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INFORMATION - PLEASE.

To those who have already passed from this school; to those who are at present here and to those who have not yet arrived, but who may read these words; Greetings and Salutations.

This is your paper, use it, both to express those ideas which are percolating through your head, and those which you may gather from your fellow Students.

Believe it or not - in this flying racket - nobody knows everything about everything, but a lot of people know something about something. They don't all know the same thing.

If ideas are good they should get round to everybody. This not only applies to your pet ideas, but also to those ideas you may have for the prevention of accidents, either in flying or on the ground. Maybe you have ideas which would improve the method of training - who knows?

Anyway, what we are trying to get at is a method of adequately spreading all these little hundreds of ideas which are at present confined within the limit of your noodles. It is suggested that such a means might be found in the paper you are reading - a sort of letter to the editor idea.

Before going off the deep end in the matter, comments are invited from all students, Past; Present and to come.

So if you are interested in the idea, buzz out an epistle. If you're not, there's nothing more to say - "Cheerio".

Ye Editor.

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The world has battle room for all.  
Go fight and conquer if you can.

But if ye rise or if ye fall,  
Be each pray God, a gentleman.

Thackeray.

The following poem identifiable only with the initials - E.A.B. is copied from the Camp Borden Paper, WINGS OVER BORDEN.

With due apologies to E.A.B. the following:-

THE YOUNG AIRMAN SPEAKS

With Canada so beautiful  
Why should I wish to go  
Across the broad Atlantic  
To fight an unknown foe.

I have my life before me,  
I'm young, and strong, and free,  
And yet with freedom fettered,  
What good is life to me?

The people who are living  
Beneath the tyrant's heel  
Are sending out through silence  
An anguishing appeal.

Oh, may no rank indifference,  
Or cowardice, or fear,  
Cause me to fail that summons,  
Or turn a deafened ear.

I know the joy of living,  
Yet must I do and dare  
To aid the cause of mankind  
In this adventure rare.

The youth of this great Empire  
United stands today,  
That mankind's love of freedom  
May never pass away.

Lest some amongst us falter,  
God, make us truly men -  
That justice, love and mercy  
May walk this earth again.

GOODBYE

The Supervisory Staff, Officers N.C.O'S and Airmen; The Student body and the Civilian Personnel of this Station wish to take this opportunity of wishing Farewell and Happy Landings to Flying Officer "Butch" Fernie, Who has just been Posted away from this Unit.

We who knew him here will know that wherever he is, the work of the Service will be carried out unflinchingly and Faithfully. His Cheerful and friendly face will be missed by all.

So to you Flying Officer Fernie, we bid a fond farewell and wish you the best of luck, and hope that when this is over we will meet again on some happier occasion.

LIMPING LIMERICK

To study the angle attack  
Came an Airman, who's name is Dack,  
But when he entered the class,  
There hung around his - - :  
The braces which were meant for his  
Back.  
-L.

PLAIN LANGUAGE

Beware fellow Airmen, of the Keyhole sleuth who will henceforth use this column, to bare you Barrack and Hangar doings, in the most embarrassing manner he can conceive - A LA "WINCHELL"

Owing to short notice, the author was unable to get under way, but the following issue should dish out a lot of D I R T ....

However at this time we of the Junior Course, take pleasure in congratulating the Graduating Seniors and wish them SUCCESS and FAME in the FUTURE.

H.J.W.C.



What is a WHING-JING?

A WHING-JING IS A BIRD (Airman to you) which flies backwards - it - doesn't give a damn where it's going but likes to know where it's been.

In training or in fighting, the WHING-JING pilot who flies in good-weather with his head in the cockpit can usually detect a definite aroma of daisies that will be contributed by the mourners after his approaching unfortunate demise.

And fellows don't think that the above mentioned WHING-JING definition is intended only to be funny, far from it. What has happened to other WHING-JINGS can happen to you, should you join that worthy fraternity.

Ye Editor.



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From one of the many Service Flying Training Schools comes the following story under the heading of "ICE".

One engine failed in a Crane and the instructor made a successful forced landing. On the ground the offending engine started quite easily so the instructor attempted to buzz off again. In the midst of which the engine said "No dice" and we don't have the Crane any more - Suspected cause of the whole show - icing. And not the kind you eat either.

MORAL Modern engines do not quit without a reason. A Crane or any other Aircraft is worth a lot of money. So, if you have trouble and get down in good shape - don't take-off again until you are 100% sure you're O.K. and if there's any doubt, send for the Engine Bloke - that's what he's paid for.

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Written on the outbreak of War, by A/Cpl D.H. Treleaven, the following poem gives one the real reason why so many have joined the R.C.A.F.

WAS'T THEN IN VAIN ?

In silvered silence, there to keep  
A moonlit vigil while you sleep,  
On Vimy's ridge the sovereign head  
Rules o'er the Empire of the Dead.

The Eastern star sends radiant light  
That settles in a Halo bright  
'Round every little cross to mark  
Where lies in peace a noble heart.

But hark: What distant thunder here?  
What sounds of warfare now appear?  
And can there be clouds o'er the moon,  
And are there sighs from every tomb?

Only the Eastern Star remains  
To hear you cry, Was't then in vain?  
Is freedom gone, and can it be,  
A tyrant's might crushed Liberty?

But rest in peace, ye souls immortal,  
For still we keep that sacred Portal  
That guards our Liberty and Right,  
For we have love to conquer Might.

The torch that once you held so high  
Still brightly burns, We too shall die  
That we might ever teach our children  
The Love of Christ, the Joy of Heaven.

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A N O T H E R   G O O D B Y E .

Once more the time has come to say Goodbye.  
But in so saying, to hope to meet again some future day.  
Your work is finished here, yet more to do,  
To Service Flying School, you're on your way.

Whilst here, you've learnt the rudiments of Flying,  
You've learnt the art of flying through the sky,  
And now you go to smooth the edges off, and in so doing,  
Maybe we'll meet again, both you and I.

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Another sphere of action you'll be seeing;  
You'll learn to fly twin engins, I've no doubt-  
But all you boys of "39" remember,  
Though there's no disciplinarian round about-

First, fail not to Salute Commissioned Officers  
And secondly, be always rightly dressed;  
Be consious, that you're in the Royal Air Force,  
And always keep your clothing neatly pressed.

And when you're marching to and fro from classes  
Just keep those arms aswinging, UP - UP - UP:  
And when you're finished all the grind and worry,  
You'll find yourself possessing, "A SILVER CUP".

So "39" Goodbye - Good luck - Success,  
And Happy Landings after every FLIGHT,  
Just keep on scrapping with everything that's in you,  
And thus, MY BOYS of "39" - GOODNIGHT.

Cpl. J.D.P.Nolan.

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I N M E M O R I A M

To L.A.C. William Frederick Magdalinski, of Class "41" we wish to express our deepest sorrow, on the loss of his Mother, who died Tuesday evening, November 11th 1941. L.A.C. Magdalinski is from Guernsey, Saskatchewan; Where the Funeral will be held on Friday November 14th 1941. May her soul Rest In Peace.

Note:- Now that we have the "WIND" going again, let us keep it blowing, and have enough material to Publish it every week. To do this YOUR co-operation is necessary. So - boys - GET - TO - GETHER and make it a first class paper. You can do it - IF YOU WILL.

Ye Editor.

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*In the lexicon of youth, which  
fate reserves for a bright manhood,  
there is no such word as "fail"*  
*Owen Meredith.*

The End