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No. 19 E.F.T.S.
Virden, Manitoba.

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THE WIND

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Editorial notes:

Since this is the first issue of the wind for some time, it is not all that we would like it to be. Let's make next week's issue a real paper. We hope to have a much wider covering of all the activities on this station. This can be accomplished more easily if those who have any news they feel would be of interest would kindly write it out and turn it into the M.O.'s office. (News includes hangar and barrack prattle.)

AN AIRMAN'S DREAM.

The inner man, satisfied for the first time since being subjected to the produce of various airmen's messes, kept sending messages up to the control tower to "Sleep well". "It's true," he whispered, "All's fine down here". The artist in the tower then went to work. He painted fleeting glimpses of the horrors of Manning Depot and The Great Battle of Brandon.

The battle won and The Black Hole left behind, a Hazy scene appeared of a man with "Arms shouldered", patrolling the semi-desert wastes near Moss-bank. The guard finally hung up his rifle and appeared next at Regina. A blurred cycle of signals, maths, armaments, and law seemed to turn once and roll away. Then a flight party -- a mad whirl, and a hideous morning afterwards. Following those scenes, the draft fever raised its ugly head, to be finally put down by a draft to a place called Virden, with a week's leave.

A wonderful leave -- A beautiful picture -- lovely meals, free time, no N.C.O.'s, admiring glances, a car and those heavenly little creations with big brown eyes. This scene faded to soon. Thence Virden, a perfect supper and so to bed. Oh boy! what contentment, what undisturbed slumber. And look! Here's Cpl. Nolan with our morning tea. Is that a flute he's playing.

(#####) censored. It's Cpl. Nolan alright and Holy smoke , it's 0515 hrs.

Don Patterson.

MY SON

My son I'm loath to have you go, More loath to have you stay,
But proud that you will bear our name into the battle's fray,
May God, who rules our destiny, Be with you in the fight,
And give you courage to uphold, Your country and it's right.

I would that I could take your place - My race is nearly run,
But youth must make the sacrifice, If victory is to be won.
Your King and Country need your aid, It's not for us to choose,
And better to have died to win, Than to have lived to lose.

Go forth, my son, to victory, May God protect your way,
And bring you back, or let you rest, In honor Lord I pray.
Why should I ask that mine be spared, While other hearts are sad,
But God in heaven, don't forget, He's only just a lad.

An Airman.

(Contributed by Bud Sorge)

A DOOMED MAN'S LAST MOMENTS.

The black day has arrived, the striking of the clock brings me closer and closer to my unavoidable doom. But why so soon? My time's not up, not yet, let me go on. I turn with a sickly feeling in my stomach look at my watch, 6 a.m. The last moments are drawing nearer and nearer, my time is flying by, the hours like minutes, I'm so innocent, not a trace of guilt, why have they sacrificed me? Some one must go to keep up a front; but why should I pay for the mistakes of others? Oh God: is there no justice? Have you no mercy?

From a fitful sleep I am awakened, a chilly dampness crawls across my body, my brow is cold with icy sweat.

"Come, my son, we must go"; a cruel harsh voice, no pity or remorse, a hard heartless voice, often has he witnessed the deed. Oh God! spare me, spare me. I'm so innocent. I slowly crawl from my bed for the last time, the last time. I grope for my clothes, the air is cold and damp, the weather; low slung clouds, no sun. A horrible vision of a poem oft read as a boy "The Gallows Hill"; I stumble half blinded to the window, my cringing hands support me as I look out, it's there, the scaffold is there, hoary white in early frost; a blood curdling sight. Please God have mercy on me, Please God, please. "Come, my boy" that harsh voice.

I move as in a trance, beside the scaffolding, over the control tower the circuit flag flutters and F/O Fernie is waiting for my twenty hour check.

F/O Bricker.

ONE AIRMAN'S IMPRESSION OF NO. 19 E.F.T.S.

Speaking as one who had had the opportunity of serving on several stations of different types I have nothing but favourable comment to make. The quarters and messing facilities are the best and cleanest that I've so far encountered. The instructional staff certainly go out of their way to co-operate. The discipline while it may seem a trifle ridiculous in some respects undoubtedly is necessary. In conclusion let me say three cheers for # 19 E.F.T.S.

Bill MacDonald.

LUCE AT LARGE

Then there is the tale of one of our promising juniors, who came up from the South wearing cow-boy boots. The C.O. at Regina didn't like them, nor the suit-case in hand, in fact he wouldn't allow them on the station. He took them down to a girl-friend's house. She took such a fancy to them that when he was ready for E.F.T.S. at Virden, she had taken them to the pawn-brokers.

The new bunch that came in seem to think that everything is very nice around here. They like their instructors both ground and air, but there is one thing, we eat so much that we think it would be a good idea if we could organize a soft-ball team. So let's start a little competition along those lines. Anybody interested in rugby or softball should see the flight senior of B Juniors or the M.O.

WAR AND THE WOMEN

The Ship of State, for an even keel,
Needs tons and tons of corset steel.
The die is cast, the Fates have written
That ladies now must bulge for Britain.

The below (left) marvel of Poetic endeavour was received by the Manager of our store, from # 7 Equipment Depot, Winnipeg, with no indication of the author; enclosed with some invoices of goods which in all probability are to be sent at some future date. Now can anyone tell me how to get mad at people like that?

In reply the below right , composed by Cpl. Nolan, is going out to # 7 Equipment Depot, from this station, hoping that it may to some extent, help those poor lads so ably struggling to send out orders, when they have not the goods to fill them. As this is " In Responsio " we do not feel that a signature should be appended.

Keep your temper, gentle sir,
Writes the manufacturer,
Though your goods are over due,
for a month or maybe two.
We can't help it, please don't swear,
Labor's scarce and metals rare,
Can't get Steel, can't get dies,
These are facts we don't tell lies.

Harry's drafted , so is Bill,
All our work is now up-hill,
So, your order we're afraid,
May be still a bit delayed.
We are fuming, toiling, fretting,
Because of goods that we ain't getting
Still you'll get it, don't be vexed
Maybe this month maybe next.

We're but human, just like you,
And, no matter what we do,
Someone says we're full of bunk,
That we're holding back his junk,
Swears at us in accents torrid,
(What they say is simply 'orrid)
While every day and this aint spurious
We're shipping goods out fast and fur-
ious.

L'Envoi: Please be patient: We're not
fooling,

Everyone, from stock to tooling
Works his head off day by day,
To ship your goods without delay.

Your letter came, Oh, Most Kind Sir,
You burn us up with a desire
To see if you'll co-operate,
And send an order that's not late.

You can't get steel, nor dies, no how:
We know 'tis so, and thus we bow
To fate's decree or just plain fate,
And know our orders will still be late.

But darn my hide, the cause' not ours,
We're running planes and control towers,
We need these goods, we cannot wait,
So ship them now, PLEASE don't be late.

With Harry gone and Bill away,
We know it's hard for you to say,
"We'll ship your goods, you will not wait
Your orders now will not be late."

You say "This month or maybe next"
When we read this, 're really vexed,
You say, you'll do it, why that's great,
Our orders now will not be late.

Our planes are grounded, as you know,
We've told you oft, we've told you so,
Our C.F.I. - His hairs are grey,
So, PLEASE send OURS without delay.

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HANGAR HAPPENINGS

"D" Flight Junior, inspecting his cockpit. Making sure you cleaned it yesterday, Doug?

Seniors explaining intricacies of flying to poor bewildered Juniors.
McLachlan and his inseparable pillow. An extended fanny needed here, methinks.

Both Juniors and Seniors shying away, as Glover prowls around with that familiar, "Got a cigarette?" look.

Sorge reminiscing on past flames and probably wondering when and how to start a new fire in Virden. You'll catch a hot foot yet, Bud.

Our new Flight Senior with a worried frown, don't let it get you down, Dick.

Ray Scholes.

THE MORNING AFTER THAT GRADUATION

PARTY.

-- ZOOM --

Remember no lower
Than four hundred feet.
Instructor's voice saying
Don't go near the wheat.

But first chance when flying
We ZOOM to the ground.
It makes such a beautiful
Delicate sound.

Down by that haystack
Or thrashing machine.
A steep turn at Fifty
Don't it feel keen?

Now do a quick side-slip
To see just how close
We can come to those cattle
Or whizz past that post.

"Croust" What was that noise?
An airplane, methink.
We'd better turn back
'Cos they say corpses stink.

Back at the hangar
We hear a voice - "Jones"
Any more that low flying
Ther'll be nothing but bones.

So, softly and sadly
With a hang-doggish air
We turn into the hangar
To - - - - in despair.By R.C.Stockton.



WHO?

Who is it dear fellows, who comes tip-toeing into barracks in the morning
as late as he can and still have us on parade in time?

Who is it that lets us - nay; encourages us to wear non-issue
clothing when walking to and from the hangar?

Who is it that invites us to come into barracks if we need extra
clothing or a book or something, when we are flying?

And who, guess who, is often seen talking in sincere and friendly
tones to all those who frolic about the grounds sans hats, and who never
makes us drill for more than ten minutes out of the brief half hour?

Yes, and who is it that allows us to accumulate dust on top of our
lockers?

He wouldn't think of waking up a man who has an "Attend C"?
Who could this be, this true gentleman, beloved and cherished
by all, in fact so well loved by previous classes that they never
even threw him in the pool, although everyone else was dipped at
least twice.

Who is this kind hearted soul? - - - - - You GUESS.

Little Jack Horner sat in the corner, eating his Christmas pie,
He put in his thumb, and pulled out a lawn mower, and said,
"For Hell sake, Who put that in there?"