

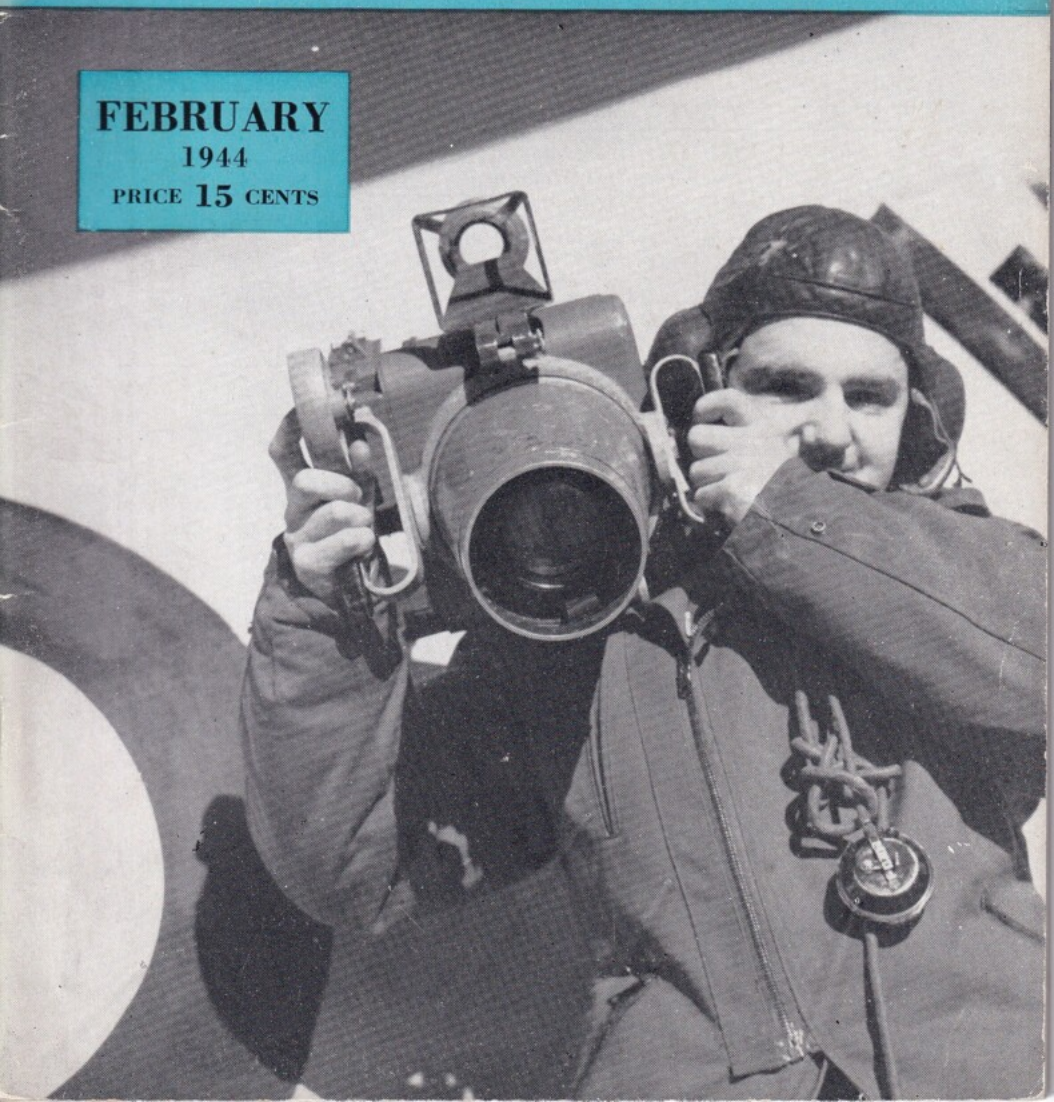
THE MOUNT HOPE

# METEOR

FEBRUARY

1944

PRICE 15 CENTS



# ★ TIME OFF ★

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## "GEN" CLUB

Are you tired of bright lights or evenings down town? Here's a chance to exercise your brain, air your views, or show off your elocution. Come to our weekly informal discussions in the Library every Tuesday—at 20.00 hours. Refreshments provided.

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## STATION MILITARY BAND

Dut to postings, there are vacancies for most instrumentalists — especially Cornet and Bass players. Practices are held at 18.00 hours on Mondays and 19.30 hours on Thursdays. Contact F/Sgt. Follet in the Band Room.

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## MUSIC OF THE MASTERS

Some very interesting programmes of recorded classical music have been arranged this month, which should prove more popular than ever. Held each Wednesday in the Recreation Hall; watch the Notice Board for programmes.

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## STATION ORCHESTRA

More violinists are required. Practice at 18.00 hours on Thursdays in the Band Room. See F/O. Steel, Room 3, G.I.S.

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## BIBLE CLASS

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

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## \$5 LITERARY COMPETITION

No prize was awarded this month as there were very few entries. No doubt everybody has been very much occupied with arranging their five-day grants, but we are hoping that for the next issue you will all revive your interest in this competition and send in more short stories and articles. This month's prize will accumulate so that you have a chance of winning

**\$10**

—which is something really worth trying for.

The closing date for the March issue is January 25th.

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## ARTS AND CRAFTS

There's scope for everyone here who wants to use his hands. Spend your spare time at one of these activities—Woodwork, Wood Carving, Wood Turning, Model Aircraft, Drawing, Painting and Commercial Layout, Horncraft. See the "Y" Man for full particulars.

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## DRAMATIC SOCIETY

By the time the magazine is in print the next production should be well on the way, and will be ready in February. All interested should contact F/O. Thackeray in the S.D.R.T. Building.

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## CAMERA CLUB

Photographic enthusiasts will find the equipment here to print, develop or enlarge their own films. There is room yet for more members.

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## The Editor Speaks

The coming of a new year is usually a time for reviewing past achievements, a time for making resolutions to strive with renewed energy to reach our particular goal, a time for changes not only in method or policy but in personnel—changes which, at the time, do not appear to be for the good. It is with regret that the Meteor records the posting, on Jan. 12th, of our Commanding Officer, Group Captain B. K. Burnett, D.F.C., A.F.C., a change for Mount Hope that at present we cannot but regard as a change for the worse.

Group Capt. Burnett has been Commanding Officer at Mount Hope for two years, during which the camp has grown from a comparatively small, inexperienced navigation school to a large and efficient organization. The job of getting and keeping a unit of this sort going in wartime, with all its daily difficulties and problems, is one which calls for the qualities not only of a first-class and highly experienced airman—that Group Capt. Burnett fulfills this role is well-known—but also of a cool

and impartial judge of men, and, above all, of an inspiring leader. That he possesses these qualities is clearly evidenced by the results he has achieved, by the esteem in which he has been held by all ranks, by the continual smooth-running of the station and by the reputation it has gained.

If it is true that the spirit of the officers is reflected in the men, then the success of our C.O. is even more clear, for nowhere is the morale higher or the spirit better than amongst the men at Mount Hope. We shall miss his almost daily appearances on the tennis courts, appearances which, besides taking us back to Wimbledon, have made it rather difficult to think of him as the "old man".

In bidding our C.O. farewell we thank him sincerely for the great interest and encouragement he has always given us in our work, in all our activities and for the example he has set us. May we also congratulate him for the job he has done and wish him good luck in his new post. In

conclusion may we say that we are all hoping that when we too return to the U.K. we shall find ourselves on the same station working again under the man of whom, as C.O. we have always been proud.

The Meteor welcomes to Mount Hope the new Commanding Officer, Wing Commander P. B. Wood. We assure him of our utmost co-operation and loyalty and look forward to working with him during the coming year.

The Meteor also records with regret some further major changes at Mount Hope, the postings of our Chief Instructor, Wing Commander H. Marriott and of the Chief Engineering Officer, Squadron Leader W. B. Lang. Wing Commander Marriott has held the reins in G.I.S. for six months and is one of the older inhabitants of Mount Hope, having been a Course Instructor before becoming A.C.I. and then later C.I. During his term of office the school has undergone many changes and improvements—notably the formation of the log-marking flight, the inauguration of a new syllabus and the opening of the S.D.R.T. — and throughout it all the training has gone on smoothly. We wish him luck and every success in his new job.

In W/Cdr. Marriott's place we welcome, as our new C.I., S/Ldr. Ellis, D.F.C., who comes to us direct from England.

Squadron Leader Lang is also one of the older inhabitants of Mount Hope and whilst here he has achieved a very high standard of service-ability; it must be of considerable disappointment to him that during his stay here the Mk V's, of which he was so often heard to speak, never

materialised. We imagine that the Air Ministry must be having considerable difficulty in finding a station for S/Ldr. Lang in some corner of the globe which he has not visited. In wishing him good luck and a smooth crossing we are also pleased to see F/Lt. Crook moving up and taking his place as C.E.O.

F/Lt. Dixon, the G.I.S. Adjutant, is also leaving us for England. Since he has been here our flying details have reached a high state of organisation—a difficult and troublesome job, even more complicated, we imagine, than cross-word puzzles! Good luck, Adj., and bon voyage.

It is with very mixed feelings that after this issue I, as Editor, must hand over to F/Lt. Williams, who has nobly volunteered to be my successor; mixed in the sense that, much as I have enjoyed my connection with the magazine, the chugging boat is, nevertheless, an even more attractive proposition. I would like to thank all those co-operative types who have stooged in and out of my office with bits of bumph, articles (legible and illegible), cartoons (mostly with little possibility of passing the censor) and station notes (two days late!) I thank also the Meteor Committee for their willing and able assistance. It has been fun, and an enjoyable experience, for it has put me in touch with all these interesting people on the camp who otherwise would never have come my way. But keep it up chaps. F/Lt. Williams, I happen to know, will be much better at the job than ever I was, but I also know how much work is involved and how essential it is to the life of the Meteor that the Editor should have the active support of everybody. So help him all you can. May the Meteor flourish!



## A Farewell Message from the C.O.

By the time this issue of the Meteor is published, I shall be on my way, but before leaving, I want to thank you all at Mount Hope for your hard work and co-operation, which has helped to make my task so much easier and pleasanter than it might otherwise have been.

Although glad to go back to England, particularly at this time, when she is to be the advanced spring-board for the proposed invasion of Europe, it is naturally with many regrets also that I leave Mount Hope after two years, in which we have seen many changes and almost continuous expansions, but during which I think the station has always run smoothly and efficiently. This is thanks to your hard work very large-

ly, but also to the great friendship and hospitality of those around us in the city of Hamilton. As a direct result of the latter, nearly everyone likes it here and is happy, and that is always half the battle. The old principle of the soldier marching on his stomach still holds true, and happiness is the foundation of all good work.

The main object of the Station, which is to train efficient Navigators, has I think always been maintained, and I have heard from many sources that Mount Hope enjoys a very enviable reputation. There are many changes in the near future amongst officers and men on the Station, including some "key" men, but no one is indispensable, or should be allowed

to be so, and the introduction of some new blood is always stimulating. So keep up the good work, on which depends so much the efficiency of the aircrews overseas. The war may go on for a long time yet, and anyway, if we all assume that it will, everyone will try that much harder to finish it off quickly. So good luck to you all, and I hope I shall have the privilege of having most of you under my command again in the near future.

Your new C.O. is an old friend of mine, who has had much experience not only with Navigation Schools, but

also on Wellingtons on operations earlier in the war. I know you will like him, and I ask you to give him the same co-operation and willing support which you always gave me.

Finally, to the Meteor and the members of the Magazine Committee I would like to extend my congratulations and thanks for the high standard of their publications.

A station magazine not only informs and entertains, but also helps to stimulate individuality and pride in the station, and it has my best wishes for its continued success.

B. K. BURNETT, G/Capt.

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## POST-WAR TRAINING

In order that servicemen may have the opportunity to equip themselves for a civilian trade or profession, a scheme for further training has been designed for full operation after the war. The scheme, in fact, has been sufficiently formulated to enable discharged men to take immediate advantage of it.

Courses will be available to those who "joined" before entering on training; to those whose further education has been interrupted by war service, and to those who were already adequately trained but who desire a refresher course to fit them again for their former job. In short a course at a University or Technical School will be obtained by any applicant who can make out a case for the expenditure of public funds on his training.

There are many men who for one reason or another have not the necessary background, but who, given that background, would be capable of taking advantage of the scheme. Such men should begin now if they have not already done so, to bring their

general standard of education up to scratch. All essential facilities are available, free of charge, both here and in the U.K. For the serviceman even "Matric" has had its sting removed since it can be taken in two parts, and arrangements are made for either part to be taken in Canada. And so if the scheme appeals to you, and you're a bit rusty, get yourself all set to take a Course when the opportunity comes.

A grant will be made enabling an applicant to take the full course of the approved training, either at a University or Technical School. The grant will vary according to the applicant's existing obligations, his financial resources (if any) and the nature of the course. The needs of married applicants will receive special consideration. In principle no man will be debarred by reason of his inability to contribute towards his maintenance provided always that he has capabilities or potentialities sufficient to suggest that his training would justify the expenditure of public money.

FEATURE  
STORY

# Sortie

by

L.A.C. HARTLEY, L.,  
Maintenance Wing.



"Apple calling Plum Blue Leader," said the R/T. abruptly. "Apple calling Plum Blue Leader . . . Vector One Three Nine."

He glanced at Johnnie, flying forward and to starboard, and Johnnie waved back wearily as he changed course.

Strange how mechanically remote the radio sounded up there, although the only link with normal life on the ground. Another world . . . yes, that was very nearly true. This world of space was not one you could describe in so many words. Sometimes beautiful with rolling clouds, as at present, sometimes terrible, yet always majestically awesome. Perhaps that was how the veterans of the days of Sail had felt in the fragrant breezes of the Indies or during the perilous rounding of the Horn.

It was rather a good parallel, the Sea of yesterday and the Air of today. He remembered a book his English master had once loaned him at the grammar school which he had attended. It was a "good" book, in a literary sense, although he hadn't paid much attention to anything but its colourful yarns of sailing ships

that idled up river estuaries, raced with the fresh Trade Winds or sulked in the sluggishness of the Doldrums. He didn't even recall the title of the book, nor the author; but that didn't matter. Not much he had done then seemed to matter, except perhaps the rudiments of learning grudgingly mastered at school and now used in fighting a scientific war. But for this, the remainder of his pre-war days had been spent in unconsciously playing up to tradition.

Tradition—three syllables glutted with significance and which encompassed much of the good and most of the decadence of a pre-war England. It was right that a people should be so welded by tradition that in the face of a ruthless enemy they remain courageous in adversity and undivided in strength. Yet just as it was inevitable that a certain pedagogue should sing the same song each year at the annual school concert "positively for the last time," so was it that tradition saw him fighting against "The Big Battalions" in this, the second World War.

But the mistakes had been made, experience was being gained, and

those same errors were being slowly eradicated. It had to be done the hard way, by fighting with weapons not suited to British hands, and at the expense of the ambitions of a peace-loving nation. Take Johnnie's case for instance—he subconsciously glanced at the silhouette alongside—*he* wasn't anyone in particular before the war, but he had forseen the probable trend of hysterical European affairs, he had had opportunities, and he had made good. Before, his acquaintances had known him as the school teacher's son, the "lad who went in first wicket down for the village"; now, he was Flight-Lieutenant John Armstrong, D.F.C.—a leader. There were many John Armstrongs, some of whom hadn't had any opportunity yet; more important, some had, and their names would be remembered with pride.

He came awake abruptly as Johnnie excitedly gave warning of "Bandits at starboard two o'clock!"

"Must stop this dreaming—never even saw 'em," he muttered in self-criticism.

His now careful appraisal showed five bombers with a screen of some half dozen fighters. It would have to be a quick and accurate attack—a sporting chance anyway. He and Johnnie climbed into the sun, manoeuvring for position.

"Tally-ho!" yelled Johnnie hoarsely, and they both rocketted down through an already milling Messerschmitt escort.

"Spotted us . . . accurate fire too . . . must get through to the heavy stuff . . . Now! ! . . . hit that one—think he's had it . . . get out of this dive and try again . . . up we go . . . Now! ! . . . another at the one behind . . . got the ——— . . . must get away quickly . . . quickly!"

He dodged frantically from intercepting enemy fighters, tracer streaming past him in streaks of black smoke.

"Hit somewhere think . . . hope Johnnie all right . . . saw him bag one—beauty too . . . can't see him now though . . . damn that Hun . . . got to reach cloud . . . must beat him to it!"

He was swallowed up in cloud immediately, and when he later emerged, neither bandits nor Johnnie was in sight. Reluctantly he headed for base, wondering about his leader, and cursing at not being able to do more. He was tired again too. Tired of having to see comrades die, tired of having to "team up" with their replacements until it was his or their turn to go.

But perhaps it wouldn't always be like that; perhaps some day they would be able to waive aside defensive tactics and stay on the other side of that narrow neck of water at will; perhaps the same faces would stay with them longer. Would it ever happen—in time?

"Apple calling Plum Blue Leader," droned the R/T., "Apple calling Plum Blue Leader."

Have you ever realized that the Meteor often contains, in so many words, exactly what you meant to tell your friends about Mt. Hope when writing home to England?

Then why not

**SEND YOUR METEOR HOME?**

Envelopes may be obtained at the Canteen or at Mr. Nicholson's Office (next door to the Instrument Store in G.I.S.), for the small sum of 2c. The postage to England, provided no extra weight is added in the envelope, is 8c.

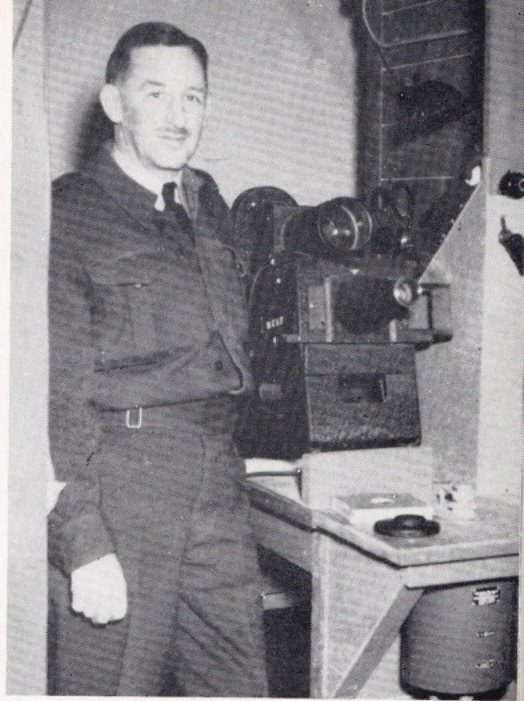
## Flying Officer G. Thackeray

"What job have you been doing as a civilian?" asked the Recruiting Officer. "Teaching astro-navigation," replied the would-be recruit.

If you understand that the "Recruiting Officer" was the British Consul in Los Angeles, that the year was 1940, and the applicant for service in the R.A.F. was none other than F/O. Guy Thackeray, now Mount Hope's King-pin in synthetics, then you realise that, for both recruiter and recruit, this was no ordinary set of circumstances. For F/O Thackeray, however, circumstances have never been exactly ordinary. But let us begin at the beginning.

Born in Marsden, in Yorkshire, the infant Thackeray showed every sign of being, if not decisive, at least "above average" for, after baffling his teachers at Worksop, he went very early in life to Oxford where he graduated in the English Honour School. His call-up papers for World War I arrived in due course, but the Armistice was signed before he could doff mortar-board and don helmet, so he came to the U.S.A. to visit friends. Inactivity, however, bored him, so he "got a job." The form "H" must indeed have been "long" for, off and on, he has been a "resident" of the United States ever since.

F/O. Thackeray's main occupation in America has been that of a teacher



—he has been the headmaster of a large boys' school—but also, among his many other interests, he became an importer of French wines and English liquors, an occupation which took him not only all over the U.S.A., but also, annually, to Europe. In fact, he became an inveterate trans-Atlantic passenger.

It so happened that F/O. Thackeray was on one of his annual European business jaunts in 1939 and, for his return to the U.S.A. he had booked a passage on the "Athenia". However, business was not too good—Germany seemed more interested in manufacturing armaments than wine—so he took an earlier boat home. On Sunday, 11th September, 1939, he was in mid-Atlantic.

Then began his fight to get into the R.A.F. But, rather than waste time whilst red tape filled several files with documents, correspondence

and signals, Thackeray took a course in navigation and astronomy at "Weem's Navigation School" in Annapolis (famous for star-curves and the origin of the astro-watch); in fact, he took such steps to become a gen-man that the Americans almost succeeded in inducting him as a Captain with the U.S.A.A.F. He taught navigation as a spare time job until, at last, the necessary papers arrived instructing him to journey to Canada, direct to Mount Hope.

Talking with Thackeray it seems that he has knowledge of every subject under (and including) the sun. In many sports he has played in top-rate teams; he'll rattle off the rules of any game or will tell you, for instance, who played for Middlesex in 1931.

His interest in the theatre began when, as a boy at school, he played many girl parts and he gained much of his experience with the O.U.D.S. in their halcyon days when they toured Scandinavia. However, he was determined that the stage should be but a hobby and turned down opportunities that would shake any aspiring actor. In America he was with the Mount Kisco players and later managed the Tuscan Little Theatre movement, with whom he played one part a year.

Mount Hope has benefitted greatly from his experience and his skill has been clearly reflected in the shows he has produced. The Rafter Raiser shows were licked rapidly into shape by his efficient producing, and the "Fourth Wall" was probably the best amateur show seen on the camp. Now that he has put the Dramatic Society on a sound foundation—though this can never be certain with so floating a population—he hopes now that it will continue to flourish, but would prefer, himself, to take a back seat.

In whatever activity F/O. Thackeray has been interested on this camp, it has been a story of a "job well done", for he seems to have a flair for getting things done and the speed and efficiency with which he built up both branches of "Thack's Shack" into going concerns is characteristic of his ability. Having seen him in duty hours solving some difficult and highly technical problem and after duty on a ladder painting scenery or writing verse on the back of an envelope, perhaps one can best sum him up in the one word "versatility".

His present ambition is to get to England. "I'm damned sure there's a job I could do there," he says. Knowing him, we're damned sure there is, too!



# Full-Dress

## REHEARSAL

*A Play in Two Scenes. Based on Actual Fact and Published Unanimously.*

### UNSCENE ONE

*(A recreational hall, chairs litter everywhere: A half completed back-cloth to rear of stage. A ladder balanced before main curtains. Dramatis personae in various stages of undress. Orchestra.)*

Producer: All right, let's start.

1st Member of Cast: Can't. Agatha's missing.

Producer: Where the devil is he, anyhow?

1st Member of Cast: Here he is (*Yells*). Hurry up, we're ready to begin.

Voice at Rear of Hall: Mr. Producer, wanted on the 'phone.

*(Producer rushes madly to rear of hall.)*

Scenery Painter: Come on somebody, get cracking on the roof tiles. No, put green on, you fools.

*(Orchestra plays several disconnected notes, while conductor flutters expectantly. A pair of legs (male, also clothed) appears under the front curtain.)*

Voice Above Legs: This spot still doesn't work, try the other switch.

2nd Member of Cast: Where's my stomach—whose had my stomach?

Producer: There are two stomachs in the chair at the back.

Voice Off: Careful, you're covering me with yellow paint.

*(Enter dejected looking person, laden with parcels.)*

Dejected Looking Person: (Snorting periodically.) What a day, Toronto and back (snort). Sales counters (snort), queueing with housewives. But never mind, I got everything. (Fades out with relief or disgust.)

Voice at Rear of Hall: Mr. Producer, wanted on 'phone.

*(Hall suddenly plunged into darkness.)*

Voices (Hamlet wise): Lights! Lights!

Electrician: Look out everybody. *(Huge crash and as lights come on, a recumbent figure is seen in centre of stage.)*

2nd Scene Painter: Hey! What colour do you want this wall?

*(Walks off plank, and deposits contents of paint pot on back cloth.)*

1st Scene Painter: Dissolves into unseemly Anglosaxon.

*(Enter large personage in uniform wearing black wig.)*

Large Personage: Well, how'll this do, do I look cute?

Voice at Rear of Hall: Mr. Producer, wanted on 'phone.

*(Orchestra strikes up unrecognisable tune; scenery painters still paint, legs of electrician still dangle, conductor still flutters.)*

Producer: All right, let's begin. *(Orchestra begins, curtains stick in centre and refuse to move.)*

Conductor: More brass, strings off note!

*(The opening chorus materialises. 10 minutes feverish rehearsal ensue.)*

Producer: Not good enough, but let's get on with the sketches.

First sketch repeated four times.

Producer: Cue-line, let's have the cue-line and blackout again.

*(Tears hair—all that's left of it.)*

3rd Member of Cast: Cue-line, right "plenty more at the Bank of Montreal."

*(Brief interval, M. T. Section brings in perambulator, cycle, milk and cokes.)*

Producer: Let's have the solo turns, more red light please.

Voice at Back of Hall: No, there isn't any film to-night. Close the door gently and scam.

Soloist: This mike's dead (looks beseechingly at control platform, tapes mike).

*(Soloist does act without further ado or further applause.)*

Producer: All right, but be careful with the words on Wednesday—we shall have guests.

*(Pause while stage is swept and and back-drop surveyed to establish the colour of a church spire.)*

*Many noises off-stage as props are moved, conductor beats furiously to catch up with orchestra.)*

Producer: Well, I suppose it will have to do.

Voice at Rear of Hall: Mr. Producer, wanted on telephone.

*(Curtain breaks again. one member of cast collapses and disappears through back curtain. Military band appears with no known abode and wanders aimlessly. Lights go on, go up, go down and out.)*

## OBSCENE II

Scene: Rec. Hall in fairly tidy condition and etc.

Well, if you saw "Rafter Raisers III, that's it!!!

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## PUZZLES FROM THE PULPIT

*Are you a decisive baby say?  
And how did you ever get that way?  
Were you born in the mystic year  
'09?  
Did your mother invite a god to dine?  
Or was she a little like Pharoah's  
daughter  
Who perhaps had done what she  
hadn't ought-er  
So she jettisoned Moses, not know-  
ing maybe  
That he would turn out a decisive  
baby.  
Are you like the Darwins' little  
boulder  
Whose knowledge of life was very  
much sounder  
Than that of others? He too was  
decisive.  
Are you like Poe who, with look  
derisive,  
Threw from his crib books bound in*

*vellum  
And told his father to go and sell-em?  
But that was an action too incisive  
Even for a baby that was decisive.  
Others were Mendelssohn and J. S.  
Bach  
Who muttered sounds like music in  
the dark,  
And honest Abe who at his mother's  
breast  
Mumbled the words to all the world  
addressed  
At Gettysberg. Precocious children  
these,  
But what have they to do with Christ-  
mas, please  
Inform me. I think they had a line  
And most of them were born in  
eighteen nine.  
In fact I'm now quite sure—I don't  
mean maybe—  
I'd like you less as a decisive baby.*

## BANKING as a Career

By S/Ldr. Stanley

It is a somewhat difficult task to put forward a case for banking as a career after the war. There is little glamour or excitement attached to working in a bank, and, in the early years particularly, the work seems dull and monotonous. But for the young man who is willing to accept those first few years as a necessary part of his training, remembering that all the very highest officials have had, at some time or other, to go through the same "mill", banking can become an extremely interesting career for those willing to make it so.

As in every type of large commercial business to-day the banks have of necessity taken on their temporary staffs thousands of women. At the end of the war, as the gradual demobilisation of men in the forces takes place, a large number of these temporary employees will give way to those permanent members of the Banks' staffs who wish to return to the positions which have been held open for them. Many will not return. A number will have lost their lives, while others will undoubtedly find other positions. Added to these are the "pensioners" who have come back for the duration, and many who have become pensionable who have remained on until younger men can be spared to take their places. Thus there will assuredly be many vacancies to be filled in the Banks when the time comes for the return to civil life.

As an illustration of this it may not generally be realised that at the outbreak of war the banking industry in England, Scotland and Wales employed some 85,000 people, 66,000 of whom were men. By May, 1942, the number of men of military age serving in the banks was 5,458. Almost all of these were over 35 years of age and in positions of responsibility demanding long experience.

To the man in the street a bank is often looked upon merely as an establishment where the public are able to deposit and withdraw their money and, if the Manager happens to have a kind face, a place where they may arrange to borrow money or overdraw their accounts. These few lines are not, however, intended to attempt to outline the basic principles of modern banking. Suffice it to say that banking is an extremely intricate network closely interwoven with every industry, business and profession of the civilised world.

It is by virtue of its extraordinarily wide field of interests that banking offers so much as a career to the more ambitious who are not merely content to settle down to a routine clerical life. A surprisingly complete knowledge of Britain's many industries may be gained from employment in branch banks situated in the towns and cities connected with such industries. If a man wishes to specialise, and shows the aptitude, there are several specialist sections from which

he may choose. Amongst these are the Executor and Trustee Department which deals with the distribution of estates under the terms of wills of deceased customers; the Foreign Section, embracing foreign currency accounts, foreign bills of exchange, etc., and the Stock and Share Department, in which the work is very closely connected with the Country's Stock Exchanges in buying and selling stocks and shares for its customers through the various stock-broking firms on the Bank's books.

The bigger Banks have overseas branches or subsidiaries situated in all parts of the civilised world so that for those who are anxious to travel and see something of other lands there are many opportunities and overseas pay is good.

On paper the salaries paid by the Banks appear small. But few seem to remember the advantages a bank man has over the man who has a private business or who is employed by a firm or company which does not undertake to provide pensions and other benefits.

The latter, if he is married and has a family, has constantly to think of the future and save accordingly for the day when he is able, for perhaps health reasons, to work no longer. He worries, should he or his employers have a bad year, how he is going to provide for his family and the education of his children. The bank man should have few of these tribulations. His job and his salary, providing he does his work reasonably well, is assured. After 40 years' service, or at the age of 60, he retires on a pension which is approximately two-thirds of his retiring salary. If he dies while in

service or illness forces him to retire early, his wife receives enough to keep her from want while his children's education is looked after until they themselves are old enough to work.

Bank salaries therefore seem somewhat small in relation to those received from many other occupations but, if the pensions, sickness benefits and widows and orphans schemes are taken into consideration it will readily be seen that the banking profession offers one of the most valuable factors to the married man's peace of mind. Security at all times for himself and his family.

Some may imagine that primarily to be successful in a banking career they have to be good mathematicians. Such an assumption is quite wrong. To-day there are machines which, operated by specially trained girls, will add and subtract, multiply and divide and give always a correct result.

It may be said in conclusion that for those who are prepared to work hard and who possess an average supply of common sense and a reasonable personality, banking offers an interesting career with good prospects. There is little "string-pulling" and advancement to the better positions is obtained purely on merit.



Cor... It's a

## SMALL WORLD

... and no mistake

By F/O. J. K. O'N. Edwards (Ex-Mount Hoper, Now in Algeria)

It's always referred to by writers as the "Blue Mediterranean" — and, until one has seen it, one is apt to regard this merely as a pretty figure of speech or think that perhaps it is some reference to the colour with which it is represented on the map. But when one has lived beside it for a month or so, as I have, one realises that there is only that one word for it—Blue. As I look out of the window of my villa now this blueness stretches right out to the horizon—a deep, permanent, somehow almost tangible, Reckitt's Blue—and the horizon itself is a sharp, straight line, so clearly defined that one can imagine oneself walking up to it and falling off the edge. Above this line is the paler, washed blue of the sky from which the water draws its colour.

This villa in which I am staying has been built somewhat daringly, on the very edge of a steep, rocky cliff. The front of the house is at road level—but at the back I look out of my window and see the water 80 feet below washing around the rocks on which the pillars of the house rest. It's a stone villa, painted a rather ugly brick-red, and you'd think it was about as near to the sea as any house could be. But there are plenty

of other, more daring models, further along the coast. In fact, there seems to have been a sort of competition in past years to see who could build a villa the nearest to the water without its actually being *in* the water. In many cases they have simply sloshed concrete into the cracks and crevices of the rocks and started building on that. These homes are all very well when the weather is as it is to-day with the sea in its gentlest mood, scarcely murmuring round the rocks—but what must happen when the west wind comes tearing through the Atlantic and sets the waves hurling themselves against the cliffs? I have seen a few gales like that already, but our villa has stood up to them—and by a miracle, so have the others along the coast. But, on some dirty, blasting night, some of those people are going to wake up and find themselves in the water.

My friend F/O. Boast, who has an enormous black moustache, thinks that we should call the Blue Med the "Cemlean Sea". "If we did this," he says, "fewer romantic ninnies would rhapsodize about this rather ordinary ocean, because so few of them know what 'Cemlean' means anyway. And then there would be

some of them who couldn't pronounce the word—lispsers, stutterers, and the like. And what a change in our educational system this would bring about, too. All maps would have to be altered, syllabuses and curricula at schools would be radically . . ." But I can't repeat all of Boast's enthusiasm—he went on, with sparkling eyes, for hours after I had crept silently out of the room.

I was dipping deliciously into a packet of Algerian dates the other day when a friend enquired malignantly whether I had ever cut one open to see what was inside. I replied in the negative and continued to munch voraciously. "Well," he went on, "I once opened one and have never opened a date since." My jaws slackened their pace somewhat. "Why was that?" I quailed through sticky gums. Toppington (his name) beamed sourly. "There were about seven or eight wiggly white worms feeding inside!" My jaws came to an abrupt halt and things inside began to feel funny; also I closed the half-empty packet and offered it wholesale to Broope, who sat beside me. "Thanks old boy!" he said gaily. "What? Not afraid of worms!" I aghasted. "My dear chap," he replied. "First of all I don't believe a word of what Toppington says. And secondly, if there are worms inside, that'll be the first fresh meat I've eaten in 17 months." I left the room hurriedly.

It was Snarper, I believe, who asked me yesterday if I had ever used grass-hoppers as a bait when fishing. "What fish knows a grass-hopper when it sees one?" I asked. I was not surprised when he came back each evening with a sore bottom. Grass-hoppers have, I suppose,

one of the fastest unassisted take-offs in the world—but their landings are liable to be somewhat erratic. I have been advised by one expert that when trying to kill flies one should always aim behind them because they take off backwards. I have never been able to check this; the quickness of the fly deceives the hand—but a fly I chatted to recently assured me that it was true. "It's a knack," he said, "which it takes some weeks to acquire . . ."

I received an Airmail letter from myself yesterday. I was very glad to get it at first—the only one I've had since I've been out here—but I realised as I read it that it was really all a mistake. To start with, it began "Dear Emily," which is my wife's name—and I soon saw that it was the one I wrote to her two months ago when I was sick with jaundice. I had sealed it up and had put *my* name and address on the front and hers on the back . . . silly of me, really.

Emily knew a chap once—he came from East Sheen—who had jaundice so badly he had to go to China in order not to be so conspicuous in crowds. Later he took up tea-tasting and married a girl who came from Hi.

I used to know a Col. Fitz-Wallaby in Lahore who made a practice of steaming all his letters open instead of cutting them. He could then seal them up again if he didn't like the contents, scribble "NOT KNOWN" on the front, and return them to the Post Office. He did this one day accidentally to a letter from his wife in England—and the next thing he knew she had come raging out to India by air to see what he was up to.

N. C. O's  
AT WORK

## Sergeant Pattirson

Imagine a small room tucked away in the middle of a corridor. In this room are ten typewriters. Nine are busily clattering—the tenth has a coil of red tape jammed under the keyboard. At one end of the room is a desk on which are approximately 28 files, cardboard, and three telephones. On one side of the desk is a diminutive member of the Meteor Committee—on the other the N.C.O. At Work. He is engaged in stamping 953 New Year Leave Passes with his right hand and 950 Passes to the U.S.A. with his left.

N.C.O. At Work: "Yes, sir, only too glad to spare a moment. What would you . . ."

Two telephones ring.

N.C.O. At Work (into first telephone): "Yes . . . amend entry 'L.A.C. J. Jones' to read 'L.A.C. Jones, J.'"

(into second telephone): "What? Thirteen F.IIE's, one I/Mech. A. and 5 ACH/GDs (to us) "Don't light your pipe with that, sir. It's the Group Captain's posting.

The third telephone rings.

N.C.O. At Work: "Who? Yes certainly. If I catch the 3.45 I can be in New Jersey by midnight." (to us) Excuse me, sir, I have urgent business with the Adjutant."

That is what we imagined when we were told to interview Sergeant Pattirson of the Station Orderly Room. Fortunately we were mistaken.



Sergeant Pattirson is a small man for such a large job. However, before he arrived at this Station in 1942, he had considerable experience of responsible jobs as he had been with H.Q. Training Command since he joined the Service in 1937. Before that in civilian life he was a stockbroker's clerk in Blackpool, his home town. Yes, Sergeant Pattirson is a Lancashire lad though his North Country accent is far less pronounced than many heard on this Station.

Sergeant Pattirson is of the opinion that the unorthodox spelling of his name may indicate Scandinavian rather than Scottish antecedents. He is not married, nor contemplating it, and would like to take this opportunity of issuing an official denial of all rumours to the contrary.

Outside of performing with the concert party, Sergeant Pattirson has few hobbies. He is a keen cricketer and has played with the Station team for most of the season.

# Canadian Gen

## II. . . . CANADIAN PAINTING

The most distinctive and national expression of Canadian culture is to be found in the robust panorama of Canadian art. This art has grown out of the richly diversified soil of Canada. It was the pioneer who was the first artist and his first product was a documentary record of the frontier where he lived. Canadian art is a living art because it has been born of the people for the people. The leading artists of to-day, who have lifted the country's art to its present high level, are ordinary approachable people. Moreover, though early Canada meant New France, the country only received indirectly the baser influence of eighteenth century French art. That is undoubtedly why modern Canadian art is primarily the product of English-speaking Canada.

Anyone visiting Canada is at once impressed by its spaciousness. Size has left its imprint upon Canadian artists. As individuals, artists in Canada find inspiration in a particular locale. Landscape has dominated their lives as it has ruled the life of the people at large. Turbulent and richly contrasted, it has forced itself into their art.

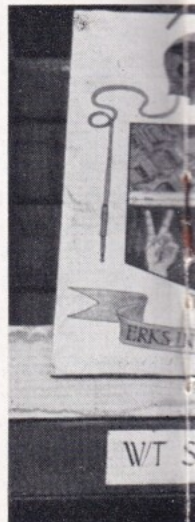
In contemporary art works, we find most tangible expression of these characteristics. Imagine a map of the country. In the Maritimes, Stanley Royle finds subject in Peggy's Cove and the Nova Scotia fisherfolk. Cowgill Haworth is linked with Gaspe. A. Y. Jackson personifies Quebec and has given most faithful

portrayal of the habitant scene. Moving west, Manley Macdonald gives intimate glimpses of rural life in Haliburton. Elemental Algonquin finds fulfilment in Tom Thompson, who is probably immortalised in Canada through capturing the very spirit of "The West Wind" (Toronto Art Gallery). Arthur Lismer, in his Georgian Bay studies, parallels the work of Vincent Van Gogh. Yvonne McKague expresses the Englishness of the Upper Canadian scene. Frank Panabaker, at nearby Ancaster, reflects the familiar in our own neighbourhood. The endless vista of the Prairies is one singularly void of artists. Beyond, are the Rockies and the prolific coast of British Columbia. The most prolific artist of the Pacific coast is Emily Carr, who, understanding Indian life and ways, interprets them through canvases distinguished by totem and Columbian pine. The Rockies, dwarfing men by their enormity, defying depiction by their detail, can only be adequately expressed in the abstract of such adventurers as Lawren Harris.

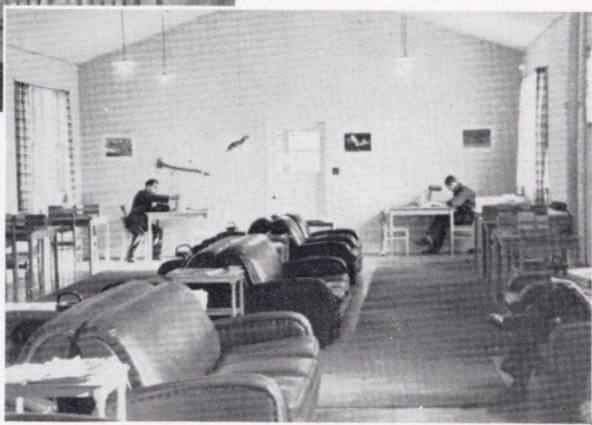
Canadian art needs little introduction. It awaits your acquaintance. Like its creators it is a living thing. Like them, too, it is accessible. Toronto, Montreal and Ottawa are at hand. In their galleries, you can find something of the soul of Canada. You can also see some of the greater possibilities still to be realised now that popular imagination is awakened to the nature of art and the artist in this New World.



# Days of and Hours



# of Toil s of Ease



Mill hands boarded at his Inn, so that that which he paid out with one hand he received back in the other. And Jacob cornered the Post Office business which he conducted in the midst of the public bar at Terryberry Inn. In 1850, Swazie's Corners was a blithe little village and Glanford Township produced no less than 20,000 bushels of mixed grain and 8,000 lbs. of butter.

With the decline and fall of Terryberry Inn, Swazie's Corners became a forgotten village. Canon Bull and his temperance flock demanded the removal of the Post Office to "some more congenial heaven-blest spot." Three Mile Creek ran dry. 188-acre farmsteads, divided and sub-divided, were handed down to successive chil-

dren. The village faith was divided by Wesleyan Methodism. The Caledonian highway surfaced and toll-gated, carried business through Swazie's Corners rather than to it. The corners were rechristened Mount Hope.

Mount Hope is a forgotten village to-day, though it is tucked within the very skirts of an airport. Half a thousand airmen whisk blindly through it each evening. It has no story without its wayside Inn. Does not the shade of energetic Jacob ever stir beneath his white gravestone as mine host contemplates the good cheer which he might disburse and the good coin which he might pocket through a resurrected Terryberry Inn?

## THE Children's Party



The Children's Party on the 21st December was a great success as seen from these photos. The pilots and instructors who turned up to help entertain the 200 odd children found that they themselves were the entertained.



## "The Backbone of The Service"



### L.A.C. CROUCH

L.A.C. Crouch is a familiar figure in the Airmen's Mess. His figure is no less familiar at Stores. But while he's popular in the Mess, he's unpopular at the Stores. His figure has been confounding the R.A.F. for nearly three years now—and he's past the age of compulsory P.T.

In Civvy Street Joe (as he is better known) was a roadster. First he tore the highway up with his long distance lorry driving. Then he lay the highway down behind the wheels of a steam roller. Married at 18, Joe settled down to family life in S.W. London. He is proud of his two daughters. The oldest is twenty-one this year. Following in father's footsteps, both are on the threshold of matrimony.

Joe came here from Caron. There he indulged in Prairie Sports—gopher chasing: Jack Rabbit hunting and coyote shooting. But he prefers parlour games—cards and dominoes and the like. He had enough of travelling in the old days and leads a leisure life now. Joe has never crossed the border. Yet he knows all the answers. Just ask him to define an ACH/Air Gunner. He'll tell you . . .

### L.A.C. HOPGOOD

L.A.C. Hopgood helps to keep the wheels of G.I.S. moving. He is one of those people whom everybody wants in two places at the same time and everybody finds in another. L.A.C. Hopgood is better known as "Charlie" and, though he's small and dark, he would have it known that he is no relation of Charlie McCarthy. Once upon a time, he used to help exercise race horses; now it is Shank's Pony he exercises.

Charlie comes from Reading. In the old days, he was employed with the Thames Conservancy Board and helped to dredge Old Father Thames all the way from "The Pool of London" to the Bristol Channel! Life on the Thames has made something of a water gipsy out of Charlie.

Perhaps that is why he confesses that he'd like to join the Merchant Service after the war. Cardiff whetted his appetite for the sea, too. Posting to a Balloon unit in South Wales gave him opportunity to explore the secrets of Tiger Bay.

The R.A.F. gave him glimpses of Birmingham and Coventry before Canada. But he still thinks that there is little improvement on Berkshire for football, darts and swimming. Besides, he was able to go home to his wife and two children when the familiar voice rang out: "Time, gentlemen, please!"



## MEET THOSE IN CONTROL

This month the Meteor visited the Control Tower to meet the men who, working under the O.C. Flying, help control the departure and return of the flying details and to keep a check on the aircraft throughout their trip. Normally they work in two shifts, but on this afternoon the whole staff turned out for the Meteor photographer.

It was one of those sticky winter days when theoretically it should re-

main fair but, due to the air stream, "anything might happen." What did happen was snow and bad vis. As the detail took off the Duty Pilot, Sgt. "Sandy" Saunders (his relief, Sgt. "Lofty" Cole, is also in the photograph) checked the R/T with each aircraft as it taxied out and the airman of the watch, A.C. "Ted" Playle, noted the times of take-off and recorded them on a large black-board. The Duty Pilot also kept in



touch with the W/T Cabin and attended to other such matters as changes of aircraft due to failure to start them in the extremely cold air.

Once the aircraft were all off the ground it was comparatively plain sailing; L.A.C. "Tich" Ritts was busy all the while taking down particulars of messages from the aircraft and recording them against the aircraft on the blackboard. Not long after take-off the weather deteriorated and the O.C. Flying decided to recall the detail; within an hour they had all landed.

Also in the photograph are A.C. George Sadler, another airman of the watch, and A.C. "Dave" Davenport and A.C. "Les" Baniff, who are both learning the duties of Duty Pilot.

On our way out we passed through the Timekeeper's Office where we saw (in the lower photograph) two of the pilots booking in whilst the staff, L.A.C. "Tubby" Maude, A.C. "Chuck" Selge, A.C. "Nutty" Nuthall and A.C. "Junior" Newman were busy recording the flying times and keeping the records.

## The More Yer Puts Dahn

★

*I've just been told of a game of poker  
Invented by an opium-smoker.  
You get nine cards instead of seven—  
Three of them down and six face-to-heaven.  
Butchers with swords and wall-eyed Jacks  
Are wild, (you'll probably need two packs).  
Bullets are low and women cost money,  
(You double the pot, which isn't so funny).  
Deuces don't count unless they are black  
And there draw another four cards from the pack.  
A pair on the table will cancel your hand—  
You can buy some more cards and take up your stand.  
The Joker is in but he's worth twice the kitty:  
If your next is a ten it is rather a pity  
For you then pass ten francs to the man on your right:  
And the Joker can't help you to make up a tight.  
All Blue is really not worth all the trouble,  
For Clubs work as Hearts and Spades cost you double.  
If you turn up a five, for that round you're the squealer  
And two of your cards are withdrawn by the dealer.  
When you've all got nine cards you start off the betting—  
But here is a point that is rather upsetting:  
The first man to bump really sticks out his neck  
For he gets nine more cards from the depths of the deck.  
In the midst of the betting the dealer cries "Stop!"  
And from everyone's hands takes two cards off the top  
Shuffles them, cuts them, and deals them once more—  
Then the betting goes on where it left off before.  
One more complication there is for your sins—  
It's the LOWEST hand out that eventually wins.*

# STATION NOTES



The Sergeants' Mess makes merry in traditional style.

## CORPORALS' CLUB NOTES

It is regretted that the Can Carriers' Chronicle did not go to press last month, but your humble scribe was busy enjoying himself in Chicago. Since we last appeared in print a meeting has been held (on Dec. 20) and we would like here to compliment the old committee on successfully disposing of approximately half the club's credit balance during its term of office. Thereafter the business of the meeting was confined to electing a new committee. A certain clique seemed determined to elect Cpl. Carman to some position or other; were they his friends or did they "have it in for him?" Incidentally, may we remind members that the vague excuse of "I'm on the Boat" is not good enough for declining to accept a position on the Committee.

As usual, before the meeting was closed, Cpl. Wallis brought up the toaster question, but this time, now that he is posted, it was more a matter of a toast. But, in conclusion, two questions still worry us . . . Why do they call Charlie Greening "hard boiled?" . . . and, if our new Cpl. "Tommy" got his "Supper" up at the hangars on the night of his celebration, does he still like his "Bedwell?"

THE SCRIBE.



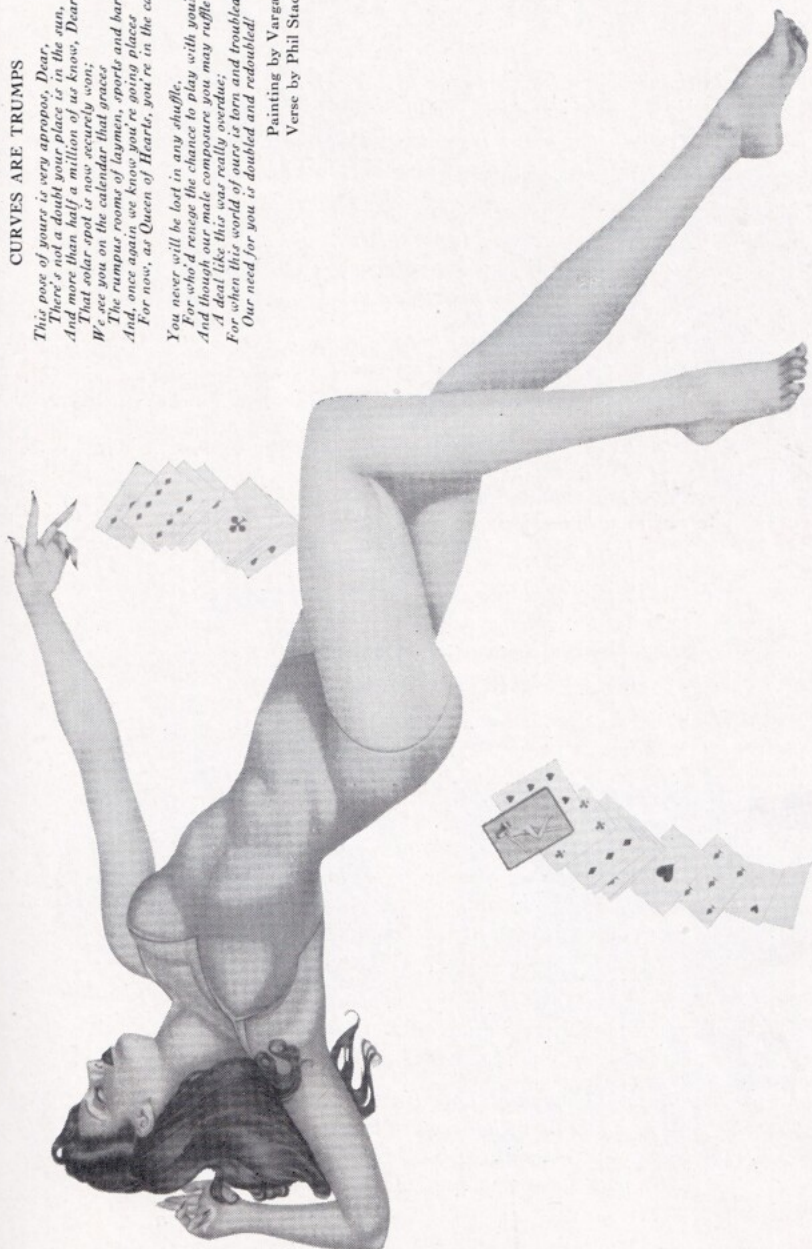
## CURVES ARE TRUMPS

*This pose of yours is very apropos, Dear,  
And here's not a doubt your place is in the sun,  
And I am sure that if a million of us knew, Dear,  
That you were here, we'd all be here by now.*

*We see you on the calendar that grace  
The rumper rooms of tavern, sports and bards,  
And, once again we know you're going places  
For now, as Queen of Hearts, you're in the cards!*

*You never will be lost in any shuffle,  
For who'd renege the chance to play with you?  
And though our male composure you may rattle,  
A deal like this was really overdue;  
For when this world of ours is torn and troubled,  
Our need for you is doubled and redoubled!*

Painting by Varga  
Verse by Phil Stack



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# Post Mortem

*Is it force astrological, gene biological  
Law mathematical, which  
Determines the move from the well-ordered groove  
And dislodges a man from his niche?*

*Can it be a Cassandra or some Alexander  
Void of more worlds to obtain,  
Who with flick of the pen autographs the "Amen"  
Which sets a man moving again?*

*In sanctum sanctorum, on pons asinorum  
Does Deus ex machina sprawl  
With visage inscrutable, finger immutable  
Tracing one's name on the wall?*

*Is it Freudian bogey, antiquarian fogey  
Ewige weibliche or what,  
Sets airmen in motion, on land or on ocean  
To fulfil their unfulfilled lot?*

*Not when you elect, nor indeed would expect  
Comes the clarion call to the ears;  
Like smoke from Havanas or jatamorganas  
Each one in his turn disappears*

*One will be charmed and another alarmed  
As he sits under Damocles sword;  
A third doesn't mind and a fourth is resigned  
As he waits for the jerk of the cord.*

*From section to section, with no predilection  
The victim goes wandering among,  
With wail like a claxon in words Anglo-Saxon  
Expletive to the English tongue.*

*There are some who are toasted when they are posted  
To north or to south or to west.*

*There are others who glide on a gentle ebb tide  
With no pangs of remorse in their breast.*

*I would not be unkind, but I'd much like to find  
For a couple of hours at the most,  
A potent position and reach an ambition  
To post those who post those who post.*

*Anon.*

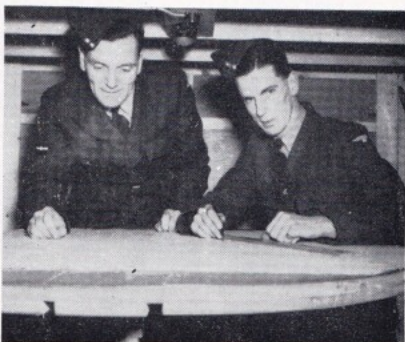
# "Good-bye to the Air Bombers"

In more ways than one January, 1944, has been a history-making month for Mt. Hope and amongst the many changes has been the departure of the last batch of Air Bombers. For awhile it will seem strange without them and their absence will undoubtedly make changes in our daily routine and scheme of instruction. Whilst we will no longer be able to put up crews as "crews" or run quasi-operational trips with bombing, we will be able to concentrate more on navigation. We cannot say that the departure of the Air Bombers will be of benefit to the school, but, it is possibly true that more than one second navigator has breathed a happy sigh as he has excitedly taken what he has always believed to be his due—a seat beside the driver!



F/Lt. Bellas, who has been on this camp practically since its opening, is the C.G.I. and as such, has been in charge of Air Bomber Instruction. Now that the Air Bombers have left us he will be performing other duties in the G.I.S.—though he tells us that he, too, like so many others this New Year, is

expecting very soon to be posted. In the meantime, however, he will be the strong link in maintaining the continuity and smooth-running of the G.I.S.



An important part of the Air Bombers' Training here has been their synthetic bombing exercises by the Camera Obscura method. Here we see A.C. Jack Willis and A.C. "Bahama Bo" Floyd out in the cold, cold "caravan" on the Parade Ground, operating, for the last time at Mt. Hope, this rather obscure method of teaching "how to bomb."



The Bombing Instructors stare blankly and sadly into the eerie black space of their now empty Bombing Teacher.

# Roving Reporter

(Sgt. F. K. Ingle)

A Happy New Year, chaps.

'I sooth the Old Year has gone and a New Year has dawned, and simultaneously are born new resolutions and good intentions. I've made so many resolutions that I've already forgotten most of them. Perhaps when the haze of Christmas and New Year celebrations has cleared a little, they will once more glow in their original brilliance.

Since I last rambled over these columns there have been hectic times—leave, Christmas parties, dinners and “hangovers.” On Tuesday, 21st December, our Annual Christmas Party for the children was held in the Recreation Hall and many of our airmen reverted to their childhood days again . . . more than one noble personage lost dignity but not “face” by indulging in a few turns on the chute. However, the kiddies derived a good laugh from it, and Sgt. Miller, at last cast aside his pseudo youth, and revealed his true age admirably in the role of Santa Claus . . . You've never seen a Scotsman give things away so quickly and so freely as he did that day!

Christmas dinners followed, and the Senior N.C.O.'s and Officers had their dinners a day earlier so that on Christmas Day they were able to attend the Airmen's Mess, and wait upon those who wait for them for twelve months in the year . . . I know there is a touch of Irish in this last sentence . . . but maybe an essence



of truth also ! ! ! !

A little bird has just whispered to me that a couple of “esteemed gentlemen” clad in mother nature's robes, decided to do a spot of Spring Cleaning at two o'clock in the morning during the Christmas celebrations, and that A. N. Other came “russelling” along to find out the cause of the trouble (apologies to Samuel Small).

By the way, does anybody know the lady who hit a male for stating that Canadian nuts were like Canadian women—tough and hard to crack?

One section “boobed” over Christmas leave, which had to be changed at the last minute, and consequently the Assistant Adjutant (Chief of Chair-borne Troops), who is suffering from severe writer's cramp, having signed over three thousand passes in two months, has decided to change his name to Joe—shame on you ! ! !

And here's good news—if any of you will have completed your two years tour of duty in March, 1944, you may consider yourselves on a P.W., so roll on that chugging boat. Let us heartily welcome all new faces, particularly our new S.W.O., W/O. Holman, and to those who have gone and will never be forgotten, let us say “Good wishes—bon voyage—and the best of luck.”

# R.A.F. Sports



## ICE HOCKEY

(Officer i/c F/Lt. Wright)

Now that the ice by the Officers' Mess is ready we are looking forward to a very keen and interesting ice-hockey season. Teams have been formed by most sections and can be seen almost daily on the pond developing speed and precision or getting their ice legs. If the strength

of the various teams varies in proportion to the number of Canadians in them, then it seems that G.I.S. should lead the field, but we'll see. There may be some surprises.

The matches have been arranged as follows:

### DATES OF MATCHES AS FOLLOWS

|                 |             |   |              |                |
|-----------------|-------------|---|--------------|----------------|
| Tues., Jan. 11  | Signals     | v | S.H.Q.       | F/L. Davidson  |
| Wed., Jan. 12   | G.I.S.      | v | Flying Squad | Capt. Greco    |
| Thurs., Jan. 13 | Signals     | v | Maintenance  | F/L. Wright    |
| Tues., Jan. 18  | S.H.Q.      | v | Maintenance  | F/L. Leard     |
| Wed., Jan. 19   | Signals     | v | G.I.S.       | A.C. Reed      |
| Thurs., Jan. 20 | S.H.Q.      | v | Flying Squad | Sgt. Schwoob   |
| Tues., Jan. 25  | G.I.S.      | v | Maintenance  | Cpl. Griesbach |
| Wed., Jan. 26   | Signals     | v | Flying Squad | Sgt. Pruner    |
| Thurs., Jan. 27 | S.H.Q.      | v | G.I.S.       | F/S. Davey     |
| Tues., Feb. 1   | Maintenance | v | Flying Squad | F/O. Hamblin   |
| Wed., Feb. 2    | Signals     | v | S.H.Q.       | Sgt. McDonald  |
| Thurs., Feb. 3  | G.I.S.      | v | Flying Squad | Cpl. Kraushaar |
| Tues., Feb. 8   | Signals     | v | Maintenance  | Capt. Grees    |
| Wed., Feb. 9    | S.H.Q.      | v | Maintenance  | F/L. Wright    |
| Thurs., Feb. 10 | Signals     | v | G.I.S.       | Cpl. Griesbach |
| Tues., Feb. 15  | S.H.Q.      | v | Flying Squad | A.C. Reid      |
| Wed., Feb. 16   | G.I.S.      | v | Maintenance  | Cpl. Kraushaar |
| Thurs., Feb. 17 | Signals     | v | Flying Squad | Sgt. Pruner    |
| Tues., Feb. 22  | S.H.Q.      | v | G.I.S.       | F/S. Davey     |
| Wed., Feb. 23   | Maintenance | v | Flying Squad | F/O. Hamblin   |
| Tues., Feb. 29  |             | 1 | v            | 4              |
| Wed., Mar. 1    |             | 2 | v            | 3              |
| Thurs., Mar. 2  |             |   | Final        |                |

All matches will be played at 17.00 hours and the ice will be out of bounds for one hour before each match.

## BOXING

(Officer i/c F/O. Greville)

The Station team has been considerably weakened by the loss of Sgt. Ford, who is having trouble with his eyes. However, A.C. Bradfield, who has made a name for himself here, is still with us and it is hoped that sufficient additional talent will come forward that we may put up a team against Port Albert. The proposed date for the match is January 27th, when Port Albert's team will be coming down to fight us in our own Drill Hall.

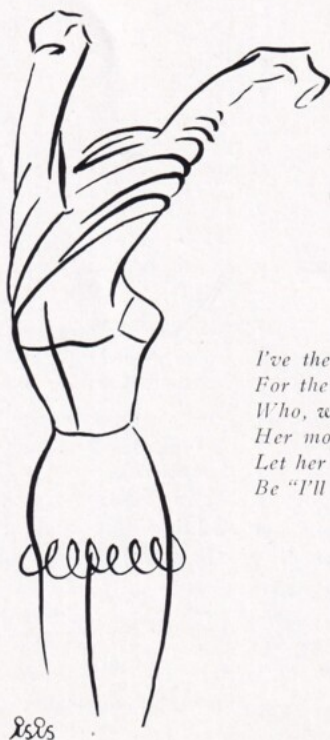
We are keeping our eyes skinned for likely lads amongst those who appear daily on P.T. in the Drill Hall, but it is important that any

of you who are keen or who have done any boxing at all should make yourselves known to F/O. Simon or F/O. Greville.

## BADMINTON

(Officer i/c W/Cdr. Marriott)

The recent Station handicap turned out to be a great success and credit is due to both players and organisers. The winner was L.A.C. Jacobs, of Equipment Section, who, with a handicap of minus 10, beat L.A.C. McDonald (handicap plus 1) in the final. Congratulations go to L.A.C. Jacobs who played the finest game of his career to beat McDonald who is an ex-South of Scotland champion.



*I've the obvious solution  
For the girl, without a skirt on,  
Who, when spied at her ablution,  
Her morale goes for a Burton.  
Let her New Year Resolution  
Be "I'll keep, at least, my shirt on!"*

## Latest News of Ex-Mount Hoppers

The following information has been received from the service and civilian friends of ex-members of this unit. We would be glad if readers who have received letters from men posted from here would let us have the details.

F/L. Fergus Cross, Navigation Instructor. Now a Lieutenant on H.M.C.S. "Chicoutimi".

F/L. Dene, 32 Course. Instructing in Wales.

F/L. Roberts, 32 Course. Instructing at Debort.

F/O. L. J. Barcham, 55 Course. Instructing at Wick.

F./O. F. S. Hair, 49 Course. Has earned his D.F.C.

F/Lt. Piper, 36 Course. In Middle East.

P/O. A. M. Wood, 48 Course. Completed 30 Ops.

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### THANKS

A vote of thanks is due to Section Officer Paterson, Sergeant Annis and all the Mess Staff for the very excellent fare prepared by them on Christmas and New Year's Day. Whilst everybody else was enjoying themselves they worked hard to provide us with a Christmas dinner as good as any peace-time festive table. The food, the cooking and the serving arrangements were all first class. This applies too to the staffs of the Officers' and Sergeants' Messes who all did a very good job.

Thanks again and congratulations.

Sgt. E. Hawson, 62A Course. On Ops. in Middle East.

Sgt. F. W. Poree, 59B Course. On Ops. in Middle East.

F/O. Denney, 58 Course. Spent three and one-half days in a dinghy 200 miles out in the Atlantic. Now safely back in England.

Sgt. G. I. Oliver. Now an Air Gunner in North Africa.

Sgt. Woodhouse, Flying Sqn. Now a W/O. at West Raynham.

S/Ldr. P. Samman. Now S.M.O. at R.A.F. Nutt's Corner, County Antrim, N. Ireland.

S/Ldr. Fenwick, G.I.S. Now at R.A.F. Nutt's Corner, County Antrim, N. Ireland.

S/Ldr. Walsh. No. S.M.O. at Mulldon, Helston, Cornwall.

F/Lt. Sharman, G.I.S. Has a roving commission genning personnel on Navigation.

P/O. T. C. Scott, 57A Course. Stationed at Mulldon, Helston, Cornwall.

F/Lt. Boucher. Station Adjutant at R.A.F., Woodbridge, Suffolk.

W/O. Hamilton. Station Warrant Officer at East Fortune, East Lothian.

The following have been reported killed in action:

P/O. R. A. Sedgeley, 57A Course; Sgt. S. J. Day, 66B; Seymour, 53B; Garbutt, 56B; Meadows, 56B; Trigg, 57A; Waldron, 59A.

The following have been reported missing:

F/Lt. Harper, Flying Sqn.; F/O. D. Pont, Flying Sqn.; F/Sgt. Crossley, 47 Course; Sgt. R. Hurrell, 48 Course.

# Y.M.C.A.

With the closing of another year, we leave behind a year of experiences and memories. 1943 has seen many changes at Mount Hope and among these changes was the posting of your former "Y" man, Mr. Kirk Bell, to a bomber command near Leeds, England. The other "Y" ladie is now a private in the Canadian Army at Petawawa.

In the field of sports, probably the most popular at the present time is Ice Skating and the national game of hockey. It is a fair estimate that at least 600 of our personnel own a pair of skates and sales are still flourishing. In this same regard, you are reminded that when you are posted back home and find your

skates too bulky to pack, you may sell them back to the P.S.I. through the "Y" office. But we have been informed that we may not operate "Ye Olde Pawn Shoppe" and therefore cannot make loans or allowances on such merchandise.

The month of December was one of the most hectic at the "Y" office when some 400 cables were dispatched to the mother country; some 300 airmen made arrangements for Christmas day and Christmas leave and fine compliments are now circulating about Canadian hospitality.

Let's make 1944 a banner year at Mount Hope, striving in our line of duty to attain new records for this station and the cause of peace. Work with an open mind, always willing to learn. My parting shot: "As long as you're green, you're growing, but as soon as you get ripe you get rotten."



R.A.F. Terms Illustrated: "Blind Approach."

# Rec. Hall Ramblings

December was certainly a bumper month for the Rec. Hall; every night seemed to find some type of entertainment. The Mount Hope Players put on their production "Fourth Wall", and have already decided to have another play in the Spring. Flying Officer Thackeray will welcome with open arms anyone with dramatic talent and willing to give up some of his time. The concert party put on "Rafter Raisers Mark III" which appeared to be a huge success, although the producer sustained a terrific shock on hearing that Flying Officer Bazzard had been taken to hospital about 12 hours before the first production. However, Sergeant Hetherington stepped in, and made an excellent "leading lady."

Would be entertainers are required for "Mark IV"—the cast get quite a kick and lots of fun out of these rehearsals, so if you think you can stand the producer's caustic comments and painting scenery at 2 a.m. (to say nothing of searching garbage cans for missing properties!)—let's have your names. It is mentioned that we shall be losing Flight Lieutenant Edwards in the very near future. Our loss will be some other Station's gain, since Flight Lieutenant Edwards wrote all the words and tunes for our concert parties. Have we anyone volunteering to take his place? He has certainly set us a high standard. We all wish him luck wherever he goes.

On the 21st the Rec. Hall was invaded by some 200 children from the local orphanages and our Station children. The children fed to ca-

capacity under the wing of S/O. Patterson, received toys and candies from Santa Claus (Sgt. Miller), and had a really fine time. Sliding down the chute (specially erected by Works and Bricks) from the balcony was the most popular pastime, although one airman thought that this slide (decorated with chickens and animals) was a new fire escape and voiced his disapproval of the position. Thanks are due to the officers, airmen and wives who helped to make the party such a success, not forgetting Nursing Sister Chisholm who appeared to be in her element in looking after the one and two year olds.

Also packed in December were two "highbrow" concerts—some excellent singing and playing by A/SO Isabel Mutch and L.A.C. Clifford Pool, and some fine renderings by the "Chassonettes Girls' Choir." A show which reduced everyone to holding their sides, and wound up a very successful month, was the "Lifebuoy Follies."

Many comments and much binding was heard because cinema shows were restricted to one show per night early in December and because "Music of the Masters" was cancelled. This was inevitable in order that the Station Concert Parties might practice on the stage during the week preceding their shows. Another "bug-bear" seems to be the curtailment of smoking during shows. This is not only because of the fire hazard, but because several of our artists have complained of the excessive smoke while they are singing.

Scenes from the  
Dramatic Society's  
"Fourth Wall" and  
Rafter Raisers Mk. III





We would like your views on the experiment we are trying of announcing any gramophone record played before shows. If you like to know what band is playing or who is singing, let's hear from you. At this point maybe a "bouquet" is indicated to Sergeant Hutchins and Corporal Lovelace for working on the sound and lighting control platform before and during each stage performance last year, and very often operating the cinema projectors too.

Amongst the Monday night shows scheduled for January are the "Thumbs Up" Revue from Hamilton, and our old friends the "Merry Go Round" revue from Toronto. We

are also having a visit from the pupils of Miss Helen Kerr's Dancing School, which will include ballet and tap dancing.

During February we shall hold a "Garrison Night" or "Talent Spotting" competition. Come on all you would-be Clark Gables, and the rest of you come along and record your verdict on these victims.

The Y.M.C.A. are now obtaining films from several sources so we should get a much better selection in the future.

Watch the Notice Boards for the dates of January dances.

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

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## Canadian Tour

*So little we knew when we first hailed your seaboard,  
Yet what of the memory another year on,  
Of blizzards and heat waves and brightly lit restaurants,  
Of zootsuits and Sweet Caps and coke machines gone.*

*Warm hospitality, hewn from the pinewood,  
Sweetened with maple and vast as the West,  
Hep cats and jitterbugs, streetcars and sidewalks,  
And girls who absorbed all our "lines" with a zest.*

*Coffee and chewing gum, running the radio,  
Provincial elections and libelous views,  
No barmaids in bar rooms nor smoking in theatres—  
Dick Tracy and Superman mixed with the news.*

*Most gracious of hostesses, Daughters of Empire,  
Frostbite, mosquitoes and hours in the sky,  
Giant locomotives and panting old aircraft,  
Great lakes, and a "Mountain" five hundred feet high.*

*Half British, half Yankee — fair land for adventurer,  
Some day we'll come back to you out of the blue.  
We'd like to stay longer, but homelands are calling,  
So "thanks" for the memory and call it "Adieu!"*

# "What's on this Month?"

## Cinema Shows

Tuesday, January 18th —  
"THE EDGE OF DARKNESS"  
With Anne Sheridan and Errol Flynn

Thursday, January 20th —  
"HOW'S ABOUT IT"  
With Andrews Sisters and Robert Paige

Friday, January 21st —  
"SQUADRON LEADER X"  
With Eric Partman and Anne Dvorak

Tuesday, January 25th —  
"GORILLA MAN"  
With John Loder and Ruth Ford

Thursday, January 27th —  
"SAHARA"  
With Humphrey Bogart and Carol Nash

Friday, January 28th —  
"THE FALCON IN DANGER"  
With John Conway and Jean Brook

Tuesday, February 1st —  
"BACKGROUND TO DANGER"  
With George Raft and Brenda Marshall

Thursday, February 3rd —  
"AFTER MIDNIGHT WITH  
BOSTON BLACKIE"  
With Chester Morris and Anne Savage

Friday, February 4th —  
"FOREVER AND A DAY"  
With Brian Aherne, Robert Cummings,  
Charles Laughton and Ida Lupino

Tuesday, February 8th —  
"NORTHERN PURSUIT"  
With Errol Flynn and Julie Bishop

Thursday, February 10th —  
"SHE HAS WHAT IT TAKES"  
With Jinx Falkenburg and Tom Neal

Friday, February 11th —  
"TARZAN TRIUMPHS"  
With John Weissmuller and  
Frances Gifford

Tuesday, February 15th —  
"ADVENTURES IN IRAQ"  
With John Loder and Ruth Ford

Thursday, February 17th —  
"THE CITY THAT STOPPED  
HITLER"  
An epic picture of heroic Stalingrad

Friday, February 18th —  
"LET'S MAKE MUSIC"  
With Jean Rogers, Beth Ridsen and  
Joyce Compton

## Stage Shows

Monday, January 10th —  
THE ALUMNAE CHOIR  
A brilliant girls' choir which made a  
great hit here last year

Monday, January 17th —  
The Village Players present  
"THE NIGHT OF JANUARY 16th"

Monday, January 24th —  
THE "THUMBS UP REVUE" FROM  
HAMILTON  
Produced by Doreen Groom

Monday, January 31st —  
THE "MERRY-GO-ROUND REVUE"  
FROM TORONTO  
Produced by Miss Holmstead

Monday, February 7th —  
"THE REVELLERS"  
A Revue from Toronto

Monday, February 14th —  
"THE B'NAI B'RITH REVUE"  
A high-class show from Toronto

### THACK'S SHACK

Limited

announce the opening  
of their

NEW BRANCH

Cor. of Mud and Drillori Sts.

Synthetic Scenic Trips around  
Ontario—even safer than  
the real thing.

"Per Linkspins ad astra"

(Trade Mark)

Bring your own parachutes

Notice to staff pilots

### CAMERA OBSCURA

and

### Willow Grove Dummy Rum Co.

regret that, owing to sudden decline  
in trade, they will be closing down.  
Premises and equipment taken over  
by rival firm, with goodwill.

J. FIPPS, Prop'r.

