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COMMANDING OFFICER. G.C. W.W. BROWN

## *Appreciation*

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This is the first issue of "Take Off" in its new and improved form. This improvement is due to the co-operation of the following merchants whose advertisements appear in this issue:

**DUKE'S TAXI—DUKE'S GRILL  
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CHARLIE McDONALD—Tailor  
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The personnel of No. 8 Service Flying Training School value the assistance given to our magazine by these firms and individuals and will express their appreciation by their goodwill and continued patronage.—The Editor.

THE T. EATON CO.  
MARITIMES LIMITED

## For Your Service Clothing

See our large assortment of service accessories, including Shirts, Ties, Footwear, Caps, Wings and other requirements.

Regulation Raincoats to fit standard, short and tall figures.....at **\$30.00** and **\$31.50**

**EATON  
MADE-TO-MEASURE  
CLOTHES**

CANADA'S GREATEST REGULAR  
MADE-TO-MEASURE SUIT VALUE

SUMMER WEIGHT

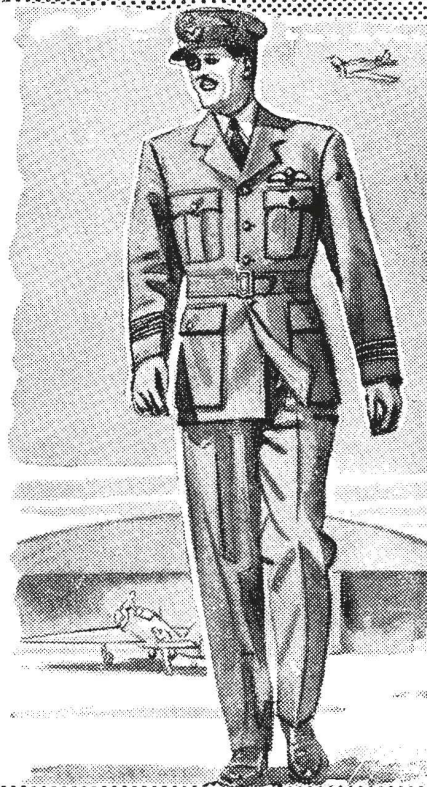
*Military Uniforms*

**HAND-CUT TROPICALS  
TO YOUR MEASURE!**

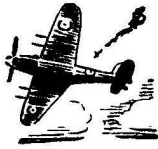
Reputation and experience form an inseparable combination in EATON Made-to-Measure Army and Air Force Uniforms. Into each uniform goes the skill and knowledge of our expert craftsmen... cool, finely textured woollen Tropicals hand-cut to your individual measurements... hand-needed where it is most important... you can rest assured that you will be turned out in the correct military manner... in a uniform that was made for you.

TUNIC AND  
TROUSERS **\$31.50**

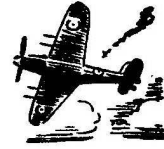
Extra Trousers, pair \$8.50



THE T. EATON CO.  
MARITIMES LIMITED



# TAKE OFF



SECOND EDITION

JULY, 1942

## NAMES OF STAFF

**Editor-in-Chief:**

**W. O. 1 Campbell, C. M.**

**Associate Editors:**

**Sgt. Neville, J. H.**

**Cpl. Charlebois, M. F.**

**Consulting Editors:**

**F/L House,**

**F/L H. Courtemanche.**

**Business Manager:**

**George Douglas, Y.M.C.A.**

**Sports Editor:**

**Sgt. Goldwin, W.**

**Advertising Manager:**

**F/O Hart, G.**

## A FAREWELL

Last November No. 8 S.F.T.S. had the pleasure of welcoming to its midst a new padre. Fl./Lt. House was posted here from number one Manning Depot, Toronto. Needless to say, the Manning Depot's loss was our gain. and a great gain at that.

For nine months, with untiring zeal, he has worked with us advising us in our trials and tribulations. Ever on hand, with a smile and a welcome for everyone, a pal to one and all he has gained the admiration, love and respect of the boys and girls en masse. Cheering louder than the rest of us at our games, rooting for good old number eight he has proven himself time and again the best of sports.

We will always remember the charming wedding ceremony at which he officiated on June nineteenth in the station Y.M.C.A. hall; the first Airforce wedding to be performed on a station in Canada.

Now we must bid him farewell. He is posted overseas. It is our turn to lose out and we all feel that we are losing a true friend indeed. Many of us wish we were as fortunate as he is. A few of the graduating boys might meet up with him somewhere over there. They will indeed be lucky ones.

In any event we of number eight will never forget all he has done for us. May we extend to him our most grateful thanks together with our sincerest wishes for a safe voyage and a speedy return.

**CPL. CHARLEBOIS, M.F.M.**



Best Wishes  
to  
“TAKE OFF”  
Duke's Taxi



Phones

8000  
4300

548 Main Street,  
Moncton, New Brunswick

## AT RANDOM

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Once again, No. 8 is missing one of its familiar faces — that of Flying Officer Noel Arnold. This gentleman was Security and Provost Officer, which duties he carried out in an exemplary manner. With a pleasing disposition, a cheery smile and always the odd yarn tucked away about his exploits in the Far East—Flying Officer Arnold made a great number of friends during his stay here. Just where he has departed for is a military secret but it is somewhere in Ontario. Well we miss you Mr. Arnold—you were and always will be a soldier, a modern Marco Polo and one whom we shall all miss. But from all officers and other ranks at this Unit, we send you best wishes for your continued success in the future.

It is indeed a pleasure to see familiar faces at this Unit who were once on the ground staff, and who are now completing their service flying training. Those persons so indicated are Sgt. Shaw—from our Instrument Section—and Sgt. W. W. Brown, Clerk, from Headquarters and the Control Tower. It is indeed a pleasure and treat to see you back boys and trust that your stay here will be successful and enjoyable in every way. Departing soon for initial training are Corporal Benning and Vondette. We also extend to them every possible best wish for a successful and happy flying career.

### The Air Cadets

During the month of July, No. 8 was host to the Air Cadets of Eastern Air Command. It cannot be described, the amount of enthusiasm and work which these future birdmen of the R.C.A.F. put into their work. From early morning until late at night they were busily employed either with W. O. 2 Bumstead or Flt. Sgt. Hatnean. These young men and future material for the Service entered into every phase of Station activities. They were ever anxious to try everything from a live jump with a chute to performing daily checks to the aircraft.

However, they were given specially conducted tours and lectures about every aspect of the Service work. They got glimpses into the actual flying and training routine; the sports and varied entertainment and as a finale — they were guests at the Wings parade of Class 52 which they drank in to the fullest of their interest. It is these young men that will be the future "Finacune's" and Bishops of the R.C.A.F. so we say, The best of luck to you lads and happy landings.

A very interesting fireside chat was held the other morning after church parade when a certain well known Sergeant gave all the boys a little lesson in Bible history. It seems they were discussing the pros and cons of church going when our friend stated that according to biblical history he belonged to one of the lost tribes of Israel. This of course caused some comment from the men and it was necessary that a further story be extracted from our friend. He stated that he had studied the matter very long and found that the tribe of Dan migrated into Russia and Denmark — thus we get the Danube River and Denmark instead of Danmark. Also the tribe of Jeremiah found its way into Ireland and parts of Germany — thus bringing about the popular name of Jerry. Of course this only counted for 2 tribes — the remainder being lost in obscurity in the dim distance of the past. We just can't figure

out what tribe he became connected with — there doesn't seem to be any tribe that came to America and settled around Toronto. But never let it be said we weren't democratic — we gave him the benefit of the doubt.

Flags were flying, bands playing and the whole town agog — when the conquering heroes — namely Flt. Sgt. Beynon and Stg. Neville arrived in Montreal. Boy, oh boy! did they ever have a good time and were they ever glad to get such a nice holiday.

Orchids, congratulations, etc. etc. to Cpl. M. MacKenzie (W.D.) who will soon join the ranks of married women. Seems that she had a schoolday sweetheart — son of a candy king — and they kept a flourishing romance all during school days. Ultimately the war came — and Mr. Ganong — deboats for overseas — returning just recently for an officer's course, if you please, at Brockville. Just as soon as ye old "pip" is pinned on, Lohengrin will play, comely maids will trip down the aisle and thus the service life of dear old MacKenzie will cease to function.

Corporal Montgomery has placed a blanket letter with the Admin. staff that we can put him on the attending party or funeral party — should any be formed at this Unit for funeral purposes. This also applies to Sgt. Walsh, Lac MacIntyre and Truemy.

Who cut the tomato plant in Sgt. McMasters garden is the question now perplexing all the members of the Service Police. It really was a pity and we should all try and run the culprit to earth. It really is a credit to all the Service Police plus the defaulters for the splendid way they have improved the approach to our Station. The attractive station marker, plus the aspidistras, phlox and sarsphogae have tended to beautify and add a touch of colour to the guard house area.

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It has been proposed many times—"A sport for every airman—and airman for every sport." To achieve such an aim much cooperation and effort is necessary from all personnel. This, of course, applies to all station entertainment and recreation..

We have on our station groups of airmen, airwomen, N. C. O.'s and officers working as committees for the betterment of station entertainment, recreation, sports, the library, canteens and education. This work is all voluntary and much praise is due them for their efforts in placing No. 8 Service Flying Training School in the enviable position which it now holds.

To the following Presidents and their committees we extend our thanks and appreciation:

S/L Will—Canteen.

S/L Campbell—Entertainment.

S/L Fraser—Sports.

F/L House—Library.

Special Note—Welcome to our new Class No. 60.

GEORGE M. DOUGLAS

## GEAR GROWLS FROM M. T.

To WO 1 Bourne, the M.T. section extends heartiest congratulations on his recent promotion. Carry on Major.

These days the Major often hums is, "Where, oh where, has my little driver gone?" When the "boss" calls for a man on his "P.A." system the answer, "yes-sir", usually comes from our super equip-asst. LAC Peacock.

Another furrow in the Major's brow is;

A bump in the grill of a certain vehicle. Who done it?

I don't know, Sir. It just couldn't have been me.

The Major bumps from bump to bump, and the boys well, they do their best at dodging the bumps.

Brought to light again in the section, is the "sling-shot barrage" brought on, no doubt, by the unsettled condition of our present day world. There are some real sharp-shooters among the "twirps". Visitors are urged to take care in entering and leaving the section, and not trust the corporals.

A note from the lads who went up with the "Injuns", report them very sociably and allergic to Air Force uniforms. So our worries for the lads are at an end.

The W.D. of the M.T., A.D. Little, welcomes A. W. Marks, "The Vancouver Flash". A.W. Little has already informed A.W. Marks that to be a good Em-Tee-er she must also be able to operate a sling-shot. We have not felt how A.W. Marks is making out, but trusts that she will become proficient in both trades.

A.W. Little reports having lost nothing in the way of packages from home this week. Wonder where the boys are scrounging now?

### WHEN WILL THE WAR END?

The other day, as I walked down town,  
My poor old brow had a worried frown,  
Then I heard a policeman on his beat,  
Say to a girl in a Moncton street,  
That he knew a nursemaid who had a friend  
Who knew when the war was going to end.

TAKE OFF, JULY, 1942

### IT'S ONLY GOSSIP . . . BUT

Badminton broke loose in the Fire Hall early one morning. Bells clanged, yells rent the air, the clamour of frenzied action betokened the wide-awakening of our firemen. Result—one rabbit—dead of heart failure.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Back-to-Nature movement was considerably enhanced by the semi-nudist, who pretending he was a parachutist, took off from the Fire Hall roof. We noticed the thistles 'round there. Wanted—one pair of pliers.

The reputation of the M.T. lads for having "affairs" is being upheld at present. We understand that she is a pretty little redhead. Carry on, Willie—

\* \* \* \* \*

David tried out a slingshot with singular results on a certain giant. Visitors to the M.T. are hereby warned to perfect the exit made before Royalty, as there are sharp-shooters among the "Twirps".

### FIRE FACTS

Every minute of every day and night, a fire breaks out somewhere in Canada.

Every three minutes, a home is destroyed by fire.

Every year, 10,000 people lose their lives, and twice as many are crippled or maimed for life by fire.

More than 52% of the loss of life by fire occurs in residential properties.

More than 41% of these victims are children under 15 years of age.

—SGT. CLARK, S. D.

### A SEQUEL TO: "COULD BE? ? ? ?" "T-I-S"

When said airman knocked on the Pearly Gates

He should have thrown a rope,

As this is all they ever use

In the land where the coyotes lope.

St. Peter asked: "What have you done,

That you should dare to hope?"

The Airman said "Ye Gods! St. Pete,

I'm a Westerner, you dope!

I roamed the range from dawn to dark

And found no place to park!

If Heaven be like the East to me

I hope you let me in!

Having all my life lived in the West

Tell the Good Lord I've earned my rest!

—AN EASTERNER.

## Extracts from C. D. C.

The Dental Clinic held an impromptu reception for C.D.O. Lieutenant-Colonel Climo and Major Kent of No. 3 T.C. The visitors were impressed by the barricade of chairs and the evidence of "Men At Work". Owing to the fact that the floors were being waxed, the guests were received outside the door.

\* \* \* \* \*

Corporal Murley believes that a woman's place is in the home. There's a rumour to the effect that he will attempt to put this quaintly masculine and decidedly Victorian theory into practice. Despite his views we wish him good luck.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Dental Clinic combine in deepest thanks to P.O. Gill for his presentation of a pair of extracting forceps. He found them and thought that they were for intended use on horses. In appreciation for this handsome gift, Captain A.O. Oliver has offered a free demonstration.

\* \* \* \* \*

Why wasn't Joe Shtadler on the Quizz Program? As a connoisseur on anything from world politics to jitterbugs, he would have made a home run. What d'ye know, Joe?

\* \* \* \* \*

Reinforcements coming up! Captain Silverstone and Pte. Ruckenstein of A.O.S., Chatham, New Brunswick, have been posted temporarily to the "Dental Chair" of No. 8.

\* \* \* \* \*

The worn path between No.'s 1 and 3 Hangars has been pounded out by our new Marathon runner, Corporal Little. He was seen at the half-way mark, leaning dejectedly upon the Duty Flight sign and wishing that "Someone" would make up "their" minds (!)?

\* \* \* \* \*

We are particularly intrigued by the officer who called up Scoudouc to ask if the Stranraer had landed yet.

\* \* \* \* \*

Again we are attracted by the "slow time" tactics of a certain senior N.C.O. The Campbells are coming!, Ha! Ha! ha!

Sgt. Neville—"Where will I meet you."  
Sgt. Goldwin—"At Duke's Grill."  
Sgt. Neville—"Good—let's order steak."

## "Eddie" Steeves

your station Barber

(In Airmen's Canteen)

**TWO CHAIRS**

**Air Force Prices**

Open Daily 10 a.m.—8 p.m.

**NO. 8 S. F. T. S.**

## "Official Taylor"

Charlie McDonald

**Repairs and  
Alterations**

**American Hotel Building**

**(side door)**

**Main Street**

**MONCTON**



## A Modern Pilot

There ahead of me at last was my objective. With a sigh of relief I switched off the automatic map feed. Leaning forward from my luxurious seat I switched off George. Turning to the wireless equipment I faded out Charlie McCarthy and faded in the R.T. operator. Rapidly winding in the direction finder, I requested permission to land. Switching with the speed that deceives the eye, over to "Receive", I got the "O.K."

I turned on the infra-red landing light; I wound in the aerial; I wound out the telescopic section of the wing; I protruded the retractable venturi; I switched off the de-icer; I switched off the cabin light; I unlocked my slots; I lowered both legs of my retractable under-cart (I hope); I wound down the retractable tail wheel; I altered the set of my V.P. airscrew; I performed an incredible contortion as the direct result of having to perform the last four duties concurrently because of the nearness of the aerodrome.

The aeroplane performed an outstanding manoeuvre as a direct result of this. I switched off the cabin heater and wiped the sweat off my brow. I wound down my slotted flaps. I wound the tail adjusting wheel back. Seizing a frenzied moment, I closed the throttle and immediately began to wind out my landing lights. I wound in my radiator. Finally, as the immediate value of time decreased, I wound in my retractable oil-cooler.

Leaning back, I switched off the air conditioner. A moment later, just as I landed, I leaned forward again—ALAS—it was the wrong aerodrome. So opening the throttle, I swiftly flew away again, winding everything in and out as I went.

### SAWBONE SAYINGS

What famous butchers have been heard to say:

1. It won't kill you anyway. It doesn't hurt, does it?
2. These damn women.
3. Good show. Can anyone sing or dance here?
4. What's for tea?
5. What did you put THAT there for?
6. Have you heard this one?
7. Are there any Pope's noses?
8. Now look. Why didn't somebody tell me these things?
9. Want to buy a watch?

TAKE OFF, JULY, 1942

## KHAKI KHATTER

"Da Mosta of da Besta". Greetings to you, boys and girls in blue from all in khaki at the Supply Depot. In these days of heat a la New Brunswick, forced route marches around the mess hall in order to eat, sleepless nites caused by romances that turn into "nitemares", and the never-ending job of trying to help win this war with pen, pencil, and typewriter, your gossipper reveals all.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Cigars, cigarettes, and beer, free for the asking," roared Corporal "Bunny" Webster recently. The occasion? The birth of a son, Pte. "Bunny" Webster, and may he never suffer the curse of being a corporal, says papa. Congratulations to all concerned.

\* \* \* \* \*

Pte. I. "Snick" Lemelin, on a recent week-end leave, tells of meeting three lovely Chinese girls in Montreal. Their names, he claims, were Tu Yung Tu, Tu Dumb Tu, and No Yen Tu. Better luck next time, say we.

## IS IT REALLY TRUE THAT—

—The morning after Sgt. H. G. "Fatstuff" Lilley stated that he was really going to let himself go for one night he awoke to find lipstick, of all places, on his leg? And does his next-door neighbor, Sgt. "Red" Hilliard know anything about it????

—Pte. Herb. Hollerbaum has bought an interest in the SMT Bus Depot Candy Shoppe, or does he go for the little lady behind the counter that calls him "Pete"?

—A certain N.C.O. who issued a challenge to the world for a game of horseshoes was skunked by the first challenger? This N.C.O. is known at the local sick quarters as the "Human Turnip" because of his efforts to donate an ounce of blood . . . .

—The bottom has dropped out of everything since Pte. Donald "Duck" Dole sent his wife home to Saint John for the summer? Or does he find Sunday afternoon "route marches" with Pte. Charles "Coon" Schwab along the highway a very exciting pastime? . . .

—S/Sgt. J. D. Bain and the Mrs. have got together and ordered a parcel of joy, to be delivered sometime this summer?

## UP IN ARMS

Who was the AC2 Standard (Acting Unpaid) who was sent to the "Bombing Teacher" Building to bring back a tool kit and after knocking on the door several times, returned to report to us that the "Bombing Teacher" was not at home.

We regret very much the loss of F/L Hiam and wish him every success in his new venture. Let us hope that he will return to pay us a visit, Temporary Duty or otherwise. Those, who are to serve under him at his new station are due for a very pleasant surprise.

"Mickey" Trowsse says "If I don't pass that trade test, I'll eat my shirt"—Let's hope it's clean.

The Armament Section would like to know who the officer was, who, when shown the mosKEETo guns remarked "That's the queerest means of killing mosquitoes I've ever seen."

We sure have a swell bunch of fellows in the armament section—they all come from the Maritimes, with the exception of one, who has a very shady past. Maybe his past has kept him secluded in the mountains of Ontario.

To satisfy the curiosity of a certain airman in No. 5 Hangar, the Armament Section wishes it to be known that The Stinson A/C is fitted with four cannon rather than with eight wing-guns.

Will the Armourer who raves about the huge island of "Grand Manan", please tell us which one of the three families living on the island owns the flower garden.

Big jobs for big men—Little jobs for little men. Maybe that's why Douglas Dickie—Armourer—4 ft. 10 ins.—waist 21 ins.—is carrying a sign, "For Revolvers Only".

## OUTSIDE THE BARS

"Ess Pease" lipsed Sergeant Langsford, of the Disciplinary Office at the Tower, during his holidays, and now he is under arrest for life. His "Jailer" carried him off from right under the nose of the Moncton girls. Mrs. Langsford is living in Kingston, Ontario.

The Service Police will have it a little easier now Air Force H. Q. are allowing airmen and N.C.O.'s to wear shoes. There is a certain sergeant, however, sitting at the guard-house window waiting for the first lad to try getting out wearing tan or green suede footwear. Here's betting there will be one.

The S.P.'s are glad to have Corporal Rush-ton join them. He is an old timer from the last war back for another job. Good Luck "Rustie". It is discouraging that there are no bad boys at No. 8. The orderly sergeant has nothing to do at 1800 roll call. There are no C.B. men and the cells are vacant for days on end. Guess the S. P.'s will have to finish the Rock Garden themselves.

Fountain Pens, Leather Goods,  
Stationery, Office Supplies

**Colpitts**  
THE  
**STATIONER**

788 Main Street, - Moncton

## DICTIONARY OF THE R.C.A.F. PHRASEOLOGY (For the benefit of the Newcomers)

UNDER CONSIDERATION: We will try to find the file.

UNDER SERIOUS CONSIDERATION: The file is here but we haven't read it yet.

URGENT: Most abused term. Originally indicated need of haste. Present meaning: To be answered before your next 48.

DISCIPLINARY ACTION: Action detrimental to the maintaining of social relations between you and your sergeant major.

PASSED TO HIGHER AUTHORITY: Let someone else worry about it. We're tired of it.

IT IS UNDERSTOOD: We have been listening to the grapevine.

GRAPEVINE: Made up of people of imagination who know someone who knows someone who heard from someone.

PLEASE EXPEDITE REPLY: For gosh sake answer our letter.

# THE AUSSIES CORNER

## CANADA IS FAIR DINKUM

Canada is fair dinkum. Ask any of our Australians and they will tell you that.

Of course, they feel sorry that Canada can't boast of such magnificence as Brisbane's town hall, Sydney's harbor, Melbourne's Prince's Bridge, Adelaide's Torrens Creek, Perth's swans, or Tasmania's Derwent River, but they are almost ready to believe that with these exceptions, we are almost as good as the land down under.

They haven't seen much of us yet, but what they have seen they say is dinky ale. They loved Montreal; thought it picturesque. It reminded Melbourne lads of their own Dudley Flats; the Sydney boys of Woolloomooloo (that's a name; not a disease); and the Adelaide boys of their own Sturt Street.

They have trouble driving on the "wrong" side of the road over here. To them, the right side is the wrong side, and the left side is the right side. Follow? They tell of the Canadian

tourist who took his car to Sydney and had to drive backwards wherever he went. Don't ask us if he was a backseat driver. We don't know.

Two-up to them is not the little brother of Seven-up. You don't drink it; you play it.

Tracks, they will tell you, are not things trains run on. They are things trackers run along. (Mostly black trackers. The white ones are not so popular.)

The Spirit of Progress, the Aussies will tell you, is neither petrol (gas, to you, mug) alcoholic nourishment, nor a modern Macbeth. "The Spirit" is the super-streamliner that will/may carry you from Sydney to Melbourne in anything from 14 hours to 14 days. It will also carry you from Melbourne to Sydney, of course. It never carries passengers on this return trip, though. There never are any.

Talking of railways — there is no railway from Launceston to Brisbane. They use steamers instead.

There is a mountain in Australia. It is called the Blue Mountain. Don't ask if it is a swing blues mountain.

There is also a river. When it rains it is full of water. When it doesn't rain, it is still full of water.

Any good Australian will tell you that Australia is land surrounded by water. That is why Australians drink beer. They look at the water all round them and it makes them thirsty. They would drink the water to quench their thirst, but they like the beer better. That way they save up the water in case they ever run out of beer.

Australians eat a lot of bread. Australian bread is different to Canadian bread. Australian bread is bread surrounded by holes. Canadian bread is holes surrounded by bread.

Australians put a lot of butter on their bread to hide the taste of the bread. Then they put honey on the butter to hide the taste of the butter. Then they eat cake instead, because they don't like the taste of the honey either.

One of these days I am going to visit Australia. It must be a wonderful country. I know it is hard to believe, but I am told that in Australia they have horses with four legs and a tail.

Smaze-ing.

—AN AUSSIE.

COMPLIMENTS

The  
**LOUNSBURY**  
COMPANY LIMITED

Electrical Appliances

Radios and Repairs

MAIN STREET

Opposite City Hall

TAKE OFF, JULY, 1942

# —SPORTS—

**Hello folks, this is your Sports Editor again with a summary of games played during the past month and a half:—**

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

The Flyers, still smarting over their loss to the Volcanoes, played heads-up ball to chalk up their second victory over the Foodmen winning 8 to 4 on Wednesday, June 17th.

## **APPRENTICES VS. NO. 8 FLYERS**

C. N. Apprentices, who to date are the underdogs in the league way down in the cellar, nearly upset the Flyers but were nosed out 5 to 4 on Thursday, June 25th. This game was a real crowd pleaser, the teams displaying a brand of ball well worth watching. Both teams fought on equal terms for the greater part of the game, however, the Flyers were not to be denied and came out on top.

## **NO. 8 S.F.T.S. VS. VOLCANOES**

Flyers were again vanquished by the league leading Volcanoes on Thursday, June 30th to the tune of 12 to 7. It doesn't seem as if there is a team in the league that can topple them off the first rung which they've held since the league first opened.

## **NO. 8 S.F.T.S. VS. C. N. APPRENTICES**

Another game was tucked away in the bag with a 15 to 6 win over the C. N. Apprentices on Thursday, July 2nd. Cpl. Bill Thornton was in fine form only allowing ten hits and recording seventeen strikeouts over the entire nine innings.

## **NO. 2 "Y" DEPOT VS. NO. 8 S.F.T.S.**

On Friday, July 3rd the Flyers defeated No. 2 "Y" Depot 10 to 4 to take a firmer hold on second place in the league standing.

The big bats of the Flyers were still noticeable, with Thornton collecting three hits—one a home run, Brennan two hits, Bogle a three and two base hits. Steele in centrefield contributed four hits out of six times at bat.

Cpl. Walker, a new addition, playing 2nd and shortstop, made his presence felt with a homer and three bagger. Flett, another new-

comer playing right field, together with P/O "Cubbie" showed to advantage.

## **Soft Ball League**

	Wins	Lost	Pct.
Volcanoes .....	9	1	900
Flyers .....	10	3	769
St. George Food.....	5	6	455
2 Y Depot.....	3	10	231
C.N.R. Apprec .....	2	9	182

## **MAINTENANCE SQUADRON—SPORTS**

Maintenance Squadron is represented by two teams in the Station House League, one of Fitters (Aero Engine Mechanics) and one of Riggers (Air Frame Mechanics and all other trades.)

The Riggers so far have been showing the best results but they have won most of their games by default. The boys are wondering if such names as Thornton, Hughes, White-land and Laberge are sort of making the other teams on the station a little hesitant about fielding a team against them.

## **CRICKET**

Sports at No. 8 S.F.T.S. took on an international flavor when the Australians stationed here for flying training played a cricket match against a team from No. 31 P.D. (RAF) Depot on Saturday, July 4th.

Our "Aussies" proved that they could really play cricket, keeping up the reputation of Australia's Test Cricketers when they defeated the R.A.F. on the ground of the latter at the old airport. The Aussies won by a good margin and are looking forward to the return game because the Englishmen will be out for revenge.

The highlight of the day was Lovett's last two balls of one over and on the second ball of the next over clean bowled the last man, thus finishing the Englishmen's innings and

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giving the Aussies a win by a margin of 34 runs.

Quite a crowd of Canadians witnessed this game and it was pleasing to see the support given to the Australians by the Canadian Airmen of No. 8 S.F.T.S. Amongst the supporters was our Commanding Officer, Group Captain W. W. Brown, and we were all glad he was able to see his first No. 8 S.F.T.S. cricket team win their first match, and hope he is able to come along to any future games.

—LAC SIMPSON, L.B.

(The following extracts of well-known athletes is presented by your editor in an effort to keep you in contact with current sporting information. The success of future news depends upon your comments. The writer would appreciate receiving your contribution of a similar nature for publication.)

#### SPORT SMATTERINGS

Serving overseas with the R.C.A.F. is Sgt. Pilot Leonard Carpenter, star defenceman with the Moncton Eagles when they were New Brunswick Senior Hockey Champions. Early this year he was listed as missing after air operations but was later reported safe after landing near Bengasi, Libya.

Sgt. Observer Lloyd (Stubb) Mann, Truro, Nova Scotia, who played with the Truro Junior Bearcats when they won the Nova Scotia Junior Hockey Championship in 1936 and with the senior Bearcats when they won the Provincial Mainland title in 1939 is overseas with the R.C.A.F. He is the son of Avarð Mann, a defenceman with the old Truro Bearcats team which reached the Eastern Hockey Finals in 1927 with only seven men.

Stan Helleur, former Canadian Press and Montreal Gazette sports writer, plays the outfield with the R.C.A.F. Trenton Station ball team which includes Porky Dumart and Milt Schmidt, the Hockey Krauts from Boston Bruins.

Jimmy McLean, member of a golfing family and former professional at the Lingan Club in Sydney, Nova Scotia is with the R.C.A.F. at Lachine, Quebec.

Don Norton, former Mount Allison University track and field star has enlisted in the R.C.A.F., and is now stationed at Lachine, Quebec awaiting training.

Sgt. Milt Tisdale, who played with Vancouver Maple Leafs when they won the Canadian Basketball title in 1940, is with the "Demon Squadron" of the R.C.A.F. in Britain. On his first operational flight he scored a direct hit on a German ship. He has since taken

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part in raids over German-occupied France and the Netherlands.

W. D. (Red) Gilmore, carrot-topped half-back of Queen's teams of 1929-30-31 is an R.C.A.F. administrator at Lachine, Quebec. As a high school athlete Red sparked his senior rugby football team at Toronto Oakwood Collegiate to three championships. Red taught and coached one year at Toronto's Upper Canada College, one year at Ottawa Glebe Collegiate and then completed a local-boy-makes-good story by returning to coach at Oakwood.

#### TENNIS

On Friday, July 3rd a tennis meeting was held in the Y.M.C.A. office in the Recreation Hall and the following committee placed in charge of the tennis activities for the Station:

F/O W. C. Drum  
WO.2 J. J. McCarthy  
LAC Murphy, V. E.  
AW.1 Harlow, F. J.  
Mr. Geo. Douglas.

As the building of the tennis courts is still in progress the only business was a general

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discussion. However, the racqueteers on the Station can rest assured it won't be long now before they can flash tennis balls across the net. A definite opening date could not be set, but at the time of going to press it is anticipated that they will be ready soon.

The general trend of conversation points to several good tennis players on the Station, and keen competition should be enjoyed by all who desire to participate.

#### **HORSESHOES**

Appearances denote that the Sergeant's Mess have started the first horseshoe pitching contest on the Station. A ladder tournament, under the capable direction of Sgt. Clark began on June 29th. Only the first round has been played to date and during this weeding out process the participants have all played enthusiastically.

Sgts. McGonigle, Hilliard, Mitton, Brownridge, Clark, Goldwin (your Editor), Neville, F/Sgts. Webb and Williams and W.O.2 Cronk have won their way into the second round of the tournament.

A certain couple of Sergeants from the Administration Building are very anxious to draw W.O.2 McCarthy as an opponent so they can make him eat those boastful words he is wont to express. Just the old saying all over again "pride goes before a fall."

The dark horses in the draw are F/Sgts. Miller and Beynon. Don't treat them lightly or they're liable to surprise you and turn the tables. Another topnotch contestant hails from Winnipeg, F/Sgt. Williams — well, we had to mention the West somewhere.

**Editor's Note:** George Douglas, our Y.M.C.A. Representative, states that plans are underway to hold a Station horseshoe pitching contest in the very near future. So those who are interested get out the irons and do a little sharpshooting, because it looks like there are quite a few aces in camp.

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## TOM GREY

---

Tom Grey laid down on the bar room floor,  
Having drank so much he could drink no more;  
To fall asleep with a troubled brain,  
To dream he had rode upon a hell bound train,  
The engine, with blood was red and damp,  
It was dimly lit with a brim-stone lamp,  
An imp for fuel was shovelling bones,  
The engine roared with a thousand groans;  
The boiler was filled with a keg of beer  
The devil himself was the engineer.  
The passengers made such a musty crew,  
Church members, heathens, gentiles and jews;  
Rich men in broadcloth, beggars in rags,  
Handsome young ladies, and withered old hags,  
Yellow and black men, red and white;  
Chained all together a horrible sight.  
Faster and faster the train it flew,  
Wilder and wilder the country grew;  
Brighter and brighter the lightning flashed,  
Louder and louder the thunder crashed;  
Hotter and hotter the air became,  
Till the clothes burnt from each quivering frame,  
And in the distance they heard a yell,  
"Ha Ha" croaked the devil, we are nearing hell;  
Ho! how the crowd cried with pain,  
They begged the devil to stop the train;  
He laughed and shirked at their agony;  
My friends you have done your work,  
The devils pay day never will shirk;  
You have bullied the weak, robbed the poor,  
The hungry brethren drove from your door,  
You have paid full fare and I'll carry you through,  
It is no more than right you get your due;  
For every labourer is worth his hire;  
So I'll land you safe on the lake of fire,  
Where my imps will torment you forever.  
Tom awoke with a loud cry,  
His head was wet and his hair stood high,  
He prayed as he never prayed before;  
To be saved from the devil, and his hell bound shore,  
And his crying and praying was not in vain,  
For never again did he ride on a hell bound train.

# ALONG THE RUNWAYS

Your reporter met dear old Sgt. Sludge and what a sorry looking sight he was. Seems as though he had been fishing and what a time he had. He went along with a very high official and the party was a huge success. I tried my best to find out how the fishing was but Sludge just wouldn't talk — all he reported was—the fishing was excellent.

Well after finding out all his troubles for the past month, I tried my best to find out some information. This month has been pretty hard on the old fellow, his uniform is worn and baggy; his hair is long; the soles of his boots, ankle are about ready to be "written off" and all in all he represents a picture of forlorn and distress.

Lately, he has been getting a little dual in his Wapiti which he stakes down in the rink. He refused to produce his log book for my examination but I am sure he has just about 100 hours or so. But to get down to my business of reporting, here is what Sludge reports:

**Part I—Officers.** Sgt. Sludge reports that wedding bells will soon be ringing out for Pilot Officer Slater. Lately poor old Jack has been seen pretty busy helping the little lady get her trousseau and other things together for the big day in September. Well Jack, we'll all be there, we all wish you lots of luck and happiness and the best in life.

Sgt. Sludge was a guest of honor at Hamilton House at the Point when Pilot Officer Hamilton, Tribble and Company had open house. A large number of guests were present; a full course dinner was served in the spacious dining room and afterwards — Pet washed the dishes himself.

Sgt. Sludge spent the best part of a week helping Pilot Officers Hickey and Mitton balance up their log books. Guess they must think it is like a game of hole in one golf and whenever a chance comes along they can add a few numbers on and no one will ever know the difference.

**Part II—Airmen.** Orchids, roses and an abundance of sweet peas were showered together with carrot tops to WO1 (Mr. Bourne) on his recent appointment. Things in M. T. will sure perk up now, despite the fact that LAC Parkhill is still away. Anyway Frank, we all are glad and extend our vesy best.

Sgt. Sludge witnessed Flt. Sgt. Massey in town the other day with his dear old friend Sgt. Taschereau. Seems they have a friend out in Royal Glen, New Brunswick, and they were going out to spend the day with him.

Could it be that they are really going to take out a lease for that little house out at the Point for the summer. It would be nice for you Ronnie—you could get your little green play suit out and dig holes in the sand.

Sgt. Sludge reports that a certain W.O.11 in H.Q. is pretty scared of a certain Pilot Officer in Navigation Flight. It happened the other day, and Sludge saw them conversing on a point together and knew that someone was in for the devil—so you can't guess what happened. That certain W.O.11 hid behind a door and let the P/O pass by on the other side. Don't be too hard on him Mr. Winchester—I really know he did try to find it and in fact he made a tour of the Station himself.

Sgt. Sludge reports that Sgt. Archibold gets the thrill of a life time when he tells the story about his American Master Sgt. friend—who during the last Mess Party—gave a splendid drill demonstration of what is required of one when "Gas" is coming over. Quote "When you call for gas"—the commissioned officers and all other people rest until the gas has passed over. Could it be that he will marry little Nell

Sgt. Sludge submits this as the problem for the week. A man had a dollar and he bought a drum for 50c; later he bought two sticks for 10c each. It being a very hot day he bought a bottle of pop which he paid 25c for. Having only 5c left and in a hurry to get home before 1800 hours, he boarded a street car. When the conductor looked at him, he immediately kicked him off. WHY ? ? ?

Should you get stuck ask W.O.11 Charlebois — our admirable prodigy who is sure to know the answer having sat up five nights with a friend and worked the problem out.

Sgt. Sludge reports that W.O.11 Barber is going to buy the old whale out at the Point. Sludge saw him out there last week with a

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tape measure, getting all the dimensions. Could it be that he is needing oil for his bicycle or is it just part of his ambition in the salvage campaign.

And last but not least, we all send our best regards to Flight Sgt. Don Woods and the new bride. As a fitting closing to this column, we all send our best regards to you and hope your lot is one of happiness and success.

—A MAINTENANCE MAN.

### ONE BREAKS EASILY

The following article entitled "One Breaks Easily" was received by this editor from an anonymous writer and it was thought that it would not hurt any of us to absorb the morale of this tale:—

"Running Hawk was wise—His assembled tribesman watched him pluck a blade of long prairie grass—watched him break it—"One breaks easily" said Running Hawk. Then he gathered many blades and twisted them together, his fellows could not break that rope—"Thus—my tribesmen we must stay united—must work together," said Running Hawk.

But of course Running Hawk had no message for us—or did he? Everyone is doing their job today—but is that what Running Hawk actually meant?

Has everyone of us taken time to think over every angle of our job. Sure we're doing what we're supposed to do but is that enough, are we ready to help someone else get their job done, not for the sake of just helping as a more or less personal favour but in getting that extra feeling of satisfaction that comes from knowing that you helped put the thing over.

There are two very distinct schools of thought among those who do no more than is necessary toward those who don't count their effort or time, one is quite satisfied to "Let George do It" and the other while not satisfied does nothing more than say, "Who does he think he is—trying to run everything".

Now we all have moments when we at least think that but why don't we do something about it. Have you a better idea?

The business of being united in a common effort is not enough—that extra punch has got to be added, it doesn't matter what you're doing, it may be study, flying, maintenance, stores, recreation or whatever your particular job may be, don't let it there. The expression "It's not my pigeon", just doesn't belong to an all out war effort.

Let's all think it over and try and cooperate as much as we can with every activity that will make No. 8 S.F.T.S. the most efficient station in Canada.

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## The Air Force Quizz

Some six weeks ago, Flight Lieutenant Higgins and our admirable "Y" supervisor, George Douglas got together and cooked up a brilliant plan for setting off some firecrackers of friendly rivalry among the assorted Air Force stations situated in and around Moncton. Flight Lieutenant Higgins believed that he could assemble a team of mental prodigies which would sweep all opposition in front of it. Accordingly, the two of them went to work to persuade the other stations that a bit of mental stimulation in the form of a quizz tournament would be highly diverting to the spectators, and no more nerve-wracking to the contestants than a soft-ball game.

The first contest was between No. 2 Y and No. 5 Equipment Depots. Both teams put on a good struggle, but the boys from 2 Y justified the faith of their mentor and won out. In the other preliminaries, No. 15 Recruiting was able to overcome our boys from No. 8 after a valiant fight, and our girls retrieved the station's reputation for erudition over No. 2 Y, thus eliminating the formidable "Quizz Kids". In this contest, we were ably captained by Miss Dunbar, our A.S.O., and represented by Dingle, our brilliant Ruth-of-all-trades, Olsen, M.A., and Johnson, L. — (not the renowned comedy team.) Unhappily, Laura became indisposed as a result of a strong dose of the sun the next week-end (no doubt the result of a laudable desire to acquire an additional supply of vitality for the next ordeal), but fortunately for our team we have a plentiful supply of talent among the W.D.'s, and we were able to persuade Laura MacKay (pronounced as "I") to take her place. With this brilliant company we set out with apparent confidence, but inner fear and trembling to cross swords with the boys from No. 31 Personnel Depot, R.A.F. By hard work and great good luck, we were able to come out ahead by a very short nose, much to the elation of the loyal rooters from No. 8.

The contest is now over, and we were not crowned with laurels—nor \$5 bills—but with 50 Sweet Caps, thankfully received, of course. Three wasn't our lucky number, for though we struggled hard, Fate and the brilliance of the boys from No. 15 were against us, and we lost out by a narrow margin. By the time you read this, the Quizz will be nearly forgotten by all except the five of us who took part in it, but we would like this to be taken as a gentle reminder of a good game well-played.

—M. A.O.

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## The Canadian Anson

Hats Off to the Editorial Staff and reporters on a very fine start by editing "Take-Off". The material used was original and interesting but to my mind it contained too much Station gossip. With the number of qualified tradesmen on our station, a few articles concerning various trades should have appeared. For a take-off in this respect I contribute a few notes on the "Canadian Anson Aircraft".

The Canadian Anson is used for advanced training and navigation, it is an "All-Canadian" product with the exception of the engines. Parts are made by various companies—e.g. the exhaust ring and undercarriage is manufactured by the Cockshutt Plow Co., the wings and tail plane by the Massey-Harris Co. The engines are manufactured by the Jacobs Aircraft Engine Co., of Pottstown, Penn., U.S.A., specifications of this engine are as follows:—

Model—L-6MB.  
Type—7 cyl., direct drive, aircooled radial.  
Rated H.P.—300 H.P. at 2100 R.P.M. at 26" Man. pressure.  
Take-Off Rating (one minute) 330 R.P.M. at 2200 R.P.M. at full throttle.  
Normal Cruising Power—210 H.P.  
Bore—5½"—139.7 MM.  
Stroke—5½"—139.7 MM.  
Displacement—914 cu. in.  
Compression ratio—6:1.  
Ignition—1 Scintilla Magneto — Model MN7-DF5; 1 Scintilla Distributor (Batt and coil.)  
Spark Plugs—Bendix 9BS2; B.G.—4B2 or B.G.—4B2S; Champion—M3-1 and M3-1S.  
Spark Plug Gap—.015".  
Magneto Breaker Point Gap—.012".  
Battery Ignition Distributor Breaker Point Gap—.016".  
Timing at full advance—30° B.T.C.  
Generator—Eclipse 15 or 25 ampere.  
Carburetor—Stromberg NA-R7A, 2¼" venturi.  
Fuel required—80 octane minimum.  
Valve timing (Average lot running clearance: Intake .035"—Exhaust .040").  
Intake opens—18° B.T.C.  
Intake closes—60° A.B.C.  
Exhaust opens—60° B.B.C.  
Exhaust closes—16° A.T.C.  
Valve tappet clearance (Intake cold) .008"  
Valve tappet clearance (Exhaust cold) .008"  
Master Rod location—No. 1 cylinder.  
Length from end of propeller shaft to end of starter—40".  
Overall diameter—45 5/8".

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Crankshaft rotation (from front of engine) counter clockwise.

Crankshaft spline—S.A.E. No. 20.

Diameter Mounting Bolt circle—16½".

No. of mounting bolts—8.

Size of mounting bolts—3/8".

Dry weight, including some accessories—570 lbs.

Starter—Eclipse type 397 electric starter.

Fuel pump—Pesco—Model R-400, B.L.Y. or Model M-400A.

Vacuum Pump—Pesco—type—B-2A.

Hydraulic Pump—Pesco—Model—32OF.

This information is taken from a Jacobs Engine Handbook and as this engine is being used most extensively throughout the R.C.A. F. it is hoped that this article will be of value to the Aero-Engine Personnel.

—CPL. PICKERING, M. H.

**Editor's Comment:**—Come on all you would-be technicians, let this article be an inspiration to write more and more of these informative epistles.

## Quips From Equips

Do you need a new uniform? You must need something and Unit clothing stores would be happy to supply all your requirements. All you need to have is a memo from the C.O., another from your flight or section commander and another from your senior N.C.O. When you have obtained these, please obtain a certificate from the M.O. then get the Padre and/or your flight or section commander to phone for an appointment. (If you have any influential friends, get them to phone us too. Our staff spends half their time on the phone anyway.) When this completed call the M.T., load the lot on a tender, and come right over. With these few simple requirements, your every need will be filled by our prompt and courteous staff. Don't forget to get a 48 and bring your rations. You might be in line some little time.

Don't you believe it:—There was once an airman who thought his uniforms were good enough for months yet, and an airwoman who never needed new stockings, and a sergeant who thought his boots were good enough to be repaired and didn't want new ones.

CONGRATULATIONS: to A.C. Conway (Gas Station) just married. Congrats, George, to you and the bride, and although gas is rationed, we hope love isn't.

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# - - MESSY MENU - -

## BREAKFAST—MESS

### Crème à la Officers

This column purports to be a collection of fact and fable from the Officers' Mess and by a strange process of elimination in which the loser received the appointment, yours truly has been entrusted with the trials and tribulation of acquainting all and sundry with the strange goings-on of your assorted O.C.'s and instructors when separated from their duty.

Probably the first sight meeting the eye of a visitor to the mess would be an exhibition of a strange and wonderful game referred to in the vernacular of this Sanctum as "Double Triples". This is said by those who indulge, take a game to end all games and to populate the Sick Quarters with a gibbering collection of nerve shattered maniacs who mutter vaguely of hopper-pickers, quintuplets and being caught with a million. It is normally played by four people one of whom distributes small pieces of pasteboard to the other three, and then sits back to read a copy of some magazine which is too old for someone else to pinch and take over to their room. The other three feverishly calling down imprecations on the head of the disinterested member of the game and invoking the help of Allah who appears to have little or no mercy for his flock. All of the aforementioned pieces of cardboard having been picked up and sorted out by the rightful owners, they are swapped back and forth by the three active members of the board till one, tiring of the whole affair, splits the table in manner intended to thoroughly startle and confound the opposition amid wounded cries from the others. The pieces of cardboard are then laid on the table much after the manner of dominoes, the fourth player lays down his magazine, feverish markings are made on an old bit of paper and it is someone else's turn to read. This procedure is repeated for a number of times till all are completely disgusted and the most forlorn looking member of the party starts for a book in which to inscribe the standing for the morning papers. It might be mentioned that there are various little sidelights to the game such as a collection of authorities who charge absolutely nothing for looking at everyone's collection

of pasteboard and then volunteering the information that the participants have not done what they should have. And so it goes.

On Saturday, July 4, the Mess held a very successful dance at which the Air Cadet Officers in training were guests. The success of the party was due, in no small part to the efforts of the Committee (F/L Coles and F/O Wood) with the co-operation of F/O Wilson the Messing Officer. Orchids and plenty of them go to the staff in the kitchen, dining room and bar for the real part they played.

## LUNCH

### Sergeants de la Joint

From the bar of the Sergeants Mess come: Congratulations to WO1 Bourne on his recent promotion.—(M. T. Section.)

Congratulations to F/S Williams on HIS recent promotion.—(Servicing Flight.)

A welcome to No. 2 Servicing Party, Sgt. Hoosan. We hope he will be here a little while.

Roses for Rose. The little lady has been posted to Toronto and promoted to the rank of A.S.O. Rah! for "Goody".

The Welcome Mat was spread out for Vera, now a member of the Sergeants Mess.

We have a couple of Airwomen attached to the Sergeants Mess who can handle the Gloves to perfection and one of them is supposed to be a Ball player and a Pitcher? And you should have seen one of them take on one of the Service Police last evening in the Drill Hall—a real treat.

Who is the **Senior NCO** who eats all the pie and dessert you can serve him. He must have a sweet toothie. I would suggest it is bad for the stomach.

Sorry to lose Cpl. Brennan off the Ball Team now as it is getting close to the finals, and S/L Campbell thought he would be better at home along with his dear wife to act as Nurse in a little town named Thornbury, Nova Scotia. Good luck, Pop.

## SUPPER

### Baloney à la Airmen

When recently reading a book on the War of 1914-1918, your reporter made the remark-

able discovery that cooks won more awards of merit for devotion to duty and for bravery under fire than any other trade.

Yet it is not so remarkable, considering the condition under which the last war was fought with men in front line trenches and in No Man's Land, having to be fed.

It needs no stretch of imagination to visualize the enormous tasks the cooks had to undertake. That the cooks have carried this high standard of service into the present conflict has already been shown.

The story of Dunkirk will tell of a Corporal cook who stayed on the beaches feeding the last few men coming out, then picked up a discarded machine gun and gave the Huns all the ammunition left good and hot. He got the V.C.

The smoke had not settled over Pearl Harbour before a humble mess steward rose to the heights with his steadfast devotion to duty standing by his post on one of the United States Destroyers until it sank below the Pacific.

Wherever battles are fought, or new frontiers to cross in the march of civilization, below the seas and overhead in the stratosphere the cooks will be there in the advance party.

And the airmen's mess wants to know:

If F/Sgt. Massey can wear shorts, why

they cannot wear ankle socks?

When Corporals Cleaves and Hebert are going to Wet 'em . . . ?

The name of the Airwoman who, when the Orderly Officer asked "Any complaints?" replied, "Yes, Sir, no flowers on the table."

#### NEWS AND VIEWS

We are sorry to hear Sgt. Major Barber has been posted to Goose Bay. Good Luck, Sir, but as you say, "that's the place where men are men and women are glad of it".

A number of the Equipment girls have been the week-end guests of FLT/LT. and Mrs. Mackle at their summer home at Cape Brule and wish to thank them for their hospitality.

We welcome a new "glorified G. D." to our section—AW1 Hunter from Truro, Nova Scotia. We hope you like it here.

LAW Bain has given up the Equipment Trade and is at present taking the Administrative Course in Toronto.

The majority of Equips have been away on leave within the last 2 months and all report a grand holiday but glad to be back at work.

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# Wrongs and Rights from the Flights

## NO. 1 SERVICING FLIGHT:—

Congratulations to Flight Sergeant William on his recent promotion.

It doesn't take an Indian Scout to track Cpl. (Speedy) Spencer when he is in his bare feet — We miss LAC Branscombe and Brown and others who have been posted elsewhere — There is no truth in the rumour that Sgt. Mercer claims four hours in the air "in elevators" — We have a good crew of P. or O's. who should make good pilots or whatever else they qualify for, at any rate they know what a Harvard looks like, they have gone all over them "with a rag", we still maintain, however, when they take their time off in the afternoons for organized sports, etc., we in the flights get the most exercise. — LAC Spier should have a good insight in the art of time keeping by now, it seems it all started the night the starter stuck on the tractor. — Is A.C. Fyfe awake right now — Congratulations to Cpl. Foy on his marriage, it looks as if LAC White has the same intentions "He has the permission" — We read in a recent issue of the Sunday Mirror that a pilot fell one thousand feet and was unhurt by the fall. It seems that the falling doesn't hurt it's the sudden stop that does the damage. — After being burdened with several troubles we see that Charlie Yick rides again.

## NO. 2 SERVICING FLIGHT:—

The question has often been asked and heavily debated "Why don't the Westerners like the east?" Is it because a lot of you chaps from the west have never seen trees before and do not appreciate their scenic beauty? In New Brunswick and Nova Scotia we have wonderful fishing, or course, maybe your fellows don't fish!! also the hunting, which is the best to be found and our bird shooting is second to none. When you fellows get a 48 hr. pass, instead of moping around camp and going down-town for a stroll, go around and see some of our wonderful country.

You fellows grouse about our fog we have down here, fog is very healthful, it contains iodine. The girls down here claim they don't have to watch their wastline, with our hills rolling like they do.

So here's to you Western Gentlemen, stick up for your West and we'll stick up for the East, and if we combine both, I guess we have a Country we can be mighty proud of.

### "A Maritimer"

The biggest moan we have is from the night crew, their cry is "Where is all the meal chits", nobody seems to know but AW1 Bourgeois claims that somebody must be hoarding (naughty naughty) — The mystery of the falling of Cpl. Baltzers stomach has been solved, his wife told a friend of her's the other day that she used the rolling pin on him, whereas he claims it's the long tramps through the woods on these arduous fishing trips — Which is it Corp?? — We in No. 2 Service Flt. regret the loss of Cpl. Snort, who was posted, we'll never get a tractor driver like him again, so here's wishing him the best of luck on his posting. — A murmur was heard the other day about some officer who called up Scoudouc and asked if the Stranraer had landed yet (Since when did the Stranraer have wheels) — Who is the F/Sgt. in "D" Flight who hasn't time to shave in the morning. He usually brings his electric razer along with him, they say he's just a little shaver. — We welcome to No. 2 Servicing Flight, Sgt. Hoosan, we hope you like it here Sgt. and stay awhile.

## NO. 3 SERVICING FLIGHT:—

SHAME, SHAME, SHAME, SHAME—no material received.  
EDITOR.



## *Musings from Barracks Stores*

---

A is for Allen the world's greatest flirt.  
B is for Bain who to drill is alert.  
C is for Charlebois our new WO2.  
D is for Delong the pet of the crew.  
E is for Emmerton quiet but bright.  
F is for Fergie the whole Camp's delight.  
G is for Greenough who makes a big noise.  
H is for Harte. She loves all the boys.  
I is for Irving who left us alone.  
J is for Jackson who just came from home.  
K is for Keays. But he's bid adieu.  
L is for Lena now you can guess who?  
M is for Moore in civvies a honey.  
N is for Nilson who makes lots of money.  
O is for Olsen. She's a little off beam.  
P is for Pearl, oh my, what a dream  
Q is for quiet. That's us in the stores.  
R is for Russell who should diet some more.  
S is for Sutherland and her Aussie Mate.  
T is for Trotter with books she's first rate.  
U is for Unusual that's Taylor for looks.  
V is for Velma and her CAP books.  
W is for Wilkinson who looks quite well fed.  
X is for KISSES, Mr. Blacklock said,  
Y is for yes, We never say No.  
Z and the end so I guess we will go.

---

## *The Rumor*

---

Absolute knowledge I have none,  
But my aunt's washerwoman's sister's son,  
Heard a policeman on his beat  
Say to a laborer on the street  
That he had a letter just last week  
Written in the finest Greek  
By a Chinese coolie in Timbuctoo,  
Who said the negroes in Cuba knew  
Of a colored man in a Texas town  
Who got it straight from a circus clown  
That a man in Klondike heard the news  
From a gang of South American Jews  
Of somebody in Borneo  
Who knew a man who claimed to know  
A swell society female fake  
Whose mother-in-law would undertake  
To prove that her husband's sister's niece,  
Had stated in a printed piece  
That she had a cousin who had a friend  
Who knew when the war was going to end!

## WINGS PARADE

On July 17th No. 8 S.F.T.S. graduated one of our finest courses, Course No. 52. The parade was held on the tarmac with the saluting base situated between No. 3 and 4 Hangars. Group Captain, W. W. Brown, presented the wings to the graduates and afterwards led the remainder of the parade with three rousing cheers for these gallant lads. No. 5 Equipment Depot's Bugle Band were out in full force and supplied a great deal of colour and zip to the parade, and I think everybody will agree that this was the most colorful Wings Parade No. 8 has seen to date. The graduating class led the March Past and G/C Brown took the salute.

The graduates are as follows:—Sergeants Armstrong, Beckett, Besley, Bowler, Brown, C. R., Brown, G. R., Buckwell, Carr, Chalot, Clarke, Cochrane, Coleman, Crews, Disbrow, Dunlap, Easson, Farnell, D. J., Farrell, T. D., Frederick, Gaunt, Grainger, Gullison, Harris, Hess, Hewson, Hicks, Hofer, Irwin, Jones, Kirwin, Milligan, McLeod, McMurray, McNeill, Nicoll, Nye, Pearson, Pogue, Porter, Prince, Smith, Swan, Temple, Thompson, R. B., Thompson, R. D., Truscott, Vincent, Walker, Wertz, Williams, Zelco and Gilbert.

Sgt. Jones, H. E. won the honour position by leading the class.

Our sympathy goes to our pal and former co-worker "Ted" Woodman who is undergoing treatment in the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal. Hope you get well soon "Ted" and all the gang misses you.

## COOK HOUSE CHATTER

The Royal Canadian Mounted Police motto "Get your man" evidently does not include airwomen. A few months ago a certain airwoman cook was seen frequently in the company of a handsome Mountie, but recently a tall, not-hard-to-look-at Security Guard has been on the end of the line.

AW1 Gill brought back with her the finest catch of speckled trout ever seen east of the Nipigon. We cannot think of any better way of spending a 48 hour pass than fishing for these beauties, so what say, Gill? Where is this hidden lake?

Speaking of fish, do the R.C.A.S.C. go out and get their own or do they wait for the "suckers" to give themselves up?

ORCHIDS TO—The Mothers of airwomen. Practically all of the fathers and brothers of airwomen on the airmen's mess staff, are serving their country in some branch of the armed forces, and those that have no men-folk figured their family's name just had to

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be in the roll-call.

Eddie Martin's orchestra, playing out at Point du Chene is drawing the crowds, but not from No. 8. Scoudouc and No. 31 Depot seem to have a corner on the "Summer Re-sorters".

## CAN ANYONE TELL US?

Who is the red-headed Senior N.C.O. who was called a "Jerk" by a Montreal Blonde...?

Who is the tall Frenchman who is always around looking for red tomatoes? Could it be that he is storing up extra vitamins?

What strange charm does F/Sgt. Miller possess to attract "Bucky" so much...?

Which one of the cooks fell off the bank at Point du Chene?

Is it true that one of our R.C.A.S.C. Sergeants has become so alarmed about his waist line that he now omits potatoes from his diet?

We would also like to know if a certain Senior N.C.O. was sleep-walking when seen walking about in his issue underwear...?

## BACK WITH VENGEANCE

"When I was a little child," the sergeant sweetly addressed his men at the end of an exhaustive hour of drill, "I had a set of wooden soldiers.

There was a poor boy in the neighborhood and after I had been to Sunday School one day, listening to a stirring talk on the duties of charity I was soft enough to give them to him. Then I wanted them back and cried, but mother said:

"Don't cry, Bobbie, some day you will get your wooden soldiers back."

"And believe me, you lop-sided, mutton-headed, goofus-brained set of certified rolling pins, that day has come!"

## SPECIAL MESSAGE FROM DUKE FORMAN

I wish to take this opportunity to thank all the personnel of No. 8 S.F.T.S. for their past patronage and to extend a hearty welcome to visit "Dukes" new and improved Grill which has been made possible through your kind patronage.

For an evening or "forty-eight" of real relaxation and enjoyment visit the Bore View Cabins where every detail has been carefully planned to suit you.

Sincerely and gratefully,  
(signed) DUKE FORMAN  
Duke's Taxi—Bore View Cabins—Dukes Grill

# SOCIETY NEWS

## VALLE—VANBRUGH WEDDING

The Y.M.C.A. Recreation Hall was the setting for a very charming wedding on June 19th, when immediately following the Wings Parade, Sgt. H. W. Vallee from Texas and AW1 Joyce Junice VanBrugh from Rainey River, Ontario, were united in marriage by Flight Lieutenant House. Trim and smart in her uniform, the bride was given away by our Commanding Officer, Group Captain W. W. Brown. It was the first true blue wedding to be solemnized on an R.C.A.F. Station, it created quite an interest. The Hall was attractively decorated with flowers and was overflowing with friends and Station Personnel.

A reception was held for the young bride and groom that same evening at Boreview Cabins at which Mrs. W. W. Brown, wife of our Commanding Officer attended.

The young couple then left on their honeymoon and are now residing in Saguenary, Quebec. Very best wishes and the best of luck to them both.

## WE NEVER KNOW

In spite of all existing rules,  
A hitch-hiker can still get a ride,  
And questions shot by the driver  
Get under the airman's hide.


The fact that you're in the service,  
May lend some weight to your talk,  
But some nit-wit might repeat it  
So hide your pride and don't squawk.

To "How many aircraft have you?"  
The answer is just "I don't know."  
"How many students are there?"  
And down the list he will go.

"There must be a lot of ground men?"  
"How are the 'gals' fitting in?"  
"How many hours does a student fly?"  
"Do they all drink rum or gin?"

Not all innocent questions, these.  
Depends where the answers go.  
Look dumb and give this wise reply:  
"Sorry sir, I don't know."

Your friend will grow unhappy  
And grunt: "This's far as I go;  
Think I'm a fifth column Nazi?"  
The answer is still "I don't know."



YOUR GUARANTEE  
OF PURITY  
AND  
QUALITY  
THIRTY YEARS



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OF  
MAILING

REGISTERED TRADE MARK  
WHITE LILY BRAND

## JE SERS

Connais-tu l'histoire de Jean l'Aveugle, roi de Leuxmbourg et de Boheme?

Veillard aveugle, il apprend que son allié et cousin Philippe de Valois va livrer bataille a Crecy.

Il part a son secours, entouré de 500 Chevaliers. Sur sa banniere, en lettres d'argent, brille sa devise: JE SERS.

Un messenger uli annonce la defaite de son allié. La fleur de la noblesse francaise jonche le sol.

"C'est la deroute!" crie-t-on au vieillard-aveugle.—"L'heure d'etre fidele," repond-il.

Et il court au secours de la defaite. Deux chevaliers le prennent entre eux, attachant son cheval aux leurs. Tous les autres s'attachent ainsi, afin que personne ne perde son chef, ne rentre sans les autres. L'aveugle dirige sa banniere contre l'ennemi et, frappe de dix blessures, tombe enveloppe de l'endard en disant: "Je sers".

Lelendemain, le Prince Edouard trouve le heros etendu av milieu de ses chevaliers; il le pleura, lui fit des obseques royales, et voulut que son fils heritat des armes et de la devise de Jean l'Aveugle: "Je sers", devise qui continue a figurer au blason du Prince de Galles.

## LE VOLEUR D'AUTO

Un agent arrete un individu qui est accuse d'avoir vole un voiture.

Quelle voiture? lui demande-t-il.

Un Ford.

Ou est-elle?

Et comme l'accuse s'obstine au silence,

Fouillez-le!

—MARCEL.

## MODESTE AMBITION

Les negres de Harlem tiennent a eclaireir leur teint et a ne plus etre des noirs cent pour cent. Un predicatuer ayant converti une jeune negresse a la eau sombre et s'appretant a la baptiser, lui dit d'un ton encourageant!

Ayez confiance, ma soeur! Un peu de cette eau baptismale et vous serez plus blanche que la neige!

Je n'en demande pas tant au Seigneur, murmura la neophyte! tout ce je souhaite, c'est d'etre cafe au lait!

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## LE DIMANCHE

Quand L'aurore renait avec sa robe blanche,  
La cloche dans les airs chante ce chant pieux.  
Sonnez, cloches du temple, annoncez le dimanche;

Sonnez pour le vieillard et pour l'enfant joyeux,

Que celui-la qui veut que sa maison prospere,  
Travaille et se prosterne au pied du saint autel.

Sonnez cloches du temple, annoncez la priere;  
Qu'importe le travail, sans la grace du ciel,  
Si les de son labeur, sur la terre il se penche.  
Voici le samedi qui revient l'egayer.

Sonnez cloches du temple. Au matin du dimanche,

Le Seigneur se souvient de L'honnete ourvier.  
—MARCEL.

## SPECIALISTE

"—Voila trois semaines que nous sommes LAC et nous n'avons mis personne en charge encore", se disaient trois copains.

Avis aus interesses:—Consultez un specialiste en cette matiere; par exemple le Cpl. Kook des G. D.

Le general Rommel ne devrait tout de meme pas s'imaginer, s'il envahit l'Egypte, qu'il ne recontrera que des momies.

## MENDICITE ABUSIVE

Vous n'auriez pas une vieille paire de chaussures a me donner, ma bonne dame?

Mais vous n'avez pas besoin de vieilles chaussures vous en avez deja!

Listen to

**C K C W**

1400 on your Dial

## *Their Glory Does Not Shine*

The lads of the air, they call us,  
They speak of our glorious fame;  
On the front page of every paper,  
They tell of some pilot's name.

Connected with some deed of valor  
Performed in a sky of blue,  
The usual Heinkel or Dornier,  
Which crashed to the earth in two.

But there's a chap who gets no medal,  
And you never hear his name;  
He does not soar through the bright blue sky,  
Or pose for the news by his plane.

His job is not romantic,  
He is not in the clear blue sky,  
But your heroes can't do without him,  
So now I will tell you why;

He's up so oft in the dead of night,

He's there when the twilight falls,  
Pulling his weight to keep up his kite  
Whatever else may befall.

So the next time he's there in the newsreel  
A plane and its smiling crew,  
Just think of the lad who kept it aloft,  
Though he's only an AC2.

So whenever you praise a pilot,  
When the enemy falls in a wreck,  
Just think of the lad you never will see  
Yours truly,

—A HUMBLE FLIGHT MECH.

### OVERHEARD AT WORKS & BUILDINGS:

An airman on returning to W. & B. after  
being absent for two hours, was met by his  
N.C.O.

N.C.O.: Where have you been?

Airman: I have been getting my hair cut.

N.C.O.: What, in Airforce time?

Airman: Why not? It grew in Airforce time.

N.C.O.: Not all of it.

Airman (triumphantly): I know, but I  
didn't have it all cut off!

—SGT. FERGUSON, W & B

*Open Again !*

## DUKES GRILL

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## **SALVAGE COMMITTEE**

The results achieved by the Salvage Committee at No. 8 have been excellent and most appreciative by the recipients of salvaged material at the Moncton Salvage Depot. Since its inception in June, 1942, the Committee which consists of Sqn. Ldr. G.A.D. Will and W.O.1 Campbell have received the undivided co-operation of all ranks at this Station. Through the medium of Daily Routine Orders and special parades in the Station Drill Hall, preliminary steps were made for the possibility of instilling the thought into all personnel of the importance of this matter. Through the kindness of Mr. Murray in Messrs. Creaghan & Sons departmental store in Moncton an excellent paper baler was obtained and donated to us for the duration. Instructions as to the description and methods of baling the correct materials were issued and with the excellent assistance of Works and Building staff, a section was allocated for the purpose of sorting and baling the salvageable materials. Daily collections were made for all waste paper, etc. in the barracks. Receptacles placed in the ablution rooms in the barracks for razor blades, toothpaste tubes, tin and lead foil and general instructions issued for the information of all ranks.

It is with great pleasure that the Salvage Committee reports the following shipments to the Moncton Salvage Committee for transport to the proper authorities. This record is from June 12th—July 24th, 1942.

7680 lbs. of waste paper properly baled.  
98 lbs. of Used Razor Blades.  
160 lbs. of Used Lead Tubes, etc.  
150 lbs. of Bottle Tops.

For the short space of time, the business of organizing and the time to get all hands interested in this important matter—this is an excellent showing. However, keep up the good work and your efforts will be published through the pages of "Take-Off".

## **THINGS WE'LL MISS ABOUT NO. 8**

Staying awake all night wondering whether we are going to be awakened gently and militarily by a bugle or rudely by "everybody up".

The internal turmoil of the problem "breakfast or shiny buttons"?

The thought of a nice hot shower before going to bed being dashed to the ground by a

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small sign "water turned off at 2200 hours".

Having a domestic evening to put things off to—knowing full well we'll be so busy with lectures and special parades that they won't get done.

Hearing "why anyone who lives in New Brunswick would want to go home on leave beats me".

That tingling feeling that comes over us when we march up on to the tarmac at Wings Parade.

Station Dances, and meeting people we have seen around a lot but have never had a chance to talk to before.

Thursday evening "At Homes" in the W. D. Recreational Centre—they're fun.

Aircraft coming and going and generally zooming.

Cokes and revels in the afternoon—are all offices as nice as that about refreshments.

The fact that this is probably the only Station in Canada where the W. D.'s ask themselves "what will I wear today?"

## **THINGS WE'LL MISS AROUND THE ORDERLY ROOM**

Are my clearances here?

Aren't D.R.O.'s ready yet?

Sgt. Goldwin—do you know anything about those men at the wicket?

Who is Duty Clerk?

Has the C. O. come in yet?

Tell the S.A.O. that 36-7 is charged out to Works and Bricks.

Anything interesting in the DAPS envelope today?

Who has the cokes?

From the girls going to Washington—"well, why can't we wear Canada badges"?

## **Last Minute Flash**

Gone, but not forgotten, is that grand girl on H.Q. Orderly Room Staff—LAW. Daigle. She has been posted to the Canadian Assignments Branch, Washington, D.C. She has the best wishes of all ranks for her continued success. We are wondering what a certain Scotchman will think about this when he hears it. Surely, she won't toss the whole thing up and come home and settle down. We advise you not to Daigle because this is one of those chances that only comes along once in a lifetime—so grab it, tackle it low, work hard and you never can tell—you may become an Under Officer.



## TECHNICAL STORES

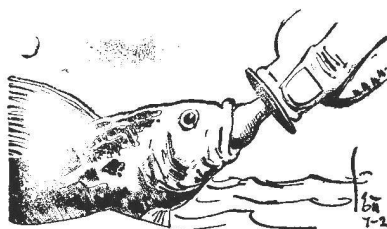
We stopped and looked and learned our fate  
We're in to stay and not too late  
For vouchers here are piled so high  
You surely couldn't pass 'em by.  
Vouchers issuing and converting  
Accounts and Stores most disconcerting  
Eternally issuing and receiving  
Annoying and a bit deceiving  
The registers behind the door  
Give all who ask a number for  
Exchange, conversion and return  
Internally—eternally with much concern.  
Demands were made a year ago  
To one of many "Tec" depot  
And still the item is due in  
Now where's the trouble to begin  
The Brain throb and the "hum" of service  
Where every voucher makes you nervous  
For all you know a starboard flap  
May mean the life of many a chap.  
When ring one comes along the line,

Connecting us with an Accountants whine  
We'll find it in a moment now  
Section and reference signed just how,  
If you have signed and issued out  
And did your best without a doubt  
It will return in weeks a few  
Then once again begin anew.  
This jumbled yarn helps to describe  
A part of what the stores imbibe  
Then should you miss to visit us  
You should be glad you're out the fuss.  
We're glad that you forgot to come  
For vouching stores is little fun  
A write-off charge—a strike-off charge  
The one idea that is at large.  
At large and well if one might say  
Procedure's change from day to day,  
A master mind, a wisdom wit  
Would in stores not e'en be fit.  
To vouch and check to balance books,  
Well why don't we all become cooks.  
It would be a sin to give up the ghost,  
So step right in and meet us folks.

—AW BAIN

## SCOTT'S SCRAP BOOK

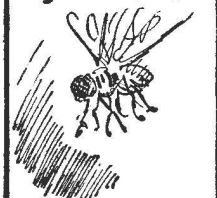
By R. J. SCOTT



L.S. SWAIN - GLADESVILLE,  
AUSTRALIA - TRAINED  
A GOLDFISH TO DRINK MILK  
FROM A BOTTLE



## SCRAPS



IS THE COMMON  
HOUSE FLY FULL SIZE  
WHEN IT HATCHES  
FROM THE PUPA?

YES



HUMAN BAIT  
IS USED BY  
THE NATIVE HUNTERS  
OF INDIA TO TRAP  
TIGERS

## *Saturday Night Reflections*

---

There was a very fine chap in our midst to-day,  
But he isn't here to-night.  
He has gone 'way up and far away,  
And to us it doesn't seem right.

He took off this morning on a cross-country hop,  
Through the low-hanging clouds and the gathering fog.  
He didn't dream that he'd make his last stop  
And never complete his log.

To-night he is leading a squadron on high,  
As he dreamed that he would while on earth;  
Unseen he is flying far up in the sky.  
He was destined to fly from his birth.

Not a laugh breaks the silence in barracks to-night,  
No talk: no one ventures to sing.  
All seems dark, for snuffed out is our brightest light,  
And stilled is the voice that did ring.

"Well, boys," I can still hear him say,  
"That's what we have now got to do;  
"So let's get it done"—it was ever his way.  
And he always would see the thing through.

None finer than he ever took to the air,  
To soar like a bird 'gainst the sky.  
Some day we shall meet him away up there,  
For a chap such as he cannot die.

Dedicated to LAC Charles Nash.  
by LAC "Rocky" Jones.  
13-6-42

---

SOCIALISM—If you have 2 cows, you give one to your neighbor.

COMMUNISM—If you have 2 cows, you give them to the government and the government gives you some milk.

FASCISM—If you have 2 cows, you keep the cows and give the milk to the government. Then the government sells you some milk.

NEW DEALISM—If you have 2 cows, you shoot one and milk the other, then pour the milk down the drain.

NAZISM—If you have 2 cows, the government shoots you and keeps the cows.

CAPITALISM—If you have 2 cows, you sell one and buy a bull.

—(Donated by O/C Section)