

CROSSWINDS

JULY, 1944



AN EXCLUSIVE FEATURE

Crosswinds War Reporter Sends First Dispatch

By LAC JACK MARSTERS

Crosswinds War Correspondent Overseas

FROM bomber group to tactical air force, former men and women of Rockcliffe today are playing a vital role with the RCAF team which is an integral part of the invasion forces.

With the same efficiency and skill they displayed while working for T & D, Ferry, Photo, Communications or Headquarters, ex-members of Rockcliffe are serving in all parts of the United Kingdom. You see them in the south—jumping-off place for France—in London, in the Midlands and on the northern moors. No doubt some are already in France but censorship will not permit us to lift that curtain.

TO a Rockcliffer the familiar faces start looming up as soon as he struggles down the gangplank, badly overloaded with kit, for a snappy RCAF band is on hand to meet the boat. Then the parade of people you haven't seen in years continues at reception centres, on posting trips and finally at the place the air force decides is the best for you and your particular talent.

Rockcliffe men get along in the world. A former C.O., G/C J. G. Bryans, has been promoted to the rank of air commodore and appointed commander of an RCAF bomber group base. He was formerly C.O. of the bomber station from which the Lion and Bison squadrons operate and will now direct a newly-established base organization.

W/C D. D. Findlay, who was instrumental in starting Crosswinds on its way while he was C.O. at Rockcliffe, heads a station in this same bomber group.

Among former Rockcliffe people your correspondent has seen here and there in Britain during his short period in this country are LAC Ken Kilts of HQ; LAC Murray Wilton and LAC Jack Keenan of pay and accountants; Cpl. Lyle Kimpel, service police; F/Sgt. Ken Dawson, who used to fill us with good things to eat in old No. 1 Mess; Cpl. Joe Stuthard, the magician lad at the YMCA; S/L Mann, former R.C. padre; S/L Pritchard, pay and accounts; F/Sgt Fred Phillips of the band; LAC Bill Krajaefski of works and bricks, and Sgt. Ron Laidlaw and Sgt. Harry Price, both of photo.

In addition there have been a number of familiar faces which suddenly appeared through a fog of cigarette smoke in the odd pub here and there but time or circumstances didn't permit of the securing of vital statistics.

LAATEST event is the arrival of the famed W-Debs, all-girl show from Rockcliffe, and already they are turning bomber group on its collective ear. Paced by Sgt. Ken Bray and Cpl. Neil Chothem at the pianos, the girls put on a show considered one of the most outstanding to hit Britain. Sgt. Bill Barker and LAC Mel Keay keep things rolling behind the scenes while the group is in charge of Flight Officer Lola Thomson Davis, of Ottawa, who did the dance routines.

Tension on ships crossing the Atlantic in recent months heightened as the thousands of troops wondered if they would get here in time for D-Day.

Right from the start at Y Depot that feeling was there, and while at times it disappeared under a welter of duties, it still kept popping up in the minds of the men and women.

But to all RCAF personnel overseas the name of Rockcliffe station is one they think of fondly—only the best of reports are heard of such a station for isn't that the place where all the lucky people go when they get repatriated?

AN EDITORIAL

No, dear readers, those things wandering around the camp are not gnomes, definitely not. Investigation by Crosswinds disclosed their identity. They're air cadets—and they'll be with us for a while.

—THE EDITOR



CROSSWINDS

RCAF Station, Rockcliffe
July, 1944



GOVERNOR-GENERAL OPENS ROCKCLIFFE HOSPITAL

By LAC CHARLES I. DEAN

THE Governor General and Princess Alice officially opened Rockcliffe hospital on July 4. Upon its arrival the vice-regal party was met by the C.O.

A guard of honor with F/O K. J. Hardy in command was inspected by the Governor General. After the review the hospital was inspected. The medical and surgical wards containing repatriated personnel and patients from Ottawa district received special attention. The band played numerous selections during the interval.

After the inspection, the Air Force Cross was presented by His Excellency to the following members of 168 Squadron, Rockcliffe: F/O C. A. Dickson, F/O H. B. Hillcoat, AFM, F/O F. B. Labrish, F/O E. M. Rosenbaum, and the Air Force Medal to Cpl. A. De Marco, for courage and initiative shown after the violent head-on collision of their Fortress with an unidentified aircraft while on a routine flight from Great Britain to Gibraltar. Two engines were put out of commission, all four propellers bent,

aircraft and loop destroyed, navigator's compartment badly damaged, and the terrific vibration of the aircraft which commenced rendered the Fortress almost unmanageable, so the cargo and loose equipment was jettisoned. Excellent co-operation by all crew members ensured a successful return to base with no further damage to the aircraft.

The Governor General spoke briefly, stating his appreciation of the request to visit and officially open the hospital, mentioning each section of the hospital, X-Ray, Surgical and Medical, and the special part played by each, and stressing the need of prompt diagnosis upon hospitalization. The hospital has been designed primarily for the care of repatriated personnel, and His Excellency congratulated all who had taken part in its planning and design. The hospital was then declared officially open.

A formal reception and presentation was held following which tea was served to the visitors by airwomen volunteers assisted by Flight Officer Chandler and her staff.

Crosswinds Appoints War Correspondent

It cost us \$2.35—the price of a cablegram—but we now have an overseas war correspondent.

The appointment went to LAC Jack Marsters, Editor of Crosswinds until he was posted overseas, and we are momentarily expecting his first dispatch to arrive. Even if it doesn't get here in time for this issue, it's still news that we have a reporter abroad.

P.S.—A cable just arrived from Marsters: "COPY UPCOMING. HOPE DEADLINE MAKEABLE."

P.S.S.—His first dispatch just arrived by bomber mail—in the nicotine. Read it on page 2.

PHOTO SHOW HERE

Sponsored by the Y, a collection of 56 enlarged photographs by Canadian cameramen, is on display in the drill hall. Photo school students, especially, will be interested.

OUR FRONT COVER

These curvesome chorines of "All Clear" are airwomen of the entertainment unit based at Rockcliffe. Following a tour of Canadian units the show is now preparing for an overseas trip. Photo was taken the night they played No. 4 B. & G. at Fingal. From the left: LAW Peggy Young, Cpl. Margo Le Blond, Cpl. Elizabeth Stone, LAW's Marie Williams, Maureen Harrington, Marie Piquin, Ann Good.

By These Words Shall Ye Know Them

"Don't Slip Me the Gears, Chum!"

SPIRITED air stations throughout the country have developed slangy, tangy expressions by which their personnel can be spotted a mile away.

At Fingal it's: "Are YOU kiddin'?"

At Manning Pools it's: "Aircrew, chum?"

And Rockcliffe tops the lot with the catchiest, wackiest yet: "Don't slip me the gears, chum!" Introduced, we hear, by 168 squadron.

When a repat wolfs a pretty rookie, she says: "Don't slip me the gears, chum!" When you've missed P.T. and hand out a lame excuse, you get: "Don't slip me the gears, chum!" When you get station detail

two weeks in a row, you tell the sarge: "Don't slip me the gears, chum!"

Of course, there are several others—not so pungent—but we'll list them for the record:

"Yipes!"

"I've had it."

"Good show."

"Oh, that's corny."

And if you think this is corny, you should have heard us when the Editor handed out this assignment. We looked him straight in the eye—his good eye—and said: "Don't slip me the etc. chum."

Moving Testimony By Noted Athlete

By F/L J. SCOTT

AFTER breaking the world's record by running the mile in 4:06:4 at Chicago stadium, Gil Dodds was being interviewed by sports reporters. "I just asked the Lord to help me—step by step," was the way this renowned miler put it. A minute later he was called to the microphone, and there the modest young theological student from Boston accepted the congratulations of the sports world and gave testimony.

It was a simple, straightforward declaration of his confidence that God had been with him in the race as he made the supreme athletic effort of his life. As he turned from the microphone and started for his dressing room, reporters and fans swarmed about him.

"Excuse me, please, I'm in an awful hurry. I've got to catch a train. You see, I'm preaching tomorrow morning at Goshen, Ind."

The 13,000 fans who crowded Chicago stadium, and the scores of thousands who listened over the radio will not soon forget the champion's sincere testimony to his personal faith in Jesus Christ. They will remember this young man who practiced the presence of God.

How much better it would be for the Christian cause if every one who claims to be a Christian would practice this same method of seeking the help of God even in the lesser things of life. He is desirous of being our Companion if we are willing to walk with Him. The world will only be convinced of the reality of the power of Christ to save, and daily to bless, as Christians frankly and individually confess their faith. May Gil Dodds tribe increase.

Beauty Hints for WD's

EVER read the ads, girls? Here's a honey from the New Yorker that will probably make you long for good old civvie days. Are you ready? We're off:

"Secret de Suzanne—the fragrance of intrigue! Every drop of this fascinating fragrance holds a masqued potency . . . Suzanne Perfumes."

Wear it on parade some day. Just try.



Hold Yo' Honey, Swing Tight Grab 'Er Guys - - Just Right!

CITY slickers as well as country bumpkins had a right fine evening at ye olde tyme dance in the local barn—the drill hall.

At times the stag line was almost as large as the dancing crowd, but as more and more airmen and airwomen got the hang of it, the square-dancing party turned into a real jamboree.

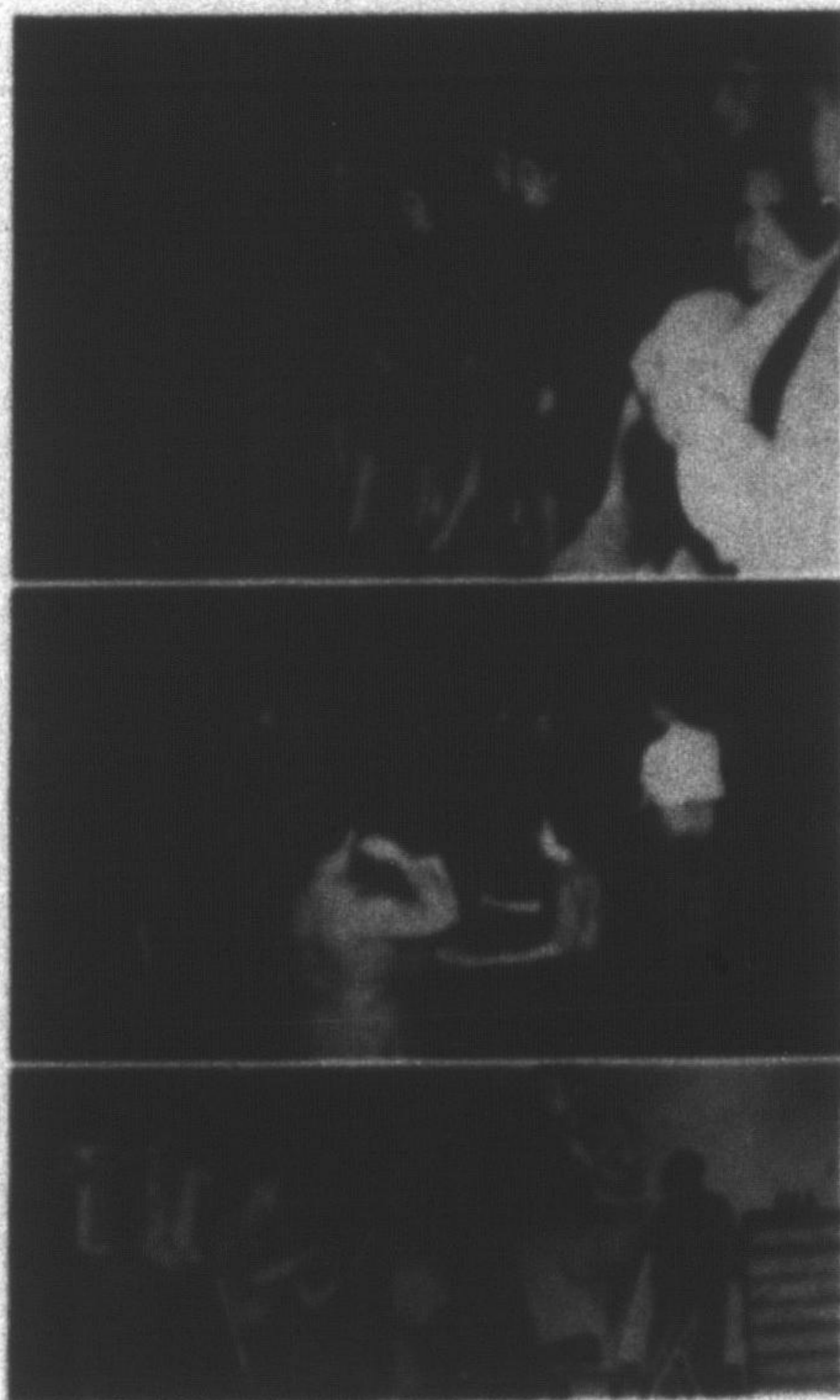
The pick-up orchestra of Rockcliffe men, who rehearsed for a week on their own time, included: Jack Trottier, of Hudson's Bay, the caller; Len Weisner, Vancouver, guitar; Laurie Moon, Calgary, and Jim Hall, Dundalk, pianists; Robert Bruce Leeder, Brockville, and Bob Zeats, Toronto, violinists. With two pianists and two fiddlers the boys took turns playing.

Only musical casualty was the guitarist who broke his G-string. He whipped out his pad of E-42's, filled out seven copies and had a new string back in time to continue playing.

Altogether, it was a very large evening and a great big night for the local yokels, including our cameraman, Cpl. Carl Mitchell, who that night marked his third year on the station.

P.S.—Walt Shea says to say that the Y sponsored the dance and fed the orchestra afterwards.

—Photos by Cpl. Carl Mitchell



Forced Down In Desert Helped by Spanish Fliers

W/C George Ault of Ottawa, commanding officer of RCAF district headquarters in Italy, returned to Rockcliffe with a group of repatriated airmen and told of being forced down in the African desert and staying with natives until rescued by members of the Spanish air force.

Ault said the forced landing occurred when he ran into a sand blizzard while on an inspection trip of the African posts. Lost and out of fuel, he and his party landed their aircraft and eventually talked a group of wandering Arabs into getting them to the outside world.

They then met a group of Spanish airmen who were "amazingly kind."

"They really looked after us," he said. "The officer commanding gave me his bed, he gave me the best of food; they gave the boys the best of everything. You can say that I am very pro-Spanish. They really were very kind to us and we were afforded every courtesy."

Ault and his companions were taken to a Spanish fortress and three days later were sent to Allied territory.

Ault was met here by his wife, his two-year-old son, Murray, and an eleven-months-old daughter whom he had never seen.

Crosswinds Correspondent Sits In House of Commons

First Parliamentary Reporter
on any Camp Paper in Canada

By WO2 BEN SUGARMAN

House of Commons, Ottawa—This is a unique dispatch. It is the first ever written by a camp newspaper correspondent in Canada from the House of Commons press gallery. It is also a story by an alleged political correspondent which has nothing to do with politics.

When Crosswinds decided to send a man to Parliament Hill to see just how the country was being run while we're in the air force, we were Joed for the job. Apprehensive at first, we must confess that it was an exhilarating and amusing experience, and the two hours we have just spent in the House gave us some sense of satisfaction in the guys what make our laws.

We had 20 minutes to kill before the session opened at 3 p.m. so we popped into the lovely old library, took a soft seat and waited. We noticed that they kept files of all the leading newspapers in Canada, for years back. This is a good idea, for air force personnel returning from years overseas will be able to catch up on all the back comic strips.

SP's, known as House of Commons police, are all over the joint. They keep asking you where you're going and who you'd like to see. But we finally managed to get into the press gallery, just as the Wednesday afternoon session opened, without so much as a roll call.

We can't give you a political account, because service papers aren't supposed to dabble in that sort of thing. After all, we are paid by the government. But we'll try to give you some picture of the House and some of the flavor and color of its proceedings.

We were handed a leaflet entitled "Routine Proceedings and Orders of the Day" (it's available for inspection in Crosswinds office). Some of the questions listed in it may interest you. Mr. Bryce asked "Can the party operating a farm, owned by a conscientious objector now in camp, receive drought bonus? If not, why?" We didn't get the answer.

Mr. Black asked: "How many (a) carloads (b) dozens of empty beer bottles have

been shipped out of Nova Scotia under Administrator's Order No. A-505 of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board since it became effective December 11, 1942, stating the places from which such shipments were made?" We didn't get the answer to that one, either.

In the Notices of Motions, Mr. Church proposed the following resolution:

That, in the opinion of this House, the government should immediately consider the advisability and urgent necessity of adopting improved measures for the better protection of all who serve in His Majesty's forces, and more particularly — (a) that a system of life insurance on all soldiers be established, to include provision for their dependents, both during and after the war, and to include, for three years after the war, provision for their insurance against unemployment and want, and free hospitalization; (b) that a daily allowance be made for local car fare and for free fares on Canada's railways, under the Railway Act (R.S.C.); (c) provision for a revision and improvement in rates of pay, subsistence and other allowances of all ranks, especially privates and non-commissioned officers and removal of existing inequality between all ranks; (d) a high-cost-of-living bonus to be paid to all dependents of soldiers, adjusted from time to time and to include better allowances for their children; (e) provision for a moratorium from foreclosure, eviction and certain other immunities from debt while absent on war duties, and for six months after the war, and more adequate and improved housing for themselves and their families at low cost; (f) a better and more adequate and quicker system of paying the dependents of those reported missing.

Looking down from the press gallery, we found the actions of the members of interest. One chap below us wasn't paying the slightest attention. He was concentrating on a letter, and had two pages finished by 4 o'clock. His pal next door was reading the funnies.

Premier King was absent, as were most of the cabinet ministers. In fact, at 4:30 we counted up the Liberals, and could only get to 15. On the other side about 25 were present. It must have been the Wednesday half-holiday atmosphere.

O/C of the session is a fellow in a black gown, known as Mr. Speaker. He sits on a chair in front of the Throne. On the carpeted steps at the foot of the Throne sit half a dozen runners—commonly known as page boys. They are kids about 12 to 14



years of age, dressed in miniature tuxedos, only the coats are cutaway like a vest. You really have to see this. Anyway, they're cute little fellows, sharp as a razor and specially chosen for the job.

They respond when a member snaps his (or her) fingers, and they'll fetch anything from a glass of water to last week's Sunday comic section of the Montreal Standard. Around ten to five they're busy as bees fetching afternoon Ottawa papers for members all over the House.

During a busy period, the furious snapping of fingers in all parts of the House and the little lads scooting in answer make an amusing scene. In the midst of all this, the member on the floor goes on talking as if nothing was happening.

This afternoon one speaker said: "A breath of air is the only free thing left in Ottawa." It was part of a long speech which we cannot report, and we present this interesting sentence for what it's worth.

While the speakers take the floor, one after another, a shorthand reporter calmly takes down every word that is uttered. They work at high speed, and they change every 10 minutes, one man taking over for several seconds before the other actually comes to a stop.

Each reporter leaves the House after his 10 minute session. We think he dashes out the back to try and transcribe the stuff right away quick before he forgets. Actually the stuff is edited at once and set in type so that Hansard can be ready for the morrow.

Members sit in pairs at desks which adjoin each other, like they do in some high schools. They share a common ink well, but each has his own pen. When entering and leaving the House they bow slightly to Mr. Speaker. When they think he isn't looking they just give him a quick bow, more like a dip of the head, if you get what we mean.

When we found only four or five reporters in a press gallery that seats about 25 we knew it was going to be a dull session. We found ourselves sitting between the Toronto Globe & Mail and a French paper whose name we can't remember. Big-time stuff, guys, and did we feel flattered. We pulled out a big pencil and a bigger pad of paper, and started taking copious notes.

In order to hear better we moved down from the press gallery to the adjoining

visitors' seats, still taking notes like mad. An S.P. (we mean, an attendant) said: "Say, Bud, you can't take notes there; only in the press gallery." We didn't feel so important then.

Apart from the members of parliament, the visitors who come to see them perform put on a good show themselves. We spent quite a few minutes watching a lovely young thing in a pink gown, with fluffy pink hat to match, making up her face . . . and we wouldn't swear to this, but unless our eyesight was failing, she was definitely on the make for someone on the Liberal benches.

And in the very back row of the visitors' gallery, facing the Throne, we saw an airman and an attractive girl in white holding hands, and doing a spot of surreptitious, shall we say necking. Honestly, there's no predicting where they'll go these days. *Love will find a way!*

Just in case you're interested, the House sits from 3 to 6 p.m. and 8 to 11 p.m. Monday through Friday with the exception of Wednesday night. They get a two-hour break period for supper; no parades before sessions begin, and no roll call. Each week-end they get a 48 good until 3 p.m. Monday and a free ticket to travel on the railway.

The House is open at all times to airmen and airwomen, and believe us, it's better than going to a show, and more educational, too.

We could only stay till 5 p.m. unfortunately. First of all, we were getting hungry, our lone chocolate bar having been munched long ago. Secondly we had a date out on the Merivale road to mind the two sons of a civil servant pal, while he and wifey stepped out to celebrate their wedding anniversary.

But we still think this is a political dispatch unique in journalism—it offends no one, doesn't even mention politics and above all takes up several pages in Crosswinds just when we're hard-pressed for material.

The real news we've left to the end. Two women M.P.'s we observed in the House didn't utter a single word in two hours. If that isn't news, we'll go get a man to bite a dog for the next issue.

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Royal Cook Now Dishes It Out Here

Sgt. Roger Cuche, cultured culinarian, is artiste of hospital kitchen

By SGT. BRITT JESSUP

CUSTODIAN of the cuisine at Rockcliffe hospital is Sgt. Roger Cuche, a cultured culinarian who, at the tender age of 12, started out to find the answer to that now-famous question, "What's cookin'?"

Twenty-four years later he's still learning, so he modestly says, but during those 24 years he has managed to carve himself a colorful culinary career indeed. Famous hotel restaurants in half a dozen countries in Europe know the kitchen skill of Chef Cuche, to say nothing of top-ranking hotels in Canada in which he has served many a sumptuous repast.

He has cooked for royalty, for maharajahs and movie stars, for famous personages from all parts of the world, and more recently, for Royal Canadian Air Force personnel from air marshal right down to the guys named Joe.

Preparing meals for King George VI and Queen Elizabeth during their 1939 visit to Canada was the high point in his career. On three occasions he originated menus for the King and Queen . . . at Ottawa's Chateau Laurier, Winnipeg's Fort Garry, and Jasper Park Lodge at Banff.

CUCHE'S mother was widowed by the Great War. As there were six family mouths to feed, our Sgt. Cuche got off to an early start in the art (he's very definite that it is an art) of cooking, for he had to be a breadwinner as well as a breadmaker. In fact, if you can stand the pun, he kneaded the dough.

He quickly developed a flair for his chosen profession, with the result that he saw service at some of the finest hotels in Switzerland (where he was born), France, Spain, Belgium and Egypt.

In 1929 he came to Canada, and his cooking talent soon landed him employment with the C.N.R., first at Mount Royal Hotel in Montreal, then at the Chateau Laurier. He has also been head chef at Minaki Lodge and Jasper Park Lodge. Rockcliffe is his fifth RCAF station.

THERE'S not quite the same thrill to cooking in the New World as there was in the Old, opines Sgt. Cuche. This, he claims, is because of the "eat-and-run" practice of modern, fast-moving Canada.

In pre-war Europe when a gentleman invited his lady friend out for a meal it



SGT. ROGER CUCHE

—Photo by LAC L. S. Miller

meant, at the very least, a two-hour period of epicurean delight, with course after course being savored and devoured slowly and rapturously. But in Canada they just grab a sandwich and a malted milk and they're on their way to other entertainment, beside which mere eating would be considered dull and stodgy.

This of course is rather discouraging to the true artiste of the kitchen, who delights in spending hours preparing delicious dishes for people who will spend hours eating them.

But Sgt. Cuche says the modern Canadian kitchens with their wealth of fine equipment make any sacrifice of cooking artistry well worth while.

And as for the Nazis and Japs, he'd like nothing better than to boil them in oil, but thinks it won't be necessary to waste precious petroleum because they'll probably stew in their own juice.

For News You Can't Get Elsewhere

Read

CROSSWINDS

Carleton County's Finest Newspaper

A politically independent journal,
not affiliated with any group of
publications.

We Sell No Advertising

"The Bird" Sings Out the News

WD Reporter Gives Gen from the Flats

By SGT. RUTH BIRD

AND so, to the haunting strains of the beautiful Champagne Waltz we say farewell with the wish that one and all . . .

Thus Sgt. Clarke and his great group of bandsmen closed one of the most successful parties Club T & D has held.

Lakeside Gardens was the scene of the fun. Though some thought the street car run rather long we believe it saved the day. If it hadn't been that long how else would the senior NCO's ever have gotten their respective wives and girl friends sorted out.

We thought they'd at least have the Goodnight Waltz with the one and only, but the last we saw of Flight Higginbottom he was dancing gracefully with Sgt. Bruce Wilson and I'm sure he didn't take him home for the night. Not only a success socially but also financially, personnel are to be thanked for their hearty co-operation.

WITH promotions "grounded" for most of our trades, the boys have begun to move again.

Fulfilling an ambition and hope he's cherished for a long time, our adj. F/L Tommy Reid, finally departed on embarkation leave. Having watched over us for a year, we think he deserved a break. Going down to sea also is our devoted disciplinarian, F/S "Okie" O'Connor. Not with us long "Okie" made himself well known and we'll not be forgetting those morning parades. Lucky enough to be posted to Nova Scotia, we wish him every success in the East.

Sgt. Kram has left for photo wing on the other side of the field; not far but he'll be missed, especially the taxi service he's been operating for the boys in servicing flight. Harry Kaisaris is another old timer who has his ticket to 10 EPTS, Pendleton, along with LAC McIlhargey and Ethier. When told he'd be 40 miles nearer home (Montreal) Harry groaned and said "I'd rather be going to Gander". We know you hate leaving, but don't feel THAT bad about it.

Another good friend gone East is S/L H. R. McLaughlin who has left for the Coast and a bigger and better job. Following him went F/L "Bill" Whitside to be a test pilot at Trenton. As replacements we welcome F/O "Ed" Torpy and F/O Habbeshaw, both back from overseas with a tour of hops to their credit.

WITH sports afternoon changed from Friday to Wednesday we expect to see bigger doings behind the hangar. Those wracking moans you heard one Friday afternoon from the boys of armament section were emitted when the O.C. hit a homer with bases loaded. You didn't hear any moans. Well, W/C MacLean *didn't* hit a home run either. Going down in sad defeat before the pitching of F/O Youngman, of Armament, the flat tops from admin. struggled till the last ball was pitched. As ball players we think you'd make better engineers, Sirs!

In order to keep a close watch on his boys, F/L "The Great" O'Kelly has installed a fool-proof, two-way P.A. system. All he does now is raise his voice instead of himself and there before him stands some red faced sergeant who has forgotten to put the prop back on a kite that is flying at 0815 hrs. next morning. Never mind, Sarge, being a T & D pilot he can probably fly without it anyway.

Consulting the bureau of statistics we find new additions in the homes of Cpl. Gord Swartz and Sgt. Capuano. Among those who have promised to honor and obey are LAC Frenette and Cpl. Peter Croghan. By the time this hits the press Cpl. George Duff, wireless section, and AW June Minister of log control room will be Mr. and Mrs. Sgt. Hack Dunn and WO2 Dalmer are still residents of the big white building at the top of the hill. You're needed down by the river so hurry and get well.

"And so as Cpl. Bill MacLean staggers on to morning parade, as Sgt. Ruth Bird pulls up weeds in the white house garden, as F/O Fred Hiley blushing reports 'I just had a ground loop' and as all carry joyfully on sans adjutant, we bid our readers farewell and if it weren't out of bounds we'd invite you down to the flats and really give you the gen."

THE BUMBLEBEE CANNOT FLY

According to theory of aerodynamics and as may be readily demonstrated through laboratory tests and wind tunnel experiments, the Bumblebee is unable to fly. This is because the size, weight and shape of his body, in relation to the total wing spread, makes flying impossible.

BUT—The Bumblebee, being ignorant of these profound scientific truths, goes ahead and flies anyway—and manages to make a little honey every day!



VITAL STATISTICS

BORN

- A daughter, Joyce Heather Anne to LAC and J. H. Kutchaw at Sudbury, Ont.
 A son, Larry Edward Harvey to Cpl. and Mrs. J. D. E. Lacelle at Ottawa.
 A daughter, Marie Blanche Jeanne d'Arc Raymonde, to AC1 and Mrs. Bastien at Ottawa.
 A daughter, Marie Liliane Jacqueline to Cpl and Mrs. S. J. O. Clouthier.

PROMOTED

- WO1 G. E. Lindsay, DFC; WO2 F. E. Reain, Sgt. H. E. Gammon, Sgt. W. E. S. Fell, WO1 R. G. Shaw to Pilot Officer.
 Fl/O O. J. Stewart to Squadron Officer.
 F/L G. Borthwick to Squadron Leader.
 F/O G. M. Gowling, F/O F. B. Labrish, F/O C. H. Ready, F/O W. H. C. Wallis, F/O R. L. Reid to Flight-Lieutenant.
 WO2 F. W. Burch to Officer Cadet.

MARRIED

- F/O A. W. Henry to Mabel Alice Tower at Victoria, B.C.
 F/O W. C. Howard to Alece Jane Bartlett at Montreal.
 F/L J. E. Barrick to Joyce Claudia Smith at Mobile, Alabama.
 P/O D. V. Smith to Helen Margaret Brown at Toronto.
 F/L A. E. Webster, DFC, to N.S. Marion Elsie MacDougall.
 F/L G. Sproule to Isabel Groomes at Regina, Sask.
 F/O E. S. P. Fox to Cecilia Crawford Walkingshaw at Lethbridge, Alta.
 Sgt. D. L. Randall to Theresa Victoria Duzie at Niagara Falls, Ont.
 Sgt. P. R. Smith to Theresa Elizabeth Murray at Ottawa.
 P/O J. D. T. L. Boly to Francoise Gosselin at St. Malo, Que.
 LAC J. P. Ryan to LAW Violet Saunders at Prince Albert, Sask.
 LAC J. A. Rookes to Frances Elizabeth Wright at station chapel, Rockcliffe.

Newsmen Join Staff

Experienced newspapermen, who were reporters and editors in civilian life, have joined the staff of Crosswinds.

WO2 Ben Sugarman, guest editor for this edition, was formerly with the Toronto Star. Others include Sgt. Britt Jessup, of the North Bay Nugget; Cpl. Frank Wansbrough, Windsor Star; AC1 Joe Pelisek, Ottawa Journal; Sgt. Charlie Dean, associate editor of Thumbs Up, Dartmouth camp paper; AC1 Keith Howden, of the Huntingdon Gleaner.

Angel in Blue That's "Newfie"

By SGT. CHRISTINE RICHARDSON

WALK into the snack bar any old day, any old time, ask for a soda, sundae, milkshake, or what-have-you, and chances are ten to one you will be served by a tall blue-eyed WD, who will not only fill your order but dish out a friendly welcome at the same time.

She's LAW Rita Powers, nicknamed "Newfie," and well known to all personnel. One thing about "Newfie" that not many know, is that every evening, winter or summer, rain or shine, she cheerfully and voluntarily carries a large bundle of supplies from the snack bar to the hospital. She visits all the patients and distributes, along with her wares, some of her own amusing Newfie twang and sunny personality.

"Newfie," whose home is in Calvert, arrived in Canada for the first time on August 1st, 1943, when she and seven other Newfoundland girls landed at Sydney and caught the train for Ottawa. She took her basic training at Rockcliffe, and has been stationed here since as a canteen steward. She likes her work, enjoys service life and thinks Canada is a wonderful country, but like many others her greatest desire at the moment is an overseas posting.



LADY WITH THE GOODIES: LAW Rita Powers, of Newfie, who serves you behind the snack bar counter, has a more important mission in life. Every night from 8-10 she tours the station hospital with a box of chocolate bars, gum, magazines, ice cream and other goodies for the patients—a service much appreciated by the guys and gals in hospital.

Photo by Cpl. Carl Mitchell

Dr. Snerd's Column for Rockcliffe Sufferers

ARE you screwy, undernourished? Have your strength and vitality been sapped by perpetual toil, strife and hardships? Do you feel run down when hit by a car? Cast off that haggard look and emerge a better, happier being. Bring your troubles to Doc Snerd and we guarantee you peace of mind forevermore. Just address your letters to him in care of Rockcliffe hospital, with a stamped, self-addressed envelope and we'll be glad to steam the stamp off.

Case No. 34

I saw F/L Preston in the station library tearing out the backs of books. Why so? F/L Horscollor.

Answer: *He probably saw the heading "Appendix" and couldn't resist.*

Case No. 35

My brother at Rockcliffe has been a bad actor in the past and now says his conscience is bothering him. Is there any way I can help him strengthen his will power? Mrs. L.O.W. Dive.

Answer: *Not really, I suggest you give him something to weaken his conscience.*

Case No. 36

The WO2 in our section gets so mad at me it makes his blood boil. What can I do? LAC B. Wilde.

Answer: *Send him to the blood clinic. They can use sterilized blood.*

Case No. 37

My brother in British Columbia says the Doukhobors are being very quiet these days. Does this mean they will stop stripping their clothes off? AW1 Pinkbuff.

Answer: *I guess no nudes is good nudes.*

Case No. 38

My feet tend to fall asleep very easily. What should I do about this? Sgt. Snore.

Answer: *Nothing. Let sleeping dogs lie.*

Case No. 39

If the Prime Minister has a stomach ache, who is called in to treat him? LAW C. Ment.

Answer: *The Minister of the Interior, of course.*

Case No. 40

In the navy, what is the difference between "good shape" and "shipshape"?

Answer: *The difference between a WREN and a cruiser.*

Case No. 41

It's so crowded in our house in Ottawa I have to sleep on a door laid over the bathtub.

Will any harm result from this? Mrs. LAW Hardback.

Answer: *Watch out you don't catch a chill through the letter-slot.*

Case No. 42

Can I make our butter ration go farther by mixing it with lard? Mrs. I. Gorge.

Answer: *Yes—mix $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter with $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. lard. You won't be able to tell the difference from pure lard.*

Case No. 43

Is there any difference in a sailor's status when he is at sea on a destroyer and when at home on leave? AW1 Running.

Answer: *On the destroyer he chases subs. On shore he isn't so particular.*

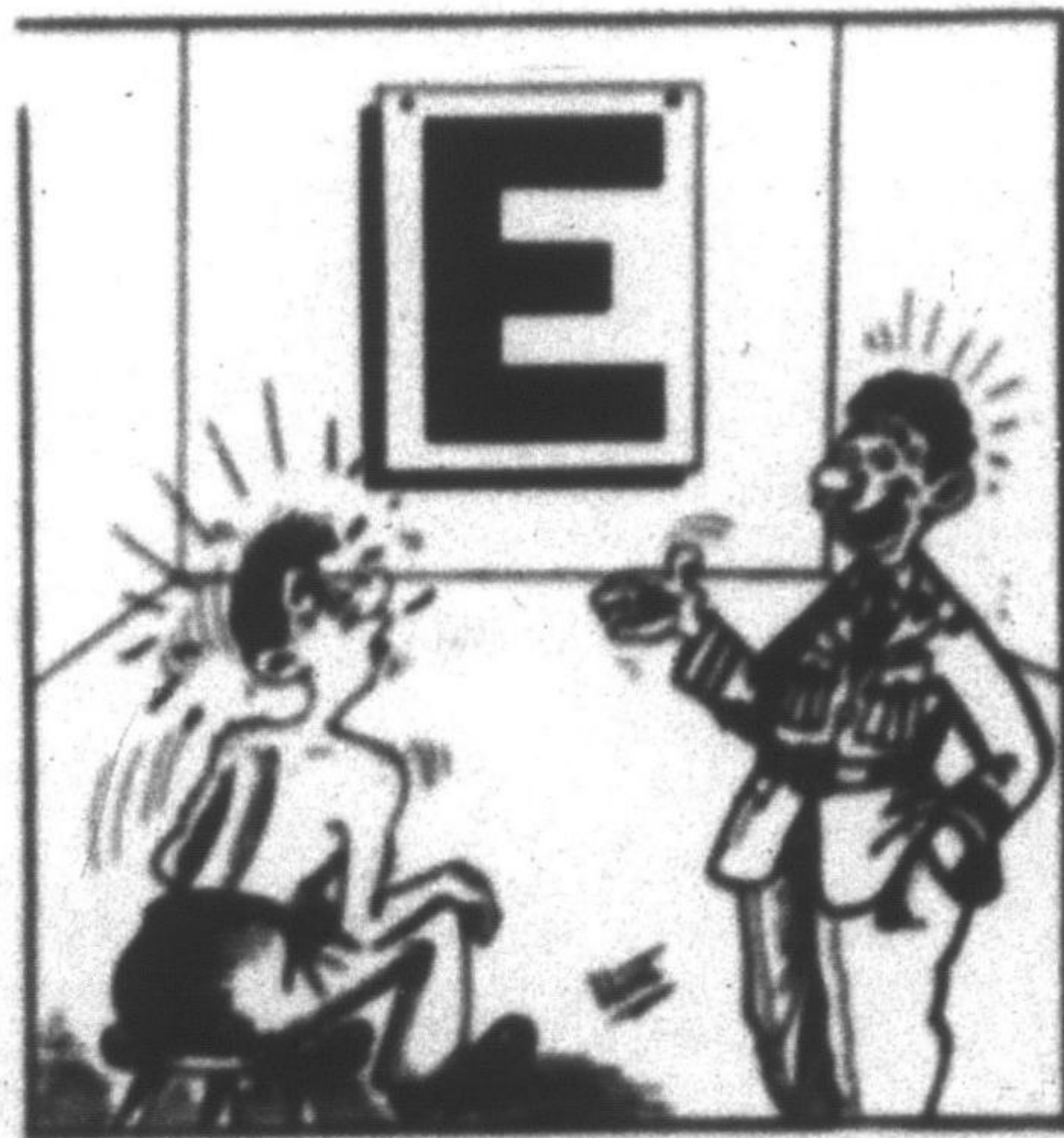
Picture with a Purpose (maybe)

OUR curiosity was aroused one morning by a pretty WD with a camera on a tripod. She was parked near Building 33, by the airmen's canteen, and her camera was pointed straight at a pile of dirt.

She kept popping under the black photographers' hood, focussing and doing all the little things these camera people do.

Well, it seems she's a student, and she WAS going to photograph the pile of dirt. She said it was a "progress" shot, meant to show some phase of progress at Rockcliffe. We still don't get the connection, but anyone who'll spend 20 minutes photographing a pile of dirt deserves mention in Crosswinds.

That's why these nonsensical yarns get into print.



"We are relaxing a little bit in our requirements for aircrew."

TAKEN ON STRENGTH

Xenopus Laevis Daudin - - Frogs to You!

**Sgt. Molly Green is O/C of
African Arrivals at Hospital**

By W/C H. G. OBORNE

THE African frogs (*Xenopus laevis* Daudin to be exact) have arrived and are housed in building 125. They have created considerable interest because of their curious appearance and their unusual purpose. Sgt. Molly Green is in charge of the frog laboratory and will supervise the tests. She is assisted by Cpl. Ursula Platt, former lab. assistant at St. Joseph's hospital, Toronto, who has just come from Centralia.

Lady Kingsmill has generously offered the use of her summer home for air force personnel who are convalescent. On an island in Rideau Lake, it has motor boats, canoes and sailboats. Only those who have no homes of their own or whose homes are at great distances will be accommodated.

Thanks to Sgt. J. J. A. Cloutier and his volunteer repats for their work in landscaping the front hospital grounds. Cloutier was a landscape gardener in civil life and the project shows evidence of his ability.

Members of the sergeants' mess have again shown their goodwill and generosity by donating a complete set of Curvite surgical instruments to the hospital. These are self-illuminated glass retractors and allow of operations under poor lighting conditions. In addition they have donated a number of folding chairs and lawn tables. We are very grateful and wish the members to know we appreciate their kindness.

There are a number of cases of malaria and dysentery in hospital. Malaria is transmitted by mosquitoes—the same ones we have at Rockcliffe. Transmission is accomplished by a mosquito biting a malarial case and then biting a healthy person. Dysentery is transmitted by the ordinary house-fly and since our cases are tropical dysentery the disease is serious. We ask all personnel, for their own protection, to keep all screen doors closed, especially at the hospital and mess halls.

Thanks to F/O M. Sym and his staff at photo centre for their excellent color photos of specimens and surgical operations, a new departure in the field of color photography.

A flag-pole, provided by F/L Borthwick of W & B, had been erected in front of the hospital. The flag was donated by the Red Cross. A cash donation from the Red Cross Superfluity Shop will be used to augment the patients' library.

We welcome the following: LAW Jean Findlay of Weyburn, Sask., a shorthand steno attached for contact training; F/L Norman Brown, new radiologist from Montreal. A graduate of McGill, he interned at Montreal General and Toronto Western; AWI Mickey McMurdo, of Cobourg, attached to the hospital as a G.D. She is taking a business course preparatory to remustering to a clerical trade.

*This space reserved
for Sections that
did not submit
news—
How's about it?
Next deadline—
July 24.*



"The sarge ain't in right now . . . whom shall I say called?"

THIS MONTH'S TRUE DETECTIVE STORY

Mystery of the Missing Bottles

(or who-dun-it?)

F/L C. H. Church is chairman of the canteen committee, station security officer and o/c Link trainer section.

As if he didn't have enough to worry about, it now turns out that several hundred dollars worth of bottles have gone missing. Pop bottles, milk bottles and beer bottles are disappearing at a rapid rate through, shall we say, carelessness.

So, listen guys and gals, from now on how's about taking a tip from us. Whenever you buy bottled drinks at the canteens or snack bar, puh-lease return the empties.

The money comes out of our pocket in the long run.

And here's a tip for any section that might be short of empties. Detail a party to scour the station; you'll find plenty of 'em kicking around. We won't mention any particular spot (though we know a few) because we don't want to get anyone Joed over it. But no doubt you know as well as we do where to find 'em.

So let's get together and clean them up this month, and keep 'em cleaned up.

College Boys Taste Air Force Life

By AC1 TOM CREEPER

For the last six weeks, a large body of newcomers have hit the O.R. mess with the result that regular diners have to run to get ahead of the queue. These men in issue RCAF uniforms with a shoulder patch reading UATC, are of the University Air Training Corps.

During the university year these men work on their B.A. as well as study navigation, aircraft rec., signals, theory of flight, and other I.T.S. subjects. The 14 days spent on RCAF stations during the summer is to familiarize them with service life.

Two groups were from McGill University. The last group No. 21 St. Charles Borromeo College Squadron of Sherbrooke, consisted of 55 men with F/L G. Perrault as O.C. He obtained about two hours in the air for each man. F/L Perrault had a staff composed of F/Sgt P. Houle, admin. clerk; and Sgt. M. Paiement, P.T. and drill instructor. F/O A. M. Gilday of Rockcliffe was their navigator instructor and C.O.I. with trained flight commander F/Sgt's G. Cote and H. Leonard.

The influx of new faces continues until September. The U.A.T.C. boys left on July 1 and air cadets arrived two days later. Each group of cadets will be here for 10 days and will take many of the same subjects, with emphasis on P.T., drill and familiarization flips.

Get Married For Free In Station Chapel

HAVE you seen Rockcliffe's station chapel? It's a lovely place, with a fine altar and drapes and stained glass windows.

Since the chapel opened in December there have been a number of weddings held there, but so far none this month.

Will some kind Rockcliffe-ite take the hint and take the plunge on the station? Just think of it: First July wedding in station chapel. We can see the headlines now; and we can always use a good story.

Newlyweds are assured of adequate news coverage. Crosswinds office is in the chapel.

Incidentally, there are no fees attached to being married by the padres on the station. It's all free, as laid down in K.R. (Air).

We Warned Ya, Guys!

TAKE a hint, men, from DRO's. We go to the trouble of reading them every day and we pass along this warning note.

Many airmen are wearing field service caps from which stiffening has been removed making it impossible to see the badge properly. This practice is to be discontinued immediately (if not sooner).

If you don't believe us see DRO's for June 17, 1944, page five, Serial No. 143, Code No. 33JA003.

Then there's the one about the fellow who had to go to a masquerade ball and didn't know what to wear. . . He finally put on one of Lana Turner's sweaters and went as a camel.

First WD: "Good Lord, why don't you peel that banana before you eat it."
Second WD: "What for? I know what's inside."

Allied Fliers Murdered Says Repat Pilot

**S/L F. H. Boulton, DFC, Was Prisoner
In Stalag Luft III During Mass Escape**

"They were deliberately shot."

So declared S/L F. H. Boulton, DFC, who was a prisoner in Stalag Luft III during the mass escape of 80 British and Canadian airmen. S/L Boulton, repatriated to Rockcliffe, was passed for exchange after suffering partial paralysis and loss of speech following an operation.

Discussing the prison break and subsequent death of 50 Allied fliers, he said: "The claim that a second attempt was made is ridiculous. It was impossible. The men were exhausted when recaptured and they were in Gorlitz prison, one of the most closely guarded spots in Germany."

S/L Boulton was shot down over Amiens while leading a Spitfire squadron convoying Fortresses on a bombing expedition over Germany. He suffered serious head wounds and was removed to a nearby German hospital.

"I was the only Canadian there," he said. "But it was crowded with German airmen. Apparently our boys were doing a good job on them." He was later removed to a second hospital at Frankfurt, and then finally to a hospital at Obermasfeld, staffed entirely by British Medical Corps, who had been taken prisoners by the Germans. Many of them were captured at Dunkerque.

Later he was removed to Stalag Luft III, and was placed in the east compound, with some 1,400 prisoners. It was from this compound the mass escape was made.

"I knew all the fellows in the escape attempt," he said. "The six Canadians who were shot were particular friends of mine. There were some 6,000 prisoners in the camp, including Canadians, British and United States airmen. About 400 Canadian officers were prisoners there. In all there were some 1,200 Canadian air force officers prisoners in Germany. Many are also at Stalag Luft I on the Baltic coast.

"The break was well planned. They worked on it for some 16 months before they were finally ready. Guard precautions are most elaborate at the camp. It is entirely surrounded by three rows of barbed wire, ten feet high and six feet in depth. Machine guns are posted at intervals in elevated positions. There are searchlights and a constant guard. A warning wire is placed some distance from the main fence and all prisoners are warned that to cross this wire means you will be shot.

"Eighty prisoners went out. Four of them were recaptured almost at once. The others

got away. The Germans turned over 2,000 guards out to search the entire countryside. The air was full of radio instructions. Finally a group was recaptured and removed to Gorlitz, the Gestapo headquarters near Dresden. They were interrogated for hours. Then came the word that 47 of the boys had been shot. It's nonsense to say it was a second attempt at escape. It is impossible. And no one would have tried it.

"Guards were doubled around our camp. We were locked in our huts at 7.15 nightly. Guards with dogs patrolled the wire. Finally, the German commandant told G/C H. M. Massey, our commandant, of the shooting. Even he seemed to know it was deliberate, for he told G/C Massey it was a Gestapo action and the German air force would take no responsibility for it. The German army and air force themselves are in terror of the Gestapo. They are everywhere among the services and a corporal of the Gestapo can give orders to a camp commandant and have them carried out. Among the prisoners they have their spies and among the German people they have such a control that an uprising would be impossible, however the people might feel.

"Our men were deliberately shot. There is no doubt about it in my mind and there was no doubt in the minds of other men in the prison camp. Perhaps the Gestapo did it to impose fear on added attempt escapes. But it was deliberate and it was murder."

Shed A Tear Water Tower's Gone

THE old water tower—long a Rockcliffe landmark—is dead. With its passing, a summer and winter guide is lost to the wanderer from main gate to barrack block.

The tower was torn down to make way for progress—a new reservoir, which supplies our water in a modern manner, via electrical pumps.

In winter the heavy weight of icicles added a spice of danger for the passerby. In summer the musical drip of overflowing water lulled us to sleep. Now naught remains but the control hut, rising forlornly from a heap of discarded steel pillars. Soon these too will go to be used in building machines of war.

THIS MONTH'S BEDTIME STORY

Carlofsky and the Wee Mouse

WITHOUT comment, we present an extract from the control operations log book, as reported by F/O F. J. Shea.

0320 hrs.: Phoned duty control officer that a DKT 663 would arrive. E.T.A. Rockcliffe 0415.

0400 hrs.: I felt something running up my leg. I thought I was dreaming. I looked down and saw a mouse staring me in the face. I fell off the chair. I bruised myself. I cursed myself. I cursed the mouse. Before getting up I looked and there was the mouse staring at me. What is there about me that makes mice stare at me? This is certainly contact training.

0420 hrs.: DKT 663 landed. Dorval advised.

Author of this entry was LAC A. Carlofsky in training here. Any guy who has the imagination he has interests us immensely. In fact, if Carlofsky will drop into Crosswinds press room we think we have a reporter's job waiting for him—at double salary of the last reporter we had before selective service got him.

Chapel Press Room Even Awes Us

Crosswinds is only Canadian paper produced in such a religious atmosphere

CCROSSWINDS is probably the only paper in Canada produced in a religious chapel.

Our press room moves between the Protestant padre's office and the R.C. padre's office, although we spend most time in the former (Local 156) because of the swell issue typewriter.

We take calls here, conduct interviews, press conferences with the staff and entertain visitors and hangers-on. Altogether we like the atmosphere here. It sort of awes people who come to see us; in fact, we're a bit awed ourselves.

The atmosphere here is doing us a lot of personal good. All of which proves that anything can happen in the newspaper game.

Three rejects walked into a saloon together and immediately made for the bar. One piped up: "Give me an orangeade." The second ordered a cube. Keeping his head, the third one spoke: "Give me a glass of water: I'm driving."



—Photo by LAC L. S. Millett

She's the Original Rockcliffe WD

Rockcliffe's original WD—Sgt. Charlotte MacDonald—is still going strong after two years and three months at this unit. Charlotte, from Brantford, is M.T. dispatcher and the first sergeant WD in Canada to get her hooks in that trade.

A clerk in civilian life, Charlotte enlisted in November, 1941, when the RCAF first began taking in females. She took her course in Toronto and arrived here on March 28, 1942. She says she would like to see more of the country, but is beginning to give up hope. She almost got away once on temporary duty—but not quite.

If you're interested in talking to her, call Local 22. If a man answers ask for the city hall and hang up.

Crosswinds Pictures Free For the Asking

If your photo's in this issue, come and get it

IF your picture is in this issue of Crosswinds, you're lucky. Because the print is yours—all yours—and you can send it home or to your sweetheart overseas. All you have to do is call around for it at our press room, in the chapel.

So if a Crosswinds photographer approaches you with his news-camera, don't shy; step forward boldly. It'll pay dividends.



ELBOW BENDING—OTTAWA STYLE

Saluting is More Than Courtesy - - It's Tough Exercise

IN Ottawa an airman gets more exercise walking three blocks on Sparks St. than he suffers in three weeks of basic training. It is sawing off salutes to groupies and P/O's that does it.

The salute is a military calisthenic which is held in high esteem by junior officers and consists of a jerkey up and down slice with the right arm like a hound dog scratching its ear. The only times an AC1 is not required to bend the elbow to an officer is when he's asleep or if he happens to have both arms broken.

The higher you get in rank the less people you have to salute. Flight-locks, F/O's and P/O's start saluting at squadron-leader. The squadron-leader salutes all higher ranks, and so on.

But, says K.R. (Air), all airmen and officers when meeting the King, the Queen or any member of the Royal family shall come to a halt, face them and salute. So remember that!

The salute should be given at a sufficient distance so that the officer saluted will have time to return the salute. That's what the book says.

But if the airman can find an interesting store window full of girdles to gaze into before the officer bears down on him it saves the energy of both of them.

If he fails to spot the officer until it is too late then he should tear off his salute smartly, looking the officer straight in the eye, and not carelessly or half-heartedly.

That goes for all air force, navy and army officers; officers of our allies, and officers of the WRENS, WD's and CWACS. We have looked a lot of WD's in the eye but our shiny blues haven't even rated a kind look.

Officers, too, have their problems. A Rockcliffe flight-lieutenant gave us this: "When you're coming face to face with an airman you don't feel like looking directly at him. He might think you're looking for a salute. Yet you don't like to let your eyes wander, in case he does salute. So what

are we to do? It's a hard life all around."

The good book also says: All airmen shall salute an officer "not in uniform whom they know to be an officer." But if you're out for a swim at Britannia and you see your section commander stroking through the bay it is hardly necessary to embarrass him.

And, says K.R. (Air), "compliments shall not ordinarily be paid in such places as hotel lobbies, trains, boats, street cars, buses, restaurants, theatres, railway stations, churches and auditoriums."

Also, "the operator of a motor vehicle shall not salute while the vehicle is in motion."

All ranks shall salute the quarterdeck on boarding or leaving any of His Majesty's ships or a man-of-war of a foreign power. (Friendly foreign powers, we take it.)

It is considered good form on the part of a new-born P/O to go on the prowl for salutes the first day he sews on his thin stripe. Then he stops the first acey-deucey who tosses him a snappy one and gives him a



Officers, too, have their problems

dollar. From then on they're free and he can walk around where the AC's are thickest and enjoy himself.

Most energetic saluters in Ottawa are the girls. They like to salute. The actual performance is accomplished with a straight face but their expression right afterward says plainly, "I'd like to see an airman beat that one."

It is well to give a British serviceman a wide berth on a crowded street. He salutes everybody and it is a manoeuver that requires the full width of the sidewalk. His hand comes up with a conclusive jerk, clipping him with considerable force around the ear, and is then tossed violently to the right with a jolt that almost tears the arm off at the socket. He also yells "Good afternoon" at the salute.

The rule of thumb most conscientious airmen follow is to salute everybody. What if he does happen to waste one on an usher from the Capitol theatre. There isn't a P/O in town who can get you a good seat in the movies these days.

HOW TO SALUTE

(The Pukka Gen)

HERE'S the real inside dope on how to salute, brought to you after intensive research by Crosswinds. If you think we're kiddin', see CAP 90 for yourself, Chapter V.

Now, all together, let's practice this:

Maintaining the remainder of the body in the position of attention, raise the right arm smartly in a circular motion to a horizontal position, level and in line with the shoulders, elbows and wrist straight, palm of the hand to the front, fingers and thumb fully extended and close together, and turn the head and eyes smartly to the right sufficiently far to be able to see the arm and hand and check them for accuracy.

Bend the right elbow and bring the hand in smartly to the head in a circular motion, second finger slightly higher than and to the right of the eye. Check the position of your right arm. The upper arm, wrist and hand are to be straight and the elbow is to be in line and level with the shoulders.

Then close the right hand smartly as in the position of attention. Cut the right hand smartly straight down to the side in the shortest way and turn the head and eyes smartly to the front.

Chaplain: "Son, are you following the Ten Commandments?"
AC2: "I don't know, Sir. It's all I can do to keep up with station notices and memos."



Says K.R. (Air): "Operator of a vehicle shall not salute while the vehicle is in motion."

Classified Ads Inserted Free

A Crosswinds Service for Homeless Rockcliffe-ites

Apartment to Let

Two furnished apartments to let, including heating, linen, dishes, continuous hot water, newly decorated. Each apartment has own entrance. Rental to be permanent. Call Mrs. Davis, 11 Echo Drive. Telephone 2-4781.

Apartment (Sub-Let)

4 rooms including 2 bedrooms furnished. To rent for July and August. \$76 per month or closest offer. Telephone F.O.R.T. Hamilton, 9-4001.

Room to Let

Large room in new home, twin beds, showers, modern conveniences. Location, corner Marlborough and Templeton streets, Ottawa. Phone after 5 p.m., Saturday afternoon, or Sunday, 4-0698.

Room to Let

Large double room, no meals, airmen preferred; 184 Bronson Ave., Phone 2-4355w; Single \$20; Double \$15.

Support the
7th VICTORY LOAN
(How in heck did that get in?)

Murals by Pouliot

Rockcliffe airman paints colorful pictorial of life in the service

By LAC CHARLES I. DEAN

A ROCKCLIFFE G.D. who is a wizard with paint and brush is rapidly turning the station hospital into a miniature museum of art.

He's AC1 André Pouliot, who has already completed four murals as well as hospital personalities, and is now working on his masterpiece—a fifth mural with repatriation as its theme.

André's murals hang throughout the hospital. Decorations designed by him appear in the patients' dining room—a whimsical touch of feasting during the middle ages, with royalty surrounded by attendants and a typical court jester. A mural in the WD's rest room at the back of the kitchen depicts WD's engaged in various tasks—working in the lab., cooking, sweeping and enjoying a well-earned rest. His talent also appears in the physiotherapy room, depicting patients' limbs being skillfully manipulated by masseurs, and guided in exercises that enable them to regain their health, as well as enjoying the beneficial health lamp rays.

André's studio is on the second floor of the hospital, part of the crash ward, and here he busily mixes his colors, sketching his mural, and occasionally doing such mundane jobs as printing signs for hospital use.

ANDRÉ, born in Quebec City of French descent, traces his forebears to Normandy, scene of the Allied invasion. His artistic talents were first displayed in cartoons of teachers at school, not always appreciated, but hinting at his future talent.

His training in artistic work consisted of a year in New York, and his technique has been developed by persistent effort in the bitter school of experience.

For two years he led a Bohemian life in Montreal, and learned much during this period.

His service career has been varied. He joined with the intention of becoming a pilot, and received training for this until he reached SFTS. This interest in flying has continued, for his two passions in life are painting and flying, and he enjoys an occasional flip.

ANDRÉ has other interests as well. He is an ardent writer, enjoys bike racing, and is often seen around camp on his artistically decorated wheel. He enjoys studying biology, psychology and philosophy, and is always ready to discuss these subjects.



AC1 ANDRE POULIOT at work on his mural, "Repatriation," to be hung with his others in the Rockcliffe hospital.

—Photo by LAC L. S. Millett

His aim in the service is to paint more murals of air force life and to make a pictorial record for posterity. He expresses his appreciation to W/C H. G. Osborne, senior medical officer, for a further opportunity of gaining valuable experience, and of satisfying artistic ambitions.

Pouliot's new mural with the theme of repatriation—ultimate purpose of the station hospital—shows the arrival of repatriated airmen by ship after service overseas, their disembarkation and rapid transfer by train and plane across the continent to Rockcliffe hospital, and the transportation from the rail depot by RCAF ambulance to hospital if medically necessary.

THEN he shows the various phases of hospital work directly concerned with repatriation: Records, work to maintain the hospital, in laboratory, kitchen and ward, and services provided by X-ray, nursing, surgery, physiotherapy, eye, ear, nose and throat, neurologists, and specialists who prepare airmen for successful return and adjustment to civilian life. Shown too is the Red Cross worker typifying the civilian services ministering to airmen.

Various careers are shown—the graduate (symbolizing the university career open to the repatriated airman), the scientist, the artist, the artisan, riveter, welder, farmer.

The airman upon his return to civilian life is shown dressed in "civvies," while his friend who prefers to continue his service career is shown in "blues", departing for his well-earned furlough.

Many repats remain in the service and this is shown by an airman dressed in full flying kit, with hangar and planes in the background.

Good Show, Comrade!

ОБЩЕСТВЕННЫЙ КОМПЛЕКТ ОБРАЗЦОВОЙ КОПИИ С ЗАПЯТОМ

ВНИМАНИЕ! КОМПЛЕКТ ОБРАЗЦОВОЙ КОПИИ С ЗАПЯТОМ

John Weinzwieg,
Composer

Dear colleague,

С благодарностью подтверждаю получение вами копии моего произведения и выражаю благодарность. Эта история имеет много общего с известными советскими произведениями и особенно с произведениями Шостаковича. Над творчеством я работаю с большим интересом и любовью.

С уважением,
Генеральный секретарь
Международного Союза Композиторов

С уважением,
Генеральный секретарь
Международного Союза Композиторов

Генеральный секретарь
Международного Союза Композиторов

Генеральный секретарь

A VIOLIN sonata by Cpl. John Weinzwieg has made a hit in Russia. The composition was played by David Oistrakh, leading violinist of the U.S.S.R. and professor of Moscow conservatory, and will be used by the senior students of his class at the conservatory.

Reproduced above is a letter received from Moscow, by Cpl. Weinzwieg. It is from G. Sneerson, of the U.S.S.R. Society for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries, and as translated by our staff linguist, reads as follows:

"Dear Colleague: I acknowledge with thanks the receipt of a number of your compositions, as well as the biography. This material will greatly help the Soviet musicians to become acquainted with Canadian achievements in musical art. We are very glad of the Canadian composers' successes in the works. It is especially pleasant to note the deep roots of folk element in your compositions, which are full of imagination and real musicianship."

It's the Weather

Doggone he, Me hate he,
Me wish him were died.
Him told I, Him loved I,
But darn he him lied.
Ah, me, it cannot was.

The sweet young thing had broken her glasses. She carefully picked up the pieces, placed them in an envelope and took it to her optometrist.

"Will I have to be examined all over?" she asked as she handed him the envelope.

"No," he replied, "just your eyes."

Gunners Go Girlish Use Beauty Cream

It's Now Standard Issue in Bomber Command

From Our Overseas War Correspondent

LONDON—A famous beauty cream firm is now manufacturing an anti-frostbite face cream issued to all rear gunners in Bomber Command. It looks for all the world like a blonde girl's pink foundation lotion when applied, but it dries white.

In the latest type of Lancaster the rear turret has part of the glass shield removed to give better vision, so that extra protection against frostbite at high altitudes is essential. Hence their own special protection cream for the rear gunner.

Bright Remarks By Rockcliffe Kiddies

The mess was deserted when Sgt. Ellen King came in. "Where's everybody?" she asked. Told they were all out watching an aerial display for air cadets, she said: "Where is it, in the drill hall?"

• • •

Overheard in the Eastview bus while passing a local cemetery.

Airwoman brightly to companion: "I wonder how many people there are dead in there."

Elderly RCAF Officer in front turns round and says: "I'd imagine they are all dead, young lady!"

Sunday in the Country

IT all began innocently enough when Flight Officers Margaret Chandler and Elizabeth Bie went a-cycling on a Sunday to Hog's Back, a local swimmin' hole. We don't know the exact distance; it's estimated at 11 miles. In any case, sequel to the outing came when Miss Chandler folded up her bike, tucked it into the trunk of a taxi-cab, and returned to Rockcliffe in style.

By Walter Winchell

Neighbors across the hall at HQ would like to know what airman in the duplicating pool takes out all the new airwomen, and why?

This Couldn't Happen At Rockcliffe

THE WOLF

If he parked his little flivver
Down beside the moontide river
And you feel him all a-quiver
Baby, he's a wolf!

If he says you're gorgeous lookin'
And that your blue eyes set him cookin'
But your eyes ain't where he's lookin'
Baby, he's a wolf!

When he says you are an eye-full
But his hands begin to trifle
And his heart beats like a rifle
Baby, he's a wolf!

If by chance when you are kissin'
You can feel his heart a-beatin'
And you talk, but he won't listen
Baby, he's a wolf!!

If his arms are strong as sinew
And he stirs the gypsy in you
So that you want him close against you
Baby, you're the wolf!!!

SEQUEL TO "THE WOLF"

If she throws her little "quiver"
In the front seat of your flivver
And says, "'Tis pleasant by the river,"
Brother—She's a wolf.

If the get-up she's wearin'
Turns your head and keeps you starin'
'Cause the length's a little darin'
Brother—She's a wolf.

If she really is bewitching
If she kisses with a twitching
As if her rosy lips were itching
Brother—She's a wolf.

If she really lets you pet her
Lets you snuggle in her sweater
And you really think you'd better
Brother—Be a wolf!

SEQUEL TO THE SEQUEL

If she screams and slaps your face
And seems to put you in your place
With an air of "practiced" grace
Brother—She's a wolf!

If she swears she's not that kind
But you know she'll change her mind
Even tho' the date were blind
Brother—She's a wolf!

If at last you stop persuadin'
'Cause your tactics sure are fadin'
Better watch this schemin' maiden
Brother—She's a wolf!

If she cuddles closer still
Then she kisses like she will
Be prepared to foot the bill
Brother—She's a wolf!

If she makes your faint heart flutter
Gives you chills and makes you stutter
And your poor knees turn to butter,
Brother—She's a wolf!

If she's really captivatin'
And the impression she's creatin'
Brings out all your hidden satan,
Brother—She's a wolf!

If, by chance, you should propose
While enchanted with her hose
And your fascination grows,
Brother—She's a wolf!

If her lawyer sues for billions
And she settles then for millions
Just be glad it isn't trillions
'Cause brother—you've been wolfed!

Belgian in RCAF Fought with Partisans Repats Recount Colorful Experiences On Return Here

Warrant Officer George Croisieu, a Belgian in the RCAF, escaped from an Italian prison camp when Italy capitulated just before the Germans took over. Several of his comrades were shot down as they tried to run to safety.

Croisieu, repatriated to Rockcliffe, spent three months roaming Italian hills with Partisans, taking part in sabotage and knifing German guards. When he had made his way to within 500 yards of the British lines he was recaptured by Germans and sent to Germany, where he remained until repatriated.

F/O George Pridham, of Toronto, was one of the two survivors of Wild Goose squadron bomber that was knocked down by German night fighters near Amsterdam a year ago. Last flight of his tour of operations he was sprayed with cannon fire and his leg was severed but he managed to bail out safely with the navigator—F/O J. C. B. Russell, of Toronto. The other five crewmen were killed. Russell still is a prisoner-of-war in Stalag Luft III Dresden, where 50 Allied airmen were recently shot after an attempted break.

W.O. Jim Summerville of Baton Rouge, La., made himself an artificial limb in a German prison camp. He lost his leg when he was shot down on a bombing mission with a Canadian squadron.

A.E.M. Honored For Aerial Feat

LAC Presseault of Communications,
Receives Oak Leaf on C.O.'s Parade

By LAC G. MEDLAND

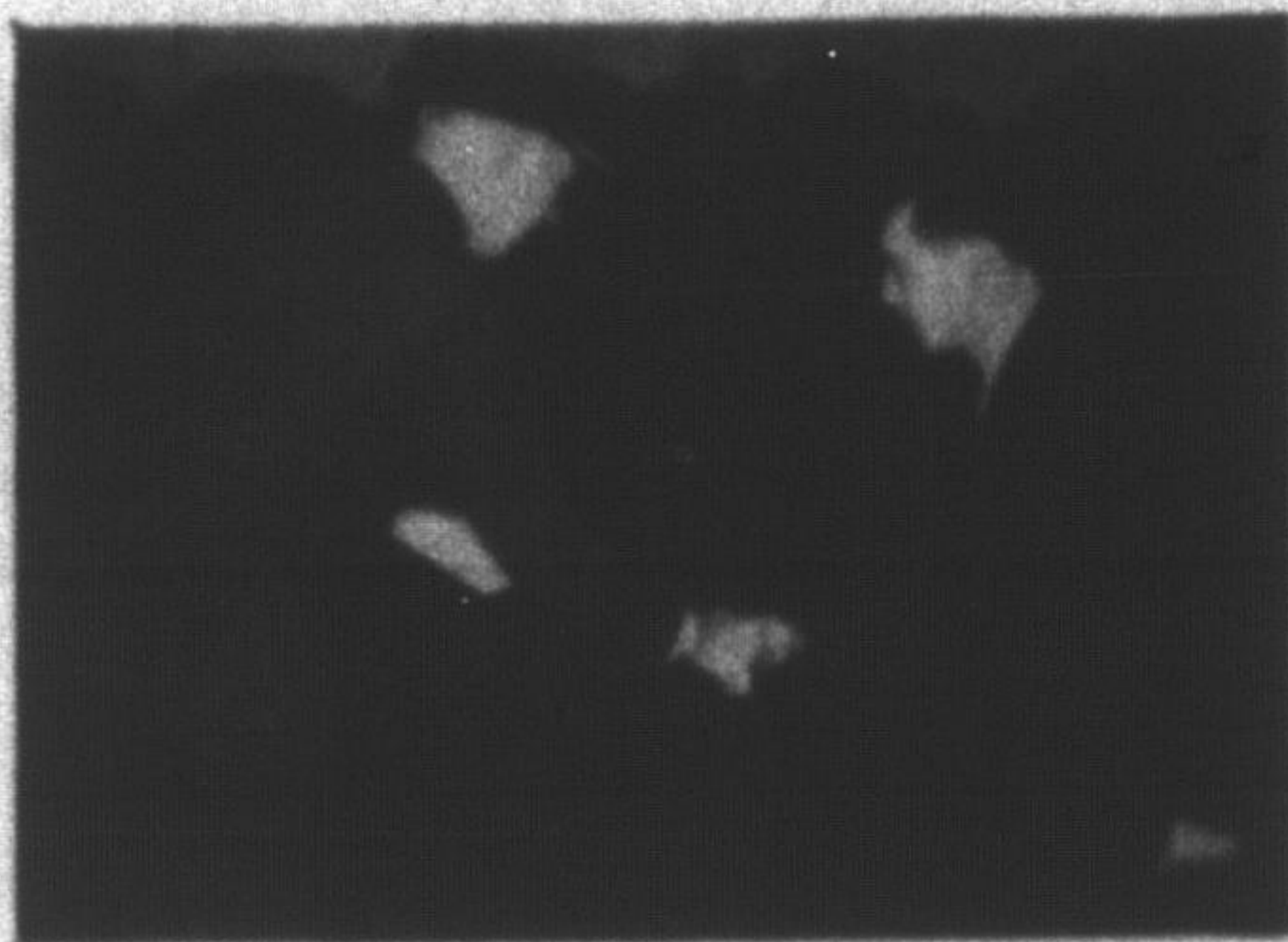
AERO-ENGINE mechs who fly as crewmen on Communication ships are in a class apart from other ground crew of the same trade.

Totalling seven in number, they are all corporals, except one LAC. They have been selected for their jobs by virtue of their skill and experience as fitters and general knowledge of all aircraft trades, since they must be capable of making emergency repairs in any line. Testimony to their experience is their logged flying times, ranging from 350 to over 1,000 hours in the air, a record unequalled by a large percentage of aircrew returned from operations overseas, and including all the hazards of flight excepting only combat with the enemy.

A study of individual log book reads like a Cook's Tour of this continent. All seven combined cover trips from Newfoundland and Labrador to Hudson's Bay across the Yukon to Alaska, down through California, through Mexico, up through the Southern states to Florida and north to New York and Maine, with stop-overs at airports in every province and state.

List of passengers carried on these trips is a who's who of Allied military leaders, statesmen, nobility and high ranking officials. Included are Lord Louis Mountbatten, Field Marshall Sir John Dill, the King's Courier, the late Duke of Kent, and a host of others all of whom the crewmen have had unrivalled opportunity to meet informally. It was following a long trip through the North country ferrying a well known author, that he wrote a book in which he mentions Cpl. Johnson in his official capacity. A copy was forwarded to the corporal with the author's best wishes, an evidence of the friendship struck during their journey together.

Each of these "flying groundcrew" had similar experiences to recount. Outstanding of these is LAC Flo Presseault's cool and skillful action last year which resulted in his recent citation "—for coolness, technical ability and resourcefulness in the line of duty." Last September, his ship, carrying as passenger Air Marshal William Bishop, destination Windsor, Ontario, developed a failure in the electrical system which rendered all power equipment useless, including all lights (the ship was flying in night darkness), the radio, and the motor for lowering the undercarriage. Approaching the landing field, the pilot resorted to the emergency undercarriage system, manually operated, which in turn refused to lower the wheels



MENTIONED IN DISPATCHES: LAC Joseph Ernest Florian Presseault, 26, of Communication squadron, receives the C.O.'s congrats for his coolness, technical ability and resourcefulness in the line of duty. In civilian life, he was a research lab assistant at a Temiskaming paper mill.

leaving them with the grim prospect of making a crash landing at night on a strange field. While the pilot flew in great circles for an hour, Presseault removed seats and floor boards, assisted by the air marshal. He probed for the defect, finally locating a faulty cable which he was able to repair, enabling the aircraft to make a safe landing. For this feat, Presseault today proudly wears the gold Oak Leaf on his tunic, presented by the C.O. here. It is an honor richly deserved, and the pride of our entire squadron.

Outstanding as is Presseault's deed, it exemplifies the situations confronting each crewman, and is proof of the type of man required for the job. It is true that the crewman's lot is regarded with envy by all, especially for his escape from routing, but it must not be forgotten that behind each one lies long training and the ability to successfully cope with the responsibility of his job.

Sister Team:

Jo Joins Ella and brings
the girl next door, too

EIGHTEEN months in the service have agreed with LAW Ella Lockhart, HQ steno. Now her younger sister Jo, 18, has followed the example and enlisted in the WD's.

Jo arrived from Winnipeg on June 23, and what's more she brought a pal along, Jean Thompson, the gal who lived next door. Ella was at Union Station when the choo-choo pulled in and right away started giving the rookies the score on Rockcliffe and the RCAF.

R.A. for RCAF's Lonely Hearts

Satisfy your every wish
in this all-embracing
outfit

By RUBY SMYTH

SO you're a footloose guy with a few spare evenings and no place to go, nothing to do—because this is Ottawa!

Brother, we're here to wipe those words from the slate and write R.A. in their place. Plunk your six bits down at headquarters on 30 Rideau St. and you're in for three months of real fun.

R.A. is the recreation association for civil servants and air force personnel have been invited to join. R.A. boasts a membership of 12,000 (one-tenth service personnel and nine-tenths pretty girls) and more than 50 summer and winter activities.

We think R.A. has something to offer and so does Cpl. Lucky Diehl, wireless op. of 34 Detachment at Navan, who is a leading light of the drama club. Born 23 years ago at Cypress River, Man., Lucky joined up in December, 1940. In February, 1942, he returned from overseas.

Lucky began his acting career as a child of 12, guided by a dramatically gifted father. Lucky's first interest in R.A. naturally led him to the drama group, the R.A. Players. Though acting and playwriting appeal chiefly to him, R.A. welcomes with open arms those whose interest centers in other phases of the theatre, such as producing and directing.

LAST season, RA Players produced more than a dozen skits and one-act plays. During the summer months the RA Players becomes the Summer Workshop, which devotes itself to playreading, choice of plays for next season's productions, and open forum discussions with speakers experienced in theatrical work.

Lucky chose also to join the RA Radio Players, a group ably coached by Charles Wright, head of CBO at Ottawa. During the month of March this year a series of four half-hour plays was presented over CBO under his capable direction.

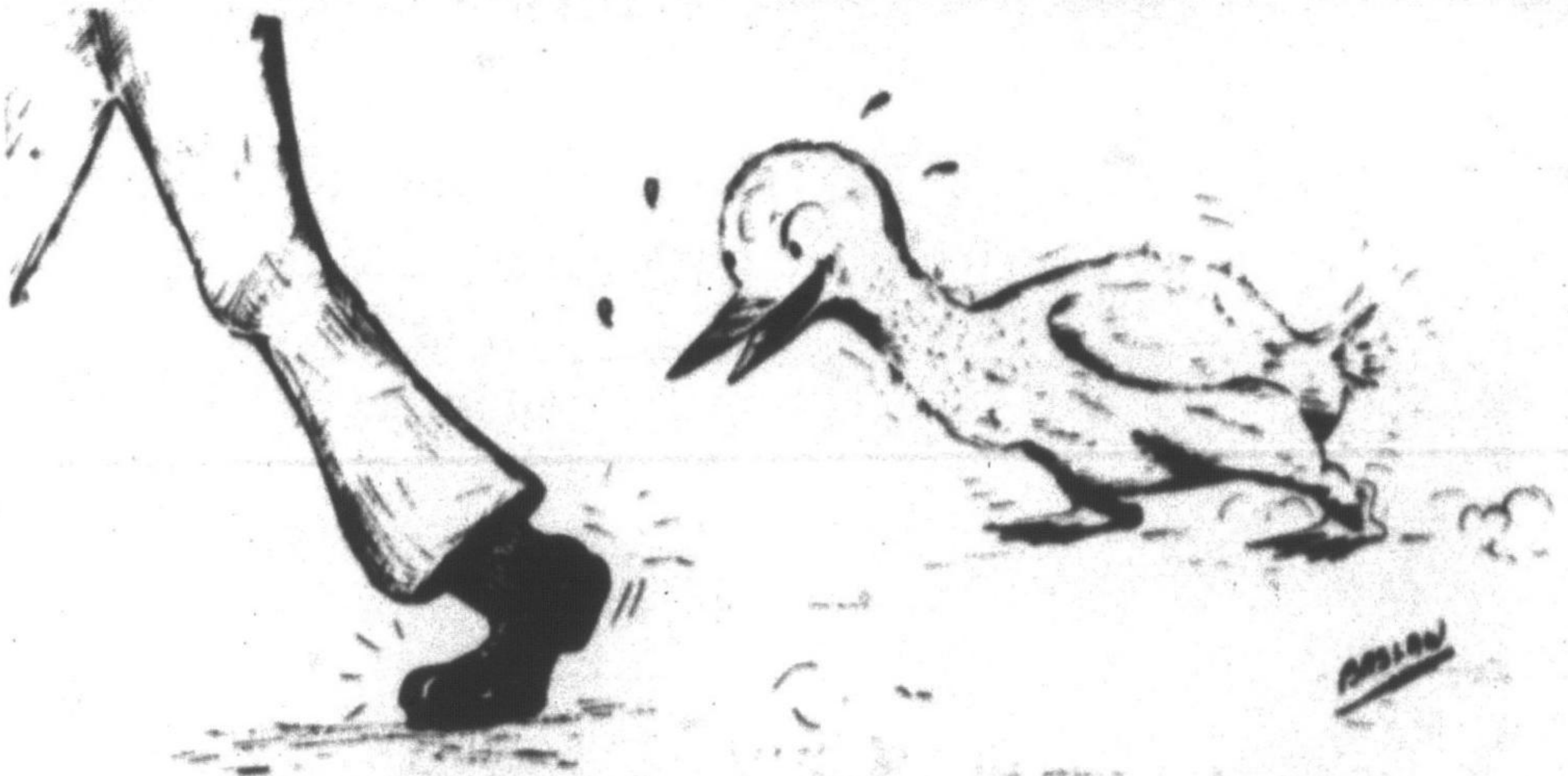
But—if you don't go for dray-ma—if you're the Charles Atlas type—bring on the sports! Choose boxing under the former coach of World Champ Jackie Callura; fencing with Captain Karch, former Olympic team member; hockey coached by Bill Boucher; swimming instruction at Chateau Laurier pool by Steve Quinn; and tennis, at

(Continued on next page)



BOY MEETS GIRL. That's the theme of R.A., Ottawa's recreation association open to all service personnel. *Top:* A luscious female stag line at one of their dances. *Centre:* Cpl. Lucky Diehl, of Rockcliffe's Navan detachment, gives a few pointers to the gals in the drama club. *Bottom:* A swim party at Chateau Laurier pool. Nice eyes, eh wot? Want to join up? Read Ruby Smyth's story alongside.

—Top photo by National Film Board; others by Doug White, R.A. Camera Club.



Saucy Duckling Inspects C.O.'s Parade

DONALD DUCK'S kid brother, AC3 Dilbert Duckling, arrived at Rockcliffe and right away helped the C.O. inspect a station parade.

No one knows for sure how Dilbert got here. Some say he was posted here from Gander. Another report says he returned from overseas with a repat.

Anyway, Dilbert's a good airmen. He was on the parade square bright and early for C.O.'s inspection. He must have read DRO's.

Having missed breakfast, Dilbert was fed arrowroot biscuits by a squadron-leader whose kiddies left the biscuits in the car.

When the C.O. appeared, Dilbert made a smart right about turn and followed the

C.O. through a full inspection of repats and 7 M.D.

After the parade, when interviewed by a Crosswinds reporter, Dilbert stated: "Bit of a bind these station parades, donchaknow, but after all in my position one has to put up with this sorta thing. I think I'll suggest to Donald that Walter—Mr. Disney y'know—make a movie short on station parades. Now if you'll excuse me, I must toddle along. It's almost opening time at the snake pit."

And from that day to this, we haven't seen hide nor hair nor feather of Dilbert Duckling. For information leading to his apprehension, Crosswinds offers a case of chocolate milk—payable when Dilbert is delivered to our office.

R.A. for RCAF

(Concluded from previous page)

the Victoria Tennis Club Courts, with expert instruction.

Maybe riding is your dish? There are thoroughbreds at Red Top riding stable, and classes for the beginner.

DOES the feel of cool pliable clay in your hands bring out the creative instinct? Denis Duchesnay, outstanding Ottawa sculptor, conducts a class in clay modelling. This and the sketching group now work from live models. RA sketchers, who now work outdoors, have produced a sufficient selection of finished drawings to present their own exhibition.

Then, you could take that camera with which you've been shooting innocent people, down to Doug White's Camera Club and maybe get and give a pointer or two. Already the group has taken pictures of nearly every RA activity, including the dance classes.

Speaking of dance classes, if you've a yen to smooth your technique, try Elizabeth Johnstone's ballroom dancing class. Then take in the nightly dances at the clubrooms

on 54 Rideau St.

For those with a nose for news there's the RA Press Club, which conducts a news column in an Ottawa daily, as well as doing feature stories on RA activities.

FUN in the sun is the keynote for RA's new summer center at Fairy Lake, open for the first time this year, with all possible summer activities removed to the playground.

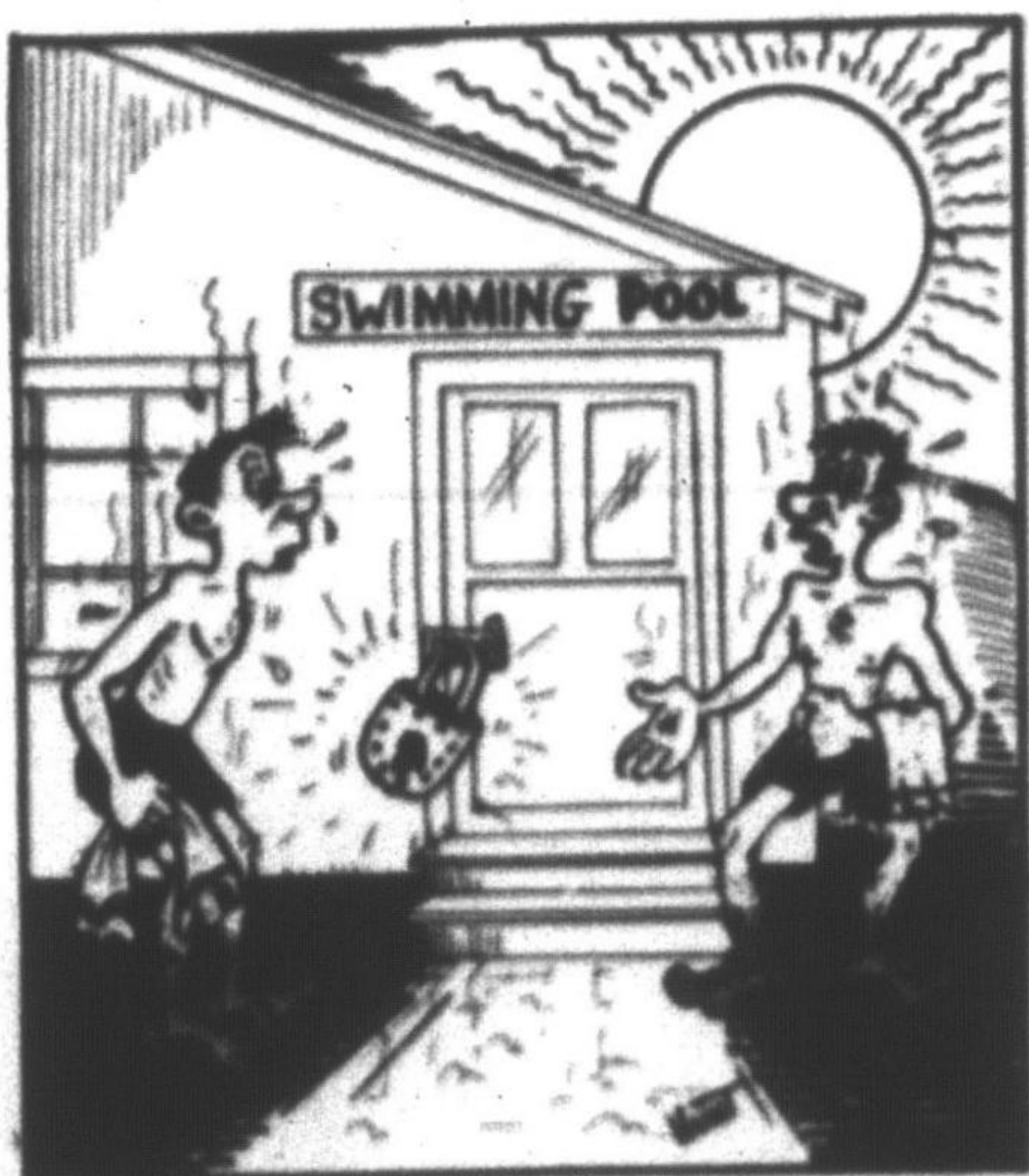
Five cents on the Hull Electric Railway from the Chateau Laurier takes you to the village of Val Tetreau, a short hike from the Lodge.

Open all day Saturday and Sunday, the Lodge is open Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings.

Diamonds and courts are laid out for softball and volley-ball, with ample space for plenty of spectators. If you are addicted to the old-fashioned game of horseshoes, there's a spot for that game too. Picknickers, cyclists and hikers are finding this a choice week-end spot.

Like Lucky says, we figure we've got something to offer—and we figure too that 12,000 members can't be wrong.

Why not find out?



"I don't get it! Here we have a giant swimming pool and we can't even use it!"

Editor's Note: All others who don't get it, read W/C Sprange's story on this page.

NOOZY NOTES

SQUADRON Officer Winnifred Taylor, former C.O. of 7 M.D. is on a three-month tour of England to gain first-hand knowledge. She is visiting the living and working quarters of WD's in London and in remote parts of England, where their work is secret and important.

WO2 Kirkwood and his merry men of Rockcliffe's 70-piece Central Band have just completed a two-week tour of the Eastern United States. Well-known to Canadians through its Wednesday night coast-to-coast broadcast, the band added millions of new friends to participating in war loan rallies in Washington (where the CBC broadcast of June 28 originated), Baltimore, Cleveland, Buffalo, Philadelphia and New York. AC2 Terence O'Dell, a Crosswinds reporter, went along to produce and announce the broadcast. He was away three days, 48 hours of which were spent on trains. O'Dell, formerly with the CBC, is here on Joe-jobs, awaiting aircrew training.

DO you work hard on the station? Then here's a hot weather tip, straight from the senior medical officer.

Personnel engaged in heavy manual labor, who find themselves sweating profusely, are liable to exhaustion and collapse unless they increase their intake of common salt. All such personnel should double the amount of salt used on their food, or apply to the hospital for salt pellets to be taken with water during the day.

Why You Can't Swim In Station Pool

The Inside Dope from Senior Administrative Officer

By W/C S. A. SPRANGE

YOU are quite right. We have a swimming pool, nestling in the trees right beside the fire hall. Our two smart friends (left) and many others are now asking why you can't get in and enjoy a swim in the cool, filtrated Ottawa water. Alas, however, we must disappoint you and we're afraid the day will not come during your stay here.

Your swimming pool is a reserve reservoir for the station water supply. Because our station has grown so large and also supplies water to the National Research Council, this reservoir is filling and emptying all the time. Now, none of us would like to drink water that we were swimming in—especially when we take a look at the feet of the types at the left.

We have tried to obtain another source of water supply but the city of Ottawa is now so overtaxed that they can't give us another drop. So we must bow to our fate. Alas, nature is agin' us and you know you can't buck that.

Your next question will be "What about the quarries?" Well, we must give you another negative answer. The water is polluted with some kind of bug or other (pronounced as written) and we can't swim there. Any of you who have tried it can expect a series of purple spots, so we warn you—keep away from it.

There are a number of ye olde swimming holes in Ottawa and vicinity that you can get to by bus and street car. Some are Woodroffe and Britannia on this side of the Ottawa River, Aylmer and Alexandria Bay on the other side. Brighton Beach and Hog's Back are on the Rideau River.

See the YMCA for street car and bus directions to these and other spots. Of course there are indoor pools like the Chateau Laurier but we know that you can't get a very good tan in there. So, any of you water lovers who haven't the energy to make any of these spots, get your bathing suits on, stand outside the Rockcliffe pool and try to talk the firemen into setting you down with the hose. As an alternative, the best we can offer is a good cold shower.

There was a hot pilot named Bright
Whose speed was much faster than light.
He took off one day,
Indulged in a fray
And returned on the previous night.

THE WINNAHS!

Lay-d-e-e-e-e-s 'n' gen-n-n-n-elmun: Announcing, the winners of the five-dollar cash prize (\$5) in Crosswinds monthly contest for the best contribution, be it story, poetry, cartoon or picture.

LAC Charles I. Dean, medical clerk, wins the \$5 prize for his contributions to this issue. Charlie is one of our hardest-working reporters. He produces quality as well as quantity, and can be counted on to do an assignment quickly.

Winner for the June issue:—Sgt. Oscar Scheuneman, of T. & D., a faithful reporter. The sarge is investing his prize in war savings stamps, he said.

Get your entries in at once for the August issue. Send or mail them to the Editor, c/o the Chapel.

Some husbands are wonderful. Mike has been married for twelve years and has never stopped being romantic. Of course, if his wife ever finds out about it, she'll break his neck.



Snow White Here

For 30 minutes on June 21, three Hollywood entertainers put on a swell show at Rockcliffe hospital. Two were famous voices—Adriana Caselotti, the voice of Snow White, and Pinto Colvig, the voice of Grumpy, Guppy and Pluto in Walt Disney's pictures. Louise Lyndon, screen star accordionist, rounded out the act. Amazing the entertainment you get merely by going sick.

—Photo by LAC Leslie Millett.

We Find News Anywhere Even in Waste Basket

CROSSWINDS reporters are likely to turn up when and where you least expect them. One was in the post office one day when two sirmen received newspapers in the mail, and promptly deposited them in the cardboard box by the door which acts as a waste basket.

Curiosity aroused, our man retrieved the papers. For the benefit of the two lads who didn't have the time nor the inclination to read 'em here are the highlights of their home town news.

The Smiths Falls Record-News, addressed to LAC G. T. Code, featured this headline: **MINISTER PROMISES BETTER ROADS FOR EAST ONTARIO.** Other items: "Assembly Hall at Collegiate is Termed Fire Trap", "Annual Inspection of Air Cadets Held", "CWAC Band Win Ovation at Concert."

Also front-paged was an item stating that cash and goods valued at \$20 formed loot for thieves who broke into Purcell's drug store. And George A. Taylor, making his first visit to Smiths Falls in 27 years, said he found the old town a most attractive spot.

THE other paper, addressed to Sgt. A. W. Carter, was a 30-page edition of the Vancouver Sunday Sun, plus a swell comic section. The invasion, Winnipeg race results and a cartoon were front-page stuff. We enjoyed the comics, too, Sarge.

Rockcliffe-ites are warned that the editorial staff hasn't the time to condense the news from all your home-town papers. So for heaven's sake read 'em when you get 'em, and if you don't feel like reading 'em, pass them along to the station library or lounge.

Navan Publishes Smart News Sheet

PROUDLY we hail our newest contemporary, "Detachment Dope," a smartly written and smartly mimeographed weekly newspaper published by the Navan boys. Headed by Editor Fred Lake, an LAC who used to work for the Vancouver Sun, the

staff includes LAC G. Finnerty, co-editor; LAC W. Carr, artist; Sgt. W. Dunning, sports; Cpl. F. Diehl, entertainment.

Editor Lake has joined the staff of Crosswinds, as Navan correspondent, and will write a monthly column beginning in August issue. He would have started this month, only he's too busy enjoying his leave and his honeymoon. Lake was married July 15 in Windsor to Dorothy Richardson, of Roseland, Ont.

Girls Off Ops Take B.R. Course

WD's Spend Four Weeks on Hush-Hush Gen

By WO2 BEN SUGARMAN

IN a room about the size of your front room and living room combined, four Rockcliffe instructors are training girls who have gone to vital jobs on almost every RCAF operational station in the Western Hemisphere.

No. 1 School of Bomber Reconnaissance Control graduates a class of girls every four weeks. All have come from operational units after a period of contact training as Clerk Operations (B.R.). The normal class consists of ranks from AW2 to Sgt.

The intensive course at Rockcliffe, including night and Sunday classes, is in charge of F/L Ross Thompson, former Winnipeg school teacher. He trained as a navigation instructor at Rivers and was posted into ops work in June, 1941. After serving in operation rooms in the Maritimes and Newfoundland, he was posted to Rockcliffe to organize and direct this school.

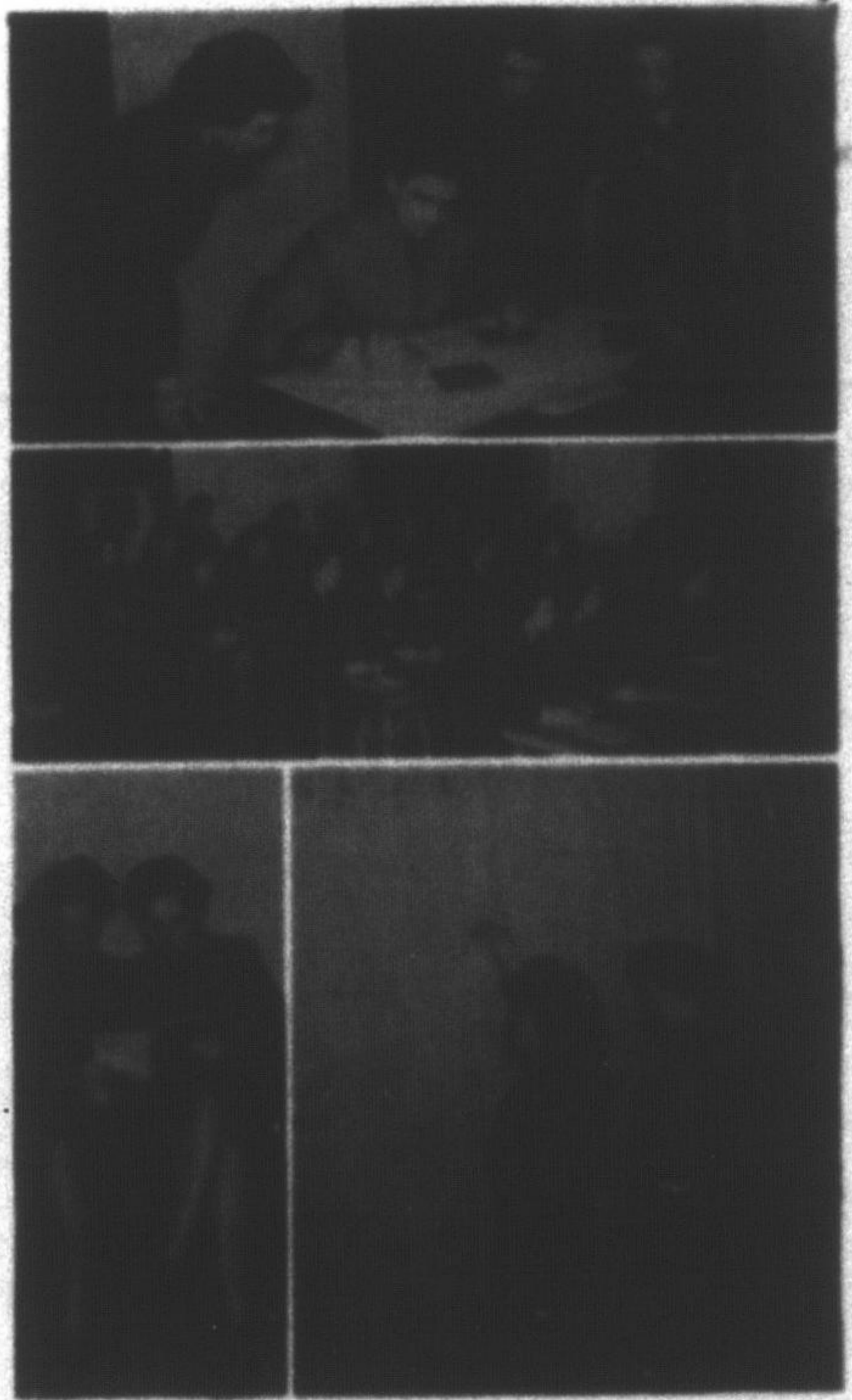
F/L Thompson's chief assistants and instructors are: Sgt. Margaret Patterson, of Montreal, on ops in the Maritimes over a year; Sgt. Christine Richardson, of Jamaica, who remustered from admin. and has worked in ops rooms in Newfoundland and the Maritimes; and Cpl. Frances Wade, of Halifax, a graduate of Course No. 1 at the school, who served in operations on the West coast, and was brought back to the school last April as an instructor.

AT one time, all clerk ops had contact training only. When the B.R. school was established they were posted in on temporary duty to take a formal course.

Their studies include principles of operational control, operations room practice, handling of signals, meteorology, air raid warning procedure, and handling of flight plans, to mention a few. They must also know about security regulations and are given an extensive navigational background, using computers and maps that would look familiar to aircrew lads. Specialist lectures are given on such subjects as fighter control, aircraft detection corps and flying control.

Their job is not quite as glamorous as pictured in the press. There's a lot of hard work to it, but it's intensely interesting. Satisfaction comes in the knowledge of serving on an operational unit and having some share in the success of operations.

GIRLS accepted in this trade normally hold at least junior matric, or its equivalent, and they must have some knowledge of typing and business practice if possible.



B.R. SCHOOL IN ACTION: The quartet who operate the school for WD clerk-ops are pictured in top photo. From the left: Cpl. S. F. Wade, F/L M. R. Thompson, Sgt. M. Patterson, Sgt. C. A. Richardson. Centre: Trainees in class. Bottom Left: LAW's I. J. Gerrard and P. McReady relax in the crew room. Right: Sgt. D. E. Waite, Cpl. B. O. Bevan and LAW A. Lord do a spot of plotting.

—Photos by LAC Leslie Millett.

Above all, they must be emotionally stable, to cope with the alternate terrific rushes of work and long periods of comparatively monotonous routine. Altogether, it is felt that being accepted for this trade is somewhat of a compliment to a gal's intelligence.

Don't get the idea, by the way, that all clerk ops (B.R.) are girls. There are still quite a few airmen in the trade, mostly on isolated stations; and most of them will likely pass through the school before this year is over.

The school occupies the south-east wing of the building closest the guard house. In addition to the classroom, which is filled with maps, charts and all kinds of hush-hush stuff, the school has four other rooms. There is the WD crew-room where the girls smoke, read, relax and leave their hats and coats; a study room for night classes; the orderly room and staff room combined in one, and the O.C.'s office.

SPORT LOG

By Cpl. FRANK WANSBROUGH

MAYBE it's because your writer has something to do with the situation. Nevertheless, it seems almost impossible to start this column on sport without first mentioning the formation here of a tennis club.

Lacking on Rockcliffe's sports curriculum for some time, the tennis club fills a need for many station personnel. Four brand new tennis courts should be in operation by the time you read this. The club has joined the Ottawa District Lawn Tennis Association and our best players will be our representatives in inter-club matches. Anyone even vaguely interested in tennis is invited to become a club member merely by contacting the sports office.

EVERY Sunday, Rockcliffe "Flyers" hard-ball team play at DeCosse Stadium in Hull and the small handful of supporters from this station is certainly no incentive to our club. Admission charge to the Sunday double-header is but two bits and for your money you can see the best ball to be offered in this district. Another good reason to be on hand for the game is the fact that our nine is just about the hottest club in the league right now and with a little moral support on your part could easily wind up on top.

IF all squadrons could take the work of No. 12 Communication as an example, our inter-unit sports program couldn't be bettered by any station in Canada. No matter what the sport, Comm. Squadron will always be well represented. And the number of cups now in their possession for various inter-unit activities bears out this statement. Every last sportsman in the squadron is to be credited for this fine showing, but to W/C "Gord" Diamond and to Cpl. "Mac" McGelligot, unit sports representative, must go the greater share of this credit. Through their efforts, No. 12 is willing to field a team in any sport from bridge to ball to accept challenges from other units here.

OUR HATS OFF:

To Cpl. Frank Garvey, who holds down second base for us in the inter-provincial league. Leading hitter, the Rockcliffe second sacker has been the backbone of the hitting attack of the "Flyer" line-up. A Windsor product, Garvey is clipping the pellet at a .500 average, which is good enough in any man's league. On top of that, rival hitters have learned that any hit in the direction of

second base usually results in a waste of time in running to first, for Frank is usually up with the ball and has it over to first "a la Charley Gheringer."

To Len Cregan and the other lads who put on the boxing show for the enjoyment of station personnel in June. Unforeseen circumstances resulted in a dire shortage of fighters for the card. It was necessary to get some lads to enter the ring and put on a show so that the entire card would not be a failure. Two lads climbed between the ropes and although the customers didn't like the style of fighting displayed, as pointed out by the boxing coach, the hardest thing in order to start a newcomer out on the boxing trail is to get him into the ring for the first time.

These two lads had the guts to get in there and slug it out for three rounds. After the bout both came to the boxing coach and asked that they be taught how to handle their dukes and so become finished boxers. To these lads, both of the U. A. T. C., AC2's Coty and Dionne, we tip our hat, and also to Len Cregan for the swell fight that he put on as the main event. Cregan is one of the most promising boxers to come out of Ottawa in some time. With a couple more wins under his belt such as this one over Kingston's McGregor, his boxing career seems assured.

To "Wingco" Diamond of Communication for getting out there with his lads when they were short a man in the tug-of-war event at the track and field meet. Gestures like this on the part of our senior officers are really appreciated by the men in the ranks and just ask anyone in Comm. Squadron what they think of their O.C.

A man rushed into a bar and asked the bartender, who was removing dew from the bar, if he knew of anything that would stop hiccoughs. His answer was a slap across the face with the wet towel. Surprised and furious, the stranger demanded the reason for such action. With a placating grin the bartender replied, "Well, you haven't got any hiccoughs now, have you?" "Hell, I never did have," was the indignant answer. "I wanted something for my wife. She's out in the car."

Sergeant (during roll call): "Brown."

Voice: "Here."

Sergeant: "I don't see Brown. Who answered for him?"

Voice: "I did, I thought you called my name."

Sergeant: "What is your name?"

Voice: "Stenopotaki."

Softballers Near Top

The softball team continues to knock off the opposition in the National Defense League with its accustomed regularity and to date have lost but two games in twelve starts.

The three lads doing the chuckling, Andy Murray, Jack Galitsky and Ted Davis, are tops in this department and with Jerry Code behind the plate to steady this trio, we boast the best batteries in the league. The infield composed of Dave Henderson, Bun Wiseman, Chuck Appleton, Jerry Mohan and Eddy Miron, have been playing air-tight ball and there is plenty of hitting power when these lads face opposing pitchers.

The outfield, with "Obie" Obront, Jim Sherwood, Fred Duval, Harry Carson and Norm Taylor on call for duty, rounds out one of the finest softball teams in the league.

It may be a little early to start tossing bouquets, but it wouldn't surprise any of the team's rooters if the club wound up the season with the cup.

WD's in Second Place

RIGHT behind the Wrens in the league, Rockcliffe's "Flyerettes" have high hopes of reversing these standings the next time they meet in a league game.

Some good softball has been demonstrated by our fair representatives in their game, played every Wednesday night. Attendance at games thus far has been very good but there is still plenty of room for more spectators who would like to see a good game of ball.

Photo's Millie Evans and A/C Maintenance's "Timmie" Gunther are the heavy hitters of the squad, while Ina Middlemass bears most of the pitching chores. With Evans at third and Gunther at short, the rival teams have been having a lot of difficulty getting any hits in that direction, even if they can get a bat behind any of Middlemass' fast ones.

POEM by HILL

By F/L E. HILL

A noted M.O.—a Don Juan,
Likes to chase the old flighty fawn.
His pursuit of fair Cupid
Is fuzzy, not stupid,
And he'll chase her from twilight 'til dawn.

At Rockcliffe, the poor S.M.O.
Is a sort of perpetual Joe,
From both doctors and nurses
Come plenty of curses,
But he still tells them all where to go.

When patients come swinging the lead,
They meet an M.O. called "Ed."
He gives them some dope—
They abandon all hope,
And their bodies are stacked in a shed.

P/O On Secret Work at CWAC Camp

SOME guys get all the breaks. Take, for example, P/O John Poole, of the medical staff. He was posted on a week's temporary duty to—get ready—to: No. 1 CWAC Training Centre, St. Anne de Bellevue. We thought it was a mistake in DRO's, or that someone was playing a joke, but a telephone interview with P/O Poole proved it to be the truth.

"You could say that I saved the CWAC base," he said, "but it wouldn't be true." Actually he hardly saw a CWAC the whole time he was there. He was deeply engaged on some secret lab work. His own title is medical parasitologist, but we don't know what it means. It sounds important enough, though, and if it's a trade that rates temporary duty at CWAC centres, then we'll seriously consider remustering.

Taylor Goes to Town

Versatile Betty Taylor, of headquarters, showed her heels to contestants in the recent WD track and field meet, taking three firsts and a second to win the individual honors. Another headquarter's gal, "Tony" Anthony came up with two firsts and a third, for second position.

Although the meet was organized to feel out the squadrons as to their strength in WD, track and field events, races were run by the entrants as individuals and not as squadron teams. Thanks for the meet's success go to "Sandy" Santsbury and the likeable WD sports corporal is hoping that in the huge track and field meet to be held in the fall all squadrons will have sizeable terms to represent them.

Results follow:

60 yd. Dash: 1. LAW Taylor, H.Q. 2. LAW McDonald, Photo. 3. AW1 Culbert, 7 M.D. Time—8.1 sec. High Jump: 1. Cpl. Anthony, H.Q. 2. LAW Folen, Photo. 3. Cpl. Martynne, Photo. Jump—4'1". 100 yd. Dash: 1. Cpl. Cairns, Photo. 2. LAW Taylor, H.Q. 3. AW1 Charron, 7 M.D. Time—13.1 sec. Running Broad Jump: 1. LAW Taylor, H.Q. 2. AW1 Moulton, 7 M.D. 3. Cpl. Anthony, H.Q. Jump—13'6". Softball Throw: 1. LAW Taylor, H.Q. 2. Cpl. Martynne, Photo. 3. AW1 Hendrick, 7 M.D. Throw—115'3/4". Sack Race: 1. Cpl. Anthony, H.Q. 2. AW1 Christensen, 7 M.D. 3. AW1 Ronayne, 7 M.D. 60 yd. Shuttle Skipping Relay: 1. Photo. 2. Headquarters. 3. 7 M.D. 60 Yd. Shuttle Race: 1. Headquarters. 2. 7 M.D. 3. Photo.

It was June in the park. The moon shone on the bench nestled among the rose bushes. The fragrance of the flowers filled the air. Music drifted across the small lake from the casino. On the bench sat a couple entwined in tight embrace: "Corporal," she sighed, "where did you learn to kiss like that?"
"Siphoning gas."

Photo Wing Out For Blood

Lens-Clickers Rarin' to go on their New Sports Field

By CPL. MOLLIE EVANS

A FEW weeks ago many were wondering what was causing a huge dust storm to blow westward across the aerodrome. Just in case they're still puzzled we will try to enlighten them. No, it wasn't a new runway being built but merely Photo Wing sports field finally beginning to take form. Up to date Photo hasn't done anything outstanding in summer sports, but now that we have our own field on which to work out the aches and groans this is fair warning to all. We're out to taste blood, so beware.

Congratulations to F/O Snasdell-Taylor and P/O Fraser on their promotions. How does it feel to be on the receiving end of a salute Dick? Also to F/L Gubb go our heartiest congrats for winning the invasion pool.

Family additions still seem to be popular among our flashing photographers. The last three bundles of joy (male) blessed the homes of F/Sgt. Bill Sherman, Cpl. Tony Lacelle, and LAC A. Hubbert.

IF there seems to be a slight decrease in activity around the PRF hangar lately, don't think the boys are laying down on the job. Although many new personnel and aircraft have been flowing in, a lot of them just disappeared over night. Several survey squadrons have departed for parts unknown for an indefinite period and this accounts for any skeleton-like appearance the PRF staff have taken on.

"Full Moon Party" at the Gatineau Club came off a howling success and is considered our best outing to date. We had hoped to be hosts to the whole station at a dance in the drill hall but the band decided to take off. So you unlucky people will have to hide your disappointment and hold on until a dance can be arranged at a later date.

Rockcliffe Clerk is Groupie's Daughter

How does it feel to be a WD and daughter of a group captain? Ask Cpl. Eva Fullerton, clerk-general in the control tower, daughter of G.C.E.G. Fullerton, C.O. at Centralia S.F.T.S. Eva left McGill University, where she was studying science, to enlist. Two of her 2½ years service have been at Rockcliffe.



CURFEW SHALL NOT RING TO-NIGHT: Looks like Photo Wing's party was right on the beam. And they can't complain about the pictures, 'cause their very own LAC Basil Day took 'em.

Keen Types

GALS of Rockcliffe's steno pool are definitely keen types. For the past year they've been buying their own erasers. They can't complain to Stores because of the inevitable answer: "You're not supposed to make mistakes." Anyway, they say all will be forgiven if only Stores will let them have some HB pencils. HB means soft lead.

"Just Another Day!"

W/O Bill Gillissie, of Ottawa, a repat who left England after the invasion began, said on his arrival here: "Heck, you wouldn't have known there was anything extraordinary on; it was just another day, another part of the war."

Gillissie, who did a tour as an air gunner with the RAF, had been instructing before coming home.

Women War Veterans Arrive at Rockcliffe

Three WD Repats Married Canadian Servicemen Abroad

YOUNG women of Canada, who have done their bit overseas, continue to arrive at Rockcliffe with drafts of repatriated airmen.

Four WD repats, interviewed by Crosswinds, all expressed their disappointment at being returned home just as the invasion began. Without exception they would have preferred remaining in England until war's end, but as for living there in peacetime, well, they smiled and said "No thank you."

AW2 Phyllis Anne Morrall, of Toronto, returned with 2½ years service, at the age of 19. Fresh from school, "Pam" went over in 1940 with her English-born parents. They had been living in the U.S. middle west and felt their place in war-time was in the old country.

"Pam" took a job as a salesgirl and in 1940 enlisted in the WAAFS. She served on British stations for two years, plotting aircraft. Then, in March of this year she transferred to the WD's. Now she hopes to remuster to postal clerk and get a home posting to Toronto.

Her brother Jack, a private in the Essex Scottish, has been a prisoner since Dieppe.

Cpl. Antoinette Weedon, 30, of Dupuis Corner, N.B., was a bookkeeper in Moncton until she enlisted in January 1942. She was a clerk-accountant at Summerside and Centralia.

In England 10 months, she became the bride of L/Cpl. Jack Weedon, of Winnipeg. Jack had been over for three years, said Antoinette, when she decided there were too many girls overseas and she'd better go and see what Jack was doing.

Jack, who drives a jeep for the Canadian army, took time off long enough to be married. When they returned from their honeymoon they found the ceiling missing in three rooms of their flat.

Cpl. Beulah Carr, 23, a Fredericton bookkeeper, enlisted as a clerk-accountant in March, 1942. Stationed at No. 1 Training Command she met Cpl. Albert Carr, of Montreal, also a clerk-accountant. Both were posted overseas and their two-year romance culminated in marriage in England.

Antoinette and Beulah first met at "Y" depot, were stationed together in England and returned on the same boat. The biggest disappointment in their lives—they sailed on D-Day.

LAW Arowhena Wombolt, 33, British-born, is one of the gallant band of English-women who enlisted in the WD's after marrying Canadians overseas.

"Wena" was a V.A.D. nurse in a military hospital when Pte. Kenneth Wombolt, of Halifax and the West Nova Scotia regiment, was brought in with a broken leg.

"He was in hospital 11 months", smiled Wena, "So I had plenty of time to work on him. After we were married he went to Italy and being a Canadian national I enlisted in the WD's last October."

Repatriated from Italy, Wombolt is receiving a medical discharge, and "Wena", too, is expecting her discharge. They will make their home in Halifax.

"Wena" likes Canada and looks forward to making her new home here. Her lone complaint: You can't get a decent cup of tea anywhere.

LAW W. K. Pelletier, of Vancouver, said she had watched a German rocket bomb attack just before she left England. She said it reminded her of the early London blitzes only there seemed to be no definite aim or pattern to the new attacks.



WD Repats Wombolt, Weedon, Carr and Morrall get their fill of ice cream in the Rockcliffe snack bar. Their greatest thrill on returning to native shores: Seeing the lights again and eating white bread.

—Photo by LAC L. S. Miller

Crosswinds

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Help Wanted: Male or Female

Wanted: Reporters for Crosswinds.

There must be a number of former newspapermen and advertising writers hiding somewhere at Rockcliffe.

Be they male or female, acey-deucey or flat hat, they are cordially invited to come and help produce this sheet. No need to apply through Selective Service, merely contact us by phone: Local 156.



ROCKCLIFFE ROMANCE: Strictly a T. & D. romance resulted in the marriage July 15 of Cpl. George Duff, wireless mech, and AW1 June Minister, clerk-general. He's from the West; she's from Montreal. It took a posting to Rockcliffe to do the trick. Best wishes from all at Rockcliffe, folks, and Crosswinds wedding present will be an enlargement of the picture above.

—Photo by Cpl. Eileen MacDermott.



June Bridal for Rockcliffe Couple: In the station chapel last month, Nursing Sister Marion MacDougall said "I do" to F/L Al Webster, DFC, a repatriated observer.

—Photo by LAC L. S. Millett

