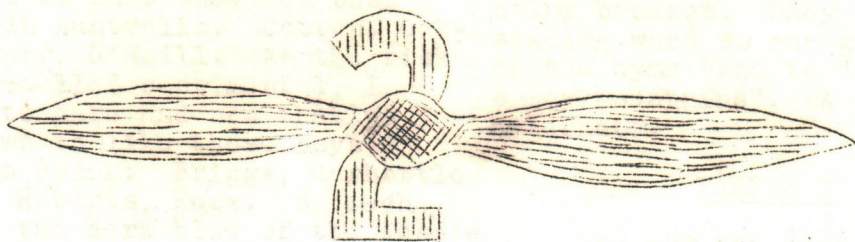


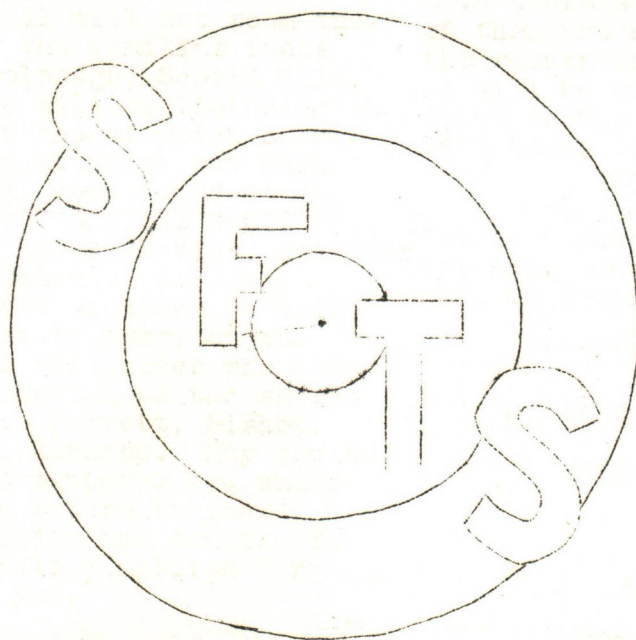
The

AIRMAN

NO.



SEVENTH EDITION



DECEMBER 1906

UPLANDS, OTTAWA.

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Editor: Cpl. W.M. Shaw

AUSSIES

There's a group of men who are due to leave in the immediate future. McSweyne, Phillips, McKechnie, Clark. Their destination we do not know but wherever they may be in the future, they can rest assured that the men of this Training School will remember them and will be watching for their names. Brohney, Wilson, Shirtcliffe Campbell. Their unfailing cheerfulness under the wretched conditions which prevail during our Canadian winter, their acceptance of everything here at Uplands which of a certainty were entirely different to what they had been used to in Australia. Cotton, Oak-Rhind, Kerr, O'Neill. At the risk of being called sentimental, I will state here and now that we have grown to like these boys from down under. Briggs, Harbottle Tainton, Roberts, Ross. So much so, when the dark blue of the Aussie is not seen around our hangars and barracks, we shall feel there is something missing. Damman, Maxwell, Wood, Field, Drummond. The dining hall will not seem the same without the familiar faces Sheppard, Woolnough, Scott, Hall, Robinson. We will be listening in vain for that accent which seemed so incongruous at first but when one had become accustomed to it, sounded as we Canadians would say, just swell. Hicks, Davies, Walliker McCullough, McLeod. So long, Australians and we know you will do your utmost to carry on the traditions of the Anzacs who made their name immortal on the shores of Gallipoli. Barrett, Bishop, Uhrig, Milne, Kinnano. May you be successful in whatever you undertake and soon return to your homeland to enjoy the fruits of victory. Thanks a million for having known you.

In Lighter Vein.

The officers mess were serenaded continuously last Sunday by the proprietor of the "Fly Inn", which is situated on the south-western corner of our barrack area. The melody which issued forth with the full capacity of the loud-speaker was "I'm nobody's baby now". Evidently reprisals for his premises being placed out of bounds by the C.O. to all personnel of our station.

One of our English airmen pilots was heard to remark the other morning, on emerging into the frigid atmosphere "What the 'ell do they think we are, bleeding

trappers."

We do not know who was responsible for the glorious and free entertainment provided on pay parade in the drill hall last Thursday but it certainly evoked roars of laughter. Just good clean fun or was it.

We wonder how many airmen believed that our Willie really put his hand through a street-car window.

The Aussies got their wings but the one thing they'll always remember was the cold wind which whistled around their ears as they stood out there with no overcoats to shelter them from Upland's balmy breezes. They say they are sending word to change the words of the hymn tune to "From Uplands snowy mountains". A pity we can't hibernate.

FAREWELL

And now the time has come to say so long, au revoir, don't do anything I wouldn't do and happy landings to the boys of No. 2 and No.4 Courses Airmen pilots. Many of them are now Pilot Officers and the remainder are N.C.O. Pilots. We will be watching for their names in the Honour Lists over there. Good Luck, boys.

And Hello

We tender the boys of No.13 Course a welcome to our snow covered Uplands. May they turn out as good as their predecessors.

A I R M E N - A T T E N T I O N

FREE ENTERTAINMENT

AND

REFRESHMENTS

EVERY SUNDAY NIGHT.

8 O'CLOCK

TRAFALGAR HOUSE

29 CARTIER STREET

BRING YOUR GIRLS!

R.C.A.F. AUXILIARY

EDITORIAL

The battle of England is being fought on our behalf by two entirely different groups of personnel. The first naturally are the ground crews of our senior air service the R.A.F. Their whole life is centred around their machines for they are the means whereby the pilots ascend to the battlefields. No mud, trenches and barbed wire to contend with but the limitless expanse of the skies is theirs for combat grounds. Day in and day out their ears are filled with the howling of motors, the clatter of machine gun fire and the continuous bark of anti-aircraft weapons. At least they do have the satisfaction of seeing and coming to grips with him. Often they are thrilled when as a direct result of their skill, a raider comes hurtling to the earth. Theirs is an exciting life but how different is the mode of living of the second line of defense of our Mother Country. When their work is over for the day in the various war and munition factories, down they go into the bowels of the earth. Men, women and children, rich and poor alike have to go down into their holes in the ground in a manner reminiscent of the days when our ancestors fled to the protection of their caves from the depredations of marauding beasts.

No satisfaction is theirs of striking back at the murdering vultures of the skies. The only way they have to strike back is to "take it" as they are doing, uncompromisingly and go back to the industrial and manufacturing establishments to fashion more implements of war. Bury their dead and go back to work, with the hot tears welling up to obscure the machine they are working on as they think of their loved ones who will never speak again. And when peace is settled on this troubled world, a new page will be written in history. The Army and Navy will still celebrate

cont'd next column ----

BOWLING LEAGUE:-

Re-organized Tues. Nov. 26/40
Now 10 teams in league bowling
every Tuesday at Rideau Alleys.
Prize Winners to date:
High Single High Triple

Heath of Acet's(1) Drew of Acet's(2)
Demers of Civies(1) Emond(Civies)(1)
Johnson (Acet's)(1) Brock("G"Flight)1

their Waterloo's their Trafalgars etc. but in the battle for England, the victories for the civilian army will be named Coventry, Bristol Birmingham, London. "They are not afraid of the terror that cometh by night nor of the pestilence that flieth at noon-day.

PARACHUTE SECTION

Yes, a good girl can create wonders on a bad boy.

Cpl. Price is now even refraining from using profane language and attending Church, these Sabbath evenings. Oh the wedding January is the month, date unknown so far but this crew is anxiously waiting and with another Windsorite in the person of L.A.C. Jewell taking the place of L.A.C. Petrie, we should have a whale of a wedding party. Petrie by the way has gone to Trenton much closer to his red head. We wonder if he got his C.O.'s consent to marry the Lady, also his Fathers. Good Luck Bill.

L.A.C. Davies is getting ready for his 14 days leave, take our advice Jim and sleep in a separate room, the Mrs. might be rather shocked should you talk in your sleep and we mean when you sleep. Have a good time Jim.

Me thinks there is too many Windsor lads getting into this Station, can we trust one another fellows, (remember the Quinton case)

It was a cold, cold night but we enjoyed the refreshments, so we didn't mind, Thanks to the Aussies. It has been a pleasure working for you, you are a great bunch of fellows. When you get over there we hope you will remember us over here. So Good Luck and safe Landings every where.

A great bunch of boys these Windsor lads,
But as pals they're loyal true blue,
They may kick over the traces
sometimes,
But so do we all even you.

So at night if they're seen having a drink,
Don't gaze on them with a frown,
For remember they're not chickens anymore,
These mechanics from old Border Town.

So long Shaw, see you next issue.
Hughie Mayne.

One of our machines failed to return.

How often we hear on the B.B.C. news broadcasts this terse announcement which denotes that an aircraft with its pilot and crew has not arrived home. Last Friday Nov. 23 one of our machines did not return. It lies a heap of wreckage somewhere away from our drome but I like to think that it like us humans, has a spirit which is still winging its way through the heavens. And, still guiding it through the milky way, will be those two gallant flying gentlemen, Hal Morgan and Tip Mason. Just four short weeks ago we saw them step up proudly to have their well-earned wings pinned to their breasts and we rejoiced with them. Young, clean living, likeable are these boys, whose greatest ambition is to achieve mastery of the airwaves. I shall always esteem it a great privilege to have known these gentlemen pilots especially those two boys whose beds are empty in our barracks.

They were two of the boys who worked hard to organize a party so that the ground crew would know how much their work was appreciated. At work or play they were equally enthusiastic as the men who witnessed their efforts on the grid-iron against a superior team both in coaching and equipment, can vouch for. Not for us to question the workings and purpose of the Great Pilot in taking these two beloved comrades of ours. We can only hope that we shall meet them again some time when we leave this abode of wars and strife we call the earth. Till then we shall have to be obedient to the edict from the Heavenly Headquarters which St. Peter has just written in his book, i.e. Taken on strength from No. 2 S.F.T.S. Uplands, Airmen Pilots Hal Morgan and Tip Mason. "Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for Freedom.

Famous last words of
A dear old soul at home; "I suppose you got wonderful food in your Station".

2. A Canadian to an Aussie.
"I love the snow, don't you".
3. An airman trying to get promoted.
"Will you subscribe towards a birthday present for the Sergeant Major".
4. A Cook.
Would you like mashed potatoes or potatoes mashed.
5. A pay clerk.
I am sorry Sgt. but anyone on Permanent Force rates of pay cannot draw crew pay so we have deducted \$22.50 from this months pay.

6. The Sgt. Major or Sgt. O'Connor.
"I am sorry but we have cancelled your leave".

7. A Corporal.
"Take a shovel and move that pile of snow out there and I will watch you through the window of my nice warm office".

8. An airman to his pal.
"I took your girl to Montreal for the week-end".

"LUCKY 13 COURSE"

Here's one for the books! L.A.C. Mercer of No. 13 class "C Flight" was temporarily promoted to Lieutenant Colonel last Tuesday at Cornwall. He cracked-up while making a precautionary landing in a snow storm, and was bunked at the army barracks at Cornwall overnight. The next morning as all he had was his flying clothes, the C.O. of the barracks loaned Mercer his battle-dress. Did Mercer ever strut around the barracks taking the salutes of the army-men, while they remarked "What a young Lieut. Colonel, he must be very smart". Mercer was always complaining that he was the only one of the Windsor Mills gang that had never had a forced landing, ground-loop or anything. Let's hope this satisfies him, as \$6,000 is pretty expensive excitement. He made the papers anyway.

One in a million--A beautiful girl waiting at the station gate for two hours on Sunday afternoon, a car included, and her true love never put in an appearance--What about it Procter?

What will people think. Seen on a Hull street car Saturday night, one airman very tenderly holding another airman's hand and sweetly assisting him off the car. How long have Emborg and Mercer been going steady?

If the personnel office knew how good a certain student pilot in No. 13 class is at the electric machine gun at the "Blue Room" he would probably be made "air-gunner". He is famous for landing girls with cars--favorite expression "Was she nice?" "She had a 1940 Packard." Wonder if it's to practice on this gun that a certain red-headed armament instructor spends so much time at the "Blue Room", or could it be that he is sharp-shooting for girls--perish the thought.

FLASH ! NO LEAVE FOR R.C.A.F. AT XMAS

Just because we are all needed for escort duty for Santa Claus

We are pleased to announce the appointment of F/L Brown as Deputy Santa Claus for No. 2 S.F.T.S. Uplands.

"2 Squadron I.T.S.
Maintenance
You wreck 'em, we fix 'em.

Come now, don't wait no lucky lads (quoted from one who knows) so, t's with gurgling, I mean bubbling enthusiasm that we stick our schnozzle to the emery wheel, and make our first attempt into the realm of journalism..or something. As an introduction to our column, which we hope will appear regularly beginning with this edition of the "AIRMAN" we should jointly (we of #2 Squadron, Maintenance) compliment the editor of this promising periodical for the splendid initiative he is showing toward developing a truly interesting Camp paper. This versatile gentleman (?) ahem (from the old school) ...who said which school? thencive of de guy oh yes, er...ah.. this fella ext-nted our section a personal invitation to submit material to the paper (not waste paper either) therefore, with joy and glee, we bow our extremely critical, analytical and discriminating readers. (bow)

As I was saying, before I was so crudely ..er..rudely interrupted by two of "Roderick's" henchmen dragging away our precious jacks (on loan)?, the occupants of barrack 13 (including those genial and smiling faces from across the pond) are urgently, or did urgently appeal for servicable respirators.. (gas masks, you twirp), on account of because the fumes emanating from that thar dang fangled thing-a-ma-jig they call a stove in there is making one and all a bona fido somreaddict, and take it from me brother, it ain't the human thing to do.

Our rambling news-hound is almost in a dilemma (puzzled, you guzzler) regarding what to rave about (gee, that's a killer), but it would be a pity not to mention our dearly beloved Jeep. (gipped if you ask me). (Quote) when things go wrong, as they sometimes will ...etc..etc.. And so, out of a sun-kist sky, drops a saviour, all dressed up in spankin new working togs, and a roarin' to go (now past ense). Thanks to the timely intervention of the this so-and-so incognito, our Pursuit-interceptor-attach-fighter-dive bomber would probably still be in Dry-dock. (And then where would be Flt.Lt.Wilmot be?) Flash.... latest communique to reach us seems to indicate that the Jeep is still ground flying....

Well here we are, back in the old grove, with Manfield still wondering what in tarnation this outfit would do without him, and Parker thrilled to pieces about his recent promotion...Trade test is on, and so is the race for the survival of the firrest (Fitter). Why the tremors? why the shudders? why the excuses Pingel? You're all right.. You'll make the grade???? Yeak, so will your Aunt Minnie.. We wonder what Jones will do now that "Dusty" has left us for greater achievement in the flights.. Cheese and crust, one split-pin holding up the woiks.. that was Bowker, fellas, and is he disgustipated... Maintenance is now ready to inaugurate its cinema, for the hangar-wide screen has just been installed ... listen boys, we've got a war to win..and the sooner we emerge victorious from this lousy mess, the better your chances will be of obtaining an extra 48 a month....As this is only an introduction to our regular column, your correspondent will now sign off, and wish everyone a happy landing. Watch the next issue for the low-down on these guys from Maintenance and how they go about doing their jobs .. don't miss it...it's a wow...

NOTES FROM G. I. S.

We regret losing Squadron Leader Dobson but we are fortunate to have as our C/O in the future, Squadron Leader Woods, who has been transferred to Uplands from No.1 Air Observers School, Malton.

We would like to congratulate our 4 brand new sergeants - Gibson, Whittaker, Hodsmith and Collins, "Everything comes to him who waits, including back pay" How about the beer, boys, did the sergeants mess get it all.

The only thing we can gleam from our photographic section is "She was only a photographers' Sweetheat, but Oh My! she was well developed" "Tch, Tch,"

"F" FLIGHT

The early bird gets the tractor down our way. So "Stumpy" is at it again - How old was she Greer. "Larky" Lanigan is quite a boy for expressions, you should work with him. Did Hersey tell about Margie- We'll hear about a new blond soon. Congrats to F/O Haylett. We're going to raffle a Packard soon. Our barracks are heated-or are they.

"A" Flight through our column, takes pleasure in thanking the R.A.A.F. lads for a real party. We lost one of our stars in Dave Duncan who was elevated to a W.O.2 His post was filled by our own Sergeant Dan McCuaig. Happy landings to a couple of good heads. Bill Mitchell who is known in Uplands for his many talents including his drums, which haven't arrived yet, received his two hooks. Congrats. Bill, no surprise to us. We knew you had them coming.

THINGS SEEN AND HEAR IN
"A" FLIGHT.

The boys on the line in new teddy bear suits. "Springball" Spragge sewing on his props, "Chipmunk" Steeves going to town and forgetting his mail. The Post Office girls party and the Sergeants shindig and the cheerful grin on "Bud" Sunderlund face when "Beanball" Benoit was found by the search party. Bill Reynolds shadow boxing and hitting himself a hard one. Collier all excited about his coming leave He'll be married Sat. 14th. Jack Saville looping at the wind sock and getting his head jammed between the windows. Sgt. Silsby giving that Chic nurse in town a big play "Baron" Weaver taking those long trips to Britannia evenings and week-ends. "Boomer" Skene back in the flight after a week in the hospital. "Rollickin'" Rollie Granger getting hurt in the hockey game. The M.T. section scrounging our flight tractor, and the happy smile on our old man's face (F/L Brown) after getting some new aircraft. Now we need good flying weather.

That's all now
"Curly" Weitzen

ACCOUNT SECTION

Fred Lightle had a large time on Armistice Parada Nov. 11th, but he forgot to come back after the parade. Those "Vets" have such interesting stories.

McArthur is rumored keeping company with a fair damsel from Medicine Hat. Is she blonde or brunette Mac.

Sgt. Fish is rumored to be quite the financial wizzard since joining the account section. He can even sell slips of paper.

Ron. Phelps, the elongated boy from Chippawawa, after partaking of cooked ham and other appetizing vittles on leave, sat down to dinner here on Monday and remarked.

"Imagination, where art thou!

Nearly all the Account Section, coincidentally, all met at the Standish Saturday night. Walt Lalonde had on each arm a beautiful Cornwall lassie, Hmm! Lalonde not doing bad, Eh? what a man! Tis winter time in Ottawa. Most of us think it is fairly cold here. Not so Percy Laxton as anytime, anyday Percy may be observed in B.B. #11 blissfully parading around or lying down on his stomach reading a book --sans pants. "Mo Bettah Dave Duns is a hockey enthusiast. Davy can't paly hockey, in fact knows nothing about the game except that its' played with sticks, and yet he wears the sweater and is one of the team. Each time a goal is scored Davy says "Mo Bettah" and when Davy says it, thats' more encouragement than 50 cheers. It is stated there is only one other man they admit free to games for novel cheering ability and he entertained the President at one time. Lord Athlone seems a very good sport Davie.

A FOEMAN WORTHY OF THEIR STEEL

One of the airmen pilots of the R.A.F. in England the other day was carrying out his service flying training in a Miles Master, in a similar manner to our boys who use the Harvard. Naturally the aircraft was absolutely devoid of armament and was incapable of offering any resistance to attack. This was just to the liking of the Luftwaffe who decided that here was something good. So the four Messerschmitts dived out of the clouds on our young fledgling and proceeded to play cat and mouse with him. Although his tail was shot away by these devil-me-care heroes of Hitler, he nevertheless succeeded in pancaking his machine to a landing and he climbed out without a scratch. This incident was related to your editor by a comrade of his. FAC Shadbolt, R.A.F. who is training here and I read the letter which was sent to him describing the encounter. The letter ended "But, its' all in the days' work."

COURSE #13, AIRMAN PILOTS.

Freddie Beamer reports having spent a delightful week-end pass at Trenton in his flying suit. The ceiling closed down on him Saturday afternoon until Tuesday. Not only could he not move from the Station sans tunic, hat or great-coat, but with no money, his amorous operations were severely curtailed. Of course Georgina was furious. Freddie advise to the love worn pidgeon: When embarking on a solo cross country take a bag along.

One of the boys thought the visibility must be pretty bad because he couldn't see the grain elevators. Thought he was back in Fort William Talking again about ceiling one lad when asked what it was remarked "I am not a plasterer, but it looks like Plaster of Paris to me" Until one mixes with us fellows it is difficult to realize the vast amount of brain power which is available, isn't it Peter.

DAY MAINTENANCE.

The smiling ex-corp anointed his lips with rare ointment with glad hope that they would be soft to the touch of a fair maiden in far distant Toronto. He had great plans for his coming journey to that city. The young maiden's eyes will glow with pride when she sees that third hook.

IAC Finn says that one evening he left a lady friend in great haste The reason "Father"

Red is a favorite with a certain widow. Her name is Lydia. Hope she's good company, Red.

Red Bellen also is said to wear bed-socks at night.

One of the riggers is now nicknamed "Rosie" Sounds like a song.

DAWN FLIGHT.

THINGS HERE AND THERE.

We have been wondering what chance there is of our all getting into the car sale. One of our F/L's objected to having his chariot referred to as a puddle-jumper, so rather than letting it get him down, one fine sunshine morning drove a sparkling new V-8 up to the hangar where the old one used to sit. Any remarks now, fellas? Hope it will stand up as long as the old one.

"GIPSY" VENNE" There is an old saying that you have to have two to get three (hooks) Corp. Venne who is now a Sergeant is a firm believer of this phrase. We wish him every success and happiness in married life.

RIDING HOOD

Little Red Riding Hood said "Oh what big ears you have Grandma!"

The boys are saying: "Oh! What a big head you have (Vary) We offer our congrats to all our new N.C.O.'s (Please note: No. 2 Squadron. The Manning Pool is bubbling over with ambitious young airmen, fitters and riggers who are looking forward to a call from some

noted Flight, and an opportunity to make good in the world, or should we say Flights? So, lay off our grease monkeys.

Y. M. C. A. NEWS

Reading and Writing Rooms:

These will be furnished by the Y.M.C.A. War Services for the use of airmen just as soon as the Recreation Hall is heated properly. Mr. Borthwick, the station engineer promises adequate heat by the end of the week.

Library:

We are again expressing our thanks to the Carnegie Library, the Ottawa High School of Commerce, Glebe Collegiate and the St. James United Church for the splendid books which they have supplied for our use. The station library is used a great deal and we appreciate the co-operation of the airmen who have returned their copies on time.

Drill Hall Sports:

The Drill Hall should be open very soon for various athletic endeavors. The present plans provide for 7 badminton courts, 3 volleyball courts, 2 basketball courts 1 baseball diamond, 1 Borden Ball court, 1 weight lifting platform and 1 boxing and wrestling ring. The hockey cushion will be erected directly behind the Drill Hall. Those who are interested in boxing, weight lifting and basketball, please leave your names at the Y Office.

Mail:

The postal authorities are now on the station and are selling stamps etc. The Y has discontinued the selling of stamps but still provides the late mail service. Writing paper and envelopes are available to all at the "Y"

Table Tennis:

Two tables have been allotted to each hangar. Posts, nets, bats and balls are supplied by the Y. If there is a shortage of equipment please notify us at once. Hicks and Barret, our Aussie friends exhibited their skill before the eyes of the officers in the latter's mess recently. F.O. Malloy and Warren paired off in a set of doubles with the former and it was a treat to see the footwork of our F.O.'s

Concerts:

We express our appreciation to Ed. Walker and his entertainers for the excellent concerts which they have provided for us each week in spite of the cold and the lack of proper facilities.

Dances:

Ottawa citizens have been good to us. Many dances and parties have been held by various organizations in town for the men of this station.

Hockey:

Our station team is doing well in the Nation Defence League. We are in third place—two points behind the leaders C.M.S.C. we lost our first game last week but several of our players were absent. This is the last call for new material as the names of the team players must be in to the League secretary this week. Any player wishing to make a place on the team, please see F.O. Wilson at once. Season tickets are still available. It is a pleasure to see our Aussie friends attending our hockey games.

Sundays:

Why be lonesome? Each Sunday the homes of many Ottawa people are open to our men. Get in touch with the 'Y' office if you wish to have your name placed on the list for Sunday evenings.

Educational Opportunities:

New arrivals on our station, please note that Extension courses are being offered by the Canadian Legion War Services. Courses in High School, Technical and University work may be had by seeing F.O. Wilson. Personnel will be given credit for this work on their Record sheets by the Station Record office as soon as a course is completed.

AIRMEN'S MESS.

Personnel using the mess are to remember the notices posted on the doors, in order to save themselves trouble in regards to meal hours.

CLASS 4 PILOTS:

It is with regret that we said 'Au Revoir' to members of this class. Since coming on our station they have, to a man, been behind the station in all forms of sport activities, as far as time would allow. Our rugby team had for its personnel, a majority of men from Class 4. They performed brilliantly in touch rugby and even took time out to do some bowling. We shall miss them.

A standing there on Wings Parade
One on one side of the hollow square
A listening to flowery speeches
About pilots awaiting there.

And I looked at the guys around me
Did they think the same as I
Of the job the ground crew were doing
Aslaving so these lads could fly.

Of plugs, and filters and daily's
Of gassing and checking the oil,
A wheeling'em out and wheeling'em in
The daily monotonous toil

Of the wind that strikes to your
innards,
As you take your turn on the drome
Or going out with repairing crews
To bring another Harvard home.

Our jobs to wind the inertia
On pilots to fasten the straps
"P" Thirties and major inspections
Hydraulics and tail wheels and flaps

How to correct a left wing low,
Or file to half a thou
About a mike and timing mags
We know the why and how

We take all the cuts and bruises
Lose a nail with never a groan
We used to that, its part of our job
And its' seldom you hear us moan.

Never mind lads, they know we're here
For if some morning there couldn't
be found

The ground crew, they'd be in a hell
of a fix
And t' ruddy ships would stay there
on t' ground.

BILL SHAW.