

Crosswinds

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

Vol. 1 No. 2

January 1944

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CROSSWINDS

Rockcliffe, Ont.

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

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EDITORIAL

Since our last edition Rockcliffe has had a change of C.O. with Wing Commander Findlay proceeding overseas (lucky fellow) and Group Captain O'Brian assuming command.

We wish Wing Commander Findlay the best of luck in his new position overseas. We are fortunate that in Group Captain O'Brian we have an old friend as he has been the popular Commanding Officer of Repatriation Depot at Rockcliffe for a number of months.

In this issue of Crosswinds we start publishing the specially-drawn comic strip Male Call by Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and the Pirates" in which the R.C.A.F. has recently been featured.

We also have a noted guest artist in Flying Officer H. Rickard. He is Ricky, whose Joe Erk is presented in Wings and who illustrates practically everything that comes out of AFHQ. Ricky, knows all about Joe Erk as he used to be one while in aircrew training. He recently illustrated the popular book "Dat H'ampire H'air Train Plan" by Flight Lieutenant Carrol McLeod.

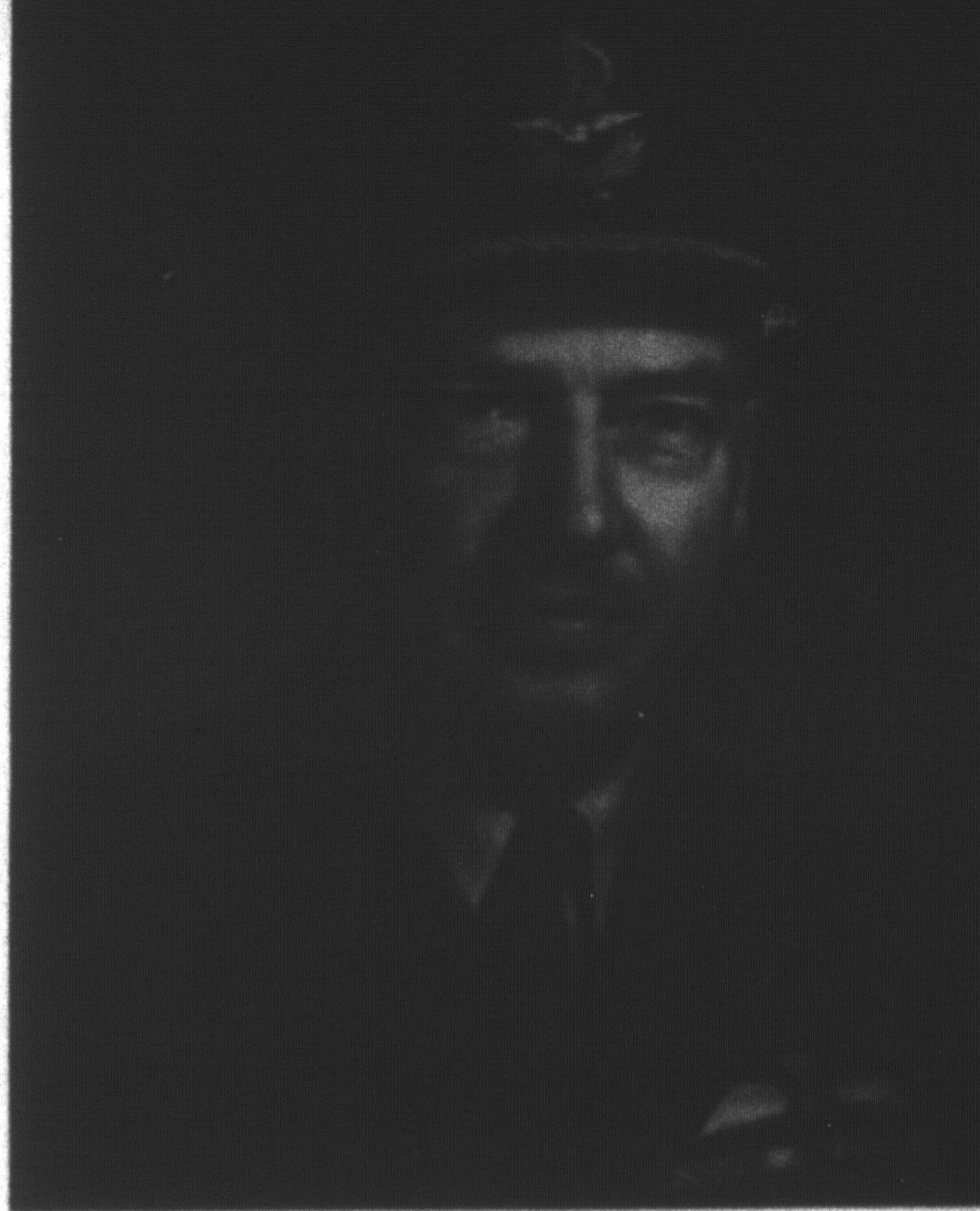
Another newcomer to Crosswinds is LAC Howie Hunt of the Band who joins LAC A. Callaghan of Photo in the cartooning department. In civilian life Hunt did cartoons for Maclean's, Judge and the Saturday Evening Post.

The holiday season threw us off our publishing schedule this month to a certain extent. As a result correspondents and contributors are formally warned that the deadline from now on will be at the beginning of every month. So if you've got something on tap—let's have it but early.

J.H.M.

This month's cover, showing a Spitfire of the Photo Reconnaissance Flight at Rockcliffe in action, was taken by Flight Sergeant M. J. "Slim" Bent of the Press Section of No. 1 Photo Centre.

Our New CO



Group Captain G. S. O'Brien, A.F.C.

Newcomer in Mess Hall "What's the new CO like?"

Veteran LAC: "He's OK, I was playing catch with him in the fall."

This incident just about sums up our new CO, Group Captain Geoffrey Stuart O'Brien, A.F.C.,—Great War soldier and flyer, barrister, test pilot, headmaster and crack RCAF administrator in this war.

Born in Toronto in 1894, he was educated at the University of Toronto and Osgoode Hall. He went overseas as a lieutenant in the army, transferring to the R.F.C. in 1916. He won the A.F.C. in 1918.

He was called to the Ontario Bar in 1920 and practised for nine years. Then into the airplane business as test pilot and executive. In '35 he became headmaster of the Lower School at St. Andrew's College, Aurora.

In peacetime he continued his connection with the militia being in the First Medium Brigade, R.C.A. In 1932 he organized the non-permanent R.C.A.F. City of Toronto 110 Squadron. When war started he joined the 114 Bomber Squadron at London, Ont., as a squadron leader and then opened the ground instructional school at Trenton. In 1940 he opened No. 1 I.T.S. at Eglinton Hunt Club in Toronto being promoted to Wing Commander and then Group Captain. The next year he was CO at No. 16 SFTS at Hoggsville, and in 1942 went overseas as CO of an RCAF Personnel Reception Centre. Shortly after his return to Canada last year he took the Repat Depot.

He has two sons in the service, Wing Commander Peter St. George O'Brien, D.F.C., CO of an RAF squadron, and Flying Officer James O'Brien who flies an RCAF Spitfire in North Africa.



WING COMMANDER D. D. FINDLAY signs over command of Rockcliffe station to Group Captain G. S. O'Brien, A.F.C., in a recent ceremony at the Drill Hall. Wing Commander Findlay is going overseas. Group Captain O'Brien formerly was head of the Repair Depot at Rockcliffe.

(Photo by Cpl. John Mailer)

Message from C.O.

Dear Crosswinds:

Your editor has asked me to write you a letter, and I am very proud to because you represent the four or five thousand people of this station.

As a newcomer I hardly know everybody here yet. I have an example to follow in Wing Commander Findlay that will take everything I've got, but I have always had high and happy ideas of Rockcliffe, and now that I am on the strength I am greatly impressed. It is going to be my job to help hold aloft Rockcliffe's efficiency, its smartness, its dignity, and its happiness. Of course I can't do much about these things myself. You will have to tell everybody that the morale and esprit de corps rest in the hands of everybody.

It is your job, Crosswinds, to hold up the mirror to the comings and goings of a lot of strong men and women, their achievements and failures, their work, their play and their pride in themselves. You see from all across Canada they have voluntarily dedicated themselves to seeing this war through, and they aren't fooling.

You yourself are rather elegantly turned out aren't you—smooth paper, lots of photographs, money prizes, etc. There is almost more harness than horse. Your first number was fine, I know you yourself want to publish more news of more interest to more people, and I know that in time you will be a lively and catholic reflection of everybody. More power to you.

Here at Rockcliffe we are all in the same boat. We work together, play together, get the common satisfaction of a job well done, and together look forward to an honorable winning of the war. We're all fighting the same war whether we are cooking doughnuts at 7 M.D. or testing Mosquitoes at Ferry a mile away. So remind us all to pull together, to know the other fellow, and now and again to take time out to laugh at ourselves.

And as the years have passed over us maybe we will stumble over a copy of Crosswinds and recapture fugitive, half-forgotten memories that will make us very proud. They may be frail things that, but for you, would have gone down into limbo. So good luck.

G. S. O'Brien, G/C.

Jerry Philbin in Tight Spot

Flying Officer Jerry Philbin, who many will remember as an instructor at Rockcliffe, as well as with the Allan Cup hockey champions in 1941-1942, recently had a tight squeak on returning from a recent raid on Mannheim. Philbin and his crew received special mention from the CO of their Iroquois Squadron, Wing Commander Bill Newson, Victoria, B.C., in bringing back a super-doooper picture of the target.

Philbin, making his fourth operational trip, circled Mannheim three times before going in on the bombing run. This was because the plane was early in reaching the target area.

The extra distance, however, consumed the aircraft's safety margin of gasoline with the result two of the four engines of the bomber sputtered and stopped just as the multi-ton Halifax started its approach to the home field.

The 200-pound hockey defenceman wrestled with the controls of the bomber as it came in at low level and it seemed as though the plane would crash in the darkness.

Philbin, however, brought the bomber out of its slow dive, the flight engineer succeeded in restarting the third engine, and the plane roared to a perfect landing.

F/O JERRY PHILBIN talks things over with his CO, W/C Bill Newson of Victoria, B.C., after a recent raid over Germany. He is sporting the hockey sweater he used with the Ottawa Flyers when they won the Allan Cup in 1941-42.

(R.C.A.F. Overseas Photo)



Ferry Honors LAC Burr

Reflecting the spirit which has made Ferry Squadron one of the top units in Rockcliffe, Leading Aircraftman Arthur E. Burr recently received a letter of commendation from the Chief of the Air Staff.

The letter was read and presented to LAC Burr by Wing Commander Findlay, then Commanding Officer, at a special squadron parade which was held on the occasion.

The award was for the resourcefulness, initiative and good example shown by LAC Burr on July 13 when in an aircraft which suddenly caught fire on the aerodrome at Millinocket, Maine.

He jumped to the ground and, despite severe and painful burns caused by acid and flames, dashed underneath the blazing aircraft and succeeded in driving away to safety a gasoline tender which was parked close in the far side of the aircraft.

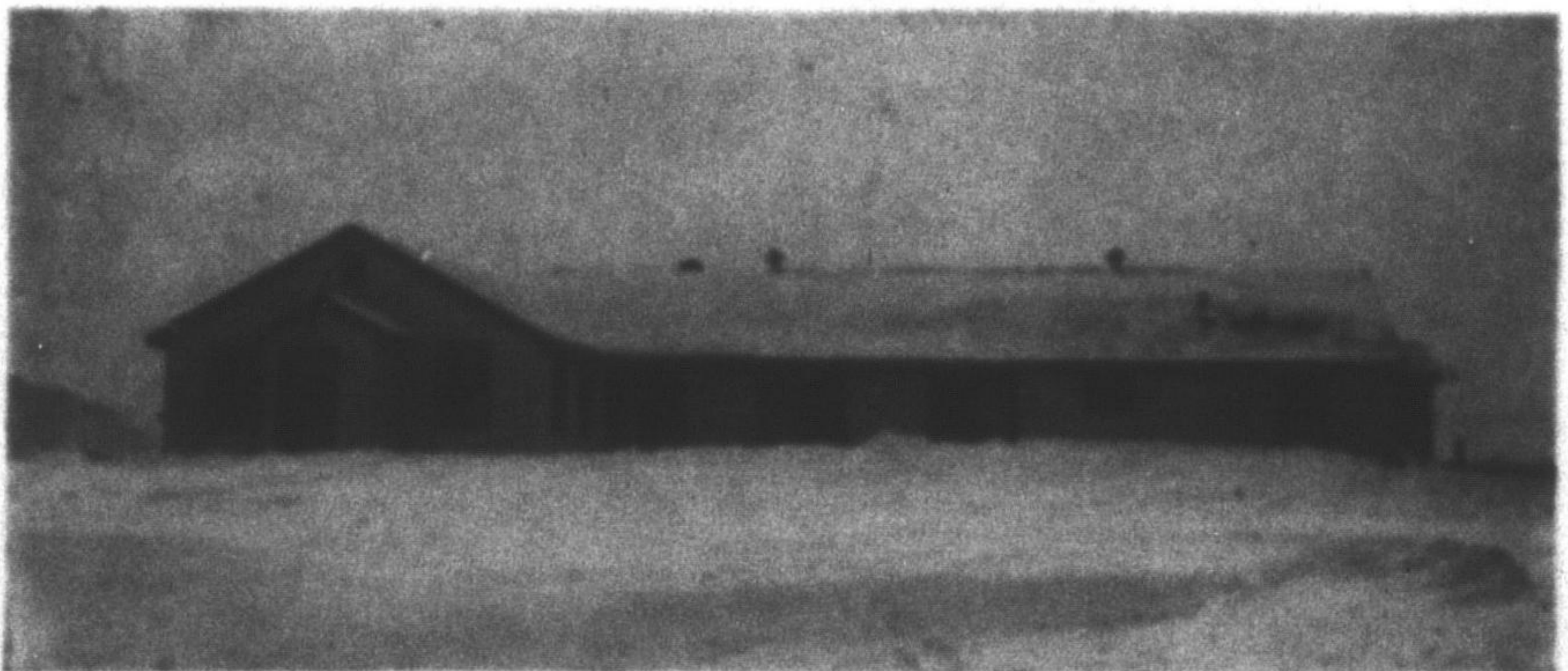
LAC Burr, who hails from Sarnia, Ont., enlisted as an aero-engine mechanic in March 1942 and after receiving his training at St. Thomas he came to Rockcliffe. At present he is on special duty in the United States.

Reproduced below is the building in which Ferry Squadron personnel at Kapuskasing, eat, sleep and protect themselves generally from severe conditions in the winter and from ravenous, armour-piercing mosquitoes in the summer.

The Kapuskasing airport is situated about five miles from the town of Kapuskasing and if you care to look at a map, neither are very far from James Bay. But the boys at the Armstrong detachment would say "That Ain't Nothing, Look Where We Are".

We say "so Long" to Flight Lieutenant Jack Carson and Flying Officer Harold Bell. Jack Carson is going to do a bit of "blasting" from AFHQ, but we think that Flight Lieutenant "Les" Fayle and Flying Officer "George" Thornes, will have all the answers. Harold Bell, our Eastern Division Adjutant, has headed for Quebec City.

Replacing Flying Officer Bell, we have Pilot Officer "Des" Desilets, well-known at Rockcliffe as Flight Sergeant Desilets, Station Headquarters.



AMID THE SNOW and ice stands the barracks of the Ferry Squadron detachment at Kapuskasing.

Exhibit of Etchings Due Here

An outstanding exhibition of etchings is scheduled to be shown at the Drill Hall in February under arrangements made by the Y.M.C.A., it is announced by Walter Shea, senior Y.M.C.A. Supervisor at Rockcliffe.

This show will be on display from February 21st to February 29th inclusive. It is expected that the numerous etchings will prove a very interesting and stimulating exhibition for all personnel on the station.

To those who are particularly interested in this exhibition, Mr. Shea is making a special appeal. Volunteer assistance will be required in the matter of guiding visitors at the exhibition and in pointing out certain technical features of the etchings on display.

Down at the Photographic Auditorium, the well-known projectionist, Sergeant Pete Young, has been experimenting with color shorts. The first Technicolor feature is scheduled for February 2 when Coney Island, starring George Montgomery and Caesar Romero, will be shown. A full list of the coming attractions will be found at the back of this issue.

The new Occupational Therapy Craft Shop, equipped with a complete set of hand tools, lathe, jig-saw, and emery wheel, is now open at the hospital. The Y.M.C.A. War Services has sponsored this educational project under the direction of R. J. "Bob" Wallace who has set up similar craft shops in other Army and Air Force centres.

The major craft will be wood-work but the Hospital Crafts Com-

mittee, under the directorship of Wing Commander H. G. Osborne, plan to present a varied and an interesting craft program such as leather craft, weaving, felt craft, plastics, radio craft, model airplanes construction, raffia work, sign painting, oil, charcoal, and watercolour sketching, pottery craft and many others.

Corporal J. Roche, physio-therapist at the hospital, will be the chief instructor.

Under the direction of Bob Wallace, the Craft Shop is taking rapid shape in Building No. 126. In addition a W.D. group is ready for business in the airwomen's recreation centre.

Lawrence Cairns, associate program director of USO clubs in the United States, formerly of the National Council Y.M.C.A., paid a flying visit to Rockcliffe recently. He was introduced to the Commanding Officer, and other officers of the various sections of the station, by Mr. Shea.

Mr. Cairns was very impressed with the general Y.M.C.A. program being worked out at Rockcliffe and was particularly interested in developments at the Repatriation Depot, where the Y is making contributions in Occupational Therapy work and in the furnishing of the airmen's and N.C.O.'s messes. Mr. Cairns was secretary of the Ottawa Y.M.C.A. in the early 20's and at one time was stationed at Rockcliffe while in training with the 51st Battery, C.F.A., prior to going overseas with the unit, in 1916.



The Blonde and the Sailor

by LAC R. S. Harmer

LAC Tony Marvin jammed the parcels under his arm and pawed in his pocket for a street-car ticket. Transfer in hand and adjusting the bulky parcels, he sat down.

Home again! It gave him a feeling he couldn't quite explain. Everything had that old familiar touch. The open window brought a dozen half-forgotten odors from the street. Tony took a deep breath, as if to absorb as much of this as he could in two short weeks.

He glanced about casually at first until his eyes saw the sailor. Somehow the face attracted Tony. It made him think of Isobel and their standing joke which had given their letters sparkle and gaiety to offset the long intervals between leaves.

It had all started on the leave be-

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT was in evidence in all the messes at Rockcliffe when the traditional R.C.A.F. ceremonies were conducted. In the upper left photo Flight Officer E. M. Ward, head of the Training Wing at No. 7, cuts the Christmas cake. In the next shot Wing Commander Findlay gets to work on the turkey at the Rockcliffe mess while the boys and girls look on hungrily. In the middle section of the left is a general view of the gathering at No. 7 while at the right as the Repats party is LAC F. Barkley who suddenly became Group Captain to carry out the task of being Orderly Officer on which duties he was accompanied by WO2 F. Hammond. In the bottom row at the left Flight Sergeant Irish of T. & D. helps out W/C Findlay at the steam table with Flight Officer Chandler also in there pitching. At the right is a general view of the carving activities at the Repat Depot with Squadron Leader Dowse, D.F.C. and Bar, the OC, doing the honors and handing a morsel to Group Captain Macfarlane, Director of Postings and Careers at AFQH.

(Photos by LAC Harvey Korstrom and Cpl. John Maier).

fore; a short, five-day Christmas leave. But the train had run into trouble. A hot box. Eight precious hours had slipped by while he stared bitterly through the window at the swirling snow.

Later he smiled as he heard the sullen rumble the wheels made crossing the bridge. Fifteen minutes and he'd be in the station.

With the tension relieved, Tony and a couple of his chums started a bit of horseplay. In a moment there was a welter of arms and legs as they let loose their emotions. Tony emerged from the scuffle rubbing his cheek ruefully. He glanced at his small pocket mirror and groaned. A long jagged cut distorted his reflection.

And then they were pouring off the train anxiously scanning the waiting crowds. In a few minutes Tony caught sight of her. How could he miss that dark hair sprinkled with powdery snow?

He hurried down the platform, let his kit bag fall and held her tight in his arms.

She looked up at him softly. "It's going to be a lovely Christmas, Tony." She held him at arm's length. "Oh Tony, what happened to your face?"

LAC Marvin's mind raced. "Oh that?" He managed a brusque laugh. "I met a blonde on the train coming up. I guess I got too fresh. Anyway, she scratched me."

Isabel laughed. "I believe you too."

He hailed a taxi and they settled back in the seat, silent—happy that they were together again.

"Can I tempt you for lunch?" she asked.

Tony's arm tightened about her. "Do you think I need to be tempted?" He gave a short laugh.

Lunch was a gay affair. It was nice to toss around his newly acquired Air Force slang, but, despite the laughter his repartee evoked, Tony found it hard to keep the answers straight. Isabel, sliding sandwiches his way, had a disconcerting habit of raising her eyelashes slyly in his direction.

The telephone interrupted their talk. "For you Isabel," her mother said.

Tony watched intently. Her face lit with a roguish smile and she lowered her voice so he couldn't hear. Purposely so, thought Tony.

"Who was it?" he asked.

She shrugged her shoulder. "Jealous?"

"Just curious." Tony smiled.

"Oh, just my sailor," she said, in that low soft voice which never

failed to thrill him. "He wanted a date. I told him to wait until New Year's Eve. You'll be away then."

"Somehow, I believe you, wench." And they both laughed together.

That was how it began. Whenever Tony jokingly mentioned his blonde, he could be sure she would crack back with the latest doings of her sailor.

So it was, that whenever Tony saw a sailor, he laughed and thought of their joke.

Tony was remembering that last leave as he noticed the sailor opposite him in the street car they both boarded at the station. His smile was warm in the recollection of five days at Christmas and the anticipation of the two weeks to come.

Twenty minutes later it was still a joke, but his smile had become a trifle fixed. He had transferred twice and still the sailor sat opposite him. Was the guy following him? Had Isabel been serious after all?

Shucks no! He was just imagining things. He had started all this and now he was trying to dramatize it.



"That's what I love about you honey: you're such a darn swell cook."

The Wolf

by Sansone



Your new order. In No. 10 says he or needs over-see duty.

Tony transferred for the last time with the sailor still pursuing his footsteps.

They got off at First Avenue together. The sailor beat Tony to the punch however. He was out the door and halfway up the street before Tony could gather his kit together.

Tony laughed inside, his face crinkling with humor. Still worrying wasn't he? Sure, Isabel was the only girl who lived on the street. In fact her's was the only house on the street. Well, he was thinking that, wasn't he?

Tony quickened his pace and fell in step with the sailor. "Home on furlough?"

"No luck," rejoined the sailor. "Just a few hours before my ship sails again."

"Going to look up the girl friend?"

"A girl friend," replied the sailor enigmatically.

Tony coughed and drummed a light tattoo against his kitbag. Oh well, the guy was only going to be in for a few hours. Hold it! What was he thinking anyway?

I'll give him one more block thought Tony magnanimously and then we're going to part company.

They walked on in silence. Persistent cus, thought Tony. Who was going to give in first?

That block dwindled away and another and another. Just one more thought Tony. A guy couldn't afford to be too petty these days.

"Going much farther chum?" Tony almost gritted out the words. After all, he had to say something, anything to relieve this collar which was threatening to choke him.

"Duplex up the street," drawled the sailor.

Tony strangled. There were only two duplex's up the street and one

just wasn't having any girls. An old couple lived there. Going to see his aged grandmother I guess. I hope, Tony mentally added.

They neared the two duplex's. No, the sailor wasn't going to see his grandmother.

At the foot of the winding stairs leading up, which Tony remembered so well from that first date, they looked askance at each other.

Tony summoned up his last reserve of nonchalance with an effort which must have seemed mildly amusing to the sailor.

"After you," said Tony thickly.

The sailor looked back at him. "Say," he said, "Your face seems familiar. Don't I know you?"

Something stifled Tony's gift of repartee. Before he could choke out an 'it does', the sailor mounted the stairs two at a time.

As if it was something he had done many times before, the sailor opened the door without knocking. Tony held himself back at the door.

He heard Isabel's footsteps in the hallway. The next moment she was throwing her arms around the sailor and kissing him.

Then she looked up and saw Tony. She saw his puzzled, almost hurt look.

She held out her hand to him. "Tony, I'd like you to meet my sailor—my cousin Bob Carleton."

A weight slid from Tony's shoulders and his tongue rolled back into the groove once more.

"Next time gal, I'm bringing along my blonde."

For his fiction feature "The Blonde and the Sailor," LAC R. S. Harmer, of Heavy Transport Squadron, wins the \$5.00 prize in the monthly story contest. What are you going to do with the fin? Harmer—find a blonde?

W.D. CHATTER

By CPL. MARJORIE FRANKLIN.

Holiday Leave

Well here we are back from leave and trying desperately to get into the groove. This being a civilian for five days does have its effects doesn't it! Personally I still have visions of shopping sprees and visits to the theatre dancing before my eyes and these things definitely don't blend with the routine of a W.D. It certainly is wonderful to slip into a new and different world for five glorious days. It is wonderful, too, to come back and revel in the joy of "after-leave gossip" in the barracks. Actually nothing can quite compare to a frolic in the barrack block—tongues and imaginations run rampant and hilarity is at a premium. Here's to all the pleasures that we crowd into a few hours off duty. Until we enlisted we took so many things for granted and now the memories of simple things that go together to make our leaves, live on and bring us happiness long after we have again settled down to air force life.

Handicraft Club

As you all are aware we have now in operation a handicraft club. This club is operating from the Airwomen's recreation centre and has such a wide selection of crafts that there is something for every type of craftsman—experienced or otherwise. This is a wonderful opportunity to make those leather book covers you have always wanted or to learn how to make a fret saw behave like a sewing machine. This surely is a chance to discover what talents are hidden in our hands. I move three cheers to Ft/O E. H. Bie and A/S/O H.

A. McMurchy for their support to this club and trust this thing will develop into a meeting place for all W.D.'s. Come on out girls and have yourselves some profitable fun!!

A/S/O McMurchy is the president of the committee with Sgt. Enid Wallace, vice president, and Cpl. "Win" Bonner, secretary-treasurer. Members of the committee are: Cpl. Elsie Elliot, Cpl. Dorothy Jukes, LAW Mary Gwilym, Cpl. A. J. Graham and Cpl. Minnie Roff.

Handing Over

We had a handing-over parade that will linger in the memory of those who attended. This parade consisted of representatives from lower Rockcliffe, No. 7 "M" Depot and No. 1 Repatriation Depot and was held at the No. 7 Drill Hall. It is felt that the locale of this parade was the outcome of much consideration and this fact would be appreciated by those on parade. If anything can dull the glamour of a parade it is the freezing of the star performers.

Chapel

Unless one attended church parades in Rockcliffe's famed Photographic Auditorium it is doubtful if they could know the full joy to be derived from our new chapel. Certainly it is a lovely little place and the possibilities for inspiring and beneficial services are great. Many thanks to the lads and lassies of the choir who are giving of their free time to help inaugurate such services, and to the organists who make choir work possible. Those of us who formerly went into town for church

do appreciate the possibilities of our chapel and look forward to many an enjoyable service there.

Don Cupid

Mr. Cupid has his fun, even among W.D.'s and the most spectacular of his recent escapades resulted in our first wedding in the chapel. Our very best wishes go to the former Joyce Fulthorp and her husband who held their wedding in our new chapel and their reception in the hostess house. Joyce doffed her air force blue for the big event and wore the traditional white wedding dress, Patty Resvick sang Ave Maria, and all in all the entire setting was something that good old Rockcliffe had never seen before. The very best of luck Joyce and may the life you have started here bring you more happiness and good fortune than you ever anticipated.

Our best wishes also go to LAW Ferguson (Fergie) and AW2 Loyce Ryan of Communications and AW1

Lova Boxton of the mail squadron who have also been recent brides.

PRAYER OF a "W.D."

Dear God as I kneel down I have so much to ask:

My prayers are for the strength to serve a nation's mighty task.

I need the grace with which to wear in dignity and pride

My uniform and take with me its meaning in its stride.

Teach me, O Lord obedience that I may do my best

Until, our country once again is peaceful and at rest.

And, having these to guide me while our air Force is in the war,

I have but then to thank You . . . I cannot ask for more.

Thank You for our country,— brave and free.

And make me ever worthy Lord, to be a "W.D."

F.H.



"WONDER WHAT THEY'RE DOING ON THE RUSSIAN FRONT TODAY"

Honored by the King



In the New Year's Honors, five members of Rockcliffe station were singled out for awards by the King.

Flight Sergeant Gerald R. Charron, of Communications, and Flight Sergeant Ronald J. Gourley, of the Aircraft Recognition School, both received the British Empire Medal while Nursing Sister Katharine Marguerite Baker, became an Associate of the Royal Red Cross, and Flight Lieutenant B.C. Smith, and Flying Officer J. F. Irvine, both of the Mail Squadron, were mentioned in Despatches.

Flight Charron, who is one of the mainstays of any athletic contest at Communications, joined the Air Force 5½ years ago. He trained at Camp Borden and Trenton and came to Rockcliffe in June 1940. A fitter by trade, he



FOUR ROCKCLIFFE MEN who received awards in the New Year's Honor. At the left is Flight Sergeant Gerald R. Charron, B.E.M., of Communications. From left to right at the bottom are Flight Sergeant Ronald J. Gourley, B.E.M., and Flight Lieutenant B. C. Smith and Flying Officer J. F. Irvine, both overseas with the Mail Squadron, who were Mentioned in Despatches.



is senior technical NCO in charge of maintenance. A native of Hull he is married and has one child—a girl.

Flight Gourley hails from Halifax and Sudbury and started with the R.C.A.F. in October 1939 as an armourer. He was stationed at Dartmouth, St. Catharines, Mountain View and Trenton where he was Senior Armourer Instructor. Then he came to Ottawa at A.F.H.Q. and then started in on aircraft recognition work, taking courses at Mountain View and in the United States. After that he was on the staff of the No. 1 School of Aircraft Recognition at Rockcliffe before it closed temporarily and now is back at A.F.H.Q. where he has his remuster in for aircrew.

Nursing Sister Katharine M. Baker is a recent arrival at the hospital from No. 10 R.C.A.F. Repair Depot at Calgary which is her home town. It was at Calgary that she did such outstanding work as a nursing sister which led to her being honored by the King with the Associate of the Royal Red Cross. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Baker, live at 218 Crescent Road, Calgary.

Flight Lieutenant Bernard Gordon Smith and Flying Officer James Franklin Irvine, both members of the Mail Squadron, are now overseas. Before joining the Mail Squadron they were members of a Transport Squadron flying to East Coast bases. F/L Smith is a commercial pilot from the States who joined the R.C.A.F. early in the war while F/O Irvine was a WO2 master mechanic in charge of maintenance. Since then he took a course at the Aeronautical Engineers School at Montreal, received his commission and is now a technical officer.



Nursing Sister K. M. Baker, A.R.R.C.

IN MEMORIAM.

(To the neighbor's child)

He shot an arrow in the air
It came to earth we knew not where
I went to sit down in my chair
Now I know where the damn thing
lit!

AN ODE TO DE PILOT

De peelot he ply in de air
An talk to us down here
Wit dis ting called rajio—
An peelot he often swear!
He say dat ting she's not so good
She do not work just right,
Or maybe, stupid **WOGS** on ground
Are fast asleep dis night!
He tink he really work lak hell;
He sometime have to sweat
To do de work he has to do,
(I believe him too you bet.)
Still, I'm joost de stupid **WOG**,
Maybe no comprend his gripes
But I'm for sure I wouldn't mind
If I had peelot's **STRIPES!!!**

(BY A MAD WOG)

New Sports Season Opens

With several hundred airmen and airwomen participating, the second half of the winter sports season opened recently with impressive ceremonies in the Drill Hall.

Flanked by the officers commanding of the units on the station, Group Captain G. S. O'Brian A.F.C., formally opened the season in his capacity as commanding officer.

All the teams which took part in the inauguration lined up in front of the new stage. Group Captain O'Brian noted the part sports played in the Royal Canadian Air Force and stressed the need of keeping fit. The band lent a festive note to the occasion.

New schedules are now under-

way in volleyball, basketball and ice hockey with both major and minor divisions. All in all ten basketball, fourteen volleyball, eight floor hockey and eleven ice hockey teams—five in the afternoon and six at night—will see action during the rest of the winter season. Every week twenty-three games of sport are scheduled each week which is considered to be one of the best records of this nature in the whole of the Royal Canadian Air Force in Canada.

Back of this intense sport activity at Rockcliffe is the aim at getting everybody on the station interested in some kind of game. Physical training has an important place in the R.C.A.F. but the voluntary

sports programme is in a special class as far as general well being of a station is concerned.

In the basketball game of the opening evening Communications defeated the Mail Squadron by the score of 25 to 21 in a close-fought encounter.

Photo Water Buffaloes took the measure of Test and Development in the volleyball series—thus continuing the winning ways which brought the station championship to the Photo Centre in the first half of the season.

Floor hockey made its first appearance as a scheduled sport with the Service Police and the Mail Squadron tying 2 to 2. In the other game Repats took the measure of Communications by the score of 5 to 3.

The badminton enthusiasts were also on display with a mixed doubles tournament getting underway. This tournament will continue during the regular Tuesday and Thursday sessions of the club.

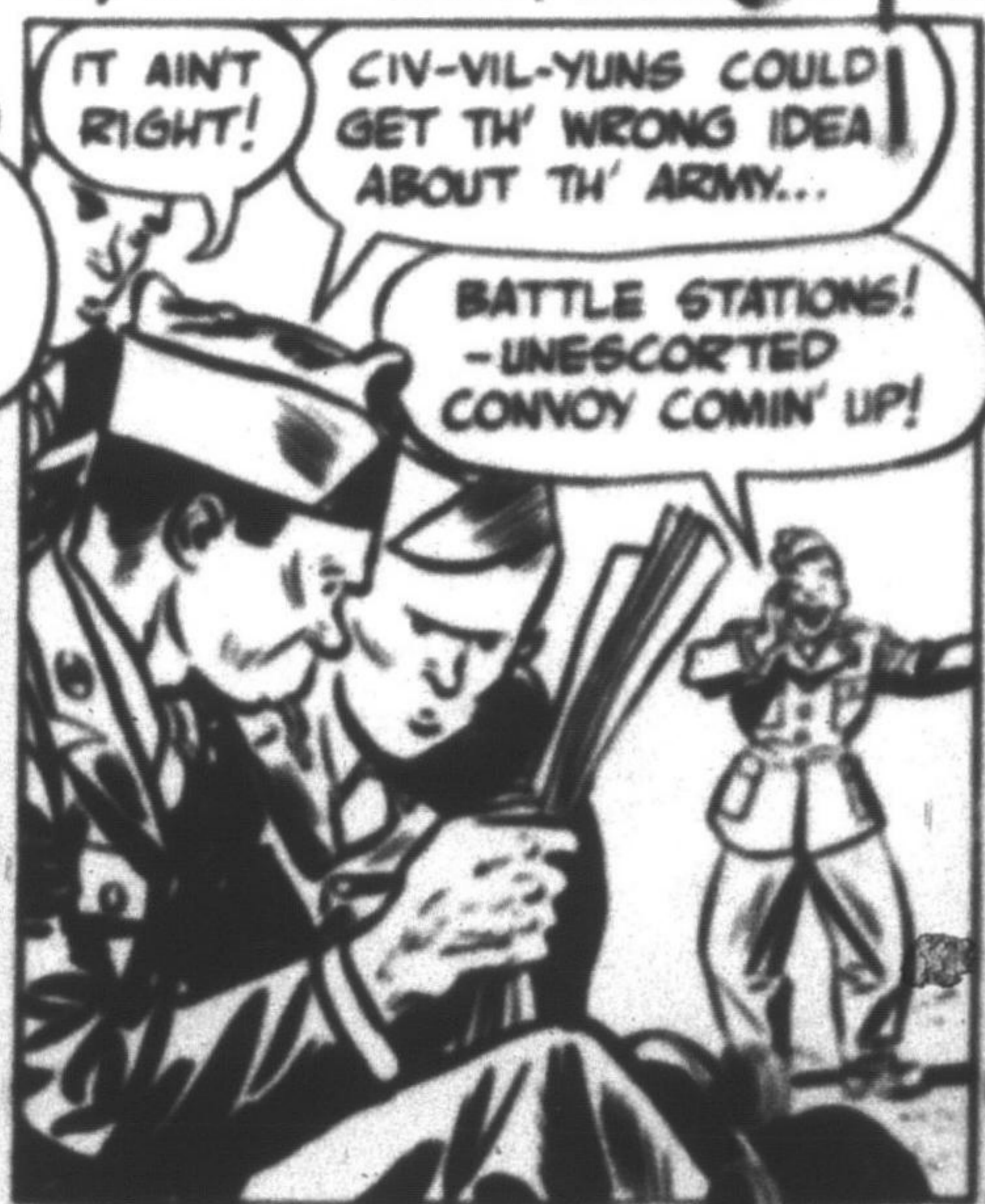
The station basketball team, the Rockcliffe Flyers, continue their winning way in the City Basketball League. Flight Sergeant Bob Fulton's cagers are alone at the top of the league.

The City League recently was split into sections A and B with the A group able to take part in Canadian senior playoffs and the B section qualifying for the intermediate championships. So if the Rockcliffe boys continue their winning ways we may see some interesting playdowns. As it is every game the Flyers play is worth seeing and supporting.

Male Call

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

You're Ridin', Now, Red!



WHAT'S WITH THIS
HERE CORPORAL
SANSONE - ALWEEZ
DRAWIN' US G.I.'S
LOOKIN' LIKE WOLFS?

YEAH - MY GURL
IS WORRIED THAT
I'M MEBBE GETTIN'
POINTED EARS AN'
A POIMANENT FIVE
O'CLOCK SHADOW!

IT AINT
RIGHT!

CIV-VIL-YUNS COULD
GET TH' WRONG IDEA
ABOUT TH' ARMY...

BATTLE STATIONS!
-UNESCORTED
CONVOY COMIN' UP!



with deep bows to **GR. SANSONE** - the ORIGINAL WOLF
Copyright 1943 by Milton Caniff, distributed by Camp Newspaper Service

Hospital Craft Shop Opens

THE HOSPITAL'S NEW CRAFT SHOP, sponsored by the Y.M.C.A. War Service, is now in full swing. At the upper left F/S J. H. R. Tournigny, AFHQ, is tackling a duck with Cpl. "Jeffie" Roche, chief instructor, and W/C H. L. Osborne, S.M.O. watching. At the upper right Walter Shea, senior Y.M.C.A. supervisor, watches Cpl. W. K. Henderson, Repats, weaving a belt of silk twine for his wife, assisted by Cpl. Roche. In the middle panel at the left Mr. Shea is interested in LAC J. P. Barr, Repats, working on a pair of moccasins while Cpl. Roche checks the sock finished by Cpl. R. J. Evans of the Service Police. In the lower left photo a group of Repats are in action. Sgt. E. P. Kirkham and F/S A. J. Lindstegt (left) are on plane models. WO2 (common) Centre is doing needlepoint while on the bed Cpl. J. M. Dumas is on fancy work. In the foreground is Sgt. L. W. Roller. At the lower right F/O J. H. O'Neil, of Rockcliffe, is fashioning a piece of wood on the big saw with W/C Osborne at the right.

(Photos by Sgt. Gerald Berton)



Dr. Snerd's Column

We welcome to our pages the eminent S/L. S. Snerd, ano-psychiatrist. All personnel are invited to write for solutions to their problems. The advice is free as is the wind. The Squadron Leader has plenty of the latter.

Question: Is it true that a skunk has two stripes? LAW Smellie

Answer: No, you're thinking of a Corporal.

Question: My sister is a dud as far as social contacts are concerned. I take her to dances in the Drill Hall week after week but none of the Repats will dance with her. What should I do? AW2 R.M. Pitt.

Answer: Nothing. Wall flowers go to seed without being picked.

Question: What is the use of having all my RCAF pay if I don't know how to enjoy it? P/O I.M. Rich.

Answer: On the contrary, what's the use of knowing how to enjoy it if you haven't got it?

Question: Ft/O Chandler, our messing Officer, forbids our girls (who are not bad-looking) from using rouge. She says it has no place in the kitchen. Do you agree? Cpl. Scarlett.

Answer: No. I consider cosmetics peach preservers.

Question: When I walk with our O.C., I notice every time he returns an airman's salute he mutters, "the same to you".

Why is this? F/O. Letharg.

Answer: He was probably once in the ranks himself.

Question: Sergeant LaBour has twelve children. Why is this? AC2 I. M. Potent.

Answer: I don't know. He must be stork mad.

Further contributions are eagerly awaited. Do not suffer because you don't know all the answers. Write Dr. Snerd, care of Crosswinds.

The hospital staff welcomes a number of newcomers and hopes they will enjoy their stay here. Our hospital is the newest and most important one in the R.C.A.F. so it is a credit to you all that you were selected for posting here. We say welcome to:

F/S J. A. Dean who comes to us from Victoriaville as Senior Wardmaster. He has a difficult responsibility but looks as if he might handle it.

Cpl. Pat O'Brien is an experienced x-ray technician and in addition a steno. She has been posted here from 2 K.T.S. to do Radiography. She likes her work and this posting.

LAW C. DiNardi: from Dafoe. Clare is an experienced Hospital



Photo Centre News

Aimed at encouraging interest in unit and station activities, a Sports and Entertainment Committee has been formed at No. 1 Photo Centre.

The first get-together was held recently at the Happy Landing when an enjoyable dance was staged under the direction of the two Masters of Ceremonies, Pilot Officer Ernie Crisp and Flight Sergeant Bill Hudson.

Several other events are planned for the coming months including a sleigh ride, a skating night and a swimming party. The committee is headed by Flight Sergeant D. B. Church, president; LAC J. H. Marsters, secretary; Cpl. L. Rosenberg, treasurer; with other members being Flight Sergeant George Craven, Corporal Minnie Roff, LAC

AROUND THE STATION. At No. 7 M.D. members of Squadron 2 took advantage of a recent snowfall to build a snow figure. It's a woman, instead of the usual man, in keeping with the surroundings. Left to right the girls are AW2 K. A. Church of Winnipeg, AW2 V. J. Whiterhead, also of Winnipeg and AW2 G. L. Stocker of Halifax. At the upper right is the champion volleyball team from No. 1 Photo Centre who took the inter unit title. Front row, left to right, Cpl. Bill Truscott, F/S George Craven, Cpl. Osme Osborne, back row, LAC Tony Lacelle, Cpl. Chuck Learned, Sgt. Jim Ewers and LAC Mickey McKee.

In the lower picture are the principals of the first wedding held in Station Chapel during the reception in the Hostess House. Left to right Captain J. O. Gessette, of Ottawa, who gave the bride away, WO1 Bill Smith, of Calgary, Cpl. Joyce Fulthorp, of Calgary, LAW L. Leis, maid of honour, and Sgt. Bill Ward, also of Calgary, who was best man. Cpl. Fulthorp is one of the mainstays of the tailor shop.

(Photos by LAC Harvey Korstrom and LAC Verne Morse)

Don Harshaw of Photo Reconnaissance and Sergeant Bill Bennett of the Photo School.

The stork has been busy at homes of Photo workers with the boys outnumbering the girls six to three in the output department. Receiving boys in the baby sweepstakes were Sergeant Jim Prophet (after three girls), Sergeant Jim Ewers, AC1, Herbie Brooker, Corporal Bill Truscott, LAC Bill Segal, Flight Lieutenant Anthony Gubb, D.F.C., Girls went to Sergeant George Douglas, Corporal Harold Mann and AC1 Pete Preston.

Several members of the section have recently gone on special duties with WO2 Bob Sweeney taking Corporal Bill Riley, LAC Jack MacKay and AC1 Pete Preston to a certain place on the East Coast. At the same time another group went "out west" including Corporal Gordon Alderson, LAC Stan Brede, LAC J. D. McCaughey, AC1 Don Mulholland, AC1 Bob Kirkham, AC1 H. A. Carter and AC1 W. Drummond.

Over at Photo Reconnaissance the famous Rumble Club will hold its first anniversary dinner next month when a gigantic "do" is promised.

Possibly the Club will have its coffers enriched if any more of the section start for a certain resort on the Saguenay. For a time it seemed as though the whole flight would be somewhere between Rockcliffe and Bagotville.

The Gen From the Flats

Test and Development Establishment, as its name denotes, is that Unit of the R.C.A.F. where ideas and suggestions are developed, modifications tried out and equipment and material are tested. It carries on diversified activities both on and off the ground and, like the happy housewife, its work never ceases.

The personnel on T & D's staff are like a large family—not necessarily a happy one. In fact, the engineers are often prepared to swear that the maintenance staff is deliberately sabotaging aircraft just to prevent them from swiftly and smoothly completing their urgent work. Maintenance, on the other hand, may often be heard growling over the seemingly impossible tasks that it is asked to finish in a minimum amount of time. Nevertheless, like other family quarrels, everything comes out all right in the end, and the war effort goes on.

On one point, at least, all of T & D's personnel are agreed—their hangar is farthest from everything on the station, farthest from the messes, farthest from the hospital, farthest from the main gate, and so on ad nauseum. This is probably why T & D's Airmen are the most virile on the station (remember the tug-of-war team)—they walk a total of about six miles just going to and from work each day, both summer and winter. (See Ricky's Cartoon—Ed)

Personnel from practically any other unit, with the exception of Ferry flight, can arrive at the main gate with ten minutes to spare and still make their individual morning parades. There are only four ways

that T & D late arrivals can save themselves from disgrace:—(a) Run like h.....! (b) Be lucky enough to catch a ride. (c) Break Station regulations and cut directly across the aerodrome. (d) Fall back on emergency disabilities and report on sick parade. (not recommended for a hangover).

As this brief description might indicate, T & D has developed its own share of inventors and inventions. To illustrate, we present F/Sgt. H. Feinberg and his brain-child, the universal towing dolly for towing numerous types of aircraft. F/Sgt. Feinberg has other useful gadgets to his credit, also, but instead of describing these, we draw your attention to the greatest boon for struggling airmen yet to come out of this war. Conceived in the brains of two corporals (names withheld for security reasons), this latest invention has not, as yet, been placed on paper. However, in the interest of morale boosting, it is being brought to public attention immediately.

It is a well known fact that half of the airmen in each barrack block must hoist themselves laboriously to the upper deck of their double-bunk beds each night to enjoy their well-earned rest. Some Tarzans, of course, gain this objective with one lithe spring off the floor. Others attempt a struggling pull and push method with their hands grasping the upper rail. A third group insists on taking a push-off from the lower occupants' anatomy—preferably the face or stomach.

To overcome such mountain-goat technique, the new invention

proposes an elevator arrangement whereby the mere pressing of a button causes a section of the flooring below the bunk to drop slowly away, thus lowering the top deck to floor level. The weary airman then merely places himself on his bunk, presses another button, and rises majestically to the smoky, upper level of his barrack room.

It is understood that full development of the idea will not be carried out until E.42 action has been completed to obtain a double-bunker and a hole in the floor for ure at T & D.

With the kind co-operation of the censors, we propose to release further, breathtaking secrets from this Squadron at a later date. Until then—

KEEP YOUR LIP BUTTONED!

SERGEANT TELLS COLONEL

Norfolk, Va. (CNS)—Lt. Col. Leon J. Meyung, a new commander, was running along the line in a practice march dressed in fatigue clothes when a sergeant stopped him

"What the hell are you waiting for," the sergeant snarled. "Get in line."

Just then the Colonel realized that he had dressed in such a hurry he had forgotten to pin his silver oak leaves to the lapel of his fatigues. He looked just to any other soldier. He started to explain to the sergeant but the latter just wouldn't listen.

"Get in line," he repeated. "And don't look so offended."

The Colonel fell meekly in line.



Headquarters Ramblings

WARNING:—to all hen-pecked husbands who enjoy the services of a maid:

"Here lies the body of Samuel Stark He mistook his wife for the maid in the dark.

Music: It is probably not general knowledge that LAC Ben Gurofsky was responsible for the "Rockcliffe Symphonic Hour" heard every Friday night in the Drill Hall. Ben did a very fine job of entertaining personnel who had a weak spot for Symphonic Music and it is to be regretted that he has had to call a halt to this programme because he cannot find room in which to carry on. Apparently since the Drill Hall has acquired a stage Ben and his Music are "out on the street".

Ben spends his days "Slugging it out" with Non-Public Funds along with LAC "Casualty" Papoff and Sgt. "Ben" Blue. If at anytime you should contemplate suicide here is a simple formula:

Walk into N.P.F. any morning and sing

"Good morning to you,

Good morning to you,

Good morning dear Papoff, Gurofsky and Blue.

POSTINGS: WO1 "Bobby" Wiggett for many months WO i/c of the Station Orderly Room. The Station as a whole wishes him every success in his new surroundings.

A welcome hand is extended to S/Ldr. J. S. Sanderson (as 3 or 4 thousand will be on payday) who has taken over the post of Senior Accountant Officer.

POETRY: LAC Murray Wilton who has a definite flare for the Poetic side of life has come forth with his latest:

CONFESSION

Sometimes I think I'm of small account

I've drunk so little from Wisdom's Fount

Of electricity I know nothing at all
Except that it comes from a water-fall.

Of atoms, and bugs, and flowers,
and trees

I know nothing at all about any of these.

Where I came from I do not know
Nor do I know where I'm going to go

In fact I'm so ignorant I must confess

If the rest were the same

T'would be a hell of a mess!

PEOPLE. The pay office staff has been working far into the night these past two or three weeks changing over to new records of pay and by way of consolation we bring forth this:

"The heights by great men

Reached and kept

Were not obtained by sudden flight
But they, while their companions slept,

Were toiling upward in the night.

TO THE EDITORS AND STAFF

Who wait days for copy just because we reporters can't think of anything to write:

"To write an 'ode you would win me

But I'm really afraid to begin

For there's nothing original in me
Unless it's "Original Sin".

Mail Squadron Jottings

It seems that even with the formation of the Mail Squadron, no stone was left unturned to include a "Duty Clerk" along with the other "Joe" jobs that are known throughout the R.C.A.F.

It all begins with the N.C.O. i/c of detailing pouring over the personnel available. He figures conscientiously. He writes down names. He rubs out. He scratches his ego. He stares with the concentration of a genius. Finally he straightens out with a relieved "finished at last" air and gives the schedule to the typist.

Yes, it is none other than the Duty Clerk Roster which had him completely complexed. To grasp its depth is beyond the average intelligence. The secret to this madness seems unfathomable, but every Tuesday morning by some inconceivable method this N.C.O. produces a list of the coming week. To give the personnel a break, he politely informs them the night they are to hold this noted position. Before he completes the list retaliations in the form of excuses come in from all sides. Helen has to do some shopping and sent it in time for her Mother's birthday. Hazel states she has to take advantage of the late pass afforded the W.D.'s on that particular night. Marion and Lova smile in consent. Bob just remembered that he has always been on Wednesday evenings and wishes to change it to another night (superstitious), Mac has still got most of his nights taken up with a certain blonde. By this time the hair is slowly turning

grey. No! not another complaint, okay Bill, what is it, "Oh you have a date with your wife".

This submission was to go into the weekly orders published by the Squadron. The clerk is throwing darts at you for making him hold up the orders. The orders will just have to wait. With the juggling of an expert you get most of them placed on the nights they wish and they leave the rest as a surprise.

Friday is your day. No disruption from routine occurs during working hours apart from having lunch an hour earlier than usual. Maybe you missed your breakfast and then this will help to satisfy that over anxious appetite.

You are officially "Joe" at 1700 hours when you return from supper and downheartedly watch the rest of the staff proceed on an evening's FUN. For once you have felt the world has deserted you. Everything is silent, no banging of typewriters, desks are blank, chairs empty and only 4 walls to wonder your eye over. Oh well—you've brought your writing kit and will be fully occupied answering letters that you have put off for the last week. You immediately occupy the N.C.O. i/c's chair and begin to feel that superior complex coming over you. This disillusion is shattered by the ringing of the telephone. You meekly take up the receiver and answer with "Sqn. Orderly Room". Oh, a girl. Boy am I in luck. I wonder how she found out my phone number. You finally come to earth with the word

"telegrams" being shouted in your ear. You scramble for your note book and take the message down as she dictates it. What five signals! Why did I have to be duty clerk on Friday the 13th. Your letter writing is held up temporarily. One signal is marked "important" and at once you phone the Officers Mess in search of the Adjutant. You find he lives out and begin to ramble through the records to find his phone number. He is home and states that A.F.H.Q. has already advised him of the information. What a system.

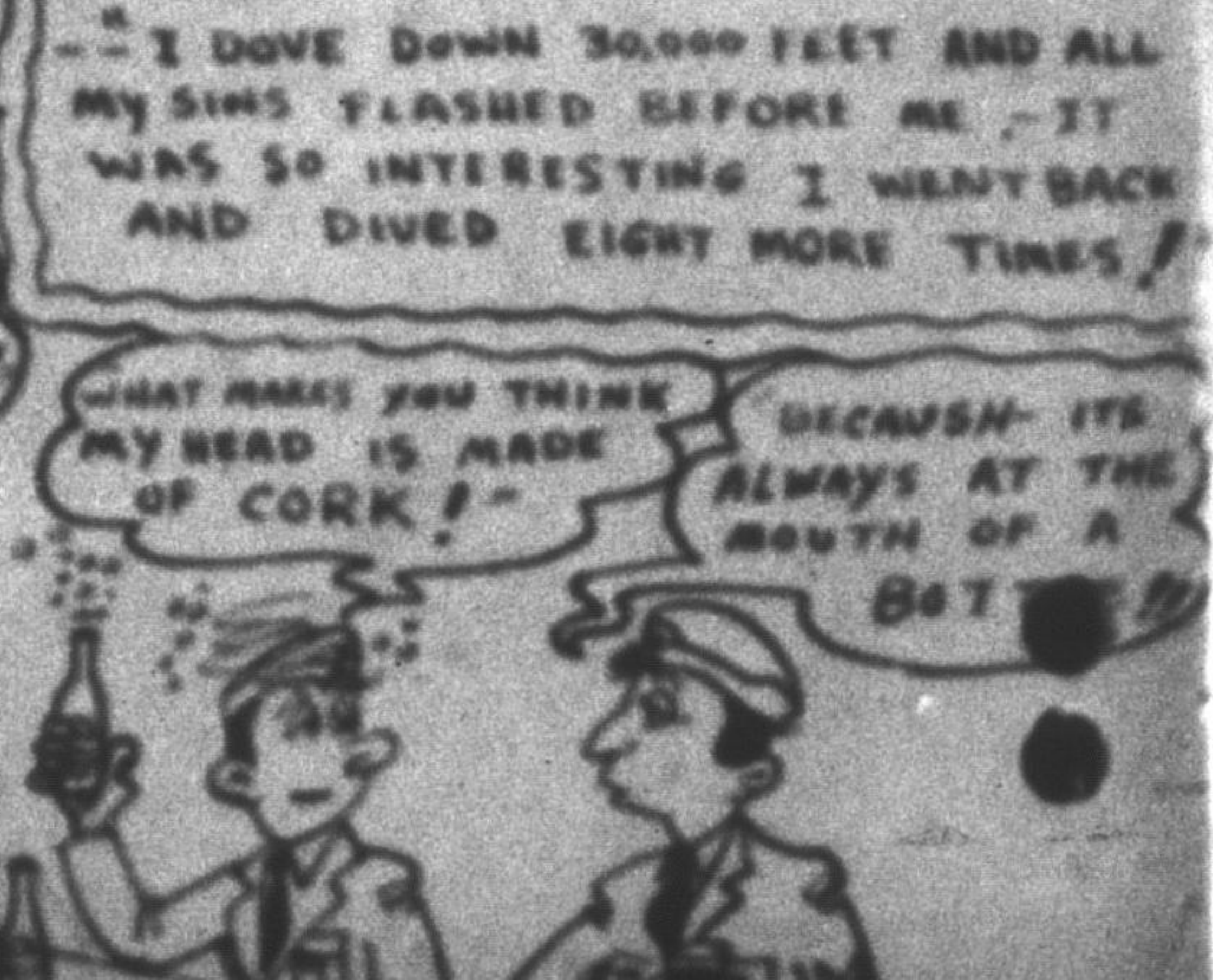
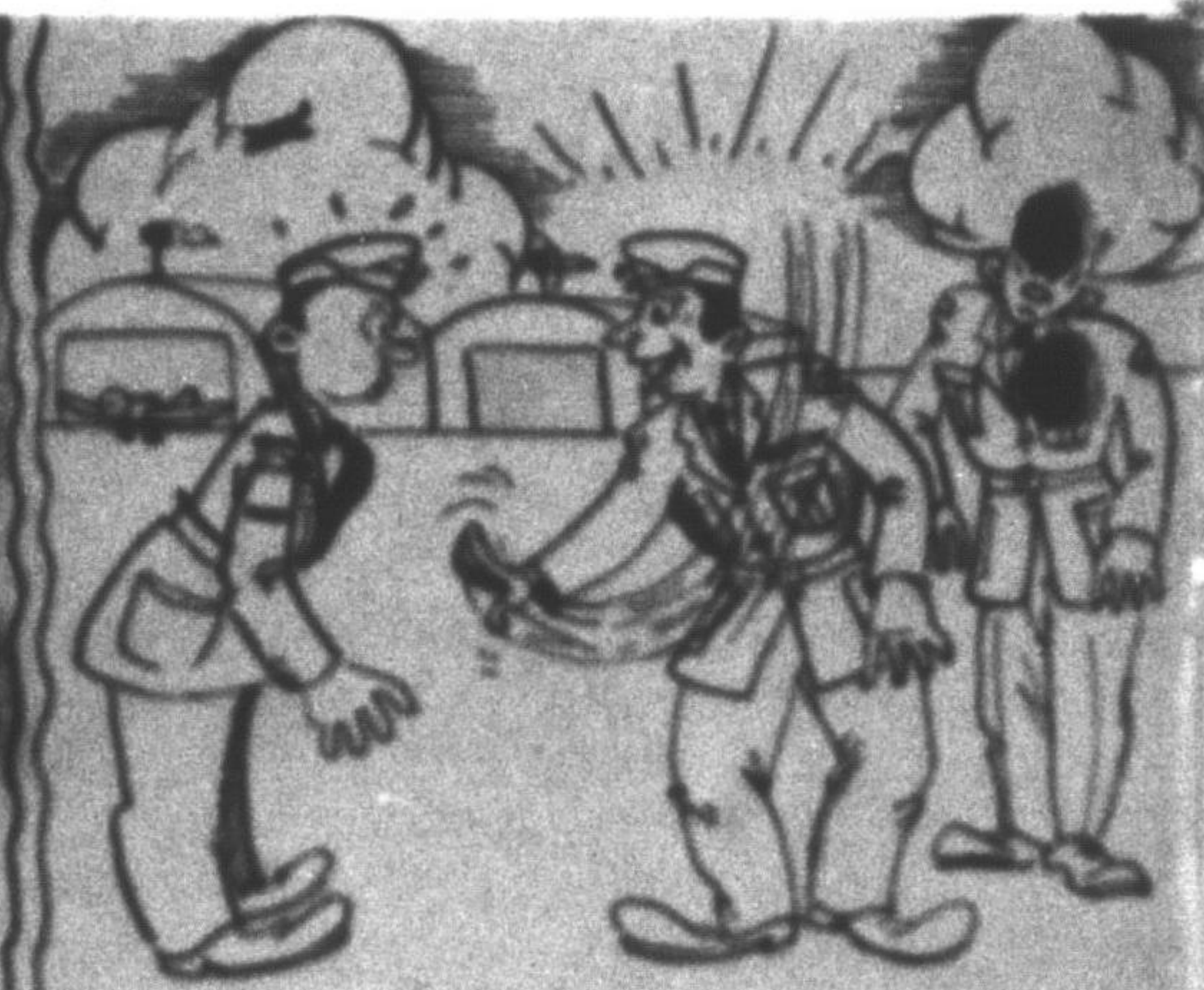
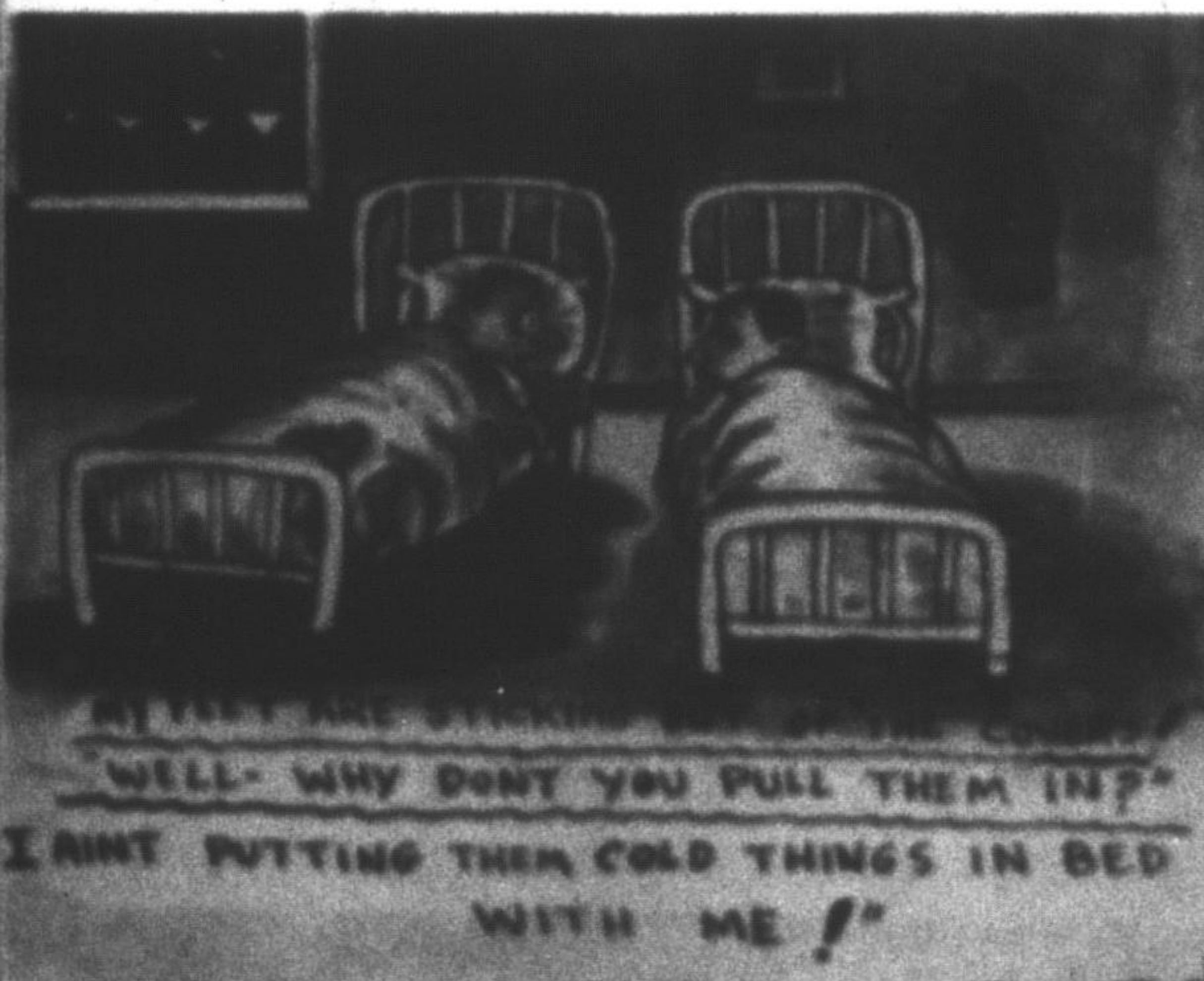
Relaxed again but not for long. As six phones are within hearing distance you have undertaken to try and answer them. "The O.C.

is not in at present, would you care to try the Officers Mess;" "The Duty Pilot hasn't arrived yet, but I expect him any moment, do you wish to leave your number," and so on.

The second shift of maintenance personnel just report for duty and the N.C.O. i/c Maintenance Section approaches you and starts a pleasant conversation, but soon you are on to him for he ends up by wanting some typing done.

The Technical Officer has a passion for pouncing on spare typists and you happen to be able to type. He gives you a "little job" of making three copies of a precis on engines that just came in.

Quarter way through your task and in come two airmen with



cleaning accessories with the full intention of giving the office the once over. You observe their discontented look and understand. These are two who did wrong and unfortunately had been caught

They apply themselves diligently to cleaning the orderly room. You continue with the incomprehensible "little job", thankful that, in their present mood they are not inclined to conversation. But you are mistaken for one of them suddenly pauses in rubbing the floor and says, "I believe I should be due for my ACF". This dismal comment is apparently addressed to you but you only murmur sympathetically. The airman feels constrained to elucidate and succeeds in bewildering you that, for your own peace of mind, you

consult his documents and are happy to inform him that his fear is groundless. Yes, he forgot to read D.R.O's. Knowing this he continues his assignment with a little less solemnity.

You work steady and through time finish the little job. The office is tidied up and without your personal letter being written, you procure your hat and coat and depart before you are again misled by a feminine voice saying "Telegrams."

In case you have been wondering about why we don't mention the number of a certain squadron on the station, it's because there is such a thing as security regulations. The rule says don't use squadron numbers, so we don't. Do You?

Briefs

The station library in the Drill Hall is getting a lot of new books these days and it would pay you to drop in and have a look around.

Have you read Falange by Allan Chase? Naming names, giving dates, facts irrefutable evidence, this book is dynamite. Chase tells the story of the Falange from its beginnings as a German tool to produce the Spanish War down to its latest activities in 1943. He shows how the Falange, operating behind the diplomatic shield of Spain's legation's is the funnel by which the Gestapo reaches North America.

Using the old station hospital for a barracks will bring back memories to the oldtimers who remember when it was the original barracks for the station.

One of the best stories in a long time comes from Barracks Stores. It seems a newcomer moved into Rockcliffe and admired one of the well-known barrack trunks. The departing airmen promptly sold it to him for \$2, telling him he could collect it from the next occupant of the bed.

A young magazine salesman approached a flight sergeant in a restaurant to make a sale.

The flight: "No thanks, I can't read."

The kid: "You wouldn't be a flight sergeant if you couldn't read."

OH NO!

In Winnipeg, confusion kept right on tagging along with A. C. Tew, AC2, of the Royal Canadian Air Force—Time

CLUB OF THE MONTH

The Rockcliffe Camera Club is one of the newest on the station but it is rapidly attracting a group of "dyed in the wool" enthusiasts.

The club holds weekly meetings on Tuesday at 1930 hours in the Band Hut with instructive lectures, print criticism and general swapping of knowledge. Short talks have been given by Sergeant Bill Bennett and LAC Dick Cannon of the School of Photography.

A darkroom is under construction in Building 124 and it is hoped that members of the club will be able to get into production, in a short while. Outings are planned with skiing in the Gatineau Hills being combined with shutter work. In the summer hikes are also scheduled.

The club is under the presidency of Flight Lieutenant V. M. Birks, with WO2 E. A. Kirkwood as vice-president and LAW Hazel Haroldson, secretary.

COMING MOVIE ATTRACTIONS

AT PHOTO AUDITORIUM - 2000 HOURS

<p>January 31 — His Butler's Sister — Deanna Durbin Pat O'Brien</p>	<p>February 2 — Coney Island — Betty Grable George Montgomery</p>	<p>February 7 — Stand By For Action — Robert Taylor Charles Loughton</p>
<p>February 9 — Mission to Moscow — Walter Huston Ann Harding</p>	<p>February 14 — The Human Comedy — Mickey Rooney Frank Morgan</p>	<p>February 16 — Edge of Darkness — Ann Sheridan Errol Flynn</p>
<p>February 21 — Somewhere I'll Find You — Clark Gable Lana Turner</p>	<p>February 23 — You Can't Escape Forever — George Brent Brenda Marshall</p>	<p>February 28 — Hostages — Luise Rainer William Bendis</p>

May the Year 1944

*Bring You the
Privilege of
Opportunity and
the Joy of
Achievement.*

