



THE

Cornwallis News

NEWS OF CANADA'S NAVY
FOUNDED BY H.M.C.S. "CORNWALLIS" • HALIFAX, JULY, 1942

NOV. 1944
Regina, Sask.
705 Garnet St.
McLean, Mrs W.R.

Vol. 2 -Number 7 Average Monthly Sales 7,800

TRURO, N. S., JANUARY 1944

Price Ten Cents — \$1.00 Per Year

Canadian Tars Billed "Heroes" Feted At Theatre In Baltimore

Rousing Welcome Given By Citizens

Baltimore, although just below the Mason-Dixon line, has inherited its full share of Southern hospitality. If you don't think so just ask any Canadian sailor who was lucky enough to be in the city during the early part of December.

Forty hardy Canadian tars, all fresh from the Battle of the Atlantic, were guests of Keith's theatre at the city's premiere of Universal's great saga of the Canadian Navy, "Corvette K-225."

A special bus was hired by the theatre to bring the men to the door. In the meantime a large banner was stretched across the street proclaiming that "Forty Canadian heroes of the Battle of the Atlantic would attend to-night in person."

Honored By City

Stepping jauntily from the bus, the sailors posed for photographers before going inside. From the stage a letter from the Mayor was read welcoming the

men to Baltimore and expressing the city's appreciation for the task that they are doing. Following this the sailors were asked to stand while the audience gave them a rousing ovation.

Billed as heroes by the theatre, the men were certainly entertained as such, and while they felt a little embarrassed by all the fuss that was being made over them, the kindly hospitality of the theatre manager and the many persons who wished them well, was much appreciated. Such evidence of Canadian-American friendship has made them hope that they will again be privileged to visit this lovely city.

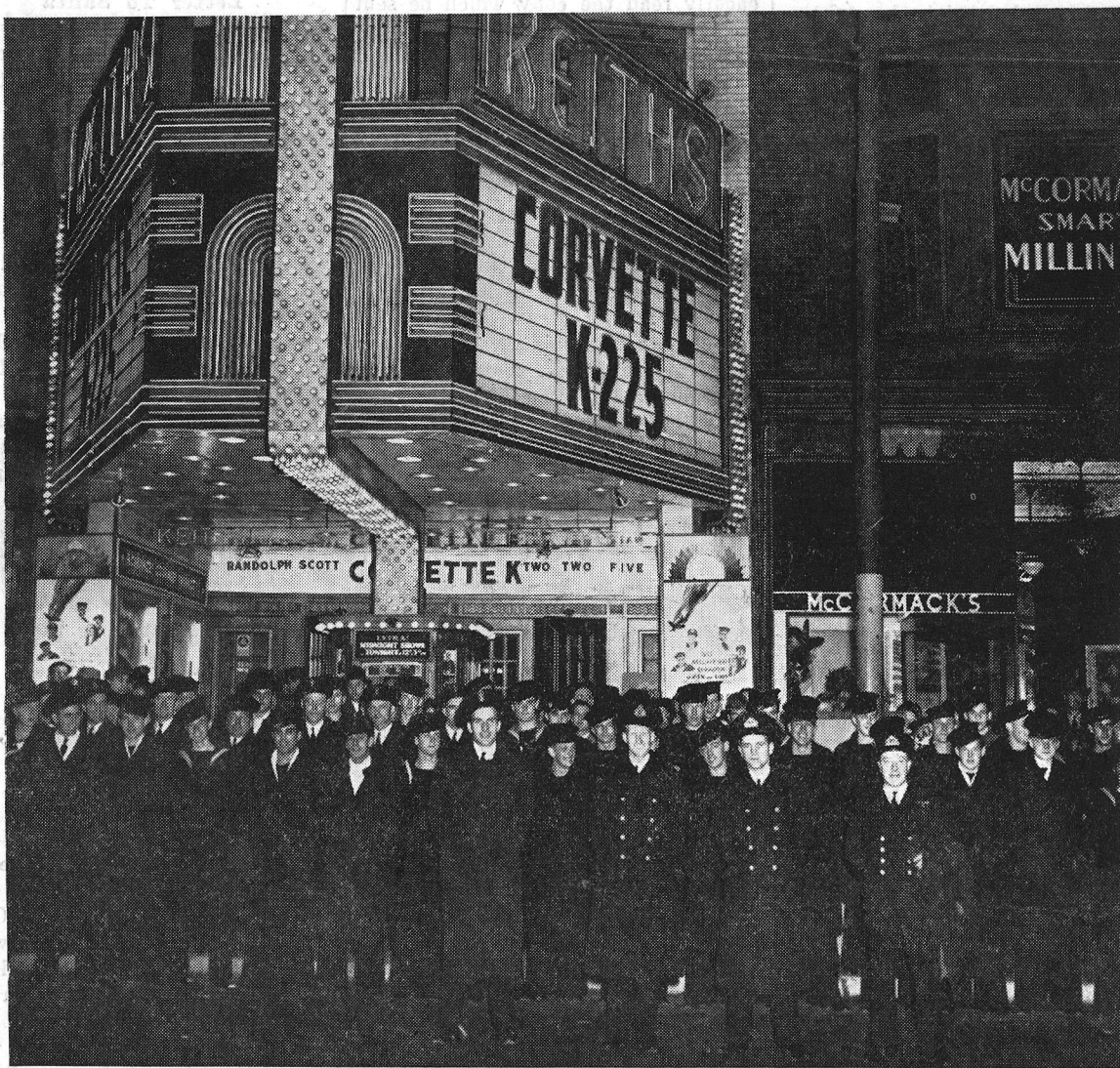
After the showing of the picture, the manager, Mr. Shamberger, invited both officers and men to accompany him to the theatre ballroom on the top floor. Here unlimited supplies of refreshments were served by four pretty waitresses, bringing to a close a very interesting and enjoyable evening.

ONE DOZEN REASONS WHY "MEET THE NAVY" IS A HIT



Who wouldn't set a course to "Port" if any of these Wrens from the "Port and Starboard" number of "Meet the Navy" were there to greet him. RCN Photo.

ROYAL RECEPTION GIVEN CANADIAN NAVYMEN



It just happened that the members of a Canadian warship made their appearance on the streets of Baltimore, Md., at the same time as the picture "Corvette K225" was making its appearance in a large theatre in the city. The manager of the theatre sent a bus down to the ship for the men and had them attend the picture as his guests.

Shown here are the crew members standing in front of the theatre. Above their heads, and not shown in the picture, is a large banner which announces, "Forty Canadian Heroes of the Battle of the Atlantic will attend tonight in person."

It's Leap Year, Sailor!

by "Bachelor Bill"

Well shipmates, here we are starting out in another year of our lives. Winter has taken a firm foothold and as most of us have been so busy making our "many" resolutions which we hope to "keep", it's quite possible some of us may have been inclined to overlook a problem which will undoubtedly cause no little amount of consternation during the ensuing months.

Yowsah, my friends, this is Leap Year and we of the male sex who, by some stroke of Fate, have managed to remain within the "Walls of Bachelorhood" had better get busy and plan some form of defence against the wiles of women.

Halt'er Or Altar?

Cultivation of that "demned elusive" art of wariness will undoubtedly, be the most adequate protection against feminine Leap Year wiles and unless you, who wish to remain "free and easy" don't attend to that chore right fast-like it's quite possible that a trip to the altar is in the offing.

Statistics show that during the "Leap Year, 1940"—"victims of-the-fatal-plunge-into-the-sea-of-matrimony" showed an increase of 20 percent over 1939 and this year gives even greater promise of soaring figures, as our resistance is apt to be at a "lower-than-average-ebb," due to the fact our future destiny is so uncertain.

For this reason alone, many

of us will be inclined to take our "chances," so here's a tip to those of us who dare gamble: "the modern alternative to Leap Year marriage is a gown of the lassie's choice so the unresponsive male will not get off scot-free."

Therefore, for those of us who venture forth and are fortunate enough to elude the "lariats" of those "rope-tossing-females," let it be known that a large bank account would be a decided factor as "gowns of the lassie's choice" are expensive and it's quite possible that some bits of feminine fluff may be destined to end the year with a decidedly large wardrobe.

Scot Free

Some of you may be a-wondering who started all this, so we will endeavour to enlighten you on the subject. From all reports the custom of women openly usurping male prerogatives one year out of every four was first observed in Scotland in 1288, and has held a definite legal status ever since.

The ancient Scottish decree which has been in effect for more than 700 years reads: For ilk yeare knowne as Lepe Yeare, silk mayden ladye of both high and low estait shall hae liberte to bespeak ye man she likes albeit he refuses to taik hir to be his lawful wyfe he shall be mulcted in ye sum ane poundis or less, as his estait may be; except and awis

Continued on page 12

"If Blood be the Price of Admiralty
Lord God we ha' paid in full."
— Kipling

"THE CROW'S NEST"

Published Every Month by H.M.C.S. "Cornwallis."

Captain Humphrey McMaster, R.C.N. Patron
Commander G. McClintock, R.C.N. President
Lieut. K. Dixon, R.C.N.V.R. Secretary-Treasurer
Lieut. A. Parks, R.C.N.V.R. Gen. Director
A/B J. P. Trainor, R.C.N.V.R. Circulation Manager

Reverend William Hills, R.C.N. Editor-in-Chief,
L/Wtr. J. M. Redditt, R.C.N.V.R. Managing Editor
C. P. O. James A. Arnott, R.C.N. Sports Editor
Wren K. Reyburn W.R.C.N.S. Editor

Copy required by 20th of each month.

Communications may be addressed to Editorial Office
c/o F.M.O., Halifax, N. S.

Advertising rates supplied upon request.

Material appearing in this publication may be copied providing
acknowledgment is made.

All Material Subject to Naval Censorship.

Printed by the Truro Printing & Publishing Co., Ltd.

HAPPY NEW YEAR

New Year's has become an almost inevitable thing and with it comes the New Year's editorial. Each year at this time the editor is expected to sit down and deliver some thought-provoking, soul-stirring bit of clairvoyance to help mankind along the unknown path of the next three hundred and sixty-five days.

And so, the editor sits him down and thinks perhaps he'll start them off with something stirring that Winston Churchill has said about driving steadily forward and keeping on, even though the end of the struggle may be in sight. However, he realizes that line will probably be worked to death by a quarter of the papers in the country.

He starts out on a new tack. He'll impress his readers with his knowledge of the better class of poetry—something from Shakespeare, shall we say. Ah, that's it, "all the world's a stage where every man . . ." No, that won't do. That bit of MacBeth he knew so well at school has entirely slipped his mind and he hasn't a copy of Shakespeare at hand to check with. Well, let's see, now. What else is there?

Now he has it! The good old standby. A review of the past year. Start it off with the Naval Minister's statement that, "The work of the Royal Canadian Navy during the past twelve months . . ." Nope, hundreds of papers will be using that, too. There must be something he can write that his readers will appreciate. Perhaps he ought to be quite serious and uplifting in this editorial and speak along religious veins. Something really deep and spiritual starting out with "You men 'who go down to the sea in ships and . . ." The editor realizes the padre used that very theme in his sermon on Sunday.

And so it goes. Each brilliant thought fades rapidly and he has written nothing thought-provoking or soul-stirring. Each year he makes a resolution that he will get down to business in plenty of time next year and get this champion of all headaches off his chest early and each year finds him in the same predicament as the year before.

There is always one solution he feels he can fall back on, safely. If he can't be different from all the others the next best thing is to be in entire agreement with them and wish all the readers of the publication he represents a very Happy New Year. Which he does.

BECAUSE OF A FEW

Every once in a while this paper has occasion to take a slap, editorially speaking, at some of the members of our own service. This is an unpleasant task but we feel that in fairness to the other members of the Navy, it is the duty of The Crow's Nest to do so. Not long ago, disorderly conduct of a few members of the Service aboard trains resulted in a complaint being made, and so, when the Christmas season arrived special precautions had to be taken at several bases to ensure good deportment among men travelling on leave.

The necessary steps left a rather bad taste in the mouths of many of those who were travelling and caused some little embarrassment to others. It also caused considerable loss of time and inconvenience to the men going on leave, to say nothing of extra work for members of the Navy's policing department.

The authorities who instituted the special action of having baggage inspected before Naval personnel were allowed to board trains, could not be blamed. They have a big responsibility toward the public in general, as well as to the Service which they represent and it was their duty to give adequate protection to both public comfort and the name of the Naval Service.

The full blame for the inconvenience must be placed squarely upon the shoulders of a few persons who caused thousands of others to be "punished" by their action. Surely, these people know how quick the public is to judge the entire Service by the action of a few men. We are all in the same uniform and what one sailor does is credited as being representative of the entire service. We don't believe that the men of the Navy are any more uncouth or more given to misconduct than those of any other service, nor are they any more troublesome than the civilians themselves. It is only that the civilian, in causing a disturbance, does so as an individual and is judged as such. The sailor does so as a member of a large organization and is taken as an example of the general conduct of that organization.

It is to be hoped that in future the few thoughtless men of the Service who allow their exuberance at going on leave to carry them beyond the bounds of convention, will try to think of others who would also be quite happy to be going on leave. With a little care it may be possible to cause the authorities to relax, a little, the embarrassing and distasteful regulations which they have been forced to put in operation.

WHAT OF TOMORROW

By A. A. Wenban, O.A.(O)

"Sailors don't care" is a phrase which can bear more than one interpretation. The Naval man has to take for granted many things that in peace-time and in cold blood he would have contemplated with distaste, if not disgust. Doubtless many a man in his confined fo'c'sle in a corvette has longed for a breath of that free air of his native prairie, a land which though as wide as many a sea was stable beneath his feet. He accepts the discomfort of today for the hopes of tomorrow. He is fighting for the right to choose his way of life. He does care, about Canada.

He cares, at the least, for that part of Canada that he knows and loves best. Sometimes his love for his native Ontario or British Columbia makes him fiercely critical of the east. The Maritimer maintains heatedly the virtues of the province where the British pioneers wrung new life from the wilderness of rock and scrub, and the Acadians planted a garden in the Annapolis Valley and along the Minas basin. The French-speaking Canadian and the descendant of the European prairie settlers add their colour to the interminable discussions in the messes.

Canada's history is an epic of hard toil, adventurous exploration, hazard. Many failures preceded later prosperity. The sense of destiny and mission which drove the pioneers ever westward gave the toughness within, which overcame fatigue and despair. In those days each man carried his own burden, and took his own share of the responsibility for the community. He knew the future depended on his own efforts. That is how a new nation was founded.

The sailor today knows that when "Action Stations" is sounded life or death for the whole ship's company may depend on his own vigilance, and tired though he may be, he answers the call and accepts the responsibility. He does care what happens to his shipmates and himself. That is what true Democracy means—every man taking his share and keeping his watch, not grudging the cost to himself. And this must be true of every citizen of Canada tomorrow as well as today. The men of the Navy know that tomorrow depends on today. That is why they volunteered.

They know, too, that a "happy ship" can be made or marred by one man. Jealousy or pride or fear can sabotage the teamwork of a crew. When the excitement of action is over, and the chance to relax comes, there is the enemy within to lick. There lies the key for tomorrow. If Canada is to be a "happy ship" the battle against the enemy within, pride, hate and fear, must go on in the days of outward peace. Canada will need pioneers to win new victories. For a Canada, free and taking a full share of responsibility among the nations, the Navy fights. Sailors do care!

THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT



ACROSS OUR BOWS

Letters to the Editor

Letters to the editor may be accompanied by a fictitious pen-name to be used in publication of the letter but, the true name of the author must be submitted before the opinion will be published. No guarantee is given that any letter will be published. The name of the author of any letter will not be divulged to anyone other than the editors. Opinions expressed here do not necessarily reflect the views of the publishers.

Prospective Recruit

Dear Sir:

I became acquainted with The Crow's Nest through a friend who was stationed at HMCS Cornwallis. I eagerly read the copy which he sent me from the first page to the last—yes, even the editorials! I think I can say that some of the articles crystallized my ambition to join the Wrens when I am old enough. So here's wishing your paper lots of success in 1944.

Yours sincerely,
Joyce McGahey,
Toronto, Ont.

Russian Poem Famous

Dear Sir:

I came across this verse in a copy of Magazine Digest and thought it very good and I'm sure it deserves to be published as widely as possible as a tribute to our worthy allies, the Russians. I feel sure it expresses the feeling of a lot of Canadians, too. I would like to see it published in the next issue of The Crow's Nest, if possible.

Thank you, kindly,
SBA Reick,
Sydney, N. S.

WAIT FOR ME

This poem by Constantine Simonov is known all over Russia. Framed copies of it hang in the houses of Russian women whose men are fighting at the front. It is the great love poem of this war.

Wait for me: I will come
Wait for me.....

Forget the sadness and the pain,
The weeping of the dreary rain.

Wait for me:

Forget the voice that says
"The light has gone out from your days;

He is gone; you only wait in vain."
Wait for me: I will come
Through many deaths,
Knowing that you wait.....

Those who do not wait

Cannot understand

That the hours you wait
Are like the reaching of a hand
Across a deathless time
Wait.....I will come.

Letter To Santa

(The following letter arrived at The Crow's Nest office last month—why, we don't know—but, even though the kindly gentleman to whom it was addressed didn't get it in time, we hope he'll do something about it—Ed.)

"Dear Santa Claus:

Greetings and salutations from Cabin 10. We are gathered here dreaming of a White Christmas and wishing we were going home. Do you suppose you could get in touch with Superman. Perhaps he could take us home for a few minutes, or, better still, could you persuade the Navy to pay us before Christmas, because we are all broke after buying presents for our folks back home.

"Here are a few suggestions for what we'd like: Our canteen is very short of chocolate bars. We think if we had some all-day suckers they'd last longer. Most of us would like a draft.....and most of all we'd like a Christmas dinner, instead of pork and beans.

Yours very truly,
Cabin 10,
Wrens Barracks,
HMCS Kings,
Halifax, N. S."

About Christmas Leave

Dear Sir:

I have been reading The Crow's Nest ever since I came down to Halifax last June from Woodstock, Ontario, and I really think it's a grand paper from cover to cover. Right now, like many other sailors' wives, I'm waiting to go home with my husband on Christmas leave. I thought, maybe, you'd put the poem I composed in The Crow's Nest.

Thanking You,
Mrs. W. M. Riddell,
Halifax, N. S.

Continued on Page 3

Across Our Bows

Continued from Page 2

CHRISTMAS LEAVE

By Mrs. W. M. Riddell

Have you ever been away from home?
For a very long time, I mean,
Of course, you've been lots of places
And many sights you've seen.

But as the time grows longer
Then you begin to grieve,
You hope and pray for just one thing
And that's—your Christmas leave.

You plan and save your money
And think of things to do
When you are home at Christmas—
That's if your leave comes through.

And still the time goes slower
And you begin to fear
Your leave will never come in time
'Cause Christmas is so near.

Then the day at last arrives,
The day you want to come,
Your leave, your pay and everything
And you go home to "Mom."

O, what a glorious feeling
That one can yet receive
Just to be home with everyone
To spend your Christmas leave!

Dear Sir:
My son sent your paper to me when
he left for overseas and I have
sincerely enjoyed reading The Crow's
Nest. Keep up the good work until
we win this World War II. Here's
wishing you every success and I
would also like to wish our ratings
and officers a Merry Christmas and a
Happy New Year for 1944.

Yours very truly,
Mrs. Louis Rodgers,
Stirling, Ont.

Another Scrap Book

Dear Sir:
I cannot tell you how glad I am
that my son had the happy thought
to have your paper sent to me, for it
is quite a link between us and teaches
me much of Navy ways and thoughts.

Usually I pass it along to the Navy
Barracks here, but this November
issue I simply cannot part with as I
need those three fine poems for my
war-time scrap book.

Congratulations and good luck to
you and your staff.

Sincerely,
Eleanor Smith,
Vancouver, B.C.

A Hollywood Friend

Dear Sir: It is a great pleasure to
renew my subscription to The Crow's
Nest. I enjoy it immensely. Keep
up the good work.

I was a member of the Universal
camera crew who photographed "Cor-
vette K225" last year in and out of
Halifax, Nova Scotia, and must say
it is one of my pleasantest memories.

I number among my friends many
of the boys of the Canadian Navy I
met while there—and hope it will be
possible through your "Across Our
Bows" to convey to them, and all the
Canadian Navy, my sincerest wishes
for Christmas and Good Luck for the
New Year.

They are a grand bunch of boys
and I'll sing "Bless 'Em All" and
"Cheers" for a Very Merry Christmas
and A Happy New Year.

Yours for an early uncondi-
tional surrender,
Len Powers,
Roscoe 1-Cal., U.S.A.

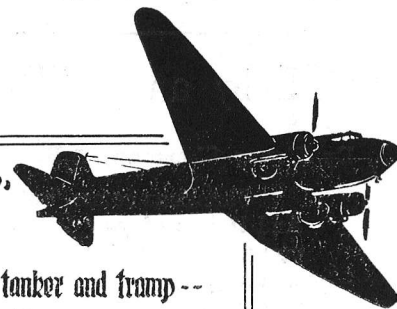
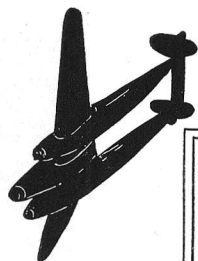
Bet She's Nice, Too

Dear Sir:
I would like to renew my sub-
scription to The Crow's Nest. The
girl friend thinks it's terrific, and so
do I like to read it.

Roger Rolland, AB,
HMCS "Bersimis,"
c/o FMO, Halifax, N. S.

It Is A Job

Dear Sir:
You are to be congratulated on
getting so much news and items of
interest tucked into one small paper



"They Get The Convoys Through"

Honour the men who man our ships--
sailing the trackless sea,
daring the skulking U-Boat's blast,--
skirting eternity.

High flies the bomber overhead,
death load ready to drop--
unseen the lurking mine below,
when will this madness stop?

Screaming shells from horizon's rim,
where sky and ocean meet--
these are things our sailors face
with never a thought of retreat.

Wallowing tramps, old and grim,
churning their creaking way--
while Corvettes, like mad March hares,
burrow right through the spray.

liner and freighter-- tanker and tramp--
travelling in lines astern,
watchful destroyers dashing about--
crisscross, circle, turn.

Many the taugth nerves ready to break,
red eyes piercing the fog--
or a full gale from the far nor'west,
gad-! what a note for the log.

So honour the men who man our ships--
men who are staunch and true,
daring the bomber and U-Boat's blast--
and get the convoys through.

And as we lie in our cozy beds,
just let us reckon the price--!
are you and I, each doing our bit,
matching their sacrifice--?

J. S. Bateman, Pte.
H.M.C.S. Cornwallis,
N.S.



Just to show that Navy painters don't confine their activities to putting a bit of flat color on bulkheads and making "Keep Out" signs, Joe Bateman, a painter at HMCS "Cornwallis" dashed off this bit of illustrated poetry in old English characters for The New Year's edition of The Crow's Nest.

Toronto Writer Reviews Year In Sports At "York" Division

By L/Sea. Jack Judges

Looking back over a year of Sport at HMCS York, at Toronto, any member of her ship's company can be justly proud of her achievements during the past twelve months. Although there have been few championship teams from this establishment, each and every athlete playing in teams here has played hard but fairly and is held in high esteem by the sporting public of this city.

Inter-barrack meets, particularly between "York" and "Star" have been keen, with honors over the past year being about equally divided. Boxers from the two barracks have split honors, while the boat crews from the respective barracks won two races apiece.

Championships at York have been confined to garrison play which includes all services stationed at or around Toronto. Last Spring our basketball team won garrison honors along with five bowlers who topped the five-pin totals to take place in the garrison five-pin bowling championship.

Of last year's basketball team, none of the players of that team are now here. Ratings of York last Spring will likely recall that impressive line-up of Steve Levantis, Shag Park, Bill Breadon, Ray Murphy and several others now long since departed from these parts. Of the bowling champions, only Stan Coagie and the writer remain at York. Cy Rowarth, electrician, is now attached to the Navy Show, Strap Bakogeorge was drafted to Star and Wilf Haynes when last heard from was in a destroyer operating off the East Coast.

Fast Team

York's softball team behind the capable hurling of Bus Benson, attracted quite a following in the Beaches Fastball League where they finished in third place. Other well-known players on the team were Red Gilbert now playing in the nets for the senior hockey team, Scotty Mair, who played second base and is now doing a fine job on the senior team forward line, Andy Andrews, George Gee who joined the team late in the year, Rus Burrows, Bonar Haworth, and Tommy Wynne.

At present, sporting activity at York is confined to senior hockey and the permanent staff bowling league. The senior puck-chasers, after a whirlwind start, have slowed down somewhat due to a great deal of tough luck when in close on the net. When they shake this jinx which appears to be following them, they will be a hard team to stop.

In the bowling circles, keen com-
the way you do. Keep up the good
work and lots of luck to you all.

Mrs. F. E. Parkinson,
Lachine, Que.

Let's Pack It Up

By Homer Eltz

Let's pack it up this year,
Let's turn in our pusser gear;
Let's cure Hun headaches, by amputa-
tion,
Then lead us to that railway Station!

We should have done it before—
Let's not scull around any more.
Now is the time to really get crackin',
So let's get that last and winning
whack in!

Let's make nineteen-forty-four
The end of this bloomin' war;
So let's hit 'em from front and from
rear
And pack the lot up, this year!

Rabbi Joins Three Sons In Canada's Armed Forces

A Montreal rabbi joined his son and his three brothers in the services to become the second full-time Jewish chaplain in the RCAF and the fifth rabbi on active service in Canada. He is Rabbi Julius Berger, Ottawa-born, rabbi of the Shaare Zion Congregation of Montreal for the last 17 years. His son, P/O Monty Berger, graduate of the Columbia University School of Journalism and former acting city editor of the Quebec Chronicle-Telegraph is with the RCAF. Rabbi Berger has three brothers in the services, Flt/Lieut. Samuel Berger, RCAF, writer Eli Berger, RCNVR, and Pte. Harry Berger, who is in the Reserve Army in Montreal.



Aboard the Canadian minesweeper, H. M.C.S. "Georgian", rapidly becoming the pride of the Royal Canadian Navy, are two Montreal officers, Lieut. Alex. Grant, R.C.N.V.R. and Lieut. Frank Chenouski, R.C.N.R. Friends in civilian life, they are mighty proud to be serving together. Lieut. Grant, the Executive Officer, has been with the ship for 15 months and figured in all three major sea records established by her. He was aboard when the crew of the tiny minesweeper scored a probable victory over an enemy U-Boat; when she was credited with the rescue of 10 American Army flyers forced down at sea; and when she became the first ship in the navy to refuel a plane at sea as the latter was forced down in the North Atlantic. Lieut. Chenouski, Navigation Officer, joined the navy in April this year. He has 18 years sea experience to his credit with the Merchant Navy. RCN Photo.

INSIDE DOPE by an INSIDE DOPE

By Henry Sherman, A.B.



Christmas comes, but once a year's enough. And if any of you dear people disagree would you please send us the odd suggestion as to how we are going to live during the next three months without any pay. The bills *should* be paid by then.

However, you may protest, the occasion merits the expense, and we shall answer, "Yea, verily!" and "Ah, yes indeed!" So it does. But, we are glad to announce, the perfect solution is at hand. We *never* get anything we want at Christmas, and yet we have to put up with it or battle half a hundred angry females at the exchange counters.

Next Christmas, however, we shall be dreadfully ill and have to send our gifts late. Having stocked up with a plentitudinous supply of wrapping paper, it will be a cinch to re-address any gifts received as fast as they come in and thus kill two birds with one stone. Then, we'll emerge from seclusion and buy ourselves the odd gift or three at the After-Christmas Sales. Reduced prices and everything. Rather neat, eh what?

But for a real delayed-action gift—you can't beat war Savings stamps

Newsreel cameramen descended on HMCS Cornwallis this December, and 1000 budding Nelsons one-two-three-hopped in the snowy wastes of the Parade Ground while cameras recorded all with an eagle eye. Never have our lads displayed such spartan fortitude and stoicism. The winter winds, they blew, and the cameras, they kept on turning, and every one was good and frozen by the time they had been duly recorded for posterity.

Ernie said for me to tell Matilda to look for him in the local movie house—he's ninth from the end in the thirty-fourth row. She can't miss him: he's the one that goes "hup" when all the other nine hundred and ninety nine are still going "one-two-three....."

Eny meen miny mo,
How the mean old wind doth blow.
It bites your nose in ways unkind,
It stings your eyes till they are blind,
And if you do not heed, you'll find
The wind may turn and bite behind.

Yes indeed! Old man winter is surely showing his nose. And our noses are certainly showing Old Man Winter. Red ones, pink ones, even orange. But the running is pretty even for all concerned. The boys are delving deep into their kit bags to find that trusty pair of red flannels they swore they would never wear again. But times change, and so does a sailor's mind after the cold wind has lifted the bells on his trousers and taken a few healthy nips at his legs. Pride goeth before the fall, and winter woolies cometh after the fall hath fallen and winter ruleth the roost—most severely.

Yet the Wrens go on about their work, gay and chipper as always. Jack Frost seems to have not the slightest effect on these gals, and they prance about, seemingly the same, yet looking so warm as to arouse the suspicions of any frozen, old, fossil-faced, fuddle-bug like yours truly. "This mystery must be solved," thought we, and immediately proceeded to solve it.

A lovely young Wren—there *is* one, honest!—was standing just outside the FMO, and we tried to attract her by the usual methods: whistling, uttering the timber wolves' mating cry, and dropping packages of Nylons. This didn't work, however, so we approached her and struck up a conversation in three-quarter time. She answered all the usual questions such as, "Name?" "Favourite chocolate bar?" and "Do you think girls are here to stay, or will they eventually be replaced by Wrens?"

This led, in turn, to the weather, and we agreed with Mark Twain that while every one seems to talk about the darned thing, no one has the gumption to do anything about it. That was our lead! "You know," we exclaimed. "We don't see what keeps you Wrens warm."

She turned a bright crimson. "You're not supposed to!" she said, and doubled across the drill field.

We decided it would be less disconcerting for all concerned if we wrote home and asked big sister. Maybe she knows!

The cold down hy'ar has had another effect. The line of "faithful" who come to worship at the Sick Bay twice daily has grown steadily, and the operators of the place of dire repute are sore pressed indeed as to how they should handle the situation. One of the bright lads there suggests the installation of a conveyor belt to reduce the whole matter to a simple production basis.

Patients will step inside the sick bay. Once clear of the "Off Caps!" sign, a tiffy will seize the poor unfortunate and throw him on the belt. A second SBA will relieve him of his official chit, station card, and any gold fillings he may be carrying around. In the mean-



time, a third has securely fastened the wretch to the assembly line by means of two pairs of handcuffs and a last-year's girdle.

The belt lurches foot a forth, excuse, forth a foot (it still sounds silly) and another tiffy stabs at the boy with a thermometer. If he is lucky it hits the mouth. If he is not—fifty per cent vision!

Thermometers and temperatures! Ah, yes. If your temp is sufficient to cause the column of mercury to climb up to the top and ring the bell you are pronounced "sick" and shunted off to see the MO. On the side track the body passes under an archway bearing the legend "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here" and is never heard from again. Maybe it's the meat shortage—or Dante's "Incinerator." We don't know.

If your temperature is below "par" you are either a lead-swinger or have a common cold, and punishment is identical: the moral of the treatment being that good little boys do not swing the lead or have common colds. Before

Naval Book Good Tonic

Admiral Sir William Fisher by Admiral Sir William James, Macmillans, Toronto...158pp...\$2.75

The history of the Royal Navy is wrapped up more in personalities than it is battles. Every man knows of Horatio Nelson for even the grog issue to-day is fondly known as "Nelson's Blood." There are some who would have us believe that the hey-day of great naval personalities is past, that the advent of the great fighting machine, which to-day is your battleship and cruiser, a complicated gadget at the best of times, has reduced to a minimum the opportunity for personal idiosyncrasy. But thank God that the Service produces something more than ack-ack guns and torpedo tubes. It still can, and does, produce men.

William Wordsworth Fisher was born on the 26th of March, 1875. And if blood has anything to do with a naval career, he could claim that in his veins was the biological influences of a parson and a poet! He, himself, appeared to be more suited for an academic life than for the rough-and-tumble hand-to-mouth existence on the high seas. As a matter of fact, when he arose to be Commander-in-Chief, Mediterranean Fleet, he still found time and opportunity to carry on a correspondence in Latin with a University professor. And, incidentally, it was while holding this position that he one day seized the baton from the hands of the astonished bandmaster to show the ship's band how they should play "All people that on earth do dwell." Men like that are bound to be loved and spoken of with great affection by those they command. There are a great many crumbs of comfort to be found in Admiral James' account of Fisher's appearance and struggles before a naval examination board as a Naval Cadet.

This is a book about the Navy, about a man who loved the Navy, by a man who knows the Navy. No layman could have squeezed into so short a compass so much of the living traditions of the British Fleet. It is good tonic to take.

you can say, "Jumping Jehoshaphat, why *didn't* I join the army," you have been thoroughly dosed with two aspirin tablets surrounded by three and a half c. c.'s of water and a wine glass full of witches' brew, compounded of equal parts of ground glass, mustard gas, arsenic and old lace.

Some one shifts gears and the belt lurches forward for the finishing touches, the coup de grace, as it were. A tiffy stands armed to the teeth with a ferocious spray gun, and he squirts! It seems that the secret ambition of every member of this notorious tribe is to force a half-pint of nasal spray down and into the throat of each and every unsuspecting supplicant that allows himself to fall subject to their tender mercies. This invariably drowns the patient, but he dies with a clear set of nasal passages, and what more can he ask for? A twenty-one gun salute?



Every Sunday evening hails a sing-song at the centre, and the Wandering Minstrels have done much to add to the general quality and attractiveness of these weekly get-togethers. The programme is always replete with vocalists, both male and female, and Clifford can usually be persuaded to tickle the ivories all on his lonesome in the rendition of a light classic as a much desired "extra" to his skilful accompaniment of all the performers. And these include violinists, piano accordionists, vocalists, comedians and others.

Branching out from the Special Services Office back home, these little concerts do not pretend to be lavish affairs. They are simple, unpretentious things, where the performers step out from the ranks of the audience, do their bit, then step right back in again to join the rest of the crowd in one of those old favorites that Navy people never seem to tire of singing. There is something about these old songs that gets us, or maybe it is just the fact that nobody ever seems to know *all* the words and a mumbled "la, la, la" deftly inserted just anywhere will get one out of the most embarrassing situations.

And do not think that these weekly excursions are mere insipid things; ventures without a dash of excitement to cause the red corpuscles to stand on their heads and make faces at the yellow. For such is not the case. In recent weeks, the gallant little party has twice been stranded on the lonely roads for a couple of hours or three due to engine trouble and what not while en route. How did this happen, and why? Well, they tell me that the hostel has just organized a committee whose sole function will be to arrange for the welcoming of concert parties and their, er, disposal.

See what we mean?



We Service the Maritimes

This illustration is a combination line and halftone. Halftone 85 line screen.

The Eastern

PHOTO ENGRAVERS LTD. HALIFAX • NOVA SCOTIA

SYDNEY SPORTS SLANTS

by PO J. Altman, P & RTI



The "Protector" hockey team at Sydney, N. S., made its debut in the Cape Breton senior hockey league, and swamped R.C.A.F. Flyers, last year's Champions 9-1, in the opener in Glace Bay Forum.

Opening ceremonies were brief, players of both teams were introduced to the spectators through the P. A. system, and the ever-popular "Protector" Band furnished the hockey fans with good music between periods.

The Navy pucksters displayed a brilliant passing attack that held the Flyers helpless throughout the entire game, notching one goal in the first period, four more in the second, and duplicating this latter feat in the third.

Pay/Lieut. Craig, rugged defence-man, dented the twine for two goals, while team-mate Jimmy McKeown, brilliant right-winger also pulled the hat trick. The other Navy scores came from the sticks of Henry, "Bucky" Whitlock, Harvey Poulton, Al. Hodgkinson and "Red" Eagan.

"Bunky" Lukasik proved a tower of strength for the Sailors and broke up numerous plays at the blue-line. "Pop" Poplowsky was outstanding in the Navy net and had the situation well in hand throughout the game.

Meet the team: AB Poplowsky, AB Barclay, Pay/Lt. Craig, W/T Caldwell, Sto. Lukasik, Shpt. McMillan, Ptr. Henry, Ptr. Poulton, SBA McKeown, O/S Whitlock, L/Cdr. Jessiman, AB Eagan, L/Sea. Hodgkinson, Shpt. Armstrong, AB Kemp, Shpt. Brennan.

Free transportation for approximately 200 ratings was supplied for the opening game in Glace Bay by the Canteen. Naval personnel occupied a section of the Forum, and their hearty cheers echoed through the rafters, inspiring the Navy Team to an overwhelming victory.

Volley-ball is still very popular at the Base, and with the completion of the first half of the schedule, we find

Continued on page 12

FOR P.T.'S SAKE

By Tommy Graham, PO Wtr.



King Hockey, monarch of winter sports, holds sway with sailors across the country and at several Naval establishments the blue jackets have come forward with formidable clubs that are setting a championship pace. While it's still a little premature to go out on a limb and say that Navy will win the Allan cup we think that the sailors will be waging quite a battle for the coveted crown when playoff time rolls around.

Navy puckchasers at Victoria, Calgary, Saskatoon and Regina are enjoying great success in their engagements and all are considered favorites in their respective circuits.

Presenting an average team, Winnipeg faces the toughest competition of all for "Chippawa" are pitted against a wealth of hockey ivory plucked from the ranks

of the NHL who are doing their ice chores for either the Army or Air force. But the tars from 'Peg are holding their own and we wouldn't be surprised to see them win. Toronto, too, face tough opposition, but are doing quite well.

Probably the most promising team this season is the scrappy band of sailors stationed at Sydney whose performance already places them as favorites to cop the Maritime crown.

In their seasonal debut with the highly-touted Glace Bay RCAF aggregation they sputtered like a wet smoke float for the first canto but before the second was a minute old, exploded like a pattern of depth charges straddling a U-boat to score eight goals and a 9-1 dunking.

With Gaye Stewart, outstanding NHL rookie with Toronto Maple Leafs, as their main spring, the Sydney sailors present a fast, well-balanced club. Such stellar hockeyists as "Lucie" Lukasik, Craig, Whitlock, Jessiman, McMillan, Poulton, McKeown and Hoggins handle their heavy artillery.

No matter what the rest of the hockey world think of its chances, Halifax Navy puckmen are chocked full of confidence and determined to prove to the "egg-sport" that they are a club to be reckoned with.

Pre-season banter along the sport boulevards had it that the Haligonian sailors were all set to present an NHL Alumni club but so far Coach "Duke" McCurry has failed to locate any of these "big-namers" at the team's daily conclaves.

Whether they are lost, strayed or stolen for a time isn't known but "Duke the Dentist" would like to do a little "pulling" if he knew where they could be found. Most of them were important, if not vital cogs in his hockey machine.

Gaye Stewart had been assigned to the forward line for the McCurry club, but he was shipped to Sydney in one of those "shuffles."

McCurry's anxiety didn't end here for Bill Shill, former Boston Bruin star and Bobby Benson, formerly an ace with the now-defunct New York Americans, failed to answer the "yoo-hoos" of distraught "Duke" and up to now even the bloodhounds have failed to pick up their scent. Benson is still missing but the grapevine reports that Shill is in Newfoundland.

Several other stars who were slated to turn out with the Halifax club seem to have disappeared into thin air. Chuck Millman who was around until just before the season commenced is now reported at Deep Brook and casting longing eyes in the direction of the Halifax Forum.

Despite the loss of all this high-priced talent, McCurry has moulded a fast and clever combination and he is optimistic about their prospects.

"We have what might be termed a good amateur team," he said in a recent interview. "Naturally they are a bit green to one another's play and we'll have to do a lot of polishing here and there, but we'll be a club that gets better and better as the season progresses. With the breaks we will be in there at the finish."

Undefeated at this writing the Victoria navy hockey machine attributes a lot of its success to "condition." It seems that they have figured out cigarettes are definitely a handicap to conditioning and anyone caught pulling on a weed will be obliged to place one greenback in the kitty. So far the "kitty" remains empty so either the boys are having that "smoke" under cover or they are really sincere in their resolution to refrain from "fags" during the hockey season.

The main gossip along the rialto these days is just when the boys at Halifax will be going into barracks and lodge and compensation will be a thing of the past for many sailors. Airtight rumors have it that anytime after the middle of January may find the bluejackets in abundance at the airforce-vacated Y depot.....so until next month let's hope the cook who dishes up the victuals for your mess is an "expert" of long standing.

'Stadacona' Basketball Squad Likely Contenders For Title

The Royal Canadian Navy will be seeking Dominion Basketball honors this season and in the opinion of many stands a good chance of going a long way in its quest.

Presenting several of Canada's best cage artists on their roster, the sailors got away to an auspicious start by eking out a 44-43 victory over the highly-regarded RCAF Dartmouth team. As a result of their triumph they established themselves as the team to beat, replacing the airmen who were pre-season favorites.

Captained and coached by S/Lt. Ron Rutherford, of Revelstoke, B.C., the sailor quintet boasts one of the strongest collections of cagers to perform in the Maritime Basketball League. Rutherford, who joined the navy in June, 1942, gained fame as a hoopster in Montreal. While attending McGill he was stellar performer with their cage entry for four seasons. For two years he tossed the ball around for Montreal Nationals and before enlistment he was a starry member of the Montreal Oilers.

University Star

From Ottawa hoop wars comes Lieut. Mal Cunningham, centre star with the sailors. He, too, is a player of note, commencing his cage activities while attending Glebe Collegiate, where he performed for three seasons. While attending Queens and the University of Toronto, he gained prominence and was a member of two Intercollegiate championship clubs. He joined the Navy in August, 1941, and for three years prior to this he was with Ottawa Glebe Grads, Dominion finalists to Vancouver Westons, in 1939.

Don Whalen of Toronto YMCA fame is one member of the sailor hoopsters whose basketball ability is widely acclaimed and the tricky cager is expected to play a big part in the cause this season.

Norman Seely, former star of Saint John, N.B., hoop circuits and last year outstanding performer with the Halifax Navy cagers, Dick Miller who gained fame with University of British Columbia Thunderbirds

HIGH HOPES, PLENTY OF PUNCH AND A LOT OF ICE TALENT



It would be trifling with the truth to say that the Halifax Navy Senior Hockey club presents a star-studded aggregation in this season's ice campaign but the sailor puckchasers are a fast and well-balanced combination that will make it mighty troublesome for any opponents. They have a collection of amateur ice stars from all parts of the Dominion, each of whom has been prominent in his own league. These are the boys who hope to bring up many hockey victories in the Navy's cause. From left to right they are: (Front row)—Ron Pickell, Pat Robinson and Frank Toplay. (Middle row)—Wilf Chisholm, Les Wade, Arnold Campbell, Harry Mosienko, George Mara, Art Snyder and Jack Hemshead. (Back row) Hughie Millen, Andy Chartren, Gordon Barefoot, William Boorman, Jimmy Jempson, Bill Troschak and Don Menzies. Missing from picture is Jack Spidell, centre ice star and only holdover from last year's navy club. The team is coached by Capt. "Duke" McCurry, CDC, former NHL star in the early twenties. RCN Photo.

W.R.C.N.S. SHINNY GAMES ARE LARGELY ATTENDED

Not to be outdone by their brothers in arms, the Wrens have invaded another field in the sports realm and this time it's hockey.

Although they haven't as yet managed to engage other service women in active competition the sailorettes organized two teams and have been waging quite a tussle for the right to represent their colors in future tilts.

The "battle of the beauties" is a regular feature once a week at the Forum and spectators flock out by the hundreds to witness their display.

Hockey by the so-called weaker sex is proving a real attraction and the Wren's performances have shown that they know their way around the ice lanes.

Rumors have it that the navy girls are also planning on fielding several basketball teams and are hoping to be accorded an opportunity to test their ability against other women hoopsters.

The sparkling play of the Wrens in the softball circuit last summer in which they won the Maritime title indicated that they have many outstanding women athletes in their ranks and that they are taking every opportunity to keep in physical trim.

The Wrens are ready for any comers in sportive competition and are looking for future fields to conquer.

The S.B.A. stopped beside the sailor lying wounded on deck "Tell me your name," said the S.B.A., "so I can tell your mother." The sailor raised his head indignantly. "My mother knows my name!"

and Brent Langley, ex Vancouver Weston star, round out the first string combination.

Bill Devitt of Toronto Simpson Grads, eastern Canadian finalists last season, William Lavandusky, acclaimed as one of the best hoopsters in the Vancouver Island Basketball league last year; and Vilho Seppala, former Windsor, Ont., star, are other members of the team.

Writer Len Stevens, of Ottawa and St. Catharines, Ont., well known basketball star in civilian life, is assistant coach while George Dallas of Toronto is trainer.

Navy's Senior Hockey Team Determined But Not Boastful

By P.O.Wtr. Tommy Graham

There's no talk of title aspirations, nor are high praises being sung about the Halifax Navy Hockey Club this season, but the sailor blade artists expect to bring home the bacon.

Chances of their doing this remain to be seen, but if determination and confidence will bring in victories, you can register a string of triumphs for them right now.

Admitting that their roster presents a group of unknown puckchasers and that in no manner do the names on their team compare with those of the National Hockey League fame featured on the line-ups of their opponents this season, the navy hockeyists are full of sure-fire cockiness—the kind that usually scores victories.

Amateurs All

"We just have a nice lot of amateurs, fast and clever," said Captain "Duke" McCurry, coach of the navy aggregation, "I won't say how we'll fare until we have a few games under our belts, but we'll do alright."

In McCurry the navy have a coach with a wealth of experience. A former hockey star and referee in the National Hockey League for several seasons, he knows his hockey. Too, he was a stellar lacrosse, rugby and baseball star, having performed in professional ranks in each sport. He is one of the better known all-round sportsmen in Canada and if there is any good hockey in his charges he'll bring it out. And after all, he should be good at bringing things out..... he's a "tooth-puller" at the Navy's Dental Clinic.

Early in the training sessions, McCurry expressed fear for his chances, due to the fact that his defence was weak and his goal-keeper only mediocre, but recently fate dealt him a kind deal when Bill Boorman, stellar defence star with the Dominion Junior Champion Winnipeg Rangers last season, Hughie Millen, ex St. Boniface Seals star and Gordon Barefoot, of Moose Jaw Millers, a rearguard of note, showed up at an early morning workout. "Duke the Dentist" was impressed with their showing, almost as much as he is when he extracts a molar from the aching gums of a sailor.

But it was the appearance of Ron Pickell, custodian of the Saskatoon Quakers' net last season and a goal-tender of note in western Canada hockey warfare, that really tickled McCurry.

"We're all set now," he said, after watching Pickell in action. "Just a few games to work out our plan of attack and we'll be tucking away the victories. We have several fellows who are sweet players; good professional prospects who'll come into their own this season."

Andy Chartren and Arnold Campbell are still battling it out for the fourth rearguard position and there is

little to choose between them as both are steady defencemen and either would make a suitable team-mate for Boorman, Millen or Barefoot.

Three crack forward lines, fast, and to quote McCurry, "heady hockeyists" will carry the mail to the opponents. The first string will consist of Jack "Spider" Spidell, centre ice star and only holdover from last year's club who will be flanked by Les Wade and Pat Robinson. Wade gained prominence with Toronto Navy last winter while Robinson was a stellar performer with Hamilton.

Johnny Hemshead, whose performance in the Intermediate league last season with the Navy ticketed him for a berth with the seniors this year, centres the second string. He is flanked by Jimmy Jempson, former star with Calgary Stampede and Art "Slick" Snyder who was with Niagara Falls last season.

Battling for third string honors are Harry Mosienko of Winnipeg Junior fame, Bill Troschak, another Winnipeg junior star, George Mara, and Wilf Chisholm, both with Toronto Navy last season, and Don Menzies who gained prominence with Boston Olympics.

Time will give the answer as to their ability and showing.

NAZI U-BOAT CREW PICKED UP BY TRIBAL DESTROYER

HERE and THERE IN HMCS MONTCALM

With W.J.E.



"The luck of the Irish" really stood out for Midshipman John Shee, as he won the raffle that the ship sponsored recently.

Appendicitis seems to be common among the officers as the latest victims include S/Lt. A. Ridler who has been acting as barracks officer and S/Lt. C. A. Mitchell.

The marriage bug has hit the ship pretty hard. Two of the latest to make the fatal plunge include instructors John A. Crozier and Kenneth Klue. Good luck to you both.

This month we bid adieu to Bob Willshire of the R.P.O.'s staff who has left for Avalon to finish his training for R.P.O.'s rating.

Glenn Burgess of the basketball team holds the league's scoring record of 20 points in one game.

Though the team is not in top place the basketball aggregation is within striking distance of top position in the Quebec Garrison Basketball league.

Not content with one mascot, the ship has two, Carlo is the new one added to the ship's company. Carlo was adrift for 10 hours recently but came back safe and sound.

To show their appreciation to Leading Seaman Willshire who left for sea duty the ship's company presented him with a pen and pencil set.

The Parks family of Three Rivers have a record in which they are justly proud. Five members of the family are in the Naval service, three on active duty, the other pair in the Sea Cadets. Jimmy is the latest one to enter "Montcalm."

The ratings are indeed grateful to the officers of HMCS Cape Breton for the opportunity of going through the above-mentioned vessel.

Three months ago there was not a member of the ship's company with the name of Jones. Now four of them grace the ship's muster list.

Several ratings have been confined to bed with influenza. Here's hoping they all have a speedy recovery.

Santa Claus (Chief Maxwell Mercer) was a welcome visitor to the ship on December 18. He distributed presents to all the invited guests.

We wish all readers of the Crow's Nest a Happy New Year.

PRAIRIE SAILOR'S JOB DISPELS LADY'S FEARS

The unnamed young lady at the YWCA was perfectly right when she figured that HMCS Chippawa was the place to go for a rope-splicing job.

But she wasn't so sure when she first phoned the ship and asked timidly how good inland sailors were at shipboard jobs.

Anyhow, Petty Officer Ray Reid, of Winnipeg, a prairie sailor who has served on the west coast and in HMCS Prince Henry, was the answer to the problem of how to fix the Winnipeg "Y's" dumb-waiter.

He went, he examined, and he spliced.....the dumb-waiter is again as good as new.

Today's cynic is yesterday's idealist who failed to put his ideals into action.



During recent enemy submarine blockade of the Bay of Biscay, the R.C.N. Tribal destroyer, H.M.C.S. "Athabaskan," picked up five survivors from a U-boat that had been destroyed by a Wellington bomber. Above shows the whaler from H.M.C.S. "Athabaskan" with the survivors of the stricken Nazi submarine in tow. RCN Photo.

'Chippawa' Hockeyists Overcome Poor Start

Recovering from a poor start in the Winnipeg Senior Services League, HMCS Chippawa hockey squad early this month climbed into a tie for second place with the highly-touted RCAF team and within hailing distance of the loop-leading Army outfit.

With reorganized forward lines spurring them to resounding victories over their service rivals, the 'Peg Tars began to look like the class of the league. Most definitely they are a force to be reckoned with before the finals roll around in the spring.

First Navy win, after three consecutive defeats had left even the most rabid rooters wondering a little, was a terrific 13-4 walloping of the previously undefeated Soldiers. Wally Stefiniuw led this Chippawa uprising with no fewer than seven scoring points. A few nights later the Sailors walked off with a sparkling 6-2 victory over the Air Force. In this game, Navy pumped home four counters in the final period to salt the verdict away after two very close sessions.

The ambitious gang playing under the leadership of defenceman Bill Allum, last year with the American League champs, Buffalo Bisons, is going to make it tough for all comers and give Navy an even finer sporting reputation throughout the West.

Dad—"I'll teach you to make love to my daughter, young man." Suitor—"I wish you would. I don't seem to be doing so well."

Sailors At Winnipeg Division Enjoying Western Hospitality

By S/Lt. George Ronald

Often-described Western Canadian hospitality and friendliness is much in evidence in and around HMCS Chippawa these days. Winnipeg tars are enjoying a round of parties and dances and general good times which must surely rival that of any other ship in the Navy.

Hardly a day goes by that there isn't at least one invitation to a party staged by some company or girl's club or auxiliary. And on the parade ground of the ship itself is a continuous array of shows and dances.

Two recent highlights have been dances arranged by the Petty Officers and the Wrens of "Chippawa". Both were outstanding successes, drawing large crowds to dance to the music of Jimmy Carson and his orchestra.

The brand new stage at the south end of the parade deck was officially inaugurated by the Canadian Legion War Services artists, and a few nights later the Para-Troupers, well-known Winnipeg entertainment group directed by E. Stanley, presented an equally fine performance.

Numerous invitations have been received by ratings to spend Christmas and New Year's days in Winnipeg homes.....with turkey, plum pudding and all the trimmings. Top all this off with the United Services Centre, one of the finest navy-army-air force canteens in the country, and no wonder the lads of "Chippawa" figure Winnipeg tops 'em all!

C.P.O.: "May I print a kiss on your lips?"

She: "When do we go to press?"

Officer: "If anything moves you shoot."

Sentry: "Yes, and if anything shoots, I move."

Two Smart Booklets

Two splendid barracks magazines made their appearance recently, one a newcomer to the Navy's ever-growing number of publications, the other a magazine known to many of the lads in the Navy.

The new publication, a 17-page mimeographed book, is known as "The Ensign" and is published by HMCS Carleton, at Dow's Lake, Ottawa. It is a cleverly put together pot-pourri of Navy writings and poems. Among its staff members are patron, Lieut. A. A. Hargraft and editor, L/Wtr. J. A. Tapp (a well known contributor to the Crow's Nest).

The Fall number of the "Stray Line", mimeographed booklet published by HMCS "Prevost" at London, Ont., is equally clever and is a credit to the hard-working staff who produced it. Patron of "Stray Line" is Lt.-Cdr. J. R. Hunter and editor is S/Lt. Herb. Montgomery with O/Sea. Doug. Best as associate editor.

STADACONA HOUSE LOOP PRODUCING GOOD HOCKEY

Hockey in Halifax is in for a big season particularly from a navy point of view if the number of puckchasing enthusiasts who are performing in HMCS "Stadacona", Inter-Part House League can be taken as a criterion.

Never in sporting history at this naval barracks have so many ice warriors shown interest in the popular winter pastime and no less than 300 blade artists are donning skates for their respective branches of the service.

While there probably isn't anyone who could be classed as an outstanding puckster or capable of making a berth with the Navy's senior or intermediate entries in organized play, the calibre of hockey is quite good.

Shiny, But Good

The league is comprised of 24 teams, each with one or two better than average players and a bunch of so-called hockeyists who just like to get out on the big pond and wield the hickory in an attempt to outclass their opponents.

Every night in the week they can be found displaying their talent at the Forum ice palace and play is as keen as Stanley cup competition.

The race for the league crown which entitles the winning aggregation to a crest signifying naval hockey supremacy in the International circuit is bottle-necked at the present time as several teams share the top rung.

Stokers Take Seamen In New Entry Tourney

by S/Lt. A. M. Stuart Brown

With the New Entry P&RT Instructors in full swing boxing has drawn packed house in the Drill Hall at HMCS Cornwallis. The New Entries, Stokers vs Seamen, battled it out to close decision 18 points to 15, recently. Capt. J. C. I. Edwards presented the prizes.

Lightweight: O/Sea. Sweet won over O/Sea. Yorgenson; Welterweight: O/Sea Saem won over O/Sea. Novasat; O/Sea. Sexton won over O/Sea. Parks; Bantamweight: O/Sea. Bernard won over Sto. Garant; Featherweight: O/Sea. Ayers won over Sto. Legault; Lightweight: Sto. Silliker won over O/Sea. Harris; Sto. Benn won over O/Sea. Fitzpatrick; Welterweight: O/Sea. Fenton won over Sto. Savoie; Sto. Harris won over O/Sea. Krawczyk. Middleweight: Sto. Burgess won over O/Sea. Kirk; Sto. Clarke won over O/Sea. Bain; Light-Heavyweight: O/Sea. Kozmech won over Sto. Laske; Sto. Porelli won over O/Sea. Webb; Heavyweight: Sto. Magdish won over O/Sea. Pemberton. Referee: Lt. Cdr. Redman; Judges: Lt. Cdr. Besley, Lt. Park, Lt. Brown, Comm. Bos'n. MacDonald; Time Keeper: Warrant Engineer Johns; Seconds: Dubbs and Helfrich (for Stoker Corner); Warwick and Vuohelainen (for Seamen Corner); M.C.: CPO Mylrea and CPO Blades.

IT TAKES A LOT TO STOP THESE LADS



Led by their chief, Lieut. (E) J. B. Caldwell, R.C.N., of Amherst, N. S., the engine room staff of HMCS "Athabaskan" battled through water to keep their engines going after their ship was hit by a bomb. They managed to bring the destroyer to port although their fuel tanks and boiler rooms were flooded. Lieut. Caldwell is shown in overalls fifth from left in the front row, surrounded by his Engine room Artificers and Stokers. At his right is his assistant, Engineer S/Lieut. W. O. McBride, RCNVR, of Toronto, Ont. RCN Photo.

Any Mail Today?



I see your photo on the shelf,
Giving a smile to me,
And I reach for my pen to write again
A verse for the Eastern Sea.
And I try to send a smile to you
For though you're far away
There's joy in Life, if we look for it,
And I'd like to keep you gay.
And when a word eludes me
Or won't fit in a rhyme,

I look, at the photo once again,
And your smile answers mine.
Then the lines flow smoothly
To carry a message true,
And I write a verse that suits me
And send it on to you.
Then I look at your photo on the shelf,
And again my pen I fill,
For I know the verse has suited you,
Because you're smiling still.

Pte. W. Hinson, V.G. of Canada.

By Wren Kay Reyburn



It's a serious face that the pretty Wren above wears as she thoughtfully looks at the picture of her husband; yes, she is serious, and a mite lonely too, for she only has that slight wavering link between the past and the present. Letters; lovely, fat, personal, private letters.

Sometimes it's terribly hard to write. Especially to those we love and most especially to those who may be in danger. At the end of a dull routine day, the things we have done seem so uninteresting to ourselves, that it's hard to imagine anyone.....particularly those who

are living a far more exciting life.....wanting to hear about them. But they do. Terribly. The fact that Mary, or Joan or Patsy went for a walk in the woods, or played bridge with the girls, or even went back to work, is of interest to "the boys." The thing that they want to hear is that they are being missed, that the "little lady" still cares enough to take time out to write.

Before the war it was considered in quite good taste and a not-too-bad idea to let the man of the moment know that while he was away your life did not entirely stop, that you didn't go into your room and shut the door, but that there were other people, too, who thought you were quite intelligent and attractive enough to take out. But not now. Go out if you wish, and help pass the intervening time away, but don't write to him about it. Don't brag about your new "boy friends." A letter of this sort written to a lad at Sea, or fighting in the far East, or flying over Germany, would be worse than a bullet from the enemy. A bullet might hurt, even kill his body, but a letter of this sort would be far deadlier. It would kill his faith. His faith in those he loves, in those women whose pictures are carried around in pockets and brought out at the slightest pretext and shown to his pals with pride and pleasure. Mostly pride. It would hurt his morale, and even make him wonder what he was fighting for, and for whom. So, beware, those foolish, flirting words. Respect his faith in you. And his love. Remember the many times you have 'lined up' for mail and have happily read of how much he missed you? Well it wouldn't be very pleasant to be handed the old familiar envelope, carry it away to a quiet corner to read, open it and find....."I have been having a lot of fun lately; last night all the boys decided to go out on a party, so we got ourselves some cute numbers and went down to the hotel for dinner. After dinner we went dancing (boy! could my gal dance!!!) and after closing up most of the old places that you and I used to go to, we finished up in fine fettle early this morning." No, it's not a nice feeling. Sort of leaves you a little sick or mad. Anyway, its not good. So remember when the time for another letter arrives, try and write as if you were talking to him, and always let him feel that he is being missed.

He is risking his life; you are in uniform sure enough, but you are comfortably cared for, you've got plenty to eat and a warm, dry, bed to sleep in..... and you're safe. He is making that possible. All you can do now is WRITE!

Wrens At Cornwallis Form Sailing Group

There is a surprise in store for the lads of Canada's Navy next spring when the sailing season comes round again. Wrens, who last year wistfully watched the men at sailing manoeuvres, from the shore at this establishment, are now getting set, in methodical female fashion, to trim their own sails.

Two evenings a week throughout the coming winter, Wren sailing enthusiasts may be found tying knots, rigging model whalers and learning the position and jobs of every member of a whaler's crew. And they are determined that next year they will give the boys a run for their money in the sailing races that are a feature of "Cornwallis" summer activities.

It was at the tail end of last season that the Wrens had their first taste of the thrills of sailing. At that time they began to learn the tricks of the trade from S/Lt. Winnifred McEvoy, WRCNS, of Toronto, assistant unit officer and Warrant Officer Frank Kendall, RCN, of Plymouth, England. These two sailing enthusiasts have worked out interesting methods of training the girls and have already done remarkable work with them.

Form Sailing Club

Approximately 100 Wrens have successfully passed the required swimming tests and generally qualified for training in sailing. They have banded themselves into the "HMCS Cornwallis Wrens' Sailing Club" and as long as the season permitted they met twice a week to pursue this hobby. One night in the week was devoted to instruction in seamanship—rigging a whaler, learning all parts of the sail, knot-tying, etc., all of which was augmented by films on sailing. It also included a session of "dry sailing" which consisted of rigging a whaler on land. The second of the two nights was spent in actual manipulation of the craft on the water but always with a seaman along. Next year they hope to be more independent about it all.

We can't change nations by changing boundaries but only by changing people.

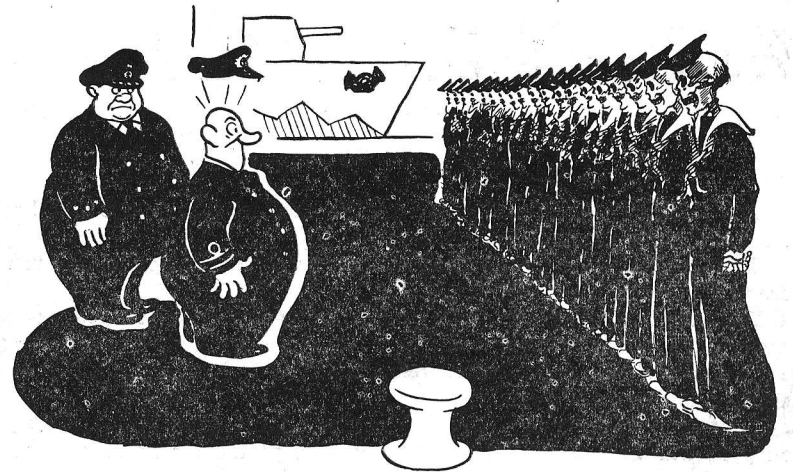
Miss's Kiss Misses Bliss Now Is Hisses

By Tommy Graham

It's a grand and glorious feeling when your girl friend, after saying "good night" for the "umpteenth" time, reaches over and gives you that parting kiss. But when your "dear one" wears her cosmetics on the extravagant side and leaves an imprint of her "farewell gesture" that stands out below your proboscis like a stop light at an intersection or the cow catcher on the local yard engine—then it's a story of a different color.

Now some sailors, I suppose, have enjoyed that "pleasantry" and got away with it, but this is the story of one of the "sea-going gents" who didn't, chiefly because he happened to be unfortunate enough to "accidentally" run into several of his colleagues with the "evidence" distinctly visible upon his upper lip..... and as a result he has been subject to jibes and ribbing ever since.

Yes, it's funny to see a shipmate approach you with that "free-as-a-feather-in-the-breeze" attitude, wearing a smile that is only to be outdone by the glare of "lipstick" below his "schnozzle." That dark, handsome Writer in Public Relations Office at Halifax didn't think it was funny, though. He was just plain embarrassed.



"The skeleton crew you asked for, Sir."

FOOTLIGHT FANFARE

by Gib. Potter, SA.

So you are in Halifax! So you are bored and broke! So What? Nothing to do! Who are you kidding? What do you want to do? Go to a dance? A concert? A movie? Go skating, or just write a letter or read a book?

With the number of Hostels in Halifax staging free entertainments every night in the week no sailor who has ambition enough to crawl out of his hammock can honestly admit his evenings have been neglected by the Social Welfare Societies as they are doing right well by our Jack.

Take the YMCA Hostel (and no cracks, puleeze) they show three first run feature movies, two concerts, a dance, special Sunday entertainments, and throw in the odd free lunch for good measure. So wander down to the Hostel any night around 2000 if you are blue and lonesome.

Hooper's Heaven

North End Canteen is right in there pitching in the amusement line too, with free movie nights and concerts. And if you haven't been to one of the Canteen's Saturday night dances (for a nominal fee) you just haven't went Navy because it's 'make way for a Sailor'—and how!

The Navy League Recreation Centre besides being the hub of the outdoor sports events during the summer months has a dry canteen there that would be the envy of many a City Country Club for comfortable and fine furnishings, with a lunch counter famous for quality and economy. So if it's a home away from home you want, with a deep chesterfield to sprawl in (and don't sprawl too much as the other guy might want to sit down, too) drop in and visit them. The Man With The Big Cigar will welcome you.

The Works Here

Don't sell the K of C Hostels short in the hospitality market as they make with the movies, the dances and the bingo at both the Almon street and Hollis street Hostels every night. On Tuesdays at 1930 they throw in French movies for La Francais's for good measure.

Sunday Night is free skating night at the Forum for the Navy's gals or guys as the case may be, from 2130 to 2300. So get sharp and keep one foot on the ice at all times and remember while it might be the mark of the rugged individualist to skate against the crowd you'll never collect that pension or be there to borrow that six thousand we read about, if you do.

Congress Hostel on Quinpool Rd. rates AAAA for cleanlinses and put-themselves-outness-to-please-you-efforts. Dances, movies parties, concerts and bingo are the order of the evening for the serviceman with bountiful free lunches quite the usual thing.

The "Sally-Ann" or Salvation Army is still the old reliable with movies six nights a week so don't passit up.

The Barrington Legion Hostel is a well known spot for the T R (tired rating) both before and after paydays. So it's rig of the day, dry your eyes and proceed under forced draft to the nearest purveyor of entertainment and wear your own burberry when you leave. (NMO XYZ)

Presents Billiard Table For Radio Club Artists

Some months ago when Petty Officer Patrolman Ernie Bransfield, the stalwart N.P. who keeps order at the North End Services Canteen in Halifax, was in Toronto, he interested members of the Hi-Jinx Club radio program in the new billiard room then being made ready at the Canteen. Last month a splendid billiard table was presented to the NESCS, on behalf of the Hi-Jinx Club, by R. A. Major, area president of the Navy League of Canada.

In presenting the table Mr. Major explained that the money for the table had come in to the Club in the form of small donations from listeners.

Accepting the table on behalf of the Canteen committee, Mrs. L. F. Banyard, president, extended thanks to the Club and to Mr. Major and also offered special thanks to Patrolman Bransfield for his part in securing the table. She suggested that it was quite fitting that he should have won the first game on the new table.

The guests at a recent ball were supposed to represent insects. A meek little man who arrived in his everyday clothes and without any disguise explained falteringly that it was his wife's idea.

O.K., North Wind!

The fur lining in that duffle-coat used to look lovely on some Canadian lady but now it helps to keep a sailor warm as he stands a cold watch at sea. Many ladies auxiliaries across Canada have taken up the work of lining duffle-coats with warm fur from cast-off fur coats. The one that Able Seaman Chris. Dowling, of Winnipeg and North Battleford, Sask., displays is one from a shipment received from the Women's Naval Auxiliary of Winnipeg, one of the most active organizations in the Dominion.—RCN Photo.



Well, We'll Be-??!!

Leading Officer's Cook Edmund "Ed" Wallas, RCNVR of Toronto, is possibly the only rating in the Royal Canadian Navy who wears a moustache. According to the King's Rules and Admiralty Instructions for the Navy, and contrary to popular belief, there are certain sea-going ratings who are privileged to wear moustaches. These are members of the Officer's Cooks and Stewards Branches.

RCN Photo.



I've Got A Date With A Book

By Henry Sherman, A.B.

Old Chinese proverb has it there are three sailors who do not read books: Tu-Glum-Tu, Tu-Dumb-Tu, No-Yen-Tu.

Chinese sage did not visit Cornwallis library. We've got books even for those guys.

Yes, the library is really getting under weigh now, with new books coming in every day. Wrens Margaret Hughes and Joan Pollock are at the helm, and are doing a mighty fine job catering to the varied and vagarious tastes of the literary lads and lassies stationed here.

Why buy "Wild and Worried Westerns" for twelve cents? Put your money in war bonds and get Zane Grey free, gratis, for nothing from the library. Do you like mystery and crime stories? Don't worry. We can supply you. Ask the librarian for a copy of "The Case of the Wilted Wolf," or "Put that Pistol Down Babe."

Take A Chance

And we have "good" books, too, for any of the serious people here who are anxious to improve their minds, and some others for those intent upon discovering whether they have one or not. Of course, you all know I'm referring to those staid and sturdy volumes in blue that lie so unperturbed, unsoiled and unread on the third shelf to the right of the waste-paper basket: "A Better Guide to Seamanship," Wrinkle's "Practical Navigation," and "Social Security and Reconstruction in East Galicia."

Lead-swingers have found such books as "See Here, Private Hargrove" a source of endless inspiration and you'd be surprised at how many of the rough, tough and ready salts at the base have come in to borrow a copy of Longfellow's poems, Shakespeare, Lewis Carroll and, it goes without saying, The Crow's Nest.

slowly but surely, we feel that the books put into circulation here will soon outstrip "Argosy" and "Thumb-nail Thrillers" in popularity.

And the best thing of all about a library is the vast amount of knowledge one can glean there if only one has the desire to. Or three for that matter. Did we know who, what, or why Omar Khayyam was before visiting the library? Not on your life. Our guess would have been that it was a kind of cheese or Vat 69 up until a short time ago. Now we know better. Omar Khayyam was a cheerful old souze who made tents and wrote a lot of poetry by Edward Fitzgerald in Persian.

With this thought in mind kiddies, let us leave the library nestling in the brown mud of Cornwallis. Ten or twelve ratings are settled comfortably in the reading room, and all is silent and serene. This fact is of singular interest in itself as there is no reading room attached to the library. And even if there were, it would neither be serene nor quiet.

But wait until the new recreation buildings, now nearing completion, are up! That is where the reading room will be located and, if it is good, next year we will teach it to write.

We will need, after the war, not only new facilities for going places, but a new purpose to get us somewhere.

Well Stocked

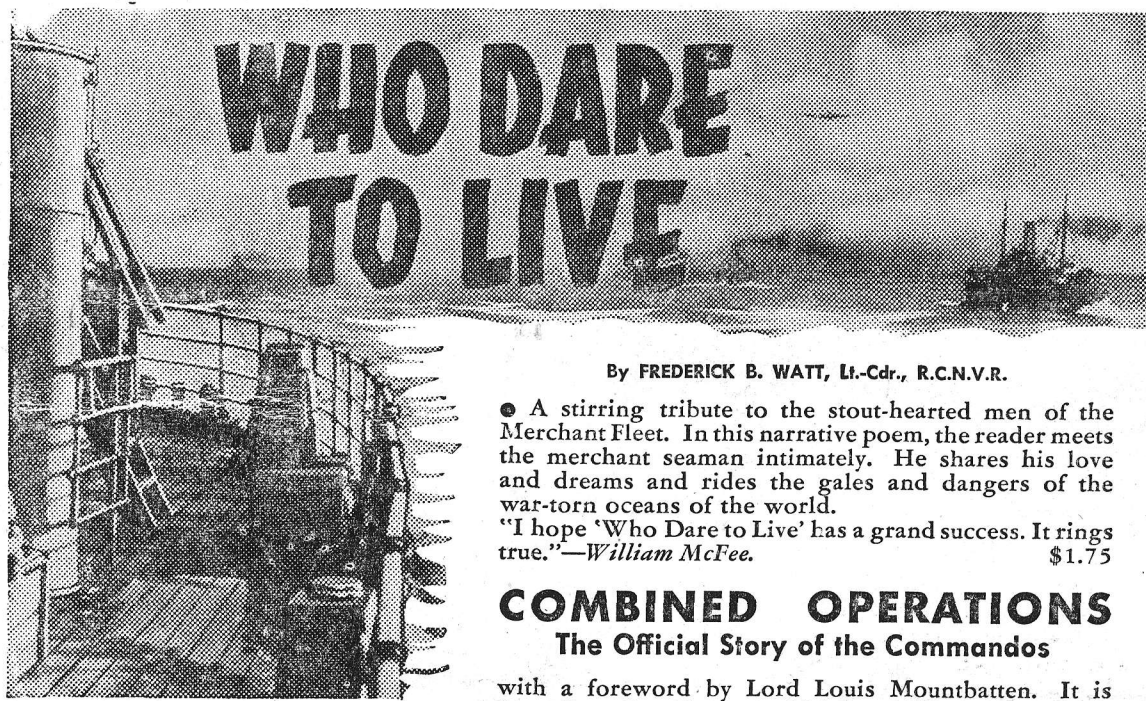
There are approximately 2,000 books in the library now, the bulk of which was donated by the Canadian Legion, the I. O. D. E., and the Navy League. But there are a large number on order, roughly 650, which will be paid for by a grant of \$1,000 from the canteen fund. And every month, starting last November, an additional grant of \$200.00 is made to the library. At this rate, we should have a very sizeable collection of books in no time at all.

There can be no doubt in any one's mind about the real need which the library is filling. Busiest days, of course, are Saturdays and Sundays when the boys have more leisure. And,

NAVY DANCE TEAM



The music goes 'round and 'round and so does Petty Officer Wren Blanche Harris as, along with her partner, Chief Petty Officer Alan Lund, she performs one of the many graceful evolutions featured in "Our Waltz", the colorful dance number from "Meet the Navy". RCN Photo.



By FREDERICK B. WATT, Lt.-Cdr., R.C.N.V.R.

● A stirring tribute to the stout-hearted men of the Merchant Fleet. In this narrative poem, the reader meets the merchant seaman intimately. He shares his love and dreams and rides the gales and dangers of the war-torn oceans of the world.

"I hope 'Who Dare to Live' has a grand success. It rings true."—William McFee.

\$1.75

COMBINED OPERATIONS

The Official Story of the Commandos

with a foreword by Lord Louis Mountbatten. It is "must" reading if you would follow with understanding the problem of Invasion; it is also reading that thrills and fascinates.

\$2.00

SEND BOOKS TO PRISONERS OF WAR

Your bookstore will gladly supply you with the approved lists of books that may be sent to prisoners of war, or write to us at 70 Bond St., Toronto.

AT ALL BOOK STORES



112

WHO AM I?

by j.a.b.

The sentry was young and his responsibilities rested heavily on his shoulders. It was his first 'go' at night duty and, as the authorities had reason to believe that some unauthorized persons had an interest in the small naval base, his rifle was loaded as was his mind (with explicit directions). He hadn't known it would be like this. Dim starlight and the whisper of the tide; rustling in the underbrush. It all looked so very different at night—what he could see of it. He attempted to conjure up the atmosphere of the lecture room. The challenge ran through his head. He repeated it in his mind and whispered it under his breath and his imagination ran riot. Was that some one over there—crouching beside that bush? He stared intently and called himself names when he realized it was the old stump he walked around about 50 times each day.

"No-Boats" Land

He paced slowly over the loose sand. Was that a boat on the beach there?—a place where no boat should be! He advanced cautiously. No, it was only a log tilting to the flowing tide.

He squared his shoulders and stepped out briskly. His imagination ran blithely in other directions. He would be a hero—he would capture six, no, better make it two, spies single-handed. He would march them at the point of his bayonet to the barracks and the Officer of the Day would call the Captain and he would be praised for his vigilance.

He looked around nervously. If he could only see. He whispered the challenge to himself. He practiced it in different accents and different tones of voice. He'd show them! Jiminy whiskers, there was a light! No imagination this time—there were several dark shapes behind it. He roared out (much more loudly than he had intended), "Halt! Who goes there?"

The answer came smartly from the darkness, "Middle-Watch rounds."

There was a deathly silence as the sentry tried frantically to remember what happened next. Unfortunately, his imagination had left out the following procedure. He had been so anxious about the challenge he had practiced it to the exclusion of all else. What was it he was supposed to do next. He couldn't even see them properly—that was it! He had to get them closer. And something about recognition.....

He gulped, took a deep breath, roared out, "Advance and recognize me!"

BOOK REVIEWS

A Tree Grows in Brooklyn—

By Betty Smith. The tree growing in the Nolan's back yard thrived in spite of filth and sordid surroundings. The children of Katie Nolan the scrub-woman and her singing-waiter husband thrived too. Francie and Neely, unusually sensitive children, learned to fight their way through Brooklyn slums and achieve an education which their mother knew was the only key to a better life than their own. This absorbing story is one of the outstanding novels of the season.

Free Trip to Berlin—

By Isabel Guernsey. When the Zam-Zam was torpedoed in 1941, Isabel Guernsey, a Vancouver girl, was taken along with the other Canadian and American passengers to the Liebenau Women's Internment Camp. After five months here she was moved to Berlin where she finally obtained her release. She was permitted to find her own lodgings and her descriptions of war-time Berlin are interesting and enlightening. P. G. Wodehouse was in Berlin at that time and the description of their meeting makes an interesting report.

So Little Time—

By John P. Mar-

quand. The author has achieved another best-seller with this story of Jeffrey Wilson and his son—after Dunkirk and before Pearl Harbor. This book should be even more popular than his previous novels since it includes a richer variety of characters and backgrounds.

Daylight on Saturday—

By J. B. Priestley. Those who enjoyed Angel Pavement will like Daylight on Saturday. It is written according to the same plan—an insight into the lives of fellow-workers. In this case the staff of a huge plane factory in the Midlands are bound together by their work and divided by their own individualities and destinies. An exciting novel full of love, tragedy and suspense.

The Ship—

By C. S. Forester. The ship was a light cruiser, part of a convoy to Malta. The few hours between the moment when the Italian fleet was sighted in the Mediterranean, and the end of the battle, form the entire story. A most vivid and moving picture of a modern naval ship and her men in battle, and a magnificent tribute to the British Navy.

"ALL THINGS" Saith Saint Paul

By Wren M. K. Price

I watched three children, happy at their play,
Along a street that ran through park and slum:
One was swarthy; one was blond; one was titian;
One of the race of Abraham; one Arayan, Christian born;
One was a faithful Mohammedan
Who prayed to the East each morn:
One bore the stigma of poverty;
One was destined for wealth;
One was marked for glorious fame,
And tragic, broken health.

I saw three vessels sailing on the sea:
Great sheets of canvas gleamed against the sky:
A brigantine; a galleon; a clipper racing by:
One was loaded with bullion;
One carried a cargo of grain;
One was a menacing raider,
The terror of the Main:
One stopped to trade near Zanzibar;
One travelled 'round the Horn;
One was scuttled and sank from sight
Where the "tenth" cuts Capricorn.

I glimpsed three crosses, high on Calvary's Mount,
Once as I wandered, vaguely, in a dream:
One on the East; one on the West;
And a Towering One between:
One was for a penitent;
One was for a King;
And one for the agnostic thief
Who scorned the Nazarene,
The Nazarene, crowned with a wreath of thorns,
The Compassionate Son of Man:
Yet each one played a certain part
In God's Most Perfect Plan.....

Avalon Sport Shorts

By Newfie John

Pinch-hitting for "Sully"

Hottest thing in Avalon these days is the boxing team. In 4 clashes with the enemy they have scored some sensational wins. Here's a summary of their victories to date: Oct. 15 (Avalon) RCN 3, Ft. MacAndrew 2, Ft. Pepperel 2; Oct. 29 (Avalon) RCN 4, U.S. Navy 2; Nov. 26 (Argentina) RCN 4, Ft. MacAndrew 3. In case you don't know, the "Fts" mentioned means our genial friends from the South—U.S. Army. It's lads like Pat Madden (a minesweeper boy now), Tommy Campbell (undefeated), Davey Brown (coach), "Tiger" Charbonneau, Cunningham (Johnny's on the deep now), Dube, Watters, Laraway, Briggs, Barabash, Evans, and others who have made RCN boxing in Avalon what it is.

Our 8-team inter-part league is firing these days, too. Admin. NOIC might be the best (won 5 straight) but Admin. RCNB and Officers probably will have something to say before playoff time rolls around. (finishing by Xmas). It's the Schroeder boys and Rand who do most of the shooting for the NOIC crowd. Up RCNB way they split up pretty even between Heller, Fitzpatrick, Godkin, Ceaser and Tombs. For officers Jack Mitchell, ex-Queens star, is doing most of the team work with Jack Ebbles from Saskatoon sinking lots of baskets.

The Officers up here are pretty active in everything. Maybe it's because Sports Officer McCormick keeps them on the ball when it comes to inter-part sport but from watching over a period of time we've come to the conclusion they're a pretty keen crowd. Take their record so far. Last winter they had a good basketball team and better hockey team. This summer their softball effort put them into the semi-finals. Now with the fall they have a better than average basketball team, and not a bad bowling five. In addition they go in heavy for badminton and of late volley ball is their newest. We've noticed, too, Cdr. Balfour either a participant or spectator in practically all their games (and others too) which is a good thing, we think, to see.

Yes its BNSO! The pre-Xmas inter-part league is but over and to Paquette, Larouche, Bowness, Cartlidge, and Powell go the bouquets! We freely admit that earlier in the schedule we saw nobody but the Cucinati-led crowd from the Reg. Office. The two titans met on Dec. 1 with more than a little tension in the atmosphere. It didn't help either as the 1665 to 1623 indi-

cated but it practically settled the league. Looks like a "shoo in" for the boys from the Dockyard! Nice going boys.

We were talking to Lt. McCormick the other day about hockey in general. Facilities up here aren't too good but according to him prospects look pretty encouraging right now for the coming season. To quote him, "Although we haven't been granted permission for outdoor lights as yet, construction is going ahead for a collapsible outdoor rink on the parade grounds 175 x 75. It should be a big help." We asked him about any arrangement he might have with St. Bon's for their indoor ice surface. "Well we didn't do too badly there. I wouldn't be surprised if we have 2 nights a week with some time in the morning for ships." All of which sounds like sweet music to us.

You've got to hand it to Jimmy Martin and his gang. They've "wiped" the city league they were in, and brother, Jimmy did a job on his own by scoring the high single (375) and the high 3 frame (810) as well.

From Here and There: Leo, the "Tiger" Charbonneau has 2 K.O.'s in 2 appearances so far.....killer?maybe.....Leo still smokes cigars, too.....little wife doesn't like him to box (mine wouldn't care).....speaking of boxers we haven't seen Bobbett, the C.M. Station star, this season yethe was a crowd pleaser last yearthey say he's still around, too.....sorry to see Johnny Cunningham gowas a grand little boxer and just maybe the boys didn't cheer him onwe'll wager nobody is in better shape than Tommy Campbell.....he's undefeated in 5 starts and we don't know who's going to even come near him.....we've seen Pat Madden before and when he showed up again we knew it would be good.....Billy Evans also of Montreal (on leave now) had a match the other night.....he also had a "party" watching.....Billy took just 3 minutes to polish off his opponent and we'll bet that in the same amount of time he was back "alongside" (not a scratch either).....the HM Escort Group vs RCN was a killer-diller.....Lt. McCormick says he never had a better team than that night.....the HM boys had a rough time, suffering no fewer than 5 K.O.'s. RN beat U. S. Navy and they were no pushovers.....at least what we saw of them.....we hear the Sports Office got in a bunch of windbreakers the other day for their senior and intrapart teams 1943.....rumour has a Golden Gloves sponsored by Pepperel early in the new year.....Lt. McCormick says "Yes, I've heard about it but nothing official".....proposal is to have Gander, Argentina and St. John'shere's hoping for a good inter-part hockey league.....let's see how

NOTED ADMIRAL VISITS "YORK" BARRACKS



It was a big day at HMCS York, at Toronto, when the ship was visited by Admiral Sir Percival Noble, KCB, CB, CVO, MVO, RN, last month. Sir Percival was officially received by Mayor Conboy of Toronto and was high in his praise of the Naval guard of honor that escorted him on his official tour. He is shown here with members of the Chief Petty Officers' and Petty Officers' mess of York.

Storemen At Newfoundland Base Enthusiastic In Sports' Activities

By A. W. McLaughlin, L/SA

When asked to dash off a few lines on the sporting activities of the Base Naval Stores in St. John's, Newfoundland, we were a little non-plussed—whatever that is. We being of the married stay-at-home variety of individual weighing three pounds more than a well-picked herring, sports activities were little more than a request to be excused duty-watches racket—well, almost. However, not wanting to give the readers of "Crow's Nest" anything but the whole truth and nothing to the old typewriter. And here are some of the "whole truth and nothing

many are left of last year's team.....Barisky, Olive, Eubank, Bell, Keaney, Amyot, Wilson.....probably some more.....they say we have a few players around besides.....Drainville, formerly of Port Arthur Bearcats is one.....they have plenty of seats in the Drill Hall for the shows.....got an extra 500 the other day.....quite a gym too.....badminton, tennis, volleyball, basketball, gymnastics, weight-lifting, boxing and wrestling complete with dressing rooms, heads and showers.....here's something that's only a rumour.....additional recreational facilities, bowling alleys, etc., slated for the RCNB "Y" commencing Jan. '44.....cross your fingers because we really need bowling alleys.....we hear the new K. of C. has 4 spic and span alleys.....and we also hear via PTI Burton that Navy has some time allocated.....season's greetings and all that.

but the"—s. We were going to start out with last year's hockey, but advice has been received from one of those "usually reliable sources" that perhaps we had better not talk too much about that. Apparently, a lot of people got bumped around, and a good time was had by all, but there weren't enough scored goals in the league to go around, and we were on the short end every time. We did hear that a guy named Theodore, officially, that is, fooled a lot of people and since the hockey season no one has called him anything but Craig;—well, it was fun, and worth it.

Tough Slugging

We walked into the baseball season with high hopes, a new son for PO Cartlidge (as if that would help) and a couple of draft chits that definitely didn't help. Smack in the middle of the season Moose Dowsett decided to do a bit of West Coasting, (he was of course—"influenced"). We did make quite a splash in the old pool, and scared the devil out of more than one struggling "nine", but when Haywood decided he'd rather visit his old home town than give us a hand against the mighty Officer aggregation, well, that was too much. The last game found us completely in the dark, and our fellows know what that means. Speed Robinson, (not of Jimmy Allen fame) really sparked the team with his smooth deliveries, and "get-your-man" Perkins did a swell job on first. The whole team deserves more than a special mention for their effort, especially with the limited staff they had to draw from.

And this all brings us down to the subject we would really have liked to start with.....Bowling!! (At present in the first winter series, we're so far ahead that they've got the C.I.D. on our trail). Now we Can talk! We have at our side the Captain of the BNSO Bowling team—SPO Robert Paquette. Why should he be captain? Well, how many of you dear readers have hit 356 this year? You did?—Well, you can be Captain if you want to—that is, if your score was piled up in a league game. Otherwise, we'll stick to Bob. He has his men oiled to perfection, the pins are actually complaining, Bowness has 307 to his credit—and the whole team is smacking those maples in a manner that would do credit to the Eighth Army. Single pins?—Larouche will get 'em for you—Strikes?—our "Bobs" looks after a fair share of those. Spares?—well, now, look here, if they aren't strikes, they're spares! Simple isn't it? Last year's Inter-part City Senior League was definitely topped by the RCN entry, and the boys of BNSO are out for a bit of recognition along these lines themselves, though fully aware of the ability of last year's bowlers. Shall we say that we'd rather not talk about the 1943 Basketball season? Yes, we shall.

Hard-Hitting Fighters Attract Much Interest

By Newfie John

Everyone in Avalon these days is talking about the hard-hitting RCN boxing team. In four cards so far this season they have mowed down their opponents in sensational fashion. Three times before huge home crowds they have clipped visiting teams or tremendous applause. Their latest effort was a smashing win over an HM Escort group early in the month, 1300 turned out to watch their favourites pummel the game RN boys who despite the serious handicap of being on ship for some time fought like the trouper they were. In the end it was stamina and superior condition that told the story and when the final score was posted RCN had won 6 and lost 2. 5 K.O.'s or T.K.O.'s—Briggs, Charbonneau, Evans, Campbell, Madden—went to the victors; the other was chalked up by Laraway on a decision.

The RN boys gave the crowd and the RCN a bit of a surprise as they snapped up 2 decision wins in short order. Heary, had to be smart to outpoint Watters, but he did just that in close decision. Bentley, chalked up their number two and last win, displaying a beautiful style over Lunny to win by a good margin. It was Lunny's first fight and although losing he showed lots of promise.

The parade started from here on for RCN. Briggs was a boxing master shooting a remarkably effective left that cut Floyd down for the count in the 2nd round. The Laraway-Bulmer bout was nothing short of sensational. Both boys showered tons of blows on each other in the opening round, slowed down a bit in the 2nd but hammered away again in 3rd as the crowd roared its approval. However, Laraway had a good edge at the finish and won the unanimous approval of the judges. In the 5th Charbonneau the "Tiger" was in rare form as he floored Godderd at 2.10 in the 1st round for a clean cut K.O. The 7th saw Shore matched against Evans of Montreal and for half of the 1st round, the RN boy kept pace with him, but after that Billy was a little too clever and it was a K.O. in the 2nd. Pat Madden also of Montreal kept up his undefeated string lacing into Moran with a "Henry Armstrong" style that wound up with the RN boy suffering an old eye wound that the attending M.O. considered too bad for further action. Moran was more than a little disappointed as he was quite eager to go on.

Davey Brown was the referee with PO Gardiner and Lt. Robertson, HM Ship, judges. Master of Ceremonies—PTI Stan. Burton.

In an exhibition wrestling match, PTI Davies scored an upset win over experienced and cagey Ernie Franklyn after 14 minutes of smart grappling. The boys put on a nice show and it was well received by the fans.

SPORTS STAFF SENDS GREETINGS



Small in number but mighty, is the P&RT staff of HMCS Avalon—boys who really do a job! Noted for their prompt and efficient service on ships they are led by Lieut. J. D. McCormick, Sports Officer, PO Gardiner and PO Burton, both P&RTI's. They wish to take this opportunity of sending greetings of the season to all their friends and "customers." **Back Row** l. to r.: G. Davies, Winnipeg; J. MacKenzie, New Waterford N.S.; L. Summerfield, Windsor, Ont.; A. Charles, Montreal; G. Harris, Vancouver. **Front Row** l. to r.: D. Brown, Montreal; S. Burton, Montreal; J. D. McCormick, New Glasgow, N.S.; W. Gardiner, Vancouver; A. Bourque, Ottawa. RCN Photo

WOW! WHAT LUNGS!

Here's one different story that hasn't had any publicity and which, nevertheless, is true and happened some months ago. A diving party was called out from an Eastern Canadian port to recover bodies from a service plane that had crashed into the ocean some 24 hours before. The diver went down and then telephoned to the diving officer that he was ready to haul up the body of one of the men. While this work was in operation one of the lads at the pumps fell overboard in some unexplained manner and unnoticed by the others on the diving boat. In a few moments he appeared at the spot where the diver was expected to emerge and waved his arms about. The young Air Force officer who had accompanied the diving party on the trip spluttered for a few moments, turned a light green, then pointed to the spot and cried excitedly, "By gad, Sir, he's alive!"

White-cap Whirlabout

By Petty Officer J. Goldfinch, P&RTI

December brings in all the final high-lights in sport for the past year so here we are with our little contribution from this snow-bound summer resort, HMCS Cornwallis.

Before proceeding any further, the New Entry P&RT Staff would like to extend to all the readers of The Crow's Nest, Good Luck and the Season's Greetings. To all the members of the PT department, wherever you are, especially the late cohorts of our staff here at "Cornwallis," we hope you find tons of interest, keen competition and best of luck in all your sporting activities.

Among The Cagers

We have found, as have many other establishments, that basketball is one of the few indoor sports that is easy to cater to and yet remains a high favorite with all and sundry. Having been allocated space in the new drill shed we were able to kick off with a pre-season league which commenced on Dec. 7. This league consists of one team from each block. Unlimited substitution prevails, consequently, each block strips approximately 25 ratings. In this way a keen interest is kept in the blocks at all times and the prospects of having a successful season is assured.

The league standing to date is as follows:—Drake 6, Hawke 4, Benbow 4, Effingham 2, Collingwood 4, Grenville 0, Anson 0.

The New Entry P&RTI's have a fairly powerful aggregation and in the two games which they have played against the Officers have emerged victorious by quite a large margin.

Increase In Leather-pushers

The number of White-caps attending the gym to take part in this sport was greatly increased the past couple of weeks. We asked "Why?" And the ultimate answer was the New Entries vs Stokers, of course. We didn't know of the attitude these New Seamen had taken, but it appears as though they have heard some of the older hands talking about the rivalry between the Stokers and Seamen and they are taking up the old chant of "Dust off the Dustmen."

Flash! Pardon us, and is our face red? The Stokers took us with a score of 18-15 before a crowd of approximately 1500 officers, ratings and Wrens in the New Drill Shed. "Congratulations to the "Dustmen."

Volleyball seems to be rather new to some of the lads but it appears to be taking a firm hold. All the blocks are turning out strong teams and many of the boys have taken quite a liking to the game, making it much more interesting. Our league of 21 games got under way early in the month and at the time this Crow's Nest goes to press we will have completed over half of the league.

The league standing now is as follows:—Drake 4, Grenville 2, Anson 2, Collingwood 0, Benbow 2, Effingham 0, Hawke 0.

Ah! A Classy Team Coming Up

This time of the year with the weather as it is, everyone is talking about hockey. We are not as fortunate as the big leaguers or the fellows in an older base where the hockey cushions and skating rinks are already established but we are making definite progress toward having a good season. From the reports and buzzes that we've received hockey will soon be in the head-lines around here, so stand-by the bases neighbouring this Establishment for some stiff competition. We really have the material it takes to make a good club.

The skating rinks will be ready shortly and everyone will be allowed to skate. By the way, fellas and gals, the canteen has only purchased a limited number of pairs of skates to be rented to you, so we strongly advise you to send home for your own and join in a gala season of skating and hockey.

Something New Added

Smoke was billowing out of the windows and under the doors of the New Entry P&RT Office on the morn of December 8. If you could have fought your way through this screen of dense, foul-smelling air, you would have found the source to be none other than all the boys in the office smoking CPO "Scoop" Blades's six-cent cigars. The secret is, as the beaming Chief told us, he is the father of a nine-and-a-half-pound baby boy. Congrats. Chief!

Incidentally as far back as we can remember he is the first P&RTI in this locality to have a son as an offspring.

Regina Sailors Hold First Dance Of Season Aboard HMCS Queen

Ont of the most colorful dances of the early winter season was held at Regina's HMCS "Queen" last month, when officers of Army and Air Force units, together with government officials, Town Fathers and their ladies were guests of Lt.-Cdr. Norman L. Pickersgill and officers of the ship.

Guests were unanimous in their approval of arrangements that had been made on their behalf. Received on the quarterdeck as they came aboard they were immediately placed in charge of an officer and lady, who escorted them to the main deck and dance floor where they were received by Lt.-Cdr. Pickersgill and senior ship's officers.

The ballroom on the main deck was partitioned off and gaily decorated 'navy-fashion' with naval flags and pendants together with decorative standards and streamers of small flags. Lounges were arranged between the companionway leading to upper decks and the dance floor.

The 12 piece RCAF orchestra from No. 2 ITS provided an evening of excellent music. This justly popular dance band, lead by Cpl. Nokes, is a striking example of the splendid spirit of co-operation that exists between various units of Canada's armed forces stationed in this area. Dancing stopped at midnight and was followed by a tasty luncheon, buffet style.

Among The Guests

Among those present were: Brig. General G. A. H. Trudeau, Madame Trudeau and Miss Henrietta Trudeau, Major V. Gill and Mrs. Gill, Lt. Col. F. M. Polson, Lt. Col. Hughes, Wing Cdr. Falkenburg Sqdn. Ldr. G. Milson, Sqdn. Ldr. McIlroy and Mrs. McIlroy, Flt/Lt. P. J. Kerans, Capt. Horace and Mrs. Bigelow, Capt. Brown, Capt. Garner, P/O Petere Myer, 2nd/Lt. Robt. Horne, Major McIlveena (C.W.A.C.) Capt. V. Phillips and Mrs. Phillips, Capt. and Mrs. R. La Drew, Flt.Lt. Raine, F/O 'Sandy' Marlin, Capt. Munro (CWAC).

Officers attached to HMCS Queen who, with their wives received the

guests were: Lt.-Cdr. Norman L. Pickersgill and Mrs. Pickersgill, Lt. A. G. Sexsmith and Mrs. Sexsmith, Lt. Thos. Hall and Mrs. Hall, Lt. Ed. Walker and Mrs. Walker. Other officers attached to the ship who were present included Pay/Lt. Harold Wright, Lt. (S. B.) 'Pat' McKew, Lt. (S.B.) Ray Kennedy, Surg./Lt. Eric Robertson, S/Lt. J. R. Parker, S/Lt. R. C. Smith, S/Lt. Margaret Kidder, S/Lt. Harold Buchanan, S/Lt. Gerald Swindell, S/Lt. Ted Webber, S/Lt. Thos. Walton, S/Lt. Don McLean, S/Lt. Wm. Davidson, S/Lt. Richard Pike, S/Lt. Percy Tallman, S/Lt. Claude Ostiguy, S/Lt. Paul Morley.

Navy Senior Pins

By Jim Martin

Greetings and salutations bowling readers. Back again with our Avalon Senior Bowling round-up. Well fellows we made a very broad and boastful statement when we first sent a script for publication. We're sure you had a very good impression of "We The Team," but as our City Commercial League draws to its final stage for this year, we find the Navy a little more than mathematical City Commercial winners!! In fact, Navy are practically champs and the team which we believe will give next year's contenders a mark to shoot at. So far we have the highest team averages for three frames and a single. Individual single high by yours truly with a very comfortable 375 and a 3 frames high of 832. Joe "Tony" Cucinati is the highest average individual bowler with a very smooth 232 and exactly four out of top five bowlers belong to RCN Stores.

We had an invitation out to Iorbay Airport for a five-game team play. With the very smooth delivery of "Stoker" Doucette setting a hot pace, we took four out of five games and really made a lot of good bowling friends. We are now in open season until January 10 when we have our final games.

Words cannot really deliver Season

A WELL STOCKED LIBRARY



Above is shown the well-stocked and ever-growing library at H.M.C.S. Cornwallis. Wren Margaret Hughes is seen working on library records while Wren Joan Pollock picks a book from a shelf.—RCN Photo.

Greetings, but fellows, when we say these four words, you know they're from the bottom of our hearts: Cheerio and Lucky Strikes—Jack Ewbank, Harry Doucette, Joe Cucinati, Bungy Williams, Jim Jenkins, Willie Kirk and Jim Martin (Team Captain

Asylum patient, meeting new superintendent—"Who are you?"

"Why, I'm the new superintendent—I'm in charge here now."

"Hah—it won't take them long to knock that out of you! I was Napoleon when I first came here."

Young man in hospital—"Nurse, I've fallen in love with you. If I get well I'll have to leave, so I don't want to get well."

Pretty young nurse—"Don't worry, you won't. The doctor is in love with me, too, and he saw you kissing me this morning."

Two sailors were sitting together outside Sick Bay. One said, "I'm achin' from neuralgia."

"Gladtameetcha," said the other. "I'm Taylor from Toronto."

DISTINCTION



SATISFACTION

NAVAL TAILORS

NAVAL UNIFORMS • ALL RANKS



WE take particular pride in the meticulous workmanship devoted by our tailors to the making of uniforms for the Senior Service.

Much skill and patient care is given to every detail, from the taking of measurements to the sewing of the last button-hole.

Monkey Jacket and Trousers,
Doeskin.....\$55.00
Monkey Jacket and Trousers,
Serge.....\$40.00
Greatcoats, Heavy Flat Melton\$60.00
No extra charge for buttons. Braid
(Wire Lace) at moderate extra charge.

IN STOCK

Monkey Jackets and Trousers,
Doeskin.....\$55.00
Monkey Jackets and Trousers,
Serge.....\$35.00
Greatcoats, Flat Melton.....\$60.00
White Scarves.....\$ 2.00
Cap and Badge.....\$10.00
Black Ties.....\$ 1.00
Half Hose, Plain Black......75
Rain Coats.....\$30.00

We specialize in the outfitting of N.E.O.T. Classes at HMCS "CORNWALLIS"

Terms are available to suit the convenience of all ranks.

Telephone LA. 1524

J. J. Sackman
LIMITED

MEZZANINE FLOOR • DOMINION SQUARE BLDG.
1010 ST. CATHERINE ST. W. MONTREAL, P.Q.

THE SAILORS' LADIES

by M.F.R.

Souvenir of Christmas shopping: A crowd of parcel-laden shoppers watching a clerk in Toytown demonstrate the astounding capabilities of a rubber mouse whose ears the purchaser could easily wriggle "and completely mystify all your friends." Two of the most enthralled students of this art were an Army captain—and a Naval officer, pressing forward eagerly to the front of the crowd to get a closer view of the mechanical wonder.

The new Navy zoot suits intrigue the ladies, but they do not interest them as a suggestion for their own wardrobes, you may be sure. The style looks much like the one worn by the pilots when flying at high altitudes, and achieves the same fashionable results, too—all the men look anonymous and as though they had just slipped into something neat and natty on the lines of a folding tent with a zipper. Frank Sinatra would never approve.

We heard an amusing story recently about an officer who was busy swearing in two Navy recruits, whom he had been given to understand bore the same last name. When he was all finished he discovered his mistake and asked Brown why he had stood idly by and been received into the Navy under the name of Jones. With a refreshing touch of naivete and charm Brown smiled pleasantly at the officer and answered, "You know, I thought that was funny!"

A bride and her Navy husband were discussing the tasks for the day while our hero marshalled his wits and ingenuity in true Service manner in order to avoid any appalling expenditure of physical strength. The first duty was to hang pictures in the living room—a mere eight or ten of them. Gasping for breath and sinking into the nearest arm chair our hero panted out to the suspicious wife, "Dear, I couldn't possibly do that. Why, the last man on our ship who hung pictures climbed up the ladder, took a bad heart attack from the height he was working at way up there—and then the breeze rushing past his ears as he swung the hammer at the nail gave him double pneumonia and rheumatic fever and when he fell he broke his leg, just like that! He died before his wife could call the doctor." P.S.—We hear the pictures look very nice on the walls.

Some of our Canadian cities in wintertime remind us of the Florida climate and the old Chamber of Commerce joke about heavy dew, only in our case people seem to take a fiendish delight in forecasting more horrible things to come if the temporary guests just stay long enough in that particular city. "Do you call this snow?" queried a native dweller in great surprise as he walked along the street of a big city recently, practically chin deep in drifts, "Why, you can still see my hat back there, can't you?"

This year there won't be any half-insulting jokes about the ladies who journey back to the shops to exchange Christmas presents. From what we have seen, that is the only way the stores will be able to accumulate a stock of goods to start their January selling!

We wish you every happiness, Mary.—Ed.

Woods - Philp

A wedding of interest to HMCS Montcalm took place on November 26 when L/Sea. Joseph Patrick Woods was united in marriage to Evelyn Mary Philp. The wedding was performed by Rev. J. Sheridan. The bride wore a winter, white wool suit dress with fuschia velvet hat and corsage of red roses. Mr. Thomas Finn was best man while Mrs. Thomas Finn was matron of honor. After a brief honeymoon the couple returned to



Almost every sailor is sure of at least one Christmas present each year for he knows the Navy League of Canada won't let him down. Ditty bags done up and distributed by the Navy League are keenly awaited by the sailors and this year thousands of them arrived at an Eastern Canadian port to be distributed to sea-going ships and to the men in the various establishments on the East coast. Shown here are L/SA George Howe, of Halifax and Wren Jane Baker of North Bay, Ont., getting some of the ditty bags ready for ships at sea.—RCN Photo.

Galt Wrens Get Some Sea-Time As Guests Of Hamilton Division

By Mal Demer

In the CWAC they don't let them fire the guns, in the RCAF (WD) they don't let them fly the planes, and in the WRCNS they don't let us go to sea..... and I can think of at least 50 Wrens who are not sorry!

It all happened like this—HMCS Star in Hamilton, have moved in to their new quarters right on the shore of Lake Ontario, and just outside their front door they have three beautiful little training ships—"Pathfinder," "Haidee" and "Oriole IV." The officers of HMCS Star agreed that it would be a very nice gesture if they offered to let the Wrens of HMCS Conestoga, at Galt, get in a little "sea time," and the whole party was arranged forthwith.

Sailing, Sailing

Did the Wrens want to go? Hundreds of them tried to get their names on a list that was to contain just 75. The lucky 75 started off early on a Monday morning, complete with greatcoats, sou'westers and rubbers. It seemed a little cold and foggy,—but that never stopped those boys out on the Atlantic,—and it wasn't going to stop the Wrens. Finally the great moment arrived and the Wrens, having been detailed off to report to one of the three ships, carefully saluted as they went aboard. All was well as the ships left the jetty—the Wrens really took over. Every ship had three watches and the two off-duty watches were given instruction in seamanship—and very good instruction it was too, the lads from HMCS Star took their job very seriously, and make no mistake these boys knew what they were doing. Of course when it came to swabbing the decks the Wrens needed no instruction. They went at it with great vigour and the decks of those three ships would have shone in the sun (if there had been any sun!)

Sailing, Urp, Sailing

The great moment arrived—"Man Ship"—and they did, out into the Lake we sailed and then the fun began. It was about 1015 and every Wren was "very happy in the Service" but just about 1100 some of them weren't quite so sure about that. They struggled manfully with ropes and davits and even took a turn at the wheel. As for "Oriole IV," a beautiful 90-footer, the Wrens there were struggling with jibs, stays'les luffs, and back stays. You just had to take a look around now to see that things were not going quite so well, and that a few little girls in Navy blue were looking decidedly green. Nobody can say they didn't try to overcome that horrible feeling creeping up on them. They stuck at their posts bravely and insisted on staying up in the fresh air. However Wrens are only human and before long they had succumbed and were to be found leaning on the rails with the most disconsolate looks on their now very green countenances. Some of them tried stretching out on a bunk just to see if they couldn't persuade themselves that there was really something quite solid under them, but no, just that surging-and-swelling-lifting-you-up and that hor-

rible moment of suspension when you wonder if all will be well and then "slap" you are down again, and it just goes on and on. Just to make things a little worse "The rains came" and the Wrens had to cope with that as well.

Nothing Too Tough

At long last the order came, "Hard to Port" and we were on the way home. It is wonderful the difference that results when you realize that you are on your way back to the good old "terra firma." Everybody started to make a quick recovery and before long they were up and at it again. The next thing you heard much to your surprise and amazement was "Say, I hope we get another chance to come out and prove that we really would make good sailors—I'm sure it was just the weather."

One thing however was well learned, that Wrens can take the shore jobs and let the men go to sea,—but don't let us leave you with the idea that the Wrens don't want to get that 'sea-time' in—the list for next week has gone away over the top again..... they can take it.

Election day won't settle things. The world we want depends on the way we live far more than on the way we vote.

YORKTOWN CHATTER

By Wren Trudy Duffy

This is your Yorktown reporter back on the job after a leave of absence. Well, things are certainly buzzing around HMCS York and there is really plenty to be proud of, especially when so many distinguished guests grace our companionways. In the past six months, some of the guests were Erin O'Brien Moore, stage and screen star; Glenda Farrell and Elissa Landi, also of the cinema, to say nothing of Rear Admiral Culverius, U.S.A. (retired) and Randolph Scott, star of the picture "Corvette 225." But, hold your breath Jack and Jenny, for not every day or year are we privileged to have a Naval official with such a brilliant career as Admiral Sir Percival Noble, K.C.B., C.B., C.V.O., M.V.O., R.N., in our midst.

Steady Rise

Born in England on January 10, 1880, he entered the Royal Navy in 1894. He became lieutenant in 1902, was made a Commander in 1913, and by 1918, held the rank of Captain. He served in the grand fleet from 1914 to 1919, commanded H.M.S. Calliope, Calcutta and Boreham, and Shorley and Forton Training Establishment. Director of Operations Divisions, Admiralty Naval Staff from 1928 to 1930, he was then promoted to Rear Admiral in 1929. Director of Naval Equipment from 1931 to 1936, and Rear Admiral Commanding 2nd Cruiser Squadron from 1932 to 1934, in 1935, he was made a Vice Admiral. He held the position of Fourth Sea Lord and Chief of Supplies and Transportation from 1935 to 1937. From 1938 to 1940, he was Commander-in-Chief of the China Station. In 1939, Sir Percy was a confirmed Admiral, and also Naval A.D.C. to the King. Since 1941, he has also been Commander-in-Chief of Western Approaches. At present, the Admiral is the British representative on Allied War Council of Chiefs of Staff at Washington.

Day in Toronto

Admiral Sir Percival Noble arrived in Toronto and was escorted by Toronto Police War Veterans' Association officials, also Flag Officer and other Naval officers, to the Royal York Hotel where he spent a very busy morning with press interviews. In the afternoon, the Tars from York had the privilege of being Guard of Honour at the City Hall, where Sir Percy met Mayor Conboy, Mayor of Toronto. Impressive speeches were made by the War Veterans, and then the Admiral publicly congratulated the Guard of Honour. He said it was one of the smartest precision squads of men he had ever seen, and they would do justice to any navy, in any port. Wreaths were then laid on the Cenotaph, and the City Guest Book was signed. Yes, it was a very impressive ceremony. Gee, we certainly got a thrill, being in the uniform of such a great outfit. But the highlight of the story is when all the Sailors and Sailorettes heard that the distinguished guest was coming aboard our Stone Frigate. There was hustle and bustle and excitement and then the Ship's Company, standing at attention, anxiously waited. When the Ship's bell struck six times, on the dot of 1500, Admiral Noble and party stepped from the car. Even our faithful mascot, Butch, stood at attention when the guest was being piped aboard by CPO Bennett, PO Smith, PO Brown and PO Steadwell. Cameras were flashing and the Navy, true to tradition, was so silent you could have heard a pin drop. Then when, with our Commanding Officer, Commander Connolly and his party, he took it upon himself to inspect the Guard, he again complimented them on their precision and efficiency. A few of the luckier Wrens and Sailors had the honour of talking briefly with him. At this point, the Band took a bow, and we at York are proud of our Band, which is under the able direction of Lt.-Cdr. A. E. Zealley. After this, Sir Percival spoke over our public address system, and his words were of interest to everyone. He said, "The war is coming into a phase where the submarine is out of action for the time being, a feat in which the Royal Canadian Navy has taken a considerable part." He then congratulated HMCS York on its morale and training, and stated that he could tell that it was a happy and efficient Ship. "Yes," he said, "I heard about the Saint Croix tragedy. I knew the Ship, and it was a great loss to us, but they will never be forgotten—those lads who gave their lives that we might carry on."

Jimmy—"What's that book?"
Elsie—"It's entitled 'What Twenty Million Women Want'"
Jimmy—"Yeah? Let's see if they spelled my name right."

We cannot build soundly with skyscraper ideals and down-the-drain living.

THE NEW DAWN

The Outsider

God tried to put reason in man's mind to start
But wisdom and intuition he put in woman's heart
So, of His great plans, she could bear the major part
That's why you are a "Wren."
Your woman's wisdom whispered you would have to help the men
Clean up this mess
And being a man, I must confess I am ashamed, that we who thought that we alone can think
Having brought the world a tottering to the brink
Of a catastrophe, so horrible and vast
Were compelled to call on women to help us out at last
Now I think back to a million women all tortured through the night
In China their feet were bound too tight
And to our so-called witches as they leaned against a flame
And by their fiery martyrdom atoned some other's blame
And to that band of women pioneers
Who though ridiculed did fight and fight for years
That you might have the right a vote to cast
And thus eliminate for always the evils of the past
By the daughters of all of these a flag will be unfurled
For all women now are sisters of the world
China gave us Madame Chiang Kai-Chek and many others, too
Millions of Russian women have proved what they can do
You are also bound together by ties of motherhood
That is why you women will make the new world good
So now when I see you splendid modern girls
Some red, some dark, and some with golden curls,
In uniform, with all that it implies,
I know that I am looking at the new world's first sunrise.

Valuable Gift

Sailors who like reading and who enjoy the splendid facilities of the Naval Library Service provided at various establishments and in RCN ships should make a big vote if thanks to the National Chapter of the Independent Order of the Daughters of the Empire. A visit to East Coast libraries will show a huge display of many of the latest and best books available. These are only a part of the 8,500 books the IODE has volunteered to supply to these libraries. Almost every shop based on this coast and almost all the shore establishments now have their own libraries.

God helps those who help—others.



The mascot at HMCS "Tecumseh, Calgary division, doesn't seem to be too happy about the New Year. Maybe the meat rationing cut down on the size of his Christmas present this year. Anyway, we don't see why he's so unhappy. It isn't everyone who can have his picture twice in the same edition of this most esteemed sheet and he's done it, even if one of the pictures is in an advertisement. Photo by J. Rosettis, Calgary Herald.

Powerful "Tecumseh" Team Patrolling Calgary Ice Lanes

Old Man Winter rules again, and at no more appropriate time could the subject of hockey be prevalent.

"Tecumseh's" Commanding Officer, A/Lt.-Cdr. D. R. Dattels, being a great hockey enthusiast and a good judge of men, has entered for his ship a formidable team in the Alberta Senior Services Hockey League, which embraces A-16 Currie Army and A-20 Red Deer Army.

This will mark the first appearance of a senior club representing the Navy in this province. They offer an imposing collection of pucksters to start along the Allan Cup Trail.

Such stars as Sweeney Schriener, Toronto Maple Leafs, Eddie Wares, Detroit Red Wings, Roy Sawyer, Detroit, Ab. McDougall, New York Rovers, together with several outstanding Western amateurs, make a collection of which any NHL team could be justly proud.

More Stars

Due to the withdrawal of RCAF Mustangs from league competition, a few of the Mustang players have been added to the roster. These include Johnny Chad, Chicago Black Hawks and Pete Slobodian, Brooklyn Americans.

Although the club has started slowly, they can be expected to go far in their quest for the coveted Allan Cup.

For the lesser lights, a team has been entered in the Garrison Hockey League, an 8-team Service loop, in which rugged play and keen rivalry are the keynote.

"Tecumseh" has captured the league title for the past two years, and if they triumph again this year, the Lloyd Turner Cup, emblematic of the League Championship, will be their permanent property.

(SYDNEY SPORTS SLANTS)

Continued from page 4

the Chiefs & PO's and Stokers deadlocked in first place. The Hospital and Artisans are tied for second position.

The Chiefs & PO's team sparked by "Fearless" Foster, are confident they will retain the trophy, with such outstanding players as "Spiker" James, "Hoppy" Angelson, "Slide" Van-Evera and "Irish" Nolan on the roster, they will be tough to beat. However, George Seed, captain of the Artisan's team has different ideas as to where the "Mug" will be situated.

Lieut. Andy Chisholm, Navy basketball coach, has been sporting a contented smile the past few weeks, and is

highly impressed with the wonderful showing the Navy cagers have made in their pre-season exhibition games. The Tars have turned back various Army, RCAF and Civilian teams, increasing their long string of victories, which now stands at 13.

"Lofty" Ruiter, S/Lt. Dick Flowers, "Bud" Fraser and Will Snider are the pick of the Navy Hoopsters, and have been a constant worry to opposing teams, with their fast-breaking tactics and accurate sharpshooting.

The "Protector" bowling league is functioning regularly each Wednesday and Friday at the YMCA in Sydney.

The versatile Chiefs & PO's team is at the top of the league, with 13 points. Threatening the league leaders are the SA's and Writers, who are tied for second place with 12 points.

Patter From 'Prevost'

by Wren Jean Beattie

No sooner do we hear that "The Wrens are here" than all of a sudden, they disappear. For several days, Jean Shelton was the only Wren on board. Jean Beattie, Betty Evoy and Peggy Foreman had all moved out to Westminster Hospital with a bad case of influenza, Shirley Williams was on convalescent leave and Jackie Mathieson was on compassionate leave. The 'flu hit us pretty badly around HMCS Prevost, at London, Ont., but we are hoping it will be all cleared up by Christmas.

Two Writers through living at the same house, keep getting their laundry mixed up. It's nothing to see them changing socks at 0930 or shirts at Stand Easy.

Should Have Zippers

There was also the Staff Libertyman who was so exhausted after taking the Liberty Boat the other day, that upon getting ashore, completely collapsed. It seems he first had to take off his overcoat, have the name checked, put it on again, unbutton it and find his Station Card, button it up again, unbutton it and look for his Identification Card, button up again, unbutton and try to locate Birth Certificate, button again, come to attention, right turn, double around the Parade Square a couple of times because it sounded like he was talking (whereas he maintains it was a civilian outside the fence) and then continue ashore. At last everyone proceeded ashore without getting wet. That's because it wasn't raining.

The Wrens certainly keep things popping around "Prevost." Last week one of them came in to work and did everything with her left hand so that we could all see the beautiful sparkler on her third finger indicating that a certain Sub-Lieutenant had come through with the "Sixty-four dollar question."

Dedicated to the men who so gallantly lived and died in HMCS St. Croix

L'ENVOI

by Wtr. W. G. Reid

No crosses mark where they have fought and died,

No epitaphs their glorious deeds describe,

Their youthful beings now returned to dust,

A gallant ship—midst ocean depths to rust.

No claim to glory did they ever make, Their lives the forfeit paid for Freedom's sake.

The sea is rough, the waves leap high, A dirge—the lonely seagull's cry.

They seemed so young, these lads; their lives so new.

Men were they all, for much of life they knew.

Their bodies safely laid beneath the sea.

Their spirits sail with Him on Galilee.

For tho' no man-made shrine reveres their name,

No history reveals their love—their pain.

We ponder here, while widowed mothers cry,

That lads so young—like men, knew how to die.

At last they rest upon that "Golden Shore".

The tedious earthly watches now are o'er;

Each one a pilot there on high Guiding the souls of shipmates through the sky.

IT'S LEAP YEAR SAILOR!

Continued from page 1

gif he can make it appear that he is betrothed to either woman he then shall be free."

France also passed the law several years later with Florence following suit in the 15th century and other nations picked it up as time marched on.

FOR THE NEW YEAR

by Rev. William Hills, RCN

The Christian religion is not a relic of the past, or a thing of yesteryear. It belongs to all ages and to all generations. For this reason alone, it cannot be thrust out of the life of a man, or banished from the life of the community. The God of our fathers always speaks with authority to the fathers' children.

The Faith which claims our allegiance and assent has been put to the test in the red-hot crucible of history. And through it all, Christianity has demonstrated the fact that it is a religion of optimism. The basis of its Creed is that the universe is in the keeping of Almighty God. This God is the God of Love and Wisdom. A God of Righteousness, Who through the centuries is proving Himself stronger than the powers of evil which oppose Him. The watchword of every true Christian is that the "morning cometh." After the night, there is the dawn.

The theme of Christianity is caught in these well-known words of Rupert Brooke;—"Now God be thanked who has matched us with this hour"—an hour, which in the mind of Winston Churchill is to be reckoned as the Empire's finest. But to say that demands that we must have at our disposal the life, the courage, and the indomitable will which comes from a living Faith.

Sermons may be stale and preachers tiresome. Services may be staid and solemn, and institutional religion stagnant, but hidden in the true Christian Faith is a power which is unchanging, immortal, and invincible. This then is our text for the New Year:—

"One calleth to me out of Seir, Watchman what of the night? Watchman what of the night? The Watchman said, The morning cometh, and also the night."

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS NO TREAT HERE



Mail means merry Christmas to the men and women of the armed services, and Santa-playing sweethearts, relatives and friends of the Royal Canadian Navy are out to make this year the merriest ever if the steady influx of mail and Christmas parcels pouring into the Fleet Mail Office at an Eastern Canadian Port can be taken as a criterion. More than 2,200 letters and 350 bags of parcel mail are received in an ordinary day which has resulted in a round-the-clock job for the navy's postal clerks and Wrens. Here L/Postal Clerk Andres Blain, RCNR, and Postal Clerk Roy Baker, RCNR, wade through an endless sorting job. RCN Photo.

Salty Sailor: "When we were running out of Alaska I came across the queerest kind of bird. It lays square eggs and talks."
Jeep: "Yeah! What does it say?"
Salty Sailor: "Ouch."

"What the deuce are you doing down there in the cellar?" asked the puzzled rooster.

Well, if it's any of your business," replied the hen, "I'm laying in a supply of coal."

A man may horse around one day and wake up next day a groom.

It's the last work in flying—JUMP.

"ICE FOLLIES BURLESQUE" CLEVER FORUM FEATURE

Among the various forms of entertainment of the sports variety available to Wrens and Sailors, unquestionably the most popular is the "Ice Follies Burlesque" which is a Sunday evening attraction at the United Services Forum, in Halifax.

Master impresario Lieut. Fred Cook, Sports Officer at HMCS Stadacona and his galaxy of "talented" artists offer a form of entertainment that is "par excellence" and without a doubt they have scored a tremendous hit.

In all probability the real reason for the success of the "show" is due to the fact that it presents a goodly number of Wrens and Sailors who are quite capable performers on the blades and they have contributed in no small way to putting the entertainment over.

Then of course there are those who are definitely "not professional" who burlesque the manly art of fancy ice skating to a point approaching nausea—much, however, to the delight of the spectators.

The "show" only just recently completed its second performance and unless this correspondent is very much "at sea" it will improve more and more as time goes by, for sports organizer Cook has a bundle of tricks up his sleeve which he hopes to put into effect soon.

Please Send THE CROW'S NEST For One Year, To:

Name.....

St. or Ave.

City..... Prov.

Starting..... Issue

Enclosed find \$1.00 in payment.