

### Editorial

Our great neighbors to the south are in the throes of their great baseball classic, The World Series, whilst we are occupied with the greatest World Competition of them all, a battle for existence. Teamwork plays an important part in the game of baseball and it plays an equally major role in the task that has been entrusted to us here at Uplands. We saw the first results of our labors last Friday when the boys who have been our comrades here since the opening ceremonies received their Wings. When one baseball player helps another in the successful completion of a play on the diamond, the one who commences the movement is credited with an assist. When each of the proud young conquerors of the ether stepped up smartly to have pinned on them the insignia which tells the world they are qualified pilots, I could see in the background the men who are also worthy enough to be credited with assists. Without their help these boys could not have attained the skill they needed to pass their tests. Every rank and trade is represented in this supporting group of men who have labored since the opening day, often under very trying conditions. A young aircrew lad was there, one of the boys who volunteered to guard the 'dromes until the time came when they would enter their Initial Training School. His the task of standing guard during the lonely hours of darkness against possible attacks of sabotage. Also a senior N.C.O. upon whose shoulders lay the task of organizing the eager and willing boys who came to us from St. Thomas into an efficient and skilled repair crew. How important these boys are for upon their skill rests the amount of flying time our pilots can get. They are the artisans who are in such great demand in our branch of the Service for modern aircraft, though masterpieces of mechanical perfection, require constant care if they are to be kept in a serviceable condition. Rubbing shoulders with them in that shadowy group of men behind our graduates, could be seen an administration officer who during those first few weeks in our School's existence, worked long hours to cope with the multitudinous problems which beset those in authority. Poor messing facilities, water difficulties men arriving every day to be incorporated in the scheme of things, and a thousand and one little quirks to be ironed out. A strange figure amongst them, too, a civilian. One of the group of men, both young and old, who are doing their part along with their fellow Canadian in uniform. Stores, M.T., our Medical Staff, who are working under such great difficulties, were represented there. An experienced pilot of our instructional staff was a very noticeable figure too, with a smile of pride on his face as he watched the boys who had been under his able tuition in the sky, step forward. An instructor too

from G.I.S. saw ample reward from many a wearisome lecture he had delivered on the mysteries of navigation, airmanship or armament. And as the last one of our airmen pilots had the wings fastened to his breast, the men who can be credited with the assists they gave so willingly, seemed to fade away and resume their places in the hollow square of blue clad personnel of our Flying Training School.

The Editor

### Welcome

We welcome to our midst the boys who have joined our school since the last issue of "The Airman". A.T.S. has claimed most of these boys from St. Thomas and Trenton but a very colorful group amongst the new arrivals are the boys in blue from down under, the Aussies. Their very English accent is so different from our very Americanised manner of speaking but all at Uplands are very pleased and proud that ours is the station selected for their I.T.S. and A.T.S. Course. May they enjoy their sojourn with us.

### Alone

She had gone. The one person he thought belonged to him and him alone had deserted him. Left him for the arms of another man who he knew even now was feeling the touch of her hands on his revelling in the glorious fragrance of her hair as he held her slim figure close to his. The only solace he had left lay in the bottle and the glass which stood on the table before him. In it lay forgetfulness, a means of drowning the hopeless nursery which was apparent on his face to such an extent that strangers passing by looked at him with pitying glances. As if to taunt him, the orchestra was even now playing the tune which he had always regarded as their own particular melody. Its haunting strains had filled the air on that very night when he had whispered "I love you" and her eyes had told him that she cared too. At last it ended and there coming back to him with that lovely smile of hers, was his beloved. The dance was over and her escort, his pal, was bringing her back to the table they shared at the Bridge Club.

### Soccer Game

The Uplands soccer team notched up its first victory last week. The final score 3-0 in our favor was a fair index of the play. As usual Flt/Sgt Houston was a tower of strength at centre-half and the Aussies who played with us turned in great performances. Sgt. Major (Jock Elliot) like Tennyson's brook, seems to go on for ever, supplied some very clever touches reminiscent of Alec James or Patsey Gallacher.

### From the Editor's Desk

The reporters as yet promised by the whole of G.I.S., Stores and A.T.S. have as yet failed to materialize.