

THE MOUNT HOPE

# METEOR



**AUG-SEPT.**  
1943  
PRICE 15 CENTS

Not to be moved from Balgownie.

From:—Air Officer Commanding.  
No. 999, B.S. H.Q.  
Bulltown.

To:— Commanding Officer.  
No. 33 N.B.G.

Date:— %&/'(/&—.

Your Ref.: 33 N.B.G. F/A.

Subject: Morale.

**Girls, Pin-Up, Blocks, Barrack, Airmen,  
for use of,**

1. Your submission, in your letter of above Ref., that Girls, Pin-Up, Blocks, Barracks, Airmen, for the use of, are a valuable stimulant to the morale of all airmen of above or below the rank of A.C.2, or to other types who feel the need of the comfort of frequent association with women, has been carefully considered.
2. It is pointed out, however, that our main objection to the practice of pinning up such girls was the subsequent obscuring of Paint, Green, Blocks, Barrack, Mk 7, Airmen for the use of, with which all blocks should by now have been redecorated. (Ref. Memo AFC/65/3). This paint was specially chosen by a committee of 54 psychologists for its soothing effect on shattered nerves, and should not, therefore, be unnecessarily obscured.
3. However, after due re-consideration, it is now agreed that accurate drawings, paintings or photographs of well-proportioned girls, when appended to the walls of living-quarters, may be of value in the prevention of absenteeism and statutory red tape, providing they are not abused, disfigured or too widely displayed.
4. The Committee has, therefore, designed a Standard Girl, Pin-Up, Mk 1, Blocks, Barrack, Airmen for the use of, which will be issued on the scale of one per block. This design should meet with all normal requirements. Copies of this diagram should reach Units by %&/'(/&/5/8# and Commanding Officers should indent for the required number, returns to reach this office by %&/'(/&—".
5. Since it is expected that the demands for the diagram of Girl, Pin-Up, Mk 1, will exceed present supply, units are to construct locally a Girl, Pin-Up which may be used until supplies of Girl, Pin-Up Mk 1 become available. Such designs may be constructed on units or by local contractors, but must be submitted to this office for approval, before being taken into general use.

6. Such designs must fulfil the following Air Ministry specifications:  
Bust 30". Waist 36". Height 6'4".  
Hips 70". Little toe 1".  
Maximum permissible error . . . 6".  
Expression . . . innocent. Appearance . . . Homely. Sex Appeal . . . Average to Below Average. Colour . . . White or slight tan. Hair . . . Ginger, parted.  
General condition and appearance of torso should conform to existing circumstances consistent with the total waging of war.  
Face—May be "pretty" but not ravishing.  
Bedroom furniture must not on any account be included.
7. Submitted diagrams to be sent to this office in sealed envelopes marked **GIRLS. . . RUSH.**

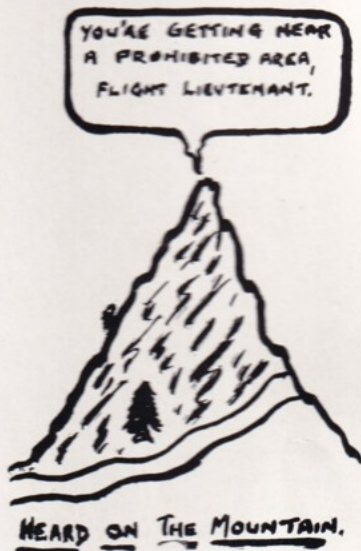
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## The Editor Speaks

Often, in many magazines, articles intended to amuse the majority have offended the few. In the case of the Meteor, the majority consists entirely of the airmen at Mt. Hope, a body of men who, knowing well that their native climate is reputed to be lousy, are liable, though not justifiably so, to criticise in other lands if the weather interferes with their plans or comfort even for one day. So notorious, in fact, has his native climate become, that the Mt. Hopian brings his sense of humour to the rescue, a humour, alas, which may not stop short of being rude. It is unthinkable that, in these pages, one of us should intentionally be rude to our hosts—hosts who have made a tour become a cure.

The Meteor begins to feel itself accepted as an established journal of the life and history of Mt. Hope. Most well-established periodicals feel that a summer number is an excuse

for greater expenditure and more frills, and with this in mind we successfully approached the P.S.I. for further financial backing. Thanks largely to our new Photographic Editor and his excellent staff we have what we had hoped for—a larger number of illustrations. Perhaps when Christmas comes round again we may be able to do the trick again and adorn the cover with holly and ivy. But let's not talk about Christmas just yet.

We have often felt, too, that news of the doings of ex-members of this station would be of interest, but for this purpose we have no large staff to scan the pages of "Flight." If any of you have heard from men who have left this station please pass the gen on to us (or the whole letter if it's not too personal) for we know there are bags of ex-Mt. Hope D.F.C.'s, but we just don't know their names.

A word of thanks is long overdue to the many who have sent in material that has not been chosen for publication. We have many angles to consider—space, morale, public relations, propriety, and so on, so that very often sheer literary ability has to go to waste. Don't be discouraged if your effort doesn't turn out to be Meteor material. Unfortunately we have no printed forms with which to inform you, "The Editor regrets that . . . etc.," so drop in at the office some time and talk your contribution over with the Ed.

#### RAINFALL STATISTICS

London (England) ..... 25" p.s.  
Hamilton (Ontario) ..... 47" p.s.  
So what!

#### LITERARY COMPETITION

There were very few entries to this competition, a state of affairs which is perhaps understandable at this time of the year. None of the few contributions submitted were considered to merit an award of the \$5 prize and the money is therefore being held over to increase the bait for next month!

The best poem of the month, "Edith's Reverie", was submitted anonymously and the author is entitled to the \$1 should he care to call on the Editor.

The closing date for next month's competition is September 28th. Entries may be handed in to the Editor, to your Course Instructor or to Mr. Jay Shaver, the Y man. Don't forget—next month's prizes will be higher.

PRIZE WINNING  
POEM

## Edith's Reverie

*I've heard tell of an island wondrous fair,  
Where Beauty, hand in hand with Freedom, lays  
Her spell upon the earth and air—  
Reflecting golden sunlight in the bays.  
In books I've read of Nature's cherished isle  
Full clothed in deepest green for Spring's event,  
That would a saint from duty's path beguile  
As man is swayed by some bewitching scent.  
Some day I'll see it all—the cottages—the mills,  
And roam at leisure thru' those grassy glades  
Look down at last from rolling Surrey hills  
Upon the Thames, before the sunlight fades.  
Deep in my heart of hearts I know one day  
My feet, instead of fancy, there will wend  
There, in that land I love, my heart will stay  
In England—till the very end.*

A. C. G.

# There They Were

(This product of an over-wrought imagination is reverently dedicated to the lyric and scenario writers of filmdom. Any alleged similarity between the alleged characters in this alleged story and any alleged human beings is—well, just alleged.)

Great events were pending. There was a catch in the voice of the Orderly Corporal as in dulcet tones he hailed the smiling morn with the magic cry "Waki-waki" (which is Hindustani for "Isn't it great to be alive?")

Our hero aroused himself from slumber. Even at this unearthly hour he was a handsome fellow. No five-o'clock-in-the-morning shadow marred his features; not one hair of his sleek head was out of place after his F . . . shampoo of the night before. He smiled a gleaming P . . . smile and reached for his guitar.

The camp listened in silent awe as he twanged "I only want my breakfast, not a gong". Even the eggs squirmed in the frying pan.

As the last notes of the dirge faded, the camp sprang into life. While the air crews smiled encouragingly at each other over their G . . . N . . . flakes (they have such a tasty, inviting flavour. For safe, speedy and dependable relief get—oh, sorry chaps), fitters cuddled the engines of their NBG 27/s and riggers thoroughly inspected the fuselages for hidden blondes.

Breakfast over, the gallant crews who were to raid Nastyland strolled nonchalantly over the briefing room while an invisible orchestra played "Lords of the Air".

With one heave of his mighty frame our hero straightened a hangar which looked a bit weak at the knees, vaulted lightly over the control tower and, making a perfect three-pointer, rapped on the door of the briefing room.

"Who's there?" cried an expectant voice. "It's the slap-happy gang" came back the chorus. "Well come on in!"

The knight of the air entered to the stirring strains of "Captains of the Clouds", sung by a male voice choir. Briefing for the raid on Pokeyhole was carried out in an atmosphere of grim intensity and then the navigators, crooning "Let's Get Lost" busied themselves in mysterious calculations punctuated by fervent cries of "Bingo".

A hundred piece orchestra played "Flying High" and the male voice choir again exercised its larynx as the nerves strode out. Tears in his eyes, the Squadron Commander bequeathed his debts to the Mess and besought those left behind to see that the Mess cat got a good home. The parting of the two was a poignant scene.

The crew of the "Boogie-Woogie Bertha" looked scornfully at their bombardier who had swiped the last beer in the Mess the night before. He felt himself an outsider, but, fondling the bag in his hand, he murmured "I may be a skunk, but my bombsight stil lloves me." He kissed it fondly, swore never to part with it, and slipped it into place with all the tenderness of a young mother.

The crew climbed aboard one by one and the mighty Flea engines roared into thunderous life. As the machine taxied along the perimeter track, up sprang a vision in Brunette, in evening gown and nylon stockings.

The Captain pretended he didn't know her, but she sang "I just kissed your picture goodnight" and that convinced him "She wants to be a Pilot, Bless Her Heart" crooned back our hero.

While the lovers sang in duet "Two In Love" as the machine sped through the air, the rest of the crew discreetly retired to the spacious rear turret where a game of poker was soon in progress, to the accompaniment of patriotic soliloquies.

And so for the present we leave them (thank goodness).

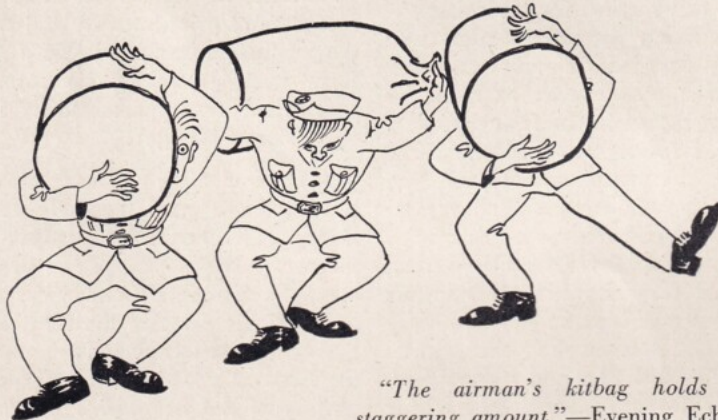
\* \* \* \* \*

Six hours later having flown round the world twice, all the aircraft but "Boogie-Woogie Bertha" had returned.

The formation had shot down so many enemy fighters they couldn't keep count and the Intelligence Officer said the foe must have a minus quantity now. One NBG27 $\frac{3}{4}$  had dived down the funnel of a battleship and out at the bottom, keeping submerged till the flack had died away.

Another had flown so low that the enemy tried to shoot it down with torpedoes. The airspeed indicator calibration had changed from m.p.h. to knots and the bottom had to be scraped when it got back to base.

But where was "Boogie-Woogie Bertha?" In the control tower, high officers (you too should drink F . . . R . . . whisky) waited anxiously for word of the missing plane (pronounced S-H-I-P).



"The airman's kitbag holds a staggering amount."—Evening Echo.

YOU'RE TELLING US!

## Squadron Leader Stanley

There are several types of august personages who rouse the popular imagination and not the least of them is the Bank Manager.

In your youthful innocence you may have pictured him—if, as we trust, you have not already crossed his path—as an elderly or fearsome person, inaccessible and awesome.

None of these adjectives applies, in our experience to the amiable Squadron Leader E. J. Stanley, our Senior Administrative Officer, who in the piping times of peace belonged to that select body of demi-gods which manipulates our mammoth fortunes.

Squadron Leader Stanley took up residence in this outpost of Empire at the end of April and the two novelties to him on arrival at 33 A.N.S. were the green lawns and the humidity. The preceding 21 months he spent in the prairie land at Carberry, Manitoba, as S.L.A., and there the S.F.T.S.'s efforts to induce grass and flowers to sprout (much against their will) earned it the name of "Little England".

No stranger to these shores is the S.L.A., for he visited Canada before the war and afterwards spent a year in studying banking (among other things!) in the United States.

Nor is he a stranger to aircraft, for he has flown over a goodly part of the European continent, though without such luxuries as a bombsight, a drift recorder and an astro-compass.



We suspect that he would not mind doing it again with those same instruments at his disposal.

As a sportsman, his activities have been manifold and by no means undistinguished. At an English recruiting centre, Squadron Leader Stanley was a member of a cricket team that included no fewer than seven county players of whom four had represented England.

He has also played in Minor Counties cricket and has added to his fame by appearing in the Mount Hope ranks. At skiing he claims to be an enthusiast, not an expert.

He is also to be seen taking exercise on the tennis court and on the links, while a red over a pocket on the billiard table is to him as a Heinkel to a Spitfire pilot.

One of his greatest performances was being blown through a haystack by an unfriendly stick of bombs. Let us say that we are glad they missed.



# HYDRO

Tumbling white waters are one of Canada's great assets; because tumbling water means electrical power, and electrical power is man's unwearying servant.

In this country there are 228,000 square miles of fresh water (about twice the land area of the British Isles!), and much of it lies well above sea-level. As Nature coaxes the lake and river waters down to the sea, 40,000,000 horse-power of potential electrical energy is created. Only a fraction of this vast energy pool has been exploited by man, and the further harnessing of the white waters is surely one of the major post-war projects to challenge the brains and brawn of Canadians.

Fortunately, a large proportion of this natural electrical potential is located in the provinces of Quebec and Ontario, the only two provinces where Nature forgot to lay down generous deposits of coal. Thus; hydro-electric development is most advanced in these two provinces, and here we find industrial and domestic use of electricity more general than elsewhere in the Dominion.

Since 1939 the growth of wartime industry has resulted in unprecedented demands for more and more electrical power, and the installation of new central electrical station equipment has kept pace with the demand. The gigantic Shipshaw development — one of the world's greatest hydro undertakings — was completed with speed which astonished the engineering world.

Electric motors do four-fifths of the work in the manufacturing and mining industries of Canada. It is difficult to make an accurate statement of the amount of power actually being used in Canada in connection with the war effort, but 2,500,000 horse-power is certainly a safe estimate. Expressed in terms of manpower, on the commonly used basis of the work of ten men being the equivalent of one horse-power, it may be said that the amount of hydro power being employed for war purposes in Canada equals the work of an army of 25,000,000 men.

The nature and extent of post-war development of Canada's hydro-electric network cannot be discussed to-day with much certainty. But expansion on a great scale there surely will be. Canadians everywhere have their minds set upon it. Electrification of rural homes on a wider scale than to-day, for instance, is bound to come. The drudgery of farm and village life can be lessened—and lessened it will be, by bringing the tireless vigor of the tumbling waters into the homes of the people. To-day only 87,000 farm homes in Ontario and Quebec, out of a total of 333,000, are hydro-electric customers.

This will mean damming more rivers; building more power stations; erecting more transmission lines; installing more transformers; wiring and equipping more home-steads; and, subsequently, the constant servicing of all this new paraphernalia. And this means post-war

employment of men—a matter of deep concern to Canadians. In 1940 there were about 20,000 fully employed men engaged in central electric station work in Canada. There are more than that to-day, and there will be many more than that tomorrow.

Probable extension of hydro-electric service is by no means confined to Ontario and Quebec; although more than 18,000,000 horse-power await exploitation in these central provinces. The prairie provinces have developed less than one-tenth of surveyed hydro-power; while British Columbia still has eight-ninths of her known hydro power to convert.

In 1940 there were 602 central electric stations in Canada; involving a capital investment of \$1,615,000,000. Many of these, particularly in Ontario, are publicly-owned enterprises. It is likely that vigorous competition between public and

private capital will add stimulus to the inevitable multiplication of hydro power lines, when Canada turns from wartime to peacetime pursuits.

Fifty years ago there was no hydro-electric development in Canada. The first project was built beside the thunderous roar of Niagara Falls in 1895. Since then hydro has been the progenitor of great new industries and hustling new communities in Canada. Its beneficent tentacles have reached out in all directions and its blessings have been made available far and wide. Without its mighty and dependable aid Canada might now be little more than a land of mediocre enterprise. The contribution it has to make to the future of this country defies the imagination.

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

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### BLOOD DONORS' DAY

The Hospital Ward was a scene of tremendous activity. Thermometers popped out of mouths, were shaken, and popped into more mouths with amazing rapidity. Never before had such an array of glamorous nurses adorned the wards and corridors.

"Oh, what a bloody war", remarked the M.O.

"When I've finished this bleeding report," replied the nurse, "we shall be on our way."

The occasion was the first of what will be a series of five-weekly visits by the Red Cross Blood Donor's Bank. Seventy odd officers and men volunteered their blood, and sixty-five were actually accepted and took their punishment like men(?).

"How much did you give, Charlie?", said one reviving soul.

"Give! What d'you mean, Give?

If you ask me they took the blinkin' lot," said Charlie, lapsing into unconsciousness again.

But an hour later Charlie, refreshed with coffee, a large lunch and soothing sympathy from the best looking nurse of them all, was back on his job, spanner and all.

"They can 'ave any of my blood for what its worth" he remarked in the Canteen that night. "Maybe they'll never have any use for it, but I like to think that its there should my brother in Sicily ever need it."

In fact the more Charlie thinks about it, the more certain he is that he'll be back in the hospital in five weeks' time for a cup of coffee and an exchange of winks with that nurse. He's hoping too, that many more of his colleagues will put their names down when the notices appear in a day or so.

Here's a pretty Prairie Blossom  
And she isn't playing possum  
But you'll find her in there "punchin'" in  
a jam,

For her cowboy, tall and lanky,  
Is a patriotic Yankee  
And he's roundin' up some rogues for Uncle

Sam;  
So this little cactus cutie  
Will be proud to do her duty  
And she'll wear his pants until he wins the  
war . . .

Then with hearts in sweet communion  
They will stage a western union  
And I bet she wears the pants for evermore!

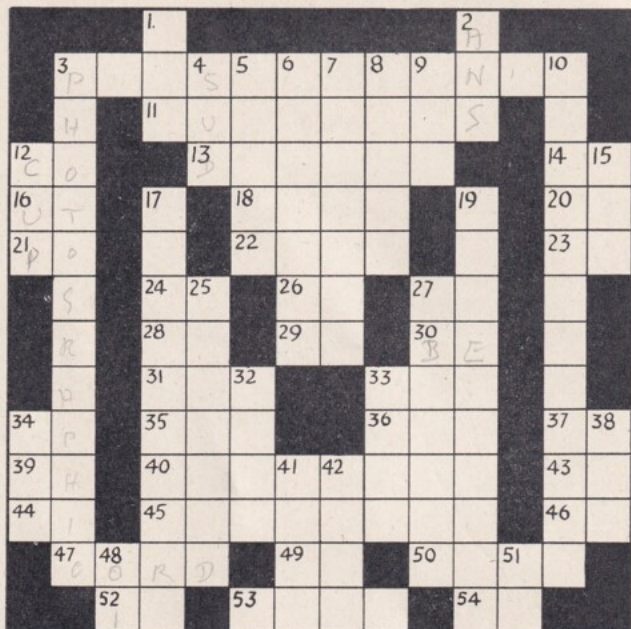
Painting by Varga.  
Verse by Phil Stack.



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# The Meteor Cross-Word Puzzle

by  
N. L. Nicholson



## Clues Across

3. Necessary toward the end of the course.
11. "Keepers" of the Station Library.
12. The "Old Man".
13. "Cooking"—a form of.
14. Gas ration for living-in "types".
16. What the "white flash" means.
18. Canadian winter sport.
20. "Doc".
21. "Sprog".
22. "Bags".
23. In charge.
24. American state (abb.)
26. "So far as" (Latin) beheaded.
27. The end of war.
28. "Some" connects this with 30 across.
29. Senior Officer.
30. To exist.
31. To obtain—airman fashion.
33. Leader of men.
34. "Erks" best friend.
35. One hundred square metres.
36. Wing.
37. Rudyard Kipling's name for "Met".
39. An interjection of wonder.
40. Almost a number of intense storms with violent winds.
43. "Any complaints?"
44. 3,1717.
45. Balm from S.S.Q.
46. Wind direction.
47. A parachute would be useless without one.
49. Our Editor.

50. Jack Warner has described them as "rill".
52. Third person present of 29 across.
53. Man is sometimes not.
54. Greek letter.

## Clues Down

1. Navigation term.
2. 33 is the best.
3. Many a line is shot in this section.
4. Difficult to produce more than one from the Service soap.
5. A function of Works and Bricks.
6. Cadet after a week-end.
7. Without beginning or end.
8. Specialist Instructor with a dim class.
9. Our "Varga" girl is an example of such talent.
10. Blue pencilled termination of binding.
12. Drinking vessel.
15. Big Chief.
17. Staff Pilot's nightmare.
19. One who anticipates future weather conditions.
25. The principle of an Altimeter.
27. A gastropod having an ear-shaped shell.
32. An aquatic bird allied to the gull.
33. To load.
34. Promise of a short tour of duty.
38. Germany, Italy and Japan.
41. Baptismal vessel (anagram).
42. Hebrew name.
48. The end of the "Lambeth Walk".
51. Behold.

# To the Right . . . SALUTE

## 1-2-3-4-5 . . . EYES FRONT!

*By L.A.C. Hartley, L. Maintenance Squad.*

A military personage once wrote a highly edifying tract on saluting (there was an establishment vacancy somewhere), advertising to the Armed Forces that the subject was a modern one, although glutted with historical legend.

There were at the time, many rumours flitting round the country, which placed the origin of the thing at the Battle of Walrus Bay, when a very junior and very emotional officer cheerily waved his hand at a walrus instead of the Admiral. As a matter of fact, the action could partly be excused, for the First Lord himself had often thought the simile an apt one; in battle, moreover, the Admiral's manly moustaches were inclined to droop in the exertion of crying "Heave Ho! Have at 'em lads! Man the tops'l!" and other nautical terms (but refined, as befitting his rank). What really peeved the First Lord of the Admiralty, no less than other high political heads of the time, was that the walrus was undoubtedly a polygamist, whereas the Admiral was a renowned celibate, completely devoted to his duty.

While entertaining the Board of Admiralty at a game of ping-pong, the First Lord, who rarely indulged in talking shop after 2.30 p.m., brought the matter up unofficially. (It is well known that the fate of our Empire has rested on more casual occasions.)

"Heark'ee Fanny old sea-dog, me-thinks this incident has stirred up too much bilge-water, to say nought of decarbonising the barnacles throughout the British Fleet. Whither shall we steer?"

Lord Geoffrey St. John Fitz-Whiffle Adams vigorously tapped the ball into his opponent's face before turning to reply:

"Egad! The only course (the First Sea Lord winced perceptibly at the word) is to maintain the status quo and let sleeping dogs lie, even if someone has to be keel-hauled!"

Lord Geoffrey resumed his game in much the same spirit as Sir Francis Drake had done years before, the only difference being that Lord Geoffrey added a couple of stealthy points to his score. In the confusion, the whole matter of saluting was forgotten; indeed, the Admiralty was purged shortly after (there were no vitamin pep tablets in those days) and the subject dropped for several generations.

And then, more recently, it seems a General used threatening language at a Post Office telegraph boy for failing to salute him in Whitehall. When the messenger boy was assured he would be placed on the pegs, he promptly melted into tears, and no less promptly into the local office of his Union leader.

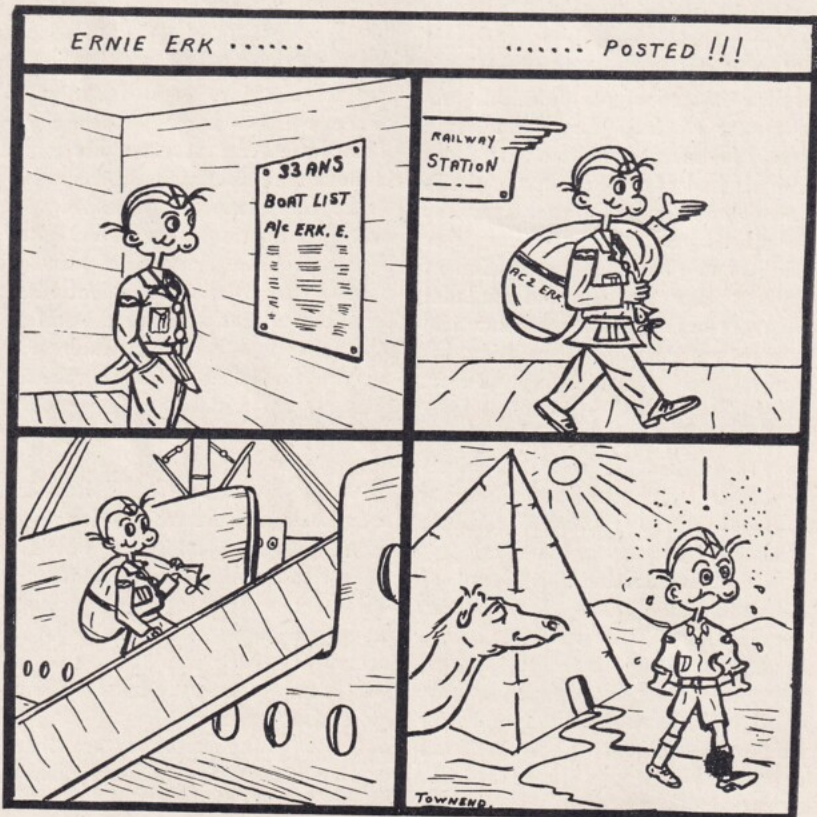
Unions being what they are, there was an immediate and lively corre-

spondence waging between the Union of Messenger Transit Servants on the one hand, and the Army Council on the other. Questions were asked in the House, the Prime Minister promised a firm hand to the wheel, expressed a craving to leave no stone unturned (the Opposition suggested breaking them as well), and wished for a vote of confidence to be taken. This was a forgone conclusion, since the Opposition side of the House is notoriously draughty in winter.

Nevertheless, feeling ran high, and events were scarcely improved by the press announcement of an impending strike of messenger boys throughout the United Kingdom.

Since the walk-out, or rather ride-out, would tie up all available government pedal-cycles, the Cabinet held an emergency meeting at No. 10. Chiefly concerned was the Post Master General, whose habit of going to lunch on one of the firm's bicycles was well known in the City.

For hours, crowds jostled and swayed in the Downing Street area. Messenger boys in multi, members of the Armed Forces and mothers with potential messenger boys in their arms pushed and strained backward and forward in an effort to glimpse the countenances of their leaders. But not for nothing was the Cabinet an expert domino team, and few accurate surmises could



have been made by the average spectator as they arrived in ones and twos.

In the Cabinet room, discussion was entirely confined to essentials (even the Premier's cigarette card collection lay forgotten on the mantel-shelf) and after a 3-hour conference, the following statement was issued to the public:

"His Majesty's Government has viewed with increasing perturbation the present unrest among certain quarters of the Empire Civil and Armed Services.

"In the belief that further dissatisfaction may be completely eradicated, I have instructed a high military officer to draw up a complete, standardised set of instructions on the methods of and reasons for introducing saluting into the naval and military regulations of this Empire.

"These instructions will be promulgated to all concerned as speedily as possible, consistent with Grand National commitments, and, as a precautionary measure, mobilisation orders have been given to the entire Corps of Park and Game Keepers, who will be armed temporarily with clasp knives and stout cudgels."

(Signed )

Percival Maxton Poppingham,  
Prime Minister.

The treatise, when completed, made much of the origins of saluting, delving deep into history. Particular mention was made of the raising of knightly vizors in token of friendship or the showing of the open palm in a gesture of unarmed peace. Sceptics pointed out that the gestures could hardly have been used in a big way, as the difficulty of sitting on a

horse was in itself rather a feat in those days of iron-clad warriors, and the clanging of vizors after a late carouse the previous evening would hardly be encouraging. It was held by these kill-joys that the vizor business was merely self-preservation in that sewerless era.

Even the Government realised the obvious short-comings of the argument. The Secretary for the Colonies therefore visited the British Museum with the avowed intention of digging up more evidence. Surely enough, after five days' search, he was rewarded by the discovery of the Ancient British custom of flinging away knob-kerries at the approach of friendly tribesmen. This was especially true among the female of the species, who usually managed to biff her old man at the same time, and then went away with the lodger.

Quite rightly, the public imagination was deeply stirred at the discovery. There was an immediate increase in museum collection box returns, a woman candidate was returned at the by-election of Tiddlecombe-on-Sea, and the "Gazette" published an artist's impression of Australian aborigines fording a stream and crying "Woh!"

And there the matter remained. To this day there are definite regulations on saluting still in force, but rarely does one hear of the Battle of Walrus Bay or its repercussions on history.

Yet, when one reflects, that is how the matter came up in the first instance, and is the real reason why one still sees Boy Scouts saluting Pilot Officers, Pilot Officers saluting Lieutenant-Colonels and Lieutenant-Colonels saluting Merchant Navy Officers.

## A word from KIRK BELL

By the time this article is published in the August Meteor I hope to be carrying on the work of the YMCA War Services somewhere in England, as I have been appointed to the overseas staff of this organization.

May I take this opportunity to express my sincere appreciation to all who have assisted me in my work. You made it very easy and pleasant for me, and if the Mount Hope personnel is typical of those with whom I shall work in England then I shall eagerly anticipate my arrival there.

This is not "good-bye" because I sincerely hope to meet many of you on your own ground. I want to thank you for the many addresses of relatives and friends which were given to me.

It is a pleasure to introduce to you



my successor, Mr. Jay Shaver, who comes to you after eighteen months' experience at R.C.A.F. Fingal, Ontario. You will find Jay willing and able to assist you at all times.

"Roll on That Chugging Boat."

Sincerely, Kirk Bell.



## Unit Crest

His Majesty the King has approved the Unit Badge submitted to him by the Chester Herald of the Royal College of Arms for R.A.F. Station, Mount Hope. Within the standard Air Force outer frame, a gold star is superimposed on an autumnal maple leaf. The motto on the scroll reads:

SUPER ACERA AD SIDERA which may be literally translated "Over the maples to the stars."

## Sergeant George

In past issues this feature has been devoted to the service history of those who have "got some in". Whilst we reverently acknowledge the Olympian superiority of the "regular" R.A.F. men, we feel some tribute is due to those who now comprise 70% of the Service, namely those whose attestation dates since September, 1939.

Sergeant George, one of that much maligned group of individuals, the Staff Pilots, has a modest three years of service behind him. It was in 1940 that he decided to "book his seat in a plane for Berlin." Alas, the travel agency was not entirely reliable as he received a second class berth to Canada instead. However, previous to that he was given the opportunity of wintering in the English Riviera—Newquay to be precise, and of viewing the South Riding from the air in the luxurious comfort of a Tiger Moth from Brough. On the trans-Atlantic crossing in April, 1941, he exhibited his genius for giving a helpful hand to those less fortunate than himself. Having acquired a cabin on the boat by a mixture of luck and low cunning, he was only too ready to hire out the floor space to any unfortunate individual who had been allocated hammocks in the hold.

His pilot training was completed in the wilds of Manitoba (it's a dry cold out there), and at Carberry, with all the pomp and ceremony befitting such an occasion, Sergeant George



was issued Pilot's Wings by the Equipment Store. Expecting to board the train for Halifax, he discovered, like many of us, that—Man proposes—the Posting Officer disposes—and he arrived at 33 A.N.S. to take up the arduous duties of Staff Pilot.

Sergeant George has been longer at this Station than any other Sergeant Pilot and can be proud of having completed 1,500 hours of flying here without any kind of mishap. He is non-committal about his stay here, refusing to comment on the standard of u/t Navigators, past and present; or to recount any experiences of parties in the Sergeants' Mess. His civilian profession of school-teaching has endowed him with those qualities of tact, reserve and patience so prominent in the make-up of all Staff Pilots. Eight years of teaching and two years of u/t Navs. has produced a mood of philosophic calm and he realises now that the term "homo sapiens" is a piece of monstrous conceit.

## 33 A.N.S. Camera Club

Have you ever wondered what is inside that mysterious red-roll or marvelled that your own pleasing face could be produced from the nowadays so precious film. You have an excellent opportunity now to find out, to make for yourself an interesting hobby, and at the same time to save yourself some money.

Mr. Jay Shaver (the "Y" man) will provide you with the necessary form and receipt for your \$1.50. You are then enabled to use a well prepared room and \$130 worth of equipment.

Having exposed your film you proceed to the "Club" and, if you are not already expert, you will find more experienced members who will be delighted to give you the "gen" and every assistance.

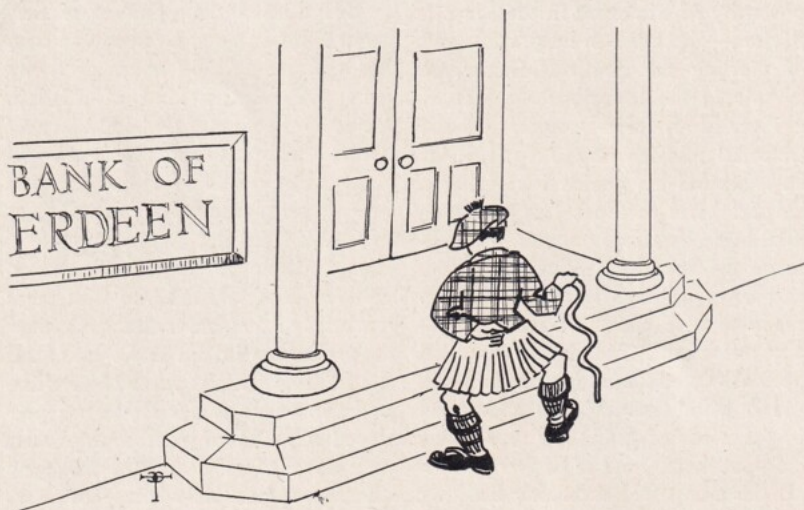
In the dark room you feed the film into the developing tank, and throw away the red paper (not the reverse as one of our members did

recently). The various potions are at hand ready for you to pour into the tank. If you have kept your fingers crossed correctly there'll be something on that strip when you eventually hold it up to the light. And so on to printing and enlarging.

If you are the type who wants to taste before buying, come along and see the "Club" in action.

A month ago some chaps joined the Club with little idea what happened when they pressed something and heard the click, and with no idea at all what happened between that point and the finished product. These same lads are now developing and printing films for their pals and getting paid for it (sometimes). That gives you some idea of the "gen" they have picked up.

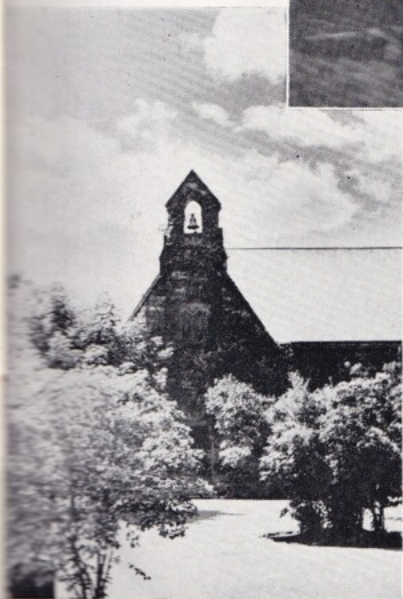
So why not sign up and learn and enjoy an interesting hobby through the Camera Club?



*R.A.F. Terms Illustrated . . . "Tight Bank"*



"Black Bess", by one of our Staff Photographers,  
L.A.C. Transehe



"Bell Tower", by Cpl. Curtiss



"Sunny Sentinel",  
by Sgt. Salisbury

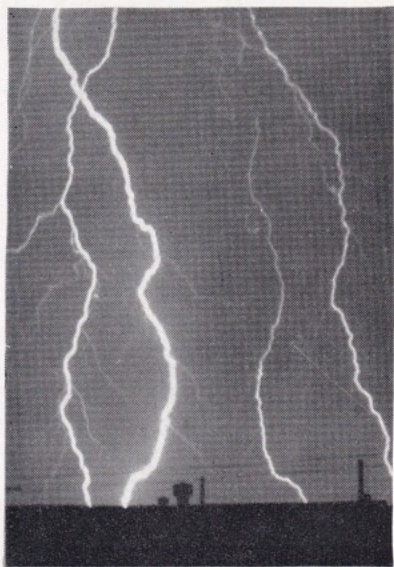
PHOTO  
COMPE



**"UP WOODEN HILL"**  
Night Scene, Moncton, N.B.  
By A.C. Burgess (1st Prize Winner)



**"JERSEY"**  
By L.A.C. Hartley



**"LIGHTNING"**  
By L.A.C. Thomason  
(Servicing)  
(2nd Prize Winner)

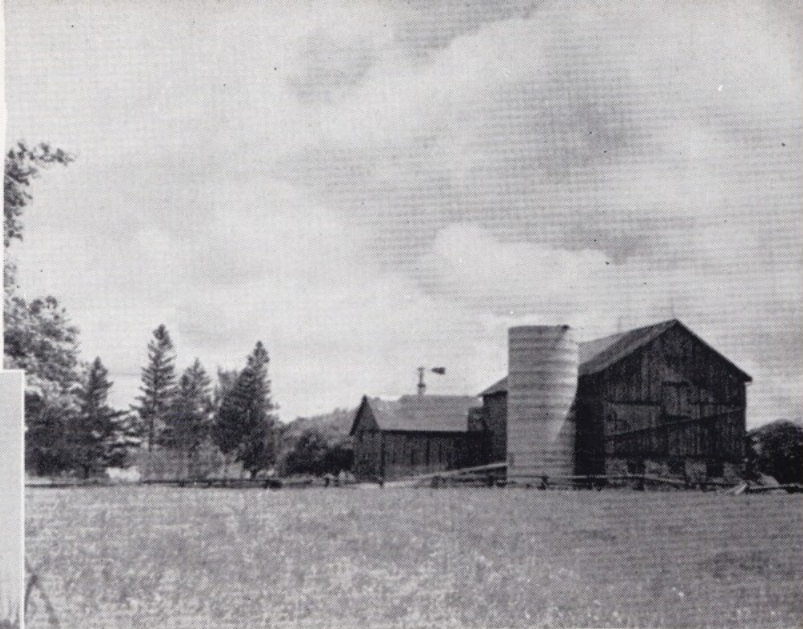


Right  
**"WEBSTER'S FALLS"**  
Dundas, Ont.  
By A.C. Burgess  
(Signals)  
(1st Prize Winner)

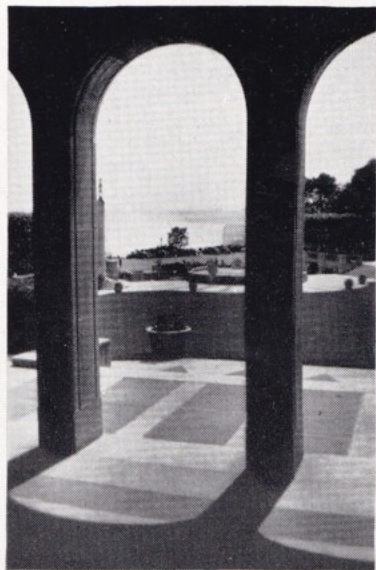
GRAPHIC  
TITION



"Y COW"  
(3rd Prize Winner)



"ONTARIO FARM"  
By Cpl. Baker Majors  
(4th Prize Winner)



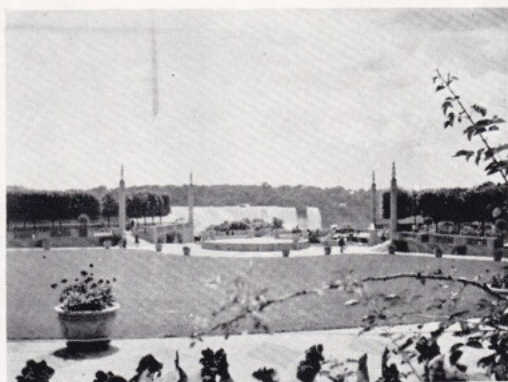
"NIAGARA"  
By L.A.C. Thomason  
(Servicing)  
(2nd Prize Winner)



By F/Lt. Innes-Jones



"Niagara", by L.A.C. Hobbs



"Falls and Garden—Niagara" by L.A.C. Rodie



"Lake Thurswah", by L.A.C. Mudd



"Spring", by L.A.C. Hobbs

# STATION NOTES

## THE TRUTH ABOUT FLYING SQUADRON

It may come as something of a surprise to the uninitiated that this station apart from possessing a dental clinic and a camp tailor, can also boast of a Flying Squadron. We have not acquired that unit to be different or "stand-offish" or to attract the spot-light at the expense of others, but because it is considered a war time necessity.

In fact several other Air Training Camps have their Flying Squadrons and they make no fuss about it.

I was ordered to write a short piece to the Meteor about FLYING SQUADRON, so I went to the Flying Squadron Adjutant to get some Gen on the matter.

He looked at me suspiciously. "Why do you want to know something about Flying Squadron?"

"Because you told me to write about it to the Meteor."

"That's right! I forgot. Why do I always have to remind you fellows of everything! Well don't write anything about the number of hours put in, and don't write anything about the aircraft, and don't write anything about the pilots, or the weather. In fact don't say a word. But I want that article by nine o'clock to-morrow morning."

So there you are. This piece will at least mean my immediate posting.

Now this is just plain silly to me. Everybody who wants to find out the number of staff-pilots on this station can do so Saturday evening on one of our newly acquired forty-eights by looking inside at the lobby of the Royal Connaught Hotel, count the

number of pilots and add one-third of that number for the chaps already upstairs. The result is bound to be correct within two decimals.

But with the number of Flying hours it is different. Nobody knows them, or they won't tell. I had to see my laundry-man to get the necessary information (which incidentally is correct). "The month of June was a record month," he confided, "what a month!" The former O.C. Flying, Squadron Leader Smith, did his last mighty and supreme effort on this station. The result is that in the first seven months of the year, we have put more hours in than the total of all last year's flying.

Some say that this excellent fact is mostly due to the indefatigable work done by G.I.S. pilots. But that is not entirely true. (To the pupils I may explain that the affix "G.I.S." must not in any way be taken in a derogatory sense. The G.I.S. Pilots are the Pilots you fly with on Low Level Cross Countries—but never on the 10,000 feet-climb-on-track-exercise. They are seen frequently in sunny spring and during the hot summer months, but rarely during winter.)

Here are some facts about Staff-Pilots:

They are unselfish, polite, well-informed and of smart appearance.

They have only one desire: To fly, to Fly and TO FLY.

They also fly by night. (This cannot possibly be a military secret, as some of the villagers in Mount Hope have passed candid comments upon it.) They are thus the hardest working individuals on this station,

with the possible exception of the Flying Instructor, and as a token of esteem for their excellent work during these months a great thing has happened—they have at last got their forty-eights. These were introduced by the new O.C. Flying, Squadron Leader Grenfell.

Maybe the total number of flying hours on this station are a secret to you and me. They are certainly no secret to our enemies. Read your papers. Immediately after last month's flying hours were compiled and the forty-eights introduced, revolt broke out in Italy, Mussolini was fired and the Fascist Regime crashed. Germans fired on Italians, Italians on Germans, and Roosevelt promised an increase in sugar rations.

So don't say you don't know Flying Squadron.

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### G. I. S. NOTES

Far removed though we are from the line of battle, a note of melodrama has crept into our existence. For have we not the thrill of being on the Dawn Patrol?

Every morning at 08.00 hours, before the metropolis is fully roused from slumber, the fledglings and the birds of prey are to be seen making their rendezvous at the appointed place which is on a parallel course to the Drill Hall and bears 090 (relative) from the Officers' Quarters.

Innumerable long-flights ensue and there is but a brief pause for refueling and rearming before the onslaught is renewed. Many, many hours later, as darkness envelopes the beauteous landscape to the west, the weary survivors straggle back to base and the hangar doors are shut.

Really, how can one reasonably expect the G.I.S. football team to win

every time after that daily ordeal.

Turning to more personal topics, we must place on record the high esteem and affection in which the recently formed Log-Marking Flight is held. The flak was pretty intense at first, but a change of strategy was very effective and the opposition is very slight these days.

The formation has now been strengthened by the addition of recent arrivals, to whom we offer a hearty welcome as potential Duty Navigation Officers. We trust that their qualifications will be equal to that responsible burden.

Since our last burble in these columns, Cupid has again been busy with his four gun turret, and congratulations and best wishes are extended to Flying Officer Booth and his wife.

Much more we could write, but there is a delightful little creature known as conversion angle whose origin and mission in life (both often so grievously maligned) are to be the subject of our immediate study.

H. A. W. W.

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### S. H. Q. NOTES

Station Headquarters has never been so water conscious. The swimming pool has claimed the direct and indirect attention of everybody—from the leanest to the most upholstered. It has probably been the cause of this month's water on the brain.

Bulstrode has been there in borrowed finery and select company (contrast to that cabin complex!): the Scottish torpedoman has struck the waters with breath-taking plunge: the younger Mr. Pitt has gone all aquatic (though we have not noticed the Elder Mr. Pitt): "Swooper" has

left his worms and become a water-bird: Thomas has left his watnot to become a dolphin in the pool: Percy has dived deeply and vainly in search of mermaids and new underwater experiences.

The "Gopherous" Mr. Durant, fresh from his freakish revellings in Toledo, has dipped daily. "Dr. Doo-rite", his assistant, has chosen Bala for his watering place where he will be singing his theme song: "I have a runner been".

We must draw the shade of anonymity over one member who proved himself ignorant of the properties of water. Lionhearted though he may be after the canteen's refreshment, he must realise that no one is able to throw water through a closed window. But, he was going north and who could blame his indulgence in the face of a fortnight's "Water, water everywhere though not a drop to drink".

From over the water comes encouraging news. Ron Chappell writes from Shinfield Park; Bob Cater, from Derbyshire. Both seem conveniently close to their old haunts and home towns. It rather makes our mouths water.

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### MAINTENANCE SQUADRON NOTES

Maintenance Squadron has recently been making a name for itself in the field of Station Sports. Our football team has been doing consistently well, having beaten S.H.Q., A., B. and C. Flights, G.I.S. and the Armament Section. The team and the selection committee are to be warmly congratulated, and it is hoped they will remain in the groove, so to speak, for the League Championship.

At tennis, the Squadron is ably represented again by F/Sgt. Cockram, both in Station and "away" games. Any Tuesday night, if you hold your life cheap, you can find quite a number of embryo Robin Hoods assiduously practising the noble sport of Archery.

At the time of writing, we are again honoured by the presence of the Central Trade Test Board, and we hope the results will show the benefits of classes held under the Trade Improvement plan.

After bidding "Bon Voyage" to F/O. Walker, we would like to offer a sincere welcome to F/Lt. McCardle, who has assumed the burden of Officer i/c the Squadron, and who is rapidly proving his abilities in the furtherance of the Squadron's efforts.

T. G. H.

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### SIGNALS SECTION NOTES

After you have eagerly clutched a copy of this issue of the METEOR, and if you are a Wireless Op. W.E.M., or Telephone Op., why not send a copy on to past members of the section if you know their whereabouts, so that they, too can keep in touch with us wherever they are?

The pool nowadays is gaily bedecked with personnel of the section, but in some way there are faces one looks for though never sees. Come on over, it's only four feet or so at the shallow end, and you can always see F/Sgt. D—— doing his usual 14 lengths. Who was the man who unwittingly fell into the clutches of the camp Dentist when his sartorial pal said, "Come on over and get an Aspirin. That'll fix it . . ."

Roses:—To our football team. You can see the cup once more on the section shelf.

Cactus:—To swipers of hats. May one of them pick up a hat full of termites.

During the last few weeks a Scot who swore he'd learn English did a shuffle from Kha-Bin to er—Operating, but one notes with concern that a certain difficulty is being experienced in translating the Foreign tongue.

In the maintenance world we have news about L.A.C. Giles, who by now should be on leave, having been put back on the road to health by kindly hands at St. Thomas.

With F/Lt. Locke's departure we welcome his successor, F/O. Grant to our Shrines, trusting he will have a happy stay here, and assuring him of our full co-operation.

Our usual last word to our boys in hospital, L.A.C. Clifton and The Bishop—you aren't forgotten here, and our wish is for a speedy recovery. The Bishop's Boys will miss him . . .!

A. K.

### "THE CORPORAL'S CHRONICLE"

The new committee has been duly elected under the chairmanship of the inimitable Hamer, who has served the Mess faithfully (some say aggressively) since he was elected a member of the "order" way back in '41. Whether or not he will eventually win the Corporals Equivalent of the "Lonsdale" Belt for running three terms as chairman remains to be seen. This will, no doubt, depend on (i) his staying power, or (ii) on the possible arrival of his "boat".

Our new treasurer appears to be applying himself very diligently to his appointed task. It is observed that since his appointment, he has

been "diligently plying" himself nightly to and from Hamilton whereas before he could be seen around the camp every night working very hard (ahem!), throwing colours, with a spotlight on the artists, or helping Cpl. Lovelace to erect some useful "Heath Robinson" contraptions in the Station Theatre. Officially he may be found serving as a "Basher of Instruments" (Translation: One who is paid to bash about instruments of various types at public expense.) On interviewing the corporal in question the only reply your reporter got was, "When's my boat coming in?"

The Sergeants, remembering that some of them were once Corporals, issued an invitation recently to the Corporals Mess to spend a "convivial" evening with them. This evening was arranged strategically on a Saturday evening when there was no flying scheduled for the next day, a most necessary precaution. Those Corporals present thoroughly enjoyed the hospitality offered and I hear that Cpl. Mortimer performed an effective and necessary fire-fighters' act on Cpl. (Paddy) Flannery after the celebration was over.

The Corporals Mess reciprocated at a later date with a similar evening when a "good time" was only marred by the present rationing system. Amongst others, the Station Warrant Officer displayed his prowess at the royal and ancient game of darts, in no uncertain manner.

It has been delightful to find Sergeants and Corporals on such friendly terms. It shows the right fraternal spirit amongst the "troops" that might be well worth cultivating in the future.

"THE SCRIBE."



## "The Backbone of The Service"



### L.A.C. BUTTERFIELD

L.A.C. Butterfield functions as a Master of the Camp Wardrobe and no wardrobe mistress will have much over him when he returns to civil life. It is he who trades new blues for old and for that reason you can't very well miss him and he can't very well miss you. Exchange and issue vouchers across his broad counter like banker's bills. He'll tell you that it is no easy task out-roguing rogues all day, and that it requires all of the business acumen which he acquired before the war (plus some!) to be a Big White Chief of Clothing.

Butterfield is still among the minority of bachelors gay in a crowd of much married storekeepers. His fondness for dancing, however, and weakness for Strauss waltzes cannot fail to bring him into close contact with the ladies. Perhaps he will have to pay for a second passage back over the Atlantic yet!

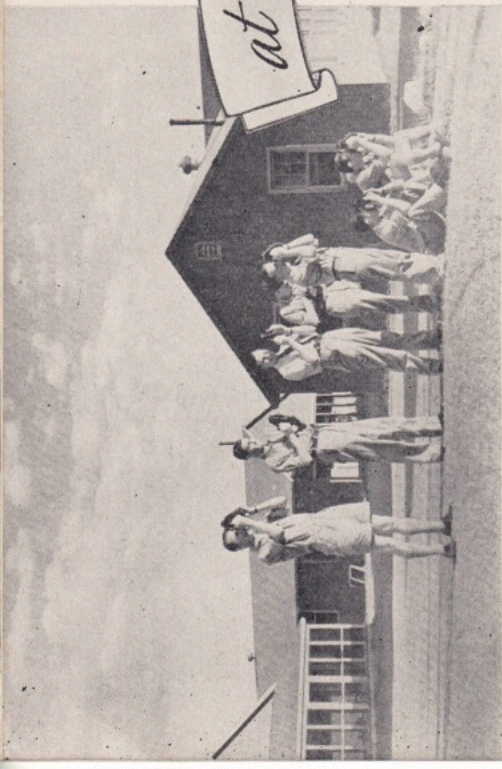
We may expect to see a G.C.B. on Butterfield's arm any day—which means that the first three years are up. He was at Southend before coming to Canada, serving under S/L Kerr as Officer Commanding. Of course, he's looking forward to going back to England. You see, he has a special reason for wanting to see the White Cliffs of Dover again. He was born and bred in this Channel port, lived through its early baptism of fire and won't be sorry to see the proverbial bluebirds around again.

### L.A.C. OMEROD

L.A.C. Omerod—"Jock" to most of his friends, for he comes from Edinburgh—was one of the original settlers of Mount Hope. He joined forces with the eventful 108 draft after experience on a variety of English stations—mostly as remote, he states, from the Scottish border as they could be. Iceland was his stepping stone to the West and a fitter's knowledge of Hurricanes promptly carried him off to Reykjavik in its colonial days and has played no small part in establishing the tradition which it holds to-day. His 6'2", dominating Station Workshops, has also run the whole gamut of station experience from dance committees to messing meetings.

"Jock" has been no less busy in Hamilton than he has been on camp. Indeed, Edinburgh's loss is likely to be Hamilton's gain after the war. For he married a Hamiltonian in Hamilton in April of this year and thinks of settling here. Having served an apprenticeship as a machine tool maker in his Edinburgh days and risen to a position in the planning office of his firm, it would seem that his prospects in this budding Birmingham of Canada are likely to be good. Hamilton suits his partiality for golf, too. The city's greens are likely to know the swing of his clubs when the swirl of bagpipes has piped him away from his native Scotland.

*at WORK*



*at PLAY*



# Roving Reporter

Watcha soaks!!

This is that roving reporter agitating again—but a new one this time. You know, my forms of occupation have ranged from “A.C.H.” (Almost completely hopeless) to “G.D.” (Garbage distributor) but never, and I don’t mean maybe, have I surged to the dizzy heights of an official “Nosey Parker” sometimes known as a reporter or writer of drivel, usually about somebody else—but I hope very soon to overcome this horrible stigma. For several weeks I have been roaming around the camp with my eyes “wide shut” so to speak and telling all and sundry that I am the new R.R. . . . and the things I’ve heard about you!!!—Well my big worry has been to decide exactly what I *could* submit for publication. See what I mean? There is one thing that I have discovered however, and that is, if you want any first hand “gen” you can always rely on the Guard House, the Cookhouse or a Road House and when all else fails, there is always the Orderly Room. But don’t believe a word they say! You have been warned!!! as Mussolini said to Hitler after he had shown him how to exploit the three card trick.

Now is the time when everyone is contemplating a well earned leave (occasionally called furlough or rest???) and I’ve heard that Muskoka is a hot favourite. Many chaps have set course E.N.E. or N.N.W. to



the Lake District and returned with glowing, nay, scintillating accounts of its “beauties”. Indeed many have made quite a study of its beauties with a result that not a few have been dazzled and dazed, but in no way disillusioned.

The Archery Club’s endeavours make the humble observer quiver with apprehension but I wish, here and now, to suppress the rumour that it is safest to stand behind the bow . . . everyone knows that it is far safer immediately in front of the target!!!

I had intended to conclude this article with some witty ditty, (jokes we call ’em) but as most columnists do this, I’ll refrain this time. Don’t forget to let me know if there’s anything you want everybody else to know, because I sure will “spill the beans” in the next issue.

And so for the present, I leave you, and await the Heavenly Spark to fall once more, . . . I hope . . .

F. K. I.

# R.A.F. Sports



## TRACK AND FIELD

Officer i/c F/O Aubrey-Fletcher

The Latin slogan—"Mens sana in corpore sano" is being proved to the hilt by our Station Athletic team.

Their first blood was drawn at an Inter-scholastic meet in Hamilton where teams from Hagersville, Simcoe and the Canadian Army School comprised the opposition. This meet finished most satisfactorily with the Station team 15 points ahead of Simcoe, their nearest rival—fair enough.

Next time was the first match of the Inter-station championship, held at Dunnville, where Jarvis, Hagersville, Brantford, Dunnville and Mount Hope met to do battle. Unfortunately the clerk of the weather in spite of all the Met men could do, took exception to it, and ordered the meet suspended, sending along one of those local thunderstorms to clinch the deal. However, Dunnville is a very hospitable place, and a good time was had by all before the evening ended.

Saturday, 24th July, saw the team turn out at the renowned Hamilton Police Sports, and although they were only entered in the Military Services events, they won every event for which they entered.

At this meeting the team made such impression on the other competitors that they have been challenged to compete against the Toronto Police team, and it is hoped that this match can be arranged early in September on the Station Track.

For the future, there is the Inter-Station championship against Jarvis, Brantford, Hagersville, Dunnville to look forward to, and it is hoped to be able to arrange another station Sports Day, which was such a success last year.

The team is in need of more budding athletes. If you jump or feel a desire to throw things, come and join up before we start calling for volunteers. Practices at which anyone is welcome are held every Tuesday on the Track, or contact F/O Aubrey-Fletcher, Sergeant Miller or the "Y" man.

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## SOCCER

(Officer i/c—F/O Bloor)

Inter-section games continue to be played at an average of three games per week. Competition has been very keen and some excellent games have been witnessed. Signals, Majors and Cadets are in strong positions in the League. Apart from the above matches many friendly games have been arranged between the various Courses of cadets.

With regard to outside station matches, "Blues" and "Golds" have been strengthened by the recent influx of cadets, many of whom have played professional soccer before joining the service, so that we are in a happy position of being able to call on fairly strong reserves. In recent



weeks "Blues" have defeated Stelco, but with a sadly weakened side due to injuries, leaves, etc., were beaten by King Edward's, Toronto. A team chosen from "Blues" and "Golds" has defeated Brantford, Canadian Army Trades School, and Hamilton All Stars.

The Spectator Cup matches are not with us, and "Blues" entered the final at the expense of "Golds". The finals between "Blues" and Hamilton City should be a very fine match.

Following are a few brief notes on outstanding players on the station:

Stokes, centre half and captain, opened the season in his usual manner, dominating all matches, but unfortunately, has been injured recently and will be out of the game for a few weeks. Cpl. Butler, who apparently can play anywhere, has taken over his position, and is making an excellent job of it.

Kimber in goal, plays really well on occasions, but is too easily beaten by a high and dropping shot.

Campbell and Rae at backs have usually proved sound, with Rae the outstanding back.

Wing halves have been chosen from Brookes, Hannaford, Guilhome and lately Corporal Illingworth, and have formed a very strong team.

In the forward line Hurdon has shown tricky footwork on the right wing. Sgt. Millard at centre, has led the front line with much dash, his headwork being particularly good while the inside men, chosen from F/O Laffey, Tazzart, Walker, have played good football and completed a strong forward line.

Thanks go to F/O Simon for his assistance, and to the ever-present Sgt. Miller, not only for his coaching, but for his touch-line encouragement during every match.

## RUGBY AND FOOTBALL

(Officer i/c—F/O Greville)

The season has been a very short one on account of the very sudden changes in the weather, and unfortunately there were very few days which were conducive to good Rugger.

Several matches were cancelled on account of the excessive heat during the early part of June, but it is hoped that there will be plenty of opportunities for enthusiasts to "do their stuff" during Septemebr and early October.

The last matches played showed that this Station can always field a side which can hold its own with the best. Our visit to R.A.F. Picton resulted in a win for the Mount Hope boys with a score of 16-8.

In an Inter-Section match the Cadets ran round the Sergeants piling up 22 points to which the Sergeants could only reply with a converted try, this in spite of the fact that the English International, P/O Hancock, was in the Sergeant's team. Rugger players who have recently joined the Station should immediately contact Flying Officer Greville (Flying Squadron).

## CRICKET

(Officer i/c—F/O White)

The Station Cricket Section has had a fairly successful season so far in spite of the difficulty in raising representative teams for Saturday fixtures.

Squadron Leader Stanley and Mr. Needham have been very welcome additions to the team. Flight Sergeant Vickers has been in excellent form with bat and ball.

Attempts to play Inter-Section games on the Unit have failed but we are indebted to Hillfield School for the loan of their ground for the Station Time Limit Competition. Each team is allowed 15 overs and the side scoring most runs is the winner regardless of number of wickets down. So far the airmen have beaten the sergeants by a fair margin and just managed to scrape home against the officers by two runs. The officers made the mistake of letting Bishop stay in too long (34) and not putting S/Ldr. Stanley (not out 18) in soon enough.

The Cricket net behind the Hospital has been a great success and although an acute shortage of balls has rationed practice (evenings only) it has proved well worth the time and trouble which A.C. Bishop has put into its erection and preparation. The net is now available to anyone from 17.00 hours. The team is always on the lookout for talent and any serious candidates for selection should contact Bishop in the Sports Section. The Station has been asked by the Toronto and District Cricket Council to arrange a representative R.A.F. in Ontario team, captained by Squadron Leader Stanley, to play against an "All Toronto Team" in a

"Tobacco for the Forces Fund" match. Last year over 4000 tickets were sold for a similar match, and it is hoped this year's will be as successful.

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## TENNIS NOTES

(Officer i/c—F/Lt. Speake)

Now we have survived the Canadian Spring, we have been able to arrange a few matches. We recently had a match against the Hamilton Tennis Club away, which resulted in a draw. A return match has been arranged for the first Saturday in August.

On Saturday, 31st July, we have a match against the Rosedale Tennis Club, at home, which we hope will be successfully concluded by the time this is in print.

Inter-Section matches are being arranged and will continue throughout the season. Some matches have already been played, and have brought to light new talent which has been utilised in the Station Team already. It is hoped that the good work will continue.

Another home match against Brantford R.C.A.F. has been arranged for Tuesday, August 3rd.

It is hoped that the third Airmen's court will be available for play shortly.

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## SWIMMING

(Officer i/c—S/L Wood)

The swimming pool has proved a very great success this year. It has been well patronised, except on those occasions when it has been refilled after cleaning, and when only a few stalwarts venture into its frigid depths.

It is intended to form a Station swimming and polo team during the first week in August in order that a challenge may be issued to H.M.C.S. "Star" or Army Trade School and any other willing victims who may be unearthed. Quite a large number of very good swimmers have been observed in the pool, and it is expected that we shall be in a position to select a very good team. There will be no discrimination between colour or rank, so anybody who has played polo, or who has swam for good teams is invited to submit his name for trial to Squadron Leader Wood, Flying Officer Simon or Corporal Lakeman. It is hoped that as many cadets as possible will come forward.

If a sufficiently strong team is formed a trip to Toronto may be arranged later.

The Officers' Mess has already challenged the Sergeants' Mess at polo, and it is suggested that the Corporals and Airmen and Cadets should put out teams. It is not necessary that the players should be experts. Matches will only be played when good visibility prevails in order to avoid dirty water tactics.

It is hoped to organise a station swimming contest shortly, involving all types of swimming and diving. It would be appreciated if any diving experts on the Station would offer their services as judges in the contest.

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### GOLF

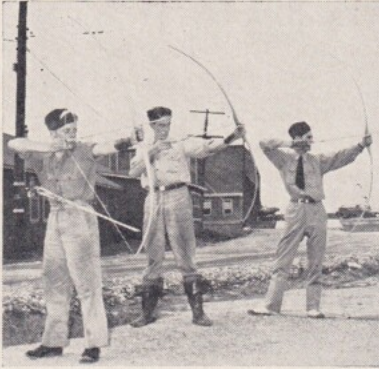
(Officer i/c—S/L Gardiner)

This season the Station is fortunate in possessing a wealth of golfing

talent. L.A.C. Thom, a cadet in course No. 78a, is one of England's foremost youthful players ranking No. 2 for England in the Boys' International. F/L. "Gig" Dapot has been playing brilliant golf on the Ancaster links with scores in the low 70's and F/O. Simon is rapidly regaining his pre-war form. F/O's Rowe and MacKenzie with Sgt. Chilson make up a formidable trio of low-handicap players and in addition we have the services of A.C. Baldwin of the Officers' Mess staff, formerly a "Pro." at the Wilington Club near Eastbourne where he held the course record of 66 for four years before joining the Air Force.

Transport difficulties have called a halt to many fixtures this year and so far the Station has only been able to play one match—that against No. 5 S.F.T.S. Brantford, which resulted in a win for Mount Hope by three games to nil. Other matches are in the offing, including some with local clubs which should prove extremely interesting, with a tinge of international excitement in the contest between British and Canadian golfers.

Quite a number of players from this Station have joined the Ancaster Golf Club under the special terms of membership offered to Service personnel and are competing in the club competitions with good success. In fact, the writer would be quite happy to stake a modest sum on a certain R.A.F. player having his name inscribed in the records of the Club as the winner of the Club championship for the year 1943!



## ARCHERY

(Officer i/c—F/Lt. Belyea)

### NEW DISEASE HITS MT. HOPE

Now don't get worried and bother Station Sick Quarters, because the M.O. will tell you that this "disease" is only mildly contagious, if he can diagnose it. Its symptoms are stiffening of the arm and shoulder muscles, and is especially apparent in large blue bruises on the left forearm. TOXOPHOLIS is usually more apparent in the non-athletic types, especially in those who do not participate in the more strenuous forms of exercise.

There are about forty TOXOPHOLITICS on this station, but only a few have really serious cases.

Okay, okay, want to know what it is? It is the art of driving a straight piece of wood about 28 in. long, with a point on one end and feathers on the other, through the air towards a target (you hope), the propulsive power being a curved piece of wood and a string. They call it archery.

The most feasible beginning of the bow and arrow was the bow drill, the earliest, most efficient method of making fire. It was a curved piece of wood with a piece of deer tendon

attached, a straight piece of hardwood, and two flat pieces of wood. You place one flat piece of wood on the ground, put the end of the hardwood stick in its centre, surrounded with powdered dried leaves, take a double loop of the deer tendon about the hardwood stick, base the top end of the stick on the other flat piece of wood against your chest, and saw vigorously with the bow.

Quite often the hardwood stick slips loose, and flies some distance off. One of our long-tailed forbears, after retrieving the stick for the tenth time on a frosty morning, suddenly got the germ of an idea. He tried to fit the end of his hardwood stick to the bowstring, his deer tendon, but, as both ends were pointed, it didn't work. After much louse catching with his long fingernails, he hacked a Vee in one end of the stick, knocked it to his bowstring, and TOXOPHOLY was born. (Only he didn't call it that.)

A thousand or so years later, a couple of feathers stuck to the butt of the arrow, and our hairy ancestors found that arrows travelled much truer and straighter with a few feathers stuck to the nether end of the arrow. Thus our primate forbears were able to stand off and get their bacon (or dinosaur) from a comparatively safe distance.

Along with fire, iron, and the discovery of the use of the wheel, the bow and arrow rates as one of the greatest discoveries of the ages, because it gave our long-haired ancestors not only a means of supplying the family back in the cave with the occasional bear or sabre-toothed tiger, but it greatly facilitated the killing of his fellows in the tribal wars.

More next month if you can stand it.

## REC. HALL RAMBLINGS

This is the one month of the year when my report of activities in the Rec: Hall can be short and, I trust, sweet. In the past I have thanked many people for their generous cooperation in putting on the shows which you have all enjoyed through the long and tedious winter, but, I fear, I must have omitted many who deserve our thanks. However, it has occurred to me that A.C. Lalley, who is responsible for the cleanliness, comfort and general lay-out of the Rec: Hall (no mean task, I assure you, after the gum-chewing, weed-inhaling, orange-peel hurling Erky crowds have repaired to their dens) deserves his share of your generous applause. Atta-boy, Lalley!

Most of our erstwhile audiences have this month spent most evenings indulging in a spot of self-chlorination in the swimming pool, except

for one most enjoyable evening when sophisticated, scintillating cast. Mr. Laderoute, who thrilled us all with the New York Ensa show produced "B for Bertie", comprising a rollicking, ripping, rip-snorthing, roar-producing repertoire with a super, his version of "Ave Maria" will soon, no doubt, be giving his New York audiences treats equally thrilling.

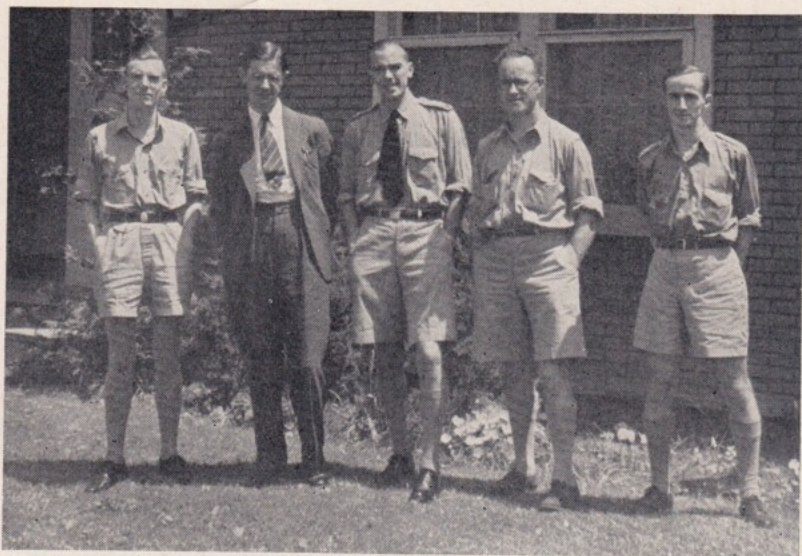
Before closing, there is one thing I would like to mention, and that is that every concert-party that has entertained us throughout the winter has remarked on the very receptive and appreciative audiences that Mt. Hope provides—encouragement for



beginners, appreciation for jokes (however hackneyed) and genuine applause for the talented. This was a very fine compliment and I sincerely hope that you live up to this reputation next season.

W. MORGAN, F/O.

## Meet the "MET" Men



The providers of many an unexpected night off and the instigators of many a cancelled date are portrayed in this photograph of Mount Hope's Met Staff, or, to give them their proper title, the Station's Meteorological forecasters. No matter what time of the day or night, if you call on the Met. Office under the Control-Tower (though it's unfair to do this unless your journey is really necessary) you will find one of these weather-narks poring over a puzzling and complicated chart tracking down the ill-defined second front of the day. The four who are not at that moment on the high stool of office could be found spreading their knowledge to fledgling Navigators in steaming lecture-rooms, blue-pencilling exams, or taking a few belated hours of sleep in their secluded billets—for the service they supply is no less than a 24-hour one.

Looking from left to right are:  
MR. N. L. NICHOLSON, B.A.,

who was in Met. in 1938 and came to Canada in 1940. Forecasts, but spends most of his time at lectures and passing out dinners. Hobbies—anything interesting and useful, i.e., selling the Meteor.

MR. C. F. PEARSON, B.Sc., M.A., quite an old hand at the game. Came over in March, 1942, after service in England and Scotland, and spent a time at Charlottetown and Port Albert before arriving here. Hobbies—photography, chatting about Bonnie Scotland and drowning sorrows.

MR. GEOFF. NEEDHAM, B.Sc., the boss, who also, after a course at Woburn Place, saw service on several R.A.F. stations before being relegated to the mountain of Hope. Hobbies—expert at most sports, played Soccer for British Universities. Golf handicap 36.

MR. C. GROOMBRIDGE, B.Sc., also a product of Woburn Place and perhaps the wiser by spells of duty

*Continued on Page 37*

# Y.M.C.A.

"Out with the Old, in with the New!" could well be the slogan at the local Y.M.C.A. office, as we have said farewell to the former Supervisors and now have two new men seated in their cushy chairs waiting for the next interview.

You will be interested to know that Kirk Bell arrived in London, England on July 12th, and that Carl Sandlos responded to his Army call on July 7th as a "Buck Private," although he hopes to earn his "pips" at an early date. Just in case you haven't met the new "Y" Supervisors, drop in and shake hands with Jay Shaver and Norm Cragg: they are here to serve you.

Activities on this camp for the summer months include a regular line of sports such as Soccer, Rugger, Softball, Tennis, Cricket and Swimming, etc. For those individuals who prefer less strenuous exercise, we have Archery Shoots twice a week. A very enthusiastic Camera Club, Discussion Groups in the making, and we are still waiting for more prospective members to register for a Fishing Club and Rifle Club. May we have your constructive suggestions on any of these subjects?

A series of Inter-station Track and Field Twilight Meets are being held this summer with five units in this circuit competing. Winners will compete in the No. 1 Command meet at Toronto early in September. If you are a track and field man, you may still enter.

In the field of entertainment, the Y.M.C.A. Movies comprise most of the summer program, but in July our station was fortunate in having an

E.N.S.A. troupe visit us, giving two presentations including such famous artists as Ernest Cossart and Doris Patston, formerly of Hollywood. A program feature that is becoming more popular with each presentation is the well selected "Music of the Masters," held each Wednesday evening. A proper atmosphere, created by subdued lighting effects in the darkened hall, is conducive to a real appreciation of the Classics.

During the summer months the "Y" Supervisors are kept rather busy giving out Pukka gen on the holiday resort of Muskoka, special hotel service rates, the best places to spend those leaves, and how to get to them. And, of course, there is the all-important "Home Hospitality," arranged for in Hamilton, Toronto, Niagara Falls and other neighboring cities. This service, along with sending numerous cablegrams and telegrams daily, explains another phase of our activities.

About that perplexing problem of yours, whatever it may be, perhaps we can help. Call around at the "Y" office. Hours are 0900 to 1300, 1400 to 1700, 1800 to 1900 hours.

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*Continued from Page 36*

at odd stations in Scotland before coming here in March, 1942. Hobbies—golf, photography, beaming and poking fun at Editors.

MR. H. KILLIP, B.Sc. He, too, became a nark at Woburn Place and practised his art as a forecaster at various secluded Scottish stations. Hobbies—last-minute wrecking of weekly lecture programmes.

Altogether, then, they compose an almost frightening galaxy of specialised genmanship, and comprise a Met. Staff of which we are very proud and jealous.

# Cinema Shows this Month.

Tuesday, August 17th—

**MY FAVOURITE SPY**

Kay Kyser, Ellen Drew

Friday, August 20th—

**PRIVATE BUCKAROO**

Harry James and His Band

Thursday, August 26th—

**MARGIN FOR ERROR**

Milton Berle, Joan Bennett

Tuesday, September 7th—

**HANGMEN ALSO DIE**

Brian Donlevy, Anna Lee

Friday, September 10th—

**FLY BY NIGHT**

Richard Carlson, Nancy Kelly

Thursday, September 16th—

**CHETNIKS**

Phillip Dorn, Anna Sten

Tuesday, September 21st—

**McQUERINS FROM BROOKLYN**

Wm. Bendix, Arline Judge

Friday, September 24th—

**GOLDEN GLOVES**

Richard Denning, Jean Cagney

Thursday, September 30th—

(To be announced.)

Thursday, August 19th—

**TIME TO KILL**

Lloyd Nolan, Heather Angel

Tuesday, August 24th—

**MILLIONAIRES IN PRISON**

Lee Tracy, Lindsay Hayes

Friday, August 27th—

**WHO DONE IT?**

Abbott and Costello

Thursday, September 9th—

**OVER MY DEAD BODY**

Milton Berle, Mary Hughes

Tuesday, September 14th—

**YOUNG AND WILLING**

Wm. Holden, Susan Hayward

Friday, September 17th—

**FIVE GRAVES TO CAIRO**

Franchot Tone, Anne Baxter

Thursday, September 23rd—

(To be announced.)

Tuesday, September 28th—

**LADY OF BURLESQUE**

Barbara Stanwyck

Friday, October 1st—

**CHINA**

Alan Ladd, Loretta Young

## Photographic Competition

The entries for this competition are of an encouragingly high standard. The Editorial Committee decided that it was impossible to judge any one photograph to be the best. However, the two entries submitted by A.C. Burgess were considered together to be the best in every respect and he therefore receives the first prize of \$5. The second prize of \$3 goes to L.A.C. Thomason, who also submitted two excellent photographs. L.A.C. Hartley wins the third prize of \$2, and a fourth consolation prize of \$1 is awarded to Cpl. Baker. Although the first prize was won by a comparatively experienced member of the Camera Club, the second prize winner, L.A.C. Thomason, is quite a novice who has learned all he knows in the short time he has been a member of the club.

There were many other competitors, too numerous to mention, to whom the Editor would like to express his sincere thanks; some of their entries appear in these pages. We are indebted also to L.A.C. Transehe, our Staff Photographer, for his photograph "Black Bees" and for his expert advice not only to members of the Camera Club, but to the judges of his competition.

A similar competition will be held in the next issue and money prizes will again be awarded. The only rules are:

1. Entries must have been taken with the competitor's own Camera.

2. Photographs must have been taken on this side of the Atlantic.

3. No more than two entries may be submitted by each competitor.

4. The closing date 28th September.

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

*"All Handsome Men Are Slightly Sunburnt"*

VISIT

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SWIMMING TAUGHT

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Instructors and Binders Ducked to Order.

Manager — Charles Atlas Parfitt

LOST—Will the airman who took the seaweed from the met. office, possibly under the impression that it was a souvenir of Lake Ontario, please return same immediately, as flying training is being seriously held up.

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DATES

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