



As a young teenager, my cousin had eyes on being a pilot in the CAF. This led me to join the Royal Canadian Air Cadets: at CFB St. Hubert's 643 RCAC Squadron; being a single child, my cousin was the closest thing to being a big brother. I enjoyed my time with Air Cadets

I attended summer camps at CFB St. Jean in 1967 (which is where I also attended my CAF basic training) and CFB Borden and CFB St. Hubert. At Borden as an Air Cadet, I attended a photography course in 1968, which included camera work and composition of the photographs and dark room photo development; ah the smell of developers, stop baths, and fixers. That experience lends to my penchant of taking multiple photographs to this very day.

I then acquired my private pilot's license due to my gaining a Flying Scholarship from the Air Cadets. My flying training was at CFB St. Hubert and residing on

base was my formal introduction to day to day military life of barracks/mess hall life.

I went with my cousin during his recruitment centre visits in Montreal and witnessed his successful admission as a pilot trainee. Two years later, I revisited that recruitment centre and became an Air Traffic Controller trainee. What better way to boss around my 'big brother'.

After basic training, I did On The Job training at CFB Bagotville and then onto Camp Borden for formal ATC training. My first posting was to CFB Summerside in 1972. I was then posted to CFB Moose Jaw and then sent to train as a Radar Controller (Precision Approach Radar) at Camp Borden once again in 1976.

In 1978, my final posting began at CFB Winnipeg, where I worked the Base Operations reporting desk for my final year in the CAF.

All of these experiences remain with me to this, but more specifically my CAF sports participation helps me to maintain my good physical health. My hockey and fastball experiences in CAF still bring smiles to my face.

Kennet Benoit-Hutchins

***Wisdom is experience understood.
La sagesse est l'expérience comprise.***