

THE MOUNT HOPE

METEOR



AUGUST
SEPTEMBER
1942



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JOURNAL OF NO. 33 AIR NAVIGATION SCHOOL, R.A.F. HAMILTON, CANADA



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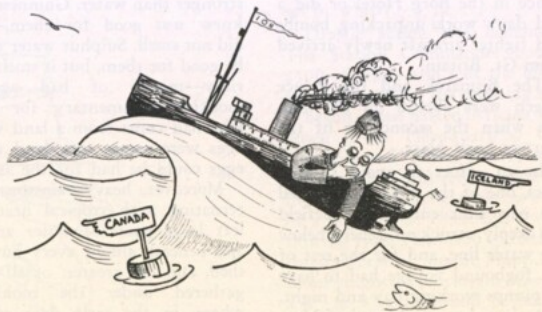


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No. 33 A.N.S. Genesis —
Its History writ in Water

Ordeal by Water

by S/ldr. G. P. Kerr



In ordinary conditions there is little heroic in the history of a new Air Navigation School in Training Command. Especially if it is located in the centre of the American Continent and about equidistant from Berlin and Tokio. Indeed, the 300 odd officers and airmen who left a western port in Scotland at the beginning of May 1941 felt that their ordeals by fire were over — at least for a time, but they little realised how great was the ordeal by water in store for them.

In the fortnight or so during which they had gathered from all Commands and from all quarters of the British Isles they had listened to bombs dropping on docks and distilleries, and had watched the Scotsman wring his hands as he watched gallons of the finest whiskey stream down the mountain side—a blazing mobile beacon for the next wave of enemy aircraft.

But that was Scotland's trouble. Once embarked on the cockleshell which in peacetime had carried trippers to Ireland of an Easter Monday, the first party of the new School began their ordeal by water in earnest.

As the ship sailed down the calm waters of the Scottish bays and inlets the new unit explored the contents of the ship's bars and canteens, and found an unexpected treasure house of cigarettes, chocolates and other luxuries which had already disappeared from most messes and canteens on land. Some of the airmen smoked themselves sick, others smoked in moderation and left the rougher waters of the

sea to bring about their discomfort. And it did. Two days out the bottom of the ship was a stinking mess, airmen longing more than they ever dreamed would be possible for the chance to be back on firm land. Ordeal by water seemed so infinitely worse than ordeal by fire, that only a few were on deck when the accompanying destroyers dashed hither and thither, dropping 6 depth charges in the space of a very few minutes. The rapid change of course and the dull thud on the ship's shell was all that most of the draft felt or knew.

But a day or two later they were thronging the sides of the ship gazing eagerly at the snowcapped glaciers of Iceland. And soon the trippers' boat dropped anchor in the calm lava brown waters of Hval Fjord, 40 miles or so west of Reykjavik, the capital of this storied island.

In Iceland the men found that straggling groups of half built nissen huts on the side of a mountain were to be their homes for six long weeks. For water they had to stumble down the steep slopes, bucket in hand, to the bubbling burn which flowed 200 ft. below. A mile away in the next valley a foaming stream of boiling water covered the countryside with a pall of hot damp mist. Some bathed, and some washed their clothes, and others wondered why the camp had been built by cold instead of hot springs. Possibly the intention was to divert the maximum number of men towards the attractions of the public swimming baths in

Reykjavik, the most magnificent I have ever seen.

Reykjavik is built on twin hills overlooking a beautiful island-locked harbour. On one of them stands the Cathedral, spires soaring to Heaven, and on the other the municipal baths. Both buildings have their devotees. The Priests of both insist on cleanliness — the one of hands and heart, and the other of hands, feet and body. In the baths a stalwart Icelandic youth stands continually in an inner chamber through which all who bathe must pass. There a cake of soap is thrust into the hands of every bather, and under the eyes of the attendant he is forced to wash, not his feet and hands only, but his body, under one of the dozens of showers arranged around the room. Thereafter he may pass through the door to the warm waters of a tank and meet women and girls who, like him, have washed and got clean. And when the bathe is over, men and girls climb the ladder to the sunny roof above and lie on specially prepared boards out of the wind and open to the sun and sky.

Thus the first draft of the new Air Navigation School spent its days in Iceland fetching water from a cold stream, washing their clothes in a hot stream, like Hindus in the Ganges, or taking their bath when they could in the great social centre of that ancient sub-arctic city.

The journey to Iceland was, we had been told, a strict military secret — everyone knew we were there except ourselves, and even

we knew it when we went to dance in the Borg Hotel or did a full day's work unpacking bombs and fighter aircraft newly arrived from Gt. Britain.

The Bismarck and the Prince Eugen were abroad on the high seas when the second leg of the journey took place.

In an effort to avoid submarines, one of the ships that carried the new unit entered an icefield too deeply, struck an iceberg below the water line, and for the rest of the fogbound voyage had to have its pumps working day and night.

At long last, at the end of May, the first section of the first echelon drove down the rough tracks from Mount Hope to the station and the still rougher paths which linked the as yet half finished buildings that were to be their homes for the next 18 months. Scarcely a month before, the contractors had begun the buildings, and in the chaos and wreckage inevitable in the early stages of any big constructional work nothing at all looked finished. Only the headquarters bungalow and one of the two-storied wooden airmen's quarters were in fact ready for partial occupation. Neither the airmen's cookhouse nor the officers' mess were available, and a makeshift airmen's mess was fixed up in the building opposite headquarters.

From that moment the ordeal by water in Canada began.

Sulphur for Breakfast

R.A.F. Mount Hope, it was quickly discovered, had been built by the side of two small sulphur wells, and sulphur, which smells clean and pleasant enough in gun or bomb, is positively odious in water. Valetudinarians at Harrogate and Bath may drink the waters of those two famous health resorts because they pay to do so, but when sulphur water is given free — at breakfast, lunch and supper — it is nauseating to any healthy stomach.

The Medical Officer tried to reassure the camp that sulphur water was good for them. Certainly it had an immediate effect on everyone—not excluding the M.O. himself. But time and again the airmen complained that if the M.O. wanted them to drink something which was good for them,

he should provide something stronger than water. Guinness they knew *was* good for them,—and did not smell. Sulphur water *might* be good for them, but it smelt horribly—mostly of bad eggs—a mocking commentary for those who had come from a land where eggs were scarce to a land where eggs could be had for the asking.

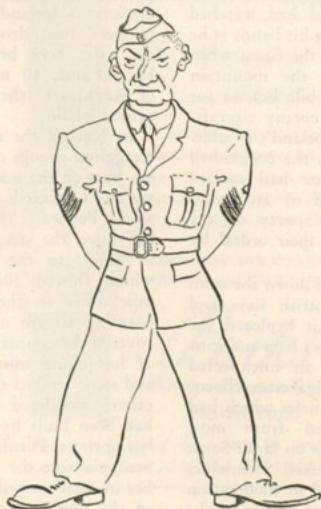
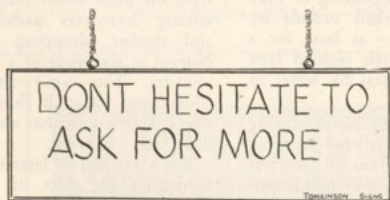
Moreover, heavy rainstorms alternating with tropical heat had left large pools of water around and beneath almost every hut and shed, and the greatest of all pools gathered under the cookhouse where, in the early days of the school. Officers, Senior N.C.Os. and Airmen all took their meals.

Fly screens had not yet been erected nor, it must be admitted, the cookhouse properly organised. And when less than a week after the first section of the first echelon had arrived, the Inspector General accompanied by the A.O.C. and their respective Staff Officers poked their noses into the cook-

house the place literally stank. And the Inspector General said so!

The taste and smell of the water were not the only troubles. The wells themselves soon proved far too small for the requirements of the growing station. Large notices "Save Water" began to appear around the camp, and, when these proved ineffective, the water was turned off at the main for a couple of hours during the morning and later for a couple of hours in the evening as well, in order to preserve some supply for the peak periods.

As June faded into July and the temperature rose and rose, the supply of water fell and fell. For hours during the day refrigerators stopped freezing and cisterns silted up. Often there was not enough even for the cookhouse to wash the mounting pile of greasy plates at the mid-day meal. And at the end of the day hot sweating bodies would stand pathetically under showers which failed to work be-





"How do I manage 'em? Easy . . . I was aircrew at Mount Hope back in '42".

cause the water had been cut off.

Action, of course, was taken to bring this unhappy state of affairs to the notice of Higher Authority. Month after month letters were written asking for a pipeline — a lifeline — from Hamilton to Mount Hope — from the waters of Lake Ontario to the washbasins of the R.A.F. Station. But Higher Authority had long ago ruled that the cost of a pipeline was prohibitive and if any more water were required new wells should be sunk — new wells — new sulphur wells!

So early in September they sank a new well. But it proved only a trickle and was quickly abandoned. The Station cried for a pipeline. Higher Authority ordered the sinking of yet a fourth shaft. The Assistant Chief Instructor, with a twig and a reputation for divination, chose a spot on the far end of the aerodrome. Higher Authority, with more expensive equipment, chose the same spot, and the local inhabitants mocked both the diviner and Higher Authority. If there was any water at all, they protested, it would be black.

And so it turned out—two more holes in the ground, and no more water.

In the irony of fate all this time, two and a half million gallons of water glistened and shone in the summer sun on the very edge of the parched camp — Two and a half million gallons of water — good for neither man nor beast — so full of coli that no one was allowed to bathe in it, much less drink it or wash in it.

Small wonder then that this mirage of water blinded Higher Authority to the grim ordeal through which the station was passing. For no one, of course, complained to Air Commodore H.R.H. the Duke of Kent when he had lunch in the then skimpily furnished officers mess in August; nor to the Minister of Defence for Air the Chief of the Air Staff when they too gave the station the once-over.

Water — \$500

The crisis came in October. Without any warning the larger of the two sulphur wells died. Lack of water had damaged the refrig-

erators in summer — now lack of water threatened to ruin the boilers in winter.

Drastic action was demanded. The Station Commander bought \$500 of water and sent the bill in to Ottawa. Then the creaking really began. Brass hatted officials flew down from Headquarters. City Councils and Town Reeves went into huddles. And after a while the local press was agog with the story of a pipeline, of clean fresh water flowing from Hamilton to feed the thirsty acres of Mount Hope. Rumour might be uncertain whether a 6" or 9" pipe would be laid. It might be hesitant when the job would be undertaken, but this month . . . next month . . . some time, work *would* start on the pipeline, and the ordeal by water would be over.

Meanwhile courses of pupils came and went, the station reached its full complement and hundreds of dollars were spent weekly carrying water in trucks from the top of the mountain to the station.

Around Chistmas-time an abortive attempt was made to use the 2½ million gallons of water beneath the ice in the pond. An expensive chlorination plant was erected, and for 5 or 6 days — fortunately at the time when more liquor than water was drunk — the tea, coffee and vegetables all acquired the curious flavour of surgical bandages which required urgent changing. Half the station was on Christmas leave at the time and only the half left endured the ordeal.

When the New Year came, the water wagons were once more on the road, but at long last contractors were digging trenches in the snow for the pipe.

In May 1942 one full year after the arrival of the first party of the first echelon, the ordeal by water approached its end. The pipe line was completed and No. 33 Air Navigation School was assured of ample water supplies. Forthwith, as if to celebrate the occasion, the station started building a swimming pool large enough to disport oneself in freely and ordered two white swans to glide on the glittering poisoned lake for ever.

G. P. K.

Attention — Dr. Goebbels

The Truth about Mount Hope



(As the R.A.F. desires nothing better than to give wide publicity to all information of value to the enemy, we have no hesitation in publishing the following interview with a Representative of the Ontario Press.)

R.O.P. Mr. Public Relations Officer (or should I call you Captain?), our readers are very anxious to know some facts about your station. Perhaps you will help me.

P.R.O. Gladly.

R.O.P. Tell me then, how many planes have you?

P.R.O. Seventy four — four aero and seventy carpenter's.

R.O.P. What types are the aeroplanes?

P.R.O. One is a 1914 Handley Page, two are Spitfires — veterans of the glorious Battle of Britain, you know. . . .

R.O.P. Ah, yes. 'Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few.'

P.R.O. Quite. The unpaid mess bills at that time. . . .

R.O.P. And the fourth, Pilot Lieutenant?

P.R.O. The fourth is very hush-hush. No details yet, even in the 'Illustrated London News.' It is a new American Flying Maginot Line. Flies three times round the world without having to refuel. Or did.

R.O.P. Did, Group Officer?

P.R.O. Yes, did. Unfortunately our maintenance people began overhauling it. Since then. . . .

R.O.P. How far has it been able to go since then?

P.R.O. Well, if the wind is right it can just get to Hagersville, but it's a bit risky.

R.O.P. And how many observers are you turning out, Squadron Commander?

P.R.O. About six busloads a night. You can see at least forty along King or James anytime after 1800 hours. Wonderful how good they are at astro — spotting the stars, you know. They make for the movies with an unerring skill that makes us very proud of their navigation.

R.O.P. Any unusual events since 1942 began, Wing Major?

P.R.O. A few minor ones. One pay parade the Accountant Officer found he had forgotten to deduct an airman's income tax and was taken to hospital with cerebro-meningitis. Another time the Equipment Officer discovered parachutes being used for sheets in the Sergeants' quarters. Two or three times an aircraft has come in through the hanger roof and once a plane knocked the Recreation Hall over during a movie show. Just little things like that.

R.O.P. Nothing very much out of

the way then?

P.R.O. Well yes. Twice to be exact. The first happened one night at the end of the second detail when one of our young P.Os. wanted to get home quickly to his bacon and eggs. He put his aircraft down right beside the Officers' Mess. Unfortunately, a big shot from Ottawa was returning (a little unsteadily perhaps) to the quarters. He got entangled in the cracked-up undercart. When they got him out, his language was frightful.

R.O.P. What did he say, Patrol Leader?

P.R.O. I'm afraid your readers. . . .

R.O.P. Oh, tell me anyhow, Scoutmaster.

P.R.O. Well, he said, 'Look here, you cads, do you know what you have done? You have made my trousers U/S.'

R.O.P. U/S? What does that mean?

P.R.O. Unscroungeable. No longer worth swiping.

R.O.P. I see. A tough spot. What was the other serious mishap?

P.R.O. That was shattering. The S/Ldr. Admin. had ordered a special steak for dinner. The cook had just got it in the pan when the fire-picquet was called out for a practice just by the Officers' Mess kitchen. In less than 20 seconds they had a powerful jet of water playing straight on the stoves. Clouds of steam poured into the dining room, the lights fused, and then someone lit a match starting a real fire. The P.M.C. rushed in to take control and got washed away in the tide, Nursing Sister Chisholm tore up her veil for bandages, and the S.M.O. said 'Yes — just like Manston.' The whole place was burnt to a cinder — and so unfortunately was the S/Ldr Admin.'s steak. That tore it. Never in the history of the Air Force were so many put on so serious a charge so fast.

R.O.P. Well, I'll say! One last question, Pilot Air Marshal. Is your station typical of all R.A.F. stations?

P.R.O. It is not the British tradition to boast, you know, but we like to think we are definitely above the average.

The Story of a Polish Officer

Stationed at Mount Hope

It is always difficult to tell a story about oneself and not appear too boasting or too modest, and I ask you humbly to forget that it is about myself that I am speaking, and imagine that it is only a simple Pole who tells a tale about his fellows in arms.

I will start my story from the moment when I crossed the Rumanian frontier. At that time our airfield was threatened and in our aircraft we had only a few gallons of gasoline and so the order was given for us to make our way to Rumania. It was a very dark night when we landed at the Rumanian aerodrome and this same dark night was to separate us for a very long time from our country. For two days we were treated as sailors rescued from a sinking ship, but on the third day we were informed that we must hand over all planes and equipment, and we ourselves must go to an internment camp.

The members of my squadron and some other Polish refugees travelled in a cold, dark, dirty freight car prepared especially for us. The train stopped only at night and far away from any town or village. We had no food, no water, only straw on which to sleep. This went on for five days, and we all swore never to give in to despair but to try and escape and go on with the fight. We had no passports or money, we were without country, government, or protection, but through a way of our own we already knew of the Polish army being organised in France. We knew that the fight would go on against Germany and because of that no internment camp could prevent us from escaping.

In the camp we were divided into small groups, close watch was kept over us by soldiers, and we were given constant orders and instructions. Now started the long days of boredom and waiting for the chance to escape. We tried to appear as though we were tired of everything, but already we were



becoming organised. Through the barbed-wire around our camp came the first passports and civilian clothes, money and instructions. Each morning at roll-call someone was gone and the Rumanian officer threatened that if anyone else escaped he would put us all in prison. We listened with laughter in our hearts and wondered what he would say when it came to our turn to escape.

I remember well the night when it came to my turn. I had a marshy field to cross and the water soaked into my civilian shoes. We had just one hour in which to catch the train. At the station which we approached cautiously were plenty of soldiers and policemen, all well armed. We had no tickets, our passports were only a sheet of paper with no visa, and none of us spoke Rumanian. The train arrived and we had to act quickly. The train stopped just five minutes. My friend speaks Russian well, so he approached the con-

ductor. "Yes," said that official "I speak Russian. What do you want?" We told him and asked if we could travel without tickets. "How many are there of you?" "Five". "One thousand teis". We paid the money and as the train started the last of us got aboard.

Next day about noon we approached the shore of the Black Sea, but to cross the Rumanian frontier was the difficult part. In the town where we hoped to find a ship for France, a policeman found us, took our doubtful passports, and ordered us to report each day to the police station.

One day when I was in the town I met an elderly gentleman. He spoke to me in French. I answered cautiously, for I was afraid he was working for Germany like many others. "Yes, I am a Pole and I am looking for work." He asked my profession. "Driver". I was sure that my civilian clothes and unshaven face would convince him. "Peculiar driver," he replied,

"your French is too good." I made some explanation and we said good-bye. Next day we met again. "Salut" chauffeur! Sannate". I answered in Rumanian. He asked if I would like to go to France. I tried to appear reluctant. He told me there would be a ship the next day. I had no answer. We were without money and starving and he tempted me with a lovely vision. Under my arm I had a little book of French poetry which he asked to see. He laughed. "You are a funny chauffeur. You speak French well and you read French classics". I knew then he knew who I was and was offering me a passage to France. I told him of my friends. "All right, you can all go — five Polish drivers."

Next day we boarded the ship, escorted by the police as though we were undesirables. The man who had befriended us was the Mayor of the Town — and he hated Germany.

The treatment of Polish refugees by the Rumanian Government clearly showed that the country was completely dominated by the Germans. It was filled with fifth columnists and 'tourists'. Occasionally one met men like our talkative friend but they were the exception. And soon the Government came out into the open about its friendship with Germany. Polish refugees who had not escaped by then had to go to German camps or work for the Nazis. But we were on a ship sailing for France.

The ship was small and crowded with refugees. We had to sleep in corridors, decks, and toilets. The ship resembled an ant-hill. There was neither comfort nor hygiene. We were five days out and nearing Malta before I had a chance to shave. This was nothing, however, compared with the fact that we were again free and with people who were going to fight for Freedom. At Malta some of us boarded another ship, where conditions were a little better, and on the first of December we arrived at Marseilles.

We Polish people have always a special affection for France. The ties of culture, history, and very often family, give us this special love of France. But after the first

day we realised that the French had not the same affection for us. They showed no inclination to fight, one of my French friends saying to me "France is too beautiful to want to die for her." This defeatist attitude of the people made us apprehensive, but at the same time our lack of organisation put us in a position where we were dependent upon France for arms and equipment. In this atmosphere we had to wait all winter and it was spring before the first Polish troops got an opportunity to fight. Shortly afterwards the great German attack started and the retreat of the French army began.

At that time I was stationed at a little aerodrome in the centre of France. Roads packed with civilian autos, carts piled high with possessions, birds in cages, and refugees, were the first heralds of the disaster. They told of the horrors of German planes bombing and machine-gunning them as they escaped. We listened, but God will forgive us our lack of sympathy. It was so short a time since we told them the same story and they had only laughed. So much of it too was their own fault. They thought only of escape and nothing of fighting. We decided to organise our own defence. We barricaded the roads, dynamited the bridges, and placed sentinels and observation posts. We were willing to fight to the last man. The thing that we were concerned about, however, was the civilian population. One day the Mayor of a nearby town arrived and asked us not to fight, as he was afraid the Germans would destroy his historic town. He threatened to use the civilian population against us if we insisted. I could not understand why he would fight against us and not against the Germans. This angered us so, that we were prepared to fight them. They pointed out that we as Poles had nothing to lose and France was so beautiful. I thought of the old churches of Warsaw blasted to the ground. I thought of the King's palace which for centuries had dominated Warsaw and was now in ruins. I thought of all my country, where we had been brought up to believe that to live for our country was beautiful, and to die for her more beautiful still.

Of course, there were some Frenchmen in whom the spirit of Verdun was still alive and who were prepared to fight against the invaders and against the traitors to their country. Happily, there are still many today.

After Marshal Petain's capitulation, Prime Minister Churchill and General Sikorski called us over the radio to come to England. The roads to the ports were long and dangerous. The German hordes overran France. I remember the dawn when we arrived at a small seaside town south of Biarritz. The ship which we were to board was lying off the harbour, but because a gale was blowing the small rowing boats could not put off. There were about a thousand of us, Polish, British and French, and we heard that the German mechanized columns were at Bayonne, about 40 km. away. Between them and us there were some Polish soldiers who were willing to fight to give us time to embark. These soldiers were approached by a French general, who told them there was now an armistice. "For you," they answered, "but not for us." When we left the Port we were machine-gunned from the air by Heinkels and attacked from the sea by U-boats. Still, it was with many regrets that we saw the last of the French shore. I am not ashamed to admit that I love France yet, and at that moment I cried that the little Frenchmen should lose their big country.

Through the streets of Liverpool we marched with our rifles. We arrived, not as refugees, but as an organised army.

The road from our country to the last battle for Freedom is long and winding. Our experiences are every day increased, but the foundation on which all these experiences have been based is our fight for Justice, final victory and return to our Motherland. It is nothing that I am separated from her by days, months and maybe years of fight and trouble, for we hold our country within our hearts and minds. She is always with us. And we shall be more than recompensed when Victory is achieved and the faith we hold in our hearts be given back again to the land of Poland.

Emerald's Farewell Party

By LAC W. Mead

Way up in the back country behind Hamilton over miles of leafy wood and wasteland — much of which is still virgin scrub — we went to Emerald's farewell party. We knew it was Emerald's farewell party half an hour after we had penetrated into the high-perched village hall of Hiram's Mill. For a full half hour we had endured the critical eye and frigid stare of the circle of the village populace which sat solidly around the whitewashed walls beneath patriotic and scriptural emblems. Sensing a certain resentment at our presence, we made enquiries at the door from a Slavic-faced gentleman.

"Do we pay here?"

"No", he replied, "but sign your names on the list".

"This is the square dance party, isn't it?" We ventured.

"Well, yes and no. You see, this is Emerald's farewell party. She's just about to get married". We shifted a little uneasily from foot to foot.

"It's all right our staying, is it?" we interposed.

"Oh yes", answered the same gentleman, in a way which might have meant "Oh, no".

We looked at each other. We had travelled forty miles to do a square dance and no matter how broad the hints which were being dropped we were determined to fulfil our object. So I took the pen from the chubby hand of a villager who had just inscribed a pot-hook signature on the list and added our names to those of the guests who had been to Emerald's farewell party. Poor Emerald! She would find all sorts of strange visitors had claimed her acquaintance for the square dance held in her honour. You see, it all began when we mistook a private party for a public dance.

However, we threw ourselves into a two-step and tried our best to forget any sour looks cast in our direction and acid tongues

which might murmur audibly at our intrusion. The two-step was almost a success. We endeavoured to start conversation with an adjacent couple; but without result. The band proceeded to a rye waltz.

There were two players — an elderly and rotund female in a sage-coloured dress, whose repertory was as boundless as her expression was limited, and a comfortable middle-aged fiddler, whose instrument had known better days. The musicians occupied an elevated stage at the end of the hall. Behind them hung a much faded backcloth upon which it was still possible to discern the lineaments of a Rocky Mountain scene. Jostling in a crowd beside them were



"My boy friend at Mount Hope is only an LAC but Wing Commander Voyce has promised him his Court Marshal".

two tables of card players — hoary gentlemen who sat with stoic fortitude, casting deliberately their cards and mentally detached from the rest of the scene.

The band became a trio and, within a short while, we knew that a square dance was to follow. It was with some trepidity that we ventured into the arena where the lions of the party and the experts in the rustic art of set dancing were assembling in their groups. We attached ourselves rather parasitically to a cluster of three seasoned couples. . . . The music started: the dance began . . . We tried to look intelligent and to undertake the varied motions which followed with as much savoir faire as possible; but complications rapidly ensued as the dance became livelier, the master of ceremonies more arbitrary and the interweavings of the movements more complex. As long as I danced with Pat, there was a certain reassurance; but as soon as it fell to my lot to escort my neighbour's partner the situation became critical. It was the more difficult in that this good lady in an ocean green dress who clung to me like a cold sea fish was singularly uncommunicative and almost hostile in her suspicion of my capabilities. . . . More weaving and interweaving, interchanging and negotiating, toe-treading and apologies. Through a hot and dusty atmosphere, we see the antics of the conductor, we hear the frenzied scrapings of the rustic Paganini, the vibrations of the robust pianist. Concentration prevents us from looking at them. We have forgotten Emerald. We are in the square dance and there is no getting out. There is a din which confuses the brain and then the nasal incantations of the local witch doctor break through the cacophony: —

"Oompah, oompah! cltrlic clat -
Take y'r p'rt'n'r by the hand -
Oompah, oompah, cltrlic clat.
'N swing her roun' — a'
Oompah, oompah, cltrlic clat!
'N by the right, 'n in an' out
'A cltrlic clat —

An ellermens' left — a'
(crescendo)

Oompah, oom — (fortissimo)
'N by the hand, 'n corners four,

'N turn aroun' 'n leave the
floor, -
Oompah, oomp: oompah, oomp!
etc. (or words to that effect).

Five vigorous dances elapse before we excuse our hot and untidy selves from the romp. Undisciplined it is possible to escape only if you are expert in the art of conserving energy. Only the grandparently couples prance around with adolescent agility, ending cool of palm and brow, whereas we droop and wilt as in a Turkish bath.

But Emerald, what of Emerald? She persists as an anonymity. Emerald's farewell party! What more fitting epitaph upon her

farewell to maidenhood could we find than a parody upon the immortal lyric —

"Who was Emerald? What was she?

That all our swains adore her?
Holy fair and bright was she?
The heavens such graces lent her?"

The thought came to me as we struck the great golden snake of light which is the nocturnal Queen Elizabeth Way and the hot blanket of air descended upon an almost complaining earth, Emerald would be enquiring with equal amusement, who were these uninvited guests whose undecipherable signature marred her list of guests?



No lady! I'm no blanket-blank taxi-driver."

A Padre's Job

It is not always easy in this pleasant land of Canada, with no bombs falling and plenty of food and lights and entertainment, to realise that we are living through the greatest crisis of civilisation since the end of the Middle Ages, and perhaps since the fall of Rome. Yet it's true. The world is never going to look the same as it did before the war. The colours on the map will have changed a lot. Some of the old landmarks will have gone and in many places there will have to be a rebuilding from the ground up, not merely of bombed cities and broken homes, but of the ideas and ideals, the guiding standards and objectives, of civilisation.

It is difficult to deny that at the start of the war we were most of us not prepared for such a crisis. We failed to understand at all fully the vast forces at work seeking to undermine the things that were the very stuff and fabric of our lives. We had a vague feeling of disquiet in pre-war days, but we tried to jog along peacefully and we hoped that somehow things would come out for the best. The fact was that many of us hadn't much idea of where we were going or what the job was that our nation had to do. We lacked, as *Picture Post* said in a recent issue from England, a sense of mission.

And now amid the stress and suffering of war we are beginning to find again as a nation that sense of a job to do and a purpose to fulfil. But the process of adjustment isn't easy and the task of carrying out that job isn't easy either. Life in the Service, for instance, brings its problems. Separation from home and family raises difficulties, cases occur inevitably in a Service that has expanded so rapidly where square pegs are found in round roles, Service discipline doesn't always come naturally to those used to civilian life. Deeper issues arise too, as men find themselves in wartime asking the biggest questions of all, whether life has any meaning, whether a good God really controls this universe, whether there is any objective that is worth living and working for, and if so what it is.

The essential job of a padre, it seems to me, lies in this sphere. A padre should be one who is trying to help the men on his station to find their feet and see their way in this complicated world. He should be the friend of every section, interested in its personnel not just officially but personally, not forcing his way into men's confidences unwanted yet



accessible to all, ready to share their happinesses and ready too to give a sympathetic hearing and practical help when things go wrong. He should be lifting men's vision to wider horizons, helping them to see that, though the course of their life may look as shapeless as a piece of a jig-saw puzzle, yet it has its place in the complete picture; setting before them the hope and aim of a post-war world worth striving for, a world where peace is not just the chance to grow slack but the opportunity to build on better foundations.

Above all, he should be a faithful minister of the Good News of God made known to men in Christ and all that has resulted from His coming. Here (he has begun to learn in his own experience) is light for men to walk by when confronted by the dark riddles of life. Here is strength and courage for the tasks of every day. Here is a faith that gives meaning and purpose to the life of each nation and each individual, a faith compared with which the narrow fanaticism of Nazi or Japanese nationalism seems crude and cheap. Without being that distressing religious type who pours out unctuous sentimentalities on every occasion, he should be one who in a human and natural way is sharing that experience with others, as opportunity offers.

None of your padres, whether whole- or part-time, would claim for a minute that he had come anywhere near that standard. But quite sincerely we can say that we want to. We want to be of service in any direction we can. And you can help by your cooperation and support.

C. K. Sansbury F/Lt.

G. I. S.

It is difficult to decide how best to utilise this column, so kindly placed at the disposal of G.I.S., especially as this, our first number, should be rather special. A mere list of useful "Hints to Navigators" might not go down well, nor would a series of "Don'ts for Staff Pilots", though the latter might be of more benefit to us. A short story with an observer as hero would be novel, but lightly beyond my scope, whilst a collection of howlers is out of the question—we get so few. On the other hand, excerpts from A.P. 1234, with apologies to Lewis Carroll, would be authentic but too easy a way out, though some pukka gen would probably be appreciated on the probable lengths of courses, the questions in forthcoming exams or Met forecasts for future long week-ends. Unfortunately such information is not available.

To solve this problem I went on a tour of this university, with pencil and an old flying detail (economy) in hand, but this was not of much use. Knocking at various faculty doors I was greeted with—"he's just gone along the corridor",—"You'll find him in the Adjutant's Office",—"he's lecturing now",—"What! is the magazine really coming out",—"so the've "nailed" you for it have they?",—"etc. Some I found poring with open pores over terrifying plots, others "binding" over the unexpected appearance, not of some new glamour girl, but of some genuine Maps "gen" in "Life". Others were in impromptu conference, discussing golf theories, shooting a line on the scale variation of fish lengths or moaning about life in general. Through open doors I saw chalk artists at work; one in fact, for whom the top of the blackboard, above 60° N, was terra incognita. Faces fell when I stated my business. Many, I'm sure, will rotate in azimuth through 180 degrees when next they see me. I'd make a lousy reporter. But wherever I went I found industry.

That's the point, you see. Industry. Work is our object, so work it is. We dish it out (line) as long as the pupils can take it.

Every classroom is filled with men from all walks of life and from all parts of the globe — from Scotland Yard detectives to professional golfers, from New Zealand to Holland — who for four or more crowded months practically live in this building. They work extremely hard at subjects which in many cases are entirely new to them, learning the theory on the ground and practising it in the air in "Giant Anson Bombers", relaxing only for occasional afternoons of swimming and games and for week-ends made happy by generous and hospitable friends in and around Hamilton. They seek no reward but that at the end of the course they should pass out as Air Navigators or Air Bombers, wear the brevet and perhaps get some leave prior to having a crack at Jerry.

In my tour I found two serious men, whose theme, appropriately enough was Co-operation, with a capital C. "Air Bombers", said F/Sgt. Demijon, "are now an established and very important part of bomber crews and therefore of Mount Hope's object

STATION

FLYING SQUADRON

When you come to think about so very uncomposite a conglomeration as that to be found up at the hangars it strikes you with an awful force that making any real commentary on their affairs is well nigh impossible.

The maintenance sections could be dwelt upon at great length—their amazing percentage of marriages, due no doubt to their working peculiar hours and thus wasting many a half day when living in camp—the small gangs to be seen looking with quiet bewilderment at Ansons in various stages of undress—both they and the aircraft—and the wireless maintenance lurking so quiet and peaceable near that haven of rest—the ace room.

You could comment for hours on pilots' moustaches and the regrettable disappearance of really large ones, the control tower as a retreat from the busy storm of every day happenings. The amazing collection of murals in the parachute section would be an unending source of inspiration to any artist and those strangers, the wireless operators, whose appearances are as rare and mysterious as their actual tasks might well be asked on paper if they ever said more than "My sprog spewed on me".

Should we mention the delightful old world courtesy of the tractor armies who ply from one end of the runway to the other, and count the day wasted if they haven't at least one blooded by sundown?

Perhaps mention of the handling parties might not be amiss, those wondrous beings who push and pull aircraft at all hours of the day and night — going no one knows where—coming no man knows whence.

All this would take so long that the editors—already fuming and groaning about late copy—might ignore us altogether. That would not be a good show at all.

Thus with a brief word on what we cannot write about fully and hinting only that we have vast and unexplored territories of personality up here.

We are sirs Yours

Hangars. Inc.

(G. I. S. Continued)

in life. Wrinkles are rapidly being ironed out and the applecart already re-loaded.

"Now that the A.B.'s are here" said F/O. MacMae West "there are admirable opportunities for crews to get together and discuss points on the ground, to work together as a team in the air, to become familiar with Scotch, Welsh and Irish on the Intercomm: thus obviating the necessity for aerial interpreters, and to discover that "narkiness", or being off speaking terms with one's crew, just won't work. (An A. N. pupil, previously tackled on this point said, "I think it's a frightfully sort of good thing, actually, I mean to meet the types who'll make up our crews, sort of thing, and kind of, well, get cracking, don't you know").

News & Notes

No. 10 E.F.T.S.

We are rather complimented on this Station on being asked to write a line for the first issue of the *Meteor*. It seems opportune that we should be allowed to do this, as you all know we are moving towards the end of the month.

For those who have come to No. 33 in recent months, No. 10 E.F.T.S. came into being on October 14, 1940—our advance guards being our genial Civilian Manager, Gerry Moes, and his faithful secretary-treasurer, George "Pinnocchio" Sanders, of the Hamilton Flying Training School (both of whom are still with us). That seems a long time ago, and since that time the Station has advanced by leaps and bounds.

Various stories are told about our beginnings. One is that in the early days it was nothing at all to see the staff eating a sandwich among the carpenters still erecting the buildings. We have built up a very lucky record since those early days on this Station—there has never been a fatal accident (touchwood), although there have been some unpleasantly close shaves, including cases of apoplexy among Anson pilots going round again, and duty pilots of the "kindergarten" trying to get the flare path changed at night.

Since coming here we have made a host of friends at No. 33, and the various branches that we have had to work with have been very willing and co-operative. We hope the opportunity will present itself before we leave to thank these various people personally and extend a hearty welcome to them any time they are in or near Pendleton.

We will miss the busy hum of your Ansons, the quiet restfulness of your hospital, the gaiety of your parties, the noisy tractors going in ever increasing circles to and fro past the Administration Building. You no doubt will miss the friendly visits of our Station mascot, the pleasant drone of our Tiger Moths over your quarters of an early evening, the chances to become presidents of Courts of Enquiry, Courts Martial, and so on. All in all we say most sincerely to you of 33 A.N.S.

"Happy to meet—sorry to part."

(G. I. S. Continued)

In conclusion, there are many new faces, welcome additions to the G.I.S. Staff, most of whom come from Charlottetown. If comparisons are odious we hope Mount Hope is not too bad. In fact, we wish them a pleasant sojourn here.

"We've not been here very long yet, but you can say we think the food's dashed good' was all they could think of.

Congratulations also to those recently admitted to the "S/Ldr ander buv Club" We P/O.'s feel rather small now—but exclusive.

Last but not least, best wishes to the "Meteor"—May it flourish.

STATION HEADQUARTERS

"In which branch of the service are you?" We are often asked. "I'm not in a branch, I'm on a twig", one of our wags was overheard remarking one evening. That probably explains the position of most Headquarters men. Station Headquarters is full of the "Etceteras" of society (as Paul Robeson has described them)—not the instructors, not the pupils, not even the mechanics. ("What else can there be?" query our mutual friends—the townsfolk—half-impatiently). We comprise the Accounts, Stores, Signals and Orderly Room Sections. Partly, we are the Deus ex-machina. Most certainly we are the mills which grind. But what we grind, we may not say. Rest assured that we weave more than the artful tailors in Anderson's story of the Emperor's New Clothes.

And speaking of tailors reminds us of the pant pressing business formerly carried on with such fervour in D4. Has it gone into voluntary liquidation? Rumour suggests that two prominent members of its Board of Directors have been smitten with Cupid's darts. It is not surprising that we hear of a senior "Storbasher" who hasn't left the camp since the New Year. His protective armour against the pernicious little sprite must be even more defensible than that of Achilles . . . Now that D4 has lost its pant pressing institution, the "Waky-Waky" Service in CI operates as a monopoly.

Arts and Crafts keep some of our folks busy after duty. We are interested in the perspex brooches which are executed so cleverly. Some are even more interested where their designer procured that phenomenal wave! Until the dog-days descended upon us, French occupied the waking thoughts of certain members in the Central Registry. We tremble at the possible complications which might ensue if verbs were conjugated in Quebec as they are conjugated in class by certain members. "The bottomless pit" of despair was, however, not reached . . . Could it be that its depths were plumbed by a member of Accounts, for whom it was reported a plain van called the other day? Sounds were heard from behind fast closed doors — "Bills, 530's, Wiper Towels . . ." as the van was swallowed up in a cloud of the Good Earth of Mount Hope. Yet he turned up again tranquilly enough at breakfast the next morning. Wonderful recuperative powers in these mills which grind!

Ode to 47 Course

(or any other course for that matter before the final results are known.)

Ours is the course, that knows no gen.

We're leaving for home but the Lord knows when.

We're going on leave, to see New York.

We may thumb a lift, but we'll probably walk.

We may be all Sergeants, we may be P.Os.—

The C. O. won't tell us and no one else knows.

We may be Air Navi's or old-fashioned Obs.

We may get paid dollars, we may get paid bobs.

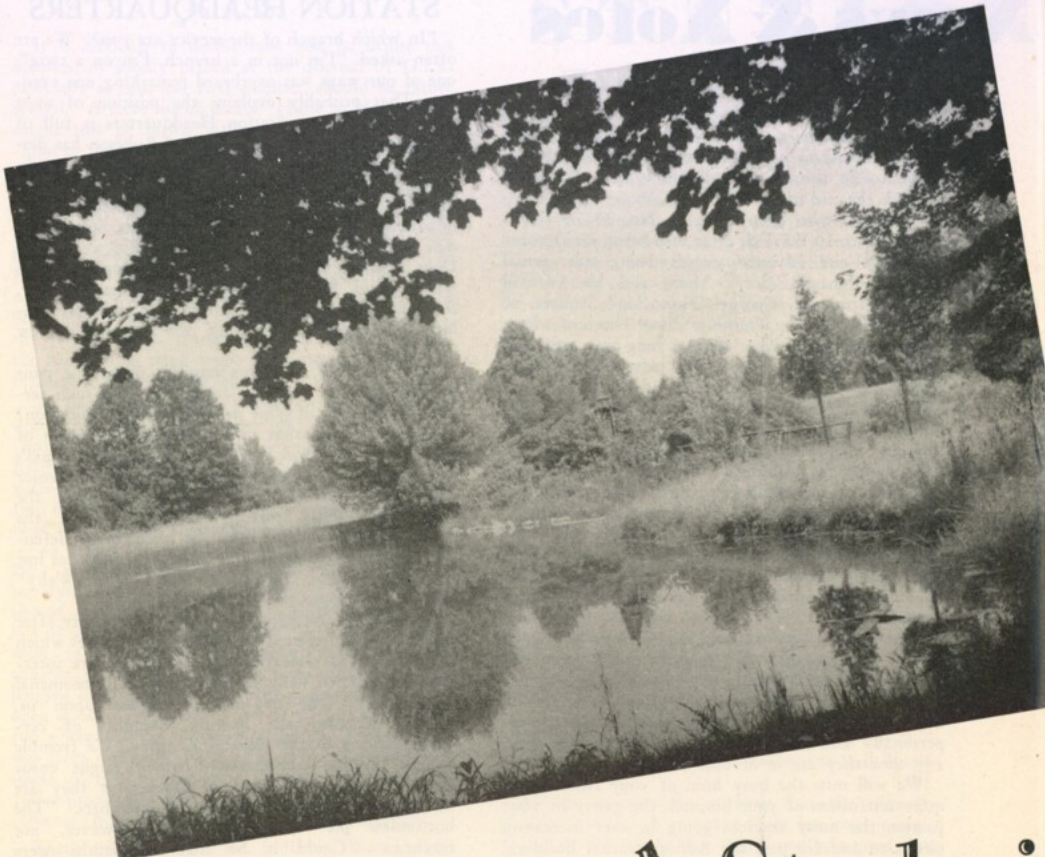
We're bored with this wondering, with waiting we ppeeve.

For Heaven's sake tell us we're going on leave,

LAC Murgatroyd

STATION HEADQUARTERS
The main office of the station is located at 1000
Broadway, New York, N. Y. 10018. For more information,
contact the station at (212) 512-1000.

STATION HEADQUARTERS



A Study in

Photographs by

CANADA

Comparisons are not odious when they involve such scenic gems as these.

On this page are two typically Canadian views which illustrate the majestic distances and untamed beauty of Canada's northland.

The photos were taken at Lake Couchiching, Ont.





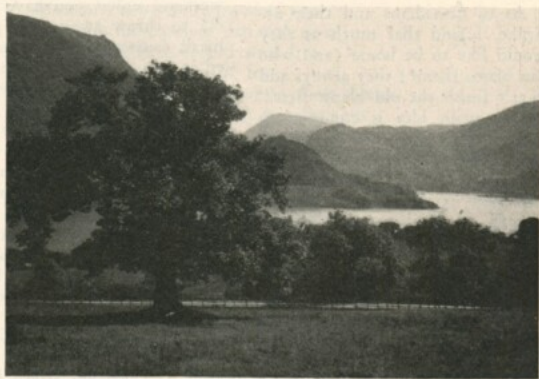
n Scenery

Cpl. Thackray

GREAT BRITAIN

Here we have examples of the quiet loveliness of historic Brig-o-Doon, one of Scotland's most famous beauty spots . . . and, at right, of Ullswater in the English lake district.

Apart from a certain nostalgic loyalty to one's homeland, we must confess that the scenic honours seem about even.



A LETTER FROM NORMAN MILLINGTON

(formerly Supervisor of Y.M.C.A.
War Services at this station).

July 7th 1942

Here I am in England and apart from feeling homesick and missing my wife more than I can say I am enjoying it very much. I arrived at a very good time of the year, as far as weather is concerned. So far there has been little or no rain. The flowers and trees are all in bloom, the crops are looking good, and everything is very nice.

I was fortunate enough to be stationed with the R.H.L.I. of Hamilton and the tea car that I operate was donated by the Bowling Leagues of Hamilton. So I am still part and parcel of the city.

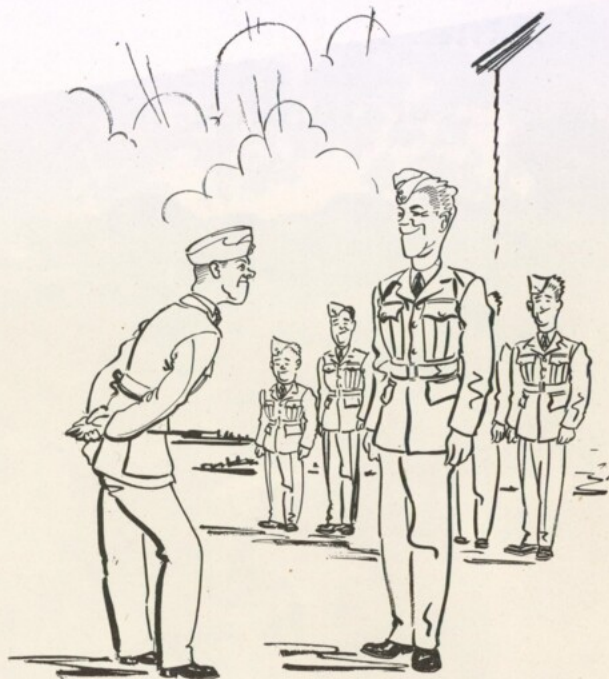
England has impressed me very much. Naturally I haven't had time to see much of it or meet many of the people, but what little I have seen and what few people I have met certainly tell a story that one feels far more than words or pen can express. On the surface everything is normal, but when one breaks the thin crust, then the real character and high resolve to see it through hits you like the sickening feeling in the pit of your stomach when you are kicked on the shin.

Naturally there are always those mixtures who are content to 'let George do it', but after all Hitler will have a fair share of this type too.

As to Canadians and their attitude, I find that much as they would like to be home (and who can blame them?) they always add "Let's finish the old blank first."

One main idea is common to both English and Canadians, and that is that this war must be won and a lasting Peace arranged; also that now is the time to plan it instead of waiting to the last minute.

You know that food is rationed, although there is no apparent lack of the solid necessities of life. All civilian cars, except those absolutely necessary, will be off the roads within a day or two. No meals are served on trains now and



"Pardon me sir! Can I be excused parade today? I'd like to draw a cartoon for the Meteor."

peaches are selling for 4/6 in Brighton (the kind you eat, I mean). The Home Guard is very active on Sundays and London is a good place to stay away from on a weekend unless you have at least £5 to throw away. The price of meals (austerity ones) is established at 5/—, and so far I have had onions, raw green ones, whenever I wished.

In case I haven't already said so, we had a lovely crossing. It took eight days and I was on hand for every meal, believe it or not!

Greetings to the boys at the station and if there are any jobs I can do for them over here just let me know and I will be very glad to be of service. Norm.

Address letters to:—Capt. N. A. Millington, Y.M.C.A. Supervisor, 17 Cockspur Street, London, England—Editor.

THE SICKBAY HOTEL, MOUNT HOPE

under Irish management

Close to business and amusement centres. Sergeants pass daily. Excellent cuisine. Efficient service by well-groomed attendants. Home atmosphere provided by lady member of staff. Padre calls three times a week. Restful atmosphere guaranteed. Why not spend a quiet vacation with us next time your squadron is on parade?

Our motto:

Don't cross our Bridges (F/Lt or LAC) until you come to them—on your way out on being discharged.

... and so they give us a number

I expect you've noticed that wherever an airman, figuratively speaking, slings his hammock, there is always much speculation among his neighbours as to whether he (i) Is noisy, (ii) Is quiet, (iii) Has money.

Now in my particular room, which is also the residence of 19 others caught in the draft, it is difficult to answer any of these questions satisfactorily. Certainly no one has any money, and vocal power varies considerably, depending on whether our Corporal is present or not. On the other hand, it is considered by those who are supposed to know that we have plenty of "Esprit de Corps", especially on Thursday evenings when we remuster temporarily to sanitary engineers, and endeavour to achieve the borderline in barrack room cleanliness in the least possible time, and with the minimum effort.

However, if the majority have this Esprit de Corps, it is generally agreed that Albert has not. Some have gone so far as to cast aspersions on his up bringing, but it would be unseemly for me to dwell on that. I should explain, though, that just as one finds the inevitable village idiot in a village, one also finds a "Binder" in a barrack room. In our case, Albert fulfils the role. In case you may suspect that I too am not entirely free from this disease, I must explain that my remarks are prompted by the recently instituted "nightly debates" in our room.

They all start after "Light Out". Except for a few minor skirmishes with the barrack room furniture, everything is quiet until then. In fact I have great hopes of getting enough sleep to enable me to have breakfast next morning. This is before Albert falls over the chair (though it is really two chairs joined together to make a sofa by an admiring student of Heath Robinson).

After the laughter has subsided, and all searching remarks about Albert and chairs have been properly bandied back and forth, it is found that he still nurses a grudge against it. To me, it seems that he regards it as a symbol of something which he has hated for a long, long time. It gradually dawns upon me that Albert is "Brassed".

Soon, the object of his invective is by no means confined to the chair, and everything in his bed-space comes in for its share of abuse. This time, it seems, Albert is not brownd off with Discipline, Fire Picquet or over-zealous N.C.Os. From idle interest, I begin to listen carefully to what he is saying:

"Yer can't get away from it, there's nothing in this place wot's been built prop'ly. Take that door fr'instance — it don't fit the doorway, and the 'andle don't turn except from the other side which yer can't get at. Nah if this wus in England, they

dasn't make such a contraption on an R.A.F. Station. Why? 'Cause things is made ter last there for years. This blooming place'll fall down before long.

"Look at the way they opened this camp — with no proper water supply; and look at it now after over a year — still with the water smelling queer. Look at the weather we've had . . ."

He is interrupted by Jock, who has been quiet so far during this touching monologue.

"Aye, the laddie's right yek. There's no doot aboot it but that Canada whull only spend money if there's a profit ta be made. When it comes ta building us a road or a few miles o' piping, there's no enough profit in it."

"Get away," drools Clarence (who incidentally belies his name by a small matter of six feet three inches), "tha doesn't know what th'art talking about. Oo-ever heard of Mount Hope anyway, besides us?"

Jock and Albert consider this knotty problem in silence, then:

"The blokes wot keeps our Post Office Box in Hamilton", tentatively suggests Albert.

"That's reet," admits Clarence, "but if they've 'andled owt

Peace

When we had you, we little knew
How much we really owed to you.
We took the freedom that you give
All for granted — and we'd live
In blissful ignorance of foes
Whose envious eyes looked on these shores.
We took the blessing that you brought
And never really gave a thought
To what would happen, if we should lose
The peace that we'd learned to abuse,
And when the sounds of war were heard
We found that we were not prepared.
We then tried to appease the brute
Whose only law was kill and loot.
But when at last this war we win
We must remember to begin,
To work and find the peace that's wanted
And not just take it all for granted.

Robert S. Taylor

with my name on it, then I'd like to know where it went!"

Further elaboration is cut short by Joe, one of those pseudo-Oxonians:

"Echuelleh chaps, I must say that I, too, have not had a letter which I have been expecting for some time. Confidentially, Clarence, old boy, I find myself rather financially embarrassed as a result. I wonder if you have any Spare Dollahs by any chance?"

"AS I WAS SAYIN'," continues Clarence doggedly, with his eyes pointing approximately 180 degrees from those of Joe, "tha must admit that we haven't 'ad enough publicity at this station, unless tha counts the time when Albert tried to get a free ride in the Mount Hope bus, and then we got too much. That were a proper do, that were!"

'Yus," acknowledges Albert proudly, "I didn't arf make em sit up . . . But they don't appreciate a bloke over 'ere. Look wot 'appened — a Canajun S.P. pulled me orf and took me back in a station-wagon. I got 14 days for that I did. Gimme England where yer gets Justice!"

"Justice!" scoffs Jock, "ye don't know the meaning of the world. There s no sich thing in England. Noo in Scotland . . . Aye, that's the place ta find justice. Every mon is his own master, and that's why we've more ineetiative in a fight."

"Look who's binding now!" expostulates Clarence. "If tha wants to meet a real man, tha's not got to go beyond Lancasheer. And what's more, *they* don't roam the streets looking for lost coins".

Albert thinks all this is getting away from the main issue, so he calls the attention of the House to himself by banging lustily on the wooden partition separating him from his neighbour, Ginger.

Ginger is also a first-rate Moaner, and so, after the initial howl of indignation has deflated his lungs, he settles down to a long, straight gallop of mumbling protest. This is finally curbed by Jock, who, unwilling to waste anything, least of all an opportunity, puts his boot to timely use after calculating the power necessary to pro-

ject it over three bed-spaces. Ginger suffers a near miss and finds himself lying under a mess of dirty socks, ink, chewing gum and sundry interesting magazines which have tumbled down from the cupboard above. By the time he has sorted them back again, even Ginger is tired.

I am feeling that way too. So I try to tear Albert's interest away from a revealing statement he is giving to Clarence concerning the merits and demerits of England and Canada.

"Are you going on week-end pass this week?" I ask him.

"Yus," he replies with hardly a pause.

But I stick to my guns —

"Where are you going, Albert?"

"Oo, me? Oh . . . Toronto!" His face suddenly lights up.

"I got a nice little bit o' fluff there!" he volunteers.

And from the way he says it, I come to the conclusion that there isn't much wrong with Canada after all. L. H.



Introducing a distinctive tailoring service for officers of
THE ROYAL AIR FORCE

Finest Materials • Smartly Styled
and Reasonably Priced

Roving Reporter

Dear AC 2s, AC 1s, LACs, and what the airmen call the others. Here's my first contribution to the station mag., and as your raving, sorry roving reporter I feel sure it is going to blossom forth and become as popular as Esquire or Picture Post. That, of course, will depend on you and the help you give. As you have already thrown discretion to the winds and bought this copy out of your hard-earned back Corporal's pay (Gee, I never saw so many Corporals), I feel sure that when you've read this you'll trip back and buy another couple of copies for your friends in Hamilton, who'll naturally want to know all that will be going on in and out of camp in the coming months. Well, something of what will be going on or coming off, anyway, for one cannot tell all, as the ACH/GD said, when he came back from New York, with stripes and an Observer's wing in his breast pocket. No, one cannot tell all.

But back to the magazine. We are already beginning to discover talent. Squadron Leader Walsh is in charge of articles and has some good ones salted away for future use. There will also be stories, wisecracks and jokes and we have some good cartoonists round the station. My, will they be good friends of the Corporals and Sergeants. Remember, you have been warned. We shall all look forward to the art section by Geoff. Tomkinson.

To me his name sounds very artistic and Greenwich Village-ish and when you see the art section, I am sure you will agree. Then we are fortunate to have Corporal Thackray at the back of our photography section. But please, Corporal, draw the line at those beautiful studies you got in Paris. The boys don't like that kind of picture, DO YOU, BOYS? Good! I know you didn't. I know you would rather listen to the expert and sound advice of Station Warrant Officer Hamilton.

Seriously though, he has been

Random Ramblings Around The Station

a good friend to all since the camp exposed itself to the danger of welcoming English erks. In fact, I think we all agree that the permanent staff have worked hard during this first year to make the camp the good place it is today and will be increasingly in the coming months. Improvements have been seen everywhere. Mr. Millington tried unflinchingly to give us good entertainment through last winter and, boys, that was not easy work. Now that he is in England, I would like to thank him on behalf of you all and also welcome his successor Mr. Messacar.

Hats off to our editor, Sgt. Salt, and his assistant Bill Moore who are going to give you the magazine that will please the most fastidious appetites. Not the Tatler, not the Razzle, but a bit of each, making it just your magazine, with something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue. Sorry, I'm forgetting myself and thinking I'm bridesmaid again, but I want to try and tell you from time to time little incidents, air your grievances for you, tell you of places to go, and of places not to go, and, my, will the places not to go be popular, which reminds me, thinking of Harlem, Did you hear of the Black boy who went to Washington to join the Air



Corps and insisted on going in as ground crew? "Why don't you want to fly?" asked the recruiting officer. "Cause ah know as soon as ah gets up dere, she will konk out, and de Boss'll want me to get out and crank her up". Then there was the rabbit who didn't want to go in the army, after coming through the forest fire, because he was de-furred.

Do you know, after twelve months I'm still trying to understand some of these Canadian people. A few weeks ago on the radio a commentator said, "Just look at those hockey players. You would think they were serious, and don't think they're not". Sounds crazy to me, but then I am not a hockey fan.

I must tell you, when I was in New York, I was given a case of twelve bottles of whiskey. When I got back to the house, the land lady told me to empty them down the sink, or else —. So I proceeded with the unpleasant task. I withdrew the cork from the first bottle, and poured the contents down the sink, with the exception of one glass which I drank. I extracted the cork from the second bottle, and did likewise, with the exception of one glass which I drank. I then withdrew the cork from the third bottle, and poured the contents down the sink, with the

exception of one glass which I drank. I pulled the cork from the fourth sink, and poured the bottle down the glass, which I drank. I pulled the bottle from the cork of the next, and drank one sink of the bottle, and threw the rest down the glass. I pulled the sink out of the next glass and poured the cork in the bottle, then I corked the sink with the glass, bottled the drink, and drank the pour. When I had everything emptied, I steadied the house with one hand, counted the bottles, corks, glasses, and sink, with the other (there were 29) and as the house came by, I counted them again, and finally I had all the houses and bottles and corks and glasses and sinks counted, except one house which I drank, and when I awoke, I was in the Cotton Club, the band was playing that new song not yet released, Deep in the Heart of Texas, and I was saying to a Lady (yes, a LADY) No, Madam, I am not the taxi driver who brought you here.

Well boys, I am tired of all these pranks and tricks, so I'll away to the woods and gather sticks. (Apologies to Shakespeare). But I'll be

with you again. I shall be glad to read your hands, your minds, answer any problems or business worries you have, listen to your grouses, grievances, and even your compliments. Queues will parade in two's at the North end of the flying field. First four rows to the Officers; after that, just muck in Tuesday afternoons. Break period. Tea will not be served. So please let us all make this undertaking a huge success, and with Fl/Lt. Sansbury as chairman, well, how

could we go wrong, boys, how could we go wrong? I have lots of things to tell you, and tell for you. Things that will interest all of you. Remember Vic Oliver's famous words. "Of the people, by the people and for the people," or am I wrong? Be seeing you

Cheeribye,
Roving Reporter.

P.S. I met Walter Winchell while on leave, and did he give me some pointers? Hold your horses, boys. and wait!

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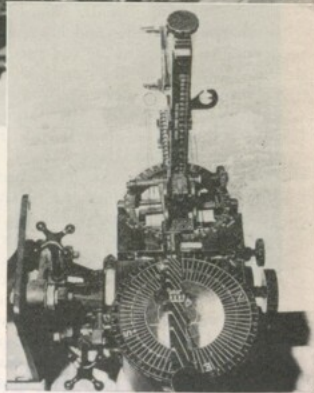
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The METEOR

Padre's Notes

I saw A. C. Higham in Christie Street Hospital, Toronto, again recently. He is making good progress, and now spends a good deal of time on the roof getting sunburnt. The doctors have got his right leg straight and they are transferring their attention to the other one. He has a lion heart and great courage and he is a real help to all who come into contact with him. Another longtime 'resident' there AC Hulme, has been invalidated back to England.

News from the Mountain Sanatorium is good. Curti and Reeves are out after six months there under observation and Curti has been posted to Trenton. Taylor is the only one left of the original trio in 'Little England' and he has with him another R.A.F. man, named Dodds from Kingston. Taylor has written several poems while lying in hospital and we hope to publish some of them in 'Meteor'. Ford, a newcomer from England, is upstairs in the Brow Building. Both at Christie St. and the San. visits from Mount Hope men are greatly appreciated.

Perhaps the hot summer weather makes the swimming pool and the tennis courts seem more attractive at present than the prospect of evening study. But it won't be long before the cooler days

are here—and in any case the war (like time and tide) will wait for no man. So it is worth while knowing the gen on educational opportunities available. First, there are the correspondence courses provided in many secondary school and commercial and technical subjects by the Canadian Legion Educational Services. These cost you nothing in money and can help you to increase your knowledge along many lines. Then McMaster University in Hamilton will be starting in the autumn a whole series of evening classes, to which men in uniform are freely invited. There are two maths. classes for those wishing to remuster for aircrew on the Station, and also evening classes arranged by Maintenance. And in the Station Library in my office there are about 120 text-books on such subjects as aeronautics, aero-engines, airframes, aircraft recognition, accountancy, economics, engineering, electricity, mechanical drawing, meteorology, navigation, radio, maths., physics and chemistry, in addition to about 200 on more general subjects. Remember, it will be the men with qualifications and knowledge who will play the biggest part, not only in winning the war, but also in the great work of reconstruction afterwards. Drop in and have a chat sometime. I will be glad to give you all the help I can in choosing a course or a book.

Greetings to the R.A.F.

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BRANT INN
SURLINGTON

Tubby Clayton Visits Mount Hope

On Saturday evening, August 1st, notices appeared round the camp that the speaker at the Station Service next day would be Padre Clayton, the founder-padre of Toc H. The notice was short, for it was only at the last minute that word came that Tubby could spare 24 hours on his way from New York to Toronto to stop off in Hamilton and visit No. 33.

The Rev. P. B. Clayton, C. H., M. C., Chaplain to the King, Vicar of All-Hallows, Barking-by-the-Tower, (to give him his full designation) climbed on a none too safe or spacious chair in the absence of a pulpit to talk to us about his work in the Tanker Fleet. He told us of the vital importance of oil in this war, of the dangers which surround the men in tankers and of their none too easy lot in port, where time ashore is painfully re-

stricted and lack of a uniform prevents that easy entry into hospitable homes that we in the R.A.F. know so well. His humorous turns of phrase, his stories—especially the one about Williams and the Albert Medal—and, above

all, his patent sincerity made a deep impression. We shall not soon forget the visit of the padre-inn-keeper of Talbot House, Poperinghe, in the last war or the brave men in tankers whom he serves in this one and for whom he asked our thoughts and prayers.

Incidentally, those who have had any connection with or are interested in Toc H should contact W/O Nowers in Maintenance or A. C. Downham in the Signals Section.



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Narks Ahoy!

During a recent convivial evening at the Royal Hamilton Yacht Club my wife and I were talking to Bill Judd, the oldest member. After showing my wife how to "box the compass" Bill went on to tell how in July 1939 he was a crew member of Elinor—a class R sailboat making a course from Big Sodus, 25 miles East of Rochester, N. Y. for home. Sail was set at ten in the morning in conditions of poor visibility, a headwind and the usual tacking.

At sundown the only landfall of the trip was made. As Bill said

"I wasn't worried about our position—I have a sense of direction you know. The weather remained poor during the night, so a course was set by a star.

Bill found when playing with the radio that it was directional, due of course to the aerial being the usual rectangular loop wound inside the case. He tuned in various stations and deduced that the "blind spot", as he called it, was at right angles to the stations, so he proceeded to lay off lines on his chart from WGR Buffalo, CBL Toronto and the local Hamil-

ton stations. I had not the nerve to ask him how.

Having fixed himself occasionally by this means, when the fog lifted at 1900 hours he found himself seven miles from Hamilton.

Bill knows nothing of radio and it was only his age that prevented me from asking the Chief Ground Instructor to put him on the next course.

D.N.L.

Meteorological Office

Notice

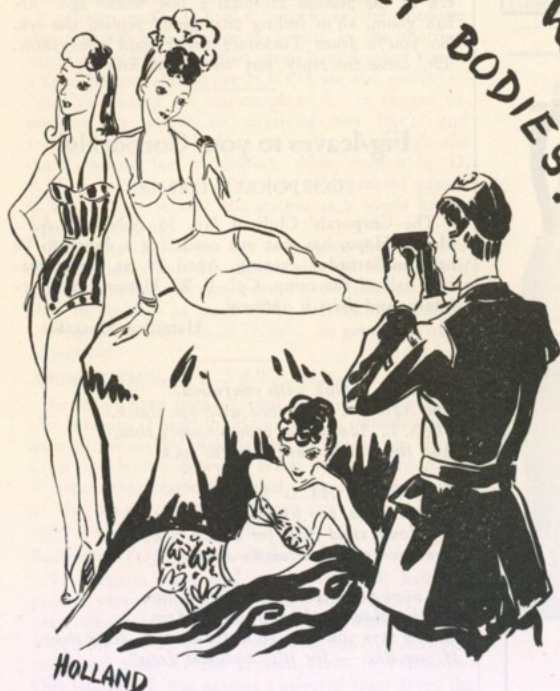
Personnel are reminded that there is no weather at this station between 1200 hours Saturday and 0900 hours Monday.

Signed

Geoff. Needham
(Met. Officer)

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Sparks

We take a poor view of the suggestion that the Station motto should be 'Per Astro ad Moncton.'

We take an even dimmer view of the remark that 'Meteor' must be taken with a grain of Salt.

'Seventeen years of married bliss and the last year has been the best.' Wedding Anniversary cable of Fl/Lt. (censored), of 108 draft to his wife in England.

After all it is better to have halitosis than no breath at all, as the u/t Navigator said to the W/Op on his plane.

Congratulations to the airman on the switchboard who kept conversations going with two girl-friends at the same time on different lines and made dates with both, without letting either know of the other's existence. Trust the Signals' Section!

On the other hand there was the fitter who was rightly slugged with a blunt instrument for saying 'Anson is as Anson does'.

'And how are you getting on?' said the padre to the erk in the Station Hospital a few weeks ago. 'Eh, bah goom, ah'm feeling champion,' replied the erk. 'So you're from Yorkshire then?' said the visitor. 'Eh,' came the reply 'but 'ow did ye kno?'

Fig-leaves to you, Corporals!

CORPORALS' DANCE

The Corporals' Club of No. 33 A.N.S., R.A.F., Mount Hope, has sent out cards for a dance to be held on Saturday evening, April 18, at the recreation hall of the camp. Cpl. J. W. Hammond is secretary, and *dress is optional*.

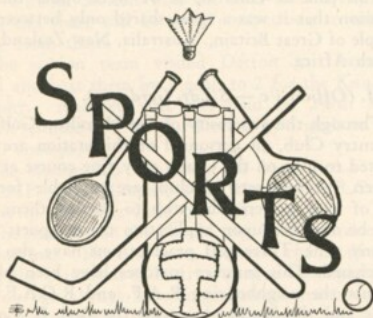
Hamilton Spectator

*The C.O. is pink with confusion.
The Adjutant's blanched with the shock.
The S. L. Admin. has grown visibly thin,
And the Station has started to rock.*

*For K.R. and A.C.I.s' pages
And A.M.O.s. too by the quire
Lay down rigid rules for R.A.F. Schools
Concerning each airman's attire.*

*But none yet discovered gives sanction
To this plan of the Corporals' Mess,
Which says you may go in the nude to their show,
If you like — for it's "optional dress".*

Adam



To celebrate the first number of the *Meteor* I wish to give a résumé of the past activities and proposed plans for sport at No. 33 A.N.S. It is not possible to give much detail, as all sports have to be covered, and I could easily fill the whole of the first number with details.

The chief objects of this section of the magazine are:

- 1.—to bring to the notice of personnel serving at the station the facilities that are available to them.
- 2.—to let you know the person you should contact.
- 3.—to let our friends know what we are doing.

In connection with the first object, please read (I repeat read) D.R.O.s, which is the medium through which forthcoming events in the sporting world are published. How often have I asked people (Yes, Officers and Senior N.C.O.s are also guilty)—“Are you seeing the station play . . . at rugby tomorrow (or soccer or anything you like)” and found they knew nothing about it. Although the main reason for publishing these events in D. R.O.s is to keep within the law of organized games, it is also done so that the station as a whole knows what is going on.

Everyone cannot get out to support the station or section teams, but the players do feel heartened if there are some spectators on the touchline, even if they do indulge in some witty barracking which is so dear to the heart of all “fans”. So get out as often as possible.

Athletics. (Officer i/c — S/Ldr. Blake).

Facilities have been offered to us for training on the Stadium Track in Hamilton, of which several keen personnel are making use, and plans are also in hand for laying down a track at the Station. It is hoped that more personnel will avail themselves of the training facilities generously placed in our way; the Officer i/c has all details.

Badminton. (Officer i/c — F/Lt. Parnell)

Five courts were laid out in the drill hall and proved very popular throughout the winter. Some very remarkable talent was unearthed with which we were able to beat all the neighbouring R.C.A.F. stations and some of the civilian clubs in Hamilton. Our last match was against a selected team from the Hamilton clubs where we went down fighting.

Boxing. (Officer i/c — F/O. Sweeting).

Three Boxing Matches have been held at the station, at the last of which No. 5 S.F.T.S. Brantford, took away the cup which they well deserved. We have one of the best home-produced boxing rings which is a permanent fixture in the drill hall, and a good punch ball and gloves are always available for anyone who wishes to have a bout. The P. T. Instructor is available two evenings a week and will be pleased to give boxing instruction to anyone who will contact him. (N.B. He has given a written undertaking not to break any more jaws!)

Basketball. (Officer i/c — S/Ldr. Marriott).

This game was taken up with enthusiasm by all sections once they overcame their initial aversion to playing “Girls” games”. (“My sister played that at school”). However, they soon found that it required a lot of stamina to last a game without having recourse to substitutes, and it is hoped that next winter there will be a great demand for this really energetic game which can be played indoors.

Cricket. (Officer i/c — P/O. White).

Not many matches were played last year as we were too busy getting the school organised, but this year we have had a very good season. We have played 23 matches, won 14, lost 5 and drawn 4. We have seven fixtures still to play. Most notable were the victories over R.A.F. Port Albert (by nine wickets), R.A.F. Kingston, Toronto All Stars and R.A.A.F., Guelph. We are surprised at the enthusiasm for cricket

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in this part of Ontario, as we were under the impression that it was a sport shared only between the people of Great Britain, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa.

Golf. (*Officer i/c — S/Ldr. Gardener*).

Through the generosity of the Hamilton Golf and Country Club, all personnel of this station are permitted to play on the Club's very fine course at Ancaster. A few sets of clubs are available for the use of keen golfers who wish to borrow them, and can be obtained upon application to the sports store at any time. Three golf practice nets have also been purchased. This summer matches have been played against the neighbouring R.A.F. and R.C.A.F. stations and the Station has won the Bert E. Collyer Trophy at Guelph. All those wishing to participate in matches, or who are interested in Golf, should get in touch with the Officer i/c Golf without delay.

Ice Hockey - Skating. (*Officer i/c — F/Lt. Watkins*).

During the winter we made a hockey rink and the pond (provided free by the Government) when frozen was full of airman trying a new method of falling down. It was gratifying to note the tenacity with which several airman (who had never been on anything faster than their own legs) tried to master the art of standing up on skates on a slippery surface. They made it in the end and next season will be the first to demonstrate their ability to the newcomers.

Inter-section ice hockey matches were played when the weather permitted, and great fun it was. The members of the R.C.A.F. on the station were very good at instructing us in the art of wielding a hockey stick without getting it caught between our legs. Next year will see ice hockey the star feature of the season.

Rugger. (*Officer i/c — S/Ldr. Blake*).

We now have a rugger ground on the station which has been the scene of some well fought duels. We beat No. 31 B. & G. School and No. 31 A. N. School, and the Officers' Mess beat the Sergeants' Mess. This was one of the most exciting tussles ever seen on the station, and the winners certainly earned their free beer having to overcome not only 15 tough sergeants, but also the Station Warrant Officer's well trained barracking squad! Maintenance Squadron played the Officers' Mess in May and drew. The Sergeants had a thorough revenge later, however! Unfortunately, the inter-section rugger fell through as the ground became too dry and not receptive to falling bodies.

Soccer. (*Officer i/c — F/O. Andrews*).

Last year we entered two teams in the Hamilton and District League and we have done the same this year. The Mount Hope Council very kindly gave us permission to use the Glanford Community Park, and we have taken full advantage of their generosity. The soccer ground on the station is nearing completion and we shall be able to play all our home league fixtures and the inter-section matches there.

The Wireless Section won the inter-section cup last year, and there will be great competition to take it away from them.

The station team visited Detroit in December 1941 and beat them by 3 goals to 2 for the Knudsen Trophy. Another visit was paid on 23rd. May, which resulted in a win for Detroit by 3 goals to 2. (Fair enough).

The station has also won the local R.A.F. and R.C.A.F. Zone League, and has beaten R.C.A.F. Jarvis in the inter-zone play-off.

The station won the Herald cup, beating Stelco 3-2 in the final. The Blue team has every chance of winning the Hamilton & District League Championship.

You can always have inter-barrack room or any other fixtures you like by arrangement, and if you merely want to punt a ball about on the rugger field, why not go along to the sports store and get a ball? That is why they are provided—we don't cater only for those who are good enough to play for the station.

Softball. (Officer i/c — F/Lt. Watkins).

This game, being a closed book to the R.A.F., is played by the W & B and Security Guard, although we have found that it is a very interesting game to watch, particularly the back-chat (or barracking) which goes on among the fielders. Our team has entered in the local R.A.F. and R.C.A.F. Zone League, and to date have won one match and lost two. A softball league was started and great keenness was shown by the R.A.F. newcomers.

Tennis. (Officer i/c — P/O. Speake).

We have built on the station two courts between the Officers' Mess and the Airmen's Dining Room, and two on the parade ground. The Rosedale Tennis Club and the Hamilton Tennis Club have most kindly offered us facilities, information on which can be obtained from the Officer i/c. A number of Tennis matches have been played with varying results. (P.S. Please go easy on the tennis balls—our supply is very limited).

Water Polo and Team Swimming (Officer i/c—W/Cdr. Bangay).

Although facilities have been limited for water polo and team swimming contests, much progress has been made and to date the position of the team stands as follows:—won 2, lost 3, drawn 1, whilst the relay team has one win to its credit out of a possible six.

Through the generous assistance and co-operation of the manager of the Hamilton Pool, we have been able to participate in weekly matches with the Hamilton S. C.

A swimming pool has been constructed on the station, which cost approx \$4000. So that the pool can be used in the winter months, it is hoped later to be able to heat the water and cover the pool—we can then lay claim to having swimming facilities when the snow is falling deep on Christmas Day.

G. H. TEBBOTH
S/Ldr.

Station Sports Officer

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DEBITS

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By one of the people who count.

If there is one section that is regarded as a shameful racket by the Station as a whole, it is the Accounts Section. As an Erk in that section I want to tell you just how the racket works.

The Accounts Section is an organisation which uncomplainingly bears with mistrust and suspicion, and is regarded by all and sundry as part of a gigantic swindle which operates from coast to coast. Let me state now that the latter part of this statement is incorrect. The swindle only operates on this Station. Further, we have no connection with any other swindle operating in a similar way on this Station, say for instance the P.S.I.

Our system is foolproof. It may have been noticed, that the lights of the section have been on at all hours of the night, causing agitated Service Constables to phone up and ask when the office keys are going to be returned to the Guard Room. They are answered only with a ghoulish cackle of laughter. The actual fact is that under the crafty direction of our leaders the Erks invent new swindles nightly amidst much fiendish mirth. The immediate result is a knock on the door, and a request backed up by dire threats for less noise, by an important official of the Signals Section. This in turn is our signal to fade away into the darkness of the night.

One of our favourite swindles works in the following way: —

An Erk walks into the section and wonders if he can see his account. He is immediately asked if he has a chit giving him permission to be absent for his work. If he has not, he has to beat a hasty retreat.

(This is our first line of defence).

If he possesses a chit he passes on to the Pay Clerk concerned and asks if he can draw his credits next pay day. At this point it should be noted that all Credits are misappropriated on sight, and for Credits one should read Debits. When the unfortunate enquirer finds that the word Credits does not exist in the Accounts Dictionary, he is utterly demoralised, but does not die, just merely fades away.

I put the question to all. How do you think members of the Accounts Section can afford to buy Automobiles, make expensive trips to New York, and buy War Savings certificates? Our slogan is:

- ALWAYS: 1. Service with a smile.
 2. Satisfaction for our customers.
 3. Diddle them or they will diddle you.

G. H. W.

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Thank You Hamilton

It is rather difficult for one who has no pretensions to being a columnist to sit down and contribute an article for a magazine, — even more so when that magazine happens to be the initial issue.

I propose to take as my subject one which is a source of very real pleasure to me, and of infinite help to the station. I refer to the very generous hospitality of the kind people of Hamilton and District.

When it became fairly general knowledge that our unit was en route to Canada, the feeling was that we were extremely lucky, as all reports from men at different stations were that we would be made very welcome.

Our unit was an entirely new one, being composed of personnel from all over the British Isles, and men from Australia and British Columbia were also included. I mention this to give an idea of how cosmopolitan we were when we finally got settled down at Mount Hope.

From the very beginning the people of Hamilton and surrounding district took a very keen interest in our welfare and made us all feel at home.

So great were the offers of hospitality we decided to keep a file of all such offers and acceptances, and I propose to give an idea of what these figures have amounted to from our arrival until the middle of April this year. Consisting of such diverse invitations as Wiener Roasts, Dances, Week-ends, Concerts, and Social Evenings, 3120 invitations have been extended and accepted through the medium of this office. As well as those actually accepted, we were obliged at Christmas and New Year time reluctantly to turn down well over two hundred invitations, simply because our men had made so many friends that we could not cope with all the offers sent in.

As a parting note, regarding the allusion to the cosmopolitan aspect of our Unit, we are indebted to numerous organisations who have catered for special groups of our lads. It would be impossible to enumerate in detail all the various organisations to whom we are obliged for so many happy times, but we hope that our thanks and appreciation will be accepted by those concerned who may read these few lines.

It is very pleasing to note that there is no sign of us having outlived our welcome, but rather the spirit of friendliness grows from week to week?

A. HAMILTON S.W.O.

Tell The Folks Back Home!

Local papers at home, we are informed on the best authority, are willing to print contributions in the form of letters or articles by people from their own districts dealing with life and experiences in Canada. The R.A.F. is all in favour of this publicity, provided you do it through the proper channels. So here is your chance to blossom out!

If you were the local boxing champion of Little Slocum on the Mud, Flatshire, or regularly scored a century for its renowned cricket team, and have been throwing your weight around in Canada or knocking up centuries at Appleby or Ridley or in Toronto, the Little Slocum Gazette and Mudford

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If you get married, your home town paper will publish the fact in a sufficiently tactful manner not to upset unduly your girl-friends back home.

So send in your items of news, your impressions of Canada, accounts of the generous hospitality you have received here, and so forth to F/Lt. Sansbury, adding your full home address, including street number. He will see that they are duly forwarded to the right quarter at Ottawa and, if approved, get home.

You can do a really useful job in helping people in Britain to get an insight into life in Canada. Remember that an ounce of personal contact counts far more than a ton of heavy tomes in helping people of different countries to understand each other.

The METEOR

Page 31

**UNIFORMS FOR
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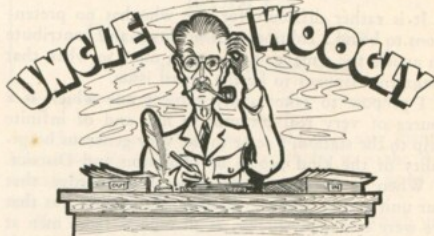
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Evening Echoes

Who suggested that a certain person be put i/c cricket bats on account of because he was always well oiled?

Can anyone tell me who the black cat is?

Are you an aviator? I see you have your wings on both arms. Or haven't you been to the States yet?

Did you feel the first winter? You shouldn't, you know. Your blood's thicker.

An Englishman phoned me the other day from Mount Hope. He spoke in broken Canadian.

Do you have to go back to camp tonight?

Of course, this is nothing. You should be here when it gets really hot.

Why don't you get out every night like that man in the service police?

Who was the man who suggested that to make holy water you put a pan on the stove and boil hell out of it?

I have a friend up at Mount Hope. A Scotsman. They call him Jock.

You're quite a nice lad. More like a Canadian than an Englishman.

I suppose you don't know my wife's brother, Mr. Ramsbotham? He lives in Leeds too.

If you spend every week-end in Buffalo, are you a Yank in the R.A.F.?

Are you from the old country?

Uncle Woogly

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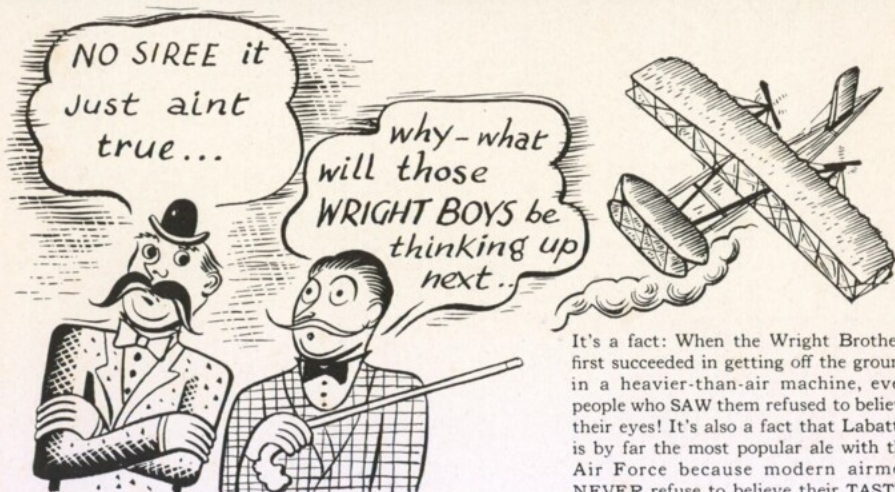
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