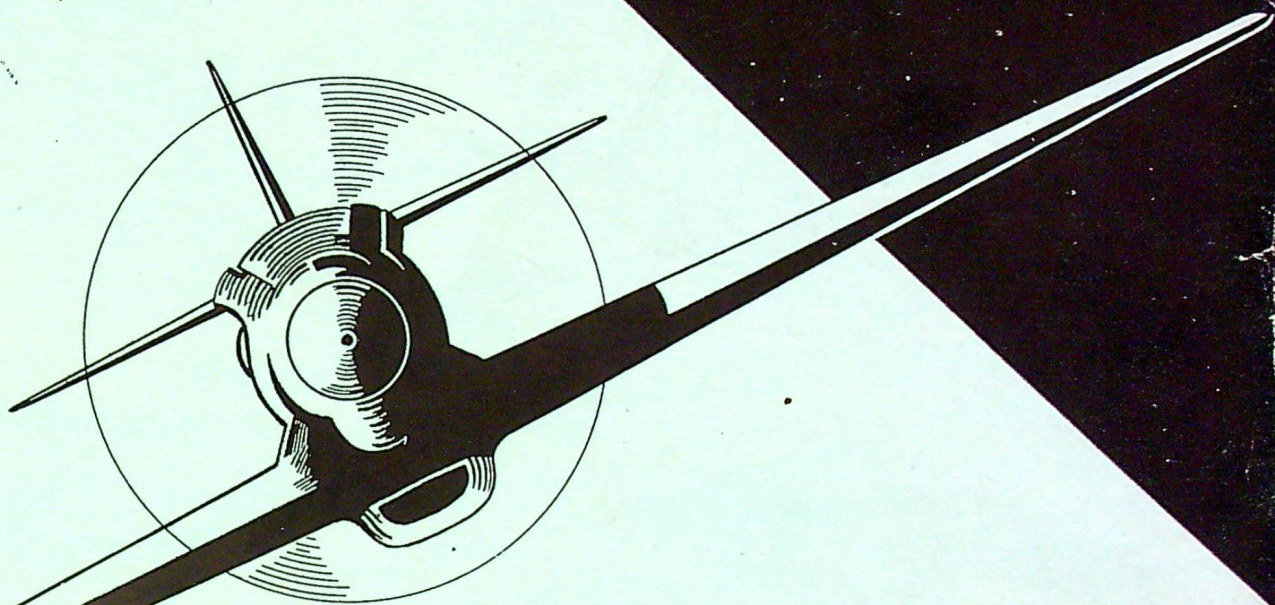


R.C.A.F. STATION, TRENTON, ONTARIO



FEATURING

—
Central
Flying
School



CONTACT

FEBRUARY 1942

C.F.S. OFFICER COMMANDING



WING COMMANDER G.P. DUNLOP

OFFICER COMMANDING

CENTRAL FLYING SCHOOL



Official Organ of the Royal Canadian Air Force Station, Trenton, Ontario

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Gardenvale, P. Q.

No. 2

C. F. S. Prexy

Wing Commander G. P. Dunlop Heads
Normal School for Flyers

ALTHOUGH the writer has been attached to Central Flying School for over six months, service elsewhere has left little more than three weeks of actual scribbling time spent at that Unit. We therefore looked forward to this assignment of interviewing its Officer Commanding, Wing Commander G. P. Dunlop, with great interest. Previously we had viewed him as from afar, and although impressions gained—even at a distance—were, to say the least, favorable, they acted merely as a sort of hors d'oeuvre to the real thing.

Commanding Officers and Officers Commanding generally have widely different characteristics, which render each new meeting something of a novel experience. We have often noted in our interviews that usually each possesses traits closely allied with the nature of the Stations or Units they command. We surmise that this is the result of careful planning and studied choice. The Commanding Officer of a Recruiting Centre was found to possess a careful courtesy indispensable to his important work; the Commanding Officer of our own Station, Group Captain Lawrence, was found to be "a quiet man who gets things done". While the Officer Commanding Central Flying School at first blush appeared reserved, remote and stern, when the coats were off he proved to be an interesting conversationalist, a keen judge of men, and in the jargon of the Air Force "good type".

Wing Commander Dunlop is essentially General List (Flying Personnel). To the writer who spends his days close to the rigid discipline of the School of Administration and within earshot of the Station Sergeant Major, there is a decided change after No. 2 Highway is crossed to the flying field and Central Flying School. Everything here is strictly business—a reflection of its Officer Com-

manding—but with it comes a freedom of attitude that we like to call "refreshing".

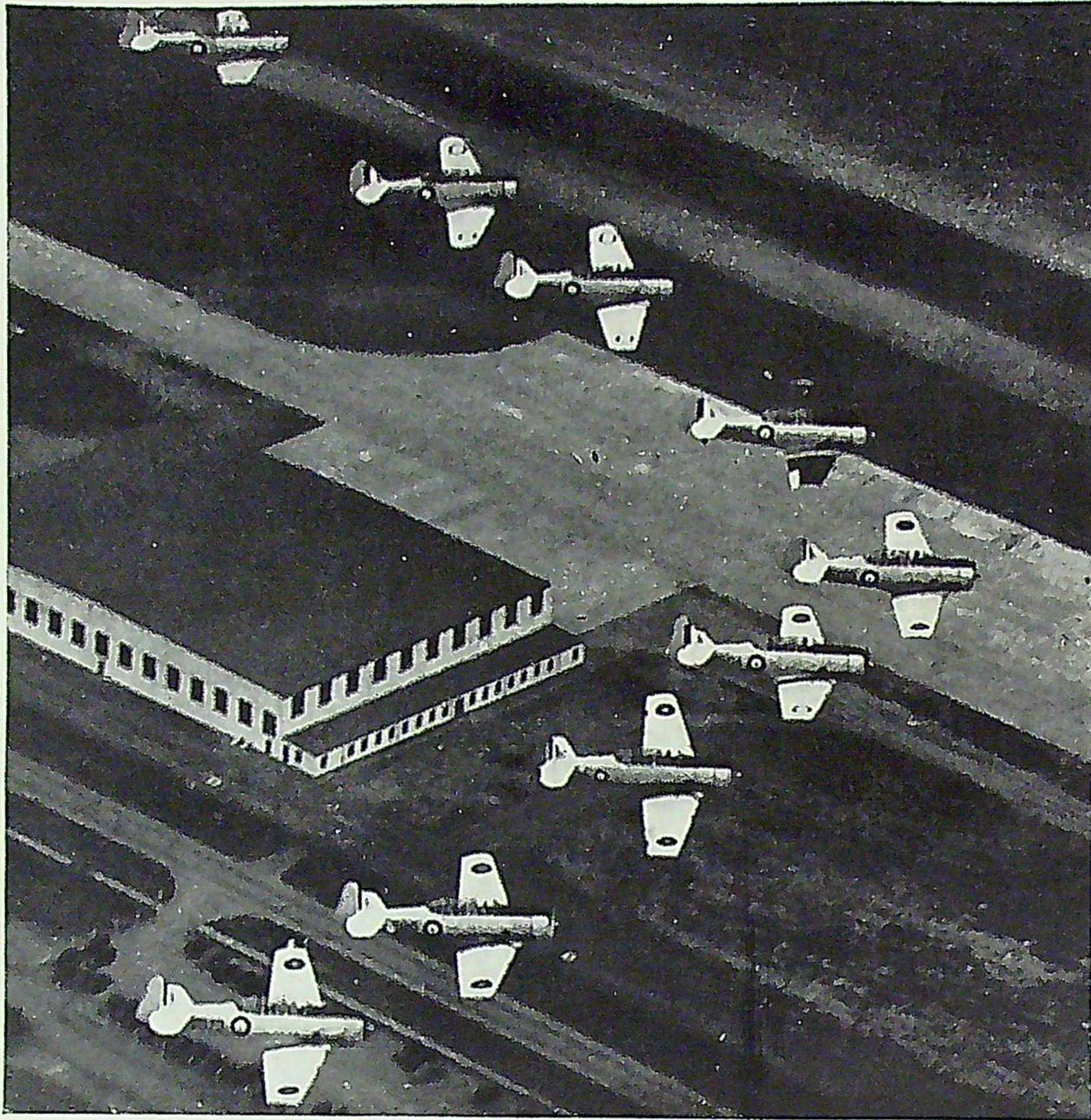
The steam heat of the Administration Building is replaced by the breezes of open country; the clack of typewriters is drowned in the staccato roar of Wasp, Kinner and Jacobs engines. Clicking heels and smart salutes are laid aside in the interests of the Service exigencies. Officer and Airmen alike have exchanged parade-ground etiquette in favor of the business in hand—more, more and still more instructor-pilots.

The man before us typified these changes of atmosphere, and our first thought upon meeting him was whether he had impressed them upon Central Flying School or Central Flying School had impressed them upon him. We incline toward the former. Introductions over, we found we could sit down, relax and yarn away with him—forgetting all difference in rank and remembering only our joint and all-absorbing interest—the Royal Canadian Air Force.

Our first surprise was to find him so young. When one considers we were interviewing the man responsible for the largest and only school for instructors in the greatest air training plan in the world today, it is not surprising that we expected to find an older individual. He belies the adage "Old men for council, young men for war". Here was a man capable of both, and proving it every day of the year.

As young men are noted for their ambitions, we naturally asked the Wing Commander the nature of his. He assured us that his one and only ambition at the moment was to do the best job he possibly could for the Service. He reminded us that we were at war and that as long as we were at war he felt

Continued on page 27



Per

Ardua

Ad

Astra

ANONYMOUS

O Thou, whom winds and waves obey,
Almighty God, to Thee we pray,
Commending to Thy gracious care
Our men whose way is in the air.
Be near them wheresoe'er they go,
Defending them from storm and foe.

Help them in flights o'er land and sea,
To do Thy Will, to trust in Thee
As ministers whom thou dost send,
Upheld and guided to the end.
Lord, in Thy Mercy hear our prayer
For those who serve Thee in the air.

Central Flying School



FLIGHT LIEUTENANT A. E. JOLIVET

The Adjutant

The Adjutant of C.F.S., Flight Lieutenant A. E. Jolivet, was born in a London, England, suburb back in December '02. Since that date he has done his

further \$5.00 for smokes, shoe polish, etc., a trip even to Toronto, at \$3.05 is just about out of the question. No forty-eights, no trips home—nostalgia

Air Force Headquarters has met the situation courageously by absolutely prohibiting the practice of hitch-hiking rides along the King's most excellent highways. Even our old friend "Rickey" has blossomed forth with a series of sting-extracting sketches showing what may NOT be done.

But so long as lamps are placed in windows, both erring and errant, will find their ways to home — be there snow, or rain, or sleet, or hail, or even Air Force Routine Order No. 3654892378.

It has remained for the tiny village of Aurora to actually DO something about the problem. Aurora announces that it will erect a cozy little building

Its History, Organization, Operation and Objets d'Etire

THE feats of Air Force heroes have set a high standard for present day airmen that will call for everything they have in the way of flying skill, ingenuity, initiative and fighting hearts.

But all the ingenuity, initiative and courage of the stoutest men are unavailable to the nation without the prime requisites to victorious air battle, better ships and better pilots. It is the job of Central Flying School and its instructors, not only to turn out graduates possessed of this Nth degree of flying skill, but to instill in them the ability to pass along to others their newly-gained knowledge and add to it their own initiative and ingenuity.

In the early days of the Air Force, the Chief Flying Instructor would choose certain pupils as having potentialities as flying instructors. He would thereupon (as time permitted—and it did not permit very often) give these promising students special instruction in the art of teaching. Thus were flying instructors born.

This was all very well in the good old days when John Q. Public was more worried about the stock market, prohibition and bootleggers than about the Nazis. But as the temerity of this man Hitler began to burst all bounds it became apparent that some-

thing had to be done. The result was that in 1939 Wing Command Howson at Ottawa's R.C.A.F. Headquarters did it.

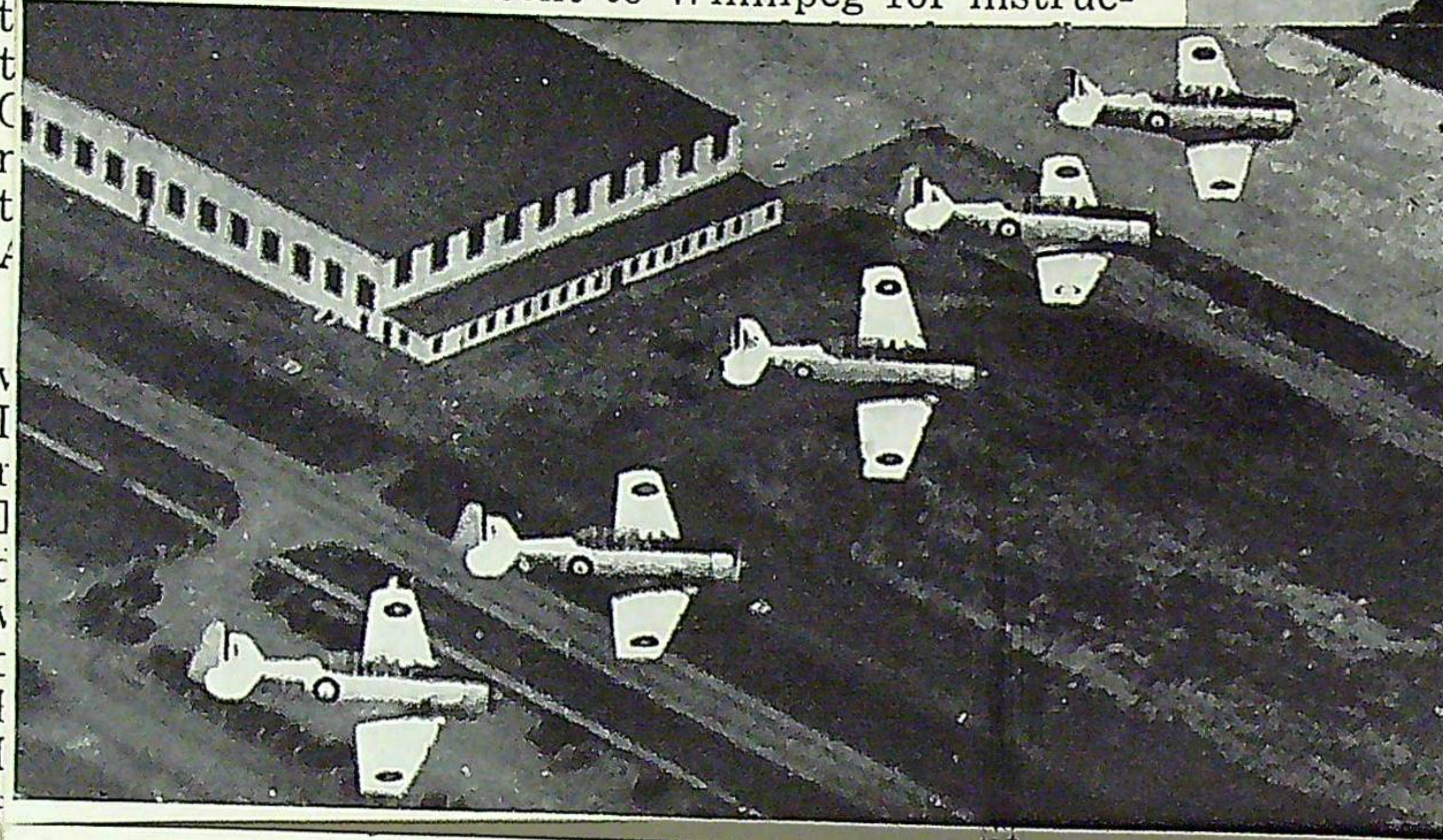
A new method of training flying instructors was instituted. The Air Force established at Camp Borden a School where instructors could be trained. The first course opened on June 4th, 1939 under command of Wing Commander G. P. Dunlop (then Flight Lieutenant) assisted by Flying Officers Ripley and Mitchell.

The value of Wing Commander Howson's plan was so thoroughly proved that Headquarters quickly decided to enlarge upon the scheme. Becoming established as a Unit of major Air Force importance, it was named "The Flying Instructors' School", given six hangars, and the old Air Force Headquarters building used during the First World War. The staff grew to twelve Flying Training Instructors, young, but experienced and keen. In late August, 1939, a group of R. A. F. instructors reported to the school.

On January 19th, 1940, the Flying Instructors' School under Flight Lieutenant Norman B. Petersen with Flight Lieutenant Dunlop as Chief Flying Instructor moved to Trenton Station. Something in the nature of an Air Force feat was accomplished at this

time because Messrs. Petersen, Dunlop & Co. made the move on a Saturday, and were doing business at the new location on the following Monday.

The war, now in its second year, began to create a demand for instructors that far exceeded the supply and the development of the Joint Air Training Plan promised to call for still more. Wing Commander (then Squadron Leader) Edwards, who had been Administrative Officer at Trenton came across the road to become the Officer Commanding; Flight Lieutenant Petersen became Chief Flying Instructor and Flight Lieutenant Dunlop became his assistant. Fifty aircraft were put into use including all types. Four instructors were sent to Winnipeg for instruc-



Ad

Astra

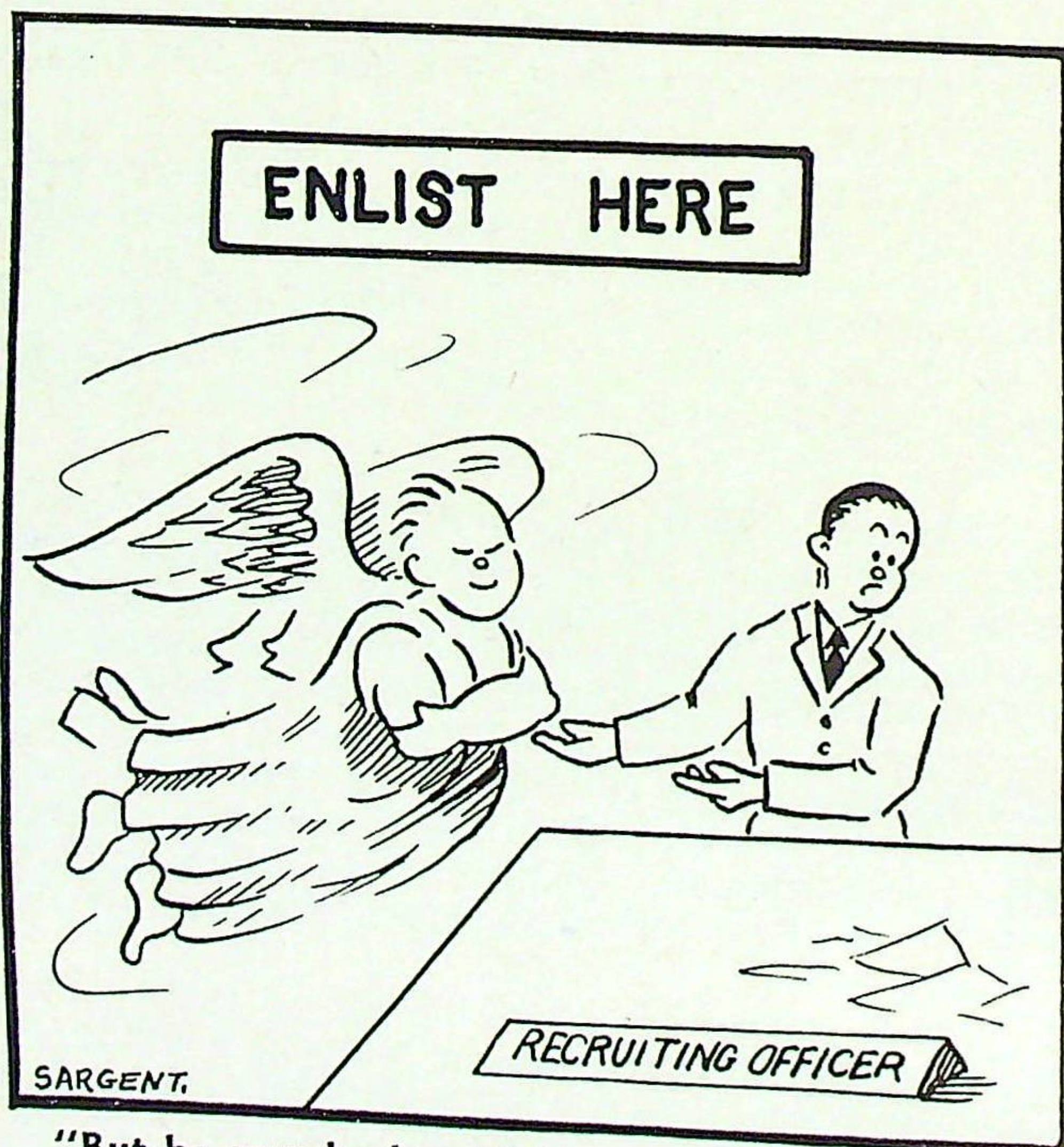
ANONYMOUS

So, from that small beginning of one Flight on detached duty from Trenton to Borden—a Flight consisting of Flight Lieutenant Dunlop and two Flying Officers—just three years ago, has evolved the one great Central Flying School of Canada, commanded once again by the original O.C. of the original Flight, but grown from the original one Flight with two instructors to the eight Flights and many more instructors that form the subject of another article in this issue.

Adjutant. The Administrative Officer of Central Flying School, up to the time of writing, has been one of the Old Guard of the Air Force and of Trenton in the person of Squadron Leader E. H. Kenny.

Born at Orillia, Ontario, he later went to Hamilton to work for the Grand Trunk Railway, and was there when the 1914 mix-up took place. The 19th Battalion claimed him for that affair but didn't hold him long. Arriving in England, he managed a transfer to the Royal Flying Corps and was granted a commission on December 30th, 1917. He held it until September 1st, 1919. One of the greatest joys young Kenny got out of the Service was in flying German aircraft back to England after the Armistice. He often said that looking out and seeing the cross on the machine made him feel he should shoot himself down. This new war brought him back into line on December 6th, 1939 and he was posted straight to Trenton. Here he became Station Adjutant and then Administrative Officer at C.F.S.

Squadron Leader Kenny's duties with us included supervision of Maintenance and Works Services, quartering, billeting and hiring of civilians, surprise checks of buildings, gasoline stores, equipment, fire arrangements, etc. Not the least important of his duties was the keeping of a Daily Diary of the Unit from which much of the information contained in this issue has been gleaned. Just as we go to press, we find him posted from Trenton and our best wishes go with him.



"But he says he has 2000 hours flying time, Sir!"



FLIGHT LIEUTENANT A. E. JOLIVET

The Adjutant

The Adjutant of C.F.S., Flight Lieutenant A. E. Jolivet, was born in a London, England, suburb back in December '93. Since that date he has done a bit of travelling—and fishing. We don't believe that Flight Lieutenant Jolivet told us a "fish" story when he mentioned such out of the way fishing holes as Petsamo up on the north coast of Finland, Austria, New Brunswick and British Columbia. There is something about the Adjutant of C.F.S. that stirs up thoughts of Kitchener and Khartoum, the 'Old School Tie' "Play up and Play the Game"—in short, everything that's very, very British—and that includes travelling—and fishing.

Besides being an Adjutant, he has had something to do with the Rocky Mountain National Park at Banff, Alberta; was commissioned with the Somersets in 1915 after returning to England for that purpose at his own expense; has seen action at Loos and was wounded on the Somme. Later, he became a farmer in Western Canada, returned to London to be an Exchange Broker (A. E. Jolivet & Co.) and back to Canada and the farm. After all that it would have taken the whole German army to keep him out of the present shindig and so we find him ensconced at C.F.S. as the Wing Commander's right hand man.

As Adjutant of C.F.S., he acts as confidential staff officer of the Officer Commanding, being responsible for the organization of his office and the handling of his correspondence, he prepares recommendations for promotions, honours and awards, and deals with all confidential matters.

In short, Flight Lieutenant A. E. Jolivet is a good man to be on the right side of. Personally, we hope we are and that we always will be, just that.



Thumbs Up!

It's a moot problem, this business of getting a free ride home on a forty-eight hour pass. The matter of a railway fare looms rather largely in the eyes of an AC2, Standard Group, at \$1.30 per day, of which sixty-six cents are deducted for dependents. With a bi-monthly pay amounting to \$9.50 from which one must deduct \$2.00 for cleaning and laundry and a further \$3.50 for smokes, shoe polish, etc., a trip, even to Toronto, at \$3.05 is just about out of the question. No forty-eights, no trips home—nostalgia.

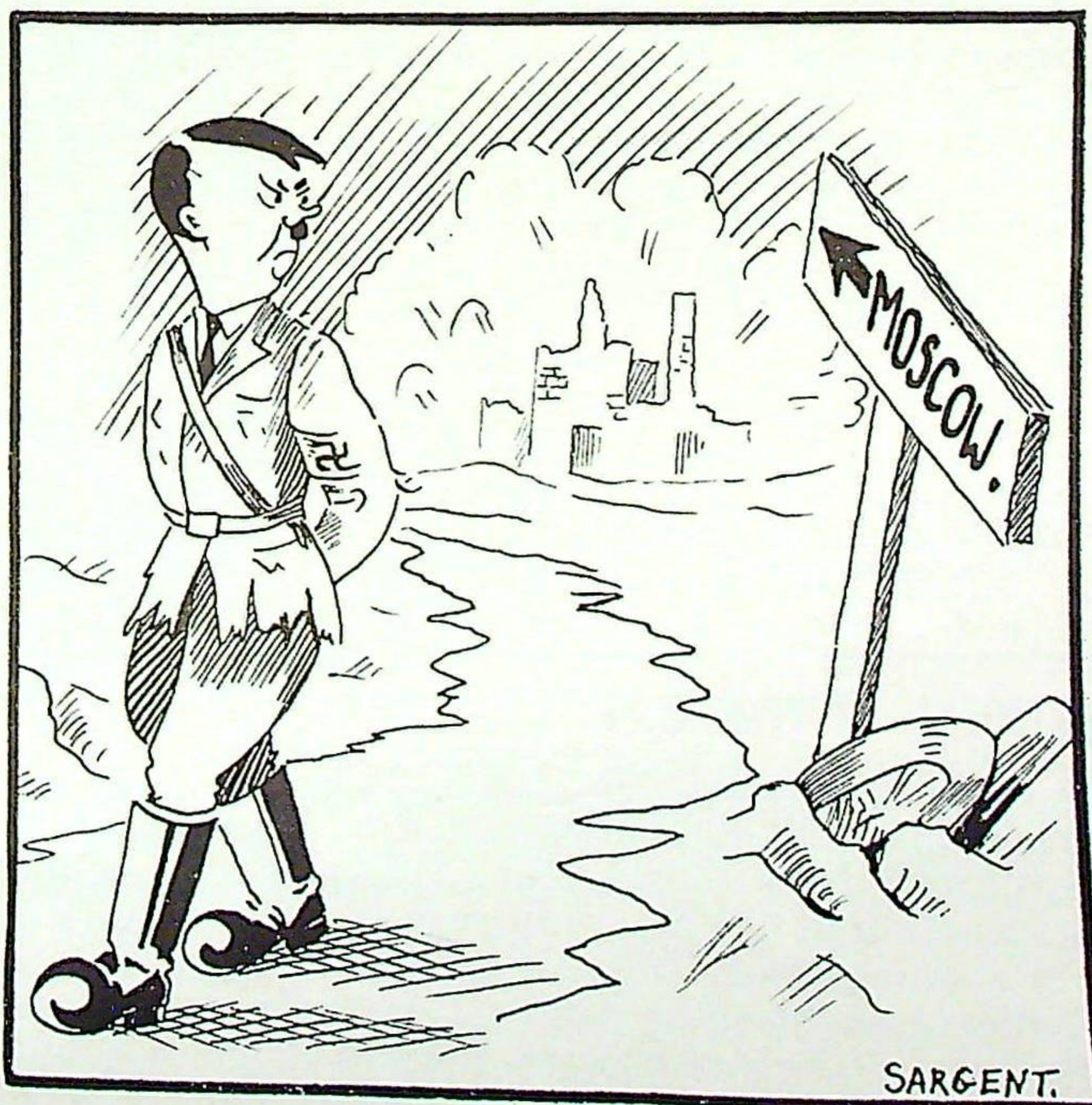
Air Force Headquarters has met the situation courageously by absolutely prohibiting the practice of hitch-hiking rides along the King's most excellent highways. Even our old friend "Rickey" has blossomed forth with a series of sting-extracting sketches showing what may NOT be done.

But so long as lamps are placed in windows, sons, both erring and errant, will find their ways to home — be there snow, or rain, or sleet, or hail, or even Air Force Routine Order No. 3654892378.

It has remained for the tiny village of Aurora to actually DO something about the problem. Aurora announces that it will erect a cozy little building at each highway entrance where penurious and homesick patriots may gather to wait for kindly motorists. The same kindly motorists will have their attention directed to the haven by well-placed publicity.

Service men will no longer line the highways in danger of motor cars and Air Force wrath. Air Force Headquarters will be more than happy about the whole thing. The fair name of Aurora will live long and happily in the hearts of the Service.

"Aurora"—Goddess of the Dawn.



"MOSCOW — NUTS"



Chief Flying Instructor

Wing Commander

F. C. Carling-Kelly

FOR a man his age, Wing Commander Carling-Kelly has as colourful a history as any we've met up with in this man's Air Force. Even as early as his christening, colour entered into his life and he was made to stand out from his fellows from then on by the simple act of bestowing on him a name. Anyone bearing the astounding appellation of Fitz-Roy Cavendish Carling-Kelly is bound to stand out whether he likes it or not—and when you add "Wing Commander" to that you've really got something.

And the Chief Flying Instructor of Central Flying School really had something—something in addition to that fracas engendering handle he took through the gauntlet of Appleby and St. Andrews Colleges and Oakwood Collegiate. He must have had an extraordinary gift of intestinal fortitude (invaluable to Flying Instructors) because he didn't stop there, but marched right on into another mare's nest for those who lead with their lefts on the subject of names. Fitz-Roy Cavendish Carling-Kelly, calling upon all the spunk of the Fitz-Roys, the Cavendishes, the Carlings and even the Kellys, stormed right into the hallowed halls of the Royal Military College at Kingston and—to believe Squadron Leader "Joe" Stephenson and Flight Lieutenant King—got away with it. These last two were R.M.C. schoolmates and should know.

R.M.C. teaches something besides

the niceties of Ceremonial Drill, and Gentleman Cadet Carling-Kelly ended up with some knowledge of engineering, which the Province of Ontario Highways Department put to a good use while he awaited his call to the Permanent R.C.A.F. He got in some good hunting and fishing in addition to helping to build King's Highway Number 7 about twenty-five miles due north of here.

While Carling-Kelly got in his hunting, fishing and road building; our own exclusive organization got around to sending him an invitation to join the boys on the P.P.O.'s Course up at Camp Borden. But having made up its mind to send the long-awaited invitation, someone missed fire and the erstwhile Nimrod and would-be flyer never got it. The result of this failure was the usual modification to the Orderly Room, but the fact remains that Provincial Pilot Officer Fitz-Roy Cavendish Carling-Kelly was A. W. L. for his first three days in the Air Force.

They eventually caught up with him and he spent the hottest July 4th in history (you'll remember that one back in 1935) reporting to Air Commodore, (then Squadron Leader) Brookes at Borden and gathering heavy flying togs and other equipment together to the complete ruination of his and

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Flight Lieutenants
J. C. Wickett and H. H. Langford

Duties of the C. F. I.

Wing Commander Carling-Kelly and his two assistants, Flight Lieutenants J. C. Wickett and H. H. Langford, have charge of all flying operations and instruction at C.F.S., being responsible to the Officer Commanding. It is their duty to categorize all students about to be sent out as instructors, as to fitness for their important work. Categories given in the order of their merit are "A1", "A2", "B" and

"C". These are based on flying ability, voice, ability to instruct and knowledge of sequence (patter). Further, even the Instructors at Central Flying School must be categorized at frequent intervals, so that as they improve they may be given credit for the improvement, and to ensure that there is no deterioration in their effort.

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Squadron Leader J.G. Stephenson

The Commander of No. 1 Squadron, Central Flying School, has as likeable a personality as you'll find at C.F.S. Born the fourth of the fourth of the fourteenth at Walkerville, Ontario, "Joe" Stephenson came right from Royal Military College into the R.C.A.F.

It was a sunny day down in Windsor on December 16th, 1939, when he married Miss Barbara Elizabeth Mitchell (Temp. 58°) and carried her off to Trenton. Principal result of this, aside from Squadron Leader Stephenson's sunny disposition, has been the advent of young Michael—commonly called "Butch"—whose recounted exploits are the pride and joy of the whole squadron.

Heading a squadron composed of Letters A, B, C, and D flights is no mean job and calls for plenty of hard work. The work of the Flight Commanders must be supervised, students must be tested, tested and re-tested, and decisions must be made that may affect the entire future of hundreds of eager young birdmen. The interests of the Service must never be lost sight of and this "Joe" never does, but to him every man is an individual and treated as such. They swear by him, not

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Squadron Leader J.G. Twist

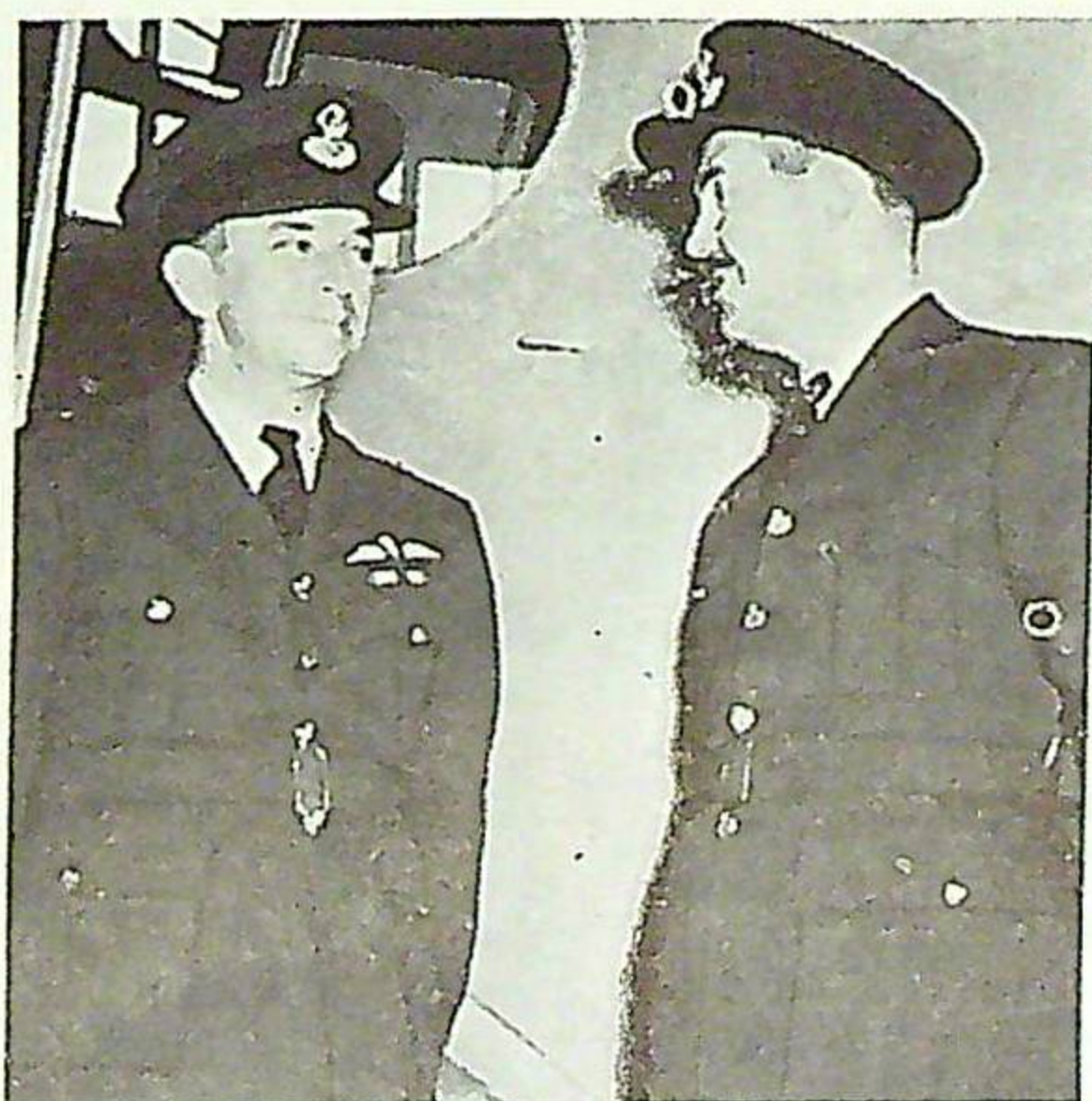
The parents of Squadron Leader Twist had no idea that the R.C.A.F. would ever claim him, or they would never have christened him with the cognomen "Joe", when he arrived in Northampton, England, on the 8th day of September, 1902. "Joe"—to the Air Force—is the man of all work. If there are dishes to wash, floors to scrub, potatoes to peel, aircraft to be pushed around, "Joe" is the man who does it.

But Squadron Leader Twist had friends who were friends, friends with an eye to the future and an ear to the air, for they presented him early in life with the appellation "Pat" and saved him all that. But don't take it from this that "Pat" Twist has spent the last thirty-nine years on the proverbial

bed of roses, for such is not the case—not by a considerable distance. He commenced his peregrinations at the tender age of five by setting sail for Canada, and arrived in Toronto in time for school. In 1922, he was in Buffalo, N.Y., engaged in the construction business, but when everything else went down in 1929 Pat Twist decided to go up.

Returning to Canada, he entered the Ontario Provincial Air Service

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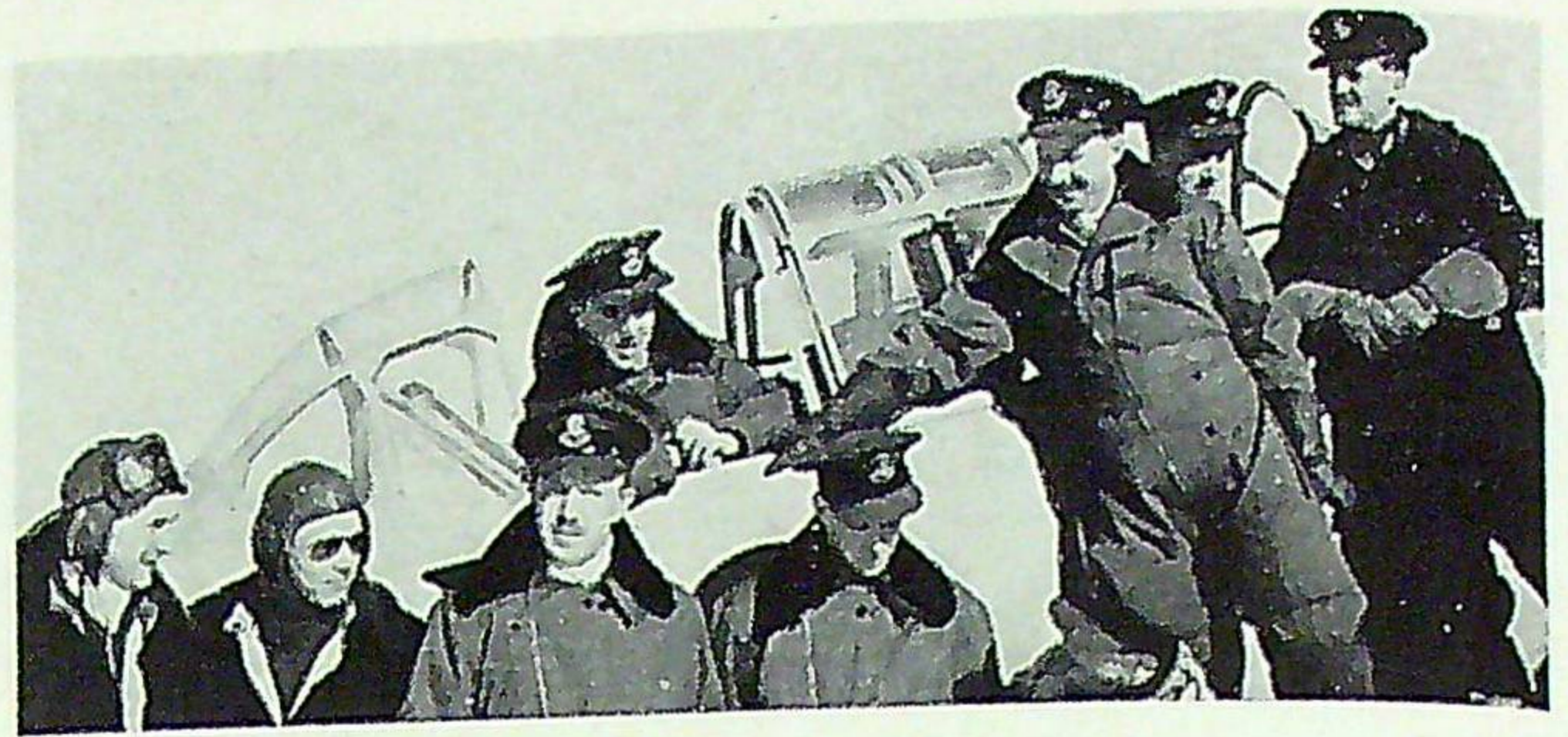
The gentleman telling the story (Right) and the listener with the quizzical expression are respectively Flying Officers A. A. Foster and E. T. Hamilton. These are the combination Adjutants and Administrative Officers of No.'s 1 and 2 Squadrons, Flying Officer Foster is an old St. Andrews College and University of Toronto boy, and for some years was engaged in financial transactions for Messrs Nesbitt, Thompson in Montreal and R. A. Daly in Toronto. He threw in his lot with us on the 14th of May, 1941.

Flying Officer Hamilton is an R. F. C., R.A.F. veteran, an author and former magazine editor. He comes originally from Cleveland, Ohio, and had just settled down to live the life of Reilly at his favourite hide-away "Hidden Hills" up in the Bruce Peninsula when the old urge got him.

Besides being Squadron Leader Twist's right hand man, he finds time to act as Managing Editor of this publication and as Secretary of our well-known Sports and Entertainment Committee.

C. F. S. Flying Instructors

"A" FLIGHT Sergeant Pilot H. W. Russell; Sergeant Pilot D. G. Laidler, Flying Officer M. S. Dillingham, Flight Lieutenant J. M. Connell, Flying Officers D. J. McLean and T. Burke, Pilot Officer A. Patton, Flight Lieutenant D. F. McTavish and Pilot Officer M. W. Rowley.



"B" FLIGHT Flight Lieutenants H. A. Alcorn, McIntosh; Flying Officers Pierce, McElrea, Wrake, Kerr; Pilot Officers Blight, Estes, Mille; Sergeant Hurley.

"C" FLIGHT Sergeant Pilot R. S. McCloskey, Flying Officer G. C. Cooke, Pilot Officer L. H. Wilkinson, Pilot Officer R. F. Gill, Flight Lieutenant B. N. G. Sparks, Flying Officer J. F. Barrett, Pilot Officer W. B. Shelley.



"D" FLIGHT (Front Row) Flying Officer B. Boe, Pilot Officer I. B. Croll, Flight Lieutenant H. E. Dahl, Flying Officers M. K. McGuire and G. G. O. James. (Back Row) Flight Lieutenant J. W. Weis, Sergeant Pilot W. R. Widdess and Flying Officer A. C. Persons.

"E" FLIGHT Pilot Officers B. A. Hawkins and W. L. Marr, Flight Lieutenant G. L. Ingram, Pilot Officer A. Gee, Flying Officer M. L. Giles and Flight Lieutenant G. I. Wonnacott.

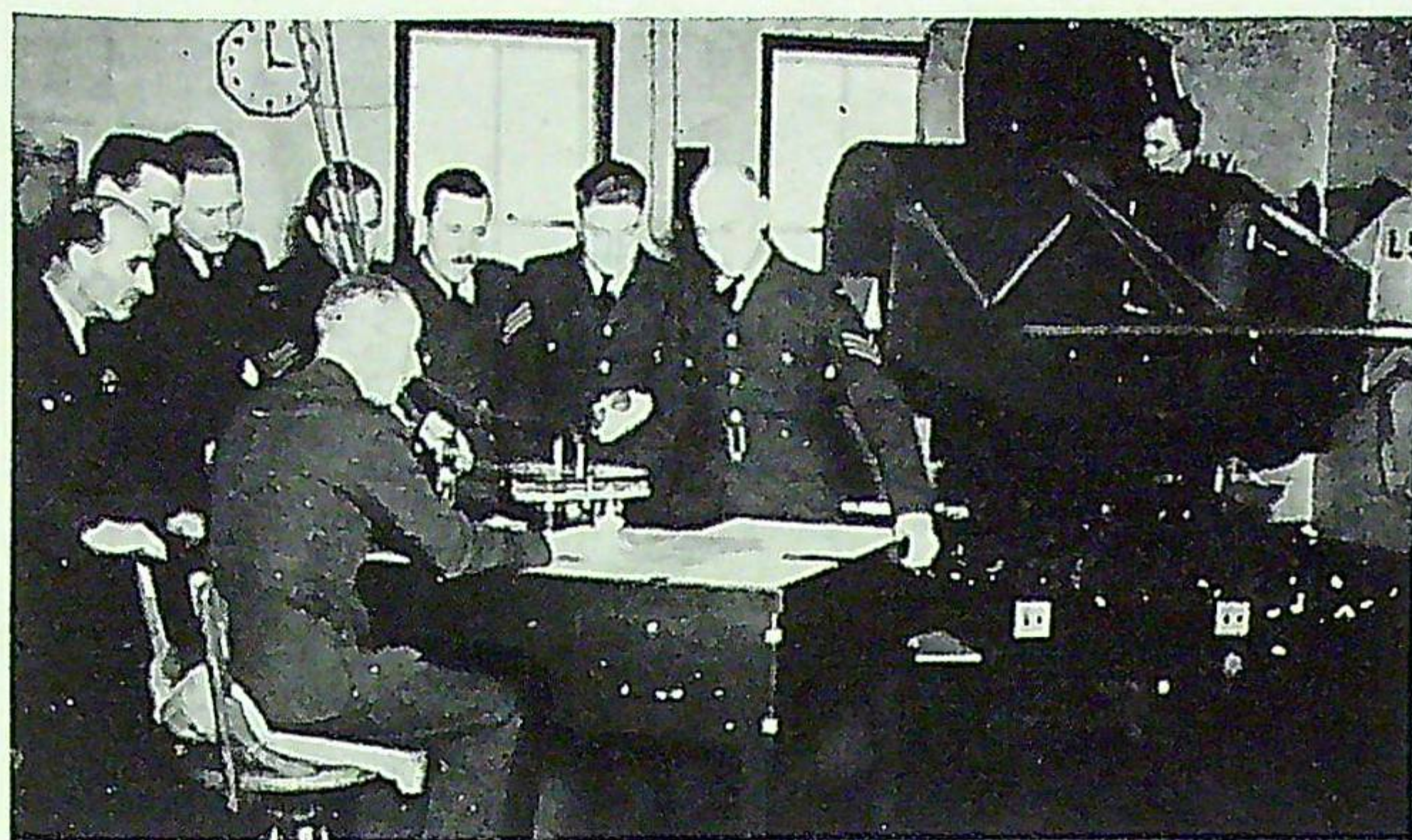


"F" FLIGHT Pilot Officers G. W. Gooderham, F. P. Clarke, C. F. Hanisch, Flight Lieutenant B. A. Casey, Flying Officers J. G. Showler, H. W. Reed and J. Taylor.

"G" FLIGHT Flight Lieutenant H. S. Jessop, Flying Officers E. A. Alexander and C. E. Batién, Flight Lieutenant D. R. Jacox, Flying Officer J. W. Olfred, Pilot Officer J. H. Young and Flying Officer T. C. Mears.



"H" FLIGHT Flying Officer E. A. Hayes, Pilot Officer R. C. Brown, Sergeant Pilot J. H. Simpson, Flight Lieutenants D. C. Chown and R. A. McLennan, Flying Officer J. F. Reed, Pilot Officer Slater, Flying Officer D. A. MacFadyen and Pilot Officer G. R. Edwards.



THE LINK TRAINER

Probably one of the most invaluable aids to flying instruction has been that peculiar species of heavier-than-air craft, the Link Trainer.

Sufficient to say that the Link Trainer is a semi-model of an aircraft containing the usual instruments and controls, but affixed to a base which it never leaves. A glance at the photo above showing Pilot Officer D. R. Stirling in the cockpit reveals that there is a sort of cover which can be lowered to completely enclose the student flyer within the cockpit. Once there and in total darkness, except for instrument lights he operates his ship solely by instruments. The Trainer actually moves about as if on an universal joint, simulating the actual operation of an aircraft. The instruments show the pupil what would be happening were he actually flying.

Electrical connections to a nearby instructor's table operate similar instruments and show the instructor what is going on. A telephone connection to the interior of the cockpit keeps instructor and pupil in close touch and advice can and is freely given as the make-believe flight continues.

Officer Commanding the Link Trainer Section is Flight Lieutenant R. H. Balfour of Hamilton, Ontario—seated at the table. Surrounding the table and reading from left to right are the Link Instructors, Flying Officer R. E. Ladouceur of Windsor, Sgt. D. M. Fraser of Ottawa, Flying Officer H. J. Jackson of Hamilton, Sgt. J. R. Thomason of Kansas City, Missouri. The Officer in the centre is Flying Officer R. D. Duncanson and on his left are found Sergeants W. A. Dunn of Regina and G. E. Douglas of Moose Jaw.

Dat Goddam Bird De Link

For two, t'ree mont' brudder Pierre,
Take course on Link to fly de h'air.
She's hareyplane of special make
On first solo, your nerve she shake
You take heem off wit' nose to sky;
But dat Goddam t'ing, to floor she's tie.
Wit' needle, ball and h'airspeed dial
You fly like Hell for two, t'ree mile.

Wit' system Pierre call "One, two, T'ree"
Dat Link she's fly like Hay, Bee, See.
Go right, Go left. It's h'all the same,
Dat needle, she's like bear to tame.
But Pierre, he's tell me once on leave,
He's boss, call' Slim, gets plenty peeve'
When h'airspeed, height above the ground
She won't stay put; she's h'up an' down.

Dat Link, she's funny bird to see,
Got wings and tail, so Pierre tell'me.
When I ask him why he's not fly home
Dat Link she's nail' to floor of stone.
I visit one on Trenton place
D'ose Links line up for like de race,
But w'en dey give wot's call' "De gun"
D'eyes back to where she's started from.

Pierre comes from H'easter H'eggs,
Starts talking "Beams, and Cones, and Legs,
Dat's radio noise on Link he's ride
Pierre say eyes, he's got so cross' one day,
When under hood Pierre must hide
Wit phone on ear and eye on board
Hear noise from Hell and voice from Lord.
He's turn to lef' an' go odder way.

Pierre he's change', his modder t'ink,
Since he's been riding on dat Link.
He's appetite now, on week-end trips
She has shrunk down to leedle bits,
But two week more she mus' pass by
An' now no more in Links he's fly
He's prove to Slim he's ver' able
To fly dat Link from a Goddam table.

—Flying Officer C. W. McLeod.

CHAPMAN BROS.

Jewellers

YONGE STREET, TORONTO. ONT.

Visit Chapman Brothers' counter at No. 6 R. D.



An Airman's Creed

I solemnly swear by the L.14,
To follow the rules and keep everything clean,
To do my inspections every one,
And sign them out when my work is done.
To examine the fuselage, struts and wires;
The gas and oil, the brakes and tires,
And everything else that a plane has got,
And pray the Lord that I miss them not.

By
Corporal H. P. Bailey,
"G" Flight,
Central Flying School

The going is tough and the way is long,
While the pay is small and the enemy strong.
But every hour we fly this night—
Will make the enemy feel our might.
I'll suffer hardship, hunger, cold;
If civilians match my work with gold.
For one with the other go hand-in-hand—
To bring supplies from another land.

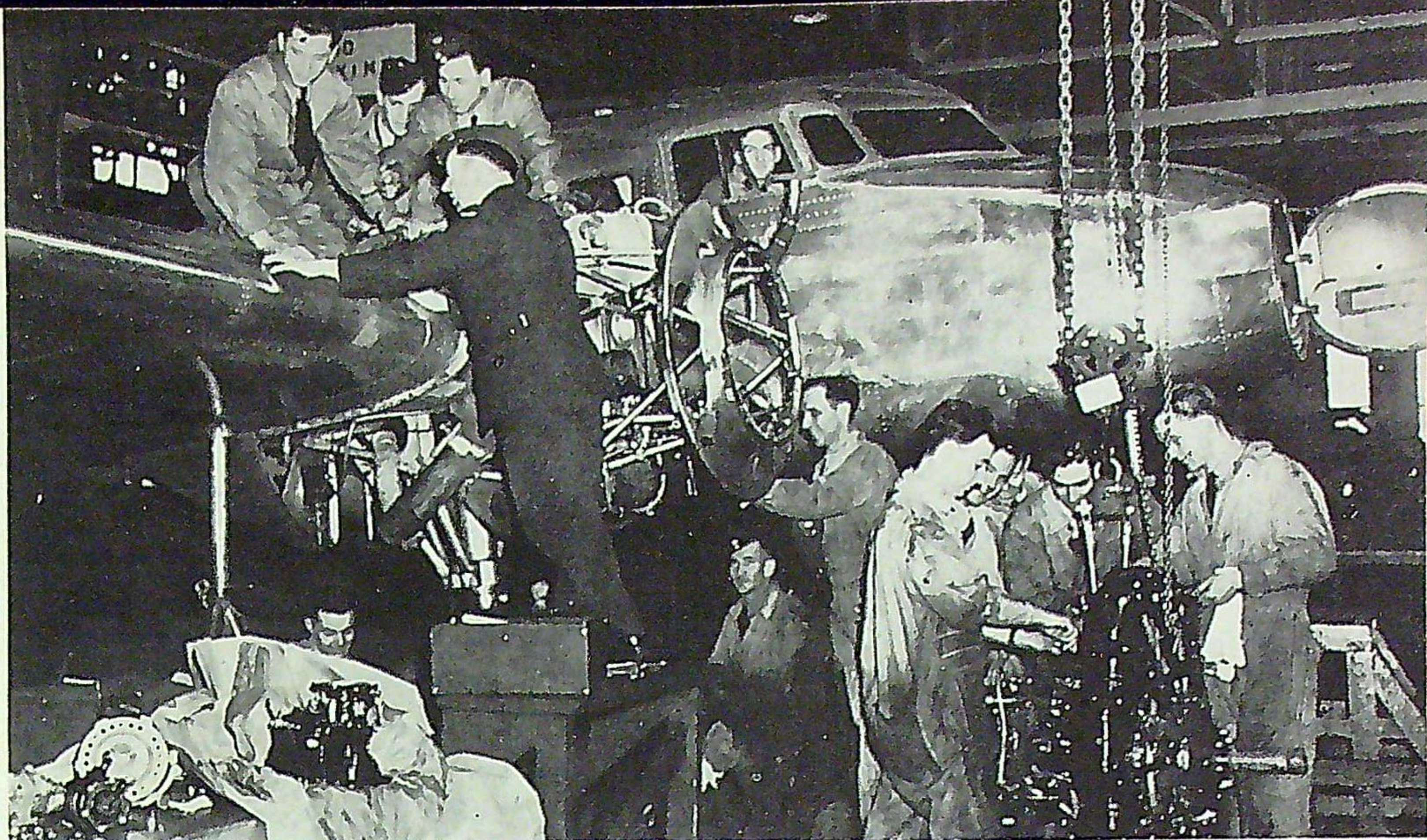
That I may never stand by the door,
While others do their share and more.
That I may always be on time,
And be no burden to the Line.
That by my efforts I may say,
Our planes flew the most to-day.

I may not reach the other side,
Where blood flows on in crimson tide,
But I'll double my pace for the ones who have gone,
And feel that I've helped in the honors they won.
And when it is over I'll hear others brag—
How they shot down the Hun and the Japs that they bagged.

And what did I do? I'll have to confess—
I was just a mechanic in old C.F.S!

C. F. S.

MAINTENANCE



The Boys Who Stay Down to Keep the Pilots up

MOST of us realize more or less sub-consciously that there's a lot more to this flying business than what actually takes place in the air. No one can fail to be thrilled by the daring exploits of Pilots, Observers and Air Gunners. Everyone takes his hat off to the crews that man our Air Armadas, whether they chance their lives with student pilots in tiny Moths or zoom away over the Channel in mighty Blenheims. But we don't talk about the boys down below with their spanners, their wrenches and what-not who prosaically work away each day to "keep 'em flying". "Contact" thinks it's about time we did.

This writer has had a great deal to do with Aircraft Maintenance men in the last few years and for our own part we'd like to take our editorial cap, field, service, off to them once. It may be worth mentioning that we have found C.F.S. Maintenance quarters as clean if not cleaner than those of other Units. We have found standards of education, good manners and discipline high.

It's a bit of an eye-opener to take a walk down past the hangars and see what Maintenance men are doing. Actually, Maintenance men are divided into two sections, those who handle aircraft in daily use by the Flights and those engaged in repairs to grounded ships. Duties of the first include the making of daily inspections of such items as tires, oleo legs, instruments, etc., the provision of oil and gasoline. These work when the Flights are working. Night flying means night work and the dawn patrol brings them out just the same.

For more extensive inspections, for repairs of more than minor importance, aircraft are divided

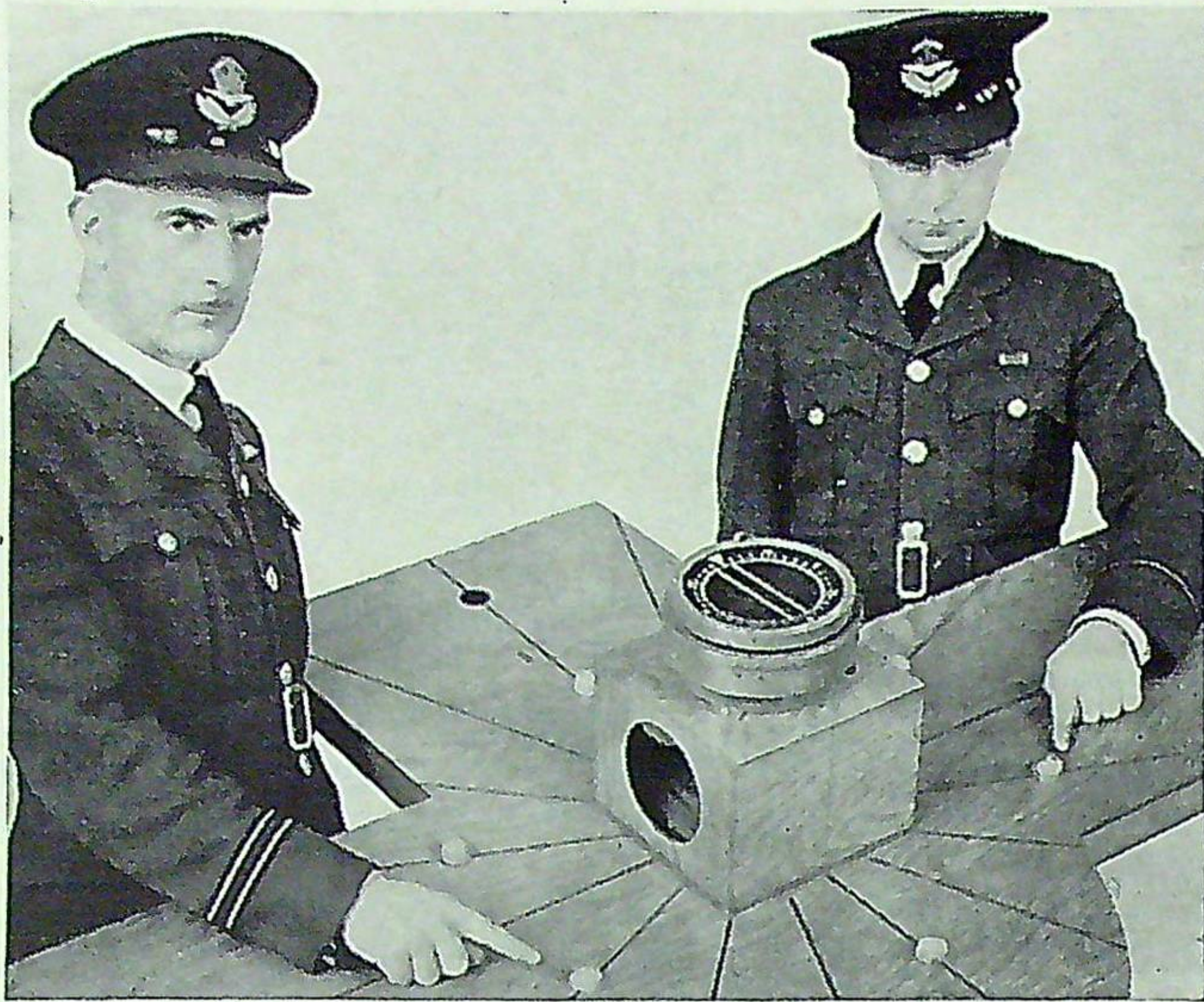
between those having single and those having twin engines. Although repair shops for these two sections are in different hangars the actual work carried out is almost similar, Airmen of the same trade can be exchanged or loaned from one hangar to the other.

Work of the two maintenance hangars comes under the direct supervision of the Senior Aeronautical Engineer Officer. He, with his Assistant Engineer Officers of both single engine and twin engine maintenance are shown below examining the tail wheel and oleo leg of a Lockheed. Reading from left to right they are Flight Lieutenant B. W. King, Flying Officer C. H. Rioridon, Flight Lieutenant V. R. Hill (Senior Aeronautical Engineer Officer), Flying Officer W. B. Mather, Flight Lieutenant A. H. Black and Flight Lieutenant Walter Staveley, former O. C. of Station Workshops and now in charge of twin engine maintenance.



Twin engine maintenance men shown working on the Lockheed (above) include W02 McGibbon, Corporals Derbowka and Fraleigh, LAC's Cole, Steer, Day Harvey, Taylor, Wilson and Harper, to say nothing of AC. Derby.

From left to right on the single engined Harvard left-above may be discerned LAC Mathieu, AC. Welch, LAC Steele, Lac Kauchark, Corporal Ryan, an unknown, LAC Armstrong, Corporal Asham, AC Arbuckle, AC. O'Neill, AC. Graham, Corporal Roberts, AC's Roper, Failes and Demios, another unknown, LAC Mason, AC Roxborough, Sergeants Fitzsimmons and Walrod.



FLIGHT-LIEUTENANTS SILKE and MUIR.

Ground Instruction School

Will he become a good instructor? Can he give the patter and at the same time demonstrate flying? How about Coordination and Diction? To determine whether or not an instructor-pupil will develop these qualities is the job of C.F.S.

Almost half of the eight week course is spent on lectures on ground subjects, given by the ground instructional school. There are lectures on Navigation, Link and Instruments, Airmanship, Meteorology, Engines, Airframes, Maintenance, Discipline, Flight Administration, as well as some introductory lectures, and Physical Training. The standard, apart from more advanced work on Link Trainers, Engines and Airframes, is about the same as at S.F.T.S. from which this small percentage of instructor-pupils has been selected.

To-day, in fact since September 1941, C. F. S. consists entirely of Service Pilots, but between January 1940, when the school was moved from Camp Borden, where it had originated, and September 1941, it managed to train three different types of pilots. It also became greatly enlarged.

First, there were those, mostly bush pilots from the U. S. A. who took a refresher course prior to returning to civilian organizations, Bombing and Gunnery Schools, or ferrying of planes.

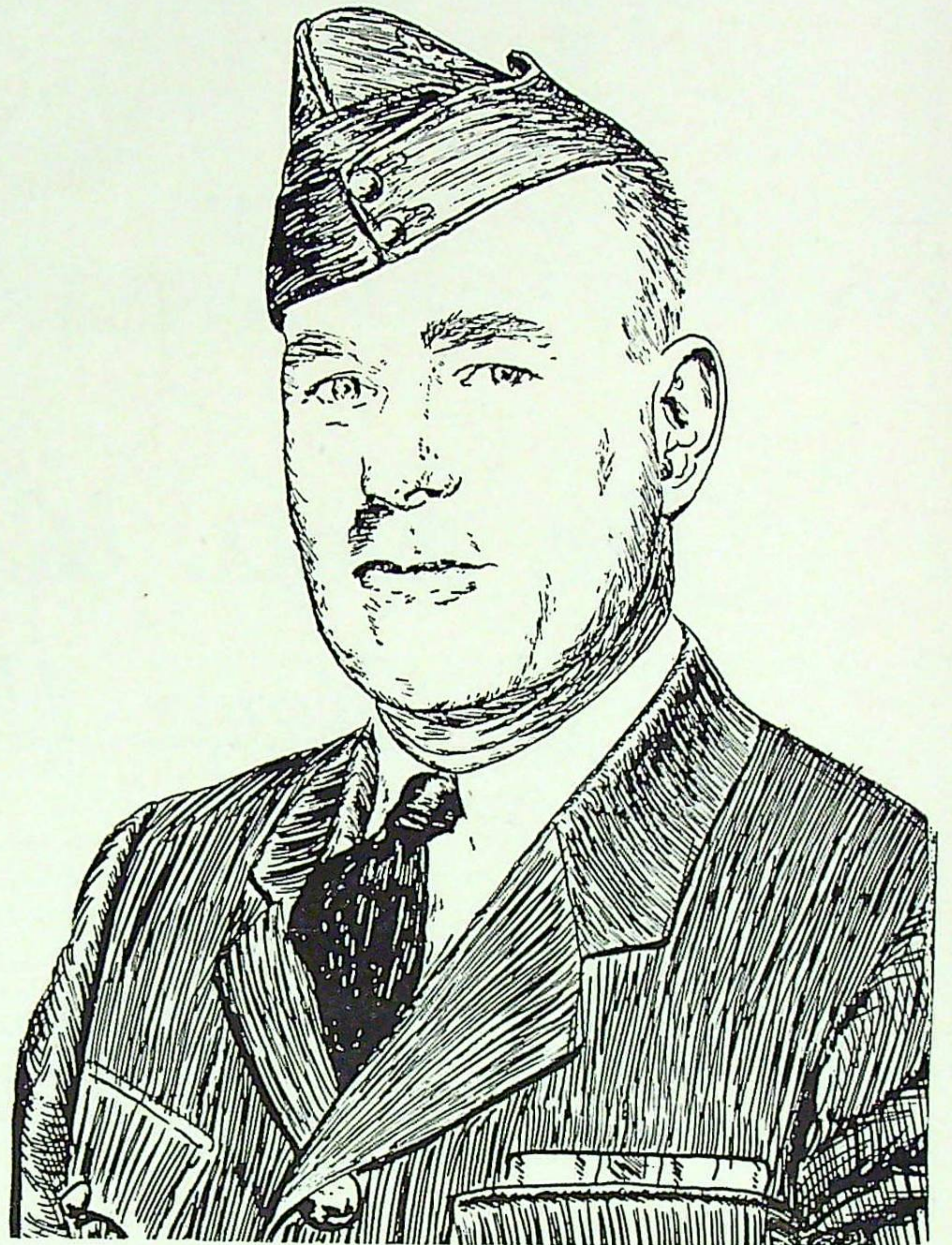
Then there were the "Temporary E.F.T.S." pupils who drew pay while training, then left for an indefinite period of leave to join various Civilian Flying Schools. The last course of this type went through in August 1941. Finally there were the Service Pupil-Instructors. Now, all new applicants are sent through the normal channels: I.T.S., E.F.T.S., S.F.T.S., etc.

Flight Lieutenant G. P. Silke, who is in charge of G.I.S., has been the only permanent instructor since September 1940, three months after his arrival here, as Navigation Officer. Born in 1898 in Birmingham, England, Flight Lieutenant Silke was a pilot during the last war. During the peace he became a commercial flier, operating chiefly over the North West Territories and along the Pacific Coast. In 1932, he took a Commercial Pilot's course at Camp Borden and finally rejoined the Air Force in November 1939.

Flight Lieutenant Silke is assisted by Flight Lieutenant Muir, also Navigational Instructor. Born at Lamieux, Ontario in 1905, he obtained his B.A. degree at Ottawa and in 1928 graduated from The University of Toronto as a High School Teacher and Physical Training Instructor. He was awarded the Jubilee Medal when, under his leadership, the Cadet Corps won the Dominion Championship Medal for three years. He belonged to the non-permanent forces—the F. B. & G. Highlanders—for eight years, holding the rank of Captain and Signals Officer.

The other Instructors include: Flying Officer W. N. Hoye, Flying Officer L. E. Morrison, and Flying Officer C. W. T. Robinson.

Our Sergeant Major



WO1 E. B. Turland

Nothing to do - Almost

The Sergeant Major is one who has practically nothing to do—that is nothing to do except: to decide what is to be done; tell somebody to do it; listen to reasons why it should not be done, or why it should be done by somebody else, or why it should be done in a different way; follow up to see if the thing has been done; inquire why it has not been done; follow up a second time to discover that it has been done, but done incorrectly; consider how much simpler and better it would have been if he had done it himself in the first place, but to realize that such an idea would strike at the very foundation of the belief of all employees that the boss has nothing to do.

PUT THE SKIDS
UNDER THE AXIS



BUY
VICTORY BONDS

Bishop

WILLIAM AVERY BISHOP was at Kingston when the first Great War began, a 20-year old cadet at Royal Military College. When that war ended he was Lieutenant-Colonel William Avery Bishop, V.C., D.S.O. and bar, M.C., D.F.C., Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, Croix de Guerre with Palm.

In just four years he had won practically every decoration for valour conferred by the British and French governments. To-day, as an Air Marshall, his service to his country goes on in a manner scarcely less vital, if less spectacular.

An "ordinary" boyhood at Owen Sound gave no inkling of his future, nor did his enlistment in the 4th Battalion, Canadian Mounted Rifles, at Toronto in 1914.

But he didn't like the mud around England's cavalry camps and when one day a plane landed neatly in a nearby field—and took off again—he decided he had had enough of dank, slimy and boggy earth.

This was in July 1915. He got his transfer and a few months later went into action in France as an observer. His pilot made a poor landing one day and Bishop injured his knee—the only injury the war held for him—so it was March, 1917 before he was appointed a pilot with the 60th Squadron, Royal Flying Corps.

But once there, he made up for lost time. On March 25th he downed his first enemy plane and nearly crashed behind enemy lines himself because his engine "ciled up". He glided home to safety, however, and his "score" against the foe was declared opened.

On April 7th he won the Military Cross for destroying an enemy observation balloon—a task momentarily delayed because he was interrupted by a German plane that had to be shot down first. The next day was Easter Day—a fete Bishop celebrated by engaging eight enemy planes, destroying two, dispersing six and wrecking another observation balloon.

And so his record mounted. It seemed Lieut. Bishop flew and fought for the sheer delight of flying and fighting. He roamed about the sky in his single-seater Nieuport Scout, sniping at balloons and swooping upon any planes that came within his sight. He disliked to fly home.

On April 30th, still 1917, Captain Bishop (the promotion came within six weeks of joining the squadron) battled nine times in two hours, engaging eleven different enemy planes in the first hour. Two two-seaters were downed and the remainder were dispersed.

Two days later, Captain Bishop went up three times and engaged in all 23 planes—six from long range and the remainder from close in. Three machines fell from his gun that day, two in one engagement that won him the D.S.O. and this citation: "For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. While in a single-seater he attacked three hostile machines, two of which he brought down, although in the meantime he was himself attacked by four other hostile machines. His courage and determination have set a fine example to others."

It was before dawn of June 2nd, 1917 that Captain Bishop in a spectacular lone flight won the Victoria Cross "for most conspicuous bravery, determination and skill." In the words of the War Office citation: "Captain Bishop flew to an aerodrome 12 miles the other side of the German line. Seven machines, some with their engines running, were on the ground. He attacked these from about fifty feet, and a mechanic who was starting one of the engines was seen to fall. One of the machines got off the ground, but at a height of sixty feet Captain Bishop fired fifteen rounds into it at a very close range and it crashed.

A second machine got off the ground, into which he fired thirty rounds at one hundred and fifty yards range, and it fell into a tree. Two more machines then rose. One he engaged at one thousand feet, emptying the rest of his drum of ammunition. This machine crashed three hundred yards from the aerodrome, after which Captain Bishop emptied a whole drum into the fourth hostile machine, and then flew back to his station."

No Canadian pilot had won the Victoria Cross before, but to that honour was added on September 26th, 1917 a Bar to the Distinguished Service Order he had already won, this time for gallantry and distinguished service in the field . . . for consistent dash and great fearlessness and for having destroyed at least forty-five enemy planes within five months.

In May 1918 he was given command of the 85th Squadron and very shortly set out on what one authority has well called "a carnival of destruction". In twelve days alone he brought down twenty-five hostile craft, bringing his total to seventy-two and winning still another decoration: the Distinguished Flying Cross.

It was a fitting climax to this man's service that on the last day alone he destroyed five planes while a lesser man might well have rested on his laurels.



Air Marshal W. A. Bishop, V.C., D.S.O. and Bar,
M.C., D.F.C., Chevalier of the Legion of Honour,
Croix de Guerre with Palm.



AIRMEN'S RECREATION CENTER

By Leading Aircraftman A. J. C. John

AN essay in green and beige, perhaps the most comfortable of all the airmen's lounges and recreation centers in existence—certainly the most modern, and something we can really be proud of, such is the new “baby” of Trenton Station—the Airmen's Recreation Center.

First of all, it's modern; it was built to be of use; then, like the best of modern interiors, it is easy on the eye. It has that subdued elegance sought after by decorators. Whichever way you look at it, it reminds you in a vague suggestive way of the living room you've always wanted, and, as a member of K.T.S. said only the other day, “If you sit down in any of the armchairs and just relax, life at Trenton takes on a new meaning”—We all like it, from the men who take care of it and look at you with rightful indignation if you forget to remove your overshoes, to the old club habitué who dozed off in one of the new armchairs and woke up calling on an imaginary steward to bring him a gin and lime. And there is also the time when the lights are dimmed and someone is quietly playing at the piano; and then you have it, that rare intimacy of the smart night club.

We owe it all to the farsightedness of a group of men who, in early Autumn 1941, were confronted with the problem of repairing the already existing recreation room. It was, then, just a plain basement room with pipes running all over the place. It looked like a section of the boiler room in a small steamer, with here and there a few billiard and ping-pong tables, much the worse for wear. There was practically no supervision, and the room might aptly have been named “The Sports Committee's Orphan.”

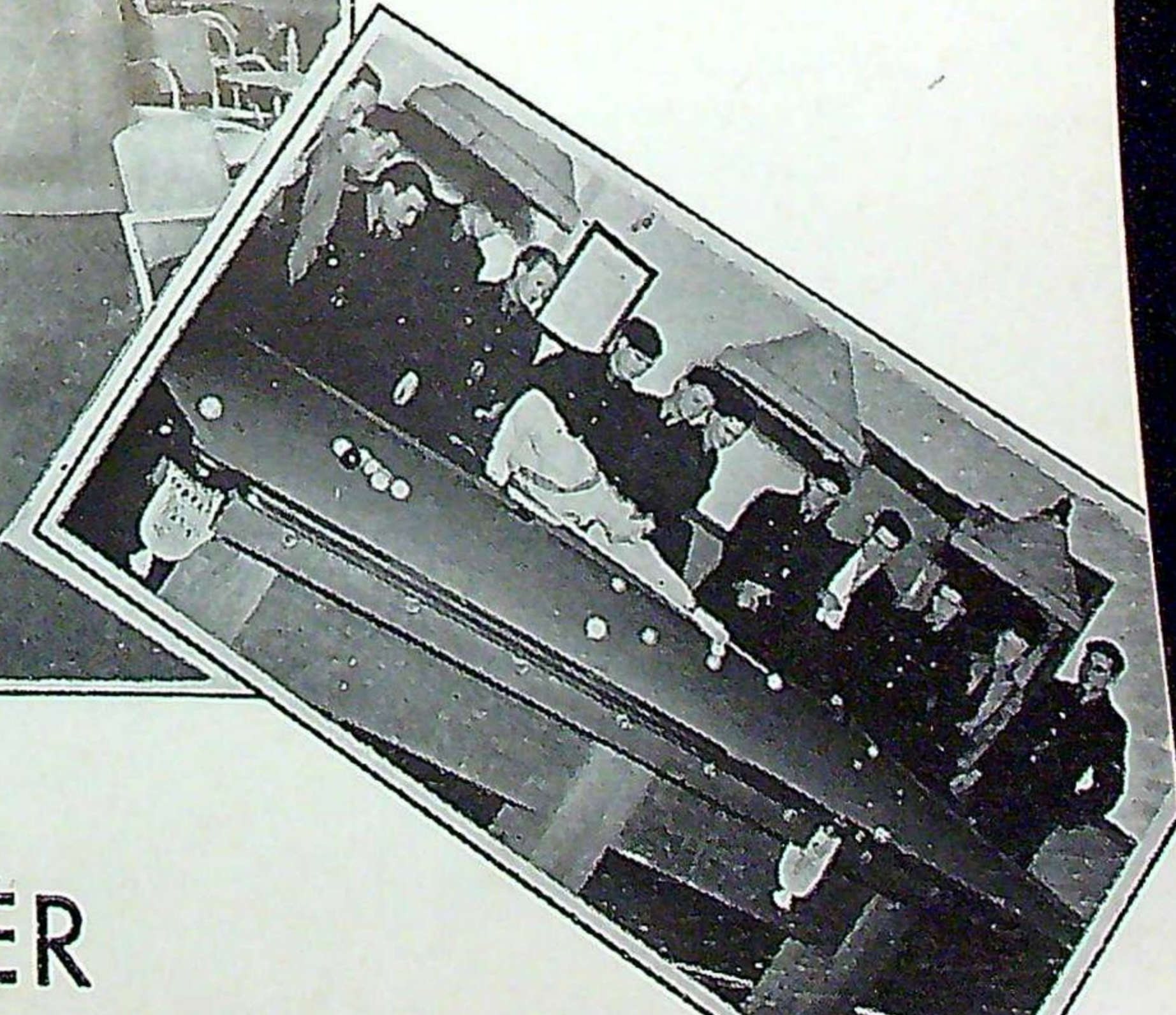
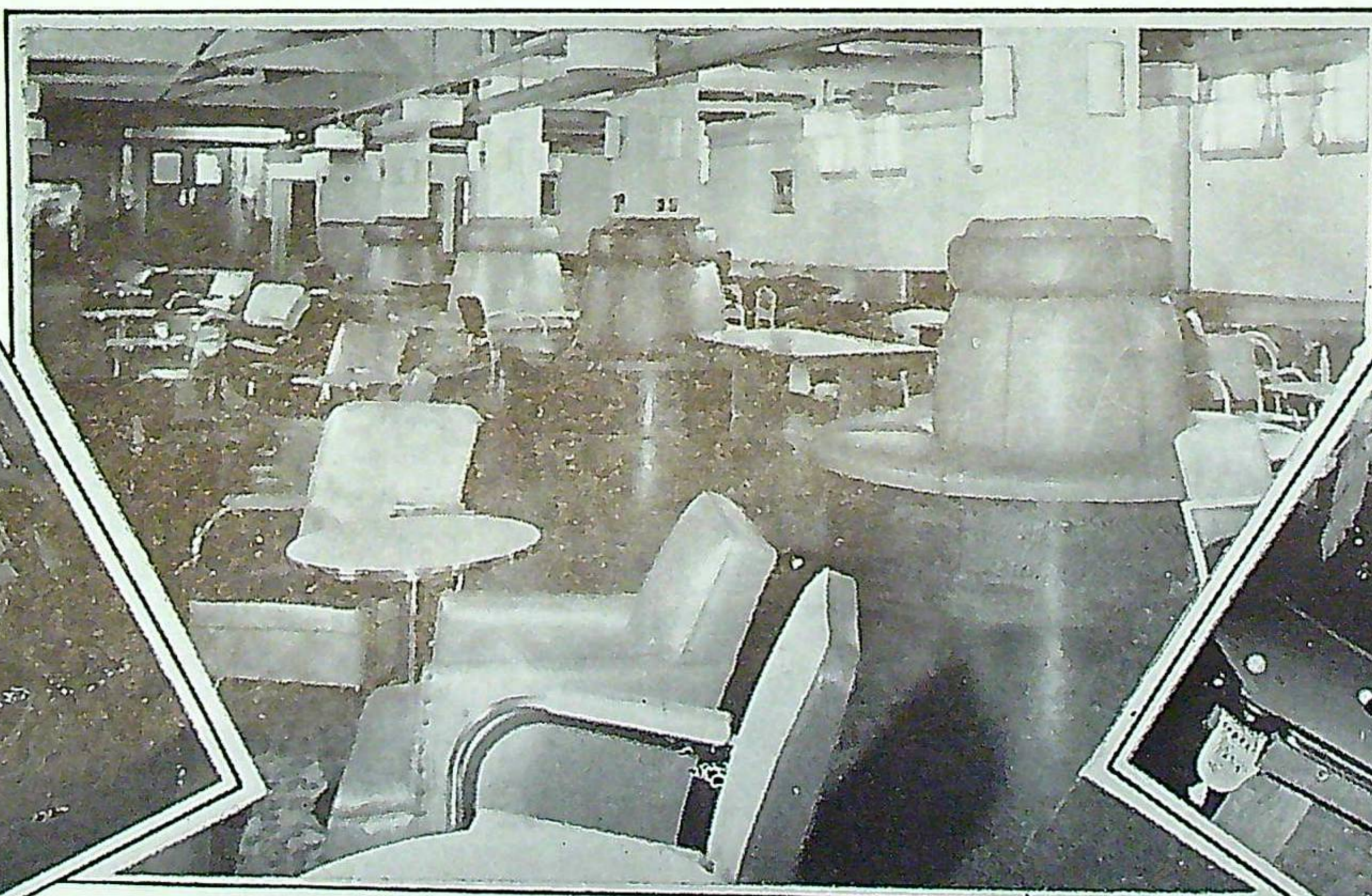
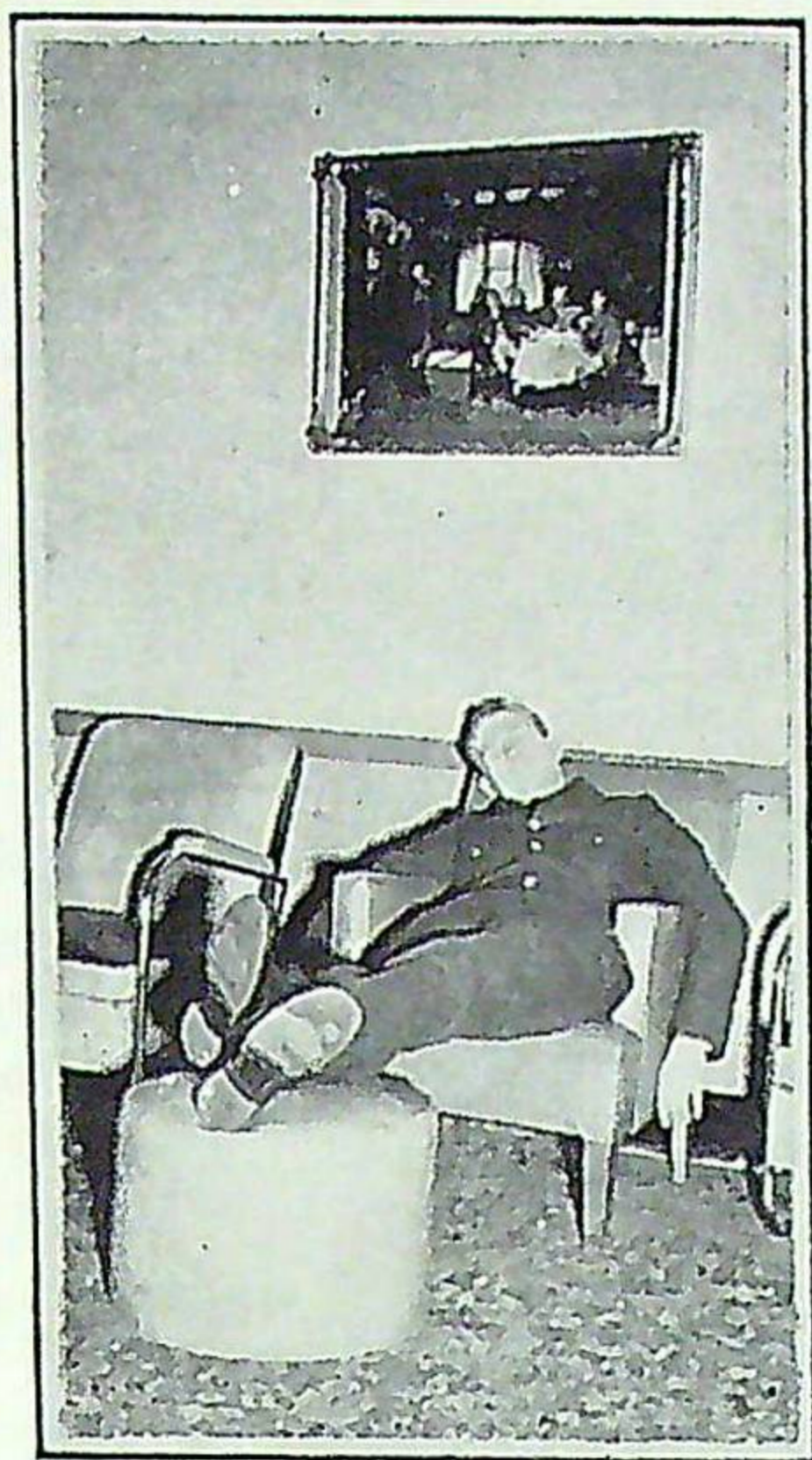
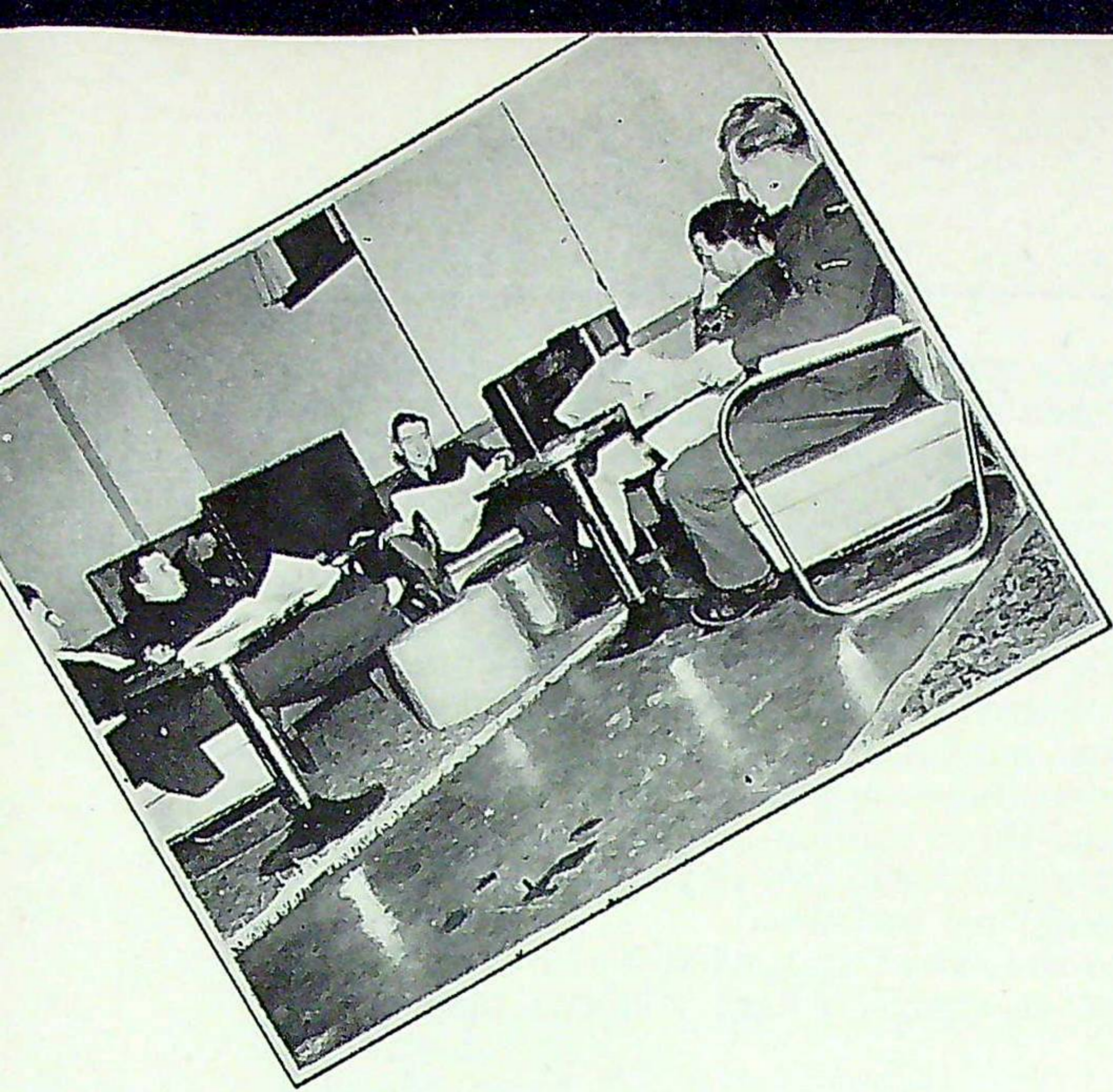
The job of reconstruction, or rather, of creating this center, began when the Commanding Officer, Group Captain T. A. Lawrence, felt that the Airmen should have a lounge and a recreation center of their own, comparable to the best provided for the officers and N.C.O.'s. The project, however, was a big one, and when a new committee was form-

ed in the middle of October 1941, headed by Flt. Lieut. J. S. Harris (School of Administration), it had to be given extraordinary powers, and it had to start from scratch.

The Committee was further helped with suggestions from Squadron Leader H. H. Atkinson and two highly qualified Interior Decorators, Laurie H. Lewis of Belleville and Mr. E. Corcoran of the T. Eaton Co. Ltd., who gave their time and knowledge without charge. Finally the committee held a meeting and sent representatives to Toronto to order the necessary goods.

Flight Lieutenant Anderson and personnel of the Works and Buildings Division attended to alterations to the building necessary for the installation of the new decorative scheme. The existence of steam pipes across the ceiling presented a serious problem. To panel over these in order to obtain a level surface would have brought the ceiling down several feet. The alternative was to paint the pipes a “shadow” grey in order to neutralize them, and the lighting fixtures were lowered to keep the light from striking directly on them. The result is a successful piece of stagecraft. The lighting and the colour scheme divert the eye from the ceiling, which, even if you chanced to glance at it, would almost convince you that it's straight, sinous lines were part of a surrealist's design. The pillars could not be removed but around them were built circular seats—a new idea, and in themselves real masterpieces of workmanship.

This is where the R.C.A.F. personnel of the station came in to help—and they did a large part of the work. The seats were upholstered by fabric workers from Central Flying School; the pipes covered by Station maintenance, and C.F.S. maintenance provided some unserviceable aircrews which, woven into the design, create interesting decorative effects at the sides of both entrances. We want to mention particularly the work of Sergeants Kling- spon and Boutin and their assistants. These men



LIFE AT THE CENTER

worked of their own accord, giving up their evenings and 48 hour passes unselfishly in order to complete the job as quickly as possible.

But let's look at a few more facts. The main lounge, where you will find a radio and a grand piano, can accommodate 150 aircraftmen. It is a long rectangular room, thirty-six paces in length and some ten paces wide. You gain access to it by a short flight of stairs leading to a door at each end. There are about ninety armchairs, some with tube-like arm rests in chromium, others squarer and deeper, both covered in green and brown leather; some twenty small, glossy, round tables, made of a light tone wood, a few rectangular ones, and four cardtables. Then there are the four circular seats, tall, yet plump, astonishingly inviting constructions, in light leather, and also many foot rests, drum-like, yet soft and springy like a mattress. There must be a psychological explanation for the satisfaction the eye derives from simple curves, the blending of tones, soft lights, and the designers have acted on the same principle as regards lighting. Hanging from the ceiling are some parchment drums concealing the source of light; lamps fixed to the pillars also produce an attractive shaded lighting. Ten large carpets of a modern, homey design contrast rather happily with the reddish-brown, earth-like floor, giving a warm effect. In each corner of the lounge stands a

restangular table with fixed double seats and straight tall backs, separating these corner nooks as it were, from the rest of the room.

No space has been wasted, yet the lounge does not look heavy or overcrowded. All around the room, the base is painted green to about the height of the furniture, the remaining portions are a light cream colour, which gives an impression of space and air. Light comes in through a few small windows, also bordered green and encompassed by curtains made of cotton fabric, embroidered with subtle coloured mosaics.

The lounge includes a sub-canteen which provides cigarettes and chocolates and will presently sell magazines. Still in the lounge, we find a few paintings framed in brownish gold, depicting the Georgian Scene, prosperous gentry riding to hounds, or,

playing cards with a knowing air. They seem to invite us to take a look at the card room, to which we can only gain access by passing through one or the other billiard rooms. There are three full-sized, massive billiard tables in each room. These are decorated in pale shades of green and cream with cues of every length and weight, neatly filling their racks on the walls, and at the foot of each table a basketful of many coloured, multi-spotted billiard balls: and, if you're that particular about the lighting over your table, you can choose between the long, green canopy affair, or the three smaller circular shades. There is also a dart room with two dart boards and special ingenious lighting features.

But, to the card room, with its three tables and complement of chairs, where you can play croqu-

nole, chess, cribbage, checkers, or, if you like to walk to the other end of the lounge, to the ping-pong room with its four new tables. Also adjoining, are the writing and study room, furnished with natural maple writing desks and chairs and with ample accommodation for thirty men. Here, quietness is the keyword, and here the Y. M. C. A. kindly provide all the necessary stationery. Going through all these rooms gives you an impression of careful planning, and efficient caretaking. To maintain the best service in a center such as this, it was the Commanding Officer's suggestion that each day a Senior Aircraft-

Found in the Suggestion Book of the Airmen's Recreation Center

Jan. 28—*Most people in this book criticise and complain, but I believe there are a lot of us who wish to give to the originator of the idea of this lounge a hearty thanks for such thoughtfulness. I have been on a few Stations but for this lounge I take off my hat to Trenton Station, as it has afforded me pleasant moments and the making of friends to form cherished memories. So once again I take off my hat to the originator of the lounge and also to the committee which keeps it as a place that warms our hearts. So committees, thumbs up and keep up the good work! If it sometimes brings a headache, remember that there are some of us who appreciate your efforts and will take them down the road of memories for always.*

(R. 92223) G. R. Metro (K.T.S.)

man should be detailed for this purpose. All that is required of you is that you should, when visiting the center act with the same consideration as you do in your own home; that you should remove your overcoats and rubber on entering. You would not wear your cap on entering a smart club, or walk through it collarless and in your shirtsleeves, unless, of course, you were playing ping-pong or billiards. If you did, you would look just a trifle ridiculous. You would be out of place, a jarring note, and you would not wish to see, as the proud and fortunate holder of a privilege, anyone mar your enjoyment or even threaten to deprive you of some of its benefits.

Surely these, the abridged remnants of the old rules of etiquette are a small, a very small, price to pay for what you deserve, have received, and have so gladly accepted.

SPORTS ROUND-UP

February 15th to February 28th

VOLLEYBALL

Mondays —1900-2100 hours. Sports Hangar—Inter-unit.
Wednesdays—1900-2100 hours. Sports Hangar—Inter-unit.

BASKETBALL

Mondays —1930-2130 hours. Gymnasium —Inter-unit.
Wednesdays—1930-2130 hours. Gymnasium —Inter-unit.
Tuesdays —1930-2130 hours. Gymnasium —Station
Team Practice.
Thursdays —1930-2130 hours. Gymnasium —Station
Team Practice.

BORDENBALL

Tuesdays —1930-2130 hours. Sports Hangar—Inter-unit.

FLOOR HOCKEY

Thursday
19th—1930-2130 hours. Sports Hangar—Inter-unit.

Tuesday
24th—1930-2130 hours. Sports Hangar—Inter-unit.

ICE HOCKEY

Mondays —1800-2030 hours. Station Rink —Inter-unit.
Tuesdays —1800-2030 hours. Station Rink —Inter-unit.
Wednesdays—1800-2030 hours. Station Rink —Inter-unit.
Thursdays —1800-2030 hours. Station Rink —Inter-unit.

BOXING

Mondays —1800-1930 hours. Gymnasium —Open.
Wednesdays—1800-1930 hours. Gymnasium —Open.
Fridays —1800-1930 hours. Gymnasium —Open.

GYMNASTICS

Mondays —1830-1930 hours. Gymnasium —Open.
Wednesdays—1830-1930 hours. Gymnasium —Open.

BADMINTON

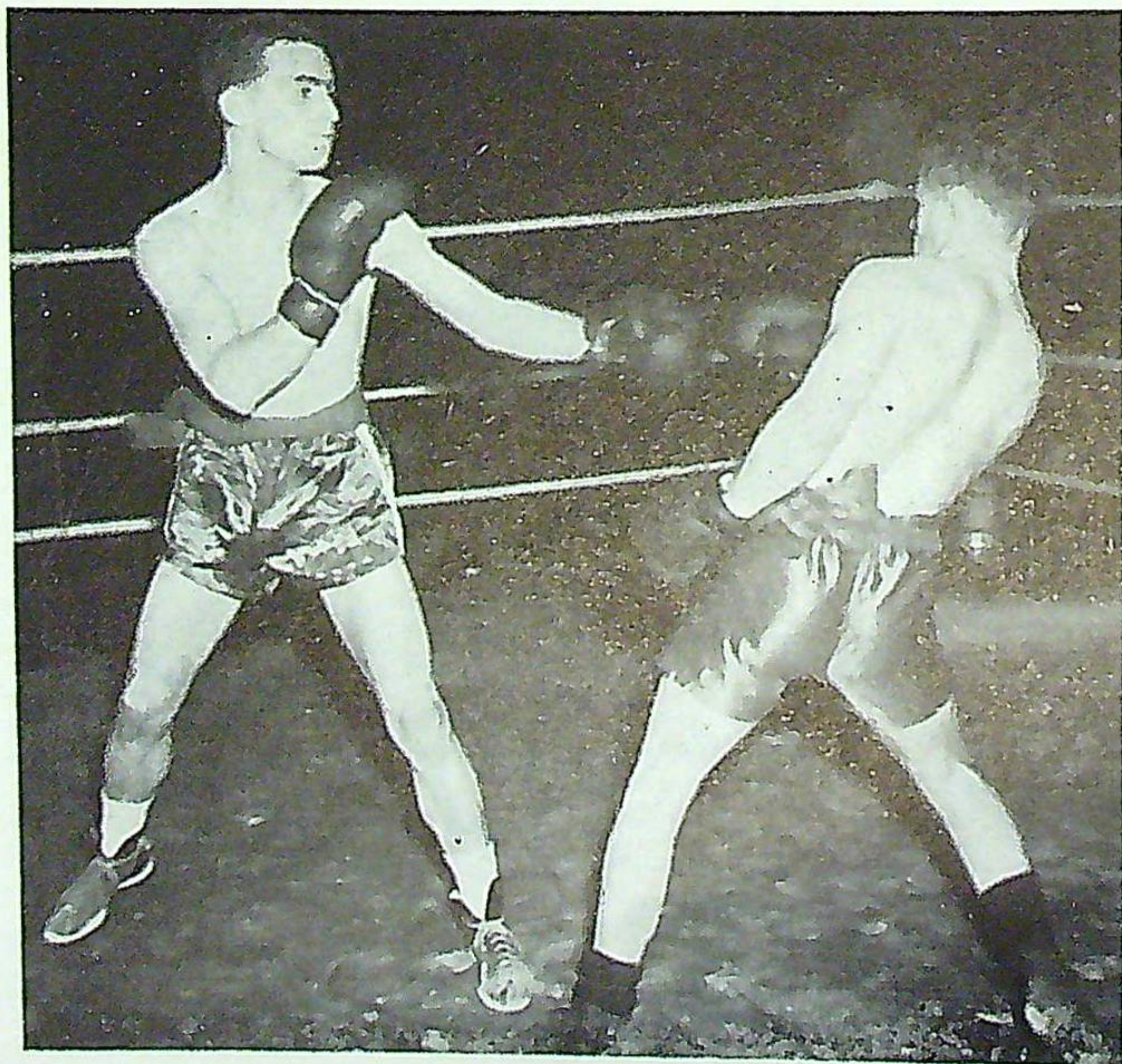
Mondays —1900-2130 hours. Sports Hangar—Open.
Tuesdays —1900-2130 hours. Sports Hangar—Open.
Wednesdays—1900-2130 hours. Sports Hangar—Open.
Fridays —1900-2130 hours. Sports Hangar—Open.

FENCING

Mondays —1830-1930 hours. Gymnasium —Open.
Wednesdays—1830-1930 hours. Gymnasium —Open.

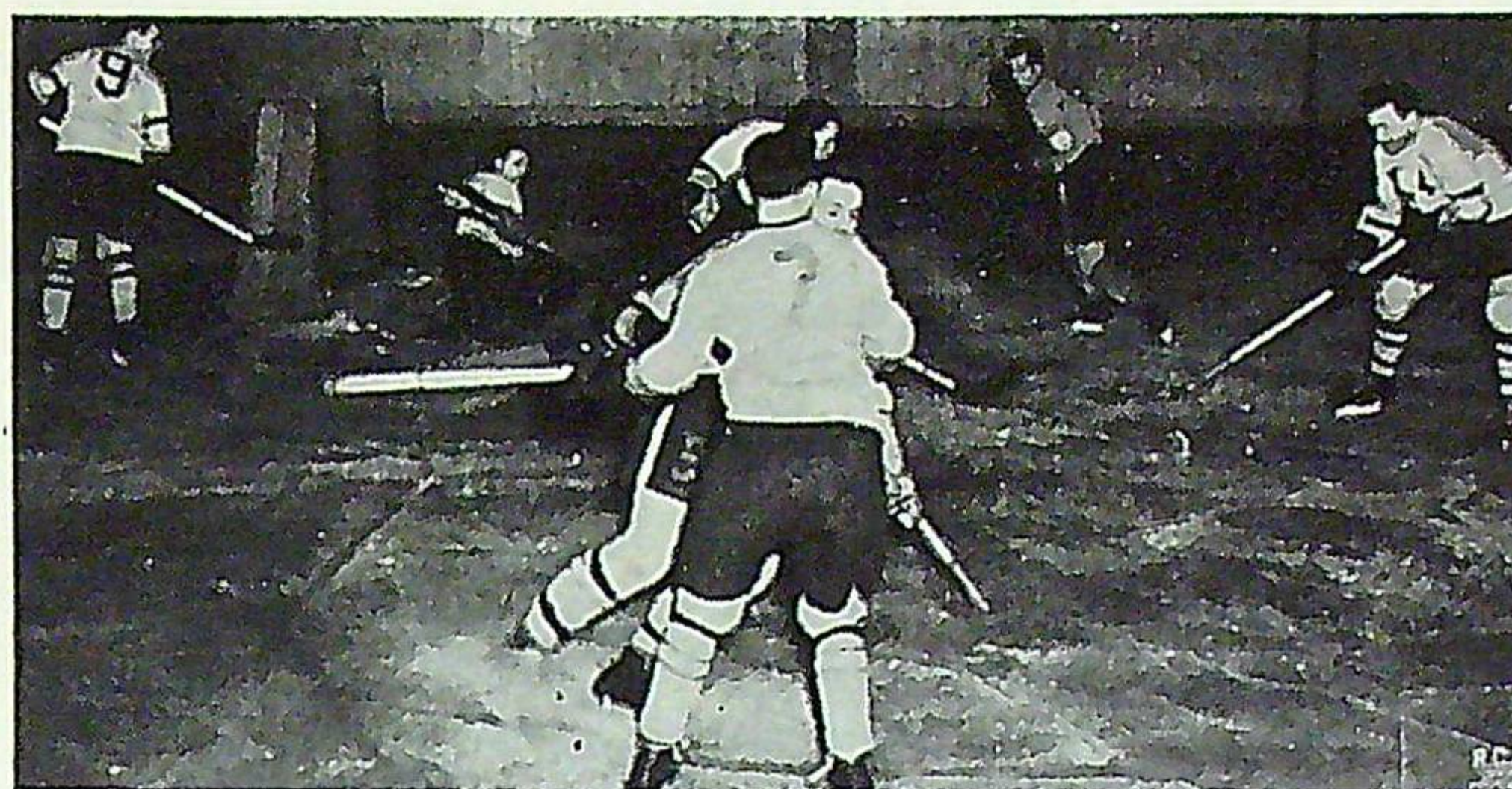
SQUASH

Two of the courts in the officers' mess are available to airmen at specified hours. See the YMCA supervisor for details.



INTER-UNIT SPORTS

Inter-unit ice hockey, organized by F/O Les Hook, is getting away to a grand start. The weather man has finally broken down and given the ice hockey players a break, so take the breaks as they come, and let's have some real turn-outs.



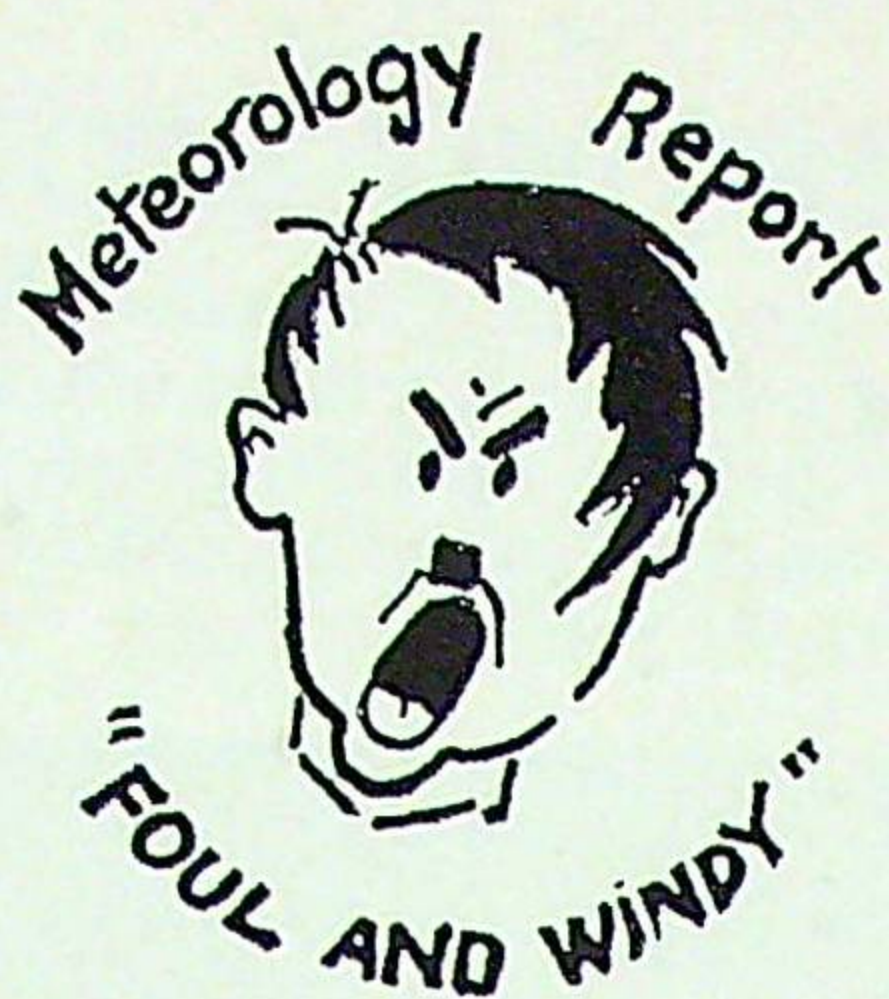
The inter-unit leagues in basketball, bordenball, volleyball and floor hockey are under the supervision of Bob MacArthur of the YMCA staff, and the present schedules are drawing to a close. The PTI course under F/O Young has cooperated very efficiently in supplying referees and scorers, and their help has gone a long way toward the success of the leagues.

F/O Tiny Davis' Security Guard basketball team captained by Sgt. Bill Botham, has yet to taste defeat and is sitting on top the heap. F/L Brian Casey's CFS team No. 1 is all tied up with the Administration hoopsters for second place. It looks like a good fight for top honours, and if Messrs. LAC Alex Breathet and AC2 Bennett of CFS keep on dropping them in as they have been lately, F/O Tiny Davis would be well advised to have Sgt. Botham call a few team practices.

Volleyball seems to be KTS Aircrew's dish. F/O Young has turned out a couple of teams from that unit, which have yet to be taken down. Rumour has it that his all officer team is in strict training, determined to resist the onslaught of F/L Doug Chowns leather tappers from CFS, and Sgt. Bill Botham's redoubtable spikers from Security Guard. It's a tight race and right now the final outcome cannot even be guessed at.

F/O Walling Ruby has apparently made up his mind that Composite Training School is going to rule the bordenball loop. He has one team from Training Squadron and two teams from Aircrew Squadron tied for first place. F/O Tommy Burke is walking around these days with a determined gleam in his good eye, muttering defiance, and warning F/O Ruby that his CFS sharp shooters are just nicely getting warmed up. Whatever happens should be worthwhile being on hand to see.

KTS Aircrew Squadron under the masterful tutelage of F/O Leduc has produced a floor hockey team that just refuses to climb down off the top rung. F/Sgt. Lowry's Headquarters heavyweights, the hardest working and most overworked team in the floor hockey bracket, are sitting firmly on the second rung making determined lunges at the next place up. If a diet, as reported, of raw beef can give Headquarters the required punch, F/O Leduc had better have his boys wrap their arms and legs around that top rung, and hang on for their lives.



The Control Tower and Meteorological Section

Traffic Police of the Skyroads are Flying Officers L. C. Wilcocks and J. C. Fetterly. With the assistance of the Meteorologists, they watch the weather, the movements of aircraft, and guide our boys to safe and happy landings. Missing from this picture is Flying Officer J. C. Fetterly, enjoying a well-earned and long-awaited leave.

Day and night, day-in, day-out, they watch over our landings and take-offs. The stranger is guided to his haven by flag signals flying from the control tower mast, and to make doubly safe, by giant triangles, squares and other markings laid in signal positions on the roof of their hangar.

Aircraft leaving the Station and arriving must report their intentions to the Control Tower.

Weather is charted for departing Airmen to ensure avoidance of the perils that lie in wait for the unwary air farer. The runways are the objects of their unceasing surveillance to ensure no traffic jams. Below the Control Tower and within immediate call are Fire Fighting trucks with engines always running, and nearby, prepared for the hurry call, is the ambulance, fully manned and equipped, with only a step on its accelerator needed to make it leap to the rescue of the unfortunate.



Flying Officer L. C. Wilcocks.



Smooth

Quinte
WELLINGTON

ICE CREAM

Squadron Leader J. G. Twist

Continued from page 9

and became one of Canada's famous Bush Pilots. There's no better training than flying over every kind of terrain with landing fields at a premium and meteorological sections simply non-existent. There was weather, of course, but that's an old story to a bush pilot.

He did considerable commercial flying for General Airways and Dominion Skyways, and still has a soft spot in his heart for the latter—witness his recent leave spent on a busman's holiday down at Malton's Dominion Skyways Training.

When war came, the Dominion called on her air reserves among these same Bush Pilots, and Squadron Leader Twist was among them. From the Permanent Force and these Bush men developed the more than one hundred thousand strong R.C.A.F. of to-day.

Bush flying and flying training must be taken seriously, and Squadron Leader Twist does just that. His main interest is to turn out better instructors faster. He never digresses from his objective, and his one concern is doing his best toward victory in the air. He believes that the interests of the individual have no place in conflict with the interests of the Service, and he runs No. 2 Squadron in just that way.

There's many a lad, fresh from Service Flying Training School who'll tell you all you want to know about flying, but this brings only an understanding smile to the eyes of the veteran. The lad who is impatient to get overseas and into action, and who chafes at time spent instructing, is missing the boat, in the opinion of the Squadron Leader. When he does get over, and he will, he's going to need everything he picks up while instructing those who follow him.

After training with F.I.S. at Borden and instructing at the Intermediate Training School there, the Squadron Leader came to Trenton to instruct on May 5th, 1940. He became a Squadron Leader on the 15th of August, 1941 and took over command of No. 2 Squadron at the beginning of the present year from Squadron Leader Michelson, who was recently posted to Mountain View.

MILK SHAKE CANDY BAR

5c.

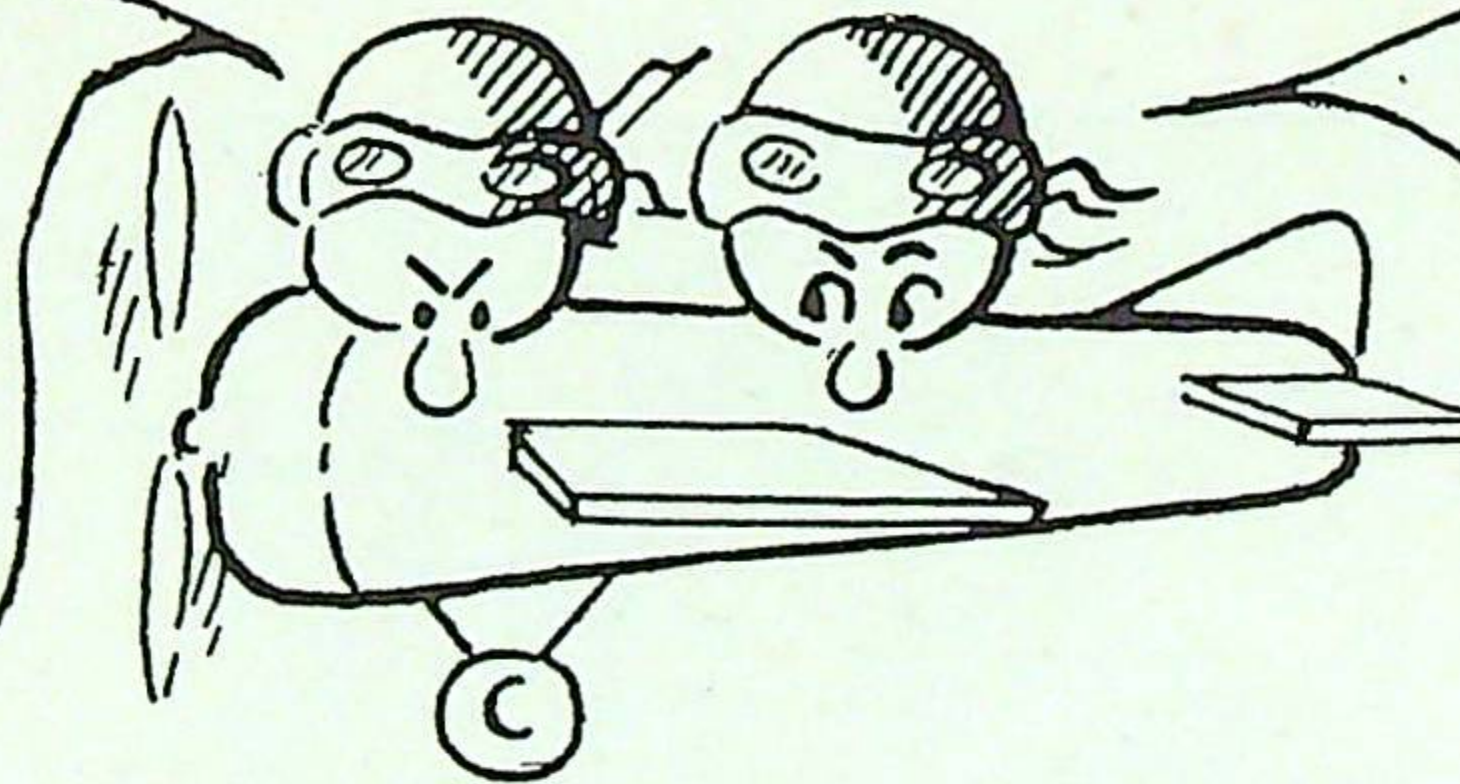
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Greatcoats de luxe	\$52.50 to Measure
Greatcoats Custom Grade	\$55.00 to Measure
Ritchie RAF Shoes	\$8.00 pr.
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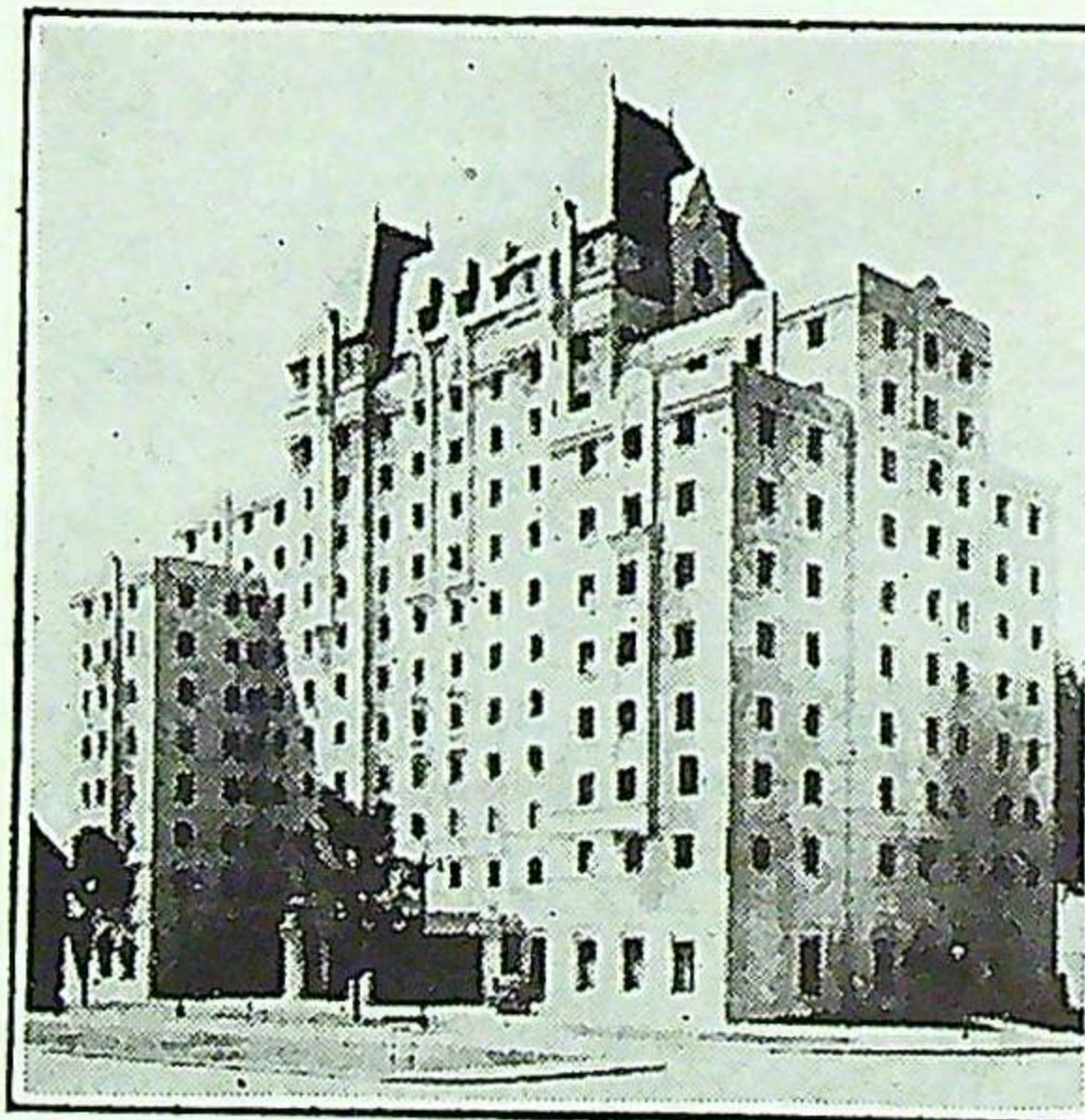
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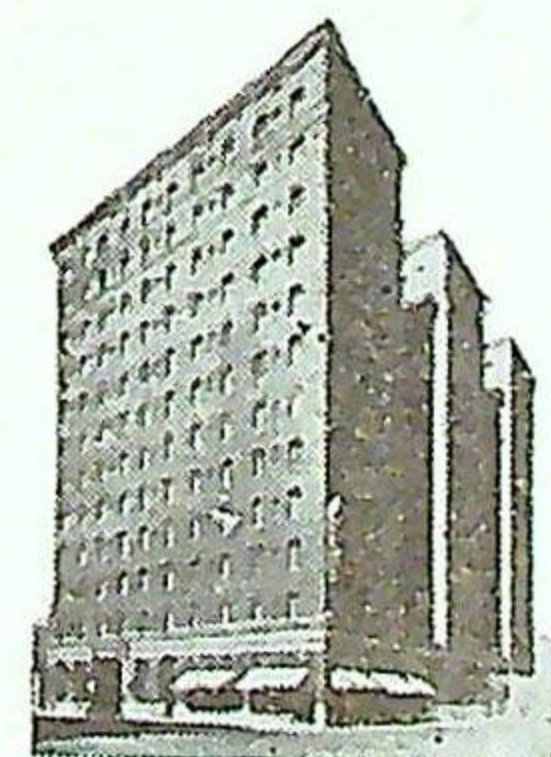
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The Flying Instructor's Lament

"What did you do in the war, Daddy?"
 "How did you help us to win?"
 "Circuits and bumps and turns, Laddy,
 And how to get out of a spin".

Woe and alack and miseryme!
 I trundle around in the sky,
 And instead of machine-gunning Nazis,
 I'm teaching young hopefuls to fly.
 Thus is my service rewarded—
 My years of experience paid—
 Never a Hun have I followed right down,
 Nor ever gone out on a raid.

They don't even let us go crazy:
 We have to be safe and sedate.
 So it's nix on inverted approaches,
 They stir up the CFI's hate,
 For it's "Oh! Such a naughty example",
 And "What will the AOC think?"
 But we never get posted to fighters—
 We just get a spell on the Link.

So it's circuits and bumps from morning to noon,
 And instrument flying till tea.
 "Hold her off", "Give her bank", "Put your under-
 cart down",
 "You're skidding", "You're slipping", that's me.
 And so soon as you have finished with one course,
 Like a flash up another one bobs,
 And there's four more to show 'round the cockpit,
 And four more to try out the knobs!

But sometimes we read in the papers,
 Of deeds that old pupils have done,
 And we're proud to have seen their beginnings,
 And shown them the way to the sun.
 So, if you find money and turn out the planes,
 We'll give all we know to the men,
 Till they cluster the sky with their triumphs,
 And burn out the Beast from his den!

Anonymous.

Editor's Note: The above poem was written by a C.F.S. student while at Trenton Station. Do you know his name? The editors would like it, so that proper recognition may be given.



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C. F. S. Prexy

Continued from Page 3

it the duty of every man to forget all personal ambition. Service ambition produces results while individual ambition often weakens them. As with all good pilots, he admitted a longing for operational work overseas, but added that as long as the Service required him in his present work he intended to make the most of it. Under such conditions, he is happy in what he is doing; feels that Trenton has a big place in the scheme of things, and so long as he can do a good job here he'll be satisfied. The good job is being done and Wing Commander Dunlop is happy and satisfied, and upon investigation we find that those under him are happy about both the job and their Officer Commanding.

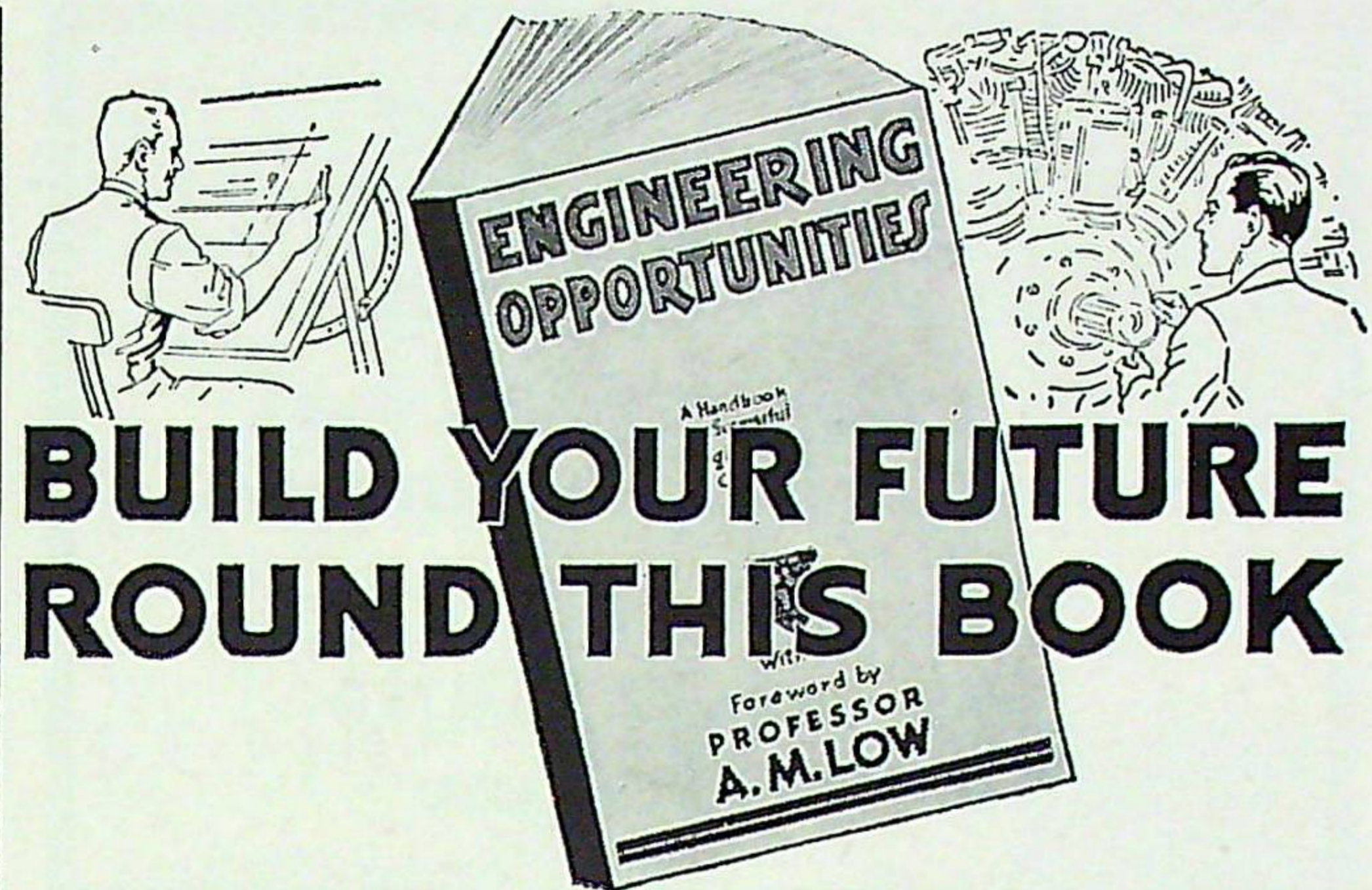
Gordon P. Dunlop was born on September 26th, 1910 at Regina. His public and High School days were spent at Saskatoon, where his family moved before he had reached school age. Scholastic activities ended for him in the spring of '35, when he graduated from the University of Saskatchewan as a Bachelor of Engineering. (Note to Maintenance—he may no longer be a bachelor, but he's still an Engineer!)

Even before this, however, Gordon Dunlop learned to love Service life. They go in for distance—these Plainsmen—and to get distance one naturally flies. That gave this tall young lad a yen, and as early as 1931 he found his way to Borden for a P.P.O. Course during summer holidays. But Fate was against him, and the course was discontinued in 1932. Nevertheless, Gordon Dunlop had had a taste of flying, and it proved enough to whet his appetite for more. During the hiatus until he got into the air again, he improved the shining moment by qualifying for a Captain's commission with the C.O.T.C.

Promptly upon graduating from Saskatchewan University in 1935, he signed the last available application in those parts for the Royal Canadian Air Force, and his fondest dreams and wildest hopes were realized one morning when he opened an envelope to find he had been accepted. Off he went to Borden for his P.P.O. course.

Pilot Officer Dunlop first sighted the water tower and beacon of Trenton Station in May, 1936, where Squadron Leader T. A. Lawrence (now our Commanding Officer, Group Captain Lawrence), had shortly returned from England to move the School of Army Co-operation from Borden to Trenton. He has only pleasant memories of his school days at Trenton with Flying Officers Williams, Verner and Greenway (now Wing Commander Williams of Air Force Headquarters, Wing Commander Verner of No. 4 Training Command and Wing Commander Greenway of Yorkton). He reminisced about Squadron Leader Gross of Lethbridge and several others taking the same course. Air Commodore G. V. Walsh (then a Squadron Leader) was also there for a refresher and later took over command of the school from Group Captain Lawrence. When the course was finished, Trenton Station—true to habit—hung on to Gordon Dunlop, and he remained here with No. 2 Army Co-operation Squadron until April, 1937.

A born instructor, it was natural that this gift should receive recognition, and Flying Officer Dunlop arrived at Borden's Flying Training School for



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training as an instructor. Ninety days later, F.T.S. moved bag and baggage to Trenton, and he came back with it to become its Adjutant. Group Captain Hull (then a Squadron Leader) was Officer Commanding at that time, while Wing Commander Riddell (then a Flight Lieutenant) was its Chief Flying Instructor. During the next six months at a desk, the old call became so persistent that Gordon Dunlop used all his ingenuity to get back into the air. He finally managed to annex a single pupil under his wing, and in time added a second one. Reorganization brought him into his own once more when he was permitted to organize and become Flight Commander of "D" Flight.

In April, 1939—two years later—Flight Lieutenant Dunlop was sent to Borden in charge of a Flight consisting of six Fleets, six airmen and two instructors—of which he was one. The object of this move was to give a Refresher Instructors Course to civilian instructors from various flying clubs which were to undertake the teaching of elementary flying training for the R.C.A.F. It is interesting to note that this single Flight proved to be the nucleus of our present C.F.S. at Trenton. Four such courses were given at Borden, and then—with the advent of war in September, 1939, bush pilots were accepted for the same course.

But it was not all work for the Flight Lieutenant. Borden is near Barrie, and in that town lived Miss Jean Lay, whom Gordon Dunlop met in 1939. They parted on January 15th, 1940 when the Flying Instructors School was moved to Trenton with our Wing Commander as Chief Flying Instructor. Less than a month later, however, he returned to Barrie where Miss Jean Lay changed her name to Dunlop on February 10th, 1940.

It was in August of the same year that Central Flying School sent out its first visiting Flight and the Chief Flying Instructor went along. It was an interesting trip flying from Trenton to Fort William to Prince Albert to Vancouver to Lethbridge and then back to Trenton. Then he was travelling his beloved West—seeing old friends both in and out of the Air Force—playing that most fascinating of games "Remember when . . .".

Wing Commander Dunlop was posted to No. 3 S.F.T.S. as Chief Flying Instructor in March, 1941, but Trenton called him back once more six weeks later to give him the most Central Flying School had to offer—the job of its Officer Commanding. It was a happy day for Trenton and C.F.S. when this tall, companionable young man with the keen flying sense came back to the old station. What a difference from the first time he had viewed it! Two hangars and thirty planes seemed a lot then, and we wonder what he thinks now, as he sits before those large windows in his office and views the enormously increased activity on a tarmac that handles over five times that number of planes. We wonder, too, if he ever realizes the important part he played in that growth. If you should ask him, he would merely say it was all part of the "job".

We predict "Ceiling—Unlimited" for the Officer Commanding, Central Flying School, and every last man of us wish him nothing less than clear skies and a steady tail wind

Chief Flying Instructor

Continued from Page 8

the Store Keeper's tempers and the joy of a Chinese laundryman. He got his wings in May of '36 followed by an Air Navigation Instructors Course at Borden. This little chore completed, he joined Squadron Leader Hull at Trenton to spend his time riding around in several Siskinds, then just about the last word for a Fighter Flight. Everyone in the Air Force eventually reaches Rockliffe and F. R. C. C.-K. was no exception for he graduated from the Siskind Fighters to the Wapitis of Group Captain (then Squadron Leader) "Jags" Lewis' No. 3 Bomber Squadron. That was in June 1937. The end of July found him at Trenton for Group Captain Lawrence's School of Army Co-operation. He first tied in with Wing Commander Dunlop about this time, for in October '37 he crossed the road to what was then the Flying Training School, where he became an instructor in "D" Flight under the O.C. of C.F.S. He moved back to Borden when F.T.S. moved there with Wing Commander Harding as its O. C. Carling Kelly became Assistant Chief Flying Instructor.

Along about this time the English got tired of Hitler's hokum and called on Carling-Kelly to make good his Air Force vows of fealty, fidelity et cetera. He was in England by February, 1940, and followed Group Captain Lawrence's trail, made some years earlier, into Old Sarum and the R. A. F. School of Army Co-operation. He polished up what the Group Captain had taught him at Trenton and moved to Odeham in Hampshire for operational work with the 7th Corps of the 1st Armoured Division of Canadians under General McNaughton.

Colour once again entered into Carling-Kelly's life in the spring of 1940 for it was then that a certain M. O. delivered him over to the nurses of the R. A. F. hospital at Torquay in Devonshire. This was too much for a certain charming Miss Gurnee Wallace Smith back in Toronto the Good. Bag and baggage she arrived in Torquay and our hero took a new lease on life. He also took up his option on the life of the same charming Gurnee Wallace Smith. In short, he married the girl and we can't say we blame him—in fact, after meeting the now Mrs. Carling-Kelly—we'll join the other hundreds who have already congratulated him.

France fell in the Fall of 1940 and things looked a bit sombre, The Lysanders of the Army-Co-operation Squadron were being kept pretty busy and what with one thing and another it was decided to send Gurnee Carling-Kelly back home and back home she came.

Guess what? After making him second in command of the squadron and promoting him to Squadron Leader, in November thereafter, the powers-that-be shipped him back to Trenton, back to F.I.S. (now C.F.S.) as Chief Flying Instructor, back to Gurnee Wallace and back to happiness. They also made him Wing Commander on the fifth of the ninth of the forty-first.

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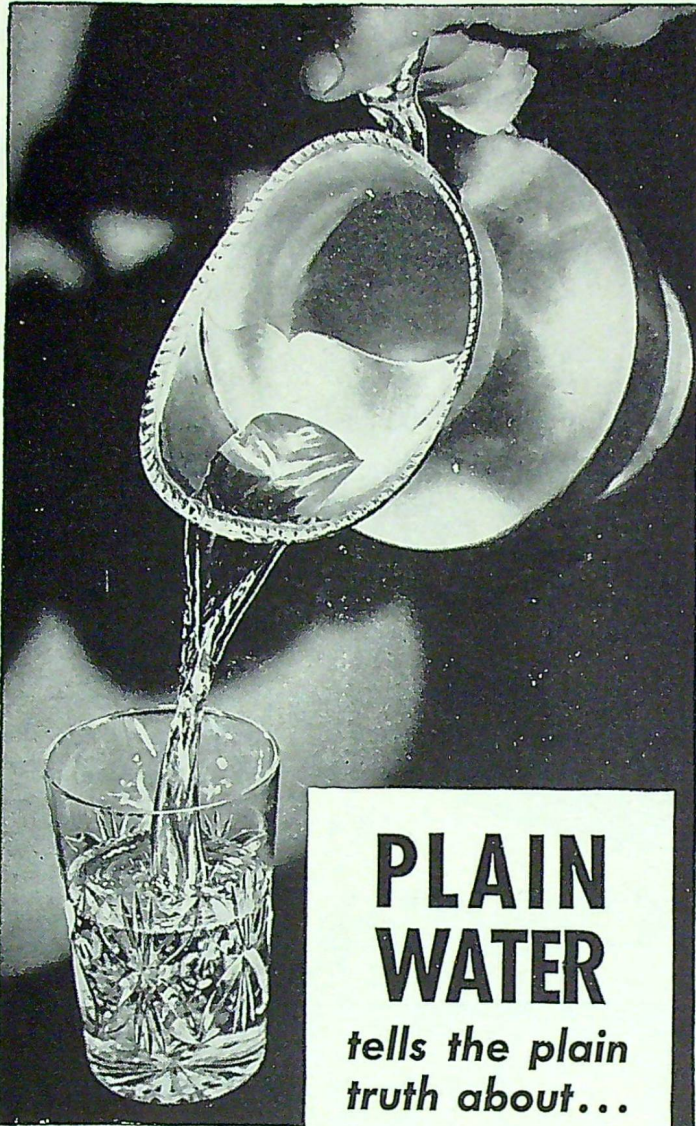
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Duties of the C. F. I.

Continued from Page 8

Both of Wing Commander Carling-Kelly's assistants are University graduates, Flight Lieutenant Wickett being a Bachelor of Science from the University of Alberta and Flight Lieutenant Langford having a B. A. from Queens. Flight Lieutenant Langford has been flying a considerable time. He learned from a private instructor at Peterborough before flying clubs existed. He flew three years for General Airways up around Rouyn and Amos. He was on the R.C.A.F. Reserve List and in February of 1940 entered the R.C.A.F. on Course No. 6. He went to Borden where he became a Flight Commander. Returning to Trenton in January, 1940, he was given command of "F" flight and in November of last year became an Assistant Chief Flying Instructor.

Flight Lieutenant J. C. Wickett charmed his first feminine heart—his mother's—in Lethbridge, Alberta, on August 30th, 1915. He charmed another one, that of the then Miss Beatrice Hall, in June of 1939 and the result was the usual wedding, this one in Norwood, Massachusetts.

Coming straight from University, he entered the R.C.A.F. for the P.P.O's course at Trenton on July 1st, 1938. This completed, he was retired in August of 1939. In the interim between then and his recall he took a further course in flying from Messrs. Patterson and Hill of Toronto, and was eventually engaged by them as a flying instructor. In June of 1940, Flying Officer Wickett came to Trenton and the R.C.A.F. again. He took a Flying Instructor's Course here and was posted to Central Flying School of which he has been a part ever since. In the early summer of 1941, he was given command of "F" Flight, and after a month there moved into his present position with the Chief Flying Instructor.

Squadron Leader J. G. Stephenson

Continued from page 9

at him, over at No. 2 Squadron and that's the way it should be.

Besides being a regular fellow, Squadron Leader Stephenson is a good air man. Following his appointment as a Provisional Pilot Officer and ab initio training at Trenton in the summer of 1938, he came first in his class and received the sword of honour. This presentation was given for highest proficiency in flying academics.

Initial training completed, he took the course at the Flying Instructor's School at Camp Borden and returned to Trenton in October, 1939 to the Advanced Training Squadron as a Staff Instructor. He joined F.I.S. as an instructor in March, 1940 after a course with Link Trainer representatives on instrument flying, Link operation, and radio range. From then on, he was identified with F.I.S. and later C.F.S., except for the winter of 1941 when he was C.F.I. at Summerside, Prince Edward Island.

Summerside, according to Squadron Leader Stephenson, belies its name because he tells of the big snows down there that make our Trenton blizzards look like veritable chinooks. According to our raconteur, the snow on the landing field packed down to a depth of forty-two inches and you could walk along the sides of the roads and lean against the tops of the telephone poles. It's a good story anyway, and personally we'll take his word for it.