

We'll Always Remember

The times we are living in have disrupted all our lives to an extent we never could have believed possible a year ago. Each day brings its incidents, some humorous, and some that stir us to the very depths of our being. We will remember many of them all our lives and oft when we are sitting quietly at our home with our families, we will look back to the days at Uplands. Two incidents have imprinted themselves on my memory during the past week and although of a totally different nature, they are both unforgettable. The first episode took place in such an unromantic spot as the Airman's Dining Hall. The boys from down under, the Australian Airmen Pilots, were just taking their place in the line-up preparatory to receive their dinner. Immediately from every airmen present came a spontaneous round of applause. As a welcome it did not receive the same fanfare of publicity as the ceremonies which took place when our Aussies landed at Vancouver, but I think it made a great impression on the boys in the dark blue than all the flowery speeches and flatitudes of the welcoming committee out on the West Coast. It came right from the hearts of the boys, pilots and ground crew alike, who are their comrades in this great undertaking, the training of airmen pilots. We, in the R.C.A.F. are not prone to give demonstrations such as these but we took that opportunity to show our Australian cousins how welcome they are in our midst and that we hope they will regard us as their pals.

The second episode occurred on a day which will be known in Uplands as "Black Friday" for many a day for it was then that two gallant gentlemen took off from our 'drome and landed on a field far removed from this earthly terrain. The wail of the sirens, the frenzied, hurried building of a temporary bridge will be remembered but the scene which can never be erased from my memory was one peculiarity connected with this life of ours in the air. Migrating birds will fly and wheel around where a member of their flock lies stricken by shot from a hunter's gun, unable to rise and join them in their flight. They dive and soar in their efforts to persuade the wounded bird to leave the marsh where it has taken refuge. In a similar manner, two of our own birds of Uplands were spiralling and flying over the spot where another akin to them lay stricken on the ground. Not hoping by their evolutions to draw it up into the sky, but to show us where it lay, a pathetic heap of wreckage, which a few short minutes before had been a gleaming, graceful thing of beauty. Truly, "the Great Pilot moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform."

The Editor

With 4th Course Airmen Pilots

Anyone wishing information on Petawawa from the air, may consult the Petawawa kid, Bill Whitside, who wandered up that way on his Galabogie Triangle.

Dick Jones was very much surprised to see the lift locks at Peterborough on his Trenton Cross Country. It is believed, however he was trying to make London instead.

Butch, the burrowing Mole, wound up 300' underground on his first flip in the Link.

What is as good as a 48? Two 24's but not three weeks apart. It was a sorry bunch of Crunlin Boys that woefully sent telegrams of regret to the girl friends last Friday night.

Shorty Gray had better brush up on his French--he was nearly thrown out of the Standish one night last week.

Punchy Merriam nearly landed on the Rideau River when he tried his first landing in Night Flying--perhaps Maintenance could fit his Harvard with pontoons for his next jaunt.

Jiggs, our Irish Setter mascot, is being used as a bed warmer these chilly nights by some of the lads who haven't any love to keep them warm. Or have they?

There are the Black Shirts and Brown Shirts but a new order has sprung up--the White Shirts. The main qualification for enlistment is open arrest but it's no fun to be pinched on your first day off in 3 weeks, is it?

In recent tests it has been found that the maximum wing loading on an upper bunk is 1440 lbs. The tenth man fell off in an attempt to increase it.

Cpls. Hodsmyth and Whittaker journeyed to Montreal over the week end. If Jonny Cowans flies like he drives neither "Hod" nor "Whit" care to be his gunner.

May we extend our congratulations and best wishes to the lucky lads of #2 course on gaining their Wings. Stick in there, lads, we're right behind you.

Tip

With the Aircrew on Guard Duty

Life goes on apace with Guards, as with all of you, believe it or not. But five weeks of rifle-toting have moved some of the boys to wonder just where the line between living and existing is drawn. The "Flying Forty Five" is now just the Forty-five, still spelled with an "F".

Enthusiasm personified. Will the guard who dies his studying while high-tailing it over the country-side in the rear cockpit of a Harvard be this war's Billy Bishop.

The guard who boasts of his Irish descent and the amount of hair tonic he can drink stopped the Orderly Officer the other night. What we want to know is, who did he scare the most, the O.O. or the escorting N.C.O. The O.O. now drives around instead of walking.