

CROSSWINDS

September, 1944



Rockcliffe Photographers Seeing Action in France

By LAC JACK MARSTERS

Crosswinds' Overseas Correspondent

BY Bomber Mail from Britain—A lot of old-timers from Rockcliffe are battling their way through the dust of Normandy as



LAC JACK MARSTERS

photographers with the Second Tactical Air Force in which the RCAF is playing an important part. In fact, the first Allied airfield in France was established by a Canadian Spitfire wing.

According to LAC Duncan Donald "this place isn't bad but the dust is terrific." He mentions that Jean Paul Watier, the good-natured French-Canadian from Montreal who was almost a fixture around Rockcliffe's Photo Centre, is in his glory with the French kids. It also appears that the

trusty Jean Paul is the gang's main interpreter with the civilian populace and no doubt the official "scrounger" when it comes to extra rations.

DONALD reports seeing LAC Sammy Gilman and LAC "Dagwood" Bailey, also photogs. He goes on to state that he is getting his hair cut real short "so just call me baldy." Bread and biscuits are hard so "it's a good thing I haven't any false teeth."

He also has a very interesting report on the native beverage situation with experiments on something called Calvados. "Is it ever powerful; it costs 13 francs a shot and a couple of shots of the real stuff puts you on your rear. It would be good stuff for cleaning uniforms."

LAC Donald closes his letter with the pungent comment—"this is no bloody fun."

Telegraph "Joes" Keep Wires Humming

By SPARKS

"How much is it for 10 words to Skidoo, Sask.?"

"But there *must* be a telegram for me, they sent it over a week ago!"

"Do you have any writing paper?"

These and a million other questions are part of the daily routine of the Telegraph office. It is perhaps the only unit that can compare with the hard working post office staff: handling around 1,000 telegrams a month, 600 incoming and 400 outgoing. The busiest time being of course whenever a new draft of repats come in, for at that time the wires are really hot.

Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. it is in the Drill Hall next to sport stores. LAC Smith who makes his home in Ottawa and LAC Freeland from Detroit, are the two "Joe-erks" who get those telegrams away when the "Gallopings Dominoes" have been unkind and you get that unexpected 48, and have to wire home to ma and pa (collect of course) for eight bucks. When things really get tough one of the old alumni LAC Schwartzburg fills the breach.

Along with the source of all info, the station switchboard, the Telegraph office knows all about the love life and most of the personal problems of the station. So next time you

want to send a message of congrats, when you have become a proud uncle stop in and they'll take care of your needs in the usual efficient style.

Ye Editor's Mail Bag

Sir:

I was pleased to read your masterpiece of journalism. You are to be congratulated on your efforts in producing what I think is one of the finest publications I have seen, and many have come into my hands. This includes personal interest items, content, layout and clarity of print. If there was an award for the best publication you should have it.

Sincerely,

F/L CARL KEYFETZ,
Y Depot, Lachine, Que.

"Daughter, there are two words I wish you'd promise me never to use. One of them's 'swell' and the other's 'lousy'."

"Okay, mother, I'll promise. What are the words."

Girl: "I suppose you find it rather dull in the evening."

Airman: "Simply nothing to do, at all. We play darts, do the crossword puzzle, drop a few bombs on Berlin, and go straight to bed."



CROSSWINDS

RCAF Station, Rockcliffe
September, 1944



HOW WAR SERVICE GRATUITIES WORK

We're in the Big Dough, Guys But Not Till War is Over

WHEN the time comes to return to civil life, all RCAF personnel stand to benefit by the war service gratuities, just announced in the House of Commons. Canadian servicemen are thus the beneficiaries of the most generous post-war plan yet announced by any Allied nation. Published for the first time in any service paper, Crosswinds herewith presents full details of the gratuities, and each man or woman may work out his own.

THE war service gratuity consists of a basic gratuity payable to everyone and a supplementary gratuity payable to those who have had overseas service.

- (a) The basic gratuity is calculated as follows: \$7.50 for each 30 days' service in the Western Hemisphere; \$15.00 for each 30 days' of service overseas or in the Aleutians. These rates apply to all ranks.
- (b) The supplementary gratuity is 7 days' pay and allowances for every 6 months' service overseas or in the Aleutians, or proportionately when the service includes periods of less than 6 months. Pay and allowances includes all pay and allowances which were being paid immediately prior to discharge, and includes RCAF subsistence allowance at standard Canadian rates.

Overseas service is defined as follows: "Any service involving duties required to be performed outside of the Western Hemisphere and including service involving duties required to be performed outside of Canada and the United States of America and the territorial waters thereof, in aircraft, or anywhere in a sea-going ship of war.

The Western Hemisphere is defined as follows: "The continents of North and South America, the islands adjacent thereto and the territorial waters thereof, including Newfoundland, Bermuda and the West Indies, but excluding Greenland, Iceland and the Aleutian Islands."

THE gratuity will be paid in monthly instalments starting a month after a man's discharge. Under this plan he will receive his rehabilitation grant of 30 days' pay and allowances and his clothing allow-

ance of \$100 immediately on discharge. The next month he will get his first gratuity payment. This payment will not exceed the amount of one month's pay and allowances which he was receiving at the time of discharge. These monthly payments will be continued until such time as the gratuity has all been paid.

The gratuity, or any unpaid balance thereof, is payable under certain conditions to dependents of an airman or WD who died while serving, or before the gratuity was fully paid. It is also tax free and may not be assigned or attached for debt. Overpayments of service pay and allowances, however, may be deducted from it.

A CANADIAN who left Canada to serve with another of His Majesty's forces, but who was domiciled in Canada on September 10, 1939, will be eligible for the gratuity and the credit, provided he makes application within one year of discharge and is then both domiciled and residing in Canada. However, a deduction will be made from the Canadian gratuity based on the amount of any grant of a similar nature received from the government of the country which he served.

Re-establishment Credit

THE re-establishment credit is primarily for those who do not elect to take educational, vocational or technical training, or benefits under the Veterans' Land Act. This credit, the equivalent of the basic gratuity, is calculated on the basis of \$7.50

(Continued on next page)

WAR SERVICE GRATUITIES

(Continued from previous page)

for each 30 days' service in the Western Hemisphere and \$15 for each 30 days' service overseas or in the Aleutian Islands.

This credit may be used at any time within a period of 10 years for the following purposes:

- The acquisition of a home, to an amount not exceeding 2/3 of the equity as determined under the act.
- The repair or modernization of his home, if owned by him.
- The purchase of furniture and household equipment for his domestic use, to an amount not exceeding 2/3 of the cost.
- Working capital for his profession or business.
- The purchase of tools, instruments or equipment for his trade, profession or business.
- The purchase of a business, to an amount not exceeding 2/3 of the equity fund required for the purpose.
- Payment of premiums under any insurance scheme established by the Government of Canada.
- The purchase of special equipment required for educational or vocational training.
- Any other purpose authorized by the Governor-in-Council.

If a man has elected to take educational, vocational or technical training benefits, or benefits under the Veterans' Land Act, and these benefits are less than the amount of the re-establishment credit applicable to him, the difference may be made available for any of the purposes specified. If, on the other hand, the re-establishment credit has been used wholly or in part and later an application is made for educational, vocational or technical training benefits, or

benefits under the Veterans' Land Act, such benefits may be granted, but a compensating adjustment must be made in an amount equivalent to the credit already received.

The act comes into force January 1, 1945 or, by proclamation, on a date between October 1, 1944 and January 1, 1945.

Veterans' Insurance Act

PARLIAMENT has enacted legislation providing government insurance for veterans on discharge. Except under certain circumstances outlined in the act, ex-service-men and women may purchase life insurance without medical examination. Application for this insurance may be made at any time within three years of discharge; or, for those discharged before the act came into force, within three years of the coming into force of the act. Widows of veterans may apply for the insurance on themselves if the veteran has not taken advantage of the act.

The maximum amount of insurance which may be bought is \$10,000. An amount not exceeding \$1,000 will be paid in cash on the death of the insured and the remainder, if any, may be paid as a life annuity or as an annuity over a specified period of time. This payment is made in accordance with the wishes of the insured. In cases where there are no dependents, the amount which will be paid into the estate will be an amount equal to premiums paid with interest at 3½%. The re-establishment credit may be used for the purchase of this insurance.

HERE'S HOW IT WORKS:

LAC WITH WIFE AND ONE CHILD

(a) Two years in Canada equals 24 months at \$7.50	\$180.00
(b) One year overseas equals 12 months at \$15.00	180.00
(c) 14 days pay and allowances:	
Basic pay of rank, \$1.50	21.00
"B" group trades pay, 50c	7.00
Subsistence allowance at \$1.25	17.50
Allowance wife and child (approx.)	25.00
Clothing allowance	100.00
30 days pay and allowances—rehabilitation grant	114.00

\$645.50

At discharge he and his family draw \$285.50—the total of (c). One month after he draws a cheque for approximately \$150.00. This continues monthly until total of (a) and (b) is paid.

FLIGHT-SERGEANT PILOT (SINGLE)

(a) 18 months in Canada at \$7.50	\$135.00
(b) 24 months overseas at \$15.00	360.00
(c) 28 days pay and allowances:	
Basic pay of rank, \$3.25	91.00
Flying pay, 75c	21.00
Subsistence allowance, \$1.25	35.00
Clothing allowance	100.00
30 days pay and allowances—rehabilitation grant	112.00

\$654.00

At discharge he draws \$159.00—the total of (c). One month after he draws a cheque for \$157.00. This continues monthly until total of (a) and (b) is paid.

In addition, if he doesn't take advantage of training, education or the Veterans' Land Act, he may have a further amount, equal to (a) and (b), known as a Re-establishment Credit. This can be used for constructive purposes such as buying a home and furniture, buying a business, etc.



Rockettes Are Here!

(But Not the Broadway Gals)

By LAC GEORGE MEDLAND

THE Rockettes are a going concern. Formerly known as the Contact Club, the Rockettes are a group of airmen's wives and married WD's who meet at the Hostess House here. At the first meeting, a dozen members were present and an evening of games and informal chat was enjoyed. Prizes were given for each event and later refreshments were served.

Meetings will be held on the last Tuesday of each month, and all who are interested are urged to attend. Where possible the wives are requested to bring their husbands, but if duties do not permit, this is not essential.

THE club is the outgrowth of the Contact Club, for wives only, which meets at the Hostess House each Wednesday afternoon at 2:30. At these sessions, knitting and sewing for the Red Cross is carried on, and to date many parcels for overseas have been completed. The House is equipped with a play-yard and doll's house for children, and the many mothers who bring their families are assured of a pleasant afternoon. The same executive presides at meetings of both clubs, Mrs. Hazel Andrews, president; wife of Sgt. Wm. Andrews of Workshops; Mrs. Greta St. George, secretary-treasurer, wife of Sgt. John St. George, of Army Headquarters, Ottawa. Miss Pearl Beckwith and Miss Autumn Henderson, YWCA hostesses, act in advisory capacities.

The club has about 50 members, and it is hoped to increase this number throughout the summer months. A picnic for members and their families was held on July 5 at Britannia Beach. Transportation to and from the station and refreshments were provided by the YWCA. Information regarding the club may be obtained at the Hostess House and all those interested are cordially invited to avail themselves of this opportunity. Telephone: Local 100.

A German grandfather died. The usual announcement appeared in the papers: "Ernst Mueller has been called to a better world." The family were immediately arrested for criticizing the Nazi regime.

Tired of marching back and forth on the hard parade square under a blazing sun, an NCO of Rockcliffe was heard to quip, "The motto of these Rockcliffe drill instructors must be 'Let's keep 'em frying'."



OUR OWN ROCKETTES: Airmen's wives and married WD's have formed a club known as Rockettes and meet regularly at the Hostess House. Photo taken at a meeting, shows: Miss Autumn Henderson, of Hostess House; Mrs. W. McClelland, Mrs. H. Holmes, vice-president; Mrs. W. Andrews, president; Mrs. F. H. Church, Mrs. W. Neyman. Seated are: Dorothy McClelland, Vera Neyman, George Andrews and Mrs. Pearl Beckwith, of Hostess House.

—Photos by LAC Leslie Miller

Service De-Luxe We Calls It

What next?

Not only will the Detroit USO give you a free cheque-cashing service, but now they'll even marry you, with all the trimmings.

A bulletin from them states they'll make all wedding arrangements, including chapel, minister of whatever faith is desired, flowers, music, wedding cake and wedding presents. All this without charge.

All you do is supply the other party. And if you're both willing to take the plunge, contact the USO, Cass at Lafayette, Detroit, Mich.

Some girls are afraid of mice. Others have ugly legs.

"Are you troubled with improper thoughts?"
"No, I enjoy them."

A candidate, arriving at the gate of heaven, asked for admittance.

"Where are you from?" inquired the genial saint.

"Montreal."

"Well, you can come in but you won't like it."

"Eavesdropping again," said Adam when his wife fell out of a tree.

EXCLUSIVE TO CROSSWINDS

France is "Pretty Quiet" Or is the Sarge Kidding?

The author, author of captured German newspaper, is one of the best reports we've read from the front in Germany. The author is well-known in Rockville where he was a public relations photographer for some time. Before the war he worked as a reporter-photographer for the London Free Press and is now with the Tactical Air Force in France.

By SGT. RON LAIDLAW

RCAF Public Relations Photographer in France

Somewhere in France—Coming into that beach-head was one of the most wonderful experiences a person is privileged to have in a lifetime. I've never seen so many boats, not even in Grand Central Park on July 4.

When we got on the beach we made a wrong turning in our truck called "Smellie Nellie" and arrived at the wrong marshalling area we got a swell reception as we were the only lorry in and had news of England. We were given tea and biscuits which saved us from using the 14-hour rations which are horrible things. It ended up by us arriving at our base three hours ahead of the rest of the convoy. That really shook some of the RAF types.

NOW I suppose you would like to know what France is like. Well, today for instance it is raining, pouring in fact, and the mud that forms is the stickiest, slitheriest mud I've ever seen. In a way, this all-day rain is appreciated though because dust has been our worst hardship here. Police and refugees (British M.P.'s) on the inter-sections wear glasses and a handkerchief about their mouths. After a couple of hours of it they look like statues. My camera is almost ruined from dust although I clean it thoroughly with petrol every day; my hair, short though it is, is like masha rope; our hands are always dry. Growth along the road, usually green, and the wheat fields, usually brown, are all the same color—grey. You couldn't possibly tell the difference between German flour and French dust.

Been travelling all over the bridgehead. I am told I was the first RCAF man into Cherbourg. I got first pictures of the hair clipping which the French are perpetrating on their own girls who "collaborated" with the Nazis. Got those right from under the eyes of American press photographers. And what a reception I got from the French people who saw my Canada badges. They all thought I should be able to speak French. I tried very hard to hold up my end after I had asked them to speak "tres lentement" (very slowly).

THEN I came down to the British end of the front in time to witness the mass bombing of Caen. I got right into Caen after the troops but you can't beat the army photographers as they live in fox holes with the men. Nevertheless I think I got some good stuff there and had some great experiences.

Most of us are wearing khaki now as these blue uniforms make you look like a Jerry.

particularly at twilight and of course our troops, particularly up at the front, don't ask questions.

My original blue battledress is almost ruined from dust, dirt and mostly from sliding for slit trenches. Brother, I can hit one from 20 feet without even a running start. Take it from me, shelling is one of the most terrifying things there is.

I've seen a couple of dog fights, been strafed, but Jerry wasn't gunning for us thank goodness. We've been "mortared" when he got on the wrong road and started through the front but that wasn't very close. Have had machine gun bullets whizzing overhead but not close enough to warrant a change of underwear.

ALL in all it's pretty quiet over here, much quieter than I thought it would be. The nights are quite often colorful and noisy but so far I personally haven't been bothered much although I have spent a couple of hours under "Smellie Nellie." Some of the boys have had it fairly close which just makes you more careful. If you are careful, you should be fairly safe here. When up at the front a good idea is to touch nothing as there are millions of booby traps and mines—many undiscovered. When in sight of Jerry, wear a tin hat and keep the eyes and ears open. When sleeping keep the tin hat handy to go over the face, if you believe shrapnel won't pierce a tent. If possible have another hat handy to cover other parts of the anatomy just as important.

You should have heard the soldiers talking the other evening as the RCAF Bomber Group's "heavies" were coming over. It was great to hear them saying "Come on sweethearts" and "Oh you lovely thing" and "Lay those eggs in there honey." They knew they were attacking in the morning.

168 SQUADRON

By SGT OSCAR SCHEUNEMAN

PERSONNEL of this squadron seem to take the lead when hospitality is required. Twenty-six children from St. Patrick's Home in Ottawa were invited out by NCO's of this squadron, who did everything in their power to show them a good time. It was indeed something new for the children, being looked after by airmen and being allowed to eat and drink to their hearts' content. The enjoyment they derived from the afternoon's fun was demonstrated by the rousing cheers they gave the boys when they departed. Credit for organizing this outing for the children goes to Sgt. Halloran who devoted a lot of his time arranging for the children to come out and the airmen to meet and show them around.

Bowling Commences

Arrangements are under way for a bigger and better bowling league. Sgt. Halloran was again appointed president which will assure a successful season. Other members are: Vice-president—LAC Proulx; Secretary—LAC Phelan; Treasurer—LAC Adams. Sixteen teams have been picked and games will start on Sept. 19 at the Bolo-Drome.

Overseas Detachment Commended

The fine work being done by our Overseas Detachment in Gib. was recently acknowledged by a letter from the Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, RCAF Overseas. The speedy and efficient method in which they have been dispatching the mail to and from the forces can account for this letter of appreciation. The letter states "your ground crew are to be commended for the high degree of aircraft serviceability."

Inauguration of a new base just behind the front lines took place with G/C Z. L. Leigh, A.F.C. and W/C L. G. Fraser, DFC pioneering the way. Putting mail in second place, they operated as hospital ships for the first week or so. More and more of our personnel are realizing their wishes by getting a temporary posting to these overseas bases. This is unique in the RCAF, to be able to go overseas on a period of temporary duty and still have your home base in Canada.

HAVE YOU HEARD—That Sgt. O'Leary is going to take over trade improvement classes for the squadron since his recent instructors' course. What Cpl. assured us he would be back on time after his leave even if he had to fly back. He flew all right but it must have been pretty low and with a World War I plane for he arrived just two days late. There are advantages and disadvantages to this inter-comm system which was installed in the various offices. We have been informed that secrecy is out now even in your own office. Cpl. Ricard who doesn't believe in parades was

reminded of them while on leave. He was enjoying his leave to the fullest extent but was forced to listen to crows singing their familiar song "caw, caw". By the end of the first week the crows got together, one saying "right markers," and the other saying "caw." The similarity can only be recognized by those who attend morning parades.

A recent cargo consisted of South African Frogs and F/L Hillcoat, was the fortunate overseer on their trip over. He must have taken a liking to frogs for it is understood he is looking for a dwelling near a swamp. On a far distant airport it was observed by an onlooker a rare sight of an officer trying to escape through the co-pilot's window as smoke was filling the pilot's compartment. We took special pains to measure the window and found it was 16" by 18". How do you account for your misjudgment F/L Lavery? The twinkle in Cpl. Daly's eye is offset by the lovely engagement ring she is now sporting. Could there be some connection between the picture circulating the hangar and the reason why you returned one day early on your leave, F/S Thompson? Why can't you explain the circumstances arising from your recent mishap, F/S Ellison? What personal mail from our Detachment Overseas interests two of our orderly room girls?

An Irish patriot once remarked that every man should love his native land whether he was born there or not.

He: "Have some peanuts?"

She: "Thanks."

He: "Wanna neck?"

She: "No."

He: "Gimme my peanuts back."

Airman: "Boy! I'm feeling like a new man tonight."

Blind Date: "I'll say you are."

Cpl. to Taxi Driver: "What are you stopping for?"

Driver: "I thought I heard the young lady say stop."

Cpl.: "She wasn't talking to you."

Mother: "Mable, get off that airman's lap."

Daughter: "No, Mother—I got here first."

Questions Answered (Cheerfully)

So you want to know how much you'll get in war service gratuities? Well, you can figure it out from the information contained in this issue. If you can't, then consult our educational officer, personnel counsellor, or—as a last resort—the Editors of Crosswinds, who will be pleased to help you. In fact, if you send us your full name and rank, length of service in Canada and overseas, your basic pay and trades pay, and number of dependents, we'll do the whole thing out for you—and send it back to you. Fair enough?

COMMUNICATION NOTES

By LAC GEORGE MEDLAND

ONE memory that will remain with No. 12 for a long time is that of the highly successful picnic held at Britannia Beach for members and their families. Under the able direction of LAC McGladdery and Cpl. Swedlove a schedule of sports events was run off, and a picnic lunch was served, accounting for the bulk of the day. Later many took advantage of the beach facilities to enjoy a swim.

In the fat man's race, LAC Ziniuk, a virtual midget among giants, placed first, with "Tiny" Lander moving his huge bulk close behind. The girls' egg race was considerably enlivened by Dick Bell's failure to hard-boil the eggs first, with the result that they left nice yellow stains where they fell. LAW Anne Goral was the lucky winner of this event. Eddie Miron won the 100 yard dash and was also on the winning relay team with Cpl. Foster and LAC's Ziniuk and Myre.

In the three-legged race for mixed couples, Ken Boyle teamed up with Miss J. Roy to win first place, second prize going to LAC Fiahleigh and Miss P. Roy. In the children's race, LAC Wiseman's daughter Helen was the winner, with F/S McArdle's three children, Marjorie, John and Gerard making off with the remaining booty in that order. In the main event, a tug-of-war team captained by S/L Lord outpulled a team of stalwarts headed by the O.C., W/C Diamond. Prizes were presented to the winners of each event, including wallets, pen-and-pencil sets, and for the men, a very popular brew not usually dispensed at soda fountains. Dancing at the Gardens provided an appropriate conclusion to a happy day.

A LONG the sports trail, the major softball team, league winner, has moved into the playoffs and the outlook is rosy for another trophy in the O.C.'s office. As this is written the minor softball team has just been eliminated from the playoffs by the Firemen in one of the best games played on the station this summer. Trailing 7-10 in the last inning the winners broke up the game with a 4-run rally to beat Jack Leake's fine pitching and a team that hit and fielded well behind him.

At the Chaudiere Golf Club, Cpl. Art Foster qualified for the championship flight of the Ottawa and District Tournament with a score of 80. In the ensuing match play he was eliminated from the finals on the 16th green 3 and 2 although finishing with a sparkling 74 for the final round. A feud that began early this summer on the Chaudiere by two of our golfing tyros reached

a new height when F/S Max Shein scored his recent victory over Cpl. Vern Bray (122-129). Both players have been practicing and assure us that with new improved styles they are ready for another match to decide the issue—providing that a suitable umpire will be on hand to keep score and obviate the use of "hand-mashies", etc.

OUR new adjutant, F/L Carruthers, replacing F/L Gelfand who has been posted overseas, comes from UAS, McGill University, and overseas stations.

F/O Maynard, unit dispatcher, has received his discharge and has left the service to return to the United States and enter the Army Air Corps. He will be missed by everyone, since he found time from his duties to be unit sports officer and also to compete in many athletic events himself.

Of news to the many who did not read of it on DRO's, will be the wedding on Aug. 7 of Cpl. "Reggie" Moreau, senior W.D. in our orderly room, to F/O D. McConnell. Good luck to both of you.

IT'S ALL FREE—SO

See Your Dentist Twice a Year

By CAPT. H. T. SOUTHWOOD

DENTAL officers are perhaps the most roaming of the various species attached to the officers' mess. In our travels we have a splendid opportunity to observe and compare stations throughout Command. I take great pleasure in being able to state that your monthly magazine of station activities is exceptionally smart. Not only well written, it is also well edited. Congratulations—hope you carry on with your splendid work.

WHANGING of hammers and the buzzing of saws having subsided for a few minutes reminds us that it is time to tell Crosswinds of recent Dental Clinic Activities. Yes sir, three mighty men from Works and Buildings have been having field days at the dental clinic. When the dust of crashed plaster walls finally settles down we expect to see a beautiful new dental surgery added to our clinic. Don't rush, please. Plasterers, painters and plumbers are being lured to the scene; and renovations should be complete in two weeks.

May we solicit your co-operation in the matter of sick parades. There are two parades, at 0845 and 1330 hours. Sick parades are reserved for inspection of sore gums, relief of dentures, aching teeth and transfers and discharges. Transfers and discharges cannot be taken at any other time. Two operators will be available for those who call for appointments; and two will be working on patients called in by us from nominal rolls.

CREATIONS BY GILL AND FESSER

1,000 Hair-Do's a Month At Our De-Luxe Salon



WHAT WOMEN GO THROUGH FOR MEN is illustrated by LAC Bill Drummond, our cameraman who visited Sgt. Gill's hairdressing establishment at No. 7 M.D. Left to right: The sarge working on a pretty customer; a general view of the salon (ahem); Sgt. Crichton under the drier; Cpl. Fesser, Gill's right-hand woman, works on Cpl. Helen Gibb.

—Photos by LAC Bill Drummond

By LAC CHARLES I. DEAN

SGT. Cecil Gill and Cpl. Emma Fesser operate the hairdressing salon at No. 7 "M" Depot, a de-luxe establishment which has functioned efficiently since May, 1943.

Through the salon has passed an average of 1,000 customers per month, with all appointments made in advance.

Sgt. Gill has trained numerous hairdressers who are now scattered all over Canada from coast to coast. He keeps in constant touch by mail.

Every trainee receives a lecture on the care

of the hair and scalp, given by Sgt. Gill, which has proved beneficial and helpful to most of them.

The salon has designed and created hairdressing styles that have been adopted by AFHQ. Sole requirement for styles—all coiffures must be arranged one inch above the collar. Photos have been taken with the co-operation of the photo section for official approval.

All products in the salon are of the best quality and comparable to those used in high class hairdressing establishments.

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War is Tough, But Melts To Let Dianne See Daddy

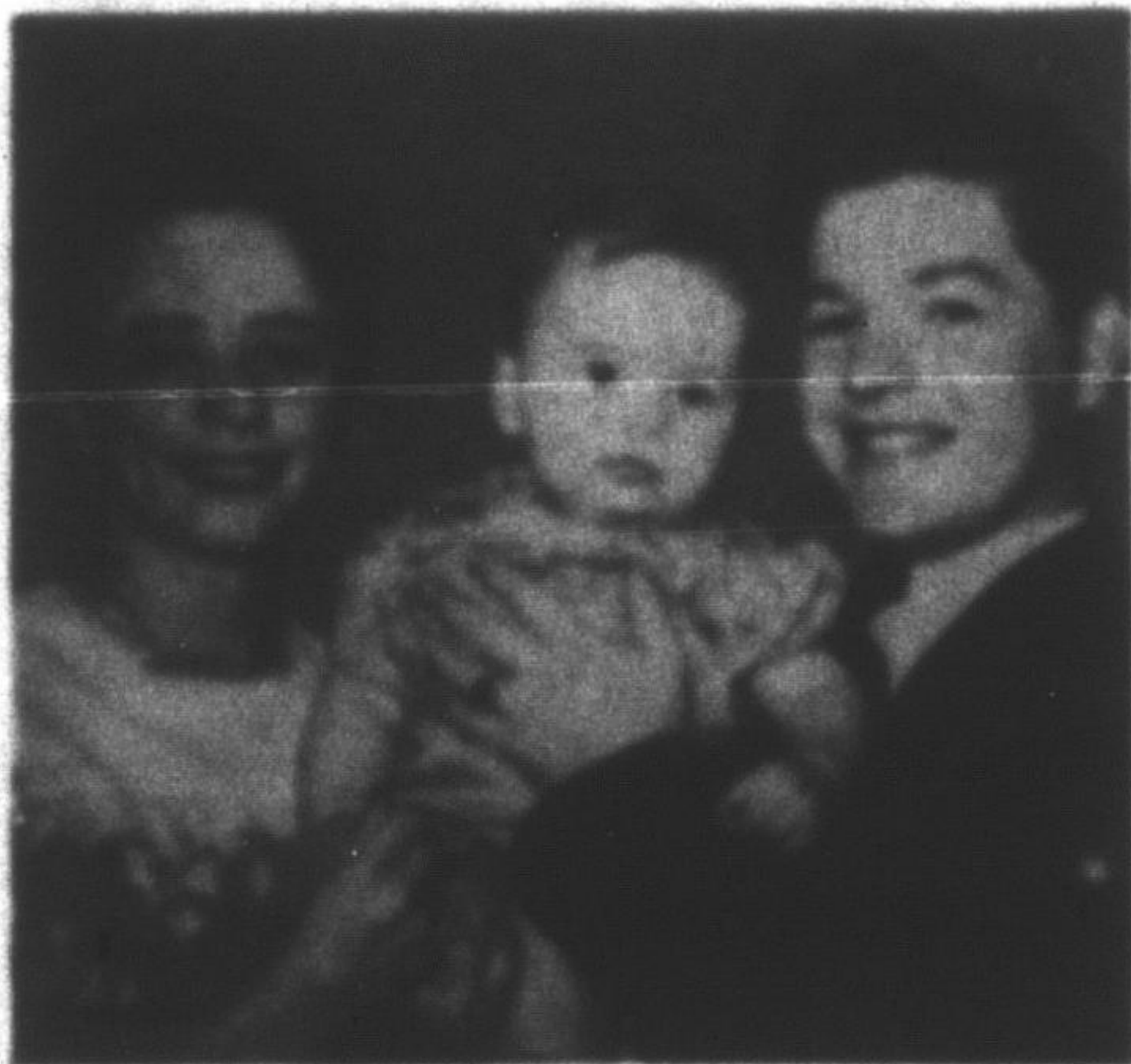
Not very many weeks ago Dianne Gibson's daddy, F/Sgt. George Gibson, was dodging flak over Europe. Today he's home and Dianne was smiling after seeing him for the first time.

Gibson, who arrived with a draft of repats, was given compassionate leave after doing 20 ops because 13-months-old Dianne was critically ill in Ottawa.

"She was so sick the doctor asked the RCAF to let my husband come home, believing his presence would help her," Mrs. Gibson said. "In the meantime, penicillin flown from Toronto was given to her three times a day for three weeks. It saved her life. She's not yet fully recovered but we hope it won't be long."

"I got the first word about Dianne's illness, just before our Halifax was to take off on a raid," said Gibson. "I turned in my pack and told the C.O. I couldn't fly that night. After talking to him I realized how selfish that would be. So I went. We bombed Berlin. I thought about Dianne all the way."

Gibson, as proud a poppa as you'll see, said: "All that's needed is a man around the house. Why, I even had Dianne walking across the living-room with me. She'll be all right now."



THE GIBSONS

You Can't Win

AC2 Tony Blane of the duplicating pool worked every angle available to have himself posted overseas to get away from the monotony of this work. He went overseas all right, but is now somewhere in England—still publishing DRO's. His brother, Cpl. Blane, recently received a letter containing the news.

CREATIONS BY GILL AND FESSER

(Continued from previous page)

BORN at St. Anne's on the Sea, Lancashire, England, Gill served five years apprenticeship with Louis & Bernard, Court Hairdressers, Manchester, England. Gill came to Canada in 1928. Shortly he became a member of the board of directors of Canada's largest hairdressing convention (6000 delegates for three days). During 1936-1937 he became president of the convention. He has the distinction of being the only instructor of hairdressing for the provincial government of Ontario for five years.

His artistic talents show themselves in sketching and painting, and he enjoys gardening around the front of building 106, home of his salon, as well as helping F/Sgt. J. H. Graham, dispenser, at the station hospital gardens.

The salon is painted a light cream color and made attractive by numerous photos of coiffures as well as two paintings of Gatineau Park and Blue Sea Lake, Que., by F/O Cowley-Brown, recent winner in the RCAF Art competition.

CPL. FESSER, of Vancouver, has had seven years' experience in hairdressing and simply had to remuster from her original trade of tailor—the professional call was too much for her. She likes her work but hopes someone at DAPS reads this and gives her a west-coast posting. She hopes to continue with hairdressing after the war.

Cpl. Fesser's hobbies are cycling and photography. She teaches Sunday School in Ottawa and is an active member of the S.A.C.A.

Both are happy in their chosen profession and assured us that there is a great deal of creative work in hairdressing, and scope for further detailed knowledge of the profession.

Trade magazines are used constantly for reference and Sgt. Gill and Cpl. Fesser keep informed of present styles so that Rockcliffe airwomen are kept right up to the mark in modern hairdressing.

The Lighter Side of K.R. (Air)

RUDYARD KIPLING once confessed that you cannot be lyrical about the King's regulations. This is a nice way of saying that regulations of any kind are a grim, and not always very popular, necessity. At the same time, there is some humor to be found in everything, and even the usually ponderous decisions of the courts of law are sometimes enlivened by a flash of humor.

In the recent re-writing of K.R. (Air), too, there were occasionally lighter moments which rendered the painstaking task of re-writing the regulations more bearable to those to whom the Fates had assigned this job. It may be that the officers and airmen on this station, within the pleasant confines of which the recent revision of K.R. (Air) took place, would be interested in reading about a few of them.

OLD paragraph 1012 provided that "The cleaning of surface drains and catch basins, and the flushing of latrines, where skilled labor is not required, is the responsibility of the engineers." It was felt that this regulation, aside from being somewhat uncomplimentary to those engaged in engineering, could probably be accomplished at a station without the guidance of the governor-in-council.

Old paragraph 1097 dealing with the responsibility of medical officers in discharging patients from hospitals, provided that "Airmen will be discharged after the tea hour". In view of recent governmental admonitions as to the conservation of tea, this provision was omitted in the re-writing.

Old paragraph 1118E provided that "In order to ensure uniformity, band instruments would be of the pitch known as the Kneller Hall pitch, which is 479.3 vibrations at 60° F. for B flat corresponding to 452.4 for A and 538 for C at the same temperature." This provision was reluctantly omitted, since it was felt that the musical appreciation of personnel might be impaired by an attempt to master the weird formula therein contained. It was decided to provide that the Director of Music could issue his own instructions on that vexing question.

AT one stage in the re-writing of K.R. (Air), it was suggested by the committee that it should be provided that words indicating the masculine gender should include females. It was, however, recommended by eminent authority that this provision should be revised to read "The masculine shall embrace the feminine, and vice versa". This recommendation was not adopted, as it was felt that the time spent on this manoeuvre might seriously affect the general efficiency of the air force.

Some Good Guys In "All Clear"

Meet Their Dance Director and Stage Manager

By LAC CHARLES I. DEAN

TWO of the many top-notch artists in the RCAF's "All Clear" Show are Cpl. Jack Bickle and Cpl. Alex Gray of Rockcliffe's entertainment unit. Both have had over two years service and are specialists in their profession.

Bickle is an accomplished acrobatic contortionist and tap dancer. He was in show business before enlistment for 12 years and has travelled from coast to coast in Canada and the U.S.A. Incidentally he has also toured Australia, New Zealand, the Fiji and Hawaiian Islands.

Recently the boys returned from a six months' tour of Ontario, Washington area, Maritime provinces, Newfoundland and Labrador with the show. Jack, formerly an airframe mechanic, was brought down from No. 11 SFTS, Yorkton, Sask., as dance director for the show. Show girls are all WD's, some of whom have never danced before, but have become experts under Jack's capable direction.

GRAY acted in peace time, and studied and played in shows in New York and Canada. He has worked with stock companies in Winnipeg, Toronto and Montreal for the past ten years.

Alex has taken part in vaudeville and starred in night clubs. He has a double role in "All Clear", as actor and stage manager. He is keen to meet any who have ambitions to become stage stars. In civilian life he worked as publicity man for shows as well as taking part in carnivals to cover expenses.

ALEX is one of three original members of "All Clear". Others are Cpl. Lloyd Edwards, and LAC John Winston, a baritone from Detroit. Alex's ambition is to become an even better actor, and he is certainly on the way up. He emphatically declared that there should be a Canadian theatre subsidized by the Government to develop native talent of playwrights, producers and writers.

A woman died. At the funeral her husband was sitting next to her lover.

The lover was crying copiously and carrying on something terrible. The husband turned to the lover, put his arm around the lover's shoulder in comforting fashion and said: "Don't take it so hard, Joe. I'll probably get married again."

AC2: "What is more beautiful to behold than a pretty girl?"

AC1: "Such grammar—you mean to be held."

He's the Tallest In the RCAF



— Photo by LAC Leslie Millett

UNLESS anyone can contradict us, Rockcliffe boasts the tallest man in the RCAF. He's Cpl. Ronald MacDonald, of the service police, who stands 6' 9½", towering above everyone on the camp.

MacDonald, who joined up in January, 1941, tried for pilot originally. A Montreal furrier in peace-time, MacDonald can't offer any particular explanation for his height. He even tried smoking, but it didn't stunt his growth.

For Women Only

Continuing our series of items that recall good old civvie days for WD's, we present the following from an advertisement in *Esquire*:

"ESCAPE is magic, white magic that lifts and releases. It unlocks the heart and rides swiftly away from the tower that imprisons desire. The unfettered, ecstatic fragrance of ESCAPE is precious and rare. It will cling to his imagination as it clings to your pale shimmering garments. From \$6.00 to \$12.50 plus tax."

P.S.—ESCAPE is a new perfume by Mary Dunhill, Fifth Avenue, New York. Wanna try it sometime?

Station Librarian Reviews War Books

By SGT I. G. MACTAVISH

Anger in the Sky by Susan Ertz.

An English family suffering severely from the war react to their tribulations with courage. An American comes to live with them and is joined by French refugees. The psychological reactions and discussions of these representatives of their nations provides most interesting reading.

Endure No Longer by Martha Albrand.

A German girl, daughter of a high ranking army man, growing up between two wars, is subjected to a clever grandfather and a socialist school teacher, and realizes early in life the danger of the German mentality which seems to require dictatorship and world conquest for happiness.

Blood and Banquets by Bella Fromm, and **Lessons of my Life** by Lord Vansittart—portray vivid lessons on unwillingness to face the facts of this war. This belated warning of German treachery should act as a lesson for the future.

Tomorrow Always Comes by Vernon Bartlett

A pertinent discussion on the dangers arising out of a poorly prepared post-war world.

Other books on the post-war world have been written by the Dean of Canterbury, Field Marshal Ely Cuthbertson and others. They are all well worth reading and will pay good dividends in the future.

Crime Does Not Pay

WE all know that gambling is forbidden in camp. See K.R.(Air). But even if you want to satisfy that gambling urge in Ottawa, we urge you take it easy. For the Ottawa cops take a dim view of gambling, in any shape or form.

Take the case of two lads, age 16 and 17, who were caught in the act of tossing pennies against a wall. They were fined \$3 each for playing a game of chance. The constable told the court they had been warned to stop but persisted in gambling.

Shocking, isn't it?

The reporter for the local newspaper was interviewing a visiting celebrity.

"Do you believe in clubs for women?" he asked.

"Well—er—yes," replied the dignitary, "but only if kindness falls."

"I love you, darling I adore you."

"Are you going to marry me?"

"Don't change the subject."

The barmaid was a flirt and when the corporal went out to buy a paper she leaned invitingly over the bar with her face to AC's.

"Now's your chance, darling," she whispered.

The AC2 looked around the room. It was empty.

"So it is," he remarked—and promptly drained the corporal's glass.

SPORTS LOG

By CPL. FRANK WANSBROUGH

DID you know that although the soccer team lost out in the fight for top position in the league and were defeated in their ambitions to carry off the McGivern cup, they are the only team in the league to take points from the powerful Ottawa United club? Both games between these two teams ended in tie scores. Leaves, postings, and the usual difficulties facing station teams in securing enough interested personnel to take part in the games have been the main reason for the lack of a better show on the part of the team. At any rate, the soccer enthusiasts won't admit defeat and expect to be in the thick of it when the cup games start towards the end of the month.

. . .

"Tony" Licari, diminutive but effective second-sacker for the station hardball nine, learned that a hit in the clinch pays off in more ways than one. Licari's line drive double in the last half of the last inning sent two men scurrying across the plate to bust up a good ball game and give the "Flyer's" a much-needed win over the Hull "Volants." Not only did "Tony's" hit payoff in a victory, but some of his more ardent fans expressed their "thanks" to him following the game in a more expressive manner. Licari's hit was his third of the day in three trips to the platter.

. . .

IN the famous Henley regatta held at St. Catharines, AC1 Harvey Hutcheon of the School of Photography, and representing the Ottawa Rowing Club, placed second in the senior men's singles and second in the quarter mile event. "Hutch" was beaten by a matter of inches in both events as pictures of the finish show. No novice in the rowing game, Hutcheon started a mild riot when he was eight years old and was entered in the Twin City Regatta at Minneapolis, Minn., and the lad has been living on the water ever since.

. . .

OUR HAT'S OFF DEPARTMENT

THIS month we doff our fedora to F/Sgt. Bob Fulton. It's difficult to imagine that any other station in Canada is better organized than our own station as regards inter-unit sports activities, as well as teams representing us off the station. Forty-seven inter-unit clubs partake in the summer sports programme, and although the staff behind Fulton is his greatest asset, the organizational powers of the well-liked Flight have proved themselves time and time again. Right now

Rockcliffe sports are better organized than at any other time and our thanks are extended to "Bob" and to his fellow workers on the drill hall staff.

To F/O "Ernie" Crisp of the school of Photography. "Ernie" is the pitching staff of the Photographic team in the major softball league, and his pitching has been steady despite a "hot and cold" club behind him. Photo is a team to be feared by the leading clubs of the league, as Repats and Comm Squadrons will vouch for, but when the nine meets a club below it in the standing, only the pitching of Crisp seems to hold the outfit together. No matter what the score, ahead or behind, "Ernie" is always in there pitching with all he's got.

To LAC "Irish" Booth of Repat. Squadron Repat's one-man track team, plucky "Irish" never gives up. Recently at a track and field meet, he was the only Repat representative and he took part in as many events as was humanly possible in the hope that he would be able to score a few points for his squadron. It was without avail, however, until he ran a great 100 yd. dash to beat out Cpl. Smith who holds the station record for the 100. Although his time did not better Smith's record of 10.5, the fact that he bested Smith was all to his credit. And Booth's athletic ability does not stop there. He is quite the hurler and does a great deal of the pitching for the Repat. Majors in the inter-unit soft-ball league.

. . .

It's only a suggestion, but what do you think of the possibility of a station golf tournament? Have we any golfers in the house? Talk to your unit sports representative and they can let your correspondent know your feelings towards the idea.



"From now on Fenwick I don't think it will be necessary to salute every time you wish to speak to me."

Station's Lonesomest Lads Hide Out in Pump-House

By AW1 GLADYS VERITY

ROCKCLIFFE'S most lonesome job. We agree with the pump-house crew that any job has earned that title if you can work at it for three weeks and be visited only by a few frogs and snakes that haven't learned enough to read "Out of Bounds" signs.

For 24 hours a day—one on each eight hour shift and one as a spare—these men guard the pumps that keep up the water pressure for our station, as well as for the National Research Council just outside. The actual amount of work—when things are under control—is negligible bringing with it the old question of how to fill in time. Naturally, each of the boys has his own idea on this subject.

Cpl. Watkins—better known as Taffy—has worked up a small business of making crested hearts, bracelets, and wings for Rockcliffe boys to distribute as souvenirs. Often too, when Taffy is not checking the pump meter or testing his equipment so it will be ready for emergencies, he may be found playing one of his many kinds of solitaire. We always thought there was only one way to play the game; but Taffy assures us that there are 20, ranging from "Idiot's Delight"—our favorite—to the serious task of determining if the girl friend is faithful—otherwise known as "Is you is or is you ain't my baby?"

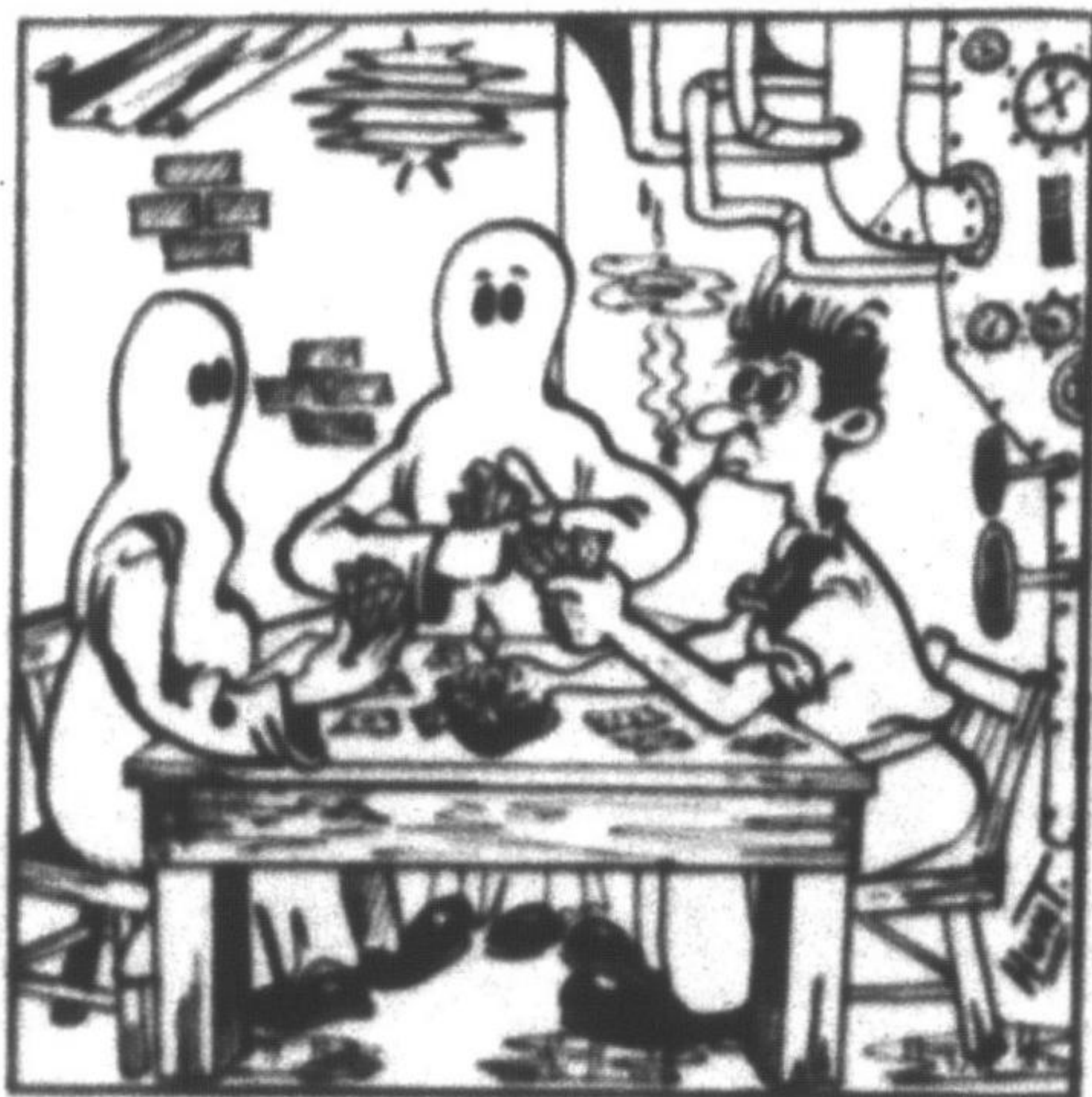
The other fellows, LAC Bennett, LAC Robinson and AC1 Scott also have means of maintaining their sanity as they remain night after night in the cell with its gray

walls, cement floor and solitary small window. One evening we caught LAC Bennett, razor in hand and a pail of hot water at his side, seriously mowing down the bristles to give

himself that school-boy complexion his wife just loves to touch. Another evening we found AC1 Scott sewing buttons on the new shirt that had just come back from the laundry while the radio song revue played, "Why don't we do this more often?" LAC Robinson uses his extra time to prepare for the future, and we admire him for it. With the idea of being on the staff of a city water works after the war, he is keeping well-posted on the chemicals used in the latest methods of water purification.

We think it would be appropriate to add

here a few words about our own pumping system. The main enters our station below the hill and the water is pushed up to the reservoir by a booster pump installed underground a short distance from 12 communication hangar. From here several electrically operated pumps send it to the various sections. In an emergency, such as fire, the pumping capacity of the electric motors and the booster pump is insufficient to keep up a pressure of approximately 70 pounds, so the Buna engine—a huge thing that makes a noise like a aircraft is used as an auxiliary. These machines are always kept in perfect running condition, and you may be certain that no matter what arises—even if the booster pump breaks down as it once did the boys of the pump-house retreat will be right on the job to let you have that indispensable morning shower.



Night Shift in the Pump-House

The cat dozed on the hearth rug; the knitting needles were in their place by the old rocking chair; the grandfather clock struck eight.
Grandma: "Now, where in hell is that gigolo?"

Gal: "I'm all worn out trying to get into this evening gown."
Guy: "You don't look all in."
Gal: "Oomigosh!! Where?"

SPEAKING OF LONG SERVICE

Rockcliffe WO2 Completes 25 Years

SGT-MAJOR A. W. Richardson of the station hospital has completed 25 years of service in the army and air force. His long experience has made him proficient in and cognizant of every phase of hospital work.

In 1913 he joined the Governor-General's Footguards, and served on guards of honor and attended presentations at the opening and closing of parliament.

In September, 1914, he enlisted in the 1st Field Ambulance Corps. When overseas he transferred to the 1st Brigade Signals, seeing action at the second battle of Ypres, battle of Somme, Hill 60 and Messiene Ridge. Concussion received from enemy shell-fire resulted in hospitalization at Nottingham, England.

UPON return to Canada in July, 1919, he joined the C.M.S.C., as a corporal and served until 1922. He received regular promotion.

When the C.M.S.C. was reorganized, Richardson was transferred to the Royal Machine Gun Brigade. In 1928 he enlisted in the R.C.A.M.C. and promoted to WO2. From 1937-1940 he was attached to the RCAF, and transferred later with same rank.

In 1940, he assisted with the organization of the medical services of the RCAF. Eight months later he helped with the opening of Uplands hospital.

He was then posted to the office of W/C L. M. Emard, OBE, the Principal Medical Officer, No. 3 TCHQ, Montreal. Here he was in charge of the orderly room staff until his posting to Rockcliffe to assist with opening of present hospital.

Sgt-Major Richardson holds the RCAMC Certificate class "A" for dispensing, St. John's medallion (two bars), 1914-1915 Star, the British general service medal, the victory medal for 18 years service (King George VI), and the Canadian volunteer service medal.

Dreams Interpreted Free

Another Crosswinds Service

DID you dream last night? If so, was it the usual run-of-the-mill airman's dream about the blonde chick you met in town or did you perchance dream about flying? And do you happen to remember whether you were flying high or flying low?

If you just dreamed of flying, that's good. The Universal Dream Book says that denotes you will escape many difficulties and dangers and have success in trade and love. (Who cares about trade?) Very likely you will have to travel, too.

If you dreamed you were trying to fly very high, that's not so good because it indicates that you will aspire after a position which you will never reach and for an office for which you are not likely qualified.

If you did happen to dream about love, that's a good omen, too. No matter what the connection, any dream about love means good fortune in whatever you undertake, whether it be an actual affair of the heart or a business venture. So get dreaming, boys and girls! Another cheese sandwich and some coffee?



PUMP-HOUSE CREW IN THEIR HIDEAWAY

—Photos by LAC William Powell

ONLY ONE IN R.C.A.F.

Female Traffic Cop For Our Airways



SGT. MARGO MACKENZIE

—Photo by LAC Leslie Millett

By F/L H. HUTCHINS

SGT. MARGO MACKENZIE, an attractive brunette, holds the unique position of being the RCAF's only WD traffic dispatcher, and is justly proud of the fact. She's with Communications squadron.

Born in New Westminster, B.C., she joined up in July 1942 and trained at Rockcliffe and Toronto before being posted to AFHQ.

Asked how she became a traffic Agent she replied that perhaps it was fate, as she was posted to AFHQ just previous to the famous Quebec conference at a time when traffic dispatchers were at a premium. She gained valuable experience there.

Sgt. MacKenzie would like to continue with this work after the war. She says her woman's intuition gives her a decided advantage over her male counterparts.

She wields a mean racquet on the tennis courts, likes swimming and dancing. Altogether, she's a swell person and an excellent traffic agent.

Mother (entering room unexpectedly): "Well, I never."

Daughter (quickly): "Oh, but Mother, you must have!"

Long Live C.O.'s Parade

At six the bugle. Jump outa bed.
I'm in the top bunk—land on my head.
Polish my boots real debonair,
Get all shaved an' slick my hair.
Yank my pants from the mattress press.
Solve the problem of Rudolph Hess.
Take too long. When brass is done
I've missed my breakfast an' gotta run.
Make the parade square. Seven fifteen.
First one here like I always been.
For the next 20 minutes 'till sarge is decided
Just how the mob is supposed to be divided.
We all stand 'round. Then shuffle an' fight
An' darned if the thing don't come out right.
So does the sun. A quarter hour
An' the flat-top guys a-thirst for power
Prowl on the flank, all two an' two.
Seems like a stupid thing to do.
The Guy who wrote the book forgot
Our boots are issue but theirs are not.
They take over. Strike up the band.
C.O.'s mountin' his little stand.
Talks it up, 'till we see of course
There's nothin' on earth like the old
air force.
His speech, if it don't reverberate!
Drill hall broadcast for them who's late.
At last a chance to look him in the eye
As three by three we go marchin' by.
Finale over. Away we go.
Back to the jobs we all love so.
An' I think to myself, well here's one gink
Proud to be in uniform. I think.

—By BERT

Hockey Star Is Repat

CPL. Bobby Bauer is back. The former National Hockey League star who with Milt Schmidt and Porky Dumart made up the famous Kraut line of the Boston Bruins, and who later starred with the RCAF hockey team, arrived here with a group of repats.

Bauer, who was met by his pretty wife Marguerite, also of Kitchener, spent six weeks in a hospital in England and will probably undergo further treatment in Canada. He has a 30 day leave and then will go before a medical board.

He isn't worrying much about hockey just now. The only thing that has occupied his attention of late is getting the war over. Serving as a radio technician, attached to a Canadian bomber group, he had his famous hockey mates, Schmidt and Dumart, as fellow airmen.

"I think all the boys have their old ability for hockey," said Bauer. "But we haven't been giving much time to thinking about hockey these days."

"W-Debs" from Rockcliffe May Play in France Soon

By OUR OVERSEAS CORRESPONDENT

ELEVEN airwomen who were based and trained at Rockcliffe are wowing 'em throughout the British Isles, with their next stop in France, maybe. The gals are the "W-Debs," all-girl musical revue, who are touring RCAF and army units throughout Britain and sweeping everything before them. They are supported by two male pianists of the RCAF.

THE WD entertainers in the cast—as streamlined as the show itself—crossed the Atlantic in a troop transport laden with thousands of servicemen and women. Under supervision of Flight Officer Lola Davis, of Ottawa, they worked hard during the crossing, playing two shows daily. In the evenings they gave impromptu concerts and led community singing. Though for some it was their first sight of the ocean, all the girls stood the voyage well.

The show, which may later go to France for a tour of liberated areas, moves at a fast clip from start to finish. Amusing skits, fine dancing, classical violin numbers, rousing music by the piano accordion player, and some wizard fingering on two pianos by the boys, all combine to make the 45-minute performance a real treat for audiences.

Tall Cpl. Audry Canty, of Ottawa, starts to sing in a silvery soprano voice and then brings down the house by switching to a clowning act. Other leading comedienne is LAW Kay Helwig, of Toronto, niece of S/L N. W. Helwig, DFC, of RCAF Headquarters, Ottawa. Kay is a hit from the minute she takes the platform. With her flock of auburn hair and her saucy looks, she has the boys' eyes glued on her and commands rounds of applause.

ACCORDIONIST LAW Winifred Kermath, Montreal plays her squeeze box well and throws in such ever-popular numbers as "Pack up Your Troubles," "Tipperary" and "My Wild Irish Rose" for the lads to sing. Flight Officer Davis has worked hard to whip the show into its present state of

What Next!

The "W-Debs" will soon be flying over Germany—in theory, at least.

Now touring Bomber Group stations, the all-girl show has proven a knockout wherever it has appeared—so much so that F/L Don Hall, Bison squadron pilot, has named his Halifax bomber after it.

The nose is now adorned with a painting of a beautiful girl, the words "W-Debs," and the Christian names of all the girls in the show.

The girls were shown over the station when they gave a performance there.

perfection. Much credit must go to her for her organizing and devising of dance routines. Sgt. Bill Barker and LAC Mel Keay are stage managers. Pianists are Sgt. Ken Bray and Cpl. Neil Chotem.

Other "W-Debs" are: Cpl. Ceci Smith, LAW Doris Bouvette, LAW Lenore Barlow, LAW Hazel Moore, LAW Edna Bear, LAW Noni Stockton, LAW Doris George and LAW Doreen Allan.

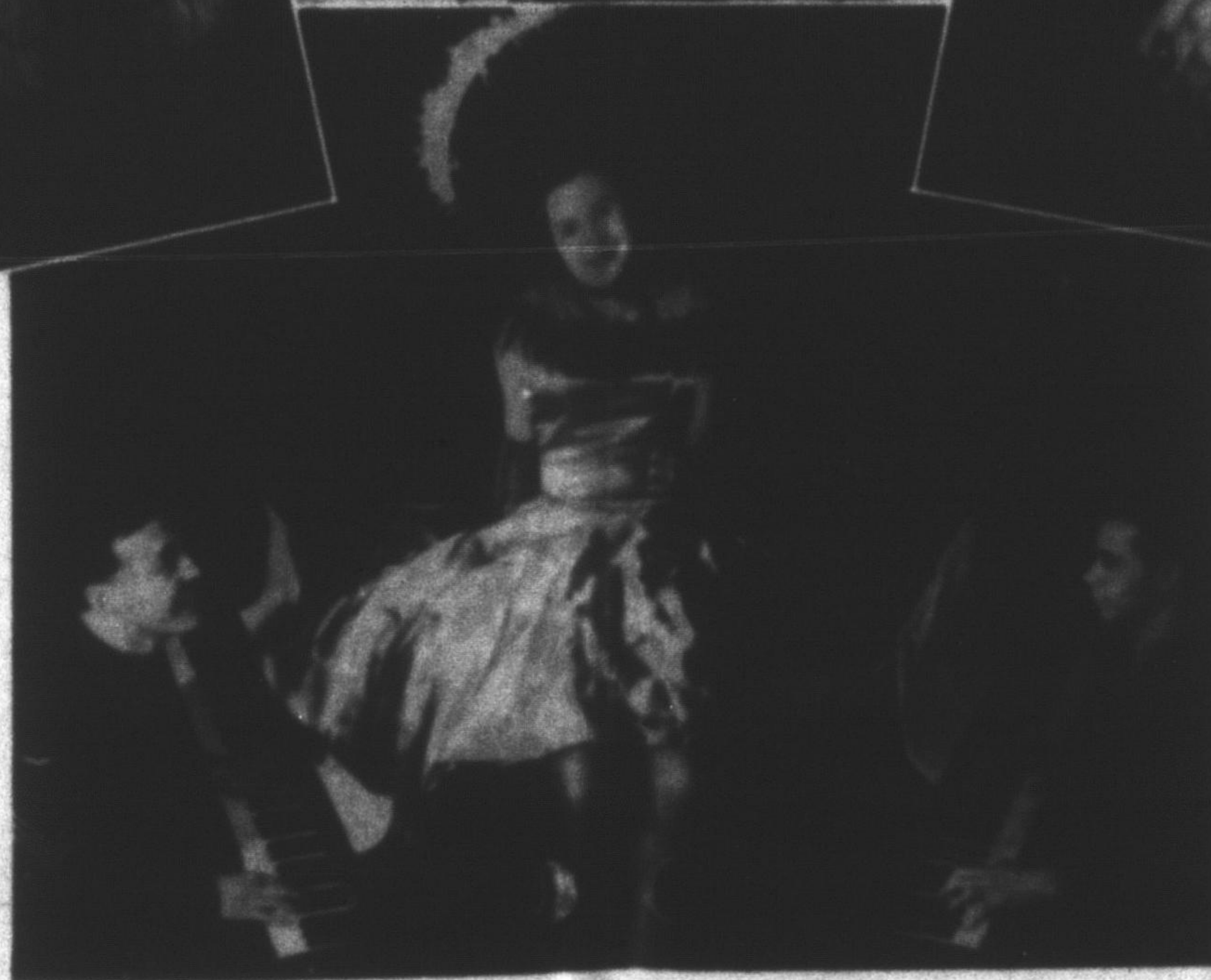
It was expected before arrival in England that the show would make its United Kingdom debut in London, as did the RCAF "Black-outs." So anxious was Bomber Group to get the show started on its tour of bomber units, that arrangements were altered and the company postponed its London appearance.

OUR COVER GALS

OSTRICH plumes and satin dresses replace air force blues when these airwomen from Western Canada do their "Can can" number in the newest RCAF "W Debs", an all-girl show and first of its kind. Trained at Rockcliffe, these WD's are now performing overseas. Left to right: LAW Lenore Barlow, daughter of Mrs. M. Barlow, 1209 Jervis St., Vancouver; Cpl. Celeste Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Smith, 24 Furdy St., Winnipeg, and LAW Doris Bouvette, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Bouvette, 1225 Pender St. West, Vancouver.



RECAPTURING the charm of the gay 90's, these Rockcliffe-trained WD's dance the "can can" in the RCAF "W-Debs". Unlike other shows sponsored for the entertainment of service personnel the show has an all-girl cast. Left to right: Cpl. Celeste Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Smith, 26 Furby St., Winnipeg; LAW Doris Bouvette, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Bouvette, 1325 Pender St. West, Vancouver; LAW Doris George, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. George, 155 Silverthorn Ave., Toronto; LAW Lenore Barlow, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Barlow, 1209 Jervis St., Vancouver; and LAW Hazel Moore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. O. B. Moore, 594 Jessie Ave., Winnipeg. Centre: Gay as a Mexican hayride is the dance routine in



which these airwomen participate. Left to right, back row: Cpl. Celeste Smith, LAW Kay Helwig, daughter of Mrs. G. Helwig, 134 Bingham Ave., Toronto; and LAW Doris George. Front row: Airwoman Lenore Barlow, and LAW Nonie Stockton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Stockton, 670 Columbia St., Kamloops, B.C. Right: LAW Doreen Allen, of Vancouver, plays the violin for the show, now touring RCAF stations in Britain. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Allen, 2627 McGill St., Vancouver. Bottom: LAW Lenore Barlow, of Vancouver, poses with the two-piano team; Except for the two pianists it is an all-girl cast. Pianists are Sgt. Kenneth Bray and Cpl. Neil Chotem of Saskatoon.

Did It Ever Happen To You?



"Not So F-a-a-a-a-a-s-t! !"

What is Ice Cream? That is the Question In Britain To-day

By OUR OVERSEAS CORRESPONDENT

IN a little back street cafe in Glasgow I paid four pence for two wafers filled with a cold, white, tasteless substance. Even the proprietress hesitated to call it "ice cream substitute".

But even this harmless substance was sold in nervous dread, with one eye on the door. For today ice cream is dynamite.

A dozen court-cases have not solved the burning question, "What is ice-cream?" And thousands of sellers still await a definite ruling from the Ministry of Food as to whether it is illegal to sell a substance made entirely of non-controlled ingredients whose only resemblance to pre-war ice-cream is that it is made in a freezer.

Meantime, there are two points of view:—

In the main streets they have decided that it's not worth the risk. The proprietor of an Argyle café told me he stopped selling any

form of ice-cream two years ago. "No matter what you use to make it you're liable to be booked," he said. "But we're still asked for it, a hundred times a day. And I must say that I think the sugar could be used more wholesomely that way than in some of the cheap confectionery we sell."

In the back streets and the outer suburbs there's a different story.

As the worried-looking woman told me, while I licked at my savourless wafer: "The rent's got to be paid somehow. And ice-cream was our main business. We sell hardly anything else."

And she went off to sell a small "poke"—threepence worth—to a toddler.

An AC2 Joe-boy was doing fatigues in the kitchen while a sergeant cook was baking oat-cakes.

Spreading one with jam, the cook gave it to the AC2 as a treat. A little while later the Joe-boy returned.

"Thanks for the jam, Sarge," he said. "There's your board back again."

First Mother: "Has your son learned anything in the air force?"

Second Mother: "Yes, he can open a bottle of beer with a half dollar."

PHOTO WING NEWS

By CPL. MILLIE EVANS

PROMOTIONS came out with a bang as far as our Part II "A" Officers are concerned and along with everyone else we extend heartiest congratulations to W/C Schwartz, our OC, S/L Archdeacon, the man in charge of production, and F/L Bob Smith, who keeps himself busy dashing between Photo building and the hangar. Promotions were also prominent among other ranks and we extend our congrats to all who put up or added hooks.

Something new has been added to the basement of Rockcliffe's most modern building. Yes, the carpenters and plumbers have been working overtime and showers are now available for everyone after a hard afternoon's work on the sports field. In addition, the "Gamma Club", founded by F/S Hardy and his Gamma Kids is beginning to take form and no doubt you will be hearing a lot about "Gamma" from now on.

SPORTS parade has certainly made a great improvement around Photo these days and it's good to see everybody feeling fit and taking part in games. Cpl. Lil Cairns, LAW Wade and AC McKinnon all helped to win a name for Rockcliffe at the Pendleton Olympics and four of our gals are playing sound ball to help keep the station W.D. team in the play-offs. They are LAW Dot Poulton, LAW Ruth Larson, LAW Marion Walker and Cpl. Millie Evans. A few weeks ago a big challenge game of ball was held between the boys from the hangar and the photographers and as a result the flying unit is one up on the rest of the Wing.

Due to farm problems, Cpl. Ruth Dudleyke, LAC's Nanson and Matthie have all returned to their homes to help with the harvest. Now that the government is paying the train fare, meals, and berth, we're sorry we haven't a farm to go to ourselves.

Old Man Weather played a mean trick on the entertainment and sports committee preventing an afternoon's outing at Britannia Beach which was to be The Event for the month of August, but this energetic group of people just buckled right down and arranged a big hay-ride to take its place. Bowling and swimming parties are just two more things the committee has inaugurated for the benefit of Photo personnel. The Chateau Pool has been reserved for an hour every Monday night and the Hull Bowling Alleys for two hours every Wednesday night commencing in October.



EDITOR TAKES A BRIDE: Navan's "problem child", LAC Fred Lake, who edits "Detachment Dope", was hooked on July 15 by Dorothy Richardson of Roseland, Ont. F/L F. H. Paul tied the knot in Windsor; the honeymoon was spent at Lake St. Claire.

News from Navan (Or Life on the Farm)

By LAC FRED LAKE

NO. 34 DETACHMENT started off with a little bad luck last month. We lost our O/C, S/L C. B. Limbrick, to the Rockcliffe hospital, for a couple of weeks. As if that wasn't enough, our three popular RAF comrades, Sgt. C. R. Hewson, Cpl. G. S. Butler, and Cpl. C. R. Cannell were suddenly repatriated to England. However, things are pretty well on the beam again, and the Detachment has once more assumed its peaceful air of a country farm.

Through meritorious work on the part of one of "Detachment Dope's" news reporters, we learned that our Administration Officer, F/O F. C. Jewett, had endowed his fiancée, Miss Marion Shiels of Kitchener and Montreal, with a sparkling diamond. To him we say, lots of luck, and . . . you'll be sorry!

Highlight of the month was our dance on Aug. 15. The old recreation hall saw plenty of action that night. A number of girls from Gauge Laboratories were invited and with airmen and their wives, we all had a swell time.

Looking back over the last few days, it seems we had a little more bad luck. Our softball team (you remember—the one that was always bringing home the bacon) dropped their game to Communications, 18 to 12.

RCAF's Rembrandts Hide Out at Rockcliffe

By WO2 BEN SUGARMAN

THE two characters we have in the foglight for this issue are Hunt and Knudsen. (Both LAC's, paid).

Howie Hunt, who hails from the big time town of Toronto, does all cartoons for the twosome, while Walt Knudsen, who is from south of the border, Pontiac—from the car of the same name—does all the lettering.

Both of these boys were **BIG TIMERS** in civilian life. It is rumored that Hunt held down a big-time art job in Toronto, working for MacLeans magazine (cleaning brushes) and Knudsen was with the giant firm of Sears, Roebuck and Co. (sharpening pencils).

As Crosswinds reporter dropped in on them for this interview, he witnessed the following scene:



HUNT & KNUDSEN INC.

—By Hunt

Those boys really get tied up in their work—they just love to paint.

If you have any complaints on the different parts of the station that have been placed "OUT OF BOUNDS", don't come running to these boys. Even if they did paint the signs, it wasn't their idea.

The fellows started their careers as sign painters on the station last winter during the basketball season. They had to do all their work behind the stage and up in the YMCA lounge and writing room, in the drill hall. Shea soon put a stop to the using of his lounge for a paint shop, so out they went. F/O Hardy and F/Sgt. Fulton then came to their rescue and fixed them up with an office, upstairs in the drill hall. They have been situated there ever since.

These boys are doing a fine job for the station. Their ideas for advertising and poster work are really something new and different. Their posters are colorful, modern and captioned with good gags.

FLASH: The five-dollar prize for the best contribution to this issue has been awarded to LAC Howie Hunt. A faithful contributor, Hunt's cartoons have given Rockcliffe-ites plenty of laughs, ever since Crosswinds was started. More of his laugh-provokers appear in this issue.

DON'T ARGUE WITH THE M.O.

A patient came to see F/L E. W. Lidington with the complaint that he was unable to sleep at night. The M.O. advised the airman to eat something before going to bed.

"But, Doctor", the patient reminded him "two months ago you told me never to eat anything before going to bed."

The M.O. blinked, and then in full professional dignity replied—"Lad, that was two months ago. Science has made enormous strides since then."

Dr. Snerd's Column

Fellow-sufferers at Rockcliffe: How's your love life? Is everything on the beam or are you receiving anonymous letters? Do you have troubles that need solving? Do you talk in your sleep? Do you use your liquor permit? Bring your worries (and permits) to Doc Snerd and watch them really become worries.

Case No. 49

My wife has asked me how she can tell if the water is the right temperature for bathing the baby. What do you advise? Sgt. Fahrenheit.

Answer: Put baby in the water. If it turns red the water is too hot; if blue, too cold, if the baby turns white, you will know it needed bathing.

Case No. 50

Why don't surgeons have special sales on tonsillectomies? LAW Carver.

Answer: They don't like cut-throat competition.

Case No. 51

The newspapers tell us that since the fall of Italy, Il Duce has become thin and wasted away. How do you explain this? AC1 D. Teriorate.

Answer: Confidentially, he shrinks!

Case No. 52

I am keeping company with a swell girl but I'm beginning to doubt some of the things she tells me about herself. Should I believe her? F/O Sammy Koma.

Answer: If you swallow her line now, you'll have to cough up later.

Case No. 53

I am in detention and all I've had on my stomach in the past two weeks is bread and water. What should I do? LAC O. Fender.

Answer: If it tickles—scratch.



ROCKCLIFFE'S HELLO GIRLS: Cpl. Mary Johnson, left, is the big boss of our telephone exchange. Some of the board's hard working crew, at right, are: LAW's M. J. Scott, G. L. Thompson, R. M. Wilson and P. Keats.

—Photo by LAC Leslie Miller

Station Life-line Manned By WD's Telephone Gals Handle 4,900 Calls In 24 Hours

By LAC CHARLES I. DEAN

LIFE-LINE of communication at Rockcliffe is the telephone, without which all sections would be paralyzed and contact with the outside world broken. This is the most used and abused system of contact, yet many of us use it throughout the day without thought of the work and problems entailed in its maintenance. Bell Telephone men are continually checking the lines, and poor service is immediately reported.

The telephone exchange is housed in the little brick building next to the new nursing sisters' quarters, across from the officers' mess, and accommodation is provided for emergency duty. The girls, LAW Pat Keats, Edmonton, LAW Muriel Scott, Cobalt, LAW Marion Urquhart, Bass River, N.S., LAW Lillian Cucksey, Courtland, Ont. AW1 Monica Moses, Toronto, with Cpl. Mary Johnson, Sackville, N.B., NCO in charge, work eight-hour shifts. O.C. of signals and telephone exchange is F/O A. C. Weaver.

In a 24-hour period there is an average of 4,900 calls, 4,750 calls for the day shift, which includes long distance, local incoming and outgoing. The increase is noticeable around pay days for reasons known only to the subscribers.

THE switchboard used is the four position type. This means that four telephone operators are seated side by side and the switchboards into which the cords are plugged for connection extend into the section occupied by the neighboring operator. Thus if any operator is overburdened with incoming

calls her nearest co-worker is able to make the desired connection.

The four-position switchboard was installed in 1943 to make provision for the increasing volume of calls which were taxing the limited facilities of the exchange. Many of the original members have been posted, among them LAW Joyce Herrington (now Cpl.), on active service overseas. LAW Pat Keats, one of the old timers still clings to Rockcliffe, and can tell some of the amusing incidents that take place, such as the one about the individual who asked to be connected with an AC2, and when requested for a further description vaguely replied "Oh, he's blond, with blue eyes." Then Pat recalled the person who asked for local 30 (Works and Buildings) and when told it was busy, immediately replied: "Well then, give me local three-O!"

Things like this are enough to drive telephone operators out of their minds, but our girls are experienced and take these amusing yet annoying incidents as part of the day's work, to be laughed about off duty.

MEMORY plays an important part in the work of the switchboard operator. Keeness of ear and eye is necessary so that connections are made rapidly. So remember be patient when there is a delay, and you do not get your number immediately. The operator has a great deal to remember and attend to besides the person making the call.

Credit should therefore be given to our telephone operators for their patience and efficiency in doing a routine yet vital war job.

Three airmen were fishing in a small boat when a heavy squall came up and overturned the boat. Two of the men began to swim, but the third floundered helplessly.

"Say," asked one of the swimmers, "can you float alone?"

"Look!" said the sinking one, "I'm drowning and he talks business."

HOW A 'CAT' IS DOCKED DOWN AT THE MARINE SECTION



Meet the Rockcliffe Navy

By CPL. "WILLIE" WILLIAMSON

FAR across the field to the north, below and beyond "The Flats" where fair Ottawa's waters lap the lonely shore, toil the fewest, most secluded, envied section on the station. (see footnote). It is so remote and small that even the C.O. once on parade infenumerating all the other sections of the station, omitted to mention this very important one attached to H.Q. Strange questions are asked about its activities, suggesting the myth that its members have nothing or little to do but to go for boat rides. We hear "What does this station need a Marine Section for?" or "But what do you do in the winter time?"

It is historical fact (and you may ask some of the old timers of T & D or Communications) that more than a score of Catalinas and Stranraers lined both sides of the river at one time. Seamen (then called Motorboat Crewmen) whose number you can count on one oil begrimed hand, ferried the crews, towed the "kites" to dock for gas and repair, as well as keeping the boats serviceable during a 24-hour day. Planes have had to make emergency landings at night, prowlers must be warned away from the shores and aircraft. Lights (as specified by the Dept. of Navigation) must be set out and moorings checked on ships anchored in the river. Therefore there must be someone on duty at all times.

ON several occasions there were crashes on the north shore of the river and it was the marine sections' job to get there first with the M.O. et al. and later taxi the guards and their provisions to the scene, on their various watches.

The river is open with aircraft taking off as late as December. It is nearly Christmas

by the time we fold up for the season and have all our anchor and marker buoys brought in, the scows set away, and the boats hauled to the hangar.

There we strip the hulls and engines, clean and paint, mend and replace worn-out parts to be in shape again for the next season which opens, as a rule, about the first week in April.

One January we went in for ice-cutting when a Canso went through the ice a mile and a half up the river, and a channel had to be made to float it to the slipway. It was not the air force that supplied us with our grog on those coldest of cold, cold days when barnacles were icicles.

Last winter saw several of us out on the west coast seeing how other marine sections function. (Get Deac to tell you about his trip to Anchorage, Alaska on an MTB boat).

This year is a gala year for the section. The spring painting converted the melancholy dungeon grey interior to a cheery vernal green. Outside was given fresh whitewash and light grey to resemble a ship's poop-deck. Running water and a sink have been installed and even an improvised but highly satisfactory outdoor shower has been added to the joy of the "River Rats" of whom you may have wondered at their recent clean countenances. Also we have had new electric wiring to complete our "home away from home".

"All we need is a radio", says Burns, then as an after thought, wistfully, "And maybe a W.D. to look after our tools."

*Footnote: "The Admiral", Sgt. Tom "Deac" Deacon; Cpls. Joe Dumault and Dave "Willie" Williamson; a repat WAG, Bill Burns and a repat Marine-man, Tony Boudreau.

A STATION PERSONALITY

Operational Veteran Commands T. & D.

By F/L H. HUTCHINS

MEET Wing Commander Angus McLean, DFC, O.C. of Test and Development. His unassuming manner, sparkling wit and sly humor are no indication of his interesting and adventuresome career, though they are a dead give-away to his nature.

Born in Prince Edward Island, he attended Summerside Academy and graduated from Mount Allison University in 1938. His charm finally broke the resistance of the good people of Queen's County and they nominated him as Progressive Conservative candidate. If his mess dinner speeches are any indication of his prowess with words, then his election is in the bag.

W/C McLean spent some time at Trenton, and also instructed at No. 1, 4 and 7 SFTS's before going overseas in January, 1942, where he joined bomber command and took part in numerous raids over Europe. He was awarded the DFC in October 1942 and shortly after was mentioned in despatches for his exploits.

ONE of his most thrilling and nerve racking experiences occurred in Occupied Europe. He had been shot down and had eluded his Nazi pursuers for days, sleeping in ditches and barns and slowly making his way to the coast. This night he had been particularly fortunate and was taken in by a farmer and his wife only to be awakened early in the morning by the sound of guttural voices outside the door.

Thinking that the Huns had finally tracked him down, his fears for the farmer and his wife being not the least of his anxieties, he was preparing for the worst when he heard gunfire. He peeked out from the window only to see a detachment of German infantry on manoeuvres, blissfully ignorant of the fact that an escaped Allied flier was watching them with interest—and a palpitating heart.

Repatriated to Canada he joined Test and Development and has been there since.

Indignant woman (to man smoking in bus):
"Sir smoking always makes me ill."
Man: "Oh? Why don't you give it up?"

Rabbit: "We certainly know how to multiply."
Snake: "I'm a tricky little adder myself."

ACE: "We're going to give the bride a shower."
ACE: "Count me in. I'll bring the soap."

Modern Maiden's Prayer: Dear Lord, bring him back safe, sound and single.



WINCO McLEAN

Are You New Here? Then Read This

"**HELPFUL HINTS ABOUT YOUR NEW STATION**" is a mimeographed sheet handed to newcomers, containing this advice:

Familiarize yourself with station standing orders.

Do not walk more than two abreast on roadways and always face oncoming traffic.

The attention area is on main road, east of administration building. Regard it as such.

The sport field, east of administration building and the parade square, are out of bounds, unless on organized sports or drill.

Sport clothes are permitted only when taking active part in sport activities. Otherwise be properly dressed at all times. Hats are to be worn properly, stiffening not to be removed.

Barracks are inspected twice daily and must be kept neat and tidy.

Don't throw papers of any kind around the camp. Use containers.

"How come you didn't turn out?" demanded the sergeant. "Didn't you hear the bugle blow reveille?"

"Honest, sergeant, I'm afraid I'm going to be a flop as an airman. I don't know one tune from another."

Grandpa: "I miss the old cuspidor since it's gone."

Grandmother: "You missed it before—that's why it's gone."

PHOTO SURVEY SQUADRON

By ACI KEITH HOWDEN

WE would like to pay tribute to "Old Bess", faithful pal of our personnel. Although only 14, Bess is as popular as any pin-up girl from Hollywood, and is intimately known to roughly 99.9 per cent of the personnel of Rockcliffe. Smoke-period conversation wouldn't be normal unless the gang spoke passionately of the curvesome beauty.

We're referring to LAC "Mac" Lobel's ancient Chev. Mac takes more ribbing than anyone on the station when the lads decide to bring Bess into the conversation. However, Bess makes a good topic, as nobody quite understands her. Sometimes she is either balky, obstinate, tired of it all, or else ready, willing and able. To say that Bess is merely particular about her passengers would be putting it mildly. One day, after Mac and his friend Earl Murdoch had abused her by driving her full throttle (18.66 m.p.h.) a full three-quarters of a mile, during which time she had neither blown a tire nor sputtered to a stop, she decided to evict her tormentors at the next turn. True to her word, at the next curve in the Montreal road she promptly opened her doors and rudely deposited her three front-seat passengers squarely in the centre of the road.



Although her proud owner has threatened to sell her if she behaves like that again, she has her good days too. For instance, she never uttered more than an occasional groan and sputter when about 16 people piled in and on her the night of the weinie roast. An understanding thing, she does her part for the war effort too, and for the duration has promised to do her best on fuel oil instead of her customary 30 octane.

Bess dislikes to tell her age, and so does Mac. In a recent smoke-room get-together, Flash Gordon asked Mac what vintage his "car" was. Rather than let his best friend down, Mac played dumb and answered

"blue". Anyhow, Mac claims that when bigger and better cars are built, Bess will continue to rub fenders with them.

Dilbert is bad, but a certain young airman in this hangar is a lot worse, according to Major Wilcox. The latter was accosted by a Joe who wanted the afternoon off (we don't blame him for trying, it was one of those sweltering days). When asked why, the guy says "Well, Major, I'll be frank with you. You see, a couple of my friends will be in town today, and I'd sure like to have a few beers with them at the Chateau." Moral: why Majors get grey.

Who'd have thought of it, besides the lads from this unit? During the heat blitz, Cpl. Cormier came across a relic from last March, a poster advertising a sleigh drive and hot dinner beside an open fireplace. Cormier added the words "bring your own snow" and within 15 minutes a list of 40 names was attached to the poster, all signifying their intention to go. Oh yes, we're all a big happy family.

This unit has the choice of devoting one afternoon each week to sports or taking regular P.T. Needless to say, we prefer sports. Several teams have been formed and regular games are held each week. Among those who turn out are old hands at the game who put up a good show, outcome of which is that the unit hopes to form an all-star team and challenge other units. During the hot spell, in lieu of playing ball we had a swim meet at Brighton Beach, which turned out to be a success.

A weiner roast highlighted squadron activities, affording barrels of fun for officers and airmen. Those in charge wish to thank all who helped in making the evening successful, especially the M.T. and the owners of private cars.

Wing Commander: "How's your daughter's golf?"

Squadron Leader: "She says she is going around in less and less every week."

Wing Commander: "I know that, but I asked you about her golf."

Sergeant Major: "Hulu Hulu dancers should have an easy time of it."

Corp.: "Why?"

Major: "All they have to do is stand around and twiddle their thumbs."

Note to News Hounds

Crosswinds modern new office is in the drill hall (local 229), just across from the Library. Phone in your news here. You can also contact us at our branch office, the station chapel (local 156).



SCHOOL FOR TEACHERS: At left, Cpl. Nowlen lectures to other members of his course at G.I.S. Right, F/Sgt. Dinwoodie instructs the instructors who have come from all over Canada to learn how to be better teachers.

—Photos by LAC Bill Drummond

Air Force Teachers Take Lessons At Rockcliffe

By SGT. C. W. DEAN

The scene is any air force station. "That will be all for today", and for the 999th time the instructor cleaned his blackboard, closed the windows and muttered to himself. "Why the heck didn't I stay at my trade. No promotion, no T.D., no nothing in instructing. I wonder when that posting is coming. Three years of the best years . . ."

"Oh Jones, you'll have to hurry." It was the C.G.I. speaking. "You've been chosen to take a course at No. 1 Ground Instructors' School. You report on the 11th, that means you leave this afternoon."

"Yes, sir, how long is it for?"

"Three weeks, Jones."

"Where is it, sir?"

"RCAF Station, Rockcliffe."

"What a break! Three weeks in Ottawa. (They say there's ten girls to every man there) and if I can work a little T.D. pay, well happy day! And in the summer time too."

The next hour was full of travelling expense claims, travel warrants, A43s, reserving a berth, and getting a few addresses from Joe. Joe came from Ottawa, a good guy to know. Joe!

On the train Jones starts thinking. "Wonder what this course is all about. I've been instructing for three years and they're going to show me how. Oh well, there's plenty to know. Hope I can learn all these new ideas in three weeks. Maybe if I don't, they'll post me. That's an angle.

But maybe it would be Goose Bay if I fail, can't be much worse than where I am, but I'll try my best . . . Now look at that, what a figure! Hope she don't cry wolf! "Excuse me lady you dropped this . . ."

. . .

No. 1 Ground Instructors' School is one end of one wing of an H-shaped building; two lecture rooms; an office; three picture projection machines; a microphone that is U/S; and three instructors. It is what the last named on this rather short list do to the first named, that puts life into the whole.

Like modern Platos these three men collect around them 28 men, representing seven trades, five ranks, 28 personalities, and teach them to teach; how to lecture; how to set exams; how to make a blackboard come to life; to use visual aids; and more technical things like scoring exams.

They teach with a humanity that breathe self-confidence, resourcefulness and new initiative into men that are apt to be tired and cynical after four to five years of doing a job that has none of the glamour and excitement that goes with war.

Whatever his final mark at No. 1 Ground Instructors' School, Jones will return a better instructor, more willing and able to do his job. He will have a better understanding of the trainee and himself.

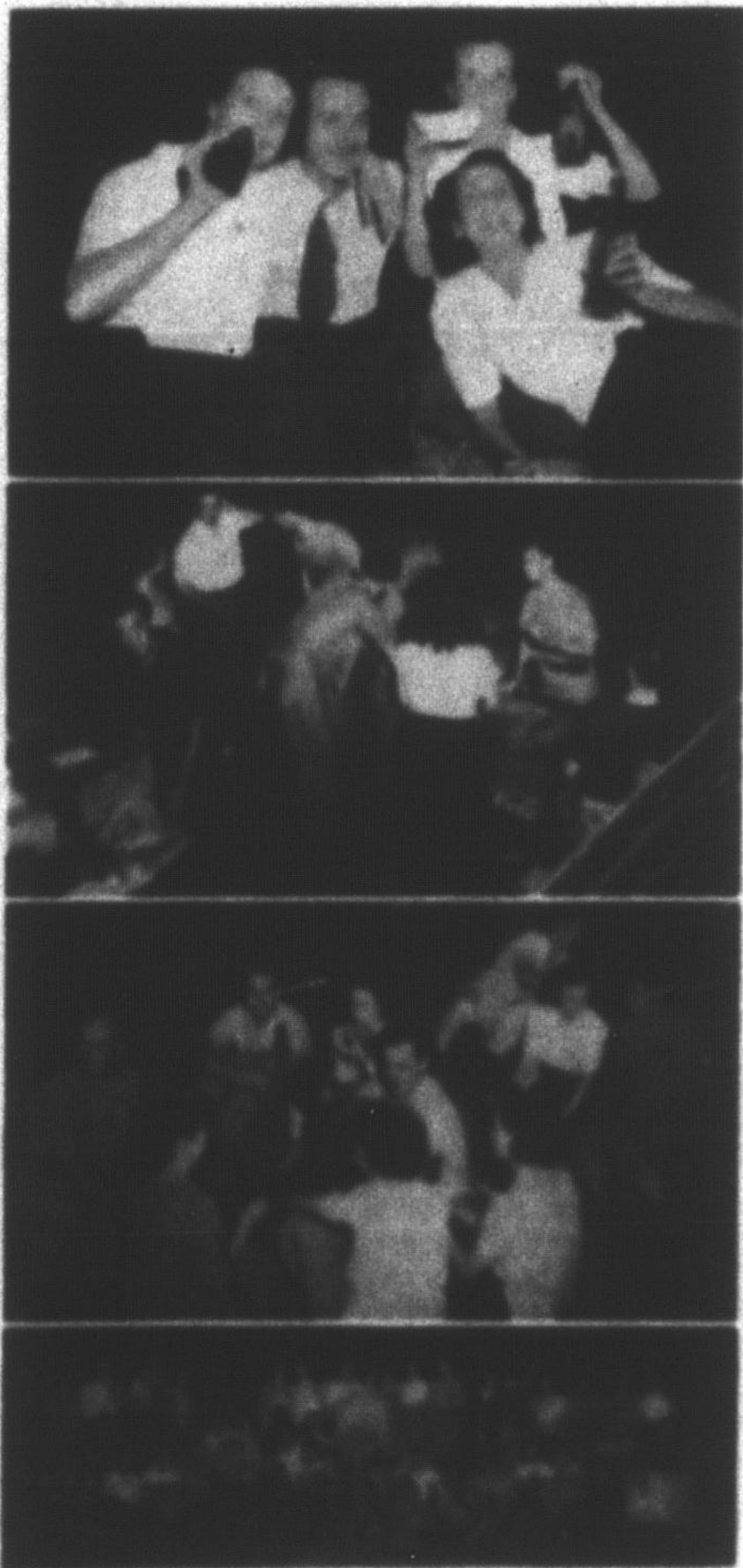
. . .

"And, Joe you should see the baby I met on the train. She had what it takes, Joe, I'm telling you."

Mrs. Malone—"What did your uncle die of?"

Mrs. Flanagan—"Gangrene it was, Mrs. Malone."

Mrs. Malone—"Thank him for the color, anyway, Mrs. Flanagan."



HEAT WAVE or no heat wave, the hospital staff held its weinie roast in August. Did they have fun? Pictures above, by LAC Bill Drummond, tell their own story. In the scramble everyone got at least one weinie but the real fun came in bottles of liquid refreshment. Milk, we understand.

Orderly Officer: "Some of the best cooks in the world are in the air force."
AC2: "What are they doing?"

THE LITHPER

"Where are you going, my pretty maid? Why do you pass by?"
"I'm on my way to gymnastic school," she litped as she heaved a thigh.

Take Advantage Now of Educational Offer

ALLIED successes have driven home the fact that the final phase of the war may be relatively near at hand. Service personnel are thinking of their entry into civilian life and job competition.

Various government regulations have been designed to assist the serviceman and woman by grants and other means. The irresponsible, as always, are satisfied with these arrangements and trust "they'll get along". This may be true in some cases but unfortunately for many, educational deficiencies will force them into poorer positions.

ALL personnel are again reminded that educational development is solely their individual responsibility. We have available on this station facilities to provide by correspondence, all courses necessary for junior and senior matriculation as well as several years credit towards a college degree. In addition other free courses along commercial and engineering lines are offered.

Personnel enrolled in these courses are permitted to continue their work on discharge.

If your educational standard is below matriculation, or if you desire to get started on a college degree see the educational officer **NOW**. The hours of the education section have been extended to 1730 to give all personnel an opportunity for an interview if unable to secure one during station hours.

When the alarm sounded for the T & D fire t'other evening the ambulance arrived at the scene in three minutes flat. All hospital staff were on the alert and are to be congratulated on their efficiency.

And then there was the mother scolding her only child. "Do you know what becomes of little boys who tell lies?"
"Yes, mother, they grow up and become recruiting sergeants."

Mrs. Jones: "Don't you think, Doctor, you overcharged me for attending my Johnny when he had the measles?"
Doctor: "I don't think so. I made six visits."
Mrs. Jones: "Yes, but Doctor, don't forget he infected the whole school."

Support the 7th Victory Loan (How In Heck Did That Get In?)

IT'S AN ILL WIND THAT—

Gets Extension Late So He Wins Auto

By SGT. OSCAR SCHEUNEMAN

THIS all may be based on the fact that F/Sgt. George Tokarek received a telegram granting him travelling time too late to take advantage of it at home. Tokarek lives in Saskatoon and had departed for Rockcliffe only to hear the conductor call "Telegram, F/S Tokarek" while they were in Winnipeg. He was overjoyed to hear that



F/SGT. TOKAREK

the RCAF had given him travelling time but (what a time to give it). It seemed useless to proceed back home to spend about three-quarters of a day so he finally decided to continue and stop at Sudbury and visit his brother. Here he spent three days looking the mining city over. While on the way to the station he was approached by a lady selling tickets on a car being raffled on the Canadian Legion's Field day. Procuring one he proceeded on his way.

Back at Rockcliffe he received his second telegram within a week. The news contained therein seemed impossible and yet it was in black and white. Fingering through his wallet he located his winning ticket, and glared at it in astonishment. "It is almost too good to be true," he states. This being Thursday, he foresees where his 48 is all planned for him. Friday he is on his way to Sudbury and is official owner on Saturday. Complications always seem to step forward, and he finds out it will be approximately two weeks before he can procure gas ration coupons for it. He did take advantage of the gas in it and was the proud driver for a couple of days. It broke his heart to sell it, but it was the only alternative.

You may meet him personally if you need an X-ray, as he is back to his work at the hospital, unable to quit even after his good fortune.

Repat Depot

By LAC JACK CUSHMAN

THERE are several who deserve mention in this column, but we shall only give bouquets to a few. One of them being Cpl. P. R. Moody. We at the Repat. Depot,

from O/C to AC, give three cheers for the wonderful work "P.R." did in arranging a weiner roast. There was lots of everything to eat and drink and music was supplied by F/L Day-Winter and his accordion. Place chosen for the shindig was Shirley's Bay near Britannia Park.

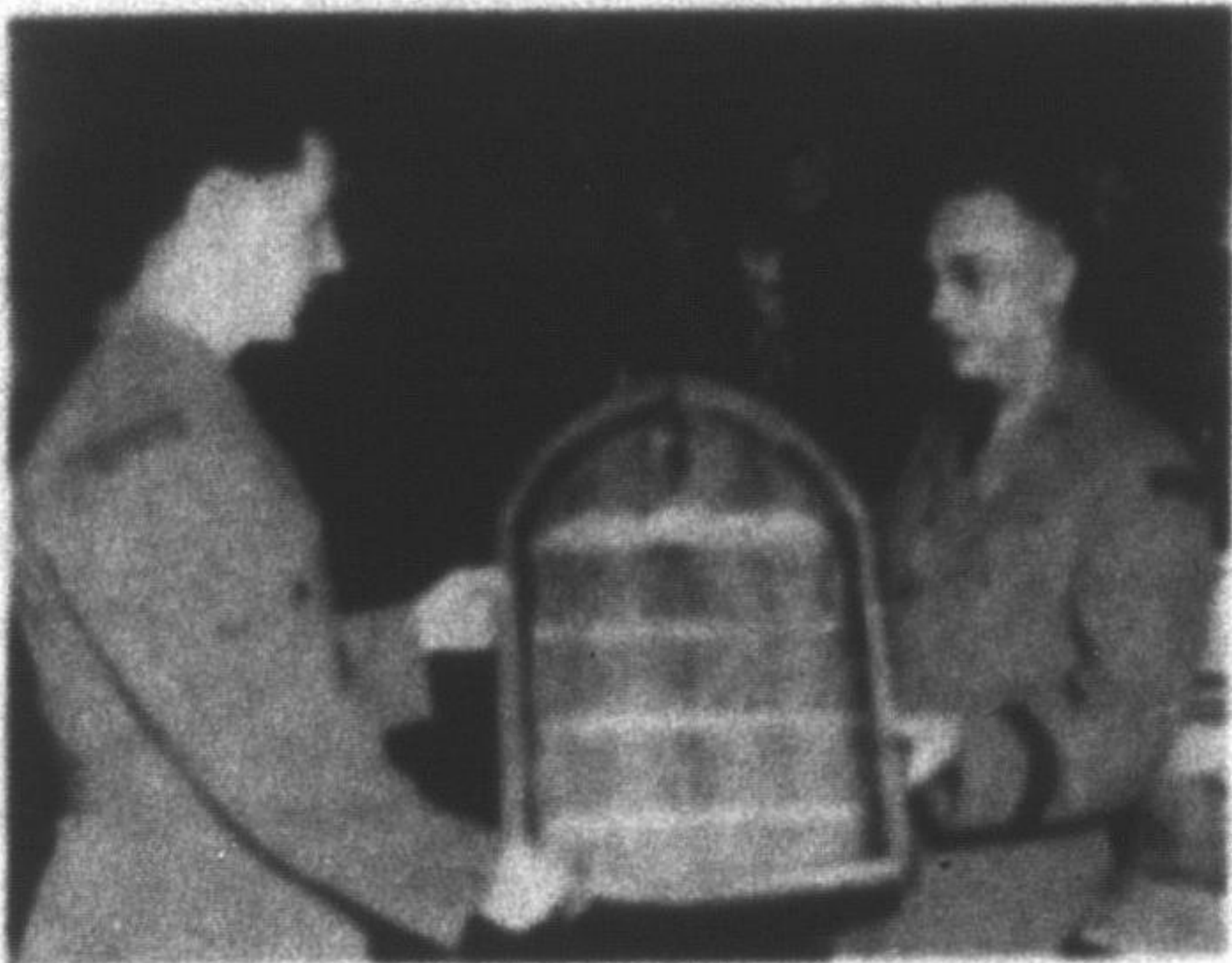
The party went over with even a bigger "bang" than the recent fire at the T & D Section.

We welcome F/O J. E. Fuger from Victoria-ville, who has taken over as sports officer. Since his arrival he has stepped up the sports activities of the depot by 100%. In our sports field we have three softball diamonds, a volleyball court, four horseshoe pits and a good archery range. If you think you can throw the lucky shoe, contact F/O Fuger at our sports stores in building 87 and perhaps we can arrange some good competition for you. We have a horseshoe tournament among ourselves, also another tournament with the army. Watch us rise in the sports in days to come.

Other persons deserving bouquets are F/O J. R. Bruyere, DFM, and F/O Eustace, DFC, Personnel Counsellors, for the great work they are doing in giving the boys a good outlook in their post-war careers.

Two promotions have been celebrated this month by staff officers, F/L E. M. Jones and S/L H. R. Douglas.

MYSTERY: "Why don't Repats like turnips?" Watch this column next month for the solution.



LAC ART RYAN, of Comm. Sqdn, presents an oak hymn-board, designed and constructed by himself, to F/L A. O. Lloyd, for use in the station chapel. Ryan, who had a four year course in furniture designing at Hamilton Tech, has made hymn-boards for several Hamilton churches. His post-war plans include making furniture for his home.

Wife—"I was a fool when I married you."
Husband—"I guess you were, but I was so infatuated that I didn't notice it then."

GEN FROM GIBRALTAR

By F/L S. A. TINGLEY

Crosswinds Gibraltar Correspondent

Just a line to let you know that we all receive and enjoy Crosswinds quite regularly. Even the RAF types here get quite a kick out of it and remark on its excellent qualities.

At the present time the weather is quite warm and the beautiful beach here provides just the recreation the doctor ordered. The recent gift of a dozen tennis balls from the Rockcliffe Tennis Club has helped a lot, too. We have been busy fixing up the maintenance "hangar" and offices, now that we have our own ground crew here, and the boys have made a grand job of it. F/Sgt. "Irish" is in his element dishing out the cokes and keeping from being trampled to death when the incoming detachment mail bag is brought into the orderly room for sorting. That is one job he does not lack for help.

Will some kind person please send F/L's Proudfoot and Gates a supply of candles. Flashlight batteries are hard to get and a bit too expensive for all night reading.

F/O Niblo has been appointed detachment sports officer and is really cracking the whip. He's doing a grand job.

What engineering officer cut his eye the other night while on commando exercises? He claims the despatching officer pushed him but that's a lie.

What squadron leader spent the whole day searching for a little Canadian ship along the waterfront and found it wasn't there? Maybe he won't listen to rumors after this.

No arguments are as good as old arguments, especially in the service. The best is West versus East and sometimes an officer from New Brunswick and an officer from British Columbia make it really worthwhile, especially in a small detachment such as this.

How long does it take to get over a honeymoon? We are all watching a certain F/L anxiously but he seems to be recovering slightly.

Two of the happiest "Joes" on the Rock are "Swampy" and "Bellefleur".

Many have decided that the Spanish idea of refreshments at the bull fights should be substituted for "cokes" at major league ball games in Canada.

As I stepped up to a lonesome lady in the hotel lobby, I inquired: "Are you looking for a particular person?" "I'm satisfied," she said, "if you are".



TALK ABOUT PIN-UP GIRLS, what's the matter with LAW Ella Lockhart, Rockcliffe steno. This exclusive Crosswinds photo was taken while Ella was week-ending at Frenchman's Bay, Ont. In case you're interested, Ella may be reached at Local 130.

WD'S: Canada's Finest Matrimonial Catch

AIRWOMEN are going to be mighty independent creatures after this war—and we don't blame 'em.

Under the government's rehabilitation plan, an airwoman can start a farm or build a home in the country, with government help. She can go through university or other training, financed by the government. And, what's more, she draws a war service gratuity, some in cold cash, some in installments. This is all in addition to \$100 clothing allowance and one month's pay on discharge. A nice catch for any man, eh guys?

Civilian Joes, who have no war service, will do all right by marrying a servicewoman. For she still receives all these benefits. And if a serviceman marries a servicewoman, well—they're really in the big dough. If you don't believe us, figure it out for yourself from the story on gratuities in this issue.

And as for you, dear WD's, don't take any lip from any man—not with all those government resources at your command.

NEWS OF HOSPITAL FOLK

Hospital Victory Garden Supplies Patients' Food

THE garden at the rear of the hospital has decreased the cost of obtaining vegetables for patients. The man behind this project is WO1 A. W. Richardson, an enthusiastic gardener. He has done the greater part of the work himself, assisted by patients.

CONGRATULATIONS to S/L H. E. Hanna, of the M2-B2 room, who has been posted to Uplands as SMO.

Nursing Sister M. V. LaRose of No. 7 "M" Depot Hospital, has been posted to Eastern Air Command. She hopes to go to Gander.

Nursing Sister V. Stokes of surgery has been posted to No. 3 Training Command Headquarters.

LAC "Red" R. T. Barnet recently went to Vancouver with a patient. He stopped at Banff and Calgary, but missed the Stampede.

WO1 Richardson and LAC F. A. McAuley recently indulged in some wild game hunting—the wild animal, a ground hog! The patients wielded their crutches and vanquished the "savagc beast". Sgt. Abe Solomon says it was "about so big"—holding his hands about 12 inches apart. Another reporter insisted that the brute was the size of a "small bear!" However the skin may be seen at the hospital workshop. "Taint safe around here no more.

Some of the girls have had news of Cpl. Laura Smith, recently posted to Newfy. Apparently she didn't get there but went to Moncton instead. She spent five days in Halifax, and is now much nearer home. Many of the people on her new station were known to her previously, so she's very happy, thanks!

Some of our new WD hospital assistants, AW2's O. M. Lewis, D. M. Wiggleworth, S. D. Burns, and R. L. Potvin, are on course at Trenton.

Hospital Newcomers

F/L C. R. MacLean, our anaesthetist, comes from Dartmouth, N.S. We understand he has hopes of becoming a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons.

F/L L. Shapiro, comes to us from No. 1 "M" Depot, Toronto, and is associated with S/L J. F. Meakins, of the medical ward.

AW1 E. A. Wilks, from 7 "M" Depot orderly room, is a new member of the records office staff. She replaces LAC C. I. Dean, now with Crosswinds.

AW2's Marg. Sellers, Shirley Burns, Eleanor E. Barbour, Betty Fry, from Montreal, Vancouver, Swift Current, Sask., and Toronto, respectively, are receiving contact training as hospital assistants.

LAW's Alma Leblanc and Nancy Hasler, from Moncton, N.B., and Westminster, B.C., respectively, are new members of the kitchen staff. A sincere welcome is extended to all newcomers.



KIDS' DAY AT ROCKCLIFFE

—Photos by LAC Herb Brooker

COMING ATTRACTIONS

Photo Auditorium—8 p.m.

- Sept. 18: "Flesh & Fantasy"
- Sept. 21: "Racket Man"
- Sept. 25: "Tender Comrade"
- Sept. 28: "Top Man"
- Oct. 2: "A Guy Named Joe"
- Oct. 5: "Hot Check Honey"
- Oct. 9: "Heavenly Body"

THE GEN. FROM THE FLATS

By SGT. RUTH BIRD

AFTER keeping the "Gremlins" happy for the past few weeks by giving them their long awaited flips we thought maybe our regular personnel might like a little excitement too, so we had a lovely big bonfire to liven things up. Sorry it happened before dark. It would have been a much lovelier blaze around midnight. Thanks to the pilots of the M.T. section, who did some pretty neat low flying, enough airmen were on hand to empty the hangar in record time.

Now that they've taken it away perhaps you'd like an explanation as to just what that aircraft-on-stilts was doing in the corner of the field for so long. Many a weird and wonderful story was told as to how and why it got there. The truth is simple and not the least bit exciting. All in the line of everyday work they just wanted to swing a compass in it.

THERE'S nothing more tantalizing than working all day in terrific heat right beside what looks like a lovely cool, clear river and not be able to swim in it. To relieve our boiling blood streams and blistered feet the O.C. gave us a Wednesday afternoon off for a squadron picnic at Britannia. After some fancy depth charge blasting from the 1st, 2nd and 3rd spring boards we had roll call to see if maybe Cpls. Brown or Schwartz were still down on the bottom—but all were present and accounted for.

The weather was in our favor. After a swim the gang gathered on the picnic grounds where we were lucky enough to get free food. Novelty races and a minor league softball game between the Repat Pool and our team completed a swell afternoon. Too bad the hot weather has gone and we can't hold out for another picnic.

Personnel of No. 1 duty watch put in a tough, long week-end from the 18th to the

22nd of August and the fire as a climax didn't ease it a great deal. You're to be thanked for the fine co-operation and good sportsmanship shown. It's to be regretted that the work of so many had to be done by so few.

YOU'VE heard of the three witches in Shakespeare's "MacBeth" who spent long hours brewing their concoctions in a cauldron. Test and Development hasn't had any witches posted in recently but three of their highly skilled "A" group sergeants spent long hours brewing a concoction that simply failed to develop.

"Add more water", says Sergeant No. 1.

"A little more powder", adds Sergeant No. 2.

"Stir it well", exclaims Sergeant No. 3.

After many hours of hard, highly exacting labor they finished the nicest batch of cement



you'd ever care to see. Placed so carefully in the right places, levelled off smoothly it really was a work of art. So with a self pat on the back the three sergeants

strutted proudly away to await its hardening. Hours passed, days passed. Every few hours one of the sergeants would sneak back to the beautiful stuff and poke it with a gentle finger. "Funny", he'd say, "It doesn't seem to harden". With tear-filled eyes the sergeants gazed sadly at their work. Weeks had passed and still it lay there a soft, soggy mess.

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD—those hard working sergeants had spent long, painful hours mixing a wonderful solution of water and rock dust.

Just a W.D.

An airwoman stood at the pearly gate,
And her face was scarred and old.
She stood before the man of fate
For admission to the fold.

"And what have you done?" St. Peter said,
"To gain admission here?"
"I've been a W.D." she said, "for many and many a year!"

The pearly gates swung open wide,
When Peter touched the bell.

"Come in", he said, "and choose your harp."
You've had your share of hell!"

—LAW FLO. NECTOR

PUPPY LOVE!

Some of the girls on the station are going to miss the air cadets when they leave. Crosswinds witnessed this drama the other day.

Airwoman to air cadet admirers:
"Sorry boys, but I've got to go home to my husband!"

Cadets in dismay: "Aw gee, she's married, fellows. Let's go!"

Army Show Prefers Air Force Audiences

By AW1 GLADYS VERITY

ON August 18, the army show, under the management of Lieut. Chin, provided an enjoyable evening for Rockcliffe personnel.

The varied program included several dances—a rumba to that old favorite "Brazil", and a colorful barn dance in which three boys from the audience participated urged on by a member of the cast, whose voice was tuned to the half-way mark between a tobacco auctioneer's chant, and the rushed cheerfulness of the announcer on the "Share the Wealth" program. Probably appreciated most by pointed-eared members of our station were the smooth versions of "Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me" and "Long Ago and Far Away", sung by that attractive songstress Cora.

The lighting effects were particularly effective, especially in the plantation scene. Here the rose light glamorized the simple, painted, cotton dresses providing a picturesque background for Pte. Colin Trotman's splendid rendition of "Old Man River" and "Battle of Jericho".

Conversation with the cast brought out the fact that, although they preferred air force audiences, they considered our response to their show only fair. This was probably due to two factors. In the first place some of the wisecracks had already been heard in this vicinity, and secondly, the amplifying system used was not powerful enough to ensure good hearing in our large drill hall, which one person compared to "a huge converted barn".

We would like, here, to congratulate the little roller-skating comedian on her good work. Although suffering from a throat ailment which forced her to withdraw during the plantation scene, she came back to finish her act in the best "on with the show" tradition. We hope that she recovers soon, and that the show's tour through to Vancouver—where it will be, when, and if it receives a copy of this issue—will be as successful as we think it deserves to be.

POPULAR SAYINGS AT NAVAN

S/L Limbrick: "Oh Mr. Jewett"

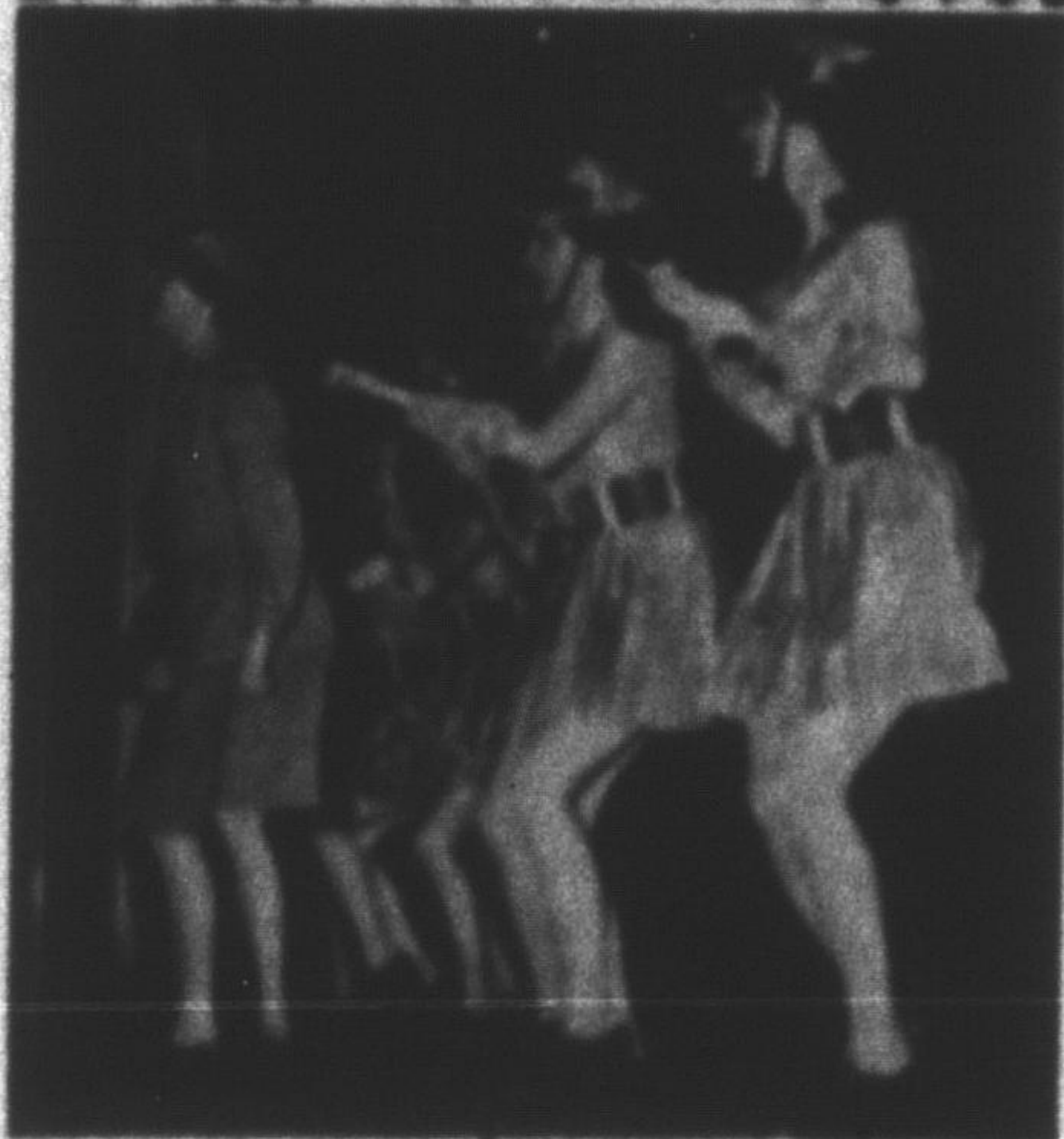
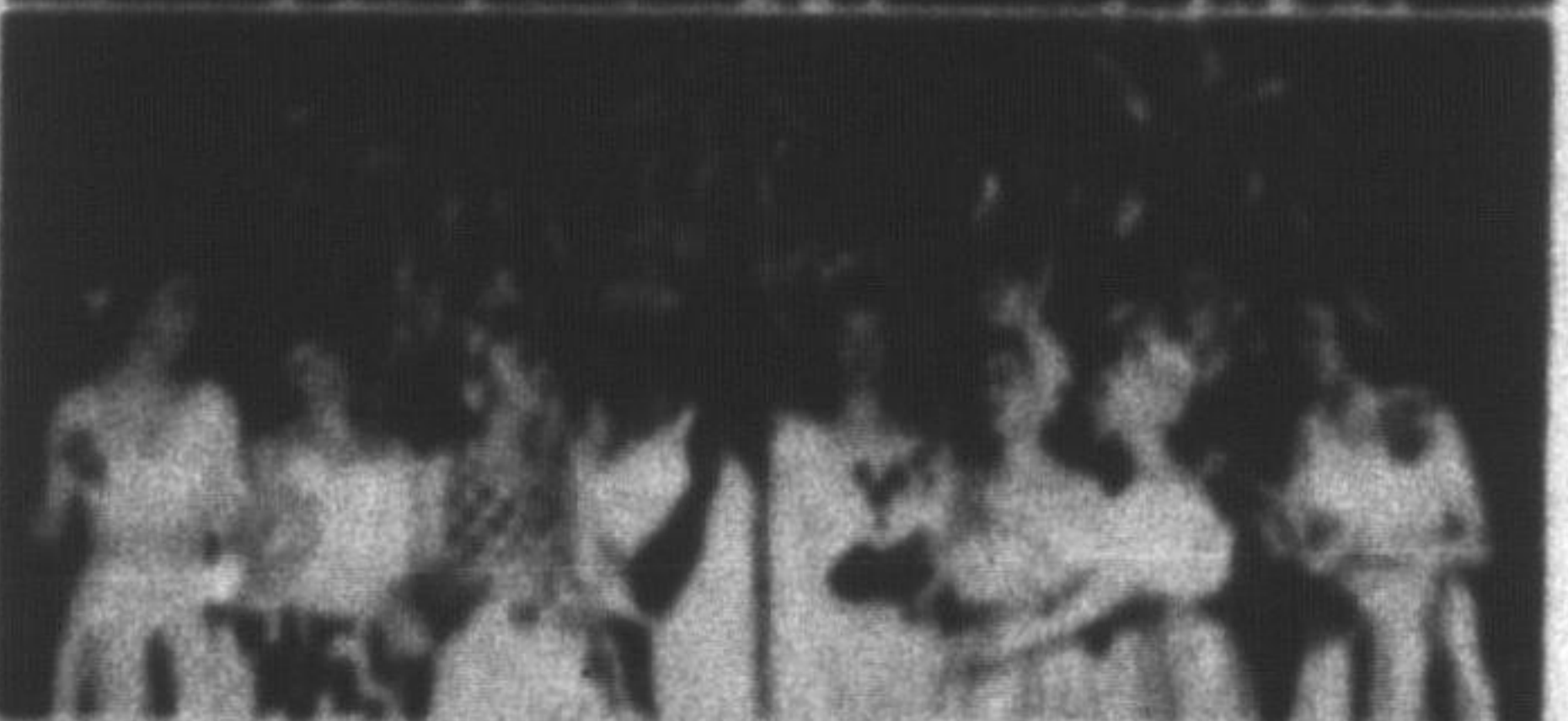
F/O Jewett: "That's a good point, I'm glad you brought it up!"

Sgt. Thomas: "She just lives down the road here nice number!"

LAC Lindblad: "That "Detachment Dope" is just a waste of paper!"

Cpl. Handforth: "Who knows—it might be to East Afghanistan!"

Cpl. Donald: "Daylight in the swamp rise an' shine youse guys!"



CHEESECAKE (ARMY STYLE)

See Story This Page

—Photos by Sgt. Gerry Burton

Male Shopper: "Do you have notions on this floor?"
Salesgirl: "Yes, but we suppress them during working hours."

H.Q. CATCHES UP WITH THE SARGE

Repat, Age 17 Returns To Instruct

By KENNETH C. CRAGG

DEFENSE Headquarters (Air) has finally caught up with Roy Hadwyn of Lindsay—sergeant air gunner with 18 bomber ops. one Messerschmitt definite, and one Focke-Wulf, probable, behind him.

Hadwyn, 17, and believed to be the youngest member of RCAF aircrew, has been sent home to grow old enough to join the air force. Hadwyn, who passed recruiting officers in Toronto when he was 15 by a technique which he does not care to divulge, admitted that he was taking a dim view of the whole proceedings. Now he expects to teach his elders while he waits to join them in action.

"It was like this," said the sergeant, who ditched first-form collegiate textbooks back in November, 1942, for a course in the Commonwealth Air Training plan. All the fellows were going over and I thought they would feel I was a bit yellow if I didn't go over."

HE gives first marks to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Hadwyn. His father is a brakeman on the C.N.R. "Mother," he said, "didn't want to object to anything in reason. She was very good about it and I got her finally to promise she wouldn't take me out. My father was a little bit more difficult but he finally came around, too."

"Did your mother's interpretation of 'in reason' take in bombing missions?" he was asked.

"Oh, they didn't know I was on operations at all," he replied. "In my letters home I let them get the idea I was on training work of some kind."

Then the air force finally caught up to him after his last mission, over the Normandy beaches and behind, on D-Day.

"We were just getting ready to go out on a minelaying job and a squadron leader from headquarters over there came down to the RAF station and I was called in by the adjutant. The headquarters man said, 'You're going home.' He said it was a 'good show' and that it was too bad I didn't get any further."

HADWYN was with an RAF squadron (flying Halifaxes)—mostly as a mid-upper gunner. "RAF aircrew was swell—all officers RAF or RCAF in aircrew are swell to get along with," he said. "I'm not too funny about RAF staff—they're too stiff and a bit too conscious about class. But you have to

give everything to the men in ground crew. Those English and Scottish fellows will do anything for you."

Hadwyn got his Messerschmitt over a target near Paris. "He came up underneath and hit our port wing. We rolled over to the right and he made the mistake of coming up right and I managed to get a burst into him and he went to pieces."

His only injury came on a night mission when a "scarecrow," a type of anti-aircraft fire devised by the Hun, burst right at the side of the Halifax and a splinter came through his glass-house and nicked him on the side of the head.

One of the tensest moments of his service came on D-Day, when they were just moving out over the Channel after completing the mission and three or four robot bombs passed them—"and we were going fast, too."

The sergeant believes he will be assigned to instructional duties until he "comes of age." "I want to go back if I will be sent back straight to the squadron again. I certainly don't want to be put through training again."

Crosswinds

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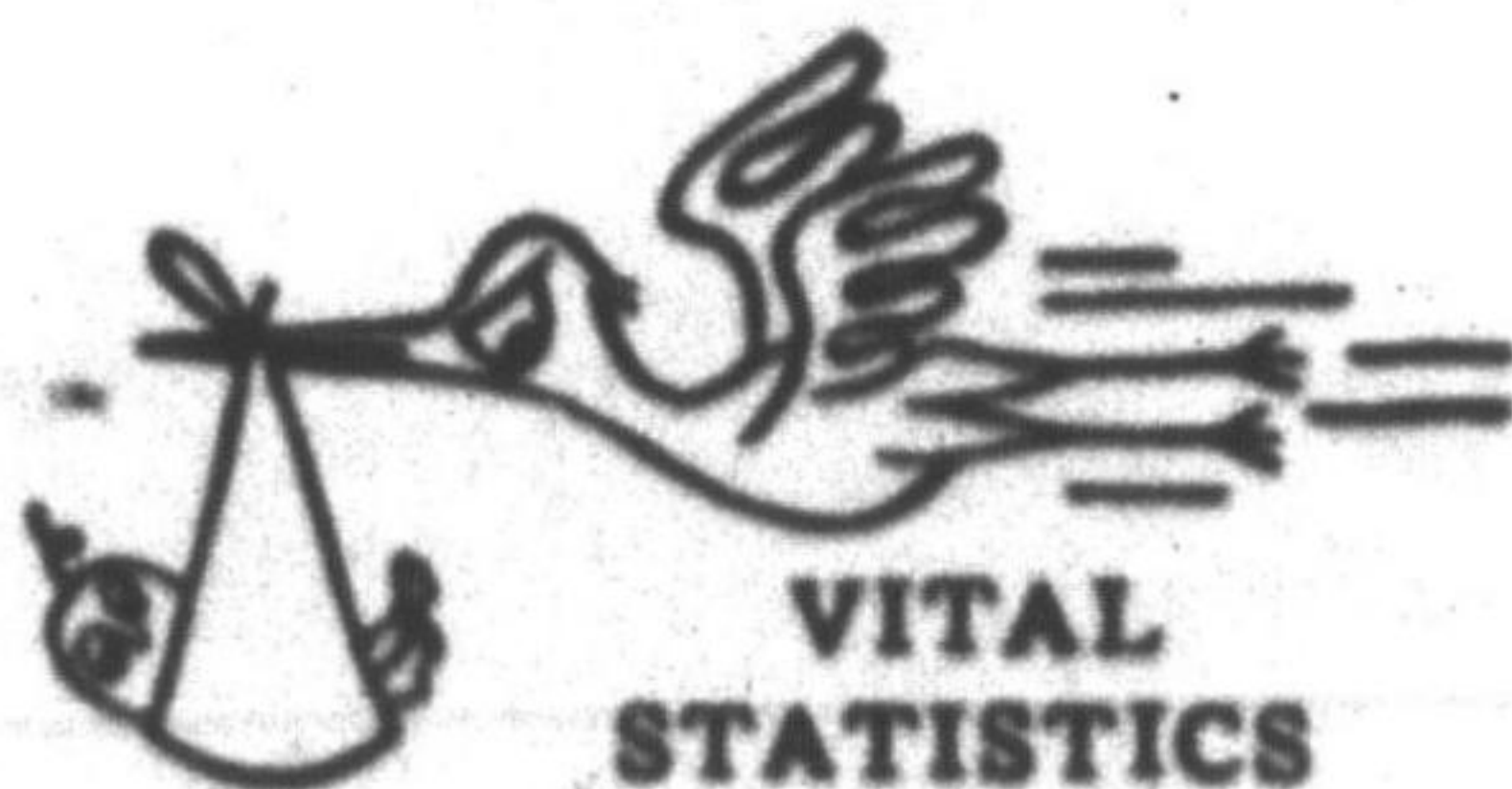
THE GUILTY ONES: If you've got a beef against Crosswinds here are the guys to contact, LAC Charles I. Dean and WO2 Ben Sugarman, the Editors. Crosswinds, now rated one of the top service papers in Canada, keeps these two guys awake nights dreaming up ideas. "We owe it all to our swell staff," they modestly stated. Charlie, a medical clerk by trade, is now running Crosswinds new head office, in the drill hall. Bennie, a newspaperman of long standing, was with the Toronto Star before enlisting. He edited the monthly Pingal Observer for a year before coming here, and also inaugurated a daily edition of the Observer, the first daily service paper in Canada.

—Photo by LAC Herb Brooker



ROCKCLIFFE WINNERS at the inter-service track and field meet in Ottawa included this attractive trio of WD's: LAW Betty Taylor, Cpl. P. Anthony and Cpl. L. Cairns.

AC2: "Sir, are you sure this is pneumonia? Sometimes doctors prescribe for pneumonia and the patient dies of something else."
M. O. with dignity: "When I prescribe for pneumonia, you die of pneumonia."



BORN

A son, William George to LAC and Mrs. J. J. True at Ottawa.
A daughter, Dianne Linda to Sgt. and Mrs. R. E. Cape at Ottawa.
A daughter, Sharon Adrienne to LAC and Mrs. B. McGeary at Hamilton.
A son, George Horsfield to F/L and Mrs. G. M. Gowling at Ottawa.
A son, Joseph Louis to LAC and Mrs. F. R. Collins at Ottawa.
A son, Paul to Cpl. and Mrs. W. A. Larocque at Ottawa.
A daughter, Dorothea Jean to F/L and Mrs. W. H. Lord at Ottawa.
A daughter, Mary Ann to Cpl and Mrs. J. Donald at Newmarket, Ont.
A daughter, Nancy Elizabeth to Cpl and Mrs. G. W. Handforth at London, Ont.
A son, Lee Collin to F/L and Mrs. E. L. Bowerman at Ottawa.
A daughter, Sandra Ann to Sgt. and Mrs. F. W. Herring at Ottawa.
A daughter, Marie Alice Francine to LAC and Mrs. R. J. Verdon at Hull.

MARRIED

LAC M. B. Lechow to L. S. Thorsteinson at Point Claire, P.Q.
LAC F. Lake to Dorothy Richardson at Windsor.
ACI J. H. Nadon to N. Turpin at Hull.
Cpl. F. A. Whiteley to Mary Jane Hope at Ottawa.
LAC R. H. Smith to Erna Burr at Saskatoon, Sask.
LAW L. M. Cucksey to Sgt. Edward Fryer at Ottawa.
LAC J. E. Battison to Frances Graham at Ottawa.
Cpl. G. R. Kingscott to Pte. Doris Freeman at Toronto.
LAC G. C. McGowan to Roberta Brown at RCAP Sta. Rockcliffe.
LAC L. G. Theriault to Antoinette Deceneau at Montreal.
Cpl. F. J. Lysieu, to Blanche Perron at Montreal.
Cpl. G. G. Duff to AWI Ruby Minister at Montreal.
LAC J. T. Belisle to Marie Pigeon at Hamilton.
P.O. S. Tudrick to Thelma Bailey at Welland, Ont.

PROMOTED

F.S.H. J. Ailey to WO2.
P.O.B. F. Headwood to Flight Lieutenant.
WO1 W. Marshall, N. L. Martin to Pilot Officer.
Sgt. E. J. Brandham to F. Sgt.
F.O's A. L. Meades, A. C. Weaver, J. E. Dagenais, J. M. Roper, H. W. McGill, L. J. Rogers, R. B. Smith, D. G. McCullagh, H. B. Hilcoat, D. H. Sharpe, A. M. Appleton, W. L. Wilson to Flight Lieutenant.
F.L's C. R. Knowles, A. M. Archdeacon, W. H. Lord to Squadron Leader.
S.I's J. C. Campbell, J. A. Schwartz to Wing Commander.

CRIME DOESN'T PAY—Not Like It Used To

A new comic strip by LAC Howie Hunt



OUR PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY

Increased Interest Shown As Circulation Doubles

By F/O I. C. YOUNG

UNDER the strain and stress of early war years, reading was of the escapist type. Recent months have directly reflected the more successful turn of events. Airmen and airwomen mindful of approaching civilian life have turned to intensive reading of better fiction books and technical publications.

Our library has steadily grown until now it boasts more than 4,000 volumes and the circulation has more than doubled in recent months. The number of books loaned during August was approximately 1,330.

As well as the latest in fiction books the library has complete reference books for many college and directed reading courses. Many handicraft books dealing with subjects such as plastics are available. Lists are published in DRO's showing our recent books. The library bulletin board is always kept-up-to-date.

THOSE taking Canadian Legion courses or other correspondence courses are offered a quiet place for reference and study. An extension to the library is planned to provide a suitable study room.

Skilled librarians are always ready to assist in selection of books.

We are doing our utmost to give you the best station library in the service. Come in any time between 9 a.m. and 9 p.m. Constructive criticism is appreciated and requests for books not on our shelves will receive consideration.