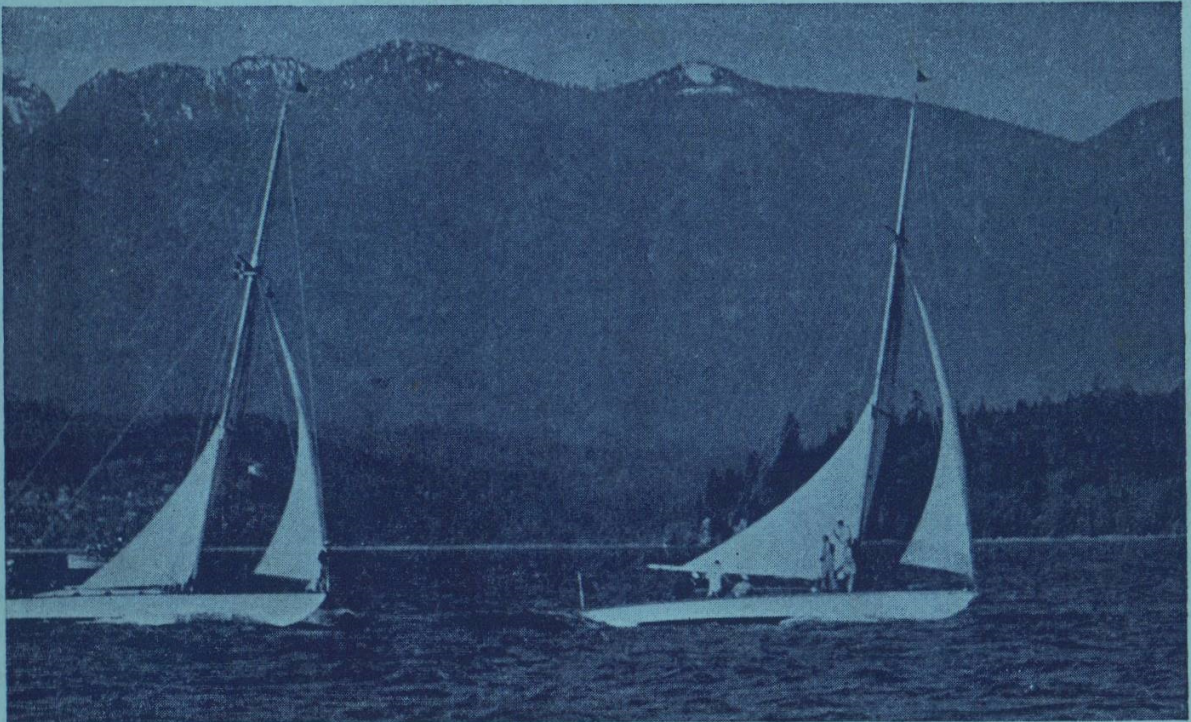


# The Patrician



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



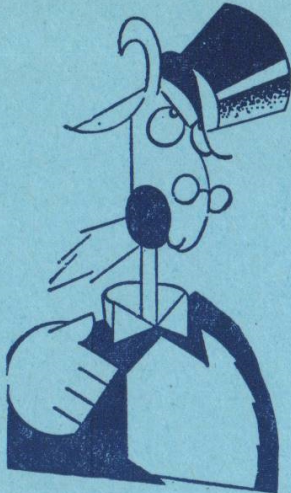
" WHITE SAILS CROWDING "

Vol. 5

JANUARY - 1944

No. 4

PRICE FIFTEEN CENTS



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# THE PATRICIAN

by kind permission of Group Captain E. L. Wurtele

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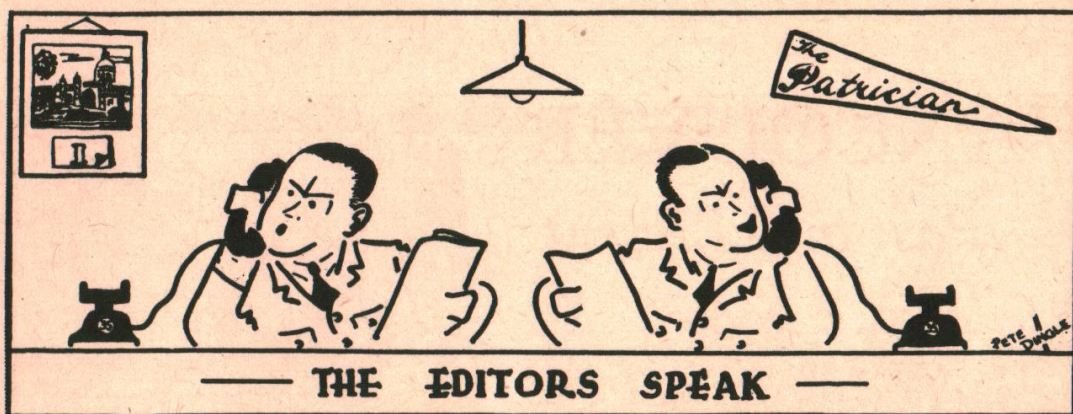
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### **STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER**

Showing the Restaurant and a corner of the beautiful gardens which surround it. Other parts of Stanley Park are as wild as this is cultivated and a short walk from here leads one into primeval forest.



Vol. 5, No. 4

JANUARY, 1944

15 CENTS

Yes, savage reader, we know that we are late. After getting as many other opinions as possible, we decided to delay publication, for two reasons. One, so that we could include a full account of Christmastide on the camp. The other—most of the personnel were on leave, or broke, perhaps both, on the normal publication date. The legions have now returned and pockets jingle again. So we hope that as you look through these pages you will enjoy, in recollection or in imagination, the Unit's third Christmas in Canada.

The great, growing, superbly situated and hospitable city of Vancouver is a magnet which attracts most of us at one time or another, whether it be for an all-too-short "48" or a longer spell. To those who already know the city and its glorious surroundings, the special articles and pictures which follow will be a reminder of pleasant times and places. To those who have not yet visited the mainland, we hope that this special number will be the introduction to an experience nobody should miss while he still has the opportunity to go visiting in the Golden West.

Starting with this number, we are publishing one at a time the rhymes which Cpl. Jerry Gosley put over so successfully during his two years of producing and appearing in the "Smile" Show. These were very popular, and every new song brought forth its crop of requests for copies. Most of them poke fun at local customs and institutions, but we know that these cracks have always been taken in good part, because gentle gibes at the expense of the natives have ever been in the best music-hall tradition.

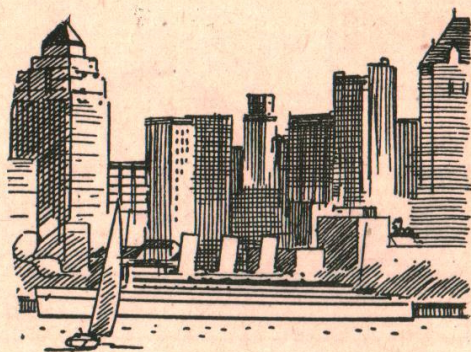
The wedding of our Commanding Officer, Group Captain E. L. Wurtele, is recorded elsewhere in this issue. We know that we speak for the whole Unit, including "old boys" who know him, in wishing him and his bride all happiness and success in the future.

# VANCOUVER

## — Past and Present

By **A. L. WOODS**

Secretary, Vancouver Tourist  
Association



Vancouver, third city of Canada and vital link in Empire communications, grew from a building paid for by a keg of whiskey. Then it was known as "Gastown" and Jack Deighton was not troubled by coupons and permits in paying his labourers on the construction of "Deighton House."

Before the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway to the Pacific Coast changed "Gastown" to Vancouver, square-riggers carried lumber from its mills to the ends of the earth. A magnificently carved figurehead in 1,000-acre Stanley Park, overlooking the tide-torn and narrow Lions' Gate, stands as mute tribute to the next stage in the progress of Vancouver from a sawmill town to a great Pacific port. Salvaged from the old C.P.R. "Empress of Japan," the symbol is a relic of the original fleet of Pacific queens that established Oriental trade with Canada in 1891.



The Klondike gold rush, the completion of Canada's two transcontinental railroads, the construction of the Panama Canal and lucrative British Empire trade agreements—all have had their effect in making Vancouver the leading year-round port of the Dominion of Canada. In normal times, the largest and fastest liners on the Pacific pass under the largest and longest suspension span in the British Empire, crossing the First Narrows (or Lions' Gate) entrance to Vancouver's harbour. The largest and most palatial fleet of coasting vessels in the world cruise north from Vancouver along and among the Norse fjords of America, the heavily timbered and rock-bound sea canyons of the rugged British Columbia coast.

Vancouver is built on the shores of Burrard Inlet, bounded to the south by the waters of the picturesque Straits of Georgia, to the southeast by the North Arm of the mighty Fraser River. Located in the Coast Range of the Rockies some fifteen miles due north of the Canadian-American boundary, the city is approximately eighty miles by boat from Victoria; some 140 miles north of Seattle, Wash.

Chief claim to fame in Vancouver is Stanley Park. Like the city itself, it is an area of contrasts. Near its realistic Indian Village, the 1,550 foot Lions' Gate Bridge gracefully arches over the spot where

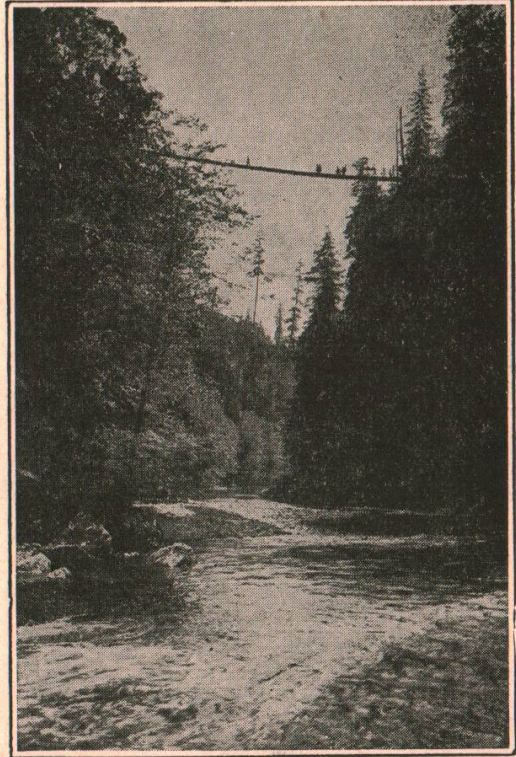
aboriginal Indians met the British explorer Captain George Vancouver in 1792. At Prospect Point, high, rocky and forbidding lookout above the narrow shipping channel, a curiously carved and flamboyantly painted "Thunderbird" totem pole has been erected by the Squamish Indians in remembrance of their loyalty to the "Great White Father" in far-off London.

The cricket fields of Stanley Park reflect the definite cosmopolitan atmosphere of this city of baseball diamonds and lacrosse fields. English tea gardens contrast with colorful Asiatic gardens. Just as Stanley Park combines a variety of interest ranging from its Zoo to many famous monuments, Vancouver's Marine Drive encircles the city proper, covering highpoints from magnificent current-free bathing beaches to year-round golf courses. From atop the landscaped mountain and lookout in the virtual heart of the city, the visitor may see all of Vancouver at one glance. In the front stretches fifty-year-old Vancouver, its pulsating harbour seemingly blocked by the timbered peninsula that is Stanley Park.

Beyond are the North Shore Mountains, from which snow-fed streams cascading down harbour fighting salmon.

By either of two bridges or frequent ferry service, Marine Drive continues on the north side of Vancouver harbour through one of the finest subdivisions on the North American continent. The Capilano Estates, built by English capital as the site of the finest homes of the Canadian west, is criss-crossed by miles of fine public and paved highways that lead through this wooded new section skirting, it is claimed, one of the largest and finest golf courses in America.

In a few words, Vancouver is all that its famous slogan implies—it IS the heart of Canada's Evergreen Playground; a grand place to spend your next leave. Its climate is always cool and rarely cold. It is friendly and hospitable. It is, as King George said while a visitor in Vancouver during 1939, ". . . the place to live." But that, of course, must wait until Hitler and his blood-thirsty pals are under ten feet of sod.



The picture above shows the swaying bridge over Capilano Canyon, near Vancouver. The crossing is a fascinating but hair-raising journey.

# Christmas in Camp

As Christmas approached, there were a few anxious hearts and moments on the Unit. The previous Saturday night's "flap," shortage of the cup that cheers, and the added possibility of influenza in the offing, sent many a cold shiver down an otherwise convivial spine. However, the day dawned bright and fine with just the right nip in the air. For some of the old and hoary diehards on the Unit this was the third Christmas in Canada, for others the second, and to some of us the first one away from our own country and our own firesides. Naturally, at this season one's thoughts turn homewards, this being above all the time of the year when family life reigns supreme and when one hopes for reunions. We knew that we were in for a good time on the Unit and that lots of good "eats" were in store for us (or so the scouts had told us) and it was with regret that we thought of tables not so full nor fare quite so varied back in the Old Country. As a set-off, however, there was some consolation in the news that Adolph was getting a few "block busters" in his stocking as a Christmas gift from our comrades way back. With this thought in mind, with a determination in all hearts to enjoy to the utmost or "bust," and with the bright and invigorating day, a cheerful, friendly atmosphere pervaded the station.



## OFFICERS' MESS

The festive season opened in the Officers' Mess with a dance on Wednesday, 22nd December. Some little discomfort had been experienced in the Mess for a few days before the occasion, owing to the preparations, but the final result was well worth it. The Christmas trees were particularly attractive, and the presents hanging from the branches particularly appropriate. The R.A.F. Dance Band was in excellent form. Some of the dancers were also excellent in form.

As the evening wore on an extraordinary phenomenon was observed, of considerable interest to the scientifically inclined. The scientifically minded, and those others whose interest is prompted by envy, are still wondering how the product of such a lugubrious being could induce such infectious hilarity.

Just when people were beginning to wonder whether there would be any milk left for breakfast, the floor show was announced. This proved to be very entertaining, but left one



**XMAS**

LET'S GET CRACKING!

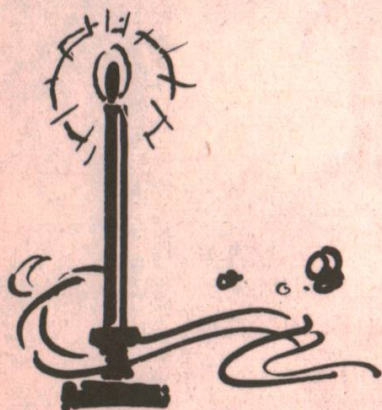
**IN CAMP**



IT LOOKS' GOOD



PAUSE THAT REFRESHES



THUMBS UP!



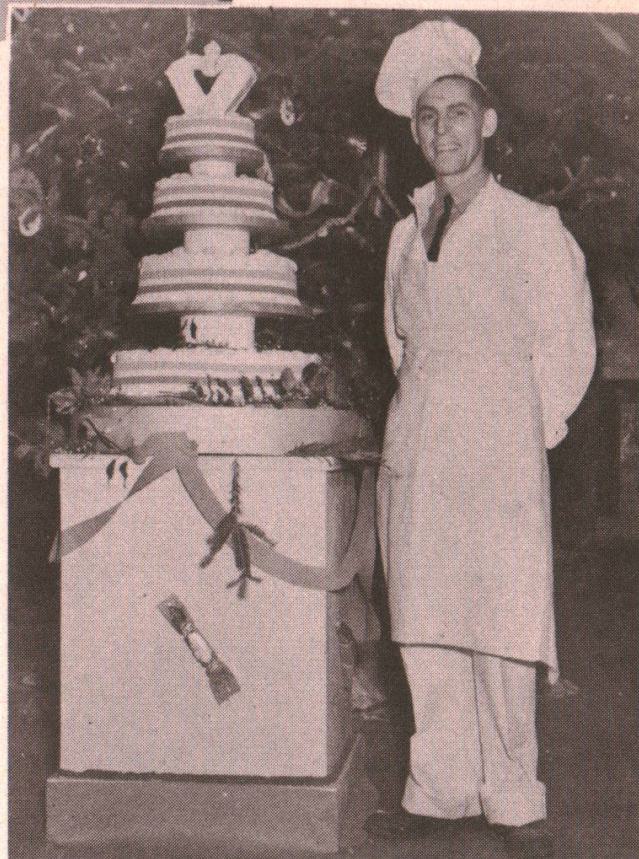


*GOOD SHOW CHAPS*

# 'CREDIT DUE'



*CHEIF SERVES THE "OLD & MILD"*



*L.A.C. ROYLE & MASTERPIECE*



*"PUMPER-LIPPERS"*



rather wondering whether the officer who supplied gin instead of "gen" had supplied enough. It is appreciated that his preoccupations are mainly with security and may be as good an excuse as any. Anyhow, the floor show finally ended and the more serious business continued until the early morning, by which time most people had ceased to bother about milk for breakfast anyway.

On Christmas Day, after the "free for all" between the Officers and the Sergeants and the procession of "old crocks," the Officers were "at home" to the sergeants. After a very short time, and much coming and going, one gave up deciding whether the Officers were visiting the Sergeants or the Sergeants visiting the Officers. Our American friends, who had "dropped in," gave it up after a very short while, but the bars finally closed and the day ended very quietly.



### SERGEANTS' MESS

The Christmas festivities in the Sergeants' Mess were celebrated in traditional manner. Christmas Day began with a freak football match against the Officers' Mess. Some of the fancy costumes were extremely revealing, various pseudo-ladies in our midst being especially well on form. The yellow, frothy milk in the babies' bottles was ascribed to the drinking of chlorinated water by the local cattle. Nurses, babies (complete with pram), pirates, cripples, drunks (very well acted), whipped round to the Officers' Mess, there to be joined by a similar group. With the C.O. they entrained in the "staff car," gaily decorated, and all headed over the runways to the R.C.A.F. Hospital, led by Ronnie Bohn playing, between bumps, on his sax, aided and abetted by weird noises from something like a hunting-horn. As the procession appeared on the R.C.A.F. camp there were cries of "Here come those crazy Englishmen," and windows on the route were thronged with spectators. After the patients had been serenaded (?) with songs and jokes, and each had been supplied with a parcel of Christmas fare, back to the football pitch, when, after a hard fought battle, in which the "ladies" played a noticeably rougher game, the Mess proved victorious. The gratifying score was one soccer goal, two ruggar tries, and three minor casualties. The Officers were unfortunately unable to score owing to the mobile nature of our goal. In anticipation of the great strain of serving in the Airmen's Mess on Christmas Day, it had been decided to hold the Mess dinner on Sunday, the 26th, W/Commander Edmonds being the guest of honour. With the exception of W/O Hartwell's

splendid oration, speeches were noticeable by their absence, full attention being given to the business in hand, and one diner was seen to stroke 38's in the soup course. In the evening a social and dance completed another happy Christmas in Canada.



### AIRMEN'S MESS

As the corporals and airmen posed for their picture whilst queuing up outside the Dining Hall, there was plenty of banter and good humour, and, as they trooped in and took their seats it was surprising to see the numbers mount and to see those of our number who we thought were elsewhere. Cpl. MacKinlay and his small band of helpers had certainly schemed well and worked hard on the decorations, and are to be complimented. With the large Christmas tree in the centre of the floor, flanked by the cake in its glory of white and pink icing, with the "V" motif surmounting, with a generous supply of "the cup that cheers" in evidence, and the general setting of the fireplace and illuminated signs, it was realised what a tremendous work of preparation had gone on during the time we were barred from our rightful haunts.

With all personnel seated, and entertained by the strains of the Unit Dance Band, under the leadership of Sgt. Brohn, the procession of Officers and Senior N.C.O.'s, headed by the Commanding Officer and Father Christmas (A. C. Murgatroyd) came upon the scene. Speechmaking was unnecessary as Cpl. Maycock brought out a large and succulent roast turkey and set it before the Commanding Officer, who commenced the carving with gusto and to his evident satisfaction from the taste point of view. Thereafter, with the Officers and Senior N.C.O.'s acting as the "waiters," an excellent meal was served. Dinner over, the autographing of the Menu Cards was quite a business, with the C.O., the waiters and "Santa" busy exchanging greetings and wielding their pens.

The whole event was admirably organised and went with a swing. Thanks are certainly due to the whole staff of the Airmen's Mess for the splendid meals served on Christmas Day and for the work which they, and the hard-working group of helpers (Cpl. MacKinlay, L.A.C.'s Morris, Lindsay and Sim and A.C. Saunders) put in on preparing and decorating the Hall.

The attractive and amusing Menu Cards, many of which will be held as souvenirs, were designed by F/O Wedd (In-

terior) and L.A.C. Harry Shaw (Cover), and the excellent Christmas cake was the work of L.A.C. Royle, whose skill as a cook and in decoration are obviously of a very high order.



### CHILDREN'S PARTY

On the afternoon of Wednesday, 22nd December, there was a party for the children of Unit personnel in the Y.M.C.A. Canteen. Here again, in a tastefully decorated hall, that busy guy "Father Christmas" and his helpers, in the persons of Cpl. Jack Griffith, L.A.C. Bill Butler and A.C. Horowitz, were soon getting acquainted with the kiddies, and the three "Smile" Show stalwarts entertained them. "Santa" had a mixed reception in some instances, but with the stripping of the tree and the presentation of the gifts he soon made friends for life. Sgt. Brohn and his music-makers enlivened the proceedings with suitable music. The Commanding Officer, S/Ldr. "Admin.", and other staff officers were present and the scene was a happy and boisterous one. The party wound up with a big tea, followed by a film show in the Recreation Hall. Young and not so young visitors enjoyed themselves hugely.

### CONGRATULATIONS

Heartiest congratulations to S/Ldr. E. C. Brown on receiving the Air Efficiency Award.

To the following on their recent appointments and promotions we offer our congratulations: F/Lt. J. F. Sach and J. R. Pritchard to Squadron Leader; F/O's C. J. Francis, D. L. Walsh and R. Thorp to Flight Lieutenant; P/O's A. L. Warner, C. W. Wheelock, L. Preddy, E. R. C. Frost, G.C., J. D. Evans, A. G. Milne, and T. H. Johnstone to Flying Officer; D. H. Sharpe, T. G. Burton, E. R. Gordon, B. D. Darling, G. J. Zacharias, R. G. Macdonald, R. C. Manning, W. Graham, D. L. Marsland, S. W. Kirkland, J. D. Seeney and W. C. Law on their Commissioning as Pilot Officer; F/Sgt.'s T. A. LeBlanc, R. E. Maynard and H. G. Crampp to Warrant Officer; Sgt's A. D. Hart, E. C. Sandiford, F. J. Hogan, R. J. Chartrand and R. Brooke to Flight Sergeant; and LAC's W. C. Stainer, F. Hunter and J. H. Claxton to Corporal.

Best wishes to the following on their recent marriages: F/O D. R. T. John, W/O I. R. Hoy, Sgt. D. R. G. Evans, Cpl's S. Seff and H. Kelso, and LAC's J. R. Jones, F. R. Ashton and R. F. Edgington.

To the following babies of Unit personnel we send our greetings: Patricia Jean Dodd, Manessa Diane Flynn and Maureen Shirley Bowker.

## O BRAVE NEW YEAR

Let fall the curtain on the year that's flown  
 And turn our faces to the year that's born;  
 Forgetting not the happy times we've known,  
 But greeting with new hope this virgin morn.  
 The echoes of the year, now dead, awake  
 Within my heart,—leaving their substance yet  
 Of doubts and fears and joys combined to make  
 A full design that banishes regret.  
 For days of sadness now seem far away.  
 The days of bliss alone I can recall.  
 Days when the world around seemed bright and gay.  
 Days that can make eternity seem small.  
 And memory invests them with a charm  
 That lifts them high above the realms of time.  
 Beyond the stars they shine serene and calm  
 Inviolate,—with radiance sublime.  
 Away Old Year! Speed on into the past  
 For I have stolen all that I desire  
 To cherish,—all that's fragrant,—that will last.  
 Speed to oblivion on wings of fire.

New Year, rise, Phoenix like, from out the flame.  
 Bring hope and love and joy into this world.  
 Bring new ambitions. Justify thy name.  
 Reveal the banner of new life unfurled  
 And proudly flying in the freshening winds;  
 Bring promise of the better times to be.  
 Fulfill our dreams.—Instill into our minds  
 Fresh courage; burst our bonds and make us free.  
 The world is weary with depression's load—  
 Let us achieve our aims. Make new our hearts  
 Triumphantly advancing down the road  
 That winds before us as each new day starts.  
 The past is dead,—the future opens wide  
 Before us, a new vision unexplored.  
 Grasp opportunity at the full tide  
 And realise its wonderful reward.  
 Hark! Bells peal through the night with message clear.  
 As hands and hearts unite in joyful song,  
 Dispelling all uncertainty and fear  
 Their waves of hopeful sound re-echo strong.  
 So striking boldly out into the deep,  
 Forsaking all that's weary and outworn,  
 Our faith in one another let us keep.  
 Welcome New Year! Reveal to all the dawn.

—ROBERT TAYLOR

# NEWS

## FROM THE OFFICERS' MESS

Again a "shifting" atmosphere has overshadowed the Mess since this particular page passed into the hands of the present reporter. Arrivals and departures seem to have broken even existing Unit records, but still certain compensations exist in the fact that a few diehards still hang on in the odd corners.

✓ ✓ ✓

"Radio repairs neatly and expeditiously carried out—bring out your old sets"—seems to be the call of F/Lt Thorp. He should do well on the next C.T.T.B. if he remusters.

✓ ✓ ✓

We have often thought that F/O Wilkinson and his pipe were inseparable. . . . Now we know, for he even takes it with him for a shower!

✓ ✓ ✓

Who was it said the Catering Officer's favourite flower was the "Common Parsley"? Nevertheless he must have cornered the whole North American market in this delectable weed, judging by the frequency with which it appears on the menu.

✓ ✓ ✓

F/Lt Smith has, we understand, undertaken to replace the "City Slicker's" discs when the existing issues are threadbare. Alternatively we would suggest he retains the services of "Spike Jones" permanently for the sole purpose of recordings for the Mess.

✓ ✓ ✓

This page of notes would not be complete without a word of praise and thanks to F/O Wedd for his very capable organisation and direction of the Christmas decorations in the Mess. The whole scheme was very artistic and effective and certainly added to our appreciation of the Christmas functions.

✓ ✓ ✓

In conclusion, I would say, in the words of our own bright star of stage and radio . . . "After all, you can't go on talking for ever."

## Neighbours Exchange Visits

The Sidney Hostess House was well represented at Seattle on the 25th and 26th November, when members of H.M. Forces stationed in and around Sidney visited the Jefferson Park Recreation Camp as guests of the U.S. Recreational Forces. The party consisted of two members each of the C.W.A.C., W.R.N.S., R.C.A.F. (W.D.), R.C.A., R.C.N. and R.N., R.C.A.F. and R.A.F. Representing the R.A.F. were LAC A. Lyle and AC1 D. H. Martin. Mrs. E. Ellis was in charge of the group. They were met at the boat by Major J. Sitts, Commandant of the camp, and conveyed there for dinner, at which they partnered their opposite numbers in the U.S.A. Forces. After dinner Major Sitts welcomed the Canadian and British services, and Mrs. Ellis expressed their pleasure at being able to come as guests of the Camp. She hoped the scheme would catch on all over Canada and the U.S.A. and that the young people of both countries would be able to mingle and thus cement a common bond of friendship between them. The next day the party was taken on a conducted tour of the city, including visits to the Art Gallery and Museum, the University, and the Penthouse Theatre. During the afternoon they attended a reception in the County City Buildings and met Mayor Devin of Seattle. A very pleasant stay was rounded off by dinner in town, and back to camp for a dance in honour of the Canadian group.

On the week-end of 11-12 December a return visit was paid by members of the American forces to the Hostess House, Sidney. They were met by Mrs. Harper, Associate Hostess, and Mrs. R. Murray of Victoria, and taken to lunch. Later, the R.C.A.F. bus took them to the home of Mrs. and Miss Gwynne, Ardmore Grange, Saanich, for tea. Next on the programme was a dinner and dance at the Hostess House, guests for dinner including Auxiliary Services Officer Captain Lord, S/Ldr. R. O. Mossop, R.A.F. Padre; F/Lt. Gallon, R.A.F.; Mr. and Mrs. Farthing, Y.M.C.A.; Captain Hyde, R.C.A.; Niss Elva May of Seattle, and Mr. and Mrs. Robins, recently repatriated from Japan. Next morning the party lunched at the Knights of Columbus Hall through the kindness of the Misses MacDonald and Scott, and a pleasant afternoon was spent viewing the various places of interest in Victoria. After tea at the Empress Hotel, provided by the Junior League, the American party left, taking with them memories of an enjoyable week-end in B.C.

—D.H.M.

---

After a Padre had preached a very forceful sermon on the Ten Commandments to a bunch of recruits, one of them was in a rather serious mood. Eventually he brightened up. "Anyway," he consoled himself, "I never made a graven image."

# RAF CHILDREN'S PARTY

☆ ○

☆  
•  
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•  
☆



MRS ELLIS  
HELPS 'SANTA'



SOME CHAP — SANTA!



HAPPY AND  
CONTENTED



AWAY WITH  
THE MIXING

# BITS AND



SOCIAL EVENING M, T, I

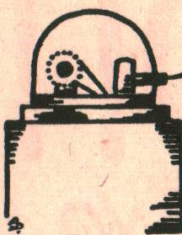


DINNER WITH THE SGTS


# PIECES



CORPORALS  
GET TOGETHER



# News From the Sergeant's Mess



The outstanding events in the Mess this month have been the Christmas festivities and the inauguration by F/Sgt. Jones of Sunday evening socials. The latter have proved a great success and it is hoped they will continue to be so throughout the season. Cavemen-like raids of the type which deprived a certain W/O of his girl at the first Social are regretted by all, especially the W/O concerned.

1 1 1

We are pleased to welcome to the Mess the psychic F/Sgt. Wall. Those under the influence may claim a useful alibi in the future. Rumour says that one F/Sgt. spent a whole night asking himself who he was in an attempt to produce a trance, and was found asleep on the floor next morning.

1 1 1

Many anxious enquiries are being made regarding the operation for the removal of a brass rail from Sgt. Duerdin's foot.

1 1 1

A certain A.C.H. Sgt. has suggested putting aircraft in gear and towing them to start up the engines! Axis powers are understood to be watching closely the result of this experiment.

1 1 1

The round table discussion group wishes to know if there have been any further developments in F/Sgt. Teasdale's hunt for the animal which bores 1/16-inch holes in chocolate bars and is yet capable of carrying a whole bar across the room?

1 1 1

Who owns the mysterious signature "Graham" which appears with monotonous regularity in the Billiards Book? He can't be wishing to avoid paying for his games, not much! R.A.F., us.

1 1 1

Bird lovers were pleased to be able to render assistance to a flock of migratory Wrens on Boxing Day evening. These pleasant visitors wandered unwanted around a neighbouring establishment and were glad to find sanctuary with the R.A.F.



## Dirty Again!

(with apologies to Damon Runyon)

Now if there is one thing more than another on which I am able to put up a big shout, apart from my way with women, it is my tender voice, and so I am more anxious than somewhat to horn in on these broadcasts to the U.K. which take place in spots. Although personally I am inclined to consider such choosing of names as is done a most suspicious thing and maybe there ought to be a law about it being done in public. But finally I see that a character by name Tophoss is D.R.O.'d to spiel his piece into the mike come Monday, and make him a solid proposition involving no less than two liquor permits belonging to citizens I am acquainted with so that I shall take his place. Now I wish to say that this Tophoss is a bonehead who rightly belongs in a cemetery, because after talking the head off him for the whole of a D.I. I am making no progress with him except backwards, and in fact he comes up with a screwy idea of his own. It appears that like one and all for miles around he is all eye for my Popsy who lives in town and I wish to state here and now that she is certainly a stunner and so devoted to me that I can drop in anytime and no risk. So Tophoss has the nerve to say, "Dirty," he says, "take me down and let me meet your Popsy and her sister Betsy, and you are on the air for me, as my wife has three lodgers all in aircraft factories and doesn't want to hear my voice at all as far as I can tell." So since the mutt seems to be set on it I take him down to Vic. and a good time is had by one and all, though it seems to me Tophoss gives the unnecessary squeeze to my Popsy when they are dancing, so that I put my hand under his nose and say I will be compelled to pin his ears back should he do such a vulgar thing again, me being high-toned in my behaviour and liking my friends to be the same.

Now on Monday I beetle along to CJVI, and along with maybe ten more of this man's Unit, and as many civvies, we all say our pieces and I think how pleased my ever-loving wife will be when she hears me talking to her, and the record is played back. Then I go off in search of a cold malt drink, as it is well known to be good for a tender throat as mine is, and later have a little trouble with a taxi-driver, and finally reach my Popsy's house in need of a woman's tender care, but to my amazement, for I am not used to such treatment, I am received with hard words and more, in fact I am struck in several places by hard objects, and when I get to the bottom of the trouble, if you can call it that, it seems that a girl-friend of my Popsy's is among the civvies in the studio, and when she hears me talking to

my ever-loving wife in terms somewhat affectionate with love and kisses, she hares back to my Popsy and tells her all, women having no sense of decency, so that by now my Popsy has about as much use for me as I have for dandruff. Personally I am inclined to blame this unfortunate thing on this craze for broadcasting, which is the ruin of respectable airmen's lives and should rightly be stopped under some K.R. or other.

—R.G.



### THE EAST IN THE WEST

Vancouver has a large Chinese community, many of whom came to Western Canada to work on the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

## BOOKS TO READ



**"Klee Wyck," by Emily Carr**—Miss Carr is one of Victoria's notables, and, as often happens, is perhaps more known and honoured outside of the city than in it. Past her seventieth year now, Miss Carr collected in this volume, a few years ago, notes and stories of the West Coast Indians as she has seen them since her first visit as a schoolgirl of fifteen. Since then, Miss Carr has visited the Indians frequently, painted them and their totems, learned their ways: so her Indians are real people living in this age, busy making baskets or fishing, not relics of an earlier civilisation.

There are a few illuminating pages on the fascinating, baffling totem poles:—

"You knew also by the totem what sort of man he was or at least what he should be because men tried to be like the creature of their crest, fierce, or brave, or wise, or strong. Then the missionaries came and told the Indians this was all foolish and heathenish. They took the Indians away from their old villages and the totem poles and put them into new places where life was easier, where they bought things from a store instead of taking things from nature."

The text is enriched by four superb colour plates from paintings by Miss Carr, who has for many years exhibited her work here in Victoria. In word and colour the spirit of these primitive communities is drawn, without condescension or hypocrisy, in its simplicity, indifference and shyness. This is one of the books, along with Miss Carr's second volume, "Book of Small," and Bruce Hutchison's "Unknown Country," to buy, read, and then send back to the people at home.

—R.G.

**"The English People: Impressions and Observations" by D. W. Brogan**—Since the beginning of this war the author has established himself as the leading British interpreter of the United States. Here he attempts (as the publisher's blurb, for a change, accurately claims) to comment with wit and knowledge on present day England. Himself a Scot, by "English" he means the English and not the British. Yet the Scots should discover here much of interest about a puzzling race, and even the English may find their ideas about themselves clarified. You may agree with Professor Brogan's views or you may dissent violently from them, but in either event you will find them topical, stimulating, worth your close attention, and admirably expressed.

—A.S.

# ? WHO'S WHO ?

## No. 4—F/O Richard Hollis

When F/O Dickie Hollis returned our questionnaire we were disappointed at first. We looked at the sheet and it looked back at us. It looked blank and so did we. In reply to our carefully tabulated questions, twenty-two in number, all he had told us was that he was born in London 38 years ago; that he hails from Angmering-on-Sea, Sussex (when not hailing from a first floor window in the P.G.T. building); has one daughter, Patricia Bay, one year old; has been in Canada three years and on this Unit nearly as long as the aborigines; plays "the usual games," and hopes, when the war is over, to keep body and soul together. In reply to the civil question, "Where Educated?" he says with equal civility, "It's nice of you to assume that I have been." But in reply to the innocent query, "Official Title?" he replies savagely, "What the hell is this?" Well, Old Timer, we just wanted to know what the hell you do on this Unit, that's all.



At the foot of our questionnaire we ask for "Any other information or observations," and invite our victim to "Carry on overleaf." Dickie did, so let the rest of the story be told in his own words:—

"Started to learn to fly in 1932—soloed in 1938. Spent most of '38 and '39 trying to be an expert pilot. At outbreak of war dashed to Air Ministry where I was told I was too old to fly but that Link Trainer Instructors were desperately needed. Started at Uxbridge as an AC3. Quickly rose to rank of Sergeant. Went to Derby on a course; later to Hastings, where they were setting up Link Trainer. Project disbanded when Germans arrived on the coast opposite. Moved to another health resort at Torquay awaiting installation of Trainers. Heard Churchill say, 'This is our finest hour.' Saw C.O. Told him I did not propose spending my finest hour paddling at Torquay. No impression. Went direct to Air Ministry. Promised immediate review of my case, which resulted in my doing 30 Orderly Sergeants. Later had interview for Aircrew. Told too old to fly and too heavy for Air Gunner. Promised immediate posting to operational Unit for course. Sailed on the Altmark for Moose Jaw. Complained to C.O. of being a dead-end kid. Posted to Carberry in the wilderness. Posted to Patricia Bay, where at last I have become too heavy and too old for flying. Likely to go back home soon, fatter and older but with impressions of wartime which I will either forget or embellish when recounting the war to my daughter."

## FAN MAIL

During the past few weeks we have been delighted to receive many messages from ex-members of the Unit and other well-wishers at home. We publish some of these messages, or extracts from them, below. We have sent personal replies to our correspondents, but again take the opportunity of thanking them and sending best wishes on behalf of the Unit.

**From Group Captain S. L. G. Pope, D.F.C., A.F.C., Notts, England, our former C.O.**

### "CHRISTMAS GREETINGS"

"May you all have as good a Christmas as we did last year—more I can't wish you. Most of those I knew then at Pat Bay are now elsewhere, but I hope we join in thought. I'm amazed to find so many know 'The Patrician' and how many know how happy we were (and I am sure you are) at Pat Bay. I wonder if PUMPKIN has survived to be handed on as a Christmas present. We still laugh well and often here."

### "THE OLD MAN"

Note: "Pumpkin" indeed survives, and is a well-known character on the Unit and at the Sidney Hostess House.—Ed.

**From W/O Middleton ("Joe"), R.A.F., Northumberland, England.**

"It took me some time to settle down on my new Unit . . . Despite my oft-repeated cries of 'R.O.T.B.' I used to wonder how I would find life and the people . . . They are still the same smiling, easy-going race we knew in the trying days of Dunkirk and the Battle of Britain. One seldom hears a grouse and, when one does, it's usually good-natured. After four years of war we are getting better food than I dreamed possible, thanks to the Merchant Marine and the efforts of the ordinary householder, for every house is now practically self-supporting in some direction. There isn't the variety we had in days of peace, but I feel that we're better off without it. The people look better on such feeding . . . I hope that we never revert to the days of riotous over-eating, for I believe that the war has taught us a lesson we should never forget—how to get the best from food with little or no waste.

"Contrary to all I'd heard, the beer hasn't suffered any noticeable change . . . The price has gone up, but even that doesn't spoil evenings at the 'local,' where a couple of pints, a game of darts and a chat amongst friends helps to make life convivial and bearable.

"Several copies of 'The Patrician' have filtered through and I still spend a pleasant hour perusing all the gen. I often glance through the back numbers and get quite a kick from them. So does my wife, too, and I get many a dark look when she catches up with some of my past. A good thing she doesn't know about the car incident. She has also asked me to sing my 'Swan Song,' but I don't think she would appreciate it, do you?

"Give my regards to all the old hands who remain out there . . . and the best of luck to the Unit magazine."

**From Bonnyrigg, Scotland.**

"I have a brother stationed at Sidney, and he sends us your magazine home. I would just like to thank you on behalf of my folks at home for the pleasure we get in reading about the life out there. My brother's photo was in one of them, and we could see from it that he looked well and happy. One day, not too far distant I hope, he will be coming home, but I am sure he will have very pleasant memories of the time spent there. We, too, at home, are longing for that time. So best of luck to all of you over there, from all of us over here . . ."

**From Watford, Herts, England.**

"Though a little late in so doing, may I send you birthday wishes, and say, 'if you can continue producing 'The Patrician' at the present high standard then you are doing the R.A.F. world a very good turn.' My husband has been with you since . . . and has sent regularly 'The Patrician' for my perusal. Each copy provides me with far more information than I could ever expect in letters, and I receive a general idea of camp activities; the reading is good, and the photographs highly interesting, and I do obtain a great deal of enjoyment from each number. Concerning the material in the magazine, I would like to say how much I admire your really go-ahead social entertainments. I realise the great advantage to all personnel of the many clubs, societies, excursions, etc., and the excellent way in which you keep all activities up-to-date. Every moment which you devote to producing a 'Patrician' of present standards is very well spent, and I assure you that as one of so many wives still left in the Old Country, you bring me very much pleasure."

---

**THE CHRISTMAS TREES**

Around Christmastide, to walk along almost any road on Vancouver Island was to step back into childhood and its end-of-year enchantments. As dusk fell, the Christmas trees in all the houses came to life, woven with little gay lights and all manner of pretty baubles. They glowed into the night, telling of warmth and laughter in the lighted rooms that held them, and quickening the footsteps of the passer-by homewards to the other side of his own Christmas tree. Children again, we wished that some sudden magic might restore to you at home, and to the children of darkened Europe, and to all who wait or toil or suffer anywhere, those ordinary, lovely things which come to mind when we see the Christmas trees shining in the night.

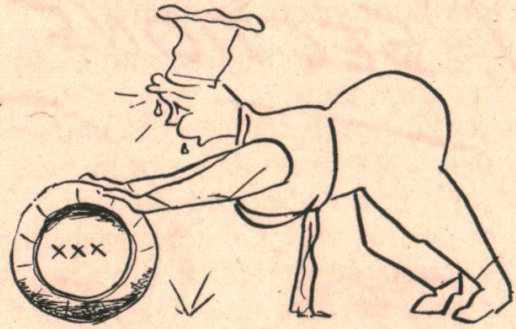
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—R.D.H.S.

**EPITAPH FOR A COMMITTEE**

They hem and haw in fields Elysian,  
The buck is passed and then returned.  
They can't arrive at a decision—  
They never died, they just adjourned.

# Barrels



When thinking of barrels, I suppose most of us think of beer barrels, a familiar sight in England. The first use of barrels was for storing beer and wine, when each village had its own carpenter, who was also a wheelwright.

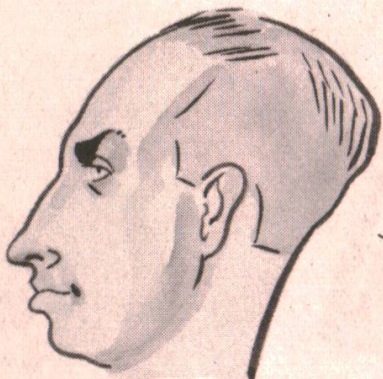
Today barrels have more varied uses, from shipping asphalt from Trinidad, storing chemicals, marking channels at sea, to shipping fruit, fish, nails, etc. all over the world. For the fruit trade alone hundreds of barrels are made daily in Victoria, to ship fruit from British Columbia to England.

Let us pay a visit to Messrs. Sweeney's Cooperage, and see how these barrels are made. Floating in the water outside the cooperage are huge logs which have been floated from the lumbering camps up-Island; one of the largest trees to be used was a Vancouver Island hard fir felled in 1929; it was 804 years old, eight feet six inches in diameter, and contained over ten miles of boards twelve inches wide by one inch thick. The first building we enter contains saws of all types and sizes which transform the logs entering at one end into narrow boards cut to the correct shape and size for the staves or sides of the barrels. In an adjoining building the tops and bottoms are made, known as heads. Here two boards are nailed together to form a square and are clamped between two plates which revolve and cut the board into a circle with a V-shaped edge; these are about 18" diameter. The heads and staves now meet for assembly; the staves, which have a groove cut at each end, are placed around the bottom so that they fill the circle, and a band is put on to hold them in place, while the whole is steamed to make the wood pliable. The tops of the staves are now drawn together to fit the top of the barrel, and another band is put on to hold the top in place. The barrel is now ready to go into a huge oven which shrinks the wood and dries any moisture from it. After this process they are ready for use, but as most of them are used on the mainland, they are dismantled, and carefully examined, and shipped in bundles in a knock-down condition.

—TOMPY

The illustrated pamphlets obtainable from the Y.M.C.A. are very colourful and descriptive and will tell the folks back home more than you can ever put in a letter. Send some home now!

# DENTAL AND M.I. SECTIONS



CAPT. ROGERS



CAPT. PATTERSON.



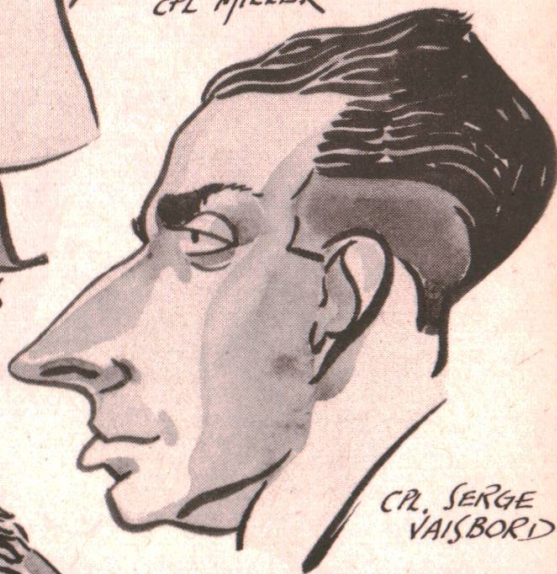
PTV. HUESKIN



CPL MILLER



SGT. J.H.  
BROWNLEE



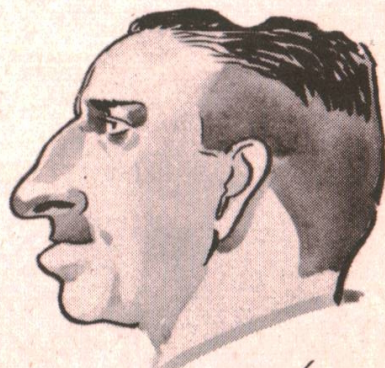
CR. SERGE  
VAISBORD



SGT. CHIPPER



L.A.C. 'BOB' LUCK

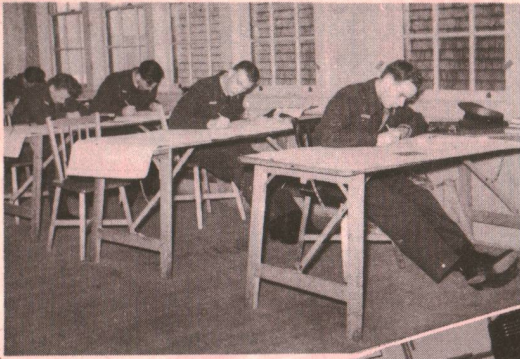


L.A.C. LEVINGS

Maw  
43.

# MEN AT WORK

NO. 19 - P. G. T.



"GEN-ING UP"



S/DR WEST - DICTATES



PLOTTING & PLANNING.



7/Sgt JOHN



W/T SECTION



...



ORDERLY ROOM STAFF



IN CONFERENCE



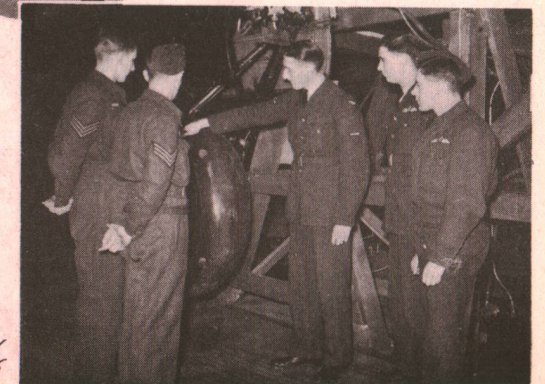
COCKPIT GEN



ARMAMENT SECTION



LAC BEGGI ISSUES



LAC REAH ON HYDRAULICS



The



UNIT



DANCES



UNIT DANCE  
ORCHESTRA



## Where Does The Money Go?

"Where does the money go?" That is the question that lies behind most of the jibes and jokes that are the daily lot of those with the responsibility of handling Service Institute Funds. But, before you can spend, it is necessary to receive; so first a word as to the main source of revenue.

The Y.M.C.A. operates the Canteen on this Unit, as on all R.A.F. Units in Canada, and from the rebate on sales at the Canteen we derive the major part of our income. The amount of the monthly cheque varies considerably, but for the past six months has averaged \$1,300.

Now we can begin to answer that big question above. The first and most important call is for extra messing, and the sum of \$600 is spent each month by the Catering Officer for food and other "extras" that are not allowed on official rations.

Another substantial item is the provision of sports equipment. A big factor here is the rapid wastage due to heavy and constant use, and consequent necessity for replacement at frequent intervals.

Considerable sums have also been expended during the summer on the gardens, purchase of gardening tools and provision of plants and seeds.

The Barber's Shop is gradually being better equipped and more rapid progress could be made, were it not that we are under obligation to remit net profits to The Receiver General.

Entertainments also account for expenditure of Institute Funds, mainly in the provision of coaches for dances, and transport of visiting concert parties. It is not generally realised that, although visiting concert parties give their services free, and are greatly appreciated by all of us, nevertheless the provision of transport, and refreshments for our visitors, is a matter for "P.S.I." to handle.

In this connection we are very grateful for the splendid efforts of the "Smile" Show at the Royal Victoria Theatre on the 17th November and 1st December. The first of these Shows was primarily organised to defray an insurance premium of \$435 which was paid from Institute Funds for insurance of Band and Smile Show personnel, to comply with a recent order. (Possibly it was considered that someone might be moved to throw something heavier than the proverbial eatables!). Joking aside, they put on a grand entertainment and the net proceeds greatly exceeded this sum.

It is the minor items of expenditure about which it is difficult to convey adequate information in a short article. A few of them are: Small gratuities to Wet Bar personnel; cinema projectionists; librarians; purchase of radios; support for Technical and General Libraries; provision of magazines for Reading Room; purchase of

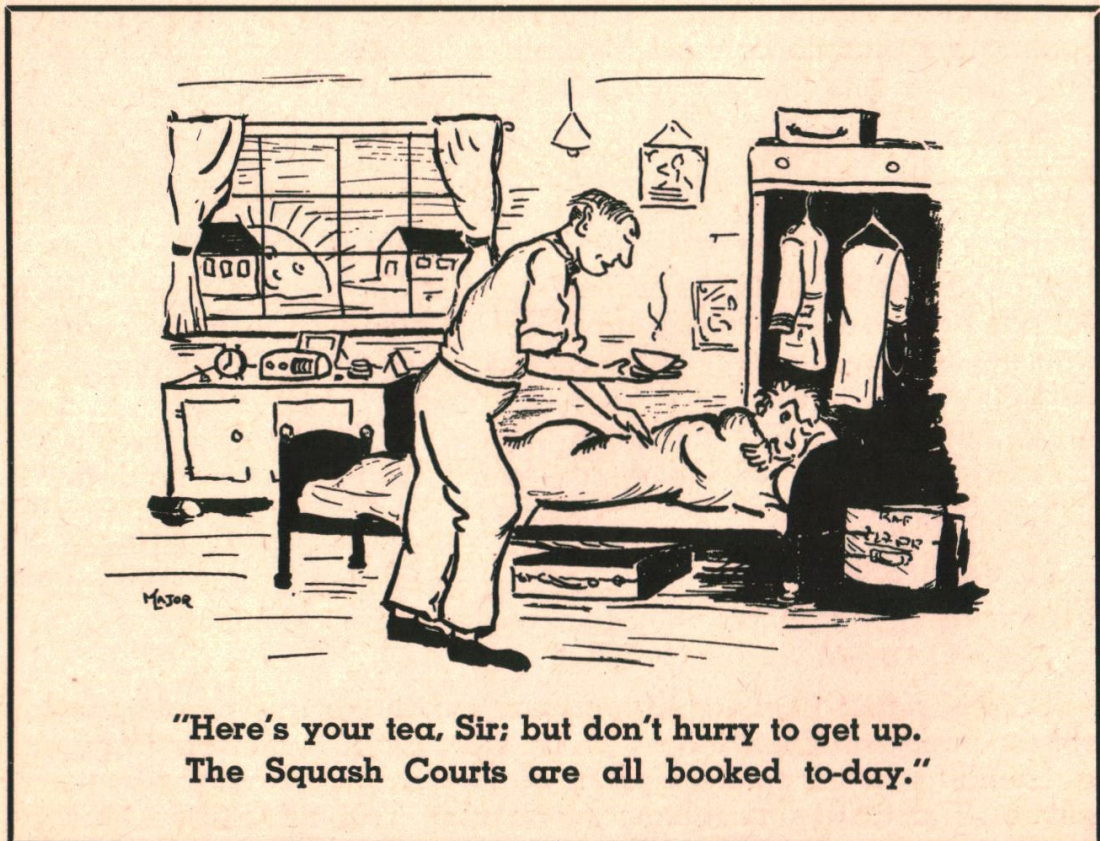
additional equipment for the Airmens' Mess; and telephone calls concerning Institute matters.

Last but not least we are at the time of writing saving up for the Christmas BEER.

**A TYPICAL MONTH'S EXPENDITURE**  
(Recurring Items)

Extra Messing .....	\$ 600.00
Sports Equipment (est. average).....	250.00
Corporals' Club—grant .....	100.00
Dances and Entertainments— (Vancouver Island Coaches and Refreshment for Con- cert Parties) .....	80.00
Library Grant .....	50.00
"Patrician" Magazine .....	60.00
Gratuities—Cinema projectionists, "Patrician," Wet Bar Staff, Librarians, etc. ....	80.00
Papers and Periodicals .....	20.00
	<hr/>
	\$1,240.00
	<hr/>

—H.G.W.



"Here's your tea, Sir; but don't hurry to get up.  
The Squash Courts are all booked to-day."

# CORPORALS' CLUB PAGE



In view of the list of complaints received last month by your humble scribe on account of this column, he wishes to inform all future complainants that any inference hereby drawn is definitely intended to be offensive, and is written with a view to adding insult to injury.

✓ ✓ ✓

The obvious highlight in this month's festivities was the social evening held in the club on the 21st. It was voted a success by all those present, despite the fact that several of us are eagerly awaiting the next clothing parade. We tender our thanks to the committee for the excellent organisation, likewise to P/O Wootton, who very jovially presided.

✓ ✓ ✓

Not often do we have the opportunity of blowing our trumpet, so it seems fitting to chronicle the result of the last football match when, with an eleventh hour team, we scored our best victory of the season, beating our opponents 9 goals to nil.

✓ ✓ ✓

A few more records have been added to our selection this month. Apologies to members whose selections were unobtainable.

✓ ✓ ✓

Cpl. (Robbie) Robson's absence from the club during lunch periods has been remarked upon. He tells us he prefers to share it with the fish in the demonstration pond. They, at least, don't talk back.

✓ ✓ ✓

One of our number (not alone by any means) who boasts the prefix "Ginger," seems to be qualifying for the "Gorge Medal and Bar," and it is the sincere wish of Unit two-tapers that we may be in on the investiture. We shall certainly be there in force, in best blue, and with good thirsts.

✓ ✓ ✓

Social life having been rather reserved on the whole owing to the approach of Christmas leave, I have little left to natter about except to extend to all our readers every good wish they would wish themselves. Though a little belatedly in print, THE SEASON'S GREETINGS!

## VANCOUVER SERVICEMEN'S CENTRES

**United Services Centre, 636 Burrard Street (near Hotel Vancouver), Marine 5635**—Open daily, 8:30 a.m. to 11 p.m. Midnight Wednesdays and Saturdays. All men and women in uniform welcome. Snack bar, library, games, writing rooms, home hospitality and information desk from which free tickets are given for special dances and other events. Dancing every night. Special orchestra Wednesdays and Saturdays. Floor show every Saturday evening. Special games and sing-songs Sundays.

**Salvation Army Red Shield Centre, 752 Thurlow Street (near Ritz Apt. Hotel), Marine 0935**—Always open; 174 beds; 25 cents. Canteen (two home-cooked meals daily). Library, writing room and games. Lockers. Free movies Wednesday and Friday evenings.

**Knights of Columbus War Services Centre, 635 Richards Street. Pacific 3832**—Always open; 100 beds at 25 cents; breakfast, 25 cents. Home hospitality over week-ends arranged; also by special arrangement with certain hotels, small number of beds available over week-end for officers and men. Recreation room, two writing rooms, lounge and library. Department for personal problems and help.

**Canadian Jewish Service Centre, 2675 Oak Street (No. 1 street car). Bay. 4210**—Welfare bureau. Entertainment and social programmes with refreshments every Sunday evening at 7:30. All men and women in the services and their guests welcome. Tea, movies, music, free.

**Y.M.C.A., 955 Burrard Street. Pacific 0221**—Free tea every afternoon, 3-5, served by various ladies' auxiliaries. Gymnasium and swimming pool, lounge, library and writing rooms. Snack bar and hot dinner. Special entertainments Friday and Sunday evenings at 8:00 p.m.

**Canadian Legion, 856 Seymour Street (behind Orpheum Theatre). Pacific 8434**—Lounge, writing rooms, etc.

**Tourists' Information Bureau, 596 W. Georgia Street (corner Seymour). Marine 2171**—Open 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., closes 1 p.m. Saturday. Information on all subjects. Free mailing service on postcards and folders.

**Vancouver Art Gallery, 1145 West Georgia Street (just beyond Ritz Hotel)**—Open daily (except Monday) from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Sunday afternoons 2-5 p.m. Permanent and current exhibitions. Recording of great music every Friday evening, followed by discussion and refreshments. Symphony, previews, Saturdays once a month, 3 p.m.

**Public Library and Museum, 401 Main Street (corner Hastings). Marine 5321**—Reference library, writing rooms, reading, etc.

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**FOR OFFICERS**

**Allied Officers' Club, 880 Howe Street (near Grosvenor Hotel)**—  
Snack bar, lounge, library, writing facilities, home hospitality and  
hostess bureau.

**Terminal City Club, 837 West Hastings Street. Pacific 4121**—  
Restaurant, lounge, billiards. Guest privileges for visiting and  
resident officers.

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**City Hall, Vancouver, B.C.**

## SIDNEY HOSTESS HOUSE AND ITS HOSTESS

An enjoyable evening was spent by servicemen and civilians at the Hostess House, Sidney, on 30th December, when a dance was held and a presentation made to Mrs. E. Ellis, Chief Hostess, who is leaving to take up duties elsewhere in the near future. S/Ldr. R. O. Mossop, R.A.F. Padre, paid tribute to Mrs. Ellis's fine work for the servicemen of this area, and said that the various services in the district felt that they must show their sincere appreciation of her services. Thus they had combined to present her with several gifts, including a travelling bag, handbag and dressing table set. Jack Morgan, R.C.A.F., also presented a corsage to Mrs. Ellis.



Mrs. Ellis said how much she had enjoyed being at Sidney and that this evening would be one of the many pleasant memories that she would carry away with her.

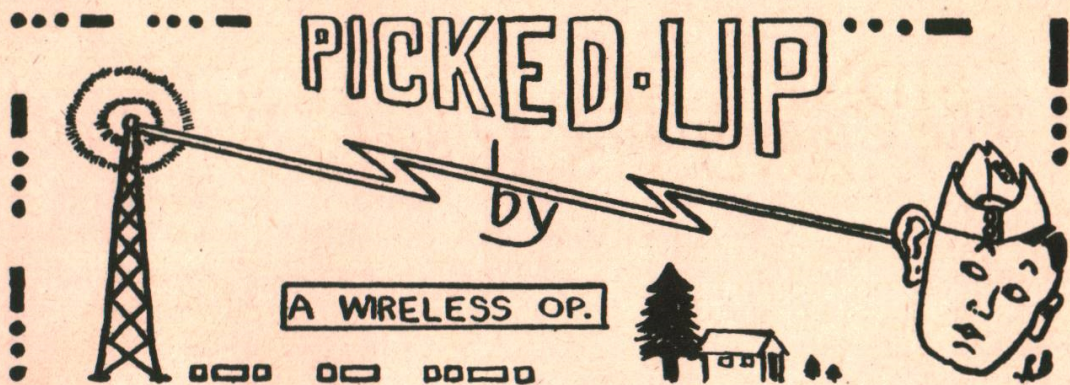
Members of all neighbouring services were present, and dancing was to the strains of the R.A.F. Dance Band, under the leadership of Sgt. Ronnie Brohn.

Mrs. E. Ellis has been a well-known figure in Sidney now for over twenty months, when she came here from Vancouver to take over the Hostess House. Born in Edmonton, Alta., she has always had an interest in public and social work. She has organised an A.R.P. district in Vancouver, and was in charge of a V.A.D. division there. Her husband, Captain J. B. Ellis, died at the outbreak of war, and her brother, S/Ldr. R. F. Sandeman, is serving with the R.A.F. in England. Mrs. Ellis is also a member of the "Overseas League," and was awarded the Coronation Medal while in Edmonton. Having a keen interest in the possibilities of emigration, and future settlement in Canada of British subjects, Mrs. Ellis intends to continue in her present activities. We wish her all success and happiness in the future in whatever she undertakes.

—D.H.M.

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The Recorded Music Circle seems to go from strength to strength. Although lately the writer has not been able to listen to these exceptionally well chosen programmes, the lists of records as published in D.R.O.'s make very good reading.



### PUKKA GEN

Bert Fry went out of the guard-room recently with a cat under his arm. One of the "Small Fry" we presume?

A/C Wilcox has got rid of his typewriter. On examining it we don't blame him.

Who was the erk coming out of the hangar who remarked to a dim figure, "Damned wet night, mate!" "And warm," agreed the C.O. as he doubled past.

The numerous collections of tokens from the "Y" are becoming almost competitive. Judging by the large number about they will never become valuable for their rarity unless it be their rarity in the "Y."

Who was the football fan who wondered if Les Boulter could play right-half? Charlton Athletic have always been under the impression that he could.

W/O Mills' car is not so easily recognisable nowadays; he rarely gets more than two or three flats a week.

W/O Buckingham is jealous of F/O Fisher because he has a longer name than the latter and this makes the signing of passes more of a task. Why not shorten it to "Buck," Buck?

The same W/O is in the news. A pilot reported two A.S.I.'s U/S. "Both engines, eh?" remarked Buck.

"Scuttle" McLaughlin walked into stores, "Where's Nobby Clarke?" he asked. "Gone," said Nobby, so "Scuttle" walked out.

Did you hear about the erk who was walking through P.G.T. when a voice asked him, "What are you on?" "Sheet-changing," he replied automatically to the C.G.I.

Who is the Corporal in Instruments Section who believes in love at first out of sight?

"Officers," remarked F/O Tickle, "are notorious for never having any change with them." An erk, of course, is always flush.

## The Commanding Officer's Wedding

Among those of us who had the pleasure of accepting an invitation to the C.O.'s wedding, one thought must surely have been uppermost—"there never was a HAPPIER affair." Our first sight of the bride and bridegroom caught them smiling happily as they stood together at the chancel steps. Our last sight of them as they left the Oak Bay Beach Hotel after the reception was again one of smiles.

S/Ldr. Mossop conducted the short but impressive service, which included well known hymns, and gave a brief but memorable exhortation to the bride and bridegroom, taking as his theme, "Those whom God hath joined." W/Cdr. Bean acted as best man and W/Cdr. Edmonds discharged the duties of Usher, in company with the bride's brother.

Miss Lorna Scott was married in the traditional white and looked unbelievably charming. She carried a large bouquet of gardenias, similar flowers serving as a head dress attached to her veil.

At the reception after the service, the toast of "The Bride" was given by Mr. Barr in a short, witty and highly topical speech. G/C Wurtele responded on behalf of his bride. Prominently decorating the table at the reception was the magnificent wedding cake, adorned with a Mosquito (?) aircraft.

After the bride had performed the age-long ceremony of throwing her bouquet down the stairs, G/C and Mrs. Wurtele left for their honeymoon at Banff.

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### MUSICAL MERRY-GO-ROUND

The Station Band performed at many functions this last month, one outstanding event being the Masonic Ball at the Agricultural Hall, Saanichton, on 3rd Decemeber. Two Sergeants' Mess Sunday night Socials during the month were enhanced by the appearance of Sgt. Brohn and his merry musicians, as were the Christmas Festivities: the kiddies' party on the 22nd, the Airmen's Dance in the Recreation Hall on the 21st, the Officers' Mess Party on the 22nd and in the Airmen's Mess on Christmas Day. On a spare evening on 20th December the band appeared at Mrs. Ellis' farewell party at Sidney Hostess House, and for the last date of the month, New Year's Eve at the Sergeants' Mess, the band was able to make its presence felt with a bumper finish to the year.

—R.B.

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### OUR COVER PICTURE

At first sight there may not be an obvious connection between the cover picture and this special number. However, it shows yachts en route from Vancouver to Newcastle Island, against the mountain background which is one of the chief attractions of the B.C. mainland coast.

# The CO's WEDDING



# PODS

AND



*U/T SANTA CLAUS*

# ENDS



*WELL B.....USHED.*



*RAF  
RUGGER  
TEAM.*

## THE PADRE'S CHAT

The Station Chapel (C. of E. and O. D. Sanctuary) was dedicated on Friday, December 17th. A number of officers and men of the Unit were present and I believe that those who attended were very glad they came. The actual dedication was performed by the Bishop of British Columbia, who also spoke on the theme "God, Country, Home." This was the first time the Bishop had visited the Unit and we hope he will come again, as such a cheerful personality is always welcome.

Rev. G. W. J. Gregson, Staff Chaplain, R.A.F., was making his last appearance on a station in Canada before returning to the U.K. He also spoke, expressing thanks to those who had helped in getting the Chapel ready and hoping that everyone on the Unit will use the Chapel.

Each one of us who knows Padre Gregson will miss him very personally. He has the gift of friendship, and during the three years he has been in Canada he has given everyone who has met him a clearer understanding of what Christ must mean in the life of a Christian. We wish him the best of good fortune and the blessing of God in his work. Padre Daniels from our next door station read the lesson, and we were very pleased to have him and Father Cyr with us on this occasion. We had a number of well known hymns, and with LAC Minto at the piano the singing was distinctly good.

Our best thanks are due to the personnel of the Unit Workshops (especially LAC Boardman, who made the altar); to Works and Bricks, and to the Contractors.

Now we have our Chapel, and the rest is up to us. It will always be open for men to come in and say their prayers and get that time of quiet which is not obtained in a Barrack Block or Mess. Services will be held regularly, and if the times at which they are held are not convenient for you let me know and they will be altered.

My last word this month is, "Use our Chapel" and may we see Victory and our homes in 1944.

—R. O. MOSSOP

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Hospitality seems to be the order of the day just now and many of our personnel, by the time we go to press, will have enjoyed their Christmas as the guests of kindly friends on Vancouver Island and in other parts of B.C. and the States. We have in these pages expressed thanks for the hospitality so willingly offered, on previous occasions; and at this time of the year the opportunity to spend part of the festive season in these delightful homes means a great deal to those of us parted from the scenes that we hold dear.

## "Smile" Show Notes

December 1st found the Royal Victoria Theatre thronged for the repeat performance of the Crazy "Smile" Show. As on the occasion of the November performance, the entertainment provided by the cast did not find the Victoria public lacking in appreciation.

On December 5th, twenty-one members of the "Smile" Show left for the Mainland by the midnight boat. Sponsored by the Civil Defence authorities of Vancouver, shows were given on 6th and 7th in the Exhibition Gardens before a highly delighted audience numbering in all some 6,000 to 7,000. After the show on 7th, the cast was entertained at the Palomar Supper Club. December 8th found the Show at Sea Island and on December 9th, a performance was given at No. 3 R.D., Jericho. Despite transport and weather difficulties, Boundary Bay was visited on 10th, and the tour concluded with a performance for the patients of Shaughnessy Military Hospital. This latter performance was attended by the worst possible weather conditions, thick fog being prevalent the whole night. Despite this and practically no transport facilities, the Show started only forty minutes late. On December 10th, the personnel of the "Smile" Show gave a formal luncheon in one of the Salons of the Vancouver Hotel. Many distinguished guests were present, representing the City, the Civil Defence and the Services. After the luncheon, His Worship the Mayor, Brigadier Landon and Group Captain Chapman were among those who paid compliments to the cast and its work.

Newcomers to the cast include F/O John Evans and F/O John McFarlane. The former specialises in the Odd Ode and has thereby added another adjective to the vocabulary of the cast. The latter was already well known around the Unit for his Magician's Act. Both made a powerful addition to an already varied programme. We were glad to welcome Ted Warrior back to the Show after an all too long absence and no "Smile" Show notes would be complete without a reference to the herculean task undertaken, and accomplished, by Jock Sim and Harry Shaw.

The success of the whole tour was entirely due to the enthusiastic co-operation displayed by each and every member of the Company, who now retire to a well earned rest before shouldering the many commitments which the New Year is obviously going to bring.

—H.P.

### THANKS ARE DUE

We are indebted to Mr. A. L. Woods, Secretary of the Vancouver Tourist Association, for the material relating to Vancouver in this issue. He not only wrote the main article specially for us and compiled the list of servicemen's centres, but also lent the printing blocks for the attractive illustrations of Vancouver and its surroundings, including the cover picture.



## *The Wheels of War*

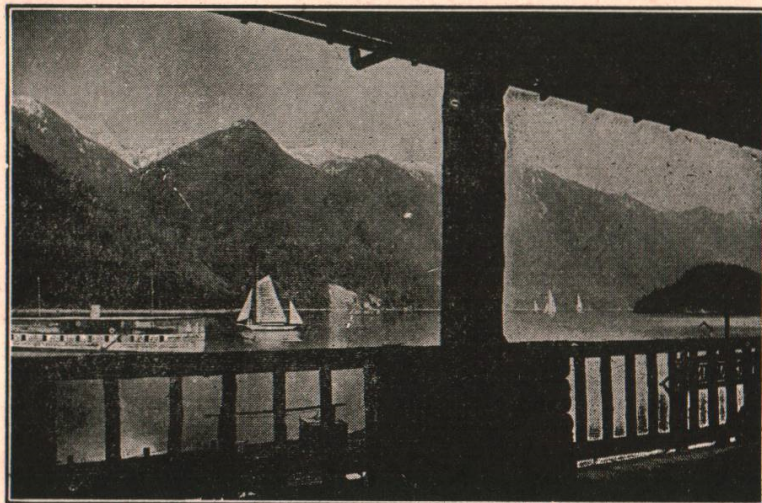
Those iron monsters tear along,  
The noise they make's terrific.  
The brain that first evolved the things  
Was mighty scientific.

They crash along the countryside,  
The people flee in fright.  
They block their ears to stop the din  
Of all this man-made might.

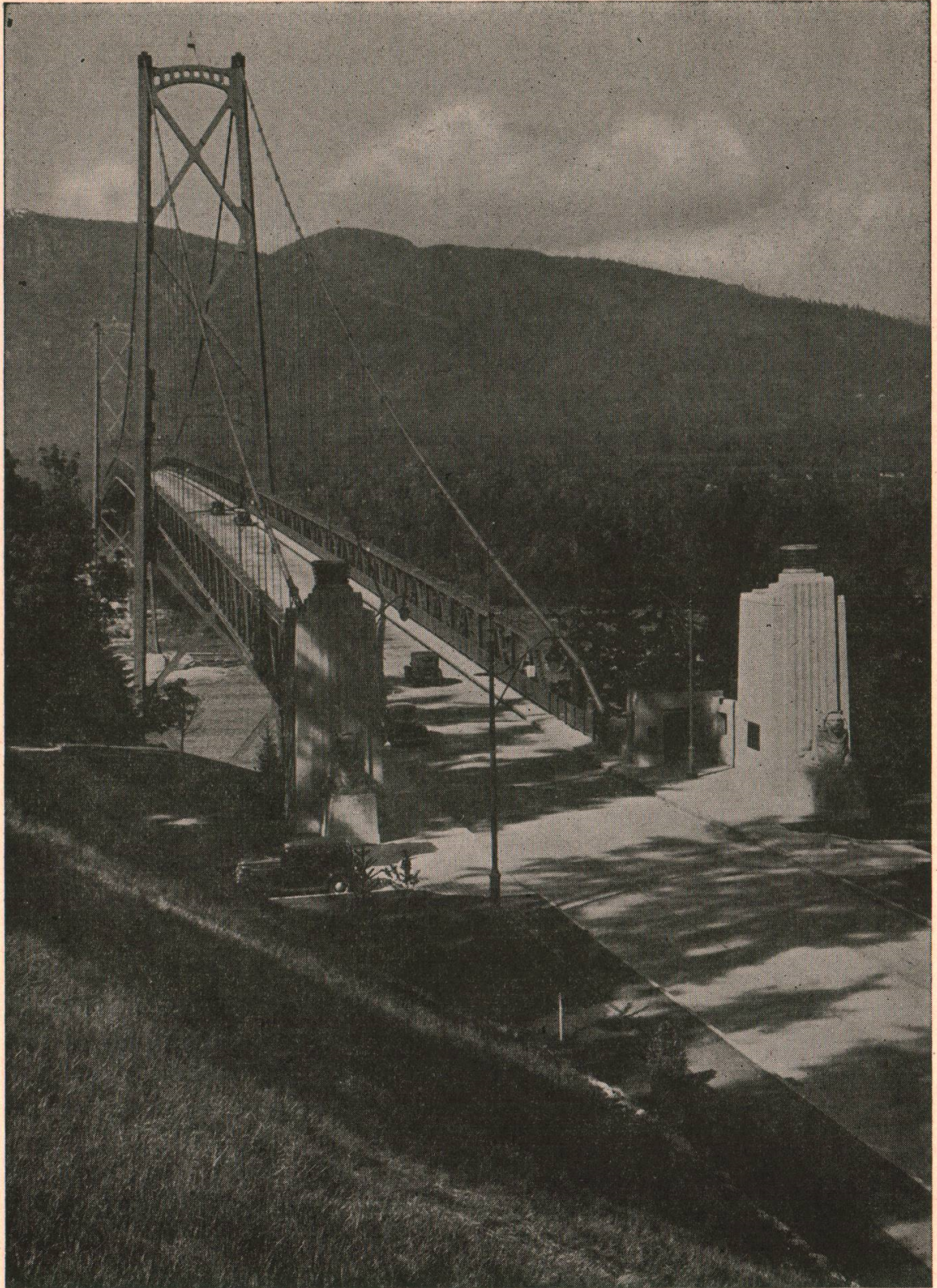
They rattle through the city streets,  
The noise is now a roar,  
The men inside, though strong as steel,  
Are weary, bruised and sore.

The men who own these monstrous things  
Are in excelsis gloria.  
I'd hate to tell you what I think  
Of street cars in Victoria.

—JERRY GOSLEY



Vancouver North Arm, from Wigwam Inn



**THE LIONS GATE BRIDGE, VANCOUVER**  
**Largest Suspension Bridge in the British Empire**

# TALES

FROM THE

# TARMAC

Although it had been anticipated for some time, the magnitude of the Maestro's "Scheme to end all schemes" seemed to amaze the most hardened of "C" Flt. unshakeables. For the benefit of the critical audience of gash-tradesmen who witnessed the inauguration of this phenomenon, I would like to state that the originator of the System was in no way connected with the parallel Babel erection.

✓ ✓ ✓

The sensational event predicted in this column last month has surprisingly enough occurred. "Harry Tate" duly shepherded his scaly assortment of odds and — ends into the Big flt. Whilst the rest of the shower were panicking to append their names to any receptive organisation, Joe with his usual Gavin courage assured me that his new high position as i/c Watch Tower was only temporary and that he soon expects to be "running the whole bag o' tricks."

✓ ✓ ✓

A cleaning campaign has started on the tarmac and "C" Flt., through their energetic tarmac scrubbing, maintained their unrivalled supremacy in these matters. F/Sgt. Makin's hounds are to be complimented, however, on their unusually thorough polishing display.

✓ ✓ ✓

The crew of 3 Hangar Chippies' Shop is sadly depleted, for of its former selection of "well-inners," only two remain. Their survival can well be recalled upon a survey of their assets, for LAC Burt has acquired a sound knowledge of carpentry and the Knott hound possesses — well you may recall the astonishing incident of the airscrew.

✓ ✓ ✓

LAC Minto seems quite resigned to his fate in the Control Room. If surroundings do influence an artist's musical offerings we should hear "Lullaby of the Range" quite a lot in future "Smile" Shows.

✓ ✓ ✓

"The Duke" committed an unforgivable crime on a recent excursion with Cpl. Robert Taylor and severely shocked that N.C.O.'s highly sensitive nature by boldly introducing a glass of milk into a local tavern.

✓ ✓ ✓

In opposition to a certain Flt. on the apron I now disclose the motto of this column: "The news of yesteryear revived today."

—R.S.

## F/LT. K. D. ACTON

The departure of Ken Acton, one of the pioneers of the Unit, provides an excellent opportunity of saying a number of things which one could never have said to his face. I knew "Ken" well—probably better than anyone else on the Unit—and it gave me great satisfaction to be asked to write his Valet notice. Somehow one never felt that Ken Acton COULD be moved from the Unit. He had become such a part of it that his eternal presence was rather taken for granted. Few realised how much work he coped with, fewer still knew of the "homework" which nestled on the back seat of his car each night. With unflinching tact, patience and good humour he served through the reigns of three Commanding Officers and it would be hard to envisage a more competent or more conscientious Adjutant. My own duties brought me into close and constant touch with him and I, as many others, always found a ready and attentive ear no matter how high the mountain of files in the "IN" tray.

Not so very long ago I spoke of Ken Acton over the network of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. I can add nothing to what I said then: "Tact, humour and justice are the keynote of his administration in his office, and at home, companionable co-operation holds sway on both sides."

Whatever the cost to the Unit by Ken's departure, this Unit's loss is another Station's gain. One short sentence sums up the whole substance of our feelings for Ken Acton and as we wish him all the luck possible in his new sphere, wherever it may be, we can say with very real feeling that it was a privilege to have served with him.

—H.P.

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## THE PAT FUND

In direct contrast to the joyful atmosphere surrounding the preparation of the remainder of this issue of the Magazine, this paragraph was embarked upon in a mood of deep gloom. Comparing the total of the month's collections with past efforts on the part of Unit personnel is, in fact, a "dead loss." The need of the fund for the Bombed and Homeless of Britain to which our contributions are forwarded is still as great and insistent as ever, and we on our part seem to have let the side down. Leave and the Christmas season may probably have had an adverse effect, but may we appeal for more generous contributions for the next collecting period, which will end on 15th February, 1944.

The following are the individual collections which were received in time for publication: Recreation Hall, \$25.15; Equipment Section, \$19.01; Photographic Section, \$11.98; "Housie-Housie," \$8.60; Officers' Mess, \$7.16; Guard Room, \$1.80; and Airmen's Mess, \$1.01.  
**Total, \$74.71.**



# RAF SKATING

A HAPPY GROUP



THAT'S WILLIE ... THAT WAS.

EVERYTHING STOPS FOR TEA!



# CLUB

COLD SEATS.





RAF

*SHOOT... MAN!*



*HAVE A GO SUPER!*



*WHERE DID THAT ONE GO!*

V  
NAVY

*WELL SAVED!*



# ● S P O R T ●

## FOOTBALL

The Unit First Team followed up their good record of wins last month by netting every game they played in December. On 21st November they whipped the Army to the tune of 8-6, Boulter scoring 4, Richman 3 and Craig 1. Although playing with a scratch team, on December 4th they again won against the V.M.D., keeping up pressure throughout the game. Brumby netted 3 and Richman 1, making a final score of 4-0.

An exhibition match against the R.N. team at the Athletic Park on 8th December again proved an easy, though not altogether expected, win for the R.A.F. by 15 goals to 2, Brumby scoring 4, Richman 3, Winduss 3, Lowe 3 and Parkinson and Braddock 1 each.

A good game was witnessed when the First XI played the R.C.A.F. on 13th December. After a doubtful start Cox and Richman scored in rapid succession. Although the Canadians made several determined rushes they seemed unable to get the ball past Cooke in the goal. Scorers for the R.A.F. were Cox 3, Richman 3, Winduss 1 and Shaw, Love and Ferguson 1 each for R.C.A.F.

On the 15th December the long awaited game with the R.C.N. arrived, with the team eager to avenge the defeat suffered at their hands last month. The result was in our favour, 2-0, and the win puts us in first place for the cup for the first half of the league. The scorers were Craig and Richman.

The Second XI beat the Army O.T. on 28th November, 11-0, following it up by another win, this time against the V.M.D., Second Team scoring 6 to the V.M.D.'s 3 goals, on 5th December.

On 12th December the East Indians fell before the R.A.F. onslaught, only scoring 1 against the R.A.F. 3.

Management of the First XI has been taken over from F/O A. Spruell, who has recently been posted, by F/Lt. J. G. Barr whom we welcomed to the Unit a short time ago. F/O Spruell, who had for some time been in charge of the First XI, left the team in good shape and his keenness and interest in the promotion of football are very much appreciated. F/Lt. Barr, now in charge of "B" Flight, was born in Eastchurch, North Kent, and joined the Air Force when he was 15 years old. While serving in the R.A.F. he developed a keen interest in football, and in 1923 played for Cranwell Boys' Wing; R.A.F. Hawkinge, with whom he played in the final of the R.A.F. Junior Cup in 1928; R.A.F. Middle East, 1930-35; and R.A.F., Peterborough, which he captained till 1938.

After only losing one out of a possible eight games Block 25a heads the league, with 25b following in the Barrack Block League, at the time of going to press. Block 10a came into its own at long last by beating the Officers' and Sergeants' Messes in succession. Keep up the good work! Fixtures are behind, due to inclement weather, but it is hoped that they will be brought up to date in the near future.

On November 18th, F/O A. Spruell and Sergeant R. G. Crockett attended a luncheon at the Empress Hotel to receive, on behalf of the Unit, a cup from the Rotary Club, to be competed for later in the season by the Unit teams. This trophy can be seen in the showcase in the Y.M.C.A. Canteen.

Another newcomer to the Unit is Cpl. J. Winduss, who has played several games with the First XI this month. Cpl. Winduss hails from Halifax, Yorkshire, and was previously stationed "somewhere in Scotland." He plays either inside right or left, and has played in England for R.A.F., Blackpool, Birmingham, Bristol and Invergordon, winning the North of Scotland Shield while playing with the last-named. Cpl. Winduss was also, in civilian life, a reserve for Bradford City (Second Division) and Halifax Town.

—D.H.M.

### ICE-SKATING

The past few weeks have brought revelation in the art of learning to skate in two or three lessons, for out of the purposely reduced number now attending the sessions does not a good percentage consist of these who formerly clung to the sides to look despairingly at the centre ice bemoaning "Never!"?

The reduction in the number attending has unfortunately been found necessary in view of the limited transport available for this increasingly popular sport. Otherwise we would be able to boast of over a hundred members.

To encourage not only beginners but also those who already cut up the ice, arrangements were made through P.S.I. to purchase skates at a reduced price, and a number are kept in the sports for rental on a 24hr. lease at a small fee.

Our hopes for the future include more comfortable transport, in the form of a bus, which may entail a slight charge. The question of social events is still under discussion. In view of the constant interest still prevailing, increased privileges may be granted in the new year to permit greater membership.

—T.D.

### TENNIS

The attendance on our indoor court is very poor, but this is probably due to the fact that other recreations hold a greater appeal on dry evenings. Also the condition of the court does not compare with a professional court, as the lines are not very clear and the

lighting poor. Nevertheless give the court a trial if only to pass away a boring evening, and we will have these shortcomings fixed as soon as it can be accomplished. Be patient—the day will come!

—T.D.

### RIFLE CLUB

Congratulations to the following who have been awarded Dominion Marksmen Badges during the past season:

Gold: LAC Davies.

Silver: Cpl. Oliver, LAC's Drake and Davies.

Bronze: F/O's Preddy and Wedd, Mr. LeTroy, Sgts. Brownhill, E. H. Walker, Stuckbury, Cooke, Cpl. Oliver, LAC's Taylor, W. J. Williams, F. Scott, W. J. M. Baillie, L. Ball, A. Fletcher, Huddleston, A. Williams, A/C's Harbour and Mansfield.

The above named can have these awards upon application to LAC Drake (Accounts Section) any afternoon.

J.T.D.

### GOLF CLUB

The oft discussed trophy has now materialized and is in the possession of the Club. A meeting of the committee agreed that it should be competed for between teams of six from the Officers' Mess and all other ranks. The lowest four scores, aggregated, to count. To make the matches more interesting it was further agreed that they be played in rotation over the various courses in Victoria and district. Details will be promulgated in D.R.O.'s when these fixtures are arranged.

J.T.D.

### RUGBY FOOTBALL

Since our last notes we regret having to report the loss through postings of several of our best players, namely: Kereama, Anderson, Robertson, Harris and Southernwood from 23 Course, and "Lightning Fast" Jeffery to Carberry. Most of these players made their final appearance for us when we played the Army on the 4th December, 1943. Although we lost the game 8-3 to a superior team, we were not disgraced.

In an endeavour to find new talent to replace our losses we have had three practice games at McDonald Park which have proved very successful from the selectors' point of view. We have acquired the services of Carroll and Towler from No. 1 Course and Gray from No. 2 Course as a result, and also several of the staff, notably Cassidy and Stevens.

The first team, with the exception of the Army game, has had only one match against the R.C.A.F. at Vancouver. Our opposition was actually all Fleet Air Arm fellows, and although we won 20-3 it was not such a "walkover" as the score would suggest. We had to keep

fighting all the time. The whole team played well, with Stevens, Cassidy and Carroll outstanding, thanks to the fine work of our forwards.

We have had several enjoyable games at Shawnigan and Brentwood which all resulted in victories for us, and it is hoped to continue these games in 1944, provided we have sufficient players. Once more we were well represented in the "Rep" team which played against the University of B.C., in Vancouver, on 20th November, 1943, Jeffery, Greenhalgh, Gillespie, Wood and Wadsworth gained places. Unfortunately the game was called off at half time owing to fog.

Any new players, or would be players, are more than welcome, and anyone interested is requested to hand in his name to F/O Colchester, Sports Officer, or to any member of the Committee, which consists of Cpl. Greenhalgh (S.H.Q. Signals), Cpl. Wadsworth ("A" Flight) and Cpl. Kill and L.A.C. Aves (Workshops).

—J.T.D.



AUTUMN FASHIONS

# NOTES ≡ NEWS ≡ NONSENSE

It's actually happened . . . after all these years they are seeking someone on the Unit to do some "binding" !

1 1 1

1st W.D.: Oh, Flight Sergeant Smith has the most powerful pair of binoculars !

2nd W.D.: Good, I like these strong virile men !

1 1 1

Then there was the old maid, who for years had petitioned providence to send her a man, who rose to her feet one evening to find a squadron of R.A.F. airmen stood at ease in front of her home. "Oh Lord," she said, "it is true I prayed for a man; now give me strength, I beseech thee."

1 1 1

There was another good crowd in the Unit Recreation Hall on the evening of the 21st December for the Corporals' and Airmens' Dance. The hall had been attractively decorated by a hard-working but artistic squad under the direction of Sgt. Brohn, and certainly typified the Christmas spirit.

1 1 1

## I DON'T

My parents told me not to smoke, I don't !  
Nor listen to a naughty joke, I don't !  
They made it clear I musn't wink  
At pretty girls, or even think  
About intoxicating drink—I don't !  
To flirt or dance is very wrong, I don't !  
Wild youths chase women, wine and song, I don't !  
I kiss no girls, not even one,  
I do not know how it is done,  
You wouldn't think I had much fun,

I don't.

1 1 1

The Whist Drive in the Recreation Hall, followed by the Dance at the "Y" on the 23rd November, was certainly a pleasant departure from the usual run of Unit activities. It was well enjoyed, and as a result a committee has been formed to handle more of these functions.

## NOTES ≈ NEWS ≈ NONSENSE (Continued)

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**Good intentions**—"What's that?" roared the irate F/Lt. "You break a bottle of beer over the Sergeant's head, and then you have the audacity to stand there and tell me it was an accident!"

"That's right, Sir," replied the 'erk,' "I didn't mean to break it."

✓ ✓ ✓

Playful puppy dogs remind us,  
How to live with gay intent,  
And, departing, leave behind us,  
Footprints in the wet cement.

✓ ✓ ✓

Coming back to camp the other Saturday night, after leaving Victoria looking something like Blackpool illuminations, it was rather amusing to have to creep about in dense and Stygian gloom, during the temporary "flap." What with that flap and the recent short suspension of entertainment activities there were many worried brows over the possible loss of a five-day furlough.

✓ ✓ ✓

A cynic is a guy who thinks the hen doesn't run as fast as she can when the rooster's pursuing her.

✓ ✓ ✓

"June and I landed a job in the chorus today."

"Gosh, I'll bet you were tickled."

"And how."

✓ ✓ ✓

Many a girl has asked for a light and been left holding the torch.

✓ ✓ ✓

On Christmas Eve, Sgt. Ronnie Brohn and LAC Dennis Collyer made a round of the wards in Victoria hospitals (St. Joseph's, Jubilee and St. Mary's), entertaining the staff and patients with their playing and the singing of Christmas carols. Alderman Davies and ex-Police Commissioner North were in charge of the party, and expressed their thanks to the two "Smile" Show performers at a luncheon at the Union Club the same day.

✓ ✓ ✓

A scrupulous Victorian lady who abhors slang was telling a friend about her somewhat coarse husband. "William was out on a breast last night, and—"

"On a what?" said her friend. "On a—er—on a bosom."

"Whose" ? said her friend, still rather puzzled. "Oh, he calls it a bust but that's so vulgar," was the reply.

# Are You Worried?



WHY CONSULT  
DOROTHY DIX?



**UNCLE ERNIE** *knows the answer*  
to your most intimate problems

Advice to the love-lorn by a genuine conner-sewer

—◆—  
Is your love of the cupboard variety?  
Are you obliged to refer to books every time?  
What do you know of life?

—◆—  
BIOLOGY — MY — SPECIALITY  
—◆—

Try our special three days' course on  
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This course will really put you on your knees—or the girl-friend on yours



Matrimonial Agency  
Genuine Sleek Shieks  
Red-hot Mamas  
Several horses in varying  
degrees of decay



—◆—  
Write or phone:—

**UNCLE "ERNIE" (McLAUGHLIN)**  
(The grate-lover)

Author of:—"HOW TO WIN AND HOLD YOUR WOMAN"  
"HOW TO WIN AND HOLD THE OTHER FELLOW'S WOMAN"

INST. SEC. No. 3 HANGAR



# CINEMA SHOWS



## January

- Sun., 16th—"CHETNIKS"—Philip Dorn, Anna Sten.  
Mon., 17th—"FIVE GRAVES TO CAIRO"—Franchot Tone,  
Eric Von Stroheim.  
Wed., 19th—"APPOINTMENT IN BERLIN"—Geo. Sanders,  
Marguerite Chapman.  
Sun., 23rd—"MARGIN FOR ERROR"—Milton Berle, Joan  
Bennett.  
Mon., 24th—"TRUE TO LIFE"—Dick Powell, Mary Martin,  
Franchot Tone.  
Wed., 26th—"CORVETTE K-225"—Randolph Scott, Andy  
Devine.  
Sun., 30th—"LITTLE TOKYO"—Preston Foster, Brenda Joyce.  
Mon., 31st—"FOR ME AND MY GAL"—Judy Garland, Geo.  
Murphy.

**Please Note:** These shows are provided free of charge to R.A.F. personnel through the courtesy of the Y.M.C.A.

# THE PATRICIAN

## MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE, BRITISH COLUMBIA

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