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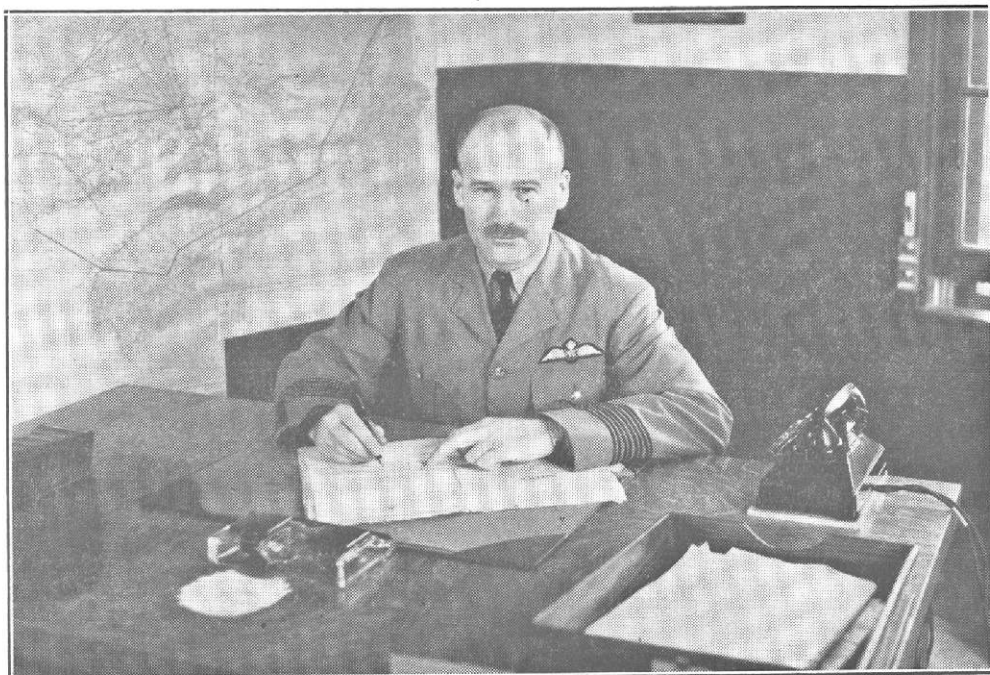


# TAKE OFF



VOL. 1, NO. 4

NOVEMBER, 1942



## EDITORIAL

No. 8 S.F.T.S. had its first Handing Over Ceremonial on October 22nd. It was a very impressive affair with No. 5 Equipment Depot's band in attendance. The solemnness of the parade was something that will not soon be forgotten and you could almost feel the feeling of regret of the men who knew that this would be the final inspection by Group Captain Brown. There have been times when some of us had wished that it was his last inspection but I'm sure these same men now realize that the lot of a Commanding Officer is not the easiest to be desired and that any thing he said was for the betterment and pride of the Unit.

In his parting address he gave the impression that although he was going to a bigger job with added responsibilities he was loathe to leave this unit which he has seen grow from infancy to its envied position amongst training schools.

The staff of No. 8 S.F.T.S. wish him every success with his new duties and feel that what is our loss is the other fellow's gain.

To our new Commanding Officer Wing Commander J. C. Huggard whom as yet we have not had the privilege of knowing we say, "Good Luck! Sir, May your stay with us be a pleasant one."

J. H. NEVILLE, F/SGT.



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## FROM THE OFFICERS' MESS

Seeing as how our whole future in the Air Force is dedicated to Victory we thought we'd like to dedicate this month's contribution to our future "when this blinking war is over" and here's a few predictions as to where you'll find the girls from the Officers' Mess.

Starting with the cooks, we have them just about all lined up with husbands and those there sort of things. The corporal doesn't seem to favor any one in particular, but you never know, maybe she's just playing "hard to get". Pearson gets an awful lot of Air Graph letters from Overseas. Never having read them we won't say for sure, but you know how it is. Tazuk? well, we've all a very special interest in her love affair. and, believe me, Katie, we're all pulling for you and hoping for the best.

Many flew to Halifax, a while ago, due to weather conditions, couldn't land and had to fly back to Moncton, and take the train down. Her business (?) completed, she flew back, the runways here were all under water, so back she went to Halifax and came home by train, again. She's wearing a diamond ring and a dreamy look, so maybe it was worth it, and maybe we can all guess what she'll be doing.

As for Swan we're not so sure about her

but it could be we'll find her serving soup in a soup kitchen one day!

That seems to be all the cooks' now for the waitresses and the most necessary dishwashers. First out congratulations to Corporal Bergen, those hooks are sure nice and shiny. Corporal Bergen, Bounds and Edwards had some ideas about starting a tea room, after the war, their ideas grew into a cafe and now it's a chain of night clubs. We expect we'll find Gibson there washing the pots and pans we all know it's her favorite job.

Smart (or Inman, whichever you like, she'll always be Smart to us) has been posted but we'd like to say a thing or two about her. Can't you just see her cooking for two? or three? or four? and doing the house work with her own itty bitty hands?

We've high hopes for MacDonald. We heard her playing Hymns in the Canteen one afternoon. The day we'll come she'll be organist in St. Paul's Cathedral. She may only play "chop sticks" but we'll guarantee she'll be there.

Gunderson will probably decide that the simple life is best and we'll read in the "Gopher Prairie Weekly News" that she won first prize with a nice big pumpkin, at the county fair.

Berry, the one with the nice smile, shucks, I'd be ashamed to think of anything less than

a movie contract. With a smile like that she's going places.

We can't decide about Mason. She'll probably be singing Hymns on the street corner, with the Salvation Army, one day, and the next day you will find her, one block up, doing a fan dance.

Spicer gets a vacant look on her face when you ask her what she wants to be when she's grown up, and said she's going to be a lady. We all hope so, and we think she'd make a very sweet little street car conductor. We understand women are doing that work in Vancouver now, so, maybe by the time the war is over they'll have girls doing it down here.

Peggy McIver is going to keep kennels and raise dogs. She'll most likely turn out some lousy looking mongrels, but as long as she's happy...

Glen with her motherly way couldn't do anything but look after babies. It may be in an orphanage or she may join the Zoo after baby elephants, one never knows about Edna.

Jimmy, who is as much a part of the Mess or any of us, will most likely take his present hobby seriously and with his little butterfly net, set out to exterminate "breadles." By the way, did you know that he expects to hear that Joggins has declared war on Germany any day now? We're all waiting with bated breath.

#### IN MEMORIAM

For LAC Stupor let's light up a candle;  
He reached for the flaps, grabbed the landing gear handle.

And for Sgt. O'Duffer let's drink all around;  
He tried a steep turn ten feet from the ground.

And let's have another for P/O. John Beck.  
Who started a take-off without any check.  
He opened the throttle with mixture too lean—

Where he sleeps now the grasses grow green.  
Let's say a kind word and shed a sad tear  
For Pilot O'Shay, The Dope of the Year.  
He shot up his girl's house one fine summer's day—

They had planned to get married the first of next May.

The W.D.'s. are pretty cold these nights  
How about more blankets Major Charlebois?  
Or have you lost some more???

The average man never knows what perfect happiness is until he gets married—then its too late...

TAKE OFF, NOVEMBER, 1942

#### AN ANSWER TO MR. "SPARK PLUGS" ARTICLE, THE WEST vs. THE EAST.

Hello Mr. "Spark Plug",

Having read your most interesting and revealing article on the West and its comparison with the East, in the August issue of the station news paper "Take Off", May I say a few words for we lads of the East. Since reading your little article, things in general have so changed for us. We now feel cramped in our little provinces. We feel the need for more space to extend our chests should we ever have energy enough to take a deep breath. Oceans which once were blue, now appear dull and grey, thus creating a disheartening atmosphere and discouraging the ambition to do big things in life.

Our forests, which abounded in game, or so we thought, now appear to be struggling scrub, devoid of all animal life. We have hung up our muskets to gather dust, and there to hang for some future historian to discover. Hills, we thought they were mountains, are now a source of worry to us. They obstruct our view and weary us in our travels. Our lakes now appear as bird baths, which reminds us that we have so few birds, and they so poor and thin, they are no longer a source of food to the woodsman. Our farms are now mere garden plots.

We were once proud of our ocean ports, now so small and unimportant. Our cities appear to be mere hamlets set in the scrub.

Our fisheries—we once thought a source of food for a nation, now seems only a waste of energy. Our mining industries, seem so insignificant. Yet—some how we lads like this EAST of ours. We want you to like the East too. We extend our deepest heart-felt sympathy to those Western lads who by ungovernable forces are compelled to live here. May you make the best of a most unfortunate situation.

EASTERN LAD

All members of His  
Majesty's Forces  
Should have pictures  
taken at

**WILCOX STUDIOS**

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## CLOGG'S

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AND GLASSWARE

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## COMPLIMENTS

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MONCTON

NEWCASTLE — CHATHAM

## With the Constabulary

### "But I don't relish the Work Parade"

Scene—GUARD HOUSE, No. 8 S.F.T.S.

Time—0230 hrs.

List of Characters—Sgt. McMaster  
LAC Jones.

Sgt. McMaster—(coming into Guard House, smoking a cigar) "So it's two-thirty hundred hours and you ain't got a pass eh! Well, just come in here LAC, where it's warm and I'll fix you up".

LAC Jones—(walks in hesitatingly, half turning and looking back two or three times) "Ah forget about it Sgt! I'm tired and I want to go to bed."

Sgt. McMaster—(walks behind desk and takes out a late report form) "Now what did you say your name was?"

LAC Jones—"I didn't say. Come on now Sgt. I don't relish this work parade at all!"

Sgt. McMaster—(taking cigar out of mouth and saying sweetly) "Just tell me your name, sonny and everything will be O.K."

LAC Jones—(squirming) "Gee Sgt! I just don't relish that work parade."

Sgt. McMaster—(sternly) "I'm charging you with refusing to obey an order to wit refusing to give your name when asked to do so by a senior N.C.O. Now! give me your flight and your name."

LAC Jones—"I'm in "A Flight", and my name is G . . ."

Sgt. Mac—(cutting him off) "gee eh! Let's see now. (ruffles list of flights) Gee eh! Let's see now, say! There's no Gee in "A Flight"! Making a false statement eh! Now don't interrupt!! That'll be another charge against you. Now show me your identity card."

LAC Jones—(searching in pocket for identity card) "I meant to tell you that my name is G. A. Jones".

Sgt. Mac—(writing, cigar back in mouth) "Yeh! Well why didn't you say Jones, G. A.?"

LAC Jones—"Say, I forgot! I'm on a 48 and it doesn't expire until 0630 hrs. this morning! And there it is!!!"

Sgt. Mac—(examining pass form) "Well! Maybe you aint late! But don't forget! The other charges still stand!"

LAC Jones—(meekly) "Yes, Sgt."

Sgt. Mac—(sternly) "Now walk smartly up that attention area and go right to bed. Don't make any noise in the barracks either."

EXIT JONES

Sgt. McMaster chuckles as he slowly picks up the late form, looks at it and tears it up. . .

CPL. M. CARSON

TAKE OFF, NOVEMBER, 1942

## 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 sissies.

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 will make a nice one anyway.

Your gas gauge is always correct; only old pilots look in the tank to check.

Pull the nose very high in slips as 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 fliers!

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 for her first ride, pull a forced landing. The motor usually catches, and what if it doesn't.

—U. S. Air Services Magazine.

When God handed out brains  
I thought he said trains  
And I missed.

When God handed out looks  
I thought he said books  
And I didn't want any.

When God handed out legs  
I thought he said kegs  
And I said two large fat ones;

When God handed out ears  
I thought he said beers  
I said two tall ones.

When God handed out feet  
I thought he said heat  
And I said lots.

When God handed out noses  
I thought he said roses  
I said I'd like a large red one.

Gosh!! What a hell of a mess I am...

TAKE OFF, NOVEMBER, 1942

## SPRINKLINGS FROM THE FIRE FIGHTERS

LAC "Kid Bonnevie": "You should be more careful and pull down your blinds at night. Last night I walked by your place and saw you kissing your wife."

The Flight: "Ha! Ha! the joke is on you—I wasn't home last night."

Our Sgt. who was born a year before he could walk, came in one night recently, put his pants to bed and hung himself over a chair all night. We have heard that his wife is learning to "weave" so she can walk down the street with him when he goes home for Xmas....

One of our pet "Mosketos" landed on the taxi strip and made its way up to No. 4 Hangar. The boys on 1063 pumped 85 gallons of gas into it before they noticed it wasn't a bomber.

## GASES ENCOUNTERED AT FIRES

There are many types of Gases to contend with in Fire Fighting and the most deadly of these is **Carbon Monoxide**.

Carbon Monoxide is a colorless, odorless and tasteless gas which is the product of incomplete combustion and which is found at all fires in varying quantities. It is slightly lighter than air, but is usually mixed with other gases and may be encountered at any level. It is by far the most dangerous gas ordinarily present at fires. One per cent will kill in a very few minutes. A small automobile will give off enough in five minutes to render the average sized garage deadly. Even as small a quantity as one part in five hundred may produce unconsciousness in thirty minutes. This means that a room 8x8x8 having only 1 cu. ft. of this gas would be dangerous.

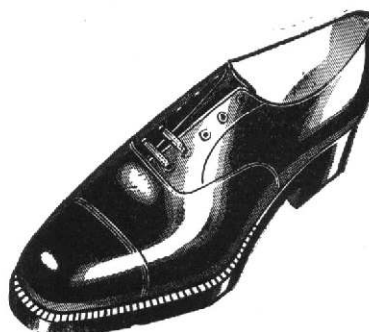
Carbon Monoxide acts by replacing the oxygen in the red blood cells, and since this gas combines with cells about three hundred times as readily as oxygen, it can be seen that only a very short period is needed for its deadly work. In quick cases the victim is unaware of any trouble until he collapses and, although conscious, cannot walk or crawl. In slower cases, the symptoms are yawning headache, dizziness, nausea, weariness, ringing in ears, or fluttering or throbbing of heart.

SGT. CLARK, S.D.

Taylor: "What shall I do Walker? I snore so loud at night I wake myself up!"

Walker: "Well, in that case I'd advise you to sleep in another room."

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You can't beat *Eatonia*  
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## + Are You A Blood Donor ? +

The ambulances were drawing near to a certain Military Hospital somewhere in Africa bringing in wounded men after a recent raid. Nursing sisters were busily engaged preparing beds and operating rooms in readiness. The doctors stood at the windows waiting for the first sound or appearance of the ambulances.

"Wish we had more dried blood plasma" remarked one of the medical officers, "as it is worth its weight in gold in relieving the shock condition of the boys—nothing like it—it has saved thousands of lives. We need one thousand cases right now. Wonder if the folks across the pond in Canada..."

Just then the ambulance arrived and the stretchers were brought in. For twenty hours the Medical staff worked steadily caring for the wounded, operating and dressing wounds. Two days later after the hospital had settled in a normal routine and the medical staff were being served coffee after the morning rounds one Nursing sister remarked "Isn't it wonderful how those boys picked up after the intravenous injection of dried blood plasma was given. Just as successful as blood transfusions and certainly more easily done" That reminds me" the Medical Officer said "There are just ten cases left and I wonder if the folks back home in Canada realize how valuable their Blood Donations are. We should have a thousand cases ready in the hospital".

As a result of these conditions in all parts of the world the Canadian Red Cross Society has been asked to supply 20,000 cases of dried blood plasma immediately.

From time to time the Canadian Red Cross Society has expressed their appreciation for the splendid co-operation given by the personnel of No. 8 S.F.T.S. for their donations of blood which is processed and used in the treatment of Shock suffered by members of His Majesty's forces. Since last February when the Blood clinic was established at the station hospital four hundred and thirty-two Blood donations have been given. Many of the airwomen have volunteered and nine have donated blood recently. The following are those who have donated three times and are the proud possessors of the Red Cross Blood Donors Button which the Canadian Red Cross Society has awarded them.

S/L H. Bryant, F/L H. A. Johnson, P/O L.

F. Hickey, Sgt. J. F. A. MacKinnon, Sgt. C. E. Brownridge, Cpl. N. B. Bomphray, Cpl. S. Machin, LAC. J. A. Boudreau, LAC H. U. Cluff, LAC. E. C. Finlay, LAC J. Mullen, LAC A. Nelthorpe, LAC C.L. Simons, LAW V. E. Graves, LAC M. R. Parknowitz, LAC N. D. Howden, LAC W.J.E. Reburn, Cpl. R. B. Myers, Sgt. VP. Jensen.

Allowing for postings and those found unsuitable a list of FOUR-HUNDRED AND EIGHT names is required to ensure regular delivery of twenty-four donations every Tuesday to the Provincial Blood Processing Laboratories, University of New Brunswick, Fredericton, New Brunswick.

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

New volunteers means more blood for this worthy cause.

Leave your name at the Station Hospital if you wish to donate Blood for the Armed Forces.

R. A. WALLACE, Nursing Sister.

The morning after last dance...

F/O Dobson: "How did you find the ladies at the dance?"

Cpl. Nunn: "Sir, I just opened the door marked "LADIES" and there they were!!!"

COMPLIMENTS OF  
**Moncton Plumbing  
& Supply**  
COMPANY LIMITED



# LOUNGING WITH THE N.C.O's

F/Sgt. Wilson (at trade test again) "What is the most important thing in the Sgt's Mess?"

A.W.I—"The Cooks"

Waslyk—"But only at meal times."

"The honeymoon is over" says Sgt. Langsford, "When the pain in the heart shifts to the neck."

Who was the Senior N.C.O. attached to Maintenance after the Dance at the Recreation Hall last Friday evening, started to chase the papers across the soft mud near the Hospital and next morning he couldn't think where he got his boots dirty? A Sgt. from H.Q., who was in his company didn't get his muddy?

Too bad to lose Sgt. Snyder of the Pay Office, a real fellow comrade and what a Ball Player. He has gone back to Montreal. God bless him! (Moncton Fans loved him).

Flt. Sgt. Greenough is frequently asked if his AWL's (sorry LAW's) will be attending the next Wings Parade. How about it Flight?

Rumour has it that Sgt. Stoner was recent-

ly caught in an embarrassing situation but he still insists that it was Sgt. Sancton. Come now, Sgt. don't be modest.

Sgts. Phil Lovett and Bob Mackie have been heard singing "Don't go down the Railroad Tracks with anyone else but me".. How could they?

## LOUNGING WITH OUR SENIOR N.C.O's

Congratulations to Cpl. Ritzy on her well merited promotion to the Rank of Sergeant. Welcome to our Mess, Sergeant.

Congratulations are also in order to F. S. Beynon on his promotion to W.O.2. To Sgt. Neville on his promotion to Flight Sergeant.

Keep, going lads.

Since the last issue of "Take Off" we lost one of our best S/M in the person of S/M Jones was promoted to the rank of P.O. Congratulations Sir but may we add that we miss you very much here.

We also extend our congratulations to F. S. Goldwin on his promotion to P.O.



# Sussex

## BEVERAGES

*"The Quality Kind"*



## QUICKIES

or

### Who's working at the Gate to-night?

F.O. F.H. Ryder, D.A.P.M.—This is a new deal, boys, and a square one.

Sgt. McMaster—The schedule remains as it, unless I change it... without notice... without fail. Gee! When they gonna smarten up and gimme my flight... without fail.

Cpl. King—She was the cutest little thing you ever saw!

Cpl. Gair—Now, when I was at Gander...

Cpl. Hodd—It's all propaganda.

Cpl. Brennan—The devil's brew shall never cross my lips!

Cpl. Hayes—Hello! What ho! Pip pip! What, What! Who's got my shoe!!!

Cpl. Calder—Now I know a fellow who went out with a chap, who was a good friend of the family of...

LAC Raymond—All de Scwaf, she been all lak same to me!

Cpl. Murray—I'd rather do fingerprinting!

Cpl. Carson—Where's that Second Front? Student Pilot (meekly)—"Will my going on the work parade, sergeant, affect my chances for a commission?"

Sgt. McMaster—(taking cigar out of mouth)—"Na! I've taken 'em out of the digger, and given 'em commissions".

CPL. M. CARSON.

Cpl. Meyer at the Country Club...

"Tee the ball."

LAC Weaver: "Sure I see it, but why the baby talk?"

F/O Tubby: "If I start at a given point on a given figure and travel the entire distance around it, where will I get and what?"

Achurch: "Nowhere Sir, and your face slapped."

Cpl. Brooks: "What is the difference between a sewing machine and a kiss?"

Sgt. Walsh: "A sewing machine sews nice seams and a Kiss just seems nice!"



OCTANE SHORTAGE

## CARL'S GRILL

Delicious Tasty Meals

Reasonable Prices

Specializing in Chicken

Headquarters for Airmen

Reading and Writing Room Free  
of Charge

Private Rooms for Private Parties

Managed by Great War Veteran

8 Bonaccord Street : Moncton

## Photography

Please your family and friends  
with a photo of yourself at  
Christmas — IT's the next best  
to a personal visit.

## The Reid Studio

"Where Everybody Goes"

MONCTON, N. B.

## WORKS AND BRICKS BOUQUETS

(A column of gossip that may be of use after  
reading the cups)

"Four gentlemen a-hunting went  
They boasted loud and long,  
'Till their return, when they gave vent  
Four rifles for a song."

The noisest portion of W. & B. staff went  
hunting one week-end.

For a month or more Cpls. Black, Belliveau  
and Jensen and Sgt. Cheyne filled the air  
with picturesque hunting tales and great ex-  
pectations. No infanticipating father was ever  
more frantic than they at finding this neck  
of the woods woefully short of ammunition.  
The country was combed and great was the  
rejoicing when someone located a supply of  
bullets. Finally, creaking under a load of  
blankets, food, guns and all the pointless gear  
of once-a-year-sportsmen they left appre-  
hensive wives and headed for the bush.

And for a whole week-end, while gay herds  
of deer played leap-frog in the bush—  
—our ambitious hunters played cards.

Rather than lose his grip, Cpl. Forster flit-  
ted by T.C.A. to have tea with his girl friend  
in Montreal. He filled his diary with poetry  
when he returned.

Wandering but not lost—Thomas limped  
into camp on a 48, and Droopy-drawers  
Brown (from the wilderness of Scoudouc)  
brought peace offerings of cantelope.

Our spoiled Office-girl, who has a sailor in  
a certain port, is thinking of joining the  
Wrens. "They go down to the sea in slips" as  
some punster put it.

Works and Buildings Parades are full of  
surprises, we never know whether to bring  
drill books or running shoes. So if you should  
see a puffing, bedraggled band galloping  
around the station—don't grow alarmed, it is  
just a routine W. & B. "Roll Call".

## TRY THIS ON YOUR PIANO!

Deposit \$50.00 at the Station Post Office  
and make the following with-drawals:

1.	\$20.	leaving balance of	\$30.
2.	15.	"	15.
3.	9.	"	6.
4.	6.	"	0.

Now add them up..... \$51.

Then go around and try to collect the extra  
dollar...

TAKE OFF, NOVEMBER, 1942

## Hitler On The Run

**Comic War Ballad by ex-Sergt. Neil MacDonald, Kincardine, Ontario, 160th and 47th Battalions for the troops.**

**Can be sung to any march, Hillbilly or Cowboy tune like "I Had But Fifty Cents; Eleven Months; Oh Solomon Levi; Pat McGinty's Goat; Wabash Cannon Ball; Work's All Done This Fall; The All American Bum.**

Come, all you lovers of liberty, we'll sing 'til victory's won;  
Go, tell the King and his lovely Queen, the Nazis are on the run  
And you, der Fueher, go jump in the sewer you'll hear the soldiers hum  
Go back to where you started and you'll still be on the bum.

You were good at paper hanging and you had exquisite taste,  
Never, ever hungry, you were always eating paste;  
You figured in the other war the Kaiser was the goat  
And how you would have run the thing if you had been in his coat.

You gave your word at Munich but of course that wasn't much;  
You cheated Czechoslovakia and you double-crossed the Dutch;  
You know now what your lacking is a good Churchill brain  
Or Chamberlain's umbrella, for you're standing in the rain.

You said to Joseph Stalin, "don't you think I'm doing fine,  
I've captured most of Europe and I'll make the British whine."  
The Russian Bear said "wait and see, you're going to get a bump,  
And Mussolini's going to take it running on his rump."

You never spin or sow or reap or gather where you toil,  
But look to poor Rumania to supply you with the oil;  
You said to Uncle Sam, "make them quit, I've had my fling,"  
But Roosevelt said, "Nurts to you, I'm with Mackenzie King.

TAKE OFF, NOVEMBER, 1942

You haven't got a trusty pal and nothing much to eat,  
While we have Wendell Willkie, Jim McKinnon guards our wheat.  
There'll always be an England and we'll have a barrel of fun  
When the lights of London shine again and Hitler's on the run

Your subs and U-boats took revenge on unarmed ships afloat,  
But when they saw our navy come they scuttled every boat;  
You took the air to show our pilots how the Nazi fights  
But now you see your cellophane crates are just a bunch of kites.

We'll go on leave to Paris and we'll meet the mademoiselles,  
We'll learn to parlez-vous, of course, and stop at swell hotels;  
In gay Paree just wait and see, we'll have fun galore,  
We'll march right into Germany like Ralston did before.

There'll be boys from all the colonies and when the war is thru,  
They'll dance in Picadilly with the lady that's known as Lou;  
In Lester Square we'll meet a pair we knew when fighting the hun  
Then hand in hand go down the Strand, with Hitler on the run.

The world will have one ruler, our Creator from above.  
Who came to earth to live with us, and teach us brotherly love.  
We'll sing and cheer, in high gear, 'til troubled days are o'er,  
With international government we'll study war no more.

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**AT WILSON'S GRILL**

**I Wonder—**

Who Malaidack is in love with this time, any way the blue ribbon sure am pretty. Does anyone in Maintenance know the answer.

Why we never see the orderly sergeant any more, for a while we saw him every time we looked. Ask Johnny.

Why Mr. Bouque's newly acquired wife was so surprised when, on his last forty-eight he peeled three bags of potatoes when she had asked for a few. Three bags are small potatoes compared to twelve and fourteen a meal.

Why the only time the boys ever think the clock is fast is at seven thirty in the morning.

What's the army got that a certain tall blonde S.P. hasn't, Some time we'll understand.

Why when you plan on washing the water's cold, when it's a hot day there's heat in the barracks, when you want to get dressed there's men, and when it's lights out you've never done one darn thing you wanted to.

**Congratulations**

To Sgt. Moodie and AW1 Johnstone. Everyone who knows them wishes them the best of luck, especially the girls who went through those first few months with her at Toronto and Guelph.

**Mess Hall Sayings**

Where's Malaidack?

Has anyone seen the broom.

Who turned that water on.

Pretty don't you think or don't you?

When Are we going to get some clean smocks.

Have you any knives?

D. M. BRAYE

**THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW...**

Who is the blond Sgt. from the Accts. Section who was (in vain of course) trying to drink coffee with his cup turned upside down?

Why does Sgt. Stoner always blame Sgt. Scanton when he is caught in an embarrassing situation.

Why Sgt. Haskins is sporting such a fatherly look these days??? (HELLO POP!!!).

Overheard in the N.C.O's Mess:

"Say, who you shovin, anyway?" Sgt. McMaster asked of a new N.C.O.

"I dunna. What's your name?"

TAKE OFF, NOVEMBER, 1942

## Wrongs and Rights From the Flights

### "NO. 2 SERVICING FLIGHT"

A Mechanic' job is diversified  
The fact cannot be denied  
An engine in tune he must be able to keep  
And a hangar floor he must know how to sweep.

And when we're blessed with a raining day  
(Such as the 24th of May)  
With soap and water he takes great pains  
To wash the dirt off aeroplanes.

To get his papers he must be able  
To paint a hangar, or clean a stable  
Confucius say (and he never lied)  
"A mechanic's job is diversified".

### "NO. 2 SERVICING FLIGHT"

#### "Dat Dag Gone Bird De Link"

For two, t'ree mont, my brother Pierre take course on Link to fly de h'air. She's Hair-plane of special make. On first solo your nerves he's shake. You take 'em off wit nose to sky. A Dat Dag Gone T'ing, to floor she tie. Wit needle, ball and h'airspeed diaet you fly like H... for two t'ree mile.

Wit system Pierre call, "One two t'ree" Dat link she fly like "Hay Bee". See, go right, go left, its ha'll de same. But Pierre, he's tell me one on leave he's boss, call Slim, got plenty peere when h'airspeed, height above the ground don't stay put, go h'up and down.

Pierre he's change, his modder t'ink. Since he's been riding on dat link he's appetite on week-end trips. He's shrink on down to lettle bits, but two week more Pierre pass bye. No more link he's got to fly. He's prove to slim now very able to fly dat link the dag gone table.

### NO. 2 HANGER

What did "AC Rayhan" do when the cook refused him something to eat in the dead of night? Will someone please tell him those holes are for putting our "left-overs" in.

Everybody, I believe, had the experience of running into some of those so-called "hot-badge-hunting-girls", but AW Marathon Corporal "Shorty" must have had a run-in with

one of those "dames" who don't even stop to unpin the badge, for one afternoon not long ago we see poor little shorty run up to the gate without any hat on at all. How about enlightening the boys "Corp."? and what was the bargain, anyway?

The last issue of "Take Off" must have scared "Stewy" for no one seems to see him walking through the hangar with that "Control Tower Sweet" anymore; how about it "Walt."? Maybe a certain little someone in town has something to say about it! Quien Sabe!

Who was the N.C.O. in this hangar who was in such a hurry to get a visiting Wing Commander to sign a gasoline voucher that he fell head-first out of the orderly-room window?

Why does our most honourable Sergeant take so many flips now? Maybe he gets paid for them or is it the thrill of the air? Who knows!

Congratulations there "Jonesie" on your recent promotion; we sure miss you too. Congratulations also there "Gartley"; she's pretty darn nice, so look after her now.

What does a certain LAC in this hangar mean when he says: "Classy Chassis"? Is it "flesh" or "metal"?

Who was the student from "Dawn" Flight who, when he saw a sprinkling of rain fall on his wind-shield, shut the motor off and signed the ship out unserviceable for its brakes? Pretty good! Pretty good!

AC Hale was seen talking over the phone in the canteen the other night. Could it have been the little wife? Ask "Doc".

A certain "Flight", and in fact a whole car-load of N.C.O.'s tried to take a short-cut into town one Saturday night but was foiled in the attempt; "ye ole Plymouth" couldn't take it I guess, for they wound up by taking the bus after all. That "hooch" is bad stuff "Greenie"!!

"Red" the "firefighter" and "woman-hater" was seen not long ago at a dance in town at the K. of P. picking out all the "reds" in the side-lines. Who said "Red" was a woman-hater? With that smile of his he's a "killer".

Why can't we have more efficient telephone service on this station? or should I just say "telephone service"? we can't even talk to our



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girl-friends in town any-more. When the mess-hall is too noisy the canteen is closed, and when the canteen opens it gets too noisy to hear yourself talking; and now when the noise in the mess dies down they lock it up for the night and won't let anyone in. Couldn't something be done about this? There's a long winter in sight!

(LAC) "It asp"

### "A FLIGHT"

We feel that the time has come for our Flight to make its debut in "Take Off". We've been on the station for over a month and every-one should have a fair idea of who we are. That's right! We fly the Ansons, better known as the "Thunderbolts", those large multi-engine circuit hogs that lumber here and there around the airdrome. We do quite well, dodging Harvards, bothering Hudsons and interfering with T.C.A. However, as our hours pile up we grow more adept at this "straight and level" business and soon we won't be bothering anyone but ourselves. And maybe the Control Tower.

The Ansons, Heaven bless them, have one saving grace in that they have two engines. Obviously, the only reason for them having two engines is the frequency with which one or the other conks out. A single-engine landing is no longer a wonderful thing, calling for much back-slapping and passing of bouquets,—it is now considered to be just in a normal day's run of events. Wait till someone comes in with no engines at all, then there'll be plenty of excitement.

Speaking of excitement, one of our instructors, complete with a pupil, came in the other day with only one engine, one wheel, and no flaps, which we think is quite a feat. A more unpleasant situation is hard to imagine unless someone tries it with one wing, one prop. and no fuselage.

Our top award for the boner of the month, a copper plated bed pan, goes to the impatient student in "A Flight" who taxied past a Squadron Leader with his tail up. He learned via the Rumble Club that this doesn't pay.

Runners up included a student who tried to pick up his parachute by the ripcord and the other lad who tried to take off with his flaps down.

We are all sorry to hear that our C.O. is leaving us. Although we have only known him a relatively short time, he has impressed us all as a fine man and an efficient leader. We will miss Group Captain Brown and we all wish him the best of luck at his new post.

TAKE OFF, NOVEMBER, 1942



Item number one on any sports talk around the Station is the success of our two softball teams. The boys and girls have set something of a record in bringing both the Moncton and New Brunswick championships to the Station. To this the men have added the Maritime laurels and there is a possibility that the girls will get a chance to duplicate the feat. In any case we extend hearty congratulations to all concerned especially Sgt. McMaster, manager of both teams and the two pitcher-captains Cpl. Bill Thornton and LAW "Bert" Podolski.

v v v

Sydney Steelman, our opponents in the Maritime Championship were a fine group of sportsmen, and played like champions, especially in the first six innings of the second game. Special mention goes to their catcher Abie Libbus; standing about five foot four, he was a real ball of fire, chasing pop-flies around and over any obstacles behind the plate including cars, shacks, barbed-wire fences and assorted spectators; he hit well too, and went round the bases like a bullet. His batterymate, "Tarp" Walsh, was six foot four and broad to match, he had a fine control of a medium ball with lots of stuff. Their centre-fielder Mombarquette was at once the hero and the goat. His one-hand stab of a terrific clout from Gibson that was labelled for the wide-open was down-right robbery; subsequently he muffed a ball that dropped sharply and this set the stage for our big rally.

v v v

Sgt. McMaster's cigar was about bursting at the seams during the second game, the further behind we got, the more he puffed, and it was at white heat by the seventh inning. Came the end of the eighth and we were safely in front, the famous smile of victory was wreathing the McMaster countenance, and he was selecting a fresh Pandora from a large box marked "Maritime Championship Series".....

TAKE OFF, NOVEMBER, 1942

With softball almost in the discard, sport interest has shifted to football and hockey. Football as a Station game is extremely expensive to equip and prolific in its demands in time and energy; only a few Manning Pools can even consider the possibility. There are two teams operating in the big leagues; F.O. "Lew" Hayman, ex-coach of Toronto Argonauts has a fine collection of former senior players at No. 1 in Toronto. Under the title of "Hurricanes" they have been blasting their opposition in all directions and at the moment of writing, have a record of five wins and no losses. In Winnipeg, P.O. "Bob" Fritz is coaching and playing for another Air Force team which is cutting a big swathe through the ranks of its opponents.

v v v

In Toronto the game between the "Hurricanes" and the Navy drew 17,000 spectators, most of whom were supporting the Navy, because the R.C.A.F. team contained more experienced football players which emphasizes the point that the general public prefers an "under-dog" team to a "packed" team however well they may play.

v v v

This in turn brings us to the hockey season, which has already produced a first-class "player" wrangle before the season has opened. An Army team based on Ottawa had so many ex-professionals that the civilian teams in the group passed a regulation limiting the number of ex-pros to four per team. At the moment the Army is "considering" whether it will operate under the regulation.

v v v

It begins to look as if Major "Connie" Smythe hit the nail on the head when he stated flatly that "Service" teams should confine their activities to inter-service competition. There is no doubt that the moment service teams get into "big-money" competition they come under influences in which the



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needs and interests of the Service are not the first consideration. Participation in sports wrangles is no help and we had have proof in Moncton that these wrangles are mighty difficult to avoid.

V V V

Meanwhile some mighty potent R.C.A.F. hockey teams are going to take the ice in all big centres. The available talent will be distributed over the whole country and it looks like a big year. The Army and Navy will also have strong teams and these inter-service struggles should attract the keenest interest.

V V V

The big question locally is "will there be an indoor rink"? and that question is still unanswered. The two possibilities are, first that arrangements can be made to release the Moncton rink from its present use by No. 5 E.D., and second that a new rink be built and the plant transferred to it. Both have been discussed, but a good guess would be that while either course might be adopted, neither can be in effective use this season.

V V V

On the station, arrangements for the erection of the skating rink are in hand, and it is expected that the first opportunity for laying down a sheet of ice will find us fully prepared. There will also be a free skating area kept in shape, and if we have any kind of a winter there should be lots of activity.

V V V

In any case we suggest that all personnel who hope to get in any skating or hockey should send for their skates now; it will not be possible to keep skates for loan or issue as they are too expensive an item. But we do hope to operate an inter-squadron or inter-section league within the station.

V V V

Meanwhile there is a large drill hall equipped for basketball, volleyball, badminton, boxing and gymnastic work: there are all kinds of opportunities for people who want to get exercise and fun at the same time to do so. It is hoped that by the time this appears in print a section competition in these sports will have got off the mark.

V V V

The point to remember on these team sports is that a great deal of amusement and exercise is there for asking, but it does need the co-operation of all concerned if the maximum enjoyment is to be obtained. Nothing will kill interest faster than defaulted games, or teams showing up with insufficient players. So if you want to enjoy the games yourself see that you don't let your team or the opposing team down because something more

TAKE OFF, NOVEMBER, 1942

attractive looms on the horizon for that particular evening.

v v v

The bowling league has got under way. Owing to the limited number of alley-hours available it was impossible to get everyone who wished to bowl on a team. Handicapping is under way and this should bring real interest and closely contested games.

v v v

A supply of badminton racquets for general use on loan will shortly be available and should stimulate considerable interest in this sport. No. 31 P.D. are already asking for inter-station fixtures and we expect that many a bird is due to bite the dust.

v v v

For those interested in boxing, even if only as a means of achieving a higher standard of physical fitness rather than from any desire to commit murderous assault on their fellow-men, Sgt. Ferguson is conducting classes on Tuesday and Thursday nights. It is hoped that the enrolment will be sufficient to make a "Novices Tournament" possible in the near future: present plans call for a tournament to be included in the same competition as the basketball etc.

v v v

There are other varieties of indoor sport which are worth a try. One is broomball, which calls for nothing more than a spirit of adventure and ability to scrounge a broom. Another is floor-hockey which can be played either with old hockey sticks or broom-sticks.

v v v

A game which has become very popular in some stations and which was specially designed for drill hall use is Borden ball. The name comes from Camp Borden where it was first played. It involves a space a little larger than a basketball court, two hockey nets and a rugby ball. The player in possession of the ball may take three steps or hold the ball three seconds before disposing of it. Passes must be caught; if they touch the ground they go to the nearest player of the other team at that point. A semi-circle zone 15 feet in radius provides a "crease" in front of the goal-keeper which may not be crossed either by defender or attacker. There should be no bodily contact; checking opponents are required to keep a distance of at least 3 yards. Penalty shots are awarded for serious offences: the teams consist of six players as in a hockey team plus about four substitutes.

v v v

This game is really worth a try; it combines the skills of football and basketball with the strategy of hockey, and if properly

TAKE OFF, NOVEMBER, 1942

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NEW SCHEDULE AS BELOW  
EFFECTIVE OCT. 21, 1942

Leaves Moncton		Leaves RCAF No. 8
5.30 a.m.	Daily Except Sunday	6.10 a.m.
6.30	" " "	6.50
7.10	" " "	7.30
7.30	DAILY	7.50
8.35	"	8.55
10.00	"	10.20
11.30	" Except "	11.50
1.00 p.m.	DAILY	1.30 p.m.
2.30	"	2.50
4.45	"	5.15
5.05	"	5.20
5.20	" Except "	5.40
5.40	Daily	6.10
6.00	" Except "	6.20
6.30	Daily	6.45
6.40	" Except "	7.00
7.00	Daily	7.20
7.20	" Except "	7.40
7.40	Daily	8.00
8.00	" Except "	8.20
8.20	Daily	8.40
9.00	"	9.30
10.00	"	10.20
10.20	" Except "	10.40
10.40	Daily	11.00
11.00	" Except "	11.20
11.20	Daily	11.40
12.10	"	12.30
12.45	"	1.00 a.m.

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Back Row (left to right)—LAW Gray, E. J. (Short Stop); LAW McLaren, M.E. (Sub.); LAW Woodliffe, W. (left field); AW2 Langmuir, E. J. (First Base); LAW Moore, M.R. (Centre Field); LAW ENGLER, K. (Second Base).

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### NO. 8 FLYERS VS SYDNEY STEEL

The Championship games were played in brilliant weather but on rough diamond, the infield was pebbly and the outfield very treacherous for ground balls.

The morning game developed into a pitchers' duel between Bill Thornton and "Tarp" Walsh. After Brennan and Thornton had gone out in the first Bryden beat out an infield hit and Gibson poled a long homer to put us two up, and it looked easy. But Walsh, after conceding another run in the third tightened up and Thornton, who buckled one of his knees running to first base, began to weaken. They

grabbed a single in the fourth and added two more in the seventh to tie the score; it looked like curtains in the eighth when they got runners on second and third with nobody out; the situation was saved when an attempted bunt popped just over Thornton's head and William leaned back and grabbed it to double the runner on third who was caught streaking for home. Came the ninth, and Brennan led off with a single, Thornton beat out a hit and Bryden slammed home the winning run. A real tense game with the edge coming to us because of ability to hit in the pinches.

In the afternoon game it was a different story; Chuck Lindsay pitched well enough, but got pretty shaky support and the Steelmen notched runs steadily and had amassed 10 by the end of the sixth. Meanwhile we had

but one hitting splurge off Tynski in the second, including a homer by Steele which netted three runs and a typical Gibson effort in the third—a two base hit which he tried to stretch to three but got home when the ball that should have caught him went over the third baseman's head. At the beginning of the seventh therefore it was 10-4 against us. Captain Thornton sitting on the bench with a sore knee and a tired arm and nothing we did going right. At this point our strategist McMaster decided that Thornton must go into the game to "spark-plug" the team, he promptly figured in a rally which produced three runs, Cubby delivering the important hit. Lindsay, who was still pitching, mowed them down 1, 2, 3, and it was 10-7. In the eighth Steel struck out, Lindsay walked and Bogle walloped a mammoth homer for two more runs, Brennan walked, Thornton made the second out, Bryden hit a lusty single and the Steelmen took a look at Gibson and decided to walk him; nobody had told them that Gubby had the best average in the league, so he brought it to their attention with a beautiful triple that made the score 12-10. Steel's single brought in two more for a total of seven in the inning. With a four-run lead to work on Thornton took over the pitching. We conceded a run, but replied with five in the ninth as our discouraged opponents fell apart. Final score 19-12.

#### A MOTHER'S PRAYER

When you were just a little boy  
You used to climb upon my knee,  
And tell me things. One day you said:  
"I'm going to fly like that bird; see?"

This dream come true you said "Goodbye"  
Your uniform was trim and smart,  
Your eyes were bright, you laughed, I  
smiled,  
And hid from you my aching heart.

That He will keep you in His care,  
At every morn and eve I pray.  
While cannons roar and battles rage,  
You'll know He's with you night and day.

A. M. HODGSON.

Sgt. MacGonigal: "I know a place where  
women don't wear anything except a string  
of beads once in awhile."

MacLaren: "Holy Gee!! Where?"

Sgt. "Around their necks."

TAKE OFF, NOVEMBER, 1942

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# A Newfoundland Letter

Dear Number 8,

July, 1942

Sometimes this experience takes on the aspect of unreality and yet one glance from this high window down to the busy harbour below assures one that it is real, and that we are in on the "real" thing. When the day arrived that saw our departure from the friendly atmosphere of No. 8, one was accustomed to the idea of being on the move. Of making friends and then saying "Cheerio" and "Good Luck", of being sent off to the edge of the continent with Canada on our sleeves. It was all very exciting.

The last few moments in the familiar barrack room, sitting in a stripped bunk and waiting for the M.T. seemed endless. The calm cigarette belied inner excitement, the casual talk with the girls masked real sorrow, for a while one withdraws and stifles feeling, or else one should go on with backward glances, like lot's wife. Through "Bishop" and "Woodie" and "Little", one knew something of

Newfoundland. Through Rockwell Kent's illustrations of Greenland one surmised a general landscape. So that when I saw St. John's, I felt on known territory. It is very much like Quebec city and yet has an atmosphere particularly its own. Yes, we looked pretty calm, I guess, but if you had seen the repeated counting of tickets and baggage checks, you would have laughed. I did, somewhere off inside, had a good chuckle at me.

At the station we met the others of our party of pioneers. Such a counting off there was! A lanky sergeant with a frenzied expression—counted us off. A small, fair corporal counted us off. Meal tickets, train tickets, baggage tickets! one had the insane desire to do an operatic anvil chorus and to shout out numbers up to the twenty-five in the best wagnerian style. However, one did not. One was R.C.A.F. (W.D.) and just what would people think? (if they think at all it would be good exercise!)

I will skip the highly questionable comforts of a ride on a troop train. Also the arguments

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about the respective merits of east and west. After all, we are all Canadians, all of one glorious country. What is there to bicker about? Well, over here that difference is mere geographic locality is forgotten. We are a small group of Canadians, virtually foreigners. We stand by each other, and that is what counts, eh? It was after wrestling with an elusive chop and balancing a precarious coffee cup that we reached that well known eastern port. We lined up in the narrow corridor, yes! we were counted again. (just to see if someone might have been pushed off with a milk can.) Finally, in three ragged ranks, we stood on the station platform, looking for all the world like the Byrd expedition. Ruck-asacks, suitcases and all those peculiar parcels that just collect, who knows how, dumped at the toes of the barges known as service shoes. There were stood in the half light of the station, slightly bewildered, people gaped at us. Stodidly we stared back and waited. Officers buzzed about with the haggard appearance of having the world suddenly plonked on their shoulders. Suddenly a quick command. We caught up our impedementia, panting, laughing, bumping, we marched through the torturous back rooms of the baggage department and brought up at the tail end of the inevitable truck. The dark browned M.T. driver flashed a wide grin, we grinned back, and then laughed aloud when a friendly push on the fanny sent us careening up onto the blessed vehicle. Then the real fun began. That is, after we had waited for some mystery to be solved, we actually started to go somewhere. The nasty secret agents of hostile foreign powers would have been thoroughly baffled by the winding route through the lower town. Up and down, around and about, a mad fox and hounds chase, following the little car ahead, through the twilit streets. Along by docks, we went, and then into a long grey shed. Light spread opposite an open door, we stopped at the end of a gang plank. We saw the grey sides of a ship. Gosh! Laughter and speculation stilled suddenly. Embarkation roll call. We trudged aboard a little stunned. We were really leaving Canada. Those Canada badges were no empty symbols, they meant something.

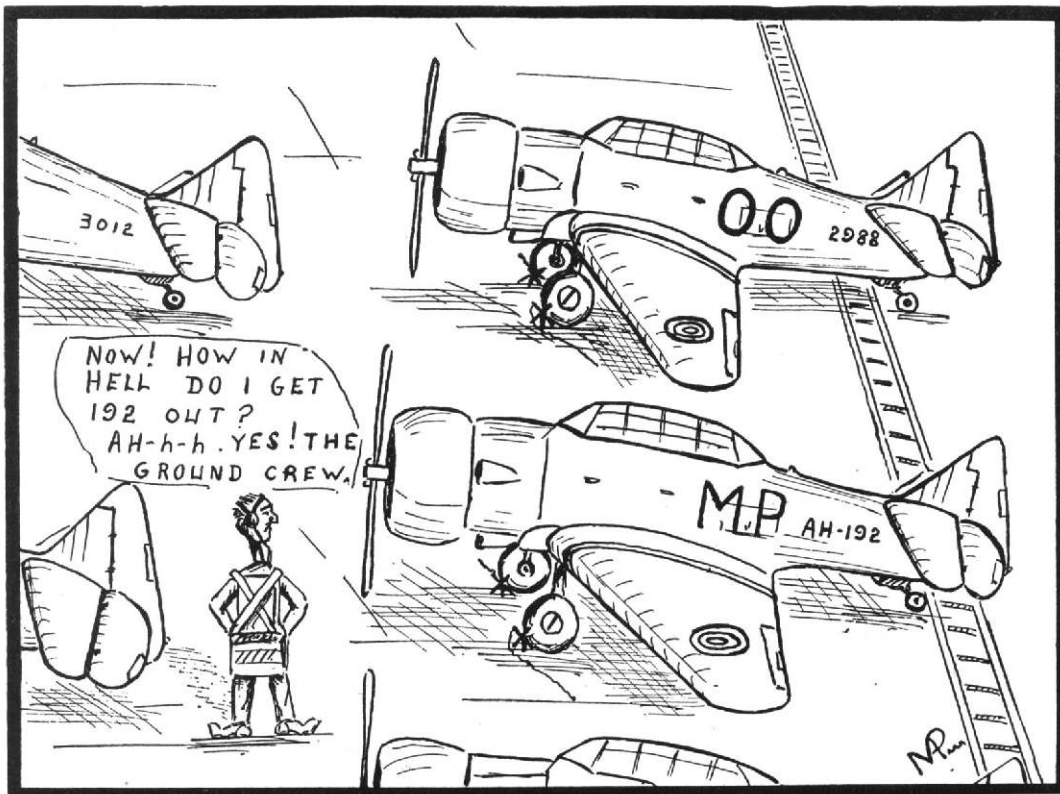
We found our cabins, dumped our stuff and collapsed on the bunks. "Hi, kids, feel those beds!" Laughter spread again. At dinner that night we were awed into silence. Someone picked up the corner of the table cloth, h'mm, good goods". The napkins lay folded, until sheepishly we put them across our knees, "what are these things for?" and "what in the world d'ye want two knives for?" It was a good dinner, probably the most enjoyable for some until feet were on dry land again. There was a little conference in the lounge and then

we all scampered off to test those fine feather pillows in the approved style. The next day we polished hard, vowing to show these Haligonians a thing or three, for we had to go up to the Y depot for something or other. We had a hair-raising ride through the erratic streets of a sleepy Sunday morning town. One forgot about the wispy bits in picking out familiar landmarks. I wondered if all the fallen plaster which showed in rank scars on shabby houses had been knocked off by the "explosion". How glad I was that "barometer rising" had been read with such interest. It gave a background against which to form new pictures of war-time Halifax. By the way, doesn't anyone ever paint a house in Halifax

The shrieks which greeted the pretty picture of a W.D. in a tin hat, turned "operational" knitting parade into a minor riot. Then the nice red-haired M.O. (pardon, sir!) who smiled and said, "are you O.K.?" as if he really car-

ed. One grinned back, "Yes, thank you, sir!" and forgot to salute in departing. The dust raising truck ride past a sober church parade nearly knocked it out of kilter. The boys eyes swivelled over. We waved and laughed, most unmilitary. Then we were allowed to shop at a little corner drug store. Lucky thing too, there is no fifteen cent store over here, and what is a W.D. to do? We flowed into the tiny shop and disorganized the two girls serving in no time at all. In spite of arms laden with packages, our ever-obliging M.T. pushed us lovingly up over the tail of the truck. One wondered if there was method in his madness, a ladder would have been simpler. (?) Meanwhile the S/L paced like a caged panther, I'll bet that this will be the last time that he will let women shop!! He broke into wide and delighted smiles, finally, when at long last this "body of women" were safely aboard again, to the last frazzled female.

## THEY'LL DO IT EVERY TIME



HE'S OUR PROBLEM CHILD

TAKE OFF, NOVEMBER, 1942



Strange thing this sliding out steadily from a Canadian harbour, without the fan-fare and gaiety of departure. We lined the rails, our companions, gunners smiling and joking with us, as we all watched the home shore recede. Perhaps the suggestion that we had companions makes you curious? Well, they were grand lads, a demonstration squad, out to add another phase of experience to their training, in Newfoundland. They were young, keen and just crazy enough to be as much fun as a barrel of monkeys. For them, as well as for some of us, this sea-faring was a new experience. In talking we found that they had the same thrill of pride and excitement in the grey ships of a convoy, and in our sturdy little watch-dogs, the corvettes, that scurried around on the alert. It gave one a crusader feeling to be a part of the stirring picture that one had seen so often on the silver screen. It made one realize tremendous burden carried so gallantly by the navy. Down inside somewhere, one has thrilled by the significance of the teamwork, the endurance, and the courage that these "our boys" displayed. It made one vow to do one's part, a precious feeling that is sometimes overlooked and lost in the humdrum routine jobs. That feeling too that makes homesickness and discomfort cheerfully bearable, without too much grouching.

Boat drill rubbed in the fact that we might be floundering about in cold water, but one would never think that the idea was even present as we would take our stations joking about our "Mae Wests" and commenting that "we would fool that guy who didn't like us down there". The silly part about the darned things were that you couldn't pass another without pneumatic collisions, ridiculous situation.

I wish, too that you could have seen "painter" all dressed up in the "rig". Heads popped out of state-room doors when hilarious shrieks greeted the weird apparition in the hall, complete with tin hat, respirator, life preserver,

and blue pajamas. We clowned, and with fatalistic humour included chocolate, cigarette and matches to the little pile of warm clothing left ready each night, that is ready to be grabbed in a hurry. One planned out what one would do if... and then went calmly to sleep.

Days on board resolve into a timeless pattern. The real joy of them was in the relaxation of routine. One could attend to little jobs, write long awaited letters, fuss about a hair-do, get hands looking decent and sleep. One morning one of the lads (of Polish extraction) put all the symphony records in "sparks" cabin, on the gramophone. The first long delightful concert in months, how satisfying it was. Sometimes we would sing like fools around the piano, really letting off accumulated steam. Another time we watched the boys put through their rifle drill. Afterwards they played instructors as several of us tried to master the action and rhythm of smart drill. Those muscles! It was fun, though, and made one want live ammunition and a target. We had a perfect day of warm sunlight and a rollicking breeze. The sea was deep blue-green with lacy ever-changing patterns in the foam. We had cold, grey days with port-holes closed, high seas and bitter wind. Then we counted the tally between boys and girls at meal-time. We had the higher total in attendance on the dining saloon. One night a space was cleared in the lounge and we danced. It was a little delirious to waltz gaily up acanted floor to have it sink beneath one's feet and to land in the laps of the spectators. The jitter fans did not have to do a fanny-waggle at all. The periodic spasms of complete darkness when some one went out through the deck companionway made the party just that much more insane. The comradeship, the fun and the laughter are so appreciated now, as we have a tough job ahead.

Finally, one day, out of the fog, rose the stark outlines of a coast, great humps of rock against a solid grey sky. A break did not show until we were nearly at the harbour mouth. Falling over kit bags and with clashing tin hats we lined the rails. The contours of the coast line, the rock covered with patches of exquisite green, the little government boat and the glimpses of our future home through the "gut", brought a wide variety of comments. As we slowed and stopped the tiny shallop tossed wildly, the officer aboard yelled through a magaphone to the bridge. One of the boy's looked at the gyrating boat, "gee", he said, "I'll betch'ad be sea-sick in that thing." He spoke feelingly. With the pilot at the wheel we heard the little bells ring and saw the foam churn in the wake, heard the motors take on a deeper tone, then our grey ship start-

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**"WAR AGAINST MRS. HADLEY"** Starring Edward Arnold and Fay Bainter.

**"FLYING TIGERS"** Starring John Wayne and Anna Lee. Courageous Fighting Against the Japanese in Burma.  
November 11th to 13th

**"KEEP FIT"** Starring George Formby.  
November 14th to 16th

**"FOR ME AND MY GAL"** Musical, Co-Starring Judy Garland and George Murphy.  
November 17th to 20th

**"NOW, VOYAGER"** Featuring Bette Davis and Paul Henried.  
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# EMPRESS

Theatre

## COMING ATTRACTIONS

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**"MEN OF BOYS' TOWN"** Co-Starring Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney  
All Above Dates Inclusive

ed to enter the narrow opening. Soldiers yelled and waved from the shores, "suckers" they shouted. Well, only time will prove that allegation. However most of us had made up our minds to like what was in store for us, therefore everything was of interest as we drew nearer to the quay we could see khaki and air-force blue against the drab dockside sheds. Suddenly "our Peggy" let out a whoop. "There they are "See?" tin hats collided, necks were craned a little further, we scanned the dock and found "Peggy's" parents. We were as curious as school children when they suddenly realize that, of course, the teacher has parents, too. "By golly, look! H. Q. must be out in full force. Even the A.O.C. is down to meet us! Hurrah!"

I'll leave you with that impression, until the next letter. Just see us coming down the gang-plank, fog having done it's worst on hair, rumpled, weighed down with kit, stepping on to the solid stones of Newfoundland, with grins of anticipation and delight. What does this land hold for us? Land that rose and fell alarmingly for a day or two then finally settled into steep streets and fascinating country-side. But I will have to tell you about that another time. Shall I? Cheerio and Good-bye now.

Sincerely, RUTH M. DINGLE.

## FROM THE SAW-BONES

WE WONDER:—

Just what one of the hospital staff is dazzling our eyes with a sparkler, are sun glasses on issue???

Why the Sergeant doesn't pass chewing gum around as well as cigarettes so in the future a certain one of our patients won't have to chew the same gum for a week. (Poor poor Stephen).

If some charitable society would like to donate a few pounds to tea to the hospital staff.

If a certain Sergeant in civilian life was the author of "Burgess' Bed Time Stories", would Sergeant Boudreau know anything about this?

Why one of our pretty W.D's went home on harvest leave. Could it be that she was getting lonesome for her big Western Cowboy???

Two airmen on reveille passes LAC Dunphy and LAC Neelands, while leaving camp met two airwomen slipping in: LAW Campbell and Trainor.

"Shhhh! We're coming in after hours," Campbell said.

To which Dunphy replied, "That's Okay, We're going out after OURS".

TAKE OFF, NOVEMBER, 1942

# THE FRENCH CORNER

## L'ENFANT PRODIGE

Des l'age de treize ans, Clement Barnier s'etait etabli une solide reputation de mauvais drole. Non seulement ses professeurs le consideraient, au college, comme le prototype du cancre, mais il manquait la classe pour aller naviguer dans le port sur des canots dont il se souciait peu de connaitre les proprietaires, ou partait en maraude, a travers champs, volant des fruits et denichant des oiseaux.

Son pere, le plus bourgeois des pharmaciens, le considerait avec stupeur, se demandant de qui ce petit bonhomme ruse et gouailleux pouvait tenir d'aussi suprenants instincts. Las de le corriger impunement, il lui lancait la grande menace qui, au bord de la mer, constitue l'argument definitif charge de faire reflechir les mauvais sujets.

Je t'embarquerai comme mousse a bord d'un morutier et, la, te promets qu'on te dressera.

Clement haussait les epaules, a moins qu'il ne repondit insolemment que le metier de marin realiserait justement ses rêves, et il continuait de frequenter les junes vauriens du port qu'il preferait a ses camarades de college.

Il ne se passait guere de semaine sans que quelqu'un vint se plaindre a la pharmacie. Avec une ingenuosite digne d'un meilleur emploi, Clement se plaisait a preparer des farces ahurissantes et d'un gout douteux dont les voisins etaient le plus souvent victimes. Pendant longtemps, il y avait d'autant mieux reussi que son regard candide et les bonnes manieres qu'il savait montrer les cas echeant, ecartaient de lui les soupçons; mais, a la longue, son air innocent n'avait plus trompe personne.

Ayant atteint sa quinzieme annee, Clement devient tellement intraitable que son pere finit par l'embarquer en qualite de mousse a bord d'un cargo. Il ne connaîtrait pas la rude existence des pêcheurs de morue mais ferait la navette entre la France, l'Amerique centrale et les Antilles.

Durant les jours qui le separaient encore du depart, on ne recontra que lui sur les quais, le torse moule dans une vareuse de

laine, un petit beret incline gaillardement sur l'oreille et fumant deja la pipe comme un vieux loup de mer. Le pharmacien, retournant a ses mortiers et ses bocaux, assura d'une voix qu'il voulait rendre dure.

Son nouveau mode de l'existence lui mettra du plomb dans la tete, c'etait indispensable.

On revit Clement trois ou quatre fois entre deux voyages. Il avait grandi, etait devenu beau garcon et racontait a ses anciens camarades les nombreuses aventures, toutes flatteuses, qui lui etaient arrivees. Et puis un jour, sans prendre de gants, le capitaine du cargo declara que Clement avait deserte a Vara-Cruz, au Mexique et qu'il n'etait pas fache de se voir debarrasser d'un citoyen aussi encombrant.

Depuis, lorsqu'on parlait du navigateur disparu, c'etait surtout pour le citer en exemple: "Tu finiras comme le fils du pharmacien, qui mange de la vache enragee en Amerique."

Et les annees passerent, vingt annees durant lesquelles les souvenirs du mauvais sujet s'attenuaient considerablement. Les gens bien informes, comme il en existe partout, assuraient qu'il avait ecrit du Bresil ou du Perou, a moins que ce ne fut du Venezuela, qu'il etait dans les affaires et se debrouillait bien. Les sceptiques supposaient que le pharmacien repandait ses nouvelles vagues pour masquer sa honte et que Clement avait deja du tres mal finir.

On ne pensait plus guere a lui quand le docteur Veran, un de ses anciens camarades du college, l'apercut un matin, place Paul-Bert, descendant d'une somptueuse voiture. Vêtu sans recherche mais avec elegance, Clement l'eblouit par son chic indiscutable. Naturellement, le medecin hesitait a le reconnaitre, sa curiosite bridee par le souci de pas se compromettre aux regards d'une clientele deja solide, mais le navigateur vint a lui, les mains tendues, et, assis a la terrasse du cafe de l'Europe, ils parlerent a la fois du present et du passe ainsi qu'il arrive en ces cas-la.

Ce qui etonnait le plus le docteur etait la parfaite distinction l'aimable simplicité de son ami d'enfance. Clement paraissait aussi-pondere qu'il s'etait montre exalte autrefois.

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En évoquant sa jeunesse mouvementée, il souriait avec indulgence.

—DIEU sait quel sale gosse j'ai pu être, mais les années difficiles m'ont trempé et je ne regrette pas d'avoir du lutter comme je l'ai fait.

—Tu me parais à ton aise, maintenant. Où es-tu installé?

—Costa-Rica. Entreprise magnifique. Associé avec un industriel du pays... Nous transformons l'affaire en société anonyme... J'aurais voulu revenir plus tôt, mais j'ai tellement travaillé depuis cinq ans... Seulement, tu comprends, je ne peux plus supporter l'idée que mon père croupisse toujours dans sa pharmacie. Je vais arranger cela.

Lorsque le docteur apprit qu'il s'agissait d'une mine d'émeraude, il considéra son ami comme s'il le voyait de plus bas. Grâce à lui, toute la ville sut le jour même que Clément Barnier réalisait en Amérique une fortune considérable. Les gens disaient: "Eh bien, voyez-vous, ça ne m'étonne pas tellement. Il avait une nature, un caractère, ce petit bougre. Ce sont souvent ceux-là qui réussissent le mieux... Il est devenu très bien d'ailleurs... Oui c'est étonnant ce que sa vie d'aventures l'a transformé."

D'anciens condisciples qui avaient cessé de regarder Clément bien avant son départ lui serraient les mains avec effusion. Il était resté célibataire et, malgré ses trente-cinq ans, les jeunes filles ne voyaient que lui. Les parents de ses camarades du collège qui l'avaient considéré avec du mépris dans sa jeunesse étaient les premiers à le féliciter de son ascension rapide. Il fut invité à toutes les soirées de la saison et bientôt on se l'arracha.

Clément dansait peu, préférant causer avec les messieurs d'un certain âge en fumant un cigare. C'était à qui l'interrogerait sur la mine d'émeraude.

—Au début, disait-il, je craignais de m'emballer, car nous trouvions surtout des pierres roses ou jaunes, de celles qu'on nomme beryls, ou encore d'un vert bleuâtre comme l'aigue marine, mais depuis un an aucun doute n'est plus possible. Nos émeraudes, qui sont associées au quartz et à la calcite, valent celles du Pérou, les plus belles du monde.

Et il sortait d'un sachet de cuir des pierres vertes grosses comme des noisettes, d'une pureté remarquable, que l'on admirait béatement.

Les fonctionnaires, les négociants qui gagnaient durement leur vie, étaient surtout frappés par la modestie de Clément Barnier et le sourire tranquille avec lequel il semblait trouver toute naturelle sa vie insolente. On le citait maintenant aux enfants paresseux,

TAKE OFF, NOVEMBER, 1942

aux caracteres difficiles, comme un model d'energie et de tenacite, toute la ville etait entichee de lui et l'on traversait la rue pour saluer le pharmacien dans sa boutique.

Lorsque le docteur Veran demanda timidement a son ami s'il ne pourrait pas se procurer quelques actions de sa societe, Clement repondit.

—Mon vieux, tu comprends bien que je ne demande qu'a te faire profiter un peu de ma chance. C'est entendu, tu auras dix actions, mais n'en parles pas trop. On dirait que je suis venu ecremer les economies de mes compatriotes. Tu sais comme ces choses-la sont delicates.

Cependant, la joie du medecin etait si grande qu'il ne put se garder de la faire partager autour de lui. Assailli de demandes, Clement se defendait aimablement. Il ne pouvait toutefois, risquer de decevoir ni ses anciens amis ni les nouveaux, qui etaient plus nombreux encore. Gentiment, il distribuait des actions autour de lui. Le plus riche armateur du pays lui accorda bientot sa fille en mariage, et la dot, a elle seule, constituait une superbe commandite.

Ce que l'on trouvait le plus sympathique chez Clement etait qu'il demeura aussi simple au milieu de ses succes. Il eut l'idee touchante de faire profiter d'une aubaine aussi exceptionnelle d'anciens domestiques de sa famille qui lui apportaient leurs economies.

Des gens qui, de leur vie, n'avaient jamais regarde la Republique de Costa-Rica sur une carte, en etudiaient maintenant tous les details. Le vieux pharmacien bombait le torse en se promenant sur le mail, dimanche et l'on repetait volontier que Clement, bienfaiteur de sa ville natale, y aurait sa statue un jour.

Il repartit bientot, laissant provisoirement sa jeune femme au pays. Il allait preparer dans la brousse une hacienda digne d'elle.

On ne l'a jamais revu.

JEAN N'ECRI .

A young mother came to the door of the nursery in the hospital and saw Sgt. Jas. Whelan standing over Penelope Ann's crib. Silently she watched him as he stood looking down on the sleeping babe. In his face she read rapture, doubt, admiration, ecstasy, incredulity and wonder. Deeply touched and with her eyes glistening she tip-toed and slipped her hand on his arm. "A penny for your thoughts," she said. Startled into consciousness Jimmy blurted: "For the life of me I don't see how anybody can make a crib like that for \$3.49!"

TAKE OFF, NOVEMBER, 1942

## A BOOK YOU SHOULD READ

Reviewed by  
F/L G. M. GRANT

**"THE RAFT" by Robert Trumbull.**

**Publishers: Oxford Press, Toronto. \$3.00**

The proverb "Truth is stranger than fiction" is illustrated by this fascinating book. It records the story of three Americans whose Navy plane was forced down in a lonely stretch of the Pacific Ocean. They spent 34 days on a rubber raft, travelled 1000 miles and lived to tell the tale.

On January 6, 1942 a light bomber left a U. S. aircraft carrier to hunt for Jap submarines. The pilot was Harold Dixon, a veteran of 22 years Naval service. With him were Gene Aldrich, a 22-year-old Missouri farm boy and Tony Pastula, aged 24 of Youngstown, Ohio. Having completed their patrol, they missed the carrier and after five hours, ran out of gasoline. Shortly after the plane landed it sank but not before the survivors had managed to climb on board a rubber raft which they hastily inflated.

Their situation was truly desperate. One thousand miles away from the nearest land, they had no food, water, sail or navigation instruments. Added to this, they occupied a space slightly larger than a bath tub and were continually in a cramped position. Dixon, who assumed command, knew how hopeless the odds were. But refusing to admit defeat, he rigged a sea anchor from a life jacket and directed the clumsy craft towards a group of islands which he knew lay somewhere towards the east.

During the weeks which followed, the three voyagers endured tortures of hunger and thirst. Food became their principal topic of conversation, and hours were spent discussing the delicacies they would enjoy when they reached land. On the seventh day Aldrich managed to stab a small fish with his jack-knife. It was greedily devoured. The next day an albatross was shot with a pistol but after one meal it was tossed into the sea when, at night, the flesh was observed to give off a phosphorescent glow.

The prize catch was a shark which Aldrich



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managed to stab in the gills and haul on board. On another occasion, Aldrich nearly lost his hand when a shark inflicted painful wounds with its sharp teeth. Two floating coconuts were eagerly salvaged. Then came a seven-day period when "hunger clawed at the walls of their stomachs with red-hot fingers" and their bodies grew daily more emaciated and feeble.

Their thirst was relieved by occasional rain squalls. Squeezing the water from rain soaked underwear into a canvas receptacle, they would secure a supply to keep them going until the next squall.

Although none of the three had attended church for many years, they spent a period each evening in prayer and in discussing what Bible stories they could remember. "After our prayer meetings we always felt much better" said Dixon.

After the third week, heavy storms were encountered. Time and again the rubber float was capsized and only righted after painful effort. In one fierce gale they lost their scanty equipment and their last stitch of clothing. Then the blazing sun, beating down on their naked bodies, turned them to the color of lobsters.

On the 34th. day of the voyage Aldrich suddenly said: "Chief I see a beautiful field of corn". "The poor boy is off his head" thought Dixon, not even taking the trouble to look. But the field of corn turned out to be a row of coconut palms. And presently the three living skeletons staggered up the beach of an unknown island. Handing pieces of driftwood to his companions to serve as canes, Dixon said: "If there are Japs on this island, they'll not see an American crawl. We'll stand and march and make them shoot us down like men-o'-warsmen."

Reading "The Raft" one is reminded of Captain Bligh and his classic voyage in the lifeboat of H. M. "Bounty", lasting 48 days and covering 3618 miles. It should be remembered, however, that Bligh had a 20 foot boat whereas Dixon, Pastula and Aldrich had a rubber raft, 8 by 10 feet over-all. Bligh, at the start of his voyage, had an ample supply of food and water. The Americans had absolutely nothing and two of them were landmen getting their first taste of the sea. Without making invidious comparisons, it may be safely said that the story recorded in "The Raft", is quite unique in the annals of the sea. Once again it has been demonstrated that the mind is master over the body and that the most hopeless situation can be met and mastered through the power of a resolute will.

TAKE OFF, NOVEMBER, 1942

## AIRMAN'S HYMN

When the last long flight is over,  
And happy landings are past,  
When by altimeter tells me  
That the crack-up comes at last.  
I'll point her nose at the ceiling  
And I'll give my crate the gun,  
And I'll open her up and let her zoom  
To the Airport of the Sun.

And I think that the God of Flying men  
Will smile at me kind of slow,  
As I stow my crate in the hangar  
On the field where flyers go.  
And I'll look on His face as He greets me  
The Almighty Flying Boss,  
Whose wingspread fills the heavens  
From the Orion to the Cross.

Then I'll look all round me in wonder  
As their greetings fall on my ears,  
Those who passed unafraid to the twilight,  
In the midst of forgotten years.  
From the battle-shocked airways of Flan-  
ders,  
From the ocean's merciless breast,  
From the pole, or the glare of the south-  
lands,  
Flyers voice, bidding me rest.

There'll be Hinchcliffe, Nugesser and Coli,  
And brave little Eva McKay,  
Who flew to the west in the sunshine  
Of a sleeping yesterday.  
There'll be Richthofen chatting with Barker,  
With young Roosevelt and Ball standing  
by,  
And they'll welcome me home in the  
morning  
To the Airport of the Sky.  
There'll be others who'll wave me a greeting,  
Maybe Alcock or Hawks, who's just gone,  
Perhaps Amelia will say "Hello Flyer"  
As I stand in the glorious dawn.

Kingsford-Smith with McCudden and An-  
drea,  
Will be laughing o'er days that are past,  
And they'll give me the wave "Happy Land-  
ings,"

When I come to the crack-up at last.  
There'll be Admunsen, Post and Will  
Rogers,  
There'll be hangars that will glitter like  
gold.  
There'll be hangars where grease never  
enters,  
There'll be motors that never grow cold,  
There'll be ships there for Ed. Rickenbacker,  
And for Bishop when day's work is done,  
And I'll join in the welcome we'll give them  
To the Airport of the Sun.

G. BLACKSTONE FIELD,  
Cpt. Canadian Engineers,  
From Jarvis, Ont. 'Fly Paper.'

### THE TEN COMMANDMENTS OF NAVIGATION

I. Thou shalt steer by thy COMPASS—Not  
by thy directional gyro. Use thy gyro only to  
help thee to keep thy course steady.

II. Thou shalt look around often. Five  
times a minute is not too often.

III. Thou shalt read from the map to the  
ground when thou are pinpointing.

IV. Thou shalt approximate thy position on  
the map before attempting to find thy ground  
position.

V. Thou shalt not imagine that thou art al-  
ways on track—for this is folly. Most of the  
time thou art somewhere else.

VI. Thou shalt always keep a sharp lookout  
for a suitable landing field. To neglect this  
is sinful, and the wages of sin is a broken  
neck.

VII. Thou shalt check thy gas and engine  
instruments frequently.

VIII. Thou shalt beware of the insidious  
approach of Delilah or as she is often called,  
Carburettor Icing. Let her not catch thee un-  
awares, or she will rob thee of thy power.

IX. Thou shalt alter course without first  
knowing thy position.

X. And now abideth height, course and air-  
speed, and the greatest of these is — Hell,  
they're all important.

"To know just where the trail doth lead  
Is more important by far than speed,  
No toilsome journey daunts the soul,  
When vision sees a worthwhile goal."

F. L. R. W.

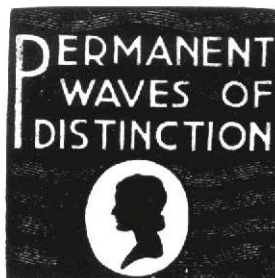
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## *A Soldier*

### To His Sweetheart

Dear Mary:

I am one of the fellows who made the world safe for democracy. What a crazy thing that was to do. I fought and fought, but I had to go anyway. I was called in class "A". The next time I want to be in class "B"—be here when they go, and be here when they come back. I remember the day I was registered. I went to the desk and my milkman was in charge. He said, "What's your name?" I said, "Young man, you know my name." "What's your name?" he barked. So I told him "August Childs". He said, "Are you an alien?" "No" I replied, "I feel fine." Then he said, "When did you first see the light of day?" So I told him "When I moved to Philadelphia from Pittsburgh." He said, "How old are you?" So I told him, "Twenty-three the first of September." He said, "The first of September you'll be in Australia and that will be the last of August."

A veterinarian started to examine me, and asked me if I ever had measles, small pox, St. Vitus dance, and if I took fits. I said "No, only when I stayed in a saloon too long." Then he said, "Can you see alright?" I said "Sure", but I'll be cook-eyed tonight if I pass." Then he listened to my chest and said, "I think you have a wart somewhere." I said, "Wart my neck, that's a button in your ear." The doctor said that he had never examined a more perfect physical wreck. Then he handed me a card.... Class "A".

Then I went to camp and I guess they didn't think I'd live long. The first fellow wrote on my card, "Flying Corps" (corpse). I went a little farther and a guy said, "Look what the wind's blowing in." I said, "The wind nothing, the draft's doing it." As soon as you are in it, you think you can lick anybody, they have two sizes — too large and too small. The pants are too tight. I can't sit down. The shoes are so big I turned around three times and they didn't move. And what a raincoat they gave me — it strained the rain. I passed the officer all dressed up with a fancy belt and stuff. He said, calling after me, "Didn't you notice what I have on?" I said, "Yes, what are you kicking about, look what they gave me."

I landed in camp with \$75. In ten minutes I was broke. I never saw so many 3's and 12's

TAKE OFF, NOVEMBER, 1942

on a pair of dice. No matter what I did, I went broke. Something wrong even in cards. One time I got five aces and was afraid to bet. A good thing I didn't, for a fellow next to me said he had six kings. Finally I said, "This is a crooked game." They said, "We are playing pinochle." Everything was crazy. If you were a livery hand you were put in the medical department. If you were a watchman you were made the officer of the day. I saw a guy with a wooden leg, and asked him what he was doing in the army, and he said, "I'm going to mash the potatoes." Oh, it was nice — five below zero one morning, and they called us out for underwear inspection. You talk about scenery, red flannels, b. v. d's — all kinds. The Union suit I had on would fit Tony Galento. The Lieutenant lined us up and told me to stand up. I said "I am up—this underwear makes you think I'm sitting down." He got so mad he put me digging ditches. A little while later he passed and said, "Don't throw that dirt up here." I said, "Where am I going to throw it?" He said, "Dig another hole and throw it in there." By that time I was pretty mad, so another guy names Jones and myself drank a quart of whiskey; finally Jones acted so funny I ran for the doctor and told him Jones was going blind. He asked me what we were doing and I told him. So he asked me if Jones saw pink elephants. I said, "No, that's the trouble, there and he can't see them."

Three days later we sailed for Australia. Marching down to the pier I had some more bad luck. I had a sergeant who stuttered, and it took him so long to say halt, that 27 of us marched overboard. They pulled us out and the captain came along and said, "Fall in". I replied, "I have just been in." I was on the boat 12 days — seasick. All the time — nothing going down, everything coming up. I leaned over the railing all the time. In the middle of one of my best leans the captain rushed up and said, "What company are you in?" I said, "I'm all by myself." He asked me if the Brigadier was up yet. I said, "If I swallowed it, it's up." Talk about your dumb

people. I said to one of the fellows," I guess we dropped the anchor." He said, "I knew they would lose it — its been hanging out ever since we left New York." We had life-boat drill, and when the boat was being lowered over the side of the ship, it spilled men into the water; and only the second lieutenant and I were left in the boat. The Lieut. gave arders to pull the men out of the water by the hair of their heads. I was struggling with the men when one fellow with a bald head yelled, "Pull me out". I said, "Go down again and come up the right way."

Well, we landed in Australia and were immediately sent to the trenches. After three nights in the trenches the cannons started to roar and shells started to fall. I started to shake with patriotism. I tried to hide behind a tree, but there wasn't enough trees; because the officers had them. The captain came around and said, "Five o'clock and we go over the top." I said, I'd like a furlough." He asked, "Haven't you got any red blood in you?" And I answered, "Yes, but I don't want to see any of it." He said, "Where do you want to go?" I said, "Anywhere it's warm." He told me where to go.

Five o'clock and we went over the top. 10,000 Japs came at us... they all looked alike. They looked at me as if I had started the war. Our captain yelled, "Fire at will." I didn't know any of their names. I guess the fellow behind me thought I was Will. He fired his gun and shot me in the excitement. On my way to the hospital I asked a fellow where they were taking me. He said, "You are going to the morgue." I said, "There's some mistake, I'm not dead." "Lie down" he answered, "Do you want to make a fool out of the doctor?" Finally a pretty nurse came in and said, "Move over." Oh well, that's another story.

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That I ain't got?  
Glamour  
D.....r

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## *"I'll Sing For You"*

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Our charming young Lady of Song, Dorothy Savoie, is currently singing the request songs of the boys in the Service. Tell Dorothy you want your best tune on her show. Just drop her a note at CKCW! Dorothy will be only too happy to include your favourites. Address your letters to Dorothy Savoie, CKCW, Moncton.

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#### **"AMATEUR NIGHT"**

Proof that we have enough talent on the station to give ourselves or anyone else a real good evening's entertainment was furnished by all who took part in the Amateur Night held in the Recreation Hall on Tuesday, September 29th. Thirteen varied acts, a jitterbug contest, a sing-song and selections by the Station orchestra constituted a full and enjoyable programme.

First prize was carried off by L.A.C. Margolese, whose monologues, humorous and serious, were presented with a professional and authoritative touch and he was recalled several times. L.A.C. Ron Ellis sang his way to second prize with a pleasing tenor voice; third prize went to three members of Class 64 operating, as "The Barber-shop Trio" while Sgt. Carty's piano numbers brought him fourth place. Other numbers included dances by LAW's Woodliffe and Bellamy and A.W. Daughinee Impressions by Sgt. Rosenstein, LAC's Humphries & Wright in a guitar duet and a skit by members of Class 64 entitled the drill-instructor's nightmare which proved hard on the control not only of the drill instructors but also the Armament officer. There were also three non-competing turns; the Padre; F/L Grant showed a pretty turn of humour in his vocal parodies; S/O Dunbar brought us some Noel Coward verse and F/O's Pond and Wood had the audience fooled by their piano duet. The jitter-bug contest was captured by LAC Goudreau and AW1 Harlow with some lively stepping. F/O Doyle acted as accompanist, the Station orchestra under P/O Starkey let go with some hot jive, P/O Smith led the sing-song and P/O Wid-drington acted as M.C. for the proceedings. The committee in charge was headed by F/L Grant and ably assisted by our Y.M.C.A. men Messrs. Wendell Brewster and Pete Kelly.

In the mail, we've heard about LAW Campbell, C. to LAC Gauthier at Goose:

"Darling, would you die for me?"

Reply letter: "No Darling, mine is an undying love!"

Telephone Operator—Is this Plaza 1749?"

Maid—Yassum.

Operator—Is this Mrs. Blot's residence?

Maid—Yassum.

Operator—Long distance from Washington.

Maid—Heh! Heh! Yassum. Sho' is.

"How did you break your leg?"

"I threw a cigarette in a manhole and stepped on it."

**TAKE OFF, NOVEMBER, 1942**

## Ode to the Pilot Trainee

What have you to gain  
By gazing out of windows, lying 'round on  
benches,  
With "patter books" in lockers, dusty and  
unused?  
Or when reluctantly you lift it down from  
shelf,  
And opened up, what do you see?  
A method of "forced landing" tried and true,  
but you,  
Soon drift away imagining destruction, to  
the Ruhr  
That you could bring; or on whirring wings  
of fighter deadly,  
"What chance has Jerry got against the  
likes of me!"  
Nobly imagined, my young fledgling, and one  
day  
You'll have the chance to make your imag-  
inations  
Real not fiction.  
But first consider what great need there is  
For ten thousand dreamers like yourself,  
To smash the Luftwaffe pure decisive.  
You must see then that knowledge you have  
gained  
Imparted to others, will well serve England  
and the world  
To best advantage, if you stay and stick it  
through.  
Will you not assume the job that they  
Are confident that you can do?  
A thankless job you say! Ah, well,  
Does retribution always come from head-  
lines in the papers;  
Or broadcast in the daily news?  
What satisfaction there must be,  
To turn out lads who later wear the D.F.C.  
The O.C. of a flying station might remark;  
"That you instructor Jones;  
Art turning out a well trained group of  
lads, I see."  
For Jones is eager to impart  
The knowledge he has gained right from the  
start.  
What satisfaction there is, to master well  
The art of flying instruction  
That students you instruct will be  
Clear stereotyped editions of yourself.  
For a while then is it not best to stay:  
And send forty like yourself across the  
way?

TAKE OFF, NOVEMBER, 1942

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#### OUR ROBERT MACMASTERS

Many long years ago in the happy little hamlet of Glen Williams, Ontario, Lot 19, 9th line, there was born a man who was destined to play a great part in the so called judicial ways and means of this Unit. That man was none other than our "good and jovial friend"—Robert MacMasters—Sergeant, Main Guard, Service Police. Well to make things better—Robert grew up and from all indications I guess he was born to be a policeman. He was a constable in the Canadian Pacific Railway Police, attached to the Special Investigation Department and then with the Toronto City Detective Department, and rightly good work he performed with both.

Well, when World War No. 1 came along, our Bob embarked to the Old Country with 164 Halton and Dufferin Rifles and later transferred to the Princess Pats Canadian Light Infantry—as—guess—a machine gunner. Only the other day, he reported that he actually abhorred service police and their components when he was a buck private in the first war. Don't think boys that he was always a paragon of efficiency when it came to deportment and dress. Oh, no, not our Robert—in fact he was a dashing young caballero in those days; an expert polo player, an extraordinary dancer and a real lady's man. He too, like you and I was confronted many a time by a tall stalwart British Military Police who demanded his pass or inquired about something of a like nature—Low shoes and collar pins perhaps?

When Armistice in 1918 was signed, he returned to Canada and again took up the reigns of good order and discipline with the Toronto constabulary. He was exemplary in everything. Later when World War No. II came along, Robert again took up the colours and enlisted as a Service Policeman. That job he now does with a vengeance and the experience of a veteran.

There are many of us who have found Robert a little hard and tough on us but just do as he asks because he is trying to make our Unit proud of its record for discipline. When first he came, he was found to be very exacting and gradually he whipped the boys into shape and now he has their respect. Besides being a good policeman—he is a promoter of sport and this summer was the No. 1 Manager of our Maritime Champions — which achieved such glorious field honours. "Mac" has several pastimes—smoking nickel cigars, sorting over his stamps; writing songs in his little room at the guard house and getting his nose into a good hot investigation. He always likes to win a bet.

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reasonable prices.**

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**Main St. at Lutz**

Well Mac—you are doing a good job—we and all really appreciate you—keep up the good work and perhaps you'll become DAPM some day. We hope so anyway.

### UNIT LIFERS

Before credit can be given to this story, it is necessary to consult the Holy Book, referring to Genesis where God created the earth and when in its early stages it presented itself verdant lush with tropical vegetation and getting used to its new routine and purpose.

Well, many long, long months ago, a service school was opened up in Lakeburn. There are only a few of you left who can remember that day but there are two very prominent persons still on the Unit who have fond recollections of this Unit. Especially when its stage of life was about to begin—when it was in the larvae stage.

The other day your reporter contacted Flt./Sgt. MacGregor and Sgt. Ferguson who were most eager to furnish all the information possible about the beginning of life at

this Station. Well first of all there was the MUD—nowhere but in the last World War could more sticky, cold, unfriendly and cruel mud have created itself as when the above mentioned persons arrived at this Station. On that eventful day in the annals of No. 8—namely November 18th, 1940, they trudged down Collishaw—the streets were bare—the barracks were just being erected—the hospital was in the Sgts. Mess—Flight Lieutenant Desrochers lived, ate and sent out innumerable telegrams without making copies for pay and record purposes. You put your bread against the stove and made toast. There was no hot water—no orderly room—no daily routine orders—in fact there was nothing except the dim outlines of a city of small buildings.

Gradually it took form, and believe me we are proud to say that this is one of the finest units in all of Canada. Hard work, good leaders and a desire to make our unit the best despite the obstacles confronting us. Look around you today—do we lack anything—are we not happy—imagine how much more fortunate we are than those in war torn Europe. We grumble and growl, we try to dodge that little work now and then, we avoid "Joe" but before the day has passed we are forced to stop and wonder what we are thankful for. Nightly we enjoy the facilities of this station—the sports, tennis, softball, movies, dances, refreshments—and still we find fault with something. Ask yourself the question—what have we to worry about at this excellent station—your answer should be—nothing.

Well we have more or less departed from the object in mind—but dear readers just picture your self in the state that our N.C.O. friends were faced with when they arrived. Look around and see the differences—the loveliness and the comfort. Our hats are off to you Flt. and Sgt.—we salute you, you are the pioneers in the building of our unit.

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Also

**"TIN PAN ALLEY"** Starring Alice Faye, Betty Grable, John Payne and Jack Oakie.

Mon., Tues. & Wed. Nov. 16th, 17th, 18  
**"THE LITTLE FOXES"** Starring Bette Davis and Herbert Marshall.

Also

**"TIME OUT FOR RHYTHM"**

Thurs., Fri. & Sat. Nov. 19th, 20th, 21st  
**"ALWAYS IN MY HEART"** With Gloria Warren.

Mon., Tues. & Wed. 23rd, 24th & 25th.  
**"THE LADY IS WILLING"** Starring Fred MacMurray with Marlene Dietrich.

Also

**"PAPER BULLETS"** With Jane Woodbury and Jack Larue.

Thurs., Fri., & Sat. Nov. 26th, 27th, 28th  
**"HIGH SIERRA"** Starring Humphrey Bogart.

Also

**"BLONDIE IN SOCIETY"** Starring Penny Singleton with Larry Sims.

Mon., Nov. 30th and Tues. & Wed, Dec. 1st and 2nd.

**"HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY"** Starring Walter Pidgeon with Maureen O'Hara and Donald Crisp.

## CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

For years and years I've been an avid reader of detective thrillers and now nothing gives me greater pleasure than to climb into that best-loved item of man's inventions, the bed, and, with good old Ellery Queen's assistance dispense with countless murderers, extortionists, etc. But now I feel that Charlie Chan, Philo Vance and even my dear old friend Ellery Queen haven't any edge over me in the deductive department whatsoever.

So fortified with all this confidence, I set out on the trail of that mysterious wraith of the runways, Sgt. Sludge. For weeks I followed all kinds of clues and rumours; and, after compiling pages of circumstantial evidence, I have only one thing to say. "Who the H—— is this Sgt. Sludge."

But my time wasn't all wasted. I got the chance to sink my teeth into a nice juicy case. I figured I had my case pretty well clinched but, once again I was defeated by circumstantial evidence. Nevertheless here are the facts and you people can be the jury.

On the night of September the fifteenth, at approximately eight thirty p.m., that tall, suave sophisticated Flight Sergeant who travels under the alias of "Mrs. O'Toole" left the Camp. He was turned out to perfection in this season's latest mode i.e. blue tunic and trousers beautifully pressed, low shoes, well shined and most important of all A CLEAN SHIRT.

On the morning of September sixteenth, he returned, suit wrinkled and buttons dull, bags under his eyes and on the collar of his shirt there was a RED SMEAR. Now this smear looked like lipstick smeared like lipstick, smelled like lipstick, and I firmly believe it was lipstick. But after six hours of the Toronto Police Force third degree by our one and only Sergeant McMasters the only thing this habitue of the far reaches of Moncton would say is "IT'S RED CHALK FROM G.I.S." The louse!

I'll admit that he has me behind the eighth ball. Circumstantial evidence has me beat. But I know I'm right and so once more fortified by this knowledge I'm back on the trail of Sgt. Sludge.

"We sow a thought and reap an act,  
 We sow an act and reap a habit,  
 We sow a habit and reap a character,  
 We sow a character and reap a destiny."

F. L. R. W.

TAKE OFF, NOVEMBER, 1942