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# THE WIND

## The Control Tower.

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## W E L C O M E .

The Editor and staff of the "Wind" wish to take this opportunity to extend, on behalf of the personnel, both Air Force and Civilian, a welcome to the new flights, who have lately joined us here at Virden. They arrived on Sunday, November 23rd., looking equally as lost and forlorn as did we, upon our arrival. We know how you feel laddies - - - but it won't be long 'till you get the hang of things. No sirees.

So good luck with the course, boys - - and bear in mind the fact that studies will be more easily absorbed if you keep them up to date. You have a fairly extensive ground course here at No.19 and the best way to make good is never to let the work get ahead of you. Remember, That "Madore Trophy" is going to look mighty swell on somebody's mantle piece fifty years hence - - - and just think of what that sweet little girlie at home is going to say. So, once again, the best of luck and Cheerio.

Ye Editor.

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## HOW TO DIE YOUNG

By Flying Officer C.D.J. Bricker Jr.

Always take off without warming up the motor; its a waste of gas anyway.

Always leave your chute in the snow, or stand on it; Keeping it dry and in good shape, is just a racket thought up by the chute section.

Always leave your safety belt off; that's just for sissies.

Always look straight ahead in the air, never around; the other ships will always miss you anyway.

Always take off without checking your gas; The gage is more than likely to be wrong anyway.

Always pull the nose high in a slip; it will give your instructor a great thrill.

Always shoot up your girl-friends house; she'll have you for a corpse.

(Contd on Page 4.)

Page 2.

CORRECTION.

The editor of "The Wind" wishes to make a correction with reference to the Poem "DETENTION" which was signed "ANON".

The poem "DETENTION" which appeared in the last issue of "The Wind" on November 18th, was written by L.A.C. Armitage of Class 39. The lines were written while the man was actually in detention in Winnipeg, during the first week of detention. They therefore, present rather a prejudiced view point of the situation (Although it was no Graduation Banquet).

The editor is happy to state that L.A.C. Armitage gradually saw the light and by the time he was ready to leave he had profited greatly by his experiences, and learned a very valuable lesson.

Ye Editor,

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POISON WAR GASES.

If you get a choking feeling and a smell of Musty Hay,  
You can bet your bottom dollar that there's PHOSGENE on the way;  
But the smell of Bleaching Powder will inevitably mean  
That the enemy you are meeting is the Gas we call CHLORINE.  
When your eyes become a-twitching, and for tears you cannot see,  
It isn't mother peeling onions, but a dose of C.A.P.  
If the smell resembles Pear Drops, then you had better not delay--  
It isn't father sucking Toffee, it's the ruddy K.S.K.  
If you catch a pungent odour as you're coming home for tea  
You can put your shirt on it, they are using B.B.C.  
And if you smell Horse Radish, don't think You're having beef  
It's MUSTARD and will burn you till blisters make life brief.  
And lastly, while Geraniums look pleasant in a bed,  
Beware this smell in war-time--if it's LEWISITE you're dead!

"Take care of your respirator and you're respirator will take care of you."

(This is a copy of a poem widely circulated in England by the Civil Air Raid Precautions Authorities)

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The Padre, F/L Osborne submits the foaling verse in support of the unwritten law "to always leave the place better than you found it"

This is adapted from a poem written by a young Lieutenant while occupying an abandoned barn as a billet during the last war:

Hearken all ye when duty calls  
To spend some time within the friendly walls,  
Others will sojourn here when you have passed  
You were not the first-you will not be the last.  
Therefore take heed, and do whate'er you may  
For safety and comfort while you stay.  
Think, as you pass the thorny path of duty,  
Of Comfort, of Security, of Beauty,  
So your successors when they come, may say  
"A worthy Flight we relieved to-day".

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A 1940 VERSION OF THE SHOOTING OF DAN MCGREW.

A bunch of the boys were whooping it up in the Kaiserhof Hotel  
Hitler and Himmler the Gestapo Chief were paving the road to Hell  
Back of the bar with medals on, was Goering the hunk of cheese,  
While poor old Hess in an awful mess was searching himself for fleas.

Then out of the Air-raid shelter below, and into the din and the blare  
There stumbled a little rabbit-toothed man, named Goebbels, with greasy black hair.  
He looked like a man with one foot in the grave, and he certainly looked like a  
louse.  
As he heiled old Adolf several times, and started to lie to the house.

Herr Ribbentrop collared him right away, and asked him "Vat is der news"  
"Der Britons starving," Goebbles replied, "and der Yankees quake in der shoes."  
Then Hitler spoke up, "Is that der truth?" And Goebbels replied with a grin.  
"You know darn well how we fool der troops, it doesn't mean a thing.

Then all of a sudden the lights went out, and out-side was heard a roar,  
The lights went on and who do you think was standing at the door?  
It was Benny the Duce, the Dago's pride, and stupid as a mule  
While clutching his hand was his son-in-law, Ciano the simpering fool.

Then Benny turned, and his eyes grew dim, and then he started to cry,  
"Oh Adolf, ain't the British beat? if not, oh why, oh why?  
You promised me over three months ago you'd be in Britian by now  
But you've let me down, and my poor darn troops are getting short of chow."

"Their water is low, and the British fleet, you promised to annihilate,  
Are keeping supplies from my Libyan troops, act now, or 'twill be too late."  
Hitler looked sheepish and hung his head, then stammered, and started to swear,  
"The blame's on Goering, the hunk of cheese. He promised to clear the air."

Then Goering stumbled across the room with a clang that all could hear,  
He looked at Hitler and Masey the Duce, and his face went green with fear.  
"Herr Ribbentrop told me," he spluttered out, "The British were awfully crummy,  
But the way they chase my bombers away, it isn't even funny.

"Der R.A.F. my number's got, It's a thing I can't deny,  
But Raeder here promised to clear the seas, and he does'nt even try."  
Then Raeder turned, and his cheeks they burned, and he spoke and his voice was  
grim,

"Der British fleet won't let me out, and I can't ask my men to swim.

"I've destroyed a lot of refugees, and scuttled a ship or two,  
I've done as much as Von Tirpitz did, vat more do you want me to do?"  
The bickering suddenly died away, then it burst like a pent up flood  
And Hitler screamed "Mein Gott we're beat" and his lips were flecked with blood.

He stumbled and staggered across the room, then fell in a heap on the floor,  
As a string of bombs from the R.A.F. burst just outside the door.  
Those are the simple facts of the case ... and strictly between you and I,  
To conquer the world, you've the British to beat, so you needn't even try.

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From the writings of J.R. Miller, we take the following quotation:

"Success in life depends upon staying power. The reason for failure  
in most cases is lack of perseverance. Men get tired and give up."

With this thought in mind, we like to think about the great deal of  
perseverance, which has been shown by the students of this school, who have  
not failed. Even those who have been unfortunate enough through one cause  
or another to discontinue training here, have proved their sterling quality  
by trying and succeeding in another venture.

Ye Editor.

HOW TO DIE YOUNG (Contd from page 1.)

Always drag it over the trees and fences; It fools everyone that way.

Always sneak into your aircraft and away with you on a cross country, don't tell the control tower; It will be lots of fun for them, trying to find you.

Always be fifteen minutes late for link classes and flying; it gets your instructor into such a lovely frame of mind.

Always practice rools when you are learning steep turns; the examining Officer will be pleased with your spins out of the turn.

Always do HALF a job, never really try; you'll get along so much better (Toward Trenton).

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THE KAISER "AND GOD" --- HITLER WITHOUT GOD"

"Meinself Und Gott" was the refrain of a set of verses that was published in the Montreal Herald in October, 1897, and that so caught the public fancy that it made the Author famous. These verses were inspired by a speech of William H. Emperor of Germany, upon the divine right of kings and his own special mission on earth.

The author was a member of the Herald staff, named McGregor Rose, then at a convention of surgeons at Excelsior Springs, Missouri, a dramatic interlude was supplied by Dr. R. Emmet Kane of St. Louis, Missouri, who read the verses to the assembled delegates, following with an up-to-date version of his own, entitled, "Meinself -- Not Gott". Through the courtesy of Dr. Archibald D. Campbell of Montreal, who was present at the convention, we are enabled to reproduce the two versions below.

The above is taken from a clipping, which asserts that it and the following verses were reproduced by Courtesy of the Montreal Herald; so with due apologies to the paper from which this clipping was removed, and also to the Montreal Herald, we have the tinerity to reproduce it once again, in this our paper.  
Ye Editor.

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**MEINSELF - - UND GOTT!**

From the Montreal Herald, October, 1897

Der Kaiser of dis Faterland  
Und Gott on high all dings command,  
Ve two - achi don'd you understand?  
Meinslef - Und Gott.

He reigns in heafen und always shall,  
Und mein own Embire don'd vas shmall,  
Ein noble bair I dinks you call  
Meinself - und Gott.

Vile some men sing der power divine  
Mein soldiers sing "Die Wacht am Rhein",  
Und drink der health in Renish wine,  
Of Me - und Gott.

**MEINSELF - - NOT GOTT!**

By Dr. R. Emmet Kane, St Louis, Mo.

I'M Adolf vott de peoples curse,  
I make dings go from vorse to vorse,  
I'll show who runs dis universe,  
It's me - not Gott.

In Holland vere he now chops vood,  
Is Kaiser Bill - he'll understood  
I've don vott vunce he dought he couldt  
Und mitt out Gott.

I first made mince meat of der Jews,  
Den emptied Christian churches' pews,  
Undt on de air-vafes spread de news,  
Vatch Me - not Gott.

(Continued on Page five.)

THE KAISER "AND GOD" -- HITLER "WITHOUT GOD" (Continued)

Dere's France - she svaggers all aroundt,  
She's ausgespielt, of no aggoundt,  
To much ve dinks she don'd amountt,  
Meinself - und Gott.

She will not dare to fight again,  
But if she shouldt, I'll show her blain,  
Dot Elsass, und (in French) Lorraine  
Are mein - by Gott.

Von Bismark was a man of might,  
I dought he was glear oud of sight,  
But ach! he was nicht goot to fight  
Mit Me - Und Gott.

Ve knock him like ein man of straw,  
Ve let him know whose vill vas law,  
Und dot ve don'd would sdand his jaw,  
Meinself - und Gott.

Ve send him oudt in big disgrace,  
Ve gif him insultt to his face,  
Und put Caprivi in his place  
Meinself - und Gott.

Und when Caprivi get svelled hedt,  
Ve very brompfly on him set,  
Und told him to get up und get,  
Meinself und Gott.

Dere's Grandma dinks she's nicht small bier,  
Mit Boers und such she interfere,  
She'll learn none owns dis hemispere  
But Me - Und Gott.

She dinks good Frau, some ships she's got,  
Und soldiers mit der scarlet goat,  
Ach! we could knock 'em - poof! like dot,  
Meinself - Und Gott.

Dimes of peace brebare for wars,  
I bear der helm und sphear of Mars,  
Und care not for den dousnad Czars,  
Meinslef - und Gott.

In fact, I humor of evry whim,  
Mit aspect dark und visage grim,  
Gott pulls mit me, und I mit Him,  
Meinself - Und Gott.

I dusted off some pagan gods,  
Undt split mitt dem de "Heils" undt nods  
Of millions of my Nazi clods,  
Who tink I'm Gott.

De Austrians I claimed as mine,  
Den told the Czechs to shtep in line,  
I treat de Poles like dey was schwine,  
Undt insultt Gott.

I giff Joe Stalin my right hand -  
De dunkopf, he don't understand  
I cheat and lie to beat de band,  
To him - not Gott.

Norvegians, Danes undt Finns I vip,  
Undt I don't lose vun single ship,  
Fifth Column cheaters in I shlipp,  
Undt laff at Gott.

To Belgium a few tanks I bring  
Undt tie a tin can on der king,  
He giffs his crown undt efry ding  
To Me - Not Gott.

Il Duce is von great big shump -  
He dinks the card he holds is trump,  
Ven true mitt him, dot vop I'll dump,  
Like he dumped Gott!

I spread my troops all over France -  
Mitt me she didn't stood a chance;  
I showed her quick who vears de pants  
Shust Me - not Gott.

In London vere old John Bull sits,  
I scare small children from dere vitx  
Each night by turning on de blitz,  
In spite of Gott!

My hoofs undt horns I'll keep concealed,  
Undt promise dey won't be revealed  
Till Uncle Sam is ausgespielt  
By Me - not Gott!

Undt ven I die, shust vatch, I bet  
De Fuehr's seat in hell I'll get,  
Undt Goebbels vill sit by me yet,  
Ve von't cheat Gott!

Submitted by. Cpl. J.D.P.Nolan.

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A CHILLY LIMERICK.

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Having heard many comments on the weather lately, it brought  
to mind Kiplings lines:

"There was a small boy in Quebec  
Who was burried in snow to his neck,  
When asked, "Are you friz?"  
He replied, "Yes, I is"  
But we don't call this cold in Quebec."

HAIL AND FAREWELL.

Shakespeare, is I believe responsible for the saying, "The evil that men do live after them, the good is oft interred with their bones" This apparently being the end of both the good and the bad.

Before this paper finally goes to sleep, there is something of the good and something of the bad, according to the manner in which one looks at things to be said, regarding the arrival and the departure from this Station of certain prominent personalities, and thus to uphold the sayings of that immortal poet, William Shakespeare, we cannot go to press without saying a word of welcome to Flt.Lt. A.J. Vincent, and a word of farewell to Squadron Leader D.D. Atkinson.

So, to you sir, Our new Commanding Officer, we bid you a hearty welcome; and trust that you will find the work here as interesting as in the Station at Boundary Bay, B.C.

And to you, Sir, Our Commanding Officer just departing for the sunny plains of Alberta, we wish you Bon Voyage, and hope that you will be as happy there, if not happier than you were here; One thing sure, you can always carry with you, and that is the thought, that you are leaving behind you, many who grieve deeply at your departure.

To the New and the Old we wish, Good Luck; Success and Happy Landings, from The Officers; N.C.O'S and Airmen, as well as the Civilian personnel, come these greetings.

Ye. Editor.

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IN LIGHTER VEIN

Bank Teller: "This check is alright, but you must be introduced! Can't you bring in your husband?"

Fair Lady: "Who, Jack? Why, if Jack thought you wanted an introduction to me he'd knock your block off!"

There was a young man from Savannah  
Once stepped on an empty banana

The words that he said

As the floor hit his head

Wouldn't do for a Subday School  
Banner.

The bottle of perfume that Willie sent  
Was highly displeasing to Millicent.

Her thanks were so cold

They've quarrelled, we're told,

Through that silly scent Willie sent  
Millicent.

An American who was a stranger to football saw a soccer match in which one of the goalkeepers gave a poor display. "Say," he asked, "does that guy between the spars collect any money for this?"

"Yes", replied his companion "he draws about twenty-five dollars a week."

"Gee whiz!" said the American, "wouldn't it be more economical to board up the space?"

And here's a few selected similes:

Uncomfortable as a sword swallower with the hiccoughs.

She was colder than Gandhi in a rumble seat,

Interesting as a conversation you can't quite overhear.

As welcome as a creaking floor to a burglar.

Busy as a press agent at a Hollywood elopement.

Impressionable as a new sheet of carbon paper.

Full of the homing instinct as the manuscript of an unknown author.

A volcano is something that forces its insides out. They are surmounted by a big hole at the top to do this.

An active verb shows action, as he kissed her, and a passive verb shows passion, as she kissed him.

An undergraduate is a person not up to the mark.