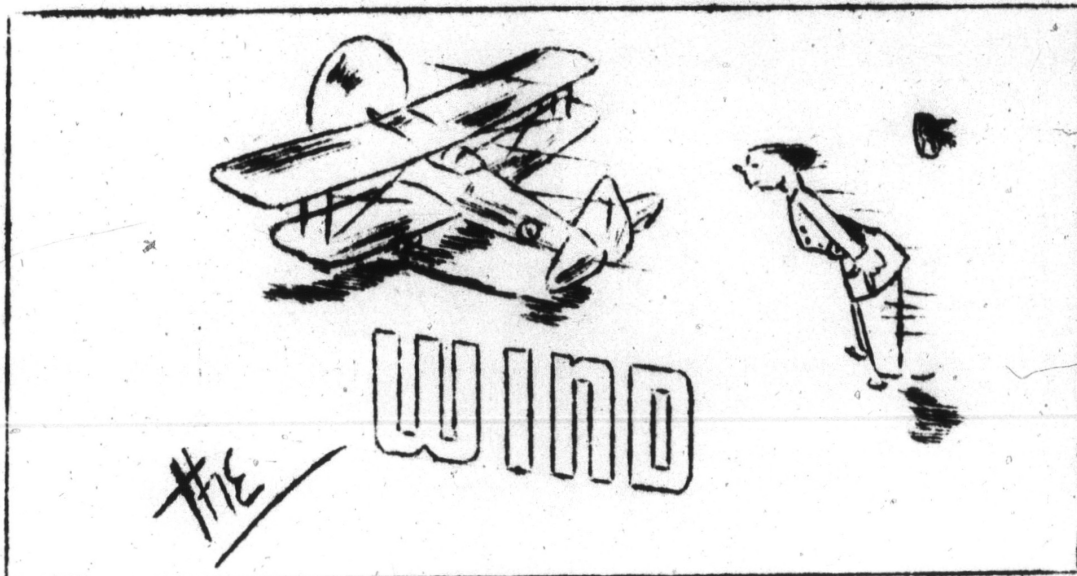


Vol. 1 No.10
No. 19 E.F.T.S. Virden.
Oct. 4, 1941

Flt.Lt. A.C. Macphee
Col. J.D.P. Nolan
ACI R. Patterson

Control Tower

Editor- Bud Sorge
Assistant Editor- Bill Walker
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Don Patterson
Norn Magnusson

OFFICIAL VISIT

Tomorrow, Sunday, Oct. 5th, No. 19 E.F.T.S. will be visited by the Deputy Minister for Air, the Chief of the Air Staff, and other high ranking Air Officers. This school has only been open a few months, but already we feel it has made its name heard across Canada as one of the finest Elementary Schools in the Air Training Scheme. These Officers are on an official inspection trip and will observe far more about our station and our personnel that we may be aware.

We do not need to elaborate on our personal feelings about the station, we know it's the best. So let's all play ball tomorrow together and give them a show equal to that of our opening day, buttons a little brighter, uniforms a little cleaner, carriage a little more erect, buildings a little tidier. This appeal is to all personnel, civilian, service (and even to our able canine staff) And if we all deport ourselves as truly military as our official mascot "Spike", we can be proud of our school tomorrow. Our slogan-----

"The Best in the Vest"

A.C.M.

Editorial

LAC Sorge

Many year ago there was a battle fought in Eastern Canada between the French and the English. After a severe struggle the French colony, Canada, was taken into the British Family of Nations. Since that day Canada has made great strides toward success and prosperity. Some of our grandfathers who are still living along with thousands of others were the pioneers who blazed the trail into the West. To accomplish this these persevering people suffered difficulties- Indians, storms, plagues, privation and many other hardships. After great strides were made in settling the land, in industry and science Canada became a flourishing Nation. But---A dark storm broke out of the horizon in September, 1939, Dictatorship was trying to gain mastery of the World. Our Mother Country, Great Britain called us to her aid and that is why we are here training. To fight Hitler, his wrong morals of living and his injustice to weaker nations. So, boys let's give all we got with no grumbles, fly into the fray eagerhearted, and make the words "Per Ardua Ad Astra" live.

THAT FIRST TIME UP.

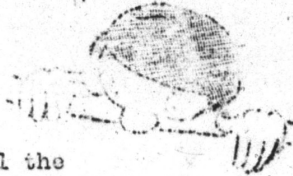
CONTACT!



Now, let's see ----- have I got everything? Parachute, flying kit, Mabel's silk stocking, paper bag -- yep, that's all set. Yes sir. Which one sir? The back one? Well, how am I going to be able to see if ---- oh, it doesn't matter? Yes, sir. On the wing? Well, what if it breaks? Oh, it won't? I see. What about these flying boots, sir? What should I do with them? Well, they're awfully big boots, sir. Yes, I'm already.

Anything on the floor? Let me see -- oh, yes, sir. What about this -- should I throw it out? It's the fire extinguisher? Oh, I'm sorry. Yes, sir -- I'm all tied down. Good, I can hardly wait.

TAKE-OFF



LEVEL OFF



(Now, what did he mean by running all the way down and then back again. Why doesn't he make up his mind?) Sir, when do we take off? Oh, we are? Well, I don't believe you. I'll just have a look over the side and see if ----- oh, dear!!!!

Aren't we up kinda high, sir? Only five hundred feet? Well, that's high enough, isn't it?

Oh, it isn't? Sir, there's a big

piece of something wobbling around back here. Maybe I should throw it out or something, hey? Well, it's here on the floor, and it comes up between my knees -- an awful nuisance. The what? The control column? Well, is it important? Oh, I see.

STALL Do I know what a stall is? Well, it's something you put horses in. What, sir? No I was never dropped on my head while young.

What's that about a stall? You're going to do one? Yes, I'm ready.

I see ---- the nose comes up, and the plane ----- stalls -----

and ----- you ----- pardon me sir!! Where did I put that &\$\$#/
bag?? Sir, what will I do with this bag?

No, I think it was something I ate.

HOME SWEET HOME You say you want to go back sir? Oh no, I don't mind. No, no, no, it's quite alright.

What about that landing sir? Yes, I thought it was very nice.

Yes, I'm quite sure that I'll live alright. How did I like it?

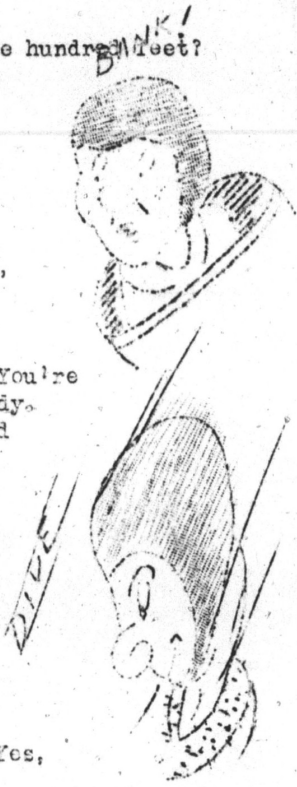
Oh, fine -- fine. Yes, loved every moment of it..... yes sir.....thank you very much, sir.

(I wonder if they need anymore G.D.'s at Trenton?)

LAC's Walker and Rouse.

The duty pilot in the tower suggests that each trainee be given a servcibility tag on his back so that their instructors will know whether they can fly after the "O. O. "jabs" them.

A/CFI Wm. McFee.



SEEING VIRDEN or AS YOU LIKE IT

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen---and here we are once again, with another of our Little Gem Handy-Dandy Travelogues, all in Beautiful Natural Color. Tonight, we take you out where the sun rises and sets once a day respectively. Out, where, until only last summer, no white man ever trod---where everything was back to nature. Tonight we take you to far-off Virden, where we find, in this stretch of barren wilderness a hardy group of souls, comprising No. 19 B.F.T.S. of the R.C.A.F. After having gone through the gates by showing our birth certificate, death certificate, marriage certificate telephone number, Social Security Card, and OH! all kinds of things, we are ready to begin our tour. First we enter the building which faces us--known as the Administrative Building or, in the curious dialect of Virden Airmen, the "Flat-Hat Hang-Out". We enter it's massive portals and after rubbing the wet paint off our sleeves, we start to wander through the halls. What ma'am? You say it's a nice museum? That's not a museum ma'am, that's merely a meeting of officers. Yes, Ma'am. Now, we come upon a man who is drawing himself up to his full height in front of a mirror and saying over and over to himself, "I shall rule them---I shall rule them". After saying good-afternoon to Corporal Nolan, we pass on to the barracks. Here, in tidy cleanliness and orderliness, the student pilots make their quarters---my, what spotless beauty meets the eye---what self-disciplined group of young gentlemen----ouch!!! You could have taken those ~~cats~~ (/ "tomatoes out of the can before you throw them at me!! Now, we find the hangars---here, well-trained mechanics keep the planes spotlessly groomed and in the peak of mechanical perfection. We observe some busy airmen, cleaning off these planes. What did you say? You say Corporal Nolan lets them do that?? How delightful of him!! Always trying to keep the boys amused and busy. As we pass the training planes, we tear off a wing as a souvenir, and continue on our way, heading back to the gate, where our make believe carpet is waiting to whisk us back to the cares and troubles of the world. We find that we must beat the guard over the head with an empty bottle when he refuses to let us out because we have no pass--- and it all adds up to another very successful, very educational Little Gem Handy Dandy Travelogue, All in Beautiful Natural Color.

LAC Walker, W. L. E.

ODE TO MY STUDENT

One morning in the time shack, about three weeks ago,
I received another student and found him rather slow,
I took him up for dual, this becker-headed lad,
But before the hour had ended he had really made me mad.

I shouted till my throat was hoarse "less rudder in the turn",
I almost gave up in disgust, I thought he'd never learn,
From turns we went to circuits this really was a chore,
Each landing was a nightmare, each circuit was a bore.

When he gunned her on the takeoff, from side to side we'd sway
Till every aircraft on the field had looped to get away.
We'd stopped before the takeoff to do the cockpit check,
But instead of checking instruments, I prayed to save my neck.

To all the patter I had told him, no attention had he paid
And now I hoped the Lord would help us, while I just sat there and prayed
He always landed out of wind and never checked for drift,
And forgot the backward movement when the wings had lost their lift.

To teach this student how to fly was sure an awful fight,
It even overcame my scare of the visiting flight.
But he finally got his solo check and out in many hours
But every time he took off, I thought of buying flowers.

While doing level flying he said, "I like it swell",
When I asked him for a coin he said he wasn't well,
The instruments that worked so well before he took control
Have never been in order since I let him try a roll.

And the ship that used to fly so well (hands off, in level flight)
Is out of rig and hard to handle as a tailless kite,
He really was a problem child before that 50 hour test,
But now he struts around quite proud with a well expanded chest

By Sgt Bamford.

NOTICE: A Halloween Party will be held in the Parish Hall, Virden, on Oct. 31st,
All airmen are cordially invited to attend. Admission free.

BETTER PAPER NEXT WEEK..... HAND IN THE DOPE EARLY!