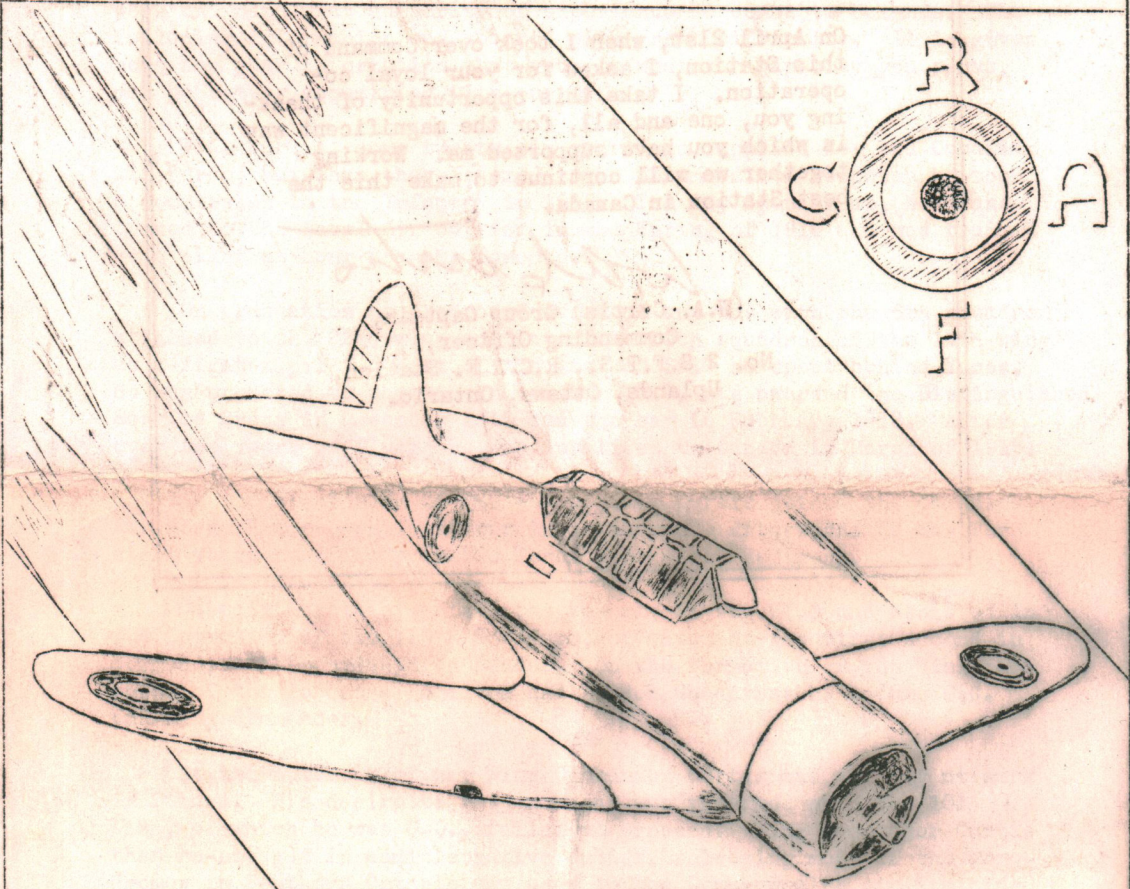


THE AIRMAN

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NO. 2 SERVICE FLYING TRAINING SCHOOL
UPLANDS, ONT.

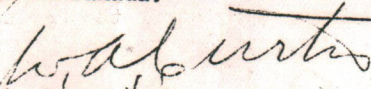
EDITOR: FLIGHT LIEUTENANT M.C. JOHNSTON-

WATTS

FOURTEENTH EDITION
26th May, 1941.

"GREETINGS"

On April 21st, when I took over Command of this Station, I asked for your loyal co-operation. I take this opportunity of thanking you, one and all, for the magnificent way in which you have supported me. Working together we will continue to make this the best Station in Canada.



(W.A. Curtis) Group Captain,
Commanding Officer,
No. 2 S.F.T.S., R.C.A.F. Station,
Uplands, Ottawa, Ontario.

INTRODUCING
Group Captain W.A. Curtis, D.S.C.

When a man is about to make a speech, someone usually performs what is called an introduction. They are frequently embarrassing, often exaggerated and usually far too long, but they are necessary evils. They do assist the audience to know something about the man who is to speak to them.

Group Captain Curtis is not going to give a speech. He has a far more important and vital task, that of commanding this Station and leading each one of us in our efforts to train the best pilots in the world in this time of crisis. To a certain extent we know Group Captain Curtis already. He has the kind of personality which makes men respect, admire and follow him while at the same time making each one of them regard him as a friend. Yet, possibly, we may not all be aware how well fitted Group Captain Curtis is for this work and with what authority of experience he comes to Uplands. The following information was secured with great difficulty. It is given here for your information that you, in whatever capacity you serve, may be better acquainted with our C.O.

W.A. Curtis, some twenty six years ago, applied for the Canadian Air Force, but when there seemed to be no immediate response he took a commission in the Infantry in 1915. The way opening up, he transferred to the Naval Air Service in the Spring of 1916 and was trained as a pilot at Long Branch, Toronto.

On graduation he proceeded overseas and was with the 6th squadron attached to the 22nd wing and later the 10th squadron of the 14th wing as a fighter pilot. Most of the year of 1917 he spent behind Ypres. He was promoted to Captain in October 1917, was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross in December 1917 and the bar in February 1918. After over two years of flying he was invalided to Canada in March of 1918.

At the conclusion of the war Captain Curtis joined the Canadian Air Force Reserve while it was in existence. Afterwards he was for eight years an Officer in the Toronto Scottish Regiment.

Captain Curtis organized the Toronto Flying Club and assisted in the formation of the 110th Squadron, of which he was first second in command, and then Squadron Leader. On the formation of the Wing composed of the Toronto, Hamilton and London Squadrons he became O.C. and Wing Commander.

At the outbreak of war Wing Commander Curtis was already at work in Ottawa. His desire to get overseas was thwarted when the 101st Wing, of which he was C.O., failed to proceed. Wing Commander Curtis then re-engaged in administrative duties, selecting most of the aerodromes in Southern Ontario now used in the Commonwealth Air Training Scheme. In January 1940, Group Captain Curtis became Director of Postings and Records at Headquarters.

There are few men better qualified by experience and personality for the position of Commanding Officer. We rejoice we have such a one as our C.O., for we are proud of our Station. Under his leadership we will continue to go forward and our contribution to the cause of victory will not be the least that is made, to put it mildly.

Group Captain W.A. Curtis, D.S.C. and bar, we are with you. Our applause must be calculated by the enthusiasm of our co-operation and our loyalty. Uplands is yours, Sir.

"THE KING IS DEAD. LONG LIVE THE KING".

This is the traditional toast whenever one of the kings of our Empire departs this life. It signifies the passing of the old and the accession of the new king. And in like manner, we, at Uplands can use the phrase on the departure of our former C.O. and the arrival of Group Captain Curtis as his successor.

For many months now, many of the personnel of this Station have become so accustomed to Group Captain McGill as their C.O., both at Borden and here, that a new name at the head of our D.R.O's will seem very strange. Under his able guidance, Uplands has arisen from a sandhill on the Bowesville Road to become the most efficient unit in the Empire Training Plan. With monotonous regularity, pupils have arrived, completed their courses, and taken their departure on schedule. For a school to operate so efficiently there has to be a man at the helm who has not only a thorough understanding of the aeronautical side of the picture, but a man also with knowledge of human nature.

When I state that our former C.O. possessed both these important qualifications, I am sure there is not one who will venture to disagree. Think back and remember how a mere sprinkling of experienced N.C.O's were welded together with the graduates from St. Thomas to form our ground and maintenance organization. The jockeying around of instructors to enable the embryo pilots to receive the maximum amount of instruction in a minimum of time. The success which we have attained was not achieved by slave-driving methods or harsh disciplinary action. Each and every man of our personnel did his utmost because we not only respected his rank but, to put it in very plain language "Godam it, we like the guy!"

And now, like the Biblical character of old who was told by his Master "well done, thou good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things", he will sit in the seats of the mighty and find time to relax a little.

To his successor, Group Captain W.A. Curtis, D.S.C., we bid a hearty welcome and I state without fear of contradiction, that he can be assured of the hearty co-operation of each and every one of us.

"Uplands ubor alles."

W.S.

"FOR WE MUST FLY AND WOMEN MUST WEEP
AS WE HEAR THE SIREN MOANING".

In Ireland they claim they can hear the wail of the banshee whenever death hovers around their homes. In London the wailing of the Air Raid alarm sirens sounds a requiem for victims of the Nazi bombs. Here at Uplands the wail of the sirens on the ambulance and crash trucks has sounded often recently, and we mourn the passing of seven of our comrades.

There will be no speaking tube to connect pupil to instructor, as the lads who have left us soar up to their permanent 'drome. No flying emblem of which our boys are so proud will distinguish the teacher from the taught. They all have their wings now, given to them by the Great Officer Commanding as they graduate from this troubled world to the shining halls of the Airmen's Valhalla. There to greet them will be "Cobber" "Kain" "Toots" "Day" "Hal" Morgan" "Tip" "Mason" "Dawson" "Dority" and scores of the boys who have given their all for the preservation of freedom. They have left to us a great task...." If ye break faith with us who die, we shall not sleep." We will not fail them.

W.S.

THE DAY WE LOST OUR GROUP CAPTAIN MCGILL.

- DID YOU - Observe the wonderful difference that a band makes to the marching of the boys?
- DID YOU - notice that old "Colonel Bogey" march is still the best?
- DID YOU - hear something in Group Captain McGill's voice as he said "Goodbye" which couldn't be blamed on a cold, a sort of huskiness?
- DID YOU - get a thrill when Group Captain Curtis complimented us on the march past?
- DID YOU - imagine you saw a teeny-woeny look of envy on Wing Commander Riddel's face as the whole personnel really put on a show?
- DID YOU - hear the echo of the choirs which were so heartily given?
- DID YOU - hear the friendly few words our new C.O. had with one of the Aussies?
- DID YOU - feel the cold?
- DID YOU - got any sand in your eyes? ----- I DID.

W.S.

MUSINGS WHILE ON THE DRUM HEAD SERVICE

Wonder if the Nazis are holding a similar service this morning.... The Drum Major looks pretty smart... "Right Dress"... feels pretty good too out here with the civics watching. I can see the girl friend looking over here. Better stick out my chest a little.... The buttons glistening in the sun... Marching as to war with the cross of Jesus.... "Not the Swastika, we thank Thee, oh our God.".... The flag waving in the breeze, our flag... Seems rather appropriate to see the blue without a cloud to mar it. It's the Air Force Abode..... Kinda think the boys who have just left are watching us right now.... Must be something wrong with my eyes.... Could have sworn I saw them there in the rear of their Squadron in flying kit.... Hya Dug... The wind makes your eyes smart a bit.... Colonel Bogey.... The boys really putting on a show.... "To the right, Dismiss."

We welcome some of the boys back here as instructors. Sgt. "Alfee" Carless of No. 2 Course is back from England and is now at Rockliffe. We hear P/O "Chad" Chadburn has soon action over there. The first, I believe. We regret to state that Bill Shirtcliffe and Alec McLeod of those never to be forgotten first group of Aussies have made the supreme sacrifice in England. "Greater love hath no man than this...."

W.S.

ODE TO A HARVARD

From barrack to barrack the Major sped
And all the land between;
A Harvard lay with a broken leg
To the Major's deep chagrin,
For never a crew could the major find
To do the job up clean
A thought snapped into the major's head
And he dashed to the wet canteen.

ODE TO A HARVARD (Cont'd)

" I want a crew for a Harvard's leg
 Who's coming on the scene?
 A dozen crews are there to choose
 And every lad is keen.
 The Harvard's safely tucked in bed,
 The Major now has seen
 When he wants a man that's on the job
 He looks in the wet canteen.

"Dunc""A FLIGHT"

Bob Benton to L.A.C. Scott: "Has my transfer to Moncton come through yet? Has anyone seen the sergeant from "A" Flight in Hull recently?"

Corporal "Springball" Spragge to the A.C.2's: "Get cracking there!"

L.A.C. Sheeves is taking the big "step" this month. Hurry back, we want that chicken dinner.

A letter from Bill Reynolds in London, "Everybody is well and happy and enjoyed the crossing."

A letter from Corporal Phipps in Brandon, "It's much the same as Uplands." But snow in May! What the heck!

No. 1 Duty Watch is on, and Sgt. Granger is again blowing his top.

Cpl. Legassick is also going in off the deep end. Congrats. from the "boys". By the way Roy, how's Toronto, or did you see much of it?

We wonder where Ches found that dark eyed Jacqueline. She's a nice little bundle from France - hang on.

Why does the Montreal kid slow down for a day or two after spending the week end there?

The basketball star of the Officers' team who hails from "A" Flight came back from leave a couple of days ago looking pretty wan (or should it be worn?)

Words from Instructor Sgt. Johnson - "Hell! Do I have to night-fly again. I guess I'd better phone up and cancel my date.

And then there is Casanova Stevenson. We understand he won a little prize and brought it back to barracks. Oh you nasty man!

We were quite surprised to see "Snappy" stow away four quarts of beer at the smoker. It really put some snap into him.

"A FLIGHT"

We are not a bit surprised that Hall can't feel his nose. Who knows, by the look of things, both his nose and legs must be made of rubber.

Congratulations to our Squadron Commander on his recent promotion. Oh how that drum rumbles away our money.

We welcome P/O Eyles to "A" Flight and hope your stay will be a long one.

Signing off now and not forgetting to thank B.C. and D. Flights for a good smoker.

THE BOYS IN "A" FLIGHT.

- & -

BUZZES AND BEEFS FROM "B" FLIGHT

We should start this column with something about the "Busy Little Bees" and blame it on the spirit of Spring.

Among other things that blossomed forth was a pair of hooks for erstwhile L.A.C. Hall. Congrats. Corp. and thanks for the beer.

The latest shuffle of men has us welcoming some of our oldtimers back into the fold. This happiness is somewhat tempered by the loss of some of the old gang that made "B" Flight what it is. Good luck Cpl. Rotor in your new job; we'll miss you.

The first "Top Flight" competition drew to a close in a shower of crack ups (and barrels of beer.) It was a close race between "A" and "B" Flights for top place. A couple of forced landings forced the "B's" behind. However we congratulate our students for making them safe ones; even if we did lose points. It WAS a rotten day for cross countries.

And a big hand to "A" Flight for so successfully profiting by "B" Flight's splendid example of the first part of the contest.

The smoker that marked the close of the race was the usual "howling" success. We vote for smaller smokers in the future.

BUZZES AND BEEFS FROM
"B" FLIGHT (Cont'd)

Among other farewells of the month were those occasioned by the transfers of F/L Searle to No. 2 Squadron and F/O Bachus to the land of the gophers and quail.

A big welcome to our new O.C., F/L Wilson. And every co-operation.

We can all cease to worry now that Cpl. Delaney is back in the flight. He'll do all the worrying.

There seems to be some slackening in the popularity of Pres. Roosevelt's good neighbour policy around the Squadron these days. When we see and hear him we will probably forget these hours of drill and parades...but...he's gotta be good.

We welcome with loud acclaim these murmurs and rumours of the washout of Duty Watch. It wouldn't be nearly so irksome to stay in if we were free to go.

The same applies to Church Parade. The shortness of the service, the style of presenting the lesson, and the sincerity of the Padre is inducement enough to attend church whenever possible. Too bad it is looked upon as just another Parade.

This is just a sample of some of "B" Flight Beefs. The Airmah should be the place to air 'em.

- & -

"F" FLIGHT

It is rumored that Henry bought an ice cream cone in the canteen the other night. (Take it easy Henry, it don't grow on trees.)

Stirton's good luck has changed for the other kind. Go to work on him boys.

Who is "Beef" Moroney?

Cpl. Seyman is a papa now. It's a boy too. Congrats!!!!

Casanova Hersey captured the "Belle of the Ball" (?) again at the Trafalgar last week.

McDowell got three hearty cheers the other night. He pressed his pants.

Congrats are in order. Our Squadron Leader got another stripe.

- & -

SCORE FROM THE ACCOUNTS

Once upon a time there was a clerk accountant who complained he didn't have enough work to do. Now he is applying for a transfer.

SCORE FROM THE ACCOUNTS (Cont'd)

Doerr used to wonder what "change in pitch" meant. Then he rented a cottage at Black Rapids at the end of No. 2 Runway. Student Pilots could be a little more considerate and not change the pitch until they get past the river.

Two expressions commonly heard in the Accounts Section:

Burch: That was rude, crude, crass and vulgar.

Sutton: You look lost, Mam!

Vervoorn: (Picking petals off a daisy upon his return from Toronto) "It's off, it's on, it's off, it's on. Oh hell! I guess it's still off."

FOR SALE: ONE SLIGHTLY USED RING AIRGIRLS FOR THE USE OF. Please communicate with Sgt. T.R. Vervoorn.

We of the Accounts think that it would be much more quiet if a certain Cpl. in the Orderly Room would remove the cleats from his heels.

For information regarding hospitals, detention barrack, the fine points of A.W.L. and hot numbers apply L.A.C. Perp c/o local clink, Uplands, Ont.

Hood has been out to breakfast three times in this last week. Hard work must be agreeing with you Bill. Probably no one will get the drift of this one.

Quiet often when Willard gets back after dark.

And you hear him moan and grumble and bark And even thro' darkness his face looks so red

You will know that some airman made him a French Bed.

Congrats. go to Gord McArthur on his appointment to Cpl. Who knows who may be next "we hope"??????

Also to Cpl. Clark on his transfer A.F.H.C. We miss you Gord but heres the best of luck from the lads.

Yhuidi (Doubtful)

"THE BLONDE BOMBSHELL"

Scene I: Brandon Manitoba Train Arrives. A tall well built 6 Ft. Man dressed in RCAF Uniform steps off the 0745 train at Ottawa 5-5-41, looks around and says "Ottawa" 30 minutes later he walks in to No. 2 SFTS Uplands, says to Station Adjutant Mclean Haig, "Warrant Officer Sprott reporting Sir!"

"THE BLONDE BOMBSHELL" (Cont'd)"Y" NEWS" (Cont'd)

Scene II: Sergeant Major Sprott takes over Station Warrant Officer's Duties from Sgt. Wicklow who had carried out the Station duties temporarily in the absence of F/S Dyer who is taking a further course in Disciplinarian work at Brandon Manning Depot.

Scene III: Sergeant Major Sprott exerts himself strenuously at barnyard golf in the horseshoe pit.

More scenes will undoubtedly follow but after even so short an acquaintance, we all say "There's a man -- good luck Sergeant Major Sprott!"

- & -

"Y" NEWSSunday Night Program

After a season of very successful Sunday evenings of movies, sing-song, musicales, orations by outstanding speakers and the Padre, tea, coffee and sandwiches it has been decided to discontinue this feature until the Autumn. Many thanks are due to the Padre, L.A.C. Batchelor and the movie crew, the Y Ladies Auxiliary who supplied the cake and sandwiches on numerous occasions also to Mr. Clark Reilly who so ably led the many sing-songs.

Table - Tennis

Our weekly tournaments seem to be quite popular with the A class players. The competition has been keen with Lambert, Genser, Gartrel and Smith heading the list. A new arrival on the station, an Englishman of the Voluntary Reserves, won last week's tussle. His back-hand drives and forehand smashes are devastating things and our lads will have to improve their game to stay in the lime-light. It is hoped that more air-men in the not so good class will turn out and make the "B" class competitions as interesting as those in the "A" group.

Concert Night

Ed Walker and his tireless entertainers continue to give us fine entertainment every Wed. night. Last weeks show was one of the best.

It is sincerely hoped that we will be able to complete the stage settings so that the performers will not continue much longer under the present handicap of poor lighting, no scenery, etc.

Movies:

The new home-made screen is a decided improvement over the former. The works department made an excellent job of it. The painters especially really put their hearts into the importance of the task. The run of shows has been quite good. The coming attractions are as follows:

May 27, SOULS AT SEA & Popeye
Comedy.

A paramount picture starring Gary Cooper and George Raft and Frances Dee.

June 3, LADY FIGHTS BACK.

A Universal production starring Kent Taylor and Irene Harvey.

Sterling's Rival Romeo: A two reel comedy
Stranger than fiction: An added short.

It is customary, lads, to put up your chair before leaving the hall. Nuff said!

- & -

LEAVES FROM A LEAVE NOTE BOOK

In the world from which we are estranged, i.e. the Civilian mode of life, things seem to be in a highly prosperous condition. Everybody seems to have cars. The beer parlors, in Windsor at least, are all full, and everybody is working. Not much total war effort that I could see.

The train service between Ottawa and Toronto is still as rotten as ever, with the train arriving here an hour late on Sunday night. This is usual for this train and now we are going to have to pay more for our transportation when the tax on tickets comes into effect. (Since proved wrong.)

On top of the railway tax, we are going to pay more for our beer and our gasoline. This is all very well for Civilians who are earning higher wages but what about the enlisted men? Food is going up too and the purchasing power of our wives' allowances is slowly diminishing.

- & -

NEWS FROM THE SERGEANT'S MESS.

Me thinks they picked all the handsome guys for the guard of honour, just the same as they do for the Ziegfield Follies. Gibson Collins, Stachan, Holmwood, Wolfe and Kelly would look too-too divine in tights with lipstick, mascara etc. on their sweet faces, especially Sgts. (Melba) Kelly and (handsome) Gibson. We hear George White has made the latter two an offer to appear in the Scandals of 1942.

NEWS FROM THE SERGEANTS' MESS (Cont'd)

Why don't the guys who Dot is always ringing up make a date? Remember, he who hesitates gathers no moss.

Some guys have all the luck. Our local "G" man, Sgt. (Dick Tracy) Taylorson clicked a nice chore on the drum-head service tucking the blankets around the ladies. Also we hear instead of a bloodhound which would be natural for a detective, he owns a pet mouse.

W.S.

PITHY PARS

Our guard of honour is a credit to our Station and it is a treat to see the delayed timing, washed out and the old method brought back. John Leonard's chest has retained it's old barrel-like appearance even though he is now a Flt. Lt. Also he is still every inch a soldier... or should I say an airman.

Things that could be improved on in Ottawa.

1. The transportation, i.e. substitute buses for those antiquated street cars.
2. Publish a daily newspaper worthy of the capital of this great Dominion.
3. The house, i.e. build some, and quickly.

"It's blooming sacrilege, that's what I call it, mite," said one of our English airmen pilots recently. "Them blasted Canydiens playing their ruddy baseball on our cricket pitches over'one. I, and on the plying fields of Heton and "Arrow where we have won all the wars, so they tell us."

Strange isn't it that Moore and Quinton are on the straight and narrow.

Cormier, Cormier, beat the retreat on thy drum.

- . & -

When our task is done and all people free
No happier mortal should there ever be
If I knew men said, talking of me,
He was a great guy.

When I meet someone in a far-off land
Dear to me would be the clasp of his hand
If he said to his pals who round him do stand
Here's a grand guy.

And up there where the spirits of airmen dwell
Far away from Europe's blazing hell
When I join them they say, "I knew Him well,
He's a swell guy."

Then I'll not be afraid to fall asleep
And my tryst with the great C.O. to keep
For He'll say, "As ye sow so shall ye reap."
You were a great guy.

W.S.

YE EDITOR.... OLD AND NEW

Pressure of duties as Instructor in the G.I.S. has forced Sgt. Bill Shaw to relinquish his editorship of the "Airman." It is no easy task to turn your baby over to other hands to nurse, and the Airman is Bill's very own child. Its older brother continues it's way at Borden, where Bill founded "Wings Over Borden". We owe a debt of gratitude to Bill for his energy and initiative in founding the paper and carrying it on and we one and all regret that Aeroengine mechanics must come first. Thanks Bill, we'll be hearing from you.

YE EDITOR....OLD AND NEW. (Cont'd)

The new editor finds the shoes rather large. All that he can promise is to do his best and endeavour not to let Bill or the paper or Uplands down.

Next issue we'll say more about policy. There will be one policy at least that will be unchanged, to seek and beg for all possible material from the men. No editor can make a paper, nor can the readers. It's contributors that count. You will notice that in this issue only four sections were alive enough to have any news to print. How about it boys? And what of you budding authors, poets, satirists and historians? We need your articles, send them along.

The Padre's Office in the Recreation Hall will be delighted to receive any contribution at any time. Mark them for the editor and shoot them in.

The number of copies printed does not permit distribution of a copy to all personnel, but personnel desiring an extra copy of "The Airman" may obtain it from the Station Chaplain at the Recreation Hall.

YE. ED.

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