

THE MOUNT HOPE

METEOR



PRACTICAL ASTRO NAVIGATION

(As Practiced by Toronto Comintern)

- 01.01^{3/4} Decide to Navigate by Astro.
- 01.02 Decide not to Navigate by Astro.
- 01.03 Decide to.
- 01.04 Trembling with excitement, getting out sextant.
- 01.06 Trying to find bubble.
- 01.08 Still trying to find bubble.
- 01.10 Found bubble.
- 01.12 Trying to reduce bubble.
- 01.13 Satisfied; finding star.
- 01.16 Still finding star.
- 01.17 Looking for planisphere, trying to read direction for use.
- 01.20 Discovered POLARIS on Western horizon.
- 01.22 Decide not to use Astro.
- 01.22^{1/4} Air bomber remarks that BENETNASCH looks bright to-night.
- 01.23 Disputing BENETNASCH.
- 01.23^{1/2} Air-bomber points to alleged BENETNASCH.
- 01.23.20 Diving for sextant.
- 01.24 Ejecting protesting Air-bomber from seat.
- 01.26 Locating star.
- 01.28 Located star; can't find bubble.
- 01.30 Remembered to put light on; found bubble; lost star.
- 01.31 Taken out all shades, found star, lost bubble.
- 01.32 Found bubble and star; chasing both round chamber.
- 01.33 Holding breath.
- 01.34 Taking a reset.
- 01.35 Chasing Bubble and star.
- 01.35^{1/2} Both in centre, press trigger—rewind take time.
- 01.36 Taken four shots—forgot time. Start again.
- 01.36^{1/4} Inform gentleman in driver's seat intend to take shots; get dirty look.
- 01.38 Taken shot—stagger back to table.
- 01.40 Looking for Air Almanac.
- 01.41 Ask gentleman in driver's seat for date.
- 01.41^{1/2} Decide G. in D.S. must have indigestion.
- 01.42 Found A.A., lost slip of paper with times on.
- 01.42^{1/2} Found paper—started working.
- 01.46 Found L.H.A. BENETNASH.
- 01.46^{1/2} Looking for sextant.
- 01.48 Found sextant, taken reading.
- 01.48^{1/4} Decided to apply sextant correction.
- 01.50 Decided to apply refraction.

- 01.51 Decided to go to town on job and apply P. in A., refuse to accept theory of nearness of moon after all, may be bigger.
- 01.52 Seem to remember something about semi-diams.
- 01.52^{1/2} Still trying to remember what to do with S.D's.
- 01.53 Decide not to bother with S.D's. after all. Thrown in P. in A.
- 01.54 Working out Z.
- 01.55 Wondering whether to ask gentleman in driver's seat about straying or something.
- 01.57 Still working out Z.
- 01.58 Decide not to bother.
- 01.58^{1/4} Apply Ho.
- 01.59^{1/2} Arrive at conclusion must be over States.
- 02.00^{1/2} 2nd Nav. asks if we feel alright.
- 02.00^{3/4} Order him take sight on POLARIS.
- 02.02 Seem to remember something about Mer. Passes being easy.
- 02.03 Trying to remember about M.P's.
- 02.05 Gentleman in driver's seat makes frantic signals.
- 02.06 Air Bomber translates. Apparently over Brantford.
- 02.06.05 Diving for topographical.
- 02.06.0 Laid in track for base.
- 02.06.15 Bingo'd Course.
- 02.06.30 Handed slip to gentleman in driver's seat.
- 02.12 Over base; cooking log.
- 02.17 Landed base; feeling like dish-cloth.
- 02.19 Gentleman from driver's seat gives us dirty look.
- 02.20 Air Bomber remarks wasn't BENETNASCH after all.
- 02.22 Trying to get rid of bubble.
- 02.24 Still trying to get rid of bubble.
- 02.26 Still trying.
- 02.28 Still trying.
- 02.30 Oh bother the bubble.

(Signed) T. HALLIN, 1st.

THE METEOR is published by the officers and men of the Royal Air Force Station at Mount Hope, Ont. Dates of publication are Jan. 15th, Feb. 15th, March 15th, May 1st, June 15th, Aug. 15th, Oct. 1st, Nov. 15th, and Dec. 15th.

Communications should be sent to M. P. O. 211, Hamilton, Ont. All material should reach Editorial Office not later than 15 days before date of publication, otherwise it cannot be included.

Rates: 15c per copy; \$1.35 per annum. Overseas subscription, \$2.75.

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VOL. II. No. VI.

MOUNT HOPE, ONTARIO

OCTOBER, 1943

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The Editor Speaks

This month the Meteor celebrates its first anniversary. A year ago, the first number, a large and ambitious number containing advertisements, costly blocks and decorations, made its appearance under the able guidance of the Padre, F/Lt. Sansbury and its Editor, Sgt. Salt. Since then we have been coming out with spasmodic regularity, though only on two occasions has the Distribution-cum-Business Manager been able to beam with joy at our prompt appearance at the pay table. It seems that the Accounts Section can never be persuaded to postpone Pay Day, so we start our new year with a resolution—to arrive punctually on the camp each month on the only day you seem to have any money. We celebrate our anniversary not with any great show or trumpets' blast, but with just another number. We feel sure, however, it is "just another number" that you would want.

Winston Churchill seems to have set a fashion. That was a month ago. Since then most of us have received an honorary Degree (of fitness) from Harvard. Rumour has it that in the near future the physical training programme on this station (and on every other) is to be considerably intensified. We are assured that we will all leave Mt. Hope very much tougher than when we arrived. We are told, and incline to believe, that modern war becomes more and more the "survival of the fittest" (and all that!) and that the "fittest" is pretty darn tough. In fact, having seen "Desert Victory," we *know* all this to be true. But we still grumble. We shall continue to grumble. That, after all, is one of the joys of Democracy.

We hate to say it, but the "Fall" is upon us. The summer has given us a run for our money and a word of

thanks is due to all the officers i/c the various sports, especially to F/O Simon, the Sports Officer, his staff and to Sgt. Miller. Our evenings spent at the Swimming Pool or on the sports fields or tennis courts will be treasured memories of peaceful fun-making when later we return to the U.K. We now look to the Entertainments Officer who, I believe, thanks to the generosity and co-operation of the various Citizens' Committees and other organisations, has some good things up his sleeve for many Monday nights to come. As we go to press we hear that our Entertainments Officer, F/O Morgan, has been posted. We wish him good luck and many thanks.

Our request for details of the achievements of ex-pupils from Mt.

Hope has brought forth the news that F/O Dene, of 32 Course, recently won the D.F.C. for his skill as a navigator in locating a small boat and rescuing its occupants; he also participated in the sinking of two U-Boats. Sgt. Bode, also of 32 Course, has won the D.F.M. for exceptional ability during numerous sorties over enemy territory.

This Editorial could not be complete without once more expressing our sincere thanks to Mr. Ferres, of Hamilton, without whose assistance, both in skill and finance, this magazine, in its present form, would be impossible. That he should wish to do so much for us out of sheer good-will towards the R.A.F. is indeed flattery to this Force and very good fortune for this unit.

PRIZE WINNING POEM

Reminiscences (1943)

*The wailing of the sirens as evening shadows fall,
The scramble for the shelter of the tube,
The screaming as the "bags of flak" go up to meet the Hun,
These are the things I miss here most of all.*

*The sympathetic answer to your plea for "any fags,"
The days of never ending beans on toast,
The stygian gloom which nightly shrouds over every little town,
Things like these I miss here most of all.*

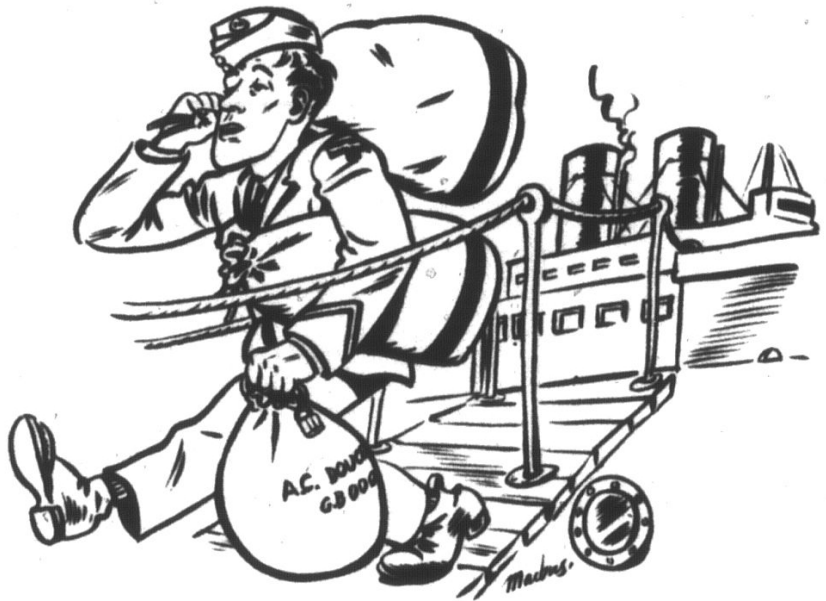
*The city clubs, the village pubs, the cosy little bars,
Where one could always find a spot of cheer,
The "Dignity and Peace" of which our budding playwrights speak,
These too are things I miss here most of all.*

*And yet I do enjoy the luxuries present now,
The little things which make life seem worth while,
The milk bars, the drug stores, the juke box in the store,
And I guess I'll miss them too when I have gone.*

A/Cpl. MacFadden, 76A.

FEATURE
STORY

The Day



L.A.C. Bob Jones was feeling supremely happy. He leant forward and stirred up the fire again with the old bent poker that had stood in the hearth ever since he could remember, and gazed rather blankly at the flames. Then he snuggled back into the large enveloping arm-chair and grunted with satisfaction. He had been dreaming about this day for months and now he could scarcely believe it had arrived—that it was almost over. He closed his eyes for a moment, but quickly re-opened them to reassure himself that his surroundings were not merely part of a dream.

For months on his unit in Canada he had been going about telling everybody that he'd be on the next boat-list. "I may not see you again," he would say to acquaintances in the nearby town. "Posted home, you know—so cheerio, and many, *many* thanks for everything!" He had sorted out all his letters from home and had thrown away many from odd girl-friends. He had swopped several snaps of Ansons in the air for photos of Indians at Banff and he

had put finishing touches to his photo-album, sorting it out in chronological order with neat captions written painstakingly in white ink under every snap—"The Gang at Moncton" — "Flossie and Jim at Winnipeg" — "The Snow-plough Gets Cracking" — "Joe and Self at Niagara." He had sold his skates and a few pairs of khaki stockings and he had given his balaclava to a pal.

But the next boat-list did not contain his name. "Sure to be on the next one—done more than my time out here," he'd say to a fellow passenger as he sped down town in the bus to buy another couple of pairs of silk stockings, some flints and a petrol-lighter or two. When, after several more months, he was still on the station, people began to doubt his word and pull his leg.

By the time his posting did eventually come through his letters needed sorting out again and there were many more photos to go into his album — "Joe and Maisie at Muskoka," the new set of "Blue" he had obtained from stores was already

showing signs of service and he had almost decided to buy his skates back again.

The Ford truck, crowded with swaying airmen, swung through camp gate; Jones gave the "V" sign to the S.P. The trains were hot and crowded; the journey eastward was just so much waste of time, for he couldn't muster up the enthusiasm for scenery that he had had on the outward journey more than two years ago. More time wasted at Moncton—a wretched fortnight of parades, rumours, false alarms and fatigues; the boat-trip—seven days of dampness and black-out and boat-drills and P.T. and cards and smoking and loss of appetite and staring out to sea at buffeted destroyers. All this travel, as an airman, was to him merely a necessary evil to be gone through before "the day."

And then he sighted the coast of Scotland—or was it England? It didn't matter—as long as it wasn't Iceland! For the eighteenth time—or so it seemed—he re-packed his kit-bag, rubbed his buttons over and put his pack together. The deck rails were crowded as eager airmen watched the process of berthing. The boat felt strangely still, almost like a building. He stumbled down the gang-plank, trying to balance his kit-bag on one shoulder, hold on to the rail and at the same time keep his hat on, and as he stepped ashore his legs seemed to be expecting a roll any minute. He drank quite a lot of beer that night.

Three more days of hanging about went slowly by, waiting for gen; days of excited suspension, of constant chatter about black-outs, cigarettes, beer, hitch-hiking, eggs and bacon, Lancasters, Mosquitoes. Then at last a 295. A ride in an English

train, with its strange but familiar smell of steam and tobacco. Everybody in a hurry. The noise at Paddington. So many uniforms—some he'd never seen before. An Evening News. An English cab, with its bulb horn barking. Driving on the left. Hundreds of bicycles. A "Carter Patersons" van standing in the station, with its nose-bagged horse and scavenging sparrows. The roads smooth and swept clean. A coffee-stall. Girls driving heavy lorries, Cockney accents. A pub. Ah! a pub!

Yes, he could go a beer. He "went" several. A short ride, strap-hanging, in the underground. "Mind the doors!" A warm breeze coming down the escalator. Only ten more miles to go, in an electric suburban train. Familiar station names called out shrilly by trousered girl porters. "Vauxhall, Queens Road, Clapham Junction, Wandsworth Town, Putney and Twickenham train!"

For some reason or other he could feel his heart throbbing as the train began to slow up for Richmond. As he stepped on to the platform the place seemed pleasantly quiet after the noise of the city—he remembered how that always used to strike him after a day in the city years ago. He gave up his ticket to a familiar-looking porter who called after him "Glad to see you back!" Jones grinned.

He decided to walk the last mile or so to his home. He took a deep breath, filling his lungs with the familiar air, an atmosphere scented with the smell of the trees and of the privet hedges mixed with the exhaust gases from the Diesel engines of London buses. His kit-bag was heavy but he kept a steady pace. He passed people whose faces he knew and who nodded their heads or waved

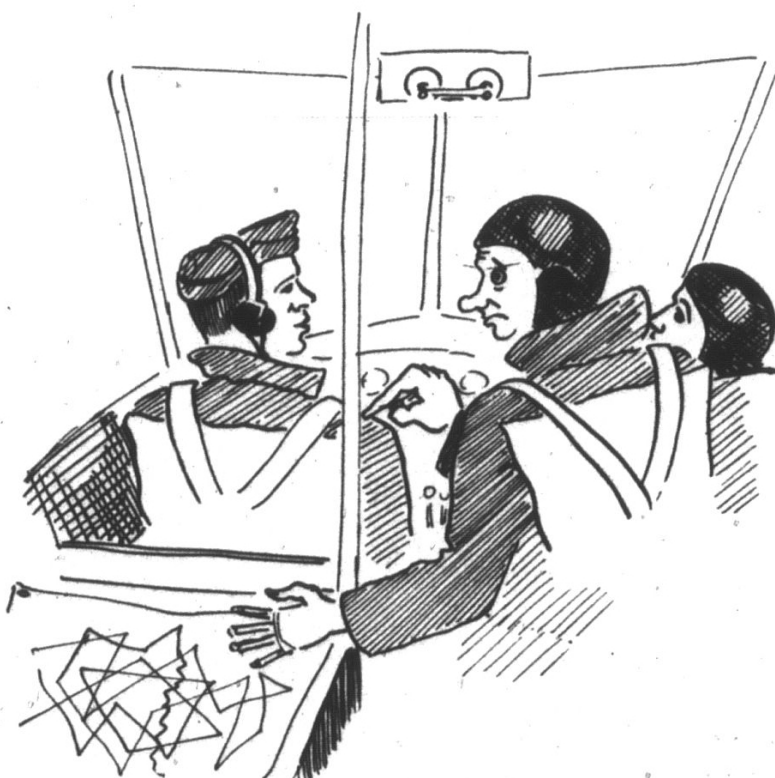
their tobacco pipes in brief recognition. He met the man who always used to serve him with petrol at the local garage. He stopped; the conversation embarrassed him. . . . "Hallo, you back? Two years is it? My oh my. Seems only yest'day. Glad to see you well. How's your brother—Fred, isn't it? Sicily? Ah well. There's war for you, I suppose . . . must be getting along . . . all the best." Only a quarter of a mile or so and I'll be home, thought Jones.

Rounding a corner he bumped into a 1st Lieutenant, looking very fit and smart. "Well, stap me! . . . if it isn't Bob . . . how long have you been home? . . . I'm on embarkation leave myself . . . look here, we must have a drink on this . . ."

The "Coach and Horses" was just across the road. Inside there were many more acquaintances . . . "Come on, old boy, surely you've time for one with me!" . . . "Two mild and

bitters, please, Aggie" . . . "It's good to see you again, Bob" . . . "Come on, old chap, you're slipping, drink up!" . . . "Hamilton, let's see, that's on Lake Ontario, isn't it?" . . . "Here's health." Jones warmed. The mild and bitter was good. There was much to relate about Canada, about New York, hamburgs, cokes, drug stores; much to discuss . . . Italy . . . Berlin . . . jokes to crack, reminiscences to revive . . . the mild and bitter was really good.

Jones warmed. He glowed, he felt wonderful. Somehow they started to sing songs, some of the old favourites, "Nellie Dean," "When Irish Eyes," . . . someone was shouting "Time" . . . "Time, gentleman, please." Gosh, . . . had he been there *that* long? . . . must be pushing off home. It took half an hour to shake hands with everybody on the threshold of the bar. At last he got away, and swinging his kit-bag over his shoulder with too much gusto he



"I regret to say, Sergeant, that, bearing in mind all the existing unfortunate circumstances, that is, the unusual nature of the terrain beneath us; the rather inadequate number of valid entries in my log; the somewhat confused maze and muddled conglomeration of lines on my chart; the agitated expression on the face of the WOp; the look of bewilderment on the Bomb Aimer, and if I may say so, the air of nonchalant overconfidence on your own face, I feel it my duty to inform you that we must now consider ourselves lost."

staggered, regained his balance and set course for home. His steps seemed automatic, yet laboured. "Yes . . . 'fraid I had rather too much" . . . he started to laugh . . . he was singing quite lustily when he reached his house.

He pulled himself up, tip-toe'd down the garden path and walked quietly through the back-door. As he passed the kitchen he could hear a kettle simmering. The cat, terrified, rushed out into the hall, skidding on the linoleum, and bolted upstairs. Jones let his kit-bag fall heavily on to the floor. Home, really HOME.

His mother's voice sounded from upstairs. "Who's that?"

"It's me . . . Bob!"

"Oh, Bob, . . . so you're back at last . . . welcome home . . . I'll be down in two shakes of a lamb's tail."

Jones dawdled into the dining-room-cum-sitting-room, and sank back into the familiar shape of the

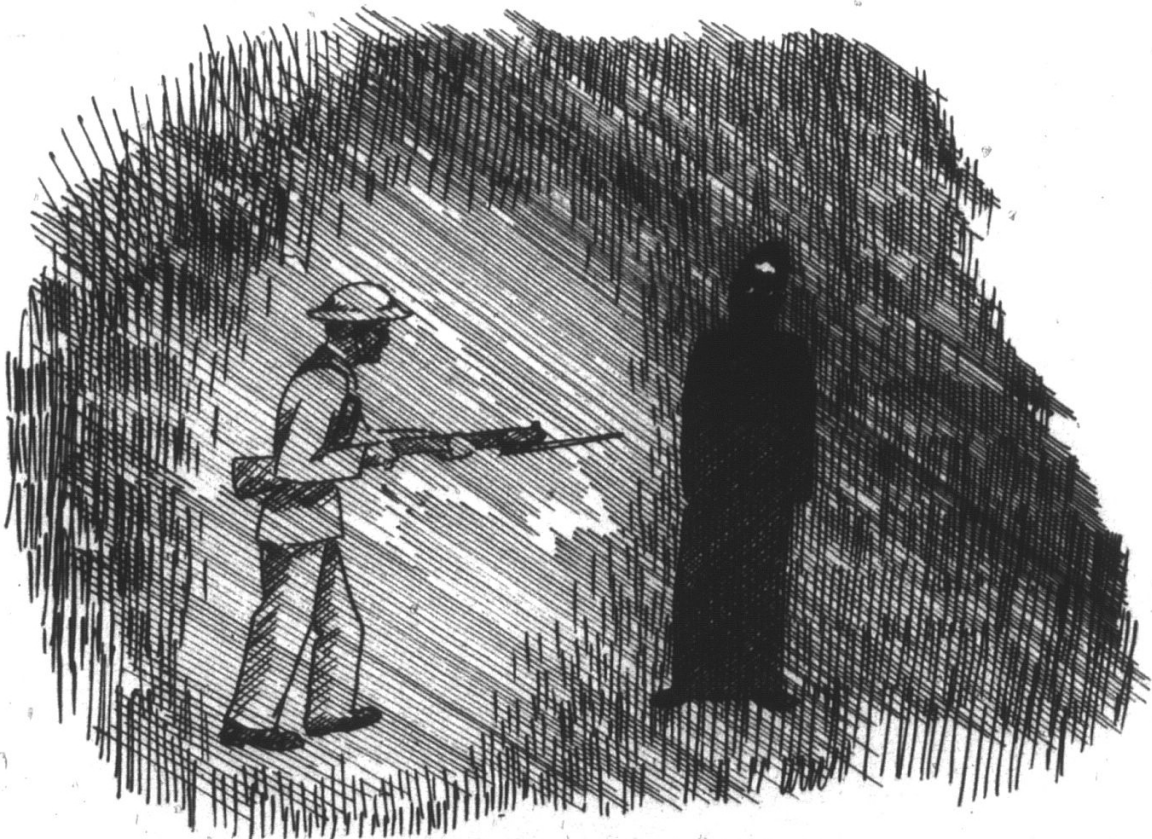
big enveloping arm-chair. He stirred up the fire. He closed his eyes, but opened them again quickly . . . to prevent a sort of swimming feeling. *This* was the day which for nearly three years he'd been waiting for. He took some parcels out of his kit-bag . . . his mother's steps down the stairs sounded just as they always had done . . . funny how she always came down with a sort of hippity-hop rhythm. . . . "Why, Bob!"

"Hello, Mum." He kissed her.

"Bob, you've been drinking. That's a nice way to come home after three years' absence. Absolutely drunk, you are. Now you go right off to bed . . . I've got to go off to the factory, I'm on night-shift to-night. And I hope you're sober when I come home at 9 o'clock in the morning. Good-night."

. . . Bob wasn't sure, but he thought the front door closed rather heavily.

A. R. E.



"Who goes there?" "Oh, you wouldn't know me, I was only posted here yesterday."

Squadron Leader Grenfell

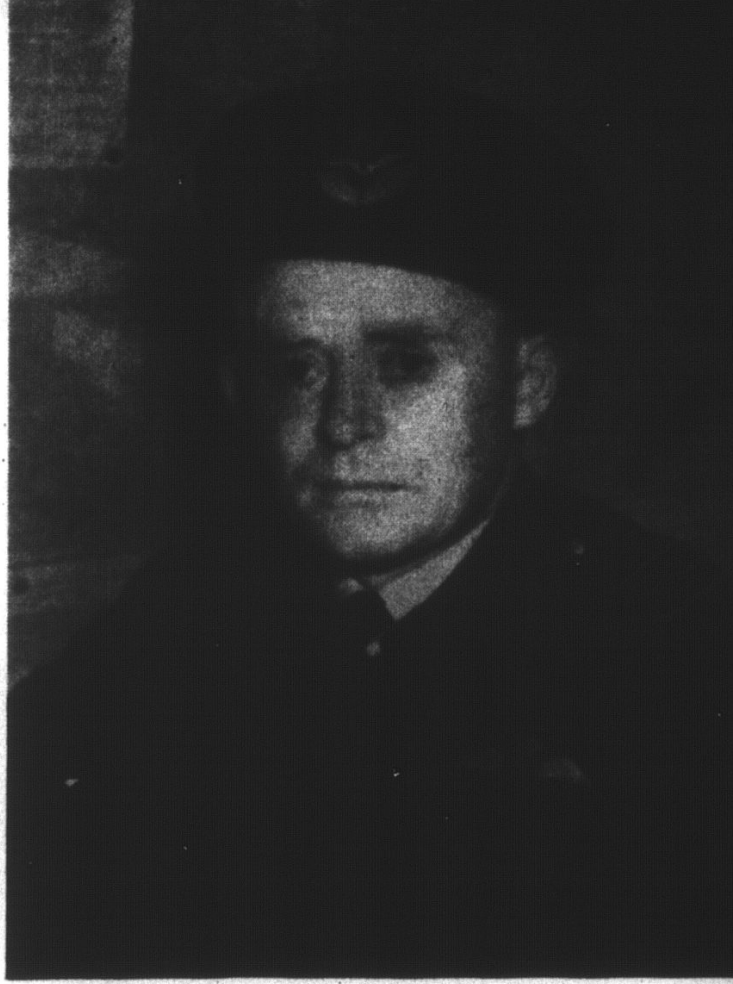
To be a successful O.C. Flying at a training establishment demands, we imagine, qualities of tact, persuasion and courage, and the present occupant of that seat of the mighty, Squadron Leader P. E. Grenfell, profiting no doubt from his experiences as a big game hunter, seems to us adequately to fill the bill.

His association with the R.A.F. began in 1924 when many of us were learning to decline the verb *amare* and did not appreciate to the full the significance of *pulchra puella*.

In those days the Avro 504K was the standard trainer and at Digby Squadron Leader Grenfell qualified on that type and then proceeded to master the wiles of the Sopwith Snipe and the Bristol Fighter.

In those days, too, an introduction to a lady does not seem to have been as conventional as it is now. For one day in 1927, at Hепlow, our present O.C. Flying was doing a practice jump with the intention of landing on the aerodrome. A playful, and obviously romantically minded, wind whisked him on to a road nearby and his parachute caught in a woman driver's car, dragging him along the road. Apparently this form of introduction did not win the lady's approval.

A fickle fate sent him to No. 13 Squadron, an Army Co-operation Unit. In 1928 he was one of six



Army Co-op. Pilots posted to Shanghai where he was attached to 441 Flight of the "Fleet Air Arm" during the troubles. A race-course was used as an aerodrome and the aircraft were Fairey 3Ds.

A few months later No. 2 Squadron arrived and S/Ldr. Grenfell was posted to it, flying Bristol Fighters. Apart from reconnaissance and photographic flights (shades of 33 A.N.S.) there was little excitement, and the biggest thrill came when Squadron Leader Grenfell and his comrades, anchored at the mouth of the Yang-tse, had a grandstand view of an engagement between three Chinese destroyers, which were firing at each other at 1,000 yards range.

Nobody appeared to know exactly what was going on, including the forts on shore, which opened up indiscriminately on both sides.

1929 found Squadron Leader Grenfell home again with No. 13 Squadron, flying Atlases and in 1930 he joined the R.A.F.O.

The outbreak of the present hostilities called him back to harness, and he was O.C. Station Flight at Andover until the end of 1940. Another spot of globe-trotting came his way, for he became Flight Commander at Port Elizabeth, South Africa, a navigation and bombing and gunnery school equipped with Northrops, Battles, Ansons and Oxford.

In the summer of last year he packed his camp kit again to take up the post of Flight Commander at Picton. Thence he went on a course at Rockcliffe, Ottawa, before introducing his genial personality to the Mess at No. 33 A.N.S. in June last.

Squadron Leader Grenfell's hobby is shooting, and to judge by the array of trophies in his London home, Tarzan must be running short of playmates. We wonder how many faces of erring staff-pilots will grin at him from the floor when he gets back!

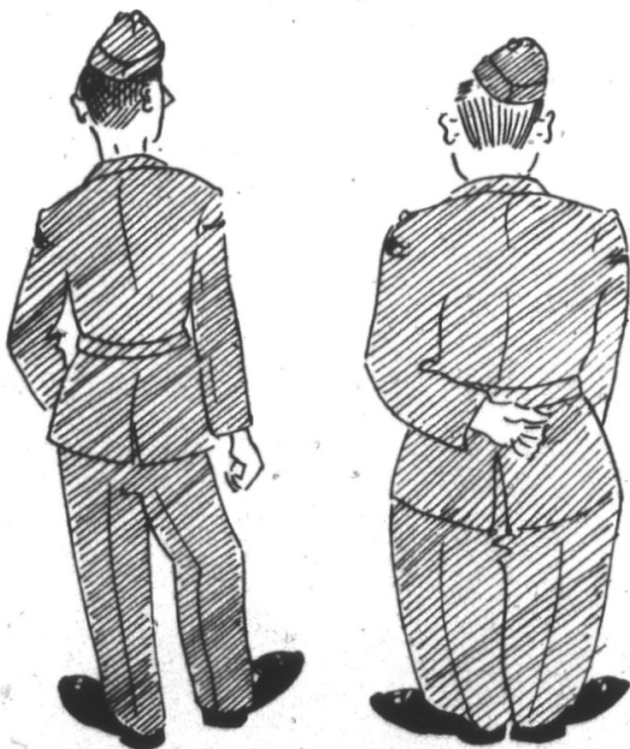
LITERARY COMPETITION

This month so many good articles and stories were submitted that it was decided to split the \$10 offered as first prize. L.A.C. Leach, of 79A Course, who submitted "Jazz and Swing" and A.C. Checkley, a new arrival on the station who wrote "Guiding Light", each receive \$5. The \$1 prize for the best poem goes to Cpl. MacFadden of 76A Course, for his poem "Reminiscences", and L.A.C. Townsend for his "Ernie the Erk", once more receives \$1 for the best cartoon. Other competitors were L.A.C. Hartley, L.A.C. Lawson, L.A.C. Heath of 77B Course and L.A.C. Martin of 80B Course, many of whose articles were only rejected owing to their length and our shortage of space.

Prizes of the same value are offered for the next issue, the closing date for all entries being October 28th.

Will prize-winners please call on the P.S.I. clerk at their earliest convenience?

We are indebted to F/Lt. Dixon who submitted an excellent Crossword puzzle. Owing to shortage of space we are holding it over until next month.



"And I sez No, Lidy, not a Pilot, I'm an ACH/GD wot sweeps out the 'angars."

Incredible Network

Canadians like to go places and see things. For purposes of sociability and commerce they have built an incredible network of roads, varying from unimproved mud surface to iron-hard concrete, throughout their country. It seems fantastic, but it's true. The people of this sparsely settled Canada have built, and manage to maintain in some fashion, a total of 558,329 miles of travelable highways. This figure does not include the thousands of miles of streets and highways in cities, towns and parks.

The industry which constructs Canadian highways and their appurtenances is a \$100,000,000 a year indus-

try, and one which inevitably will experience important postwar expansion. The half million miles of now-existing roadways will be increased. But aside from that, there remains to be done a gigantic job of improving the ribbons of roadway now connecting the far-flung pattern of Canadian communities. Only 116,000 miles of our highway system are finished with gravel or hard-surface top. That leaves 442,000 miles of dirt roads to be whipped into better shape . . . and that means a lot of employment.

The highway improvement job to be done is scattered right across Canada, as the following table of approximate figures shows.

Canadian Highway Mileage

(Not including cities, towns and parks)

PROVINCE	TOTAL	GRAVEL OR BETTER	UNIMPROVED
Prince Edward Island	3,696 miles	401 miles	3,295 miles
Nova Scotia	15,011 "	6,370 "	8,641 "
New Brunswick	12,307 "	11,213 "	1,094 "
Quebec	38,907 "	22,146 "	16,761 "
Ontario	72,958 "	56,250 "	16,708 "
Manitoba	91,229 "	8,746 "	82,483 "
Saskatchewan	212,834 "	6,207 "	206,627 "
Alberta	89,793 "	3,536 "	86,257 "
British Columbia	21,594 "	8,956 "	12,638 "

The responsibility for constructing and maintaining highways in Canada is shared by the national, provincial and municipal governments; and this responsibility will undoubtedly bring each of these bodies into the postwar employment picture on a large scale.

Although each governing unit has highway staff and equipment, a major portion of new construction is done by independent contractors. For example: in 1941, out of a total expenditure of \$38,000,00 on new road construction, \$26,000,000 was

spent through contractors; and out of a total maintenance expenditure of \$30,000,000, government services spent \$26,000,000. In the same year practically the entire expenditure of \$28,500,000 on aerodromes was spent through contractors.

Because construction of aerodromes involves the techniques and equipment of the highway-building industry, statistical studies of the industry include field-levelling and runway-laying for Canada's numerous aviation establishments. In 1941 Canada spent \$104,905,492 on roads, bridges and aerodromes; involving \$71,000,000 for new construction and \$34,000,000 for upkeep and repairs. During the five years 1937 to 1941 inclusive, average expenditures were \$103,000,000 a year. Employment and payroll breakdowns of these figures indicate that the industry is likely to be one of the major absorbers of demobilized manpower during the immediate postwar re-establishment years.

Many types of employment are involved, directly and indirectly, in the construction of a length of hard-surfaced highway. Most obvious are the engineers, the machine operators and the manual workers who plan and fabricate the strip; forcing it, foot by foot, over the prairies, through the forests, across the rivers, up hills and down dales. But there are many other workers, auxiliary to those on the spot. Those who manufacture the bulldozers and steam-shovels and pavers and other mammoth machines of the trade, and the mechanics who keep these machines in apple-pie condition. Those who supply and haul gravel, cement, asphalt, steel drains and wooden timbers. Those who house and feed

and pay the work-crews. All along the line new employment emerges when a decision to build a new strip of highway is made.

(We are greatly indebted to Mr. W. B. Herbert, of the Canadian Committee, for this article.)

PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

Once more a considerable number of excellent photographs were entered for this competition and it was difficult to decide how to distribute the prizes. L.A.C. Hartley wins the first prize of \$5 for his delightful photograph "Scene near Paris, Ontario", the second prize of \$3 was won by L.A.C. Smart for his "Elora Gorge" and the third prize of \$1 goes to L.A.C. Tomkinson whose picture of the Empire State Building was chosen. Other competitors to whom we are very grateful, were S/Ldr. Holmes, Sgt. Worley, F/O. Crumbley, Mr. Nicholson, L.A.C. Orme, Sgt. King, Sgt. Salisbury, Cpl. Edwards, L.A.C. Witkowski, L.A.C. Rigby, L.A.C. Martin, L.A.C. Noall, L.A.C. Playle and L.A.C. Preston. A.C. Burgess, who won last month's competition, submitted another first class photograph, and L.A.C. Bell submitted an excellent photograph of Ligett's Corner which we hope to print next month. The competition will be continued in our next issue with similar prizes. May we point out that we cannot guarantee that photographs submitted will not be damaged in printing. The rules will remain the same (see last month's issue) and the closing date is OCTOBER 28th.

The cover photograph was taken by Sgt. Kilpatrick.

Will competitors in last month's issue and unsuccessful competitors in this month's please call at the Editorial Office as soon as possible to collect their photographs. Prize-winners are to call on the P.S.I. clerk at their earliest convenience.

MISS AMERICA

*This lovely creation has earned a vacation
For she is a symbol, today,
Of all the career girls, those deadly sincere girls
Who fight for the old U. S. A.;
She's taken dictation with speed and elation
From men who are running the show,
And gotten out orders that stream from our borders
To cover poor Adolf with woe;*

*She's not out romancing or dining or dancing . . .
Her heart has already been won,
And her recreation throughout the duration
Is writing a lad-with-a-gun;
So join in the cheer for a hard-working dear
As she turns from her toil and relaxes,
She's shown we're a nation that will take dictation—
But not if it comes from the Axis!*

Painting by Varga
Verse by Phil Stack



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Guiding Light

No one in the village was quite sure whether Grandmere L'abelle was mad or not. Most of the time she appeared the same as you or I. But there were days when she did the strangest things.

She got a bit worse after the Germans marched into the village square just a day after they had entered Paris.

It wasn't unusual to see her walk along the narrow main street of a morning holding one hand out and down as if a little boy toddled by her side. She would make for the school, and there, just outside the rusty iron gates, talk for a moment to the little fellow who wasn't there.

Once or twice she had arrived at the aerodrome just outside the village with a basket of food—precious food—that she had contrived to scrape together from her meagre rations. She would hand over the basket to the Nazi guard.

"You'll see my son, Pierre, gets this, won't you?"

Pierre had been stationed at the 'drome. But that was before the Nazi invasion of France. He was there no longer. Like a lot of good Frenchmen he had been given up as lost by his friends in the village. To old Marie, his mother, he was still alive. Sometimes as a little boy; sometimes as a Pilot.

The Nazis at the 'drome humoured the old woman. It paid them!

Didn't she bring food for this son of hers? Didn't the food taste good!

Old Marie's friends did not attempt to disillusion her. They let her keep her sweet dreams. But there came a night when they had to take a strong hand with the old lady. That was the night she pulled up her black-out blind and placed a lamp in the window. They blacked out the window again, luckily before any of the Nazi police saw the light. They put the old lady to bed despite her protests that her son Pierre was coming home.

It was a week later that old Marie put the light in the window again. Late one night it was. Most of the village was asleep. Then came the air-raid warning. Anti-aircraft shells ripped holes in the black sky; planes roared overhead—and still that mellow light showed from Grandmere's window.

Then the bombs. The aerodrome was the target. It was bombed from landing field to hangars. The last plane of the raid got the petrol dump and Grandmere L'abelle's pale light was dimmed into insignificance by the blaze.

* * *

It was a month later that Pierre L'abelle, of the Free French Air Force, was presented with his D.F.C. by the King.

Grandmere L'abelle didn't know it, but her boy had come home that night.

Jazz and Swing



My one great disappointment in this country has been that, so far, I have found no interest in, or evidence of, jazz, outside a record shop. The country is waist-deep in commercial swing and pretentiously empty dance music. Every drugstore and restaurant which boasts a "nickel Odeon" (and how many don't) yells loud far beyond its walls with the clarinetist leader you are exhorted to "swing and sway to," or the maestro of the meaningless shriek trumpet. But as for the real thing, the enthusiast has a hard and thankless task, as in the notoriously unenlightened Home Country.

In fairness I must admit that all the evidence of American magazines, record supplements and correspondence pointed to just such a state of affairs, but being an optimistic kind of cynic I had hoped for better. After all, North America is the continent, or half continent, where jazz originated, and where upwards of 90 per cent. of all real jazz has been played—the odd ten per cent. coming from Montmartre in the mid-thirties. Surely it was not too much to expect just a leavening of hot music to the inexhaustible supply of "corn." But it was too much, so it seems.

The foregoing has obviously and intentionally committed me to differentiate between "swing" and

"jazz." What is the difference? Or, and this will include the former question, what are they? The snag now is what to leave out, for a thorough account would take more time and space than I have available. But some sort of bare outline might help to point out the distinction.

Jazz is an art form—unpopular as are most of the arts with the masses; even more unpopular than most in fact. This is, I believe, because its idiom is stranger, more unconventional than most. It is, however, built up on a simple foundation. The tempo is usually 4/4 or 8/8 or even 2/2; simple, elementary, straightforward times. The basic melodies are equally simple—some of them are not deserving of the name, so trite are they, but more of that later—just current "hops," the so-called evergreens—merely better quality hit tunes of the past—and on a higher plane melodically, the blues.

There is another class, which leads me conveniently to the next point—stomps. Stomps are "tunes," admittedly of little or no value as such, intended solely as a basis for improvisation. Now, very nearly, this improvisation is jazz. Using the themes of the types I have outlined, or quite often merely their harmonic progressions, the jazz musicians improvise upon them a melodic time,

which is, in the best jazz, quite spontaneous, and in which they endeavour to convey to their audiences the emotion they are experiencing at the time.

There lies the whole point of jazz, and justification for calling it an art form. If a definition of that last term could satisfactorily be made, it would surely be on the general lines of "a medium for extending to a wider audience or public, the worthwhile emotions of one feeling more intensely than the average man." That's clumsy and pedantic, I know, but I believe it true in essence. So if the jazz musician feels more vividly than you or I, and can manage to convey that intense emotion, or some part of it, to us, through the jazz idiom, then jazz is art.

The idiom of jazz is unconventional enough, as anybody's first hearing will convince him. It had to be—no, not in order to cash in on novelty value, with the paying public, but because of its origin.

Its exact history, like that of any similar development is hazy, but it grew up in Storyville, the mainly negro slum quarter at the west end of New Orleans. Its originators were the urban proletariat, the coloured workers struggling for a bare living at underpaid manual tasks in what was then a thriving seaport and cosmopolitan city of pleasure and sin.

Without apologies I omit any chronological account. It is enough here to point out that the abolition of slavery, and the following disappointment with new conditions, acted as an immense emotional stimulus to the negroes. They were largely unschooled, but not necessarily intellectually illiterate. And in music they found an outlet for

their self-expression; crude and uncontrolled at first but gaining a form as time went by. By the 'teens of this century the early adolescent jazz was sufficiently established in the Honky Tonks and Red Light Saloons of Basin Street, Storyville, to inspire Dominick James La Rocca to organise his illogically famous Dixieland Jazz Band.

The qualities of a great musician are an intense feeling and the ability to "get it over" through the medium of his instrument. As a means to an end instrumental technique is required of course, but only as such. Displays of virtuosity such as the modern Krupa drumming, "Flight of the Bumble Bee" played on a trumpet, or Artie Shaw's five minutes build-up to one incredibly high note in "Concerto for Clarinet" have no place in jazz. But musicians (and managers, publicity men and publishers, too) must live, and so there has been produced a watered down emasculated parody of jazz, using the outward appearance of the real thing and featuring solo instrumentalists, not for what they have to say, but for the spectacular way they can play, and their publicity value. Once I heard in a music hall an impressionist whose act included "a foreign language speech." Without speaking one intelligible word, he gave what, to a person who had heard the language and did not understand it, would pass as a passage of French, German, Italian, etc. Such is swing. The superficial qualities of jazz, devoid of sincerity or any emotional content; at best a pleasant and relaxing sound for light listening; at worst—well, hear the banality of some current popular favourites.

G. D. LEECH. 79A.

Flight Sergeant Deverell

In this issue this column is devoted to one whose duties are all-important in the eyes of the average airman. For though the average airman would cheerfully dispense with the services of the S.P.s, P.T.I.s, and such like, he would never question the indispensibility of the Messing Staff, however much he may question their efficiency.

F/Sgt. Deverell, N.C.O. i/c Messing, strangely enough is one of the most popular figures on this Station, which is a great tribute to his work and personality. It is generally realised that his is a thankless task. The results of his efforts must pass the test of a couple of thousand of stomachs of all shapes, sizes and tastes.

Three years of listening to complaints seem to have affected F/Sgt. Deverell but little. Perhaps the grey hairs are apparent but there is a twinkle in his eye and a cheery smile which signify that though aware of its weakness he has not yet lost faith in human nature.

A native of Hamilton, he joined the R.C.A.F. in October, 1939, as an Engine Mechanic despite his civilian occupation in the meat business. This was not another case of a square peg in a round hole but due to his personal desire to learn a new trade. Nevertheless, after passing that course, the R.C.A.F. decided they needed good cooks and remustered party. Since then he has seen many bigger and better parties, and on



him accordingly. Dietitians of all countries (including the U.S.A.) now admit that the knowledge of this subject has reached a high standard here in Canada and that the R.C.A.F courses in cooking are exceptionally proficient. F/Sgt. Deverell has taken courses at St. Thomas and Guelph and was retained for several months as instructor.

Posted to this Station in 1941 on its inception, when all ranks ate in the same Mess Hall, he has been i/c Messing ever since. Originally providing meals for two hundred, he now has to cater for many times that number. Dealing with airmen newly arrived from the rigours of rationing in England, one would imagine his work was fully appreciated. "But no," he says, "as soon as they settle down they can 'beef' as well as any Canadian!"

When F/Sgt. Deverell arrived here there were 23 members of the Sergeants' Mess—just enough for a good

Continued on Page 20.



"Elora Gorge,"
by L.A.C. Smart



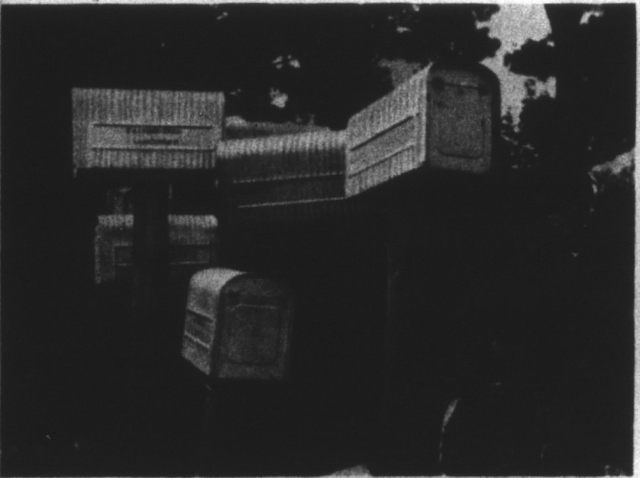
"Scene near Paris, Ontario,"
by L.A.C. Hartley



By S/Ldr. Stanley



"Corn,"
by L.A.C. Orme



"Mushroom Mail," by Sgt. Salisbury



"Canada's Farm,"
by L.A.C. Tomkinson



By S/Ldr. Stanley

Y.M.C.A.

The Y.M.C.A. office has had its face lifted, but the walls still bulge, despite the fact that they are now a delicate blue, trimmed with pastel green. For many are the airmen who enter, and many and diversified are the reasons for which they enter. During the past month, those who have come in seeking Home Hospitality have gone forth to Hamilton, Oakville, Grimsby, Niagara Falls, Toronto, London, and points North, East, West and South. Most of those fortunate enough to have longer leaves have chosen, like true sons of the Great Out-of-Doors, the lake district of Muskoka, where, according to all reports, Nature's beauties were closely rivalled by the choice examples of Canadian femininity. Some of the more hardy and venturesome souls even ventured farther north, to the gold mining, hunting and fishing district north of North Bay.

In the field of outside entertainment, the people of Hamilton and district have done right nobly by us. It was a slow week that didn't see several parties, dances or Weiner Roasts well attended by Mount Hope'ers. Perhaps one of the outstanding events was the outdoor

F/SGT. DEVERELL—*Continued*
more than one of these occasions has been known to partner a certain W/O in an exhibition of a Scottish reel.

F/Sgt. Deverell considers that though the male organising ability is necessary in cooking on a large scale, the feminine touch is invaluable for small numbers. For that reason his wife is still chief cook in his family.

Cinema Party held at Mrs. Hollingrake's home in Hamilton, where close to 150 ladies and airmen spent an enjoyable evening viewing Ginger Rogers in "Bachelor Mother," and partaking of a lunch. Incidentally, Mrs. Hollingrake is famous for her Corn Roasts and is one of Mount Hope's best friends.

The first cold breaths of winter seem to have struck us, and, even as we pull on an extra blanket, we begin to think about ice skating. Perhaps this is a bit premature, but it will serve to remind those men who have skates to sell that P.S.I. will be glad to purchase them. Similarly, those who want to purchase skates can do so at a very reasonable rate. In either case, drop in to the Y office and get the gen.

Many are the blokes who are thinking seriously about Post War problems, and many are the bull sessions that are held in barrack block and classroom. One group is sufficiently concerned to want to go one step further. The result is a discussion group that meets every Thursday evening in the Library to thrash out, in a fairly orderly fashion, any problems that are of general interest. At the time of writing, the meeting is in the form of a Peace Conference, with members representing the various countries that will sit in on a similar conference at the close of the War. New members are welcome and a special invitation is extended to permanent staff.

Recent arrivals are reminded that telegrams and cables may be sent from this office in important cases. Other services are available, for the asking—and we invite you to come in and ask. The door is easily opened. The rest is up to you.



"The Backbone of The Service"



L.A.C. HUDSON

If you've seen a "Model A" haring through Mount Hope village with a boisterous crowd of airmen in the back, you can be sure that Don Hudson is behind the wheel. Don't imagine he is desperately interested in Fords. It is convenience and economy which count. Don Hudson, like others in the cavalierly company of W/Ops., is married to a Hamilton girl and lives in the city.

Professionally speaking, L.A.C. Hudson (one G.C.!) has piled up a number of flying hours and now lectures on morse and signals procedure in G.I.S. He is a two year old member of Mount Hope; although by rights, he confesses that he should be in the Middle East. His pre-Canadian life in the R.A.F. was mostly a succession of pending movements to the Orient which never came off.

In the early days of the unit, Don used to entertain with the Station concert party. He has a flair for the piano as well as an interest in musical composition. But his old allegiance has reasserted itself in recent months. King Willow has claimed him from the keyboard. Don has been batting all round the province of Ontario and recalling the old days when he played cricket for Bingley and Huddersfield (his home town). He is adept with a cue, as well—being a Yorkshire amateur schoolboy champion at Snooker.

CORPORAL BAKER

Corporal Baker is proud possessor of that most typical symbol of maintenance—the technical cap. You'll have it pointed out as a Station phenomenon, so you can't fail to come across the tall, moustachio'd member of "Majors" who moves beneath it. As a Station member, Geoff. Baker is just over a year old—and still looking forward to the day when he can take permanently to the air. He is no stranger to aircraft. In the days before the war, he was associated with an English flying club. Here's hoping his flight engineer's course comes through soon.

Corporal Baker is interested in engines, too—railway engines. He's never happier than when he's on a footplate and the New World mammoths have set his heart pounding. He has been known to spend a "forty-eight" pottering around railway yards and to participate in shunting with a youthful exhilaration. It's all part of his plan of campaign of course. "I like to go somewhere new and to do something different each week-end," he remarks. If you are a member of the Camera Club you will have seen some of the results of his exploration. Indeed, an R.A.F. tour of duty will never give him opportunity to do all he wants in Canada. That is why he proposes to come back with his wife to visit North America after the war.

STATION NOTES

G.I.S. NOTES

There has been a very evident uplift in cadets' morale since Berlin radio announced gleefully that instructors at 33 A.N.S. were to have a daily dose of P.T. and a couple of hours of drill every week.

Now, instead of rushing next door to scrounge a cigarette and to borrow a D.R. plot, an instructor is often heard to say, "Feel my biceps, old boy."

But the physical fitness campaign is getting results. Instructors are now cleaning the blackboard themselves. A rumour that an obstacle course is in preparation has thrilled us all. We hope we can also blacken our faces in true Commando fashion.

Honestly, if we get much fitter (especially a certain officer with a massive frame), Superman will run across a spot of competition. There are some fine looking specimens in the Mount Hope Health and Beauty League.

It's rather a pity, you know, that the Briefing Flight has been formed. A short time ago it would have been welcome, but now its existence robs us of a "constitutional" up to the hangars and back; unless we are careful, our mental state will soon be catching up with our physical perfection.

So fit are we, indeed, that the section football team won a match the other day.

But enough of this babble! A locomotive has just slipped off the rail at Mount Hope Station, and a couple of us are going to lift it back . . .

SIGNALS SECTION NOTES

Modern conceptions of wireless operators differ largely as time, hot on the heels of life, flits gaily by—but what of the energetic young man who swore he couldn't read a compass, "Cos," as he put it, "the Pilot's paid to read it." This is by far the best since those amongst us first heard that the cabin, complete with cokes, had become airborne.

Your Reporter had his pencil and paper out at the Station Sports, noting that some of our lads put up some performances. It is widely rumoured that our tug-o-war team captain uses Barbells for a pillow and sucks porridge through a straw—this did, however, fail to stop Flying Squadron, who unfortunately had the edge on us.

ROSES: To A.C. Carr and his bride of a few weeks ago. "May your years be filled with laughter and happiness." The same also to Corporal Finch, who, by the time you read this, will have closed the doors on Bachelordom, and tied the old knot.

Congratulations too to those amongst us who passed the Trade Test Board.

CACTUS: To those helpful "soles" who never do any good for anyone or give a helping hand, tho' moan loud and long when they request a helping hand, and don't get one.

No postings in, no postings out; no more fellows eloped with local damsels; no rain—one promotion—Corporal Rae, who has our congratulations; no boats arrived—much clamping about ditto; the "Hughes-sual" tales; everyone broke, the odd

295 flying around, accompanied as usual by "How about the week-end? —Think they'll fly?" That's about all.

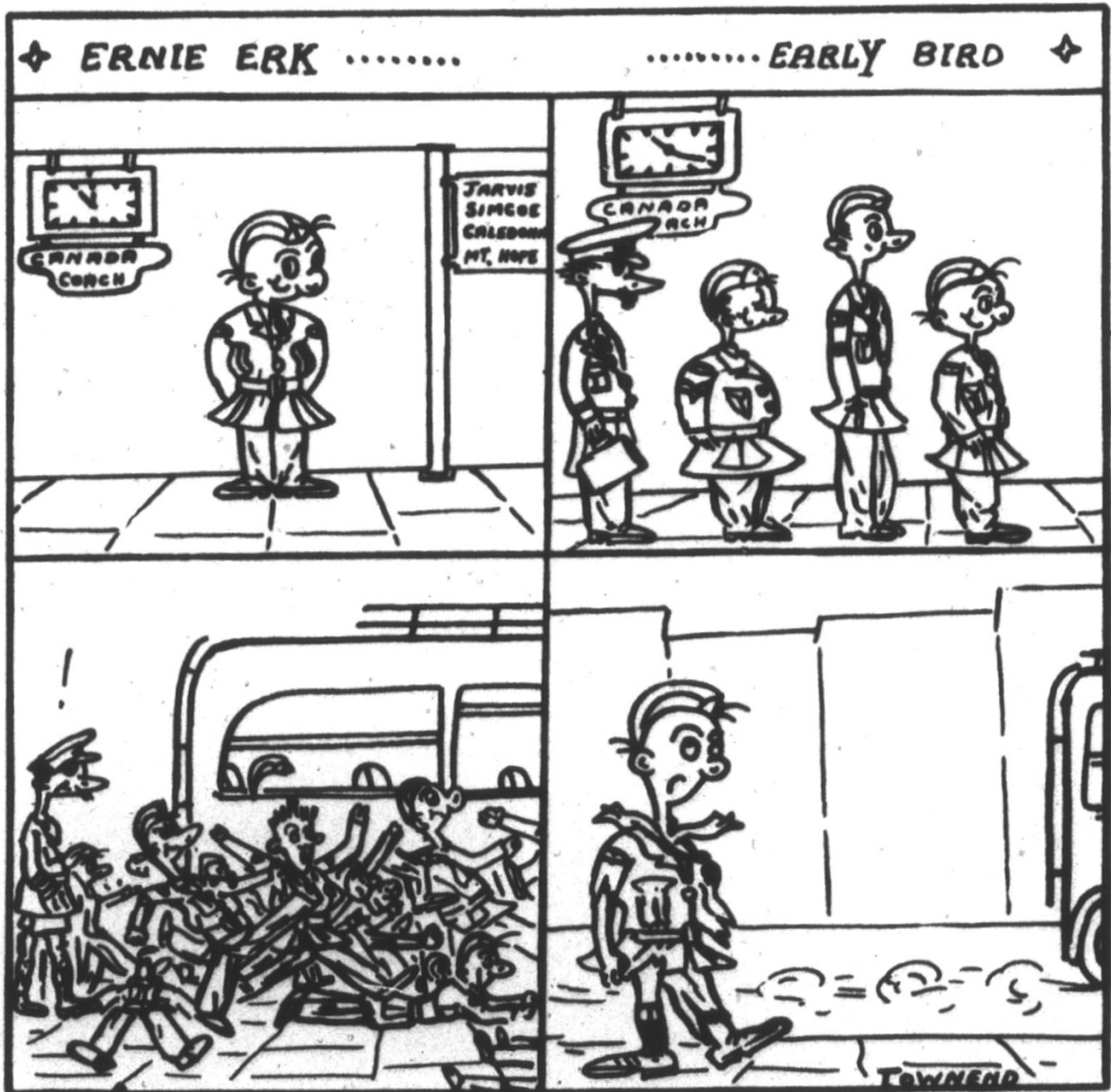
Outside the section we continue to send out best wishes to A.C.s Higham, Allsopp and Clifton, in order to brighten their long days in Dock.

ELECTRICAL SECTION

The annals of Electrical Section history having been sadly neglected in the last issue, we feel it is our duty to express our regrets. In the last notes we mentioned the fact that numerous members of our staff had been bitten by the "Marriage Bug," and it seems that this disease has

now become infectious. Cpl. "Jock" Young, L.A.C. Weaver, L.A.C. Morgan (one of our trusty acc. room staff), will all very shortly deplete the ranks of the bachelors. We wish the above "all the very best," and hope that their boat will not roll along too soon for them.

The inventive mind of our great "Judd" seems once again to be at rest. This lull seems to be caused either by a further spasm of "Trouble" downtown, or by the obvious decrease in the amount of spare time. Be it what it may, "Judd" is often to be heard binding about the number of Mountain bus tickets he has to buy; thus it may be left to the



individual to determine the reason for this outbreak.

May we take this opportunity to express our regret that on occasions aircrews are kept waiting for accumulators; however, we would like to impress that very often we have to change as many as four accs each at one time, and this will unavoidably cause delays, so please, chaps, remember this, and we will do our best. Our motto is: You run 'em down slow, we change 'em quick.

Having got that off our chests we feel that we can retire into the literary background until our next and await the bricks.

SPARKS.

CORPORAL'S NOTES

A man was asked if he would make a speech and if he would how long it would take him to prepare it, to which he replied, "That all depends, if you want me to speak for fifteen minutes I shall need a week to prepare, if you want thirty minutes I'll need three days, but if it doesn't matter how long I go on I'm ready to start now."

There is but a short time before going to press and our honorable friend, the Editor, has requested that (Quote) . . . "your notes be limited to 280 words if possible" (Unquote). To ramble on would be very easy, but to confine oneself to so little in so short a time requires much more thought.

So, let us be as brief as possible.

PROMOTIONS: Number, four; Names, Corporals Flannery, Hockley, Hutchins and Ransom, who have been raised to the exalted rank of sergeants. Our congratulations, especially to the latter, the backdating of whose promotion must have caused him much delight . . . finan-

cially. Three Station Police/Acting Corporals Unpaid have also been promoted temporary corporals. Does one congratulate ACU's when they become "pukka" corporals or would that be considered improper?

TREASURER: Elevation of Corporal Hutchins has caused a vacancy of Club Treasurer (we knew he would wangle out of it some way). This has been ably filled by Assistant Treasurer Corporal Taylor. Corporal (SWO) Edwards being elected Assistant Treasurer in his place. Corporal Bennett has also, at long last, been elected a member of the Committee. Are we to congratulate him or the Corporal's Mess?

To Corporal W., we would like to point out that "periodicals may come, and periodicals may go" but the booking-out book looks like staying forever; the chaining up thereof on the notice board would therefore appear to be unnecessary.

THE SCRIBE.

WIVES' KNITTING CLUB

A meeting of the Knitting Club will be held on Tuesday, 12th October, in the Y.W.C.A., at 2.30 p.m. ALL members are asked to attend, as there is much to discuss—new officers to elect and so forth. Any new members would also be welcome; no matter how fast you can knit, you'll surely enjoy a gossip. In fact, the only qualification is that you are the wife of a member of the personnel of Mt. Hope.

MARY MARRIOTT,

Secretary.

Copies are available of most of the back-numbers of the Meteor and can be obtained from Mr. Nicholson, G.I.S., at the usual price . . . 15c.



Meet the Transmitter Men

This month the Meteor took a stroll round to the Transmitting Station—and could hardly drag itself away, so much was there of interest. If you're fond of walking, take a stroll round there yourself one evening (it's only a mile by road), and walk right in to this isolated little settlement—but please shut the gate, or you'll let the cow out. You'll be greeted first by three purring ginger cats who'll escort you to the threshold where you'll meet the three jovial pioneers who work and live at this far-flung outpost of the Empire in a neat bungalow built for three. If you're interested in wireless apparatus there is enough complicated looking machinery to gladden the eyes of any young budding Marconi and, if you've a ration of tea with you, there's always a kettle on the hob. The transmitters and paraphernalia take up the best room in the house, but you're sure to be

invited into the parlour where any of the three who make up this friendly little community will extend you a warm welcome, a seat on the lower bunk and a chat on anything from frequencies to prize onions—for everything in the victory garden, you'll be told, is lovely.

L.A.C. "TAFFY" MORRIS (on the right), who was a manager at a Co-operative store before the war, comes from the Rhondda Valley and has been at the Transmitting Station for thirteen months now. He joined in 1940 and saw service as a W/Op. at a Coastal Command station before coming out here. Married? . . . Yes, with one boy, rising nine. Hobbies? . . . Radio, woodwork and tinkering around with anything that wants putting right. Quite the man to have around the house, in fact.

L.A.C. "GINGER" MILTON (on the left), a rare old Cockney, hails from Edmonton, and joined the Air Force

as far back as 1920. He served for seven years in various corners of the globe, including three and a half years at Baghdad where, as a W/Op., he flew odd-sounding craft like DH9X's, Victorias and Vernons. His longest trip, he says, was from Baghdad to Cairo. He worked as a French Polisher until he was called up again in 1941 and after serving with a Halifax squadron for a while he came out here. Married? . . . Yus, Sir, very much so . . . two of 'em to be exact, one sixteen and the other ten. Hobbies? . . . Carpentering and social visits to Hamilton. Quite a sportsman in his own way, too, for he won the veterans' race at the Station Sports last year. Stout fella.

CPL. "CHIEFY" SHIPP (in the centre), a pleasant personality, has everything "under control," as every C.O. should—for he's the "Old Man"

at this diminutive unit. He hails from Kings Lynn in Norfolk, where he was studying Electrical Engineering before enlisting in the R.A.F. in 1940. His duties as a W/Op. first kept him in England with 206 Sqn., but later took him to West Africa where he served with many different units before coming out here. Married? . . . No lucky girl as yet. Hobbies? . . . Radio, yachting and radio. What sort of a trip did you have out here? . . . Well . . .

The Meteor made a "find." The story is below.

The three transplanted transmitters are not anxious for a change. "The job is what you make it," they say, and it seems they certainly make a job of it. Last winter they were snowed in more than once. Their inventory includes Shoes, Snow (Es-kimo pattern); pairs, three.

Their application for a dog-team has so far been turned down.

Cpl. SHIPP . . . his big adventure

On first acquaintance with Cpl. "Chiefy" Shipp, youthful, clear-eyed and always smiling, you'd think him well-treated by life. That is what he would have you think because he believes it himself. But if you can get him to talk, as the Meteor did, it is just possible, watching his taut face, to imagine that he has undergone ordeal. His little story is not unlike that of countless hundreds of sea-borne travellers of this war, but it is doubly interesting to us, his Mt. Hopian co-habitants.

Posted from West Africa to Canada, Cpl. Shipp found himself the only member of his draft—the only passenger on board an 8,000 ton

cargo vessel laden with cocoa-beans. She set sail from Freetown with an escort of one destroyer which left them three days later. The Corporal settled down to a quiet, pleasant trip, with his radio books.

One night, after seven days at sea, Shipp was awakened by an explosion . . . the ship had been torpedoed. All the crew of 68 got away safely on to the four lifeboats—Cpl. Shipp in his pyjamas—and they stayed on the scene just long enough to have "words" with the Italian Submarine Captain and to watch him finish off their ship with shell-fire. The 4th Officer, the only man in uniform, was taken prisoner. With wishes of good

luck from the Sub. Captain they hoisted sail and set course for land . . . 1300 miles away.

The eighteen men in the same boat as Shipp included the Captain, an elderly man, and several French-Canadian members of the crew—men whose inability to understand much English provided the only light relief in eighteen dreary, anxious, yet all too exciting days. Fortunately, there had been time to bring away from the ship several useful items; Shipp managed to grab his overcoat, which he put on over his pyjamas as soon as the submarine had left them; the Captain was able to grab his sextant and his astro-tables, an act which saved all their lives.

As a boy at Kings Lynn, Cpl. Shipp had spent many leisure hours becoming a proficient yachtsman and now, quite unexpectedly, he was finding this skill a Godsend, for he became a valued member of this crew. Being young and fit, he was able constantly throughout those eighteen sleepless days to take his turn at the tiller in all weathers, and thus ease the strain on the older men.

Though the food was scanty and strictly rationed, consisting of biscuits and scientifically prepared vitamins, it was never a major worry, says Shipp, but water was a constant problem. Starting with 8 ounces a day, they were obliged to drink less each day and for the last part of their voyage they were drinking only 3 ounces a day. But for a long shower of rain, during which they were able to catch water in the sail, the rations would have been yet further reduced.

Their most anxious moments were spent when a severe storm blew up and tossed them unmercifully for three days; during this storm one of their elder members succumbed. It

was during this period that the Cpl's skill on the tiller was so great an asset. "It was perhaps ironical," said Cpl. Shipp, "that it was only during this storm, when there was a real danger of any one of us falling overboard, that three sharks—which we had not seen before—hung around the boat. They went away again as soon as the storm subsided."

"Every day we all anxiously watched the Captain take sun and star sights, work them out and calculate how far we had gone that day and how much further we had to go. Our best day's mileage was 120. The Captain deserves high praise for his skillful navigation, especially during the storm. In order to see the horizon each sight had to be taken at the precise moment when the boat was on the crest of a wave."

On the nineteenth day they sighted land which turned out to be 80 miles south of their intended land-fall, a French (Vichy) island named Guadeloupe. Here the people, though good to them, were somewhat suspicious, but gave them of their scanty provisions. "No boat had put in here since the fall of France," said Shipp, "and thus things were pretty short. The only plentiful commodity was rum, a product of the island which they were now unable to export. Even the cars were run on rum." After 14 days there they were sent to Martinique from whence the American agent had arranged transport in an American sloop to St. Lucia, a British island, where Shipp went into Hospital to try and regain the 32 pounds he had lost and to cure his feet.

Later he was shipped to Piacco Airport in Trinidad, a Ferry Command unit which made use of his services as W/Op. and his knowledge of Ameri-

Roving Reporter

(Sgt. F. K. Ingle)

Fellow Hounds:

I'd like to tell you that numerous applications from airmen, requesting permission to embark on the somewhat uncertain Sea of Matrimony, are being received. I wonder if the local newspapers had got hold of some advanced "gen" when they ventured the forecast that War Production would increase this coming year?

I am sure that our congratulations are due to A.C. Baddeley (already mentioned in D.R.O.s) for his gallantry when on leave, in saving the life of a small girl who was in danger of being drowned. Baddeley is an A.C.H. and his action will give food for thought to those who consider the A.C.H. as "broom pusher" and everyone's "Joe."

'Ave you 'eard? Well it has been whispered to me that the Station is to form its own choir, so come on, all you Sinatras and Crosbys . . .

CPL. SHIPP—Continued

can aircraft for two months before sending him on to Dorval by Liberator—a trip which took but fourteen hours. His next move was a common or garden posting to Mt. Hope, where "Chiefy" has been trying to collect some kit together again and has been running the transmitter station for last three months.



and "get some in!" By the way, there's not an atom of truth in the rumour that the Station Warrant Officer, who possesses a wizard "sotto voce" intonation, will lead the warblers.

Sometimes chaps come to me for advice (I used to be the voice of inexperience" and had a column in "The Sporting Times"—See what I mean?). Last week an airman intending to marry an Ontario girl, asked me if I believed in long engagements, so I said, "Certainly. Why not be happy as long as you can?"

Amazing isn't it? Well, men, before I end this 'orrible effort, I feel that in case anyone else forgets, we should congratulate the "Blue" team on winning the Command, Ontario Football Championship, also Sgt. Worley who won the 200 yards Championship, and L.A.C. Hill who was runner-up in the Diving Championship in the recent Swimming Gala held by Command at Toronto.

I'll have to "beat it" now as I have reached the end of my allotted space, so, until next time . . . be good and if you can't be good . . . well, have a good time.

F. K. I.

P.S.—Seen any promotions around lately? . . . Neither have I!!!

R.A.F. Sports



TRACK AND FIELD

(Officer i/c—F/O Aubrey-Fletcher)

Since the last issue of the Meteor the Station team has taken the field in several events, notably the No. 1 Training Command Championship at Toronto.

At this meet, which started early in the morning, very few of our stars were successful in winning their way into the finals in the afternoon, and we were not able to bring back any prizes. We did, however, bring back many happy memories.

In the Peninsular League championships at Brantford, we finished about half way up the list, having met a team of Polish and Norwegian athletes from Jarvis and some Australians from Brantford.

On the home track, we again did battle with the Stations in the Peninsular League, this time with slightly more success, taking Third Place, and our efforts were rewarded afterwards by a most magnificent meal which was much appreciated.

We meet the Peninsular League again in the near future, and have great hopes of getting further up the ladder. The outstanding event of the season is, of course, the Station Sports Meet of which a full account will be found in this issue.

CRICKET

(Officer i/c—F/L White)

A suitable conclusion to a successful season is the No. 1 T.C. Inter-Station Tournament. Mount Hope

reached the final by a 7 wickets win over Port Albert who had not been

defeated previously this year. Our opponents in the final will be Kingston who are fortunate in having the services of Corporal Phillipson, the Lancashire fast bowler. We have had, however, some recent useful additions (Squadron Leaders Clemas and Holmes and L.A.C. Chessum) and are feeling quite confident.

The airmen's team won the Time Limit Inter-Section Competition with wins over the Officers and Sergeants. We have to thank Mr. Killip, headmaster of the Hillfield School, for the loan of the School Ground, which we used for the many evening Inter-Section games played during the season.

Dr. Griffiths, of Ridley College, has again allowed us to play our "home" Saturday games on his ground, and we regret that transport difficulties prevented us from taking full advantage of his generosity. The Ridley College Ground is one of the best in Canada, and has given the team a taste of what cricket can be in perfect surroundings.

Five Mount Hope players were included in the R.A.F. eleven which played Toronto All-Stars in the Labour Day Charity Game at Toronto. These were Squadron Leader Stanley, "Skipper," Squadron Leader Clemas, Flight Lieutenant White,

Flight Sergeant Vickers and A.C. Bishop. Rain, unfortunately, interfered with this match, which was left undecided.

Much credit for the enjoyable season must go to A.C. Bishop who has had many team difficulties to face, and who, in the game itself, has "opened" the batting consistently throughout the season.

Flight Sergeant Vickers has been the most successful player and rounded off a very good season by scoring a chanceless century against a well known Toronto club.

SOCCER

(Officer i/c—F/Lt. Bloor)

Since the last notes many more friendly and intersection games have been played on the Station pitch and the standard of football appears quite high. The next week should see the intersection leaders emerge from the Signals, Majors, Cooks or Pilots, all of whom are fighting hard for first place. The G.I.S. Instructors team should take the wooden spoon without much difficulty.

In outside matches new cadets to the station have replaced those posted away, so that we have again fielded a very strong side in all games. For the "Blues," Letham, Griffiths and D'Arcy of 83 Course have given yeoman service and filled in the gaps left by Brooks, Guilhome and Taggart (injured). Feeney has made the right-back position his own, while Cpl. Hannaford appears to be able to play well anywhere. Stanton, at centre-forward, replacing Sgt. Mil-eard (posted), has led the line with much dash, and his shooting has been deadly. We were all pleased to see the return of Stokes, now recovered from a wrist injury. The old stalwarts, Cpls. Illingworth, Rae and

Butler, together with Hurdon, Kimber and F/O Laffey, continue to play excellent football. For the "Golds," Brown has been outstanding, with Elder playing a good game in goal.

R.A.F. "Blues," after a draw of four goals each, defeated Hamilton City in the Final of the Spectator Cup, the result being 4-0, "Blues" thus taking the trophy for the third year in succession. They are also leading contenders for the Dean Shield in the H. and D. League. On Sept. 4th the Station team picked from the best of the "Blues" and "Golds" journeyed to Toronto to take part in the No. 1 Training Command Soccer Championship, having qualified by defeating Jarvis earlier in the week.

In a semi-final match commencing at 14.00 hrs., Mt. Hope defeated Fingal 2-0, after a stiff battle, and in the final at 17.30 hrs. disposed of Picton 2-0, after extra time had been called twice. Picton had defeated Manning Depot 7-1 in the other semi-final. To the members of the victorious Mt. Hope team we offer our heartiest congratulations.

RUGGER

(Officer i/c—F/O Greville)

The Rugby section is again becoming active, now that the heat has subsided. Practice matches have been held and we have been able to pick a strong team for the forthcoming matches, a team which, despite the Stamina test, shows every sign of being sound in wind and limb.

On Saturday, September 25th, we play Kingston, at home; on Saturday, October 2nd, Port Albert, away; and on Saturday, October 9th, there will be a return match against Port Albert, at home.

We'd be glad to see you on the touch line.

BOXING

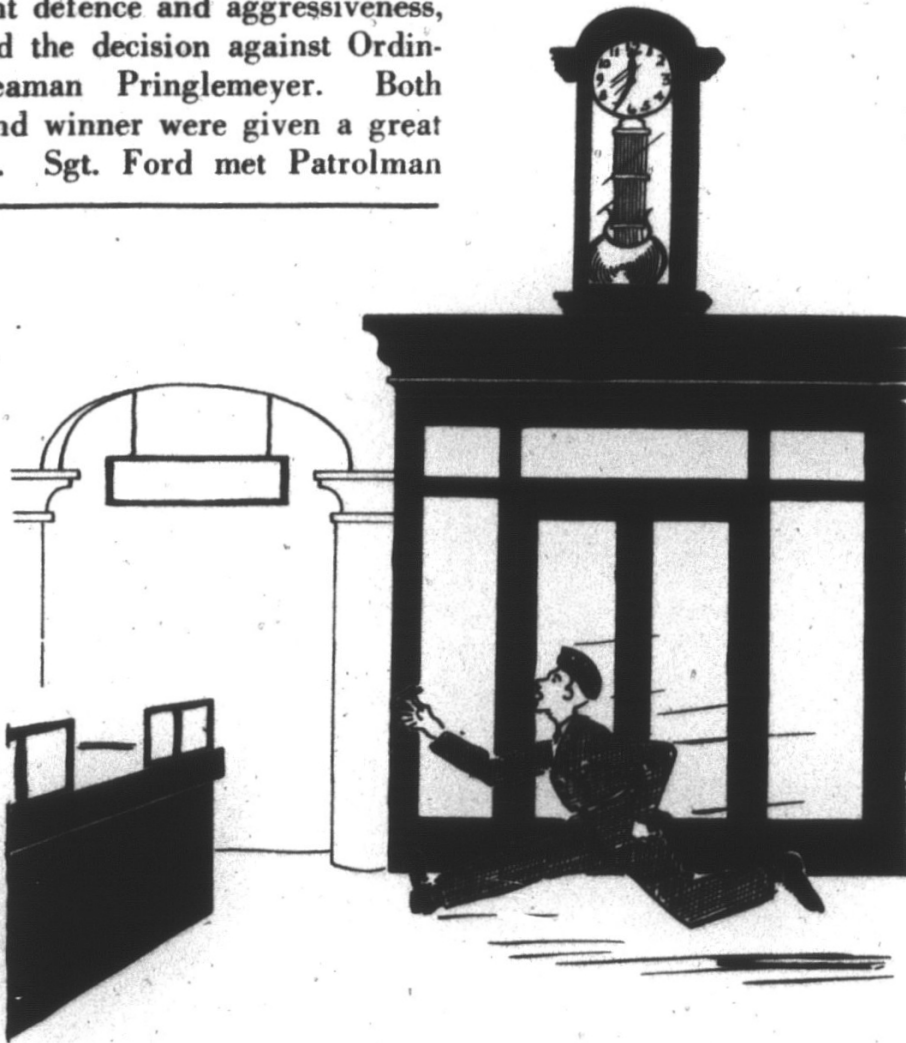
(Officer i/c—F/O Orbell)

Since the last issue of the Meteor two major contests have taken place, the first at Scott's Park Stadium in Hamilton when Sgt. Ford drew with Able Seaman Richardson of H.M.C.S. York and A.C. Bradfield lost to Ordinary Seaman Pringlemeyer of H.M.C.S. Star—a decision which did not seem to meet with the unanimous approval of the crowd.

The second was in our own Drill Hall when we met a team sent up by H.M.C.S. Star. Although the two teams were fairly evenly matched, we were squarely beaten, the score being five bouts to two. The bout which drew most applause was that in which A.C. Bradfield, with his excellent defence and aggressiveness, obtained the decision against Ordinary Seaman Pringlemeyer. Both loser and winner were given a great ovation. Sgt. Ford met Patrolman

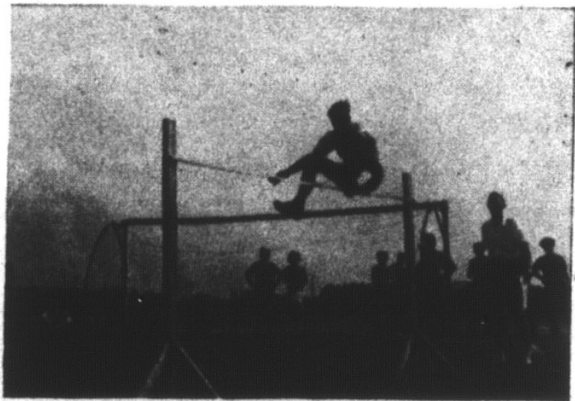
Jimmy O'Neill, the ex-amateur Welterweight Champion of Ontario, but, contrary to all expectations, he was unable to land his notorious K.O. O'Neill was too good for him and seemed to hit him with everything except the bucket, whilst Sgt. Ford failed to connect once during the three rounds. However, nobody can now question his stout heart or ability to take punishment.

We hear that Flying Officer Orbell has been posted and leaves us very soon. We wish him very good luck and thank him sincerely for the great interest he has shown and the hard work he has put in to train the station team and organise the season's contests.



R.A.F. Terms Illustrated: "Terminal Velocity."

**"F/O Aubrey-Fletcher
Winning High-jump"**



**"Victor Ludorum"
L.A.C. Wagget**

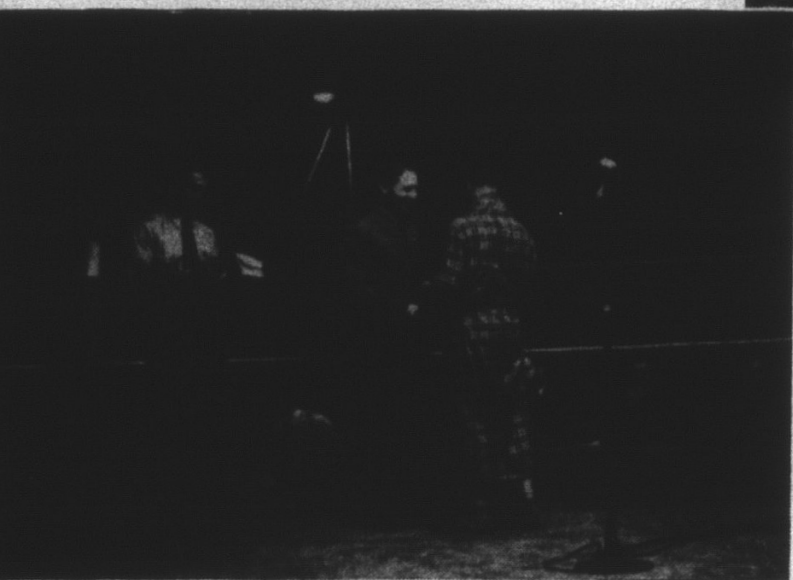


"Veterans' Race" →



L.A.C. Edwards, Winner of the Mile"

"GET SET!"



"The Commanding Officer presenting the prizes."



"'Ave a go!"

Sports Day

The Station Sports Meet, considering the short notice at which it had to be arranged, proved to be an enormous success. The clerk of the weather proved to be our friend this time, and the meet started in good time in a blaze of sunshine.

The track was also graced by another good friend and sportsman, Mr. Robert Kerr, who again came all the way up from Hamilton to act as Starter.

The outstanding athlete of the day was undoubtedly L.A.C. Waggett of 81Y Course, who won the 100 yards Dash, the 220 yards Dash, the 440 yards Dash (and what a dash it was), and materially assisted his team to win the 880 yards Relay Race. It began to look as if no one else would get a look in until L.A.C. Edwards of 80A Course won the Mile after a grand race, and Pilot Officer Baker of Flying Squadron leaped ahead of his 'rivals in the 120 yards low hurdles.

It was, however, the Tug-of-War event which provided by far the greatest excitement and amusement, and lasted almost the whole afternoon. It was eventually won by the Flying Squadron team, ably captained and coached by Flight Lieutenant Speake.

In the Field events, L.A.C. Cook of 83B Course put himself into place in the shot put. The Discus throw was won by L.A.C. Ireland of 82X Course, whilst Flying Officer Orbell, much to his own surprise, we understand, proved unbeatable in the javelin throw.

Corporal Laidlaw of M. T. Section leaped to fame in the Broad Jump, while Flying Officer Aubrey-Fletcher, taking unfair advantage of his long legs, won the High Jump.

The three-legged race caused great amusement, and was won by Pilot Officer Baker and Pilot Officer Foster, who only entered it because they never could keep in step. Further entertainment was provided by the Officers and N.C.O.s Veterans' Race, which was won by Flight Lieutenant Bloor.

The Commanding Officer's Trophy for the winning section was taken by Flying Squadron, that much maligned body of men, who, having successfully sealed the fate of Italy as we heard in last month's issue, are not evidently determined to open up their own private "Second Front."

It is regretted that space does not permit us to mention all those other competitors, who by their sterling efforts made the day such a success, and, it is hoped, had fun doing it. Our thanks and appreciation to the Commanding Officer for making it possible to hold the meet in the afternoon, and whose interest and encouragement contributed so much to the success of the meet; also to Mrs. Marriott, who so kindly and graciously presented the prizes. Thanks also to Mr. Robert Kerr, our Starter, to S. O. Patterson, who kept the score so carefully and efficiently, and to all those others who officiated as judges, measurers and supervisors so nobly and indefatigably.

"What's on this Month?"

Cinema Shows

Tuesday, October 5th—
CONSTANT NYMPH
Charles Boyer, Joan Fontaine

Thursday, October 7th—
MY HEART BELONGS TO DADDY
Richard Carlson

Friday, October 8th—
REVEILLE WITH BEVERLEY
Ann Miller

Tuesday, October 12th—
MURDER ON THE WATERFRONT
Warren Douglas, Joan Winfield

Thursday, October 14th—
GILDERSLEEVE'S BAD DAY
Hal Peary, Jane Darwell

Friday, October 15th—
BUTCH MINDS THE BABY
Broderick Crawford, Virginia Bruce

Tuesday, October 19th—
THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS
All-Star Cast

Thursday, October 21st—
LEOPARD MAN
Dennis O'Keefe and Margot

Friday, October 22nd—
SIN TOWN
Constance Bennett, Broderick Crawford

Tuesday, October 26th—
WATCH ON THE RHINE
Paul Lukas, Bette Davis

Thursday, October 28th—
CAT PEOPLE
Simone Simon, Tom Conway

Friday, October 29th—
IT AIN'T HAY
Abbott and Costello

Tuesday, November 2nd—
MISSION TO MOSCOW
Walter Huston, Ann Harding

Thursday, November 4th—
PRIDE OF THE YANKEES
Gary Cooper, Teresa Wright

Film News

The first six issues of the Associated British News Reel have received an enthusiastic reception. Everyone agrees that the News Reel has filled a gap in station movie programmes and it will therefore be presented every Thursday evening as a regular feature.

* * * *

The new series of programmes to be presented at this station by the Canadian Committee will prove to be even more interesting than in the past. The subjects will be varied and carefully selected with perhaps scenic films to the fore (many of which will be in colour).

The Canadian Committee has been making a very careful study of the "likes" and "dislikes" of R. A. F. stations and all the new programmes will be arranged with the Englishman in mind.

In future the films will be presented at the station cinema on the last Wednesday of every month and the Station Activities Report should be watched for further details.

* * * *

Four great dramas are being screened this month—"The Constant Nymph," "Watch on the Rhine," "Mission to Moscow," and "Pride of the Yankees."

Among the other features that should not be missed are Abbott and Costello in "It Ain't Hay," and Universal's great musical, "Reveille With Beverley," which contains a host of name bands and singers.

All programmes have supporting shorts, including musicals and cartoons.

CONCERTS

Monday, October 4th—
SANDY MAC'S REVUE

Monday, October 11th—
MERRY MADCAPS REVUE

Monday, October 18th—
"Y" MAN'S REVUE

Monday, October 25th—
WHIZ BANG REVUE

Monday, November 1st—
RHYTHM KADES

Monday, November 8th—
THUMBS UP REVUE

Monday, November 15th—
LAURENCE DE FOE REVUE

Monday, November 22nd—
MASKERS REVUE

Monday, November 29th—
VICTORY ENTERTAINERS

COOPER'S NOOK

Announcing the opening of our Winter Season on

ENTIRELY NEW PREMISES

Spend your leisure hours in this Institute of Learning

No. 3 Shaftesbury Avenue

opposite THE FIREMAN'S REST

2,000 books at your disposal with comfortable lounge and writing accommodation.

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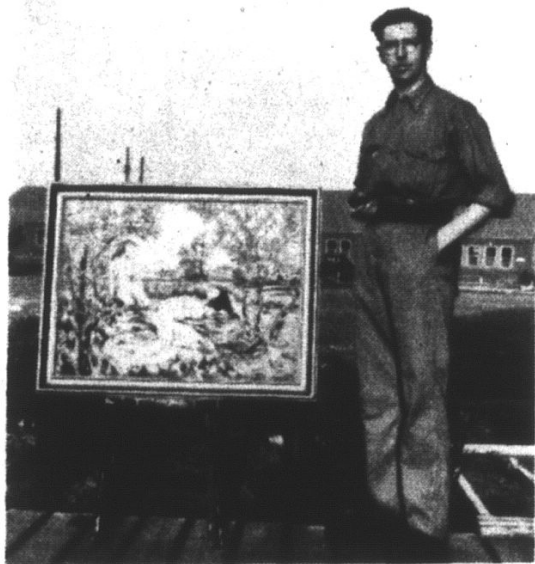
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Policy

Regulations

Red Tape—how to ignore

Flying On

Flying Off

Flying doubtful.

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Mr. Ozzy Osborne, poorman's lawyer (Main desk).

Mr. Duff Dunham Rong, Cease Troubling expert (Ribbon Counter).

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Rates

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2 lines 1½ Gas coupons

5 lines 3 Gas coupons and Tyre

20 lines 1 Liquor permit

All enquiries to be addressed to the Editor.

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