi Service Ltd.

"Travel the Way Grandma Did," is the slogan used to advertise the popular sightseeing tours by Tally-Ho in Victoria. American tourists especially favour this unique method of transport. The above picture shows Lady Hardwicke and Miss Anna Neagle arriving in Victoria during their tour of Canada, raising funds for the Air Cadet League.

### CONGRATULATIONS

To the following on their recent promotions we offer our congratulations: W/Cdr. E. L. Wurtele to Group Captain, F/Lts. N. K. Stansfeld and K. W. Trigance to Squadron Leader; F/O. F. A. Elbourne to Flight Lieutenant; P/O's D. T. Fisher, J. I. Dodds, I. J. Davis, C. T. Williams, A. Bilsland and W. Hunter to Flying Officer; F/Sgts. R. H. Colyer, W. Finlayson, E. Gunnerson, A. T. Kinne, E. A. Whitcombe, J. M. Wicken, H. T. Cameron, H. D. Moran and T. A. Sylvah to Warrant Officer; Sgts. C. Burwell and J. S. Maddocks to Flight Sergeant; Cpls. G. H. Slater and R. S. Pocock to Sergeant; L.A.C. B. G. Charlwood to Corporal.

Our best wishes are offered to the following on their recent marriages: S/Ldr. J. R. Cox, W/O's B. F. Pugh and H. D. Moran, F/Sgt. W. Boyes, Sgts. E. H. Wright and M. F. Margules, Cpl. J. H. Wood, L.A.C. M. France, and A.C.'s W. H. M. Nicholls and A. G. Bull.

Greetings to Shirley Joan Upton, Sandra Daphne Lane, Diane Mary Treasurer, Robert Wilfred Thompson, and William Greenhalgh, babies of Unit personnel.

# CORPORALS' CLUB PAGE



A month has passed during which it seems nothing of great interest has occurred. The football team has at last broken the spell of bad luck which has continually shadowed it, by winding up the season with a solid (?!?!?) win. In the next series there should be a different story, with the team well in practice and, it is hoped, increased support in the way of forthcoming players and also vocal encouragement from the touchline. A vote of thanks is due to Cpl. Alf Wall, the Captain of the side, and to Cpls. Wadsworth, Webb, Wood and Shields for their efforts on the Selection Committee.

The Club Room is now well patronized during the evening and the record-player is doing overtime. It is the aim of the Committee to build up a well-balanced library of records for use during the winter months and your suggestions as to suitable records and also for other forms of entertainment will be welcomed. Our thanks are due to Cpl. Rigby who has made an excellent Record Cabinet for the Club and his continued efforts in connection with the repair of Club furniture, etc., are also very much appreciated by all members. The periodicals come and the periodicals go, last month being a record in so far as the existence of "Esquire" was concerned—it remained in the Club Room for no less than five days.

No Corporals' Page would be complete without the announcement of a posting and this time it is the Secretary's turn to smile. He claims to be second only to "Poor Old Joe" (late of Pat Bay) in his ambition to return to the U.K. The new Secretary, Cpl. James, of Equipment Section, should prove a decided asset to the Club, particularly as he is not "due" for some considerable time.

—J.H.

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## ISLAND CRUISES

Have you been on the Islands Cruise yet? Time marches on, so don't let the opportunity pass you by. The trip is well recommended and you can always be assured of good company and a really pleasant time. Hand your name in to S/Ldr. Admin's office! Besides being a good way of spending your day off, it will get your sea legs ready for the journey home.



## “Meet the Missus”

Strange how opposites cling together. We all know the difficulties a couple of fellows meet because a perfectly beautiful female chooses as her bosom companion a wench whose figure and face are certainly not her fortune.

Jim and Willie were opposites of the opposite sex. After quarrelling their way through schooldays, they got into the same office, and were finally taken from their little homes and planked into the ranks of the R.A.F. In due course they were posted overseas to Canada.

As with all airmen at home or abroad, the long awaited fourteen days' leave came around, and they took a small flat in Victoria, two bedrooms with a sitting room. H. & C. thrown in. It was Jim's idea, he was the bright and breezy one. Willie would have been quite content with bed and breakfast at the Knights of Columbus, and would have economised on his hard-earned dollars.

Both had lady friends in town, thus conforming with the ethics of the R.A.F. Jim's girl was a quiet little dame who thought her dashing beau the most marvellous thing on earth, while Willie's heart-throb was a hard blonde, who, though she knew all the answers, kept asking questions. She and Jim's girl had never met; they didn't go to the same places.

Life in Victoria was progressing very pleasantly for Willie. He browsed around the park and the museum, and had several hectic days playing table tennis in the Y.M.C.A. One thing troubled him. Jim had discovered another lady friend in Victoria, a lady of considerable glamour, and she had appeared in the flat of late with extreme frequency and at hours that Willie thought not quite the thing. But as he went to bed at 10:30 promptly every evening, he wasn't really able to say exactly what time Jim's "bit of sugar" went home. When he did find out, he was not just worried, he was thunderstruck.

It happened on a bright Sunday morning. He rose at 8:30, put on his dressing gown and went into the sitting-room for the paper. As he opened his door, Jim's door was flung open wide, and there appeared a figure that took his breath away—the figure was not dressed for a long walk either.

"Hello, Honey," smiled the lady wanly, drawing her hand over her presumably fevered brow in the best Mata Hari style. "Where are those ruddy health salts"

Willie flew to the safety of his own bedroom, had his breakfast alone and spent the rest of the morning walking the streets wondering what to say to Jim, for, one thing was certain, this had to stop.

Around four p.m. he went back to the flat, firmly resolved to tell his friend to choose between him and the girl. Secretly he knew which Jim would choose, and foresaw a future in lonely lodgings for the rest of the leave.

In the flat the lady was reclining on the couch and she hadn't made much progress with her toilet. Jim was still pottering around in slippers, etc. "They might almost be married," thought Willie indignantly. However, he doffed his cap, straightened his tunic, strode in in what he considered to be an aggressive manner, and was just about to deliver his ultimatum when he heard the house-phone ring. Jim answered it and paled, as through the quiet room jangled the voice of the hall porter, "Your young lady to see you, Sir, coming up in the lift."

Amid a splutter of Air Force oaths, Jim eyed the beautiful one reclining on the couch in her Palm Beach attire, wildly. Willie, of course, was in an absolute panic.

Then he felt himself being pushed into his own bedroom, and, huddled against him, the glamour girl who had been bundled in with him.

He hardly had time to collect his wits when the door opened again, in flew a bundle of feminine whatnots, etc., and Jim's voice hissed "Pretend she's your wife, and help me out of this fix," and the door slammed again.

Willie agitatedly began sorting out the clothes that had been thrown in, realized whose they were, and blushing turned his face to the wall while she dressed.

Soon he heard voices in the next room, and plucking up his courage, he took hold of the knob and turned it, and stood aside to let the lady pass.

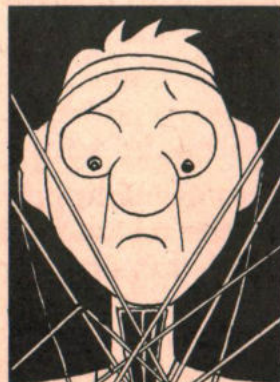
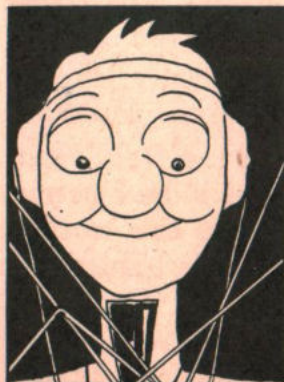
His heart beat wildly, his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and his eyes were tightly shut. At last he managed to quaver with a feeble smile, "This is my wife."

Then he opened his eyes and fainted.

The visitor wasn't Jim's girl, it was his own.

—MERE ERK

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART



## THE CENSORED PHOTOGRAPHS

The R.A.F. Officer's Wives Garden Party, it was anticipated, would provide many subjects which would be of pictorial interest, and I was asked to join in the pursuit of candid camera studies. Due to the existing film shortage and being at that time deficient of the necessary little red roll, "The Patrician" factotum offered me a cartridge for my camera. It was explained that this was a rewind film which had been cut from larger material (by "The Patrician" photographic staff) for the purpose of fitting a precision instrument the size of mine.

The camera was loaded and amidst many checkings of light values by the visual meter, subjects were sought. The ice cream vendor, the lightning artist, the rifle range, the hot dog outfit, all were "captured" unposed.

In due course the exposure had been made and at home the improvised dark room was prepared, completely blacked out, all light chinks covered, safe light into position. In trays the requisite chemicals were measured, temperatures tested, clock in position, all ready for action. The seal of the film pack of these exposures (which were to give negatives and prints to pass down to posterity) was broken, and the backing paper unrolled. Imagine my amazement when I found that the "reloaders of film" **had omitted to place any film in the roll!**

—K.D.A.

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### THOSE BRITISH KIDS

Again during the month the cricket team and "Smile" Show had the pleasure of visiting the Fairbridge Farm School for British children, whose good manners and loveable nature are a credit to the hard-working principal and staff. This grand crowd of youngsters again entertained us royally. Most of the day we spent bathing and sunbathing and avoiding being thrown into the river by this bunch of high-spirited kids. What a grand idea if each of these children could be "adopted" by members of this Unit. Having met them I am confident that the pleasure would be mutual. They are all longing to return to Britain to see their people just the same as we are—a few cheery words from us would help them a lot, and you will enjoy an occasional visit to Fairbridge. If this idea appeals to you, please get in touch with "The Patrician" office for further information.

—J.G.

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There was a crowded house in the Rec. Hall on Thursday, 12th August, for a welcome return visit of Miss Florence Clough's Concert Party. The producer and the artistes are to be congratulated on a really fine show, admirably produced. Thank you, Miss Clough.

# The Annual SPORTS DAY



THE VICTOR LUDORUM.



MRS. BALLANTYNE PRESENTS CUP TO SGT. OLIVER.



ANOTHER WINNER.

7<sup>th</sup> August  
1943



HEADQUARTERS.



GORTON LEADS THE RELAY.



A BURST FROM BRUMBY.



"FLIGHTS" THE UNIT WINNERS.



BILL REID SITS PRETTY



WATER SPLASH.



PUTTING THE WEIGHT.



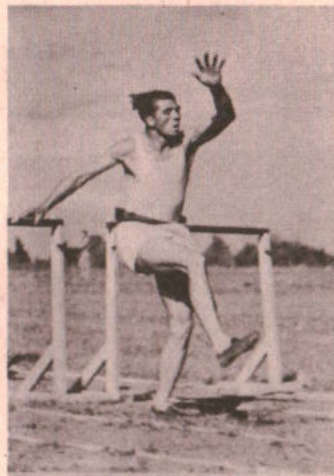
IN FLIGHT.



IN THE BAG



HEAVE HO!



HEP CAT.

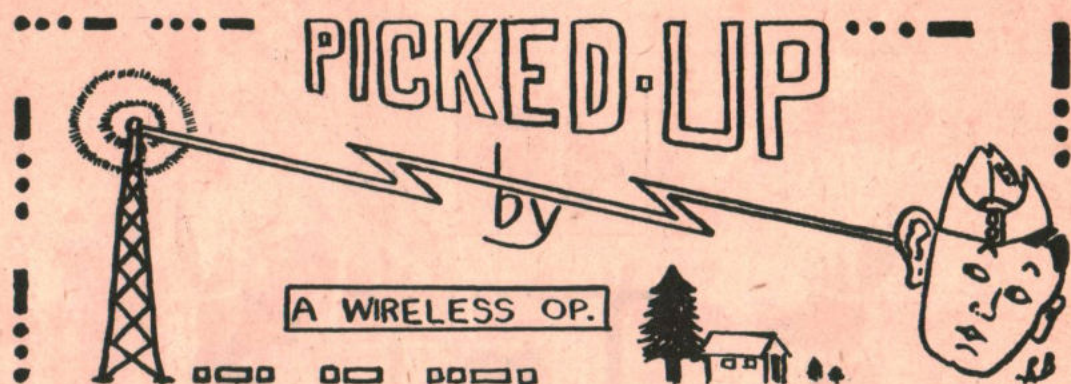
# SPORTS DAY PICTURES



THE WINNING PULL



LOOKING ON



### PUKKA GEN

Who are the cooks with the strange sense of humour—cold jelly on hot plates ?

✓ ✓ ✓

The strong silent man: The young clerk in S.H.Q. (L.A.C.) caught surreptitiously eating a raw carrot in the "Aleutians"—the iron has entered into his soul . . . or maybe it is to improve his night vision !

✓ ✓ ✓

After the Kennels have been erected, it is understood that W/O Day will be appointed the first Master of the Pat Bay Hunt.

✓ ✓ ✓

Who was the W.A.G. who, when using half an Anson call sign and half a Hampden call sign and was asked by Signals if he was in a "Hamson" gave a reply in the affirmative ?

✓ ✓ ✓

Why the sudden S.O.S. for safety pins on the night of the Army Show in the Recreation Hall, and was a certain F/Sgt.'s face red ?

✓ ✓ ✓

The "floating chocks" erk who now has a signature tune—"Everything at home goes underneath the bed."

✓ ✓ ✓

Who is the F.B.I. Agent in "C" Flight collecting a "rogues gallery"—and who are the "rogues" ?

✓ ✓ ✓

An Anson arrived at a U.S. Air Station. "What aircraft is this ?" queried the rather amazed Yankee.

"Better ask the pilot," said an R.A.F. erk. "It isn't off the official list yet."

### DUFF GEN

Question of the moment: Will Flossie have aero-pups ?

✓ ✓ ✓

Who is the drummer-boy who sings, "Don't get around much any more" ?



## Mr. and Mrs. Coyote and Their Magic Kettle

This is the first of a series of B.C. Indian Legends concerning Mr. Coyote, who was a great leader among the Animal People in the far-off days. The illustrations are the work of Indian schoolchildren from Lytton, B.C. We are indebted to the Society for the Furtherance of B.C. Indian Arts and Crafts for permission to publish this series.

Long, long ago when the animal people lived in British Columbia they were all very friendly together and looked loyally to Mr. Coyote as their Leader. They were clever folk, so that when after many years Mankind first appeared in their world it was the Animal People who taught these men how to build shelters against wind and rain, how to make fires for warmth and how to make stone tools.

Before Mr. and Mrs. Coyote left the Sky-World the Father of Mysteries gave Mrs. Coyote this wonderful kettle of coiled basket work; it could hold water and cook food; but, of much greater importance, it had the magic power to grant the wishes of its owner and to protect her from danger. Who can be surprised at the care taken by Mrs. Coyote of this precious gift, for it possessed another amazing property. If by chance Mrs. Coyote was injured a sweet herb or flower or fine shady tree instantly sprang up to heal the wound. And once when by accident Mrs. Coyote was shot in one arm and lost much strength, at that exact moment a much needed stream began to flow on a far distant hill-side, providing an ample supply of pure water for the thirsty folk who lived there.

So the Animal People felt very sad when, after Mrs. Coyote had spent four thousand years amongst them, she decided to climb up the Magic Ladder down which she had come to earth, and return to the Great Father of Mysteries, taking with her this precious Magic Basket.

The full series of legends are published in book form—"Meet Mr. Coyote"—obtainable at most bookstalls in Victoria. Price, 25c.

# TALES

FROM THE

# TARMAC

The Tarmac Bouquet for this month goes to Sgt. Ken Dunn for his sentimental rendering of "Let's Get Lost" on the occasion of the recent Unit Dance at the Crystal Garden. Won't Frank Sinatra be jealous, Sarge?

It's no small wonder that our cherub-faced guardian of the Central Registry was regarded as a "Leading Air Cadet" by two old ladies at the Bus Depot. Did you tell them your real age, Hickling?

Newest member of the Props Club is the genial "Hot Dogs" Turner. "Brew your way to promotion, my lad," says our No. 1 Tea Masher.

"So you're wearing shorts, now, Mr. B——?" "Wot's this, a bit of fog?" replied the redoubtable W/O, displaying a solid portion of bare knee.

It has been suggested that Cpl. Bill Pomeroy's Running Commentary on the Telephone would be a smash-hit in the next "Smile" Show.

It actually happened . . . The Station Barber, "Happy Harry," was detailed by higher authority to get his hair cut! "Nobody is safe, these days," commented our diminutive tonsorial artist.

Flight Lieutenant Herbert informs us that the proceeds from the sale of his record lettuce crop will go toward the foundation of "Patricia Bay Agricultural Research Institute."

Sgt. "Totem-Pole" Madely obviously believes in carving his way to victory. We understand his latest model depicts the history of his many adventures during his current tour of duty.

Then there was the clerk who turned up in his bathing suit because Chiefy Brolly told him he was detailed for the Typing Pool.

The writer of this column is pleased to announce that he will soon be telling tales from another Tarmac. R.O.T.B.

F.I.M.



Proud parents and their babies photographed at the Hostess House after the R.A.F. Christening Service at Sidney on Sunday, 15th August. Left to right: Sgt. and Mrs. W. Thompson and Robert Wilfred; F/Sgt. and Mrs. H. A. Preece and Tina Mavis Anne; W/O and Mrs. W. L. Hartwell and Philip Charles; L.A.C. and Mrs. P. R. Wright and Patricia Irene.

# ● SPORT ●

## SOCCER

The games in the Inter Barrack Block Summer League are still in progress, although Barrack Block 8B, now at the head of the league, are in such a position that they cannot be beaten.

This Summer League has been a great success and now we must prepare for the coming soccer season, when we hope to be able to turn out a Unit XI which will have a better season than our team of last year.

—J.D.T.

## CRICKET

At present we stand well out at the head of the Victoria & District League and if present form is maintained should have no great difficulty in holding that position. Our victories have not been without shock, as when the Navy put us out for 46, only to fall themselves at 34.

We have also fared well against the Spencer's XI on Wednesday afternoons. We lost one of these games in July, mainly because we did not field a full team. When possible, this team is made up of men who are unable to make the First XI, so that if you want to play cricket join in any net practice, for each week difficulty is found in completing the team.

Vancouver paid us another visit on August 8th and we again won an enjoyable game. The scores were lower than we have experienced before; we were all out for 85 against their 72. Our bowling honours were shared, although Sammes had to take the brunt of all the work once more. Schofield, playing his first game for us, gave a fine display in scoring 44 runs. We have one more game to play against them on Labour Day, when we hope to complete a good record for our series.

**Results:** 28.7.43 v. **Spencer's**—R.A.F. 104; Spencer's, 56.

31.7.43 v. **Albion**—Albion, 60; R.A.F., 61 for 1.

4.8.43 v. **Spencer's**—R.A.F., 82; Spencer's, 91 for 6.

8.8.43 v. **Vancouver**—R.A.F., 85 (Schofield, 44); Vancouver, 73.

14.8.43 v. **Five C's**—R.A.F., 95 (Sheffield, 48); Five C's, 29 (Sammes, 6 for 5).

—T.H.W.

## TENNIS

August has proved a much better month for tennis. On Wednesday, August 4th, a return match was played against the R.C.A.F. and resulted in a win for the Unit. The team was as follows: S/Ldr. Flaherty, F/Lt. Allen, F/O Kendall, W/O Sylvah, Cpl. Heppenstall and L.A.C. Johnson.

An American Naval Air Station invited the Unit Team to the U.S. on Saturday, 14th August. The team put up a good show but were beaten by the Americans. The welcome and the hospitality our guests offered us were thoroughly enjoyed by the team, who offer their grateful thanks. F/Lt. Allen, F/O Kendall, F/O Hollis, L.A.C.'s Parker, Johnson and Day represented the Unit.

The Unit open tournament has now reached the final round, with Cpl. Heppenstall playing L.A.C. Parker for the Championship.

—T.D.

### GOLF

Congratulations to F/Sgt. Ashworth on winning second prize in the All Ranks Inter-Service Competition at Colwood during the past month. It was unfortunate that the club had only a few hours' notice of this event, thus depriving many of its members from participating, due to prior engagements.

A very marked keenness for the game is being shown by a number of long-handicap players and we are looking forward to seeing displays as dazzling as their new clubs. A competition was played over the Ardmore Course, honours going to the following: P/O Ransome and Sgt. Mahan; F/Sgt. Ashworth and A.C. Bertsch; Sgt. Cowley and Cpl. Roach; Cpl. Thornley and L.A.C. Byworth.

A word of warning. It will be to the advantage of all when playing over a strange course to acquaint themselves with the local rules and at the same time strictly observe the rules and etiquette of golf.

—J.T.D.

### BOXING

On the 29th July, 1943, a boxing tournament was held in the Unit outdoor ring, between the Unit team and a combined team from the R.C.A.F. and the Army.

By far the best bout of the evening was the exhibition fight between F/O Rawles and A.C. Brunty. It was a very evenly fought contest and a fine display of clever boxing.

The most comical bout of the evening was between A.C. Bailey (R.A.F.) and A.C. Willia (R.C.A.F.). Several of the spectators wondered whether Bailey was boxing or doing a rumba.

Our thanks are due to Sgt. Babbin of the Army and L.A.C. Passmore of the R.A.F. for slipping into the ring at the last minute and filling in for contestants who were unable to take part. Sgt. Babbin, with his shaven head, received quite a few witty remarks from the spectators, and lost a close decision to L.A.C. Daniels.

Passmore, although heavier than L.A.C. Belanger of the R.C.A.F., did not have things all his own way and Belanger, who was the younger by about 14 years, won the bout by a fairly large margin of points.

After the boxing, an excellent supper was served in the boxing Gym, at which the Commanding Officer presented the prizes, and congratulated the competitors on a very fine show.

It is hoped to hold many more of these shows during the coming months, but to make this possible everyone who is interested, or who can box, should turn out regularly for training every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon between 1600 and 1700 hrs.

### ATHLETICS

Our annual Sports Day on Saturday, August 7th, was a great success in every possible way, with ideal weather, an enthusiastic crowd, and keen competition amongst the participants. The Commanding Officer was well satisfied with the efforts made.

Training Wing made an early sprint and maintained the lead in points to half-way through the meet. However, Flights decided that it was high time they took over. It was touch and go to the last, with the relays and final tug-of-war left to decide the issue. As a result the Flights are Unit Champions for the next year.

The total points are divided as follows: Flights, 61; Training, 59; S.H.Q., 41; Repairs, 38.

The team spirit was maintained throughout the programme and all results were hotly contested.

All sections are to be congratulated on their co-ordinated efforts. The Flights in particular showed excellent team work, largely due, no doubt, to the "Day-ly" work out!

Repair Squadron carried off the Tug-of-War final by dint of their sheer determination—results amply justified their careful training.

The outstanding individuals were: Sgt. Oliver (Training) F/Sgt. Jeffery (Training), F/O Smythe (Training), Sgt. Robson (Training), Cpl. Seal (Flights), Cpl. Webb (H.Q.) and L.A.C. Brumby (Repairs). Sgt. Oliver, with 15 points, won the Victor Ludorum Trophy.

Prizes were presented by Mrs. S. Ballantyne, the wife of F/Lt. Ballantyne of this Unit.

The day concluded with dancing in all Messes, the R.A.F. Dance Band providing the music in the Recreation Hall.

Amongst those present were Major-General A. E. Potts; Commissioner T. W. S. Parsons; Alderman Morgan, representing Mayor Andrew McGavin; the Headmaster of Brentwood College, and Group Captain E. L. Wurtele.

The officials carried out their duties very efficiently, including our Sports Officer as a very patient starter.

A lot of hard work was put in on the sports field by the Sports Section and Torpedo Section. Thanks are also due to the Navy for the loan of their hurdles; the Unit W. & B. for their assistance and last but not least the Unit Workshops for the many calls on their carpenters.

The result of the 5-Mile Road Race in Victoria showed the consistent enthusiasm of our athletes. Sgt. Oliver of Training Wing was well up in front till forced to retire late in the race due to stomach

cramp. A.C. McKeller of "C" Flight crept up and came in 4th with the R.A.F. finishing a close second in the team placing.

The Navy put up a fine show by winning and recording the fast time of 26 minutes. It is hoped that this Unit will enter a large number for the proposed Five Mile Road Race and Three Mile "Commando" Walk on September 18th in Victoria. Let us show the Army and Navy what the Air Force can do.

—J.T.

### SQUASH

All ranks are invited to attend squash instruction every Monday evening from 1700 to 1800 hours in the Station Squash Court, commencing Monday, August 16th, 1943. Instruction will be given by Wing Commander L. P. Gibson, Squadron Leader R. Mossop and Flight Sergeant Jeffery. Come along in Squash kit with white rubber soled shoes. Racquets will be provided.

### SWIMMING

On August 4th and 5th the Unit Swimming Team paid a visit to Kelowna in the Okanagan Valley, the centre of the fruit country of B.C. The occasion of the visit was the Kelowna Aquatic Regatta, where representatives from all over Canada and the United States compete for the B.C. Swimming Championships. This is the first time in the history of the Regatta that an R.A.F. team has entered this competition and it is with pleasure that we record the success of their first visit.

Two very fine Water-Polo demonstrations were given, and the relay team brought back the B.C. 400 yards Open Relay Cup, the team comprising F/Sgt. Rivers, Sgt. Keegan and L.A.C.'s Kewell and Dolan.

The B.C. Breaststroke Championship was also brought back to the Unit, L.A.C. Kewell winning a very fine race and Sgt. Keegan finishing 3rd. The representatives of the Unit were F/Lt. Kidd, F/Lt. Spiers, W/O Finlayson, F/Sgt. Gregory, F/Sgt. Rivers, Sgt. Thorner, Cpl. Keegan, L.A.C. Kewell and L.A.C. Dolan. Cpl. Keegan was extremely unfortunate in having to be taken to hospital with a severe attack of cramp after the first length of the 150 yards medley Relay Championship. He was discharged the following day and was able to play in the Water Polo Match.

F/Sgt. Gregory swam a good race in the 400 yards free style, finishing 4th. F/Lt. Kidd acted as judge in the beauty competition and his choice was approved by the other members of the team as well as at least 10,000 spectators.

The sincere thanks of the team are extended towards the people of Kelowna for a very fine time during their stay there and we take this opportunity to congratulate the R.A.F. team on a fine show. We hope to hear more from them on the 9th September at the Inter-Service Swimming Meet at the Crystal Garden, Victoria.

# SPORTS DAY SWAPS HOT



*YOUR MOVE*



*SGT'S MESS DANCE*



*NEXT PLEASE*



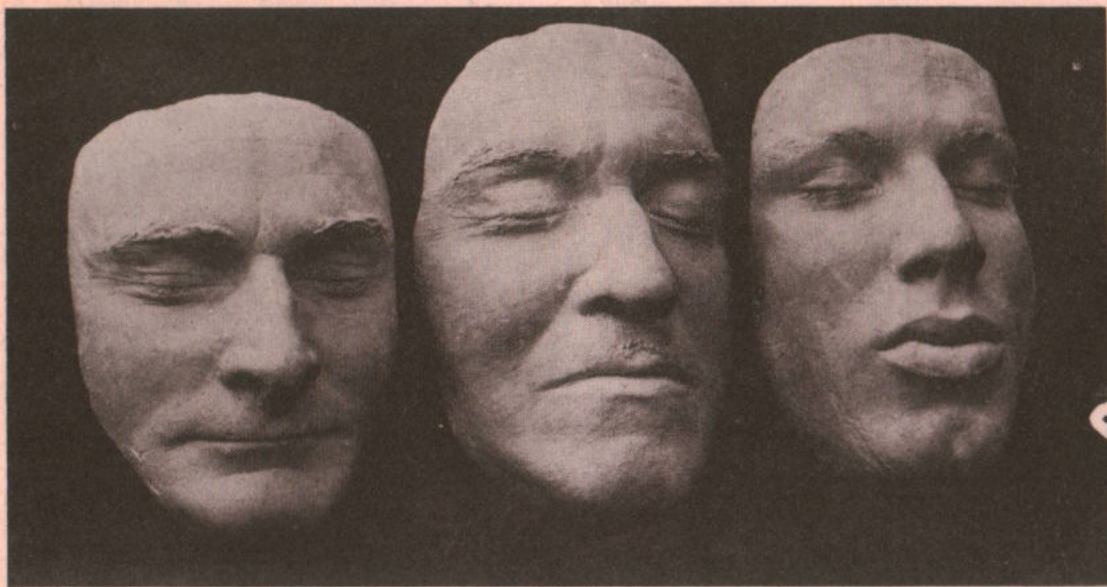
*VISITORS*



*AMONGST THOSE PRESENT . . .*



*AIRMEN'S DANCE INTERMISSION*



**PLASTERED**

PTE. D.M. GUNN, SGT J.H. BREEN, CPL. G. RUSSELL  
of the ROYAL CANADIAN DENTAL CORPS.

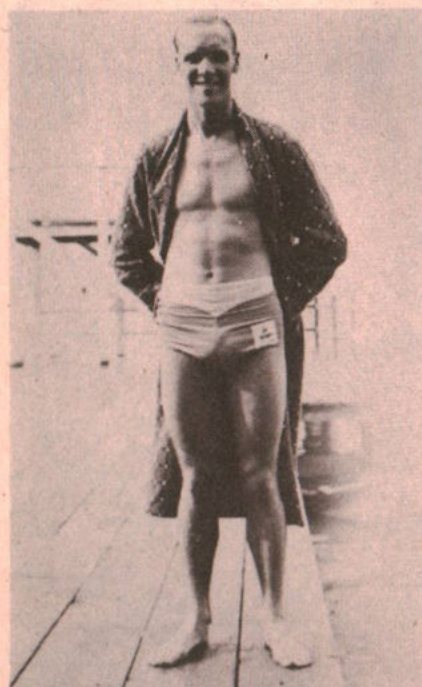


FLY KIDD "THE LADY OF THE LAKE"  
SGT KEEGAN AT THE  
KELOWNA AQUATIC REGATTA



INDIAN PICNIC (SEE ARTICLE)

# ODDS & ENDS



L.A.C. KEWELL  
100 YDS. BREAST STROKE, CHAMPION OF B.C.



MEN AT WORK

## MASK MAKING

The "death masks" on the opposite page were made from "life" by members of the Dental Clinic, whose images they are. First the face is greased—especially the eyelashes and eyebrows—then, after a wall has been built around the face and two straws inserted in the nostrils to allow breathing, plaster of paris is poured over and allowed to set to form a mould. Later a cast is taken from the mould—and there is the finished article. Unfortunately for Cpl. Russell not enough grease was put on his face, consequently when the mould was removed so were his eyebrows and eyelashes!—quite a painful process but the result is a very lifelike addition to the completed masks!

The masks are now on view in "The Patrician" Office along with a pictorial history of the Unit and several other interesting exhibits. Call in and see them sometime. You'll only be asked to drop a coin in "The Pat Fund" tin.

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### SPORTS DAY DANCES

Music by the Unit Dance Orchestra was relayed from the Corporal's and Airmen's Dance in the Recreation Hall to the Officers' and Sergeants' Messes. The Spot Dance winners were Miss Irene Hill and A.C. Richards and Miss Irene Godfrey and L.A.C. Seal.

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## Musical Merry-Go-Round



Although small in number, the Band is still as popular as ever and many calls are made on its services. A recent novel engagement was the open-air session in Sidney on the occasion of the "Jitney" Street Dance, organised by the local committee of the I.O.D.E. With the side-walk for a bandstand and the tarmac for a dance-floor Beacon Avenue was very much alive, and a very brisk business was done in the cause of charity at 5c per dance. We are pleased to record that our former Leader, Flight Sergeant Jackson (plus his moustache) made a welcome re-appearance as "Guest Pianist," to the delight of his many friends in Sidney; whilst L.A.C. Scott put up a very good show on the Sax.

Other engagements last month were the Unit Dance at the Crystal Garden, Victoria, on 17th August, and a last minute call to play at the R.C.A.F. Airmen's Dance at Patricia Bay, a very enjoyable function, too. Then there was the "Non-stop Jam Session" in the Airmen's Canteen one Thursday night, which left some of the newcomers gasping! Good work, Ronnie!

—F.I.M.



### Vth SYMPHONY

This is such music as the spheres might make  
 While God Almighty listens to their tune;  
 Chords that the ages pass and leave immune  
 Till Gabriel's Trumpet makes the Heavens quake.  
 Surging relentlessly, as ocean waves;  
 Clear their insistent cadence sounds the knell  
 Of tyrants doomed to everlasting hell,  
 And sweeps away the chains that bind their slaves.  
 Hark! The crescendo swells and calls to view,  
 Beyond the thundering war cloud's sable pall,  
 A vision clear that sounds a clarion call,—  
 Hope echoing round the firmament anew.

—  
 Freedom to think!—uncurb'd by Fascist rod.

—  
 Freedom to live!—in harmony with God.

—R. TAYLOR

### WHY "PRANG"?

Letter in London Telegraph:—

Sir: The first time I heard the word "prang" I asked the pilot officer who used it, "Why prang?" His reply was, "Well, what else could you call it?"

In other words, prang is an onomatopoeia derived from the sound of the impact of a metal aircraft with the ground. Its usage in connection with enemy targets is a natural and obvious extension, but the word was coined as being more expressive than "crash," which was adequate in the days of wooden aircraft.

So please may the experts refrain from devising far-fetched explanations for this simple word. We are not experts in either Gaelic or Norwegian in the Royal Air Force, but we retain the knack of coining the right word without thinking how we do it. Prang is a worthy successor to joy-stick and all the other flying slang of long ago.

—PATRICK KING,  
 Group Captain, R.A.F.

Upton-on-Severn.

# NOTES ≡ NEWS ≡ NONSENSE

It may be coincidence of course—but the other day three of our wisecracks from the July issue of this page came in over the air from Radio Station CJOR at Vancouver on "Mr. G.G.'s" programme. So, to that well-known and cheerful announcer, we say with regard to this page, "good huntin'!"

✓ ✓ ✓

Napoleon, so history tells us, always wore a red shirt, so that if he were wounded in the heat of battle, his troops would not realise it and panic.

Hitler, so history tells us, always wears brown shirts.

✓ ✓ ✓

The I.O.D.E. Street Dance, held at Sidney on the evening of Saturday, 14th August, was an innovation to the R.A.F. personnel.

✓ ✓ ✓

A literal definition:

A particular guy is one who won't spit down a sewer.

✓ ✓ ✓

A bored cat and an interested cat were watching a game of tennis. "You seem very interested in tennis," said the bored cat. "It's not that," said the interested cat, "but my old man's in the racket."

✓ ✓ ✓

I once knew a land girl named Mabel,  
Who to milk a cow was unable,  
To get over her fright,  
She practiced at night  
With sausages under the table.

✓ ✓ ✓

Have you heard the one about the old lady who thought that smelling salts were sailors with B.O. . . . Also the smart young thing who thought virgin wool came from the sheep that could run the fastest.

✓ ✓ ✓

"Pop, look at the lovely boid."

"How many more times have I got to tell you not to say 'boid.' It isn't a 'boid.'"

"Well, it choips like a boid."

✓ ✓ ✓

The Dancing Classes on the Unit are very popular and, judging by the record attendance and the standard aimed at, tickets for future dances at the Corporals' and Airmen's dances may be at a premium. Why not participate and learn all the latest steps?

## NOTES ~ NEWS ~ NONSENSE (Continued)

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A very successful Unit Dance was held in the Crystal Garden Ballroom, Victoria, on Tuesday, 17th August, when a large crowd of Unit personnel and their friends attended. Sgt. Ronnie Brohn and the R.A.F. Band supplied the music.

✓ ✓ ✓

Thought for the day:

If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again, and then quit—because it's no good being silly about it.

✓ ✓ ✓

On Thursday, 19th August, the Army put on a really excellent performance in the Recreation Hall to a full house. The numbers were well received, altogether a jolly good show.

✓ ✓ ✓

I can't bear children  
Who are scrawny and pale,  
I can't bear children  
Because I'm a male.

✓ ✓ ✓

A preacher walked into a saloon, ordered milk, and by mistake was served with milk punch. After drinking it, the holy man lifted his eyes to heaven and was heard to exclaim, "Oh Lord, what a cow!"

✓ ✓ ✓

Epitaph on a famous Marshall: "Veni, Vidi, Vichy."

✓ ✓ ✓

If a Bishop gets a boil on his chin, is it a celestial gathering—or does it matter.

✓ ✓ ✓

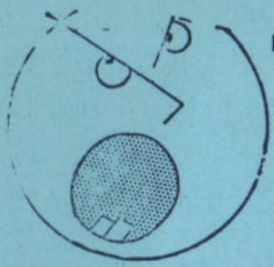
Two lady cats were sitting below a fence watching a gentleman cat clean his face.

No. 1 lady cat: "I think I can go for him."

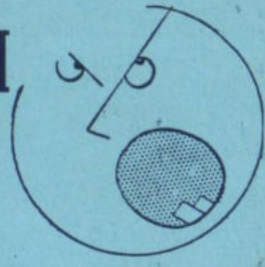
"No. 2 lady cat: "Oh, he isn't so hot. I was out with him last night and all he did was talk about his operation."

✓ ✓ ✓

Heard the one about the absent-minded schoolmistress who, when in trouble with the gears of her car, said to a policeman on traffic duty, "I can't attend to you yet—put your hand down."



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# CINEMA SHOWS

## *September*

- Wed., 1st**—"NOW VOYAGER"—Bette Davies, Claude Rains.  
**Sun., 5th**—"ADVENTURES OF MARTIN EDEN"—Glenn Ford, Claire Trevor.  
**Mon., 6th**—"WRECKING CREW"—Jean Parker, Richard Arlen.  
**Wed., 8th**—"EDGE OF DARKNESS"—Errol Flynn, Ann Sheridan.  
**Sun., 12th**—"SHUT MY BIG MOUTH"—Joe E. Brown, Adele Mara.  
**Mon., 13th**—"LUCKY JORDAN"—Alan Ladd, Helen Walker.  
**Wed., 15th**—"ONE FOOT IN HEAVEN"—Frederic March, Martha Scott.  
**Sun., 19th**—"NIGHTMARE"—Brian Donlevy, Diana Barrymore.  
**Mon., 20th**—"WESTPOINT WIDOW"—Ann Shirley, Richard Denning.  
**Wed., 22nd**—"MISSION TO MOSCOW"—Walter Huston, Ann Harding.  
**Sun., 26th**—"NIGHTMARE"—Brian Donlevy, Diana Barrymore.  
**Mon., 27th**—"CHINA"—Loretta Young, Alan Ladd.  
**Wed., 29th**—"THE HARD WAY"—Ida Lupino, Dennis Morgan.

The above programme is subject to alteration

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