

THE MOUNT HOPE

METEOR



APR - MAY

1943

PRICE 15 CENTS

Not to be moved from Baldyowin.

Excuse Me . . . But,

If e'er you're bored you could do worse
Than trying your hand at writing verse.
The Station Magazine, you know,
Needs contributions badly, so
Then why not try it? It's so simple!
Just find a word that rhymes, like
"dimple",

(A word that's better far than "Pimple"
And easier to fit than "scrimple")
Then ask yourself, "Does that sound
right?"

Don't be put off if it sounds trite.
Some people, on the other hand,
Get out their dictionary and
Make out a list of words that rhyme
Because they feel it's saving time.
Whichever method you may use
Please never couple moose with muse,
Nor e'er embark on themes of Love
For "stars above" and "turtle-dove"
Are really getting too familiar.
So choose a new word, like "Orillia".
You've noticed "and" will rhyme with
"hand"

And useful words like "contra-band";
But "cough" can never rhyme with
"bough",

Nor indeed can "low" with "cow".
But words that rhyme are two-a-penny,
(In other words—they're very many;)
They'll easily come to mind, and so
Just simply let your pencil flow.
And then, of course, your lines must
scan,

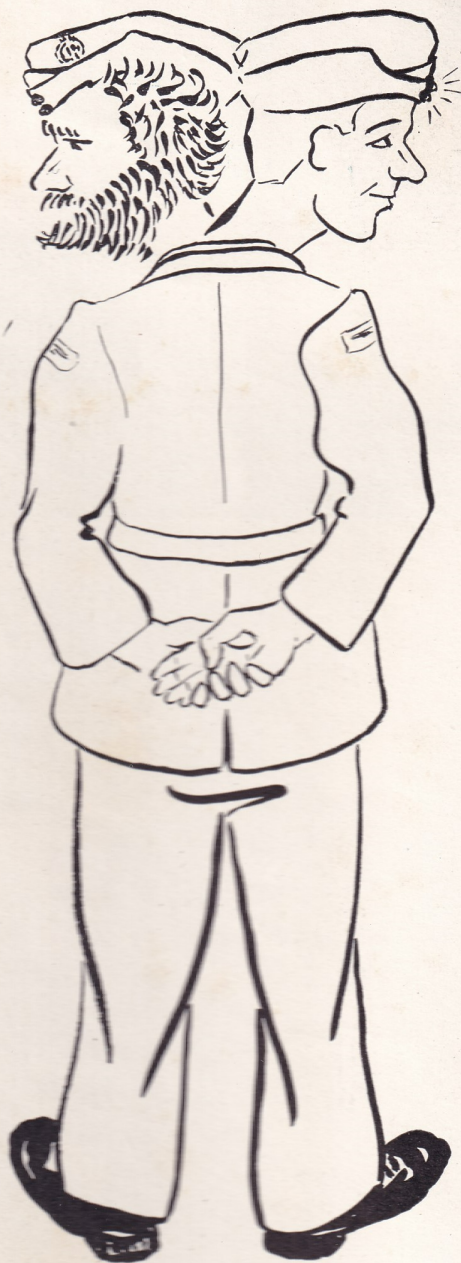
Like the famous limerick about the young
man from Japan.

By saying tum-ti-tum, you see,
You can't get mixed with tum-ti-tee.
Of course, you'll need some subject
matter

For I advise you not to patter
Aimlessly without relation
To any text or inspiration.
There're lots of things that you can write
About from "Humble Mechs" to "Night-
Flying" or even "Navigation"
(Which rhymes so well, out here, with
"ration".

Or have you noticed how "Mercator"
Rhymes with "Airspeed Indicator")
May I ask "oh please, why must you
Write about the blasted 'bus queue'?"
How about a verse on life
In Canada without a Wife?
Or some smart poem on "R/T"
Should give you scope for repartee.
So sit you down and take a pen
And write some poetry, then when
You've finished it just simply stick it
In an envelope and lick it
Up and send it straight to me
Right here in G.I.S. Room 3.

—EDITOR.



*CRIKEY . . . That's an Anson!
. . . That was?*

With Apologies to Shell Oil Co.

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The Editor Speaks

The snow-plough has been put away. The lawn-mowers have been pushed out of their winter hangars and "D.I.'d" in readiness for the luxuriant growth we shall very shortly see around our almost unrecognizable camp. Mother Earth has almost completely changed from white to green. we ourselves will soon shed our familiar "blue," whilst the objects of our affections are rapidly changing their complexions to more seasonable hues.

The "Meteor," however, emulating the Ansons (and the Italians) feels that at present it has no need for a change in colour, but it has decided to alter its "frequency." It was felt that, with the many attractive outdoor occupations available to all of us during the summer months, we may not be so inclined to sit down and read, far less *write* for the "Meteor." Until next winter comes round, therefore, and we all seek the shelter of our billets and canteens again,

the "Meteor" will appear less often. We will be publishing nine issues a year, the dates of which appear on the inside front cover.

Once again, a perusal of our pages will show you that there is as much activity on top of the "mountain" as there is amongst those who live on the more sober levels but nine miles away. You will read that we have kept our place on top of the list of "Rattle" results, that flying records for this school have been broken and that opponents have been K.O.'d. But, as always, we have found time to go down into the valleys and plains, and this year's crop of weddings is ample proof that we have found the natives friendly, to say the least!

Amongst Hamiltonians we have continuously made our presence felt, usually by the roar of our engines at unearthly hours of the morning, but recently we were able to present ourselves to them in more pleasant fash-

ion. The appearance of the Station Concert Party at the Westdale Collegiate has been, perhaps, one of the outstanding events in our participation in the life of Hamilton, and from all reports the "Mountaineers" were a success, both theatrically and financially. The Junior League of Hamilton, who sponsored the shows, report that the sum raised for various charities easily reached four figures.

Those of us who have been on stations on the prairies know how much we owe to Hamilton and its inhabitants. We know how lucky we are. We cannot do enough to thank those who so frequently and enthusiastically make us their guests.

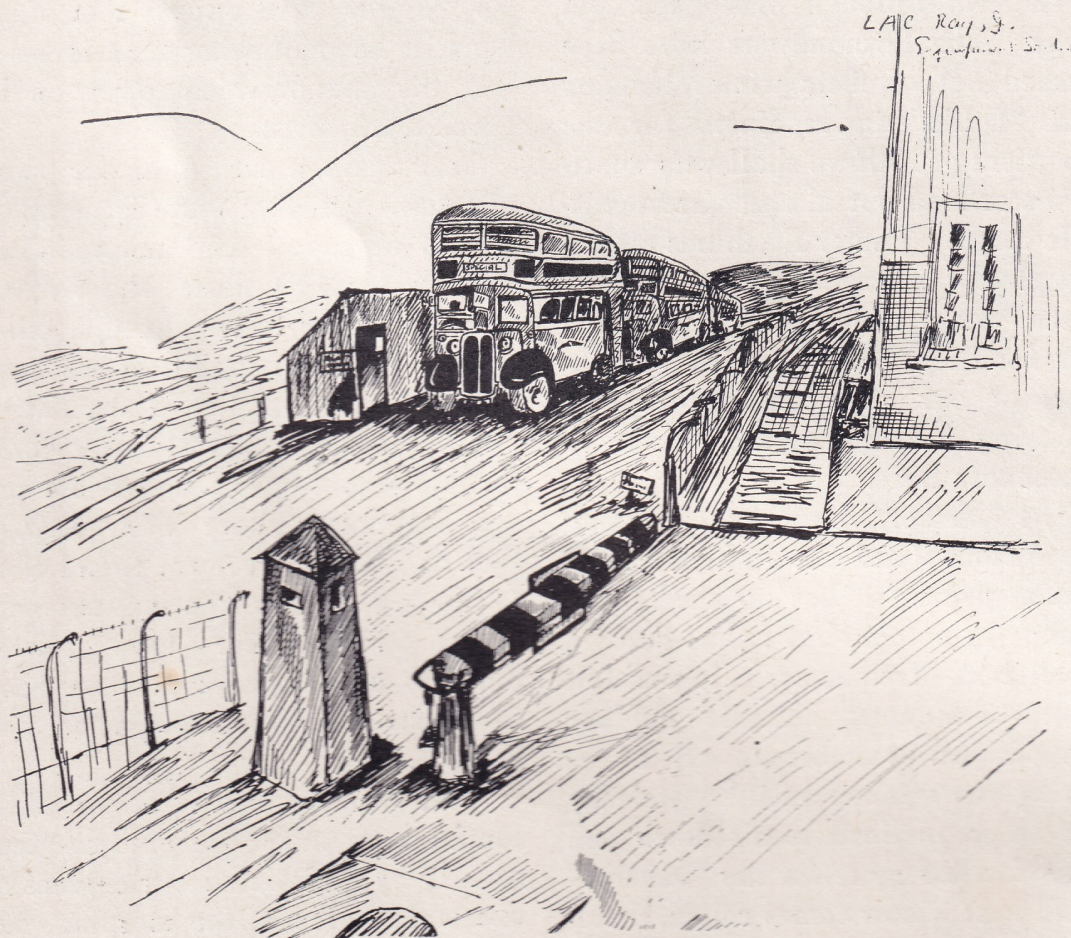
—*The Editor*

\$5 PRIZE CONTEST

This month the winner was F/Lt. H. A. W. Williams, whose story "Veni, Vidi, Wonky" is featured on page 5. However, FSLt. Williams generously declines to accept the prize and it has been awarded to Sgt. Stewart for his poem, "Lords of the Air." The \$1 consolation prize goes to L.A.C. Clarke, of 67B for his "Exodus Mk. II." L.A.C. Townend receives the \$1 award for the best cartoon, "Ernie the Erk," though his best effort has been censored.

Worthy of mention are Cpl. T. G. Hamer, whose excellent story "Johnny" was, unfortunately, far too long; Cpl. Butler; L.A.C. "J. H.", 66A, and L.A.C. Moss.

The closing date for the next competition is June 1.



Mount Hope Mirage!

THIS MONTH'S
PRIZE WINNER

Veni, Vedi Wonky



L.A.C. Bound-Rigidde put down his beer and snorted. It was quite a good effort.

Glasses rattled in alarm, and a pile of cigarette packets shuddered and collapsed; way out over Lake Huron an Anson navigator wondered why his drift suddenly changed from 10° port to 27° starboard; the Officers' Mess thought the heating system had really baled out this time; and the Meteorological Association of Ontario summoned an emergency meeting to discuss why an anti-cyclone had turned into a line squall.

Within the hallowed portals of the Sergeants' Mess an old inhabitant was heard to mutter that the beer had suddenly gone off.

His colleagues of I.P.A. Course regarded Bound-Rigidde with some concern. Had he at last proved that the deviation from track due to Coriolis was to port in the northern hemisphere or that $\sqrt{-1}$ was a factor in the equation G.E.N.— $\sqrt{F.A.}$?

Slowly and sorrowfully the tragic figure shook his head. Clearly the troubles of these momentous days weighed heavily upon him. No 48

for a month, a beer shortage and 37 per cent. in the D.R. plot!

"I'm cheesed," he announced. "I was torn off a strip to-day for losing my way between Dundas and Base. I don't see why they make such a fuss of map-reading. After all, if I had really been lost, a sun sight would have shown that I was somewhere between Erie, Huron and Muskoka."

Bound-Rigidde quaffed his ale and spoke again to the assembled populace, while overhead the mighty Cheetahs roared their defiance at the perils of nature and of u/t navigators in the night sky.

Map-reading, he said, was like golf. You headed off in what you hoped was the right direction and though you might drift off to one side and then to the other, you got there somehow, even if your E.T.A. for the first "hole" was a bit out.

The best you could hope for, he continued, was to follow a sine curve.

If you got lost, you had the last word in radio to help you, and sets didn't often pack up these days, and if they did you could always bale out, and if you couldn't find out where

you were you could always ring somebody up—he had a few phone numbers himself. (A pause here for breath. Yes, he would have another beer, thanks.)

The trouble was that the staff pilots couldn't map-read. If they could, they would keep a track because A.P. 1234 stressed the fact the navigation was a crew effort, everybody doing his little bit. (Some of the ruder ones present laughed here.)

He himself wasn't always lost. He knew exactly where he was over Hamilton on a Monday afternoon, because there was an unmistakable landmark on one of the clothes-lines there. (Bottoms up, old boy.)

And now that pigeons with tail lights have been brought into the service as a homing aid, there was no danger in night flying.

So why all the fuss about him trying to pin-point himself three miles south-west of Chatham on a map of Ottawa?

Bound-Rigidde lapsed into dignified silence and resumed the study of his horoscope in the Air Almanac.

H. A. W. WILLIAMS.

PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

In addition to our \$5 literary contest, we are offering this month \$3 for the best photograph taken this year in Ontario. The closing date for this competition will be June 1st, so get the dust off your lenses and clean your filters. P.O. Hamblin, of the Camera Club, will be very pleased to give advice or assistance to beginners.

WINNER OF SECOND PRIZE

The Lords of the Air

*To Flight Sergeant Lonnon,
And all the other "mechs,"
But for whose vigilance,
We should break our ruddy necks.*



*The "Lords of the Air" they call us,
They speak of our growing fame;
The front page of every paper,
Is adorned with the pilot's name.
Of deeds of valor and daring,
Performed in every sky;
Of Heinkels, and Dorniers, and
Messerschmitts,
Crashing to earth to die.
There's one guy that gets no medals,
You don't even hear his name;
He doesn't fly in the pale blue sky,
Or pose for the news in a plane.
His job cannot be called romantic,
So he's not in the public eye;
But the pilot can't do without him,
And I'll tell you the reason why.
He does his D.I.'s every morning,
He fills the tanks up at night;
He keeps the engines running sweet,
And he keeps the pressure right.
So the next time you see a picture
Of a pilot and bombing crew;
Think of the chap behind it,
Who may be but an A/C 2.
And whenever you praise the pilot,
As the enemy falls a wreck,
Remember the guy you didn't see,
The little chap! The humble "mech."*

SGT. STEWART.

(Flying Sec.)

Squadron Leader G. P. Kerr

"Meteor," this month, visited the office of that Croesus of modern times, S/Ldr. G. P. Kerr. It is said of the king of ancient Lydia that he never knew how wealthy he was; Squadron Leader Kerr knows but won't tell. As he sits complacently upon his money bags puffing at a borrowed cigarette little does he care for the "wealth of Ormuz or of Ind." He is happy in the thought that every time you buy a doughnut, hurry for a cup of tea, clean your teeth, or buy the cigarette which he is now smoking, the pile of money rises.

No unbenevolent despot is he, however. By constant endeavour and continual repetition he has persuaded us that he has the interests of all of us at heart. When the height of his accumulated wealth becomes embarrassing even to him, he distributes it with the wisdom of a Solomon. The Canteen, the Swimming Pool and the stage in the Recreation Hall are only examples of his periodic largesse. His present project, we understand, is to make grass grow where it has never grown before; lawns will stretch to the limits of man's vision. S/Ldr. Kerr would make Ontario the garden of North America.

The S/Ldr.'s projects, in fact, are all on the colossal scale. Eighty foot long heated 'bus shelters, buses with



strings of trailers behind, acres of grass, scores of toasters, gallons of soup, and cubic yards of money. Who, then, is this mover of mountains, this raiser of ant-hills, this transport magnate, this gourmet?

S/Ldr. George Pengelly Kerr is a jovial man who is as much at home, we judge, in the world of burlesque as in that of reality. His humour is often Rabelaisian, sometimes sly and always delightful. A largely mispent youth, which culminated in a 1st in the Classics Tripos at Cambridge, a young manhood amongst the peoples of the Orient, Geisha and otherwise, a multitude of jobs both various and nefarious in all parts of the world have fitted him for the job which he now so ably fills.

Any thumb-nail sketch of this remarkable man would be incomplete without some reference to his literary ability. He is as versed in writing a "Heart-flutters for the Lovelorn"

column as in concocting a prospectus for some slightly fraudulent mining company. His addiction to reading guide books, together with his innate ability will doubtless fit him for a position as a promoter of some sort after the war. Good luck, Sir!

S/Ldr. Kerr as an officer, has three prides: that he is an Auxiliary, that he is the longest commissioned officer on the station and that he is Mt. Hope's oldest inhabitant. Before he came to us he was adjutant in what he proudly calls the best fighter station in the R.A.F., somewhere in the Thames Estuary. Personally we believe that life began for S/Ldr. Kerr when he arrived at Mt. Hope, and there is no doubt that this Station has derived much of its character, most of its amenities and a large part of its enviable reputation as a result of his efforts and far-sighted policies.

As the "Meteor" left his office, Sqn/Ldr. Kerr explained himself perfectly; "Yes," he said, "I'd like to say how particularly pleased I am

that constructive criticisms of my work are coming in from time to time, and I welcome any others—stammer—because—because I can't possibly think of EVERYTHING!"

As we go to press, "Meteor" learns that the Squadron Leader has been posted. It has always been our observation on life that those who amass wealth never have time to spend it. That job falls to their heirs and assigns, who reap the undeserved benefits of another life's work. Personally we would suggest one grand "splurge"—free food, free drinks, free everything—*enough* of being careful with the Kerrful. But officially we cannot but bid S/Ldr. Kerr good-bye, with thanks for his sponsorship of this magazine and for the manifold monuments of his wise direction. To him can be applied in some measure, the graving of the Matabele hills,

Si monumentum requiras, circumspice.

Thoughts on Marking Forms 2330

(Weather observations by aircrew)

With apologies to W. H. Davies

*A poor type this—so little "gen"—
What worth has he, marked out of ten?
With time to fly within the rain,
Remark on it, then out again,
With time to see, in broad daylight,
The cloud amount, and type and height,
With time to turn and measure vis.,
And temperature, and where he is,
And even time to read the note,
(Since short cloud names he cannot quote).
All these he's missed, and measured wind,
And then they wonder why I bind!
A poor type this—so little "gen"—
What is he worth? Two out of ten.*

N. L. N.

Vigil in the Night!

The corporal looked up as he heard a figure approaching. It was a cadet, and his hands were dug deeply into his overcoat pockets. The collar was turned up and his face practically hidden in its folds. He made a forlorn picture battling against the icy winds of a cold Canadian evening. The hidden hands arrested a sub-conscious urge in the mind of the corporal to exercise his authority, and he framed a curt admonition, but it would mean leaving the warmth of the hut. Besides it was really an awful night and as the cadet walked by, he remained silent, watching him whilst he took up a position about thirty yards away. Then the cadet began to stamp his feet, and throw his hands across his chest vigorously, but soon the movements seemed to pall, and his hands crept back to his pockets, whilst his face was once more lost between the folds of his coat collar.

The corporal's mouth twisted in a wry grin. The first of the few! It was damned cold out there. Of course, it used to get cold back home. Why, some January evenings were pretty terrible. What with fog and rain and all. But this weather made you "fold up." It cut right through you. There was no "Hand and Flower" out here, where one could lose the most dismal evening, standing around the bar, surrounded by familiar faces, and with

a glass of familiar beer in one's hand. For the umpteenth time he sighed. Roll on that chugging boat.

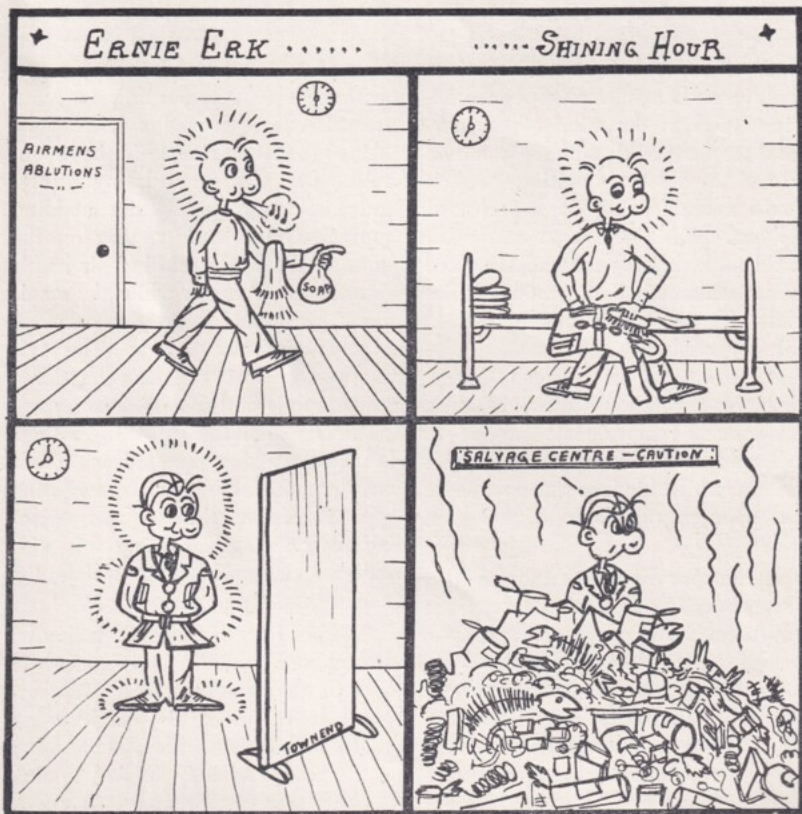
Mind you, Canada was O.K. He'd had some grand times in Hamilton. A roar of laughter broke into his reverie and he looked up to see that the cadet had been joined by two airmen whose hair, peeping out from precariously balanced service caps, seemed to glisten sleekly in the moonlight. One was gesticulating wildly, and his companion, while nodding appreciatively, kept trotting on the spot, all the while rubbing his hands vigorously. After a while the small party grew, and soon the corporal counted about twenty men. The vigil was on! Most of them chattered animatedly, and their exaggerated gestures seemed like unwitting actions in a battle against the cold, but it was not long before their conversation spent itself, and they took to stamping their feet, punctuating this with well-chosen epithets in which the weather figured prominently.

Suddenly a voice shouted excitedly, and as one man they all turned to look in the same direction. The corporal looked over his shoulder but could see nothing. He glanced back at the men, and they seemed to sink back to their former stances, but now deep gloom had overcome them. They were silent. Minutes passed. There were now at least fifty men in

the party. A murmur ran through them, and some loud comments were thrown out, this time not about the weather. One cadet began to stamp his feet again, and soon others took it up, but the cold was persistent, and their position was hardly a sheltered one. The corporal did not envy them. To-night's vigil was a bitter one. He saw a couple of men leave the party and begin to walk away. The first to give up!

Then a shout made them turn half-apprehensively, and look back. A murmur was taken up and it passed along the men. An air of expectancy gave place to stirrings of preparedness, and smiles were soon evident. Good-humoured banter returned, and the corporal glanced through the other window. Yes! The Hamilton bus was coming down the road.

L.A.C. J. H. (66A).



Prize Winning Cartoon, by L.A.C. Townend

Exodus

(Mk. II)

It came to pass that on the 3rd Sabbath of the month many were they who were to voyage to the shores of the lake of Huron unto place of Sarnia, setting forth at the hour of sunset. Nevertheless, according to the words of the prophets they were advised to go not to to this place, but burden their way to the city of Collingwood. Great was the wailing and gnashing of teeth among them, for they had indeed prepared themselves.

One with another and in pairs, so they set forth in their steeds of Avro, which groaneth and flappeth with the hardships of ascending to the heavens, and dark was the valley before them. They that bindeth were afraid not but they that were of the house of Bingo were sorely troubled among themselves. (Two of the pilgrims returneth to their abode, being forgetful of their tasks, and they slept the sleep of the content.)

When they were ascended in the heavens they were visited by the Devil, and many were they that strayed from their paths to the camp of the Bordonites and unto the citadel of Barrie which was beneath them. They that were of the wise men looked to the heavens and to the stars, and findeth their way with the compass of the heavenly bodies; and thus they came unto Collingwood. They that were of the Binders orientateth themselves on the sounds of the city of Malton

and the towers of C.B.L.; but many were they who heareth the harps and strings of the merry makers. They that were of Bingo judgeth by the lights of the torches beneath them, and so they came unto Collingwood ahead of their companions, and great was the rejoicing amongst them, for they knew not of any troubles and were content.

One after another they voyaged back to their abode, but the god of thunder frowneth upon them and was angry, and they that journeyed were sorely upset, and they felt exceeding dizzy. Many were the clouds that gathereth and so the heavens were overcast. The clouds that were heavier descended even unto the ground and great was the precipitation upon they that floundered in the tumult of the heavens.

And it came to pass that they who journeyeth; the wise men; they of the Binders; and those of the house of Bingo, bumpeth and groaneth in their unhappy steeds until the candle in the window of their abode shineth through the darkened heavens, and great were the sighs which passeth from them, they that bindeth and they that windeth, as they landeth and leaveth their chariots which flappeth; and lo they slept the sleep of the exhausted.

L.A.C. CLARKE, 67B.

Chorley Wood Writes Home

Dear Mum:

I got your letter OK thanks a lot wot a lark about old Mrs. Slipshod going to 'ave another and her got twoo menny all reddy hooda thortit? It only goes to show thats wot I ses. I was sorry to hear of Aunt Gertie being poorly with a bad case of symptoms wot a nasty disease that sounds like—must take the ruff with the smooth I spose she never was a spritley one at the best of times cum to think ovit. Bout time the landlord mended that winder if yer asks me brown paper lets the draft throo I bet. Did you ever find wot corzed that nasty smell in the backyard? Shame you aint got a man about the 'ouse to fix you up comfortable like these days when the frunt door keeps flying open as you said. The brown chicken dont lay no more eggs you say ring its ruddy neck it might taste good I say or wait till I get back but dont bother we ad chicken 'ere yist-day for dinner fair treet was twoo. Shame your ink ran out dry cos I'der liked to known wot a-came of Mrs. Rumshaipts dorter as didnt like strangers as you started to write of.

I spose youd like to 'ear a bit of wot we does out 'ere and Ill tell you a bit of it leastways what the senser will let you 'ave Let me tell you its cold all rite out 'ere Brass monkeys aint in it but we wares them youcan hats over our earoles against the frostbite and evrythings hunkydory on that account. Most times we sit and lissen to lectchers orl about dull things, cumpisses, instrumence chronic projections meteoreorology and the like belive you me you cant arf get into a fix with that lot. Tork

abaht a muddle wen yer draws wrong lines on yer map paper and yer loses yer injer rubber and 'as to use a licked finger blimey yer dont art get choked off. Next week we start shooting stars with sexdance wot for I dont rightly know as yet. If it aint duff I mean the wevver we goes flying in these old kites named Giant ***** Bombers out 'ere on account of them being mutch smaller than them ***** wot you see flyin' over the 'ouse orl day. About flyin' well yer takes off and then the pielot gives you a nasty look which meens yer got to turn the 'andle **** times for 'im so as 'e can admire the seenery. That dun yer 'ands 'im a peece of paper corled a massage chip which 'e tries to read and then screws it up and puts it in the cracks to stop the draft. Then you sail on merrilly leastways if your not sik till the Bom Airber (sometimes corled a Keeth Prowse cos 'es the bloke wot says "You want the best seat and I've got it") till 'e tells yer whare you aint accordin' to 'is reckonin' and then you finds a wind hoping its in the right direction When your orl set agin and sit back for a breever the pielot asks for a snap intercourse on the altercomm so you 'ave a look for wot you can find in your bag of tricks and sumtimes yer finds yer Dorlton which they say even pielots can work. Wen you gets back to bass you waits in the briefing room 'case the pielot wants to bind yer and to keep yer til the sooop gets cold.

Mor next time,

Be seein' yer, ole froot,

Chorley.

IN THE DAYS OF THE BOWLER HAT



“A GOOD TIME WAS HAD BY ALL”

By L.A.C. E. G. Russell

68B Course

(Ex-Reporter on “Daily Herald”)

Let me warn you at once that this is no epic of eagle-eyed newsmen who let Scotland Yard in on the solution of baffling murder mysteries, exposed in a series of “red-hot, exclusive beats.” But as the young people of to-day hate to be caught in the act of believing what they read, or even what they see on the cinema screen, few now believe in the “ace reporter” who wears his hat on the back of his head.

No, you have seen and met the reporter I shall describe, and perhaps you passed him by as being “not quite a reporter”—and you would have been wrong.

You have run across him enough to see what kind of a fellow he is—of almost any age, of average intelligence and education, tactful and courteous in spite of public belief to the contrary, and possessing the inevitable “nose for news.” When you were at school he was with you on sports day, sitting at the judges’ table, out there in the heat. On his block of copy paper he recorded your effort in the 220 yards, cursed you for spelling your name with two t’s, and later, listened impatiently to the headmaster’s *Te Deum* to the Mayor-ess who presented the prizes, while the early train steamed from the local station. Not a very romantic figure.

On Thursday mornings you saw him hurrying into the Town Hall to find out for you who had been defying the Highway Code and just what witty remarks had been dropped by the chairman of magistrates on the head of defendant. If there was a funeral or inquest he poked his nose, unnecessarily, you thought, into private affairs which you afterwards read with interest for a penny; and when you were married, and everyone was very nice to you, you offered him, with the bonhomie of bridegrooms and lottery prizewinners, a glass of port wine. He accepted this, and your bride was duly described as “charming.”

Perhaps you addressed the local Bible Class or Young Men’s Fellowship. Then you were almost certainly disappointed that your brilliant summary of the European situation was still further reduced to a mere title. And so the variety of his work spreads out, an endless vista of luncheons, bazaars, funerals, courts, regattas, dinners, fires, baby shows, centenarians (“secret of my longevity” stories), two headed lambs, clever dogs, Is This a Record vegetables, and strawberries that appeared in January (and withered without ripening), and never forgetting those most vital news stories, Births, Marriages and Deaths (3d a line).

So that much of his time, as you see, was occupied with routine work, mostly rather tame, sometimes bordering on the dramatic when the gods gave him a large fire or shipwreck, but always demanding the exercise of alertness and intelligence.

Many of these reporters will grow old in the service of the local rag, and will vegetate from court to meeting, from meeting to office, and end up quietly among the files of yesterday's editions.

But many, too, will move on, to write for provincial dailies, and a few will lunch in the famous Cheshire Cheese, and stroll down that not-so-coveted Fleet St., perhaps dreaming nostalgic dreams.

For these paragraph hunting reporters of "Our Town" are of the stuff of which the star reporters and war correspondents are made. May there always be telephones at hand for them!

THIS MUCH I'VE LEARNT . . .

*What have I learnt since I've been at
Mt. Hope?*

*Is a question that's seemingly comical
But I can assure you, I've got all the dope
And my knowledge is now astronomical.*

*I've learnt one can't "cancel," one only
"scrubs" round."*

*In a flap I must keep my shirt on.
I must sit for hours in a kite on the ground
When the bowser has gone for a Burton.*

*I hope I'm not shooting a very rhumb line
But I'll tell you a "Fleet" from a "Boeing."
I'll identify every conventional sign
And I always keep my airplot going.*

*It seems that there's nothing (except liquid
swirl)*

*You can't solve on the Dalton Computer,
But the best gen I've learnt is, each
Hamilton girl*

Is willing to take on a suitor!

A. R. E.



*"Please Sir, the Pilot told me
to do it"*

DIM

By L.A.C. L. Halward

"Dim as muck!" Joe said, chuckling and shaking his blond curls. "I gave her half-a-dollar for a packet of Players, a box of matches and a bar of chocolate, and she gave me one-and-tuppence back! She's a piece of cake!"

After that, in the N.A.A.F.I., the boys used to wait to be served by Daisy. She didn't always make a mistake, of course, and when she did it wasn't always in the boys' favour. (A shout very quickly went up when *that* happened!) But quite a few of them got away with a copper or two here and there, and one was lucky enough to be given change out of a pound note when he had handed over a ten shilling note. Daisy was too easy. A piece of cake. Dim. As dim as muck.

Daisy was about thirty-five, small, dark, with big innocent, cow-like eyes and big, rather prominent teeth which she showed at all times in a wide and vacant smile. She was always harassed and bewildered; always, with little shuffling steps, darting about behind the long counter, more often than not in the wrong direction, falling over things and bumping into the other girls; always untidy, as if she had dressed hurriedly in utter darkness, hat awry, strands of dank black hair sticking out from under it, collar rumpled, overall never completely buttoned; always mumbling to herself, counting and

recounting the money she received and the money she handed back; always unsure of herself, always in a whirl, a maze, like a lost dog among a crowd of shouting strangers; and always smiling that big, soft smile of hers and lifting those big, soft, cow-like eyes to each airman's face in a long look that bordered on adoration.

The boys ragged her unmercifully. They asked for things they knew the N.A.A.F.I. didn't stock. One of them would order four teas, and then, when she had filled the cups, change the order to one tea, a coffee, a beer and a glass of fizzy lemonade. Half a dozen of them would all, at the same time, shout for something different, making believe they were in a great hurry, urging her to put a shift on, telling her she was likely, with her dilly-dallying, to get them into serious trouble, confusing the poor girl even more than she was normally confused, and getting a great deal of amusement out of it all.

No one could blame them. There wasn't much to amuse the five or six hundred men who had been thrown together on this west coast airfield ten miles or so from the nearest cinema town. Daisy didn't blame them. Ignorant of the fact that they were making fun of her, she wasn't aware that there was anything to blame them for.

One Saturday evening when most of the boys were in town or working late and the N.A.A.F.I. was fairly quiet I stood at the counter sipping tea and chatting to Daisy. I asked her how long she had been in this place.

"It'll be two years now," she said.

I almost dropped the cup. "Good Lord!" I said. "Two years? I haven't been here two months yet, and I've had more than enough of it. Give me somewhere within reach of civilization! What do *you* do in your time off?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "I have half a day off a week," she said. "In the summer on days like to-day, I usually go for a walk along the beach. I like the sea. I could look at the sea for hours. I do sometimes. Just look at it. I don't think of anything special. It might seem funny to you."

"You have leave, of course? She nodded. "You go home then, I suppose?"

"No," she said.

"No?"

"I haven't got a home," she said simply. "I *had* a home," she said. "In Coventry."

"The Blitz?"

"The second one," she said. "I was lucky. Only a broken arm. All the rest, Mum and Dad, my younger sister and her baby—"

"All killed?"

"All killed," she said.

She had not taken her big innocent eyes from my face. "I didn't know what to do," she said. "I wanted to do *something*. I *had* to do something, didn't I? I wanted to help with bombs and aeroplanes, do something towards sending them out over Ger-

many. They wouldn't have me in the W.A.A.F. So I went to the N.A.A.F.I. people and asked them to send me to an aerodrome, and I came here. I wanted to be where I could see the bombers go off loaded, and come back empty. I sit at my bed-room window and watch them. I sit waiting for hours sometimes."

She was looking away from me now, and I knew she was remembering, living again that awful night in Coventry when in a few terrible hours all she loved was so cruelly snatched away from her. I didn't say anything.

She turned her eyes on me. "I love the boys," she said. "All of them. They're doing such good work. It's an honour—she sounded the h in honour—its an honour to serve them. You know what the N.A.A.F.I. motto says? *Servior Servientum*. It means something like 'We Serve Those Who Serve'. I don't suppose I shall get a George Medal or anything," she said, with a child-like smile.

"No, you won't get a George Medal or anything," I said.

"I don't care about that," she said. "I don't care about being stuck in this place, or anything. I'm happy."

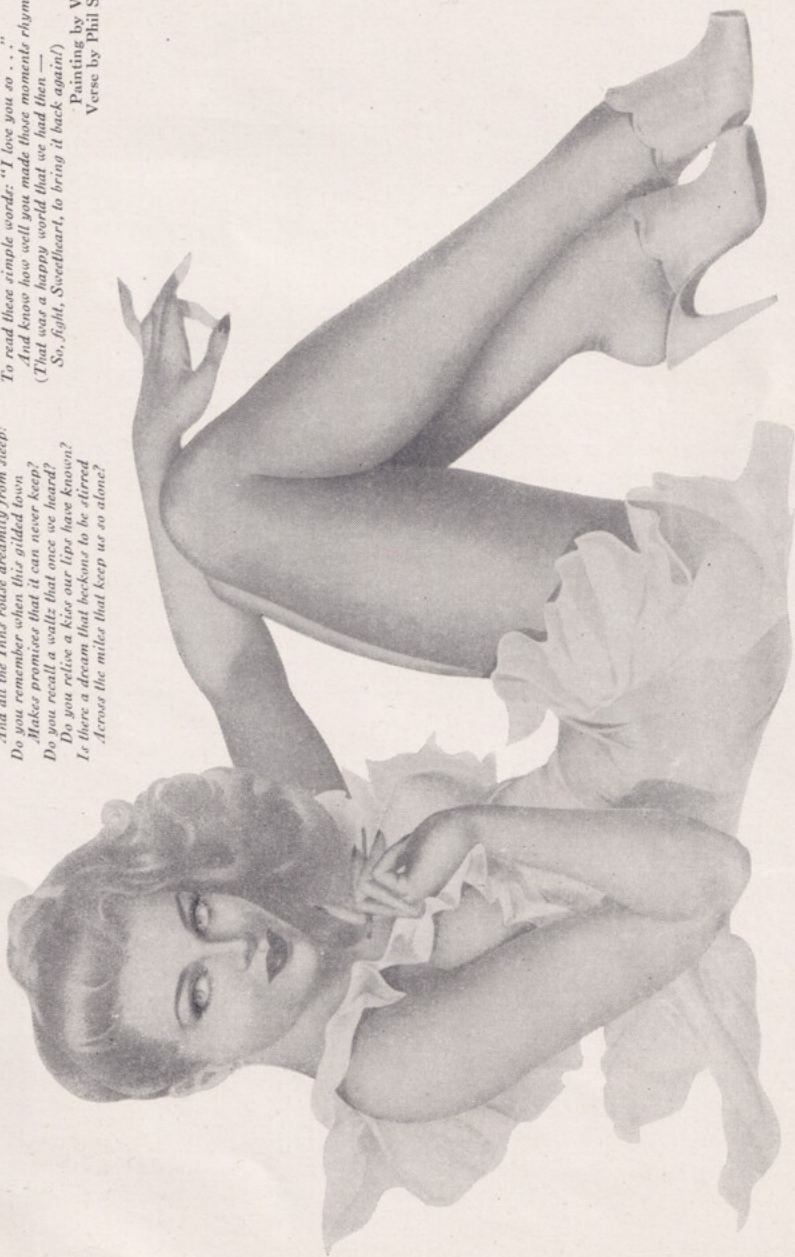
And I knew she was, in her own way, if one can be happy and bitter and full of hate and experience a savage delight at seeing bombers emptied of their load returning at dawn, all at the same time. And I saw then into her poor, harassed mind and realized why she was dim, a piece of cake, and why, whenever she served an airman she smiled that big, soft smile of hers and lifted those big, soft, cow-like eyes to his face in a long look that bordered on adoration.

V MAIL FOR A SOLDIER

*Do you remember when the night starts down
And all the Inns rouse dreamily from sleep?
Do you remember when their gilded town
Makes promises that it can never keep?
Do you recall a waltz that once we heard?
Do you relive a kiss our lips have known?
Is there a dream that beckons to be stirred?
Across the miles that keep us so alone?*

*You have a few hours for memories, I know,
And yet I like to think that you find time
To read these simple words: "I love you so . . ."
And know how well you made those moments rhyme . . .
(That was a happy world that we had then —
So, fight, Sweetheart, to bring it back again!)*

Painting by Varga
Verse by Phil Stack





S/L KERR'S BABY... THE CANTEEN



L.A.C. AZE INSPECTING CA

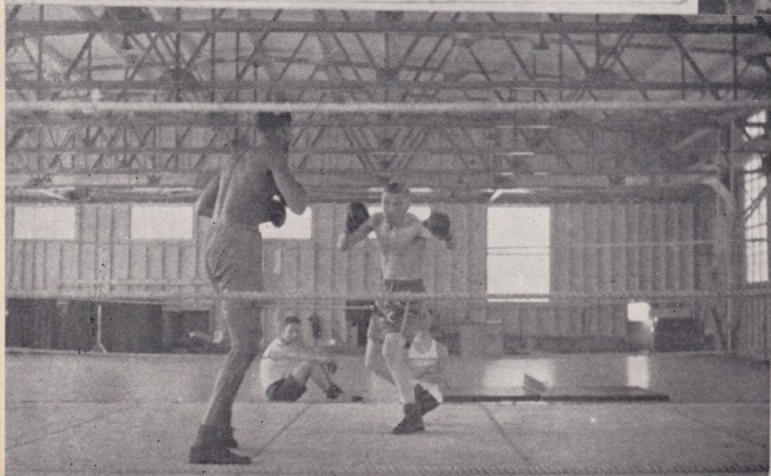


Above: S. H. Q. . . . HERE'S ONE FOR YOUR ALBUM

Below: SGT. MILLAR BRINGS ON A PROMISING PUPIL



Above and Right:
L. A. C. PARFITT
THROWING HIS
WEIGHT ABOUT





CAMERA CONTROL



NIGHT FLYING ON!



GOODBYE
TO ALL THAT



Above: A WINTER TAKE-OFF
Below: IT'S IN THE BASKET!



STATION NOTES

FLYING SQUADRON

The theory of "Gremlins" has, no doubt, been overdone on both sides of the Atlantic, but this month the real pukka R.A.F. Gremlins, both good and bad, have been very much in evidence.

The good ones have been keeping the Ansons in the air for as many hours as it takes to break and re-break our monthly record, and the deficits due to winter have almost been wiped out. However, Maintenance, Servicing and Flying Squadron—not to mention the weather—all deserve their share of the credit. The aircraft, at any rate, have had ample opportunity to "clear themselves in the air, Sir!"

The bad ones, on the other hand, not to be outdone, have also made themselves felt, for two crews have had the experience of baling out over the border—with the exception of the pilots who, in the dark, very neatly sat their kites down on the deck. Our only regret is that we were not able to witness the spectacle of one would-be member of the Caterpillar Club peering down through the 'chute shrouded branches of an American tree, asking a very surprised policeman—not for the right time—but for a ladder.

So, for Flying Squadron, it has been a busy month; but if the Gremlins are satisfied, so are we.

G. I. S.

The sand has once more reached the lower half of the time glass, and the Editor is once more chasing Sec-

tion Writers (?) for notes, so here goes, chaps. First, I must mention, rather grudgingly, I fear, that my forecast about the outcome of the Daylight Operational "Scamper" was not quite accurate. Our London rivals managed to get their noses to the fore, Mt. Hope being second. So, it's up to everyone in G.I.S., together with Flying Squadron and Maintenance, to put No. 33 back on top where we belong on the next and all future occasions.

I noticed in a Hamilton store the other day a sample of the new air-crew badges. They look quite smart with the huge Canadian type wing, laurel wreath, etc., and either N. (for Navigator), B. for Bomb Aimer), A.G. (for Aig Gunner), or W.A.G. (for W/Op. A/Gs). If only it were G. for gunners, instead of A.G., some of the old time Observers, like myself, would really be "N.B.G." No replies to this statement, please. Thank you.

I think now that Spring is here we can expect some good soccer and rigger weather on Course Organized Games afternoons, so get your teams lined up Courses, and start throwing out your challenges, before the summer sun chases us all to the swimming pool.

In closing, congratulations to F/Lt. Gilbert on his recent promotion to Married Man U/T—quite a prosperous trade, so I'm told.

P.S.—The "Rattle" results, recently promulgated, show that we are still, after all, on top of the tree—and so we should be!

R. L. B.

STATION HEADQUARTERS

Before we begin to loosen our tongues with this month's chat, or rather, with apologies to Jimmie Fidler, "dish out the dirt," may we say with all sincerity, a hearty "Auld Lang syne and happy landings" to those who have left us, and a warm welcome to those new amongst us.

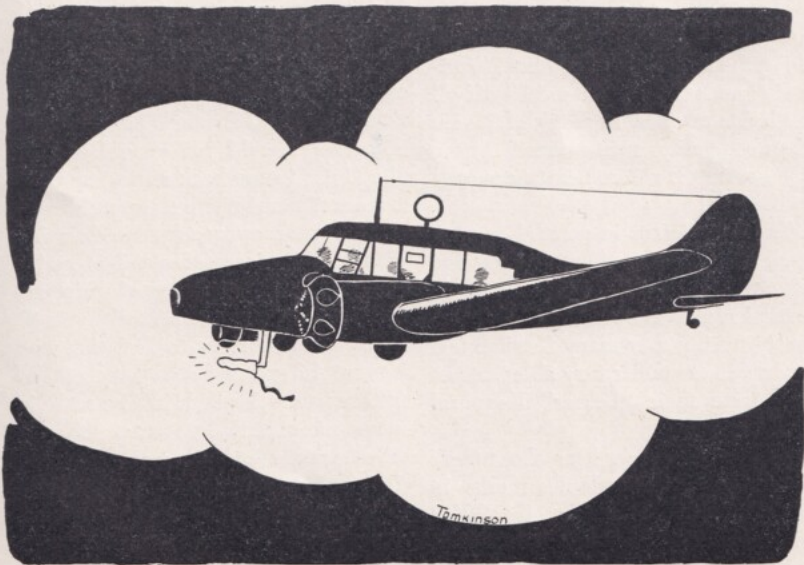
We are wondering if the days of sunshine ahead will bring back memories of happier days to that scholastic, long-legged and much beloved member of the Central Registry, days that were spent cavorting on the beaches of Helsinki with delightful females, in back to nature abandon. Lucky Bill!

Bulstrode has finally earned his "deserves" on his recent trip to the U.S.A. and since returning has been binding more than ever for a posting, but now—to the States. Loftius, for a short time, turned his amorous

eyes on a daughter of the Orient, called, we hear, by the poetic name of Lotus Flower. He, also, has just returned from a visit to the U.S. and his latest theme song is "Carry me back to old Virginia"—though we understand that she was not old by any means.

Quite a few members of S.H.Q. have been on leave recently, including the "Real Estate" agent, who, we trust, satisfactorily attended to his (monkey?) business affairs in Toronto and the States. To put it "Baldly" property seems to be a good thing these days. Incidentally, we expect to get some more "duff" gen about Texas shortly.

Some lucky people have obtained new greatcoats in anticipation of fresh boat lists and a certain Corporal seems to have been issued with a Bell tent by mistake—"moore" like "Mr. Five by Five" in fact.



"There I was . . . with nothing on the clock!"

The classes of instruction are being attended regularly by most of us although there are still the odd one or two who seem to have important business in Hamilton and district every Thursday evening.

ELECTRICAL SECTION

Where's the electrical section, chum? Oh! here we are, making our debut in the "Meteor."

We have said good-bye just recently to Cpl. F. Gill, L.A.C.'s Cole, Rastick, Stewart and not forgetting our one and only L.A.C. Sprack, who will be remembered for his catgut scratching in the station orchestra. All of the above have been posted home. L.A.C. Drayton was posted on a pilot's course—"Good luck, Stan, knock a few down for us." Latest loss was L.A.C. Bradbury, who was posted to Greenwood, N.S. Poor old Brad., it's a dry state! Best of luck to all the above and to all our new arrivals.

Have you ever seen the poor duty electrician on night flying, "racing" along the runway at 01.00 hrs., "furiously" endeavouring to switch off all the lights at once, in many of Mount Hope's mighty twin-engined Anson Bombers? Have a heart, aircrew! Switch off!

The electricians in general seem to be sure they will be in at the invasion of Germany—they are to be seen several nights a week in G.I.S. studiously poring over many German text books and are under very able instruction from their "Lehrer" Korporal Taylor.

What's all this we hear about there being more corporals than erks in our section! Or about the WOP who said his accumulator was flat because his ammeter wouldn't read 12 volts—and then the electrician

who, when told he had another engine speed indicator reading low, quietly dug a hole in the pond and drowned himself. Another electrician said it was a bind getting to work at 08.00 hrs. each day to say nothing of the new unearthly hour of 07.15.

Well, I must to bed go—or I late to work shall be on the morrow (darn that German teacher). So cheerio for now.

Yawningly yours,
"SPARKS."

ACCOUNTS SECTION "ICH DIEN"

Even the most uninformed person knows that "Ich Dien" has been the motto of every Prince of Wales for many moons, but how many airmen know that the motto of the Pay Accounts Section at 33 A.N.S. is also "We are here to serve you."

Whenever you have a few minutes of your valuable time to spare, why not give us the privilege of a Social visit? You are at perfect liberty, if you so desire, to walk into the offices of the Senior Accountant or Assistant Accountant Officers without troubling to use the usual channels of approach. However, should you choose to visit the "boys in the back room," a great commotion and much shouting should herald your approach—the banging together of pieces of metal is really quite an effective way of bringing your presence to our notice.

It would hurt us to feel that you cannot afford even a "smoke," so please come in with a cigarette in your mouth; if by some unhappy chance your case is empty, do not feel unduly disturbed for the Flight Sergeant or the Corporals always display large packets of your favourite brand on their desks and these are for the taking. And either Account-

ant Officer will be only too happy to supply a match.

If you are ever "financially embarrassed," in spite of the fact that Pay Day was the previous day, please do not hesitate to apply for a Casual Payment. If your story is unreasonable enough, you will be asked to accept a donation from the Pay Accounts Clerks' Benevolent Fund, which is the Fund referred to when the Corporal explains that certain of your monies have been credited to your "Adjustment Account." Should even this prove to be insufficient to meet your immediate requirements, please do not hesitate to say so, for we will be only too delighted to dip into our own pockets in order to alleviate your undoubted hardship.

It has been ruled that Queries are to be raised only on Monday afternoons, but actually this is our distorted humour. We welcome you at any time, after 1700 hours preferably, so please do not be misled into the popular belief that we are not waiting to welcome you with open arms. We are only too anxious to prove to you that our motto really is, in spirit and letter, "ICH DIEN."

E. G. D. S.

"CORPORALS' CHIRPINGS"

These are not Section Notes in the true sense, but rather news and doings of the men who (ahem!) carry the heavy burden of the Station's activities, the liaison staff between officers and airmen, in fact, as more than one corporal has put it, the carriers of the proverbial "can."

The Corporals' Club has been in existence for some months and, though the original furnishings may be termed a "heterogeneous conglomeration," through the industry of our Committee members, both past and present, a new and pleasant club-

room has arisen.

Flying Officer R. A. H. White is now Officer i/c Corporals' Mess, replacing Warrant Officer ("Jock") Hamilton, who has developed a plan on Repatriation and carried it into effect. We extend a warm welcome to F/O White and much appreciate the work he has done and the deep interest he has taken in the Mess already.

The present Committee, which came into being when the old Committee voted itself out after 15 months' faithful service, is under the chairmanship of Cpl. Songhurst, who has filled the position with vigour and enthusiasm. Many suggestions and proposals have been brought forth, and this new Committee, like the proverbial new broom, has been largely responsible for the refurnishing of the club, with the assistance of the P.S.I. and a levy raised on the members.

New members are always welcome (providing they pay their subscriptions regularly). The only qualification required—one entry in the appropriate section of D.R.O.'s Part II. Personnel "B," Airmen Staff or "B" Airmen Trainees. (Even pupils are welcome.) Strive then to become known as the "back-bone of the station." Become a corporal and improve your opinion of corporals.

Incidentally, we would like to know whether the billiards match has yet been played between the Station Police Corporals and the Wireless Operator Corporals, for which they always seem to be practising so industriously.

Let it also be recorded that corporals are liable to take a dim view of those few L.A.C.'s who have developed the habit of using the Corporals' Mess as a short cut to their own!

Y. M. C. A.



Now that the Winter has bid us adieu (though there is no guarantee of this, just take a look at your calendar!) we might look back and recall briefly some of the highlights of the past season.

First, in the field of Entertainment, we have done very well, and we should take off our hats to the Citizens' Committees of Hamilton and Toronto for the excellent revues and other features they have directed our way. Until outdoor activities can commence, more Entertainments are on the way; future film shows are scheduled, as usual, on the inside back page of this magazine, and further bookings of shows will be advertised both on D.R.O.'s and through the work of our new sign-writer, A. C. Thompson. Incidentally, through the efforts of Cpls. Lovelace and Hutchins, of the Electrical Section, the inmates of the S.S.Q. are now able to hear, by means of an amplifier "hook-up," all the better Rec. Hall Activities. We are also fortunate in having as our new Officer i/c Entertainments the very genial P/O Morgan, who has already thrown himself wholeheartedly into the job. Working with him we hope to bring you the best possible in the Entertainments world, at least—in Ontario.

Secondly, we would thank the I.O.D.E. and many of our other good friends for the hospitality extended to hundreds of us (ever been to Alf's at Burlington, Chum?).

Looking back on our Winter Sports programme, it seems to have been packed with many interesting events. One of the highlights was the boxing tournament, organized by P/O's Simon and Orbell, and the 1,000 odd patrons had a very entertaining evening. Twice during March we played enjoyable Badminton Tournaments with the Hamilton Scottish Rite Club. Had it not been for the kindness of the Scottish Rite Club in supplying us with shuttles, these tournaments could not have taken place. We had a lot of fun in our own Drill Hall, but when in Hamilton—well, that's a different story, for even now a certain Captain is still trying to find out whether or not the girl who made the chocolate cake is single.

Now that we have made excellent skaters out of many beginners, we are expecting to be made first class cricketers and Rugger players—in six easy lessons, of course! By the way, should you be posted back to England or should you be in need of a few extra dollars, the P.S.I. will buy your used skates and boots if you just bring them along to my office. Now that skates are practically unobtainable, this is the only way in which we can guarantee skating for the airmen next winter.

For those interesting in dancing, whether the "boogy" or "jitter" variety, or merely the simple waltz, the Hamilton Active Service Canteen, which has now re-opened, is sponsoring weekly Saturday night dances. Dances are also being arranged on Saturday nights at the East End Y.W.C.A., Ottawa Street North.

The Camera Club, at its recent meeting, elected a temporary committee and many points were discussed.

N.C.O's at Work

Flight Sergt. F. Cockram

Flight Sergeant Cockram, one of the leading lights of Maintenance Wing, has all the qualifications for the title of "Old Sweat," for, way back in the balmy days of 1930 he must have read a poster "Join the R.A.F. and see the World." So far he has seen a great deal of it with the R.A.F., kicking off, as he did 13 years ago, at Halton. From there he went to Farnborough, where for a while he hiked around in tents on army manoeuvres before going overseas in 1935 to Singapore to work as an L.A.C. in Workshops. In 1937 he overhauled many an Audax and Hart at an E.F.T.S. in Egypt, becoming a corporal there. He managed to "nip home" before the war in 1939 and the outbreak of hostilities found him with a bomber squadron at Hemswell. But his travels were not yet over, for, in the next two years, he served with a night-fighter station at Sutton Bridge and Martlesham Heath, a Blenheim Squadron at Witton, a Maintenance unit at Houton Park and, on becoming a Sergeant, at an O.T.U. at Aston Down and later at Usworth.

In 1941 he came to Canada with the original 108 draft and since then has been responsible for many hundreds of Mt. Hope's serviceable Anson-hours. He seems not a talka-



tive chap, but full of invaluable service knowledge and experience. "I have a very good crowd of men in 'Majors'," he says. "Even if we grumble a bit at times, we get on with the work and it certainly keeps us busy; but what couldn't I do with a hundred other busy-bodies!"

In his off-duty hours the F/Sgt. has become a familiar and respected figure on the Chedoke Golf Course, as well as on the Thistle and Hamilton Tennis courts.

Y. M. C. A. (Continued)

Unfortunately, the quarters of this club are at present being used as an over-flow of the hospital, but this, no doubt, will not be for long.

Telegrams and cables may now be sent, in important cases only, from this office, through the kind permission of the Commanding Officer. Telephone lines are extremely busy, so please don't use this service unless absolutely necessary.

K. B.

The KNITTING CLUB

Now don't jump to conclusions. I am not suggesting that there is a knitting group among the men on the Station—although that may be an idea. True, some men do knit, but knitting is usually considered to be a feminine occupation, so we have decided to leave the men out of it for once.

The knitting club is an organization which enables the wives on the station to get together once a week and "natter," and at the same time do a great deal of useful work. After all, with a modicum of practice, knitting becomes more or less mechanical and it really doesn't interfere with the conversation at all.

The Club started as an organization of Officers' wives, but this was due entirely to lack of accommodation, when the group met in private houses. In February, however, the Y.W.C.A. very kindly gave us the use of one of their club rooms, and the group immediately was enlarged to include all the wives on the station.

The meetings are held every Tuesday afternoon at the Y.W.C.A. in Main Street W., and usually last from 2.30 to 5.00 p.m., with a break at 4.00 p.m. for tea. A weekly charge of ten cents is made to cover incidentals, such as milk, and to give the club a working fund.

We are quite proud of the practical results of the club so far. Besides giving the wives a chance to get together and to meet each other we have completed 6 pairs seamens' socks, 8 children's sweaters, 6 turtle necks, 1 baby sweater and 1 pair khaki socks for the Red Cross, and from our weekly dime collections

have donated ten dollars to the Aid to Russia Fund, five dollars to the Red Cross and ten dollars to the Y.W.C.A. to assist them in the good work they are doing. Even at this we still have a cash balance.

Although we have a good weekly attendance of both wives and children, there is still room for plenty more. So how about you new wives and any others who have been too shy to join us before? Buck up your nerve and come down next Tuesday. I can assure you, you'll find us a friendly crowd and we'll be very glad to have you.

Bring your kiddies with you. We have accommodation for them and already have a group ranging in age from one to four years. They seem to enjoy the meeting as much as we do.

See you Tuesday!

MARJORIE MARRIOTT,
Secretary, Knitting Club.

MORE ASTRO-NONSENSE

"I'll hitch my wagon to a star,"

Thus wrote an ancient poet.

Was it Fomalhaut or Achernar?

Alack, we do not know it.

How he achieved these traction tricks,

Passes our comprehension,

Unless it was by an astro-fix

Or some form of Right Ascension.

Is the Hour Angle sidereal?

Hell! it's quite immaterial;

For the subject's as cryptic

As the path of the Ecliptic,

Or, to take another instance—

Zenith Distance.

Mental fog lies on

My Celestial Horizon.

H. G. SILCOCK, L.A.C.

THERE'S OIL . . .

By MR. H. K. WOOD, CROWN DOMINION OIL CO. LTD.

Last month we read that there is gold in Canada.

Oil, however, though it may not glitter, holds out possibilities for the industrious as good as does any precious metal, for, in Canada there are billions of barrels of it.

For the benefit, therefore, of any would-be magnates amongst our readers, the "Meteor" approached Mr. H. K. Wood, the President of the Crown Dominion Oil Co. Ltd., Hamilton, who readily gave us a wealth of information.

None of us needs to be reminded of the vital role that petroleum plays in the war—in operations by land, sea or air—and we are assured that we have access to such quantities of oil that victory, on that score at any rate, is "in the bag."

But *after* the war? The mere fact that Canada's peace-time consumption of oil will be tremendous is sufficient to encourage the doubtful that there will be plenty of scope for those prepared to work. Years ago, when Canada needed kerosene merely to light her lamps and to provide axle-grease for her horse-drawn vehicles, she was able to supply her own needs, but now, in the midst of the machine-age, she can produce but one-seventh of her requirements.

The oil industry, in our life-time at any rate, will consist mainly, therefore, of refining and distributing the oil brought either by pipe-line or by

the seas and the Great Lakes from the vast oil-fields of the U.S.A. and S. America. The known reserves from these sources guarantee Canada's future and the intense competition guarantees her a fair price.

Canada's own resources, however, are as yet in the early stages of development, largely because they are so remote. But the building of the Alaska highway has opened up great possibilities and brings nearer to civilization the oil in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains in Alberta, and from the large volume of tar sands in the Athabaska country north of Alberta.

The effort to exploit and expand these resources is bound to continue and grow. There is every indication, too, that the population of Canada will grow, bringing with it an increase in Capital and Industry, for Canada obviously has the room and an established economic foundation.

The need for oil will be great. The industrial and agricultural east, the mechanized prairies of the west and the timber and mining industries of the north will need oil. Every kind of transport will need oil, from ships, motorcars, buses and trucks to the Stratosphere Skyliners that will replace (we hope) our old friend the "Flying Greenhouse" on the tarmac of No. 33.

Canada needs and will need oil.

Canada *has* oil.

R.A.F. Sports



It was indeed encouraging to hear the resounding cheers which emanated from the Drill Hall when it was announced that each course was to have an extra hour's P.T. tacked on to their weekly syllabus and that this extra time would not affect the cadets' normal working day. Encouraging, too, that they should prefer this extra period of P.T. to take place after lectures in the late afternoon, rather than have it as a breakfast aperitif at 0630 hours! Or is it that the exhortation of the G.I.S. narks make them feel that they must work off this exuberance with exercise?

The new equipment mentioned in our last issue has now arrived. The vaulting box in particular is coming in for some useful bashing and already one or two would-be gymnasts have been spotted who "fall on their backs with the greatest of ease."

So, with the extra P.T. periods and the cadets who do their utmost to break their necks doing "back-flips" during their leisure hours, the gymnasium is certainly a hive of expounding energy!

SOCCER

Once again the curtain is raised on the greatest and most popular of all our home games (my apologies to all you Froth-blowers) and there can be little doubt that U/T Navigators will be asking for a Q.D.M. for the soccer pitches. Best news of all is that your sports officer has been fortunate enough to buy in excellent stocks of soccer equipment (No, not in the Black Market) so all enthusiasts can look forward to any amount of play.

Arrangements for intersection team matches are in the capable hands of

F/O Evans (Officer i/c Soccer) who has arranged a most attractive intersection competition. In addition,

each course will be expected to field a team and should anyone be uncertain as to who his section representative is, a call on F/O Evans (G.I.S.) or on the Sports Officer, will bring forth the information required.

This Station will once again be the mainstay of the Hamilton district league by fielding two teams, and several fixtures with R.A.F. sides also come in. Incidentally, the news recently leaked out that in all probability our station team will be invited to play in a charity match in Detroit. The Sports Officer was immediately bombarded with all kinds of potential Dixie Deans, Peter Dohertys, Tommy Walkers and Bryn Jones' from all over England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales. Just too bad that we can't play everyone in the station side even if it means leaving out that smashing centre-forward from "Fish & Taity Wanderers."

BOXING

On March 18th nearly 1,000 fight fans crowded into the Drill Hall to witness a match between the Station Boxing Team and a mixed team from the Canadian Army Trades School and H.M.C.S. Star.

Of the seven fights, perhaps the one which packed the most thrills was the bout in which L.A.C. Dunkry (R.A.F.) and Gunner Jenkins (C.A. T.S.) decided to go full out immediately the opening bell was rung. In

the final round, when "time" was sounded, they were still toe to toe, hammering each other in double quick time.

The main fight was staged last: Sgt. Patrick Forde (R.A.F.) and Leading Seaman Buroit (H.M.C.S. Star) received an enthusiastic ovation when they stepped into the ring. Great things were expected and the crowd did not have to wait long for thrills as this grand R.A.F. fighter from County Donegal soon settled

down to work and seemed to be in his usual hurry. So much so that only two blows were struck, the first when the ex-London Irish Policeman connected and the second when the seaman hit the woodwork. After the last fight the boxers were introduced to Wing Commander Simpson, who presented the prizes. In the interval a collection was made in aid of the War Relief of China Fund.

D. SIMON, P/O.

M. P. O. 211

The occasional letters from home are, to most airmen, the most interesting events in life out in Canada, whilst our letters to friends and relatives back home are one of the few joys of life now in England. Our own Station Post Office is, therefore, one of the most important spots on the Station. It opened for business on October 16th, 1942, and since then it has proved a valuable asset to Mt. Hope. Operated by the Canadian Postal Corps, with Sgt. C. E. Pollard as N.C.O. in charge, the Post Office provides many facilities besides the mere sale of stamps and the delivery of mail. Money Orders, etc., are

available, and a Savings Bank is also run for our convenience.

The hours of business are:

General Delivery: *Monday to Friday*—12.00 hrs. to 13.30 hrs.; 16.30 hrs. to 18.30 hrs. *Saturdays*—12.00 hrs. to 13.30 hrs.; 16.30 hrs. to 18.00 hrs.

Stamps, Money Orders, Savings Bank: *Monday to Friday*—09.00 hrs. to 13.30 hrs.; 16.30 hrs. to 18.30 hrs. *Saturdays*—09.00 hrs. to 13.30 hrs.; 16.30 hrs. to 18.00 hrs. Closed on Sundays.

Don't forget that your proper address is:

M.P.O. 211, Hamilton, Ont.

RAF TERMS — 5. NIGHT FLYING



The PADRE'S CASH BOOK

The funds set out here are under my care and I am glad to have the opportunity of reporting how the money in them is handled, and spent on objects benevolent and co-operative. I am grateful to L.A.C. Billinghurst for the amount of help he has given me in keeping the accounts.

Bomb Victims Fund:

\$208.00 were despatched in time for Christmas to the Toronto Evening Telegram. \$130.00 and \$104.00 have since been sent for the months of February and March. These are fair amounts for the great cause, but unlike the first amount listed, in which a great part is from the ducks which swam on the pond, the sources of constant reliable income are too few. The totals are made up monthly from the amounts taken at the guardroom from belated revellers, at the canteen from people who prefer to keep their hats on, from the S.W.O.'s Lost Property Office, and from the Map Section for maps which mysteriously fall out of aircraft. These steady sources give a monthly total of \$50.00, but if there is any loose money in other funds which you would care to transfer to this one, I will welcome it.

Ferres Advertising Co. have kindly returned their commission on the last issue of this magazine, which has helped the March subscription to the Fund, but we cannot rely on this kindness again to help, as the rates paid by Mr. Doherty for his ad. for the Genmans I. School are sure to be low indeed, and that goes for Inmans Emporium, possibly, as well.

Station Benevolent Fund:

This fund is administered by me, under the Station Commander, in consultation with the Station Admin-

istrative Officer and the S.W.O., who form the committee. The fund therefore is a subsidiary of the P.S.I. It is the money which belongs to the airmen used as loans or very occasional grants to help airmen who are in temporary financial difficulties. When it is advanced as a loan, the airman undertakes to repay it in amounts suitable to his capacity to pay, or in a lump sum when the goose lays the golden egg, the golden egg being oftentimes a dependent's allowance cheque. I have advanced \$122.00 and I have received \$192.00 since I took over the job, and all at no interest. If you are in any tight corner about matters of this kind. I would welcome it as a confidence if you will come and have a chat, even if I cannot see the way to an advance I might be able to help you to fix the business. From time to time we all appreciate the reply of those who heard when we called, "Buddy, can you spare a dime."

Hospitalization Scheme:

When we join the Service the care of our health is underwritten by the Government, and we become entitled to free medical care, and hospitalization. In peace, our families were granted an amount of free treatment as well, but the U.K. Mission in Ottawa became anxious about the hospital care for our wives during last summer, when many of them had arrived in Canada, and suggested we become members of a Scheme. Since then we have joined the Ontario Hospitals Association, and the scheme has been quite a success on this station and on several others too. It offers free hospital care for 21 days a year

(Continued on Page 32)

REC. HALL RAMBLINGS

Once again we can recall with a great deal of satisfaction the entertainment provided for Mount Hope during the months of March and April.

On the first Monday a thoroughly enjoyable show was given by the Inglis Shot-Gun Revue. The most popular performer was a certain lady who sang "My Man"; she had such an appealing and soulful expression on her face and her eyes so glowed with—er—something, that certain types, especially those of Servicing Squadron, had to be tied to their seats. Who was it that expressed his delight at the way she indicated her relief?

On the following Monday we saw the Jack Pot Revue from Toronto, an extremely colourful, talented and versatile company of luscious, glamorous and amusing young ladies. Never have we seen such an array of natty costumes. The act "Cover Girl" certainly left many of us with fluttering hearts. An outstanding performer was the charming soprano whose rendering of "Ave Maria" caused many a hard-boiled Flight Mech. to swallow a lump in his throat with the gum he had been chewing all day. The whole show was well produced under the gifted guidance of their hearty compere, and the performance certainly never lagged.

Then came the talented company that produced the famous old English play, "Three Live Ghosts." It really needed an English audience to appreciate the humour of this play and on speaking to the cast after the show I was told that never had they played to such an appreciative audience. It was pleasant to listen to Cockney jargon again.

One of the most popular shows we have had on the camp this year was the "Gondoliers," which Canada Packers, Ltd., of Toronto, sponsored for the camp. It really was a first class show and it was too bad that so many were unable to see it. This company was engaged at last minute notice when the Picton Dramatic Society informed us that, owing to their leading lady's sickness, they were unable to bring "George and Margaret" to the camp. However, although the Toronto Company were only able to muster half their members, they generously volunteered their services and gave us a most delightful evening. They were so popular that we have asked them if they can possibly come again, and I hope that next time a larger audience will be present to enjoy the efforts of an extremely talented and musical company.

The Merry-go-Round Revue was as good as, or even better than their previous performance at this camp, and the singing and dancing of the delightful maidens was soothing to the ears of the Mechs and Fitters whose sense of hearing had recently been somewhat impaired by the re-dropping snarls of Cheetah Mk IX.

A pleasant change in entertainment was given by the ENSA Company, which brought back to us longing memories of shows we've seen at the Palladium and Hippodrome.

Possibly the most unique show we've had on camp was that given by Miss Draper. This amazing artist volunteered at very brief notice to come to our station on April 14th. Miss Draper's programme was made up of the "English Garden Fete," the "Christmas Children's Party," "Three

Breakfasts," the "Scotch Immigrant at Ellis Island," the "Court of Human Relations," and the very moving new sketch laid in a seaport in Brittany. It would be impertinent of your correspondent to attempt to assess the world-renowned talent of Miss Draper. The Commanding Officer most adequately stated the case in his "thank you" remarks when he said, "Miss Draper, you are the most distinguished performer we have ever had or are ever likely to have in this auditorium." We are proud in our knowledge that the R.A.F. is Miss Draper's "fighting arm" and that she gave of her busy life and great talents to entertain us here.

Their talent was recognized one Wednesday by Mr. Ken Soble, who was so impressed that he booked them for a radio broadcast on Sunday evening, April 18th. Best of luck, chaps!

The Station Dance Band is becoming more and more popular, not only on the camp but also out in civiliza-

tion itself, and is now so busy that it is unable to fulfill all its engagements. Their last public appearance was at the Yacht Club, where their irresistible rhythm was enthusiastically appreciated. I should like to take this opportunity of thanking the Dance Band for their generous cooperation and their ever-readiness to entertain the camp at any odd time. The musicians, Greenfield, Benson, Pryde, Burgess and Cashmore, are a good bunch and are always willing, when duty allows, to provide dance music before shows or at boxing matches—or the inevitable Jam Session as the hall is emptying.

We still need more instrumentalists for both the Dance Band and the Orchestra—a trumpeter in particular—so if you can produce music in any form, from tooting the flute to wailing the banshee, just step forward and volunteer your services—we'll be awfully obliged.

W. MORGAN, P/O,
Officer i/c Entertainments.

PADRE'S CASH BOOK--Continued

for your wife, and the same amount for each of your children. The payment is 75c a month for public ward subscription, and \$1.15 for the semi-private ward contract. There are now 80 members here, paying the monthly amounts to me on the pay parade mid-monthly, and as it takes a bit of collecting, do please *pay me on time* if you belong to the scheme. New members are incorporated into membership each quarter, the next date for joining is 15th May. Join now, marrieds and family men. Sensing his new responsibilities in the latter connection, F/Lt. Wood has recently joined.

Church Funds:

We have in the past two quarters, December and March, despatched

\$58.00 and \$95.00 to Ottawa for disbursement by Padre Gregson, the Staff Chaplain, R.A.F., to the causes announced at the end of the Church Service on Sunday mornings. As well as these sums we have sent to local collections, \$14.00 for the Aid to Russia Fund, and \$11.00 to the Red Cross. These are very generous amounts. The collection last Sunday (March 28th), was \$18.00, which is well up to the collection at church on the larger stations in England, and Padre Gregson has asked me to say how much the money is appreciated by the different societies at home and in Canada who receive them.

The airman is still a generous soul, or am I wrong? Did someone say he had too much pay?

J. M. W.

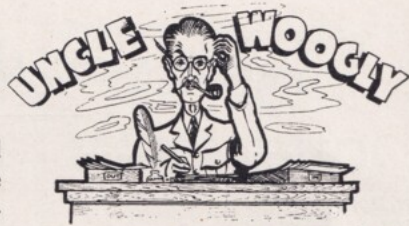
VALE

Since our last issue we have bid farewell to W/O J. Hamilton. The first and perhaps the most outstanding personality of what we may now call "Old Mount Hope," is on his way to the U.K.

First of all he was a Scotsman and a regular, and these two factors were the twin keys to his success on this Station and his popularity the moment he made contact with the Scottish City of Hamilton.

He had a great sense of humour. He was able, therefore, to maintain discipline and to laugh as he did so. He was a regular and knew the ropes. It is said that he was the real arbiter whenever any difficult cases were to be tried. He had served in the Near East and during this war was torpedoed in the Bay of Biscay.

He was an autocrat in the Sergeants' Mess, but the soul of conviviality at any party or entertainment. Indeed, behind any Station event the slim, erect figure of W/O Hamilton could be traced. He has gone. But his ghost still walks the roads and corridors of Mount Hope.



And those bumps on the roads.

* * *

Of course Spring comes later some years.

* * *

But then it's always warm by June.

* * *

Remarked: (i) Sudden influx of Airmen into Caledonia after beer scarcity in Hamilton.

(ii) Certain lagging interest in P.T. after working sixteen hours the day before.

* * *

Panics (Pro and Con):

- (i) Boats.
- (ii) Chits.
- (iii) Boats again.
- (iv) Kit inspections.
- (v) More boats.
- ii (vi) Domestic evenings.
- (vii) Again more boats.
- (viii) Hygiene films.
- (ix) Boats, boats, boats.
- (x) Last busses.
- (xi) Ships.

Uncle Woogly

Night Take-Off

*Beneath our wheels the flares and glim-lamps race.
Each gooseneck stretching taut, then only space
Descends as now the leading lights are past
And three-dimensional darkness holds us fast.
We are of night and night hugs close her own,
The long black caverns of her sleeves are thrown
Around us, and she bids the circling clouds
Encompass us with vapour as with shrouds.*

J. S.

"What's on this Month?"

Cinema Shows

Friday, April 30th—
YOU'LL FIND OUT
Kay Kyser, Peter Lorre.

Tuesday, May 4th—
I MARRIED A WITCH
Frederick March, Veronica Lake

Thursday, May 6th—
GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN
Lon Chaney, Cedric Hardwicke

Friday, May 7th—
BLUE IN THE NIGHT
Richard Whorf, Priscilla Lane

Tuesday, May 11th—
THE SILVER QUEEN
George Brent, Priscilla Lane

Thursday, May 13th—
WRANGLER'S ROOST
Ray Corrigan

Friday, May 14th—
THE GAY SISTERS
George Brent, Barbara Stanwyck

Tuesday, May 18th—
TWIN BEDS
George Brent, Joan Bennett

Thursday, May 20th—
(To be announced.)

Friday, May 21st—
DESPERATE JOURNEY
Errol Flynn, Raymond Massey

Tuesday, May 25th—
THE POWERS GIRL
George Murphy, Carole Landis

Thursday, May 27th—
(To be announced.)

Friday, June 11th—
YOU'RE IN THE ARMY
Jimmy Durante, Jane Wyman

Film News

The new list of movie attractions includes five of the most successful films of the season: "The Pied Piper," "I Married a Witch," "Twin Beds," "The Crystal Ball" and "You're in the Army." The ever-popular Laurel and Hardy are back again and the May 14th feature, "The Gay Sisters," is another for your "must" list. All together a very attractive line-up.

Comments are being continuously received with regard to the musical interludes before the shows. Half the audience want nothing but swing, and the other half want light classical pieces. And some of the audience would just like "The Warsaw Concerto" and nothing else. Music comes and goes but one composer is always popular and he is Strauss. The solution seems to be to play Strauss and more Strauss. However, we can have too much of a good thing and so, if we continue to play recordings of all types of music, then at least there will be one piece which everyone will like.

The gap in the Projection Room, caused by the posting home of L.A.C. Beech, has now been filled by L.A.C. Lally.

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