



THE



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Navymen's Mom



If anyone ever decides to bestow honor upon the countless women across the Dominion who have taken servicemen into their homes and treated them as though they were their own sons, one person who will likely hold a spot at top of the heap is Mrs. Gladys Dartt, of Halifax—known to sailors everywhere as "Navymen's Mom."

Mrs. Dartt, or "Ma" as she is called by "her boys," probably knows more Navymen by their first names than any other woman in Canada for she has met and befriended thousands of sailors who have visited this eastern Canadian port. She is a close contender for top honors among Navymen with "Ma" Mortimer, of Edmonton Navy Mothers

fame, and "Ma" Mortimer knows a goodly number of the boys who sail the seas, too. It is her hobby to meet all in-coming and out-going trains at the station in the Alberta capital and bestow the sailors aboard the "choo choo" with various "goodies" and books to make their journey more pleasant.

But "Ma" Dartt holds sway in the port which almost every sailor in the Navy visits at one time or another and she's entertained a great many of them.

"Adopts" Sailors

Mother of two children; a daughter, Joyce, married to a sailor, L/Sea. Fred Wilson, RCNVR, of Toronto, and a son Douglas, serving overseas with the Army, she adopted the "sailors" as her boys shortly after the outbreak of war. "Ma", who is a great church worker, accepted a position in the Royal Canadian Navy Dockyard when there was a shortage of help in this wartime port and she came in contact with many sailors during her daily work. But it was not until one evening while she was serving coffee at a downtown service centre that she really came to the fore in the hearts of Navymen everywhere.

It was one of those cold winter nights when three sailors strolled into the canteen and asked "Ma" for a cup of coffee. She served them. One of the lads, Signalmen Harold Hague, RCNVR, of Regina, asked "Ma" if she knew where they could find a place to sleep as they had travelled all over the town and all the hostels were filled.

"They told me they were dead tired after their cross-Canada journey, and they sure looked it," said "Ma" Dartt, "so I took pity on them and told them that the only room I had to spare was that of my son, and if the three of them wished they could have it. They almost jumped over the counter with delight."

And since that night, back in October, 1939, "Ma" has always had at least three navymen guests at her home.

Follows Golden Rule

"Navy boys are really fine men," she told this reporter, "and I'd be lost without having some of my boys around. Guess it's because they've all been like my own son. He has always been fortunate enough to meet kind people who've taken him in so the only way I know to show my appreciation is to take other people's sons into my home." And "Ma" has had plenty of them "over to her place" for dinner, parties or just to pass the evening away. Her specialty is a "fish and chip" dinner for which she is noted and many a Navyman in Halifax will tell you that "Ma" is the best cook anywhere, except of course their own mothers.

In her spare time "Ma" darns the boys' socks, washes their clothes, wraps their parcels home, does their shopping, and in short, does everything that all boys look to their mothers to do. "Ma's" home is open house to all the sailors and never a night goes by without she or her husband, Ned, who has

FAITHFUL FELINE

It was just a black and white kitten and to look at it one would have thought it was just like any one of a few thousand such felines one might see straying about. But ask the crew of HMCS "Brockville" about that bit of meowing animal. They'll say it is the finest, most loyal cat that ever walked a deck. The kitten seems to have had much the same feeling for "Brockville."

It seems that one day HMCS Brockville was tied up at the Dartmouth side of Halifax Harbor. The mascot kitten decided to go ashore and look the town over but before it had a chance to return to the ship the vessel had been moved across the stream. Six days later, dragging a broken leg, the kitten arrived back aboard ship. The crew was overjoyed at the kitten's having returned and in a short time a veterinary, who happened to be a crew member of a ship alongside, had set the broken leg and the hero kitten was resting comfortably alongside an empty bowl.

become known to the tars as "Pop", entertaining them.

To actually tell all the good deeds that "Ma" has done for the Navymen
Continued on page 9

Plans For Tomorrow

This month's Crow's Nest is late in making its appearance but the publication date was set back for this issue in order to include the following interview with Capt. Cross, which, it was felt by the editors, was of the utmost importance to every member of the Royal Canadian Navy.

"Before we go too far into this discussion of demobilization and post-war planning, I want to point out that the fact that the Navy is giving so much consideration to the problem at the moment, is not to be taken as any indication that the authorities think the war is nearly won and that now is the time to slacken off. That is not at all the case. It is far from it."

This was the warning issued to Navymen everywhere by Captain Paul B. Cross, V.D., RCNVR, in an interview with a Crow's Nest representative recently. Captain Cross, who is at present on a tour of Naval bases, ships and establishments, is the Chief Staff



Capt. Paul B. Cross

Officer Reserves, attached to the Chief of Naval Staff. He is the first RCNVR officer to be appointed to Naval Board and as such represents the members of the Royal Canadian Naval Reserve and the Royal Canadian Naval Volunteer Reserve. For the individual members of the Royal Canadian Navy, particularly the Reserve personnel, this man's duties are paramount. Of his multiple tasks two of the most important are demobilization plans and the building up of the complement of Canada's peace-time Navy.

To Start Discussion Groups

Speaking of the work being carried on by the Directorate of Demobilization, headed by Lieut. John H. Macdonald, RCNVR, and which comes under the charge of Captain Cross, the Chief Staff Officer Reserves, said, "Several officers will be sent out shortly to ships, establishments and bases for the express purpose of interesting Naval personnel of all ranks and ratings in serious discussion groups to deal with plans for post-war and demobilization problems. These discussions, as I have said, are being held not because we feel that the end of the war is near, but rather that we may be prepared when the end of the war does come."

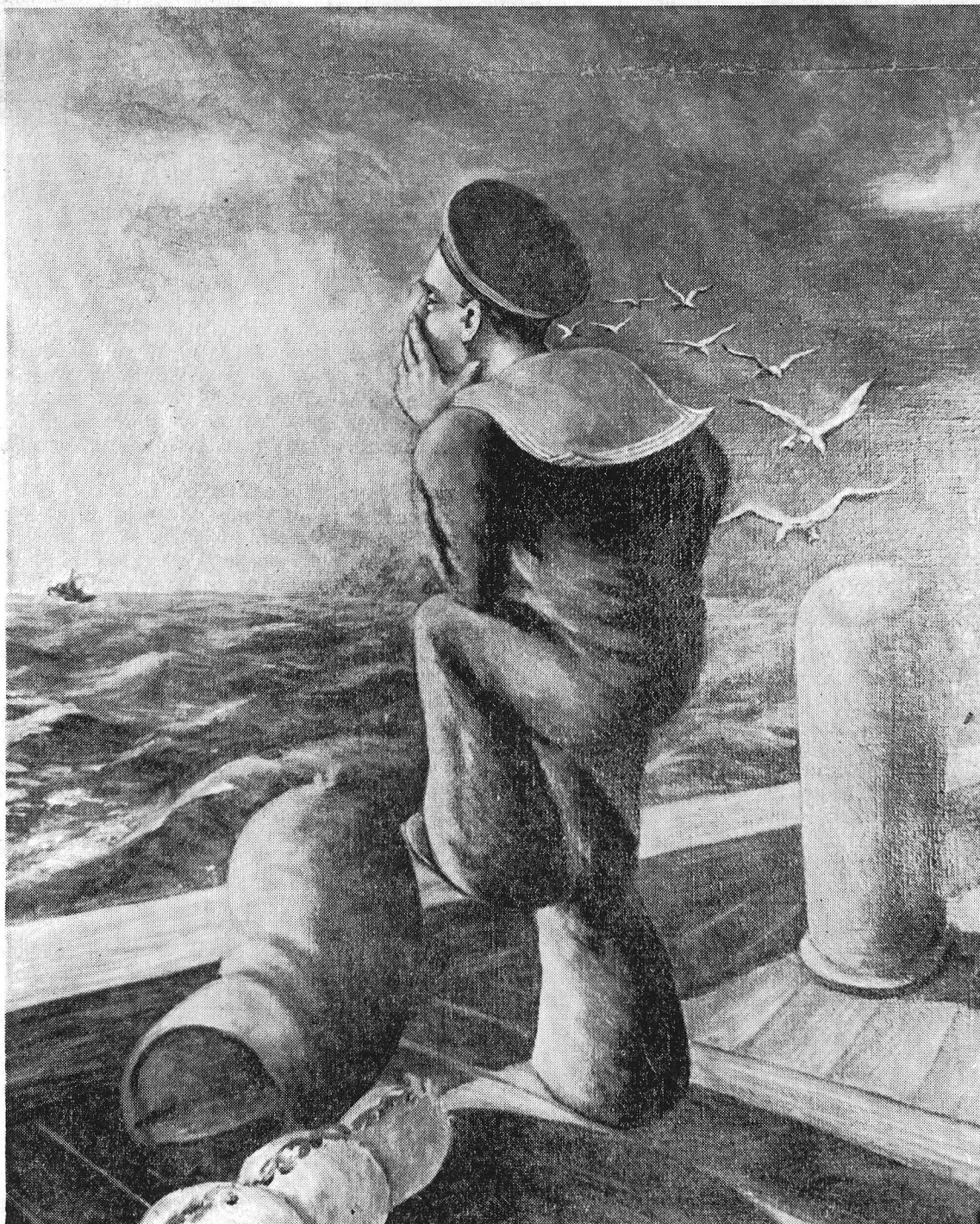
Captain Cross explained that the officers who will organize the discussion groups will stay at each establishment or aboard each ship until all personnel have had the opportunity of hearing and taking part in the talks. The plans for the discussion groups are such that there will be complete exchanges of ideas on the part of all personnel and the ideas put forth will be taken up by the Directorate of Demobilization and given consideration when final formation of the demobilization scheme is being worked out.

Job Or Bread-line?

The Navy, according to Captain Cross, is well aware of the fact that large numbers of men today are wondering whether they are going to step out into satisfactory jobs or end up in a bread-line at the conclusion of the war. It is with this thought in mind that the post-war discussions will be held, with a view to alleviating any worries of this kind that might cause Naval personnel to become less efficient in the carrying out of their duties.

"It is one of my duties and the express duty of the Directorate of Demobiliz-

ADRIFT



It may have been that some time or other Able Seaman Mervyn Levitt, RCNVR, of Edmonton, Alta., had experienced that "what's-the-use?" feeling one would get upon legging it down to the jetty only to see his ship far out at sea, but anyway, here's his impression of what a sailor looks like when it happens to him. The picture was done in oils and the artist is a young man, still in his teens, who shows much promise in his style and execution. Copy of the oil painting is an RCN Photo.

Continued on page 9

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

THE CROW'S NEST

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AT LAST—A V. D. FIGHT?

Judging by the amount of publicity the subject has received in recent weeks in newspapers and magazines throughout the country, Canada is on the verge, and none too soon, of a concerted campaign against venereal disease—the most prevalent communicable disease in this country today!

In almost all of the articles written, the Armed Services have been used as examples of what can be done to try to eliminate venereal disease among the masses of the people. The Service incidence charts show V.D. curves sloping gradually downward, while civilian charts are, unfortunately, showing gradual rise. If a check is not made soon there will be but one result of all this—with the war's end the Service men and women will be released to civilian life, and there will be no regular check made of their condition. Thus, even the number of men and women who have had the protection offered against gonorrhoea and syphilis, will once more be exposed to it.

For years the cry has been "Let's stop whispering about venereal disease." Each time a campaign has been begun, timid wobbly, steps have been taken and perhaps a small percentage of the public is made aware of an obligation it owes to society and to posterity. The lack of real response to any such obligation can be blamed almost totally, upon the fact that there has been the stigma of shame attached to it. However, it is only when something affects a minority of people that shame is found. Make a prevention so great in scope as to embrace everyone and to have reasonable explanation and the stigma of shame drops from it.

Today the business world advertises articles of the most delicate personal nature and store windows are openly decorated with these articles. They are accepted as protectors of the National Health. Again, employees of public eating places, in the vast majority of our cities and towns are required to have clear health cards. This, again in the interests of National Health. Throughout the length and breadth of this country today one sees billboards on which are shown fingers pointing at you and the question asked, "Are you a blood donor?" or, "Have you bought a war bond?"

Why couldn't that sign read, "Have you taken a Wasserman test?" If the products sold for delicate personal matters can be advertised widely, why cannot this most important phase of National Health be advertised just as widely? Why cannot the power that allows public officials to demand that employees of public eating houses be medically examined, be expanded to include all residents of the same areas? Contraction of venereal disease is certainly not confined to restaurants. Indeed, the issuing of National Registration cards presents an opportunity to make, at least, a systematic check-up of a portion of the population. On the issuance of a card a citizen could be sent immediately to a doctor's office for a test, just as a part of a routine. In schools further steps could be taken in a similar way to stamp out the hereditary spread of the disease.

Medical science admits that there is but one way to stamp out the disease and that is by treatment of the persons carrying it. Medical men openly express the opinion that the system of segregation of the disease, as practiced in some areas, is not enough. We, as individuals are quite willing to take the word of medical men with regard to statements on other diseases. It behooves us, then, to take their word regarding this most vicious of all diseases. It would indeed, be a pity to win the battle over the present Nazi foe only to have our people go down before another army that is much greater, more tenacious and which carries on its work in the same unobtrusive way until it is prepared to make its presence known—Venereal Disease.

THE DISCUSSION CLUBS

Announcement has been made by Captain Paul B. Cross, Chief Staff Officer Reserves, that discussion clubs for planning demobilization activity are soon to be formed within the Navy, everywhere. Capt. Cross is the first Volunteer Reserve man to be appointed to the Naval Board. A second Volunteer Reserve Officer, Acting Paymaster-Captain Joseph Jeffrey, Naval Secretary, has since been appointed to the Board, with power to vote.

The exact duties of Captain Cross are to "advise the Minister and the Naval Board on all matters which affect the Reserve forces of the Royal Canadian Navy." A large proportion of his time is spent in ships, bases, and establishments, including V.R. divisions, where he discusses Reserve problems, both of a personal and general nature. It is pointed out that Commanding Officer Reserve Divisions, at Toronto, still retains command of all Reserve Divisions.

Captain Cross has told The Crow's Nest in an interview that one of his most important tasks is that of setting up an organization to deal efficiently and adequately with the plans for demobilization and post-war life.

The matter of post-war plans often brings forth the argument both within the Service and in other quarters, that planning the post-war life of men is a futile project and one which should be left until the war is actually over, when we will have a better idea of what should be done.

Even though not one of the plans being made for the future should be practical enough to be put into use, the work will have been invaluable for the simple reason that it has caused men to think and do for the betterment of life for their fellows. However, the men who today are planning for the future are not ignorant of the pitfalls that lie ahead, nor are they doing their planning without the sanction of as many individuals as possible. That is why the Navy has decided to form the discussion clubs aboard all ships, and at all bases and establishments.

We all realize there will be flaws in post-war plans. Some will be workable and others will be absolutely impossible because of unforeseen difficulties that will arise. Nevertheless, there are bound to be some steps taken in the right direction and even to be partially prepared will be better than not to be ready at all.

The old axiom still holds good: An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

THE OTHER WASAGA

By James A. Tapp, L/Wtr.

To vacationers in the Ontario region and for that matter to our southern neighbours in almost every state, the name Wasaga brings back happy memories of glorious summer days on the sun-drenched beaches of one of the Dominion's largest and most popular vacation 'heavens'. Happy, carefree days of swimming, golf, and other favorite outdoor sports. Cool August evenings sipping tall drinks on the spacious verandahs of the pavilions with the strains of a popular tune emanating from the dance floor. Or perhaps just drifting along in a canoe with your best girl while the sun is just going down and making a magnificent, red splotch across the horizon.

But there is another Wasaga. They call her "she" and the significant letters HMCS precede her. Not as well known as her namesake and in spite of the fact that this "Wasaga" does not publish any vacation folders, she is still doing pretty good business out here in the Atlantic.

Quite a departure from a lavish summer resort on a peaceful Ontario lake to a battleship-grey, gun-bedecked ship of war of the Canadian Navy. Instead of sunny stretches of dandy beaches there are the cold decks. And the hot cocoa for the men standing the middle watch takes the place of those long cool glasses. The girl friend in the canoe is now just the picture that is tacked up in your locker in the mess. And that pretty sunset just means another night now with closer vigilance to keep marauders from molesting a precious convoy. The dapper bright summer suits and sports gear are not very much in evidence on board this Wasaga either.

And here, too, may be found representatives of every great province in the Dominion, from the U.S.A. and from Newfoundland. There are bank clerks and miners, salesmen, farmers from the wheat fields of the west, fishermen from the eastern shores and men from the lumbering camps of our northern extremities.

What's in a name? Nothing perhaps. But maybe with Wasaga there is something significant. There is a great fleet out here fighting for the hundreds of little Wasagas all over the country. For the right to spend those happy carefree days on the beach again, to go to church, to enjoy those long winter evenings with their families and friends as they did before the dark cloud of Nazism and oppression threatened these things that are Democracy.



Hitler: "And I Always Thought You Were My Friend."

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.

Oh, No, We Didn't!

Dear Sir:

A few months ago you published an editorial condemning a Naval Commander (retired) for suggesting the formation of a Naval Men's Association. I don't wish to dwell on this but I do know that this man publishes a Boating Magazine that has always been interested in cherishing Naval traditions and also advocating a Naval Reserve.

In a following issue of The Crow's Nest you give a write-up on a local Naval Association. You suggest men join up in this association. At the present time this Association is having a membership drive. They state that theirs is the only Association in Canada looking after the interests of Naval men. This is not true and I think one can find Naval Veteran's Associations in every city across Canada. One of them, the Army and Navy Veterans has been operating in Canada under a Dominion Charter for over 40 years. The Canadian Legion also looks after the interests of ex-Naval men.

My suggestion is for Servicemen to wait until after the War is won before joining any veterans' club. When we return to our homes we can then join a local branch and we will be able to elect men best suited. In ex-Servicemen's associations war-time ratings or commissions are taboo. It has been shown many times an ex-seaman can act as president and do a good job. There have also been cases where an ex-rear-admiral could represent us properly. The point is, that both have an equal chance to represent us.

I trust, Mr. Editor, you will give the above some consideration. During the last war I served with the Royal Navy. Then, as now, we all looked for the time when the war ended—

When our last patrol is over
And no more I'll go to sea,
Then no more I'll be a rover

No more a sailor will I be;
Just a farm set in a valley
Where no U-boats lurk or dwell,
No more hammocks, no more galley
When I leave this damned M.L.
In closing let me quote a verse of one of Sir Harry Lauder's famous last war songs:
When the fighting is over and the war is won
And flags are waving free,
When the bells are ringing and the boys are singing
Songs of Victory,
When we all gather round the old fire-side
And the old mother kisses her son;
All the lassies will be loving all the laddies,
The laddies who've fought and won.
Hostility Bloke.

Apparently Hostility Bloke misunderstood The Crow's Nest editorial in the August, 1943 issue, entitled "Let's All be Fair." The Crow's Nest did not condemn, in any way, the organization advocated by Boating Magazine. What The Crow's Nest did condemn was the manner in which Boating Magazine suggested Naval personnel contact the acting secretary of the organization. The Crow's Nest considered the method suggested by Boating Magazine as an evasion of censorship and, therefore, an offence against the Service. The Crow's Nest has no objection, whatsoever, to any Service organization in existence in Canada at the moment.

The Crow's Nest did not suggest (in the September, 1943 issue) that Naval men should join the White Ensign Association since it is not the job of this paper to recruit men for any particular organization. The Crow's Nest did, however, give recognition to the good work that has been accomplished by the White Ensign Association

Continued on page 6

FOOTLIGHT FANFARE

By Gib Potter, S.A.

"You Gotta be Rugged," featured song of "Stadacona" Special Services recent revue has its points, but m-thinks the title was taken too literally by one well known rating who has been giving the mens and wrens, chills and thrills at local concert entertainments.

'Wester-Canader' Ira Matlock hails from Alberta, where he used to corvette around on a horse and since then has spent considerable time horsing around on corvettes. Aside from that, his idea of a light workout is to grasp the kitchen table with his teeth and carry it thisaway and thataway about the stage. He then masticates the odd razor blade or two, to sharpen his appetite, topping it off with choice tidbits of broken light bulbs, which he says are like olives! Very good, but you have to acquire a taste for them. Could be! Ho-hum, what Navy cooking will do for a man.

His finale, running needle and thread through various parts of his anatomy is a Sailmakers nightmare!

Rugged is the word for Ira.

It is debatable which draws the biggest hand, the tap, tap, tapping feet of Toronto's Betty Gibson or her engaging smile but something really doods it.

'Kings Own' Jack Terrill, star of many a signal room concert has been in refit at RCNH but will soon be afloat again according to the latest buzz.

"The Last Time I Saw Paris" sopranos Wren Cora Campbell but her eyes have that 'Last Time I Saw Winnipeg' gleam in them!

Imperswoonater, L/Ck. Don Porter, RN, wanted to start from the bottom and work up, so it was down to the sea in subs for Don.

Coca Cola has Mart Kenny, but CVD still has L/SA Freddie Bridges and his jiving five beating it solid.

American vaudeville experience gives Fred Stone's novelty violin act that professional finesse that rates Mucha da encores.

Dead pan, Std. Harry Reid, comedy monologist was wowing them locally diring his recent shore leaves.

Famous last words:
"Are you still on Lodge & Comp.?"

PALSIED POETRY

By Hermes

Pusser grub is sorry stuff,
With due consideration,
The cooks should all be boiled in duff
And canned for the duration.

The bread is dunked in soup slop first
Then served with rancid butter.
The tea is bad, the coffee worse,
The meat can bounce like rubber.

The eggs are always two weeks old
Before they reach our table.
The soup is never hot—but cold.
The bacon looks like cable.

Tomato sauce—red lead to you—
Is said to build your body.
But with that gory goo in view
My heart belongs to "toddy."

Potatoes twice in every day
In every week is horrid.
My tum's developed quite a bay:
So many spuds it's storrid!

I'm living—though I don't know how.
'Tain't human so to suffer.
I hope the mess is open now—
I'm starved and want my supper!

It is not the fine points of opinion
which divide us but the rough points
of human nature.

LEATHER-PUSHERS DRAW BIG CROWD



One thousand fight fans turned out to see the Stokers' boxing tourney at HMCS Cornwallis last month. Shown here are the boxers. **Front Row, left to right**—D. H. McDonald, Calgary Alta.; G. V. Smith, Farnham, P.Q.; F. Read, Welland, Ont.; J. W. Morrison, Vancouver, B.C.; W. Leonard, Montreal, P.Q.; A. Mattingsley, Calgary, Alta.; C. Sidebottom, Windsor, Ont. **Back Row, left to right**—K. Meadwell, Sioux Lookout, Ont.; J. Terry, Toronto, Ont.; R. Lameroux, Montreal, P.Q.; D. Bronson, Beebe, P.Q.; G. W. Newman, Haney, B.C.; E. Strudwick, Fort Qu'Appelle, Sask.; L. Shaben, Calgary, Alta.; C.P.O. Blades.

BOOK REVIEWS

These books are available at the Naval Library Service.

Enemy In Sight—By S. R. H. Rogers Tells some dramatic stories of the British Navy and the British Merchant Navy in the present war. The book includes the chase of the Bismarck to avenge the sinking of the Hood, the actions fought by Scotstoun and Rawalpindi and Jervis Bay and many others. A tribute is made to the unsung heroes of Minesweepers, Trawlers and of the Merchant Navy.

Canada after the War—Edited by Alexander Brady. An unbiased survey of the problems that are to be met by post-war Canada. In it are 10 independent chapters written by well known Canadians, each an authority on his own subject. The opinions expressed are varied and no attempt has been made by the authors to achieve unity of thought. Partial contents; The constitution, and the post-war world, Frank Scott; Canada and the world, F. H. Howard; The project of full employment and its implications, D. C. MacGregor; National policy, B. S. Kiersted.

Lifeline—By Robert Carse, the author of "There Go The Ships." This is a vivid story of the American Merchant Marine. He writes grippingly of the sea and seamen—makes you feel the ships and the storms, the fog and the deadly fear of the U-boat; the Nazi planes and the bitter courage of the men who get "dumped" and go back for more. He also tells of the home front administration that makes the lifeline possible. The book is filled with action photographs. It is written from first hand knowledge and experience because the author knows what it is to be a sailor.

Duet With Nicky—By Alice Berzowsky. Into a wintry world of books about the war, comes "Duet with

Nicky." To read it is to feel the same surge of hope and promise that comes with the first sight of spring flowers, while snow yet lingers in the fence corners. It is the story of the Russian composer and musician, Nicolai Berzowsky, who by a series of miraculous escapes, made his way from his native land after the revolution, through Poland, and finally to the United States. Here he met and fell in love with "Alice", who became his wife, and who now gives us this delightful story of their life together. From this book one catches something of the zest for life which these two have kept, even amid the upheavals and tragedies of the twentieth century.

Down North—By Rt. Hon. Malcolm MacDonald. Reading "Down North" is like travelling through strange and fascinating regions with an unusually interesting companion. Malcolm MacDonald has an eye that sees, an ear that hears, a sensitivity that responds to atmosphere. He possesses a mastery of pictorial words, of edged, clean-cut phrases. Here is an opportunity to see the great North-west, now the subject of so much lively discussion and speculation and to read tales spun from its romantic past told in a delightfully charming and easy manner.

Snoot If You Must—By Lucius Beebe. Clever, witty and entertaining; written in a refreshing style. The author has endeavoured to portray a reporter's view of the other side of the picture—characters, famous, glamorous or otherwise, in their various roles in life, and the background prepared for celebrities. To see and understand humanity as it really is brings to the reader's mind the thought, "Are folks what they seem to be?" Altogether an interesting book.

War Services Men Setting Fine Example

By Hermes

There is much verbiage cluttering the airways and daily journals today, for, with the first glimmerings of Victory on the horizon, the political poltroons are once more dissenting as to which allied nation is contributing more to the war effort and who is to say what, once the war has been brought to a successful conclusion. They might well take example from the three war services stationed at HMCS Cornwallis.

Adjutant C. G. Barton, Mr. Stan. Wadlow and Mr. Bun Crawford, representing such widely diversified organizations as the Salvation Army, YMCA, and Knights of Columbus have been working hand in hand, under direction of Special Services, for the past few months with but one common cause: the welfare and entertainment of the personnel at Canada's largest Naval Base.

With a spirit of co-operation that is truly edifying the three men have shared the same nook of office, exchanged equipment and ideas, and in general, worked together to promote every means possible of adding to the pleasure of the men and women stationed here.

Working Hard

Although their programs have all been sadly curtailed awaiting the erection of their respective huts, they have, nevertheless, been doing a splendid job. More than 25 film showings are given at various messes, Wren Fo'c'sles and aboard HMCS Saguenay every week under the auspices of the three groups. Ping pong tables and tournaments, weekly dances, skating parties, free bingo, roller skates and hockey equipment, free stationery and small games for all the Blocks are but some of the many services supplied, and the supervisors themselves are excellent models of good citizenship and sportmanship for any of the lads with whom they come into contact.

SYDNEY SPORTS SLANTS

By PO J. C. Altman, P & RTI



The "Protector" Hockey Team annexed the Cape Breton Senior Championship after defeating Army three straight games, in a best-three-out-of-five game series.

The Tars proved they were rightful claimants to the crown by the excellent record chalked up during the playing schedule, winning 13 of 16 games.

The first game of the play-offs was a real thriller, with a "Dick Merriwell finish." With the score tied 6-6 and only a few seconds remaining in the last period, "Scotty" Linn, youthful right-winger, grabbed a loose puck at centre ice, carried it across the Army blue-line, circled the defence and slapped the puck into the net a split second before the gong went to end the game.

The Boys-in-Blue made it two in a row, taking the second game 9-5. The starry front line of Poulton, McKeown, and Bathgate combined their efforts and figured in six of the nine goals scored, while Al Hodgkinson, Ken Henry, and "Red" Eagan were the other Navy snipers.

In the third game of the series, the Sailors met a stubborn Army squad, which was facing elimination. The "Foot Sloggers" put up a terrific barrage in the first two periods which netted them five goals while the "Middies" could only shove three pucks past the Army goalkeeper, who was sensational. A determined band of puckchasers filed out of the Navy dressing room to take the ice in the third heat. For about 15 minutes of the last stanza, it looked like the soldiers would finish up on the long end of the score, but they forgot they had a scrappy bunch of sailors to contend with. The tars needed no urging, and at the 16-minute mark, Lieut. Ian Craig, sharp-shooting defenceman, broke the spell with a hard drive, which completely baffled the Army net-minder, and made the score 5-4. Successive goals by Linn, Bathgate and Eagan put the tars two goals up, and with only seconds remaining in the period Red Eagan scored another for good measure, making the final score 8-5 for the Navy. Spectators swarmed on the ice after the game to congratulate the sailors on their victory, and for bringing a hockey championship to "Protector" for the first time.

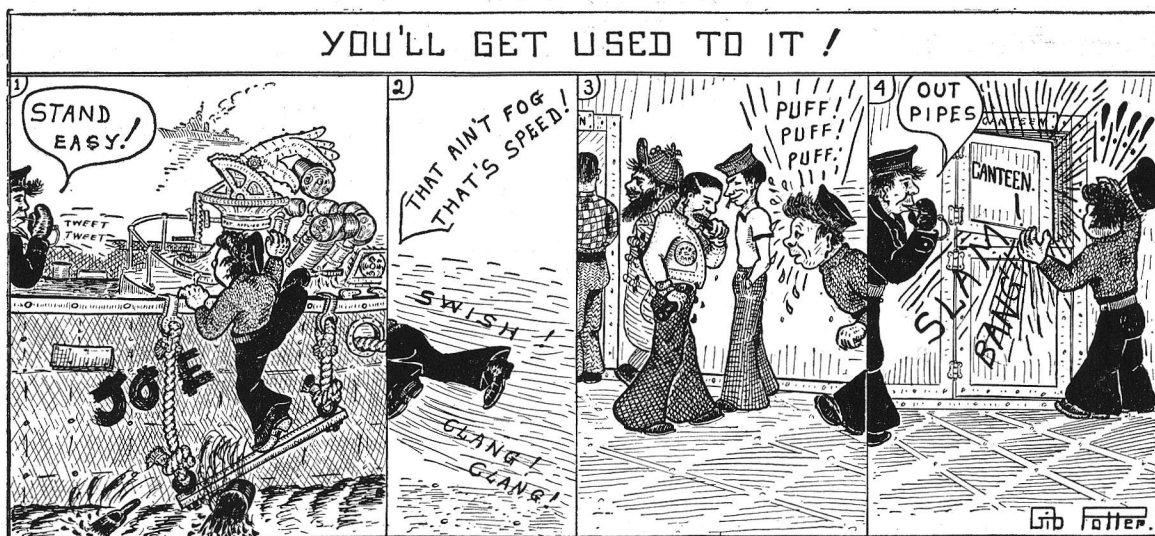
It is very difficult to select individual stars in the Navy Club; however, honourable mention goes to "Bunky" Lukasik, basher extraordinary, who played a bang-up game on the defence. The speedy front line of Harry Poulton, Bernie Bathgate and Jimmy McKeown, thrilled the fans with their accurate passing plays which netted them 12 goals in the playoffs. Al Hodgkinson, Ken Henry and Scotty Linn also gave a good account of themselves, and timely goals by this trio of speedsters are one of the main reasons the Tars are champs. Red Eagan, colorful utility man, took on a new role playing defence during the series, and proved his versatility, filling in the spot as if he played there all his life. "Pop" Poplowsky, surely proved his worth in the Navy Nets, turning away Army snipers as they threatened to invade his little home.

The "Protector" team will meet the winner of Halifax Navy vs. HMCS "Cornwallis" for the right to play in the Maritime finals.

Boxing interest is being revived in Cape Breton with the staging of the Annual Inter-Service Boxing Tournament, sponsored by the Kinsmen Club of Sydney, on March 7 and 8, in aid of the "Milk for Britain Fund."

Navy will defend their titles this year, entering a strong team led by Freddy Jackson, featherweight, Warren

Continued on page 10



THE SAILORS' LADIES

by M.F.R.



The saddest people in the world aren't in the conquered countries—they are on the radio in the soap operas every day. It is quite in order for the quarter-hour program to open with wild sobbing at the bedside of a dying friend—it *always* ends on a scream of horror as someone either gets thrown into jail or the "Beyond". The average "Canadian Soldier's wife" tracks down blackmailers, steals photostatic prints from newspaper offices, and regularly gets into terrible accidents. Loyal husbands think nothing of dropping into a bad attack of amnesia when they discover they are in love with their wives, and their girlfriends; the amount of general double-dealing and murder solving that goes on in the "average" citizen's life simply amazes one! However, perhaps these are easier on the nerves than those children's programs wherein the hero sneaks into German power plants, Japanese torture chambers, gongs sound and hideous laughter shrieks in waves. The soap operas have an out-of-this-world, opiate effect—but those kid programs are enough to scare an adult to an early death.

We know a bride, a former office worker, who runs her household with lists. Lists of things to do, lists of things to buy, and lists of places to go at certain times. Her kitchen is more like the chart and navigation room of the Pan-American Airways than anything else. The other evening at 5.30 her husband rang the front bell, stuck his head in the door timidly and called, "Joanie, here I am back from work. Am I on the list O.K.?" To which she replied anxiously, "Oh, John, you'll just have to go away for a little while—I have you marked for 6 p.m. dear."

Our young sister's latest joke is about the lady who opened the door of her refrigerator and was confronted by a small, but calm, mouse. "What are you doing here?" she asked indignantly, and he enquired, "This is a Westinghouse, isn't it?" When she

answered "Yes," he concluded, "Well, I'm westing!"

Now that they are talking of using cow's blood to be made into plasma for war use, the joke about the bovine sporting his Red Cross bronze medal is not as silly as it used to sound. Next thing will be a Department of Propaganda for the Pasture, with possible posters printed as follows:

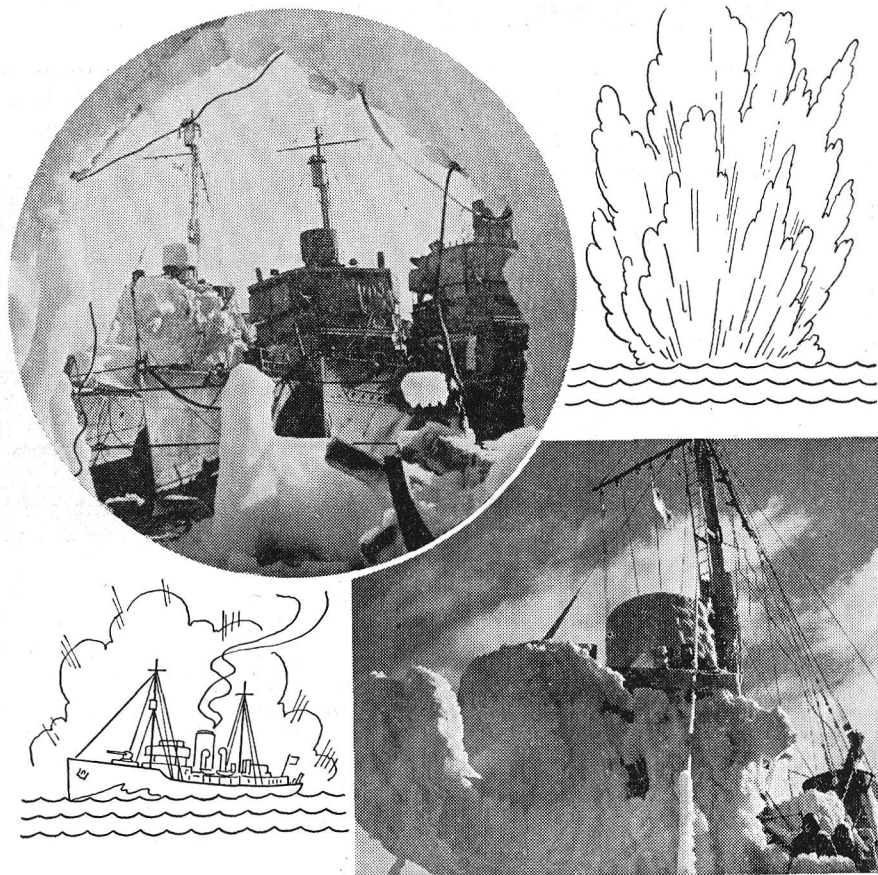
"Moo, moo, Bessie, won't you donate blood?
Moo, moo, Bessie, don't be an old dud.
Moo, moo, Bessie, nip the war in the bud,

Your plasma's off for the seven seas!"

A typical story of how the masculine mind works comes to us from an Army officer's wife who finds it takes her a good hour, and a shout every couple of minutes, to persuade her husband to greet the day—with or without a song. Then, he goes to the barracks and tells all stragglers in a very cold, forbidding tone: "There is absolutely no excuse for lateness. Never depend on anyone else to get you up out of bed. You're in uniform now and you must attend to these matters strictly as your own duty.

One-word description of a Naval officer's mood when awakened at the crack of dawn: Offisurlish.

We have heard a lot of strange stories from parents, but the one related recently by a man in uniform sets the record. He swears his precocious year-old son wakes them up each morning in a very unusual way. From his cot in the same room the heir braces his feet against the wall and with a mighty push, sends his "landing craft" speeding across the floor on its casters, meantime yelling briskly to the sleeping household, "Beachhead, here I tum!"



This printing plate is known as a "combination line and half tone" engraving, and is typical of the type and class of work produced by

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ALL-NAVY WEDDING AT 'CORNWALLIS'



The chapel of HMCS Cornwallis was the scene of a pretty wedding when Nursing Sister Walterina Scott MacFarlane, RCN, of Chesley and Ottawa, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alex MacFarlane, of Chesley, Ont., was united in marriage to Surg.-Lieut. Edgar M. Gee, RCNVR, son of Mr. and Mrs. F.M. Gee, of Winnipeg. Rev. R. McLeod, Chaplain, RCN, officiated.

The bride was given in marriage by Surg.-Cdr. R. K. Thomson, RCNVR, PMO, Cornwallis and was attended by Nursing Sisters Ruth Fleiger and Kaye Derby, RCN, Surg.-Lieut. Laing, of Montreal, was the best man and wedding music was played by Surg.-Lieut. Frank Leckie, RCNVR, of Winnipeg. A reception was held at the home of Capt. and Mrs. J. C. I. Edwards, RCN, Commanding Officer of "Cornwallis." Surg.-Lieut. and Mrs. Gee will reside in Hamilton where he is attached to HMCS Star.

In the above picture are shown the members of the wedding party, l. to r Nursing Sister Fleiger, Surg.-Lieut. Gee, Mrs. Gee, Surg.-Lieut. Laing and Nursing Sister Derby.

Newfoundland Port YWCA Hostel Has Charm And Qualities Of Home

A Newfoundland Port—There never was a place more truly called "a home away from home" than the YWCA Leave Hostel at this North Atlantic Port. Here, Wrens, CWAC's and WD's from all parts of Canada are made to feel that this is their place to relax and enjoy "off" hours.

That it is an institution is belied by the building itself. A big, old, frame house, it has the charm and home-like qualities of a friendly boarding house. Showers, a laundry, games room and cheery, tastefully furnished sitting-rooms are at the disposal of the 41 girls the place accommodates.

Primarily, as its name implies, it is a "leave" hostel—where girls from the three services may spend short leaves. It is used, also, as a stopping-over place for service girls who are posted to various parts of the base, until other accommodation may be found.

"Mothers" To All

Presiding over this little home, which has been established by Canadian War Services, are two women whose war jobs consist of managing YWCA hostels such as these in various communities where service men and women are stationed. They are Mrs. A. E. F. MacLean, formerly of Shoal Lake, Man. and Brantford, Ont., and Mrs. N. J. England of London, Ont., whose husband is a doctor with the 15th Canadian Field Ambulance, overseas. Serving in the official role of hostess and assistant hostess, respectively, Mrs. MacLean and Mrs. England act, in reality, as "counsellor and guide" to the girls in their care. They administer everything from motherly "talkings-to" to first aid, and it is not unusual for them to contribute their own jewellery and wearing apparel to the desperate cause of a service girl who is "stuck" on the night of a big date. A staff of three cheery Newfoundland girls rounds out the organization and all in all, it is a set-up that spells happiness and comfort to many a girl who might otherwise be lonely.

Discipline Not Rigid

While discipline is strict it is not rigid. The rules of the house are that "boy-friends" must be out by 12 p.m.—and no sitting in darkened rooms while entertaining. Alcohol and drunken visitors are both taboo. The girls make their own beds and keep their rooms tidy. Home-cooked meals are served cafeteria style in a cheerful dining-room furnished in loyalist maple. The cost of meals and

rooms is nominal—certainly well within the sometimes meagre means of service women.

Everything possible is done to assure the happiness and comfort of the girls who are serving their country so far from home. Besides the usual piano, radio and games, there is additional entertainment offered in the way of moving pictures every Thursday

Continued on page 12

Give Montreal Home To Navy For Hospital

The key to the Redpath Crescent home of Maj. and Mrs. W. R. G. Holt of Montreal was presented to Navy Minister Angus L. Macdonald by Mrs. Holt during a brief ceremony Saturday February 26, in which the Navy officially took over the house and grounds for use as a hospital for the duration of the war.

Offered as a contribution to the well-being of Canadian sailors in the Montreal area by Maj. Holt, who is now serving overseas, in memory of his son, FO Peter G. Holt, killed in action last year, the new establishment will be known as Peter Holt House, Navy Medical Centre, Montreal. Maj. Holt's daughter is Wren Pamela Holt Dunn, whose husband is a navy lieutenant.

With accommodation for approximately 40 patients, the hospital will be for navy personnel suffering from minor injuries and illnesses and men transferred from other hospitals for convalescence. The building will also serve as headquarters for naval medical service in Montreal, under Surgeon Lt.-Cdr. R. A. G. Lane, principal medical officer.

Arrangements for the navy to use the Holt home were first begun by the late Surgeon Lt.-Cdr. Frank Scully, former principal medical officer in Montreal, whose death occurred recently.

NAVAL NUPTIALS

SHERIDAN—BEAVER

The groom at a recent wedding in St. Anthony's Roman Catholic church, Toronto was O/Sea. Wayne Sheridan, RCNVR who is a specialty dancer in "Meet the Navy." His bride was Bernadine Beaver, daughter of John W. Beaver of Kingston and the late Mrs. Beaver. Father Robinson officiated. Attendants were the bride's sisters, Mrs. Grover Clare, Mrs. Arthur Thacker and Mrs. Howard De Geer. Groomsman was Grover Clare and ushers were the groom's dancing partners, "Duke" Cross, Roy Taylor and Lloyd Malefant. The wedding trip was to Vancouver, B. C.

Porter-Hammond



Spring flowers adorned the sanctuary at St. Paul's Cathedral, London, Ont., when the marriage was solemnized of Elizabeth (Betty), youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Hammond, of London, and CPO Jack Porter, RCNVR, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Porter, also of London. Very Rev. Dean Harding officiated and George Lethbridge presided at the organ.

Miss Margaret Hammond was bridesmaid and Miss Adeal Porter, sister of the groom was junior bridesmaid. Best man was R. G. Smith, the groom's brother-in-law and ushers were Sydney and Donald Porter, brothers of the groom. During the signing of the register Clair Dowling sang "O Promise Me!" A Naval

Continued on page 12

Patter From 'Prevost'

By Wren Beattie and
Writer Griff-fiths

Lt.-Cdr. J. R. Hunter, for four years the C.O. of HMCS Prevost at London, Ont., left last month to take up duties as X.O. of "Niobe." He made the trip by bomber and word was received here, shortly after, of his safe arrival "over there."

"Prevost's" new skipper is Lt.-Cdr. Carmichael, formerly X.O. of HMCS Hunter at Windsor Ont., and previous to that, the R.O. of "York."

The mild weather in the "Port of London" during the last month completely washed out our parade square skating rink. One very enjoyable skating party was held and we are all hoping for a little more winter to get in a couple more such parties.

We have now acquired another Wren at "Prevost" bringing our total up to seven. Marjorie Pearson is the name and she is a writer.

While on the subject of Wrens, we might mention the fact that they've formed a shooting club and from the first night's results on the rifle range it looks as if they're going right to town. Several are applying for transfer to the sniper branch of the senior service.

Again thinking of the Wrens, and who doesn't think of them, they're certainly taking advantage of the fact that 1944 is Leap Year. Four of the lucky seven have already announced their engagement and are wearing sparklers on the third finger left hand as per KR&AI article 769, Paragraph 14, third sentence, fourth line down.

While on the subject of engagements and the like, February seems to be a big month. S/Lt. Kersey got hitched on the 5th and S/Lt. Coombs on the 12th. Now they can take orders for awhile instead of dishing them out.

Also in the drafting and appointing process our Wren recruiting officer S/Lt. Sewell departed for "Haligonian" and S/Lt. McQueen arrived to take her place. We hope both officers are happy over their transfers.

There was excitement galore around "Prevost" the other week. It seems one of our S/Lt's whose name is being withheld at his own request but whose initials are Frank Thomas was ashore getting his trousers pressed at a very fashionable local joint, excuse me, establishment. All of a sudden, bedlam broke loose in the form of a fire in this very up-to-date ship, which by the way is located directly across the river, moat, or what have you, from "Prevost. Not wishing to see one of our favourite officers left in a tight spot, "Prevost's" fire party took the fast motor launch across Richmond Street and endeavoured to rescue our subby. But it was of no avail. He wouldn't leave without his \$13.50 trousers and kept dashing madly around the building in his red flannels, G.I. of course. Finally as luck would have it, he found them draped over his left arm, and without further ado, proceeded ashore and them back to the wardroom, where it was found that nothing was hurt but his dignity. With the aid of the city Fire Department and our fire party, the

NAVY SHOW RACONTEUR SIGNS FILM CONTRACT

By Gersha

First of the "Navy Show" cast to sign for the "bigtime," Lieut. A. Cameron Grant is sitting pretty with a happy smile on his genial face.

Opportunity knocked at his door one night in Montreal on the return engagement of the Show at "His Majesty's Theatre," when A. Lichtman, Vice-President of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer caught the show. An option was signed, the contract following on—of all days—January 13; one of Lieut. Grant's lucky days! The offer is open, to be effective after the war when duties with the RCNVR shall be concluded.

Talent Recognized

Lieut. Grant joined the Navy in November, 1942, with no thought of anything but routine service, and was connected for some months with the Directorate of Special Services, Ottawa, until, with the formation of the Navy Show, his undeniable talent was noticed.

With little or no stage experience he has attained an enviable reputation as an after dinner speaker and raconteur, with a gamut of 22 dialects, and an almost inexhaustible repertoire.

Lieut. Grant continues to pack in the laughs in his appearances on the Show, while looking forward to what should be a very bright future.

Declares Association Great Benefit To Navy

Expressing the opinion that The White Ensign Association was a valuable asset to all Naval personnel, Capt. A. Banyard, a senior member of the organization, told the members of the W. E. A. that he hoped to see the membership doubled in the near future. He said he was pleased to see that the Association now has many new members.

The secretary, W. E. Pounder, read a letter from Rear-Admiral G. C. Jones, RCN, Chief of Naval Staff, endorsing the principals of the organization.

Following a discussion of the Association's need for more publicity to further the work of the group, the following publicity committee was appointed: Mr. Garner, chairman, Messrs. King, Smith, Pattison, Milson, Bradley, Melhuish and CPO S. C. Rose, sec'y.

The meeting was held in the Torpedo School, HMCS "Stadacona," Halifax.

L/SA.—Any complaints about your clothes?

Jeep—My trousers aren't right.

L/SA.—I see nothing wrong with them.

Jeep—Mebbe not. But they're chafing me under the arms.

blaze was soon extinguished and life resumed its usual uneventful pace.

Avalon Sport Shorts

by "Sully"

Greetings from "Newfie", the winter play-ground of the Canadian Navy — and we aren't kidding! Any who scorn the possibilities of "Avalon" as a place to enjoy winter sports would certainly have their eyes opened, were they to visit this base on an active day. Most of our days are active, but many of you will understand that the climate here, sometimes balks our best efforts. We have no complaints as yet though, and the weather man has co-operated as well as can be expected.

A visitor to this barracks, or to be more naval-like, a rating drafted into this barracks, would find unlimited opportunities to expel his natural Canadian energy. A first class skating rink is in operation immediately behind the drill shed and it's all we can do to get the skaters off long enough to clean the ice-surface. Some of our senior hockey games have been played here, and an excellent interpart schedule is in full swing. One of our main jobs though is to provide skating facilities for the ships which have this port as a stop-over. One would think that a sea-going matelot would have more things on his mind than hockey, after 14 days at sea, but strangely enough, he hasn't. A ship no sooner has its lines fast, than someone is phoning the sport's office, requesting a hockey game. Naturally we are only too happy to oblige them, and many's the ship that has spent an enjoyable hour on our rink. Quite a decent amount of hockey gear is available for the lads, but we could certainly use much more.

Tuesday and Thursday nights are reserved for general, mixed skating, and service personnel are allowed to invite one guest. Music is provided, and occasionally, with the cooperation of the YMCA, these skating sessions are followed by a supper party and dance.

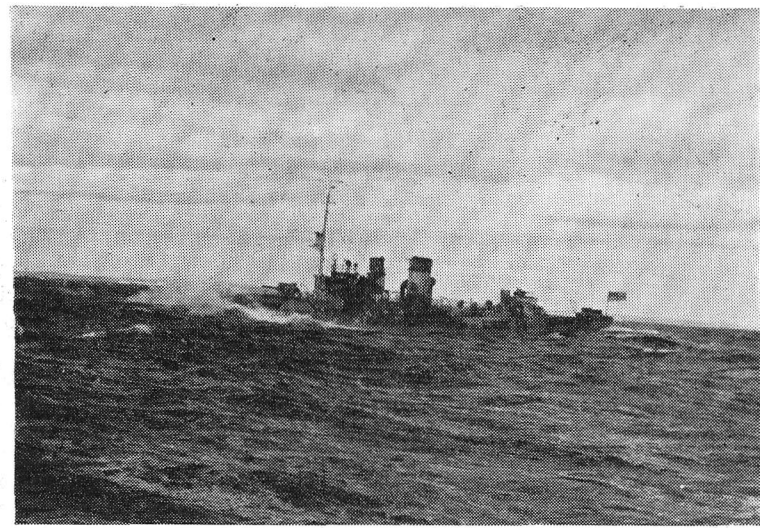
Yes indeed, this is one rink that is being made full use of.

Another branch of outdoor sports, which is quite popular at this base, is skiing. Although we only have a limited number of ski sets, they are in constant demand, and a waiting list of 20 or 30 fellows is very common. The surrounding country is quite suitable for skiing enthusiasts, and there certainly has been no shortage of snow. Quite a number of ratings, including yours truly, have had their first attempt at the noble art of remaining upright on a pair of slippery boards, aided, only by a set of none too substantial shafts of bamboo, and strangely enough have thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

Getting round to our indoor sports, we find quite a full roster. A number of activities which in the past, have been negligible as far as the ordinary rating is concerned, have been made available for all ranks and files. We refer to badminton and tennis mainly as these two sports have been more or less curtailed due to lack of gear, and playing space. At present, a rating has only a to voice his desire, and he is immediately supplied with all necessary gear, and allowed a period on our spacious drill floor. Badminton is very popular and at any time of the day or evening, couples may be seen bounding around after the little birdie. Wednesday evenings and Sunday afternoons are reserved for officers and their guests, at which times, they also have control of the skating rink. The indoor tennis court is coming into it's own, and in no time at all this should be one of our most popular pastimes.

Interpart bowling is still in full-swing, but there have been one or two changes which might interest you readers. Our new K. of C. hut is wide open and the Navy is making full use of the splendid bowling alleys. The Sports Office finds this much more convenient and also a little cheaper than the way we operated before. We have expressed our wonder previously, at the enthusiasm shown by our bowl-

ROUGH RIDING



It's a pretty picture, this shot of one of Canada's Navy's little ships out there in the rolling waves and spray of the Old Atlantic, but it is different story to be aboard a ship when she is facing into one of the wintry gales that lash the Eastern Coast of this country. The ship pitches and tosses about until one would think every bolt and rivet in her must soon come loose, but the gallant vessels keep on bucking the waves and searching for the lurking U-boats.—RCN Photo.

ing teams, and we must confess that we are still slightly amazed.

A very passable interpart basketball league is in full operation, and the grade of basketball being played, is remarkably high. Ten teams are battling it out for top honors, under the expert managership of one, PTI Jack McKenzie.

Mr. McKenzie is not only interested in the interpart schedule. He also manages one of the senior teams which is entered in the Inter Service league. The Navy has two teams this season. One of them under the guiding hand of Griff Jones is titled C N and the other (which "Mack" handles) is known as "Avalon." You can well imagine the competition which has been raging since the start of the season. Both Navy teams are out to win, and of course we mustn't overlook the Canadian and American Army, YMCA, or the Air Force teams which are really in there this year. It's too early to start claiming winners, but the 'U. S. Peppers' look pretty good to us, and will bear some close watching.

As per usual, the RCN Senior Hockey team is rated tops among the entries here in Avalon." This year, has produced an exceptionally good team. Many of our boys are well known to all of you. Such lads as, "Spike" Larabie, Alex Watt, Jim Gartely, Jock" Copeland, Jack Shill, "Pat" Lefavre, George Heming, and "Mike" Bariskey go to make up a really fast-moving, accurate team, and "Pete" Mill ought to know. Yes gang, "Pete" is again at the helm and under his steering, our seniors look unbeatable. PTI George Davies has been doing a swell job of managing the team, and Ernie Franklin, our bad-man wrestler has been lending capable assistance. At present, the team is away on a tour of some of the other service camps around the country.

"Stan" Burton, our PO in charge of staff, has just passed out the third class from our Shore Patrol. He has been instructing them in the art of "Judo," and believe us, our Naval Police certainly know a bunch of new tricks. Daily classes in the Drill Hall put the boys on their toes and we are happy to report that both classes were quite successful. "Stan" is a very competent instructor and we'd sure hate to be without him.

Just in passing, we'd like to mention that "Eddie" Bourque would net you quite a laugh if you could only see him trying to oblige a few hundred officers and men, with only eleven sets of skis. Stokers, Nursing Sisters, Skippers, Sub-looies, and countless others, are continually phoning to have skis reserved, and its really a picnic. However, a person can only do so much, with so much, and "Little Eddie" manages quite well.

The Sports Staff has been on edge

for sometime now. It seems that a new element will make it's appearance at any time. We refer to the WRCNS. Naturally, fear of dealing with the female portion of our Navy has not entered anyone's mind. It's just that most of the lads would like to get underway. Does anyone blame them? Hurry up girls!!

Hope you'll pardon us, if this column is a little sketchy in spots, but "yours truly" has just returned from leave, and quite naturally, is a little the worse for wear. Also, he is not quite abreast of the times here in "Avalon," as far as the athletic set-up is concerned. All business is now handled from the new office in RCNB, and on top of that, the staff has changed a bit.

"Geoff" Harris, our versatile, personality man was drafted for sea-time, and in his place we have PO "Bill" Henderson. Leaving close on the heel of "Geoff" was Andre Charles. "Andy" was married at New Year's and promptly went to sea in one of our minesweepers. Is there a lesson there someplace?

CLAIM TOP CAGE SQUAD OF ANY SEA-GOING SHIP

A string of 15 victories in basketball games since November is the record of the minesweeper Canso's crewmen who claim they have the best squad of hoopsters of any sea-going ship. They play a game every time they are in port and have only been beaten three times, each loss being at the hands of a shore establishment.

Members of the starry cage aggregation are S/Lt. Don Purdy, Lieut. (E) Don Finlayson; S/Lt. W. Ebbles, ERA Wilf. Wilson; Yeo. of Sigs. Gerry Elliott, AB Ross Gilfillan and AB Pete Fraser.

Fishmen And Chippies Contest Hockey Title

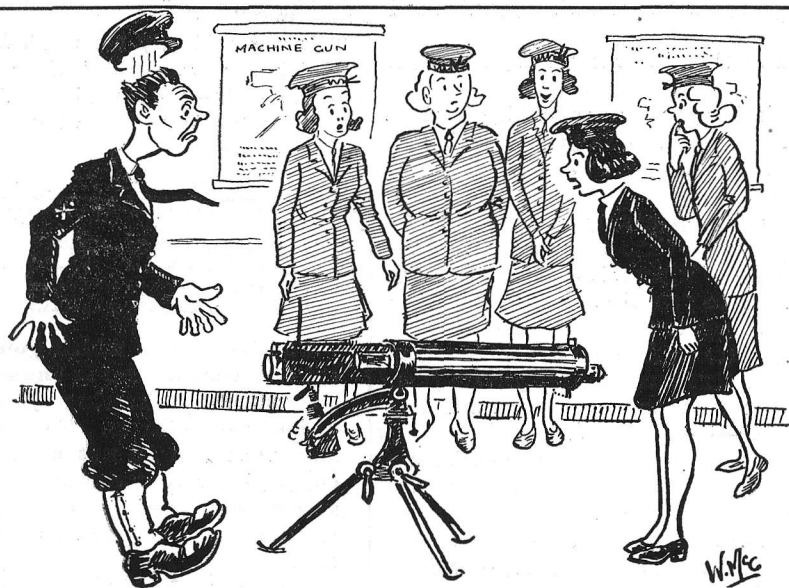
Finalists for Stadacona's Inter-Part Hockey Championship will be Torpedo School and Shipwrights.

Both clubs are sprinkled with several star hockeyists and have been setting the pace in their respective loops all season.

The Torpedomen appear to have the edge in the betting but the "Chippie chaps" boast they'll knock their opponents for a double loop.

Play in the inter-part circuit is usually of the bang-up variety and as both clubs "dislike" each other with enthusiastic intensity the finals should be thrillers.

You kissed and told
But that's all right:
The guy you told
Called up last night!



G. M. "What happens when the water boils?"
Wren. "You make a cup of tea."

INSIDE DOPE by an INSIDE DOPE

by Henry Sherman, A.B.



"I'll take the second one from the left!"
 "You can have her! That tall blonde in the centre. She's the one for me!"
 "You can keep the lot of them, you big apes! But where's that cute baritone with the moustache. Ah, me! To see a real man again."

Dear little friends of the animal kingdom. The above brilliant bit of witty repartee is just a snatch of conversation 'tween a Wren and the two ratings who had escorted her with a minimum of trepidation to the Massey Harris Show on the share-the-wealth plan. It seems the young lady was fed up with the whoops and whistles of her

Rabelaisian Romeos when a dozen-odd cute chorines in catchy cutaway costumes cavorted captivately on the stage.

The Massey Harris Combines which played to two packed houses here last month certainly did feature gals with gams. The kind that makes Junior on the Red Skelton show say, "Mommy, buy me one-a dose!" "And one-a dose!" And one-a dose!" And so on down the line till we come to the little brunette who's a full time riveter at the plant.

"No—not one- a dose. D'ya tink I wanna get killed? Yu twy an' get fwhesh wit a wiveter. I still can't sit where I was spot-welded by that partimer at John Inglis!"

The show is a snappy revue expressly designed to please the serviceman well paced, with never a dull moment. A great slice of the time is devoted to solo and group dance routines with the remainder apportioned to musical novelties, comic monologues and songs. One of the highlights was a dance of old Spain complete with costume, castinets and wiggles. It was cleverly executed although the gal had us wondering for a while.....did she know writhe from wrong?

And here is one interesting feature. Of the cast of nineteen, sixteen were femmes fatale and only three men. Perhaps that is why one of the Wrens was heard to remark, "Show? Huh! All they got is some girls."

And a wise old chief sitting one row behind her nodded sadly and said, "Man wants but little here below....."

There have been a goodly number of visiting shows at Cornwallis, usually well staged, always well received. But it is doubtful whether most people realize the tremendous amount of behind-the-scenes activity that always precedes each of these entertainments. The first tentative plans by the Special Services Officer, the mad hurry and bustle of preparing the stage and Drill Shed for the show, arranging accommodation for the performers. All these and many more add to the worry and headaches of this office, and what' even worse: we gotta use our own aspirin!

The latest thing in landscaping is now being added to the Base. With an eye for beauty and all fine things, the construction people are at it again, hammer and tongs, busy as beavers, touching here, fussing there, just to make HMCS Cornwallis a better place to live in. Ah, yes, they are building. A fence!

According to the rumour rhapsodists, the gate is to bar all hens, dogs, oxen and other citizenry of the Annapolis Valley from meandering in, snapping pictures of our happy boys laughing at their work and using said pics for tooth-paste ads. But we don't know.

On a cool, stary evening, with the moon playing "hide-and-seek" with the clouds and the Open Road a-beckoning it *might* have come in handy, that long stretch of frontage on the highway sans sir, sans sentry, sans Central Reg. But now all that is behind us, or rather in front of us as we peer through the bars of the old corral and hurl sarcastic remarks at the good people passing by. "No you can't see me today, but leave your card with my man at the gate!"

Boy, are we getting exclusive!

Since running a picture of an anonymous Cornwallis rating skating on his head in last month's column, the enquiries have flocked in thick and fast as to just how one accomplished such an ungodly stunt. To which we can only reply: "Aw shucks, maw! 'T weren't nuthin!"

Learning to skate is really very simple. The night before the big adventure you merely repeat: "I am confident!" "I am confident!" sixty-six times after you have climbed into your bunk and tucked the blankets in where they do the most good. Then, if you sleep in an upper, you stamp your foot directly in the face of the man below you, and bellow, "I can skate! I can skate!" fifty-three times. This suggests to your sub-conscious that you are an outdoor man of skill and prowess, even though your conscious feels more like settling down behind a good book.

The next day, it is a cinch to find a "pal" just dying to teach you how, and you make tracks towards the rink. It is about this time you find your subconscious beating up a back alley and your conscious babbling like mad about the cold in your nose and your neglected education. But there is no turning back now, so you engage the enemy more closely.

The skates are donned and you shove off, your friend keeping a firm grip on your arm. Your right foot points east, by north-east, your left foot points west, by northwest, the base of your spine points due south, and the rest of your body tries to effect a compromise between true and magnetic North.

Sometimes you *don't* break an arm.

When your limp and unprotesting hulk has been hauled to its pins again, you vaguely hear your friend telling you to keep your feet together, and "do it like this." You keep your feet together and "do it like this" for a while, and just when you think you're coming along fine, who should whiz by with an invitation in her eye but that little Wren whom Pal Joey has been trying to date up all week.

"So long pal!" In three seconds flat you're alone, and in seven seconds flatter you are looking up at the firmament firmly enmeshed in two dozen-odd legs belonging to four Wrens, six seamen, three stokers and a P.O. with seven teeth sunk in your left ear.

Some time later, when all have collected their feet and other scattered belongings and are grimly grouped about your battered form, still sprawled upon the ice, you have only one recourse. Smile feebly, wave your hand and say: "Sorry folks, but it won't happen again. One of you took my right leg."

We need hardly relate
 That the impuls: to skate

Wartime Romance

(Slightly Influenced by the Jabberwocky)
 By M. W.

'Twas twelve-ish, and the shiny moon
 Did whoomph and wobble in the sky.
 All twinkle were the groovey stars,
 And the puff clouds izzed by.

Beware the gooey mood, my son,
 The eyes that shine, the voice that lilts.
 Beware the introduction, and
 The bachelor vow that wilts.

He took the new girl's arm in his
 Long time they danced, some fast,
 some slow,
 Then rested by the soft drink stand
 And sat awhile in glow.

And, as in dewy daze they sat,
 Young Cupid's plan prepared to flame,
 Came winging through the bars of jive
 And sizzled as it came.

One two, One two! And through and
 through
 The love bug hit them, knocked them
 flat.

Engaged they stood, and very good
 Was their remark on that.

And hast thou wed the night's new find?
 Come to my arms my husband, wife,
 My leave's O.K., 'tis my marriage day,
 A remarkable time of my life.

'Twas one-ish, and the shiny moon
 Did whoomph and wobble in the sky.
 All twinkle were the groovey stars,
 And the puff clouds izzed by.

Across Our Bows

Continued from page 2

and it is only too willing to recognize work done by any organization which it feels is trying to benefit Servicemen. If the White Ensign Association is claiming to be the only organization looking after the interests of Naval men, then we quite agree with you, it

Makes you healthy and wealthy and breezy.
 But if you stay home
 And read an informative and uplifting seamanship manual or similar
 nautical tome,
 You'll find sitting a darn sight more easy!

We is matriculating! Every other week has seen the Special Services Office producing a show in the Drill Shed, but last month we graduated. Now we're a visiting show! Twice during this past fiscal period a gallant little band of troupers, sallied forth to stage entertainments outside the Base. First stop was Bear River where a civilian audience forked over some of the "all-is-not-gold-that-glitters-but-you-should-try-our-silver" to see the performance. Everybody who was anybody went to the show, gross proceeds went to the Red Cross, and the performers went to that special heaven for tired transport trucks where the little vehicle that had borne them thither and yon lay recuperating. The poor horseless carriage had returned from the torturous, twisting hills thereabouts in a state of complete mental and moral collapse and wanted someone to hold its hand. The left rear one.

At the time of this writing all is a-buzz for the second venture; a trip to Yarmouth where three shows will be given for the entertainment of the Fleet Air Arm, Army and Air Force personnels stationed there.

At all hours of the day and night Wrens and Ratings with that certain look in their eyes can be seen rushing madly about humming a tune, strumming a tune, or mumbling, "Who was that lady I saw you with, last night?" "That was no lady; that was your wife."

The revue is to be composed of something old; something new; something borrowed; NOTHING blue—except the uniform. The censors saw to that. Purple passages and blue ballads are strictly box-office poison, they tell us. The boys want their shows clean. Don't mix your humor with suggestion and innuendo. Just give it to them straight.

.....And then there was the guy who thought that "straight" meant "without whiskey!"

All the od Cornwallis favourites are in it and they are working hard to make the show a smash hit. Somehow it's different when you're playing on foreign fields. You just gotta be good. There's no place to hide!

Things are really happening on the old Ship nowadays. Yes sir! At long last realization has dawned and it is admitted there are two sexes! And, as the opposite poles of a magnet, they attract! When this brilliant discovery was made we do not know, but it has come to pass that every Sunday eve the newly-furnished Wren Fo'c'sle is thrown open to male guests come to visit their gals in blue. To date, this is the only place on the Base where the sailors and sailorettes may sit in comfort and have that much-desired private chat. Well, sorta private. I'll bet they don't let more than two hundred and fifty in at a time—and it keeps you from getting—er—lonesome.

Furthermore, a dance every second week has now become a regular feature of the Fo'c'sle, turning one night in every fourteen into a pseudo Sadie Hawkins day. This may account for the barely perceptible smartening up of all the gay young blades around these parts. After all, a guy doesn't want to be left out of such attractive goin's on. And if you don't shave every day—or don't shine your shoes—the ladies may not like it.

For it isn't as if the girls are having any trouble finding a man down here either. Things have certainly changed in the Canadian Navy. Once upon a time there were only a few sailors. Now there are gobs of them!



He's walked like that ever since he kissed that little red-headed Wren goodnight!

is an error. However, we think the Association would not wish anyone to gain such an impression and most certainly, The Crow's Nest has never stated that such was the case.—Ed.

Be Careful

Dear Sir:
 The Crow's Nest is the best reading material in the Navy. Keep up the good work.

Pay/Lt. F. F. Heard, RCNVR
 Ottawa, Ont.

Hope this doesn't hurt the feelings of the authors of Naval Monthly Orders. A very dangerous statement, good Sir.

God Bless Us

Dear Sir:
 Here in "Avalon" The Crow's Nest is read with as much enthusiasm as is our own paper and back home there is only one Navy paper. Let's have some more slants on 'Avalon' in future issues. There is lots doing here of interest

but if the folks back home don't read it in The Crow's Nest we'll continue to be the Forgotten Men.

And before closing, congratulations to the "Inside Dope" for humor that really brings a chuckle.

L/SA Pete Loudon,
 HMCS Avalon,
 St. John's, Nfld.

Dear Sir:
 My husband, daughter and myself have been readers of The Crow's Nest now for a year as my son-in-law subscribed to it as a gift for me and we enjoy it very much. I have kept each copy.

Mrs. H. D. Green,
 Paris, Ont.

Dear Sir:
 I have enjoyed your paper very much, whenever I have managed to get hold of one, and I feel sure my family back home will, also.

Sig. P. Smale,
 RCNH, St. John's, Nfld.

Dear Sir:
 I sent a letter last week about a subscription to The Crow's Nest. Since then the papers have arrived, and so, please accept my apology for my seeming impatience. I really was afraid of "Being Left." There is such a demand for news of the Navy.

And so, wishing you and all our men Godspeed and a swift return home, and continued success to your paper, I am

Very sincerely, yours,
 Mrs. R. King,
 Peterborough, Ont.

Building Wrented

Dear Sir:
 As a regular subscriber to The Crow's Nest I thought the enclosed joke might be of interest to other readers. It was sent to me from England by my sister who is a member of the WAAF.

When a party of Wrens recently took over an old building in a North-East city, the usual notice board was set up, announcing: "Admiralty—No admittance."

This was evidently too much for a local joker who added these two words in chalk—"Wrens Nesting."

PO Elizabeth Hartland,
 WRCNS,
 Ottawa, Ont.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

The issue with which your subscription expires is shown on the label bearing your name and address. To ensure that you do not miss a copy, please renew your subscription in plenty of time for it to be re-entered on our list.

A change of address should also be made known to us as soon as possible.

Cataraqui Round Up



We are sorry to have to report an accident to "Dozer." A few Saturdays ago he was "reprimanding" a car over by the University. In his zeal to keep it in line he got too close—result, Dozer limped off with a bad cut on his forepaw. The M.O. picked him up in his car and brought him back to Sick Bay for treatment. The injury, however, did not cramp "Dozer's" style. Though his speed is somewhat slackened, his spirit is the same and he refuses to go on light duties. Recalcitrant cars are

still being checked up by his "blasts."

Regular Dances Popular

The Tuesday night dances on the Parade Deck are still going strong. The local YMCA supervises these affairs and provides the feminine guests. On alternate Tuesdays, the guests are civilian girls and CWAC from the local barracks. O. Stwd. "Tiny" McKerracher has a band composed of Naval ratings and soldiers from Barriefield. Spot dances and tag dances are introduced to pep up the affairs. The prizes for the spot dances are provided either by the canteen or by local merchants. Judging from the enthusiasm shown when the sandwiches and cocoa are brought on, this feature appears to be one of the most popular of the evening.

Thursday night is the regular "Bingo" night. Played in the mess-deck, it usually attracts a goodly crowd of devotees. L/Sea. Stewart is generally on hand to call the numbers and provide the running comment to keep the game from flagging. The prizes to the winners are cigarettes donated by the canteen. Non-smokers may draw the equivalent in other canteen goods.

Girl-show A Hit

On February 6, the "Merry-Go-Rounders" put on a variety stage show for the Ship's Company. Chief White and his gang of chippie-chaps worked all day Saturday erecting a stage on the Parade Deck, complete with back drops and footlights. The "Merry-Go-Rounders" is a group of Toronto business girls under the direction of Mrs. Milsom, who put on variety shows for servicemen each Sunday night. This was the first time that they have appeared before a Navy audience. Their show included solos, dance routines and comic skits. A local flavor was given to the comic turns when names of some of the men were used to point the moral or adorn the tale. The dance routines were especially good and some of the lads even noticed that the costumes were quite lavish—that is, in design. While the girls were waiting for their bus to return them to Toronto after the show, they joined the men in sing-songs around the piano. There was no doubt as to the men's appreciation of the generosity shown by these girls in sacrificing their own time freely to entertain them.

TOLL OF DESTROYER TOPS WORLD WAR I

In 53 months of the Second Great War contending navies have lost more than twice as many destroyers as did the belligerents in the First Great War, which lasted about two months less than has the present conflict.

Destroyer losses in the present conflict total 425, compared to 185 between August 1, 1914 and November 11, 1918, naval communiques and semi-official sources indicate.

Estimated destroyer losses by nations follows: Japan 129; Britain 110; United States 41; Italy 35-57 (the larger figure probably including sea-going torpedo boats); France 23; Germany 22; Russia 21; Netherlands nine; Greece six; Poland four; Canada four; and Norway three.

VETERANS OF THE BATTLE OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC



On almost any ship of the Royal Canadian Navy today you can find a group of seasoned veterans of the battle of the North Atlantic like these men. Among them are men who have been dive bombed, torpedoed, strafed, and most important of all, who have helped to sink submarines. Some have even had the much touted acoustic torpedo fired at them, but they're all here and smiling as they tell the story. They are, left to right: Front row: Sig. Kenneth Smith-Main, RCNVR, of Verdun, Que., veteran of running convoy attacks; AB Walter Waycik, RCNVR, 22, of Sault Ste. Marie, who was knocked unconscious by the explosion of the first torpedo which hit the destroyer HMCS Ottawa and was brought to by the shock of hitting cold water when the second torpedo's explosion blew him overboard; SBA Joseph Boisseau, RCNVR, of Montreal, who has treated dozens of survivors of the Battle of the Atlantic; ERA Douglas Chappell RCNVR of Montreal, who saw 19 ships lost in one night during the dark days, later saw convoy escorts grow strong enough to drive the marauders off; L/Cook LeRoy Howatt, RCNVR, of Victoria, P. E. I., who left his galley for action station to help sink a submarine. In the back row, from left to right: AB A. Lennie, RCNVR, of Sudbury, Ont., veteran of aircraft and submarine attacks; L/Sea. Roderick MacIntyre, RCN, of Camrose, Alta., survivor of the sinkings of the destroyers Fraser and Margaree; Sto. Maurice La Forge, RCNVR, of Quebec, dive-bombed on an armed merchant cruiser; AB A. Howatt, RCNVR, of Cape Traverse, P. E. I., and Amherst, N. S., aboard HMCS Skeena when she sank her submarine; and AB Arthur Coveart, RCNVR of London, Ont., who has seen most of the experiences of North Atlantic convoy in 26 months at sea. In front is CPO Edgar McLaughlin, RCNR, of Boston, Mass., survivor of one torpedoing, veteran of two and a half years convoy service. RCN Photo.

STAND EASY! HOW'S THE HAWGS, HARRY?

This one is vouched for by a Senior Naval Officer who claims to have been at the spot when the incident occurred. The officer was a rating at the time which was during the years of the 1914-18 war.

It was at Esquimalt, B.C. and the men at the Naval training base were largely hardened veterans of the war, with the exception of a few youngsters who stood much in awe of their seniors.

One of the old-timers was a man undoubtedly beyond the age limit for service and yet he was unable to obtain a discharge, so great was the need for instructional staff. The "Old Seagull" used to make the boast to the youngsters—"Don't worry, one of these days the right moment will come along and when it does I'll be out before you know it." Knowing how evasive that slip of blue paper could be, the lads only scoffed at him.

One day, however, the ship's company was assembled for inspection by Admiral Kingsmill. He walked up and down the ranks and then, when it was all over, gave a short address, complimenting the men upon their general appearance. At the conclusion of the address the Commanding Officer of the ship announced that any man wishing to speak to the Admiral was to take two paces forward. The Old Seagull was the only one to take advantage of the opportunity.

"And what do you wish to speak to the Admiral about?" asked the 'Jaunty' coming up to him.

mind him of a group of tidy housewives comparing notes over their Monday clotheslines.

Every Christmas, the Port Hope townsmen put on Santa Claus garb and send their adopted minesweeper a bulging Yuletide ditty-bag for every man aboard. The latest included a selection of luxurious zippered bedroom slippers.

"About a personal matter and I want to see him privately, which is my right," was the reply. In a moment the Master-At-Arms was back to say that the Admiral would see the sea-dog.

The old boy doubled up to the Admiral.

"Well, what is it you want to see me about, my man?" asked the Admiral. Then, looking up—"Why, hello Harry! How's the pigs?"

It seems that during the days of peace Admiral Kingsmill and the old sailor had owned adjoining farms in Ontario and had both been extremely interested in hog-raising.

The narrator of the story claims the old sailor got his discharge two days later.

The Searchlight

Persons writing to this column should give the information regarding themselves and the persons they wish to contact in the form in which it appears below)

PO Wtr. D. G. MacMillan, V-1498, HMCS "Stadacona," c/o F.M.O., Halifax, N.S., would like to hear from L/Wtr. O. Putherbough.

PO W. R. Chedister, Gunner's Mate, RCN, Regina General Hospital, Regina Sask., would like to hear from the instructors of HMC Gunnery School, HMCS Cornwallis, Cornwallis, N.S.

PO Wtr. Brown, HMCS York, Toronto, Ont., like to hear from PO Wtr. Phil. Diamond.

"Best-Cared-For" Canadian 'Sweeper' Is Proud Challenge Of "Port Hope"

Here's a friendly challenge from a group of Canada's most contented sailors, including some from every province in the Dominion.

The commanding officer, officers and ratings of HMCS Port Hope are cheerily defying the crew of any other Canadian minesweeper to disprove her own claim to being "the best-cared-for 'adopted' minesweeper in the Royal Canadian Navy.

The ship, now sweeping and escorting convoys in the western Atlantic, was built at Toronto and commissioned there July 30, 1942. A sturdy sweeper of the Bangor class, she was adopted formally a few days later by her namesake town, the Lake Ontario community of Port Hope.

Adopted Individually

Lieut. Richard K. Lester, RCNVR, of Vancouver, commanding officer of "Port Hope," in an interview here said that in the intervening 18 months the "warm-hearted citizens of Port Hope" have showered the ship with so many gifts and kindnesses that "we're beginning to feel they've adopted not only our ship but each one of us, personally." He added: "We are all tremendously grateful."

Here's a random list of some of the presents sent by Port Hope to the men of the "Port Hope" to bolster their morale and to show that the town is proud of having a Navy warship named after her:

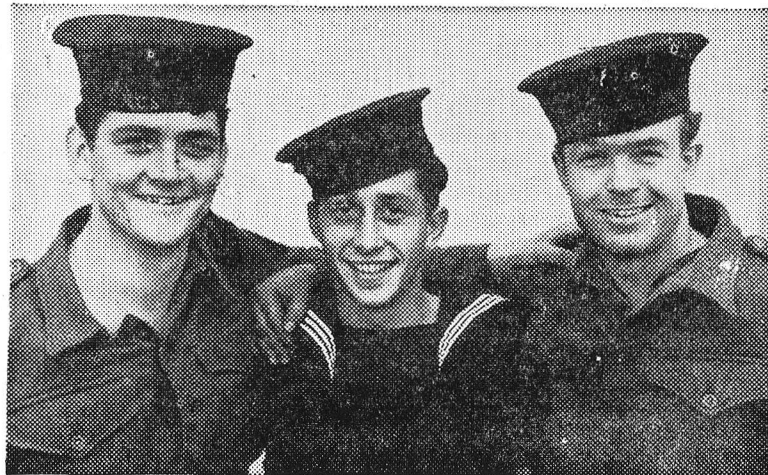
"The Works"

An initial gift of 4,000 cigarettes, followed by more thousands month after month; eight radios, complete with batteries; electric irons, toasters, and numerous other gadgets designed to make life easier ashore or afloat; bats, baseballs and various other sports equipment; sets of checkers, cribbage and many other games; a gramophone and a fine, varied stock of records; socks, leather jackets, scarves, balaclava caps, helmets, gloves,

woollen mitts, bedsheets, pillow-cases, waste-paper baskets; books by the hundred; subscriptions to several popular magazines and a constant supply of old ones; large tinted photographs of Their Majesties the King and Queen for the wardroom.

The town even sent the ship a "glorious, great, washing machine," said Lieut. Lester. As a result the "Port Hope" sailors at sea now do their laundering or "dhobeying" easily, quickly, and scientifically, instead of by the old-fashioned salty methods. Some of the lads, the captain reported with a grin, even compete briskly for the distinction of turning out "the whitest wash in the messdeck," re-

REUNITED IN HOSPITAL



Three Canadian Naval ratings who had engaged in combined operations on the beaches of Sicily and Italy were reunited recently in a Canadian Hospital in North Africa and later sailed back to the United Kingdom in a Canadian warship, HMCS Prince Robert. They are now en route to Canada together on foreign service leave. They are, from left to right, AB Lloyd Evan 20, of Ottawa; Stoker (M) Thomas Fawdry, 23, of Harrow, Ontario, and AB Jean Kroon, 22, of Standard, Alberta. All three helped land Canadian units including the famous Van Doos, and the Carleton and Yorks Regiment. RCN Photo.

THE UNICORNER

News from

H. M. C. S. "Unicorn"
Saskatoon, Sask.

By J. M. B.

We think we have the best Navy hockey team in Canada right here at HMCS Unicorn. So far we haven't been able to arrange a game with any other Navy club, and so, we haven't been able to prove it, conclusively. But we still think we have the best Navy team in Canada and if there is any club that thinks we haven't well, we'd like to meet that team for a friendly game anywhere or any time.

Entered in the Saskatchewan senior hockey league, a tough enough league any time, the boys with the Unicorn crest on their chests won 12 straight games and have dropped only one out of 15. Some of the boys who are doing the heavy net denting are Tony Leswick Pad Lundy, Fred Weaver, Jack O'Hara, Jimmy Brennan and Squee Allen, and on the defence we have one of the best in the game, Keith Allen. Not many forwards get by Keith and when they do they're in no condition to do much about it. Tommy Williams is no slouch at bumping them around, either, and with gimlet-eyes Ralph Almas in goal they make a hard combination to beat. We repeat we think we have the best Navy team in Canada.

Curlers Successful

Unicorn has had a successful curling season to date. Four teams represent the ship in the regular schedule at the Granite rink and Lt.-Cdr. E. Les skipped a team that was a credit to the ship in the bonspiel.

The basketball team under the capable management of S/Lt. McQuaid continues to hold its own in the interservice league.

Two popular old timers have recently left the ship, CPO Jack Peterson and L/Sea. Stan. Seiban. Both have proved themselves extremely useful members of the ship and we were mighty sorry to see them go.

A queer sight greeted these tired old eyes one morning as we reported for duty. At first, we couldn't quite figure out what it was. It looked familiar and yet strange. On more careful examination it proved to be George Hood in fore-and-aft rig. We've been so accustomed to seeing George in round rig that we didn't recognize him at first. He has taken over the duties of Regulating Officer Petty and will do a great job, too, we are sure, if he ever gets used to that stiff collar.

The new "Unicorn" is just about ready and we'll be in her before you hear from us again. She's as trim a little craft as ever sailed the prairie, mates, and we've a hunch she's going to make a name for herself.

AVALON HOSPITAL STAFF ARDENT SPORT DEVOTEES

By Sammy Shack

Here we are again starting on Inter-Part basketball. We feel that we have a strong, experienced team in the cage league this year with Dines, Woods, Rouffer, Smith, Martin and MacMillan doing their bit on the forward line, while back on defence we have Rourke-Frew, Preston, Kirk and Jacobs. Shack will pilot the Hospital cagers.

Our bowling was quite successful even though we were nosed out by one point. Credit goes to Captain Bill Kirk, who turned in top scores supported by Rouffer, Bailey, Dunham, and Blodgett, incidentally L/SBA Blodgett leaves for Canada shortly with the new rank of Pay/S/Lt.

Promising Ice Squad

The new rink on the Parade grounds at Buckmasters field looked like a 'chow line when the call went around RCNH that the hockey season was getting under way. We had quite a turn out for the first practice. Herbie Trelle and Jeff Mainprize looked good in

GROUP OF CAGEY CAGERS



Pictured here are the members of the machine-like Drake Division basketball team at HMCS Cornwallis which won the pre-season cage league hands down in that ship.

Back row, l to r: L/S. Lecuyer, Drumheller, Alta.; Jamieson, Cornwall, Ont.; MacFarlane, Toronto; Henderson, Vancouver; Vuohelainen, Toronto. Front row: McConkey, Verdun; Cunningham, St. Stephen; White, Toronto; Legace, Ft. William; Menzies, Vancouver.

Vegetable Vitamins And "Lettuce" Both

Vitamins with your pay check! That's the order in the Canadian Navy's Newfoundland command, where it has been announced that personnel "living out" will pick up a month's supply of vitamin tablets when they assemble for pay parade.

Those living in barracks will be issued a pill a day when they sign in for meals.

The little round, pink pills are considered a necessity in the Newfoundland command, where milk retails at 37 cents a quart and fresh vegetables are hard to get. They were originally produced by the Navy to make up for diet deficiencies and have proven particularly valuable to ship's crews, whose supply of fresh vegetables is naturally limited.

The port memorandum covering the shore issue, over the signature of Lt.-

CONCERT PARTIES GUILD SCORES AT TRAINING BASE

The ovation given "Uncle Mel" and the Halifax Concert Parties Guild at Cornwallis on several occasions over the week-end of February 19 indicated the pleasure and thanks of the ratings, Wrens and officers. The cheering, whistling and hat-throwing lasted some five minutes and finally was only stopped by a chord of "The King".

The invasion of this concert party into Cornwallis will long be remembered as an outstanding event. The performance on Saturday night drew a audience of some 2000 and on Sunday night, of 4000.

The boys in the hospital were not forgotten. Five wards were visited and a concert of 40 minutes was given in each.

It is not that this concert party had a lineup of gathing beauties, doing dance routines—it hadn't. It is not that it had 50 people in the cast. It was something else—a certain personal touch that these fine troupers gave out. The singers and dancers who visited the hospital performed especially for each individual present. They were tireless in their efforts to please. And they pleased everyone.

The Officers' Ward Room Mess was not forgotten, either. The party just seemed to take over as they entered the Mess. The piano became alive, as did everyone and everything.

the nets. Preston, Marceaus and Jacobs appear to be a strong defence line. We have such fast skating puck-chasers as Steinhouse, Stephenson, Karn, Woods, Beesley, Purdue, Waterfield, and Parker. They look very promising.

NEW SERVICE FOR SAILORS

Beginning this month The Crow's Nest is offering a new service to its Naval readers, with the introduction of "The Searchlight." In The Searchlight column, which will be found elsewhere in this issue, Naval men may trace friends in the Service of whom they have lost track. Because Naval regulations and space limits must be adhered to, the column will be open to personnel of the Royal Canadian Naval Service only. In writing to this column, personnel are asked to address their letters to:

The Crow's Nest,
The Searchlight Column,
c/o F.M.O.,
Halifax, N. S.

All persons should give their full Service mail address—and no other! It is requested that addresses, or supposed addresses, of persons to be contacted should not be included in copy for this column. A correct submission would read:

"John Doe, L/Sea., HMCS Happyship, c/o F.M.O., Esquimalt, B. C., would like to hear from Petty Officer Writer James Jones, RCNR."

All contributions to this column must be in by the 15th of the month preceding publication.



In these days of rationing it's an exotic sensation to waste a whole pound of butter by crushing it under your bare foot, but here's a sailor who's done just that. He's L/Sea. John M. Crabb, 24, RCNVR, of Lansing, Ont. When the famous Canadian destroyer "Saguenay" was disabled by a collision in the Atlantic in November, 1942, Crabb leaped from his hammock and slid squarely into a pound of loose butter which had fallen from a messtrap. What's more, he then innocently donned a shipmate's brand-new boots, thoroughly greasing one of them with gooey, precious butter. —RCN Photo

Cdr. E. F. Webster, RCNVR, warns: "These tablets will be of no benefit if not taken regularly. Personnel are therefore urged to follow directions and take one pill daily."



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---FOR P.T.'S SAKE---

by Tommy Graham, P.O. Wtr.



In a few more days the hockey season will have run its regular but somewhat disrupted course. Playoff time will be at hand and puck squads will battle it out for coveted silverware. But a lot of the glamor in the cup ties will be missing, for the removal of service teams from Allan and Memorial cup play has taken a lot of "pep" out of spring-time ice classics, at least as far as service-men are concerned. A survey shows the average service sport follower doesn't give a "hoot" which club cops the puck crowns this season. He seems wont to discuss the prospects of picking a likely contender and has about as much enthusiasm for "hockey talk" as he would taking a dip in the deep with his clothes on.

Hockey is a dead duck as far as he's concerned, chiefly because his interest has dwindled considerably since the edict from Ottawa and he hasn't bothered to find out what club is doing what where.

No one, it seems will come and pick a winner. One "used-to-be" ardent sport fan, replied "who cares" when questioned what team he thought would take the Allan cup this season, while another questioned "are they going to playoff for the cup this year.?"

This is a complete reversal of a year ago when the boys were only too ready to place a "wager" on Ottawa Army Commandos, Victoria Army club, Calgary Army pucksters or the Navy club at Esquimalt. But today they just don't talk about hockey.

The hunch in this corner is Trail Smoke Eaters and Edmonton Vics will likely put up the best bid in the west while Quebec Aces shouldn't have too much trouble disposing of east contenders. The smelter town of the Rockies has more than a handful of talented puck stars, all veterans of cup play, either professional or amateur, and will put up quite an argument before admitting defeat. Among their ace performers are Bunny Dame and Joe Benoit, both former members of Montreal Canadiens.

The Smokies will likely tackle New Westminster Lodestars for the B.C. crown and while the canning factory town isn't suffering from any shortage of hockey stars it's our guess the Trail aggregation should dispose of them.

* * * * *

At Edmonton a few former professionals, Earl Robertson, ex New York American goalie, Leroy Goldsworthy, another NHL star of former years, Louis Holmes, who also played in the monied ranks, together with several crack amateurs stars of the Alberta capital hockey circuits, have banded together what sport scribes of that city claim to be one of the best puck clubs in years. They look good on paper and recently registered a couple of wins over opposing clubs that had such talented ice performers as Neil Colville, last year Ottawa Commando ace and former New York Ranger star, Don Metz, of Toronto Maple Leafs, on their roster. The Edmontonians will likely meet their opposition for the Alberta crown from Calgary Buffaloes but should come through easily if past performances can be taken as a criterion.

Play between Edmonton and Trail should be close and it's our guess the winner will go on to represent the west in the finals. Flin Flon Bombers, who placed second to Saskatoon Navy will represent Saskatchewan and on paper they don't appear to be in the same class as either Trail or Edmonton, although they get the nod over the Manitoba title aspirants.

* * * * *

In the east, Quebec Aces appear like a sure thing and are being acclaimed as Allan cup winners already. They are head and shoulders above any other western team according to our way of thinking—but we could be wrong. We'll take the Aces for the Allan cup, too.

In the Memorial cup scramble, Edmonton Canadians should battle their way to the western Canada finals against Winnipeg Monarchs, who seem to be doing so nicely in the Manitoba loop. The Alberta club have set a terrific pace in their circuit and have defeated Saskatchewan contenders in exhibition tilts. The pucksters from the 'Peg appear to shade them on paper but we think that it'll be a toss up. In the east, Toronto St. Mike's or Oshawa Generals both of the same loop, appear to be the best, and either on e should get through to the Memorial club finals. We'll pick Winnipeg as cup winners.

* * * * *

The now-we-win and now-we-don't performance of Stadacona hockeyists came to a close last Monday evening when the Haligonians took it on the chin for the third time from the re-inforced Cornwallis puckmen. The Deep Brook boys will now play Sydney and should come through with a decision in the series. The Stadaconites battled to the last second and after dropping two straight came back to topple the Cornwallis club in the third game only to lose the following night. They battled an up and down struggle all season, winning one night and losing the next time out. They surprised everyone, probably even themselves, early in the season by defeating Dartmouth's star-packed Air Force club by the convincing score of 11-4 after having taken a pair of reverses from the flyers. They were either too hot or too cool but all in all, Manager Fred Cook and Duke McCurry did a good job. They had their trouble with various "drafts" that sent star performers to other naval ships or establishments, but always managed to field a team that had plenty of fight if nothing else.

* * * * *

The arrival of Gordon and Joe Bell, and W. Stefaniw, from Winnipeg, didn't do any harm to Cornwallis hockey set-up. As a matter of fact it was just what they lacked and once injected into the Deep Brookers lineup the club went rolling along in fine fettle. Bell and Stefaniw were the shining stars in Cornwallis win over Stadacona February 28. Of course, the addition of Chuck Rayner in the Halifax nets didn't hurt McCurry's clan any, either. Too bad he didn't arrive sooner.

* * * * *

A glance over the Cornwallis hockey lineup indicates that there are nine stalwarts who did their hockey chores in Winnipeg before joining the Navy. They are Gordon Bell, Joe Bell, W. Stefaniw, Lovendahl, W. Juzda, Heindl, D. Nicol, J. Johns an Thatchell. A nice draft of hockey talent, we'd say.

* * * * *

It seems that Dave "Sweeny" Schriener, who is on the reserve list at Tecumseh as an ordinary seaman, caused no little amount of consternation during the past month. The former NHL star with Americans and Toronto Maple Leafs, who this year started his hockey playing with the Calgary Navy club, took a trip to Vancouver and lined up with a coast town hockey club called St. Regis. As a result effective February 15, he was barred from all organized hockey until further notice by the powers that be in the puck world. Schriener claims he is eligible to play as he was on reserve strength but the hockey moguls didn't agree. He played three games with St. Regis and fared nicely. The club was defeated in the playoffs by New Westminster Lode-

PAYBOBS SET PACE IN OFFICERS' LOOP



Presenting a galaxy of hockey stars on their line-up HMCS Stadacona Paybobs are setting the pace in the Hali fax Navy Officers' Hockey League. Most noted among their stars are Captain "Duke" McCurry, CDC, of Toronto, a former National Hockey League stalwart in the early twenties and Rear Admiral L. W. Murray, CBE, RCN, Commander-in-Chief, Canadian Northwest Atlantic, whose performance all season has proven he himself practices his conviction that every man must keep fit to do his job.

From left to right are: (Front row) Pay. S/Lt. John McDonald, RCNVR, Pay. Lieut. George Brent, RCNVR, Saskatoon; Pay. Lieut. D. G. Hunt, RCNVR, St. Johns, Nfd; Pay. Lieut. George L. Buchanan, RCNVR, Calgary, and Lieut. Fred T. Cook, RCNVR, Stratford, Ont. Back row) Pay. Lieut. Stuart Tresgaskis, RCNVR, Toronto; Lt.-Cdr. George DeWolfe, RCNR, Saint John, N.B.; Captain Duke McCurry, CDC, Toronto; Pay. Lieut. S. Sandford, RCNVR Digby, N.S.; Pay. Lieut. Jimmy Silk, RCNVR, Toronto; Rear Admiral L. W. Murray and Pay. S/Lt. W. Gray, RCNVR, Winnipeg. RCN Photo

Hockey Version Of "Who's Where?" Evolves From Drafting Of Puckmen

By Tommy Graham

There's a hockey version of "where's who" going around Navy sport circles these days of many "shuffles" by the Drafting Office. Talented sailor pucksters have been shunted around as much as a local yard engine these past few weeks.

Not that the navy lads are seeking hockey silverware—an Ottawa edict shattered any such aspirations—but the ranks of almost every Navy hockey club across the Dominion have been shorn of star performers.

The change of residence has been beneficial to some clubs but others have noticed many first string operatives missing from their hockey conclaves.

"Unicorn" Lucky Club

About the only Navy club to still possess most of its puck talent is "Unicorn." The Saskatoon sailors are having everything their own way in Saskatchewan hockey wars. They rang up a string of 15 straight victories before tasting defeat at hands of the Flin Flon Bombers. They have, according to Hub town hockey followers, one of the best all-round puck teams ever assembled at the prairie city. But even with this talented club the Saskatooners will cease to partake in hockey warfare at the conclusion of the league schedule and the second place Flin Flon Bombers will go a-hunting for the Allan Cup.

But, while the sailors from the prairie city have had the good fortune to hold on to most of their star performers, other Navy squads have had several "removals" and in most cases they were important, if not vital cogs in their hockey machines.

It seems that Esquimalt Navy puckmen took, the worst beating.....so bad that the west coast club was compelled to drop out of the league because they felt they couldn't furnish the calibre of hockey displayed all season, due to the loss of several key players by drafts. At the time, Esquimalt was on top of the heap in the circuit and were favorites to cop the crown.

First to leave was Charles "Chuck" Rayner, former NHL goalie, who was a pillar of strength with the "Naden" club. Rayner appeared in the nets for Stadacona in their playoff tussle with Cornwallis and demonstrated very effectively why he fits in well with any hockey club. Stoker Hall Brown, scoring ace for the far western team

was next to feel the sting of the draft office and Lieut. Andy Anton had a few more men plucked from his line-up so decided to cease activities for the rest of the season.

"Chippawa" Loss

Winnipeg was also heavily hit and drafts took Joe Bell forwards Stefaniw and Gordon Bell, stellar custodian, of the east coast where Stefaniw and Bell lined up with Cornwallis. Their appearance gave the Deep Brookers just the extra punch they needed and they came through to knock Stadacona out of the running for the east coast hockey title. Cornwallis seems to have fared best in the draft deals. But in all fairness, it must be said that Stadacona, too, suffered the loss of stars, so many, in fact, that almost every time out Coach "Duke" McCurry had a new face in the line-up.

Although these clubs received the brunt of the attack almost every Navy hockey coach received his share of "draft headaches" and more than

stars and latest reports show "Sweeny" is back playing with the Calgary Navy club in a Garrison loop.

* * * * *

Charles MacDonald, the Cornwallis sport impresario, comes out with a nifty article on Navy boxers in a current issue of RING, the magazine of the boxing realm. It would appear that he is keen on his glove aspirants and rightly so for he has a colorful stable of fistic gladiators. Out on the west coast Petty Officer Gordon Grayston, who won a Dominion boxing title before joining the Navy, is also het up about his boys of the cauliflower industry.

And while speaking of goings on in fistania the good word is that Navy pugilists will likely get a chance to display with ability in the Canadian Servicemen's Boxing championships which are being staged in Ottawa, in May.

The recent announcement of servicemen's mass participation sport program by the Army is about the best piece of news sport had been in for since the Ottawa edict banned servicemen from playing hockey in cup playdowns.

once had to revise his line-up.

Early in the season it appeared as though Navy teams would be leading contenders for hockey titles across the country. The ban placed on sailor squads taking part in Allan or Memorial cup playoffs, upset the plans somewhat. The teams then contemplated provincial crowns, but drafts of star performers has made prospects of his none too bright. Just where many of the puckmen are is a "Naval secret" but you can bet your last dollar they're carrying and passing the puck in the biggest game of their lives.

NAVYMEN'S MOM

Continued from page 1

who have visited this part of the country, would take up more time and space than the editor would allow, but to make a long story short "Ma" is surely piling up a lot of good scores on the judgment book.

She also holds the distinction of being honored by Queen Elizabeth for sheltering an English war-guest since they were first brought to this country.

"Ma's" heart is as big as her house, and if you ask Navymen how big that is they'll tell you there are few bigger and none better anywhere. "Ma" deserves and gets the title of "Navymen's Mom."

PLANS FOR TOMORROW

Continued from page 1

ation to see that every man and woman in the Naval Service leaves it, if he or she is returning to civilian occupation, with every possible assistance the Navy can give in helping to find the type of occupation for which each person is best fitted and for which they have the greatest desire," Capt. Cross declared.

Going further into the subject, Capt. Cross observed that it was hoped that efforts could be made at the conclusion of hostilities to have an organization of some sort in which all Naval personnel could keep in touch with the Service and which would have sufficient strength to make itself felt in any representations put before the government of the country.

"And so, you see," he said, "with this job alone we expect to be kept quite busy. However, the work will be well worth-while and it is hoped that the plan can be put into practice in such a way that the greatest possible benefit will be derived by all members of the Service."

MIRANDA

By Henry Sherman, A.B.



You will recall, no doubt that some time ago I introduced a hunk of pulchritudinous marine phenomena to these distinguished pages; to wit, Miranda, the mermaid who lives at the end of the Cornwallis jetty and wants to become a Wren.

True to my vow, I instigated exhaustive enquiries as to her suitability, only to be met with a veritable impasse in the form of "The Regulations for the Organization and Administration of the W.R.C.N.S.," a Guide to the Misguided who want to join the service. There it was in black and white for all, sundry and mermaids to behold. A wench could not become a Wren if she would appear conspicuous in a uniform, no less. Or if said wench was the humble possessor of "malformed feet." And malformed feet were something Miranda had plenty of.

Yes, there were no two ways about it. Miranda could not become a Wren and I was the one who had to break the news to her. Awesome memories of the time I had to enlighten another female as to her inability to be something filled me with vague apprehension. It was at high school, and the captain of the girl's hockey team wanted to be hostess at a Junior Prom. My job was to give her the "nay" without hinting that it was because she was unbecomingly fat, which it was, which she was, which she knew. Which resulted in events singularly disastrous for the enlightener. I prayed fervently that Miranda had not indulged in any high school athletics.

One minute brought me to the beach, another pointed the way to Miranda, and a third kissed me goodbye, after pressing an aspirin tablet and three vitamin pills in my hand. Just in case the enlightenment didn't go so well.

"Hello Miranda," I said. Tentatively.

"Why, hello there," she replied excitedly. "Did you find out about my joining the Wrens?" Miranda did not believe in mincing words. She did not approve of evasive, political verbiage. She had read the Gettysburg address.

I swallowed the aspirin. "Miranda," I said sadly, "it's no dice."

"Why not?"

"Miranda, you would look conspicuous in a uniform."

She looked at me coldly. "Is that all?"

"Well....." I swallowed the three vitamin pills.

"Then what about Wrens Dolores del Castoria, Petunia Poultepus and Fifi L'Amour? I wouldn't say they exactly blend in with the scenery."

"Now Miranda," I interrupted hastily. "Don't get catty, er, or fishy—I mean—don't TALK like that."

"And why not?"

She had me there. Why not indeed? Dolores was six feet, four inches tall, and weighed one hundred and ninety-seven pounds. She claimed a tape-worm and ate for three. Petunia was called Poultepus for obvious more than nominal reasons. And Fifi had worked for Ripley.

Miranda knew I was stuck and proceeded to press her point. "That isn't a good enough reason," she said. I had to admit it wasn't. Miranda contested having malformed feet, so that eliminated that barrier. "I have fins," she maintained, "and they're smooth flat, and pretty. Now if

THEY were malformed, I'd understand your objections."

Smooth and flat, I thought. "Why that's just it, Miranda. That's it exactly. You can't get into the Wrens because you have flat fins!"

It took a little persuading to convince Miranda that flat fins in mermaids were just as undesirable as flat feet in humans—as far as the Wrens are concerned. "You see," I explained, "Wrens do a lot of marching. And floor scrubbing and such, for which purposes Navy Regulations require that a Wren have two feet, one left and one right, the bigger the better. Fins MIGHT be tolerated in a special sea-going branch, but FLAT fins—never!"

"Oh, well," Miranda acquiesced. "C'est la vie! C'est la guerre! But are we downhearted? No!"

"Bilingual yet?" I exclaimed admiringly.

"Un peu," Miranda admitted gracefully. "But to proceed. What is this I hear about a Navy Show?"

"You refer, no doubt, to 'Meet the Navy,' of inter-planetary fame?"

"I'm not referring to Tolstol's 'War and Peace,' chum. There ought to be a good showy spot for a mermaid in the show, surely. A featured attraction with the 'Sea Chanties,' perhaps, or a solo with the Russian troupe. They could bill me as 'Mirandrova—Russia's Fighting Mermaid' and no one need ever be the wiser. Or what about an adagio? I wouldn't need feet: I'd just be thrown through the air, be caught and thrown back again. And my tail fins would catch the various lighting effects superbly. You can't tell me THAT wouldn't be good for morale.

Why I can hear the audience rising on its tail, I mean feet, and cheering itself hoarse in good Navy tradition! I can see them carrying me to take curtain after curtain.....I trust no one will be so obvious as to throw me a fish or a bottle of angleworms.....Why, who knows, I might even be cited in depatches for outstanding services to Special Services....."

"Halt! Whoa! Desist," I said curbing her with regret. "The complement is full, and the Navy Show Wrens, also, have to have legs. Didn't you watch the 'Rockettes' number? Haven't you seen the stage-door Johnnies? What do you think the men in the audience whistle at? Faces?"

"You mean.....the Navy Show is out?" said Miranda gazing at me reproachfully.

"To be in the Navy Show, you have to be a Wren. To be a Wren, you have to have legs....." I began patiently.

Miranda allowed herself a momentary burst of irritation.

She stamped her tail.

"I can see," she said tight-lipped, "that short of having myself filleted, garnished with french fried potatoes and served up to Admiral Nelles at a Fleet Reunion dinner, my chances of getting in the Navy are niller than nil desperandum."

"C'est la vie, 'C'est la guerre,'" I anticipated her.

"C'est la soldier, sailor, beggarman, thief," she finished, not to be outdone.

"Miranda," I said gently. "We are getting nowhere."

"And where have we come from?" she asked, moody now. "Yes, and where are we going? Sometimes I ask myself: 'What is all this for?' And then I laugh: We are all poor fools, little comrade, and the worms will get us yet."

"You are quoting from the classics?" I enquired respectfully.

"Certainly! From Ivan Ivanovitchivan."

"Not the famous Russian Novelist?"

"No, his brother, the world-renowned fish mimic: the only living entrepreneur to teach a scallop to whistle thirty-eight bars of the 1812 overture."

"Tchaikowsky's?"

"No. Finkelhoff's. He wrote one too, you know."

"And this scallop. Was it known to you personally?"

"Certainly! The scallop was a female, and respectably married. Her

accomplishment was a surprise to all of us. Prior to the performance, we had always considered her a retiring creature who seldom, if ever, could be persuaded to come out of her shell."

"Why was that?" I asked.

"She hated water. An introvert of the first order," Miranda replied.

"But she soon got over that."

"I see," I sawed. "And how did that happen....? Not 'How to Win Friends and Influence Starfish,' by any chance?"

"No. One day a bottle of lemon extract fell into her midday tea and she never was the same again. They say it finally killed her husband."

"It would have been much simpler to get a divorce," I commented.

"King's Regulations and Morality Instructions!" Miranda answered.

"People were backward in those days, We're broadminded!"

"Then you're not angry about not getting into the Wrens?"

"Of course not. If you'll promise to get us two aisle seats in the sixth row, orchestra, when the show comes around, I'm sure everything will be all right."

I promised.

"Now you just wait here while I dash down and tell the rest of the girls I've got a date for the Navy Show," she said. "Will THEY be surprised!"

And with that she disappeared into what is commonly called thin air, but actually is ninety-three feet of water.

As I watched the ripples spread and roll from the spot where Miranda had entered the briny deep I reflected on life, death, pain, and a couple of orchestra seats at two dollars and a half per.

"Dear Maw: Please send me ten bucks fast. Two of us are going to the Navy Show. One of us is a fish. Guess who."

(SYDNEY SPORTS SLANTS)

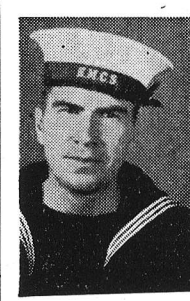
Continued from page 3

Allen, middleweight and Chuck Scullion, lightweight Cape Breton champs in their respective classes, and whose ring generalship and boxing ability is well known in Sydney boxing circles. Sto. Silliker, Sto. Wilson, Sig. Johns, Sig. Downie, and ERA Wildeman are entered as Novices, training in earnest in preparation for the tourney, along with the more experienced "mitt-slingers."

Skating parties are held each Sunday afternoon, weather permitting.

HERE and THERE IN HMCS MONTCALM

With W. J. E.



Lieutenants C. F. Ward and J. Racine, both of whom have just received their second stripes.

Jimmy O'Neill was a happy man recently when he became the father of a nine-pound baby girl.

The Camrose division under the leadership of Dan Kane and S/Lt. C. O. Lake, as divisional officer, showed a fine piece of sportsmanship recently when they won the captain's cup for the third week in succession.

Instead of taking the week-end pass given the winners, they gave it to the Quinte division who finished in second place.

The supply department has added three newcomers. All come from various parts of Canada, Dave Lamont, Edmonton, Freddie Bertrand, Montreal, and Rollie G. Williams, Saint John, New Brunswick.

This month we welcome two new Wrens to our midst to join Anita Currier. They are Mary Dorion and Reta Matte. S/Lt. S. Aves is in charge of this group.

Among the officers who have left for duty elsewhere are S/Lts. W. H. Tidbury, L. J. MacDuff, J. Poirier, Eric Oakley, Desmond Capper, Paul Wilson and Archie Thompson.

Johnny McLeod, Ship's Writer, is to be congratulated on getting leading rate.

Officer candidate A. Hansen has left for the coast where he will train

Regulating Staff Dance Highlight Of The Season

By kind permission of Captain J. C. I. Edwards, RCN, an enjoyable Valentine Dance was held by the Regulating Staff of HMCS Cornwallis at the Racquette Casino Club, Digby, on February 14.

Commencing at 9 p. m., the dance was in full swing shortly afterwards, and judging by the beaming expressions the advertised 'Highlight of the Season' left nothing to be desired. The Cornwallis Dance Orchestra, under the able direction of Bandsman Kennedy, kept the happy throng in a fever pitch from beginning to end, "Spot" and "Door" prizes providing added novelties. A large number of civilian girls attended, but the blue of the WRCNS uniforms predominated.

"Crusher" Plank, as Master of Ceremonies, excelled himself, and such was the disposition of the crowd, that not once was he called upon to wield authority.

Thanks are expressed to all concerned for the co-operation given, especially to the bus company for their assistance in overcoming the difficult problem of late transportation. The Regulating Staff intends to hold more dances in the coming months, and hopes to see familiar faces on these occasions.

Women's part in the war is as partners to men of war, not as playthings for men on leave.

Remember the tea kettle. Though up to its neck in hot water it continues to sing.

in the accountant branch for that precious stripe.

Surg.-Lieut. Jean Saint Martin is a newcomer to the barracks, having arrived to take the place of Surg.-Lieut. J. Michon who has been drafted for sea duty.

Gordon Marshall seems to be walking on air. Recently his one and only said the precious word "yes."

It is with sincere regret that we hear that Johnstone Porter is sick in hospital. Porter, an officer candidate, was former barracks buffer in the Montcalm.

ALL RIGHT, HOWLERS, FIND YOUR WAY TO HER ROOM—YOU'LL BE AMAZED!

SO YOU'VE A MAZE!

White-cap Whirlabout

By Petty Officer A. Goldfinch, P&RTI

Well, fellas, winter has definitely hit—repetition Hit—HMCS Cornwallis. We were rudely awakened one morning not so long ago by blasts of icy air and wind-driven snow which were rushing through the numerous cracks of our humble abode—COLD? WOW! The first thought to enter our minds was our long J's, no—couldn't use them 'cause our winger had borrowed them last week. The next best thing is our greatcoat so with a swish we're out of bed and surrounded by that heavy blue thing, searching for some nice, warm radiator to sit on and thaw out. We look out the window and the sight that greets your eyes is something to write home about, all our wonderful grey buildings were covered in what some people call a beautiful mantle of snow. The white fluffy stuff was still being blown about by the howling wind. This state of affairs continued for three days when it suddenly abated and turned very mild. By the time this is in print we should be able to see the roads and skating rinks because with all the manual party on the end of the shovels the snow is fairly flying around.

Now, About Sport

Now that we have firmly established the thought of the cold wintry climate the lads and lassies of this Base are weathering, we will whisk you away to a more pleasant subject,—Sport—as carried on in this Establishment.

Our pre-season cage league wound up the latter part of last year with Drake and Collingwood battling it out for top honors. The machine-like Drake had too much on the ball for the opposition; although Collingwood were a constant threat throughout the game, they went down fighting 15-10.

The "A" League got under way early in January. All the teams entered in this league proved to be very strong and when the final game was played early last month it found the league standing to be as follows:—Drake 29; Grenville 23, Effingham 20, Benbow 19, Hawke 18, Anson 8.

It was decided that the top four teams would play off, the semi-finals being sudden death games and the finals two games, total points to count.

The first game of the semi-finals was between Drake and Benbow, the team from Drake maintained their supremacy in this game just as they have all season and defeated the hard-working lot from Benbow by a score of 24-18. Grenville and Effingham tangled in the second game of the semi-finals and Grenville, in second spot in the League standing, took an easy win from Effingham who had the misfortune of being in a very bad slump. When the score sheets were looked at on the completion of the game, there was a big 46 marked beside Grenville and a small 23 beside Effingham. The stage was set on February 9 for the first game of the finals, and the large crowd which turned out to watch the match was well pleased with the game.

Closely Matched Cagers

When the two teams, Grenville and Drake, came on the floor the odds were still even as these two teams had met earlier in the season. One game went to Drake by two points and the next game was tied, so it didn't provide either team with any great margin. At the start from the timer's whistle, Grenville got off in a fast break, drew first blood, and continued to be on the prowl until the half way mark and by that time they had the game sewn up. Drake came back feebly in the second half but were no match for the smooth working Grenville crowd. When the final whistle blew the score was 31-15.

February 15 saw the second game of the finals, with all Blocks in attendance and ably led in cheering by volunteer cheer leaders. Drake started strongly in this game and had hooped three field baskets before Grenville could score. However, their scoring streak seemed to fade and Grenville came through in great style to score a series of baskets which took them into the lead. The battle raged on in the second half and the referees had their hands full to keep things under control. The lead didn't change at all, and Grenville walked off the floor on the long end of a 25-16 count, taking the championship by 25 points.

Hawke and Anson meet in the first game of "B" league semi-finals, the winners to meet the victorious team of the Drake-Effingham battle for the championship in this Division.

Indoor Track Meet

Highlight of Sport this month was the New Entry Indoor Track and Field Meet held in the Drill Shed. Every block was well represented by both track team and spectators. "Cornwallis" crests were given to the individual winners and a trophy was given to the Block with the most points which was Drake with 73 points. Benbow and Effingham were tied for second place with 70 points, third place was taken by Hawke with 65 points, Anson was fourth with 58 points and Grenville held the cellar position with 45 points.

Time in the sprints was comparatively slow due to the cement floor and the turns in the track being very abrupt, several bad spills were taken and a couple of those meant the losing of a race, but in lieu of this everyone tried hard and put everything they had into it which all added to make the meet a thorough success.

The individual results were: 100 Yard, Struther—Hawke 12 sec.; 220 Yard, Robertson—Grenville 31 2/5 sec.; 440 Yard, Huntingford—Effingham 1 min. 2 3/5 sec.; 880 Yard, Ridler—Benbow 2 min. 10 3/5 sec.; Broad jump Mathews—Benbow 16 ft. 11 3/4 ins.; High jump, Morrison—Hawke 5 ft. 3 1/2 ins.; Shot put, Konik—Hawke 39 ft.; 440 Relay, Effingham—1 min. 37 1/5 sec.; 880 Relay, Effingham.

The Tug-O-War seemed to provide the most interest for the spectators. All the bigger lads in the New Entry section were mustered along the ropes and there were tons of heft to do the pulling. Anson won out in the end, besides having a good crowd on the rope they also had several experienced coaches all of which added to the spectacle.

An item of interest to all leather-pushers has arisen in the form of an N.E. Seamen's Novice Boxing tournament which is to be held in the near future. The new trainees are really getting in the swing of things and are in the gymnasium every night working into shape. Next month's edition of this paper will carry a full report of the bouts.

CRAZIRYME

By Jozy Doakes

Tarzitodes and wrenzitodes	'em!
And send 'em to The Crow's Nest—	Just to read such verses makes you
The editor's going nuts, wouldn't you?	wonder why their nurses
Oh, saltzritodes and jeepzritodes	Harder on their heads didn't drop 'em!
And officerzritepics—	Yes, jills write odes and jacks write odes
You'd think they'd have more sense,	And parodies like this one—
wouldn't you?	The editor's round the bend—how're
When they get the craze to tear off	you?
roundelays,	And they've got ME in a strait-jacket,
Nothing in this world could ever stop	too!

SEE HER SMILING



A little afraid that her daughter, Wren L. Jackson, of Public Relations staff, at Halifax, might not think she really did appreciate the gift of a year's subscription to The Crow's Nest, Mrs. B. Jackson, of St. James, Man., sent her sailorette a letter containing this picture showing her with a copy of the paper in her hand and a big smile of appreciation on her face.

Stokers' Boxing Card Draws Thousand Fans

By CPO 'Scoop' Blades P&RTI,

"SECONDS OUT OF THE RING"—Yes, again it was boxing night in HMCS Cornwallis on the evening of Feb. 17, and before an estimated crowd of 1000 spectators, fourteen fast and crowd-pleasing Inter-Class stoker bouts were held. All boxers were Novices and while they lacked somewhat in science, each and every one displayed his talent to the utmost. Many bouts were of the toe-to-toe type and provided overwhelming delight to the fans.

In the Bantamweight class, Stokers McDonald and Clarke proved to be too much for their opponents and gained decisions after three rounds of fast fighting. Stoker Reid, a clever Featherweight won over Stoker Hendry, both scrappers being extremely fast. In the same weight Stoker Morrison's longer reach enabled him to eke out a win over Stoker Bard.

First Knockout

The first K.O. of the evening came from the gloves of Stoker Lameroux, a promising Lightweight, with a solid right to the head which floored his opponent for the count. Another fight in the same weight saw Stoker Mattingsley get the nod over Stoker Stevens.

The next two bouts in the Welterweight class were packed with action and both winners, Stokers Sidebottom and Bronson had to throw a lot of leather to overcome their opponents. For novices they showed many merits and both bouts produced perhaps the best fighting of the evening.

The Middleweight bouts saw Stoker Terry gain a hard-earned decision over Stoker Smith after three bruising rounds, while Stoker Meadwell, a southpaw battered a win over his aggressive opponent, Stoker Tigh.

In the Light-Heavy class, Stoker Leonard came through with a win over Stoker Chomko and Stoker Strudwick had to give his all to earn a decision after three hard and bloody rounds over Stoker Dickie.

The only Heavyweight bout on the card was soon ended in the second round when Stoker Shaben with a series of hard lefts and rights K.O.'d his opponent.

The final highlight bout of the evening brought together two Welterweights, Stokers Newman and Balmer and after three fast and hard-hitting rounds the former was awarded the win. Newman packed a terrific punch and had to use it to the best of his advantage to overcome a longer reach and a very heady opponent.

CANADA'S NEW NAVY

At the conclusion of this war many men of the Royal Canadian Naval Reserve and Volunteer Reserve are going to have two peace-time channels laid open to them. One of these is embodied in the plans being formulated by Naval authorities for post-war civilian life. The other choice will be that of remaining in the permanent Navy of this country.

Captain Paul B. Cross, RCNVR, has told the Crow's Nest that the building up of Canada's peace-time Navy is one of the problems with which he has to deal as Chief Staff Officer Reserves. The total peace-time complement of the Royal Canadian Navy has been set at 8,800 officers and men. Accordingly, a drive will be launched in the near future to interest all men who feel they would like to carry on in a Navy career, in joining the permanent Navy.

The proposed campaign will be run in conjunction with the formation of discussion clubs at all bases, ships and establishments for the purpose of delving into post-war problems, as they will affect the Navyman leaving the Service.

Only The Best Accepted

The drive for men will not be in the form of a concerted effort to "railroad" men into joining the permanent force, nor will any effort be made to take any and every man who wishes to join, just so the complement may be filled. The man who gets into the RCN is going to have to be sound physically, mentally and morally and only the highest types will be accepted.

Two of the outstanding points which Captain Cross mentioned in speaking of this subject were: (a) Members of the Reserve forces joining the RCN will retain their present rank or rating until the cessation of hostilities and will be RCN (Temporary). (b) While men joining the permanent force will be given no guarantee that their wartime rank or rating will be sustained upon cessation of hostilities, there is a good possibility, owing to the large number of higher rates that will be required, that large numbers will retain their present rank or regain it shortly.

Captain Cross expressed the thought that the Navy has come a long way in the matter of improvements since the beginning of the war and these improvements will continue to be a part of the Service in peace-time. He feels, too, that the role the Canadian Navy is playing in this war will give the Navyman, be he officer or rating, a new status among his countrymen. A Navy of the size of the one now approved by the government will be something to which Canadians can point with pride and of which personnel may be proud, as its representatives.

(Full details regarding regulations for men wishing to join the permanent Navy will be found in Naval Monthly Orders).

Puck - Chasers At Quebec Division Have Started Turning On The Heat

By W. J. Einarson

After a somewhat shaky start the HMCS Montcalm team in the Quebec Maritime hockey league has started to go places.

In a recent game they created the season's biggest surprise when they handed the league leaders a 5-1 reverse.

Ivan Johnson, the big "Moose," has finally hit his stride and recently came through with a three goal and one assist display out of five goals scored by the team that night.

Another player who has added punch to the team is Ginger Hall who tends goal. Hall is one of the best goal tenders in the circuit.

Cagers Determined

Apparently the basketball team is plenty serious about winning the second series honors in the Quebec Garrison Basketball league. At the time of writing they had won three straight contests to be the holders of top position.

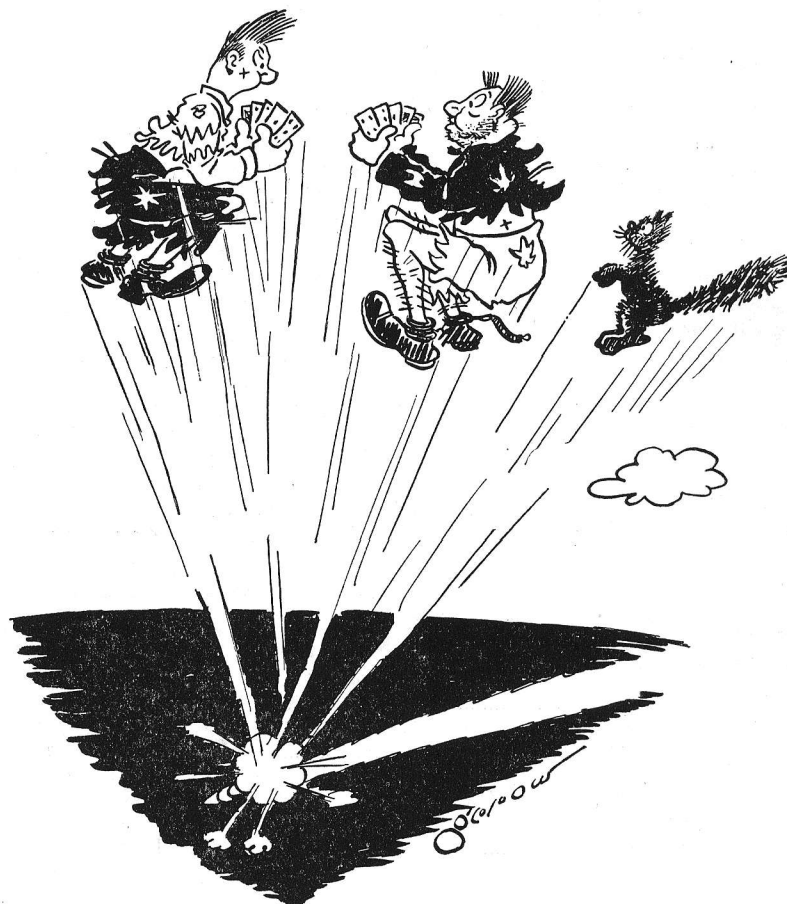
The only new player added is S/Lt. Al. Lenard who is better known as a rugby and track star, being chosen on two occasions for All Canada rugby teams.

The team is open to challenges and those interested are asked to contact S/Lt. E. W. Burns, manager and coach of the team. They would like to play HMC Signal School at St. Hyacinthe, HMCS Donnacona, or HMCS York, providing suitable arrangements could be made.

Two of the best defensemen in the league are Gordon Marshall and Ross Lint both of whom play for the Navy boys.

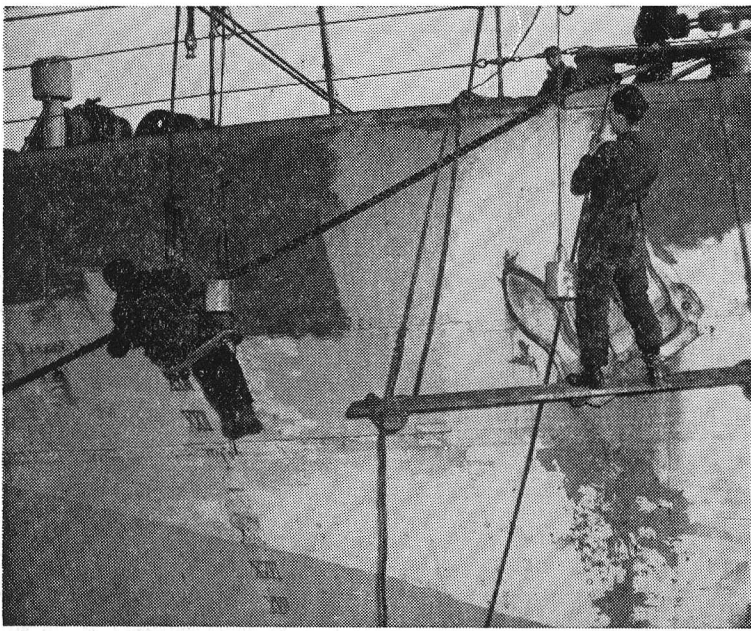
The bowling team is not doing so badly either, though they have lost several stellar players due to drafts. They are holding down third place at the present time.

Fred Bertrand, a leading exponent of the game, is a newcomer and should add strength to the team.



"Shall We Make This The Last Hand?"

CORVETTE COSMETICS



The ship comes in and the sea-weary sailor goes ashore, gets himself a shave and a haircut and perhaps the odd new bit of wearing apparel. He has a bit of a rest, enjoys a quiet bed to sleep in and prepares his mind and body for the next trip. Meanwhile, his ship is doing somewhat the same thing, getting a complete overhaul, replenishing her food, enjoying a berth in quiet waters and probably giving herself into the care of some of the Navy's beauty experts, who will give her a new make-up job as is being done by the lads in the above picture. RCN Photo.

Navy Show Shots

By "Gersha"

Anyone who has seen the "Navy Show" must realize the importance of the "The boy in the bell-bottom trousers;" but.....there's another lad who's been getting in some hot licks recently,—none other than the little fellow with the bow (not to be confused with any member of our string section.) First casualty of the New Year was none other than one of the "Four Tars," that well-acclaimed dance foursome who have been knocking 'em over wherever the show has played, Wayne Sheridan. During the Toronto return engagement Wayne was married to Miss Burnadine Beaver,. Following an evening show, Captain Locksley made a presentation to the newlyweds from the cast.

And Another One

Romance came again to the Navy Train with the unheralded appearance of one, Lieut. Terry De Hueck, recently returned from Overseas and subsequently from service in Kiska. In true tradition of his Russian baronial forebears Lieut. de Hueck stormed the heart of his fiancée, Wren Janet MacFarland; and their wedding in one of Winnipeg's churches just before an evening "performance" made national headlines. When last heard of the newlyweds were spending their honeymoon in Montreal, planning to visit the groom's mother, the former Baroness De Hueck later, in Chicago.

As well as wishing happiness to these two young couples, the cast wish to say "Congratulations" and "Best Wishes" to Lieut. and Mrs. Devaney, both of whom have been associated with the "Navy Show."

Dunkirk Veteran

Lieut. Eric Wild continues to amaze all and sundry with his good-humor and versatility. His prowess at musical transcription is something wildly wonderful! Until recently, very few knew that this quiet, unassuming young man had been at Dunkirk, barely making good his escape, with other members of the troupe including, Miss Gracie Fields. A few, well-directed questions drew forth the information that Lieut. Wild was a native of Sault Sainte Marie, and attended the University of Michigan. For several years he was associated with the BBC in Television as one of the musical arrangers. His selection for the current show adds lustre to the star-studded ranks of musicians, which include former "stick-men" of the "name-bands" from "Mart Kenny's" to "Ray Noble."

And what about that new music for the "Red-and-Green?" Oomph! Credit! No other than our genial captain, Roy Locksley.

And just wait until you see and hear the new "picture number!"

Getting Exercise

With so much sedentary life while traveling, the "Navy Show" cast welcomes all opportunities for sport, climbing, riding, bathing and what not. The various "ships" as well as private individuals have made possible many "innings" and "outings;" and the hockey games played in Winnipeg will go down in the annals as some of the most spectacular of all time.

The general opinion is that we are being royally treated on this Western tour, and the trip through the Rockies culminating in the arrival at the West Coast should be the highlight of eight months of "good companionship."

One can believe that not even Balboa himself could elicit more thrill from his first view of the Pacific... than will many of these young Easterners. And for the few Westerners there will be a happy sense of almost proprietorship. (Noo—Shoiman—no pun intended!)

Motto of the "model" K. P. staff: "How clean was my galley."

She: I simply couldn't live with

a man who didn't like cats." Sailor: I'll say you couldn't!

PERSONALITY PARADE

"The Navy Show" can boast celebrities backstage as well as before the footlights. Not the least of these is our Stage Manager, Frederick B. Manette. A short biography reveals that Mr. Manette was born in Kansas, served Overseas in the Great War as a "Buck Private" in the American Army" and resumed his interrupted professional career after the War. To use his own words, has was on Broadway in 1910 and has "been there ever since."

His various successes were: with Kitty Gordon in "The Enchantress," with Alice Brady in "Forever After," in which he established the lead role; and as Stage Manager for the Victor Herbert productions on Broadway, including "Mademoiselle Modiste," "Her Regiment" and "The Only Girl." For three years he was Stage Manager at the Winter Garden; and for 15 years with the George White "Scandals;" as well as being general stage Director for Harvey Frazee. He has worked with the "greats," including Hitchcock and de Wolfe Hopper; has toured the continent from coast-to-coast for 30 years; with eight years in pictures at M.G.M., R.K.O. and Paramount.

Mr. Manette has been seen to smile, —but it's a rare and wonderful sight (and well-worthwaiting for.)

He's Been Around

Among the most popular members of the Technical Crew one can rate our Thomas Crawford, a native of Toronto. His career began when he toured with Captain Fisher in the Roadshow, "Mademoiselle from Armentieres" as electrician in 1919. He toured to both coasts with the original "Dumbells," and with Fred Stone in "Stepping Stones". He was associated with The Chicago Civic Opera on its coast-to-coast tour in 1925-26 when the cast included Chaliapin, Mary Garden, Edna Marshall and La Monte.

NAVAL NUPTIALS

Continued from page 4

guard of honor from HMCS "Prevost" at London, was in attendance.

Following a wedding reception in the crystal ballroom at the Hotel London, the bride and groom left on a short trip to Toronto and Napanee. Later the groom returned to the east coast for duty.

Saint Martin-Murphy

St. Patrick's Church, Grande Allee, Quebec City, was the scene of a pretty wedding recently when Margaret Mary, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Edward Murphy, was united in marriage to Surg.-Lieut. Jean Saint Martin, of Montreal. Surg.-Lieut. Saint Martin is attached to HMCS Montcalm, Quebec City.

Rev. A. E. Conlogue, C.S.R., performed the ceremony while Mrs. J. Woods played the wedding music. Solos were rendered by Miss Muriel Hall and Mr. Rene Mathieu.

After the ceremony a reception was held at HMCS Montcalm with spring flowers and white tapers in silver candlebra, providing the decorations. The bride's table was centred by the wedding cake. Later Surg.-Lieut. and Mrs. Saint Martin left on a brief wedding trip.

NEWFOUNDLAND PORT

Continued from page 4

night. Light refreshments are served in the afternoons and evenings, if desired, and the girls may treat their guests to tea in the evenings. Special food is prepared to celebrate birthdays and other events, if the girls supply the extras themselves. Wedding receptions and even baby showers have been held in the Hostel.

In short, the YWCA Leave Hostel is filling an urgent need here, as similar organizations do elsewhere, and it is certainly a place in which any mother would be happy to see her daughter located.

BIG-TIME REFEREEING



No. 1 defenceman in the Battle of the Atlantic, Rear Admiral L.W. Murray, CBE, RCN, Commander-in-Chief, Canadian Northwest Atlantic, is also a No. 1 defence man in Halifax Navy hockey warfare. A star puckster in his earlier years, the Admiral, who believes that every man must keep fit to do his work well, has demonstrated this season that he has lost none of the "old zip" that made him famous during his hockey hey-dey.

In a friendly hockey tussle, two allied navy chiefs of the Canadian Northwest Atlantic Command, Lt.-Cdr. M. H. Stanley, USN, of Brookline, Mass., head of the United States Navy office, in Halifax, on the left, faces off with the Admiral, shown on the right. The referee is Ldg. Physical Training Instructor George Dallas, RCNVR, of Ottawa and Toronto. RCN Photo.

FOGARTY FAGAN, V. C.

By S. M. Prentice

Outward bound from an Eastern Port,
Where the broad Atlantic lies,
A convoy with its gallant escort
Sailed for Eastern skies.
Tankers, Freighters, patched up
scamps,
Weather beaten bums of the sea;
Norwegians, Greeks and grey Dutch
tramps,
All battered and shabby, but free.
38 ships—they sailed away
With Fogarty Fagan and the "Jer-
vis Bay."

Along the ocean highway, haunted
By deadly sub and dangerous mine,
Convoys had come and gone un-
daunted,
Tho' trapped and trailed by the lurk-
ing swine;
To the sides of valiant men who
fought
For freedom's fadeless crown,
Those precious cargoes must be got.
You can't let people down
Who stood straight up to the
Blitz's sting,
Yet fear God and honour the King.

Fagan knew how the pirates planned
To sink every ship going through,
When fate chimed in and gave him
command
Of the "Jervis Bay" and her crew.
No famous ranking vessel, she,
Renowned throughout the realm;
Just an old contemptible of the sea,
With a fighting man at the helm.
This was the end of her freighter story;
This was the start of her ocean
glory.

Days and nights crept slowly by,
In the gloom of November weather;
But under the skipper's watchful eye
The convoy held together.
Until the setting sun disclosed
Away on the dim horizon,
A Man O'War with guns exposed,
He'd never before set eyes on.
Fagan took stock of the "Armour
Clad;"
A few light guns were all he had.

Quick to perceive, swift to endeavour
And eager to get in first crack—
Fagan decided to shoot, now or never,
And ordered his guns to attack!
The convoy scattered into the night,
Sensing the drama they couldn't see—
One small speck of British Might
Engage a powerful enemy.
"Clear the decks without delay,"
Was Fagan's order of the day.

Silence broke like a dawn in hell
As the "Jervis Bay" closed in!
Shot for shot and shell for shell,
With sudden death in the din.
Salvoes of red hot metal and steel

From the heavy guns of the raider,
Ripped the heart and rocked the keel
Of the gallant old sea trader.

Was Fagan rash as some might say?
No—facing odds is the British way.

Outranged, ablaze from stem to stern,
Fagan stood on the bridge defiant;
His ship no longer a going concern,
Nor guns nor course reliant.
His arm shot off—steering gear gone,
But fighting mad defending—
CRASH went the bridge that Fagan
stood on!

Was this then—the ending?
Never! while one drop remains
Of Irish blood in Fagan's veins!

Main bridge gone, he reeled to the
other—
Heedless of wounds, with courage
sublime;
Flag shot down, he hoisted another—
When up went his bridge a second
time.
By the laws of God and men and guns
And all the stars ascended,
Never against the heartless Huns
Was convoy so nobly defended!
There, in the reddening glow,
Fagan slid to his watch below.

There's a spot in the cold Atlantic
Which winds refresh and waves keep
clean,
Above it's grey and unromantic,
Below it's quiet and evergreen.
That's where Fogarty Fagan's lying,
Heroic, immortal in renown;
His white ensign was flying
When the "Jervis Bay" went down.
38 ships sailed away—
29 survived the day.

"For beating your wife I'll fine you
\$1.10," said the judge.
"I don't object to the dollar," said the
prisoner, "but what is the 10 cents for?"
"That," said the judge, "is the
federal tax on amusements."

A termite's nightmare: "I dreamt
I dwelt in marble halls."

"I don't need none," shouted the
lady of the house before the agent had
opened his mouth.
"How do you know?" he replied.
"I might be selling grammars."

First Cow—"What do you think of
the new farmhand?"
Second Cow—"I think he's an awful
jerk."

Sailor—"Your dog likes to watch you
cut hair, doesn't he?"
Barber—"It ain't that. Sometimes
I snip a off piece of ear."

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