



PUBLISHED BY KIND PERMISSION OF THE
COMMANDING OFFICER. G.C. W.W. BROWN

A THOUGHT FOR THE WINGS PARADE

"Three thousand years ago a man thought that man might fly; and so he built himself wings, and Icarus his son, trusting them and trying to fly, fell into the sea. Undaunted, life carried on the dream. Thirty generations passed, and Leonardo da Vinci, spirit made flesh, scratched across his drawings, plans and calculations for a flying machine; and left in his notes a little phrase that once heard, rings like a bell in the memory - 'There shall be wings.' Leonardo failed and died; but life carried on the dream. Generations passed, and men said man would never fly, for it was not the will of God. And then man flew. Life is that which can hold a purpose for a thousand years and never yield. The individual dies, but life, tireless and undiscourageable, goes on, wondering, longing, planning, trying, mounting, attaining, longing!"

T A K E - O F F

1st. Edition

June 15, 1942.

Names of Staff: Editor-in-chief: W.O. II Campbell C.M.
Associate Editor: Sgt. Neville, J.H.
AW2 Dingle, R.M.
Consulting Editors: F/L House,
F/L H. Courtemanche
Business Manager: George Douglas, Y.M.C.A.
Sports Editor: Sgt. Goldwin, W.

Since the establishment of this School in December 1940, many members have been desirous of publishing a newspaper. I am sure that all of us are most gratified to see the first issue of the press and that we really appreciate the many hours spent by the editorial staff and the contributors in producing such an excellent first number.

It is hoped that the "Take-off" will provide entertainment for the members of the School as well as affording us an opportunity of sending home something that will give our friends and relatives an insight into the lighter part of our Service life.

If, from time to time, some remarks of a personal nature pass the editors, I believe that those mentioned will admit that somebody has to be the "goat" and that a good laugh at other's pranks or stupidity does help the comradeship of the Unit.

I do hope that all ranks of No. 8 will display their usual spirit of co-operation and energetically assist the staff to affect bigger and better "Take-Off's".

"Commanding Officer"

EDITORIALS

HOW IT CAME ABOUT

In organizing a school newspaper, one of the foremost and principal matters is the name which it is recognized by. Immediately the editorial staff was nominated, the wheels of thought were put in motion and all spare time and periods after duty were spent in thinking up names, juggling words, spelling words backwards and doing everything possible to bring out something for an idea.

Names such as "EIGHT BALL", "ALL RANKS", "CONFIDENTIAL-
LY CIRCUIT", "TAILSPIN", and countless others were arrived at and thought of. With this matter foremost in our minds, and after many cases of elimination the name of "TAKE-OFF" was arrived at and stuck in the minds of the editorial staff as the most suitable. So with the Commanding Officer's final approval "TAKE-OFF" became the organ of speech for No. 8 S.F.T.S,

It is hoped that all ranks will aid and assist the editors and reporters or submit themselves, information or articles for an inclusion in the monthly "TAKE-OFF".

All laud and honor is due to Sergeant J. Neville (our hero), who through a labyrinth and maze of letters, syllables and phonetics, finally achieved the excellent name "TAKE-OFF" for the newspaper.

—oOo—

SEVENTEEN AND TWENTY-SEVEN

The numbers 17 and 27 have a deep significance in the career of Sgt. McMasters, a veteran of the World War I and now a member of the Service Police at No. 8. In the last war, Sgt. McMasters' regimental number was 663480. His regimental number in the Air Force at the present time is 63372. Each of these numbers when their digits are added together total 27. He was wounded in October 27, 1917. Only the other day, Sgt. McMasters bought a lottery ticket. The ticket number is 84096, total 27. The closing date for the lottery is July 17th, 1942.

EDITOR'S COMMENT: There's another 27th coming, boys!

Those who love this country wish to understand its relationship to other nations. They realize that patriotism demands allegiance, and this they give. The true patriot, however, knows that intelligent examination of the policy of his country is to be preferred to blind devotion to it. The thoughtful patriot perceives that the present intimate contacts of nations means new obligations and problems which cannot be met with Time's blood-rusted key.

When considering world affairs, people are beginning to see that a nation does not live a glorified existence apart from other nations. It has long been an accepted fact that people cannot live to themselves, and it is just as true that nations cannot, though this fact has not been so generally accepted. Canada has never been a self-sufficient, nor an isolated country in any real sense, except before the coming of Jacques Cartier. Even from the very beginning, our country took sustenance from the Mother Country while gaining people in the New World.

Supposedly intelligent people, however, are often heard to say that Canada should take care of its own troubles and not bother about other countries, providing our Empire was not concerned. They boast that we could build a fence about our country and live independent of the remainder of the world. This is absurd, and sounds like the China of old.

Canada must depend upon other nations for a number of specific and essential materials that are necessary in carrying on a war. For family supplies, domestic and home needs, we look to other nations for numerous goods. We cannot eat a meal, read a paper, talk over the telephone, listen to our radio, or even wash our hands without using materials that have been garnered from the far corners of the earth.

By the whirr of engines through the very air we breathe, we are daily made conscious of how closely the nations are linked in space and time, as well as needs. It is, of course, well known that ideas in science, art, literature and philosophy soon become common to the civilized and cultivated peoples of all lands. Now in the days and hours of stress and strife, nations are in closer contact than neighborhoods were in the days of our grandparents.

Even in this day we see the need for "friendly" allegiance and intercourse with all nations. All nations and all peoples are finding that their welfare is interwoven, this, however, leads us to our impressions of peace. The war system is an institution imbedded within the custom of nations. It cannot be easily dislodged, but this is no reason for the intelligence of man to submit and say that.

4.

since there always has been war, then always there will be. Other deep-rooted traditions have been uprooted after centuries of practice. A few of these practices being: cannibalism, slavery, human sacrifice for religious rites and piracy. Human nature does and always will change.

A man challenging another in this age to defend his honour by taking part in a duel would seem absurd and the act inexcusable to most of us; yet is it not a nation's act in resorting to war supposedly to defend its honour and in consequence, slaughtering millions, even more absurd? And if not for "honour", then it must be for gain, which is even worse, because materials are in that case deemed more weighty than human life in the scales of Justice.

Peace, however, will not come through wistful longing, denouncing of war, talk of its horrors or passing resolutions. When an individual wishes to check an undesirable habit, he must "about turn", or substitute a desirable habit for the one he wishes destroyed. If nations wish to do away with the institution or custom of war, they must "turn about" from it and supply its substitute.

There is a general agreement that peace is desirable but some doubt its coming, and its advocates are greatly divided concerning methods by which to establish it. There are a few individuals in this world who believe in a super state or world federation of peace, but as much as this would be appreciated, it is recognized that the pride of race and the conflict of interests make the ideal of a world state of peace impossible for the present.

Then, too, there are those who turn to the League of Nations as being a sure path to peace by arbitration, conference and provisions to enforce peace. Many say the League is lacking power and others say that an organization that recognizes war as an institution and provides means of enforcing peace would in the last analysis only lead to war, rather than to peace.

Those who denounce authority and power to enforce peace do so by placing their trust between all nations so concerned. They advocate its horrors of war and the multiples of sin that lie in its path. They are pure pacifists.

By what means may we conclude these varied conflicts of opinion and problems of nations involving peace and war? This says that nations are interdependent and that co-operation must replace conflict. The road ahead is not clear, but if we, as loyal Canadians and members of the British Commonwealth of Nations, will remain alert and true, the varied proposals and aims may and will lead us to a common endeavour.

in upholding the true maxims and ideals of democracy and humanity. Whether it comes through a league, a court, a pact, or by the final and complete obliteration of all Nazihood, the method does not matter.

- W.O. 2 Campbell, C.M.

THE NEW "Y" MAN

Within the past month or so, an increased crescendo in sports has taken place at No. 8 - sports which all have enjoyed to the fullest extent. These sports have been planned and managed by our Sports Committee with the assistance of our Y.M.C.A. Sports Director- Mr. George Douglas.

Mr. Douglas hails from London, Ont. and prior to the outbreak of war was a sales manager for a very reputable Canadian firm in Northern Ontario, principally around Kirkland Lake, Rouyn and other Ontario mining centres.

He is not a newcomer to Moncton, N.B., having been Sports Director for the Y.M.C.A. at No. 31 (P) Depot, R.A.F., where he did a grand job. But now we have him out here and it sure is a pleasure to welcome his presence through the medium of this paper to our School.

We have all noticed his exceptionally fine personality, his cheery manner and the enthusiasm with which he tackles his work. We admit he has a hard job - but in the short time he has been here - his efforts are really producing results. Softball, baseball, and last but not least roller skating are a few of the sports which he has put over in fine style.

So, Mr. Douglas - our hats are off to you - we shall back you in every way 100% - we are glad you're here and we hope you'll stay.

CAROL FOR OUR NOEL

This Editor wishes to draw to your attention the colorful career of our I.A.P.M., Flying Officer Noel Arnold. It all started in London, England, where on the 15th of December 1897 our little Noel was born. He was educated at "Laleham" Margate, England, and rumour has it, that he was an brilliant but mischievous scholar. In June, 1915 he attended an Officer's Training Course at "Inns of Court" London, England this was climaxed in July 1916 by his appointment to 2nd Lieutenant in 3/6th Devon Regiment.

In December 1916 he was sent into battle with the 2/6th Devons at Peshawar, North West Frontier, India and again with "The Buffs", in Mesopotamia (Now Iraq). After Armistice was signed he was sent on Special duty into Persia, on his return to Mesopotamia in 1920 he was appointed to the Civil Administration of that State and later placed in charge of a section of refugees at Baquabah. However, these menial tasks did not satisfy the lust for adventure in Noel, so he was sent into action in the Arab Rebellion of 1922. In the summer of 1922 he was a member of the Expedition into Kurdistan and on his return he was placed in charge of a shipment, of 3000 Armenian refugees, to the Port of Batoum on the shores of the Black Sea, he then returned to Mesopotamia to complete some duties after which he returned to England.

The civil life of this gentleman is even more varied than his life as a soldier. 1923 found him sheep ranching in Western Australia, during 1924-25-26 he was Asst. General Manager of a gold mine in Korea, China. In 1927 he returned to England via Canada. In 1927-28-29 he managed an estate in Kenya Colony, British East Africa returning again to England in 1929 to take a well deserved vacation. During this vacation he visited the United States and Canada, the latter, however, held his interest and he remained in this country and in 1932 he was made Manager and Secretary of "Fur Ranches Ltd." at Lindsay, Ont., he continued in this capacity until the outbreak of the present war. After the "call to the colors" was sounded in 1939 he made repeated attempts to enlist and was finally accepted and appointed to a commissioned rank with the R.C.A.F. in July, 1941.

We take our hats off to you Flying Officer Arnold and wish you every success in the future.

J.H.Neville, Sgt.

--- S P O R T S ---
BY SGT. W. GOLDWIN

With the advent of good weather, Sports at No. 8 S.F.T.S. are in full swing. Under the capable leadership of S/L Fraser, President of the Sports Committee; and George Douglas, Y.M.C.A. representative, a full sports program for the summer season has been planned and already put into effect.

Equipment has been provided for softball, volleyball and horseshoes for those who desire outdoor sports—roller skates are available in the Drill Hall for both Airmen and Airwomen. It is anticipated that two tennis courts will be built in the near future for all who wish to participate. An Inter-Station Softball League has been formed with teams from all the Sections on the Station including the Women's Division, and it can be seen that the competition will be very keen.

All personnel are strongly urged to take part in some sport—more interest promotes "Esprit de Corps". The members of the Station Sports Committee are only too willing to encourage any kind of sport, and are open to suggestion from both Officers and Airmen.

Several horseshoe pits have been made for all ranks. Wherever you travel on the Station the muscle benders are strutting their stuff trying to outpitch each other. Perhaps in a week or two when the players get limbered up a tournament will be sponsored to decide on a champion--how about it?

INTER-STATION SOFTBALL LEAGUE

The Inter-Station Softball League has now been underway since June 1st. To date several of the teams have not yet played, but the scores indicate that it will be a very close race. "G", "D" and "C" Flights, Servicing Squadron No. 1 Hangar, Equipment, Works & Buildings, and the Mess W.D. have each won one game. All games have been very close and the brand of ball played has been well worth watching. Maintenance teams appear to have the edge with several of the Station Softball team on their rosters. In the Women's Division the team from the Mess outclassed the Administration team in their first start, however, both teams displayed lots of team spirit. Perhaps we will have an all-girl's team to challenge one in town.

STATION SOFTBALL TEAM

This year our Station softball team appears to be a very strong contender for the City title. From last year's team we have Thornton, pitcher de luxe, and that battle-scarred veteran, Pop Brennan, catcher. To this nucleus has been added Sherritt, Grecco, Rasminsky, Fleming, Steele, Hughes, Bogle, Schroeder, Price, Webb, Whiteman, Vossler, Raynham, not forgetting to mention "Bert" Poldolski of the W.D.'s from Moose Jaw, who pitched a good game in her first start. At the present time No. 8 Flyers are tied for first place, and if they keep up the pace set in their last two games will win a place in the finals. Outside of their disappointing first start, under the guiding hand of Sgt. MacMasters and the tutelage of F/L Mackie, they have combined good pitching and fielding with hitting power to win their last two games handily.

No. 8 Flyers vs. Volcanoes

The first game of the season on May 25th at Victoria Park School was played under rather ehilly climatic conditions resulted in a loss 16-10. Thornton and Brennan were absentees, but "Bert" Poldolski stepped into the breech and pitched a good enough game to win most contests. However, in the first couple of innings the infield failed to provide sufficient support and the Volcanoes built up a safe lead that was never overcome. Volcanoes are reckoned to be the "team to beat" and Melanson, their star pitcher, was master of the situation throughout. Poldolski whiffed 7 and the large crowd present enjoyed the performance.

C.N.R. vs No. 8 Flyers

The next game found the Flyers out for revenge. Thornton's pitching with Brennan catching were too strong for "Dada" Melanson and company, and the game went to the Flyers 9 to 2. The team itself showed improved all-round power both in the infield and outfield. Thornton pitched shut-out ball for seven innings and then retired to the outfield. Rasminsky took over the pitching chores and allowed two runs, one of them being chalked up to an overthrow at second base. Rasminsky and Thornton were the feature hitters, both hitting home runs. Rasminsky's homer scoring two runs ahead of him, Schroeder and Grecco played well in the infield, Sherritt covering first base in big league style. Steele in centre field was a tower of strength in the field and at bat. "Dada" Melanson, pitcher, was the best player for C.N.R.

There was no let-down in the third game of the schedule and the Flyers came out on top of a 9 to 2 score. The team generally displayed all-round strength providing airtight support for Thornton. Several substitutions were made in this game, proving that there are enough capable players to carry on in the event of transfers or injuries. F/Sgt. Kelly of the Recruiting Centre pitched for the opposition but was not quite good enough to keep our boys in check. The Flyers hitting was a feature of this game, runs coming when most needed. Steele, centre fielder, fulfilled every ball player's dream, hitting a home run with three on base in the first inning. Bogle played a good game in the outer garden taking care of everything in his territory.

COULD BE???????

An Airman knocked at the Pearly Gates
His face was scarred and old;
His time had come to ask
Admission to the "FOLD".

"What have you done," St. Peter asked,
"To gain admission here?"
"I've lived in the East," the Airman said,
"For nigh on to a year."

The Pearly Gates swung open wide
As St. Peter touched the bell:
"Come in," he said, "And choose your harp,
You've had your taste of hell."

---from "The Aircraftman"
T.T.S., St. Thomas, Ont.

WRONGS AND RIGHTS FROM THE FLIGHTS

No. 1 Servicing Squadron

Our heartiest congratulations to our Commanding Officer, Group Captain Brown on his recent promotion. We all realize that he has no small task and that under any circumstances he has done his utmost in the interests of all. His efforts have created vast improvements in every department of this station, until now we enjoy, as a Unit, a most enviable reputation.

Rumour has it that LAC Sherritt formerly of No. 1 Servicing Flight will soon answer the parson's quiz correctly and share the wealth with the little woman -- Best of luck, Hank. LAC McCarron won't mention his corn now, lest he give away weather secrets to enemy agents -- The same goes for AC Newton's rheumatism. We saw Corporal Ashworth Sunday, seemed to be some attraction around Ledger's Corner. Congratulations to Sgt. Kelly formerly of this Flight and Corporal MacDonald on their promotion. AC Hale is definitely not a good weather prophet, he must be going by the almanac. As a tractor driver LAC White should be in the tank corps. Did Klippert ever pull a fast one on Cardoso on a Sunday night recently. We overheard someone saying the other day that things were getting so scarce that the ration cards would soon be rationed.

NO. 2 Servicing Squadron

Congratulations to the school newspaper, may it soon publish headlines of the hanging of the great paper hanger -- the shooting of the fat jackall -- and the setting of the rising sun, may the Allies with God's Grace and help of No. 8 defeat these three imbeciles so we may return to our normal life.

.....

We in #2 Servicing Flight would like to convey our appreciation to F/Sgt. Niller, at the way he is making No. 8 S.F.T.S. look like a little bit of Old Ireland.

BITS OF THIS AND THAT

- 1 Q. What is a wing flap? Q. What is aeronautical amnesia?
A. An aileron on relief. A. Instrument flying.

- Q. Describe a successful landing.
A. Any landing you can walk away from.

- Q. What is the last word in parachutes?
A. Jump.

Congratulations to F/Sgt. Wood on his marriage to Miss Eddy of Moncton, June 13th. Should somebody tell him, at this crucial moment, that he is in for a life sentence with nothing taken off for good behaviour?

.....
A.C. Bastarache has received his first 48 hr. pass in four months, he was so over-joyed he kissed the pass, took the pledge, then wondered why he should go out.

.....
1 & 3 Servicing Flights have hurt the feelings of #2 by calling us F/Sgt. Wood and his forty thieves. Gentlemen we are not thieves. Someone is spilling red paint.
.....0000.....

Does Cpl. Snort feel the effect of the rubber shortage? Cheer up Cpl. we'll soon got a new tire for the tractor.

The sudden falling of Cpl. Baltzers stomach makes us wonder if the girdle shortage isn't a lot of hooley - How about it Cpl???

Who was the runner from the Control Tower that recently asked at No. 2 Serv. Flt. for a bottle of Potassium Permanganate (an Antiseptic for mouth pieces) so that S/L Fraser might clean his teeth with it???

Heres to Sue Wilson, who in some mysterious way was black-mailed into buying a dollars' worth of nut bars for the boys. May be someday you'll tell us what happened???

Cpl. Smith, H.S. the wonder boy (and I do mean wonder) will challenge any man living or dead (only the dead need apply) to defeat him in a game of horse shoes - or do you Play Cpl.????

No. 3 HANGAR

This rambling man Cpl. Foy is at last settling down to his pipe and slippers in the evenings and somebody to darn his socks or is this another Air Force rumor?

Den Cupid is working over time in No. 8 S.F.T.S. recently by the report we have from the marriage licence beam. May we extend our most sincere congratulations to all those concerned.

Sports Notes from No. 3 Hangar

Now we have a representative from our hangar on the sports committee, our hangar should start to show a little promise.

A good idea would be for more of us in practice with the ball game instead of the bottle. Not only would you be doing yourselves good, but you would be starting to hit a few more home runs for yourselves and the Service. So when we get the desire to have a quick one remember the ball diamond.

Oh! Yes, when your paper representative comes around, don't be bashful, step up and let a sour light in on a few of the things the rest of the world should know or would like to know.

From G---ood Flight

From personal observation I have about come to the conclusion that the new "G" Flight is about to win distinction as the love flight of this Squadron.

I/O Drum says he believes that his love affairs are about to be brought to a close. Whether successful or not, he does not elucidate. At the same time P/O Hamilton works overtime trying to get on the last shift of night flying. I take it from the 'phone calls from Halifax and closer places, he has lots of homework to take care of. Mr. Hamilton says he can be quoted as saying that he is now giving dual on type. Could the type be blonde, brunette or auburn, maybe even?????????????

One question please, "Why does Mr. Hamilton seem particularly anxious to spend the summer at Pt. Du Chene?"

Is it true what they say about F/O Tribble intending to go off the deep end while on leave this summer?

To whom do you write for information concerning this correspondence course in love making? Ernie seems to be doing all right. What a wallop his letters must pack.

We of "G" Flight are glad to welcome to our midst a new arrival by the name of P/O 'Lou Costello' (Orderly Officer) Cuthbertson. When asked how he liked the station, "Cuppie" replied that the station was lovely, but due to business (oh, oh) he has been unable to case the city for possibilities.

HI GANG:-

13.

Indoor RED calling landslide.
Indoor RED Calling landslide.

To all you guys and gals that are in the dark concerning inter-aircraft and aircraft to ground radio, Indoor Red is "A" Flight and Landslide is your lil ole home on the hill, - No.8 S.F. T.S.

So "A" Flight is calling. Are you receiving us? Australians, Canadians and Americans make up the roster of Course 56 of which "A" Flight has half.

Some of our American laddies are from Brooklyn the home of the Famous (?) Dodgers, and we have been assured that Mickey (da Mick) Owens "won't drop de ball dis year." We are pleased to hear this 'cause Durocher "de man wit de lip" wasn't happy after the Pennant Show was over last year. So "A" Flight says "More power to you Dodgers."

Now to tell you a little something about our "Aussies." The Down-under Gang...Talk about sense of humour, this Gang sure has it. A real job of hazing was done on we Canadians. Some of the Australian boys started the story when they arrived at Lachine, that one of the lads had brought a baby kangaroo with him and it had escaped and jumped over the train just outside of Montreal and made off. The Montreal Star and Gazette both ran articles on this and it was broadcasted over Montreal radio also. A report came in from 400 miles away that the animal was seen on a farm but when approached jumped a fence and made good its further escape. Reporters from Montreal came then to Lachine to learn more of the "Mythical Mascot." They asked if it could travel 400 miles in one day. They were told that when mad the animal could clock 60 miles per hour. (He must have been burning up...)

Our hats off to the Montreal Papers, such a display of Inter-Dominion interest. We have been assured by the "Aussies" that it was all done with mirrors.

Our Canadians need no comment. We all look to them to hold up our end in the face of such odds.

"A" Flight wants to know:-

Does a fly do a slow roll or a loop when it lands on the ceiling? Comments invited.....

THE TRADE TEST BOARD INTERVIEWS AC2 SNOOKS.

Sgt. "What is ordinarily used as a conductor of electricity?"

AC2 Snooks. (All at sea) - "Why-er"---

Sgt. "Wire. Correct. Now tell us, my bright young man, what is the unit of electric power?"

AC2 Snooks. (confused) "The What, sir?"

Sgt. "Exactly, the watt. Very good, that will do."

14.

- HEADQUARTERS RAMBLINGS-

THE TRIPLE M.T.

The personnel of the section regret the posting of the four musketeers IAC (Slingshot) Forsythe, IAC (Jullie) Chalmers, AC2 Lewis (the spud Island Kid) & AC2 Stewart (Stewey to his friends). These lads, known to many on the Station, made most of their friends in the canteen (wet) as have many of the remaining M.T. boys. No doubt Forsythe, an expert with light artillery, namely the sling-shot, will be able to find a suitable target up there among the Injuns.

The Section also suffered a severe loss as a result of the posting of IAC Parkhill. We all extend our heartiest wishes to you Russ, and your Bride. Best of luck old timer.

We hear little whispers of Wedding Bells ringing in the near future for two of our drivers, Who??? Well that, my friends, is a military secret but the best of luck to you both and your future Bride & Groom.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

Who sampled that parcel of AW1 Little, was it eats?
Why do people arrive late asking what time the next run leaves for town, I wonder if they do this when catching the Ocean Ltd?
Why the hold up, at the coffee & tea urns at Massey's Grill?
What the weather is like up in Canada?
Whether those tractor parts we ordered a month ago went to China? When are we going to get our gasoline Storage tank?
Would F/Sgt. Miller know?

TID/BITS FROM THE HEADACHE QUARTERS

We are all pleased with the promotion of Cpl. Goodman to the rank of Sergeant. Congrats. are really in order Sgt.

We wish to extend our welcome to Cpl. Tewksbury and Ritcey. Cpl. Tewksbury hails from Calgary and Cpl. Ritcey from Riverport, N.S. Both Cpls. were school teachers in Civilian life.

TWO BITS FROM THE HEADACHE QUARTERS

The cry heard daily in the Orderly Room - "Where's MacKinnon?"

What Sgt. had to be given a transfusion after parting with a pint of blood, but barely?

What AW1 sings, "I may not know my left from right, but I do know right from wrong."

To be heard in Records: "I am not pudgy."

AW2 vs CPL

A certain AW2 in Hdqrs. was considered a Mump suspect and on reporting on Sick Parade was told by the corporal not to expect flowers, and added that he would send her some lemons. The witty AW2 replied, "Don't bother sending the lemons, Corporal, come yourself."

On May 21st four W.D.'s left No. 8 to take the Administration Course, two Stenos, AW1 Izsak and AW2 Whitehouse and two glorified G.D.'s, AW1 Trimble and AW2 Morris. We are sorry to lose these girls but know they will bring honours to No. 8. Good luck, girls.

FROM THE SAW-BONESBONES FROM THE BONE PILE

It is rumoured that one of our hospital staff who is about to embark on the sea of matrimony was discovered learning the art of potato peeling in the Officers' Mess. We often wonder why he was late getting back from dinner.

What's cooking? When our Casanova has to be coaxed to take the Blonde Bomber out to the show? We also note that he took two bodyguards with him, My, oh, My!!!

Who was that certain party that raided the frig. one night and borrowed our good N.S. lobster?

We wonder if the fact that our Sergeant Boudreau is away on leave has anything to do with the small number of patients in the hospital? P.S.--How quiet it is here these past few days.

----- One of Step and a Half's Men.

16.

FROM THE SAW-BONES

BLOOD DONATIONS

A recent request has been received from the Red Cross Society to endeavour to double our weekly donations of blood.

For those who have been recently posted to this station and others who may not be familiar with the work that has been done the following information may be of interest.

It was through the efforts of Squadron Leader Campbell and his staff that the clinic was established at No. 8 S. F. T.S. last February. The clinic, now known as the Squadron Leader Campbell Clinic, is held every Monday morning at the Station Hospital.

Allowing for postings and those found unsuitable a list of two hundred and forty names is required to ensure regular delivery of twelve donations per week to the Provincial Blood Processing Laboratories, University of New Brunswick, Fredericton, New Brunswick.

To date one hundred and seventy-two personnel have donated blood. Twelve have donated twice. AC1 C.L. Simons has donated three times and has received his badge from the Red Cross Society.

Many of the Women's Division have volunteered for this worthy cause but as yet they have not been called upon.

Twelve hours prior to donating blood the donors do not eat any foods containing sugar or fat as blood containing an excess of fat cannot be processed. Each man gives about three-quarters of a pint of blood every eight to ten weeks. After giving blood they are served coffee and toast and do not return to duty until after dinner.

The Red Cross Society has expressed its appreciation for the splendid co-operation given by the personnel of this station in donating their blood for the production of serum to be used in the treatment of Shook suffered by members of His Majesty's Forces. More volunteers means more blood for this worthy cause. Blood Donors are requested to leave their name at the Station Hospital.

-- Nursing Sister R.A. Wallace.

THE NO ACCOUNT'S SECTION

If you come down to the Pay Office at any time to get your pay, prior to proceeding on leave, you are certain to be there long enough to hear these famous sayings--honest folks it's the only thing they know. -- Editor.

F/L Lauor:	"Is this according to regulations?"
F/L Gilliland:	"I don't give a -----."
F/O Dobson:	"I know a few good ones in town."
AW1 Abbott:	"I don't know what's wrong with me."
AW1 Achurch:	"What is this F-42 business anyway?"
LAC Barnhill:	"Can I have a 48--polleeeese!!!!!!!!!!"
Cpl. Benning:	"I should have \$75.00 for my leave."
Cpl. Gates:	"There is something else I would like to know about this business of remustering."
LAC Gray:	"I am the Senior LAC in the Service."
AC Grinstad:	"Crime does not pay."
Cpl. Harrison:	"They don't pay me what I'm worth."
Cpl. Hind:	"I don't know why I have the most responsible job -- Gray."
AW1 Matthews, B.:	"Will you keep quiet--I want to be the radio announcer."
AW1 Matthews, LB:	"We all like a laugh--so what's the joke?"
LAC Montgomery:	"I have sworn off everything but baking soda."
Cpl. Nunn:	"Is it the ring or the beer that keeps me broke."
Sgt. Sewoll:	"I know what is wrong with me and it isn't my stomach."
AC Siddall:	"There must be a few Eskimo girls around Goose Bay."
AC Simons:	"Could I have Friday afternoon off too, Sir?"
AC Smith:	"Goose Bay--I'm coming."
F/Sgt. Trueman:	"I can't conscientiously recommend this pass, but I could for a FIVE."
AC Weaver:	"Aren't those Airwomen, the cutest things"
Cpl. Whelan:	"Another AW2 was added to the world last week. Hello Pop."
F/Sgt. Woodrow:	"I don't know what it is--but I think it is my stomach."

CO-OPERATION

With a lot of Witty Airmen
Writing poetry and prose
And the W.D.'s God Bless 'EM,
Proverbial Grindstones to the Nose,
With Directors and Editors,
And Reporters by the score,
All with their heads together,
Trying to let you know the score,
We present you with our Paper,
This is Issue Number One,
And we ask your co-operation
For our next a Better One.

(The Accounts Section)

FIRE SECTION

Things we would like to know:-

Why is the Fire Section growling about the new hangars that are being built? It couldn't be the work of installing and inspecting the fire equipment, could it?

When is the Fire Section moving to the new Fire Hall or is this just a joke?

There is an A.C. in the Fire Section that is pretty thick with a girl in town, do you suppose he'll ever pop the question or does he want the fellow that is running opposition to him to ask her?

Who is the red headed LAC in the Fire Section that hates the women so? Do you suppose he is pulling our leg or not? If not, why is he always asking the Corporal to let him check the fire equipment in No 20 barracks?

If you see the Fire Section smoking cigars in a short time you'll know that the stork arrived safely at the home of an LAC from Jacques River now attached to this station.

Rolling dice gathers no moss. It has been said and by the look of things the boys have taken this theory to heart.

On Monday evening the staff of the Officer's Mess gathered in their Canteen in honour of one of their members AWL Matze whose wedding to LAC Hendry will take place next Saturday. A sing-song was enjoyed by all and on behalf of those present Cpl. Clifford presented the guest of honour with a beautiful gift of linen. Refreshments were served and a toast proposed to the happy couple; which was ably responded to by AWL Matze and LAC Hendry.

The Staff Wants to Know:--

Is it true, that the reason F/S M. returned so suddenly from Quebec recently was because—Whilst being conducted on a sight-seeing tour around the City, by a lady acquaintance who had designs on changing his single status, if she could cure his drinking habits, she being a leading light in the Temperance Union, she subtly lead him through the Portals of Quebec's largest distillery, pointing out that it was late in the evening and people were still toiling, with sweat running from their brows, said, "You see Ronny (that is his given name, you know) all these men slaving away into the night to keep you sated with that Devil's Brew." The Flight looked around bewilderedly and replied "My Goodness, I'm going to cut my drinking in half. I don't mind a man doing a fair days work, but I'm hanged if I want them to work overtime." You know folks, IT COULD BE.

That if a certain AW is serious about marrying that Civvie up there in Ottawa, why is she seeing so much of that Airman from the M.T. Section.

Why did all the natives of Joggins, N.S. run into the bush about a month ago when one of our Aircraft from #3 flew over at dusk and dropped a few flares, and when are they coming out?? Would Cpl. Hebert be able to throw some light on this???

Who is the Cpl. seen occasionally in the little blue Coupe???? Do tell!! And with a Civilian too!!!!

AWL Gill brought the finest catch of Speckled Trout back with her, this Writer has seen East of the Nipigon. We cannot think of any better way of spending a 48 hr. pass than fishing for these beauties, so what say Gill, where is this hidden lake???

Speaking of Fish, do the RCASC go out and get their own or do they wait for the "Suckers" to give themselves up?????

- MAINTENANCE ROADS -

ALONG THE RUNWAYS.

Although nobody knows it, there is at this Unit, a very reputable and lovable N.C.O. called Sergeant Sludge. While not belonging to any special Unit in the armed forces in Canada he is nevertheless coming up at various Units and reporting news of interest for the School Paper.

Of course, it is necessary to give a description of this individual and the other day he was seen smoking in No. 5 Hangar and seated in a Harvard Aircraft. He is tall, fair haired, close cropped hair, a "guards" moustache. He was attired in a service uniform, complete with "Vees" for Victory in his trousers. On his head, and cocked at an acute angle was a forage cap. He had a non-issue necktie, non-issue shirt and low tan shoes together with plaid socks. Sgt. Sludge had just returned from Camp Rollalong and although he was quite tired from his long journey via M.T. he nevertheless had a few bits of information. This is what Sludge reports:-

Part I - Officers Sgt. Sludge reported with regret the departure of his friend and everybody's friend - Flying Officer Sherwood. Never was there a chap who got the mosta from the besta of the airmen. Up there in his little solarium in the Tower he could be found sitting pouring over allotments of aircraft and dealing with momentous and gigantic problems of organization. However, we wish him, his skills, his desire to fly, and everything that is for his betterment, the best that one can desire.

Coming soon is the departure of that lovable gentleman - F/L Brown M.C. He too was a dweller in the tower where is directed the traffic along the tarmac. A grand and fine gentleman and one whom we shall regret to see leave dear old No. 8. His experience, together with his personality made him an exceptionally good officer - and always he had a cheery word for one. Here's wishing him the best that we can offer him in his new post.

PART II - Airmen What Senior N. C. O. at the barrier was seen saluting a taxi-cab driver by mistake whilst LAC Clarke sat most comfortably in the rear seat and admired the compliments afforded him. Could it have been that the cab driver looked like someone familiar?

What Senior N.C.O. always sits with our new Sergeant W.D. and tells her he put the flowers on her table just for her.

Sgt. Sludge reports that he found out along the grapevine that Sgt. Kitching in the Airmen's Mess hails from the Island of Malta. Well, well, imagine that - just an old Maltese feline lover: now we know why he has such a good voice.

Sgt. Sludge witnessed F/Sgt. Massey reading, with great delight, a lovely letter from his dear old friend Sgt. Taschereau. Could it be that they are arranging another little trip to Quebec - a la Chateau Frontenac - or better still could it be that they are going to rent a little cottage out at the Point as originally contemplated?

Sgt. Sludge very unforseenly borrowed the Staff Bicycle (Ref. YXC/000) from W.O.2 F. Barber, to do a little investigating. No sooner had he taken it when a siren rang out in the hangar, guards suddenly appeared, machine guns were manned and our friend Sgt. Sludge taken off to the Guard House and placed in detention. This is just a warning to all other bicycle lovers of what is in store for you, should you take W.O.2 Barber's bike. Sgt. Sludge was released in quick order and now carries out his inspection on the drag towed by the Servicing Squadron Tractor. Incidentally, does W.O.2 Barber recall the passenger he had in his car one time who was a personal friend of John Labatt and who had just finished a lovely dinner in the Royal York?

Sgt. Sludge reported that W.O.2 Bourne uses the wrong method in figuring out his percentage efficiency for the Section. Instead of arriving at 100% it should be 10% because now with LAC Parkhill gone, things aren't looking so good. Better check up on your high school arithmetic.

Sgt. Sludge reported that F/Sgt. Beynon is a lover and ardent admirer of the Life and Love of Doctor Susan. Every noon hour he can be found with his ear glued to the set, drinking in the story. He laments the loss of the "pup" and I guess Flight knows what that is.

OUR OWN OUTDOORS

— You see, its entirely different to yours. Let's attempt to express this in a few words. First, there's the skyline. In that far-off homeland the glorious rounded crowns of the gum and eucalypt trees give gentle curves to the blue horizon. This greets you unchanging, year in and year out. Snow is wholly confined to the few uplands though frosts are frequent elsewhere. The foliage may be burned and scorched by the consuming fire-devil; it may be shed altogether when ringbarking has been effected, leaving a ghostly-white gleaming skeleton raising suppliant limbs to the deep blue sky or black velvet night.

Next, logically, we come to shrubs, flowers and grasses. Right now, the golden wattle is in its seasonal heyday. Shortly, when the sun scorches and heat saps human vigor, the flowering hardwoods will be the mecca of the wild bees. The whole bushland is pervaded by a unique and typical tang of aromatic timbers, giving the visitor a feeling of exhilaration and well-being. Our grasses are sweet-smelling. under a hot sun all living flora respond in a way which, once experienced, lives on, a highlight in memory.

Of course, most of our birds and animals will appear strange. Some of them highly amusing. Nevertheless, they were cast in Nature's mold to suit possible conditions. Their camouflage, whether in feathers or fur, is simply amazing. One may walk right past a creature "playing possum". Their alert bush-wise eyes occasionally reveal them.

I imagine the whole countryside would appear dry, if not a little harsh, to your eyes. It's not entirely a land of milk and honey. One is repaid for back-breaking endeavour by either great success or bitter heartbreak. There are large country homes and properties showing the traveller a well-kept appearance, although, if you use your eyes, forlorn skeletons of the hopes of yesteryear are there, too. No doubt, there are parallel scenes here.

Well, there the word picture is. It is brief and too much has been left out. No one, no real Aussie, can give a summing-up that is an adequate story of that vast continent South of the Equator, though if you're interested and our time is not too short, ask us more, will you?

"An Aussie Airmen" - dated October 1941.

BAHL - AS SEEN BY THE AUSSIES

Picked to play in some mysterious game, your correspondent sallied forth to get the dinkum oil.

On the sports ground various of the Station's personnel of mixed sexes were attempting to brain each other with a large white ball.

Tiring of this, a cove with gloves posed in front of a chicken coop. A sheila with a big stick stood facing sideways and in front of the bean with the gloves.

A feller with the ball stood some distance from the skirt with the waddy and chucked it at her. Fortunately, she ducked; he tried again but missed and the sort bashed it hard and ran to some cushions which were conveniently lying around. Being Air Force--it was natural that she should make for a cushion, also that it should be the nearest, but why run--it is very tiring.

The males had stayed on the field and the females were sitting down on the sides. I thought this a very gentlemanly gesture.

After two more dames hit the ball, or bahl--some tart with a jive complex started an Indian war dance between two cushions guarded by two blokes who shouted at another bloke with the bahl. Then the dill threw the pill to one of the cushion minders and the donah left the field.

This dance was repeated at intervals throughout the game and provided a welcome diversion from the monotony.

After three of the fillies had left the field, the opposite sexes changed and repeated this process until one side eventually won.

I was talking to a player afterwards and was told that the best side lost, due to bad luck, the other side fluking and the umpire.

I am getting very proficient at jitterbug, having just completed lesson No. 3, and so should be a valuable addition to any bahl team.

A-G-E

THE AUSSIES CORNERThe Story of Cinderella and Her Glass Lurkie

(Australian aircrew, their hair turned grey by the horrors of Canadian slang, here present you with a famous fairy story as Australian fathers tell it to their children.)

Once upon a time there was a sheila named Cinderella. She had three sisters who were the most awful looking sorts you ever did see. Poor little Cinder had no coppers, no joker to take her to the Palais, and no one to get shickered or to go on the prowl with. People treated her worse than a dingo.

Cinder lived with mum and dad in a billabong down by Gunn's Gully. One time when the Prince of this big smoke was well grogged up, he decided to put on a big shivoo. All the trolls from St. Kilda Rd. and Fitzroy St. were to be there to shag. These faggots were fair dinkum excited when they hear the Prince was on the look-out for a growl and each hoped she would be the lucky one. But poor little Cinder had no clobber she could wear for shaggin. Her best party dress looked like a gin's nightmare. So she was sitting by the fireside, easing them out, her snotto wet with tears, when in waltzed an old hag. "Mc Monnicker is the Fairy Queen", she cried. "Do not blurt all over the place, you have loads of time to dry your peepers and meet Prince Charming too." (With apolocheese to Sir F. Drake.) So the old hag waved her lurkie, and a bee-you-toa-fool coach appeared. Whipping up the nags, Cinder tore down Little Lons, pulled up at the Australia pub, slung down a bob on the counter, picked up a trey change, smashed down a couple of pots, and went stalking His Ex. On meeting the trump, she said with great dexterity: "How about a shag?" "So you are fair dinkum," the Prince answered as the hop started. He was very much in love. "Too bleedin' right I am," Cinder told him in her sweet, demure way. So they both got canned, got hitched, got brats, got the pip, and so lived unhappily ever after.

GLOSSARY: Shiela—an attractive young girl; Sort—a girl; Cobber—a friend; Joker—a boy friend; Shickered—Drunk; On the prowl—have a night out; Dingo—a dog; Billabong—a valley; Big Smoke—City; Grogged up—happy; Shivoo—party; Trolls—women; To shag—to have a good time, or to dance; Faggots—titled women; Fair dinkum—truly; very much so; Growl—wife; Clobber—clothes; Gin—aboriginal woman; Easing them out—crying; Snotto—handkerchief; Blurt—cry; Monnicker—name;

THE AUSSIES' CORNER - cont.

Peepers--eyes, Lurkie--Any conceivable object, in this case a wand, Nags--horses, Pub--hotel, Bob--one shilling, Trey--three pence, Smash down a couple of pots--Have a drink, To Stalk--to look for, His EX--Any person holding a title, Trump--Any high person. In service parlance, any officer with gold braid on his hat, Shag--a dance, Hop--a dance, Get canned--to make merry, Get hitched--to get married, Brats--Children, Get the pip--to fight.

AIRMEN'S APPETITES APPEASED

As this paper is the medium through which the lowly airman can express his approval or disapproval, the majority in the Airmen's Mess wish to express their satisfaction concerning the standard of the meals, and the manner in which they are served.

Even the untrained mind can appreciate the fact that both the vitamin and calorific content of the food are not deficient, and would pass the most rigorous analytical tests set by the "Society of Cruelty to Dumb Animals". Farther confirmation of the above statement is the fact that not one case of malnutrition or scurvy has been recorded in the medical history of No. 8 S.F. T. S.

We really do appreciate our meals, and full-heartedly express our gratitude to the Messing Staff of the Airman's Mess.

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- They say Adolf doesn't smoke. He doesn't drink, either. AN', wot's more, the stinker don't even play around with the girls. Cripes, wot a Furore! He reminds me of that bloke who wanted to get some kindova rejuvenatin' injection from the doctor. He wanted to live to be a hundred, he said.

- "D'you drink?" asked the doc.

"No."

"Smoke?"

"No."

"Chase women?"

"No!"

"Sufferin' cats, what d'you want to live to be a hundred for?"

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"ESPRIT DE CORP S"

When your committee first met to discuss the editing of a Station paper, it was agreed that the purpose of such a paper should be to foster esprit de corps.

The phrase, "esprit de corps", means that everybody in a community is interested in and primarily concerned with that community; is not living for self only, but also for the good of others.

Number 8 S. F. T. S. is a community in which about twelve hundred airmen, airwomen and officers are living together in rather close contact. No village has fewer privacies than are found on an Air Force Station of this kind. Certainly you will not find in any small village as many as seventy people sleeping in one large room.

Living thus in close proximity to one another, it is not at all surprising that there should be considerable gossip, criticism, restlessness, ennui and a burning desire to go to town as soon as one's work is completed. Especially when a Station is as near to town as Number 8.

Now in order to counteract these tendencies, the various committees are striving to promote a so-called "Station Spirit", to sponsor activities in which all may enthusiastically participate. The Entertainment Committee, the Sports Committee, the Library Committee, the Canteen Committee, are all trying to do their part. The Y .M.C.A. is tirelessly endeavouring to absorb as much as possible of our spare time, to help us to utilize our idle moments.

A Station paper, being one interest that all may have in common, is a vital stimulus to the esprit de corps, which is the title of this article. If it is to be a success and to fulfil its original purpose, everybody must cheerfully and warmly support our efforts by contributing good ideas and interesting information.

If you haven't taken off with "Take Off", we'll be expecting to hear from you in the next issue. Bon Voyage to our paper on its first "flip".

Chaplain (P).

ENFANT JEUNE ET VIGOREUX

Un nouveau journal mensuel voit le jour. Avec l'energie et l'enthousiasme de sa jeunesse, il s'elance fier de sa toilote et de sa couverture, ainsi que de tout son contenu. Il sait deja l'accueil chaleureux qu'il va recevoir de tous ceux qui sont avides de le connaitre.

Comme tous les jeunes, il se fait de beaux reves roses qu'il vout realiser. Pou importe le courage et la constance qu'il devra parfois deployer, il vout atteindre son but: creer, developper et entretenir un esprit d'union et d'amitie, de collaboration et de bonheur parmi nous.

Pour pouvoir vivre et garder sa fraicheur, il lui faut de l'alimentation. Tout l'interesse, faits ou articles, serieux ou humoristiques, experiences personnelles ou incidents comiques, meme de la poesie. Il sait deja, qu'une fois sa connaissance sera faite, plusieurs vont se sentir en verve et qu'ils ne manqueront pas de lui pondre chaque mois une contribution ecrite.

Les resustats seront surpronants, il le sait d'avance. Les faits et incidents cueillis un peu partout de part la station et ailleurs, rendus avec gaiete et charite, seront sa joyeuse vitalite et l'assurance de sa longue vie. De plus, il est bilingue notre journal, c'est dire qu'il veut ouvrir ses pagos a tous les talents que compose notre interessante station. Il vous attend pour ses prochains numeros, sur que vous ne lui fausseroz pas compagnie et que vous lui serez fedele, afin qu'il puisse realiser ses beaux reves.

"R.C. Padre"

DO YOU WANT TO REMUSTER??????????????

Well all you would be pilots answer this one.

An aircraft takes off from an airport and flies 40 miles, at this point he enters a fog and flies directly into it for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour at this point he turns around and flies the reciprocal coming out of the fog directly above the airport he took off from.

Question: How many M.P.H. was the windspeed?????????

Answer to be found on last page.

In spite of the vigorous routine that is necessary to operate a Service Flying Training School and to carry it on a paying basis there is still ample opportunity to sit down and relax, not the complete relaxation, but the kind that would prompt the individual to pick up a newspaper and read. Now what could be better, my friend, than to pick up at random the Station Newspaper and find out by the various reproductions imprinted therein, just what the other fellow is thinking. Many interesting hobbies, personal experiences and views, incidents in the lighter vein and numerous other subjects are brought to light in newspaper columns, more perhaps than would enter into plain everyday conversation. For instance there is a chap on the Station holding down a very important position who seems, in his spare time, to think of ways and means of improving the terrestrial splendour of our Station, just why his activities should be confined to the grounds around the guard house needs more investigation, already designs in sod appearing in the shape of hearts, diamonds, etc., show that previous experience is prevalent. But the only way to find answers to these questions is to stop this gentleman to inquire and yet on the other hand the same effect can be had if he would tell us all about this useful hobby in print. Perhaps the "Lovers of Literature" could invite us into their realms of literary activity, and, speaking of literature brings an appropriate incident to light. A young man was reading in the Recreation Hall several months ago, seemingly digesting eagerly the contents of his book, a quick cautious glance revealed the title of the book to be "What Every Young Woman Should Know." Perhaps this young man was a prospective N.C.O. and foreseeing the influx of Airwomen to our Station and in order to cope with any delicate situation, should it arise, was studying things from a psychological point of view. The newspaper would be just the medium to advertise the results of this quest for knowledge. Then there is the type of person who believes in the strength of vocal ability, the favourite "soap box" of this type, being a monthly Mess Meeting, problems on hand such as quote, "Who built the fire in the cook's best pan" and, "What to do with the Iron Fireman" unquote, are readily and noisily solved. Who knows but in our midst may be many promising Thomas Richard Henry's who by putting down their thoughts on paper will create among ourselves a feeling of mutual friendship and more active interest in the job at hand. And so to the Editors and Reporters of this paper I offer congratulations and continued success in the publication of the Station Newspaper.

GLIMPSES OF FIGHTER SQUADRONS
BY W/C McNAB, DFC

During the heaviest air fighting over Britain, culminating in the memorable battle of September 16 when 185 enemy planes were known to have been shot down, fighter pilots were flying with only one day's rest in two weeks. This was indicated by Wing Commander Ernest McNab, D.F.C., who returned to Canada in March after commanding No. 1 Fighter Squadron of the R.C.A.F. overseas.

For a time Canadian pilots carried on for long periods without rest. One day's rest in six was considered good, but this was later changed to one in 10, and subsequently to one in two weeks, McNab explained.

Discussing night fighters, he said: "Three months ago night interception was considered an event, but now it is becoming quite frequent."

When he left, No. 1 Fighter Squadron had accounted for 75 German planes, while the Canadian Squadron of the Royal Air Force had been credited with 100 enemy planes.

"To-day nobody knows how many we got individually. The whole idea is co-operation. We must have co-operation. You won't see a quarter of the individual score established in the last Great War. It is entirely teamwork now," W/C McNab said.

Parachutes have saved many pilots, but "the only danger if you get away is from the Home Guards," he smiled, telling of a pilot who landed by parachute. First he was confronted by a farmer with a gun, then by the hired man with a fence post, and most formidable, by the farmer's wife armed with a skillet.

---From the "Canadian Aviation"
June, 1941.

TRUTHFUL HITLER - Extract from the "Royal Air Force Journal"
CHAPTER XII of "Mein Kampf"

"The British nation can be counted upon to carry through to victory any struggle that it once enters upon, no matter how long such a struggle may last or however great the sacrifice that may be necessary, or whatever the means that have to be employed; and all this even though the actual military equipment at hand may be utterly inadequate when compared with that of other nations."

DER fuehrer's PRAYER

Gott, Gott, dear Gott, attention please,
 Your pardner Adolph's here
 Und has a word or two to say
 Indo your private ear;
 So turn away all udders now
 Und listen vell to me,
 For vat I say concerns me much,
 Meinself und Shermamy.

You know, dear Gott, I vas your friendt,
 Und from mine hour of birth
 I quietly let you rule the Heffen
 Vile I rule o'er der Earth;
 Und ven I told mein soldiers,
 Of by-gone battle days,
 I gladly split der glory

In every vay I tried to prove
 Mein heart to you vas true,
 Und only claimed mein honest share
 In great deeds dat ve do;
 You could not half a better friendt
 In sky or land or sea,
 Dan Adolph Hitler number vun,
 Der Lord of Shermamy.

So vat I say, dear Gott is dis,
 Dat you shouldt still be friendts
 Und you shouldt help to send mine foes
 to meet deir bitter endts,
 If you dear Gott, vill dis me do
 I'll ask nothing again,
 Und you and I vill pardners be
 Forevermore - Amen.

But list, Gott, it must be quick
 Your help to me you send,
 Or else I half to stop attack
 Und only play defend;
 So four und twenty hours I gif
 To make the allies run
 Und put me safe into mine place,
 Der middle of der Sun.

Der fuehrer's Prayer - cont.

If you do dis I'll do mine part,
I'll tell der worlde der fact
But if you don't den I must tink
It is a hostile act.
Den var at once I vill declare
Und in my angaer rise,
Und send mein bomber ships to vage
A fight up in der skies.

Dis ultimatum now, dear Gott,
Is von of many more;
Mein mind is settled up to clean
Der whole worlde off der floor,
Because you was meind pardner, Gott,
An extra shanse is giffen,
So help at vonce, or else I'll be
Der Emperor of Heffen.

-- from "The Airdraftman"
T.T.S., St. Thomas, Ont.

--oOo--

EXAMPLE OF BIRDS SHOWN TO PILOTS - ATTENTION AIRCREW

Birds flew before man and apparently the feathered creatures can teach man a few lessons. That is the moral drawn from a story circulated in Winnipeg about an undisclosed flying school in Sask.

It seems a few pupil pilots at the station in question were landing without letting down the retractable wheels. Slight damage to the planes' underparts resulted and ground crews got fed up with repair jobs.

Noticing that birds always stuck out their feet as they were about to land from a flight, the groundsmen obtained a picture of a bird about to land. Prints were attached to the instrument panels of planes flown by the careless students. Under the picture was the sarcastic rejoinder: "Look you ----fool! The bird can do it, Why can't you?"

KHAKI CHATTER

Greetings to the boys and girls in Blue from the boys in Brown at the Supply Depot. At this time we would like to introduce two new members of the personnel that make up the staff here at the Supply Depot. First of all there is a very nice young man, Cpl. Webster, a butcher by trade, who promises that everyone here on the station will receive their full share of beef, pork, and mutton, etc., but mostly beef. By the way, this chap comes from Saint John, N.B. and answers to the name of "Bunny". Another new arrival is one known as Pt. Lemelin, a native of Montreal, P.Q., who was formally in the Reserve Army, but decided to go on Active Service and wound up here at No.8. He is 22 years of age and speaks both English and French. These two boys are replacing L/Cpl. Fred Burnett and Pte. S.P. MacFarlane, who by the way was in the habit of receiving mail from a certain party in Amherst addressed to "The most marvelous boy in the Canadian Army". Sorry to see these two boys leave but their address for the summer will be Tracadie, N.B., where they will be supplying the boys that are training to handle big "Bertha's" with their daily ration of foods. They will welcome letters from their former friends on this Station at the above address. Another loss to the depot here was L/Cpl. Ross who is making his home at Edmundston, N.B., with the RCASC.

Where was a certain NCO who claims in his letters to his better half that he spends all his time on the station, when the dear wife called via Long Distance telephone from home seeking words of consolation on the evening of their 10th wedding anniversary? He claims that he was at a show in Moncton with the Boss but is unable to produce confirmation of his story. C'mon Fatstuff - better tell the truth. This same person who only weighs 206 pounds found it impossible to donate his share to the box of "eats" given to the 5 airwomen by the rest of the personnel of the depot who left the station recently to become S.P.'s. He claims that he just could not afford to lose any weight at this stage of the game.

at this writing Staff Sgt. "Jack" Bain, we hope, is spending his time fishing and smoking and smoking and fishing, and taking things in general very easy. He is on furlough, but will be back by the time this appears in print, where he can carry on with his smoking and taking things in general very easy.

Lieut. R.G. Moore (our boss) and also the man responsible for all the issues from this depot, including the fish, beans, etc., tells us that his address will be Morrisdale from the 15th of this month till the end of the month. While he is away we hope to be able to unravel the true story behind the telephone conversation with a person of the fair sex regarding pyjamas. We all wish him a good time at the beach while on leave.

We hope all you good people at No. 8 have noticed and are enjoying the new commodities issued by this depot. Grapefruit Juice, Oranges, Ham, Spaghetti Maple Syrup etc In the very near future we hope to be able to supply Flt Sgt Massey with the necessary commodities to prepare meals that will top anything that you ever had at the Tic Toc in Montreal, the Royal York in Toronto or at Alcorns in Moncton.

Our two Western gentlemen - namely Pte. Charles "Coon" Schwab and Pte. Herb Hollerbaum are finally getting acquainted in Moncton, in fact, Chas. was in good company (we hope) all last Saturday nite returning to barracks in time for Church Sunday morning. Pte. Hollerbaum was seen taking in the sights of Moncton recently, among the places being the Bore Park, the C.N.R. Station and Mountain Road.

IN MEMORIAM - Twelve-Teeth (some good and some bad) recently extracted from the head of one known as Pte Donald "Duck" Dole, by a person or persons at the Dental Clinic, forcing Donald to live on egg-nogs, soup and ice-cream for the past few days. May they rest in peace. We would like to know the real reason why the recently appointed Sgt. Osborne sent his wife home to Fredericton for the summer. We never knew there was such a good time at the Sgts. Mess. Could the attraction be at the "head table".

Just one more word from your gossipier, I wish to say that I have "seen" the "light" for good (I hope) and expect to be back with some more chatter in the next issue.

SUGAR ENLIST FOR THE DURATION

Today's large aerial bombs submarine torpedoes and artillery shells are ravenous consumers of sugar. Powder to fill five 16-inch shells requires alcohol from as much sugar as an acre of finest Cuban land can produce.

From - Science Digest -- June Issue

IN COMPARISON
BY AWI MACKENZIE, M.

PART I - CIVILIAN

MORNING---Gets up about 8 a.m. decides to wear new sweater to work. Listens to radio before going to work and arrived ten minutes late. When Boss comes in asks for afternoon off in order to shop for new formal for firm annual ball next evening.

NOON---Decides to go easy on lunch, remembers old waist line, orders salad. Gets hair done like Veronica. Lake's because he admires her. Can't decide whether to buy lipstick and nail polish to match at hairdresser's but does finally, expects raise at first of month.

AFTERNOON---Shops, can't decide between jersey dinner dress and black evening dress with sequin jacket. Gets both still depending on forthcoming of raise.

EVENING---Takes good hot bath and takes time getting ready for date, decides to keep him waiting a while, as it is about time he had a talk with parents, Can't decide whether to wear sweater and skirt or silk jersey dress. He has seen sweater so wears dress. Unable to go in car because of gas rationing but decides to wear high heels anyway, they do more for self. Feels she hurt his feelings by neglecting to notice shiny buttons—how was she to know he cared about the darn things.

AT DANCE---Wishes had worn sweater and skirt, feels overdressed in jersey number. Feels self-conscious because of small run in nylons. Danced with all services, but conversation was over head unless centered on self. When stringing favorite line was told "off the beam", puzzled, but doesn't think it a compliment. Danced with five officers, they look wonderful in their uniforms which are softer to lean on but their dancing is stiff unless they are.

ARRIVAL HOME---Wishes Dad would not drop shoes so loudly so often, most embarrassed when Mother asks if he is gone yet. Asks if he would like a lunch, then wishes he'd said no because she hates to make lunches. Wishes he would say goodnight and mean it. Tells him has to work hard next day and needs sleep. Thanks him for lovely time and when door closes behind him kicks off shoes and wishes feet could be screwed off and left to soak overnight. Tries to finish detective novel but falls asleep with light on.

IN COMPARISON - ContPART II - R.C.A.F. (W.D.)

MORNING--At 0615 hours rises, shines, polishes, washes, sweeps mat, makes bed, parades for inspection and arrives at work 0815 hours. Makes out pass for 2359 and asks Sergeant to recommend it, leaves it at W.D. Office to be signed. Cleverly avoids two "Joes" --feels quite smug.

NOON--Hungry as a bear, why worry about waistline, doesn't show with uniform anyway; decides good wholesome food is just what is needed, besides a lot of the girls are much fatter than self. Decides to show up at drill more often instead of cutting down on food.

AFTERNOON--Busy filling out forms for new Course, missed drill, so decides to go light on supper. Tossed for cokes, lost, borrowed two dollars till payday.

EVENING--Misses supper in order to take quick shower before hot water all gone, shines, polishes and presses. Decides to put on clean collar and save clean shirt for Station Dance tomorrow night. Gets as far as gate but is turned back to get collar pin. Wishes hotly she were Flight Sergeant, knows what she would tell who then. Finds collar pin and gets in taxi with six others and him and gets in town too early for dance. Went for walk first; makes him mad by saluting first and showing him up, decides to be a little slower with the up-one-two-down.

AT DANCE--Hot in uniform--glad she used to feel sorry for boys at dances when they complained of heat. Wishes she had the Chinaman who starched her collar by the neck. Finds low heels good for "jiving". Danced with one officer from another station--terribly awed--couldn't make conversation, decided AC2's and 1's more fun although inclined to know it all. Keeps eye on watch, gets panicky about eleven because hungry again. Rushes from dance to restaurant to taxi. Could throttle him for gloating over all-night pass.

ARRIVAL HOME--Wishes S.P.'s wouldn't look at clock when passes in bed tag at 2358. Walks in silence through Attention Area--tells him "not done" when he tries to hold hands. Thanks him for lovely evening and reminds him no loitering is allowed in front of barrack blocks. Talks over evening with girls in washroom--all agree they will be glad when summer uniforms arrive. Feels life as a W.D. not so bad after all, climbs up to top bunk and falls sound asleep before realizing pillow is hard as a rock.

FROM TARMAC TO GUARD HOUSE

STATION DANCE

The last Station Dance, which was held on Friday, May 29th was a huge success. It was well attended by the airmen and airwomen of the Station, who welcomed as guests the members of the Eaton Ladies' Club.

We owe thanks to a lot of people for our Station Dances, and the success they undoubtedly always are. First of all we should really like to try to express our appreciation of all his hard work and willing endeavour to really "do" something for the entertainment of the Station Personnel to our favorite Music Maker -- Private Eddie Martin, of the R.C.A.S.C.; Eddie has been on the Station for almost eight months now and ever since his arrival he has "pitched in" and really strived to get the Station "fun-wise". It was partly due to his untiring efforts that we were able to put over our "Gay Eighties Revue" so well. You will remember how well he played for us in the "Revue" but you probably don't realize how much of his spare time he gave up to arranging numbers and playing for the practices. We think a lot of you, and what you have done for us Eddie, and we wish you every success in all you undertake, and to you and to your band we say "Thanks".

To those swell people who work in the Airmen's Mess, to whom a Station Dance means just more work, we wish also to give a vote of thanks. The mid-night snack you people put up for us hits the spot, and we certainly appreciate your cheerful co-operativeness--thanks.

The Recreation Committee, with Squadron Leader Campbell at its head and consisting of earnest and willing workers has done a lot for the entertainment of the Station Personnel, and there again we owe a vote of thanks.

There are a great many others to whom we are also indebted for the grand times we have at these Dances, and one small way in which we can show our appreciation is by going early and getting the Dance under way on schedule--that is very little effort for us to make, and since it is all they ask of us let's co-operate, eh?

AT THE SERGEANTS' MESS

With soft lights and sweet music! the members of the Sergeants' Mess enjoyed another of their lovely Friday night parties on the 5th inst. Ptel Eddie Martin, RCASC, and his musical men rendered a fine programme of dance music - just another of Eddie's very good jobs.

Noticeable among the guests were Flying Officer Philp, Adjutant; and Mr. and Mrs. George Douglas, YMCA. Also Flying Officers Arnold, Dobson, Wilson, Steadman and Pilot Officer Hamilton were present. All agreed that they had a mighty fine time. It also was noted with great pleasure that Sgt. Goodman (W.D.) was in attendance and impressed all with her good dancing and fine personality.

We salute the messing committee for the very fine display of food which was widely commented on for its quality. There must be a hidden "Oscar" in the Mess somewhere, to have organized and planned such a fine buffet.

Our reporter picked up several bits of information which we thought would be nice for the paper. Everybody is wondering why Sgt. Archbold and Sgt. Goodman were not dancing together more. Perhaps "Arch" had better get busy and buy some more flowers for the "head table". Also we noted, that besides being a maitre d'hotel, Flt. Sgt. Massey is also a drummer of no mean tempo. Could it be that he is intending to remuster to a musician? So many of the attendants to the party regret they had to leave "early", thus missing the lovely singing by the Glee Club. Perhaps we can induce the Club to sing some night at the Recreation Hall.

But putting all joking aside - we all had a fine time and hope that its recurrence will be more frequent.

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Hello Everybody! --- This is Air Force News - according to the Sergeants' Mess.

May 30. D.R.O.'s announced today that AWL A.G. Porter, our hospital cook had been posted to No. 1 Convalescent Hospital. As a parting gift from No. 8 she was promoted to the rank of Sergeant. Our congratulations and best wishes go with Sgt. Porter on her new posting.

June 1. The Mess welcomed today a fair new member - Sgt. R.J. Goodman. This popular young lady who hails from New Glasgow, N.S.

AT THE SERGEANTS' MESS

is receiving the congratulations and best wishes of her many friends on her well merited appointment.

Among the recent postings to No. 8 is Flt. Sgt. "Red" Swindle, who was posted from St. Thomas, Ont., who does not exactly like Eastern Canada — but like other things it has its good points. He does however, like the Eastern girls and the T.Bone steaks at No. 8.

Our dark-haired Cook AW1 Kliza, is taking her well-earned furlough, mending her shattered nerves on the fair shores of Cape Breton Island. After cooking five months for the sergeants, who, to say the least, are a bit "choosie" — well — she needs the rest. She also cast an eye of envy on P. E. I. where AW1 Campbell is blissfully sunning herself on the shores of the "Garden of the Gulf".

June 4. Methinks Dan Cupid must be lurking around the Sergeants' Mess. For we can hear wedding bells ringing for one of the happy mess-women. We wonder if a certain member of the aircrew does not figure into this???

AW1 — "La Raconteuse" —

PERSONALITIES IN SONG TITLES

"I'll Never Smile Again"	—	Orderly Officer
"It All Comes Back to Me Now"	—	Mess Bills
"Once in Awhile"	—	48-Hour Passes
"Deep in a Dream"	—	Saturday Afternoon
"You're Always on My Mind"	—	Annual Leave
"I Can Dream Can't I?"	—	Remustering
"Taint What You Do"	—	Promotions
"You Are My Sunshine"	—	Pay Parade
"Why Not Take All of Me?"	—	War Savings Certificates
"Do You Ever Think of Me?"	—	D.A.T.S.
"What is This Thing?"	—	A.I.D.
"I've Got You Under My Skin"	—	T.A.B.T.

MY DAY

At six-thirty I arise, at least I make a try,
And toddle off to breakfast, still opening up one eye,
Now if I am a lucky guy and get there soon enough,
I do not have to wait in line and all that sort of stuff.

With tummy full, and feeling fine, I to the M.T. go,
To see what's said for me to do by my darling N.C.O.
I'm slated for the garbage run, a job we all adore,
So out the honey wagon comes, and off to start the chore.

Lumber, Potatoes, fish, tomatoes, I sit in front of it all,
Do you think I have an appetite when I hear that dinner call?
However, I travel to the mess and don the old feed bag,
Then back to duty I wend my way, altho' my footsteps lag.

At thirteen hundred and thirteen hours I to the station go
To meet an airman I hope will be another M.T. Joe.
He stands there looking sort of dumb, so up to him I stroll,
And ask him if he is the man for No. 8's mudhole.

When I get back I make my report to my dear little N.C.O.
Who wants to know why I've been so long, and if I took in a show.
He says the washroom needs a scrub, to me it looks all right
I grab the mop and soap and brush and work with all my might

I'm thinking of love and the night ahead, if I can scourge a five
When I hear that voice which says to me, "You're hooked for duty
So all my evening I must spend, sitting by the phone (drive"
Till in the wee small hours I go to bring the policemen home.

I hit the town, but where are they, you're just as wise as I,
Bumming a meal or swaping yarns, with either they'll comply.
I hunt in restaurants and such and in the police station,
They're like the elusive Pimpernel, on his annual vacation.

I finally locate the lads, and fondly think of bed.
But they have other thoughts an say, "Turn here and here," instead,
Around and round we go, looking for who knows what,
Till finally their eyelids droop, and at last we homeward trot.

Into the garage I pop the car, at long last on my way, (long day.
To that little bed that felt so good, at the start of this long
I shed my duds and fix the sheets and into them I creep,
This M.T. Driver now will get his long yearned, well earned sleep.
THE M.T. JOE.

TRIED IT ONCE

A certain airman on leave in Moncton went into a club to wile away an idle hour. Looking around he saw an old gent sitting alone. He addressed the old gent with the courtesy of airmen:-

"Pardon me, sir, would you like to join me in a drink?"

Looking him up and down, the old gent replied, "No, thank you, I tried it once and didn't like it".

"Well, sir, would you care for a game of cards?" "No, thank you, I tried it once and didn't like it."

The airman had the tenacity of his breed. "Look here, I have several hours to fill, is there anything you would like to play? How about a game of billiards?"

"Well, replied the old gentlemen, "I don't play myself, but my son will be here soon and I am sure that he would like to play".

The airman scrutinized him for a while, and said, "Your only son, I assume?"

DON'T EARN YOUR WINGS

Get a Fitted Pair Free from St. Peter.

Always take off with a cold motor, you waste so much gas warming the engine.

Don't fasten the safety belt, that's for sissys.

Don't look for other planes in the air, they will miss you most of the time anyway.

Practice your steep turns over the girl-friend's house; she will think you are the cutest corpse.

Always fly into a thunderstorm, it must be interesting for few ever come back after they go into one.

Stretch your glides to the last inch, if you don't reach the spot, you'll make a nice one anyway.

Your gas gage is always correct, only old pilots look in the tank to check.

Pull the nose very high in slips, it gives the ground observers a bad case of the jitters.

When approaching a strange field, sneak in low and straight, it is such a surprise to the local flyers.

When a plane is placarded for a maximum speed, see if you can't squeeze a few more miles out of the old crate.

Don't have your parachute packed every 60 days, that's just a racket thought up by the chute packers.

When taking your girl up for her first ride, pull a forced landing; the motor usually catches and what if it doesn't.

He climbed into the cockpit
And he revved the motor up
He could hear the motor purring
And could see the spinning Propp.,
And he soon attained his altitude
Levelled out and checked his course
And with steady hand, and perfect nerve
He pointed her due North,
Then he dived her on the target
Then tried to pull her round
But alas, She kept on diving
To the stick she'd not respond,
He saw himself in the wreckage
Crushed and broken on the ground
And a sweat all cold and clammy
Broke out on his fevered brow.
He awoke to gentle shaking
An instructor at his ear,
"Try to get more sleep at night, Chum,
Tis no place for sleeping here,
You've been in the Link an hour,
You've been spinning all around,
And by your Indicator
You are six feet underground.

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Answer to Problem on Page 27. - Wind Speed 40 M.P.H.

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