Poor Copy.

CARP A.M.U.

"Where are you going?" "Carp." "Aren't you lucky!" kidding, of course. I've been there before."

"Bon't you like Carp?" "I don't actually dislike it. I just don't like it as well as Uplands ... Come to think of it, I don't think so much of up-

"The way that fool truck driver loes, I'd feel much safer flying to Carp. How does the Air Force pick its MT drivers?" "Oh, they just make them out of student pilots who washed out and are mad about it. Me's not really driving too fast. Me's just flying too low."

"Did we pass through Carp village on the way here? I didn't see it." "Yes, it was right at the corner where we turned off to come up the road to the station." "Oh, I see. That must have been when I

sneezed."

The foregoing odds and ends, gleaned from es of conversation en route to Carp, were your editor's first introduction to the uplands advanced training station, where the student pilots have their final combing and combat practice. And, as most of the personnel at Uplands have little knowledge of Carp, here is some idea of the camp, and life thereon.

The camp consists of one barrack block, housing the Airmen's and Officers' quarters, the mess and the Rec. Fall; one hangar; one small building rejoicing in the name of Works and Buildings; and a garage which is glorified by being called the AT section.

The roads are, during a thaw such as we've been experiencing, a sea of mud. There was practically nothing to do during the weekend evenings we spent there except drink beer in the canteen, read books, write letters, drink beer in the canteen, play ping pong, go to bed or drink beer in the canteen. What kind of a life is that for anyone who doesn't drink beer?

The net result of all this, you will naturally suppose, is that we didn't like Carp. Well, you're wrong. Carp is a very mice station -- and most of the personnel have been there ever since it opened and wouldn't change to Uplands for any inducament (except three stripes or a commission) bereavement in his family. -and we don't blame the . 

TORDS FROM WORKSHOPS

Delieve it or not, this is Workshops making an appearance again. As the old saying goes, " etter late than never," and as this is one of the last issues of the Uplands Mews, we'd like to let you know we're still alive and kicking-"Accentuate the Kicking."

There are a lot of new faces in Workshops, but a few of the old-timers are still to be seen around. The section was sorry to see Sgt: Moodie go, but in his place we welcome Sgt. Bingham. Of the old boys still here, we mention Sgt. Booles, Cpl. Gauthier and Mr. McCarthy.

low for a few words by "Tattle-tales R A R"

Things that baffle us: We were very much impressed by a certain corporal's antics at the last station dance. We wonder if this was the eastern or western style of tango. (It didn't look like the South American version of the step).

We would also like to know whether that "han from God's Country" (Alaska) is allorgie to blood donations.

There do all the Buckshee Artists get that imported lumber? Could it be that a certein .C.O. fabric worker lugs it all the way from Ottawa in the bus? To was seen one slippery morning attempting to salute the flag and balance a cord of wood on his shoulders at the same time. Some stunt,

Who is it that always says, "I'll be down early in the morning," out then, of course, "the car broke down," or "I was delayed at the mess," etc., etc.

Another thing we'd like to know is this. there's a certain sergeant in this section who gets complete suits of clothes thrown at him (gratis). My, my. ow does he do it? Or maybe it is that a certain officer was just overloaded with clothes.

low many boy friends does Myrtle really have? We haven't been able to peg her with the same one two nights in a row.

As for Joy, we haven't the slightest inkling as to how she spends her evenings, but we do know that she takes the odd extended 48 (4 days) in a little burg called Nortreal. Could there be a special attraction there, or is it just the avy?

Before closing, we wish to extend our deep-est sympathy to LAC Harton on the recent