

The Patrician



The Magazine of the
Royal Air Force
British Columbia



THE OLYMPIC RANGE FROM VOLUNTEER PARK, SEATTLE

Vol. 5

NOVEMBER - 1943

No. 2

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THE PATRICIAN

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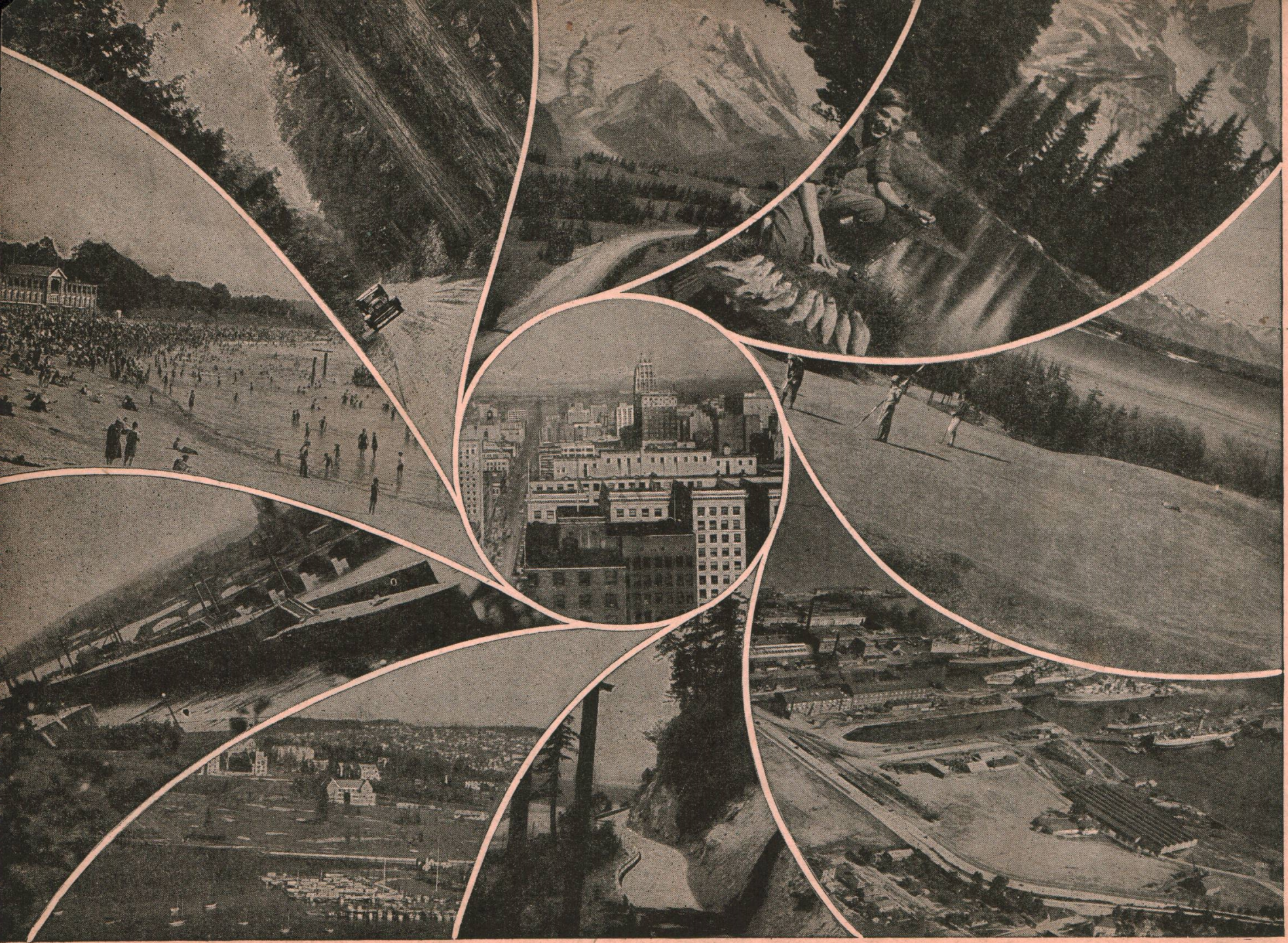
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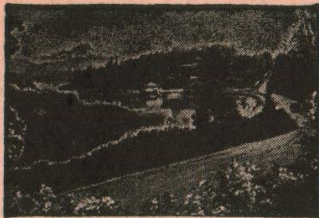
The reception given to the second anniversary number last month exceeded our most sanguine expectations. Two thousand copies were sold in a matter of hours, and readers on and off the Unit have been generous in their praise. We thank these good friends, including the local press, for their words and letters of appreciation. They are a great encouragement to all concerned with this magazine. But constructive criticisms, and suggestions for improvements, are even more welcome. We are always seeking new ideas; this is your magazine; so let us have **your** ideas.

This month we are "featuring" the city of Seattle. It has become a familiar place to many members of the Unit, and others are looking forward to a visit. Our object in doing so is not only to tell our readers at home about our neighbour, the nearest city of the United States, but also to pay tribute to the hospitality which so many of us have received, officially and privately, from that great city and its citizens. Seattle has a fine record for hospitality to service men, and the R.A.F. in British Columbia will remember with gratitude the warm welcome which awaited them there.

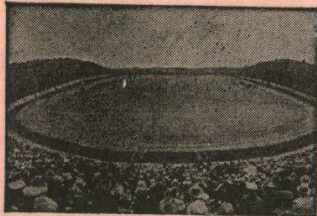
Next month we hope to "feature" Vancouver in the same way and for the same reasons. So please let us have any material of interest—articles, photographs, sketches—which will help make the record worthy of its subject.

By the time these words appear the Fifth Victory Loan Campaign will be well under weigh. The Unit's objective is \$20,000. For the Fourth Loan it was \$10,000 and we raised over \$16,000. We write on the eighth day of the campaign, and the total is \$32,000 and still mounting. But there is still a week to go. If you have bought already, buy more. If you haven't bought yet, buy now. Buy till you're bust.

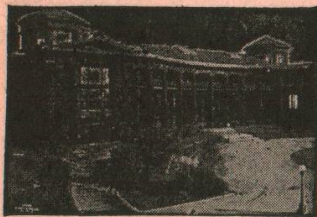
—THE EDITORS



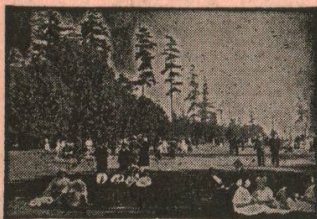
LAKE WASHINGTON
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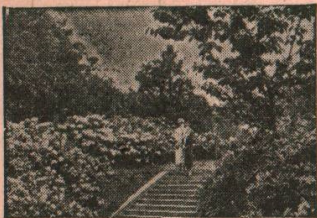
FORESTRY BUILDING



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Scenic Seattle

Seattle, that magnetic mecca for R.A.F. personnel of all ranks who have in their possession a 48-hours' pass or leave form, is a city of 475,000 people and is named after an Indian Chief whose tribe inhabited the original site. Built on rolling hills, Seattle is fronted by the sapphire blue waters of the Puget Sound and at the back lies the 20-mile stretch of fresh water known as Lake Washington. Within the city limits are Lake Union and Green Lake. To the east the shimmering Cascade Range raises its sheer beauty to the skies, and to the west across the Sound the vast mountain mass of the Olympics tower in rugged grandeur above the romantic San Juan Islands. Truly with these beautiful vistas of lake, sea and snow-capped peak, can Seattle call herself "The Charmed City."

Seattle legitimately claims to have the largest floating structure in the world—Lake Washington Floating Bridge. This gigantic concrete construction carries four traffic lanes and two sidewalks for one and three-tenths miles. The Lake Washington Canal Locks which link Puget Sound and Lakes Union and Washington give Seattle two inner fresh water harbours and in size are second only to those of the Panama Canal. Seattle, too, is within easy reach of the Grand Coulee Dam, the world's largest engineering feat.

I well remember Seattle's impressive skyline when visiting for the first time in 1941, before America's entry into the war. Seeing those towering floodlit skyscrapers and myriads of coloured neon signs reflected in the rippling waters of Puget Sound vividly emphasised to me the energetic character of this go-ahead metropolitan city which has grown from a frontier outpost in the space of a lifetime.

From the observation tower of the Smith Building a magnificent panoramic view can be obtained. This forty-two storied office block is 500 feet in height and is the tallest building in the city.

Many are the men of this Unit who have experienced the genuine American hospitality of Seattle, the keynote of which is variety. Men of the armed forces can enjoy dances, picnics, variety shows, hospitality in private homes, reduced ad-



mission fees to cinemas, concerts, plays and sports events, free gym. and swimming facilities, special arrangements for golf, tennis, badminton, boating, skiing and other sports. The twelve Servicemen's Clubs carry on recreational programmes and several offer overnight sleeping accommodation.

Apart from all this admirable war work being done by Seattle's residents the citizens are taking a very active part in the production of war materials. Seattle is proud to be the home of the famous Boeing Flying Fortress.

In closing this brief outline of Seattle, we express our sincere gratitude to those many residents who have done so much to make our leaves so enjoyable. Surely the friendships which have been made will assist in no small measure to unite the two greatest English-speaking nations in a lasting bond which is so essential for the remodeling of a better post-war world.

—J.G.

**The Northern Life
Tower, Seattle**



Victory Garden

A letter from Oakland, California, in reply to last month's article by "Taurus."



October 11, 1943

Dear Taurus:

May I presume to thank you for the very enjoyable article "VICTORY GARDEN—Pat Bay Style," which appeared in the last edition of "The Patrician." It would seem as though we had something in common but in my case "Victory" is just around the corner, and it is "California" style.

To begin with, I ploughed up a perfectly good lawn, but refused to sacrifice my trees—error No. 1, according to the neighbours. To make a long story short, the onions, lettuce and radishes planted under the trees turned out O.K. with the exception of celery which I planted on top of the ground instead of in a hole. The celery "bolted" on me but I used it for soup, so it wasn't a total loss.

I planted spuds—no one else did—and, according to my Irish neighbour on the right, I planted at the "wrong time of the moon." Being happy-go-lucky, and not in the least superstitious, I made a bet with him. The plants were sturdy and luxurious but the blossoms fell off every plant. Becoming alarmed, I inquired as to this strange phenomenon and was informed that it didn't matter as the potato was a tuberous individual and was probably concentrating on its tubers. As you know, after 90 days, the experts promise you'll be paid off. Came the day—I started digging about a foot from the first plant, naturally assuming that my potatoes were the size of watermelons and I didn't want to bruise them with the spading fork. After ten minutes of careful probing, I became impatient and yanked the thing up with my hands—there were exactly FIVE marbles thereon! Hastily I replanted it, casting furtive glances fenceward—ah, nobody had seen. Luckily my Irish neighbour moved out before harvest time, but I think he must have put an Irish curse on my English spuds and I still owe him 20 cents! After another full month, I harvested all of them, Results: one bushel basket full of marbles. Anyhow, they made several "messes" of "certified" soup.

As for my carrots and turnips, which I like chopped together with a roast beef dinner, they came along beautifully. The only trouble was that we had turnips long before the carrots matured, and we don't like turnips by themselves—who does? By the time the carrots were ready, we couldn't get the roast beef or any other kind of beef so—that much for the carrots and turnips.

What—no tomatoes? Ah, yes, no Victory garden is complete without the "pomme d'amour"—love apple to the French. I put in half a dozen plants and gad, how they flourished! My neighbour

on the left (a good German-born American) came over every day to compare my tomato progress with his. I was out early in my sterilized outfit looking like a doctor about to operate. You see all the books say that anyone who smokes must be very careful to scrub his hands thoroughly and the wearing apparel must be thoroughly disinfected so that no trace of nicotine remains—and I **do** smoke. Finally, blossoms appeared a good month before my neighbour's and I proceeded to drop "hormones" into each tomato flower with a medicine dropper (this is the latest scientific development). Well, it worked! Perhaps at this point I'd better mention that the plants were undoubtedly of inferior stock as they too were very definitely of the small variety. I did get one or two tomatoes about the size of a teacup and had I been able to buy film, would have recorded them for posterity—or something. I still think it was sabotage, as my German friend's tomatoes are resting their saucer-like selves on the top of my fence to keep themselves from falling off before they're ripe!

Now, we come to the string beans—are you still with me? Always be sure to get either the pole or bush beans. I worked arduously at building bean poles and my row of beans looked like tent city without the tents. But the beans had other ideas, they were the low type and refused to be classified as "social" climbers and by this time it was too late to remove the poles without disturbing the roots. I guess everyone heard about this but I actually got string beans (dwarf variety also). I have just put in a second crop, totally disregarding everyone's advice (including the government bulletin on California West Coast planting). The horse laugh is on them this time, I hope—the beans are in full bloom already—tune in to this station in about two weeks as to how the finished product turned out.

Now, in closing—here's some honest advice—did you try squash? Gosh, that'll grow anywhere! And, the friendly bovines won't eat it because it has prickles on the leaves. Better try it—for every seed you get about two dozen "believe-it-or-not" squashes. Of course, if nobody likes squash, at least you can show good results.

You know the old saying, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." Are you gonna?—I dare you!

—BOVINUS MELANCHOLIUS

Thanks are expressed to the Y.M.C.A. for the gifts of handkerchiefs, cigarettes, matches, fruit, etc., which appeared from the heavens via a bucket on the evening of the Crazy "Smile" Show in the Recreation Hall. As it was so near pay-day such gifts were doubly welcome, but a word of warning to those who might go about the Unit clapping their hands in expectation—"miracles don't often happen"!

Mount Seymour

The arrangements for this, the Club's second expedition, went so smoothly that the chief conspirator began to worry. Not till two days before our departure did the expected snag arise. So, with situation normal, twelve of us on October 1st took the midnight boat to Vancouver, and next afternoon were changing into walking kit. We were to stay at the cabin of the Alpine Club on Seymour, and members of the Club met us and led us there. Methods of transport used—car, street car, the old hitch-hike, and a two hour walk uphill in the mist. That evening the wisdom of having two Sergeant Cooks in the party was proved, as the cooking was on a strictly self-supporting basis. Versatility Pattison then introduced Newmarket to the unsuspecting Canadians. Next day, as we climbed Seymour, the mist gradually cleared and gave us magnificent views of the surrounding mountains. We found the trip more varied than on Arrowsmith, easier and more pleasant. This was because of (a) the company we had XX—see photographs! (b) the supply of blueberries. Never have so many been devoured by so few in so short a time. After the descent and another meal, determined clearing-up and the walk downhill to the 'bus, we rode back to Vancouver singing all the old songs fit for the ears of our companions. We are deeply grateful to the Alpine Club for its co-operation in a very successful expedition.

—R.G.

OFFICERS' WIVES CLUB

We print below a letter received by Mrs. Betty Gibson, President of the Officers' Wives Club, from the Lord Mayor of London.

Dear Madam,

It was with great pleasure that I received through the Office of the High Commissioner for Canada the sum of £147.13.0, being a gift from the R.A.F. Officers' Wives Club, Sidney, towards my Empire Air Raid Distress Fund, for which I enclose herewith official receipt.

I deeply appreciate this generous donation, and shall be glad if my warm and sincere thanks can be conveyed to all contributors for their kind support of this Fund.

This money will be the means of bringing comfort and relief to many air raid sufferers and I am very grateful.

Yours truly,

SAMUEL G. JOSEPH,
Lord Mayor.

NEWS

FROM THE
OFFICERS' MESS

The contemplation of a Mess Bill and the writing of these notes are matters which assume a simultaneous urgency in this scribe's life. Both arise on or about the 10th of the month and it is perhaps difficult to judge which is viewed with the greater diffidence. Both must receive immediate attention but in the end it is the News from the Officers' Mess which is invariably filed away under the general heading—"Matters for procrastination."

The outstanding event of the month was undoubtedly the most successful dance held on 16th October. Amid a profusion of floral decorations, some 200 guests were able to enjoy an evening of dancing and refreshment which reflected the greatest credit on the organising powers of the Mess Committee and anyone else who had a hand in the arrangements. The introduction of the "invitation" system is to be applauded and the provision of corsages for the ladies is an admirable innovation. Altogether—a first class affair.

This month's great thought. A motto for R.A.F. Officers—what with winter drawing on: "Per Ardua ad Astrakhan."

"Another good man gone west" is a phrase which applies not only to marriages (of which we suffer not a few) but also to departures, involuntary or otherwise. In this latter category, however, with certain obviously attendant difficulties, the majority have to go east. And so east, for varying distances, have departed The Air Council(or) (F/O Ballantyne), The Ring Master (F/Lt. Rawles), The resident Canon (S/L England) and a Flying Instructor (S/L Stansfeild). To new but more local pastures has departed F/O O'Callaghan. To any old stagers who think they have been forgotten in an outpost of Empire—a word of advice: Write your name legibly on all receipts to Air Ministry. If you have a typewriter, use it in preference to longhand for your signature.

Our thoughts go out to the man who suggested putting slices of lemon in the chlorinated water. It certainly helps to make it taste even worse.

Our constant drive in the suppression of rumour led us to the Officer i/c "A" Flight. But he IS "tall, dark and anson."

We record a greeting to S/L West who has recently arrived as C.G.I. Enquiries lead us to believe that C.G.I. stands for, "Coastal's Gift to the Inventory." We stand to be corrected.

The Finger of Fate

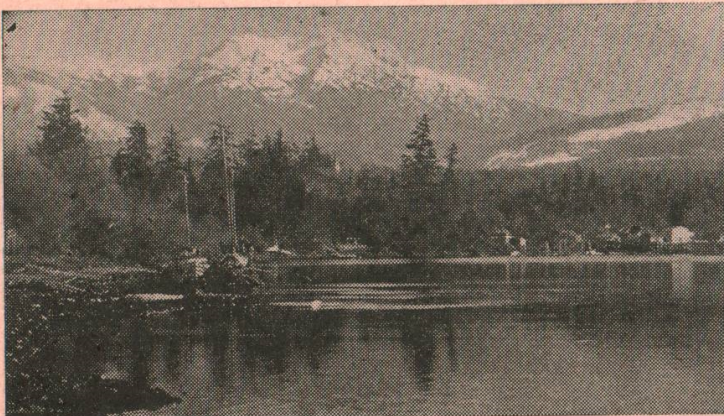


You could sense it in the air the very day "it" was erected. For some weeks prior to "its" appearance, rumours ran high on the Unit, that the new C.O. was a strict disciplinarian. In fact it was rumoured he had been heard to say he would not hesitate to use corporal punishment on habitual offenders! This of course was nothing to go by, until . . . ! The first step was clearing the ground. Obstructions were removed, and seats erected so that all could have a clear view. Then came the next operation, and this did begin to look ominous. A perfectly square raised stage was built, dead in the centre of the clearing, the work carried out by a grim looking crew of competent carpenters. Then . . . almost the crowning horror of all, there appeared one cold gloomy morn, poles with baskets attached. These grisly looking receptacles were just the right shape and size for a man's head. By now, something like panic was gripping the denizens of "Sam's Super Thuggerie," "Armourers 'Angout," where guns were supplied to the underworld, and even "Keegan's Killers" were reported trying for a posting. The C.O.'s batman, "Horrible Horowitz," the blackest-hearted challenger for the title of Public Enemy No. 1 (my life) appeared one day, blanched and terror stricken, to say he had spied the C.O. gloating over a history of France. A history of France showing decapitations galore!

By now the "48-hour flannellers," the "Perspex purveyors," the "P.T. scroungers" and the rest of the motley crowd really had the jumps. Throats constricted and heads were averted when passing "it."

Then one fine happy day, a day filled with songs and merry laughter, gloom and foreboding vanished like a summer's mist from a thousand anxious mugs. D.R.O.'s pealed forth the joyous news, that 'twas not as was fearfully thought. The secret of "it" was out . . . "Basketball had come to stay."

—JAKE



.....
Alberni—Great lumbering district of Vancouver Island, at the foot of Mount Arrow-smith.

? WHO'S WHO ?

2.—F/Sgt. O. P. Osborne

F/Sgt. Osborne ("Ossy") describes himself as a "Gen Man," which is as good a way as any of labelling his official position in Repair Squadron.

Born at Gorleston-on-Sea in 1910, he lives at Erith, Kent; but his wife and son (Brian, aged 3½) have joined him at his Canadian address, East Saanich Road.

Educated; Secondary School. Finished; Will Hay's Academy (Diploma with Honours). Says he is not a member of any respectable clubs, societies, or what have you; but does not divulge particulars of the others. Swims, plays tennis, and always tries to get on the best of terms with anything mechanical.

Enlisted in the R.A.F. as a boy. Trained at Halton, 1925-1928, followed by six years at Eastchurch and five years in India (N.W. Frontier), Iraq and Egypt. Returned to Halton as Instructor in 1939, later going to Hedresford in the same capacity. Then a few months at West Drayton before coming to Canada last year. Indian General Service Medal, 1935.

Likes B.C. immensely, but wishes some of the local laws were as generous as the scenery and the climate.

After the war he would like to spend a few years in England and then shoot off for a time to some other part of the world that he hasn't visited as yet.



At the last Corporals' and Airmens' Dance in the Recreation Hall the sport prizes were won by Miss Stella Singbeil and A/C Cohen and Miss Oldnall and Cpl. Roper.

There was a broadcast home for 8 of the chaps from the Unit during the month. Lucky blighters, I never seem to be the fortunate one from my section to have a name drawn.

We had another welcome return visit from Miss Bonnie Ward and her talented troupe of artistes on the 28th September. A packed audience in the Recreation Hall gave full justice to a most enjoyable show.

BACKWOODSMAN IN BIG CITY



There comes a time in nearly every exile's life when the long awaited boat looms up over the horizon. In my case it found me with a week's leave to come, and a little (very little) money to spare, so I sought out my old travelling companion, Useless, and suggested that we wend our way to Montreal, to see if there is any part of this great wilderness which shows signs of life and civilisation. So we filled in multitudinous forms, applications and other means of wasting paper, and finally found ourselves on the boat for Vancouver, in the company of two very good friends—"Slim" and a bottle of "Highland Cream." Leaving the boat in not the slightest pain whatsoever, we got on the Canadian National train and began the long and tedious journey. No one has ever yet been routed correctly in the services, so it was too much to expect that we should be the first. We soon found that our train went to Toronto. The relevant official, who had obviously joined the wrong service, said that we must change at Capreal . . . and Winnipeg was far too simple and obvious. However, we fooled him, and went to Toronto first, and from there to Montreal. In Toronto we met "Slim" again, still quite happy (or was he?) having just driven the C.P.R. train in!

It was not very long after we had arrived in Montreal and had a brief look round that we realised the truth of the oft-repeated statement, that "la Province de Quebec" has everything, and the rest of the country makes do with what it can get. Here there is plenty of everything. Even the rationing appears to be purely nominal. Sugar is placed on the table at meal times, one helps oneself, and it is removed—just a token. Hotels have what is equivalent to our Saloon or Private Bar at home, and these are open practically all the evening (also at lunch time) and there one can order one's fancy. I asked (attempting to appear casual) for a double Black and White . . . only to be met with profuse apologies and "We have only Haig & Haig's Five Star, Sir." How you dear souls at Pat Bay must sympathise with the inhabitants hereabouts!

We have walked and walked, finding little green patches of the city, so reminiscent of the old London; we have studied the new Central Station, so different from Liverpool Street on a foggy day; we have climbed Mount Royal before breakfast (late breakfast of course); we have been slightly amazed at the vast number of obviously expensive blocks of apartments, and have come to the conclusion that the City Surveyor's Department knows its job.

I was alone in our "suite," on the evening after our arrival, when the telephone rang. Now, thought I, who the devil is that, no one knows me in Montreal. Reluctantly I picked up the receiver. Yes? "Hullo, you X . . . !!? You don't know who is speaking, do you?" (The voice was familiar; at first I thought it was Sir Tindall himself;

half hoped, and half dreaded, that it might be). "It's David!" . . . "David?" "Yes, Huggins, you X Y Z!!! fool, come on down!" And there was the little F/Sgt. complete with white flash, still superbly, sublimely and happily brassed off!

One wonders if in a mere week one could find something that this city hasn't got? Perhaps there is, but even so, Montreal is a MUST, before going back to England . . . a sort of re-acclimatisation . . . because although you do not realise it, you of the R.A.F. in B.C. are "bushed," or in our own parlance slightly "round the bend"! You will not believe me now, but you wait until you return to civilisation!
AND MAY THAT BE SOON.

—E.G.P.

SERVICE

"What's your name, Sonny?" A nonchalant hulk of a Flight Sergeant filled the youngster's vision, and proceeded to dominate him into a timid offering of his particulars. "I'm a rigger and I've just passed out from Halton, I'm—" "Halton!—Rigger!—!! Send him to Maintenance, he's no use to us in this Flight." The next few weeks with a bucket and a broom for companions, allowed him much time for meditation and he felt anything but glad "he joined." In this capacity, however, he underwent a fairly complete initiation into the "man's service," uncovering many of its mysteries of life and law. He learned when and where to scrounge and that sooner or later the geniuses were revealed. After a short hatless interview with the Flight Commander, he was dismayed to find that jankers here, done on a larger scale with a full pack, differed wearily from those he had earned at Halton.

Later the N.C.O.'s proved themselves not quite the huge monsters he had held in complete awe in the earlier stages of his career, but persons, who, on rare occasions were capable of coherent speech. They even condescended to fill his receptive head with "line shooting," reviews of hardships encountered in foreign lands, which became as familiar as the climes where "men were men" and thought little of it.

Then the war collapsed his pleasure house, and with its unaccustomed "organised panics" brought undreamed-of individuals in the shape of V.R.'s, Auxiliaries and Class E Reservists, who reduced him to his low origin once more. Avoidance of these intruders only fanned their scorn, and eventually he received the stamp of a social misfit unable to procure a position in "civvie street." From this attempted explanation of the degradation into which the "ex-brats" have fallen, the would-be-executioner, the casual reader should see how and why the sweet cherubs who once gleefully lugged their baggage through the portals of Halton, have become the bated individuals now in our midst.

—"EX-BOY."

A Letter from "G.G."

(It will be remembered that in our September number we drew attention to the fact that "G.G." had used a number of our jokes in his daily "Informalities" programme from CJOR Vancouver).

Dear Editors (how many are there of you?)

The gags were good and I had to do something to give my infamous morning hour some class and standing, so in my desperation I peeked into "The Patrician" which you fellows had sent to our horse-loving Jack Short. Well me, belonging to the Geegees, even if only by name, I felt I was in a wee small way entitled to use them; not for a moment did I think that fellows with the ability to bring out such a good little magazine, would stoop to eat the kind of low-down corn that I dish out for breakfast. However, you caught me with my pants at half mast, so I might as well confess. Now you know it all!! Am I forgiven? Tnx fellahs.

By way, tnx again for sending me the September issue, some of the gags of which I shall use very shortly. Will you forgive me in advance? That's swell of youse.

Now that I know I have the odd listener amongst you, I shall drop the odd remark here and there during the A.M.'s with covered reference to you fellows.

Meantime, thanks for the magazines and for listening.

Yours aye aye,
"G.G."

FIRST APPEARANCE IN VICTORIA

★
CRAZY

The **R.A.F.**
Smile Show

ROYAL VICTORIA THEATRE

Wednesday, 17th November



Admission: \$1.50 and \$1.00 » » » 2030 hrs.



HERE IT COMES!



CPL POMEROY

ANY MAIL

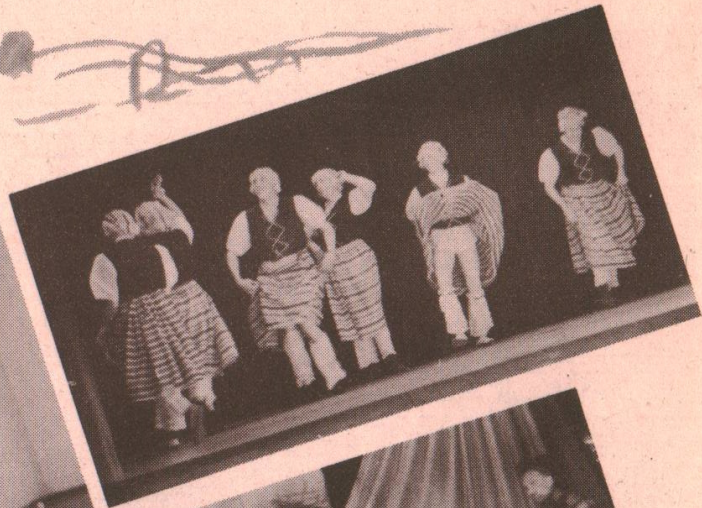


"TAFF" HUGHES



THERE IT GOES!

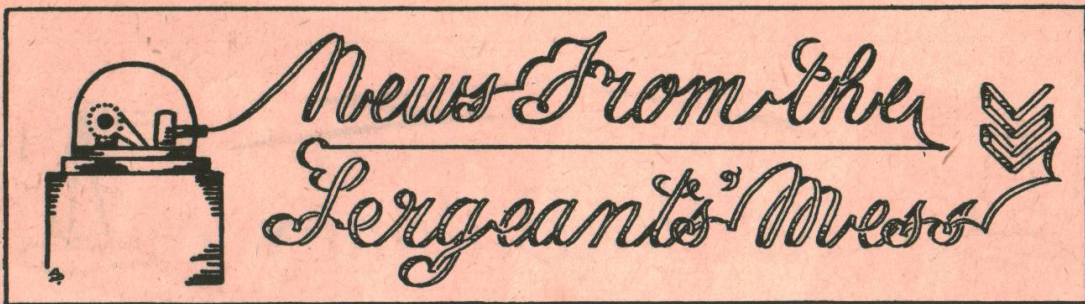




The Spirit of
the thing
CRAZY MILE
SHOW

OCTOBER 14TH AND 28TH





News From the Sergeant's Mess

The recent Mess Meeting was a cross between a "Gathering of the Clans," and the "Crazy Gang," quips being flung around with reckless abandon. F/Sgt. Makin, "Nothing but a racket, that lot." F/Sgt. Blood, "Fine thing I call it." F/Sgt. Michelin, "Cant **we** feed there when they move."

F/Sgt. Ashworth wonders why he didn't collect the kitty whilst playing solo. He went Misaire Avaire with thirteen cards and led off with the deuce.

The following extracts from a certain magazine are displayed without comment: "My husband has been in the service since September, 1939, and has now acquired a Flight Sergeant."

"The average time for advancement from Sgt. to F/Sgt. is thirteen months, and from F/Sgt. to W/O twelve months."

Sgt. Pattison's conundrum of the month: "What did the Skeleton say to the Beecham's Pill?" "You won't get anything out of me."

A certain sergeant from the Armoury was lecturing on currency the other day. It's amazing how he knows so much about money without ever having any.

On occasions in the Mess various reactions to swing music have been observed. One Warrant Officer, however, was snoring one lunch time, in perfect tempo with Harry James' "Blue Skies."

A fine display of equilibrium: F/Sgt. Jones fighting a nifty treble twenty with the right hand, with a full tankard in the left hand.

There is so much "Sweating" being done just lately, that a "Wiper Towel" system should be inaugurated in every bunk.

Is F/Sgt. Jeffery training for the Commandos? I have it on good authority that in one day he took part in three lots of P.T., two games of Squash, and one game of Rugby, finishing up with a sprint around the race track.

How narrow an escape a certain culinary expert had, only his intimate friends and a few others know.

Someone should tell Sgt. Stenson that scrap iron is to be handed over to the Salvage Officer and not left on the Camp Car Park.

Is the current theme song "Dinner for one, please, James," or "Stomping at the Savoy."

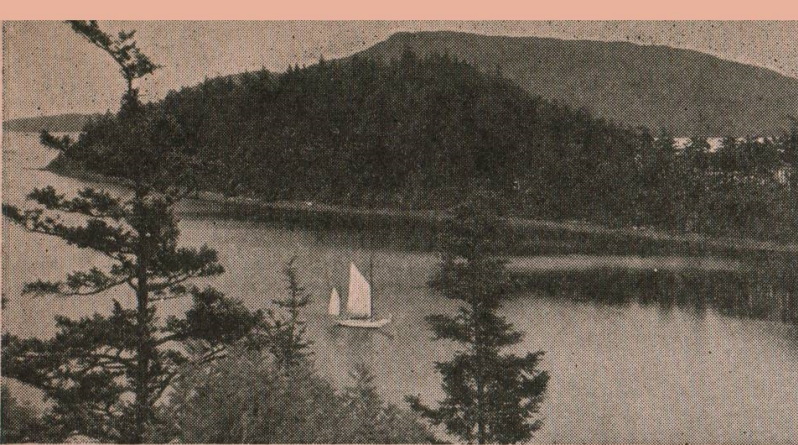


Radio Baloney

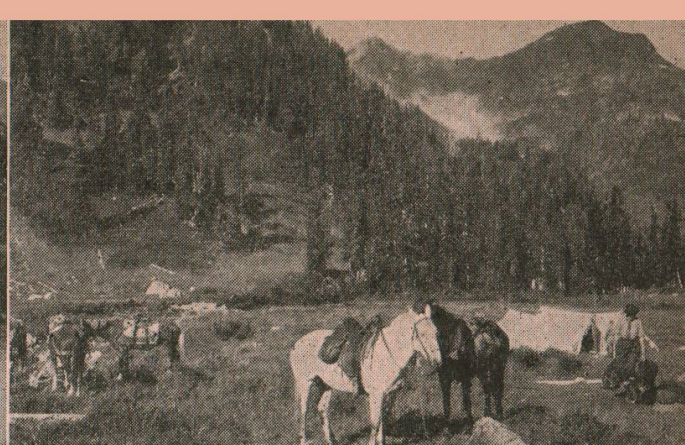
This is QDM and QDMX, your friendly and fatuous station in the heart of the Prolific North-West, broadcasting on an agreed tendency towards 750 milligrams . . . tonight's Kash-Klew—the article is sticky and smells, the article is sticky and smells. . . . Here is a warning to all longshoremen: All longshoremen will carry out instructions X for breakfast. . . . And now we take you to the dining, wining and pining centre of the West, deep in the heart of Das Kapital, the Marxian Follies, where you will hear the music of Ore Bleater and His Hoboes. The programme is already in progress, with the new smash-hit of World War II, Drank Sumatra, giving out the vocal as only he dare. . . . "Elmeeer, O-O-h Elmeeer, nothing at aaaaall, or nothing, or aaaaall, at aaaaall. . . ." We interrupt the programme to bring you the latest news-flash from the Pacific war front. Following the BBC report of tomorrow that Australian troops had captured the Nippo-held island fortress of Gerchah, United Pulp reporter Frank P. Kummel beams from his private foxhole the news that Uncle Sam is right in there too! No less than twenty-five post-Pearl-Harbour fathers are shooting from the hip in the true tradition of American youth! . . . And now a word from our sponsor. . . . If your wife troubles, even if only a little at present, why not approach the Easier-Wife Agency, spelled E.A.X.Y.E.R.-W.Y.F.F.E. and situated at Thoid and Boid, Telephone Hastings 1066. Consult one of our experienced defrustators in our air-conditioned reception parlor. . . . And remember, the OPA urges you not to spend unnecessarily. We are happy to say that we are in business solely to make you spend as much as possible. . . . And now we return you to the music of Ore Bleater and His Hoboes . . . etc. . . . etc. . . . ad. infin.

—R.G. (English)

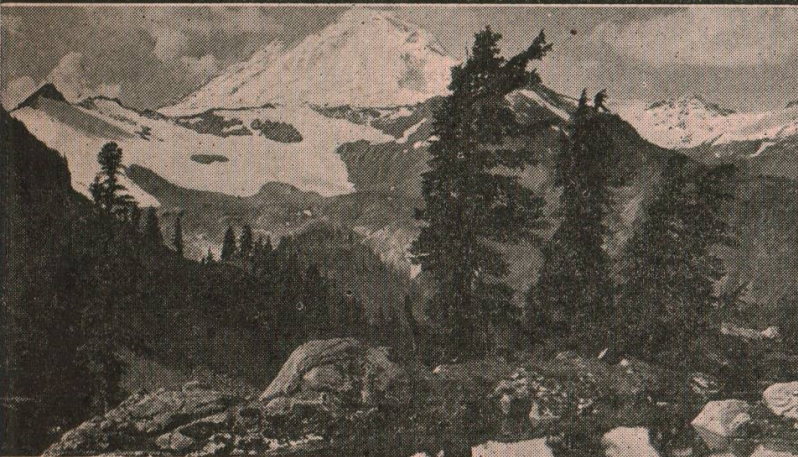
And now the final question in our Inter-Service Quiz. . . . What is the smallest cathedral city in the United Kingdom?
 Sgt. Dalhousie, of the R.C.A.F., can you give us this?
 You can't I see
 I am sorry that this programme will have to finish before the results are available, as we have over-run our allotted time. Thank you
 tic . . . toc tic . . . toc tic . . . toc
 tic . . . toc tic . . . toc This is the National Programme. There will now be a short interval
 beee-beee-CEEEE
 beee-beee-CEEEE



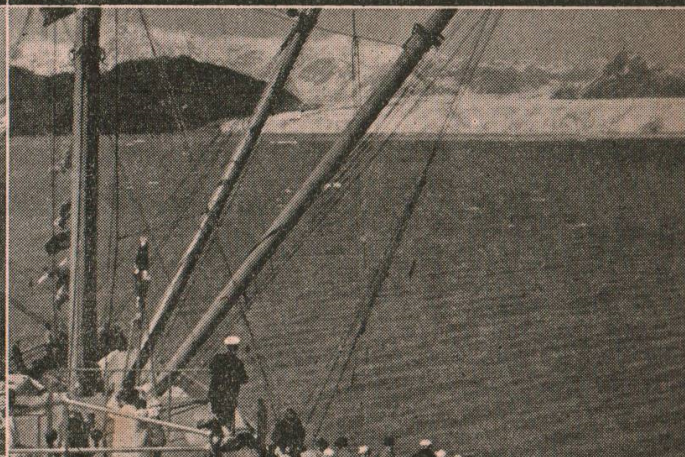
SAILING IN THE SAN JUAN ISLANDS



SCENE IN OLYMPIC NATIONAL PARK



MOUNT BAKER (ELEVATION 10,827 FEET)



ON THE INSIDE PASSAGE TO ALASKA

AROUND SEATTLE

. beee-beee-CEEEE
 This is the National Programme. Here is the late News Bulletin, and this is Hubert Featherstonehaugh reading it. No further news has come in since our last bulletin, with the exception of an unconfirmed report that the islands of Japan have been cut loose and are now floating southward in the Pacific, bound for, presumably, Australia. The BBC is in no way responsible for this report, and it must be treated with the utmost reserve until confirmed by Reuter's Press Association, Exchange Telegraph and Central News. One moment, please I must apologise for the delay, which was due to circumstances entirely beyond our control. . . . Now we have with us in the studio the Gangrene Itsy-Bitsy Players, a unique combination of flute, triangle, quadrangle, and rectangle, to play the third movement of the Bosch Concerto in A Flat . . . etc. . . . etc. . . . ad nauseam.

—A.B.M. (Canadian)

Cpl. Ray West received a message written on the prop of a recently-arrived aircraft. It was from L.A.C. Forbes, late of this Unit, who is now stationed in Britain. The message finished with the words, "Vive la Patrician."

INDIAN LEGEND, No. II

THE THREE
COYOTE
BROTHERS

Mr. Coyote had three clever brothers who were very friendly with the Animal People, among whom they spent many years, although they loved also to travel long journeys, and study the ways of the strange people they met. Once on their return after a long period they made known to the surprised Animal People that during their absence the elder brother had become a doctor able to cure every kind of sickness. The second brother had studied law and could settle all disputes, justly; while the third brother could now invent a number of useful conveniences to add to the comfort of the Animal People.

But, sad to say, the brothers envied Mrs. Coyote her Magic Kettle. Again and again they made plans to secure this precious treasure; but their plans always failed because the Magic Kettle warned Mrs. Coyote of their treachery in time for her to take means to defeat it. Thus the brothers were saved from committing a very wrong deed.

For at heart they were good, and did all sorts of kind acts for the Animal People. Thus, with hard labour they made safe trails from Lytton to Kamloops, for they believed in being good neighbours; and by this means enabled the Animal People to make friends with the Lake Folk at Kamloops. Again, when after two thousand years of happy life the Father of Mysteries told them there would be a great flood the three brothers gathered all the Animal People on the very highest mountain peak to save them from destruction in the raging waters, as you will learn.

An erk asked a French-Canadian what he thought of English beer. "Not bad," he said, "but it's weak. I had to drink **three** of your pints before I was drunk!"

Parting advice—put a little water on the comb.

"Sire, Lady Godiva rides without."

Sire, (after glancing without); "Very tactfully put my man."

You'll Go Home When You Get Your Wings!

"The time has come," the Groupy said,
To think of other things,
Of cockpit checks and faster kites,
To fly with brand new wings."

And so we left our service schools,
Our hearts and heads were high,
For we were really pilots now,
And we could truly fly.

Nine weeks we dwelt on distant Isle,
Where spuds and girls abound,
The spuds were good, as were the girls,
Too good for us we found.

"The time has come," the woof-woof said,
"To think of other things,
Of grass that's free and kites that fly,
And chiefy's crown and rings."

And so we left that lovely Isle,
Its maids still sweet and pure,
For though we did our level best,
Those girls were much too sure.

"The time has come," the mountains said,
To think of other things.
The man who can't fly now, will match
A halo with his wings."

The time's not come for our next trip,
We sit around, we gloat,
Believing fondly it will be
Aboard a "blighty" boat.

(With apologies to Lewis Carroll).

—SGT. A. W. F. FEAR



SONG OF A DUD

I've never scored a century
And seldom hit a six,
The first ball bowled is off the one
To spreadeagle my sticks.

I've never bowled a batsman out,
In fact, they think me "pie"
As with scornful ease they clout
My offerings to the sky!

As the batsmen cross, and cross again
'Mid a silence most profound
I rush to muff an easy catch,
And fumble on the ground.

No, I'll never be a famous name,
Nor make the bold headline,
But I'll always love King Cricket
For it's England's game—and mine!

—HERBERT A. NAPPER,
Victoria

SEATTLE SERVICEMEN'S CENTRES

Men on leave in Seattle are invited to make their headquarters at any of the service centres listed below:

Army-Navy Y.M.C.A., 320 Marion Street—Always open. Sleeping accommodation, canteen, reading and writing room, games room, swimming pool and gym, checking, information desk.

Colman Service Men's Club, 23rd Avenue and E. Olive Streets—For Negro service men. Open 10 a.m. to 10:30 p.m. Sleeping accommodation, showers, reading and writing room, recreation room, information desk.

Jewish Welfare Board, Fourth floor, Fourth and Cherry Building—Open Monday 3 p.m. to 10 p.m.; Tuesday through Friday 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Saturday and Sunday, 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. Reading and writing facilities, recreation room, information.

Lutheran Service Men's Club, 205 University Street—Open daily 1 to 11 p.m. Reading and writing room, recreation room, chapel, information.

National Catholic Community Service, 1925 Fifth Avenue—Open 9 a.m. to 10:30 p.m. daily. Recreation room, reading and writing room, information desk, "spruce up" corner.

Officers' Information Centre, 419 University Street—Open 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. daily. Lounge, writing facilities, checking, information desk.

Red Shield Service Men's Club, 111 Spring Street—Open daily 8 a.m. to 11 p.m., 7 a.m. to 11 p.m. on Sundays. Reading and writing room, recreation room, lunch counter, information desk.

Seattle Service Men's Club, 1322 Second Avenue—Always open. Reading and writing room, recreation room, snack bar, checking, information, desk, sleeping accommodation (Saturday night overflow taken to Field Artillery Armoury by direct shuttle bus), showers.

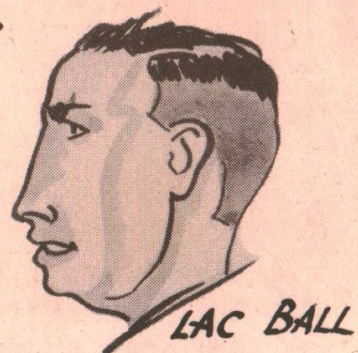
Travellers' Aid Lounge for the Armed Forces, Union Station—Open daily 8:30 a.m. to 9:30 p.m. Reading and writing material, games, canteen, checking, information service.

U.S. Army Recreational Camp, Jefferson Park—Always open. Free sleeping accommodation, showers, guest house for service wives, gymnasium, games room, day rooms, checking, information desk. Low cost barber shop, canteen. Tennis, badminton, golf, ski equipment, roller skating, bicycling. Free Army bus from downtown area Saturday night 1 to 4 a.m.

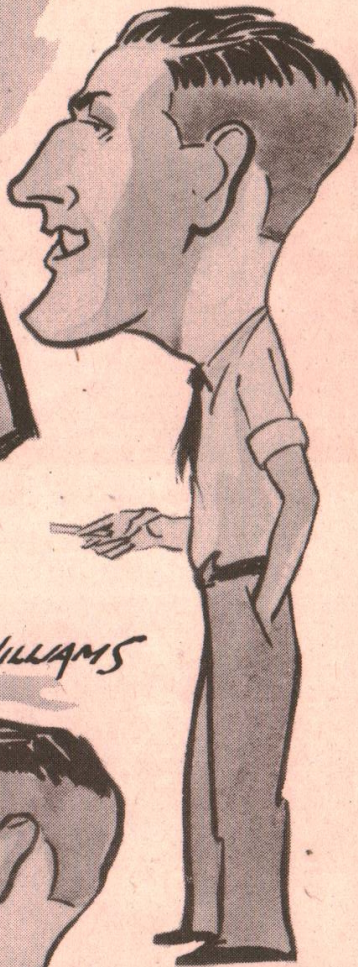
West Seattle Y.M.C.A., 4550 Fauntleroy—Always open. Reading and writing room, social and recreational hall, gymnasium, showers, kitchen.

Y.M.C.A., Fifth Avenue at Seneca Street—Service Men's Lounge open all day. Reading and writing facilities, games, music. Gym and pool available at specified hours.

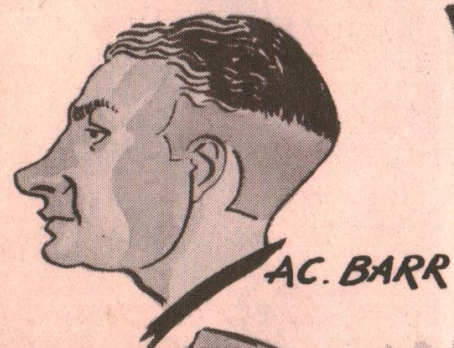
PARACHUTE SECTION



LAC BALL



F/O WILLIAMS



AC. BARR



LAC BUCKLEY



LAC BARTLETT



LAC PARRY



LAC RYAN



AC CORLESS

CPL. GREEN



AC EAGLE

Whaw

Men at Work

NO 17 - SERVICING & REG. ELECTRICAL SECTIONS.

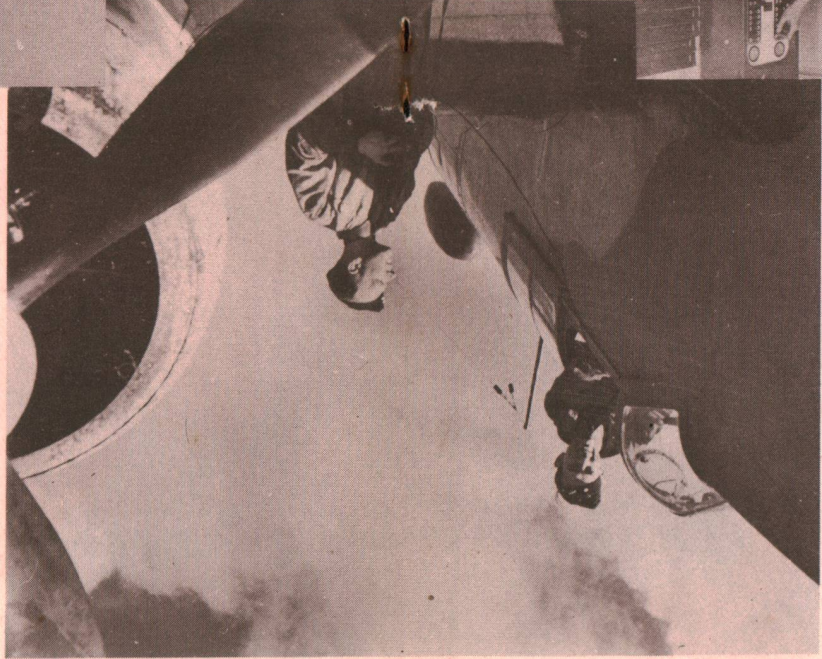


Sgt. Flynn, chalks up the score

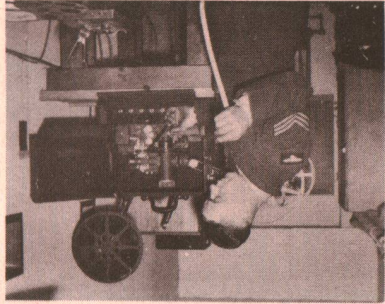


Camera overhaul by AC McEwen

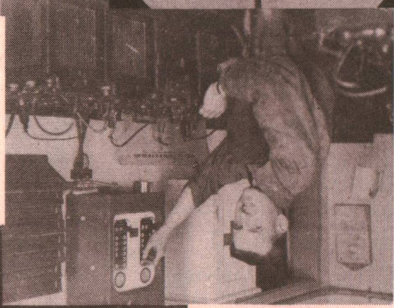
AC MONTGOMERY



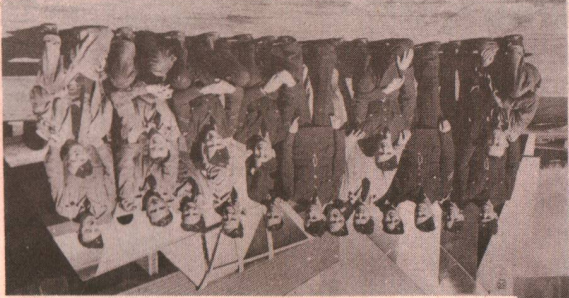
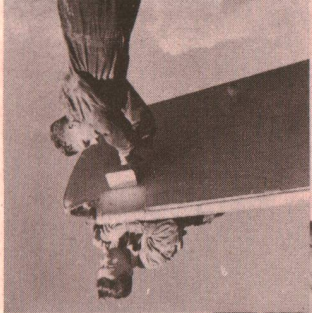
LAC THOMPSON & A.C. SPOONER



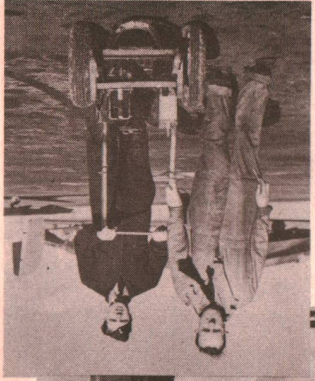
PROTECTOR GEN' MAN
Sgt. Priestly



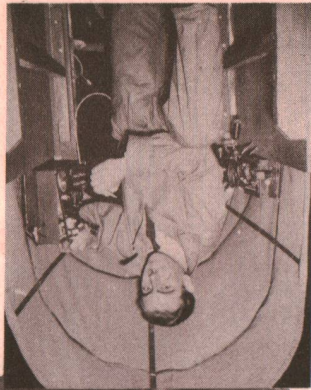
COCKPIT
Check
By LAC GRANT & BARNABY



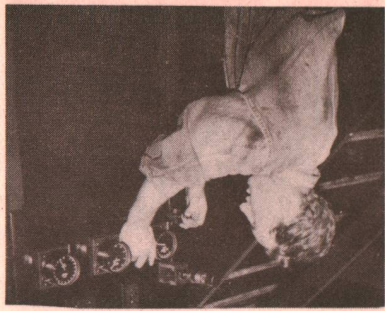
SOME OF THE BOYS



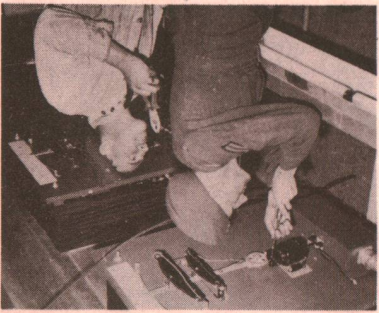
LAC EDWARDS & HOLLISTER



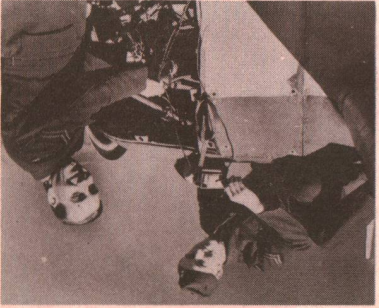
LAC TERRY DAY



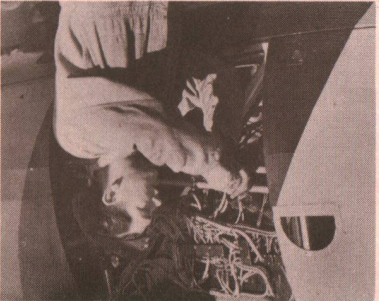
A.C. THOMPSON



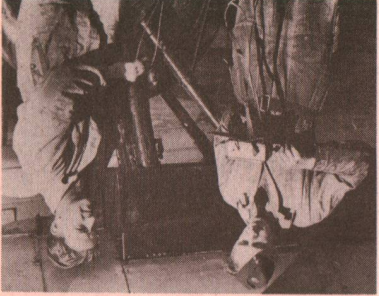
CFI THOMPSON, & AC MILES



DUFF GEN' CRY ORAM & MASTERS

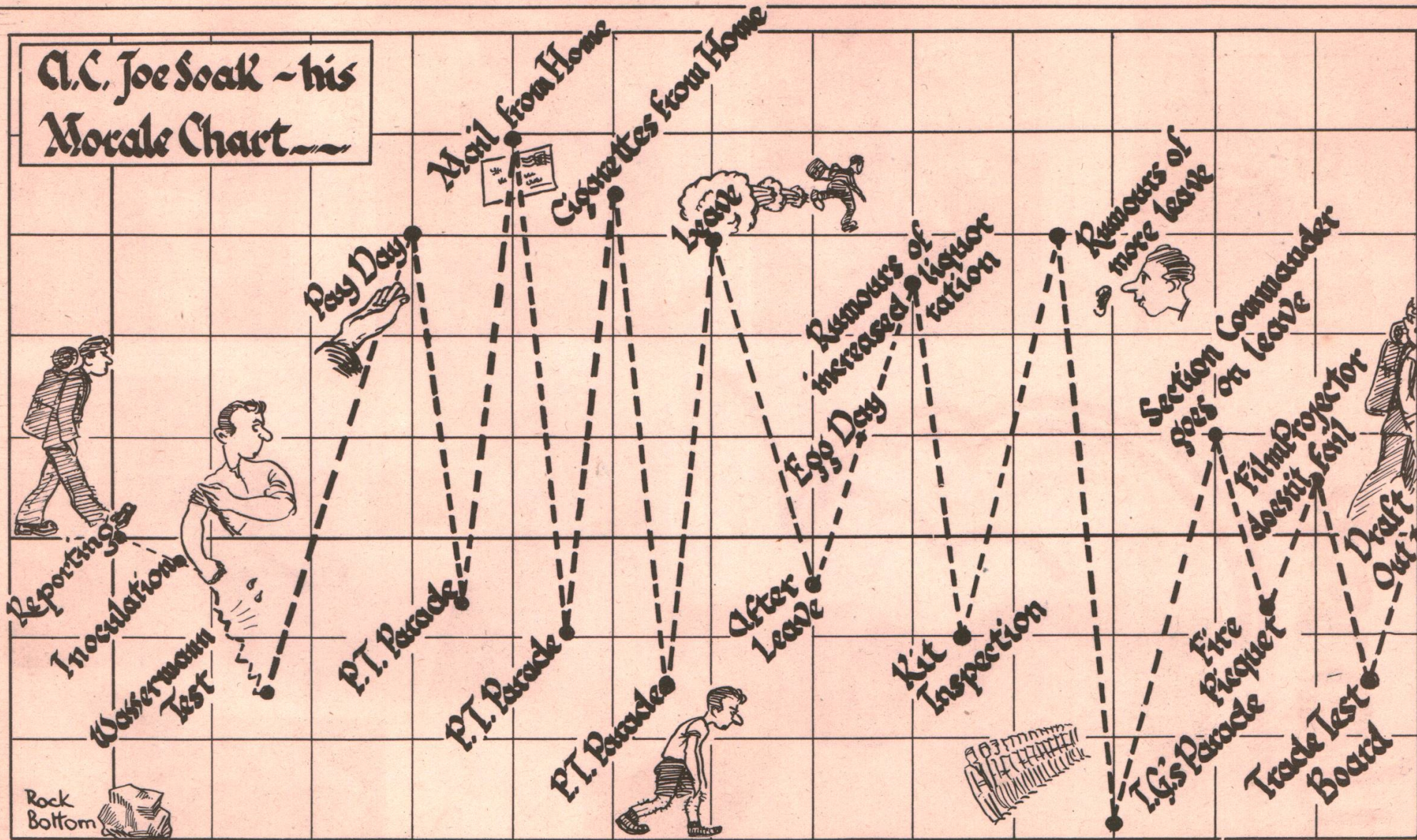


AC DIBBY CHECKS A FAULT



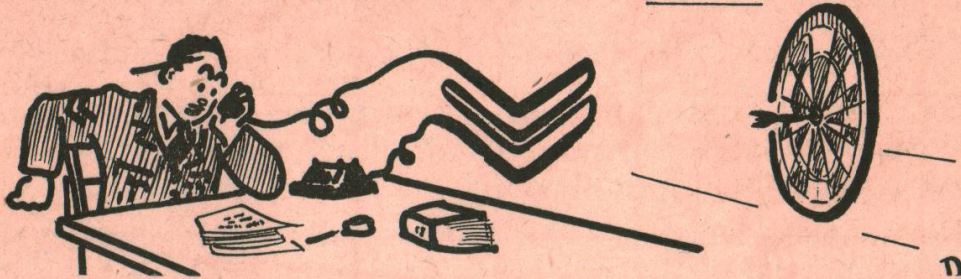
LAC FRANCIS & AC STOKER

A.C. Joe Soak - his Morale Chart



THE CHART TO END CHARTS

CORPORALS' CLUB PAGE



We express a welcome to our new Officer i/c and trust he may not be too sorely tried by the usually tempestuous meetings.

The new football league opened up with rather disastrous results for the club. Since then, however, we have managed two draws and hope for even better results in the near future.

What's the "gen" on CJVI's offer to Cpl. (Tam) Wadsworth to appear in their programme as the lullaby man.

The "Baron" is once more within the fold after a visit to the States. How the hounds contrive to sit on those shirt button stool affairs is beyond my comprehension.

It's rumoured that the strains of "Old Mother Riley" were heard to emanate from the Hospital recently. Could this have been the result of the expert tuition of the "Waine" bird.

Who's the Corporal who thought that the "Quaker Oat" was some kind of breakfast food.

Courses seem to be the vogue just now, and the absence of expectant "gen men" from the club is very marked. They may be studying for their trip or would they be sowing their rivets?

Why does the playing of the "Bolero" always fill the telephone booths. Cpl. (Blondie) Shields has volunteered to perform the Dance, given a large drum, the necessary talent, and a little moral support.

The old sweats amongst us will surely recollect, with many shudders, the energetic game of "seeing if the Radiator's working"! Blow, blow, thou winter wind!

Is it true that Cpl. "Timber" Wood hums his theme song, "Every night about this time," as he blissfully inserts his 15 cents for that three minutes natter.

—N.W.

RETROSPECT

"Fond memory brings the light of other days around me."

So at least goes the song—but even the voice of the poet's memory might have been stilled with all the things that one is supposed to remember in wartime!

Nevertheless when one has passed into "the sere and yellow" on one Unit (especially a Unit in Canada) the looking back to the start can afford grounds for reflection—some of it sad, some amusing, and a little providing grounds to believe that one has actually learned something.

Do you, dear reader, recall the "little room where you sit and think" (apologies to Sgt. Brohn) as it then was? Verily, to see the Adj.—aye, the same one even as now—trudging stoically through the mire complete with—well completely equipped anyway—was a most amusing sight. We never DID see the C.O. trudge that way—we suppose he MUST have done so SOMETIME—but it was at least encouraging to think that in those early days we all had a common rendezvous.

This brings us to our next heading, "The Case of the Infamous Ditchery." One morning, on peering from our quarters, we perceived that the ground before the Mess was being carved up by sundry Gargantuan machines. These continued with unremitting energy till the whole camp was honeycombed with ditches. Other machines then came and filled them up by the simple expedient of pushing the earth back into the ditch. This, of course, left a lot of earth over (why is it that more earth comes out of a hole than can be got back in?)—anyway, the machines then forgot all about the whereabouts of the ditches and promptly fell in them for days after.

Of course we had mud! An Erk was wandering along by the hangars following the usual line of planks which straggled through the swamp, and arriving at the apparent terminus and seeing no recourse but to step off into the muck he did so. When they found him much later he was standing in it up to his armpits. He had chosen a drainage pit into which to take off.

When the Unit was a little older (but not much) the Officers (all 10 of them) decided to hold a dance, the news spread far and wide and some of the Most Eminent deigned to appear. Now on the night in question it rained, and the forecourt ceased to be muddy and just became a slough. Quoth the M.T., "We must do our little best to assist," so they mustered two duty tractors.

After the dance, when the cars were duly plastered, the M.T. did great work—even getting one vehicle on its side!

At this point there emerged one of the MOST Eminent. He gazed on the scene, his own car was near the plankwalk, with a smile

suiting to his elevation he hopped nimbly into it and gave us a smile which plainly said, "Ah! a little Mud—this is the way Canada treats it." With that he let in the clutch, took a firm hold of the wheel and with cascades of mud went wildly sliding. That he eventually did get to the road under his own steam, entirely unaided by man, beast or tractor, we will grant you. But we all realise that even the Great AND Eminent are but as normal clay beneath a woman's wrath—and you should have heard what his Missus said when she found she was marooned in the Mess with her husband High and dry on the main road! Apparently even the Great have their bad moments!

Has anyone recalled the two erks who, leaving the Canteen, were so overcome by the mud that they had to crawl all the way back to the billet? The amusement that they occasioned on arrival was only paralleled by the wrath of the equipment officer when they paraded for replacement uniforms.

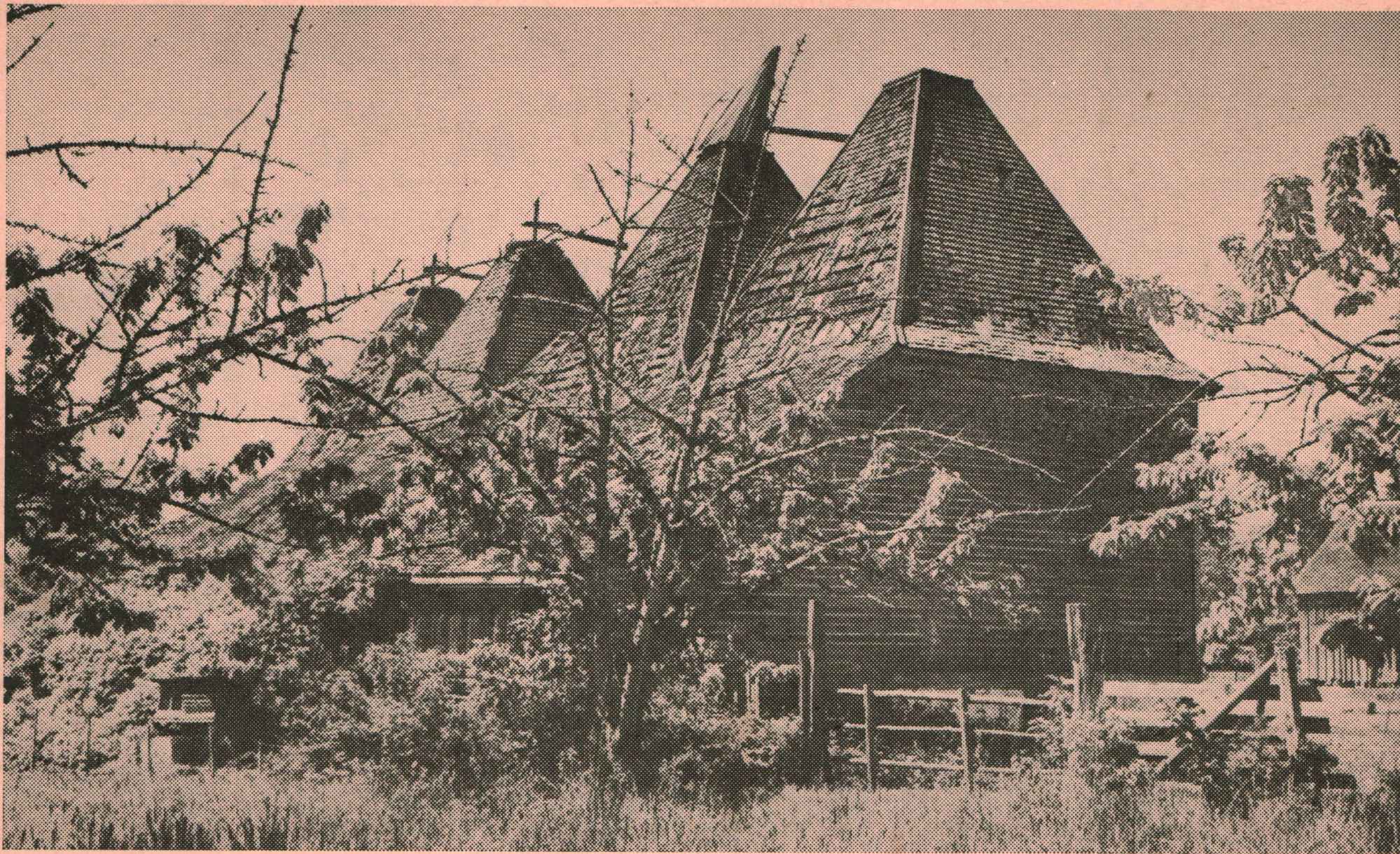
Then of course there was the epic occasion when steam heat was to be provided to the nucleus of buildings around the Officers' Mess. Such an epoch-marking event drew a largish crowd—the Chattanooga choo-choo was stoked up to a frenzied pitch, the spectators retired to a safe distance, and the steam was turned on. Here we should digress and mention that all services run through a series of concrete underground chambers (inspection pits, W&B, for the use of). For some minutes nothing happened. Anxious faces peered from the Mess. Suddenly a large cloud of steam appeared from the direction of the Creek. Simultaneously a batman flew from the quarters. "The toilets are belching steam!" quoth he. After the commotion subsided we all looked at each other. "I knew it," muttered one, "They were sure to get the pipes crossed"—and so they had. Many moons later we got steam heat—about the time that the summer really decided to arrive.

I wonder do you recall the days of the great drought? Oh yes, I am well aware that occasionally we simulate one now, but that is merely a ritual in remembrance. In those never to be forgotten days there was a S/Ldr. of great renown who, rising late, would wail at having to wait while a fine trickle of water slowly filled the basin in which he wished to "ablute." He struck an all time high on the morning when he turned on the drinking faucet to quench his thirst and the water, instead of venturing forth, DISAPPEARED BACK DOWN THE PIPE. The ensuing scene and remarks can only be imagined!

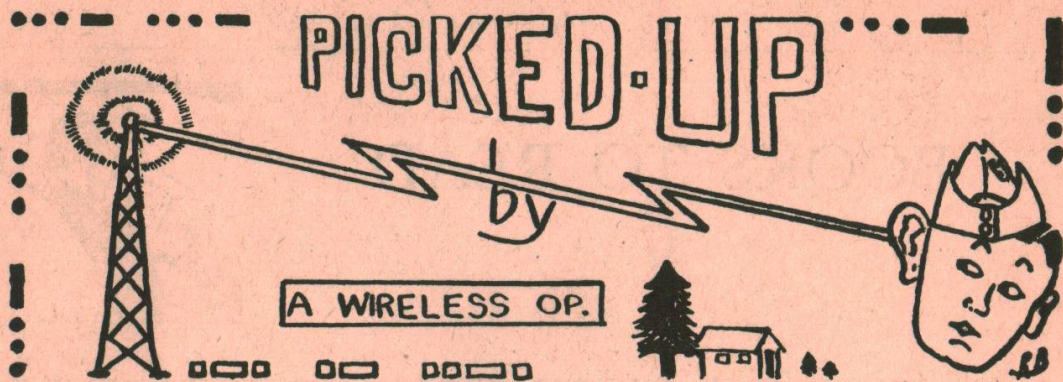
Ah me! the sands methink run out—"the moving finger writes"—and yet I am sure that those who came and saw and suffered would not have missed one moment!

"Ave atque Vale" (which, interpreted liberally, very liberally, should mean: "See you again when there's another O.T.U. to star!")

—ETINCELLUS



OAST HOUSES—Believed to be the only ones of their kind in Canada, these Oast Houses are situated along the Deep Cove Road.



PUKKA GEN

Here's a lovely true story from the Sidney Post Office. The sorters found an envelope containing a "Patrician" with half a 4c stamp on it; a little later another one was found. One of our bright erks had had the brilliant idea of cutting one 4c stamp in two and using it to send off a couple of magazines!

1 1 1

The Adjutant mentioned on this page last month found a clean pair of pants in his bag when he went up in the air this month.

1 1 1

Who was the bandsman who experienced painful difficulty with his zip fastened trousers?

1 1 1

Did you hear of the W/O in the Flights who connected his radio accumulators the wrong way round, and then sent an S.O.S. to the Signals Officer because it wouldn't work!

1 1 1

Then there was the erk who turned to his 'oppo in the Canteen during break—dug his elbow into his ribs, and said: "I haven't a bean chum, lend us a nickel for a cup of coffee." You couldn't see the erk for dust as he sped from the building leaving a rather surprised W/Cdr. Rossie-Brown, Senior Chaplain to the R.A.F. in Canada, with a nickel in his hand!

1 1 1

And then there was the Aircrew Sergeant who, when asked his nationality said, "Yorkshire"!

DUFF GEN

Sgt. "Tank" did **not** ask for his posting to be delayed when he heard of the increased liquor ration.

BOOKS TO READ



"The Seventh Cross," by **Anne Seghers**—This is a thriller, a tale of adventure in Hitlerite Germany before this war, the story of the escape of seven prisoners from a concentration camp and of their fate. But gripping and well told as the succession of adventures is, what distinguishes the book is the convincing setting. Who of us can say whether this or that is the true image of Nazi Germany? This German novel, adequately translated with only occasional lapses, is stamped with artistic sincerity. It depicts the small people, some Nazi, some anti-Nazi, but most of them neutral from the pressure of circumstances. We see their characters as illuminated in the crisis of the escape, and the decisions and reactions of many, both in and far from the camp. In their rich variety, their timidity and daring, their dullness and steadfastness, their pettiness and loyalty, even in the brutality of some, they are always human. Through them we glimpse the horror of the Nazi system and the fate which it reserved for its enemies, real or imagined. Here is no overstatement, no undue emphasis, yet compared with the persecution of her internal political prisoners, Germany's war with the Western nations is almost a game. In this very inferno there appears in one or two otherwise ordinary people that unconquerable spirit, which, being greater than bravery, is the highest human attainment.

—A.S.

"The Ports of British Columbia," by **Agnes Rothery**—When a book is described by the publishers as "the first detailed and thorough study" of Vancouver and Victoria, it is disappointing to find all kinds of oddments dragged in to help fill up the book. The life-history of the salmon, the operations of a local salvage company, the way people bid at a mink auction (or, for that matter, at any auction, anywhere) may be interesting up to a point, but they don't help the seeker after local knowledge. However, if irrelevancies of this sort don't irritate you too much, this book can be recommended for its particular local interest and for the information about Canada's great Pacific seaboard cities which lurks amidst the padding. The short account of George Vancouver's life and discoveries is first rate. Had the whole book been on the same level, this would have been the book on Vancouver and Victoria which readers interested in British Columbia and its history are still waiting for.

—R.D.H.S.

CPL. VINCENT
& LAC. HILLIARD



TECHNICAL LIBRARY.



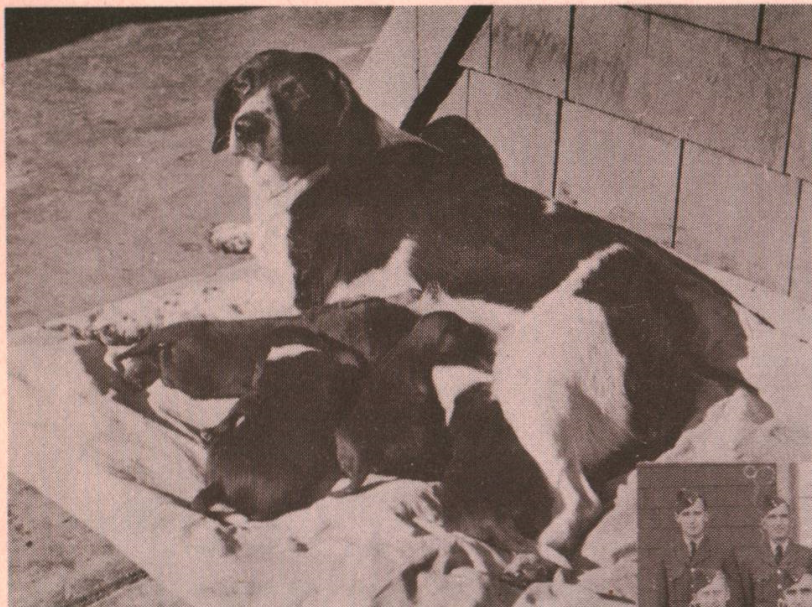
GETTING THE 'GEN'



LAC. STANNETT, LAC. LOWDAY
AC. PHILLIPS, LAC. HILLIARD,
CPL. VINCENT, F/O FISHER,
LAC. MINTO.



AC. PHILLIPS & LAC. MINTO



REFUELLING

HERE AND



*SOME OF THE P.G.T.
BUILDING STAFF*



LAC. GREGORY POINTS THE WAY

*SOME OF THE 'LADS' WITH 'ANNE GABER'
THE 'RAF'S' AMERICAN MASCOT*

THERE



THE PADRE'S CHAT

Sometimes on November 11th I've been driving through the English countryside. I've got out of my car and, gazing over the country, perhaps on a crisp November morning with the sun shining, certain thoughts have occurred to me. The villages nestling in the hollows, the rich plough land and pasture, the smoke of distant towns, all that makes the English scene has been paid for. "If blood be the price of adversity, Lord God we have paid in full," wrote Kipling. The greatest memorial to the men and women of Britain is a smiling countryside which has not felt the ruthless hand of an invader for nearly 900 years. It has been paid for by the highest price that can be paid; and what are we going to do to see that the price was not paid in vain? "A land fit for heroes to live in," "Making the world safe for democracy," "The great war to end war"—so it was said, last time. Are we to have the same bloody business again every twenty years?

We have, I believe, learned certain lessons. We shall see that the enemy is disarmed. We shall try for some system of collective security. We shall keep our own armament up to an adequate standard. Yet none is necessary. No one denies, I suppose, that it is the evil in man that causes war. The real cure is obvious. A better world only if individual nations become better. A finer Britain only if you and I become finer people. We've got to start with the smallest Unit, ourselves.

Colonel Fairfax in "The Yeoman of the Guard" said: "It is easier to die well than to live well, for I've tried both." There is some truth in that, yet both tasks are ours. To live well, and when the time comes, to die well.

Jesus Christ gave us the supreme example of how to do both. He alone can give us the strength and power we need to become better men and so to build a better Britain and a better world.

—R. O. MOSSOPP



MAURICE JOHN LIGHT

We regret to record the death of L.A.C. Maurice John Light, a popular member of the staff, whose sudden demise shocked his many friends on the Unit.

Twenty-three years of age, Maurice Light came to Canada in April, 1942, and worked as a batman until a few months ago, when he took up duties in the telephone exchange. The funeral with full military honours took place at the Royal Oak Burial Ground on Tuesday, October 19th.

Fishing from the Rocks

Part II

Last month we had reached the stage of connecting the snerge-plate to the chicory-piece; but, after the prolonged discussion and consideration the subject deserves, we came to the conclusion that you must learn to walk before you can trawl, so please forget it. The next step, therefore, is to fix your hooks to your bye-lines, then your bye-lines to your main lines, and finally a weight to the end of the main line. Perhaps it will make this clear if I explain that the main line is like any other main line (C.P.R., L.M.S., etc.) and the bye-lines, as we call them in shunting circles, are like branch lines. The points where the bye-lines (or branch lines) meet the main line (or main line) are like any other junctions (Clapham, Willesden, etc.) The hooks are like the terminuses (English for cul-de-sac) of the branch lines (or bye-lines) and the weight will be, so to speak, your Waterloo.

This weight must be selected with great care, and should consist of some material of which the average density when immersed is in inverse ratio to the specific gravity of the fish you are aiming at. By this I do not mean that you actually aim the weight at a specific fish, but merely that the specific gravity of the fish must be equated with the specific gravity of the occasion. When you catch your first fish, you may gather that it has no specific gravity at all . . . that, in fact, it is laughing at you . . . but this is merely a touch of nostalgia brought on by sea air. When I was a eunuch in Istanbul, I once saw an old gaffer make the same mistake. He was fishing from the Bridge of Size, a very large effort which was built during the Crusades to encourage the Red Roes (of Yorks) to push back the White Roes (of Lancs) into Asia Minor. He became so infuriated with what he took to be deliberate impertinence on the part of the fish he had hooked from the Bosphorus (the other part, of course, he left in the Bosphorus) that he beat it savagely until the final remains must have made very poor eating indeed. When this shocking affair got to the ears of the Sultan, Abdul, he said: "Well, I'll be Damned," and took a Turkish delight in seeing the old gaffer thrown to the fishes. I hope that this word of warning will prevent that kind of thing developing in the R.A.F., which has enjoyed up to now a splendid reputation for fair play for our finny friends.

You must forgive these digressions, but I have had such a colourful career that it would be anti-social not to share with my readers those episodes and observations which are related, however remotely, to our rock-fishing theme. To return to the weight, you will find that such items as fire-irons, goal posts, and umbrellas are too platitudinal to be altogether suitable. On the other hand, beehives,

dartboards and sewing machines (except the treadle type) are too schismatic. The ideal thing is a small, old cannon-ball, such as may often be seen rolling home from the local museum.

If all else fails, raise the bonnet of your car and remove any suitable piece of mechanism which seems to be expendable. During a term of office as tick-tack man to the Prairie Provinces (only one such official being necessary, because you can see so far in those regions) I did so with rather surprising results. But this story must wait, because it was a very intricate affair, involving an eminent local pawnbroker, a number of cougars, and aged Flight Lieutenant suffering from an overdose of P.T. and alleged to be travelling East on embrocation leave, a jolly miller, and of course myself.

(To be continued)

—A.W.L.

R.C.A.F. BAND

During the afternoon of Sunday October 17th, from the Recreation Hall emanated sounds harmonically strange to that building. Our R.C.A.F. neighbours had brought their full musical ensemble for the entertainment of a number of the members of this Unit. Although practically held in camera, due to the rather inconvenient time, the performance enticed an audience in the neighbourhood of one hundred and fifty, including a pair of the Y.M.C.A.'s fair toilers.

An interlude proficiently bridged by the band's Banjo strummer marked the change to a "jam session." Charming the audience with an excellent "Concerto for Clarinet," the maestro, F/Sgt. Micelli set several members wondering if he could be the real Arty Shaw in disguise.

Judging by the enthusiastic reception drawn by the talented and spirited musicians, and the absence of the usual early departures of the audience, the show was a profound success and we wish to relay the wishes of the camp to "Call and play again some time."

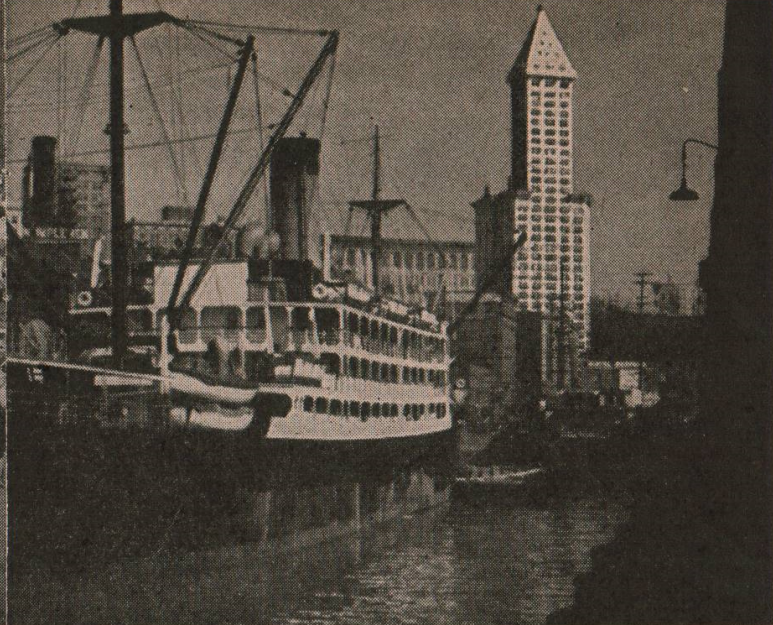
—R.S.

The Rev. Michael Coleman paid a return visit to the Unit on October 19th and gave us another of his most illuminating talks on the work of the Church during the London blitz. The fund of experience that this talented speaker has is amazing and his address was most enjoyable to those members of Unit personnel who were privileged to hear him.

The recorded music circle have some very good programmes to offer their listeners on a Friday evening. To those who appreciate the classics we can heartily recommend a session with the circle.



SWIMMING AT ONE OF 11 PUBLIC BEACHES



SHIPS DOCK IN SHADOWS OF SKYSCRAPERS

SEATTLE

“Smile” Show Notes

October has been another hectic month of rehearsals and shows, the outstanding performance being the first presentation of the new Crazy Show on the Unit on the 14th October. This was the biggest thing that we have attempted, and many more rehearsals than we were able to arrange were required to put the show over as we would have liked. However the majority of comments were favourable, although we did hear a little unconstructive criticism from those who probably attended for that purpose. We hope to get in a few more rehearsals and quicken up the parts that dragged, so as to present a more slickly running repeat performance on the 28th. The whole show was recorded and was played back to us during supper. A revised version is to be given at the Royal Victoria Theatre on November 17th. This will give Unit personnel the opportunity of entertaining their civilian friends in and around Victoria. Welcome to two newcomers to the Show; A/C's Deschner and Thorne, guitarists, the former being an excellent yodeller.

Other shows given during the month included the R.C.N. Barracks; R.C.A.F. Hospital; Colwood; The Shrine, Victoria, and Sooke.

We offer our sincere thanks to the wives of R.A.F. personnel who spent many hours making the dresses for the chorus "girls."

—J.G.

Airman: "Do you serve women at this bar" ?
Barman: "No, you've got to bring your own."

Then there was the guy who thought a farm rake was a land girl.

THE PAT FUND

Again the total collections have dropped, most probably because quite a number of tins were not handed in to the P.S.I. office. It must be emphasised that this must be done on the 15th of the month to enable the totals to be included in "The Patrician." The following are the individual collections received in time for publication: Cinemas and Concerts, \$78.17; Equipment Section, \$43.50; Guard Room, \$10.64; Photo Section, \$10.53; "Patrician" Office, \$5.28; Mrs. Jardine, Victoria, \$5.00; Telephone Exchange, \$4.02; Operations Room, \$3.24; Parachute Section, \$3.14; Training Wing, \$2.74; Technical Library, \$1.56; Airmens' Mess, \$0.71. **Total, \$168.53.**

Tins not handed in include: S.H.Q., Accounts, Workshops, "C" Flight, Repair Squadron, Sergeants' Mess, M.I. Room, P.G.T. Signals, Maintenance Discip. Office, F/Lt. Pritchard.

CONGRATULATIONS

To the following on their recent appointments and promotions we offer our congratulations: F/O's E. J. K. Penikett, R. Moon and K. C. Rawles to Flight Lieutenant; P/O's D. Alty, J. A. D. Wedd and J. R. Ransome to Flying Officer; F/Sgt's H. G. Coleman, M. R. Huybrecht, E. L. Murphy, D. W. Head, J. Hartley, L. F. Davey, W. H. J. Andrew, A. B. Clarke, J. H. Straughan, J. B. Hoy, J. W. I'Anson, H. F. Fytche, L. W. Staniland, M. Booth, J. S. Cleaver, C. A. Gunn, H. Knox, C. B. Sutton, R. F. Campbell, I. J. Fraser, J. W. Kellie, F. L. Mills and F. Morrison to Warrant Officer; Sgt's G. R. V. Yates, J. H. Grubb, G. E. Dudfield, N. G. Mackenzie, E. Heap, E. R. Fantham, R. Morgan, J. J. McNally, A. P. Chapman, A. L. Dolby, F. P. S. Scott, R. L. Lewis, R. H. Carr, H. L. Moore, J. H. Grant, N. Taylor, A. Wilby, K. E. Blood, N. H. Boyd, D. C. McMurchy and A. R. Lowther to Flight Sergeant; and L.A.C.'s C. Stiven, E. W. Shepherd and E. A. W. Clode to Corporal.

Our best wishes are offered to the following on their recent marriages: Sgt's J. Thorner and W. L. Kereama, Cpl's L. A. Robinson and J. L. Griffith; L.A.C.'s W. I. Francis and F. Osselton; and A/C's Cartmale, W. M. Thompson and N. G. J. Witham.

To the following babies of Unit personnel we send our greetings: Vernon James Storey, Kenneth Reed Mitchell, Patricia Ann Robson and Carol Ann Cameron.

Every modern miss is determined to put on a good front or bust.

A reformer is a guy who rides through a sewer in a glass-bottomed boat!

THE CRAZY SMILE SHOW

The new edition of the "Smile" Show was aptly termed Crazy, for almost all of the members cast aside their normal roles, and entered into the craziness, with spirit and enthusiasm, providing a very enjoyable evening's entertainment for the personnel of the Unit, at least, as many as could be packed into the Recreation Hall. The show had been seen before in various forms, and this time, due to the constant plea of "Let's have something different," Cpl. Jerry Gosley and his band of troupers worked long and hard to give "Something different"—succeeding admirably.

F/Lt. Parker, Cpl. Griffith and A/C Horowitz opened the Show informally, emulating one of the best of the Wartime London shows, "Get a Load of This," in carefree fashion, giving the troupe the cue to go into their acts, and leaving the audience wondering exactly what was going to happen next. They weren't held in suspense for very long, for after the "Erks in Harmony," opened formally with the "Smile" Medley, beautiful (???) girlish forms appeared from the back of the hall in the guise of Cpl. Seff, L.A.C.'s Butler, Turner, Blumenthal, Collyer and A/C Murgatroyd, giving a leg display reminiscent of the "Prince of Wales," and especially one embarrassed lass who lost an important article of clothing.

This was only a foretaste of the surprises to come, with Cpl. Griffith and his assistants interrupting on any and every occasion, to give the audience their best laughs in months. Ranging from the burlesque of L.A.C. Gates' "Toreador" Song, with his Indian Rope trick, to the R.A.F. impressions of the "Thing" on Pandora, with L.A.C. Butler as the excellent "Spirit of the Thing," events led up to the finale and "The Thing" theme very well, but considering the effort put into it, more could have been made of this scene. Mona, from the "Y" made a surprise entrance and entranced her audience with solos on the sax.

Of the individual performances, Sgt. Brohn again turned in a good performance, both in his piano duets with L.A.C. Minto and with his accordion in "Community Land" and the "Rocky Mountaineers," other outstanding performances in the latter were given by A/C's Deschner and Titcombe, and the "Erks in Harmony." A/C Horowitz displayed some good gags and combined well with L.A.C. Butler in an Apache Dance sequence. A/C Jacobs rendered popular melodies in good style, and the continuity of the whole show was in the able hands of those two Old Scamich Tie-ites, F/Lt. Parker and Cpl. Jerry Gosley, although the English type of dim-wit was a little over done.

The show as a whole, although under-rehearsed, and lacking sequence, was distinctly a success. Thanks are due to the R.A.F. Wives' Club, the Technicians and all the artistes who made it possible.

—K.D.

TALES

FROM THE

TARMAC

We see Joe Gavin of Lizzies has wangled battledress for himself and his 'oppos. In Seattle, it seems, he is well known as Lieutenant Commander Gavin.

1 1 1

For the next compendium of indoor games Cpl. "Geordie" Howe suggests the inclusion of the cookhouse game of "Hunt the cup with the handle on!"

1 1 1

Did Truscott write to his M.P. as the current boat rumour suggests?

1 1 1

Would the person who swiped the tools, overalls, and chalk, from Cpl. Sanders' tool box please return the chalk as it is imperative that he mark his production desk with that particular colour.

1 1 1

"C" and "A" Flight personnel would like to know whether or not Repair Squadron have retired from business.

1 1 1

Owing to unforeseen circumstances, in the shape of Sgt. Lawrence, L.A.C. Marshall did not deliver his Wilkes War Bond Address to the populace of Victoria as promised.

1 1 1

Something new in the shape of rickshaws has been added to the "C" Flight collection.

1 1 1

Rumour suggests the occupants of W/O Day's doggerly have been allotted the task of dragging the chariot and its originator on his tour of tarmac inspection.

1 1 1

Soccer league leaders for some time, 8B fell easy victims to a strong Sergeants' team, and L.A.C. Jamieson, their back seat driver, hung his "heed" in shame. Has Potter been informed?

1 1 1

"C" Flight's motto: "We do the impossible; miracles take a little longer"? Any comments?

—R.S.

Musical Merry-Go-Round



With the opening of the Winter season, we are glad to report an increase in numbers and variety for the band. First we have a newcomer, A/C Thorne, who plays both Spanish and Hawaiian guitars, and is proving himself very useful both at dances and in the "Smile" Show. Sgt. Brohn astonished the natives during the month by tootling the saxophone, and is now featuring the instrument with the band regularly.

The band has made several successful appearances in the last month, notably those at Colwood, the Officers' Mess, and the Hallowe'en Dance in the Sergeants' Mess. A/C Jacobs is still the band's featured vocalist, and his "Begin the Beguine" is one of the most popular items. On the 22nd the band, accompanied by a crowd of enthusiastic dancers, made their way across to Salt Spring Island for a dance in aid of the Lady Minto Hospital—everybody had a good time.

In brisk emulation of the Morton and Kaye act, our own "Four hands on one piano," featuring Sgt. Ronnie Brohn and L.A.C. Les Minto, goes from strength to strength, and is extremely popular.

SLANGUAGE

A young airman was caught in an army exercise attack on his aerodrome, and had to assist in the defensive operations so that he missed a "date" with his girl. This is how he described it:—

I was beetling towards the "Y" round the perim the other night about twenty hundred, when my Flit commode stopped me for my twelve fifty. I flung one up, and showed him the coggage. He told me there was a flap on—the Tannoy had just given the grif. A bunch of army types were having a go at the camp and everyone was to get cracking.

Being on the 'drome I hadn't heard of this, so I woofed back to the Flights and got my bundook, gaspirator, and panic bowler. I trod on it, and reached the cooler just in time. Sarge tore me off a strip, but then he always was a bind, believe it or not, we were at it till 0 four hundred.

Those army types put up a wizard show . . . collared three sheds and a dozen Wimpeys.

But on the whole the erks shot 'em down in flames, and so was I shot down in flames the following night when I saw my piece of knitting . . . she wouldn't believe it was a panic that had pranged our date.

● SPORT ●

SOCCKER

First XI—The Unit was chosen to open the Victoria Soccer season with a match against an "All Star" Victoria eleven, at Athletic Park on Thanksgiving Day. All members of our team played well, Davison, Dunphy, Richman and Boulter being outstanding. Richman scored four goals, but while not detracting from this display, credit must be given to the other forwards for their support. Result: R.A.F., 5; Victoria All Stars, 3.

Second XI—There are many players on this Unit who merit representative games. These players will have an opportunity in the Victoria Sunday League. This League will greatly assist in the development of the reserves of the first eleven.

Barrack Block—8B, unbeaten during the Summer League, have suffered an early defeat, deservingly losing to the Sergeants. The members of 8B must learn to weather adverse decisions and remember that by becoming rattled they are defeating themselves. A word of praise for 10A—in spite of the small number of men from which to select a team they are getting stuck into it, and should soon be collecting the points. The fixtures have so far been played to schedule and it is hoped that with the continued co-operation of Section Commanders this record will be maintained. The earlier starts that the season demands makes it necessary for the players to get off earlier and be punctual on the field.

The Royal Navy have been our opponents on several Sundays, demonstrating the traditional Naval versatility and friendship, both on the field and in the Canteen after the matches.

We have lost two outstanding players in L.A.C.'s Potter and Truscott. These players by their displays were very popular with all Victoria soccer fans. We wish them good luck and plenty of soccer in the "Old Country."

—J.D.

CRICKET

This seems to be the wrong time of year to be writing about this sport but we didn't finish the season until after the last publication. On September 19th we completed our fixture list with a comfortable 7 wicket win against a picked Victoria XI. Consequently our final record was good even though it included two First XI defeats this year against a clean sheet last year.

Mention may well be made of certain performances and averages. Sheffield finished at the head of the batting averages, his being 35, while Sammes, who bowled over 100 overs for 53 wickets at an

average of 4.4, was the best bowler. During his short stay with us, Sgt. Purnell proved his worth if only because he took over 20 catches hopping around just out of reach of the bat. Behind the wickets Hall did very well, being most effective against Vancouver, to whom he did not concede one bye in all four games.

Finally a word of thanks is due to Sgt. Crockett, who filled the position of umpire in his own inimitable and very capable way for our league games and important matches. It is something for any umpire to be both well-known yet popular with decisions.

Record: 1st XI, played 17, won 14, lost 2, drawn 1; 2nd XI, played 13, won 10, lost 3, drawn 0.

—T.H.W.

RUGGER

Many steps have been taken since the last notes appeared but unfortunately it has been found necessary to make alterations to previous plans. Although the early practices were very well supported it was found to be better to enter but one team in the Victoria League, composed of pupils and staff combined. This done our first game was played on October 16th against the Army. Owing to leave and duty, a much weaker team was fielded than we had hoped and the 14-6 defeat was a sad blow. However, at a recent meeting, when L.A.C. Greenhalgh was elected Captain, F/O Colchester was made permanent coach and under him it is believed that the true worth of a Unit team will be found. If the past support continues we have the nucleus of a useful team which, though light, should be able to hold its own. Men who have not come forward to offer their services are asked to show up at any of the practices.

—T.H.W.

TENNIS

Although the weather has brought the season to a close, it is still hoped to continue tennis through the winter, the games floor in the P.G.T. building having been obtained for two, possibly three, nights a week. The court will be marked out in a few days. Matches will be arranged later between the Officers, N.C.O.'s and Airmen.

A letter has been sent to Mr. F. J. Baker of Sidney, thanking him for generously placing his tennis court at our disposal.

GOLF

It was hoped that these notes would record some success by the team entered in the Inter-Services Competition held during the past month. As it is we wish them better luck next time.

A match between the Officers and all Other Ranks was played over the Ardmore Course, resulting in a win for the A.O.R.'s. By the time you read these notes a return match will have been played and probably the Officers will have taken their revenge. After the

match the 19th came into its own—shades of bygone days—the Chalet being the rendezvous where the "putting" of an excellent dinner and "what's yours" was of a high standard.

It is hoped that these matches will become a regular feature of the club's activities and it is the wish of the committee that as many members as possible participate in these games, particularly those who have only recently taken up the game—it creates a confidence in their own abilities and moulds that temperament which is so essential if one is to take part in matches or competitions without suffering from stage fright.

It is possible that the club may become the possessors of a trophy to be played for monthly between teams entered from the three messes whose members belong to the golf club. More anon.

—J.T.D.

TABLE TENNIS

The 1943-44 season is now in full swing, with two very strong teams representing the Unit in the 1st Division of the Victoria and District Table Tennis Association. The excellent record of our "paddle artists" for the past two seasons is unequalled, and it is hoped that they can lift the laurels again this season for the third successive occasion.

It is our good fortune to have been blessed each season with an abundance of good players, and we set forth again with the knowledge that we have even stronger and better teams. Our first league match was played on Monday, October 11th. Although the result was onesided: 29-7 in favour of the first team, the play produced some very keen competition.

Great interest is being shown in the Inter-Section League this year, and it is hoped to commence on Tuesday, October 26th. All matches will be played in the Recreation Hall.

—E.D.W.

RIFLE CLUB

The highlights this month have been matches with local P.C.M.R. Units. In each instance victory was denied the R.A.F. but that did not detract from the enjoyment of the shoot. It has made for greater keenness and decided improvement in marksmanship.

One minor win can, however, be credited the club—against P.C.M.R. the eight best marksmen from each team "swopped" rifles and shot it out, the result proving that if the service rifles were sighted down to 100 yards the standard of shooting would be much higher.

A .22 shooting match against the R.C.A.F. is being arranged (possibly by the time these notes appear in print it will have taken place) and from information the writer has, the "other side" are requesting their gunmen to "Roll up and show the R.A.F. how to shoot." Now fellows, "what about it?"

Results of matches: P.C.M.R., 1112; R.A.F., 1026; P.C.M.R., 201; R.A.F., 233; P.C.M.R., 1006; R.A.F., 938.

A prize for the highest score made by a member of the R.A.F. team was presented by the O.C. No. 3 Coy. to P/O Preddy.

—J.T.D.

PHYSICAL TRAINING NOTES

It is not the usual practice to use these pages for purely "Shop" talk, but on the score that this borders on the Recreational I have indulgence for a few moments.

As most of you have by this time found out, the form the training takes is not the usual P.T. in four lines but is based mainly on games of the rougher type, and on running. This is done for several reasons, but principally so that the training will be more enjoyable, get more and greater effort into a short time. An addition to the programme will shortly be an obstacle course over which everyone will go periodically.

What then is the object in all this extra physical work; why the sudden, and I hope welcome, change in the type of work? The old methods produced fit enough men—certainly. But it took longer and it did not so easily produce the same mental fitness. Fitness for what? That question answers itself, surely.

In order to keep some sort of tab on that rather nebulous thing Fitness, a test has been devised. Everyone will be tested in the next month or so. The records of those tests will be attached to the personal file of each individual and will be available for inspection at any time. The test will be carried out every three months, so that a complete record of achievement is available.

There will then be competitions on a percentage basis between sections, which will add some zest to the competition, apart from the desire on each individual's part to appear as fit as possible.

—E.C.

Programme of **CINEMA SHOWS** at time of going to press

Monday, Nov. 1—"**Dr. Renaults Secret**"—J. C. Naish, Lynne Roberts.

Wednesday, Nov. 3—"**Are Husbands Necessary**"—Ray Milland, Betty Field.

Sunday, Nov. 7—"**Flight for Freedom**"—Rosalind Russell, Fred MacMurray.

Monday, Nov. 8—"**Life Begins at 8:30**"—Monty Woolley, Ida Lupino.

Wednesday, Nov. 10—"**The Avengers**"—Ralph Richardson, Deborah Kerr.

Sunday, Nov. 14 — "**Call Out the Marines**" — Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe.

Monday, Nov. 15—"**Stanley and Livingstone**"—Spencer Tracey, Nancy Kelly.

Wednesday, Nov. 17 — "**Henry Aldrich Gets Glamour**" — Jimmy Lyndon.

NOTES ≡ NEWS ≡ NONSENSE

Heard at the Office of Vital Statistics in Victoria: "I want a birth certificate just to prove the F/Sgt's. wrong!"

1 1 1

Thanks are due to the charming people who so kindly offer to members of Unit personnel hospitality in many ways; the Y.M.C.A. and Sidney Hostess House organisers come in for a big hand for the work they do to make the lot of us chaps lighter during our stay hereabouts. Many, many thanks folks for the good work you have done and are still doing.

1 1 1

Not a stiff: "Flight Commander does P.T. with his erks." Fancy seeing Chiefy unbend!

1 1 1

Overheard in the M.I. Room: Orderly (to erk reporting sick): "Well, what's wrong with you?"

Erk: "Pain in my abdomen."

Orderly: "Abdomen! Abdomen! You mean yer stomick. It's only hoficers that has Abdomens!"



Walter Pidgeon and his daughter entertain Cpl. Roper and A/C Horowitz at their Hollywood home.

NOTES ~ NEWS ~ NONSENSE (Continued)

Have you bought your Bond yet? The Victory Loan drive is well under way on the Unit. Our quota is \$20,000, which is double the quota we had to raise on the last occasion. Come on boys and double it, keep your eye on the score board and put some more nails in old Schicklegrubbers' coffin.

✓ ✓ ✓

English (R.A.F. type) as she is spoken: "Four pouches ammunition; six helmets, steel; eleven knives, dinner; twelve raincoats, rubber, black—and send them in the morning, first thing, heaven, for the safe of."

✓ ✓ ✓

A silk stocking over a girl's knee makes it a high class joint.

✓ ✓ ✓

Did you hear the one about the workman at a local power station, who after receiving a severe electric shock, and recovering, was asked by the manager if he had fully recovered from the effects. The workman looked puzzled. "Well," he answered, "the doctor says I'm alright, and I feel quite fit, but every time I go near the wife her eyes light up!"

✓ ✓ ✓

Profanity is the name given to bad language when used by gentlemen. Among ordinary people it is called swearing!

✓ ✓ ✓

As the Nanny-goat said to the tethered He-goat: "Yer can't kid me."

✓ ✓ ✓

Marriage is popular because it combines the maximum of temptation with the maximum of opportunity.

✓ ✓ ✓

With all the girls on defence work it's hard to get a date. They don't want to go out for a time any more. They want time and a half!

✓ ✓ ✓

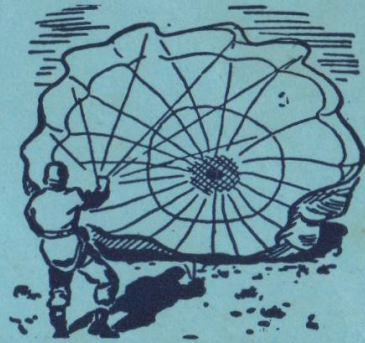
Fruit caused sin,
and sin brought shame;
And all through shame,
our clothing came.

✓ ✓ ✓

There seems to be a remarkable number of cripples limping round the camp these days, and it is rumoured there is a waiting list for Embrocation at the local drug stores. I wonder why?

What Goes Up Must Come Down!!!

ATTENTION AIRCREW



SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR EXCHANGE GLADLY MADE

Leave Your Pre-Prang Worries To Us

THE PARACHUTE SECTION

We Work in Close Co-operation With the M.I. Room,
Whose Watchword is Only Slightly Different From Ours.

Viz—**"What Goes Down May Come Up"**

**LUNCHES OR TEAS INCLUDED IN PACKING ON REQUEST
WHY SUFFER THAT "SINKING" FEELING?**



PAT BAY FIRE DEPARTMENT

Fire Eating, Flame Licking Demons

**Fires Attended by Prior Arrangement
— Firewatchers Always Available —**

Read Some Entirely Unsolicited Testimonials
From Would-Be Customers

"... we kept it going as long as we could ..."

"... why the blazes don't you do something about it ...?"



**DRIVES ARRANGED ROUND THE CAMP
GARDENS WATERED CARS WASHED**

JUST CALL LOCAL 54—ASK FOR "SMOKEY"

— THE —
"You May Come Again"

An Old Established Hostess House

UNDER THE PERSONAL DIRECTION OF LEN LETROY



Blind dates arranged. Women who **CAN** see also available. If you have high ideals, see us—Mountaineering arranged.

BLONDES OR BRUNETTES FOR ALL OCCASIONS—
See the M.O. about blackheads

Do you want a bed for a day, week, or month in Vancouver or Victoria?

Consult our list of beds, fellows.

Capitol cinema entertainment only a few months afterwards.



W & B

We are now pleased to inform our many and valued customers that we are at last in a position to accept enquiries for work to be carried out in 1947. Courtesy has always been the keynote of our business and we can assure clients that, subject to our present organisation functioning as heretofore, your esteemed commands will receive the usual prompt attention by the date mentioned.

An Announcement to the Trade 6" nails for plywork urgently required. Employees (provided they have passed their 87th birthday) considered favourably for jobs.

With apologies to Longfellow who, by the way, is not in our employ, we venture to remind personnel of the

BEAUTIFUL BALLAD OF THE BROWNE D OFF BUILDER

"Constant looks at clocks remind us,
We have nearly done our time,
On the dot we leave behind us,
Footprints in the sand and lime."

NIHIL NON OPTIME (Nothing like hoping)