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The Wind

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SPECIAL R.A.F. NEW YEAR NUMBER.

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N.B.

No actions at law for Libel, Slander, Defamation of Character - Actual or Inferred - will be entertained. Any similarity is purely coincidental.

Editor.

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When this Publication goes to press, we shall have entered the New Year - a year which, for the majority of the readers, will be very full and quite different from any other we have yet seen. Some people contend that the Past is dead and should therefore be forgotten. Your Editor is not of this contention, but on the contrary, holds that memories of the past - whether or no pleasant - can greatly enhance one's present and future life.

So, when we look back on the time we spent here in Virden, we shall have a great many memories of happy times and enjoyable experiences for which we shall always remain indebted to the good people of Virden; our Instructors, and the Permanent Staff of No. 19. E.F.T.S.

Our appreciation is none the less sincere because it is only verbal. All we can say is that should the time ever come when we can repay you all in some more material manner, then you will not find us wanting.

This issue of "The Wind" is being prepared by members of the R.A.F., with the assistance of certain Canadian personnel. That is the reason for the above preamble. This is the first opportunity we have had to voice our appreciation; an opportunity which cannot be missed.

To the new students - Course 44 - we extend the same hearty welcome that we received on our arrival. May this Course be as happy, and have as good a time as we have had. If they do, then they will truly enjoy their sojourn at this Station. And if they don't, then they will be largely to blame themselves.

So, on behalf of all the members of Course 43, here's wishing you all a very Happy and Prosperous New Year, a year in which, let us hope, we shall go far to restore that Peace for which we are all trying to do our little bit.

Happy Landings to you all,

Your Editor.

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THE MISSING LINK.



THE NEEDLE, THE BALL, and THE AIRSPEED.

Of all the diabolical instruments of torture devised at the time of the Spanish Inquisition, none can equal the Link Trainer. What this ingenious invention lacks in the way of inflicting physical anguish is compensated for by its soul destroying properties. It is in the interests of humanity that one who is suffering this course of purgatory, guaranteed to kill in twenty easy lessons, should expose the pernicious system whereby innocent victims are submitted to such agonies of body and mind.

The Chamber of Horrors contains no less than four of these devilish machines. The snoutish brutes admittedly bear some resemblance to an aeroplane, but only in appearance. A further touch of irony is provided by the maidenly names by which they are known - "Agnes", "Mabel", "Becky", and "Elmer". Names which persuade one further that they must be the reincarnation of the most stubborn spirits that ever lived.

The unsuspecting victim scrambles into the cramped confines of one of the machines, dons headphones and panders to the Instructor's childish desire to play at aeroplanes by repeating after him, "Switch On - Throttle Wide". With a pronounced juddering and a venomous hiss, the capricious monster leaps into life. Before the student has a chance to grasp the situation, the lid is slammed down, and he is alone inside the beast, rather like Jonah in the Whale.

But Jonah's ride was a picnic compared with half-an-hour with Mabel. The first lesson being to fly 'Straight and Level' at 85 m.p.h., the victim fondly imagines that Mabel will behave like an aeroplane. Ah! wishful thinking !!

When the slow mocking voice, which has been droning "The Needle, the Ball and the Airspeed" for some ten minutes relinquishes the dirge to point out, "Your Airspeed is 150 m.p.h.. Ease your stick back to reduce speed", it is merely stating a fact that the student noticed several seconds previously. He has already eased the stick backwards two inches, with no change in Mabel's expression.

But the Voice can't be wrong, and as it repeats "Ease your stick back to reduce speed", the victim obligingly applies another three inches, still to no apparent purpose. As the Voice reaches the third chorus, the victim, for fear the Voice should think him unresponsive, yanks it back into his lap.

Then things happen with amazing violence. Mabel enters into the spirit of the game and flicks her Airspeed needle.

A hundred and fifty, a hundred and forty

"Ah, that's better at last !"

A hundred and thirty, a hundred and twenty

"Oh boy, now we're getting somewhere".

A hundred and ten, one hundred

"At-a-girl, Mabel, that's the stuff !"

Ninety-five, ninety

"Now we check forward with the stick. Steady Mabel !"

Eighty-five, eighty

"Oh, Hell, I didn't check in time. Forward with that stick."

Seventy-five, seventy, sixty-five, sixty

"Look out, Mabel. We'll stall and spin if you're not careful!"

Fifty-five, fifty, forty-five, forty

By this time, thoroughly enjoying herself, Mabel goes into a dance. Round and round and down and down she goes. It's a long time since Mabel had such a game!

But all good things must come to an end, and eventually Mabel settles down with a sigh of complete exhaustion. The unhappy victim, bathed in perspiration, since the altimeter already reads 500 feet below, cautiously raises the hood. How maddening those smiling faces seem, but there's no option but to throw a sickly grin and share the joke.

By way of conclusion, one is tempted to quote the report of the Committee of Enquiry into the Prevention of Cruelty to Leading Aircraftsmen - "Furthermore, this Body has no hesitation in recommending that Mabel, Agnes, Becky and Elmer should be labelled 'FOR AMUSEMENT ONLY', and returned to the Fun Fair from which they came."

A recommendation which we heartily endorse.

R.H.Saxton.



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SLAP-HAPPY.

(A vivid illustration of the effects of prolonged incarceration in a Link Trainer.)

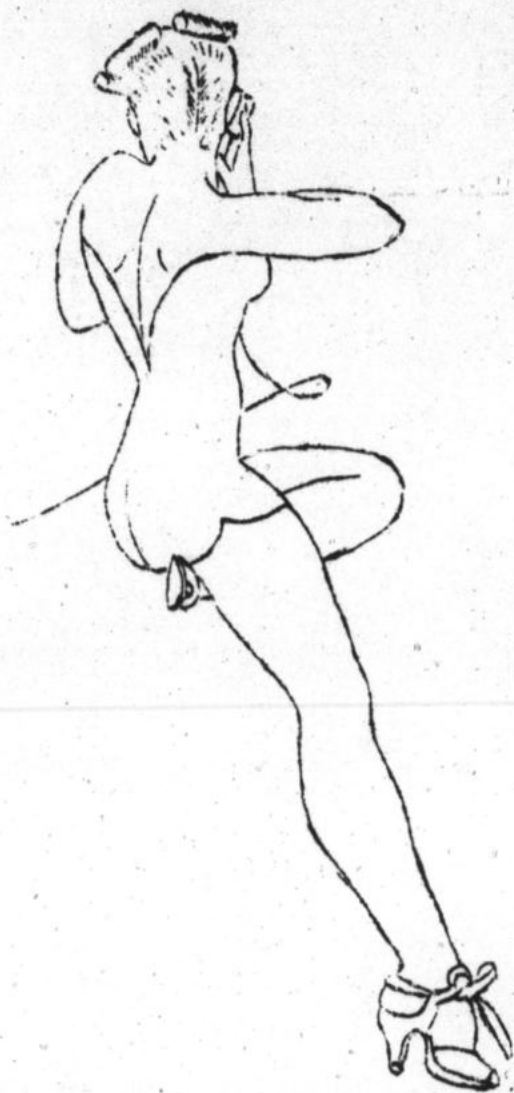
Hour by hour we go on,
Atoms of intolerance and propagandist protoplasms,
We'd like to live by a river of gold,
And eat fish and chips every night for tea.

Wise in the last generation but one,
We think we know what we don't understand,
A stitch in time saves a penny in the pound,
And red's a vulgar colour anyway.

(Anonymous for obvious reasons.)

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IF ESQUIRE CAN HAVE 'EM
SO CAN THE WIND.



"It's a small world"
says Tom Mathews.



SEQUENCES 7:9.

THE LADIES' AUXILIARY PARTY. Dec. 20th. 1941.

It is only meet, right and proper that some reference be made to the Party at which Course 43 (R.A.F.) were entertained on Saturday, 20th December, by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the No.19 E.F.T.S.

We are all familiar with the Recreation Room and the Mess Hall, and in consequence, were all the more pleasantly surprised on seeing the decorations for the first time. These, combined with soft lights, sweet music, and the essential feminine influence, gave us all the true Party spirit.

The Dances were grand, and much amusement was occasioned by the use of novel (and highly provocative) methods of introduction. After a very short time, however, acquaintances were made, and thereafter, things literally went with a swing. Several spot dances, and elimination waltz competitions brought their winners prizes which, being both utilitarian and decorative, pleased all tastes.

Supper was truly welcome and highly appreciated by all. Ice-cream at home never seemed to taste quite so nice, and what if the coffee was literally an afterthought? Everything is better for anticipation.

And so the fun went on, till the witching hour (and our Disciplinarian) called a halt to the proceedings. However, an hour's grace was given, and, we hope, all arrived home safely.

On behalf of all those who would like to voice it personally, may the Wind express the sincere gratitude and appreciation of the Ladies' efforts in this direction. To finish with a time-honoured toast :-

"The Ladies - God bless 'em."

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CHRISTMAS -/- 1941.

This issue of the Wind cannot be produced without mention of the good times enjoyed by those members of the Royal Air Force who visited Winnipeg during their Christmas Leave.

When first mooted, the prospect of five days Leave was not generally appreciated as much as usual, for, with a minimum of cash, and nowhere in particular to go, it seemed as though it would be merely a matter of passing five days as easily and inexpensively as possible.

However, thanks to the St. Agnes Ladies' Guild of Winnipeg, and to J.R.Morgan, Esq., the Manager of Virden Flying School, all these men received invitations to stay with Canadian families as guests over the Xmas holiday.

It would be difficult to find words, and certainly impossible to provide the space, in which adequate accounts could be given of the varied experiences of the men. Suffice it to say that we all had the time of our lives, and spent a Christmas which we shall always remember.

Our thanks go individually and collectively to the Ladies Guild; to Mr. Morgan, and to all those good people who were so kind in opening their homes to us. We only hope that they enjoyed their Xmas as much as we did ours, and that the New Year will bring them all the happiness and prosperity that we wish them.

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ONLY A VOLUNTEER.



Why didn't I wait to be drafted ?
To be led to the train by a band,
And put in a claim for exemptions,
Oh ! why did I put up my hand ?
Why didn't I wait for the banquet ?
Why didn't I wait to be cheered ?
For the drafted men get all the credit,
While I'm only a volunteer.

And nobody gave me a banquet,
And nobody said a kind word,
The grind of the wheels of the engine,
Was all the goodbye that I heard.
Then off to the camp I was herded,
To train for the next half-a-year,
And in the scuffle, forgotten,
I was only a volunteer.

I built for the others their barracks,
While burning alive in a tent.
I cleaned off a dozen parade grounds,
For the fellows who were only sent.
Then along came the National Army,
And then it was made quite clear,
That glory goes to the drafted man,
And work to the volunteer.

I've waded in mud to my eyebrows,
I've frozen in Canada's cold,
I've walked on my beat in the moonlight,
While this army is growing old.
But I don't appear on their honor roll,
Though there's someone who may shed a tear.
But the rest is all forgotten,
For I'm only a volunteer.

And I've dreamed of far-off Flanders;
On that bloody field of hate,
I went over the top, by a bullet was stopped,
Then I knocked at the Pearly Gate.
And I heard St. Peter saying,
"There's no room for your kind here,
This is for the drafted men,
And you're only a volunteer."

So may be, some day in the future,
When my little boy sits on my knee,
And asks what I did in the conflict,
And his little eyes look up at me,
I'll have to look back at him blushing,
To the eyes that trustingly peer,
And tell him I missed being drafted,
I WAS ONLY A VOLUNTEER !

Signed :

Just a Volunteer.

FAMOUS LAST WORDS AT VIRDEN.

"That arrow's stuck, the wind is really this way"
"I'm sure the Instructor said 'Pull the stick right back'...."
"It's O.K. He can see me all right - I'll carry on"
"It can't start - the switches are off"
"That landing wasn't so bad, I'll go round again"
"There's no need to get up yet, it's only 6.35 a.m."
"Oh! I'm sorry. I thought you had it, Sir!"

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With Apologies and Gratitude to Reader's Digest: -

A Bishop in British East Africa needed a new set of false teeth. He consulted his dentist - "Are you quite sure you can make me a pair that won't hurt," he demanded. "I'm positive," replied the dentist. "Then go ahead and make 'em," ordered the Bishop.

A week later, the Bishop put the teeth in his mouth, and bellowed as loud as King Lear. "Christ", he exploded, "Jesus !!!"

The dentist's face grew red as he hastened to reassure the Bishop. "If they hurt as much as that, then take them out and I'll fix them."

The Bishop looked up in surprise. "The teeth are fine," he announced. "Frankly, this is the first time in years I've been able to speak those words without whistling."

An English father wanted to get the news quickly to his little son in America that a baby sister had come into the family, and cabled the American host of his son, ending, "The little fellow is a solem owl, so break the news gently.

The American called in the little English boy and told him he had just heard from his father of a wonderful thing that had happened. His father had noticed a large stork circling round the house. "It went round and around," he said, "with his big feet dangling, and his big wings flapping, around and around"

"Jove", exclaimed the little English boy, "I hope Mother didn't see it. She's pregnant, you know."

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CLERIHWS BY L.A.C. Noden.

Drake was fine
For a man of his kind
But a bit of a strain
On the King of Spain.

Sergeants are punk,
But they have their own bunk,
So while there are cuties,
They needn't be beauties.

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The "Cads". (To be sung in harmony. The tune is well-known!)

As I stroll up to my aeroplane with an independent air,
The Instructors all declare: "He must be an ace - Oh! Yeah?"
You should see them scorn the way each morn,
I taxi out at the break of dawn,
Because I wear a diff'rent suit to fly in!

(With profuse apologies to Messrs. Alderman & Coleman.)

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S P E C I A L .

DO NOT MISS - OF INTEREST TO ALL AT VIRDEN ! ! !

THE 1942 "TIGERSCHMIDT".

At last we are able to release some of the details and performance figures of the new Wonder Plane, designed by Professor Skrewlusso, the 1942 "Tigerschmidt".

A longfelt want by the Students of No.19 E.F.T.S. has been filled by the controllable bounce constant swing undercarriage. This has been accomplished by the use of conical snooters which act according to the law of inversed differentials on the axle crosstrees, combined with damping provided by helical orthomorphc fubbing nuts on the expanding surfaces of the brake lever locking arm cams.

The designer of the machine, Proff. Skrewlusso, spent many years studying the peculiar take-off and flight of the Oozolum Bird, which, as is well-known, flies in ever decreasing circles until it disappears from which point of vantage, it upon the assembled multitude below. From these studies, he has produced a machine capable of spinning upward about an infinitely divergent pair of axes: to do this, the machine is gyrated about a mizzen jib extension until it has gained sufficient momentum to depress the sear holding in the yarp rings, which propels the machine to a position vertically above the Control Tower. The practice of the Oozolum Bird is duplicated by means of the exhaust ring splasher which opens the mucking poppets and couples the auto-rotating bulkheads through a gunshling rod to the splurge gaskets, so that on the backward movement of the valve guide locking piece, onormous quantities of a homologous series of the molybdenum cleates of dimethylglyoxilic acid are ejected accurately from an undoubtedly great height.

That the machine is amazingly adaptable can be seen from the following, which is merely one of its many uses. A synchronised motion of the bupple pin and the rear axle servo-stabilizer enables the body extension to be orientated with regard to the radiator header cooling gasket, so that the slots on the trailing edge of the condenser are aligned with a decoupling unit. In this position, the machine can be used as a household automatic washer.

It is expected that this aerodyne will be seen on Virden Flying Field in the very near future, in its characteristic colours of Arctic Green and Puce. Until then - NE BONIS NON MORTUM - which is to say - He who lives in a mortuary should not throw bones.

W.B.L. & J.A.B.

Editor's Note.

It is greatly regreted that illustrations of this aircraft cannot be reproduced. We have it upon good authority that the Air Ministry would frown on the release of information which obviously would considerably enhance the prospects of the Japanese.

(Being the report of an exclusive and exhaustive investigation by a special correspondent.)

It has long been a mystery, a hallowed mystery doubtless, handed down from generation to generation of N.A.A.F.I. staff, as to their recipe from which they prepare that liquid which flows from their urns and is handed to you when you ask for tea. "We asked for a fish and were given a stone" is the usual feeling about it.

By much guile I have wormed my way into the strong-hold of the N.A.A.F.I. kitchen, and whilst hiding behind a large bag of soda, I have, with my own eyes, witnessed the decoction of this liquid. Most assuredly, boiling water is the basis, and a quantity of small brown bits is definitely placed in a bag (probably an old gym vest) and ducked for a while in the water. It is then squeezed and withdrawn, and if N.A.A.F.I. Form A.901 (Instructions for the Preparation of Beverages - to be hung in a prominent position in all kitchens -) is to be believed, this bag of ? tea is NOT used again, but is written off on N.A.A.F.I. Form A.223. - no doubt a solemn occasion.

Then comes the trickling in of a modicum of tinned milk, mark you, made in the U.S.A., but not specifically stated to be unfit for babies.

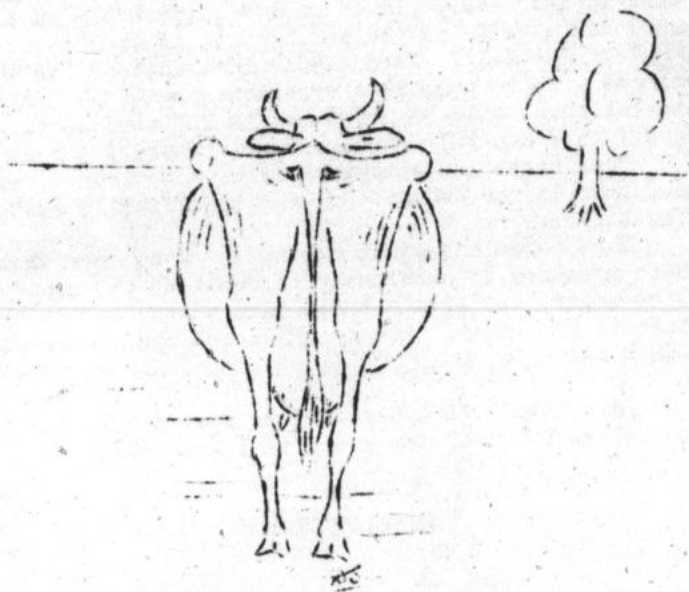
Then comes the great moment ! A cup - a whole cup of grey-white granules is carelessly thrown into the urn. I believe this to be sugar, and from a taste when no-one was looking, I can vouch that it was sweet. To my untutored eye, it really appeared to be SUGAR !!!

This liquid is later sold as Tea, for 1d per cup - but I would go to the Y.M.C.A. for yours if I wore you .

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'CUT IT OUT, NOW! NO PEEKING!'



FINIS

*Lois
Lust*