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"THE TAKE OFF



PUBLISHED BY NO 3 I.T.S. VICTORIAVILLE, QUE.

Thanks Ricky!

No. 3 I.T.S., and "The Take-Off" in particular, are deeply indebted to Flying Officer H. Rickard; who spent two days at this Station During July and subsequently produced the cartoons which now adorn our magazine. "Ricky", as he is known throughout the Service, is the R.C.A.F. official cartoonist who has drawn hundreds of cartoons of all kinds, single ones and in series, in connection with Air Force matters. Not an Air Force Station in Canada (and, we doubt not, abroad) but has his works on its walls, drawing attention to rules and advice of all kinds in a far more striking way than could ever be done by mere printed words.

Our cover is his product, and we think you will agree that it is a mighty good one! So are the frontispiece and end cartoons, and most of the other drawings. "Ricky" is a quiet man and one didn't see much of him during his visit, but his eyes were open and he saw things—witness his inimitable cartoons of the "snipe hunt" and the hot July route marches in our first issue.

Having seen things, he returned to Ottawa and went to work. He was shortly afterwards taken ill, but kept at his work and had it in Victoriaville in time for our first issue.

We can never appreciate enough

his wonderful contributions to our magazine and we hope to have a lot more of them in the future.

Thanks, "Ricky"!

Our First Editor is Posted

"The Take-Off" records with much regret the departure of its first editor, Flying Officer W. F. Burke. Mr. Burke has left on temporary duty to take the course with the Fighter Command School at Orlando, Florida, subsequent to which he will be posted to other duties.

While envious of Flying Officer Burke's trip to the Sunny South, where there seems no doubt he will be able to combine some pleasure with his duties (for it is difficult to imagine a month in Florida without *some* fun), we were sorry to see him leave.

"The Take-Off" was his child. He was amongst those who conceived the idea of publishing a magazine at No. 3 I.T.S., and was its guiding spirit in its earliest days. It followed as a matter of course that he became the first editor. He did a good job and saw the baby safely born. It was soon after the first edition of the magazine appeared that he was posted, but he left knowing that his work was well established.

The best of good luck, Flying Officer Bill!

Last Month in Review -- By Mitch

Another month has gone by in the steady march of time; a month of pleasure for some, and unfortunately, disappointment for others. Suppose we glance back at the pleasanter side of August.

MANSFIELD LADIES SOFT-BALL TEAM



We were privileged to play host to the charming Mansfield Ladies Soft-Ball Team of Montreal, August 8 and 9th. Our fair visitors stirred up more than the usual amount of interest, and there was more than a glint of rivalry in the eyes of officers and airmen alike. After a few days, we were all on speaking terms once more.

The Team was invited to tea in the Corporal's Club Saturday afternoon, dinner in the airmen's mess, lunch in the sergeant's mess, Sunday, and dinner in the officers' mess. The dance at the K. of C. Saturday evening brought this "Mess Rivalry" to a head. Nobody knows who came out best, but we all have our suspicions.

Two base-ball games were played, the first against the "Trainee All Stars", and the second against a team composed of the officers and staff. The cream of the trainee crop of athletes came quite close to being watered as the Mansfield team threatened consistently to win the game. However the T. A. S. won 14-10. The

staff team won the second game by the close score of 14-13, the winning run scored by the C.O. The latter game was played in the drill hall due to an uncalled for rain storm. The proposed exhibition tennis match between Miss Bradshaw and Miss Cook was cancelled for the same reason.

The teams turned in stellar performances. Batteries for the teams were exchanged. One-hand and shoe-stirring catches by Burgess, Udall, Cpl. Fletcher, Turk, F/O Dobie, Atchison, Miss Parsons, and the Gartshore Sisters robbed many a batter of a sure hit. The excellent pitching of Miss McSorley, Miss Vezina, LAC Page, the C. O. and Sgt Fletcher could not silence the Bats of Burrows, Savard, Barteaux, and Miss Bryan who also did a fine job as catcher.

Thanks for this venture are due Miss Cook of The Montreal Daily Star, and Messrs. Batty and Nicholson, manager and coach of the team respectively, and Mr. W. Parenteau who supplied the smokes and chocolate bars for the teams. To all of the Mansfield Team, we extend our deepest appreciation for your visit, and our invitation to return whenever possible.

— V —

LASALLE KNITTING CO. SPONSORS DANCE

Mr. J. L. Heon, managing-director of the LaSalle Knitting Mills, of Plessisville, played host to the RCAF. August 12, supplying refreshments and an orchestra. 75 couples were invited, but by the time the C.O. made his customary speech, there were 100 couples on the floor.

Your reporter was busy minding everybody and his dog's business, getting nowhere fast. Cpl. Menard was chasing anyone willing to be



chased. Tiny Stan Glass kept close tab on one of the Lesieur sisters. Atlas Chesley started off as door-man, but ended up on his ear. Too much bouncing, I guess.

F/O Gelfand (he really enjoys our parties) wasn't quite in the pink— Evidently too much of the lady in blue. You were warned Sir. Of course some foolish ones over-stepped the bounds. The accounts office in the pleasant person of Miss Drouin was invaded by a dental representative namely, Hoffman. However, the counter-attack by the former succeeded in repulsing this invasion. So sorry Pete.

The lights went out and before I knew it I was dancing. Cpl. Fletcher and Miss Filion made a beautiful couple in the dark. Miss Chadwick of the MSB was found patronizing one of the new Sgts. Hmmm.

Refreshments were later followed by short speeches by our host, Mr. Heon, the C. O., and Miss Booth of the C.W.A.C. Exhibition dancing was accompanied by the rhythmic strains of George Martin at the piano. Then with the traditional three cheers, an awful headache, and sore feet, the party came to a pleasant end.

— V —
**CANADIAN CELANESE
 ENTERTAINS**

A new high for gala week-ends was hit on the 15th and 16th of August when a convoy of ball players and Precision Squadron men with an escort of Officers and N.C.O's. were

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the guests of The Canadian Celanese, at Drummondville. The party travelled by bus to the Canadian Celanese sports field, where they formed up behind the Drummondville band and a platoon of very smart C.W.A.C. girls who had come to carry out a recruiting drive. In this formation they marched to the field, led by the C. O.

The Precision Flight, commanded by Sergeant Henaire, went through their drill sequence and got a big hand from the crowd. After they were finished the C.O. marched out, gave them a verbal pat on the back, and led them in three good cheers for the C.W.A.C's., who were doing a good deal of damage with a smile attack on the Precision Flight's right flank.

Headquarters Team played a shut-out game against the Maple Leafs from which they emerged triumphant with a score of 4-0. Perdue allowed only one hit, St. Amand and Billings did some slugging, while Montfils and Pointer made some nice catches.

The Precision Squadron team, despite a stiff struggle, lost a softball

game 7-1 to one of the Canadian Celanese teams. LAC Armstrong on the mound, and Sergeant Henaire as short stop, showed up well, Hawken being noisy as usual.

At the banquet and dance which followed the games, there was much merriment, and it is said that a good deal of liquid refreshment was consumed. In fact to the point where Corporal Dixon was seen carrying a bouquet down the hall and singing: "Here Comes The Bride", while pursued by a lady who was in turn pursued by another Airman. Rumors are also rampant that a certain commander of a certain "precise" flight was seen conducting a girdle census. (Data obtained not available to Airmen.)

The boys slept in private homes Saturday night and had a grand Sunday of canoeing, swimming and relaxation with Drummondville's feminine pulchritude. They have pronounced the hospitality magnificent and their gratitude is unbounded.

— V —

MINSTREL SHOW AND DANCE

A Minstrel Show and Dance will be held in the Drill Hall in the near future in aid of the Victoriaville Air Force Victory Club. Watch for the date.

This Club has done much splendid work on behalf of the R.C.A.F., and it is hoped that officers and airmen, with their friends, will give the entertainment their support.

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Inspector General Visits Station

A visit by so distinguished a person as Air Vice Marshal Croil, Inspector General, is something that does not happen very often. No. 3 I.T.S. was privileged to receive him August 20th.

The Station was a bee-hive of activity. 'The Happy Gang' under Tessier for once had something to keep them busy. During the preparation for this visit, the theme song of the Duty Watch was "Johnny 'Joe' Boy".

Some of the personnel had their first glimpse of the I. G. when he spoke to them briefly in the chapel. Air Vice Marshal Croil pointed out the seriousness of the situation and the gravity of the task being undertaken. He stressed the importance of keeping in excellent physical condition and of absorbing as much as possible from the course.

Parade called for 1400 hours assembled on the parade ground at 1310 hours. After considerable shuffling, the wing formed up properly, and was inspected by the I. G. and his staff. After A/V/M. Croil had taken the salute at the "March Past", the squadrons were dismissed, hastened no doubt by the threatening rain storm.

Other officers with the I. G. were Air Commodore A. de Niverville, Group Captain Hume Wright, Sq. Ldr. Duhan, and the I.G's Aide-de-camp.

Also visiting the Station to make his own inspection was an old staff alumnus, Squadron Leader George Will.

— V —

Coming events of interest are Corporals' dance September 2nd, show and dance at Drill Hall soon. Watch the notice Boards for further announcements.

Boom Go The Guns

The Armament Section isn't exactly overflowing with choice morsels of news. What we'd like to say would never pass the censor, so we'll just pass on a few gleanings.

We're all happy as clams about F/Lt (Shorty) Mayne's promotion. Our only comment is: "Why the hell didn't it come sooner?"

Sgt Hamilton is taking an advanced course in Aircraft Rec. at Mountain View. It is rumoured that all the instructors will eventually take the same course. Battling Jack Venning is still struggling to bring back the movies to the canteen and Hospital.

Instructing Cpls Elgood, Barwick and Johnston are kept busy all day—thinking about their coming 48's, while Sgt Parr just doesn't think anymore—he's still waiting for his remuster. LAC McDonald is the problem child. He insists upon putting his eye to the barrel of the machine gun to see if it's loaded. He claims it's the surest way of finding out.

That's all for now. We'll be seeing you again, if not sooner.

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Squadron Leader DENTON MASSEY,
Commanding Officer
No. 3 I. T. S. R.C.A.F.
VICTORIAVILLE - - - QUEBEC

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Flying Officer H. E. Grundy

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Corporal M. Richler

Advertising RepresentativesSgt. J. R. Laberge, Cpl. G. E. R. Turcotte,
LAC J. J. M. Filion and LAC V. L. Hawkes*Editorial*

"The Take-Off" is now a reality. The first issue is almost something of the past. As this editorial is being written, the second issue already has felt the taste of the printer's ink, turning a blank piece of paper into what we trust will be an interesting and entertaining magazine.

Like all new creations, "The Take-Off" was not absolutely perfect. We have heeded the constructive criticism and suggestions of the officers and airmen and have planned this second issue accordingly.

The continued success of "The Take-Off" depends upon you, and you entirely. You are the source of information for the magazine — the magazine is your means of voicing your opinions and suggestions. We, the staff of "The Take-Off", are only a means to this end. We are the pulse, but you are the life-giving blood which is absolutely essential to keep this magazine alive. Only by working together will we be able to make "The Take-Off" a complete success.

A Letter to the Editor :

Dear Sir:

In Number I, Volume 1 of your greatly esteemed magazine there was a paragraph anent a "new kind of

ball game". Doubtless your reporter was referring to that grand old game of Cricket. In reply may I be granted a little space to give a "cricketer's" views on soft-ball?

First, it is almost beyond comprehension how reasonable human beings can enjoy the spectacle of some eighteen (we understand that the girls use twenty) grown persons, all yelling in a most outlandish language (which is far worse than that native to Glumbrynwalldallglyn), earnestly engaged in playing the child's game of "rounders".

Secondly, why is it necessary to encourage a militant spirit in the animal kingdom by enclosing two specimens in a three sided cage and arming them, one with a club and the other with a face mask, and letting a third specimen belabor them both with a soft sphere. Really, old man, it seems deucedly unfair, don't y'know.

Admittedly it is a very humane touch that allows the players to have three suitably placed "cushions" to rest on when they become tired of running around—but surely, old boy, it's rather a strong piece of evidence in support of the Axis claims about the "decadence of the Democracies".

However, if it gives enjoyment (judged by the accompanying noise and threats this is very questionable) it is at least worthy of a minor place in the consideration of the more feeble minded.

Yours very truly,

ONLOOKER.

P. S.—Why does the fellow with the club have to miss the ball so often?

Dear Editor:

During this hot weather I'm wearing shorts, and half hose. Can you tell me how to keep my sox up?

Yours,

AC2 R. Centoux.

Dear AC2 Centoux:

We suggest that you use a thumb

tack. This will probably make your leg bleed so when you go to the hospital to have it patched up get a piece of adhesive tape and with it attach the stocking firmly to your leg.

—The Editor.

— V —

HELLO YOU ALUMNI

Good luck to all of you, wherever you are. We, here at No. 3 I.T.S. want to let you know that this is your magazine as well as ours. We hope that it will follow you with news of the old station wherever you may go. In that way you will know what is happening to us, you lucky fellows. Now how about letting us know what is happening to you? After all, what's happening to you now is the best kind of news to us. Sit down and give us the benefit of your experiences. Just mail your letters to the editor and, if you ever arrive at a station in Canada where "The Take-Off" isn't known, a word to us will rectify the situation immediately.

— V —

NOT FOR ALUMNI

One of our Flight Sergeants was walking down Sherbrooke St. in Montreal the other Saturday when he was accosted by a little old lady in a black dress.

"I want to help our soldier-boys every way I can", says she, "but I know so little about them. Now tell me, what do those things on your arm mean?"

Our F/S started by explaining that he wasn't a soldier-boy but he found his audience so credulous that he got facetious and told her the crown on his arm meant that he was married and the hooks meant he had three children. She thanked him, and a half an hour later the sweet little old lady was arrested for clubbing a poor defenceless R.A.F. sergeant over the head with her umbrella.



Joe hears you get "it" at I. T. S. and he's for it.

"ODE TO A TRAINEE"

Perhaps you too have felt the urge
To match your skill, your life, and nerve
With some young Heinie way up high
Across a grim embattled sky.

Or felt the heavy lust to kill
Which rose by some strange freak of will,
Overpowering all your timid fears,
And all your mother's, Sweetheart's tears.

Perhaps you too have felt this 'all,
Or heard your King's, your Country's call.
Signed up, and sent away with a ticket,
Then shoved on the God darn "Fire Picket".

But this "by cracky" do remember,
That come this time in next December,
It'll be Y depot, then God knows where,
And furthermore, I do not care.

So cheer up my lads, it won't be long
Before you hear that cheery song
Of engines and of guns combined,
And may the devil take him who lags
behind.

MUTTERING OF THE MASSES

"PROPS" FOR OLD STANDBYS



AC2 K. R. Urquhart
"Top man"

On Thursday morning, the thirteenth of August, we were privileged to witness a somewhat unusual ceremony. The occasion was the graduation of "I" Flight, Course 56. Many of the members of

this flight were already Sergeants which made the ceremony even more peculiar inasmuch as the high-point of the morning was the presentation of L.A.C. propellers to each man.

This was not a wings parade, it was a "props" parade. It witnessed not the achievement of a particular rank in the Air Force but rather the moment of graduation from No. 3 Initial Training School. Every member of Course 56 had reason to feel proud as he received this badge of achievement.

Leading his course was AC2 K. R. Urquhart of Williamstown, Ontario. His mark, in all subjects, was 96. Always interested in science and aviation, it was only to be expected that he would follow his older brother into the R.C.A.F. His diligence led him to top his course here and will certainly aid him in attaining the higher goals. We could also see something of this striving for greater goals

in watching our Czechs in this Flight. One can refuse to allow language differences to blunt effort.

Before letting this flight go we should also make mention of the fine work done by Sgt. J. T. Slater who was the Class Senior and an excellent one. Someday may they all be at a real wings parade, but that is later in the story.

"T" FLIGHT STEPS IN

"T" Flight was born on a Monday. It and its twin brother in Course 60 are lusty infants. We represent every province but P.E.I, and also have "furriners" from the States with us.

Our studies have proved interesting so far. The instructors' capability seems matched by their willingness to go over doubtful points. We were lucky enough to get P/O Comeau as our Flight Commander and Sgt. N. McDonald as our senior N.C.O. You will see us proudly marching in F/O Brandon's squadron.

One of our number, AC2 J. C. P. Brunet, is one of Canada's outstanding chess-players. He recently held the Canadian champion to a draw.

As yet we have taken little part in the station's sport activities but, feeling our muscles, we think we feel like a soft-ball team. Watch out for us, we hope.

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COURSE 54, OF COURSE

Wing atten—who? Remove head-dress, with left hand.

The remnants of Course 54 arrived back from leave Sunday, Aug. 16th amid tar, thunder, and stuff. An effort was made to bunk all 60 in barrack 1B. The sixth man in felt crowded so the overflow tiptoed on their steel heels into 1A, the Sergeant's sanctum, causing resentment among the cabbage-carriers who made them feel as welcome as a skunk in a ballroom.

Course 54 is composed of flights C and D. "D" Flight is composed of drummers and buglers. If it were just a matter of practice these boys would be with Benny Goodman. "C" Flight is equally annoying without the aid of instruments, perhaps through "Tiny" Hawken's influence.

During our absence the administration carried out certain changes. For one thing the whole place was literally wallowing in tar. In the right place, tar is useful. When it covers three floors of a building its adhesive properties become annoying and in some cases, on certain parts of the clothing, even embarrassing. The school is now so tar-conscious that even the coffee is eyed with suspicion. (Same flavor, new suspicion.)

Course 54 ties 53 for the highest average mark on graduation.

Wing, replace headdress. Stannat Eeese.

"K" FLIGHT PREPARES TO VACATE No. 3 I. T. S.

Exams are finished and as Ross "Dubious" Doubt would say: "It's all over now". The boys made a good showing and Bob Mayhew's brilliant scholastic standing leaves us mute with admiration.



AC2 V. E. Mayhew
"K" Flight Senior

Hank Hancox finds the forthcoming "Passing Out" party of particular interest. Having been on the verge of several pass-outs on less auspicious occasions, we feel sure he'll navigate this.

Life at No. 3 I. T. S. has really been swell and as Hal McLeod would say "Imagine getting paid for this".

Since we are on the way out we want to take this opportunity to express our sincere appreciation of the unstinted aid advanced by the untiring staff of instructor officers and N.C.O's, and for the inspirational guidance emanating from that leader of men, our C.O. "Atten-Ho" Massey.

To Cpl. Richler, Managing Editor of "The Take-Off" we wish continued success.

Oh, yes! There's Sgt. Laberge, we most certainly cannot forget him (how could we!). Boy, does he like "Passing Out" parties. The hell of it is, though, he gets no sympathy from his wife when he gets sick. She just laughs at him! Good luck, Serg.

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"M" FLIGHT SALUTES THEE

Sgt. A. G. Grant
"M" Flight Senior

"M" Flight went over to Drummondville for a ball-game. After the game our gentlemen retired to the hotel where, framed in that lovely setting, were six lovely damsels, whom

we promptly rescued from loneliness. The evening was perhaps marred by one funeral. Our Joe, good old Joe, we laid to rest in the bus. Pall bearers were his friends Aircraftsmen Adams, Dunster, Freeman and Burke. After the funeral these four disappeared. It was a good dark night for our Commandos.

Notes :

Is F/Sgt. Lee of the R.A.F. brushing up on his French—or it is a platonic friendship—or what?

In civilian life MacDonald was a bill-collector. He seems still to be collecting something in Sherbrooke.

Cpl. Bell and L.A.C. Barnett, two old school pals, go into Montreal regularly on week-ends to attend their favorite Sunday-school. They never tell us what the lesson was, but we're guessing.

Bugler Lavigne has reached the point where he almost "swings" his calls. After that we swing him.

"S" WE'RE HERE

Cpl. H. S. Smith
"S" Flight Senior

Though here only three weeks we feel like old-timers. It's not because time drags, but because of the open-armed welcome by our C. O., officers, N.C.O.'s and our more advanced fellow trainees.

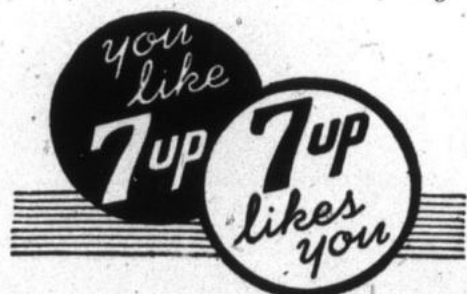
Most of us have come from a life of leisure at scattered outposts ranging from Medicine Hat to Moncton. In three short weeks this widely varied group has been cemented closely together.

"S" Flight has taken to the athletics here with fair success, and though we may not all be Dodger fans we can still employ a favorite Brooklyn phrase to say, "Wait till next week".

Our Flight Senior is Sgt. Chapman from the "Y" Depot. He's been on active service since the start of the war. He's not a "That ain't the way we did it in the old day's" fellow. Instead he's in there pitching with the rest.

And now for a thank you to Cpl. Gilmore, the lad under whom "S" Flight will prove its mettle. To him, and all the rest who have faith in us we say: "Watch our smoke, we're red hot!"

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FAREWELL J. FLIGHT



AC2 J. G. Flanagan
"J" Flight Senior

As this is written, "J" Flight is in the last throes of final exams. Link is over for most. It's "Happy Day" for some, "Alack and Well-a-day" for others. Soon, however, we all hope to be on our way somewhere.

Good-bye, No. 3 and all our friends

here. We've had a whale of a time and that comes from every last man of us. There was work, yes, but it was agreeable work and there was a fine crowd of fellows to do it with. The N.C.O.'s and Officers were swell and the C.O., well,—remove headdress!

George Wallace, with us since Lachine, dropped out recently for medical reasons. Tough luck, the boys will miss you, George.

Jack Shattuck is celebrating his graduation by getting married. Tough luck, the boys will miss you, Jack.

Our final word of farewell must be to the man who had most to do with making our stay pleasant, an efficient N.C.O. and a great guy, Sgt. Howie.

"L" FLIGHT WHISPERS



AC2 R. F. Henders
"L" Flight Senior

We're still here preparing for exams. They are just starting and so are we, sorry to say.

Most of us went to Drummondville for the party and to put on our drill,

without which no show would be complete. Sgt. Henaire, acting as Flight Commander, was so excited there in the home town that he nearly forgot to take us over when it came time. Even though he is a discip we



Joe thinks the air is familiar but he can't remember the words.

might make a precision man out of him yet, out of Ken Veira too if he knew left from right. Our soft-ball team fizzled in spite of Armstrong's pitching. Saboteurs fed beer to Hazen Long and "Watty" Crate during the game. There was sabotage in the evening too. Grant Graham recovered well but Russ Ritchey had trouble forgetting that girl. Don Armstrong also remembers a little pretty who ditched him half way through the evening. Several of the boys are going back to that town, though, invited! P/O Smith might be one. But maybe he finished that job.

GREETINGS FROM "53"

We give you Course 53, not Flights A and B because at our graduation party we realized our unity and buried the hatchet. All we want now is to get on to the next school. As this is written there are but fourteen of us still crying, "When it is our turn?". We were distinguished by the highest class average ever attained here or at any other Canadian I.T.S. Frank Price was our leader with an

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We are not all beginners. Sgts. Fletcher, McKay, Reid, and Davis were Air Gunners on the East Coast. Davis was our sports leader. "Baldy" Machan and company furnished entertainment with impersonations. We liked his C. O.

Our thanks to the Staff for their untiring efforts and to Cpl. St. Johns who, as "one of the boys", helped the rest so much.

So we leave I.T.S. and there goes with us the feeling that we have gained both academic knowledge and a little of that thing known as "Esprit".

U'S VIEWS OF THE NEWS

We 47 came on a Saturday night, to form the one and only flight.

It's not the R Flight, not the Q, but best of all, just plain Flight U.

We marched in smartly with our kit to show we're always on the bit.

We find the food is way above par. No camp can beat it, near or far.

The C.O. is a sure right guy. But soon we'll have to say good-bye,

So we'll be working without stop toward the goal we covet, that there "prop".

Like the "pome" says, most of us arrived on station Saturday night, the fifteenth. We came from all directions. Quite a number had been at Lachine doing "landscape gardening" or marching in the precision group.

Gord Walker was unanimously chosen Flight Senior and Joe Taylor, our only Yank, right marker. Lucky Cpl. J. Marchand got the attractive job of being Flight Barrack Warden.

We have one representative of the R.A.F. in the person of Milos Safranek. Sounds very British doesn't it? He's a Czech.

We haven't been here long, just long enough to say we life it here. Is all for now.



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"R" Flight Wins Cup.

The Inter-Flight Fortnightly Competition, ending August 15th, was won by "R" Flight of course 59. This is somewhat

of a surprise because "R" flight had just arrived on the station when the competition was getting under way. Usually it takes the first two weeks to become established and acclimatized. Here is a flight that should set records for all school activities on the Sports Field and in the Class Room, so keep your eye on "R" Flight. Here is their Soft Ball team line-up: Cpl. Menard, Chalmers, Brownell, Robert, Callaghan, Bienvenue, Martin, Nickilo, Kelly, Jutras, Millius.

In mentioning the soft ball team let's not forget the volley-ball team which, after all, is the main reason why this flight was able to land out in front of the others. "R" flight's volley-ball team defeated S and K feated S and J flights giving them a grand total of 20 points. So now "R" flight joins the Sports Honor-Roll and has its name inscribed on the Sports Trophy.

Sports Day in Drummondville

Much has been written and spoken, even more whispered, regarding the grand week-end the Canadian Celandese

Company put on for No. 3 I.T.S. recently. As you will read the highlights of this day elsewhere in this magazine we will dwell only on the cold facts of the organized sports. For results of unorganized games we refer you to Hawken, Filion and Gamache who, we understand, were outstanding in this field and that field.

The R.C.A.F. Baseball Team of Fl. Lt. Renaud, Burke, Barteaux, Grant, Dunster, Freeman, Glasebrook, Dance, Redgrave, Gayman, Higelmire and Adams, all of "M" flight, along with, Kimber, Crate and Girby of "L" did exceedingly well to hold the strong Celandese team to a 6—all tie. To mention any stars would be to ask for trouble when all the boys played as hard and as well as this team did, so we won't mention by name our 3rd baseman, but he pulled a beautiful steal, sliding into the pitchers mound with the ball and forcing the Celandese runner on 2nd to take 3rd. Nevertheless his fielding and outstanding catches certainly made everyone forget this one "boner".

After the Baseball game 3 RCAF soft-ball games were held. Our Headquarters team defeated their No. 1 team and we understand that our team only allowed one hit. In passing we might mention here that the Sports Officer has received challenges from Sherbrooke and also from Drummondville teams They would like, to play our Headquarters team. Don't worry boys, by the time this article

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is printed Headquarters will have met at least one of these teams. We understand the pitchign of Perdue was outstanding, I guess he will soon be ready to take on the Officers' Team again.

Our "R" flight Champions were not as strong as we had hoped they would be. They rather fell by the way-side once the Canadian Celanese Team No. 2 got under steam. Likewise the Precision Squad team which, according to Chesley, has too much precision and not enough "coronation" to be good soft-ball pilots. Five tennis matches were played; enuf said! Our tennis teams consisted of:

S/L. Massey and F/O Hearn,
F/O Atchison and Lt. Cholette,
F/Sgt. Lock and Sgt. Curle,
Sgt. Debow and AC2 Viera,
AC2 Dance and AC2 Gayman.

The closest we came to doing anything towards winning was in the 2nd set of the match between the Celanese champs and S/L. Massey - F/O Hearn. The latter pair established an early lead of 5-2 only to see it dwindle down to 5 all and eventually come to 7-5, "wrong end to".

Thus ended the organized games and here began the "every man for himself" sports, the swimming dining, dancing, etc. There is a rumor around that AC1 Gamache won a diving contest on Sunday without going near the beach and that many contestants were all tied up for 2nd place honours.

A short note regarding our two silent heroes AC2 Gayman and AC2

Fearneley. They went to Lachine Manning Depot and won for themselves a place on the RCAF Team in the big Inter-Service Sports Day. They returned on August 12th. to win even greater honors for themselves and No. 3 I.T.S. Many thanks lads for the grand show.

CORPORALS' CORNER

Who are the poor fellows hated by anything from a sergeant up, and despised by all from an LAC down—Corporals. Ah, yes. We are the most unpopular rank in the Air Force.

Our activities for August were rather limited—we're still recovering from our party held July 21, and preparing for another September 2. Cpls. Gauvin Paterson, and Turcotte have been joe'd for the arrangements.

The girls of The Mansfield Ladies soft Ball Team somewhat disrupted the lives of us poor fellows. President R. hasn't forgotten that "Cute pitcher". Greer is still, trying to have the cooks paid for their work. Pointer is still wondering what it all adds up to while Cote explains what happened. McLaughlin, Pollock, and Gagnon (a Duplessis man) have forgotten to get off the merry-go-round of confusion.

Ah, yes. We are one happy family created but for one purpose—to take dirt from the "uppers", mix it up with a bit of our own, and dish it out to the "lowers". So long. We'll be looking for you. Light up and "Call for Corporal Joe".

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MEET THE ACCOUNTS SECTION

A perfect blend of all types of personalities and characters. And Boys, the much vaunted Aircrew Teamwork has nothing on us. We all have different ideas as to how one specific thing should be done but we usually manage. By chance should you drop into our office, you'd be sure to overhear the following:

F/Lt. Place : "Where in hell is Gauvin?"

F/O Jackson : "My Shattered nerves" (Pay days).

F/Sgt. Ernst : "Who in the devil did it? Have it amended."

F/Sgt. Hudson : "I'll have mine (or it is nine) straight."

Sgt. Strachan : "Can any one tell me where I was last night?"

Cpl. Bean : "Who wants to go to Sherbrooke?"

Cpl. Gauvin : "I'm going up to the Corporals' Club for a minute."

Cpl. Pellerin : "Six men wanted, to hire a taxi to go to Quebec City."

Cpl. Gagnon : "Who is going for the Cokes?"

Cpl. Richler : "Will some one please give me some news for the 'Take-Off'."

Cpl. Paterson : "Meet me at the Brunswick" (in Richmond).

LAC Armstrong : "Do you know what? Give me a cigarette and I'll tell you".

LAC Caron : "Go away, I want to sleep."

LAC Campbell : "Boy, does Asbestos love me"!

LAC Lamont : "My address for the week-end will be Lachine" (again).

LAC Burgoyne : "What! More vouchers?" (both of them)

LAC Leduc : "Who wants to sell a ticket to Montreal?"

Miss Drouin : "I'd like to go to North Hatley for the week-end."

EXTRACTION FROM CLINIC NO. 7

Come to the Dental Clinic, lad,
We'll make your ivories bright,
We promise that you'll not be sad
When you go out at night.
And if you cannot chew your steak,
Or eat your apple pie,
A set of cheaters we will make,
And that's no bloomin' lie.
A toothache; that's a different thing,
You wont sleep well at night;
But after seeing us you'll sing
And maybe feel alright.
But come and see us anyway
And so be free of woes,
For then I'm sure you'll always say
That we are friends, not foes.

We are Wondering who paid the bill at the New-Brunswick Grill the other weekend.

Why was Tommy so worried about Guy going to Windsor Mills?

Some day we are going to find out about that restaurant at Drummondville.

What Sgt. sits in the corner of the office at the clinic and juggles his teeth all day?

Gee, that tastes just like Mother's!

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"HE'S BEEN HERE TOO LONG"

(With Apologies To the West)

When he came here he was bright and gay,
That was a year or more away.
Now, look at him as he comes your way.
He's been here too long.

There's dust in his eyes and in his hair,
He looks around with a vacant stare,
He doesn't want to go anywhere.—
He's been here too long.

If you ask him, "How was flying to-day?"
He looks at you in a sickly way
And says, "We planted wheat to-day".
He's been here too long.

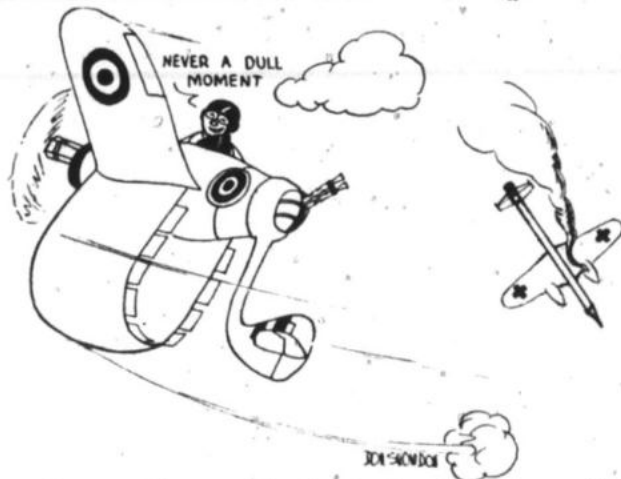
If you mention something about the wind,
He looks at you as tho you've sinned,
"It's only 50 and that's no wind".
He's been here too long.

He walks around in a sort of trance,
The light of life has gone from his glance.
He wouldn't hustle with ants in his pants.
He's been here too long.

What can be done for this airman bold
Wasting away on the prairie cold?
Post him away ere he starts to mould.
He's been here too long.

(Cpl. F. E. Ellis, C. Flight.)

There was a young man of great skill,
Who decided some Nazis he'd kill.
When he joined up to fly
They said "Bye and bye,
What you need now, my lad, is some drill."



Latest thing at the front, the flying pencil-sharpener downs an opponent.

HOSPITAL ITEMS

There have been many changes in the hospital lately.

F/O W. J. Flay reported here on temporary duty.

F/L Belanger who replaced F/L Vigeant who was on annual leave has been posted to M.S.B. and has in turn been replaced by F/O Blackwood.

N/S D. C. Pitkethly has left Victoriaville for Overseas.

F-Sgt. Max Clark went to Trenton, Ont.

Sgt. Laidlaw came to us from Trenton.

Just at present we are low on patients. Can it be the weather?

I am on an A diet. I can only eat things that begin with A. A double-malted milk. A steak. A large piece of cherry pie.

—Mike Roy (Blue)

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(Par Flying Officer J.O.G.G. AUBRY)

L'I. T. S. est la première école dans l'entraînement des jeunes aviateurs. Elle n'est pas seulement une école d'apprentissage, elle est aussi une école de formation.

L'I. T. S. reçoit, des dépôts d'effectif et des écoles préparatoires, de jeunes recrues aux degrés d'instruction divers, et dont la seule recommandation est le désir, la passion de voler. Dans ces éléments disparates, il faut établir un niveau de base de développement intellectuel, et les préparer uniformément à assimiler avec rapidité les enseignements spécialisés à venir. Tous les sujets qui sont traités à l'I. T. S., le sont en vue de développer ou de rendre naturels la tournure d'esprit, l'instinct et le réflexe de l'aviateur.

Outre cette formation générale, l'I. T. S. donne aux étudiants aviateurs des connaissances fondamentales en rapport avec les diverses fonctions qu'ils auront à remplir comme membres de l'équipage de l'air.

Au sortir de l'école, le futur pilote a déjà pris contact avec les leviers de commande de l'avion. Le futur navigateur sait tracer ses courses, et déterminer l'influence des vents. Le futur sans-filiste connaît le code Morse, et peut échanger des signaux.

Le futur mitrailleur s'est familiarisé avec le fonctionnement des armes de l'avion, et sait distinguer les appareils alliés des appareils ennemis. Ces connaissances sont la base sur laquelle les instructeurs spécialisés pourront appuyer subséquemment leur enseignement.

L'I. T. S. est aussi une école d'orientation. Durant leur stage, les étudiants aviateurs sont sous l'observation constante de leurs officiers. Ils sont interviewés personnellement par leur chef d'escadrille, et un dossier est constitué sous le nom de chacun. Un comité d'orientation étudie ces dossiers, et dirige chacun vers la fonction du Service combattant, à laquelle ses aptitudes, son aspiration et son mérite le destinent.

A l'I. T. S. la formation physique est considérée comme d'une extrême importance. Des exercices militaires, la culture physique, des sports organisés aident aux jeunes étudiants à maintenir en même temps que leur vigueur physique, leur enthousiasme et leur capacité de travail intellectuel.

L'I. T. S. est une école complète. Tout y est adéquatement organisé en vue de façonner l'esprit, le moral, et de maintenir la vigueur physique de ceux qui seront demain les victorieux soldats de notre Armée de l'Air.

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M. T. SECTION DRIVES IN

Motor Transport, where work is steady, and promotion is slow. Our section is small, as transport sections go, but in variety of jobs handled it can compare with anything ever known to man, from the C/O down to A. C. 2's. Whenever anything is wanted the first thought that comes to their minds is: well, perhaps Cpl. Jullyan can arrange it somehow. So the Corporal with a worried and harassed look in his eye glances around the section, details the first available "JOE", and the job is done.

We are six in our section. Cpl. Jullyan, N.C.O. i/c, hails from Victoria (without the "ville"), B.C., and is rapidly becoming acclimatized to the beneficial dry weather of Quebec Province. Steeves, our section's silent number, comes from Petitcodiac, some little spot stuck away in the sticks of New Brunswick, unheard of by humans before the outbreak of war, and for some unknown reason awaits and lives each day for a posting which will take him back to that strange land. Baker, our Quebec Highlander, hails from this Province, and finds Victoriaville a mighty nice place to be stationed. Lachance, another from this fair Province, is our section grease ball and general repair man, never happy unless covered with grease or a wrench in hand. Savard, Quebec's cycling Speed King, with the curly hair and winning smile, driver of our Panel truck, is known as "JOE" boy for

"The Take-Off". The latest arrival in the section is Smellie, who, since his return from "Abroad", seems to have inherited a definite dislike to work of any type, regardless of how carefully camouflaged.

WIRELESS SECTION

Who are we? We're those fellows who drive the boys nuts with our dits and dahs. There are five of us all told. Just a couple actually work, the rest say they do.

F/O Stark is the boss, with Sgt Pollock as senior N.C.O., and Cpls Pointer, Parrack and Fletcher, all trying to help. Sometimes it's awfully hard to get the boys to see the "light" (what a pun); but we love it.

We also wonder from whom Pollock gets all those letters. Five or six a day sweet to. Parrack is just back from leave and is a little quiet now: But why is he always singing "I can't get Georgia off my mind"? Pointer is fairly quiet too around here, but you should see him some week-end in Montreal.

Fletcher's favorite drink: 1 beer. (Molson's preferred) 3 ozs Gin, (more if you like). Add a little rum (it doesn't matter how much). Drink that bottoms up. (chug a lug, you know). Then chase quickly with a double combination scotch and rye. He says it kept him going in Drummondville, so it must work. But why does he call them Mint Juleps?

We'll be back next edition, so di dah di dah dit.

R. Fournier

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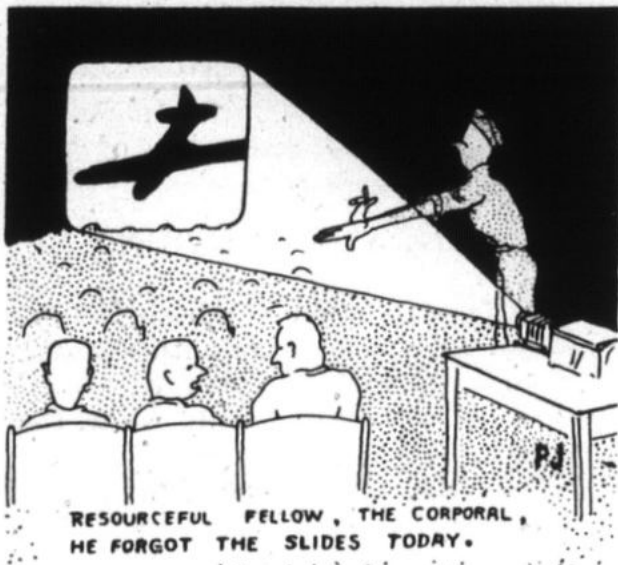
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THEY SAY

It is rumoured that AC1 Seguin will take a position with M. G. M. at the conclusion of hostilities as make up man (shadowing mustaches a specialty).

* * *

We also hear that Cpl. Côté is getting his discharge to become Victoriaville's Postman.

* * *

Can it be true that Sgt. Errett will never be able to catch up on his work unless someone holds his hand.

* * *

Why does L. A. C. Lamont take a huge grip with him on weekends? Could it be clothes he carries?

* * *

When is Cpl. Chesley going to stop calling himself a good fellow and buy some of the boys a beer?

* * *

When is Cpl. Tessier going to have a blessed event?

* * *

Heard in accounts office the other day, "My left eye is only 20:200. That's no reason for being grounded."

WHO SEDDIT ?

On the parade square.. "ATTENTION! STILL over there!

Whatcha pickin' your nose for? STAND STILL!

* * *

On the ball diamond:
"Strike two! Quick somebody, play 'O Canada'.

Maybe the pitcher will blow up."

* * *

In the Sergeants' Mess:
"If I can't swear in English I'll do it in French."

* * *

At the gate after duty:
"But all my issue shirts are in the laundry."

* * *

Anywhere, any Friday afternoon:
"Are my dawgs ever tired!"

* * *

On parade:
"Sometimes I may seem a bit gruff but really I think you're a mighty good lot of lads!"

o—o—o—o

CONGRATULATIONS

The latest in the way of late flashes pulled out of the Ether: Pollock and McLaughlin in the hospital have finally consented to become corporals. Ex. Cpl. Errett for some silly reason is now a sergeant, while Pat Winder has become a flight sergeant. Wedding bells etc. have been wrung for Parent who married a "local" and W. B. Lees, L. Rutherford, Keys and Ellis who still think that two can live as cheply as one. Best wishes to all of you. Remove head-dress.

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BOASTFUL BADINAGE FROM "L" FLIGHT

We are tough and yet we're clever,
 And we doubt if you will ever
 Meet much geniuses at Aircraft Rec' as we.
 We've an intimate relation
 With the laws of Navigation
 So we're quite at home wherever we
 may be.

We're familiar with statistics
 On aerial ballistics;
 We're acquainted with the switch plate
 and the sear.
 To us nothing could be plainer
 Than the name "sear spring retainer",
 And the cocking lever's action is quite
 clear.

Our morale is most amazing
 And we set the maidens gazing
 When we march upon the field to do our
 drill.

There's no trace of indecision
 As we move with great precision—
 Buttons shined and bayonets flashing
 fit to kill.

We are not the slightest snooty.
 It's our patriotic duty
 To be nice to anybody that we know.
 One of us—his pride forsaken—
 Stands to have his snapshot taken
 With lesser fry (including the C. O.).

To be pilots we are hoping,
 But there'll be little moping
 If we end up aiming bombs or manning
 guns.

For we know our job is higher
 Than our personal desire
 And what really counts is that we beat the
 Huns.

We don't hope for adulation,
 But we want to save the nation
 And we feel their simplest course should
 be quite clear.

They could really do no better
 Than to act upon the letter
 When they growl "To 'L' with Hitler!"
 in their beer!

VERNON POPE.



All fire drill takes is a little presence of mind.



IT WAS A LITTLE CHILLY, SIR.

SMOKE RINGS FROM THE FIRE FIGHTERS

The fire-fighting section is under the supervision of F/Sgt. Coxhead and Sgt. Smokie Hankins, second in command who gives the orders to Cpl. Larivée who immediately passes them on to the other boys.

There has been some excitement in our section recently, augmented by a few fire-drills which seem to catch everyone where they shouldn't be caught. Ellis and Keys fell for the old line that "Two can live cheaper than one" and went and got themselves hooked, pardon, me, married. Brock became tired of the set-up and beat it to the hospital for a rest, while Genge decided he needed some leave for "harvesting"—so he says. In the meantime Jeffries, Bouchar, and Guilmette are still arguing who should roll up the hose after the fire. Anyway, when bigger and better fires are made, we won't be there, so why worry.

THE FIRE PICKET SAYS

Far from God's country I strayed to secrete my share of blood, sweat, and tears. But little did I realize that the blood was for a Wasserman, the sweat from a P.T.I., and the tears merely the result of self pity, realized during the boring, tiresome, morose, monotonous four hour-elapse of time which is graced by the cognomen of "Fire-Picket".

Never in the annals of human conflict have so many hours been browned off by so few as during this monotonous four-hour vigil known to most airman as "Fire-Picket."

—O—O—O—O

NIGHT PATROL

The night is dark, the silence, thick;
My youthful heart is beating quick,
Straining as if trying to catch
The mystery of my lonely watch.

The rooms, the halls, the stoney stair
Lie still as Death in the silent air.
Not a sound is heard. Yet through the night
The silence seems to shout its might.

And all the time my mind works fast,
Thinking—but no thought can last.
Each, as it comes, is caught and bound
By the heavy stillness all around.

But look! Outside, where black was King,
A tint of blue is slowly seen
Rising gracefully from the trees—
Silhouetting Nature's finery.

The sombre darkness of the room
Gives way to the gentle, wakening blue.
Forms that were dead in the darkened air
Come back to life in colours bizarre.

And now the sun rears its flaming head,
Its circular face is a happy red.
The bugle sounds—clear and true—
And I know my duty watch is through.

A.C2 KIRSCH, A. L.

SHALL WE SING, SIR ?

There is nothing in the world quite as fascinating as singing home made lyrics to a popular tune. Few bathtub baritones worry overmuch about the words with which the composer blessed his composition. Anything which sounds similar will do, and the general interpretation is hardly worthy of consideration from the singer's point of view.

The "Take-Off" is sponsoring a song contest. We want something which belongs exclusively to No. 3 Initial Training School, Victoriaville. We want something to sing on route marches; some cunning little ditty praising to high heaven the virtues of this, the first mile-stone along the road we have chosen to follow.

Some of us, trainees as well as headquarters, have spent time on operational stations in Canada, and are aware of the improvements at No. 3 I. T. S. (We do not condemn other stations, but it is only natural that we should be proud of our present station.) Then let's put our pride of the Service and No. 3 I. T. S. into words and set them to the tune of some generally known piece of music. Or perhaps we have a young Strauss or Schubert or Berlin on the Station who can write his own music. Then do so by all means!

Everyone knows the song of the purple garter. It is the first thing we hear upon entering Manning Depot. (An airman of the R.A.F. was thrown out of one Station Canteen for cre-

ating England and the R.A.F. with the origination of that song. For all we know, it might have been, but most of us should be tempted to wreak horrible havoc on anyone suggesting that the song of the purple garter did not belong exclusively to the Royal Canadian Air Force.)

And so it goes. There is something thrilling, something smart about singing a song which belongs exclusively to one's own unit.

It is hardly necessary to mention the incentive for such a composition. For Headquarters, there will be the pride and joy of possessing a ballad belonging to their station alone; for the trainees, it will be a song synonymous with the memory of their "Take-off" into the great adventure which awaits them in the air; for everyone, our new song will tend to bind us together in that esprit de corps; that comradeship which effects so much for successful accomplishment whatever the goal.

The prizes? It has been suggested the prize be according to the number of verses submitted—the judging to take place before or after one of the shows in the K of C Hut, when we shall sing the words submitted to the designated tune, and the airmen shall decide which is to be the winner.

Give this contest your best, lads! Give us a song which will rank with the famous pieces of World War I—songs like Tipperary and 'Pack up your Troubles', and other well-known war songs.

D. M. SHEERE,

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Serial No. 60175
August 29, 1942.

MONTHLY ROUTINE ORDERS

Issued by Temporary LAC Page

PART I—ADMINISTRATION

1. ROUTINE

	0900 hrs.	Reveille
0915 to	1000 hrs.	Breakfast (in bed if desired)
	1030 hrs.	Work Commences
1130 to	1400 hrs.	Dinner
1400 to	1700 hrs.	Games
	1700 hrs.	Supper (in any cafe)
		Lights Out (anytime)

2. ORDERLY OFFICER

2-9-42
to
2-9-43
Squadron Leader D. Massey

3. DUTY SERGEANT MAJOR

Cpl. Letarte R.

4. ORDERLY SERGEANT

AC2 Archibald E. B.

5. CANTEEN CORPORAL

W. O. 2 Blanchette J.

6. DUTY CLERK

F. S. Green T. J.

7. MEDICAL OFFICER

AC.2 Hadrill B. R. H.

8. DUTY WATCH

NOBODY

SIXTY HOUR PASSES.—The Commanding Officer has decided to close the entire Station each week-end during the autumn months, from 1200 hours Friday until Monday morning. All ranks are requested to be back on duty Monday morning if at all possible.

SECRECY.—Air Force Routine Order 10957X stresses that the utmost secrecy must prevail concerning the movement of all trains carrying Air Force personnel. As the trains to and from Victoriaville scarcely move, and if so the time of arrival and departure is a matter of conjecture, the said Routine Order does not apply to No. 3 I. T. S.

(W. H. Perdue) A/LAC
Adjutant

PART II (PERSONNEL)

Officers

1. STRENGTH DECREASE

Flt. Lieutenant B. O. Mayne S.O.S. on posting to ½ (BR) Squadron, Hawaii travelling via canoe.

2. RANK Reversion

Flight Lieutenant H. E. Renaud Reverts to rank of Pilot Officer whilst so employed?

3. PAY Forfeitures

Flying Officer H. E. Grundy A. W. Loose and will forfeit pay when caught.

AIRMEN

1. STRENGTH DECREASE

Discharges AC1 Strong W. Discharged from RCAF to join army effective 30-2-43.

2. RANK Appointments

LAC Pinard J. G. Appointed to rank of W. O. 2 effective immediately assuming S.S.M. duties. (No hair cuts).

Reduction

LAC Campbell R. A. Reduced to at least 125 lbs.

3. LEAVE

LAG Jones R. D. Granted indefinite leave with pay and allowances.

"D" CIVILIAN PERSONNEL

1. RECORDS

P. Jodoin
A. Lesieur
T. Roux
L. Gaudet
A. Drouin
M. Chadwick
Married the first chance they get.

(W. H. Perdue) A/LAC
Adjutant

NOTICE.—It is rumored that a new hot spot is to be opened in the village of Victoriaville (nobody knows when) called the 'Flamingo', featuring those Clyde McCoy's—THE STATION BUGLERS. No cover charge.

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VICTORIAVILLE

Quebec



Our congratulations this month to F/Sgt. Pat Winder, who was recently elevated to that rank. Also to Sgt. Errett, a newcomer in our midst. Welcome.

We understand that Sgt. Hankins is quite a ladies' man. It must be that classic profile.

Attention Sgt. "Sandy" Robertson. Is it true what they say about gophers?

Sgt. L'Heureux is speaking with a decidedly English accent these days—the Curle-Salter influence, no doubt.

We hear that W. O. 2 Kirkham received 2 aspirins and 25c. from Drummondville the other day. Better hang on to them Major. You never know when you'll need them.

Favourite expressions

Sgt. Howie: "Do you think that's right?"

F/Sgt. Gervais: Censored. It could not be printed.

W. O. 2 Blanchette: "Would you like to hear me sing?"

Sgt. MacDonald: "I think I'll get married."

o—o—o—o

What station Sgt. Major had to jump the gate to get in Friday evening? It's funny how gates can get in the way.

NOTES FROM THE OFFICERS

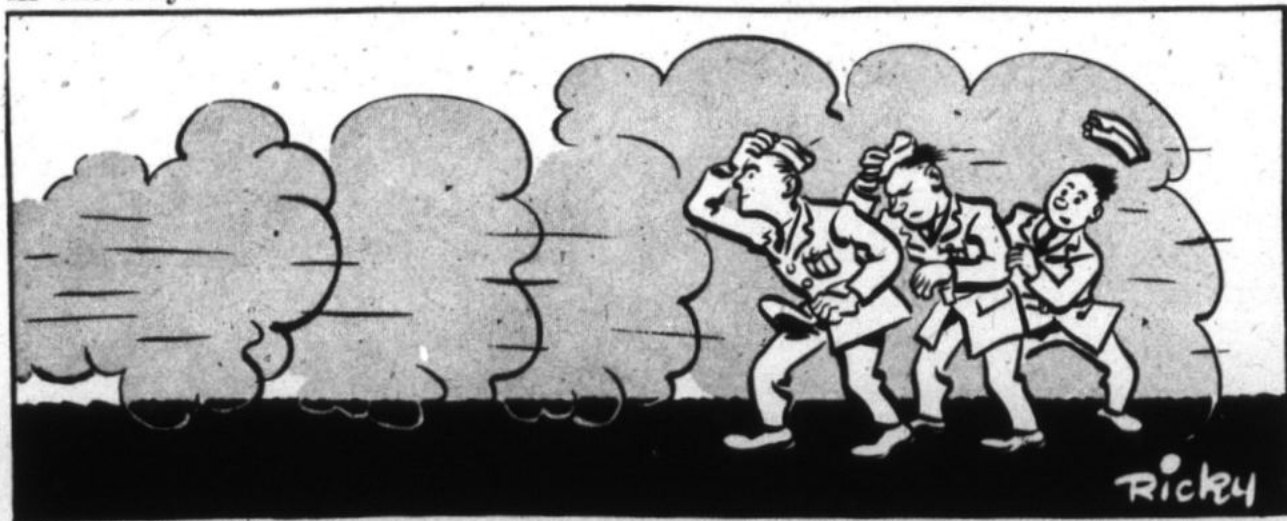
Postings, marriages, births, promotions, with postings most frequent and promotions least, such is the news of the officers' mess. Despite their rarity there have been three changes in rank. Allen Hern and Gerard Aubry, who also makes the news with his marriage, have become F/O's. Our B.O. Mayne has been demoted from S.F.O. to Flight Loot.

F/O's Ray Cotton and Don Edward each have another mouth to feed. Congratulations.

Friends departing were: F/L "Taffy" Davies to Moncton; F/L Paul Green and Sister Pitkethly for overseas; F/L Gus Dubuc for Lachine "M" Depot; F/O Cliff Church for No. 1; F/O's Burke and Tardif for Florida (yes, Florida); and F/O Charlie Young for No. 10 A.O.S., Chatham. We may also have lost, though we aren't quite sure, F/O Bergeron.

New arrivals are: Padre Curry (May he have luck with our souls); F/O Blackwood and Sister Larose for the Hospital; Lt. Mussels, jaw-breaker; and three officer trainees: P/O's Zeller, Smith, and Dernier. Bobbie Zeller is no stranger here. He was equipment officer here when No. 3 was a pup. So to him and all the newcomers, welcome!

P. S.—There were some parties but everyone who needs to know about them knows already.





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