

Editor-Ted Woddrop
Asst. Editor-Jimmie Hadley
Staff: Allan Goff
Bob St. Evens
Butch Keniston

Jimmie Hadley

Sunday last the fun started with the Juniors. My first thrill came when our rabbit hunting friend, Jimmy Bishop brought his Moth in for his first landing. He was telling us about it later and following is his conversation. "I brought the plane in and boy was I surprised at the perfect landing, why I couldn't even feel the wheels touch the ground. I turned around to taxi back to the line and the damned thing was still twenty feet off the ground."

Bill Senger finally persuaded his instructor, who, by the way, is getting gray trying to pound landing sense into your reporter, that he could solo. Mr. Miller with the gleam of the sage in his eye, watched Senger, who flies in a pair of boots from Miller's own Texas, take off and finally bring the ship in to a 3-point landing, one point at a time.

I see one of our better airmen from New York still takes up his instructor once in a while, but of course it is only routine doings for him, because according to the student he should have skipped E.F.T.S. and gone right overseas. P.S. Those bumpy landings of his are due to the rough ground.

Gee, it doesn't seem possible that the dumb kids that composed the Junior class so few days ago are now solo students and the senior class of a few days hence. If I say I'm sorry to see the Seniors go I would only be exuding a cheap form of flattery. I am not sorry they are leaving, I'm glad they passed their exams and are now ready to carry on to Service Training. It doesn't make sense to wax into flowery superlatives to describe the senior class, we are all here to achieve one aim. Some men excel others in the field, but I am sure we all have the same objective, to be darned good pilots. So here is a toast to all the Seniors from all the Juniors for continuance of the good work, and may we all clink glasses again when we get this whirling world back on an even keel. As the Chinese would say it, "ding bo Hoa."

Monday A.M. brought a thrill that harkened one ahead to the days of radio controlled ships. Your correspondent watched a ship taxi down to a take-off point and the only visible occupant of the ship got out and walked away. Not quite sensing the situation I watched very intently. Suddenly the short hairs on the nape of my neck stiffened and I blinked my eyes half a dozen times. The blasted ship was heading down the field to take off. I didn't mind so much, I've read the Topper stories and other word drivel, but it suddenly dawned on me that Thorne Smith is dead and besides a Tiger Moth has no radio controls. I watched the thing complete the circuit and cut the switch, and I was fit to be tied. Breathlessly I watched the ship come in to the landing, and with popping eyes I watched the hood slide back. Then my old reserve came back, Leon Sigel climbed out of the ship. He had forgotten to take his elevating pillow on his solo hop.

SOUNDS IN THE NIGHT: Bud Aasness learning how to lose altitude, his love in Regina was a neat six feet, the one in Virden, four feet eleven. Howell making a complete cockpit check before climbing into his bunk. Morgan telling the Asst. C.F.I. that his ship would fly much better if the Asst. were not in it. L.A.C. Russell, senior of A flight rehearsing marching commands. L.A.C. Koch, trying to figure his daily cost of cigarettes.

INK ERASURES: My girl is a decided blonde, she just decided last week. She's like putty in my hands, hard to get off. The difference between the Germans and the English is just that the English drop their aitches and the Germans drop their Hesses. The only ventilating system used in the Virden pub is the picture of a fan dancer on the wall.

INSTRUCTORS LAMENT

written to
George Robson

I sent a solo into the air, he flew away, I knew not where.
I lose more damned pupils that way.

Having bid the paper and the school goodbye once, it is with some personal amazement and the camp's amusement that I find myself ye Editor for another week. There is nothing more to say, except:

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

I'm the last of course 30
Left blooming alone
My crime sheet got dirty
And I'm on my own.

The 'Flight' just can't 'soo' me
For dirt, you know why
And here I am C. B.
A poor lonesome guy.

I should learn a lesson
From all of my pain,
But this I'm confessin'
I'd do it again!

I should act on his orders
And even submit
When one of them borders
On giving me 'dirt.'

But I rise up in protest
That it's now him and me
And after the contest
I rot here C. B.

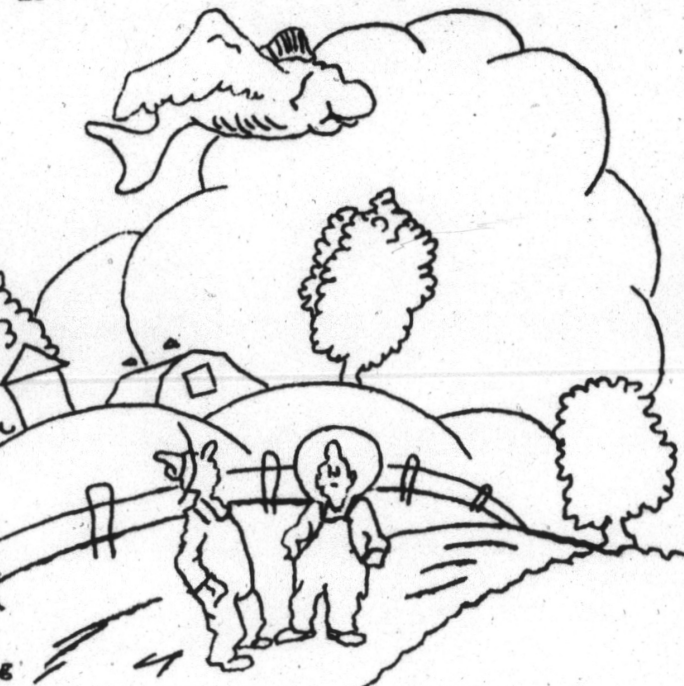
I'm sorry the moral
Is hard to relate
Just don't pick a quarrel
With an empty pate.

I should stick to my knitting
And scrub up his floor
And hope I'll be sitting
Here, C. B. 'd no more.

But sad is the fact and
I never will learn to
That I'll have no tact and
The 'Flight' will still burn.

So this is the reason
That for such as me,
In most any season
There's always C. B.!

L.A.C. Edw. M. Woddrop



THATS THE NEW TYPE OF
AIRMAN THEY'RE DEVELOPING
AT VIRDEN

INSTRUCTOR SPINNY

There was a duster down in Florida, by the name of Spinny
And judging from his outline he is anything but skinny,
He wanted to join the airforce, and he made a gallant try.
But every station told him, he was much too fat to fly.
They said, "Elementary trainers dont pack sufficient power,
It would mean an extra gas tank to keep you up an hour."
But this fat boy did not give a darn, his ambition they
could not stop.
He decided to come to Canada, rather than be a flop.
At once he went to Montreal, and made out application.
And sooner than expected, he was sent to Trenton station.
At Trenton he did a real fine job, as far as flying goes.
He was up before the roosters, and was always on his toes.
Now this is all a buildup, I know that it will flatter,
But the phoney part about it is, he never learned his patters.

(cont'd)

INSTRUCTOR SPINNY (cont')

Ho's the only man in Virdon who reads the books and flies
And now I know the reason he can always cross his eyes.
I still give Spinny credit, tho' he flies and reads the book,
And I also tip of Butthard, to security guard his cock.

-Anon/

WE AMERICANS

It hurts one's pride to walk down a street and have people gaze at him with disgust and disdain. Have you noticed the reception the "U.S.A." arm badges are receiving from the civilians? We have only ourselves to blame. We have acted as though we were a mob of felonous gangsters or wild indians. This means we are ALL to blame; for those who allow the few 'bad actors' ruin our name as gentlemen or even men are nearly as responsible as the culprits themselves.

There is no good reason why the great majority of us should suffer for the misdeeds of a few inconsiderate and ignorant rough-necks. Americans, like the Australians are known the world over for their lusty form of fun. Why not make keep it fun and not rank destruction?

And why must we always say, "Down home, it was this way." Or some such thing of this sort. Maybe the Canadians will not admit we have many things that are superior to their's. But why can't we 'dummy-up' and realize that soon we will be fighting for our very lives with Canadian equipment and now is the time to learn how to use it and stop dreaming of that 'super maching gun that fires four million rounds a minute and is standard equipment of the boy scouts.

We are fighting for Canada, so fight with Canada with constructive criticism instead of a continued stream of derogatory and belittling remarks.

The time draws nigh when you will be glad with just a few Brownings and English "Spitfires" and "Hurricanes."

And in conclusion; we always claim to be the world's most courageous people. Hell, what about those fellows that are taking down their U.S. A. badges? To us this seems just like taking down 'Old Glory' in the face of the enemy; which in this case is criticism. Show your 'guts' and down this stream of adverse thinking by being what Americans of the real breed are. Wear the badges, the Canucks are glad to know we are with them in this mix-up; they certainly wouldn't have given us permission to wear them if they weren't. Just live up to what they expected of us in the first place.

(This was anonymously submitted, and is worth your sincere thoughts, the Editor.)

SIDE-SLIPPING

by BOB KENISTON

It happened the other night during a very violent electrical storm. Without warning the lights went out and left a few startled seconds of unbroken silence. Then, just as suddenly from the B Flight section came the single cry, "My God, I went blink." The cry was immediately followed by the re-lighting of the lights and the subtle remark from the same section, "My mistake."

I was asked why I call this effort, Side-Slipping. You see, when you side-slip or read this, you still come in low, you have to. Good enough?

Has every one seen gypsy St. Even's act? He rehearses every third night while standing in his birthday suit on his chair. Reverently he gives his whole heart to laying his little possessions out in order on his bed, then back in his cup-board. It is truly a touching sight. And I have never seen hair grow in spurts as it does on some of our young eaglets.

Then the time the student asked the Armament instructor how the pilot got down to the spats to fire the machine-guns in them. Then there was "Wrong Way 'W' Robson

~~-----CENSORED-----~~
I just found out the hand is quicker than the eye, that is why there are so many black eyes.

Has anyone seen Woddrop try to make his stomach disappear like a yogi? I just wondered.

It was amusing after the heated discussion on snakes in C Flight the other A.M. to watch the fellows wriggle off to class. During the discussion one of the fellows asked if a Link was a cross between a Lynx and a Mink. Which reminds me, I am going to solo in the Link today. My instructor thinks it is too crowded in that little cock-pit since I started to gain weight.

It was odd the other day to hear the fellow say he thought a cloud had caught on his rudder wires but just discovered that he had pulled the rip-cord instead of the safety belt.

SUSTANIO ALAS
by Corp. Nolan

The senior flight is going away
They're happy, that we know!
They're leaving in a day or two,
We're sad to see them go.

We hope that when the all arrive
At their new service schools,
They will remember what they learned
At various Manning Pools.

They may have slacked off quite a bit
At I.T.S. and here;
But to the world we wish to say
At work-they have no fear.

They'll make their beds and tidy keep
Their lockers--rails and room,
And if they wish, no trouble cause
When asked to use a broom.

They're all good lads, these senior
flights
And glad to do their share
We wish them all the best of luck
No matter where they are.

So to each and every one
Good-luck--God speed--success:
And through this war, no matter where
May God, your efforts bless.

ODE TO THE GERMAN PEOPLE
by JIMMIE HADLEY

This, O German men, is your great crime--
Not that you shot cathedrals to the earth
But that you strangled freedom at its birth:
Not that you floodowed, blind, dictator command
To make of Belgium a desert land
That he might gain a moment's time
And thus advance
To strike the heart of France,
Who stood with sabre in her hand
And raised the ancient battle-cry
Which lifts men up and makes them gladly die.
And who, across her borders, hurled, "Revenge!"
But that, not blind at all,
You saw France, through treason fall,
You knew full well the import and the end,
You knew your French brothers were no more
A foe to you, nor coveted
One inch of your dear land to rend,
You knew that they were sick of war,
You knew the slave blood they had shed,
You saw outstretched their comrade hand--
And yet you brooked the old command,
The "Foreward, March!" not asking where or why,
And trampled non-resisting men
Their fate, to die,
But yours, to see your homes again,
To live in shame
Who could not even play the game
Who dared not, with a world to win
Break through the chains of discipline,
And with a cry
Bringing a clean dawn to the sky,
To shout across the border lands
"Comrades, workers of the world,
For you our battle flags are furled:
Take up our hopes and clasp our hands
And bring your freedom to its birth--
We, too, are slaves and know its worth!"
Ah, no, instead you ground your German heel
Upon fair Freedom's face and you shall feel
For this sting of all the scorn
Of ages yet unborn:
Not the scorn for men who are afraid to die
For you have met the hail of battle strife,
But scorn for those who let their fate go by,
Red scorn for men who are afraid of life!

The following was written by an "Aussie" of Moss Bank—but we feel it worth reprinting particularly because it may easily apply to Virdan:

This bloody town's a bloody cuss;
No bloody tram no bloody bus;
And nobody cares for bloody us;
Oh, Bloody bloody bloody!

No bloody sports, no bloody games;
No bloody fun with bloody dames;
Won't even give their bloody names;
Oh, Bloody bloody bloody!

If it isn't dust, it's bloody snow;
The bloody winds they bloody blow;
They take all your bloody go;
Oh, Bloody bloody bloody!

All bloody clouds, all bloody rains,
All bloody mud, no bloody drains;
The ministry got no bloody brains,
Oh, bloody bloody bloody!

And everything's so bloody dear,
Twenty cents for bloody beer;
And is it good? No bloody fear;
Oh, Bloody bloody bloody!

The bloody flicks are bloody old;
The bloody seats are bloody cold;
You can't get in for bloody gold;
Oh, Bloody bloody bloody!

A certain guy, a bloody sarge;
A bloody menace, at bloody large;
We're always on a bloody charge;
Oh, Bloody bloody bloody!

The bloody dances make me smile
The bloody bands are bloody vile;
They only cramp your bloody style;
Oh, Bloody bloody bloody!

The bloody planes, they bloody roar;
Can't even get a bloody snore;
It's time this bloody war was o're;
Oh, Bloody bloody bloody!

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On Thursday the class 33 is holding a solo party and inviting the instructors and permanent staff of the station. This will be a corn roast with beer attached:- We feel for those who wear good clothes; we feel deeply.

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LAST MINUTE QUERY:

Woddrop wants to know why the Flight Sargeant insists on swimming with all his clothes on--can't you get a big enough swim suit, Flight???????????????