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"THE TAKE OFF



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

Do You Want a Posting?

It may be fate and it may be censorship but one of the best ways of ensuring a posting for yourself is to get on the staff of the *Take-Off*. Following the appearance of the initial issue the editor was posted, and not too bad a posting either if the other column on this page means anything! Soon after the second issue came out our assistant editor, F/O H. E. Grundy and Cpl. M. Richler, our business manager and general getter of things done, also departed. *The Take-Off* will require time to lick its wounds. Both gave unstintingly of their energies in getting us started. It was Cpl. Richler, in fact, who supplied a title for the magazine and who, by his willingness to work, bulwarked our efforts with the right staff to put us in a sound financial position, where we now stand, amazed by our own steadiness. It was also he who so ably reported on the news of the month. We are still beating the bushes to find a successor.

Like the Phoenix, however, arising from its own ashes, the *Take-Off* will continue to flourish as an independent organism. Now that the giants have left the pygmies will stamp their feet harder.

Our Foreign Correspondent

Orlando, Fla.
Sept. 15th.

Dear friends in Victoriaville,

Did I hear it was snowing in Montreal yesterday? Where I am we spend our time eating salt tablets, drinking water, and feeling sorry for you fellows who are "out in the cold".

The hibiscus is blossoming. Orange trees are loaded with fruit and the bunches of coconuts look like small brown savages clinging in the tops of the palms.

Last night I had a dinner of barbecued barracuda and hush-puppies cooked in an open pit under great mossy branches lit by the fire's glow. A bald-headed Medical Corps Captain from Michigan blushed every time a southern gal called him "Honey-chile".

We get along fine with the U. S. officers and men, even if we do think each others' salutes peculiar. The Americans have one idea we might copy at I.T.S. They have wonderful dulcet bugle-calls. They're on records and come out over the P.A. system.

I'm sorry to have left you fellows at the old station, though. I'll eat an orange for each of you.

William F. Burke, F/O

Last Month in Review

"So here hath been dawning
Another new day.
Think! Wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?"

As a matter of fact enough new days have passed to complete a month. Naturally this month was not uneventful, having left behind pleasant memories for most of the airmen of this station. It would be impossible to review the unorganized program of social activities, as that would be prying into personal affairs and covering too much territory. Besides it would be much easier to review the planned events only.

Week-end in Richmond

Once again the citizens of Richmond out-did themselves in making airmen of No. 3 I. T. S., feel at home. The week-end of August 29th and 30th was exemplary of the cordial hospitality afforded the boys in uniform.

The preparations for this "make yourself at home for the week-end" were under the direction of Mr. D. McLaughlin, with the all-important co-operation of Mr. Tanner and the citizens of Richmond. These two gentlemen were seen constantly flitting from one place to another, arranging accomodation for Saturday evening and distributing the boys for lunch and supper Sunday.

The week-end consisted of supper at one of the church-halls, followed by a dance at the Town Hall later in the evening and "on your own" Sunday afternoon and evening. The delicious supper, attended by 43 airmen, one sailor and two soldiers, was under the sponsor-ship of the Shipton Women's Institute.

Dancing to the rhythmic strains of an orchestra filled the bill for Saturday evening. (A few undesirables went elsewhere to be filled otherwise.) Most Trainee Flights and sections from Headquarters were well represented. Everybody was so busy having a good time that they didn't notice N/S La Rose keeping a motherly eye on the fledgelings and the odd officer and N.C.O. Of course all in the line of duty.

Several new styles of dancing were introduced, most noticeable of all being that of "Billy and Babe". Their step was quite difficult to perform. It seems as if the dancers take six paces to the rear, then stop abruptly, turn, and proceed to remove both feet from the floor and dance on their backs. Chapman and Dewey tried the same but managed to catch their ear on someone's high heel. My, such fun!

In all seriousness the week-end was well planned and equally successful. Most of the airmen found it rather difficult to express their sincere appreciation of the efforts made on their behalf. So to you, Mr. McLaughlin, Mr. Tanner and good citizens of Richmond, thanks a million!

— V —

VICTORY-CLUB MINSTREL SHOW AND DANCE

On the sixteenth of September we fellows here at the station were having a whale of a time at the biggest "do" Victoriaville has seen in many a moon. The occasion was the minstrel show and dance run by the Victoriaville Air-Force Victory Club for the benefit of airmen here and overseas. How much money was made



Dixie Minstrels take the stage.

and what they intend to do with it they are reporting to us elsewhere in this issue of the Take-Off. If they manage the profits as competently as they managed the show we'll be eminently satisfied.

Perhaps it would be better to take the two big attractions of the evening separately. It was a pretty big night to remember all in one lump. At 2030 hours the Dixie Minstrels of Drummondville got under way with their performance, playing to a packed hall which somehow managed to get itself even more packed before the hour was very old. Every act was appreciated to the fullest.

When the show was over, Mr. Trotman, the interlocutor, remarked that the show had no stars. Your reporter's dilemma at this point, however, is not to remember a stellar act to mention but to think of something he might leave without mention, in the interests of brevity. We can still hear the voice of Fred West, lanky end man, bursting out with "Camptown Races" and songs well known to airmen, songs we sing on our route marches. The side-splitting sermon on the text "Old Mother Hubbard" and Mr. Frank Parker's wry monologue relating the adventures of Sam Small made us almost too weak to move over to the dance hall when the show was over. Dorothy Thomas, Miss Bibeau, Illick Dawson, and Fred Webber showed us two ways of dancing La Conga while Harry "Carmen" Holland kept himself coming back for

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Marcel's Orchestra

encores with his voluptuous and coy female impersonations. The girls we have watched dance had a little more to keep their bras up, however.

We could go on lauding individual acts endlessly here, but if you saw them you don't need us to remind you and if you didn't see them what can we say that can make up for your foolish or unfortunate absence. We can only say that due credit must be given to Mr. Gault Parker, the musical director, and to every singing, dancing, and behind-the-scenes star of this grand show. We hope every camp and station in this area gets a chance to have the same fun we did.

After the show everybody except one man who had to take a train went to the Drill Hall to dance with his sweetie (or whoever that was he had with him) to the music of Marcel Parenteau's Orchestra from Trois-Rivières. This fifteen piece assemblage filled the hall with sweetness interrupted only by the pop and zizz

of soft-drinks being opened and the clicking heels of the odd jitter-bug. For this fine orchestra we have to thank the generous though anonymous citizens of Victoriaville who readily came up with the necessary wherewithal to banish the Juke-boxes for the evening.

Let's hope that we can have even bigger and better shebangs in the future. Here we are helping airmen everywhere just by helping ourselves to a good time.

--- V ---

VISIT OF AIR COMMODORE

Number Three Initial Training School seems to have what it takes to attract those members of the Air-Force who carry gold braid on their caps. If we wanted to get chesty about it we could say they all came down here to watch us drill. They do watch us drill, you know. Still there may be other reasons behind their visits.

Be that as it may, we record that the latest visitor privileged to watch us perform was Air Commodore E. E. Middleton, reporting on temporary duty from A.F.H.Q., Ottawa. With him were Wing Commander T. K. McDougall, Wing Commander D. W. Stoneham, and Flying Officer F. M. Kightley. We hope they were not dis-

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pleased. Some of us felt a little blue standing out there in the sun, but we cheered up when we heard the Air Commodore's announcement at the close of the parade. Who doesn't appreciate an hour or two off?

— V —

AIR-FORCE VICTORY CLUB

The Airforce Victory Club, composed of the wives of officers and airmen stationed at No. 3 I.T.S., made around \$300 on the recent Drill Hall Dance. By turning out in such large numbers people have made it possible for the Victory Club to carry out various projects for helping airmen here and abroad. Among these are the sending of cigarettes and Christmas hampers to members of the Air-Force stationed overseas.

Members of the Victory Club would like to thank all the persons who helped make the dance a success.

ANNOUNCEMENT

The Air-Force Victory Club is going to give a carton of cigarettes to the man in each course who obtains the second-highest total.

VISITORS FROM OPERATIONS

With the station's entire personnel assembled in the chapel we were given the Fighter Pilot's point of view in "Operations". This talk was presented by S/L Christmas, who had fought in Libya until the Allied Forces were withdrawn into Egypt.

W. O. 1 K. F. Neale, D.F.M., told us of the part played by observers in the operations over Europe. His manner was unhurried and assured, and we were left with the impression that his Flight plans would probably be as soundly prepared as his lecture.

Animated, enthusiastic, and proud of R.C.A.F. achievement, P/O Lyons gave us all a thrilling hour in the chapel and chatted with many of us in less formal surroundings. Among the bits of good advice which he left us are the following:

"Always eat your rations on the way out. It would be a pity to waste them.

"When the pilot says 'Bail out!' go ahead and jump, or he will beat you to it."

Another visitor was P/O Pilon, recently returned from an extended period of direct contact with the enemy as one of the redoubtable "Tail-end Charlies". He moved quietly about the station and put in a good bit of hard work acquainting us with the not inconsiderable responsibilities of the Air-Gunner.

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of death of

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
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killed in a flying accident.
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"THE TAKE-OFF"

Published Monthly under authority of
Squadron Leader DENTON MASSEY,
Commanding Officer
No. 3 I. T. S. R.C.A.F.

VICTORIAVILLE - - - QUEBEC

Editor

Flying Officer P. Johnson

Advertising Manager

Sgt. J. R. Laberge

Circulation

F/Sgt. T. J. Green

Editorial

Anyone who, in reading through a little magazine of this type, bothers to read the editorial, must be either terribly bored and pressed for something to do or else interested in the magazine as a magazine. To the first we might say, "Shove along, if you stay around here something might happen to you." To the second group we would like say something more important.

You have in your hand a magazine which has as its goal the capture and presentation of that transcendental and evanescent thing, the mood and spirit of No. 3 Initial Training School. The existence of this spirit is not alone enough to ensure its reflection here. A humorous and exultant camaraderie speaks a language which does not flow onto the printed page of its own accord. It requires translators. When something amuses you or interests you write it down and slip it in the contribution-box in the Airmen's Canteen or hand it to some member of the staff.

If you aren't too lazy, slip around to the editor's office some day and see if there isn't something more you might do to help also.

The Editor

I. G.'s VISIT

There was plenty of "food for thought" in the impromptu address to the assembled personnel of No. 3 I. T. S., by Air-Vice-Marshal Croil, A.F.C., when he spoke of the splendid physical condition of a trainload of Nazi war prisoners whom he saw after their recent arrival in Canada.

We recall, before the War, often having read articles dealing with the importance placed on physical development and fitness by the Germans, and we also saw movies and photographs of the excellent result.

Many of us, largely due to disparaging newspaper stories, are too prone to under-estimate the stolidity and thoroughness of our enemy in all his endeavours. The fact that a serving Officer, of the rank of the Inspector-General, commented on his impression of what this campaign for fitness had produced in these prisoners, should be sufficient challenge to all B.C.A.T.P. Trainees to endeavour to develop a superior body ere matching their flying and fighting ability against such a determined foe.

Airman

— V —

A NOTE FROM E.F.T.S.

"I'm getting out here. You're not safe to fly with."—This was the way my instructor sent me on my first solo flight. To describe completely the feeling I had on this flight it would be necessary for me to a combination of Mark Twain and Quentin Reynolds. The feeling of your "solo" is undoubtedly the greatest thrill ever experienced.

Somehow, though, the developments prior to that flight have a great "build up" effect. Because just shortly before you take it away your-

self, there is a strong feeling that you're never going to make a pilot. You just don't seem to be able to do anything right. Of course you're over anxious and have visions of being another Billy Bishop and you just know that Billy Bishop never was as bad as you are.

You keep plugging and finally that time arrives. The next thing you know you're away and I know I was never busier in my entire life. Everything my instructor said ran through my mind. Had I forgotten anything? In truth I was too busy to worry. That is until I made my final turn and came in toward my landing. Then I expected the "blast" from my instructor. "Why did you turn so soon? Why did you wait so long to cut the throttle?", but the "Blast" didn't come and for the first time I realized that I was all alone and it was up to me.

I don't know whether I flew the Air Craft in or whether it flew me in. But I do know that I landed. I know also that feeling of supremacy was terrific. I walked into the crew room feeling as though I was the only one in the world that had ever soloed. I now felt that I was on my way to being a service pilot. Well I could dream.

Really though I was floating on clouds. And when the fellows grabbed me and carried me to the pool, I didn't care about anything. That was beyond a doubt the finest swim I've ever had. Clothes and all but after all I had soloed.

The Air Force certainly affords a fellow the chance of receiving the two greatest thrills possible. Your first solo and your wings parade. I don't know which is the greater because those wings seem just as far away as ever. But right now I would not trade that feeling I had after that

solo flight for anything. Well I don't know, those wings mean everything to us all.

Cpl. **BILL ST. JOHNS**
Recently of Victoriaville



Is this what you mean, Bill?

IT MIGHT BE A JOKE

Once upon a time there was a Flight Commander who wanted to see first-hand how his charges behaved in the gas-chamber. Proceeding to the armament section he asked for a "gas-mask". The sergeant said, "We have no gas-masks, Sir, but we do have some nice new respirators; you see, Sir, there is no such thing as a gas-mask in the R.C.A.F., as they have no outlet valves,—a respirator, yes,—a gas-mask, no!"

After the gas chamber test the officer returned to the armament section, tears streaming from his eyes. "This damned mask leaks!"

"Yes, Sir", was the prompt response, "gas-masks don't have outlet valves". (Neither had that particular respirator.)

Dear Editor,

Recently we ran across what looked to us like a good set of definitions to have published in your erudite blatt. Here they are:

Socialism: If you have two cows you give one to your neighbor.

Communism: If you have two cows you give them to the government. The government then gives you some milk.

Fascism: If you have two cows you keep the cows and give the milk to the government. The government then sells you some milk.

Nazism: If you have two cows the government shoots you and takes the cows.

Capitalism: If you have two cows you sell one and buy a bull.

Yours truly,
The Dental Clinicians.

Dear Denizens of the Dental Clinic,

What made you think we had two cows?

Petulantly yours,
The Editor.

— V —

SMOKE RINGS FROM THE FIRE-FIGHTERS

The fire-fighters, under F/Sgt. Coxhead and Sgt. "Smokie" Hankins are having quite a head-ache these days. What with Brock and Jeffrey in the hospital and Cpl. Larivée on leave, Guilmette had to go and get himself two weeks leave from rolling up hose. Genge reported back from harvest leave with a nice tan and sore hands. We're glad to see him back in any shape. We need him.

Keys looks very lonesome these days, perhaps missing wifie. We see that Sgt. Hankins has taken up house-keeping since returning leave. Here's hoping the wife likes our town.

Well, your reporter wishes the sick a speedy recovery. Meanwhile the rest carry on.

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one and a half hours is usually enough to reduce the hardest to a neurotic state.

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The special tests are triumphs of engineering skill. The Low Pressure Chamber, which looks like a Rube Goldberg nightmare, is designed to demonstrate some of the stresses to which the body is subjected at high altitudes. The electroencephalograph looks like an item dreamed up by Buck Rogers. Its function is to measure the "brain waves", it usually finds some to measure, too, surprisingly enough. The next test is faintly reminiscent of Chick Sales, inasmuch as the whole thing is in the dark. It is the night-vision test. It tells how well you can see in the dark.

Taken all around it is a pretty complete examination and very good protection for the men concerned. So don't let it worry you, candidates,—and next time don't be so nervous.

J.D.C. Macdonald, S/L
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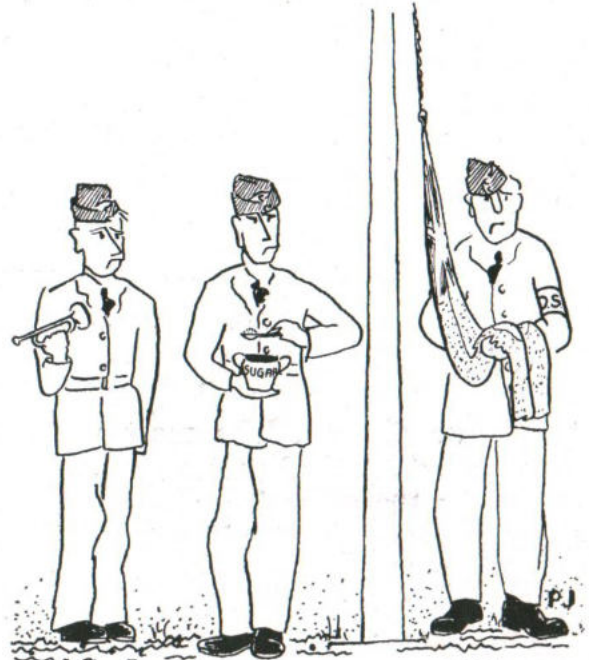
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GET READY TO SOUND THE STILL. —

NOTES FROM THE BAND

Piling out of the station wagon here, we had somewhat jumbled feelings: anticipation, curiosity, even anxiety. We were the "New Band", pulled out of the pool of bandsmen at Rockcliffe two weeks before.

After a couple of good meals the slight misgivings gradually disappeared, and by "lights-out" we were well settled, having seen the parade-ground, library, canteen, and friendly K. of C. Hut.

On our first morning parade we were delighted to see the turnout of officers and men. The inevitable nervousness and strangeness of a first parade was soon dispelled by our warm and friendly reception. We strutted with our four marches and our antique instruments.

We are convinced that our stay here will be a pleasant one. We like the friendly atmosphere and we are determined to do as much as, and even more than, the station expects of its band.

HOSPITAL NEWS

Regulations Changed

All personnel are expected to acquaint themselves with the following new rules:

1. All patients must "come clean" or take a shower.
2. Patients desiring base-ball batting-practice will find a pitcher in the Dispensary; catchers are kept in pack stores.
3. If you can't sleep at night we will let you stay in bed in the daytime.
4. Fire Escapes are over on the main building, about fifty feet from the hospital.
5. If you don't like the movies we show just think, where else can you lie in bed with Lana Turner?
6. We aim to please. Whom we aim to please is our secret.
7. Those too old and feeble to go on route-marches may rest their weary bones in a wheel-chair until they see the boys go by. Then the red blood in their veins will start running again. At this point they are expected to jump up, dash out, and join the procession of their own accord.

o—o—o—o

F/L and Mrs. R. G. McGugan paid us a much too short visit recently. They are stationed now at Halifax.

N/S Charade, after a long and faithful period of service here has been given new fields to conquer. We wish her luck. The new doctor you see around is our F/O Smith.

— V —

THE BOMBARDIER

There is Something new in Aircrew
That's known as Bombardier
There is Something new an Aircrew
That those Nazis hate to hear.

The name explains itself, I think,
For what these men will do:
They'll drop those big 4-tonners
And they'll ruin a town or two.

You say you'd rather be Pilot?
Well Laddy, let me hear...
When the target's down below you
What's more than Bombardier?

There has to be a Pilot,
And a Navigator too,
And when the Nazis send up ships
There's a Gunners job to do.

But when we reach the target
And those B-----s below us lay,
The Guy that scores the victory
Is the one says "BOMBS AWAY".

"GORD" MOORE, Sgt.
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WE "B" HERE, BOYS



AC2 R. N. Frid
"B" Flight Senior

Fresh from security guard, we arrived August 31st., a most varied group of personalities. Our first act was to elect Ross Frid Flight Senior.

Claude "Slurpy" Lavigne still hounds the dental clinic seeking teeth to enjoy his meals with. Leo "It's a bird" Irish left on temporary posting to Lachine. Gordon Templeton, Bill Ross, Gordon Waye, and Johnny "Tuffy" McKenna form the bulwark of our base-ball team. They should win one game, sometime.

Leo Tobin and Ross Frid still expect letters from their gals. Meanwhile Bill "Winchester" Donnelly has set new records for apple-pie beds, not sparing Cpl. "Sam" Small. Dan Wyjad should be posted to Information Please to replace John Kieran, we think.

Wendell "Jiggs" Waye reports his first solo flight, a headlong dive from upper bunk to barrack floor. The floor bent. Watching Guy Milord at drill, we're sure he should remuster to "discip". We hear too, with relief, that Johnny di Benga, our math wizard, plans to buy his own shoe and button polish—probably just a rumor, though.

THE DASHING "D's"



AC2 W. J. Van
Maarion
"D" Flight Senior

"Wing, attention! "D" Flight, about turn! "D" Flight stand fast, remainder, remove—" — Well, you get the idea. That, dear readers, should happen around about the end of our course here. This gang thinks it's here with a job to do, a very special job, and no fooling. Watch our smoke.

We come from all over eastern Canada and even have a few from "South of the Border". We have some non-coms among us, and they won't answer the roll unless properly called either! Each man his due... Our Flight Senior is big, red-headed Van Maarion. He's OK and so is our Flight N.C.O., Sgt. Howie. "D" Flight and Sgt. Howie are lucky to get each other.

Well, being newcomers and all that, we haven't got much to say. We probably won't put up a championship soft-ball team or display any double-jointed "jitter-bugs". We're hard-headed fellows with a serious bent. We have ambitions. Just keep your left hands ready to grab your hats and cheer us after a little while.

"Replace head-dress. Wing, stand at ease. Stand easy."

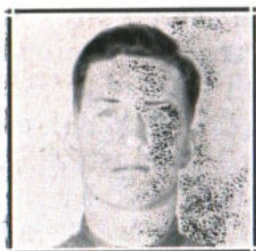
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“S” WE’RE HERE



Cpl. H. S. Smith
“S” Flight Senior

We don’t think of ourselves as “S” Flight so much now. We’ve given up hooting at “R” Flight and we’re all just Course 59, part of No. 3 I. T.S.’s. past.

We recall the day we first came; waiting for dodos that missed the train; our first glimpse of the school; our classes; M.S.B., all ingredients making this place tops in memory’s eye.

When exams started a dam broke somewhere and we were just deluged by them. At last the long pull was behind us, the course finished; then the “props” parade, materialistic proof we were through.

Now it’s the parting of the ways. Navigators, bombardiers, observers, pilots—all going different ways. Someday, though, we’ll “crew up”, combine our talents, and make “Jerry” rue it.

To the school, staff, and fellow trainees we say, “Thanks for everything”. To old faithful. Cpl. Gilmore, we can say that though the fellows in this flight may not agree on anything else they still stand unanimous on the proposition that he is “tops”.

Now we’d better get out of the way and make room for somebody else. Here’s Luck!

SEE “C” FLIGHT



AC2 J. C. Massie
“C” Flight Senior

The very old human materials comprising “C” Flight were recruited in and around southern Ontario. They were nurtured through the painful embryo stage at No. 1 “M”

Depot. They sprouted out in greenness and innocence on guard duty. Now we find them at the gawky but eager stage of R.C.A.F. adolescence, untried and unproven—but potentially good aircrew.

Under the motherly care of Sgt. Henaire, that maestro of “Flighticulture” (defined as one who is expert in the raising of Flights) Flight “C” should bloom forth into a smart Flight, worthy of its place in No. 3 I. T. S. We hope the Station will think as well of us as we do of the Station.,

Headquarters’ ball team saw fit to handle us roughly right at the start, giving us a smarting defeat. Being young and cocky, however, we still offer challenges. We give fair warning that Sgt. Henaire won’t always have to bet on the losing side to be loyal to us.

Keep an eye on “C” Flight. It isn’t only ball games they are hoping to win at No. 3 I. T. S.

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"U" SAID IT

AC2 G. D. Walker
"U" Flight Senior

The famous "Yew" Flight is well on its way to graduating. We were gathered together from almost everywhere, but our ball-team works as though we had been battling around together forever. Vince Cussion does the pitching and we have the C.O.'s word for it that he is best on the station. The C. O. should know, too. He does the pitching for the Officers whom we nosed out in a good game.

"Gord" Walker is Flight Senior, and a good one. The only fault we have to find with him is that he doesn't always get our mail for us just on time. Still, he makes a very good catcher on the ball-team, just as "Shorty" Martel makes a good second-baseman.

Though he has been here but a short while, F/O Steffen, our Flight Commander, has high hopes for us—which we hope to be able to realize. Then, with these exams all over we'll have to "Double-up" (as Cpl. Doyon says) and leave you. So a hail and good-bye to No. 3 I. T. S. We have somewhere else to go.

"A" FLIGHT, HERE!

AC2 H. R. Syrett
"A" Flight Senior

Here we are, in Course 61, along with poor old "B" Flight. A lot of us are "remusters", with Sergeants and corporals all around and just a few fugitive AC2's.

Where are we from? Name a place, somebody's from it. "Scotty" McHardy is from Trinidad, Marshal from Detroit, Winchell (no relation) from Oklahoma, Gibson from Bald Mountain, etc., etc. Sgts. Miller, Barr, and Ryder were AG's. Sgt. Mitchell was a fitter. Sgt. Hills drills us a little now and then to keep up his old skills as a "discip".

F/O Webb is our Flight Commander, a real soldier he is, too. What's that, Sir? Oh, yes, let's give a bow to Sgt. Laberge, our Flight N.C.O. That's enough bowing, Sarge, quit it now.

So goes "A" Flight: winning a ball series here; slack drill there; winning a ball series here; A.W.O.L. there (hope the C.O. reads this); win a series—and what not. Fine fellows, "A" Flight; we like ourselves and we like the station. We think it's one of the best. (Still reading, Sir?)

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Nick Bogos, prop.

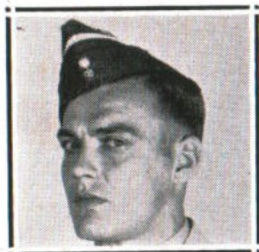
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"T" FLIGHT TITTERINGS



AC2 C. A. Hyndman
"T" Flight Senior

So - long ! We hope this is to be our last appearance in the Take-Off. Our stay has been instructive enjoyable. We leave luck for our successors.

\$10 Question:

What two airmen took a terrific pounding at tennis from the Flight Commander and the Padre?

\$5 Question:

What airman belives in the old adage, "An apple a day, etc."? He even trusts the mess-hall variety of apple.

\$2 Question:

What airman appeared on duty watch parade with a tennis racquet to be greeted by F/Sgt. Clark's query, "And I suppose if you played polo you'd bring a horse on parade?"?

o—o—o—o

Lade has become a proud pappy since the last Take-Off. It's a girl.

Bacardax is now known as "Professor". He knows all the answers.

In our flight there are two airmen with the names Hope and Death. We could do with more hopes but one death is enough.

— V —

"R" FLIGHT OBIT

At last the Model Flight has graduated. It is a great loss, bringing sorrow to the C.O. and the Discips. They displayed their remarkable ability during the recent visit of the Air Commodore, almost making up for the lack of a band (that awful racket that showed up the next day and has been around ever since).

During this great blaze of glory, head-dress-removing, and tigers there was one man moving behind the

scenes, a man to whom "R" Flight owes much and who deserves credit, the Flight N.C.O., Cpl. Menard. He is the man who, reprimanded for having the scruffiest flight the day before the parade, came away with top honors on the day itself. We hope he gets so many stripes on his arm he has to use a crutch to hold his shoulder up.

But, as the old proverb will have it, all good things come to an end. So No. 3 I. T. S. loses not only its model flight, but some of the best damn' men going. Here we go, boys!

— V —

MAYHEW TOPS CLASS



AC2 V. E. Mayhew
"K" Flight Senior

Congratulations to Vernon E. Mayhew, Course 57. His is the honor of leading his class with an average of 98.8%, a mark which has been excelled but once in the history of No. 3 I. T. S.

L. A. C. Mayhew graduated from Bishops College, Lennoxville, Que. He was then employed by the Northern Electric Co. Ltd. as a tool and gauge inspector, a position which he held for five years.

His election, by his classmates, to the position of Flight Senior, was unanimous. Popular with his associates and superiors, he was admired and respected by all. To you lads in later courses the aggregate mark obtained by L.A.C. Mayhew is a peak to shoot at. Regardless of how brilliant a student may be, a record such as his cannot be made with out continuous application and hard work.

We wonder when such an aggregation of marks will be exceeded. Do we see some lads rolling up their sleeves? Could be they are just going to wash their hands.

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THE LINKS

Hello Everybody!

It's the Link Trainer Section speaking! We're not interesting as far as writing is concerned; after all you can't ask too much from grease monkeys. But, if you have something to be repaired, come and see the Chief, perpetual Cpl. Turcotte; he'll fix anything for anybody from the Adjutant up and from an AC2 down—from sun goggles to hat badges—he'll even pull a nail from your shoe. If you have anything to solder, see Dick. He loves it so much that he landed in the hospital. Maybe you'll see somebody with a duster or paint brush in his left hand—of course that's Rollie St. Amand, our ball-team's first baseman. But wait, that's not all: here comes Henri, the big fellow with painted props on his coveralls. If we mention him last, it's not because he's the least. If you have a little job to be done, he'll answer you with a gun. Don't be scared; it has nothing of the Browning—it's just an Alemite!

Advice to the Trainees: Don't ask us where No. 3 Link is when you stand in front of No. 2, because we'll doubt like hell whether you've passed your I. Q.

Now that you know us all, we'll say a word about the Link Trainer—that famous hen that hatches all the pilots, which we're proud to nurse and feed even though she doesn't fly. Sometimes it's a good thing she doesn't fly. Besides, she's the one that will teach you to TakeOff the weeds.

Well, Good Luck, Trainees! and sometimes remember us grease monkeys because out of all this we only get chicken feed. We'll be back next month so...

Cot, Cot, Cot, Kadoko!

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A Home-grown Puzzle

by L. A. C. Dixon

1	2	3	4	5	6		7	8	9	10	11	12
13							14					
15						16				17		
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56				57		58		59			60	61
		62	63				64		65			
66							67					

R. Fournier

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V

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ACROSS

- 1. Nursing Sister
- 7. An Officer now in Florida.
- 13. Decrees.
- 14. Shooting star.
- 15. A fastener.
- 17. Data.
- 18. Either.
- 19. Not the first.
- 22. Exists.
- 23. Negative prefix.
- 24. Mend.
- 25. Toward (Scot.).
- 26. Form of verb to be.
- 27. To taste.
- 28. Yes (Spanish).
- 29. Greatest number.
- 31. Goals.
- 33. Etruscan god.
- 34. Second note.
- 36. Former country of S.E. Europe.
- 38. A starter.
- 41. Sways.
- 42. French Novelist.
- 43. A Kind of cheese.
- 45. Fish eggs.
- 46. Pronoun.
- 47. Ti.
- 48. Taut (streamlined spelling).
- 50. A continent (Abbr.).
- 51. Drinks the health of.
- 54. Roman emperor.
- 56. Month of the year (Abbr.).
- 57. A charged particle.
- 59. Challenger.
- 62. A name to designate a race or period.
- 65. Icelandic tale.
- 66. Finishing.
- 67. Body cavity in a worm.

o—o—o—o

DOWN

- 1. A squadron commander.
- 2. Beautify.
- 3. To outfit.
- 4. Commanding officer (Abbr.).
- 5. Recent Nav. instructor.
- 6. Plural ending.
- 7. Training Memoranda.

- 8. Norse god of the stormy sea.
- 9. Right (Abbr.).
- 10. Deacon (Abbr.).
- 11. Island group, Asia Minor.
- 12. A river or an officer.
- 16. Series of steps.
- 19. Armament.
- 20. Operations (Abbr.).
- 21. Curve (fem.)
- 25. Trees.
- 26. The largest artery.
- 28. Progenitor.
- 29. An Indian spirit.
- 30. Hoary custom.
- 31. Oxygenated.
- 32. Barn appendages.
- 33. Make bouyant.
- 35. Half an em.
- 37. On the ocean.
- 39. Poetic name for a practical people.
- 40. A child.
- 44. Relations.
- 49. Rub out.
- 52. Old.
- 53. Lyric.
- 55. Pert. to the mouth.
- 58. A city and state (Abbr.).
- 60. The self.
- 61. Run into.
- 63. Greek letter.
- 64. Military cross (Abbr.).

o—o—o—o

The answer to this puzzle will be found on page twenty-eight of this issue.

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Two Fortnightly Softball Schedules have been played since the last Take-Off went to press.

The first was won by "T" Flight of Course "60". These lads displayed some of

the finest softball we have seen here on the station. AC2 Casey, the lad who organized and stuck by the team, can rightfully be mentioned here. As well as being a good organizer, he also knows how to keep up that "Team Spirit". The essential clause in any competitive sport. The line-up for "T" flight was as follows: Casey, Death, Hope, Evans, Carleton, Lade, Pelletier, Catterall and Helmer.

The second Competition was won by "A" Flight. These lads were also a new flight on the station, but they showed that they didn't have to be veterans to win. One lad in particular on this team is AC2 Parsons. He is one that we could call a veteran, however. He had the misfortune of becoming sick when first coming on to the station. After several months in the hospital he came out and showed us that "you can't keep a good man down". The line-up for "A" Flight was as follows: Parsons, Mills, Guiguet, Faulkner, Higg, Windsor, Sanson, Babe and Silver (who is not the Lone Ranger's Horse).

Volley Ball was dropped from these two schedules because there seemed to be a decided lack of interest. But as we proceed into winter it will pick up again, because indoor volley ball seems to create a much better interest.

Now to Baseball. Since we started having the Town Teams come to the Station to play we have had much more enthusiasm and some very exciting baseball has been played. We believe that all who saw the last two games will agree. The first game was between the Victoriaville Fashion-Craft Team and a mixed team from A and U flights. The R.C.A.F. waded through to a substantial victory, 13 to 1. Several home runs were bagged here and a couple nearly crossed the fence by the Railroad track. Not bad batting we say! The line-up was: Death, Cohen, Hyndman, Cission, Carlton, Catterall, Lade, St.Amond, Pelletier.

The second game was between the famed Victoriaville Tigers and our Pride and Glory, "R" Flight. This game ended in a score of 14 to 4, in favor of the R.C.A.F. In this game we saw some real pitching. AC2 Milius was the Hurler, and he really heaves a wicked ball, if any of you should care to know. The line-up for this game was: Chalmers, Cairns, Phillips, Steele, Brunell, Milius, Arniel, Gorak, and Nickolo. Some very outstanding home runs were made in

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this game, four altogether. Three were made in succession.

Before we close this Sports Article we must not forget to mention the Softball game between the Officers and "U" flight. This game will go down in the History of No. 3 I.T.S. and everyone should have been on hand to witness it. We are not casting any reflections on anyone so only those who have a guilty conscience will blush when they read this paragraph. But aside from all fooling, everyone will agree that AC2 Milius can pitch about as good a game of Softball as we have ever seen, and he deserves great credit.

Now that the outdoor Sports are nearly over we will run more competitions. More games can be played indoors. For example, basketball, volleyball, badminton, and Borden ball.

When the time comes to start these new schedules lets see you all taking part with that real Fighting Spirit that our station has carried through up to date.

Sgt. C. Dickson.

WHO WANTS TO KNOW?

Who's the Flight Sergeant who, when he comes to a halt, makes you think he's going to break his right leg or smash his left foot? I know him but I won't talk. Lockey that he works (?) around the M.O.'S.

EMBRYO M. O's.

M.S.B. - - - C.I.U

"East is East and West is etc."

In this section they meet. Our Western gentlemen, F/Sgt. Doubleday and Cpls. Lees and Montgomery bewail the fate that brought them to this cold, dank land of gully and swamp. The Easterners, however, F/Sgt. Lock, Sgt. Phaneuf, Cpl. LeBlanc, L.A.C.'s. Hadrill, "Siggy" Seguin, and our new arrival, AC1 Wilcox, seem resigned.

Doug Doubleday has a glinting eye and a hopeful heart these days, waiting to remuster to aircrew. Hadrill, spry wise-man, says the Montreal S. P.s are getting bothersome. He's irked. Siggy says the fellow who wrote about his tonsorial triumph in last month's Take-Off was jealous, just jealous. "Ray", our newlywed, recommends married life to all young men. Home-cooking does'nt seem to be hurting him, anyway. (Take note, Sgt. Phaneuf!) Lees, our "Daddy" is proud as all-get-out, and with reason too.

o-o-o-o

Heard around top-floor corridors: Pardon me, I thought you were a post.

Anybody seen Miss Chadwick?

Sa-a-a-a-a-arg-ent Phaneuf!

Who's got a cigarette?

Who's got a match?

Who's got the time?

Aw, who cares anyway?

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Corporals' September Dance



Your reporter finds himself somewhat at a loss to give any very coherent report of the recent "hop" held in the K. of C. Hut. It started in a very quiet manner as befitting such an august occasion. Arriving at the station in a very sober state of mind one felt that the extra effort expended on "creasing the pants" had to be fully justified. To accomplish this one naturally gravitated to the bar in the clubroom.

Imagine our surprise when arriving at said point to find that the entire guest roll was present also. Needless to say, free tickets were mainly responsible. Luscious blondes and exotic brunettes elbowed us on all sides. After all it was their first visit to our clubroom. I was, I hope, "an Airman and a gentleman". An appropriate lunch was served with the drinks, and digestion was aided by the singing of many fine corporal voices?

The music box was played by, Corporal Ryan's or somebody else's girl friend?

Having achieved a more pleasant (hic) frame of mind the assembled galaxy repaired to the Hut (in an airmanlike manner). From this point on it would seem that the more hardy members of the club indulged in strange gyrations on the floor—whether this was intended to arouse the appetites is hard to say—but when supper was eventually served full justice was done by all.

o—o—o—o

"SAMMY SMALL" VIEWS THE CORPORAL'S DANCE

Arriving on station with pants all in press,
We wended way to Corporals' Mess.
Free drinks on 'ouse and ladies beside
Made for riotous night in 'ut, just outside.
We took aboard glow from bottle and glass,
Said phooey to S. P. s, didn't need pass.
When dancing on floor it seemed very
remiss
That walls went around, despite feeling of
bliss.
But supper, by goom, were a splendid
affair,
Got sandwich on lap and cake-crumbs in
'air
But bestest of all in the whole blinking
mess
Were fact that we never 'eard "Remove
'eadress."

Gee, that tastes just like Mother's!

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VICTORIAVILLE

Quebec



There are a few changes in our mess. W. O. 2 Kirkham was posted to Scandoc and F/Sgt. Hudson is Ottawa - bound. Their loss will be deeply felt. Both were active in the

administration of the mess. We wish them luck.

We welcome Sgt. Huges, N.C.O. i/c of the band. (N.B. No practising in the mess, please.) Also F/Sgt. "Nobby" Clark, back in the fold again.

Sgt. "Upside-down" Howie must think personal feelings are a matter of station concern when he raises the ensign wrong-side-up. Gophers getting you, Sarge?

We hear Sgt. L'Heureux likes Squadron drill so much he has kicked his wife out of bed, retiring with a C. A. P. 90 instead.

Sgt. Cadoo, C.D.C., has new store teeth. Advertising?

Sgt. Hamilton is now on the water-wagon. He is too!

Sgts. Curle and Salter are taking a night course on the correct pronunciation of English. Stick to it boys, you're getting almost intelligible these days.

With F/Sgt. Hudson out as treasurer of the mess maybe we'll find

we can make enough money to paint the inside of the bar.

So, until next month, adios!

o—o—o—o

SONG OF THE SQUARE PEG

There was a big building, sadly disused,
So the government bought it outright,
A good place for Air Force, the officials,
they mused,

Some day they'll get used to the site.

So they sent there the air crews for training,

There's nothing to do there but work,
There's no place to go when it's raining,
There's no place to rest or to lurk.

The staff get the worst of the bargain,
They're there till they die or get sick,
They bloody well know there's a war on,
And their's not to choose or to pick.

They go to the town of an evening,
After the day's work is done,
They walk up the street all gleaming,
There's nowhere to go for some fun.

They envy the course for the air crew,
Whose studies take up all their time,
Knowing they'll fly in the heavenly blue,
At some other school up the line.

May the powers that be relieve our plight,
E're we get in a terrible groove
From seeing the same things day and night!

May they give us, at last, a move!

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OFFICERS' MESS NEWS

The list of officers' comings and goings, arrivals and departures on posting, is so long that we can only refer you to D. R. O's this month. Promotions, however, are seldom things and we have room for them. There were more than usual. Carrying extra braid around with them these days are Flight Lietenants Catton, Jory, Ledoux, and Robertson.

In the elections this month retiring mess officers were replaced by other officers, just as retiring but not quite able to escape being drafted into these jobs. F/O Pete Ayotte took over the secretaryship from F/O George Jackson. F/L Jim Minnes now looks after rooms instead of F/ John Ledoux. F/L B. O. Mayne, by successful bad management, unloaded his messing duties on the shoulders of F/L Paul Fraser. All votes were as unanimous

as a Hitler plebiscite.

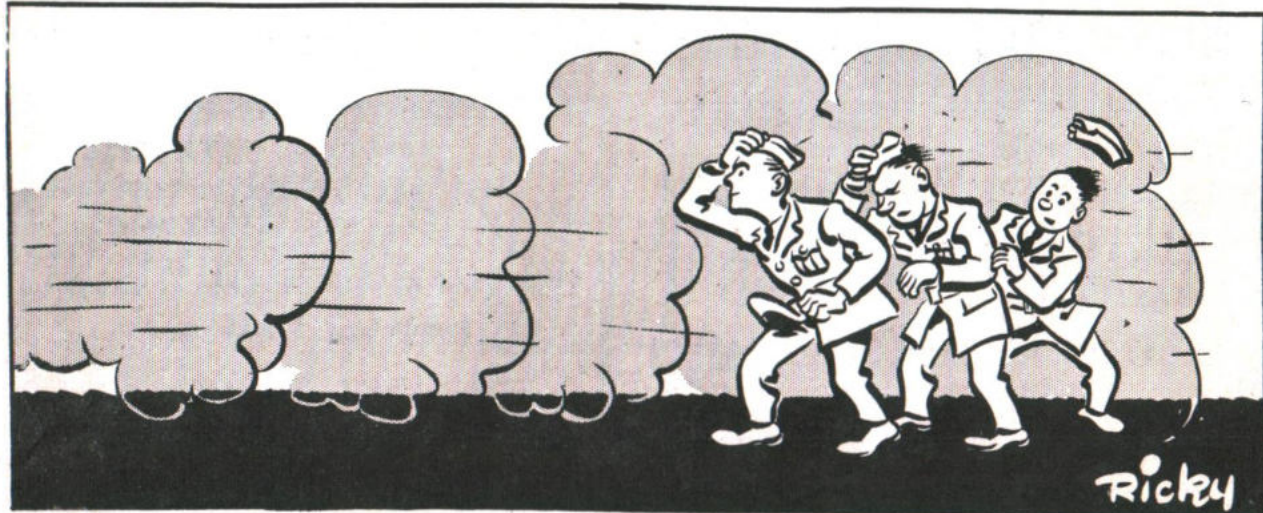
The most recent dance in the mess was a ringing success. What made it particularly fine was the presence of the station orchestra, a portion of the new band. A collection was taken for the benefit of aged and indigent Juke-boxes. Guests at this dance found an opportunity to admire the neat, bright, and attractive bas-relief provincial seals which are the gift and handiwork of F/O Gerard Perreault.

With the approach of winter the officers are looking forward to a general heightening of interest in mess teas, parties and dances.

ANNOUNCEMENT

If you have socks that need darning, the Air-Force Victory Club will mend them for you. Please be sure that they are clean when you send them over.

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