The PATRICIAN



October 1943

The Magazine of the
ROYAL AIR FORCE
BRITISH COLUMBIA

20 CENTS

List of Officers and Airmen in Charge of Unit Activities

SPORT

Sports Officer: F/O E. Colchester.

Soccer	P/O Spruell, L.A.C. Boulter.
Rugby	F/Lt. Spiers.
Cricket	F/O Ballantyne, Cpl. Webb
Boxing	F/O Rawles, F/O Rocks, Sgt. Thorner
Swimming	F/Lt. Kidd, Sgt. Keegan
Tennis	F/O Hollis, Cpl. Heppenstall
Golf	F/Lt. Cave, L.A.C. Drake
Squash	W/Cdr. Gibson.
Badminton	F/O Gallon
Field and Track	F/O Tickle, Cpl. Webb
Volleyball, Basketball, Softball	Y.M.C.A. Supervisor
Miniature Rifle Club	F/O Bilsland, P/O Preddy
Horse Riding Club	G/Capt. Wurtele, S/Ldr. Goode
Mountaineering Club	F/O Gallon, Y.M.C.A. Supervisor

ENTERTAINMENTS, CLUBS, ETC.

Entertainments, Stage, Shows, etc.	F/Lt. Herbert, Cpl. Gosley
Cinema Shows	Y.M.C.A. Supervisor, Sgt. Priestly
Unit Library	F/O Gallon, L.A.C. Chaffey
Hobbies	F/O Wilkinson, L.A.C. Shaw
Indoor Games	F/L Smith, Y.M.C.A. Supervisor
Cycle Rentals, Island Cruises	P/O Wooton
"The Patrician"	F/O Smith, Cpl. Gosley
Unit Dance Band	Sgt. Brohn, L.A.C. Minto
Garden Allotments	F/O Mackenzie
"The Pat" Fund	P/O Wooton, Cpl. Gosley
Housie-Housie	F/O Rocks, Y.M.C.A. Supervisor
Canada Clubs	F/O Mackenzie
Evening Education Classes	F/O Gallon
Dramatic Club	P/O Evans, F/O Penikett
Music Appreciation	S/Ldr. Mossop
Station Welfare	S/Ldr. Mossop
Hospital Scheme	S/Ldr. Mossop
Airmen's Dances	F/Lt. Herbert, Cpl. Gosley
Debating Society	F/O Mackenzie
Chess Club	F/O Connor
Corporals' Club	P/O Wooton
Hospitality, Holidays, Special Tours, etc.	Y.M.C.A. Supervisor
Australian Comforts	F/Lt. Wilson

The Cinema Programme did not arrive in time to appear in this, the usual position.

THE PATRICIAN

by kind permission of Group Captain E. L. Wurtele

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CPL. M. ROBSON

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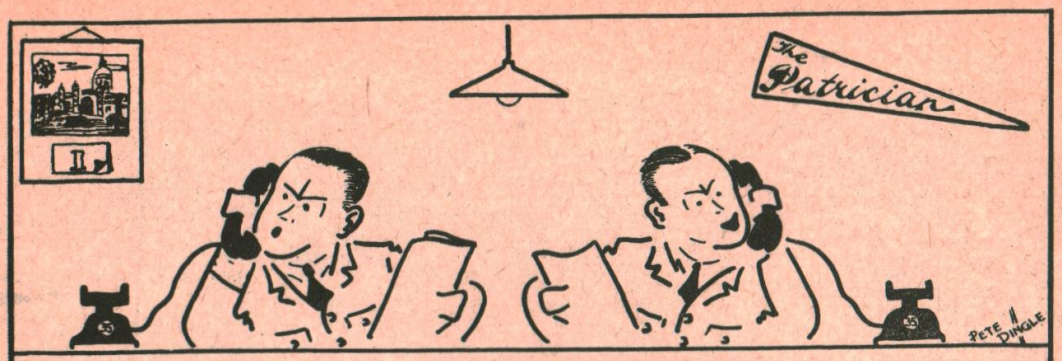
Douglas Street, Victoria



— THE EDITORS SPEAK —

Vol. 5, No. 1 **OCTOBER, 1943** **20 CENTS**

In offering the Second Anniversary Number to our readers we don't want to write a testimonial for ourselves, but we do want to say that we hope your enjoyment will be equal to the thought and labour which have gone into its production and the pride and pleasure we feel in presenting it.

Our first number, in October, 1941, was a lean infant of 30 pages, including 10 pages of advertisements and 2 pages of pictures; 750 copies were sold. Today the average monthly number has 48 to 52 pages, including at least 12 pages of pictures, but with no advertisements except the light-hearted efforts inside the covers. The circulation has risen to 2,000 copies, usually sold out within a day or two, and often many more could have been sold.

These figures speak for themselves. Coupled with the appreciative references received by members of the Unit in letters from home, and the messages which continually reach the magazine office from all parts of the world, they show general approval of the aims which we have had in mind from the outset, namely: first, to provide a means of expression for the literary and artistic talent of our community; second, to record for future reading and for the interest of our readers at home impressions in word and picture of the countryside in which we are living and the people who are our neighbours and friends; third, to provide as much light reading as possible, and a record of the lighter side of camp life—our life and activities in times of leisure, our sports, entertainments, hobbies, dances, parties and other activities which counterbalance the underlying seriousness and grim intent of all that we do during our working hours. In short, we believe that our chief purpose should be to entertain and amuse, to cover matters of particular local and personal interest, and not to trespass on the province of the general press and the radio.

We often feel that we would like to tell more of the work of this Unit, of our part in the Air Training Scheme, the flying hours put in, the number of air-crew who have passed through this Unit and are now fighting over the world's battlefields, the labour and organisation required to "keep 'em flying." But these are secret matters, so it remains for us to record the lighter aspects of our life here and, we hope, to demonstrate the truth of Mr. Churchill's phrase—"Grim, but Gay."

—THE EDITORS



Victoria the Beautiful

By Sandham Graves, newly-appointed Editor of The Victoria Daily Colonist

A community acquires a character in one hundred years, something that is the product not alone of the place but also of the generations of men and women who have grown up in it, helped to fashion its very shape. Without a knowledge of its history it would be difficult to define the character of Victoria, the beautiful. Hard-headed Scotsmen in the early fur trade designed and built the fort in 1843, developed the first farms outside of its stockaded walls, constructed the first flour mill, sent north for coal, and around the Horn to England for letters of credit and of administration.

With colonial trappings came law and a semblance of order. English jurisprudence held trial in the wilderness. A Colonial Legislature imposed customs and excise. Victoria found itself first the capital of the Crown Colony of Vancouver Island, and then the capital of a united British Columbia. But its trade was by water, at first by sail and then by steam, and that trade grew. Then came the Cariboo gold rush, with its fever and excitement, with the influx of thousands of American miners almost overnight. Victoria expanded into an outfitting tent-town of 10,000 people, most of them gold-mad. The gold ran out, and Victoria returned to its sober business of trade by water.

The arrival of the Royal Navy at Esquimalt gave the community a fresh impetus, and new spirit. So did pelagic sealings, in the days when Victoria harbour was a forest of schooner masts. Meanwhile settlement came, and grew. No longer afraid for its reason-to-be, Victoria settled down into being what it was, a comfortable, quiet community sheltered in an unrivalled location with regard to



PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, VICTORIA, B.C.

ANDREW McGAVIN
MAYOR

CITY OF VICTORIA, B.C.

OFFICE OF THE MAYOR

17th August 1943.

The Editor.
The Patrician.
R.A.F.
Box 200.
Patricia Bay. B.C.

Dear Mr Editor;-

Allow me to extend to you and your Associates my sincere congratulations on the publication of your Anniversary number and, in so doing, convey to all your readers a word of appreciation from our citizens to the members of the Royal Air Force who are stationed in this area.

I do not think you really need me to say that the men from the Homeland are welcome visitors because I know, and you know, that the members of the R.A.F., have quickly found friends in this part of the world and as your men are 'posted' home or to other Stations we also know they carry with them happy memories of their stay at Pat Bay.

You should be proud of the 'Patrician' and its record and the genuine value of its 'news', humour, fiction and fact which is serving to keep the men on the Station a happy and contented family.

Good luck and good wishes for the future,

Yours faithfully,

R.W. Gavin

Mayor.



climate, scenery and natural charms. This was the budding season of its art and its music, its many developed cultures, its broad reading in days when there was time to read and to reflect. Courtesy, self-control, an independent mind, respect for the rights and privacy of others, an ingrained but unobtrusive hospitality—these things were born then, as they persist today.

British Columbia joined the Union of Canada, bargaining for "a wagon road." It was given a transcontinental railway. Victoria became the first and last port of call of British trade on the great Pacific, and settled down with a second wind to the business of growing. But living came first, existence was not enough. Quite early as a community Victoria learned the art of living, and living well. Three wars took a drain of its manhood. Victorians served at Paardeburg, at Ypres, at Dieppe, where grandsons of men in the South African campaign stood up to the foe. In this war particularly they have gone heavily into the Royal and Royal Canadian Navy, and by the hundreds to air crews in the Royal and Royal Canadian Air Force. Today there is no warmer spot in Victoria's heart than for those lads who have come to take their places from the hub of the Empire and the Dominion overseas. It is the same breed and stock—a fighting one.

Not we, but others, have called this Victoria, the beautiful. Someone asked Rudyard Kipling once to describe his impressions of Victoria. He tried, but gave up. He said: "I tried honestly to render something of the colour, the gaiety, and the graciousness of the town and the Island, but only found myself piling up unbelievable adjectives." Perhaps we may be allowed to leave it at that. Not gay today, but staunchly loyal and determined, Victoria bides her time until those days when living can again be gracious and worthwhile; when courtesy, hospitality and the right to live will be offered for the asking in that spot which the Master Architect created when He was in a kindly mood. Nor in that day will she forget Patricia Bay and those who have added a bright and unstained page to her century old history !

Royal Swans,
Beacon Hill Park,
Victoria, B.C.

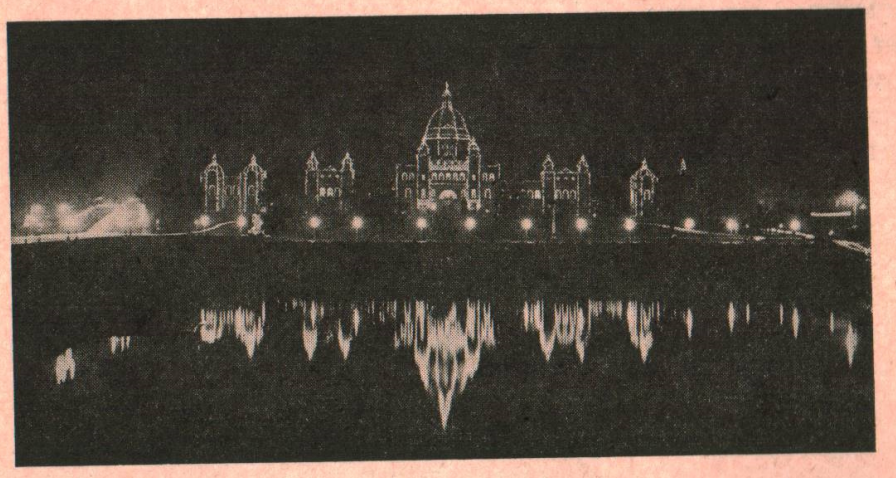


Scrap Book, 41-43

The Second Anniversary of "The Patrician"—hearty congratulations and many thanks for the happy hours you have brought to your readers all over the world.

Little did I think when discussions were going on way back in '41 regarding the inauguration of a Unit magazine that I should still be here two years later to contribute a brief appreciation of the results of those discussions.

We came here to get this place going towards the end of summer, 1941, before Pearl Harbour; but we had good reason to know in the two years previous to that exactly what war meant. Some of us had been in France and some had returned from Dunkirk. Others had been on operations, but the majority had experienced the blitz and had left that terror in Britain to settle in pleasant, hospitable B.C., to help create another link in the vast Empire training organisation. Many of our number were married men and pre-1939 fathers whose wives and families had been left in Britain to carry on the job at home; also, to the discomfort of our consciences, to continue the nerve-racking experience of bombing and blackout. The more for-



Parliament Buildings as it was at the time the Unit was formed.

tunate of us, however, have been joined by our families. That has been a joy and a grand experience. Others have acquired wives, yes and families, out here and are quite looking forward to the day when they will be able to take their Canadian wives and families to the Old Country, where there will be a real welcome awaiting them.

Our two years out here have passed very quickly indeed and apart from the troubles of conscience, the feeling of being out of the fray, all have enjoyed their stay near Victoria, B.C. Reminiscences could be set down at great length, but these would not interest the average reader nowadays, since he has his own reminiscences,

possibly of another R.A.F. Unit or Station overseas or on the Prairies. I can suggest that to browse through earlier copies of "The Patrician" is not without interest even to the most recent arrival. For the old-stager, however, those back numbers are sacred; he settles down occasionally with Volumes I and II and turns the pages. The very early numbers had few pictures, but a cartoon with a car bearing a licence plate 7-340 brings back memories which, without doubt, have been the subject of tales told with the raconteur's own garnish. Public parades—we had them in 1941—but there are not many left of the flight that is shown passing the saluting base, in the December issue of that year. At that time came the bombing of Pearl Harbour and the entry of our close neighbours, the U.S.A., into the war. How homesick the blackout in Victoria made us, although our nights were not disturbed by the wail of the banshee.

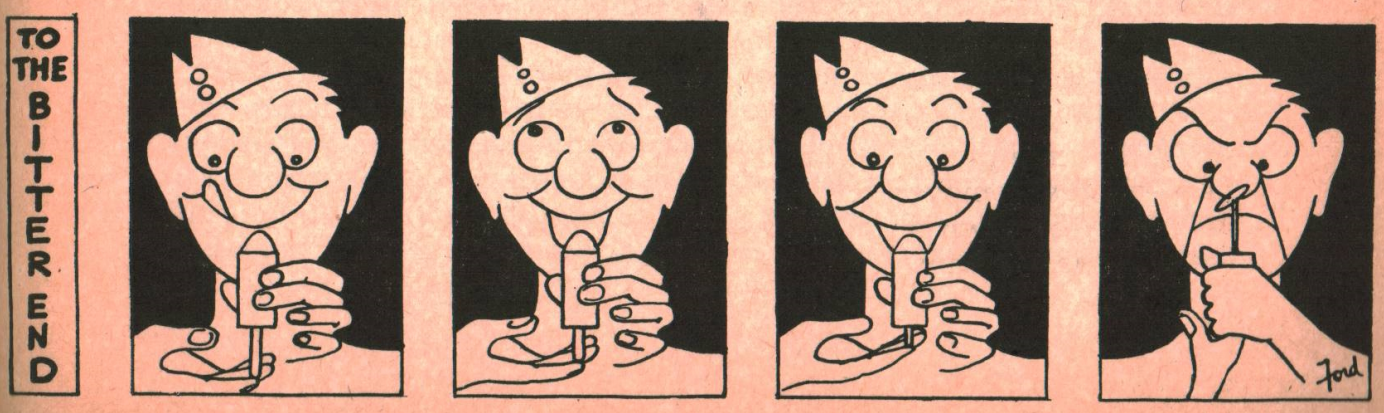
In April, 1942, came the change in command from G/Capt. P. D. Robertson, A.M., who had commanded this Unit since September, 1941, and who was due for return home, to G/Capt. S. L. G. Pope, D.F C., A.F.C., who continued in command until July of this year.

During the summer of 1942, we continued our work 'midst the comings and goings of film stars and Hollywood personalities: Anna Neagle, whose charming, vivacious personality cheered many in all sections of the camp; Sir Cedric and Lady Hardwicke, Herbert Wilcox; and then Paul Muni, Anna Lee, and Lilian Gish, who were here for the filming of "The Commandos Strike at Dawn."

During this time our site had developed from one of slimy mud and disordered chaos, and those old contemptibles of 1941 had grand landscaping ideas, the execution of which was not always to the entire satisfaction of our horticultural expert, who incidentally is now concentrating on local extensions instead of local flora. Yes, these pages are well worth looking through, rather like the pages of scrapbook, and if you do not know the characters, never mind; you will at least be able to appreciate the spirit which started this place on its way to its present successful and envied position, and everyone who has been here some time during these last two years has contributed his share to that success.

What will the pages of scrapbook yet to turn reveal ? They will be your record . . . .

—K.D.A.



WHY WE ARE MAD

The Major theme of this Storey will throw a little Light upon Watkin be done by the telephone exchange, which rolls along and is always too busy to gather Moss. Even the Richman in our midst hasn't any time to idle.

One of our many problems is trying to locate some of our line-shooting erks who seem to rise to great heights when off duty. Long ago, one sweet young thing wanted to speak to F/Sgt. J - - - - , the station test pilot. Knowing only too well he worked in the cook-house, the operator, feeling a bit sarcastic, replied, "Sorry, madam, he's flying—just taken off from the cookhouse on a kipper." Our hearts beat a little faster one day when someone enquired for the Y.W.C.A., but soon returned to normal on discovering they meant "Y.M.C.A."

By this time our faith in human nature has dropped to zero and we are left cold by enquiries for "The Leading Aircraftman of Patricia Bay"; "Bill, the tall, dark boy with curly hair"; and "Joe, the instructor, who is about five feet, and wears rings on his shoulder and propellors on each arm." A call from Seattle revealed a young lady asking for Cpl. P - - - - - of the R.A.F. Bombardiers, who in camp life belongs to the cookhouse musketeers. Believe it or not, we have even been asked for the airman by the name of "Joe Soap." The operator on duty one night was rather bewildered by a request for a call to a Victoria taxi cab; the person calling wanted a cab to run him to Sidney !

Why is it if any one has a doubt they always ring the telephone exchange for an answer and expect us to have it ? We don't know the best time to break out of camp—ask the Guardroom. We don't know what time the moon will rise, or if the grass will be wet tonight; when it will stop raining in the winter; where the Indian Summers are; how far is it to Timbuctoo; or what Section the C.O. is inspecting next Wednesday. Our clock is worn out by telling erks the time, and pulls faces every time we look at it now. We would like to remind quite a few people who insist on bothering us for the correct moment of the day, it's high time they invested a few "bucks" in a watch.

In conclusion, we would like to remind you that we are far too busy to know what operator 10 in Victoria looks like, nor do we know her telephone number. At 4 a.m. in the morning we can't run across to 9.A.2 for the handsome Corporal there, neither do we know what time the buses run to Victoria. There is just one little request we would like to make: will you please tell your girl friends your surnames instead of or as well as your Christian names, and don't bind us if they call you sometime and we say we have never heard of you. Don't be deterred by this outburst, we will continue to give our willing co-operation to enable us to go completely mad and thereby obtain our tickets and live happily ever after—in a nut house!

—A.E.R. and H.M.

NEWS FROM THE OFFICERS' MESS

Quite some considerable time ago there was a fellow who found himself seated one day at the organ and, being thus installed, he experienced the grave embarrassment of finding that a certain chord eluded him. This incident has an exact parallel with this modern scribe who, seated one day at a typewriter, suffered an identical embarrassment—his particular anxiety being, what COULD be told to an outside world of what goes on in an Officers' Mess. The organ bloke made a pretty fair recovery from his setback, this scribe raises imploring eyes to the heavens of inspiration and lights a cigarette. As the nicotine seeps through the system, he pounds at the typewriter:—

So the floral decorations of the Mess have come in for a word of criticism. We are glad to note in this connection that a member has wedded himself to the task of their improvement.

✓ ✓ ✓

At this time we, with friendly concern, remind F/Lt. Herbert of that product so widely advertised at home as the antidote to night starvation. It seems that he has now been called upon to shoulder the burden laid down by another.

✓ ✓ ✓

It is with amazement that we chronicle the arrival of another Intelligence Officer. Where's that fellow we saw in the Mess on 27th April, 1942?

✓ ✓ ✓

Heard in the Ladies' Room: "Social Security? Oh, you mean a safety pin."

✓ ✓ ✓

We congratulate F/Lt. (Doc) Greenwood on his return to duty. This scribe who interviewed the surgeon responsible for the operation understood him to mutter something about it being a cut above the average.

✓ ✓ ✓

This month's great thought: A motto for R.A.F. wives, "Per Arden ad Astra."

✓ ✓ ✓

During last month more old faces have vanished from the Mess. We record with regret the departures of F/O Austen, F/Lt. Hay, Capt. Gallagher and F/Lt. Moody. F/Lt. Hamilton has departed, too. Those contemplating imminent departure at the time of writing include S/L Brain, F/O Ford and, hopefully, one or two others.

—H.P.

R.A.F. WIVES CLUB

Nearly five months ago Mrs. E. W. Ellis of Sidney Hostess House realised the dire need for some kind of club which would enable wives of all ranks of the R.A.F. to meet in informal surroundings and discuss the many problems common to all families living in a new country. From this arose the organisation of the R.A.F. Wives' Club, which, since June, 1943, has met every Tuesday. It affords an opportunity for wives to attend talks on Canadian affairs and habits, be it the best way to cook and eat corn on the cob, why Canadians still talk of Upper and Lower Canada, or the method of schooling in this country.

Several interesting talks have been arranged, the first being by F/Lt. Parker on the "Don't talk" subject (for the opening of a women's organisation this was probably deliberately arranged). F/O Geddes, R.C.A.F., and F/Lt. Gallon spoke to the Club on "Education," and F/O Mackenzie gave a talk on "Canadian History." Various outings have been arranged, including a delightful visit to the home of Mrs. Fitzherbert-Bullen, the well-known Esquimalt artist, tea at Government House as the guest of Mrs. Woodward, wife of the Governor of British Columbia, and a pleasant afternoon at the home of S/Ldr. and Mrs. England.

For the benefit of those whose husbands have gone back to England, the Sidney Hostess House is trying to arrange suitable living quarters in Eastern Canada, where wives can stay until ship accommodation is available.

In a letter to "The Patrician," Mrs. Ellis says, "In unity there is strength, so if all wives interested in joining the club would do so now, we should have a strong organisation which would put the club in a better position to obtain results regarding the accommodation out East." Anyone wishing to join should contact the President, Mrs. J. McG. Dukes, phone Sidney 227Y; or Mrs. Ellis at the Sidney Hostess House.

The Recorded Music Circle is still going strong, and we have had some remarkable programmes of late. The comfortable surroundings of the Reading Room, the first rate music it is our pleasure to hear, make the evening one of absolute enjoyment. A big hand should be given to those who compile the weekly programme.

A letter from Mr. W. H. Currie, Assistant Commissioner of the B.C. Travel Bureau, reads, ". . . You may be interested in knowing that we have received several enquiries from England from prospective settlers as a result of material appearing in 'The Patrician'. . ."



WAITING FOR A BUS !

OUR CAMERAMAN VISITS -

Victoria





AND STILL HE GAZED AND STILL THE WONDER GREW !

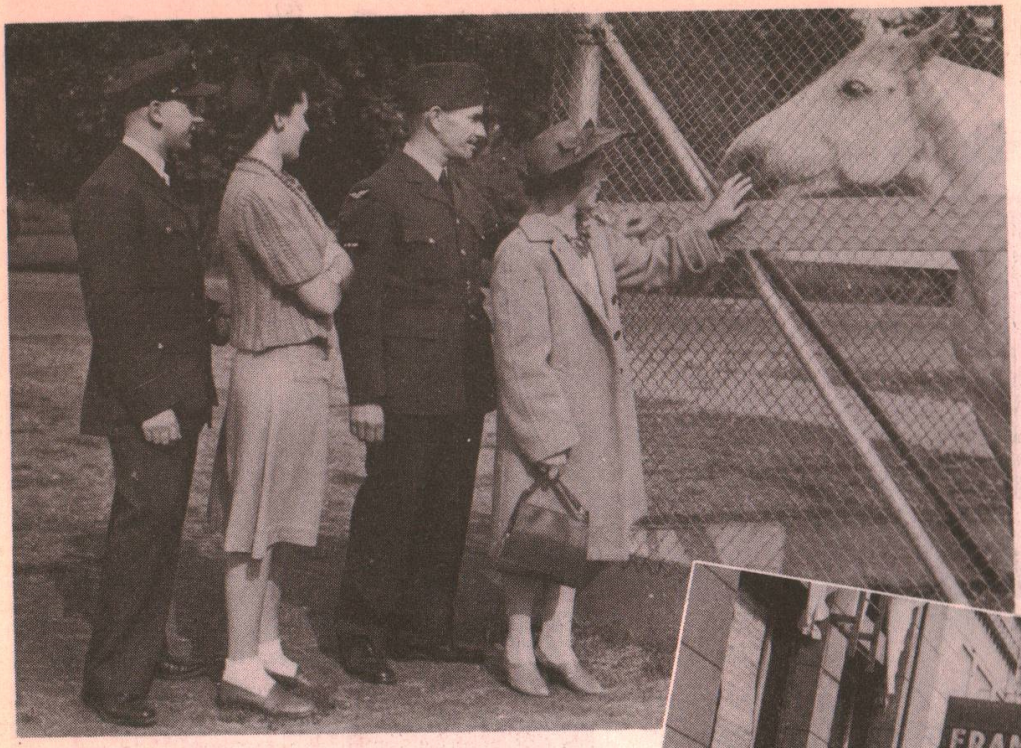


WHAT'S THE LATEST !



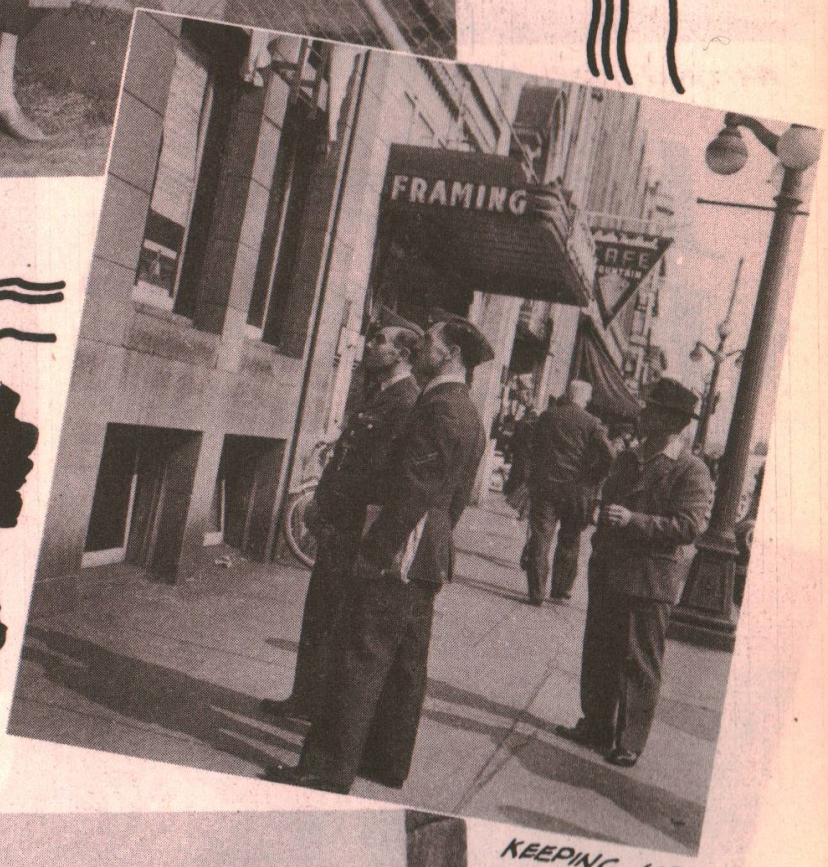
IN THE GARDENS OF THE EMPRESS HOTEL



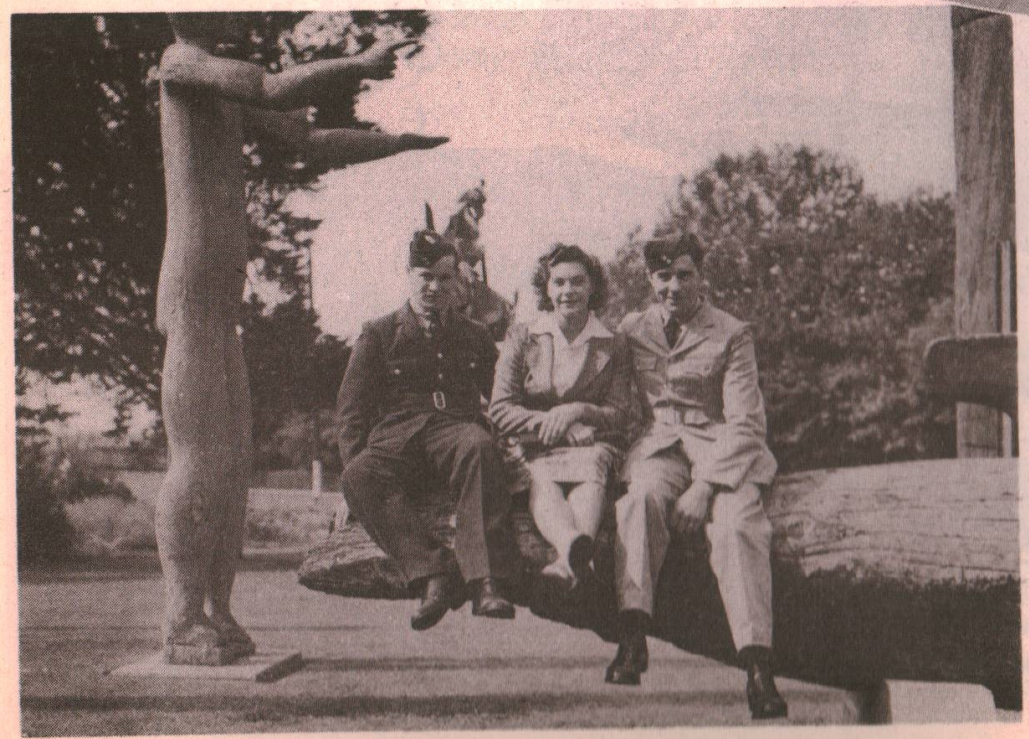


IN BEACON HILL PARK

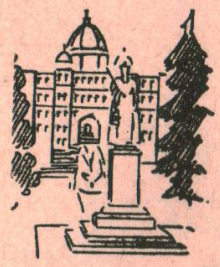
IN TOWN TO-NIGHT



KEEPING UP WITH 'THE TIMES'



THUNDERBIRD PARK



Victoria

Let us salute those pioneers, at rest,
Whose dauntless spirit opened up the West
And pausing not, when having reached the coast
Crossed o'er the Straits to found a trading post.
A century has passed: their humble homes
Are now replaced by classic towers and domes
Rising above the busy port, serene
And proud in splendour,—like the famous Queen
Whose name the Capital they founded bears.
Progressive through the passing of the years
Traditionally English in its view
Yet scorning not the best of old and new,—
This City stands alert to guard the gate
Of what must be our Empire's fairest State.

—ROBERT TAYLOR

DRAMATIC SOCIETY

It is hoped to renew the activities of the Dramatic Society which began last winter and to make an energetic effort to produce plays for the entertainment of the Unit. Personnel of all ranks who are interested, are requested to contact "The Patrician" Office. Wives of personnel will be especially welcomed. A meeting will be held, officials elected, and production will commence as soon as possible.

Heard from a "spotter's" post:—

"No, no, Thompson—just say 'enemy aircraft sighted'—not 'here comes the dirty so-and-sos'."



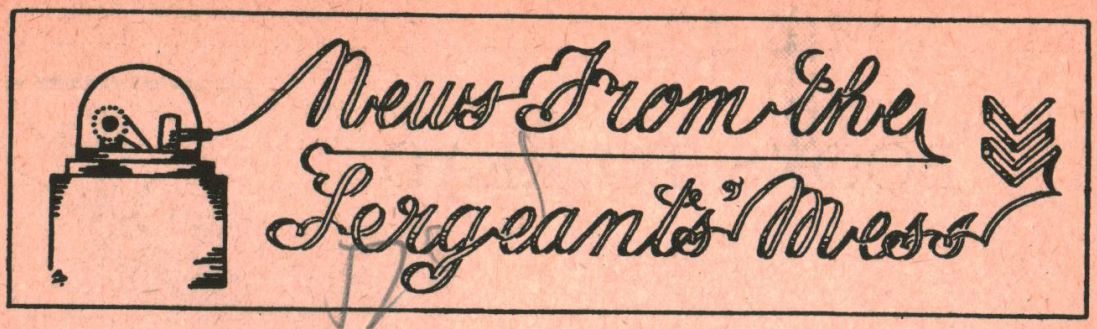
Chinatown, Victoria

NEGATIVES

A recent order forbids us to lend negatives of any technical photographs appearing in this magazine. We will continue to loan any negatives of social events or of a non-technical nature at the usual charge of 10c each and a 50c deposit. The money goes to "The Pat" Fund.

WHERE THANKS ARE DUE

Our thanks in connection with this special Anniversary Number are due to a number of people. Foremost amongst these are the Victoria Centenary Committee, which has borne the cost of the coloured plate; the Robert Fort Studios, Fort Street, Victoria, for the use of the copyright photograph; Messrs. Diggon-Hibben Limited, printers, Victoria, who presented us with the special cover; Mayor McGavin for his kind letter; The British Columbia Government Travel Bureau, the Victoria and Vancouver Island Publicity Bureau, The Victoria Daily Times and The Daily Colonist for the free use of printing blocks; Messrs. Bruce Hutchison and Sandham Graves for their excellent articles, and a number of personnel of the Unit who have helped materially in this production.—Eds.



This summer has seen a varied assortment of dress in the Mess, but a certain pupil topped the bill. He thought that he could play a better game of Snooker in his bare feet. Were his ancestors Maori, Aborigine, or Peigan ?

✓ ✓ ✓

There is no truth in the rumour that during the next week or two a big game hunt will be held in the wine cellars and spacious kitchens of the Mess, with valuable prizes for the number of specimens either killed or captured.

✓ ✓ ✓

A certain red-faced F/Sgt. almost had himself on exhibition at the I.O.D.E Victory Fair as "Headless Corpse," after strolling nonchalantly within a few inches of the prop of an aircraft.

✓ ✓ ✓

Judging by the number of business deals being transacted on the floor of the Mess these days, would it not be an innovation to hold a weekly Auction Sale instead of being solicited by various impecunious members with—"Do you want to buy . . . ." ?

✓ ✓ ✓

Hearing the words "Old boot," a certain S.A.I. from Manston immediately pricked up his ears, only to find that the conversation dealt with Italy.

✓ ✓ ✓

It seems as though the Sergeants' Mess sunbathing club is dying a natural death, and winter draws on. Those, who for reasons unknown, failed to complete the course, revert back from "shoe shine boys" to "Palefaces."

Thoughtful Verse

The Lord gave us two ends to use;
One to think with, one to sit with.
The war depends on which we choose;
Heads we win, tails we lose !

—Pennsylvania Guardsman.

BOOKS TO READ



Saddlebags for Suitcases, by Mary Bosanquet—Some people get their best ideas in the bath; others get them while sawing wood or painting a wall; Mary Bosanquet got hers while strap-hanging in a No. 11 bus on the Bayswater Road. A few months later she arrived in Vancouver to start a journey across Canada on horseback. Of course, plenty of people at home and out here thought it was a crazy and dangerous venture for a girl of twenty to undertake; of course, plenty more tried to frighten her with unimaginable perils even when she was well on the way; and, of course, being the girl she is, she accomplished her journey.

She started from Western Canada the summer before war broke out and arrived in New York a year and a half later, having spent eight months of that time in winter quarters. Across Canada on horseback! What a wealth of varied experience and adventure she enjoyed; what a new world of friendship with people and animals. Simply and freshly she describes what befell her; and we, who are likely to know most of Canada only through a train-window, feel that we are sharing her journey over the mountains and along the by-ways. Perhaps the best description of her book is in the words she herself uses in describing her departure after staying the winter on an Ontario farm: "A rare book, discovered, read to the end with delight, and put back on the shelf with a sigh and a sense of loss."

—R.D.H.S.

The Ship, by C. S. Forester—H.M.S. Artemis is one of a screen of cruisers and destroyers escorting a vital convoy to beleagured Malta. After violent air attack is beaten off, heavy ships of the Italian navy are sighted: we follow the course of the action in all the detail Mr. Forester does so well, from the laying of the smoke-screen to the impact of the final shell which turns the tide of battle. Throughout the struggle we have the deeds and thoughts of a dozen of the ship's company, from Commander on the bridge to lookout swaying at the masthead. Mr. Forester, in his "Captain Horn-blower" series, has portrayed the Napoleonic sea-wars: in "The Ship" he turns a brilliant grasp of both strategy and technicalities to an incident of this war. This is history bought to life—a tumultu-ous, pulsating life worthy of the men he shows us.

—R.G.

OFFICERS' PASSING OUT PARTY

JULY 23RD 1943

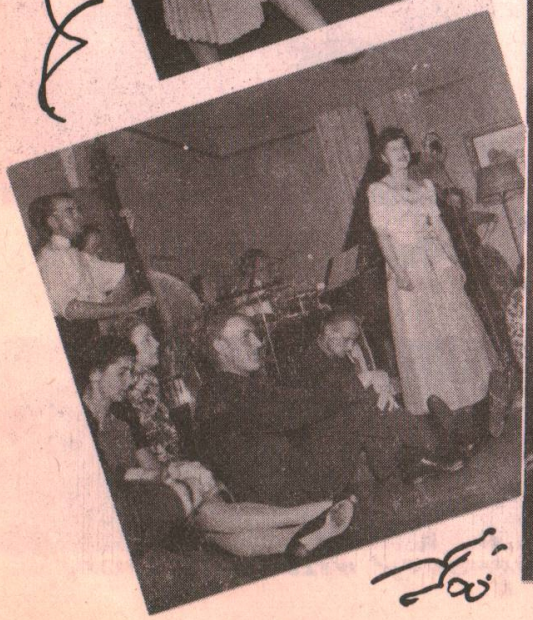














THE HIARDS of 1941



THE MORE WE ARE TOGETHER



TWIXT THE SOUP & THE SAVOURY.



F/SGT MICHELIN, CPL. KING



TUESDAY 7TH SEPTEMBER 1943.

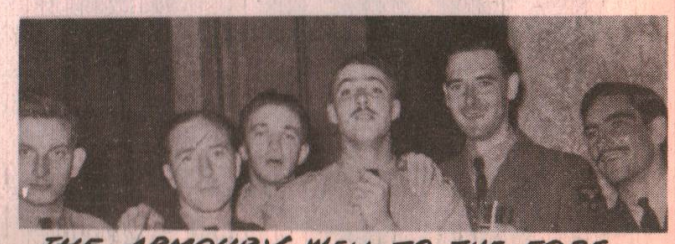
'FLASH" HOLLINGWORTH



REMINISCING



AULD LANG SYNE



THE ARMOURY WELL TO THE FORE

Diehards of 1941

It grew from a mere thought to an actual reality! Even the screwy title on the File has to be seen to be believed, but it did end in a good solid effort. On the night of the 7th September they assembled from the hide-outs on the Unit and made their "umpteenth" journey to Victoria, this time to the Empress Hotel, there to spend the evening in "feasting and merriment." "They" were the old diehards —the old sweats from those far-away days in 1941, who did the pioneering in this part of the world for the R.A.F. Time was growing short for some of them, in fact quite a few had received the call R.O.T.B. Wing Commander Gibson as Commanding Officer was the guest of honour and there was much speechifying to honour the occasion. Excerpts from the very first "Smile" Shows were rendered during the evening by some of the oldest of the old stagers of the Show. The evening was finally rounded off with " Auld Lang Syne," autographed menus and happy memories of a jolly good " do."

Musical Merry-Go-Round

The band has not been very active this past month, though its appearances at the Crystal Garden Unit Dances and the Recreation Hall were very popular.

On a recent broadcast, A/C Jacobs gave a fine vocal rendering with the band of "You'd be so nice to come home to" and "It can't be wrong," and was one of the hits of the show.

Once more we heartily thank F/O Hunter for stepping into the breach on percussion caused by the absence of A/C Bibby—on leave in Hollywood, of course.

The size of the band continues to shrink—are there any budding instrumentalists with time and enthusiasm who would like to help us out?

Will the enthusiastic dancers who patronize our Unit dances at the Crystal Garden kindly note that the normal function of the band is to play for dancing, and not to supply partners.

—R.B.

Did you hear of the two airmen who threw away their clothes and ran into the sea to escape from a swarm of bees? They couldn't emerge until towels were thrown to them!

Fishing from the Rocks

Part I

When you have a waterfront house and you cannot get a boat to fish from, why not fish from the rocks? As the ex-champion petrologist of Mittel-Europa, having spent most of my life on the rocks, I have been asked to describe the steps you must take to become expert in this exciting sport.

At first you do not take any steps, at least not on the rocks. You sit up at the house, looking at the rocks and sipping your demi-tasse, and talk the project over with your wife. The evening will pass in discussing the species of fish you are likely to catch, the thrill of the chase, rock-fishing fashions, etc.

The next evening is devoted entirely to clerical work. This includes (a) Preliminary list of friends to whom presents of fish are to be made; (b) Table of tides, moon, dog-days, solstices, trade winds, business cyclones, deferred annuities, isobars, candibars, logarithms and aneurisms; (c) First draft of solemn declaration, to be confirmed later before a Justice of the Peace, that you, alone and unaided, for better or for worse, in sickness and in health, famine or pestilence or alert No. 1 notwithstanding, see it wet see it dry, will (1) Clean all carcases; (2) Impale all worms; (3) Beat the daylights out of all fish showing any signs of recovery after apparent decease.

In my own case, previous experience as head book-keeper to a chain of steam laundries operating on the road to Mandalay enabled me to get through this work in time for the midnight news, but the beginner would be wise to borrow a typewriter.

The following evening you begin taking steps. You and your wife stroll down to the rocks. She prospects from above while you clamber about looking for a good place from which to throw your line when you get it. She sees what seems to her an ideal place, and points it out to you.

If it is a sunny evening, you can get reasonably dry on the rocks before she helps you back to the house. Any good optometrist will replace your spectacles by the time you feel like opening your eyes again. And if you must thank your wife for her co-operation, do so in a few well chosen words, straight from the heart. She knows quite well how you feel about it, so there is no need to thank her so loudly or so often.

For the next week you cannot take many steps. Meanwhile, however, powerful agencies are working to your advantage, as we astrologers say. Your friends rally round. One lends you a line.

Another whittles you a walking stick. A third offers you a lift to town, so that you can buy some hooks and get an estimate for re-winding your sacro-illiac muscle.

Home again, you will wish to get on with the highly technical operation of attaching the snerge-plate to the chicory-piece. This is where the beginner often goes wrong. The snerge-plate being deliquescent and the chicory-piece invariably (or almost invariably) farinaceous, the slightest error of judgment will often produce a sharp attack of mutual anathema, a noisy complaint which will afflict not only yourself but also the friend who is helping you. St. Gregory once heard the language when this occurred and said sadly, "Not angels, but anglers." This was a long time ago, but we know it to be true because a reporter from the "Anglo Saxon Chronicle" was present on that pre-historic occasion. So perhaps you would be better advised to omit this operation altogether—unless, of course, you are like me and thrive on anaesthetics. My own preference is for the local; but then, as the French so freely say, "Chaque à son gôut," meaning "Shake, brother, we'll each get gout our own way."

If you have followed me thus far, you are a bigger liar than I thought you were. Nevertheless, you have shown yourself to be so full of grit that nothing will stop you from becoming a pillar of rock-fishing society. From now on, it will be easier going. Next month I shall make my explanations singularly clear by means of simple comparisons drawn from my experience in several capacities with a number of well-known Railway Companies. In preparation for our next stage may I suggest, therefore, that you should revise your trigonometry (up to and including Matriculation standard) and your knots (up to and including Tenderfoot standard) and also borrow a good railway map, preferably of southern England, printed in two colours and mounted on linen.

(To be continued) —A.W.L.

Thursday, October 14th, 1943



The R.A.F. presents a

Smile Show

RECREATION HALL » 2000 Hours

Previous to its appearance at the Royal Victoria Theatre



" Meet me at the corner of Yates and Douglas "

"Smile" Show Notes

This month marked the return of the "Smile" Show to the air waves, the occasion being an hour's broadcast of a show given to army personnel, who proved to be a most appreciative audience. Popular features of the show were the first appearances of A/C's Jacobs and Roberts, whose pleasing voices were a decided asset to the performance.

On Wednesday, 15th September, we made a second appearance at the Victoria Little Theatre in return for the excellent shows which their company have presented on the Unit.

The future holds a lot in store—six shows are already on our calendar—one for the Navy, in exchange for which they are bringing their show to us; one for the Red Cross, two for the war work of the Canadian Legion, another for A.R.P. funds and a brand new Crazy Show on the Unit on October 14th, which will be repeated in the Royal Victoria Theatre early in November to swell the vastly depleted funds of the P.S.I. More news of the latter will be found in next month's magazine.

We thank Mrs. R. McVie of Esquimalt for sending a further collection of clothes, etc., which will prove most useful in future shows.

Cupid must have been flitting around the wings of the old "Smile" Show, for this month Jack Griffith, the villain of the piece, won the hand and heart of " Binkie," the girl whom the gang adopted as the Show's mascot. Best of luck, Griff, and thanks for the do on the 25th.

—J.G.

? WHO'S WHO ?

(This feature takes the place of "The Other Man's Job," which has run for two years and is now practically played out.—Eds.).



1.—S/Ldr. E. C. Brown

S/Ldr. E. C. Brown, Officer Commanding "A" Flight. Familiarly known as "Dasher." Born in London 44 years ago. Lives in London when at home and in McTavish Road when in Canada. Has one daughter, Gillian, aged 9.

In reply to our questionnaire, says that in civil life he is an electrical engineer and part-time confidence man, was educated at Borstal, and has been thrown out of too many clubs, societies, etc., to mention here.

R.F.C. and R.A.F., 1916-1920, serving with "99" Squadron Independent Air Force in France, 1917-18. Joined Reserve of Air Force Officers, 1922. From outbreak of present war until coming to Canada served in N. Ireland and Isle of Man. In Canada just over two years, on this Unit just under two years. Victory Medal (1914-18) and General Service Medal. Commended by H.M. the King in last Birthday Honours List. Is unduly modest about his distinguished service career and we could get no more out of him.

Hobbies: Fishing, photography, bird-watching, horse-riding. Drives a characteristic, long, lean car—12 miles to the gallon. Likes riding long, lean horses. A tireless and skilful dancer, enjoying everything from an old-time waltz to the conga. Likes everything about Canada except its liquor laws, especially those of Prince Edward Island.

Thinks B.C. is superb, with unique opportunities for outdoor sports and recreations. When the war is over, would like to get a 30 ft. auxiliary yawl and spend the rest of his life cruising in B.C. waters.

Overheard in Victoria, as a high ranking sailor passed two "sweet young things":—

1st Young Thing: "He's a Naval expert."

2nd Young Thing: "I wish I could speak to him, I've often wondered what mine was for."

VICTORY GARDEN — *Pat Bay Style*

This article is not written by an expert, nor is it intended as advice on how to grow super-size vegetables, but is an account of gardening experience in this area. I never was really enthusiastic about gardening, having an idea that the curriculum involved a certain amount of manual labour. However, when the books and charts and diagrams were produced and I was told that it was going to be done scientifically with a minimum of labour I took a slight interest. When the imposing Prospectus was produced showing the Directors, Technical Advisors, Secretary and Treasurer, etc., I was fully convinced that it was Big Business, but myself and others must have signed in the wrong column, for shortly we found ourselves with spades in hand and being badly mauled by mosquitoes. I have never discovered what the charts and diagrams did to turn the ground over, put the seeds in, or make them grow. It later turned out that we had no bank account and no headed paper, which I always thought were essential in business, but I was informed that the Treasurer and Secretary were responsible for arranging Credit which apparently was even more essential than hard cash in a venture of this type. The technical advisers were plentiful and could tell you what to do and what not to without even seeing the garden. For example, if I wanted to get rid of black fly on the cabbages, I could buy a liquid at five dollars an ounce and spray on the cabbages and thereby ensure saving at least a dollars' worth of the crop. Other experts said, "Hoe the potatoes up"—"Don't hoe them up"—"Don't set them in rows but set them in mounds," and so on. For some reason or other all the good-intentioned advice was ignored, and things were set in the traditional English way, hence the results. After the garden was set I was informed that the seeds had been put in at the wrong time and that one has to have at least thirty years' residence in this area before one can even contemplate gardening successfully.

In spite of the difficulties the garden was eventually set according to plan, with the exception of one row of potatoes which were set by Group 5 individuals, and in the dark I think, for when it did come up it cut through a row of lettuce, parsley and the path. Here I must admit that on one occasion I put in some tomatoes, not in accordance with the Second Front Plan, but when I visited the garden two days later, I found they had again been transplanted. From this they never fully recovered. The Directors, etc., did not have me on the "Mat" for this, but I was handed the chart and my mis-alignment was politely pointed out to me.

The seeds did eventually show through after germination by the dew, certainly not by rain, and after the "showing of the Green" we felt that something had been achieved. What we had not taken into account was that the seeds were specially developed for growing prolific foliage and very little else, in spite of being tested and

certified to the contrary. Also we had unknown admirers, who came round and sampled everything that was growing. At first it was not so bad, as they just sampled the leaves and tomato tops. Evidently they were satisfied because they then left them alone until fully developed. The visitors left curious marks on the ground, which turned out to be cows' hoof marks. Here it must be admitted that the local bovines have super-intelligence, for they did leave things alone until they were ripe. On visiting the estate the other morning I found they had had a good feed of corn, cabbages, peas, carrots and beetroot. Incidentally, this diet may account for the peculiar taste of the milk in the messes nowadays. But it was quite plain to see that they intended to be steady customers, for they had left a deposit. No doubt they thought they were on to a bargain, for they brought other customers of the same calibre, namely pheasants who shelled the peas and left the pods and a few feathers in exchange. I think there must be something wrong with the tomatoes, as they steer clear of these; perhaps they did not like their taste in the early days. At this point I was offered police protection, but I declined, for I am inclined to think that one would lose by it either way.

On taking up the potatoes it was found that they were also of a special variety, small. Getting them up was a Heculean task in itself and a pick would have been more appropriate than a fork. Later it was found that the really big potatoes had been grown (on local advice) by the simple method of not digging the garden, but selecting the choicest sods, lifting them up and placing a seed potato underneath, and coming back in three months' time and lifting the by now enlarged potato.

This venture into the gardening business is not yet finished, but the visions I had of Board Meetings and the declaration of dividends of 25% have somewhat faded. The members will be more than satisfied if they get as much as will pay their fare to Vancouver, or even Victoria.

The foregoing has been valuable experience and the following essentials have been made known to me regarding Victory Gardening in this vicinity: (1) A six foot wall must be built around the plot; (2) Water must be laid on; (3) A pneumatic drill must be included in your equipment; (4) Seeds from the local 5 and 10 cent store are preferable to those which have been contaminated by tests and certificates as to their pedigree.

The experience outlined above was shared by other gardening enthusiasts and I did not do all the work, or the supervising, or all the arduous duties formerly performed by the Directors, etc., before their posting. Speaking for myself I am now, as far as gardening is concerned, like the father of a new-born child, who when presented with the doctor's bill immediately became sterile from fright.

—TAURUS.

Y.M.C.A. NEWS

Clubs—During the past month, the Y.M.C.A. Office has been very busy, assisting in the organisation of various clubs, among which were the Chess and Draughts Club, and the Mountaineering Club, as well as the organisation of other indoor and outdoor sports activities.

The Chess Club activities are headed by F/O Connor, the Assistant Adjutant, and the Mountaineering Club interests are being looked after by F/Lt. Gallon, our Education Officer, assisted by F/O McKenzie, who is representative of the Canada Committee, which committee is supporting the activities of the Mountaineering Club. This committee is willing to supply all necessary materials for Mountain Climbing, and those interested are requested to leave their names at the Y.M.C.A. Office. There is no fee charged for membership.

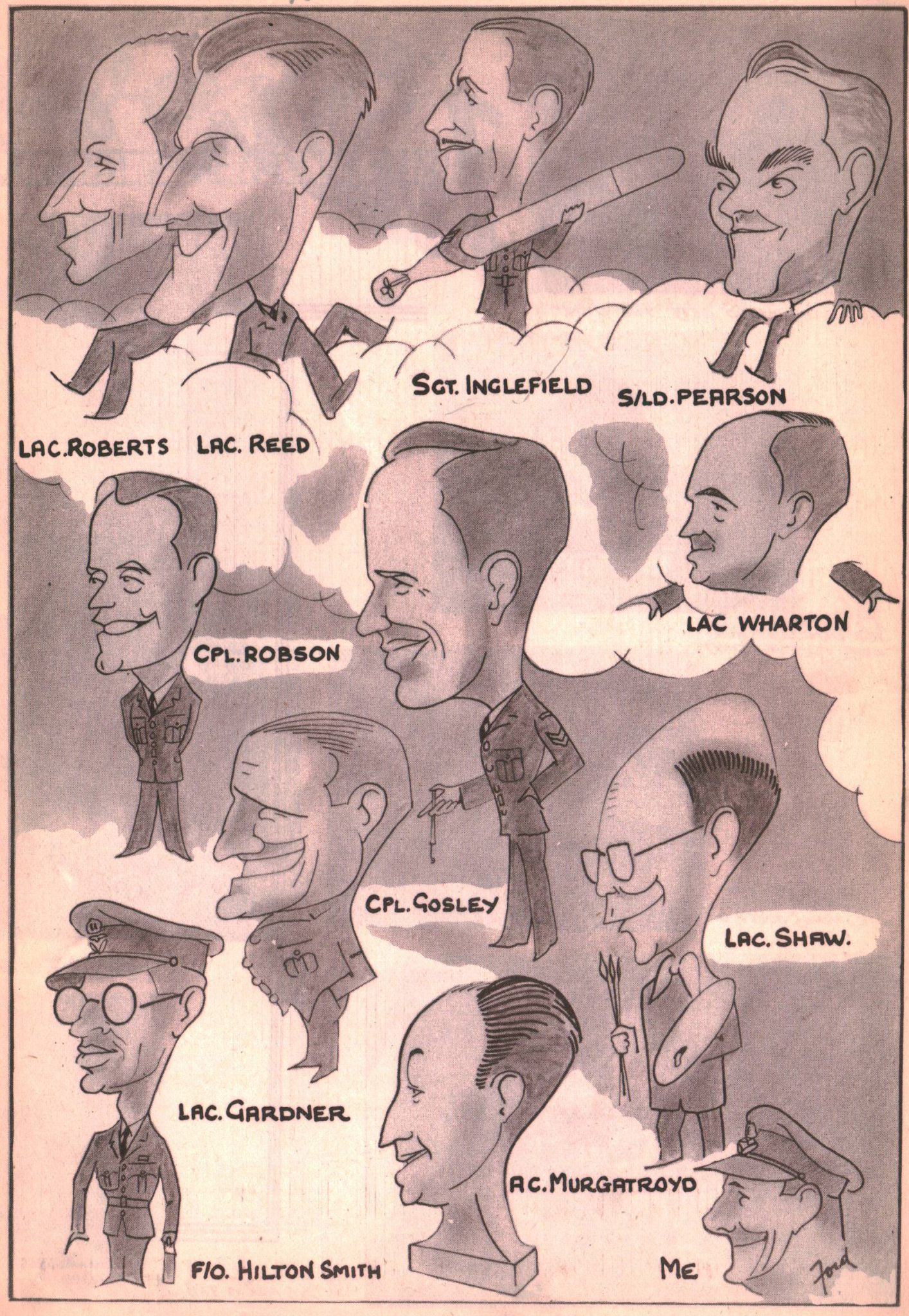
All equipment necessary for the formation of the Chess Club is supplied by the Y.M.C.A. This club is located in the study room of Barrack Block 8, and all those interested may make use of the Club Room any evening during the week.

Small Games Room—Recently the Assistant Secretary for the National Y.M.C.A. War Services visited this Unit, accompanied by the Area Secretary from Vancouver, and upon being shown the small games room, established in the Y.M.C.A. Canteen, they made the statement that this was unique, and so far as they knew, was not in operation on any other Station they had visited. They intend to pass the idea on to other Stations.

Canteen—The Canteen is continuing to show an increase in sales, and at present looks more like a general store than anything else, and it is the sincere wish of the management that all articles for which there is a reasonable demand on the Unit, be carried in stock. At the present time, sales average well over $3,000 per week, and all profits are turned over to P.S.I., and in turn go to the purchase of extra messing supplies, sports, entertainments, transportation, etc.

Cinema Shows—Generally speaking, the quality of pictures presented has been improved constantly over the last few months, and with the addition of better shorts, and the weekly British Associated News Reel, constitutes a well devised programme of entertainment. In view of the fact that all the films shown on the Unit are on circuit, passing through the hands of many other operators, who are, in the majority of cases, amateur projectionists, films often arrive in very bad condition, and our operators should not be criticized. If breakages and other accidents occur, it probably is not because of any lack of efficiency on their part.

—J.L.L.



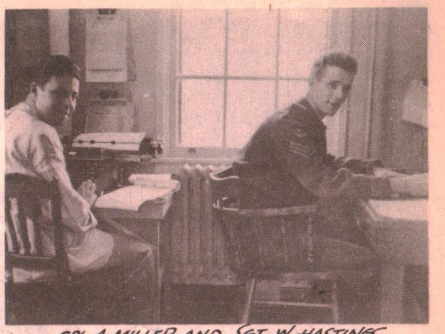
"The Patrician" Staff — Past and Present

Men at work

No. 16 - M.I. ROOM AND DENTAL CLINIC



F/LT. A. GREENWOOD GETS THE "GEN"



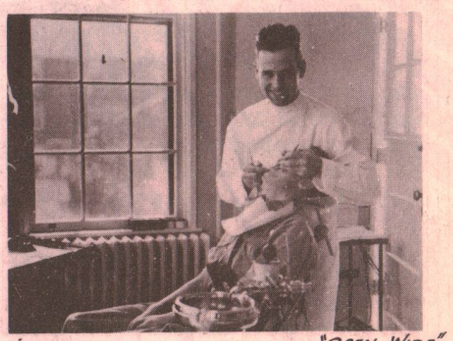
CPL. A. MILLER AND SGT. W. HASTINGS



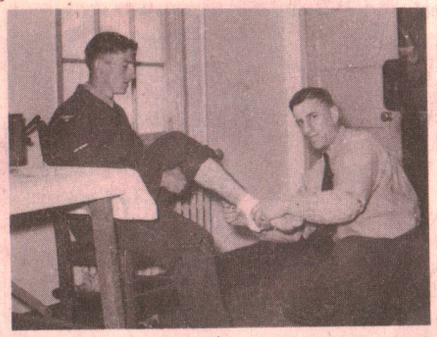
SGT. DOC. KEEGAN GETS TO THE POINT



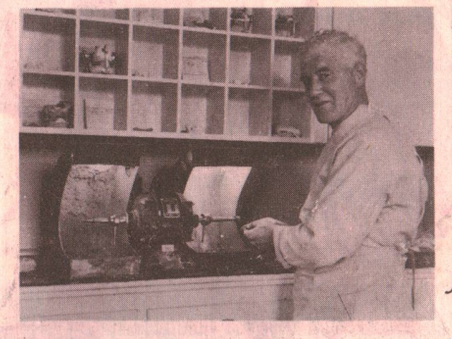
WHAT A NERVE!!



"OPEN WIDE" SAYS CAPT R.G. FOSTER



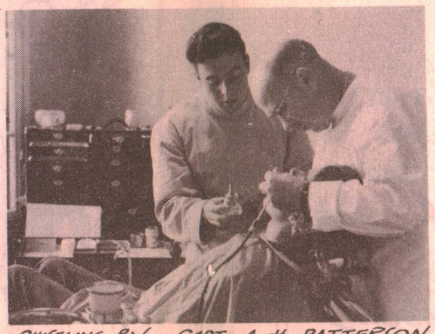
LAC. LIVINGS DOES A D.I.



SGT. J.H. BROWNLEE — THE DENTURE KING.



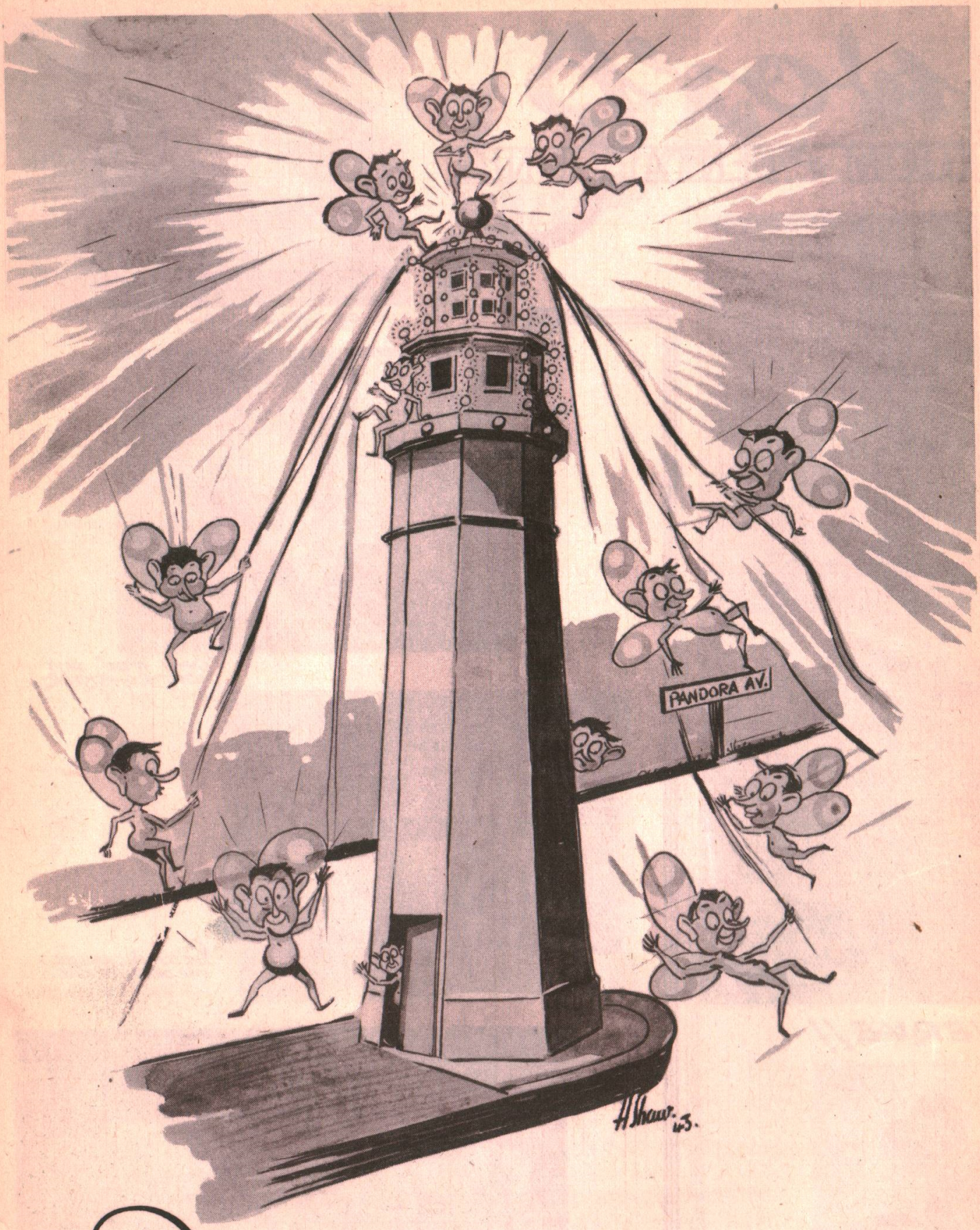
WAITING FOR A JAB.



CHISELING BY CAPT. A.H. PATTERSON



SOME OF THE STAFF



The Gremlins did it!

EH! MR HUTCHISON?

?

"THE THING"

What is it? Have you seen it?—but you must have! It impresses its bewildering self upon you whenever you go into Victoria. How long it has stood on Pandora Avenue, no one seems to know, but it has been said that the builders burst into uninterpretable languages during its erection and never quite completed it.

To give our readers really definite information on the thing we cannot do better than quote Mr. Bruce Hutchison, who is an expert on it, having spent a lifetime exploring it from top to bottom and from pillar to post. Mr. Hutchison says," . . . No one is old enough or wise enough to state facts about The Thing. Its origins are lost in the mists of antiquity and in the files of the City Council . . . . it is well-known that at dawn and sunset the better aldermen stand beside their creation and dumbly worship it and wait for the day when some minor civic god will fly out of the door. (Nothing has come out so far but a city workman with his wheelbarrow and tools) . . . The Thing does nothing, serves nothing, achieves nothing and means nothing. It is like the stars, beyond human understanding and all the better for it."

I wonder if Mr. Hutchison ever considered that this Barrie-like fantasia with its multi-coloured fairy lights might possibly be the work of the gremlins who many years before knew of the eventual arrival of the R.A.F. and erected The Thing for those Old Country fellows to gaze upon in wonder and amazement. It's worth thinking about—or is it?

—J.G.



"The Fountain," Beacon Hill Park, Victoria.



VICTORIANS
—*Past and Present*

By Bruce Hutchison, the well-known Canadian journalist and Victoria Daily Times columnist.

Victoria likes to think it is a unique place. Most strangers agree with this quaint local belief. Why it is unique I do not rightly know, though I have been considering the matter, off and on, for more than thirty years. Perhaps it is because all real Victorians are mad. At least I hope they are, though there is reason to suspect of late years that an insidious sanity is beginning to penetrate our local civilization.

To understand why Victoria has always been so different from the rest of Canada that it is often spoken of as belonging to another country—a kind of Never Never Land on the far side of the Gulf of Georgia—you must look back to its history. It did not stem out of the general growth of Canada. It stemmed out of the growth of a separate community entirely, the Pacific Coast of America, and in its early years its only contact with the outside world was through the American settlements to the south.

So strong was the attachment of early Victoria to its American neighbours, with whom it did its business, so remote was Canada, lost beyond the Rockies and the empty prairies, that the Victorian legislators, in their little wooden palace (now standing behind the Parliament Buildings, if you care to look) hesitated to join the Canadian Confederation. They debated at length the alternative of joining the Americans and rejected it by a narrow vote.

It is said that Victoria is basically and historically English. This is not true. It is basically and historically Pacific Coast. It is Victorian, and from the beginning, when its first inhabitants lived alone on an island, it has felt itself apart and different ever since.

During earlier times, and even during the youth of the present generation, it was possible for communities to be different from one another in a fashion impossible today. There were no airplanes then, no automobiles, and people seldom traveled. Thus our generation can remember living here year after year and never seeing Vancouver, nor wanting to see what was regarded as an upstart, shopkeeper's town, without history or tradition.

In that atmosphere a way of life developed so distinctive that legends were spread about it. All over Canada people talked about

Victorians as if they were a little crazy, which was probably true. They said Victorians worked less than Canadians, stopped for afternoon tea, played golf most afternoons, and wore an outlandish garb of English tweeds, with fly hooks in their cloth hats. This, to a considerable extent, was also true. Victoria took life easy and enjoyed it and prospered on it and was happy. Also it was beautiful. It was without doubt the most beautiful town in Canada—not in its business district, which didn't matter, since it related only to the making of money, but in its residential districts which were important because they related to living.

No, as I say, things have changed. Victoria was being penetrated by Canadian civilization before the war, was imitating the shop-fronts, illuminated signs, architectural styles, clothing fashions and even the living fashions of America at large, the most uniform, monotonous and inflexible fashions in the world. The war completed the process.

The war has brought in a wave of outsiders who have engulfed us. No doubt we needed to be engulfed. No doubt this is good for us, and even to shed a nostalgic tear for the old times is to risk the charge of being opposed to the march of progress. To say that people were just as happy when there were fewer of them and the streets were not crowded and you could rent a house and play a spot of golf or even go fishing—to deny here in Victoria or anywhere else, the general North American theory of size and accumulation, the dropsical desire for growth, no matter how inconvenient, is to be classed as an Economic Royalist.

For fear of being misunderstood in this matter, as I have been in others familiar to readers of this magazine, I will not complain about anything. I will merely point out that we used to have a good time here before they discovered, tamed and civilized us. And I will assert that if any stranger finds things here rather queer, and different from the rest of Canada, it is not due to any modern influence or any temporary accident; it is due to our origins and our history which are now being obliterated; it is due to us, the Mid-Victorians, who carried on the traditions of the Early Victorians as long as we could but have been obliged to surrender to superior numbers and force, including air power.

Yet we have a secret hope. We have a feeling that the atmosphere and surroundings of Victoria will finally overcome the invaders, as the Chinese are said to absorb their conquerors. In the end this atmosphere and these surroundings, and the very air and texture of this place, will alter the habits of the strangers, may not make them into the Victorians we were, may not make them quite so mad, but will assuredly make them unlike other North Americans—no better, for we never claimed that, but happier and more able to enjoy life. I hope some of the R.A.F. boys will stay here after the war and submit themselves to this interesting experiment in the effects of environment.

THE PADRE'S CHAT

As "The Patrician" is celebrating its second birthday my opening thought is to congratulate very sincerely all those who have made for our magazine a position which must be unique in Canada. Month by month we read its pages and enjoy them, yet often we don't think of the work and effort which are entailed in the production. But no magazine, nor anything else, can bear the test of time unless it has behind it hard work and enduring endeavour.

On July 14th, 1939, I watched the great French Military Procession in celebration of the 150th anniversary of the taking of the Bastille. All Paris was on holiday, the gay uniforms of the French Colonial troops and the might of the Republic on land and in the air passed by in impressive majesty. Contingents of guards and sailors from Britain and squadrons of our planes added to the effect. One year later France lay in the dust. The Huns were masters of the land. The might of the Republic had been tried and found wanting. It's not the outward appearance of things, but what has been put into them that counts in the end.

For us, the same maxim holds good. We may be highly successful, highly popular or highly paid, or all three. We may be none of these things. No matter, to each of us, God appoints certain tasks to do in our life. He asks of us our heart, to persevere, to keep on keeping on. To trust Him and go forward in that confidence.

His judgment will never be, "Excellent, you made a million." "You became an Air Marshal." "Every one liked you." "But you never made much money." "You remained an AC2." "People didn't like you." Rather—"You did your best. Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

For when the last great scorer comes
To write against your name;
He writes not what you won or lost,
But how you played the game.

—R. O. MOSSOP



Oak Bay Golf Course, near Victoria, B. C.

CORPORALS' CLUB PAGE



We wish to express our thanks and appreciation to John Hill, the former Editor of this page, and Secretary of the Club. Cpl. Chalmers, one of our old sweats, also leaves us. No social function will be quite the same without his shadow boxing exhibition. We wish them both a safe return to the Old Country.

It is rumoured that alterations are being made in the Club to accommodate "yellow peril." What price the Hangar doors then, Kenneth ?

Who is the Corporal's lady friend who is short of gramophone needles ? Why not try the Benevolent Fund ?

The new periodicals lasted three days this month. Breaking previous records by 2½ hours.

Another Social may be proposed in the near future. Given co-operation from members this should be an interesting and successful diversion.

I am told that Spencer's received an order in outsize for a basket chair. The other alternative to safeguard funds being to post "Battling Tinley." Will the Chesterfield do, Joe ?

Our football team, with a little aid, registered their best result of the season. "Fillpot" Parkes, our lightning fast wing man was not present to sabotage the ball as victory was in sight.

We wish to thank "Works and Bricks" for the services of one of their electricians who gave us a very entertaining gymnastic display under rather dim conditions.

Members are anxiously awaiting the rationing of milk shakes; they would then obtain a fuller usage of the radio.

Our Mosquito in its $5 surroundings is still flying high. With the recent postings we quite expected it to come to earth in some Victorian pawn shop !

—N.W.

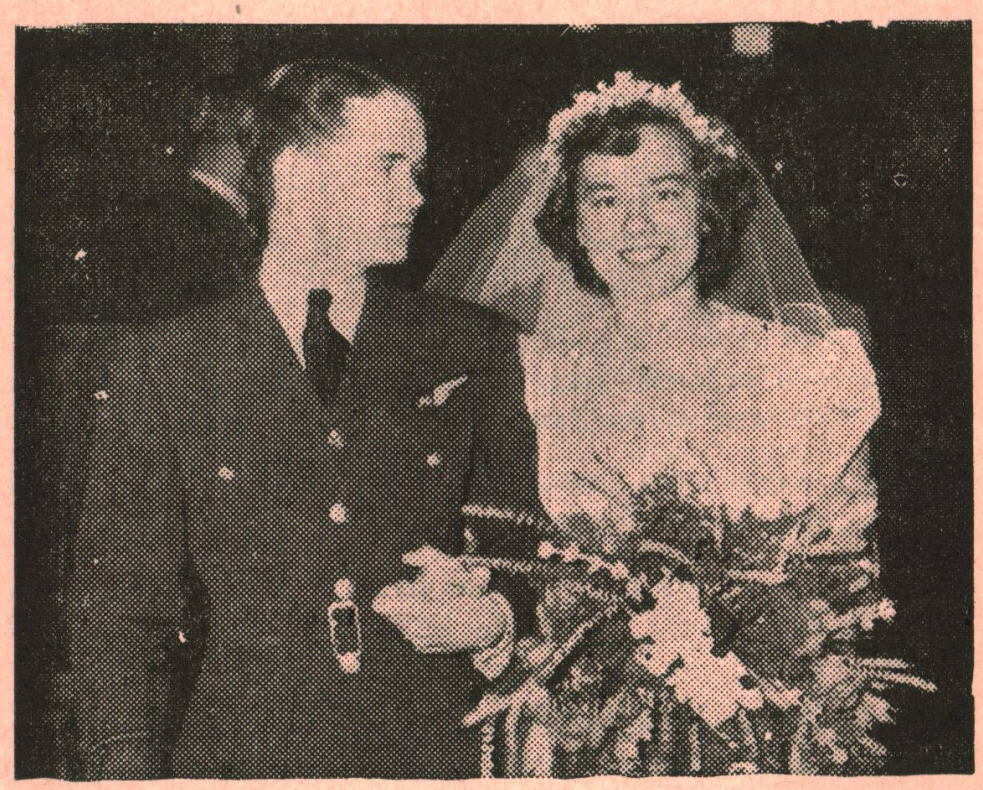
THANKS A LOT

The R.A.F.'s
A jolly band,
They'll tackle any
Job on hand,
Thanks a lot.

You should see them
Cocking hay.
They work like blazes
And they stay
For they'll stick it
All the day.
THANKS A LOT.

I raise my glass
To you and you,
A cheery gang
You men in blue,
You came along
And saw us through.
THANKS A LOT.

" Woodcote." C.F.G.



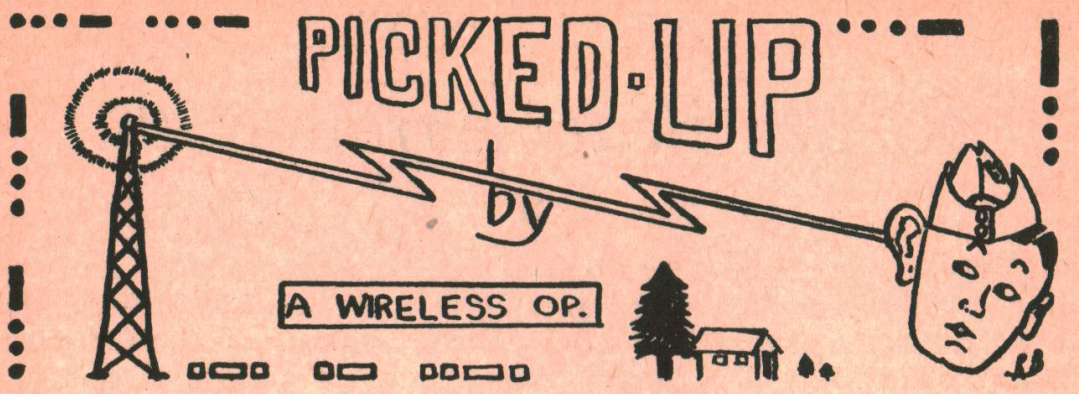
F/O and Mrs. R. B. O'Callaghan leaving St. Mary's Church, Oak Bay, after their wedding on Saturday, 11th September.

THANKS FROM ENGLAND

We print below an excerpt from a letter sent to the B.C. Travel Bureau by Mrs. A. B. C. Loggie of Derbyshire, England. We think it expresses the sentiments of a large number of mothers and wives in Britain:

". . . As a mother in 'the Old Country' I should like to thank the people of Victoria, Sidney and the surrounding district for the great hospitality shown to our boys. In after-life, when their sojourn on the Island is a mere memory, they will still remember the friends they made and the many kindnesses received. Their work, disappointments and heartaches will fade into nothingness but their recollection of their friends will endure. . . ."

PICKED-UP



PUKKA GEN

Did you hear of the erk from Training Wing who wandered into S.H.Q. Orderly Room and left the inhabitants there in a cold sweat when he asked for "the Airmen's Overtime Book."

✈ ✈ ✈

The nightly Pyjama Parade of 25 B4 has to be seen to be believed. It commences without the slightest provocation and goes on well into the night.

✈ ✈ ✈

Then there was the newly-promoted L.A.C. in the M.T. Section who woke up to find his props sewn on his pyjamas.

✈ ✈ ✈

Congratulations to F/O Ballantyne, whose entry won fourth prize in the Saanich Fair Horse Show—there were four entries!

✈ ✈ ✈

Heard in the P.G.T. Building: "Get the Adjutant's Parachute—he's gone up in the air again!"

✈ ✈ ✈

The Telephone Exchange had a call for a certain officer in S.H.Q. They rang the bell—they rang again—and again. Suddenly the said officer burst into the Exchange and demanded, "Stop ringing my bell!"

✈ ✈ ✈

Then there was the erk on parade who was told his tie was not straight. Someone overlooked the fact that he had no socks on.

✈ ✈ ✈

An officer at the "Diehards" dinner asked what R.O.T.B. meant! We live and learn.

DUFF GEN

Cpl. Jack Griffith was considering the renting of Victoria Royal Theatre for his marriage to "Binkie," the "Smile" Show Mascot. There are no spotlights in church.

R.A.F. Beats Arrowsmith

Any respectable mountain can only be conquered in two stages—first a long and agonizing period when all your plans go astray and it becomes perfectly evident to all concerned that you are not even going to start out. This stage eventually lands you, fresh and unblistered, at the foot of your mountain, clad in rough clothes, proper shoes, and a lovely light pack on your back. This also is where the wise man stops, confident that the really difficult part of the operation is over.

The club reached this development at 07.15 hours on a cold, smoky morning—the 11th of September last, to be exact. Eighteen good men and true ignored the grim warning offered by a sign that read, "ARROWSMITH TRAIL—DON'T BE A FOOL," and gaily followed the trail that went up.

Arrowsmith is actually climbed first of all by negotiating a trail that leads through thickly wooded and recently burnt-over lower slopes, inhabited almost exclusively by energetic wasps that resent any invasion of their domain. Master tacticians, they attack just when their enemy exposes his flank in scrambling over windfalls and treacherous slopes.

The trip was made, as it were, from stream to stream, as the party suffered badly from loss of water by evaporation, the hard way. Past the timber-line, too, it became evident that the more hardy mountaineers were waiting very affectionately for their more tardy brothers, sprawled, usually, in very restful poses.

By 12.30 the summit was achieved by all, and lunch was definitely enjoyed. A copy of "The Patrician," signed by all the party was deposited in the cairn so that future generations would know that the R.A.F. goes everywhere, and that people to come would marvel at the erudition of the twentieth century airman.

Thepartywasled downthemountain slopeinaseries of dashesand haltsto pickupthebodies andrecoverthebreath. Andy Spruell had decided that time can best be made with old man gravity on your side, and passed three of the half-hour resting places made on the way up, in fifteen minutes flat. It was during this part of the trip, too, that blistered feet and aching muscles were laved in a warm little mountain lake.

The party completed the climb down at 18.30, and investigated rumours of hot baths at Sunset Inn, the headquarters for the expedition. The rumours were true. The hot bath was delicious. Your correspondent remains unconvinced that you have to climb a mountain to enjoy one.

—A.B.M.



ON THE TOP.



MONARCH OF ALL I SURVEY

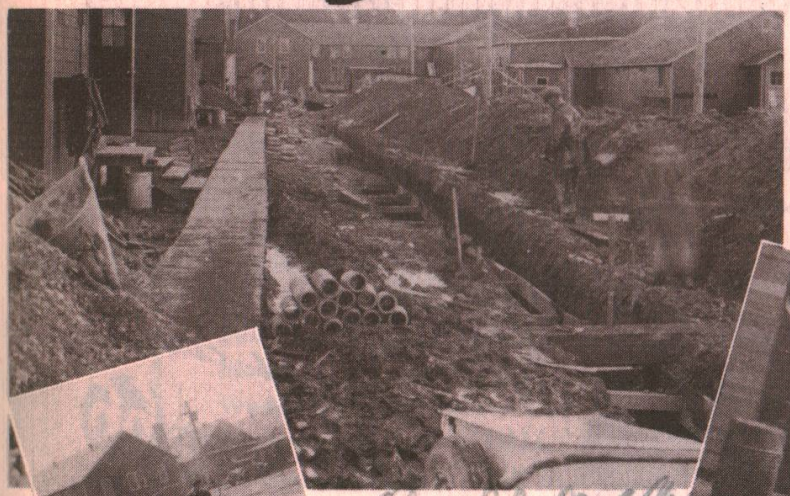
Mountains & MUD

RAF CLIMB MT. ARROWSMITH

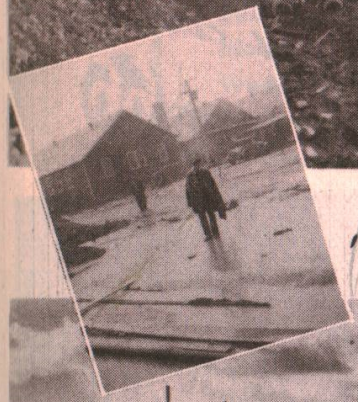


TIRED LEN?

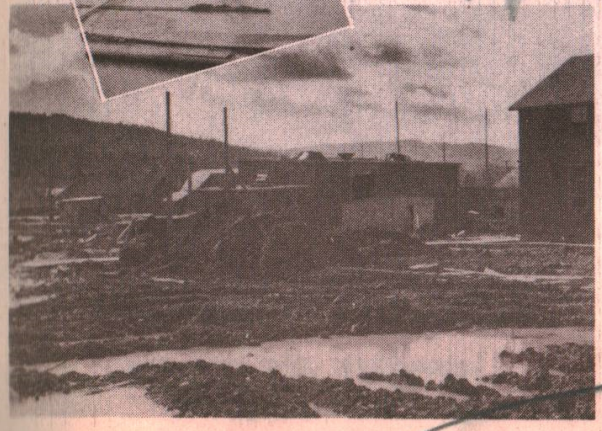
THE CAMP in 1941

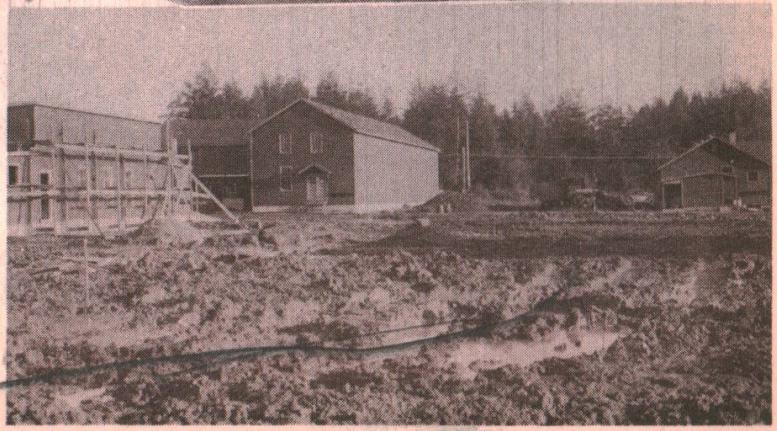












Housie-Housie

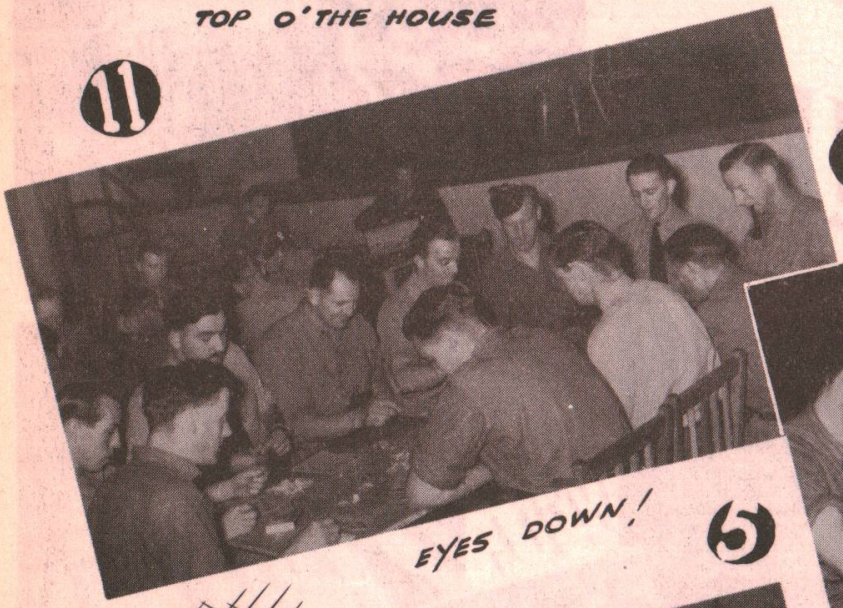


TOP O'THE HOUSE



TAKE YOUR FINGER OUT!

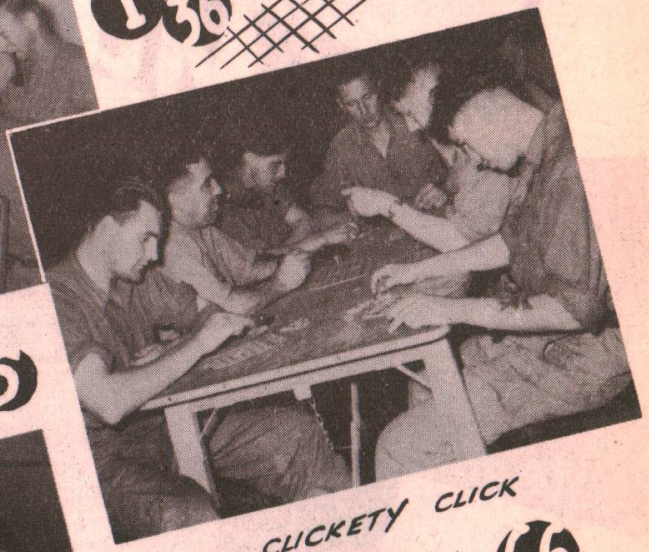
11



EYES DOWN!

5

1 36



CLICKETY CLICK

66



HOUSE!

15



COUNTING THE SHEKELS!

THE PAT FUND

The total this month shows an increase on that of last month which, by the way, is increased by $60.00, bringing the total to $155.15. Unfortunately a number of donations had been omitted from the list handed in for publication.

This list should have included, Equipment Section, $35.00; Accounts, $15.00; and the Photographic Section, $10.00.

Now that a new lot of collection tins has been issued and a better organisation instituted, it is hoped that donations will again reach the $350.00 a month standard. It would be of great assistance to the organisers if all sections would remember to return their tins to the P.S.I. Office, S.H.Q., by the 15th of the month. Official tins can now be obtained by calling at "The Patrician" Office. Have you got yours?

Volunteers are wanted to take it in turns to collect on Cinema nights. Any offers?

Last month's collections are as follows:—

Cinema, $70.58; Esquimalt, $40.50; Housie-Housie, $30.15; Parachute Section, $11.60; Photo Section, $12.25; Accounts Section, $10.92; "Patrician" Office, $9.51; "C" Flight, $7.97; Loan of "Patrician" negatives, $7.00; P.G.T. Signals, $5.15; Central Registry, $3.35; Workshops, $3.24; Sergeants' Mess, $2.76; Guard Room, $2.53; Training Wing Discip. Office, $1.38. **Total, $218.89.**

CINEMA SHOWS

Sunday, Oct. 3rd—"FOOTHILLS BANDIT"—Rangebusters.

Monday, Oct. 4th—"MY FAVORITE BLONDE"—Bob Hope, Madeline Carroll.

Wednesday, Oct. 6th—"THE BIG SHOT"—Humphrey Bogart, Joan Leslie.

Sunday, Oct. 10th—"BALL OF FIRE"—Gary Cooper, Barbara Stanwyck.

Monday, Oct. 11th—"HE HIRED THE BOSS"—Stuart Erwin, Evelyn Venable.

Wednesday, Oct. 13th—"BUY ME THAT TOWN"—Lloyd Nolan, Constance Moore.

Sunday, Oct. 17th—"THE WESTERNER"—Gary Cooper, Walter Brennan.

Monday, Oct. 18th—"ICELAND"—Sonja Henie, Jack Oakie.

Wednesday, Oct. 20th—"GREAT MAN'S LADY"—Barbara Stanwyck, Joe McCrae.

Sunday, Oct. 24th—"ONCE UPON A HONEYMOON"—Cary Grant, Ginger Rogers.

Monday, Oct. 25th—"SCOTLAND YARD"—Henry Wilcoxon, Nancy Kelly.

Wednesday, Oct. 27th—"DR. BROADWAY"—MacDonald Carey, Jean Phillips.

Sunday, Oct. 31st—"SING YOUR WORRIES AWAY"—Bert Lahr, June Havoc.

THE HOBBIES CLUB

One of the batch of recently revived clubs and new clubs catering for the juveniles and patriarchs, whose life is recorded in "The Patrician," is the Hobbies Club, which should appeal to A/C Plonk, P/O Prune and any exotic or exalted A.V.M., if such last ever happens to be on the strength. The programme is wide: it is planned to be wider, and its limit is only that imposed by an entrance fee of 25 cents.

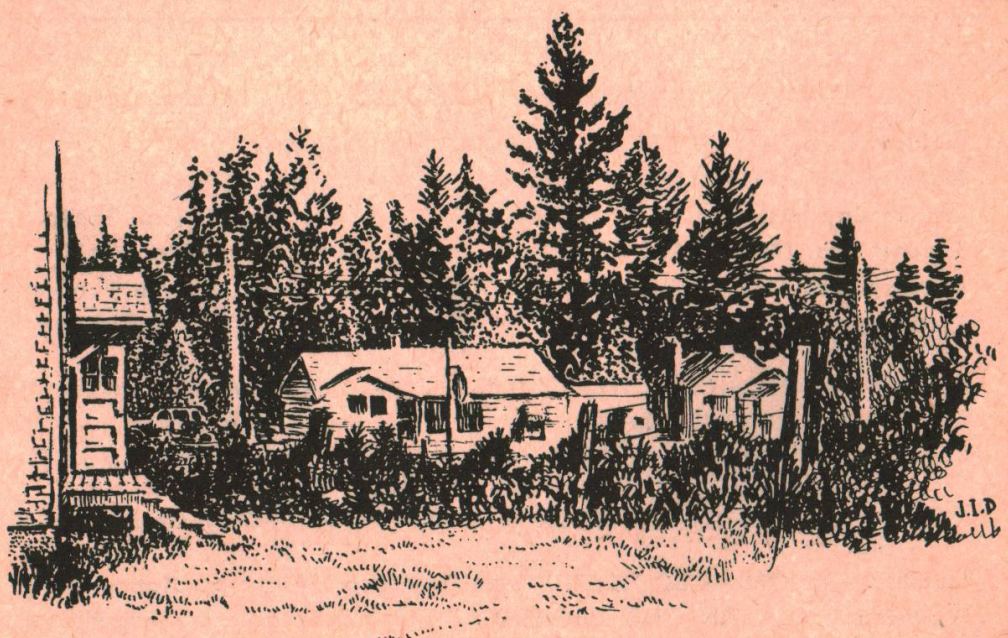
The purpose of the Hobbies Club is to foster the study and practice of handicrafts. The objective of the club shall be the decorating, furnishing and fitting of all premises commonly used by the personnel on the Unit (e.g. the R.A.F. Church, the Recreation Hall).

Nothing in the foregoing rule is to debar any individual member, or group of members, from making anything for their personal use or retention. Separate sections will be founded as occasion arises; for example, Boat-Building, Photography, etc. Exhibitions will be held periodically and prizes awarded.

The following are some of the Arts and Crafts: Water Colours, Oil Paintings, Poster Work, Lettering, Linocuts, Wood Carving, Metal Craft, Leather Work, Toy Making, Pottery.

It would be a shame to close the foregoing advertisement without reference to the rumours of the impending purchases of lathe, jig saw, tools and brushes. Time alone will show how great is the truth of these rumours, but your time might be saved by asking the Hon. Secretary (L.A.C. Pugh) or the Hon. Treasurer (P/O Wootton) or the Officer i/c, F/O Wilkinson.

—A.L.W.



Mary's Cafe, from the Officers' Quarters

By F/O J. I. Dodds

TALES FROM THE TARMAC

At a recent social gathering in the "local" certain thirsty gentry entertained an Officer's darts team in a hectic game of doubtful results.

L.A.C. Stanley Letchfield, by now homeward bound, addressed a slightly unappreciative audience, in a very touching manner, aided by the "dead end kids," "Toscar" Gorton and "Killer" Potter.

Cpl. Danny Waine has relinquished his old position with the Lizzies to take up more arduous duties in "A" Flight.

"Dinghy" Robson has already mapped out a career for his day-old nipper. She is to follow her father's footsteps into Rowntree's where, it is understood, he is in good standing.

Who is the erk who insists on combing his locks when the kites are coming in? We haven't noticed any lady pilots, Stanley.

Great anxiety is felt in "C" Flight. Mabel, the Flight bitch, is about to present W/O Day with an increase in the ration strength.

With the ever varying colour scheme we see on the tarmac and the local liquor increase, we shall soon be seeing kites which aren't there.

L.A.C. Jamieson, recently promoted, in his new position of under-assistant-master of the kennels, is now allowed to feed the motley collection of strays.

On a requested survey of the local ground mists, the Met Officer has taken into account the evaporation of perspiration from L.T.T.B. candidates.

What is a hexagon? An L.T.T.B. candidate from Repair Squadron believes it steers a ship on its course!

CONGRATULATIONS

To the following on their recent appointments and promotions we offer our congratulations: F/Lt. W. M. Lloyd to Squadron Leader, F/O's R. J. Cave and R. Gallon to Flight Lieutenant, P/O's D. McLellan, J. E. C. Connor, E. Rocks, A. K. Smalley, R. E. Maynard, H. T. Woolveridge and W. E. J. Byford to Flying Officer, Sgt. M. Barran to Warrant Officer, Sgt. Douglas to Flight Sergeant and L.A.C's R. Monk, J. L. McEllhenney and J. C. Russell to Corporal.

Our best wishes are offered to the following on their recent marriages: F/O's E. R. H. Holmes and R. B. O'Callaghan, Sgt. M. C. B. Smith, L.A.C's R. T. Saint, C. A. Parkinson, W. F. Barnard, and A/C D. A. Daniels.

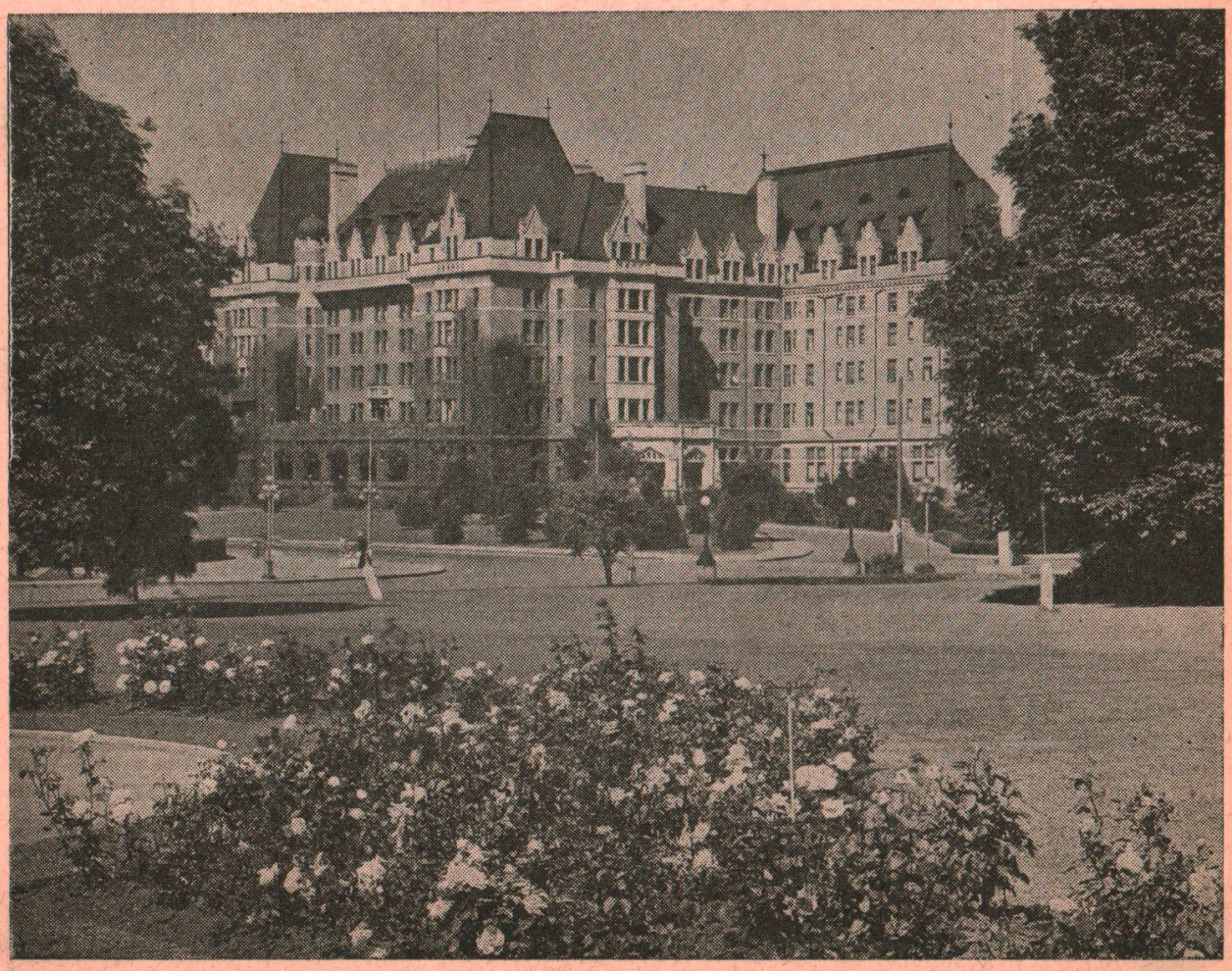
To the following babies of Unit personnel we send our greetings: Travers John Booth, David Thomas Wilson, Barbara Ann Jones, Patricia Ann Dunn and Gillian Patricia Herbert.

"SPEED THE VICTORY" **We'll Beat the Axis—SURE !**

But you can't fight with your bare hands — MAKE YOUR MONEY FIGHT, TOO

Subscribe NOW—to the 5th VICTORY LOAN

The Empress Hotel, Victoria, B.C.

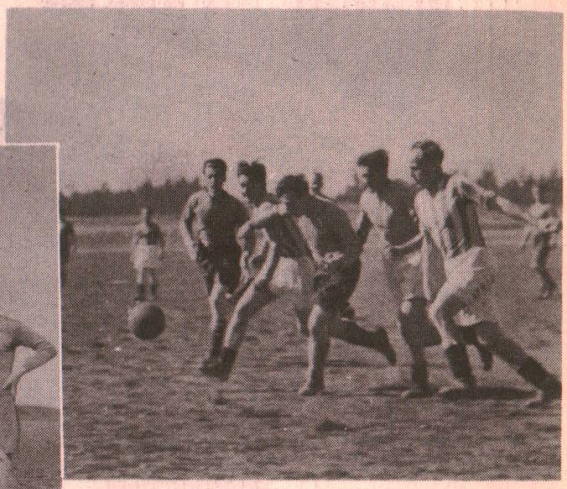






RAF v ROYAL NAVY

SEPTEMBER 8TH RAF WON





Soccer

WINNERS OF THE UNIT
SUMMER SOCCER LEAGUE

BLOCK 8B



HERE & THERE



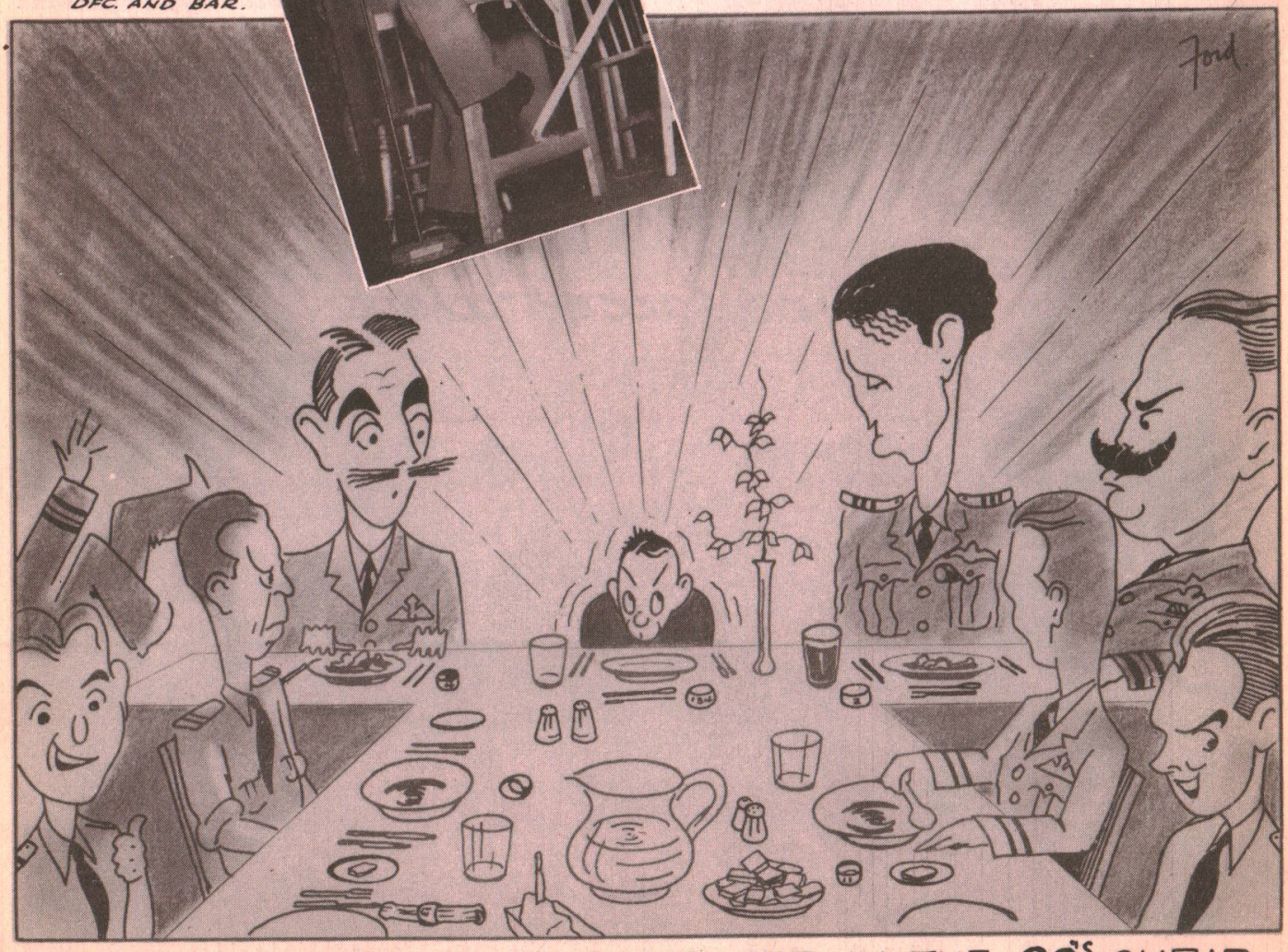
F/O DON FORD WHOSE CARTOONS WILL BE GREATLY MISSED

F/LT. E. MRS PETER DUNN THE GROOM, RECENTLY OF THIS UNIT, FLEW HIS WEDDING CAKE OVER TO ENGLAND.





DAM BUSTER N°1
W/CDR GIBSON.
V.C. DSO. AND BAR
DFC. AND BAR.



THE NEWLY ARRIVED P/O WHO SAT IN THE CO's CHAIR



Au Revoir



September again saw the departure of a number of popular old faces from the Unit, leaving behind a mere handful of "Diehards of '41." Amongst those who left were five very good friends of "The Patrician," namely, F/O D. R. O. Ford, F/O R. A. Austen, Sgt. E. G. Pickett and L.A.C.'s W. E. Hollingworth and F. I. Montgomery.

The caricatures and cartoons of F/O Ford have been amongst the most popular features of the magazine since August, 1942. Every issue since then has included two whole pages of his work, plus his famous "Erk" strip cartoon. These well-known features which have drawn much favourable comment from our readers will be greatly missed by everyone.

F/O Austen helped us out on numerous occasions and recently took over the responsibility for the Officers' Mess News. Sgt. Pickett was one of "The Patrician" pioneers, having successfully filled the position of Sergeants' Mess correspondent since the first number. He has at various times written several excellent articles.

L.A.C. Hollingworth, since the inception of the magazine, was always willing to help us out with the photographic pages. His skill in this direction was evident in many of our cover pictures. L.A.C. Montgomery was always a standby when articles were needed and was responsible for "Tales from the Tarmac" and "Musical Merry-Go-Round." In recording our regret at their departure we offer our sincere thanks for their unstinted efforts for the benefit of our readers.

DAMBUSTER No. 1

On Thursday, 16th September, the Unit was visited by W/Cdr. Guy P. Gibson, V.C., D.S.O. and Bar, D.F.C. and Bar, the most decorated member of the R.A.F. and famous throughout the world as the leader of the great raid on the dams at Mohne and Eder. This hero of World War II emphasized in a series of talks given to all ranks the importance of the work of the Air Training Scheme in Canada. This two-day visit to the Island included a visit to an R.C.A.F. Station and a civic reception by the City of Victoria.

• SPORT •

SOCCER

By the time these notes are printed the football season will be with us again.

We are fortunate in having available a large portion of last year's successful team who, judging by the trials, are playing with great vigour and skill. These players should prove a sound foundation on which to build up a match-winning side.

The search for fresh talent has been disappointing, but it is hoped that the Inter-Barrack League will remedy this. This League, under the able management of Sgt. Crockett, is well under way, and is proving one of the most popular sports fixtures on the Unit.

The Football Committee for this season consists of:

Officer i/c, F/O Spruell; Secretary, W/O J. M. Day; Selection Committee, F/Sgt. Ashworth, Sgt. Crockett, Cpl. Wall, L.A.C. Jamieson.

Players are reminded that if they are unable to play in a match for which they have been selected, they must inform the Secretary (Ext. 46) immediately.

Barrack Block 8B finished worthy winners of the Unit Summer Soccer League, only dropping 1 point in the series. Barrack Block 9A were runners-up and it was generally agreed the best match was played between these two teams. A word of praise is due to 8 B"s defence, who only conceded 4 goals in 8 games. Leading goal-scorer was Clinch (8B), with 16 goals, and Brumby (9A), 9 goals.

—J.D.

RUGGER

The attendance at the first general meeting gives promise of plenty of enthusiasm during the coming season. It has been decided to have training periods at 1700 hours on Tuesdays and Thursdays at which all are welcome. As it may prove possible to enter a separate Pupils' Team in the Victoria League this year, all possible permanent staff players are asked to come forward. It is expected that matches will commence before the end of September, so that a fairly settled team will be available when league matches start.

CRICKET

On Sept. 6th we completed our series against the Vancouver Mainland League team with another win, making 4 victories in as many starts. Once again they won the toss and chose to bat first. Uneasy from the start, with Purnell hopping around and taking fine

catches off the end of the bat, they were dismissed for 99. We also had to fight hard for runs but an excellent innings of 72 by Sheffield, plus dogged work by Purnell, enabled us to run up a total of 159.

The game against the R.A.F. Penhold team was rather disappointing; for, after getting them out for 113, we were able to make only 89. Our fielding was sloppy at times and consequently we have only ourselves to blame. However, they fielded splendidly and settled down very confidently on the wicket that was soft compared with the hard Albertan grounds.

Our only other games were two league fixtures against the Navy, which we won easily, and the Albion, which was drawn. These results keep us at the head of the Victoria League, so that for the second year running we shall finish in first place.

Results: Aug. 21 v. **Albion**—R.A.F., 142 for 9; Albion, 112 for 9.
Aug. 28 v. **Navy**—R.A.F., 84 for 4; Navy, 25 (Sullivan, 5 for 6; Sammes, 5 for 7).

Sept. 6 v. **Vancouver**—Vancouver, 99 (Sammes, 7 for 34); R.A.F., 159 (Sheffield, 72; Purnell, 31).

Sept. 13 v. **Penhold**—Penhold, 113 (Bennett, 4 for 30); R.A.F., 89.

—T.W.

ATHLETICS

We entered teams in the Inter-Service Sports which were held at Macdonald Park on Sept. 11th; in the Tabloid Sports, 5 Mile Road Race and 3 Mile Walk. Some difficulty was found in completing our teams but even so we were not outclassed.

In the 5 Mile Road Race our team was second, Sgt. Oliver being our first man home in 4th place, closely followed by McKellar, Love, Cockerill and Blee.

The 3 Mile Walk also found our team second to the Navy. Our men are to be congratulated on their showing, for they merely entered for the fun of the thing, having had no practice.

We were unable to select a very strong team of 20 for the Tabloid Sports and again had to rely on men willing to run. We were third in the event and with more training would possibly have improved our standing.

It is hoped to run another Cross Country Race from the Station in the near future, to take the form of an Inter Service Event, opponents being drawn from neighbouring Units. As the Cross Country season is now coming into its own, regular Station races will be organised and men are asked to keep in training for these events.

—J.T.

TENNIS

The Station Tournament was won by L.A.C. Parker of Workshops, that indefatigable player who runs after every shot. He beat Cpl. Hepenstall by 6-3, 6-4, 6-4 in the best of a five-set match. A photograph taken after play is on another page of this issue.

Western Air Command kindly asked this Unit to play against them at the Jericho Beach United Services Club on the 28th of August last.

The team selected was F/Lt. Allan, D.F.C., F/Lt. Smith, F/O Kendall, D.F.C., and F/O Hollis, and this team did very well in beating a strong team from W.A.C.

Our team was entertained in lavish style. It is hoped that the same players will accept and play the proposed return match, when we will do our best to beat them again and try to at least equal their generosity.

—R.H.

TABLE TENNIS

The new Officer i/c Indoor Sports, F/Lt. Smith, has already taken action for the Fall and Winter programme, and it has been decided by the committee to again enter two teams in the First Division of the Victoria and District Table Tennis League.

It will be recalled that the R.A.F. teams have won both the first and second division cups two years running, and naturally, the other teams will be doing their utmost to defeat them this year.

Arrangements have been completed for the formation of the Inter-Section Table Tennis League, and it is expected that at least 16 teams will enter. There will be one division only, instead of two, as last year, and a committee of seven has been appointed to look after the table tennis affairs. We will miss the good work of our former Secretary, Cpl. Lott, who is now back home.

—J.L.L.

GOLF

This has been a poor month from the viewpoint of competition golf. The majority of members have been away on leave, and others, notably F/O's Elliott, Smyth and Ford returning to the motherland. We wish them "bon voyage" and happy landings.

One of the Club's greatest assets is Sgt. Cowley and his "rattler." It has been and we hope it will continue to be, the means of more members taking advantage of the Ardmore Course. It is hoped his game is not as erratic as his driving of the car.

It is pleasing to note the rapid progress of those members who have recently taken up the game, yet a word of advice to them—don't try to knock the cover off the ball (they are difficult to get these days). A compact rythmical swing, allowing the club to do the work, is what should be aimed at.

—J.T.D.

SWIMMING

Representatives from this Unit put up a good show at the Inter Services Swimming Gala held at the Crystal Garden, Victoria, on the 9th September.

The Navy, with 35 points in the aggregate, won the final and honours of the evening, with our own team taking 28 points and the Army third place. Our entrants, a team of six, gave an excellent

performance in all the events they competed in. There was keen inter-service rivalry throughout, with interesting and exciting events which kept participants and spectators keyed up to fever heat in all the proceedings. The diving exhibition, featuring Teddy Rau, British Columbia springboard champion, and Thornton Opie, a former Eastern Canada lad, proved very popular. The best win our boys made was in the Water Polo matches, where we defeated the Army side 2-nil in the semi-final, going on to lick the Navy at 3-nil in the final. Individual scores credited were: Sgt. Keegan, fourth place in the 100 yards breaststroke and 50 yards breaststroke; L.A.C. Kewell, third place in the 50 yards breaststroke and second place in the 100 yards event; L.A.C. Dolan, second place in the 100 yards free-style and fourth in the 50 yards free-style. F/Lt. Kidd was the coach for the Unit team.

The polo team gave an exhibition match on the 13th September, during a Victory Fair, sponsored by the I.O.D.E.

—C.K.

BOXING

The boxing team began a revised programme of training on 1st September, with a view to a series of "meets" in the near future.

The new programme includes organised training on three evenings per week, Mondays, Tuesdays and Fridays, and road work on Tuesday and Thursday mornings. Though pressure of work prevents a full attendance, the boys are still enthusiastic enough to forego their leisure and are training very strenuously during any spare time available to them. The Gymnasium is undergoing a few alterations, including a more suitable punchbag, the erection of a training ring, and the installation of a few modern gymnastic appliances.

The meets under consideration are matches against an R.C.A.F. side, a local army side, and a possible tournament in Victoria. It is hoped that a team can be selected to take part in and win all individual weights of the next "Golden Gloves" competitions.

Interested personnel willing to offer their services will be welcomed to assist the team by taking part in gentle sparring bouts with the members of the team.

—E.R.

MINIATURE RIFLE CLUB

This past month has been well filled with competitions which have produced some excellent shooting. The big event was the match against the P.M.C.R. on the range at Brentwood. Using .303 rifles the Unit team was only beaten by 40 points—a most creditable performance—against men shooting with their own rifles and who have had more experience. Well done!

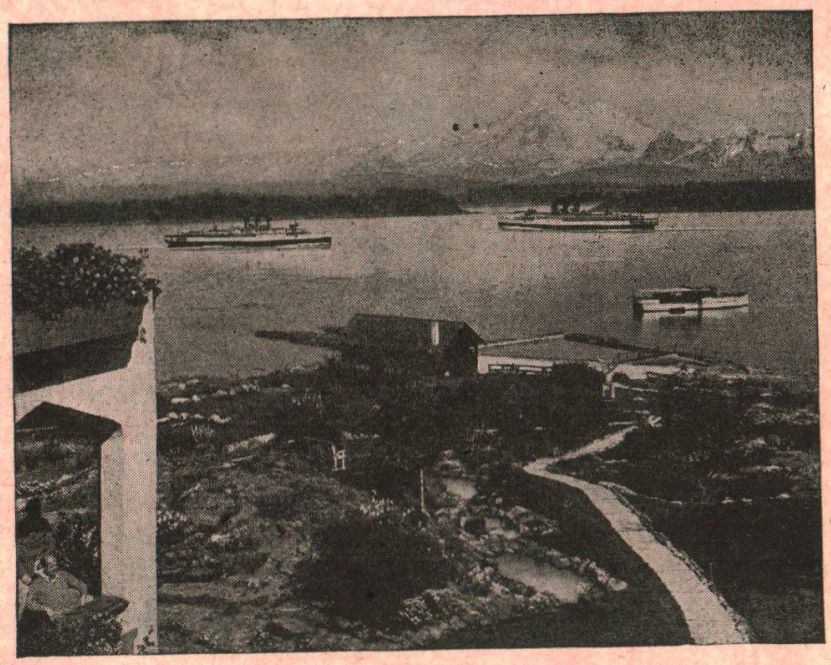
P/O Preddy, Sgt. Cook and Cpl. Blakeley were our highest scorers and each was presented with a small prize by the captain of the opposing team. Inter-Wing, Mess and Section matches created

great interest and some very close finishes were witnessed on the range, the results being as follows: Inter-Wing winners—Training Wing, 632 points; Inter-Mess winners—Sergeants' Mess, 710 points; Inter-Section winners—"A" Flight, 193 points.

—J.T.D.

RIDING CLUB

An addition to the Station Sports has been made by the formation of a R.A.F. Riding Club. The object of the club is to foster horseback riding, in this area where facilities are offered at a cheap rate. The Commanding Officer, G/Capt. E. L. Wurtele, is President of the Club, with S/Ldr. E. C. Brown as Field Master. Those interested in horseback riding, or anyone wishing to learn, should get in touch with the Secretary, S/Ldr. C. S. Goode.



"Ships that pass . . ." an every day scene near Oak Bay

Two men met one day, and A told B that he had a new house, with a very large garden, and asked B if he had any suggestions on what to do with the garden.

B: "Why not keep some chickens."
A: "What do I have to do?"
B: "Get a hen and 12 chicks, to start with."

A week later they met again.

B: "How are you getting on with the chickens?"
A: "They are all dead."
B: "Why! Didn't you feed them?"
A: "Feed them! Don't they suckle?"

Hollywood



LAC BOB HALE, with GRACIE FIELDS and CAROL LANDIS

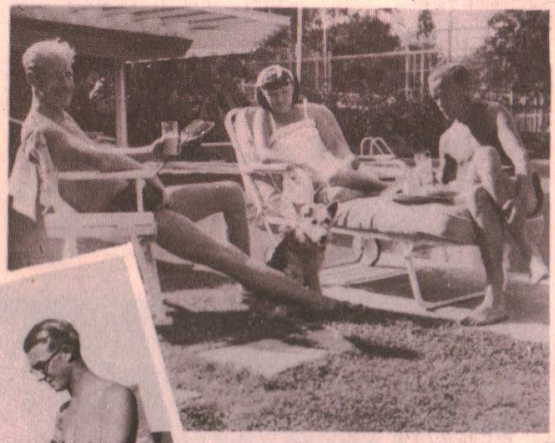




LAC. JOE COCKERILL AND GINNY SIMS



CPL, CHARLWOOD SHOOTS A LINE





CPLS, JERRY GOSLEY and TOM WEBB, STAYED WITH MR & MRS RAY NOBLE,



CPLS, BROWNILL AND MUSGRAVE WITH RICHARD DIX,

ODDS & ENDS.



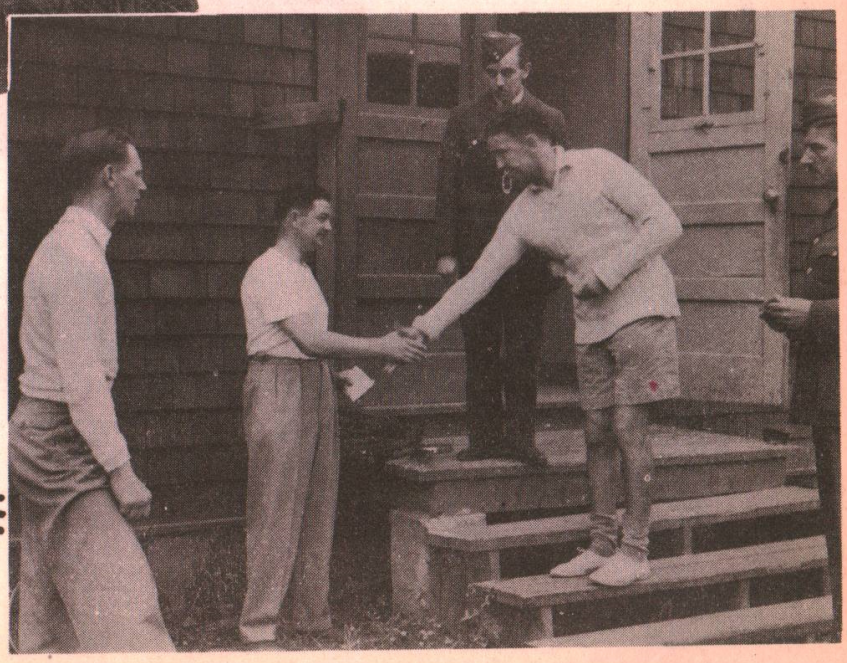
BATH DAY IN 'C' FLIGHT



LAC. BALL GOES SKATING.



F/SGT JONES GETS HIS TICKET -for LEAVE IN GEORGIA.



W/COR L.P. GIBSON CONGRATULATES LAC H. PARKER WINNING THE UNIT TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP.

LONDON LETTER

As promised, F/Lt. Peter Dunn, late of the Unit, has sent his first letter from England. We hope to hear from him each month.

This, I hope, will be the first of a series of articles dealing with Britain at the present time. Of course by the time you read the news it will probably be four to six weeks' old and also censored before leaving the country, but maybe I shall find something of interest to tell you.

Since I was last in London, things have changed considerably. The choice of foods is not as varied as it was. There is a very definite shortage of cars on the road, but how wonderful it was to see the red London Passenger Transport Buses again and hear the familiar "Mind the doors" on the "Tube," though not cried by the guard but by loud speakers sweetly mellowed by a woman's voice (with, probably, a strong Cockney accent)! Yes, London is still the heart of the Empire and spirits are very high now; I do mean people's spirits—and liquor spirits in price. There are now many places where hospitality is arranged for officers and others and for visitors to London. Many special sight-seeing tours are free to service personnel. If anyone is returning to England soon and would like to know where to find out about these services, drop me a line and I'll send him as much "gen" as I can. This applies to anyone who reads "The Patrician" overseas.

The shows are running full blast in London now. The only one which I had time to see was at the Victoria Palace—Lupino Lane in "La-di-da-di-da," which is a hilarious play with the inimitable Lupino producing and taking the lead with a bevy of beautiful girls. If you do get here whilst it is still on I strongly advise you to see it. The show lasted longer than it should have done because in many places the cast could hardly carry on, as they themselves were laughing so much.

Well, so much for London. There is no thrill quite like walking down Oxford Street and Regent Street, looking at the well-stocked shops—through Piccadilly Circus and Trafalgar Square and thence to Buckingham Palace, noting the many uniforms and the women doing their now not so new jobs. Try it when you do get here, it's well worth-while.

—PETER DUNN

CARICATURES

There is still a number of original caricatures unclaimed at "The Patrician" Office. These cartoons by F/O D. R. O. Ford are obtainable at a charge of 15c each, which is given to "The Pat" Fund.



Victoria—as the R.A.F. pioneers saw it

1942 — $ — 1943

for the War Effort and Charities

The last War Loan Drive resulted in $16,400 being invested by Unit personnel. Added to this is $4,000, the result of the "Smile" Show's brief appearance at War Bond selling booths in Seattle and Tacoma, bringing to over $20,000 the known total raised by the Unit for the immediate benefit of the War Effort.

Since October last the "Smile" Show has raised $4,600 for various war charities and the Lord Mayor of London's Fund for the Bombed and Homeless of Britain has benefitted by $2,660, the result of the Pat Fund collections. The Red Cross collection on the Unit amounted to $550.

The approximate total of the Unit's efforts is, therefore, around $28,000 (for the information of our Old Country readers, that is about £6,323) and does not include the voluntary stoppage of pay for the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund, nor the sums raised when the Dance Band has assisted many charitable organisations.

NOTES » NEWS » NONSENSE

Some of us are somewhat concerned with our lot, our surroundings, at the water, at the food, and we enjoy a real good bind. I'm no angel in this respect . . . but I had a letter from a buddy of mine who happens to be in Tunisia, and he states: "It's not bad out here, but it is not too good either. Here we are in the middle of the desert; we have forgotten what green is, and water is something that you get in a can or a jug, except for the odd trip to the Mediterranean beach for a swim. The food is good but we get the same few things over and over again till we are so sick of them we can't look at them." . . . and here we are—just tired of endless eggs !

✓ ✓ ✓

I'll never go out with a blind date again,
Not since that last surprise,
I started to dance with my blind date, and then,
She showed me her two glass eyes !

✓ ✓ ✓

Facts and Figures—Some rather interesting facts on letter writing came my way the other day. They were based on the letter writing efforts of a member of the Unit since coming to Canada, and which I here recount as of interest to Unit penpushers:—

Letters written during 18 months	150
Sheets of notepaper used	750
Envelopes	150
Number of words (based on average)	187,500
Total miles travelled by letters	1,050,000
Cost of postages	$27.75
Hours spent writing (this is equivalent to 31 days and nights of continuous writing).	750
Length of actual ink trail based on the average of 1½ inches per word)	4½ miles

Phew !—what a faithful husband ?

✓ ✓ ✓

There was a good crowd in the Recreation Hall on the evening of the 14th September to listen to a most remarkable lecture by Mr. Dan McCowan, who is one of Canada's leading Naturalists. The lecture, admirably illustrated by lantern slides, was both informative and interesting, and our speaker, with his wealth of humour and lore of the wild life of Canada, maintained the interest of the company throughout. Thanks a lot, Mr. McCowan.

An intense and permeating study of all things "canine" seems to hang over certain Unit personnel. As the days are carefully marked off on the Flight Calendar, and the hours slip by with calculated slowness, she, upon whom their affections are lavished, seems to treat the whole affair with studied indifference. When the result of this great heart-throb bursts on a troubled world it is sincerely hoped that a stranger has not sabotaged the works. Don't let the side down, Mabel! R.A.F., us!

✈ ✈ ✈

He had a nagging wife,
and four squawling little brats;
A wireless set that howled,
and a garden full of cats.
One neighbour played the trombone,
the other kept some geese,
So he joined the bloomin' Air Force,
just to get a little peace?

✈ ✈ ✈

Inducting Officer: "Where were you born"?
Selectee: "In Chicago."
Inducting Officer: "Before the fire"?
Selectee: "No, sir, behind the sofa."

✈ ✈ ✈

Mary felt a little pain,
beneath her pinafore,
She cussed, and said, "I wish I'd seen
that little pin afore!"

✈ ✈ ✈

R.A.F. CHOIR

Last winter a choir was formed on the Unit and a good deal of interest was shown. Activities were held over during the summer months, but now it is intended to recommence. A leader, preferably one with previous experience, is urgently required, as also are new members. Anyone interested is asked to contact Cpl. Webb, Sports Section.

✈ ✈ ✈

BROADCASTS HOME

These are well in hand. Nine men to make a recorded transmission each month at CJVI—the record is played by the B.B.C. about six weeks later. People at the other end are warned in advance to listen. Are you interested? Then watch D.R.O.'s and get your name put in the draw.

URGENT - URGENT - URGENT

Missing from Operations

The old established firm of GREENWOOD'S report that from operations over a wide area, nine swabs, three pairs of forceps and a fifty cent piece are missing.

Anyone giving information which will lead to their recovery in whole or in part will be rewarded with FREE INOCULATION.

Simply call Local 9 - - Ask for "Butch"

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BALLANTYNE

The recent announcement in "The Patrician" of the completion of Volume IV prompts us to remind readers that binding is OUR speciality.

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Enquiries Specially Welcomed from Those Of Air Rank.