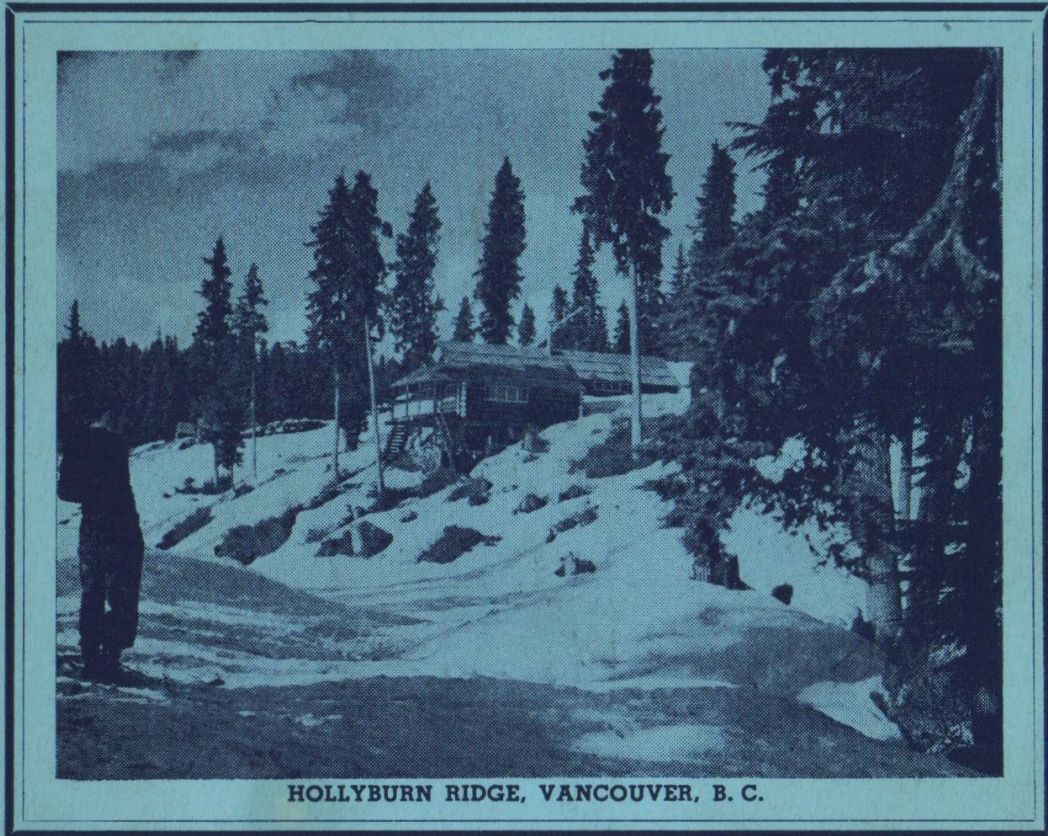


The Patrician



The Magazine of the
Royal Air Force
British Columbia



HOLLYBURN RIDGE, VANCOUVER, B. C.

Vol. 5

FEBRUARY - 1944

No. 5

PRICE FIFTEEN CENTS

THE "PAT" FUND

The needs of this fund are still urgent and pressing. All of it goes to the Lord Mayor of London's Fund for the Bombed and Homeless of Great Britain.

The old motto, "Every little helps," means YOU . . . and the collecting boxes are well scattered round the Unit for YOUR mite.

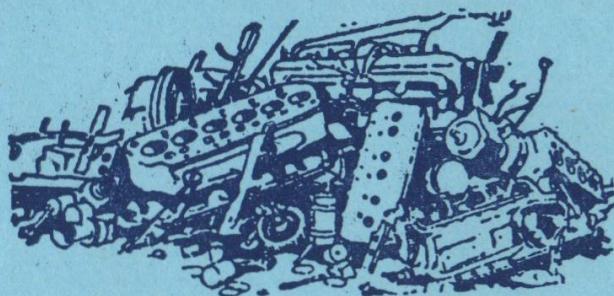
To the older inhabitants of the Unit we say, "Help us to maintain these gifts." We urge the newcomers to be equally generous in their support.

THANK YOU for your support in the past and a bigger **THANK YOU** for your future help for those who suffer at home.

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THE PATRICIAN

by kind permission of Group Captain P. H. Maxwell

EDITOR:

F/O R. D. HILTON SMITH

SECRETARY:

A/C A. MURGATROYD

ART EDITOR:

L.A.C. H. SHAW

EDITORIAL STAFF:

CPL. F. G. RICHARDS

A/C D. H. MARTIN

PHOTOGRAPHY:

PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION STAFF

ACCOUNTS and SUBSCRIPTIONS:

SGT. M. ROBSON

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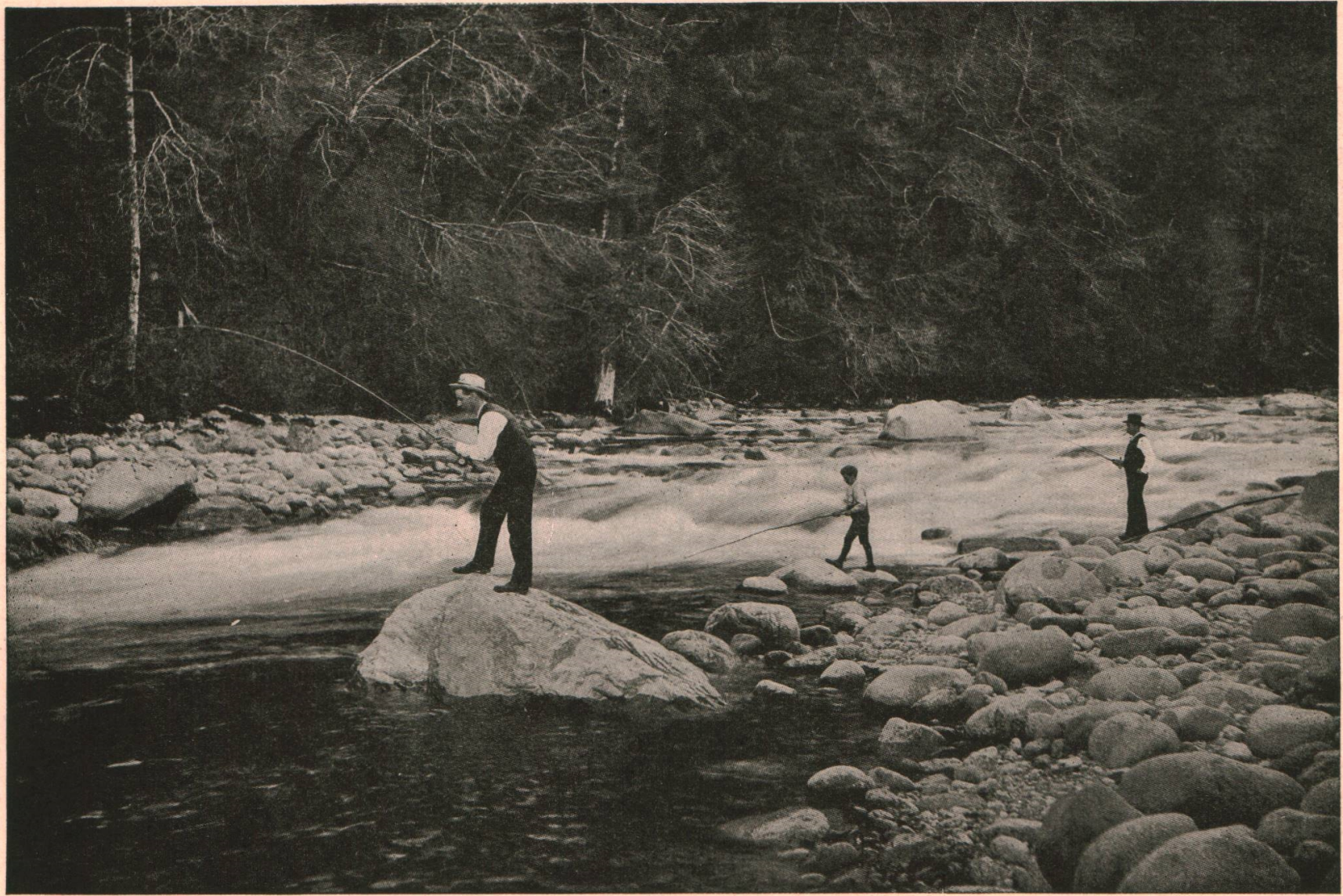
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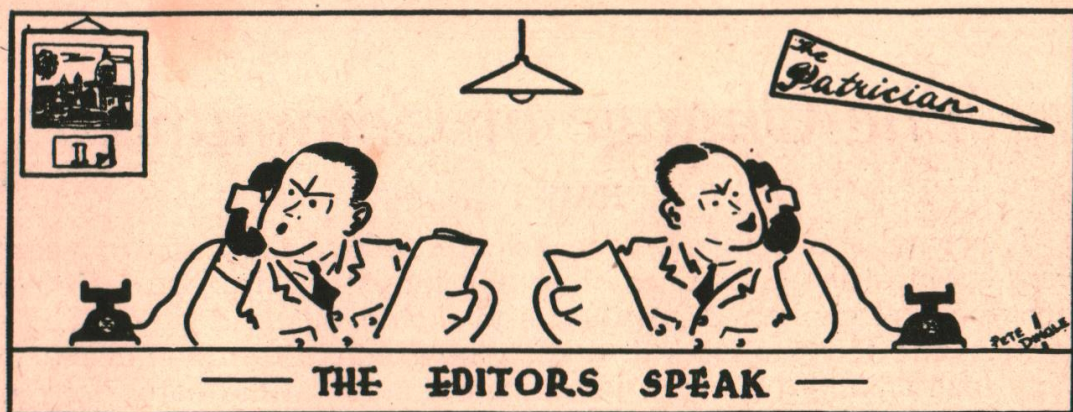
All correspondence to be addressed to "The Editor, 'The Patrician,' Box 250, Sidney, B.C." and not to individuals.

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Fishing on the Capilano River, B.C. Mainland



Vol. 5, No. 5

FEBRUARY, 1944

15 CENTS

Fuller reference to the change of command is made on the following pages, but we speak for the Unit in adding here a special word of welcome and good wishes to Group Captain P. H. Maxwell. Our new Commanding Officer had been here for only a few days when it became clear that the wellbeing of personnel, and especially of the rank and file, is a consuming interest with him. We know that he will get a high standard of service and support, and we hope that his new command will be as happy an experience for him as it promises to be for us.

Mid-month publication of "The Patrician" has proved to be convenient, practicable and well-liked, so the change has now been made and from now on it will appear on or about the 15th of each month. We add "or about" as a safety clause, because although we aim to be as punctual as possible, slight delays are sometimes inevitable, for a variety of reasons.

Once again we appeal for increased support for the "Pat Fund." Contributions have been falling off steadily, and we put this down mainly to changes in personnel. Every cent given to this Fund goes to help the bombed and homeless of Britain, and the collections were started at a time when most of the personnel here had arrived direct from home with the German bombing of Britain as a recent and all-too-vivid memory. But the urgency of the need has not dwindled with the reduced scale of the German attacks. Some of our people are still being killed, or maimed, or left with only a few charred sticks remaining from what was once a home. English children are still crying for their mothers out of the noisy dark. Men are still being called from work to the hospital and the mortuary. In ordinary thankfulness for our quiet nights and peaceful days, in the piercing comparison between their lot and ours, how can we fail to give?

The Change of Command

HAIL . . .

A normal short-service commission, of which the last two years were spent at the Experimental Establishment at Martlesam Heath; four years of civilian instructing; and dicing in the dark on Beau-fighters and ferrying aircraft across the Atlantic as alternatives to more instructing—those are the salient features in the career of our new Commanding Officer, Group Captain P. H. Maxwell.

Your Special Correspondent cornered the C.O. in the ante-room one morning, tentatively broached the subject of an interview, and was promptly subjected himself to a very thorough interview, in the course of which a number of mutual acquaintanceships came to light. These served as useful pegs on which to hang the subsequent cross-questioning of the C.O. which supplied the material for this article.



G/C Maxwell was brought up in Canada, and went to school at Shawnigan Lake School, a very few miles from Pat Bay. He went to the U.K. in 1927, and joined the R.A.F. two years later, training at No. 5 F.T.S. before being posted to No. 17 Squadron. When he left Martlesam and returned to civil life in 1935, he felt a change would be nice and took a job as a flying instructor at Reading. In May,

1939, he branched out on his own, and with one partner started his own flying-school. This venture, in common with many others, folded-up in September, 1939; and within a few weeks G/C Maxwell was back in the Service. He went to Brize Norton and, as Chief Flying Instructor, to Shawbury and Ternhill. He was on the point of shifting the entire set-up at Ternhill to Moose Jaw when at the eleventh hour, in January, 1941, he was posted to command a flight in a Beaufighter night-fighter squadron.

G/C Maxwell ruefully admits that throughout his six-months spell of night-fighting he had only one real chase—and an unlucky "front" spoilt that one for him just when things were getting really interesting. Refreshed with Kent's Best and the night air of the home counties, he returned to the instructing business. There followed twelve months as Chief Instructor, first at Penhold and then at Debert, before he was transferred to what was then Ferry Command with the task of opening the South Atlantic Ferry route. Between August, 1942, and June, 1943, he was successively at West Palm Beach, Nashville (Tennessee) and Nassau; and on the strength of his experience of the actual ferrying side of the business he was then brought back to Montreal to be A.S.O. (S.) in charge of the Organisation and Administration of the South Atlantic route. Though nominally his was an administrative post, the C.O. still contrived to work frequent long flights before finally he came to join us at Pat Bay, and—

(At this point, your Special Correspondent was politely ditched, and the C.O., with a gleam in his eye, made for an aircraft.)

Taxi, Sir . . . ?

. . . AND FAREWELL

Only a month ago we described and illustrated the wedding of the Commanding Officer, Group Captain E. L. Wurtele, and expressed congratulations and good wishes to him and his bride. Already we must condole with them on their early separation, but at the same time we must congratulate G/C Wurtele on the double and prophetic wisdom he showed before the event, in that Mrs. Wurtele, being of British birth, although resident in Canada, qualifies as an "R.A.F. wife" and will be able to follow him to the United Kingdom in due course.

Group Captain Wurtele held this command for about six months. Before that he had been Chief Instructor for the same time, so he was in close contact with all the activities of the Unit. In both capacities he was very popular with all ranks. Cheerful and approachable, his friendly manner created a notable spirit of goodwill and co-operation amongst his officers and men, and his keen interest in leisure-time facilities for the personnel, as well as in technical matters, contributed greatly to good morale.

To Group Captain Wurtele we extend the best wishes of us all for happiness and success in his new appointment and in the future. All who were privileged to serve under him will remember his period of command with sincere pleasure.

Around the Western States

PART I

With the lively prospect of 14 days' leave in the offing, I thought of the last one, when Cpl. Charlwood and I hitch-hiked to Hollywood, having a great time, like all our chaps whose thirst (for adventure, of course) has lead them south! Before long I was ferrying across the Straits to Seattle, being very well entertained by two Washington business-men who were returning after answering the call of a big cohoie run in Cowichan Bay.

This year I was hoping to do a spot of "Fort-hiking," around some of the inland towns in the western states, so after a futile run out to an Army airfield, I eventually found myself "sweating" in another Operations Base. Here I had the chance of a lift on a B.17.G. (ex-works Fortress) to Wyoming, provided pilot was willing to 'chute forthcoming. I was lucky enough to find a sporting First Pilot and an Ops. Captain who organised the last available 'chute for me.

I was soon sitting back comfortably in the bombardier's "Air-flow Posture" seat, with a first-class view through the perspex nose. It was a grand day for flying, with good visibility and scattered blobs of cumulus. The brilliance of snow-covered Mount Rainier almost hurt the eyes as we flew close, heading south over a succession of ranges and deep valleys in which the "contour cultivation" revealed great patterns of colour which one could watch for hours without tiring. Next over the Yakima Indian Reservation until west of Walla Walla, when we flew over the "Mighty Columbia," then down we went to Pendleton Field, Oregon, for lunch.

From Oregon into Idaho we ran out of our fine weather system. Soon after passing over the Salmon Falls of the aptly-named Snake River, we touched down at Gowan Field, Boise, where the wind and temperature fully confirmed the elevation of 2,700 ft. As it happened, we were grounded there for 45 hours, but the time passed quickly enough for me, as it was an interesting experience to see how the Air Corps live, and I did my share of eating and drinking with them, if not overmuch sleeping. The Fortress crew men took me in tow in the hospitable manner we have become accustomed to in the States, and I learnt about such things as "P.X.'s" (Post Exchanges), which in the big camps are almost like a departmental store, where personnel can get all manner of stuff at cost price.

Boise, the capital of Idaho, seemed worth close inspection, and my first evening started in the U.S.O., where I had a pleasant hour being entertained with the aid of a continuous stream of coffee and cakes, which helped in withstanding the usual barrage of questions. Then a couple of the Air Corps boys showed me the town.

There is a large hospital at Gowan Field. After a hefty breakfast a Sergeant took me in tow so efficiently that I met practically every patient, nurse and M.O. in the establishment before Gas Mask

practice got going at 0900. In the lab. I was shown many "bottled preserves" and juicy slide specimens in the microscope, but I wasn't in the necessary scientific mood after the previous evening's hospitality in "Breezy Boise."

We eventually got away from this airfield on the Wednesday, but flying conditions were still bad in the mountains. At 8,000 ft. I felt none too warm in my forward position, and visibility often went down to zero when we ran into snow squalls, so I clambered back to the snug radio compartment for a while. I couldn't get away from 50 calibre gun turrets on that "ship," and I amused myself guessing as to which part of the world they would soon get cracking. Perhaps in a few weeks' time this particular Fortress might be flying over my home-town, complete with a load of Christmas presents for Herr Schikelgrubber—a very pleasant thought!

Soon we were circling Burley Airfield, all of us hoping fervently we wouldn't be grounded at such a place, so thoroughly in the "sticks." Then our pilot decided to have a go, and away south we roared between two 10,000 ft. ranges. The uplands below were covered in snow, and everything looked really desolate and wintry, with only an occasional isolated ranch, where the corrals were etched in the familiar "V" sign by the wind-blown snow. We had a spot of excitement when we went smack into snow and low cloud just before entering a pass in the mountains. The 1st Lieutenant, being a careful sort of a bloke, decided to turn back rather than take the chance of climbing above the "soup," with the possibility of making close contact with high terra firma en route, so he banked steeply to port, so much so that it felt very much to me as though the kite were turning in her own length! Eventually we landed at Pocatello, which at 4,400 odd feet was another darned chilly place to spend a 48 waiting for a met. man to sound the "allclear." Those two days in Pocatello were more or less a replica of Boise, and I find it difficult now to sort out the different towns, the rounds being strangely identical, in an atmosphere of bright neon.

By the Friday my sleeping hours were somewhat in arrear, and I was beginning to wish I had accepted an invitation at Boise to accompany a bunch of aircrew chaps on a troop-train arriving at Denver City on Thursday. Sublimely optimistic at the time, I imagined beating them hands down to Colorado! However, we did get going that day, and had an interesting trip to Cheyenne, the erstwhile Indian and frontiersmen centre of Wyoming, flying over high mountain and desert, also the Great Salt Lake. Soon after passing over Salt Lake City, the co-pilot discovered me in the aloofness of the rear-gunner's position, and asked me whether I'd like to have a go at the controls. This was an experience not to be passed over, and soon I was gingerly handling the control column. For half-an-hour I enjoyed myself trying mild banks and climbs, after which it became necessary for the Lieutenant to get the Fortress on her true course.

Cheyenne was journey's end for the 'plane, so after a merry evening in town I said cheerio to the crew, and on Saturday decided to hitch-hike to Denver City, heavily laden with 'chute and a case big enough for a large family on a month's vacation; perhaps "hitch-stagger" would have been a more appropriate term to describe this part of the trip. I had a very wild ride to Fort Collins that morning with two cattlemen who had been celebrating (over breakfast, of all times) a big shipment of their stock. There was hardly anything on the roads, but the driver had a wonderful "evasive action" technique, and as we oftimes swerved into the dirt on the roadside, I noticed with sorrow a continuous wide ditch below. The most alarming part of this ride was when the driver spotted some antelope and turned round to point them out to me, making absolutely certain I wouldn't miss them before he would concentrate again on keeping the powerful Chev. on the rolling highway at a cool 70 m.p.h. ! Once I noticed some bison before he did, but feigned sleep immediately, and was rewarded with only a semi-stifled roar from the wheel.

At Fort Collins I managed to get clear of this dangerous outfit. I made Denver in a series of short hops from one village to the next, in company with a student. Denver is a fine large city, which happens to be exactly a mile up, but in spite of its altitude I found it lots warmer than 'the hills of Idaho," and seemed to have come from winter to summer in less than two days. The town is dominated on the west by a massive range, with a whole series of peaks topping the 14,000 ft. mark. With more time I could have had an interesting trip around this picturesque region, with plenty of scope for the camera. The big neon signs in the city reminded me of good old pre-war Piccadilly, being just about the largest I had seen since '39 in London. My student friend and his wife drove me around, but were restricted for distance owing to gas rationing. There is one thing I have against Denver. The evening before I left, I met another Englishman, a mining-engineer who had been home in Bishops Stortford less than three weeks before. He was almost a local, but we couldn't even celebrate, as it was after 8 p.m., which is the "Time Gentlemen Please" deadline in Denver on Sundays.

(To be continued)

—A.W.G.

The "Smile" Show really "went to Town again" on the evening of 17th January at the Mount View High School, Victoria, in aid of the A.R.P. services and Special Constabulary. To a crowded audience which resulted in a profit of over \$200 to the promoters, the personnel of the show put over a very fine performance, including the speciality of Sgt. Brohn who in the middle of a sparkling effort in the act of "four hands and one piano" did a disappearing trick on the piano stool. Fresh talent for the "Smile" Show is urgently needed and in the near future at a show to be held on the Unit there will be the possibility of talent coming forward in a competitive manner, and it is hoped that we may have some pleasing discoveries.



THE HILLS OF 'IDAHO'

Around THE WESTERN STATES

with  Bill Gardner

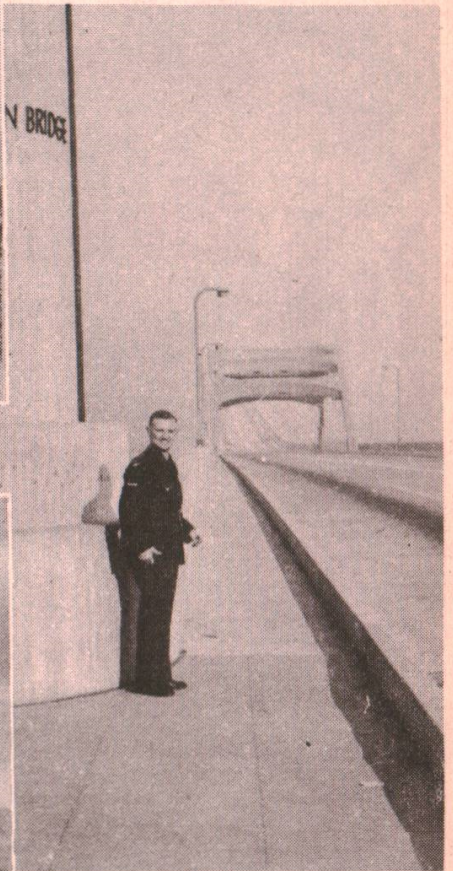


IN SUNNY 'UTAH'



ON LAKE WASHINGTON
BRIDGE

WOODED OREGON!



THE WESTERN STATES

CONTINUED -



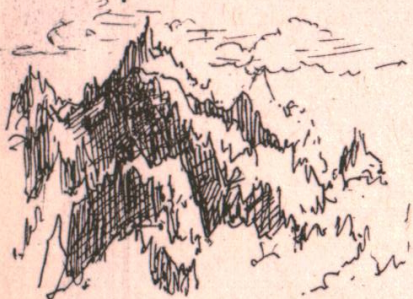
WILD 'WYOMING'



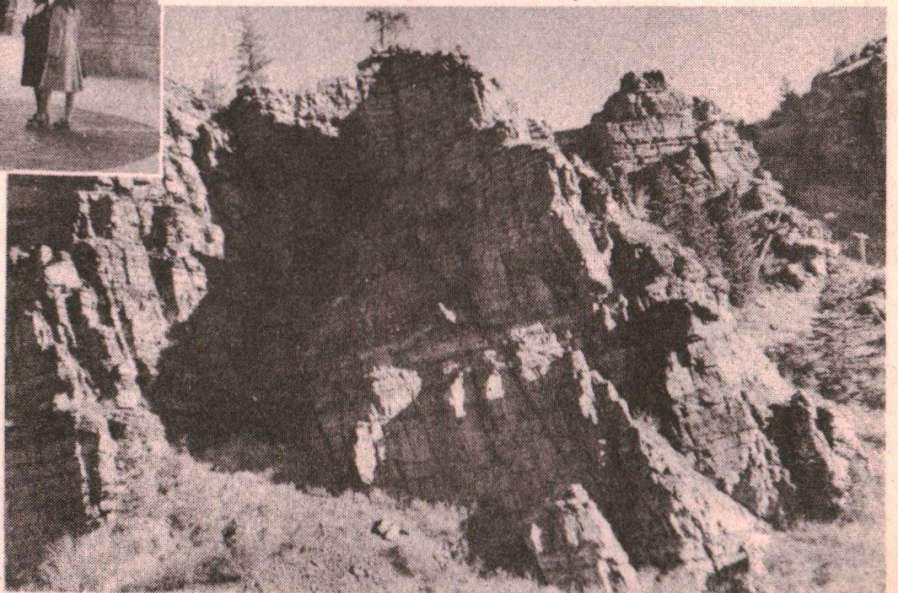
'UTAH' STATE CAPITOL



INTERIOR 'UTAH' STATE CAPITOL



'CLIFFS OF COLORADO'



NEWS

FROM THE OFFICERS' MESS

We wish G/Capt. E. L. Wurtele all success and happiness in the future, and we welcome his successor, G/Capt. P. H. Maxwell.

1 1 1

There seems to be a theory that all adjutants should have two rings—we never have been able to discover why, but after our congratulations to those who had enough forethought to take up this branch of learning.

1 1 1

Officers continue to change so rapidly that most of us have only a vague idea of what they are supposed to be doing—we have grave doubts as to whether the newcomers themselves really know, but they have successfully and rapidly acquired that air of intelligent concentration which is so necessary to establish the impression of hard work.

1 1 1

We all miss the expansive countenance of F/O "Dickie" Hollis and particularly the pleasurable five minutes of "Yards of Flannel" which emanated from the telephone on receiving a call from him—we were lucky if we ever discovered the real purpose of his call.

1 1 1

Some of us envy the senior officer whose shattering laugh so frequently rends the alcoholic fumes of the mess after only one glass of milk. There is at least one other senior officer who is rapidly acquiring the technique after consuming rather more than one glass of a different beverage, but we deplore the system of some others who retire early to practice on the quiet.

1 1 1

The "Signals Twins" continue to be inseparable but are finding their determined task of "fixing" everyone in turn rather difficult, with the floating population. There is no truth in the rumour that they share the same girl friend.

1 1 1

Finally we express our unstinted admiration for the courage of F/O's McLeod, Mark and Bates in signing away most of their pay for the rest of their lives. Our heartiest congratulations and best wishes to them and their brides.

See Any Green?

Jack had no complaints about life in the R.A.F. in Canada. True the town near which his unit was had no Palais de Danse, Ritz or Piccadilly Long Bar, but it had a comparatively amazing number of bright young females, and he appropriated as his own property the brightest and blondest of them all. She was slim, cutely made up and wore skirts so short that they gave a continuous view of rather lovely legs so essential to the modern young thing's charm. She liked going to pictures and would Jive and Cut a Rug with the best, had no objection to a hamburger at the little cafe outside the camp gates, and she never said "No" to the Canadian equivalent of a gin and It. Also, with true feminine intuition she realised that the perfect evening always finished up with a bit of dalliance somewhere or other, which in her case was the spreading chestnut tree well off the road about half a mile from camp. She had shown him the spot the first night they met, and though he had a fleeting notion that she shouldn't have known about it, he was too much under the influence of woman's wiles to bother about things like that.

All went well until they called at the local hostelry for a quick one before they adjourned to lean against the chestnut tree. Inside they met Jack's Sergeant, a dapper fellow, who was known as a "binder" by his service subordinates. This evening, however, after seeing the damsel he was almost a gentleman; he pressed Jack and the lady to have a drink, and became so affable that Jack began to wonder if the world had misjudged him.

Next day our hero discovered he was on fire picquet that evening. That was annoying, but he took it as one of the blisters of service life. But the following day he was staggered and shook when he found himself up before the C.O. for dirty buttons, and got three days' jankers.

"It was that ruddy binder of a sergeant," he confided to his bosom friend Joe. "He's after my girl." Joe agreed that it looked like it.

The morning his jankers were over, Jack could hardly get up soon enough, he wanted to get the day over and hold the loved one in his arms again. On early morning parade he was detailed for cookhouse fatigue, which to his specialised branch of G.D. meant staying in camp till late that evening preparing the breakfast for the next morning.

"I'll get even with the blighter yet," he hissed malevolently to Joe, who nodded sympathetically and agreed that reflections could be cast on the sergeant's parentage.

Next day Jack got safely along till five o'clock, when he found himself detailed as duty ACH for the evening. "I'll break his ruddy neck," he stormed. "He's just the kind to try to lead an innocent girl astray." Again Joe was all sympathy.

Saturday had come around, the day of all days, and Jack having got through the morning without disaster, dodged "break," in case the sergeant saw him and thought up something fresh. Free at last, he was just sneaking out of camp, when the hated voice roared, "Hi, You, Fire Hose Party tonight in the Rec. Hall."

It was the last straw. Jack went to his hut looking so wild-eyed and so near foaming at the mouth that Joe asked anxiously if he was trying to work his ticket.

"I'll do that sonofabitch in," choked Jack, brandishing the fire axe like Ajax defying the lightning. "No," soothed Joe, "A fellow like that isn't worth it, he'll come to a sticky end." Then he added darkly, "Wait till we get into the front line in this war." Jack got the idea, and put away his axe with the air of one postponing a pleasure. Joe after more condolences and sanguinary references to N.C.O.'s left, and Jack was alone with his thoughts.

The idea of cutting short the sergeant's term of natural was a good one, but the accomplishment was too far in the dim and distant future, and as Jack sat brooding he felt the need for immediate action. He couldn't bear the thought of his light o'love in the arms of the sergeant at the chestnut tree.

Then came an idea. He went to the main stores, and with skill only acquired by life in the service, purloined a tin of green paint. Then he went out furtively to the nocturnal rendezvous and pointed the trunk of the chestnut tree with a generous coating of green paint.

Late that night Jack got chilled to the bone waiting near the Sergeants' Mess for his arch-enemy's arrival. He arrived at last, as dapper and clean as ever.

Mystified, Jack went to his hut. Joe, swearing fearful oaths, was trying to scrape green paint from his tunic.

—"MERE ERK"

"Tell Me About British Columbia" is the title of an attractive booklet available free of charge from the B.C. Government Travel Bureau, Parliament Buildings, Victoria, B.C. Designed originally to enable B.C. troops overseas to give ready answers to the innumerable questions asked by interested civilians, it has proved so popular that it has been adopted for general use in replying to the enquiries of prospective settlers. We strongly recommend it to those who are thinking of returning here after the war.

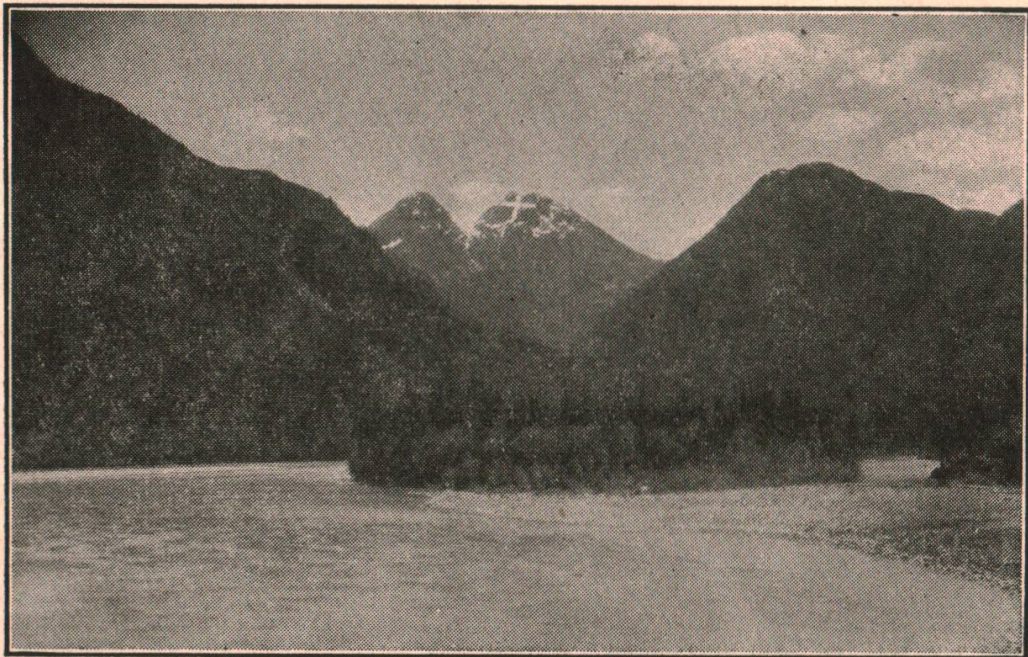
SMYTH CASE SETTLED IN CHURCH

Older members of the Unit whose business took them to the then Assistant Adjutant's office will remember the celebrated "Smyth Case." Either the large frame of F/O Chris. Smyth would be seen in a waiting-for-repatriation attitude, or his large voice would be heard enquiring of the Adjutant next door whether any reply had come in to the latest letter or signal as to his repatriation. For a period of several months the Assistant Adjutant would usually reply, in answer to any enquiry about his health or his work, that he had been "working on the Smyth Case" or maybe had opened a second file on the subject.

The case reached the happiest possible conclusion recently, when F/Lt. Chris. F. Smyth, for over two years an Instructor on this Unit, was married at Hartlepool, England, to Miss Dorothy Enid Graham. The best man was F/Lt. Hughes-Chamberlain, also a member of the staff here for a long period. Having seen a snapshot of the wedding-group, it seems superfluous to wish F/Lt. and Mrs. Smyth all happiness in the future.

YOUR HELP IS NEEDED

The Commanding Officer has secured the offer of an engine and chassis and he asks for volunteers for the work of building on it a really first-rate Mobile Canteen for service on the Unit. Please hand in your name to him through your Section Commander.



Fraser Valley, near Hope (B.C.)

? WHO'S WHO ?



No. 5—Sgt. Ron. G. Crockett

We had a very interesting questionnaire returned by Sgt. "Sammy" Crockett. Two pages of "gen" of his life and travels, and then lots more "gen" we gathered from him after putting him through a mild third degree. He was born some thirty years ago at Southampton but usual home town is Sheringham, Norfolk. Belongs to the "big club," otherwise to the uninitiated, is a married man but as yet with no responsibilities if you would like to call them such; has been in Canada 22 months

and on the Unit the whole of that time and thinks Canada is a grand place for those whose choice is for wide open spaces . . . but "give me London every time" . . . Some of his most pleasing experiences since he came to Canada have been at a logging camp near Youbou, B.C., and in the meeting there of a grand set of fellows. To our polite question—"What do you hope to do when this war is over?"—came the savage reply, "First and foremost a quick return to civilian life and all that that means!" As for education, our informant assimilated the three R's at The Central and Woolstone Boys' School, Southampton, where he didn't prove to be the family genius; but at a very tender age was interested in aeronautics. After leaving school worked happily for a while for Vicker's Supermarine Aviation Company, until "the wanderlust caught hold."

In all innocence, and with the enthusiasm of the young, he wrote for particulars of life in the youngest service (his chief idea being to see the world!), finally getting his enlistment papers (and what a shock it was to his family—or was it a relief?) on his 19th birthday. Reporting to the Recruiting Depot in Whitehall was like making a journey into the great unknown. Thereafter things gradually straightened themselves out, and after ruining a perfectly good suit of civvies he was in the Air Force, with no worries. Time, so he tells us, passed very pleasantly for him, and as he was keenly interested in Physical Culture, the R.A.F. chose him (and several others) to represent the Services at the Royal Tournament, Olympia, there to perform before the late King George V.

As for seeing the world, his first posting was to Calshot, quite close to his home—not quite a good start for one whose ambition was for far-flung battle lines. His next move to Cranwell on a "Storebashing" course, which he successfully passed, enabled him

to look the service in the face as one of the lowest forms of animal life—that of AC2. Thereafter some excitement as he was posted to the now famous 201 Squadron, and then early in 1935 to H.M.S. Courageous, on which he served for a 2½ years commissioning, visiting such places as Alexandria during the time of the Abyssinian affair, also Malta (before the latter Island received the George Cross) and Gib. during the time of the Spanish Civil War; and Copenhagen (this being a courtesy visit and also the first occasion that the R.A.F. wore the present uniform in lieu of the previous dog-collar tunics, pantaloons, and puttees). Finally, after a number of postings to Units at home, came out to this Unit (his 14th station since the commencement of hostilities).

His present and main interest in station sports is that of Trainer-Manager and Guardian Angel of the Unit Football teams and he is justly proud of their recent achievements. During the appropriate season he is also a keen cricketer. At the moment he is adding ice-skating to his list of sports, getting a few wet seats during the preliminary stages, but nevertheless he is a "tryer." As for decorations—well—none at all just yet, but at least he counts on the "Victory medal."

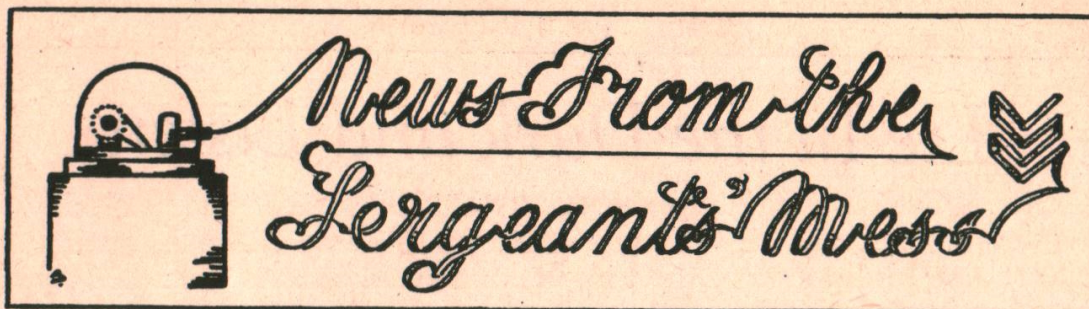
CONGRATULATIONS

To the following on their recent appointments and promotions we offer our congratulations: F/O's A. Eales-Johnson, D. T. Fisher, P. Critchlow and J. E. L. Underhill to Flight Lieutenant; P/O's A. A. T. Hough, M. L. Martin and J. C. Cardno to Flying Officer; Sgt's H. G. Krampp, W. Jonasson G. E. H. Ruffett and J. Nicolson to Flight Sergeant; and LAC's K. Lloyd, M. T. R. Davies, T. Mitchell and R. F. Palmer to Corporal.

Best wishes to the following on their recent marriages: F/O H. R. Mark, P/O W. S. Bates, Cpl. A. J. Laidlaw and LAC's E. G. A. McLaughlin and R. G. Rope.

To the following babies of Unit personnel we send our greetings: Patricia Gale Dallier, Eileen Patricia O'Hara, Patricia Ann Constance Kafaskas, Naomi Marie Maynard, Beverley Grace Spencer, Anne Shirley Pike, Gail Ann Kendall and Guy Robert Kidd.

The loss through a flying accident of S/Ldr. J. G. Flaherty, S/Ldr. T. A. Pringle, F/O H. W. Donkersley, D.F.C. and Bar, and P/O E. Sowerby is a grievous one. All were young, highly skilled, and deservedly popular members of the staff. Each in his own way would have played an even greater part in bringing us nearer to victory. To their relations and their friends we offer deep sympathy in their loss, which is also ours.



News From the Sergeants' Mess

The Social and Dance on Sunday, 4th February, was a great success. There was a large crowd present. The main attraction was Sgt. Ronnie Brohn and the Station Dance Orchestra. Sgt. Brohn and his partner in crime, LAC Les Minto, hit out at the keyboard during the supper interval with some red-hot numbers.

1 1 1

A certain W/O A.G. (slightly under the influence of Orange Crush) was seen to be enjoying the dancing to a very marked degree. His partner was seen to be suffering with foot trouble before the night was through.

1 1 1

Sgt. Pattison and his wife gave us a very good demonstration of the Tango, which was appreciated by all present. The above mentioned W/O gave Sgt. Pattison a certain amount of competition. He certainly ran a good second. There were, of course, two couples on the floor.

1 1 1

There are two telephones now in W/O Day's Office. One is apparently his own personal phone and is definitely taboo, unless of course it is a personal call. The other is for the N.C.O. i/c (Inter-com, now?).

1 1 1

At the recent Games evening when we entertained the Officers, we seemed to come off better in all events. For the most part our team was the "Old Contemptibles" from the boozers' table. Darts were the second event for the evening and by 23.00 hrs. darts were everywhere except on the Board. Most of the scoring for the Officers for the darts match was due to the efforts of S/Ldr. "Admin.", who throws a good dart.

1 1 1

It is rumoured that more and better eggs are to be on the diet sheet in the Mess from now onwards. Certain of our personnel, especially those on night duty, are afraid to look an egg in the face any more.

1 1 1

The presence of Sgt. Lawrence in the Mess has been missed, especially from the fixtures at the bottom left-hand corner going down. Consequently it is not surprising that supplies are certainly on the longer.

1 1 1

NOTE.—Due to the posting of the reporter for this column from our midst, the notes for this month nearly had to be scrubbed. However, after frantic appeals we were rescued in the nick of time.

Lie In the Dark and Listen

By NOEL COWARD



Lie in the dark and listen,
It's clear tonight so they're flying high,
Hundreds of them, thousands perhaps,
Riding the icy, moonlit sky,
Men, machinery, bombs and maps,
Altimeters and guns and charts,
Coffee, sandwiches, fleece-lined boots,
Bones and muscles and minds and hearts,
English saplings with English roots
Deep in the earth they've left below.
Lie in the dark and let them go;
Lie in the dark and listen.

Lie in the dark and listen,
They're going over in waves and waves
High above villages, hills and streams,
Country churches and little graves
And little citizen's worried dreams;
Very soon they'll have reached the sea
And far below them will lie the bays
And cliffs and sands where they used to be
Taken for summer holidays.
Lie in the dark and let them go;
Theirs is a world we'll never know.
Lie in the dark and listen.

Lie in the dark and listen.
City magnates and steel contractors,
Factory workers and politicians,
Soft hysterical little actors,
Ballet dancers, reserved musicians,
Safe in your warm civilian beds,
Count your profits and count your sheep.
Life is passing above your heads,
Just turn over and try to sleep.
Lie in the dark and let them go;
There's one debt you'll forever owe.
Lie in the dark and listen.

—(Reprinted from the "Sunday Times," London).

I Fly By Night

Saturday night at the Empress is not the best preparation for Sunday night in an Anson, and when I kill a prop on the taxi strip, I know the gremlins are out.

It started with the frosted windows. Well no. First of all I had to wrench myself back from dreams of Shiela's exquisite dancing. Then the D.N.O. comes over to me in the "Ops" room and says, "You'll be sure to switch on your navigation lights, won't you?" at which I try hard to think up a good wisecrack, but only have a vision of a gent at William Tell's elbow whispering "Careful now, don't shoot too low." Anyhow, I'm still too much out of breath from legging it over to "Ops" to produce anything coherent, so the only real effect of this is to raise my blood pressure.

At 6,000 feet I level off. This particular kite seems incapable of more than 115, at which I turn round to tell the Navigator, just long enough off the instruments to give the old crock a chance to slow roll. I yank it back to level and we roll the other way—slipstream of some b ahead. So with a vicious tug we climb 300 feet, and for once I believe the Met. stories about inversions, because here we seem to roar along at 130. Nothing much in that, but by now all these things pile up the blood pressure. This reaches the maximum all-out boost when the navigator gives me a chit for the course, because there is no light to read by. However there's not much percentage in briefing the Navigator because he holds all the trumps. Among other things he can leave the Astro-Dome open half the trip—and the kite I'm in seems specially designed to direct a howling gale at the Pilot's most vulnerable point—the back of his neck. Instead I vent my spleen on the passenger who sits beside me always calling my attention to curious things when I'm trying to concentrate on holding a steady course. However, I calculate he's a bit nervous when he queries the serviceability of the Altimeter, because Texada Island—4,000 feet below—looks rather big. I stall turn—and my stall-turns are nothing if they don't topple the Gyro with a vertical bank.

However, the real joy comes when I am able to skim over Mt. Newton with a 100 foot clearance. My landing Well, I always did say my night landings have their ups and downs. Landing over, I taxi in for the night. I stumble over a brick by the passenger's seat as I climb out. Oh joy, sweet joy!

—J.A.D.W.

OUR COVER PICTURE

The very attractive photograph reproduced on the cover this month is the work of Cpl. Charlwood. It shows LAC George Lowday on Hollyburn Ridge, near Vancouver.

BOOKS TO READ



"Down North," by Malcolm McDonald—Even the names of the Northwest Territories have their fascination—Whitehorse, Dawson City, Fort Yukon. For two hundred years these places have been hard to reach. Now for three years there has been a new inrush of surveyors, engineers, troops and airmen. Malcolm McDonald, British High Commissioner for Canada, had unique opportunities to visit and report on the developments. Writing simply and well, he brings in much that is interesting on early travels into the North-West, particularly the Trail of '98 to the Klondyke. Of more modern interest is the remarkable story of the mosquitoes of the far North. "Nature sent her squadrons to try to prevent Man's violation of her virgin fastnesses. Some of these insects were of a devilish size. I heard of one that alighted on a runway and was filled with eighty-seven gallons of petrol before the ground-crew realised it was a mosquito and not a transport aeroplane."

The Canadian North-West has been awakened from its sleep by the sounds of armies hastening up to Alaska; but the immense works now being undertaken will have their value in peace, when victory is won, and the feverish activity here described brings its permanent rewards.

"Who Done It?" No. I—Phoebe Atwood Taylor—Is there anywhere another detective like Asey Mayo? "The hayseed sleuth" his townspeople of Weesit call him, half-scornful of the excitements that follow him around, of his sea travels long ago, his mythical age, the strange stories of his early life, and the legendary Porter Sixteen. Each new Asey Mayo story gives us at least one hair-raising ride, and Cape Cod becomes a familiar place, from the village store through its maze of lanes to the tourist camps and summer cottages, crammed to the eaves with suspects-to-be. In this setting scurry all the familiar characters—Hanson, a superb example of the dumb policeman, over-worked Doc Cummings, who professes himself rendered speechless by shock in a page and a half of lurid language, Asey's tribe of near-relations, each more peculiar than the last. This is surely not the real Cape Cod, the Boston summer resort district, but it is a very good place to have a plot worked out before our eyes, packed with excitement, spattered with both homespun wit and the wisecracks of sophisticated visitors. The setting, the characters, the action—these are superb: it may be thought ungrateful to ask for less fantastic plots. Miss Taylor stupifies the senses with coincidence piled upon incredibility; we gasp and ask for more, if only Asey Mayo is there to set the pace. **In the Unit Library:**—"Death Lights a Candle"; "The Cape Cod Mystery."

—R.G.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION.



CP. TOMKINS.



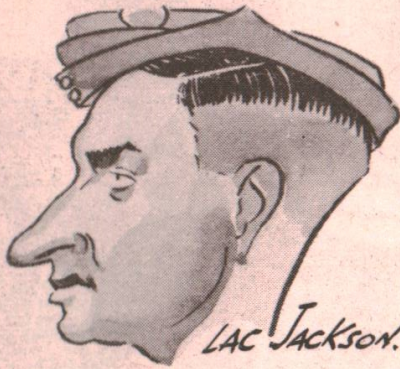
FLT BISCOE.



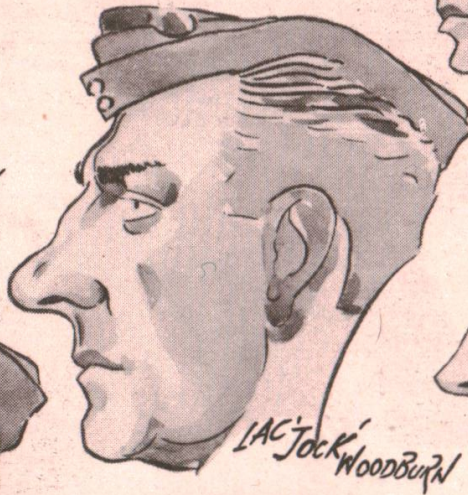
CP. JONES.



SGT. THOMPSON.



LAC JACKSON.



LAC JOCK WOODBURN



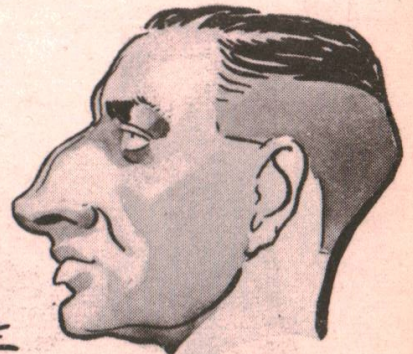
LAC KIDD.



LAC. NICHOLAS



SGT. TEASDALE



LAC. BURKE

H. A. C. 43-44

MEN AT WORK

NO. 20 - M. T.



LAC'S SWIFT & LAPHORNE



CPL'S BROOKS, PELLET & A.C. COX.



TIMBER WOOD & TONY WELLS



'Jeep'



L.P.O.?



LAC FAUL ON CRASH TENDER.



CPL BOWERS & A.C. MARTIN



'HOSE DRILL'



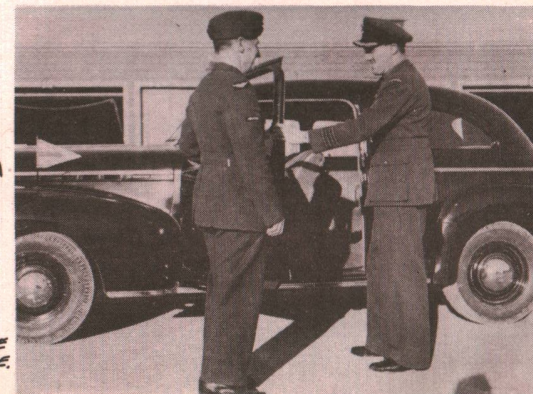
F/O. ROCKS, F/Sgt MAINSWORTH, & CPL. LOVE.



LAC'S TITCOMBE & MAC ARTHUR



'SMILE' PLEASE!



G/LEAF WHIRTELE & LAC. WOODHOUSE.

BATMEN

OR ..



'GEORDIE' HUNTER
AND SOME 'BOOTS'



LAC. JENKINS,



LAC'S VICKERMAN & SHARDLES
& SGT PATON

**GENTLEMEN'S
GENTLEMEN!**

AC'S PAYNE
& HODGSON,



“St. George”

Rarely, if ever, can the Royal Victoria Theatre have been the setting for such an ambitious, elaborate and colourful affair as the patriotic pantomime, “St. George,” written and produced by F/Lt. Hugh Parker, and played to packed houses on 14th and 15th January. With a few notable exceptions its cast was made up of the augmented “Smile” Show company and the staff and pupils of Miss Florence Clough’s Dancing Academy, with representatives of the three Services stationed in and near Victoria.

The traditional English pantomime is almost unknown in Canada except to those with nostalgic memories of Drury Lane. And this one was true to tradition, with all the familiar ingredients of which one never tires, all the characters whose appearance one eagerly anticipates as the tale unfolds. There was, however, one departure from precedent. The principal boy was actually a male in a speaking part, not a thinly disguised leading lady ready to burst into topical song at every turn.

Patricia and Peter (Margaret Curry and Hugh Parker) are two normal English children whose father and mother, Sebastien and Arrabella, (Jack Griffith and Bill Butler) have a range of facial expression only exceeded by their command of Cockney humour. The Fairy Queen (Ilace Roskelly) grants the children’s wish to visit the Land of Sunshine and Happiness, but warns them never to lose the book on which they have wished, otherwise they will fall into the power of the Dragon and his Henchmen (Hitler and Hirohito, played by Will Roberts and Ben Blumenthal). The children start their journey. Meanwhile, Sebastien and ‘Arry-for-short accidentally and to their great embarrassment call up the Demon King (Bill Collinson) and his fellow-servants of the Dragon (Dennis Collyer and Mike Bunting). This little party sets out in pursuit.

While the children are asleep in the Enchanted Forest the Demon King gets their book. They are seized, shackled and imprisoned in the Dragon’s Castle, but the Odd John and Tommy (John Evans and Maurice Thompson) take time off from good old-fashioned slapstick to qualify for Fairyland by getting the book back, just in time to summon St. George (Ron Gates). His victory over the Dragon leads up to the grand finale, introducing the entire cast and uniformed members of the three fighting services, the Auxiliary and Nursing Services and the Red Cross Corps in a splendidly staged and faultlessly executed tableau. It is difficult to judge which were the more enthralled and excited by this spectacular finale—the rows and rows of children at the matinee, or the grown-ups at the evening performances.

Of the experiences enjoyed by the audience in the course of the story one can only catalogue the high-lights—the good acting and clear diction in the straight parts; the infectious gusto of the comics; exceptionally attractive settings and scenery; the exquisite dances directed by Miss Florence Clough (especially the "Dream Ballet" by the juvenile chorus, ranging in age from five to eleven); some fine adagio dancing by Kathleen Gregson and Don Plater; a miniature "Smile" Show in the Hall of Music, including a superb performance—it brought the house down—of the Four Hands and One Piano of Ronnie Brohn and Les Minto; the choybantics of nine brawny but well-disciplined R.A.F. Nymphs (led by Alan Murgatroyd) in Ballet dresses which gave maximum freedom of movement; the excellent singing of the characters whose business it was to sing; and John Maddocks setting the house in a roar at every appearance (figuratively speaking) as a "Nuisance" searching for the Producer, but finding time to give us a solo on the spoons.

Considering that the script was written in three evenings and the show rehearsed only five times, and that in the face of many unforeseen difficulties, it might be thought that much charity would be necessary in commenting on it. Not in the least. On its own merits it challenged comparison with any professional production in the same field, and would have been an outstanding success anywhere. Great credit is due to the author-producer and every one of his off-stage helpers (especially Jock Sim, Harry Shaw and Will Roberts), as well as to the cast, for their skill in avoiding the errors of detail which so often give the game away in amateur productions. Altogether a first-rate show, and the staggering amount of work put into it by everybody concerned could have had no more fitting recognition than the delight of the audiences and the pleasure we shall have in recollecting this splendid achievement, which resulted in \$800 being handed over to the Queen Alexandra Solarium and the Save the Children Fund.

—R.D.H.S.

Musical Merry-Go-Round

One would have thought that a dog and a hospital would have no place in these notes, but it was because of the former that our cheeky Charlie of bull fiddle fame had to spend over three weeks in the latter—we missed him a lot, though the engagements were few compared to the number in December.

The band performed very successfully during the month, at the Hostess Houses in Sidney and Victoria, Station Dances at the Crystal Garden, Officers' Mess, and two dances in the Recreational Hall.

If there are any instrumentalists among the new arrivals they are assured of a welcome from Sgt. Brohn, Entertainments Office, Rec. Hall.

CORPORALS' CLUB PAGE



Either the spirit has failed to move the worthy reporter from the inner sanctum of this world-famous establishment, or else he was being downright awkward, but material for this page has been most difficult to extract for this month. It was almost like trying to get a subscription for the club between pay-days, the way that pseudo-reporters shelved the responsibility from one to another. Anyhow some news did at last leak out of those erstwhile silent portals and here it is.

1 1 1

There are always many more Corporals on Pay Parade than can possibly manage to attend the Club meetings. It really is amazing how many duties crop up on that particular day of the month.

1 1 1

Our congratulations to Sgt. Vincent who enthusiastically and capably carried out the secretarial duties of the Club prior to his elevation to the ranks of the mighty, and we welcome Cpl. Boss, who has succeeded him in the capacity of Secretary.

1 1 1

Considering the time that "Timber" Wood spends running round like the proverbial contents of the Collander, it is amazing that he is short of time. Or was the state merely due to his extended leave?

1 1 1

After considerable effort we achieved a cabinet for the storage of the gramophone records. This was in fact an excellent idea, for there now stands within the precincts of this salubrious establishment a receptacle for orange peel, books, newspapers, glasses, cups, plates, spare tapes, etcetera. It should be noted that caution should be exercised when moving the fourth chair from the left as you go in; the aforementioned records are under it!

1 1 1

"You don't know my people" is back on the Unit again after a spell of reducing treatment in the R.C.A.F. Hospital. It is understood that he lost a little weight, and that he has decided to adopt as his signature tune that well known classic ballad "Carve a little bit off the top for me."

Mutiny On The Campus

The other day we were reminded of a strange experience that befell a former friend of ours (since we've been an LAC we have naturally cut the fellow dead) and we thought that it might be a good idea to tell the half-witted readers of "The Patrician" all about it. So here we are. Well, this little man we're going to tell you about was named William and was known to almost all who knew him as "Willie," or sometimes as Little Willie. He was insignificant physically, but was by way of being a mental giant and was heavily engaged debunking the Theory of Relativity to an audience of awe-struck professors when the news that we were at war came through. Being a patriot, and a wise man, he was soon offering his services to a grateful country, and very shortly after that he was filling an important place in the ranks of the R.A.F. as a "G.D."

The months rolled quickly by as Willie worked with a willing heart and learned such interesting trades as floor-sweeping, paper-picking-up, button-polishing, and pack-humping. The days just flew, and every night he would tumble into his bed with a thankful sigh while his dreams would be of the joyful days ahead.

Poor Willie; little did he know that his idyllic existence was to be rudely interrupted ere many moons had waxed and waned. And it was all his own doing—sheer tragedy really! The tragedy of Caesar, of Napoleon, of Stavinsky—in fact of all who fall under the spell of the hydra-headed monster, Ambition!

Willie developed a deep longing to become more powerful and influential—he wanted to be an AC1! Well, of course, it was ridiculous; the chap had only been in the service a year! And what qualifications had he anyway—he couldn't bawl, never grunted as he ate, never swore, and never spat. Clearly, the fellow had no chance at all of ever holding a position of authority in the R.A.F.

But he wouldn't see it. He worried his N.C.O.'s, wrote out innumerable applications, badgered the Orderly Room, and generally made of himself the most annoying nuisance. The result was inevitable of course. It was decided that he be posted at the next opportunity, and before long our hero was off to another station, his ambitions thwarted and his mind a teeming maelstrom of grudges, vengeful vows and bitter recriminations.

But a surprise awaited him. This new station was unlike any he'd ever heard about before—it was more like a school! There were fags, and prefects and houses and mottoes, and the C.O. was always referred to as "The Head" by the good boys, and "The Beak" by the bad. There were "Sports Days" and "Speech Days" and whatnot and—a touch of snobbery—the S.P.'s were known as "Progs"! Well, Willie was delighted. He quickly forgot his grudges and was soon throwing himself wholeheartedly into his new work

as a Fag for the Equipment Prefect—a position of very high honour. Once again the days flew happily by, while the rags in the "Dorms" at night were just too, too, ripping! Picture Little Willie, happy as a sand-boy, ambition forgotten and his only worry the possibility of a "caning" or "lines" if he misbehaved. Life had nothing more to offer.

But fate was not to let him rest, fickle fate with the playful paws. The Head, with love of the school and care for its dignity always uppermost in his mind, made an announcement in the School Mag (which was published daily) indicating his desire to see all masters wearing their caps and gowns during lecture hours. Till then he had been content to see them in their snappy suitings and round hats, and everything had worked fairly smoothly. But now, the Master's Common Room was in a minor panic. Very few of them had ever seen a gown, much less owned one! What was to be done? Where were they to get gowns? The likeliest place, of course, was among the AC2's—the N.C.O.'s wouldn't know about such things as that. So for the next few days there was frantic scrambling among the erks in an effort to produce a few dozen gowns. Well, some were modest, some were reticent, and a few would have sold their souls for a dime, but in the end it looked as though they would be able to produce sufficient academic clobber to clothe the masters in some sort of pseudo-dignity.

And then a remarkable thing happened. Willie, for some obscure reason, took violent exception to the whole scheme. Perhaps he was over scrupulous, perhaps he was a snob, or maybe he was being just plain awkward. Nobody knows, but the fact remains that for two whole days he worked frantically from dawn till dusk persuading the ergs not to lend their gowns.

The rest of the tale is a sad record of feuds between masters and boys, interviews, canings, threats, entreaties, and the gradual destruction of the dignity of the Senior Common Room. The crisis was reached when the Head sent for Willie and for an hour these two were shut off from the rest of the world in The Beak's Study. What went on behind that fateful door nobody knows. Two days later, Willie was removed, sent down, expelled, or what you will, among expressions of sympathy from his chums. Poor Willie, he was a broken man. Crushed and in a daze, he wandered down to the playing fields, where he walked moodily into the propellor of a H—n. When he awoke he was in his Dormitory, and he gradually and dimly became aware of commotion. Sleepily he asked his neighbour what all the chaps were up to—were the hols here? Is The Beak on the warpath? What are the Preffers doing here? His fellow-erk must have thought he'd run into a bad attack of non-compos-mentis or something. He shook Willie roughly and said—"Come on, you d fool; C.O.'s inspection today and you've got exactly five minutes to get ready."

—PEIRION

THE PADRE'S CHAT

We are all well acquainted with the mystical lettering R.O.T.B. Those who saw the excellent Christmas menu card of the Airmen's Mess are aware that these letters may mean other things besides "Roll On the Boat."

My life is really a series of boats. The boat to home is a natural objective, whether one is going from Canada to Britain or from Britain to Canada by ship, or from Puddlecombe-under-Mud to Upper Tooting by train.

Then again we talk of embarking on the sea of matrimony, when of course one hopes for a fair wind and no squalls.

Moreover, when the last D.R.O. is written and the bowler hat is once more rammed firmly on the head, countless thousands will be sailing into all manner of trades and professions. May your passage through these sometimes troubled waters be on an even keel.

In the realms of mythology (refer to the Educated Officer for an explanation) there was the boat in which Charon ferried the souls of the Dead to the underworld over the River of Death. Do I or don't I hear R.O.T.B.? Anyway we all have our passages booked in advance!

But there is one boat more important than all the rest put together. That is the lifeboat. Some lifeboats leak, have no compass, no helmsman and are bound to sink.

What is your lifeboat like? The best boat you can want is right at hand. It can't sink and the steersman knows every rock and every current. He will take us right through life, over the River of Death and safe to shore. But there are two things we've got to do: the first is to trust the steersman and to believe in Him, and the second to row hard in the direction He desires.

Let us get in, and R.O.T.B.

—R. O. MOSSOP

FACTS ABOUT B. C.

British Columbia occupies the whole of Canada's Pacific Coast. It is bounded on the east by the Rocky Mountains, on the west by the ocean, on the south by the U.S. and on the north by Alaska and the Yukon Territory. Its area is 366,000 square miles, rather more than four times the size of England and Scotland. With all its inlets it has about 7,000 miles of coastline which, although on a much larger scale, resembles the west coast of Scotland. Over 70 per cent of the population is British, the next largest racial group is the Scandinavian, and the last census gave B. C. about 24,000 native Indians.

F/LT. HUGH PARKER

Another almost-pioneer has gone with the departure from our midst of F/Lt. Hugh Parker. Although to many on the Unit his great abilities were not so widely known until the latter part of his stay here, to those who knew him more intimately, his versatility was amazing.

Combining with his multifarious duties as Intelligence Officer a quiet capable manner and a fund of dry humour, he was the very acme of "gen" men in his own particular sphere, and his lectures, pep talks and general efficiency made him a very well-known and popular Officer.

In fact, his public was almost Dominion-wide in its extent, in that his security talks delivered over the network of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation had gradually become an established feature with the listening public, and his name became a byword in Canadian homes.

Latterly we knew him for his other side. Through his leadership and work with the R.A.F. "Smile" Show, even that already well-established body moved to greater heights of attainment. His work in the two "Crazy" Shows and the tour to Vancouver and the neighbouring Service Units proved an outstanding success, and his last effort, the Patriotic Pantomime (which is reported at length elsewhere in this issue) and on which he worked so hard, proved to be a magnificent swan song. Hugh Parker will long be remembered by those who were privileged to work with him, and by the public whom he laboured so cheerfully to instruct as part of his official duties, and to entertain during his leisure-hours.

So to Hugh we say, "Good luck, au revoir, and—Keep smiling."

—A.M.

THE PAT FUND

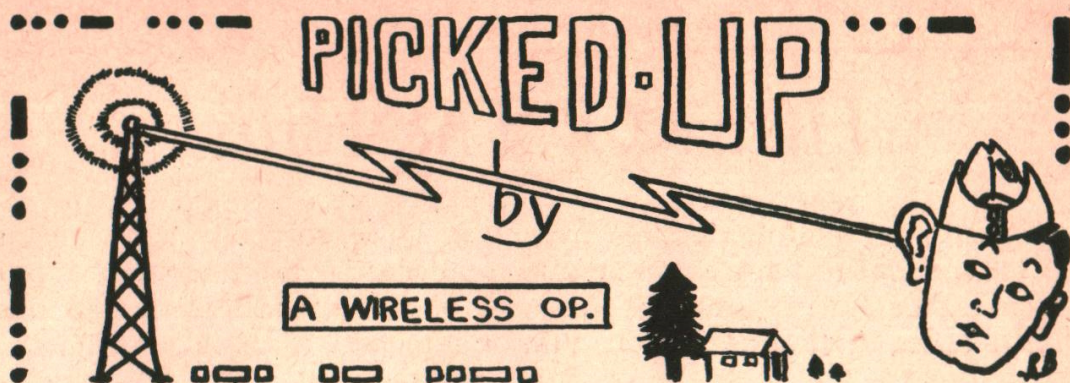
Notwithstanding a donation of \$50.00 from two well-wishers, relatives of a former member of the Unit, killed in ops over Germany, and who wish to remain anonymous, the month's total collections for the fund have sunk to an all time low. The collections in the Recreation Hall were very poor indeed and many collecting boxes were never handed in at all. We appeal once again for increased gifts to this very deserving fund, so please help us to keep up the already splendid record this Unit has so constantly maintained. Collectors for the Recreation Hall are still urgently needed, and any airmen who would be willing to volunteer for this duty are requested to report to P/O Wootton, P.S.I. Office, S.H.Q.

The following are the individual amounts received in time for publication: Donation, \$50.00; Equipment Section, \$5.27; Workshops, \$5.02; Central Registry, \$1.90; Telephone Exchange, \$1.59; Intelligence Library, \$1.14; Miscellaneous items, \$4.45. **Total, \$69.37**

S. O. S.

In the Instruments Section 5 Hangar we were pretty keen on the various buckshee furnishings and equipment we had made ourselves. We had a large bench with oodles of doings on top and cubby-holes in the back where you couldn't get at them. We had a large bench with nothing on top and a great wide open space underneath. In a fit of frenzy we enclosed it in a large white canvas sheet to give the impression of a white open space but the effect of oily hands, dusty boots and dirty cracks has reduced the canvas to an unprepossessing grey. There was a gadget that looked like a roulette table and wasn't and a gadget that sounded like all hell was breaking loose and did. All round the walls were benches for the blokes to lean on and little cards like over your bed but these said, "LAC SMITH," or "WATCH REPAIRS—LOOK OUT HERE'S CHIEFY!" or "INITIATIVE IS BOOBING WHEN YOU DON'T EXPECT IT!" Chiefy thought out the one about initiative when a bloke tried to fit a liquidometer to a swill bin. One day there was a brief pause in the usual hive-like activity to which we are accustomed and the temperature fell with a thud. It was whilst writing out a U/S label that we were struck with the idea that a desk was superfluous. It took up valuable space that could be utilised for other and better purposes and it was just under the hatch where "Tick's" head came through so it was always the centre of all the bull. Accordingly we removed it. There was such a gap left that we moved everything else round, including "Lofty," who was awake, and Charley Anderson who wasn't. All this activity left us with the desire for reconstruction so we filched a pile of wood from W. & B. and got down to it. At first we didn't know what to make but we just carried on and waited to see. Someone suggested a wash-hand-stand, but that was merely the ramblings of a diseased brain. (You may know him, his name's Rowley but they call him "Sheep" because he talks like one and walks like one, too.) Bits were added and then more bits until it blocked the doorway. For a few days we used the windows for entry and egress. (Comin' in and goin' out.) Then the windows were obstructed and we went in and out by way of "Tick's" office. Several times he raised his eyebrows in surprise and we expected him to say something but he asked where Chiefy was the first time and got used to it after that. The blow fell one afternoon when at packing up time we found that our last means of communication with the outside world was gone. With no great worry at first we began to look for a small crack that would offer itself as a doorway.. There was none. For two days we attacked the whole thing but to no avail. That was five days ago and it's getting pretty stuffy in here now. If any of you blokes should happen across Charley Tapping you might send him along because we can't hope to last out many more days.

—F.G.R.



PUKKA GEN

Who was the bright erk who thought that a 160hr. Inspection took 160 hrs. to complete ?

The same erk did the Cinderella stunt at the dance: he danced past the staff parade and dropped more than his slipper. (This is 'itting 'Enry's 'alo' ard !)

Playing in the band would appear to be hard work—it's put Charley Anderson on his back at any rate. Ronnie Brohn will soon be taking for his signature tune, "Will you nae come back again?"

The band let us down at Sidney Hostess House; they wouldn't play ball when the lights went out.

Who was the u/t electrician who, when asked, "Why is the glass put round the filament of an electric bulb?" replied that it kept out the flies ?

Once again we see the camp filled with new faces; among them is one Renshaw who has already, in another part of the world, achieved fame for his chocking of a Bowser prior to run up whilst he had lost his glasses.

Who was the S.P. who recommended a cough-cure to an officer coming into camp? "I can endorse that," replied the officer, "but as M.O. I have my own methods."

W/O Maddocks was having difficulty with his moustache. "This spirit gum's no use," he growled, "Isn't there anything else I can use?" "Why not some cook-house porridge?" suggested a chorus "girl."

The high-light of Victorian life was in evidence recently when an erk was seen walking through one of the lesser populated streets carrying a blue umbrella. No names, no packdrill, but he is Welsh and has, in the past, been publicly rebuked by a Victorian damsel for vanity.

DUFF GEN

We understand that the book to be written by LAC Blank-Cartledge referred to in this column is to be known as the "Encyclopedia Gallica" and not as previously stated.

Heart O' The Hills

The time—0830; the date—December 30th, 1943; the place—the Recreation Hall, found twelve members of the Mountaineering Club awaiting transport to take them to the boat for Port Angeles to spend New Year's leave. Arriving at noon, we had four hours in which to see this charming town and do a little shopping: some of us managed to go through a plywood plant. Supper-time found us at our cabin camp, Heart o' the Hills, after which we enjoyed skating on the lake nearby. As midnight approached a lively sing-song developed in which girls of the Klahhane Club joined, later serving us supper, and so far into the night.

New Year's Day dawned cool and rainy, but this did not dampen our spirits for a hike to Lake Angeles, about three miles up—who said three miles? Thorp emphatically says it was five! Near the Lake we ran into snow, which lured us into a grand snowball fight.

The next day found us climbing Mount Angeles for five miles or more, the last mile being through waist-deep snowdrifts and in a howling blizzard. But a spot of tea at the shelter soon revived us and the descent was easy. That evening the rabbit stew sure hit the spot, and the color films were very enjoyable.

Our last day was really "super," and one long to be remembered. The National Park Service transported us nearly eighteen miles to Deer Park, following the fresh tracks of a cougar. Here we stopped at the Ranger's camp for lunch and then up to the Park for ski-ing. Bright sunshine, not a breath of wind, powder snow—what more could one want? On our return the Ranger showed movies of the Olympic National Park and made us envious when we saw the pack-train trip. It was a pretty sleepy bunch of lads that turned out next morning at five, or was it five-thirty, for toast and coffee, but we made the boat and carried with us fond memories of American hospitality.

—T.R.

MESSAGE OF A SALESMAN TO HIS CUSTOMERS

Due to my independent position as a salesman, I have decided to do business and accept orders at a time best suited to my convenience.

At the present moment I am graciously pleased to permit you to call me up and try to place orders on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays only; and between the hours of 2:30 and 4:00 p.m. This will allow me to start my week-ends earlier and extend them later, without interruption, and to devote my mornings to rest and recreation.

NOTE: The above regulations apply only so long as war conditions produce scarcity. After the war I will be around kissing your boots as usual.



COJ AND MRS 'PADDY' KELSO.

HERE



*ON THE M.T. ANGELES
TRAIL*



*AC. MAIR
MISS ANN GABER
AC. SNEDDAN*

E

THERE



● S P O R T ●

FOOTBALL

The second half of the season commenced on Jan. 15th with a match against the R.A.F.'s old rivals, V.M.D., in which the Unit team won by six goals to two. R.A.F. scorers were: Boulter, 1; Winduss, 1; Richman, 2; Davison, 1; and an obliging opponent who put the ball through his own goal. The next match took place on Jan. 19th against the Navy, and the Unit team avenged their previous defeat by whipping them to the tune of twelve goals to one after leading at half-time by nine to one. Richman, who was in great scoring form, netted six; Winduss, 4; and Davison and Cox one each. Jan. 26th saw the First XI matched against the R.C.A.F., who were no match for the R.A.F. forward line, with Boulter playing an excellent game. Goals were scored by Boulter, 1; Winduss, 3; and Richman, 1. A match that attracted a great deal of interest was played at the Athletic Park on Wednesday, Feb. 2nd, between the R.A.F. First and Second teams. Spectators were treated to a fine display of football by both teams, but the superior team-work and co-ordination of the first team told in the final score of 4-2 for the First XI. In the second half, however, the second team played a better game than in the first, and their forward line did most of the pressing. Parkinson, outside left, who played extremely well, and Harvey, inside right, scored the second team's two goals. Moss, the Second XI goalkeeper, is also to be congratulated on a good game. First XI goals were netted by Brumby, 1; Cox, 1; Richman, 1; Davison, 1.

The second team have yet to suffer a defeat this season in their league, and on Jan. 9th they opened the second half of the season by winning against Yarrow's First Team by three goals to two. After a keen game against the V.M.D. on the 16th they were again victorious, Parkinson scoring the team's three goals to the V.M.D.'s one. Fitness and training told in the Second XI's game against the East Indians on 23rd Jan., when they won by 6-2, the last four goals of the match being scored in the last 20 minutes of the game. New members of the league since the Christmas recess were the Saanich Indians, defeated 11 goals to 2 on Jan. 30, McAuley netting four.

Inclement weather has again curtailed the Barrack Block fixtures to some degree. Since Christmas only six games have been possible, but it is hoped that the weather will enable more football to be played. Barrack Block 25A is still supreme in the league, with the Corporals' Club running second.

Two popular first team footballers, Cpl. Johnny Craig and LAC "Ginger" Lowe, have recently left us. Craig played outside right

and Lowe left half. We wish them all the best in their future undertakings, and presume that our loss in the football world will be someone else's gain.

TENNIS

Owing to the floor in the P.G.T. building being needed for more essential services, indoor tennis has had to be cancelled. If any person wishes to borrow tennis equipment he may still do so from the Sports Store. The outdoor tennis season is planned to start in May.

—T.D.

ICE SKATING

We are still experiencing some difficulties in the way of transport, and probably this rather restricts our membership, but those members who we have are very consistent in their attendance. Since the club was formed many have learned to skate very well, and with steady maintenance of the progress it should be possible to hold a competition at the end of the skating season.

—T.D.

GOLF CLUB

Due to climatic conditions and that famous phrase—exigencies of the service—little if any golf has been played since Christmas, but with the advent of longer evenings and more settled conditions, it may be possible to arrange some games.

The P.S.I. have purchased two sets of Clubs, and these are held by the Secretary (LAC Drake, Accounts Section) and any members may have them on loan upon request. There is surely a number of golfers among the newcomers to the Station, and it is hoped we shall be able to welcome them to the club. All information can be obtained from F/Lt. Cave, the President, or from the Secretary.

—J.S.D.

RIFLE CLUB

It is hoped to call a meeting in the very near future to ascertain the possibilities of forming a league on the Unit. If Sections will co-operate by nominating one of their number to attend, it will facilitate the smooth working of the Club Committee. All members who participated in the shoots against the Rangers at Brentwood are cordially invited to a Smoking Concert to be held towards the end of the month. Time, date and place will be advised.

—J.S.D.

We offer our thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Lane of "The Colby Electric" Stores, 645 Pandora, Victoria, for a very generous gift of magazines and books for the use of Unit personnel and which are very acceptable.

TALES

FROM THE

TARMAC

Once upon a time . . . (all fairy stories begin like this) there was an Officer who cancelled his Section's ice-cream roster. And were the personnel tickled to bits about it all?

1 1 1

Of course we all know that Ben Blue has to eat to live and not vice versa, but the amount of food and drink he carried with him the other day when on circuits and bumps was truly amazing, and then after scoffing it aloft to go and waste it before coming downstairs . . . tut, tut, Ben, you're slipping. Even to getting in the wrong kite as well!

1 1 1

Did you hear the one about the Sergeant in Maintenance Signals who whilst on leave in the States declined a bracer in favour of "7 Up"? He was, of course, perfectly courteous about it all.

1 1 1

We await day by day with an eagerness and expectation that is almost childlike for the arrival of bigger, better, and brighter Boards in "C" Flight. Unless of course the new types are too big to fit?

1 1 1

What is to happen to the Kennels now? This is the question on all lips. We know of course that "Blondie" is in the dog-house, but then, need it be literal?

1 1 1

We should all like to know what bus Collyer would catch at "Mary's" at 02.00 hrs. If, of course, it is a regular service, he might at least pass on the information. We might be able to use it one of these nights.

1 1 1

Then of course there is the classic example of the erk from flights who, when stopped by a delicious piece of two-tapeishness quite fresh to the Unit and so, so popular, and caught in the beam of his powerful torch and asked for his 1250 . . . uttered the most famous of all last words, "1250 chum—what's a 1250?"

1939, he branched out on his own, and with one partner started his own flying-school. This venture, in common with many others, folded-up in September, 1939; and within a few weeks G/C Maxwell was back in the Service. He went to Brize Norton and, as Chief Flying Instructor, to Shawbury and Ternhill. He was on the point of shifting the entire set-up at Ternhill to Moose Jaw when at the eleventh hour, in January, 1941, he was posted to command a flight in a Beaufighter night-fighter squadron.

G/C Maxwell ruefully admits that throughout his six-months spell of night-fighting he had only one real chase—and an unlucky "front" spoilt that one for him just when things were getting really interesting. Refreshed with Kent's Best and the night air of the home counties, he returned to the instructing business. There followed twelve months as Chief Instructor, first at Penhold and then at Debert, before he was transferred to what was then Ferry Command with the task of opening the South Atlantic Ferry route. Between August, 1942, and June, 1943, he was successively at West Palm Beach, Nashville (Tennessee) and Nassau; and on the strength of his experience of the actual ferrying side of the business he was then brought back to Montreal to be A.S.O. (S.) in charge of the Organisation and Administration of the South Atlantic route. Though nominally his was an administrative post, the C.O. still contrived to work frequent long flights before finally he came to join us at Pat Bay, and—

(At this point, your Special Correspondent was politely ditched, and the C.O., with a gleam in his eye, made for an aircraft.)

Taxi, Sir . . . ?

. . . AND FAREWELL

Only a month ago we described and illustrated the wedding of the Commanding Officer, Group Captain E. L. Wurtele, and expressed congratulations and good wishes to him and his bride. Already we must condole with them on their early separation, but at the same time we must congratulate G/C Wurtele on the double and prophetic wisdom he showed before the event, in that Mrs. Wurtele, being of British birth, although resident in Canada, qualifies as an "R.A.F. wife" and will be able to follow him to the United Kingdom in due course.

Group Captain Wurtele held this command for about six months. Before that he had been Chief Instructor for the same time, so he was in close contact with all the activities of the Unit. In both capacities he was very popular with all ranks. Cheerful and approachable, his friendly manner created a notable spirit of goodwill and co-operation amongst his officers and men, and his keen interest in leisure-time facilities for the personnel, as well as in technical matters, contributed greatly to good morale.

To Group Captain Wurtele we extend the best wishes of us all for happiness and success in his new appointment and in the future. All who were privileged to serve under him will remember his period of command with sincere pleasure.

Vancouver Stars Entertain

A large and appreciative audience greeted stars from the Palomar Supper Club and the Cave Supper Club, Vancouver, in the Recreation Hall on 30th January, when they staged a show generally considered to be one of the best the camp has seen, in aid of the C.O.'s Benevolent Fund.

First on the bill was Sandi De Santis and his Dance Orchestra, who play nightly at the Palomar. They played several hit tunes in the way the boys like and went on to accompany the second act, Miss Irene Burke, whose nimble feet and charming manner quickly made her a firm favourite. The well known "Indian Love Call" and "Danny Boy" were sung delightfully by Miss Maxine Carroll, who, by the way, is Irish-American by birth, hence the various admiring queries from the audience concerning her beautiful titian hair. She is entirely self-trained, and expects to go on tour in the near future in the northern part of B.C. Twists and stunts are all part of the day's work to Romain and Babette, whose amazing acrobatics were a source of wonder to the audience. They also have just completed a tour, in the U.S. Next came that star of N.B.C. and Columbia, siffleuse and trumpet-player Miss Billy Cutler of California. Miss Cutler plays in Al Pearce's "Radio Gang" at the Cave and has spent weeks in Hawaii entertaining troops. Her interpretation of "Sugar Blues" and other swing tunes was greatly appreciated.

Entertainment in the Hill Billy Style was presented by the Cooper Sisters, whose "Old Oaken Bucket" and "Coming Round the Mountain" were both novel and funny. Incidentally the Cooper Sisters were the only Canadians in the show, although they, too, have toured the States frequently. A young man who has played in many camp shows in B.C., Freddie Gordon, gave excellent imitations of Fred Allen, Ned Sparks, Frank Morgan and others. His impressions of Bing Crosby were encored several times, and considering that Mr. Gordon was still recovering from an injury of a few days ago, he is all the more to be complimented on a fine performance. Characterising a young Swedish girl in a big city, and with her more sophisticated "Begin the Beguine," American star of the Army Camps, Miss Dorothy London deserved a good hand. As a fitting close to a grand show came the Two Pearces, Cleo and Happy, whose eccentric and fast tap and shuffle dancing brought the house down. The Pearces postponed a tour to the East to enable them to appear in this show. They have appeared in the current films 'Cabin In the Sky,' "Stormy Weather" and Ben Travers' "Cuckoo in the Nest."

The performance was made possible by arrangement with Service Shows, and was produced by Mrs. Yvonne Firkins. In thanking the performers and producers, the Commanding Officer's remark that this had been the best show he had seen on any camp was heartily endorsed by the enthusiastic audience.

—D.H.M.

NOTES ≈ NEWS ≈ NONSENSE

The Corporals' and Airmen's Dances on the Unit on the 12th and 27th January again proved very interesting and well-attended functions, and the Unit dance orchestra did a good job of work.

1 1 1

The Station Concert

The Padre looked black for the joke was blue,
The C.O. went red and the Adjutant, too.
Not a Flight Lieut. nor a P.O. smiled,
But looked as innocent as any child.
The W.O.'s and Sergeants tried
To hide with their hands, their smiles so wide.
But the brutal licentious Airmen bold
Laughed like Little Audrey, I'm told!

1 1 1

Then there was the sweet young thing, who thought that steel wool came from a hydraulic ram!

1 1 1

Jane: "So Charley's your right hand man?"
Joan: "Yes, he drives with the other."

1 1 1

There was a young lady of Joppa,
Who came a society cropper;
She went to Ostend,
With a gentleman friend,
And the rest of the story's improper.

1 1 1

Rastus: "Where are you going so early in the morning?"
Amos: "I aint goin' . . . I's been."

1 1 1

Did you hear of the moron, who

1. Saluted the refrigerator because someone told him it was General Electric.
2. Put crumbs in his shoes to feed his pigeon toes.
3. Cut the tips of his fingers off so that he could write shorthand—and
4. Wanted to scrape up an old acquaintance, so he put his friend through a meat grinder.

NOTES ≈ NEWS ≈ NONSENSE (Continued)

The new Boxing Gym which has been recently fitted-up in a portion of the Sergeants' Mess building should prove an attraction to those interested in the "noble art."

✓ ✓ ✓

The full bloom of youth is often revealed by the cheek.

✓ ✓ ✓

Something attempted, something done; has earned a night's repose.

✓ ✓ ✓

The proposed Art Competition should prove an interesting attraction to those on the Unit with the ability, and it is hoped that we shall have a good flow of entries.

✓ ✓ ✓

Volunteers for the Station Choir are urgently needed, and all those interested in its formation are requested to contact S/Ldr. Mossop.

✓ ✓ ✓

1st Erk: "They've got two cases of D.T.'s over at the canteen.

2nd Erk: "Thank Heaven! I'm sick of Spam."

✓ ✓ ✓

Thanks to the Canadian Legion and CJVI several of our Unit personnel had the opportunity of broadcasting to the Old Country during the month, including one well known member in our midst who in other walks of life is "Queen of the R.A.F. Fairies."

✓ ✓ ✓

She: "You don't know the first thing about Syntax."

He: "Good God! Is there a tax on that, too!"

✓ ✓ ✓

The Eleven Ages of Man

(1) Milk. (2) Milk and bread. (3) Milk, bread, eggs and spinach. (4) Oatmeal, bread and butter, green apples and all-day suckers. (5) Ice cream soda and hot dogs. (6) Minute steak, fried potatoes, coffee, and apple pie. (7) Bouillon, roast duck, scalloped potatoes, creamed broccoli, fruit salad, divinity fudge, and demi-tasse. (8) Paté de foie gras, weiner schnitzel, potatoes Parisienne, egg plant à l'opéra, demi-tasse, and Roquefort cheese. (9) Two soft boiled eggs, toast, and milk. (10) Crackers and milk. (11) Milk.

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"What's On This Month?"

Mon., 14th—Cinema—"CABIN IN THE SKY"—Ethel Waters, Eddie Anderson, Lena Horne. Also, "Inca Gold." 1830 and 2030 hours.

Tues., 15th—UNIT DANCE, Crystal Gardens. 2100 hours-0030 hours.

Wed., 16th—Cinema—"KLONDIKE FURY"—Edmund Lowe, Lucille Fairbanks, Ralph Morgan. Also, "Railbirds" and "Buna."

Thurs., 17th—"SMILE" SHOW, Recreation Hall. 2000 hours.

Fri., 18th—Cinema—"HOLIDAY INN." 1930 hours.

Sat., 19th—Cinema—"HOLIDAY INN." 1930 hours.

Sun., 20th—Cinema—"OVER MY DEAD BODY"—Milton Berle, Mary Beth Hughes. Also, "A Day's Dream." 1830 and 2030 hours.

Mon., 21st—Cinema—"HOSTAGES"—Luise Rainer, Arturo De Cordova, William Bendix. Also, Selected Short Subjects.

Tues., 22nd—AIRMEN'S DANCE, or ELKS CONCERT PARTY.

Wed., 23rd—Cinema—"THE CITY THAT STOPPED HITLER"—Story of Heroic Stalingrad. Also, "Three Smart Saps" and "Broker's Follies."

Fri., 25th—"VERSATILES" CONCERT PARTY. Recreation Hall. 2000 hours.

Sat., 26th—Cinema—"THE FLEET'S IN." 1930 hours.

Sun., 27th—PLAY: "Accent on Youth."

Mon., 28th—Cinema—"HENRY ALDRIDGE SWINGS IT"—Jimmy Lydon, Charles Smith. Also, "Jolly Good Furlough" and "Letter from Ireland." 1830 and 2030 hours.

Tues., 29th—VICTORIA GIRLS PIPE BAND. Recreation Hall. 2000 hours.

—◆—
Watch the notice-boards for particulars of entertainments arranged for the first two weeks in March and for any changes in the above programme.

—◆—
CINEMA SHOWS BY COURTESY OF Y.M.C.A. WAR SERVICES.