

CROSSWINDS

November, 1944



INSIDE INFORMATION ON THE REPAT DEPOT

Last Sunday 500 Canadian Airmen came home. When they left for overseas duty none knew what experience were in store for them, what moments of fear, rage, confusion, humour and happiness war conditions would bring to them. They found out about war and they knew well the emotions that go with it. But on Sunday all that was over for most of them, for they were home. Canadian beer tasted good. Neon lights impressed them as much as more important things impress other people. The bright October sun felt good too and Canadian fields and Canadian faces.

Sunday's 500 Repats formed the largest group of airmen to come to Rockcliffe from overseas and an already overworked staff worked even harder to accommodate them. The first concern of No. 1 Repat. Depot's efficient machine is to dispatch its transient's personnel to their homes as quickly as possible. The more serious work of reassigning and discharging is carried out when the repat comes back from his leave. As a result of this complex business the ordinary line-storm of whirling papers and chattering typewriters found in any orderly room is multiplied ten times in the Depot's admin. building. On our visit to this industrious cave of furious activity we were mistaken for a charged airman being paraded before the O.C. a clever joe trying to escape work and also oddly enough a reporter from Crosswinds.

Wing Commander Charles Stuart Dowie, D.F.C. and bar is the O.C. of Canada's busiest station. He enlisted in Aug. 1940 and won his wings and overseas posting in July 1941. Lean, prairie-born Wing Commander Dowie has a complete and exciting operational record as a bomber pilot. After his first tour of ops he instructed for 8 months and then helped to form the Canadian Thunderbird Sqd. with which he flew his second tour. He remembers the young

green Canadian crews who were sent out on bombing missions. At first they didn't know much but they were good crews and soon became experienced veterans. Now he meets all his old friends as they gradually drift into Repat Depot.

We asked about the efficiency of W/C Dowie's station and he said, "Certainly the hard working staff personnel of this depot are responsible for the praise and thanks received from every returning draft for the efficiency and speed with which they are cleared and sent home."

Adjutant of the depot is last war veteran, smiling, F/L E. M. Jones who laughingly claims to be the only staff officer who hasn't had a day off in a year. Valuable because of his experience as adjutant on a Canadian operational squadron overseas F/L Jones works overtime at the depot's admin. building.

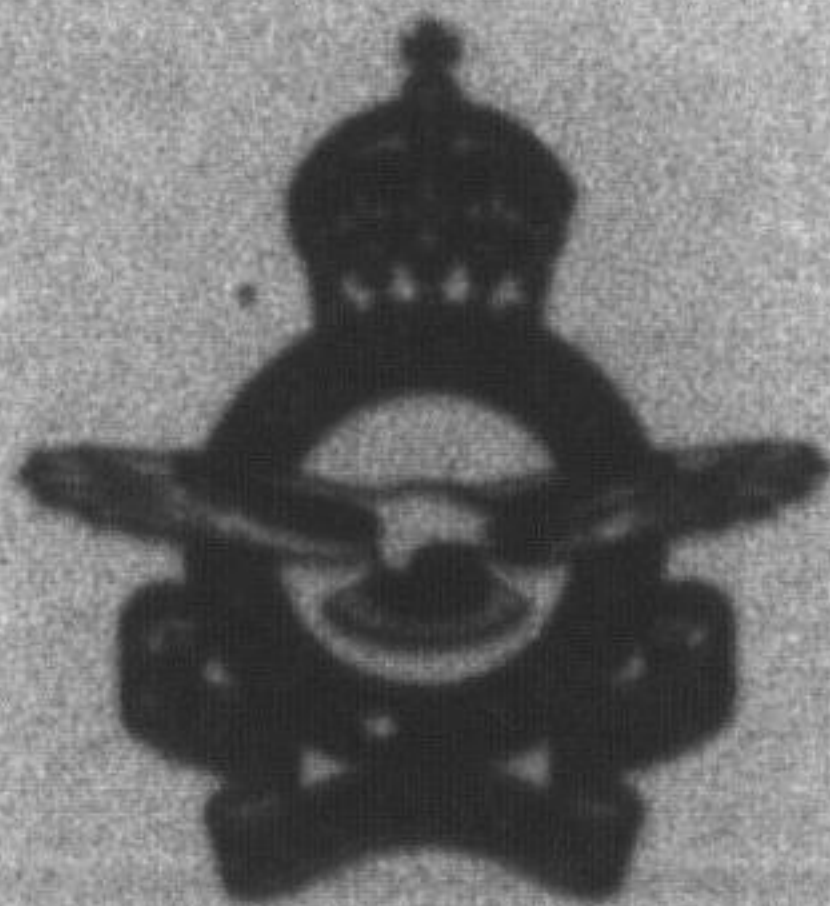
Repat Depot's fine work of handling overseas drafts and sifting them into new positions will go on as long as men continue to come back. Hospital care will be given to the wounded and consideration will be given to exceptional instances by the Special Cases Board. Repat Depot is doing a good job and we wish to express admiration for the men and officers who are doing it.

OUR FRONT COVER

A Flying Fortress (9203) with the Rock of Gibraltar towering in the background is our cover subject this month.

Gibraltar was the home of 168 Squadron's detachment now at Rabat French Morocco.

Crosswinds thanks Cpl. Robert Bruce for his photo used as cover, and article about 168's mail run.



CROSSWINDS

ROAF Station, Rockliffe

November, 1944



Exclusive to Crosswinds

SGT. RON LAIDLAW OVERWHELMED BY RECEPTION IN PARIS

Another episode in the hectic existence of former Rockliffier Ron Laidlaw whose first adventures in Normandy were reported in September Crosswinds.

In this story he fails to mention one very important fact about the reception in Paris: all the time the celebrations were going on snipers were still busy taking potshots at the Allied troops.—LAC Jack Masters, Overseas Correspondent.

Tonight I sit here alone and dejected with my teeth once again "packed up" for trench mouth cure, and no francs to jingle. However I have managed to package up some stuff I have been toting for quite a while: Such as Parisian perfume for some Montreal girls, a couple of SS buckles for some of the kids in my home town who have sent me candy and cigarettes, a tie for Father and some stuff for Mother, plus some pictures and postcards and precious small souvenirs given me by the most demonstrative people in the world.

The funny part about this war is that the wrong people get all the credit. You come into a town which has been recently liberated by the army. The army has surged right on through, chasing Jerry as fast as they can. Then we come. The people fall all over us and bring us out glasses of wine, bottles of beer (in Belgium), pears, apples, peaches, eggs, plums, grapes, babies to kiss, bread, cake, rusk, corn, tomatoes. The girls, oh the beautiful things, throw us kisses and the women weep and the men wave, throw their caps in the air and make V signs.

And if you get to camp near a big city, Ooo—la-la laaaa. But here I am licked now. I have trench mouth again. It's a matter of staying put, not drinking and keeping my teeth happy. So I am sitting tight at the moment, eating gobs of fruit and tomatoes or vitamin C and hoping I'll run into something nice by flashing my eyes at her or something to that effect. Anyway, you'd be surprised how my French has improved!!!

But seriously I've had some fun over here. It's a good life if filthy and slightly rigorous.

I've had a fair share of breaks, getting into Cherbourg and Caen first and then best of all being on the front of the first car of Allied, other than Free French, troops into Paris.

What a day that was. I shall never forget it. I never was kissed so often, embraced so many babies, touched children held up to me. We had flowers draped around our necks, flags pinned on us, pictures by the millions taken of us. I never saw such demonstrations so many beautiful girls, so much champagne. Never before was I ever carried around on the shoulders of men so that thousands of people could see me, throw me flowers, kisses, addresses and hold up babies to be kissed. Every time I stopped to try and take a picture, a hundred people formed around me and I was licked. That "Canada" on my shoulder was everything. And anyhow, I'm only a press photographer who slept in a ditch all night just outside Paris to be among the first in, twitching for fear Jerry patrols would pick us up or Free French shoot us for Jerries. That was a day.

I stayed three days in Paris. Funny thing happened on the second day. Of course we were in a state of good spirits which couldn't have been helped if we had wanted it, with all of the alcohol we had forced on us. I got lost after we left the Place de Concorde after the big shooting match. I didn't know that I was living at Montparnasse and the name of my hotel so therefore didn't know what directions to take. I hiked around for my hotel for awhile (and no wonder I couldn't find it because I afterwards learned it was a good six miles away) and eventually decided to get bedded down somewhere. So after awhile I got into a nice hotel along the lower Seine after much pleading with people such as "ou peut un soldat Canadien trouver un chambre?" It was funny. Paris has no light and no candles. I went up to the room and was just about to go to bed when I heard the familiar throb of German engines. No siree. I told the people it was Jerry but they wouldn't believe me as Paris had not been bombed in four years. We stood at the window looking out over a small balcony when woom-ph and every pane of glass dropped out and

(Continued on page 4)

LIDLAW OVERWHELMED BY PARIS RECEPTION

(Continued from page 3)

then the lights came on of all times. I ran around a bit putting out the lights which never did work again. Jerry had bombed a hospital about four blocks away and what a fire. Certainly gave me the twitch because even in Normandy I had never been that close, let alone in London. He came back at four in the morning and dropped no bombs that I heard. At four, they had erected a siren right under my window. And do the French ever panic. Wow!

Well enough of that. Did you hear about us capturing the Jerries at the Falaise Gap. Not exactly that but we brought more than a thousand in. They were the timidest looking things I ever saw. A few arrogant SS men in there but we got no chance to put any nicks on our guns. Anyway the BBC and CBC used the story. I was wearing blue and a tank sergeant thought I was a Jerry and when after he yelled and I didn't pay any attention, he almost shot me. Number three close call so now I wear khaki all the time. Incidentally coming through Trun one of the press writers was sitting very disconsolately in the back of the jeep. He had dysentery and brother it sure makes you look unhappy. He was nursing a couple of Jerry helmets and of course wearing blue. The people were booing him, crossing their finger across their throat and saying "Boch Kaput." Just before they started throwing things, we realized the trouble and undressed him a bit to make him look more Allied.

Now I must close and get my nose under the blankets before it freezes and drops off.

FROM THE CREWMAN'S DUFFLE-BAG BY CPL. BOB BRUCE

FROM Rockcliffe to England the Azores and Egypt, 168 H.T. delivers the mail. The growing fleet of heavy transports has a run of many miles bringing far off Canada within a few flying hours to the lads at the fronts.

On arriving at the Azores the RAF ground crew eagerly await mail from home and from the girls in Canada whom they met when detached over here a year or so ago.

The next port of call is Gibraltar where the lads of 168 detachment are doing a wonderful job of servicing the mail transports there. All work stops when their special bag is taken off. A few minutes later the crewman of the said carrier walks into the maintenance shack only to be greeted by a quietness so still that even the mice come out of hiding. The lads are busy reading and re-reading their mail from home.

Transfer this same picture to the front lines of Italy and France to the Canadian fighting there. Their mail is like a moment at home especially when it was only a few days past since it was written.

A total distance of around 7,000 nautical miles is covered by the Rockcliffe based aircraft. All sorts of weather from the icy winter of Canada to the hot summer of Africa is encountered. A various number of races are met, from Newfoundlanders to the bare footed Portugese of the Azores, the war scarred Spaniards in Gibraltar and the hooded figures of the natives of Africa, not to mention the kind hearted Scottish of the north.

So the mail squadron at Rockcliffe really gets around. Another trip is completed, another mail bag is painted on the nose of the aircraft and another ship will soon be away.



"My steak's not bad—it's hardly tough at all!"

YMCA ATTRACTIONS

Photo Auditorium, 7.30 p.m.

- Nov. 26: "Song of the Open Road"
- Nov. 27: "Home in Indiana"
- Nov. 30: "Adventures of Tartu"
- Dec. 3: "The Hairy Ape"
- Dec. 4: "Old Acquaintance"
- Dec. 7: "No Greater Love"
- Dec. 10: "Calaboose"—"Yanks Ahoy"
- Dec. 11: See D.R.O.'s
- Dec. 14: "You're a Lucky Fellow Mr. Smith"
- Dec. 17: "Sensations of 1945"
- Dec. 18: See D.R.O.'s
- Dec. 21: "Weird Woman"
- Dec. 24: "Summer Storms"
- Dec. 25: "Christmas Holiday"
- Dec. 28: "There's Something About a Soldier"
- Jan. 8: "Shine On Harvest Moon"
- Jan. 4: "Crime Dr's Strangest Case"
- Jan. 11: "Jam Session"
- Jan. 18: "Nine Girls"
- Jan. 25: "Invisible Man's Revenge"



168 H.T.S., VICTORY BOND WINNERS

F/L. Clifford Church, Chairman, Victory Loan Committee, F/L. G. Gowling, Adjutant, and staff look on as F/L. J. E. Dagenais, draws the winning tickets. Winners were F/S. J. Reny, Sgt. E. Shufelt, and LAC. E. Smith.

NOW YOU'RE BACK IN CANADA

YOU'RE home again, fellows, back in the land where they know the difference between a 'buck' and 'two bits', back where you can order up an ice-cream—and get it, back where the lights come on in the evenings and where the traffic runs on the right side of the highway. It looks good, doesn't it?"

The foreword to "Notes for Repats", a booklet intended to give repatriated personnel advice on what to expect and what to do when posted to the Depot from overseas, expresses well the joy of a Canadian airman arriving home. Any airman posted to any station feels lost for a while, but next to going over, coming back as a repat is probably the most bewildering experience. Bewilderment disappears however when he reads "Notes for Repats", and laughter comes when he sees the clever cartoons by Ricky, RCAP artist.

"Hey, mom—I'm back." You want to shout these words over the nearest phone but facilities for letting the folks know the news may not be available until you arrive at the union station, Ottawa. Don't tell them to expect you home for dinner when you do phone, warns our booklet. There may be some delay, but don't worry, No. 1 Repatriation Depot's main concern is that you get home as quickly as possible.

Ottawa usually shows warm gratitude to the repat on his arrival and the boys are welcomed home to Canada by the traditional

WE DID IT AGAIN! BY F/L. CLIFFORD CHURCH

In October Crosswinds I asked you to support the 7th. Victory Loan. I hoped you would do it in a big way, and now, on the last day of the drive, the figures show that you have supported it in a very big way indeed.

When we were informed that we were expected to raise \$235,000.00 we approached the matter with fear and trepidation. The amount seemed beyond the realm of possibility. I'm telling you this now because I want to admit that I underestimated you—the personnel of Rockcliffe. Not only did you reach the objective but you have exceeded it. You have brought bonds in excess of a **QUARTER OF A MILLION DOLLARS.**

This is a feat of which you may be justly proud. It shows that Rockcliffe is definitely behind the war effort in every way.

I wish to thank all the canvassers for the grand job they did in making this drive a success. Covering a station of this size is no small task. Your energy and zeal alone made it possible.

Now that the drive is over isn't it a grand feeling to know that these bonds will make a swell nest-egg when the war is over and we're civilians again!

We did it before AND we did it again!

"brass band, pretty girls with coffee, mayor and city council and lots of gold braid from AFHQ" formula. Busses take the repat to Rockcliffe, his new non-permanent home.

Transportation on Canadian trains and busses is crowded. To make his trip home a pleasant one the repat can exchange his travel warrant for the actual ticket, berth reservation, and meal tickets where applicable right at the Depot, building 89. When he has finally swept aside all red tape and home is just a matter of hours away, busses take the Repat to his train.

Here "Notes for Repats" gives a little sage advice on how to act in the public eye when home on leave. You've been to the wars and people are interested in your impressions, your stories of action and your work overseas. Perhaps you will be interviewed by the press, and to quote: "You don't need to shoot a line, but you can tell personal experiences or stories that are interesting to the general public and your friends."

Back at the Depot, if fate and the air-force so wills it that you return, you will find in Ottawa and at Rockcliffe airport all the facilities for having a good time. And we hope, Repats, that you have the good time that you richly deserve.

168 SQUADRON

BY F/SGT. O. W. SCHEUNEMAN

IT seems only appropriate that with the autumn in its magnificent colour and splendour, we should turn to mother nature and glorify in the marvelous setting it has provided us with on this Station. We, of 168 Squadron, get a more realistic view of this as we stroll to work each day.

The airmen, wandering down the roadway from the airmen's mess, pass the officer's mess and tennis court and being on a height are able to view the lower land for miles. The senior NCO's walk from their barracks on a winding path through the bushes and shrubbery bringing back memories of their boyhood days when they use to go play hunting through the woods. You finally reach the steps leading to the field, you pause, your heart stops a moment, it just dawns on you, "why the scenery is beautiful". It hits you deeper than words can express with a cold shiver running through you. To think that you have been here six, eight or maybe twelve months and you finally have awoken to the phenomenon in front of you. Yes, it is more fascinating now, the sun is just rising and the reflection can be seen on the calm Ottawa River that just flows eastward on the other side of the airdrome. There probably is a slight fall breeze and you inhale the fresh air which seems to be so invigorating. You look still further and notice the crimson colour of the trees. With the Laurentian Mountains in the background the picture is complete.

We shall never appreciate this scenery until we are about to depart. Months later we will be confronted with this as an unequalled reminiscence of scenery. No truer words can describe this than an obscure phrase written by an unknown author. "It stretches forth, a land of beauty"

The streetcars from Ottawa to Aylmer echoed with laughter and gaiety the evening of October 18th as we proceeded to Aylmer Agricultural Hall for our First Anniversary Dance. The hall was gaily decorated and a large squadron crest made a striking background for the RCAF Orchestra. A floor show was presented by a talented group of entertainers from the Gatineau Country Club. Guests of honour included A/C Z. L. Leigh OBE, Director of Air Transport Command, and Mrs. Leigh, W/C D. F. Galloway, Assistant Director of Air Transport Command, Mr. Pilgrim, Mayor of the town of Aylmer and our own Officer Commanding, W/C L. G. Fraser DFC and Mrs. Fraser. During the course of the evening Mrs. Leigh

and Mrs. O'Brian were presented with beautiful bouquets of flowers by Cpl. Marion Spence and LAW Fran. Sullivan. W/C Fraser was given a silver cigarette case and Mrs. Fraser a compact engraved "from the Officers and Airmen of No. 168 Sqn". F/L Gowling, Adjutant acting in the capacity of MC for the evening called upon A/C G. S. O'Brian and W/C L. G. Fraser to say a few words. Many valuable prizes were given to holders of lucky tickets. Dancing continued until one o'clock.

With the continual expansion of our Squadron to the various theatres of war we were forced to set up new detachments. Our Officer Commanding, W/C Fraser, has again proceeded over to ensure that all operations are being carried out according to schedule.

Our South of England detachment personnel are getting a bird's eye view of the Western Front. We even hear that their anxiety for combat duty was realized when they ventured too close to Jerry's territory. Probably excitement such as this has led the boys to asking to stay for a longer period. The despatching duties of F/O Andy MacDonald and F/S Rus. Dade has been varied somewhat by the transporting of casualties from the front lines. The amount of work it entails has resulted in long hours of work. WO2 N. Davis reports that the boys are doing a marvelous job in keeping the aircraft serviceable. Sorry to hear that Cpl. Hirst was admitted to the hospital. The W-Debs (from Rockcliffe) visited this detachment overseas and the boys enjoyed them immensely and in the back of their mind they thought "to think that we had to come all this way to see our own W-Debs." It goes without saying, the world is very small.

DO YOU KNOW:—What Cpl. feels neglected if I don't include his name in this column. Could he be practising for his post-war plans. For the information of an LAC, Stores only want your Ident. Card till you bring back the equipment you borrowed. We ask you, Cpl. Polin, what was the grave stone for at the foot of your bed? What significance has "Sailor" and "barnacle tubes" got to do with you F/O H. Hill? By what odd coincidence does the nickname "Popeye" apply to you, F/O MacDonald. Our overseas personnel have a new version of the Holland Tunnel. Let's have it boys. Do you still lose your sleep at noon trying to figure out why the planes were testing five foot bumps on the runways. Cpl. Rene Vachon? What bowler with a 130 average comes out in a slap happy mood and bowls a 64? What temporary trip is so popular and is not a paying proposition? A vote of thanks goes to LAC Steve Proulx, whose untiring efforts helped make our Sqn. dance successful. Ask the boys who cleaned up the hall if there was a bottle shortage or not.

RIDING HORSES HURTS

ROCKCLIFFE being a rather dull station at times, I decided we needed something to brighten our lives. Exercise for example. Riding, baseball, swimming, cycling. Ah yes! C'est la vie.

With enthusiasm I painted pictures of dignified ladies poised gracefully on thoroughbred chestnut mares, of water queens gliding smoothly through refreshing pools, and of rosy-checked cyclists surveying with pleasure the autumn-painted Gatineau valley. Beryl admitted reluctantly that it did sound good. Enough said. In an hour I had a sports agenda that would keep us busy for the next six months.

"First," I explained, "We will begin horseback riding. There is a place just at the end of the car line."

Beryl nodded, but a slight frown appeared fleetingly on her smooth forehead. That, I suspected, was caused by the memory of the time we set out for Chelsea and ended up ten miles the other side of Gatineau Point. Her good nature lasted, however, and she agreed to come. The stable being merely half-an-hour's walk from the car line, we were there in almost no time, but we did waste a few minutes waiting for the horses.

Beryl's horse was a spiritless animal. He gazed at us unintelligently through sleep-glazed eyes and greeted us formally with a prodigious yawn. Mine was a mare, but not the thoroughbred chestnut type. Her ears did not turn back gently to hear my every command. They twitched with an ominous uncertainty every time she rolled those soft brown eyes with the watery white edgings. It could have been my imagination, but I still think that animal leered at me as I attempted to mount. However, I might be wrong. Maybe they bare their teeth that

way when their gums are itchy.

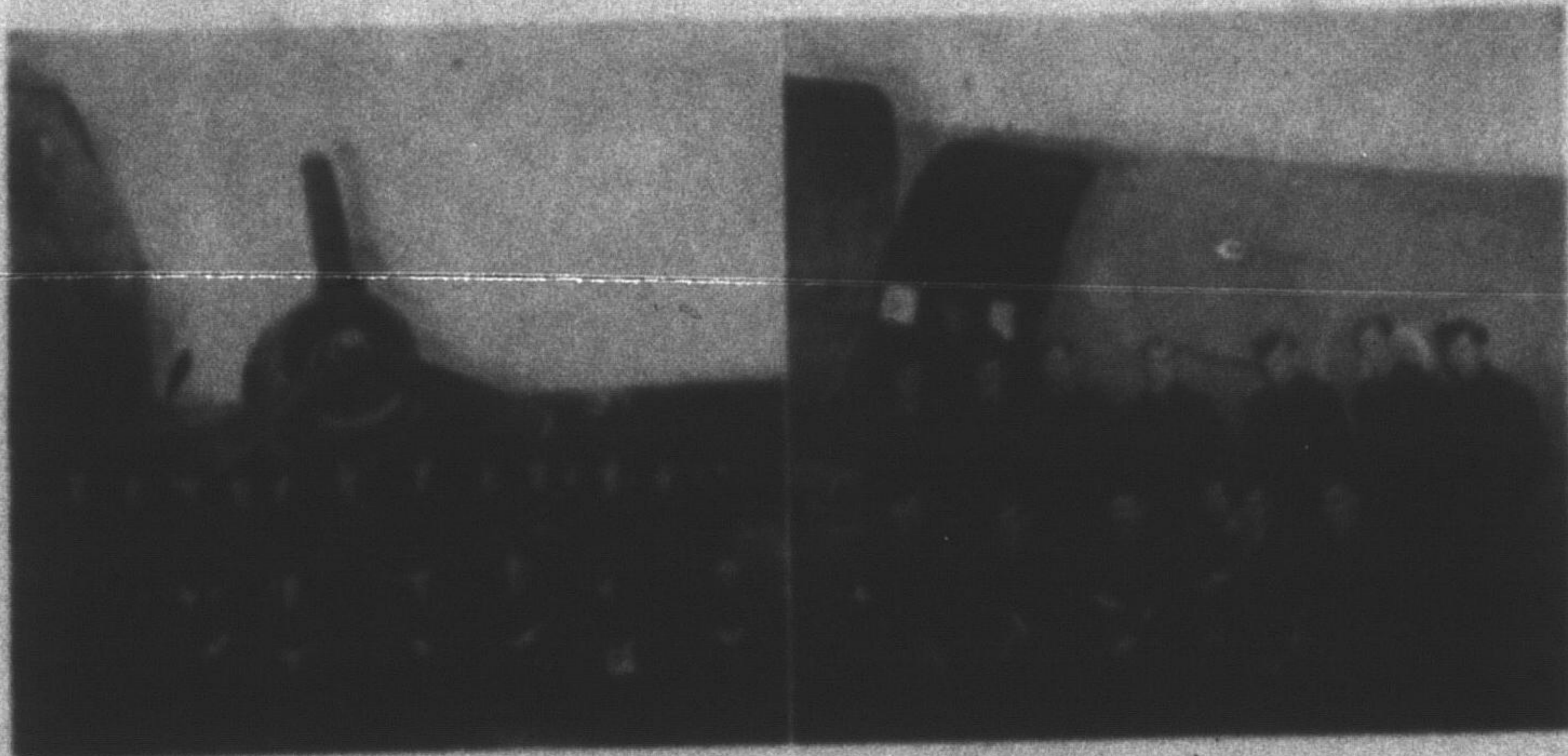
On the trail I fell off her twice. The first time she accidentally let me down gently, and in her anxiety to do a better job hovered over me almost begging me to climb on again. The second time was no accident. First the front end went up, then the back end. After that she flattened her ears and lit out for home like a plane speeding up for a take-off. I flew past Beryl yelling, "I'm going to fall off". I held on to the saddle, to the mane, to her neck, to everything. After the rest of me had fallen off my ankle continued to hang on for a while. Then I don't remember what happened except that after the noise of the horses had died away I found myself flat on my face in mud, throbbing pains in my ankle, and a desire in my heart to kick that horse to h---.

I was most disinclined to discuss the merits of riding on the way home. Beryl's picture of SP's leering as I staggered through the gates cheered me not at all. Nor did I feel better in the evening when, ankle covered with ice-bags, I was unable to meet the only unmarried date prospect I had seen in two months. Even yet, my ankle is not the only sore point, and it is wise to be at the other end of the barrack room before you discuss the merits of exercise or yell: "Hi, Ho, Silver!"

POWELL PULLS PRIZE

LAC William Powell, 7 Photo Wing, Crosswinds photographer, brings home the prize of \$5 for the best contribution. Bill's pictures grace the pages of Crosswinds from month to month, and his keenness, hard work, and patience in the interests of better photography have helped raise the standard of Crosswinds. Appreciation is also expressed to all members of Photo Wing for contributions assisting in photographic work for Crosswinds.

C.O., & Pilots 168 H.T.S.



EDITOR'S MAIL

Dear Editor:

On the day that Colonel Ralston's resignation from the cabinet of the Federal Government was announced, as a mere peace loving airmen in the other ranks mess, I was seated at the upper table, when four of the fair and gentle sex in the WD Services sat at the same table and began cussing and discussing the events of the day. The Government's army man power policy, the box car bums and the zombies took a proper beating. Accordingly I struck up conversation with these plain speaking sisters in the airforce and endeavoured to sound out their opinions of some other things.

In the phrases of Mammy Yokom and from myself in all truth and honesty—"Fry my hide and bless their innercent lil' "skin". These members of the Airforce like the military life to the extent of wanting a peace time standing army for women—this in contrast to the average male I meet in the services who longs for the day when he can go back to civil life and well by his own vine and fig tree. A great question, who got the idea that she-males are such shrinking, timorous, couwria' beasties? He would be forced to revise his opinions after a few minutes conversation with these modern military madams. Moreover it takes no stretch of the imagination to realize that the myth of the Amazons was not without

some foundation of fact, for if we stop to think about it, as women have been emancipated, wars have become more violent and destructive—compare the war of 1914-18 with this one and the roles played by women in each war respectively.

How about a letter to the editor discussing some of these self evident truths and fictions and see if we can solve the riddle of the weaker sex?

(SIGNED): TIMOTHY HAY,
(R157142 Cpl. Haw. J.A.)

Dear Editor:

When the RCAF first inaugurated its Women's Division, it was with the idea that they would release medically fit men for active service in the air and on the ground.

Today a problem has arisen in airforce policy; i.e., the discharging of approximately 4,000 potential aircrew who have been medically examined, selected for trades in aircrew and who have completed basic training. These boys have been patiently awaiting the day when they would begin a rigorous training schedule, to fit them for their "service in the skies." They have swept floors, worked in mess halls, shoveled coal, and done many other jobs as well, which one would hardly consider to be in line with aircrew trades. They have grumbled now and then, but who wouldn't? Some of them have been put off for six months and still maintain clean record sheets.



ROCKCLIFFE YOUNG PEOPLES' ASSOCIATION and members of the YMCA Friendly Hour on occasion of talk by F/O P. C. Warnick, Personnel Counsellor, on Rehabilitation. Fourth from left is the speaker, on his right LAW Flo Hector, President, second from left is LAW Juan Stewart, Hospital. Standing at back are Joe Cookman, YMCA, and LAC Charles I. Dean, Editor, "Crosswinds". The group meet every Wednesday, 3 p.m., Y Reading and Writing Room, Drill Hall.

RED TRIANGLE REVUE

The Red Triangle Revue held Sunday, October 29, provided entertainment for varied tastes, and overlooking anything that did not appeal to us, for it's difficult to please all, we give the highlights of the show. We were thrilled by the polished performance of the Irish tenor, Denis O'Brien, the skill of the acrobat, Lucien Watson, and his balancing acts, and Tommy Auburn, the magician, with smooth line and sleight-of-hand. We noticed our station show magician, P/O John Poole, watching this performance with interest, and no doubt fully knowing how it was done, but sworn to secrecy. Betty Hunter, tap and acrobatic dancer, with graceful movements, and swift feet, kept the audience entranced, with her effective dance routine.

We were pleased to see an old friend in the cast, an old timer from Rockcliffe, here two years ago, Sgt. Archie Murphie, vocalist, of Lachine. Good luck Archie.

Able seaman, Rodolfo Nicoletti, RCNVR, gave a skilled piano performance of La Potena: Malaquena Lecuona, followed by Chopin's Minute Waltz.

The Gentlemen of Swing, Montreal, gave the alligators a thrill. Billy Kersey, Tenor Sax, Harold Wade, piano, Willie Wade, drum, and Harry Enlow, violin, gave out and raised the roof. Willie Wade, drums and cymbals, put on a performance that roused loud applause and appreciation. To Mrs. F. C. Hayes, M.C., we say: "Thanks for a good show, and come back again." The CO, A/C G. S. O'Brien, thanked the performers on behalf of the station.

It is my personal opinion (and I know it's shared by many) that this policy is very unnecessary. The WD's who have done a marvelous job in this war, should now move aside for a man who under former conditions would now be in her place. I have heard many WD's say, and no doubt you all know some that would be willing to be discharged now. Why couldn't a compromise be made whereby these already disillusioned, heart-broken potential men of the air, might at least partly fulfill their dreams, and remain in their chosen service, near, if not in, the planes, used in war and peace, that they have learned to love.

EDITOR'S MAIL

No doubt many of these airmen would rather transfer to another service than remain as ground crew. Some would prefer to remain where they are. These men deserve some consideration. A man with a grudge would make, I think, a poor soldier or sailor or whatever he might become. A chap who to speak figuratively, is pressed into another service "with a chip on his shoulder", might go further and further and finally be-



come detrimental to the well being of the nation for which we are waging this bitter conflict.

In civilian life the male of the species is considered to be the breadwinner. This is true no less in the service. Until modern times war has chiefly been a man's game. Why then maintain such a large staff of WD's and turn away good men who with aircrew or any other training in the airforce, would outlive their being a public liability now to become good, upstanding independent citizens and thus an asset to this great country of ours.

LAC LES DAVIS

R291246.

EDITOR'S MAIL

Editor's Note: Signed letters are always acceptable for publication on subjects of general interest. Names and ranks must be submitted but will be withheld on request. Views expressed are not necessarily those of Crosswinds.



Sgt. Conny Tudin, old timer at Rockcliffe, and well known Ottawa hockey circles, was married August 23 to the former Lois Sinnette at No. 1 P. E. S., Arnprior, Ont. Tudin played professional hockey for the Montreal Canadians, overseas. '38-'39 he played for the Ottawa Air Force Flyers.

DR SNERD'S COLUMN

Case No. 54 Do you believe deep breathing will kill microbes? LAC Hy Gene.

Answer: Yes, I do, but how can you make microbes breathe deeply?

Case No. 55 How can I attain real happiness in middle age? Sgt. Longtooth.

Answer: Have a wife and cigarette lighter—both working.

Case No. 56 What did you do when the patient insulted you by offering you a shot of whiskey? F/L Cal O. Mel.

Answer: I swallowed the insult.

Case No. 57 My husband suffers from terrible hangovers. Do you think it would help if I fixed him a Bromo-Seltzer? Mrs. Roo Sterpic.

Answer: Are you sure he could stand the noise?

Case 58 I tell my daughter that when she marries I expect her to choose a man of the strong silent type, but full of grit. Do you agree? F/L Al. A. Baster.

Answer: What she needs to fill those specifications is a deaf and dumb garbage collector.

ROCKCLIFFE'S DE-LUXE HOTEL— No. 1 BARRACKS

F/SGT. Joe Lacombe, and staff consisting of LAC William Anderson (known to the boys as "Andy"), and AC2 Alexander Alexander (you're not seeing double), operate Rockcliffe's de-luxe hotel, known to all as No. 1 Barracks. The barracks has recently been decorated in those favourite air force colours, green and green! The boys

have a comfortable office when they can enjoy using it, because there's lots to worry about such as finding bunks for stray airmen reporting in, and distributing sheets, pillows, pillow-cases, and blankets.

F/Sgt. Joe Lacombe is the NCO i/c—and has been here two months, reporting from Dartmouth, N.S., where he had been stationed for four years. He is directly responsible for Senior NCO's and airmen's quarters.

LAC Anderson, one of Rockcliffe's old timers, has been here since April 1942. His job is checking the boys in and out of barracks. He has quite a complicated card system and keeps track of all men sleeping on the station from AC2 to WO1. Andy's been on the same job since his arrival here. He likes his job. Andy worked in the post-office in civilian life.

AC2 Alexander is Andy's capable assistant. He does the fancy lettering around No. 1 Barracks, and warns the boys when CO's inspection is near. The slogan of the office lettered by Alexander is: "If you don't hear a new rumour by 10 a.m., start one."



Sgt. Harry Perch, LAC Anderson,
F/Sgt Lacombe, AC2 Alexander.

Next door to the Barrack Warden's office—is the Orderly Sgt's home. Sgt. Harry R. Perch is the Rockcliffe's full time Orderly Sgt. Harry was at Rockcliffe, steward at the Officer's Mess, from 1941 to 1943, in Group Captain Harley's time. He returned here from Arnprior in 1944. Harry hails from Kent, England, and came to Canada with the Marquis of Willington. He served 12 years in the Imperial Army.

Harry's job consists of making inspection of the barracks with the Orderly Officer, finding the owners of telegrams, and contacting people when there are important messages—(from the Admin. bldg. no doubt: "Sarge. Station Sgt-Major speaking—get Joe up here right away!") The night orderly Sgt., has the pleasure of taking care of station detail, night emergencies, and lowering and raising of the ensign. Sgt. Perch describes his job with all its many details by simply saying: "from steward to busboy!"

HOSPITAL

BY SGT. W. J. CROSS

DURING the month of October this little hospital has been just about snowed under with donations. Three gentlemen now overseas, F/O Charles Goldhamer, F/O Patrick Cowley-Brown, and F/O M. Reinblatt, all painters have very generously sent paintings to the hospital. We also received an excellent painting from Sgt. Peter Whyte. From money raised in a canteen in the church basement, the Guild of St. Andrew's Church gave us a large donation with which to buy equipment for the laboratory. Another large cash donation was gratefully received from the Women's Canadian Club of Ottawa to buy table silver for the hospital dining rooms. The Craft Shop was decidedly assisted by a donation from the Royal Ottawa Golf Club for the purpose of buying craft shop tools and facilities. These donations are sincerely appreciated by all the staff of the hospital. Not only do they help to make this hospital the finest in the RCAF, but all station personnel benefit by the improved equipment and facilities, and the more pleasant surroundings.

The male staff are now wondering if somebody will please donate some white trousers. The ones we have are either too short, or too long. And if you can find a pair that fits, it lacks essential buttons, a very grim situation.

After many weeks of blushing anticipation, LAW Sally Blaney, one of our lab. Assistants, was married to Mr. Robert Reid on Oct. 21. Our felicitations and blessings, Sally, and may all your troubles be what people at weddings always say they hope all your troubles will be.

This reminds us that on Sept. 25, our Senior Medical Officer, W/C H.G. Osborne was presented with a son, a young feller by the name of Darch Hilliard. Congratulations, sir, and incidently, what happened to those cigars?

It is with deep regret that we announce the departure of our assistant matron, N/S H.M. MacClennan, a person who has the esteem and sincere affection of every member of this staff. We can honestly say that EAC's gain is our loss. Good luck and best wishes at your new posting, Sister MacLennan.

We are also very sorry to lose F/L E. W. Lidington, but are happy for his success in becoming the Senior Medical Officer at the Medical Inspection Room at No. 3 Training Command Hdqrs., Montreal, D.

Lidington is a graduate of Queens University, and was formerly in charge of the out patient's dept., and was attached to this staff longer than any other MO. In fact he was here before the hospital. His home is in Ottawa so we may have a chance to see him from time to time.

The surgeons at the hospital welcome the assistance of F/L D. G. Temple, graduate of Toronto University, and posted here from Arnprior this month. It's getting now so the surgeons have to cut the cards to see who takes out the next gall-bladder. Also from Arnprior comes LAC J. R. O. Lacasse, who joins the Medical Ward staff.

Two young ladies of the clerical staff, Cpl. Dorene Hobbs, secretary to F/L Preston, and Cpl. "Billie" Maxwell in the Orderly Room, got their corporal hooks this month. Congratulations, girls!

We won't embarrass Cpl. George Hodgkinson by mentioning the fact that after saying goodbye all round, and breaking into print via Crosswinds, his posting overseas was cancelled and he has now returned to the Medical Ward. Glad to see you back, George.

Pictures of interesting medical cases were shown and many aspects of military and general medical science were discussed at a meeting sponsored by the Rockcliffe Medical Society this month. Fifty Medical Officers from all branches of the armed forces were invited.

A very happy individual is Sgt. H. J. Pullen. This lad, formerly the dispenser here, has been transferred to the Woman's Hospital. Sgt. Pullen is the only male member of the staff. Yipe! Nice work if you can get it, eh, fellows? ArOOOooooo!



"I'm rationing myself—Only one glass a day!"



SYMPHONIC HOUR POPULAR MUSICAL FEATURE

The first symphonic hour of the season was held Wednesday, October 11th., in the Y Lounge, station drill hall. Walter (Deems Taylor) Shea made a few opening remarks on the series in general, and also gave a brief commentary on the evenings programme in particular. This consisted of Addinnsell's currently popular 'Warsaw Concerto,' Litz's symphonic poem 'Les Preludes' and Tchaikowsky's Sixth Symphony, the 'Pathetique'. An audience of 40 attended this opening programme.

The second concert, held Oct. 18, featured 'On the Trail' from Grofe's 'Grand Canyon Suite', George Gershwin's tone poem 'An American in Paris', and Dvorak's 5th Symphony, 'From the New World'.

The concerts are planned to provide the most popular of the classics, by old and modern masters. Future programmes will include Tchaikowsky's 'Sleeping Beauty' and 'Swan Lake' Ballets, his 1812 Overture, and Capriccio Italien, as well as his other Symphonies; some Delius and Debussy; some of Beethoven's Symphonies. Some Wagner, Liszt, the 'Rhapsody in Blue', and 'Peter and the Wolf' along with many others. Incidentally, suggestions and requests are welcomed by F/Sgt Molly Green, the very able directress of the series, and may be given to Walter Shea, or phoned in to Crosswinds, local 229.

Many thanks are due the YMCA who provide the records and the machine which make this series possible.

A very cordial invitation is extended to all who like symphonic music to come out Wednesdays at 6.45 p.m., and enjoy an hour and a quarter of uninterrupted music.

The keepers built a bigger cage

In the animal house at the zoo:

*They fed the kang so much meringue, she
Garoo and garoo and garoo!*



CONSTRUCTION ENGINEERING

BY F/O J. GRAY

PUSHING sort of chaps we are. Push dirt around all summer and snow all winter. Well, the dirt stays pushed, so, let's stay with the dirt:

Flight Whitlock, our genial "Friar Tuck" of the Fitters Squad (they let themselves grow so they won't be Joe to crawl under buildings) got his toe in the way of a hunk of pipe obeying the laws of gravity, and consequently gravitated himself to the hospital and, eventually, sick leave. Jack missed the afternoon train for Toronto—never mind why—but seems to have caught the 11.30 p.m.

Well, we had a sort of Gallup Poll to find out which work orders were most popular and why. Here are the locations anyhow in order of preference. No reasons were offered. Any canteen or refreshment bar comes first, and then any kitchen, dark room in the photo building, WD Quarters, hospital, any hanger, barrack blocks, butcher shop, guard house, CO's cottage.

Say! Have you heard the latest? Three hours PT per week to keep the old waistline under control. Trouble was, some figured it out as a Commando course, training for Alaska, China, or points west, hence a varied assortment of Charley Horses, sprains, black eyes and one compound fracture. Guess who? well, we visited him up in the eight-winged palace the other day but found him blissfully sleeping. And in case you don't know it, when faced with the prospect of three weeks abed with meals served on a silver platter by a blonde vision in white, and a further three weeks of light duty, or sick leave, something peculiarly angelic, almost ethereal, hovers over the features of a Sergeant Major in repose.

THE GEN. FROM THE FLATS

BY SGT. RUTH BIRD

The WD's on strength are wending their way to Stores to get fitted with ski pants for the winter. We're probably the only unit on the station where for about four months out the year everybody wears trousers.

Also preparing for a long cold spell is the sports and entertainment committee. With bowling well under way and our Tuesday afternoon PT sessions more than a success there remains only the entertainment line to be organized. Work is underway now and we promise at least one dance a month and as much more fun as we can work in. With Flight Lieut. Chuck McLean at the head this committee working in conjunction with the station sports committee is planning a programme that should enable everyone of us in this "isolated" unit to have an active winter. The swimming at the Chateau Laurier every Tuesday afternoon has probably proven the most entertaining and novel of the sports offered. We always suspected that some of our senior NCO's had their rank badges tattooed on their arms but close examination last Tuesday proved we were wrong. It was a good to see the lack of rank distinction. Over in the bowling alleys, however, the "Flat-tops" have entered a team in the league. The fact that the first three balls thrown went down the left gutter didn't dampened their enthusiasm a bit, in fact P/L Bill Whitside (who threw them) has a great future ahead of him—as a flyer.

Since the departure of Met Section and Control Tower gang from the White House great discussions have been held as to who should fill up the vacant rooms. The Pilots finally won out so now every night at 1700 hours our front door will closely resemble that of the Jackson Building on Bank street. So if you're an AC2 and get called "Sir" when you visit the orderly room don't feel flattered. It'll be because of habit we can assure you.

The one lone office in the White House that doesn't boast an officer is the discipline where Flight Lafond and Cpl. Des-saint reign supreme. Next time you're over (we know you enjoy your visits) ask to see the official crest. Already active in Station activities Flight Lafond has proven himself an artist as well as a swell person.

Due to your reporter being on temporary duty last month, the "Gen" was omitted from Crosswinds. Too good to let slip by though is the news from Britannia where we held our last squadron dance. Every

rule including the law of gravity was broken when LAC Weisner and his Western Wonders lead the crowd in an old fashioned square dance. With Tiny Foster calling them off, the hall echoed and re-echoed with the screams of females and the wolf calls of airmen. The next one will be bigger and better and soon.

Coming back to see how we've been running the place for the past two years is P/O Larry Millar. Known to a lot of the old timers when he was here as a W.O.1 he's returned to take over workshops so P/O Meschino can join the Engineers in Building No. 58. Leaving up after four years of devotion to duty at T & D is Sergeant-Major Murdoch. Archie is heading for P.E.I. and the best wishes of the squadron go with him.

Over in the statistic page you'll find a lot of the boys mentioned so we want to congratulate them from this column too. Special mention should be made of the award of Long Service and Good Conduct Medal to our Adjutant, P/L 'Peggy' O'Neil—23 years is a long time to stick to any job and when it's the RCAF there's even more reason why he should be congratulated.

"Crosswinds" is not only familiar to the reading public of T. & D., but the general list know about them too. Coming in for a safe landing in an ever faithful (?) Anson, P/O Fred Hiley ran into a crosswind that was just a little too much for the brakes with the result that he headed off the runway across the fairway. Two trusty Joes from W. & B. out surveying the landscape were placidly looking over the scenery quite unaware that such a ferocious steed was heading straight for them. Fred yelled but the Anson engines were tuned a bit louder so rather than make more hamburger for the Sgt's Mess, he throttle the engines until even W. & B's folk could tell that something must be wrong. Making an end run that would get them signed up with any football team in the continent, the two airmen cleared the wing-tips by inches and visited the chapel next day. (Who wouldn't be thankful.)

Word of this must have got around because now Fred has been posted to Penfield Ridge to grope around in the fog on a transport pilot's course. Best of luck and good hunting, sir.

"This air force life" complained the LAC, is beginning to tell on me. Every day I look more and more like my identification photo!"

PHOTO WING NEWS

BY CPL. MILLIE EVANS

THE bowling league seems to be the main topic of conversation around the Photo Wing these days and although it had its ups and downs everything is running along smoothly. Here are the standings. Those averaging the 190 mark and above are: Sgt. Currie, WO2 Sweeney, F/L. Neale, and LAC Dobson. High single so far goes to Cpl. Al. Cormier who bowled a 288, while high cross of 645 goes to F/L Neale. Team No. 3 captained by Cpl. Dixon is setting the pace just now and here is his team: F/L Neale, F/S Timbers, LAC Drummond, Cpl. Cormier, Cpl. Wansbrough, WO1 Dalton and Cpl. Pepin. There is still a lot of bowling to be done between now and early spring and according to the other three team captains, namely: Cpl. Thompson and Cpl. Cannon. "There'll be a change in the weather and a change in the scores!"

Congratulations are in order to F/L Symn and F/L Bishop on their recent promotions. Also to Cpl. Dick Cannon and AW Freda Rigby who decided it was cheaper to live on combined pay checks and so tied the proverbial knot. Dick came close to being C.B.'d the night of the wedding but the powers that be overlooked the matter and so permitted the "show to go on." Many new proud fathers have also been added to the unit, some of them being: Sgt. Gynane, Cpl. Fletcher, Cpl. Learned, and WO2 Bussiere.

Survey detachments may come and go, but we stay on forever! This is beginning to be the theme song of nearly everyone in the unit. The "surveyors", besides seeing a lot of country, are really doing a grand job and there isn't one amongst us who doesn't envy the boys their jobs. The way new aircraft are pouring in it is almost necessary to hang them on the ceiling but it is hoped that the master minds will have figured out a place to store said aircraft—when they aren't out on survey—before too many weeks have passed.

The swimming parties held in the Chateau Pool every Monday night are proving quite popular and more and more people are taking advantage of this opportunity each week. F/Sgt. A. Cohoon, who is always rigging up gadgets of one sort or another has not failed us this time and even if you're not a swimming enthusiast it is well worth your time just to sit and watch him go through his feats.

PILOT TURNS UP AT UNIT FROM GERMANY

Crews of the Alouette squadron were resigned to the loss of their flight commander, S/L Jerry Philbin, DFC, Valleyfield, Quebec, when his Halifax exploded in mid-air after being hit by flak over enemy territory. They underestimated his luck and stamina. He is now back with his squadron and preparing for repatriation, having completed a tour.

Injured in the legs when he parachuted into enemy-held France, Philbin was taken prisoner and sent to a German hospital. He is now fully recovered and though 18 pounds lighter in weight has been passed physically fit by the air force.



OFFICERS AND STAFF PAY AND EQUIPMENT ACCOUNTS,
RCAF STATION, ROCKCLIFFE.



NO 7 PHOTO WING'S CONTRIBUTION TO VICTORY

Photo Wing believes in doing a good job and finishing off those rascals in proper style, as shown in LAC Stuart Callaghan's large mural designed for the 7th Victory Bond Drive at the Photo Centre. The scaffold is built on ruined cities and skeletons of Axis victims. Vultures perch on the cross-bar waiting for the death of the miscreants. On the left Great Britain, Russia, China and the U.S.A. glare at the final enemy, Japan. Above a tiger protruding from a picture-frame makes a grab for a terrified German soldier.

Much interest has been stimulated at the Photo Centre by a raffle for war-bonds and certificates. Winners are: LAW A. M. Rogers, AC1 G. T. Small, F/L. M. J. Sym, AC1 H. Connor, F/Sgt. Pete Young. Congratulations!

AFTER THE WAR

*We who were raised in peaceful homes, far from the madding throng,
Today we study the skill of war, to practise later on,
And what will be our future lives, when we come back once more,
Will we like "Rip" be strangers there, or fit in as before?
For we are trained to kill outright, and give it not a thought,
Shall we returning soon forget destruction that we wrought?
Such sights as pilots screaming as they fall in burning planes,
Or the hordes of crippled bodies as they writhe in countless pains,
Shall we face those we left behind as school mates in our town,
And see a questioning look of fright or unmistakable frown,
Will we change much to those we love, or will they understand,
That futures such as those we hold, were written in the sand?*

—P/O G. RAYNER.

LES AILES

BY ANDRE POULIOT

LORSQU'UN mécanicien, couvert d'huile jusqu'à l'occiput, et las de s'être acharné sur un boulon coincé, dépose ses outils et s'éponge le front, il se peut qu'il injurie la machine qui lui cause tant de labeur; mais il s'en gardera bien, pour peu qu'il comprenne la beauté du métier de l'air.

L'avion est pour le pilote un bel animal familier, et qui attend au sol qu'on veuille bien le chevaucher, posé légèrement sur ses pattes élastiques; il exhibe ses formes fuselées et déploie ses vastes ailes, qu'on dirait anxieuses d'érafler les nuages.

Quand l'hélice au galbe poli est mise en marche, une disque chatoyant soulève la poussière, et le moteur fait entendre sa voix puissante, grave et monotone. Le pilote cahote vers la piste, la place en face de lui, et ouvre les gaz. Une clameur profonde se répercute jusqu'au fond de la vallée, l'appareil s'ébranle, court, s'allège et saute dans la nue. Des cet instant, l'homme qui est aux commandes de cette machine tonitrueuse devient une espèce de demi-dieu, libéré des contingences terrestres, est saisi d'une exaltation sacrée. Il grimpe impérieusement dans l'espace, y exécute mille cabrioles, et bascule à son gré l'univers.

Le métier des ailes compte ses héros et ses poètes. Il confère à celui qui l'adopte une opinion nouvelle, grandiose, de la vie et des hommes. Et c'est pourquoi le mécanicien, sur qui repose la vie d'autres hommes, comprenant la beauté de la cause qu'il sert, continuera de serrer ses écrous et ses boulons consciencieusement, je dirais même, avec amour.

WELL DONE ROCKCLIFFE

The objective in the 7th., Victory Loan was: \$235,000, the final result \$266,850.



STARS OF FLOOR SHOW AT CHRISTMAS DANCE

(L. to R.) LAC Laurie Moon, LAW Jean McClelland, LAW Eileen Pratt, AC2 Johnny Peveridge, Cpl. Wallace, Cpl. Lillian Cairns, AW1 Gloria Newman, LAW Betty Jane Gilles, LAC Van Kington, Cpl. Don Bailey, AC2 Fred Robbins, (Seated): LAW Marry Davis, LAC Barnard, Cpl. Dot Poulton, LAW Hetherington Woodroffe, AC2 C. W. Faulkner, Cpl. Phillis Anthony, LAC A. S. Henwood, LAW Betty Brown.



THE QUARTET: Featured at the show, Station Dance, December 20th. LAC Van Kington, Cpl. Peggy Bruce, Sgt. Jeanette Patterson, L/C Bill Bounsell.

COMBINED FLOOR SHOW AND DANCE PLANNED FOR DECEMBER 20

Due to WD discharges, postings, exigencies of the service, a heavy schedule of entertainment for December, lack of foot-lights, carpenters to repair ceiling of stage in drill hall, station detail problems, work and Christmas shopping of the cast of "Acting Unpaid" interfering with rehearsals, the station show was postponed until January, and then had to fall by the wayside due to the absence of the stars.

Rather than see talent, time and pulchritude wasted, the cast have been persuaded to put on a floor show at the big Christmas Dance planned for December 20th. A half-hour of top entertainment is promised, a novelty that will make the dance the best for 1944. Further details, pictures, and stories of personalities in the show, will be published in December Crosswinds.

A FEW WORDS FROM THE MAJOR
WO1 J. M. A. J. Vezina, station sgt-major has been posted. "Where to—that's a military secret—but however the Major hates to leave Rockcliffe, the morale is so high here. "But", says the Major, "in the air force you do what you're told!" So long Major, come back and see us some time.

SPORT

BY SGT. TOMMY FAIRBAIRN

TOUCH Rugby proved an interesting sport during the past few weeks. Communications, No. 168, H.Q. and Repats rounded out a four team league. H.Q. had too much on the ball for Comm. and defeated them in a two game total point series 17-12. Bordenball faded somewhat, but is not to be discounted entirely. The present difficulty is providing floor space. As soon as possible the remaining games will be played and a winner declared. The Pendleton gang were in much better condition than our boys and girls and swept a doubleheader on their floor Nov. 1. The scores were 18-16 for the girls, and 40-38 for the men—just four points difference and two games lost! We are practising though and promise F/O Bullis and crew a tough return engagement. Frank Wansbrough brought the Pendleton crowd to their feet, and drew rounds of applause with a dazzling exhibition of ball handling—Irish O'Reilly played her heart out for our WD's and sparked the girls all the way.



A/C MAINT. SOFT-BALL CHAMPS

F/Sgt. Beth Archibald, LAW Timmie Gunther, LAW Connie McCraw, Sgt. Morrisette, (Coach) LAW Davis, LAW Hunley, LAW Irvine, Cpl. Poulton, LAW Robinson, LAW Hodge, Cpl. Evans.

Our station is represented this year in the Inter-Service Basketball League by two men's teams "A" and "B", and a W.D. team. So far we are short of talent for all three teams—if you play at all please call us at Local 232 and find out when the next practice will be held.

Hockey is close at hand—again we are

entered in the Inter-Service League—the first game is promised about Nov. 29 at the Auditorium—Rockcliffe should have an excellent team. We are counting on some of the Comm. boys to help us, namely Myre, Foster, Miron, and others.

The winter program for Inter-Unit sports is shaping up well, and by the time this article is printed should be well under way. Floor Hockey, Basketball and Volleyball will be played. Each Unit (with a few exceptions in each league) is represented. A W.D. league in Volleyball and Basketball is planned, and one night each week will be given our W.D. Amazons.

The Drill Hall will be free from approximately 2030 hrs. each evening for badminton players. To date the Sports Stores cannot provide birds, but some sporting goods stores in Ottawa will sell two birds to a customer.

Many exciting games of volleyball and basketball are played each morning and afternoon at the drill hall—most Units are appearing regularly each week for PT and games. The games are really fought to a finish. We should mention here a recent game between Equipment and Accounts. Too late for the last edition was A/C Maint's victory over M.T. for the W.D. softball championship. Sgt. Morrisette deserves much credit for his leadership. He said practise would win the title for Maintenance and it paid off. In closing we invite one and all to the drill hall for a workout, good fun, good people, and don't forget these will be someone there to help you with your particular game.

Teams:	Played	Won	Lost	Tied	Pts
Admin.	8	7	0	1	15
A/C Maint.	8	6	2	0	12
Equip.	8	5	3	0	10
M. T.	6	6	0	0	12
Meases.	8	0	0	0	0
I.M.D.	8	2	5	1	5
Photo Pl.	8	2	5	1	5
Photo Grem.	8	2	6	0	4

The first four teams were in the play-offs. In the semi-finals A/C Maint., took Admin. Bldg. M. T. took Equip. in a best two out of three games series.

In the finals A/C Maint., took M. T., in a sudden death game for the station championship. Manager and coach of A/C Maint. Team is Sgt Morrisette.

STOP PRESS:

High single to date on our new bowling alleys goes to AC2 Ed. McDonald of Photo School—327.



SUMMER SPORTS: AWARDS AND CUPS PRESENTED BY COMMANDING OFFICER, NOV. 6.

(L. to R.) F/L. Neale, (Photo), Cpl. W. Smith, (SP), Sgt. Drysdale (HQ), S/L. Tilley, (Comm), W/C Dowie, (Repat), A/C. G. S. O'Brian, CO, LAC H. W. Harvey (Comm), LAW MacPhee (Maint), Cpl. Frank Garvey (SP).

EVERYONE is happy about F/L Ken Hardy's promotion to that rank. We at the sports staff feel it is well deserved, and has been a long while coming.

F L Ken Hardy is our PT and Drill Officer, usually known as "Drill Test Hardy". He's a repat., knows the score on PT and Drill. A smart soldier, with a real voice of command, the Flight-Loole pulls no punches on the parade square.

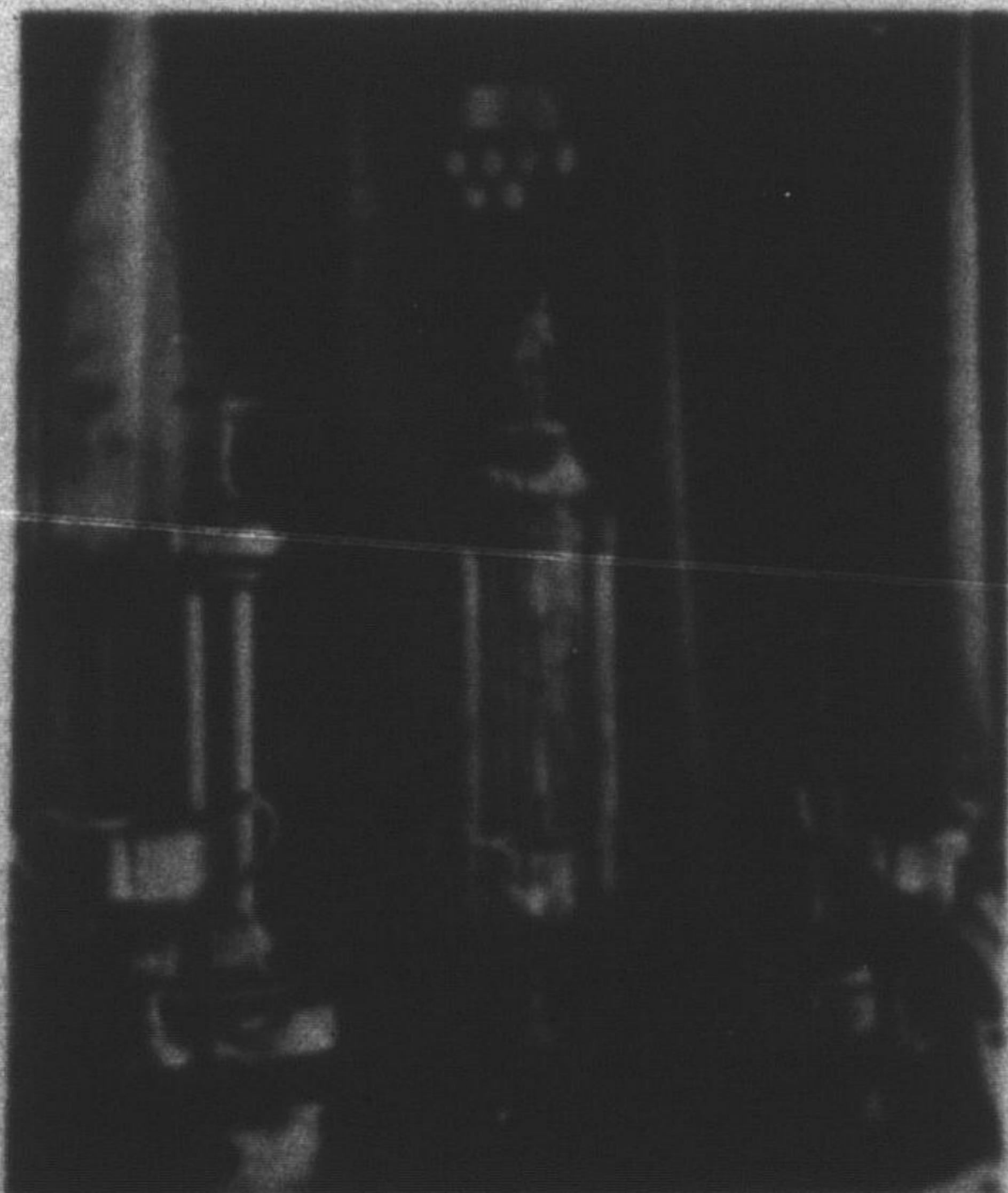
WO2 Bob Fulton—PT and Drill Instructor. Bob needs no introduction to Rockcliffe folk. He's a capable popular, all-round athlete who can dig in and

play any sport. He could sell a refrigerator at the North Pole too. Sometimes referred to as "Daddy". Coaches men's base-ball, basket-ball.

Sgt. "Al" Silmsen—PT and Drill Instructor. "Curly" Silmsen is a hard working Cornwall product. He's an excellent PT instructor, and an authority on softball and baseball. He's looking after our station hockey team with F/S Carisse this year. (Note to all WD's—Al's a married man).

Cpl. Lee Latreille—PT and DI. Lee is also a capable PT man, loves to get in just one extra push for His Majesty, Her Majesty, etc. Badminton is a good game for Lee. He plays a hard, fast bird, and can give anyone a good tussle.

SPORTS—Continued on page 24.



Trophies won by Rockcliffe's Station teams: Pendleton Olympics, Track field and Swimming Meet. Aggregate honours, Annual Competition won Aug. 1944. Inter-Provincial Baseball League Championship won Season 1944. Presented by Air Vice Marshal Adlard Raymond ADC, AOC No. 1 Training Command, Men's Competition won June 1944.

Pendleton Olympics Swimming Men's 100 yd. relay, won Aug. 1944.

Highest Batting Average, Inter-Provincial Baseball League, 1944 season won by Frank Garvey, MC/AF.

Inter-unit Track and Field Meet won by Hdq's, summer of 1944.

In the background:—Douglas Deane Shield presented by the Inter-Service Athletic Council for Men's Competition. Won twice by Rockcliffe, summer, 1944.



Something Doing Every Night

LIFE ISN'T DULL AT ROCKCLIFFE

Just so there'll be no mistake about the situation Crosswinds has done some investigating in an attempt to find out what's doing at Rockcliffe. Following is a list of things you can do if you have the time. First of all you can attend one of the five craft shops on the station: if you crave good music attend the weekly symphonic hours; if you want entertainment there are five showing of motion pictures, sing-songs and amateur talent, and there are weekly card and small game tournaments in the YMCA Games Room, drill hall. Useful prizes are offered to the boys, such as shaving cream and tooth paste, and there are feminine ones for the girls.

For the more seriously minded there are weekly friendly hours, (known to some as the Rockcliffe Young People's Association) and discussion groups, sponsored by the Y, and the educational section. There are weekly camera club meetings, lectures and dark room facilities. For further entertainment and amusement after a busy day there are dances, indoor and outdoor sports, sing song periods, and recreational lounges all over the station in the drill hall, the SP hut, the Band Hut, 12 Coffin, Pilots room, fire hall, and the repat depot, and canteens and a comfortable snack bar in the drill hall.

Ping-pong and badminton can be played in spare moments in most of the hangers. There are tennis courts (it's a trifle cold to think of tennis now), and hockey and skating will soon be provided for the winter season. The new bowling alleys are open in the drill hall under the management of LAC Fred Ritter, equipment accounts,

assisted by LAC Gordon Cutts. If you bowl, turn out to the alleys, and if you don't know how, come anyway, you'll learn quickly enough. There are inter-squadron sports competitions, and all are eligible, if interested. A new roller-skating rink is in operation at No. 7 "M" Depot Drill Hall, and skates rent for 25 cents per night.

Something new is the model airplane club which meets in Walt Shea's office, Tuesdays. "If you can't fly in them, learn how to make them," says the Y. The patients at the hospital are also entertained by the movie of the week (Wednesday), and the films are then transported to building 119 at the Repat depot. Incidentally here's a good way to have a preview of Thursday's show, if you have friends in the hospital who will let you in to the private movie in the dining room.

Slides have been made for the weekly sing songs at the photo auditorium and F/Sgt. Pete Young, projectionist, and Walt Shea usually vie with one another in an attempt to finish the song before the slides are changed. Pete always tries to catch Walter unawares, but so far he hasn't succeeded, but there'll come a day, pardon us, we mean evening. Don't miss these events.

Sunday there are special services in the station chapel, and information re these will be provided if you phone local 156, and speak to S/L. A. O. Lloyd, or F/L D. Smith, protestant padre, or P/L. M. J. Mooney, R.C. Padre, local 204.

The band concerts by the Central Band are a big feature of station life as cartoons and signs by Hunt and Kaudern used in advertising show, and the boys of the band put on a good concert for all tastes. Y

(Continued on page 29)

STATION EQUIPMENT SECTION

BY LAW JOYCE DETWEILER

HEREWITH is presented a short treatise on the immortal subject—Clothing Stores. The viewpoint will be that of the unhappy Equipment Assistant who is trapped like a rat behind the counter, surrounded by stacks of size 44 shorts, under cotton, size 6 caps, field service, laundered coveralls which have shrunk to a strictly midget size, and a few odd mitts, winter (for the left hand only) all of which are not very much use to anybody.

Sgt. Len Gussie is in charge of Clothing Stores. His staff consists of Cpls. Fred Barkley, and Win Browell, AC Bill Bulmer and LAW's Jean Newby Doris Shiner, Rene Wilson, "Toni" Stoneham and Willa Jones. Here are some typical problems in the lives of these people.

Eight o'clock and all's well, except that there are hordes of people banging on the door to be let in, regardless of the fact that clothing parade begins at 9 o'clock. So, you let them in, and fun starts. There are people with ONE holey sock who roll it carefully into a ball and expect to get a new pair in exchange, people who have a great list of clothing to get on repayment, but who have no signed repayment slip to authorize issue. An airman came in once who said that he must have a pair of boots immediately because he was going to be married. And of course there are gobs of carefree souls who are not supposed to be on the parade at all, usually a good number of airmen, often senior NCO's come on the WD clothing parade. These get the boot from Sgt. Gussie who inquires if they are "wearing skirts" today which they seldom, if ever, are. Many, many are the trials and tribulations of clothing stores personnel, which from now on will be lessened considerably due to these facts: the stock is ample, the locale of clothing stores

has been fixed (or at least it seems so, no one in authority dare commit themselves on this point) AND machine guns have been mounted in strategic positions to annihilate scroungers.

The Tailor Shop is a vital part of clothing stores. F/S Francois Xavier Charbonneau, "two-bit Louie" to you, is in charge. His staff includes LAC Joseph Emile Foucault, Sgt. Leon Lackmuth, Cpl. Esther Fesser, and LAW's Dorothy Campbell and Marion Jensen. LAW Lorna Forsyth who used to be with the tailor shop has just been posted far, far away to No. 17 E.D. Victoria Island, Ottawa.

F/S Charbonneau has been awarded the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal. He is the only NCO on Rockcliffe Station who holds this medal. Heartiest congratulations, Flight!

Cpl. Arthur Max does all the fitting of uniforms, and can work wonders with the Blue Suits. Are you troubled with too many reet pleats, or not enough drape in your shape? See Cpl. Max and your cares will disappear.

(Continued on page 21)





The Hostess House (YWCA) was the scene of a surprise shower for Sgt. Ruth Brooks (nee Murney) and her husband, LAC Tom Brooks, Band, Oct. 10. Pictured above are the happy couple and friends, with gifts. Present were: Sgts. Thelma Fraser, Mary Keays, Margo McKenzie, Isabel Ward, Jessie Roche, Elizabeth Davidson, F/Sgt. Ruby Woodworth, Sgt. Leona Lachmuth, F/Sgt. Molly Green, Sgt. Lois Winters, LAW Vera Gibbons, Sgt. "Jacky" Archambeault, F/Sgt. Beth Archibald, Sgts. Ina Middlemass, Charlotte MacDonald, Eleanor Hodges, Enid Wallace, O. Warren (AFHQ), F/Egt. Doris Underell, and Flt/O E. H. Bie.

* EQUIPMENT SECTION (Cont'd)

Another very important section in Clothing Stores is the Orthopaedic Appliance Section, which, we admit with a deep shame, we have always referred to casually as the Boot Shop. Them days is gone forever, the Orthopaedic Appliance Section it will be, so here are the facts. Previously all the boot and shoes modifications were done by the Dept. of Pensions and National Health in Ottawa for all three Services. This, naturally, took much time and effort on the part of the personnel. So the RCAF has trained a few Orthopaedic Specialists to do the work on the stations. We are fortunate here in having Cpl. Ernie LePoidevin ably assisted by LAC John Gabe, to restore our shattered feet to normal. These two make appliances for boots and shoes on an MO's prescription which work miracles. They turn out approximately 30 pairs of modified boots and shoes a week.

Beth Ernie LePoidevin and John Gabe have had experience in this specialized work in civilian life, and render exceptional service to everybody on Rockcliffe Station who are troubled with barking dogs. Have faith good people, there will come a time when all articles of clothing comma airmen and airwomen for the use of comma will be returned once and for all, and the work of Clothing Stores begins in earnest. "Per Ardua Ad Nausam"

Sgt. and Mrs. Arnold Kritsch are to be congratulated on the recent arrival of Maureen Jane. Ah, the patter of tiny feet!! Eft. lght. Eft. lght!!

Stores now has sports on Wed. morning. The day after the first session, Station Equipment Section highly resembled the Old Men's Home. There wasn't a soul who could walk a step without groaning. A milder form of exercise seemed to appeal to F-S White, Sgt. Boyce and Cpl. Anderson. Just to keep in trim they gently (?) deposited 4 WD's in the garbage tins the other day. The victims were "Tiny" Kelley, "Jackie" Jackson Grace Arnold, Ina Middlemass (most indignified, Sergeant) and Evelyn Whitfield. The muffled voice of Evelyn from the depths of the garbage can was heard to exclaim, "I feel helpless, just like a little mouse!" We are happy to hear that LAW's Lorna Greenway and Ann Gooderham are up and around after a stint in the hospital. Speaking of hospitals, there was a certain purchase to be made for the station Hospital, namely a bottle of Brandy which was ordered L.P.O. Sgt. Gibson was obliged to hide said bottle in a filing cabinet pending its safe delivery.

PHOTO SURVEY SQUADRON

By LAC KEITH HOWDEN

In the last issue of "Crosswinds", it was stated that there was no news from this section. On the contrary, there was plenty of news, but your writer failed to get on his horse and get going, and therefore missed the boat; however, we'll try to make up for it this time, even if some of the notes are a bit ancient.

A great number of No. 13's tradesmen were highly disappointed when their overseas posting failed to materialize some time ago. Since that time, however, they have not had much time to ponder over the situation, as 12 new Mark V Ansons have arrived and the lads have been on their toes making acceptance checks, doing installation jobs and making modifications.

A partition has been built in the former smokeroom and the wireless Mechs now have a shop of their own, which has proved satisfactory for all, even if the smokeroom is only half its former size and the smoke can be cut with a knife at break periods.

Speaking of renovations, the hangar is undergoing a beauty treatment and is having her face lifted. Or should we say the roof is being raised. Anyhow, the crews from C.M.U. have been here some time, and are doing a good job, even if they are making a heck of a noise about it. (If you notice us walking around with our heads in the air, it isn't because we're getting high hatted, but an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, and even a 50-foot beam could be a trifle dangerous if it happened to float down from the rafters). LAW "Babe" Trainor, our smiling WD from stores, (who claims the letters "U.S." stand for the United States and not "unserviceable"), recently underwent an operation in the station hospital and is back with us again after spending a week's furlough in the Maritimes.

No. 13 Squadron is an up and coming unit. Some people still think of it as the little detachment down in hangar 67 when there were only a half dozen men and Officers. In the near future we'll give you a summary of the unit's operations in the Yukon, North West Territories, TorBay the Maritimes and other places, and we're sure that No. 13 will be regarded as THE Squadron. No. 13 has outgrown its short pants, and among other things is greatly crowded for space. Most of the aircraft have to be tied down outside the hangar at nights, and believe us, it's plenty cold out there doing D.I.'s in the mornings; however, as the W.D.'s say, "what'll we do when

winter comes!" Hmmm, let's not cross bridges until we come to them.

F/L Arthur Wahlroth is smiling these days for Mrs. Wahlroth recently arrived in Canada from England along with 600 British Wives of Canadian servicemen. While overseas, F/L Wahlroth was the pilot of a Wellington bomber, and completed two operational tours from England to North Africa.

With all this talk of post war planning and occupations, we sometimes wonder how many of us will go back to our former occupations. Somehow, we can't quite visualize Cpl. Hoople, electrician, as an undertaker. However, "Hoop" claims he was a first-class "fixer-upper" in pre-war days.

Two girls in the post office ask who are the three new tall, dark and handsome airmen down at No. 13 Sqdn. LAC's Tony Galinas and Bob Souder, fitters, and Roy Bruce, rigger, are with the Northern Survey Squadron, 13's sister unit, for the time being. The lads have some mighty interesting stories to tell, as they were stationed at Mouchelegan Lake, 400 miles northwest of Mont Joli, Clearwater Lake, near Hudson's Bay, both in Quebec and Winesk Lake in Ontario, for the summer.

At one of their outposts, they made friends with Bessie and Sport, two wild dogs, part husky and part wolf. To hear the lads talk of their canine friends, one would think they were referring to humans. When the lads went fishing the dogs swam along with the boats and when the airmen took pity and let them in, they sat at prow and stern, straight as statues, on the alert. The lads tell some tall fishing stories. They claim to have caught a 15 lb. lake trout, measuring 31 inches in length. Tony caught two white foxes, the pelts of which are worth \$75 each, but they chewed themselves out of their home-made trap, and away. His story was vouched for by his friends too. The lads did not suffer for lack of fresh meat in the wilds, as there were plenty of caribou and seal's liver is a rare delicacy; however, it wasn't all clover. There was plenty of hard work and the mosquitoes and flies were so big that the boys had to tie down the aircraft at nights so the . . . oh well, you'd better meet the fellows and get the story from them.

A number of aircraftmen are attending trade improvement lectures being held in Bldg. 17. The lectures are of a more beneficial nature than previous classes and there is a better attendance as classes are held during working hours; however, a few of the jokers are still spoilers, as was evidenced the other day when one of them uncrewed a drain plug on the bottom of a gas tank too far and had a gasoline shower bath as a result.



FAST-MOVING SHOW PRESENTED BY EATON MASQUERS

The T. Eaton Masquers, Montreal, visited Rockcliffe, Nov. 11th., and put on an excellent, fast-moving show. Some of the features of special appeal are shown in the photos taken by LAC William Powell, Mr. J. J. Russell, Director, Mr. L. S. Bain, Assistant Director, Miss Flo Jenkins and Mr. Arthur Davison, musical arrangements; and Mrs. J. J. Russell, and Miss Payne, costumes and makeup, comprise the executive of the show, which is produced entirely by Eaton Employees, in their spare time, and for the benefit of the armed forces. The show was invited to the station by Mr. Walter Shea, YMCA.

Fleurette Piche and the boys brought the Spanish atmosphere to Rockcliffe with her impersonation of "Carmen Miranda", the Masquerettes provided comedy and the mystic East in their Eastern Dance, and attractive girls charmed the audience by graceful dances with fans.

A feature of the programme was the brilliant violin playing of Arthur Davison, accompanied by Flo Jenkins, the little lady smiling at you in the group photo below, taken in our snack bar. Fleurette Piche showed her versatility by several accordion solos.



COMMUNICATION NOTES

BY LAC GEORGE MEDLAND

OCTOBER was election month at Communication squadron. Successful candidates for the recreational committee were: LAC George Medland, president, LAC L. Green, vice-president, Sgt. W. C. Lee, secretary, and Sgt. A. Kendrick, treasurer. Also on the committee are LAC D. Dilks, F/S Toby Carrisse, Cpl. E. Gidlow, LAC E. Magladry and F/O G. Broadley. This group is responsible for directing all recreational activities in the unit and appoints smaller sub-committees to preside over the different phases of the program, sports, entertainment, canteen and benevolent fund. In this way it is possible to have the greatest concentration of ability working in each field, while maintaining unity through the master committee.

The benevolent fund committee is particularly worthy of mention. There are always some of our folk in hospital, and it is a good bet that, apart from personal friends, few realize just how many are confined because of illness. It is this group's duty to visit the patients and on behalf of the squadron bring cheer with gifts of tobacco, candy, books, etc. Doug, Dilks is a tireless worker in his capacity of chairman and Stan Dettmer's re-appointment in October is ample proof of his ability as envoy to the sick. These boys, and Sgt. Lee, work hard and deserve a big hand.

The suggestion box installed in the hangar some time ago has proved, in our opinion, to be a master stroke. Brainwaves written by ingenious personnel are deposited therein, and have proven of value to all here. One idea suggested that a new tool-crib be built in the centre of the hangar, and when carried out, resulted in more space for the airmen's smokeroom. Several other excellent ideas have been presented, and we hope for many others, as the value of the suggestion box makes itself apparent. So come on, youse guys, make with the ideas.

Sgt. Lee (PT & D) has arranged a weekly sports afternoon, and judging from the way the boys are going at it, it will be a sure-fire event this winter. Pour it to them, serge, and maybe we'll regain some of those trophies we dropped this summer. Anyway it should work out the kinks. With \$1,000 in cash prizes staring them in the face, it was no trouble to round up 60 bowlers for the station league, making 12 teams with one night per week exclusive use of the alleys. The WD's are also entering a team, so it is our fond hope that some of the gold and glory will find its way here.

In the recent weekly bridge tournament sponsored by the YMCA at the drill hall, seven of the eight players were from Comm., and naturally the prizes went to the right men, Harry Jarrett and Bill Cheeseman. We can't understand why other units do not have better representation, can it be that our competition is too stiff for them?

Tip to eligible bachelors:—The CO's recent remarks about married WD's applying for discharge was received with favour at our orderly room, and the necessary asset is that the applicant be "tall, dark and handsome." OK all you Lotharios, line up outside the door, and no pushing!

Best simile of the week: "As poor as a snake, without even a pit to hiss in." Okay, we quit!

SPORTS—Continued from page 18.

Cpl. Doris Sansbury—PT and DI. Sandy has been with us since March 1944. Sandy does a good job with WD sports and Pt. A former member of No. 7 Precision Squadron, Sandy knows her drill.

Cpl. Marion O'Reilly—PT and DI. "Irish" is a recent acquisition to our staff. An excellent basketball player, Irish should bolster our team this year. Makes the boys look twice to, very eligible.

Cpl. Chipcan—PT and DI. She came, she worked and was posted. Our thanks to "Katy" for the good job she did while here. She took care of our administration work, and WD sport. Lachine will benefit greatly.

LAC Roy Henderson. Roy takes care of our station team equipment and is in charge of the sports stores. Roy knows the location of all equipment. Beware you people who do not return the equipment you borrowed.

LAC Doug Langille. Doug works with LAC Henderson on equipment. He's also a fine carpenter. He can build anything anywhere, anytime. Doug played on our station baseball team this summer.

LAC Harry Carson. Harry is our sound technician. Whenever you hear the sound truck blaring forth, Harry is close by, turning knobs pushing buttons, pulling wires, and wondering who will jump on him next. Harry is also our star wrestler.

EDITOR'S NOTE

Sgt. Tommy Fairbairn—PT and DI, was too modest to write anything about himself, but he's a very busy man. He gives the Hospital patients PT, takes care of inter-unit programmes, and coaches the WD basket-ball team. He is also Crosswinds sport writer.



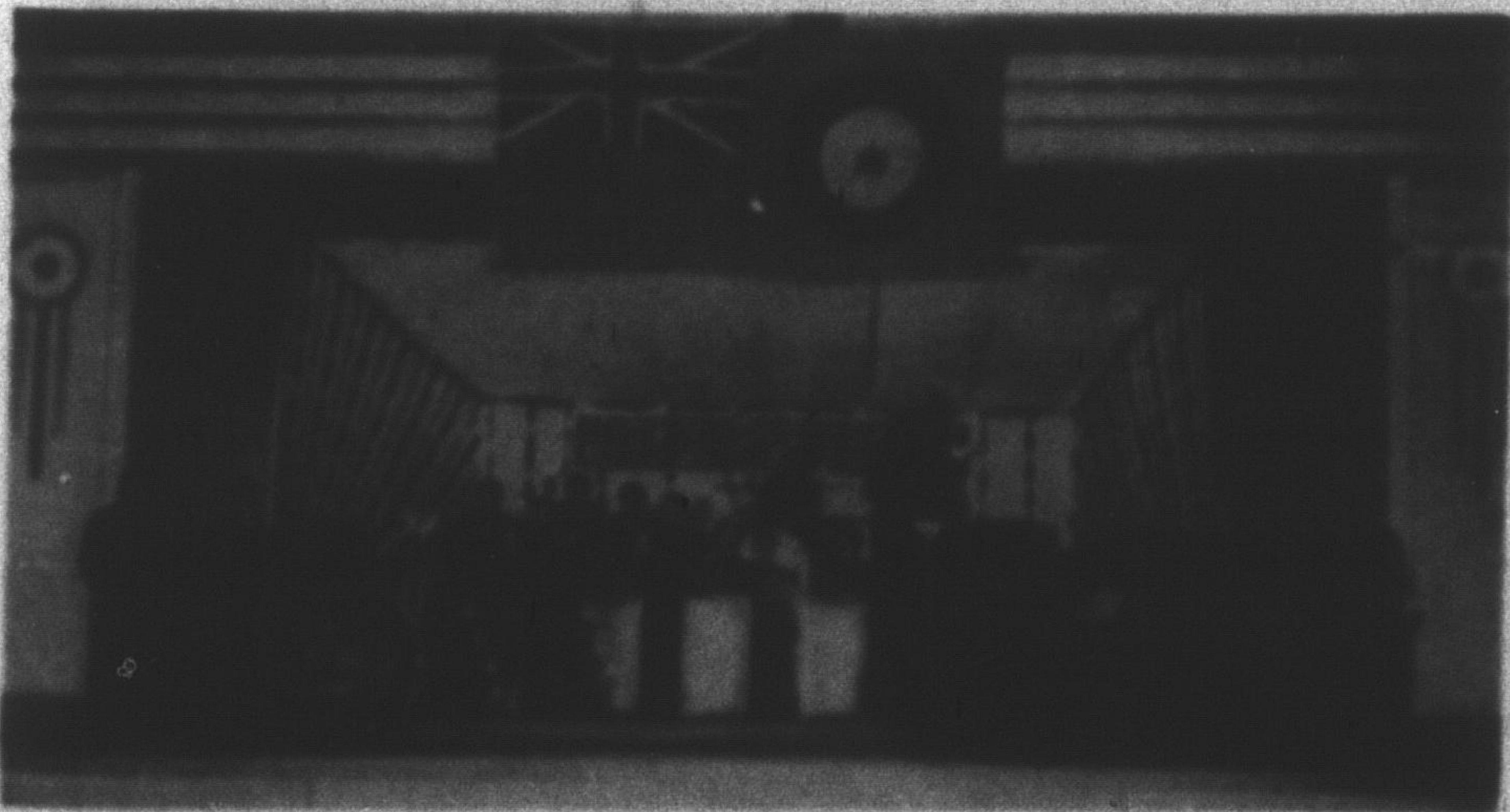
Members Soldiers' and Airman's Christian Association

THE oldest existing branch of the Soldiers' and Airman's Christian Association in Canada began holding regular meetings in Ottawa in March 1940, though the parent organization is quite old. In 1838 a group started working among the troops in England, calling themselves Army Scripture Readers. In 1886 the Soldiers' Christian Association (later Soldiers' and Airmen's Christian Association) started similar work. In 1938 the two groups amalgamated. For many years the SACA has had workers and huts in all parts of the empire where imperial troops have been stationed.

Since the outbreak of the present war groups have been organized across Canada

from Halifax to Victoria, and many lodges or huts built. King George VI is patron of the empire-wide association, His Excellency, the Earl of Athlone, for the Canadian branch. In Ottawa men of all three branches of the services meet every Monday evening at the home of Captain and Mrs. J. F. Mutter, 363 Sunnyside Avenue, and women every Thursday evening, for Bible Study and Christian fellowship.

The objects of the S. A. C. A., are: to spread the saving knowledge of Christ among the personnel of H.M. forces, and to bind together in the love of Christ and Christian brotherhood all in the Army, Navy, and Air Force, who belong to Him.



NEW BOOKS IN LIBRARY

BY SGT. I. G. MCTAVISH

"The First Four Years Overseas." The official publication of the R.C.A.F. has been added to the library.

"People on Our Side" by Edgar Snow is a brilliant and provocative book in which Mr. Snow, using the pigments of historical perspective, keen observation and vivid writing paints an unforgettable picture of Russia, China and India and their present and future relationship with the destiny of the human race.

"Guerilla" by Lord Dunsany: A great brings partisans and guerilla chieftans up to the stature of Jason and Perseus and other godlike figures—indeed the very cadences wherein he has chosen to relate his story are reminiscent of the language of Kingsley's Heroes. In this story of The Land, a small and symbolical country over-run by the Germans, and of the Mountain, where Halka and his handful of valiant men gather to fight back. Dunsany makes us feel how ageless is the struggle for liberty. Yet running through the classical simplicity of his prose there is a vein of delicious humour as refreshing as a spring of water from a rock. We find it in Isabella and Engelica, sisters of the warrior Halka. We find it again in the impudent airman Malone, who arrives to bring help from the British.

"Cluny Brown" by Margery Sharp: Who is Cluny? What is she, that all our swains commend her? That is a question which puzzle her uncle, that worthy plumber, who thought that the trouble with young Cluny was that she didn't know her place. All this scandalous nonsense of lunch at the Ritz! So he packed her off into service in Devon. The housekeeper at Friars Carmel found herself baffled by Cluny's snub-nosed serenity and her rebellious ponytail of black hair. So was the exiled Polish writer, Adam Belinski, when she appeared under the window of his study in the stables. As for Lady Carmel, she just went on benignly arranging flowers. The author of *The Nutmeg Tree* has written another of her saucy and diverting social comedies.

"A time for decision", by Sumner Welles. Now is the time, says Sumner Welles, to set up effective machinery for settling international problems. In this volume he proposes a specific plan for world organization. It will be recalled that, as U.S. Under-secretary of State Mr. Welles went on a mission to Europe in 1940, before America had entered the war, as the president's personal representative to the heads of the governments in Germany, France, Italy and Great Britain. Believing that the foundations of the present war were laid in the years since Versailles, and that only by learning through past errors can a third

world war be prevented, he reviews the events of the last twenty five years and examines the course of U.S. policy in relation to them.

"Green Dolphin Street" by Elizabeth Goudge. This is a historical novel of the Channel Islands and heads the "best selling" list in the New York Times Book Review.

"Some of my best friends are soldiers", by Margaret Halsey. Very entertaining letters of Gretchen to her brother in the army. Good for reading aloud.

SECURITY

WHAT this world craves for is security. Security of home, and wife, and child, and next of kin. Sometimes the price that the world pays is greater than the security achieved, and there is something lost in the process. Nations arm themselves in the misconception that this will give them power, and tear themselves apart by war. What can the individual do when confronted by this menace, when he is thrown into the very midst of a struggle, when all that is nearest and dearest to him is being torn from his side?

He can either be a pawn in the drama of life, or combat circumstances by making of them what he wills. Something in everyday experiences whether of war or peace can be used in such a way so as to build character, and every act of man can be used either to degrade or uplift. Firmness of character is needed for this, coming from a trust in God and His plan for mankind, and an inward knowledge that with God's help anything that hurts the body cannot by the force of prayer hurt the soul.

A cultivation of spiritual strength and a knowledge that virtue will win can do much to give a person serenity and strength in the midst of a busy and strenuous life.

SAX FACTS

BY CPL. JOHN J. WEINZWEIG

(Theory Instructor-RCAF Central Band)

IT happened in Paris. One day an instrument maker tried an experiment. He brought together two incompatible instrumental parts and blew a strange new sound. On a now obsolete "Ophicleide" (early tuba) he fitted a clarinet mouthpiece. The combination was unorthodox—a reed mouthpiece on a brass instrument. The resultant tone was a strange blending of two colours: part woodwind, part brass. He liked the idea and proceeded to build a new instrument.

Today this instrument, made of no more than \$5.00 worth of raw material and ingeniously held together by 500 complicated parts sells for between \$150 and \$250.

The inventor was Adolphe Sax and his saxophone took shape in 1840.

TO OFFICERS, N.C.O's and AIRMEN
BY F/L M. J. MOONEY, CHAPLAIN R.C.

AT the outset of the last great war Lord Kitchener in a message to the expeditionary force issued this advice: "Your duty cannot be done unless your health is sound. So keep constantly on your guard against excesses. In this new experience (army life) you may find temptations in drink and women. You must resist both temptations and while treating all women with perfect courtesy you should avoid any intimacy.

There is the wisdom of a vast experience in this admonition and it applies to the men today in the RCAF as it did to the men in the time of Lord Kitchener. "Manhood" suggests strength, vigour, chivalry and many other inspiring qualities. It is on its manhood that a nation relies to stand firm against every enemy that would dispoil and destroy.

We have not an easy business and it requires effort. To be worthy of our uniform, our country, our King, our best self, and those that are depending on us, we must be the very best we possibly can.

Discipline is known to every serviceman. The most difficult is self-discipline. Men, unless you learn the value of self-discipline you will bring upon yourself and your country shame and dishonour. In battle you will not fail from lack of courage, but when the enemy is within yourself and attacks you by tempting you to acts of immorality, you need every scrap of determination and strength of will. The appetite of sex is strong. Unleashed and unopposed, it will destroy the dignity of manhood quicker and more surely than anything else. If you do not believe me take a look at any human derelict who scoffed at the virtue of purity and allowed himself to be influenced by "pick-ups".

The God who made us says in thundering words: "Thou shalt not commit adultery." and Christ who redeemed us says: "Blessed are the clean of heart for they shall see God. "Disregard this Divine Law and you will pay, pay, pay, and pay. Don't listen to those that say "don't get caught". You cannot fool Almighty God. No matter what scientists of any kind or anyone else may tell you, the Divine Law is the foundation of all just laws whether civil, medical, air-force or any other. The direct violation of this law therefore is the greatest, not the physical consequence that might follow. Observance of this law will solve many of the troubles that people are worried about today. The man that disregards the Sixth Commandment is a "sucker". He is spoiling his chances for a happy normal life whether married or single.

Man this is a serious business. It is your business and my business. So let us get

this through our old skulls. *Sex-Immorality* is not characteristic of a He-Man but the mark of a weakling and I would say that the very first one who insinuates that the virtue of purity is a sign of weakness, let him get a good smack square on the nose.

DENTAL

We're here to serve you dentally, and think you ought to know

The members of the Dental staff, and why and where and how;

The building numbered thirty is our working place, and we

Are located there on duty, so please visit us and see.

The Major is a sprightly lad of fifty years or so,

Captain Mac will help you to forget your every woe;

While lieutenant Witchell works away, helped by Brooks (nee Murney)

Sgt. Hodge is the one to see for clearances before a journey.

Archie is our inspiration, at bowling she's a real sensation;

Gibbon too can throw a mean one, the socko kids have just begun.

Wrigley works her head off, going 'round with buzz and hum.

She's usually out of trouble, but she's quite a kid, by gum.

Winter's working wonders to make the joint run smoothly.

When she's pinning back your ears, it does not pay to move.

Corporal Steinberg works away, making dentures all the day;

Is he good? Well we should say, many's the man that chews that way.

Morin is our muscle man, see him work with might and main

Pushing 'round the wax machine so that he can eat again.

Gardner is our new addition, we're sure he'll lose his inhibition

Bearing up in his condition, flying in his big ambition.

This introduction is complete, the staff is here for you to meet

We think these lines are rather neat, so please come in and take a seat.

Now you've read this awful drivel, come and see us work our swivel.

Nuts and bolts and drills and spindle, no pay for this—by gawd a swindle.

CENTRAL BAND CONCERT

It is the claim of those who study the psychological effect of music that a soft spoken string quartet or a warm toned swing combo can do much to establish peace in the world. Whether you like symphony or dixieland (and we won't argue about the merits of either), music does increase the flow of your good nature. Crosswinds isn't trying to establish a "Prevent War by means of Music" League, but we do recommend more Central Band Concerts

like the one held in the Drill Hall, Wednesday, Oct. 25.

Wednesday's concert was widely advertised as a "modern musical recital" and the program must have satisfied lovers of both types of music. Prophetic of a new trend in modern orchestration such numbers as "Dance Macabre" by Saint-Saens, arranged by Percy Faith, formed an interesting bridge between classic and contemporary. Other Faith arrangements were accepted with pleasure, demanded by applause.

Cpl. Harry Stevenson, first trombonist in the band, played Daw's "Melody" and then returned to give the Dorsey version of "Getting Sentimental Over You." LAC E. Phillips of the percussian section left his snare drum and wood blocks to operate an instrument of greater musical possibilities, the marimba.

Those who heard this concert were not impressed that it was musical history making but everyone knew that future concerts would attract large appreciative audience. *Station Talent should be fully used wether professional or amateur.* Central Band's professional calibre will always be welcomed.



MAN BITES DOG

"Dog bites man" is not always considered news, but when the opposite happens and "man bites dog" to use the news expression then the presses roar. For example, usually a service man after having a GI haircut, wends his way to the city civilian barber to have the damage attended to. The opposite happened in Mose Korn's barber shop. One of the boys sauntered in to the barber shop, to the middle chair, operated by Roger Brisbois, and moaned "Can you do anything with this?" For the usual nominal sum the damage was repaired.

SPORT

Walter Shea, YMCA, is one of three heading the affairs of the National Defense Hockey League for the season. Ten teams are entered including our Repat and Rockcliffe entries. It was learned from Mr. Shea that only a limited number of season tickets are available at \$1.00 each. These have been allotted equally among the army, navy and air force stations entering teams. 23 league games are scheduled. Many of Canada's leading hockey players now serving in the forces will be seen in action at the Auditorium, Ottawa, in these National Defence League fixtures.



*"Season of mists and mellow
fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the
maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to
load and bless
With fruit the vines that round
the thatch-eaves run....."*

—JOHN KEATS.

Thanksgiving's gone but not forgotten. Those present at our Thanksgiving dinner will vouch for that. The messing committee went the limit and tables groaned under the weight of chicken, seasoned with cranberry sauce, sweet potatoes and mince pie. Hungry Joes and Josephines made short work of the good things. Indeed, late comers did well to rescue a few stray plums or grapes from the once well-filled pumpkins. The feast was officially opened by Air Commodore O'Brian. Pictured are some of the happy, hungry folk, and our efficient, hard-working mess committee and staff.

*An ancient Roman loved his
food,*

*He VIII and VIII and VIII.
He'd never leave a single crumb
Upon his banquet plate,*

*And then to prove it did no
harm*

*To stuff himself, but plenty,
He lived a full life till he burst
At IV-score years and XX.*

LIFE ISN'T DULL AT ROCKCLIFFE

(Continued from page 19)

games room and reading and writing rooms are in full use. There are conducted tours, interservice games, basket-ball, soft-ball, etc. Repats have free admission by special arrangements with local theatres.

There are swim parties at the Chateau Laurier, Ottawa, so you don't have to swim or play alone here. The playing fields, sports field near the admin. building, and other fields have been in full use throughout the summer. During the fall months corn and weiner roasts are much enjoyed, and each section competes with the other to have the most fun. In the canteens there are billiard tables for the snooker and pool fans.

Visiting troupe shows, brought in by

the YMCA, such as the Red Triangle Revue, the Tin Hats, Lifebuoy Follies (scheduled here for Dec. 14), Thumbs Up Revue, Eaton's Masquers (Nov. 11), and the Metropolitan Life Variety Show, give of their best to entertain the troops. From time to time there are boxing bouts, and station amateur shows, and special guest appearances of leading artists and entertainers.

The YMCA travelling art exhibits also visit Rockcliffe, and are much appreciated.

This just about sums everything up as regards station activities, but if you've still nothing to do, just phone Walter Shea, at 5-3494, and he'll tell you he's got scores of invitations pouring in for parties, fun and entertainment at private homes, and before you know what's what, he'll have you signed up to take in one of these events!



OFFICIAL OPENING OF ROCKCLIFFE ROLLERDROME, TUESDAY, NOV. 14,

This recreation is proving very popular, and large crowds attend. Remember the rink is open for your use every Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday. Pictures by LAC William Powell show only fraction of the crowds present. Make a point of attending the rink one or two nights each week. Good music is provided.

CANADA'S "NATIONAL" VIOLINIST VISITS ROCKCLIFFE

Mr. Arthur Leblanc, Canada's "National" violinist gave two enjoyable concerts Tuesday, Nov. 7th. He gave one at the Central band-hut, followed later by a performance for the patients at the station hospital. His programme was as follows: Concerto in A Minor—Vivaldi; Introduction and Rondo de Capriciosi, Saint-Saens; Lieberstreu, Veinese Refrain, Fritz Kreisler; Children's

Caprice; Ave Maria, Shubert. Mr. Leblanc played numbers that he later used in his performance with the Ottawa Symphony Orchestra, in which he starred as guest artist. He was invited to Rockcliffe by Walter Shea, YMCA. Mr. Leblanc goes on tour with Richard Crookes, January 15th., 1945.

In a small town people will sympathize with you in trouble—and if you haven't any trouble they will hunt some up for you.

PERSONNEL COUNSELLOR

BY P/O P. C. WARNICK

THE events of the past month are indicative that while the war is not over, the general contraction in the Air Training program is going to release numbers of RCAF personnel to other occupations.

The person who has planned intelligently for the days after (the day) he salutes for the last time when receiving his semi-monthly stipend, will find that the world is his oyster. The person who has to face civilian life without any preparation will find that he lacks the knife necessary to pry the bivalve from its shell.

Any ex-service man who feels that the fact of being in the armed forces is going to provide him with a cushy living for the rest of his life is in for a rude awakening. There is no sense in deluding ourselves. Competition for jobs will be very keen in post-war Canada. A service record may help to get a job but it won't keep it unless one can prove his fitness for it. The surest way to get and to hold a job is to have something to offer the employer. The time to prepare for a civilian job is now.

AIR Force personnel are in the enviable position of having Personnel Counsellors to advise them about their futures and Education Officers to direct them to the courses of training available while they are still in the service. Large numbers of Rockcliffeites have already taken advantage of this service. Many are thinking of it but have not got around to it. If you are numbered among the latter group—remember that there is no pay off for procrastination. You won't draw any pay checks after the war for what you intended to do but didn't get around to. Over 100 personnel have already consulted the Personnel Counsellor and are actively preparing for their post-war careers. They range in age from 18 to 50—in rank from AC2 to Wing Commander. Whatever your age—whatever your rank—the Personnel Counsellor is on the station to assist you. Phone him at Local 218 (if you are at the Repat Depot call Local 206) and make an appointment.

When it is time to go back on civvy street—don't be caught with your plans down.

SORRY, NO BREAKFAST!

One morning two associates of Crosswinds stumbled into the Mess Hall at exactly the dead line established by Station Standing Orders expecting, of course to

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Editor—LAC Charles Iliffe Dean.

Staff Cameraman—

LAC William Powell.

Staff Artists—

LAC Howie Hunt, LAC Stuart Callaghan.

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Sgt. Stan Mays, RCAF.

France: Sgt. Ron Laidlaw.

India: P/L Jack Scott.

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Scheuneman, Sgt. W. J. Cross, Sgt.

Tommy Fairbairn, Sgt. Ruth Bird,

Cpl. Millie Evans, LAW Joyce

Detweiler, AW1 Gladys Verity,

LAC, G. H. Medland, AC1 Keith

Howden, AC2 Bob Steele.

Entertainment—

Walter Shea, YMCA.

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Cpl. R. Gibb.

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, \$2.00 a year.

Press Room in Drill Hall Opposite Library

Telephone: 3-4041 Local 229

partake of the steaming food lying on the other side of the metal counter. We were astounded and indignant to find that we were one minute too late. We were told first by an LAW and then by a Corporal that we couldn't have breakfast. At this we blew up. We were getting quite interested in the task (even to the point of experimenting with new words.) when the ponderous voice of the corporal interrupted our slashing poetry with these words, "I'm sorry no breakfast this morning, you can't run your own business and tell us how to run ours too!"

What could we say to such a reproof. That's right—get up a little earlier from now on!

"AFTER THIS WAR IS OVER"

**CARTOON FEATURE
BY LAC HUNT**

