

THE MOUNT HOPE

METEOR



Christmas
Number
1942



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



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Vol. 1, No. 2

MOUNT HOPE, ONTARIO

Christmas Number, 1942

A Word with the Editors

We said it when our May-June issue came out in September—now we must say it again as our October-November issue hits the market in time for the Christmas season.

We do apologize for the lateness of our magazine's coming out.

Then, it was our initial issue, and you know how long first copies always take.

Now it may be our last—in our present form at any rate, so we thought we might as well go out in a blaze of Christmas lights and carols.

As most of you know by now our reason for going out of print as Meteor in its present shape and size is an order from headquarters. This order prohibits the using of advertising matter in station publications after December 1st. Naturally you can not issue a large magazine without paying for printing and other costs with the money derived from advertising, for it is from this source that comes the greater percentage of funds towards publication. Even large news-sheets rely more or less entirely on their advertising. The three cents you pay for your newspaper is a mere nothing compared with the dollars

going in from the companies who are using its pages to advertise their product.

Thus we face either total collapse or—which seems to us the happier course—a vast decrease in size and paper quality to bring you some kind of camp magazine.

This would probably be only half the size of the present Meteor and we should probably have to charge more for it. Yet even so you would not be losing as much as might at first appear.

You see, a magazine with 8 pages say, of uninterrupted reading matter—cartoons, pictures and so on—with none of its pages taken over by advertising would hold as much as 16 pages of the present magazine. We realize that a magazine so trim has all the appearances of a great cut in value, but in this case appearances are deceptive.

This, and other ideas are being considered by the committee and myself, and any plan any reader may have we shall be very happy to receive and discuss.

Meteor began so well, we must not let it die so young.

Editor



OPERATION COMPLETED

Weather Report for December 24th., 21.00 hrs. to December 25th 0400 hrs. for Mount Hope Area.

Slight alcoholic haze growing thicker around middle of period. Icing on surface and cakes. Temperatures low—vitality high, with deep depression settling down towards end of period. Warm fronts on all sides to all men at all parties.

Brief report of Pilot and crew of Reindeer Mk. 1. No. 25/12/42 as given to Intelligence Officer.

PILOT. Well sir . . .

INTELLIGENCE OFFICER. Just a moment please; your name, if you don't mind?

PI. Oh yes sir—Clause sir. Sgt. A. Clause, pronounced Saant a Clause.

I.O. Thank you; carry on.

PI. Well sir, my crew and I . . .

I.O. Sorry to interrupt you, old man, but who are the crew?

PI. Oh Yes—well there's F. Arthur Christmas—descendant of Fletcher Christian I believe—very bountiful—what—oh yes—we call him Pep and he is a navigator cum bomb aimer. Then we have, though only just, Nicky Saint, known as Simon Templar in our lighter moments.

I.O. What is he in the crew?

PI. I don't really know, but he's such a nice chap, I don't like to insult him by asking.

I.O. I quite understand. Goodwill to all men and so on, what?

PI. Yes sir. Well, my crew and I were briefed in Tara's halls in

the headquarters Gift Command, Shangri-la.

I.O. Shangri-la?

PI. Yes sir,—used to be called Fairyland, but Hilton and M. G.M. changed all that. May I go on?

I.O. Carry on Claus.

PI. Well sir, we received our sealed orders to be opened with the sealed bottle, and took off into a distinct haze about 22.30. I don't quite know what time that is, as I never could understand this 24 hours business, but it was 22.30, wasn't it Christmas?

F. ARTHUR CHRISTMAS. Yes, that's it, 22.30, and a bottle of Rye.

PI. Quiet, Christmas; he hasn't quite got over the strain of the trip, sir.

I.O. Quite so. Any left? No, carry on.

PI. Well sir, we climbed to 30,000,000 feet and put on oxygen masks, but as we couldn't drink through them, we went down to 25 feet. It was more fun there, as the Reindeer Mk. 1 is not built for high flying, and anyway we could wave at the girls easier down there.

It was a perfect night. A clear sky; frost on the roofs; smoke rising from the tiny houses; a light in every window shining on the white ground.

NICKY SAINT. (In shrill bass)

I'm dreaming of a white Xmas.

PI. Shut up, Nicky. In other words sir, a typical Xmas eve—or rather, anything but a typical one—just like a Christmas card.

N.S. Jingle bells, jingle bells—may all your Christmases . . .

PI. Wrap up, Nicky. As I say, every house snow-capped, the lights winking from under the eaves.

I.O. I thought you said frost, not snow.

PI. Oh, did I? Well it was white anyway, and that one about winking . . .

F.A.C. Which you read in 'Readers' Digest'.

PI. Oh, all right; bit I still think it's good.

N.S. Let's have another drink.

I.O. Please carry on.

PI. What here? Oh sorry sir, I forget myself. Well, these houses snow-capped appealed to me very . . .

I.O. Quite. When did you reach your target?

PI. We got there just on midnight, did a couple of dummy runs, mostly because Christmas was asleep on the bomb aimer. It's a secret one you know—very accurate and kept in a red hankerchief so the enemy will think it is a workman's lunch if they find it. Rather clever, what? But I think Christmas could take over from here.

I.O. Thank you, Claus. Carry on, Christmas.

F.A.C. Well, sir, I admit I was singing the drinking song from 'Faust' with actions, but I dropped quite a lot of stuff. Would you prefer not to hear them?

I.O. No, what were they?

F.A.C. Well sir, let me see, I have a list here—no, that's not it. "Knock twice and ask for . . ." no! Ah, here we are, it's on the

back of a 295. Let me see sir—
oh yes. (Reads from list)
To The Sergeant's Mess, one case
of Barley water.
I.O. Very fitting, they'll love that.
F.A.C. Quite sir,
To the Station Hospital, a selection
of Petty drawings to keep up
their morale and temperature.
To the Cookhouse, a tin of toma-
toes and a packet of prunes. The
men get so tired of chicken and ca-
viare, you know, sir.
N.S. Let's have another drink.
F.A.C. Oh wrap up, Nicky. Shall
I go on, sir?
I.O. Well, perhaps Saint has some-
thing of importance to say. He
seems to be wiggling his ears as
if he wants to say something.
N.S. Thank you sir. Let's have an-
other... oh no? All right. I was
sitting there...
I.O. What, just sitting there:
weren't you doing anything?
N.S. No sir. I am the wireless
operator. I used be gunner in
the rear turret of a camel, but I
got the hump, so they posted
me.
I.O. I see. Carry on.
N.S. Well, I was just tuning in the
Jack Benny program—don't
you love Rochester? Oh quite
sir. Well, I was just tuning in,
as I say, when I ran into a bunch
of gremlins on the kilocycles.
There they were tearing along
singing "It's my mother's birth-
day today" and flaunting the
most amazing series of crocks. I
followed them, but the window
of the machine rather impeded
my progress. One of them came
back though, and was most plea-
sant. A gremlin she was, sir.
I.O. Gremlin?
N.S. Yes sir. A female gremlin and
very charming, sir. Simply
reeked of Chanel No. 1.
I.O. How do you know she was a
she?
N.S. Well sir, even at Christmas
goodwill is not only to all men,
so I did a bit of... goodwill
in my own way.
I.O. Ah yes! Goodwill to all
men. But what about the bomb-
ing—and did you hear anything
from base on the radio?
N.S. Oh nothing much. I asked
him for a bearing—"What is my
position"—and he came back

"How the hell should I know?"
so I went over to loop.
I.O. You mean you turned right
over
N.S. Yes sir; and went to sleep.
PI. Singing "I'm dreaming of a
white Xmas" over the intercom.
N.S. So that's what that thing is. I
thought it was a deodoriser.
PI. May I carry on from here, sir?
I.O. Do.
PI. Well sir, we did several runs
coming in rather low, very low
really, finishing up with a call
in the cookhouse just in time to
catch the last case of beer. What
a show, sir! We must have done
wonderful work. There were at
least two dozen dead men on the
table when we left.
F.A.C. Were there? I was under-
neath, you know.
PI. There certainly was a lot of
goodwill about, sir.
N.S. Yes, cases and cases of it.
PI. Ignore that, please.
I.O. We seem to be getting off the
beam a bit.
N.S. Don't be technical, please.
I.O. No, but did you go anywhere
besides Mount Hope?
PI. Oh yes, sir. We did quite a
swell job on the corner of King
and James, blowing snow off
the sidewalks with the slip
stream at 25¢ a time.
I.O. I think that should go to the

P.S.I. Don't you?
PI. Not really sir. We gave the
money away to a poor old man.
I.O. Very kind of you.
N.S. Yes, and you should see the
crock we got back....
PI. Quiet, please.
I.O. But please tell me how the
thing finished.
PI. Well sir, we dropped leaflets
each containing a bottle of Bro-
mo-Seltzer, over every house in
Hamilton which has been kind
enough to bear with an airman
in the last few months.
F.A.C. Yes, I do hope we thanked
them enough. Anyway, it's good
for a headache if you don't
drink.
PI. Then we came back here. We
couldn't get back to Shangri-la
as the gremlins had drunk all
the gas and we couldn't very
well stop them at Christmas
time. One for all and all over
the place, what?
I.O. I entirely agree with you.
Thank you, gentlemen. Have
you any comments to make on
the raid?
PI. A good show all round, sir.
F.A.C. Damned fine blonde lives
two north of Sherman avenue,
second room from the left.
N.S. I'm dreaming of a white
Xmas.

The "Gen" Man

Absolute knowledge have I none,
But my aunt's washerwoman's sister's son,
Heard a policeman on his beat
Say to a labourer on the street
That he'd had a letter just last week
Written in the finest Greek
From a Chinese coolie in Timbuctoo,
Who said a nigger in Cuba knew
Of a coloured man in a Texas town
Who got it straight from a circus clown
That a man in Borneo claimed to know
A sweet society female rake
Whose mother-in-law would undertake
To prove that her seventh husband's sister's niece,
As stated here in this written piece,
Will prove that she had a son who had a friend
Who knows when the war is going to end.

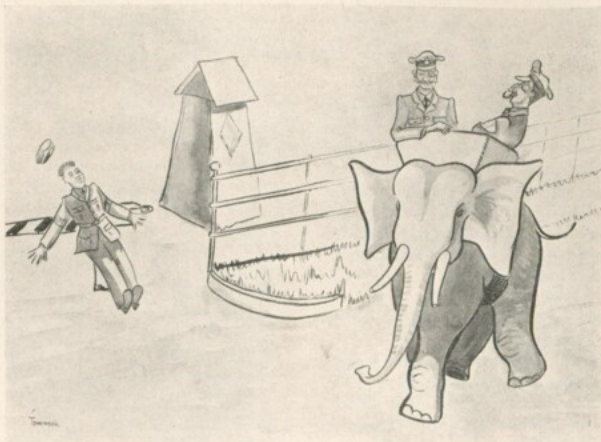
A. C. Evans, D.

The TRUNK CASE

OR

FANTASY

PACHYDERMATOUS



"FOR SALE: One elephant, 62 hands, 90 years old, quiet disposition, nice build and conformation, broken to bowdab and well used to the goad, intelligent, willing to learn, well stable-trained, will work with his trunk, bargain, seen any day 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; The Manor House, Pipkin, Ont.

"Do you know, I think that's what we're looking for, Droope old boy," said P/O Plumme, sipping his whisky and dash with more than his usual vigour. "I think we'll go and view this magnificent beast tomorrow afternoon. What d'you say?"

P/O Droope was not quite so enthusiastic as his friend. "Weeell," he drearied, "it MIGHT do. But . . . I mean . . . 62 hands, you know. That's not quite up to our old Quetta standards . . . you'll admit that, eh, old chap?"

"But my dear old boy," bombasted Plumme explosively, "90 years old! Look at that! That's just the age when you can work 'em hardest. This beast will be as hard as nails . . . take any amount of exercise . . . we can both ride him every day. Think of that."

"Quite so," monotoned the unperturbed Droope, "but . . . 62 hands. I've never been seen mounted on anything under seventy hands in my life. Size is what matters, old bean . . . not age."

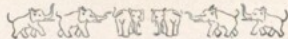
"Ptshah! Bah! Fiddlesticks! and Punjab Pundits!" Plumme boomed magnificently, "This is the beast for us. And don't forget, Droope,

that we two have quietly been nursing this intention to buy an elephant for well over a year. And I can't wait much longer."

Absurd though it may seem to unsympathetic non-elephant lovers, it was true. Droope and Plumme, both middle-aged P/O's who had been together in more than one campaign in India, had shot the same tigers, stuck the same pigs, siesta-ed, tiffined, and chukkered together for seemingly countless years before joining the R.A.F. in what they called 'this latest little spot of trouble', were simply pining to get their hands on an elephant again. Every day they had minutely scanned the columns of the local paper for some hint that somewhere, somehow, they could get hold of an elephant. With Plumme it had become an obsession; and Droope had promised to go halves if and when they found a suitable animal. Several times they had motored miles to look over some elephant they had seen advertised; but each time Droope had put his foot down when he found that the animal was not up to seventy hands. Plumme, however, was getting exasperated; as he said to Droope over their last whisky and splash before retiring that night; "It's this elephant or nothing". Droope sighed his "Goodnight".

Colonel Heffington De Vere Dimblethwaite Fitz Wallaby opened the creaking door of The Manor House, Pipkin, Ont., with a roar

of welcome so loud that eight miles away in the village the aged and half-deaf Miss Agatha Haglamb looked up from her knitting and remarked to her widowed sister, Mrs. Emily Tumblesnatch: 'There's the Colonel got visitors agin.' Droope and Plumme, having recovered their balance, entered with alacrity as the Colonel began to bellow his welcome once again. "Cahm in . . . caaaaaaaaahm in at once my deeeeeeeeeeear fellahs . . . caaahm in out of the ruddy fresh air and lets get back to my study . . . thaaaaaats right . . . through there . . . thaaaaats the room . . . sit down BOTH OF YOU!" They sat down. "So you want to buy my elephant . . . weeeeeell, he's a lovely beast . . . had him for years . . . YEARS . . . but too much trouble now . . . MUCH too much trouble . . . can't be bothered going out into the fresh air to feed him . . . doing me a SERVICE if you'll take him and my best howdab off my hands . . . TODAY . . . NOW . . . HOW ABOUT IT?"



"Excuse me, please, Corporal", said the nervous little A. C. 2 to the Great Big S. P. "but . . . if you don't mind my telling you . . . there's a couple of Officers coming up the road on a big elephant."

"Yus, I know . . ." was the sarcastic reply, "and three mermaids have just come down by parachute and are dancing the Conga on the

parade ground. Funny man, eh?"

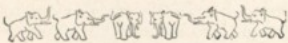
'No, no, Corporal, I saw them with my own eyes,' A. C. Plonk insisted. "One of the officers is sitting on its head: the other is hanging on to its tail."

"Here . . . Joe!" the S. P. shouted over his shoulder. "Open up cell number three; here's a chap drunk already . . . and its only half-past four."

"But, Corporal," wavered the distressed Plonk, "I'm not drunk . . . and that elephant is coming up the road . . . listen . . . you can hear it trumpeting."

"Now then, my boy," replied the S. P., "don't try anything on me . . . Gawd strike me pink!! Heh! JOE! Never mind that blooming cell . . . come out 'ere and look at this . . . did you ever see anything like it . . . blimey! they're coming through the gate . . . look at him smash that barrier . . . Hey! Sir! Mr. Plumme! You can't take that in the camp without a pass . . . you can't do it, sir. Elephants ain't allowed on the station, sir. Hey, SIR!"

"No use shouting after 'im, Bill," said Joe. "Doesn't look as if he'll ever stop it . . . and poor old Mr. Droope hanging on the tail, an' all. There'll be a fine how d'you do over this. I only 'ope they don't run into the C.O. in that condition . . . that WOULD put the lid on it. . . proper."



And that's how Bongo first arrived on the camp. That night the two proud owners, held a long discussion on the Topic of "The Maintenance and Care of Elephants in Captivity . . . with Especial Reference To Diet and Exercise". It was decided that Bongo, who was to be housed in an old, unused barn on the station grounds, would be kept alive with cartloads of hay from the neighbouring farms . . . and would be exercised daily by one of his owners with a spanking trip round the station perimeter. Every detail was carefully thought out; and Plumme and Droope went to bed that night happy in the knowledge that, without undue strain on their pockets, and, con-

sequently, without any drastic reduction in their monthly consumption of alcohol, their spare time was going to be made a source of real pleasure to them.

There was considerable consternation amongst the troops when they first saw the huge animal lumbering round the aerodrome with P/O Plumme 'up' . . . but this soon became commonplace, and he was no longer followed by a motley crew of jeering men and barking dogs. Bongo turned out to be a perfect gentleman, obeyed his new owner's every command, refrained from trampling on airmen, and would even submit to taking a whole howdah-full of Plumme's friends for a short trip along the runways. The farmer who had been commissioned to keep him supplied with hay stood open-mouthed as the first two cartloads disappeared rapidly down the capacious maw . . . but he soon got used to this phenomenon, and set-

tled down to a life of prosperous ease, financed by the huge profits made from this sale of fodder.

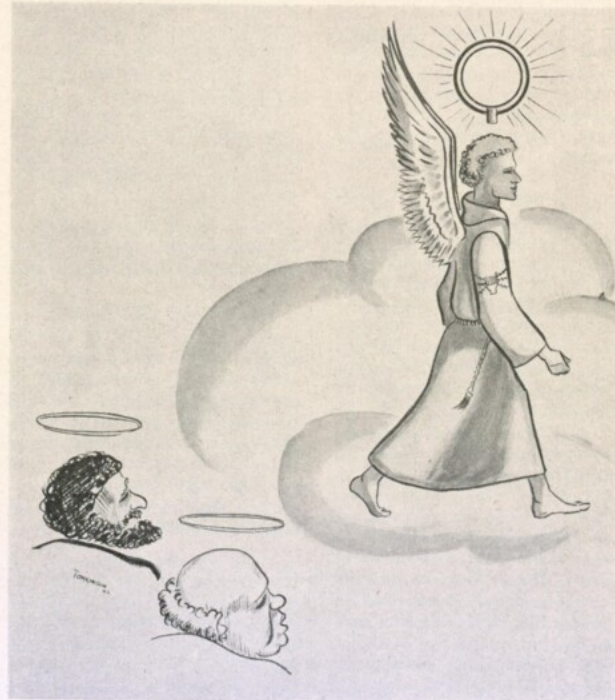
Plumme and Droope lived in a dream-world of ecstatic happiness.

Some time after Bongo had arrived on the station and had been issued with his permanent pass, the following interesting little dialogue took place in the C.O.'s office:

Adj.—There's an application here, sir, from Pilot Officers Plumme and Droope, of a somewhat unusual nature. They would like you to give it your earliest attention, sir.

C.O.—Let's have a look at it . . . what's this? 'Have the honour to submit this application for the enlistment of our elephant Bongo in the R.A.F. . . . suggest he might be mustered as a Leading Aircraft-Elephant, First Class. Can we do that, Adjutant?

Adj.—Well, sir, I've been looking through K. R.'s, and find that



it is possible to enlist regimental mascots . . . of certain types. Goats are the usual recipients of this honour, sir . . . I find no mention at all of elephants.

C.O.—Tell me . . . how has Bongo been behaving since I gave permission for him to be kept on the camp . . . has he given any trouble?

Adj.—None whatsoever, sir. In fact . . . I may say he has been very useful on more than one occasion.

C.O.—Oh . . . how's that?

Adj.—“Well, sir, I understand from Maintenance that he is being used each morning to help get the aircraft out of the hangers. I am told that he has perfected a rather ingenious technique. He wraps his trunk round the tail unit, lifts it off the ground, and is then in a position to drag the aircraft wherever they wish.

C.O. Quite remarkable. What else do they use him for?

Adj.—“Well, sir, there are all sorts of little jobs he can do from washing cars with the aid of his trunk to pushing down trees. Plumme and Droope are quite rightly congratulating themselves on a very good bargain. He was instrumental only yesterday in extinguishing what might have been a very nasty fire in one of the hangars.

C.O.—What happened?

Adj.—Well . . . an aircraft caught fire . . . and in less than no time he pulled all the other aircraft out of the hangar and then put out the fire with water sucked from the Sergeants' Mess fishpond. The only trouble was that, when the fire-engine arrived, they found Bongo sitting on the fire-hydrant, which was consequently U/S from their point of view.

C.O.—Well, there's a job he can do tomorrow . . . if he carries it off successfully, we'll take steps to have him enlisted. The Stores building is being moved from one part of the camp to another . . . and it would save an awful lot of bother if Bongo could lend a hand . . . or should I say 'lend a trunk'?

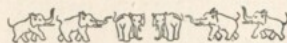
Adj.—I'll mention it to Plumme, sir.

C.O.—After tomorrow I think we might well send in a memorandum to H. Q. suggesting the

general use of elephants throughout the Command.

Adj.—Or better still, sir, . . . mention it to the Inspector General after the parade tomorrow morning . . . if he's in a good enough mood.

C.O.—Good idea . . . I'll do that.



Droope and Plumme talked in gloomy whispers in the mess next evening. “I think we can safely call that just about the biggest 'black' that has ever been put up,” gloomed Plumme hollowly.

“Yes,” Droope drabbed, “I've seen some 'blacks' put up in my time . . . but nothing to touch that. Even that Poona scandal . . .”

“Poona was nothing to this . . . nor was Quetta . . . this was worse than that Calcutta fracas, I should say.”

“And on the very day of the Inspector General's visit; too. The C.O. must be absolutely livid.”

“Absolutely . . . have another whisky and what-not, Droope old boy? Oh come on, don't look so down in the mouth . . . the worst they can do is confine him to camp for a week or three.”

“Confine him to camp? Don't be absurd, Plumme old bean! You know very well they could shoot him for an offence like that. Why, when I was . . .”

“Shoot him!” Plumme exclaimed with a wild look . . . “Why, They can't do it, Droope . . . they can't do it.”

“Look here,” said Droope in a matter of fact tone. “be sensible, Plumme. When an elephant barges across the I.G.'s parade towing an enormous wooden building at high speed, trumpeting wildly at the same time, and scattering airmen like chaff in the breeze . . . then you can expect trouble.”

“But the I.G. must know that elephants sometimes . . .”

“And my dear Plumme . . . it isn't as if he only did it once. You know very well what happened. As soon as the Station Warrant Officer had managed to reorganize the parade . . . back he came, at twice the speed, and making twice as much row. And, worse still . . .

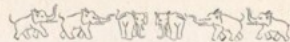
two or three airmen were badly crushed in the ensuing stampede.”

“Yes, yes, I remember it all,” groaned the miserable Plumme. “Don't rub it in.”

“But that's all you saw, Plumme, old boy, because at that point you ran into one of the hangars crying like a baby, and didn't come out until it was over. What you do not know is that, after ruining the parade, Bongo galloped twice round the aerodrome still towing the stores building behind him, and was only pulled up when he got his hind foot tangled up in the tow rope and came down with a crash that shook the whole district. And he left the building in such an awkward position that the morning detail of aircraft, after circling the aerodrome for half an hour, had to be sent away to land at another station. Now, if that isn't going to get him shot at dawn, nothing will.”

“If they shoot him they'll have to shoot me too,” cried the overwrought Plumme, wildly spilling a valuable whisky and splosh over his uniform.

“Now don't be melodramatic,” smoothed Droope. “You'll get over it in time. There was one humorous touch to the whole affair, you know. The unfortunate stores keeper, who was taking an inventory at the time, stayed happily at his work throughout the morning. And when he stepped out of the stores at the usual time for lunch, he was heard to mutter to himself: ‘That's funny; I must have been posted.’”



Three days later A. C. Plonk and A. C. Urke were lurching quietly in the airmen's mess.

“I hear that elephant was shot this morning,” mentioned Plonk.

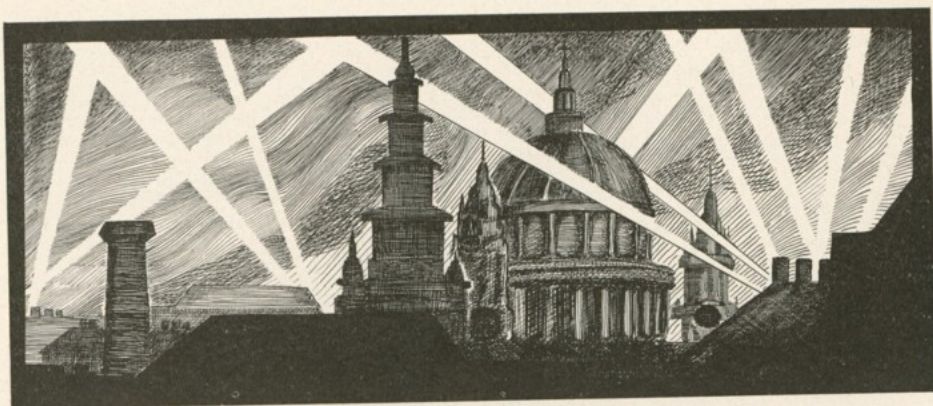
“Yes . . . just after dawn,” informed Urke. “Security Guard did it. The shots woke me up.”

“Well, that's the last we'll see of him, I suppose,” said Plonk.

“Bit tough, this meat, don't you think?” queried Urke.

“Tougher than usual,” said Plonk.

J.K.O'N.E.



Let Us Not Forget..

The Sirens had gone soon after tea time, as was only to be expected.

That was six hours ago. The street was almost empty. Opposite a large block of flats stood a small pub, with two of its windows boarded up. The Policeman was standing talking to an old man wearing a steel helmet marked "W"; they were under a sign marked "S". You could just see them both by the light of the moon. Frost was forming on the damp road.

From below, in a basement, could be heard the faint strains of an old gramophone. Occasionally girls' giggles mingled with Bing Crosby's voice. Laughter from the pub was occasionally loud enough to reach the Policeman and the Warden.

The sky was glowing towards the East. To the North there were frequent flashes and rumblings. An occasional thud. The sound of unsynchronised aircrafts' engines came and went with eerie spasmodic regularity.

"The West End again", said the Warden.

"Some suburbs in the South West too", said the Policeman.

A bicycle went by, its electric dynamo whirring. As he passed, the steelhelmeted cyclist called out hoarsely "Night!"

The Policeman also said "good-night", but was thinking "no red lamp showing to the rear".

The Warden read his thoughts.

"Like as not his bulb's gone".

"Aah", drawled the Policeman.

"Dangerous, though."

The cyclist soon merged into the blackness of the night and was no longer visible. The whirring of his dynamo died away.

A thud sounded nearer than hitherto. Neither spoke. Distant Ack-Ack fire broke out again.

The pub door opened; like the swell-box to an organ the chatter crescendo'd and then died away. Two men had come out.

"Noisy, ain't it?" said one.

"Bastards!" said the other.

They stood staring at the sky. Their eyes were unaccustomed to the darkness. They did not see the Policeman and the Warden.

"Well, 'night, Charley. Be in tomorrow?"

"Aye! — I'll be there. G'night".

They parted in opposite directions; one whistled. His boots were nailed and were noisy; his footsteps slowly died away.

A girl came out of the shelter, quickly surveyed the sky and, flinging back her head of long hair, started off down the street at a run.

"Ere! Where going?" said the Warden.

"Fishun chip shop", she said, walking back to where they stood, jingling a few pennies in her cupped hands.

"Git back inside, Mary, it's too lively right now; maybe it'll quieten down soon."

"Ow, they shut at 'alf past, Mister, and....."

"Never you mind. You'll gitcher neck broke. You stay inside till I say."

The girl slouched off down the basement steps.

"Well, I'll be getting along", said the policeman.

But he stayed where he was, hoping perhaps the Warden would start off some topic for conversation.

The lights of a car appeared round the bend. The white frost glistened in the light of its one masked headlamp. As it approached, the Policeman recognized its silhouette as that of a cab. As it passed by, the cab-driver suddenly saw the Policeman, and pulled up sharply.

"Gilton Road!" said the cab-driver, not without excitement, pointing behind him with his thumb. "Bit of a mess, too!"

"O.K." said the Policeman.

"Plenty of help there? I reckon it's too far for me."

"I reckon so," said the cabby.

As he released his brake-lever, the cabby looked over his shoulder towards his passengers and then at the Policeman with a knowing wink. A soldier and his girl were in the back of the cab, obviously disturbed from their love-making.

The cab drove off, leaving black wheel-tracks in the frost.

"Well, cheerio George," said the Policeman, "I'll push off now."

"I'll be seeing you," the Warden said.

The Policeman walked slowly on, thinking of Gilton Road. He began to change his mind, — "Gilton Road is not so far": and his pace automatically quickened as though irresistibly attracted, as policemen are, towards 'Trouble'.

He had been walking at a fast pace for barely a minute when he heard that unmistakable whistle. Instinctively he crouched against a wall: the inevitable thud was followed by a roar and an indescribable din. He felt himself pressed hard against the wall, and then dragged backwards so that he sprawled over the pavement.

He got up and retraced his steps, for here was 'Trouble' close at hand. Something struck his thigh, but caused no damage other than a tear the size of halfpenny in his trousers. He found that his braces were broken and the weight of his truncheon dragged his trousers down.

When he reached the pub it was a mere skeleton. The roof had gone. A great gash in the outer wall exposed a mass of dust and rubble. Rafters and slates lay buried amongst broken glass and pieces of crushed furniture.

Folks had come here for light and laughter, for a friendly respite from the blackout and the noise of total war, — for a little 'Dutch Courage' as they called it. From the chatter of their wives and children in their Anderson shelters, tired labourers had come where they could smoke their rank pipes and let their own tongues wag.

Here, save for the hissing noise of running water from a burst pipe, there now reigned only a sickening stillness. The air was filled with a choking dust and the smell of beer and burnt explosives.

The Policeman was fully occupied. The work made him sweat. He threw off his overcoat, using the belt to keep up his trousers. Activity increased as A.R.P. services arrived. Rescue workers shouted directions. The Policeman was occupied for several hours.

Of those hours he does not remember much. Looking back on it all now odd details come to his mind; the difficulty he had in speaking slowly and precisely on the telephone, the dismal loading of ambulances, the wreckage of a cash-register lying near a dart-board, a tumbler containing pound notes still intact, and the obstinate refusal of George, the Warden, to return to the shelter for a rest even though the blast had severely shaken him and left him weak with shock.

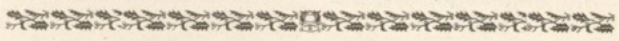
As the cab-driver would have put it, "it was a bit of a mess." He and his cab were a bit of a mess too, for, on his return journey, his cab empty, he had stopped for a "quick one" at the pub.

As the Policeman lay trying to sleep the next morning incidents flashed repeatedly across his mind.

He thought of the older policeman who would now be cycling on his morning round informing bereaved relatives. He thought of all the ordinary folk in his district who were going through it night after night. "Where would it all end?" — "How much longer could they stick it?" He was not even so sure of himself.

But now he can see the tremendous striking force that those same ordinary people have built up in their factories within two years — an Air Force that can hit back with far greater effect. They have grown used to the daily sight of ruined buildings, the scenes of past tragedies. But the ruins are there to remind them — to spur them on to greater efforts. They will never forget.

There are no ruins here. Let us not forget.



Dreaming

At last the day comes to an end,
And I can close my eyes
I take my thoughts, and always send
Them winging through the skies.

I dream that I am' once again
A member of a crew,
That's flying through the sleet and rain
And learning what to do.

I navigate and take a drift
A bearing or a sight —
I'm learning how to drop a gift
To carry on the flight.

The light of day leaves night behind
And I'm still with my schemes.
Then I awaken, just to find
That they were only dreams.

But one day soon (and there's no doubt.)
These things I know I'll do,
When I have put ill-health to rout
And all my dreams come true.

Robert S. Taylor

(written at Mountain Sanatorium).



Mount Hope Special! by LAC Mead W.R.

I am rather particular about the 'bus which I take back to camp. I like one of the sleek, speedy sort. I am also rather particular about my seat on the 'bus. I like a seat at the back, where one can stretch out one's legs and command the sight of half a hundred heads bobbing gently up and down in quiet content after an evening's relaxation.

Last night, I was fated. The invocation to the bus to "Roll Out" had been ignored by the driver for ten minutes. Then, an antediluvian vehicle petered slowly in at the wrong end of the queue. Of course, I had to stand and it seemed as though the bus grinned at my misfortune like the Cheshire Cat in "Alice in Wonderland". It was a vehicle which crouched on all-fours, pawed the ground with heavily treaded tyres hooded by muddy wings and bared the gleaming teeth of its radiator between the dull lamps of its eyes. It was a Cheshire Cat — an old and cunning cat, scarred by the scuffle of battle; but still living craftily to tell its story.

Thus, with my head lost and arms spreadeagled somewhere among the dark recesses of the

luggage rack, I resigned myself to a twenty minute stand. No Black Hole of Calcutta was more tightly packed as the door slammed upon one man's arm and another's foot. But levity and music were in the air, and a cheerful tolerance.

Few could have heard the engine spitting with feline spitefulness or the dog fight which began in the gear box as we left the bus station, for Paddy — our Irish friend — was far away with his "Wearing of the Green". It was always the prelude to his recital. The whole coach responded to his "Quartermaster's Stores" and it must have been on wings of song that we swept round the Mountain's hairpin bend to the level crest of the plateau. The 'Lillywhites', the backbenchers, took up the challenge of the slightly immodest "Quartermaster" and the bus reechoed to their theme song as far as the winking light of Ryckman's Corners.

Then something happened. I don't know whether our musical party upset the workings of a coach which resented transformation into a band wagon or whether the driver viewed his passengers

with disfavour. Anyway, the whole coach suddenly sagged, seemed to gasp for air and issued a deathly rattle from beneath the driver's seat. 2359 flashed the little clock on the gasoline station: five miles to Mount Hope mocked the signpost. The driver wrenches the throttle; but without effect. Someone suggests another song. "Ilkley Moor" is taken up by the North Countrymen and the bus leaps forward like a frightened creature — only to collapse after its strenuous effort. "Widdecome Fair" follows in ironical succession — indeed our bus is a veritable Tom Pearce's Grey Mare! We leap forward again — hopscoching for a hundred yards with a Pontiac hooting on our tail.

"Call in the M. T.," suggests a humorist. No one stirs, however, and the driver squeezes out, raises the bonnet gingerly and squeezes in again despairingly. He is strangely silent. 1230 p.m. and we are still on the highway. The windows refuse to open; they are blurred steam. We breathe heavily in an atmosphere charged with the smoke of half a hundred cigarettes. "Twenty five cents for the Bombed Victims Fund or a 252?" "Who Cares?" And the tired humorist

frets because his vocabulary of expletives is exhausted.

The whole gamut of songs is exhausted, too. The lady who wheeled the barrow through Dublin's fair city, the lady who "pissened" herself because of her "willikins", the Palestinian lady who carried a head on a charger — all have been dragged out from their place in history and sung of as by the bards of old. Foot by foot, we progress campwards. Some are sleeping torpidly . . . "The Wearing of the Green" — it is as though the singer repeated it in his sleep. We have lost track of time and space. I am sitting on a welcome, but very bony, pair of knees. I don't know whose they are . . . The driver grits his teeth, gauntly wipes his windscreen and fairly races down the last half mile to camp. 0115 hours and the hundred yards in record time.

Did I see the driver wink as he backed out of the gate? I know that the Cheshire Cat grinned with vicious delight at the conspiracy. It kicked up its rear wheels, backfired in a choking cloud of blue smoke and leapt into the darkness. I'll bet a dollar that it rattled off to Hamilton in less than fifteen minutes . . . "Holy Smoke . . . The Old Cat!" taunted Paddy. And, for once in my life, I knew why he said it!

W. R. MEAD.

Wait for It...

Another Extract from Our "Omnibus of Crime"

The setting is outside the main gate; the occasion, anytime "After Duty Hours"; the speaker, A.C. 1 Blogg:

Quote: Never in the field of human frustration has so much time been wasted by so many on account of a queue . . .

Unquote.

All, you plutocrats who own, part own or barefacedly scrounge private cars to and from office or factory have little or no concern for those unfortunate enough to rely upon the skittishness of Public Transport. This, then, shall be a brief tale of hardship and suffering, of toil and strife, of rioting and starvation. Hearken ye!

With a scream of fiendish laughter, a siren heralds the advent of Seventeen Hundred Hours, and with a screech no less in keeping with the spirit of the moment, several hundred airmen galvanise into a whirling mass of human action Free From Duty.

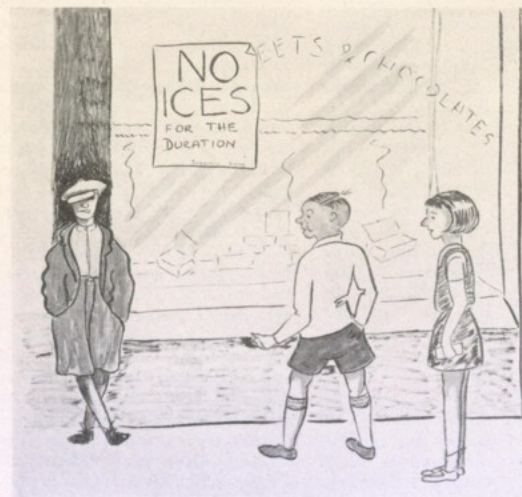
Somewhere along the road I am

kicking, biting and scratching my way towards Barrack Block "B", and endeavouring to conform to the rules of marching at the same time, when I am confronted by an enormously red face which leers at me above the tumult. The face belongs to Charlie, and it is opening and shutting its mouth vigorously, the while perspiring profusely and popping its eyes with gusto. I infer that Charlie is speaking at me loudly.

However, it is scarcely loud enough, considering the volume of yelling which is emanating from the remainder of the Station, so I shrug my shoulders a little, and pretty soon the mob falls away leaving Charlie and me peering at each other through a cloud of dust. I exhort Chas. to get it off his chest, which heartily he does, via my eye, and I eventually gather that he proposes a trip to town this evening, withal to get outside some food and drink and see the sights and take in a show if ever we get around to it which is doubtful (gulp). In less time than it takes to recite a couple of stanzas from "Kubla Khan", details are settled satisfactorily.

We break into a brisk canter (and a two dollar bill at the canteen for cigarettes) and proceed to don Best Issue. Approximately 24.275 minutes after donning tools, we are equipped in the approved style, except for small items such as civilian shirts and shoes, which are of little significance anyway. And so, after having been sent back to change the aforementioned articles of clothing, we pass the sentry and arrive on the other side of the black and white pole, which means Freedom. We are not alone.

Charlie, a statistician in many ways, is counting the number present in the queue, and discovers that he is No. 71 and I am No. 72 in the line of off-duty. This in itself is not unusual, so we make



In England now — "Want to know a good bootlegger?"

tentative enquiries before getting obstreperous.

I present myself to No. 69.

"Hey You! When was the last 'bus?"

"!! XX?" comes back the encouraging reply.

I turn to Charlie.

"He says it's a long time ago," I translate.

Charlie snorts and moves up the line a bit in search of No. 56, who, it transpires, is in his debt to the tune of one dollar thirty-five. He returns with a thoughtful frown on his puss.

"OI' Bert says the Five-Twenty bus was fifteen minutes late. It went at Six-Ten. Talk abart keeping up morale..."

"In that case, perhaps we'd better scout round a bit before we go any further."

This "scouting round", I might add, is rather a skilled procedure. In the first place, it is difficult to beat 70 other ambitious airmen trying to do the same thing, and secondly there is rarely any owner of a vehicle who wants the upholstery of his or her car singed by fag ends, scratched by nails projecting from half-soled shoes, and generally maltreated in the invariable scramble for the front seat.

It is therefore a matter of elementary military strategy that the best way of accomplishing anything constructive is for Charlie and I to form a pincer movement against the unwary motorist. In other words, we separate.

Accordingly, I stand by the gate in the pious hope of (a) convincing a passing driver that I am a Nice Type; (b) jumping on any truck which may (but never does) choose that particular time to go to town; (c) persuading the inevitable group of Senior N.C. O's that there is room for another two in their taxi; (d) bribing taxi-drivers to turn around pronto instead of going to the Officers Mess.

Charlie, in the meanwhile, is far from idle. At the moment he's trying to start up the engine of



"Oh I see—and the harder I push it, the farther the noise goes."

someone's car, parked in the ditch. But either time or the proud owner (probably a former L.D.V.) has effectively immobilised the vehicle. Charlie abandons the project when a scrubbing brush zooms past him, and in the excitement of the moment throws a spanner through the window of the wrong barrack room. We decide to walk briskly down the road in the direction of the Highway.

By the time we get there, night approaches together with a refreshing shower of rain, and I wonder what induced me to press my trousers the day before.

And now begins the last stage of the game. There is already a thin, straggling line of airmen on the roadside, and weary thumbs hoist periodically at passing vehicles. Using sheer nerve, Charlie and I worm our way to the front of the queue, and two more thumbs join the throng. After the first hour, we start counting the

number of cars which go past with a "V for Victory" label on wind-screen or radiator, and dark thoughts follow in their wake. By this time I am forced to admit that we probably look more like seaweed than airmen, and the chances of obtaining a lift are growing dimmer with the passing hours.

But a wheezing is heard in the distance, and soon there hoves in sight an ancient specimen of the early Ford Age. It seems very full, and the chassis almost touches the ground, but it's slowing down as if

"Would we like a lift? *You bet*—and thanks very much!"

"Yes lady, we're from London Not very long—just a few year -er- months I'm from London and my friend from Little Snuffling-in-the-Marsh OH YES! IT'S A WONDERFUL COUNTRY!!"

L. H.

Find that Voucher

A sequel to "Debits where Credits are due"

We in the Equipment Accounts Section are not going to let the Pay Accounts "erks" get away with it! We too are a swindle — and a much more expert one than the amateurs next door. If you doubt it, just read on.

Perhaps some of you have had the misfortune to visit us to sign a voucher for clothing that has mysteriously disappeared. This racket, dealing with lost clothing, took evenings of work to engineer, but we take pride in thinking that it has now been brought to perfection. The airman is made to sign in as many blank spaces as can be found on the voucher: every time a signature is added, so is a little extra money added to the cost. This in time finds its way into a fund for decrepit and ageing accounts-clerks.

Then there are some of you who in your childish innocence try to obtain clothing deficiencies from us. You are soon dealt with by our specially trained clerk. This is how he works:—

Enter one airman who meekly enquires if he can have some clothing not issued at his last station. A reply is given "Where is the proof of non-issue?" With that the airman retires, having lost round one. A little time elapses and back comes the airman with evidence to prove his case. This time he is asked, "Where was your last Station and when did you leave it?" The information given, the clerk sorts through a miscellaneous collection of papers (Hamilton Spec., Meteor, Click and such like), turns to the airman and with a hearty chuckle says, "Sorry, your clothing card has not arrived. Come back in twelve months time or when you are posted." At the same time he recommends him to a tailor down town from whom he draws a monthly 10% commission. This swindle never fails because, unbeknown to the airman, all clothing cards are torn up on arrival or (just to confuse other stations) are sent at once to Charlottetown or the prairies.

Several games have been started in the equipment accounts section, in which every one is invited to join. The main one is "Signing the Voucher". This game took numerous evenings to plan and is played as follows:—

A number of vouchers is distributed round all the sections on the Station. A signal is given and each section has then to return the vouchers in the shortest possible time. The section getting thirty signatures in the right places is declared the winner. Those returning

vouchers with only twenty seven signatures get them back again with instructions to start this time from the bottom left hand corner. The winning section is presented for its accuracy and skill with a brand new pad of vouchers in whatever colour the Section Commander prefers.

These are just some of our more popular examples of fun and games. Any airman thinking out new ideas will always be warmly welcomed by us. On entering our section he should stop at the 'new' counter. This has been specially erected to deal with personnel still in a daze after leaving pay accounts next door.

WE THANK YOU

A. W.

STATION PERSONALITIES

W/O Hamilton.

This amazing man, whose capacity for liquid refreshment is almost a world record, has really been around quite a bit. You can make sure of this by looking up his record — always an interesting thing this, even though it does have a criminal air to it. Of course, you may be misled by the fact that his name is Hamilton, that he was born near Hamilton and now goes to town in Hamilton; but these are (i) his name — the same as his father's.

(ii) a town in Scotland — in Lanark — to be exact.

(iii) the town near Mount Hope.

Between Hamiltons, he has had a pretty busy life — even excluding that part which has been considered unprintable by R.A.F. Records.

Way back in 1930, he joined the R.A.F. — so if you feel inclined to say "get some in", choose some one else! You might ask him if he thinks he's going to like it though!

With a mere two years behind him, he went to Malta. He stayed there until 1937 — doubtless gaining and making quite an impression of and on the Maltese when he hitched over the entire island.

When the A.A.S.F. went to France, he was there. When the



break-up came and the Lancaster was sunk, he was sunk with it!

A spell at various stations in England and "Jock" Hamilton appeared in the van of 108 draft at Weeton. Several weeks later he appeared equally in the van of 108 draft hiking over mountains in Iceland.

Acceptor of hundreds of offers of local hospitality for airmen at the station (and, incidentally, of several for himself!); signor of millions of early chits; a kindly

Roving Reporter

Here we are again boys, and for the last time. We have had a short life and a merry one, but there it is. Higher authority has banned our getting ads., and unless you are prepared to rally round and finance us to the tune of about \$500 every two months we must fade out—at any rate in our present guise.

First congrats. to A. C. Thomas (T.E.C. to distinguish him from the others) whose recently born son has won two first awards in local beauty competitions. "Like father, like son", they say, so perhaps there is something in the talk about R.A.F. glamour boys after all. Rumour has it that there are several other expectant fathers on the camp. Best wishes for the happy events.

Nights are drawing in now, and we are all grateful to our Y. M.C.A. officials who have arranged three film shows a week, as well as the weekly concert party. They make a definite break in camp routine and are a good opportunity to let off steam. But is it really necessary to make quite such a row when films showing the war efforts of the United Nations outside the old home-land are shown? Yes, we know it's all in fun, but some of us would quite like to hear the spoken commentary sometimes!

Some nights we like to get out to a little light and laughter, and

Station Personalities

soul — though he looks tough and can be; mostly known as "Jock" (or that old binder) Hamilton — this is the S.W.O. of 33 A.N.S., who knows you even if you don't know him, and, if you don't know him now, you soon will.

•

Random Ramblings Around The Station

•

we are very grateful when we are picked up on the muddy lanes by friendly car owners. Some go swishing by and we would like to remind them with due respect and all that, that an airman does value a lift, especially as the cold weather approaches. You see, it's a bit tough for him. If he walks on the left side of the road (as his supposed to) he isn't seen, and if he walks on the right, he is liable to get knocked down, isn't he A.C.2 Clark?

Now one or two bouquets. The first goes to the Signals Section. They always manage to remain charming at any hour of the day or night, especially the blokes on the switchboard. Nice work, all of you. Orchids also to Andy (Cpl. Andrew) our angel of mercy, who for many months has brought us our heartaches, dates, disappointments and happiness. He is always cheerful and civil with his "Yes, there is" or "No, there isn't" to our incessant queries about mail. Only once was he a shade less polite than usual, and that was when he was woken up in the middle of the night by some heart-torn erk waiting for his girl's yes' or 'no'. Now that we have a pukka post



office on the Station perhaps his work will be lightened. Orchids too, to those who allowed us to carry our P.P.'s instead of standing in a queue to book out of the guard room. It makes a lot of difference on a cold night!

By the way, talking of the guardroom, I'm still trying to find the S.P. who, when in the Station Hospital recently, was asked how he was getting on. "I wasn't so bad for the first day or two", he replied, "but after that I took a turn for the Nurse".

Well, well, such is life. Best wishes to you all for a Happy Christmas and the top of everything in 1943, whether you spend it back at home again or still out here in Canada. "Bon voyage" to the former and "Good Luck" to the latter. Remember, "Nothing matters now but Victory".

Cheerbye,
Roving Reporter.

P.S. If you want a tip for a Christmas gift, I recommend "An Airman's Letter to his Mother" and "Snow Goose". Both obtainable at bookstores in Hamilton and both good.



1 and 2 Last-minute calculations i
3 One of our fitters runs over h
4 Sgt. Talalla chats with the me
5 Maintenance crew at work.

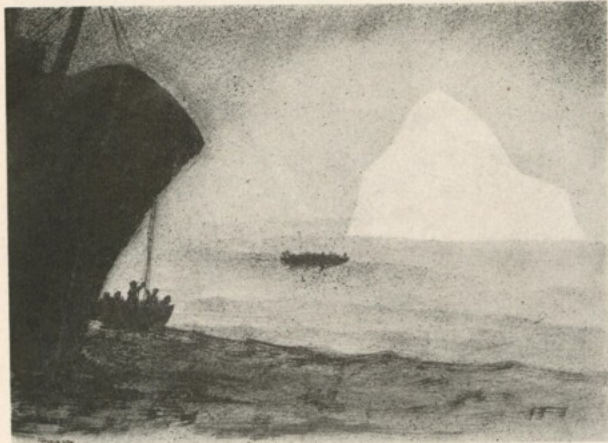


in the briefing-room
his engine with a spanner.
men who keep his aircraft flying.



Out of the Wreck

By F./Lt. I. Bellas



The sinking of the *Florence*, with such an appalling loss of life, was the permanent topic for weeks at our old captains' club. It started countless reminiscences of previous shipwrecks, and one memorable argument. The argument was; should women and children be saved first in any circumstances?

It was a one-sided affair. Every man jack of us said they should, and looked askance at the visitor who dared to say otherwise. He was the son of Captain Rigby, one of our members, who'd done well in the City after leaving the sea. He'd sent the lad to Oxford — and this was the result.

Every time he brought him to the club he'd trot out some new-fangled notion he'd picked up in that home of learning. Sometimes I think he just did it to rile us, and for the sheer love of arguing. He was a clever talker, and would back up his mad theories to the bitter end. He did so this time.

"It's a lot of false sentiment", he said. "Women and children first!" sounds very fine and heroic — but is it logical? If every one on board can't be saved, surely it is a captain's duty to save those persons who are of the great-

est value to society, irrespective of age or sex."

We laughed at him; though I must admit I'd never thought of it that way before.

"Take a man like Russell," he went on. "Rose from nothing, to become the greatest statesman this country has ever known. The whole world hangs on his words. And well it might. If any man can restore peace and sanity in the world, that man is Russell. And you mean to say you'd let a man like that drown so as to save some slut out of the steerage — a street woman even?"

We said we would. As long as a woman was left on board, Russell, or any other man, would have to take a back seat. We spoke of the glory of tradition, of setting examples to posterity. And young Rigby smiled at us in his irritating way, knowing he'd got us thinking.

It was left to old Captain Nicholls to clinch the argument. He'd taken little part in it so far, being content to smoke his pipe and look very old and wise, and a little amused, like a father listening to the prattlings of his children.

"I'd save the steerage woman,"

(F./Lt. Bellas is a well-known short story writer who contributed regularly to the British press before the war. He has very kindly given us permission to publish the following short story. Editor.)

he suddenly barked at young Rigby, "and let the big man drown, if need be. What's more, I've done it!"

No Regret

We looked at him with surprised interest. That was the stuff to give our cocksure young friend. An ounce of practice is worth a ton of theory, and by the way old Nicholls spoke we gathered he hadn't regretted his decision.

"I'm glad you mentioned Russell," he went on, "You couldn't have done better. He's indispensable, if ever a man was. His loss would be felt the world over.

"But the man I was concerned with was just as big in his way—Harvey the inventor. One of the best brains of the last century or any century, for that matter. Half the inventions that are called modern miracles today were started by him.

"He was our star passenger on the old *Saturnia*. Our Liverpool manager welcomed him on board. We couldn't have made a bigger fuss of him if he had been a prince.

"Most of you remember the *Saturnia* disaster, though I have never told you the whole story before. I was a youngster of twenty-three or so at the time—third mate. My hobby was inventing things even in those days—you know my patent sextant clamp. Naturally, I looked on Harvey as a sort of god. And when he condescended to talk to me, and showed a kindly interest in some gadget I was working on, he made me his slave for life.

"We struck the ice on the Newfoundland banks, in thick fog and at dead of night. It ripped half the bottom out of her, though we'd slowed down to eight knots. I spent my life wishing I could forget that night.

Abandon Ship!

"We'd hundreds of souls on board, and boats for about half of them. No one was apparently near enough to be in time. We wasted some rockets in the fog-banged off some detonators. Nothing else we could do. The Old Man gave orders to abandon ship.

"Women and children first! he roared through a megaphone.

"First and last!! was my thought as I rushed to my boat. Apart from whether we would get all the women off, the old girl was settling fast.

"There wasn't any panic to speak of. One or two people got a bit excited . . . I bundled the women into my boat as fast as I could. Most of them were only half-dressed. There was a young mother, I remember, clutching her baby to her breast. I had a job parting her from her husband . . ."

Old Captain Nicholls stopped to blow his nose. We nodded understandingly. Some of us had been through the same hell. Young Rigby was no longer smiling.

"The boat was overloaded," went on Captain Nicholls, "and there were still five women left over. Luckily the sea was pretty calm. I decided to take them. Four of them were squeezed in, and the last one came forward.

"She was a pretty bright young woman from the steerage. I'd noticed her at boat drill. She was going out to Winnipeg to get married. Her young man had gone out a couple of years before, and was doing well on the land.

"I was just going to help her into the boat when a man rushed up to me and grabbed my arm. I recognised him as Harvey's secretary.

"Take Mr. Harvey instead!" he cried. "For God's sake, don't leave him behind! He's worth a thousand women!"

I stared at his twitching face. The idea was new to me. There seemed a lot of sense in it. I was young and impressionable, ready to jump at new ideas, like our friend here. I hesitated, not knowing what to do.

"I said just now that I saved the steerage woman and left the big man behind. That isn't quite right. The matter was decided for me. Out of the bunch of silent

men in the background Harvey himself stepped out.

"Get back, Saunders!" he snapped at his secretary.

"Then he picked up the young woman in his arms, and handed her to the men in the boat.

"I couldn't trust myself to speak. I pressed his hand and jumped in the stern-sheets. We got away and floated all night with a free-board of about four inches. Harvey went down in the Saturnia, and three hundred and sixty others with him."

There was no immediate comment on Captain Nicholls's story. Young Rigby frowned thoughtfully at the floor. His father was the first to speak.

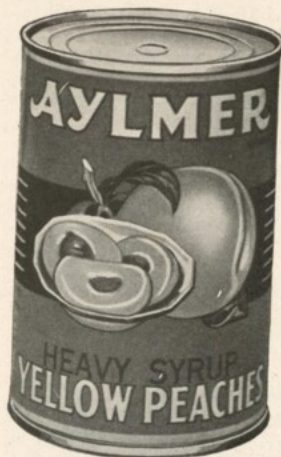
"Harvey was a great man," he said. "His end was worthy of him."

"A great man," agreed his clever son, "but most criminally quixotic. His act of self-sacrifice was the greatest disservice he could have done to humanity. There were no limits to what he might have achieved. The world can't afford to lose such men through stupid allegiance to a sentimental catchphrase. He should have been saved instead of the steerage woman. Of what use was her life by comparison? What has she done for mankind?"

Answered.

Captain Nicholls snorted. There was a queer glint in his eyes.

"I'll tell you, young man," he said slowly. "A year later she gave birth to a son. You mentioned him just now. His name is Russell."



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MAG. DROPS'

(OR The Highlights of Maintenance Squadron Activities)

Before proceeding with the news of the month, a slight definition is perhaps necessary. Maintenance Squadron consists of that hard working and oft maligned body of men, headed by Flying Officer Walker (to whom we would like to extend a warm welcome) whose duty it is to make airworthy aircraft which for a number of hours have been left to the tender mercies of Flying Squadron pilots, cadets from G.I.S. and Erks from Servicing Squadron.

Now that you know who we are, on with the News!

It is with a feeling of sincere regret that we take this opportunity of saying goodbye, and of offering our best wishes for the future, to members of the Squadron who have left us for other fields of activity. F/Sgt. Filby of the W/T. Section is headed for Blighty and Sgt Whitfield (much to the regret of Maintenance Wing Stores) for a neighbouring Station. Corporals (Ben) Hawker and (Ginger) Carter have at last achieved their ambitions and are now on the way to becoming Flight Engineers. The Instrument Section and Workshops are sorry to lose Cpls. Clulee and Dinsdale respectively, and wish them lots of luck.

It is with extreme pleasure and a wish that this paragraph may be often repeated and enlarged that we offer our congratulations on their promotion to Cpls. Cutler, Young, Taylor, Allwright, Robbins, Curtis and Woolhead. Apparently there is some promotion this side of the ocean, so keep on hoping, chaps!

Incidentally it has been said that members of a certain draft are already buying up stocks of anti-seasickness tablets. We couldn't, of course, vouch for the veracity of this statement.

A certain willing aircrewman has ceased wandering around the hangars with a bucket in search of lost revs. (revolutions to the uninitiated). He is reported to have said that in the rapid expansion of Maintenance Squadron, it's "t'much t'expect of a chap".

To encourage the latent, or perhaps we should say, dormant, talents of mechanics and riggers who wish to aspire to higher realms, S/Ldr. Lang and the Maintenance Wing Adjutant have instituted a series of technical lectures. The lectures are under the aegis of F/O Walker, assisted by W/O. Nowers, F/Sgt. Cockram, F/Sgt. Ponting and Sgt. Metcalfe. These worthies are earnestly endeavouring to assist approximately twenty-four enthusiastic seekers after the truth to satisfy the insatiable demands of the Central Trade Test Board, when the time comes for them to conduct their Inquisition at this Station. However, these lectures are meeting with a gratifying response from the Great Unwashed, and we feel that they will be more than repaid for their trouble and loss of spare time. Other Flight Mechanics who are just marking time and singing "R.O.T.B." would be well advised to follow in their tracks.

Station

Those two cronics "Taff" and "George" are together again after a long separation. Up to the time of printing, betting by the Goonery has risen to 6-4 against their remaining in this state for any length of time.

It is with great interest that we report that Maintenance Squadron is taking a growing part in the Station's sporting activities. Cpl. Lakeman and L.A.-C.'s Gilbank and Atkin have represented the Station in many swimming contests. Unfortunately, the section softball team has lost both matches in which it has played to date. Still, we tried, and considering our lack of time for practice we may hope for better results in future. F/O Andrews in his search for Soccer talent might do well to enquire into the form shown by the Workshops team which beat the Equipment Section recently by 3 goals to Nil. It is hoped that the Workshops team will be able to play a team from the "Majors" section should a convenient occasion arise in the near future. This match should be of considerable interest, since both sections appear to have strong and well-matched teams. During the summer, F/Sgt. Cockram and Cpl. Allday have been ably representing the section in the tennis tournaments held in camp.

We would nevertheless, like to see a greater participation by Maintenance Squadron in sporting activities. There are, of course, obvious difficulties, since it is hard to organise and keep together a team for any sport when there can be no guarantee that all the members will be off duty at the same time. On the other hand, since our ultimate object is to have as many people playing as possible, perhaps a little variety in the composition of teams will help.

Finally, a word of warning on the potency of the air at Burlington. A well-known Irishman in "A" Block was found asleep in the wrong barrack room one morning. He swore he'd only been to Burlington Beach the night before, but what do you think, chums?

Sincerely yours —

T. G. H.



G. I. S.

Many heavenly bodies have been sighted, we have got ourselves in many a fix, many foul plots have been hatched and the course of many a true love has been altered roughly since the last issue of "Meteor", for weather may come and weather may go but G.I.S. goes on for ever.

As regular as clockwork the building comes to life at 8.30 in the morning, and binding begins in earnest. Voices vociferate, brains become baffled, ad-

Notes

jutants agitate and runners run — looking for the stapler or organising the "swindle". Those pupils temporarily entrusted to the tender care of Flying Squadron can be seen marching eagerly, one eye on the weather, heavily laden with the tools of their new trade, towards the Hangars.

At 12.30 everything stops for the dinner queue. As the Chronometer registers 14.00 hrs. we carry on where we left off. Gen-men gesticulate. Met men miscalculate. Signals men scintillate. Photo men phonate — in short, the industrial hive buzzes until 16.30 when alas! our audience, the cadets, must knock off. Not so the Orderly Room staff who must needs stay to struggle with difficult "details".

In the evening many keen types return — Hamilton dates permitting — inwardly to digest the many wise saws and modern instances of the day, for Barrack Block Ballads are not found to be conducive to study. Others can be seen queue-ing once more, this time for guard-house formalities, for 'bus tickets and standing room only.

There have been changes. Not only have there been the inevitable regular appearances of fresh faces amongst the pupils but also amongst the staff. We have lost our C. I. who so ably brought the G.I.S. up to its present high standard of organisation and instruction, and one of our Assistant C.I.'s and we with them good luck back in U.K. We wish success too, to him who we have reason to know will very capably carry on the job, and we can assure him of our cooperation. Success also to our new A.C.I.'s. Doubtless the Coke distributors have been informed of these changes and will call twice daily. Woebetide the authors of imperfect plots!

We also welcome more gen-men from Charlottetown and Port Albert; the heating of their new wing — should they need encouragement — is "in hand"; in the meantime it is up to the weather.

Of the courses that have passed out recently we shall miss most of all the Poles. We shall miss their quiet friendliness, the re-assuring feeling their presence gave us that conquered Europe is alive and far from being subjugated. It is indeed a credit to them that they should have achieved such results working as they did in an alien language. They have shown us what we already knew, that Polish courage and determination is incomparable. Our Polish Corridor will lack its usual shine!

Before handing this over to the Editor for his blue pencil, we would like to mention that the rapid expansion of G.I.S., coupled with annoying periods of duff weather, has brought a heavy strain upon the staffs of Flying Squadron and Maintenance. It is unusual for bouquets to be bandied about between departments — and it goes slightly against our grain — but Flying Squadron is seeing us through very nicely, thank you.

STATION HEADQUARTERS

"To strive, to seek, to find and not to yield." Tennyson's "Ulysses" provides us with the text for the month. And no classical hero ever strove harder than a certain gentleman in P3. Like the Sphinx he is pondering upon a riddle. But, he transcends the Sphinx because he has found a solution to the eternal triangle. He has eliminated the obtuse English angle, is cancelling out the (a) cute Canadian angle and has the right angle buried deep in the heart of Texas!

Seeking their fortunes elsewhere are the dear departed. The Mock Duck is still flying after the female of the species in Windsor and taking to his wings better than to his seals. Eric the Glucose is seeking his missing link in Dorval. The Pocket Caruso is breaking the silence of Nova Scotia with his song and hopes to become a meteorologist (that's a "Wewver man" in case you don't know!) The Ray of Sunshine is back at Good Old Blackpool on a compass adjuster's course (of course he's adjusting lots of other as well). Nobody is wintering at Charlottetown — discovering it less of a "Bind" than he had expected.

Finding the Personnel Department in possession of a real live Corporal conjuror, we may expect English wives to be produced out of the hat like white rabbits. But we celibates humbly pray that they may not be transported from the other side too quickly. Already, the "Orderly Room Special" has become the "Married Men's Caravan". Nightly, it trundles off to town heavily laden — no, not with time-expired men, but with livers-out. Can we allow such notable husbands as the Baron, B. (Bathroom) B., W. the Wake (Father of Hereward) and the sprightly T. H. to oust the regular Men of Good Report with their wagon chits? Surely the Cardinals and Hurricanes should be allowed to exercise their franchise now and again.

We all know the story of Casablanca — the boy stood on the burning deck; but how many know of Castadipanta, the bulstrode on the burning deck? Is it possible that he has yielded to the advice of Ulysses? We know that the camp offers a weekly round of riotous indulgence; but is that excuse for convalescing in bed on Saturday evenings? "Not to yield" — may we not hold up this advice to the Accounts representative who was on his knees ere he was half way round the mile course on Sports day? Now, if he had been a veteran — well . . .

Summer's plague of moths did not leave the camp unaffected. At least one stalwart in D. I has had his underwear fretted at the bottom by discriminating moths: while we are told of an equestrian accountant who "Bostitches" his tunic weekly after their ravages. It is suggested that the fly-swatting sergeant transfer his happy-hunting ground from S.H.Q. to the Barrack Blocks or could we advertise for one of those adept caterpaulters who make life one damn sting after another in certain of our departments?

STATION NOTES

Maintenance Wing Notes

We in Maintenance Wing feel that the insult of being included under "Flying Squadron Notes" in the last issue of the "Mount Hope Meteor", is too, TOO Much.

For the benefit of Station Headquarters, G.I.S. and Hamilton girl-friends, let it be made known that there is now a Maintenance Wing, consisting of Maintenance Squadron, Servicing Squadron and Workshops, as under:

(1) *Maintenance Wing Headquarters.*

Commanded by the Chief Technical Officer, S/Ldr. Lang. Adjutated by F/O Davis.

Disrupted by Maintenance Wing Orderly Room (in the persons of L.A.C.'s Hartley, Nickson & Willcox).

(2) *Maintenance Squadron.*

Commanded by F/O Walker.

Organised by W/O Nowers.

Divided amongst itself by F/Sgts. Lloyd, Ponting and Cockram.

(3) *Servicing Squadron.*

Commanded by F/O Clark.

Disputed by Flight Commanders and Servicing Groups alike.

(4) *Workshops.*

Just another Baby being passed around.

However, let them speak for themselves . . .



Signals Section

We are the crowd you see praying for rain on Saturday afternoons, for bad weather means no flying for us. Maybe sometimes we would rather work in the daytime than be bound rigid with jobs which have to be done at inconvenient hours and which we would prefer to leave to some other time.

We have advantages—bad weather means time off for us. But we work quite a few nights when S.H.Q.'s G.I.S.'s and maintenance parties are tripping the light fantastic in Hamilton. And we don't get a stand-off. All around, things work out pretty evenly, the only trouble being that when we do have free time everyone sees us, and when we work, we work alone. Thus the general impression is—he's a W/Op. and therefore never works. That is rather a bad show.

Nothing very much has occurred of late—no more marriages during the last month—a landing or two of "giant Anson bombers" in the state of New York and their subsequent take off in a state of general clamping for the boat by most members—hobbling by some—reeling in by a few, especially around 23.59 on the first few nights after per day—all these are really the heart of our activities of late.

Everyone seems to have been promoted except the erks, which is as usual. The erks have more money than everyone else, which is also as usual.

Interest in Lum and Abner seems on the wane. F/Sgt. Campbell signs the pledge every Monday—claiming regularity a virtue.

Brevity likewise is so described—it is also called the soul of wit.



"Dee Eyes"

(A la Servicing Squadron)

For some time now, it has been our grim and painful lot to care and tend to the many whims and fancies of those delightful persons who deign to brave the elements of sub-stratospheres, and who, on making landfalls oftentimes ahead of E.T.A.'s, proffer likes and dislikes to strange aerial notions: but still these bunkered bodies make the grade.

Strange is the influence which meddles with the accuracy of flying programmes; for though Extension 39 or 6 decrees a certain requirement, there are occasional changes of schedule which lend a chaotic atmosphere to the trundling of aircraft to and fro on the tarmac. While kites are being used in a game of draughts, a rending scream of brakes or crashing of towing arms can be heard, and yet another sheepish Goon steps back into the darkness with a perfect alibi.

It remains, however, a source of great comfort and not a little amusement to many, that there are still weird displays of taxiing to be seen on the tarmac, and consequently an appreciable number of aircraft laid up "In Dock". One records with glee the broken noses, wing tips, rudder fins, etc.

Then, of course, there is the bewildering cry of those who sit so patiently awaiting that Gawdamighty compressor, which, whenever wanted, invariably requires topping up. When air has finally been taken on board, the Unfortunate One finds the Port (Sorry—left hand) engine fails to start. In this wise do dictionary terms prove inadequate and pilot's complexions blossom as the rose.

To travel through the day almost entirely peacefully is quite a tonic to the throng of day shift Goons, but as the night shift takes over and Nav. lights twinkle in the gloom, a sudden yell informs the Tarmac N.C.O. that the "Boost Bug" has made a kill. At once, the panic spreads along the line of aircraft, and other screams rend the air as the "Mag Drop Gremlin" shows his head. Nav. lights flicker and die out.

The nervous strains so greatly felt by Tarmac staff has introduced a most relaxing and exciting remedy for, though paper is scarce, much service is rendered to public franchise by the duplicated forms whereon is written: "To wed with C.O.'s permission". So much of this rapidly spreading contagion is in evidence that the authorities have found it necessary to raise additional files on marriage correspondence, with particular reference to this Squadron.

But to the men on the ground who always service from Dawn to Dawn, to the men on tractors, compressors and bowsers who travel East and West and around, let us give a loud "Thank You!" once in a while, and remember that though often late, they never fail to answer the call for Service.

R.S.L.

F/Lt I. W. Parnell

Station Adjutant

June 1941—Nov. 1942

Flight Lieutenant Parnell, as Station Adjutant, has been here since the beginning of time. Indeed the station might very well have been 'thought up' by him, — conceived in his brain. And this is natural enough, for in peacetime Flight Lieutenant Parnell is a don. At MacDonald College in McGill University, they call him a Helminthologist.

By trade, therefore, he is interested in worms — worms which are useful to mankind, and parasites which are not. He has

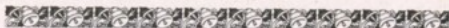


very definite ideas on what are and what are not valuable helminths.

That perhaps explains why some 'worms' on the Station have been astonished to discover that he takes infinite pains to help them in their Service and other development—while others have been equally astonished to find he can tread on them so hard.

And that goes for Officers and airmen alike.

Twenty five years ago, Flight Lieutenant Parnell was the blue-eyed Flight Commander of No. 100 Squadron, flying FE₂b Aircraft. Thirty years ago he was wearing the now obsolete boater on the playing fields of Harrow-on-the-Hill. His eyes are still blue, though possibly slightly faded, and for eighteen months his playing fields have been the tennis and badminton courts of Mount Hope. As he leaves for fresh fields and pastures new, we wish him good luck for all the future.



Overheard at an Officers' Mess Party
First Officer's Wife.—I can't think why my husband ever sent for me to come out to Canada when there are so many beautiful women in this country already.

Second Officer's Wife.—I took no risks. I came out a fortnight after my husband.

The Padre Says Good Bye

It is reported that, on being expelled from the Garden of Eden, Adam turned to Eve and said: "We live in an age of transition." It is certainly true of life in the service in wartime, and by the time 'Meteor' is out a number of changes in personnel will have taken place on this station, and your padre for the last twelve months will be at Exeter, the new station near London, Ont.

Leaving Mount Hope is a big wrench, for I have been fortunate enough to make many friends on the station and in Hamilton. For your kindness and cooperation in whatever I have tried to do I want to thank you all. Mount Hope certainly deserves the reputation it has of being one of the best stations in Canada, and I

shall carry with me to my new station the memory of a year of great happiness with you all. It is likely that next year I shall be going to England. Perhaps some of us may meet there and renew again the friendship of Mount Hope days.

For the rest, I ask you to give the same friendly cooperation to S/Ldr. Wright, who comes to Mt. Hope as padre from Picton. We who are chaplains have a very clear aim set before us . . . to be "your servants for Christ's sake". I know that your new padre comes to you in that spirit, and I am sure you will give him every support.

Good luck and every blessing, then, to you all,

C. K. Sansbury, F/Lt.

To the Editor.

Sir,

At long last I have witnessed the publication of the much talked of 'Station Mag,' and must add that it is a credit to all concerned. It illustrates to me the happy feeling which I felt the whole time I was stationed at Mount Hope. One thing I can personally assure all grumblers (of which, I loathe to admit, I too was one), that to my idea, and many others who haven't grown up with the station like myself, that there's not another station that has the same congenial atmosphere, both at work and at play, that I experienced there.

Sport, entertainments, comfort and cleanliness is on a much more lavish scale, and the canteen would make the Ritz-Carlton (in peacetime) feel quite jealous, compared to the place to which I have had to hitch my services. In conclusion I can only assure you that this is my honest opinion of No. 33, and that I am *not* receiving a dollar a line from the C.O. for this testimonial.

Late of Maintenance.

An Ode to Crime

When airmen from the path have strayed

And out of camp all night they've stayed,

They find the thing they should not do

In neat array on a two five two.

And then without a service cap

They march him in to take the rap

The G. C. really lets it rip,

And tears him off a lengthy strip.

The strip he does not really mind,

It's the seven days he'll be confined,

Not to mention the one day's pay,

They tell him will not come his way.

The mystic powers of this small form

Will harass airmen yet unborn — Unless some future A.O.C.

Decides to make it a two five three.



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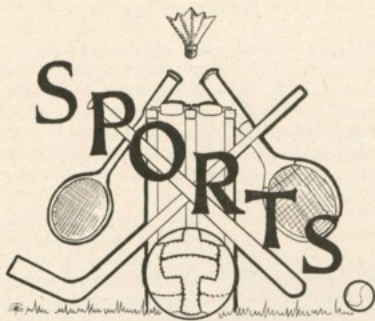


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Cricket. (Officer i/c — P/O. White).

1.—The station cricket team did not play many matches this season, as many of the teams which we met last year could not field teams owing to war work etc. Nineteen games were played, of which we Won 11, Lost 6, Drew 2. The R.A.F. Side which played Toronto All Stars, included LAC. Bishop, P/O. White, and W/O. Rogers of this station, who put up a fine performance.

The outstanding players were A.C. Bishop, P/O. White, and Sgt. Abbott. The latter player, we are sorry to say, has been posted, and we shall miss his services.

Winter Indoor Sports.

1.—Badminton, Basketball and Tennis facilities are available in the Drill Hall, and it is certain that these will be as popular as they were last year.

2.—The Security Guard heads the Basketball league, and L.A.C. Jacobs won the opening Badminton tournament.

3.—An inter-station Basketball league commences in December, and we can look forward to some good matches with neighbouring R.C.A.F. Stations.

4.—Several Badminton matches with Hamilton clubs and R.C.A.F. Stations have been arranged, and it is hoped that many spectators will turn out to support the teams. Owing to the scarcity of birds, players must exercise great economy, and use each bird almost to the last feather.

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

During the 1942 season, the Station Blue team did extremely well, but as their merit as a team was lauded in the last issue of the Meteor, it might be more appropriate to mention a few individuals who have stood by the teams during good times and bad, and made it the fine team it was until it met Picton and was badly mauled on October 3rd.

The Blue team won the magnificent cup presented by the Hamilton Spectator when they defeated Hamilton City by 2 - 1 on 14/11/42, in the final of the Spectator Cup Competition. They also retained the Dean Shield as winners of the Hamilton and District League, and won the Herald Cup.

Harrison (Signals) is sufficiently good at outside right for the Officer i/c Soccer at Picton to want to know how many "giant" Anson Bombers we would accept for his services. Cpl. Chappell (Orderly Room) has been a loyal supporter from the inception of soccer on this station, as well as being a very useful and versatile player. Stokes has proved as good a captain as a player, and his playing ability is not to be "sneezed at".

Water Polo and Team Swimming. (Officer i/c—S/Ldr G. P. Kerr).

The Water Polo team which was fortunate in having regular training in the Station Pool completed the summer season on October 3rd. at the Hamilton Pool, when the Hamilton seven narrowly defeated them by three goals to two, thus making the team's final position Won 1, Drawn 4 and Lost 5, with a total of 22 goals for and 27 against.

Two Galas arranged by the Dundas Lions Club were held in the Dundas Pool and on the invitation of the club teams were sent over to compete in the Relay Race and Water Polo Exhibition Game with the Hamilton S. C.

The first Station Swimming Gala held in July was a huge success and once more we extend our sincere appreciation and thanks to Jimmy Thompson, Manager of the Hamilton Club, and his fine team of swimmers for their generous assistance.

Water Polo practice games and matches are played at the Hamilton Pool every Thursday evening.

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the pause that refreshes
is there**



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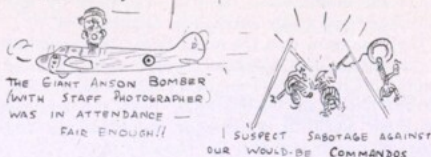
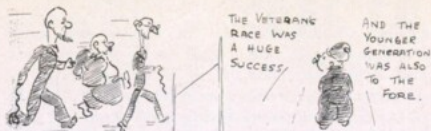
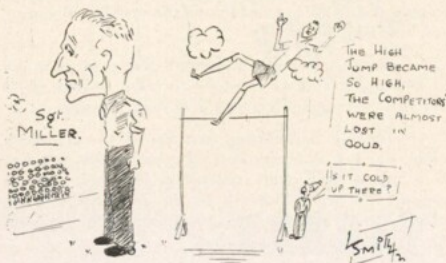
Sports Day

The first athletic meet to be held at No. 33 A.N.S. took place on the afternoon of Wednesday, September 30th. The day was warm and bright with a gentle breeze. This good weather was, of course, arranged through the cooperation of the Met. section.

Memories and highlights of the afternoon included the astoundingly expert pulling and teamwork of the tug-of-war teams, the valiant efforts of the "egg-and-spooners" who found when they stumbled that the "yolk" was on them, the veterans race which proved to be a contest of speed and not the wobbling, slow speed effort many had anticipated, 53A's galaxy of speed merchants—and was it really the self-styled "expert coaching" of the course instructors McDowell and Wakelin that was responsible? — the whole-hearted way (with only slight coercion) in which the officers took part in the officers' race, the mighty effort of the winner of the shot putt, F. Sgt. "Curly" Johnson, whose shining pate disproved the theory that plenteous hirsute growth indicates strength, the exhibition of skill in making a four-point landing from a running start and Immelman turn during the running of the hundred yard dash by a nameless entrant in the Officers' race and Sgt. Miller's gruelling Commando course which really proving a test of strength, speed and endurance.

The crowning event of the afternoon was the presentation of the Commanding Officer's Trophy to course 53A, the winners of the inter-section competition for highest number of points scored in all events. Following this the C. O. presented prizes to

— FUN AND GAMES AT MI HOPE —



the winners of the various events. These prizes were provided by the P.S.I.

At least 600 spectators viewed the running of the events and about 250 competed in the various events. The interest shown should certainly warrant a number of similar afternoons, perhaps one per month, to be held next season. The new cinder track, although a trifle soft, was in excellent condition and should be one of the finest in the district next year.



Our Candid Camera Covers Sports Day

Here are just a few of the many interesting "shots" which our candid camera expert picked off at the Station Sports Day. As you will see, every picture tells a story:—

- 1—F/O Garvie "taking the strain".
- 2—Our budding Commandos toughening up.
- 3—The Commanding Officer congratulates F/Lt. Parnell.
- 4—A tiring time was had by all . . . and
- 5—they finally smashed the obstacle. F/O Garvie rushes to the rescue . . . too late.

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• It works wonders. Gives Carling's a bouquet that's tantalizing, a body that's full and round, and a flavour that's doubly pleasing. *Doubly!* That's the word. Carling's Red Cap is double hopped for double flavour and double enjoyment.



Carling's
RED CAP ALE

"R.A.F. MOUNT HOPE PLAYERS"

Some consternation was caused in the ranks of the sporting fraternity on the station when the fanciful but somewhat misleading title of the R.A.F. MOUNT HOPE PLAYERS was announced recently.

In this title the fraternity saw a possible rival with whom they might have to battle in the near future, but their fears were soon allayed and their anxious enquiries set at rest, when it became clear that the name "Players" referred not to "Sports" but to the Dramatic Club.

When the club was formed the inevitable happened... a committee was elected. Wing Commander Bangay, Officer i/c dramatics, became President, P/O Scott Vice-President, and Cpl. Moore Secretary-Treasurer. There was some doubt at first about entrusting the funds to such a practised prestidigitator (conjurer to you), whose skill in making things disappear is remarkable.

Regrettably, W. C. Bangay was posted before the club's first performance. P/O Scott was elected President, with Sgt. Miller as Vice-President.

On the 4th of November at 7.45 p.m. a large and appreciative audience assembled in the station recreation hall to witness the club's debut. Mrs. Eyre, F/O de Courcey Ireland, Miss Paterson, and Mrs. Duncan greatly amused the audience in Noel Coward's 'Fumed Oak'. The evening's element of

mystery was admirably supplied by L. A. C. Bate, P/O Hill, Sgt. Miller, and L.A.C. Evans in 'The Man Upstairs', by Hugh Beresford. The evening was brought to a successful conclusion by Sgt. Morgan, Mrs. Eyre, and L.A.C. Bowden in Crayshaw Williams' 'Storm In A Breakfast Cup.'

The Commanding Officer, after presenting bouquets to the ladies, said in a brief speech how pleased he was at the surprisingly polished performance which the producers of the plays had been able to achieve in such a short time.

P/O Scott, on behalf of the club, thanked the Commanding Officer for his very encouraging remarks, and emphasised the hard work which had been done by Cpl. Moore, Cpl. Parsons, and L. A. C. Collins behind the scenes.

The club has been formed by and for those who derive enjoyment from acting, or any other form of activity connected with dramatics, and a very sincere welcome is extended to prospective new members.

Do staff

Pilots ever laugh?

Or is it their constant association with the control column

That makes them so solemn?

Good Companions!

Neilson's Jersey Milk Chocolate is welcome anywhere because it is everybody's favorite chocolate.



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R.A.F. Terms Illustrated "Runway".

DUFF GEN

For Erks Only

By Smiler

I

S/Ldr. Gardener is not i/c gardens' and ducks:
Far more important, he's i/c the budget and bucks.

2

Quiz Programme

Are the following Statements True or False?

1. That the Officers' Mess should be named Ferdinand the Bull.
2. That the Sergeants' Mess should be named the Pig and Whistle.
3. That the Corporals' Mess should be named Bless 'em all.
4. That Corporal Annis is a genuine advertisement for the Airmen's Cookhouse.
5. That, if the S/Ldr. Admin. gets posted, we shall lose the only good meal of the day—soup?
6. That Chiefie Campbell (Flight Sergeant to you) prefers milk to beer.
7. That G.I.S. means Guys in Sickbay.
8. That S.H.Q. means Secret Haunt of Quislings.
9. That the Fire Station should be named the Smugglers' Rest.
10. That W/O Hamilton is running in the next election for Mayor of Hamilton.

3

Have you heard the one about?

The rookie who asked the W/O who the hell he thought he was talking to, when he was only in the band anyway.

The twerp who was asked why he did not clean his buttons and replied that he could not buy any metal polish, as metal was vital for the war effort.

The erk who was so broke that he put in for seven days leave in order to draw his ration money.

4

Extracts from D. R. Os.

The airman in C 5 seen flying down the fire escape at 2204 hours clad only in underpants and as tight as an owl will report to the S W O's office immediately. Ref. No. 9820 AUTH:-DAPS, Well-Lit. 683-21 C/5 17-18 AFROS, KR (Air), Look and Pic.

Mental Treatment

The undermentioned airmen will report to the Mental Clinic on Monday, February 28th 1943 at 23.59 hours.

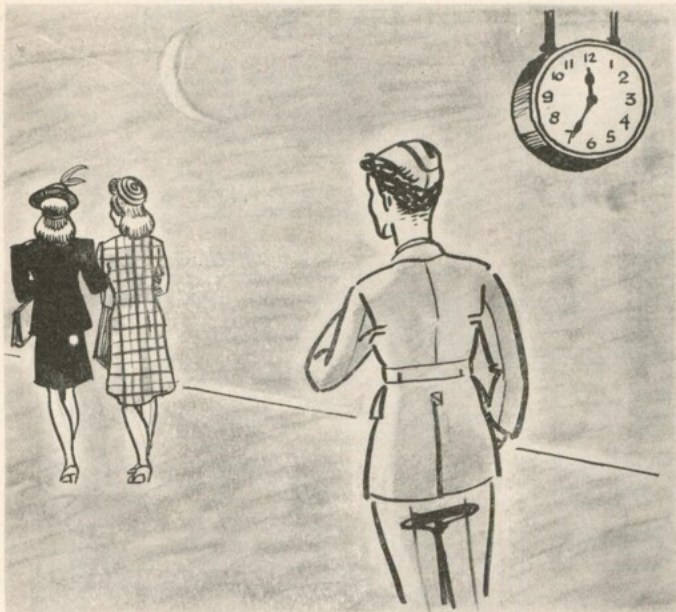
Cpl. Binding
LAC Brain

AC 1 Sprog
AC 2 Dimm

5

Nursery Rhyme for Cadets Only

*Now do not run our Ansons down
They do try hard to fly.
They are not guaranteed to climb
More than a half mile high.
The fitters all work hard on them.
They give them loving care.
So next time when your engines cut
Sit still and land — don't swear.*



Victims?

It is a cold miserable night black as pitch. The time is exactly twenty five minutes after the midnight hour. Out of the darkness a challenge is heard, to be followed at once by a sharp reply.

Seconds pass like hours and presently two figures loom out of the darkness and slink furtively towards a dark building to the right of the gate. As they enter, they glance with obvious fear towards a figure standing by an inner window, immobile and still as a statue. Its piercing eyes seem to say, "More victims".

Not a word is spoken as the two men (for indeed men they are) dive moist palms into their pockets and each produce a slip of paper. With trembling fingers they hand these slips over to the menacing figure, looking all the time for some friendly light in the depth of those sinister eyes.

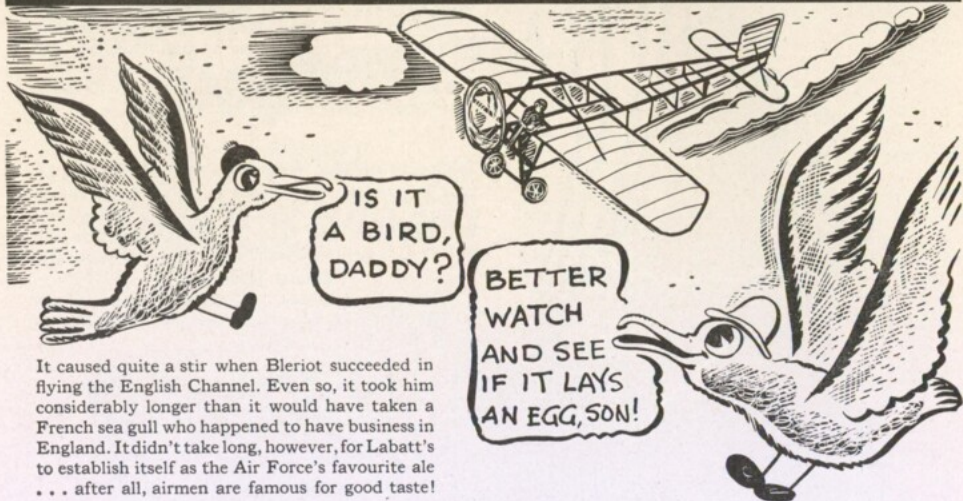
Unconsciously the hand of the man behind the window strays towards a white tin canister by his side on the desk.

But, alas, it is not to be. As he glances at the slip of paper, his eyes soften with disappointment, his hand drops from the canister, and his voice is heard to say, "Damn it, they've late passes."

J. Coleman

"Here's Where I Help the Bombed Victims Fund".

THE UNOFFICIAL STORY OF FLYING—No. 2 "Sea Gulls Escort Channel Flyer"



It caused quite a stir when Bleriot succeeded in flying the English Channel. Even so, it took him considerably longer than it would have taken a French sea gull who happened to have business in England. It didn't take long, however, for Labatt's to establish itself as the Air Force's favourite ale . . . after all, airmen are famous for good taste!

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The Bombed Victims Fund

It was at the Christmas concert in December 1941 that the then Commanding Officer, Wing Commander R. T. Gething A.F.C. asked us to remember amid our festivities those at home in Great Britain who had suffered the loss of home and friends as a result of enemy action. At each of the Christmas dinners on the Station a collection was taken and by the end of January when boxes had been placed round the camp at various strategic spots we were able to send to the Toronto Evening Telegram British War Victims Fund a cheque for \$163.55. The Guard Room with its merciful use of the 'white canister' referred to elsewhere saves airmen from too rigid an application of the 252 and helps the Fund notably. Salvage has brought in a good sum too, though henceforward we shall have to turn the proceeds of salvage sales over to Public Funds. Collections at Church Services have also made a steady contribution. *Meteor* too has added to our total contributed to the Bombed Victim's Fund. Here are our figures up-to-date.

January 29th	\$163-55
March 3rd	177-02
April 1st	181-92
June 3rd	128-31
July 8th	66-67
August 12th	110-59
September 9th	125-79
October	144-92
	\$1098-77

Carry on the good work and give when you can. There may not be a blitz on at home, but there are still many who need help and there *are raids* (though on a small scale) all the time, bringing fresh claims to such a fund as that which we support from this Station.



Works and Buildings

The Works & Bricks—do some queer tricks,
But the queerest that has been done,
Was on the slope—of Old Mount Hope,
Shifting buildings—just for fun.

Now this moving act—became a fact,
When Stores Building went on parade,
Workshops was next—with the erks perplexed.
Just why the move was made.

It was followed then—in succession again,
With housing for two vocations,
A former Mess—and a building for dress
Were moved into new locations.

May the buildings stay—until Judgment Day
Where Command has ruled their site,
But just in case—there's another race,
Please pass them on the right.

Walter G. WATKINS, F/Lt.
(With apologies to Robert Service)

We extend a cordial invitation to all members of the Royal Air Force to visit our store. Do not feel it is necessary to buy anything, for we are more than glad just to have you looking over the books, cameras and gifts that are displayed here.

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the Aviator's choice

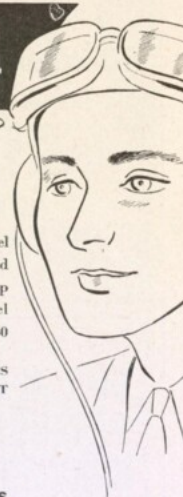


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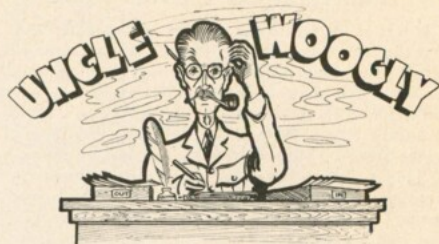
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Then there was the D. P. who suggested using pigeons instead of W/T for passing messages.

What grizzly person suggested the Dental Section grows roses because there is plenty of dried blood for fertiliser?

Who was it referred to Mount Hope as too much moutain and damned little hope?

What does "V. R." on your shoulder stand for? Remember Pearl Harbour? Remember Fanny Adams, then?

Then, there was the airman who was at a very gay party when his wife arrived in Hamilton from England — war is as yet undeclared!

How many pilots work in the cookhouse? (See U.S.A. for information.)

If Mount Hope be little England, then Ancaster is littler Kensington.

What exactly is a bombardier — I mean what does he *do* all the *time*?

What have they done to all of the buses which should come up to camp around five o'clock?

Who suggested the song be amended to "Coming through with the rye"?

Have you had corn on the cob?

Wonderful how quickly we pick up Canadian slang. Almost all of us say, when entering the cookhouse, "What's cookin'?"

We still think one of the best features of Station shows is the S/Ldr. Admin. saying thank you at the end. Only he will soon run short of epithets to describe the chorines at the present pace. Can anyone think of some new adjectives to supplement 'heavenly', 'lovely' and 'luscious'?

Canadian version of old nursery rhyme
Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With silver bells and cockleshells —
And not one single goddam gardenia.

Uncle Woogly

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