

THE WIND

CONTROL TOWER

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Congratulations to Course No. 28, they have now passed the first mile-stone in their flying careers; that is they are all solo.

Now lets cut out the boloney and review the last twenty days flying. There appears to be a marked tendency for pupils to land out of wind--maybe not by much, but anything up to 20 degrees. One of these days someone is going to be unfortunate enough to find out that 20 degrees mean a lot. We have now got wind-socks at either end of the aerodrome; they are not put there for fun, use them and put the undertaker out of work.

About these forced landings--already three half-wits have landed away from home, and almost unblushingly claimed to have "got lost". It's difficult to see how even the dimmest clot could lose himself around here, what with railways, No. 1 Highway and the Assinaboine River all leading to the verdant pasture, known as No. 19 E.F.T.S. Pupils should remember that they are sent here, not to learn to fly a Moth, but to become Pilots. The three poops mentioned above maybe able to get a Moth off the ground, but their progress as Pilots is far from rapid. There are lots of maps to be had for the asking; draw one and spend half an hour one evening studying it. Memorize the direction taken by No. 1 Highway, the railway and Assinaboine River, one day it will repay you.

No doubt everyone is relieved to be through with the twenty hour tests. Collectively they were good, but the majority will have to pay a lot more attention to accuracy. In the fifty hour tests this will count for a lot. It doesn't matter what you are practicing--steep turns, gliding turns, aerobatics, or forced landings--just because you have completed a manoeuver without damaging yourself or your aeroplane, it doesn't mean you have mastered that particular practice. Go on practicing until you can fly under all conditions accurately. If you are doing a turn, and you notice the ball out of centre, carry on with the turn until you have corrected it and held the ball central for at least 180 degrees. By these means only will you become accurate, and without accuracy you will never become a Pilot.

From a disciplinary point of view we expected no trouble Course 28 and we have not had it; keep it up and life will continue along its present pleasant lines.

A certain slackness in dress has been observed, probably due to the change over from winter to summer uniforms; however now that we all have summer uniforms there should be a decided improvement from Monday onward. Bear in mind that fatigue dress is only intended to save your uniform when flying; at all other times pay attention to your personal appearance. Nothing looks worse that a Station with a lot of badly turned out airmen lounging around the place; and finally don't forget always wear your cap when outside buildings no matter where you are going.

By the time "The Wind" goes to press, fifty hour tests will be in vogue and the exams will only be a week away; best of luck to you all with them both.

"I've tried my best to pass your tes
And have a pleasant journey.
'not skill I lack -- just blame your back".
Said Myers to Flying Officer Fernie.

ECCENTRICITIES OF THE INSTRUCTORS

Now we know why Mr. Schuyt's students never receive more than one hour's duel flying at one time. He has a ground duty to perform, hourly, that requires his personal attention.

The height of mental cruelty -- Mr. Crosby blind flying his student into the valley and flying so low that the altimeter read minus 100 feet. How would you feel?

How does Mr. Newhouse ever hope to help his students by following them around the circuit with his eyes glued to a pair of binoculars. They certainly can't hear his curses from way up thar.

When are the resident instructors of Virden going to have "Open House". Speculation is rife as to the hostess.

McAULEY, MANITOBA, JUNE 3, 1941

A local society today entertained an unexpected visitor in the guise of an embryo pilot, Donald Jaffray Urquhart of London, Ontario, Sydney, Nova Scotia, and 66 Lorne Avenue (Petty's place). With arms folded nonchalantly across his scrawny chest, the red-faced Scot obligingly posed for pictures, answered numerous queries and signed autographs for many admirers. Typical of the questions asked was: "She's a mighty fine craft by why didn't ye sit 'er down in my field?"

"Welcome to the Lost Squadron, Urky" said President Snarr speaking for its members: Johnston; Healy; et.al.

"Snare! Snare! Where's Snare?"
That cry gets in my hair
Sounding through the morning air.

"I'm a coming, Sir" says he
I've scarcely time to drink my tea
But I'm ready now, Mr. McFee".

This conversation was recently overheard in the administration building as a certain airman was being interviewed:

"Doesn't anything bother you?...Aren't you disappointed in flying or anything?...
Have you any personal problems on your mind?"

"Just my face, Doc...When ever I am out with a girl gosh how I wish it was like Clark Gable's."

Just who is this lucky girl, J.D.?

"C" Flight can boast of having the most conscientious student -- a lad who will deliberately spin himself sick. Eh Fred?

LINK ROOM

A rumble club has been started in the Link Room. A list of fines is posted on the room bulletin board.

Our idea of a rumble club is not to stick it into any of you fellows, but to have a smoother running Link Room.

All proceeds will be used for your last graduation binge.

EARLY MORNING FLIGHT

Your motors cold and cranky and you freeze ;
Impatience makes the bosses shoulders hunch;
The motor sputts and starts off with a sneeze;
Mutters come through the tubes "This goddam bunch".

You taxi out of line and stop and wate
While some damed fool cuts right accross your way:
The plane won't taxi right, there's no left brake,
O'h hell I wish I had never seen this day!

You take off into wind or so you think,
It's bumpy and the plane jumps all about;
The boss tells of your turns and how they stink;
Your last wee bit of hope is put to route.

The grey mists hover, curl and dip around
Heavily, and you hear the motor roar;
It's slightly lighter here than on the ground;
A red glow marks the sun just to your fore:

Then suddenly the air is f'esh and sweet,
The sun's clear light and solid blue appear,
The lovely clouds are beauty at your feet;
A marvelous new day at last is here.
--E.G. Meade--

The new "D" flight mascot--"Steve" very clearly is a first class airman and a social critic. He pht on Pritchard's bed and unk'unked on Jo-Jo's boot.

Then there was the airman who, wishing to put off his twenty hour check for a day played sick and upon attendance by the M.O. didn't have to fake it any more.

We would like to know who the airman is who, in the Link, sings Needle, Ball and Airspeed to the tune of Jesus Loves Me.

FENCING

Fencing is an excercise that can be developed to the following advantages: it helps to keep your mind steady and promotes a very keeneeye which is most valuable to men going on active service for sighting and shooting, for steady nerves and untiring alertness. It develops all muscles from HEAD TO TOE and above all it makes one act and think quickly. Periods of instruction in fencing for all the different flights will be posted on the blackboard of the Armament Classroom.

Prof. Halladay.

It is rumored that a certain sea-faring airman was in town inquiring about schooners and scows and such like.

Our Editor is bare-foot these days. His Marine repair slip came through and his boots are on their way to dry dock in Vancouver.

All ye Virden dansels, from 6 to 60, have taken to knee-length socks since Casanova Rube Hall went for a pair of them.

Suggestion to Flight Sergeant Darlington -- The advent of the 2215 deadline for the benefit of aspiring Night-hawks is quite unnecessary since it almost overlaps the Reveille of the Dawn Flight anyhow.

BAD WEATHER CONDITIONS

When I went up to fly today
With a heigh-ho, the wind and the rain;
I thought I would never lose my way,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I had got beyond the lake
With a heigh-ho the wind and rain;
I knew there had been a slight mistake,
For the rain it raineth every day.

I picked a field and set her down
With a heigh-ho, the wind and rain;
And brought a crowd out from the town
For the rain it raineth every day.

Maybe I did turn on the heat
With a heigh-ho, the wind and the rain;
They wrote me up in the local sheet
For the rain it raineth every day.

-- G.B.J.

QUIPS FROM THE TRENTON GANG

During our little security guard stay of approximately three months at Trenton, one of our chums, bearing the name of Joe Duck, became very prominent. Joe's prominence grew again at I.T.S. when he was photographed and interviewed by the March of Time. When he was asked what he thought was a typical airman his reply was: "QUACK-QUACK!" In No. 19. E.F.T.S. he had the honor of being the first man to crack up a plane. His answer to this was: "JOE Again Boys!"

UNDER THE WAILING WALL

I feel like a veritable Airman's retriever
Since the "Studes" have caught this "got lost" fever.

F.O. Madore.

WELCOME TO THE NEW CLASS

Tomorrow we expect to welcome a new draft of fellows to No. 19. E.F.T.S. We are going to make these chaps right at home here -- lend them a hand whenever we can, and all that sort of thing. Of course there are always present certain quarters where there is a strong tendency to release liberal quantities of hot air. But as a matter of fact we ourselves are far from being veterans in this business so we can't talk much -- or shouldn't.

SOLO PARTY

All flights, don't forget the solo party to-night. No date can be mentioned in the same breath with it. It will be held on the station in the recreation room. There will be skits and such inpromptu entertainments as seem to be dictated by the brightest intellects of the moment. See you there.

I did it! Iron-gut Eddie got sick

Sgt. Spinney
