

THE MOUNT HOPE

METEOR



FEBRUARY

1943

PRICE 15 CENTS

LETTERS to the EDITOR

Live Letter Box

Dear Sir,

I think your magazine is lousy. How about producing a decent one.

(Sgd.) "Disgruntled."

(Ed.—If this doesn't Meteor requirements, get posted where the magazinery is better.)

Dear Sir,

It was with extreme disgust, horror, amazement, chagrin, frustration, agitation, bewilderment . . . and . . . ah! determination! that I read your last issue of "Meteor." "Determination to do what?" you quite rightly ask and pertinently. Sir, I will tell you with all the alacrity, brevity, speed, acumen, incumen, and bitumen at my command.

Well, Sir, It was like this. Twenty-five years ago my aged, decrepit, drooling, doddering, dastardly and dunderhead old father, who was at that time engaged in the drearisome business of at long last and thank God kicking the bucket, said to me with a wan grin (and was that grin wan? I'll say it was wan wasn't it?): "Edwin," he said (Edwin. That's me.) "Edwin," he said, and as he said it the whole world swam before my tear-streamed eyes . . . onions for tea . . . and I held on to the table for better support . . . the near fore leg broke and I was precipitated precipitately to the floor . . . I picked myself up and dusted the egg-shells from my knees . . . "Go on, Dad, go on" I screamed gutturally and glutinously, "for heaven's sake keep me no longer in suspense, or I shall be too late to get a swift one 'round at the 'Loaf and Drainpipe." "Go on, Dad . . . say something . . . say something before I lose my grip and go berserk, run amok, or something. Speak, Dad, speak, even if it's only to ask for a cup of egg-nog.

Speak." But it was too late. With one last hiccup of defiance, his poor faded eyes misting over with a thin film of glassiness, his breath coming in ever shorter and sharper gasps, and with a sinister and deathlike rattle emerging from his convulsed throat, my poor old dad, who for twenty years had fed, clothed, and protected me, who had been my mainstay and staff, like a mother to me in every dire peril . . . the dear old soul got up from his bed and walked silently from the room.

And I have never seen him to this day. Ever since then I have been meaning to write to the papers asking if anyone had seen him wandering about. But what's the use? I can't be bothered. And then along comes your magazine "Meteor," and right there, staring me in the face, on page seven of your Christmas number, I see the old boy's picture. Oh, Mister Editor, what a load off my mind. How ever can I thank you enough?

Yours,

OVERWROUGHT.

Dear Sir,

The other night a Sergeant turned the lights out on me before I was completely undressed. I ask you. . . Is this BRITISH?

Yours,

PATRIOT.

(Ed.—There'll always be an England.)

Dear Sir,

I heard the Yellow-crested, White-breasted, Green-bellied, Lesser Sharp-shinned Sapsucker (Sphyrapicus DryobatesZamelodia Varius Varius) this morning at eight fifteen. Is this a record?

BIRD LOVER.

(Ed.—Yes, it is. But at eight-fifteen and a half I went out and shot the damned noisy thing. Is THIS a record?)

BIRD HATER.

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The Editor Speaks

This is the third number of the "Meteor" and for the third time a new Editor introduces a new issue under the Chairmanship of a new Chairman and with the assistance of a new, or partly new Committee. The "Meteor" has never really got going. The first number was held up by advertising difficulties, the second by an adverse ruling from Headquarters, and the third by sheer adversity. This time, however, we hope that the "Meteor," in its new and condensed form (with its increase in price) has come to stay.

Some of the items from the old "Meteor" have been retained—Uncle Woogly and the Roving Reporter are still with us—but for the most part this is a New Meteor. We have been well supported, so far, by contributors from all over the camp, some of whom may perhaps be a little disappointed not to see their efforts in print in this number, but much of their material will be incorporated in

future issues. Keep it up, please! Contributions of any sort would not merely be useful, but are essential if the "Meteor" is to survive and flourish.

The cost of producing the two previous issues was covered largely by the sale of advertising space. Now that advertisements can no longer be accepted the new "Meteor" depends on the proceeds from its sales. Despite the slight increase in the price of the magazine we were forced to go to the P.S.I. for help, and their Committee have generously agreed, on your behalf, to stand any loss. This will probably be to the tune of about \$100 per issue. So now, more than ever, it is essential for us to sell every copy. We shall be at pay parade, in the canteen, in the G.I.S.—everywhere you congregate, but we are sufficiently confident to believe that you will find the value of the "Meteor" such that common sense, loyalty, but not charity, will impel you to buy a copy.

THE EDITOR SPEAKS

Our aim is simply to be your Station Magazine: to provide you with exactly the kind of magazine you want—though a replica of "Pic" or "Esquire" is, financially, out of the question. We want to voice your ideas, not our own; print your stories, answer your queries and keep you posted on matters which affect you. We are merely the organizers, for it is up to you to provide the copy and we will sort it out and print it. Please deluge us with work, with letters, articles, etc.; give us no peace and we shall be happy. Above all, don't be a rubber-neck. 15c won't break you. We don't profess to have any "policy," but it is our hope that

the "Meteor" will help to maintain your interest in station activities, and help make you conscious of your participation in the life of this little community of ours at Mt. Hope. Do you know of a better station (in Canada)?

We are greatly indebted to the Editors of "Esquire" for so generously agreeing to supply us with "Varga" girls from time to time; it's a fine gesture we will not forget. We are also very grateful to Rapid, Grip & Batten Co. for donating the block for our cover. We would also like to express our thanks to Mr. Ferres, of Hamilton, for giving us so much of his expert advice in the planning, layout and printing of this magazine.

Editor.



"POOR CHAP . . . BROKEN NECK!"

"NO! R.A.F. ON LEAVE!"

PAST YOUR EYES

The National Milk Scheme has been well received in England. Some of the letters, however, received at the Milk Board offices show some confusion about the plan. for example:

"Please send me a form for cheap milk as I am expecting mother."

"Please send me a form for supply of milk for having children at reduced prices."

"I have a baby 10 months old thanking you for same."

"Will you please send me a form for cheap milk. I have a baby two months old and didn't know anything about it until a friend told me."

"I intended coming to the Milk Office to-day but have had 15 children this morning."

"I have 1 child nearly 2 years old and am looking forward to an increase in November; hoping this meets with your kind consideration and approval."

"I have a baby two months old fed entirely on cows."

"Sorry to have been so long in filling in the form, but I have been in bed two weeks with my baby and did not know it was running out until the milkman told me."

MUSINGS

1949

by

L. A. C., H. G. Silcock

As I sit in this quiet little room, with its cream-washed walls and simple fittings, under the high window which lets in shafts of morning sunlight, there is little to remind me of war. Yet here, after years of well-tended peace and quiet, memories creep up to haunt me; nerve-jangling, nightmare memories.

Many would consider it strange that I should be thus haunted, for my flying career scarcely touched on operations. Most of my time was spent as staff pilot. But need I say more than that I was pilot to "U/T Navigators"? . . .

Of course, there were some half-useful stooges; some who could read and write, and even find a wind, or take a drift. And I will not deny that there were several upon whom the light of dawn was painfully breaking. Many of these, in a misguided Government's enthusiasm, were eventually turned over to long-suffering O.T.U.'s. But if ever there was one particularly ropey specimen, one gifted with just enough low cunning to stay on the course, one black-out among dim-wits—I had to fly with him.

There were the enthusiastic reciprocal-plotters, the trial-and-error map readers, and the "lost but I won't admit it" erks. They all came to me, and they all contrived, in various ways, to produce anxious moments

for myself and the rest of the crew; minor shocks, mostly, but I soon felt their cumulative effect. I did not sleep well, and I lost weight.

Space prevents me from telling of all these star pupils, but of one I must write, the Jonah of Jonahs—he who accompanied me on my last night trip.

He had been with me on several occasions. Once, during a W/T exercise, he had unfortunately been ordered to reel out the trailing aerial. After first snaring the navigator's foot and an accumulator with loose cable inside the cabin, he had managed this quite successfully and, for all I know, had concluded the exercise. But it was no surprise to me, when we landed, to find that the aerial stretched gamely behind the aircraft, bringing as a peace-offering a large portion of fence and the torn-off leg of a lamb. On another occasion my Jonah had been learning the mysteries of hand-held obliques. When he ran madly to the co-pilot's window, it was not in sudden panic. Oh, no! it was merely so that he could obtain a

better view of the camera's uninterrupted descent into a lake. His face was a study in absorbed interest. I began to regard him as a menace.

On this last trip which I have mentioned I should have known better than to allow him to come as First Navigator. In daylight, with 50 mile visibility, on a routine course and with zero wind he would unfaillingly lose himself. His theme song, I dare say, was "The Lost Chord." But at night! . . . However, it was the old question of filling in flying hours, and the weather seemed clear, though cold. I took off with my fingers crossed, vaguely apprehensive.

The weather did break, of course, and soon we were flying above tent-tenths cloud. Feeling none too sure of my position, I glanced around at his lordship. He looked busy, it is true, but, knowing him, I felt convinced that he was, as usual, playing noughts and crosses on his computer. "Wait a bit, I'm checking up," he drawled.

Just then the clouds cleared a little and, as the oil pressure of the port engine was playing tricks and as icing conditions prevailed, I decided to lose height and look around "just in case." Lights appeared below and I thought I could identify a local railroad junction, only a few minutes' run from an emergency landing field. As though to prove my thoughts prophetic, the mis-behaving engine began to cough and splutter.

I glanced again at Jonah, to hear him mutter, "Beetle-juice low in the sky." He was taking a shot, but from the angle at which he held the sextant it was evident that he sighted no celestial body; more likely one of the signal lights which had, I hoped established our position. I felt my

exasperation rising like a flood. Why should I suffer this? Why . . .

At that moment the port engine seized up and it was evident that ice was forming. We were losing height and I had my hands full. "Port engine seized . . . Icing . . . I'm landing at X" I yelled back. "Recognition signal." I cursed him under my breath as he fumbled with the cart-ridges.

The rest happened very quickly. There was a blinding flash as the Verey light exploded *inside* the cabin.

Choking with fumes and tugging hard at the controls, I could only jerk my head at the extinguisher. But he didn't seem to see it. I remember the bitterness I felt at seeing the landing lights and reflecting that, thanks to him, I would at best land a flaming torch. Something snapped in my brain. Where was he? The extinguisher—when would the foam come?

It came. Jonah was on the job! It came just as I was levelling up to land—all over the perspex and all over my head and face, effectively blinding me. There was an almighty crash and a succession of sickening jolts, and dimly I realized that, in spite of Jonah, we had made it and were in one piece. The last thing I can remember was the feeling of utter satisfaction with which I raised the empty extinguisher and brought it crashing down on his stupid head.

And now, as I sit in this quiet little room with its cream-washed, padded walls, under the high barred window, there is little to remind me of war. But you will now understand why memories creep up to haunt me. The doctor does, anyway, and so does Charlie, my attendant.



Isn't that
taking D.R. a
little *too far*,
Blenkinsop?

ORCHIDS

We take pride and pleasure in listing here those people on the station who, in their various ways, have merited our sincere thanks during the last month.

AC SOUTHAM, the man who is responsible for all the signs you see posted up all over the station. Working almost ceaselessly out of hours in his little office in S.H.Q., with his brush and paints he will produce at short notice literally any sign you require . . . and it is always good. And even when he is practically snowed under with work and you breeze cheerily in and ask him to do a "rush order" for you . . . he does it willingly. Thank you, AC Southam.

The Meteorological Section, for scrubbing flying on Christmas night.

AC GELL, who, though few people seem to realize it, is an artist of real merit. He designed the backcloth for the opening scene of the Mountaineers' Show, "Rafter Raisers," and did most of the painting himself, too. Working with a strange assortment of paints and brushes scrounged from all over the camp, he daubed away until he had finally executed a very amusing and colourful panorama of the camp. Through these efforts of his the Rec. Hall stage was given a new lease of life.

F/Sgt. Devrill and his staff, who together produced two Christmas dinners for the airmen, each as good as the other. No mean feat, this, when you consider the numbers of turkey-loving wolves who presented themselves to be fed by him during the gastronomically festive season. But did you see the You and Me . . .

\$5.00 PRIZE CONTEST

This month's winner of our \$5 Competition was L.A.C. H. G. Silcock, of 67A Course, whose story "Musings, 1949" appears on Page 5. Congratulations and many thanks, L.A.C. Silcock. A good second place and a consolation prize of \$1 was gained by L.A.C. Hartley, L. of Maintenance Wing, whose excellent story "Sortie" would have been well worth printing in this issue had we sufficient space—we're holding it for some future number. Amongst the runners-up were Sgt. George's poem "Is Night Flying On?" (on page 10) and A.C.1 Russell's very pleasant little poem "Dawn." Other competitors, who submitted excellent material, were W/O Brinfield with "To the Crescent Moon," Cpl. Hooper with "Two Missing," A.C.1 Humphrey with "Time Was," L.A.C. Crawford with "Escort" and many more.

Altogether there were 25 entries in the competition and the Committee had quite a time deciding whose entry was the

best. The stories and articles were on the whole, of a very high standard; in fact, the idea was such a success that, through the assistance of the P.S.I., we have decided to make it a monthly feature. \$5 will be offered for the best article, story or poem submitted for each issue of the "Meteor" and \$1 will go to the originator of the best cartoon. The only rules are:

1. Material must be submitted by the 1st of the month.
2. The Editor's decision is final.
3. Articles, etc., cannot be returned, so keep a copy.
4. We reserve the right to print any article, etc., whether or not it is the winner.

Entries may be handed to your Instructor, to Mr. Kirk Bell, the Y.M.C.A. Supervisor, or direct to the Editor, Room 3, G.I.S.

To those of you who were unlucky in the first competition—don't let up! We'd like to have more from you.

ORCHIDS

sorry . . . Menu? The turkey was not alone on the groaning tables. With it went soup, Christmas pudding (do not hesitate to ask for more), grapes, oranges, apples, cake, crackers and . . . aha! Beer (don't you dare ask for more). Well done, Devrill and his boys . . . it was worth the effort!

Cpl. Lovelace. Whenever there is a show on the stage in the Recreational Hall, Cpl. Lovelace is on the

job behind the scenes. He's never absent, but is always on the spot manipulating with precision his rows of switches. More often than not, you'll find him in the Hall at lunch time fiddling around with some gadget, or improving the P.A. system with his own ingenious modifications.

Don't catch cold in a 'bus queue. There's bags to do on camp.

OUR CHIEF
INSTRUCTOR

Wing Commander SIMPSON

If we copy an official R.A.F. publication and quote, from Alice in Wonderland, "Why," said the Dodo, "the best way to explain it is to do it." it is only because we are rather proud to have as our "C.I." one who, having "done" it, is in a very good position to "explain" it.

Wing Commander Simpson has been Chief Instructor at this school since August, 1942, when he took over this post from Wing Commander Joyce, who was posted back to England.

Aerial Navigation being one of the newer arts, the post of Chief Instructor at a Navigation School in wartime is by no means a sinecure. Since W/C Simpson became the guiding star of the G.I.S., the expansion of this unit and the modernizing and improvements in methods and policy have confronted him with many problems for which he has always produced immediate solutions. Devoting all his energy to the end that this school may accomplish its object in life . . . that is, the training of efficient Navigators and Bomb Aimers . . . he is justly proud of the reputation that 33 A.N.S. has attained.



Of his past he is modestly reticent, but this much we managed to glean. In 1936 he graduated from the University of Cambridge with an M.A. in Engineering; but he had found time during his stay there to Captain the College Athletic team, represent the University in revolver and pistol shooting at Bisley, and also fly frequently with the University Air Squadron. This last activity appealed to him so much that he decided to join the R.A.F. immediately. After his initial training he went through a course at the School of Air Navigation at Manston, and then found himself flying Harrows in Bomber Command. When war broke out he was in a Wellington Squadron, and during the first ten months of the war he took part in the early operational activities against Germany. He was in one of the first daylight attacks on Heligoland, and later bombed targets such as Cuxhaven and Brunsbuttel. He was then posted back to the School

of Air Navigation, which in the interim had been moved to St. Athan, and there he took the Specialist navigation course. From there he went to Peterborough, where he began to teach navigation to the Fleet Air Arm pilots under training.

He was still with the S.F.T.S. at Peterborough when it was moved en bloc to Kingston, Ontario, as the first R.A.F. unit in Canada. During his stay there he helped to found the "Yacht Club," and the Officers of Kingston are now fortunate in being

able to invite their friends there for a drink. Incidentally, no yacht was ever seen to set sail from this club!

W/C Simpson came here in August, 1941, and has for fourteen months been P.M.C. In this capacity he is also to be congratulated on supervising many successful changes in the Officers Mess. There is one thing, however, we hope he will never change, and that is his annual Christmas ritual of mixing a very smooth and delicious egg-nog.

Is Night Flying On?

*The weather just now looks pretty grim,
In fact, with a dash of wishful thinking,
It makes the chances look very slim
Of flying back and forth in the blinking
Sky to-night.*

*Now the duty pilot, he's the bloke
Who ought to know. Let's ring him,
brother.
No gen and he says he can only just croak
From answering the offspring of five
hundred other
So and so mothers.*

*So now we try that omniscient college,
The Met Office, whence, in B.B.C.
tones,
They say they only transmit their knowledge
And the O.C. decides, with the higher-up
drones*

In G.I.S.

*The orderly room might give us a hint
In whether the detail was thought
worth trying.
The answer, in speech with a cheesed-off tint,
They've details for everything from
night-flying
To nursing pilots.*

*The servicing squadron hasn't heard,
The time-keepers think they should
know soon.
By five thirty still there isn't a word,
Better stooze to the mess, the after-
noon
Is vain.*

*We pass, in transit, a cheerful erk,
Who chirps, as he passes, in merriest
tone,
"What? Still on the camp, Sarge?
You haven't to work.
The night detail's scrubbed — the
cookhouse has known
Since three-fifteen."*

Sgt. George.



PATRIOTISM MINUS

*I'm a patriotic cutie
And I love to do my duty
When emergencies arise, I never
flout 'em;
Silken hose I'm blithely banning
As a part of my Ja-panning
And besides, my legs look very
nice without 'em;
Silken undies I am spurning
And to Nature I'm returning
Though they were a tempting
part of my apparel,
Yet if graver steps are taken
My composure won't be shaken
For I bet I'd be a riot in a barrel!*

Verse by Phil Stack
Painting by Varga

STATION NOTES

STATION NOTES

Some Sections have not been represented in these notes, and we're keen to include news and views from every quarter of Mt. Hope. So get into a huddle and elect some keen-type who will undertake to collect and piece together all your monthly gen.

Ed.

FLYING SQUADRON

When Bill Shakespeare trotted out his famous line about the not-so-unkind Winter Wind, the old boy showed an amazingly sympathetic insight into human nature that entitles him to a place as an Hon. Member of the Royal College of Staff Pilots. Since the last issue of "Meteor" the aforementioned Winter Wind, combined with the noble efforts of the Met. Dept., bags of cold fronts, warm fronts, seclusions, snow-storms, ground haze, Uncle Tom Cobbly and all, have given the over-worked pilots of Flying Squadron a brief respite from their arduous toil and the ground boys a chance to snuggle unmolested in the dens to which ground boys are wont to retire.

Courses 64B, 6B, 66A and 67A of Navigators and 67 of Air Bombers have taken to dicing with death; after some delays they are now airborne and latest reports indicate that local log-markers are experiencing a rush of work. Two courses are off to join the ranks of the fully-fledged birdmen. Good luck, chaps, and Happy

Landings; after all, you always got back here!

There have been a few departures amongst the staff too; five to Charlottetown, and four en route back home. F/Lt. Harper is one of the homing pigeons—rumour has it that a certain F/O Speaks will take his place as Flight Commander, whilst P/O "Bunker" Hill is raised to the peerage as Deputy Flight Commander.

Among those going to P.E.I. was P/O "J. K." Edwards, of the Edwards Bros. and Co., Unlimited—a move which, for ourselves, we deeply regret. "J. K." had a spontaneous brand of humour that cheered up many a homesick soul in moments of deeper depression. He was a rare humourist and no mean entertainer, producer, librettist, trombonologist, horse-fancier, toper—Oh, and Staff Pilot. Happy Hunting, Jimmie!

G. I. S.

I overheard two newly arrived Mount Hope Cadets discussing the Station the other day. "This is where we get our flying in," said one. Need I add? No fooling, though, this good Canadian weather is discouraging, it fairly keeps we G.I.S. boys busy—especially the hard worked programme "getter-uppers." What a thankless job, chasing around for two or three hours in the afternoon, only to find the Met. Office has drawn the blanket across the sky by take-off time! Personally, I have forgotten what a heavenly body looks like, but perhaps I had better leave it at that.

Since the last issue of the "Meteor" we have issued quite a lot of Flying O.'s, and a lot more prospective "O" wearers have arrived for training. One word of warning—one or two tailors appear to have been manufacturing double wings similar to the Pilot's Badge with the letters "B.A." in the centre. This badge is unauthorized and the wearing of it is definitely a breach of regulations. So chaps—beware of imitations, it may lead you to the glasshouse.

The last operational "Rattle" exercise was not completed by our friends at Port Albert, Malton or London. However, we had about 9 machines find the target, despite really foul weather. Cadets on all courses should obtain as much "gen" as possible—you may be one of those chosen for the next competition "Scamper" or "Rattle" exercise which, I understand, will take place during February and March. We set the pace with a good lead over the other Schools in the first two of these exercises, and it's up to us all to repeat this time and time again.

R. L. B.

REPAIR SQUADRON NOTES

Firstly we must confess that the avaricious streak in our character came to the fore after seeing huge notices all over the Station—"Write for Meteor and Win Five Dollars!" On the one hand was the sense of duty reminding us of the promise made to you who ploughed through the last version of Maintenance Notes, and who were presumably awaiting the next; on the other, was the temptation to add to \$2.25 a day. But Duty and

Esprit de Corps prevailed, and we resume writing by halo-light.

Hearty congratulations are to be offered to the new Corporals, Heath and Sawyer, and to those who, braving the uncertainties of the last Re-classification Board, came through with flying colours. At the time of writing, the Remustering Board is upon us, and we have high hopes for a good Squadron performance, no less than for individual success.

The officers and N.C.O.'s who act as school-teachers and who are responsible for the success of the instructional classes feel amply rewarded by the successes of qualifying personnel, and from what we have seen, their efforts are fully appreciated by the candidates themselves. Incidentally, the new Education Officer seems to have rolled up his sleeves with gusto and started in on the good work too. We should like to take this opportunity of welcoming him and of expressing the desire to see him in Maintenance Wing as much as possible, consistent with his commitments elsewhere.

Outside sporting activities have, of course, been more or less curtailed owing to the advent of winter, but the personnel of this Squadron have made good use of the skating facilities on the camp. Indoors, too, we have been well represented at badminton, although the shortage of shuttles tends to encircle us a little.

In January, history was made, as Repair Squadron personnel bravely hied themselves forth into the cold and the dark to help their comrades in Servicing Squadron. Chalk it up, chaps.

T. G. H.

SERVICING SQUADRON NOTES

Once more the sons of the Old Country have weathered the storms of yet another Canadian winter, especially those poor, forgotten bodies who, throughout day and night, trundle their aircraft as counters in the ancient game of draughts.

To those who have recently arrived, we lift a finger of caution and quote: "Mind your ears, the wind is chilled—frostbite can be painful." Don't say, "We can take it!" for we old timers thought it quite warm during our first winter, but when a real Canadian summer has been experienced, then winter just ain't so 'ot, so to speak.

For those who moan about standing hours in the bus queue, remember the good old days when many hours were patiently spent in all kinds of weather at an F.A. Division ground or amidst the struggling crowd after the match. You know the thing—what of a few hundred at Mount Hope after 40,000 at Villa Park!

January 16th brings back cheerful memories to many, for it recalls the Servicing Sqdn. dance which proved to be a thorough success. We should like to thank Sgt. Willetts for conducting the duties of M.C. so nobly, together with the efforts of his associates. We regret that on this occasion our much-fondled aircraft failed in their behaviour in that they did not respond so perfectly to the willing grooms provided by Major and Minor Maintenance.

It was brought to our notice that the Marriage Bug had once more made a kill; we take this opportunity to offer our heartiest congratulations to our Squadron Commander on

the recent announcement of his forthcoming marriage. We wish him the best of luck in his new venture—the most serious of life's journey.

R. S. L.

SIGNALS SECTION

Since our last injecture on behalf of "all W/Ops. who are not pupes," nothing of extraordinary mention has come up.

But, entitled to a little honourable mention was the passing of the old year (plus F/Sgt. — muttering something about a boat) and the ushering in of a brand new one. And now that all our lads have put their New Year resolutions behind locked doors, things, we hope, will once again resume their normal aspect—except, of course, for the usual putting in of 295's, 252's, early chits and the like, which are an accepted part of our duty and routine.

One thing, we noticed, continued to thrive over both Christmas and New Year (with the presence each time of the usual 50% of S.Ps.), and that was "binding." After all, top-pers do go well with No. 1 Blue Grey Air Force, don't they? By the way, who was the unlucky Sgt. waiting for a train at C.N. with the wee wife waiting for both hubby and train at C.P.? Of the L.A.C. who proceeded on New Year Grant and "forgot" to put his 295 in for leave in January; or the other chap who was astonished when he returned from 7 days, to find he'd had someone else's slacks on over that period? Now, how could they get there? Who said Welshmen were forgetful? A song on the lips of all our Aircrew chaps seems to be going down well—"Mr. 315."

Well, G.I.S. Cabin, W/T. Maintenance and Air Ops., the very best for the New Year (better late than

never) and don't forget all our people back home, let's hope the New Year brings a real view of undisputed Victory before us—and make sure we do our bit. Switch that light off whenever you can, help the other man over the fence, and, if Night Flying isn't cancelled, don't go into a rage and burn a hangar down. Just carry on.

S. H. Q.

These are the notes for S.H.Q.,
There's little old and little new
To tell since last December's issue;
For shooting lines and scandal's
tissue

Are left to those who do not gloat
Upon the rocking of the boat.
What if some covet guile or craft
Should carry us in one big draft
To England in a week or so?
Then, on the tube at Golder's Green
The posted Bulstrode would be seen;
While Yorkshire folk would mildly
smirk

At Corporal Bennett now turned
"Turk."

In Biggleswade and Billingsgate
Would Billinghamst perambulate;
While Loftius would employ his loot
To outshine Orpheus in repute.
"The Kidderminster Shuttle's" press
Would tell the Baron's latest stress,
And Corporal Cater on the land
Would gently lay a priestly hand.
Ladies fair would weakly grapple
In the moonlight with Corporal
Chappell;

While Duffin with cold casuistry
Would probe his latest mystery.
Would not the Gloucester Records
pounce

Some of the members of Accounts?
At least one plighted man from
stores

Would have to answer why he snores.

Some in Scotland, some in Wales
Would tell their variegated tales.
Would not folks stare with open eye
As on a stranger, wondering why
These men took not as their prize
This trans-Atlantic paradise?
Altered in tongue and mind we part,
Divided within our deeper heart;
See, how we change when we would
not;
How much remembered, much
forgot?

EDUCATION IN THE SERVICE

You have, no doubt, seen various notices on the Camp relating to Education and I hope you have been wondering what I can do for you.

You may feel that you are not making the progress you should in your Service trade. Perhaps you haven't even got a trade. I may be able to assist you here myself, or certainly get hold of someone, either on or off the Unit, who can.

For some of you the war has interrupted the study you were doing or were going to do for a trade or profession. You may have new ideas about what you would like to do after the war. Now is the time to make preparation and get yourself qualified. Excellent provisions have been made to see that your service does not hold you back.

In fact, in many ways, you are in an advantageous position. I challenge you to ask me to arrange a course for you, which cannot be obtained with a minimum initial effort on your part, and free of charge or nearly so.

I cannot help you unless I know your needs, so don't hesitate to come and talk it over.

F/Lt. Threlfall, Education Officer.

°Roll On That

Words and music by F/O. A. X. EDWARDS.

Arr. by A. C. DYER. W/Op.

INTRO

ff *rit*

VERSE

"England, our Island home," is a song that all bands have been playing, "There'll always be an England" are

words that go without saying, So let's sing a song that is more apropos, The "Old Country" still as our

theme, Our U-nanimous feelings will be easy to show with a song that is right on the beam

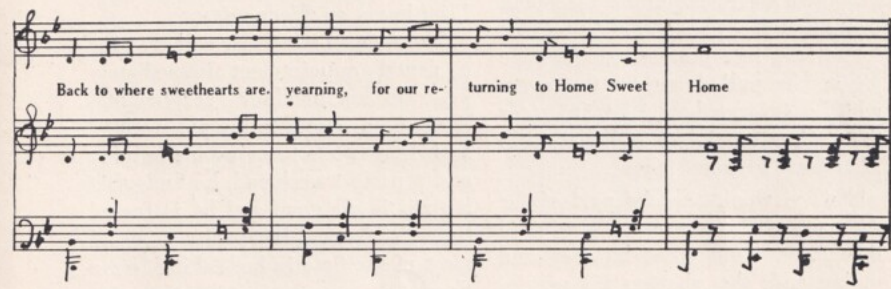
t Chugging Boat"

CHORUS

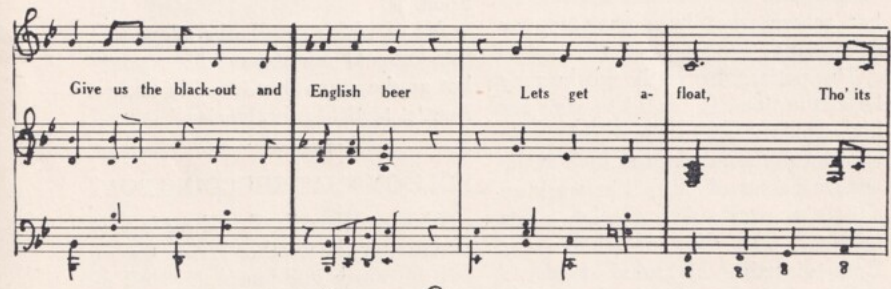
Roll on that boat 'Cross the Atlantic's raging foam,



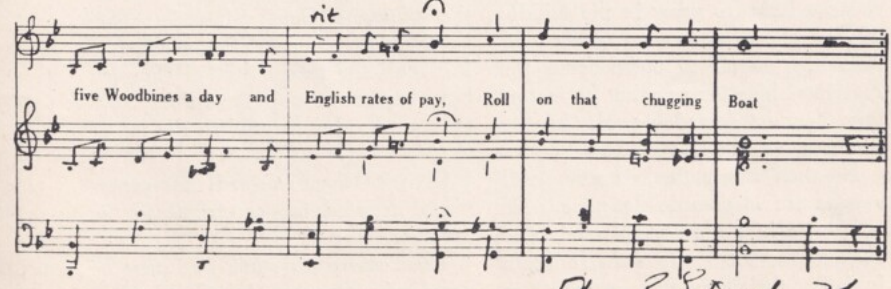
Back to where sweethearts are yearning, for our re- turning to Home Sweet Home



Give us the black-out and English beer Lets get a- float, Tho' its



five Woodbines a day and English rates of pay, Roll on that chugging Boat



Alan R. Edwards Ho.

THEORIES FROM THE DENTAL CLINIC

It has been propounded by some psychiatrists, that the reason many enter the healing arts of medicine and dentistry is because they enjoy seeing people suffer.

The average Airman, whether or not he believes in such a theory, approaches the Dental Clinic with much the same posture as a cat walking on a hot stove. He fully expects to get the "hot seat," emit from his pores quarts of perspiration, hold his breath for hours on end, get a grubby fist and the crank case of a dental engine in his mouth at the same time, lose pints of blood, have all nerves pulled out by the roots, and be informed by the Operator that it is all painless and that there is nothing to worry about.

This viewpoint on the part of the Airman is based on a profound theory. It isn't what he sees and understands that shatters his nerves, but rather what he doesn't see or understand.

The patient, brave though he may be at the time, is forced to wait for his appointment in the Clinic. He might make an attempt to look at the ancient copies of "Life," or work on a jig-saw puzzle with the key parts missing. The effect of all this, far from diverting his mind, tends to cause a lump to grow in the middle of his chest, and a gurgling and rumbling sound to come from the region of his stomach that he is certain can be heard by all in the building.

He then enters the Surgery. All composure is completely gone. He sits down in a cold metal chair and reaches for the chair arms, only to find that they have been removed or didn't exist in the first place.

The Operator then proceeds to further disarm him by scrubbing up, all the while leering at him and moving terrifying surgical instruments around. A chart is then consulted which shows clearly the number of broken teeth that need repairing, together with a history of the patient's life and his weaknesses generally. The instruments are then brought into use along with the electric attachments. After forty minutes of mental and physical endurance, with a wrestling bout thrown in for good measure, the patient is informed in an unsympathetic tone to return at 1130 hours on Wednesday.

The Airman is usually called in for a dental appointment immediately prior to his precious "forty-eight." When he proceeds to the place where he fully expects to enjoy his holiday and a perfect week-end, he finds that his zip is all gone and he is forced through physical incapacity to spend most of the time in bed taking Nerve Food.

All of which recalls the adage that "Paderewski might have been pretty hot on the piano, but it really takes a Dentist to tickle the ivories."

ROLL ON THAT CHUGGING BOAT

Flying Officer A. R. Edwards may perhaps not be another Irving Berlin, but the words and music of "Roll on that Chugging Boat" which he wrote as the last chorus of the "Rafter Raisers," the recent Station Concert, have become so popular on the camp that we decided to publish the music sheet.

Flying Officer Edwards has generously donated the copyright to the "Meteor."

(The centre page will in future be filled with some of Cpl. Thackeray's excellent photographs.—Ed.)

S/Ldr.

“SASK”

SMITH

O. C. FLYING SQUADRON

S/Ldr. G. H. Smith, our O.C. Flying, whose task it is to cope with the many varied and intricate problems presented by seventy-odd staff pilots, a secret number of aeroplanes (sometimes this is even a secret from him) and an enormous flying programme, is known familiarly to his friends as “Sask.” The rather obvious explanation of this is that he was born in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. Not often connected with his nickname is the little-known fact that, when he hurriedly signs sheet after sheet of flight authorizations, his signature nearly always looks like “S.A.S.” This is because he has a funny “G” and even more peculiar “H.”

In 1934 and 1935 he tried incessantly to get in the R.C.A.F., but, like a large number of the best pilots in the R.A.F., he was turned down simply because he could not boast a University degree. So, mentally registering his strong disapproval in what were no doubt strong words, in 1936 he worked his way from Saskatoon to Cardiff by way of cattle-train and cattle-boat. He says that before the trip he knew absolutely nothing about cattle . . . but that, by the time he arrived in Cardiff, he knew far more than he had ever wanted to know. Being a nursemaid



to a cow, however, was but a means to an end, and that end he achieved towards the close of 1936, when he received a short service commission as a pilot in the R.A.F. But this was not before he had had to fill in time by getting a job in a pickle factory!

After finishing his training, he went to a heavy Bomber Squadron at Driffield, where for some time he flew Harrows; but when the war broke out he had been transferred on to Wellingtons, and was stationed at Mildenhall. It was from here that, in December of 1939, he took part in one of the first daylight raids on warships in Heligoland; and with this squadron he was engaged in active operations against the enemy for the next nine months. His next assignment was to a Stirling development flight, and, for another eight months, at a time when the four-motored bomber was a rare and stir-

ring sight in the skies over Britain, he spent his time testing and experimenting with the Stirling, which was later to become the mainstay of our bomber Command. During this period these few existing Stirlings did several operational raids, but these, according to the modest "Sas," were "purely experimental."

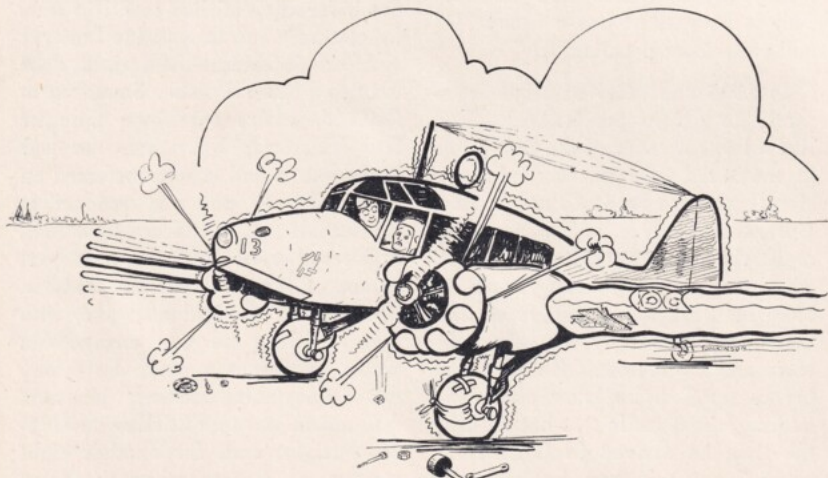
In May of 1941, after a stay of five years in England, he was given the opportunity to return to his native land, to fly Stirlings (as he thought). He reckoned, too, that he had just about earned a visit to his folks in Saskatoon. But when he got out here he soon found that Stirlings weren't in the picture at all, and it was at Mount Hope in July of that year that he proudly graduated on to the Giant Anson Bomber! In those days there were only about two planes on the station . . . but S/Ldr. Smith has watched that number grow, until to-day he can look out of the

window of his office in the control tower and see the ground-crews vainly trying to squeeze one more onto the tarmac. But don't get the idea that his flying days are over. On the contrary, he is forever kept busy risking his neck checking out new staff pilots, doing weather tests, and, when opportunity and "Open House" days permit, putting in the odd bit of authorized low flying.

ELEGY

(From an English magazine)
*The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
A line of cars winds slowly o'er the lea.
A pedestrian plods his absent-minded way—
And leaves the world quite unexpectedly.*

L.A.C. R. McMillan, 65B.



Fitter—'Sall right, Sir—sign it. She'll be OK in the air!

Y. M. C. A.



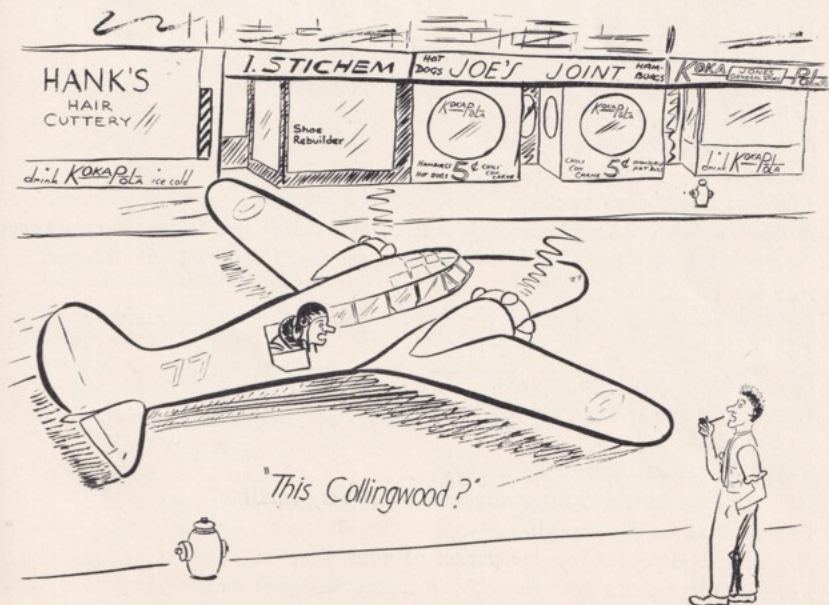
In every theatre of the war, however remote (even at Mt. Hope), the Red Triangle of the Y.M.C.A. has been hoisted. At 33 A.N.S., tucked away in a chilly corner of the Recreational Hall, you will always find one or both of your Y.M.C.A. supervisors, Mr. Kirk Bell and Mr. Stalos, at work. Working under the direction of the War Services Committee in Toronto, we are always ready to help you in any way we can, for it is our desire to serve.

The many important jobs which fall to our lot include the arranging of entertainment under the guidance of S/L. Thompson, who has "stolen" my copy in his "Rec. Hall Ramblings"; the supervision of the Sta-

tion Library in co-operation with F/Lt. Threlfall; and working with P/O. Simon on the more strenuous forms of activity.

A call at the Y.M.C.A. office will help you with your week-end leaves or with any travelling you may be contemplating, and we would also be very glad to arrange a week-end or a Sunday dinner for you in Hamilton or its environs. In this work we are greatly assisted by the I.O.D.E., who have branches in every town.

Lastly, we would like to thank all personnel on this station for the excellent co-operation they are giving us; it certainly makes the job of a Y.M.C.A. supervisor a very gratifying one. If you have any new ideas which you think will be of benefit to your Station, or if there is any way at all in which we can be of assistance to you, just call at the "Y" Office in the Rec. Hall, for we are here to help you.



Musing While Flying

I'm all in favour
Of changing the flavour
Of chewing-gum.
Why don't they have some
Which will taste
Just like chicken and ham paste?
Or why don't they try to capture
The delicious and succulent taste of fried mushrooms. Ah! what rapture!
Can't you imagine the delight,
One day during a particularly long and boring flight,
Of popping into your mouth
Something that tasted just like vermouth?
In such circumstances I suppose it would be rather risky
To chew gum that was flavoured with whisky,
But it would be all right, if I'm not mistaken,
To chew eggs and bacon.
However, I'm afraid there would be some confusion
If you took this thing to its logical conclusion,
For in some cases you would not be able
To print the whole flavour on the label.
Imagine buying
Gum, and trying
To make up your mind,
Out of all the packages you could find,
Whether you wanted to chew
A hefty helping of Irish stew,
A curry guaranteed not to burn,
Or sauterne!
And you might even meet
A label which read right through a twelve-course dinner from soup to sweet.
Nevertheless, they could at least make the existing flavours taste stronger,
And last longer.
Perhaps the duration of the taste could be changed from a mere minute
To infinite.
But if they did that people would only have to buy one packet
(And that's the crux of the whole racket.)
So I'm afraid
These changes will never be made.
However, my interest in the whole affair is very small
Because I never chew at all,
Although I always carry one packet of gum
For stopping up the gaps through which the draughts come.

OUR PADRE

A camp publication like ours offers intimate publicity, unobtainable in more widely read papers. "Padre's Notes" have been a feature of most camp papers ever since they came into popularity. One would like, as a Padre, to have, for a change, a peep at say—the Equipment Officer's Notes—or the Accountant Officer's Notes—or the S/L.A.'s Notes. They would help reflect perhaps how simple after all are the minds of the great ones. It would set up a useful standard of comparison! So spare me. This, my first letter to you—"the Saints which are at Mt. Hope" is from a friend to his parishioners and my gratitude to you all for the kindly way in which I have been helped. I am satisfied that in a world where there is no peace and precious little good will, Mount Hope retains both elements in good measure. There are thoughtful people here struggling mentally with the problems which confront us in life—amidst all the distraction of service life and of our big neighbour Hamilton—but then an industrial city is never only just a playground.

I am heartened that spiritual matters are so widely discussed—and are not merely held as a sinecure of whitewash and conventional clap-trap



—for religion inevitably is a good subject for controversial argument. It can be more—It has been the Bright and Morning Star for many a navigator in the years gone by.

It is just a pleasure to me to take our simple services on Sunday, and I have been inviting people who would like to hear our good singing to come and join us. Wives and friends of personnel are welcome here—the latter should get in touch with me "to take care of them," from the Guardroom. It is good to see also so many wait for the Communion, and if you keen spirits will come to me we will arrange a weekly Christian Union on your ideas and lines. These things of God are the greatest things—they have been worth retaining. They are worth fighting for—their maintenance may ensure an otherwise fleeting or doubtful Peace. Peace is better than Armistice.

J. M. W.

Roving Reporter

Yes, it is I again. Mount Hope's only hope. I will not speak to you about the weather, neither will I discuss the flying hours that have not been put in because they are lousy. But I might discuss the all-important problem of food. Excellent food rations come to the Station, excellent cooks are here to prepare it, cook and serve it; but do they get the encouragement either from their Section Commanders or personnel? A word of appreciation from the men to the cooks who work long and unfailingly, is always welcome, for it is known you cannot and will not find a conscientious servant at the house of a master who is inconsiderate and a grumbler. Appreciation, boys, and watch the improvements.

I think something should be done about the special cases of Airmen to return to the U.K., particularly A.C. Plonk, who last week made application to the C.O. and said: "Sir, I signed to stay, now may I return to the U.K. as my wife has had her passage stopped."

Speaking of stings, I mean "Wings," I was, as were many others, amazed not to read of the wonderful exploits of the R.A.F. It appears that Ottawa had forgotten that such a force existed. At last it seems we are to have a real, honest-to-goodness magazine. No Ads, but more interesting topics from the station, "Varga" girls, etc. Rally round, boys, let's make it something we will all look forward to.

Please may we have a new recording of the King. Men do not leave



the Hall with disrespect, it is because the present recording jars one's nerves so.

P.T. seems to be quite the theme these days. The whole station seems to walk with pep lately, can it be the fine work from Station's new P.T. Officer.

In saying Cheerio to all of you, I would like to contribute this small poem to our flying squadron:

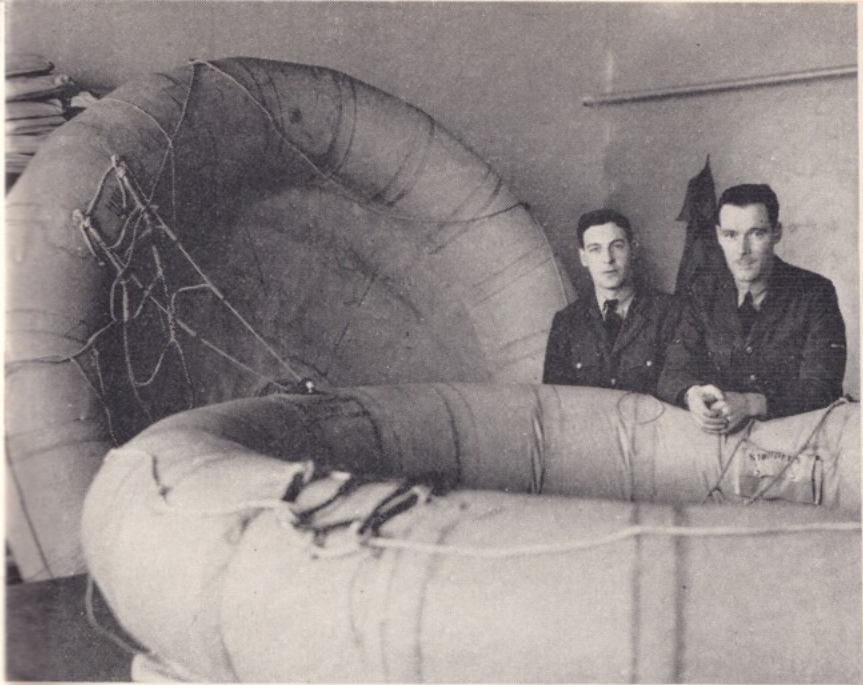
When I waken in the night, roused by training planes in flight,
Strange the sound should bring you near, you—three thousand miles from here,

Also strange that I do not find, doubt or fear within my mind,
Fear for you, who nightly fly, through a troubled alien sky,

So that people in the other lands, will be released from ruthless hands.
So when I waken in the night, roused by training planes in flight,

I turn again to sleep and know that God is always where you go.
Cheerio, boys, and the best of luck!

J. R. C.



Above:
LAC KAY AND LAC LODGE
AT WORK IN THE DINGHY
ROOM.



Below:
W/O STANFORD IN THE
CONTROL TOWER.



Above:
LAC OLDBURY AND LAC
MULLET REPACKING A
PARACHUTE.

REC. HALL RAMBLINGS

Why not become a film star?

No film studios on the camp? Shucks! Then what about the next best thing? Technicians, scene shifters, singers, dancers, and the hundred and one others; songwriters, playwrights, orchestrators and the like, who go to make up the concerts, dance bands, plays, orchestras, quizz programmes, variety shows, all of which are at your service on the camp? Why sit back and grumble when a spot of adverse weather keeps a concert party away? Why not get down to a spot of real, active participation?

There are a good many on the camp who have already seen the light, one way or another, and are now getting down to bigger and better things.

The Dramatic Club has produced some very good short plays. Its most recent presentation included "Five at the George," produced by L.A.C. Bill Moore, an old original in the Station entertainment world, having taken an active and major part in getting up the first concert party, "Men Only," on the way over in Iceland, before "Mount Hope" was on the R.A.F. map. The second play, produced by L.A.C. Eyre, was a somewhat futuristic farce entitled "Cupid Rampant." The major roll in the third play "Three Hundredth Performance," produced by P/O Scott, was played excellently by F/Lt. de Courcy Ireland, who has now been moved to Picton. In the supporting cast were, among others, the Misses Patterson and Mrs. Sweeting.

The Mountaineers, who produced "The Rafter Raisers" at the end of November under the able guidance of Brothers Edwards, have been checking up on modifications and

will make their test flight in "Rafter Raisers MkII" on February 22nd and 24th. Here again fate, disguised as A.F.H.Q., has posted Brother Edwards, J. K., away from the station, leaving Brother A. R. to plug away at the words and music. The station orchestra, brought into being by P/O Steel, will again provide the accompaniment and incidental music. It is at present short of a trumpet player and a double bass player, since these two are themselves in the show. So if anyone knows anyone whose brother's pal plays a trumpet, or would like to learn the double bass in six easy lessons, learn to croon ten cents extra —

The forthcoming attractions, on page 30 in this issue, give a good indication of the "sit back and take it" entertainment that is provided on the camp; picture shows gratis by the "Y" on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays; stage shows arranged by the Citizens' Committees of Hamilton and Toronto on Mondays and the odd Wednesday; straight plays brought up to camp periodically by the Hamilton Players Guild, which gives our Dramatic Club a great deal to think about, and troops and shows sponsored by some well known business houses and commercial firms.

There is room for the more serious to enjoy a spot of Music of the Masters at the gramophone recitals on Wednesdays in Room 17 in the G.I.S. building, and room also if you are really a nark to let go with a bit of gen concerning your own favourite music or composer; the music you request is very kindly lent to us each week by Messrs. Heintzman & Co., I could say, if advertising were not barred from this magazine.

A Quiz Programme is raising its head on Sunday evenings, together with a film show and singsong now and then. Any ideas for improving this late comer will be only too welcome, no matter what shape or form the improvement takes. You can run your own quiz program for the evening if you like (the P.S.I. will provide the prizes) or give entertainment in between, or have a crack at compering the whole show, or organise it and we'll run it—what you will. Just drop in and chat about it to S/L Thompson, or better still—they're never busy—to Mr. Kirk Bell or Mr. Sandlos in the recreation hall.

The section Dances crop up on odd Saturdays and often cause considerable damage to the paint and curtains in the Recreation Hall (Do PLEASE be careful—they've got to last the duration) and usually run with the Station Dance Band in session.

So, you see, there is more than room for all you budding entertainers and musicians to come and relieve the strain on the shoulders of the old hands who spend a considerable amount of their time and energy trying to think up "Suffink Different, Suffink Noo." No matter how awful you think you are, come along and have a try; if you ARE awful, too awful to be shown to the dear public, you can still take the part of the bump in the bed in the boudoir.

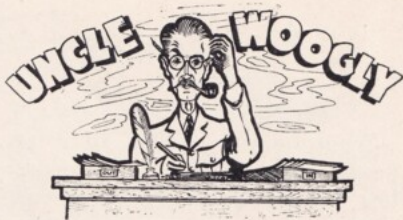
S/L Thompson.

"ODE TO A PLAY-BOY"

He could box well, he could skate well,

*And with women he was great,
But now he rests in sweet repose,
He couldn't navigate!*

L.A.C. Desmond Bone, 65B.



A route is something constantly changing.

* * *

Have you a letter from someone in the States?

* * *

What does that white flash mean?

* * *

If you are not a pilot and you're not a pupil, what are you?

* * *

You should have seen the snow last winter!

* * *

There's a man at camp, I wonder if you know him. He has a moustache and smokes a pipe.

* * *

That man has propellers on his arms and says he is a parachute jumper and you say you are a pilot. . . .

* * *

But I thought you said you were flying that night.

* * *

Everybody else does it so why shouldn't we?

* * *

What *do* you go to Buffalo for?

* * *

Have you ever been on a sleigh ride?

* * *

It was a big yellow one—flying very low.

Uncle Woogly

★ R. A. F. SPORTS ★

Sports Officers P/O Simon

Whilst "physical jerks" fills most people with dismay, "P.T." sounds less distasteful, and "daily dozen" almost nice; however, everyone agrees that the words "Recreational Activities" present a pleasant ring—but it is simply a rose by another name. . . .

During the month the Drill Hall has gradually taken on the disguise of a gymnasium and those weird and wonderful noises which might be heard emanating from the "Temple of Muscle-Stretching" come from the larynx of the Sports Officer or his equally golden-voiced Sergeant who endeavour to make he-men out of the weak.

The idea of "Recreational Activities" has caught the imagination of the men on the station, and they are gradually becoming P.T.-minded. So much so that a number have reported the loss of their P.T. shoes which, for many months, were neatly displayed under their bunks—undisturbed but for their daily dusting.

Voluntary classes have now been started and take place in the Drill Hall between 1800 and 1900 hours. It is hoped that if any of you have any difficulty in attending at least one session per week, you will contact the Sports Officer who will try to cater for your needs. So roll up, me lucky lads, if you want to get fit!

Basketball.

The strength of the Station team has been sadly depleted as several of the best players have been posted. During the month matches have been played against Jarvis (away), Dunville (home) and Hagersville (home)

and although the Mount Hope boys showed much determination and spirit they were eventually overcome in each instance by more experienced teams.

Inter-section matches are being played and any newcomer who has taken an active interest in basketball is asked to contact P/O Booth.

Badminton.

The feature of the month has been the handicap competition in which two of the back markers were the finalists. L.A.C. Jacobs (Equipment Section) was defeated by Cpl. Jones (G.I.S. 67A Course). This competition attracted a large entry and the matches in the final stages provided some wonderful exhibitions of badminton; the two finalists in particular are to be praised for those masterly flicks that one can only see in badminton of the very highest class. S/L Marriott is to be congratulated for the way in which he handled the competition.

The Sports Officer is always on the look-out for birds (badminton for the use of). New stocks should be coming to hand in the near future.

Boxing.

Many people consider boxing unsuitable for inclusion in a syllabus of "Recreational Activities." It must be admitted, however, that boxing, properly conducted, is one of the best forms of indoor exercise and requires fitness, self control and courage. This sport is rapidly establishing itself in the Drill Hall.

A most attractive fixture has been arranged for the evening of Wednesday the 17th of February, when blows will be exchanged with the Army Trades School in Hamilton.



R.S.

R-A-F TERMS ILLUSTRATED - "CIRCUITS AND BUMPS"

Mount Hope have an excellent team and we are expecting great things from A.C. Bradfield (bantam) and Sgt. Ford (middleweight).

P/O Orbell is to be admired for the zeal and patience he has shown in building up such a fine set of boys. They can be relied upon to give a good account of themselves.

Ice Hockey.

Owing to the weather this sport has not been able to flourish, but two inter-section matches have been played during the month. In the first game S.H.Q. defeated G.I.S., scoring three goals without a reply. G.I.S., determined to avenge this defeat, forced a draw in the return match, six goals being shared.

Unfortunately we haven't, as yet, a Syl Apps in any of the sections, but almost all the players have progressed and perhaps two of them come in for special mention. S/L Tebboth is no longer to be found in what was believed to be his permanent position on the ice (using his pos-

teria as skates) but now actually keeps to his feet, and has brought off some really scintillating moves.

S/L Thompson, known as "Hound'em" Thompson, is, by his spirit and tenacity, living up to his reputation.

Matches are being arranged by other sections, no doubt with a view to knocking S.H.Q. off their high horse.

Skating.

Again the weather has not been ideal, but the rink has been well used. Thanks to our genial Y.M.C.A. Supervisor, Mr. Kirk Bell, all who have asked have been fixed up with skates. Should anybody still be requiring them they should contact this Recreational Hall conjurer immediately.

As Sports Officer I wish to thank the airmen, especially the pupils who co-operated so magnificently in the upkeep of the rink. But you must expect such shocks if, when I ask you whether you would prefer skating to P.T., you answer in the affirmative. We have a good stock of shovels and brushes!

CINEMA SHOWS

Tuesday, Feb. 16th—

MOSCOW STRIKES BACK

If you are not prepared to see the most horrifying and shocking scenes of the war thus far—do not see this picture. Commentary by Edward G. Robinson.

Thursday, Feb. 18th—

YANK IN THE R.A.F.

Starring Tyrone Power and Betty Grable. SHORTS: CALL OF CANADA and LAMBETH WALK, comedy.

Friday, Feb. 19th—

NIGHT OF JANUARY 16

Drama—starring Robert Preston, Ellen Drew, Nils Aster. SHORTS: Popeye. Hedda Hopper in HOLLYWOOD.

Tuesday, Feb. 23rd—

THE DEVIL AND MISS JONES

Comedy-Melodrama starring Jean Arthur, Robert Cummings. SHORT: Comedy HECTIC HONEYMOON.

Thursday, Feb. 25th—

HENRY AND DIZZY

Timmy Lydon and Mary Anderson.

Friday, Feb. 26th—

SWEATER GIRL

College Mystery, starring Eddie Bracken, Nils Aster, June Preisser. SHORTS: HANDS OF VICTORY and Popeye.

Tuesday, Mar. 2nd—

ONCE UPON A HONEYMOON

Comedy-Drama, starring Ginger Rogers, Cary Grant. SHORT: CRIME RAVE.

Thursday, Mar. 4th—

TORPEDO BOAT

With Richard Arlen and Jean Parker.

Friday, Mar. 5th—

HOLIDAY INN

Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire, Marjorie Reynolds. SHORT: AT THE DOG SHOW.

Tuesday, Mar. 9th—

PLAYMATES

Kay Kyser, John Barrymore, Lupe Velez, Ginny Sims. SHORT: THE WISE LITTLE HEN—Colored Cartoon.

Thursday, Mar. 11th—

WAKE ISLAND

Brian Donlevy and Robert Preston.

Friday, Mar. 12th—

THE MAJOR AND THE MINOR

Comedy with Ginger Rogers, Ray Milland. SHORT: Popeye Cartoon.

Tuesday, Mar. 16th—

DANCE, GIRL, DANCE

Romance of stage life with Maureen O'Hara, Louis Hayward, Lucille Ball. SHORT: NEVADA UNLIMITED.

CONCERT PARTIES AND SPECIAL FEATURES

Monday, Feb. 15th—

"THE MASQUERS"

One of the season's last variety shows presented by the T. Eaton Co. of Toronto.

Wednesday, Feb. 17th—

"THE MALE ANIMAL"

A 3-Act comedy presented by the Players' Guild of Hamilton.

Monday, Feb. 22nd—

"RAFTER RAISERS"

Mark II—a super variety show by our own Station personnel. A "must" on everyone's activity list.

Wednesday, Feb. 24th—

Repeat performance.

Monday, Mar. 1st—

"VICTORY REVUE"

A variety show presented by the Hamilton Citizens' Committee.

Monday, Mar. 8th—

COOPER AND MEEK "STARLETS"

From Toronto—a variety show with an entirely new program. This caste gave us an excellent program last season.

Monday, Mar. 15th—

"THE JACK POT"

A variety show from Toronto. Advance reports say this is an outstanding show of practically all girls.

HAMILTON ICE CARNIVAL

Have you heard the Voice of Mt. Hope recently? Have you read the notice in the Airmen's mess? In that case you already know that 40 volunteers are required to take part in crowd scenes on 11th and 12th March. A large part of the profits go to the Active Service Canteen, so lend a hand! Sing for your supper! Bags of fun, and, woo-woo! lots of pretty girls. Give your name to Kirk Bell, the "Y" Man. He'll give you all the Gen.

COMFORTABLE

REST ROOMS

Open Day and Night.

Uniformed attendants always at hand.

Seclusion and Privacy Guaranteed.

Conveniently Situated Main Gate.

Buses pass daily.

Safe custody assured, sentry always on guard.

Inspected twice daily by qualified officers.

Escort provided for meals out.

Bring your own knife, fork and spoon.

Apply

GARD - HOWSE
INC.

WHO SAID WE COULDN'T
PRINT ADVERTISEMENTS?

GENMAN'S INTELLECTUAL SCHOOL

MOUNT HOPE

Send your boy to this delightfully isolated educational institute. Situated in cool mountain atmosphere. Special attention given to backward boys. Large staff of highly paid recently qualified binders. Curriculum includes practical domestic cleanliness. Only the best polish used. Corporal punishment not administered (three-stripers only).

Apply

MR. DOHERTY - Bursar

WHY NOT EAT AT . . .

MacDEVRIILL'S EATS HOUSE

2-course dinners a specialty, tea thrown in. Cafeteria system. Irons provided. Burn your own toast. Music by Nick Olodeon and his dimes. Courteous staff. Kitchen inspected daily. Proprietor always in attendance. Try our special early-morning club breakfast. Complaints solicited.

Patronize Our Advertisers
At Your Own Risk

MISCELLANEOUS WANT ADS.

AAA. Will swop back-numbers D.R.O.'s for left-hand overshoe.

Box No. 417

LONELY airman, 5' 10", dark, fond swimming, dancing, party games, desires meet young lady with view evenings out.

Box No. imi

P/O's Plumme and Droope urgently require new elephant. Must be 70 hands.

Box No. 999

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS

SECOND-HAND HOWDAH. Best Indian manufacture. Fits elephants all sizes. (Adjustable.) Goad included. (If above elephant not forthcoming.)

BRAND NEW four-door saloon car. 6 new tires. Unlimited gas. Any offers?

Box No. o-ooH

ENGAGEMENT RING. Cheap. One stone (flint). Owner called up.

Box No. A/C 2

