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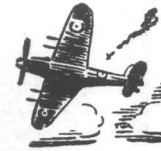
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TAKE OFF



VOL. 1, NO. 3

OCTOBER, 1942

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EDITORIAL

Well friends, since the last issue of "TAKE-OFF" you have seen a great many changes take place at good old No. 8. The most noticeable perhaps are the hard-surfaced roads. Those of you who arrived here in the winter of 1940-41 will greatly appreciate this, I'm sure.

You will remember the numerous trips "ye olde uniform" made to the Town's prominent Dry Cleaners, how your flight sergeant would bawl you out on parade for appearing with muddy boots, not daring, of course, to look down at his own. "Them days are gone forever"; (the muddy roads, I mean. The flight sergeants with muddy boots are still around).

Another change is the arrival of Ansons to replace our little Harvards. It will not be long before the whine of the Harvards is a thing of the past. To those of you who fly them, it will mean the loss of many a thrill. On the other hand the Ansons will afford us a little extra sleep, although I'm afraid our dear W.O. 1 will have a field day. (Could be, there might be late-comers on parade).

The only thing that doesn't change is the amount of material being received for

our newspaper. There are a few who are making continued efforts and to you we say thank you. To the rest of you we say "Let's crackin". If you do, we know that this magazine can be built up to something we can all be proud of. Confident of the Team Spirit on this Station, I know you all can do just that. So, come on Gang, Let's go!

There is one other change that your editor is very sorry to report, that being the serious illness or even possible death of that lovable character "Sgt. Sludge". We didn't receive an article from him for this issue but we trust that he will be back in time to account for his travels in the next.

J. H. NEVILLE, SGT.

Inspector General visits Station

The week of September the Sixth was a busy one. The unfortunate forest fire kept us all on pins and needles, interfered with the preparations for the Inspection and our personal affairs. Due to the extraordinary energy of the Works & Buildings Staff and many others, a minimum number of personnel were employed in fighting the fire on Monday evening so that much to my surprise the majority of the personnel appeared with clean uniforms on Tuesday morning, and the grounds showed the benefit of the provident shower early in the morning and the previous efforts made by the personnel.

Despite the warning given, some airmen had their shoulder badges sewn on incorrectly. However, the attention paid to the repair of footwear in the past received its reward since Air Vice-Marshal Croil made no comments about boots.

A favourable comment was made about the steadiness of personnel on parade, which from personal observation I thought was well earned.

As far as I was able to ascertain, the Inspector General was pleased with what he saw, for few adverse remarks were made.

Then too, the graduation of Course No. 56 was another milestone passed during the week.

I wish to express my appreciation to all ranks for the hard work performed and to state a hope that everyone will continue to act

in a selfless manner, as we have a heavy programme before us and the co-operation of all will be required, irrespective of their employment, to maintain the enormous flying schedule set out for the coming seasons.

W. W. BROWN, G./C.

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.

FATIGUE FAILURE OF METALS

BY F/L. GUY MINARD

In the normal service of aircraft the metal parts seldom, if ever, fail because of fracture or stretching under a single, or a few loads of the maximum intensity ordinarily possible. "Fatigue" failures do occur, however, if the loads are such that they are repeated a large number of times, even if these loads are very much below the normal strength of the part.

This condition of repeated stress is particularly common in aircraft. It is quite evident that in the engine a large percentage of the parts are subjected to rapidly reversing stresses by the successive explosions. In the airframe as well, different flight conditions will rapidly reverse the stresses in the main planes, control surfaces, and fuselage, and this will happen with astonishing frequency, especially in training types of aircraft. In addition, the vibration from the engine subjects every member, rod, tube and bolt to incessant reversing stresses. An aircraft part may therefore undergo hundreds of thousands or even millions of stress cycles in its life.

There are several factors entering into design to prevent fatigue failure. When using steel and most ferrous alloys there are two strength limits; one the ultimate tensile strength with a single load, and the other the "Endurance Limit", which is much lower in value. Stresses below the latter will never cause failure no matter how often applied. As long as the "Endurance Limit" of the material is greater than the maximum load expected, failure will not occur. However, the factor of weight is of paramount importance, and in a great many parts such design would be too heavy. Furthermore, most other metals, especially aluminium alloys, have no specific Endurance Limit. In other words, even a very small stress, if applied a sufficient number of times, will result in failure.

Fortunately it is neither necessary nor desirable to design a piece of equipment which will never fail. It is only necessary to know that a part will withstand the load to which it will be subjected for a sufficient number of cycles to outlast the useful life of the aircraft. By the use of testing machines capable of supplying very large numbers of load cycles, either bending, tension, or torsion, curves may be set up for materials showing safe Endurance Limit for specific numbers of cycles and these curves may be extrapolated with reasonable accuracy.

The most serious factor then becomes the estimate of the expected load. While the load to be borne by a given part may be calculated, it is an unfortunate fact that the shape of a part is of vital importance. This has only been recognized comparatively recently. Certain shapes apparently concentrate the load in a tiny area to a degree far exceeding the average loading of the part. The most important factors are sharp corners, sudden changes in cross section, nicks or surface irregularities roughness or unpolished surface, or even unsuitable grain direction in the metal.

Until this was recognized, many almost unexplicable failures occurred in aircraft parts. Even such small things as serial numbers stamped on a metal propeller blade, have acted as a focus for disastrous failure. Failures due to sharp bends or unfilleted changes of section are numerous, and many failures have started from wrench marks on part, made during original assembly or later maintenance.

It may be mentioned in passing that the commonly used expression that the metal "crystallized" due to fatigue, is a misnomer. The failures are progressive, starting from the spot or nucleus where the stress was high enough to initiate the crack, and occur without perceptible stretching. As a result the final fracture is not smoothed and shows the original grain or crystal structure of the metal.

The subject of "fatigue failure", very sketchily covered here, is discussed to bring to the attention of pilots and maintenance crew alike, the seriousness of what may appear to be to superficial defect or flaw. When you see a fitter laboriously stoning out small nicks in a propeller blade, he is not doing it to improve it's beauty. When pilots wonder why the perfidious rigger maliciously converts an aircraft from a "D-1" taxiing mishap to a "C" crash by changing components which any darn fool can see are just banged up a bit, and could be straightened up in no time by a reasonable lad with a hammer, don't forget that it may be a highly stressed part, where a notch or dent, or small crack, may act as the focus for a serious failure, resulting in a crash some poor chap won't walk away from.

And just recall that the only mechanical failure known to have caused a Harvard forced landing at this unit was "FATIGUE FAILURE."

MAINTENANCE MERRY-GO-ROUND

The trade-board quiz has the boys worried. The main topic is "what do they ask you on a trade test." I'll try the \$64.00 question!

A little birdie told me Coops, "Speedy" Spencer and Lac Jolley, the three Musketeers had the situation well in hand at the Point, the other week 'til Corp. Sherritt cut hi sdigit on a can of peaches and was sporting a bandage.... this big. The cutie that dreamed it up must have been a fugiitive from a Red Cross lecture. Tsk! tsk!

BUNK FROM OUR BUNKHOUSE

1st. The rest of the station would like to know what expression Hughes uses when the Bronco wakes him up in the morning.

2nd. Why does Kelly become confused and even embarrassed when questioned about Sunny Brae.

3rd. Who is the Cpl. in our barracks who walks in his sleep. Could Bauman tell the tale.

4th. AC Raynham had a chilling experience the other night when he came in late. A cold harsh voice came through the blackness demanding "what's your name and number". Do you have those nightmares often, MacG?"

5th. Our Barracks is always well posted on Runway Casualties. It's getting to a point now that we get awakened through the night to be told about a flat-tire. Don't worry Hale the war goes on, its grim old way.

5th. Judging from the arguments heard from the cage (which by the way are becoming more numerouss)the boxing fans eagerly await the 10 round bout between Mercer and Dickie.

BALDY & BALDY CO. LTD.

"ITTY BITTY BITS" FROM MAINTENANCE

1st. We all wonder what happened to Bourgeois on her last 36 hr. pass. She has spent a lot of time at the Hospital ever since. "The RAF are hard men, Bourgeois".

2nd. Who was the A.W. in Maintenance who went to Stores and demanded "Prop Wash". We all wonder if Scott would know anything about it.

3rd. We all wonder when the war is over if Cpl. "Mac" will forget those simple words

"you report on Work Parade to-night; 6 p.m. at the Drill Hall."

4th. Was LAC Hughes trying to get in Moncton General Hospital the day he "swooned" on parade. (Tough luck, Hughes. Better luck next time.)

5th. There was a very sad look on "Spark Plug" Pickering's face the other morning. Cheer up, Pick your pal Jones will soon be back from leave.

6th. Here's one for the rumour monger's. We hear a certain Cpl. is going to step off the deep end soon. We know the tale about marrying a school-teacher, don't we, Cole.

—The Man with the Key to the Tarmac.

MOANS AND GROANS AND PET PEEVES

Instrument Section—Sarge Jensen, will you examine the washroom, I'm all through now.

Electrical Section—It's a short.

Wireless—Calling Landslide, where the h - - l is he?

Riggers—Shoot the cable to me Mabel.

Filters—What no engine change?

DOES ANYONE KNOW?

What happened to the sound equipment. "I can't hear a word"?

What happened to the juke box or couldn't it digest the lead slugs Cooper was feeding it?

The telephone number of the pretty brownettes waiting on tables in Bennetts Grill?

PROP-WASH

Sgt. Jensen claims that love is blind and marriage is an institution. Who the hang wants to live in an institution for the blind!

LAC Gregory swears he had them rolling in the aisles 'til the usher come and took the dice away.

Saw Corp. Eades is stuffing cotton in his ears while testing the I/C. Is it possible he can't stand the sound of his own voice?

Saw Corporal R. walking arm-in-arm with his wife. He says he loves his mother-in-law, in fact he worships the ground she's going to be buried in.

LAC PROPELLER

TAKE OFF, OCTOBER, 1942

Your Friend—The Parachute

By The Parachute Section

That little insignificant brown pack known as the parachute was first conceived in 1500 by Leonardo De Vinci. Note (he made one jump first and last). The first successful descent was made in 1783 and again in 1802 by a Frenchman named Garneria. He made it by leaping from a tower somewhere in England. From that day onward small improvements were made thus bringing it up to its present day perfection and reaching a high rate of efficiency in the saving of thousands of lives.

The primary use of the parachute is for the safe descent of men from the upper spaces and is also used to drop supplies, equipment, messages, flares, etc. There are different types of parachutes used and all vary in size and style. The most commonly used are the seat service and chest type. Seat type for aircraft where space is limited and chest packs for aircraft that allow for the occupants to move about such as wirelessmen, photographers, observers and airgunner.

However there is a parachute known as a training main and reserve which is used in premeditated jumps which consists of two parachutes on one harness. One on the back and one on the chest. The back parachute is the training main and is the first parachute to be pulled. If this fails the one on the chest is used. This one is the training reserve. The general description of the parachute is a unit consisting of a canvass pack 11 inches by 16 inches. Within this pack is the Auxiliary parachute known as the pilot chute which is a miniature parachute rigged on a steel spring frame, so constructed as when compressed and then released will be caught in the air and thus aids the main canopy to make its exodus from the pack. This small parachute is attached to the main canopy which consists of 56 square yards of silk and is 24 ft. in diameter. Fastened to the pack are two rings known as the D rings. From the right rings run 12 rigging lines up through the right side of the canopy and down the left side and then fastening on the left ring. These lines measure 58 ft. and total 700 feet and have a tensile strength of 400 pounds per line. The canopy and lines are stowed in the small pack 11 x 16" in concertina fashion. The placing of such a huge quantity of silk and lines in such a small aperture is a very intricate operation

and well worth witnessing. The weight of the parachute complete with harness is 23 lbs.

It is a common discussion as to the rate one falls after leaving an aircraft. Here are some figures giving the approximate rate. The first second 16 ft.; the second second 32 ft. and the third second 64 ft. Before the fifth second has elapsed a body will attain its total terminal velocity of 175 ft. per second or 119 miles per hour. The following figures give us an approximate idea as to the rate of descent after the rip cord is pulled. One drops 500 feet in 6.5 seconds; 1000 ft. 10 seconds; 2000 ft. in 16 seconds and 3000 ft. in 21 seconds.

We might mention that congratulations are in order for several members of this Unit who have made live jumps from aircraft and are now members of the coveted Caterpillar Club. They are Flight Lieutenant N. Gall and Flying Officer Mitchell, formerly of the Navigation Section in G.I.S.

This item as presented is only a mere pricking on the surface of the many very interesting facts that are found working with parachutes. I hope you have enjoyed it and later on I will come through with more on service procedure, rumbles and construction of the various manufactured makes.

HEARD IN NO. 2 HANGAR

Isn't my A/C ready yet?
Why aren't you in the air?
My instruments are screwy again!
My engine is doing a jive!
Am I rumbled?
Is your time up to date?

"EDDIE" STEEVES

your station Barber

(In Airmen's Canteen)

TWO CHAIRS
Air Force Prices

Open Daily 10 a.m.—8 p.m.
NO. 8 S. F. T. S.

ONCE AGAIN ROYALTY VISITS NO. 8



(See opposite page)

HANGAR CHATTER

AC2 Ernest was asked the other day if he was a non-swimmer.

"Oh!" he said, I can swim a mile or two, but the trouble is I haven't any style." Perhaps if we could all swim a mile or two we wouldn't care about our style.

Very Shortly there will be a priority on Harvard back cushions, if WO Jones keeps using them for seat cushions. How about it Jonesy?

On a recent fishing trip a certain N.C.O. was seen floundering in the river. With arms going like a windmill he succeeded in getting out, heaven help any fish within the vicinity, they sure took a beating.

The latest grumble from the P and O's is that they have a swimming pool, but they can't use it, as it is underground under the barracks.

Who was the AC from No. 2 Hangar when showing some strangers around the station apparently forgot where the canteen was situated. Maybe Bartarache could tell us something about it?

Sgt. Hoosan must have been indeed a proud and happy father, when he set eyes upon his 4 months old daughter, whom the other day he saw for the first time, what say, Sgt.?

When a certain LAC from No. 3 Hangar had a forced landing recently at Springhill he must have had some attraction for souvenir hunters to tear the label right off his trousers.

We wonder who transplanted the rock garden in LAC Sirois bed lately.

What two rigger N.C.O's from Maintenance were seen pushing A/C in No. 2 Hangar the morning the I. G. was on the station. May we not have your assistance to enlighten us, Ash?

What happened to the jam in the so-called Massey's Grill since the Flight's departure. We thought he left with something under his belt.

Just what is the procedure for getting Flying pay for A.C's. The N.C.O's get it and they don't pay income tax either.

NO. 2 SERVICING FLIGHT.

THE TOWER OVERSEERS

S/L Bryant gleefully making up course positions on a distant chart and listening to a "moan" from the minaret (F/O Reesor) on the phone which was noticed to be lying on the table at least fifteen feet from the chart.

W/C Anderson explaining for the hundredth time how it happened.

Wonder where those little red pants came from that S/L Bryant has pinned on the wall? Did they shrink in the Hospital wash? Oh, Well no need to buy a new pair, transportation flights will be made in Ansons this Winter.

S/L Fraser entertaining the Sports Club Secretary in his office. On the other hand it may have been matters of state they were smiling over.

Is it true that S/L Bryant and F/L MacKay, our M.O., have taken out N. B. Guide licenses and have passed all requirements for fire fighting certificates.

F/O McMahan—Where is the Telegraphic Advice? How do I know where the 211's are?

Is it true that Sgt. Hilliard was seen in a local hardware store trying to buy a bull whip?

Did you know LAC Desrosiers had all his hair cut off recently? It looked like Lachine on his latest charge and he was determined to beat the Air Force to it.

LAC Bustit walking into the O.C. No. 1's office with the Daily Flying Sheets for No. 2 Sqdn. No salute, no attention, just "is this where these belong?". Really knows his way around, that boy.

New pupils will please refrain from visiting our Orderly Room on minor pretexts. You will get used to them fellows the world is full of beautiful girls, even if Stanley wasn't.

The Met. Section sure have had co-operation from the Weather Man lately.

F/L Trainor to F/L Cherrington: "How many more tests have you to do?"

How the H - - - can there be any harmony on a station like this when the C.O., Admin. Officer, Adj., & Works & Bricks Officer sit in their respective offices and pray for rain to

1. Governor-General Inspecting Guard of Honour at Railway Station.

2. His Excellency and G/C Brown (foreground) Princess Alice and suite (background) coming out of railway station.

3. (From left to right) Lieut. the Honourable Ernle Chatfield, R.N.V.R. The Earl of Athlone, G/C Brown, Commanding Officer, and Col. Willis-O'Connor, Governor-General's Aide-de-camp, coming out of Hangar after inspection.

4. Further scene of Inspection of Guard of Honour.

5. His Excellency and Her Royal Highness going in for luncheon at the Officers Mess.

6. Princess Alice, Honorary Air Commandant, R.C.A.F., (Women's Division) and Section Officer M. Z. Dunbar, O. C Women's Division coming out of Airwomen's mess.

7. (Foreground) The Earl of Athlone, G/C Brown (background) Col. Willis-O'Connor and Lieut. Chatfield along the runways.

protect the water supply and the C. I. and Squadron Commanders, et al sit in their respective offices and pray for C.A.V.U. to protect the flying schedule. Could it be that we could bribe Jupiter Pluvios to visit us, say every other night, we don't need as much night flying weather anyways.

What certain Trainee Senior N.C.O. (initials are Waslyk) was seen at Pointe du Chene chasing those 17 year olds and what certain Blonde member of our W. D.'s was burning up at his antics—tsh tsh.

The idea is for the pilot to take the aeroplane for a ride. Not the aeroplane, the pilot.

Skidding in a turn is the result of the pilot slipping.

AEROBATICS

The art of putting the aeroplane in awkward positions by some movement of the controls usually unknown to the pilot, the recovery from these positions, the thrill of knowing you've done something and recovered, everything but your reasoning and will therefore another day, by the Grace of God and good luck, do it again.

Flying is a sport, which demands 100 per cent observance of the rules. Penalties for

non-observance are seldom minors' but more usually majors'. Barring the participant for life.

The more you fly the more you know how little you know about flying. Advice is that thing we feel we don't need but must give to the other fellow.

Handle your aeroplane as if it had the disposition of a Rattle Snake, the stability of a wheelbarrow and the gliding angle of a brick. The only thing dangerous about an aeroplane is the "pilot".

"Once upon a time there was a man who tried to fly, others saw this fool and being fools among them they too tried to fly, this went on for years, hundreds of years; and today we are all fools trying to fly."

Pilots live by their wits and are paid by the government. A corpse draws no pay. Soooo! **Look before you turn and keep getting your pay.**

There are old pilots and bold pilots. I want to be an old pilot.

(BRYANT) SERGEANT

AN ODE TO THE WHIP

From No. 2 Hangar

Here's to the Whip whose den is in the tower.
The P. & O's know he holds lots of power.
His step is short and his voice is sharp
Who knows maybe he can play a harp (could be)

The P. & O.'s, they love him too much like a brother
So working for him just isn't any bother
His duties so strenuous as far as they know
Is to keep them happy until they go.

Their cry is "Dear Flt. when do we go?,
W've been here long enough you ought to know"
But the voice of the Whip rings clear and sharp
"Off to your hangars or you'll miss the next draft".

But here's to the Whip—Long may he Live!
He's a gentleman throughout and his all will he give
For the poor P and O's who think they are JOE
Chins up, P & O's the Whip is with you 'til you go."

With the rationing of tires and sugar and the scarcity of many articles, civilians are having a tough time. To bolster civilian morale, airmen should write home more often. —Colliers.

TAKE OFF, OCTOBER, 1942

Vails

Star Laundry and Dry Cleaning Co., Limited

We are proud to be of service
to the personnel of

NO. 8 S. F. T. S.

"Ours is a Friendly Service"

Phone 5587 - 90 King Street

From Herring to Gophers

The following story was originally prepared in July, 1941, as an insertion in a station paper which failed to materialize. Those of you who were here at that time will recall it as an exceptional Summer. That is, the sunshine came down in the form of vapor.

The ingenuity of the Control Officer in the performance of his duties has never for a moment been doubted by the writer, but for sheer ability at deciding whether the weather is fit for flying goes to a certain Control Officer at a School in Western Canada. It seems that it was very difficult to tell whether the poor visibility at this Unit was due to heat haze or dust storms. So, in order to overcome this, the Control Officer captured a number of gophers and kept them well fed in a box in the Tower. Each morning he would proceed to his Tower, and if in doubt as to the cause of the poor visibility, he would (1) open the window, and (2) throw out one of the gophers. If the gopher started digging before it reached the ground, he knew it was a dust storm and promptly hung out the checkered flag.

My agents tell me that on hearing this, our Control Officer went out to Shediac and purchased some herring, and that he had them concealed in a tank in the Tower out of reach of the station felines, on certain wet mornings when in doubt, he gently released one of these out the Tower window. If it swam away, he concluded a high tide on the Petitcodiac. If it just dropped, he figured the usual sunny weather. But on a certain July 25th (This was 1941) he gently launched a herring out one window, and it promptly swam majestically back into the Tower by making a left circuit (conforming with aerodrome procedure) and in a rear window. A few days later, the major-domo of the Tower was quietly told that it was not a high tide on the Petitcodiac that led the herring to swim back into the Tower, and I am told that he promptly wrote to that certain Western station to find out if the gophers ever crossed them up.

Confidently, my conclusion was that the herring was too domesticated, or that some WAG sneaked a flying fish into his squarium. If our Control Officer at that time were still here, you would notice a worried look on his brow, and I believe that he is still pondering the question of just how that fish knew when to get in out of the wet. I sometimes wonder if that herring did not have more sense than some pupils, and perhaps the odd instructor.

TAKE OFF, OCTOBER, 1942

"Official Taylor"

No. 8 S. F. T. S.

Charlie McDonald

**Repairs and
Alterations**

American Hotel Building

(side door)

Main Street

MONCTON

Where Clothes Matter

In the social world, the business world, the intellectual world, respect and admiration are paid the woman with brains. And if that woman is also smart in her dress she can hold the world in her hands—whatever she wants is hers, is it not so?

Well dressed women everywhere acknowledge the pre-eminence of Peakes fashions—and appreciate their moderateness in price. Daily new fall modes are arriving, which we will be delighted to have you view at any time.

Peakes Limited

Established over 3 Decades

AWARDS

The Undermentioned Personnel of R.C.A.F., have been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross:

F.O. DONALD PHILIP MACINTYRE, CAN. (J5998)
No. 35 Squadron, R.A.F.

Trained at No. 1 I.T.S., 11 E.F.T.S., and No. 8 S.F.T.S. "One night in April, 1942, F.O. MacIntyre and P. O. Hewitt (R.A.F.V.R.), were captain and navigator respectively of an aircraft detailed to carry out a low level attack on the German Naval Base at Trondheim. The target was located and in the face of intense opposition from the enemy's ground defences the attack was pressed home with great coolness and determination from a low level. During this operation the aircraft was hit. The outer portion of the wing caught fire and the fuselage and cockpit were filled with smoke. Soon the air-craft was well alight and, as it became uncontrollable, F.O. MacIntyre decided to descend on to a lake to which he was directed by P.O. Hewitt. This he achieved by a feat of superb airmanship. The crew then manned their dinghy and made their way to the side of the lake. After a perilous journey and suffering great hardships F.O. MacIntyre and his crew eventually reached England. The greatest credit is due to both



these Officers for their calm efficiency and courageous devotion to duty.

F.O. WILLIAM JOSEPH STEVENS, CAN. (J5104)
No. 217 Squadron (R.A.F.)

Trained at No. 2 I.T.S., No. 13 E.F.T.S., and No. 8 N.F.T.S. Flying Officer Stevens has led his section in attacks on enemy shipping with great determination. In June, 1942, he participated in an attack on an Italian warship scoring a hit. He also hit a merchant vessel which subsequently sank. Sometime afterwards he attacked and disabled another enemy vessel. On each occasion Flying Officer Stevens flew through a heavy barrage to accomplish his task.



CAN. (R83374) SGT. CLAUDE WEAVER
No. 185 Squadron, R.A.F.

Trained at No. 3 I.T.S., 17 E.F.T.S., and No. 8 S.F.T.S. This N.C.O. has shown great zeal and initiative in combat. He destroyed a German fighter on his first flight over Malta on 17-7-42. On 22-7-42 he destroyed two German fighters on one flight and repeated this performance on 23-7-42. On 24-7-42 he shared in the destruction of a German bomber with another pilot of his squadron. During his first week of air fighting over Malta this gallant young airman destroyed five and shared in the destruction of a sixth German bomber. Though relatively inexperienced he has, by his dash and personal courage, been an inspiration to the other fighter pilots of his unit.



IN CLOSING MAY I SAY .

The Meteorological Section broke into the news in the last issue of "Take-Off" through the medium of a reprinted article, originally given by the spokesman for the Director of Public Information, on the radio programme "As a Matter of Fact." That is to say, the opinions expressed were those of an impartial and presumably unbiased observer, and did not constitute part of an advertising campaign, deliberately undertaken by this Office, or the writer. There is one point I should like to clear up, however, before leaving the subject of that article. In the third paragraph, the meteorologist is referred to as the man who "sits making observations and pouring over their charts in Canada's scattered weather stations". That's "poring" over his charts—not "pouring"! We all like a quick one now and then, but not during working hours.

I was very glad to see the article published in our station paper, and hope that more of the same may be accepted for future issues. The weather-man, for the most part, has always been considered fair game for every budding practical joker, and while this treatment is often deserved, you might be surprised to learn how accurate the forecasts are becoming, and often for periods of several days in advance. I would ask you to remember that aviation itself was not far from the experimental stage when the present war began; the marked improvement in design and performance has come since. During peace time, weather forecasts were not so important, but the necessity for accurate weather information resulting from war-time conditions has brought improvement in forecasting procedure, fully as much as in other branches of production. The people who wisecrack at the meteorologists' expense today, are those who do not trouble themselves to investigate the value of the service rendered by him. I feel sure that a very large part of the non-flying personnel of this station is doubtful of the existence of a Meteorological Office on the station, although hardly a plane takes off from the field, before the pilot has consulted us regarding weather conditions for his flight.

There are pilots and pilots. Jordanoff, well-known to all flying men, writes humorously of the Flying Dodo, from Wrongville, who does everything wrong, and never worries about the weather. This breed is rapidly becoming extinct, though we still find the occasional lad who is so good that he does not have to bother with weather—or cock-pit checks. He often cuts a very spectacular figure, particu-

larly when the going is smooth. Then there is the type who goes about his business quietly, without too much fanfare, but realizing that, with good equipment, he can do a good job:—and a large part of that equipment is a knowledge of weather. Many of the latter type have a touch of grey around the temples, but it wasn't an accident that they lived so long. This is the man who, early in his flying career, learned to recognize weather in the air, knew how hard it could hit him, and how the worst of it could be avoided. He is also the man who would never plan a flight without talking it over first with the weather-man.

Weather is not so bad if we know it. It is only when the pilot does not know what is going on that he begins to worry. Present-day aids to navigation and blind-flying have made aviation an all-weather activity, and bad weather is no cause for alarm, if the pilot is reasonably certain that it will only last for, say, two hours, and that the terminal at his destination will be clear. It is the pilot who does not know this, having started his flight without adequate weather advice, who will be bothered by bad weather. Man has ever been willing and ready to tackle the toughest problem, if he only knew how hard it was; it is fear of the unknown that has stopped him most often.

The meteorologists' job lacks all of the romance and the heroic, which one usually associates with any job connected with flying. He is blamed for all the bad weather, as though he personally manufactured it, and gets almost no credit for any good weather that may happen along. If he makes ten forecasts, and one goes sour, everyone remembers that one, and he must put up with the criticism of that forecast, while the other nine are conveniently forgotten. Then too, it is a super-human task to convince the student pilot from Oklahoma that the weather map is a more reliable basis for forecasting weather, than his home-town Indian, who can "smell" the weather, or, if the going gets tough, can actually turn the rain on or off at will.

The war has done a great deal to emphasize the importance of meteorology, and with the increasing scale of aerial warfare, it may happen, even yet, that the weather-man may emerge from his dingy office, and shading his eyes from the sudden light of public recognition, get a hand from the crowd. In a recent press item with reference to success of mass bombing attacks over Germany, the fol-

lowing statement was made:

"The key man in the whole sector, oddly enough, is not Harris (the Commander), but an unidentified, unhonored weather man, known to the R.A.F. as the Chief Meteorological Officer for none of Harris's commands can be flashed to bomber groups until "Met" has decided that the weather conditions both in England and over the Continent are favourable."

It is unfortunate, in many ways, that the Meteorologist is not in uniform, but that does not mean that he is not doing a real and necessary job. This is a war where many of the important jobs are being done by men who seldom make the headlines, who never carry rifles, or wear uniforms. It is a war in which every man and woman will have a part according to his or her talents, and no man can say which is the more essential. I hope that you will better understand, from this, that being a civilian does not always mean that a man is shirking his duty to his country.

The editorial staff will by this time have had enough of this. I intended only to say good-bye, but could not resist a plug for Meteorology. I have enjoyed my association with No. 8, and want to express my appreciation for the treatment received from our Commanding Officer, the Officers, and men of the

station. The civilian usually feels that he is an outsider on an R.C.A.F. establishment, but your acceptance of me, perhaps as a necessary evil, has always made me feel at home here. I am sorry to leave, and if I can't come back, I only want to find another station like No. 8.

L. A. COOKE,
Meteorological Officer.

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BY F. S. W. GOLDWIN

IN THIS CORNER

We forgot to mention in last issue the nice heading that was presented to this corner—Lionel Caplan now at Yarmouth, N. S. was the donor. Hope one of you fellows up above there doesn't forget himself and land on my head—it might wake us up.

v v v

Quick, Jackson a pinch of snuff! Well, we were so glad to hear that the Flyers were the victors in the final game winning themselves the title of Moncton City Softball Champions together with a Cup—nice going gang!

v v v

Too bad we were unable to see them trim the Volcanoes in the final game, it being a case of which smoke was more important—duty got the call.

v v v

Bring on the St. John Kepetec Aces, they'll have a hard time with the Flyers batting lineup—everyone else has. This is going to be a short series with the games two out of three. Summaries of the ball games played to date will be found elsewhere on these pages.

v v v

That old adage comes to mind if its a question of "might" being "right" then the No. 8 Flyers possessed both pre-severing even though they lost a couple of near victories through dubious decisions, which finally brought them the sweet fruits of victory.

v v v

Our regards to Jerry Snyder who filled in the breach during the absence on leave of Messrs. Cubby and Steele. Great guy alright, and certainly filled the bill with his fielding and batting punch.

v v v

It was a typical play of Lyle Steeves of

Volcanoes when he collided with Snyder when making a put out at first base. This corner would have liked to see him try it with Gibson, what a picnic.

v v v

We also refuse to go on record to predict the winner of this series between the Aces and the Flyers, just cross the old fingers, and be out there with the "better half" rooting the boys on to victory.

v v v

Now that the softball team have finally covered themselves with a little glory how about continuing the good work with winter sports. No doubt, Pete Kelly will be able to handle the hockey players—so I refer more specifically to all basketball players. Step right up gentlemen and make yourself known.

v v v

One of my confreres got hold of an article on Hockey written by Elmer Ferguson, Sports Editor of the Montreal Herald, which emanated from S. L. Lionel Conacher, Sports Director of the R.C.A.F., re-published in toto.

v v v

"Lionel Conacher's real idea, as regards hockey for the Air Force, is to give boys in blue something to root for, something to argue about, something that will be a bit more permanent than occasional entertainment. What football is to colleges, he wants hockey to be to the Air Force."

v v v

"The Big Fellow, who is head of the sports and recreation division for the entire Air Force in Canada, was in town yesterday, and he talked about the hockey plans for this far-flung division of our armed forces."

v v v

"Wherever there is an organized hockey league the breadth of Canada, and an Air Force depot in the proximity, there will be

an Air Force team in that league," said Conacher. "Wherever there's hockey, there will be a Flyers team. At one stroke, we hope thus to achieve a wide-spread degree of advertising on behalf of the Air Force, as well as furnishing recreation and entertainment, to the Force, in greater measure than anything else could do."

V V V

"Hockey's really our National game. Pretty nearly every member of the Air Force is a hockey fan by instinct, if he isn't a player. It's the game with universal appeal to the red-blooded young Canadians who form the R.C.A.F. So, what could offer them greater interest than a hockey team, representing their Force, and battling all comers?"

V V V

"Of course, there'll be inter-service hockey too, everywhere the Air Force is stationed, providing there are enough players to form inter-service leagues, and, from all indications, there won't be much difficulty in doing this, because the Force everywhere, is dotted with players of outstanding quality, and with stars in embryo. But these leagues won't attract to the Force the attention that must come when Flyer teams are entered, all over the Dominion, in existing leagues. We be-

lieve this will be the greatest advertising medium the Air Force could possibly have, for one thing. And for another, it will furnish the Force with a continuous and sustained topic of sports discussion, which is the thing we really wish to achieve."

V V V

"Some fine shows are put on, from time to time, for the Air Force. Everybody has been very kind in that respect. But once a show is all over, it is forgotten, but hockey teams representing the Force, planted in all major leagues, will be something different, something that will afford a sustained topic for discussion, something of permanent interest. We have great hockey stars dotting the Force. It's reasonable to believe that when Air Force teams are formed, and placed in the major hockey loops, the Air Force boys will be provided with fanning material that will last for months."

V V V

"This plan holds, too, the merit, that Air Force hockeyists won't be asked to travel far, nor to neglect their Air Force duties, which, after all, are paramount to everything else. Their hockey will be only a sideline. It will approximate what football in the colleges was originally intended to do, create

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a more intense spirit of college loyalty, provide exercise for those who play, and give a rooting interest, to the rest."

VOLCANOES VS. NO. 8 FLYERS

In a nip and tuck battle all the way the Flyers romped to 11 to 7 win over the Volcanoes in the opening game of the series for the city championship on Tuesday, August 25th.

The second game of the series played on Wednesday, August 26th, ended disastrously for the Flyers when the game was called by the umpire and awarded to the Vols with the score in their favour 15 to 5 in the last half of the seventh inning. This game let loose the storm of protests, charges and counter charges which erupted all through the series.

Flyers again took over the leadership pounding out a 14-3 triumph on Thursday, August 27th.

Brennan shared clouting honours with Jimmy Bryden who poled out a homer with one on in the third. The defensive play of Gibson and Rasminsky was a standout feature, the former securing five hits out of five trips to the plate. P. O. Cubby together with Steele and Bogle were not far behind in the batting parade.

Volcanoes were outscored by the Flyers in the fourth game of the series on Tuesday, Sept. 1st by a score of 9 to 7. However, the game was called in the seventh by the umpire Ev. Agnew due to darkness. This set the stage for another storm of protests from players, officials and fans and a meeting of the league committee later ruled the game no contest.

Flyers found the Volcanoes a soft-touch in their next meeting, whitewashing Volcanoes 15 to 1 on Wednesday, Sept. 2nd.

Volcanoes upset the Flyers 7 to 4 in the game played on Thursday, September 3rd.

Flyers proved to one and all that they had the stuff of which champions are made overwhelming Volcanoes 21 to 6 in the final game played on Tuesday, Sept. 8th.

TAKE OFF, OCTOBER, 1942

TENNIS

King Winter is on his way and Indian Summer is fleeting fast before him. Old Man Sol still puts up a game battle most of the day, but he is awakening and retires too early. All this means that exponents of the modified fishing net will shortly have to seek another means of recreation. The girls are forsaking their shorts for slacks and adding a sweater, and the men are losing interest—no connection of course. It takes twice as long to get warmed up, but we shouldn't kick—we had a wonderful summer for tennis.

Some of us wondered at first if the working men were breaking the ground for a "Victory Garden," but in several weeks appeared a couple of tennis courts which, if not as good, served our purpose just as well as the Forest Hills lay-out. With the completion of the courts interest in the game trebled, and the courts were seldom idle.

The excellent, and seemingly spectacular exhibitions of the Australians did much to add to the game and the chief tennis ambition of most of the girls at least, was to become good enough to play with them. In addition to the Australians, there were quite a few Canadians, mostly from Toronto and Montreal districts, but what pleased us most was the friendly and helpful spirit amongst the players.

If it so happens that we are here at No. 8 again next year you may be sure that we will get the "ball rolling" early, and have an even better season than this.

AW1 HARLOW

SOCCER

Soccer has found enough devotees at No. 8 to turn out a station team. This undaunted band of athletes from all corners of the Empire tackled the dyed-in-the-wool enthusiasts from No. 31 P.D., and in three games made a pretty fair showing.

The playing roster of the team for these games has included P. O. Simpson, P. O. Widdrington, Mr. Kelly, S. M. Bourne, Sgts. Smith, Stoddart, Milne, Barton and Scott, A. C.'s Frame, O'Sullivan, Sinclair and Harrison. With the arrival of a new group of Aussies, it is hoped that we can continue playing through the fall and anyone with or without experience who wishes to play should get in touch with P. O. Widdrington or Mr. Kelly.



Front Row (left to right):—Rasminsky, Shortstop; Sturgess, 3rd base; Sgt. McMaster, Manager; S.L. M. P. Fraser, President of the Sports Committee; Group Captain W. W. Brown, Commanding Officer; Sam Erman, Secretary of Moncton City Softball League; F. L. Mackle, Coach; Thornton, Pitcher; Walker, 2nd base.

Back Row (left to right):—Bogle, 1st base; Lindsay, Pitcher; Steele, Centrefield; Brennan, catcher; P.O. Cuthbertson, left field; Bryden, 2nd base; Gibson, catcher and shortstop, Hughes, right field; Black, left field; James Van Buskirk, Secretary-Treasurer of Moncton City Softball League.

Well, the long trail is over and the happy band of athletes pictured above were crowned champions of the Province of New Brunswick at Saint John, New Brunswick on Saturday, September 19th, with an easy win over Ketepec Aces of that city.

The players throughout the season have displayed the dogged, unconquering spirit of a team that no matter what the score have always given of their best. Much of the credit goes to Sgt. McMaster, Manager of the team, for his energy and zeal in securing the best players and getting them to the games on time. Coach F. L. Mackle, and S. L. Fraser, President of the Sports Committee, also deserve honourable mention for the parts they played in furthering the cause of the team when necessary.

It is not desired to give any one member the credit for the showing of the team, but rather to point out that collectively and in all departments they proved they had the ability to overcome all and sundry. Regulars Brennan, Thornton, Bogle, Rasminsky, Sturgess, P. O. Cubby, Steele, Black, and Hughes each shone in his own sphere, and played crowd pleasing baseball that attracted the largest gathering of fans to witness a sporting event in Moncton, for some time. To players Gibson, Bryden and Lindsay from No. 4 R.D. Scoudouc, New Brunswick, we say—we hope that you are with us next season, but if not, that we will find substitutes as capable to take your place. Snyder, centrefielder, is not shown in the above picture, but will be remembered as a player of no mean ability.

If permission is granted another series will be entered into with Sydney, Nova Scotia for the championship of the Maritimes. There is no doubt in the minds of the Flyers' supporters that this will run true to form resulting in new laurels for the champions.

NO. 8 VS. NO. 31 (P.D.) ACCOUNTANTS

The first match found us pitted against the Accounts Section of No. 31 and, after conceding two goals early in the game, amazed all and sundry including ourselves, by tying the game 2-2 at half-time. The Second half found us trailing again and with five minutes to go being down 5-3, we knotted the count in a thrilling rally, in the excitement we left our defence wide open were edged out 6-5 in the last minute. Sgts. Stoddart and Smith together with Barker and Scott were the marksmen up front, S. M. Bourne emerged from retirement to perform creditably between the posts.

NO. 31 (P.D.) M. T. VS. NO. 8

In the second game No. 31's M.T. Section were our opponents. Being short-handed by reason of duties connected with the Inspector General's visit we, nevertheless, came through with a decisive 5-0 victory. Smith (2), Scott, Barker and Harrison were the marksmen.

NO. 8 VS. NO. 31 (P.D.) NO. 2 SQUADRON

We were on the wrong end of 4-1 score at half time, our lone tally being notched by veteran left winger Pete Kelly of the Y. M. C. A., who was persuaded to fill a last minute vacancy who showed that he could boot 'em as well as shoot 'em. In the second half, Sgt. Smith came through with two brilliant tallies, and Harrison notched another to tie the game. No. 31 then returned the pressure and were rewarded with a goal in the dying moments of the game. In spite of the loss, this was our best game yet—the team combined well together and showed flashes of real football. "Red" Frame in goal, turned in a stellar performance, as did O'Sullivan, Smith and Stoddart.

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TAKE OFF, OCTOBER, 1942

GEAR GROWLS (Heard around the M. T.)

Well, here we are again! Just had word that our friend Cpl. Loudon has been blessed with a posting overseas. We'll sure miss him but he'll fit in with the boys over there and we all wish him the best of luck and Bon Voyage.

We are glad to welcome to our fold AW 2 Willis. She certainly is a bit of alright, take it from me.

What's this I hear?—

Cpl. Branagh, to be! Well, well best of luck old pal and I know that you can rely on the boys of the section to back you up and cooperate with you.

If you people haven't noticed we have the Scoudou Flash back with us again in the Person of none other than Wild Man Matchett.

We would like to know who Ronie is that we here so much about. Maybe our Wildcat knows?

Could be that there is very special attraction for one of our W. D. in Halifax. She's always running down there on her 48's. How about it Ben-Hur.

Some day that M.T. driver, who always nearly misses the last bus, will really miss it. Wonder what keeps him so late? Could it be Yvonne?

CPL. GREASE MONKEY.

W. D. (WILDCAT DRIVERS)

The Major has been singing lately "Oh where oh where have my drivers gone." We recommend you calling the hospital Major maybe the M. O. knows.

Major, Major! I don't want to go on the ambulance this week again, it isn't fair I tell you. So the Major scored again and back goes Ben-Hur to the ambulance ho hum . . .

Calder Calder you're a bad boy, you know that soup won't sober you up . . . Or is it just a pretty W.D. in the canteen that's interesting?

The mystery of brother Hardingbed has been solved by Peacock. He's not talking. Beatty knows all about, we're sure.

Come on Small Fry let's come clean, do you think it is fair to bum all our cigarettes? Then when we're broke to swipe our coke bottles,

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that's a poor show...

In the last issue of *Take Off* there was something about a wild cat in the section, we haven't yet found a name for our despatchers that could be printed, "Oh well Mac and Butler I wouldn't be too disappointed if I were you it may be in next month's issue."

Flash from Father McGowan (Late No. 8 M.T.)

We hear from our lads abroad that the greece monkeys from No. 8 can enjoy their beer in the same canteen now as they have finally been posted together again, McGowan says the beer in Scotland tastes grand, the boys send their best regards to those they knew while at No. 8.

VISITORS — HOW WE LOVE THEM

The day before a visitor comes things begin to happen in the W.D. Section. One goes into the canteen at noon and is confronted with a sign on the first door "WIPE YOUR FEET ON THE WAY OUT". On the door to the inner room is the warning "THIS PLACE HAS BEEN CLEANED, STAY OUT". On turning to go to the radio one is stopped by a further warning "THIS PLACE HAS BEEN CLEANED, STAY OUT". That night everyone turns to and with a good deal of comments, adverse and welcome, as to visitors coming to the station, the place is scrubbed and polished till even its longest inmates would not know it.

Then the great day arrives. Up early to put forth our best efforts in the polish and shine line, and give a last clean up to floors and a final tug at the blankets, hoping that everything will be all right and that no mistakes will be found in one's own particular section.

At noon one is met at the door with—
"WIPE YOUR FEET BEFORE YOU DARE GO IN THERE".

"DON'T WALK ON THE MATS".

"DON'T USE ANY BUT THE THREE WASH BASINS IN THE CORNER".

"DON'T SIT ON THE BEDS OR YOU WILL LOSE YOUR PASSES FOR THE DURATION".

WHEN ONE RETIRES TO THE CANTEEN FOR A LITTLE PEACE AND COMFORT OUR N.C.O. ARRIVES WITH:

HOW DID YOU PEOPLE GET IN HERE? THIS PLACE SHOULD HAVE BEEN LOCKED. OFF we go to work hoping that the visitors will soon get off the station.

The next day a little notice appears on the wall.

The rooms were perfect says our N.C.O. why not keep them that way.

Not for us, we think, as we dig our choicest possessions out of hiding places and relax again on our eiderdown mattresses.

TAKE OFF, OCTOBER, 1942

GOOFY GAGS FROM GOOFY GUYS AT G. I. S.

1. We wonder if the "Photographic Section" have located their Bonophone yet.
2. We notice (by the bulletin board) that Cpl. Bourque is more valuable dead than alive. At least that is what the "Wanted" poster said.
3. We are glad to see F/Sgt. Johns back. Probably the faces of the boys in the Armament Section won't be so long now. The responsibility was getting them down.
4. It would be appreciated if a rocking chair could be found for the "Finger Printing" Section. Corporal Murray can't relax properly in an ordinary chair.
5. We hear quite a lot about these guys that come from the West, in fact they seem quite proud to discuss the fact; which brings to my mind a little story I heard F/Sgt. Beynon relate. It seems that he had a bunch of these Western Gentlemen on parade and that the only way he could get them to all halt at the same time was to give the command "WHOA".
P. S. Sgt. Spafford was right at home here last Sunday when the high wind was tossing the dust around. He says it was just like home on the range.

Things we would like to know:

1. Who, among the service police, uses the needle and thread in his sleep, and puts orange peelings in his boots?
2. Who likes fudge so well that he sometimes mistakes soap for it?
3. Who had the hayseed all over his uniform, when he came back from that certain walk.
4. Does a certain corporal in the wireless section ever stop to think of his pass when handing out rumbles to the classes?
5. Is it a breach of Air Force Regulations to bet on the softball games? A certain sergeant seems to think not.

Our Sergeant poet wishes us to contribute one of his latest poems. The following was composed during his class on engines.

A very hot pilot was Henry Hightowers,
Who boasted of having three hundred hours.
To prove it he dove on his Girl's house, one day.

They would have been married the fifteenth of May.

"Keep your copy of *Take-Off!* Watch for your favorite star at the "Kent Theatre".

OUR HOSPITAL

Well, it's awful. Don't ever let anyone tell you anything different. Oh sure, there are efficient attendants ever at hand to grant your slightest whim, but the one thing you really want—a certificate of discharge from the hospital, you can't get for love nor money.

It's the most dreary place in the world—just like a morgue. Once you exhaust the supply of magazines you might as well cut your throat—you'd be just as happy.

Then, when you've decided to do some quiet thinking, in burst a couple of visitors for your fellow patient. If she has suffered an accident, woe is you, for immediately the so-called visitors of joy, pounce upon your bed fellow and demand to know the gruesome details leading up to the aforementioned accident. Of course your friend (?) is delighted and immediately launches into a long, tedious and quite often exaggerated tale of suffering.

Having heard the story at least twenty times previously in the day, you shut your eyes and painfully try to recall the pleasantness of the last station dance.

But all in vain. Your friend's visitors each have stories about the terrible accident to sister Martha four years ago, and the time when cousin Horace fell on the axe and you should have seen what wasn't left of his face!

Here you take refuge beneath the blankets and inwardly wish the axe would descend on the heads of the guests. You emerge from your retreat just in time to hear them say, "Well, goodbye,—hope you feel better."

That, however is not the worst. To those of you who are of the opinion that a hospital is just a place of rest, I will say "your Nuts."

Promptly at six you find yourself violently awakened, a thermometer pushed halfway down your throat, and your pulse is then taken (at first I used to think it was self protection, that the attendant was trying to prevent me taking a poke at her)

Then is the "agony" hour when you down a mixture of what tastes like the "Grapes of Wrath." You needn't think you can try any tricks, like dumping the medicine into your empty glass and sticking it under your pillow, because they won't work.

Morning is spent in lining up a form of attack for the M.O.'s visit.

You positively beam at him when he asks you how you are feeling and you answer brightly. "Oh, just simply splendid, sir!"

No answer. "May I leave to-day, sir?"

Growls.

"Do I have to take that ghastly medicine, sir? I haven't coughed for days."

"Oh, it won't hurt you."

"But what's the matter with me, sir? I feel grand. Why do I have to stay in this _____place? Just a growl and grin and then the M.O. walks on to the next victim.

Your heart sinks, depression seizes you. You want to die.

There just isn't any justice in the world.

So to all you would be "rest-seekers"—go to Germany, Japan or anywhere for your rest, but don't go near the Hospital, 'cause you'll never get out—it's worse than the bastille.

FLASHES FROM THE POST OFFICE

"Hi there, Dickie, I hear footsteps in the lobby, "Oh, dear, where is that paper".

I wonder why the postal clerks from 31PD come over to No. 8? Ask Marven maybe she could give us the clue.

Why was the little girl with the charming smile shifted from her wicket? Perhaps the traffic light was on too long. What say, Mac?

We wonder when a certain corporal is getting those dark colored glasses for Nick's bright eyes? They also say she talks in her sleep about two stripes? Whose stripes?

Now that there is total general delivery the Sgt. has his own ideas of keeping in touch with the W. D. Canteen. We bet the next addition to the P. O. will be a blonde remustering.

What is the attraction at Truro, Sawyer. Haven't the boys at No. 8 got the technique that is required? Kay thought Cookie had.

Ken gets very lonely at times, although we try very hard to keep him smiling from one 48 to another, he still worries about the irregular bus schedule to St. John.

The Sgt. would appreciate it very much if dates with the W.D.'s were made after duty and not in rush hours, please.

Listen to

CKCW

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LOUNGING WITH OUR SENIOR N.C.O.'S

Who is the mysterious feminine voice who keeps LAW Atkins on the run answering the phone and calling for Sidney Archbold? Could it be Mabel?

The affair of the good looking soldier who goes around looking in vain for Elvie Borden. Could it be that she does not like soldiers? What Borden would like to know is where Kliza and Podolski spent their last 48 ? ? ?

Why S/M Charlebois does not consider the shortage of lumber when he uses so many toothpicks?

What makes the "Tiger" wink at the kitchen staff? Could "it" be winking at the ball pitcher? ? ?

Who is the fair damsel who keeps Sgt. Russel up so late that he can't get up in time to make his bed—result—He's mad at **THE** Major Too.

Our congratulations to S/M's Harris, Faulkner, Cronk and MacDonald on their well merited promotion to Pilot Officers. Though we are glad, we surely miss them here.

Welcome back Connie Bailey and Ginna Dalshaug who were vacationing in Sask. Unfortunately they overslept one morning, were a day late—nuff said.

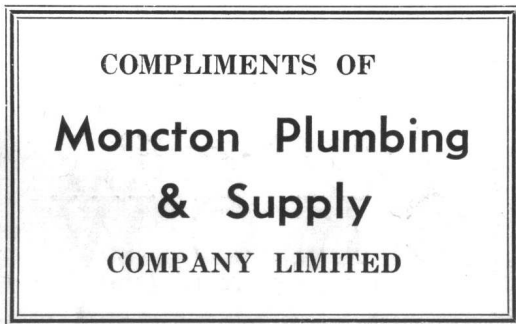
"THE FROG" (Definition of)

What a queer bird the frog are
When he sit he stand almost
When he hop he fly almost
He ain't got no sense hardly
He ain't got no tail hardly either
He sit on what he ain't got almost.

F/Sgt. Wilson (at trade test) "Name the greatest time saver?"

A.W.1 Campbell M.E.—"Love at first sight, Flight."

We hear that Sgt Major Charlebois pet peeves are bottle tops on the floor. Pick them up or 7 days more C.B. Did we hear rightly?



TAKE OFF, OCTOBER, 1942

W. D.'s DRILL CORPORAL

You think you've a tough job
In Iceland or home;
I'll swap you the one that
They've slipped me at home
I'm drilling the women;
The best that I can,
But can't yell the things that
I'd yell to a man.

"Eyes right, ya gorilla"
I once used to yell
But that and hey, "fatthead"
Are both strictly out;
Of jobs in the service
The hardest is mine—
I've got to discard all
My old Army Line.

Did privates toe in, I
Could yell, "Listen, stupe
You do that again you'll
Get socked for a loop."

"Chins up ya baboon," was
My cry through the day
But drilling the dames, well
It ain't the same way.

"Eyes right, are you cockeyed,"
I'd yell in loud tones,
But now it's "please try once
Again, Mrs. Jones."

"Hey, throw out your chest, stow
That barroom effect"
Are into the discard; they
Ain't quite correct.

"Hey, mugs. Wipe that grin off."
I loved that so much
But can't use now for
It lacks the right touch;
"Ya bowlegged scarecrow."
Is off my routine;
It's now "Watch your form, if
You don't mind, Miss Green."

"Come on, ya big droop, get
Some snap in them knees."
Went well with my old squads,
But NEVER with THESE.
"Your shirt's out, ya dumbell."
I can't yell no more . . .
Forgive me my groans, it's
One elluva war.

"That hat is no ale can."
To hang on one ear
Is now out of order
With "Pullin your rear."
But this is what slays me
And makes my head dance;
No more can I bellow,
"Hey, pull up your pants."

SPRINKLING FROM THE FIRE SECTION

There is a certain black-haired corporal in this Section who doesn't have to go to his wife when a 48 comes along.—She comes to him. Ain't love grand!! l'amour toujours l'amour!

If you boys from W. & B. ever run out of a carpenter or a radio man, or an electrician, LAC Smith is the man you want. He's a wizard with his hands but he can't play cards.

It's that red-headed fire-fighter again. He says he still hates women, but why that I-wish--I-was-there-again-look in his eyes every time he passes by the Station Hospital. Does he live over again those gentle back-rubs.

Who is the newly-wed who doesn't go out any more?

If leaves were quarterly there's a certain LAC here who would have a... of a time keeping his weight par. He lost on his annual leave a good 7 pounds. Gruesome, ain't it? Bowen?

There's a certain fire-fighter who is allergic to bush fires since he had to forget a 48 on account of the last one.

My!but that girl must be a sweet number at Leger's Corner. LAC. C... just can't stay in on his nights off. Nothing can hold him back. (Except for that bush fire on that Saturday night.)

Suggestions to the Control Tower about shooting flares. Why not put those flares in glass cages. There wouldn't be so many bush-fires. Or could you equip the flares with a little tank of water and a fog-nozzle. As the flare would release a cartridge filled with compressed air capable of giving a fine spray of water.

The Fire Section is secretly experimenting on a formula for synthetic water due to the shortage of water on the Station. If it is a success (we hope) the said water will be tinted a light pink to give more atmosphere to the picture. Sun glasses will be issued (no signature needed) if there should be too bright a glare. Or just break a beer bottle and look through the tinted glass. (don't forget to drink the contents first.)

Hoping to die with my rubber boots on.

Yours truly,

CHIEF FIRE-IN-BUSH

▼ ▼ ▼

It is rumoured that Sergeant Sludge was seen at the bush fire.

The Flight disappeared for half an hour during the fire and it is believed he fell down a ground-hogs-hole. No doubt that is how he got the broken nose.

"Sluggie Bonnevie" "The Halifax Kid" is in training for his next bout with the trade test board.

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and Most Popular
Restaurant

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Folks at Home



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50c two sides

By appointment only

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C K C W

We wonder what would happen if someone cut the ropes that are holding our Fire Section up out of the swamp.

Statistics show that a dog a foot and a half long with a twelve inch tail can dig a hole four feet deep and two feet in diameter in a day. To dig the Panama Canal in a year it would take a dog a mile and a half long with a tail a mile long. That's O.K. but who would want to train a mutt like that to dig.

Our "Chief" would weigh approximately 66 lbs. with his feet cut off.

FIRE SECTION.

MAGNESIUM OR ELECTRON BOMB

The most effective incendiary aerial bomb is known as the electron or magnesium bomb or sometimes improperly, as a thermite bomb. A standard type of electron bomb consists of a thick-walled tube 9 inches long and 2 inches in diameter, made of magnesium with a small proportion of aluminum. On one end is a tail to steady the bomb in flight. The tube is filled with a priming composition of the thermite type (iron oxide and aluminum dust) This bomb weighs 2 lbs. 2 oz's; and is all of incendiary material except a few ounces in the tail and the igniter. The electron bomb functions on impact, a needle in the igniter being driven into a small percussion cap which ignites the priming composition. The bomb does not explode and the main incendiary agent is not the thermite composition but the magnesium tube. The priming composition of thermite burn from 40 to 50 seconds at a temperature of about 4,500 degrees Fahrenheit and its great heat serves to melt and ignite magnesium which in itself is not readily flammable. The molten magnesium, once ignited, burns for 10 to 15 minutes at a temperature of 2,400 degrees Fahrenheit.

One large bomber can carry around 2000 of these bombs. The bombs are not dropped singly but are usually released from containers each holding from 10 to 20 bombs. This magnesium bomb is difficult to aim accurately, because of its poor ballistics and it has poor powers of penetration. In large towns the average proportion of open spaces to built-up areas is about the order of five to one. Accordingly, for every 12 bombs dropped, ten may be expected to fall in streets, gardens, yards, etc., where they would burn themselves out without doing any serious damage. One would glance off a sloping roof or fail to function after penetrating and one would start a fire.

Flying in a straight line at 200 M.P.H. at a height of 5000 feet and releasing 20 bombs per second in three miles would start one fire every 60 to 70 yards.

SERGEANT CLARK.

TAKE OFF, OCTOBER, 1942

KHAKI KHATTER

Hello again from the boys in khaki at the Supply Depot. So sorry we missed the last issue but will try to make amends in this one.

Congrats to our newly appointed S/Sgt., formerly known as "Fatstuff," who no longer can be called the "Human Turnip," be being able to donate a goodly amount of blood on his latest attempt.

A very large welcome is extended to L/Cpl. Walter Hunter from the fog-bound city of St. John, N. B., smokes incessantly at a long black pipe. Lay off airwomen, he is single but is madly in love with a fair lady (very lovely incidently) from St. John.

Roaring "Bunny" Webster claims the reason that he nearly missed the 7.20 from St. John one recent Monday morning and also a very heavy growth of beard was due to the fact he was on "Nite Duty."

Why did the Boss spend all one afternoon shining up, etc? We understood the visitor failed to show up the following morning as expected.

It seems that one known as Donald "Duck" Dole was fast going astray soon as the better half returned to Saint John a couple months ago forcing her to return within two weeks to bring him back on the straight and narrow, naughty, naughty, says we.

Can you imagine ice cakes in the Saint John, N. B., harbour in early September? Ask Eddy Martin, he **claims** he saw them.

Is it true that Charles "Coon" Schwab really went ga-ga over the dark haired young lady and why did he change his dining out spot from Dukes Grill to the Astor Cafe?

What made Herb Hollerbaum's eyes go bad? Would it be some local maiden? Was he really in earnest when he mentioned about bringing to the east a fair butter-milk girl from the West.

One of these fine days Sgt. "Ossie" Osbourne will, we hope, hit the Jack Pot in the form of \$25.00 for 25c. (via Eddy Martin) or come up with a Royal Flush.

As all good things must come to an end, so does this, and so from your correspondent Eddy Martin who claims that he has seen enough of Moncton and all the rest of the Maritimes and wants to go home, so clear the track Canada, here I come.

"EDDY" MARTIN

Why does Eddie Martin always sing "I got a Gal named cross-eyed Sue". Do you really suppose he has? This same gentleman was seen on a recent Sunday night talking to his wife via long distance and telling her how much he loved her.

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Reasonable Prices
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Reading and Writing Room Free
of Charge
Private Rooms for Private Parties
Managed by Great War Veteran
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**CHEZ NOS JEUNES CANADIENS
FRANCAIS**
Montez! Montez! Montez!

Ces paroles d'une de nos chansons traditionnelles a nous, Canadiens francais, s'appliquent tres bien a nous du C.A.R.C. Oui, amis, il faut monter toujours, aller de front et ne regarder en arriere que pour s'encourager. Nous avons des difficultes, c'est vrai, nous avons a apprendre une autre langue en plus d'un metier, c'est encore vrai; mais n'oublions pas qu'il n'y a pas de victoire sans lutte. La plupart d'entre nous en s'enrolant n'ont pu realiser leur ambition, celui de voler. En effet, il y avait cette barriere de langue. Alors il a fallu regarder plus bas et attendre le moment propice. Les metiers que nous avons choisis n'ont rien de deshonorant, au contraire. Il faut aller de l'avant. Si nous ne sommes pas en mesure de vaincre les examens de nos metiers individuels, comment voulez-vous aspirer a vaincre ceux de pilote ou d'autres branches de l'air. Tout en travaillant nous apprenons en plus de notre metier le langage qui nous manque. Ayons de la perseverance et un jour viendra ou nous pourrons montrer a tous que nous, canadiens francais, nous avons un ideal.

QUI VEUT.

PRIS AU PIEGE

—Edouard, tu n'as pas oublie de mettre ma lettre d'hier a la poste?

—Oh! non, non, non. . . ma cherie, jamais. Tiens, j'ai pris un timbre au bureau de tabac de la place Jacques-Cartier et j'ai mis moi-meme ta lettre a la poste, en face de l'hotel de ville. J'ai remarque un detail assez curieux: c'est que le timbre etait un peu dechire dans le haut.

—Edouard!

—Ma cherie?

—Edouard, ne mens pas. "Je ne t'avais pas donne de lettre a mettre a la poste!"

L'HABITUDE DE COMMANDER

—Vous voila enfin! . . . Vous n'auriez pas pu etre la plus tot?

—Pas de ma faute, mon capitaine, j'habite a cinq kilometres du lieu de l'incendie!

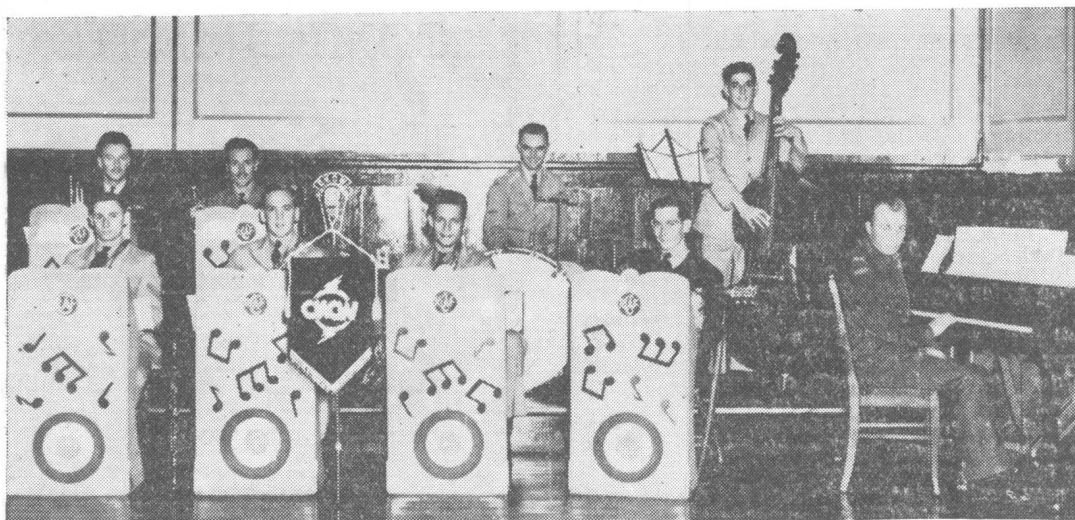
—Bon. En tout cas, tachez de demenager et d'aller habiter plus pret du prochain!

INCORRIGIBLE

—Souviens-toi, mon fils, que nous sommes sur la terre pour travailler. . .

—Alors, papa, si je M'engageais dans la marine?

STATION DANCE ORCHESTRA



Left to right—(Back row) P/O Starkey, G. P/O B. Frederics, LAC L. Bentley, LAC T. Nelthorpe. (Front row) Cpl. K. D. Brooks, LAC N. J. Schroeter, LAC R. Richards, LAC J. Bell, Pte. Eddie Martin.

The Station Dance Orchestra, led by Pte. Eddie Martin of the R.C.A.S.C., has provided the Station Weekly Friday Night Dances with very enjoyable dance music.

We offer them our sincere thanks and hope they will continue to help us out.

COOK HOUSE CHATTER

From The Officers' Mess

We just want to remind you that we are still here, even if most of our girls do dash off to Halifax every chance they get. We wonder just what the attraction is? Could it be that they are thinking of "joining the navy?"

Our good friend Smart has remustered to a married woman. Congrats to L.A.C. Guy Inman (the lucky guy) now stationed at Clairsholme, Alberta, (you know Canada.)

And speaking of travelling salesmen, which we weren't, one of our cooks is thinking of remustering to a fur coat.

A word of welcome to our new girl, Spicer. We hope you'll learn to love us all, and get to be one of our happy family.

Had you noticed how nice the grass looks in front of the Officers' Mess since the rats have been killed off? Poisoned, I believe but you really can't blame that on the cooks.

A certain G.D. over here seems to have

remustered to Air Crew. They are calling her Flash 'Gordon!' now.

And poor Jimmy! He goes home on a 48 and the girl friend has the mumps, on one side, only. He's hoping that she won't get them on the other side next 48. He says it's no fun sitting in opposite corners throwing kisses and spitballs.

Our new Corporal is such a little feller it is quite easy for her to snuggle into the front seat of a car with three others. It's nice and cosy that way she assures us.

The girls all offer their congratulations to the officers who have recently joined the ranks of married men. It's a nice idea where did you get it from?

DO YOU KNOW? ? ? ?

From the Airmen's Mess

That it takes 1,200 individual Club Steaks for one Dinner at the Airmen's Mess, it takes nine hind quarters of beef for that number of Steaks, approximately one thousand

pounds, also 500 lbs. of potatoes, 400 lbs. of vegetables, 10 gallons of gravy and 23 pies (24 by 18 inches.) It takes about 3 hours to prepare, and the meal is served on the average of twelve airmen per minute.

When we serve bacon and sausage for breakfast it takes 190 lbs. of bacon which is about 2000 slices and 250 lbs of sausage, approximately 500 feet if put end to end, about 10 gallons of fruit juice, 100 packages of corn flakes and half a bushel of rolled oats. The breakfast is prepared by two men on the night shift, Corporal Cleaves and Mr. George Saunders, but Mr. Saunders is a fast gent, he formerly owned and drove race horses.

At this time the personnel of the Airmen's Mess would like to welcome F/Sgt. Wilson into our midst and we do mean WELCOME. I wonder how the Cooks are doing at Mont Joli.

EMBARASSING QUESTIONS TO A BUTCHER

How much does it weigh now, without your thumb?

LAW Trainor is quite an amateur photographer, you should see the funny pictures she took while home on a forty-eight.

A school teacher told the class to make up a sentence using the word "diadem."

One boy wrote: Pilots that do not check their gas before they take off, diadem site sooner than those that do.

If the T.C.A. would distribute their cuspidors more evenly, it would be easier on the Airwomen's Hats.

If Wedding Bells don't ring very soon for a certain blonde. W. D. Cook, Clothing Stores had better stock running shoes for hurried trips to the Administration Building, and the Cup Reading Business had better fold up.

FLT. SGT. WILSON

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Pipes**

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FOR SMOKES**
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Moncton, New Brunswick**

NOTES FROM THE "Y"

To all new personnel, and those who are not aware of what is available in the way of recreation and entertainment on the station, here is a short summary for your benefit.

Monday—Movie show in the Recreation Hall.

Tuesday—Small gamesnight. Tournaments, in chess, darts etc. Bingo with free prizes.

Wednesday—Movie Show in the Recreation Hall.

Thursday—Airwomen's At Home in the Women's Lounge. Cribbage Tournament.

Friday—Airwomen's and Airmen's Dance in the Recreation Hall.

Saturday—Movie Show in the Recreation Hall.

Sunday—Sing Song and Quizz programs in the Recreation Hall.

These are just the regular weekly features. In addition there are Soccer and Cricket matches played at various times, and of course, there will be a complete winter sports schedule.

Amateur shows will be conducted throughout the winter.

Two fine Tennis Courts are available at all times. Racquets may be borrowed from the Sports Store, located in the Drill Hall.

You will also find Gymnastic Equipment in the Drill Hall. This is here for your benefit so make full use of it. There is now an organized Dramatic Club on the Station. If you are interested in acting or taking part in any way in the production of shows come into the Y. M. C. A. office and talk it over. I would like to take this opportunity on behalf of Mr. Kelly and myself of thanking everyone on the station for the fine spirit of co-operation they have shown since we have been here. We want to assure you that we are going to do our best to serve you in every way we can.

W. BREWSTER, Y.M.C.A. Supervisor.

CIVILIAN TALES

Alfalfa and Pamela of the Tower have their worries too — Alfalfa wonders if the Sergeant likes the old homestead and Pamela wonders if the alarm clock will ring in time in the morning. Never mind Astle and Lockhart — time will tell.

Mary McGee of Records remarks "there is nothing like the quiet life on the farm", incidentally Mary spent her vacation in Antigonish County, Nova Scotia.

Loretta Brydges in Accounts is sighing for a cubit in stature. Any suggestions??

Beatty MacMaster of Accounts is wondering what the contents of the little red bottle will do....?

TAKE OFF, OCTOBER, 1942

Roger Arsenault of Central Registry is very much interested in the new houses around TCA. What's in mind?

Betty Nase of Central Registry, our convivial sportswoman, has rented an Apartment and remarks "the meals are marvellous" Who's invited?

Edna Gilmore, Orderly Room, Headquarters, since residing on Botsford Street, is taking cooking lessons and is closely watching her vitamins.

Bob Nickerson of W. & B. has been on "shore leave" for the week and found things a bit chilly.

Margaret Kiever of W. & B. remarks "if there is one thing I like to do it is dusting" and she certainly kicks up the dust at the Station dances.

Marg. Hopper of Maintenance has a great decision to make very soon. We wonder will it be R.C.A.F. or R.O.N.?

Henry Leger of the Log Book Room would like to become a Knight of the Road (RR)—keep stretching.

K. Downing of Central Registry is saving her money to buy flying togs since "she took so well to the air" on her recent trip to "The Island".

What about these trips to the Federal Building Keith Business or pleasure.... ????

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WE ARE THE W. D.'S

It's not the glamour, for there isn't any. The daily routine of Service life is never broken by excitement of thrills — contrary to the usual line of fiction.

It's not the uniform either, for what girl in her right senses would prefer the mannish lines of the Air Force uniform to the dainty feminine frills of civilian life.

What then, can it be? What accounts for the happy and cheerful faces beneath our Service caps — it's the proud knowledge that we are doing our part, however small it may appear, to help win the war. Individually, it may seem that one girl, pounding a typewriter or peeling potatoes is of little use against Hitler's army. But taken en masse we realize that each one of us is part of a huge plan to release men for the fighting front.

We are doing a job in this war by putting forth our best efforts for our Country. Our reward will be when the war is won, peace will again descend upon the earth, and we will experience the feeling of satisfaction that comes of a job well done.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DENTAL CLINIC

There have been many changes in the staff of the Dental Clinic in the past few months. In fact everyone wonders who is to be posted next. Capt. Oliver is now serving 35 Company while Capt. Clune has patiently been carrying on alone for the past few weeks wondering when some one would come to his assistance. Little did he dream that Capt. Lebeuf and Lieut. Cholette would both come to his aid and rumours now have it, that he is to be posted.

Cpl. Doyle is all atwitter these days wondering if she also is to be posted since the arrival of three other assistants.

Everyone welcomes the return of Sgt. Jackson our A-1 technician.

We notice Capt. Clune spends less time out at the Point these days. Could his interest in air hostesses be lessening; or have they moved into town?

Why is it that Cpl. Doyle is not observing the stars so much these days; is it true that she is waiting anxiously for a cablegram? The boys in St. Lambert will sure get a treat from the 3rd to the 18th of October.

S/Sgt. Guay has been down for a few days from Command to see how the boys in the lab are doing.

Cpl. Doyle realizes she should have heeded Sgt. Jackson's advise not to eat her dinner before her flip on Sept. 12th, 1942.

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**Makers of High-Grade Home-Made
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BETWEEN THE BOOK-ENDS

In a modest corner of the Recreation Hall where the furniture is overstuffed and inviting, you will find between 1800 hours and 2000 hours—834 books to read.

You may find it somewhat cramped, but courage! We expect to move to larger quarters in the near future. Meanwhile politely ask your fellow book-worm to remove his elbow from your eye and discover for yourself the vast worlds of literature that our cabinets encompass.

Our library is made up of books supplied

All members of His
Majesty's Forces
Should have pictures
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WILCOX STUDIOS

782 Main St., - Moncton

THE HUB Tobacco Shop

Cigars, Cigarettes, Magazines,
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Corner of Main and Church

Dial 3626

Moncton, New Brunswick

by the Canadian Legion, I.O.D.E., the Y.M.C.A. and No. 8 S.F.T.S. And we musn't forget those generous souls who find on leaving the station that it is utterly impossible to cram Aunt Susie's gift into an overflowing kit bag and so bequeath to us an uncut and unread copy of Girl Guides in Deepest Africa (Actually one of our Aussie friends presented us with the excellent and recent Dr Cronin novel—The Stars Look Down.)

Historical Romances is the description I. Jackson gives to Sabatini's books. His enthusiasm aroused our curiosity and from him we learned that Sabatini's books are easily spotted by their black binding. A sincere form of flattery is the fact that the last eight names on the J page of our record book are all—Jackson I. N.

When it comes to failing to return books, N.C.O.'s are out in front. Sgt Archibald has had out "How to Torture your Friends" long enough to be an expert at polite forms of meyhem. When W. O. 2 Hunter was a mere Flight Sgt. he borrowed "The Adventures of Peter Grayson." But all was forgiven when he returned it and praised its qualities in glowing terms. If you want a book full of homely philosophy and a tang of the out-of-doors "The Adventures" is highly recommended.

L.A.W. Wakely was delighted to find on the C.L. shelf a book written by a Toronto friend. The book contains pictures and many references to this part of the Maritimes and it is interesting to note that the author W. G. Carr is back in the British Navy and his sons serving with the R.C.A.F. overseas.

Books that are receiving much attention are: How Green Was My Valley, Mission to Moscow, Lost Horizon, Beaus Sabreur and Geste, Lord Peter Views the Body, The Glorious Adventure, Memory Hold's the Door, and Berlin Diary—strange bedfellows we admit.

WILSON'S GRILL

All my life I have been bawled out, bawled up, and held down, bull-dozed, black jacked, walked on, cheated, squeezed, and mooched; stuck for war tax, sales tax and syntax, liberty bonds, baby bonds, and matrimony, Red Cross, green cross and double cross; asked to help the society of John the Baptist, G.A.R., Women's Relief Corps, men's relief and stomach relief, I've worked like hell! I have been drunk and got others drunk, lost all I had and part of my furniture! and because I won't spend all the little I earn, and go beg, borrow or steal, I have been cursed

★ KENT THEATRE ★

The Most Modern House in
The Maritimes

COMING ATTRACTIONS

- Tues. & Wed., Sept. 29, & 30th.
"SUSPICION" with Cary Grant and Joan Fontaine.
- "THREE GIRLS ABOUT TOWN" Starring Joan Blondell.
Thurs., Fri. & Sat. Oct. 1, 2, & 3
"LOUISIANA PURCHASE" Starring Bob Hope
Also
"GIRLS OF THE ROAD"
Mon., Tues. & Wed., Oct. 5, 6 & 7th.
"BAHAMA PASSAGE" Starring Madeleine Carroll and Stirling Hayden.
Also
"THE SHOW GOES ON" Starring Gracie Fields.
Thurs., Fr. & Sat., Oct. 8, 9 & 10th.
"SHIPS WITH WINGS" Featuring the Illustrious S. S. Aircraft "ARK ROYAL".
Also
"TWO LATINIS FROM MANHATTAN"
Mon., Tues. & Wed., Oct. 12, 13, 14th.
"KINGS' ROW" Starring Ann Sheridan.
Also
"MINSTREL DAYS" Starring Eddie Cantor & Al Jolson.
Thurs., Fri. & Sat., Oct. 15, 16, & 17th.
"THIS WAY PLEASE" Starring FIBBER & MOLLY McGEE and Betty Grable.
Also
"STEEL AGAINST THE SKY"
Mon. Tues. & Wed., Oct. 19, 20 & 21st.
"GUNGA DINN" Starring Douglas Fairbanks, Cary Grant, Victor McLaghlan & Joan Fontaine.
Also
"REGLAR FELLERS"
Mon., Tues. & Wed., Oct. 22, 23 & 24th.
"PLAYMATES" Starring KAY KAISER & his Orchestra.
Also
"PACIFIC BLACKOUT" with Robert Preston
Thurs., Fri. & Sat., Oct. 26, 27 & 28th.
"FLEET'S IN" Starring DOROTHY LAMOUR
Also
"CHARLIE CHAN IN RIO"
Mon., Tues. & Wed. Oct. 29, 30 & 31st.
"SANTE FE TRAIL" With Errol Flynn and Olivia deHaviland.
Also
"SHUT MY BIG MOUTH" Starring JOE E. BROWN.

and discussed, boycotted, talked to, talked about, lied to, lied about, held up, robbed and damned near ruined, and the only reason I am alive today is because

I EAT AT WILSON'S GRILL.

SGT. WARRELL.

Could be! ! Sarge.

TO ALL GOOD SPORTS

Since last April a Station Sports Committee, presided by Squadron Leader M. P. Fraser, has been holding weekly meetings to discuss methods of organizing sports on the station. During the past five months the tennis courts were built and put to use and tennis racquets were purchased at a considerable financial outlay. In addition to this the softball team was outfitted and much additional equipment was provided for all the popular forms of athletics.

The purpose of this article is to call to the attention of all station personnel, officers, airwomen and airmen to the fact that the sports equipment is not being used as much as it ought to be. For instance there is a boxing ring, boxing gloves and punching bags. So anyone interested at all in boxing can get in touch with P/O Widdrington, Sgt. Ferguson or Mr. Kelly, our Y.M.C.A. representative. Those who play badminton will be glad to learn that the committee plans to purchase badminton racquets which will be available to all who wish to use them during the coming season. A Station bowling league is planned with each squadron represented by a team. The Y.M.C.A. alleys are being offered for this purpose.

As for basketball and volleyball there is also full equipment for these games. The condition of the floor in the drill hall will be improved when the water supply increases.

There should be much activity in hockey this winter. In Mr. "Pete" Kelly—formerly with the Detroit Red Wings—we have a coach who undoubtedly will make the best possible use of the hockey material at hand. With the possibility of the reopening of the Moncton stadium a local league is a strong possibility. At any rate the station rink will be in operation and a good turnout is expected.

So choose your own sport—but choose one—and take advantage of the chance to get and keep in good physical shape and have a good time doing so.

Submitted by Sgt. W. W. Brown for the Station Newspaper.

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