

Crosswinds

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

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CROSSWINDS

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

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EDITORIAL

In most discussions of rehabilitation great emphasis is placed on the boys overseas with little thought given to the thousands of men serving in Canada.

We don't wish to detract from the work of those overseas in any way but we would like to see a little consideration shown to the men and women who were plowed back into the British Commonwealth Air Train-

ing Plan to make it the success it is today. There are hundreds of men at Rockcliffe, who would jump at the chance to go overseas, but, because of the nature of their jobs, are denied the opportunity.

In addition, there are plenty of stations in both Western and Eastern Air Commands which are a lot tougher than many in the United Kingdom.

Some post-war planners figure 18 months in Canada is equivalent to a year overseas which to us seems a fair ratio but all too many completely ignore those "stuck" in Canada through no fault of their own.

We are fortunate this month in being able to present to the readers of Crosswinds a cover by the well-known aviation artist, Squadron Leader Harold Booth.

S/L Booth, who is kept busy these days as head of the Art Directorate of the Directorate of Public Relations, found time to do the outstanding pencil drawing of three Spitfires in action especially for Crosswinds.

A pilot with the Fleet Air Arm and the R.A.F. in the last war, S/L Booth gave up his commercial art studio in Detroit to enter the service early in this war. He was first in administrative work but eventually the Air Force got smart and let him be his natural self—an artist. He since has published three books of aircraft drawings. Rockcliffe is already indebted to him as he was one of the consultants on the interior decoration of our chapel.

J.H.M.



Takeoff by Sgt. Patrick Cowley-Brown

Former Rockcliffe Artist Featured In RCAF Competition

One of the outstanding entries in the recent R.C.A.F. Art Competition was the work of Sergeant Patrick Cowley-Brown who, until recently, was attached to Rockcliffe Station.

Shown above is his "Takeoff" which is considered to be one of the outstanding pictures in the whole exhibition. Sgt. Cowley-Brown painted this at Rockcliffe a few months ago.

Sgt. Cowley-Brown comes from Victoria, B.C., and studied for several years at the H. Faulkner Smith School of Applied and Fine Art in Vancouver.

He joined the Royal Canadian Air Force in 1941, and went overseas as an air gunner. After a year in the United Kingdom he was repatriated and was attached to Rockcliffe as a supernumerary. He was about to become Crosswinds' Art Editor when he was moved downtown to AFHQ where he has been painting under Group Captain K. B. Conn, D.F.C., Director of Staff Duties.



A scene in the operating room at Rockcliffe Hospital with F/Lt. F. C. Preston (left) and F/Lt. W. E. Apted at work. (Photo by Cpl. Harold Main)

New Station Hospital is R.C.A.F. Showplace

By LAC J. H. MARSTERS

Designed primarily for repatriated injured, the Rockcliffe Hospital takes its place in Canadian medicine as one of the largest and best-equipped hospitals in the Royal Canadian Air Force.

With its three wings, six wards, 175 beds, staff of 98 and a fully-equipped operating room and x-ray department, Rockcliffe Hospital not only takes care of our station but also serves the whole Ottawa district including Arnprior and Pendleton and R.C.A.F. Headquarters.

In addition to a crack medical staff under Wing Commander H. G. Osborne, S.M.O., the hospital possesses an atmosphere of restfulness in direct contrast to the usual cheerless antiseptic look of such an establishment.

This atmosphere of restfulness prevails as a result of the calm green color scheme, the neat curtains, the art works on the walls, the

pleasant dining and recreation rooms and a series of small services—all adding up to an efficient and cheerful organization.

One of the most important of these minor but important services is the hospital library which is operated by Miss B. B. Fraser, of the Ottawa Red Cross. Another bedside aid is the new telephone service whereby a patient in bed can call anywhere from a phone on a stand which is wheeled into the ward and plugged into the regular hospital phone exchange.

To a person in the armed forces, mail is a great morale builder but to a sick airman or airwoman it is often a life-saver. So the hospital has a mail corporal, Cpl. George Hamilton, who picks up mail twice a day, takes it to the post office, purchases any stamps needed and then brings back the latest batch of letters for the patients.

In some of the rooms, visitors to the hospital will notice many outstanding murals. These are the work of AC2 André Pouliot, of Montreal, who studied art in New York. He is now doing a huge mural for the lobby in which the part of medicine and Rockcliffe Hospital is playing in the war is the central theme.

Operating Room is Tops

The operating room and its subsidiary units is one of the showplaces of the hospital and this section of 10 rooms comes under F/Lt F. C. Preston, chief surgeon, and F/L W. E. Apter, assistant surgeon. F/O Alice Newcomb, who comes from Moncton, is the nursing sister in the operation room while Sgt. Bob Cape, of Ottawa, is NCO in charge with Cpl. Laura Smith, of Fredericton, N.B., as assistant.

One of the features of the operating room is the lighting system. A battery of quartz lights on the ceiling have special focussing devices which concentrate the light on one spot on the operating table but without any hard light or glare. In addition there is a powerful floor light for added illumination.

Off to one side is the sterilizing room and next to that is the E.E.N.T. Room, or to those not up on their hospital lingo, the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Room. Here these special operations are performed and including in the equipment are special floor lights and a surgical suction pump which is used during certain operations to draw away the blood.

Also nearby is the scrubbing room where the doctors "scrub-up" before and after operations. Across the hall is the plaster room which has a portable plaster table on which broken legs, arms, etc., are set. On the same side of the hall is the doctors' dressing room with lockers and showers while adjoining the operating room on this side of the wing is the work room where dressing and supplies are kept.

Down the hall is a crash ward with four beds which are kept free at all times for emergencies. Also included in the operating suite is a fracture supply room, a sterile supply closet and the Duty M.O.'s room.

In the same upstairs wing, which is served by an elevator, is the x-ray department under F/L O. B. Millar of Toronto, assisted by F/S George Tokarsak, who comes from Saskatchewan and Cpl. Elma White, who also hails from the west—Drumheller, Alta. In this section there is a portable x-ray machine and a stereoscopic x-ray plate viewer. In another room is the permanent x-ray installation which has a stereoscopic attachment for chest work and also is adaptable for fluoroscopy by means of which internal organs of the body can be viewed in action by the doctor. Adjoining this is a darkroom and a wet plate viewing room.

Lab Has Big Task

One of the most interesting sections of the hospital is the laboratory which is under P/O

J. B. Poole assisted by Sgt. Molly Green who is now at Trenton on a special course, and LAW Ann Sullivan, of London, Ont., Sarnia and Mexico. The laboratory does very important work in blood counts, blood groups and blood sedimentation rate. Also if necessary, the lab can make V.D. tests while making base metabolism tests and electrocardiograms, a visual record of your heartbeats, are some of its other tasks.

P/O Poole, who comes from Vancouver, took a special eight-month course at San Diego, Cal., and is working especially on tropical diseases. He checks every Repat coming through Rockcliffe who has served in the tropics for signs of dysentery, malaria, tape worms, blood flukes and other tropical parasites. So far the Canadians who have served in India, the Middle East, North and West Africa and Malta have stood up well against these conditions, he says in an off-hand manner which belies the hours of careful work he spends on this subject.

Just down the hall from the laboratory is the electroencephalogram, a gigantic machine presided over by Sgt. Tommy Hutchinson, of Ottawa. This electroencephalogram records the electrical impulses of the brain on a special tape and in this way can determine brain injuries, localize brain tumors and discover epileptics. The machine was first used in the air force for pilot selection purposes but it is now devoted exclusively to clinical investigation.

Twelve electrodes are placed on the patient's head, covering different areas of the brain, and fixed there by means of collodion. The patient is in a dark sound-proofed room, which is shielded from outside electrical interference, and the electrodes plugged into a lead selector box.

The electrical brain impulses which are given off are picked up by a pre-amplifier which transmits them to power amplifiers which in turn increases them a couple of million times. The impulses are then translated into ink writing oscillographs which makes a record on a sheet of moving paper. A specialist later interprets these wiggly lines and the patterns denote the form of trouble from which the patient is suffering.

Physiotherapy has a special part in the hospital and here Sgt. Art Wickens labors as the osteopath. His ultra-violet ray lamps, infra-red ray lamp and short-wave therapy all play their part but it's often Sgt. Wickens' crafty manipulations which does the trick although your bones make horrible sounds as they grind into their proper places.

Surrounded by intricate instruments, Sgt. Ben Spence of Toronto and Hamilton is the optometrist who examines eyes in the E.E.N.T. section under S/L W. Alexander. In another special room is the audiometer which tests hearing in such a way the patient doesn't know the test is being made.

The kitchen, under Sgt. Roger Cuche, is a vital section with the portable electric conveyor on which hot foods are stored, rolled into a ward and served direct to the patients, a special feature.

Heading the hospital is W/C Osborne who has served right across Canada since he graduated from the University of Toronto and joined the Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps (permanent force) in 1938 as a lieutenant. He was first stationed at Currie Barracks in Calgary, being attached to the R.C.A.F.'s famed No. 1 Fighter Squadron. At the outbreak of war he went to Vancouver as Deputy Principal Medical Officer, later going to Regina as Principal Medical Officer for No. 4 Training Command. In January of 1941 he went overseas as Deputy Director of Medical Services, R.C.A.F. Overseas. He came back a year and a half later and went to the Manning Depot at Brandon. He came here last August to open up our new hospital. A member of the militia since 1926 when he started as a trooper in the Mississauga Horse, he is married and has one child—a girl.

F/Lt E. R. "Betty" Farquharson, from Edmonton, is the Matron and she wears the ribbon of the Order of the Royal Red Cross which was conferred on her in the last birthday honors.

At the right Cpl. George Hodgkinson hands the phone to P/O J. Boily as he puts in a bedside call. Below at the left W/C H. G. Osborne, S.M.O., checks the electrodes of the electroencephalogram while Sgt. T. Hutchinson looks through the window. At the right is a view of this machine which records electrical impulses of the brain and so determines brain injuries among other things.

(Photos by Sgt. E. Timbers)

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The adjutant is F/L N. V. Corbett who has served in the United Kingdom, Iceland, Newfoundland and every command in the R.C.A.F. He was an auxiliary gunner on the first Liberator bomber to cross the Atlantic on an operation sortie when he was doing ration survey investigation.

Squadron Leader J. F. Meakins, member of a famous family in Canadian medicine, is the internist for the hospital while F/L E. W. Lidington handles the medical inspection with F/L J. C. Armstrong on medical boards. F/L A. E. Hill is responsible for general medicine while the nursing sisters include P/O M. E. MacDougall, P/O E. B. Butts, P/O M. B. V. Stanton, P/O L. G. Eddy, P/O L. Broderick, F/O M. E. S. Dawson, P/O E. G. Green, F/O I. E. Hardwick, P/O E. L. Cavers and P/O N. M. Craig.

Another important section of the hospital is the Craft Shop, operated by the Y.M.C.A. War Services, where patients use their hands to help themselves on the road to recovery.

(Concluded on page 18)



The Battle of Rockcliffe

By WO2 H. A. DALMER

A certain decoration being worn by Officers, Airmen and Airwomen of the R.C.A.F. has been, at Rockcliffe Air Station, referred to as recognition for the "Battle of Rockcliffe." However, most of them are unable to amplify their reference, and, actually, are unaware of the details of the real "Battle of Rockcliffe."

It occurred several years ago when the aircrew station guard carried their rifles at the ready, and challenged all comers in clear, commanding voices—"Halt! Who goes there?" It was one of those nights! It is always one of those nights! In this particular case, it was a cold, dark and extremely rainy night, late in the fall.

The time was approximately 2200 hours, and on his beat on the air field the lonely guard moved quietly past the darkened hangars and among the silent aircraft. Something stirred in the rain near the Bolingbroke at the far end of the line. Immediately alert, the guard slipped along the tarmac for a closer look. He made out the shadowy figure of a man prowling about the aircraft.

"Halt! Who goes there?" he challenged at his best.

The half-obscure figure, instead of either halting or answering, rapidly retreated into the rain. Pausing only to fire a quick shot after the fugitive and to call out to the next beat, the guard raced forward in pursuit. That shot, although not heard around the world, was definitely heard around Rockcliffe, and in no time flat the whole station sprang into activity.

Guards, half-dressed and slicker-clad were rushed to the fray with loaded rifles. Service Police poured down the hill in trucks. The Orderly Sergeant, rudely awakened from a dose in his cozy office, climbed into a station wagon with the Orderly officer to speed valiantly to the scene. Fire trucks with searchlights roared into the mud of the airfield and bogged down to their hubs.

During this preliminary skirmishing, occasional shots rapped into the night as guards fired up the hill into the deep brush where the fugitive had disappeared. As the fire truck slogged into position, their searchlights bathed the hillside in brilliance—and the rain poured down. Dozens of guards

raced through the mud and into the wet brush, fanned out in a long, searching line as they fought their way up the hill. Rifle bullets kept spitting into the night and yells accompanied the search.

Up in the barracks, excited airmen crowded at windows, vainly trying to learn what was happening and making wild guesses. Later, they reported rifle bullets thudding into the building—but failed to show the marks.

Meanwhile, after surveying the situation from the vantage point of the fire trucks, the Orderly Officer decided that a reconnaissance patrol was in order, and, accompanied by the Orderly Sergeant, make a quick run along the highway just outside of camp, watching for a bedraggled figure on the road, at wayside stands or to emerge from the bush. Since no contact was made with the enemy, the patrol returned to the station and drew up at the radio listening station, some distance in front of the advancing searchers.

A brave, but bewildered guard huddled against the building, peering across the field at the line of trees screening the activity. It was a fearsome situation for any man for bedlam was loosed in the woods. Rifles spat sharply, trampled bushes cracked, branches snapped and shouts, cries and groans made the night horrid with sound.

Suddenly, a clear challenge was heard.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

And out of the darkness in frantic haste, came the classic reply, "Don't shoot, I'm a guard!"

The rain poured down, challenges were given and the hasty reply always followed, "Don't shoot, I'm a guard!"

At sometime after midnight, the Orderly Officer and the Orderly Sergeant retired from the field—muddy but unbeaten. Out at the front lines, the security guard struggled on through the night and the rain, litterly beating the bush flat in their search for the lone marauder—but he was not to be found. At last came the dawn, cold and wet and gray. And out of the bush trickled the guards, tired, cursing and soaked to the skin.

So ended the "Battle of Rockcliffe."

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Quisling

by S/L I. J. GREEN

The Marchettis were lonely. Ever since their marriage, thirty-five years earlier, they had lived in Ortona, earning a livelihood from the not-too-meagre proceeds of a general store which they began by managing and ended by owning.

Matalena, the wife, supported her loneliness by the treasured memories of her early happiness, when as a young girl of twenty-two she married her Vincenzo and crossed the threshold of that little store which was to become the hub of her world. In the confines of that dwelling she raised her small family and through the struggling years she knew joy and contentment, in the little things that gild the darker tones of domesticity and care.

The store was a never-ending delight to her, bringing acquaintances and friendship and hosts of gossips who beguiled her with news of happenings and expected happenings in a world which adjoined her own. Vincenzo too enjoyed his life. He was a good manager, even if a hard business man and he spent tireless hours on his two passions, his store and his son Giovanni. As a boy his ambition had been to join the Army. Frustrated by poor eyesight he determined that his son should have every chance to follow the path he had intended for himself, along which he hoped to accompany him in spirit.

Giovanni had fulfilled his father's fondest hopes. He did well at school, was accepted in the army, and rose rapidly by his ability and keenness. With allegiance to Mussolini he became steeped in Fascist doctrine, his warm Italian blood revelling in the theatrical showmanship of the Party. Along this glorious path he led his father, with visions of the bright future for the Italian Empire. The store became crowded, in the soft Italian evenings, with brother officers come to share Vincenzo's wine and thrill him with their stories and their dreams.

Vincenzo's daughter Leonora, born four years after Giovanni, barely succeeded in capturing even a part of his affections, so deeply did his son fill all his horizon. But if Vincenzo ignored his daughter, Matalena recompensed her for it. The father's pre-occupation with his son threw mother and daughter together and unconsciously a tiny rift appeared in the fabric of their lives.

Leonora, with her dark hair and brown eyes, had been blessed with an incomparably lovely voice. Training in the choir at Ortona, her talent had been recognized and Matalena's savings were poured out gladly, to start Leonora on the arduous road which faces those destined for the Opera House.

Matalena would never forget that night, so many years ago now, when she sat by the radio, tears of happiness running unashamedly down her face. It was amateur week at the Opera House La Scala in Milan and Leonora had been given her first big chance as Mimi in Puccini's "La Boheme." As her daughter's voice came to her, in the poignantly beautiful aria "Si mi chiamano Mimi," Matalena's cup of happiness was full and long after the Opera was ended she sat dreaming.

Success wrenched Leonora from her, and a bitter day brought news from New York that Leonora had quit her career to marry a Canadian and settle down in Montreal. Within a few years, those frequent early letters telling of Leonora's life in the New World became more rare, and now this dreadful war had crashed about her and severed her last and only contact.

Giovanni had escaped from the débâcle in Africa and in a brief leave with his father had endlessly discussed the fatal mistakes that had been made, still confident that victory could be won from their hated enemies. Matalena tired of this talk and was filled with dread forebodings of disaster. The store was no longer the centre of her world, filled as it was with soldiers, mostly German, arrogant and alien.

As the weeks passed, their dwindling stocks kept from Matalena her few remaining friends, who no longer called for daily purchases. With the ruin of Mussolini, Vincenzo still clung to the idols he had known, the Party and the Army, and blamed anything but the man who had accomplished his own downfall. He still clung to his German friends. Their patronage at least still kept him in business and he felt that their friendship assured the safety of his son.

People shunned the Marchettis. No longer did the townfolk come for a friendly chat or even greet them in the street. It did not sweeten their lot to remember how those who now avoided them were those who shouted "Doochay" with the rest. Vincenzo's erstwhile friends foregathered elsewhere and if they named him at all it was but with the Norwegian Judas' name.

As the year waned, the bloody fight drew to Ortona. Late one night a soldier burst into the deserted store. Despite the chill air outside he was hot and dishevelled. Little runnels of sweat ran down his gaunt brown face and mud was caked on his uniform.

Matalena's heart jumped as her quick eye read "Canada" on his shoulder. Vincenzo

QUISLING—Continued

too had seen and roughly intervened with an interrogation. Not understanding, the soldier pushed him aside and quickly moved to the rear of the store. Finding no one in the living room he tore off his tunic and slumped into an armchair, panting heavily.

"We must get rid of him and quickly" said Vincenzo in an undertone to his wife.

"He looks so tired, cannot he rest here for a while?" pleaded Matalena, and, turning pityingly towards the soldier, she placed before him a bottle of wine and a tumbler. The soldier quickly poured and drank thirstily with a wry expression of only half approval for this hospitality.

"No, he is an enemy, think what would happen to us and to Giovanni if he were found here," and Vincenzo, his mind made up, moved quickly across the store and slipped silently through the door.

Matalena, her heart beating wildly, stood there a mass of indecision. Feebly she murmured, "You must go before they come," but the soldier could not understand her and merely mopped his forehead and was evidently trying to thank her, in words she could not comprehend.

Precious minutes passed during which Matalena became more voluble, despairing of making him realize how immediate was his danger. Something of her alarm finally reached him, and he struggled to his feet. At that instant the whole store seemed full of Germans. With a curse the soldier turned and sprang through the rear exit of the living room, into the night.

A heavy rush of figures swept madly past Matalena, Vincenzo alone remaining before her. She stared at him—wordlessly, while her ears caught the sound of a near shout, drowned quickly by a sickening burst of fire.

Mechanically she groped for the chair before her trembling knees could fail her and as she moved the soldier's jacket, a wallet fell to the floor. Vincenzo lifted it and idly turned the cover. She caught the changed expression on his face and gazing down into his hands she knew.

Smiling up at her from the wallet was the lovely face of her daughter Leonora.

The Idea Behind Our Craft Shops

by WALTER J. E. SHEA
Senior YMCA Supervisor

When the war eventually comes to an end roughly two million service and war industry personnel will seek rehabilitation for civilian jobs.

Canada, by force of war necessity, has made tremendous strides in industrial production. Every effort must be made to avoid a reversion to the former situation with respect to Canada, namely, to a large extent exchanging raw or partly manufactured materials for fully manufactured or finished goods. True, for some time immediately after the Armistice, jobs will be available for almost everyone. However, unless we plan now, as individuals, the aftermath of the First Great War is not unlikely to be repeated.

There is no substitute for knowledge and training. The ability to create, such as we are attempting to develop in our Rockcliffe men and women's craft shops, should merit consideration. The hospital craft shop has become one of the busiest places on the station. Its occupational therapeutic value is inestimable, and augurs well to become one of the outstanding handicraft projects in Canada. The other two station craft shops are set up for a different purpose, namely, to develop skill in creative work.

It is general knowledge that everything that is machine made, must first be created or designed by hand. Specialists or even ordinarily trained persons in handicrafts, are scarcer than the proverbial hen's teeth. One can easily visualize, with some degree of certainty, the very urgent need arising in industry for personnel with craft shop experience, especially when wartime industry changes over to peacetime production of domestic needs.

Be sure that your chances of better enjoyment of peacetime leisure hours, and of possibly obtaining more congenial employment in peacetime industry, will be greatly enhanced by the use you make now of our craft shop facilities at Rockcliffe.

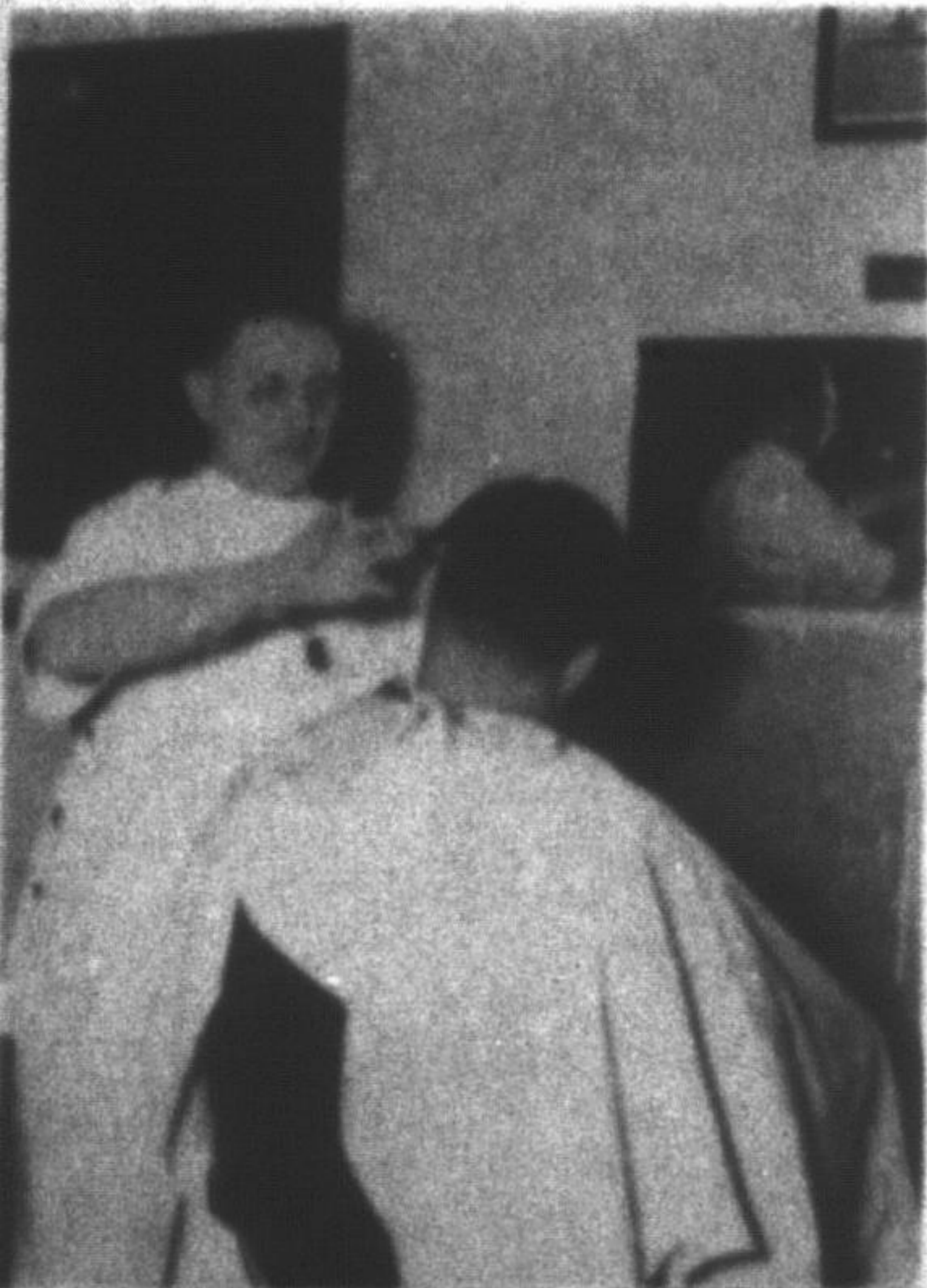
BELIEVE IT OR NOT

Camp Campbell, Ky. (CNS)—Members of Co. B, 27th Tank Battalion, were awakened the other morning by the musical tinkle of a tiny silver bell. While they stirred drowsily, a mess attendant appeared.

"Here's the menu," the attendant said. "Won't you order your breakfast in bed?"

The dog-faced boys gaped in amazement, but it wasn't a gag. Their commander, Capt. Kenneth F. Maxey, Jr., had ordered breakfast in bed for the company because of its fine showing in recent individual gun crew tests.

Station Personalities



MOSE KORN

A barber in civilian life gets to hear a lot of things but a barber on an R.C.A.F. station—well just ask Mose Korn who has been one of Rockcliffe's mainstays for six years.

A native of Ottawa, he learned the business in New York before setting up in his home town. Married, he is the father of one child—a girl.

Mose has seen 10 CO's, adjutants galore and thousands of officers and men during his "tour of duty" on Rockcliffe. At the start his shop was in No. 1 Barracks which had just been completed to take care of the 200 men on the station. At the outbreak of war he moved to the present wet canteen and then to the Drill Hall a year ago. He is mainly responsible for the station library as in five years he scrounged enough volumes to have it grow from 72 to 2700 books.

(Photo by LAC Basil Day)



SERGEANT RUTH BIRD

Of T & D Orderly Room. Active in station activities, being secretary of Rockcliffe Badminton Club and secretary of "Club T & D." Invariably good-natured and always willing to help out, she is crack badminton player.

(Photo by LAC R. Lutzke)



CORPORAL MARY FIELD

At Rockcliffe's Post Office for 22 months, she knows more station personnel than anybody else. Hails from Saskatchewan and had mail order experience with Simpson's before joining the service. She says her job is just a matter of memory but what a memory.

(Photo by LAC B. Day)



F/O GEORGE BROADLEY

The George of As I Always Say (missing this issue as this is his "no-think month") comes from Peterborough. An associate editor of "Crosswinds" he is a staff pilot for Communications. A year ago, while on ops in Newfy, most of his right hand was lopped off by the prop of a Catalina but today he is back flying—the first hand amputation case in the RCAF to do so.

(Photo by Sgt. W. Gynance)

W.D. Chatter

by Cpl. MARJORIE FRANKLIN

Following its presentation to the N.C.O.'s at a recent weekly lecture rehabilitation has been the topic of much W. D. CHATTER. During the lecture it was suggested that service life can make us most apathetic and we might well start planning our individual rehabilitation now so as to avoid carrying this apathy into civilian life.

This is food for thought, isn't it? Quite honestly we must admit this life does deprive us of a sense of responsibility and a feeling of self-support. Pay day we can take our entire fifteen days' efforts and squander them in one gala splurge. The next day we can proceed to have ourselves an appendicitis operation, an ulcerated tooth, and then two or three weeks sick leave. All this time there is never a thought regarding doctors' bills, or room and board. Subsequent pay days are fruitful and augmented by subsistence allowance covering sick leave. Does the reader feel this is his just inheritance?

This certainly seems the most feasible method of handling a volume of people such as we have in uniform but can we expect such a method to continue after discharge? Would it profit us or our country if it did continue?

The previous edition of CROSSWINDS published two rather interesting articles on rehabilitation. Peculiarly enough these were published opposite each other and presented rather conflicting thoughts. On the one hand we were presented with an opportunity to fit ourselves for a "fighting chance" in a post war world such as presented by Winston Churchill in his address of Sunday March 26th. This is the type of rehabilitation that will give rise to pride, prosperity, and above all self respect, without which no one can be completely happy.

On the other hand we view a post war world in which we become "dependent on paternalism." Is this what we want, and if so does the fact that we spend a few years in uniform entitle us to a free ride at the Country's expense? By all means let us remember and honour the lads overseas who are bearing the brunt of physical attack but at the same

time let us retain our common sense. Fundamentally what we do for our Country we do for ourselves and any feeling of "I served my Country, now my Country can serve me" is revolting. In the first place the fact that a man is or is not in uniform does not signify to what extent he is serving his Country. Who, but we in uniform, are better judges of this fact? In the second place who is foolhardy enough to suppose that because a man has been a splendid pilot he will necessarily make a splendid statesman, or even a politician, or, because a woman is a former servicewoman she will make the better civil servant?

As service personnel we should be vitally interested in rehabilitation. We should be sufficiently interested to demand a rehabilitation plan that will make us independent rather than dependent. We should be sufficiently interested to prepare ourselves to take an active part in such a plan.

This calls for an awakening of Young Canada. It is we who are the source of Democracy and with sufficient energy at the source we can make it what we choose. Let us decide now what we want and then let us go after it earnestly. Let us view with concern flattery and enticing speeches. These things breed false pride and false hopes and will ultimately lead us to the post-war fiasco we are attempting to avoid.

THOUGHTS OF YOU (To Someone Overseas)

I do not know where I could go
Or what I'd feel or do
I don't know how I'd live at all
But for the thought of you.

The thought that knocks upon my heart
And when the dawn is grey
Gives me the strength to rise and strive
To face another day.

The thought that's like a shelter when
Life's stormy weather blows
And makes a wilderness of prayer
To blossom like a rose.

I don't think I could carry on
Or ever should come through
The troubles that have weighed me down
But for the thought of you.

F.H.

No Wine, No Women, No Song

By LAC R. S. HARMER

Spring is here and your thoughts are turning to lighter things such as walks in the park, strolling down the avenue with your best gal, and of course there's that small matter of postings which always seems to blossom forth at this time of year.

So, have you given any thought to the matter of where you'd like to spend the summer, or are you too busy squiring the Ottawa gals around? You haven't and aren't? Then feast your little white eyeballs on the following words. This is for you, chum.

But first, let's get one thing straight. Don't start a stampede on your postings officer. Take it easy. There's room for all. I'm sure EAC will gladly accommodate all those so naive as to volunteer for Goose Bay, that station that even the wilderness feels sad and lonely about.

What? You don't want to go? Come, come, where's your pioneer spirit. And besides it's not as rough as you think. But don't use these leading questions as I did when I first hit that glorified filling station. It took three months for the shock to wear off.

When you scramble out of the plane headlong into a snowbank and find your lungs gasping for a breath of foul air, don't grope for the nearest AC and ask, "Where is the wet canteen?" because, he'll look at you piteously and say, "There just isn't any, lad. Drop into the dry canteen tonight for a spot of cocoa. It's on the house."

Now that shouldn't stagger you too much. After all, can you get any beer in Ottawa? See what I mean?

And don't let your wolfish eyes start to wander up the snow-hacked streets and along the barrack blocks in search of something soft and feminine. You're due for a shock. They're feminine, but they're not soft—these Labrador gals. Dressed in heavy mackinaws, their straight, black hair done up in braids, faces roughened by the cold, biting air, their idea of a date is to throw an axe or a peevie at you and do a bit of cutting down the old pine tree or rolling on a log until you fall into the icy water.

Then, too, you're liable to ask where they dance. You'll have to smarten up. How do you expect to gain admittance to cafe-society in Labrador if you keep asking silly questions. But if you do know some officer and I'm sure he'd be glad to give you his spare tunic, you may wind up in the arms of some American nurse in the officers' mess dance. Get that gleam out of your eye.

So now, you want to know what a person really does with his time. You grab snowshoes or skis, load up a .303 and flounder through the snow. You get excited over tracks you see in the snow and can just see yourself bringing in a big grizzly. Won't that give the folks at home a thrill?

You plunge gamely ahead and hours later come across a settlement. A few huskies snarl at you and by comparing the size of their paws, you see the light. No big game today. You start back for the station and it is a long, long way off. A howling blizzard springs up, you lose your way, your whole body is paralyzed and finally when you've just about given up hope, you do reach the barracks. And does that hot cocoa ever taste good?

Even Summer Arrives

And if you stay long enough, summer does eventually catch up with you. About the first of July some of the hardier souls, (that's you, you've been here six months now), test the diving board at the American dock. After you've dodged the ice floes for an hour, you won't mind it at all. You'll be so numb, you'll have lost all feeling.

But the days go by and the sun turns molten. The whole airport turns into a desert and when the wind blows you think you're on a sizeable chunk of the Sahara. The sand dunes pile up. You see mirages. The Paul Jones camel lurks behind every pile of sand driving AC's mad with his, "Ah sahib, how would you like a tall, cool one?"

You have sand in your hair, in your bed, in your food. Gritty isn't it? But it'll wear a polish on your teeth that would put Bob Hope to shame. For myself, I wasn't so lucky. It wore mine down to the roots.

You feel you've endured enough, but it's only just begun. Out of the swamps and muskeg that surrounds the station comes the deadly swarm. You lie awake at night and hear the deadly drone. It's Goose Bay under an air attack.

You wake up in the morning feeling that you've been in a fight. You look across at your chum's swollen eyes and face and laugh, a laugh that dies suddenly when you look in the mirror yourself. You don't look so hot either, do you?

But August. Now there's the month. The water is perfect for swimming. The fish in the bay have you dreaming of a hot, buttered frying pan. You have a weekend pass. You get a rowboat, or a launch if you're lucky,

No Wine, No Women, No Song

Continued

scrounge enough grub at the mess hall to do an army for a month and you're off for thirty-six hours down the coast.

You lie on your back by an open fire. There's the odor of crisp bacon and frying fish, tantalizing coffee and thick pieces of toast. The stars above are bright and the northern lights are shifting and shimmering in patches of green, red and violet.

You feel at peace with the world. You think back to the torments of the damned you've suffered for just this one month and wonder. Was it worth it?

It will be. You'll go back to civilisation and stare with awe at all the things you took for granted. Your eyes will pop open with surprise at the tall buildings, the noise and confusion will scare you. People will see that wild, bush light in your eyes and think you're crazy. Even your girl friend will be worried at your actions. In fact, stay away from her until you've forgotten how to wrestle Labrador style with Annie Mukluck. Your gal won't appreciate it.

So grab your dog team and start heading north. But don't say I didn't warn you.

THE ADJUTANT

Who every morning beats the lark,
Who works each day till after dark
Sans recognition or remark?—

THE ADJUTANT.

Who puts things right with C.H.Q.,
When "Whys?" and "Please explains" come
through

Who knows a blooming thing or two?—

THE ADJUTANT.

Who's always wanted on the 'phone,
Who has no time to call his own,
Who's uncrowned king without a throne?

THE ADJUTANT.

To whom are applications sent
From "Yores sur most obedient
"May I go 'ome, I 'ates this tent?"

THE ADJUTANT.

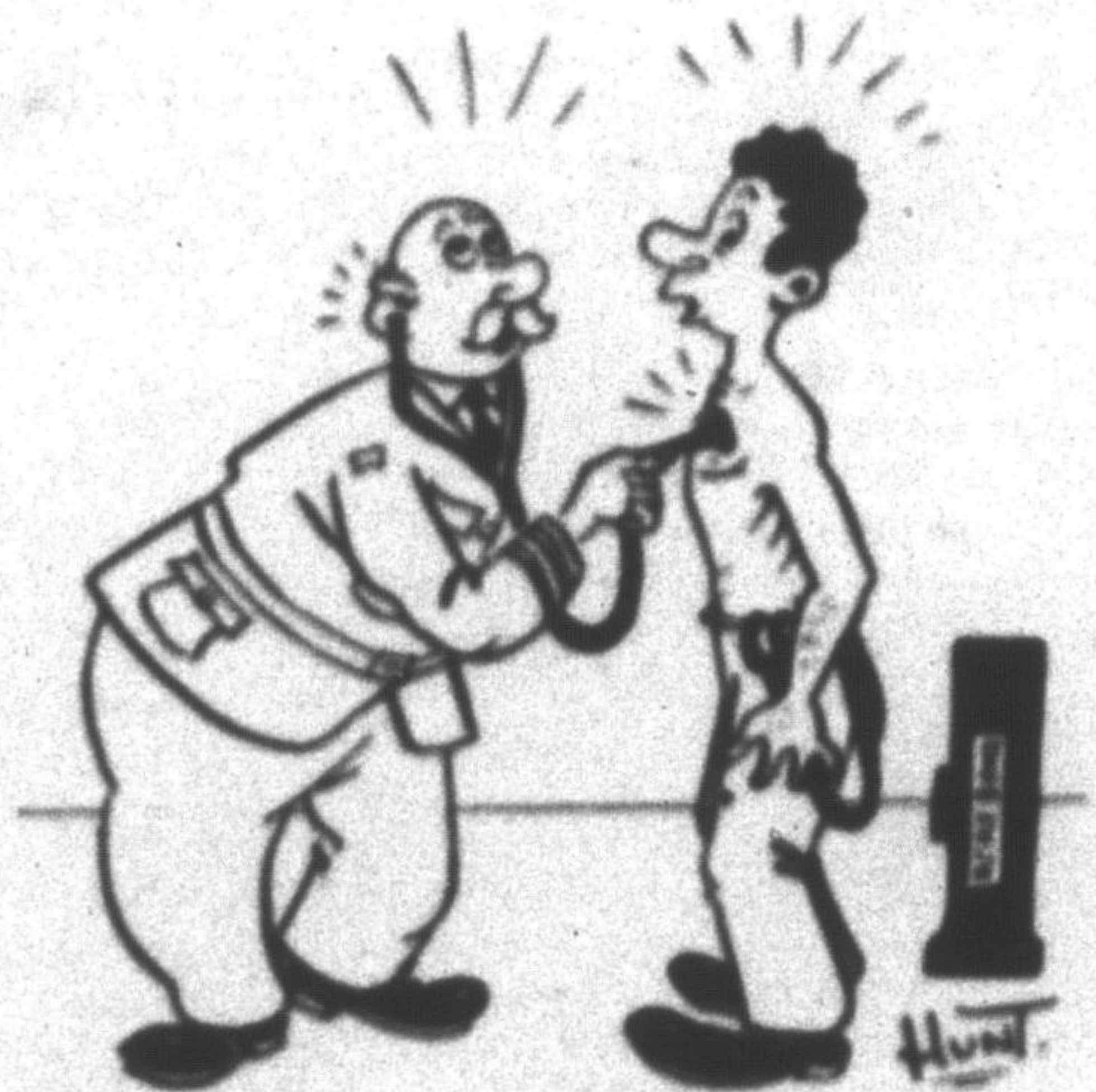
Who always tries to be polite,
Who's always wrong and never right,
Who never pleases all ranks, quite?—

THE ADJUTANT.

Cartoons by Hunt



Okay - Okay - So I took you off Subsistence -
SO WHAT!!



You're Right - It's "Eight-to-the-Bar!"

Reincarnation of the Gillygilloo Bird

By A.L.T.

To historians and scientists alike it will be a revelation to read the above title. Indeed, to many it may well be unbelievable. The writer is one of a handful of men who had the exceptional privilege of reading the original treatise on this rare ornithological monstrosity. It is unfortunate in the extreme that the record was never preserved in printed form, because the MS has been long since lost to posterity. If it had been published, it would read like the most fantastic of fiction.

From a very sieve-like memory I can recall some of the salient features of the past history of this near-mythical bird. It appears that its ancestors thrived on a lesser-known planet. These curious creatures had the faculty of reasoning, and were able to forecast accurately that the planet on which they lived was doomed to be destroyed by an explosion caused by the combination of several natural elements. In an effort to perpetuate their race, the parents of an infant of the species undertook to harness some of the explosive power which was ultimately to destroy them, and use it to project their progeny into space.

By a quirk of circumstance the creature terminated its inter-planetary voyage on Earth, where it lived a nightmarish life until it finally disappeared from human ken, and was presumed to be dead. People of an earlier generation often saw this pristine bird dashing madly across the skies, propelled by means of its matched-power dual rocket tubes. As awakening science triumphantly led trusting humanity farther into obscurity, the trail marking this bird's progress across the heavens was explained by the preposterous and outlandish story that it was caused by the passage of a meteor.

Through the centuries the Gillygilloo bird has exerted a very subtle, but telling, influence upon world events by reason of its unfathomable ability to think. Most of the results of its actions in this direction are ancient history, but some of the more recent are of current interest.

For instance, it may be interesting to note that during the first Great War there was an occasion when our forces were able to turn defeat into victory by the spiritual sublimation instilled into them by the sight of the Cross of St. George formed in the sky by what appeared to be a divine miracle. In reality this symbol resulted from the Gillygilloo bird's visible rocket trail crossing itself. This demonstration was intentional, and would indicate that the bird favoured a victory for our forces in that conflict. Subsequent events lead one to believe that its political and economical (as well as diplomatic) theories have remained unchanged until the present time.

During this war, many German pilots have crashed for no apparent reason. The explanation of these crashes is that the Gillygilloo bird flies in front of the aircraft and flashes its red light. This incredible performance is only possible because the bird has as issue equipment a complete set of lights similar to those used at traffic intersections. The pilot immediately believes that he is confronted with a stop-light, and automatically applies the air-brake. The aircraft skids to a stop, and the resulting loss of flying speed causes the aircraft to go into a spin, and ultimately crash. Anyone familiar with the principles of aerodynamics will have no difficulty in understanding the theories involved. This tactic effectively disposes of another enemy pilot.

Sometimes our own aircraft have been so badly shot up during combat that they cannot possibly fly back to their base. Yet they do return. Not even the pilots of these aircraft realize that their salvation lies in the fact that the Gillygilloo bird places itself behind the plane, well out of sight, and proceeds to push the aircraft. To avoid detection, and to protect its abnormal modesty, the bird disappears just before the pilot limps in for a landing, leading the authorities to believe in supernatural intervention in the affairs of humanity, or that the pilot is an undiscovered genius.

The naval service has also had reason to be thankful for the participation of the Gillygilloo bird in present hostilities. On one occasion, two enemy battle fleets were converging on the same United Nations objective, each unaware of the presence of the other. The objective was defenceless, which was well known to the enemy. All would have been lost, had not the Gillygilloo bird planted itself, unseen, on one of the ships and proceeded to send Morse signals so they could be observed by the approaching fleet. In this case, the amber light was used, and the signals were sent in English. This caused the approaching fleet to conclude that a British fleet had been brought into the area, so they opened fire on it. Conversely, the first fleet presumed the other was British, and immediately returned a brisk salvo. The result was an overwhelming naval victory for us, gained with the loss of neither men nor equipment. Germans never did discover their tragic mistake, and their propaganda machine ground out statistics to prove that we had suffered a complete defeat, losing dozens of capital ships and thousands of men, while German losses were miraculously light.

In view of the above facts, is it not logical that there should be a growing wave of optimism sweeping the country? By the benevolent grace of the Gillygilloo bird, victory is virtually in our grasp.

DISCIPLINARIAN

Abaht first man tha'll meet on joinin' t' Air Force,

Is one wi' a manner severe.

'is eye flashes sparks, ' won't stand fer no larks,

Wot tha's used to, tha just can't do 're.

When tha goes out to drill, tha'll find 'im reight theer

Lookin' smart wi' 'is buttons so bright.

Wi' a way that's inspirin, 'e 'as thee perspirin'

As 'e tells thee wot's wrong an' wot's reight.

Tha's bewildered an' puzzled wi' 'ooks an' wi' crowns

T' meanin' o' which tha don't know.

But 'e will explain—sometime e's profane,

On t' deference to rank tha must show.

If someone acts silly an' wont play t' game,

When we're otherwise smart on parade.

'e'll be most sarcastic, an take action drastic,

Cuttin' loose wi' a frightful tirade.

So strict when on dooty, tha'd never believe

That 'e's 'uman. But such is the case.

After day's work 'as ended, an' 's elbow 'e's bended,

That grim frown just fades from 'is face.

'e gives advice freely, to any that ask

An' 'e'll 'elp one an' all on theer way.

But don't ever bluff, fer tha'll find 'e'll be rough.

An' through thy nose 'e'll sure make thee pay.

'e 'as to be patient, yet discipline keep

As men off details try to wangle.

'e 'as to stop many a squabble an' fuss,

Fer some lads eternally wrangle.

'is efforts so earnest, Ah'm sad to relate

Are so often fruitless, an' spoiled.

It's quite a 'ard job, to please this thankless mob.

Theer is some that in oil should be boiled.

Former Rockcliffe CO., Captain J. G. Bryans, whose wife now resides in Vancouver, but who lived for years in Saskatoon, has taken over command of the station in England comprising the "Lion" and "Bison" squadrons of the R.C.A.F. Bomber Group. He succeeds Group Captain J. L. Plant, of Victoria, B.C., who has returned to Canada. For the new CO, this is the second trip overseas in this war. Before assuming his present command he had charge of another station in the same group. He joined the Air Force in 1929, as a member of the Permanent Force.

(RCAF Overseas Photo)

'e'll work fer 'is men an' they should realize, Wot a friend, that they 'ave in this chap.

Tho' 'e's sometimes abusin', 'e's often amusin' Like the day 'e forbade playin' crap.

It's most necessary, to 'ave men like 'im,

To give lads a push or a shove.

Fer 'is dooty is plain, Ah don't 'ave to explain

Oo Ah mean in the verses above.

F/S C. W. Usherwood

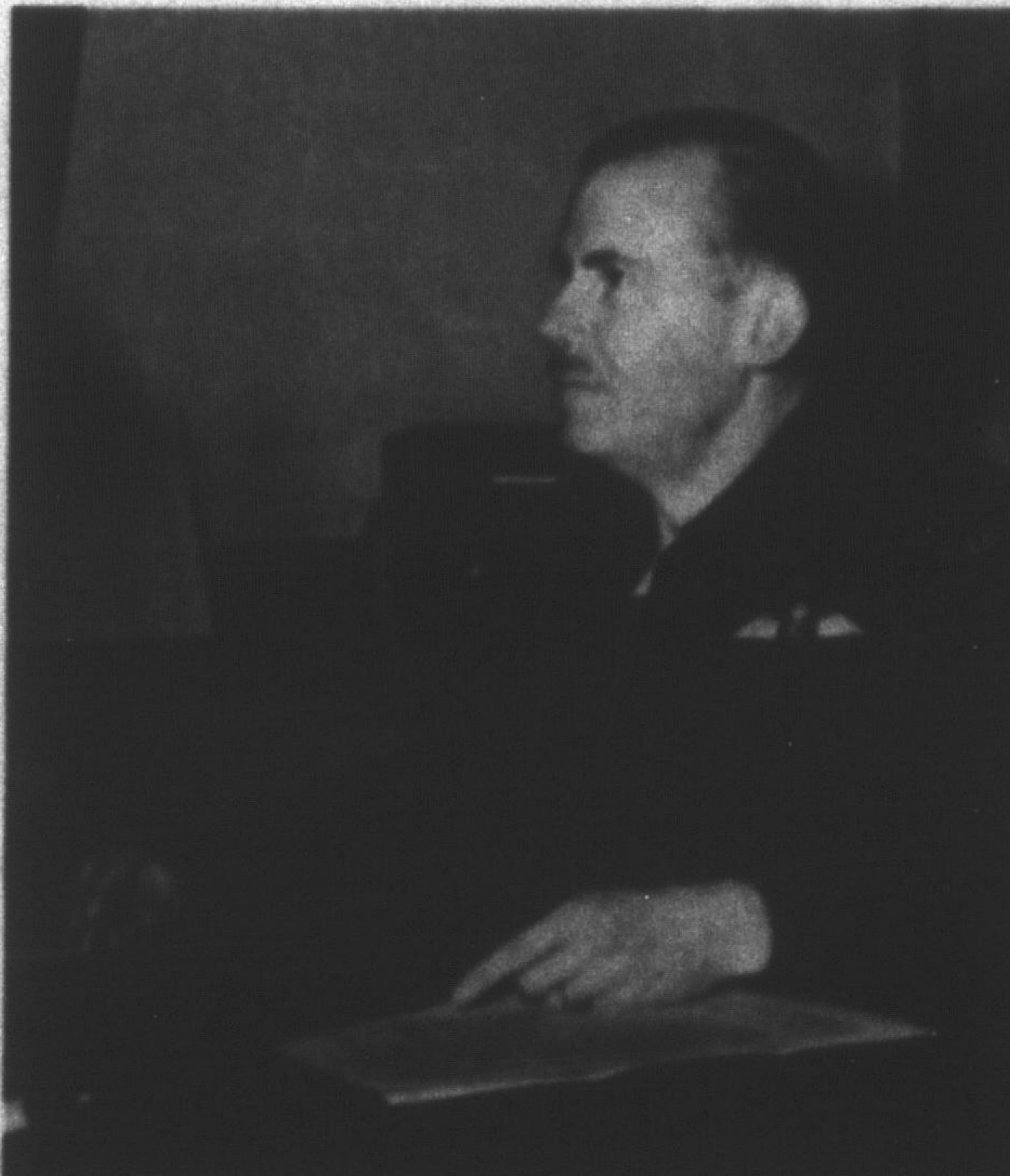
(Now at No. 1 Training Command in Toronto, F/S Usherwood will be remembered by Rockcliffe old-timers as a member of a fighter squadron that was stationed here.)

For his story "Quisling," Squadron Leader J. J. Green of T & D wins this month's short story contest and \$5 in cash. Let's have more entries as soon as possible as the deadline for this competition is the 20th of every month.

Tin Hats Coming

One of the top-ranking entertainment units in Canada, the Tin Hat Revue of the Montreal Repertory Theatre will play Rockcliffe on Saturday, April 29, according to Walter Shea, Senior Y.M.C.A. Supervisor.

The C.O. has given his permission for wives and civilian friends of Rockcliffe personnel to attend the performance, so the Montrealers should have a big crowd on hand.



Communications Sweep Sports

After a tense and thrilling playoff series in the various winter sports, winners have been duly crowned and pre-game calculations shattered.

No. 12 Communication Squadron emerged winners of three of the five titles. They are the champions of: volleyball, ice hockey and minor basketball. In eliminating the Mail Squadron in ice hockey, they had an extremely pugnacious contest. To give an indication as to the interest created, approximately 200 enthusiasts from the two squadrons gave up their noon hour to watch the game at the Auditorium. This squadron also upset the intentions of Photo School to become champions at volleyball.

The Service Police with their formidable defence barrier just nosed out the Band for honours in floor hockey while the Repats hung onto their major basketball trophy.

To those teams that were on the lower end of the score, may we say that without their fine co-operation and sportsmanship the various leagues would have been unable to operate. Special mention must be given the following personnel who have acted as unit sports representatives and have worked relentlessly and as energetic statisticians in arranging their specific unit's sports.

Cpl. "Mac" McElligot: Native of Lachine, Que., who has been at Rockcliffe since his enlistment in 1940. Member of two softball

championships when playing for "Alliance Nationale" of Montreal. Participated in softball on station and was with this season's volleyball winners. Is responsible for the efficient organizing of all sports of No. 12 Comm. Sqn.

LAC "Obie" Obront: Born in Montreal and has played with various teams there in hockey, basketball and softball. Service career since 1941 has been extensively connected with sports. Severely injured on "Caribou" when torpedoed off the coast of Newfoundland. The instigator of all sports in the Mail Squadron.

The men's doubles championship in Badminton was won by Cpl. McCord (Mail) and LAC Medland (No. 12) who displayed blinding speed to emerge victors. (Did we hear Sgt. Silmsier participated. tsh! tsh!).

The Rockcliffe Flyers are now in the finals with Uplands in a best-of-three series for the Garrison Basketball League championship. F/S Fulton informs us that we can make room for another trophy.

The W. D. basketball team, marching merrily along, are looking forward to a promising ending. Hugh Stevenson refuses to commit himself but has been going around with a pronounced grin lately. Is it true he is connecting his team with the championship?



The Rockcliffe W.D. basketball team which has done very well this season. Back Row, left to right—LAW Helen McDonald, Sgt. Ada Jones, LAW Chris McKeller, LAW "Des" Lalonge, LAW "Chuck" Dowding, LAW Millie Evans. Front Row—AW Grace Hayter, AW "Timmie" Gunther, Hugh Stevenson—Coach, Sgt. Marg. Hillis, LAW Grace West, S.O Jean Atkinson.

Boxing classes are still in progress and F/S Fulton expects to present some interesting boxing shows this summer. The P. T. Staff are at present concentrating and arranging

for the summer sports programme. We know that with a successful winters sports programme behind us, we can rely on the P.R. Staff for a duplication for summer sports.

Male Call

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

He'll Have To Go Through Chanel's



The Gen from the Flats

As another deadline approaches, it appears that the major item of interest from T & D, the outpost squadron, is the shuffle into the hangar formerly occupied by Ferry flight and into the "White House," once the Station Administration building. Acquisition of two new buildings has given T & D practically complete possession of the North side of the air field and has relieved the congestion that prevailed when all sections of the squadron were jammed under one roof.

A general shift also took place inside the original hangar as all sections scrambled for the most advantageous rooms, vacated by the sections moving into the new buildings. Paint flew freely in all directions as the buildings were spruced up, and carpenters added to the general melee as they shifted partitions, built new ones and generally re-conditioned the wood-work throughout the squadron.

On the evening of March 7th, "Club T & D" was host to the squadron at a Unit dance held in No. 7 M.D. Recreation Hall. Music was provided by the R.C.A.F. orchestra in its usual rhythmic style, and jitterbugs and "slow" dancers were all given their fling. The station C.O. honoured the squadron with his presence for a short while during the evening. Pilot Officer Fred Hiley, and his bride, the former Miss Eleanor Price of Toronto, were introduced to the assemblage, and were presented with a wedding gift of cocktail tray and glasses. The couple promptly christened them—with coca-cola!

T & D's bowling league approaches the end of the season with the last regularly scheduled game to be played March 30th. The first four teams will then enter the play-offs, and this has led to a bitter struggle for fourth place berth among the Hurricanes, Electro-neers, Armourers and Workshops No. 2.

Sgt. John Theriault, with his score of 365, still holds undisputed lead for "high single" honours, although threatened by several other "over 300 scores."

The departure of F/Sgt. "Carl" Irish for St. Johns, Que., during March, left the squadron without the services of one of its "long service" N.C.O.'s and took from Rock-cliffe an outstanding athlete and sportsman. Active in all organized sports, Carl has long been a member of station basketball, baseball and softball teams. Popular throughout the station, F/Sgt Irish will be missed by many persons.

Some mention should be made of the T & D Noontime Bridge Club which has been holding almost daily sessions for well over a year. Charter members are lunch-bearing airmen, devotees of the Culbertson pastime who play with gusto, sometimes with finesse, but always with fervor. Some of the bidding and play may be unorthodox, but they achieve results—often drastic! Organized by W.O.1 "Larry" Miller (now Flight Lieutenant), players in the four-handed game have varied from time to time, but two of the originals, F/Sgts. Archie Murdock and Cecil Patton, still appear to entertain the kibitzers.

New Station Hospital—Continued

WO1 Ken Barker who just arrived is the WO in charge of the hospital and he took over from WO1 A. W. Richardson who is awaiting retirement after 25 years in the medical service. Sgt. E. S. "Archie" Archibald is the WD NCO in charge of the orderly room while F/S George Laffleur is in charge of admissions and discharges with Cpl. Louis Poirier taking care of the records. F/S Harold Graham is the pharmacist while F/S Wally Meehan, the old man of the hospital—he came here with the R.C.A.M.C. in 1940—is in charge of medical equipment. Cpl. Cy Cloutier handles the sick parades while the three wardmasters are F/S J. A. Dean, Surgical; F/S V. Underell, Medical; and Cpl. "Jamaica" Williscroft who has the W.D.'s.

George: They say you can tell a girl's character by her clothes.

Charlie: I don't believe it. Girls must have more character than that.

INVITATION PARTIES

Of late, there has been a marked falling off in acceptances of invitations to "off station" parties, week-end accommodation, etc., Mr. Shea reports. This is perhaps due to personnel not reading the "notice" section in D.R.O.'s appearing each day. The Senior Y.M.C.A. Supervisor has invitations coming in almost daily and his medium for placing this information in the hands of interested personnel is through D.R.O.'s. As a gesture of appreciation to the families and organizations who send in invitations to these affairs and to lighten the task of your Y.M.C.A. Supervisor, who is acting as booking agent on your behalf, please refer to "Notice Section" of Daily Routine Orders, every day.

Unto the hat the girdle said,
"Proceed my darling dear,
While you, sweet hat, go on ahead,
I shall bring up the rear."

Photo Centre News

Former Rockcliffe photographers continue to pop up these days at No. 1 Photo Centre. The latest here for refresher courses include Cpl. R. A. Jones, LAC Art Blakey, LAC G. S. Robinson, LAC I. Brownstein, and LAC H. W. Lawrence.

In addition three comparative veterans got posted recently. Cpl. Lil Rosenberg got a posting to Saskatoon and at the same time became a sergeant and a hospital patient. In addition to being one of the spark plugs of the orderly room she was on numerous committees on the station besides every one the Photo Centre ever had. LAC Donald MacDonald, who used to be on the sick visiting committee, went to Maitland, N.S., where they teach aircrew graduates how to be commandos. LAC Jack Marsters eventually got an overseas posting but it was a great sorrow leaving that beautiful coke machine.

Pilot Officer Phil Quinn turned up on a short spell of leave while waiting to take a bomber over. A former Press Section lad he remustered to aircrew quite a while back and has just finished part of his training in the sunny south.

LAW Hazel Haroldson and F/S Rollie Ford, with Press downtown, got themselves engaged and so a wedding is in the offing this spring. Stan Brede returned from his special duty out west, along with LAC'S Carter, Mulholland and Drummond, got a couple of hooks and is getting married to Miss H. Bertrand of Ottawa. Cpl. Pepin became a father of a boy recently as did Sgt. Marcel Demers who brought back an English wife when he returned from overseas.

In the realm of sport Cpl. Osborne and LAC McKee ran off with the badminton tournament while Ossie teamed with Sgt. Jimmy Ewers to take the ping-pong title. Sgt. Settle's contests of scientific deduction were very popular and it is hoped he will conduct some others in the near future.

Sgt. George Craven, not content with attacking badminton shuttles practically every day, has decided to be a "big" bow and arrow man with an eye to a post-war career in the woods north of Port Arthur. Already he has interested a few "suckers" and the Uchi Archery Club is just around the corner.

The Photo Centre is doing O.K. in the RCAF Art show with WO2 Steve Dalton, F/S MacMillan and LAC Callaghan all having paintings in the exhibit which will tour the country.

Over at Photo Reconnaissance the boys are happy now they have a new B-25 Mitchell to play around with. This is the first of a series due to come to this rapidly-expanding unit. Volleyball and ping-pong contests are now on with five teams taking part in the volleyball.

Communication Notes

There seems to be no end to the achievements attained by the personnel of Communication Squadron.

Only recently there was a mass volunteering for donations to the Red Cross Blood Bank which brings the total up to 85 to date.

Speaking of achievements, Flight Sergeant G. R. Charron, B.E.M., is the father of a baby girl while the same goes for LAC R. Chartrand. LAC O. Ruttle came through with a male addition to the human race.

The squadron is pretty proud these days over its athletic achievements and this is a good opportunity to say "thank you" to the members of the winning hockey, basketball and volleyball teams.

The St. Patrick's dance which the squadron threw in the Drill Hall was a great success. Not only was a goodly number of people on hand to take part in the proceedings but it seemed as though most of the people were having a good time. The committee certainly worked hard on that one and so a round of applause for the boys and girls who "put it over."

Our deepest apologies to Sgt. Carrey and Sgt. Lillie, those things do happen. And the same to Sgt. Yardwood or bird or sumpin'.

BLUE

(To F.B.)

There's blue in the vault of the endless sky,
There's blue in the sea—a shimmering blue
That deepens, down where the corals lie.

There's blue on the feathered breast of the jay,
There's blue on the flower—a delicate blue
That shades into purple, or fades away.

There's blue in the flick'ring fire aglow,
There's blue on the mountain top—frozen blue
That mists into white 'mid the glittering snow.

Yet these blues all fade, even the loveliest dies,
But there's one blue that ageless—a glorious
blue,

'Tis the blue I love best—the blue of your eyes.

R.M.B.

WACS HAVE SYSTEM

Ft. Monmouth, N. J. (CNS)—WACS stationed here have a watchdog named Pal who is silent when in the presence of women but immediately starts barking when a man passes the barracks.

Friend: "I see you are driving a new car."
Insurance agent: "Yes, I tried to sell an insurance policy to an automobile salesman."

H.Q. Ramblings

Spring is coming and along with it comes many activities which were shelved for the winter months. The parade square is slowly but surely being relieved of its snowy burden and one envisages many long minutes of parades and drills—yes, spring brings forth many things including S.W.O. Vezina, F/Sgt. Clarke and a parade square full of drill-rusty airwomen and airmen.

PT is another activity which sprung with spring. Even the pay office staff turn out every Tuesday and Thursday for an hour. Their "Big Twosome" consists of F/Sgt. "Larry" Ritchie and F/Sgt. Frank Roney. If we don't get outside soon the Drill Hall will need reinforcing!

It won't be long now before you see groups of WD's and Airmen picking up the papers and bottles they nonchalantly tossed into the deep snow. It isn't so easy to pick them all up again.

Congratulations to F/Sgt. Jack Keay and LAC W. H. Warner on becoming fathers recently.

If the Pay Office seems dull these days, it is because it lost its brightest jester when LAC "Comes the Revolution" Bill Aranoff was posted to St. Huberts. Good luck, Bill.

Congratulations to Sgt. Ted Stenson of the Equip. Section, Cpl. Ben Gurofsky of N.P.F. and Cpl. P. R. Blane of the Duplicating Pool on their promotions.

A word to those who have not had their section or personnel mentioned in "Crosswinds"—please appoint someone as reporter and have him or her send their notes on section news to "The Editor"/Stn. Chapel or Pay Office.

That's all 'til next month.

R.G.

Bad men want their women to be like cigarettes—slender, trim, to be selected without much thought, set aflame—and when the flame has subsided, discarded.

Fastidious men want their women to be like cigars. They are more expensive, make a better appearance, last longer, and after all if the brand is good, they are seldom discarded.

Good men want their women to be like pipes. Something to become attached to, knocked gently but lovingly, fondled in a dreamy sentimental mood, and given the greatest care and consideration.

A man will give you a cigarette—offer you a cigar—but he never shares his pipe.



Padre's Corner

"He is not here! He is risen!"

This Easter season reminds us of the tremendous triumph of Jesus Christ over death, sin and the grave. His resurrection is the axis about which all Christian truth revolves for: "If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain."

But He victoriously arose with the ability and power to enable us to rise; to rise above our circumstances, to rise above the world's magnetism; to rise above the power of inbred sin.

During these dark days of war when doubt, despair, destruction and death are everywhere, let us place our faith in Him who said: "I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

Thus we too shall experience that resurrection power, and live the more abundant life. The hope it brings will garrison our hearts and minds in times of sorrow and bereavement; its power will make us more than conquerors of those sins which do so easily beset us; its invincibility will assure us of ultimate triumph in the cause of righteousness. Such faith and power will make us new creatures for a new world.

JACK SCOTT, F/L

Senior Station Chaplain (P)

Without being a specialist everyone knows the wonderful working of the animal instinct. In attack or defense, for work or rest every animal puts to the best advantage the means with which he was endowed by nature. Man is the exception. His superiority over all the other living beings and even over the inert forces of the universe lies in his mind, in his power of reasoning, in his ability to reach to and analyse the very nature of things. But, generally speaking, man makes little use of his thinking apparatus.

There is nothing rash in this statement and, as I make it, I do not mean to be cynical. On this station how many airmen and W.D's give not only deep thought but any kind of thought to the important problems facing the world today? A dance or a well-publicized variety show will draw a crowd of hundreds. A study club, a discussion group—[?] And a Church service where the most serious of problems will be discussed!?

The power of a dictatorship—whether of an individual or of a party—rests precisely in the knowledge that men do not behave according to their own thinking but are led blindly by slogans forcibly driven into their minds. It took Hitler ten years of epileptic shouting before he became leader of the German people. The iniquity of the Treaty of Versailles; the need of living space for Germans; the protection of German nationals; the superiority of the German race; such were his slogans. They were ridiculous but they stuck!

The leaders of the democracies picked up the gauntlet and opposed slogan to slogan. Now we are willingly making enormous sacrifices of pleasures, comfort, blood and life because of two slogans: Democracy and Freedom. They are not ridiculous. They are the basis of sound government and essential conditions of human dignity. They stand for something real. But how many of us have a clear notion of what they mean and stand for? There is more in these words than appear at first sight and I am afraid that for the majority of Canadians they are but slogans and therefore prejudices hardly better in a way than those of the Nazis.

Is it not time that we who shall have to decide the future of our Country, make use of our thinking apparatus?

J. M. BELANGER, F/L

Station Chaplain (R.C.)

Rehabilitation Answers

- Q.** Has Canada any concrete plans for the re-establishment in civil life of personnel in the Armed Forces?
- A.** Canada not only has concrete plans but it also has legislation and orders-in-council in effect and operating. Under the orders-in-council and legislation, up until the end of 1943, approximately 6500 veterans of this war had received cash benefits and grants in addition to mustering-out pay and allowances to assist in their re-establishment. More than 6,000 veterans of this war are in receipt of pensions. Hundreds are receiving vocational training and a number are completing education at Canadian universities. Those in need of medical and dental treatment are receiving that care.
- Q.** Does the programme apply to men and women alike?
- A.** Except for a few reasonable modifications with reference to women in the Service, ex-service women and ex-service men benefit equally under the programme set up.
- Q.** In its broad features what does Canada's rehabilitation policy do?
- A.** It provides assistance to those ex-service personnel who are prepared to help themselves. It provides, where practicable, for return with seniority, to former civil employment to bona fide employees who wish to return to their former positions. It provides the facilities and finances for acquiring necessary trade skills. It enables those who interrupted their education to enlist to continue that education through grants and payment of fees. It provides financial benefits during the period ex-service personnel, fit and available for work, and for whom no suitable work is available, are seeking employment. It gives financial assistance while they are awaiting returns to those who embark on private enterprise. For those temporarily incapacitated but whose health is not so badly impaired as to necessitate hospitalization, there is financial assistance while rebuilding health. The pensions plan for those disabled as a result of service is fully operative while free treatment facilities are available for those whom departmental doctors find require treatment and hospitalization.
- Q.** What is the period during which grants and benefits are operative?
- A.** In the main these apply for a maximum of twelve months or the period of service, whichever is less.
- Q.** What is the scale of grants and benefits?
- A.** Single men receive \$10.20 weekly and married men, with their wives, \$14.40 weekly. In addition there are allowances for children and other dependents on approximately the same scale as paid by the Dependents' Allowance Board.
- Q.** What about ex-service personnel who wish to establish themselves on the farm?
- A.** The Veterans' Land Act, passed in 1941, takes care of this. Complete details of this Act will be given in a later issue but in general it gives the veteran, as a grant from the government, a substantial equity in his farm from the outset, conditional on his fulfilling his obligations for ten years.
- Q.** Is there any similar home-owning benefit for the urban worker?
- A.** At present there is no such provision for an urban community, but ex-service personnel can receive similar assistance under the Veterans' Land Act if they wish a home with a small land holding within reach of their employment but outside the high taxation area. Similarly, commercial fishermen who return to that occupation after discharge from the Armed Services can receive help in establishing a home on small holdings near their fishing grounds and in purchasing their fishing equipment.

RELUCTANTLY TAKE NAZI

London (CNS)—Two British Tommies, wandering home one night from a pub, saw a figure emerge from some roadside shrubbery. "I surrender," said the figure.

"Go away" said the two Tommies genially.

"I surrender," repeated the stranger, stepping under a street light. He was a German aviator who had bailed out of his plane during a raid on London.

The two Tommies whisked him away to the coop and next night returned to the same pub. You never can tell, they figured. It might happen again.

NEW PENICILLIN PAD

London (CNS)—Two British doctors have developed a home-made penicillin dressing pad costing only a few cents. It is composed of gauze impregnated with mould grown by proper laboratory methods. Results obtained with the new pad have been described as spectacular.

AROUND THE STATION. In the Snack Bar at Communications dance [top left] LAC Jerry Code, Cpl. E. Gidlow, Cpl. Art McKenna, Kay Murtagh, LAC Rusty Wright and LAW Grace Arnold. At the back is Sgt. Al. Cohen and LAW Anne McCallum. At the top right is the finale of Lifebuoy Follies which was a hit show. Centre left shows a group of the boys at T & D's bowling league while at the right is Paul Labrie who runs the new station pressing shop. [Photos by LAC Basil Day]. In the lower left Sq/O W. M. Taylor gets a surprise presentation on the first anniversary of her arrival as OC of No. 7. LAW D. J. Mowrey, LAW B. L. Brett and AW2 E. Budge hand over the gift. [Photo by Cpl J. Mailer]. In the lower right girls from the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company Red Cross unit visit P/O Bolly and AC2 Grainger in the Hospital. [Photo by M. Davison.]



The Hospital Talks Back

Dr. Snerd's Column

With the advent of Spring, the worthy ano-psychiatrist is not receiving the volume of requests for guidance that were forthcoming during the colder months. It must be assumed that the station wolves and wild-cats, having shed winter underwear, are less trammled by cares. There are, however, still a few lost souls:

Case No. 13

How can you estimate the income of a Medical Squadron Leader? LAW U. Rinal.

Answer: Add his wife's boasting to his griping and divide by two.

Case No. 14

I met a R.A.F. Hospital assistant while I was in Libya who referred to a certain nurse as a "blasted beggar." What did he mean? Sgt. Glow-worm.

Answer: Probably that the nurse was a panhandler.

Case No. 15

The matron in her lectures to the hospital assistants stated that the horse is not as swift as the whale. Is this true? LAC Better.

Answer: The horses I bet on aren't as swift as a horse.

Case No. 16

Do you think Goebbels is dead? Sgt. S. A. Dist.

Answer: You can bet insurance agents aren't hounding his office.

Case No. 17

Why don't we ever have airwomen as umpires for our station softball games. AW1 Suffrage.

Answer: Because no woman ever considers a man safe, even if at home.

Case No. 18

If the service police "jug" an airman suspected to be a chronic alcoholic, is there any way they can make sure of their suspicions? Sgt. Snapper.

Answer: Watch him at lunch to see if he tries to blow foam off his soup.

Case No. 19

I am in love with a beautiful W.D. Corporal, but am not getting anywhere. I can't even scratch the surface. Please help me. WO2 A. Morus.

Answer: For a hard girl try a diamond.

Monthly Story Contest

\$5.00 Prize

Fact or Fiction

Send Contributions to Chapel

Scalpel Scrapings

The hospital staff says "au revoir" with regret to Matron Helen Carver (nee Kerr) who has left to take the same post at St. Thomas. Her kindness and her cheerful personality will be missed by patients and staff alike. Much of the present efficiency and comfort of the new hospital is due to Matron Carver's efforts. She will not be forgotten.

One of the outstanding bone surgeons of the R.C.A.F., S/L H. M. Coleman has recently left us to work at Christie Street Hospital, Toronto. His contribution to the health of Rockcliffe personnel has been large and he will be missed by the many he has helped by his clever surgery. The hospital wishes him every success in his new important post.

We were sorry, in the past month, to lose N/S K. M. Baker, A.R.R.C., who has gone as senior nurse to Lachine. Her conscientious work here has shown results in increased efficiency of nursing services.

The Hospital welcomes F/L W. E. Apted, recently posted here as a specialist in Gynecology. F/L Apted is a graduate of the University of Toronto and has had five years training in his specialty.

Welcome to some of our newcomers:

AW1 Ella Wilkins—from Fredericton, N.B. Has just arrived from K.T.S. and is handling medical records. Took her business training in Montreal.



"You fool, slap his face!"

AW1 Mary Trotter—came to us from No 7 "M" Depot hospital. Her home is Peterborough and she was a Doctor's receptionist before enlisting.

LAW Dorothy Geaner—whose home is Annapolis Royal, N.S., was posted to us from Uplands. Dorothy was in training to be a nurse but gave it up to enlist as a hospital assistant.

AW1 Billie Maxwell—from Chateauguay Heights, Que., was a private secretary before enlisting. Besides her regular clerk-steno job in the hospital, she has become a knitting instructor in the Station Craft Shop.

LAW Verna Fowler—posted here from Camp Borden, has her home in Goderich. She likes her job of hospital assistant and wants to be a nurse.

Hawaii (CNS)—Bugler Nick Masucci sawed a hole through the wall next to his bunk and for three or four mornings sounded reveille through it while nestling snugly in his bed. One morning, however, the C.O. checked up. Masucci now toots his horn from the standing position.

London (CNS)—A corporal rushed into a mess hall, ate hurriedly and rushed out, leaving his dirty plate on the table. An unhappy private came along and started to clean the table, muttering miserably. Under the corporal's plate he found a threepence tip.



"By the by, Sergeant, I've changed my mind about giving the men their physical today!"

Mail Squadron Jottings

Once again as we go to press with news of the Squadron as seen on the daily jots through the Hangar.

We still hear the echo of the whispering and shouting of "Glamour Boy" to a certain F/Sgt which recalls reminiscences of a Station Dance.

Operational Wings were presented by G/C G. S. O'Brien to two of our officers, F/L Hutchins and F/O Agnew. P/O Williams has been awarded his but is at present overseas.

The marriage of F/O Niblo leads us to believe he is a 100 per cent serviceman as he took for his bride a lovely airwoman.

Other personnel who tied the knot were: F/O McGill and LAC Mills. Congratulations to F/L Lewis and F/O McElrea on promotion to S/L and F/L respectively; to P/O Shanahan, P/O Rosenbaum and P/O Niblo on promotion to F/O; WO2 Dunlop on appointment to commission; WO2 Fielding, WO2 MacDonald and WO2 Smith on promotion to WO1; F/Sgt.

Webb on promotion to WO2. We are all happy to hear of the new additions to the families of Cpl. Bonhower, F/L Proudfoot, F/O Russell, F/L McElrae and Sgt. O'Leary.

The confirmation of our previous prediction on a Cpl. in the Discip. office is greatly appreciated. What has Cpl. Lawson got that gives him the impression he is our Squadron's "Secret Weapon?" We bid farewell to F/Sgt. Dade who is posted temporarily to one of our Overseas Bases (lucky so and so). Which one of the Harvard twins was surprised to hear of the invention of de-icer boots (with air) and hydromatic props on Forts. Could the attraction for the Senior N.C.O's in the Maintenance Orderly Room be the presence of a certain W.D. Sergeant?

The hockey team ended the season as runners-up for the Station Championship. They were just nosed out by Communications on a best two game total. Both games were well worth watching and displayed some fine hockey. LAC Sherwood and LAC Morris played standout games.



Parachute packers at Rockliffe have a new duty now the Mail Squadron is here—packing rubber dinghys for the men who fly the Atlantic. Packing an "H" type dinghy from left to right are: AW2 B. Murphy, Cpl. W. A. Palen, AW1 G. M. Coady and AW1 I. Smith.

7 M.D. Notes

To play service and civilian engagements, the R.C.A.F. W.D. Band will soon leave Rockcliffe for a trans-Canada tour. Consisting of 28 smart looking girls who are all talented musicians, this will be the first "big time" tour of the band which has been together now for eight months.

We have received some flashes from the hospital and so here they are:

There is always someone devising new methods for doing things. The latest one at No. 7 Hospital is giving a certain W.D. Cpl. her annual TABT in the bath tub.

Then there were two of the staff who thought they would be funny and locked their roommate out of the room because she had a kit inspection. The joke backfired when they key stuck and they were locked in. They took off the knob, took off the casing and took out the hinge bolts but all to no avail. Then they hollered to the Repats going by to help them. All the Repats did was to stand and laugh as they didn't think the girls were serious. Someone finally got the carpenter and the girls arrived back at work a trifle late.

Then there is always the girl who after being handed her pills when her prescription is filled, reads the label and says, "What do I do with these?"

What is the reason for the increase in sick parade? Would it be the new waiting room with the sofa, comfortable chairs, etc.? It really is a very comfortable place to relax.

The hospital is also noted for its hospitality. One night around four a.m., the girls on night duty wondered what was causing commotion in the lower corridor. On investigation it was only a Repat who got lost and into the wrong barrack block. Can you imagine—he got out alive?

There is always talk about romance in a hospital. Things like that can even happen in a Manning Depot Hospital. Not so long ago some Repats were admitted to No. 7 Hospital as the station hospital had no room for them all. The hospital assistants were raving about this one certain Repat so one of them who hand't seen him got a rose and sent it to him. Like the blooming of a rose their friendship grew and now they are a happy married couple.

Changes take place around here too. One evening the hospital has an empty barrack block across from it and the next morning it has one alive with literally hundreds of P.O.'s. Sure seems funny to see so many men on a "Manless Depot" but I guess they see funny incidents too. When one of the hospital assistants looked up in the middle of a back rub which she was giving to one of the patients in the front room what did she see but the P.O.'s piled knee deep in the window across the street taking in the show.

The latest way to dismiss a flight was

demonstrated by the hospital girls on drill one morning. When the officer (a Sgt. acting as officer) standing on the right heard the command "Officer on parade to the left dismiss" she saluted first even though all she could see was the backs of the flight.

There are some hospital assistants who like their work so well they go looking for work when none is available. One quiet evening they had a swimming party and tried to drown one of their chums. After four times under they dragged her out and gave her artificial respiration. The life guard came to the rescue. He was good looking and we wonder if it might have been a put-up job. The victim revived so they decided she needed something to eat. As they filed into the Astor, people began to stare then finally began to wonder if the end would come as they filled about half the place. One brave Repat approached stealthfully and says "Is this a party?" The answer was "yes." Bravely he spoke up and said "All you girls need now is your knitting."

THE POST OFFICE LINE-UP

That used to be (No. 7 M.D.)

No letter to-day, Folks,
Why not try again?
Perhaps your letters
Missed the morning train.

"Will there be more mail?"
Why, yes! at noon!
Well my damned letters,
Can't come too soon.

Just think of a letter,
With a five dollar bill.
I could go on a drunk,
At the pub on the hill.

Or a parcel from home,
With good stuff to eat.
A little roast chicken,
Would be a nice treat.

Remember the line-ups,
That used to be.
When the strength of No. 7,
Was something to see.

The hue and the cry,
The noise of the phones,
An jute-box music,
Would rattle your bones.

The line-ups! they used to
Extend right to the wall,
But now the darned line-ups
Just aren't there at all.

But now, this is all over,
And we're anxious to see,
If they'll close the Post Office,
At No. 7 M.D.

(A Wacky Postal Clerk)

Equipment Procedure

1. Let us assume that Sec. 28 Ref. 379. Part No. A-123456, Screws, H.T. Hex-head, 2BA × 3/16, quantity each one, is urgently required by Maintenance Squadron:—

A. Action by Unit

- (i) Internal Demand and Issue Voucher, R.C.A.F. form E42, is prepared in triplicate. After signing on the wrong line, the Officer i/c Maintenance Squadron despatches the first two copies to the Equipment Section and retains the third copy, which you can't read, to support the theory that hope springs eternal in the human breast.
- (ii) Meantime, the Equipment Section acknowledges receipt by stating that they haven't got any, but by way of consolation give you something that won't do or state that immediate provisioning action is being taken. That doesn't mean anything, but it sounds good.
- (iii) After a while, say two months, the officer i/c Maintenance Squadron petulantly inquires where the X%&?Ex! screw is and is informed by the Equipment that they have no record of the demand.
- (iv) Therefore, a Certified True Copy is prepared from the third (fly-speckled) copy retained by the Maintenance Squadron. However, since this copy can't be read, as mentioned in para 1 (A) (i) above, the person delegated to prepare the Certified True Copy takes a wild guess and demands something else instead.

2. The Certified True Copy is then presented to the Equipment Section who prepared Demand Issue and Receipt Voucher form E56, only one copy of which is required under the Supply Control System now adopted at all Equipment Depots. The Unit Equipment Section don't know this, of course, so they make four copies. Dues in and out are then supposed to be posted on Tally Cards form E49A, but I'd like to bet anybody two dollars and a half that they aren't.

B. Action by Equipment Depot.

- (i) On receipt of the unit demand at the Equipment Depot, it is placed in the Adjutant's basket who forwards it to the M.O. This is an error of course, due to the non-compliance with A.F.E.A.O. Q8 32

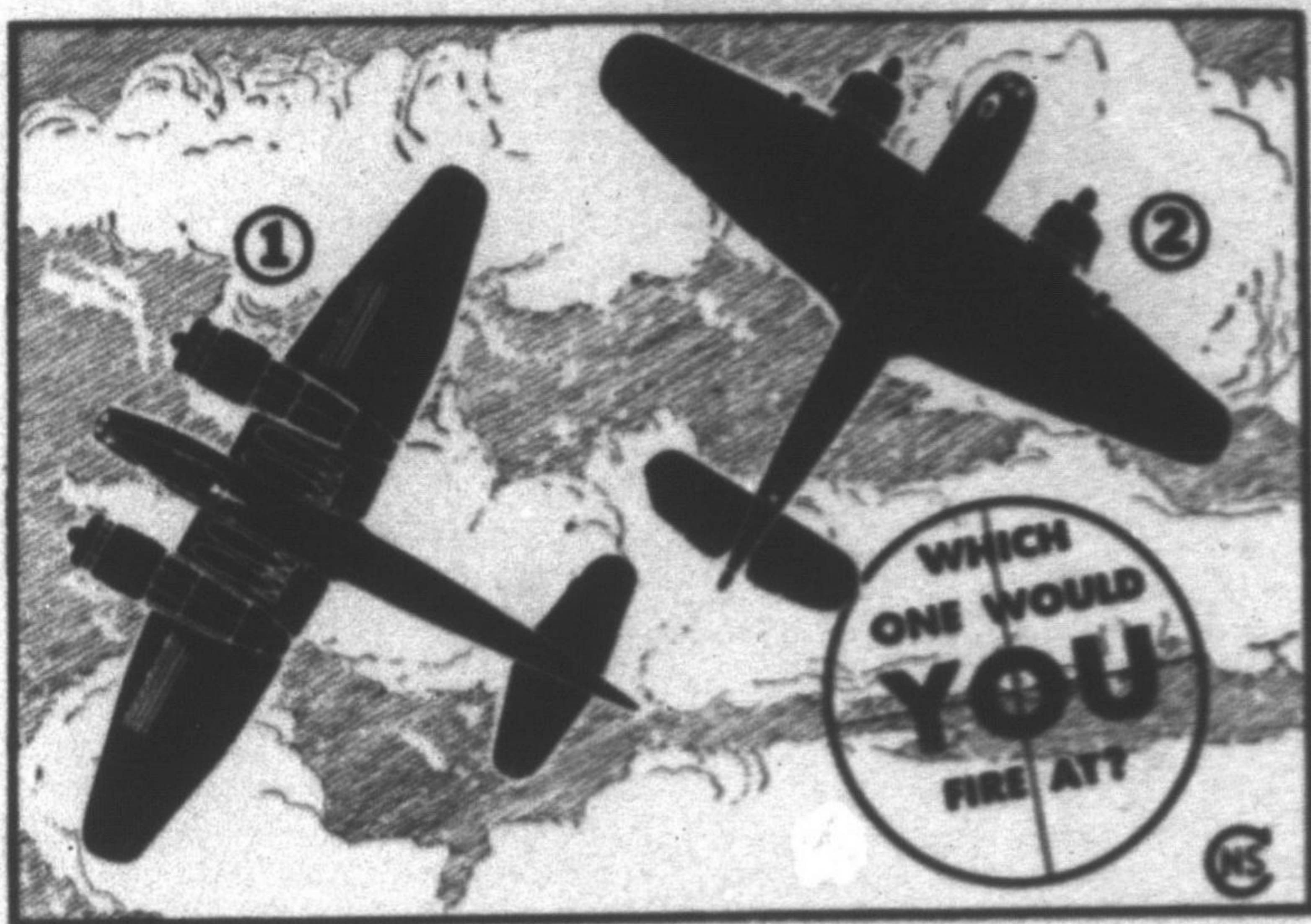
by the demanding unit and A.F. A.O. A31/2 by the Central Registry or something. Anyway, the M.O. marks the demand "noted" or "approved" and perhaps adds a spot of advice to gargle frequently and get plenty of rest.

- (ii) Anyway, the demand finally gets to the Pre-Edit Section. After close scrutiny to decipher it, careful reference is made to C.A.P. 16, Volume 3, Requirements Schedules, Dr. Chase's Almanac, C.A.P. 10 and K.R. (Air) and the demand is passed to the Tabulating Section who tear it up.
- (iii) Tabulating Section then prepare Issue Voucher, Form E244, in quadruplicate, also Stock Location Tag, form E245. The four copies of form E244 are sent to the Issue Section but usually get to the Works and Buildings by mistake. The Stock Location Tag is sent to the Stores Shed where it is attached to a piece of wood painted red with a hole in it which is then sent to the Issue Section where it is linked up with the form E244 sometime within the ensuing couple of weeks.
- (iv) If luck holds good, it is finally packed for shipment with green copy of form E244 and interest is maintained by all concerned wondering what happened to the other three copies.
- (v) Transport Requisition, form MFC 2014, is next prepared in five copies and the shipment marked and despatched, still assuming of course that luck holds good. In fact, to make a long story shorter, we will assume that the shipment actually arrives at the consignee unit, but this cannot be regarded as probable other than in rare instances.

C. Further Action by Demanding Unit

3. On receipt by the demanding unit, an inwards shipment number is allotted, the cases opened and found to contain the piece of wood painted red with a hole in it. Also the voucher for whatever the Tabulating Machine was thinking about when the said voucher was prepared. Probably, Sec. 32B/NIV Blondes, beautiful, C/W Dresses, Silk, Blue (or equiv). Thereupon, a Discrepancy Report, form E90, is prepared in triplicate, two copies of which are sent to the

How's Your A/C Rec?



See Answer on Page 31

Equipment Procedure—Continued

Equipment Depot who return one indignantly marked "NOT ADMITTED." Some considerable correspondence is then introduced until WO2 Birch decides to raise a Certificate Receipt Voucher, form E36A, to bring the piece of wood back on charge, but wishes it were the blonde. However, he also raises an application for Write-Off, form E35, for submission to higher authorities and everyone forgets about the whole thing.

4. During the interval from the commencement of this transaction, the Russians have occupied another 2645 inhabited places.

—The Eastern Provier
No. 5 Equipment Depot,
Moncton, N.B.

Naples (CNS)—Canadian troops on the Italian front were having a lot of trouble with German watchdogs, which had been trained to bark furiously the minute they heard or smelled Allied troops. Because of their barking, many patrols had to abandon their missions. Then one Canadian had an idea.

The next night he took a lady dog into no-man's land. There was no barking and in half an hour he returned to his own lines with the lady dog. A pack of enemy dogs brought up the rear, thoughtless of anything but love.

"Parchesi" Odds

Parchesi is a favorite sport in the Royal Canadian Air Force particularly when it is played without boards. Crosswinds realizes, of course, that gambling is taboo in the R.C.A.F. particularly the famous game of "craps" which to the uninitiated is played with dice.

So we present the correct odds for "R.C.A.F. Parchesi" as worked out by John Scarne, professional magician and gambling authority for Yank magazine, the organ of the United States Army where gambling is approved by the authorities.

Scarne's table:

Against Passing

6 to 5 (30c to 25c) against 6 or 8
3 to 2 (15c to 10c) against 5 or 9
2 to 1 (10c to 5c) against 4 or 10
8 to 1 (40c to 5c) against double 2 or 5
10 to 1 (50c to 5c) against double 3 or 4

On the Come-Out (First Roll)

35 to 1 (\$1.75 to 5c) against double numbers
17 to 1 (85c to 5c) against 11
11 to 1 (55c to 5c) against 4 or 10
8 to 1 (40c to 5c) against 5 or 9
8 to 1 (40c to 5c) against crap (2, 3, 12)
5 to 1 (25c to 5c) against 7

Scarne figures that "R.C.A.F. Parchesi" is an almost perfect gambling game: the shooter has a 49.293% chance of winning.

A "Funny" Experience

Whenever I hear the song "Coming In On A Wing and A Prayer," it reminds me of the time when I had a similar experience. We were on a routine cross country. As a matter of fact, we were just finishing, when a voice came over the Inter-Com. "What's the matter with the port wing, skipper?" Of course, we all looked through the perspex and it looked as if the wing was doing a jitterbug.

To see the wing of an all-metal Stirling fluttering is a sight worth seeing. I wouldn't say that I was actually afraid . . . not just then, at any rate. But my heart did begin to beat about ten times as fast. The old girl began to waver and then pick up. We all had our eyes on that wing. Although it still fluttered and trembled it still held.

The Skipper said "Hold on boys we're going in, I think I can make it."

Think, he says. I began to pray. We were losing height fast and I knew she wouldn't stand the strain of climbing, so I sat down and held on to the sides of my chair. Then I'd rub my hands on the silk stocking around my neck or stroke the little St. Christopher's in my pocket.

Well, although I'm not really superstitious, I thought at least it wouldn't do me any harm to try.

I was beginning to get really worried when the engineer said over the inter-com: "I hope we make it Skip . . . I got a date tonight . . . only met her last night but she's a wow." That broke the tension. We all began to laugh but it was the only strained merriment at that.

We were coming in! The ground was only about fifty feet away and I began to breathe more freely . . . Suddenly the world turned upside down. I was lying on the floor of my kite with my Nav kit, chair and table on top of me, I didn't know exactly what was happening until I heard someone shout "Port Engine afire." That was enough for me. I scrambled up, undid the bulkhead door and made for the astro-dome. But quick as I was the flight engineer was quicker. He already had the astro-dome out and was struggling through, using the poor old wireless op's face as a step.

Anyway I was next out and there was the F.E. sitting on the mainplane, laughing like hell. "Hey now we lost a ruddy engine," he grinned, "someone told me once that a Stirling could on three engines." But not when you have the wing off as well as the engine.

Did It Ever Happen to You?



A Funny Experience—Continued

The fire was out. The Skipper had pulled the emergency fire extinguisher so I slid to the ground. Suddenly the rear gunner came dashing around from the front of the kite: "Where's the front gunner," he shouted. We paled thinking something had gone wrong, when a voice from the rear shouted: "Hi where's the rear gunner? Did he bail out?" They crew pals, and after all, you know it's a long way from the front turret to the rear.

Anyway we were down and safe except for the poor old "L" for "London" . . . She had lost half a wing. So the Skipper said: "Come on boys let's have a drink."

We did . . . many. I still laugh when I think of the way we tried to get out of the astro-dome . . . the expression on the wireless op's face as the F.E. put his foot on it.

Never mind, it's a grand life . . .

A/C Rec Answer

FIRE AT No. 1! It's the Nazi JU-88, a twin engine, low-wing dive bomber which also has been used as a torpedo bomber. The nose of the thin, streamlined fuselage projects ahead of the underslung engine nacelles. Both edges of the outer sections of the wings taper to broad, rounded tips. The single rudder extends beyond the tapered, rounded tipped tailplane.

NOT AT No. 2! It's the British "Beaufort," a mid-wing, twin-engine bomber used as a torpedo carrying plane. The rounded nose of the fuselage extends well forward to the engine nacelles. The center section of the leading edge of the wings is straight and the outer panels are tapered. The trailing edge tapers to rounded tips. Rounded tipped tailplane has a V-shaped cut-out.

Courtesy Dodd, Mead & Co., publishers
Aircraft Spotter by Lester Ott.

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