

THE MOUNT HOPE

# METEOR



**CHRISTMAS**

1943

PRICE 15 CENTS

# ★ TIME OFF ★

## DISCUSSION GROUP

Do you keep your pal awake after lights-out talking about your troubles? Here's your chance to air your views and enjoy yourself in an informal but organised group. Come along to the Library on Thursday evenings at 1915 hrs.

## MUSIC OF THE MASTERS

An old firm this—established June, 1942. A recorded programme of classical music can be heard on Wednesday in the Recreation Hall.

## GEN CLUB

If you still haven't got around to it, don't forget this interesting activity. A satisfaction or money back evening. Note the change—20.00 hours (not 19.15 hours) on Thursdays in the Library. Refreshments provided—bring your own nickels.

## CAMERA CLUB

An outlet for the camera lovers. Print, develop and enlarge your own film.

**Station Military Band.** Practices at 18.00 hrs. on Mondays and 14.30 hrs. on Thursdays. Contact F/Sgt. Follet in the Band-room.

**Station Orchestra.** Practices at 18.00 hrs. on Thursdays in the Band-room. See F/O. Steel, Room 3, G.I.S., or in the Band-room on practice nights.

## \$5 LITERARY COMPETITION

As no prize was awarded last month, the prize this time has accumulated to \$10. It has been awarded to A.C. Checkley for his story. We are also indebted to A.C. Checkley for his cartoons.

\$1 for the best poem goes to L.A.C. Bell.

The closing date for the January Competition is December 30th.

## ARTS AND CRAFTS

Spend your spare time at one of these activities—Woodwork, Wood Carving, Wood Turning, Model Aircraft, Drawing, Painting and Commercial Layout, Homecraft. Sublimate your superfluous energies—and get in while there's still room.

## BIBLE CLASS

A growing and vital gathering—The Christian Fellowship Meeting assembles in the Padre's Office at 20.00 hours on Tuesdays.

## DRAMATIC SOCIETY

Another three act play will be produced in the New Year, for which a large cast will be required. Will all interested contact Flying Officer Thackeray in S.D.R.T. Building.

—★—

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 day of publication, otherwise it cannot be included.

Rates: 15c per copy; \$1.35 per annum.

Overseas subscription, \$2.75.

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## The Editor Speaks

Since our last issue much has happened on the camp. Whilst, as usual, our primary concern has been the piling up of flying hours or learning navigation, we have somehow found time to watch the many and varied shows of quality, or to dance in the Rec. Hall, to cheer pugilists in the Drill Hall, or to take part in the several after-duty activities arranged for our benefit. However, the thing most evident to those who have been here for some time has been the growing up of a new Mount Hope generation.

The character and spirit of No. 33 have largely been moulded or built up by those who opened the camp just over two years ago. The facilities we enjoy—the Reading Room, the Canteen, the Rec. Hall—the organisation of the various sections, the green lawns in the summer and the swimming pool, the bus service, in fact, even our daily time-table or the very atmosphere of the place itself are the results achieved by those who

have comprised the staff of Mount Hope. They are the legacies of the men who have watched Mount Hope grow, who have worked hard to make it the Navigation School to which all U/T's at Moncton are anxious to be posted, and who have strived to put Mount Hope, Super Acera ad Sidera, on the map. During the last few months many of those "pioneers" have left for the U.K. and now very few are left. Though the face of Mount Hope has taken on a definite and permanent shape, the faces have changed and will continue to change.

But at this time of the year we find ourselves looking forward, not back. Looking forward to parties, dates, forms "H", trips to Montreal, New York, the appearance of the holly and the ivy and fun under the mistletoe. Whilst soon we are all bent on pleasure, enjoying the Christmas with the brightest prospects so far in this war, the Meteor would thank on your behalf all those who will be working for your pleasure—

the Cook-house staff who will be working overtime to prepare an over-size turkey, the men in M.P.O. 211 who will be coping with your mail, the fellows in the entertainment racket perspiring behind the scenes, the civilian workers who will be keeping the camp-fires burning or the roads clear of snow and, above all, our Canadian hosts who already have been lavish in their invitations.

The Meteor hopes you have a good time and wishes you the

SEASON'S GREETINGS.

#### EXTRACT FROM D.R.O.'s

"Found on the morning of 17th November, 1943, in aircraft, one lower set of false teeth. Owner apply to S.W.O."

*You should perspicacitate  
And remove the bottom plate  
When the bumps and circuits make  
you writhe and fidget.  
But, should you, peradventure,  
Withdraw your bottom denture,  
We suggest that you should also  
move your digit!*

---

## There Stands a Tower

*There stands a tower, a silent sentinel  
Arising from the sand dunes on the  
moor,*

*Windswept and ageless;  
A gaunt, grey, granite edifice,  
Unlovely, changeless.*

*No people come to make their pil-  
grimage;*

*No traveller passes by;  
No sound disturbs this barren hermi-  
tage,*

*Only the clarion cry  
Of a lone bird circling  
Under the dappled sky.*

*Whence came this grim colossus?  
No superscription bears its faded tale;*

*No forms fanatical are traced  
Upon the cracked and crumbling  
stone,*

*For, by the years effaced,  
They too have vanished with the dim,  
dead days*

*Whose spirits pale  
Now lurk behind the dark, encircling  
haze*

*Of the long forgotten and the yet  
unknown.*

*Was this the watch-tower of an  
ancient race,*

*Or sacrificial place—*

*The tainted temple of a craven clan  
No longer known to man?*

*Perchance the clash of arms resound-  
ed on this heath*

*A thousand years ago,  
And who shall know?*

*For none can now recall that distant  
day:*

*The flashing fury of a clamorous  
hour,*

*The flaunt of fallen power,  
The blood that trickled in the fruit-  
less fray*

*Upon this undulating land,  
Crimsoning the yellow sand.  
Clouds, mountainously curled,*

*Loom darkly out on high.  
A jar-off thunder trembles o'er the  
plain,*

*A darting light illumines earth and  
sky,*

*And the longer, lesser light begins to  
wane.*

*The cheerless day declines,  
And round this sombre monarch of  
the moor*

*The wild wind whines.*

K. C. BELL.

# The Talisman

By A.C.1 C. E. Checkley



Before I met Flight-Sergeant Billy Williams, I was one of those fellows who scoffed at superstition. Now I'm not so cock-sure of myself.

I've never known a pilot as superstitious as Billy. I was his co-pilot, and I reckon I knew him as well as anyone on the drome. He was one of those fellows who would rather detour half a mile round a block than walk under a ladder. On all our trips together, he had worn a silk stocking wound around his neck. . . . Always the same stocking. It was one of his mascots. That's the sort of fellow he was.

I can remember his leg being pulled unmercifully by the lads that time he bought a bottle of blue ink, and presented it to one of the flight mechs who persisted in signing the F700 in green ink.

"No good ever came of that colour," Bill told me confidentially. "There's a death in our family every time an aunt of mine wears green. You needn't laugh. That's a fact."

That aunt of his must have been wearing a shade very near green one December night when we took off, Berlin-bound.

We were on our fourth trip in our new Lancaster, "F" for Freddie—Bill had already completed one tour of Ops and Wimpies.

For an hour after take-off everything was as normal as it could be. No excitement thus far.

Bill had just given a few words of cheer to Tom M'Lachlan in the rear turret, when I heard him give a distinct gasp over the inter-com.

"What's up?" I asked him. He had one hand stuck inside the berast of his flying suit. In the dim light of the moon, his face was a mask of worry.

"What is it, Bill?"

He looked at me and slowly pulled his hand from his berast. He opened his fingers. His hand was empty.

"I've forgotten it this trip," he said.

I thought Bill meant his pet silk stocking. But no, for there, draped over his shoulder, I could see the shape of the tiny foot. No, it wasn't the stocking. To-night, Bill was without his charm of charms.

"I've never flown without it before," he was saying.

I knew that, for on every trip I had made with him he had shown it to me when we were nearing the target. He would take it from his pocket, show it to me, and wink broadly as he kissed it and replaced it in his pocket.

It was just a beach pebble! But it was as white as snow in colour,

and shaped with peculiar symmetry like a heart. Running through its strata, like a vein, was a ragged, reddish-brown flaw.

Bill had told me its history, and I've forgotten the details, but I do know his girl had found it on the beach at Brighton the first time they were out together, and ever since, Bill had carried it.

To-night he was without it!

I grinned my encouragement at him, but I could see he was a worried man. I suggested I might take over for the run over the target, but his only reply was a tightening of his jaw muscles as he clenched his teeth.

The flak was as spectacular as anything I had ever seen, and I was relieved to realise that most of it was spraying the atmosphere a good thousand feet above us. We made a second run over the target, and a stiff smile creased Bill's face as a confident "Bombs gone!" came from "Chunky", lying in the nose. The worst was over, I thought.

Bill eased forward the throttles and our Merlins sang a little louder. We were off for home.

Then it happened. The whole kite was lit up as a shell exploded just below us, and a sickening punch hit the kite somewhere near the tail. All I remember after that was the fight Bill and I had with the control column. The kite was on its nose, and hell-bent for Mother Earth.

We did get Freddie out of that hilarious dive, but I can't say any more than that, for I'll never know how we did it. Maybe the Gremlins were with us. If they were, they were fickle Gremlins, for Bill had been hit when that shell exploded, and

once we were on a level keel he slumped over the stick.

Between them, Dusty Miller, our Flight Engineer, and Ned, the W.O.P., managed to get Bill back to the bed.

"Nasty gash in the chest," Dusty inter-commenced to me. We've shoved on a shell dressing. He's still out."

Bill stayed "out" till we touched down at base. He was still dopey next morning when I called at the hospital to see him. They had taken a piece of shrapnel from his chest, the nursing sister told me . . . Missed his heart by a miracle . . . As well as can be expected.

I could see him for a few minutes, but I mustn't speak. I tip-toed over the shining lino to Bill's bed. He knew me. He could still grin. He tried to speak. But the best he could do was whisper. With my ear close to his lips, I could just hear what he said.

"Bring my luck stone. It's on the table in my billet."

I nodded, and the sister motioned me away.

Bill's room was next but one to mine in our hut, and with a duplicate key, I let myself in.

A tree just outside the window held back what little light there was on this grey December day. I switched on the light, and there I stood like a statue, one hand still on the light switch.

On the table, lay the white, heart-shaped stone—just as Bill had told me—but it was in two pieces; shivered along the brownish-red flaw that had once marked it like a vein.

Strange, wasn't it?

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO . . . AFTER THE WAR?

# FARMING

## *after the War*

By F/O J. Cartwright

The time is fast approaching when we should have definite plans for what we propose to do after the war. This article may help some towards that end; but not those who require a job with minimum work and a high rate of pay. It would be a waste of their time to read any further.

In pre-war days very few people gave much thought to the land and the difficulties which were facing agriculturalists. Now they are more land conscious, for the ration book makes them realise the importance of the good work done by the farmers and workers on the land.

To-day British agriculture is in a higher state of efficiency than ever before. To-day the farmer knows the price he will obtain for his products. Gone are the days of over production, under consumption and low prices, which caused many good agriculturalists to leave the land for other occupations.

In the post-war period many present difficulties facing the farmer will be removed; but he will be confronted with many new problems. Chief among these will be competition with foreign producers whose cost of production is very much less than his own.

The Government will probably control industrial wages, and, if control of agricultural prices is retained, there is no reason why farm-

ing should not be prosperous in post-war days. But the industry will need capable men at its head, as well as many men to fill vacancies at the moment occupied by the Women's Land Army.

Many, no doubt, look on farming as an unskilled occupation. Visit a modern farm and you will probably change your mind, for as well as being one of the healthiest occupations, farming is also one of the most interesting.

If you are attracted by farming and can decide which type (mixed or specialised) suits you best, the next step for success is to obtain a fairly sound knowledge of what you are setting out to do. You can take a course at one of the many Agricultural Colleges throughout the country, apprentice yourself to a farmer or begin as a labourer and learn the hard way. One thing certain, you can't plunge into farming without experience.

Farming may be divided under four headings.

First—Cattle Farming, which demands a good idea of the kind of animal you intend to produce (whether for butchering or dairying); a fair knowledge of how the animals should be fed (i.e. balancing of rations); an understanding of ailments to which cattle are subject, and of necessary first aid treatment.

Second—Poultry Farming, which requires a knowledge of feeding and housing of birds, and of poultry diseases.

Third—Arable Farming, which for success needs a sound knowledge of crop rotation, artificial and animal fertilisers and of mechanisation.

Fourth—Fruit Farming, for which a knowledge of soil conditions and weather (early frosts and high wind possibilities) is demanded in addition to an understanding of plants.

In the immediate post-war period there is bound to be a boom in cattle raising, for the stocks of many European countries have been sadly depleted by Nazi pillaging. English stock is held in high esteem and will stand us in good stead. Breeding is likely to offer good opportunities.

The present war has made us realize the value of the land in our small island. It will be criminal for any government to allow the industry to go back to its pre-war state. Whether or not this occurs rests in the hands of the farming community.

## A Stout Heart

The Meteor would like to wish a speedy recovery and the best of everything this Christmas to L.A.C. Higham. Higham was the staff W/Op. in an aircraft from this station which crashed in November, 1941, the first accident on this unit. He was seriously injured, and for 10 days no hope was held for his recovery. After two years in Christie Street Hospital, during which he has had many operations, he is now receiving "Pencillin" treatment. He has shown great courage and has always kept very cheerful—at the hospital they regard him as their "star" patient.

Higham would be very glad to hear from any of the "boys who came over with him" and would welcome letters from any of us or a call from us when we're in Toronto.

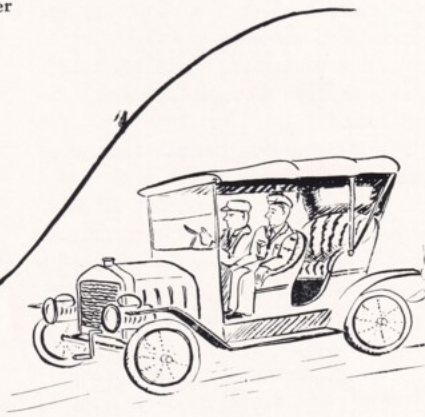
A Happy Christmas, Higham, from all at Mount Hope—our thoughts are with you.

---

1940—"No thanks, lady. I'd rather wait for a Cadillac."



*Tonkinson*



1943—"Thanks, chum!"

# Our Christmas Play



(Copyright preserved—in  
disinfectant)

*Characters:*

Read the thing for yourself.

*ACT I*

Scene I—Takes place at the  
Main Gate; the time is 2359  
hrs. on 24th December, 1943.

Sentry: Halt! who goes there?

Voice (plaintively): I *knew* I  
should have put more gold braid on.

Sentry: Halt or I fire!

Voice (more sociably): I agree.  
This central heating is abominable.

Sentry (waxing ferocious): *Halt  
or I fire!*

Voice: Shame on you.

Sentry: (Gulp) BANG!! Wheese!

Scene II—Confined to half an  
hour of alarms and excursions,  
during which

- (a) A syren blows incessantly;
- (b) The fire picquet is paraded  
34 times;
- (c) Detention cells are magic-  
ally emptied;
- (d) Four reindeer gallop fran-  
tically up the main  
road pursued by piercing  
whistles; and
- (e) The S.W.O. arrives.

Scene II—Same place half an  
hour after Scene II began.

S.W.O. to Stranger: What dost'a  
want make it slippy I'll have thi on  
t'ooks what's thi name?

Stranger: Where *did* those rein-  
deer go? Oh-er—A. V. M. Claus is  
the name, old boy, graduate of Eton,  
Oxford, Sandhurst, Quetta, McMaster  
and all points West.

S.W.O.: Nay lad, come in before  
tha gets thi death o' cold. (*sotto  
voice*) It's a meccano set this year.

Claus: All in good time, my son.  
Tell me, how's the grub in these  
parts? Hmm, I see. Well I hope  
the cooks don't see those dashed rein-  
deer of mine. Off hand what would  
you say are the best chimneys here?  
No, not that one—I'm on duty until  
daybreak.

S.W.O.: Just thee leave it to me.  
I'll get thi a runner to show t'way  
. . . EDDIE! !

*ACT II*

Scene I—Officers' Mess.

Claus: Gentlemen, may I present  
myself. Air Vice-Marshal S. Claus,  
R.C.A.F. Hrrmph! Quite unneces-  
sary to salute me S/Ldr. Plonk, just  
remain grovelling.

Plonk (impressed): So amazingly  
informal these R.C.A.F. fellahs,  
what? Tosh, old chap, what d'y  
fancy for Christmas, eh?

F/Lt. Tosh: Married last week.

Plonk: Hard creamed cheese, old  
man. I say Claus, you old fossil,—  
or should I call you Butch! Thanks

—I say Claus, what about one for the road?

Claus: Make way for a Naval Officer.

(Noises off. Pops and gurgles.)

Claus: I got bells.

Plonk: That jingle jangle.

Tosh: Jingle.

Claus: And one for the reindeer.

Tosh: And each of the other three.

(more pops and gurgles.)

Claus: I got bells.

Plonk: That go ting-a-ling-ling?

Tosh: For you but not for me.

Claus: For the road.

Scene II—Barrack block "Z".

Claus: What, only two people here on Christmas Eve? Chuck a load of sex-appeal in their socks. (Afterthought) And some Keatings too.

Runner: Where to now, sir?

Claus: Do I hear the sound of mighty engines? Hi-ho Silver . . . Away! !

Scene III—Hangar 35A.

Runner: Night flying, sir.

Claus: I fain would speak with yonder varlet of the maintenance cap. Fire a verey light at him!

(Noises off as the target is strafed.) A.V.M. Claus hums Pistol Packin' Mama.

Claus: Ah, so here you are—not

bad for an ex-plumber. Are you happy in your work?

Mechanic: Grrr!

Claus: Quite! Can't I remember you to something or other? What would you like?

Mechanic: Let me out, let me out!

Claus (aside): Better bung a bowler hat in his tool-box. Oh yes—and a box of "Pep-U-up" to that gentleman; better luck next war.

### ACT III

(Finale. Scene is again at Main Gate. A.V.M. Claus is preparing for take-off amid a cheering throng.)

Cheering Throng: Hurrah!

Claus: Who harnessed that tractor in No. 4 position, and where's the reindeer gone?

1st Erk: How old was it?

Claus (suspiciously): Only a few million years.

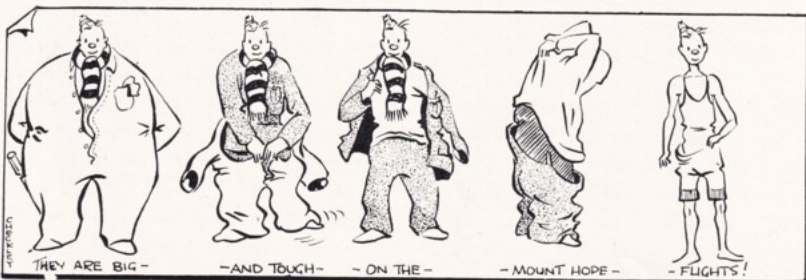
1st Erk: I had a feeling there weren't enough turkeys to go round. It'll be tougher than usual too.

Claus: Pity I didn't bring the wife along. Ah well, boys, thanks for the hospitality.

2nd Erk: Sign here sir—don't bother to read it.

Claus: Mucky plugs again . . . tut-tut! CHOCKS AWAY!

S.W.O.: Well, I'll be . . . Where's mi meccano set? ? ?



# A Christmas Experience

(F/O Fuller)



Corporal David Carter of the Royal Air Force, recently drafted to Canada, cursed beneath his breath as he tried for the third time to induce his borrowed car to move in the direction of the small prairie town. Christmas Eve, a lonely road, cold glittering snow, no-one within sight; not the conventional setting for Christmas jolifications. As he tinkered with numbed fingers he thought of his small cottage back in the south of England, of his curly-headed youngster of two years; and once again cursed fate. How distant the next homestead might be he wondered, when through the darkness he perceived a glimmer of light. He trudged toward it.

A few minutes later he found himself in a small well-kept drive, bordered with small fir-trees and leading to a homestead of no mean size—in fact, a small mansion. In reply to his knock, a small grey-headed manservant opened the door, who, without a word indicated that he would have Carter to enter. Inside the warm wood-panelled hall, Carter asked if he might stay awhile to revive his spirits, when a door opened,

and from a well-lit room a frail old lady asked the old man to show the visitor in.

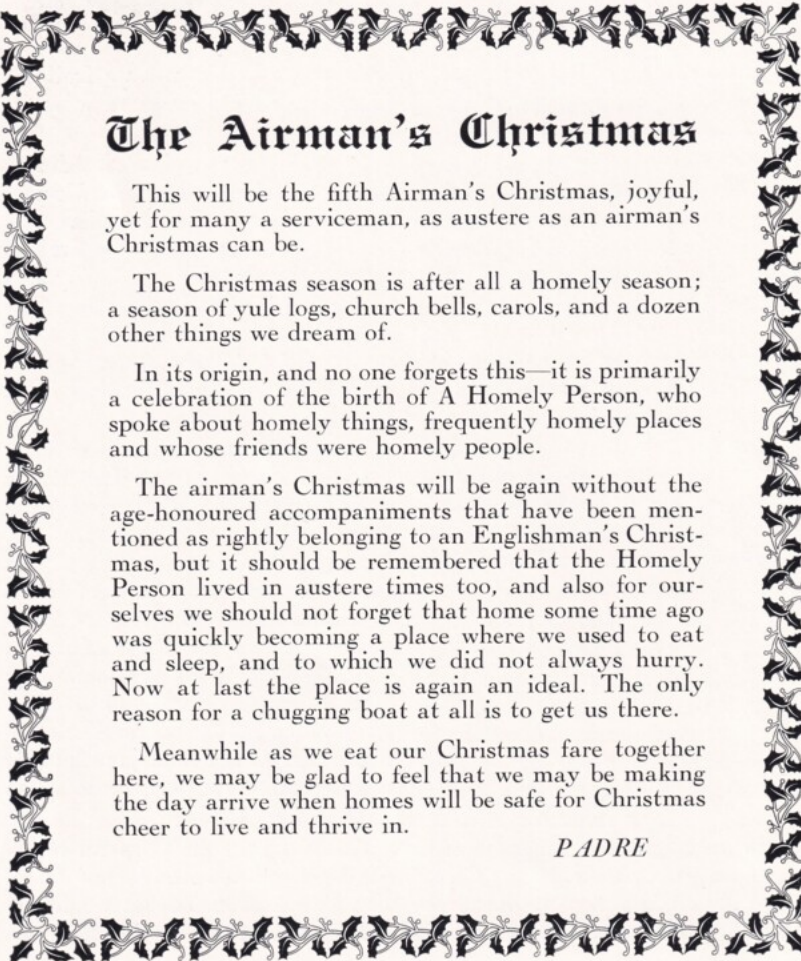
Several hours elapsed, during which time Carter had dined sumptuously, drunk rich brandies and wines, and before a huge log fire had talked with the delicate lady about Christmas, his family, England. Several times he found himself musing at her quaint expressions and her apparent lack of interest in the modern world.

Eventually, feeling a new man, thoroughly warmed and fed, Carter decided he would have another attempt to move his stubborn car. Thanking his hostess, he took his leave. As he shook the hand of the bent old manservant, he suddenly remembered two English half-crowns which had lain in his pocket since his arrival in this great cold country. He gave them to the old man. Reaching the car, Carter found, much to his amazement, that it purred into action without more trouble.

An hour later the Corporal reached the small townstead; but found that his Canadian friends would not believe his story of the hospitality he

**Christmas Experience—Continued** had received from the old lady. They maintained that no such house existed on that route. In the morning, Carter invited his friends to accompany him to the old lady's house: the party set out. They soon found the spot at which the car had ceased to function on the previous night, and then followed Dave's footprints, clearly defined in the snow; but no sign of a house was visible.

The footprints led off the roadside to a very snowy waste, the unevenness of which suggested that a huge dwelling, long since gone, may once have stood there. The footprints, Carter's own, led to the site of an old hearth, and then retraced to the snow-covered door-step, where, lying in the crisp white snow, were two English half-crowns.



## The Airman's Christmas

This will be the fifth Airman's Christmas, joyful, yet for many a serviceman, as austere as an airman's Christmas can be.

The Christmas season is after all a homely season; a season of yule logs, church bells, carols, and a dozen other things we dream of.

In its origin, and no one forgets this—it is primarily a celebration of the birth of A Homely Person, who spoke about homely things, frequently homely places and whose friends were homely people.

The airman's Christmas will be again without the age-honoured accompaniments that have been mentioned as rightly belonging to an Englishman's Christmas, but it should be remembered that the Homely Person lived in austere times too, and also for ourselves we should not forget that home some time ago was quickly becoming a place where we used to eat and sleep, and to which we did not always hurry. Now at last the place is again an ideal. The only reason for a chugging boat at all is to get us there.

Meanwhile as we eat our Christmas fare together here, we may be glad to feel that we may be making the day arrive when homes will be safe for Christmas cheer to live and thrive in.

*PADRE*

# Flight Lieutenant E. Holdway

How would you like to spend Christmas Day unloading coal on a desert island whose white population numbered five?

That is what happened to F/Lt. E. Holdway, experienced S.D.O. and imperturbable navigation instructor, not on one Christmas Day only but on two in succession.

His adventures make Sinbad's seem like those of a Wye fisherman.

He has:

Sailed 600 miles up the Yangtse, 250 up the River Plate.

Been wireless operator, air gunner, bomb aimer in Bristol Fighters.

Been bombed in harbour and seen his ship set afire.

Visited nearly every country under the sun.

Been rescued from a watery grave in a rough sea.

Three months before the end of the last war, F/Lt. Holdway went to sea and followed that calling until 1923 when he joined the R.A.F. He trained at the Electrical and Wireless School at Flowerdown, near Winchester, before joining No. 3 Fighter Squadron as wireless mechanic at Upavon.

It was there that he helped fit Woodcocks with R/T, the first service aircraft to be so equipped. The same errand took him to No. 32 Fighter Squadron at Venley, where he worked on Gloster Grebes.



At the end of 1925, he resumed globe-trotting with No. 5 Army Co-op. Squadron (Bristol Fighters) on the North-West Frontier and did his "ops" against the warlike Mohmands. The bomb-load consisted of eight 20-pounders or one 112-pound bomb, and the bombsight was screwed to the side of the fuselage by a couple of wing-nuts, so that the wireless operator-cum air gunner-cum bomb-aimer had to stand up and look over the side to sight.

Airman Holdway was stationed in turn at Risalpur, Miranshah and Quetta, where the aerodrome was 7,000 feet above sea level. (We forgot to ask what beer tastes like when sucked through an oxygen mask.)

Fortune smiled on him for he left Quetta not long before an earthquake killed many of his old comrades and, to celebrate his escape, he joined No. 13 Squadron (with Atlases) at Andover.

### F/Lt. E. Holdway—Continued

When he went into the reserve in 1929, after six years' service, he had attained the exalted rank of L.A.C.

Back went L.A.C. Holdway to sea for 10 years, starting on tramps in the South American trade. And what stories he could tell!

As a navigating officer, his longest trip lasted 16 months. What an air plot! From England he sailed to South Africa, thence to Perim (a little island at the mouth of the Red Sea), where he spent Christmas Day in unloading coal.

A detour was made to Australia and, via South Africa, he returned to Perim for the next Christmas (yes, it was coal again!) A little jaunt to Bombay and then home.

The Spanish War found him running grain and coal into Barcelona and Almiria for the Republicans for 18 months. In harbour, the ships were exposed to high level bombing raids by day and low-level attacks by night.

There was one memorable night in Alicante. A raider came in low, ignored the four searchlights and three guns that comprised the defences, and dropped two bombs on the ship immediately astern, setting F/Lt. Holdway's vessel ablaze as well.

Everybody had a grand time dodging machine-gun bursts. Everybody also knew the plane carried a third bomb. It fell on a laden tanker. Exit said tanker! Happily, the crew, in the tradition of the sea, was ashore.

F/Lt. Holdway was in the news again when he provided the "Sunderland Echo" with a front page streamer. He was sailing from Leith to London down the East Coast when, after leaving Sunderland, his 18-foot

open boat capsized and sank, leaving him three miles from shore in a rough sea.

The lifeboat put out but could not find him. Discarding his jacket and swimming in the suit with which nature had provided him, he stuffed his last two pound notes into his mouth and struggled on. But land still looked far, far away.

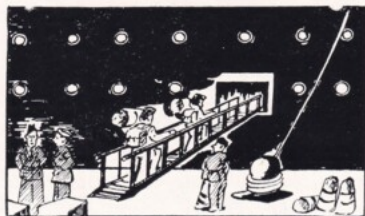
A small fishing coble found him. It was too tiny to take him aboard, so he hung to a providential rope until the lifeboat eventually came alongside.

For a time, F/Lt. Holdway was in the Black Sea trade and then, in pre-war 1939, he tried unsuccessfully to get into the marine craft section of the R.A.F.

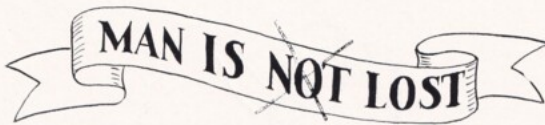
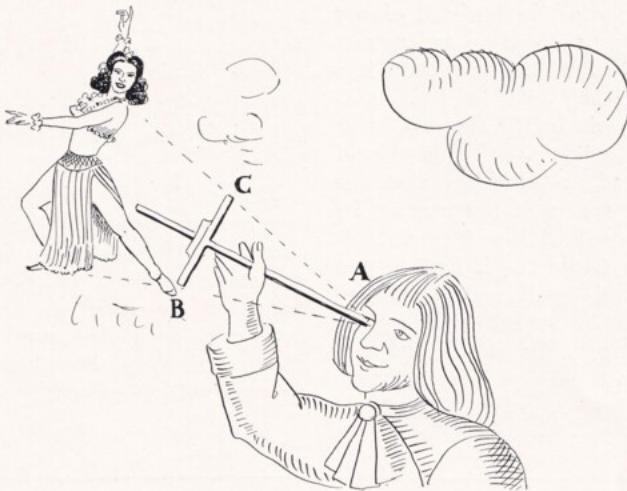
Instead, he became a civilian navigation instructor and helped to start No. 9 A.O.N.S. at Blackpool, where he had as one of his first pupils one of the present instructors on this unit.

Early in 1940 he moved to No. 1 A.O.N.S. at Prestwick and there, in 1941, he put away his bowler hat before coming to Canada in July of that year.

After a year at No. 32 A.N.S., Charlottetown, he came to Mount Hope where he has brought his navigational knowledge and experience to bear in guiding young hopefuls along the perilous tracks from BASE-CHATHAM-SARNIA-BASE.



# “Per Astra ad Ardua”



Astronomy is not what it used to be when the wise men studied the stars thousands of years ago. I suspect it was then the ancients' excuse for a night on the Tiles. I credit these men with a high standard of imagination for they alone could reconcile in constellations the presence of virgins and twins, though the bearing of one from the other is but a matter of calculation.

The origin of star names intrigues me. Was "Alfie Ratz" the ancient counterpart of Mickey Mouse at the Delta (corner of Nile and Main) or "Denny Bola" the Crosby who crooned from Cairo on PZX? Al de Baron might well have been a Babylonian gangster who gave protection

to the proprietors of the hanging gardens—an old time beer baron, while "Al Tair" suggests a home run king for the Fig Leafs. Unfortunately history doesn't go so far.

Astronomical navigation began centuries ago and one system has weathered the ravages of progress. By observing stars through holes cunningly bored in a cocoanut shell an island tribe navigated many hundred miles. Picture a dusky U/T canoeist at the instrument hut presenting a chit, signed by the witch doctor, for a Holy Cocoanut Mark IX.

Further developments were made when it was realised that such navigation was based on the solution of triangles and no doubt there was a

bottleneck on long distance calls for Athens 1212 in order to get the gen from Pythagoras himself.

With the advent of the airplane the 10 knot navigation methods of our nautics were speeded up and Astronomical Navigation deteriorated into just plain Astro. It is always difficult to convince U/T Navs W of its value to navigation—that mixture of science and art which so often becomes “a system of low cunning by which a student shows why he is where he should be—if he is.” Enthusiasm about Venus 25 million miles away is overshadowed by her counterpart in the flesh only nine miles away and any reference to a heavenly body coincident with a bubble merely revives memories of the

Avenue Burlesk while star curves bring visions of Dorothy Lamour complete with sarong and Hope chest.

Wander occurs with both kinds of heavenly bodies, in each case it is maximum when on the beam and both require correction, but while coriolis reflects to the right the manual type is to the wrong and is rarely overlooked.

Then study well the less exciting type of heavenly body and remember that Vega-Altair-Dene is the only safe eternal triangle. If you neglect them for the local product your name may some day appear on a marble slab above the epitaph “This man was not lost—much.”

G. PLATT, F/O.



*“Care to play table tennis, Corporal . . . or is there something else you'd rather do?”*

W. O's  
AT WORK

## W.O. Emery

As even the ignorant civilian knows, the R.A.F. equivalent of the Regimental Sergeant Major is the Station Warrant Officer. It was, therefore, with some trepidation that we called to pay our respects to W/O. Emery, S.W.O. of No. 33 A.N.S.

However, encouragement was offered by a small notice on his office door. It was no fierce injunction to knock and wait or to wipe one's feet but merely a gentle reminder that leave passes for Christmas must be in as soon as possible. The great man himself does not entirely correspond to the idea of the legendary R.S.M. His moustache seems to lack that bristling quality, and his vocabulary is monochromatic rather than colourful. But this does not prevent him terrifying many a hapless erk. It is said that when he leans out of his office window to tell a passing airman to "Put your — 'at on" (no prizes offered for guessing the missing word), all ranks on the road from the gate to the hangars instinctively feel for their headgear.

W/O. Emery is a 24-year man (not his age, his period of service) and not until 1953 can he cease looking at airmen's buttons. Joining the R.A.F. in 1929 he has seen many different stations in the U.K. He spent some time attached to a Fleet Air Arm training base in the Shetlands. He was there at the outbreak of war and witnessed the first bomb dropped on British soil. This was the famous rabbit-killing bomb and, believe it or not, W/O. Emery saw the actual rabbit (later immortalised in the song, "Run, Rabbit Run.")



Some months later he returned to civilisation in England. But it was not for long, as shortly afterwards, in 1941, he was on the boat for Canada. This was, in fact, one of those strokes of Fate which many of us have experienced in this war. Only at the eleventh hour was W/O. Emery's name removed from a draft for Singapore to one for Canada. The fate of many on that Singapore draft is now a matter for conjecture.

W/O. Emery is fully qualified in firefighting organization and though he has fought all kinds of fires from crash fires to forest fires, he has never seen a serious fire on any station on which he has served. Recently G.I.S. tried to remedy this deficiency in his experience but all to no avail.

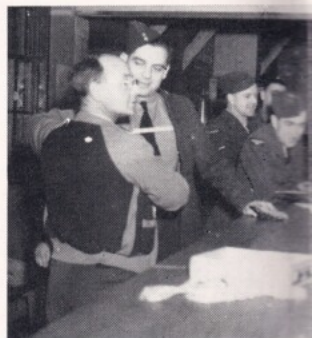
It was no surprise to learn that W/O. Emery is a family man (married 1938—one son) as he has that domestic look. To use a stock phrase, "A heart of gold lurks behind his rough exterior," but don't expect to find it if your greatcoat is unbuttoned.



Where  
to . . .  
this Christmas

HERE →→→

OR  
HERE



THE STORE B

EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, NEW YORK



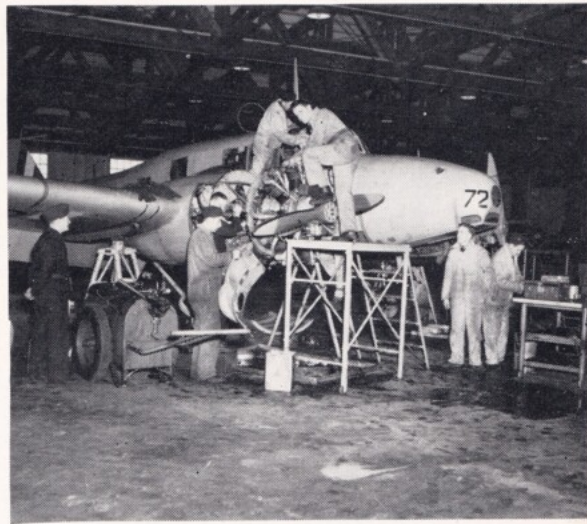
SHOWS an



← ON THE TARMAC



BASHERS



ANSON MAINTENANCE CREW



and REVIEWS

# Canadian Gen

## I. . . . GENERAL HOLIDAYS

While it is true that a number of Canadian holidays correspond to those observed in the U.K., the form of observance is often quite different, and there are a large number of holidays in this country which are quite unknown to the people of the British Isles. "One a month" seems to have been the objective as far as public holidays in peacetime Canada were concerned, as a glance at the following list will show:

January 1st—New Year's Day.

March or April—Good Friday.

May 24th—Victoria Day (Empire Day).

June—King's Birthday.

July 1st—Dominion Day.

August—Civic Holiday.

September—Labour Day.

October—Thanksgiving Day.

November 11th — Remembrance Day.

December 25th—Christmas Day.

A recent Order-in-Council has restricted the holidays to be universally observed in wartime to New Year's Day, Good Friday, Dominion Day, Labour Day, Thanksgiving Day and Christmas Day. Of these only Good Friday and Christmas Day are universally observed in Great Britain.

Originally, Christmas and Easter, with Whitsun, had strictly religious significance. Good Friday, Easter Sunday, Whitsunday and Christmas Day were occasions for religious celebration and cogitation, the mundane celebration following a day or so later. In Canada Easter Monday, Whit-Monday and Boxing Day are absent from the official holiday list.

Canada's annual celebration of Labour Day, harks back to the Middle Ages in Europe, when frequent processions were staged by the trade guilds to evidence their pride of industry and craftsmanship, and to obtain recognition of the honorable position of the working man. This is reflected in the quite lavish Labour Day parades which are held in some parts of England, although May 1st has no universal official holiday status. The movement for the inauguration of a legal labour holiday in Canada, was started by labour unions and other workingmen's organisations. Demonstrations in Toronto and Montreal led to the passing of an Act, in 1894, which made the first Monday in September, Labour Day.

Thanksgiving Day is exclusively North American. First celebrated in Canada in 1879, it originated as a religious observance by the earliest pioneers in the English colonies of this continent as an annual event expressing "gratitude for an abundant harvest and other blessings." The date is variably being fixed each year by government proclamation.

But in addition to these nationally observed occasions, there are certain regional ones which are interesting in their variety. St. Jean Batiste Day, totally indigenous to Canada, is observed wherever people of Quebec birth or ancestry may be. A colorful mixture of religious and social celebration honours the mythical character who embodies all the finest traditions of French Canadians.

### Canadian Gen—Continued

Corpus Christi parades are also colorful and impressive religious rites observed in a great many centres where Roman Catholics are numerous. In a great many parts of Canada the observance of Burns' Night, St. Andrew's Day, St. George's Day, St. Patrick's Day and Independence Day is a matter of major importance. In other parts these days are completely

disregarded. In other places holidays of strictly Germanic, Polish, Scandinavian, etc., origin figure largely in the lives of the people.

Clearly, being a nation of multiple racial extractions, Canada's national and regional festivals reflect the customs of many lands, which, coupled with the proximity of the United States, is the key to Canadian "High days and holidays."

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## METEOR Joins the Ladies



It has been said that this world would be lost without women. If that is so then it is equally true that Mount Hope would be lost without its share of the feminine touch. To the Meteor, visiting and drinking tea with the three ladies on the camp, it was evident that what we are missing in quantity we certainly make up in quality. To be one of the three ladies amongst a couple of thousand odd men is no sinecure, we imagine, and carries no little responsibility, for not only have these fair ladies to uphold the status of the weaker sex in this community, but each of them has a responsible job to perform.

*Nursing Sister (or Flying Officer)* Mary Chischolm has ruled the roost in the Station Hospital for nearly two years and has set six successive M.O.'s on the right path in attaining a healthy station.. Her smiling face and charming bedside manner have brought life and hope to many a run-down airman and are, we believe, no mean temptation for the healthy to want to report sick. Born in Calgary, she came east to Toronto when six years old, and almost as soon as she was old enough she started her training for a nursing career. She graduated from Toronto General Hospital and spent several years at various

**METEOR JOINS THE LADIES** hospitals in Ontario before joining the R.C.A.F. in 1941. Her first post was at No. 1 T.T.S., St. Thomas, and two years ago she came here on "temporary" duty. Impatiently waiting an overseas posting, she says she has thoroughly enjoyed her tour here and that it has given her a very good idea of what to expect in England. In fact, she's got all the "gen". A popular member of the mess, like all good types she has not escaped the "line" book!

*Miss Mary McArthur* holds rather a unique position here, being the only civilian girl on the camp. A native of Toronto, where she worked first as a florist and later as an accountant, she came to live at Ryckman's Corners nine years ago. In the days of No. 10 E.F.T.S. she worked here in the capacity of Secretary to its manager, Mr. Jerry Moes, and since the departure of the Tiger Moths has kept the Works and Buildings Dept. in meticulous order. She is a pleasant personality who, amongst her many favours, is a sports enthusiast, being a keen horsewoman and an able skater. Her status as a civilian is perhaps an unfortunate handicap for her for she is unable to participate in Station life as much as she would like. That she has the interest of the camp at heart is very evident, and she gives up two evenings a week to work in the Canteen. She is *not* married.

*Section Officer Elspeth Paterson* knows well that the Air Force flies on its stomach. Though she hails from Nova Scotia, she has lived and worked in most parts of Canada and her education was undertaken by the Universities of Saskatchewan, Manitoba and Toronto. Having graduated as a Dietitian, she began immed-

ately to put her dietetic theories into practice, but, however, the Hudson's Bay Co. at Winnipeg threw her out when she married Capt. "Sandy" Paterson—we doubt whether he ever asked her if she could cook—and for four months she lived a life of leisure until she went to control the calories and vitamins at John Inglis & Co. in Toronto, and later at the Y.W.C.A. there. It was whilst there that a wave of patriotism and a desire to go overseas overcame her and she donned R.C.A.F. blue to go and feed the airmen at Camp Borden. She came here last Spring, and, with F/Sgt. Deverill's co-operation, has given us the right sort and the right amount of nourishment. In fact, throughout her short life wherever she has been she has seen well-fed men. Her hobbies are many—mainly athletic, and throughout the summer she was a popular and familiar figure in the Swimming Pool and on the Tennis Courts. Lately we have seen her at all the Section Dances. "Sandy" is back in England now with the Canadian Army. "Pat" is quite definite about what she'll do after the war. She's not sure how many, but there definitely will be some little Sandy's.

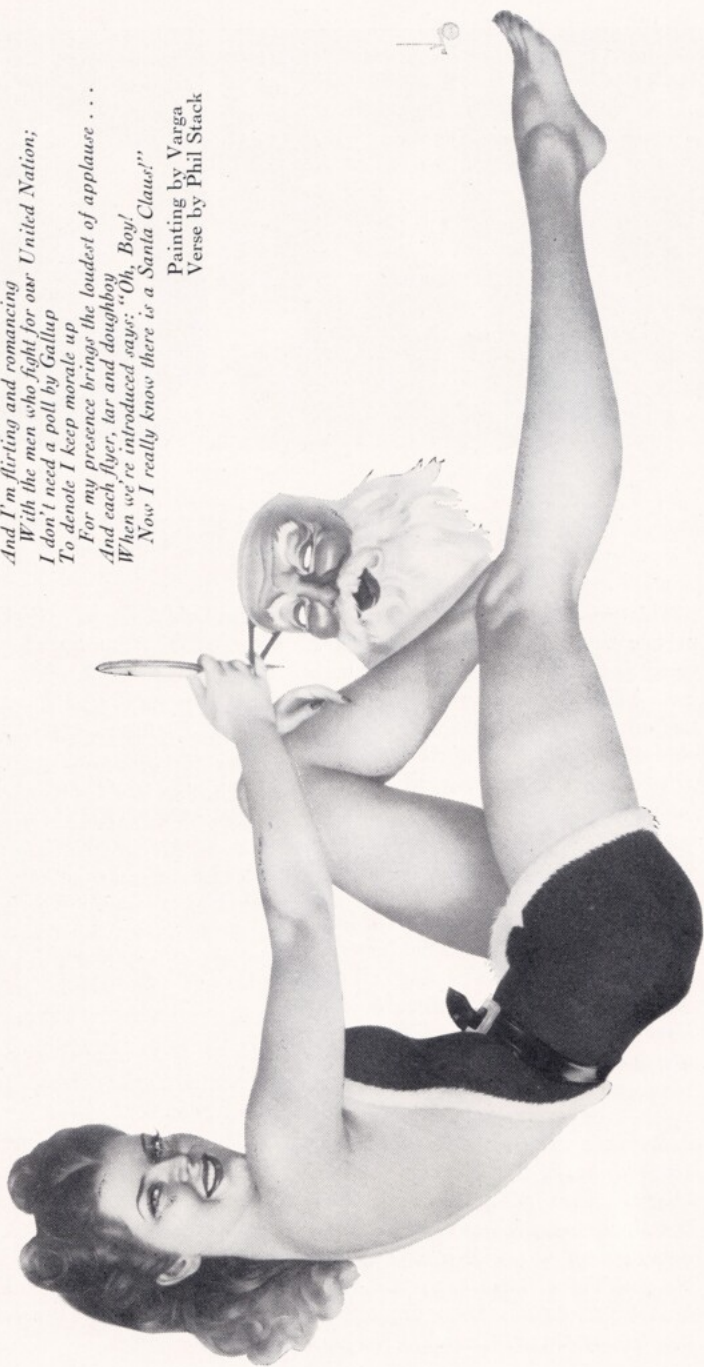


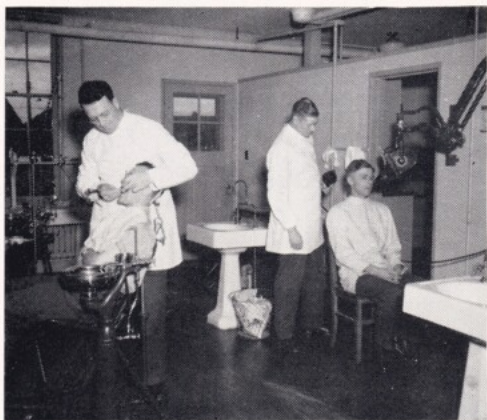
"I was at a party with a Navigator: U/T last night. Tell me, does U/T mean un-tamed?"

MISS SANTA CLAUS

*I've a patriotic reason  
To play Santa Claus this season  
And I'm starring in the role for the duration;  
For I'm dining and I'm dancing  
And I'm flirting and romancing  
With the men who fight for our United Nation;  
I don't need a poll by Gallup  
To denote I keep morale up.  
For my presence brings the loudest of applause . . .  
And each flyer, far and doughboy  
When we're introduced says: "Oh, Boy!  
Now I really know there is a Santa Claus!"*

Painting by Varga  
Verse by Phil Stack





## MEET THE DENTISTS

This month the Meteor made a private check of its jaws from molar to wisdom tooth and braved the dentists. This time, however, the Canadian Dental Corps were in the chairs and we flourished the drill. Whether they were afraid of our proficiency or not they quietly produced some tea which cut short the drilling but not before we had found out some interesting things about this corps, some of whose members have been in the R.A.F. since the inauguration of the Empire Training Scheme.

First of all we "examined" *Capt. Harry Martin*, the officer i/c here. He was born in Brant County, Ontario, which is only 10 miles west of this camp. After graduating from Toronto University he studied for one year at the Toronto University of Music before going to work at a dental clinic in West Virginia. For many years *Capt. Martin* has had his practice in Hamilton, where for nine years he has been organist at the Wesley United Church. He join-

ed the Dental Corps in 1941, and has been mashing molars here for 18 months.

*Capt. R. W. Morningstar*, a native of Toronto, graduated from the University of Toronto in 1937 and practiced in that city for five years before joining the Dental Corps. After spells of duty at St. Thomas, Aylmer and Three Rivers, he came here several months ago. His hobbies, he says, are skiing, bowling and elbow-bending. But that's not why he's unhappy—you see, he must always be looking down in the mouth.

*Capt. F. D. Mulholland* was born in North York Township, Toronto, and graduated from Toronto University at the same time as *Capt. Morningstar*. He practiced in North Toronto for several years and joined the Dental Corps in 1942. He served at Belleville and at No. 1 Manning Depot before coming here. In his off duty hours he loves farming—especially horses.



## "The Backbone of The Service"



### L.A.C. McARTHUR

L.A.C. McArthur—or, as he is better known, "General (Acting L.A.C.) McArthur"—is one of the pillars of Maintenance society. His bushy hair, hornrimmed glasses and pipe were well known at Kidlinkgton before Mount Hope. Indeed, McArthur's pipe is another Churchill's cigar!

The "General" is a man of many parts and of much art and craft. Freud was right in concluding that only a third of a man's personality is above surface. That's why the "General" leaves the path of abstinence. He likes to find how deep his hidden talent lies. Artist (nursed in Hornsey Art School), violinist (paling Paganini), novelist (compiler of the McArthurian legends), chess enthusiast (rivalling Capablanca), Marxian (Groucho or Karl?) meet in McArthur. North London's loss is Mount Hope's volatile gain.

"Try - anything - once McArthur" they call him. Perhaps that's why he's never been to Niagara Falls. Perhaps he's going to see it Blondin's way or roll out a barrel and do the Falls in style. That would be a real story. Can't you see him about 1970, fondling his pipe, twiddling his pencil, twinkling his eye, wallowing in the curiosity of his children . . . "Tell us about Canada, Daddy?"

### L.A.C. BRAINSBY

Have you ever wondered who was the man behind the big drum which beats out the rhythm for Mount Hope's parade? It is L.A.C. Brainsby of Maintenance (Minors)—the man you never see (but often hear!) The piano is really his instrument (though it is a far cry from the London College of Music where he studied, to the Y.M.C.A. Canteen). He is gentle with the piano; but a parade demands percussion and gets it.

Pouplarly known as "Red"—for physical, not political reasons—L.A.C. Brainsby is boon companion of "General" McArthur. Since teaming up a year ago they have constituted the Maintenance "Happy Gang" and have carried their burlesque show from the hangar to the stage with the Mount Hope concert party. To L.A.C. Brainsby, it seems a far cry to the old days when he was a commercial traveller with home and wife in Acton. There was neither so much winter crib nor so much summer tennis, then; but there were other compensations. Drop into the "Y" sometime when the I.P.A. is going round and hear all about it!

# STATION NOTES

## SERGEANTS' MESS

This month has been very quiet on the sports field for the Sergeants, having had only one soccer game against the Officers, in which the score was a draw, 2-2.

Friends of Stan Hills will be pleased to learn that he is now convalescing after his spell in "dock" with a "wonky" knee and expects to be back with us soon. Congratulations Stan on your promotion to "Chiefy". While on the subject of promotions, congratulations to Jeff Smithie, who has just received his commission.

We entertained the Officers on Wednesday, 24th November, and a good time was had by all. The Quiz Contest and the dart competition ended in draws. We gained honours in the

Snooker, but were duffed at Table Tennis.

There will be a social and dance on the 18th December, during which the Christmas draw will take place. Hundreds of valuable prizes are at stake, so if you haven't purchased your ticket now, "you've had it."

The boys who are "staying in" at Christmas, are assured of a good dinner, thanks to the hard work of Sergeants Annis and Blake.

We would like to take this opportunity to welcome to the Mess some newly promoted members, Sergeants Bevan, Brown and Abrams.

Even with all the fluttering the talk of beer rationing has started, the boys are still managing to survive and appear happy too. Still, better days are coming, we hope.

J. W. G.



That's the worst of training pilots out West!

# Roving Reporter



Hello Fellers:

Here we are again, but since the last time I appeared in this column, many of you will have climbed into your "woolies"—Winter drawers on you know! And so does Christmas and New Year. By the way, I want to remind you at this juncture, that Messrs. Shaver & Cragg of the Y.M.C.A. have a splendid hospitality scheme in operation, and if any of you chaps are new here, and have nowhere to go, out in the cold, cold snow so to speak, well just drop in and see the "Y" man. They have stacks of invitations for *you* from our many good friends here in Canada. They also have a few pairs of skates for sale, and there used to be good badminton birds, but like most good birds, they are very rare and expensive to buy! !

Have you a hobby, that is to say,—a pastime that doesn't take you to Hamilton every night and absorb your ill-gotten fortnightly gains? No? Well there is every opportunity to start one now. On the camp! !

The Arts & Crafts Society is now a flourishing entity and provides for Drawing and Painting, Model Making, Horncraft and (when we can furnish the necessary equipment) Pottery. Make your own gifts—wheels within wheels, so to speak.

On Wednesday, 10th November, our airmen entertained more than three hundred ladies from the I.O.D.E. Active Service Canteen,

Y.M.C.A., and Red Cross, at a Social and Dance.

The "Rec" Hall literally bulged that night, nevertheless there was much revelry and laughter and everybody was in the best of spirits. Over in the Canteen, we held an informal Dance and Social with a Beetle Drive (a hot and exciting affair) Whist, Bridge and believe it or not, a game of musical chairs—which proved more than popular.

There were requests for "Post Office" and "Blind Man's Buff"—after this. I know these are childish games—but not the way airmen play them—so we had to "scrub around" the suggestion. Just the same it was a most successful evening.

Many chaps have been busy mending their socks lately which reminds me, I must have mine patched too, before Christmas, and here's a point chaps. The War news has been good lately, so make the folks at home feel even better, and send them a cable for Christmas NOW if you haven't already done so. It will only cost you 67 cents for an E.F.M.

Not long ago, the Fire Picquet (it might have been you) was called out at three o'clock in the morning and were tearing past the cookhouse in a cloud of dust, when suddenly there appeared a mystic figure out of the

# Semper Fidelis

*"Good-bye pa! Good-bye ma!  
 Good-bye pal! Good-bye gal!  
 Wait for me, patiently  
 I'll be true, unto you" . . .  
 Broad Atlantic, Boat gigantic.  
 Westward Ho! Ontario!  
 Friendly folk. Laugh and joke.  
 Invite . . . All right . . .  
 Nice house . . . Nice spouse . . .  
 Daughter nice . . . Entice . . .  
 See her soon . . . Sunday noon . . .  
 Comes by car (Can't walk far!)  
 Oldsmobile ("Take the wheel?")  
 Impress . . . hostess.  
 This way . . . every day . . .  
 Shoes shine . . . Belt Line . . .  
 Civvy togs . . . Hot dogs . . .  
 Nickle tune . . . Singers croon . . .  
 Movie shows . . . Friendship grows . . .  
 ("I'll be true unto you!")  
 Corn roasts . . . Wiener toasts . . .  
 Hay rides . . . sleigh rides . . .  
 Each date intimate . . .  
 "Oh my sugar pie!  
 Honey bunch . . . Funny hunch".  
 (Pace fast . . . Die cast.)  
 Three days in a maze.  
 (What to do . . . Can't be true!)  
 Liquor store . . . drugs next door . . .  
 Thick head . . . Yes WED!  
 Final fling . . . Marriage ring . . .  
 Not a falter at the altar . . .*



*"Please laugh!" (Photograph) . . .  
 "General Brock" . . . Knees knock!  
 Honey moon . . . over soon . . .  
 "Farewell beauty . . . Back to duty!"  
 Morning bus . . . (Swear and cuss).  
 Months fly . . . quickly by . . .  
 Get tapes (Sour grapes) . . .  
 Celebrate . . . Home late . . .  
 Box of candy (Fine and dandy!  
 Prevents strife with wife)  
 Pleading kiss . . . Married bliss . . .  
 Popcorn . . . Baby born . . .  
 Neighbours come (bright and dumb!)  
 "How cute!" (Father mute) . . .  
 Flashes pram (Great I AM!) . . .  
 Call Halt . . . Thunderbolt!  
 Posting note . . . It's the boat . . .  
 Neighbours come (bright and dumb)  
 Ration card . . . hit hard . . .  
 Kit bag . . . Knees sag . . .  
 Broad Atlantic . . . Not romantic.  
 English train . . . Home again . . .  
 "Hullo pa! Hullo ma!  
 Hullo pal! Where's the gal?  
 Hullo sweet! Pleased to meet (?)"  
 ("I'll be true, unto you!"  
 What a heel . . . I feel)  
 "Married eh? While away."  
 She remarks. (Flying sparks . . .  
 Fever heat . . . Shuffle feet . . .  
 Can't reply!) "So am I!  
 Before I go . . . Please meet Joe.  
 He comes from Ontario!"*

## ROVING REPORTER

darkness, with a harp and a crown  
 and a letter who shouted "Hey, stop,  
 never mind the fire, has anyone got  
 a four cent stamp?" I guess that  
 beats the band! !

Merry Christmas, fellers. Don't  
 eat too much. I'm not worried about  
 the drink as it's rationed anyway,  
 see?

# R. A. F. Sports



## **SOCCER**

(Officer i/c—F/O Platt)

Contributed by Sgt. Miller

Another soccer season has come and gone and during that period the lads who donned the Blue did a grand job at representing the finest traditions of sportmanship and real skill in football.

My mind goes back to a bleak February evening in Hamilton where the executive of the Hamilton and District Football Association met to formally declare the Association in abeyance for the duration of the war. However, Flying Officer Simon and I had different ideas and after a lengthy talk it was decided to carry on. That the faith and optimism shown by the Mount Hope representative was well founded is best expressed by the fact that all matches were played on the Civic Stadium—gates of upward 1,000 were witnessing the final games, several of which were played for the first time under arc flood lights—advocated and used for the initial match by the Blues and Golds.

Highlights of the past season were the winning of the H. & D. league, the magnificent Spectator Cup, the Ontario Services Championship and being narrowly beaten in the final of the Herald Cup. During the season the Station team played Clinton, winning 11-1; Port Albert, winning 5-2 and lost 5-2 at Peterboro to Picton. This game gave a chance to Picton to avenge their defeat in the final of the Service Championship.

Hamilton Spectator suggested that tuition might be given scholars

in the District. The McMaster University Sports Officer fielded quite a nice team on Tuesday, 30th November, and the Station team gave an exhibition of old country soccer while the finer points were explained to the officials and players.

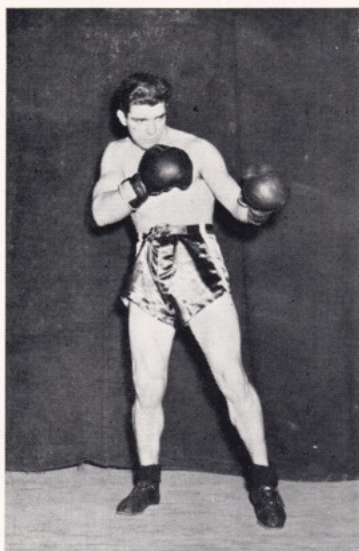
Thus a very interesting and successful season comes to a close. At the time of writing I have heard that I am on the boat. As a final note I would like to express my sincere appreciation of the very happy times I have had from soccer officials and fans both in Canada and the U.S.A., and hope that some day I may come back here and renew these pleasant associations.

## **BADMINTON**

(Officer i/c—W/Cdr. H. G. Marriott)

Under difficult conditions, due to a distinct shortage of birds, the Badminton season has now started and so far one match has been played against Dr. Jackson's team, when the Station team was narrowly beaten by 18 games to 14. Cpl. Willcox and L.A.C. Jacobs are to be congratulated on winning seven out of their eight games played.

It is hoped that more birds will be forthcoming in the near future, both for distribution amongst interested personnel and so that more matches may be arranged; so keep your eye on D.R.O.'s for their arrival.



## BOXING

A.C.1 Bradfield from Blaenavon, South Wales, has for the last two and a half years been one of the leading boxing attractions in this district. This lad, who had a gymnastic school of his own in Wales, was not particularly interested in boxing, but Sergeant Miller considered he had "Golden Gloves" material, and with such officers in charge as Flight Lieutenant Boothby and Flying Officer Orbell, the protege came along with leaps and bounds. Bradfield has been matched against the best lads at 135 lbs. in this district and by an unanimous verdict such bouts were always considered the "tops". As a result of his keen training and good coaching, young Bradfield was the representative for the Niagara Peninsula boxing teams entry at No. 1 Training Command at Manning Depot on 20th November last. He showed that he was more than a graceful boxer by flooring his opponent in the semi-final tie for a count of eight.

In the final he met A.C.2 Genovese of Toronto—who incidently had seven years professional fighting to back him up—and was most unfortunate not to be declared the new champion at 135 lbs. His stay here is rapidly coming to a close, but he can be certain he has made innumerable friends in the boxing game.

## RUGBY FOOTBALL

(Officer i/c—P/O Hancock)

The winter season closed on the 27th November, 1943, after a series of very good games.

In the match against R.A.F. Picton on the 30th October a draw resulted, each team scoring six points in a very hard game. It was unfortunate that the return match had to be cancelled due to adverse weather.

Against R.A.F. Kingston the Station XVI lost the first game at Kingston 8 points to 9 in one of the best matches of the season, but succeeded in defeating the Command Champions for the first time this season in the return match by 11 points to 3.

The return match against R.A.F. Port Albert was played on the last day of the season and resulted in a win for the Station XV by the narrow margin of 5 points to 3. Considering the weather conditions this was a very good game.

The Officers succeeded in maintaining their superiority over the Sergeants by defeating them 15 points to 6.

Arrangements are under way for fixtures for the spring and it is hoped that a full fixture list will be obtained.

## WE'LL LARN 'EM

*"Toronto Globe & Mail," July 29, 1943.*

The White Paper is the work of Richard Austen Butler, 14-year-old president of the Board of Education, who will steer the proposals through Parliament.

## SWIMMING NOTES

Despite the cold snap, swimming still continues. Every Wednesday at 2030 hours transport will leave the Guard Room for Hamilton Pool, where free swimming can be enjoyed by anyone interested. Swimming is a very vital asset to all members of aircrew, and may one day be the means of saving your life. So, all interested, whether learner or expert, please roll along every Wednesday.

Throughout the winter, once a month, there will be a four-sided swim meet at Hamilton. This station needs talent, so will anyone who is "hot" at swimming, diving or water-polo, please contact F/O. Foster, of Flying Squadron, or your course instructor.

American Sailor: "Battleships! Why the flagship of our navy is so big that the captain goes around the deck in a jeep."

British Sailor: "You ought to see our flagship. It's so big that the cook has to go through the stew in a submarine to see if the potatoes are cooked."

## Lament of a Mug

*It fair 'n square upset me when  
They took me grip away.*

*I'd polished it 'n prized it  
'N used it ev'ry day.*

*It minded me when I was 'ome,  
In days of jubilee.*

*A great big royal mug I 'ad—  
A ferkin-full of tea.*

*I never used a teacup—  
There was none of it to grip—*

*'N my mug had no saucer  
'N my mug didn't slip.*

*I saw me mug last Sa'urday,  
It wasn't even clean.*

*It was chipped and 'ad no 'andle  
'N the worst you ever seen.*

*So, when this war is over  
'N I'm living by meself,*

*I'll have a long, long row of mugs  
Along me mantle shelf.*

*'N poor old Perce 'n Dick 'n Jo  
Shall spend the morn abed*

*'N I'll not take 'em mugs of tea  
I'll carry cans instead!*



R.A.F. Terms Illustrated—Celestial Link

# Y.M.C.A. NOTES



In a month crowded with many activities, and with several new ventures getting underway, we can only select a few to tell you about. For Mount Hope School is a busy place these days, and the Y.M.C.A. Office reflects that state of business. Of the new activities, one that has attracted considerable interest is the Brains Trust, which is the lusty offspring of the Thursday night Discussion Group. On two occasions has the doughty group of experts faced a battery of microphones, been confronted with sundry questions submitted by Airmen, and come up with more or less satisfactory answers. The success of this programme means that it will become a regular feature. For this reason, you are all asked to be on the alert for promising questions that can be submitted to the experts. Hand them in to this office, and if they're usable, we'll use them. The Discussion Group is worthy of mention here,

since it has not only promoted the Brains Trust programme, but continues to draw an interested group each week to discuss matters of common concern. Just now it is in the process of experimenting with debates.

The Arts and Crafts programme is now in full swing, with facilities available for woodworking, including woodcarving and wood turning, Model Aircraft, Drawing and Painting, and Horncraft. We can look forward to many long winter evenings when the club rooms will be filled with men who find recreation and relaxation in making things with their own hands.

With the Christmas season approaching many letters and phone calls are coming in with invitations for the Christmas and New Year leave periods. The people of Hamilton and vicinity are amply demonstrating their interest in the men from Mount Hope, and it is hoped that many men will take advantage of these invitations.

Our final word: The Supervisors, and the staff of the Canteen wish to one and all a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.



## REC. HALL RAMBLINGS

With Flying Officer Bazzard's transfer to the arduous and strenuous duties of Station Adjutant, I have taken over the duties of Entertainment Officer when not signing pass forms and countless U.S. permits.

Monday evening shows are still well patronised. During December we have so far had productions of "The Fourth Wall" and "Rafter Raisers Mark III" by our Station personnel, and a very excellent show "All Clear" by the R.C.A.F. travelling party. The Citizens Committee of Toronto and Hamilton will continue to send us concert parties on Mondays during the New Year, including Eaton's "Masquers" from Toronto, which was such a huge success on their last visit. Negotiations are being made to get a Pantomime for Christmas or very early in the New Year—watch the notice boards for final details. Airmen still wonder why officers sit in the balcony for cinema shows, yet gladly suffer a "crick" in the neck for certain stage productions.

Dances go on apace; it would be difficult to judge any section as being the best. By the way, why do some airmen wish to show their friends aircraft by the light of the moon, or do they mistake the hangars for the Rec. Hall? The "At Home" held last month, when we entertained the ladies of Hamilton, was a great success and it is hoped to arrange another at a later date.

On December 21st we are holding a Christmas Party for the children of the local orphanages and for the Station's own children. We would welcome the names of any grown-up children of the various Sections who will be willing to help in any way.

Unless the Pantomime materialises, there will be no stage shows over the Christmas period, since 50 per cent. of personnel will be on leave, and subject to favourable reports from the Met. Section a large number of those left will be on flying details. Cinema shows will be held, however, for those who prefer to spend their evenings in the tranquility of the Camp rather than in the gay lights of Hamilton.

It has been suggested that Whist Drives would be popular. What about it? If there really is a demand, let us know—we can then get cracking.

F. W. FULLER, F/O.,  
Entertainment Officer.

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*There's a rumor that they're on the way,*

*So we must pray and hope,  
And if 'tis time, then all we can say  
Is "Roll on that Chugging Boat"—  
THIS way!*

*F/O F. Fuller.*

# "What's on this Month?"

## Cinema Shows

Tuesday, December 14th—

### RISE AND SHINE

Musical, with Jack Oakie, Milton Berle.

Thursday, December 16th—

### STREET OF CHANCE

Mystery, with Burgess Meredith, Claire Trevor.

Friday, December 17th—

### CAPTIVE WILD WOMAN

With Acquanetta, Evelyn Ankers.

Tuesday, December 21st—

### DRESSED TO KILL

Mystery, starring Lloyd Nolan.

Thursday, December 23rd—

### HOLD BACK THE DAWN

Drama, with Charles Boyer, Olivia DeHavilland, Paulette Goddard.

Friday, December 24th—

### PITTSBURGH

Drama, with Marlene Dietrich, Randolph Scott.

Tuesday, December 28th—

### BLUE, WHITE AND PERFECT

Mystery, with Lloyd Nolan.

Thursday, December 30th—

### HOSTAGES

With Luise Rainer.

Friday, December 31st—

### MR. BIG

Comedy, with Gloria Jean.

Tuesday, January 4th—

### BERLIN CORRESPONDENT

Spy Drama, with Virginia Gilmore.

Thursday, January 6th—

### MRS. MINIVER

With Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon.

Friday, January 7th—

### FLIGHT LIEUTENANT

Action Drama, with Pat O'Brien.

Thursday, January 13th—

### CORVETTE K 225

Note: Names of films to be shown on Sundays are not available.

## Film Notes

### L.A.C. Bush

Among the seasoned residents soon to leave for the promised land few deserve our gratitude more than L.A.C. Bush. It was he who installed the projectors in the Recreation Hall. It has been he who has operated them with such un-failing regularity ever since. Not only has he given generously of his services, but he has forgone much of his free time that others might relax in popular entertainment.

It will be a familiar voice as well as a familiar person who leaves us, for L.A.C. Bush has been "The Voice of Mount Hope." As "Vox populus" let us wish him a Cunard crossing, an extended disembarkation leave and an English Station near home with at least a promotion vacancy.

### CRITICISE—BUT CONTRIBUTE

May we remind you that this, your station magazine, relies entirely upon your support. We appreciate the many criticisms we receive, but if we had as many contributors as critics, the magazine would soon improve. If you think there is something wrong, something missing, criticise by all means and we will do our part to try and remedy the defect. But your capabilities are as good as ours. You have as much time on your hands as we have. So next time you have any ideas, find an inspiration or feel the urge to write—think first of the

### METEOR

Closing date for January issue is 30th December.

## Verse . . . and Verse!

*A miserable puppe  
Was all of a droop  
Trying to work out a plot.  
Down came some spiders  
With pairs of dividers  
Which pleased all the pupps quite  
a lot.*

*Sir Christopher Wren  
Built St. Paul's, yes, and then  
Was driven well-nigh to distraction  
He really felt rotten  
When he found he'd forgotten  
to add (or subtract?) Dome Re-  
fraction.*

### SOLUTION TO LAST MONTH'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

(Note: A mis-print which we didn't spot gave the clue for 48 Across the number 45, omitting the clue for 45 entirely. Sorry if it foxed you, chaps!)

- | ACROSS              | DOWN               |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Alter            | 1. Anson           |
| 5. Sup              | 2. Leap            |
| 8. Gated            | 3. Tenet           |
| 13. Need            | 4. Eden            |
| 14. Stner           | 5. Stukas          |
| 15. Lava            | 6. Unsophisticated |
| 16. Saner           | 7. Pen nib         |
| 17. U.S.N.          | 9. Alas            |
| 18. Facet           | 10. Tacit          |
| 19. Open            | 11. Ever           |
| 20. Skoni           | 12. Dates          |
| 22. Sire            | 20. Self snaps     |
| 23. Leaping         | 21. In a return    |
| 26. Welsh barn      | 23. Leonore        |
| 29. Hear of         | 24. Grenade        |
| 31. Really          | 25. Denim          |
| 34. Inconsistencies | 26. Wrong          |
| 35. Mignon          | 27. Nacre          |
| 36. Tartar          | 28. Clear          |
| 37. Gratitude       | 29. Him            |
| 42. Epicure         | 30. A.C.G.         |
| 45. Omit            | 32. Lit            |
| 48. Starn           | 33. YSR            |
| 49. Fled            | 38. Titter         |
| 51. Radio           | 39. Turtle         |
| 52. TTT             | 40. Morse          |
| 53. Slave           | 41. Tide           |
| 54. Stem            | 43. Flare          |
| 55. Feels           | 44. Ideal          |
| 56. Aria            | 46. Mats           |
| 57. Essen           | 47. Time           |
| 58. Rde             | 49. Flaw           |
| 59. Swell           | 50. Evil           |

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Apply 1st Room Left S.H.Q. Must have  
Testimonials: Good Renuncia ion.

## Look At Yourself In The Mirror!

(There's one in the Guardroom)

Are You Suffering From  
Sedimentary Employment?

IF SO, TRY

## DR. EMERY'S REMEDIES

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All kinds of treatment.

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Swim for health on Wed. evening.  
(It will help that other half below  
the belt.)

INSULTING ROOM  
First Left in S.H.Q.

