

"THE TAKE-OFF"

FOR
DECEMBER
1942



NO.3 ITS. VICTORIAVILLE QUE



"THE TAKE OFF



PUBLISHED BY N°3 I.T.S. VICTORIAVILLE, QUE.

Three are times when the seriousness of the world situation is suddenly brought home to us. The following article, translated from CZAS, the *Polish Times*, by Cpl. William Dinger of Hq. staff, is certainly calculated to do this. It should be read by all.

YOUNG HEROES

In May, nineteen forty-one, twelve Polish school-boys, sentenced to death, bravely faced the execution squad,—shouting, “Germany will lose the war! Long live Poland!”

In spite of the provisions of International Law, young Poles from the occupied territory are forced into the German Army. Polish youths determinedly resist these measures and are hiding to avoid mobilization. If caught hiding they are instantly executed.

On the second of February, nineteen forty-two, in a small town in Silesia, near the Czech border, a student named Emil Trepa was publicly hung. The “Gestapo” brought his parents and the rest of the family to the place of execution in order to make them see their son’s misery and the boy’s best friends were forced to build the gibbet. Young Trepa was not afraid to die and standing under the gibbet, heroically he called “Long live Poland!”

Polish boys, caught in November 1940, on the streets of Warsaw, were

sent to the concentration camp in Oswicim. There they were ordered to pick out stones from the channel of the river and then throw them back for six hours every day, just in order to make them stay in ice-cold water. Many of the boys caught pneumonia. They were released from “work” but died shortly thereafter.

Young prisoners are tortured during their interrogation. While in prison, concentration, or forced-labor camps, they are subject to demoralization by pornographic books, illustrations, movies, etc., but the foundation of the Polish youth is splendid, the resistance and endurance are unbreakable.

The underground press of the Polish heroes is highly patriotic and inspiring, full of hope and courage. Here are only a few of the titles: “Young Poland”, “The Fighting Youth” and “Fight and Freedom”.

Tens of thousands of copies are circulated in spite of the certain and horrible death awaiting anyone discovered to be in possession of a copy.

THE MONTH

C. O.

Gets Overseas Posting



We all think it's great to get something we've been hoping for a long time. The C. O. is no exception. He was as tickled as a kid at Christmas, as tickled as a certain well known type of individual about to undergo a novel, but interesting, experience.

He explained to us all in the chapel how it happened he didn't win the last war single-handed; he didn't get across the ocean. Now that he is getting across the ocean we can expect things to be over in a few months. We'll all be back in the old bean-patch pretty soon; better write home and prepare the folks!

He has been chosen for a "special mission", whatever that is, and he should be the man for it. Anyone who can make a "special mission" out of a brief sojourn in Victoriaville, as he has done, is born to it.

In his place will come Wing Commander R. J. Dawes, D. F. C., fresh from Eastern Air Command, formerly Adj. at Central Flying School, Trenton. Wing Commander Dawes comes of a well known Montreal family and when Joe leaves his company it isn't for a Dow. The whole station will be looking forward to his arrival.

IN REVIEW

SAM SMALL BIDS GOODBYE TO C. O.

On afternoon recently, gathered in chapel,
'Us 'eard from C.O.—He 'ad face like an
apple.

'Twas beaming and bright an' coloured nice
pink,

For excitement 'ad gone to 'is head like
drink,

For him 'twas occasion most happy, to
wit,—

'Is Majesty had, in 'is wisdom, see fit
To send our "Old Man" to scene of combat
Where us bets he won't care t' remove 'is
tin hat.

'Twas with many misgivings 'us heard t'
farewell,

So with hearty abandon we give a big yell.
He gave us good lesson in Ancient Hist'ry—
About how he gave Hell to t' lads in batt'ry
At t' time not long since in first Great War,
When us licked bloody Huns, despite R. A.
Corp.

But when conflagration starts up second
time

Why, "tempus 'ad "fugited" over t' line—
So "old man" instead of soaring in plane
'Ad to rot on t' ground, all over again.

On parade ground in morning he were a
terror

With endless "Right Dress" 'till us all was
together,

But taking him by, and taking him large,
He most always was good to t' lads in his
charge.

And so, in conclusion, 'tis with deepest
regret

That us loses "Old Man" we won't soon
forget

We wishes him luck. May he return soon,—
But not afore us has got over, by goom!

Victory Club Dance

Saturday, Nov. seventh, at the K. of C. Hut, there was a fine dance with the Station Orchestra furnishing the music and the Victoriaville Air Force Victory Club furnishing the refreshments. The V.A.F.V.C., if you're wondering, is the full name (and we mean full) of the organization embracing the wives of Air Force personnel here in Victoriaville.

P. S.—It does not include all of the ladies in Victoriaville embraced by Air Force personnel.

Hut Has Birthday

The Hut was a year old Nov. 18th. It was a lusty infant. It celebrated with a party and dance. We hope the Hut continues to function as well in the future as it has in its first year. Its movies, parties, and dances have been a real gift to us. The only circumstances under which we would like to see it close up would be those attendant on the victorious end of the war. We say then, to the Hut, "May your life be short, but merry!"

NOVEMBER ELEVENTH

The day of armistice of the first world war was observed with a two-minute period of silence at 1100 hours, guard resting on arms reversed. So was our highest tribute payed to those others.

"THE TAKE-OFF"

Published monthly under authority of
Squadron Leader DENTON MASSEY,
Commanding Officer

VICTORIAVILLE - - - QUEBEC

Editor

Flying Officer P. Johnson

Assistant-Editor

Flight Lieutenant L. Belanger

Editorial

It isn't often an editor gets a chance to write an editorial for the next after the last issue of a magazine. Speaking then as from the grave, perhaps our eerie voice will reach a furtive ear or two.

Not to adopt a sepulchral tone, however, we may observe that there are some considerable advantages to having "ceased publication", not the least of which is that the critics all give up and go home feeling that at last there is no room for improvement.

People also begin talking again, relieved of the fear that their un-witticisms may crop up in print. This makes the gathering of humorous odds and ends not easy but easier. If you look in vain for these odds and ends in this issue it is because the staff has been taking things easier still.

If you have been poking down through this editorial hoping there might be some clue as to how it happens there is an issue this month we will not disappoint you. As you know we have been forced, by a decision of the Air Council, to relinquish all our advertising. As you may also know, advertising is what brought us the money that, hitherto, made *The Take-Off* possible.

You can see that we have abided

by the Air Council's decision. You can also see there is a magazine this month. That is what puzzles you. Perhaps we made enough in the past to put out one more issue and still break even! No, we were patriotic; we did not hoard; we spent what we got. Perhaps the advertisers are still paying us, without ads, out of the goodness of their hearts! No, some of their hearts are that good but it would still be in violation of the spirit of the Air Council's order. Well, you give up; you don't know and you're damned soon going to quit reading if we don't tell you, so here it is: Junior, we're ashamed of you, not believing in Santa Claus!

C.O's COME AND C.O.'s GO, "BUT "3" GOES ON

Once upon a time there was a man who visited a small island in the Caribbean and was entertained by the old governor of the island whose most prized possession was a wine cask brought across the ocean by Columbus on his first voyage.

During the course of the day the old gentleman naturally took his guest to see this relic. The visitor, finding the cask in surprisingly good condition, remarked on its amazing state of preservation whereupon its owner, coughing apologetically, admitted that, in the course of time, the original staves had decayed and had been replaced by new ones.

On further pressing he admitted that the hoops, which were of modern make, were also replacements, the old hoops having rusted so that they would no longer hold the barrel together. His guest then chided him gently, asking him how, if every part of the cask were new, he could still say it was the one Columbus had

brought with him.

The old man was looking quite shame-faced when, suddenly, he brightened up and remarked, stoutly, "Well anyway it's the same old bung-hole".

The personnel of Number Three Initial Training School, staff as well as trainee, is renewed so rapidly that it is hard to see how anything can remain the same; yet there is a tradition and spirit here which goes on. If the members of the station personnel are the staves of the cask, then the Commanding Officer represents the hoops that hold them together. As our C. O. leaves us, we can count on new hoops in the person of Wing Commander R. J. Dawes, D.F.C., who, with the aid of the staves, will continue to preserve the old bung-hole.

Editor of *The Take-Off*,

Dear Sir,

I would like to say that I was very proud, on armistice day, when our Commanding Officer and the other officers invited me, along with all the other veterans of past wars who were on this station, to be a guest of honor at a dinner in the Officer's Mess. One and all devoted themselves to make it a success and it was a great success.

I am very glad I was there and I want to thank you, one and all, gentlemen,

Respectfully,

L.A.C. Bouchard,
Fire-Fighter.

NOTE FROM NO. 13 I. T. S.

Did I ever tell you of the I.T.S. at Renfrew, Ont.? Well, I'm not bragging nor boasting, boys, but it has the

biggest Link Trainer Section you ever saw or heard of. Why that place is so big, clouds of smoke from the Instructor's cigarettes and cigars form cumulus clouds midway between ceiling and floor, and obscure visibility when you get to 25,000. The link Trainers are all modernized. When you get the signal to take off, from your blonde stenog. in the rear seat, you twist the "UP" dial, and light up a fag while taxiing over the hardwood floor. You have to watch for joy riders, and also the cross beams when you reach 50,000. The other day, a chum of mine found visibility so poor, he landed on a cross-beam thinking it was the Link base. When he stepped out of the Trainer, he fell 15,000 before he could pull his rip-cord and use his chute. Why, I've known fellows to drift around for 2 or 3 weeks in the cross-drafts from the ventilators. They were listed as casualties if they failed to return after that time. That link section is so darned big! There are some swallows that nest in the north end of the building in summer. They always leave around November. Three weeks later they show up at the south end and start building nests again!

Yessir, boys, it sure is a big place, and it's at Renfrew, Ont., my home town, the town of beautiful blondes and fellows like me.

"RAY"

WE WONDER...

if when the new jail is formally open we will have a parade, speeches, and throw some poor miscreant into irons with a ceremonious clatter.

EQUIPMENT "WRITE-OFF"

or

Through Adversity to the Stores

Here's that long-suffering group known collectively as the Equipment section and individually as "Joe".

We don't know what "Demands" Andy "Make mine Molson's" Montfils makes on the American Lassies but he certainly gets "Returns" in cigarettes. And there's Noel Mawer who smashes cases in the I. & R. See him next time it won't all go in the kit bag. He can pack anything. Pinsky deals the Talley cards from both sides of the deck, one eye on the library, one on the typewriter. He even feeds the goldfish now.

Our high-altitude fighter is Chantal, who operates in the 4th floor Pub. section. At sea level Barrack Warden "Butch" Brunette continues to lose his hair and cultivate his moustache. Why does Cpl. Nearney, our clothing N.C.O., always make sure he's "slicked up" when he enters the office? Something new has been added, and we don't mean our new F/S Trudeau.

Have a look at yourselves, kids. We stick out our chests these days. Red Proulx' "Don't argue, Chum, it fits", doesn't ring so hard in the trainees' ears now.

"Sarge" Mahler evicted the original denizens of the school and has been doing the same to trainees ever since. No exchanges there, Jack! Away down here, because he doesn't want anything said, is the S.E.O., F/L Robertson. His troubles are long as his moustache, and more depressing. "Take it home and mend it, what's your housewife for?"

L. A. C. Meshwork perpetrated this story but he won't talk. Since it's his story, he's stuck with it. We'll tell you that he expects to be "completely operational" in a new field before long. Best of luck!

FLASHES FROM WIRELESS

We just had to squeeze into this issue of the take-off, so here we are.

It looks like the tentacles of Victoriaville are slowly encircling Pointer & Parrack. They've both started raving about the femmes here.

What was Parrack doing away out on the Arthabaska road the other nite? We are afraid he is getting his signals mixed.

Fletcher & Pointer are still arguing over who is going away on furlough at Xmas, Sgt. Pollock says if they don't quit it he will go himself & that will really settle it.

F/O, Stark is so busy in the link these days he can't donate any of his time to our hard-working section.

For a while we have been wondering what the "88" meant on Sgt., Pollock's letters. We know now, so with "loads of "88" we remains, your hard working Wireless Section.



Peepin' Tom

THE MEDS

CIU MSB

Congratulations to the powers that be for another publication of our station mag. Keep up the good work, Ed.

Congratulations also to our new Sgt., ex-Cpl. LeBlanc, who has taken over the reins since Flight Double-day's release to aircrew. We hope Fortune will continue to smile on our section, as it has so far.

Welcome to our new Ophthalmic Assistant, Miss Georgie Stewart, who came to us from No. 1 Wireless. "Georgie" is very efficient, and has that certain something which makes a fellow "at ease". (So the trainees say). We have high hopes for her.

Why is Sgt Phaneuf so short-tempered these days? Especially when held as spare bowling man. Can it be Actonvale's fault, or just his stomach? Also, why does the Officer's Bowling Team default so often to us? Can anyone tell us these things? We'll soon be losing Wilcox, our bowling "hot-shot", just recently remustered to T. O. (Linesman). He wants to bowl poles instead of pins, so here's best wishes to him from the section.

One of Life's tragedies: His girl when she saw "Siggy's" tonsorial splendour shaved off.

That's all, folks, thanks for listening.

— V —

EXTRACTION FROM CLINIC 7

We are glad to welcome back to our clinic Sgt. Poliquin after his two months training course. He has come back to us full of Commando tactics so don't pick on him too much even though his "Cue-ball" haircut does call for a little ribbing.

* * *

Also returning to the fold after a training course is Lieut. Auger who

was out in the far west. We welcome you home again, Sir.

* * *

As usual at each writing of the "Take-Off" we have a newcomer (at least one) to add to our staff and this time is no exception (It's a regular feature in our department). This time it's Pte. Sid. Kamin. We will try to make him feel right at home here— We heard his mother used to have him scrub floors and wash dishes all day at home. (Sorry we have no dishes Sid.)

* * *

There are a lot of people who say that Friday the 13th is not unlucky but just you ask Pte. Cadoo for his opinion on the Friday 13th hoodoo— particularly in the month of November this year.

* * *

Pete says he heard some pretty good advice from a girl recently. "Take it from me", she said, "don't get married". Pete thinks that's what any girl should say to a man in uniform. (P. S.—Joke.)



The dark hole of Victoriaville

THE BELLS OF COVENTRY

(By H/F/Lt. E. L. Curry)

SUNDAY, November fifteenth, Church bells rang in the British Isles. They had been silent two years and more,—since June, nineteen forty, when the threat of invasion was most real.

Goering's planes were over the islands day and night. The British people were bombed day and night. Death and destruction fell from the sky on men, women, and children alike. Bells were silent in those days, to be rung as a warning when the threatened invasion became reality.

It was in the early hours of Sunday morning on November seventeenth that German night bombers made a concentrated attack on Coventry. We all know of Coventry. The beautiful cathedral was almost completely ruined. One bell-tower survived the torrent of high explosives.

From this bell-tower, on the Sunday which recently marked the second anniversary of "Coventry", the bells pealed out in celebration of the British Eighth Army's victory over the touted Afrika Korps.

It was significant that the music which sounded forth from that tower, uplifted above the wreckage of the once-lovely Cathedral, was that of the well known hymn—

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

Today that hymn must have a new and profound meaning for the people of Coventry and, yes, of the Empire; for the chimes rang out over the countryside and, over the ether, to the very ends of the earth.

The bells of Coventry have proclaimed again to the world England's

ancient faith in the Eternal God—her help in ages past, her hope for years to come. Bombs shattered her buildings of stone, but her faith, courage, and good cheer in the midst of that night of terror shone forth, a bright beacon, to guide a doubting and a trembling world,—and there was doubt and trembling in the world.

Recall the summer of nineteen forty: the national and human tragedy of Dunkirk; the heroic achievement of Dunkirk!—the defeat and humiliation of France; the enslavement of Europe. The whole world was paralyzed by fear, helpless in the midst of catastrophe.

In a few sentences one writer vividly portrayed the mood: "The conviction grows on me that the things any of us have done or are now doing—are about as significant as the efforts of ants in an avalanche."

The acceptance of this despairing philosophy would have sapped the moral strength of a people rapidly. There were many who surrendered to the dogma of Hitler's invincibility and crawled with the ants.

But there were enough who stood firm. This despair found no resting place in England's borders. In nineteen forty a man spoke for England and the Empire: "we shall defend our island home—we shall not flag nor fail. We shall go on to the end. We shall fight on the seas and oceans and in the air. We shall fight on the beaches—on the landing grounds—in the fields and in the streets and in the hills: we shall never surrender."

Then the gallant lads of the R.A.F., and the R.C.A.F., met the challenge of Goering's air power, won the Battle of Britain with deeds of valour that

will shine through all the ages.

In this day of victory let us remember the faith of our fathers that held a people together in courage and hope through the dark hour. It is the only firm ground on which to face the future. It is the faith the bells of Coventry proclaimed on Sunday, November fifteenth, nineteen forty-two. It may be simply phrased:

We believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth. We believe that He is the heart of things, He set in motion the vast forces which brought our world, with its hopeful human creatures, into existence. History shows us a world so shaped that truth and right can and do survive over wrong and falsehood. History shows us a human-kind which, at its best, loves truth and right and is willing to sacrifice for them. This is the secret structure of the world and of human life. The world is not "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing".

There is that behind the universe which will not let the darkness of this generation last. We face these days without dismay. Ultimately the light will shine again. Let the bells ring!

— V —

Padre Curry

Those who come from the Maritimes seem to be either men of God or the devil's own. F/L. Curry, Protestant Padre of this station, was born near Yarmouth, N.S. On graduation from high school, just as the first world war was getting under way, he found that there was a great shortage of school teachers so he took a job as one. After a year of this he was in the position of having to choose between the school and the war. He took the easier way out and enlisted in the

Nova Scotia Highland Regiment.

He was over-seas until the armistice. After being wounded he remustered to "discip", becoming a drill



Sgt. Major at Bramshott, England. Apparently he didn't spend all of his time on the drill field because when he came back to Canada he had a wife, a London girl.

He went through college and theological school, following which he became pastor of the Old Stone Church, Congregational, at East Haven, Conn. He then moved a little ways to Derby, Conn., where he is still pastor, being on leave of absence from that position for the duration. That's how we happen to have him here.

We here at No. 3, are his first service congregation. With all kinds in his flock the Padre has to be all things to all people. He finds this not too hard. After all he is a sort of paradox himself anyway. He has two children in college, which might prove that he

(Continued on page 15)

MUTTERINGS OF THE MASSES

"E" FLIGHT ENDING

"E" is that part of 63 which is occasionally down but rarely beaten.

Though exams are here our hope is undiminished. We have had our highs and lows. Speaking of lows, the word "administration" has a sound all its own.

We got a little collective jolt when Vern Bygrave, Flight Senior, got thrown off a horse in the gym and landed on his back in Arthabaska. We extend our sympathies and hope his broken leg won't keep him down too long.

Our Cpl. Gilmore left us in the hands of fate two weeks while he went and argued someone into giving him another hook. Since then Sgt. Gilmore has given us night work for our discipline and we are again the "solid" flight of old, as "Chief" Barnes would say.

That about completes our say, and we hope our stay. It's been a tough fight, Ma, but we made it, or almost. Our thanks to everyone.

"J" FLIGHT

Weeks of gruelling grind have gone by. The boys, however, are still happy and eager to tackle their exams. First under the bridge is the anti-gas exam. The boys agree that while, individually, some of the gasses may be odorless, taken collectively they "stink".

We are near enough to the end of our stay here so that we are beginning to look back on our subjects, our "getting acquainted" period etc. We have got to know the members of our flight. By the way, had you noticed

that we were blessed with a man who not only looks like Mortimer Snerd but makes the same kind of noises? Nice work, Joe.

We were all glad to hear of the C.O.'s posting overseas. After leaving old No. 3, it will be the ambition of every trainee to get over there as soon as possible where we may run into Wing Commander Massey. May we wish him all luck and Godspeed. We'll be following him as soon as we can.

"G" TAKES OFF



AC2 L. W. P. Day,
Senior "G" Flight
Sproule and Tite weep over same.

Di di di dah dit,
—Walter Winchell
"Joe-G" Flight on
the air.

Flash — Ollinger
makes regular trip
to 1630 parade.
Jiggs Wayne moves
to new bunk for
new rising hour.

Flash — Exams, jitters everywhere.
"Why the hell aren't the marks out yet?" — "What is dew-point?"
(Luke says that is pay-night saturation.)

By the time this appears we shall have finished our course. That will make us happy. We will be receiving the last props handed out at No. 3 I.T.S. by that Daddy of Air-crew fledglings, the C.O.

We will be proud of this distinction yet sorry to leave a place where the time can pass and seem so short.

Meanwhile dear old Corpie says, "Left, right; left, etc." He would lead us through hell. Ellis and Moe say he is leading us all to hell. How many ayes did we hear?

Well, it's retiring hour. Shut those bloody windows! Settle down, Alexander. Quiet!

"K" FLIGHT KAPERS

It's a bird. It's a plane. It's Superman! No, it's sixty-two of them!

We don't need to say we're here. You've seen us at the head of every parade. You've gone down before our dynamic basketball quintet; and you have seen the flagpole quiver as we gave the "eyes-right" every morning. We're from the Manning Depots. Our verve seems to have been sufficient to warrant our flight N.C.O., Cpl. Menard, his Sgt's. hooks on our arrival.

When T. O. S. we were pleasantly surprised by No. 3's food and quarters. Now we have come to appreciate even more the untiring efforts of our instructors and the unfailing interest shown in us by all the N. C. O.'s and officers of the school.

Do you know our flight commander, F/O Steffen? Highly efficient and versatile, he. Knowing his men to be experts in drill, he keeps us right "on the bit" by giving us "eyes right" alternately on the right and left foot. We take this easily in stride.

But watch us closely, you rank rookies of "F" flight, because one of these mornings we're going to—

(Ed. Note: The censor clipped off the rest before we got it but we include this much so that "F" Flight may be warned.)

"L" FLIGHT CHAMPS

Composed largely of ex-precision squad and Quebec graduates, with a sprinkling from all over the country, "L" Flight has already made a name for itself in athletic circles at No. 3 I.T.S. Our basketball team—Ashley, "Swish" Bonnell, Coyle, Lovell, Notar and the flight Senior—swept aside all opposition and won the championship, with no little credit to their versatile manager, Sam Caddle, and assembled rooters. This is only

the beginning. All the energy expended on the game by players, manager, and supporters has been diverted to studies and it is to be expected that comparative results will be obtained.

Apart from noisy intervals at night, we are delighted with the station. We understand the boys from Quebec are quite willing to leave their erstwhile hectic and sometimes "liquid" existence, and are ready to do justice to the course.

We are all looking forward to that happy day late in December, not Xmas, when we will be through our course. Then we'll give three cheers for those left behind. We hope our course standing will show how we feel about the O. C. We hope his faith and confidence will thereby be repaid.

Incidentally, have you heard the news? Our Flight N.C.O., Sgt. La-berge, has successfully remustered to aircrew and is now one of us. Best of luck, Sarge!

"DAFFYNITIONS"

(With apologies to Col. Stupidle)
NAVYGATOR—The fellow who gives his pilot directions that would take him below sea-level.

SPLITFIRE—Fighter plane that's just flown through a telephone pole.

RUM LINE—A line that crosses no two meridians at the same angle.

ME-TO-YOU OLOGY—The realization that you can never tell about the weather.

ADMINISTRATOR—The guy who says he finds Administration interesting.

LOW-PLEASURE CHAMBER—We are glad to have it over with.

STATION HORSEPITAL—The building where the veterinaries work.

SERGIANT—The guy who's just got his third hook.

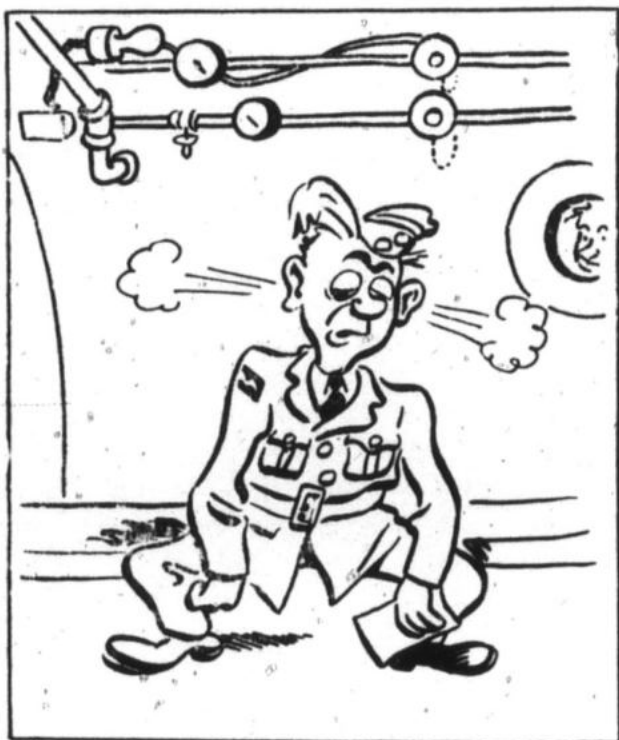
VICTOREADOR—The airman trying to get in by the station police

after a late date in town.

AIR BUMMER—The member of air-crew who rides in the..... -end of a plane.

AIR FLAME MECHANIC — A grease-ball of fire.

LINK STRAINER — A device for sifting out pilots.



Low-Pleasure Chamber

WINGS

R.C.A.F. Service Publication

The authority of the Air Council has been given for the publication of a Service paper to be called *WINGS*. It is hoped that each station will have representation as often as possible in the columns of the paper. It is up to us, here at No. 3 I.T.S. to see that we are there and there and there again.

The first copy of the new paper should be ready for distribution about the middle of January. The deadline for this issue is December tenth. Our bid for a place in the new mag has already been made. During the month of December we will be busy collecting things for the second (February) issue. News, jokes, pictu-

res, cartoons,—even poetry! is being solicited.

The new magazine will be sold on every station in Canada for one five-cent pice. If that thing is going to be worth five cents it will have to have stuff from No. 3 in it. Come on, boys, give.

The Selection Board had decided that AC2 Scupper, while he was an excellent man in many respects, lacked the special qualifications needed to make a good pilot. AC2 Scupper entered the room to hear its decision.

Behind his desk sat the Commanding Officer. Ranged about were the members of the board. The Commanding Officer cleared his throat and began.

"I am afraid you cannot go as a pilot,—” Half-way through the sentence Scupper had turned and was heading for the door.

"Stop!", came the imperative voice from behind the desk, "Come back here." Scupper slowly turned and shuffled back into position.

"Would you like to be a navigator?"

"No", and in a flash Scupper's back was again receding toward the door.

"Stop. Come back in here!" The voice was more than imperative this time. The C. O. looked at Scupper, paused, swallowed to iron the irritation from his voice, and spoke again. "Would you like to be an air bomber?"

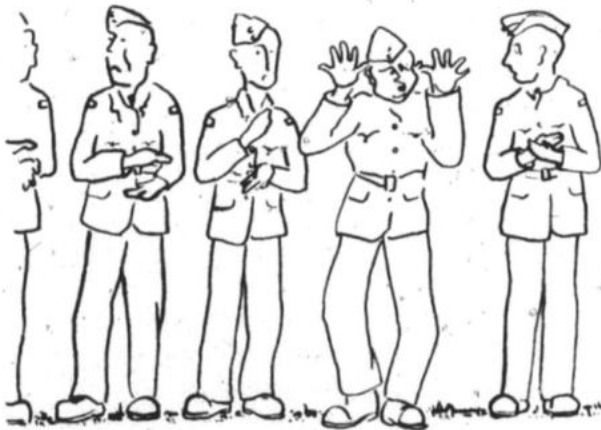
"No.", came the clipped answer, followed by a tense monosyllabic silence. Scupper stood like a stone.

The C. O. placed one braided arm on the blotter before him and asked, slowly and meaningfully, "No, what?"

There was a long pause while Scupper gathered his voice. Then came the response, "No like".

Science in the Noose

An airman was heard, the other day, explaining that the compressed oxygen tanks he saw being unloaded from a truck were vacuum bottles, contents of which could be emptied into the Low Pressure Chamber to reproduce the effects of an ascent to a high altitude.



NOW LET'S SHOW LAC. SCRUBLE
WHAT WE REALLY THINK!

GYMNASIUM

Since the last issue of *The Take-Off* there has been considerable change in our Drill Hall. We had been looking forward to these improvements for some time and now they are really here. We have a real gymnasium at No. 3 I. T. S.

Our two large basketball floors, each forty-five by eighty feet, are in almost constant use. We have three regulation Badminton Courts, two fast punching-bag standards, one heavy bag, two climbing ropes, and one very good boxing ring. And that is not the end of the list either. Mats, parallel bars, a horse and spring-board,—all these things are at the disposal of any who care to use them. For those who are athletically inclined, and what member of the Air-Force is not to some extent, there should be no lack of something to do during the long

winter months in Victoriaville.

We might also record our gratification at the enthusiastic use of the present equipment. The more we use what we have, the more we are likely to get. There are still plenty of things we could put to good use if we had them.

— V —

THE DISCIPS

Sgts. Gilmore and Menard made the grade at last. They both thought they should have been W.O.2's long ago and Gilmore isn't bashful about saying so.

Cpl. Doyon had a memory lapse on the parade ground the other day. Flight Winder had to size his flight for him. Sgt. Laberge has decided that even a bad discip may make a good Air Gunner.

Where is Sgt. Howie? Is he making his tour of the barracks? "Well, find him",—who says that?

Sgt. MacDonald has started drinking cough medicine,—says it's great.

And now what do you think a bunch of fellows like this is going to do with a new squadron on their hands?

— V —

Brimfiredrill

Early in November we had a sort of a fire drill. At least some of us thought it was a sort of a fire drill. The C.O. thought it was no kind of fire drill at all. He said so, at length and with pungent conviction. So we had another fire drill; pardon me, Sir, a fire drill.

On the eleventh of November a new record was set for emptying out the building: two minutes and five seconds.

There's no fire like hell-fire.

No. 3 SPORT NEWS

By Sgt. C. L. Dickson

A L of a Fight

The sport that has really stolen most of the limelight during the past few weeks is Basketball. Now that things come to a head about once every fortnight there are always hard-fought contests as the teams strain themselves to get into the playoffs.

November twenty-third saw one of the fiercest of these play-off battles. Tied for first place, with fifteen points each, were "L" and "F" flights. At the end of the evening there had to be a winner and a loser. Many of the fellows turned out to watch the show and, from our corner, we got the impression that there were a few little side-bets on the results. If there is as much interest in every play-off we're in for some warm evenings this winter.

It was "F" flight that had the most marks when the game was over, though it wasn't really "L" flight's fault. The final score was forty-three to thirty.

AC2 Henley gathered himself a lot of glory by scoring thirty points with his own little hands. Nice work, Henley! The line-ups for the evening were as follows:

"F" Flight

Bamford	16 points
Cartwright	6
McKnight	4
Stevens	4
Buchanan	
Leigh	
Smith	
Bachanan	

Cheese	
Total points	30

"L" Flight

Henley	30 points
Ashley	9
Bonnel	4
Coyle	
Lovell	
Notar	
Total points	43

There are some who did not play who deserve mention in connection with this game. We would like to thank F/O. Coles-Webb for the co-operation he has given his flight's team. We take this to be an extension of the interest he shows in just plain, ordinary P. T. classes.

Cpl. Wood also deserves a hand. He has been keenly interested in the progress of "F" Flight, even playing with them one night, though after that one experience he swallowed his pride and remained content in the manager's berth. While we are handing out bouquets of pansies we should give one to AC2 D. B. Carter who has done a first class job as our official referee.

BOXE - LUTTE

November second we had our first big boxing show here in the Drill Hall. The feature of the evening was a wrestling match between Yvon Robert, World's Champion, and Art Legrand. In spite of their heavy regular schedules, these two men came down here and put on a real grunt-and-groaner for us. They put the climax on a fine set of boxing matches

among our own fellows. Everyone is looking forward to more of the same. Though we can't always have a world-beater here we can still have some pretty interesting scraps. Thanks are due to all who took part and to F/O Hern who managed the show so capably.

Prizes were awarded to the winners, silver cups and props. More will be given at the next show. They're good little trophies. We are signing up entrants now. Come and get your trophy—or at least have a go at one.

Officials at the show were:

F/O. Mayne, judge (and interested spectator).

F/O. Comeau, judge.

Sgt. Henaire, Boxing referee.

Cpt. Chesley, Wrestling referee and comic relief.

Sgt. Hankins, official clock-watcher.

F/Sgt. Winder and Cpl. Wood, seconds.

S/L. Vigeant, M. O.

Prize for the weight-lifting championship of the Air-Training Plan goes to Wing Commander Denton Massey. He lifted No. 3 I. T. S. (estimated weight 23,000 tons) out of obscurity.

— V —

PADRE CURRY

(Continued from page 9)

is an old man; but he also has a two-year-old baby. His Saturday services are parades. We have to go to them,—which might prove him a bore; but if you look in on Sunday, when "only them goes as wunts ter", you can see that he must have something.

More and more members of our station personnel are finding the Padre's office these days, either to discuss serious problems or merely to pass the time of day with one with whom it seems worth passing.

DAT GODDAM BIRD BE LINK

For two, t'ree mont' my brudder Pierre
Take Course on Link to fly de h'air.
She's hareyplane of special make
On first solo your nerves he's shake
You take heem off wit' nose to sky:
Dat Goddam t'ing, to floor she's tie.
Wit' needle, ball and h'airspeed dial
You fly like Hell for two, t'ree mile.

Wit' system Pierre call "One, two t'ree"
Dat Link shes fly like Hay, Bee, See.
Go right, Go left. It's h'all de same,
Dat needle, she's like bear to tame.
But Pierre, he's tell me once on leave,
He's Boss, call' Slim, gets plenty peeve'
When h'airspeed, height above de groun',
Don't s'ay put; go h'up an' down.

Dat Link, she's funny bird to see,
Got wings and tail, so Pierre tell's me.
I ask him why he's not fly home.
Dat Link she's nail' to floor of stone.
I visit once on Trenton place,
D'ose Links line up like for de race,
But w'en day give wot's call "De gun"
D'eyes back to where she's started from.

Pierre comes home for H'easter H'eggs,
Starts talking "Beams, and Cones, and
Legs".

Dat's radio noise on Link he's ride
Dunk under hood Pierre mus' hide
Wit phone on ear and eye on board
Hear noise from Hell and voice from Lord.
Pierre say eyes get cross' one day,
He's turn to lef', go odder way.

Pierre, he's change', his modder t'ink,
Since he's been riding on dat Link.
He's appetite on week-end trips
She's shrunk on down to leedle bits,
But two week more Pierre pass by
No more in Links he's got to fly.
He's prove' to Slim he's now ver' able
To fly dat Link from a Goodam table.

After J. W. DRUMMOND
by

C. W. McLeod F/O.
R C A F



The mess was very sorry to have F/Sgt Green leave the happy family. We wish him the best of luck on his new station, hoping his luck extends to the first and fifteenth of every month.

Sgts. Laidlaw and MacDonald are trying to get a double-bed for their room instead of the two single ones.

We hear that the mess is going to have chicken for dinner every Sunday. But Sgt. Hankins is wondering if we can afford it.

Our Sergeant Major is very good at getting us all the papers we want to read. Now, if some of the boys can be persuaded to leave them in the mess, we'll get along fine.

We think the Corporals had a good time in our mess. That was a big night even for the Sergeants.

The Sergeants have started wondering again what they get out of the Sports Fund. Sgt. Laidlaw is putting an end to their wondering at the next mess meeting.

— V —

DIRT FROM THE OFFICERS DIGGINGS

Hell! What's the use,—we just about get one C. O. Broken in and then he gets posted and we have to start on another.

* * *

A new book is shortly to see publication. It is "The Curses of Free Whisky" by "Chiefy".

* * *

We wish a happy birthday, and



In the good old summer-time.

good hunting, to Blackie.

* * *

Ernie saw 35 deer walk past him. It could be a fact, but as we think back we can remember times we have seen Ernie when he could have seen 35 deer here in the mess. Or did you mean *Dears*, Ernie?

* * *

Who fell over everything and got us up at 0630 hours the other morning? He has a beautiful deep voice and we believe a double-barrelled name.

* * *

Our optician is terribly slow at picking up knock rummy.

* * *

"Egyptian Navy" sinks 135 Jap boats—must have been strong, Tom!

* * *

Overheard in the Officers' Mess after the last show. A lady speaking. "Who is that good-looking doctor over there?" Turned out to be a link officer, oddly enough.

