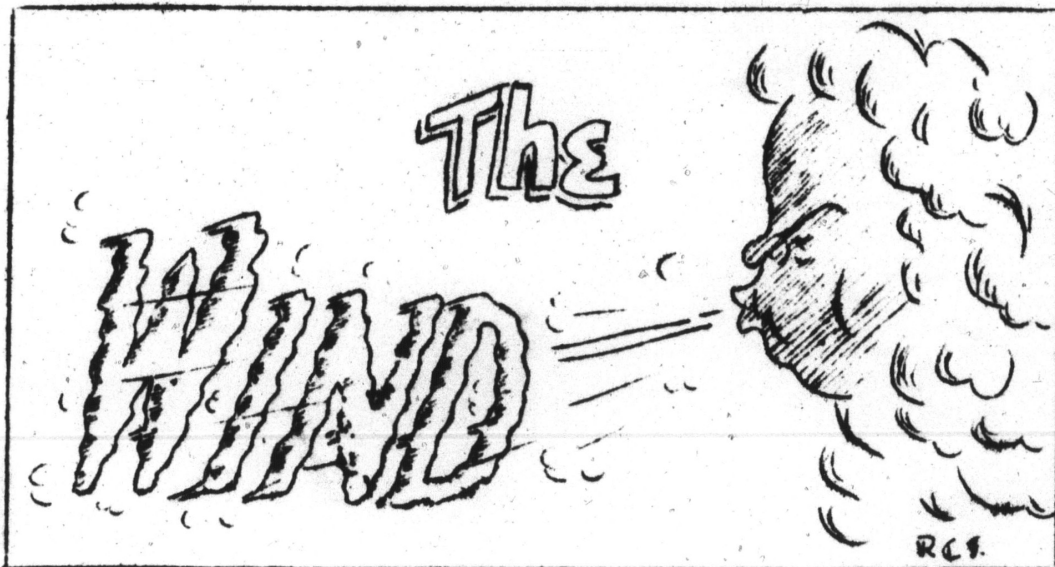


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Appendix C
Publishers Flt. Lt. A.C. McPhee
AC1 J.Kish
AC1 J.H. Edwards

EDITOR . A.L. MacDonald
Assistants Geo. Haslop
Ray Scholes
Artist R.C. Stockton



EDITORIAL

//Al MacDonald.

Now that the Senior class has handed on to us the job of filling their shoes and now that we have been exhorted to carry out the good work, let us pause a moment and examine the reasons for "carrying on!"

In a few weeks now we will be taking examinations see if we are able to clear the second hurdle in our race for our wings and we are duty bound to do our best.

We students in aircrew need not fret and chafe to get a crack at Hitler for it is right here in Canada that the Empire's first line of defence, is, right in this school.

Let's of us say, "I want to get my wings". I want to get through. That's a good attitude but not good enough. We must get our wings, we have to get through, Canada and the Empire expects it of us.

How many of us realize that each of us is a potential ten thousand dollar investment on the part of the government. Let us look for a moment at the business world of to-day. How many investors risk ten thousands of dollars on anything, let alone an investment as unsure and unstable as a human being. Yet that is what Canada is doing with us.

For those reason we should do our utmost to excel in all branches of our course. For in reality a shirker and anyone whose heart is not in his work is little short of a saboteur. Since he is taking the place, time and money that might be used on someone that really meant to learn.

All what has just been said is very high sounding and etc., and the question will arise, "Well what about me?" We are afforded a great opportunity to learn flying, navigation and the other allied subjects that will prove invaluable to us in later life. Let us resolve to get in and work, for Canada and ourselves.

Class 35 has graduated now and leaves the station passing on to the Juniors the rights and privileges of seniority. We hope you may set as good if not a better example for the new Juniors to follow as we did for you.

The Graduation Party clinaxed about six weeks of an enjoyable time as we have had anywhere. It is true it required a lot of hard work but now that we look back with our success behind us it is well worth the effort put into it.

And now in parting, on behalf of my fellow students and myself I wish to thank all those who helped us along through this course. The instructors many a time must have been disgusted with us because of our slowness to pick up the new line of work but through it all they stood by us till finally the "light of understanding" gradually seeped through.

Best of luck to all and happy landings.

CONTROL TOWER

-- Don Patterson.

Mr. Middleton was seen walking around town the other night carrying a can of whilt paint and a brush. The Result -- amusing but he claims it is effective.

Pardon, us, Mr. LeValley, but it looks funny as hell from the rear cockpit when you beat your head.

One of the instructors has been teachin something new lately: How to bounce fifty feet in the air upon landing. Sounds of kind of screwy, but then, aren't we all?.

I sure hope that I get Mr. Fernie for my 50 hour Check, maybe he'll think it's my 20.

Mr. Etter dashing madly off to Winnipeg last week-end. Why??????

BEHIND THE SHOWERS

-- Ray Scholes.

A stranger coming into the airmen's barracks for the first time would very probably have gone away with the impression that this year's crop of airmen weren't quite bright, in fact rather queer. He must have wondered at the strange love of showers the boys seem to have,. We know he would have asked whether it was in the Station Standing Orders for them to get into the shlowers with their clothes on. Mighty queer goings on.

Believe me, Stranger, it wasn't on their own accord that they did these things. No sir, it happens in the best of circles. It is solo time.

The time when the fledglings start sprouting their first pin feathers. That time when you feel for the first time since enlisting you are at last getting ahead. You're part of it now.

Sure you landed with an awful jolt and your take-off wasn't too straight, perhaps the circuit egg shaped but isn't it, 'a grand and glorious feeling' when that old Tiger settles down from its last bounce and you take your sweaty palm from the control column.

Your instructor pulls back the coupe top and shakes your hand. He gets in again and taxis back to the line. You both climb out. Then that funny feeling leaves the pit of your stomach. Your voice comes back full and strong, your head swells a size or two, you puff out your chest. At last you've done it. Now you can truly say you've flown.

A DUCK HUNTER'S LAMENT.

--Flt. Sgt. Darlington.

Now that the days are getting a little shorter and you can feel frost in the air, the old Nimrod instinct comes to the fore and we begin to visualize a juicy feed of roast duck.

So looking the country over in the vicinity of Virden we decide that it is a duck hunters paradise and so commence to ilk upon these ponds and sloughs, not as a curse in being a breeding place for mosquitos, but as a perfect spot to knock off a few ducks on a chilly autumn morning.

However on inquiring from a few farmers around the country it seems that the ducks around Virden are a minus quantity.

So shelving any thought we had of hunting we wander sadly down to the hangar to watch our own fledglings, take to wings, when all of a sudden the light dawns and we realize that even a duck wouldn't take his chances in our solo area!

T_A_R_M_A_C_D_O_P_E

-- Ray Scholes.

ORCHIDS TO:

DANDELIONS:

To the M.O. without him this paper would fall to a lower level.

To the Mess, the Cook (Roy) the staff. Keep it up, boys.

A large bouquet to those instructors who sat at the edge of the field watching their pupils on the first solo. An instructors job is truly not an easy one.

To the Man who invents non-Tarnishing Buttons.

To Bob Andrews.
Once is plenty, Bob.

To the Boys who have left for Trenton to Re-Muster. Lots of Luck Lads.

To the Lad who at four hours told all and And Sundry of his prowess in the air. At this date he is over eleven hours without a solo.

To the Chap in Navigation Class who swings the lead better than he can swing a compass.

To the Weather. We're losing too much flying Time.

TO THE "N.C.O." WHOM WE CAN'T LOOSE.

To the fellow who dumped wet rags in my bed.

To the Chap who borrows a nickel, a dime or a cigarette and forgets.

The C.O.

"Now I've a bloke" said our C.O.
 "Who doesn't know which way to go"
 I'll bet a quid he'll never learn
 Just how to make a climbing Turn".

"But I suppose it will come someday
 I guess we'll just have to work & pray
 So up we go, with heart full of hope."
 Three Cheers for the C.O./ damn good Bloke

Mr. J. Wilcox

"And now then, watch that climbing Turn"
 It really makes the boys all burn
 It's too much bank,
 Or too much rudder
 Sometimes I think, I'll go back to Mother.

Mr. Stevens

"Do you think that I can solo now?"
 "Oh! no my son, you don't know how,
 To solo now," said our Sir Steve,
 "Would mean you'd requested to leave".

Mr. Spinney

"Come flying with me, Johnny Mills
 I'll show you loops and lots of thrills."
 I'm scared to go, Mr. Spinney
 Those Tigers are, too darn Tinny.

IN THE READY ROOM:-

Hill Sprawling his 5 Foot 0 Inch Frame along the floor with
 his nose glued to the flying manual - wondering why he can't
 fly a Tiger.

 Seniors, explaining how to fly to the Juniors.

 Juniors & Seniors both Shying away as Glover approaches,
 with the familiar, "Have you got a cig?" look on his face.

 Sorge, Reminiscing on past flames, and wondering when and
 how to start a new fire in Virden.

 Mr. McPhee:- "No Flying this morning Lads. Hold those
 wings down, little eagles, you'll fly yet!"

 Don't let anybody ever ask you about your suit-case, A/CPL. Moyle.

Chinese Proverb:

 If you want to be happy for a day, get drunk.
 If you want to be happy for three days get married.
 If you want to be happy for life, have a garden.

NOTICE

All Students are requested to turn any material for the next issue
 over to any one of the staff, by Tuesday, Sept. 30/41.

Al. MacDonald.