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THE WIND

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CONTROL TOWER

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FIRST IMPRESSIONS

The Junior class, second class of No. 19 E.F.T.S., arrived on Sunday evening to find a large portion of the population of Virden at the Station to greet them. They were more than glad to find their feet on the ground again after the two day train trip. Marched out to the School they were fed and rushed back to town to parade for the Victory Loan Campaign. Immediately after they returned and hit the hay.

At three-thirty a.m. they started their first Air Force Flying and things have steadily moved along with the same smooth speed which both amazes and delights those who have put in five or six months of initial training. The thrill of accomplishment has finally been achieved

Despite the fact that the School is as yet not officially opened, its completeness is a source of wonderment to Course No. 30 as it was to the present Seniors. They are constantly being impressed by the efficiency of the Civilian Operating Company and the quantities of new equipment and wonderful meals.

Flight Lieutenant Atkinson's matter-of-fact and cordial greeting and Mr. J.R. Morgan's brief outline of the course and very hearty greeting gave them an impression of enjoyable and constructive activities to come.

The history of this class is yet to be established, but we are confident that it will be one well worth reading.

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An airman, to put on a show,  
Did twenty-one spins in a row;  
He said with a grin, as he taxied her in:  
"It ain't really safe, don't you know."

High up, sky up, little plane,  
How I wonder what your aim,  
Flying with your left wing low;  
It isn't helping me, you know.

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"JUNIOR" CRACKS

One of the boys gave the definition of a strut as "the peculiarly erect walk of a stude who has just soloed."

Jack Seymour was gazing in awe at the ground three thousand feet below, and let much of the instructor's patter escape him. The instructor grew exasperated and yelled into the tube, "Attention! please". A moment later he glanced back and Jack was standing erect in the cockpit with eyes ahead and hands at seams of trousers.

G.S.S. Brown said that out here it is not flat but very hilly. The top of one hill meets the top of another.

--Len Meldeau--

HORSENSE BY FLYING OFFICER FERNIE

Question: Why is it a horsefly would make a good flyer?

Answer: Because he has Horsense.

A long climb in a straight line makes you a vulnerable for any other nut climbing straight for you who can't see you either. Short climbing turns of 15 degrees or so to either side gives you visibility (as in taxiing) and does not reduce the rate of ascent overmuch.

Turns on the ground are the same as turns in the air. Look around before and while turning.

Landing with drift now damages only a Tiger Moth. Landing with drift at an S.F.T.S. washes out, and I mean washes out, an Anson, Cessna, Harvard, or Yale. Runways grip like hell (S.F.T.S.), grass not so much (E.F.T.S.) The Government is short of cash so you can learn to save it and your own life by learning to land without drift now.

Nobody is interested in how to enter a spin with the exception of precautions to be taken before entering one. One is interested in the first place how to prevent one: accurate slow climbing turns with increased throttle and constant airspeed, accurate shallow gliding turns with airspeed higher than that required for gliding but constant: secondly, how to recover from a spin. Methods of recovery are taught both for intentional and unintentional spinning. They should be thought out and discussed by all.

Whenever you are in the air, always have in mind, the direction of the wind and a suitable forced landing field. Don't think of them every ten minutes or just when the Instructor cuts the throttle, but always, especially on the take off.

Engines seldom quit cold in the Service, they sputter, poop and belch and you suddenly find yourself at 300 feet with no field beneath you. Your attention has been taken from the ground by the engine and you are now too late, therefore, decide early to make a forced landing, stick to your field, and if the engine start again do not use it unless you are undershooting, and then only to get in.

Beware of overconfidence; try to boost underconfidence. Your own conscience will tell you your own ability, not the marks you get on a 20 or 50 Hour Test.

You are not yellow or underconfident if you don't make farmers in the field duck, fly under bridges, or come within a foot of fences or houses, you are smart and will live longer than the goon who tries it.

It's the quality rather than the quantity of hours that makes the pilot. The value of your time depends on how much dual you give to yourself (concentrated effort) in your solo time.

Imitate the habits of your Instructor, he has learn't them the hard way he is your Father Confessor, and remember "Life Father, like Son."

Under THE WAILING WALL

I've twenty-five hours in Cub, sir,  
That makes you a perfect dub, sir.  
Sgt. Stevens to Student.

I gave him a chance to feel out controll,  
And he tried a dive that seemed like a hole.  
Sgt. Turner.

I've 600 hours, can fly like hell,  
That's what he says, I say he smells.  
Sgt. Abernathy.

They say they get in the link every day,  
Yet under the hood, they turn your hair  
Sgt. Byrne. gray.

Some of my boys are so good  
They fly at 200 under hood.  
Sgt. Spinney.

At 15 hours they all try to reach God,  
At 35, they skim over the sod.  
Sgt. LeValley.

Eighty-four more came marching in,  
Boy is my hair ever going to be thin.  
F/O Madore.

These Americans show up, long, short,  
and thin,  
It's a wonder theres room for Canucks  
Sgt. Hillcote. to get in.

### MY DAY

3.30 a.m.--Wake me early, mother, for I shall be Queen of the May. Hit the floor!. Rise and shine. Well, rise. Come to the cook-house door boys. Grab a doughnut and coffee. Gallop across the field swallowing. Snatch your 'chute on the way. Don't get ideas. It is only a precautionary item. They guarantee to give you a new one if it doesn't work on the first try.

4.30 a.m.--I'm here. What? Two more ahead of me. Holy crew. Now I am Queen of the May. Ho hum, try to catch 40 winks, on the table with a 'chute as a pillow. That's right. Recline, relax, and let yourself go. Right off the table. Whoops, almost did. Must concentrate of keeping on top, not on the bottom. Time passes and so do I. A voice permeates the subconscious. "Where the blankety-blank is that junior?" It's the instructor. Grab the 'chute, and run like a bat out of hell out that door. Assume a hearty pose and say very jovially "well, let's go, I'm raring to." (like heck I am). There's that voice again. "you've got the controls. Righto sir, I've got the controls." And how I have brother, with both hands, and let's see you get them back. Here we go on our way. Merrily, merrily. Relaxation sets in. So does hardening of the rear arteries. Say this is great. Who said they weren't ready. Not me, surely. What's that sir. You've got the controls? Right sir, you have the controls. Swell game this. You've got the controls, I've got the controls, etc., etc. One day one of us is going to get a little mixed up, no one will have the controls, and then where will we be. In all events, we'll have reached a happy medium. What a thought. I've got 'em again. Look at him enjoying himself. Elbow on windshield, chin in hand, probably dreaming of the girl he was out with last nite. Let's have some fun. Full throttle, nose her right down. What a power dive, boy oh boy. And look at him jump. Hear that voice, "Hey what the blankety blank blank are you trying to do? Sorry sir, made a mistake, sir." Stop smirking you fool. He'll catch on. "Can't get it out sir, you've got the controls, sir." And how he has. Going to try a spin? Righto, sir. Let's go. Here we go. Oh-h-h, that last swallow ain't going down fast enough. Whee-e-e. Up we go. Not a very progressive life, this. You go up, you go down, and if you don't get up again? Let's discuss pleasanter aspects of life. What? Going home now. Sa-ay, I'm just getting used to this. Oh well, that's life. There's the field now. Around we go, and now in. A perfect three point landing. Wing, tail and wheel. Thank God I didn't do it. Well let's get out of here. "How'd I make out sir? Not too badly? I'll try to do better to-morrow." Ouch! Gliding and landings tomorrow?

As Confucious once observed, "The cat sits, the bat flits, and the nit wits."

--Unanimous--

### PASSES FROM THE STAFF

If the crap games get much steeper some of us may not only have no cars to ride in, but appear some morning in a barrel.

We understand that you don't have to go to Madame LaZonga to Rhumba anymore.

### EDITORIAL NOTE BY ED. MEADE

In our first issue as editor we are taking this opportunity to speak our little piece as we see it.

This is a great Station--good food, clean well equiped quarters and a staff that thinks a great deal of our comfort; in all respects we are far better off than we have been at other Stations.

The official opening of this Station is a matter of pride for for our Civilian Instructors and our Officers and if we haven't enough personal pride to attempt to make it a good show for our own sake we should at least be grateful enough to them to give it an old college try. Most of us have been in the Service long enough to have absorbed a little drill and even those whose time has been short have had plenty of it at the I.T.S.

We should do our best no matter what happens on parade! So lets be proud of our Station and make this opening day a credit to ourselves and to our previous training.