

T H E W I N D

CONTROL TOWER

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OPENING DAY--19th June, 1941--by GEO. JOHNSTON

It may seem curious to write about an Official Opening that occurred a hard-working four weeks after the first class came to the Station. The seniors, with very few exceptions had put at least fifty hours of flying in all sorts of weather and considered themselves fine pilots--far above such juvenile, disciplinary matters as rifle drill. Nevertheless, the station had to be opened, so with mixed feelings we drew rifles and threw them about our shoulders with abandon for a week previously.

On the evening before the nineteenth there was a corker of a storm -- snapping and cracking around the station. The nineteenth dawned bright and clear, but with big rain ponds everywhere, as we stood out on the field marched to band music and watched Ansons, Harvards and buzzing Cessnas overhead. Finally, toward noon, an elegant Beechcraft arrived bearing Air Commodore Shearer, A.D.C., and the opening was upon us.

The entire countryside soon arrived to see the show and what a show it was! With stoic fortitude the Air Force personnel, turned foot-soldiers,--marched through the lakes and quagmires, sweating and straining to keep (correctly) off-step with the band; and with the patient co-operation of officers and airmen put on a good show. At any rate the Air Officer Commanding was pleased. Air Commodore Shearer then cut the ribbon and the station was officially open.

At this point the three testing officers flew above the field in close formation doing many interesting manoeuvres--vics, echelons, changeovers and so on. They were followed by the Chief Flying Instructor and Flight-Commanders who put on a spectacular array of hair-raising aerobatics culminating in a Prince of Wales directly in front of the hangar. This caused a restless stirring among the other instructors and all at once there was a mass movement of planes off the line to the edge of the field, each containing an instructor and an awe-stricken student. There they waited while Andy Madore did his "first" solo to the astonishment and horror of the crowd, slipping, stalling, skidding and bouncing in great leaps, till his instructor, Mr. McFee, risked his all to get his ace back on the field. The instructors' restlessness was now intolerable, so, with a terrible roar a million Moths rushed into the air.

Altogether it was a lovely opening. There were more ladies than you could shake a stick at, and the flying and ground instructors and the mechanics stood about in their elegant new uniforms, having their pictures taken from every angle. The Air Officer Commanding was pleased and Flight Lieutenant Atkinson was so pleased he gave us a holiday, and what a lot of tired elbows etc., came back from the week-end! We are now working in a splendid station that officially exists. When the water pours into the swimming tank, and the hospital and dental clinic take on their restful green it will, for comfort and convenience of all personnel, stand alone among the Elementary Schools of Canada.

NEW FRONTPIECE

Next week The Wind will boast an original frontpiece designed by L.A.C. A.W. Thomson, who before enlisting had studied extensively at the Ontario College of Art.

It is hoped that this frontpiece will add to the ever growing lore of this new station, and perhaps even become an unofficial emblem of this School.

THANKS! by Flight Lieutenant A.C. MacPhee

As the third issue of our station chronicle goes to press, we will all enjoy the grand opening of a very wonderful enterprise for such a small station. Through the splendid generosity of our Resident Engineer, Mr. Border, of Mr. Morgan, and others, we now possess a fine swimming pool for the use of all personnel.

In the next few days rules governing its privileges will be drawn up. These will be kept at a minimum. Certainly everyone must shower before a dip. There is some debate as to whether swimming suits must be worn at all times. In restricted hours at least, this would seem an unnecessary encumbrance on our boys, for the arguments against nude bathing at such an isolated station, and in such a well shielded pool, are pretty slim.

To be able to take two or three dips a day during this hot prairie weather will be a lasting monument to the generosity of the gentlemen who at great personal expense and effort are responsible for the erection of our station swimming pool. It is suggested that a suitable tablet of recognition be affixed to concrete surface of the pool.

FLYING IN GENERAL

On Friday morning, June 27, a party of the Senior students took off on what is to be the first cross-country hop of any proportion, for No. 19 E.F.T.S.

Lead by Flight Commander Stevens, the flight consisted of, Buzz Foster, Al Swan, Max Wilson, Pinky Machan and Skiff Lynch. The boys are finally experiencing the thrill of a real, first class, long distance overnight hop.

Travelling in the standard training planes, Gypsy Moths, they are to visit training stations in Regina, Saskatoon and Prince Albert. An overnight stop to be held at Prince Albert. On Saturday morning they will retrace their course and head back to Virden.

This is to be the first of a series of cross-country hops, and the balance of the students are looking forward to the day when it will be their turn to make the trip.

Happy landings, fellows, and the best of luck.

MEADE SPEAKS

When the days' flights' over and done with,
And each airman thinks just of his bower -
Comes a pause in the day's operations
That is known as the Flight Sergeant's hour.

Then I sit on my bunk and I ponder
Whether sleep (and C.B.) are the things,
Or to dash out and go through the drilling
With the sore feet and sweat that it brings.

THAT WEEKEND(Meade again)

Rub a dub dub
In an old out-board tub
The doctor, the flyer, the link-room instructor
No woman would chance then for fear they would duck her!

Geo Carr: "Who was that lady I saw you out with last night?"
Geo. Cherniuk: "I wasn't out, I was just dozing."

Flitting Thither and Yon .. by Jed.

Which one of the junior students has been totting a picture of a blonde pretty around in his pocket. When's she coming to town Ben?

How are the telegrams, Dave? Still getting them, or will she see you soon.

Remember Laddie, forced landings in Pipestone are definitely Not the thing.

What happened to the five gals you had in the taxi, Al? Where were they from and where did they go?

What makes your hair curl, Len? Couldn't be the after effects of Saturday night?

Its easy to get tight with a little c.o.peration, Brew.

What junior flight senior is performing endurance tests for Goodyear. Sometimes your lucky when you dont get the breaks.

Why the blues on Sat, Nite, Ken? Was the atmosphere too cold for comfort, in spite of warm weather or was there nothing to quench an unquenchable thirst?

A FLIGHT SENIOR'S THOUGHTS ... by W.D. Foster!

So Im a corporal! Well well. More authority. Tch tch. They could make you an Air Officer, and even then you wouldnt feel like putting a pal on the peg. In the morning we must have a roll call and then parade to class. This means you really have to get up, although stripes do not make classes any more appetizing. A name remains unanswered on the roll call. What will I do? I slept on the same guard beat as he did, wear his jacket most of the time, smoke his cigarettes, and in short, have sweated, cursed, and frozen with him for six months. ... Can't blame him for wanting to miss class. Well, I guess I will take a chance. Then the Flight Sergeant calls you out of class! "Where is LAC Jones?" "Why didnt you report him absent?" ..? the remaining words cant be printed. This is just an instance of the trials of a flight senior. However, the stripes do help to keep one warm, even if the heat is confined to the glow on your face when you get that well known raspberry from the boys. ... They know you are just a bum.

LAMENT OF A FLIGHT ENGINEER ... by Bill Thompson.

Ever' ting's quiet when someone she holler
"Where da hall's dees engineer feller?"
"Gees Crise" I'm say, "its again dat guy Steeve" -
He's comin' aroun' wit anodder peeve
'Bout dis tailwheel dat don' go 'roun'

I'm tinks I'm for hide de head in de groun'.

I'm work at dees tailwheel an wot you tink -
Crise, 'fore I get de danm ting feex
Dees Steeve guy, he's bring 'roun' anodder seex!
Now how you tinks I'm gonna manage
When dees guy Steeve, she's tak advantaged!

Jus' one more time dees guy say "stuck"
an' by Gar, for sure I'm run amuck.
For guy whats geeve so damn much sass
By cripes, I'll shove tail weel ---.

Egt. Spinney, quite contrary,
How does your love life go?
Put up your guard and cover your nose
Next time she tells you "NO".

JUNIOR LOGS by Meldeau.

At the time of writing most of the Junior Class have soloed and there have been no washouts.

This week when most of the students soloed there were many comical landings on the field, though most of the boys did exceptionally well. The most amusing attempt at landing was made by G.S.S. Brown when he glided in at seventy-five miles an hour, landed and bounced and then bounced again in the center of the field, landed the third time along the edge of the field and bounced over the wires at the road. He then proceeded to circle the field and make a nice landing. (However hard he bounced on his first try, Brown is rapidly becoming an outstanding flyer among the Juniors)

Since so many have soloed, the timekeepers booth is crowded with Juniors anxious to build up time; and with the increase in hours the landings are improving and the circuits are becoming more square. Many fellows have already passed their twenty hour check and are well on their way to their final elementary flying test.

How about another trip west, Baldy? She ain't half bad. It must have been the similarity to the American Bald Eagle that took her by storm. Where are you Russian?

SCRIPTURE LESSON by Meldeau.

1. Beware the man who joineth the circuit at twelve hundred feet, for there is no health in him: verily I say unto you, his days are numbered. Selah.
2. He who showeth off in public places is an abomination unto his fellow pilots.
3. When the world groweth dark and the mists close about thee, believe in thine instruments, for they are true prophets.
4. Spin not lower than three thousand feet, for the hand of gravity is heavy and reacheth far.
5. The man who deserveth most praise is he who, stepping from his aircraft, trippeth over his long, gray beard.
6. Woe unto you generation of vipers, for ye boast about deeds that ye do not. Ye roll no, neither do ye loop. Yea verily, though ye fly mightily on the ground, ye are nothing but wind, and a bafflement and a shameful thing to the Junior lambs of the station.

SPORTS

Golf clubs and tennis racquets are now available in the adjutant's office. Everyone is welcome to use them. In the event of a rush: first come, first served.

The soft-ball field is being laid out and will be completed this week.

Three horse-shoe pitches are now laid out: two back of the barracks and one in front of the hangar.

The tank will be filled tomorrow.

THE SEASONS by Ed. Meade.

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle light;
In summer it is just the same --
I'm up at dawn to fly my plane.