

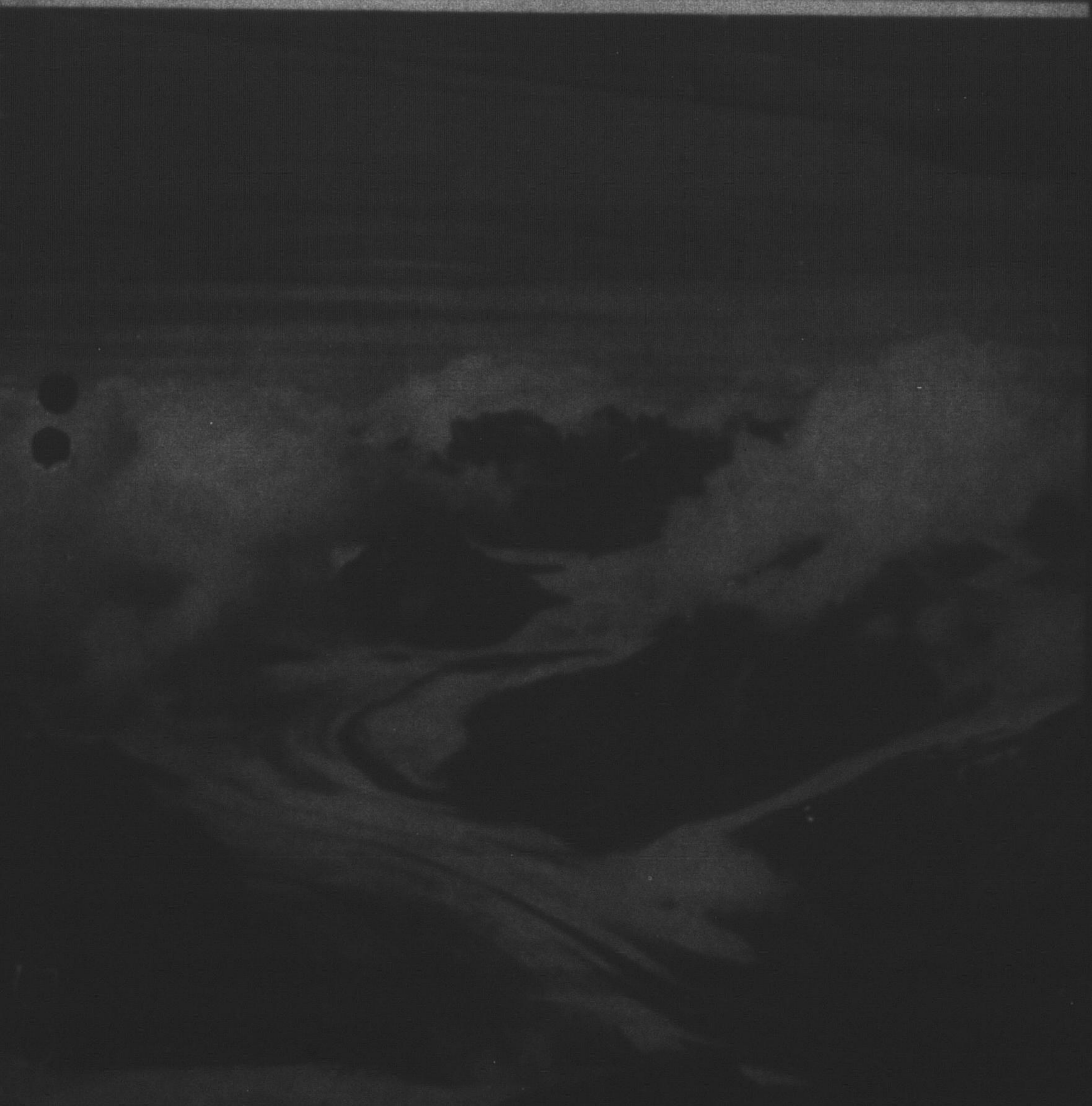
# Crosswinds

R.C.A.F. Station Rockcliffe, Ont.

Vol. 1 No. 3

February 1944

Price 10 Cents



R.C.A.F. SURVEYS ARCTIC

# CROSSWINDS

Rockcliffe, Ont.

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Group Captain G. S. O'Brian, A.F.C., Commanding Officer.

Vol. 1 No. 3

February 1944

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## EDITORIAL

To those of us in the Royal Canadian Air Force who are still serving in Canada, the thought often comes that the work we do seems futile in comparison with the stirring deeds overseas.

A senior R.C.A.F. officer, who has just returned from an inspection trip

overseas, made a very strong point in a recent talk to Rockcliffe personnel when he declared that the tests carried out in Canada, under ideal conditions, were paying tremendous dividends on the war fronts. A little sane thinking along these lines will do a lot for that "browned off" condition.

In this our third edition, Crosswinds assumes a slightly different appearance in makeup. The size of the type has been reduced to enable more material to be packed between its covers.

Now we have a little more space we need more contributions, so Rockcliffe men and women let's have it—stories, poems and cartoons. The monthly story contest is still in full swing with \$5.00 as the cash return for the winner. Already we have uncovered quite a lot of talent here in Rockcliffe and we're sure there is plenty more hiding its light under a bushel.

We are honored in having a message from Air Marshal Robert Leckie, D.S.O., D.S.C., D.F.C., Chief of the Air Staff, to the readers of Crosswinds in which he reveals he knew about Rockcliffe way back when.

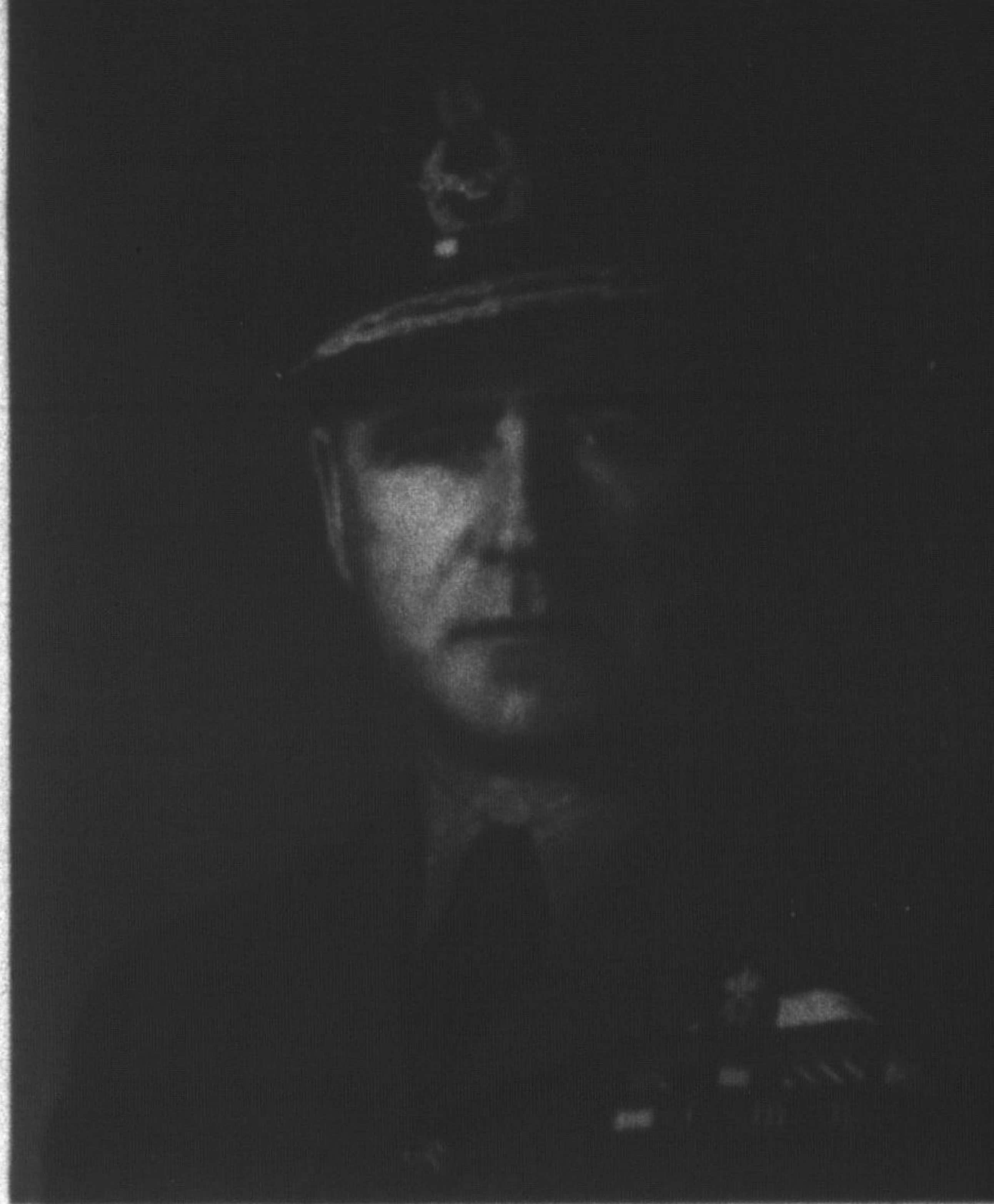
J.H.M.

*The magnificent cover shot of a triple glacier discovered by the R.C.A.F. Arctic Survey last summer on Baffin Island was taken by WO2 R. G. "Bob" Sweeney, veteran Rockcliffe photographer from No. 1 Photo Centre, who made an extensive pictorial record of the expedition.*

# Message

## from

# CAS



**Air Marshal Robert Leckie, D.S.O., D.S.C., D.F.C.**

I have read with great interest the earlier copies of "Crosswinds", the station magazine of R.C.A.F. Station Rockcliffe.

Your station has for me peculiar sentimental memories. It was during the years 1919 to 1923, when actively engaged in actual flying operations in Canada, that I used to land H.S.2L and 3F flying boats, Avro seaplanes etc., on the Ottawa River and come ashore on the site which is now Rockcliffe Air Station, but which was then almost entirely covered with bush.

I thought then that one day we would have an aerodrome at Rockcliffe but I scarcely visualized the very fine establishment that now exists. I have watched it grow with pride and admiration and hope that it will survive as a post-war permanent unit of the Royal Canadian Air Force.

The station magazine is an excellent morale builder and I hope all ranks will support the editorial staff of "Crosswinds," not only by the purchase of copies but by submitting articles for publication.

I extend to the enterprise my best wishes for continued success

Air Marshal  
Chief of the Air Staff



**CASTLE MOUNTAIN**, one of the peaks discovered on Baffin Island by the R.C.A.F. Arctic Survey, and so named because of its castle-like appearance.

# R.C.A.F. Surveys Arctic

By LAC J. H. Morsters

*(This article, just released from the secret list and published for the first time in Crosswinds, is another episode in the work of the Royal Canadian Air Force throughout the world. All information contained in this article has been approved by the Directorate of Intelligence, AFHQ, Ottawa.)*

Surveying thousands of miles of Ungava Peninsula, Baffin Island and the west coast of Hudson Bay—vital area of today's war and tomorrow's peace—and discovering numerous mountains, glaciers and lakes is the proud record of last summer's Royal Canadian Air Arctic Survey.

Under the command of veteran bush pilot, Squadron Leader J. "Jack" Hone, A.F.C., 31 officers and men, including 12 Dominion Government civilian surveyors, left Rockcliffe on June 22 in a Canso amphibian and four Norseman seaplanes returning September 20 after covering one hundred thousand miles of territory in 950 flying hours.

Purpose of the survey was to establish ground controls for aerial mapping through the taking of permanent fixes. By means of astro fixes the longitude and latitude of certain points were obtained and the results showed even our latest maps of this huge area to be inaccurate in many more places.

One of the highlights of the expedition was the discovery of a range of mountains on Cumberland Peninsula between Panguitung and Kivitoo on Baffin Island.

"According to what the Eskimos told us, the mountains were supposed to be 1,000 feet high but they turned out to be

7,000 feet in height," Squadron Leader Hone declared in an interview with Crosswinds. "We were certainly glad we weren't flying in fog."

One of the highest mountains discovered in this area had the appearance of a castle so then and there the crew of the big Canso decided to call it Castle Mountain.

In the same section a triple glacier was discovered and this huge ice field among the imposing mountains, as shown on the cover of Crosswinds, was considered one of the most inspiring sights on the expedition.

In addition thousands of lakes not shown on the best of maps were found by the R.C.A.F. survey in their criss-crossing of this immense territory.

In obtaining the permanent fixes so necessary for aerial mapping, the expedition would land one of its planes in the approximate vicinity and leave the Dominion Government civilian surveyors, complete with equipment, supplies and radio. The surveyors would keep in touch with the main base by radio and when finished obtaining the fix, the plane would return and take the group to another point. The work in each case would be done in from four to 10 days, depending on the weather as it was

necessary for the surveyors to see the stars.

#### Amedjuak Lake Base

The main base of the expedition was at Amedjuak Lake in the centre of the flat plains of the southern part of Baffin Island. Some of the astro observations were made several hundred miles within the Arctic Circle.

The western portion of the survey was under Flight Lieutenant Carl Crossley, veteran Ferry Squadron pilot who recently received the King's Commendation for a rescue in Western Canada. This section of the survey flew over 300 hours in the three months they spent on the west coast of Hudson Bay in the District of Keewatin in the Northwest Territories.

The choice of Squadron Leader Hone, A.F.C., as head of the expedition was based on an outstanding record in air transportation in the North—both in civilian as well as service life. Before joining the R.C.A.F. on the day before war was declared by Canada, he was in charge of exploration work for Sheritt-

**EXPEDITION MEMBERS** in informal poses while up north. At the right surrounded by Eskimos are, left top right, F/O Skuce, P/O Seaman, S/L Hone, and F/S Hawke. At the lower right F/O Skuce holds up a 7-lb Arctic Char, a delicious fish which tastes like salmon trout, with F/S McNeely holding the rod. Below S/L Hone makes friends with an Eskimo "podloo" as the youngsters are called.



Gordon mines in Northern Manitoba. In addition he was president and general manager of Arrow Airways Limited and president and general manager of J. Hone Company Limited, which did mining exploration and ran trading posts in the North. He was born at Listowel, Ont., and brought up in Toronto.

First Squadron Leader Hone was at Camp Borden and Trenton and then went to Rivers as OC of the flying squadron. Then came a spell of sub patrol on the East Coast.

After that he went to Pennfield Ridge, N.B., as OC Flying at the navigation school. When this school was amalgamated with the one at Rivers, Man., he supervised the transfer of aircraft from the Maritimes to the Prairies.

In 1942 he was appointed Commanding Officer at the R.C.A.F. base at Whitehorse in the Yukon on the North West staging Route. The first CO at Whitehorse, he supervised the transport of freight for the new airports which were opening up this route to Alaska.

Last summer he was called to Air Force Headquarters and named to head

the Arctic Survey which was posted to the Ferry Squadron at Rockcliffe for administrative purposes.

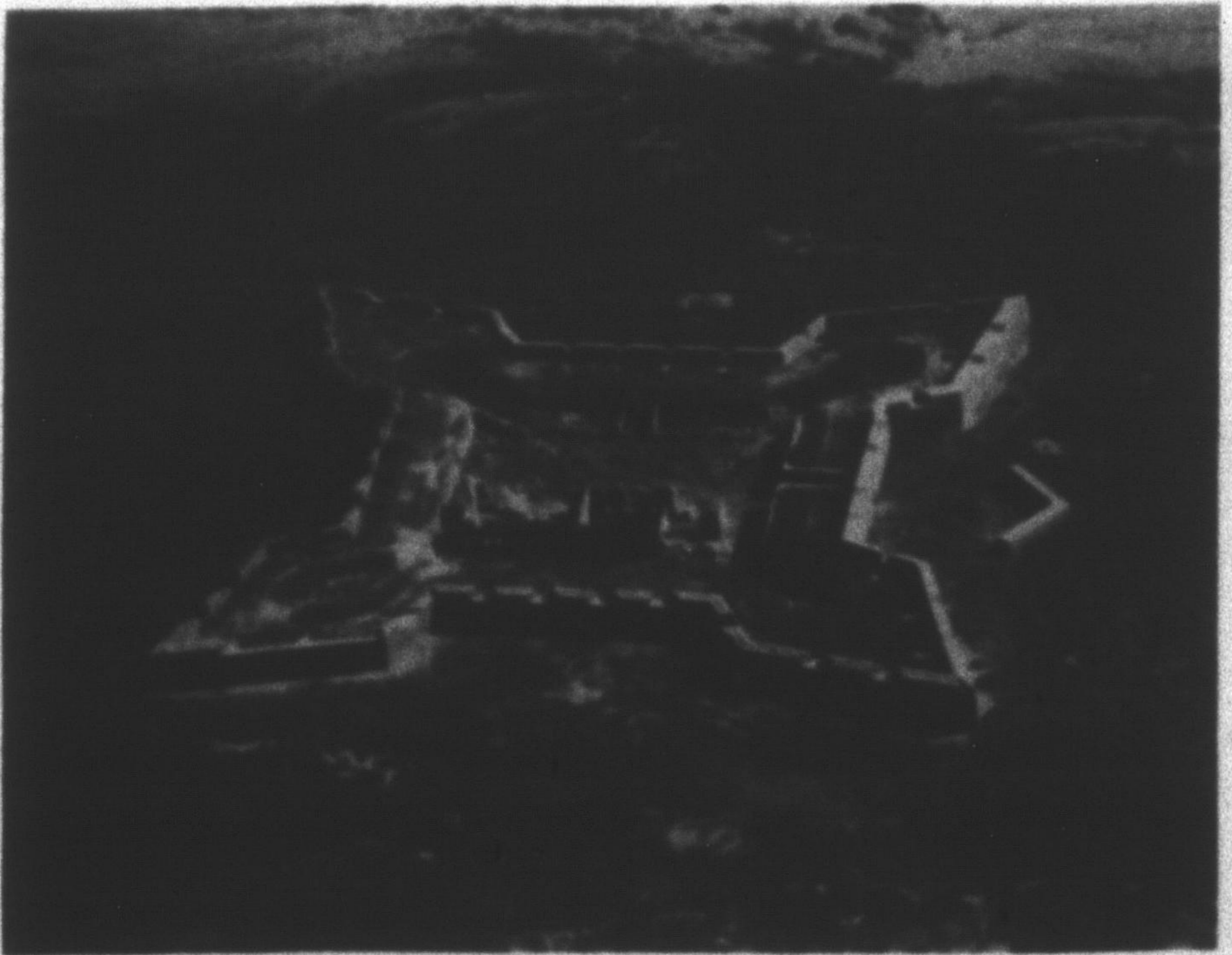
After completing his three-months mission, Squadron Leader Hone went on annual leave but two days after arriving at his home in Harding, Man., he was called out to fly the northern part of Boothia Peninsula, north of the Magnetic Pole, to aid in the dramatic rescue of Hudson's Bay Company officials.

With this special task behind him, Squadron Leader Hone finished his leave and came back to Rockcliffe where he has just completed the Air Transport Command course at Communications Squadron.

#### Saw Thousands of Geese

At their base at Amadjuak Lake, Squadron Leader Hone said they saw thousands of blue geese resting. He explained the Eskimos call everything big Juak and thus Amadjuak meant Big Lake. Another point about the Eskimo language he noted was the way they had a different word for every shade of meaning—for instance there were 10

(Continued on page 8)



**FORT PRINCE OF WALES**, sighted by the expedition just north of Churchill. Its walls of solid stone are 35 feet thick and it dates back to the fur trading wars between the French and English on Hudson Bay.

# “S. O. S.”

by Corporal J. R. Marshall

(A short story based on an actual incident of inter-co-operation that took place on Canada's Eastern Seaboard)

Like a huge dog worrying a bone, the Atlantic Ocean growled and clawed at the barren coasts of Sable Island that jutted up into the fog and rain about a hundred miles off Canada's eastern seaboard. Sable Island—*noted as the eastern graveyard for a hundred ships and as many men.*

Night had closed in and from the shroud of heavy mist there came the whisper of labouring motors in the distance, a whisper that grew from a murmur into a roar as the grey shape of a twin-engined flying boat became discernable in the low clouds. Its voice broke, became weaker, failed completely and down into the leaping seas it came like a crippled gull to a wave-washed cove. As the pilot strove to pull her up and drop her easily, a huge wave clawed up at her hull. She dropped with a smash into the turmoil of the Atlantic while the stoic cliffs of Sable Island looked passively on and the curtain of fog closed in . . . . .

Typical of the monotony of the “graveyard” watch in the signals wing of the big administration building “somewhere in Newfoundland” was the high-pitched drone of Morse code pouring from half a dozen headphones and speakers and the rattle of teletypes and coding machines down the hall. In a circle of light from an overhead lamp sat one operator, leaning back in his chair, his headphones only half on his ears while he looked out at the row of coloured runway lights stretching out into the dark.

From the radio in front of him there issued only the routine weather report from a station in Nova Scotia to one in New Brunswick; then a slightly alien note crept in, so vague as to be almost undefinable. He swung back to the table, his hands pressing the phones close to his ears, striving to hear beyond the sound of the other stations and the continuous rattle of interference. Then it came, louder and more distinct—the one call that receives priority over all other messages. In a matter of seconds every trace of monotony and casual routine had fled from the whole wing.

With the flick of his hand the transmitter switch went on and a channel was dialed. At the same time he called out

tensely the electrifying words, “distress signal!” Slowly it came through . . . . .  
S-O-S S-O-S S-O-S FROM STATION  
X-Y-Z FORCED DOWN OFF  
S-A-B-L-E I-S-L-A-N-D H-U-L-L L-E-A-K-  
I-N-G . . . . . The message was very weak and required repetitions before it was received in full.

Meanwhile he had silenced the other stations on the circuit with a relay of the distress call and a score of operators were tensed over their sets in as many locations—in Labrador, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island.

At the same time another man called up the Ferry Command wireless station by phone to have them stand by with direction finding apparatus on the same frequency. Operations had been informed and a teletype operator was waiting with a cleared circuit to relay the message on. A second operator swung another receiver onto the same channel to listen in and assist with reception if necessary.

The first distress signal being received, acknowledged and relayed on, the wireless “op” now settled down to attempt to contact the plane that lay, wave-tossed 300 miles away. It was necessary that the operator in the plane send long continuous dashes so the Ferry Command men could get a bearing. Then the difficulties began to crop up. The operator in the aircraft couldn't understand the message that was being transmitted in routine R.C.A.F. code. Then the meagre reply signal faded out entirely as a blanketing wash of interference swept across the air waves. Angry, frustrated but determined, the Newfoundland operator clutched the key and stared at the receiver in front of him as if looking for assistance in its glowing dials.

Hopefully he called the other stations along the coast asking if they had heard anything from the aircraft. Maddeningly the replies came back; in the negative! It was only through a freak of wireless transmission that this station, twice as far any of them from the plane, had heard the signals at all.

Reluctant to give up, the operator tried to locate the signal from the disabled flying boat, his one hand slowly

moving the tuning dial back and forth, his face strained with concentration. At last his pencil began moving across the log book . . . . in came the plaintive signal . . . . N-O C-O-D-E B-O-O-K . . . . Quickly the radio man on the sinking aircraft was told in plain language to send long dashes. Soon, through the static, came the echoing sound of the distant transmitter. It was with consternation and dismay that the land-based operator heard the interference piling up louder and louder while the already plaintively weak signal faded out entirely.

Hardly daring to hope, he asked another man to phone Ferry Command to see if they had obtained a bearing. His dejection was short-lived, however, for he was dealing with men trained to pick up the brief transmissions of enemy submarines. Now in spite of the obstacles Ferry came through with a first class bearing!

The information was rushed down to "ops". In a few seconds it was being lifted from a teletype machine over 100 miles away at Group Headquarters to be relayed immediately to the Navy. An operator in the uniform of the R.C.N. speedily tapped it out to a destroyer on routine patrol on the Atlantic coast.

Back at the airport a tired but pleased wireless operator leaned back in his chair, looked out the window at the row of coloured runway lights tapering off into the night while the section calmed down and the "graveyard watch" lethargy crept back into the room . . . .

In the grey light of a curtained dawn a tail of black smoke stretched along a gloomy horizon and a red flare looped up into the clearing sky. Before the day was fully born the destroyer located the drifting plane, rescued the thankful air-men and headed back to the distant shore of Nova Scotia. Back over its stern crouched the glowering shores of Sable Island where the mighty breakers of the open sea crashed against them in frustrated frenzy flinging themselves in battered foam up to the morning air.

(Continued from page 6)

names for snow, each indicating a different type of snow conditions. The crew named their Canso "Nugluk" which means Big White Goose in Eskimo. The natives they met, he said, were very jolly and happy and while the war didn't worry them, they were very interested in the planes.

Another highlight in the R.C.A.F. Survey was the sighting of 11 polar bears in one spot on the north side of South-

**OF THINGS TO COME**, the well-known CBC broadcast every Tuesday evening, provides the opportunity for an interesting discussion of the Library in the Drill Hall. When Crosswinds' photographer dropped in recently the discussion, after the broadcast, was on post-war housing. In the top picture at the right F/O J. F. A. Atkins, new educational officer, starts off the discussion with Sgt. J. Constantine and AW2 K. R. Scott in the background. At the left AW1 M. L. Allen listens while AW1 E. G. Thomson makes a point. In the centre row at the left Sgt. Constantine emphasizes his argument while at the right AC1 A. E. Vaillancourt and Cpl. Edna Allen listen while LAC Donald MacDonald (centre) holds forth. At the bottom on the left AC2 H. Summer-ville, AC2 Emile Major and LAC Bob Chester listen as LAC R. Halpin at the right, makes his point.

ampton Island at the north end of Hudson Bay. The spot was plotted and promptly termed Bear Cove.

Also in the western part of the survey was the sighting of the historic Fort Prince of Wales, north of Churchill, with its walls of solid stone 35 feet thick and old cannon which go back to the fur trading wars between the French and English.

Squadron Leader Hone sees a great future for the North after the war both from an air transport point of view as well as from the mining angle. In addition, he believes, that in certain parts a considerable amount of settling will come after the war.

#### Pays Tribute to Crew

He paid tribute to the work of all the men connected with the expedition and said it was largely because of their efforts that everything went off so well. "They certainly were a grand crew," he declared.

Squadron Leader Hone was in command of the Canso with Pilot Officer Frank Seaman as co-pilot and Flying Officer Dick Skuce as engineer officer. Pilots of the four Norseman seaplanes were Flight Lieutenant Carl Crossley, Flying Officer E. M. Norris, Flight Lieutenant B. M. Glover and Pilot Officer F. E. Weeks.

The crew consisted of Sgt. R. V. Hawke, first engineer, now at Rockcliffe; Cpl. F. J. Kontzie, second engineer; Flight Sergeant J. W. McNealy, air frame mechanic; Flight Sergeant R. Morgan, radio operator; Cpl. J. E. Vaughan, cook; WO2 R. G. Sweeney, photographer, of No. 1 Photo Centre at Rockcliffe; Flight Sergeant G. Deland, aero-engine mechanic; Cpl. E. A. Rankin, aero-engine mechanic; and LAC L. J. Hughes, aero-engine mechanic.

This, briefly, is the record of the 1943 R.C.A.F. Arctic Survey—one of the most successful expeditions of its kind in the history of the Royal Canadian Air Force and a forerunner of the vital peace time tasks of the R.C.A.F.



# Art Competition Nears Deadline

The Royal Canadian Air Force is holding an Art Exhibition at the National Art Gallery in Ottawa in April and members of the service are urged to submit paintings or drawings. Official R.C.A.F. artists are barred.

This competition, which is also open to members of the Royal Air Force, the Royal Australian Air Force, the Royal New Zealand Air Force and allied air forces serving in Canada, is the first of its kind in the R.C.A.F.

Closing date is February 25 so if you want to submit your brainchild get an entry slip from Walter Shea, senior Y.M.C.A. supervisor. Already several Rockcliffe personnel have entered their work but more of this in the next edition of Crosswinds.

The prize for the best picture of show \$100. In the class "A" (painting) and class "B" (drawing) sections the first prize is \$75, second \$50 and third \$25. In addition, it is announced, \$100 has been allocated for the purchase of any non prize-winners which it might be desired to acquire.

All prize-winning pictures will become the property of the R.C.A.F., according to the announcement.

In the conditions laid down, pictures are not to be less than 9 by 12 inches and not more than 30 by 40 inches. They are to be neither glassed nor framed but may be matted. Under no condition is the outside of the mat to be greater than 30 by 40 inches.

The station craft shops, opened recently by Group Captain G. S. O'Brian, A.F.C., Commanding Officer, are now in full swing.

The men's Craft Shop is in building 126 just behind the Band Hut while the W.D.'s Craft Shop is in the W.D.'s Recreation Centre.

Extensive plans have been made by the Y.M.C.A. War Services, who sponsor the shops, to expand in the matter of additional crafts.

The Rockcliffe Station Craft Shop Committee consists of Group Captain G. S. O'Brian, honorary president, with Flying Officer A. H. Piroth, president. Members are Wing Commander E. W. Tyrrell-Beck, D.S.O., M.C.; A/S/O H. A. McMurchy, F/S Michael Lackner, chief instructor, F/S R. Goss, LAC N. W. McKenzie, P/O R. G. Meschino, Walter Shea, Y.M.C.A. and Bob Wallace, Y.M.C.A.

The Y.M.H.A. Minstrels from Montreal are scheduled for a performance at Rockcliffe in the Drill Hall on Sat., Feb. 19 starting at 8 p.m. This splendid troupe of entertainers have been organized for some four years, and are considered by press critics as one of the best travelling shows in Canada.

The show comprises twenty-two attractive and talented girls and twenty-three men who put on a very rollicking, fast-moving performance, lasting one hour and 45 minutes.

As the performers are all doing war work in the week, it is impossible for them to go on entertainment tours except over week-ends, hence they are booking on a Saturday for Rockcliffe instead of in the middle of the week. Frankly, it would be well worth while to forego a 48 off the station on Feb. 19, in order to take in this show.

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## Ain't I a Mess

When God passed out brains  
I thought he said trains . . .  
I missed mine

When God passed out looks  
I thought he said books . . .  
I told him to skip me

When God passed out ears  
I thought he said beers . . .  
I asked for two tall ones.

When God passed out noses  
I thought he said roses . . .  
I asked for a big one

When God passed out legs  
I thought he said kegs . . .  
I asked for two round ones

When God passed out hips  
I thought he said lips . . .  
I asked for two full ones

God ain't I a mess

---

She—Am I the first girl you ever kissed?

He—Now that you mention it, you do look familiar.

---

Exasperated teacher (to dull class):  
"Now, children, if the donkey's head points to the north, where does his tail point to?"

Small boy: "To the ground, miss."

# Ferry Squadron News

Our genial O.C. S/L E.O.W. "Ernie" Hall has been posted to A.F.H.Q., AMAS Division, Directorate of Air Transport Command. S/L Hall will still be our boss but will guide us from his new location, and we hope this move will not prevent him from "dropping in" regularly to see how things are going at Rockcliffe.

We welcome to Ferry Squadron, P/O L.K. "Keith" Kennedy (Engineering) and F/O R.M. "Bob" Bennett (Admin). P/O Kennedy will lend a helping hand to F/L Day our Unit Engineering Officer while F/O Bennett will take on some of the responsibilities of despatching aircraft and pilots to the right places at the right times.

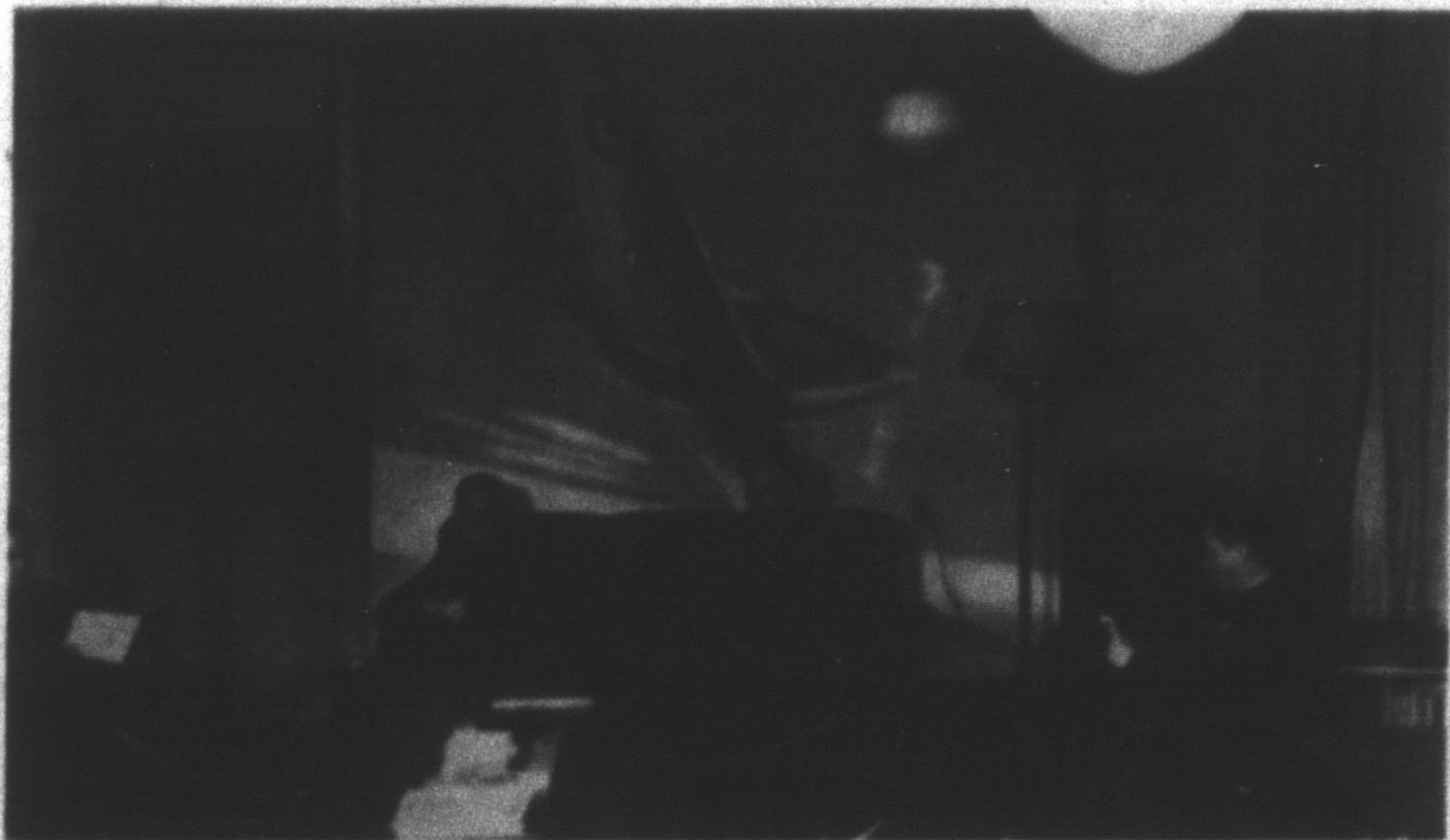
January 14 was a day of importance and pleasure for the Rockcliffe representatives of Ferry Squadron. In addition to being inspected by our new C.O. we were the happy witnesses to the presentation by the C.O. to F/L C.C. "Carl" Crossley, our "veteran flyer", of a certificate in support of the King's Commendation for "valuable service in the air". F/L Crossley was commended by His Majesty for his display of ability, resourcefulness and courage of a high order. Last Spring he brought out by aircraft a severely injured woman from an isolated and almost inaccessible location in Western Canada to necessary hospital

and medical care. Without such assistance she might not have recovered. Good show "Carl", we are proud of our association with you.

We are pleased to say that our North Bay detachment O.C. F/O "Chick" Wheeler has been released from Hospital at North Bay. F/O Wheeler suffered from a very severe attack of flu and was threatened with pneumonia. He is now taking a few days leave and we hope to see him back soon, "fit as a fiddle".

It was hoped that we would be able to secure a few facts of interest concerning life at our Armstrong detachment from F/L "Bill" Thompson, who acted as O.C. there for ten months, but since coming back to this part of the country he is hard to catch up with. Bill got back here about eight weeks ago, took off his greatcoat and moccasins, set some traps along the rivers' edge between Ferry Squadron and T. & D., asked for a ferry assignment (preferably along the Northern Route), took off and we haven't seen much of him since. When approached just the other day about a story on Armstrong, he didn't have much time to give us, but in a brief interview, hinted that the boys have done much to improve the social life around Armstrong and we gathered from Bill that it was Bill himself that introduced to the village

Continued on page 15



**THE PILOTS' ROOM** at Ferry Squadron is featured by a large painting of a Hurricane in action. Taking it easy, from left to right, are Sgt. E. Provost, P/O J. R. Warren, Sgt. J. W. Durnagan and P/O E. B. Bobzener.

(Photo by Sgt. Gerald Berton)

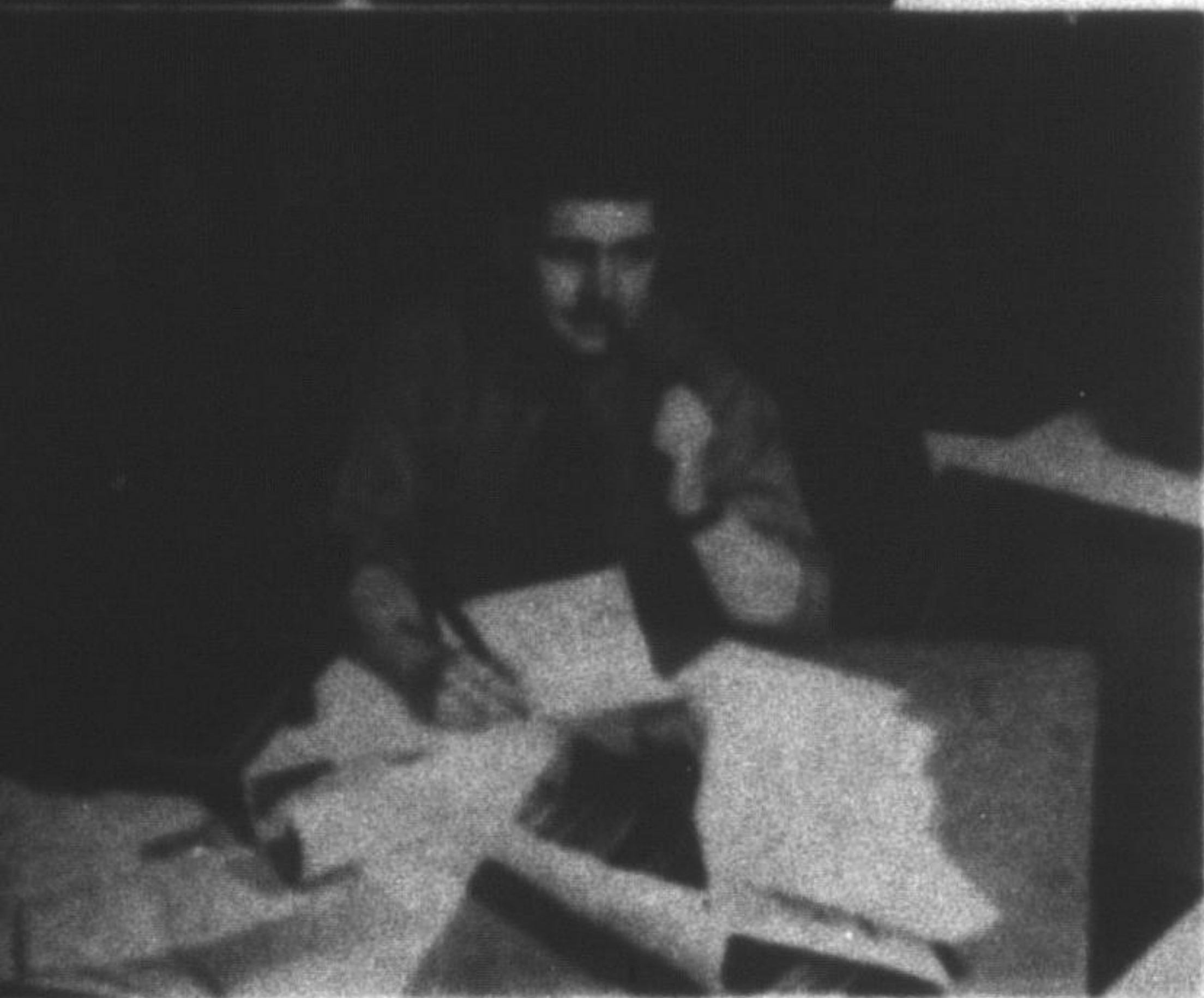
# STATION

## E. W. TYRRELL-BECK, D.S.O., M.C.

Joined the R.C.A.F. shortly after the outbreak of war, from California where he was residing with his wife, who is an American, and his one son, now aged ten. His home is in London, England. He was educated at Cambridge University, England, first-class honours, M.A., L.L.B. He was called to the English Bar and is a Barrister-at-Law of the Inner Temple.

In the Great War he joined a day or so after the outbreak of war and was commissioned in August, 1914, in the first batch. He served with the Royal Fusiliers in the trenches in France and won the DSO and MC, both immediate awards in the field. He was also mentioned four times in despatches and was twice wounded. He accepted a regular commission and after the war served in Germany, Ireland, etc.

He was closely associated with the R.A.F. as he was seconded to the R.A.F. on its formation. In the R.C.A.F. he has held high staff appointments at A.F.H.Q., No. 3 Training Command, No. 1 Wireless School and has been Senior Administrative Officer here for 10 months.



## LAC J. H. MARSTERS

Most editors, as a rule, do not put their own pictures in their own papers. In the Royal Canadian Air Force orders are orders so here we are hard at work putting out this issue.

Has been at Rockcliffe's famed No. 1 Photo Centre for two years with the exception of six month's temporary duty at AFHQ.

Comes from Montreal where in "civvy street" he was a newspaperman. First with The Canadian Press for five years and then with the Montreal Gazette for six as deskman and photo editor.

## CORPORAL MARJORIE FRANKLIN

Comes from Toronto joining the service in April 1942 and has been at Rockcliffe ever since except for a month's course at Toronto.

Works in the Pay Office as a clerk steno. She is on the sports committee, is one of the main supporters of the craft shop, and in addition, she wrote her way into the job of women's editor of Crosswinds.



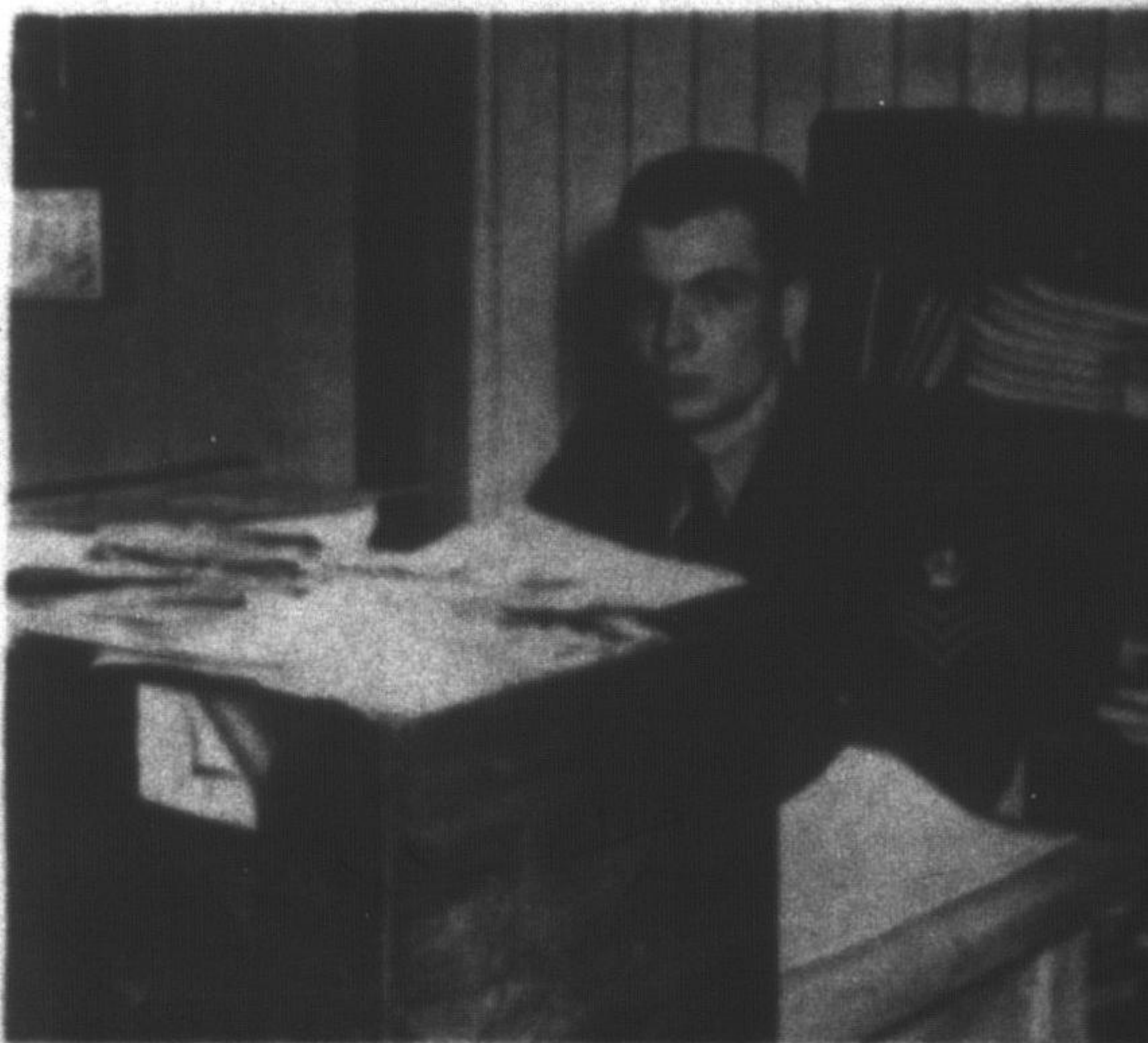
# PERSONALITIES

## FLIGHT SERGEANT J. LORENTZ

*N.C.O. in Charge of Ferry Squadron Orderly Room, he became an R.C.A.F. personality as AC2 Lorentz on October 14, 1940.*

*Flight's troubles were of a very minor nature until he reported to Rockcliffe on the 26th of November, 1941, as an innocent, unsuspecting and ambitious Corporal in charge of what was to be Ferry Squadron Orderly Room. It has never been proven, but is rumored that Jack brought his own typewriter with him.*

*As the Squadron grew, the Orderly Room problems grew, but grew faster than the staff to handle them and as a result we are sure that Jack often looked in a sorrowful review of his carefree days as an AC2. In addition to his administrative accomplishments, he is a keen promoter of inter-unit sports and takes an active interest in softball and hockey.*



## SQUADRON LEADER D. S. ROSS

*As Officer Commanding No. 1 Photo Centre, he has an expanding organization on his hands. Born in Montreal he was brought up in North Sydney, N.S.*

*The photographic bug infected him at an early age and shortly after the outbreak of war he finished a three year's course in Photographic Technology at the Rochester Mechanic's Institute at Rochester, N.Y.*

*He then joined the R.C.A.F., serving in Eastern Air Command twice and in No. 4 T.C. before coming to Rockcliffe about a year ago. He is married and has one baby son.*



## AW2 V. D. COOMBS

*The girl at the extreme left was born on a sugar plantation at St. Mary, Jamaica. Daughter of a banana planter, she worked for the Confederation Life Association, before coming to Canada to enlist in the R.C.A.F.*

## AW2 P. H. S. NEILSON

*Daughter of a Methodist clergyman of Trelawny, Jamaica, she was a teacher and then a stenographer. From meeting men in Canadian regiments stationed in Jamaica, some of whom are now prisoners of war, she decided to enlist in the R.C.A.F.*



# A Night in a W.D. Barrack

by AW2 Lorna Norman

"Guess I'll have breakfast in bed tomorrow!" Norton stretched lazily—displaying to full effect the beauty of her apricot satin negligee; an utterly sybaritic figure sketched against the gaunt backdrop of bare barrack walls.

"What kind of trop is that you're talking?" cried Wigg. Never at a loss for descriptive words, Wigg had a priceless habit of coining a word of her own, whenever her vocabulary failed to supply her agile mind with one expressive enough for the occasion.

"Where do you get such awful words!" wailed Norton—they're most unbecoming to such a sweet young thing like you!"

"But are you ever kidding, Norton," broke in O'Grady. "Breakfast in bed, indeed!"

"Well, I mean it" replied Norton airily: "Look!" and producing a huge orange from her locker, she placed it carefully on her suitcase (used overnight as a bedside table).

"Well, I don't mind people eating in the morning" stage-whispered Michaels, with a glance over her shoulder, "but if you hear me howl like a banshee some night, you'll know it's because I just can't stand any longer those bedtime snacks of that gal over me! Every, every night, after lights out, she crunches through a couple of crisp ice cream or chocolate bars or munches an apple or two. Of course she tries not to smack too much or rustle the wrappings, but it seems to take her hours to get through!"

"Hey, if that's all you have to grumble about, you should be under my upper-bunker! Her feet nearly asphyxiate me every time she takes her shoes off. Fussy little Birch gave her hair a few vigorous brush strokes as she mumbled further: "and she hardly ever takes a shower!"

"Aw, you're a bunch of fussy old maids!" cried Smith. She sang: "I love you! I love you! I loooooove you!" Flinging her arms wide, she danced about the room.

"Well, I can't say the same for you!" said Wigg flatly. At the moment she was

experimenting with a pair of eyelash curlers which she had never either seen or tried before.

"You seem to be having trouble getting glamour-eyed, Wigg", remarked Michaels—"want me to show you how to work 'em?"

"Oh, take the silly things away!" Wigg shoved the curlers into Michaels' hands: "I can't seem to get my lashes hitched!"

Just then MacNab sauntered up to the group. "Say, what's happened to Schick? I missed her in drill today—for once I didn't have my heels walked on—she never keeps in step . . . ."

She was interrupted by a roar from Wigg who, doubled up with mirth, struck her knee with her fist (as she often did when she wished to emphasize a point) and panted: "Schick has never walked on Rockliffe soil—she always walks on someone's heels!"

"Oh Wigg, you're impossible" laughed Norton; "I don't know what I'll do when you're posted—you keep my morale a bright and shining thing. I'll have nothing to keep it polished when you're gone . . . ."

"I never heard such trop" exclaimed Wigg unemotionally.

"Say, speaking of 'trop'" chimed in Smith, you should have seen Collette putting on an act down at the Canteen tonight!"

"Oh that girl!" declared Wigg. "is 7 miles of bad road!" Heaven's what's that?" A crashing of doors and a cold blast swept through the barracks. There was the sound of "ribald singing" and Scotty and Locke staggered into the room and flopped on the nearest bunk.

"Whatta feed! Whatta feed!" Scotty groaned.

"Where were you?" was the general enquiry.

"Scott and I were over at Pip's, helping her open a box from home." Locke stretched full length on the bunk complacently.

"And what did you have?" O'Grady, always hungry, stared—her eyes and mouth wide open.

"Well, first we had some beautiful fruit cake—and then we had some mustard pickled onion and cucumber. Then we had the cutest little shortbread shapes; and more pickle. And there were chocolates and peanuts and gumdrops."

"And more pickles" prompted Scotty.

Norton clasped one hand over her mouth and clutched her stomach. "An X-Ray of your tummy would look worse than any Dagwood sandwich!" she mumbled—"And what did you have to drink?"

"Ummmm", Scotty smacked her lips. "Ummmmah", Locke shut her eyes in ecstasy . . . .

O'Grady: "You didn't . . . .Not liquor?"

Scotty and Locke exchanged glances, as if enjoying a secret between them.

"Aw come on, tell us" begged Smith. "Did Pip get a bottle of wine or—or something from home?"

Scotty rose from the bunk and started edging toward the door, Locke following. "Do you really want to know?" By this time both girls were out the door; but just before they dashed off, they whispered together: "We had . . . ."

"Yeah?" It was a breathless chorus.

"We each had a great—big—glass—of WATER!"

O'Grady made a dive for the fast-retreating figures, but there was a sudden shout from the general direction of the Corporal's room:

"Settle down, girls, settle down!"

**LIGHTS OUT!**



This is **LAC ARTHUR E. BURR**, of Ferry Squadron, whose exploits were told in our last issue. At the time we didn't have a photo of him so Crosswinds sent post-haste for one from the U.S. base where he is now stationed.

*(U.S. Army Air Corps Photo)*

Continued from page 11

hangout "backstops on cuspidors, for the side shots".

It is expected that our rink on the Ottawa River will contribute greatly to our future in the Station Hockey League, but regardless of the outcome of the unknown future, we are certain that a great deal of fun will be had on this rink and the boys from the hangar are deserving of much credit and a word of thanks for their efforts.



# Rockcliffe Sports at New Peak

Another month has rolled around with the sports activities at a high peak. Sports have in no small way, been instrumental in raising the moral and occupying airmen in exercise that is so necessary for one's physical fitness.

It has only been through the conscientious work of our sports staff that an accomplished programme, which is unequalled anywhere, has been made possible to the personnel of this station. Contending with the scattered squadrons on a station this size means an added strain on the P.T. & D Staff.

Each evening can be seen the games of basketball, hockey, floor hockey, volleyball and badminton being participated in by personnel of the various units.

We wish to express our appreciation, first to the Commanding Officer for his interest and encouragement of sports, and secondly to the following members of the sports staff for their unceasing work; F/O K. Hardy, F/O J. R. Taylor, F/S Bob. Fulton, Sgt. R. P. A. Silmsler, Cpl. L. Latreille, Cpl. J. R. Pierre. It must be remembered that these sports are played at night and require the presence of a P.T. & D. I. to supervise.

Picked from the various squadrons were personnel to represent the station

in the Ottawa Senior City Basketball League. This team has shown great promise and should come out with flying colours. They have to their credit the defeat of the Morrisburg Sailors who previously haven't lost a game in five years. We deem it only right to give a brief description of the team.

## Sketches of Players

F/O F. Hardy, manager of the Rockcliffe Flyers, joined up in 1937 and was first at Camp Borden. This is his fourth posting to Rockcliffe. He served overseas for two years with AFHQ and later attached to the R.A.F.

F/O J. R. Taylor, is well-known in football circles having played for Argos, Balmy Beach, Ottawa and R.C.A.F. Hurricanes. He has followed the team throughout the season. He enlisted the early part of 1942.

F/S "Bob" Fulton, was born in Vernon, B.C., but prior to joining in September 1939 hailed from Seattle, Washington. He has established a name for himself in boxing circles, and won the Army, Navy, Air Force Light Heavyweight Boxing Championship while stationed at Victoria, B.C. From there he was posted to a W.A.C. base and then to Trenton to undergo training as a P.T. & D. instructor. After graduation he was kept



**THE ROCKCLIFFE FLYERS** go into a last minute huddle as tactics are refreshed for a crucial game.

there to train future P.T. & D. instructors and later became Chief P.T. & D.I. In May he reported to Rockcliffe. Again he turned to the gloves and was the Ottawa Golden Glove Champion. Last fall he was a member of the Ottawa

Combines Football team. In December he undertook the duties of coach for the Rockcliffe Flyers and it has been through his able and persistent coaching that has paved the way to victory.

F/S Jack Keay, the captain of the

# Male Call

BASIC FIELD MANUAL  
**FURLOUGH NOMENCLATURE**  
(UNOFFICIAL)



RECONNAISSANCE



CONTACT  
and  
ADVANCE

# by Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and the Pirates"

Copyright 1944 by Milton Caniff distributed by Camp Newspaper Service



COMBAT  
INTELLIGENCE



SECURITY PATROL



LOCAL PARTISAN GUERRILLA



FIRE  
POWER



AMPHIBIOUS  
ASSAULT



ALLY



PAY VOUCHER

CHEMICAL  
WARFARE



**FIVE and TENNER**—It takes  
Five minutes to get acquainted—  
and ten years to get rid of her...  
**FLANK IT, YANK!**



ORDERLY  
RETREAT

# Rear Echelon Don Juan

team who is playing his third year with the club. Is a very steady guard and uses his height to the best advantage. A Torontonion, Jack has coached basketball teams in that city prior to joining the R.C.A.F.

F/S Carl Irish, in his seven years service, basketball has always played a leading role. He was connected with the Camp Borden five. His effective and most deadly shot is anywhere around the 20-foot line and only recently he demonstrated this with four consecutive shots when playing against the Staff Clerks. His home is in Ottawa.

Cpl. Frank Wansbrough, a product of Windsor, played his basketball with Assumption College and later played with Buff Horton's Earl Grey's quintet and Trenton Flyers. The leading scorer in the league and a tricky ball handler and playmaker. Twice he has brought the team ahead in the dying seconds of the game.

Sgt. Bill Halka, played with his home town, Brockville, Moncton R.C.A.F. and is now in his second year with Rockcliffe Flyers. It is his fight to the finish that has created him a dangerous scorer. Plays forward and ranges over six feet.

Sgt. Doug. Bryce has played with the Vancouver City Police five and is in his second season with the club as a forward. A good pivot man and because of the six foot three inches height takes advantage of all rebounds.

WO1 Ernie Gobles, who recently returned from overseas action, has played

for Toronto West End "Y" and St. Catharines five. Plays guard and uses his experience to great advantage in a tight spot.

LAC George Medland another Windsorite who has played basketball extensively. Has been in Provincial play-downs. Plays forward and is an excellent ball handler with natural playing ability.

Sgt. Oscar Scheuneman, a native of Pembroke, is playing his first year with Rockcliffe Flyers. Besides competing in the Ottawa Valley League he put in a season with Trenton R.C.A.F. last year when they were in the Ontario semi-finals.

LAC Elmsley "Lefty" Leftly, is not new to Ottawa fans but it is his first year with the team. A speedy forward with plenty of fight.

LAC Bill Segal, who hails from Ottawa, is in his first year with the team and shows great promise. Plays forward on the team.

#### RESULTS OF GAMES PLAYED

Rockcliffe	---40	C.O.T.C.	-----30
"	---59	R.C.O.C.	-----15
"	---31	Staff Clerks	-----25
"	---28	Morrisburg Sailors	---37
"	---39	Postal Clerks	-----23
"	---37	Uplands	-----35
"	---55	Staff Clerks	-----34
"	---43	Staff Clerks	-----39
"	---37	U. of Ottawa	-----24
"	---32	Morrisburg Sailors	---42
"	---42	Pendelton	-----37

## At the Library

"A shell was fired from H.M.S. Artemis which changed face of the war, altered the whole history of the world. Men and women in Siberia or Czechoslovakia would feel the impact of that shell upon their lives. Head-hunting cannibals in Papua, Siberian nomads seeking a scant living among the frozen tundras of Asia, toddling babies in the cornfields of Iowa and their children's children, would all in the years to come owe something to that shell."

And in "The Ship" just received at the Station Library in the Drill Hall, C. S. Forester, who wrote A Passage to India tells us more of the origin of that shell. He gives credit to the women engaged in its manufacture, the men in the mines

procuring the iron for it, and those of the Mercantile Marine who brought the steel from Canada to England in the teeth of Germany's fiercest blockade.

"The Ship" is primarily a tale of the defence of a convoy going to Malta and how, had the latter been taken, Germany would then have been able to use the full force of her attack against Russia. Besides thus reminding us of the importance of our empire ships in the prevention of world enslavement we are given insight into the various characters that make up the crew of H.M.S. Artemis, their reactions to battle and particularly interesting are those who have been drawn, but a few years previously, from various walks of civil life.

# Headquarters Ramblings

**ON PARADE**—It's all a case of getting up in the darkest hours of the morning and slithering your way down the hill to the tarmac in front of No. 1 Hangar. The ground is rough and icy—you stumble and slide once or twice on your way and feel sort of foolish when you land on all fours as you are passing a group of Double-Yew-Dees (you know they are women because of the inane babble you hear). Having recovered you finally reach your flight's cozy little part of the parade ground. You wander nonchalantly around in the dark trying to get close enough to someone so that you might see his face without him thinking you nuts should he turn out to be a stranger.

Then from out of the darkness a voice bellows "ALL RIGHT—LET'S GO!!!" so you stumble over in that general direction. There you find that many of your pals have congregated and you realize that all those other lads you were standing with were strangers. "Tell!!!", you say, and push your way into a line and stand at ease. You throw your shoulders back and you push your chest out, until a lad from N.P.F. comes and stands beside you, so deciding that you're not the Joe Louis that you thought you were, you go back to your natural slouch.

Someone comes close and says, "You be centre marker on the left flank!" So you end up on the outside, then in the rear, (while sizing), then on the flank again (after sizing). By this time dawn is beginning to help the Parade Adjutant (and Staff) get things under way. The officers have trickled down and are advancing and retiring on the right flank. It's amazing how they use mental telepathy when it's time to about turn (which goes to prove it doesn't work). The Adjutant and O.C. take over. At this point the Parade Adjutant is parading ceremoniously to and fro then fro and to, then when he's finished you wonder if he knows whether he's "to" or "fro". Finally he stops and from centre field booms "Squadron Advaaaance", so your O.C. makes a smart about turn and his Adjutant circles him to the left—like a poodle at the heel.

The Squadrons advance—the OC of the Wing takes over and gives a right dress. Preparations are finally completed—the CO arrives and takes over. He is followed by his inspecting staff of eight

or ten—some looking important, some nervous and some bored. The parade is almost over—the officers fall out and they still differ on the procedure of saluting on being dismissed. Times such as they are—wars, more wars, and what not—you think they would try to see eye to eye on such trivial matters.

Another parade is over and you head for the white house on the hill to grab a typewriter and report the following:

**BORN**—To Sgt. Wesley Mervin Watkins (S.P.) a son, Thomas Wesley, on the 11th December, 1943. WO1 N. E. Wright (7 M.D.) ran "Watty" a close second with a son born on 10th January, 1944.

**CONGRATULATIONS**—to S.M.O. Wing Commander H. G. Osborne who was promoted to this rank from Squadron Leader 1st January, 1944. And to Sgt. J. E. Clarke (Band) promoted from Corporal.

**POSTINGS**—S.P.'s L. L. Paquette and LAC J. V. Fry to Valley field, Quebec. Sgt. Warren K. Tilley (Orderly Room) to Windsor Mills, Que.

**NOTICED IN D.R.O. No. 23 Page Six.**—S/L MacKinnon, F/L Farnsworth, F/O Dagenais, F/O Noble, F/O Grieves, S/O Johnstone are (quote) "categorized as Equipment (General) in accordance with A.F.R.O. A/62/6 etc. etc." Question Please: "Serviceable or Repairable?????"

## Untitled Poem

We have a strong, relentless foe,  
But our men too, are brave and strong  
We have the weapons, and we know  
That victory will not be long

Is this a war to end all wars  
Or is it just a stepping stone  
Into a future of far more  
Trials and woes than we have known?

Peace—permanent abiding peace  
Is what we long and fight for,  
That men in wisdom might increase,  
And live, and love, and fight no more

If we survive, then it is we  
Who have the task to build again  
A nation prosperous, and free,  
And prove they died not in vain.

AW1 E. J. Grant



**THE NEW CHAPEL** of Rockcliffe. At the top is the Protestant Section and below the Roman Catholic.

# Padre's Corner

## "Come ye yourself apart and rest awhile".

Amid the hustle and bustle of service life we are prone to forget the very things for which we are fighting, the most important of which is our Spiritual freedom. We become indignant when we read of religious persecution. We believe quite truly, that the fate of Christianity is involved in the outcome of the war, for these forces against which are fighting are truly anti-Christ. If this religion of ours is worth fighting for it must be of definite value to the individual.

Our Lord's invitation to come apart and rest awhile is as applicable to-day as when the words were first uttered. We need to withdraw, from time to time, from the chaos and turmoil of life in order to see things in their true perspective. We need to 're-orientate' ourselves and draw in fresh supplies of Spiritual strength for days that lie ahead.

Our beautiful Chapel, of which we are justly proud, is open at all times. We extend to you our Lord's invitation and trust that from time to time you will "Come apart" for a few moments of quiet meditation and prayer. We know that you will leave refreshed in mind and spirit, better equipped to carry out your daily tasks.

L. C. HOWELL, Ft/Lt.  
Chaplain (P)

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Profanity is one of the problems encountered in the service and in this connection the following article "So You Think You're Tough!" by John F. Desris, Chief Bosn's Mate, United States Coast Guard, is very timely:

"The reasons given for cursing are many. Some men use profanity because they do not know how to express themselves forcefully in any other manner. Others curse to cover up a weak personality; they have the mistaken idea that cursing will give others the impression that they are "tough". Therefore, seeking a cheap popularity, they use profanity.

"It took me a long time to realize how unnecessary profanity is and how low this vice is when used by a Christian. It is not a question of prudery on the part of the person who endeavours to check his "swearing." The argument is, "Why curse?" "What does it accomplish?" "What does it prove?" "Is profanity a sign of virility or of softness and weakness and ignorance?" "Is it more difficult to curse or to refrain?" When it is possible to insert some word that does not insult the Founder of Christianity, when it is just as easy to say "Hitler" or "Mussolini" or "Rising Sun of Hirohito," why then use the name of Jesus Christ in the same breath with lewd, vulgar, and cheap talk?

If we are Christians we should act and talk as such. There is certainly nothing to be proud of if one's talk is the same as that of the lowest, filthiest, most ignorant creature to be found in some dark corner of a slum—an unfortunate being who perhaps never had a chance to learn better because of lack of education and unfortunate environment. Perhaps this loathsome creature was forced from childhood to dip his body and mind in the lowest and vilest of perverted forms of sexual debauchery. To think that a soldier, who is supposed to be a gentleman in the service of a Christian nation, should pattern his speech and conduct after such an example!"

D. M. WILLIAMSON, F/Lt.  
Chaplain (R.C.)

# W.D. CHATTER

Certainly the folk who planned and brought into being Rockcliffe's CROSSWINDS have done a marvelous piece of work and from those of us who find pleasure in the results of their efforts go our thanks and our best wishes for future efforts. CROSSWINDS is a means whereby we can all learn just a little more about this Station of ours for no matter how long we may have been here it seems we can get no farther than our own little section. Those who work above the hill know little of what goes on below and those who work below know little of what goes on above. This then is a mediator. It is also fun to read all the numerous incidents that crop up in the course of a day's work and in future years as we thumb through the pages and bring to mind people and circumstances far removed from our lives at that time, the pleasure we now receive will not be a particle of the pleasure that CROSSWINDS will be able to give them. Yes we certainly do owe a vote of THANKS to the folk who instigated CROSSWINDS.

## CRAFT SHOP

Well girls as you all know by this time our CRAFT SHOP is now in working order and open for business. It seems that this shop has come to hand at an ideal time for the interest in handicrafts presently displayed throughout the barracks should definitely have an opportunity to expand. Those of us who have been airwomen for some time are beginning to realize how we have missed our hobbies. On entering Service life it seems as though each minute of the day is snuffed away and the only time we have for relaxation is that precious span between 7 hrs and 0630 hrs. Oh happy hours that precede the bugle! It is felt, of course, that it is good for us to be busy for once we human beings become unoccupied we commence thinking of ourselves and all our pet grievances come to hand. Isn't it amazing how they can grow? It is therefore the writer's contention that an active life is a happier one and if we can manage to squeeze in a few minutes now and again to be spent in the CRAFT SHOP, time that brings forth articles of our own creation and keeps us in touch with our former life, such time is far more beneficial than an hour of good wholesome barrack room grousing which only brings on a thriving case of the miseries. Also this shop offers a splendid opportunity for us to

By CPL. MARJORIE FRANKLIN.

acquire new avocations as well as new friends. It's amazing the people one meets on the end of a saw or a needle. If you don't know how you can come and learn—if you do know how won't you teach?

## DANCE

It would be ungrateful of us to close this article without a word of appreciation for the dance Headquarters Squadron staged on January 27th. Exclusive of the Christmas and New Year Dances no dance on this Station has received such an encouraging post mortem. It was a good dance. It was the result of many hours of planning and hard work. May those of us who reaped the benefits, only, remember that fact and at some future time when a dance is in the offing be willing to lend a hand.

## DAN CUPID

Yes he is in again. He had a hand in converting Corporal Agnes Atherton of the M.T. Section into Corporal Agnes Wilson on December 23rd, 1943. Our best wishes to Mr. & Mrs. Wilson.

## I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

(With apologies)

I remember, I remember  
The day I joined the force,  
The little paper that I signed  
And sacred oath of course.  
I'm 'traid it came ten years too soon  
And brought too long a day  
For then I swore allegiance . . .  
Now I swear another way!

I remember, I remember  
The place I used to drill,  
The lectures that I heard so oft',  
The forms I had to fill.  
My spirit flew on silver wings—  
They're slightly clipped just now  
And beer fed pools could hardly cool  
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember  
Ambitions proud and high,  
Commissions that I hoped to earn  
And hopes that I would fly.  
It was a rookie's ignorance,  
No joy do I accrue  
To know I'm farther from that goal  
Then when an A C ???!

(By a Mad WOG)

**AROUND THE STATION** The crowd of the Headquarters' dance have a good laugh with Cpl. Ben Silverman. In the centre at the left is a group taking time out, from the dance left to right, LAW Helen McDonald, Cpl. Stanley Oliver, LAC Bill Arondoff, Sgt. Ruby Woodworth, Cpl. Ned Stenson and Cpl. Helen Ries. The next photo shows the W.D. Craft Shop in operation with LAW Munroe, LAW Edna Gilbert and LAW Doris Walters all busy. At the bottom the CO opens the new Craft Shop by sawing the first plank. At the right is the group present at the opening. Front row F/S G. Morrison, F/O Piroth, F/S M. Lackner. Back row, Walter Shea, Y.M.C.A., the CO, Bob Wallace, Y.M.C.A., and W/C E. W. Tyrrell-Beck.



# Mail Squadron Jottings

It is becoming quite apparent that rumors are passing through the hangar without the knowledge of the personnel concerned. A few of these will be incorporated below for their information and other inklings that have come to light.

**HAVE YOU HEARD** what officer received a pin up girl from F/O Gowling and has been going with her ever since?

What LAC will soon require a sling on his arm to hold the different badges. Who is F/O Grant's "secret passion". Is LAC MacKenzie still looking up orders to find out if he can get an extra ribbon for being in two months over the 18 months. It is heard that two F/S's are competing in getting the most ribbons this side of the ocean. Has anyone seen an airman with a W.D.'s coat—we hear AW1 Johnson took an airman's great-coat from the Mess by mistake. Anyone confronted with post-war problems should consult LAC Andrews, AC1 Black and AC1 Berry of the night shift as it is stated they have it all figured out. What LAC had to find himself a new aircraft to sleep in?—they transferred his regular one. Why does a certain F/S always purr on the telephone and the reason why?

What peculiar atmosphere is the Technical Office endowed with—could it be Sgt. Patterson and LAC Dixon crooning? We would like an explanation why F/S Kendrick and Sgt. O'Leary participated in Sports the other day—we have our own idea, though. Why does Sgt. Tavalero expand his chest—it is just a hunch, but could it be that he is now working on four engine aircraft? What LAC is becoming more and more disappointed as he sees the increasing restrictions on buckshee inventions in the hangar? What Cpl played "hard to get" in Ottawa and ended up with girl minus? Is it true that wedding bells will be soon ringing for a certain Cpl of the Discip Office?—please don't keep us in suspense. Which Cpl promised his wife he would never engage in another crap game—believe it or not he hasn't as yet, eh, Bill! What Cpl isn't satisfied with drawing liquor from two provinces but wants Manitoba to move closer. Does Sgt. Lohnes still close his eyes when he is warming up a ship and imagine he is a pilot—is it true he has two thousand hours to his credit on the ground. Since the sign was posted on the bulletin board for musicians, many airmen have taken it the wrong way and started to let their hair grow. How about that, boys!

We hear Cpl Ricard has his own troubles when away from the Squadron; a hint, use the cave man style. Anyone interested in travelling after the war can rely on Cpl Crifero's advise, as working in the Navigation Room has enabled him to compile an itinerary unthought of before. One glance in the Discip Office when F/S Burman is on a 48 will bring to your attention Cpl Lawson sitting in the Flight's chair—is this what gives him that superior complex he has attained over week-ends. What have the boys done to take the smile off F/S Burman's face. Credit is due LAC Obront in his excellent handling of our squadron's sports activities. What F/S keeps reminding the boys that it isn't hay he has on his sleeve? What newspaper creates so much excitement in the Orderly Room—would it be the "Vancouver Sun" AW1 Spence. We hear that Sgt. Halloran does everything he can for his boys but put them to bed—good going Sgt. Is it true that Cpl Roy is so tired when he comes to work that he has to give his details to his men from his private bed room in 567?

## A SCOTCH STORY

Three blood transfusions were necessary to save the life of the patient. A brawny young Scotchman offered his blood. The patient paid him \$50 for the first pint, \$25 for the second pint—but after the third pint, she had so much Scotch blood in her she just gave him a letter of recommendation.

When he takes time to do things, he is dead slow; when you do it, you are deliberate.

When he picks flaws in things, he's cranky; when you do, you are discriminating.

For "S.O.S." Corporal J. R. Marshall, now of Headquarters squadron and formerly of Communications, wins this month's short story prize of \$5.00. Corporal Marshall is also the Mad Wag whose poems are one of Crosswinds' best features.

# The Gen From the Flats

Forty-two feet of coloured ribbon, cut into four inch strips and distributed to qualifying personnel by winsome Sgt. Ruth Bird of the Orderly Room revealed, many a "veteran" on T & D's strength.

True to tradition, the geniuses of the Squadron evolved many types of bars for mounting the C.V.S.M. ribbons and Adjutant F/L T. W. Reid was observed looking over the models before selecting his own mount. Trial and error methods finally reduced the patterns to two main types; (a) an oblong metal strip having two pieces of wire, nails, or cotter pins soldered to it and (b) a cutout model wherein the securing lugs were cut from the metal strip itself. Both proved to be quite effective.

Sports took a decided upswing in January with the formation of a Squadron hockey team, basketball team and two volleyball teams. Hockey proved to be the greatest attraction and manager F/Sgt. H. Higginbottom, ably assisted by coach Sgt. C. Sansfacon, was kept busy selecting a team.

Cpl. E. H. Collier, captain of the "Blues", and F/Sgt. Carl Irish, leader of the "Reds", put their respective volleyball teams through many a tough practice session.

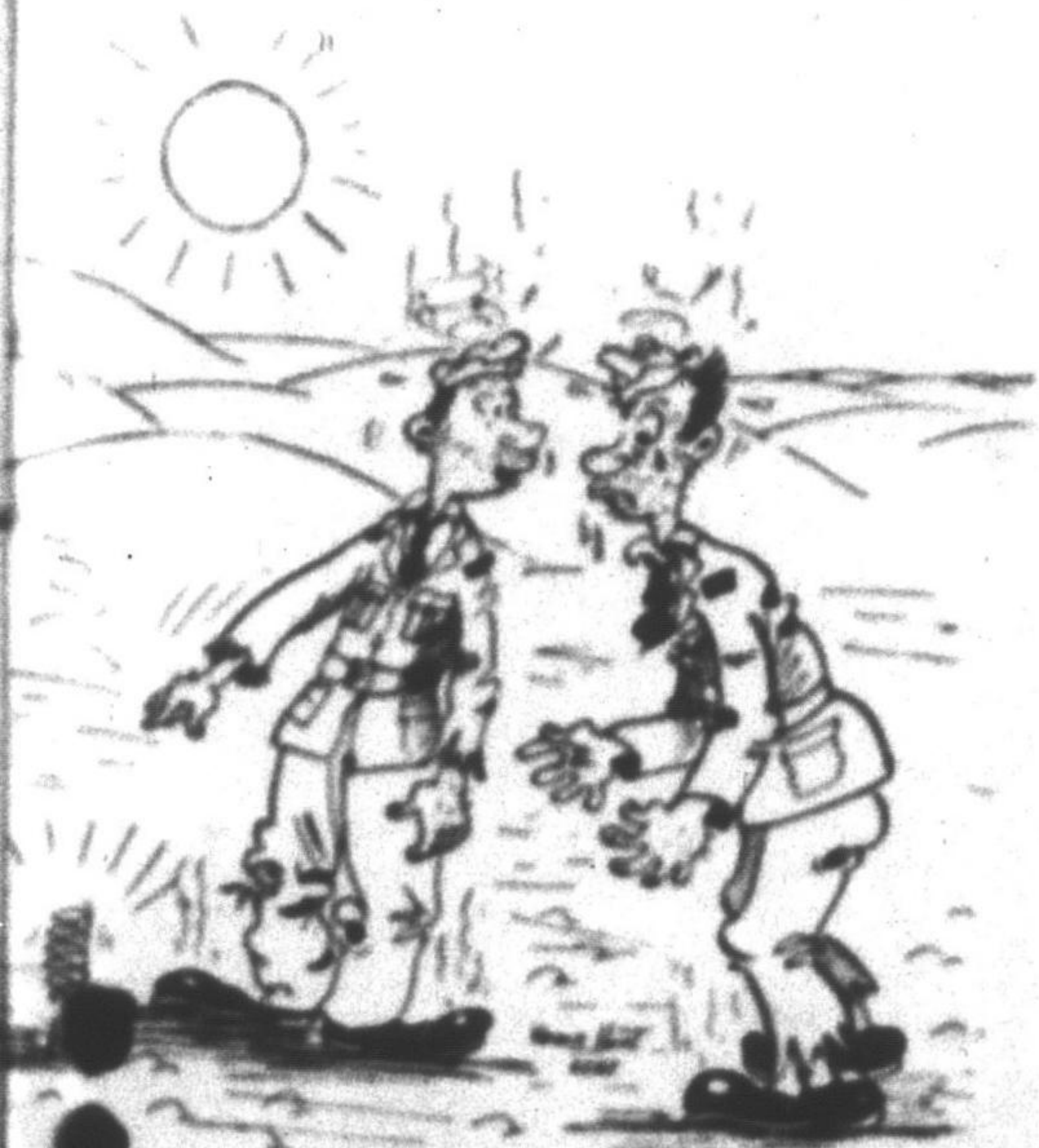
T & D's bowling league continues in favour and, at this writing, the Cansos'

with 35 points are leading the six-team field, closely followed by Workshops No. 1. Although no records are being broken, everyone has a good time.

Maintenance W.O. is one of the toughest positions to fill on any Squadron and, at Test and Development, it becomes doubly hard, due to the specialized work carried on. F/Sgt. "Chuck" Charlebois, present incumbent, has been doing a pukka job, combining the duties of information clerk, technician, diplomat and benevolent dictator in a fair, even-tempered manner.

However, strain and a spot of ill health finally slowed him up and F/Sgt. Charlebois was forced into the hospital. Visited by sympathetic friends a few days later, "Chuck", far from worrying about an impending operation, was as happy as a kid out of school. With the burden of work lifted from his shoulders, all his troubles ended and peace and happiness entered his soul.

Familiar faces among the long-term toilers at the Squadron are gradually disappearing. Included in recent transfers were Sgt.'s W. Gutteridge, L. Vipond and D. Perkins. F/Sgt.'s "Pat" Yandon and "Mike" Clarke with Sgt.'s A. Eggert and G. Davidson, left the fold in a body for the arctic rigors of Kapuskasing—a long expected move which finally came through.



LOOK JOE—A SPRING AT LAST!



"HE JUST GOT BACK FROM GOOSE BAY!"

# 7 M.D. Notes

The beautiful new chapel at No. 7 M.D. was the scene of two popular weddings at the end of January.

The first was solemnized by F/L J. W. T. Van Gorder between AW2 Isabell Ruth Matthews and Pte. Ronald Girdler (Taik Corps), both of Vancouver.

The chapel was decorated with daffodils, potted plants, white crepe paper bows on the aisle and white candles on the altar.

AW2 Danylchuck was bridesmaid and Constable Gardner (R.C.M.P.) was best man and A/S/O D.G. Gratton-Smith gave the bride away. AW2 Stocker sang "I Love You Truly" while the register was being signed and she was accompanied on the violin by AW2 Robinson.

The wedding party and guests had tea in the Hostess House following the wedding and then the bride and groom left for a honeymoon in Ottawa.

At the second wedding AW2 Margaret Agnes Amos became the wife of LeRoy DeForest of the Royal Canadian Navy Volunteer Reserve.

The ceremony was performed by F/Lt Van Gorder while the chapel was especially decorated for the occasion.

Squadron Officer W. Taylor, Commanding Officer of No. 7 Manning Depot, attended the service as did many W.D. friends of the bride. The reception was held in the Hostess House.

Squadron Five came out on top in the recent swimming meet held by No. 7 Manning Depot at the Chateau pool. The winners collected a total of 23 points to outscore the second place holders, Squadron Two, by a good margin.

AW2 L. Bruce-Robertson was the mainstay for the victorious squadron as she captured the back stroke race, diving



## AT NO. 7 M.D.

The upper left photo shows the happy couple outside the chapel at No. 7 M.D. after AW2 Margaret Amos became the bride of LeRoy DeForest, R.C.N.V.R.

In the other photo is the beautiful chapel at No. 7 M.D. which has just been completed.

At the left is the new lounge in the hospital at No. 7 M.D. which was furnished by the Officers' Wives Association. AW1 Edna McClure (left) and LAW "Daisy" Mae Scrogg take it easy on the new chesterfield.



**SQUADRON OFFICER WINNIFRED TAYLOR,**

Commanding Officer of No. 7 Manning Depot was one of the original group of 150 women who joined the C.W.A.A.F. in October, 1941.

After taking her training as an airwoman, she received her commission in the first group and immediately started in the training wing at No. 6 M.D. in Toronto.

Later she became Commanding Officer of No. 6, now No. 2 K.T.S., and she has the honor of being the first W.D. C.O. in the Royal Canadian Air Force.

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Taylor, of Toronto, she worked as a secretary of Lever Brothers before joining the service. She was also a member of the Red Cross Transport Corps.

competition and helped the team to finish first in the relay.

Results: Back Stroke—AW2 L. Bruce-Robertson, No. 5, first; AW2 R. C. Manuel, No. 5, second; AW2 C. J. Henderson, No. 2, third.

Speed race—AW2 J. E. Brock, No. 2, first; AW2 R. C. Manual, No. 5, second; AW2 I. Hayward, No. 3, third.

Diving competition—AW2 L. Bruce-Robertson, No. 5, first; Cpl. J. Morrissey, No. 3, second; AW2 C. J. Henderson, No. 2, third.

Novelty race—Squadron Five, first; Squadron three, second; Squadron three B team, third.

Relay Race—Squadron five, first; Squadron two, second, Squadron three, third.

**DE BALLAD OF DE FIRE  
IN DE SERGEANT'S MESS**

Wan night de sky she's light wit flame,  
De siren blow de damn long noise;  
From off de bunks de airmen came,  
De clerk, de mech, de firefight boys.

Dey ron lac hell t'ward de fire,  
De sergeant's mess dey find alight—  
By gar dose flames leap even high'r . . .  
She is de godam mess all right!

She's wance de nice, big, new canteen  
An sergeant's mess combine,  
Bot now she's just de flamed has-been  
Wit fire before and fire behine.

Dey just get new piano too—  
She's cost a heap of cash . . . .  
An chesterfields, dey have de slew . . . .  
De're all inside dat flame and flash.

Dey also have supply of beer,  
A hondred tirty case,—  
An' food an' chickens, odder gear  
Are piled inside dat place.

Well, airmen dey are brave by gar  
An start to fight de blaze,  
Dere beneath de midnight star  
Dey act lac dey go craze'.

Zom men rosh right into de flame  
Not tink of danger dere at all . . . .  
An' odder men come do de same,  
An' all' around de sparks do fall.

De chickens day get cooked in dere,  
De piano, she's get plenty hot . . .  
An' still de men move trow de flare . . .  
An' chesterfields . . . flames burn de lot!

But still dey stagger in an' out  
In brave attempt save anythings,  
De voice get hoarse as loud dey shout  
Dere face get burned, dere eyes get  
rings.

De night go on at last dat blaze  
Is stooped, de flames no longer rave,  
An' at de coming of de days  
We see de tings dat they have save.

Dose men are very brave dat night,  
Dey risk dere life to save wat can,  
An' pile of stuff dere in de light  
Is monument to thoughts of men.

De piano . . . . she's not dere at all . . .  
Nor paintings nor de chairs I fear . . .  
Bot still dey save . . . (hear cheer and  
call) . . . .

**WAN HONDRED TIRTY CASE OF  
BEER!!!!**

(By a Mad WOG)

# Photo Centre News

Dear Stan:

Just a few notes to let you know how things are going below the hill at Rockcliffe's famed Photo Centre while you are away.

The main news is that most of us are blossoming out with the green, red and blue Volunteer Service Medal ribbon for 18 months service between 1939-43. You should hear the anxious queries about it being on straight and the best way to wear the "tenderfoot" badge.

Badminton is going as strong as ever with the section getting a lot of new ideas after watching Cpl. "Ossie" Osborne of the Copy Room and Sgt. Dick Nixon from the school put on a terrific struggle the other noon time. Ossie took the first game, which was a nip and tuck affair, by the score of 15-13 and then proceeded to win the second one 15-6. Oh yes, I nearly forgot, a certain flight sergeant discip won \$5 on Ossie. After 1700 hours the officers go at it with F/Lt. Neale and F/Lt. Archdeacon showing great enthusiasm.

This time we have only one family addition to report. Flight Sergeant George Craven became father of a baby boy recently and now has his membership card as a D.D.—Doctor of Diapers.

Quite a number of the old-timers are back for the photo instructors' course including Cpl. N. "Monty" Montague, Cpl. Ross Rummery, Cpl. Ted Pritchard and Cpl. Teece.

LAC Verne Morse got his discharge for medical reasons and is now back in Toronto working for the Danforth Studio. The press section eventually moved up-

town to the Laurentian Building as a detachment.

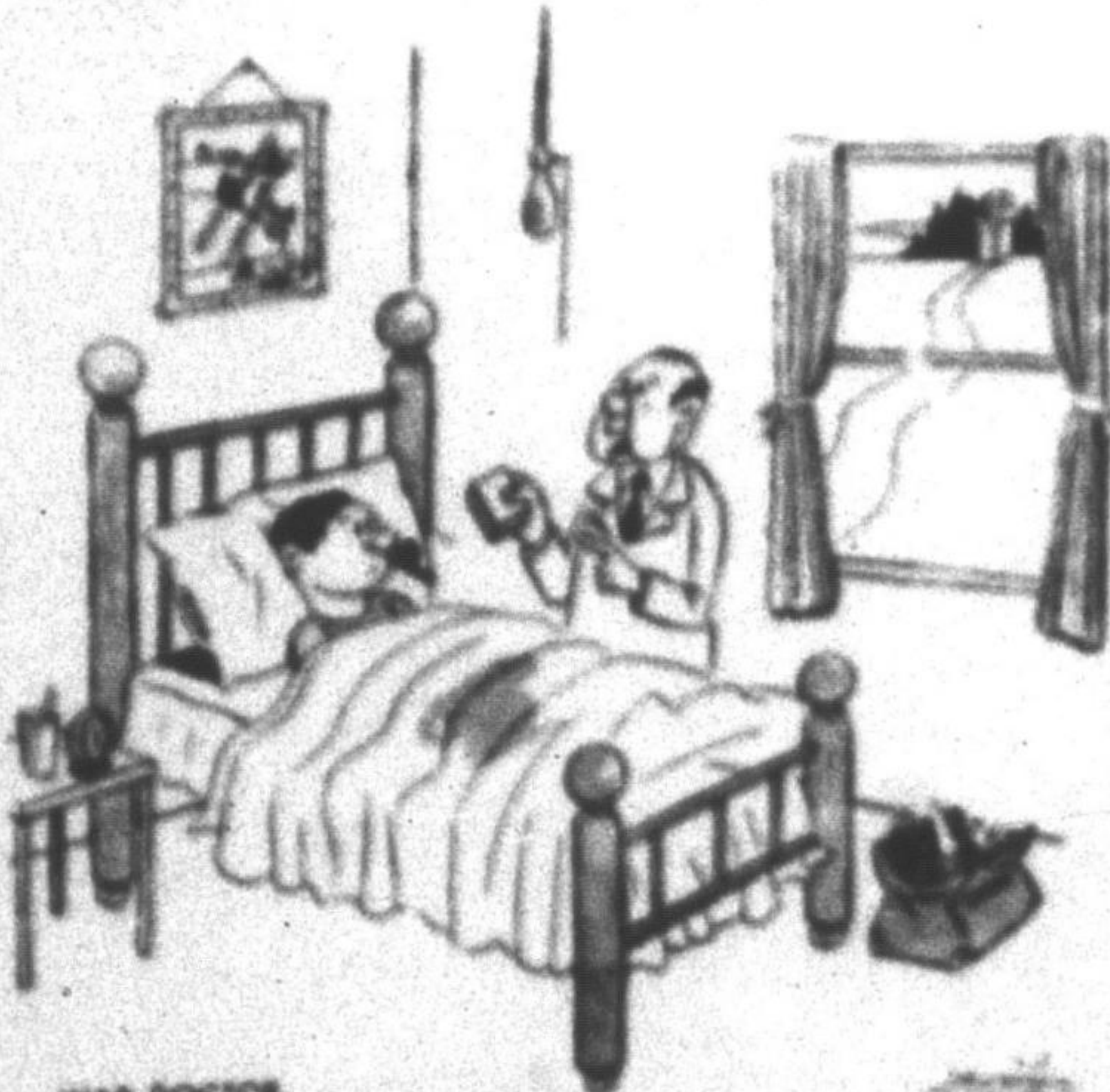
AW2 Brenda Hay-Currie is back after several months of sick leave. She is feeling fine and back at her old spot in the General Work Room. Audrey Double-day is now a corporal.

WO1 Ted Harper and F/S Bill Sherman have been having a lot of fun with a circuit camera the WO1 borrowed to take a panorama of the station. After a lot of false starts it finally worked OK. WO2 Steve Dalton has been getting a few entries ready for the R.C.A.F. art competition and two of them are scenes down at the Photo Centre.

There was quite a delegation from Photo at the Headquarters Squadron dance in the Drill Hall recently with the cabaret type of party going over well. At one of the recent "Things to Come" discussion groups LAC Donald MacDonald of Enlarging and Cpl. Edna Allen of the Orderly Room gave a good account of themselves. The group listens to the CBC radio discussion and then gets down to business itself.

Flight Sergeant Mike Little of Technical Research has got his aircrew remuster and is away for "adventure in the skies". AC1 Herbie Brooker fell off the stage in the Auditorium and spent some time in the hospital with his leg in a cast as the result of torn ligaments.

Over at Photo Reconnaissance Flight the boys had a ping-pong tournament with F/Lt. Anthony Gubb, D.F.C., winning in the finals over Cpl. Bert Snowden. Volleyball is becoming popular but the boys from Photo Centre took the measure of



WAR DOCTOR

"These pills will give you the exercise you need."



"—and you say you started to change when you began going out with girls?"

P.R.F. in a recent exhibition.

Remember Harry Mullins, the energetic dark-haired fitter?—well he got through his I.T.S. on the aircrew trail. Sgt. Don Laing, and Cpl. Ed Craig, both fitters, are still waiting for their aircrew remusters. LAC J. E. A. Paradis recently was a hospital patient—getting

his tonsils out in double-quick time.

The boys at PRF are still laughing about the smart lad who took a blowtorch out to thaw the ice on the tarmac so he could find a tie-down ring for an aircraft.

Well that's about all for now. So long,  
Jack

## As I Always Say

As I always say—where does it git yuh? I aint no filosofizer by a damn sight still I aint completely immon to what goes on around either. Consequently like, some things strike me more forcible than others, you know like the difference between the girl friend's welcoming kiss which strikes you as touching and the wife's welcoming reception which touches you as striking (between the eyes). Which brings to mind what happens when you pay attention to those DRRS that git around as much as a repat what just drew his pay! (DRRS? O yeah Daily Routine Rumors) You know how it goes—youre just sitting in the canteen swapping lies with the nearest erk when someone sez kinda casual I hear they's a draft of GDs going to Goose Bay inna coupla weeks. Jeez, you thinks, this is it. Im due for the next draft guess Ive had it. I gotta think fast so I dont get sent to at girlforsaken place I know what Ill do you figgers work up a good sick story. So you plans to get on sick parade the day the draft is going. (It aint hard to do—all you does is have an extra helping of the beans they hand out at breakfast) So the doc looks at that face yof yours which last night's binge has left a touching shade of pale mauve scallopped with tattle tale grey and sez Hmm Acute symposium of the dellafagassus. You ignore the compliment and he puts you in bed for a couple days. So you have trouble lying on yer back coz yer so busy patting yourself on it and then after you've proposed to your nurse an average of seventeen times a day they gets wise to you and discharge you from the hospital. So your walking down the road and who should you meet but your friend Godfrey and you sez casual like hiyah keed dit the draft git away. And he says oh yeah they sent a bunch to Pat Bay and you sez I thought they was going to Goose. And he sez oh that they're picking that draft today I guess your on it. So as I always say—where does it git yuh?

George.

## MONTHLY STORY CONTEST

\$5.00 Prize

FICTION OR FACT

Minimum — 600 Words      Maximum — 1000 Words

Send Contributions to Managing Editor  
F/L Van Gorder — Chapel

# No Doubt

(A Short Short Story)

You couldn't say he loved Kit but his deep feeling of affection could not adequately be defined by so tame an adjective as like.

Perhaps he did love her and just didn't know it. Although if you put such a query to him he would undoubtedly throw back his head and laugh at you. Though, nevertheless, he did not deny these things . . . these things that bring me so decidedly to the inevitable conclusion I have stated.

One would think he looked upon her as a goddess for he spoke only of her and her perfection. When she walked, she was a picture of complete and smooth co-ordination of movement. She held her head high and stepped proudly. Every muscle followed a symmetric line as she moved her supple limbs.

Her hair he could not describe—it was not blonde and yet it was not red. The beautiful medium into which it fell he could only describe in words he always used—soft, curly, shining. When they were alone he liked to tease her and rumple her hair but Kit didn't really mind. You could tell by the cute way she would turn her head and look up into his dark brown eyes, her own dancing and sparkling. Then he would laugh and say: "O.K., You win, I'll quit."

He had taken Kit out quite often since he had been home on leave, in fact since he first laid eyes on her that memorable day at Mrs. Riggs'. The attention was mutual I believe and, although at first Kit was inclined to be shy, she soon gave way. In the few short weeks they had been together Kit became to him an embodiment of all those things he thought so essential, quietness of nature, beauty of hair among other things, and perfection of form. To Kit . . . well I'm not sure but I think there was no doubt in her mind that this was the man for her, the man she had chosen to take care of her. Whether or not he realized this was not important.

"Well Mrs. Riggs, what do you say? I guess you think I have a nerve asking when I've known you so short a time but . . . but . . . well I would take good care of her always! And I . . . ." he broke off, words failing him.

Mrs. Riggs was apparent of his uneasiness and slight flushing. She smiled sweetly as she said, so understandingly, "I know, Tom, it's perfectly all right. I can understand how she will be comforting sometimes on those lonely nights at sea. She is a cute little thing and has taken to you. I'm only sorry I can't do more. It seems such a small offering toward a sailor's morale. Just a little kitten . . . but she's yours, Tom."

(If you put such a query to him he would undoubtedly throw back his head and laugh at you)

AW2 C. A. McRae.



DID IT EVER HAPPEN TO YOU?

# CLUB OF THE MONTH

The Rockcliffe Badminton Club came into being this fall when the Drill Hall went on a full-time sports schedule. To date it has been one of the most successful organizations on the station with a membership which turns out regularly and with enthusiasm.

Assistant Section H. A. McMurchy is the president of the club with Sergeant Ruth Bird of Test and Development Squadron as secretary and Hugh Stevenson of the Y.M.C.A. as tournament manager.

The club, which is open to all personnel on the station, plays on Tuesday and Thursday evenings. Shuttlecocks are supplied on these nights.

At the present time a mixed doubles tournament is in progress with other competitions scheduled every month until the summer season.

Badminton, however, can be played at any time the floor in the Drill Hall is clear but you have to supply your own birds which are rather scarce these days.

Saturday and Sunday afternoons are suggested as two good times to get in that game of badminton you have been meaning to play for so long. On these afternoons the courts are generally clear.

But to get into the real swing of badminton on Rockcliffe, the Badminton Club is the place for you—no matter how you play, good, bad or indifferent.

## COMING MOVIE ATTRACTIONS

AT PHOTO AUDITORIUM — 2000 HOURS

<p>March 1</p> <p>—</p> <p><b>Is Everybody Happy?</b></p> <p>—</p> <p>Ted Lewis &amp; Bond, Nan Wynn.</p>	<p>March 8</p> <p>—</p> <p><b>What's Buzzin' Cousin</b></p> <p>—</p> <p>Rochester, Freddie Martin's Band.</p>	<p>March 15</p> <p>—</p> <p><b>Dangerous Blondes</b></p> <p>—</p> <p>Allen Joslyn, Evelyn Keyes</p>
<p>March 22</p> <p>—</p> <p><b>Hit The Ice</b></p> <p>—</p> <p>Abbott &amp; Costello Ginny Simms</p>	<p>Watch <b>DRO's</b> for <b>Monday Movies</b></p>	<p>March 29</p> <p>—</p> <p><b>Frontier Badmen</b></p> <p>—</p> <p>Robert Paige, Diana Barrymore</p>
<p>April 5</p> <p>—</p> <p><b>Destroyer</b></p> <p>—</p> <p>Edward G. Robinson Glenn Ford</p>	<p>April 12</p> <p>—</p> <p><b>Something To Shout About</b></p> <p>—</p> <p>Don Ameche Janet Blair</p>	<p>April 19</p> <p>—</p> <p><b>Fired Wife</b></p> <p>—</p> <p>Diana Barrymore Robert Paige</p>

# *BETRAYAL...*

The mid-day sky was palled in death-like  
black,  
The earth was shaken as leaf in gust of  
wind,  
The shadow of a cross was on the mount  
And on the cross, the Saviour of Mankind.  
Tho' racked with pain from biting thorn and  
nail,  
And His poor side with spear-wound pierced  
thro',  
From parched lips He offered up a prayer,  
"Father, forgive them—they know not what  
they do."

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The mid-day sky is palled in death-like black.  
The earth is shaken as leaf in gust of wind.  
The shadows of a million crosses hide the  
mount  
The crosses of the saviours of mankind.  
And still the cannon roars, the skies belch  
death,  
As men with men their bloody strife renew,  
And still those words come whispering down  
the years—  
"Father, forgive them—they know not what  
they do."

R.M.B.