

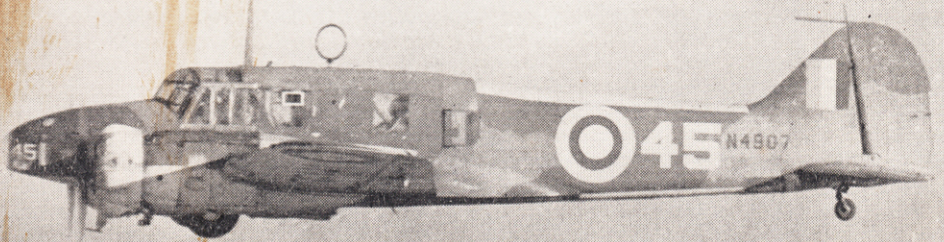
THE MOUNT HOPE

# METEOR

MARCH

1943

PRICE 15 CENTS



# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

9 McNab St. S., Apt. No. 4, Hamilton  
March 1st, 1943

Dear Sir:

Enclosed is postal note for \$1.00 for my year's subscription to your wonderful magazine, METEOR. I have just received my second.

My friends and I think this magazine is very interesting and a tribute to the R. A. F. After we are finished with it we send it to the Red Cross for distribution overseas.

Wishing you every success, I remain  
Yours sincerely,

BETTY ARNOLD.

P.S. Please send future editions to  
above address.

No. 9, S. F. T. S., Centralia, Ont.  
March 1st, 1943

Dear Sir:

The big envelope with the two-cent stamp was in my pigeon-hole two or three days ago. 'Another confounded circular,' I thought, as I opened it. To my surprise and delight it turned out to be METEOR, Vol. 2, No. 1. As one of the midwives who saw the old METEOR through its somewhat prolonged birth-pangs, I should like to send you my warm congratulations on the new issue. It is an excellent production, of which Mount Hope can well be proud. May I also extend to you and the Committee my best wishes for future numbers—and at the same time express a word of envy that you are free from the worries and delays of an advertising department, have pages of a manageable size, and with the ban on advertisements can justifiably appeal to the P. S. I. for financial help. More power to your elbow! Who was it said the pen was mightier than the astrocompass?

With all good wishes to Mount Hope friends,

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

C. K. SANSBURY.

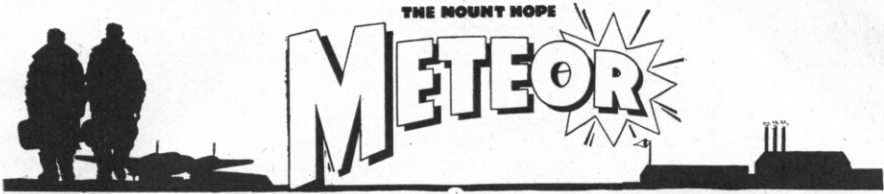
## \$5 PRIZE CONTEST

This month there were 19 entries and the winner, L. A. C. Hartley, who contribution, "Ars Artis," appears on page 5, was the runner-up in last month's competition. Second came L. A. C. Russell, of 68B Course; his article, "Wartime Exile," on page 4, gains him the consolation prize of \$1. Other entries printed in this issue are "Spitting Tea" by L. A. C. Sinclair, and "How are Things in the Old Country." by L. A. C. Moss. Further competitors worthy of mention were W/O Brinfield, L. A. C. Aldbury, L. A. C. Thurley, L. A. C. Tipper, "Rufus," L. A. C. Holden, and L. A. C. Ormesche, all of whose material we hope to use in later issues.

The \$1 offered for the best cartoon goes to L. A. C. Walker, who submitted "Gotta Pencil, Chum."

Closing date for the next competition is April 1st. Keep it up, chaps!

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## The Editor Speaks

Another month in the history of No. 33 has passed by, and despite difficulties, fully anticipated, work has gone on to schedule. A school of this sort can never rest on its laurels, but must always strive to improve, expand and modernise itself in order to keep up to date with the latest discoveries and trends in our sphere of war activity — Navigation. Thus we see Works and Bricks continually on the job erecting buildings to house new and essential equipment, orderly room staffs struggling to keep ahead of new and intricate time-tables, pilots staying in the air for as many hours as any migrating starling, Maintenance and Servicing personnel doctoring up an ever-increasing number of Giants, and instructors and pupils puzzling over new and intense syllabi.

Glancing through this month's Station Notes, we notice the advent of many changes — the weather, which seems to have been well worth talking about, is soon to give way to Spring, and postings are

also in the wind, giving rise to many hard-felt "Goodbyes" and warm "Hello's." However, besides devoting our energies to the job in hand we have found time for "fun and games." The Drill Hall, the Rec. Hall, the Canteen (Alas! Not the Rest Room) and even the 'bus queue have been well patronised, and the latter pages of this issue will explain how.

The *new* METEOR has only recently "joined up," but is rapidly getting some "hours in," gaining experience, confidence, character, and, we hope, the confidential report of "above average." The \$5 literary competition is receiving an encouraging amount of entries, and ideas for future numbers have been born. For instance, we have started three series, which we hope will prove of interest: "The Days of the Bowler Hat," to which any of you who have had interesting or unusual civilian jobs are asked to contribute; "Canada — After the War?," written this month by Lieut.-Commander J. McFetrick,

which should interest and educate us in the possibilities this vast new country has to offer, and "N. C. O.'s at Work," which should throw a little light on the kind of men whose job it is to "bind" us. Whether P/O Mead can supply us with enough "Mead" girls to run a series, remains to be seen. Later, we hope to start a series "The Backbone of the Service," introducing a few of the better-known and perhaps more colourful A/C 2's amongst us.

We have had a few minor criticisms, but, unless you write to the

Editor suggesting changes in the cover, size, and policy (if any), they will remain the same. It has not yet been decided how often we shall come out; we feel that a bi-monthly magazine would not adequately cover the ground, nor could it include all forthcoming fixtures for that period. If this issue sells well we may be able to persuade the authorities that we're worth printing once a month, so it's up to you. Buy *your* copy; and now and then try putting pen to paper.

EDITOR

## Wartime Exile

By JANUS L.A.C. RUSSELL, 68B Course

Just over a month ago a score of British cadets stood on the glittering deck of an ice-encased troopship that lay still at last after ten days' wrestling with an inexorable Atlantic. Softly nuzzling the black water that tilted her pale image at the sky, she looked like a sugar toy from a birthday cake, rigging a stark, frozen web, brilliant under the stars.

But none of the men at the rail gave more than a passing glance to any of this. They saw only the twinkle of the spangled waterfront just across the shimmering harbour, where someone had pinned the stars to the skidding rim of the earth, just where it merged secretly with the water.

Beautiful, yes, but principally symbolic, if you like, of a nation for whom the lights have not yet been dimmed, and where the mind revolts at the thought of those dark things of war — bombs, blackout, black-market and the like.

Exiles, they were, backs turned now on homes 3000 miles away, but there was no look about them of Napoleon on the Bellerophon!

Then, the drug store and the dime were part of a waking dream of filmland; the mournful hoot of their westbound express, the magic key to memories of film trains, desperate villains, and the letters C. P. R.; their first dollars went all too quickly in buying unlimited quantities of bacon and eggs, steaks, chicken and turkey that had vanished miraculously from British menus.

Well, all that is from a diary, old stuff now, and yet something to remember, those first days in Canada. Now they have been here a month, and a fried egg is no longer something to be wondered at. Canada has lost some of its glamour but none of its real worth. They are just discovering that in the honest hospitality, kindness and sociability of the people — Mr. Man in the Street and his wife. Some have even found it in the daughters . . .

So, today, the score or more cadets are no longer strangers, the weather has (at least at time of writing) been naturalised to British, and everyone is getting on with the job.

# ARS ARTIS...

By L.A.C. L. HARTLEY  
Maintenance Wing H.Q.

"This 'ere writin' for the METEOR is a bit of a do, it is," stated George one morning at break-time, after absent-mindedly eating half a pencil in mistake for one of the S/Ldr. Admin's tasty doughnuts.

The remark was addressed to no one in particular, although it was overheard by at least two other flight mechanics. One of these had "JOE" stencilled shakily on his overalls, while the other merely sported "547" as identification.

"Wot dyer mean, George?" queried 547, nimbly swiping an extra cup of tea.

"Well, it's like this, Bert, ol' cock. The METEOR 'as bin out now for a ruddy long time and no one in Servicing Squadron 'as yet, so to speak, got weavin'. Now I figure (pardin me Canajun accent, Joe) as 'ow *someone* in this Squadron ought ter represent us in the next edition, which is why I'm writin' a pome."

"A *what?*" chorused Joe and Bert (alias 547).

"A pome, I says, a P-O-M-E," replied George irritably. "Ain't yer never going ter hascend from the depths of this sordid hexistence? (That ain't 'alf bad — lemme jot it down!)"

"But look 'ere, George," said Bert dazedly, "be reasonable — yer can't just write them things as easy as signing up for a D.I. Yer've

got ter have literary talenk. Arter all, it's a long time since yer wrote anything longer than yer own name, and yer can't do that without someone 'olding yer hand."

"This is no laughing matter," George retorted with dignity, "but if yer *wants* something funny, I'll . . ."

Joe and Bert retired hastily behind a convenient corporal, but George hardly noticed them go; he was once more engrossed in the throes of literary composition. This went on all morning, and twice his mate, Ginger, had to stop him from hammering holes in a mainplane while the metre of his poem was in the process of construction.

It wasn't until the afternoon stand-off for night flying that Joe and Bert brought the subject up again, this time with Ginger's moral support.

"Wot kind of a pome is it?" asked Bert, taking his boots off. "A love pome?"

George shook his head bitterly: "No — I wanter ter write one like that, but with you blokes around I'm blowed if I can get inspiration. . . . And if yer don't do something about them feet of yours, I'll write a pome to the M.O.!"

"I don't believe yer *can* write a pome at all," muttered Bert sulkily. "Anyhow, what's it about?"

George's face became glassily

vaguer as he looked into the Fifth Dimension.

"It is entitled," said he, "'Ode to a Spanner'." He emerged from his cloud of glory, and gazed complacently around him in search for the applause this carefully chosen phrase merited.

Joe was gazing rapturously at the picture of a seductive film star lying glamorously on a cushion-draped chesterfield. Bert was effecting a repair to the radio with his boot, whilst Ginger was looking in the mirror at his pimples.

"*I said Ode to a Spanner, you dimwits!*" shrieked George, understandably hurt at this lack of interest.

His three comrades resigned themselves to the inevitable.

"Orlright, orlright—what kind of a pome is it?" queried Ginger.

"It's a jumpin pedometer," replied George doubtfully.

"He means an iambic pentameter," Clarence said from the other end of the room.

"You keep out of this!" growled Joe, "and what's a ramblin' perimeter, George?" in a slightly more modified tone.

"It means the rhythm goes 'Di-dah, di-dah,'" said George, who evidently knew his poets.

"Well, let's hear it then!" grunted a bewildered Ginger.

"I've not written much of it yet," George said, "and this 'ere pentameter ain't working out right. I'll have ter pour some of Bert's hair cream on it—that'll kill it!"

"'Ere, 'ere!" remonstrated a voice from the interior of the battered radio cabinet, "that 'air cream cost me girl friend fifty cents a bottle, and . . ."

"Shut up, if yer want to hear this pome," interrupted George. "I've only written one verse, and I've a lot more to do. Now dry up and let me have some peace and quiet around 'ere!"

For the approximate space of half-an-hour, comparative silence reigned, punctuated only by the sound of Bert testing the radio with Joe's hammer, by whistles of approval from Joe (who had found a whole book full of film stars), and by hoarse breathing from Ginger, who was cleaning his buttons without metal polish.

"Finished it!" suddenly whooped George.

"Finished what?" asked Ginger, whose mind was at that moment solving by pure mathematics and dubious logic the minimum cost of a kit bag filled with cigarettes, and the method required to transport same up a pitching and contrary gang-plank.

"Finished the pome, of course," said George, suspiciously fearing rude repartee.

"Well, then, read the thing out, and you can 'ave the benefit of criticism at no cost to the troops."

"Okay!" said George, without embarrassment, "here goes:

*"You knows abart the gen-men of  
H.Q.*

*You've heard the things our N.C.O.'s  
can do,*

*But no-one raised a banner*

*To the men wot wield a spanner;*

*Yet without them there would be no  
Chosen Few.*

*"Now as aircraft leave the inside of  
the shed,*

*And aircrew wallahs rise from  
'stand-off' bed,*

*There's none that gives a thought*

*To the fellow wot has caught*

*A caterpillar in the pitot head.*

*"Then when at dusk the Cheetahs  
slowly throb,*

*And gremlins twiddle every dash-  
board knob,*

*Who sends the blighters scampering?*

*It's the bloke wot gets no pampering,*

*It's the goon wot has his spanner on  
the job.*

*"So pilots spare the F.M.E.'s a  
word—  
And pupils don't give F.M.A.'s the  
bird.  
From C.O. down to Erk,  
From Officer to Clerk,  
Ensure the Spanner Basher's voice  
is heard!"*

There was silence in the room for a moment, then:

"Well, take it to the Editor then, and see if he thinks wot I do!" said Joe unkindly.

"Orlight, if yer can't appreciate the finer things of life," replied George scathingly, "I'll go and show it to someone who does!"

Some minutes later, there came a respectful knock on the door of Room 3, G.I.S.

"Come in!" said the Voice of Mount Hope.

George entered and saluted briskly somewhere behind his ear.

"Please, sir, this is a contribution to the METEOR—it's a poem."

"Well, well!" said the Editor, "I'm glad to see you Servicing men taking an interest in these things. Have a cigar, old chap!"

"Ta no!" refused George politely (knowing his place), "I've got to be going now, unless night flying's cancelled (hopefully)."

"Can't say offhand, old boy, though it looked pretty ropey at 20,000 feet this morning."

"Well, thanks all the same," said George, properly impressed. "So long!"

"Cheer-ho!" said the Great Man pleasantly as the door closed.

"H'm — we shall have to place this poem under active consideration. Hey! Boy! Decode this, see how it looks in daylight, then wrap it up in something!"

Which is how I came to write this story.

## Escapade

*Ten little navigators over the Rhine  
One forgot his Astro-gen, and then there were nine.  
Of nine little navigators it is sad to relate,  
One used a "Bingo" course, then there were eight.  
To carry on this story, which leaves us only seven,  
One hovered o'er Ack-Ack, his P/P was heaven.  
Then there was the "Navy" who refused a wireless fix,  
He departed company, and then there were six.  
One failed to notice his rate of Climb and Dive,  
He met some lonely mountain, and then there were five.  
"Keep up your Air-plot," this is a golden law;  
One said, "No, I'm not Joe," and then there were four.  
Returning via Holland across the Great North-Sea,  
A crew forgot their Dinghy Drill, and then there were three.  
The weather changed in Europe, a cold Northeaster blew;  
One thought his Met/Wind best, and then there were two.  
A brilliant Navigator out for some fun,  
He set course on T. A. S. and then there was one.  
This one, alone, of all of them, to Base got through,  
And now he'll gladly verify that Mt. Hope gen is true.  
The errors in this Ditty, I'm sure you will agree,  
Happen every day on Ops. Prevent them whilst U/T!*

L. A. C. T. E. HOLMES and L. A. C. S. FREEMAN,  
68D COURSE



"GOTTA PENCIL CHUM?"

*The Prize-winning Cartoon of the Month — by L.A.C. Walker*

OUR CHIEF  
GROUND  
INSTRUCTOR

## Squadron Leader H. Marriott

It has often been said that you can't squeeze blood from stone. METEOR knows that a more apt expression of the impossible would be "you can't extract personal information from the C. G. I. . . ."

Squadron Leader H. G. Marriott, who guards his own past as carefully as any military secret, was born in Ottawa, and, after a childhood spent, we believe, in the accretion of his inexhaustible fund of stories and songs, was educated at the University of Western Ontario. Upon his graduation in 1935 he immediately applied for entrance into the R. C. A. F. But it is to the everlasting shame of some recruiting officer that he did not recognise the calibre of his questioner and turned him away. Acting on the old French proverb, *reculer pour sauter mieux* (which in English is, "if you can't get off the deck use more boost"), Sqn/Ldr Marriott discovered that a clean medical bill and an "A" licence carried recommendation to the R. A. F. Within a matter of months, with licence in hand, we find him in the role of pupil-pilot flying Blackburn B/2 trainers at Brough in England. The R. A. F. had acquired what the R. C. A. F. had unintentionally lost. Two years, spent largely at Peterborough, at Wilton in light bombers, and at Boscombe Down gave the C. G. I. a variety of experience while he piled up the hours. It was from the last of these stations that Sqn/Ldr Marriott went to France at the beginning of the war, and it was at this point in



talking that he imposed his rigid self-censorship. Though reticent about his air experience, he readily recalled the excellent service that he received from French waitresses in Paris. "Where else were you?" I innocently asked. But the trap was sprung. "At Sedan. . . . I was O/C B Flight in the squadron at the time . . . they kept us busy . . . we were in Fairey Battles." I must have shown too much interest, for suddenly the Sqn/Ldr added, "Say, what is this?"

Later he told me, as though he had only been a spectator, of the fall of France, of his daily diet of sardines and bread, of the ceaseless movement of aerodromes backwards until the ground crews were left far behind, of the final evacuation under heavy bombardment. He must have been thinking of the map supply at No. 33 when he smilingly added that two squadrons took off for England with only one Michelin road map of the English coast between the lot of them.

On their arrival in England, F/Lt Marriott and some of his friends, dressed in Irving suits, flying boots

and patched pants, did the rounds of London, and, by his admission, received the same gallant treatment from admiring usherettes as they had from French waitresses.

Upon promotion to Sqn/Ldr, the C. G. I. went to Belfast on anti-submarine patrols in Battles. The squadron was transferred to Blendheims and later to Bostons originally destined for France. Cafe French was not fully adequate for the mastery of French instruments and controls and someone took a dim view of French waitresses as supercargo. It was during the Sqn/Ldr's tour of duty in Ireland that the *Empress of Japan*, manned by a Chinese crew, docked after nine months at sea. The Belfast pubs were taken over, lock, stock and barrel, by the visitors.

From Ireland the C. G. I. was posted home to Canada,—"I was married en route" (No further particulars. ED.)—took a specialist navigator's course at Port Albert, and was sent to Carberry, Manitoba, on his first instructional job. A short spell in the West led to his being sent here to No. 33, where his ability and experience have gained for him the job which he now holds. He it is who puts an increasing number of pupils in the air every day; he it is who acts as father confessor, friend and adviser to more and more potential R. A. F. officers; he it is who, in his off-duty hours, runs the badminton tournaments in the drill hall.

The METEOR thanks Canada for one of her sons, Sqn/Ldr Marriott, a very modest gentleman.

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## On the Carpet . . .

Yes, I was the most popular of all. "Green as meadowland, just like walking in the fields." That's what they used to say about me—the favourite sample. Then, I lost my role as representative of my mother stock. It was the shortage of materials—the war, you know. No doubt, he asked for samples. I can't imagine how else I joined the service. I remember some jocose remarks about a carpet bagger. Then, I changed ownership.

That is how I came to find myself here, on a polished floor, nestling shyly before the desk of the great arbiter. No one ever soliloquises about my resemblance to green pastures now. Indeed, I seem to have become grossly unpopular. Some people quite unfairly apply sanguinary adjectives to my person. Not that anyone wipes his feet on me. Oh no, but I hear people whispering about me as though I were an object of great

notoriety . . . "On the carpet . . . on the carpet," I hear them: ". . . So-and-So's on the carpet." Still I cannot understand why I am regarded with such mingled awe and contempt. Sometimes, my hempen heart sinks a little. Everybody knows me: nobody cares for me. I am unique in that I am the only carpet in the whole of the great low rambling building which is called Station Headquarters. Oh how fearful it is to have a reputation!

Listen! There is a staccato command followed by the champing of feet outside the door. Three more pairs of heavy boots are about to stamp across my chest. I can already feel the heels of the hatless person dig into my fibrous ribs (Oh my beautiful green pattern!) as he turns about upon me. As he looks down at me his face will be red. Why do they all blush when they look upon me? Is it on my account that the Grand Inquisitor im-



*Reproduced from Original Crayon Drawing by P/O Mead.*

**ON THE CARPET** (*continued*)  
poses a sentence upon them? Perhaps one day I shall know who was my foster mother — the hapless carpet who first conspired with the law of society.

Believe it or not, I am all innocence. I have no part in any conspiracy. I am but a standing joke and a symbol on some one else's

account. . . . They are now saying that my work is done. My poor corse is becoming shabby and threadbare: my jutish ancestry is becoming daily more visible. They must have a finer carpet to command respect for the law of the service. Have pity on the poor "Kerrpet." I'm only a victim of circumstance.

# STATION NOTES

## WHISPERS FROM STATION HEADQUARTERS

The change in style is probably in keeping with the change in policy of S. H. Q. A New Order seems to be emerging, which is as world-shaking as any "Bloodless Revolution." For the time being, it is as confidential as one of the Baron's whispers. At the moment, we are all changing round from one thing to something entirely new, and this column has also had its change, as you will no doubt agree on comparison with previous issues. Will this appease the desires of some members *so* unhappy with their lot?

We are now going back to School one evening a week, so, although our gen has always been 'Pukka,' it will now be right up-to-date. In spite of the above-mentioned changes, boat lists will still originate from this establishment, and not the cookhouse.

Can it be that Spring, and the romantic inclinations associated with it, are already making themselves felt in the hearts and minds of the less staple of us, for why else should a certain living-out member of Station Services be worrying so about his falling hair, unashamedly applying hair tonic in a belated effort to restore his lost youth? Can also the rumbling 15-2, 15-4 and one for his knob be attributed to climatic changes, or is there another reason? We hear also that our beloved Bulstrode has nightly dreams of lively perambulations with the Merry Widow, while Loftius the glamorous, complete with Euphemis Multiphormis, is already preparing a new portrait of himself in readiness for the coming season.

There is more than an idle whisper that the Storebashers have adopted for their theme song the

old faithful, "Roll Out the Barrel," and we strongly suspect they are hoping for rehearsals on receipt of each "chugging boat" list. That brings us to our genial S. W. O., whose frowns have lately turned to wide grins. We can't imagine why. However, is it true that he is learning the latest version of the sailors' hornpipe?

There is a small minority in Room D-1 which would do well to participate in P/O Simon's P. T. classes. They might then appreciate fresh air, refrain from closing windows, and possibly spend less time in the Station Hospital.

Before we close, we want to know if Richard the "stout" heart found the Orderly Corporal the other night, after spending some time crawling on the floor looking for him. Incidentally, we have heard of a Parisian Belle, but not a Florida Beau.

## G. I. S.

During the month of February a goodly number of cadets graduated from the School, and, as always, quickly made for the city to show the population of Hamilton the visible result of their stay at Mt. Hope. I'll wager a fair percentage of those ex-u/t's 'passed out' twice in the same day, despite beer shortage, liquor permits and so forth. Ah, well, it only happens once in a lifetime — the graduation I mean!

Glad to see such an excellent showing from G. I. S. in the "Rafter Raisers Mk. II." I think that S/Ldr Thompson, F/O Edwards, P/O Morgan, and Cpl. Johnson (64B Course) deserve a big hand for their performance, as also does 'Behind-the-Scenes' man P/O Thackeray, and, of course, our 'Can't-help-but-be-seen' Orchestra Leader P/O Steel — a good show, chaps.

Whilst handing out personal bouquets we welcome F/Lt. Wood as our new A. C. G. I and wish him every success in his new job. A good-luck wish also to our departing Squadron Leaders Thompson, McDowell and Fenwick, who leave us this month for 'Blighty' to carry on the good work at home.

This month sees the official opening of Spring, and — we hope — the advent of some clear blue skies without temperatures of — 35° C., cracked perspex, and frost-bitten ears. Think of the future in store for all the aviators amongst us — a sky full of stars, a big silvery moon, and, darn it, a giant Anson Bomber' stooging around Southern Ontario with four or five sleepy airmen aboard. Yes, it may be a trifle unromantic now, but I can assure you that, given similar circumstances, except that for Anson read Lancaster, and for Southern Ontario read N. W. Germany, it's much more of a thrill — especially if you have a dozen beautiful blockbusters aboard. Hail fine nights — and Hell to Hitler then!

Results of the daylight operational "Scamper" exercise are not yet to hand, but hopes are high, and my guess is that, as usual, we will be able to say "We lead — others follow." R. L. B.

### FLYING SQUADRON

With a break in the weather, Flying Squadron has been more busy than ever this month. This winter, with its storms, has been a particularly bad one — even the natives admit it! — and the pupils have not been able to get "upstairs" just as often as they should, and have had a tremendous amount of lost time to make up. So Sqn/Ldr Smith's boys, aided and abetted by Servicing, Maintenance, and the Board of Meteorological Information, have done what they could about it, and by now things are not as bad as they were. In fact, there

is now a new record for the highest number of hours flown in one day!

This month we have welcomed some more newcomers. We are always ready to welcome them just as fast as they can come — since replacements mean that that chugging boat is about to roll once more. It is about due for another trip, and before next month's METEOR shows up, another batch of lucky souls will be homeward bound. We who are left hope that, until we can get over there to do it for ourselves, they will give old Sourpuss a nifty kick in the pants for us.

### REPAIR SQUADRON NOTES

First mention this month must undoubtedly be given to the satisfactory results of the reclassification board held during the latter days of February. In spite of a noticeable increase in the amount of work completed by the squadron, technical lectures were given as usual and once more proved of invaluable aid to the ambitious.

The difficulties under which Repair Squadron works are not very often appreciated in full. The realization that, in spite of the necessity of making aircraft serviceable in the minimum of time, there still must be no falling off from the very high standard of perfection required. It was therefore heartening to read in the letter from Command, after the last Interstation "Rattle" exercise, a note of thanks to maintenance. Incidentally, if anyone doubts that we sometimes have to work under adverse conditions, they are asked to lend a hand at adjusting a carburettor, kneeling in the slip stream of a propeller, with the temperature below zero!

A lighter note was introduced into the hangars the other day by the sight of an aircraft disgorging aviators from every possible nook and cranny (and an Anson has many such!). First, a slightly dishevelled P. O. burst through the

roof, followed by one or two sergeants sliding gracefully through the side windows. A bulky object sailed through the door, followed by another P. O. attached to a piece of string therefrom. The object materialised into a dinghy, into which the participants neatly arranged themselves. Although a serious emergency escape practice, the affair enriched hangar morale considerably.

Finally, on behalf of the squadron, we should like to take this meteoric opportunity of wishing "Good Luck and Bon Voyage" to the many pioneers who, having seen the station grow from humble beginnings, are now leaving us for other fields of activity.

T. G. H.

### SERVICING SQUADRON NOTES

Steady, now, fellows! We know our efforts are appreciated; we know we scamper around; in fact, we are rattling good fellows: but don't dwell too much on the recent flying-time record — there's always room for improvement, and the record is always open to favourable adjustment. So come on, lads! Unfurl another flag! Gosh, do we hate ourselves!

Then again, it is wondered whether Minor Maintenance can differentiate between varying types of dopes, or whether yellow paint provides the adhesive qualities needed for securing pilots' escape hatches.

We are still puzzled over the recent Maintenance Wing dance quiz.

*Question:* Why did the orchestra play several times "We Came Here to Talk for Joe," when it was already known that (Joe) Reynolds was the M. C.?

Incidentally, congratulations to all concerned for a very successful dance.

Now that the winter snows have (we hope) thawed and shown once

more the Good Earth, we find it not the least amusing to see strange objects thought lost for months. To date, we have discovered the inevitable duck-board and numerous relics of a bygone inventive age.

We find it difficult to accustom ourselves to the fact that Spring is almost here, and eagerly await those warmer days when once more the Station swimming pool will provide interesting entertainment to the human turtles of this Squadron, who last year braved the watery depths to exploit Archimedes' principles.

Therefore, with the promise of better weather, let us look forward to a fruitful season of work and play.

### SIGNALS

Searching, Winchell-like, over my memos., writing pads, and pulling spare bits of paper out of my pocket, on which I had hastily scribbled down section gen for your perusal, I finally sat down to assemble this cross-sectional slice of inner happenings.

We have, with memories of happy days (and nights) said farewell to some of our old stablemates — our sincere wishes go with them. To all new arrivals to the fold we stretch a friendly and co-operative hand.

ROSES — To Bill Moore, for his as-usual magnificent performance at our station concert, also to A.C.'s Dyer and Hunter for the way they handled the piano — swell.

CACTUS — To the erk who swipes other chaps accs.

Now that summer is the next type of weather to expect, more or less, I suppose some of us will, once again, be taking to the delightful off-duty pastime of "The Pool" and rolling on our tummies 'neath azure skies scantily clad. (But let's not be too brief, though, eh?)

A word of encouragement to our friend who sends Morse with a



Scot's accent, recently removed to the comfortable inner precincts of the shrine of "Kha-Bin." It really isn't too bad, and you can always get someone to go for milk and donuts for you, or discuss English (which I hear you are anxious to learn).

And one last word — because it seems last words are remembered longest:

A solid handshake to John Hingham, still untiringly batting, and admiration of his unending courage, which should be an example to all of us, and telescope our cares and worries into trivial and inconspicuous nothings.

A. K.

### THE ACCOUNTS SECTION

In response to the appeal made in the last issue of the METEOR for items of news from the various Sections, I am putting on paper observations made in this Section during the past year.

It is not generally known that a Derby is taking place for the Marriage Stakes, certain members of the staff are out of the running as they are already married, although

I believe that is not always considered a bar by some to a canter now and again.

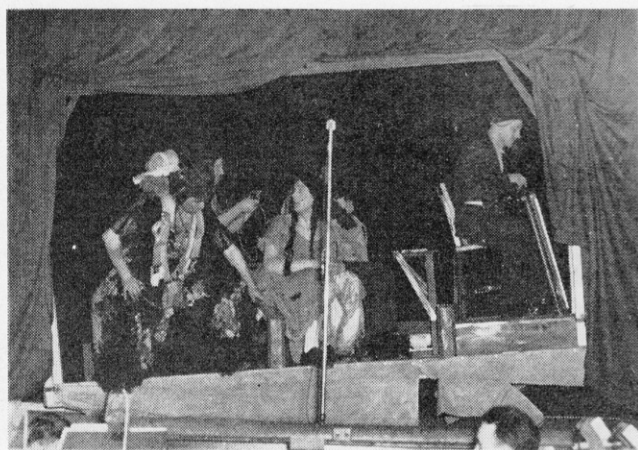
We have in the field at present some promising bachelors. A hot favourite is Corporal Linton, who was at one time considered quite an outsider, but of late has come to the fore. Cpl. McVaney was once the favourite; we had great hopes as he was showing fine form, but he has slipped back to second place. F/Sgt. Coulthard is placed third; he is an outsider who is believed might suddenly come to the front; he is willing but reluctant to take the lead; possibly he needs a more experienced jockey. Fourth place is taken by L.A.C. Causon, a young colt if ever there was one. Cpl. Waller and Sgt. Vickers are placed fifth as possibles for a place, whilst Cpl. Hammond, L.A.C. Davies and L.A.C. Brand are rank outsiders on whom it is wise to keep an ever watchful eye.

That is the latest red hot gen from the stables. I might add that we are all pleased to hear that the METEOR has another lease on life.

L.A.C. WAKE

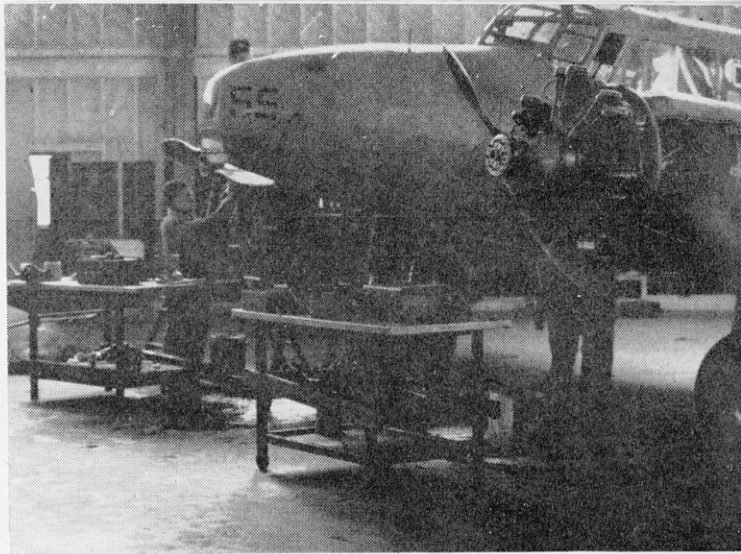
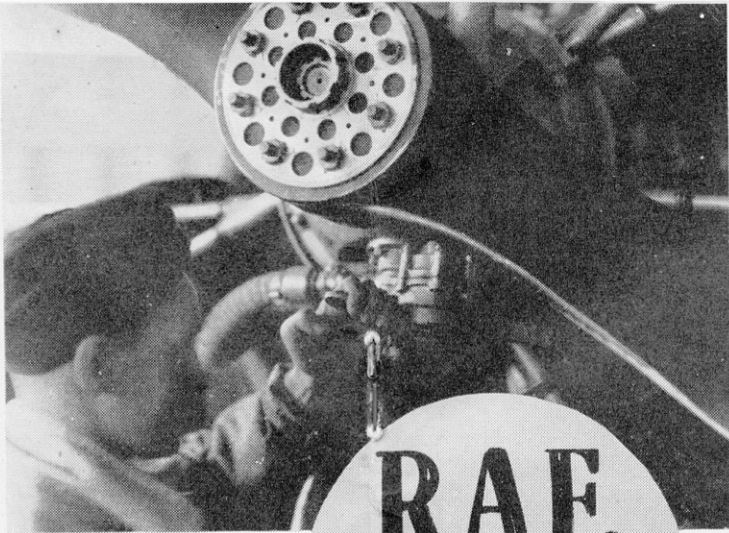


**R.A.F.**  
*at* **WORK**  
*and* **PLAY**



*The upper row of photographs shows our maintenance crews hard at work ... while, in the lower group of pictures, the "hard workers" become "stars" in the best "per ardua ad astra" tradition.*





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# CANADA'S MINERAL WEALTH

LIEUT.-COMMANDER JOHN McFETRICK, R. C. N. V. R.

The tremendous growth of the Gold Mining Industry over the past ten years has aroused the interest of capital all over the world, and has placed opportunities for gainful employment before thousands, and but for the outbreak of World War II, the picture in Northwestern Quebec and Ontario would have been even brighter than it is to-day.

New towns have sprung up in this former wilderness, towns such as Bourlamaque and Lamaque, a completely new town known as Malartic in Malartic Township, and many others, too numerous to mention here, which owe their being and growth to the Canadian Gold Industry. In most cases, ten or twelve years ago, these towns did not even exist.

Without giving a moment's thought for the present to mining itself, it will be readily realized that the work of building so many towns opens up opportunities for enterprising and venturesome men to organise new hotels, stores, agencies, roads and taxi services (cars, water and air), for all these, particularly the plane, have played a very important part in the opening up and development of our mining districts. It might be news to many that the very small town of Hudson, Ontario, perhaps more properly called a village, shipped more

freight by air than any other city, or town in the world, for a good many years. The writer has witnessed no less than 28 planes on the ice at Red Lake, Ontario, on numerous occasions, and it was not unusual to have 30 to 40 planes in during a twelve-hour period, carrying both passengers and freight.

One might naturally ask, "What does the future hold for the North Country?" It is quite obvious that this will depend on many things and not in the least to the price of the metal itself. The former price of \$20.67 per ounce has now been increased to \$35.00 per ounce, and it is generally conceded by those best informed that no further increase is necessary for the continued success of the Industry. Indeed, but for the outbreak of the war, further tremendous expansion would undoubtedly have been made. The best informed men are convinced that the Industry will start again where it left off, once Hitler and his satellites have been properly disposed of. The picture would indeed seem bright enough, but even brighter prospects seem to be in store. Many economists are firmly convinced that the currencies of the nations, of the world, must be stabilized on a gold basis, if we are to enjoy a decent world in which to live and a reasonable opportunity for all free thinking men

## N. C. O's at Work

# Sergeant Cambridge

Sgt. A. D. Cambridge, sergeant in charge of the Guard House, could almost write the History of Mt. Hope, for he has been an S. P. on this camp ever since its birth, and was one of the first four policemen on the camp. Despite his name, he hails from Oxfordshire, where he was in the advertising business before the war. He joined the R. A. F. on Valentine's Day, 1940 ("What a Valentine!"), and after several months of wrangling for an aircrew posting, eventually became an S. P. He served at Kinloss, Uxbridge and Halton before coming out here — via Iceland in 108 Draft.

He is a quiet-spoken chap — you'd hardly think he was policeman unless you had done something wrong, and he takes a pride and interest in a job which takes a great deal of character to hold, a



job which many of us would not care to undertake. He can recall many amusing incidents at the guard-house, and likes to tell of the ravishing girl who arrived in a large American car and asked for "Johnnie — he wears a blue uniform."

As an S. P. he has no philosophy other than "Don't look for trouble, but when it crops up just deal with it. No B. S.," he says. "We S. P.'s are here to help you." (It depends what sort of help you want. ED.)

### **CANADA'S MINERAL WEALTH (Continued)**

to prosper. In this connection, it is argued that the world's visible supply of gold must be "stepped up" and the only way that this may be effectively accomplished would be to once again raise the price of the metal, which would mean that tremendously large deposits could be mined profitably, and the early development of vast new areas, once again opening up new towns and all the opportunities that normally go with such development.

It is a cold hard country but wages and living conditions are good and the opportunities for success to those who have foresight, energy and initiative are unsurpassed.

No mention here has been made of the base metal industry. Many very successful copper, lead, zinc, and nickel mines have been in profitable operation for a number of years and it must not be inferred that this phase of the industry offers no opportunities to enterprising men for such is not the case.

J. M.

# ROVING REPORTER

In this letter I should particularly like to appeal to the boys who are leaving friends in Hamilton, to say their good-byes sincerely — as sincerely as they accepted friendship when they themselves were strangers in a strange land. Please don't be like the airman who said, "Well, good-bye! It's nice to have known you, and it was somewhere to stay anyway." Don't, by your behaviour, prejudice your "friends" against those who come after you. There are many of you who, during the next few weeks, could take along some newcomer and introduce him to your friends before you leave. . . . Many new arrivals are finding it difficult to make acquaintances such as we, who arrived here first, were able to make. So give a helping hand and by so doing assist your friends in finding some congenial chap to fill your place.

I was sorry to hear that L.A.C. "Paddy" Slade was terribly disappointed when he was not chosen to be the "Old Cat" in the Station Concert Pantomime; however, if Paddy would contact the producer and arrange a voice trial it might lead to something we could look forward to in future station shows, for it is said that his rendering of "Does your mother come from Ireland?" is superb. Incidentally, since our last issue, browned-off airmen in bus queues in Hamilton bus station have been heard singing "Roll on that Chugging Boat." (*Bless 'em all!* ED.)

Spring is almost upon us, and a newly arrived airman, in answer to my query, "Has the S/L Admin warned you about Poison Ivy?"



replied, "No, he didn't. Who is she?" Lest no one else puts him wise, let me tell him that it is one of the first spring creepers to be seen in the woods and hills of Ontario, and is capable of giving considerable posterior discomfort to "back to nature" lovers.

By the way, don't miss Noel Coward's film, "In Which We Serve" — a picture for every true Britisher.

Finally, may I remind you that you are very welcome at the Kiwanis Club, Inglewood Drive (off James Street), where, if you are interested, you can make new friendships and even get sleeping accommodation.

Cheerio for now. Good luck.

ROVING REPORTER

## ASTRO-NONSENSE

*If, as you gaze at Spica  
The battery grows wica,  
Go take a shot at Vega  
While the bubble grows bega and  
bega.*

*Is it the moon, or Alpheratz  
That evokes exotic yowls in katz?*

H. G. SILCOCK



PEACE, IT'S WONDERFUL . . . .

*When this Military Beaut  
Blows a root-a-loot-a-loot  
As a signal that the Victory is won . . .  
And her Soldier Boy relaxes  
After slapping down the Axis  
And then leads her to the altar on the run . . .  
She will let him slumber heavily  
Where once he woke to reveille  
And never bawl him out about his lapse;  
But, unless my eyes deceive me,  
He won't be so lax, believe me,  
When the clock upon their mantel points to "taps!"*

Painting by Varga  
Verse by Phil Stack

# IN THE DAYS OF THE BOWLER HAT

## "Spitting Tea"

By an Ex-Tea Taster of 68B Course



A phrase which nearly always raises a laugh, titter or gentle smile, depending on whether one is talking shop in the public, private or saloon bar at the "Pig and Whistle," is "Oh, I spit tea." Why the job of a tea-taster should cause such amusement I have never been able to make out, unless it is the slang phrase a tea-taster used to describe his job. Or perhaps it is the idea which "spitting tea" conjures up in a vivid imagination, or is it that the listener for the first time realises that a certain amount of trouble is taken in producing his morning cup of tea, which for years he has taken as a matter of course?

There is nothing very romantic about it; one does not have to have a varsity degree or go into any sort of training. In fact almost anyone who can tell the difference between, say, garlic and ice-cream can, with a little practice, become quite a proficient tea-taster. That, I am afraid, is practically all there is to it. I say practically because, if the embryo tea-taster wants to become a clever blender of tea, he must put in years of practice and eschew for the most part malt liquor, its relatives and tobacco. Fortunately for me, my firm were brokers, not blenders.

The finest tea I think I have ever had the good fortune to taste was the blend specially prepared for the King on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the tea trade in London. With its delicate flavour, like sweet muscatel grapes, it was more like a fine wine and was no doubt treated as such.

You might ask, "What about English Naafi tea?" Honestly, I don't know. The stuff they start with is quite good but the process it goes through before the well remembered cup of tepid grey liquid is pushed over the counter for your penny, must be one of the closely guarded secrets of the Naafi.

Tea-tasting, to start with, is an art — rather a negative art: it is not a science; I do not think it would be possible to analyse tea and decide on its merits scientifically. When I say it is a negative art, I mean that at first you taste a few cups and decide that "A" is perhaps a little less repulsive than the last. However, after a time, one gets used to it and begins to taste tea in a positive way. One may still dislike a particular type of tea, but one begins to recognise its characteristics, which is what the buyers are looking for, and as that is what the buyers pay for that is all that matters. You will, when new to the job, invariably get someone trying to catch you by brewing some tobacco and inviting your opinion on this "extraordinary tea."

Some oldtimers at the game develop a masterly range and degree of accuracy, both in the deliniation of taste and in hitting the spittoon into which they spit the tasted tea. Never do they miss the latter.

Sipping the tea is an art in itself too. It is sucked in very suddenly and noisily, duly tasted and ejected, the idea being that the tea is sprayed all over the inside of the mouth

and so the full flavour is caught. It is brewed in little cups, a sixpenny weight being put into each, boiling water poured on and allowed to stand for at least six minutes, usually timed by a sand-glass. The liquid is then poured out into small pots, the infused leaf being turned out into the lids of each cup. Not only does the taste of the liquid govern its value, but also the colour of both the dry leaf, which varies with the country, the locality and season, and of the infused leaf which, in general, should be the colour of a new penny.

The first visit of an uninitiate to a tea auction leaves him bewildered. At times of the year when the quality is improving, or when some good teas are up for sale, the auction resembles nothing short of bedlam. After a time, however, one

nonchalantly sits back and marks off the teas in one's catalogue, while telling one's neighbour, perhaps a planter home from the East, about the blonde in the second row of the chorus.

Can you tell a tea-taster on sight? No, I don't think so. Hardly any tea at all is swallowed; the only effect it has is to make your mouth feel as if it was made of leather. Most people in the trade seem to "carry on" to a ripe old age, for they often "remember your father when he started as a boy." They don't get gouty or rheumatic; judging by their behaviour after the annual tea-trade dinner, there must be something in the tea that keeps them youthful in mind if not, perhaps, in body.

D. S.

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## How Are Things in the "Old Country"?

By L.A.C. Moss

Coming from a Canadienne this question is apt to evoke the conversational side-slip, but when some wretched commissioned exile looks at you with eyes that melt to slow, nostalgic tears, one can do no less than to take pen in hand and wrack a lethargic brain for details of butter-rationing.

It has been said that three essentials for service life are a fountain pen, a cigarette and a man with a light; but fountain pens, and similar articles, such as watches and bicycles, are unobtainable now unless you have an Irish friend, or the patience to watch your name creep slowly down a long waiting list. The lack of birthday presents thus created is made good by a growing taste for books, for the latently intelligent British public, even with less time on its hands, is reading more and better books, although "No Orchids" still goes the rounds

of the new recruits.

The cigarette — "that sooty retainer to the vine" — has emerged from its secret niche below the counter and now stands in pride and plenty on the shelves, while its late imposters have returned to a well-deserved obscurity. Smoke rises once again from a penurious populace who have paid a shilling for ten Players. Service personnel, however, are able to indulge in their vice at the pre-budget price of ninepence, although on most camps the ration is a meagre twenty cigarettes a week and an equal number of Woodbines.

The vine, or rather the hop, has also made its reappearance at the price of one and a penny — plus an extra penny for the privilege of drinking it in the great Metropolis. Pipe-smoking requisites are once more on the market, resulting in a luxurious crop of winter curls at the

Waaferly, while those who suffered from last year's shortage of pipe-cleaners now have their revenge by buying up the limited supply of nail varnish for use on buttons.

The one excuse of the chain smoker has vanished with the return of the almost extinct match. Gone are the days when one sat in a cinema sucking an unhappy cigarette, ears pricked for the tell-tale rattle and scratch.

Railway travel has now become the ultimate misery of all mechanical transport. The disappearance of the basic petrol ration has relegated hitch-hiking to the last resort of the extreme optimist, and in all but the larger towns buses stop running at eight o'clock.

For this reason, week-end passes have been stopped and tacked on to the end of quarterly leave, when the heroic efforts of the railway companies will carry you to any civilised part of the country in time to consume the accumulated nutritive wealth of a civil ration age.

There is definitely no shortage of food in the home, although it would give the housewife a headache to substantiate this statement. The skilful hand can still smear a week's bread with a veneer of indeterminate fat, and ingenuity beyond my male comprehension contrives to add a layer of jam where no jam is.

The sacrifice of sugar in tea will place rice pudding or home-made cake on the table, but some people are in the same unfortunate position as myself in having lost the taste for sweetened tea without acquiring one for the unsweetened cup.

Fresh meat seems to rise above such mundane matters as official rationing, which is severe, but "fish-zoning" has turned out to be one of those unfortunate departmental experiments which are all very well in theory. The situation was summed up by one jovial fish-monger who changed the usual notice: "Please bring your own pa-

per" to "We have plenty of paper. Please bring your own fish."

The bottle of milk on the step in the morning looks pretty lonely without its satellites, eggs, but its close cousin, the dehydrate, preserves the family likeness, and some of the best pancakes I have had were made with powdered milk and powdered eggs.

The quality of smiles, and of feminine allure generally, is falling with the supply of cosmetics. The resultant effect of unsophisticated innocence might well be turned to account by our predatory counterparts, but since it serves only to undermine their confidence I suggest that a small parcel would bring mutual satisfaction to both the recipient and the recipient once removed. The small cost of postage is an added advantage, and if you are unversed in the technicalities of female artistry, the local girl-friend seems to me well qualified to render assistance. In guiding her choice, however, I recommend avoidance of the more poetic adjectives.

Even the rationalising of feminine finery has brought in its train some advantages. English women are at last beginning to consider serviceability in clothing as well as novelty, and consequently to lose the appearance of having all changed clothes with one another for a joke. Few girls now will endure goose-flesh in the winter for the sake of displaying their figures, and legs look just as well without the join down the back.

Thus are some of the things in the "Old Country." Not a starving country, but one where a lighted shop window would make the strongest cry "Fairy-land!"

The Christmas in England was, however, brightened by renewed hope, and when we return may the day be imminent when we can, with awakened minds, rebuild the structure of our social life — perhaps, maybe, with the incorporation of a few Canadian ideas.

# R.A.F. Sports

*"A Sound Mind in a Healthy Body"*



How do these words fit in with the recreational activities so gaily going on in the Drill Hall? Not that the P. T. staff are entitled to any credit for the "sound minds" — the "binders" from G. I. S. are responsible for these — but judging by the smiling faces going in and out of the Gymnasium (sounds better than Torture Chamber) the exercises which have been meted out must have been well received and the P. T. staff feel that they are responsible for the "healthy bodies."

New gymnasium equipment, which will include vaulting boxes, spring board, mats, etc., will be coming to hand soon, so any one who would like an alternative method of breaking his neck other than by falling out of a Magic Anson will be particularly welcome to come and "do his stuff."

So come and try out these exercises, and make this your motto: "Vainy, weedy, weaky," or "I came, I saw, I conqa'd."

## *Squash*

The Commanding Officer recently showed his true form by beating Jack Liebel, and later Lon Schaifer, Buffalo's ace. According to the *Hamilton Spectator* the C. O. "gave champions from Canada and United States a lesson in court wizardry."

## *Weight Lifting*

A real "needle" contest has been arranged between W O Rawlinson (Signals) and A.C. Parfitt (W. & B.). This will take place during the course of the next two or three weeks.

Dame Rumour has it that, quite unofficially, many a quarter has been wagered on the result, as both camps are confident of success. So much so that supporters of A.C. Parfitt state that their man will "eat" W/O Rawlinson, although the writer can not understand why — even in these days of rationing!

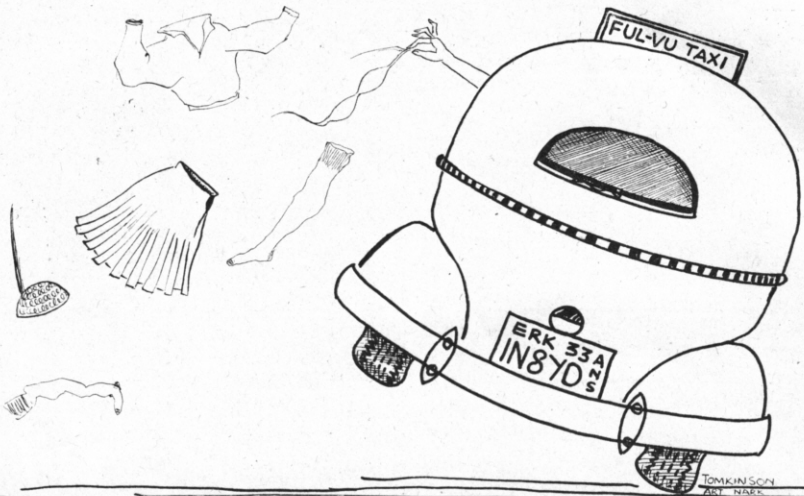
On the other hand, supporters of the W/O assert that their man will lift as much as A/C Parfitt and will then put the muscle-bound A.C. on the weights and lift him as well. Probably somewhat of an exaggeration, but we'll see.

The contest will take place in the Drill Hall and, as added attractions, there will be a novices' weight-lifting competition, high jump, and table tennis, etc.; excellent prizes will be provided by the P. S. I.

## *Boxing*

Although the Station team lost their match against the Army Trades School in Hamilton by 4-2 we are confident that we can turn the tables on them when they visit the station, which will be in the very near future. A.C. Bradfield put up a splendid show against an ex-professional of real class and was narrowly beaten on points.

A.C. Youldon was doing quite well when an old cut over his right eye was opened, and although he felt quite strong and wanted to box on, the referee quite rightly stopped the fight.



RAF TERMS ILLUSTRATED - 4 - "TAXI STRIP"

SPORTS (*Continued*)

Of the other fights, special mention should be made of the bout between Sgt. Forde and Private Page of the Trades School. This fight opened by Forde getting his nose right in the way of a lovely straight left, and this "shook" him. However, he pulled himself together and with a "When Irish Eyes are Smiling" expression on his face, gave Page the old "one-two" (no pause), hitting him so hard that he almost sent him from here to Killarney's lakes and hills. So it was a case of "Goodnight, Sweetheart; All My Dreams are For You," and the horizontal private was tucked safely into bed.

Incidentally, should any airman be suffering from loss of sleep, he should not bother to report to the M. O., Sgt. Forde can cure him!

W. SIMON, P/O

MOUNTAINEERS GO TO TOWN

The Station Concert Party has been invited to present its last show "RAFTER-RAISERS, Mk. II" (with certain modifications) in the Westdale Collegiate auditorium, sponsored by the Hamilton Junior League. The dates are Friday and Saturday, 26th and 27th March. If you or your friends missed this shown when in camp, don't miss this opportunity! Tickets are available in Room 3 G. I. S.

FAMILIARITY

We are still wondering how Squadron Leader Admin got away with his remarks to Miss Doreen Groom and her Dancing Girls, on the occasion of their third successful visit to the camp.

"Familiarity," he said, "sometimes breeds contempt, but without familiarity you can't breed anything."

He made it all right, of course, afterwards.

# Y. M. C. A.



Alas, the article I prepared, at considerable length, for the METEOR last month, was cut to pieces by our ruthless Editor, for much of my material had been included in Sqn/Ldr Thompson's "Rec. Hall Ramblings." Sqn/Ldr Thompson, as Entertainment Officer, has done a grand job, and we are very sorry to see him go.

We are also most unfortunate in losing A. C. Southam, our sign-writer, whose sign-writing and advertising work has been invaluable. However, future events, besides appearing on the last page of the METEOR, will still be advertised in D. R. O.'s on Mondays, and so, until a new artist is found, you must consult the "Activities Report" in D. R. O.'s, extra copies of which are posted in strategical positions throughout the Station.

For those of you who are not interested in the more strenuous activities and on rainy days wish to get hold of small games equipment, such as darts, draughts, chess or playing cards, may I remind you that they are available in my office — they are yours for the asking. Supplies, however, are limited, so please don't waste them.

For photographic enthusiasts, the Camera Club, now officially approved, will be fully organized by the time METEOR is on sale. P/O Hamblin, the Photographic Officer, has kindly offered his services, and this club should become one of our liveliest organisations.

Bookworms, however, will be interested to hear that Miss Waldon, of the Hamilton Public Library, has recently reorganised our Sta-

tion Library, in co-operation with the Hamilton War Libraries Committee. Having thrown out 150 old books, which have now been replaced, she has made a fine job of it, and we are all very grateful.

I am sometimes asked about the financial and business arrangements of the Y. M. C. A. canteen. Briefly, your canteen is operated, at no profit to themselves, by the Y. M. C. A., in co-operation with the U. K. Air Liaison Mission, and a cheque for all profits is handed to the C. O. monthly. The P. S. I. spends this money on essential recreation equipment and other personal comforts for the airmen—too numerous to mention.

By the way, when did you last write home? Since the beginning of the war, men and women of all branches of the services have written letters on over 90 million sheets of free Y. M. C. A. stationery — sufficient to make a pile four miles high.

The list of cinemas and variety shows on the back page is not quite complete; however, more variety shows will be booked up very soon.

K. B.

## DAWN

*A pale moon hangs on a shifting sea,  
A lonely wave breaks softly on the  
shore,  
And clouds, in solemn majesty  
March o'er heaven's floor.*

*The quiet hills await the dawn,  
A lonely bird cried deep in the night,  
The sea is hushed, the world is on  
The edge of light.*

*A soft rain drifts o'er thirsting  
grasses,  
Gentle and sweet as a heavenly tear;  
The starlight dims and softly passes,  
And dawn is here.*

A.C. I, G. C. RUSSELL

## REC. HALL RAMBLINGS

February has indeed been an eventful month for the patrons of the Rec. Hall, and it is doubtful whether any station in Canada has been so well entertained. Amongst the many excellent shows we have been able to enjoy, perhaps the most appreciated has been that put on by our own Station Concert Party, "The Mountaineers," whose 1943 revue, "RAfter-Raisers Mk. II" was a decided success. The whole show was entirely a product of the talents of this station, every item — from lyrics to scenery — being the work of Mt. Hope personnel. If the conception of this show was easier than its production, we can only say that the original impulse and its subsequent labour were well worth the effort; all concerned, including the Station orchestra, are to be congratulated.

We look forward to future "Mountaineers" productions, despite the feeling that we shall miss the wit of that natural born comedian, our Entertainments Officer, Sqn/Ldr "Bomber" Thompson, for he has been posted back to the U.K., to some fortunate station whose standard of entertainment will, no doubt, improve rapidly. Many thanks, Bomber! We shall also miss "Little Joe" Kennedy, a grand trooper, who has kept the station amused with his guitar and his songs ever since No. 33 came into being; he has a stage manner all of his own. The cook-house will miss him, too, for Joe's becoming a Bomb Aimer very soon. Best of luck, Joe. Cpl. Johnson, our adorable Miss Muffet, will also be on the high seas before we can produce another show, and he'll be very hard to replace, for this time the Devil really has fixed "that little posting."

We were given a really special treat on Feb. 8th, when Mart

Kenny's first-rate band gave most of the station an opportunity to become radio artists in a "coast-to-coast hookup," called "The Spotlight Points to R.A.F., Mt. Hope." If Mart Kenney was quick to realise that we have many capable conductors on the camp, the commentator was no less quick in discovering that the notorious Mt. Hope audiences need no cheerleader, for the volume of applause must have strained many a loud-speaker.

The Hamilton Players' Guild were up to their usual high standard in their production of Thurber's comedy, "The Male Animal." John Frid, who almost stole the show with his "Michael Barnes," struck us as a very polished young actor who should go far, and Miss Vera Lang's performance as "Mrs. Ellen Turner" was a delight to the odd 600 male animals who were present.

We have also been entertained by the Lifebuoy Follies, that excellent little group of professionals who know well how to punch their lines, time their gags and "put over" their songs; their show was characterful and fast, with a flavour reminiscent of Shepherd's Bush Empire. Eaton's Masquers, with their wizard on the accordion and their first-rate tenor, gave us a very pleasant evening on Feb. 15th.

Our own Dramatic Club, the Mount Hope Players, is soon to be in the limelight once more, and its coming production of three more one-act plays is keenly awaited.

The Sunday evening programmes are proving more and more popular; the Y. M. C. A. supervisor's well prepared quiz questions are providing grand amusement, and are proving to be stumbling blocks to many a self-styled gen man out for a packet of free cigarettes.

It is very noticeable how the standard of films is improving every month; the thrice weekly films are, no doubt, the most popular of all the entertainments, and this work of the Y. M. C. A. is greatly appreciated; we thank also L. A. C. Bush, the operator, whose consistently good work in the projection room could not be surpassed in Radio City Music Hall.

The Maintenance Wing dance was the most recent of the section dances, and was very enjoyable: more are to come. The Station dance band is rapidly gaining itself a good reputation. None the less, they still have vacancies for instrumentalists.

May we repeat the plea of our retiring Sqn/Ldr i/c Entertainments, that those of you who have any talent at all should come forward and try your luck on the other side of the footlights.

### RED CROSS WEEK

It seems that the average airman would welcome a Red Cross drive daily if it entailed the presence of ten of Hamilton's most beautiful young ladies, as it did on March 3. These attractive canvassers left the camp, after a morning spent smilingly adorning the haunts of several hundred-odd R. A. F. personnel, with the knowledge that their cause was \$273.60 the richer. The highlight of the day was the impromptu generosity of the cookhouse staff who, on their own initiative, presented the Red Cross with the \$50 allotted them for their annual party, a very fine gesture we could all afford to emulate.

Our thanks go to Miss Audrey Henderson, who was responsible for this means of making our contributing to this worthy cause so easy and pleasant a pastime.



Have you been to Muskoka? It's lovely in the summer.

\* \* \*

Then the 'bus queue on Sunday night . . .

\* \* \*

Would you know Mr. Jones? He's on a course up there.

\* \* \*

Brown or?

\* \* \*

Any gen on the boat?

\* \* \*

What's this METEOR thing like?

\* \* \*

And the airman who wanted a divorce when his housewife went astray.

\* \* \*

Do yours have one motor or two?

\* \* \*

No, madam. We don't have separate rooms.

\* \* \*

And the commercial traveller to whom kit inspections were no bind at all.

\* \* \*

What about an earthquake? It's the only damned thing we haven't had.

*Uncle Woolly*

### MORE ASTRO-NONSENSE

*Of the Gemini, Castor*

*Is not the vaster*

*Nor is it the brighter —*

*But its rhymes are politer.*

*Why mess around with Aries*

*When Hamilton's full of faries?*

# "What's on this Month?"

## Cinema Shows

Tuesday, Mar. 16th—  
**DANCE, GIRL, DANCE**  
Louis Hayward. Maureen O'Hara.

Thursday, Mar. 18th—  
**BUY ME THAT TOWN**  
Lloyd Nolan. Alberd Dekker.

Friday, Mar. 19th—  
**THIS GUN FOR HIRE**  
Alan Ladd. Veronica Lake.

Tuesday, Mar. 23rd—  
**A-HUNTING WE WILL GO**  
Laurel and Hardy.

Thursday, Mar. 25th—  
**ARE HUSBANDS NECESSARY**  
Ray Milland. Patricia Morrison.

Friday, Mar. 26th  
**MEXICAN SPITFIRE OUT WEST**  
Lupe Velez. Leon Errol.

Tuesday, Mar. 30th—  
**FOOTLIGHT SERENADE**  
John Payne. Betty Grable.

Thursday, Apr. 1st—  
**WEST POINT WIDOW**  
Richard Carlson. Anne Shirley.

Friday, Apr. 2nd—  
**PARK AVENUE LOGGER**  
George O'Brien.

Tuesday, Apr. 6th—  
**MOONTIDE**  
Jean Gabin. Ida Lupino.

Thursday, Apr. 8th

Friday, Apr. 9th—  
**SEVEN DAYS LEAVE**  
Vic Mature. Lucille Ball.

Tuesday, Apr. 13th—  
**TEN GENTLEMEN FROM WEST POINT**  
Geo. Montgomery. Maureen O'Hara.

Thursday, Apr. 15th—

Friday, Apr. 16th  
**I'M STILL ALIVE**  
Kent Taylor. Linda Hayes.

## Variety Shows

Monday, Mar. 15th—  
**THE JACK POT REVUE**  
From Toronto. We know that few will want to see this show as the cast is composed of practically all girls.

Monday, Mar. 22nd—  
**THREE LIVE GHOSTS**  
From Toronto. An extremely clever comedy play.

Monday, Mar. 29th—  
**Y'S MEN'S REVUE**  
From Toronto. Practically all men in this show—just by way of a change.

Monday, Apr. 5th—  
**MERRY-GO-ROUND REVUE**  
From Toronto. Another "must" on your entertainment activities. This is one of Toronto's best shows with a super girl cast.

More shows will be here during April, but as yet we have not made a final selection.

## Film News

This month's list of Y. M. C. A. film bookings is further proof of the fine entertainment that is being presented at the Station Cinema. The "musts" for your list include "This Gun For Hire," "Seven Days Leave" and "Moontide." All features have the usual full supporting programme.

We are often asked why news-reels cannot be included in the programmes. It is not possible, of course, to present a fresh news-reel three times a week but every effort is being made to obtain a "review" of the month's news to be presented, if possible, during the last week of each month.

All except one of the major producing companies are now sending their pictures to this Station. We have been promised practically the whole of the output of the Paramount Studios (whose many stars include Bob Hope, Claudette Colbert, Dorothy Lamour and Bing Crosby) and United Artists are now ready to include their releases in the booking lists.

L. A. C. Beech, who has been associated with the projection end of the Cinema since its start, has been posted home. Giving his spare time unselfishly, he has helped to make the Cinema the most popular entertainment on the Station.

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UNDERWEAR**

Seasonal garments  
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NO WAITING**

Bargains in slightly used raiments.

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Made at Leisure  
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*"Don't be a picture  
of broken health"*

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## **Bert Simon's GYMNASIUM**

Classes held daily.

Don't be a weakling

Be Masculine

Be Dynamic

Be a wow with the girls!

**"I GUARANTEE A BODY  
LIKE MINE  
IN SEVEN DAYS"**

**Go a--boucher business**

VIA

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Daily services into  
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Trains met

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•  
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**SICK OR SORRY?**

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## **"Samman's Stomach Soother"**

*"Saves ceaseless suffering"*

(Patient applied for.)

A.A.A. Aggie. Meet me Friday, same  
place, same time, same intentions.

Is your bed-space unattractive? Try  
**PARRIS' WAX**  
*"Makes floors glisten"*

