

## Wings Presented at Dauphin



Graduates from No. 10 Service Flying school at Dauphin, Man., received their wings, Saturday. At top, Group Captain D. W. F. Bonham-Carter, R.A.F., attached to No. 2 command, pins wings on uniform of Hollis Hills, Los Angeles, Cal. Before joining the R.A.F., Hills was a dirt track motor cyclist and a motor car racer. Below, a part of the graduating class, 10 per cent of which were Americans, are seen just prior to the parade.



Men in civies and men in uniform are among the delegates attending the annual meeting of the Manitoba Medical association in the Fort Garry hotel. Here are some of the doctors who participated in the discussions, Thursday. Top, three R.C.A.F. representatives, left to right, Flt.-Lieut. Howard McEwen, Dauphin, and Flt.-Lieut. K. D. Symington, London, Ont., both medical officers at No. 2 Training Command Medical board, Deer Lodge hospital, and Flt.-Lieut. W. C. Guest, Winnipeg, medical officer at No. 3 Bombing and Gunnery school, Macdonald, Man. Centre, two out-of-town delegates, Dr. M. K. Brandt, The Pas, and Dr. S. S. Toni, Altona. Bottom, three air force doctors stationed at No. 2 Training Command headquarters, Winnipeg, Flt.-Lieut. W. J. Sinclair, Flt.-Lieut. H. North, and Flt.-Lieut. N. H. Smith.

## Student Escapes With Minor Injuries In Plane Mishap

**Aircraft Badly Damaged When LAC W. A. Dunn Crashes on Night Flight**

No. 10 S.F.T.S. had its first major accident shortly after midnight Tuesday when a Harvard aircraft piloted by LAC W. A. Dunn of Regina crashed into a grove of trees on the farm of W. J. Ward three miles southwest of Dauphin.

The pilot suffered lacerations to his head, but his injuries are not considered serious. The aircraft was badly damaged, however.

Cause of the accident is not known. Dunn, who was on a routine night circuit at the time, evidently was not aware that he was anywhere near the ground until his aircraft grazed the tree tops. The trees cushioned the crash, however, and the machine ended up on the bank of a narrow ravine.

Dunn struck his head in the crash, and is believed to have lost consciousness for a few minutes. An observer in the control tower of the station saw the aircraft go down, and several other planes were sent out to locate the missing machine.

By this time Dunn had recovered sufficiently to begin signalling with his signal light, and he was quickly spotted from the air. By means of colored Very lights the aircraft directed ground parties to the scene of the accident.

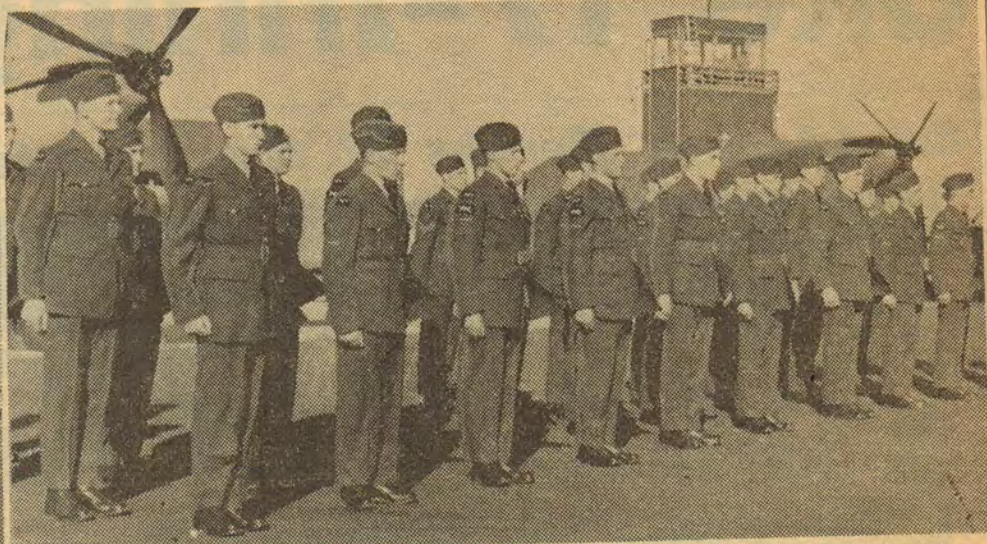
The ground searchers made their way through heavy brush and across the Vermillion river to get to the damaged aircraft. The injured pilot was taken back to the Ward farmhouse, where the station ambulance was waiting to rush him back to the hospital at No. 10.

A number of stitches were required to close the lacerations in his head. His condition is satisfactory.

One wing of the aircraft was badly crumpled. The student's safe escape is largely attributed to the trees which cushioned the shock of the landing. The grove into which he crashed was located on the edge of a cultivated field.

A number of minor landing accidents have occurred on the runways at No. 10, but this is the first time an aircraft has met with mishap off the station.

## Gunners Graduate at Dauphin



At a wings parade, Saturday, at No. 7 bombing and gunnery school at Dauphin, the third class of airgunners, mostly Canadians and New Zealanders, graduated. The left picture shows the only Manitoban in the class, Sergeant Air-gunner James Forman, of Reston, as

he received his wing badge from Wing Commander R. F. Gibb, acting commanding officer of the school. Right shows a cross-section of the class. The two upright props of the Fairey battle trainer in the right background show the V for Victory symbol.



**SERGEANT-MAJOR N. DUNSHEATH** was a welcome guest at the C.W.A.C. headquarters, Ft. Osborne barracks, when he called in to give his daughter, **ELIZABETH**, a few tips on the army. Elizabeth and her chums, who are new recruits to army life and the Canadian Women's Army Corps, left Tuesday evening for the C.W.A.C. basic training centre at Kitchener, Ont. The group shown includes: Privates E. Boscov, V. Brown, F. V. Carrel, E. E. Chupa, M. E. Collins, J. Crucq, E. Dunsheath, L. B. Dutkiewicz, C. Folb, V. M. Foulser, B. J. Gunter, A. H. Hjelmeland, J. T. Hubbard, C. Johnson, C. B. Lobb, V. McSkimming, E. M. Morris, E. Rudnick, I. H. Smith, M. E. Williams.



FO. KENNETH CRAWFORD

## Dauphin Airman Reported Missing

FO. Kenneth Crawford, 19, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Crawford, Dauphin, Man., has been reported missing following air operations overseas, according to word received by his parents.

FO. Crawford was born at Dauphin and received his education there and later at the La Verendrye school, Winnipeg. He received his R. C. A. F. training at Dauphin, Dafeo, Saskatoon, Virden and Winnipeg, and went overseas in 1943, as a bombardier with the 8th Bomber Squadron. He was promoted flying officer.

Besides his parents, FO. Crawford has one sister, Florence, of Dauphin, and a brother, George, of Italy.

# His Memory Still Green

An ace of World War I was vividly remembered when a class of air gunners received their wings Friday at No. 7 Bombing and Gunnery school, Paulson. At the conclusion of the ceremony, Air Vice-Marshal K. M. Guthrie, air officer commanding No. 2 Air command, who pinned the wings in place, presented the R.C.A.F.'s official portrait of the late Lieut.-Col. William George Barker, V.C., D.S.O. and bar, M.C. and two bars, and Croix de Guerre, to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. J. Barker of Dauphin.

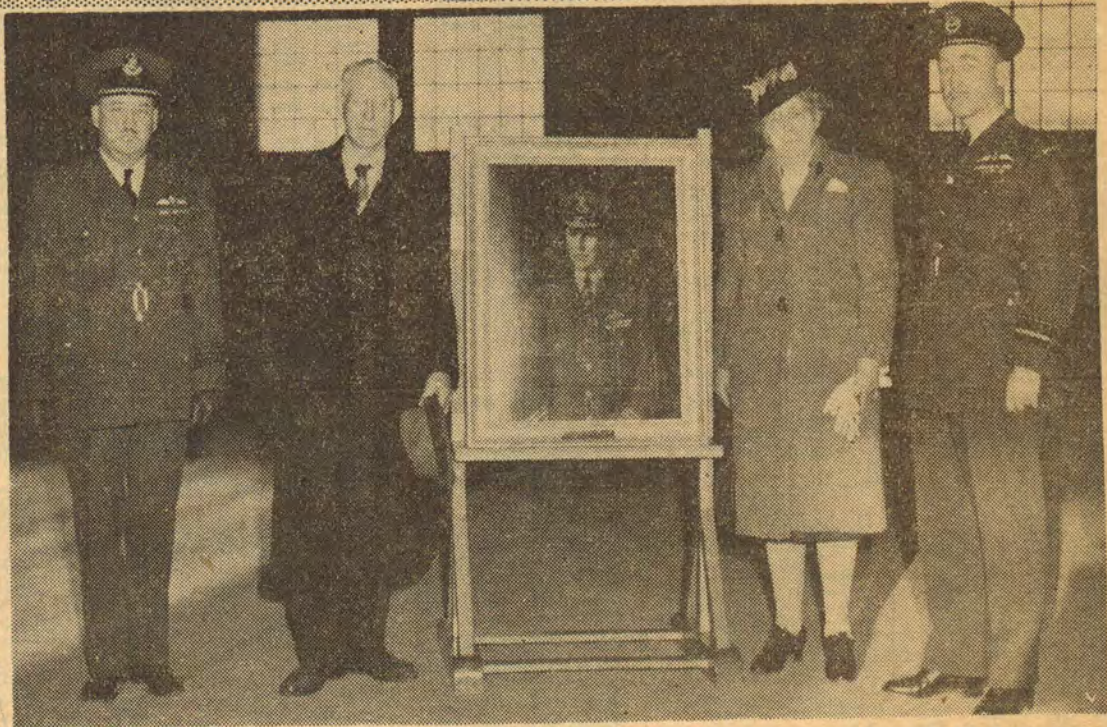
Air Vice-Marshal Guthrie, in a brief address, outlined Lieut.-Col. Barker's career; his record of 50 enemy aircraft and nine enemy balloons downed, and the final exploit that won him the Victoria Cross. Then, two weeks before the Armistice, he fought nearly 60 German aircraft, alone and badly wounded, bringing four of them down behind British lines. He died in an aircraft accident at Rockcliffe in 1930.

## One of Proudest Traditions

"He is gone, but he has not vanished from the R.C.A.F.," said Air Vice-Marshal Guthrie. "He is one of our proudest traditions, and traditions do not die."

Graduates of the day paraded with students taking the place of officers. This is part of their aircrew leadership training, and congratulations were extended to Sgt. R. Coulombe, who coached them for the occasion.

Manitobans receiving their wings at the parade were: Sergeants W. R. Brickman, Dauphin; P. R. Cady, 1046 Dundas avenue, Fort Garry; H. Henshall, Swan River; K. Wiatrowski, 621 Alfred avenue.



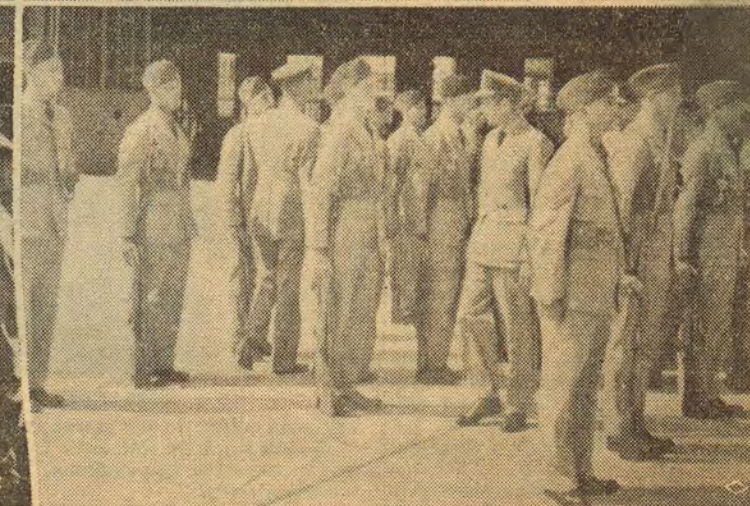
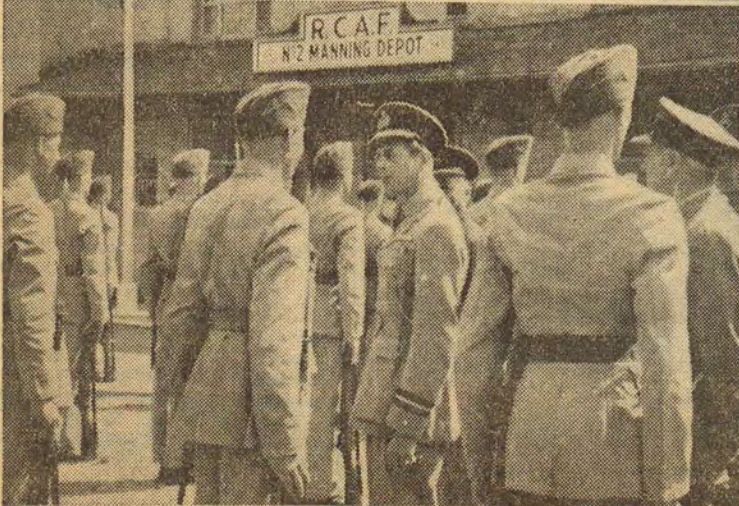
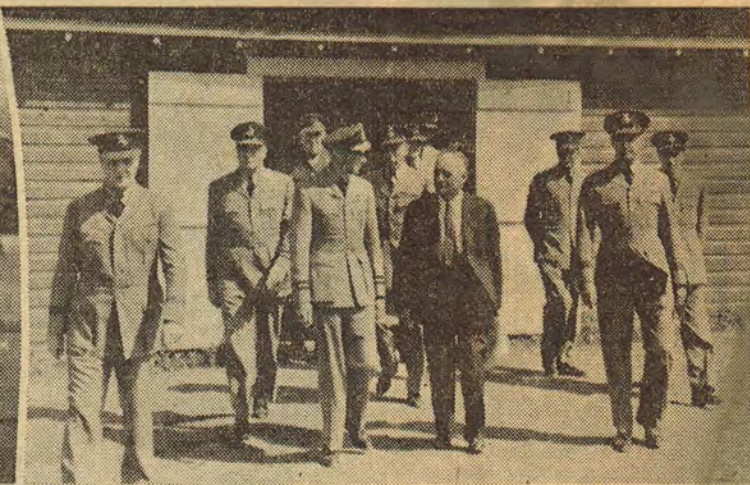
The parents of the World War I ace, Lt.-Col. W. G. Barker, V.C., Mr. and Mrs. G. W. J. Barker, of Dauphin, received the portrait of their son from A.V.M. K. M. Guthrie, air officer commanding No. 2 air command. Left to right, Group Captain H. E. Stewart, commanding officer No. 7 bombing and gunnery school; Mr. and Mrs. Barker, A.V.M. Guthrie.

## Manitoba Pilots Graduate at Yorkton



Here are Manitoba's representatives in the class of pupil pilots who received their wings at No. 7 service flying training school at Yorkton, Sask., Saturday. They are, left to right, Eric Wilson, Regina; Ab Carcarry, Carman; Lloyd Elliott and Michael Reece, both of Winnipeg; Paris Eakins, Minnigoss; Ted Taylor, Dauphin, and Ken Ridley, Winnipeg.

# Brandon Air Stations Impress Duke of Kent



The Duke of Kent was impressed with Brandon's two air stations. He expressed admiration of the set-up of the Brandon manning depot, Air Commodore A. B. Shearer, air officer commanding No. 2 air training command, stated. Top left, the duke talks with mechanics at work in a hangar of No. 12 service flying training school at Brandon, while Flying Officer F. Kirkcaldy and Wing

Commander R. C. Gordon, commanding officer of the advanced pilots-training school, stand in background. Top right, the duke chats with officers of both the Brandon stations, as he completes his inspection of No. 2 Manning depot. Bottom left, he chats with a guard at the Manning depot. Bottom right, he inspects the guard of honor at No. 12 service flying training school.



Sergeant T. S. Harrington, of Dauphin, Man., is shown receiving his air gunner badge from Group Captain R. C. Hawtrey, command-

## Biggest Yet, Air School at Paulson Opens

Last of the 15 air stations slated for Manitoba on the original schedule of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan, the bombing and gunnery school at Paulson, believed to be the biggest bombing and gunnery school in Canada, went into operation Monday with the commencement of training pupil airmen.

Although one more bombing and gunnery school is slated to be established in No. 2 air training command, its location has not yet been announced.

The Paulson school, which cost some \$1,250,000 to build, is the third bombing and gunnery school to open in the command and the second in the province. The other schools of this type are at Macdonald, Man., and Dafoe, Sask.

Decision as to whether an official opening ceremony will be held at the Paulson school later rests with the commanding officer.

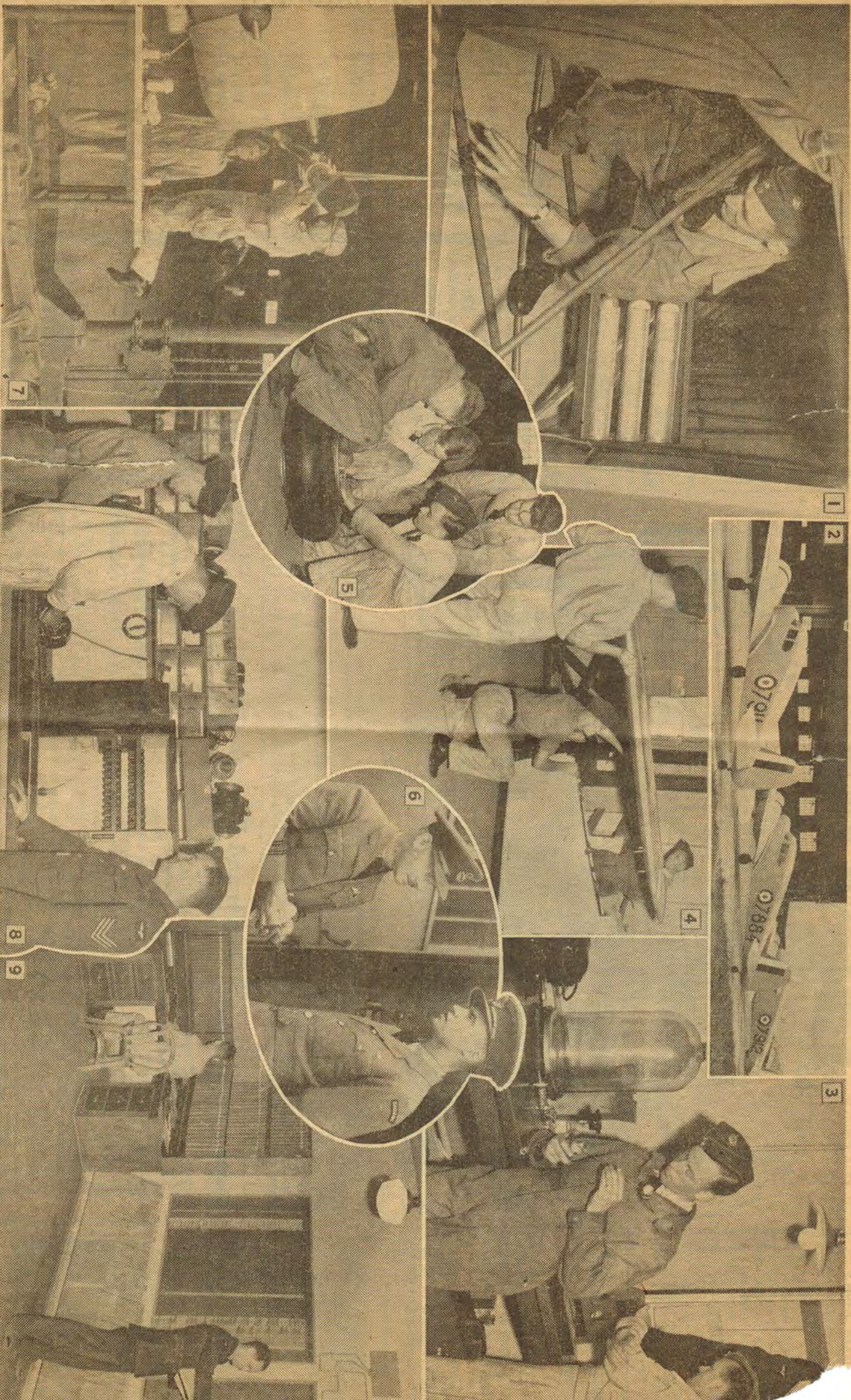
Wing Commander W. I. Riddell, who has until recently been officer commanding the R.C.A.F. station at Rockliffe, near Ottawa, Ont., has been appointed commanding officer of the Paulson school.

## New Flying School Opens



Senior officers of No. 10 service flying training school, which went into operation at Dauphin, Man., Wednesday, are pictured above, while a group of mechanics and general duty airmen are seen below, as they roll a trim advanced training aircraft from No. 2 hangar. Seen in the upper group are the following: Front row, left to right Flt.-Lieut. J. L. Williamson, administrative officer; Flt.-Lieut. W. G. Welstead, officer commanding No. 2 squadron; Squadron-Leader R. E. Dupont, R.A.A.F., chief flying instructor; Wing Commander A. H. Wilson, officer commanding

No. 10 S.F.T.S.; Squadron-Leader C. F. Herington, R.A.F., chief ground instructor; Squadron-Leader E. H. Moncrieff, officer commanding No. 1 squadron. Back row, left to right—Lieut. N. V. R. Faiers, R.C.A.S.C., officer in charge of supply depot; Flt.-Lieut. J. M. Kenyon, medical officer; Flying Officer R. W. Foster, armaments officer; Flt.-Lieut. C. L. Stark, senior equipment officer; Flying Officer C. E. Brannan, senior accountancy officer; Flying Officer J. E. Nickson, equipment officer; Flying Officer A. E. Ross, security guard officer.

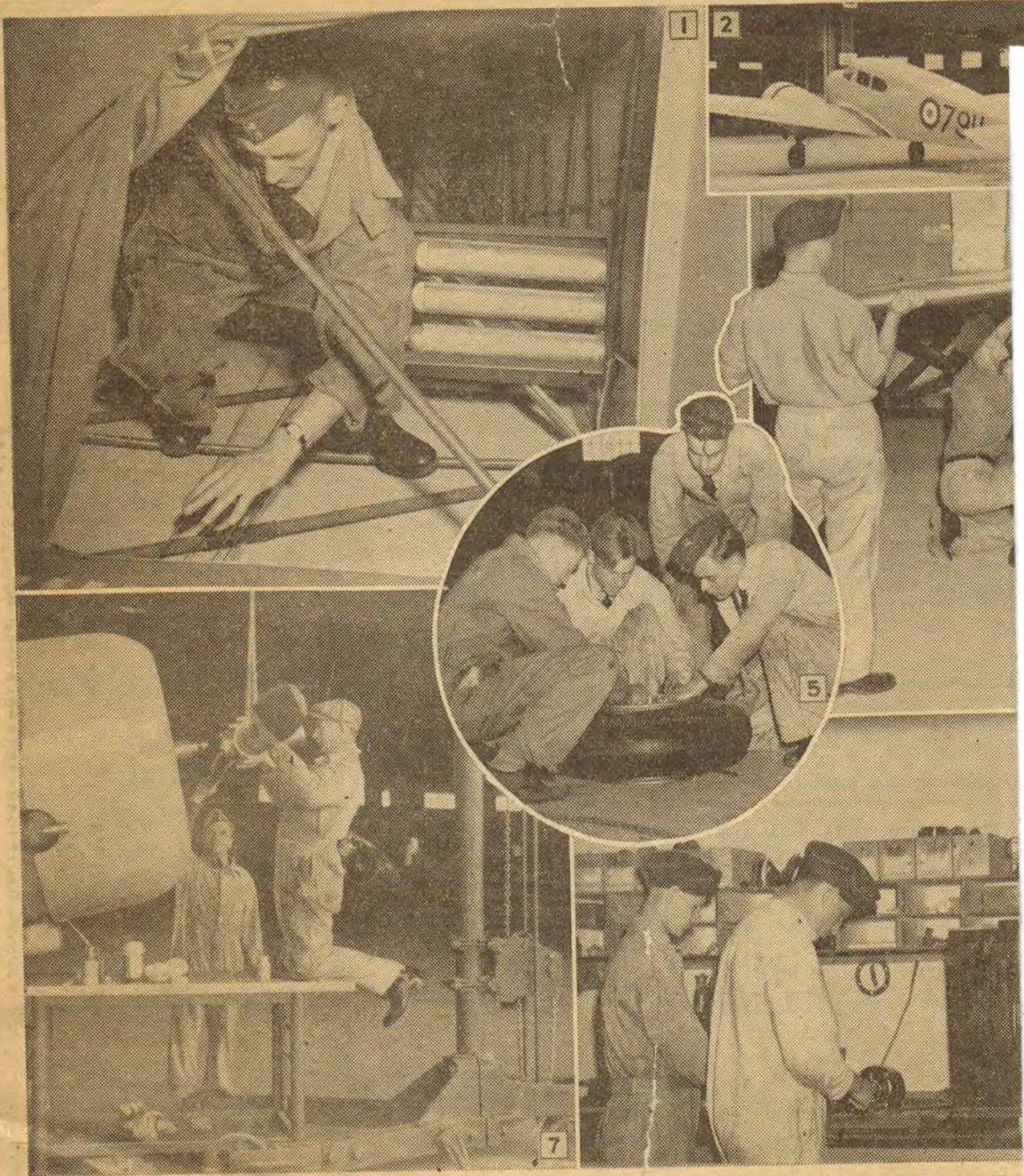


Skilled mechanics of the maintenance squadron of the Dauphin air school are seen here at work. Picture No. 1: Inside an airplane, Corporal A. Kerr, of Sudbury, Ont., a rigger, checks the control cables which run from the pilot's stick to operate the rudders and elevators of the plane. Picture No. 2: A small section of the long line of reserve planes which the maintenance squadron puts on the tarmac, ready to fly. Picture No. 3: In the instrument repair room, Rod Webb, Norwood, Ont. (left), examines the electrical gasoline gauge of a Cessna aircraft, while Corporal Joe Zdan, a Canadian Ukrainian, from Glenella, Man., tests an airspeed indicator. Picture No. 4: Three mechanics put the tail-plane onto an aircraft (left to

right), Aircraftman J. Planke, Toronto; Aircraftman A. E. Darby, Welland, Ont., and Leading Aircraftman R. L. McKay, Toronto. Picture No. 5: Four riggers changing an airplane tire. Leading Aircraftman E. J. Stone, Kenora, Ont.; R. Penwill, Windsor, Ont.; J. Taverna, Fernie, B.C., and A. E. Steele, Brandon, Man. Picture No. 6: Squadron Leader J. S. Williamson, Vancouver, senior administrative officer of the school (left), chats with Flying Officer H. W. Padwick, Winnipeg, officer in charge of the maintenance squadron. Picture No. 7: Leading Aircraftman W. C. Sunderland, Saskatoon (kneeling on bench), fits a propeller onto a Harvard plane, assisted by Leading Aircraftman H. A. J. ...

Sergeant S. L. Smith, Vancouver, has just opened the door oven where airplane sparkplugs are kept warm to prevent corrosion while at the left of the picture Leading Aircraftman O. H. Ra Horizon, Sask., and Aircraftman H. S. Glass, Outremont, Que servicing sparkplugs. Picture No. 9: In the control room of the maintenance squadron, Leading Aircraftman D. E. Warner, Winnipeg, in front of the library of logbooks which record the performance of every plane in the school, while Aircraftman R. E. Dimick, Can New York state, chalks up the score on the master control which registers the exact number of hours which each plane flown during its entire life.

# When Mechanics Repair Dauphin



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# in School's Planes

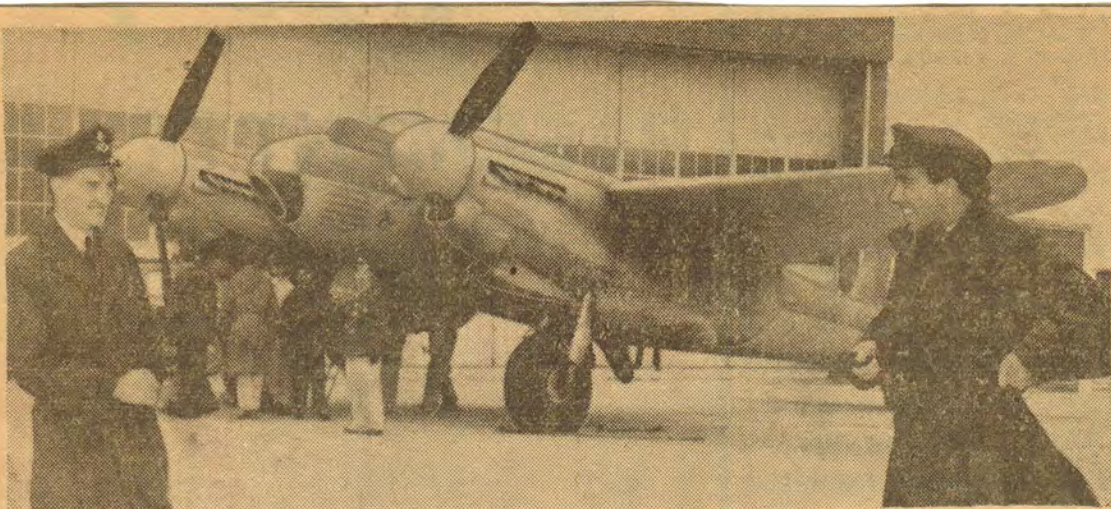
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Portage at Hargrave



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R.A.F. fliers, who were instantly killed when their plane, the famed F for Freddie Mosquito bomber, crashed at the Calgary airport late Thursday, are shown here as they were snapped with their aircraft in Winnipeg, Tuesday. At left is FO. John Baker, and at right is Flt. Lieut. Maurice Briggs, who were taking part in Canada's 8th Victory Loan campaign at the time of the accident.

## “F For Freddie” Crashes, Briggs And Baker Killed

Calgary, May 11. (CP) — A routine shooting up job on an airdrome control tower ended in a flaming, 400-mile-an-hour death dive yesterday for F for Freddie and its two-man crew. Unscathed through 211 operational flights over Germany, the British Mosquito plane LR503 crumpled after a 300-yard

skid within sight of more than 200 airmen at No. 7 release centre, killing Flt.-Lt. Maurice Briggs and FO. Johnny Baker.

Less than half an hour before the crash at Calgary's municipal airport, Briggs said to Capt. Edward Jack of the Royal Air Force transport command:

“Stay on the ground this afternoon, Jack, you're pretty tired.”

### Beside Control Tower

Capt. Jack, flight engineer in charge of maintenance during F For Freddie's tour of Canadian cities in support of the Eighth Victory Loan, was standing beside the control tower when the plane dipped out of a long dive, struck an aerial mast with its starboard wing and plunged to the ground 50 yards from the last barracks block.

Flames plumed in the wake of the craft, which Briggs and Baker flew from Scotland to Canada after their original plane—a Mosquito named D-Dog—“started to act up” 600 miles across the Atlantic.

The two R.A.F. men completed their 105th operation over enemy territory together last Christmas. Briggs, who celebrated his 25th birthday last Sunday, made his first operational flight in an ancient Whitley bomber six days after war was declared. After 40 trips as air gunner he remustered as pilot and made 105 operations in Mosquitos.

He once had been quartered less than 100 yards from the scene of the crash. Baker, 24 last Friday, had 115 operations.

### 300-yard Skid

Leaving only a foot-deep scar in the earth where it struck, the plane disintegrated in a 300-yard skid along the grass-covered earth, leaving a trail of gasoline and oil behind it which immediately burst into flames and sent up a cloud of smoke visible from nearly all parts of the city.

### Ready for Action



The first class of air observers and the second class of air gunners to be graduated from No. 7 bombing and gunnery school, Dauphin, held a double-header wings parade. In the picture at the left, Sergeant Air Observer William C. Gordon, of Selkirk, only Manitoban in his class, receives his half-wing from Wing Commander A. H. Wilson, commanding officer of No. 10 S.F.T.S. Also the sole representative of this province in his gunnery course was Sergeant Air Gunner C. A. Manchur, of Winnipeg, seen in the picture at the right, as Wing Commander Wilson pinned on his badge.

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Both men are believed to have been killed instantly in the crash.

As a last gesture to her crew, and in tribute to the efficiency of air force precautions for the safety of the men, the plane's rubber dinghy dropped out, inflated automatically and landed on the release centre canteen just as neatly and naturally as if something had gone wrong over the North sea.

The plane came in at the control tower in a long dive and dropped below the level of the hangar. It started to rise, but as it lifted clipped a structure used for housing meteorological instruments and then crashed into an aerial mast with its starboard wing. The plane rolled over and the wing began to fall off as the craft dived steeply toward the ground.

\*\* Mosquito LR 503, better known as "F for Freddie," was generally described as the most famous combat aircraft in the world and the unscratched hero of 211 operational missions over enemy territory.

Although she was built in Britain by De Havillands and flew with the R.A.F. exclusively, "F for Freddie" was basically a Canadian plane, for her tough plywood body was the

**F FOR FREDDIE**

Continued on Page 3, Column 8

**At Dauphin**



—Official R.C.A.F. Photo.

## Opening Ceremonies at Dauphin



Views at the official opening of the new air training school at Dauphin, Man., which took place Tuesday afternoon, are seen above. At top left, Mayor J. E. Ramsden, of Dauphin, and other town officials, look on, while the group of Winnipeg boys

seen doing guard duty, upper right, include (left to right), Reg Gilbert, Bill Horne, Roy Garrett, J. K. Crossing and H. G. Hurd. Gilbert is a former Free Press carrier boy. A general view of the crowd is seen at lower left, as well as the Harvard training

plane in which Squadron Leader R. E. Dupont, an Australian flier with the R.A.F., gave an exhibition. At lower right, Air Commodore A. B. Shearer inspects the airmen just before the ceremonials. A close-up of the air commodore is at centre.

# DAUPHIN BIRDMEN WORK WITH PURPOSE

By FRANCIS H. STEVENS

From the glass enclosed control tower of the Dauphin service flying training school we watched a procession of training planes roll along the runway. A roar of motors filled the air. Their propellers whirling flashing silvery in the sunlight, those single-engined Harvards, bodies a gleaming yellow, looked like giant dragon flies . . . like dragon flies on parade.

Squadron Leader R. E. Dupont, chief instruction officer of the school, stood beside us in the control room. We viewed a scene of intense activity. Planes were returning from training flights, landing on the field at a rate of one every 20 seconds. Often they come faster than that, at peak, said Mr. Dupont—one every five seconds.

We walked from the control room out upon the tower balcony. Mr. Dupont's keen blue eyes apparently didn't miss a thing in the busy scene. He called out suggestions and made comments to the men below. He remarked to me that in his opinion the tarmac should be wider—"heavy traffic, you know."

"We call it Piccadilly," he said, indicating the runway. "Traffic just as bad . . . over there is Piccadilly Circus—we have to keep it down to one-way traffic."

I asked him what were his guiding principles in instruction.

"Systematic flying and never-ending carefulness," he replied . . . "system and care, without let-up." We found this interesting, having heard that he was a brilliant flier. As a good housewife hates dirt, he hated anything slipshod, in the air or on the ground.

## The Hoods Are Open

Squadron-Leader Dupont called my attention to the care taken with each plane advancing along the runway. "Notice that the hoods are open, and that a man walks beside the tip of each wing," he said.

I asked him what he thought of his students. There was a note of satisfaction in his voice: "Good lads," he replied. "Keen as mustard . . . ages run from 19 to 27. They'll do a good job."

"Let's get out of this wind," he said, "bit of winter in it yet."

We returned to the control room. Young men in flying togs came, making reports, filling out charts. A stout lad from London, Ont., jotted down the salient facts of a cross-country flight which had taken him over Gimli and Macdonald.

A youth with a profile as good if not better than John Barrymore's, pointed out to Mr. Dupont on a map the course of his projected flight. I asked the possessor of the profile where he came from. "Edmonton, sir," he politely replied. Then he chuckled, and added, "I really hail from Chicago, but you know how it is . . . Edmonton was



Clad in furry winter flying suits because of chilly May weather, pupil pilots at the Dauphin service flying training school, look like bears. Upper left, Stan Heard, of Piapot, Sask. (left), and Earl Jackson, of Shell Lake, Sask., study maps before taking off. Upper right, Bert Evans, of British Columbia, about to go up, gives the takeoff signal. Below, six advanced training pilots look over the course of their projected cross-country flight on maps, as they walk across the airdrome to their planes. Left to right, Fred Barrick, of Odessa, Texas; Bert Evans, Stan Heard, Earl Jackson, Ken Denkman, of Vancouver, and Ed. Fogg, of Unity, Sask.

chalk marks on a blackboard. In the signal class, the students were firing questions at the instructor, good blunt man to man questions.

Never anywhere have I seen students who looked so much in earnest as those we have seen in classrooms of different commonwealth air training schools within the past few days. They looked as if their inquisitive noses had picked up a very interesting scent, and they were following it keenly toward a well understood objective.

In the Link trainer room, a student out of sight within a practice cockpit was doing everything he would do if he were in the air, flying on a beam and making ready to do a blind landing, a Lorenz landing as they call it.

It was just as if he were flying in thick fog or the darkest night, and all he had to guide him was that radio beam. Flying Officer C. W. C. Murkall, commander of the flight

map or chart showing the course of the plane along the edge of the beam. Every deviation of the plane, which in this case was the Link trainer, was indicated on the chart.

As I listened to that beam, and followed the course of that red line toward the designated point of landing, it was difficult to believe I was not following the course of an actual plane in the air. The Link trainer, where the student, out of sight, was working at the same instruments he would have in a plane, moved, bobbed and swayed just as any plane would respond to the manipulations of its pilot.

I found myself perspiring, as if I were in the cockpit myself. Would we make it, would we make a safe landing? The Link trainer swayed to a stop. The instrument before us traced a red line to the end of a narrowing triangle on the point. We had landed. The hood of the Link trainer cockpit opened, and out climbed the pupil pilot. He looked

preparing to go up. Outside, we heard the unending roar of plane motors. Students ready to go up and awaiting the order to go, were seated on benches in the locker room writing letters.

Before saying goodbye to the school, we had a chat with Squadron-Leader Dupont in his office. On the wall above his desk was a colorful poster depicting a roly-polly Australian bear, a kangaroo and a bird which some people call a laughing jackass, but which they call a kookaburra in its natural habitat.

The poster bore the caption, "True Australians hear not gossip, see secrets, speak no rumor. We carried away with us an impression that Squadron-Leader Dupont is a true Australian. He comes from the state of Victoria, of which Melbourne is the capital, and was sent here from the R.A.F. in Britain, to play his valuable part in the commonwealth air training scheme."

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A youth with a profile as good if not better than John Barrymore's, pointed out to Mr. Dupont on a map the course of his projected flight. I asked the possessor of the profile where he came from. "Edmonton, sir," he politely replied. Then he chuckled, and added, "I really hail from Chicago, but you know how it is . . . Edmonton was where I trained before coming here."

At the outset of our visit to Dauphin, we had been presented to Wing Commander A. H. Wilson, commanding officer of the school, a man with a sea-going air. Somehow he made me think of the school as a great ship with sails unfurled, set upon a sure and steady course out there upon the prairie. A pioneer airman is Wing Commander Wilson. As a lad of 12 years, he made his first flight in a friend's seaplane, above the waters of Windermere in England.

Flight Lieutenant J. S. Williamson, former Saskatoon newspaperman, was the one who first welcomed us to the Dauphin school after our arrival, and provided the introductions which smoothed our way.

#### He's from Coventry

As we made the rounds of the school, visiting classrooms, watching students in Link trainers do on the ground everything they later will do in the air, we met, along the way, Squadron Leader C. F. Herington, who has charge of ground instruction. His home is in Coventry, England. "You know, the city that has never been bombed," he said, with a twinkle in his eyes. Irrepressible, these Englishmen! Bomb them, and they bob up with a jest. We recalled something about the fellow who wins the last battle.

Squadron Leader Herington opened classroom doors and let us peep in at students who were hard at it answering questions, asking questions of the instructors, writing exams, working over instruments. What struck us most was the youth of the instructors, scarcely any older than their pupils. They were one more evidence of the youth of a service that is finding new and better ways of doing things every day—a service in an intense process of evolution.

When the instructors saw us poking our heads through the doorway, they just paused momentarily and then went on. At the sight of Squadron Leader Dupont, the students instinctively sprang to their feet at attention, and each time he quickly told them to be seated to carry on. They looked a hard-headed lot those students, hard headed and hard fisted. We have never seen any young men who looked more like they meant business.

In the navigation class, the instructor was saying things about the compass needle and making

Fred Barrick, of Odessa, Texas; Bert Evans, Stan Heard, Earl Jackson, Ken Denkmann, of Vancouver, and Ed. Fogg, of Unity, Sask.

chalk marks on a blackboard. In the signal class, the students were firing questions at the instructor, good blunt man to man questions.

Never anywhere have I seen students who looked so much in earnest as those we have seen in classrooms of different commonwealth air training schools within the past few days. They looked as if their inquisitive noses had picked up a very interesting scent, and they were following it keenly toward a well understood objective.

In the Link trainer room, a student out of sight within a practice cockpit was doing everything he would do if he were in the air, flying on a beam and making ready to do a blind landing, a Lorenz landing as they call it.

It was just as if he were flying in thick fog or the darkest night, and all he had to guide him was that radio beam. Flying Officer C. W. C. Murkall, commander of the flight we were visiting at that moment, invited me to put on the ear phone and listen to the steady whistling sound of the beam. The student was flying by instruction along the edge of the beam. When he got off it, the whistling sound, a high-pitched piping noise, ceased. At times we heard dot and dash signalling.

An instrument on the desk in front of us made a red line on a

map or chart showing the course of the plane along the edge of the beam. Every deviation of the plane, which in this case was the Link trainer, was indicated on the chart.

As I listened to that beam, and followed the course of that red line toward the designated point of landing, it was difficult to believe I was not following the course of an actual plane in the air. The Link trainer, where the student, out of sight, was working at the same instruments he would have in a plane, moved, bobbed and swayed just as any plane would respond to the manipulations of its pilot.

I found myself perspiring, as if I were in the cockpit myself. Would we make it, would we make a safe landing? The Link trainer swayed to a stop. The instrument before us traced a red line to the end of a narrowing triangle on the point. We had landed. The hood of the Link trainer cockpit opened, and out climbed the pupil pilot. He looked as if he had been undergoing a serious experience.

#### Ceaseless Activity

In the meteorological room, students were studying actual weather reports, preparatory to going up, studying reports on wind velocity, weather forecasts. There was a ceaseless coming and going of students in flying suits, those who had just returned from flights and those

preparing to go up. Outside, we heard the unending roar of plane motors. Students ready to go up and awaiting the order to go, were seated on benches in the locker room writing letters.

Before saying goodbye to the school, we had a chat with Squadron-Leader Dupont in his office. On the wall above his desk was a colorful poster depicting a roly polly Australian bear, a kangaroo and a bird which some people call a laughing jackass, but which the call a kookaburra in its natural habitat.

The poster bore the caption, "True Australians hear not gossip, see no secrets, speak no rumor. We carried away with us an impression that Squadron-Leader Dupont is true Australian. He comes from the state of Victoria, of which Melbourne is the capital, and was sent here from the R.A.F. in Britain, to play his valuable part in the commonwealth air training scheme."

#### Dauphin Courtesy

In Dauphin, where we had lunch with C. D. Bates and W. J. Warren, M.P., before we visited the school, we heard of great activity by the townspeople in providing entertainment for the students of the school. When the new bombing and gunnery school is opened at Paulson, eight miles away, in June, the number of air students who may be on leave in Dauphin at any one time, will reach very large figures.

J. N. McFadden is chairman of the committee, which arranges socials, dances, concert parties, and provides homes in Dauphin for the students to visit. The citizens also provide cars to take the students on trips. The summer social season at Dauphin promises to be something long to be remembered.

As we headed south across the Riding Mountain national park, we felt deeply impressed by what we had seen at the first advanced training school we had visited under R.C.A.F. command. We had seen a host of students well along the way to man fighter planes in the mounting tide of battle against

# School at Dauphin Officially Opened

By LESLIE BISHOP

Dauphin, Man., April 16. (Special)—Exactly one year after he had arrived in Winnipeg to establish No. 2 Air Training command under the commonwealth air plan, Air Commodore A. B. Shearer officially opened the first air school to give final training to Canadian pupil pilots in Manitoba—the Dauphin Service Flying Training school—Tuesday afternoon.

The school, which has been operating for six weeks, will soon be turning out pilots ready for overseas service, while Manitoba's second bombing and gunnery school would shortly be opened at Paulson, nine miles east of Dauphin, Air Commodore Shearer announced.

## 2,500 Spectators

Three miles south of Dauphin on fields which last summer bore only wheat, some 2,500 spectators, Tuesday afternoon, had the thrill of seeing one of Canada's major air stations in full operation.

Facing the crowds which packed the long apron in front of the five big green-walled hangars, a score of Harvard training planes were lined up. The gleaming yellow machines represented the last word in United States' design. Costing about \$35,000 apiece delivered at Dauphin, they are equipped with dual controls so that they may be operated equally well from the front or the rear seat. They have a fine safety device, coupe tops which can be made to slide off by pressing a button, in event of trouble, giving the pilot all the space he needs to bale out.

These Harvard planes, Air Commodore Shearer said, were considered among the best of their kind. Pilots who were trained on them would have little difficulty in handling the faster Spitfires and Hurricanes which they would be called on to fly overseas, when they graduated from the Dauphin school.

## Dazzling Display

On the control tower, where a red signal flag fluttered, staff officers directed a dazzling display of flying from a glass-walled room like the bridge of a ship. Between the control tower and the first hangar, the band of the R.C.A.F., whose 30 members had been flown up from Winnipeg for the occasion, and the band of the Dauphin reserve platoon of the Veterans' Guard, were assembled. A ribbon, bearing the words "No. 10 S.F.T.S.," stretched between two pillars decorated in red, white and blue colors, barring the way to the apron to a Harvard plane, in which sat Squadron Leader R. E. Dupont, a brilliant Australian flier of the Royal Air Force, who is the chief instructor at the school. The bands played O Canada, Air-Commodore Shearer cut the ribbon and the Harvard plane passed through the pillars onto the apron, to give a breathtaking performance of aerobatics.

Roaring up at an almost perpendicular angle, Squadron Leader Dupont started to loop the loop and then, just as he had reached the top of the loop and was upside down, rolled the plane over and came out flying in the opposite direction.

The plane spun and twisted like

Dauphin are Canadians. The other service flying training school in Manitoba, the Carberry station, is giving advanced training to British pupil pilots of the Royal Air Force.)

## Must Be Faced

Dealing with the question of flying accidents, which, he said, was a problem which must be faced, Air-Commodore Shearer stated that so far as possible nothing was left undone to prevent accidents. The public could rest assured that the training of pupil airmen was regulated with the greatest care in order to avoid accidents. But all these precautions could not avoid occasional mishaps, caused by human error.

Considerable night flying would be conducted from the Dauphin air school, Air-Commodore Shearer warned. (It is understood that the pupil pilots will make one hour night flights, on which they will navigate by instruments alone. Their day-flights range up to about three hours in the Harvards, which have a normal cruising speed of around 160 miles per hour.)

He thanked the people of Dauphin for their friendship to the airmen, observing that hospitality by the local citizens played a most important part in keeping up the morale and the esprit de corps of airmen in training. He said that the auxiliary services were performing useful work in providing for the airmen's comfort.

## Citizens Proud

"The citizens of Dauphin are proud that you established this air school here," Mayor J. E. Ramsden said. "The people of Dauphin have found the airmen a company of gentlemen. They realize what this work means to our freedom and they wish to do everything possible to make the airmen's stay happy. They are only thankful that the planes which fly over Dauphin are not carrying bombs.

Wing Commander A. H. Wilson, commanding officer of the school, introduced the air commodore. The other senior officers at the school, many of whom came with Wing Commander Wilson from the western air command, which controls the operational squadrons of the R.C.A.F. on the Pacific coast, include: Flight Lieut. W. E. Robinson, Winnipeg, adjutant; Flight Lieut. J. S. Williamson, administrative officer; Pilot Officer James Sinclair, M.P. for Vancouver, adjutant for the flying branch; Squadron-Leader Dupont, chief flying instructor; Squadron-Leader E. H. G. Moncrieff, Winnipeg, commander of No. 1 squadron; Flight Lieut. W. G. Weststead, commander of No. 2 squadron; Squadron-Leader C. F. Herington, in charge of the ground in-

words No. 10 S.F.T.S., stretched between two pillars decorated in red, white and blue colors, barring the way to the apron to a Harvard plane, in which sat Squadron Leader R. E. Dupont, a brilliant Australian flier of the Royal Air Force, who is the chief instructor at the school. The bands played O Canada, Air-Commodore Shearer cut the ribbon and the Harvard plane passed through the pillars onto the apron, to give a breathtaking performance of aerobatics.

Roaring up at an almost perpendicular angle, Squadron Leader Dupont started to loop the loop and then, just as he had reached the top of the loop and was upside down, rolled the plane over and came out flying in the opposite direction.

The plane spun and twisted like a golden leaf in the air, sometimes somersaulting at giddy angles, sometimes wheeling round the airport, slowly revolving on its own axis.

Then three Harvards took off together, flying in V formation. Suddenly they rose steeply, the centre plane going vertically and the others branching off to each side, rolling over when they reached the top of their climb, to put the finishing tufts on the Prince of Wales feathers. Then another group of three Harvards rose in line abreast, a third group in echelon formation until the air was full of golden wings, which soared and then swooped so low that they seemed hardly to clear the hangar roofs.

#### Produced Great Pilots

Dauphin remembers that it had produced great pilots before, W. G. Barker in the last war and, in the present conflict, the Middleton brothers, Douglas, Donald and Bruce. It had been suggested that the air field should bear the name of Barker or Middleton, Air-Commodore Shearer said, but the proposal could not be adopted because the names of units in the air training plan were useful for identification purposes and bore a specific relation to their part in the general scheme. Perhaps, just as airplanes leave no tracks in the sky, the airmen of Dauphin require no monument. For them the acceptance of the challenge was enough.

#### New Development

The invitation to Manitoba citizens to witness flying operations at an air school for the first time at Dauphin, Tuesday, marked a new development of the policy of the air command to promote good relations between the airmen and the public.

"As the citizens of Canada have a most personal interest in the success of our efforts, it is our desire that the public shall have some reasonable knowledge of the actual working out of the programme. This ceremony today illustrates that attitude," said Air-Commodore Shearer.

The commonwealth air plan was perhaps the greatest air training operation in the history of man's conquest of the skies. The continuous flow of pilots, observers and air gunners proceeding overseas to join those already engaged in action against the enemy is a responsibility which we have assumed and must maintain.

In addition to the airmen from Canada, Britain, Australia, New Zealand and other parts of the Empire who were training under the plan, young men from the United States were joining up with the R.C.A.F. in great numbers, he added.

The Dauphin school, he said, was

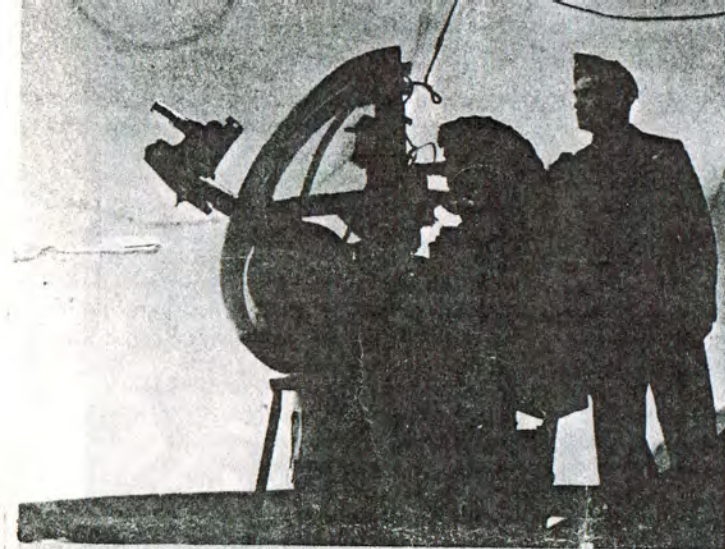
not carrying bombs.

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Captain D. Justice was in charge of the Veterans' Guard platoon.

Mud has made going heavy on the main street of the air school recently. J. E. L. Renaud, Ottawa, a student wireless air gunner on security guard duty at the school, remarked "I can't get Manitoba off my feet."





FS D. J. McRAE, PORT ARTHUR, HELPS WAG WILLIS GOODWIN SIGHT MOVING TARGET



DETAILED TRAINING CHARTS SKETCHED BY SGT REUBEN HERSCOVITCH, WINNIPEG

control tower," he radioed Anson.

The wide-angle lens in the roof allowed light to filter in from an expanse of sky roughly three miles square at 4,000 feet. Directly below the lens, light shone on a round table six feet in diameter covered with smooth amber paper marked off in degrees like a compass rose. Cigarette smoke curled out from the dim light at the table's edge where FO H. G. Titterton, who left a dairy herd behind in New Zealand to win his observer's wing at No. 1 CNS, and FO I. S. "Chappie" Chapman, Moncton, N.B. waited to plot the fall of the bomb with parallel rules, pencil and paper.

#### SCORES DIRECT HIT

Intently, we watched the rim of the amber table for the aircraft image to appear. A dark blob broke away from the shadows, and just like an insect, the familiar, square-cut silhouette of an Anson marched across the table.

FO Chapman tailed the shadow with a pencil. ". . . ready to bomb . . . left, left — steady — s-t-e-a-d-y — Bombs gone. . .", the bombaimer's patter crackled over the loudspeaker.

The blue air shivered as a harsh whistle burst from the radio. This recorded when the imaginary bomb was released and someone marked the aircraft's position on the chart. Plotting was simple arithmetic from there on, since the height of the aircraft, target area, wind speed and direction are known.

SMACKO! — It was a direct hit. Lucky thing you tell yourself that it wasn't a real bomb or the CI who makes his home in the control tower might have to change his address.

Ever since a scorching day in June, 1941, Paulson has been coaching Anzacs, British, Norwegians, Czechs, Dutch, Americans and Canucks in the art of dishing out gobs of sky-poison for Mr. Hitler. As Paulson got underway the fighter types had beaten back the would-be invaders of Britain, the high command was beginning to think in terms of offensive and there was a booming demand for gunners and bombaimers to man the fleets of four-motored giants soon to sweep towards Germany. As time passed the emphasis more and more was placed on heavy bomber ops, and as talk grew of a new invasion with Britain this time as the springboard, Canada's B&G schools knuckled down to the job of turning out bomber men for the big show. One of these was Paulson, busily mass-producing bombaimers and gunners and simultaneously building a station spirit and winning a flock of E pennants.

Training centres on three "pools" — bombing, gunnery and navigation — where aircrew instruc-

ready to drop live practice 11½ pound bombs they must be able to fly their fingers with deft blind-fold skill over fusing, selector, master and bomb switches.

Each man is treated individually. Before the 12-week course is finished he will have done simulation of bombing by photography on three flights, pinpointed a map from 300 feet on a 150 mile round trip, dropped by day and by night 140 practice bombs that look like fat cigars sheathed in tinfoil. These baby "blockbusters," when released from 5,000 feet, will blast a hole in the ground four feet deep. Bombaimers leave B&G for six weeks at an AOS before getting their wings.

WAGs pack a lethal dose of gunnery knowledge into six weeks. FS D. J. "Mac" McRae, Port Arthur air gunner, showed us the "rosebowl" where green gunners hunch behind wicked-looking Brownings, draw a bead on enemy aircraft flashed on the whitewashed concave walls by WDs who operate projectors from trestle work just above the turrets.

From Bristol turrets humped out of Boly fuselages like ugly warts, air gunners pump lead into drogues, 300 rounds an exercise. Drogues — 12-foot sleeves of canvas-like material — are towed by yellow and black Lizzies. If a gunner gets six hits on a drogue out of a possible 300, he's considered not only good but lucky. The same drogues, it seems, serve a dual purpose. Although farmers who retrieve shot-down target sleeves can exchange them for a buck twenty-five each at the school gate, many prefer to dye them black or blue and apply sewing skill to blossom out with brand new parkas or wind-breakers.

#### DOG-FIGHT THRILLS

Lake Dauphin's muddy waters are kicked up daily by future WAGmen who strafe splash targets. In additional exercises, they lower their camera gun-sights on Bolys which swing in fast to attack from port, starboard and astern.

By the time they finish at Paulson air gunners are ready for their wings.

When newcomers want to gen-up on the station, they corner FS Dave Wolochow, Edmonton, one of the handful of old-timers around. Some of the others are Sgt Bob Graham, Winnipeg, husky maintenance man; sun-tanned, angular WO1 Tex Coleson, staff pilot who hails from the Lone Star State; Sgt H. S. "Hap" McClelland, Orillia, Ont., who grins when he confides to you that TTS St. Thomas and 7 B & G are the only Air Force stations he has ever been on; Sgt Janet

## WINGS

McGilchrist, River Herbert, N.S., a WD maintenance mainstay. SL H. C. Jewsbury, Brandon, Man., boss of flying, ex-bush pilot, and the station medical officer, SL J. C. Johnson, Edmonton, are flat-hat originals. SL Jewsbury was awarded the AFC and FS Wolochow the BEM, in the recent King's Birthday Honors list.

Paulson's present site was just rearing out of the scrub bush when AC2 Davie Wolochow arrived at 4:30 A.M., June 1941. All ranks ate together, steered each other through the mud, formed mosquito-fighting squads, and gradually soaked up enough Prairie sun and wind to acquire permanent tans.

"Living-out personnel hopped rides to and from the station in the gravel trucks," observed Davie, who is short, dark and quietly efficient about his work. "I remember too how the sergeants used to bust open the door on the icebox when they came in hungry from work at night."

Today Paulson is a compact unit. Key centres such as GIS, MT, messes, maintenance, headquarters and the parade square are all in the area covered by two city blocks. "It doesn't wear a guy down to the knees getting around here," is the way WO2 Rod Perks, Toronto, describes it. A repat, he came from Mountain View to work in GIS.

### NO WHIP CRACKING

Discipline is strict. But it isn't an ugly monster. If Joe Erk misses parades, he isn't taken in tow by a beetle-browed SWO and banished to the coal-pile. No, sir. He usually finds himself before the CO, the SAO or the Adj., each one a canny Scot and proud of it.

"We try to make it easy for him," explained WC H. E. Stewart, CO, who has a knack for making you comfortable. He flew in World War 1, was OC flying at No 7 in the early days before returning a year ago as commanding officer. "If he definitely dislikes parades we substitute PT where possible. It all boils down to co-operation. You can't knock them around. There's an effort to gain their confidence by actually showing them that here we have the interest of every airman and airwoman at heart.

"Everything is pointed toward encouraging people to stay on the station. And it works. Weekly, during the winter, open nights were held in the drill hall and adjoining rink. Friends flocked here from Dauphin, seven miles away and about 500 enjoyed skating, dancing and refreshments. All messes were closed just to prove there was no favoritism.

"Right now the serviceability of aircraft is at peak level. That's because maintenance crews get three days off in every twelve if their work is up to a certain standard, otherwise it's a 48.

"Airmen and airwomen get on well together, too. So much so, in fact, that there's an average of two inter-service marriages a month here. One of the most popular marriages was solemnized just



LITTLE WONDER THE BOMB ARMOURERS GRIN WHEN A SUPERNUMERARY CREW LIKE THIS GETS JOED TO BOMB UP AN ANSON. TASKMASTER IS WO1 S. R. CARTER OF WINNIPEG



field men, FS Harry Thomas of Coleman, Alta, married LAW Rosemary LaVallie of Maple Creek, Saskatchewan."

Try to name a sport or recreational facility that No. 7 doesn't sponsor and you'll wrack your brain numb. For the hardy ones there is lacrosse, for the timid, chess. Pity the boastful male snooker player who challenges a WD expert in the drill hall. One thousand personnel a week use the bowling alleys and billiard rooms. Every sport has a specialist at the helm.

Hub of recreation is the sprawling drill hall. There's even a music room for orchestra practice — one of the results, a rattling good girls' bugle band to play at wings parades. Poke your head into the lean-to's and there are mountains of hockey sticks, pucks, pads, sport clothes, volleyballs, medicine balls, wrestling equipment, boxing gloves, skates, tennis rackets, horse-shoes.

On "Jackpot Night" at first-run station movies, draws are held for war savings stamps and certificates. Weekly dances draw big crowds. Organized games flourish. Swimming and fishing are top-flight sports at Lake Dauphin, two miles away. In the summer there's a colony of service cottagers there.

What makes the station tick? Here's a simple clue if you drop by the drill hall. Work and play blend nicely before your eyes. While personnel do PT or play games on the huge drill hall floor, above the hub-bub, student WAGs quietly flash Morse from overhead balconies across the heads of the players, for class-mates to read and decipher.

PAULSON OLD-TIMERS: SL E. W. CAMPBELL, WOZ ART ALEXANDER, WO H. E. STEWART, CO, SL H. C. JEWSBURY, WO1 CHUCK KENCH, SL J. C. JOHNSON AND FS ERNIE WESTERBERG



FOR PRANGING A BIRD INSTEAD OF DROGUE, LAC ARNOLD BLENKHORN OF ATHOL, N.S. GETS "DEROGATORY ORDER OF IRREMOVABLE FINGER" FROM FO LAWRENCE ECCLESTON OF HAMILTON