

THE MOUNT HOPE

METEOR



JUNE-JULY

1943

PRICE 15 CENTS

LETTERS to the EDITOR

Dear Mr. Editor,

I should like to express through your columns an appreciation of the vast amount of good work being done by the various War Organizations for Service personnel in Canada.

It is, I am sure, an appreciation that is shared by all of us who find ourselves in this country for the first time.

The hospitality and generosity of the people here has given most of us a new conception of our Canadian "cousins", and it augurs well for a closer and better relationship after the war.

Among those responsible for such a happy state of affairs is the well patronised Y.M.C.A., whose office in the Camp is rarely free from enquiring airmen—and we must hand it to Kirk Bell and Carl Sandlos that nobody is ever turned away.

I would like to conclude by saying just "Thank you—Canadians all."

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) "A recent arrival."

\$5.00 PRIZE CONTEST

This month's best contribution was the story "The Silent Service" by A. Nautic, to whom we are unable to award the prize as he remains anonymous. The \$5.00 goes, therefore, to L.A.C. Moss of 69B Course, who contributed two poems and the article "Camp Cinema — English Version". The \$1.00 prize for the runner-up goes to L.A.C. Lawson for his story "Horace".

The best cartoonist was L.A.C. Walker, whose cartoon on Page Four gains him \$1.00.

Excellent material was also received from L.A.C. Bowden, Flight Sergeant Freeland, L.A.C. Banfield, L.A.C. Arnold, L.A.C. Rail, L.A.C. Brooks, A.C. Sanderson, L.A.C. La-roque, L.A.C. Stevens, L.A.C. Jones, L.A.C. Wright, L.A.C. Arnold, and L.A.C. Towend, much of which we will use in future editions.

The closing date for the next competition is July 30th. Much more material is required than is coming in at present—so get weaving.

NOTE: Due to lack of space "Uncle Woogly" is held over.

PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

\$3.00 PRIZE

Where are all the photographers on the Station?

The response to the Photographic Competition announced in our last issue has not been sufficient to warrant an award of the prize offered.

However, with improved weather and the transfer of our interests from indoors to outdoors, we hope for better results in time for our next issue. We hope also that the Camera Club (See P.O. Hamblin for particulars) will soon be in full swing, and that its members will bear the "Meteor" in mind. So get your cameras working!

For most of the photographs on the centre page we are indebted to L.A.C. Transehe.

GOING TO TORONTO?

If ever you arrive at the Union Station without first having booked a room or been fixed up with an address by Mr. Kirk Bell, just look for the central information bureau under the clock. There the girls of the Information Please Service are just *itching* to help you and know all the answers. They'll tell you where you can sleep, eat, get free tickets for theatres, cinemas and sports, get a shave, shower or a swim, or what places of entertainment are open on Sundays. In fact, they've all the gen.

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The Editor Speaks

There are occasions when many of us complain that we are too busy and that, if we take all the time off we are entitled to, work will pile up. However, it would probably shake us if we were conscientiously to look back and count up how many free hours we *have* had per week. The busiest of men can "find time" for recreation — not necessarily relaxation, for eight hours on a bunk at *night* should be sufficient for *that*. Even Winston Churchill may still be seen at the theatre.

It is not for the "Meteor" to preach how you should use your spare time — as opposed to *killing* it—but it is so easy to fall into the rusty routine of drifting from mess to cinema and from canteen bar to bunk, and service life in wartime offers so many opportunities for using spare time profitably, that "Meteor" feels that it would not be doing its job if it were not from time to time to bring to your notice the facilities and possibilities which Mt. Hope can provide for exercising your spare brain-cells and muscles.

You can participate in — rather than watch — sports of all kinds; whether it be Soccer, Rugger, Tennis, Cricket, Gymnastics or Swimming, there is a bat or racket, or a place in a team for *you* on this Station. With the Camera Club you can collect an interesting pictorial record of your stay in Canada, developing and printing your own films. You can practice and use your musical talents with the Station Orchestra or Dance Band and listen to the weekly programme of recorded classical music. You can read good books in the library. You can amuse yourself and others with the Station Concert Party and learn something about the stage with the Dramatic Society.

You can help revive the lost art of conversation with discussion groups and, besides helping you in these, the Education Officer can provide you with a wealth of information and guidance on where and how to improve your knowledge, not only of service subjects but also of matters vital to you in your civilian occupation after the war.

With warmer weather (sic!) before us we can look forward to activities out of doors and for the next few months the accent will be on sport, but even the gardener will not be left in the cold, for the Station is fairly well equipped with lawnmowers!

So, in your spare time (and there's no reason why you should have more than any member of the 8th Army), do things for yourself and see if you don't find life more amusing. You'll be learning more all the time. Make models, take photographs, read books, hear some good music, draw and *write*. Above all—and this is what we've been trying to lead up to—write for the "Meteor."



Cpl. "Rocky" Finch, Signals Section, announced his engagement to Miss Ann McAlpine at the Signals Section Dance on 22nd May.



Prize Winning Cartoon by L.A.C. Walker

The Silent Service

By A. NAUTIC

Being a true experience of an Officer on this Station.

The meeting took place on the after deck—the ship was under way with a cargo of bulk oil for Malta. The tanker was owned by one of the leading oil companies of England and had been especially fitted out for this trip. The Captain, addressing the crew, explained the object of the voyage—Malta was in need of fuel and their ship had been chosen for one of the most dangerous trips that a ship could undertake in war time. The importance of this journey was further emphasized when a personal letter from the First Lord of the Admiralty was read to the ship's company, and another from the owners, expressing confidence and good wishes to all aboard. The spontaneous applause which followed this informal chat was sufficient evidence that from the start the crew were united in one resolve—to see the job through. As they steamed out of port to join the convoy, they knew that the enemy would attack them with every weapon he had, in an effort to stop them reaching their destination. However, most of them by this time were experienced in sea warfare and had received their baptism of fire on other tankers of the Company's fleet—they knew the risks and hazards that lay ahead of them.

Admiral Syfret of H.M.S. Nelson was in command of the whole operation. Admiral Lyster in command of the aircraft carriers, and Admiral Burrough, the escort cruiser and

destroyers which were to make the final dash to Malta.

Sunday brought them within sight of the Rock, with Tangier away to the south and the whole convoy of ships moving forward with the escort of cruisers guarded by battleships, and immediately astern, aircraft carriers which were to provide protection for all of them.

Out of range of the nearest enemy aerodromes, Sunday was occupied with mock attacks from our own aircraft in order to assist the gunners to distinguish them. Monday, still out of range of enemy planes, the convoy forged ahead, when suddenly the peace was shattered. Three torpedoes struck a carrier about one and a half miles to starboard; she listed heavily to port. Men could be seen sliding down the flight decks, and a great column of water was rising from her side to about three times the height of her topmast, then another column, and another. Aircraft slipped off her decks into the sea, and before the onlookers could believe it was true or not, she had gone. This was indeed a bad start. The loss of this valuable aircraft carrier at the commencement robbed the convoy of vitally important fighters.

Several submarines were reported in the next few hours. Towards evening enemy planes appeared from the northward and got a hot reception. Five at least were brought down.

Tuesday, the fight was on again; enemy aircraft attacked throughout the day but not many got through the outer fighter and destroyer screen, but those that did dropped their bombs over the convoy and the tanker had some very unpleasant moments. A ship on her port side received a direct hit amidships and had to be abandoned. Enemy activity from the north was more forceful towards evening, aircraft carriers were at full speed, in and out of the columns, launching and landing planes continually. The aircraft carriers turned into the wind; the fighters took off to intercept—every one of the Fleet Air Arm pilots determined to avenge the loss of their companion ship.

Sometimes completely hidden, the merchantmen went steadily on, miraculously reappearing through columns of spray and always forging ahead.

The enemy planes which did get through were mostly German Ju. 88's and Italian torpedo planes. By the time the attack had developed the sun was setting and the barrage put up by our ships was really staggering, tracer bullets streaming across the sky in all directions and overhead thousands of black puffs of bursting shells—the din was terrific, and through it all could be heard the wail of sirens for an emergency signal from the Commodore for an alteration of course to avoid torpedoes, and the deep throated reply of the merchantmen as they turned in formation. Suddenly a cheer from a gun's crew and away on the port bow a Ju. 88 went spinning into the sea with both wings on fire; more cheers, and over to starboard another Ju. 88 went diving headlong into the sea; and so it went right up to darkness, the gunfire never easing up for a moment

and great columns of water rising into the air as bombs dropped between the ships.

Wednesday came and found the gunners in action again. Continuous salvos of depth charges, emergency turns every few minutes, submarines spotted and signals received that a concentration of submarines was expected towards nightfall. Suddenly there was a flash and terrific explosion, the tanker was torpedoed on the port side in way of the pump-room. Flames and a deluge of water shot up and reached the masthead. The vessel listed heavily with a large hole gaping in her main deck, the pumproom completely open to the sea, bulkheads torn like paper and tank lids thrown open and buckled, pumproom ablaze and fire spreading. The Chief Officer mustered the crew and the fire was got under control in a surprisingly short time, while the engineers below were already repairing and testing the engines to ascertain the effect of the damage. While this was in progress the enemy continued attacking at masthead height, near misses throwing deluges of water over the vessel. A quick survey revealed that the steering gear had been damaged in addition to the above mentioned trouble. At this moment Admiral Burrough hailed the tanker from H.M.S. Ashanti: "I've got to go on with the rest of the convoy. They need you badly." The Captain's reply was instantaneous, "Don't worry, sir, we'll do our best. Good luck". It seemed to put new life in all on board.

The engines were restarted after heroic work below and the ship proceeded, steering from aft under directions from the damaged bridge. Hour after hour the men in the engine room worked like demons to keep the

ship moving full ahead. These are the men of whom we hear far too little—they see none of the excitement of battle, they only feel the ship shake and tremble when the bombs fall and know that at any moment a torpedo may come crashing through the side and burst among them there below the waterline where their chances of escape are practically nil. Yet they still carry on.

The convoy could still be seen ahead, in the distance, when heavy firing opened up again and bombs began dropping all around. Next a bomb fell right under the fore foot of the vessel, opening up port and starboard bow, buckling the plates and filling the forepeak tanks. Gunners fired as enemy planes dive-bombed the ship. The Chief Officer 'phoned up to inform the Captain that a Stuka had been brought down in flames on the poop deck. This, apparently was of little account at the moment, with all the fire and devastation about, especially as there was already the wreck of a Ju. 88 on the fore deck. Two sticks of bombs, three on each side, lifted the vessel clean out of the water. She shook violently and settled down deeply, listing heavily. Engines were stopped, one boiler blown out and fires extinguished. Ten minutes later a near miss caused a second boiler to blow out and while the battle was at its height an attempt was made to tow her the remainder of the journey. A destroyer, a mine sweeper and two motor launches arrived to assist, but the attempt was hopeless while the enemy persisted in his attack, and finally the ten-inch manila ropes parted under enemy activity.

Enemy planes swooped down again and dropped a bomb which exploded on the boiler tops and the crew finally had to take to the lifeboats and

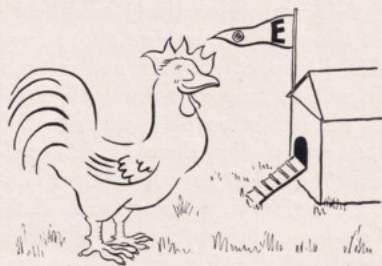
be transferred to the launches and destroyers until the heat of the battle died down.

The welcome darkness brought temporary relief with time to pay homage to those that had been killed, the Captain taking the service from the deck of the destroyer.

With Friday's dawn breaking the bombers returned, this time damaging the rudder and holing her aft. The Captain maintained that she could still be saved provided that she did not break in two. Every man volunteered to return to the vessel, buckled and twisted as she was, to try and get her in and eventually, assisted by three destroyers and two launches, she again made headway—slowly but surely—towards Malta.

Air activity continued as Malta was approached. Beaufighters came out to help, and then the vessel got within range of the comforting Spitfires. No praise could be too high for the R.A.F. pilots in their efforts to drive off the enemy on that last lap—or for the Royal Navy, through whose tenacity the stricken vessel was eventually berthed with the greater part of her cargo intact.

Admiral Burrough's last signal was greatly appreciated by all and will never be forgotten by those that participated in that hazardous trip; it was short and to the point: "I am proud to have met you".



The boys at Mt. Hope sent it

The Adventures of Horace

◆ DOMESTIC TROUBLE ◆

Horace was cheesed. We had to face this gigantic issue that until today we had never thought would arise. That Horace, the champion of peacemakers, the source of all milks of human kindness, should have a veritable devil, a seething mass of evil gripping his very soul. was beyond all comprehension. Not that Horace showed this horrid turmoil by any violent deed or caustic word. Oh no, he was not like that, but by a half-inch rise of shaggy eyebrows, the glassy stare of a baleful eye, and a squaring of narrow shoulders, we knew that, wonder of wonders, Horace was cheesed.

It was Thursday evening, the time, 18.00 hours. Most of us in the hut were in the process of various domestic activities, some sweeping the floor, others frantically brushing boots that had not seen polish since last Thursday at 18.00 hours, and a few "binding" each other for the various necessary implements to scrub the floor. It was not a time for thought but for action, yet amid this seething turmoil sat Horace upon his bed, staring morosely before him, his thoughts a million miles away.

Being a comparatively kind hearted bunch in our hut, we approached this figure of despair and in our friendliest tone of voice (calculated to scare most people), we requested the reason for Horace's "cheesedness". It must have been three minutes, during which there was a deathly silence, before Horace lifted his head and stared at us as if we were some rare species of fish life. His

mouth slowly opened, and as if hypnotized, we all with one accord, emulated his movement.

There we stood, with an array of drooping mouths, awaiting the all shattering comment that was attempting to gurgle its way out of Horace's stricken throat. Then it came—"Don't like windows no 'ow". A revelation, a spoken word that contained some subtle meaning perhaps; we were nonplussed. As Horace had once more slumped into his lethargic state we were forced to ascertain his meaning on our own initiative.

Some minutes later we had solved the mystery. For the sixth consecutive week, Horace had been detailed to clean one of the hut windows, a job that, due to his hatred of physical endeavour, was, for him, one of despair. Nevertheless, the next moment we saw Horace lumbering towards his window, a dogmatic look upon his face, and a piece of rag in each hand. He lifted the window and painfully dragged his leg up in an attempt to reach the outside. What happened next was an amazing form of acrobatics. With a sudden twist which would have done credit to a contortionist, Horace, his body, and legs, disappeared.

We rushed to the window to see a very dishevelled Horace seated upon very muddy ground, in a very deep pool of water. He looked up at us, the trace of a tear in his eye and in a mournful tone, significant of a crushed spirit said, "Don't like windows no 'ow'..

Squadron Leader W. B. Lang

A study of the Service career of Squadron Leader W. B. Lang, our Chief Engineer Officer, who moves so mysteriously his wonders to perform, makes us wonder whether he thinks of the phrase "there'll always be an England" to come home to. As a matter of fact, he probably does not, because he hails from across the border. If asked why so many good engineers are Scots, he modestly replies that he is an engineer and a good Scot. Dialect also has a lot to do with it, he tells you. Phrases like "This 'ere gear", and "this gear 'ere" are bound to confuse. We think so too.

Squadron Leader Lang, he it said, has been longer in the Service than many of us have been in this world—28 years—and when he returns to his bowler hat and lounge suit, he will find his 1915 styles outmoded. However, considering the marvels of Serviceability that he performs with his present outfit, a little fresher from the factory it is true, he should be well equipped to do a major overhaul. He will admit, however, that extensive "modifications" will be necessary if this "zoot-suit" craze is still the rage.

An engineer apprentice in civil life, he joined the R.N.A.S. in 1915 and in the following year, with the Fleet



Air Arm, tasted the joys of a coaling ship (the *Campania*) from which seaplanes were flown off the forward deck. Prizemoney, Sopwith Pups, Camels, together with Battle Cruisers and Light Cruisers from an Orkney base beguiled a year or so, with a few landings on the decks of "Furious", "Eagle" and "Argus" thrown in as light relief.

His world tour at Government expense has included three Spring cruises in the Mediterranean (1920-22) and sojourns in Turkey, Iraq (1927-29) and Japan 1932, where he was attached to the Japanese Navy for nine months. It is rumoured that he has been earmarked for C.E.O. of the first A.N.S. that is expected to be opened there soon, and will take over from S/Ldr Harry Carry.

In 1934 Squadron Leader Lang took two conversion courses, one leading him from bachelor to husband; the other from F.A.E. to Fit.1, and both were successfully completed.

An attack of chronic claustrophobia resulted in his being sent back to Iraq in 1937, and during this visit he flew from Shaibah (of "Blues" fame) to Singapore with Vics and Vincents.

On returning to U.K. in 1938 he was able to compare from first hand experience, the rival merits of the Maurice Farman and the Spitfire. In the interim he had handled over 30 different types of aircraft of varying size, power and performance. He has been heard, too, talking of the Anson, Mk.V.

As Station Engineer Officer at Church Fenton in 1939 he saw the

formation of the first Eagle Squadron, and his linguistic knowledge was further increased by association with Polish and Canadian Squadrons.

Responding to the advice "Go West Young Man", he headed for Canada in March, 1941, on the opening of No. 31 B. & G. S., Picton. Since April, 1942, Squadron Leader Lang has ministered sympathetically and successfully to the needs of his charges at Mount Hope, and having stayed on this hallowed tarmac for over a year, we hope he is pleased to quote "Don't get around much any more."



WAR SAVINGS DRIVE

Hidden stores of wealth were unearthed during the three weeks of the local Victory Loan Campaign and the Station Savings Campaign. The Station's objective had been set at \$10,000 for all types of Savings Investments but in the first days of the drive it was seen that this would easily be passed and so the Committee, acting boldly and fast, re-set the objective at \$15,000. Even this objective was too low—the final total being some \$40,000.

Now that the campaign is over and we have had time to lick the wounds received by the extraction of our spare cash, we must not let up. Saving must go on! Save for victory! Save for your own security after the war! And those of you who are married men with families in Canada, save for the day when you will be called upon to pay for their return passages back Home!

The Darts Brigade



By L.A.C. MATTHEWS of 71D

The sirens had not long ago wailed out their warning before the sound of many fire bells began to approach from all directions. "Trailer pumps", "heavy units", big steel turntables, sped through the narrow streets of the "City danger zone"—the same places that had seen fire sweep all before it some two hundred odd years before.

People stood along the pavements watching the firemen; some of them wearing the familiar gear of the London Fire Brigade, but most of them were wearing the new, not so well known uniform of the A.F.S. Never before had so many fire equipments been seen.

Along the pavements, and in the gutters, lay miles of hose—no, this was not during an air raid—this was early in 1939. It was the first full scale exercise that the new augmented London Fire Brigade had held.

Many people were sceptical about this, and many other smaller exercises which took place. They used to laugh as they watched, imagining water being poured onto imaginary fires! Never-the-less, many lessons were being learned. Pumps ordered to certain places weren't arriving at them. New mobilising schemes were tried out—special water mains and piping laid—pumping stations, capable of pumping many thousands of gallons, were erected near inexhaustible water supplies, such as canals—means of getting messages "back to base" when

Air Force personnel, both aircrew and those on the ground, are recruited from every walk in life. Each month we print an airman's reminiscences and experiences of life before he joined the R.A.F.

telephones failed—despatch riders, field telephone units. . . . Gradually a very efficient organization was being evolved.

So it was that when on the Friday evening before war was declared the men and women of the London Fire Service were mobilized, they went to their pre-arranged action stations, ready if necessary, to combat what they believed was one of the war's most deadly weapons. They had seen official films of the wars in Spain and China, and seen for themselves what destruction the incendiary bomb could bring about, and they were ready.

This did not mean that the organization was by any means perfect. As soon as it seemed that the enemy did not intend to launch large scale air raids, at any rate for the time being, exercises were organized, and once again "imaginary" water was poured on "imaginary" fires, and in the evening the firemen played darts. So it was they became known as the "Darts Brigade".

The public clamoured for a cut in the Fire Service Personnel strength, and to some extent they succeeded. When the first incendiaries fell on the

capital city only 24,000 men and women were at action stations, ready to go wherever they were wanted. They were a highly trained body, for they had been trained by one of the most efficient Fire Brigades in the world, lacking only actual air raid experience.

It was in many ways an ordinary August when London was reminded of the war by "Moaning Minnie". "Another nuisance raid, I suppose"—"Can I hear fire bells?"—"Let's have a look outside"—"Look! Over there". Looks as if it's in the city".

Yes, they were right—incendiaries had fallen on Fore Street, and Londoners saw a steady glow light up the night sky—a sight that was to become very familiar.

At Headquarters control room, and in the many fire stations scattered at strategic points, girls were busy at 'phones, busy moving discs, representing pumps on a big mobilizing board. All were being moved towards the scene of the incident. Headquarters purposely ordered more pumps to the fire than were necessary, for here was the chance they had been waiting for, a chance to test their mobilizing scheme. What was the result? Everything went as smoothly as if it were another exercise, not one pump went astray.

This was as we now know the first of many nightly trips to the docks, Mile End Road, Paternoster Row, Shoreditch, the Minorities. . . . The Hun had begun what he hoped would be the systematic destruction of the heart of the British Empire.

On the evening of December 29th, 1940, the sirens wailed out their now familiar warning. It was not long before "incidents" began to pour in, fires in Bread Street, Fore Street, Old Street, Red Cross Street—the City danger zone was on fire!

The urgent clatter of fire bells began to fill the night air. Crews got to work, and then the water supply failed. Orders were given to start water relaying—the wind changed direction—they found they were fighting a losing battle. Then they found themselves completely surrounded. Orders were given to evacuate to fresh positions.

Yes, thousands of small incendiaries had fallen on the "City danger zone", and it was a blazing inferno. Every available piece of firefighting equipment in and around the London area was mustered, and calls for help were sent to the rest of the country.

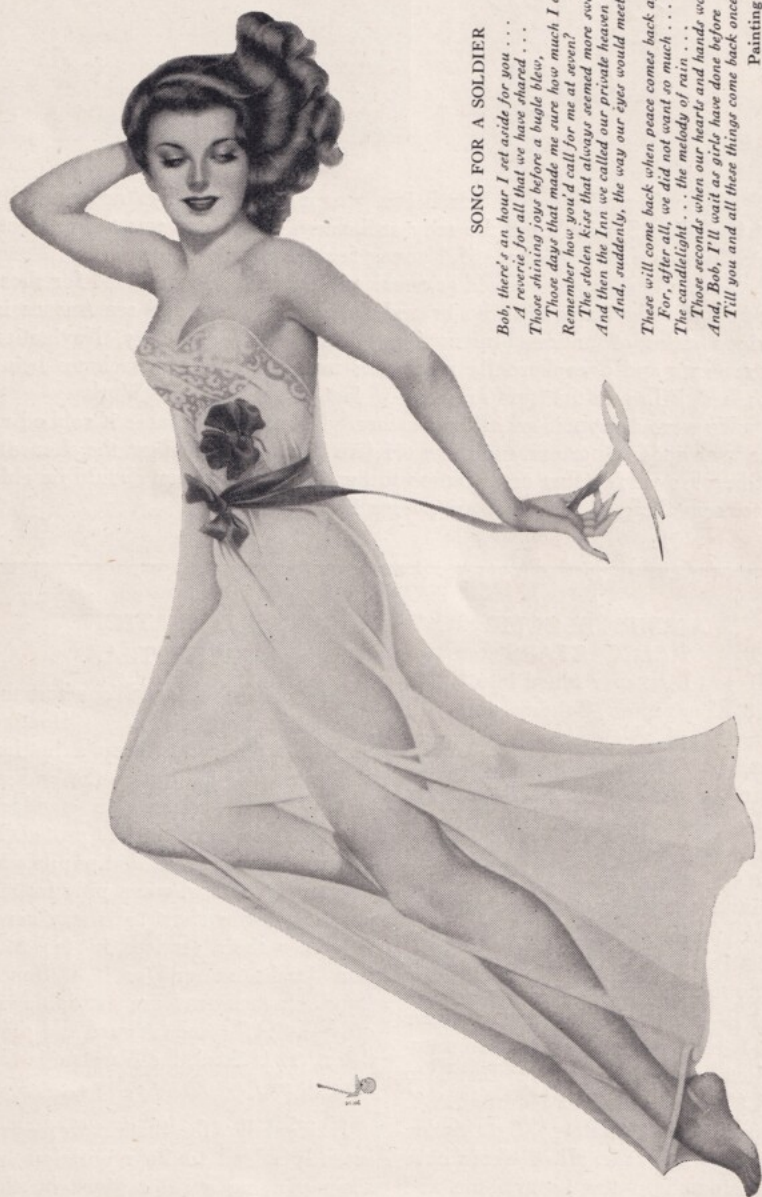
Senior officers with the aid of maps and other information organized the hundreds of crews with the object of getting the fires surrounded.

Miles and miles of hose were laid along the same gutters as they had been in that first big exercise. Millions of gallons of water were pumped from canals and rivers. Because of the foresight of those officers and men who had planned that exercise, and through the untiring efforts made by the fire men and women, by the early hours of the morning the message flashed through to Headquarters "that the fires were surrounded and under control".

That terrible night will long be remembered by those who were there. It left a blackened scar in the great city, but the very fact that it was only a "scar" testifies to the efforts that were made that night.

In Red Cross Street—in the heart of the inferno—stood a fire station, and at the height of the blaze it was abandoned. By some ironic stroke of Fate it still stands to-day, surrounded on all sides by ruins.

It stands, perhaps, as a fitting monument, to those "Boys of the Darts Brigade".



SONG FOR A SOLDIER

Bob, there's an hour I set aside for you . . .
A reverie for all that we have shared . . .
Those shining joys before a bugle blew,
Those days that made me sure how much I cared;
Remember how you'd call for me at seven?
The stolen kiss that always seemed more sweet! . . .
And then the Inn we called our private heaven . . .
And, suddenly, the way our eyes would meet!

These will come back when peace comes back again,
For, after all, we did not want so much . . .
The candlelight . . . the melody of rain . . .
Those seconds when our hearts and hands would touch;
And, Bob, I'll wait as girls have done before
Till you and all these things come back once more!

Painting by Vargas
Verse by Phil Stake

Open Camp Day



"Open Camp" day, on March 8th, was marred only by "an unusually wet Canadian Spring", and the only excitement of the day was the unaccustomed presence of a few beautiful young female Hamiltonians.

Tea and cakes were served as usual and dance music provided for those hardy umbrella'd annuals who braved the rain to come and see Ansons in various states of undress, instructional films on Meteorology, Navigation instruments and paraphernalia made into museum pieces, parachutes being repacked, Pilots on the Link Trainer—in fact, Mount Hope at Work.

We were disappointed in the weather. Not merely because it robbed us of a very good opportunity to show off (we don't very often get the chance), but because we felt that contributors to the 4th Victory Loan should be able to see something of what they are paying for.

AIRMEN BECOME RADIO STARS

If you have ever tuned into CFRB at 8.30 p.m. on Sunday you will have heard the voices of several members of this Unit. In fact, since the series "R.C.A.F. Tour for Talent" was inaugurated by its comper, Mr. Ken Soble, Mount Hope can almost say that it has been the mainstay of the programme. Every week we have sent talented representatives from this Station to Toronto to take part in these broadcasts, and in every case but one we have produced the winner. Our congratulations go to the Dance Band, to L.A.C. Carman, L.A.C. Moore, L.A.C. Hendrie, A.C. Cashmore, Sgt. Sinden and F/O Edwards, all of whom have participated in the programme and some of whom have come away the richer by one wrist watch.

YOUR STATION ORCHESTRA

On a Station such as this, where the population is of necessity a floating one, it is difficult to keep a Station Orchestra going. Just as the orchestra reaches a respectable standard several of its members are posted. It is essential, therefore, that pupils and permanent staff who can play instruments, however short their stay here, volunteer their services in the Station Orchestra and/or the Dance Band. Instruments are available, if only you will come forward and play them. P/O Steel, the Maestro, is the man to see.

Incidentally, the Station Orchestra recently added to its reputation by accompanying a show given by the combined cast of various Hamilton Concert Parties in the Palace Theatre.

Greatcoats are Optional

By L. HARTLEY

The world often condemns Great Britain as a land of perpetually undependable sunshine, where the British umbrella is as necessary to life as rice to a Chinese. You and I know differently, and our opinion has, indeed, been given a new lease of life since experiencing some of the weather so exultantly boosted by our friends across the seas. We've had some.

Whereas in Britain one accepts weather forecasts in the true spirit of a pre-dinner attempt at sarcasm, in a foreign land one expects the British sense of humour to be absent. Possibly, like the now archaic Grem-linology, Humour had accompanied Draft No. 123. If so, the natives could scarcely have been aware of the repercussions involving the British component of the B.C.A.P., who were blissfully primed with fantasies of Summer heat and Winter cold.

As one who has almost reached the end of a vaguely defined tour of duty, I write authoritatively on the subject.

Going back, then, some considerable time, I remember the train journey from "An East Coast Port" to Hamilton, then as jolly a ghost town as today. The July sunshine was a leetle warm. Inside our railway compartment, the thermometer read 120°, and we oozed. Added to this was a generous sprinkling of dust, which crept into the coach via forgotten bullet holes made in the Indian wars, and which mingled cunningly with

tobacco smoke—an almost unknown luxury in those days. The railroad officials, resplendent in sun helmets, cheerfully assured us (we were wearing full kit) that it was indeed a beautiful day, and didn't we just love it after a cold voyage. Fortunately, R.A.F. diction was almost unknown here, and the objects of our entreaties responded reverently with "Cobber", "Digger", "Kangaroo" and the chorus of "Waltzing Matilda". We were voted Great Guys.

The first job which confronted us on arrival at our new Station was to build it. The usual privations of initial organization were accompanied by intense heat, dust and a total absence of water when one needed it most. But this is History.

More relevant is the first weather text issued by the hospitably disposed population of Hamilton, i.e., "Wait till Winter comes". We did; we had to. When we looked like surviving it, we received another benediction: "The second Winter's worse—your blood gets thinner by then". You probably know most of these catch-phrases. "Unusual for the time of year" is a winner, and: "You should have been here three years ago" a staunch runner-up. The antidote, of course, is an illuminative bind on the English Climate—a cruel weapon.

So round the seasons we went—three weeks' sunshine in April, downpours of rain throughout Summer and

Autumn (justifiably nick-named "Fall") and back again to Winter. This time we had the worst in "Many Years", which means since Sitting Bull's day.

"Way back, it was most invigorating to see storms play havoc with the Tigerschmitts and Avro Tutolfe's 190 of our E.F.T.S. neighbours. Our own Doddering Dorniers occasionally trundled pilotless along the tarmac, but rarely did we have the privilege of such a belly-laugh. Since the Met. Office began interfering, things haven't been the same.

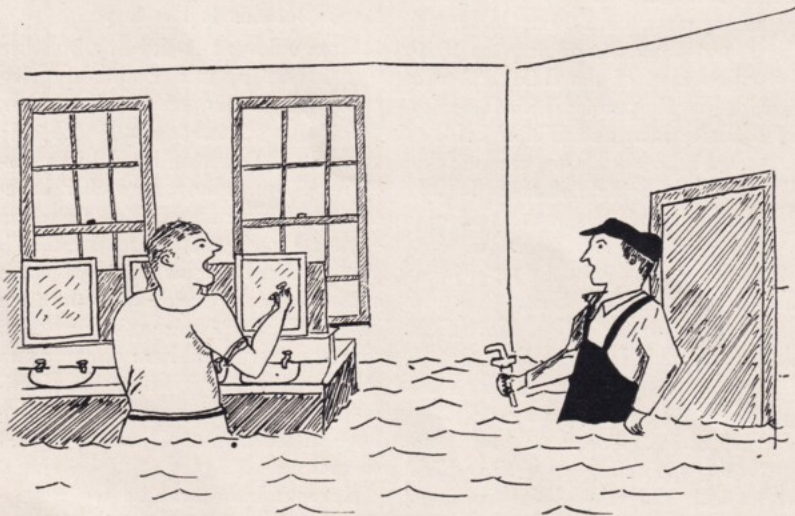
But even the more recently arrived chaps among us will have learned many things. One is that the weather is good for three pages in the first letter home, and a sizeable paragraph thereafter. Also, no longer is it possible to start a conversation with a promising pickup by murmuring "Warm day today, don't you think?" or a "Cold" ditto.

Don't let people fool you, though, when they sling anecdotes of "70 Below" in the Yukon. We had an ex-Mountie here a year or so ago. He had spent half his life-time in the Frozen North, but after 12 hours with us, he applied for a posting back again on medical grounds. It's all conveniently explained locally as being due to the lateness of the Indian monsoon or something equally glib.

Yet the bad parts tremble and fade with the passing of time. Indeed, to some of us, it is indescribably soothing to watch the passing clouds through the window, or to meditate as the lilting, rocking snow flakes slowly and silently pursue their course. Some of us who have experienced the oppressive stillness preceding summer storms, who have witnessed lightning stabbing vicious patterns above the prairie, can find a subtle significance in Nature.

Some of us.

L. Hartley.



Sorry, But I'm going to have to cut off your water for a while.

Flight Sergeant Lonnon

The question "On what R.A.F. Station were umbrellas carried on parade?" bears the appearance of a Sunday night Quiz Contest. The answer, so I am told, was Singapore; but before I could enquire into the finer points of "Umbrella Drill", I was learning about certain native Burmese women who wear Victorian petticoats and muslin blouses, smother their faces in a white paste, and smoke long black cheroots.

A few moments convivial conversation with Flight Sergeant Lonnon of Servicing Squadron convinces me that his knowledge of the East is somewhat wider than that exhibited by the author of certain travel books.

Joining the R.A.F. as apprentice in 1927 he progressed, via Halton and H.A.D. Henlow, to Sheibah, Iraq. The Squadron there was gaining experience in long distance flying, and Flight Sergeant Lonnon often flew as co-member of a two seater aircraft, combining the duties of fitter, rigger and flight mechanic with those of navigator, air gunner and bomb aimer if required. ("And all for an extra shilling a day" was his eloquent comment.) However, this gave him the opportunity of visiting many of the Middle East countries, Egypt, Palestine, Arabia, etc.

From Sheibah he was posted in 1937 to Kohat, India. Here he saw



operational service on the N.W. Frontier, for which he now wears the ribbon of the Indian Operation "Gang". The dull routine of being sniped at by native tribesmen was enlivened by a long-distance flight across India, Burma and Malay to Singapore, and return.

Having gained experience (of many kinds!) on his overseas service, Flight Sergeant Lonnon returned to the U.K. in 1938. After a short period with a Hurricane Squadron he commenced a Fitter I. course at his original station, Halton. When war broke out, his studies were interrupted as the Service needed him for active duty with a Wellington Squadron.

In June, 1941, he commenced his travels again, westward this time, eventually arriving at Mount Hope. Flight Sergeant Lonnon is one of those few still with us who have nursed this station through its primitive stages, and made it one of the best known and most efficient stations in Canada.

A TYPICAL

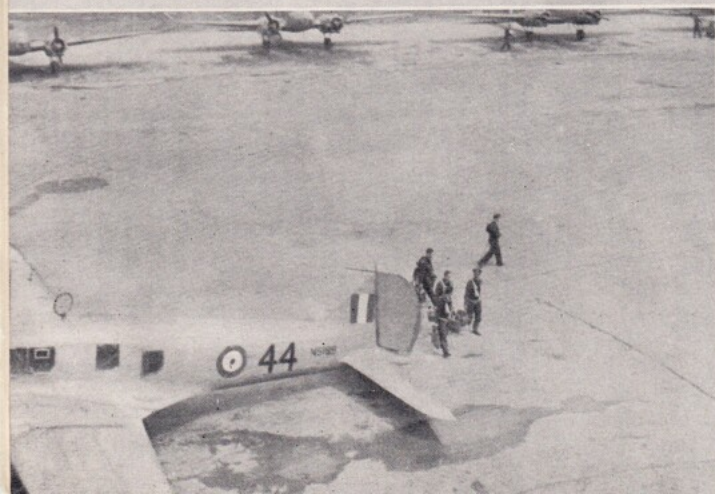


(2) GROUND CREWS
AWAITING RETURN
OF THE DETAIL
WHILST . . .

(3) FIRE TENDER
STANDS BY



(4) DETAIL RETURNS

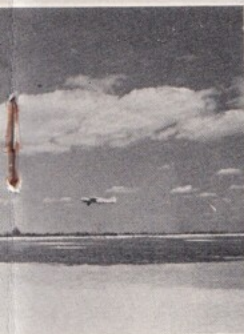


(8) THE ULTIMATE
— WINGS



(1) THE TAIL

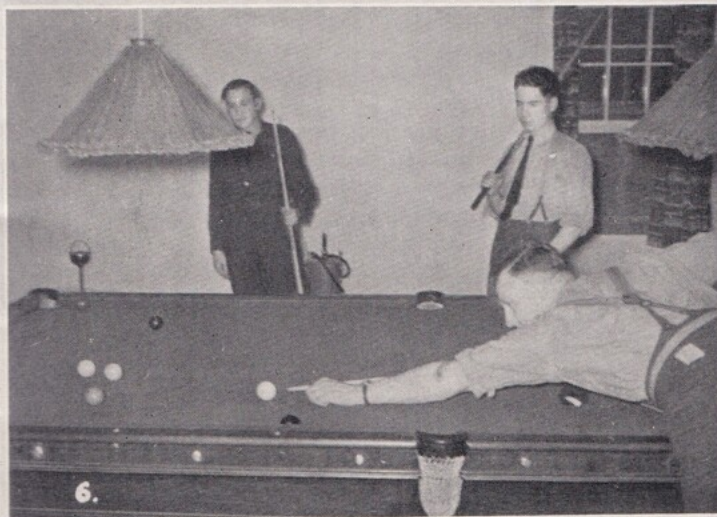
AL DAY



TAKE OFF



(5) AIRCRAFT ARE SERVICED



(6) CREWS REPAIR FOR A SPOT OF RECREATION AND..

(7) A CUP OF TEA SERVED BY MR. TRUCKLE

ULTIMATE GOAL
GS PARADE



STATION NOTES

SERGEANTS' MESS

A few sundry happenings have taken place in the Sergeants' Mess during the past month which do not need mention here, but, there are others which deserve a special place in the "Meteor". One of these was the Mess Dance, which was well attended by members and their friends. This event proved to be a riotous success, for the writer did not get a wink of sleep until three hours after it had ended, possibly due to some of the members making merry and finding it hard to recover. The Station Dance Band did a good job, and their music was well appreciated.

It appears the stork was busy in a neighbouring town recently and one of our married members found himself a proud father of a baby daughter.

There are now two Flight Sergeant Pilots on the Station, a good sign for some of the others who have been waiting patiently for promotion (we hope).

The Mess Rugby team lost to the Officers Mess Rugby team on Monday evening—score was 6-3, and the results "beers all round" in the Sergeants' Mess afterwards.

Incidentally, it is very noticeable that many of our winged personnel on their evenings and afternoons off have been seen dashing to Hamilton for shopping reasons. We expect, however, it could be a military success by the ladies of Hamilton.

In the next issue of the "Meteor" the Sergeants' Mess will provide another short section of its events and happenings that are of interest to the Station as a whole. Till then we say good-bye and good luck.

CORPORALS' CLUB

"Time marches on" and Corporals come and Corporals go. Some have left us to return to our "beloved" England for a short spell before most of them start their wonderings to other strange and wonderful lands. They have left us in a condition akin to the notorious troopship, "heavily laden" with many things from this land of plenty.

More corporals, too, have decided to forsake "single blessedness" for "wedded bliss" and have succumbed to the charms of "Canada's Best." A few days ago the Accounts Section appeared to be somewhat under the weather after the "Linton Celebration" and it is wondered if a certain corporal found a suitable explanation for his wife on not arriving home the "night before."

Corporals will be delighted to hear, no doubt, that the levy raised on members is due for suspension at the end of the June quarter as by that month it will have fulfilled its object to raise enough money to cover the cost of the furniture now in use in the mess.

The present mess committee, under the chairmanship of Cpl. (Mickey) Ransom, is to be commended and we trust the new committee due for election during July will prove as competent.

The Corporals' Dance, held on May 15th, as the Social Gossip Columnist of prewar days might have put it, ". . . proved to be a success and the hall was tastefully decorated with an unusually delightful color scheme which proved most attractive to the eye, the band rostrum being

surmounted by an oil painting of Winston Churchill”.

The committee and everyone concerned are to be congratulated on the splendid success that the dance proved. “The Scribe.”

G.I.S. NOTES

The Allied world-wide activity in recent weeks has not left No. 33 A.N.S. unaffected and there has been an unusual amount of domestic struggling on the G.I.S. front of late.

The primary change has been the departure for the “precious stone set in the silver sea” of Wing Commander C. H. Simpson, who has so long and ably held the reins of Chief Instructor. While we regret his leaving, we welcome an able successor in Squadron Leader H. G. Marriott.

To his new responsibilities of parenthood, Flight Lieutenant Wood has added those of C.G.I., while Flight Lieutenant Bellas now flies his flag in the A.C.G.I.’s office.

A kindly fate has effected the promotion to the exalted rank of Fly-

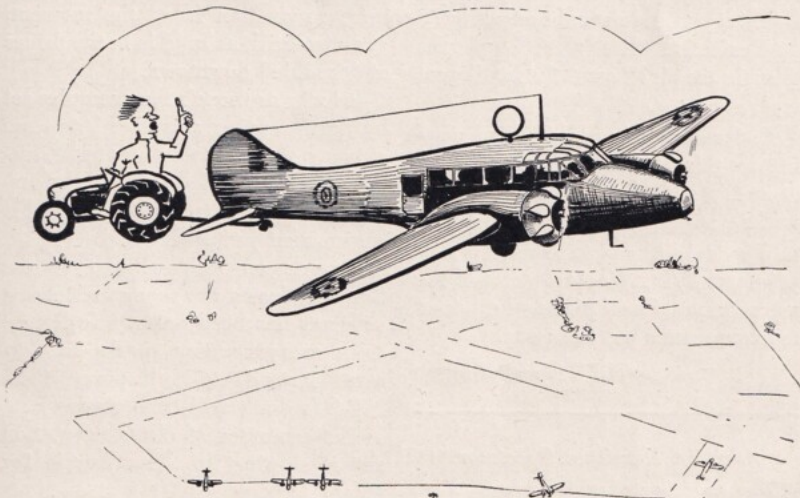
ing Officer of a goodly number of our colleagues, upon which achievement we offer our congratulations. Now the humble Pilot Officer is somewhat of a rara avis in G.I.S.

However, we have a few new faces in the land of milk and honey where all is peace but for the tramp of busy feet, and the banging of the south door o’ nights, and we trust that the newcomers will find their stay here happy and profitable.

The veil of secrecy which shrouds our inhabitants’ private lives let us lift sufficiently to congratulate Flight Lieutenant Baty on taking over an extra course—that of husband—and extend best wishes to him and his wife.

That happy breed of men, Flying Squadron, is to be seen roaming the Station with a haunted look these days, and its earnest pilgrimages to the mysterious land of D.R. is most gratifying to us modest narks.

To them we would say “Yes, we have some Fourth Week Plots left. Drop in any time for a cup of tea (sugar not supplied), and a navigation natter, but bring your own cigarettes”.



I said "Brake off" — not "Take off."

FLYING SQUADRON

Despite the lack of co-operation from Servicing, Maintenance and the Meteorological Staff, the Union of Staff Pilots have just managed to keep flying down to the minimum. After all, on any Country Club the pilot has the right to stay on the deck! But although the lack of flying hours is becoming serious, Flying Squadron has its amusing incidents.

"Stooge" would love to know who was the Sgt. Pilot who said: "I think night operations are much more daring than daylight reconnaissance. Don't you, Miss Likely?"

Again, what hazard must a junior officer have experienced at 33 A.N.S. in order to have been "mentioned in despatches".

Or why, on his odd trip, a senior officer must have his photograph in the local newspapers.

And who was the F/Sgt. Pilot who, at the last "Open House", having explained at great length to a sweet young Canadienne the mechanical features of the "giant bomber" asked, "Now you understand everything?"

"Perfectly. But what keeps the thing in the air?" came the intelligent reply.

And again why, on his third posting to this station, a certain officer cannot stand the strain after five weeks.

We would like to welcome our new adjutant, F/Lt. Wooldridge, and the merry band of new pilots who joined the cause since the last issue.

Nil Desperandum.

Adv't in Hamilton Spectator.

Two good house-keeping rooms to let. Suit young couple with gas connections. **Safety match?**

ELECTRICAL

Surviving from the last issue, here we are again.

It is rumoured that the electricians shot some horrible lines at the open day. "Tommy" found to his dismay that the young lady, apparently quite interested, was none other than an electrician from De Havillands. Who said electricians don't blush!!

Rare happenings indeed have been witnessed just lately!! All the flight N.C.O.'s in overalls, laboriously cleaning the section in such a manner as to make all the instrument section periodically review the progress with envy.

We've tried unserviceable aircraft; we've tried the boiler house; we've tried the *censored*; we've even called in Dick Tracy, but we are still looking for SKULKER'S hideout.

At times great concern is felt for the safety of our inventor "Judd". It is stated quite definitely that he is now working on a fiendish machine, which will revolutionize warfare, at the same time, will contradict all laws against perpetual motion. However, production is, at the moment, at a standstill, as Judd is in the throes of "trouble" downtown.

It looks as though the examples set by Sgt. Manning and Cpl. Bates are going to pave the way for further depletion of the ranks of the bachelors. Congratulations to Fitzjohn on his engagement just announced.

Reports on the progress of the German classes are scarce, but much progress has been made, I feel sure, since everyone now speaks in German instead of whispers. (The N.C.O.'s don't go to the classes.)

The generator of electrical section gen is slowing up. So Cheerio for now.

Sparks.

MAINTENANCE NOTES

My apologies first for neglecting to get Maintenance Notes into the last issue. The neglect, however, was unavoidable and not intentional.

The sterling qualities of the personnel of this Section are obviously being realized by the fair sex these days. Congratulations on their recent marriages are offered to Corporals Booth, Davies, McCartney and L.A.C. Jarvis; perhaps we shouldn't offer condolences to their respective wives.

While congratulations are being handed out, we mustn't forget the recent promotions of Cpls. Harding, Gagen, McCartney, Morrallee, Austin, Booth and F/Sgt. Willis.

A newcomer to whom we offer a sincere welcome is P/O Muir, our new Adjutant, and at the same time it would be opportune to express our best wishes to F/O Davis, whose ambition to be "Aircrew" has at last been realized.

As far as official activities are concerned, deeds not words are more welcome. Therefore—until next issue.

T. G. HAMER.

SIGNALS SECTION NOTES

We may have experienced a certain element of satisfaction with the happy thoughts of summer days, and swimming togs—but, alas! Abraham's handling of weather happenings makes us wonder if we are ever to see summer at all!

However, it has not had a dampening effect on Dan Cupid, who was in and around our midst during the last few weeks, and it appears as though he hasn't yet finished his work—what with the esteemed flying Bish of Number Four stepping a not-too-light, though definitely a bright fantastic with local femmes.

Nothing much exciting has happened with our community of late, one or two postings out—A.C.'s Dudley, Mariner, Drury and Thursefield, and in going they have our best wishes for all future engagements. A swelling of our ranks by one A.C. Pearce, to whom we extend a welcoming hand—also a swelling of heads, mainly by drivers of large cars, and a sudden commencement of an early campaign by "Alibi".

On going to press I have the gen that L.A.C. Hudson, in the cabin, is organizing a super Cricket eleven and wants some wizards of the bat to hand him their names.

Roses—To L.A.C. Charlton and his new wife, may their happiness be life long. The same, also, to Bill Moore, and a vote of thanks for putting not only No. 33 in the news, but indirectly, our section, for the splendid performance over CFRB some weeks ago, and his subsequent winning of "a handsome Gruen wrist watch".

Cactus—To all rumour mongers—inevitable though they may be.

A last word to those of our chaps whose unlucky lot it is to be sojourning in local hospitals—Cpls. Maynard and Dilloway—may they soon be once again on the books and D.R.O.'s as "Hospital-Discharged".

Encouragement in the shape of victories in Africa makes one feel that all is not in vain, but that we have something to strive for and win; the goal is in sight. We are the players, so Come on Chaps! Viva La Section de Telegraphic!

A. K.

Adv't in Hamilton Spectator.

Light Sports coat for sale, suit young girl hardly used.

How much?

S.H.Q. NOTES

Time marches on, and as one lugubrious member of our staff said, each day is "one day nearer death". And so here we are again with our S.H.. chatter. Since our last issue several changes of personnel have taken place and with boat lists coming along more frequently, other changes are expected in the months to come.

Incidentally, talking of changes, Loftius seems to believe in the adage "Variety is the spice of life". A little while ago his interest ran to Lotus Flowers but recently he has taken up the science of Astrology, and suitably enough his birthday comes under the sign of Aries—the Ram.

Swooper recently received a "life sentence". Several of his colleagues witnessed the "sacrifice" and then stayed to the reception. A certain member of the Orderly Room has vivid memories of a "Blonde Bombshell" he met and on his return to camp could not sleep. He was heard tossing and turning and muttering to himself all through the night but it would only embarrass him to repeat what he said.

April 1st was a bitter pill for Bull to swallow but his constitution is pretty tough and he stood up to the treatment very well. In fact his pendulous pot has been swinging better than ever since. An excellent remedy for all kinds of blues apparently—even Kerry Blues.



Raise undercart.



Am taking drift.



Am altering course.



Am going to take astro bearing.



Get me a Q.D.M.



Lower undercart.



I think I am on track but I'm not quite sure Sir, so will you carry on for a while please, while I work out a new course, Sir.



"The Backbone of The Service"

It is said that those on the receiving end of orders are the ones that do the work—that the rank and file of any service is its back-bone. Each month Meteor introduces you to a couple of its vertebrae—though some of them will need little introduction—and helps you get to know the men who not only do the dirty work and do it well, but by their enthusiasm have helped to make your stay at Mt. Hope a more pleasant one.



L.A.C. "Ted" Edwards

L.A.C. "Ted" Edwards is a familiar figure to most of us on the camp, especially to those whose duties bring them occasionally to S.H.Q. His round, be-spectacled figure is frequently to be seen dashing with efficiency — either real or apparent — along the corridors or around the camp, with a copy of D.R.O.'s or some 295 in his hand. His job, he says, he finds interesting though hard to define, but to us it seems that "S.W.O.'s Stooge" is a fitting definition. Working as he does, however, in the "hub" of the Station, he gets to know most of the personnel — especially the bad types, for he acts as escort to most of those on a charge.

"Ted" is an Auxiliary and came here from England in 1942 where he had been an M.T. Driver on a balloon squadron and an ambulance driver during the blitz. He is no stranger to Canada, however, for he worked here for several years in "civvie" street.

In the past he has shone as a boxer and a footballer, but, for medical reasons, he now has to take a back seat as far as sports are concerned.

Get to know "Ted" for he's a helpful sort of chap and *very* willing. What's more, he's helpful in the right sort of way. Not for nothing was he christened the "Pass" King.

L.A.C. Greenfield

L.A.C. Greenfield is known to every member of the camp, not only through his regular presence on the Tarmac when details are taking off — for he has winced at many a mag-drop — but also for his first class playing on every piano on the station. A cockney, he joined the Air Force as a Rigger three years ago, but his music started long before that when, as a boy, "his mother made him take lessons". At a comparatively early age he was "bitten by the jazz-bug" and, from a long and careful study of world-famous jazz exponents and that "mysterious musical quality called swing", he quickly developed a style of his own. He takes his music seriously and such a statement as "True jazz is pure improvisation" is proof of his sincerity.

Though he regards his piano-playing primarily as a hobby, he has played in several West End night-clubs and has accompanied such artists as Nat Gonella, Joe Daniels, Diana Ward and Vic Oliver, but he is determined that after the war, for the sake of his wife and child, he will go back to his job with the London Co-Operative Society and stay at home o' nights.

In Canada he has enjoyed playing to Mt. Hope audiences which he has found most appreciative and he has found also that he has become what

he calls an English Ambassador of Jazz for most Canadians he has met have expressed great surprise at his talents and at his remark that "England has long since given up dancing round the Maypole."

A cheerful bloke, with a nice sense of humour, Greenfield has been a great asset to the Station, and the Concert Party, the Dance Band and the Canteen—not to mention C.F.R.B.—have all had the privilege and benefit of his very considerable talents.

S. S. Q.

*Did ever airman feel more bored
Than in a convalescent ward?
They dose him up with many a pill;
The doctors come and say he's ill;
And nurses in those silly hats
Contrive to send the patient bats
By waking him—if e'er he sleeps—
To drape the bed with cleaner sheets.
Or bring him, as he quietly waits,
Cold porridge served on greasy plates.
(Though later in the day, instead,
He gets a cup of tea [with bread]).
The morning hastens on apace:
The victim now must wash his face.
He grasps his toothbrush and his towels;
The nurse enquires about his bowels;
He rubs the soap upon his head,
And spills the basin on the bed.
After a long and weary wait
From half-past six to half-past eight
The nurses turn out all the light:
The day is done—he starts the night.
Oh, what a lot of merry fun:
The night is over, day begun.
The tale of sorrow and of pain
Is now repeated once again,
And so continues—every item—
And goes on thus ad infinitum!*

L.A.C. Moss.

FIRST PRIZE
WINNER

Camp ENGLISH

The camp cinema, situated at the end of a long and usually very wet queue, seems to offer few of the attractions normally associated with a night at the "flicks". To that dripping throng, however, a couple of hours within its cramped interior hold more prospect of complete enjoyment than all your double-feature programmes at the local super.

The fun starts at the back of the queue, and shortens the long hour it takes to transfer that queue from the paved box-office approach to the muddy depression outside the six-pennies. It is ridiculously childish fun, and consists chiefly of barracking infiltrators and teasing a giggling Waaf.

The Waaf having been reduced to hysterics, the third fag-end having sizzled in the mud, and God having duly saved the king for the benefit of the six o'clock wallahs, the building shows signs of impending life. The wooden walls bulge ominously outward, railings creak and crack, S.P.'s retire to prepared positions of safety, the whole structure shudders and, with one gigantic groan, gives birth to its first satiated audience.

The rear of the queue now surges illogically forward, squirting an undulating compression of blue uniforms through the narrow doorway. Inside, all is chaos. The doorkeeper tears automatickets like a madman, the gramophone screams and yells while, from the screen, the publicity-minded Mr. Flower and Sons diffidently remarks that bouquets can be

Cinema

VERSION

sent by radio-telegraphy or something to sweethearts in Canada.

A gigantic Scot having relinquished the clan rights to the whole back row, and a quartet having admitted the triumph of matter over mind by allowing the physical restrictions imposed by a row of three seats, humanity finds its own level. A cloud of tobacco smoke rises towards the ceiling, to reveal the curt announcement that airmen climbing over seats will be subjected to severe disciplinary correction.

This pointed refusal on the part of the Powers that Be to admit the presence of equally athletic members of the weaker sex in our midst is hailed with joy by the mysogonists of our number, while for the remaining majority the warning is rendered innocuous by the cartoon which follows it. This depicts a host of beknobkerried S.P.s hurtling down like avenging angels upon the bemused offenders, and is surely the nearest Authority ever came to apologizing for its intrusion.

Through the eyes of an acrobatic camera we are now gifted with technicolour vision and are taken on a conducted tour of Egypt, where we are obliged to perform every conceivable contortion in order to view the local exhibits in every plane but the horizontal.

Having said a nasal farewell to "this land unchanged since the time of the Pharaohs", Gaumont British having substituted for the camels a

battered caravanserai of a more highly mechanized nature, Samson spits on his hands and, to the accompaniment of three gigantic groans of exertion from a sympathetic audience, deals three resounding strokes upon the gong. The entertainment proper is on.

It is well for the director that he cannot sit through one of his productions in company with a service audience; well, too, that the characters portrayed on the screen cannot see and hear with the senses of their original players. It would be an embarrassing and instructive time for all. The hero, however, continues to hesitate on the brink of matrimonial indiscretion unhurried by the raucous encouragement of men impatient of such finesse; the heroine retains her poise before the lewd remarks of those who have lived too long with blue uniforms and are hungry for smart undress, and even the baby, asleep in its creche, is undisturbed by such crisp commands as "Waky waky!"

Thus, with the tensent emotional moments punctuated by staccato catch-phrases, with each tentative advance the signal for a shout of ribald encouragement, and each fresh display of feminine allure heralded by a long-drawn whistle, the film draws unpeacefully towards the inevitable embrace.

Kids by-play, certainly. But in the days when illuminated signs across the street boost the rival attractions of the greatest stars in their latest hits, we shall miss that drab hut. We shall regret those evenings when every crack was a laugh, every lively girl a pip, and when the poorest show was made enjoyable by the united goodwill of men who had waited an hour in the drenching rain to enjoy it.

C. MOSS, 69B.

Canadian Agriculture

Canada is taking renewed interest in its land. As primary asset it must figure largely in post war rehabilitation. Agriculture, providing almost half the country's national income, will command greatest attention. Since the boom times of the 'twenties Canadian farmers have known depression—their problems aggravated by war. Markets have been revolutionized, expenses have risen, prices have been fixed, labour attracted away. There is industrial prosperity; but only when agricultural prosperity is restored can there be national stability.

Canadian agriculture is continent-wide, with possibilities almost as varied as those of the whole of Europe. It produces for a world market. Canada's 11½ millions consume only a small proportion of total production. Future output—planned provincially, co-ordinated nationally—should absorb some ex-Service immigrants. The Ministry of Mines and Resources is undertaking agrarian resettlement. In 1942, the Veterans' Land Act ("Veterans" is a grim word—but forget it!) proposed cheap credit supplies for prospective farmers. Already, local committees, working with educational and administrative institutions are tackling practical problems. Agricultural colleges at Guelph, Truro and Winnipeg extend an ever generous hand.

As for production, the index finger points towards mixed farming. New industrial crops are appearing—sunflower, magic soya bean and fibres. New processes—dehydration and refrigeration—offer prospects unknown a decade since (incidentally, suggest-

ing new openings in civilian life). Market trends (climatic trends, too) are followed by scientists equally alive to soil and water conservation, rural electrification and housing.

Personal qualities are naturally demanded. Farmers must be realists, recognizing that although there is steady livelihood on the land, there are no fortunes. They must be adaptable, willing to experiment, accept advice, co-operate among themselves (for marketing and harvesting) and make their initiative felt in high places. Dairy farming is likely to persist on a family basis, uniting modern methods with the English yeoman tradition.

It's no good "having a shot at" farming. It is those of the land in England, conscious of lack of elbow room, who will feel the call of the New Land. Farming is a ticklish business for the unseasoned and, indeed, the unphilosophical. But there is scope for part-time husbandry—unlimited scope. Small holdings—part time farms, adjunct to commercial or industrial work — are ideally suited. All Canada has its summer homes. It should have its summer gardens, too — "Kolonie" gardens they are called in Denmark—with vegetables, poultry and even animals. This might be an Englishman's contribution to and opportunity in post war Canada. For if he has lost touch with the land, the wardening "instinct" is irrepressible. . . . And the Veterans' Land Act makes provision for three acre grants—malleable, manageable holdings—some in the fertile Ukraine of Upper Canada, familiar Niagara peninsula.

The future pattern of Canadian agriculture will be woven into the broader scheme of land utilization. After the last war, settlement was misguided to unsuitable pastures. That won't happen again. New farmers will be called upon to intensify and improve production on present croplands. The days of the starving habitant are passing: the horizons of

the prairies are narrowing. Canada is on the threshold of a new agriculture—varied with new alternative crops, fertile with new stocks and strains, aided by new invention. It will challenge the Englishman with ideas who at the same time knows his capacities, who senses the pulse of nature and reads a deeper meaning into the face of the land.

“Meet Meteorology . . .”

Meteorology, like most subjects, has its great names. The first known systematic discussion of the weather was the “*Meteorologica*” of Aristotle. His descendants are Cirrus and Cirrostratus, the well known forecasters of bad weather. Mercury is the god of weather, because it is in thermometers; Shakespeare, with his “To be or not to be, that is the question”, is its patron saint. Then there was that guy named Ballot, who voted for the laws governing winds and Colombo Nimbus, who discovered thunderstorms. Recently, Waaf has assisted the meteorologists to see heavenly bodies. Another well known name is “Rainy Joe”, a collective term applied to meteorologists. On an R.A.F. station they are the gentlemen of the unit; hence the abbreviation “gen-men”, although these appellations are varied to “Fair Weather Freddie” or “The Mistral Boy”.

Then there are the phenomena. At Mount Hope they fall into two main groups, the A's and the B's, although their final results are often the same. They have given rise to such statements as “Hail is associated with very bad cold conditions”, “Hill fog is brought about by orthomorphic liftings”, “Thunderstorms may be encountered should a depression blow

up”. Some of these results may be accounted for by using one cadet's own words, “Lightning causes many strange phenomena in an aircraft”. Air pockets are very noticeable phenomena around the 14th and 30th of each month. “Willy-Willies” originated in Australia, but are universally common on the night before the Met. exam.

The various types of pressure distribution determine the weather. The Anticyclone or “High”, is associated with inversions, subsidence, rising “tendencies”, stability and poor visibility due to atmospheric obscurity. It is in complete contrast to human behaviour, when the term “High” implies instability — glazed ice and glazed eyes, falling “tendencies”, and poor visibility, due to alcoholic obscurity. Even the terms inversion and subsidence take on an opposite meaning. Following such “Highs” or periods of celebration, come depressions or “Lows”. They too are human.

These Air Masses are separated by Fronts which give rise to rain, drizzle, snow, etc. These are called Hydrometeors, which is where you came in, so . . .

You have now met Met.

N. L. Nicholson.

R.A.F. Sports



RUGGER

(Officer i/c—F/O Greville)

Owing to the unusual severity of this year's Canadian Spring the activities of the Rugger Club have been curtailed. Apart from a few practice matches — with most of the players enjoying a mud bath — we have been unable to see the Station team in action. But, from what we have seen, there seems to be an abundance of fresh talent which, when moulded together, will prove to be an unsurmountable barrier for such opposing teams as P.A., Clinton and Picton which we hope to meet in the near future.

To entertain the "invisible millions" on May 8th — "Open Camp" day — two cadet teams took the field and, after a very keen tussle, "A" Team emerged victorious, 11 points to 8. It is hoped that the cream of both teams will shortly be in action in the Intersectional Competition.

On May 25th the Officers played the Sergeants. Although the Sergeants' Team was boosted by the services of Sgt Hancock (English International), they were beaten, 6-3, by a surprisingly fit Officers' Team. It proved to be, in the main, a forward tussle, but shortly before half-time F/O Hill managed to cross the line for an unconverted try. In the second half F/O Blair scored a try, also unconverted, and just before "time" Sgt. Hancock kicked a penalty goal for the Sergeants.

More intersectional matches have been arranged for the near future and it is hoped that more bodies will take part in the practice matches.

Watch your Sports Notice Board for information on matches and practices.

SOCCER

(Officer i/c—F/O Evans)

Soccer league has also been held up by the weather. Efforts have been made, and will be made, to improve the condition of the ground, and it is hoped to provide seating accommodation. Meanwhile intersection games will proceed.

The Station Team has acquitted itself satisfactorily in the three games played, having won two games, versus Clinton and the Cadets, and lost by the narrow margin of 2-1 at Detroit.

As there are two Station teams in the Hamilton District League, good players are still urgently required.

The trophy presented to the winning section is at present held by Signals. It is up to all of you to support and help your own sections. Give Signals a good run for their money this season.

BOXING

(Officer i/c—F/O Orbell)

Unfortunately there are no activities to report since the last edition. However, in the near future we hope to have two very interesting bouts. The first is a Tournament which is being arranged against a combined team from H.C.M.S. "Star" and the Canadian Army Trades School. The second will be against the St. Anne's Boxing Club, Hamilton.

We are still in need of boxers in several weights. Any airmen interested will be welcome at the team practices which will be announced in D.R.O.'s.

CRICKET SECTION (Officer i/c—F/O White)

Sadly delayed by almost continuous rain and bad weather, the refreshing sound of bat thumping ball can now be heard, almost incessantly, at the newly erected net just behind the Station hospital. Here we find novices and experts alike all getting their eye in again — and very encouraging, too.

Great fun and excitement is expected when the inter-section time-limit matches get underway. The Station XI promises to be the strongest ever, because, besides having a strong nucleus of last year's team, we have some very good newly arrived players on the camp. An attractive fixture list has been arranged, although rain has washed out our last three matches.

Ridley College, St. Catharines, and Hillfield School, Hamilton, have generously offered us the use of their grounds for "Home" matches. Finally, everybody is welcome to a try out for the Station team. There is a democratic Selection Committee consisting of all ranks.

TENNIS (Officer i/c—F/O Speake)

Owing to the unfortunate weather up to the present we shall have a late start this year. The courts on the Parade Ground will be resurfaced, and two new courts will be built on the opposite side of the road as soon as the contractors can spare us a few men. Tennis balls are presenting a difficult problem this year owing to the rubber shortage, and all concerned are asked to use them economically.

We have several outside matches in view, and hope we can produce sufficient talent to have some good matches. It is proposed to run a "Knockout Tournament" as soon as possible on similar lines to the one held last year. Those who can play please hand their names to Mr. Bell.

SWIMMING (Officer i/c—F/Lt Woods)

As a result of numerous postings back to the U.K. the Station Team has become sadly depleted. It is hoped with the approach of warmer weather, that any talented swimmers, who have been hibernating for the winter will come forward with a view to building up a first class team. Cadets are encouraged to take part and directly the Station pool behind the Drill Hall is again in commission there should be ample opportunity for practicing.

Unfortunately the pool requires re-lining, and as it must be thoroughly dried out before this can be done, present weather conditions have prevented the contractors going ahead.

On a Station as large as Mount Hope there should be no difficulty in picking both an excellent swimming team and polo team, so will all permanent staff and Cadets who are interested hand their names to Flight Lieutenant Wood or Pilot Officer Simon as soon as possible.

The Municipal Swimming Pool, King Street East, Hamilton, is reserved every Thursday from 21.00 hours for the use of No. 33 A.N.S.

BASEBALL (Officer i/c—F/O Wright)

Last summer Mount Hope fielded a team to compete against nearby stations and made a fair showing. Inter-Station Softball will be operating under great difficulties this summer, owing to transportation diffi-

culties, but should a challenge be forthcoming we can rest assured that the local bat and ball boys will rise to the occasion.

Prospects point to a good Station League, teams being practically assured to represent Works and Buildings, Station Sick Quarters, G.I.S., and the R.C.A.F. personnel temporarily attached to Mount Hope.

Baseball diamonds will be put in shape as soon as they dry out.

GOLF

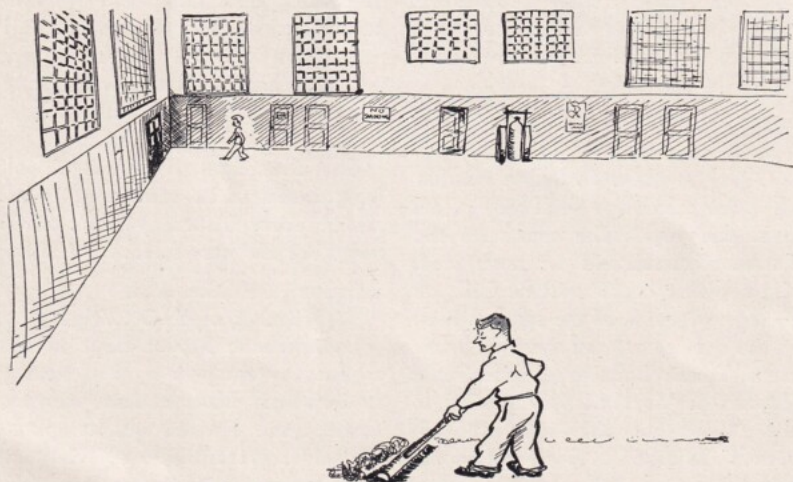
(Officer i/c—Sqd. Ldr. Gardiner)

In the grim days of May, 1941, when the first 108 draft sailed for Canada, it seemed slightly indecent to include a set of golf clubs with one's baggage. However, some optimistic souls did and they have had cause to congratulate themselves ever since, for Canada offers splendid possibilities to golfers and this is particularly true of the district around Hamilton. The Ancaster Golf Club, by the courtesy of the Committee, has arranged a special membership for personnel of this Station and its in-

teresting, well-kept course is a never-ending source of pleasure to many of us. In addition, the Dundas Club gives a warm welcome to all those in uniform and, should one want a change, there is the fascinating Chedoke Municipal course which can easily be reached by tram or 'bus from Hamilton, the rather more difficult course at Burlington for the experienced player, and the Glendale Club with its pretty, undulating course demanding good and accurate golf if a low score is to be achieved.

This Spring the opening of the golfing season has been delayed by the wet weather but matches are being arranged with neighbouring Stations and later on it is hoped to hold an "Open Day" when the trophy we won last year at Guelph will be put up for competition again.

The crying need is for more sets of clubs and should anyone be able to beg, borrow or steal a set for general use, the officer i/c golf, S/L Gardener, would be very pleased to hear from him.



R.A.F. Terms Illustrated—"Daylight Sweep"

REC. HALL RAMBLINGS

Entertainment has not lagged once throughout this long, heart-breaking winter (this will be the last fall of snow, fellahs), and we must indeed count our many blessings, in spite of the long bus queues and frost-bitten extremities. We have had a "show" of some description every Monday night, and several cinema shows and other forms of entertainment during the week.

The Station Concert Party and the Dramatic Group have both produced two performances, and are now indulging in a spell of well-earned rest during the summer months, if they ever materialize. I think everybody enjoyed their efforts, and the members of the groups certainly had fun putting them on.

The Station Orchestra, after a temporary lapse, due to Pilot Officer Steel pushing the Double Bass at one of the musicians, whose gum got stuck in the trumpet, is now in full "swing". They now have a new Double Bass and a new trumpeter.

The Concert Party and Dramatic Group anticipate re-organizing themselves towards the end of the Summer in readiness to start next season with a super show. So if anyone has any experience or talent at this type of entertainment please bear us in mind. When the rehearsing is announced, come forward and offer your services, for we can use them.

Since the last publication of the "Meteor" we have had many visiting shows, including the Victory Entertainers from Hamilton, whose melodie and gags received much applause from our audience. Inviting the St. George's Choir from Niagara was an experiment, and proved a success because they really gave an excellent

performance, and we hope to have them back here again sometime.

"George and Margaret" eventually arrived, and the Picton Group justified the praise that had been showered upon it after previous performances. Each character had a personality requisite for his particular part, and they were blended together by first class managing and production.

The "Thumbs Up" Revue, "Shot Gun" Revue and "Hittin' the Jack Pot" had all been here before, and were as enjoyable as ever. The lady in the Shot Gun Revue of "My Man" fame once again tied many a pair of tonsils in knots, and the little lady who sang "Ave Maria" in the "Hittin' the Jack Pot" show was certainly worthy of the applause she received.

Now that the warm weather is approaching (at least, Rainy Joe assures us of this long anticipated phenomena), indoor entertainment will be on the decline (in quantity). However, cinema shows will continue as well as the periodic Section Dances. The long-haired enthusiasts will still be able to revel in "Music of the Masters". In fact, although the "season" has ended—and a very successful one at that—entertainment, as far as is required, will continue on its present high standard.

W. MORGAN, F/O,
i/c Entertainment.

TWINK STARELLE

*Starkle, starkle, little Twink,
How the Hell you are, you think;
I am not under the alcoflucence of incohol
As many thinkle peep I am,
But I fool so feelish
That the drunkener I sit the longer I get.*

D. Tees!

"What's on this Month?"

FILM SHOWS

- Friday, June 18th—
STAR SPANGLED RHYTHM
All Star Cast
- Tuesday, June 22nd—
TALES OF MANHATTAN
All Star Cast
- Thursday, June 24th—
WINGS AND THE WOMAN
Robert Newton, Anna Neagle
- Friday, June 25th—
NIGHT IN NEW ORLEANS
Preston Foster, Patricia Morrison
- Tuesday, June 29th—
ORCHESTRA WIVES
George Montgomery, Ann Rutherford
- Thursday, July 1st—
(To be announced.)
- Friday, July 2nd—
KISS THE BOYS GOODBYE
Don Ameche, Mary Martin
- Tuesday, July 2nd—
WHISPERING GHOSTS
Milton Berle, Brenda Joyce
- Thursday, July 8th—
(To be announced.)
- Friday, July 9th—
PRIORITIES ON PARADE
Jerry Colonna, Ann Miller
- Tuesday, July 13th—
SECRET AGENT OF JAPAN
Preston Foster, Lynn Bari
- Thursday, July 15th—
(To be announced.)
- Friday, July 16th—
NIGHT PLANE FROM CHUNKING
Robert Preston, Ellen Drew
- Tuesday, July 20th—
I WAKE UP SCREAMING
Betty Grable, Victor Mature
- Thursday, July 22nd—
(To be announced.)
- Friday, July 23rd—
HENRY ALDRICH GETS GLAMOUR
Jimmy Lydon

FILM NEWS

There is every indication that last month's preview of "Flight to Freedom" will not be the last of these advance presentations. "The Crystal Ball" had its first Hamilton showing at the Station Cinema and "Star Spangled Rhythm" and "Tales of Manhattan" are being presented very shortly after their first runs.

* * *

George H. Oullahan, of the Y.M.C.A. Film Board in Toronto, is responsible for the consistent improvement in the movie programmes now being presented at this Station. His efforts to obtain the best features and, which is equally important, to obtain them quickly, has earned him the appreciation of all personnel.

MUSIC OF THE MASTERS

Every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock there is a programme of gramophone records. Those who are familiar with so-called "classical" music already attend in numbers; but there are many who, with a few patient attendances at these concerts, would find that there is other music as interesting, not to say exciting, as "jive", and the other products of the juke-box. At least, there is no harm in coming along when you have nothing else to do on a Wednesday evening.

The reproduction has been improved greatly, thanks to the P.S.I., by a new amplifier; and, because Messrs. Heintzman & Co. have kindly consented to let us have a free use of their stocks of records, our choice is vast. You are encouraged to make your own suggestions, and these will be complied with, whenever the records are available.

WUN WING LO

Laundree Man From the
Ole Countree
Established Recentlee Thro'
Lack of

—OTHER FUNDS—

Shirts—Civvee Done by Special
Permission.

Workin Blue Prest Like New for
C.O.'s Parade.

Does Darn Well

Prompt Atenshun Befor Pay Day.

*Reducshun to Customers Bringin
Own Rinso & Electric Iron.

Contact Prop. (as such) at Bar,
Sgts.' Mess or After Nite Flyin in
bed in Room 10 Ditto.

THOUGHTS DURING "MUSIC OF THE MASTERS"

*My uncle—James Augustus Mullet—
Once tied a reef-knot in his gullet,
And I have heard relations say
It happened in the following way:
My uncle happened once to own
An ancient, tin-horn gramophone.
Seeing a record, he resolved.
To read the name as it revolved.
They turned it on, my uncle tried
And—dash it all!—the knot was tied.
The doctor said: "It's half-past eight,
There isn't time to operate.
There really seems though, Sir, to be
Some torsion in the vertebrae;
So try the first of Nature's laws:
To change effect, reverse the cause."
My uncle's rage grew worse and
worse;
He set the motor in reverse
And then, as if the thing were vital,
He tried to read aloud the title.
But in a second he had tied
A different kind of knot, and died.*

L.A.C. MOSS.

HELP WANTED

MEN—Pilots Staff. Steady work all
weathers, permanent position. Paid for
scrub time. We can use a few more
live-wire ex-gen men. "Inside" job.

MEN—To take drifts. Good eyesight
essential, no figuring or experience
necessary, no money to handle. Must
be active physically as work requires
sliding in & out of bomb hatch. Crank-
ing experience desirable. Not fussy
over past employment.

CLERKS—Briefing room. Must have
legitimate handwriting with or with-
out glasses. Knowledge of pilots' as-
sessment methods preferred.

For all above apply—Base—Chatham—
Sarnia—Base—Airlines.

Adv't in Globe & Mail.

"OCCULT LORE"

Humanity's Oldest, Highest Religion.
In Rituals and Hymns of pure beauty!
11 A.M. "YOGA—WISDOM" 7 P.M.
Every Sunday throughout the year.

A Staunch, Protestant Church!

531 Markham St., 2 Blocks below Bloor.

Expect ANY "Sickness" if you eat
ANY "MEAT"—"FISH"—"FOWL"!

Miss Minn Rees: Secretary-General.

Free Literature. Stamp Appreciated.

"HEALING" done! "VIVISECTION" is
filthy, money-grabbing cruelty!

7 p.m. "Should your "MOTHERS DAY
LOVE-FOR-MOTHERS" apply to
"MOTHER-COWS" — "MOTHER-
EWES" — "MOTHER-SOWS"?

((We, the Rees Family, we are Third
Generation Canadian, of Pure Welsh-
and-Cornish-Stock! Thank God!)

N.B. ANY Innoculation risks your
Life!

No Gipsy blood?

M.O. please note!

PRIESTLEY & CO., LTD.

(Telegrams:—"W and B")

Builders, Decorators, Plumbers.

By Appointment.

Window-panes repaired.

Doors replaced.

Roads dug up.

Bus shelters our speciality.

Blueprints adhered to.

We put up Black-boards.

"No Job's too difficult for
us to fix"

