

# CROSSWINDS

*October, 1944*



SOME GUYS HAVE ALL THE LUCK

# Burman's Buckshee \$50 Bill Buys First Victory Bond

By WO2 BEN SUGARMAN

**T**HE moral of this story is that if you wait long enough Harry MacLean will find you. Harry's the guy whose hobby is giving money away.

Well, about two months ago, WO2 Reg. Burman, 168 Sqdn. discip, was standing in front of the Chateau with two airmen. Out comes MacLean, gives the airmen each a \$50 bill and completely ignores Reg. On Oct. 4 Reg. happened to be standing in the same spot (just by accident) with a couple of airmen when who should come out the revolving doors but MacLean, with two CWACs on his arm.

**S**POTTING Reg., he immediately remembered how shamefully he neglected him two months earlier, pressed a crisp fifty-buck bill in his hand, and told him to go out and have a good time. It's true, because we found Reg. staring at the bill about five minutes after he received it.

It's a good bill, too, signed by Graham Towers, governor of the Bank of Canada, and D. Gordon, deputy governor. It has a nice picture of King George on it, and was crinkly and crispy despite the fact that it had been printed in Ottawa on Jan. 2, 1937. The serial number of the bill was BH1200248.

**H**ERE'S the part we like best about this story. Instead of blowing the fifty and having a good time, Reg. immediately decided to get a bond for himself—thus buying the first Victory Bond sold here in the 7th Victory Loan.

Reg. says to say his home town is St. Eustache-sur-le-lac, Que. Might as well put that place on the map, says he.



"Thanks, Harry"



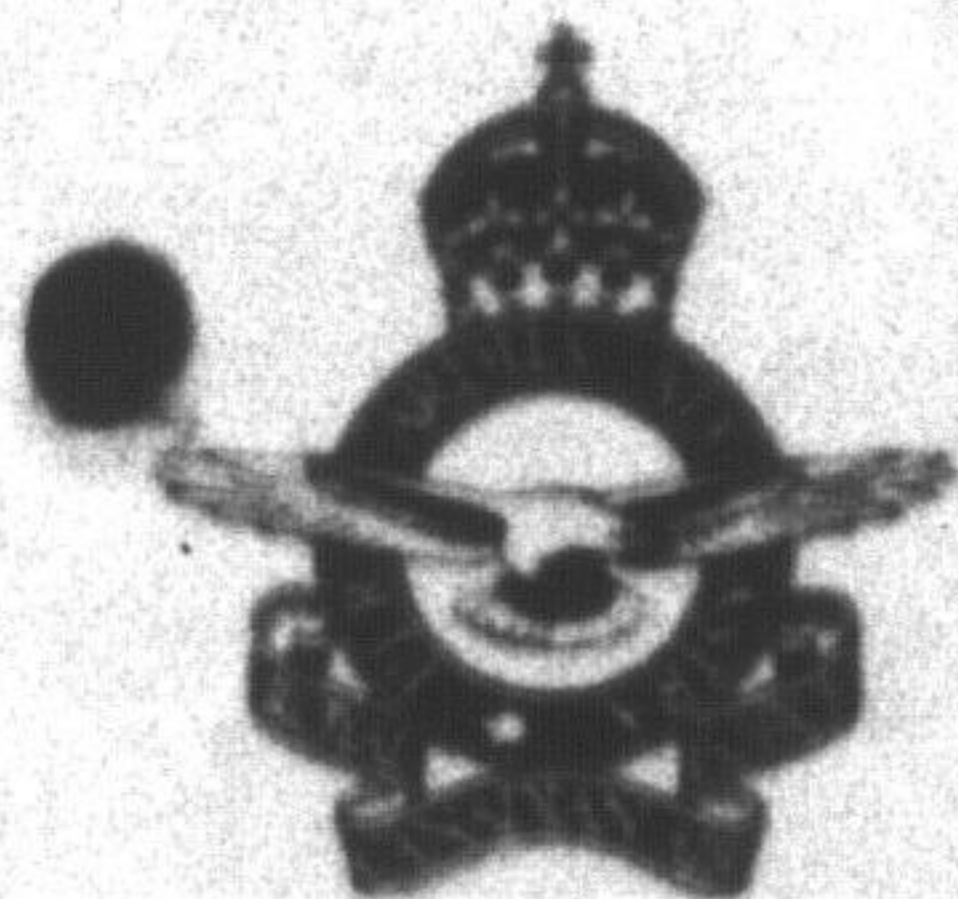
—Photos by Cpl. Rita Halstead

Above: WO2 Burman buys the first bond with his gift \$50 bill, shown below. The picture of the bill is suitable for framing, in case you've not seen one before.

## OUR FRONT COVER

A Rockcliffe romance culminated Oct. 7 in the marriage of SO Helen MacMurchy, of H.O., to FL Andrew Tilley, Communication Sqdn. pilot. The nuptial knot was tied by S.L. A. O. Lloyd, Protestant padre, in the station chapel. Best man was W.C. Diamond; maid of honor, FLO Bie. Following a reception in the officers' mess, the newlyweds left for a honeymoon in parts unknown.

—Photo by LAC William Power



# CROSSWINDS

RCAF Station, Rockcliffe  
October, 1944



## BOOST CIVILIAN MORALE: BUY VICTORY BONDS

By F/L CLIFFORD CHURCH  
Chairman of Victory Loan Committee

**I**T'S time for another Victory Loan—the Seventh. Too many people (civilian, of course) are figuring that the war is won—or nearly so. You and I know better. There is still a hard road ahead. Nobody knows that better than the armed forces. Our finance minister is asking us to buy a lot of bonds. He has asked us before and we haven't let him down yet. We won't let him down this time either.

Campaign headquarters are located in the hall next door to the Admin. building. You can't miss it, so drop in and apply to buy a bond. Don't be tardy—the supply is limited. For an appointment you can phone us at Local 128. By the way! Your wives or parents can purchase bonds by monthly payments from assigned pay. That's a chance for them to take part in the Rockcliffe campaign. We have special forms available for their use. It's worth investigating.

We will be raffling bonds and there'll also be daily prizes for lucky bond buyers. Campaign starts Oct. 23. We'll be seeing you.

Rockcliffe has been given a small quota—only \$235,000. We can, we must, we will double that. Let's go over the top with a bang. We did it before. Let's do it again.

Advisory committee for the loan here: W/C S. A. Sprange, W/C C. S. Dowie, DFC; S/L J. S. Sanderson, F/L D. R. Morrison, F1/O E. H. Bie. Publicity committee: W/C J. E. Schwartz, WO2 Ben Sugarman, LAC Charles Dean, LAC Howie Hunt.



F/L CHURCH

Photo by Cpl. Rita Halsrud

### Callaghan Cashes In

LAC Stuart Callaghan, the artist who did all the swell headings for section news, wins this month's \$5 prize for the best contribution. Callaghan cartoons have also been appearing in Crosswinds. This contest is a monthly feature. Get your entries in now for the November issue. Deadline: October 15th.

### NEW PADRE ARRIVES

F/L D. Smith, Protestant padre, has arrived from Mount Pleasant, P.E.I., succeeding F/L L. C. Howell who was posted there.

### REMINDER

Next pay day: Oct. 31st.

# C.O. Flies With Mail Run To Inspect Overseas Unit

By AIR COMMODORE G. S. O'BRIAN, A.F.C.

**A**BOUT 10:30 on the morning of Sept. 13, F/L William Durnin took off with Fortress 9203 in the rain. We disappeared into cloud at 2000 feet, flying blind at 9000 until near Megantic where F/L James Roper, navigator, had correctly estimated that the clouds would break. Carrying on over sandy Prince Edward Island and the rocky shores of Newfoundland, in the late afternoon we landed at Gander, in time for dinner in the RCAF mess. P/O N. W. Clark was second pilot, WO2 Kenneth Archibald on the radio and LAC Robert Bruce, our tireless and efficient crewman.

Long before daybreak on the 14th we were on our way to the Azores and watched the sun come up over the blanket of clouds beneath us. By mid-day patches of very blue sea showed between the clouds and F/L Roper hit Lagens right on the nose and on time, in a bit of a rain storm and the mountains of the island hidden in the mist above 800 feet. Smith worked all night on the oil filter and the others tried to sleep in the sticky weather but the blankets were itchy, sleeping bags too heavy, and rubber sheets a bit clammy. However, we got up about five a.m., and changed into khaki and about 7 hours later circled the rock of Gibraltar, landed and turned over the mail to the detachment.

We saw S/L McIntosh, F/O Wilson, F/O Irvine, captains of aircraft F/L Lavery, F/L McElrea, F/L Pritchard. There are about 37 of our 168 Squadron at Gibraltar—all in good shape and working hard. The RAF station commander thinks very highly of them. In spite of the historical romance of the place, there is not much to do except work. The food like that of most outposts of Empire is good but not the deluxe Rockcliffe style. These fellows of ours are doing a great job and deserve credit.

**O**N Sept. 17, there was so much mail for Canadian troops in Italy that two Dakotas were dispatched and I climbed among the mail-bags in the dark with S/L McIntosh and F/L Lavery, pilots; F/L Forbes, navigator; P/O Sylvah, wireless operator, and LAC Miller a crewman. F/L Smith came along as a spare pilot for a return trip. F/L Forbes took a couple of shots on the stars and about sunrise we were hitting east along the African coast with magnificent rocky and mountainous desert country, kind of tawny coloured, showing between clouds.

In four hours we landed at sun-baked Algiers, right in with Arabs, palm trees, French, American and British troops. I felt as if I were part of a backdrop at Toronto exhibition. We took on more mail and after six hours cutting across to Sicily and up the battle-scarred Straits of Messina, looked down over the Bay of Naples and passed Vesuvius in the late afternoon. Canadian headquarters there put some of us up in great style. W/C Walsh, S/L Rutherford and many old friends looked after their countrymen at the superb villa overlooking the Bay of Naples. I think everybody slept about nine hours.

**A**T nine o'clock the next morning we hit north-east across Italy with the same crew, passing fantastic little towns on the tops of mountains and being amazed at the war destruction on every village and bridge up the Adriatic coast. Some distance past rocky Ancona Point, S/L McIntosh made a nice cross-wind landing on the landing strip of an advanced aerodrome where I renewed acquaintances with some of the 48th Highlanders. We unloaded our mail, taking on a fresh batch.

Back we went taking a good look at Rome and the Anzio beachhead and delivering our mail to the Canadian coastal men at Naples. They sat up all night and sorted it, and the next morning we went back on our tracks to Gibraltar after passing through a magnificent equatorial thunderstorm. McIntosh and Lavery put the Dakota down the one strip at Gibraltar with a 30-mile wind whistling dead across it.

By Friday, Sept. 22, F/L Hillcoat and crew had arrived at Gibraltar with a load of mail in Fortress 9202, and I climbed aboard their aircraft about 8:30 heading for England. Passing the coast of Spain and Portugal we watched Cape Finisterre disappear and several hours later made a land-fall in England exactly on time, finding the island cloud-covered with a pretty low ceiling. The crew got us into Lyneham, and meeting all kinds of aerial traffic going in every direction.

**I**PARTED from the crew there and drove to Blakehill Farm where S/L Knowles and his 168 Detachment operate their three Dakotas into France and Belgium. Thirty-four good and true Rockcliffe Canadians are on their toes there running a very efficient and steady service. It was cold and one felt the winter was not far away.

(Continued on next page)

## C.O. Flies Abroad On Inspection Tour

(Continued from previous page)

Early in the morning, F/L Durnin with his same crew that took me over the Atlantic in the Fortress, took us off in a Dakota through the mist of Northolt where we got a big load of mail and headed south and east along the air corridor to France. I suppose the location of our landing strips there are secret but it was worth seeing the beach and man-made harbor which was set up on D-day, and the ruins of Caen.

In the heavy rain we landed on a very narrow metal strip with a sea of mud all around us. The WAAF'S and Canadians there, keeping dry under a piece of canvas, were the most cheerful and optimistic people I have seen for a long, long time. They hauled our mail out, gave us a fresh load and away we went north-east another 150 miles. I did not see any enemy in the air or on the ground, or any signs of shelling; we were still too far behind the advancing line. Back again to England with the same 168 crew and at Blakehill Farm I transferred into F/L Lavery's Dakota for the trip back to Gibraltar. We got briefed in Cornwall where we spent the night and had a magnificent trip back next day to Gibraltar with a tail-wind.

**DRETTY** soon F/L Hillcoat's Fortress had its engines repaired and he followed down to Gibraltar with the next load of mail, where I got aboard 9202 once more. In fact we had lunch in Gibraltar on Saturday, Sept. 30, and lunch in Rockcliffe the next day, Sunday, Oct. 1. It was a great privilege to fly with and visit all the overseas personnel of our 168 Squadron. They are delivering the goods along their own sky trails in magnificent style and everybody from aircrew to AC2 is working very hard indeed to keep the system running. Hats off to 168.

## Young People's Group Plan Active Program

Rockcliffe Young People's Association has big things planned for this winter. Come out and have a good time. They meet every Wednesday at 8 p.m., in the Y reading room, drill hall. Phone Crosswinds, Local 229, for further information.

An airman with a black eye and one or two other injuries went on sick parade at Rockcliffe. The M.O. began to fill out the regular form.

"Married?" he asked.

"No," was the answer, "automobile accident."

Jack Chick: "Do you know what they're saying at me?"

He: "Sure, that's why I came over."



F/L CARL KEYFETZ, regional legal officer, is now based at Rockcliffe. His clients include this unit, Uplands, Arnprior and other stations in this area.

—Photo by LAC William Powell

## TO DEMOBILIZE 4,200 AIRMEN Now We're Going To Help Army and Navy

Aircrew Joes—the unsung heroes of the air force—will soon be gone, but not forgotten.

Air Minister Power's announcement that 4,200 potential aircrew will be demobilized immediately, means: (1) That the lads waiting to start their training will be given a chance of volunteering for army or navy. (2) If they did not volunteer they would be subject to call-up.

He also announced the end of recruiting, a first-in-first-out general demobilization plan, and formation of a Pacific air unit made up of volunteers.

Commented one Rockcliffe Joe-boy: "Swell. If this means we get into action sooner, it's okay be me. It really doesn't matter whether I kill Germans in the air or on the ground."

Said another: "I'll get into the air yet—even if I have to join the paratroops."

A third stated: "So far all I've done is release a W.D. for active service. My girl friend has been overseas two years, so let's get cracking in the army, navy or merchant marine. Anything is better than sweeping floors around here."

# The Editor's Last Piece He's Reduced to a Civvy

By WO2 BEN SUGARMAN

**I**T gives us a funny feeling, sitting here and writing our last piece for Crosswinds. And it'll be funnier still, returning to civil life after four years in blues.

Editing this paper has been a thoroughly enjoyable job, despite its headaches. The people who have worked with us on the staff have been co-operative, friendly and ever-ready to help. The C.O. has been particularly helpful to Crosswinds staff, in giving us his full backing every time.



We've enjoyed our stay at Rockcliffe, and it will always bring fond memories as our last stop in the service. Life won't be quite the same in a dull newspaper job in Civvy Street.

So-long and good luck to the staff. Anytime you're in Toronto look me up at 14 Boulton Drive, Midway 1456. Always glad to do what we can for you lads in the service. (Look who's talking).

**I**T'S hard to know just what to say when you sit down to write your last piece. We often wondered what we would say when the time came to leave, and now that it's here, we're stuck.

There isn't much sentiment in the service, but you can't leave a sheet like this without some feeling of regret. A paper is a bit more than cold type and black ink. And the best part of this job has been the swell fellows you meet. Fellows like LAC Charlie Dean, our co-editor; like LAC's Hunt and Callaghan, top-notch artists; like LAC Bill Powell, whose pictures are tops.

These, and many like these, have helped mold the Crosswinds tradition.

Airmen, airwomen, NCO's and officers in all sections have given us the greatest possible co-operation, which we have appreciated deeply. We used to get into some heated discussions with the photo people, who claim we have the lowest priority on pictures. But they always managed to produce photos for deadline. The engravers and printers, too, gave us 100% co-operation, without which we couldn't have functioned.

We've all had a lot of fun—and a lot of satisfaction—in making the sheet readable. We never tried to educate or preach to the masses; our aim was amusement. If we gave you a laugh once in a while, we considered the job was well done. The greatest tribute you could pay the staff was to tell them you read the issue from cover to cover, and had a laugh doing it.

We know we haven't been able to please everybody every time—but we tried damn hard.

Talk about the job of being an Editor; getting out a paper is no picnic. If we print jokes, people say we are silly. If we don't people say we are too serious. If we stick close to our desk all day, we ought to be out getting news. If we go out and try to hustle, we ought to be on the job at the desk. If we don't print contributions, we don't appreciate genius. And if we print all of them, the paper is full of junk. If we make a change in the other fellow's write-up we are too critical. If we don't we're asleep. If we clip things from other papers, we're too lazy to write them ourselves. If we don't we're stuck on our own stuff.

Now, like as not, some guy will say we swiped this from some other paper. Well . . . we did!

*This space  
reserved  
for sections  
that did not  
submit news*

# OUR INQUIRING REPORTER

Crosswinds Learns the Bitter Truth About Itself

Reporter: LAC CHARLES I. DEAN  
Photographer: LAC WILLIAM POWELL

**QUESTION:** What do you honestly think of Crosswinds?

**WO1 Ken G. Barker**, chief supervisory clerk of the hospital, does not care for new set-up of Crosswinds as a whole. He feels though that our post-war poll brought out the pertinent facts, and helps us to do our thinking now, instead of waiting until the war is over.

**LAW Marie Bennett**, O.R. mess, thinks there should be a report from each section. She enjoys Crosswinds and likes cartoons published, also articles such as the one on rehabilitation. Bennett feels that people should take the opportunity of making use of such articles.

**Cpl. V. L. Calder**, of airmen's canteen, feels that Crosswinds is showing a marked improvement. He likes the headlines used and also articles.

**LAW Ella Lockhart**, steno pool, likes our "inside story" of each section. She appreciates the cartoons as they faithfully depict amusing incidents of station life. Headlines used are attractive to her as they draw the attention of the reader. She feels that Crosswinds is of interest to all whether members of the RCAF or not. Ella says all sections should have a representative to report unit news.

**Sgt. Alfred Gluckstein**, of airmen's canteen, thinks Crosswinds shows improvement every month, and is a feature of station life to which all look forward for news of the station and elsewhere. "Crosswinds", says the Sarge, "helps one to get to know people on the station." He appreciates our humor and says Crosswinds keeps one in touch with items that are of benefit personally, such as mustering-out pay, and this is explained better than by any newspaper. Stories by our overseas correspondents bring friends closer. He compliments the staff on their work in producing the magazine, and thinks that our girl covers are a drawing card.

**F/Sgt. Elizabeth S. Archibald**, hospital old timer, likes the variety of station news and the compactness of Crosswinds. The type of paper used appeals to her, and she says the headlines attract her attention. She feels that the magazine should be devoted exclusively to station news and articles on matters of major importance such as rehabilitation. She didn't care about the post



BARKER



BENNETT



CALDER



LOCKHART



GLUCKSTEIN



ARCHIBALD



DIBNAH



HAYTER



WOODARD

war ambitions of the lads and lasses of Rockcliffe. Feels there is too much work involved for the resulting gain, although public opinion is obtained.

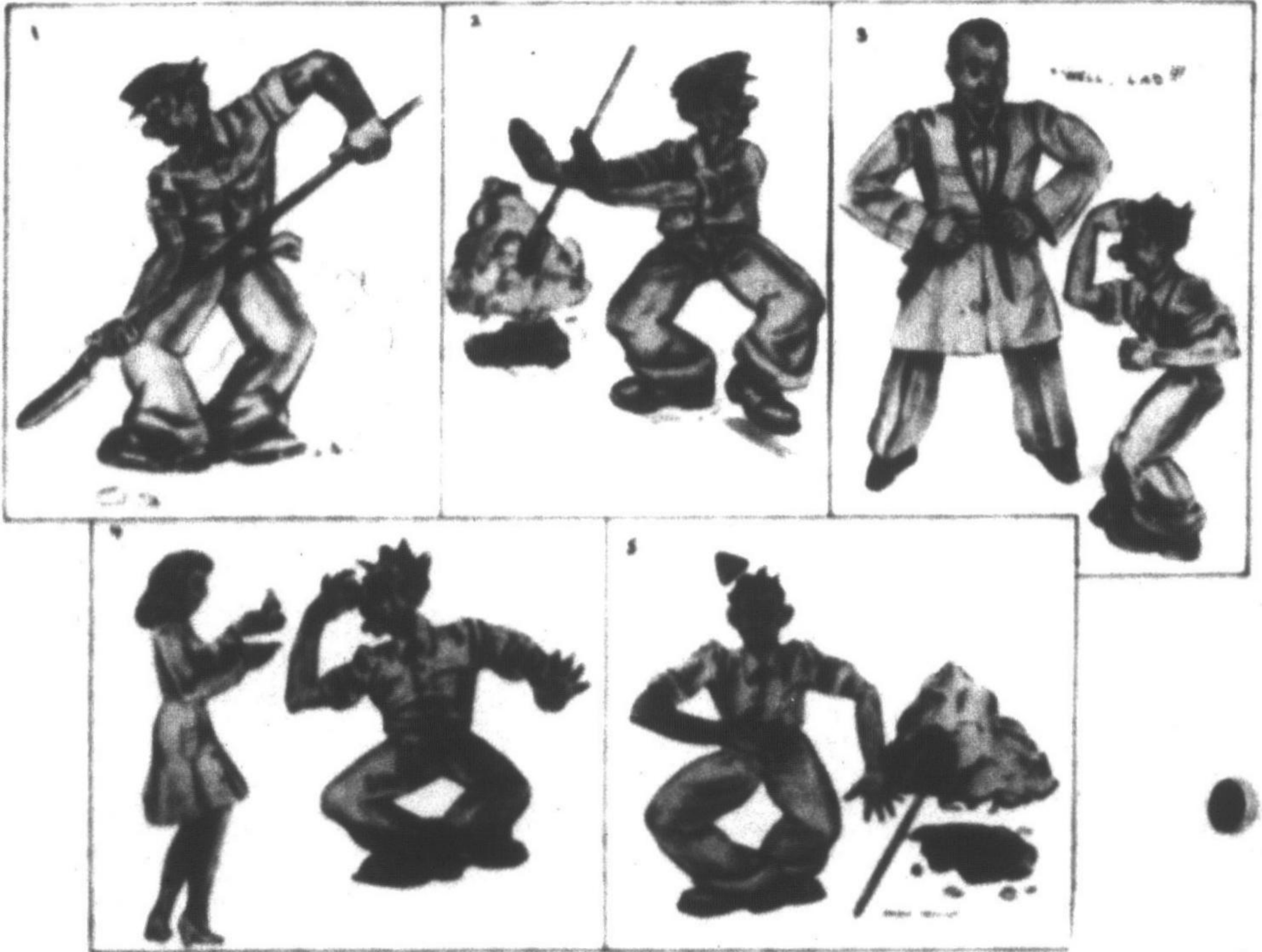
**LAC C. R. Dibnah** of the Library says: "I have full opportunity of seeing various station magazines and I am firm in my conviction that Crosswinds is head and shoulders above any of them. I have also noticed that each issue of Crosswinds is even better than its predecessor. It is a magazine of which to be truly proud."

**LAW Grace Hayter**, of DRO's, appreciates our feature articles such as the one on rehabilitation. Pictures and cartoons appeal to her, but she says there should be more and better pictures. She enjoys the magazine as a whole.

**LAC R. E. Woodard**, of Personnel Counsellors section, appreciates our system of setting up the first few pages of the magazine and finds the feature article interesting. Woodard feels that the magazine is not becoming too standardized and sees 100% improvement. He considers Crosswinds the best air force publication he has seen. The September cover did not appeal to him; he feels too many girl covers are being used. Polls are not of interest to Woodard and he feels that the magazine should not lean too heavily on service matters but provide the lighter side of station life for entertainment and amusement after working hours.

# FATE OF A LEAD SLINGER

By André Pouliot



A surgeon, an architect and a politician were arguing as to whose profession was the oldest. Said the surgeon: "Eve was made from Adam's rib and that was a surgical operation." "Yes," agreed the architect, "but prior to that, order was created out of chaos and that was an architectural job." "But," spoke up the politician proudly, "somebody must have created the chaos."

In our barbershop: "You say I've shaved you before, Corporal. That's funny, I don't remember your face." "Probably not—it's pretty well healed by now." AC2: "We can't have any fun tonight. All I have is small change." Ottawa Gal: "Well what do you think it takes to send Junior to the movies, a five dollar bill?"

## Labor Unions Favored

Results of a poll conducted here by educational officer:

	Yes	No	Undecided
Are you in favor of labor unions?	316	71	25
Are strikes ever justified in wartime?	118	238	56
Do you think medically fit men of military age who go on strike should be drafted into the army?	293	95	24
	Strengthened	Weakened	Undecided
In your opinion have the labor unions strengthened or weakened their position in Canada by the policies they have followed during the past year?	157	114	24
	Open	Closed	Undecided
Do you favor the open or the closed shop principle?	124	229	59

# Herring Chokers Are RCAF's Greatest Figurin' Men

By CORP. H. R. HOW

**W**HEN in doubt, take your problem to the nearest Maritimer. From outward appearances he may seem the average, garden variety Canadian, but rest assured, he's built differently. Inside that herring choker's cranium works the most ingenious problem-solving mechanism ever devised. The man, like his father before him, is a specialist.

This "gift", the knack of solving weighty problems, isn't a fluke. It's the inevitable result of generations of concentration and figurin'. Figurin' is best done while lying flat on the back on a grassy lawn, chewing a blade of grass and staring up at a maple's protective foliage.

But due to the lack of trees on the prairies, Westerners should stick to raising wheat. Any attempt by them to get into this highly specialized field would inevitably lead to an epidemic of sunstroke or even worse. So, as it stands now, Maritimers have pretty much of a monopoly in the figurin' business.

**Y**OU doubt my word? Well, I must confess that after two years away from the Maritimes, years spent in association with Englishmen, Scotsmen and Arabs, I almost lost faith. Then on disembarkation leave I returned to the native village. For the first hour I pumped every hand on Main Street; then I went over to the courthouse lawn, lay flat on my back, plucked a blade of grass—and started figurin'.

The last time I'd engaged in this occupation was away back in the good old, pre-war days—1938 to be exact. There had been a dozen of us on this same lawn, lying prone, not moving a muscle. Then suddenly an Irishman by the name of Sweeney had turned his head slightly and addressed his neighbor.

"Pouch," he said, "why don't you get a job?"

Pouch Bourque, one of the deepest and keenest figurers in the business, took his time answering.

"Why should I?" he finally replied. "One working in a family's enough. The old man's got a good job at the pen (penitentiary), ain't he? He's good there until he's 65. Then he gets the pension. And when

he kicks the bucket we get his insurance. And by the time that's gone I get the old age pension. So why in hell should I work?"

Gentlemen, that's figurin'.

**I** WAS lying on the grass, reminiscing, when I became aware of someone looking down at me. It was the same Pouch. But he was in navy blue, and he looked older and more haggard. Too, he was sporting the blackest of black eyes.

We shook hands, and then Pouch joined me, relaxing in a figurin' position. We talked of this and that, and finally I said:

"Pouch, these rehabilitation schemes look good to me. What do you think of them?"

"Well," he replied, "since the old man upset my calculations by dying last year, I've had to think them over. There's a catch in them. A guy builds a house, or starts a business, or takes a farm—that means work. I thought it over—then I up and married the widow Milligan, you know, the one with the kid about 12 years old. I know, she's a bit on the hefty side, but that's what I was after. I bought the boy a bicycle and the old lady a washing machine. Then I sent the kid out collecting laundry, and had the widow run it through. I was to keep the books and answer the 'phone. I figured I had a good lay—a business of my own."

"Nice figurin'," I said enviously.

"Yeah, so I thought," said Pouch. "It worked fine—for the first week. Then the little lady got to thinking that I wasn't doing quite enough. So she suggested that I take a hand at the ironin'. And when I argued, she became playful. Now I got a black eye, and no place to sleep."

**P**OUCH lapsed into a thoughtful mood, and so I left him with his problem. I felt sorry for the man, but I knew that he'd find a loophole—and a solution favorable to himself.

So, when in doubt, take your problem to a Maritimer. He's the greatest figurer in the world.



THE THINKER: A HERRING CHOKER AT WORK

## Ye Editors' Mail Bag

Sir:

We would be very pleased to receive your latest copy of Crosswinds. We are enclosing a copy of our first publication "The Pivot".

We are wondering if you have been in the habit of sponsoring any type of magazine exchange. If so, we shall be most pleased to receive a copy of your magazine on publication each month.

May we take the liberty of congratulating you upon the new makeup. It certainly pulls one's attention directly to the subject, and certainly reflects the good, hard, honest training of a newspaperman. While our publication is merely in its infant stage, we hope to profit by any and all observations, especially in lessons we can take from publications like yours.

Any suggestions you may give us will be greatly appreciated and we assure you, any criticisms well received.

Yours very truly,

Ontario Hughes Owens Co. Ltd.

JOHN DORAN,  
Editor, "The Pivot"

Sir:

Enclosed find a photograph of F/L W. C. Neale on his 20th anniversary of service with the RCAF. This I think is deserving of a space in your magazine.



F/L W. C. NEALE

in 1939. With 30 years in the photographic trade he has kept up with the rapid progress made in photography up to present methods and has proved a capable C.I. at the only School of Photography in the RCAF here at Rockcliffe. With the School at its inception in 1939 he has seen 37 courses graduate to take their places across Canada and overseas.

Besides his duties with No. 7 P.W. he is an ardent backer of sports on the station and has served as president of the sports committee for several seasons.

F/O E. E. CRISP,  
School of Photography

P.S. His 20th anniversary was celebrated by shooting a snappy 113 at Chaudiere.

Sir:

Have just finished reading September Crosswinds and cannot suppress the desire to write and congratulate you on your enviable achievement in journalism.

To say that your covers are classy would be putting it mildly. "Catchy" perhaps, might be a more suitable word; especially this cover of your September issue. With a cover photograph of three such charming ladies who can resist the temptation to turn the page and possibly find more of just the same stuff. While I cannot deny it was your covers that really appealed to me, I must confess that your whole magazine met my every expectancy. I might offer the suggestion, however, that a few more editorials might not go astray. With such a magnificent publication as Crosswinds it seems there are altogether too few editorials. But that's just one man's opinion.

At any rate you are certainly to be congratulated. Keep up the good work; it is appreciated.

FRED LAKE,

Editor "Detachment Dope"

"They say that brunettes have sweeter dispositions than blondes."

"Well my wife has been both and I can't see any difference."

A snapshot shows my arm around her waist,  
I can't recall her name but through the years  
I'll always marvel that such a homely face  
Seemed so lovely after seven beers.

Group Captain: "If this happens again, I'll have to get another man."

Batman: "I wish you would, Sir, there's enough work for two of us."

## The Befuddled Joe AC2 To You

F/Sgt. C. E. PAQUIN

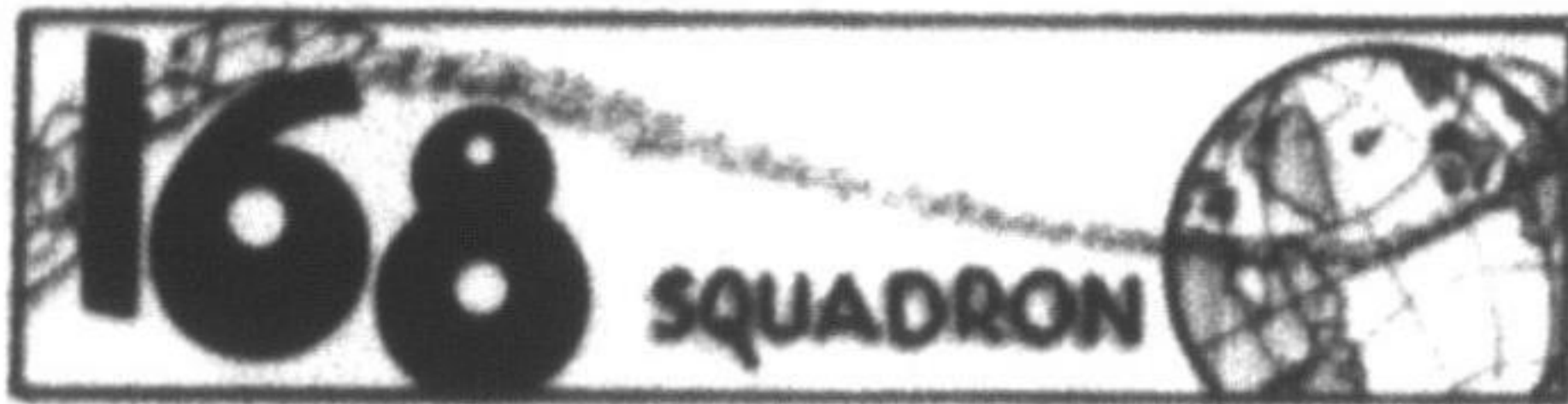
When things go wrong as they often may  
In the strict routine of an Air Force day,  
The "Buck" is passed in a certain way  
And the procedure seems to be:  
The S/L bawls the F/O out,  
The F/O bawls the Sgt. out,  
The Sgt. bawls the Cpl. out,  
And the Cpl. curses me.

Whose fault they neither know nor care  
But the rap must travel the well worn stair  
So of course the result of the whole affair  
Is this: I'm in for another C.B.

Now filled with punishments my documental scroll  
For do I not occupy the lowest hole  
Of the General Factotum Pole  
That is carved from the Air Force Tree.  
For the G/C twits the W/C  
The W/C chides the S/L  
The S/L needles the F/L, Louie  
The F/Louis blasts the Sgt.  
The Sgt. flays the Cpl.  
Then, alas, the Cpl. looks for me.

Hey! Let me out of here.

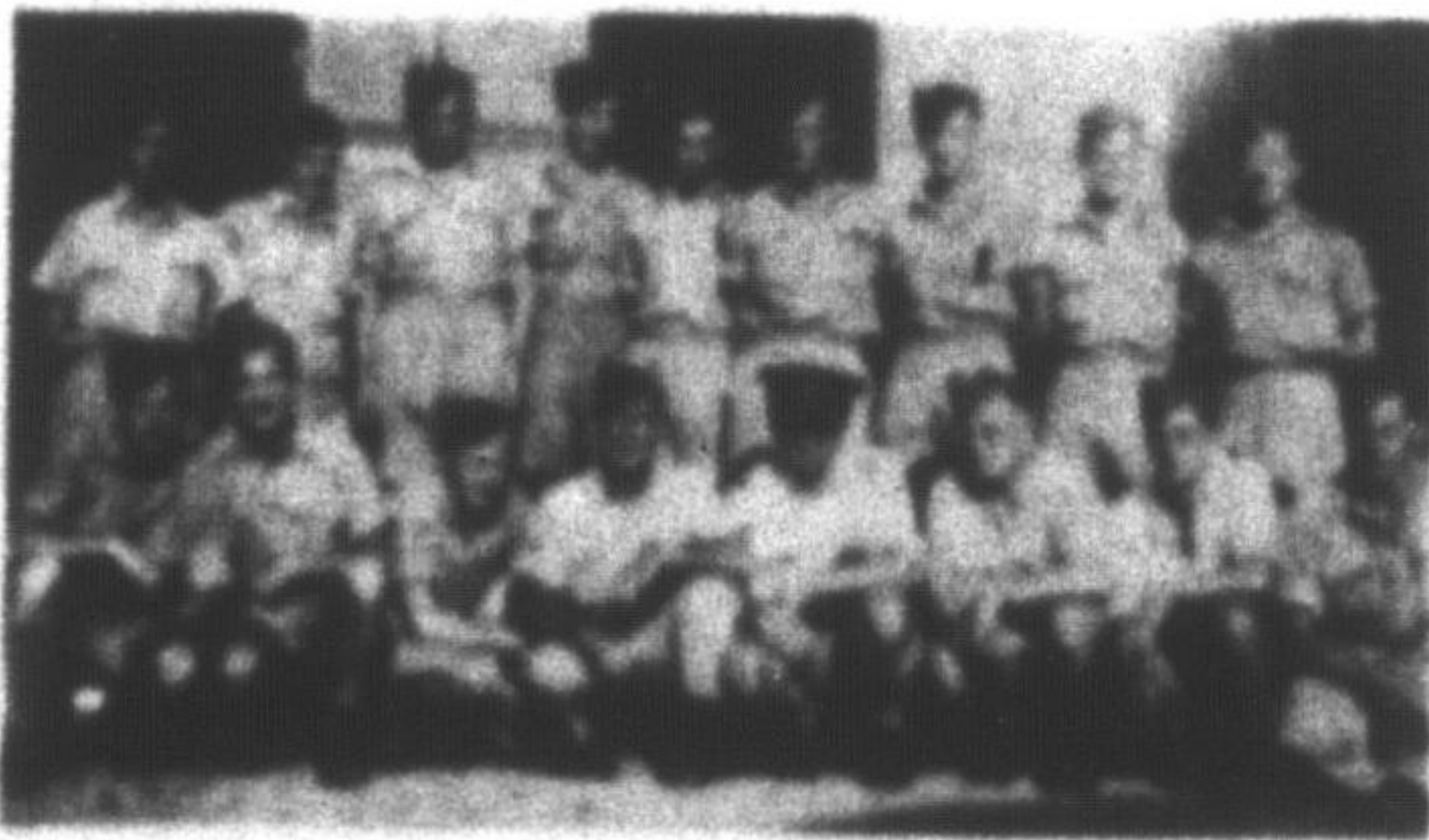




By F/SGT. O. W. SCHEUNEMAN

WITH the arrival of Liberators, extra work was necessary in converting them for transport work. Approximately 100 personnel were attached here from various repair depots for this special job. These boys are really pitching in and when the job is completed they will be credited with doing a task that was never before undertaken in the R.C.A.F.

Our crewmen are now being organized under the able guidance of F/S Pingel, who is passing on to them valuable information that he acquired at St. Hubert's.



### OUR GIBRALTAR DETACHMENT

Bowling is well under way and competition is keen. The first turn-out proved the boys were indeed interested and a successful season is now assured. All teams were well represented and it was noticed when looking over the scores that we have some cracking good bowlers in our midst. All bowlers not listed with any team are to contact these team captains: LAC Harvey, LAC Joyce, LAC Finkel, LAC Seifried, Cpl. Poulin, Sgt. Lohnes, Sgt. Tredree, Sgt. Shufelt, Sgt. Wight, Sgt. Spring, Sgt. McCarthy, Sgt. Hunter, F/S McGinnis, F/S Burman, F/S Scheuneman, F/L Bell.

WHAT bowling team remembers that they were playing for handicaps the first night and really took advantage of it? Was that nice, boys? Cpl. Ricard who is in charge of Tech Publications, and he has lots of them, when not busy trying to keep them in order or amending them can be heard muttering T.O. numbers under his breath. His mother claims that when at home he sits looking at library books with a glassy glare.

It seems that Cpl. Atherfold was having some trouble bowling. Could the presence of your girl friend have anything to do with it, K.V.? It just takes time. As the season passes on you'll get used to it. On one of

his bad nights, F/S Burman, our genial discip, rolled a "high" low of 60 on his first string. The second string showed a decided improvement, as drill commands such as right incline and left incline could be heard on the alleys and the Flight chalked up a score of 102. By the way, an average score is 200, Flight. The addition of LAW Bruce-Robertson to our draftsmen staff has created an increased interest in the progressing of Lib modifications on blue prints. We have heard of airmen keeping address books (excluding me) but this is for the records—an airman keeping a record of cigarettes he has borrowed. When are you going to bring this book out of the red, J.P.

Coincidence: In the last bond drive 168 Sqdn. subscribed 168% of quota; 90% of personnel buying a total of \$37,800 worth. Can we do it again, men?

## 168 is Evacuating Italian Casualties

By SGT GEORGE EGEE

Aircraft of 168 squadron are flying wounded soldiers from the Italian front lines to base hospitals. Dakota aircraft make the flights in about two hours and carry approximately 24 casualties and two orderlies.

The 168 Detachment at Gibraltar handle all flying assignments in Italy. S/L W. H. McIntosh is O.C. The U.K. Detachments do the same type of work, flying wounded from evacuation ports in England to hospitals in the U.K. S/L C.R. Knowles is O.C.

Making inquiries about the mail runs we found that a letter, mailed in Italy on the day the plane leaves, arrived in Canada within three days. This is definitely a good show, for we can remember the time when two weeks would have been unbelievable. We find that 168 has just about the biggest mail route in the British service, stretching from Canada to Cairo.

W/C L. G. Fraser, DFC, should be congratulated for the fine service rendered by himself and all the boys in 168.



W/C FRASER

No wonder the sergeant talked so much. His father was a tobacco auctioneer and his mother was a woman.

# CONSTRUCTION ENGINEERING

WORKS AND BUILDINGS

By F/O J. GRAY

**D**ESPITE the dizzy grandeur of its new title *Works and Buildings* fails to notice any increase of respect in the manner or tone of voice with which it is addressed in person or by phone. Consider this one—from the hangar zone of course:

"Say! some crazy (CENSORED) threw an apple down the drain!"

"Sorry, old chap, wrong pew! Call 30 and please bear in mind a WD takes the work orders."

Now that the summer season is drawing to a close and we've worn out all available machines in the command in an effort to landscape the wild and woolly areas of the station, it might be safe to place this one in the "information please" box.

Question: "When is a tractor operator tractable?"

Answer: "When on duty watch watching the beer flow by in the wet canteen."

**F**AR be it from us to indulge in idle boasting but it is not generally known that *Construction Engineering* includes within its ranks two outstanding paterfamiliae. One lays claim to a family of sixteen and the other to twelve. They are both hard-working flight sergeants who do not subscribe to the modern fallacy that the solution to the unemployment problem lies in the six-hour day.

One of our headaches is the weekly and monthly progress reports and we take a dim view of any move to add to the burden. Two NCO's of the orderly room staff decided to get spliced during their annual leaves, and were duly instructed when they returned to file M.P.R.'s. It is with extreme reluctance that we confess there is nothing more depressing than a nil report. After all, we have a reputation to uphold.

We had a get-together party on the evening of Sept. 14. A total of 155 sat down to dinner and later stood up for beer. Four officers represented W. & B., No. 3 TCHQ, and No. 3 C. & M. Three survived. The occasion was the end of the summer outdoor maintenance season. Speeches were made but nobody paid any attention. Everything went off happily, though the morning parade on the 15th was a trifle unsteady.

The absent-minded professor was having a physical examination. "Stick out your tongue," commanded the doctor, "and say 'ah!'"

"Ah," obeyed the professor.

"It looks all right," nodded the M.D., "but by the postage stamp?"

"Oh-ho," said the professor, "So that's here I left it!"



The first six WD photographers to arrive overseas: LAW Hilda Hubert, St. Jacobs, Ont.; Cpl. Ruth Gover, Coldwater, Ont.; LAW Thelma Smith, Edmonton; LAW Janet Clouthier, Chalk River, Ont.; LAW Beth Moyer, North Bay, Ont. and LAW Jean Holmes, Owen Sound, Ont. All six were trained at No. 7 Manning Depot and the School of Photography here.

## Station Show Seeks Material

Scripts are being read to select one for a station show. The show will be along variety lines—songs, dancing, skits. Submit your original ideas, suggestions and songs, to Editor of *Crosswinds*, or members of the committee: LAC I. Kington, Airdrome Control; F/S R. N. Ringler, H.Q.; Cpl. R. Hines, Repat.; Cpl. "Tony" Anthony, Accts.; Sgt. Isabel Ward, Admin. Bldg., W. Shea, YMCA.

### CRAFT SHOP

The YMCA Men's Craft Shop will be reopened immediately from 6-10 p.m. daily except Saturday and Sunday. Sgt. Major Ernie Bussiere will be in charge as instructor. If you have any craft experience and would care to volunteer your services contact Ernie.

### NEXT DEADLINE: OCT. 28

Attention, *Crosswinds* staff! Deadline for November issue is Oct. 28. All copy must be in by that date—and we're not kidding.

LAC: "Good evening, Honey, we're going to have a swell time tonight. I've got three tickets for the show: one for your mother, one for your brother and one for your old man."

# It Just Isn't Done Old Boy

By Cpl. H. R. How, Repat Depot

**E**NGLAND in wintertime is like Canada in November: bleak, with overcast skies, and damp cold that penetrates to the marrow.

It was like that when I spent my first 48 in York. After wandering about the walled city for an hour, all the while slowly freezing to death, I came to the conclusion that above all else, I wanted a comfortable seat in front of a fireplace. But I knew not a soul in York. However, I figured, girls have homes, and homes have fireplaces; so all I have to do is to meet a lass.

So I hied to the nearest dance hall. After some manoeuvring, finally I induced an unsuspecting damsel to allow me to escort her home. We stumbled and felt our way along the blacked-out streets. I wasn't at all sorry when she came to a halt.

"I must say goodnight," she said, I thought much too thankfully.

"Is this your home?" I inquired, visualizing just us two cuddled up cozily in front of the blazing fire.

"No," she said, "I live around the corner."

"Well, let me take you to the door," I insisted.

"Oh, no," she protested, "please don't."

"Isn't it customary to escort a lady to her home—at least to the doorstep?"

"No; it just isn't done." The little lady seemed definite on this point.

The vision of the fireplace all but vanished. But the old saying, "If at first you don't" ran through my mind.

"Listen," I said, "I'll be in town tomorrow night. Let's take in a show."

"I'd love to," the lassie agreed.

"Then give me your address, and I'll call call for you—at the house."

Of course, I had an ulterior motive. Once past the family portals, and comfortably ensconced in an easy chair in front of the fire, fifty Cleopatras wouldn't move me. I'd just soak in the heat, and thaw and thaw.

"If you don't mind," the girl said sweetly, "let's meet in front of the DeGray Rooms. You know, that dance hall where we met tonight."

I was dumbfounded. This seemingly nice creature apparently was determined to see me slowly freeze to death.

"But why not let me call for you?" I protested in desperation. "Are you ashamed to present me to your people?"

"No, no, it's not that," she assured me.

"It's, it's just that such things aren't done in England. That is, unless . . ."

"Okay," I interrupted her. "I'll meet you at the De Gray Rooms."

As I stumbled along in the blackout, my teeth chattered noisily. I noticed a chink of light in a shop window, so I thrust aside the blackouts, and found myself in a chip



shop. The place was crowded, so I leaned against the counter. Next to me stood a nice looking bloke.

"Strange customs over here," I said, by way of starting a conversation.

"Oh . . ."

So I told him of my being out-maneuvred and left out in the cold.

"You say that you actually wanted to call at the girl's home?" the bloke asked, his tone incredulous.

"Yes."

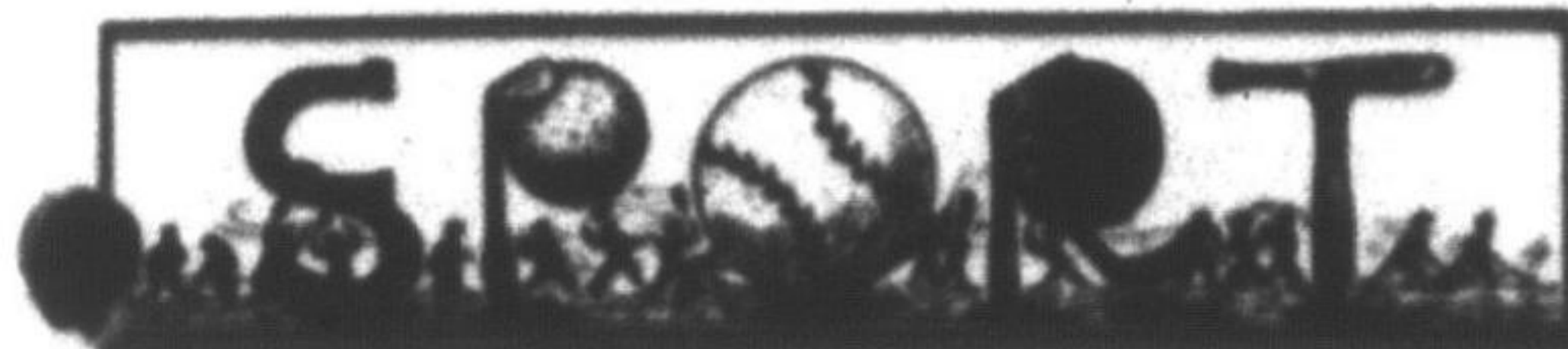
"Are you in love with the lady?"

"No; just with a fireplace."

"Listen, Canada," he said, "you don't know what a close call you've had. Over here, once a bloke enters a girl's home, he's what you say in America "hooked." Her family considers that you're courting. And when you've reached that stage, there's only one way out of marrying the young lady—death. In ten years I've been in but one girl's home. That was, let me see, six years ago. True, I'm still living, but even yet, often at night I can't sleep for thinking that sooner or later I'm going to get a summons for breach of promise."

"H'm," I said.

"My dear fellow," said my new friend, "you look positively pale. Do have another four penny worth of chips. Very warming they are, and good for the nerves—more so than is a fireplace!"



### MINOR LEAGUE SOFTBALL

Teams	Played	Won	Lost	Tied	Pts.
Repats	14	10	4	0	20
S. Police.	14	10	4	0	20
No. 168 H.T.S.	14	8	6	0	16
Fire Hall	14	7	7	0	14
Comm.	14	7	7	0	14
H.Q.	14	6	8	0	12
T. & D.	14	5	9	0	10
W. & B	14	3	11	0	6

The first four teams were in the play-offs. Repats defeated S.P.'s in a sudden death game for first place, and Fire Hall took Comm. for fourth position. In the semi-finals, 168 HTS took Repats after a close series, three games to two, and Fire Hall won over S.P.'s two straight. In the finals 168's superior batting was too much for Fire Hall, and they ended with the league championship in two games. Much credit for the 168 win is due LAC Easy, their popular manager.

The Repats (Major League) took 168 (Minor League) for station champions: 11-2.

### MAJOR LEAGUE SOFTBALL

Teams	Played	Won	Lost	Tied	Pts.
Comm.	14	11	3	0	22
T. & D.	14	10	4	0	20
Band.	14	8	6	0	16
F.I. Postmen	14	8	6	0	16
Repats	14	8	6	0	16
No. 34 Det.	14	6	8	0	12
Photo.	14	4	9	1	9
A.C. Maint.	14	1	12	1	3

The first four teams were in the playoffs. The Band beat Flying Postmen; Repats drew a by for third place. In semi-finals Repats defeated Communications two straight, while the Band were unfortunate in defaulting to T. & D., because of a quick move to Quebec. In the finals, after a thrilling series, Repats came out on top for the League championship. Boss of the Repat team is F/O "Taffy" Williams.



TOP: Minor League Champions: 168 HTS. LAC H. W. Harvey, LAC H. H. Easy, LAC J. M. Pohlman, LAC T. J. Shnur, LAC M. Bouchard, LAC R. Moisan, Cpl. A. F. McCord, Cpl. C. E. Ironside, LAC C. Filman. BOTTOM: Major League Champions: No. 1 Repat Team. F/O H. R. Merritt, F/O J. W. L. Doherty, F/O T. M. Williams, F/O J. I. Galloway, DFM, WO1 R. W. Allan, Sgt. W. A. Ranson, LAC R. Hilts, Sgt. J. G. Kerr.

## Ye Editor's Mail Bag

Cpl. Joyce Herrington, formerly of the Switchboard, writes from overseas: "Many, many thanks for copies of Crosswinds. They are ever so interesting and exhilarating. I passed them around to several old Rockcliffe-ites, and they were enjoyed by all. Good work. Quite an honor to be mentioned in Crosswinds. Almost as good as being mentioned in dispatches. Ha-ha."

### A Suggestion

Cpl. L. A. Lovegrove, S.P., suggests that an old time orchestra be formed. He guarantees jobs for them. How about it, old timers?

C.O.: "Why aren't you working?"  
AC2: "I didn't see you coming, Sir."



#### FOUR FORMER ROCKCLIFFE-ITES MEET AT TRACK MEET IN BRITAIN

Left to right: Sgt. Jack Keay, S.P. from Toronto; Sgt. Nell Dryden, P.T.I., Granby, Que.; LAW Kay Helwig, "W-Deb" entertainer, also from Toronto; F/Sgt. Fred Phillips, former Saskatoon radio singer, now a P.T.I., discip, entertainer and drum-major; Nell Dryden was in the winning team in the W.D. relay race and Kay placed third in the 60-yard dash.

—From Crosswinds' Overseas Bureau

## MARINE SECTION

By CPL. DAVE WILLIAMSON

**W**ITH no radio to keep our morale in tune down by the river we must resort to other means. It gets mighty lonesome through the long night vigil and it is only natural that we have made friends with the animal world. In the evening when all is quieted down you may meet at the Marine section a blue heron, ducks of many varieties, orioles or chickadees, there are muskrats, rabbits and weasels, and of course among many others we know a fox.

It had been a long and very busy day,  
And now the lonesome night shift was under way.  
Joe, having finished for the evening, the last chore to do.

Had settled down to talk to himself, when a fox came in view.

To be friendly with neighbors seemed only right.

So to Mr. Fox, he'd try to be polite;

"Chickens is a profitable business," Joe said.

Reynard cocked an ear and turned his head.

"I am considering the question of Rehabilitation—"

And Joe expounded its benefits to the nation.

"A chicken in every pot is the way I feel about it."

And the shrewd old fox did not appear to doubt it.

Tho' the fox kept his distance,

The conversation grew warmer.

Through the corporal's insistence,

This future poultry farmer

Chatted on 'til the animal grew quite nervous.

When he was asked how long he'd been in the Service.

"Tell me," cried Dumault,

"Just before you go,

"There's something I'm most curious to know—"

"Is it not strange that, you, a fox,

"Can carry on with me these talks?"

And the sly beast, saying not a word  
Slipping thro' the bushes, could not be heard.

# PERSONNEL COUNSELLOR

By F/O P. C. WARNICK

**T**HE words Personnel Counsellor should hold no mystery for Rockcliffe-ites by this time. The personnel counsellors' school has been on this station since February. The repat depot has had the services of two able counsellors, F/O Eustace and F/O Bruyere, for several months. Their offices are in bldg. 91. Within the past month, F/O Warnick has opened an office for counselling in bldg. 78, to serve the staff of Rockcliffe.

The purpose of having personnel counsellors (don't let the name scare you) is to enable members of the RCAF to plan intelligently for their position in the post-war world. In this respect they are in a much more favorable position than either of the other two armed services. Members of the RCAF have the opportunity of consulting with specially chosen and trained officers in order that they may clarify their thinking and make definite plans for after the war.

**N**O one is compelled to see the personnel counsellor. The service is on a voluntary basis. If you have a problem of decision—if you have made definite plans but want to discuss them—if you have made no plans see the personnel counsellor. He is on the station to help you.

He won't find a job for you. That is the sphere of the veterans welfare officer when you are discharged. He won't solve the

crises of your love life. You can write to Dorothy Dix for that. He won't loan you money. That lineup you see at his door is a heterogenous mixture of clients and creditors. The ones who look hopeful are the clients. But here is what he will do.

- (1) He will give you the latest information about your war service gratuity.
- (2) He will tell you all he knows about the veterans land act—either a farm or a small holding.
- (3) He will help you determine your fitness for the career you have selected for civilian life.
- (4) He will discuss with you your possibilities for a vocational training or education grant.
- (5) He will explain the procedure for re-instatement in your former employment.

Finally—he is your gen man for anything affecting you from the time you turn your blues over to the moths and again don those no-button-to-polish tweeds with cuff and zipper attached.

## Romance Helped Along By Crosswinds

AW1 Ruth Dale of Photo Wing used to write to Sgt. J. Gill when he was overseas. Addresses were lost and letters ceased. One day Ruth was looking at the May issue of Crosswinds and was thrilled to see her friend's picture. He had been repatriated and was convalescing at the hospital. Of course they didn't waste any time and Ruth's visits quickened Gill's recovery. Gill is now a civvy and letters flow freely, thanks to Crosswinds news coverage.

Jack and Fred had known each other for years. One day Jack rushed into his friend's office and frantically requested a loan of a thousand dollars. Fred flatly refused.

"But Fred," pleaded Jack, "you, whom I consider my best friend, refuse when you know that if I don't get the money I'm ruined?"

"Yes," answered Fred stonily.

"But think back, Fred," moaned Jack. "When you first needed money to go in business, it was I who supplied it. When your Bill wanted to go to college, you came to me to finance him. And when the misuses toured the country three years ago, I loaned you the money. Didn't I do all this for you, Fred? Didn't I?"

"Sure," shrugged Fred. "But what have you done for me lately?"

Last week one of the more convivial members of our band was wavering back to the camp when a couple stopped to give our mate with the lame elbow a lift. After he boarded the car, silence prevailed until the lady in the car observed: "Man, you sure do smell happy."

The choir in the little country church was practicing a new anthem. "Now don't forget," cautioned the choirmaster, "the tenors will sing alone until we come to the gates of hell. Then you all come in."

### POEM

Though dentistry has gone to war  
It doesn't mean we fight,  
We pick your teeth and fill 'em  
And keep your ivories bright.

So if your molars growl until  
You cannot rest at night  
Just come along and see us  
We'll fix that up alright.

If your teeth have up and left you  
And you cannot chew your food  
A set of dentures we will make  
We assure you they'll be good.

But eat your spinach and your food  
And see us twice a year  
Brush your teeth and keep 'em clean  
And you'll have naught to fear.



## Why the Baby Contest Was Washed Out

**T**HE Editors announce, with regret, that Crosswinds Cutest Baby Contest has been cancelled. A letter from the Commanding Officer, telling you why, is published herewith.

We would like to apologize to personnel who went to the trouble of bringing us pictures of their kiddies; we were swamped with entries. Above, we have made a selection from some of the entries, just so you can see what cute kiddies we have at Rockcliffe. Space does not permit us to publish them all.

All baby photographs may now be picked up in Crosswinds office in the drill hall.

### LETTER FROM C.O.

Dear Mr. Editor:

I have just proof-read your October issue and am sorry to tell you that the baby competition is "out." I realize you have made a big effort on this and many service parents are going to be disappointed.

There is probably nothing more important than babies, but I feel that we at war, have news about our different hard-working units which is nationally of greater service interest.

By all means publish your page of baby pictures. The fine-looking young Canadians bearing the names of our good personnel are something to be proud of. As far as making it a "Baby Contest Issue", however, I feel we have wider field to print.

G. S. O'BRIAN

### BOYS

1. Barry James, 14 months, son of Cpl. J. A. Dugol, S.P.
2. Bruce Harris, 6 months, son of F/O E. H. Dowell, T. & D.
3. Robert William, 11 months, son of Cpl. W. E. Truscott, 7 Photo Wing.
4. Allan Craig, 2½ months, son of LAC A. C. Hubbard, 7 Photo Wing.
5. Harold, 7 months, son of F/Sgt J. Ewers, 7 Photo Wing.
6. George, 6 weeks, son of F.L.G. M. Gowling, 168 HTS.
7. Lawrence Ross, 18 months, son of Cpl. F. Lawson, C.P.C.
8. David Hughson, 12 months, son of ACJ A. S. Alexander, HQ.
9. Peter Leigh, 9½ months, son of Sgt. A. L. Wickens, Hospital.
10. Charles Henry, 18 months, son of LAC H. Bennett, Band.
11. Gerald Frederick, 8 months, son of F.L.E. W. Lidington, Hospital.
12. Robert, 14 months, son of LAC J. M. R. Monette, Chapel.
13. Michael Ian, 13 months, son of LAC C. G. Chisholm, Equipment Section.
14. Fraser, 5 months, son of Cpl. D. Williamson, Marine Section.
15. Nigel, 7½ months, son of Cpl. J. M. Liddard, 8th Orderly Room.

### GIRLS

16. Dianne, 7 months, daughter of LAC W. E. Thompson, W. & B.
17. Gwenneth, 9 months, daughter of LAC J. W. Weir, Aircraft Maintenance.
18. Diane Elizabeth, 17 months, daughter of Cpl. J. E. Vaughan, 13 Squadron.
19. Barbara Anne, 11 months, daughter of F/S A. R. Beaudry, HQ Orderly Room.
20. Marian Louise, 4 months, daughter of F/S Dinwoodie, G.I.S.
21. Donna Eleanor, 18 months, daughter of Sgt. G. H. Knott, Med. Section.
22. Sharon Ann, 12½ months, daughter of LAC E. Purter, Band.
23. Roxanna Lee, 3 months, daughter of F/S J. Kendrick, 168 HTS.
24. Michele, 5 months, daughter of Cpl. J. Dussault, Marine Section.
25. Gail Frances, daughter of Cpl. R. F. Robertson, Depot.
26. Darlene, 7 months, daughter of LAC W. E. Thompson, W. & B.
27. Eileen Marie, 12 months, daughter of LAC Y. Ross, Airman's Canteen.
28. Suzanne, 6 months, daughter of LAC J. A. D. Dupuis, M.T.
29. Carol, 4 months, daughter of LAC A. Groat, 168 HTS.
30. Dianne, 17 months, daughter of LAC N. C. L. Lund, Band.



## VITAL STATISTICS

### BORN

- A son, Jon Fergus to LAC and Mrs. J. W. Wrinn at Vinton, Que.  
 A daughter, Marilyn Anne to AC2 and Mrs. L. W. Horton at Maple Creek, Sask.  
 A son, Gordon Edgar to LAC and Mrs. E. D. Fulton at Westmount, Que.  
 A son, Joseph Victor to LAC and Mrs. A. N. Monette, at Ottawa.  
 A son, Alfred George to F/S and Mrs. L. Goulet at Ottawa.  
 A son, Robert Archie to AC1 and Mrs. V. A. Teetzal at Strathroy, Ont.  
 A son, Gary Edwin to Cpl. and Mrs. B. P. Moore at Ottawa.  
 A daughter, Marie Rita to P/O and Mrs. J. A. Dube at Verdun, Que.  
 A daughter, Jane Ellen to P/O and Mrs. W. R. Blackshaw at Windsor.  
 A daughter, Marie Emilia to LAC and Mrs. F. A. Faubert at Hull.  
 A son, Denis Robert to LAC and Mrs. F. Walliser at Ottawa.  
 A daughter, Mary Sharon to Sgt and Mrs. J. E. Craig at Cyrville, Ont.

### MARRIED

- LAC H. D. Bartholomew to Lois Lockwood at Vernon, B.C.  
 LAC J. A. Dupont to Jacqueline Lalonde at Hull.  
 Cpl O. Mysak to L/Cpl A. G. Ball at Winnipeg.  
 LAW J. Mosicki to LAC F. Devaul at Ottawa.  
 Cpl W. Bonar to P/O G. W. Browell at Toronto.  
 Sgt. G. E. Rodgers to Reta Kilgour at Ottawa.

- LAC R. H. Trew to Elva Brown at Ottawa.  
 LAC R. Sher to Bella Alder at Montreal.  
 LAC C. Benyon to Hazel Foster at Ottawa.  
 Cpl T. P. Winter to Magdalene Hnatiuk at Eastview.  
 Cpl E. O. Chapman to Iris Card at Moncton.  
 Cpl R. G. Stanton to Loretta Garden at Ottawa.  
 LAW M. A. Gwilyn to F/O Leslie Schunk at Regina.  
 LAC F. E. Guilfoyle to Mabel McAllister at Ottawa.  
 Cpl. H. E. Hicks to Beulah Friday at Buckingham, Que.  
 LAC D. A. Benoit to Rose Bailey at Ottawa.  
 LAW M. Urquhart to Bruce Macdonald at Ottawa.

### PROMOTED

- Sgt. to F/S: J. M. Dunn, M. G. Havens, P. Young, M. E. Green, J. M. Mackie, J. H. Ewers, W. N. Alexander, A. A. Burgess, H. W. Holmes, W. E. Smolyk, O. W. Scheuneman.  
 F/L to S/L: A. O. Lloyd  
 P/O to F/O: J. B. Poole  
 WO2 to WO1: E. A. Kirkwood, J. H. McCallan  
 F/S to WO2: G. R. Charron  
 Cpl. to Sgt.: R. E. Baker, W. L. McKinnon, W. R. Daley, F. M. Diehl, J. E. Duncan, J. G. Blain, J. C. Chabot, J. H. Nolan, J. M. McElligott, G. M. Renouf, P. H. Gillespie, A. N. Gray, J. J. Dallaire, G. E. Davidson.  
 LAC to Cpl.: M. A. Gwilyn, K. B. Lazuk, F. V. Lidstone, G. C. Matchett, J. V. Barton, J. W. Sawatzky, J. B. McPherson, M. I. Southworth, E. I. Wilson, J. O. Armitage, E. C. Robinson, G. E. Chase, J. P. McDermott, J. R. Telford, J. A. Picot, S. Pinesliver, J. E. Vachon, R. C. Penny, R. F. Weaver, F. M. Archdeacon, J. P. Bowes, C. T. Routh, J. A. Latraverse, S. Lampert, J. A. Pacquin, R. A. Ireland, N. W. Greenway, C. E. Hayes, J. A. Paquette, J. W. Guitor, C. M. Bray, V. M. Wright, J. Wiseman, K. E. Paul, K. W. Hutcheson, P. Cohen, J. E. Allard, S. E. Caldwell, A. E. Love, A. K. Righetti, J. E. Gardner, V. E. Dand, M. W. Gamble, D. M. Poulton, E. M. Gow, E. M. Walsh.

## New Books In Our Library

By SGT. ISABEL G. MCTAVISH

### Argentine Diary by Ray Josephs.

An uncensored story of the coming of fascism to Argentina, by a newspaperman who lived in this Latin American republic for several years. He reveals all the aspects of the fascist road to power.

### The Nazis Go Underground by Curt Riss.

Describes the movement which is already under-way to keep the Nazi party alive after Germany has lost the war. Its international leadership to be based in Switzerland, Spain and Argentina, will reach out into other countries. The author also reveals some of the people on this continent who may be useful tools in the organization after the war.

### The Permanent War, or Homo the Sap by Lorne T. Morgan.

The writer in this very caustic article points out the advantages of war to unity, employment and prosperity.

### Simone by Lion Feuchtwanger.

This is a new version of the Joan of Arc motif. A 15-year-old village girl, roused by the betrayal of France, strikes a very real blow against the German enemy and his French friends. A novel of modern France.

### Flint by Charles Norris.

Here we have Charles Norris at his powerful best on the controversy between labor and capital. The scene is San Francisco and the shipping business. The story of the Rutherford family and their struggle for a way of life. It's a frightening preview of the possible post-war world.

It was the last night of the revival meeting, and the evangelist was going strong on the subject of "Eternal Damnation." With all the eloquence at his command, he urged the congregation to flee from the wrath to come.

"Ah, my friends," he exclaimed, "on that last day, there will be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth."

In a rear pew an old woman arose.  
 "But I ain't got no teeth," she protested tremulously.

"Makin'," shouted the evangelist, "teeth will be provided."

(An Exclusive Crosswinds Feature)

# How To Brush Off Bond Salesmen

By LAC RALPH ROSENBERG

**S****SIX** ways to get rid of the Victory Bond Salesman—or the V.B.S. will get you if you don't watch out!

Of course, the simplest way to give him the brush is to say, "I'll take a bond." . . . Then off he'll go, overjoyed that another conquest has been made—and to think—he didn't even have to use that club! But why get rid of him life that? That's far too easy. Why not do it the hard way? Those concerned, please note the following:

(1) You could tell him all about the "poor wife and kiddies." Yes, you need every cent you get; and more! You'd like to buy one, but . . . all those kiddies at home cryin' for bread, and no "rye" in the house . . .

(2) If you're and AC and he's a sergeant, tell him that a Victory Bond would put a cramp in your beer and cigarette money—and that'd mean (naively) no beer for him the week you're on duty piquet and no cigarettes when you jump the fence; and so on. That should work brother, it certainly should!

(3) Other AC's approached by NCO's could remind these bunk-to-bunk salesmen of the money they owe you and the similar favors you've done for them in the past. "Gee, with a bond to pay for, how am I gonna have enough money to loan you every now and then?" You'll have no more trouble with that lad. Watch him wilt, Milt. watch him wilt!

(4) If you're a WD, and a big, strong bond salesman accosts you, have no fear, gals, he'll be putty in your hands. Far be it from the writer to suggest "ways 'n' means." You're on your own, wimmen, and I venture to say you'll do all right. When you gals stop "cookin' on all burners" it'll be a cold, cold day. Suggestions? Well, threaten to tell his wife why he didn't go home for Easter. Another? Go on strike and picket the coal pile. Some more? Say, are you gals kiddin' . . . c'est la guerre, kids, c'est la guerre!

(5) If the situation arises so that an AC is canvassing an NCO, the problem is simple. When this AC comes in and makes his demands, feeling that the whole government of Canada is behind him, abruptly ask him when he's next on duty piquet. Thinking out loud, I can hear you saying, "Hmmm, that's odd; I happen to know all these orderly sergeants for that week quite well. Swell bunch of boys—

do anything I say . . ." At which time, you will be overwhelmed with kindness. . . a cigar in your mouth, your feet propped up on the desk for you, no more queries; and AC Schmalz goes merrily on his way humming, "Bless 'em all, bless 'em all . . ."

(6) If you happen to be a poor ole airman, and a rich ole wing commander comes up to you and asks, so sweetly, "You're buying a Victory Bond, AREN'T YOU?" . . . you've had it, brother, you've really had it! The ground might as well open up and swallow you. Of course, you could refuse! They say Gander isn't bad at all. It's cold and the nights are long and you're isolated, but one gets used to those things . . . in three or four years! Really they do.

(P.S.) All kidding aside, folks, we at Rockcliffe realize that they don't use physical force to get us to buy our share of Victory Bonds . . . and that simply nasty rumor going about that the bond committee is furnishing every solicitor with brass knuckles is absolutely false. Those hot needles under the fingernails will do the trick.



"This apple pie tastes just like mother used to make—IT STINKS."

# STATION EQUIPMENT SECTION

By LAW JOYCE DETWEILER

**R**EJOICE, all ye who read these lines, the modest reticence of the equipment section is no more—and the veil of mystery that has shrouded its subtle workings is about to be rent in twain. (Brought on charge—veils, mystery each one, repairable).

In the first place we would like to dispel an attitude people seem to cherish regarding the difficulty in procuring equipment. Actually it's child's play—all you have to do is: Make out a voucher in approximately 50 copies, give it a serial number, anything from 1 to 10,000, have it signed by approximately ten desirable officers, and then send it to main stores. First, of course, remove and file several copies of the voucher so that your files will have that impressive over-stuffed appearance. Simple, isn't it? Of course your voucher may be swiftly bounced, due to a variety of causes, which unfortunately are military secrets, but never mind, keep trying. Eventually it will get through to the stores group and then you'll be all set. Unless, of course, the equipment desired is not in stock. Even then, it's not too bad, because a demand will be forwarded to an equipment depot, and you'll get the demand filled in a year at the outside. Possibly by the time you receive the equipment you won't need it. (Life goes at such a dizzy pace, doesn't it?) In which case, you return the stuff on a voucher, made up in . . . does this sound faintly familiar? Anyway you go through the whole procedure again, using a variety of different vouchers this time, to relieve the monotony.

Now that we have equipment procedure laid down in a compact, comprehensive form, we will take a look at the fascinating collection of Joes and Josephines who are the cogs in the dynamic equipment machine.

First of all we have the I. & R. These cryptic initials stand for the Issue and Receipt section. We explain this not as an insult to your intelligence but because, one day, a WD, (an equipment man, who shall be nameless), asked us in a confounded whisper what the "Iron are" meant. She said she thought it ought to be "Iron IS!"

This busy section seems to be staffed solely by "old boys". On closer study we find that Cpl. Anderson applies this epithet to anybody within earshot.

Cpl. "Schoffy" Schofield and LAW Gwen Johnson are looking forward eagerly to the end of the war. They swear they are going to make a roaring bonfire of their file copies of I.R.V's, delivery slips, packing notes, etc. Should be a good blaze!

The boys gave the checking room a coat

of paint not long ago, and to protect their luxurious locks, they donned charming veils, made of cheese cloth. Note to hospital: if there ever is a shortage of nursing sisters just call on the I. & R., the boys look the part.

Never let it be said that the I. & R. staff lack aesthetic sense. Their appreciation of high art is obvious after a quick glance at a pictorial calendar. The calendar is missing, but oh, that pitcher!! Evidence of their musical abilities can be noted any time that instruments for the band go out. Quite the jam session.

As athletes, also, Equips., are on the beam. The baseball team in action is a wonder to behold. Sgt. Ina Middlepuss, —er Muddlemess, er Middle mess, well you know what we mean, is captain of the team. Obviously the hard headed type she carries on nobly after being cruelly beamed.

LAW "Slugger" Rogers, even if she is "just weak" swings a mean bat under the expert direction (from the sidelines) of Major Magladry and Sgts. Lloyd Hoggarth and Don Atkinson. LAW "Mac" MacCarthy is an expert base-stealer, flat on her face after a long slide, she very much resembled the Fort with the weak under-cart. After a hard fought game with the MT gals Equipment ended up as losers by a hairs-breadth, the score being 11 to 10.

Our heartiest congratulations go to the boys and girls who passed their trade tests last month. LAW Lorna Greenway is now an "A" grouper. That was quick work Lorna, good show!! There is an impressive list of "B" groupers, LAW's Ann Gooderham, Toni Stoneham, Rene Wilson and LAC's Chisholm, Gauthier, Newcombe and Patterson. AC's LaPierre and Ledivos, who have now been posted, also rate that extra two bits per diem.

At a later date we will elucidate on such burning topics as the mysterious campaign in publications section, the mobility of clothing stores, the urgency of Petah Wabbit's 48's, and why Cpl. Lois Knight answers to "Scheherazade" in off moments. Oh, those Arabian Knights!!

If at any time you are confronted by a distracted looking character alternately biting its nails and tearing out tufts of graying hair, be not alarmed, do not rush madly for a straight jacket, said character is perfectly harmless, it is one of those conscientious equipment assistants with its mind on its work!!

God made the world—and rested,  
God made man—and rested,  
Then God made woman,  
Since then, neither God nor man has rested.

Ma's voice from the head of the stairs: "Margie, doesn't that Airman down there know how to say goodnight?"  
"Oh, Mother, he does it so well I keep asking for encores."



## A Friendly Place To Meet

**R**OCKCLIFFE'S Hostess House offers a warm welcome to all personnel, their families and friends. Here, while waiting, anyone may contact friends or relatives on the station through the hostess.

In case of an emergency, the hostess is ready to help the wives of service men and overnight accommodation at the Hostess House can be arranged. The hostess is in close touch with the padre and air force authorities.

A club for knitting and sewing, formed for airmen's wives, meets once a week on Wednesday, and there is also a party in the evening on the last Tuesday of every month. Married servicewomen are welcome.

**T**HE HOUSE offers recreation in the form of reading matter, writing material and games, and now and then a social gathering is held. Arrangements can be made for tea parties, wedding parties and christenings. She will also be glad to give advice and help with regard to shopping facilities and transportation. The Hostess House can be reached by telephone at local 100 and is open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.

The first corn roast held by the wives' club was successful. Entertainment consisted of a sing-song, several solos by Mrs. N. Drobot and LAW F. L. Greenway, a tap dance by Sgt. Beaubien, and a recitation by Mrs. W. E. McDonell. The corn was

served with cake and coffee and a presentation to a departing member of the club concluded the evening.

The padre was shocked at the language used by two men repairing telephone wires on the camp, so he reported them to the C.O. The C.O. ordered the men to make a report, and here's what the head man said:

"Me and Spike were on this job and I was up the pole and accidentally let the hot lead fall on Spike and it went down his neck. Then Spike looked up at me and said: 'Really, Harry, you must be more careful.'"

Customer: "Somehow I don't like the looks of that mackerel."

Fish Dealer: "Hell, lady, if it's looks you're after, why don't you buy a gold fish?"



Pictures by LAC William Powell show the boys and girls having a good time at the station dance, on Sept. 27, featuring the station band. Decorations and stage setting were done by LAC's Howie Hunt, Crosswinds cartoonist, and Walt Knudsen. Special events were the march past, the spot dance, and the announcement of the engagement of AW2 Betty Fry, hospital, and LAC Walt Knudsen. The dance was sponsored by the YMCA.

## PHOTO WING NEWS

By CPL. MILLIE EVANS

**G**IDIAP! Whoa! Haw! Gee! These are only a few samples of the din and clamor that arose from three horsedrawn wagons as they laboriously wended their way eastward along the Montreal Road and north to the river bank which was the scene of the Photo hay-ride and weiner roast. Everyone agreed that an aeroplane has nothing on a hay-wagon when the latter made a perfect four point landing at the foot of an almost ninety degree angled precipice. Contrary to the "met" sections report, old man weather provided ideal conditions, even to a full moon, and although it was a cool evening two bonfires helped to keep the blood circulating. While the hungry mob feasted on hot dogs, the horses—not to be outdone—devoured the hay off each other's wagons so that by the time everyone was ready for the trip back it turned out to be just a plain old wagon ride.

The bowling league got off to a grand start and after two practice nights permanent teams were formed and now great rivalry is ensuing between the different septets. There are some good bowlers among the participants and it is expected that by the end of the season all will be reclassified A1 bowlers. To date F/S Ed. Gray is setting the pace but by the time this hits print we wouldn't be surprised if Cpls. Jimmie Laing and Al Cormier are giving him a run for his money.

**W**HEN the majority of the photo survey squadrons returned to Rockcliffe a few weeks ago the photographers and clerical

staff of this unit were quite convinced that the day of atonement had come, but within a very few days some of the boys were "off" again so now they are quite convinced that there is no rest for the wicked. It is one thing to keep track of personnel on the station but when they start buzzing all over the country the clerks offer the headache to anyone.

Promotions did not slacken off this month and again we extend our congratulations. Marriages have also been quite popular, some of the latest newly-weds being: LAC Norm McKenzie, Cpl. Don Harshaw, LAC Jack Hayes and Cpl. G. Lonsdale. Newest father in the squadron is LAC Monette. Speaking of children, if anyone knows the whereabouts of Cpl. Ossie Hoople's son who answers to the name of Frederick Michael, would they please contact said Cpl. at Local 108 anytime between the hours of 8 a.m. and 5 p.m.

## PHOTO SURVEY SQUADRON

By AC1 KEITH HOWDEN

No News this time.

So Sorry

# News From Overseas

By LAC JACK MARSTERS

Crosswinds Overseas Correspondent

By Bomber Mail from Britain—Among the former Rockcliffe personnel your correspondent has seen around RCAF Bomber Group recently was F/Sgt Bill Haddow who used to hold down a desk at the station orderly room.

Sgt. Don Angel and LAC David Davies are in a Bomber Group show which has been wowing the boys and girls around the circuit. F/Sgt. Fred Phillips has moved down to Canadian Bomber Group headquarters and is also in this show. Angel and Davies are both going to France to put on shows there for the boys.

Ran into Cpl. Ernie Cowan a couple of times around these parts. He used to be one of the mainstays of stores and is still his usual happy self.

Cpl. Gordie Arscott who used to be down at Photographic was recently posted overseas and the rumor has it that he was checking up on how many rupees make a pound.

Warrant Officer Lloyd Smith is in charge of the photo sections in one of the Bomber Group bases while WO Barney Slin is head man at another base.



Sgt. Ron Laidlaw, Crosswinds war correspondent, sits in front of his "villa" in France.

# Four Bowling Alleys To Open In Drill Hall

By W/C S. A. SPRANGE

WHEN last I wrote an article it was to apologize for our inability to provide you with convenient swimming facilities. I am particularly pleased to have the opportunity to announce something new, which we have all been looking forward to, and perhaps make amends for the past bleak news.

We have four new bowling alleys and they will be set up in the west wing of the drill hall, if we hit no snags, by Oct. 15. I show for your interest a price list of the equipment installed. It looks like a lot of money and believe it or not you are going to pay for the alleys. The charge per string will be 10c which is 5c cheaper than city prices. We hope to have the alleys paid for by late next spring and the income from the alleys after that will be directed to some other large facility to amuse you.

PLANS are not yet complete as to how the alleys will operate but I can give you the general outline. We propose to keep them open from 1000 hours to 2200 hours daily except Sunday. The alleys may be reserved for Repats. in the mornings until 1200 hours. After that they will be free for casual bowlers until 1800 hours. From 1800 hours to 2000 hours will be reserved hours for leagues to operate. Leagues should be inter-unit two nights per week. These will be arranged by the P.T. & D. Officer. The other four nights may be booked by units for flight and section tournaments. Apply to the P.T. & D. Officer. We can only look after four such bookings and first come first served will be the rule. From 2000 to 2200 hours casual bowling will again be in vogue.

We will have permanent pin boys from 1500 hours until 2200 hours. Before 1500 hours pin boys will be from volunteers who will be reimbursed for their services at the rate of 2 1/2c per string set up. Shift workers who are interested please see F/O Hardy at the Drill Hall. Now those are only tentative plans and may be subject to change, as we become educated to our new business. However, let's cheer this new project on, bowl on the station and relieve the congestion in town.

Cost of building the alleys	\$3,206 42
4 sets pit mats	60 00
2000 score sheets	9 00
2 gross scoring crayons	5 50
4 sets super five pins	36 00
20 composition balls	105 00
1 bed brush	11 00
1 gutter mop	2 85
20 used seats	70 00
4 extra sets five pins	28 00
2 gals. dip polish	6 00
10 Ceiling angle reflectors	35 00
4 pin light reflectors	20 00

Total \$3,600 77



By SGT. W. J. CROSS

**M**EMBERS of the Women's Division who have hitherto been afraid to get ill and go to the hospital because lying in bed always makes the hair look such a mess may now get sick with a light heart. Sgt. C. Gill, manager of the station beauty salon, holds a tonsorial clinic in the hospital every Thursday morning and any WD patient may now have a shampoo and the latest coiffure without even the effort of getting out of bed. Could Elizabeth Arden offer more? The patients claim this little service does wonders for their morale and according to Sgt. Gill, should be instituted in all RCAF and civilian hospitals. This leads us to believe, then, that we are the first hospital to feature glamor with our appendectomies.

**T**HE corn roast held by the staff last month was a success. Even though rain came down in buckets it couldn't discourage the big bonfire beside the Ottawa river at the Rivermead Golf Club, and the corn, which was supposed to be roasted, ended up by getting boiled. Everybody got soaked—outside, that is. A few fortunate souls managed to get soaked inside, too.

**W**HAT with more people being posted out of here than there are being posted in, the work is beginning to pile up and the boys are complaining that swinging the lead is getting to be an art. F/L C. R. MacLean, our anaesthetist, has gone to Toronto to write exams for a fellowship in the Royal College of Surgeons. This fellowship means something in the surgical world and we all want to wish Dr. MacLean a lot of luck. A couple of fortunate blokes, Cpl. S. J. O. Cloutier and Cpl. G. H. Hodgkinson, got posted overseas this month and were in a couple of days ago to wish us goodbye, good luck, and the fond hopes that it wouldn't be long before we got posted overseas too.

**T**HREE of our Nursing Sisters, N/S K. Collins, N/S S. Lack, and N/S M. E. Dawson, specialists in air evacuation work, have left to join a RCAF unit now operating in Normandy. That ought to be a lot of fun—interesting work, plenty of excitement, and cigarettes at ten cents a package.

**W**E also lost N/S L. G. Eddy to St. Hubert and she is being replaced by N/S R. N. Marshall from that station. N/S M. M. Allemang comes to us from Centralia. Personnel formerly connected with Camp Borden will be interested to know that N/S F. E. Jollow is now here at Rock-

cliffe. N/S D. K. Selley has just arrived from 3 T.C. and N/S L. H. LaRocque has been transformed here from Uplands.

F/L O. C. MacIntosh, (single—for the information of Nursing Sisters), is a new arrival from Malton. F/L MacIntosh, medical graduate from Dalhousie University, is a member of a new branch of R.C.A.F. Medical Services—squadron medical officers—specially trained M.O's. required to be familiar with all medical problems of flying personnel and to supervise training of air-crew in the various aspects of aeronautical medicine. F/L MacIntosh is now playing with a low pressure chamber and night vision trainer. He also plays the piano.

**T**HERE must be more charm attached to these caduceus things than we have yet learned to appreciate. Cpl. J. E. Gardner, recently the hospital assistant in charge at the Nayan detachment, and now posted to Lachine, offers an example of just how engaging this business of being a H.A. really is. Cpl. Gardiner holds the Military Medal from the last war. He joined again this time and rose to the lofty rank of Sergeant Major in the army. Then, unable to withstand the lure of the wards any longer, asked to be released from the army and entered the RCAF as hospital assistant—starting right at the bottom. Zounds!

**I**T seems there are more saws and chisels around here than those you find in the operating room. We walked by a room the other day with a sign on the door that looked like 'GRAFT SHOP'. Just as we were thinking: "At last, they are teaching the airmen something useful," Sgt. J. W. Roche hove in sight. Sgt. Roche, just off a course for occupational therapy, informs us that the word is 'CRAFT' and that it deals with making things. Sounds interesting so we are making a date with Sgt. Roche and hope to have more to say about the Craft Shop next month.

**W**E want to offer sincere congratulations to the hard working little girl in the medical wards who just got her hooks: Congratulations, Corporal E. I. Wilson. Also, sincere best wishes and the best of luck to those members of the staff who have been posted, to those who have just arrived, and to those who have always been here, and are remaining.

He was an employer who believed in employee cooperation. In an effort to inspire a new spirit among his men, he called them together and ordered to accept their suggestions for better working conditions.

"Whenever I enter the shop," he said, "I want to see every man cheerfully performing his task. Now you're to place in this box any ideas you have as to how that may be brought about."

A few days later he opened the box. Among the slips of paper was this suggestion: "Take the rubber heels off your shoes."



## Four-Star Fighting Team Mom, Dad, Daughter, Son

**T**HE Greenways are really going all out for the war effort with every member of the family in the armed services. Mom, LAW F. L. Greenway and daughter (Dusty) Lorna Greenway are both stationed here. Gordon Greenway (son) is an RCAF pilot overseas, at present serving somewhere in England, while dad, Cpl. G. E. Greenway, is a bombardier now stationed in Italy.

Dusty could hardly wait until she was of age to join up. She made the idea sound so attractive that mom joined with her. Both took the oath Aug. 12, 1943 at Vancouver, and came to Rockcliffe for basic training. After basic, Dusty, who chose photography as her trade, was posted to Fingal for contact training awaiting course. She returned to Rockcliffe in March. While Dusty was in Fingal, mom was in Toronto with the 5th Victory Loan Sq. From there Greenway senior went to Trenton for her equipment assistant's course and eventually—wouldn't you know it—was posted to Rockcliffe station too.

Cpl. Greenway, joined the army in Oct. 2, 1939. He went overseas with the 17th Light Anti-Aircraft in February, 1940, and was in the first raid on Dieppe. He is looking forward to a well-earned rest after four years' overseas duty and has only one regret—being moved to Italy just before Gordon went overseas.

Gordon joined the RCAF in 1942. Not at 18 he obtained his mother's signed mission only after much persuasion.

He got his wish to go aircrew and won his wings at Claresholm, when only 18. He was fortunate to get the much prized posting of overseas and left Canada at Easter this year after preliminary courses of Commando training. He is now finishing training as skipper of a bomber crew at O.T.U. in England.

When mom was asked if she missed her home and what she thought of being in the Air Force she said: "Certainly I miss my home—who doesn't; but at least I know my family's language and I really enjoy the Air Force. Of course our one big wish is for the war to be over and the family united again."

*A male puppy is a son of a female dog. A female dog is the dog catcher's main objective. A main objective is the dream of a dictator. Therefore, dictators are male puppies. And what did we say male puppies were?*

**If You Have a Story for  
Crosswinds,  
Don't Be Bashful—Telephone  
LOCAL 229 NOW**

**Carleton's County's Finest  
Newspaper**

# COMMUNICATION NOTES

By LAC GEORGE MEDLAND

**YOUNG DAN CUPID** made a full-scale raid on the squadron these past weeks, scoring hits on six objectives. Casualties were F/L Tilley, F/O Laidler, Cpl. Hicks, and LAC's Mereweather, Kowal and L'Archeveque. Welcome to the fold, boys, and from now on, go straight home. A casualty of another nature is LAW Anne Goral, still in hospital, and her next appearance in the orderly room will be made minus her appendix, having left that encumbrance with our good medicos to ponder over.

Strong comments were elicited from the detachment of maintenance men who were stationed at Ancienne Lorette during the Quebec Conference, about their treatment there. Most eloquent were those describing the food, the co-operation and the general attitude of station personnel towards them. "The airmen's mess was wonderful and the meals were marvelous," said gourmand Jerry Code. "I've never seen better since joining up" Sensitive Cpl. Peterson was driven to remark, "they treated us just like GENTLEMEN." Tch, Tch! Pete, is that so rare?

The boys worked hard and did a praiseworthy job of servicing all aircraft, in which they were ably assisted by the station civilian personnel and equipment, and worked in close co-operation with the U.S. Army Air Corps detail. In fact we understand there was a little good-natured rivalry between the two Corps about providing the best service, and we know Flight Sheine and his crew didn't take a back seat. The only concern during the whole two weeks was occasioned by the impending birth of little "Shamus" Greene Jr., who just missed making his appearance on Sept. 20, but like any true Irishman delayed the event sufficiently. We hear that Shamus Sr. was quite worried, though, and his concern was shared by all the boys with him at Quebec. At the end of the Conference, the detachment was tendered a stag dinner party by Mr. Beck, manager of Ancienne Lorette, who congratulated the boys on their good showing. Also attending were G/C Lee, of Air Transport directorate, and W/C Diamond, our own O.C. Speaking for the men, Sgt. "Johnny" Johnson thanked Mr. Beck for the splendid assistance given them and the hospitable treatment.

Rumor has it that some sage has painted three hooks on the arms of the tackling dummy on the sports field to lend incentive to all LAC candidates for the station football team. Ouch!

**ALONG THE SPORT TRAIL:** At the inaugural of the annual station golf tournament, Comm. dood it again, winning the station championship with the total score of 372 posted by Sgt. Howard, and Cpls Foster, Hicks and Swedlove. Foster also turned in the second place individual low score of 84, finishing the last nine holes in a driving rain. F/S Alexander annexed



W/C DIAMOND

another prize for this unit in winning the low score in the hidden hole competition. Less cheerful news is our softball teams losing to a renovated Repat team in the play-offs after finishing the regular schedule in first place. It was a well fought series. The final game was lost 11-10 with the issue in doubt right up until the last inning. On Labor Day, the major softball team journeyed to Smiths Falls to compete in the tournament there and fought their way to the finals only to lose 3-6 to Vicos, strong local entry. However, everyone had a good time and second prize of \$10 was very acceptable since we couldn't take home the cup anyway. Leading the current touch-football league is our team with four wins and no losses, sparked by versatile Eddie Miron catching Art Foster's passes and backed by a line including such stalwarts as Aurel Myre. "Slim" Miller and Toby Carisse. Also in first place with no defeats is the borden ball team playing in the newly-revived schedule at the drill hall. Ho-hum, looks like more trophies for the show-case. Keep it up, boys.

## YMCA ATTRACTIONS

Photo Auditorium—8 p.m.

Oct. 15:	"So Proudly We Hail"
Oct. 16:	"Lady Takes a Chance"
Oct. 19:	"Betann"
Oct. 22:	"Suicide Squadron"
Oct. 23:	"Two Girls and a Sailor"
Oct. 26:	"Keeper of the Flame"
Oct. 29:	"Higher and Higher"
Oct. 30:	"Madam Curie"
Nov. 2:	"I Dood It"
Nov. 3:	"Street of Chance"
Nov. 6:	"Miracle of Morgan's Creek"
Nov. 9:	"Above Suspicion"
Nov. 12:	"No Time for Love"

## HEART OF THE HOSPITAL

# Team Work Keeps Records Accurate

**T**HERE'S a department at the hospital known as records and admission and discharge office. It's likely you've never heard of it unless you were a patient there, and before you could retreat someone fired questions at you so fast it made your head swim. Number, rank, name, married or not, religion, length of service and home address are obtained. Although rebellious to this systematic form of indiscretion you remember the sweet compelling woman's voice and—oh, well, it really didn't matter, after all! Brother, confidentially someone was getting the dope on you which was quickly registered in the admission and discharge book.

Cpl. J. H. L. Poirier is in charge of the busy section. He's a quiet fellow who prides himself in having three able assistants.



LAW Elaine Young, Cpl. J. H. L. Poirier, LAW's E. A. Wilks, Ella Wilkins.

Each has been delegated part of the work and this has resulted in team work to the highest degree.

**L**AW Elaine Young handles the admission of all personnel including AFHQ, Repats, and airwomen. This type of work has to be 100% accurate. It is important that details of dates and diagnosis are properly recorded on all documents as any error would result in injustice to ex-members of the service who through some disability sustained in the service file a pension claim. Medical documents are consulted and the findings are the authority on whether a pension is granted.

LAW Ella Wilkins handles the filing and documentation work. In her custody are the medical documents of all personnel on the station, except for airwomen and repats. Wilkins makes sure that documents charged out to medical officers and wards for consultation are returned. She's also the official typist.

LAW E. A. Wilks is a new addition to the staff. Although not a medical clerk, as are the others, she has proved herself capable of handling her assignment. All documents go through her hands before being filed. She operates a control card system which,

if handled properly is fool-proof, according to the corporal who has helped to introduce the system when he arrived last January.

**R**ECORDS has its headaches too. Cpl. Poirier assumes the entire responsibility for monthly returns. (Nobody else will have anything to do with them). This task requires a great deal of patience and concentration, so around the end of the month the Corporal disappears. He finds a secluded spot and will not see anyone unless absolutely necessary. Rumors start circulating that Cpl. Poirier is on the loose. After five days of gruelling work he comes out with the finished product—25 pages of confidential facts and figures. These returns and hospital charts are forwarded to the PMO in Montreal after being checked and signed by the SMO. All concerned keep their fingers crossed and hope everything will be fine.

### REMINDER

It's still Leap Year, girls!

## FINEST WAR COVERAGE

# Four War Reporters Write For Crosswinds

With two writers added to our list of war correspondents overseas, Crosswinds now boasts the largest foreign staff of any camp paper in Canada.

The additions are F/L Jack Scott, former editor of Crosswinds, who is now our India correspondent; and Sgt. Stan Mays, RAF, who got his air bomber's wing in Canada. Mays, a well-known British newspaperman, will cover the RAF in Britain.

LAC Jack Marsters continues to cover the RCAF in Britain, and Sgt. Ron Laidlaw is now reported in Belgium.

**STOP PRESS:** The following item came in at the last minute to be included in 168 news. We don't know who wrote it.

F/L. Gowling wants to know why that NCO from the orderly room insists on bringing one of his "sisters" to all the bowling games? Maybe it's to keep the morale at the proper level; maybe it's for company home. Sure is nice to have a car, eh, Flight?

### GIVE US A CALL!

Got a story for us? Or a hot tip on some hot news? Then reach for the nearest phone and call Local 229. That's Crosswinds press room. If a woman answers ask for the city hall and hang up.

# So This is India !!!

By SGT. GEORGE T. EGEE

Wireless Air Gunner, Repatriated From India

**A**FTER six thrilling days of flying a Liberator from Dorval we landed at Karachi's Mauripur Airport . . . gateway to India. Here, we spent ten days dodging bullocks, mangey dogs and local merchants. The merchants were happy to see us. As the number of Allied servicemen increased so did their profits. Native aircraft was in demand for souvenirs and at the time we arrived servicemen could still get good bargains.

**A**FTER our Lib was checked we flew it across India, some 900 miles, to join our operational squadron in Bengal. We landed at the squadron field, 80 miles from Calcutta, at about two p.m.

The RAF boys made us welcome and rushed us to the sergeant's mess. Here we found the S.W.O. with a large club in his hand, proceeding to bash the brains out of a five-foot black cobra which the other boys had pretty well messed up with a collection of various sized stones.

Our appetites thoroughly ruined for the day we walked to our new home, a little grass shack near a railroad track. It was this and no more. We were modern—we had a brick floor. Walls were bamboo frame filled with mud. The roof was about two feet of well-packed grass.

**O**UR bed was a wooden frame on legs with a rope of "fish net" mattresses. The native bearer, who earned 33 cents per week from each of the eight men in the hut, tied bamboo poles onto the bed's legs to give it the four poster effect, and draped mosquito netting on them. We had three blankets and two sheets. The blankets and one sheet were between us and the net mattresses. One sheet was our cover. It often took a couple of hours after rising from slumber for the "mattress" marks to leave certain parts of our body.

Drinking hot tea and eating biscuits all day was our most exciting pastime. Native "charwalls" (tea men) were all around the place brewing the stuff. One got used to it in time as good water or anything else drinkable was too hard to find. Incidentally the mercury kept clinging to 100 most of the day.

In the evening, NCO's not flying or attending our grass-roofed cinema, would congregate in the damp canteen. They called it damp because laughing water was rationed so much that most times one was lucky to be able to dampen his throat. Exciting things would take place here—like chess, checkers, dominoes and match stick poker. Occasionally a scorpion would crawl under the door and cause a few games to be interrupted. Sometimes our one cylinder electric generator would run out of gas and cause a total black-out. These things were lots of fun. They enlivened the monotony.

**F**LYING was different in many ways particularly in the small arsenal we carried on our trips. It was a pleasure to carry the old issue .38 pistol with lots of extra ammunition. As an added attraction most of the boys slung a 14-inch Gurka knife from their belts. Compasses were carried also water bottles and a small bag filled with a selection of concentrated American field rations. All these things were to help make life possible if one found himself forced down in the jungle.

The most interesting things lacking in India are C.O.'s parades, inspections, attention areas and all the things that make for local color on Canadian stations. In fact it is even possible to walk along a street arm in arm with a gorgeous blonde character . . . if you can find one!

"Darling," she confided, "if I marry you, I'll lose my job."

"But why can't we keep our marriage a secret?" protested the ardent though practical swain.

"We could—" and she hesitated. "But suppose we should have a baby?"

"Oh, we can tell the baby, of course."



# "Zoot Suit Kid" Not Yet 18 Staggers Recruiting Officer

LAC Ray Hilts of Rockcliffe is probably the only man in the Royal Canadian Air Force who enlisted wearing a zoot suit.

Ray, who stands 5 feet 3½ inches and weighs 127 pounds, walked into the recruiting office in downtown Toronto in June, 1943, and knocked 'em for a loop. When they got through chuckling he was signed up. He was three months short of 18 years.

And what's more, Ray reported to Manning Pool in the zoot suit and again caused a minor sensation. His sergeant borrowed the suit one night for a show, and was almost mobbed.

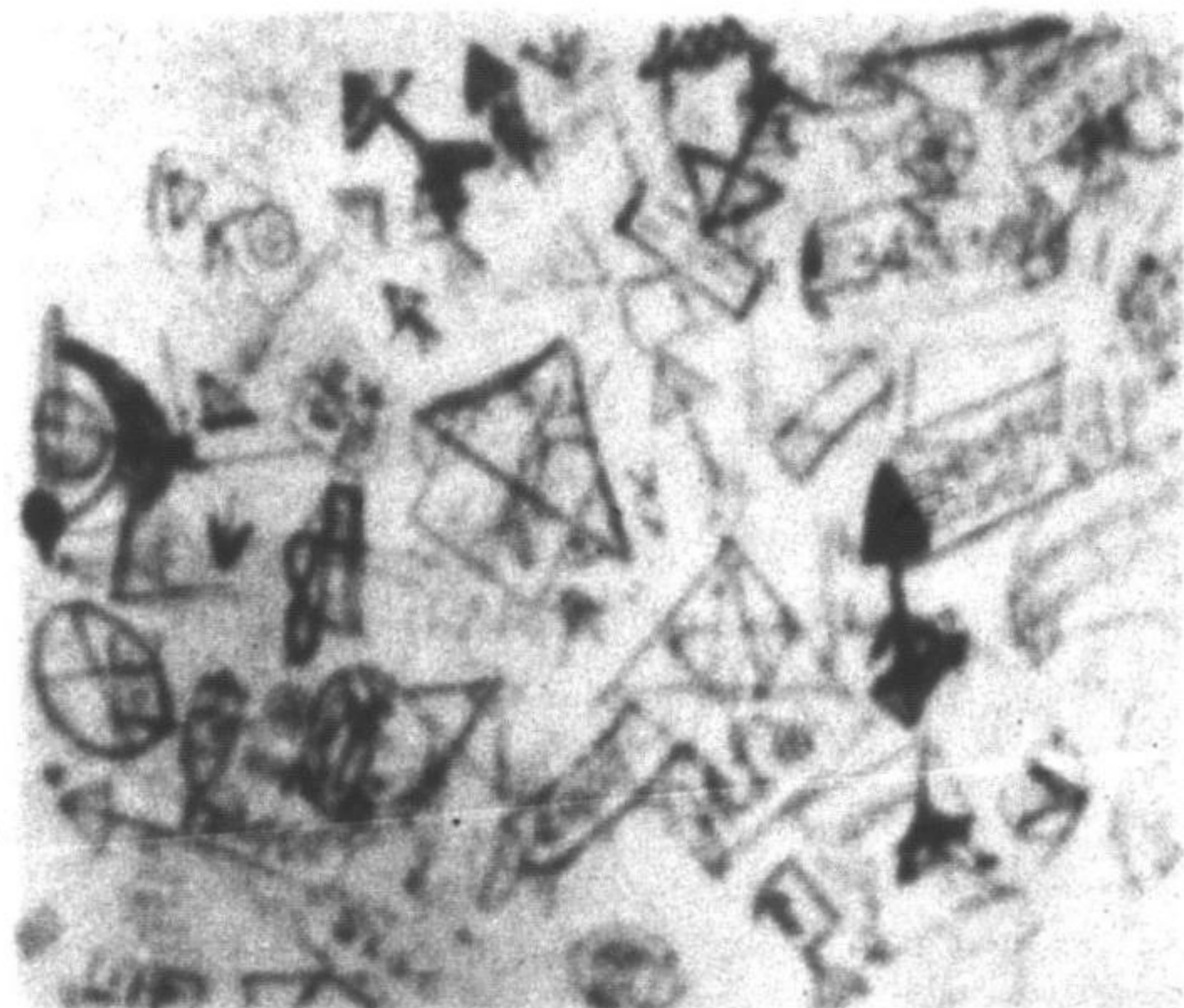
Ray is a great little guy. He has an engaging smile and a friendly disposition. Altogether he is a very likeable little fellow. And his zoot suit is no ordinary one, he'll have you know. Besides the reat pleat, stuffed cuff and drape shape, it boasts a queer rear and a 13-foot chain which just about weights him down when he carries it. The pants have a 33-inch waist, 27-inch knee and 12-inch bottom. He can't explain exactly why he got it, but he had it made to order four months before he joined up. Perhaps a final splurge before donning air force blue. Yet he claims he's no jitterbug, a non-smoker and a non-drinker. So figure it out.

He swims and he plays ball, and he's getting cheessed off being a G.D. He wants to be an air-bomber and hopes to remuster as soon as he can.

In civilian days Ray worked at Mutual Arena in Toronto, repairing roller skates and making parts for them. He's got a honey of a wife in Toronto, not to be confused with the picture above, which shows him with his sister's girl friend. Let's get that straight, he said.



LAC "ZOOT SUIT"



**WHAT PASSES THROUGH A WINCO'S MIND WHILE PHONING?** Figure it out for yourself from the above. It's an exclusive reproduction of a blotter pad full of doodles which came direct from the desk of W/C A. Sprange, senior admin. officer.

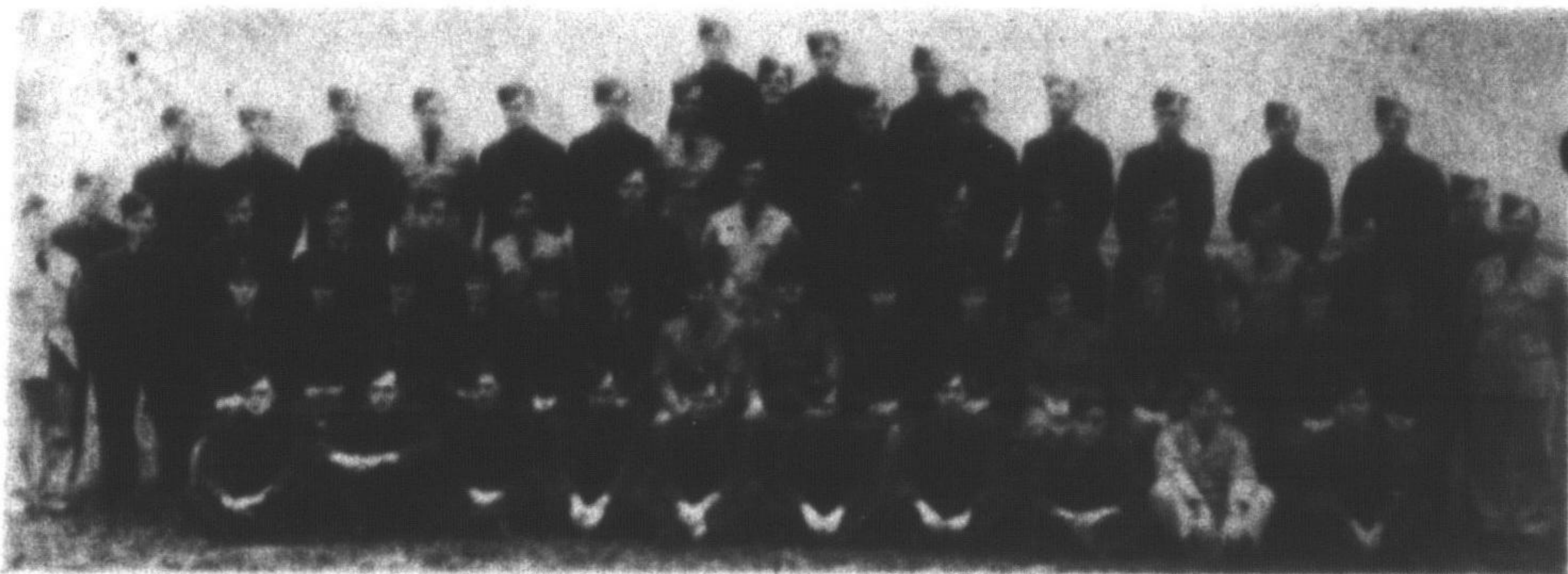
"What's the difference between sight and vision?"  
"Well a modern girl is a vision at night and a sight in the morning."

Airman: "If I had a million dollars do you know where I'd be?"  
Gal: "I'll say. You'd be with me on our honeymoon."

Servant: "Master, Master—Lady Godiva rides without."  
Master: "Without what?"  
Servant: "Without food or clothing."  
Master: "Ho thee forth, bring her in and feed her."

## Safety Valve

Have you got a beef? Is there something that's been bothering you for a long time? Here's a chance to get it off your chest. Sit down now and write a letter to the Editor. The most interesting will be published in our November issue. Mail letters at camp post office to: Editor, Crosswinds.



## MT Gives Us the Run Around But We Like It!

**T**HE motor transport is one of the busiest units at Rockcliffe, and performs a variety of jobs around the station and in Ottawa.

The section is administered by F/L A. L. Meades, station adjutant, and WO1 S. C. Awcock. An efficient office staff keep records up to date.

Sgt. Mary C. MacDonald and Cpl. Margaret Rankin are the despatchers, at that familiar local 22, and despite shortage of drivers and available vehicles, supply the request for transportation. This is not easy, as the girls will tell you, but they pass it off as all in the day's work.

The MT handles runs such as those for rations, the mail, the pay master's daily trip to town for cash, the hospital ambulance calls, as well as numerous calls for transportation service around the station.

To maintain a high standard of efficiency the MT vehicles are serviced by a skilful workshop staff. This is directed by F/S S. R. Box, assisted by Cpl. G. Steele, formerly a repat. pool driver. Steele is responsible for weekly and monthly inspections. Supplying spare parts is another concern. Tractor drivers towing aircraft are asked to help the MT in keeping their tractors serviceable, so drive 'em carefully, they have to last a long time yet.

A favourite MT initiation of new drivers is to send them for the keys for the runways, so if you find these lying around tell us. We give out nicknames too at the first opportunity. One of our drivers clashed gears and to her amazement one flew out and almost caused a casualty. Our mechanics tested this vehicle thoroughly, so there should have been no trouble. Our lass is now the proud possessor of the title of "Low Gear". She can take the kidding!

We did our best during the summer to keep you all happy and supply drivers, busses and trucks for your sports-days, weiner and corn roasts, picnics, etc. We had our fun too, keeping our spirits high. So if we can't supply the need any time you phone remember the troubles the MT has and be patient.

## My Darling Overseas

My darling, as the months go by  
And lengthen into years,  
I remember every joy we shared,  
I remember too the tears.  
I tried so hard to hide them  
When at the train we kissed.  
You'll never know my dearest  
Just how much you're being missed.

I miss you during every day,  
But most of all at night.  
I miss the joy of having you near,  
To kiss me and hold me tight.  
Sometimes when I am lonesome,  
Feeling a wee bit selfish too  
I think it wrong that others stayed  
At home, why couldn't you?

Then I hear a voice within me say  
You know he was proud to go.  
He's over there protecting you.  
Then I feel proud also.  
Proud because of what you are,  
And what you mean to me.  
My heart is with you always dear  
Now . . . till eternity.

When you are home again my dear,  
And we know the joy of peace,  
When unknown is the gunfire  
The din of the battle's ceased.  
I know my dear our love will be  
The stronger for what we've been through.  
The years of war will have proved, dear,  
What Faith and Love can do.

—Written by LAW Flo Hector and dedicated to  
all wives and their husbands overseas.

## What Do You Think of Crosswinds?

What do you think of this issue of Crosswinds? Is it the type of magazine you want? If not, why not? Have you any ideas? If so, write a letter to the Editor giving criticism, constructive as well as destructive. Letters will be published in the November issue. We want your comments now! Mail letters at camp post office to: Editor, Crosswinds.

By A MAD WOG

# THE GREMLINS

Without Apologies to Edgar A. Poe

Once upon a canteen table while I pondered  
scarcely able  
To discern the bottles thereon; while I looked for  
something more,  
While I nodded nearly slipping, suddenly there  
came a sipping  
As of someone gently tipping up my bottle there  
before;  
" 'Tis some scrounger here", I muttered, "lipping  
up my hard bought store."  
Only that, and nothing more!

Now I wonder how to say right, all I saw on that  
grim pay night,  
Was there one or yet a dozen (if I blurped I saw  
some more.)  
I felt my heart within me sinking for sitting  
nonchalantly drinking  
Was a creature quietly blinking while my beer still  
yet did flow  
Down his gullet gaping open, showing throat as red  
as gore.  
Only this and nothing more!

Presently my nerve grew stronger, hesitating then  
no longer,  
"Sir", said I, "or madam, truly your forgiveness I  
implore,  
But the fact is, what you're sipping, I myself had  
planned on tipping."  
But it sat there bottle gripping just as it had been  
before.  
"Gremlin", cried I, "Won't you leave me, back  
whereat you were before?"  
Quoth the creature, "Nevermore!"

Much I marvelled this ungainly beast to hear  
discourse so plainly  
though its answer at my purse strings tore,  
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human  
being  
Ever yet was blessed with seeing blue-striped  
Gremlins that could pour  
Half a dozen Molsons down its throat and ask for  
more.  
I'll forget it . . . . . Nevermore!

Then this unmasked guest still drinking made me  
ponder, start to thinking,  
Could be he was wiser than the drowsy look he  
wore;  
"Joe", said I, "or Bill or Buster, think thou I will  
get remuster?"  
Then he looked with green eyed lustre, lustre  
showing mental store;  
I could see behind the blinking, he was thinking,  
thinking, for,  
Quoth the Gremlin, "Nevermore!"

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly  
spoken  
I folded up and ended up beneath the table on the  
floor.  
"I'll try again this doleful creature, single-worded,  
drinking preacher."  
So I watched his every feature and slowly asked  
him something more;  
"Will I ever get a discharge from this blooming  
flying corp?"  
Quoth the Gremlin . . . . . "Nevermore!"

"Prophet", said I, "thing of evil, prophet still if  
hunk of devil."  
And reaching for the edge of table, pulled myself  
from off the floor.  
"I will show you are no thinker, prove you're even  
not a drinker!"  
And I ordered twelve I think, or maybe it was  
somewhat more.  
"at this is all that I am getting, we've got plenty  
here in store!"  
Quoth the Gremlin . . . . . "Never! . . . . . More!"



# DENTAL

By MAJOR T. E. BURTON

CAPTAINS Southwood and Vosberg and Private Deegan, have left the clinic to be replaced by Major T. E. Burton, Captain D. A. R. McDougall and Private F. G. Lawson. Corporal L. I. Winters is the new WD Dental assistant.

The promised fourth surgery has not been completed although it is hoped that it will soon be ready for another operator so that additional dental service may be provided.

The dental clinic has entered a team in the C.D.C. bowling league for Ottawa district. Private F. G. Lawson is the team captain.

Sgt. R. O. Murney (WD) and LAC Tom Brooks (Band) were married Sept. 30. Best of luck.

Dental Officer: "There's no need to shout. I haven't even touched your tooth yet."

Joe: "No, but you're standing on my corn."

And yet that Gremlin still was sitting on the table, never fitting,  
Watching me reclining, back upon the canteen floor  
And his eyes had all the seeming of a demon that  
is dreaming  
And my beer, it still was streaming, just as it had  
been before.  
And I wondered why I blundered through that  
open canteen door.

I'll go back there . . . er, ah.  
(well maybe occasionally!)

## Winco's Son, 9, Relieves Our Manpower Shortage



By F/SGT. O. W. SCHEUNEMAN

With the recent posting of so many overseas, remaining squadron personnel have been compelled to work longer and harder than ever before. We were indeed surprised to see this situation taken so seriously that the O.C. W/C L. G. Fraser, DFC, resorted to bringing out his nine year old son, Len. Len, junior, took it in his stride and reported to stores for overalls. He strutted out with a pair on (rather large) but was thrilled to know that he was able to fill a man's job. S/L W. H. Lewis assigned him to removing paint from a Fortress. He later reported to the orderly room and was willing to try a hand at typing but assured us he wasn't very fast at it. He is also a union man for at 12.05 he asked us why we hadn't left for dinner.

## We'll Follow You for Two Bucks a Year

Do you want to forget dear old Rockcliffe when you get posted? If you do, it's okay by us. If you don't and would like to keep in touch with the old station, all you have to do is leave your name at Crosswinds office in the drill hall and each issue will be mailed to you regularly. All for two bucks a year. Take advantage of this cheap subscription rate when you're posted. We'll sent it overseas as well.

## Hommage à la France Combattante et Libre

By ANDRÉ POULIOT

La libération récente et glorieuse de la France, à laquelle les Français eux-mêmes ont si brillamment contribué, puisqu'elle a réjoui le coeur du monde entier, a dû toucher particulièrement le coeur de tous les Canadiens-Français, dont les origines et certains liens toujours vivants les font si proches de la France.

Le chaleureux accueil que les Normands ont fait à nos compatriotes des contingents libérateurs, et le secours qu'ils ont prêté, au risque de leur vie, à nos aviateurs descendus mais intacts, nous témoignent de la tendresse que nourrit le peuple français pour ses cousins d'Amérique. Il y a quelque part sur le sol de ce beau pays, un tombeau littéralement couvert de fleurs, chaque jour renouvelées; c'est celui d'un de nos pilotes, dont le sacrifice a bouleversé leur âme, et resserré jusqu'à la fraternité ce lien d'amitié, de langage et de sensibilité qui nous réunit.

J'ai eu récemment le grand privilège de serrer la main du Général de Gaulle, et il m'a semblé que ce contact symbolisait la compréhension et l'intérêt que se porteront mutuellement, désormais, les Canadiens d'origine française, et les Français de France.

Que la Croix de Lorraine, qui flotte maintenant orgueilleusement sur toute la terre, avec les drapeaux de la grande phalange alliée, soit pour les nôtres un signe de joie, d'encouragement au labeur, et d'espoir pour ce monde amélioré, auquel la France et nous-mêmes feront leur apport d'énergie, d'originalité, et de bonne volonté.



'Member Kids' Day: Little Margaret Carol, daughter of F/O E. Graham, guest at Rockcliffe on Kids' Day in August, enjoys a cone while contemplating our photographer from the safety of her father's arms. Looking on are Walter Shea, YMCA, Mrs. G. S. O'Brian, and A. C. G. S. O'Brian, C.O.

Photos by LAC Herb Brown

# Crosswinds Has Had It Costs A Dime From Now On

By W/C S. A. SPRANGE

I GO to the readers of Crosswinds with, to say the least, news of a discouraging nature. In this issue I have told you about the innovation of bowling alleys and I must lay further plans before you. As you all know we are proposing a new combined canteen which would be open now if it were not for difficulty in obtaining heating materials and the various other drawbacks involved in getting service buildings into active operations. However, the end of the road is in sight and I must now give you a brief outline of what we propose.

It will be situated in building 18, a really grand building for a canteen, and we hope to get it finished on a lavish scale. Restaurant style booths are proposed around the walls, these will be all covered in leather and are going to cost us a lot of money. Also, we propose putting circular seats around some of the pillars and padding them in leather. Venetian blinds are also dreamt of. We have already put in the new counters and I assure you we will have a marvellous place. Two mile long counters, one of which is going to look after the sale of cigarettes and all dry goods and another counter which will sell ice cream, pop, etc. The Telegraph Office and a bank of telephone booths will be erected in a room at the rear of the counter which will be accessible to everybody. It is going to cost considerable money to put this scheme over and thus the reason for this article. As we purchased the bowling alleys and other large expenditures this summer, our fund is getting very low. These changes that we propose are going to cost us around \$4,000 and now to pay back this \$4,000, we must cut down our incidental running expenses to an actual minimum. The largest of these expenditures is the free issue of Crosswinds magazine, running around \$500 per month. I think you can all see the handwriting on the wall now, and I have to announce after this month's issue that Crosswinds will be put on sale, probably at 10c per copy.

I think you will agree that everyone will get far more entertainment of a worthwhile nature and for many longer hours per month when we get a really swell combined canteen such as we propose, in which you can spend your leisure hours, than an hour or so's enjoyment which we get out of Crosswinds as a free issue. If this doesn't seem to fit the bill after the magazine has been on sale for a month, we may have to discontinue its publication altogether. The Editors of Crosswinds would be very pleased to hear your gripes about this, but I ask you first weigh in the balance which you would like

best, a really swell combined canteen or a free issue of Crosswinds.

The chaplain was out on the golf course and thought a small moral lesson might not be amiss. Chaplain (mildly): "I noticed that the players who get the lowest scores are not those who swear."

Gloomy P.O. (digging another slice of turf): "I wouldn't swear either if I got a low score."

## BACK COPIES AVAILABLE

Copies of early issues of Crosswinds are available in our office in the drill hall. We haven't any of the last three issues on hand, but if you require copies of earlier editions, drop in sometime.

## Crosswinds October, 1944

Published at RCAF Station, Rockcliffe, Ontario—"Show Station of the Nation"—under the authority of Air Commodore G. S. O'Brien, AFC, Commanding Officer.

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Crosswinds is distributed free to all Rockcliffe personnel on the mid-month pay parade. Extra copies at 10 cents may be obtained on pay parade or from Crosswinds office in the Drill Hall. Subscription rates anywhere in Canada or overseas, \$1.00 a year.

Press Room in Drill Hall  
Telephone: Local 229



FOR TWO WEEKS EVER SINCE JOE BLOW ARRIVED ON A POSTING TO ROCKCLIFFE HE'S BEEN FLAT BROKE YEAH-HE'S EVEN BEEN PICKING UP BUTTS!



YEAH-EVERY SINGLE NIGHT FOR TWO WHOLE WEEKS HE JUST SAT IN BARRACKS AND PLAYED SOLITAIRE!!



EVERY NIGHT HE THOUGHT OF THE FUN HE COULD BE HAVING IN TOWN -IF ONLY HE HAD SOME DOUGH!



FINALLY THE LONG AWAITED DAY ARRIVED (AND THE WAR WASNT OVER) - IT WAS PAY DAY FOR JOE BLOW!

