



THE



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WITH THE NAVY ON D-DAY



(1) This is what a small section of the mighty invasion armada looked like on "D" Day. Barrage balloons overhead and the White Ensign flying proudly from each masthead, these Canadian LCI (L)'s and Royal Navy LCI (L)'s are under way in the English Channel. Two hours later they were landing Canadian troops and tanks on the coast of France.—RCN Photo by Lieut. G. Milne.

Flown by bomber across the Atlantic, these are the first actual RCN invasion photos to arrive in Canada.

(2) Scenes like this are being re-enacted daily as re-inforcements for invasion forces in Normandy pour ashore. In this picture, taken on D-Day, Canadian troops swarm down the gangways of LCI (L)'s of the Royal Canadian Navy, through the surf and over the seawall to the shore. Gutted and shell-pocked buildings along the shore are evidence of the furious bombardment that prepared the way for the troop landings.—RCN Photo by Lieut. G. A. Milne



many hours away. This picture was taken on board HMCS Algonquin, on Sunday, June 4, just before the invasion.—RCN Photo by Lieut. R. G. Arless.

(3) Unknown to the Canadian sailors attending Divine Service on the open deck of one of Canada's large Tribal class destroyers, "D" Day was not

INVASION PADRE

You might call him the Royal Canadian Navy's invasion Padre, although he looks more like a commando than an apostle of God.

His life-jacket is strapped across the back of his big and powerful motor bike, and his ecclesiastical collar is almost hidden by a huge crash helmet

Padre Harold Graven, RCN, Senior Chaplain Canadian Combined Operations, has met the demands of war in practical fashion.

pretty bad, and other had less serious wounds. They all needed a Padre. Padre Graven found he couldn't cover the ground.....so he asked for a motor cycle—was refused—bought one himself—asked for petrol—couldn't get petrol for a private bike—and finally stumped, officialdom decided the simplest way out was to give him a government machine.

So now you'll see him roaring up and down the invasion coast between the bases, ducking in and out past the troop and supply truck convoys.



THIS IS IT!

An Editorial

Last month the day for which fighting men all over the world had waited, came. Some waited fearfully, their hearts filled with a despondent terror born of the knowledge that the day of reckoning was near. The others, the men and women of the Allied countries, waited with impatient expectancy for the day which was to mean that the actual destroying blow was about to be landed against the aggressor.

Now, though the blow has been struck and the Allied successes give perhaps the clearest vision of a future peace for the world, all of us must muster our determination more solidly than ever before. This is the crucial hour when supply lines must not weaken, when self-sacrifice must be total—worthy of those whose sacrifices have been supreme and freely given. This is the hour when we stand at the crest balancing momentarily before plunging down into the very heart of the enemy stronghold. Any weakening now might mean crashing backwards on our own steps and losing all that for which men have given so much.

Yes, this is it, sailor. And so, no matter where you are, or what your job, give it the works. If you are adding figures, add them fast and add them right. If you're putting on an entertainment for the boys make them laugh till they roll in the aisles. If you're cooking duff make it taste as good as you possibly can make it. If

you're firing an Oerlikon, even on a practice range, get your aim-off the way you've been taught and fire with all the accuracy you know. This is our day to grasp victory, to crush the enemy, to put the machine rolling along the road that will eventually lead us home!

DANGER DIVE

An Atlantic Port—One of the most hazardous jobs ever undertaken by divers from this Royal Canadian Navy base has been successfully completed by a courageous young Able Seaman from Saint John, N. B.

His name is Albert "Ab" Hanley. He went down to the ocean bed in ice-cold water to recover a charge laden with high explosive and two armed depth-charge pistols which would have blown him to bits had he stepped on them with his 20-pound diver's boots.

The depth charge and pistols were accidentally lost off the stern of a destroyer. It was not known whether the charge was primed or set to "safe."

Divers under the command of Warrant Boatswain Lawrence "Lon" Chaney, RCN, of Vernon, B. C. and Victoria, were summoned. The crew works in rotation, and it was Able

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

THE CROW'S NEST

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GETTING OLDER

This month The Crow's Nest enters upon its third year of publication. There could be no more fitting time to express our thanks to the many men and women of the Service, as well as to our numerous civilian friends, for their loyalty and interest in this publication. Providing a newspaper each month which will be of interest to all readers, be they Service or civilian, is not an easy task. Some months we may have succeeded and in other months we may have failed, miserably. However, without the support of those persons who gave of their time and talent to fill the columns of the paper it would not have been possible to carry on.

During the past two years interest in the paper has increased to the extent where it was necessary for the editors to handle more and more news in the same number of pages. First we took the sub-headings off stories. Then we changed the size of the type in the cut-lines to provide more space and finally we used the smaller type for the entire paper with the exception of the editorials. These changes may have been noticed by some but many more readers probably did not notice them as they were made. The fact remains, however, that there is considerably more reading material in the paper today than there was two years ago, or even one year ago.

Now, the idea we want to get across is this. We are prepared to handle still more news, provided we can sell still more papers. For this reason we are asking you to provide the fullest cooperation in providing news and making sales for your paper. Sometimes it isn't possible to use all the material that comes in to the office, either because we lack space or because there is some reason for not using it which has not been apparent to the writer. However, be assured that the paper will do its utmost to print all usable material received and will allocate space as fairly as possible in order to give equal representation to everyone.

NEED WOMEN VOLUNTEERS

"We are desperately in need of many more volunteers."

That is the word The Crow's Nest received from the Women's Voluntary Service last month. It seems too bad that such a splendid organization should be forced to make a statement such as that but there does seem to be a shortage of assistance at the headquarters on Granville Street, Halifax, and the ladies there are catering to more and more demands from canteens, clubs and hostels.

The Women's Voluntary Service organization is constantly supplying volunteers to help out in the numerous service centres in the city and the job they are doing is one which has earned the deep gratitude of all Servicemen.

For this reason, The Crow's Nest asks, on behalf of the W.V.S., that ladies throughout the city contact the organization to see if there isn't some service they can render by giving of their time for work among the Service people, as these women are doing.

Come on now, Navy wives. Lead the way!

FREEDOM'S BIRTHDAYS

By A. A. Wenban OA (O)

July greets North America with two important anniversaries. On July 1 we celebrate Dominion Day, on July our neighbours to the South remember the Declaration of Independence. Each marks the start of a new era of freedom and responsibility for our nations. Each was a break from an old way of living to a new.

When the States broke away from the restraints of control from a land which was geographically remote in a continent whose traditions and problems were very different to those of the New World, they began to develop the distinctive character and national personality that stamps an American as such, wherever you may encounter him. Owing much to Britain and its culture, they were, nevertheless, at the threshold of a culture of their own. So, too, when the conception of a wider unity within Canada was born, the East and West began to be conscious of each other, of their common interests and needs, and the personality of Canada began to grow. A nation began to find its feet.

No child can attain the real dignity of personality until it begins to choose for itself and to make mistakes, to prove by experience, often bitter, the truth or falsehood of those things it has been given to believe by its parents and teachers, the interpreters of the national heritage. So freedom came to the States and Canada. Are the States united? Is Canada a conscious, self-governing Dominion? How well have they grown since those first steps were recorded?

Freedom to choose a course of action has been described as the one thing, blessing or curse, as you will, which sets man apart from the animals. Man can choose to act against instinct by an effort of the will, not so the beast. Our choices as nations are not limited now by pressure from the Old World from which we claimed our freedom to choose our own path. To our fathers this freedom meant deeper responsibility, willingness to face the consequences of making mistakes, to accept the blame themselves if things went awry, foregoing the luxury of having someone else to shift the blame on to. It meant too a determination to work out with each other a pattern of life that would build a nation for their children, a nation to which they would be proud to belong, better than any that had yet been on the earth. They recognised their need of each other, need for teamwork and planning together. They knew, too, that they must have the qualities of character that made it possible for them to trust each other, honesty and unselfish living, unsparing determination, and grit to overcome obstacles. They knew that if they, themselves, did not supply the leadership for the New World there would be no New World. They believed in the destiny of their nations under God, that He gave the richness of prairie and forest, lake, river and sea, for man to use in his building. Many a time a man had to give up his own private plans to help his neighbour. There was no argument about price, or whether he could afford to do it. He thought it his reasonable service to the community to which he belonged. That was his part in the building of the nation.

What does freedom mean for us today? Just why are we in this fight against Hitler and Tojo? Is it just so that we can do as we please and let the rest of the world go to the devil? Is it to preserve the luxury of a good time for ourselves and no worries about our neighbours? To-day, whether we like it or not, what you and I are doing right where we are affects the present and future of Canada. What we do in Canada affects the world. If we are indulging private animosities and quarrels in the nation now, shall we be a united nation to-morrow?

Within the fabric of this war and in the heart of the nations there is another war going on, the battle of the builders and destroyers of fine character. Battles are lost, victories delayed, because the ordinary guy has let up at the crucial moment, or is in the rattle when he should be on action stations. Beachheads are secured, objectives are destroyed because a fellow knows what he is fighting for, and loves what he knows. It is the spirit of a man that decides the destiny of nations.

We can make our own Declaration of Independence, that we will not accept things that are crippling to the nation's life in our own. We can make our own Dominion Day declaration that we want a united Canada, and will not ourselves so act as to divide Canadians from each other. We can choose to fight for the best in our national life, to unite Canadians and make them conscious of their mutual need and national heritage.



"I hope my dress doesn't embarrass you."

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.

Attaboy!

Dear Sir:

I have always read The Crow's Nest since its early days, that is, wherever I am where I can get it, but there is one comment I really must make. It is a Naval paper, published for Naval personnel, yet it has only 8,000 readers in a Service composed of around 100,000 (?)—Ed. members. Is that not a small percentage? No, I have nothing against the paper. It is well written and I find many items in it very interesting and the first section I nearly always read is "Across Our Bows."

I read items in it from nearly every branch of the Service and news of nearly every branch of the Service, except one and that one is D.E.M.S. Is DEMS a secret branch of our Service? I have often noticed that the name seems to sound "distasteful" to some of those in "General Service," possibly they think that DEMS is just a figurehead branch of the Service. They do not realize that DEMS, with the M. N. (Merchant Navy) took the brunt of the war in the first two years. They do not realize that the fighting ships of our Navy, the Army and the Air Force, depend, to a certain extent on the efficiency of DEMS, both on their shore establishments, or bases, and at sea and no DEMS rating is in that branch unless he desired to be. It is strictly a volunteer service of the Royal Canadian Navy.

I would like to see a DEMS section in The Crow's Nest, to hear news of the boys on our various base staffs and to hear of those who have just returned from a one or two year session at sea; some we have not heard of or seen for a year, or some for two or three years. Another thing I would like to mention here is that today I saw a DEMS insignia broach. Officially, we have none, but unofficially there are a number in existence which I understand were originated by an OA (Ordnance Artificer) who has been attached to DEMS for several years. It is a "Winged Bullet." Now, what do you DEMS ratings think of that for an official DEMS insignia? It could not be worn on our uniforms but, when the war draws to a close would it not be nice to have a DEMS club?

Anyway, let's hear from you DEMS ratings at various bases. Let's make a DEMS column in The Crow's Nest. Surely, we have plenty of good writers and The Crow's Nest can not make and write a section for us. They

have made a section for anyone wishing to write in their comments and I am sure that if we give them the material they would give us a section, say "Around the World With DEMS." Now, I have done my part by at least giving you an idea which I expect a lot of you to improve on.

"Brek Nord"

First, let us assure "Brek Nord" and all other DEMS personnel that The Crow's Nest does not look upon DEMS as a secret branch of the Service (although by the very nature of its work any material coming to this paper would have to be carefully handled. That, however, would be the responsibility of the editors).

We think, too, we are quite safe in saying, that anyone in the Navy who regards the name DEMS as distasteful, certainly needs to learn a lot about the Service to which he or she belongs. There is no doubt that, by all thinking members of the Royal Canadian Navy, the name "DEMS" is one which is held in the highest esteem.

In the matter of giving space to DEMS news, you are quite right in assuming that The Crow's Nest is in no position to write news of DEMS but that we will be only too pleased to receive news of that department and any other department in the Service. That is the very job this paper wishes to do. We want news from all departments in every locality where Navymen are serving. In order to give you a bigger and better paper we must depend almost wholly upon two big factors which concern you, the reader. The first is circulation. In order to expand we must have more and more subscribers. In order to give complete coverage of Navy news we must have the facts coming in to us. It's up to you. It's your paper!

This brings us to the matter of our present circulation. The fact that we have an average monthly sale of 7,000 papers does not mean that only 8,000 Navymen read The Crow's Nest each month. It is safe to say that an average of five persons read each copy of the paper. For instance, large numbers of our sea-going ships have subscribed for a dozen or more copies of the paper to be distributed in the various messes. Thus, it is easily seen that each of a dozen copies aboard a ship might be read by six or seven persons.

In the formation of any Naval club there could be no better way for members to keep in touch with that

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Good Sportsmanship Is Highlight In Hamilton Inter-City Regatta

Good racing was the order of the day when the big regatta was held recently at Hamilton Ont., and although the weather was cloudy the sailors at HMCS Star turned out in large number to root for their teams competing against men from HMCS York, at Toronto, and HMCS Prevost at London. Highlight of the meet, however was the keen sportsmanship displayed by all competitors. Results of the regatta were:

Whalers (sailing)—Star, York, Star. Whalers (rowing)—Star, York, Prevost. Sea Cadet Cutters—Burlington, Hamilton, Kitchener. Whalers (145 lb.)—Star, York. Single sculls—R. Pearce, Star; C. Saunders, Leander Boat Club. Whalers (Officers)—York, Star. Four-oared race—Leander Boat Club, Star. Whalers (Wrens)—York, No. 1, York, No. 2.

Defeat Army

HMCS Star defeated a strong

Army team from Brantford 11-4 after a hard-fought game before a capacity crowd at Hamilton. The tars played good baseball and the heroes of the game were Runge and Kaiser, playing for the sailors. "Star" team has won the first two games of the Armed Services league and it looks like another title for the ship if the team continues in its present style.

Lieut. Bob Pearce, Sports Officer at "Star" is aiming high but after all, he has a right to. He's been to the top of the ladder himself in his chosen athletic field of sculling. Lieut. Pearce is so impressed with the way his boys are taking to soccer that he has hopes of producing a team that can take on the best in the Old Country. This boast is made in spite of the fact that his team was recently beaten by a squad from the Steel Company of Canada, in a splendid match which ended in a 4-1 score.

Across Our Bows

Continued from page 2

club, and to interest their friends and relatives in it, than by taking out subscriptions to the paper. The possibilities which this paper presents to Naval personnel are almost unlimited, but remember, its life and size depend upon two things: first, subscriptions; second, news. And both of these depend on you—the readers!—Ed.

It Was A Pleasure

Dear Sir:

I want to thank you for your prompt and generous response to my suggestion that you print a list of the various designations, insignia, etc. (of the RCN—June edition) in The Crow's Nest. Harry G. Brown, Mattapan, Mass.

Sorry

Dear Sir:

I got a copy of The Crow's Nest this week and while I was pleased with the articles generally, I was somewhat disappointed in one of them in this issue of June. Your artist, in making up badges of the Navy, has overlooked some, the lack of which spoiled what would otherwise have been of value and a handy reference, when clipped, for many readers and basic training centres. The best article I have come upon came from the USA and we, as the Navy concerned, should have been able to have published all badges, thus making it a complete record.

I also notice in the conditions of the Essay contest that there are certain individuals barred from competing. What about the censors who read the essays before they go the judge? I think a questionnaire would have been more suitable as you cannot write an essay of that sort without some controversial points occurring.

Trusting that my comments will be accepted in the light in which they are given, as I want The Crow's Nest circulation increased, too.

John Hislop, C/MM Stadacona I.

In printing the badges we used what we considered a reliable source. Unfortunately, we did not know at the time of going to press that an authorized table of badges for the RCN had been issued. Perhaps at some future date we will be able to print this table.

With regard to the contest. The members of the paper's staff are barred for obvious reasons. The censors could not be barred without The Crow's Nest casting the shadow of suspicion upon the integrity of the personnel of that department. The Crow's Nest does not care to do this. The initial aim of the contest was to get good ideas from as many members of the Navy as possible. Had a questionnaire been offered the contest would have been only a matter of asking the opinion of personnel regarding such ideas as the editors wished to put forth. We are most grateful

for your interest and your suggestions. It is only by receiving such letters that we can correct the paper's weaknesses.—Ed.

Sailors' Friend

Dear Sir:

When my June issue of The Crow's Nest did not arrive I began to suspect that my subscription must have run out. This will never do, so I am writing to ask you to please renew it, I have really thoroughly enjoyed receiving it.

I always liked the articles written by Rev. Wm. Hills and the humorous skits such as "Miranda," "The Sailors' Ladies," the up-to-the-minute wisecracks and the cartoons. Of the latter, one which appeared some time ago, with reference to the radio program "Fighting Navy," especially, took my fancy.

I wish to express sincerest good wishes for the safety of all our Navy men in these invasion days. Also, best wishes for the continued success of your paper, even in the Peace days to come.

E. B. Reeves, Halifax, N. S.

Geel!

Dear Sir:

A very good friend of mine sent me a copy of The Crow's Nest and urged me to try a subscription for a year. After reading the paper I didn't need any urging and so am mailing my money in to you and will be waiting anxiously for my copies.

Rita Steffler

A Splendid Lad

Dear Sir:

Your paper is "right up" on news of the Navy and should prove very interesting to the folks at home.

Donald Duckett, AB, HMCS Charlottetown

The Compass Needle

The compass needle guides the world: And Canada guides the needle.

Before there was a river Nile Or Sphinx with fixed eternal smile, Or old Chinese, or thinking Greeks, Or rolling plains or mountain peaks: There was a magnet fixed in Hudson's Bay

To guide mankind by night and day. It is the great magnetic pole The global scientific soul, Let Canadians all be filled with pride That their native land does the whole world guide, And has and will produce a breed Both willing to guide, And able to lead:—

The Outsider

Some folks who need a magnifying glass to see their neighbors' good points would find the real trouble if they used the looking glass at home.

If some of us really don't care what ideologies other nations take up, it may be that we really don't care about our own.

First Cooperative Show Success At Stadacona II

"Rainbow Varieties," HMCS "Stadacona II's" first co-operative show production went over in big way when premiered before more than 600 service personnel in the ship's auditorium.

Stacked full of laughs, the concert, a round-up of ship's talent was presented by kind permission of Commander N. L. Pickersgill, V.D., R.C. N.V.R., commanding officer and was sponsored by the ship's entertainment committee.

Highlighting the show was "The Unsuspected Admiral," a one-act comic operetta written by Surgeon Lieut. W. A. Paddon. Amid much hilarity the breezy satire aimed its clever gags at the wavy-navy and the straight strippers, with the lower deck coming away out on top when Lieut. Howard Barnett as Ordinary Seaman Scuttle wins the Admiral's daughter. The cast also included WSO. G. Underwood, CPO N. Forster, Herb Shepard of the YMCA, LAW Marion Dunn and S/Lt. Peebles.

Dainty LAW Dorothy Aspholm, acrobat and tapster was the show's special favorite and loud applause followed song selections by talented LAW Marion Dunn.

The program also included popular songs by LAC F. Gerathy; hilarious impersonations by WSO G. Underwood; and mandolin selections by WT MAA J Thorniley.

The Company's orchestra, sounding the "solid notes" with popular swing wound up the show, Musicians included PO's M. Mackie, C. Reid, E. Dandy; CPO George Mardus and the ace-drummer Lieut. Jack Bisset.

Mrs. E. W. Barnstead was the accompanist and four pretty civilian girls, Hilda William, Kay Ritey, Stella Jones and Peggy Wickwire sang in chorus.

Essays From All Ranks In Crow's Nest Contest

The Crow's Nest's big essay contest closed last month and the essays are on their way to the first group of judges, officials of the Navy's Directorate of Demobilization who will send the 20 essays they consider best on to the final judge, Dr. Cyril James, chairman of the Canadian Government's Advisory Committee on Reconstruction.

The editors are more than pleased with the response to the competition. All ranks of the Navy, apparently, took equal interest in the contest and essays have been received from Senior Naval Officers and ratings alike. Some came from men based overseas, others from men in ships and still others from all parts of Canada.

Considerable interest has been shown by the civilian population of the Dominion in the contest and requests have been received to allow the winning essays to be published in some of the country's leading newspapers.

Because of the time needed to decide on the winning essays the names of the successful candidates will not be announced until the September issue of The Crow's Nest.

FIRST CHRISTENING

Rev. W. A. Paterson, RCN, officiated at the first Naval Baptism to be held aboard HMCS Scotian, Sunday, June 4, where the daughter of Leo "Knobby" Clarke, N.S.P., and Mrs. Winnifred Mae Clarke, was baptized Josephine Shirley. God-parents were Harold "Buck" Morris Senior Chaplain's yeoman and Miss Mary Boutillier of Naval Service.

Worrying is a poor substitute for thinking.

Free enterprise is entitled to survive if it produces better goods, better prices and better people.

Player's Please
MEDIUM OR MILD
PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

Suggestions For Coast Guards Offered By White Ensign Club

At the June meeting of the White Ensign Association in Halifax, an interesting discussion of the proposed post war Canadian Coast Guard service was entered into by all members and Lieut. Bell, chairman of the meeting produced a lengthy brief which is to be submitted through the proper channels for consideration by the Canadian government.

The brief sets forth the following statement:

"That, in order to effect the complete and satisfactory rehabilitation of Officers and Men of the various Government Water-Borne Services, now on Active Service with the Naval Forces (but not including the Royal Canadian Navy and Water-

Borne Services of the Army and Air Force, excepting such as were absorbed into those Services for hostilities only, from other Government Services), a Canadian Government Coast-Guard Service be formed.

The brief then goes on to make recommendations regarding the organization of such a service from the standpoint of welfare, advancement, allowances, pay, clothing, grants, pensions and re-establishment, training, etc.

Copies of the suggestions have been sent to numbers of interested persons.

The members of the Association are more than pleased with their entry in the Halifax Commercial Softball league, the team having played and won three games.

"Queen" Battles Way Through Western Gale

by A/L/Sea. P. M. Hains

In last month's issue of The Crow's Nest, an article of ours appeared, in which, we tried to show that many of the jibes, thrusts, and indecent remarks (good natured and otherwise), directed at "Queen's" Boat Training schedule were unjustified. Unfortunately, space and the censor, in the figure of Lt.-Cdr. Aggett, would not permit of our being more explicit.

However, there is yet something to be added: Since the boats, 'her offspring' are taken care of, let us now, for a moment, refer to the Ship herself, HMCS "Queen."

She has been made the butt of many a joke, and her personnel—good humouredly—have accepted, and laughed with those who would refer to her as the 'Prairie Schooner,' 'The Ship that was left by the tide,' and the 'Stone Frigate,' etc. In sailing-ship days, a China Clipper was known to be a vessel having fine lines, employed in the tea trade. The expression, need I point out, had nothing to do with the material which was used in the vessel's construction. But—laugh if you will—during the last war, the enemy, and the Allies too, experimented with ships whose sides were made of concrete. Duly completed, they were launched, floated for a while, and then disintegrated. They were not a success. At long last, however, we feel that "Queen" of like construction, has managed to vindicate herself. A word of explanation may be thought necessary. The Ship's keel—"foundations" is such a long word, was laid in a hollow well below street level. In this, her builders showed little imagination.

Man The Boats!

In the last few weeks, Regina suffered a series of storms, which, accompanied by thunder, lightning, heavy wind and driving rains, afforded the boys some

of the atmosphere they might expect to find at sea. A turbulent lake, upon which they tossed in their whalers, helped to create the impression "Queen," situated as she is, has a big draught lying very low, in whatever water she finds herself, be it hot water, or, and more particularly, rain water. In squalls of this kind then, part of our job around here is to screw down all 'sea cocks,' turn ventilators back to wind, ease off all signal halyards, and if she's rolling badly, stretch a life line or two along the main deck! Upon this occasion, however, something went wrong with the works, and the ship was found to be leaking badly. Sprung, in several places, her plates of concrete naturally—gave water in

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COMMENDED

Leading SBA Howard Bailey, who has been commended for his outstanding actions in ministering to survivors of HMCS Valleyfield, recently sunk in the North Atlantic. Bailey is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bailey, Saint John, N. B., and is serving in HMCS Giffard, his first sea-draft.



By Lieut. John H. Pepper

Goatsey Doats

Our doughty goat mascot "Bill" went adrift for two hours the other night. He was rounded up by a reinforced Shore Patrol just as he hopefully sped down Saskatoon's Third Avenue (main drag) in search of a nanny.

The following morning, S/Lt. B. Renshaw (Commanding Officer Goat) and his able assistants O/S. "Red" Johnston and O/Sea. Sproxtton were saddened to hear that their charge had been charged. S/Lt. Bill McQuaid aided by S/Lt. Graham Taylor and Bev. Mitchell stood grimly on the quarterdeck. Poor guilty "Billy" was sentenced to wear a stronger chain and was deprived of his hard-layers. O/Sea. D. J. Shepley commented "I'm glad he's a billy and not a nanny else I'd have to be a milkmaid."

Sportsy Notes

Here's that inside dope we promised you on our baseball team. This is straight from S/Lt. Bothwell our playing coach. The pitching staff of our unbeaten team centres around the veteran Ace Corbin. Ole' "Sachel" Corbin can really throw a mean ball. At the Raymore Ball tournament in June, he pitched 21 innings in a day. Brother, that is some slinging. "Randy" Randall and "Burk" Burko stand ready for relief duties on the mound. Newcomers to the club since our last press release are Rettig, Kobussen and Rice. Real hitters these lads.

Very encouraging to see our C.O. Lt.-Cdr. C. White vigorously rooting for his teams at all their Cairn's Field games.

The other day, S/Lt. Eltom's fast-ball team was hard hit by drafts. While he thought sadly of his departing players, someone canvassed the barracks for prospects. That night at practice time, over 40 prospective softballers bowled Hilt over as they scrambled and struggled to gain a place on the team. Hilt refuses to talk about his team's prospects in the Inter-Active Services Sports Organization league, but just recently we defeated No. 4 Service Flying Training School, the league leaders . . . nuff sed, watch for us in the playoffs.

"Pop" MacKay is a very popular and hard working Petty Officer. Aided and abetted by Supply Petty Officer Gair, he organized a PO's deck hockey team, and defeated the officers by a score of 6 to 5.

"Pop" says that our M.O., Surg-Lieut. Dave Ernst is slipping at cribbage. SBA Simpson believes the M. O.'s game is slipping on account of nervousness. Long 'bout the time this paper comes off the press, our well-liked doctor will be fitting Double Clews. All the gang at "Unicorn" wish him smooth sailing.

Wrensy Notes

Wren Irene M. Wilkie an old timer of eight weeks at "Unicorn" reports on the new Wrens . . . At the time of the last issue there were four of us struggling to bring the Wrens into prominence in Saskatoon and now our ranks have swelled to 14. The first to arrive was Gwen Packer, from "Cornwallis", who was soon followed by our Government Girl Jean Rodney who runs our messages and hails from "Conestoga." Next to arrive were six cooks and wardroom attendants who are taking their training here. Florence Munroe, May Jacobsen, — a former war plant worker, Anne

Painting Of Original Ship "Nonsuch" Is Presented To Edmonton Division

Oil painting of the original "Nonsuch," which in 1668 carried the "Gentlemen Adventurers" to Canada to start the Hudson's Bay company, was presented recently by Seagrams, Ltd., to HMCS Nonsuch, Edmonton division of the RCNVR.

Lt.-Cdr. J. A. Dawson, commanding officer of the navy division at Edmonton, accepted the painting from Jack Strachan, representative of Seagrams, Ltd.

Approximately 40 persons attended, including leading officials of the Hudson's Bay company: Harry S. A. Johnson, retail store manager; John Bartleman, district manager of the fur department; J. R. McIntosh, of the land department; D. Hutchison, transport department; H. Brock Smith, assistant merchandise manager.

The painting was done by Stanley

Royle.

"Nonsuch," under a Boston skipper, Capt. Zarariach Gillam, reached the Rupert river in 1664, with Sieur des Gorseillers as the navigator. Later, the ship got as far as Hudson strait but was turned back because of bad weather. Four years later, loaded with kettles, hatchets, buttons, awls, beads and gaudy cloths for the Indians, the Nonsuch sailed from England June 3, and battled its way through storms and ice-infested straits, putting in at James bay on Sept. 29, where a fort was built and the ship was anchored for the winter.

The ship returned to England the next spring, loaded with furs.

The success of the trip resulted in the Hudson's Bay company being granted a royal charter of incorporation by King Charles II on May 2, 1670.

Gran'maw Looks For Glamour

By P. M. H.

And now, let me tell you the one about the dear old lady, who, for the purpose of visiting relatives in the old country, had chosen to make the passage in a nondescript freighter. This, of course, rather than pay the additional expense of a suite in a luxurious liner.

Unfortunately, she was not yet acquainted with the unconventional form of dress which Merchant Seamen adopt in the type of ship in which she was travelling. Therefore, taking a stroll on the deck one morning, the dear old girl was horrified to see two men washing paintwork. Their job, naturally, did not affect her nearly so much as the fact that both

Glubish, Joyce Ward, Edna Marshall and our little ex-schoolmistress Katherine Schindler. Effie Wyma sailed in next from "Stadacona". Effie sang in the Navy Show and is helping to keep her shipmates entertained now. Effie is a messenger and relieves on the switchboard. The last on our list is Dorothy Britton a Writer (C) from "Cornwallis". We hope that more Wrens will get their sailing orders for HMCS Unicorn and the doors of the Wren's mess will be open at all times to receive them.

Disa and Data

Quite a few jam sessions are being held in the evenings around the piano. O/Sea. Brad. Yeo is a popular keyboard artist. Brad. was also master of ceremonies at the monthly Ship's Company dance—held in the barracks.

S/Lt. G. Taylor and Lieut. Joe Acteson are training in wrestling with Joe holding a slight edge . . .

Lots of musicians at "Unicorn" at present, Lloyd Burko on the violin, Ed Buton and Johnny Kozak on the drums, Drest Karpinka on the mouth-organ and guitar, and Irvin Yaffe on the sax.

Training Office News

The training department of the Ship is sorry to lose the services of its eminent training officer, Lieut. Norm. Anderson who has been doing a good job turning out the hardy sailors for which the Prairies are famous. After a short A/S course, we feel that his services at sea will be found just as valuable as they have been on shore. Lieut. Anderson's place has been taken by Lieut. Guy Clarkson who will continue to maintain "Unicorn's" high standard as Senior Division for Western Canada.

A new job for the training officer is the daily drilling of our glamorous Wren Division which is most attentively groomed by "Pop" MacKay. We also have a Wren whaler crew composed of Wrens Jo (Dutch) Wyma, Pat Richards, Jean Rodney, Mary Ramsay, and Edna Marshall. They seem to think that they can be up the river and back before the other crews are even in their boats, but we shall see.

THE SAILORS' LADIES

by M.F.R.



Some funny situations arise at Naval establishments in French-speaking centres. Both languages have been mixed in so thoroughly now that it is hard to say where one stops and the other begins. Recently one of our boys in blue was asked to call for his wife's shoes at the repair shop, so he wrote out and memorized his request. That evening he strode manfully into the shop, advanced to the counter and demanded: "Les souliers de Madame Johnson, sont-ils finis?" Quite proud of his cosmopolitan air and thoroughly pleased with the way he was handling the transaction. The dark-eyed clerk looked at him scornfully for a moment and then displayed his cosmopolitan leanings: "Ovair thaire, buddie" he replied.

Learning to ride a bicycle must be something like parachute jumping. There are three planes of emotion for the former. First, you wish you had been unable to rent a bike today, you are positive it is the wrong type for you and it doesn't look very well constructed, either. Secondly, you're on, and you don't know whether it will be worse just to fall off and call it a day now, or stay on till the next field and pretend you wish to pick some beautiful flowers you see there. Thirdly, the lesson and ride are over and you silently vow you will never get on one of those things again as long as you live, at the same time admitting to your instructor that it was lovely, simply lovely, and you are quite sure you are coming along fine! We wish they would hurry up and commercialize the aeroplane.

Zoot suit stories get wilder and wilder this year, but the worst one yet comes to us from a pilot out West who swears he saw a devotee of the draped shape striding down a main street, with his long red hair parted in the middle, brushed up to a pompadour and held there with two bobby pins which matched in colour his floor-length key chain.

A devoted reader of the Crow's Nest—and the garden manual—sends us a mournful tale of woe this month. It seems our fan planted some ferns which grew happily for a few days, and then backed up and disappeared from sight. After this awful occurrence our gardener wrote a short rhymed epitaph to explain his Interlude with Ferns:

"They Came—They Saw—They

of events on several war-fronts.

U.S.S.R. by Walter Duranty—A history of the development of Russia.

Strange Fruit by Lillian Smith—An absorbing passionate novel.

The Razor's Edge by Somerset

Maugham—A story concerning a quest both thrilling and strange.

New Saskatoon Barracks Opened By Vice-Admiral

O/Sea. Howard Coad

On May 25, 1944, the new Ship HMCS Unicorn at Saskatoon was officially opened and launched on her career by Canada's number one sailor, Vice-Admiral G. C. Jones. Other important dignitaries who accompanied Vice-Admiral Jones included Commodore E. R. Brock and the Deputy Minister of Naval Affairs, Mr. Mills.

For days before, the Ship had undergone a cleaning and refitting which would have done credit to the most fastidious housewife, then promptly at 1430 the official party drew up, and entered the Ship before the full Ship's Company.

After Vice-Admiral Jones had been given a general salute, he inspected the guard of honor and then the Ship's Company. Following this, he addressed the Ship's Company and guests. A highlight of the Vice-Admiral's speech was the informing of Captain Brock that he had been promoted to the rank of "Commodore". The Vice-Admiral then officially declared the ship to be open.

When the short speeches were completed, the Ship's Company marched outside past the Vice-Admiral, who took the salute from a reviewing stand in front of the ship. Then came hundreds of Sea Cadets past the reviewing stand.

After the march past was completed the ratings were dismissed. An enjoyable dance was shared that evening by the rating as a wind-up to a memorable day.

In peace too we will need disciplined self-sacrificing troops, tough enough to work and fight with everything they've got, and expecting nothing in return.

If you growl all day it is only natural to feel dog tired at night.

Conked!"

The new synthetic bathing caps should do more to discourage bathing than any storm signal flags ever invented. This is one wartime substitute which isn't going to replace the original product, in this writer's opinion. About the only use we can see for them is to mark the spot where bathers bathe, so the motor-boats won't run over our fair Canadians.

It took D-Day to do it, but for a few days in one week practically no one suffered over the air because her husband had amnesia and thought he was in love with another woman, and no kind old lady explained to her son how to avoid the financial crooks in the big city. In other words, the invasion invaded the air, and the soap operas subsided.

Our young sister's latest moron joke is one about the mentally deficient gentleman who stood at the corner of the street with a knife and a gun in his hand, uncertain whether to cut across the street, or shoot up the alley!

Book Reviews

These books available at the Naval Library Service

Dragonwyck by Anya Seton—Novel of suspense.

Blessed are the Meek by Zofia Kossak—Historical novel based on the life of St. Francis of Assisi.

What became of Anna Bolton by Louis Bromfield—Fiction featuring the turbulent career of an adventuress

Goodnight Sweet Prince by Gene Fowler—Biographical—The life and times of John Barrymore.

Bedford Village by Hervey Allen—The story of a Pennsylvania frontier town.

The Final Hour by Taylor Caldwell—International intrigue.

Wingate's Raiders by C. J. Rolo—An exciting episode in the battle of Burma.

They Shall Not Sleep by Leland Stowe—A provocative discussion of the world that is being shaped and the peace that may come.

The Curtain Rises by Quentin Reynolds—An exciting report on the major battle-fronts of Europe and Africa.

D-day by John Gunther—War record

MUSIC-MAKERS AT "STAR"



Rapidly becoming the talk of the town, this is HMCS "Star's" new dance band. Composed entirely of voluntary players, some of whom have never played in a band before, the orchestra is under the guidance of the Special Services Officer. After a full day's work, they turn out two or three nights a week to practice, and are now playing monthly dances for the Ship's Company. Lately, their services have been in demand by service organizations all over Hamilton.

BIBLE QUOTATIONS VS SONG HITS

by John H. Pepper

The radio and phonograph bring us the words and music of current popular songs. Do you know your Bible as well? With the kind permission of Headmaster Leslie R. Severinghaus of Haverford School in Philadelphia, as reported in Time Magazine of 29th May, 1944, we recently used his test on quotations from song hits and from the Bible on 92 volunteers from HMCS Unicorn. The text:

Complete these song-hit lines: 1) All or nothing at all, half 2) Long ago and far away I 3) Moonlight becomes you, it 4) I'll get by as 5) This is a lovely way to 6) Don't throw bouquets at me, don't 7) We meet and the 8) Don't sit under 9) If your heart goes bumpity-bump 10) Sometimes I wonder why I 11) Don't sweetheart me if 12) She kicked out my windshield and she 13) I wish that I could hide inside 14) It happened in Sun Valley not 15) Pardon me, boys, is that

Complete these Bible verses: 1) Honour thy father and thy mother; that 2) Ye are the salt of the earth; but if 3) Why beholdest thou the mote that 4) Thou prepare a table before me in 5) The heavens declare the glory of God; and 6) Consider the lilies of the field 7) Suffer the little children 8) Blessed are the pure in heart for 9) Ask, and it shall 10) Every tree which bringeth not 11) For what shall it profit a man, if 12) When thou doest alms, let not thy left 13) Let your light so shine before men, that 14) Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where 15) And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but

The song hits must be word-for-word correct, but approximations are permissible on the Biblical quotations. Our Ship's company average was 38% on the songs, on the Bible 11%. The boys at Haverford School (13-18 years of age) made 56% on the songs and 23% on the Bible. The officers who were tested made

the highest average on the Biblical Quotations 23%.

The Wrens topped all groups in song hits knowledge with 49%.

Thirty-seven out of 92 tested made zero on the Bible.

If you like to test your ship-mates knowledge the answers are below.

Answers: 1) All or nothing at all, half 2) Long ago and far away I 3) Moonlight becomes you, it 4) I'll get by as 5) This is a lovely way to 6) Don't throw bouquets at me, don't 7) We meet and the 8) Don't sit under 9) If your heart goes bumpity-bump 10) Sometimes I wonder why I 11) Don't sweetheart me if 12) She kicked out my windshield and she 13) I wish that I could hide inside 14) It happened in Sun Valley not 15) Pardon me, boys, is that

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The home front is a false front unless men are true to each other and to Allied ideals. To meet once for all the cost of living, we must one and all accept the cost of giving.

The Girl I'll Never Know

By C. A. Phillips

Verse:

All last night, the moonlight bright, silvered a restless sea, And I dream't a lovely vision, a girl meant just for me. Tonight the skies are clear again, but in the pale moon glow, I dream no more, for that vision fair, was the Girl I'll Never Know.

Chorus:

I came ashore at dusk one day On a carefree quest for adventure gay, But somehow Fate arranged a date With the Girl I'll Never Know.

And as we sail from that darkened shore At the grim behest of the God of War, I leave behind my peace of mind With the Girl I'll Never Know.

She was serving coffee in St. Mark's canteen When I recognized the vision of my dream that might have been Lovely as the starlight, shining on the sea, Her eyes met mine, and Father Time, paused for Eternity.

Yes, my heart is dead, and the sunset red Mocks the emptiness which lies ahead, For a golden band adorns the hand Of the Girl I'll Never Know.

Answers: 1) Honour thy father and thy mother; that 2) Ye are the salt of the earth; but if 3) Why beholdest thou the mote that 4) Thou prepare a table before me in 5) The heavens declare the glory of God; and 6) Consider the lilies of the field 7) Suffer the little children 8) Blessed are the pure in heart for 9) Ask, and it shall 10) Every tree which bringeth not 11) For what shall it profit a man, if 12) When thou doest alms, let not thy left 13) Let your light so shine before men, that 14) Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where 15) And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but

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Dance Aboard 'Queen' Most Successful Event

A/L/Sea. P. M. Hains

On Friday evening, June 9, Naval ratings stationed at HMCS Queen, at Regina, entertained their ladies at a dance. Upon the sectional floor, which measures 45 feet square, 175 couples danced until midnight. In attendance was George Fairfield and his orchestra to provide a varied, and well arranged program of music.

Earlier in the day, the boys themselves were busy making the necessary adjustments for the evening. These included the hanging of numerous flags, tinsel, and shaded lights, and when finished afforded a most pleasing and colorful spectacle. Much to the fore in his role of a 'guiding light,' was PO Thurston, who directed 'operations.'

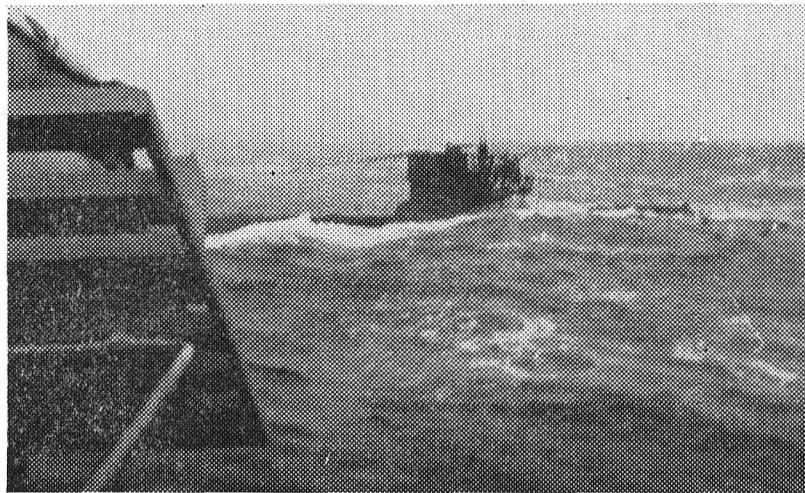
Novelty Dances Feature

Paramount in the attractions for the evening were, of course, the novelty dances. Among these, a Jitterbug contest seemed to provide a lot of amusement, particularly for those not so engaged. Judging this event was Lieut. Sexsmith, assisted by S/Lt. Waddell. Both, however, appeared to find difficulty in making a decision, so good—or so bad—as you will—were the competing finalists. "Amazing," was the word with which the Commanding Officer, Lt.-Cdr. Aggett, chose to describe this number.

The Captain was introduced to the guests during the intermission, by Lieut. Walker, master of ceremonies. In a brief welcoming speech, he stated that he hoped it would not be long before other dances, equally successful, would be held 'on board.' The Captain concluded by observing that if all those present were not having a good time, the fault was entirely theirs. Due to the many 'stout fellows,' who gave of their best, before and during the affair, few indeed were those who did not enjoy themselves.

Prizes for winning males, and winning ladies included crested sweat-shirts, a cushion cover and table runner with insignia, ladies toilet set, white silk scarf, and money belt. The door prizes of \$10 worth of theatre tickets were won by Miss I. Downton, and O/Sea. Baby. Other successful contestants were: Pte. Martin, CWAC Ida Orban, Ester Rohrick, O/Sea. Philipchuk, S/A. G. Bray, L/Sto. K. Birkin, and Bonnie Boshnick and Nick Pochna who won the Jitterbug contest.

FIGHT AT CLOSE QUARTERS



So close did HMCS Chilliwack come to this Nazi submarine that the men in the Canadian corvette could see the expressions of terror on the faces of their German adversaries. "Chilliwack" battered the U-boat with gunfire and most of the crew finally abandoned her and the submarine eventually sank.—RCN Photo by AB Laurence St. Carre.

---Casualty Not Listed---

By A/L/Sea. P. M. Hains

Quite recently a name which most of us at HMCS Queen are wont to regard with affection, was brought to our notice. To a number of Reginians, particularly the younger set, it is one that has become well-known, in their perigrinations around Wascana Lake. A casualty now, this name will never see the Casualty Lists. It would not be fitting that it should. In those column, its inclusion would be wholly improper, and quite out of place. That this particular name of which I am thinking, should however have special mention, is agreed by all 'on board,' principally because it embodies that spirit of democracy and attitude toward life for which we are all fighting.

Meet The Wounded

Therefore, allow me to introduce to you, Royal Duke—our bulldog mascot. In a style worthy of Naval Tradition, he engaged the enemy. A grand old sea-dog, and a veritable Nelson now; he has learned our pride and esteem. And at what cost, you ask? 'A veritable Nelson' were the words with which we described him. 'Duke' lost an eye completely, and with 'no bones about it.'

Returning to "Queen" from a ball game, we first learn of the matter upon crossing the Quarterdeck. It is evening, and we notice that these men who are on duty are not smiling now. The free air of laughter and ordinary 'leg-pulling' has been put no one side for the moment. In little groups we stand around talking quietly. From behind a door, one half of which is frosted glass, a strong light throws white patches upon a darkened main-deck. Our eyes are caught and held by the red letters "Sick Bay." In that room, we are aware, the M.O., Surg.-Lieut. Robertson is operating. The fight is over—Duke is in the process of losing an eye. Suddenly, the door opens, and a figure emerges. We recognize the Captain. Several pair of eyes follow his retreating back until in the shadow of a companion-way, it is lost to view. "The Old Man looks pretty serious," a voice whispers in my ear, and I nod more dumbly than usual. They take Duke away, and for a few days, "Queen" is a strange ship, indeed.

We miss that lumbering figure of a dog, his face a slobber of good nature, as he waddles forward to greet us Good Morning. A bulldog has an ugly face—you've heard people say that, have you not? The standards of what constitutes beauty are wrong, believe me. You have to live with a bulldog to fully realize just how beautiful a face like that can be. Character, it has been said, is revealed in the features. A dog as slow to anger, and docile enough that even the smallest child found in him a welcome playmate, can be nothing other than handsome, surely!

Apparently, Ottawa has need of sea-dogs of his calibre, however, and Duke was recently returned to Active Service and appointed there. The cynics, of course, might try and disillusion you. They would say that his mistress, Miss Connie Thornton, stationed at Ottawa, was, in some way, responsible for this, but would you believe that? Of course not!

"Chippawa" Crew Congratulated On Smart Appearance Of Ship

By J. D. Curr

Winnipeg's training ship has again been active during the past month. The entire Ship's Company of "Chippawa" participated in the annual Decoration Day service at the Cenotaph, in memory of the fallen. This was followed by a parade through the main streets of the city, in which all three services were represented.

D-Day was a very solemn one aboard the ship. At 1600, a special afternoon prayer service was conducted by the Naval padre, Rev. Finlay, for those taking part in the invasion. Every head bowed in solemn prayer that our brothers "over there" would be able to win through and that their efforts would be crowned with success.

Commodore E. R. Brock, CBE, Commanding Officer Reserve Divisions, conducted the annual inspection of Winnipeg's naval establishment on

June 5. "Chippawa" was congratulated for the smart appearance of its Ship's Company and the cleanliness of the ship.

Mention In Despatches

Courageous action at sea last October resulted in our ERA Petty Officer G. A. Dryden, being mentioned in despatches and on the King's Honor List recently published. He was in the Canadian ship "Matapedia" that was badly crippled, and for 24 hours, while the ship was limping to port, he directed pumping operations and was in no small way responsible for saving the ship.

Of chief social interest at "Chippawa" was the marriage of Surg.-Lieut. J. W. Gibson to Miss Marguerete Bellingham, of Winnipeg. The wedding took place in Holy Trinity Church and the reception in the Wardroom at "Chippawa."

CANTEEN QUIZ; "Are You"

...A SPRAWLER ?



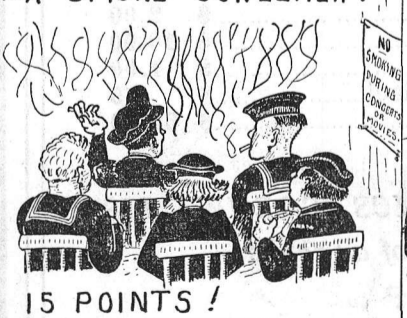
10 POINTS!

...A MONOPOLIST ?



10 POINTS!

...A SMOKE-SCREENER ?



15 POINTS!

...AN OLD HOME WEEKER ?



15 POINTS!

...A SALTY TALKER ?



20 POINTS!

...A CANTEEN COMMANDO ?



30 POINTS!

Brother, If You Make More Than 80 In This You Haven't A Friend In The World!



My Left Feet

By Jay Emmar

It was when Chief Petty Officer Woolley first bellowed across the parade ground at me, "Now, see here, Mr. Emmar!", that the first realization of it struck me. Each time the ever more frequent sentence rolled forth from the lava-laden tongue of the diminutive instructor, my shoulders sagged beneath the weight of the awful truth. There was no doubt about it. The rest of the class was not out of step. I was. In that class of thirty-two men, all of whom had many months' service under their belts—all of whom were expected to be able to do things the right way, the way newly-promoted officers should do things, I was the one who was always wrong. I was the Private Hargrove of the Navy.

My feet are quite normal in appearance. Starting at the inside on each foot, each has a large toe and four others graduating in size. Outwardly they show no sign of being dull feet. If anything they are more sensitive than the average ones. But from the standpoint of action they are stubborn—wayward—radical, yes, leftists. Both of them.

For instance, there is that "About Turn—check, one two, three step-out!" business. Every once in a while my left foot would get the message from my brain in time and I'd check with it at the proper moment—well, almost. For a moment I'd beam with pride and then realize that my 'other left' had followed its beloved partner and the only thing I could do was to make a sort of two-beeled pivot. The Chief was very sour about that pivot, especially, since it had to be combined with a couple of running steps to catch up with the remainder of the squad.

The Chief said it wasn't very nice for the rest of the class to have me running up every time we made an about turn. When I said that after all, I was doing the running and I didn't mind, so why should they, I was pretty sure I had convinced him I was right. He said, "Well, if that's the way you feel about it....."

Of course, as I doubled around the parade ground fifty times that evening (with the Chief very kindly keeping count for me) I knew I had been wrong.

I guess the fellows in "Cornwallis" band have the same trouble I have, though. I noticed it particularly when we were marching off at Sunday divisions. They didn't seem to be making the slightest effort to keep time with the men who were trying to help us by telling us which foot to put down when. These fellows would boom out and back where we were my left feet were trying to please everyone by keeping in step with "left-boom-right-boom-left-boom-right-boom."

After being told for years that I couldn't carry a tune if it had a dozen handles on it I should have known better than to call out to the gunner's mate that he and the band didn't seem to agree.

That night after I had finished doubling and one of the Surgeon-Lieutenants in our class had assured me my arches were made of pretty stern stuff, I opened wide the window and rolled into bed. Wiggling well down on the mattress, I kicked the covers loose and shoved my flustered feet through the bars at the foot of the bedstead. There I left them. Then I lay still and rested while Fundy's fog drifted in and settled on my smouldering pedal digits.

Suddenly CPO Woolley appeared. "I have here," he said, "a little device for ending all your troubles." His voice carried that kindly, fatherly note that always makes you trust him until it is too late. I looked at where he pointed and—ye gods! Before me lay two red hot slabs of iron. On one, printed backwards, was engraved the word 'left.' On the other, and engraved in the same manner, was the word 'right.'

"Now," cooed the Chief, "When I say, 'fall in,' I want you to jump on those slabs, your left foot on the left one, your right foot on the right one." Helpfully, he pointed out each foot as he mentioned it. Then—"FALL IN!!" Making history in the moment I carried out the order perfectly.

I blinked my eyes as bright light filtered 'neath the lids. At the foot of the bed stood a Surgeon-Lieutenant and two Warrant Officers, all class members. Apparently they had just come in and had noticed the door of my cabin was partially open. All were smiling in friendly, 'goodnight,

old boy' fashion.

"Hi, fell-s," I muttered. "Jus had baa-dream." The next moment I was back to sleep.

It was when I lifted my real left foot upward in putting on a sock in the morning that I noticed the livid weal that scarred the withered sole. Amazed, unbelieving, I grabbed my other left and yanked it upward. Yes, there they were, the words, 'left' and 'right.' Gingerly, I touched them.

By the time I had finished my doubling that night the mercuriochrome had worn off, completely.

FOOTLIGHT FANFARE

By Gib. Potter, S.A.



Jack Bailey

Newfie - bound after 14 months in the Senior Special Services office, Writer Jackson Bailey, popular Windsor athlete, made his airwaves debut over CBC's Youth Forum Broadcast, representing the Navy on the recent Rehabilitation Discussion, commenting with a crisp enunciation that some of our highly publicized news-casters could well emulate.....

After giving everybody that 'Happy-in-the-service' feeling all day at the Stad. II Drafting Office, Ex-Major Bowes programmer, Skip Letcher nips out to the nearest concert and gives out with impersonations of Durante, Fields, Allen, Sparks and other celebrities; Clever people, these Torontonians!.....(Who said that!)

It was 'Meet the Navy' for 22,000 Servicemen and guests during the Navy show's recent booking at the Forum, with the \$2.50 seats on the cuff for all ranks. From the opening overture of the really fine orchestra to the grand finale it was entertainment in the Grand Manner.....

Localites with the Show included Baritone Frank Thrasher and Lt. Bill Mulholland, technician, both of whom served with Special Services hereabouts.....

In the Spotlight with Stadacona concerts.....PO Ernie Fullerton 'Twelfth Street Ragging' on his accordion.....Londoner June Neal singing 'A Lovely Way To Spend An Evening'.....HMCS Amherst's Bill Jones, Vancouverite, torrid tap dancing.....Little Mitzie Rhodes trying out a new dance routine, and good..... Vera Rhodes scoring with her inimitable comedy numbers.....Basso profundo Bob Melling getting in these low-down-asleep-in-the-deep notes..... Stratfordite Jimmie James, Radio's smoothie, Mike-netizing the audience.....Harvey Aitken and Bunny Levitz hilarious Fem-personations..... On the sing-shift.....Winnipeggers, Cora Campell and Beth Chayko, with Vancouver's own Dorothy Hutton and Leslie Hill.....Emsee Roger Greig being requested to sing 'Maria'..... Impresario Frank Johns' indefatigable

SALTY TALES

By Cap

Warrant Bos'n "Bunker" Hill, has become a legend in the Royal Canadian Navy. They tell this story of him:

He was demonstrating power of command to a gunnery instructor and, taking over the instructor's class of new entries, ordered them to 'Fall In' in front of him. One handy O.D., flustered by the bull-like, broad English bellow, tread on "Bunker's" toes. The old Chief turned. "I doahn't mind you treading on my feet," he roared, "but doahn't lingah!"

It was Sunday, but on the upper deck the Watch was working. From the Bridge, the Officer of the Watch issued orders. Suddenly a seaman flung down his squeegee and disappeared beneath the blackout curtains which led to the foc'sle. A moment later, from behind the canvas, came a loud voice, plainly audible to the Bridge, "The Lord laboured, and in six days He made Heaven and Earth, but on the seventh day, he ruddy well got His head down!" They worked no more on Sunday.

accompanist.....

Gag to end all gags..... You can take the Boys out of the Navy, but you can't take the Navy out of the Boys.....

"WILBUR"



FRED BRATHWAITE

"Gosh! I can hear the sea!"

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Planning For You

The following is the fourth in a series of instalments of material regarding rehabilitation. These instalments, offered in question-and-answer form, have been prepared by the Department of Pensions and National Health, following approval by the three Departments of National Defence. They will be of interest to all Service Personnel.

Instalment 4

VOCATIONAL TRAINING

Q. Under the provisions for vocational training under the Post Discharge Re-Establishment Order, what qualifications must I have in order to take advantage of this phase of the programme?

A. All that is asked is that the training be of the type which will benefit you in your rehabilitation. Training counsellors may suggest to you certain courses of training from their knowledge of careers which offer the best opportunity, but, in a broad sense, the philosophy is that there is always room at the top for a good man.

Q. Am I compelled to take any course of training which is offered to me?

A. No. You need to show only that you will benefit by the training and that it will assist you in your rehabilitation.

Q. How will I be trained?

A. It is expected that more than 50 per cent will be trained on the job. If necessary the Department of Pensions and National Health will supplement the income to which your employer feels you are entitled in this training period. In other cases, the facilities at present existing, such as the War Emergency Training Schools, technical schools, etc., will be used, and, in these cases, maintenance will be provided under grants authorized by the Post Discharge Re-Establishment Order.

Q. What assurance have I that I will get a job after I complete my training?

A. The policy of training men on the job will take care of natural absorption into industry in a large number of cases. As emphasized before, an effort will be made to direct trainees into those industries which have need of skilled men. The policy is that in every case where a man takes training, an effort is made to have a job for him at the time he completes his training.

Q. With whom should I discuss the course I wish to take?

A. Contact your nearest Veterans' Welfare Officer. He will give you the necessary advice.

Q. If present facilities are not sufficient for training, what will happen?

A. Special training establishments will be set up as required.

Q. How do organized labour and the employers of labour feel about the training programme?

A. In all cases where organized skilled trades are concerned, the co-operation of organized labour and of employers is obtained in working out the details. Many firms have already signified their intention of giving preference in employment to ex-service personnel.

UNIVERSITY TRAINING

Q. Is there any provision for me to fulfil my ambition to get a university education?

A. Yes. If you can qualify for university entrance within fifteen months of your discharge, you may receive one month of university education for every month you were in the service. In this way, a man with two years' service, could secure three, eight-month terms of university education, on the scale of grants authorized by the Post Discharge Re-Establishment Order.

Q. Is this period of time a right?

A. Not necessarily. As stated before, Canada's rehabilitation programme is designed for those who want to help themselves. Provision is made that no year for which grants

have been paid may be repeated on these grants, nor may a university student carry any supplementals into a following year.

Q. Is there any reward for scholarship and effort?

A. Yes. The student whose standards of effort and scholarship justify it, on the recommendation of his university, may receive assistance, beyond his period of service, to enable him to complete his course. An outstanding student can go on to post-graduate work.

Q. Is there any financial assistance in addition to the maintenance grants?

A. All fees are paid, including athletic fees. The student, however, must buy his own books.

Q. If I fail in a university year and decide that I want to take vocational training, can I do this?

A. It can be done if your period of service is sufficiently long. You cannot, however, exhaust the benefits to which your service entitled you in university and then receive these benefits during vocational training. In the same way, out-of-work benefits and temporary incapacitation benefits would result in the time of your entitlement to other benefits being shortened.

(The Veterans' Land Act will be explained in the next instalment in this series).

Commodore E. R. Brock Inspects HMCS Griffon

By Wtr. N. Thompson

The month of June rolled around and found the crew of AMCS. Griffin on edge and full of great expectation in view of the coming inspection June 6 and 7 by Commodore E. R. Brock. Accompanying the Commodore were Lt.-Cdr. Duff Wood and D. R. Dattels.

The Inspection came off without a hitch and the Commodore remarked that "Griffon" was one of the cleanest ships, for its size, that he had visited across the country.

As you all know "D" Day was announced on June 5 and everyone was in fine fettle for the big Inspection, and consequently a "Make and Mend" on Tuesday afternoon was cheerfully accepted. In the evening a church parade was held and following the service there was a "March Past" with Commodore Brock taking the salute.

Inspect New Barracks

The following day a general inspection of the new barracks was held. Everyone is looking forward to moving into the new Ship in the very near future. The buildings are nearing completion now, including a large drill shed, spacious mess halls and dormitories.

A popular member of our staff to leave for the East coast, was Lieut. McLean, editor of our own paper the "Sky Hook," and we will all miss his untiring enthusiasm towards the publication of the paper each month.

The Lake Eva Sea Cadet Camp opened last month and from all reports it is going to be a big season for all concerned. Arriving from HMCS York, having completed the 5th Instructors Course, are three of Griffin's hands, A/Ldg. Sea., Fournier, McMillan and Stover. These three stalwarts will be performing their duties at the Camp this summer. Another instructor to arrive was A/Ldg. Sea. Auld, who replaces, A/Ldg. Sea. Shardlow, who was drafted to HMCS Chippawa, at Winnipeg.

In closing these few lines, it is only fitting to say that "Griffon" is proud to have the opportunity of adding a little something of interest to the already popular "Crow's Nest." It is always a welcome addition to everyone's reading entertainment.

Voluntary order and agreement here at home are as necessary as obedience to military orders at the front.

"This is lousy peach pie," exclaimed an Able Seaman, pushing away his plate. "That's not peach pie," said his chum, "it's apricot." "Well I'll be a dirty name," said the A. B., and he ate four pieces.



"A-a-h-h, Stokers!"

Scribe Gives Boost To Backbone Of Big Training Establishment

by S/Lieut. Vic. Baldwin

It is an acknowledged fact that "Cornwallis" possesses the largest and finest New Entry Training Establishment in the British Empire. I know, because "Helen," our secretary overheard two Naval Captains telling each other in strict confidence. (Little did she know that they were two 2nd Class Stokers rehearsing for a forthcoming Navy Show). What no one seems to realize, however, is that "Cornwallis" also possesses the forgotten battalion, namely, a Ship's Company. So now, and in forthcoming issues, I propose to give the real backbone of this Training Establishment a decidedly deserved boost. Do I hear a hissing and "Yeah, traitor" from the N. E. Seamen? Oh yes, it seems that this time last year I did have their welfare in mind.....

Enough of this stalling and let's get down to business. Here goes:

A Ship's Company softball league comprised of 17 teams is under way, playing all their games on the four diamonds of our No. 1 recreation grounds. At present the MTE and the Staff Officers seem to be the teams to beat, but don't count out the hard-working (!) Bos'n's Party or the Adsic School staff at this early date. FLASH! The Medical Officers are putting up a good fight too.

'Tis rumored they have a Baseball Club in "Stadacona." If this is so, let's hope they accept the challenge from our aggregate of swat artists who are itching to get some real opposition. The two coaches, Gunner Charlie Rhodes and CPO Johnny Rowland, report that their club is all set to start on a tour to collect a few souvenirs, for example, the Maritime Championship, eh what?

Soccer Still Popular

A team from an R.N. submarine met our soccer team recently and it was not until one minute of playing time remained that we were able to score the tying goal. Yes, these English laddies certainly know which side of their boots is studded.

A summer soccer league is just starting, with teams from Chiefs and PO's, MTE, Accountants and New Entries entered. (Guess I couldn't go any farther without mentioning the New Entries.)

Last weekend, much to their regret, the RCAF at Yarmouth invited us down their way to engage them in a friendly game of soccer and softball. Our soccer team, led by Stan Wadlow, emerged triumphant by a score of 3-1. In the Softball tilt that followed, our ace twirler, "Buzz" Benson allowed only two scratch bingles, while his mates drove two of the pigeon chucksers from the mound—the score—9-2 in our favor. The RCAF, however, gained some slight revenge when they lured "Scoop" Blades and yours truly into a little skin game, ventering under the nom-de-plume of "Stud."

Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday from 1700-1730 a group of 25 or more invade the gymnasium for a voluntary class in P&RT instruction. To a casual observer passing by these bodies are just any other class being whipped into shape by a stern-voiced instructor. (The instructor's name will only be given on request, but I've heard his initials are V.H.B.) Well, to continue my story, if the casual observer waited until these bodies returned to their uniforms, he would be amazed to see Officers, from S/Lts. to Lieut.-Commanders, emerging from the dressing rooms. Yes sir, the Officers are really taking their "Return-to-fitness-of-ten-years-ago" seriously.

Future Events

Watch the next issue for news of our forthcoming swimming attraction to be in the form of an aquacade;

The Sea-Sick Pill

By Gordon D. MacCallum, ERA

Navy Men so bold and brave
You cannot make the sea behave;
So now a pill of pretty pink,
Calms it like a kitchen sink.

You need not fear the waves so high,
Nor all the antics ships will try.
You only need a pill or two
To face the worst the sea can do.

For some, of course, it does the trick,
They no longer get sea-sick.
Others from the pills obtain
Naught to stop the retching pain.

According to the buzz I've got,
Oh! This one's good, I got it hot.
It came right from the source you see,
That all the pills don't go to sea.

It seems that at the good ship "York,"
Where nothing floats, 'cept maybe cork,
There is a craft named "Mal de Mer,"
That rolls and tosses, gets nowhere.

Now all the lads of Navy rig,
Cox'n, Stoker, and even Sig,
Must weather thru' an hour's trip
Aboard Macdonald's latest ship.

It lets you know the power of
The pill you took a sample of.
Now should it fail—it sometimes will,
Sea life for you will hold no thrill.

Now I don't want to frighten you.
But green will be your facial hue.
Whenever you forget to take,
The pills our Wrens and Doctors make.

If by some chance you don't agree
Upon the rhyming that you see,
This poem is only to remind
Of all the meals I've left behind.

By God's good grace, and the Navy's
best,
We've found an answer, not without
test,
To the age-old dread of all who sail
Upon the sea, but o'er the rail.

CANADIAN SAILORS MEET THEIR KING



His Majesty is shown chatting with Lt.-Cdr. Eric Boak, RCN, of Victoria, B.C., Commanding Officer of one of the Canadian destroyers recently inspected by His Majesty during visit to the Home Fleet.—RCN Photo by L/Photo. Wm. Pugsley.

also results of our July 1 celebrations which will include Whaler and Cutter racing, boxing, wrestling, etc., etc.

Entire Boxing Team Of 'Avalon' Takes Part In Inter-Service Card

In a sensational finale, Avalon pitted their entire boxing team against the combined forces of USN, U. S. Army, RCAF, and Can. Army in a stirring 10-bout card that brought them their most convincing win of the season. Final tally gave them 6 wins, 3 draws against 1 loss. With 4000 wildly cheering fans, mostly home supporters, the blue and white battlers chalked up 3 KO's and 3 decisions in winning their 6 victories. For Davey Brown coach of the RCN it was the greatest and sweetest triumph of the year as he all but challenged each and every other force in Newfoundland to try their luck against the RCN. Little doubt of the acceptance of the challenge came in the form of newly-crowned inter-service champions from U. S. Navy and U. S. Army but Brown turned too much power in his hard-hitting, well conditioned boys that all but overwhelmed their opponents.

Sponsored by Avalon's P&RT officer, Lt. J. D. McCormick, the show went off in Madison Square Garden style with the organization of all 10 bouts and a spectacular gymnastic troupe exhibition going on with clockwork precision

Hard Fight

Francis Stephenson 126 lbs. RCN
Gloucester, N. S.

Harvey Williams 127 lbs. USA,
Kansas City.

This bout really let the crowd know what was coming as the two boys traded punches from the opening bell. Stephenson tried hard to stow the Army boy away early but Williams proved to be a very tough customer and fought back gamely. The Navy boy landed the cleaner blows and his opponent tired in the last round to give Stephenson the decision.

George Crevier 155 lbs. RCN,
Montreal.

Hayward Daugherty 154 lbs. USA,
Fairmont, West Virginia.

Crevier, RCN scrapper, showing for the first time in Avalon, appeared to be on edge in the opening stanza and Daugherty U S Army took the first round. In the second Daugherty threw some lovely straight right hands to the body to slow the Canadian sailor considerably. Crevier, however, caught the yankee soldier with a terrific left hook at the bell, the referee having to shove Daugherty to his corner as he headed for a neutral corner. Both boys appeared to tire in the final round. With the bout nearly over Crevier landed his Sunday punch to score a lean KO.

Don Sperle 115 lbs. USA, New York.

Howie Shizgal 117 lbs. RCN, Montreal.

Sperle, service bantam champ, crowned in the recent allied show at Argentina, was definitely off form and had a hard time with young Shizgal who took time off his ship to get a shot at the champ. Neither boy inflicted much damage and at the end of three rather listless rounds the judges gave a draw.

Red Lewis 165 lbs. USN, Pittsburgh

Gaston Chicoine 167 lbs. RCN,
Montreal.

Highlight of the first round came when Chicoine let loose with a terrific left hook which caught Lewis on the point of the chin to drop him for a count of nine. Lewis carried the fight to the Canadian sailor in the second and seemed to have Chicoine figured out when Chicoine changed to a southpaw stance. With but a few seconds remaining Chicoine landed four left hooks in a row to drop Lewis for the full count.

Surprise Reverse

Andy Best 126 lbs. RCAF, Montreal.

Frank Doyle 126 lbs. RCN, Hamilton.

Finalists in the recent Allied championships in the featherweight division, the crowd looked forward to this return bout. The Air Force boy seemed to have the edge throughout but to the crowd's surprise Doyle's hand was raised in victory.

Ben Burman 129 lbs. USA, Kansas City.

Bernie Cormier 129 lbs. RCN, New Waterford, N. S.

These boys, entirely different in their make-up, put on a very entertaining bout. Cormier caught the judges' eyes, gaining a unanimous decision.

Foiled Him

Manny Figueroa 128 lbs. USN,
Oakland, Cal.

Norman Clarke 133 lbs. RCN,
Windsor.

Most spectacular bout of the evening these two hard-punching lightweights fought toe to toe in the first round. Clarke caught Figueroa coming off the ropes to drop him for a short count with a straight right hand to the chin. Second round saw Clarke punch Figueroa from pillar to post with the game US Navy boy fighting back with all he had. Clarke caught the tough Californian in a neutral corner and throwing a flurry of punches succeeded in knocking out his rugged opponent. US Navy coach Frank Murphey disputed Clarke's weight and scales were brought into the ring where Clarke weighed in two pounds lighter than had been announced.

Lewis Fay 133 lbs. Can. Army,
Grandmere, Que.

Bill Evans 133 lbs. RCN, Montreal.

A return bout in the lightweight class, the crowd witnessed a clean, hard-fought battle. The draw decision proved to be very popular with the crowd.

Henry Williams 144 lbs. USN,
New York.

Art Charlebois 145 lbs. RCN, Fort Frances.

Semi-final bout of the evening saw Art Charlebois, popular Navy fighter, attempt to stop the winning streak of Henry Williams colored U.S. Navy boy. The judges verdict did not meet with the crowd's approval as they voiced their disappointment in the decision—a draw, the majority of the fans figuring Williams had the edge.

Feature Fight

Gussie McGibbon 164 lbs. Can. Army,
New Waterford, N. S.

Tommy Campbell 164 lbs. RCN,
Lethbridge, Alta.

The feature go of the evening was awaited by the crowd with much enthusiasm as Tommy Campbell pride and joy of the RCN was pitted against Gussie McGibbon well known Maritime Scrapper. First round surprised the large crowd as Gussie tore into the undefeated middle weight champ who was forced into the ropes on a number of occasions in an attempt to stave off the onrushing challenger. McGibbon forced the issue again in

Avalon Sport Shorts

By Sully



Hi-ya, lads and lassies, and once again, it's "Greetings from Newfie." It seems I'm going to have to quit making cracks about the weather in this neck of the woods. Every-time I say some-

thing nasty, I get caught in a cloud-burst. Now if I can only get situated comfortably in this ground sheet of mine, I'll attempt to bring the Avalon Sports' news up to date.

First and foremost, we'd like to bring a certain PTI to your attention. "Geoff" Harris is his name, and just recently he arrived in Cornwallis, from Avalon, to start his officer's training course. "Geoff" is a very valuable man and will be sorely missed around this office, but he's on his way to better things, and we are all behind him.

The inter-service soccer league had its formal opening June 13. There are four teams represented, including RCN, RN, a local army team, and a Canadian army unit. Each team will play 12 games, and the champions will be determined by the point-total system. The RCN team took a licking at the hands of the Royal Navy, by a score of 4 to nil. Yours truly, being sort of a playing manager, had given his team a tremendous build-up around the barracks, and quite naturally, too. We had defeated all teams in exhibition games, and were really in great form. No alibis

the second round not allowing the clever sailor to settle down. Last round saw McGibbon run out of gas and the crowd went wild as Campbell tried to KO his opponent knowing it was his only chance to win. Gussie, however, was on his feet at the bell and received a thunderous cheer as he was declared the winner.

During the intermission at the conclusion of the fifth bout the crowd witnessed a brilliant display of hand-balancing performed by the gym team of Correia, Soloman, Pastore, and Proccocini of the U S Navy recreation dept.

Half an hour before the first two battlers entered the ring the RCN band played some lively military tunes as the fight fans filed their way into the drill hall.

Officials for the evening were: Referee, Dave Brown; M.C.; Bill Gardner; Judges, W/O Chaney, RCN, F/O Miller RCAF; Timekeepers, Sully Summerfield, Bill Henderson; Whips, George Davies, Ed. Polowy; Seating capacity, Alex Watt, Gervine Dobbin; Banquet Organization, Pat LaFave.

SEASON'S BEST BOWLERS



Sweeping all opposition before them in the Avalon Bowling league which ended its season last month, the RCNH maple-spillers took the championship hands down after a hectic season in which they were chased all the way by the BNSO and Reg. Office teams. Pictured here are: SBA Johnny Rouffer, Windsor, Ont.; SBA Bill Kirk, captain, Toronto; L/SBA Nels Blodgett, Toronto; SBA Jimmie Dunham, Toronto; L/Sea. Jim Martin, Windsor, Ont. In front is Eddie Bourque, P&RTI of Hull, Que., manager of the inter-part bowling league. Missing from the picture is L/SBA "Ace" Bailey, Saint John, N. B.—RCN photo.

folks, we were off the beam, and just bear with us. We'll be back in the groove, pronto.

In tune with our defeat at soccer, the senior baseball team lost their first game to an American Army team. Naturally, the first game of the season is just a little bit on the shaky side, and neither team was too impressive on the field. The game wound up at 13-10 for the Yankees after a hectic seventh inning, in which RCN scored seven runs. McIsaac pitched the greater part of the game and was a real live-wire on the field.

Senior softball is under way, but the league has not as yet commenced. We have a large inter-service league this year in contrast to recent seasons. Eight teams in all have signified their intention of playing and a dandy schedule has been drawn up. The Air Force has entered three teams, the RCA have two, the Americans have entered one and the RCN have entered two. Real action starts soon and all signs indicate some strenuous competition. No trouble has been encountered with the inter part softball schedule, whatsoever. An outside league takes care of all teams who are stationed out of barracks, and an inside league accommodates the boys inside of barracks. PTI "Dobby" Dobbin handles the 11 teams outside, and his schedule is running smoothly. Both he, and "Ed" Polowy who runs the inside show of eight teams, have done

splendid work in organizing their teams, and in preparing the playing fields.

In all the months I've been writing this column, I've never said much about our senior bowling team. Of late, I've been wondering why, because, of all our Senior teams this one has been really outstanding. Bowling, especially the local stuff, isn't publicized very much in the barracks, and it's a shame. Our Navy bowlers took the championship in their division of the City Commercial league, and continued on to win the Hutchings trophy. At present they are competing for the "Geoff" Carmel trophy and it seems logical that they'll take it without much trouble.

Somewhere in this paper, you will no doubt read an account of the gala boxing show which took place in our spacious drill hall, last Friday evening. Entrants from all branches of the service, Canadian and American, participated, and from the spectators' view-point, nothing was lacking.

There are rumors hereabouts, that a Wrens' softball team is being formed, and we're all for it. The Wren division has grown considerably in the last month, and organized sport for these lassies should be the order of the day.

No foolin' gang, women around the barracks do something for a guy's morale, even if he never so much as speaks to one of them. We've noticed that the lads aren't in so much of a hurry to bolt their food at meal-times anymore. They prefer to remain seated and survey the latest arrivals in the WRCNS department. Everyone eats in the cafeteria now and it definitely has its points. It has been rumored that they are thinking of placing checker-boards at intervals, so that people in the waiting lines can amuse themselves. (Nasty, nasty)

Ships' organization is progressing as usual and we have made efforts to supply ships with the proper gear for fishing parties, etc.....I'm sorry to say though, that such things as fishing tackle etc., are very scarce in this base, and we are somewhat hampered.

The acquisition of a new Navy sports' field will fulfil a wish that yours truly has had for some time now. We've always wanted to get our sea-going lads out in the country, away from city dust and such, and now we can do it. The field is some three miles out of town, and should be ready for use within the month. Provisions are being made for a real turf soccer

Continued on page 11

The Eastern
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SHORE DUTY

by A. A. Wenban, O. A.

We only share the perils of the sea
And know its fearsome wrath vicariously,

We live among the ships that daily go
Beyond the boom, to seas we'll never know

For we have tasks that seem too often tame
But form their needed pattern, just the same;

Each plays his part to set the nations free,
Whether he stays ashore or goes to sea.

A farmer sprays his trees not because he is anti-bugs but because he is pro-apples.

We must find an ideology—something we can all believe in and agree to as the aim of living—and then aim to live that way.

Curvettes by PARRISH



All Hands Afloat!

H.M.C.S. Swansea Takes Nazi Prisoners In Second Encounter With Submarine

Editors Note:

When HMCS Swansea, a Royal Canadian Navy frigate, accounted for the second U-boat which she has helped send to the bottom in this war, the First Lieutenant, Lieut. Ian Macdonald, of Victoria, B. C., was in command of the whaler which was lowered from "Swansea" to pick up German survivors.

By Lieutenant Ian MacDonald

A United Kingdom Port: When we were called into Action Stations most of us thought it was another "dud." We were agreeably surprised to be informed by the bridge that this time we really had something.

A couple of patterns of depth charges were dropped with no apparent effect, and just about then a Royal Navy sloop, HMS Pelican, bustled up to help us.

Prayers Answered

Our prayers were answered. Fifty pairs of eyes spotted the U-boat as she came to the surface and 50 voices yelled "There she is!"

Then came the order "Way sea boats to pick prisoners."

It was rather hard to see the Germans in the water, but we were told from the ship in which direction to head and away we went.

The first German we saw was an officer in a little inflatable rubber raft. He appeared quite unconcerned about his predicament and was giving every impression of the casual yachting man as he leaned back in his little craft with his hands clasped behind his head and his legs crossed.

Since we hadn't collected his fare and there was lots more business around, one customer more or less

didn't bother us. We pretended we were going to shove off and leave him. That worked. Suddenly he became most co-operative. In fact, he gave a very good imitation of a paddle wheel steamer as he made his way to us.

Good Vocabulary

In a minute he was sitting in the boat, shivering in the cool wind, and we made off to collect more of his companions, some of whom were just ahead of us.

The other Germans in the water were most anxious to be picked up and did a great deal of shouting and blowing of whistles until the whole rescue took on the air of a football game with about 20 referees working overtime.

In the meantime, our first customer was digging in his pocket. The first I knew of what he was doing was when I heard L/Sea. Hurtubise, of 258 St. Patrick St., Ottawa, yell.

In a few minutes we had picked up some more drenched shivering cargo. I think the Germans were badly shaken by our depth charges, for they yelled and screamed in the water and even after we had them safely in the boat, they kept yelling.

Full House

By this time the whaler was filled up, so we headed back for the ship. On the way, we spotted more of the U-boat's crew clinging to yellow rafts and we made our way to them, threw

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them a line and started to tow them back. One or two of them tried to get into the boat which was already threatening to capsize, and it was only with difficulty that we were able to persuade them to return to the raft.

When we arrived back at the ship, one officer didn't wait for his men to get safely aboard, but went up the scramble net in a hurry to the ship. The others managed to get up without much assistance, but those in the rafts proved difficult.

The men in the water were so anxious to get aboard that one poor devil was drowned. In their mad scramble to get onto the ship, his friends kept pushing him around and dunking his head under the water.

It was almost two hours before we had all the Germans on board.

AVALON SPORTS SHORTS

Continued from page 10

pitch, a good ball diamond and a few odd volleyball courts. This field will serve a great purpose, and thanks to Lt. McCormick for securing the property.

Buzzzzzzzzz.....—Captain D's summer camp should open any time now. (If we can get the temperature above 25 degrees) Ships take note.

"QUEEN" BATTLES WAY

Continued from page 3

large quantities. This influx, backed up by drains that 'backed up,' if you can fathom such a mess of journalese, resulted in loud cries of 'Man the pumps,' 'Man the mops,' and 'Man mind thyself' given in terms most enlightening, by Leading Hands, who have a vocabulary wholly adequate for such occasions.

So great was the amount of water within, and surrounding "Queen," that everything of a floating nature bobbed gently to the surface. More to the point, though, and much to our gratification, we have it on good authority, that "Queen," herself, was seen to rise beneath the pressure. A mere few inches, perhaps, but a ship which for once in her career, actually floated in the heart of the prairies.

Hospital Staff Bowlers Take Inter-Part Crown

By L/Sea. Jim Martin

Yes, gals and pals, thees ees it. The curtain falls on another season of Naval inter part bowling. To the victors go the spoils, to the losers better luck next time.

As we go into the final stages of this year's bowling we find that the stretch drive was a good photo finish for all but the winner who had a fair lead, or, say we, a slight edge at the finish. Yes folks, RCNH did the trick this year and wound up as front runners and were going away at the finish.

That did it, gang. Who would wish for anything better than to tackle with a bunch of crushers. Yea Bo! this is it.

Our little PTI Eddie Bourque, who has been the main cog and spark for this year's well-organized bowling sessions, made plans immediately for the crucial game and decided that the best two out of three games would be played for the championship at one of Newfoundland's better alleys.

Game time and we're at it again; the ever formidable Reg. office vs. the highly talented RCNH's. The line ups and individual scores:— Reg. Off: RPO Dalquist 207—296, RPO McPherson 158—195, A/B Forgs 220—200, L/Sea. Currier 186—186, RPO Copeland 176—208.

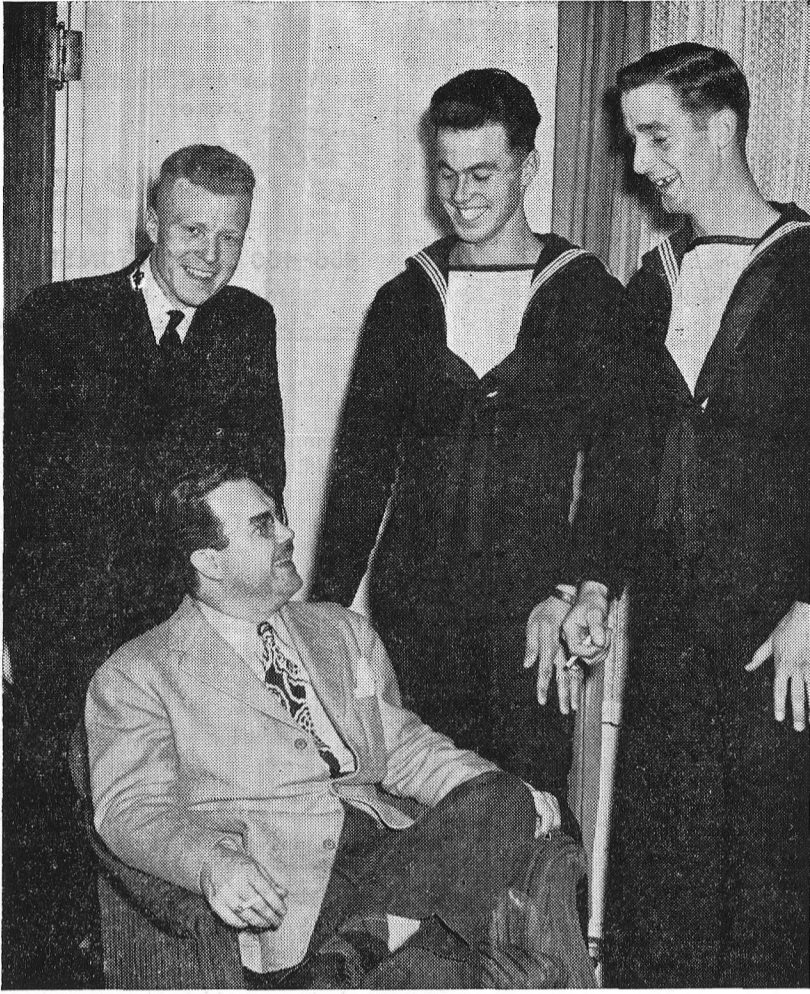
RCNH: L/S B. A. Dunham 207—210, L/Sea. Martin 214—231, L/S B A. Blodgett 181—246, S. B. A. Rouffer 217—252, L/S B. A. Kirk 164—264.

PROMISING SOCCER SQUAD



The above soccer players represent the team from HMCS Stadacona, at Halifax. A league of six teams has been organized in the city and thus far the Stadacona boys are doing wonderfully and hope to take the silverware for the loop.—RCN photo by L/Photog. E. Dinsmore.

A WESTERN GENTLEMAN



Just before he leaves his room at the Empress Hotel in Victoria, B.C., the popular band leader, Mart Kenney, is seen talking over a little music. From left to right are ERA Jerry Walsh, Mart Kenney and Bandsmen Meredith Rombough and "Bing" Bingerman. Even though crowds were waiting for his appearance at the time of this picture, Mart still found time for the Navy.—RCN photo by L/Photog. Garr Lunney.

An Interview With —

MR. MUSIC

By Jerry Walsh, ERA

In as much as our kindly neighbors, the United States, like to consider that baseball and hot dogs are a few of the many things that symbolize their vast domain, we like to consider that the Rockies and Mart Kenney and his Western Gentlemen are a few of our features.

As far as Canadian music lovers are concerned, this band from the west is a Capital—the capital of their world of music in which Prime Minister Kenney governs their demands to the strain of their favorite tunes.

If you like that kind of music which requires a little sugar, Kenney will play it in style that requires ration cards the Government has not yet printed. If it's swing.....well, off the cob, gob, up on deck!

To write even a brief biographical sketch of this famous baton lugger would be a waste of time and space, since he is known by every serviceman from coast to coast. To name all the Naval Establishments he has played for would require greater space. There is no exaggeration involved in stating that he has played them all, and well, during his 18 month's tour across Canada.

In all probability the only big-time band in Canada who has continuously rejected flattering offers from across the border in preference to the flowers that grow in his own back yard; it is with pride that we relate Mart Kenney and his band to the Maple leaf.

"I like Canada," says Mart, "and I'm doing alright here. Why should I leave."

Forgive Us Our Press-passes

Just as Ldg. Photographer Garr Lunney and I barged into his room at the Empress Hotel in Victoria, we found our man about to lift the elbow..... for a shave. However, he invited us to feel at home.

Thus, while Mr. Kenney was arrayed in soap and lather and performing the scrape act, he willingly succumbed to the amateurish tactics of these two noseys cubs, even though his boys were already playing in the Ballroom downstairs and crowds were impatiently anticipating the appearance the leader for his scheduled one night's show of June 5.

"Yes, I like to be on the road," replied Mart, in answer to our question, "I like to meet the kind of people who like our kind of music. I get a great kick out of playing for the Servicemen, and would like them to know that we are doing our best with the morale angle."

Stardust

"My favourite song?" "Well, I guess, Stardust..... is a pretty popular number; never a night goes by that someone doesn't request it."

"Never a night goes by," I repeated, "that would make a good song title."

"It would indeed, affirmed Mart. "I don't believe I've heard such a title before." (Title rights reserved).

Here a new song may originate.

To have Mart talk about himself, only, is useless. He likes to talk about the members of his band, and we agree he has something to talk about. With comparative newcomers Gordon Braund on the trumpet and Al Miller tickling the "88," he talks about their ability on their respective instruments with keen interest. How Hector McCallum on

the "bull," who has been with him since the band first came into being 14 years ago, can fix any instrument in the outfit whenever they need repairs.

"It wouldn't surprise me if he could tune the piano, also," chimed in pretty Hope Nowosad, secretary for the band.

Behold! What have we here? As the door is thrown open and there right before our very eyes is a charm-creature beckoning to the leader of the band to get hep and hop to the Ballroom.

"Meet Norma Locke, boys!"

Blushing gracefully from the neck up, in our best Naval latitude, we have a little chat with Norma. A native of Toronto, we need not tell you of Miss

HERE and THERE IN HMCS MONTCALM

With W. J. E.



There have been many changes in the ship's company and especially in the galley. N. H. Higham, Charlie Godin and G. Charles have left for other duties, while L/Ck. Jimmy Strachan has been drafted elsewhere.

* * *

Benbow division has been trying hard to emulate the feat of Camrose division which won the captain's cup three times in succession. But at press time the best that Dave Burns's boys could do was to win it twice in a row. They claim they are the best division of stewards the ship has had.

* * *

A great deal of interest is being aroused in the forthcoming gun shoot between the officers and petty officers and instructors. S/Lt. J.P. Croal is in charge of the match.

* * *

Three officers have secured that coveted second stripe. They are Lts. E. W. Burns, E. R. Fox and E. H. Lareau.

* * *

Roland S. Polk really is travelling in hard luck. No sooner had he been discharged from hospital with scarlet fever than he had an attack of arthritis which will confine him at least two months longer. On top of it all he was on his annual leave at the time.

* * *

Three popular and well known instructors have left for duty elsewhere. They are Ross Lint, Gordon Marshall and Jack Crozier. Prior to his departure Crozier was our RPO.

* * *

Not satisfied with three Wrens in our establishment, we now have eight the new arrivals being, Lorraine Boissoneault, Pat Harnett, Sally Fournier, Marion Shaw and June Martin.

* * *

Three new and welcome additions to the ships company are Writers Joe Fiset, Bill Quinn and Joe Horvath.

* * *

Lt. Ed. Burns really has been busy the past few days, acting as the first lieutenant, training officer and executive officer.

* * *

Two of our better know hockey players, Ginger Hall and Eddie Dartnell, have returned from Toronto where they took an instructors course.

* * *

We welcome back to the ship's company CPO A. MacDonald as Gunner's Mate.

Locke's aptitude for gathering listeners when she sings with the boys.

There has been so much comment concerning Mart Kenney's theme song, Billy Hill's immortal: The West, a Nest and You, that we asked Mart how he began to use it and if there was any story connected.

"Oh.....I don't know....." said our genial maestro, "we were playing quite a bit of sweet and low, and that song just seemed to fit in naturally."

And, that truly describes this popular band leader to a "T." He's as natural in everything he says and does as that inticing music that emanates from his treasured saxophone.

But, the show must go on and Mart Kenney is required in the spotlight. Sauntering down to the ballroom we spend a very enjoyable evening as the boys commence their individual cutting.

After speaking with Canada's most popular band leader, it is readily understood why he and the members of his band are referred to as The Western Gentlemen.

CHIEFS AND P.O.'S

Continued from page 8

During the supper our own Protector or Navy orchestra under the direction of PO E. Currey, supplied us with music befitting the occasion, while our official photographer, PO J. Simpson did himself proud with his flashes and angle shots.

When those seated had done justice to that which was set before them, CPO Hay arose and called on Capt. Schwerdt to propose a toast to the King, after which the orchestra played the Anthem. CPO Hay then welcomed the cast of "Meet The Navy" and complimented them on their fine performance, expressing the pride and privilege of the Chiefs and PO's in being afforded the opportunity of, in turn, being able to entertain them. Cdr. Orde was called on to toast the cast of "Meet The Navy" and in reminiscing of his past association with members of the cast and organization of the show, noted several humorous sidelights of his experiences with them. Sub-Lieutenant Dean replied to the toast, and expressed his appreciation of the co-operation and efforts extended to him and the cast of the show by the personnel of HMCS Protector.

Our Sergeant guests of the Army and Air Force spoke in turn and expressed their pleasure with the show and the reception held by the Chiefs and PO's for the cast.

Compliments Given

The supper came to a very fitting end, when Capt. Schwerdt commended the efficiency of all those concerned in putting over the show, and expressed his pleasure at the manner in which the reception for the cast was conducted.

Then the decks were cleared, after which the orchestra played for dancing to the delight of those who follow this popular pastime. During the dance, Lt.-Cdr. Johnson, our Executive Officer, was called on to say a few words and expressed his pleasure at seeing everyone enjoying themselves. After the dance, buses were provided to take the boys and their guests to Sydney.

DANGER DIVE

Continued from page 1

Seaman Hanley's turn to go down.

One of the Best

Although Hanley has been diving only 18 months of his three and a half years in the RCNVR, he is rated by Chaney as "one of the best in the business." "He was an ideal man for this job," Chaney said, "steady as a rock. He started at 9.30 in the morning and had recovered everything by noon."

Chief danger was that Hanley might step on one of the pistols in the murky underwater light. They were charged with a highly potent chemical and Warrant Bos'un Chaney feared that his man might "stub his toe" on one with his heavy, brass-capped diving boots.

Although he could see less than 10 feet, Hanley worked coolly and carefully and in 15 minutes had recovered the depth charge. It was found primed to explode. Fortunately, the diver was working in only 30 feet of water.

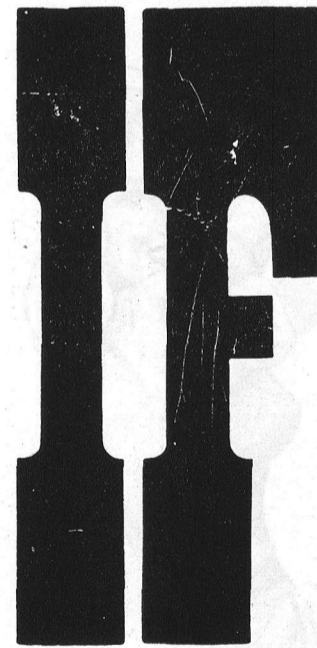
It took Hanley only another 15 minutes to find the first pistol. At the end of an hour of cautious groping he had both pistols. Then he went after a small steel bar, part of the depth charge equipment. It was the most difficult to find, but with the pistols and depth charge safely up, he regarded the mopping-up operation as "a cinch."

A quiet, modest sailor, Hanley refused to consider that there was anything heroic about his action. At the same time, he confessed to a few underwater gurgles of relief when he gave the signal to hoist up the second of the armed pistols.

Twenty-five years old, he is the son of Mrs. T. W. Walsh, of 175 Adelaide St., Saint John, N. B.

People often say, "My heart was in the right place." But a heart and its owner should never be separated.

"What do you do with your rummage?" a patriot was asked. "I wear it," she replied.



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