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# TAKE OFF



VOL. 1, NO. 2

AUGUST, 1942

## NAMES OF STAFF

**Editor-in-Chief:**  
**J. H. Neville, Sgt.**

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**R. J. Galbraith, Sgt.**

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**F/L H. Courtemanche.**

**Business Manager:**  
**Geo. Douglas, Y.M.C.A.**

**Sports Editor:**  
**W. Goldwin, F/Sgt.**

**Advertising Manager:**  
**F/o H. A. Hart.**

## EDITORIAL

Well folks, here it is, The August Issue! I believe it is an improvement over last and I know it must continue to improve if the paper is to survive. Now the way to do that, my friends, is to let your Editorial staff know what you want; you may want more gossip and news, possibly more poetry — the type you can print — then again maybe you would appreciate more articles. It is a very difficult job for three inexperienced editors to judge, or I should say imagine, what the whole station wants, in fact it is almost an impossibility and this situation could be alleviated with **YOUR** cooperation.

Another way to improve your paper would be to submit more material, much more material, and get it in as early as possible. If you do this it will give the editors more time to set up the paper and consequently it will be a better one. Some of your work will not appear, we know it and you know it so PLEASE do not get discouraged or peeved, you have made an effort and believe me the editorial staff really appreciate the fact.

So get into the spirit of the thing and practise that very old saying "If at first

you don't succeed try, try again", the editorial staff use that as their motto — just look at the first two issues—We're still trying so WHY DON'T YOU!!!!

D.A.P.S. has posted another of No. 8's more prominent figures, Sergeant Mayor Colin Malcolm Campbell by name. To those of you who do not know the Major, he is the gentleman who was strutting his stuff around camp in that dazzling new Warrant Officer's uniform and was working out his time as Warrant Officer i/c Station Orderly Room. We, of No. 8, owe a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. Campbell as he was the Editor-in-Chief as well as the instigator of "Take-Off". He started agitating for a Station paper way back in August of 1941 at which time an attempt to start one did not succeed through lack of material and possibly, necessary backing. Squadron Leader G. A. D. Will, who has also been posted, supplied us with the necessary energy and drive so that your present paper was started in June of this year and you dear readers, must supply the material, unless of course, you would like to see "Take-Off" end up in a crash-landing. So come on all you guys and gals, let's get going and show our appreciation to these two gentlemen by getting out bigger and better "Take-Offs".

We wish, you S/M Campbell and you S/L Will, the best of luck at your new Stations and trust the rising in substantive rank will follow shortly.

SGT. NEVILLE, J. H.

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## The Good Neighbor Policy in Action

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A native son of Columbia graduated with Class 54 on Aug. 4th, 1942 at No. 8 S.F.T.S. Moncton, New Brunswick. His name is Alberto Trujillo (pronounced Tru-hill-u)

Always interested in flying he was employed as steward by a Colombia Air line at the age of 17 but later found other and more lucrative employment. When he had accumulated sufficient funds he left Colombia and arrived in New York in March 1941, armed only with the necessary passport and a small amount of money, the ability to speak fluently in Spanish only and a determination to fly. His first residence in U. S. A. was at Ellis Island (his passport was not in order) and from then on his next six months were spent at different schools of Aviation in U. S. A. and in learning the English language.

He was enlisted in the R.C.A.F. September 24th, 1941 and passed through the usual chain before reaching this station—Manning Depot, for Security Guard duty; I.T.S. and E.F.T.S.

A great credit should be given to Sgt. Trujillo as in addition to completing his course in the standard length of time, he had also to learn the English language and, to do this, meant giving up practically all recreation and hours of leisure. Hats off to Sgt. Alberto Trujillo of Medellin, Colombia, S. Am.

And in case you are interested in Colombia, and as an added appendix to this resume of our good will ambassador here are some facts and figures concerning that fair country.

Colombia is the extreme northwest state in South America which means that it is practically on the equator thus it is very warm with the temperature hovering always around 90 to 100 degrees. But snow also falls in Colombia. The Andes mountains begin in this state and provide a means of a fair measure to winter sports to those so desirous. The population of Colombia is about nine millions. The official and only language is Spanish. Their biggest and greatest business is coffee. They also have large mines wherein are mined an abundance of gold and platinum and have the only emerald mines in the world.

So learn all about Colombia you can because when "Don" Sgt. Trujillo goes on furlough, and incidentally girls he leaves by air for the journey all the way, it will be with great pride and pleasure for this young man to walk down the Main avenue in his home town in his blue uniform and new Wings and tell all the seniors and senioritas about this wonderful land of ours—Canada. Hats off to Trujillo and may your landings be good.

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**GROUP CAPTAIN W. W. BROWN, COMMANDING OFFICER NO. 8, S.F.T.S.**

On December 23rd., 1940 No. 8 Service Flying Training School, Moncton, New Brunswick was officially opened as another link in the vital chain of Air Force Establishments operating under the Joint Air Training Plan, which is now turning out its graduates for flying duties in various parts of the Empire.

Placed in charge of its destinies—from a mudhole infancy to a full-fledged, smooth working productive unit—was our Commanding Officer, W. W. Brown, who recently has been promoted to the rank of Group Captain. His high ideals of Service, preparedness for emergencies, have instilled in the minds of those who work under him, and those who come in contact with him, the happy faculty for carrying-on in the face of problems and difficulties that seek to encompass them.

To start from the beginning—after spending his boyhood in Hamilton, Ontario, and graduating from High School in that City, he entered the Royal Military College in 1921. Four years of intensive military training were spent in that institution with the result that in 1925 he graduated as a Military Civil Engineer. The family wishes were that he become a lawyer, and one summer was spent in a law office, preparatory to entering Osgoode Hall in Toronto. However, the urge to fly proved too alluring and irresistible, so he obtained a commission in the Royal Canadian Air Force on August 26th, 1925, nearly having his ambitions side-stepped due to an attack of typhoid fever. After an eight months' flying training course he was awarded his wings in April, 1926.

One of the first important jobs of the R.C.A.F. was the protection of Canada's mighty forests from the scourge of fire, and Canada owes much to the part played by the members of the R.C.A.F. who carried out this work. In this Group Captain Brown shared, as his first station was situated at High River, Alta. To Vancouver, B.C. for a course on seaplanes was the next transfer, where he qualified as a seaplane pilot. This training was later to stand him in good stead as Commanding Officer of a coastal operational base.

Then followed intensive training and study of photography, airmanship and armament

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at one of the largest Air Stations in the Dominion, Camp Borden, accumulating knowledge in preparation for the many problems that would have to be met and overcome. Back to the West, this time to Winnipeg, in April 1927, to act as Adjutant, which taught him the tact necessary in dealing with personnel and how to gain their confidence — so self-evident today.

A knowledge of English methods of training was gained by a trip to the British Isles "Espirit-de-Corps" for all ranks who have part of 1930. Here was opportunity indeed, and the study of comparative training methods proved very valuable for future use.

Here we pause to announce the closer ties of his life, when shortly after his return from England, Group Captain Brown was married to Dorothy R. Thomson of Detroit, Michigan. This happy relationship has been blessed with the addition of two daughters, Patricia, born in Vancouver, B.C., and Beverly, born in Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Back to Camp Borden again, this time to act as Flying Instructor where for two years he trained future hopefuls in the art of flying. The year following, when he resumed Adjutant's duties, was spent delving into the numerous regulations so necessary for standardization of procedure throughout the service. Group Captain Brown attended the first Army Co-operation Course given by the School of Army Co-operation under the Command of Air Commodore C. M. McEwen at Camp Borden.

In the next few years he was moved many times, never staying very long in any one place, gaining contacts with the many operations of the Air Force throughout Canada. In September, 1935, he attended a Preparatory Staff Course at R.M.C., Kingston, Ont., under the direction of Lt.-Gen. K. Stuart, now Chief of the General Staff.

After returning to the duties of Adjutant in 11 (AC) Squadron at Vancouver, he was posted to No. 8 (GP) Squadron at Winnipeg, and appointed Officer in Charge of R.C.A.F. Sub-Station at Lac-du-Bonnet, Manitoba, returning to Winnipeg in December 1936 to take over the position of Adjutant of No. 8 (GP) Squadron. The re-organization of this unit at R.C.A.F. Station, Rockcliffe found him employed in the position of Air Staff Officer under the late Air-Vice Marshal J. Lindsay Gordon, then District Officer Commanding, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Attendance at the Senior Army co-operation Course at Trenton, Ontario, in November, 1937 was followed by being placed in Command of No. 8 (GP) Squadron, Rock-

cliffe. This unit, which operated from the Atlantic Coast to the Pacific Coast and from the United States Border to the Arctic Circle, was engaged in taking aerial photographs to assist in the mapping of our vast country.

War rumblings from Europe were beginning to penetrate the North American continent and in August, 1939 Group Captain Brown flew from Ottawa to Sydney, Nova Scotia, to establish a war station. Later the unit moved to North Sydney, Nova Scotia, being renamed No. 8 (ER) Squadron. Following his appointment as Commanding Officer of R.C.A.F. Station, Sydney, Nova Scotia, he was subsequently promoted to the rank of Wing Commander, in which rank he was posted to No. 8 S.F.T.S., Moncton, New Brunswick, as Commanding Officer.

His fidelity to the Service has not kept Group Captain Brown from enjoying success in other spheres, namely the field of sport. From 1925 to 1930 he was a member of the Camp Borden Rugby Team, which left its name emblazoned on the trophies of the O.R.F.U. in its early infancy. The Camp Borden team was one to be feared by the opposition, and though not always on top, was a strong contender for the championship many years running. One of its biggest feats was to beat Queen's University on its own field for the latter's first defeat in five years. Many of the Camp Borden players are now scattered throughout the Service, amongst whom are Group Captain "Dave" Harding, Group Captain, B.F. Johnson, Group Captain W. D. Van Vliet, whose characteristic abilities on the playing fields have carried them to greater successes in their careers.

To those of us whose knowledge of the background of the Royal Canadian Air Force is limited to war time service, the foregoing serves to exemplify the true spirit and "Espirit-de-Corps" for all ranks who have sworn to continue in the Fight for Freedom.

There are many who perhaps did not relish their first interview before what may have appeared a stern, forbidding personality, with clear blue eyes that seem to penetrate, but what is true of most great men, as in the case of our present Commanding Officer, Group Captain W. W. Brown, the higher the rank the greater the consideration that is given to subordinates.

In closing, the efficient operation of a great Air Station such as No. 8 S.F.T.S. has been left in capable hands, and through his foresight and courage in demanding the material and man power required, he has won the well-earned respect of all personnel.

F/SGT. GOLDWIN, W.

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## GEAR GROWLS

(Heard around the M. T.)

"Is that a battery or a cylinder?"

"Where's the claw hammer?"

"When can I drive, Mr. Bourne?"

"Is it alright to use water for washing trucks yet?"

"Come back tonight and finish it then"

"Where is that parade state, corporal?"

Why is it that the boss very seldom drives with the W. D.'s. Did you have a scare Major?

Word has been received from LAW. Little of her safe arrival at her new station and while she likes it very well as yet, her heart still belongs to No. 8 M.T., she says.

**Flash from Scoudouc**—What is that look in Matchetts' eye these days, could it be the longing for that look of affection from "Bossie", too bad the M.T. are short handed, Bob.

The M. T. has been graced by the addition of another Cpl. posted recently from Montreal, who welcome to the fold, Cpl. Yorke.

Who is the despatcher who makes such a hit with our W.D.'s?

Why is Harding always so busy when times for him to instruct the girls on log-Book procedure. Could be that he is girl shy.

Welcome back to No. 8, Flight. We hear that the "Brant Inn" threw quite a dance on Monday, August 10th., Neville celebrated at the "Pig & Whistle" and he says that he's out for your blood.

We hear our Flight had a pretty tough time during the initial year of his marriage, even "Phoebe" carries the scars of the can opener.

We are sorry to lose A. C. Paradis who is going to his Paradise in Mon Joli. Best of luck Frenchy.

All the best wishes for the quick recovery of Cpl. House former M.T. correspondent of this magazine.

### WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHO:

The ground loop artist is in the M.T. with the crash tender? Come, Come Lesage.

Is the Red Headed W.D. in the M.T. who stands the boys up for a Cpl. from No. 31? Well. ....

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## The Headache Quarters

Congrats are in order to Flight Sergeant Goldwin on his recent promotion. We are all behind you "Goldie" and wish you the best and just in case the little wife hasn't thought of it, the extra money should be good for at least one new dress. Could be Thelma.

The Records Office has lost another of its S-U-P-E-R workers, A.W.1 Wigg by name. She was a grand kid and all of us will miss her. Best of luck "Pudge" where ever you may go.

Many new faces are to be seen around the Orderly Rooms & Records Office since the last issue of "Take-Off, they are as follows: —AW1 Overend a very capable girl who is now handling the D.R.O., AW1 Kitchin who is very ably filling the position vacated by Wigg, Miss Betty Nase a little girl from up Point du Chene way who is employed in C. R., and Miss Gilmour who can be seen punching ye olde typewriter in the Orderly Room.

Welcome back to the Admin. Bldg. Roger we have all missed you and are glad to see you back. Hear you're smoking now, SHAME.

The Admin. Bldg. has been newly decorated so as a WARNING to all you would be "Leaner on Waller's" beware of the N.C.O.'s, they bite.

Mr. Keith hasn't been seen looking for "McGee" lately. I wonder what's wrong? Maybe your getting soft Roy.

The Trade Test board has just departed so to all you people who failed to make the grade keep at it for a little while longer; you'll make it next time.

Congratulations are in order to Cadet Officer R. E. GANONG on his forthcoming marriage to our beautiful and most exquisite W. D. Cpl. in the Orderly Room. Best wishes Mary for a long and happy married life.

We hear that MacMaster is facing the facts since going to Accounts Section.

The new wildcat in the M.T. is who goes around biting and scratching people? Maybe Davis knows?

The Corporal in the M.T. is who tries to drink the canteen dry? Hello Fat Stuff.

The W.D. in the M.T. is who likes to drive the ambulance? It couldn't be BEN HUR, could it?

Watch this column for some good "lingo", jokes, etc., next month.

—CPL. YORKE, P.A.



## ORDERLY ROOM FLASHES (MAINTENANCE SQN.)

We now have the most startling, (and least understandable) news, that our erstwhile Flight (the Late) Swindle, has reached the exalted position (so he thinks), of WARRANT OFFICER, third class. (pardon me, that was only mind speaking its secret thoughts). Correction, second class. Now he may be seen, seated importantly at his desk, practising his signature as a WOII. He appears to be more intelligent, but, as my mother often told me, one can't judge anyone by appearances alone. It's one's actions that count and the less said about the Major's, the better.

AWI Olsen finally left for Overseas, and the day of her departure there was much weeping and gnashing of teeth, to say nothing of all the wails and groans that could be heard 'way out at Scouduc without use of the telephone. Major has been singing (?) "Miss You" ever since!

There is an old saying, "Far away hills are always greener." Mr. Minard longed for No. 8 when he was on temporary duty in Montreal, but as soon as he returned, he sent a "post mortem" wire to Shakespeare to tell him he was crazy. It was Shakespeare who said, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder", wasn't it? He, (Mr. Minard), then grabbed his hat and made his get-a-way. (officially went on leave.)

However, Mr. Bellew still loves us, and is very efficiently carrying on the arduous duties of O.C. of Maintenance Wing. His bright and cheery presence ever inspires us, to put forth our best efforts. (Some, mentioning no names, I wouldn't like to hurt AWI Bourgeois' feelings, aren't very good . . . but the war goes on its grim way just the same.)

Chinsky, (bless his great big heart) is away on leave at present. After much entering and amending in D.R.O.'s, they finally decided to do without him for the period of two weeks, (strain tho' it was), and Joe went on his way happy and contented. There was a large cloud of dust around, so we concluded it was our Joe, very wisely leaving rather hurriedly just in case there was another amendment.

Cpl. "Mac" still flits around, pretending

he's a "tough guy", when those who know him at all realize his heart is as soft as our pet mouse's ear. Maybe we don't know him!

As yet AW1 Bourgeois has not killed herself or anyone else with her "Little Hurricane", but she seems to be doing her best. The other day she ran into a wall, (wonder what attraction there was elsewhere??) and rendered the front tire unserviceable. However with a little skilful doctoring at the M.T. section, the bike was as good as new and now the inhabitants hang onto their hats, for "Bourgeois rides again!"

We have no less than two new permanent (we hope) fixtures, in our office. An engineer officer, P/O Slobod, (commonly known (behind his back, of course,) merely as "Snowdrop"—no offense meant, just an affectionate term). Also our new pride and joy, AW2 Scott, who is of the rare cute and capable combination. May we extend a hearty welcome to these two who are fortunate enough to be members of our staff.

P.S. May we enquire whether it is a standard "lingo" or what, but all one hears around this section of the station is—"You know the set-up on this, eh?" and,— "Can you give me the story on that?" Could be some members of our staff were Hollywood Directors,—Maybe??? However, we don't trust them, so when we hear, "Shoot," we won't wait to see what's what, we'll just beat it.

Listen to

**C K C W**

1400 on your Dial

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## Station Dramatic Club

Amateur Theatre! Undoubtedly many a thrilling memory comes back to those of you who, at some time or other, were amateur theatre fans. That feeling of accomplishment, when, after a hard grueling series of rehearsals, the curtain falls on the last scene of a play and you know you have put on a good show.

You might have been the hero of some great drama, the comedian full of finesse doing justice to some dry English wit; still you might have gone completely melodramatic in some weird unheard-of mystery. Or, you might have been plain "Joe Prompter" behind the scenes, giving others their cue when needed. Yet, there is always that special charm about the theatre which makes you forget realities in your effort to create those characters as the author saw them.

Perhaps some of us have not realized the work entailed by and the energy spent on producing such a play. A group of people assemble night after night, repeat the same lines and gestures at least a hundred times. The stage director, that very vital necessity, has a frantic three weeks endeavouring to assemble the appropriate settings and properties. The make-up artist goes around in a daze trying to picture the different characters.

The first few rehearsals are rather dull and dreary. The director is the most baffled looking individual. The cast is nothing but a disorganized rabble, meandering awkwardly on the stage. Then, after much coaxing and coaching the play begins to take shape. The hero asserts himself; the comedian suddenly bursts forth with all the sparkling wit; and our melodramatic friend has at last developed an almost natural hair-raising screech. Now, plain "Joe Prompter" can relax. The cast knows its lines—almost—and the settings are almost ready.

Of course there is always the dress rehearsal when the director literally pulls his hair out and generally points out to everyone how absolutely terrible they are. But both the stage hands and the cast go heedlessly on with their ramblings. And after one last desperate attempt at some sort of performance the director calls a halt.

But there's an old saying in the theatre, "If the dress rehearsal is particularly bad, the performance is usually particularly good." And, at last, comes the hour of the Great Performance. With a bit of luck the curtain rises not more than fifteen minutes late; the audience is rather tolerant of the

first act during which the cast is warming up. Then, the talent scouts (if any present) have a free hand. Everyone is giving out his best and really putting on a good show.

When the curtain falls on the Grande Finale it is also the last scene for the cast. But ten to one, each and everyone of them is looking forward to a bigger and better part in the next show.

If any of us are looking around for hobbies, surely amateur theatre work could afford us many a pleasant evening. So come on all you heroes, heroines, comedians, directors, Joe Prompters and make-up artists, lend your enthusiastic support to the "Station Dramatic Club".

## MUSINGS

Thru our Sports Committee under the able direction of S/L Fraser plans have been completed for the layout of a new sports field to be located directly behind the Administration Building. This new Field when completed will enable personnel to enjoy many sports, such as: softball, hardball, soccer, cricket, track and field games, and many other recreational sports. To encourage more indoor sports in the Drill Hall additional equipment is being obtained and plans submitted for a new hardwood floor plus shower and locker room accommodation. Handball courts will be erected in the very near future. All these plans, along with our newly completed tennis courts, promise many enjoyable and spirited sporting activities for all personnel.

Much can be said regarding the fine and efficient manner that S/L Fraser and members of the Sports Committee have carried out the wishes of all station sporting enthusiasts.

—GEORGE M. DOUGLAS,  
Y.M.C.A. Supervisor.

All members of His  
Majesty's Forces  
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# THE AUSSIES CORNER

## THE AUSTRALIANS GET SOFT

Five months ago we left Australia for Canada. We ploughed across the Pacific, crawled through the Canal and sneaked up to Halifax through the Carribean Sea. We were all eager to see a new country, though some of us professed to be rather nervous of grizzly bears, beavers, moose, Indians and the Mounties.

We arrived and were sent to Lachine. Ah! Lachine!! Can we ever forget it or the salubrious city of Montreal. We all recall with a wistfulness that cannot be denied, the happy hours we spent planting grass and attending parades or by way of variation attending parades and planting grass with a more than occasional parade before the trumps.

Then the news came that we were posted to No. 8 S.F.T.S. Action at last! After a two months' wait, to feel our hands on the "stick." Regretfully we said farewell to Lachine. We appreciated the effort made by their farewelling Officers and N.C.O.'s to hide the grief which was undoubtedly in their hearts, by putting on remarkably bright and cheerful beams as we swept out of the gates. Some say they detected faint wild cheers as we left but this was never officially confirmed.

Another overnight journey by train from Montreal before Moncton hove into view.

We soon settled down to No. 8 S.F.T.S. From the start, we received great consideration.

We all admire and respect our instructors, though at times they might think otherwise. Their attitude towards somewhat erring pupils was patient and helpful. Especially do we admire their stoicism in actually sitting in the rear cockpits and continuing their instructing as we shoved Harvards violently around the sky, or emulated the Kangaroo in endeavouring to set 'em down on the runways, or wander off into the wild oats either side of the runways in fierce ground loops. We value their opinions and appreciate the personal interest they showed in us. We could not have had better instructors to instill practical and theoretical knowledge into brilliant Australian minds. We will thank you for what you taught us in our Service Flying and when the pressure is on overseas, may we live up to you as men.

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On No. 8 S.F.T.S., down in Collishaw Street; there is a long building—with two projecting wings—G.I.S. It was here that we spent a lot of our time. Here we struggled and sweated with various ground subjects while ever helpful instructors hovered nearby. Our questions at times to them were seemingly ridiculous, but we were honestly trying. You at all times were helpful. We apologize for the headaches we have given you and although some of our final results were not what they might have been, we think we learnt more than they show. Any time you visit Australia, we promise unlimited quantities of Fosters and we know of no better nectar to offer.

For the meals which kept us bright! efficient! and alert! we have to thank the Messing Staff. To the Motor Transport who trucked us to and fro for Cricket Matches so that our opponents suffered one more defeat—thank you. To the Service Police for their discreet blind eye, we also extend thanks. We are even so magnanimous as to forgive the Hospital and Dental Staff, now that we have recovered, for the fierce jabs we suffered in silence. We look upon them with a kindly eye as they looked after us well.

To the gentlemen who dwell in the tower, who like the brave Cortez, gazed with eagle eye from their eyrie and promptly notified us and corrected our mistakes, we bear no ill feeling. For Mr. Cooke unveiling the dreadfulness of a Canadian climate gently, we have nothing but respect for putting up with us intruding upon his time, and still being quite cheerful.

Mr. Douglas, our Y.M.C.A. representative, has earned our gratitude for promoting shows and organizing games for the Australians.

Up at the clothing store they have gone to considerable trouble to provide us with R.A.A.F. equipment. We wish to thank them for their attention to us which was always obliging. And, to those quiet and unassuming people who kept the whole station running efficiently, the Administration, we bow in silent admiration.

All Australians here have had a great sojourn and because of this, Group Captain Brown as Commanding Officer of No. 8 S.F.T.S., who has made all this co-operation

possible has our great respect and affection. We salute you, sir.

Lastly, to the men who drew up the Empire Training Plan. We Aussies have made lasting friendships with men of our Sister Dominions and our great ally U. S. A. We have gained greater understanding of how the other half lives in this rather erratic world of ours. Without the Empire Scheme, this would have never been possible. This is one great thing we certainly have gained from this War.

Anyway, who said the Australians were soft; No. 8 has prepared us—now, bring on your Axis.

—THE AUSSIES.

#### DISASTER

He climbed into the machine full of confidence. He was not afraid. He started her up, then went through the usual preliminaries and then took off. Soon he was at 1,000 feet. The visibility was nil. He watched the instruments dancing madly. Then he made his terrible mistake,—he forgot his air-speed. The plane stalled—fell into a spin—and crashed.

"Well" muttered his instructor, as the pupil climbed out of the Link, "If you do that in a Harvard you'll never collect your old age pension."

**Editors Note**—The writer of the above has been posted to Baffin Land. All indignant subscribers will please mail their explosive cigars, etc., to this office and we'll see that he gets them.

#### SAW-BONE SAYINGS

1. At last they sent me a Medical Clerk.
2. Who's been in the Ice Box?
3. I'll be knighted some day.
4. Wanna go to Torbay?
5. Listen chum use the side door.
6. What does she want.
7. He's such a nice boy—he doesn't drink or smoke.
8. Bottle, bottle, where's your bottle?.
9. Who wants to have arsenic?
10. I want a letter.
11. How about confectionery as a sideline?
12. This is the D. R. O. entry—late but...
13. The alliance went into effect last night.
14. This is domestic evening.

**Heard in "E" Flight** "You grow on me, pal, like a tumor."

## COMPLIMENTS OF SUMNERCO. LIMITED

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by F. S. W. Goldwin

In the words of old Maestro, hello you guys and gals—greetings and salutations! Once again we trot out that much bitten stud of a pencil from behind the ear and present you with the latest, right off the sporting griddle.

▼ ▼ ▼

Welcome to the new Director of Sports for the R.C.A.F., none other than S. L. Lionel "Big Train" Conacher. Your editor is personally acquainted with his sporting exploits and foresees excellent results in the uplift of morale which should soon make itself evident.

▼ ▼ ▼

There isn't hardly a competitive sport that S. L. Conacher hasn't demonstrated his ability in—hockey, lacrosse, rugby, baseball and wrestling. Just to prove he hasn't lost any of his condition, when at No. 5 M Depot, Lachine, Quebec, for his preliminary training he amazed the other members with his display of agility.

▼ ▼ ▼

The committee meeting of the City Softball League reminds one of the days when Lou "Pick and Shovel" Marsh was reporting the Good Friday Ontario Lacrosse Meeting. There was no mincing of words at those gatherings.

▼ ▼ ▼

The executive of the ball team is to be congratulated on their refusal of winning a ball game by default when the Foodmen were two men short at game time on Thursday.

▼ ▼ ▼

The toilers in the outfield, though not getting much of the glory, deserve a great deal of credit for their performances. Hats off to Messrs P. O. Cubby, Steel and Hughes.

▼ ▼ ▼

We were rather flabbergasted to witness the poor performance of Art Melanson passing Bryden and Rasminsky. Unfortunately there wasn't a cameraman present to get a few poses on "Smart" baseball.

▼ ▼ ▼

TAKE OFF, AUGUST, 1942

We refuse to go on record as picking a winner in the forthcoming series between Volcanoes and No. 8 Flyers, but just keep the old fingers crossed.

▼ ▼ ▼

Orchids to Bill Thornton for his continuous display of all round diamond ability. He always has his heart in the battle, no matter how the game is going. He has certainly proved he has "IT" when it comes to baseball sense.

▼ ▼ ▼

The baseball series looms up as a fairly serious battle and we are sure glad to have Lindsay and F. S. Gibson of No. 4 R.D. on our side. The Volcanoes were the Flyers nemesis all year, but who's afraid of the "big bad wolf" bring 'em on, and may the best team win.

▼ ▼ ▼

Home town special—Bryden is really what one would call a ballplayer in every sense of the word. Perhaps it's because he comes from Toronto.

▼ ▼ ▼

Incidentally, "Toronto the Good" seems to provide a lot of copy for Bill "Transcript" Hutchinson, but you can take it from this corner, his jealousy is explainable. Anyway, we'll hand him a few choice brickbats for his campaigning for more sport participation in Moncton. The City Fathers seem to be backward in this respect.

▼ ▼ ▼

It seems that the fate of organized professional and amateur hockey will be decided in the near future. They could do no worse than to operate with the addition of junior players in order to carry on. Hockey is Canada's national pastime, and seeing as the Nation is at war there should be a demand to carry on sports to build up healthy bodies that play such an important part in rigorous training.

The final league standing is as follows:—

	Won	Lost
Volcanoes .....	13	3
No. 8 Flyers.....	13	3
St. George Food.....	7	9
C.N.R. Apprentices.....	4	12
No. 31 P.D.....	3	13

Summaries of the games will be found elsewhere on these pages.

Irregardless of the decision reached, there is no doubt that hockey will be carried on in a community basis, as many are the tales that have been told of players travelling by bus, car, sleigh and even dog team in below zero weather in order to play another team and suffering frozed hands and feet in the process. Out of this has come some of the game's best players, and the majority of top-notchers today are Canadians.

#### NO. 8 FLYERS VS. C.N.R. APPRENTICES

The Flyers retained their hold on second place with another win over the Apprentices on Tuesday, July 14th by a score of 9 to 5. Thornton pitched the whole nine innings getting credit for ten strikeouts and allowing only ten hits.

Steel was the big noise with the willow hitting a Trojan home-run and batting in Pop Brennan ahead of him. F. S. Gibson shone for the losers.

#### ST. GEORGE FOODMEN VS. NO. 8 FLYERS

The Flyers took the St. George Foodmen into camp by a substantial margin in a free hitting game played Thursday July 16th with the final score 16 to 7.

Several of the players fattened their batting average with extra base hits as the Flyers secured twenty hits in all from the pitching of Vince Collette.

#### NO. 31 DEPOT VS. NO. 8 FLYERS

No. 31 P.D. replayed No. 2 "Y" Depot in the League, but could not hold the Flyers in check, losing 11 to 1 on Monday, July 20th.

Thornton was credited with a four hit game, striking out ten. Black, replacing Pop Brennan on the injured list with a fractured right arm, secured a total of four hits and battered in five runs. P. O. Cubby helped himself to a home run. The fielding of the Flyers was of the airtight variety.

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MONCTON

TAKE OFF, AUGUST, 1942

#### **NO. 8 FLYERS VS. VOLCANOES**

Volcanoes finally met their Waterloo on Thursday, August 6th when the Flyers played heads-up ball to overcome them 6 to 4. The game was close and exciting, thrilling the large crowd present.

Lindsay pitched the full game and was well supported by Black. Rasminsky put the game on ice in the sixth inning with a home run which landed on the roadway in left field. Bryden, a newcomer, proved a worthy acquisition to the team with his batting and fielding.

Thibbetts started for the Volcanoes, but was replaced by Melanson who was unable to hold the Flyers in check.

#### **ST. GEORGE FOODMEN VS. NO. 8 FLYERS**

The flyers took on the St. George Foodmen on Thursday, August 13th for their first play-off game, defeating them 20 to 4. Due to the absence of Pop Brennan, F. S. Gibson was injected into the game to substitute for him.

The Foodmen were unable to stand the tide of base hits, the Flyers scoring at will. Gibson had 6 hits to top the batters, with P. O. Cubby and Bryden hitting home-runs.

#### **NO. 8 FLYERS VS. ST. GEORGE FOODMEN**

The game played on August 11th was re-played on August 18th, due to a protest by Max Addis, manager for the Foodmen, and players Lindsay and Gibson had to be dropped for this series.

The Flyers did not seem to take their opponents seriously, and as a result, the game was undecided until the final innings when they managed to push across enough runs to win the game at 9 to 8.

Thornton's pitching wasn't up to his usual standard, and with his mates committing a few hobbies in the field it nearly cost them the game. However P. P. Cubby managed to connect one of Collette's slants for a home-run which saved the game.

#### **ST. GEORGE'S FOODMEN VS. NO. 8 FLYERS**

The last game of this series was won by the Flyers 9 to 6 on Thursday, August 20th. Three pitchers were used by the Flyers during the game. Bryden started being replaced by Rasminsky, who in turn was relieved by Thornton in the seventh inning.

Bryden cleared the bases with a three bagger to tie the score in the fifth inning. The

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game was in doubt until the last of the ninth when Rasminsky homered to settle the issue. The Foodmen went down fighting, but were unable to eke out a victory.

#### CRICKET

When No. 8's Australian Cricket Team was defeated by R.A.F. Team on Wednesday, August 12th it had little effect on their morale, for on the following Saturday our Aussies turned on some outstanding cricket to defeat their opponents for the second time out of the three matches played on the R.A.F.'s grounds at the old airport.

Lovett and Simpson were mainly responsible for the Aussies respectable score of 136, with 54 and 57 runs respectively. These two batsmen made a fine partnership of 101 runs for the first wicket. To our 136, the Englishmen replied with 126 and actually lost the game through the winner's superior fielding. Horne, Swading and Lovett were our best bowlers.

#### VOLCANOES VS. NO. 8 FLYERS

In a play-off for top position due to the fact that both teams were tied for first place, the Flyers were nosed out by the Vols 9 to 8.

Excitement ran high all through the game and reached a climax in the eleventh inning, when Art Melanson pitching for the Volcanoes respected the hitting power of Rasminsky and Bryden walking them both by refusing to pitch to them giving two free tickets to first base means of balks. Up to then the game had been an interesting one for the large crowd present, but the general consensus of opinion was that this incident marred an otherwise well-played game.

Lindsay started for the Flyers but was relieved by Thornton in the fifth inning. P.O. Cubby wielded the willow to advantage, securing four hits. Rasminsky had three, including a home run, and Bryden had two hits. Steeves, catcher for Volcanoes, talked his usual heady game securing three hits.

"Well," said the weather man, "There is a ridge of low down pressure running from Hackville, Ky., to Limestone, Maine and a shallow depression centered at Hudson's Bay is moving southward toward the Great Lakes Region. The cold front which passed through here about three hours ago will probably spend the week-end at Point du Chene, so that ought to build up the pressure over the Maritimes."

LAC—"And what will the weather be like tomorrow?"

Weatherman: "Let's not get noseey, Bud, anyway, your guess is as good as mine."

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**COMPLIMENTS**

**OF**

**J. D. Creaghan  
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TAKE OFF, AUGUST, 1942



# ALONG THE RUNWAYS

Once again, our editor had a very difficult time to find Sgt. Sludge. Having hunted all over the station and not finding him, he as a last resort tried the area out around the well, and there is the company of Flt. Sgt. Miller was Sgt. Sludge busily engaged in making repairs to that pump. Poor old fellow—he was so woebegone and tired looking that he could hardly move. He had been on duty at the well for about 5 days and was just about ready to give in. However, after Shorty took him over to Bucky who gave him a grand meal—he was in a position to give your editor a short resume of happenings for the month.

**Part I—Officers.** Flying Officers Tribble and Clarke are about to embark on that turbulent sea of matrimony. They have at last got the consent of their parents and are now about ready to take the plunge. Well, here's wishing you both the best.

Flying Officer Slater and fiancée are about ready to walk the aisle in September. Jack recently was quite worried about an apartment but evidently the little woman knows real estate because they have found a snug little house and shortly Jackie will be carrying the bride across the threshold. Anyway Jack, if you aren't strong enough to carry her—call in your friends and make an armchair.

Sgt. Sludge would like to know why Flying Officer Porter gets all worried about this and that when given temporary charge of the Flight. Don't worry Mr. Porter, it adds years and years to your life—take it easy like Mr. Flint and Hamilton do.

**Scoop—Scoop—**Flying Officer Dobson may, if he is diplomatic about it, convince the lady friend that two can live as cheap as one—and get married. He hasn't given us anything definite yet but lately he has been pretty spry and happy over there in the warehouse.

Recently seen pouring over books on taxation were S. L. Lauer, F. L. Gilliland and Bellew and Flying Officer Turner. Wonder why they worry about taxes or are they. Sgt. Sludge will drop a line to Mr. Illsley and have them lowered. Concur.

Congratulations to Pilot Officer Williamson on his new appointment. Sure was a hard fellow to convince about him being the correct man. Who can tell perhaps he may be a DFCer before this struggle is finished.

**Part II—Airmen.** Sgt. Sludge would like to know were Flt. Sgt. MacGregor and Sgt. Lilley alias "Joe Weismuller" embarrassed the day they went in bathing with nothing but their lovely checkered shorts. Must have

been pretty hot in that old swimming hole Jack—and the water shure must have boiled when old Herbie took a header off the old log. Better watch out the local police don't catch you for an infringement of a city by-law.

Sgt. Sludge accompanied by Flt. Sgt. Massey and Sgt. Neville recently travelled on the way to Quebec on the Maritime Express. Flt. Massey was enroute to his new unit whilst Sgt. Neville was about to proceed on furlough. We trust you boys had a lovely time on the way up. Flt. Massey looked most charming at the station with his Hawaiian Lei whilst Neville assisted by his friends came up in the rear with a nice cold flask of spring WATER.

Sgt. Sludge was overcome with grief when a certain Flt. Sgt. was told by a service police woman from No. 5 to keep quiet and not make a noise on the train—also to get Sgt. Main and take him home as it was past his bed time—the curfew had just rung.

## ODE TO THE STATION BARBER

Restrains you with sheets in his seat of torture,

Grabs hold of your hair and mutters, "I caught ya."

Knocks your head around as 'twere wood and sap,

Makes you feel like a condemned 'Fire Trap!!'

Face corrupts in a malevolent grin—  
Discards his comb and is set to begin.

A deceptive buzz "plows under" your mane,  
If he doesn't slow down he'll expose the brain,

Valiantly stammer, "J-just g-give me a trim,"  
Finger the wounds where side burns had been.

Can that be hair-tonic that feels so good?  
Or has the "tonsorial saboteur" really drawn blood!

Twirls you around with gleeful derision,  
Bows as you gasp at your naked vision,  
Gad!! This is worse than the crew-cut fad,  
You're the living third part of a Kreml ad.  
But you're happily out of the 'shaggy' rut  
And have at least two days till the next hair cut.

—LAC MERIDITH

### TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR BUDDING AVIATORS

1. Thou shalt love thy instructor as thyself—or more so he may have a wife and children at home.

2. Thou shalt not dress thyself absurdly in leather jerkin, with all trimmings for first flight. This is considered unnecessary.

3. Thou shalt learn for the good of the undercarriage, to make one landing, and only one. To choose the best out of three does not count.

4. Thou shalt not zoom over the roof of the hangar before admiring friends. This has curious and adverse effects upon instructor's temper.

5. Thou shalt not lean negligently against aeroplane for said friends with Kodaks. This procedure is very apt to upset stomachs of seasoned aviators.

6. Thou shalt not leap into thine automobile and drive furiously away at first sign of ships to be put away for the night or odd spot of work to do. Who are you anyway?

7. Thou shalt always glance at wind sock before taking off. What did they put it up for?

8. Thou shalt not cadge free flights for Uncle Zek and Cousin Elmer. Let them pay for a flip. They probably have more money than you.

9. Thou shalt not borrow wrench and have same to be trodden into earth around tarmac. This will ruin temper of fitter.

10. Thou shalt not envy thy neighbor's skill nor his take offs, nor his landings, nor his steep turns, nor anything that is his. Regard him only as a wise youth who listened wisely to the instructor.

—“ST. PETER.”

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# Wrongs and Rights from the Flights

## "B" FLIGHT

A certain western gentleman from this flight, proposes picking a prairie flower in the near future. It would seem that the moral of that song "I got spurs, etc.," just bounced right off this cow-boy's head. No more evening flying now—I hope. Anyway congrats, boss and the most of the best.

And who is the brush-ape who insists on wearing a BLACK beret, contrary to Station Standing Orders (Flying)? Who does he think he is, a veteran of 1914-18.

Wonder if Schryer would check us out on that one cylinder, two wheeled earthquake of his?

Did Yunkers growl around in "C" Flight or is there just a "B" in his bonnet?

Welcome to our new instructors and congrats to wee Willie Williamson on his appointment to the commissioned ranks.

If the students were smart they would assign their pay to the rumble club; it would save a lot of these large transactions.

And lads, when you are going to be overdue, I wish that you would let LAW Graves know. She worries something awful.

## NO. 2 SERVICING FLIGHT

"We'd like to know who:

The rigger is from No. 2 hangar who always waits morning and night to walk through the hangar with "the little bundle of sweetness" from the control tower. Walter says: "Oh! we came from the same town", but do you suppose that's all there is to it? WE WONDER!!!

The two night-flying officers were who drove the tractor from No. 2 hangar down to lunch at the messhall and then had to walk back up again. Maybe somebody has the tractor, or maybe Mr. Yunker could enlighten us, WHO KNOWS ???

The tarmac in front of the control tower was the scene of a great confusion one morning when a certain Flight Lieutenant forgot to pull Harvard 3251 out of a dive—RESULT "DURAL vs. CEMENT" and then the officers will be heard to say "Those Stupid Students".

We are about to lose one of our most efficient "Corporals" H. S. Smith, by name. "Smitty" is going to be of those "birds" who climb into a Harvard and then start yelling

their heads off for "chocks" or a "Fire-extinguisher" or someone with a rag to wipe their windshield.

Johnnie Cardosa" cashed a somewhat large cheque not so long ago; he couldn't have been contemplating one of those "fiery, sparkling bands, could he ?? We knew if he kept going out every night he'd sooner or later step off the deep end; but things like that are bound to happen, especially when we have a few good looking "Romeos" like Johnnie in our midst.

Some "Guy" in No. 4 hangar didn't like the new paint job sent up to them by the M. T. Section, so he drove it out in front of an aircraft and let the "wind-blower" chew on it for awhile. Who was that "Guy" anyway and what's this place coming to ???

Who was the Squadron Leader who taxied his aircraft from between the hangars and cut a wide circle in order that his wing-tip might be "caressed" by a rotating "prop" parked behind the white line ??? And was he disgusted when his log book was endorsed.

Then there's the Cpl. who wanted to see a Harvard lying down on its belly between the hangars. Do you think "Ostler" could tell us anything about this ? "Quien Sabe".

—"AN OBSERVER"

## PLAN MILITARY RITES

### FOR ARTHUR DUFFIELD

Newmarket, Aug. 18—A military funeral is planned here for Leading Aircraftman Arthur C. Duffield, Newmarket, who died as a result of an airplane crash at Brownville Junction, Maine, Friday. Born at High River, Alberta, 31 years ago, he spent his early years in Vancouver.

Before enlistment he was employed with General Motors, Oshawa, and Fleet Aircraft, Fort Erie. In May, 1940, he joined the R. C. A. F. at Vancouver and was trained at Brandon, St. Thomas and Moncton, New Brunswick.

Surviving are his widow, Mrs. Arthur Duffield, Newmarket, a sister, Mrs. Fred Williams, King St. W., Toronto, and a brother, Cecil R. Duffield, Vancouver. Services will be conducted by Flight-Lieut. Rev. H. Cotton of United church, Newmarket, and internment will be in Newmarket cemetery.

## Padre's Corner

Many years ago I used to watch the various Station Chaplains buzzing around, apparently very busy, and I often wondered what they were doing. Most of them had a grin for you and they all seemed very pleased if you asked their help. And they would always stop and listen politely to your grouse, even if you had told them all about it before.

Now I find myself a Chaplain and your Chaplain (P). And only now am I beginning to find out what the others did. But I have searched through many Publications, Service, for the use of, and have found absolutely nothing laid down concerning Duties, Chaplain (P), of. A man in any other profession or trade but that of a clergyman might easily be hurt or discouraged by this official silence. Especially when such matters as Dust, crown, W.O.2, on, disposal: receives considerable and complicated legislation.

But seriously, I have found that the Padre's work in the Service is remarkably the same as the Padre's work in civilian life. He is there among his people as a minister of Christ and his people's servant in all and every circumstance and occasion. He is one that any man may go to and is one that can help as no other can, just by reason of his calling. He is the confidant of all and doesn't repeat what he hears. He is a champion against aggression, a friend in trouble as in joy, in poverty as in prosperity. He is one, moreover, that makes his prayer for men, especially in those busy times of stress and excitement, when they have no time to attend to it themselves. In fact he is Padre.

My greatest wish is to be allowed to be just this among you. Use me as you would use your own minister at home, no matter what denomination you belong to. And remember this, a Chaplain is Padre first and above all, and that he is never too busy to serve you. Here is a story from the last War:

First voice in the dark: Where in blazes has the Padre gone to?

Second Ditto: God only knows.

Padre's voice: I do hope so.

F/L F. S. HENDERSON,  
(posted to W.A.C.)

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## *As A Matter Of Fact*

Good Evening:

Tonight, perhaps while you are reading this article, a giant bomber is winging out over the Atlantic on its way from Canada to the front lines. It's possible that tomorrow night it will be over Germany, unloading great bombs to blast military targets off the face of the earth.

Since the outbreak of war, hundreds of aircraft have been safely ferried across the sea to Great Britain and even farther afield. Much has been written and spoken about the daring men who sit at the controls of these machines and do as a routine job a thing that brought sensational headlines a few years ago.

But little has been said about the men who make these flights possible. We are thinking now of the men who sit making observations or pouring over their charts in Canada's scattered weather stations. The pilot who sits out there over the Atlantic this evening is depending almost as much upon these men as he is upon the strong wings of his aircraft.

The weather men never get much public attention in peacetime. Now that there's a war on, they've slid even deeper into the background, because their job has become a highly secret one.

Weather, you see, is an international thing. Almost everything that happens in Canada, so far as the weather is concerned, has a direct bearing upon what is going to happen in Germany, or Italy or Great Britain a few days hence. You may have noticed that weather forecasts in your daily newspapers have been cut down to such simple statement as "rain" or "fair and warm" and so on. You won't find very much these days about high and low pressure areas and other things which were a bit mysterious to the layman anyway. Our war weather stories and predictions have been trimmed bare of anything that might give the enemy a tip-off on what's happening in Canada.

So, our weathermen work away as anonymous heroes of this war. They don't face the shot and the shell, but they supply information that is sometimes more available to us than a whole squadron of airplanes or

many batteries of guns.

Many military, naval and air operations have been ruined by lack of proper weather information. During the last war, Germany lost all but one or two of a fleet of Zeppelins simply because they ran into foul weather where it had been expected they would encounter good weather. Since then, of course, the science of predicting weather has improved considerably.

Not long ago, however, a large part of a flight of British bombers was forced down over enemy territory when the machines ran into severe icing conditions. Such mishaps may indicate that the weatherman is still not infallible; but they also show the vital role he plays in modern war.

One of Germany's worst handicaps in this war is the fact that the meteorologists of that country are now cut off from most of the Arctic and sub-arctic regions. Generally speaking, the weather moves from west to east and from the poles toward the equator. Naturally, weather observations made in the north are tremendously important in working out a prediction for Europe. The Germans are cut off from the entire rim of the arctic with the exception of the coasts of Scandinavia. They tried hard to establish an observation station on the coast of Iceland, but the expedition was captured by a United States patrol. Spitzbergen was cut off from Germany by the raid performed some time ago by Canadian troops.

Canada has roughly 130 weather stations spread from coast to coast and northward from the United States border to the far arctic. Every Royal Canadian Mounted Police post in the north keeps a record of the weather. The Hudson's Bay Company also serve as observation stations.

From these various observation posts readings are constantly being sent in to the Meteorological headquarters in Toronto. From this multitude of reports—some of them made hourly—weather maps are drawn up. An indication of the international character of this work is the fact that this information is constantly swapped back and forth across the border by Canada and the United States. Weather observations made in Canada are



immediately teletyped to the United States weather bureau.

Reports coming in to Canadian meteorological headquarters from the far north are made by wireless and they are in code. It seems hard to imagine, but weather observations made at lonely stations on the coast of Labrador, at Aklavik, in the Hudson Straits or Ellesmere Island play an important part in the weather maps which are studied in the bomber stations of Great Britain.

The trans-Atlantic ferry service leans heavily upon the weather forecaster.

Before each plane sets out on its long hop from Canada to Great Britain, the pilot receives full weather instructions at Dorval Airport, near Montreal. He knows in advance when he will meet certain kinds of weather and at what altitudes. He knows whether he must fly over it or under it. It may be that the weather is so bad over the Atlantic that the flight shouldn't be undertaken at all. If this is so the pilot may go to bed in Montreal instead of making the discovery far from land out over the lonely Atlantic. And all this, thanks to the weatherman.

The making up of these weather reports is an extremely complicated business that we couldn't attempt to fully explain in this article. But basically, the method consists of collecting reports by radio and by wire from scattered observation points all over the world and piecing them together like the parts of a jig-saw puzzle until they form a pattern that gives some hint of what kind of weather is moving toward any given spot. The reports from these various observation stations consist mainly of wind, temperature, humidity and pressure readings. Sitting in his office at the Toronto headquarters, the chief forecaster makes his predictions from a weather map upon which all of these readings from the distant observation points are marked.

The storm that hits Vancouver, or Winnipeg or Toronto or Montreal today is not something that just cropped up from no where. The weathermen have been watching its approach for days. As it moved along, it made its presence known to the observers, who telegraphed or radioed the news to Meteorological Headquarters. In this way the weatherman—who is, in reality, many, many men—was able to trace its course and announce its coming.

But there are many variations of weather other than storms which must be watched closely in planning the widespread operations of war. In order to plan an effective air raid, the Bomber Command must have an idea of what kind of weather may be

in its grip.

Again, he may encounter it in an even more treacherous form, when the air is seemingly clear. There may be enough unseen expected over the target hundreds of miles away. They must know whether the clouds are high or low, whether the winds are strong or mild. In attempting to determine these things the meteorologist must sit before his maps bearing all the responsibility of a general or an admiral or an air marshal. As these men strive to learn the strength and distribution of the enemy forces, so the meteorologist must try to learn equally important facts about the weather.

Think what might have happened, for instance, if our weathermen had made the wrong prediction during that great raid on Cologne. Imagine the disaster if these thousand machines had encountered severe icing conditions over enemy territory. Weather conditions are gigantic things and if they are unfavourable they can devour a thousand planes as easily as one.

Who had the greater responsibility that night, the Air Marshal who ordered the craft into the sky or the weather forecaster who gave the Air Marshal the go-ahead sign? There might easily be some argument on that point.

In talking of weather and the war, we have stressed its importance in aerial operations because of all the weapons of battle the airplane is perhaps the one that is most at the mercy of the elements. The greatest nightmare of the airplane pilots is ice. It may collect on his wings and fuselage in the same way that it collects on your windshield during a sleet storm. In this case, the icing is caused by water droplets falling from an upper layer of warm air, encountering an airplane that is flying in a lower layer of cold air. When ice begins to build up in this way, it acts like a great hand that has descended from the sky to press the aircraft lower and

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lower until it is smashed into the earth. There is little the pilot can do about it once he is moisture in the air to form the ice that will foul his carburetor and paralyze his motors.

These are some of the things the weatherman in the war must constantly watch for. Fortunately, so long as we hold the arctic rim, the weather is on our side, because knowledge of what is happening there is vital in forecasting what is going to happen here or in Germany or Japan. The Germans may get some weather reports from their submarines, but every time the U-boat commander uses his wireless he is running a grave risk of revealing his position.

As well as making its important contribution to the weather forecasts in Great Britain and Russia and other fronts of the world, Canada's meteorological bureau does a big job here at home.

Industry has a hundred and one uses for this information, but it is of even greater value to the scattered stations of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan. Messages are constantly sent to these stations from the meteorological headquarters over teletype systems. They are sent in code. As a matter of fact, they are often so mysterious that the enemy would go crazy trying to decipher them. Take this one, for instance. A station sent a message which read "collar syne barmaid ever hutable". Interpreted, it said that the wind was south, the weather clear and the minimum temperature 40.

Although the minor observation stations are equipped with little more than a thermometer and a barometer, some of the main stations have a good deal of special apparatus. Some, for instance, have balloons which they release in the sky to track and measure the wind. As the balloon rises into the upper atmosphere, its movements are carefully measured by delicate instruments sighted on it from the ground. In this way, the direction and velocity of the wind at various altitudes is accurately recorded and flashed to Meteorological headquarters. Other stations have an ingenious short-wave radio device which is attached to a balloon and sent aloft. As it soars skyward it sends to the ground readings on the temperature, humidity and air pressure. A complete radio transmitter weighing less than two pounds is capable of sending reports from altitudes as high as fifteen miles. All of this information funnels in to the men who must put the jig-saw pieces together and determine what weather is in store for the morrow.

In the days of peace, most of this information was available to the public. Now, it is so closely censored that one may not even mention whether it's raining or snowing or

clear when he's talking on the long distance telephone from coastal towns and cities. No one will ever know how many commercial travellers have suffered the wrath of their employers or wives simply because they got themselves stranded in a snowstorm around the east coast and were unable to explain the hold-up until their return. However, the anger of the better half like other wartime perils, was something that had to be endured in the interests of victory.

Weather forecasting has become such an important service in this modern war of movement that scientists on both sides are redoubling their efforts to improve it. Perhaps, when the great storm is over and the clouds of war have blown away from the world, we will have developed this science of meteorology to such a point that weather may be predicted weeks or even months ahead. If we accomplish this, man will have made another great forward step in the journey toward freedom from the elements that started when the first fire was struck so many thousands of years ago.

GOOD NIGHT.

#### FAREWELL DINNER

A farewell dinner and smoker was held in the "Florentine Room" of the Brunswick Hotel by the staff and class of Course 54 "Dawn Flight on Wednesday evening, August 12th.

The room was attractively decorated and the tables were formed in a hollow square fashion. The two senior classmen in the flight sat on either side of "Dawn" Flight Commander, Flight Lieutenant Arthur Coles at the headtable.

After dinner a toast was proposed to the King and responded to by F/L Coles. He also gave a short talk on the standing and showing made by the members of the class in his flight, mentioning and expressing his regret for those in Course 54 who were not there in body but whom he knew would be there in spirit. A toast was proposed to these lads and was heartily responded to by all present.

Among the guests were Mr. Renault, father of LAC Renault from Toronto, P/O Heartz, Orpen, Murray, Hickey; WO1 Campbell, WO2 MacDonald, and Jones.

One of the high lights of the evening was LAC Alberto de J. Trujillio from Columbia, South America, who gave an excellent monologue in Spanish and an exhibition of Spanish school boys out at a prize fight. Viva L'Amerique de Sud.

# AIR FORCE LIFE

By AW1 Dingle, R.M., R.C.A.F. (W.D.)

Dear Civilians:—

The telephone rang in the Sergeant's room while I was sweeping the barrack room floor. (Oh, yes, I was on duty fatigue that morning) upon answering, found out that "They" wanted an article on Air Force Life.

Well what now? Chuckling, the sweeping resumed, for the delightful inconsistencies and humorous side-lights of life are as recurrent here as they were in civilian life. I thought about it. Finally, deciding that as we, the people, are all in this mix-up together that it would be a grand idea to write a letter and to tell you about a few of the ideas and impressions that undergo a change when one sees the other side of the picture. It is your right to know for where would the Fighting Forces be if it weren't for you and your solid backing.

The thought of "they" arose. A few years ago, "they" decreed what nail polish one wore to tea parties what brand of fruit juice one served, what one was supposed to buy, think and do. "They" outlined existence and made decisions. "They" still do. Who are "They?" Why it's US! Every Canadian and American from coast to coast. So that question being settled the idea of writing to you, the Public became clearer. What could I tell you about that you would want to know? After all, an article on Air Force Life gives one too much scope. It's too big a subject for me to describe. I don't know enough about it. So this will be from my angle—a worm's eye view so to speak.

One of the first questions that hits any one is that of women serving in the Armed Forces. Could a girl "take it"? Could she contribute those qualities that women have been giving through the ages to civilization? Would she come out of it devoid of charm and as case hardened as a gunner?

In spite of the first strong prejudice in the minds of Military men, women are proving their worth and value in the forces. The very men who first cried down the thought admit gallantly that "the girls are doing a good job." Incidentally, the accolade makes W.D.'s pretty proud, for it means that our sacrifice of a

more leisurely way of life, of our pretty clothes, our privacy and personal freedom has not been in vain. It means that we are really "doing something," at a time when something has to be done.

Then can the girls "take it?" Sure they can! All one has to do is take a careful look at peoples' faces to know if they are healthy, happy and normal individuals. We are put at jobs that women can do easily, well and without injury to themselves. For instance there are, among us, office workers, telephone operators, hospital and dental assistants, cooks and mess-women, motor transport drivers and many others and new trades opening up every day. Jobs that replace the men who are so very necessary on active service. We are not expected to do the work that would tax the strength of Hercules, so you can see that the difference between these and positions in civilian life is practically negligible. It is in the form of life that the variation lies. A variation that needs adjustment and adaptability, granted, and most of us get into the swing very quickly, like it ever so much, and "would not swap it for anything."

Then, does one get hard and tough? Not necessarily. He is the mirror to the individual. Just as every error in action, speech and self-control shows up more pointedly when on a stage, here it is doubly so. One notices a girl in uniform. One watches with curiosity to see how she behaves, now because one changes one's clothes and feminine fripperies, and lives a simple more disciplined life does not mean that the quality and character of the individual is changed. The directness, the human kindness, the laughter and the co-operation among the girls themselves is something particularly fine. One learns to adapt oneself to a group and to become a necessary member of a working party. That in itself is the best thing a human being can learn in this strange experience called life.

So many of my friends shudder when a 6:15 rising is mentioned. Yet many were the mornings that he arose at 5:00 to catch the ski train. Well, there's something more important than ski trains just now. Honestly, one gets

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used to it, particularly when everyone rises at the same time. It is quite amusing to grope around in the customary mental fog for a tin of Silvo and a polishing cloth, to sit up in the bunk and begin the day by cleaning the jolly old buttons. What Ho! When the Duty Airwoman or the Bugler breaks in rudely on those last few precious minutes of solid sleep, one spills out because one must. Being on time is part of this experience, a primary lesson in self discipline. Who was it that remarked, "Know thyself"? Some ancient philosopher who had the correct idea, "Right on the beam", he would say. "Know thyself" and be happy.

This business of drill is another point. If you are lazy, you will not like it, for it demands concentration and neat co-ordination. The precision of well timed action in an organized group has always been fascinating to watch and to do. It is fun to see if you can control all those instinctive little gestures, a challenge to make one's body obey correctly and to make oneself submerge individuality to become a necessary part of a working whole. Maybe, I'm lucky, but I like it.

At first the rookie finds it hard because of physical softness. After a month or two when the wind is turned to the tempo of the life, the whole tone of the physical machinery steps up. A person finds hitherto unknown resources and, endurance. Something worth finding don't you think. It would be silly to assure that one can take an hour's stiff exercise, when out of condition without being tired. That being true in civilian recreation is true here as well. At first too, you seem to be "on the dead tear" all the time, panting to catch up with oneself. We all laugh over our first few months eventually and now, making fun of ourselves we sing in a chorus "Oh—you'll get used to it in time".

People often ask "Don't you get tired of saluting?" That also becomes a part of this interesting experience. It depends so much upon the personal attitude, does it not? There are always those unfortunates who are "agin the government" from sheer cussedness, in any society. However among us the large majority do not resent saluting our officers, mainly because they are so darn decent that we like to make the gesture of respect. But actually, the personality is not involved, one is really saluting the King's Commission and in honoring the one who holds such, one honours the King. Certainly if anyone resents that they should be examined by a psychiatrist or the R.C.M.P.

Obedience, punctuality, self-control, comradeship work and fund are a few things one learns in this disciplined life. Any way of life has its limitations, its unwritten rules and regulations that must be obeyed in a civilized

society. When one becomes a member of this group of people, you exchange one set of rules for another. A set of rules that are clearly outlined and based on plain horse sense. One learns to accept without question of rancour what one can do and what is definitely "out of bounds". The simplicity of it all is amazingly delightful particularly when one has lived just long enough to appreciate how extremely complex living can be.

I'm sure I haven't begun to answer all of the questions that pop into your minds. But as a parting shot this might be added.

One can expect to have one's mode of existence completely changed. One can expect to find the same moods and reactions in this job as in any other job. The good days and the bad days are similar. Though one's daily existence is altered, you do not change inside. If you are a "good sport" in civilian life you will be here and be an inspiration to your comrades. To cap the performance, you are throwing your own personal contribution in with those of the Fighting Forces in helping to preserve the things that we love best, and the homes to which we all look forward to returning some sweet day.

If you have character, integrity and a will to learn and work you will return to that home a finer person, carrying a lasting memory of different experiences and a whole host of grand friends.

CHEERIO NOW,

Yours Sincerely,

AW1

---

#### PITHY POINTERS FOR PILOTS

The following gems were inflicted on us by some LAC's of "B" Flight.

The difference between taxes and the weather is that sometimes you can dodge the latter.

A cloud is like a store sign—it tells you what to expect inside.

A blunder is the result of acting before thinking—not only in flying.

A mistake is both experience and a lesson—but some people won't admit that.

Altitude is like having money in the bank when you need it.

Even though all the nuts in the plane have been tightened nothing is safe as long as one is loose.

Always expect the unexpected—it can save a lot of worry.

## *An Airman to his Mother*

Amongst the personal belongings of a young R.A.F. pilot in a Bomber Squadron who was recently reported "Missing believed killed" was a letter to his mother to be sent to her if he were killed.

"This letter was perhaps the most amazing one I have ever read; simple and direct in its wording but splendid and uplifting in its outlook," says the young officer's Station Commander." It was inevitable that I should read it—In fact, he must have intended this, for it was left open in order that I might be certain that no prohibited information was disclosed.

"I sent the letter to the bereaved mother and asked her whether I might publish it anonymously, as I feel its contents may bring comfort to other mothers, and that everyone in our country may feel proud to read of the sentiments which support 'an average airman' in the execution of his present arduous Duties." Here is the text of the letter:

Dearest mother,

"Though I feel no premonition at all, events are moving rapidly and I have in-

structed that this letter be forwarded to you should I fail to return from one of the raids which we shall shortly be called upon to undertake. You must hope on for a month, but at the end of that time you must accept the fact that I have handed my task over to the extremely capable hands of my comrades of the Royal Air Force, as so many splendid fellows have already done.

"Firstly, it will comfort you to know that my role in this war has been of the greatest importance. Our patrols far out over the North Sea have helped to keep the trade routes clear for our convoys and supply ships, and on one occasion our information was instrumental in saving the lives of the men on a crippled lighthouse relief ship.

"Though it will be difficult for you, you will disappoint me if you do not at least try to accept the facts dispassionately, for I shall have done my duty to the utmost of my ability. No man can do more, and no one calling himself a man could do less.

"I have always admired your amazing courage in the face of continual setbacks; in the way you have given me as good an education and background as anyone in the country; and always kept up appearances without ever losing faith in the future.

"My death would not mean that your

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struggle has been in vain. Far from it. It means that your sacrifice is as great as mine. Those who serve England must expect nothing from her, we debase ourselves if we regard our country merely as a place in which to sleep and eat.

"History resounds with illustrious names who have given all, yet their sacrifice has resulted in the British Empire, where there is a measure of peace, justice, and freedom for all, and where a higher standard of civilization has evolved, and is still evolving, than anywhere else. But this is not only concerning our own land. Today we are faced with the greatest organized challenge to Christianity and Civilization that the world has ever seen, and I count myself lucky and honored to be the right age and fully trained to throw my full weight into the scale.

"For this I have you to thank. Yet there is more work for you to do. The Home Front will still have to stand united for years after the war is won. For all that can be said against it, I still maintain that this war is a very good thing; every individual is having the chance to give and dare all for his principles like the martyrs of old. However long the time may be, one thing can never be altered—I shall have lived and died an Englishman. Nothing else matters one jot nor can anything ever change it.

"You must not grieve for me, for if you really believe in religion, and all that it entails, that would be hypocrisy. I have no fear of death; only a queer elation . . . I would have it no other way. The universe is so vast and so ageless that the life of one man can only be justified by the measure of his sacrifice. We are sent to this world to acquire a personality and a character to take with us that can never be taken from us. Those who just eat and sleep, prosper and procreate, are no better than animals if all their lives they are at peace.

"I firmly and absolutely believe that evil things are sent into the world to try us; they are sent deliberately by our Creator to test out mettle because he knows what is good for us. The Bible is full of cases where the easy way out has been discarded for moral principles.

"I count myself fortunate in that I have seen the whole country and known men of every calling. But with the final test of war I consider my character fully developed. Thus at my early age my earthly mission is already fulfilled and I am prepared to die with just one regret and one only—that I could not devote myself to making your declining years more happy by being with you; but you will

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## SPRINKLINGS FROM THE FIRE SECTION

We like the new fire hall, we have a good crew and good equipment, we are ready for any emergency "IF WE ONLY HAD SOME WATER"!!!!

We have an N.C.O. that would like to be orderly Sgt. every week so that he can spend a night "At home" with the boys.

We would like to know where our poker faced Sgt. spends his week-ends! We asked him and he told us and we still don't know.

The building boom down here has scared the rabbits farther into the bush, they are very hard to run down.

It is rumored that LAC Toppin is getting married again,—Soon.

LAC Black the morning after—

"Can't remember where I went,  
Don't know where the time was spent;  
But Wow! What a time it musta been—  
Look what a helluva shape I'm in."

The following is dedicated to our Flight—

I never flirt with little girls  
Who pass along the street,  
I never look them over from  
Their headgear to their feet.  
I never notice whether they  
Have blonde or brunette hair,  
Or whether they are rubicund  
Or whether they are fair,  
It makes no difference to me  
How young they are, or old,  
Or whether they are lively  
Or emotionally, perhaps, quite cold  
And if the autumn breezes blow  
Their little dresses high,  
There's always something further down  
The street to catch my eye,  
The clothes—or lack of them—they wear  
Means nothing in my life,  
When I'm strolling down the Avenue  
In the evening — With my Wife.

Isn't it the truth!!!!

—EDITOR

Our Senior Medical Officer, Squadron Leader Eric O'Flynn Campbell, has just been posted "elsewhere"

Born in Sask. he attended the University

live in peace and freedom and I shall have directly contributed to that, so here again my life will not have been in vain.

Your loving son,

"....."

of Saskatchewan in the late twenties and graduated from there in 1932.

From there he came east to Toronto where he studied medicine at Toronto University, graduating in 1938. He was interned at the Toronto Western Hospital for the duration.

Between this time and January 1940 he had started a growing practice of medicine at Drayton, Ontario.

In January 1940 he was commissioned in the army, in the Twenty-second Field Ambulance Corps, then on Reserve. In March 1940 he was called up for Active Service and in April of the same year attended the course in Aviation medicine then given in Ottawa to the Officers of the R.C.A.M.C. attached to the Air Force.

A month later he was posted to the Air Force Recruiting Centre at Halifax and later in the year to No. 5 Equipment Depot at Moncton, New Brunswick.

On December sixth, 1940 he reported for duty at No. 8 S.F.T.S. being one of the three pioneer officers to be posted here. It was here that Captain Campbell was enlisted in the newly formed R.C.A.F. Medical Services.

Until the Station Hospital was ready it was necessary for Squadron Leader Campbell to establish a Sick Quarters in part of the Sergeants' Mess where the sick were treated until January 1941, and since this time has carried on his duties as S. M. Officer most efficiently.

Besides his professional duties he has been a very active member of the Entertainment Committee here. Being musically inclined he has composed several lyrics, which he put to his own music.

During the winter of 1941 and 1942 he produced a show, "The Gay Eighties Revue," with the cooperation of the station personnel.

S/L Campbell is married and has one daughter Marida plus one and only one wife.

He will be greatly missed at No. 8 S.F.T.S. but we realize that what is our loss is another station's gain.

#### 5 HANGAR

Congratulations to the editors and associates of "Take-Off," also to the various firms who were good enough to advertise, both for their and our advantage.

Hold everything? Mr. Easterner, because here's one Westerner that can't tolerate ignorance on behalf of his home, (the West). You ask the question,—why don't the Westerners like the east? Because our minds develop with the wide open spaces, therefore we like nothing **small**.

For your benefit, I'll quote a few comparative figures taken from the Canadian Almanac (1942).

Area of New Brunswick is 27,985 sq. miles with a population of 453,377.

Area of Nova Scotia is 21,428 sq. miles with a population of 573,190.

Area of Saskatchewan is 251,700 sq. miles with a population of 949,000.

Area of Manitoba is 251,832 sq. miles with a population of 727,000.

Area of Alberta is 255,285 sq. miles with a population of 789,000.

Quite a vast difference.

In your very sarcastic assertions you mentioned fish, game hunting, trees, and women. In the West we are taught to respect the latter, so we will not discuss the subject. We have trees, fish and game hunting in our vast western area; not locally as it is here, but all over. The Southern parts of Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba, are polluted with such fine game birds as — prairie chicken, ducks, geese, Hungarian partridge, woodcocks, snipe and geese. Further north we have the bigger game and plenty of them. So don't think for one moment your article convinced anybody.

Trees, for scenery are very monotonous—we have **real** mountains and lakes, also trees, —probably not so big, but just as nice to look at. So your scenery remark proves your stationary life.

There is a portion of Saskatchewan about the size of New Brunswick in the south-west corner which is very light land. Previous to 1929, the wheat grown in this area was of a very high quality, but 1929 to 1937, this section was subject to dry weather, which brought many of nature's pests, e.g. grasshoppers, cutworms, etc. Since 1937, however, it has come back to normal. The remainder of the west has suffered but very little. So my dear friend from the east, (if you care to travel), we have decent transportation, better scenery, clean cities, (varying in size from 300,000 to 15,000), game hunting and fishing of every description. Also mechanical farming and some of the finest fresh water beaches in Canada (of which you can't boast.)

So comparing the East with the West, you have some good points, (in some ways), but not comparable with our vast big minded, educated, industrial West.

Don't feel hurt, Easterner, as I have a lot of respect for the East.

—MR. SPARK PLUG.

**Describing the Harvard:** Senior student to Junior student: "Why, that thing takes off like a scalded cat and climbs like a homesick angel."

## PROP WASH FROM THE W/T SECTION

Who was the brilliant Senior N.C.O. who affixed his signature to the bottom of an affidavit re which, sedan, type Ford, model 1937 A.D., where it said "Sucker's Monicker Here"!!!

If anybody notices Cpl. Eades wandering around with a blue book held out in front of him, making neat about turns and mumbling to himself as he comes up to a snappy halt, he's not quite crazy, just a little whacky over the visions of that coveted "third", you may notice also that it is affecting his waistline some.—What say Corp?

Question from a recruit "can they put me on charge for being A.W.O.L. for ten days —no fooling kids it really happened.

Who's the LAC that hits up a new man in the section for twenty bucks, before the rest of us even had a chance to feel him out? It's not fair I tell you, it's not fair.

What LAC in the wireless section should be put on charge for hoarding? No wonder the flights yell at us for shortage of parts when Greene has such a large pair of coveralls.

## OKLAHOMA OBSERVATIONS

Being a member of the sophomore class, I have been asked to write a little something that I have picked up here that might help the new class and when I say little, I mean little. Every time I think I have something down pat along comes my instructor and shows me just how wrong I am.

Anyway here are a few hints for the new class. First of all you will have to listen to your instructor all the time and if he makes a bad landing you shouldn't say "I have control". He doesn't appreciate this noble attempt to be of assistance. When he says "GUMP" it is bad principle to throw one leg over the side and pull your ripcord.

The chap in the met. office is only a young fellow and those gray hairs are from predicting New Brunswick's unpredictable weather. The weather is fine if it isn't raining and if it isn't raining it's because it's too cold and if it isn't too cold it's hot, and if it isn't hot it's raining, but the weather is fine.

I might warn you right now that there is a \$2.00 rumble for taking shots at the physical training instructor and a 50c rumble for throwing rocks at him. Outside of this, though, the station is pretty nice with dances and shows, etc., and I haven't met an instructor yet who doesn't know more about flying than I do. And look at the job the maintenance boys are doing. When an aeroplane doesn't come back from a flight they are

mighty surprised and in the last war they were surprised if one did come back.

Well, that's all, except that in closing I'd like to get one thing off my chest. The sage in bloom doesn't smell like perfume, but Oklahoma alfalfa does.

## THE BLINKIN' GUARDS

Our school had the privilege on Friday, 21st August, of forming a guard of honour for His Excellency the Governor General of Canada thus marking the second time No. 8 S.F.T.S. has been afforded the opportunity to form a guard of honor for British Royalty. The first being the occasion of the visit to the School of HRH Duke of Kent last September.

The disciplinarian's office was all agog on Thursday when word was received that a guard from the school had to be formed for His Excellency the following day, a detail that is usually practised days before the event takes place, but knowing the cooperative spirit of all ranks of No. 8 we knew it could be and was carried out with flying colours by our lads.

Almost all flights and sections were represented in the guard and they rehearsed in the drill-hall on Thursday afternoon under the tutelage of F/Sgt. Beynon and his assistants until he was confident that the guard was qualified to carry out the job before them.

Personnel selected for the guard left the school around 0930 hrs. Friday in transport vehicles and proceeded to Moncton where they formed up at the rear of the Post Office building and marched from there to the railway station under command of F/L J. T. Arnold, it might be said here that some very complimentary remarks were heard from bystanders along the route as to the march discipline of the guard of honour (our lads really did look smart) His Excellency arrived in Moncton around 1040 hrs. accompanied by H.R.H. Princess Alice; the Governor General wore the uniform of a Field Marshal and Her Royal Highness was in the uniform of an Air Officer of the R.C.A.F. (W.D.). After introductions and greetings had been extended the Governor General proceeded to where the guard was mounted, after the commands "Present Arms" and "Royal Salute" had been sounded His Excellency accompanied by G/C W. W. Brown, F/L J. T. Arnold and WO1 Bourne commenced to carry out an inspection of the guards, pausing here and there for a chat with men in the ranks, while the trumpet band from No. 5 Equipment Depot played some snappy march tunes. After the inspection was completed the Royal Salute was sounded and the guard marched to the Post

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Office where they boarded trucks to carry them back to No. 8. S.F.T.S.

Congratulations are in order for all those who participated or were concerned with the organization of this, our second Guard of Honour.

It certainly was at grand turnout, lads.

—OUR S. S. M.

## A Hero is Born

It is impossible to foresee in the daily course of our lives what experience will bring to light the latent characteristics of an individual until some unforeseen circumstance arises.

It was an experience of this sort that has the personnel of No. 8 praising the actions of AC2 Machan, a fitter from Maintenance Squadron whilst flying in a Ferry aircraft en route to his home while on leave.

Bad weather closed in over the mountains in Maine and the plane crashed into the side of a mountain fatally injuring the pilot, another passenger and LAC Duffield a rigger

from No. 3 Servicing Flight, well known around the station, who was acting as crew man on the aircraft.

In some miraculous fashion AC2 Machan was thrown clear and despite the probable shock and possible injuries he attempted to extricate the other members of the plane who were trapped inside the wrecked aircraft. In doing so he attained severe burns about the arms and body, but finding his efforts were of no avail he managed, despite his injuries, in some inexplicable manner to find his way through many miles of thick bush country until he reached help at an Iron Works. He is now confined in a Bangor, Maine hospital.

AC2 Machan's actions although they were unsuccessful in rescuing the other members of the plane were of the highest calibre and merit the plaudits and praise of the entire service.

To the relatives and friends of the ones who were fatally injured we extend our condolences and deepest sympathy and trust that they find solace in the fact that these men died whilst in the service of their country.

To Earl Machan go our wishes for a speedy and complete recovery and the hope that he will be back to his duties at No. 8 in a very short time.

—S/M McCARTHY, W.

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## LA COMPLAINTE DU JUIF ERRANT

Je ne sais pas s'il y en a beaucoup qui se souviennent de cette complainte en cinquante et quelques couplets qu nous chantions ou que nous hurlions quand nous étions enfants. Vous souvenez-vous de cette lamentable histoire du vieil Israélite qui était condamné depuis des siècles et des siècles a erré de par le monde avec jamais plus de cinq sous dans ses poches? Pour ma part, je me souviens, parce que je l'ai toujours envié d'avoir ce fameux cinq sous prêt a le tirer d'affaire; Jamais de ma vie je ne suis encore parvenu a pouvoir compter sur un tel capital. Evidemment aujourd'hui, en dépit du plafonnement des prix, il vaudrait mieux pouvoir compter sur six sous c'est-a-dire cinq sous plus un autre sou pour la taxe, hein?

Mais, revenons à la vieille complainte du juif errant. Elle m'est revenue subitement à la mémoire parce que figurez-vous, que l'autre soir, je l'ai entendu chanter. Oui, la chose peut vous paraître incroyable, n'est-ce-pas? et pourtant c'est vrai. C'était à la brunante et en longeant une petite rue, j'entendis la voix d'un vieux bon-homme qui chantait en bercant un tout petit enfant sur la galerie. Vous allez me trouver quelque peu détraqué—du reste, il y a longtemps que l'idée vous en est venue,—mais je me suis arrêté un peu loin pour ne pas déranger le vieillard, et j'ai écouté. J'ai écouté parce que les couplets naïfs de la vieille complainte me rappelaient tout un passé déjà loin malgré moi... Je me suis pris à évoquer presque avec des larmes dans les yeux, l'époque si lointaine où, les mains jointes et la bouche bée d'admiration, j'écoutais pour la première fois, la voix qui chantait: "Est-il rien sur la terre qui soit plus surprenant que la grande misère du pauvre juif errant?" Puis, je revoyais les jours un peu moins lointains où, étudiant, je hurlais avec les autres, la complainte devenue "scie" simplement pour ahurir les pessants et surtout nos bons et braves constables;

Jene sais pas si vous vous souvenez de la légende qui entoure cette fameuse complainte. Je me suis laissée dire que la légende parut vers 1609 dans un opuscule publié en Hollande. On y racontait que l'évêque de Schleswig avait re contre un vieillard juif du nom de Ahasuerus qui avait déclaré être immortel et être ce fameux juif errant. Vous voyez que ça ne date pas d'hier: Maintenant, pour peu que cela vous intéresse, je puis vous dire les noms des endroits où des gens ont affirmé avoir recontre le fameux vagabond... Non; je ne puis vous assurer que ce vagabond-là chantait. On l'a vu, paraît-il, à Paris en 1644, à Bruxelles en 1774, à Londres en

1830, Il est même venu aux Etats-Unis, le bonhomme, et un nommé O'Grady nous assure avoir causé avec lui en 1868 a Salt Lake, quel nom prédestiné quand on parle d'une chose qu'il faut prendre avec... un grain de sel. comme de raison, au court de sa longue existence, bonhomme Ahaseurus eut l'occasion de changer de nom plusieurs fois. On l'aconnu sous celui de Ahasver, de Laquedem, de Paul Marane et meme de Juan Esperaen un Dios. ce dernier nom qui signifie si je sais encore mon espagnol Jean Espere en Dieu, met toute une note d'optimisme et d'espoir dans la carrière si lamentable du malheureux errant.

En tout cas, mes bons amis, si d'aventure, vous rencontrez notre bonhomme voudriez-vous me l'envoyer? Je voudrais le voir pour lui emprunter son cinq sous: voyez-vous nous voici en temps de guerre... et comme dirait l'autre et tant d'autres je suis "casse".

AVIS A CEUX QUI EN SONT INTERESSE  
DE NE PAS TROP M'EN VOILOIR SI JE  
LEURS AI MIS LE CHAPEAU

(signer) JEAN N'ECRIS.

## LA FRATERNITE

Jérusalem était encore un champ labouré. Deux frères avaient hérité de leur père le terrain ou plus tard le temple fut bâti et ils cultivaient ce terrain en commun. L'un de ces frères était marié et avait plusieurs enfant; l'autre vivait seul. Le temps de la moisson venue les deux freres lièrent leurs gerbes et en firent deux tas égaux qu'ils laissèrent sur le champ. Pendant la nuit, celui des deux frères qui n'était pas marié eut une bonne pensée, il se dit a lui-même: "Mon frère a une femme, et des enfants à nourrir, il est juste que sa part soit plus forte que la mienne. Je vais prendre de mon tas quelques gerbes que j'ajouterai secrètement aux siennes; il ne le remarquera pas et ainsi il ne

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pourra refuser." Et il fit comme il avait pensé.

La même nuit, l'autre frère s'éveilla et dit à sa femme. "Mon frère est jeune, il vit seul et n'a personne pour l'assister dans son travail. Il n'est pas juste que sa part soit aussi petite que la notre. Je vais porter secrètement à son tas un certain nombre de gerbes, il ne le remarquera pas et ainsi il ne pourra pas refuser." Et il fit comme il avait pensé.

Le lendemain, chacun des deux frères se rendit au champ et fut bien surpris de voir que les deux tas étaient toujours pareils, ni l'un ni l'autre ni pouvait comprendre ce prodige. Ils recommencèrent pendant plusieurs nuits, mais comme chacun portait au tas de son frère le même nombre de gerbes, les tas demeuraient toujours égaux. Enfin, une nuit, tous les deux se mirent en sentinelle pour approfondir la cause de ce mystère et ils se rencontrèrent dans les ténèbres portant les gerbes qu'ils se destinaient mutuellement.

Le lien ou une si bonne pensée était venue à la fois et si persévéramment à deux hommes devait être agréable à Dieu. C'est pourquoi le temple de Jérusalem fut bâti en cet endroit.

—PURRO.

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## TOUT DOUX

Quand j'étais petit, tout petit,  
Je dormais dans un petit lit.  
Ma mère chantait en cadence:  
"Petit mignon, endormez-vous!  
Endormez-vous, le berceau danse  
Tout doux, tout doux.

Quand ses cheveux seront tout blancs,  
Quand ses genoux seront tremblant,  
—Pauvre mère aujourd'hui si vive!  
C'est moi qui gagnerai des sous  
En travaillant pour qu'elle vive  
Tout doux, tout doux.

## LE LIERE ET LE ROSIER

Un liere en serpentant au haut d'une muraille  
Voit un petit rosier et se rit de sa taille  
L'arbuste lui répond: "Apprends que sans  
appui

J'ai su m'élever par moi-même  
Mais toi, dont l'orgueil est extrême  
Tu ramperais encore sans secours d'autrui.

## DAWN FLIGHT DESPATCHES

Dawn flight apologizes for missing last issue of Take Off, but due to circumstances beyond our control (and the whip of F/L Coles) the flight as a whole had their respective noses to the proverbial grindstone and regretfully failed to contribute—it won't happen again (I mean having our nose to the grindstone.)

We wish AW 1 Davis best of success on her transfer to the M.T. section and welcome our new timekeeper LAW Newcomb to the flight.

The instructors of dynamic Dawn flight are elated over the good news that they can still keep the top button of their tunic open, as they are being retained by special request on fighter Command instead of transferring to the mighty Anson bomber. Disappointment reigns supreme throughout the flight?

We are glad to report that Flt./Sgt. Delaney, a prominent member of our happy group, is recovering in fine shape from his recent illness. He is expected back on the job within the next couple of weeks. Needless to say his students will be right up to date.

### Special to "C" Flight

The personnel of dynamic Dawn flight realize the tremendous, but vain effort the members of "C" flight put forth to TRY and attain the high standard set by our flight—We wish them lots of luck on the new course. Nuff said.

TAKE OFF, AUGUST, 1942