

Crosswinds

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

Vol. 1, No. 6

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CROSSWINDS

Rockcliffe, Ont.

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GROUP CAPTAIN G. S. O'BRIAN, A.F.C., COMMANDING OFFICER

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EDITORIAL

We have a great job to do—to win this war. To redeem enslaved peoples; to frustrate the diabolical desires and designs of pompous Axis powers; to cleanse the earth of oppression and tyranny, demands the whole hearted co-operation of all. In a practical way we demonstrate our will to victory by purchasing War Bonds, by becoming Blood Donors, by cheerfully doing the

tasks committed to us. It is only as each one pulls his or her weight that the war will be shortened and victory hastened.

Cultivation of the spirit of comradeship and co-operation in the Air Force will prove invaluable in tackling post war difficulties. We ought to remember that of the three hundred years from 1618 to 1918, roughly one hundred and twenty-five have seen Germany (including Austria), or parts of Germany, involved in warfare. We don't want to see it happen again. When this war is successfully concluded, it will be our job to maintain the peace.

The sense of team play, of reliance upon our buddies, and of working with them, will be a tremendous boon, not only to the task of winning the war, but of enabling us to work together in solving the problems of peace in an intelligent and co-operative manner. Only in this way will we realize a freedom from fear, want and war.

Let us go all out to finish the job at hand, and in so doing, prepare ourselves to make a success of building a new world.

The outstanding individual contribution to the success of "Crosswinds" has been the work of LAC Jack Marsters.

Long associated with photographic and Public Relations work in the R.C.A.F., our genial and capable Editor has been posted overseas. LAC Marsters has been on the staff

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CANADA

How fair her meadows stretch from sea to sea
With fruitful promise; changing robes of green,
Varying ever, till the golden sheen
Of Autumn marks a glad maturity!
How gay 'mid orchard boughs the russets be!
The uplands, crowned with crimson maples, lean
Long cooling arms of shadow, while between
In sun or shade the flocks roam far and free.
From east to west the harvest is her own;
On either hand the ocean; at her feet
Her cool lakes' sweetest waters throb and beat
Like cool, firm pulses of her temperate zone.
Gracious and just she calls from sea to sea,
"No room for malice, none for bigotry."

EMILY McMANUS

Repats Return to Rockcliffe



W/C C. S. Dowie, D.F.C. and Bar,
Officer Commanding the No. 1
Repatriation Depot.

From Harbor to Home should be the slogan of the No. 1 Repatriation Depot, for that just about sums up the service rendered to returning veterans of the R.C.A.F. by the co-operative staff of this efficient unit. On hand to greet the repats as they disembark from the boat, one of the staff accompanies them on the train to Ottawa giving them all the "pukka gen" as they travel along. The necessary "Repatriation Interview Report" forms are completed enroute, and the long awaited arrival at Ottawa is anxiously anticipated.

Arriving at the Ottawa Union Station they are greeted by the cheerful music of one of the Air Force Bands. The Mayor, some members of the Air Council, and many others are on hand to extend a hearty welcome. Pretty girls with steaming hot coffee, sandwiches, cigarettes, etc., do their part in adding to the occasion. But the big thing is to get home.

Comfortable busses whisk the repats off to the Depot, where a whirl of activity is in progress. Here every effort is made to speed the repat on his way. The average stop-over is about thirty or forty hours duration. From W/C Dowie, the officer Commanding, to the

last member of his staff, everyone does his part to send these men on their way.

The "Big Parade"

After Roll Call and classification comes the "Big Parade" where the men receive their pay, transportation warrants, ration coupons, and instructions regarding procedure to be followed at the expiration of leave. Previous arrangements have been made with the C.N.R. and C.P.R. to hold reservations for the journey home, and as soon as the tickets and berth reservations are obtained, busses transport the men to the trains which carry them to their families and friends.

O.C. a Veteran of Two Tours

W/C C. S. Dowie D.F.C. and Bar has been the Officer Commanding this important unit of Rockcliffe Station since early this year. Having completed two tours of operations with famous overseas squadrons of the R.C.A.F., the O.C. is well acquainted with the problems and desires of men returning from service on the fighting fronts. His first job after returning to Canada was to set up the Board dealing with special cases of which he was the first President. A short time later he succeeded G/C O'Brian as Commanding Officer of the Repat Depot. His efficient and unselfish efforts are given to expediting the repats' journey home, and making their stay at the Depot as brief and pleasant as possible.

Special Care for Casualties

Not all, of course, are able to travel home immediately upon arrival in this country. Some are hospital cases who must receive treatment before being able to proceed on leave. This is where the excellent staff of the Rockcliffe Station Hospital has its part to play, for most casualties are taken there immediately upon arrival in this country. Just as soon as physical conditions will safely permit, these men are given the opportunity of getting to the old home town.

Surgical, medical, and physiotherapy treatments are working modern wonders in the restoration of these cases, and it is a tonic to see the cheerful optimistic outlook of some of these fellows who have suffered so much

in the battle for freedom. Their spirit and courage is an inspiration to all.

Some Aircrew have to appear before the Special Cases Board at the Repat Depot where important interviews are conducted and decisions made. This Board is under the Presidency of S/L F. W. Parker, D.F.C., who himself is a veteran of active service, having completed two tours of operations, serving in the same squadrons as W/C Dowie. Assisting him on this Board are F/L E. C. Common, an Administrative Legal Officer, and F/L H. R. Douglas and F/L J. Kohut, D.F.C., both General List personnel with overseas experience.

One of the features of this unit is their messing arrangements. Officers, N.C.O.'s and airmen's messes are all located in separate wings of one large building where they are all served by a common kitchen. Each mess has its own cooks, but the central system eliminates unnecessary duplication. F/S Towns is the head chef and with his fine band of assistants has established an enviable reputation for excellent meals. This is one part of the Depot that repats delight to visit after necessary restrictions of some foods overseas.

At the right a group of Repats gather in the Physiotherapy room of the Rockcliffe Hospital. To be seen are Sgt. A. L. Wichens, N.C.O. in charge with F/Sgt. G. S. Laws of New Brunswick; Sgt. J. Gill of Toronto; WO1 A. M. Hall of Montreal; LAC Fraser of Regina; LAC Padley of Saskatoon, and F/Sgt. Doris Underell of London.

At lower left a group of returned personnel receive their furlough warrants from WO1 Ram-bough. S/L Frank W. Parker, DFC, President of the Special Cases Board, is shown at lower right.

Plenty of Entertainment

Adequate arrangements are provided for the entertainment of repats while awaiting disposition. A varied sports programme including volleyball, basketball, softball, floor hockey and Borden Ball, interests most, while Mr. Stanley Hill, Y.M.C.A. Supervisor, arranges special tours to National Research Council, the Museum and other places of interest.

Local theatres grant free admission to afternoon movies performances, and there are various dances, parties, and movies on the station in which the men join. Yes, indeed, No. 1 Repat Depot is a grand place, and each new draft from overseas bears testimony to its increasing usefulness.

From the first meeting with F/L Adams, officer in charge of Reception Flight, until farewells from F/L Banks in charge of Despatch Flight, each draft is well cared for by the host of able assistants in every section of the station. With its growing importance we are looking forward to hearing greater things about the grand job this unit is doing.



NEGLECT

You are so fair, oh fair one with hat so pert over your blonde head. I can't get along without you. To not have you with me at breakfast in the morning or that last cup of tea at night would be horrible to contemplate. You mean so much to me and to so many others like myself.

It is true you keep your shape by artificial means and it is also true you are brought to the house by strange men at many weird hours of the night. You are often to be seen standing on the doorstep of different houses, pale and cold looking in the early hours or cool and refreshing in the warm hours of the day, but, there's where people are so cruel, it's not what they are so apt to think. You are not up to any harm. Uncertain and

mysterious as your make-up may be, you are pure. Many a time you have been dropped ruthlessly, leaving you a shattered wreck unable to pull yourself together. Many a man's hand has held you, many a man's arm has been around you, but you have remained your usual cool self, undisturbed by what has taken place around you.

There are times, even I have been thoughtless of you and all you can do for me. Heedlessly I have deserted you and gone to beer parlours, completely forgetful of your soft caresses to my lips, heedless of what my actions might mean. For a while liquor takes your place in my thoughts and actions, but ever will I return to you, oh, you bottle of milk!

W.W.

REPATS RETURN TO ROCKCLIFFE

F/O Goldbloom, who has just returned to Canada after completing a tour overseas, receives his money from F/O Villeneuve just before heading home to Montreal. He is shown at upper left. At the right F/Sgt Towns head chef at the Repat Mess is pictured with Sgt. Chausse, LAW's Hiltz, LAC Manion, AC's Fraser and Rathier. At the lower left Cpl. Laura Smith serves refreshments to a group of hospitalized repats including F/O Bill Sprinkle of Seattle; F/O Ed. Murphy of Newfoundland; F/L Ray Hamilton of Dawson Creek; Cpl. Butler from P.E.I.; and WO2 Lyall Fawcett of Blackie, Alberta. Opposite are a few of the girls working in the Repat Officers Mess: LAW's Irene Panhosi, Betty Crawford, Billy Seales and Elsie Cox.



It's Done with Mirrors

P/O POOLE

(P/O Poole played a magic act with the U.S.O. shows in California during '42 and '43 and was a member of the Concert Parties Guild of Canada on the East Coast during the summer of '43).

During recent months a poll was taken by the U.S.O. among the servicemen in home and overseas camps to determine what type of entertainment had the greatest appeal to the men. This was not to find the leading individual stars of the U.S.O. units but to determine the popularity of the style of act. Girl acts, comedy, magic, juggling, singers, dramatic skits and many other types of entertainment were listed. What type won the vote? Girl Acts? No! Believe it or not, the men gave the high percentage of the votes to magic acts and demanded more and more of them. This, despite the fact, that there are over seventy professional magicians touring the home and overseas camps at the present time.

In the past few years magical entertainment might well be said to have "really come into its own." Dante and Blackstone with their elaborate full stage shows of magical illusions, Dunninger with his mind reading act on the national radio hook-ups, and numerous magicians travelling the night club circuits have all brought this type of entertainment to the public eye. Even the cartoons and comic strips in the leading magazines and newspapers, which are quick to seize anything of popular fancy, are liberally featuring magical situations. As Thurston, a famous stage magician of bygone years, once remarked, "Magic is the one form of entertainment that appeals to people from five to a hundred and five." The old saying "it's fun to be fooled" still holds in this present age. An overseas commander recently stated that a magic show was the only type of entertainment that not only amused the men at the time, but for weeks afterwards, there would be round-table discussions on the "whys and wherefores" of how certain tricks were done. From this standpoint, he considered it one of the best morale builders in the service entertainment field.

One of the most frequent questions asked is why magicians are such secretive people and why are there such definite regulations

laid down by the magical societies against exposing tricks. First of all the method of performing the tricks and illusions is a professional magician's stock-in-trade and he has probably spent years of practice perfecting his act. For an amateur or another professional to expose a trick is actually taking away part of a professional magician's livelihood. When a magician comes on the stage he knows that he has to pit his wits and training against the entire audience and when he performs a trick successfully, or "sells it," as the trade language expresses it, he is in fact, acting the part of a supersalesman. Another factor is that the great majority of magic tricks are unbelievably simple and for the audience to know the "inner workings" would take away the true entertainment value of the act.

Another leading question is why aren't there any well known women magicians. The answer is, there are several top ranking women performers in the United States. Dell O'Dell, in the East, and Gerrie Larsen on the West Coast are two who have played the best theatres and night clubs, and have received rave reviews. Perhaps the fact that a woman magician usually performs in a sleeveless evening gown, not like the men in a tuxedo or dress suit, makes it difficult to pull the "rabbits and bowls of goldfish" "out of the air."

A magician is the only type of entertainer that I know of that will be immediately welcome with open arms by a total stranger -- if that stranger is a fellow magician. There seems to be a form of international fraternity amongst magicians that does away with all language, social and other barriers amongst men. Truly a vocation with an "Open Sesame." In the Spring of '43, I had the opportunity of meeting Orson Welles, Mickey Rooney and Edgar Bergen, all rabid magic fans, at various magical meetings in Los Angeles. While admitting I stared like any

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IT'S DONE WITH MIRRORS

Continued

other tourist when introduced to these stars, however their fame was soon forgotten when discussions about magic started, and at the moment I can remember more about the tricks that were demonstrated than about the celebrities themselves.

From the performer's point of view it is the ideal entertainment act for the services. It is quite possible, as personal experience has shown, to present the same act on an improvised open stage to a dozen men around a coastal gun emplacement, or a night club floor, or in a large theatre to an audience of thousands.

Each magician has his own favourite tricks. His choice depends not only on the size of the show the entertainer presents, but also on the type of show; whether it is a comedy, lecture or pure mystery magical performance. My own particular favourite is a "cut and restored tie" effect. The trick involves inviting a member of the audience on to the stage and asking him to remove his tie. He is then handed a pair of scissors and asked to cut his tie up into small pieces. As servicemen know it is generally the officers that sit in the front rows and I try to get a high ranking officer to come on the stage for the trick.

The tableau of a tieless officer on stage cutting up his own tie invariably appeals to the sense of humour of the audience and lends itself to appropriate comedy. One of the heartiest laughs ever received for this trick was with the co-operation of an English Fleet Air Arm Officer at an East Coast port. Having received the restored tie back he skeptically looked at the manufacturer's label sewn inside the tie and then in a loud voice read out, "So and So's Clothing Store, London, England—I'll be 1/2... — it really is my tie!"

ROCKCLIFFE ARTIST CONTEST WINNER

In the April issue of "Crosswinds," an oil painting by Sergeant Cowley-Brown was presented as an outstanding feature of the R.C.A.F. Art Exhibit. When the awards were made known this painting was adjudged the best picture in the whole exhibit. "Ready for Take-off" was the winner of the hundred dollar prize. Sergeant Cowley-Brown is stationed at Rockcliffe.

"Sir, may I have your daughter for my wife?"

"Bring your wife around, and we'll see."



Cpl. John J. Wainewig at right used to pen exciting arrangements for CBC network broadcasts from Toronto. Today he teaches theory to the bandmen of the R.C.A.F. Central Band, helping to maintain their reputation of being one of the smartest band aggregations on the continent.

WO2 E. A. Kirkwood, Bandmaster of the R.C.A.F. Central Band, is shown at the left leading his men in a practice session. WO2 Kirkwood comes from Edmonton, where, in civilian life, he taught music at Alberta College, and was featured in concert music at Jasper Park Lodge. He has been leading this noted Rockcliffe musical aggregation for two years now.

One of Canada's Finest on Network Program

Generally considered to be one of the finest military musical organizations on the North American continent, the Central Band of the Royal Canadian Air Force commenced a series of half-hour weekly broadcasts over the CBC National Network, Wednesday, April 19th. The Band is heard each week from Rockcliffe Air Station, under the direction of Sergeant-Major E. Kirkwood, bandmaster, formerly of Edmonton.

The Central Band is the showpiece of the R.C.A.F.'s Directorate of Music, which is headed by S/L N. M. Gilchrist. At the same time it acts as a training organization and pool for the other R.C.A.F. bands, a training field for bandmasters, and also performs as a station band for units in and around Ottawa.

In addition to the 60 piece Central Band, the R.C.A.F. has 25 unit bands in Canada, including one composed entirely of airwomen; two bands overseas, plus 20 trumpet and drum bands and two pipe bands.

The R.C.A.F. Central Band is a versatile organization, being not only a marching band but also a first-class concert organization. Also from its membership is drawn a 16-piece dance orchestra which any "erk" in the R.C.A.F. will tell you, is the "hottest band in town" when dance night at the station or the Red Triangle "Y" canteen rolls around!

Hit in Chicago

Several times the Central Band has gone on tour to Canadian and U.S. centres, the last visit being to the Chicago Music Festival last fall when it was the hit of the program for several days. The band has also been prominent in Victory Loan productions and the bandmen feel proud of their contributions. More important, probably, than all else is the band's essential part in the "Welcome Home" ceremonies that take place at Ottawa every time a draft returns from overseas, Ottawa being the disembarkation base for the R.C.A.F. in Canada.

In addition to regular drills and parades, the instruction of the band goes on daily. For instance, there is a regular course of instruction in music theory conducted by Cpl. J. J. Weinzweig, former music arranger for the CBC.

He: "Did you make these biscuits with your own hands?"

She: "Yes. Why?"

He: "I just wondered who lifted them off the stove for you."

EDITORIAL—Continued

of "Crosswinds" since its inception several months ago. A newspaperman in civilian life, he was well qualified to undertake the important task of making "Crosswinds" the finest of station magazines. His efforts in this direction have not been without success.

Our thanks go to LAC Marsters for a fine job, and our good wishes for success in his new posting, to which he has long looked forward.

The fine cover photograph showing a view of the magnificent Ottawa War Memorial is a reminder of the countless millions who put Victory in a righteous cause before personal consideration. In these days of crisis let us do the same.

As a temporary measure F/L Scott, Senior Station Chaplain (P), is taking over the position of Editor.

I.S.

The cover photo is the work of Sgt. Bennett of the School of Photography. The scene on page three is another of his fine shots.

On Looking Back

A young promising W.D. comes in and walks up to the Post Office Wicket "Do you sell stamps here?" she asks. Over her head hangs a large sign with letters ten inches high reading: "STAMPS." We assure her that that is the general idea. "Well! can I have one of those airmail things for overseas?" From which we gather that the lady wants an "Armed Forces Airletter." In no time at all she throws a ten dollar bill on the counter. "I'll take a ten cent stamp, please," she says with a smile that would melt the Gatineau Hills. When we inform her that we cannot carry "change" for such an amount, the smile is rapidly displaced by gloom, and we become the most horrid Post Office personnel ever known. The girl goes through her purse, stares dismally at her "I" card, wades through umpteen and one pockets, turns around to her friend—"Say! Lend me a dime, will you?" Finally this transaction is completed and what was once an empty Post Office now is full of people waiting for stamps, registers, etc.

The next hour or two passes by without

incident and we start to breathe a sigh of relief, relax and bingo!—someone produces a card for a registered article. We quietly ask for the necessary "I" card and receive a blank stare, finally the idea sinks in. "Oh! Oh! 'That' is over in the barracks but this girl knows me." We don't know the other girl from the twenty or thirty behind her so naturally we say we cannot accept that kind of identification. "Well! I can tell you what's in it!" as if we know what is in every letter or parcel. Eventually the girl decides to get her "I" card and again we smile.

This isn't going to be such a bad day after all. Little we know what was in store for us. "What time does the next train leave for Boston? Where would I catch it? Can you tell me what the fare is?" We take a deep breath and long for the "Old Fishing Hole." We inform the unfortunate W.D. it's the railroad office she wants. "Well! I thought that as you send mail by train you might know!"

Exit—Postal Clerk.

Cartoons by Hunt



DROP AROUND SOMETIME AND
WE'LL CHEW THE FAT TOGETHER!



—and when the Orderly Officer asked me
how I liked the food—I told him!

W.D. Chatter

AN OVERSEAS POSTING FOR A W.D.!
After seeing that she has seventeen pairs of stockings, five new lipsticks, and two of the new style issue uniforms, etc., we send her off with our blessings, and transport warrant, and many an envious glance.

All of us are covetous of the adventure she may meet, of the things she will see, the things she may do, and all the opportunities given to her that we ourselves have dreamed of receiving in the W.D.'s since our basic training days.

Instead of the "bounding main" we have the Ottawa River, the ice is all gone and it is blue again, and only the river goes down to the sea. Instead of the White Cliffs of Dover, it is the green hills of Quebec, and the breeze is warm from the hills—so, we haul out the issue raincoat, the faded raincoat, the slightly worn raincoat, and, belting it as firmly as the law allows, we set off to do the job in Canada.

A far cry from the first Spring that we donned it on the prairie station, remember when the first twenty W.D.'s went to that SFTS, the first morning our airwoman went to the switchboard, and when she said "Number please", there was dead silence until a startled masculine voice gave vent to "1/2\$—1/2! Fellows it's a woman." Do you remember our first canteen, when we made boxes into stools, and crates into tables, and then served our skeptical fellow airmen hospitality and doughnuts?

Our raincoats were new and bright that spring and so were our spirits, but now there really doesn't seem to be much in the wind, the warm wind, from the Quebec hills. Write us from England you airwomen! and tell us about travelling on the English tubes, and doing a job on exciting Ops. station. We shall retaliate with the bits of news from our Unit.

There are hundreds and hundreds of us here now, and hundreds of jobs being done, by night, and by day, by W.D.'s, in the kitchens, in the orderly rooms, in the hospital, on the switchboard, in the hangars, and everywhere that a W.D. can fill in. Two hundred of us have enrolled in rehabilitation classes, and twice a week we study art, cooking, sewing,

interior decorating, business courses, handicrafts, French, Spanish, and both High School and University subjects. (We would like to explain to "you over there" that this is all part of a very intensive programme of study for Canadian Women, a programme of peace, to make us better business women, and wives, in a better Canada.)

Our days are partially filled with sport, we came second in the basketball league, and now there is the cry of "Batter up," and we have turned to softball. There promises to be nine teams in our Inter-unit Softball League, and a winning team for the City League. If it isn't softball it is P.T. This rolls us out of bed, with the robin, two mornings a week and, far from getting an early worm, we get back bends and more fair wear and tear on those gray issue shorts than we dare pen comment about.

There is a Craft Shop, and woodwork classes and just work, P.T. bicycling, and a warm breeze from the hills. One of us received a diamond ring in the mail the other day; it must be Spring at Rockcliffe. Spring into summer and the station will be warm in the sun. Four of our girls have been married recently. Classes stop in July and August. We have a sewing machine in the craft shop.

On Monday we watched trucks go by our window with the last load of furniture being moved from No. 7 Manning Depot; on Thursday we watched trucks go by our window with the first load being moved back to No. 7 again. And from the Depot we hear:

The war that is waged down at Rockcliffe
Is a war of ink, desk and pen.
We relinquish our table as soon as we're able
And then never see it again.
Some "vulture" awaits our last breath
To snatch typewriters away.
We reach for a chair, grasp at thin air,
It's gone, and what can we say?
All the buildings are empty and stark,
Our equipment is gone far and wide
But the moment it's gone, they tell us it's wrong
And they bring it all back inside.
Oh! the war that we wage here is wondrous
busy,
Wondrous strange, and wondrous dizzy.

Y.M.C.A. Celebrates 100 Years Service

BY WALTER J. E. SHEA

Senior YMCA Supervisor

So many of you folks who wander into my office in the Drill Hall for a chat or a pipe of "shag," ask about the origin of the Y.M.C.A. and some of the highlights in its long and honorable career. I thought I would give a brief historical outline of its founding.

The story of the Y.M.C.A. dates back to the year 1841, when a young apprentice by the name of George Williams, working in a drapery establishment in London, England, first conceived the idea of what is today the world wide Young Men's Christian Association. In those days, hard work, long hours, and very little leisure, was the accepted lot of that class of young men who were obliged to earn their living early in life.

George Williams set to raise himself out of the careless, thoughtless and godless attitude that was general among youth at that time. He, himself, knew that there must be a higher plane of thinking, and living, for young men like himself, but didn't know exactly what.

Rogers & Hitchcock of London, England, was the firm by whom George Williams was employed, together with 140 other apprentices. Very few of these young men, if any, followed Christian methods or rules of living. This condition got young George Williams thinking constructively in 1841. Mr. Hitchcock, head of the firm, had shown very little interest in either the well being of his employees nor in the manner in which they spent their off-duty hours. Until approached by George Williams, the head man had done nothing to improve the lot of his employees, nor was he deeply concerned in how they lived or thought. It should in fairness be said, however, that Mr. Hitchcock was neither worse nor better than most employers in that era, and that, eventually, he developed a more altruistic attitude.

George Williams decided that he would organize his fellow employees and while only getting but casual interest in his plan, by Mr. Hitchcock, Williams did secure permission to use an upper room in the establishment in which to hold meetings and to develop a higher standard of living and

thinking habits among his fellow workers. Therefore, from this humble upper room in a London drapery shop on June 6, 1844 with 160 young men (which was the actual attendance) the Young Men's Christian Association was born. Subsequently, other firms joined in the movement and soon new branches were established throughout the city of London and its suburbs. Membership eventually increased within a short period of time, to 2000 clean living, clean thinking and public spirited young men.

Not long after this humble beginning, branches were established throughout Great Britain, France, Switzerland, Germany, and Australia.

In 1851, the Pioneer Association in America was established in Montreal. In 1854 the first annual convention was held in Buffalo, New York. In 1939, just prior to the war, records show that there were over 2000 branches of the association in North America alone, with over 1,500,000 regular members and lay workers. The present number of Service personnel making regular use of the Y.M.C.A.'s in Canada and United States and Great Britain is inestimable.

Regarding recognition given to the Y.M.C.A. for its work during the Great War, 1914-18, Sir Arthur Currie, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., LL.D., Commander of the Canadian Corps in France, says in part:

"The work which they, the officers of the Y.M.C.A., did, is not only a tribute to devotion and goodwill but to organization and instruction before the war and behind the lines, as well as on the fighting front. There is no batch of men less self seeking. They and the Association to which they belong well deserve their place in the record of Canadian achievement."

Let it be said by way of fairness and clarification that the Canadian Y.M.C.A. during the Great War, made no charge for services or so called refreshments to our Service personnel at the front.

It will be seen from the foregoing that the Y.M.C.A.'s record of 100 years of successful

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Photo of
H. Rava

Station Personalities

51958 w/c H. Rava

S/L John Meekins is a member of a family famous in Canadian Medical annals. A distinguished graduate of McGill University this capable physician specializes in internal medicine.

After a term of duty with a Canadian Squadron and in an RAF hospital overseas, he returned to Canada and has since been stationed at R.C.A.F. hospitals in St. Thomas, St. Huberts and Rockcliffe. Recently he completed a special course of studies in tropical diseases at Washington, D.C.

A popular member of the station medical staff, S/L Meekins has the reputation of being friendly in his demeanor, frank in his conversation and thorough in his work.



Sgt. P. F. "Lucky" Lovenson is the well known NCO in charge of the Airman's Canteen. Born in Russia, "Lucky" came to Canada some fourteen years ago. A salesman in civilian life, he makes his home in the metropolis of Montreal. The last nineteen months of his service in the R.C.A.F. has been spent at Rockcliffe.

LAW P. H. "Pat" Bremner hails from Kamloops, B.C. Working as a stenographer in an Insurance Office before enlistment, she is now the efficient secretary of the "Crosswinds" Editorial Committee. Since July of 1943, "Pat" has been doing good work in the station stove pool.

F/S John Keady of the Service Police arrived at Rockcliffe in October of 1940 when the station strength was about 500. A fine athlete, he coached the station hardball and softball teams as well as being captain of the champion basketball squad. Married, he has two children, and makes his home in Toronto.

How High the Eagle

By A.L.T.

The full-throated roar of the twin engines that drove the Mosquito high over the field drew his eyes out of the window and his gaze followed the aircraft's flight. He watched the plane dip beneath the distant trees and, in imagination, saw the mosaic of fields, forests, road and rivers that flashed across the pilot's vision. It was hard to believe that he had never been inside a plane four years ago. That was hardly true, though. He had climbed into the cockpit of an old crate that was on exhibition at the local fair one fall. Aircraft design had certainly come a long way since then. It was funny to look back to the time that formation of R.A.F. Hawker "Furies" toured Canada. They were supposed to be the fastest aircraft in the world—at that time—weren't they? They had reached the stupendous speed of 400 miles per hour—in a power dive. He smiled as he remembered reading last year of a pilot in North Africa who had dived his aircraft at a speed of 800 miles per hour, peeling the paint from the wings.

Perhaps it was seeing those Furies sweep across the city in perfect formation, symbolizing speed and progress, that made him aware of the urge to fly. Aviation had seemed so remote from his life, though. Occasionally a light biplane would sputter over the houses, causing everybody to stop and crane their necks. Sometimes he would cycle out to the little airport to watch the Flying Club pilots bump their tiny planes across the uneven grass and into the air. He always parked his wheel outside the gates and watched from there.

If it hadn't been for the war he would probably never have got any farther than the gate. When he decided to enlist in January of '40, it never occurred to him to try the Army or the Navy. The afternoon of the first Sunday in January saw his decision to go to war, and at ten o'clock the following morning he was on his way to the Air Force recruiting centre.

As he walked through the snowy streets, he felt very strongly the call of adventure and a certain elation at the prospect of leaving

the humdrum life to which he was accustomed. War was hell—no doubt about that, even that early in '40—but he could not suppress a little, secret personal gratitude that it had broken the sequence of events that would have doomed him to a drab life at a drab job, every day and every week the same. Even Manning Depot was farther away from home than he had ever been before. He wondered when he would be given his uniform. He hoped it would be soon, because he hated the idea of wearing this shiny, old blue serge another day. Those blue-gray uniforms certainly looked smart. He'd really cut a great figure on those big flying suits, too, with heavy boots and wide goggles. No more going to work in the morning in an old pair of torn, tan overalls!

The thought of dashing gaily through the blue all day instead of pottering away in the shop appealed to him very strongly. He never wanted to test another radio tube, or replace another condenser or resistor. He felt warmly exuberant at the prospect of leaving the business for ever. He grimaced as he remembered the number of times he had traipsed across the town to find out why a radio wouldn't "play," only to discover that the plug had been left out of the wall. Well, there would be no more of that! He smiled as he walked up the steps of the recruiting centre. Soon he would be staring at an air-speed indicator instead of an ammeter, and listening to the chatter of guns instead of the crackle of static.

Two days later he was on his way to No. 1 Manning Depot, to begin the Great Adventure. He could hardly wait—

The door swung open, jerking him back to the present. Unnoticed, the roar of the Mosquito had sunk to a whisper and then died completely. A helmeted pilot entered the shop, a pair of earphones dangling from one hand. He spoke to the silent, tan-overalled figure by the window:

"Will you check the radio in 3047, Corporal? It keeps cutting out in the air."

Rockcliffe Tops Victory Loan Quota

Under the enthusiastic leadership of F/L Buckham and his hard working associates, Rockcliffe went well over the top in the Sixth Victory Loan Campaign. With a minimum goal of \$175,000 it seemed like a great task, but every section of the station joined in making the daily total indicator rise in a hurry.

Led by the Drill Hall staff who secured 371% of their objective in the first two days of the campaign, each unit vied to fulfill Rockcliffe's slogan of "Everybody Buys Bonds." The competition between units was keen and everyone joined in helping his section exceed its quota.

The second day of the campaign was featured by four individual cash purchases of \$1,000 Bonds. An LAW, a W.D. Corporal, and two officers, were the anonymous investors.

Bond buyers were entitled to participate in the Ten Dollar War Savings Certificate draw on the day they purchased their Bonds. This stimulated great interest, and added to the campaign.

A Victory Loan Boxing Show brought 1500 people to the Drill Hall to view a series of five fine bouts. F/L Banks of the Repat Depot was the lucky winner of the \$50.00 Bond raffled that night.

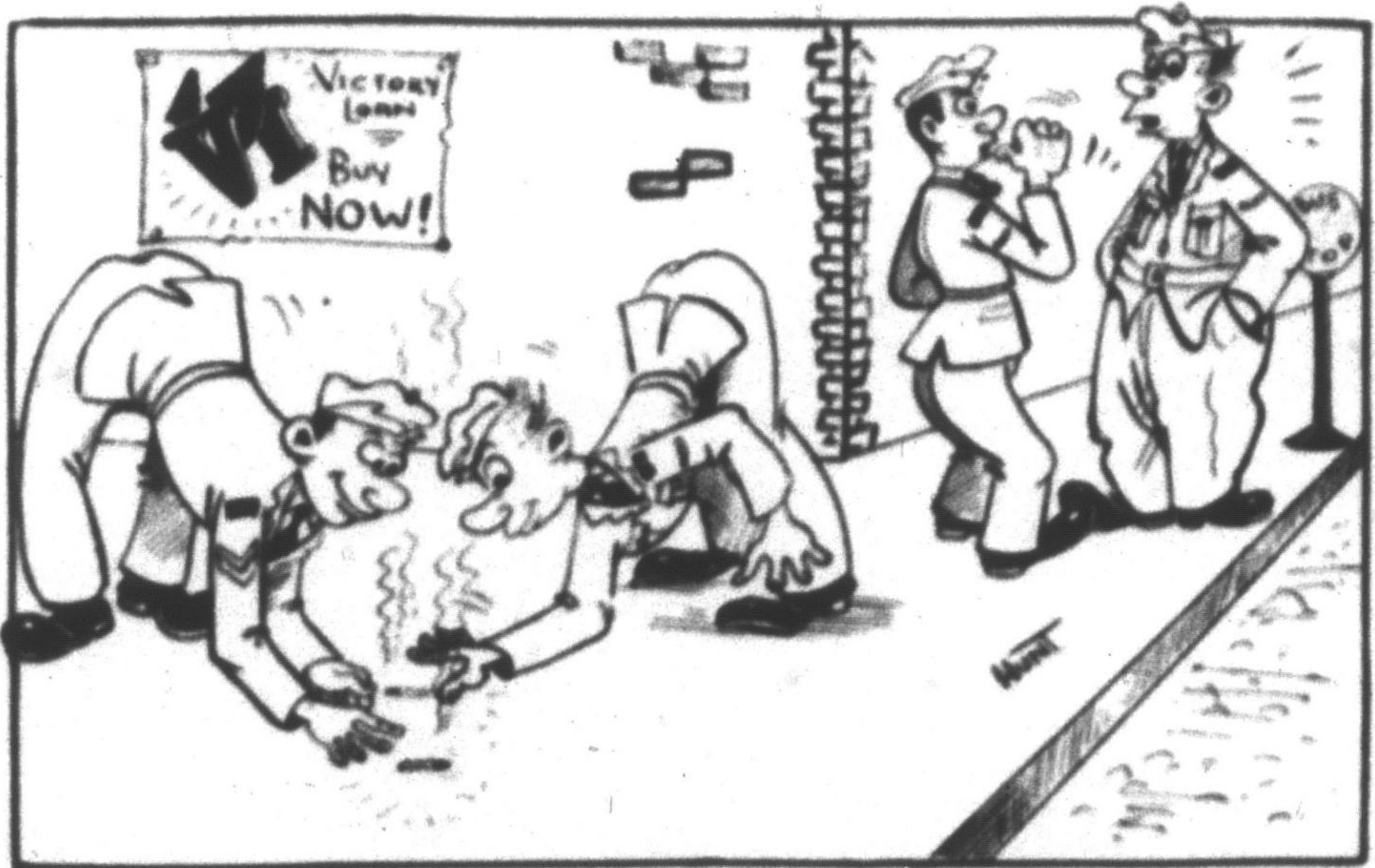
Striking posters, keen salesmen, and sound truck announcements, kept the "Invest in Invasion" theme constantly before the station personnel.

It was a grand all round effort and certainly this voluntary investment to hasten the victory of our cause will be a happy windfall in future days. Then we shall all be glad we were asked to buy Bonds. To us it is not sacrifice but savings. It is helping our country to help ourselves.

Mrs. Busybody, who had two sons in the Navy and a daughter in the CWAC's, was visiting a farm when she came upon a youth of draft age milking a cow.

"Young man," she asked sternly, "Why aren't you at the front?"

"'Cuz there ain't any milk at that end, missus," came the calm reply.



"These 'ROCKCLIFFE BOYS' are certainly doing all they can to make their War Bond Drive go over the top—they are even cutting down on cigarettes!"

Rockcliffe's Summer Sports

Enthusiasm highlighted the past season of sports and at time of writing, schedules and the definite sports programme for the summer months were not compiled for inclusion in this issue.

Early each morning drilling classes are held for those personnel up for promotion the first of the following month. After two weeks of instruction, F/O K. Hardy gives them their drill test. During the day the various sections are present at the Drill Hall to receive their regular P.T. which is generally given to them in the form of games.

A frequent visitor to the Drill Hall to review the various games is none other than G/C G. S. O'Brian, our Commanding officer.

A remark was heard that he has a hard time to refrain from joining the boys.

The Rockcliffe Flyers brought the season to a final climax with the Ottawa and District Basketball Service League Trophy in their possession. Uplands being the runners-up were eliminated in two straight games. The scores being 38-27 for the first and 42-37 for the second game. The brilliant performance of Frank Wansbrough who acquired 21 points, Bill Halka with 12 and Doug Bryce with 5, was instrumental in the set-back to the Uplands team. The season was ended with 23 wins out of 28 games.

The W.D.'s Basketball Team lost a keenly contested best-of-three title series to Upland's





All set to swing into a full programme of summer sports are the P.T.I.'s of Rockcliffe station. Back row left to right: LAC's Henderson, Cregan, Langelle, Carson, Milne, and Monfile. Front row left to right shows Sgt. Silmsier, F/Sgt. Fulton, F/O K. J. Hardy (P.T. and D. Officer); Cpl. Latrielle and Sgt. St. Pierre. Cpl. Sansbury is the P.T.I. of the Women's Division kneeling in front.

W.D.'s. The final game played here was within reach as at three-quarter time the score was 26-18 in our favour. A last quarter drive by Uplands netted them the championship with the score being 33-32. LAW "Timmie" Gunther played an outstanding game with eight points to her credit. Close behind were LAW "Millie" Evans, LAW Grace West and LAW Grace Hayter.

With the presence of F/S "Bob" Fulton, Sgt. "Al" Silmsier and Hugh Stevenson at the meetings in Ottawa, teams have been entered from this station in the City Softball and Baseball Leagues.

A team coached by F/S "Bob" Fulton will be entered in the International Baseball League. These games will be played in the Hull Stadium. Practices are already under way for the coming season.

Teams comprised of the Army, Navy and Air Force will make up the National Defence Softball League. Coaching of our softball team will be under the guidance of Sgt. "Al" Silmsier.

An inter-unit softball league is being formed and as yet it is not known how many teams will make up the league.

The W.D.'s have entered a team in the Inter-Service Softball League in Ottawa. Hugh Stevenson is handling the coaching duties and the team has had numerous work-outs. A W.D. Softball League on the station is being arranged by Cpl. "Sandy" Sansbury.

A monstrous Sixth Victory Loan Boxing Tournament is being held in the Drill Hall on Wednesday, 26th April. This is to be the largest boxing show ever displayed at Rockcliffe Station. There will be some of the finest boxers in Eastern Canada participating. Representing Rockcliffe we have F/S "Bob" Fulton, Ottawa Golden Glove Champion; LAC Len Cregan, former Ottawa Golden Glove Champion; LAC Don Apple; LAC Zeke Cann and LAC Scheuneman. Representing Trenton—F/S "Hub" Smith, former Eastern Canada Golden Glove Champion, and LAC McPeake, Alberta Golden Glove Champion. From the R.A. Club in Ottawa—Greene and Rossie. Cpl. Fowler from Dunnville and Helford from the Navy. On the same card will be a wrestling match in which F/O Crisp of Rockcliffe vs. Sgt. Ouimet of St. Hubert.

A soccer team will represent this station

(Continued on page 27)

The Gen from the Flats

The Orderly Room at Test and Development Establishment took on the appearance of a minor version of the Ottawa Union Station last month with a steady influx and outflow of transferred personnel. Many familiar faces, including Sgts. "Doug" Jones, "Bob" Rees, "Griff" Griffiths, and others, disappeared from the Unit, while a goodly number of new names appeared on the roll-call.

Sprucing-up of the Unit buildings was completed with a spot of spring-cleaning thrown in for good measure. Clean-up and salvage operations were also carried out on the pile of rubble remaining from the destruction by fire of T. & D.'s Workshops. In their temporary quarters in the Flying Flight Hangar, Workshops personnel were busy installing and using new power machinery, and dreaming of a brand-new workshop to be built in the future.

Club T. & D. held a dance and buffet luncheon at the Trocadero in Westboro, on

April 4th. The hall, being somewhat off the main highway, proved to be rather difficult to locate by many of the personnel, which may be one reason for a rather poor attendance.

A T. & D. sponsored station dance at the Drill Hall on April 12th, was well attended and seemed to be enjoyed by all present.

Despite the rather chilly winds blowing across the airfield in April, various signs of spring were apparent. There was a renewal of squadron drill with a great "to-do" of marching and countermarching, and a general perusing of C.A.P. 90, by interested personnel. Cpl. D. C. Horncastle and LAC. J. A. G. Frenette entered the Station Hospital for a spring overhaul and Sgt. Ruth Bird broke a finger playing softball. There were also the first faint signs of summer sports, with the badminton net being erected outdoors, and teams being organized for Borden-Ball and Softball.

(Continued on page 25)

COMING MOVIE ATTRACTIONS

AT PHOTO AUDITORIUM—2000 HOURS

<p>May 18</p> <p>Leopard Man</p> <p>Dennis O'Keefe, Margo</p>	<p>May 22</p> <p>Happy Go Lucky</p> <p>Mary Martin, Dick Powell, Rudy Vallee</p>	<p>May 25</p> <p>Pot O'Gold</p> <p>Paulette Goddard, Jimmy Stewart</p>
<p>May 29</p> <p>Government Girl</p> <p>Olivia De Havilland, Sonny Tufts</p>	<p>Watch D.R.O.'s for Special Movies</p>	<p>June 1</p> <p>Trade Wind</p> <p>Frederic March, Joan Bennett</p>
<p>June 5</p> <p>In Our Time</p> <p>Ida Lupino, Paul Henreid, Nancy Coleman</p>	<p>June 8</p> <p>The Iron Major</p> <p>Pat O'Brien, Ruth Warrick, Robert Ryan</p>	<p>June 12</p> <p>Passage to Marseilles</p> <p>Humphrey Bogart, Claude Rains, Michele Morgan</p>

Photo Centre News

Familiar faces are always appearing around No. 1 Photo Centre either for Photographic Courses or just on casual visits. Sgt. E. F. Nightingale, Cpl's S. A. Green and M. Y. Davidson came in for a course. LAC "Robbie" Robinson keeps popping up from "Y" Depot and Cpl. Ruth Ralson spent a 48 in Ottawa.

Farmerettes who went on Spring Farm Leave were Cpl. Dudleyke, LAW'S Larson and Halstead. The latter two claim top honours as Tractor Drivers. LAC Jessop from PRF has also returned to farming for a spell.

Everybody has felt the loss of F/O A. E. Wright, our congenial Adjutant, who was posted Overseas, but S/O Zella Batchelor got a great welcome when she arrived to take up her duties as Adjutant.

Births at this unit have not slackened off this month. Sgt. Pete Young became father to another daughter while F/Sgt's McMillan and Melrose were blessed with their first daughter and son respectively, thereby becoming eligible for the Doctor of Diaper Certificate. Congratulations to WO1 Dalton on his promotion. Our very best wishes go to F/S Rollie Ford and LAW Hazel Haroldson who tied the knot on April 14th. Cpl. Craig is next on the list for being married in Windsor some time in May.

With approval given to make a Sports Field at No. 1 P.C. it is expected our personnel will be able to make sweeping gains in all competitive games held on the Station this summer. Efforts are being made to install an Archery Range also.

WO1 Ted Haper beamed from ear to ear when presented with a Golf Trophy for being the most generous of all golfers. He has been keeping many in "pin" money and it seems his golf balls go about as straight as his horses. Speaking of horses he has organized a group of AW's into a riding club and it will, no doubt, greatly relieve the chair shortage in the Section.

PRF are working very hard on their Mitchells to get them ship-shape for summer operations. F/L Gubb has again won top ping pong honours, eliminating LAC Bill Segal. Interest as to who will win the Invasion Pool at PRF is running high.

No doubt No. 1 P.C. as in previous loans, will exceed its quota of \$15,200 in the 6th Victory Loan. On the opening day we made a record by subscribing well over 70% of our quota.

Photographic personnel were among those who shivered on the Station Wing Parade Friday Morning, April 21st. Isn't 0715 hrs. an unearthly hour to arrive on the Station though?

The Order of the Gold Fish Bowl has moved from its Winter headquarters in the School of Photo. to summer quarters outside and F/S "At" Cohoon is busily engaged in putting the pool complete with rock garden. A disciplinarian's scourging ability has helped no end in this year's moving. Speaking of disciplinarians, they are always ordering us to be on parade 5 minutes early, but have you ever heard of one arriving one hour early? One of the few times discip's blush is our guess.

Once more a certain F/Sgt. has hit the headlines. This time he was trying to rush the fishing season and in so doing went in for a swim also. How was the water, Uchi?

Those crazy bicycle riders from photographic are on the roads again so beware all pedestrians.

Y.M.C.A. CELEBRATES 100 YEARS SERVICE—Continued

service to men under every conceivable condition and circumstance, is indeed a proud one and one which can be shared by every public spirited person who has stood behind the Association in its world-wide efforts to encourage a Christian fellowship, and to develop character, plus moral and physical fitness.

In St. Paul's Cathedral, where George Williams is buried in close company with England's great admirals, Lord Jellicoe, (who died but a few weeks before), and Lord Nelson, there is a tablet inscribed with the closing sentences of George Williams "last Speech."

"My last legacy," it reads, "and it is a precious one, is the Young Men's Christian Association. I leave it to you young men of many nations to maintain and extend. May you be as happy in its service as I have been, and twice as successful."

H.Q. Ramblings

Hatches— Congratulations to Cpl. Ed. Lidkea who became a father for the second time on the 25th of April/44.

Matches— Congratulations to F/Sgt. "Steve" Stephens of Flying Control who was married on Saturday the 23rd April and also on his commission.

Despatches— Good luck to LAC Murray Wilton and LAC Jack Keenan of Pay Accts. who were posted o'seas. and to F/Sgt. I. S. "Buck" Buckley who now graces the offices of DAPS.

The Writer must apologize to F/Sgt. Roney of Pay who hasn't turned up on PT since he read the remarks in this column last issue. We was only kiddin' Frank, honest!!! Everyone turns up on morning parades nowadays and on time too. There was a time when Cpl. Marcel Casault was "dinged" so often for being late that he began to wonder what the heck they meant by "FREE French."

We welcome another "Jerk Accountant" in the person of Sgt. Earl Gray—don't worry, Earl, you'll get used to it! (Rockcliffe pay office, I mean.)

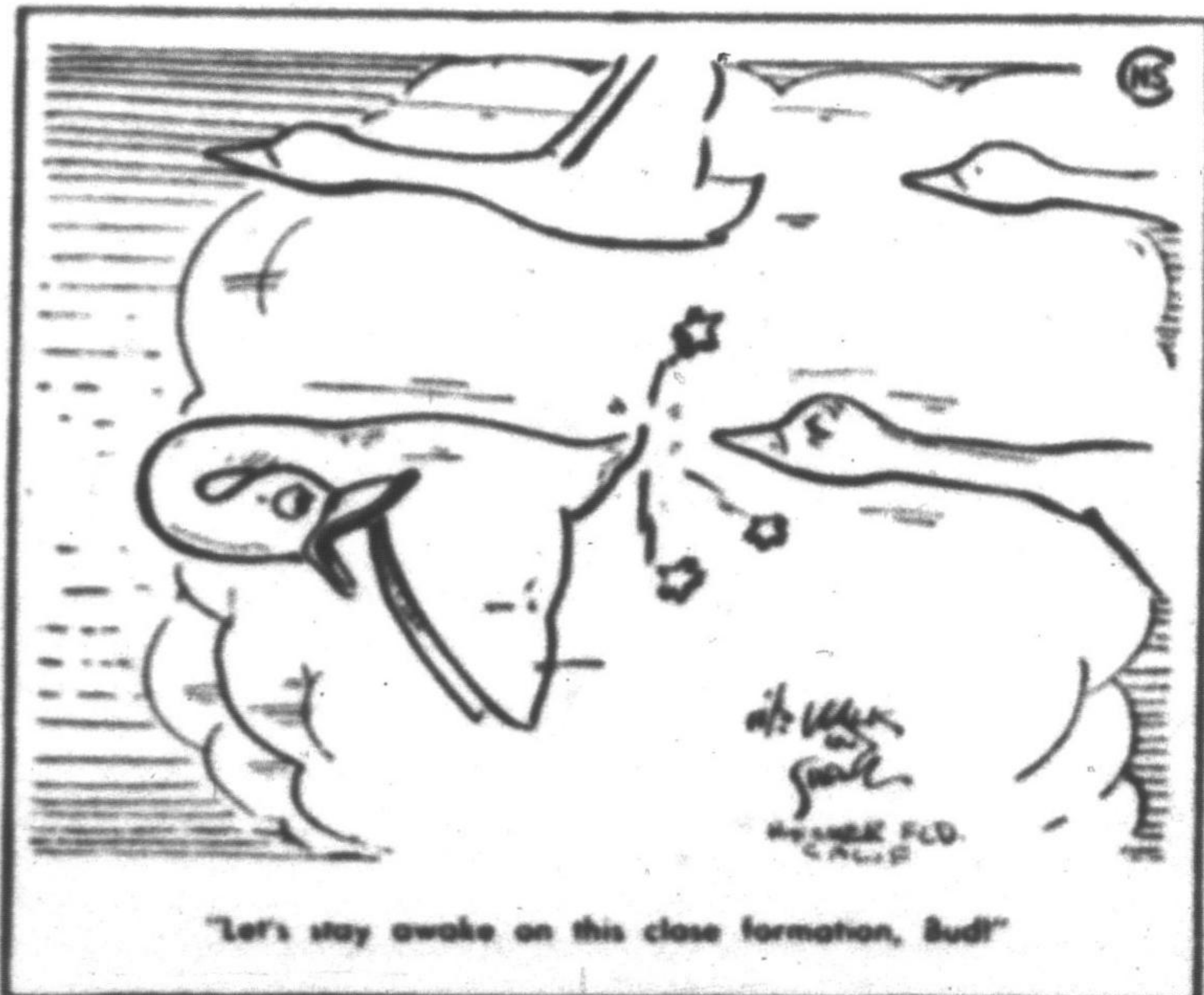
Those who remember WO1 Bill Cordwin, former S.W.O., will be interested to know that he informed the writer he is now an "A" Group Civilian. He once asked for a coat of arms for the Discip. Section and suggested two snails rampant on a background of red tape!!!

LAW Nesbitt writes the following news of the Equipment accounts:

Sgt. Bill Davy has left Equip. for Moncton and our best wishes go with him. In his memory we have concocted the following:

There once was a Sergeant named Davy,
Who thought of joining the Navy,
But the Air Force got,
What the Navy did not,
That's why we still have a Navy!!!

Congratulations are extended to LAC André Dupont and LAC Joe Vaive, who have decided to take the fatal step. Joe is being married toward the end of May but André won't commit himself.



Chaplains' Columns

EMERGENCY RELIGION?

The ordeal and rescue of Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker and his companions is doubtless one of the great stories of the war. Their suffering under a merciless Pacific sun, subject to all the perils and privations of spending twenty-one days in a rubber life raft on treacherous ocean waters before rescue came, is a story well known.

As these men faced death on the boundless waters of the Pacific, they realized that they needed the help of God. As they read from the New Testament that Private Bartek carried, and prayed, they found that God was real, that He was the Ruler of the universe, and that He was merciful even unto them.

Lt. Whittaker, the co-pilot, in describing his personal experience in a copyrighted Chicago Tribune story, said: "I was an atheist. But from my companions I learned to pray. I saw prayer answered . . . There can be no atheists in rubber rafts amid whitecaps and sharks. My entire life has been changed by the events that began October 20, 1942. It is a day I'll never forget."

We are thankful as we learn of such evidences of men placing their faith in God during times of dire stress. Especially so when we read of them continuing to keep the faith when the time of danger is over. But perhaps from reading of such remarkable experiences we have come to the conclusion that Christianity is some sort of an emergency religion that we ought to pray to God only in times of grave trouble. This ought not to be so.

Christianity is an every day religion. It is a life to be lived—a life yielded to God, controlled by Christ, and empowered by the Holy Spirit. Let us endeavour to "seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness" that at all times we may be His children. Remember your devotions daily. In this way alone we shall know that abundant life which Jesus Christ came into the world to give to all who would come unto Him.

I. SCOTT, F/L,
Senior Station Chaplain (P)

FIRST THINGS FIRST

Some months ago a sort of Gallup Poll was taken in the R.C.A.F. on the interest shown by Service personnel in post-war rehabilitation. The results were deplorable. A survey made today would be, I am sure, much more gratifying. And this is of good omen.

However, in all discussions on rehabilitation one thing is noticeable: it is all material. The problem seems to be only one of being provided with or having the means of providing one's self with physical well-being, comfort and a fair share of pleasures. The discussion is whether our population and specially members of the Armed Forces will be equipped to get it themselves or whether it will be presented to them to a certain extent on a silver platter.

Outside of churches little is heard of moral rehabilitation, the restoration of the principles of natural and Divine law as the inspiration of human life. Some social problems are forcibly brought before the public mind which are essentially moral, but are hardly treated as such. Cases in point are juvenile delinquency and the terrifying prevalence of V.D. We pat ourselves on the back and put all the blame on war conditions, when we know deep down in our hearts that juvenile delinquency is due to the laxity of adult morality. War-conditions have only served to bring the boil to a head.

We are spending much precious time and huge sums of money in an anti-V.D. campaign. Well and good! It is necessary. But as long as we refuse to consider the problem as a moral one instead of as a purely physical or medical question we are missing the mark. As long as we are willing to condone immorality, V.D. will ever be on the increase, regardless of all prophylactic precautions or treatments.

By all means let us provide now for the material welfare of the whole world, but keeping in mind that more important still is the restoration of the natural and Divine laws in Society. First things first.

I. M. BELANGER, F/L,
Station Chaplain (R.C.)

Discharge Answers

Q. What do ex-service personnel get on discharge from the Armed Forces?

A. At present, regulations provide for thirty days' pay and one month's dependents' allowance if service personnel have had 183 days' continuous service. The clothing allowance recently has been raised to \$65.00, not payable, however, to officers. A free railway warrant is given to the man's home community at the time of entering the service, or to any other place, provided no extra cost of transportation is involved.

Q. What about furlough pay?

A. This applies to those with overseas service. Depending on the period spent overseas, full pay and allowances may be paid on return from overseas for a period up to thirty days.

Q. Are all ex-service personnel entitled to these discharge allowances?

A. No. If the ex-service personnel are discharged for reasons of misconduct, the discharge allowances do not apply. If they are discharged at their own request, or if an officer resigns his commission, they do not apply.

Q. What about medical and dental treatment?

A. As a matter of routine, all service personnel are given a complete medical and dental check before discharge. Necessary treatment is noted and personnel are eligible for that treatment free of charge for one year after discharge. Application for the dental treatment, shown as necessary at the discharge examination, must be made within 90 days of discharge, although there is provision under treatment regulations for dental treatment also during the year following discharge. Pensioners are entitled to treatment for life.

Q. What department takes care of discharged allowances?

A. Discharge procedure and allowances are the responsibility of the Department of National Defence. Once the discharge procedure is complete, ex-service personnel

come under the program of the Department of Pensions and National Health.

Q. What information am I given on the rehabilitation program on discharge?

A. Literature which has been prepared on the program has been distributed to unit officers. You should receive this directly authority has been granted for your discharge. The services of Veterans' Welfare Officers are available to advise and assist you. They can be found in Employment and Selective Service Offices in key centres across Canada. If there is no Veterans' Welfare Officer in your community, your local branch of the Canadian Legion has the necessary information and its officers will be glad to advise you.

ROCKCLIFFE'S SUMMER SPORTS— Continued

in the Ottawa and District Inter-Service Soccer League. F/S McArdle will coach the team. The league is comprised of seven teams. Exhibition games will be played between the units on the station.

Bordenball is being introduced and a League schedule will be drawn up for the Station. This is being handled by Sgt. St. Pierre and Cpl. Latreille.

An archery club is to be started in the near future for personnel who are interested in this particular sport.

A track and field meet to be held once a month is now under discussion.

Ten tennis courts are to be made available shortly for those desiring to play.

Our badminton players were hosts to Air Force Headquarters players and honours were fairly well divided. An enjoyable evening was had by all and refreshments were served during the latter part of the evening.

Every endeavour has been made by the P.T. staff to include sports that can be participated in by all personnel. If there is some sport you play not being encouraged we wish to inform you to contact F/O K. Hardy in the Drill Hall and he will discuss its possibilities.

O. W. SCHEUNEMAN, SGT.,
Sports Editor, Station Magazine

AROUND THE STATION. G/C O'Brian, AFC, presents War Savings Certificates to participants in the Victory Loan Boxing Show in upper left photo. LAC Harry Carson and LAC Auriel Myre are the recipients. In the upper right the Victory Loan Staff includes F/I Buckham, P/O McPherson, Sgt. Aubin, LAW Devereaux and AW1 Witney. In the centre left a group in the Airmen's Mess. F/Sgt. Lalonde demonstrating to LAW's Mallard and Moran and AW's O'Rourke, Gray, Kerluik and Mr. Albert Rehaume. At the right an action shot of Petty Officer Halferty and LAC Cann with F/S Cartier referee. In the bottom left F/L McIntosh, O.C. of the Mail Squadron, presents sweaters to winners of unit Bowling League, left to right: Sgt. Halloran, captain of the team stands beside F/O Gowling, Adj. The prize winners are Sgt. Whitehead, LAC Donegan, LAC Rodgers, LAC Sutton, Cpl Blain, LAC Lloyd. At the right is a group attending the closing banquet of the T. & D. Bowling League.



The Hospital Talks Back

Scalpel Scrapings

A successful medical meeting was held April 27th at Rockcliffe. Guest speakers were Dr. H. R. Griffith, President of the Canadian Society of Anaesthetics, W/C R. Brown, A.F.H.Q., S/L H. Dunham, Senior Medical Officer, Trenton, S/L Ashley, Senior Medical Officer, Kingston. In addition, members of Rockcliffe Hospital staff presented cases. The meeting was concluded with entertainment by P/O Poole who, besides being an experienced laboratory worker, is a clever magician. Sgt. Cuche and his kitchen staff provided refreshments.

The members of the Sergeants' Mess, Rockcliffe, have generously donated furnishings for one Senior N.C.O.'s ward. These were selected by F/S Flesher and are sure to improve the comfort of N.C.O. patients.

The Senior Medical Officer, on behalf of the Red Cross, wishes to thank all those Rockcliffe personnel who attended the Blood Donors Clinic at the hospital last month.

We wish to welcome two additions to our nursing staff—N/S V. T. Stokes of Coleman, Alberta, and N/S H. M. McLennan of Toronto. The former graduated from the University of

Alberta Hospital and for some time studied Public Health at U.B.C. She is married to an R.C.A.F. Navigator now stationed in Nassau. N/S McLennan is a graduate of Toronto General Hospital and the University of Toronto. She joined the R.C.A.F. in 1941 and has just been posted here, after serving eight months at Gander.

The following hospital personnel arrived during the past month. We hope they like our station:

AWI Ruth Girdler of Vancouver, who has been a practical nurse for over three years in the Glen Hospital.

LAW Maurina Russell, who is a chef and comes from North Sydney, N.S. She would be interested in meeting others from her home town.

LAW Pearl Culligan from Kitchener was a munitions worker prior to enlistment. She has one brother in the U.S. Army Air Corps and four sisters in the R.C.A.F. (WD).

AWI Miriam McDonald whose home is Toronto, came to us from Trenton. Her father is with the Army overseas and she is anxious to join him.

Cpl Gwen Barber of Vancouver is a chef and was trained as a dietitian at Alma College. Gwen joined the R.C.A.F. in November, 1941.

Monthly Story Contest

\$5.00 Prize

Fact or Fiction

Send Contributions to Chapel

Dr. Snerd's Column

Advice is still forthcoming from S/L Snerd. Why suffer in silence? Your troubles can be efficiently solved by a query addressed to this magazine. Here are the latest:—

Case No. 20

If I am commissioned in the R.C.A.F. will I find it hard meeting expenses? F/S Debbit.

Answer: Certainly not. I meet them everywhere.

Case No. 21

I think I have severe anaemia. How can I be sure. Sgt. Bill Yuss.

Answer: Get a blood test at the hospital. If the test comes back marked "NO BLOOD" you have.

Case No. 22

What do you advise is the best thing to do when run down? AC2 Al. K. Hall.

Answer: Get the license number.

Case No. 23

I was told by a Recruiting Officer that many men join the R.C.A.F. because they are single and like fighting. Do you think this is true? Miss Ogonist (AW2).

Answer: Partly, with others it is vice-versa.

Case No. 24

My uncle, a very heavy drinker, recently consumed four bottles of whiskey in an even-



"We asked for these nurses. Best way to discourage them."

ing. Is there any way the doctors can find out if this is harming him? Sgt. Oasis.

Answer: Yes, next time he does it I recommend his alcohol be tested for blood.

Stockholm (CNS)—According to a local report, huge crowds gathered in Copenhagen recently when Field Marshal Rommel drove through the Danish capital.

After Rommel had passed through and the crowd still remained, the police told them to move on. "Oh, no," was the retort. "We're waiting for Gen. Montgomery. He always follows right after Rommel."

THE GEN FROM THE FLATS

Continued

The bowling season ended with a banquet, held in the Windsor Hotel, Hull. Team and individual prizes were given out as follows:

League winners—Mosquitoes, Captain—
LAC. J. Spinner

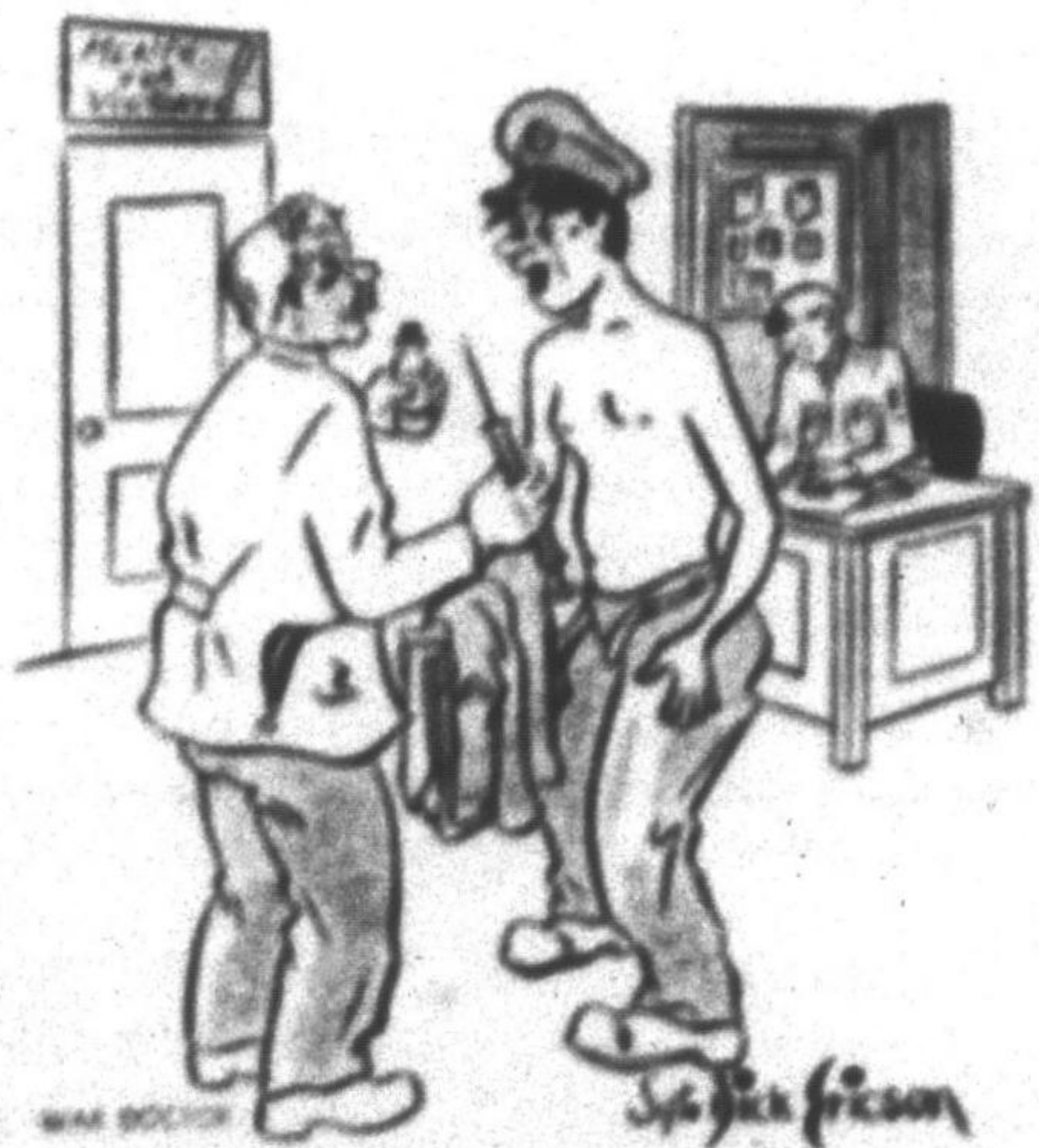
High Single —F/Sgt. "Marty" Gleeson

High Cross —Sgt. John Theriault

High Average —LAC. Blower

In addition, two special prizes were presented to the two female members of the league, who were barred from the strictly stag banquet. Wing Commander J. A. MacLean, D.F.C., O.C. Test and Development Squadron was on hand to distribute the prizes.

A baby daughter to F/O and Mrs. E. H. Dowell, was taken on strength since the last issue.



"Whaddya mean—'head over!'?"

Mail Squadron Jottings

It was with deep regret that we received the news from Overseas on 2nd April of the crash of our Flying Fortress with five of our personnel aboard. We salute the following who paid the supreme sacrifice in serving their country: F/O N. C. Cathcart, Captain pilot; F/O J. D. Shanahan, First pilot; F/O H. C. McFadden, Navigator; F/O G. T. Gaunt, Wireless Operator; and Cpl. E. Lavergne, Crewman. All these personnel were well-known and indeed liked by this Squadron and their absence from the trails of Rockcliffe will certainly be felt. All the officers were veterans in their special duties and will be a great loss to the Squadron.

Promotions to our Overseas staff of S/L for F/L B. G. Smith and F/L for F/O S. A. Tingley came through. Congratulations also to P/O G. W. Campbell on promotion to F/O; WO2 Coates and WO2 Cinquina on promotion to WO1; Sgt. Ellison and Sgt. Reny to F/S; Cpl. Hanson and Cpl. Coomber to Sgt; LACs Bouchard, Brown, Deslauriers and Leeder on appointment to Corporals. The final step of matrimony was taken by F/O H. E. Hill, LAC Houle, Cpl. Bradley and LAC Lebreque. The following were fathers recently: Cpl. Vice, Sgt. Kinggett, Cpl. Hirst and Cpl. Lacombe. We welcome back F/O J. F. Irvine who has returned from temporary duty to our Overseas Detachment. Our clerical staff has been endowed with LAW Richards, AWI Sullivan and ACI Evans who have been recently posted to this Squadron.

Special mention is given WO1 Williams for the excellent handling of the maintenance personnel and also to WO2 Harris, WO2 Schoenherr and WO2 Davis for their efficient supervising of the work put out. F/S Burman was finally rewarded for his continual drilling of personnel by the smart appearance on the Commanding Officer's Parade.

An answer to a request from LAC Obront (our Sports representative) for participants in Squadron sports was well responded when 133 names were submitted. There is no limit to the number so let's all dig in and make it an exceedingly successful summer sports season. Practices will be held regularly for the different sports and teams will be entered in the Station Leagues.

HAVE YOU HEARD—That No. 168 Squadron personnel are acting as hosts for the next Station Dance to be held on 23rd May. A full turn-out is requested as we are endeavouring to make this the outstanding dance of the season. Sgt. "Paderewski" Marchand has been holding out as seen by a recent recital in the Sgts. Mess (did F/O Grant approve of this episode, Sgt.). Why does the diminutive Cpl. in the Instrument Section disregard the normal desire of Cpls. to become Sgts. — is it that his real ambition is to reach the exalted height of five feet. Will Kayto call on the Green Hornet for help in locating LAC Jackson? Tell us the truth "Butch," how did you procure the ten dollars? Enquiries as to the cost of a hat badge will be answered by LAC "Pop" Wright. One-round O'Leary will think twice before asking one of his boys to spare with him again. Thanks to Kayto "Hands out of your pockets" was the battle cry for days in the hangar. Would a certain Sgt. wish to remuster to P.T. & D. or do secret service work for the local police. Explanations are due Cpl. Lawson for the bruise on the head. What system does LAC Bruce use to cut down laundry bills. The mail came through with evidence in the form of an engagement ring on the finger of Cpl. Bonar! Congratulations Cpl. A certain F/S lays down after supper for a few minutes and quite often wakes up at four a.m. — a few more hours and he would miss his own parade.

Sgt. O. W. SCHEUNEMAN
No. 168 Sqn. Representative

Repat Repartee

Probably the most important news development at the Repat. Depot within the past month is that we are no longer a separate station, but come directly under R.C.A.F. Station Rockcliffe. Group Captain G. S. O'Brian, AFC (who was stolen a short time ago by Rockcliffe to be C.O.) is once again our Commanding Officer, with W/C C. S. Dowie, DFC and Bar, our O.C. The remainder of the staff remains much the same, with F/O Jones replacing F/L Banks as Adjutant. The aforementioned F/L Banks assumes the position of Officer i/c Dispatch Flight, with F/L H. R. Adams now officer i/c Reception Flight.

Everyone on staff here is sorry to see WO1 Rombough leave us on posting to No. 1 "M" Depot to start his aircrew training. Mr. Rombough is a P.F. man, and has been in the service for more than eight years. That's another way of saying that he knows the ropes pretty well, and is a very nice fella. Up until now he has been NCO i/c Orderly Room, and has done a very efficient job of supervising the staff, and his loss will no doubt be felt. However, we are all glad to see him get the break he has wanted, and wish him the very best luck. We're also looking forward to the day when he is a Repat, and maybe sports a DFC. Cheerio, Mr. Rombough!

Things are developing on the family front, with Sgt. Linton's wife doing her part very admirably in making Cec. the proud poppa of a little girl. It's his third child, making a grand total of two girls and a boy. Another blessed event happened recently in the family of LAC Empey, one of the boys who tends to our wants in the Canteen. This gentleman is also a veteran of the ward, as there is a girl already.

You may like to know that as I write this, a draft of Repats has just arrived from O'Seas via New York. Throughout the afternoon the people in the Orderly Room here will work like mad on getting their disembarkation leave passes made out and warrants fixed up, while the Repats themselves have just gone in to dinner. Later on they will turn in their overseas webbing equipment, have necessary Medical Boards, and have such

interviews as are required. They will be paid about 8.30 or so tonight, allowing ample time to catch trains to Toronto and for the West. Come to think of it . . . that's not too bad, if you'll pardon us for sounding our own B Flat.

Space unfortunately does not permit an introduction to all the staff of the Repat Depot, but from time to time mention will be made (we expect) of most of those characters inhabiting this neck of the woods. Suffice is it to say for the moment that there is a great deal of harmony existing as regards staff relations, despite the extra strain of doing an unusual type of work. There are a very pleasant group of officers and NCO's on the staff, and everyone seems to realize that any personal likes or dislikes are secondary to having the Repats speeded on their various ways. Each man in transit presents a different problem, generally speaking, and there's no time for petty things that are soon forgotten. So with this thought in mind we shall say adios for the time being to all, and we'll be looking forward to seeing you next month. In the meantime, don't forget those Victory Bonds, so that all the boys over there can become Repats.

THE AIRMAN

They put me in a uniform;
Brass buttons—pretty blue . . .
And said, "Now there you are, me boy!
We've made a man of you."

They said the girls would really fall
For a fellow dressed like me,
That I could go a 'yellin'
After any lovely she!

That, clothed like this gave me the right
To go out evenings prowling,
I'd be expected to conform
With the very best of howling.

But seems to me they did not think
Of sheltered days of yore
And though I try, like all the rest,
I'm as bashful as before.

My self respect's entirely lost;
For me, I have a loathing,
I'm still so shy, I know that I'm
A sheep dressed in wolf's clothing! !

(By a Mad WOG)

As I Always Say

As I Always Say—where does it git yuh? Well, mebbe its the weather or the Victry Bond kempane or mebbe its just coz I gotta get it off'n my chest but this time it gets me round to that little item—national pride. I figgur enuff paper has been used up writing stuff wot ranges alla way from drool to delirium to make the national salvage drive a howlin' success. Sometimes some erk gets one off'n his chest wot hits the jackpot—like when Milt Caniff (adv't—see elsewhere in this issue) got across the speech by Flip Corkin to Terry Lee wot got itself writ into the congressional record of them yoonited states. I guess thatsa excepshun insted a the rule and result is mosta us Canadians is inclined to forget who we are. Trouble is us Canuks get to hear too much of the fanfare and shots in the arm that our big neighbours is allus givin' emselves. Dont get me wrong, Godfrey, aint nothing wrong with them hammerin' themselves on the back, unless the noise is so great we can't get to hear ourselves. Its something like letting your kid listen to the naybors kids being told wot a great guy his ole man is. Your kids liable to forget he's got an ole man. We hears a lot about somebody having done somethin before and being able to repeat the trick and also never having lost enny scrap they ever got into. Unless my history is getting spotty, seems to me we did something before only about twice as much and long and its a good bet we're more than a long shot to do a daily double. And I'm mighty sure we aint never had to a watch the other guy pick up the marbles—even in 1814. The idea behind this fireside chat aint to find fault with anybody elses cheer-leading coz after all we're all on the same team but to make sure the fans in the stands knows that the guy who does a good job of blocking up in the line is entitled to as many orchids as the guy who gets the touchdown. The best halfback in the world aint worth a damn without a good line man or two ahead a him. Dont know why I allus sneak in the second storey back window when I could walk in the front door but here's wot I mean—after looking over the scrap book and reading the press notices, I figger every erk in this outfit gotta right to feel mighty proud he's a Canadian—solong as he remembers that wot he does is gonna make some other guy proud (or otherwise) that he's a Canadian too. Or am I bein' too technical? Anyway—That's where it gits yuh!

GEORGE

Station Photographers

Crosswinds is indebted to a number of the personnel in the Photographic Centre for the fine pictures appearing in all of its issues. This work has been under the direction of Sgt. Noffke. All pictures appearing in this issue, unless otherwise stated, are the work of LAC Basil Day, Cpl. Lillian Cairns, and Cpl. Stan Breda. Our special thanks go to these for a good job well done.

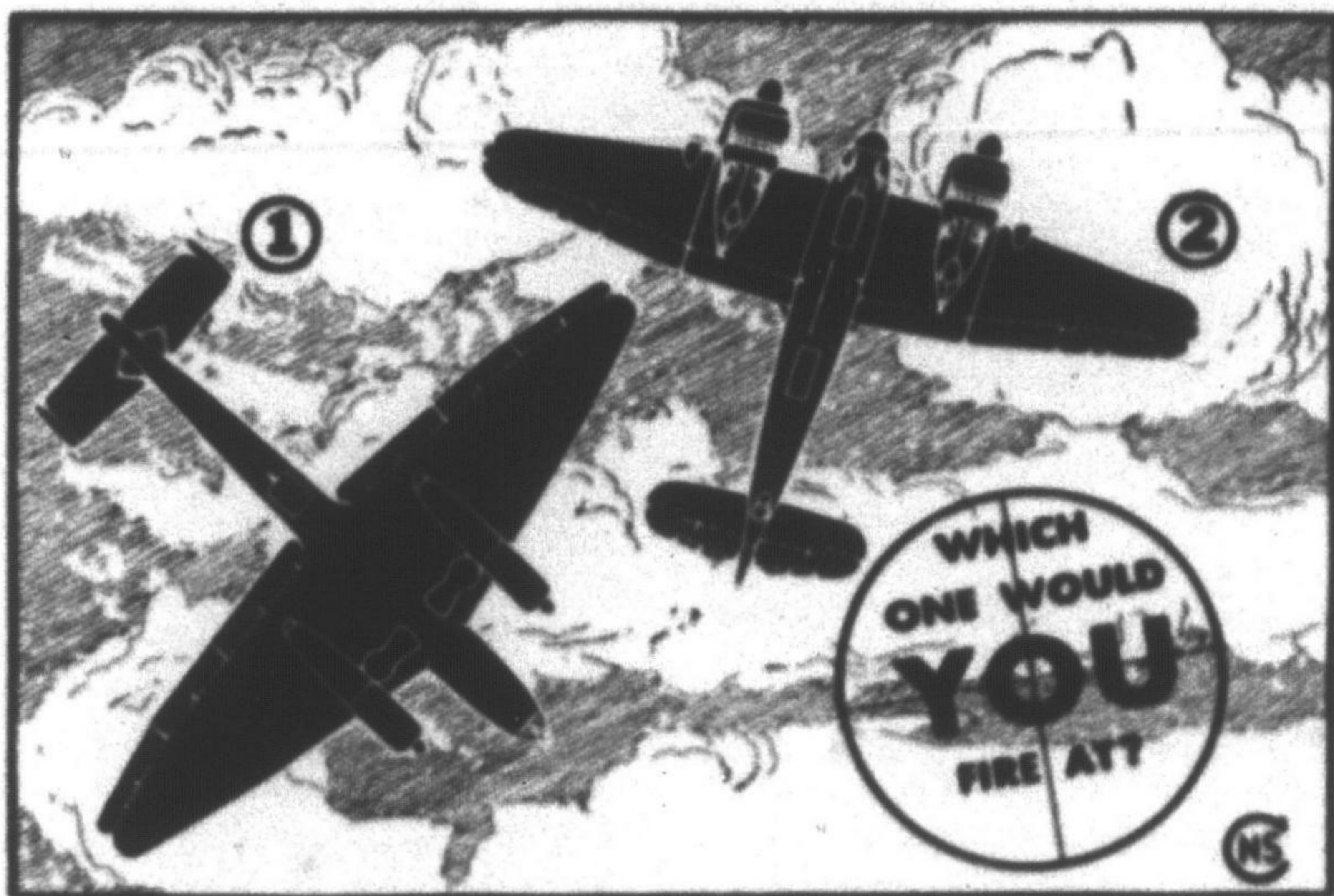
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Crosswinds Available

Extra copies of this station magazine are available at the Canteens and the Snack Bars at a nominal price of ten cents. These are supplied with envelopes and are ready to address and mail. Get an extra copy to send to the folks at home, or to some of your friends.

"Your girl is spoiled, isn't she?"
"No, it's just the perfume she's wearing."

How's Your A/C Rec?



See Answer on Page 31

Crowd Pleasing Boxing Show

A crowd of close to 1500 airmen, airwomen and civilians, witnessed the Sixth Victory Loan Boxing Show held in the Drill Hall on the evening of April 26th. Five Boxing and one Wrestling bouts marked the first ring show of the season staged at the Airport here. The pugilists displayed great form and had the crowd on edge through the encounters. The main bout saw Rockcliffe's LAC Len Cregan score a second-round technical knockout over the RA Club's Ron Bennett.

Two Rockcliffe airmen, LAC Comtois and LAC Mager, opened the card in a welter-weight clash which went to Comtois by a decision. Another technical knockout lea-tured the program in which LAC Zeke Cann of Rockcliffe scored over Petty Officer John Hellerty of the Navy in the second round.

F/S Bob Fulton, Rockcliffe boxing coach, and LAC Jerry McPeake of Trenton R.C.A.F. engaged in a pleasing heavyweight exhibition

tussle, while LAC Dan Apple held up the station's colours by decisioning Bill Green of the RA Club.

Prior to the start of the boxing show, LAC Auriel Myre and LAC Harry Carson, both Rockcliffe airmen, met in a wrestling tilt which ended in a draw, each man winning one fall.

A "grudge" boxing bout, greatly enjoyed by the crowd, was put on by two "masked marvels," who turned out to be two members of the R.C.A.F. W.D., Sgt. Ellen King and Sgt. Murney. This bout ended in a draw.

Bonds were raffled among the spectators and the Sixth Victory Loan bond drive benefitted greatly. Prizes, in the form of war savings certificates were presented to all the participants at the completion of the card by G/C G. S. O'Brian, AJC, C.O. of our station. One of our spectators was G/C G. I. Stephenson, C.O. of Uplands.

The Station Library

Do you know that there is a station library in the Drill Hall? It is a very attractive, comfortable room in which to browse around among the books, and to settle down with one. Here is a quiet place full of the latest books and magazines. It is open every day from 0900 hours to 2000 hours, except Saturday, when it is closed during lunch hour.

There are at present 3433 books in the library; 2339 of these are fiction, 1094 non-fiction. During the past two months, 113 new titles have been added to the collection. Here you will find current best sellers such as Bemelman's "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep," Marquand's "So Little Time"; Marcia Davenport's "The Valley of Decision"; Betty Smith's "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn;" etc. Here also you may find good mystery stories by Njalo Marsh, G. D. H. Coles, Dorothy Sayers, Earle Gardner and many others. There are many outstanding biographies, books of current interest and technical books. Among these are listed Eve Curie's "Among the Warriors;" "Good Night Sweet Prince" by Gene Fowler; Quenton Reynold's "The

Curtain Rises;" "The Air Future" by Burnett Hershey; and "Toward a Better World" by Jan Christian Smuts. While you are living near Ottawa you will enjoy "The People's Mouth" by Austin Cross, a very witty description of the Capital and the government of our country.

Books may be borrowed for two weeks and renewed in case you have "so little time" to read. If the library can be of assistance by procuring books to aid in your special courses, hobbies, or just plain leisure reading, be sure to mention your needs to the librarian on duty.

HOW TRUE

If a man runs after money he's money mad.
If he keeps it he's either a miser or a capitalist.

If he spends it he is a play boy.

If he doesn't get it he's a ne'er-do-well.

If he doesn't try to get it he lacks ambition.

If he gets it without working for it he's a parasite.

If he accumulates it after a life of hard work, he is a fool who never got anything out of life.

Tin Hats Here

Under the able direction of Mr. Geoffrey Merrill, the M.R.T. Tin Hats from Montreal put on a sparkling variety show in the Station Drill Hall, Saturday, April 29th.

A capacity crowd was on hand to greet this well known troupe of entertainers. The costumes, scenery and tempo were excellent throughout. We have seldom heard better music than the two piano team which played without respite. "Crosswinds" thinks however that most of us think that there was a great deal of corny material that was more vulgar than funny.

The M.R.T. Tin Hats were organized in October of 1939 and since that time have travelled from Prince Edward Island to Peta-wawa giving performances at various Air Force stations and Army camps. This volunteer cast of 29 women and 16 men is rated as tops among touring shows by servicemen. Their excellent performance at Rockcliffe will long be remembered. The visit of M.R.T. Tin Hats to this station was arranged by Mr. Shea, the Senior Y.M.C.A. Supervisor.



Upper photo shows the comedy team of Schwartz and Finnegan with their all star supporting cast of dancers. Below the full troupe of M.R.T. entertainers reach their grand finale.

Y.M.C.A. Movies

By permission of the Commanding Officer, the Y.M.C.A. is now putting on a Sunday evening movie programme in the Photographic Auditorium. This now places Rockcliffe on the basis of three changes in movie programmes per week, namely, Sunday, Monday and Thursday. Owing to the heavy demand for moving pictures, and the large distribution undertaken by the Y.M.C.A., it is not always possible to book pictures very far in advance. Therefore, on the system of "spot booking," which must be carefully made at frequent intervals, it is practically impossible to give much more than two or three days advance notice on certain occasions. Please consult your Daily Routine Orders for this information or call Mr. Shea, Senior Y.M.C.A. Supervisor, 5-3494.

A/C Rec Answer

FIRE AT No. 1! It's the German Junkers Ju. 86K, a low-wing, medium bomber, powered with twin engines. The long, transparent nose of the streamlined fuselage projects well ahead of the underslung engine nacelles. Both edges of wings are uniformly tapered to rounded tips. The tailplane is rectangular and has twin fins and rudders.

NOT AT No. 2! It's the British "Beaufighter," a twin engine, mid-wing fighter and torpedo bomber. The short nose of the fuselage is set behind the line of engines. Both edges of the outer wing panels taper equally to rounded tips. The leading edge of the tailplane is straight and the trailing edge is swept forward to rounded tips.

Courtesy Dodd, Mead & Co., publishers
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