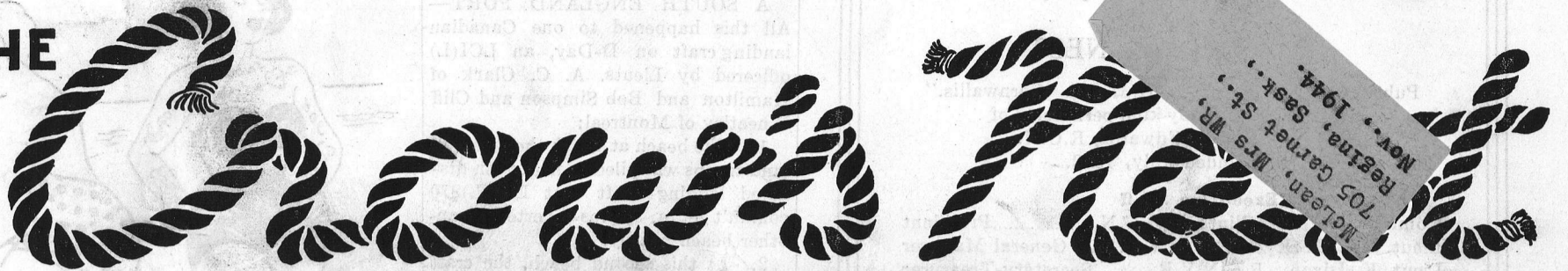




THE



NEWS OF CANADA'S NAVY

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

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TRURO, N. S., AUGUST 1944

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## Trip To Normandy

A South England Port—This is your trip to the Normandy beaches in a Canadian landing craft. Don't be afraid of the mines. And don't be afraid of the German field gun salvos that start 200 yards to starboard and work over to within a few yards; because the Jerry gunners didn't bring them quite close enough before they started on the backward sweep. Or of the battleship—it didn't run you down.

Your hosts are Lieut. Bob Smith of Calgary, skipper of LCI (L)—for Landing Craft Infantry (Large)—301, his two officers, Lieuts. Jim Frosst of Montreal and Bill Pringle of Boston, Mass., and 24 Canadian naval ratings. Frosst, a 20-year-old former sports instructor at Pickering College, actually is gunnery officer for the landing craft of the First and Second Canadian flotillas, but to take first-hand part in the invasion he shipped aboard the 301 for three weeks from three days before the invasion until 18 days after.

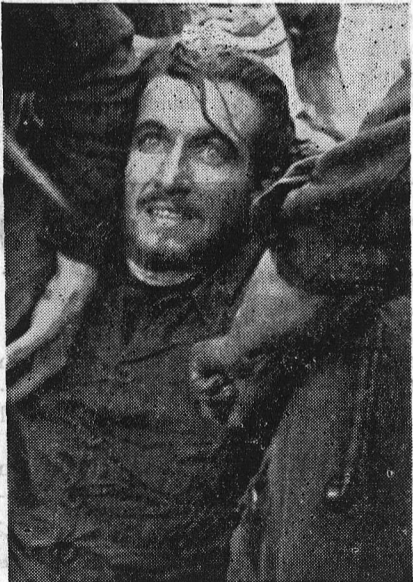
Frosst graduated from King's College only about seven months ago was sent immediately to the United Kingdom on loan to the Royal Navy, then switched to Combined Operations and took a gunnery course in Scotland before taking up his appointment with the Canadian landing craft flotillas. For the next five months he was with them on exercises preparatory to the invasion, and spent his spare time cadging extra guns to supplement the normal complement of Oerlikons and small pieces on each craft. Then came the big night—the night of June 3—when 301 and her unlovely sisters loaded with troops and slipped out to sea.

### Troops Come First

The orders were these: "Land the troops safely. Later, worry about getting off yourselves."

They stood at the collecting area, cowering in the storm that beat the Channel that Sunday, knowing that weather was going to make a tough job tougher. But at the hour they were to sail, new orders came; Wait.

### SUPERMAN



A recent action saw HMCS Swansea, Royal Canadian Navy frigate, account for her second U-boat in this war. The submarine was so badly damaged by depth charges that it did not fully surface, but Swansea lowered her sea boat and picked up a number of Nazi survivors. A Royal Navy sloop which assisted in the action picked up others.

There is a dazed, terrified expression on this German's face as members of Swansea's crew search him and strip off his water-soaked clothing. L/Tel. John McFerran, of Calgary, took this picture. RCN Photo.

So they waited—and if you can imagine yourself waiting with them for the biggest amphibious operation of all time, you will know it was a grim, nerve-racking wait. Would it be postponed again? Would they have to wait two weeks for the next favourable tide? The answer came in mid-morning Monday: Sail. They sailed with the great fleet that set off that day and through the night they stood towards the flat gradients of the Normandy beaches.

Frosst told later of their feelings as they came in toward France that Tuesday morning. The beach where they were to land was littered with landing craft, holed by beach obstacles and shore fire.

"The Germans apparently had that spot taped perfectly, so they could drop stuff on it anyplace," he said. "There obviously was no use going in there—it would be just like throwing away the men and ships. So we were told to wait. We were about 200 yards out at that time. But there was a spot about 200 yards along that looked not too bad. So we asked the army if they wanted to go ashore. They said they did, and right away. We went hard starboard for the 200 yards, and then hard aport. There seemed just about enough room, through the mines, and there was a seawall there for the man to take cover behind."

The fire there was heavy. An assault craft was hit just a little way from 301—not seriously, but there were some casualties among the troops aboard.

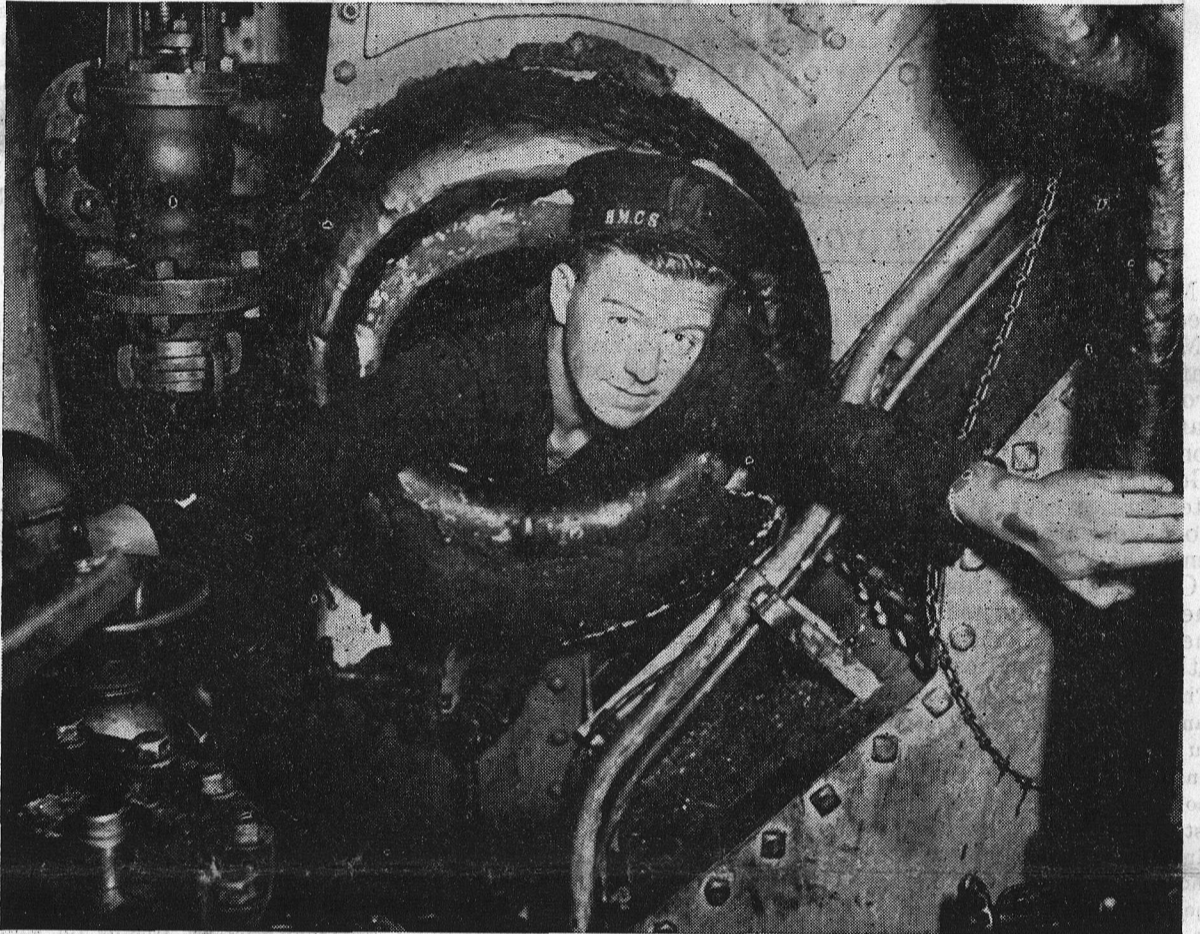
### The Log Goes On

"All this time," Frosst continued, "Bob Smith was making a log of what went on. This was his entry at 0930: 'Shells to starboard. Getting closer.' That was some understatement! They seemed to come right up to the side of the ship, and Bob and I absent-mindedly patted each other on the back while we watched them come closer, and told each other so long and good luck. We thought they might be trying to range us with salvos, but apparently they were just working a beat, up and down the beach. Just when they got close they started back.

"There were four of us—LCI(L)'s—on that beach, and two of them hit mines. One of them had to be towed home, but the other got home under its own power.

(The story of how Canadian ratings on damage control patched up the many holes caused by mines and beach obstructions was told later by Lieut. Cdr. H. T. Huston, RCNVR, of Rossburn, Man., commanding officer of

PHEW!



"So you think it's been hot, eh? Well, come on down to this boiler for a while and I'll show you a place that really will melt you!" These could quite easily be the words being spoken by this stoker as he emerges from one of the warmest spots in "hell's kitchen" where the engine-room department carries out its vital duties of keeping the engines of the ship throbbing. After an hour or so of work in the boiler this lad will emerge with his face so black he'll be able to out-Jolson Jolson. And, true to his branch, he'll probably come out singing. RCN. Photo by W/O (SB) T. Graham.

the Second Canadian flotilla. He said that to him, the work of engine room ratings in patching up holes that were flooding their engines was one of the outstanding parts of the entire operation, from his flotilla's standpoint.)

Frosst wound up his story briefly, mentioning that on 301's second trip across it was almost run down by a battleship. Then he thought a moment and ventured a little advice on how the story should be handled. The whole story," he said, "is that we knew our job, and we did it.

### BY MY BEARD

#### A Newfoundland Port—

Beards, once a popular fad with Canada's sailors, are growing scarcer—and the Navy is just as glad.

A recent memorandum in this Command asked seagoing captains to discourage the wearing of beards. The order stemmed from a post-mortem on the sinking of HMCS Valleyfield, which disclosed that at least two of the victims might have had a better chance of survival had they not been wearing beards. Oil and salt water mixed in with their whiskers choked them.

Another consideration has been that, in a last gamble, the enemy might resort to gas, and the Navy points out that it's difficult enough to breathe in a respirator without the stifling effects of a beard.

### WINNIPEG COMES THROUGH AGAIN



This radio-phonograph affords much pleasure for the Wrens and ratings in the lounge room of the new recreation building at HMCS Cornwallis. In the above picture Lieut. S. E. McKyes, Special Services Officer at Cornwallis, is seen receiving the radio from Wren Lila Armstrong of Winnipeg, who is presenting it on behalf of the RCNVR Junior Women's Auxiliary of her home city. RCN Photo.

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

## THE CROW'S NEST

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## USE YOUR HEAD

Making his first routine inspection of the new barracks of HMCS Hunter, at Windsor, Ont., recently, Commodore E. R. Brock, C.B.E., R.C.N.V.R., commanding officer, reserve divisions, told the Navy trainees, "Getting drunk in a foreign port after first weeks at sea is not proof you are a man but evidence that you are still a child."

Complimenting them on their fine ship, he warned that the finest ships and barracks are of little value without capable men. "The Navy is proud of its traditions of manhood," he said. "The uniform you wear represents the finest traditions of fighting men the world over. Too often, young recruits, after their first weeks at sea, forget that. They think it smart, for instance, to go ashore at a foreign port and get drunk. They are not being men at all. They are making it plain they are still children. The Navy can hold its liquor.

"In the Senior Service no one forces you to take a drink but no one objects if you take a drink. Everyone who drinks should know his capacity and have the will power to stop when he has had his limit. If one drink is too many, then don't drink at all. If the

fourth drink is all you can handle, then don't take the fifth."

This common-sense advice from a Senior Naval officer may well be taken to heart by all Service personnel, of all ranks. Far too often the name of the Navy is besmirched by personnel making themselves ridiculous because they couldn't "hold their liquor."

It is not the wish of this paper to sermonize, but we think all will agree that the greatest amount of discredit brought upon this Service is the result of the Navy's "over-indulging" members.

The provision of spirits for Service personnel is not an invitation to come and get drunk. It is provided as a refreshment and, since it is a privilege, should be treated as such.

The argument of the man who has been at sea for a lengthy period that he has earned the right to a good "drunk" is nonsense. He has earned the right to come ashore and rest so he can return to his duties fit and efficient.

## The Resistance

The following is composed of excerpts taken from an address given recently to the members of the Rotary club, in Halifax, by Lieutenant X. G. G. Williatte-Battet, Fighting French Liaison Officer, stationed at an Eastern Canadian Port.

by Lieut. X. G. G. Williatte-Battet

An important thing in France today is the Resistance, its organization and its forces.

French resistance was born in the first hours of the German occupation. It expressed itself in individual acts and through the publication of underground newssheets which were secretly mimeographed and distributed. Little by little, patriots organized distinct groups.

The main resistance movements were:

"**Liberation**", composed of scholars, officials and labor union leaders who were hostile to Germany and Marshall Petain's National Revolution, which they consider a part of Hitler's National Socialism. It was one of the first groups to be organized in 1940.

"**Combat**", made up of members of the Armistice Army, of middle-class and religious elements. "Combat" denounced Vichy's Nazis and declared itself a partisan of a new and sound Republic.

"**Franc-Tireur**" (Southern Zone), was organized in January, 1942, for a highly patriotic and anti-Fascist platform. It is composed of experienced military and political elements, particularly anxious to maintain France in her international role through cooperation with the Allies.

"**Le Comité d'action socialiste**", formed in the middle of 1942, in Paris, and later extended to the Southern Zone. It is made up of resistant members of the Socialist party—followers

of Leon Blum.

"**Mouvement ouvrier français**", formed in 1941. Its members are labor men who were opposed to Vichy's "Labor Charter". It was disbanded when labor unions were organized in the underground.

"**Le Front National**". For a time the Communists acted alone, although some of them, like Fernand Grenier, have been resisting since the Armistice. Others maintained a certain reserve, resisting in subtle ways until the U. S. S. R. entered the war in June, 1941. At this time the National Front came into existence. The National Front is the most active resistance organization and its fighting group, the Guerrillas and Partisans, has some of the best trained sabotage crews. Some of the leaders of the National Front are communists but this does not mean that it is affiliated with the Communist Party.

### New Movements

After the Allied landings in North Africa and the total occupation of

## A Very Full Day

A SOUTH ENGLAND PORT—All this happened to one Canadian landing craft on D-Day, an LCI(L) officered by Lieuts. A. C. Clark of Hamilton and Bob Simpson and Cliff Wheatley of Montreal:

1. The beach at which they were to land troops was piled so high with disabled landing draft that LCI(L)270 couldn't get in, so was diverted to another beach nearby.

2. At this second beach, the craft struck five beach obstructions and mines, had a four-foot hole blasted in her prow. The forward troop deck was wrecked, but there were no troops in it at the time.

3. The LCI's kedge anchor cable (this anchor is dropped about 100 yards out to help the craft pull herself off the beach later) was cut by another Canadian LCI(L) passing over it.

4. The beachmaster advised the Canadian crew to abandon ship. Lieut. Clark agreed, and burned all his papers. Then he reconsidered, saw a slight chance, and decided to stick it out.

5. He had to wait until low tide so damage control parties could patch and shore up the battered prow. The kedge anchor cable was spliced at the same time. Then LCI(L)270 was almost ready to go again, when a glider bomb freakishly cut down behind the craft and sliced the anchor cable for the second time.

6. There was a mine four feet to starboard, another four inches from the stern. It was decided to clear all nearby mines before moving, and about 45 were removed from the immediate area.

7. The LCI(L) spent 60 hours on the beach, helpless, before it could get off and start back for England.

That's all the trouble. The achievement: Troops landed safely, and on time. Not a single casualty in either army or navy personnel.

The teacher who has vision for his pupils won't need eyes in the back of his head.

There's no use itching for things if you're not ready to scratch for them.

France by Germany, Resistance, which could profit by past experience, rapidly created new movements, while the older movements extended their ramifications throughout France.

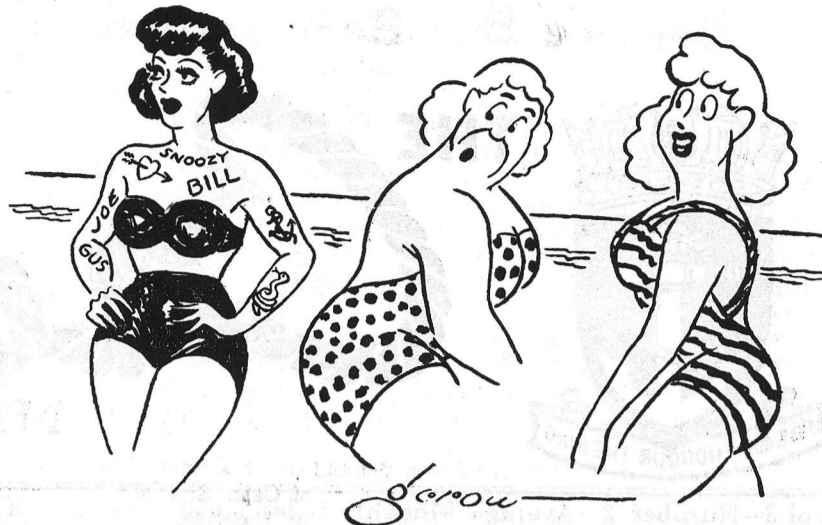
As early as the beginning of 1943 negotiations were begun between resistance movements and several political parties. Towards May, 1943, a National Resistance Council was created in France. The aims of the Council are to coordinate the actions of the various movements in order to prevent any useless or rash demonstrations.

The French Forces of the Interior are composed on the one hand of the Secret Army, consisting of combat groups of "Liberation", "Combat" and "Franc-Tireur", and on the other hand by the Guerrillas and Partisans, who form the combat group of the 'National Front'. The French Forces of the Interior have been incorporated into the French Army by ordinance of the Provincial government of the French Republic at Algiers.

### 120,000 Shot

According to Emmanuel d'Astier de la Vergerie, Commissioner of the Interior, 120,000 persons have been shot from the time of the Armistice to February, 1944. According to Vichy's own estimates, 76,000 have been shot in Paris and the surrounding area alone. There are more than 40,000 persons in internment camps, and there are figures available on the large numbers sent to concentration camps within Germany.

The secret army of 1943 is the pride of France. It is not an army composed of members of such and such a party, but the united army of the entire Nation. Just as the soldiers of Valmy, the heroes of the Marne, Verdun, Dunkerque and Bir Hacheim, the hostages executed, and the sailors of Toulon, our Franc-Tireurs and our partisans are part of history.



"I Understand She's In The Navy"

## 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.

### We Know

Dear Sir:

I like this paper, the "Crow's Nest" very much—admire its high standard and policy, so like the high position the actual crow's nest holds aboard ship.

And that's why, I feel badly when I see a mistake...realizing that it possibly was a typographical error, but again, possibly it wasn't, I take you to task.

You told a story on Bos'n Bunker Hill. The story was swell, in fact I know another one...Seems that back in 1940, when the blustery old salt with a heart as big as a house, was the Buffer at Stadacona, he happened to look out the "porthole" of his cabin aboard the great stone frigate, and saw a scared looking rating tossing out dozens upon dozens of salutes at a stern looking—also young, and new—officer. Down the gangway nipped the Bunker to inquire the whys and who the blinkety blank, etc. "This rating didn't salute me, and I'm making him do it a hundred times so he'll remember to the next time." "Fair enough," so the story goes, Mr. Hill replied, "but every salute must be returned—so, you'd better get started, Sir!" That's the way I heard it...

But to get back to the error. In your story you called Mr. Hill "Warrant Bos'n Hill,"...That's not correct. He's Bos'n Hill.

Of all the Branches in the Navy, that a man first going to the rank of warrant officer, is addressed as such, there are four who are NOT called Warrant—this or that. They're Bos'n, (OK Boat-swain, then) Signal Bos'n, Gunner and Gunner T.....

And now, since that's off my chest, I feel much better.

Wishing you continued success—and you can take it from me your paper is a success, for often when I interview a Navyman, whether aboard ship or in Barracks, the first thing he asks is, "Is this for the "Crow's Nest"?"

Messdeck Annie.....

No, Annie, it wasn't a typographical error. It was our intended error—if you can figure that one out. Because we sell a lot of our papers to civilians, we sometimes deviate from correct Naval terminology in order to make things a little more clear to the many parents and relatives of our sailor lads and lassies. Quite often it will be found that a mother believes her son is a bos'n because he is carrying out those duties aboard a ship where there is no regular bos'n, or she might think, on seeing the term Gunner that her boy was a Gunner because he was a gunnery rating. It often saves us the time and space that would be taken by someone writing in and asking why "My son hasn't got brass buttons and gold braid like the bos'n pictured in your last issue?"

Anyway thanks a lot for writing to us, and we have no hesitancy in tossing a fresh bouquet of orchids right back at you. We are among your own hundreds of enthusiastic readers.—Ed.

### That's Our Aim

De r Sir:

We may be a long way from you at the coast, as far as miles are concerned, but our thoughts here at CORD are with the lads in our ships. Your paper, or should I say our paper, brings things that much closer to us.

G. P. Payzant, Pay/S/Lt.,  
Toronto, Ont.

## Beginning Of The End

An educational program to cut the number of venereal disease casualties in the Navy down to the lowest level possible has been instituted at HMCS Stadacona II, which will probably have its counter-part in the future in every Naval barracks throughout Canada.

This program, while having been planned and put in partial operation many months ago, is being put into high gear in conjunction with a nationwide drive against social diseases and all Services, as well as civilian organizations, are linked up in it.

### Three Phases

Actually, the drive against venereal disease is made up of three major actions, viz., Education, Diagnosis and Treatment, and Finding of Contacts.

Diagnosis and treatment of the diseases is the job of hospitals, while the finding of contacts, as far as the Navy is concerned, must be carried out by Naval authorities in cooperation with civilian authorities.

The educational program in the barracks is the important step which will eventually tend to eliminate the disease. The method being used is one which might well have been put into practice years ago. At long last, an effort is being made to make people less conscious of the social penalties accompanying the acquirement of venereal disease. Instead, men and women are impressed with the penalties

which the victims of such diseases must pay in health for the remainder of their lives.

The program at HMCS Stadacona II, which is under the direction of Surg.-Lt. G. E. Craig, who has made an intensive study of social diseases, is a straight-from-the-shoulder form of discussion which is already showing

Continued on page 3

## Service For Servicemen

Madam—are you a fortune-teller? Do you play a piano? Can you make sketches? Are you interested in play therapy? Assisting at a baby clinic? These are just a few of the questions a woman might be asked if she walked into the Women's Volunteer Service office at 86 Granville Street, Halifax, to offer her services for the benefit of members of the Armed Forces. Of course, some of the above questions are on the lighter side but fortune-tellers, pianists and artists are asked for and the Service makes every effort to supply the request.

There is only one qualification necessary. "A willingness to serve!" The Women's Voluntary Service was begun in September of 1943, because the government realized that war work was getting so heavy that a central volunteer plan was needed, on the same basis as the one which was already in operation in Winnipeg.

Representatives of all organizations met and the presidents of each formed a committee. Mrs. R. de la B. Girouard, wife of Capt. Girouard, at present serving overseas, and sister of Commander Isabel Macneill, OBE, WRCNS, commanding officer of HMCS Conestoga, at Galt, Ont., was appointed representative for the Halifax office. These volunteer centres made it known that they wished to help Service organizations and a National Volunteer Week campaign was put in operation. The W. V. S. centres enlisted the aid of newcomers.

In Halifax there were 120 volunteers in the first week at the campaign and at present there are more than 500 names on the rolls of the W. V. S. Some of these women are constantly active while others help out as their time allows. Almost as soon as a volunteer comes in as much of her time as she can give is allocated to some task suggested by the placement committee.

### Varying Tasks

While the greater portion of the work done is in supplying assistance to canteens, a great deal of work is done

might wish to know regarding entertainment, educational facilities, historical data, pleasure resorts, etc. The Serviceman may find that there is a home where they would like to have him visit for a game of bridge or just as a guest for supper. The Information desk is a big help to Serviceman and civilian alike and both are encouraged to use it.

### The Bottle Exchange

Many months ago, at the request of various doctors in the Naval Service, Mrs. Girouard began collecting



Here a volunteer is shown just what jobs are available that need looking after. The committee members at the Women's Volunteer Service office, in Halifax, take down all the information regarding the type of work the volunteers like to do, the hours when they are available and whether they wish to work at home or in one of the service centres.

for the Red Cross Society, the Navy League, work of a clerical nature, sewing, packing, making surgical dressings and knitting. There is a special call at the moment for women to make men's pyjamas and hospital nightwear, which, of course, can be made at home.

The women also do knitting for the women of the Services, the wool being supplied by the Red Cross Society and the Navy League.

Besides these things, the Service tries to recruit as many women as possible for the Central Magazine Exchange, an organization which sends out some 40,000 magazines a week to Servicemen. This organization, which has been in operation since the first week of the war is one of the most appreciated of the many services being rendered by civilians today.

The members of the Women's Volunteer Service also give assistance to authorized civilian wartime campaigns, such as the Civil Defence committee, the Ration Board and the War Finance committee.

The executive of the Service hopes to continue its work in peacetime to include aid to veterans' hospitals, children's hospitals and to practice play therapy with children.

### The Information Desk

In the office the Serviceman who is a stranger to the city may find information regarding almost anything he



Pamilla Bentham, a member of the Girl Guide movement in Halifax, carefully checks washed bottles and places them in their proper category. Once this has been done they are ready to be sent out to any of the Service hospitals where they may be required. RCN Photos by L/Photog. E. Dinsmore.

medicine bottles so that they might be sent to the Naval dispensary where shortages of bottles frequently occur-

## Aquatic Club Members Can't Find Competition

By PO Ted Hebditch, P&RTI

Things have happened since we went to press. So much so, that yours truly has an eye out to try and find some competition. The boys and girls are biting at the bit, and raring to go.

Dartmouth Natal Day August 2, will be an outlet for some of our pent-up energy. The team is quickly coming around to its peak. Training three times a week so far, it will soon be part of our daily routine, when the doors of our new Recreation Centre swing open in the near future.

A few drafts have given us a set back. Dot Smith, Maritime Diving Champ, and once BC Diving Champ, will soon be joining the ranks of the braid. She clips off some nice time for the 100 free style and will be missed by her club members.

PO Fast "Gyro" Jim, that bearded gent, has caught himself a draft. The guy is really happy. Fast, as the name implies, was an asset to the team, and his leaving will be deeply felt. Oh well, we expect him back some day to take up his place with the rest of them.

Hard work and sincere training, will carry this club a long way in the Aquatic world. Interest runs high, and methinks there are a few people in other establishments will have to look to their laurels in the near future, by the way this club is going now.

We talk about reorganizing plans for peace. It is not quite as simple as that. We have got to remake people.

ed. With the opening of the W. V. S. office this became a part of the work and the assistance of the Girl Guides was enlisted. Now an average of 1500 bottles per month is sent out, not only to the Naval hospital in the city but to military hospitals as well. And the demand still grows. The W. V. S. is most anxious to have all the prescription bottles possible sent to the office. Only medicinal bottles are wanted, however. In many cases the Services are unable to reclaim bottles and so the demand for them is ever-present.

The bottle exchange, incidentally, is believed to be the only such exchange operating in Canada at the moment under the W. V. S. At the rear of the offices is a large washing and sorting room where the bottles are cleaned and placed on shelves according to their size.

The varying tasks of the W. V. S. in Halifax, and the alacrity and enthusiasm with which the women do the voluntary work, is a great tribute to the women of that city and those who have come to make their homes there during wartime.



*Player's Please*  
MEDIUM OR MILD

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

## BEGINNING OF THE END

Continued from page 2

definite results. The sailors are first of all given a talk in man-to-man terms, regarding venereal disease. *Every man entering the barracks must hear this lecture and see the accompanying film. Every man is given a chance to ask all the questions he wants to regarding these diseases. Every man is given the opportunity of taking a blood test, immediately.*

In his talk to the men Surg.-Lt. Craig offers adequate proof that the houses of ill-fame are not necessarily the places where most Servicemen contract disease. The street "pick-up" is the big offender. This is probably due to the fact, the lecturer points out, that Servicemen do not make a practice of visiting "red-light" districts. (The general campaign, of course, includes a movement towards closing out these districts altogether.)

Veneral disease is no respecter of persons, the doctor tells his listeners. It is seldom, very seldom, acquired innocently. He further points out that the only sure way to avoid disease of this kind is absolute continence. The ratings are told of men who have suffered an entire life-time as a result of these diseases.

### For The Foolhardy

The lecturer then, for the benefit of those who are going to be "foolhardy and stubborn, anyway", tells of the protection which the Services offer against contacting disease and lastly points out the vital importance of reporting discovery of the disease at the earliest opportunity.

A frank, well-produced film then corroborates the story of the doctor in the fact that it is very often the innocent-looking, demure "pick-up" who is the most dangerous contact.

Following the lecture, the lads are given an opportunity of asking questions. This is an invaluable feature of the program since the average sailor has been hesitant about asking questions of his family doctor. As a result he has gained a good deal of false knowledge from listening to unauthoritative discussions. Now he has the chance to get expert advice—and to believe it.

Large numbers of the men are more than anxious to take blood tests at the conclusion of the discussions and it has been found that cases of unreported disease are dwindling to almost nothing.

The campaign, to be completely effective, must be followed up closely and the vigilance of the authorities will not be relaxed. The Crow's Nest is informed. The importance of the drive is well summed up in one statement of the lecturer when talking to his audiences. Dr. Craig tells the sailors: "If you ask any doctor what disease he would least like to have, he won't say, tuberculosis, or cancer, or paralysis. He'll tell you—venereal disease!"

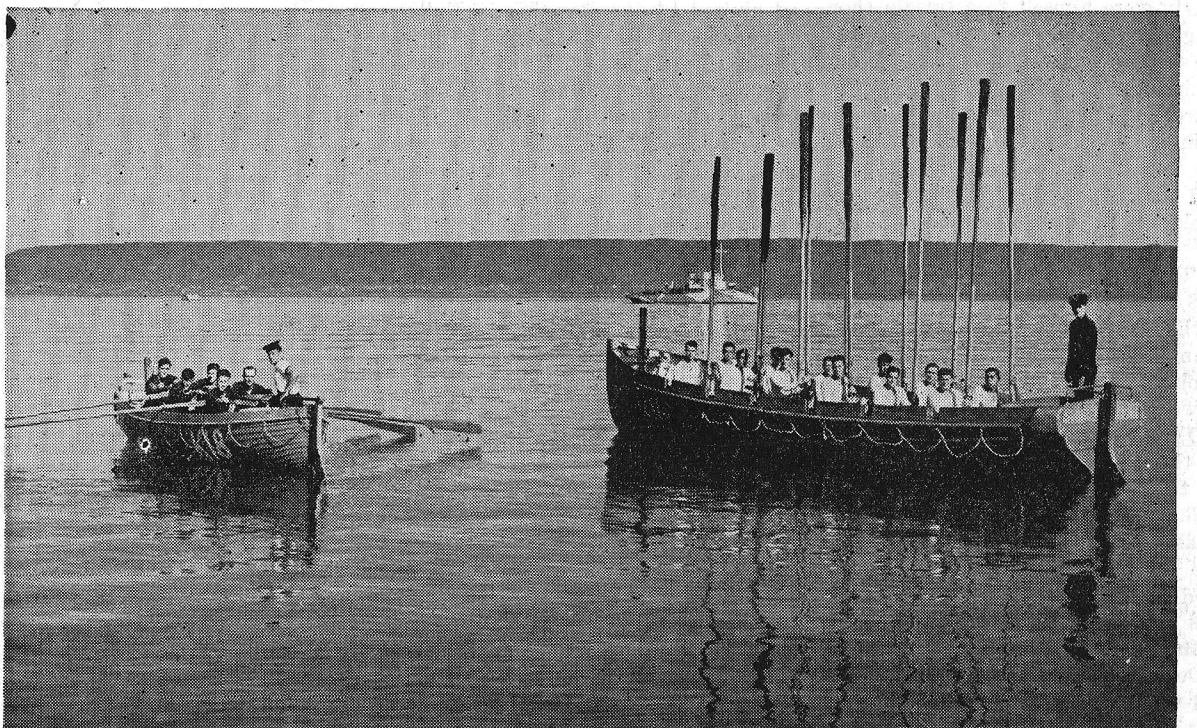
### Not Prohibited

The magistrate looked severely at the small red-faced man who had been summoned before him and who returned his gaze without flinching.

"So you kicked your landlord downstairs?" queried the magistrate. "Did you imagine that was within the right of a tenant?"

"I'll bring the lease in and show it to you," said the little man, growing redder, "and I'll wager you'll agree with me that anything they've forgotten to prohibit in that lease I had a right to do the very first chance I got."

## RACE WINNERS



The Mechanical Training Establishment whaler and cutter crews of HMCS Cornwallis are seen here as they relax after winning the Cutter and whaler races at Digby, N. S. on July 1. RCN Photo.



By Lieut. John H. Pepper

Half way through the Saskatoon Inter-Service Sports Organization schedule finds our team leading the league.

**LEAGUE STANDINGS**

	W	L	T	Pts
HMCS Unicorn	8	3	3	16
No. 4 S.F.T.S. (Air Force)	7	4	0	14
No. 20 P.A.E.D. (Air Force)	5	2	1	11
Dundurn Army (Dundurn)	2	6	1	5
No. 12 V.T.S. (Army)	2	9	0	4

There are two new faces on our fast-ball team. Leading Seaman Mark Morriss, formerly hurling for HMCS Queen in the Regina Inter-City League was a sensation on the mound in a recent shut-out 1-0 victory against the Air Force. O/Sea. "Hoddie" Hodson, formerly a Yorkton City League player is a steady, heady player. L/Sea. Frank Parnett is a gloveless wonder. Scorning a glove, he handles the hottest drives to third. O/Sea. "Mike" Romanow and S.A. Bill Brydie are dependable relief players. Writer "Doc" Brown is doing the scorekeeping for the second season. L/Sea. "Mersey" Seitz and PO 'Pop' MacMay are leading supporters. L/Sea. Seitz recently played a full game in right field.

**Baseballers Win Three**

Coach S/Lt. "Both" Bothwell's baseball team is in third place and judging by their three straight wins will be up near the top by play-off time in mid-August. O/Sea, "Pete" Prediger behind the bat and O/Sea. "Hoot" Gibson at third base have had much to do with "Unicorn's" present winning streak. The team is planning to play in the Saskatoon Fair tournament and also at a benefit game in Humboldt.

**Weiner Roast**

Disregarding the fact that it is still summertime the Petty Officers' Mess and Wrens' Mess mustered for a weiner roast. Wren Margaret Ramsay reports on the highlights.

"The fire was built by PO Tourner aided by Wrens Schindler and Ward. Just as it blazed merrily, a number of Jacks and Jills went up the hill to get a pail of water. The nearest source turned out to be three-quarters of a mile away. While waiting for Wrens Marshall, Reid Rodney, Wilkie and Ramsay to return, PO Tourner nearly wore himself to a frazzle chopping additional wood. Meanwhile, PO's Gair and Collier and Wrens Schindler, Jacobsen and Ward busily sharpened sticks for toasting buns and weiners. Finally the water arrived, the weiners and coffee were consumed and all was peace and harmony on the banks of the Saskatchewan.

**Swimmers Tie**

"Unicorn" swimmers, coached by P/S/Lt. Bev. Renshaw placed second in the District Inter-Service Swimming championships held in the Municipal Pool. The meet, witnessed by a large crowd, was outstandingly good.

O/Sea. Singleton took third place in the 50-yard free style and second in the 100-yard free style. Wren Wilkie placed second in the 50-yard breast stroke and third in the 50-yard free style. Wren Wilkie was such a good sport that even the Air Force lads vigorously applauded her.

**Ship's Company Field Day**

Despite threatening clouds the men and women of HMCS "Unicorn" took part in a field day at Griffith's Stadium. The affair was capably handled by S/Lt. "Bill" McQuaid. About 80 of

**Monthly Dance System Gladdens 'Peg Sailors**

By S/Lt. W. C. Dilly

The last month has been a very busy one at HMCS Chippawa, at Winnipeg, for, apart from the regular training routine, there have been a number of extra curricular activities.

On June 14, we had a Ship's Company dance on the parade deck. It was little slow starting due to the stickiness of the asphalt deck but after the deck had been well soaped, the party took on quite a swing. A prize was given for the spot dance and the jiving pair who copped it were given a rousing cheer. There was a surplus of femininity for a while, but the matelots soon got wind of this and in no time at all everyone was swinging and swaying to swell music. This dance inaugurated a system of monthly dances and the lads are looking forward to the next one.

The Wrens moved into their new home this month. It is a beautiful old house on Wellington Crescent and they all are very proud of their new quarters. "Chippawa House", as it is now known, will have an official opening soon and we all wish the new establishment lots of luck and good sailing.

In the realm of sports "Chippawa" has been very active the past few weeks. Inter-Divisional sports were well attended and the competition is very keen; swimming, horseshoes, tug-of-war, and baseball are the busiest sports but bowling, in our own alleys, and soccer have their place. Boxing is being organized and should prove to be very interesting. The soccer and soft-ball teams are doing quite well in the inter-service league but drafts are always depleting team strength; however the lads carry on and put on a good show wherever they go.

On July 20 HMCS 'Chippawa' put on a track and field meet and every night for weeks before, lads in sports gear could be seen practicing for Sports Day. There were about 150 entries in the various events.

That clears up all the outstanding news from "Chippawa" this month. We are all very happy here and are enjoying the Western summer and mosquitoes.

No temptation is so trifling that we can afford to trifle with it.

our complement actively participated in a full program of track and field events.

**Results**

100 yard dash, P/S/Lt. Mitchell; 220 yard dash, O/Sea. Peters; 440 yard dash, O/Sea. Corrigal; 880 yard run, O/Sea. Johnston; 1 mile run, O/Sea. Sproxtion; Running broad jump, A/AB Sawatzky; high jump A/AB Sawatzky; 4 man—880 yd. relay, Collingwood Division.

**Wedding Bells**

A popular member of the Accountant Branch in "Unicorn" has recently been married. At a very lovely ceremony solemnized by the Rev. W. E. Fuller, Chaplain to HMCS "Unicorn", Writer "Johnny" Bassett took Marion Audrey McCormack as his beautiful bride. Petty Officer MacKay gave the bride away and Wtr. Ted Wedge was best man. Elda Walen, of Saskatoon was bridesmaid. A reception was held at the King George Hotel, and L/Cdr. White, together with other Officers and ratings attended, after which the bride and groom left for a brief honeymoon.

Both the bride and groom hail from Toronto, and the groom was formerly a member of the staff at CORD a year or so ago.

The Accountant Branch Staff and the Petty Officers' Mess gave the happy couple lovely gifts.

**Disa and Data**

Among our new arrivals are: O/Sea. N Bell, a former grain buyer. O/Sea. James Bond, a trumpeter. O/Sea. William Carson from the Tank Corps. O/Sea. James Hall a high-school rugby star. Ray Kornell, an elocutionist. O/Sea. Robert McDonald a vocalist. and O/Sea. Stan Sloronce a former student at Queens University typical navy variety.

**RED HOT**



A blonde from Burma, June Flavell, 21-year-old professional actress, gets right into the spirit of the song, "I Was Made Gay," as she sings to the ship's company of HMCS Prince David, during a visit to the ship of the Royal Navy Revue, "Scran Bag." RCN Photo.

**HERE and THERE IN HMCS MONTCALM**

With W. J. E.



ward W. Burns were posted elsewhere.

Three other popular officers have also left in the persons of S/Lts. J. Morton J. M. Mousseau, and J. P. Croall.

Every province in the Dominion is represented in the barracks from British Columbia to Prince Edward Island.

Ken Craven and Larry Birbeck claim the long distance hitch-hiking record for the barracks as they managed to hitch a ride to Montreal and return. The ride took only six hours.

Ginger Hall and S/Lt. Fraser are feeling quite happy about the performance of their division as their general average in all exams was 95 per cent.

Congratulations are being extended to A/Lt.-Cdr. A. Craig who was recently promoted to that rank while our commanding officer was confirmed in rank of lieutenant commander.

We noticed, in last month's issue, a newsy article by Writer Norman Thompson. Thompson was a former member of the ship's staff for a considerable length of time.

Vince McLaughlin claims the Quebec record of winning in bingo four times in a recent week. His two pals Harry Ward and Sid Carter were not far behind as they won three each.

Harry Ward proved himself a hero when he rescued a woman who was drowning. He also made an attempt to save her escort but was unsuccessful.

The instructors and petty officers defeated the officers in a special shooting match recently. CPO A. Mac-

**SAILORS AT H.M.C.S. "TECUMSEH" GET BIG THRILL WATCH'NG THE ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL STAMPEDE**

Calgary attracted wide interest July 10-15 with its internationally famous Calgary Exhibition and Stampede. Spectators and contestants came from the four corners of the continent to witness and take part in this gala event. It was a great show for servicemen and provided a welcome breather and a moment's relaxation from intensive training. In the crowds could be seen service personnel from nearly every part of the Empire, from the United States, from France, and from among our other allies.

HMCS Tecumseh upheld our fine naval tradition in general and her own high reputation in particular. Two platoons of seamen led the two-and-a-half mile parade with our own band making its premiere appearance in public. Both were certainly a credit to the service and drew loudest applause from the 60,000 spectators who thronged the walks and jammed the sidestreets. The Navy float, a model ship, won the first prize in the parade. The Wrens were in there winning their share of glory as flag bearers and stole the show.

**More Well-Baby Clinics**

OTTAWA—Such great success has attended the "Well Baby Clinic" at the Royal Canadian Naval Hospital in Halifax that steps are being taken to encourage similar clinics in other naval bases, according to Surg. Lt.-Cdr. Harry L. Bacal, RCNVR, writing in the June issue of "The Royal Canadian Navy Medical Journal."

The first of the Navy's "Well Baby" clinics was opened at Halifax in March 1943, and more recently a second has been inaugurated at St John's, Newfoundland.

**Many Advantages**

The clinics offer free service for well pre-school-age children of naval ratings. The mother is instructed on the feeding and general care of the baby, and immunization at the proper time is given against small pox, diphtheria and whooping cough. Patch tests for signs of tuberculosis are also made.

If the child should be sick or require medical care or operative intervention, he is referred to his own busy private physician or, in Halifax, the Dalhousie Health Centre.

The trained volunteer workers who assist at the clinic are for the most part wives of naval officers.

"The project, initiated by Surg. Capt. D. W. Johnson, Command Medical Officer, Canadian North West Atlantic, has been a tremendous success," Surg. Lt.-Cdr. Bacal states.

"The results of our objectives in relieving the overtaxed local doctors and the prevention of diseases by supervising the growth and development, the physical, mental, and emotional progress of the child in the Naval community, have been most gratifying.

"As a morale booster for the fathers at sea, and the waiting mothers at home, its beneficial effect has been colossal."

Donald was the best of the winners with 97.

Among recent visitors we have had were Bruce Mara, John McCurdy, Dan Kane Jimmy Wittebole, and S/Lt. J. E. Shenton.

Lt. S. A. Aves of the WRCNS has been appointed to be in charge of all recruiting in the Quebec district.

Wren Anita Currier our smiling S.B. O. has left us for other parts. Her cheerful countenance will be missed around the barracks.

**PORTIA WHITE'S VOICE THRILLS LARGE CROWD**

Once again the voice of a great singer proved that the musical tastes of sailors don't run only to swing and the boogie-beat, for thousands of Naval personnel listened in awed silence and burst into ear-splitting applause at the conclusion of each selection when Miss Portia White, of Halifax, presented a concert recently in the drill shed at HMCS Cornwallis. Miss White, rapidly becoming one of the continents most noted singers, possesses a rich contralto voice which has attracted the attention of music critics throughout the country who have hailed her as the Marion Anderson of her generation. Her accompanist in the concert was Bandsman Gordon Kushner, of Winnipeg.

Miss White was brought to "Cornwallis" by the Special Services department of the training base following a concert tour of the United States. She made her American debut last spring in Town Hall, New York City. While at "Cornwallis" she was the guest of Mrs. McClintock, wife of Commander G. McClintock, the Executive Officer of the base.

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## FOOTLIGHT FANFARE

By Gib Potter

Flash...Cupid Scores Again!.....  
Special Services Impresario L/Sea. Francis Johns, Toronto's Concert and Radio Artist, has embarked upon the Seas of Holy Matrimony. Bon Voyage, Frank...

Bermuda ratings who want 'A Paper Doll to Call Their Own' can now pipe Banff's Magician, P.O. Doug Reed, formerly with Johnny J. Jones Carnival, who tears a newspaper (tsk, tsk, and us with a paper shortage) with amazingly artistic effects.....

"So-So-ry-Plee-e" to June Muir, of London, inadvertently billed as June Neal last issue.....

Is Sig. Peter Gellathy, Hamiltonian being subtle when he sings 'The Donkey Serenade' to our audiences hereabouts?

Port Arthur's Fred Taylor gets foot stamping results when he gives out with his Old Time Fiddling with a New Tune Technique.....

'Dip of the Month' is that Roger Greig swoon-crowned so effectively that a Wren patient attending an RCN Hospital Concert did a blackout Actually!.....Page Sinatra!.....

Vancouver Violinissimo Vernon Woods wields a Maestro's bow as he makes with the Classics.....

Army's Michael Gravelle, of Peterborough, does a sing-chronizing number using a phono-recording for the voice effects.....Soldiering on the Sing-shift and a new angle to save the vocal pipes.....

Recitationist Jean Griffiths, Vancouverite, monologues are enthusiastically received.....

Torontonian SBA Em Huckins, pianologer, is another 'Unsung hero of Concerts' beating out accompaniments to aspiring and oftentimes perspiring performers.....

Halgonian Pin-up Girl, Dorothy Bliss, entertaining at a Stadacona Concert, stage entrances were a signal for the Ogle-eyed Front-rovers' whistle -wows.....

Uncle Mel Troupers, Joan and Phyllis Little, Halifax Taps-singers -sister act, draws abundant applause.....

Dynamic Lt. E. C. Sullivan, Navy Show advance officer, is a busy-booker these days arranging for the show.....

The Capitol Theatre's Free Servicemen's Sunday Shows have been discontinued temporarily..... We feel that a vote of thanks is due to the management and staff for their unselfish donation of time and effort towards the entertaining of thousands of servicemen and servicewomen during the past 15 months.

## Book Reviews

These books available at the Naval Library Service

**Very Truly Yours.**—By James W. Wise, natural, spontaneous expressions from the fighting fronts of the world, these letters, never intended for publication bring to us the entire picture of how our men react to the new and strange experiences the war has brought upon them.

**Pastel Painting.**—By G. R. Davis. In a simple direct way the author tells you the do's and don'ts about pastel painting, giving at the same time a brief history of the art.

**Music On My Beat.**—By H. Taubman. Takes the reader on a tour of the musical world into the private world of artists, disclosing spicy anecdotes, as well as facts and figures ab out music and musicians.

**Making of Modern China.**—By O. Lattimore. A short and readable history in which the story of China's long past explains her present strengths and weaknesses and enables us to see a little of the great part she is bound to play in the future.

**Incomplete Anglers.**—By J. D. Robins. With a mind that bounds and laughs, this scholarly man depicts a fishing expedition in Algonquin Park with all the skill possible to make this book a most delightful and entertaining one.

## AND YOU!



Things get back to normal again, and the crew of HMCS Prince David indulges in a spot of relaxation. Here you see part of the celebrations which followed "D" Day. The German Army undergoes some reform at the hands of L/Sea. Chuck Roman of London, Ont., and Sig. Owen Dolan of Regina, Sask. Oberfeldwebel Dolan smartly gives the Nazi salute, only to have it returned in a manner shown by Obergefreiter Roman. This, of course, wouldn't happen in a well regulated German Army but aboard HMCS Prince David, you are amazed at nothing. Oberfeldwebel is in the uniform of a Company Sergeant Major. Obergefreiter is a Lance Corporal. The German national colours, white, red and black are on this uniform. R.C.N. Photo

## OVER THERE

By James A. Tapp, L/Wtr.

**Of Innovations at "Niobe"**—worthy of note is the creditable laundry organization at "Niobe" where a rating may have his laundry expertly done for the enormous sum of one penny for each article of clothing from handkerchiefs to blankets. Meticulously ironed and neatly bundled, the laundry is returned in one week.—Then there is the much discussed "Blais-Tray" which is in evidence in the cafeteria styled messes. The tray which was introduced in "Niobe" by Pay/Cdr. Blais, former A.O. of the establishment, dispenses with the customary conglomeration of dishes as it includes individual sections for each course of the meal. Working parties detailed for "kitchen-calisthenics" are particularly enthused about them.

**Amusing Sidights Around England:** It was in a small coastal town in Southwest England and from the excited shouts and cheers of the natives we thought that perhaps we might see a jolly old cricket match. Arriving on the scene of the hilarity, however, we were surprised to see softball teams, representing HMCS "Bayfield" and HMCS "Wasaga", having a heated game, much to the enjoyment of the large group of townspeople who were witnessing their first softball

game.

**London Scene**—Telegraphist Bert Miller, Saskatoon, and Coder George Lafond, Joliette, PQ, seemed to be enjoying their leave luxuriously as they viewed the choice show from the Ten Shilling seats (front row) at London's lush Palladium theatre.

**"Keep Those Bottles Quiet!"**—This one took place in the lavish Marine Spa in Torquay, which incidentally is England's equivalent of the luxurious French Riviera in peace time.

A group of Canadian sailors had discovered a can of fresh milk behind a deserted soda fountain in the hotel during one of the nightly dances held for the armed services. In a way which only a matelot knows, the "buzz" got circulated to their shipmates and in a manner equally methodical the can of milk was doled out to one and all. Sailors love fresh milk and due to the rationing these boys hadn't had any for some time. After the all the can was "sitting right there." The excited manager was duly recompensed for the spoils and the happy sailors went merrily on their way. The only inconvenience suffered was by the wealthy clientele of the establishment who would have their cereal the following morning "negative milk."

## SHOW AT STADACONA II HUGE SUCCESS



"Rainbow Varieties", HMCS Stadacona II's first production of combined Navy and Air Force talent drew many laughs and much applause from the large audience who saw the presentation.

Highlight was of the show was "The Unsuspecting Admiral" written by Lieut. W. A. Paddon. The cast shown above included Lieut. Howard Barnett, WSO G. Underwood, CPO N. Foster, Herb Shepard of the YMCA, LAW Marion Dunn and Sub. Lieut. Peebles. RCN Photo by L/Photog. E. Dinsmore.

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## Planning For You

The following is the fifth 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 5

### THE VETERAN'S LAND ACT

**Q.** Has the Government any plan for settling ex-service personnel on the land after this war?

**A.** Yes. The Veteran's Land Act provides for three types of establishments, namely:

1. Fulltime farming for veterans who have practical farming experience.
2. Small holdings within reach of place of work, but outside high taxation areas for veterans engaged in industrial or other employment.
3. Small holdings located near fishing areas for experienced commercial fishermen.

**Q.** Who are eligible for this assistance?

**A.** Generally, those who were ordinarily resident in Canada at the time of enlistment and who have been on active service. If service has been in Canada only, a minimum of twelve months' service is required. Anybody who has served overseas is eligible as well as any ex-serviceman in receipt of a disability pension who has been honourably discharged, or permitted honourably to resign.

**Q.** What are two important principles of the Act?

**A.** That the veteran must be suited to the type of settlement undertaking he engages in and that he should not be burdened with an overwhelming debt. The State gives him a substantial grant or gift, conditional only on fulfilment of his contract for ten years after he takes over.

**Q.** What financial assistance is available for full-time farming?

**A.** The State will finance the purchase of full-time farming land and buildings up to \$4800 and livestock and farm equipment up to \$1200. The veteran is required to repay 10 per cent of the cost of the land and buildings in cash at the time of taking over, plus two-thirds of the cost of the land and buildings, over a period up to 25 years, with interest at 3½ per cent per annum. In cases in which the maximum assistance of \$6000 is given (\$4800-\$1200) the veteran is required to repay \$480 in cash and \$3200 on a long-term basis in equal annual instalments including interest. His conditional grant by the State, therefore, is \$2320 (\$6000 less \$3680) which represents the full cost to the State of the livestock and equipment purchased for him, plus \$1120 of the cost of the land and buildings.

**Q.** What if the land and buildings of the farm which I select cost more than \$4800, and the cost of the livestock and equipment is above the \$1200 set out in the Act?

**A.** You must pay any excess above these two figures in cash along with the \$480 down payment at the time you make application for assistance.

**Q.** Is any Veteran eligible to go on

a farm?

**A.** No. To engage in full-time farming a veteran must have had practical farming experience.

**Q.** What financial assistance is available for establishment on small holdings?

**A.** Exactly the same as for full-time farming, except that, in the case of small holdings for urban workers, it is estimated that the farming equipment required to operate the holding will be much less than for full-time farming and will not ordinarily exceed \$500 to \$600. In the case of commercial fishermen, commercial fishing equipment up to \$1200 may be supplied in place of farm equipment and livestock.

**Q.** Can two commercial fishermen go together as partners and obtain up to \$2400 for commercial fishing equipment?

**A.** Yes, provided both are ex-servicemen and qualify for commercial fishing.

**Q.** Must I take advantage of the Veteran's Land Act within a specified period after discharge?

**A.** No. It is the intention to carry on establishment over a number of years so that those who wish to take advantage of the Act will have ample opportunity to do so.

**Q.** Should I try to save money in addition to that which is required to meet the down payment on land and buildings?

**A.** Yes, by all means, especially if you intend to engage in full time farming. Funds will be required for seed and feed and other items that must be met, especially during the first year of establishment.

**Q.** Can I sell my farm or small holding and benefit by the Government grant if I decide to change my plans?

**A.** No. The Act forbids the sale or other disposition of the property by the veteran until he has carried out the terms of his contract for ten years, or has paid off the full cost to the Government of the land, improvements and chattels purchased by him.

**Q.** If I should die, what happens to

Continued on page 9

# DEMS--Badge of Honor

Naval gunners and other ratings serving on board British and Canadian DEMS—Defensively Equipped Merchant ships—are among the finest seamen and fighters in the naval service, in the opinion of a veteran officer who knows them well.

He is Lt.-Cdr. K. D. McAlpine, of Saint John, N.B., who has been a DEMS officer for more than four years. He was a publisher of civic directories before he joined the Navy in 1939.

After serving in Newfoundland since November 1942, Lt.-Cmdr. McAlpine recently returned to Canada for a new appointment as DEMS officer at an east-coast base.

Since the first months of the war, Navy-trained DEMS ratings have been helping to man the guns and perform other important jobs aboard cargo ships carrying precious food, weapons and war material across the Atlantic. Many of them have been decorated for conspicuous bravery and devotion to duty in action against the enemy. Countless others, never mentioned in despatches, have done a job that has earned for them the respect and gratitude of hard-bitten merchant skippers and their tough crews, most of whom were already salty veterans when their present-day sailor comrades were still boys in school.

"The DEMS boys are a hand-picked lot," Lt.-Cdr. McAlpine said in an interview here. "Their personal records are scanned very closely to determine whether they are likely to behave themselves as good sailors and good naval ratings during long periods removed from all direct Naval supervision. When they're at sea in a freighter they're under the freighter skipper, and discipline in the merchant service is traditionally less strict than in the Royal Navy or the R.C.N."

The officer said DEMS ratings and merchant seamen "get along quite well together but don't fraternize a great deal." At sea, especially in the heat of enemy action, their partnership in arms is a real and potent weapon against the Germans.

"It makes us all feel good when we realize how well armed our cargo ships are today compared with conditions early in the war," McAlpine said.

"In 1940 the average freighter carried one low angle gun and one rifle. Today many of them have greater firepower than corvettes and are equipped with all sorts of up-to-the-minute weapons against submarines, surface raiders and aircraft."

In addition to the RN and RCN, the sister navies of Australia, New Zealand and South Africa have their own DEMS ratings and a few officers. In the United States Navy a similar job is done by sailors serving in the famed Armed Guard.

Lt.-Cdr. McAlpine reported that many of his "DEMS" boys want to join the merchant service and stay at sea after the war.

The officer's wife and two small daughters, Diane and Sally, live in Saint John at 144 Leinster St. Mrs. McAlpine is the former Florence Murray of Saint John.

## Newfoundland Fire Casualties Return To Duty Category "A"

When fire destroyed the Knights of Columbus Service hostel in St. John's, Nfld., in December, 1942, with a loss of more than 100 lives, 44 burned and injured servicemen and Merchant Navy Sailors were admitted to the Royal Canadian Navy hospital here.

Many of them were near death. Some were almost unrecognizable. To meet the emergency, RCN medical officers, nursing sisters and sick-berth attendants went on a 24-hour-shift schedule, many of them hardly sleeping at all for the crucial first four or five days when the patients' lives hung in the balance.

Now, a year and a half after the tragedy, naval hospital officials here proudly announced that of the 44 sufferers admitted, about 40 have been returned to full duty, with a physical category of "A".

The others have a good chance of eventual recovery.

Not one of the 44 died. Several had to undergo as many as a dozen plastic or skin-grafting operations and other specialized treatments before they were pronounced fit.

Most of the plastic surgery on the patients was performed by Surg. Lt.-Cdr. F. M. Woolhouse, of Saskatoon, Sask. Some of the operations were done by Sqdn. Ldr. A. W. Farmer, RCAF, of Toronto, who now is chief consultant in surgery for the Air Force with the rank of wing commander.

Dr. Woolhouse, a graduate of McGill, joined the Navy in September 1940, served for nine months aboard the destroyer, HMCS Assiniboine. He later took plastic surgery courses in Canada and the United States, and

### PROPOSAL 1944

The painters claim that you are fair, The poets rave about your hair, The preachers say that you are good, Your mother says you can cook food. But I am not concerned with trifles, Spending days with shells and rifles: Nor was my head up in a cloud When I picked you, dream girl, from the crowd.

Your charms I do not wish to rob, But darling, can you hold a job?

Betty Paice.

## Boogie Beats War Chants When Maori Plays Guitar

He's the only native Maori in the Royal Canadian Navy, but when Stoker Petty Officer Johnny Kereti starts plucking his guitar in the mess-decks of a fighting frigate, war-chants and Maori dances are definitely "out."

"Gosh," Johnny blushes, "things are bad enough as it is. Sometimes I think they're going to stuff me and put me on exhibit in a museum."

So Johnny, 27, goes merrily along, singing "You are My Sunshine" and "Pistol Packin' Mama" with his stoker shipmates and leaving the colorful Maori rituals to the sociologists.

Kereti comes from Rotorua, in the northern sector of New Zealand, and left a merchant ship in Montreal in 1940 to join the Canadian Navy. He served 20 months in the corvette HMCS Kamsack before joining HMCS Dunver and says that if he had to do it all over again, he would still pick the Navy.

### From Fighting Family

Johnny comes from a fighting family. He has a younger brother in the Royal New Zealand Naval Volunteer Reserve and a second brother, a corporal with a Maori battalion, has been posted as missing in Italy.

In HMCS Dunver he is known as a hard worker and a popular entertainer. At a recent ship's party he sang several songs, accompanying himself on the guitar, but the only concession he would make to native tradition was to sing the original words of the "Hawaiian War Chant."

### Palsied Poetry

By Hermes

No. 5. Thoughts while home on leave and being dragged to a teacup reader's by your best girl when you'd rather stay home and do something else.

We have a superstition  
Within our family clan  
That causes premonition  
When a child is born and can  
Arise on its hind quarters,  
Make a grab at things in sight:  
It works for sons and darters,  
For the stupid and the bright.

My brother Jim took stock of life  
When yet a tot of two with curls;  
And grabbed a gun as "number one"  
He's in the army gils!

My brother Pete was indiscreet  
Just after his first birthday blow,  
And grabbed a model plane *toute suite*  
He's just another air force "Joe!"

But I set out, when scarce six months,  
My destiny to tailor.  
Looked all about me; grabbed the nurse,  
And here I am—a sailor!

Always looking at things from your  
own angle gives you a wrong slant on  
life.

If mindful of the past, and faithful  
in the present, nobody need ever be  
fearful of the future.

## CAGE CHAMPIONS OF U. K. AND THE MED. BOAST OF CRACK TEAM OF HMCS CANSO

By Coder Gerald E. Lougheed

A United Kingdom Port—Not content with being conceded basketball champions of sea-going ships of the Royal Canadian Navy in the Western Atlantic the team of HMCS Canso has gone on to win the mythical United Kingdom and Mediterranean championship among Canadian ships.

Canso's team, undefeated by any other ships, began playing last October in Newfoundland and now boasts a record of twenty victories and only six losses. Among its early opponents were numerous other RCN ships, HMCS Avalon, HMCS Protector, HMCS Kings, the Royal Newfoundland Artillery, a United States Army unit stationed in Newfoundland and various civilian teams. Canso piled up a fine record after a shaky start and early this year was conceded the Western Atlantic title with no serious contenders in sight.

Among its victories in the United Kingdom were those over a Royal Naval Engineering College, other RCN Ships, a United States Destroyer, and most notably HMCS Prince Robert. The 27-24 triumph over Prince Robert team, which claimed the U.K. and Mediterranean title, brought Canso her latest laurels.

The regular team, which includes both officers and ratings, wasn't let down when "Canso" officers tangled with the officers' team from HMCS Avalon and brought back a 36-31 victory.

Stalwarts of the first team have been:

Centre—L/Sig. G. Elliott, Toronto;  
Left Forward—AB R. Gilfallen, Guelph Ontario;  
Right Forward—Lieut. W. Ebbels, Saskatoon;  
Left Guard—Lieut. D. Purdy, Ottawa;  
Right Guard, Lieut. (E) D. Finlayson, Ottawa.

Others members include Sig. P. Fraser, Vancouver; AB L. Cooper, Winnipeg; and L/Sea. A. Graham of Port Arthur, Ontario. Those who helped in early victories, but now no longer with the ship, were Sig. J. Ward, Vancouver; AB J. Hollowell, Winnipeg; ERA W. Wilson, Calgary; AB H. Gray, Toronto and PO J. Hancock of Toronto.

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# MIRANDA

by Henry Sherman, A.B.



Some time between 1670, when he was born, and 1729, when he died (any man's most productive years), William Congreve wrote:

"Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned

Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned."

William never saw an angry mermaid.

If he had, he would have appended to his immortal lines, "if she has a tail."

Miranda had a tail. And she was using it to good advantage when I pulled up before the stage door of "Sink the Navy" the all sub-marine revue, in tow of Policewoman Maggie McClusky, my Irish octopus friend who had picked me up for jay-walking at a depth of 86 feet. Miranda had invited me down for rehearsal, and, after a series of mishaps culminating in my running afoul of the afore-mentioned eight arms of the law, I had arrived at the theatre only to find Miranda in high dudgeon slamming the door behind her with a flick of the tail.

"Why, Miranda," I cried. "Whatever can be the matter?"

"Oh, it's you," she replied, seeing me for the first time. "Everything is the matter. And it's all the fault of that Hawaiian Rainbow fish, Mondoleyo Jones."

"Mondoleyo Jones?" I remarked curiously.

"Yes! At least that's what she calls herself; the little hussy."

It was at this point in the conversation that Maggie decided to make her presence felt by blowing a sharp jet of water through the funnel under her left eye into my corresponding optic. Assuming this was a n octopus' equivalent of the hacking cough, I hastened to oblige with the introductions.

"Miranda," I said. "This is Maggie McClusky, Maggie, this is Miranda, star of "Sink the Navy."

"Ex-star," Miranda amended darkly.

"Ex-star?" To say that I was agog at this burst of revealing intelligence would be putting it mildly. I was agape.

"It's all the fault of Mondoleyo's father," Miranda continued, "He has three million dollars."

I didn't think we should hold that against the old boy. It probably was just one of those things.

Maggie was of the same opinion, and as we were all getting a little hungry we decided to adjourn to quarters more conducive to the imbibing of nutriment in its various states, the gaseous only being excepted.



Charlie was no gentleman.

"Shure an' I know just the place to go to," Maggie said. "Shark Scapone's Sealorium. The 'Shark' is a good friend of mine tho' I'd never admit it t'his face. He's a gambler he is. But a heart o' gold."

Remarking that I had a biscuspid of the same material I stated my willingness to try the "Shark's" and Miranda admitted she too could stand a little bracing. So, after adjusting the valves of my 'Lubber's Life,' we dived to 23 fathoms and cruised along sea lane No. 7 until we came to an imposing cave, the entrance of which was lit up by silvery lantern-fish swinging back and forth on their little photophores near the cavern's ceiling.

"Not that way," called Maggie. "Let's use the side entrance and give the ould beggar a surprise." We made our way around the left side of the building and through some transplanted Sargossa Weed where an electric eel sat leisurely perusing a Police Gazette of manifold illustrations.

"Hello there, Shock Charlie," Maggie greeted him. "Open up th' Sesame!"

Charlie seemed strangely irritated. "It has struck me," he said, "that whenever a guy wants to further his education with a bit of literature and art of which I am no mean judge along comes a nosey dame to interfere with my mental processing. I do not like nosey dames. Especially nosey dames which are also crushers. And over forty," he added.

Charlie was no gentleman.

Maggie shot a stream of blackest ink over Charlie's clean shirt front. "I'm in a hurry, ye spalpeen," she said. "Now open up th' Sesame before I fills ye in."

Maggie was no lady.

But it brought results. For our electrified friend dropped his gazette with a muttered, "the war will not last forever and when the men citizens are coming home to their ball-and-chains if they have any sense in their heads they will all become papas and put the dame citizens back behind the kitchen sink and I will have dealings only with men crushers which are at least gentlemen which dame crushers are not." And with that he inserted his after end in an odd shaped socket and blinked furiously causing a blue spark to crackle in sixty cycles. Almost instantly a section of weeds pivoted around and we were in a comfortable room where an enormous creature sat playing solitaire with his back to the doorway.

"That's the 'Shark,'" whispered my tentacled friend.

For a moment my heart stood still. "You mean he's a r-real one?" I faltered. But Maggie did not hear me. She had slid forward noiselessly and then, without warning, rapped him sharply on his right ventral fin. "Shure and you're after cheating yourself again, Shark Scapone You know as well as I do you pick **three** cards up at a time, not **two**."

The Shark spun around in his chair. "Maggie McClusky," he said. "If I tell you once I tell you a thousand times do not use my private entrance. Because some day you are finding me in a delicate situation which is embarrassing to us both not to mention one or two innocent parties which are also present and on hand. Who is the doll?" Apparently he had caught sight of Miranda.

"That's Miranda the Mermaid. Maggie answered. "And the sailor is ..... Saint's alive, where did he go to?"

The sailor in question was hiding behind a pair of heavy drapes but was in no mood to play "Information Please," Shark Scapone was forty-three feet long.

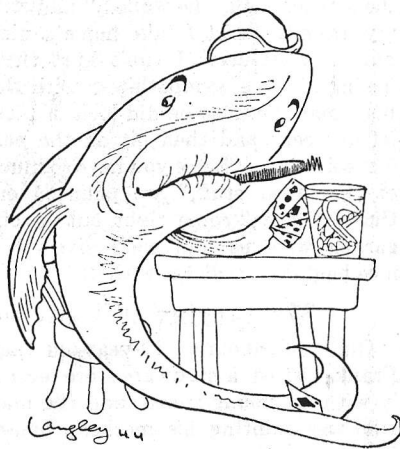
"Maggie!" The Shark was reproachful. "You are not bringing a sailor to my **sanctum sanitorium!** You should not do such things to me. For as long as I remember and my memory is nothing to sneeze at because for years I am keeping all my books in my head, I am going up top every six months to bite some party just to keep up the



*Greetings and best wishes to readers of Crow's Nest Dottie Lamour*

Imagine us, imagining that you love us!

reputation of my grandfather, Half-Leg Scapone, who bites a swimmer's leg off many years ago when the swimmer is so rude as to flutter-kick Half-Leg in the teeth. But I am bored and I am tired with all this trouble to keep up Half-Leg's reputation when he is too lazy to look after it himself but runs around with dolls from the Club 23 though why any doll would want to run around with Half-Leg when he is in his third childhood and maybe his fourth is always a very great mystery to me and any one else who knows Half-Leg. Even if he has lots of scratch from putting the bite on me every Friday.



The Shark was reproachful.

The Shark surreptitiously shook an ace of diamonds from the upper lobe of his caudal fin, placed it in position on the table with a sigh, then continued.

"Last year I swear to bite no more sailors and I am keeping my word even if you are bringing one here for me because I do not go up top for eleven months now. Their legs are so stuffed with vitamins and other foolishness from dieticians instead of food they are no longer fit for a self-respecting shark. And also my new

teeth hurt. Give him to the penguins.'

I could scarcely believe my ears. A shark with false teeth??? Cautiously I peered out from my hiding place. What I saw gave me a new lease on my Lubber's Life. On a coffee table on the Shark's right was a huge glass pitcher of water containing an enormous pair of teeth. The teeth, themselves, were triangular with sawlike edges for dress wear. Beside the pitcher was a tin of cement powder.

"Those stories about our teeth,"

Scapone was saying, "make me very sick indeed. I lose my teeth sixty years ago on account of fast living and a private war we have in the Pacific at the time. All the chewing gum goes to our boys at the fighting front and I cannot keep my teeth white, sweeten my breath or aid in my digestion. So I am left with no teeth, halitosis, and three stomach ulcers which proves war is a very bad thing indeed because there is no chewing gum and we should finish this one quick or all the young sharks are getting sick stomachs before a crusher can run an ordinary dog fish for not tying a bow in his starboard gill slit which is not much time in any fish's country."

Meanwhile, Maggie had sought out my refuge. A tentacle assisted me to the centre of the room, and, after a delicious repast, we all settled down to hear of the trials besetting the show in the person of Mondoleyo Jones.

"Her father has three million dollars, Miranda reiterated, "all of it made out of this war. With barnacles. Before the war he bred barnacles because he was too lazy to do anything else. He didn't have a nickel. Now, the Jones' Barnacle Gardens have war contracts from all the allied nations to fasten barnacles to German subs and the Jap fleet. And the prices they charge! Mr. Jones is a dollar-a-year man and has the market sewn up."

"But what has all this to do with

your show?" I asked.

"The company is broke," Miranda explained. "And Mr. Jones has offered to back us if Mondoleyo plays the lead. Butchie says it's the only way out."

"Is the girl pretty?" Maggie inquired.

"Well, yes," Miranda admitted reluctantly. "If you prefer the type that parades in low cut evening gowns and swings her anal fin when she swims." Shark Scapone said he preferred just that type.

I was absently nodding in the affirmative myself when I caught Miranda's eye and changed my plea. "It's cheap," I remarked lamely.

"So unless we get another backer," Miranda sighed, "Mondoleyo will be the star and ruin the show. Because, pretty or not," and here she glared at Scapone, "she can't sing a note."

"And that's where you come in, Shark me boy," Maggie exclaimed bhoyantly. "You're going into the show business."

"Me? The Shark was flabbergasted. "You are talking ridiculous," he said. "You are making me laugh, hah-hah. All I am ever learning about show business I pick up at a ringside table at the Club 23 ad there when the dolls go for a swim or do any high class hoofing they are all swinging their....." He glanced at Miranda. "Anyhow it is not the kind of show business this doll seems to be interested in even though she has that kind of figure more than somewhat."

"Ye don't understand," ye spalpeen," Maggie explained. "We don't want any of yer half-baked advice. All ye have to do is put up the money."

There was a moment of electric silence with all eyes fixed on the Shark who seemed to have swallowed his half-baked cigar. "That is all you want me to do" he said finally. "Are you sure there is nothing else like maybe

Continued on page 8

# NOW LISTEN, MATE!

Another chat with Joe about post war plans.

OK, mate—maybe you have got a lot of answers. Maybe you did tell me quite a lot of guff about postwar plans and what was going to happen to me after this show is over. Maybe the country considers it worthwhile spending a lot of dough to help the guys in the Services, but what I want to know is, why are they doing all this?.....Well, Joe, the government figures that the comparatively small amount (compared to the cost of the war) that's going to be invested in civil reestablishment is going to bring good returns. If a large proportion of the men in the Services can't get back on their feet after the war, you will have a good proportion of the population of the country that's going to be off-balance and the country as a whole will suffer. If, on the other hand, service men are given every possible break, are trained, educated, are placed in good jobs, the whole country will benefit.

### About Business Loans

Over and above all I mentioned Joe, such as loans for farmers, trade training, university courses, homes in semi-rural areas, etc., they are working some schemes for loans to small businesses, urban housing and privileged insurance to disabled men. This country plans on doing as much for its veterans as any other country in the world, and is setting up a system for dealing with post-war reconstruction second to none. Don't think you won't have to work, Bub. The government is going to try and provide the tools but you are going to have to do the job. On the subject of jobs, you probably saw that they are canvassing every large employer in the country to find out how many men he is going to be able to take on when the war is over.

Pretty soon, attached to every base there will be a specially trained officer whose duty it will be to advise Naval personnel on what seems to be their best bet after the war. He will be able to tell them where they will fit in best with what training and experience they have or what training they should get in order to obtain the best possible job in the circumstances.

### Get Benefits Now

You wanted to know what happens to a man who is discharged now. Well, he goes through exactly the same machinery as will be used after the war on a larger scale. Of course, most of the men who are lucky enough to be released now for medical or other reasons are interested in taking up some highly paid job in war industry, but large proportions like to get established permanently. They go directly from the officer who discharges them to the Veterans' Welfare officer, a representative of the Department of Pensions and National Health, and they make applications to him for what they would like to get. Here are a few examples:

A man was discharged medically unfit after two and a half years of Active Service. He had been a warehouseman. He was paid out-of-work benefits until he was capable of taking up employment and was then given a business course at the Maritime Business College for which he attended nine months. He was then found a good job as a clerk and is now doing quite well at a fair salary.

Another veteran was discharged also for medical reasons. He was established on the outskirts of a thriving Ontario town close to an important industrial city. He was supplied with a brick-veneer house with modern plumbing and electricity. Under the Veteran's Act he arranged to pay, (apart from his down payment of ten per cent of the total cost) two-thirds of the balance over a period of 15 years, which came to \$18.37 a month. He is now employ-

ed by a local industrial concern and earns good wages.

### Tidy Farm

Still another veteran was discharged for medical reasons. Both he and his wife were born and raised on the farms of their parents. He had money of his own so that he was able to buy a farm costing more than \$4800.00 as provided by the Act. He was also given \$1800.00 for farm machinery. His annual instalments came to about \$200.00.

That is how the scheme should work after the war. Each man will be treated as an individual, his problems given specific consideration and decided on their merits.

So much for now, Joe. How about splitting a long green bottle with me? Did I tell you about the hot sketch I walked into this morning?

## BIG DEMS CENTRE DANCE AT NORTH END CANTEEN

On July 7, the staff of DEMS Centre staged a dance in the hall of the North End Canteen. Approximately 100 couples were invited and an enjoyable evening was had by all in attendance. The music was supplied by the Stadacona Swing Orchestra, and the various types of orchestrations kept the evening rolling right along.

At intermission refreshments were served by the Women's Auxiliary of the IODE. A lady's and gentleman's door prize was drawn for at intermission, and two spot dances were held during the course of the evening. Prizes were presented to the winners by Commander and Mrs. A. E. Woodward.

Although this has been the first dance held by DEMS Centre, we are all looking forward to having another one of this type in the near future.

## THE SAILORS' LADIES

by M.F.R.



The so-called junior commandos seem to learn the art of gentle persuasion very early in life. One small summer resort saw an influx of young city boys this year, who decided to organize things with the local year round dwellers taking part in things merely as faithful henchmen. The mothers of the latter were distinctly annoyed to find that their sons were not playing on the large raft floating in the lake, and enquired the reason. Their sons said they preferred the old, smaller raft. It was not until much questioning had ensued that the ladies learned their sons were allowed to go on the large raft, but the city boys had boxes of "wild snakes" there with them, and really it did not seem worth the effort!

Things quieted down for a while after that argument, and then the boys banded together and spent a whole day tracking down and bottling fireflies, which they introduced carefully into the cottages roundabout just before dark. When the sun went down, the inhabitants got quite a shock from the floating electric signs which seemed to come from every corner of their homes.

The saddest "young bride" tale this month comes to us from the girl who travelled from the west to the east with her sailor husband, arriving at their first home without a can opener. It was impossible for them to find one, so finally her father managed to get one out west and sent it to her. Alas, although it cost \$3.95 and came in a large box complete with volumes of directions on how to use it every way from an opener to a pencil sharpener, her husband casually threw out all the literature. Now they have a beautiful, gleaming can opener in a drawer—the device is so complicated nobody knows how to work it!

And then there is the lady who thinks Beethoven was a teller of the future. That is why he wrote "Moonlight Sinatra."

"I wish the summer were over and the nice snow would come," an apartment dweller moaned to us the other day. When we enquired his reason, it seems that he is a Victim of the Victory Gardener, as he puts it. The vegetable which grows fastest and most profusely is lettuce, and all the gardeners press bagsfull, boxes full and just plain hands full, upon him when he visits. "I have it in the ice box, the bath and the kitchen sink," he wailed, "and still my friends insist I take home a nice bunch of lettuce. I can't hurt their feelings." We sympathized with the poor man, because he did look a little lettuce leery, and then hit on the perfect solution. "Since you have so much of the green stuff," we pounced enthusiastically, "come right out in our garden with us and we'll give you a nice bagfull of radishes with it!"

Our neighbour's 10-year-old son Frank visited a hardware store recently with his young friend, and the man who was painting his mother's house. Their errand was for window glass, and while the owner of the store cut the panels to size, the painter went off on some other task, leaving the boys behind in the store. Shortly afterwards, upon being duly collected and started for home, Frank said casually, "My that is sure going to be fun." "What?" asked the painter. "Well, while you were out of the store, Hughie and I set 15 mouse traps on the counter there—and when the ladies start picking them up to buy them, WHAMBO!" The painter returned to the store, and he and the owner carefully unset 15 mouse traps.



## Nickel Neurasthenia

By Hermes

If any of you should by some fickle frippery of fate chance upon a five cent piece du Canada (I refuse to call it "nickel") rolling merrily down Highway No. 12 on the road to Halifax, kindly give it a gentle pat on the bottom and speed it on its way. It's ours, but we don't want it. Not even if it could stand on each of its twelve little edges and sing "Mairzi Doats" in as many different languages.

These new nickels (slipped that time) have always been a losing proposition to any of us suffering from *myopia* (short sightedness), *hypermetropia* (far sightedness) or *amblyopia* (can't see worth a damn).

Why do we always accept pennies in lieu of these devil's own denarri, but never fail to hand them out instead of the lowest common multiple (L.C.M., remember?) of our benighted monetary system?

Personally, we think the new recreation building is being built solely out of the profits accrued by the canteen on our nickel-penny calisthenics. Charging six cents for soft drinks was just a foul and heinous plot hatched by the powers-that-be in a sinister attempt to extricate a dime for same from guys like us: one nickel-nickel and one penny-nickel. When in a hurry, we've been known to pay as high as thirty cents for a slug of dry ginger ale: six "nickels" carefully counted and bitten while the canteen clerk watched out of the corner of her good right eye, smiled and muttered 12 1/2% of that is mine," under her breath, or something equally macabre.

### Dit Da Dit

But there is one good feature about these little gimcracks. Whenever you find yourself with a 48-hour pass dying on your hands with nothing to occupy your busy little mind save the original lab reports of Copernicus when he wished upon a star, try sitting on the floor with the Morse Code (Seamanship Manual, Volume I, Chapter II, pg. 47), a 1943 malignant machination of the mint and start decoding the message at the back. If you start in the right place (the chances are 23 to 1 you won't) you'll have "We Win When We Work Willingly" (with a Wee for Victory in the big economy size) translated on the hardwood flooring in less time than it takes Hitler to shoot a German general.

But really to have more fun than a split pea in your Irish stew, you should start in the middle, in the first quarter, the last quarter or even in the overtime. This way you can get a variety of messages that will cause the Salty Simpson Super Sleuths and Secret Service men to turn sick with envy. These little communications are gradually replacing the ouija board 'tis said, (we always hear from Aunt Nellie that way) and only yesterday we came across a nickel bearing the legend "Eat at Joe's Mustard Bowl—the Hottest Pot in town!" And in ten point type below, "advertising rates on request."

We're going commercial! But Uncle Roger takes a dim view of all this. He used to use pennies dipped in damp salt for nickels in the public pay booths, but now he finds himself using the genuine article by mistake.

"An honest man can't make a decent ....."

So, in closing, let us repeat the priceless panacea of that phlegmatic paronomasian Dr. Igot Sixpence, late of Saturn, "Ix, Bitx, Spitz, Quitz," or, "What this country needs is a good five cent nickel!" Selah!

Democracy, of course, means freedom—but freedom with responsibility.

If more of us took God on board as pilot we would not get lost in so much foggy thinking.

### MIRANDA

Continued from page 7

an option on my left eye for thirty days or could you use my new teeth? Show business can cost a guy a lot of scratch and I can afford to take chances only on such things that are safe investments like sea-horse racing or cards and such like. This is asking too much, Maggie. What do you think I am any way?"

Maggie proceeded to tell him. But Scapone stopped her before she could really get warmed up. "How much do you want,?" he asked wearily.

Later, as the Shark bent over his cheque book, he turned to Maggie. "It is not because you intimidate me that I do this thing," he said. "It is because I just naturally have the blood of the theatre in my veins. They tell me this first party Half-Leg bites is an actor."

"And besides," eyeing my lean shanks with distaste, "it will be a welcome change indeed from biting sailors."

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PLAYS AT CORNWALLIS



Cab Calloway

Yowsah! The King of Hi-de-ho plays Cornwallis this month and the jive artists are shrinking their bell-bottoms into zoot suits for the big event. The engagement was arranged for by the Special Services office of Cornwallis.

"ASHORE AND AFLOAT WITH THE O.A.'S

By F. V. Taylor, COA

Perhaps many of you have wondered what has happened to "Shavings from a Lathe". In brief, our previous reporter the genial and dapper Wilfred Poirier, then Chief OA, has smilingly stepped from the lower to the upper deck.

Hence you have a new "Epistle Packer" who will attempt to keep one and all posted on our boys everywhere.

Top honours in our column this month go to COA's Jimmy Haywood of HMCS Huron and Stewart Nein of HMCS Haida who have brought further distinction to the branch by recent mention in dispatches. With Mr. H. W. Mayne, our COO, we join in saying "Well done Lads!"

Great relief will be felt by many in that Stephen Dunnell of HMCS Athabasca, previously listed as missing in action, is now known to be a prisoner of war. Hang on Steve, it shouldn't take long now.

On home grounds at Cornwallis, the past few weeks have brought about many changes. The 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th of OA's Q., having completed their crammed curriculum, at the double, have gone their respective ways, leaving more than a few broken hearts at Annapolis Royal. Things are not the same at the "Frothery" either.

George Borthwick, COA, having hung up his badge of office, namely gaiters, now reigns supreme at HMCS Shelburne. How about a bit of news, Chief?

Of those who drew the short straws and went to "Newfie" perhaps Tommy Fry would keep in touch with us, what say, Tommy?

To Ernie Blair, from those who waved goodbye, success and may we meet again.

To Bobby Edgett our regulating chief now convalescing at Digby, N.S., from a recent appendectomy, a speedy recovery.

Latest reports from Clem Penney, now under "Pacific" skies, reveal his love of ship and men—no mention of the fairer sex.

Rumour has it that Delbert (Fearless) Foster has left his sanctum sanctorum on the west coast and is now cooling his heels at an East Coast port prior to duties afloat. What happened Del?

Congratulations to OA and Mrs. Maurice Carroll on the arrival of a new "bairn". Looks like another hockey player in the family. He weighed in nicely (7 lbs. 4 ozs.)

In conclusion we sincerely hope, Mr. Poirier that your present duties in "Newfie" are not nearly so trying as that two weeks of "Cornwallis Canter" prior to your departure.

INSIDE DOPE by an INSIDE DOPE

By Henry Sherman, A/B



At a gentle undulation just outside the Wren Block, worn smooth by the restless shifting of many feet, there daily accumulates a miscellany or ratings faultlessly attired in their smart spring formals, to await their chosen ones in the gathering twilight. This meeting place of the minds (?) known variously as "Wolf's Corner," "Silouhette Square," and "Louie's", is the hub upon which Cornwallis social life in all its rickety redundancy rotates. It is he that you call for your lady, and, after an evening spent in happy communion limited only by K.R. and thirteen celibate R.P.O.'s, it is here that you

bid her adieu in a manner commensurate with your mutual tastes plus the knowledge that the Commander's quarters are hard by. Many mumble "good-night," and let it go at that. Others shake hands vigorously for fifteen minutes, finally slowing down to a languid and barely perceptible movement of the forearm and shuffling of the metatarsus. Here and there a couple may resort to the mildest osculation. We were walking ourself home one night and skirted one such pair. The male, an enormous Stoker I, tried with difficulty to disengage himself from his tiny, ninety-eight pound companion as he saw us approach. But the Wren, sensing his embarrassment, cooed placatingly: "It's all right snookumchuck. We're engaged, ain't we?"

It is rumoured that those officers unfortunate enough to have the periodic staging of fire drills included on their duty lists have organized! This group calling themselves the "Don't pipe fire drill till half the block has stripped down for shower or bed-ers," adopted their platform in a particularly vicious frame of mind—an occupational disease resulting from piping "fire" for a year and a half whilst no one on the base ever has a light when you are dying for that cigarette.

For months we had been doubling smartly out into the night at the cry of "fire!" with nothing but a faded blue flannel nightie between us and indecent exposure, whilst all around ratings, in various stages of the rig of the day and night, broke down on each others' shoulders and heaped vile imprecations upon the head of Nelson Eddy. (He *did* invent matches and fire drill, didn't he?) But last week we rebelled. We were lying between the blankets, wistfully thinking of a dame called Lamarr when the awful cry rang through the block. This was too much. So, instead of forsaking bed and Heddy all in a single shot, we ducked our head under the covers and spread our lank six feet as sparsely as possible over the bunk. In this Nature helped immeasurably by allowing for only a minimum of meat (about three weeks ration, we believe) in our original design. All went well until the officer making rounds sat down on our bunk to take a stone out of his shoe, when Miss Lamarr was rapidly replaced in our vision by a bag of oakum. Only we got our hands on it much more quickly. But the officer suspected nothing. "Pity the poor devil who 'sleeps' on *this* mattress," he cracked, cracking three of our lower ribs, then left, after instructing the quartermaster to provide the "poor devil" with a new eiderdown. We are looking forward to its arrival with keen expectation. When it arrives we are going to place it in a secluded spot just beyond the coal pile where there are no Q.M.'s, no officers and no *fire drills!*

It was "stand easy" in the Gunnery School and a rating leaned across the dutch door of an office to discharge a crumpled ball of paper at a waste basket in a far corner of the room. He missed. The duty Wren smiled in a superior fashion, retrieved the missive and watched him fail twice again. Smugly, the Wren stationed herself at the door to fire thrice, each time missing, picking up the paper wad and doggedly marching back to the door to try again, while the rating permitted himself a hollow chuckle. In due course, three chiefs, two instructor killicks and a warrant gunnery officer, attracted by the picturesque language being employed, had joined in the fray. The paper betrayed not the least affinity for the basket.

A white cap O.D. came doubling down the hall, and it was at this instant that the Wren, disgruntled with her task as "feeder" for the battery aligned at her door, threw the pellet with a spiteful curve to the Warrant officer whose turn had come up once more. It sailed over his head and plopped into the hands of the astonished jeep. Not stopping for an instant, in his double march, he spied the basket and tossed the paper ball through the assembled gunners to score a bull's-eye in the basket's geometrical centre. His name was Aloysius and he is "Shore Branch" because of his eyes.

We hear a member of the Personnel Identification Bureau has been offered a postwar job with one of the larger penal institutes south of the border. He will photograph "new arrivals" for the official rogue's gallery, a practice forcibly discontinued when Hollywood enticed their previous cameraman to quit and shoot "The Stepson of Frankenstein's Nephew Meets the Wolfman's Grandmother," where all the people are supposed to look dead, anyhow. We have no doubt the rating will achieve outstanding success in this work, his qualifications being the highest: five years as a passport photographer and snapping this profile for our new identification card.

The restaurant at the recreation building reports as its fastest selling luncheon "bacon and eggs" that grisly twosome served as breakfast four times weekly by all the galleys. And chief amongst the accessories before, during and after the fact are those ratings whose wont it is to natter, "Bacon and eggs *again!*" from 0700 to 1200 every morning, when the subject matter changes. We asked one such lad who was happily wrapping himself around his third platter of pared pig and hoary hen fruit to explain himself. Had he not spurned said nutriment on many a morning, and oftener still left same half finished on his plate?

"Well, it's this way," he confided. "In the galley ya ain't got a choice. Ya stick out yer hand and they fill it with bacon and eggs. Bacon and eggs! Bacon and eggs! I gets sick 'n tired hearin' bacon and eggs! But here, it's diffrent. I come in; give the menu the once over, then order me favourite dish: "Eggs and Bacon," I tell the waitress, "Eggs and Bacon, ya notice. That way it tastes better and I always finish it up." And, as he demolished the last bit of egg yolk, "Besides, I'm payin' fer it."

Sick leave after appendectomy has been cancelled, apparently due to the increased number of these cases on board. It would appear the M.O.'s suspect the victims may have conspired to inflame their vermiform appendix of the intestine as a means to an end. Like the boy who ate green apples because he liked the taste of castor oil.

ALL RIGHT, BOYS, GET IN LINE



Five thousand officers, ratings and Wrens jammed their way into "Cornwallis" drill shed last month to be entertained by the smooth music of Jack Denny and his band. After the concert the band played for dancing and, as can be seen by this picture, the sailors kept Gloria Palmer, lovely songster with the band, busy signing autographs. RCN Photo.

PLANNING FOR YOU

Continued from page 5

- my interest in the property?
- A. It passes to your heirs.
- Q. If I already own a farm, can I obtain advances to pay off a mortgage, make improvements, or to purchase livestock and farm equipment?
- A. Yes. Up to \$3200 may be advanced for these purposes, provided the total does not exceed 60 per cent of the value of the land and buildings as established by the Director of the Veteran's Land Act. Advances for the purchase of livestock and farm equipment on mortgage security may not exceed \$2500 or 50 per cent of the value of the land and buildings.
- Q. Where do I make application?
- A. Regional Offices have been set up in every province and applications should be made to your nearest Regional Office.
- Q. Do I have to take land which the Government selects for me?
- A. No. You are at perfect liberty to select your own land. The only condition is that you must be able to satisfy the Director of the Veterans' Land Act that it offers a reasonable opportunity for your successful establishment. Properties are now being purchased and held from which a selection may be made, if desired, when

A GENTLE HINT

Do not become a drone, dear,  
While I am far away,  
Just have a lot of fun dear,  
Step out each night and play.

The lads I left behind, dear,  
Must also have their fling.  
Be sure to treat them nice, dear,  
And dance and laugh and sing.

Do anything you will, dear,  
Just pet, or park, or flirt,  
With Jack or Joe or Bill, dear,  
And please don't play them dirt.

The years are too few, dear,  
Your happiness to wreck,  
But if these things you do, dear,  
I'll break your little neck.

—The Yorker

demobilization takes place, but no veteran will be limited to selection from farms already on hand.

Q. Can I make application while still serving?

A. No. You must be discharged from service before an application can be considered.

(The next instalment deals with treatment regulations.)

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

by Warrant Officer (SB) Tommy Graham



It may be assumed that, this last month, Stadacona's sandlot students have been dusting off their hickory sticks and ironing out the tell tale wrinkles in their fielding performances for at this writing we find the three time Maritime Baseball champions perched at the helm of the league for the first time in the current campaign.

The revived Stadaconamen, who like F. D. Roosevelt, are out to make it a fourth term in office—have taken on added interest in their efforts to bludgeon their way back into the limelight. For the first time this season they've shown form that resembles the play produced in spring training, when they were considered by the "hot-stove league" favorites to take the title for another semester.

Arch tormentors thus far this season have been the Halifax Shipyard combination, who have been out in front since the outset of the campaign and the shipbuilders are waging a nip and tuck battle for league honors. They are resting nicely in the runner-up spot at the present time and a win for them and a loss for the navymen would see the leadership change hands.

For a reason that not even the Stadacona boys themselves can explain their play during May and June lacked the zip and fire of "Wups" but the Morrisonmen are convinced they've shaken themselves loose from the throes of this slump and are fairly spoiling for revenge now that the chips are down and the shooting starts in earnest.

### It's Anybody's Ball Title

But it must be said that the race is far from won for all three opposing clubs, Shipyards, Air Force and Army ball-tossers have red hot irons in the fire and every time out are apt to upset the appercart. The race is decidedly close, Shipyards present a fast well-balanced club, capable of taking all the honors. Too, the airmen have taken on new life and the introduction of a new hurler in Marcel "Lefty" Boisvert, the former Truro twirling ace who knocked over Stadacona in his debut, will brighten their title aspirations somewhat. In the cellar but not to be overlooked are the Army nine, who also believe they have a good chance of copping the silverware. Yes it's anybody's ball title but methinks the Stadaconamen will take it.

Maybe it's a game of hide-and-seek that Dick Pawley is playing, for Stadacona's pitching ace is one of those "now-you-see-him and now-you-don't" boys this season. Soft-spoken Richard was going great guns in spring training, then he disappeared from the training picture only to come back after the season was well underway and the Stadaconamen were in the throes of their slump. He didn't win his initial performance but his presence brought new life to the Morrison clan and in his next start Dick redeemed himself with a triumph.....but where is Richard now?—that's the \$64 question—because he's certainly missing from Stadacona's daily conclaves.....could it be that the drafting office have whisked him away again?

The arrival of Ernie Bealand, the clever performer at short stop with the last year club added no little amount enthusiasm to Bud Morrison's title aspirations. Bealand will fit in nicely with the navy's infield and should he stay around the Stadacona boys can boast of the best all-around infield in the league for McFayden at third, Dev Vickers at second and LaPelley at first are as good as any in the circuit.

Sailor sandloters at Saskatoon are enjoying great success. The "Unicorners" have entries in both the Inter Active Service Baseball League and Fastball loop. In the baseball race the Sailors from the Hub city of the prairies are in third place with four wins and three losses. In their recent foray with the opposition they handed the league-leading Army boys from Dundurn a 9-3 lacing behind the smart pitching of Ace Corbin. Playing for the Unicorners in baseball wars are: Ralph Almas, Gibson, Bothwell, Pledger, Rettig, Kobusse n, Leswick and Johnson.

The fastballers who are tied for the league leadership with seven wins and three losses have on their club Earl Gill, well known Saskatoon fastball hurler, Ralph Almas, Leswick, Morris, Elsoi, Barnett, Hodson, Wilson, Collier and McDonald.

At Regina, navy ball players fared well until they reached the playoff picture when HMCS Queen boys took two straight setbacks at the hands of Eiler's Kings which ended their title hopes. The Regina sailors were runaway leaders of the loop all season registering nine straight wins. playing for the team were Brooks, Baker, Hooper, Grymaluk, Montgomery, Eberly, Goodhue, Babie, Fullerton and Morris, who was their pitching star all season.

Operatives at Port Arthur failed to forward an account of their sporting activities but we have it via the grape-vine that the sailors performing in lakehead ball circles are doing quite well and it wouldn't be a surprise if the "Griffon" gang cops a title thereabouts.

Toronto ball-tossers continue to have things pretty much their own way in their diamond battles although the drafting office have plucked several members from the Yorktowners ranks. Ball artists at Ottawa just aren't in the navy—but the Wrens at Naval Service Headquarters are waging sandlot squabbles and are holding their own as are the Naval Service girls in the Ottawa circuit.

### PETE'S GOT A WINNER

Pete Sande, of Calgary, one of western Canada's best known sport officials and a former star in sport activities before he took to refereeing, comes out with a statement that he's got the best fastball club afloat. Pete, who is a Supply Assistant aboard HMCS St. Boniface, is coach of the ship's team and, says Pete, "We're plenty sharp. Haven't lost a game all season. I think the club is as good as any I ever handled." And coming from Sande that's good for he's handled a lot of fine sport clubs.

Another friend of the sporting world who claims he's got a good team is L/Sea. George Dallas, who is handling sporting activities at HMCS Star, in Hamilton. Says George in a recent letter. "We've got a good ball team at Star this year and are second in a seven team circuit. In nine games played we've won six and tied one and I think we can take the league title."..... We hope so, George, and all the best to you and the team.

Playing with the "Star" club, which is managed by E. Runge, are Mancini, who plays second base, Hilton, who handles, the centre field pasture, Everett, who holds down third base; Kelly, at short stop, Harper, at first base, Duffy, in left field, Deanne, in right field, with Cunningham catching for the team's two twirlers Hayatt and Bailey.

### DIAMOND DOINGS AT THE DIVISIONS

At the west coast HMCS Naden's entry in the baseball set-up is comfortably perched in second place in the league standing, just one game behind the pace-setting Victoria Machinery Depot ball-tossers. In their last meeting, however, the Naden nine walloped the league-leaders to the tune of 13-3 behind the masterful offerings of Jimmy Crosato. Ray Moretti, Gil Bruce, "Spunk" Sparrow and Latiff doing noble work with the bat.

## SHOWING THEM HOW



When it came to the shot-put event at the field meet at "Cornwallis" last month, the brawny youngsters of the base found they had met more than their match when they competed against Commander Redmond, R. N., sports officer at the base. Former R. N. representative in weight events, the Commander is seen here at the start of a mighty heave that won the event. RCN Photo.

## New Entry Seamen Swamp All Others In Track And Field Meet at Cornwallis

By W/O Reg. Mylrea

In a recent Track and Field Meet held in Cornwallis with all departments represented, the New Entry Seamen showed a clean pair of heels to all competitors crashing through with eight wins in a 12-event programme.

Outstanding for the Seamen were O/Sea. Devitt, of Toronto, in the high jump, O/Sea. Copeland, also from the Queen City, in the 220 and O/Sea. Brown, of Montreal, in the mile run.

For the Ship's Company, PO (Cook) Preece with his fin showing on the 100 and 440 and Cdr. Redman who showed he had lost none of his skill when he represented the Royal Navy in weight events by winning the shot-put and giving a fine display of throwing the hammer.

### MTE Stars

Stoker Snyder of Bridgewater and Sto. PO Burville, of Calgary, carried the weight for the MTE with seconds in the shot-put and 220 yard dash.

Possibly the most thrilling event carded was the Tug-o-War. In the semi-finals, the MTE defeated the Ship's Company in two straight pulls. The final was a see-saw battle and in which the New Entry Seamen came from behind to win the deciding pull.

### Summary of Events

High Jump—O/Sea. Devitt (N.E.)	O/Sea. Copeland (N.E.), Sto. Burville,
Jieut. Abbott (Ship's Company), O/	(MTE), Lt. Edwards (Ship's Company)
Sea. Jackson (N.E.), Height, 5'7"	—Time: 25 secs. 440 Yard Run—
100 Yard Dash—PO Preece, (Ship's	PO Preece, (Ship's Company), O/Sea.
Company), O/Sea. Hayward (N.E.),	Bailey (N.E.), AB Livingstone (Ship's
O/Sea. Duggan, (N.E.), —Time: 10	Company)—Time: 57 sec. Shot-Put
2/5 sec. Mile Run—O/Sea. Brown	Cdr. Redman (Ship's Company), Sto.
(N.E.), O/Sea. Moore, (N.....E.), S/Lt.	Snyder. (MTE), Sto Wilson (MTE)
Watson (Ship's Company)—Time: 5	—Distance: 34 ft. 880 Yard Run—
min. 10 sec. 220 Yard Dash—1st.	O/Sea. Wilson (N.E.), Sto. Monture

The drafting office tossed the proverbial monkey wrench into "Tecumseh's" ball aspirations when Eddie Wares, Lefty Wilson and Lieut. Jack Hopwood departed for further naval training at the east coast. Wares and Wilson being slated to report to "Cornwallis" and Hopwood to "Stadacona." The Calgarians haven't been faring so well in their circuit and at the present writing they are holding down the cellar position in their eight team loop.

Thanks to the stellar twirling of Allan Young, Edmonton's entry in the city fastball set up is holding its own and many concede the "Nonsuch" crew a good chance of copping the title.

### Hey, Hey, Whassamatter?

Sporting news from "Donnacona" in Montreal or Hochelaga is scarcer than hens' teeth and the boys from naval establishments in and about the French Canadian metropolis who are usually active in all sporting events have neglected to let us know what's going on in their neighborhood. The same applies to HMCS Catarqui, at Kingston, for nary a word has been received from them. "Brunswick" and "Queen Charlotte" also come under this "no news" category so we are unable to inform folks what's going on in the way of sport at any of these establishments.

Bases at Sydney, Shelburne and Liverpool, all have been active in the sporting front. Sandloters from Shelburne have been having things pretty much their own way in baseball conflicts. Skip Yorke, of Parrsboro, a clever twirler and Duke Bayduk, his battery mate, whose batting feats have attracted professional ball club scouts to offer the youthful westerner attractive contracts after the war, have been largely responsible for their success.

Interpart softball tussles and the occasional baseball foray with visiting clubs have garnered most of the sporting limelight at "Cornwallis," the Deep Brook boys losing their last baseball outing against the Aldershot Army nine 5-4 in a seven inning affair.

Just before thirty.....HMCS York and HMCS Naden both recently held track and field events that created no little amount of attention. At the west coast, the Naden sport moguls put on a 25-event program..... York also had a 25 event affair.....Lieut. Wes Baxter was recently elected secretary treasurer of Saskatoon's Inter Active Service Sports Organization .....Frank MacIntyre, well known high school sport star, while attending Glebe Collegiate in Ottawa, is now in the navy.....Stadacona swimming club that copped all the honors in the Maritime natatorial events last season is confident of repeating this year.....and so until next month here's to you for better sport.

## KINGS KALLING

By L/Sea. A. Bradbury, P&RTI

Hello everyone—here we are reporting to you from the Officers training Establishment, HMCS Kings, on the realm of sport.

Softball is in the limelight at present. Our senior team, entered in the South End Twilight league, is in fifth place due to some close, heart-breaking losses.

Pitching duties have been performed very capably by Childerhose, Mitchell and Lenard in recent games. We expect to see our star hurler Jimmy Ross back off leave soon to bolster the team's efforts.

Infield play s have been handled well by McGee, Smythe, Quigley, and Gaye Stewart, while Tougas, Lenard and Lindsay have looked after the green pastures to perfection. Jack Kidd has caught recent games behind the plate, doing a very good job. We expect to see Lieut. Dawson back again soon, a hand injury having kept him out of action for the last four games. "Look out for this team in the future," is the cry of coach CPO Tuckfield, who says they'll definitely be present for the playoffs.

### Tourney Running

Inter-part softball is a sure-fire thing at the present. We are running off a two-way knockout tournament for a mid-season champion. At present the teams undefeated are Destroyers and Cruisers who meet each other in the semi-finals shortly. Other teams that have gone down to close defeat by them are Staff Officers and Frigates.

Our Wren's have a nice softball team, both on the eyes and as ball players. They are still in the tournament and going strong.

By the time this goes to press the shouting will have died down, debts will be paid and the mid-season champs will be crowned. Sorry we can't foresee the future, gamblers!

A tennis tournament, round robin style, is an event of the near future. Expecting approximately 32 entries before the balls fly, the contest should be one of great interest. We have it straight from "Shadow" that the staff officers from the Captain down are stepping about in preparation for the opening round, so, look out all O.U.T. entries.

(MTE), O/Sea. Burford, (N.E.)—Time: 2 min. 11 sec.

Broad Jump—1st. O/Sea. Hayward (N.E.); O/Sea. Copeland (N.E.); PO McRae (Ship's Company). Distance: 19 ft.

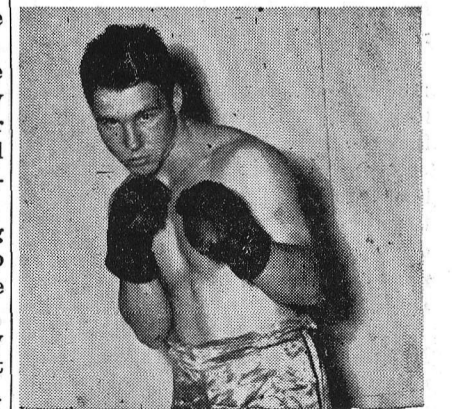
Discus Throw—O/Sea. Allen (N.E.) Lt. Edwards (Ship's Company); O/Sea. Ladouceur, (N.E.) Distance: 109' 4".

440 Yard Relay—New Entry Seamen, Ship's Company; Mechanical Training Establishment; Time: 50 secs.

Tug-o-War—New Entry Seamen; Mechanical Training Establishment; Ship's Company.

880 Yard Relay—Ship's Company, New Entry Seamen, Mechanical Training Establishment. Time: 1 min. 4 secs.

## WINS BY K. O.



Claude Warwick, A.B., Canadian featherweight champ, recently featured in a fight fest at Stadacona II when he won by a knockout over AB Becharard. Warwick is one of the Navy's best scrappers. RCN Photo.

## Avalon Sport Shorts

By "Sully"



"You'll get used to it!" This abbreviated sentence, besides being a keynote in "Meet the Navy," is also quite adaptable for general use when referring to climatic conditions in "Dear old Avalon." At the moment, we have no squawks. "We're getting used to it."

**"Hail and Farewell"**—Rotation of PTI's is one of the necessities for best results and happiness in the sport world, and July was the month of many changes. George Davies caught himself a corvette, Alex Watt headed for "Stadacona" and Jack MacKenzie made tracks for "Protector." In their places we have Roy Grimes, Ambrose Gilmet, and Charlie Voughelainen—likeable lads all. Already delving deep into the mysteries of Avalon, we don't think they'll have much trouble here.

**"Horsehide Hangover"**—Upset win by RCN over ranking Tank team followed by disastrous defeat at hands of RCAF, has left plenty of speculation as to top teams in our fast-moving Inter-Service baseball loop. The RCN had previously taken the Air Force laddies by scores of 1-0, and 7-4. Manager Pat LaFave was indeed upset by this setback and with good reason. His caustic remarks will long be remembered by some 12 or 13 ball-players.

**"Boot it McTavish"**—After shuffling the team about somewhat, team captain Bill Kirk directed the RCN soccer aggregation to a well-earned win over the RCE, in the hard-fought Interservice league which goes rolling along up here. Present totals stand at 3 wins, 2 losses and tied for a second place with the local regiment. The Royal Navy is sitting on top of the heap with a very confident air about them, and will, admittedly, take some moving. These games are really something to watch and public feeling runs high. The league is bitterly contested and RCN have quite a hustle ahead to trim the RN. If we beat them next week, we'll be tied for first place, so, easy does it boys!!

**"We're Tenting Tonight"**—All reports from Capt. D's summer camp have it that a record-breaking season is well underway. Facilities at the grounds have been greatly improved since last year, and the weather has been fairly decent. Jack MacKenzie got all sporting activities under way before he departed and did a dandy job if it. He scrounged gear from every place conceivable, until it's now possible to play any sport one can mention. Fishing and boating are the order of the day, and what a time the sea-going laddies have out there. A complete change is the best thing in the world for any serviceman under a strain, and he certainly gets it with Capt. D. Roy Grimes is the PTI at the camp now and he's doing a grand job.

**"Limber up the Dory"**—It's regatta weather in Avalon, and this is one time of the year when it's good to have a lot of pull. We expect to have nearly 20 crews out this year, and already, most of them have been out for their initial trial. Racing boats provided by the various clubs are pretty neat, and it's quite a thrill to go whipping across the pond in a 4-man cutter. As usual the Shore Patrol will have a top-notch team, but our guess is, that they'll have some trouble with Harbour Crafts crews this year. Rowing is quite the thing in Newfie, and although few Canadian sailors have ever done much racing, they take to it quite naturally. We'll have more news of this in future issues.

**"Love to You Dear"**—Tiddley tennis

## THE "JEEP" PATROL

It is estimated that the number of Naval personnel convicted of civil crimes in Halifax per day is .01 per cent of the total Naval personnel in port. That is one of the most interesting statistical findings with regard to the Naval Service and one which certainly should bring a pat on the back to the Naval Shore Patrol department of that city where there is perhaps a greater roving Naval population than any other in Canada.

With the institution of the new "Jeep" patrol in Halifax, operated by the three armed Services, Navy, Army and Air Force, even the low percentage quoted is expected to be cut down, for that is the aim and chief duty of the Shore Patrol—to halt trouble before it gets started.

### Usual Objection

Many of the Navy's saltier types object strenuously to having a Shore Patrolman check them on their dress and on their saluting. They feel that he is throwing his weight around and doing it just to make an impression of authority.

Let's look at his position from another angle. We'll say the patrolman is a leading gunnery rate, instead. He is exercising a gun's crew and gives the order "Gun's crew, close up." The crew obeys without question and without malice. If they didn't obey smartly

courts taken over by the Navy are proving to be a huge success. They are in first class condition and receive a great deal of play. All officers, ratings and Wrens can use them and plenty of gear is provided. It's surprising the number of good tennis players who are in navy blue.

**"How's Your Hook"**—Something new has been added. Lieut. McCormick came into possession of some valuable lawn-bowling equipment, and pronto—we now are prepared to accommodate lawn-bowlers. Some local turf has been whipped into shape by PO Henderson, and for those who prefer the quiet and restful—roll a few on my court, folks.

**"Let's Get Away From it All"**—Some two or three miles out of town, the Navy has opened a new recreation field. Probably one of the best moves ever made by the sports office in Avalon, this one is turning out to be the cat's meow. The crews off our ships are sent out there in the afternoon and they really appreciate getting out into the country. It's beautiful around these parts, and the lads can let themselves go without fear of an RPO jumping down their throats. A dandy ball diamond complete with backstop, and a soccer pitch are available—and all in glorious technicolour. Real turf is the outstanding feature, although the PTI's really had a handful cutting the hay while preparing the field. Another orchid to PO Henderson. He's a good grounds man. (He doesn't pay me a cent either.)

**"Pardon My Stick-End, Bub!"**—Anyone wishing altercations at cut-rate prices, is invited to participate in a cute little game called—lacrosse. Every week-end in Avalon a six-team league settles its differences in our first rate lacrosse box. Originally a skating rink, it has been revised somewhat and does a dandy job of handling these rugged laddies who like their sport fast and furious. The local townspeople still insist that Canadians are crazy every time they see some unfortunate receive a clip on the ear for not ducking quick enough. The boys have fallen for lacrosse like a ton of bricks, and you'd be surprised at the number of fellows who turn out. It's too early to forecast winners, but all the teams have professional names, and Pat LaFave keeps everything straight. Imagine—Salmon bellies vs Tartars (wow!).

**"Think You've Got Worries?"**—PTI's Dobbin and Polowy will prove you are wrong, unless you handle interpart softball schedules, too. Between the Navy Show, and the weather these lads are having quite a time getting their games played, but somehow they do it. I won't give you details about teams because you wouldn't understand it anyway, but one thing is certain, it's no cinch trying to keep 20 softball nines in the groove. Interpart softball can't be outdone for competition. Sailors in Avalon couldn't be in poor shape if they wanted to.

and the killick didn't check them the gunnery officer would probably "bottle" him. If the "Guns" didn't make the check-up the captain of the ship would give him a blast—and so on.

Now, let's go back to our patrolman. If he sees a rating on the street with his cap on the back of his head and doesn't make him "square it off", it is not unlikely someone will take the complaint to the Shore Patrol officer. If he, in turn, let's the matter go on unchecked ratings generally will begin to take less care about their appearance on the street and soon uncomplimentary remarks are made by John Public about the Navy. The brunt of these remarks falls on the shoulders of the highest authority in the area—a man who is pretty busy handling a good-sized share of the operation of this war and who shouldn't have to worry about whether his sailors are dressed properly when they go ashore.

### Under Strict Orders

That is why the Shore Patrol has been given strict orders to check all ranks on their dress, saluting and general deportment ashore.

The new "Jeep" patrol was originated because it was felt that all three services would benefit by it and it was most desirable for the Navy because it would cut down considerably on the number of men the senior service would be called upon to supply. If trouble should arise among members of any one service and the patrol of that particular Service is outnumbered, the patrolmen of the two other Services are empowered to step in and give a hand. This is covered by Naval orders and holds good in all ports.

It might give ratings a much better understanding of the patrolman's job and his powers if they would look up the regulations governing the patrolman's job. It will be found that he is held down by a great many restrictions and must exercise much more self control than the average man would feel willing to place upon himself in carrying out similar duties.

More than one lad has been taken home quietly and without any charges being laid when he was "under the weather" and thousands of dollars have been saved each year for ratings by shore patrolmen who have turned in money found on lads when they were unable to take proper care of it. The money is turned in to the patrol office, labelled with the name of the man from whom it was taken and returned to him when "the weather clears."

## Boxla At Avalon

By "Newfie John"

Salmonbellies with such versatile athletes as Al Sced, Bert Borton and Jim Sexauer are currently sharing the top berth with Tartars in Avalon's new six-team lacrosse league. Salmonbellies, after their opening game in which they squeezed out a 9-8 win over the highly-touted Indians led by A/PTI Lafave, and containing such big scoring stars as Davey Brown and Polowy, obtained their other two points on a default. Tartars led by SBA Speran have punched out two close wins, the first over the Terriers by a 5-4 margin and the second by a 2-1 score, with Howe turning in both goals for the winners.

Indians and Combines are sharing second place, each having two points.

## SYDNEY SPORTS SLANTS

By PO J. C. Altman, P&RTI



Once again we bring you friendly greetings from old HMCS Protector, located on the sunny shores of Sydney Harbour.

Sporting interest in the Base has reached a new high peak. One of the main reasons

for the sudden urge to indulge in the various activities is credited to the exceptionally fine weather we have been enjoying here. Yes, we are convinced "Old Sol" has discarded the "sunshine ration coupons" for an indefinite period, unsparingly casting his hypnotic rays all over the "Point", and producing a stimulant which was sorely needed after three weeks of rain. Most of the lads and lassies are now sporting a smart tan; after all—Winter in Miami, Spring in Saratoga, and Summer in "Protector," what more can a person want?

Highlighting the sports program at the present time is the Inter-part softball league consisting of 10 fighting teams representing almost every branch of the Service. The powerful Miscellaneous nine, ousted in the playoffs last year, is topping the loop with three wins in as many games played. Led by those two inseparable "Scribes" PO Wtrs. West and MacGlashan, who even discuss sports when they sleep, (ask SA Purdin) the Accountant Personnel team boasts a strong squad and is heavily favoured to annex the title. "Slingin" Sammy Stevenson and "Rick" West form a strong battery for the "Pen-Pushers" while Don Coy, who spends most of his time in the Galley, is the teams' heaviest hitter. Trailing the league-leaders by one game is George Seed's Ch. & PO's "A" team, consisting entirely of Engine-Room personnel. Other teams in the circuit are, Stokers, Seamen, RCNH, Naval Headquarters, Ch. & PO's "B", Band, Main Guard and Officers.

Games are played every night and draw tons of spectators whose cheers and jeers echo across the playing field. It is rumored that a trophy may be donated by the Chiefs and PO's Mess for Inter-part Softball.

The Senior softball team is at present playing exhibition games and has won its first two starts. The Navy team was entered in the Cape Breton Inter-Service softball league in Sydney, but the loop failed to function due to the withdrawal of the RCAF and one Army team. In the meantime, the "Protector" softballers were affiliated with the Nova Scotia Senior Softball Ass'n. and will continue playing exhibition games until play-off time rolls along.

Meet the team: Harry Brodt, P.; Bill Carson, C.; Don Coy, 1B.; "Pop" Dennison, 2B.; Don Kerr, SS; Ken Henry and Ron Sallis, 3B; Nick Isaacs, Sammy Stevenson, Lofty Ruitter, and Scotty Linn, Outfielders.

The Wrens softball team suffered their first defeat at the hands of the W.D.'s (RCAF) who hail from nearby Reserve. During the early innings of the contest it looked like a batting practice for the girls-in-blue as they belted base hits with regularity for a totals of nine runs. However, the last inning proved disastrous for "Dob" Cummings and his mob from the "Wrenery." The "Penguins" (birds who don't fly) started a rally in their half of the ninth and before the last batter was put out, eight runs crossed the plate to make the score 13-9. "Nan Hinshelwood and Bodie were top hitters for the Sailorettes", and Wren Potvin turned in a good game on the mound. A return game has already been arranged and our girls are confident they can

belt out the Air Force lassies.

Crews off visiting ships have taken advantage of the excellent playing facilities at "Protector" and are loud in their praise for the wonderful treatment given them when they hit this port. Inter-ship games are played almost every afternoon and all equipment is supplied by the Sports Office. HMCS Ungava has a strong team and have yet to lose a game here. Lieut. Gilbride, who handles the coaching duties, has issued a challenge to the "Protector" senior softball team and the game will take place in the convenient future.

Citizens of Sydney were given a rare treat early in July, at the opening of the Navy League Soccer Pitch in Whitney Pier. Rear Admiral L. W. Murray, C in CNWA officially opened the Merchant Ship Soccer League by kicking off the first ball. The "Protector" band was on hand to entertain both players and spectators before the game and during the rest interval. The league is operating regularly and games are arranged by Lt. O'Neil, Contraband Control Officer.

An Inter part Soccer League has been formed in the Base consisting of four teams. The first game brought together the officers and Ch & PO's and both teams battled for 60 minutes and were deadlocked 2-2 when the whistle blew to end the game. Heading the "Gold-braid" were Lieut. Welsh, Wt. Supt. Earle, Wt. Eng. "Dusty" Miller EA Pounder, Plmr. Humphries and Plmr. Pyefinch were the best for the "brass-button boys."

The Stokers upset the Band in the second game, 5-0. The "clinker-knockers" had too much class for the "Music-makers" who put up a stirring battle despite an acute shortage of manpower. L/Sto. "Lofty" Linn, Sto. I Nadeau, Sto. Greenfield and Sto. I Charley were the best for the "Smoke eaters." Bdsman. Harry Answorth, Mason, MacLeod, and Hatfield, kept the score down for the Band.

A senior team is available for exhibition games. Lack of competition from other services has kept this group inactive. However, visiting RN ships will be given a chance to test their strength against the "Protector" footballers.

A Senior baseball team is being formed in the Base and will seek exhibition games with New Waterford and any other teams on the Island. Players will be selected from the Inter part league which operates every Saturday. The Stokers, led by "Gallop" Garopy, and the Misc. team are tied for first place. The seamen and Ch & Po's are occupying the cellar position.

The Westmount W/T Station Volley Ball team, former Outdoor Inter-Service Champs are well on the way to repeating their previous accomplishments this season. The Volley-ballers are well out in front of the league and haven't lost a single game to date. Team Captain is Tel. Larry Tanner. The loop is sponsored by the YMCA War Services.

The Base Horseshoe tournament has entered the semi-final round and has created a great deal of enthusiasm amongst the competitors. Individual tournaments were run off in each Block, the winners qualifying for the Base Tourney. CERA George Seed, pride of "E" Block, eliminated L/SBA Murray champ of the RCNH in two straight games. Sto. O'Neil, representing the Fire-fighters is heavily favored to cop the title and will meet either Supt. McMillan, "F" Block or Supt. Morgan, "G" Block.

Preparations are under way for a Track and Field meet which will be held the second or third week in August. Training has already commenced and entries are coming in steadily. The meet will be open to all Naval personnel serving in the Sydney Sub-Command and will include events for Wrens, Inter-part tug-o-wars, novelty races and the

Continued on page 12

## AT THE RINGSIDE

With  
Charles James, Chief Stoker

Boxing came to life in the Halifax Arena when Johnny Gifford stepped into the ring to beat Ralph Walten of Montreal, in one of the finest 10 round bouts seen in a long time.

Navy representatives, were Davey Muir, a Hamilton boy who was KO'd in the third round by Frank Fortune of St. John N.B. Davey put up a good fight, but was out-roughed by his stronger and heavier opponent, whose only asset was a bull-like rush to the ropes and a lucky punch. Dave with more ring experience should easily beat this type of fighter.

July 6 saw another fine six-bout programme, run off by CPO Jim Arnott in the Stad. II Drill Hall. O/Sea Spence won over AB Allen. EA Bryant defeated Earl McLeod, O/Sea. Perrett beat L/Sig. Mackie, and L/Sto. Frasso, won over AB Velhemenin. O/Sea. Geldert punched out a close decision over O/Sea. Burch.

### Poor Showing

What was to be the main bout of the evening brought together Able Seaman (Baby Face) Bechard of Montreal, and AB Claude Warwick, Canadian Amateur Featherweight champ. Bechard has a well known professional record in both New York, and Montreal, but did not show up very well during the course of the evening. Warwick won the bout, with a beautiful knock-out half way through the first round.

Harvey Dubbs, another boy with a fine record, before joining the Navy, who is a P&RT Instructor, stationed at Cornwallis, put on a very instructive exhibition of the right and wrong way to box with Barney O'Connor, popular coach and Boxing Instructor, also of Cornwallis.

In the demise recently of Lord Lonsdale, England lost one of her grandest patrons of the art of boxing. After a hectic youth spent in various adventures, including the circus and as a cowboy, Lord Lonsdale received his first lesson in boxing from Jem Mace,

## SYDNEY SPORTS SLANTS

Continued from page 11  
usual track and field events.

**Odds and Ends** ..... S/Lt. Les Topshée, well-known in Maritime Athletic circles, is now stationed in Sydney. He captured first place in the Pole Vault and High Jump at the Highland Games held recently in Antigonish. A welcome addition to the P&RT staff at "Protector" is PTI Jack MacKenzie, who arrived recently from "Avalon" replacing PTI Paul Magnan, now serving in "Cornwallis". Tennis enthusiasts in and around "Protector" will be pleased to hear that courts are under construction in the Base and will be available in the near future. The Lingan Golf Club has extended an invitation to Naval personnel serving in the Sydney area. Many officers and ratings have taken advantage of the reduced rates and clubhouse privileges. The Wrens at "Protector" will be soon taking on a new role—"Dame Cupid"—Archery equipment has arrived and a range will be built in the vicinity of the Block. Any Sailor venturing forth in the general direction of the "Wrenery" would be wise to report to the Gunner's Store and draw a suit of armour and steel helmet. Don't say we didn't warn you.

Englands' old bare knuckle champion, He was an apt pupil, and later on a visit to America, was credited with a knockout over the famous John L. Sullivan. Lord Lonsdale, presented many belts to English champs; Jim Driscoll, and Len Harvey winning theirs outright after three wins, which qualified holder to retain it permanently.

Several of our Canadian fighters, are doing well in American Rings. At the present time, Johnny Price and Jerry Coursé, of Montreal, are piling up impressive records. Others doing well are Wilfie Shanks, Florian Bibeault, Joe Bagnata, Pat Glordiana, and now with their release, respectively from the Army, and Air Force, Canadian champs, Castillaux, and Johnny Greca, returning to the ring, will be putting Canadian Fighters in the Spotlight again.

## Flashing Femininity

AN EASTERN CANADIAN PORT—High up on the roof of a Halifax building, over-looking one of the most important harbours of the British Empire are Wren Signalwomen—the first to undertake the job of flashing messages to ships of the navy, merchant snips, of convoys and other vessels entering and leaving this busy wartime port.

Using signal lamps and radio telephone sets they send and receive messages like veterans. The signals have to do chiefly with the berthing of ships and the recording of various "wants", such as when a ship with an invalid on board signals for an ambulance to be waiting at the jetty.

### Cold, Lonely Job

No matter what the weather, these Wrens are on the job, working in watches—two Wrens at a time. And it's a pretty lonely place, especially in the dead of night. And cold! In the winter the wind really whistles around this elevated spot. But the girls are dressed for it. They wear the bell-bottom trousers of the Navy, turtle neck sweaters and leather windbreakers, and altogether are a salty looking crew.

When they first took over it was amidst some skepticism but it has had to be admitted now that they are doing the job efficiently. And the fact that they have released male signallers for duty at sea makes their work doubly significant. The Leading Signaller in charge of the girls is especially proud of their prowess. "They're as good as the men" he claims.

Their work, requiring speed and accuracy, does not allow of nervousness or indecision. Signallers must be alert and steady. They must not become rattled under a barrage of signals. They must be able to switch easily from sending to receiving and keep their wits about them.

### Navy's Life-Line

The Communications branch, often referred to as the life-line of the Navy is composed of men and women who develop a very real sense of responsibility toward their work—and the Wrens engaged in the business are no exception. They are aware of the high standard that is expected of them and they take their work seriously.

"We sometimes receive rather smart-alec signals from some of the ships when it is discovered that we are girls,"

said one of the Wrens, "but we put them in their places!"

The course taken by these girls to fit them for the job lasts seventeen weeks. It includes a study of "flashing"—signalling by means of lights, flag hoisting and "semaphore"—signalling with flags. They must learn the naval and international codes of flags and the meaning of the flags. They must know about Fleet Signals and Auxiliary Vessel Signals. And along with this they learn to manipulate radio telephones.

If conditions warranted it, Canada's Wren Signalwomen insist they could take over signal watches on ships quite easily, and would love it. But that day has not come, as yet, for Canadian Wrens.

## Stadacona I Track Artists Runners-Up In Closely-Contested Highland Games

By A/PO Art Bullock, P&RTI

Well friends, just for a change, lets not beef about the weather, which we have to admit, has bucked up considerably during the last month.

Interest this time, centres around the Highland Games held at Antigonish. The spotlight this month goes to the Track and Field team, well represented in the Highland Games, by an eight-man team from both HMCS Kings and Stad. I. Our lads placed seven events, taking five firsts, and two seconds, to amass the total of 34 points, hardpressing Antigonish, with 43 points, which took top honors.

S/Lt. Lennard turned in an excellent performance, by taking two firsts; Shot Putt, 36 feet, 5 inches, and the discus, 108 feet, in addition to running along with S/Lt. Ballon, S/Lt. Lorimer, and AB Kennedy, to win the mile relay, hands down.

### Splendid Coaching

S/Lt. Clark out-shone his opponents to place first in the 220 yd. dash, in 24 seconds flat. This event points with pride to the coaching of Bill Christie, (former Olympic and Br. Empire Star.) S/Lt. Ballon, well known miler, again repeated his winning performance, doing the mile in 4.50 seconds. PO Hedgwick and L/Sea. Boussey, remaining members of the team, while not winning contestants, turned in a fine showing.

PO Craig (Team manager) to whom nothing is impossible, attempted to talk S/Lt. Lennard into tossing the caber. Just for the sake of curiosity a caber is just short of a telephone minus the wires. To prove it a cinch, our hero (PO Craig) dashed smartly out on the field to show how it was done. After a time (censored) as we do not want to discourage future caber tossers, he raised the massive piece of lumber to an upright position, and with a mighty heave cast the log from him. Silence settled over the crowd, —would it, would it?

Our hero, not in the least worried, capped smartly to the side, as the caber crashed at his feet, and as judges rushed to check the distance (9½ inches) Here our story ends, with Craig holding the undisputed World's record for the short caber throw. S/Lt. Lennard, much impressed by this amazing display of strength, refrained from entering the said event.

### Oh, Those Men!

The lads with the bodies beautiful are now tossing weights in Stad. I Drill Shed. Classes are growing steadily and one would certainly have to go far to find a more enthusiastic group of bodybuilders.

PO Ludolph who would rather toss weights than eat, is the instructor in charge. Suggests that you join the boys in their next workout. "You will never regret it," says he.

Both Stad. I's softball teams are a

threatening wedge in their respective leagues. Wrens dropping four games straight came back with three decisive wins to defeat the RCAF WD's, 22-10, shipyards 38-3, and Civvies 15-14. Civvies and Wrens, both popular teams, matching hit for hit, produced one of the finest games of the season.

The seniors, behind the steady hurling of Gordie (Junior) Wright, and "Ace" Brown, have really been hitting the win column, not dropping a game during the past month. Outstanding game to date saw the Navy lads eke out a close decision over 8 C.M.U. Air force team, scoring 5 runs in the last half of the ninth inning to win 6 to 5.

With the addition of a few new players including John McDowell, Starry Toronto outfielder, the team has shown a great deal of strength, both in the field and at bat. Leading the swatting parade are Pepper McCrorie closely followed by Cec. McRae, and Junior Wright.

Manager PO Barren, and Coach Pap LePelley, lost one of their ace catchers, when Earl Baker, smashed his thumb on a foul tip, but with any kind of luck, should have him back for the playoffs.

With the Inter Part lineup, allowing two points for a win, and one for a tie, the following standings give a fair view of the final outcome, but are not accurate as each team has not played an equal

## Western Escort Force Enjoys Capt. D's Camp

By L/Sea. E. Battaglia, P&RTI



Capt. D's camp Miller's Lake is the No.1 pleasure haven of the ships' crews of the Western Escort Force, without a doubt. Those who have been out for a few days come back over-joyed with the set-up and praising the camp to the skies. The

men do their own cooking at the camp and, of course, the \$64 question is always, "who is going to do the dishes."

Men going to the camp get all the sunshine, swimming, boating, fishing, reading and —ah yes, sleeping— mustn't forget sleeping—that their hearts desire. The hardest job of the sports staff is getting the ratings to come back from the camp. When it is time to return they like to go sailing and miss transportation back to port.

### 100 Per Week

During the past five weeks more than 500 men have had the pleasure of attending the camp. Most of the groups have been fortunate enough to stay out three and four days.

We would again like to lay stress on the fact that there is no "catch" to going out to the camp. There is no routine, there is no rig of the day, and the hardest work you might have to do is to wash dishes. This is definitely a rest camp!

Arrangements for men in ships to attend the camp may be made by a responsible officer from the ship calling Capt. D's Sports Office, local 240.

### Last In's A Punk!

Taking advantage of the tropical weather offered during the last month, swimming parties from the ships in port have been going to Dartmouth Lakes in great numbers. Transportation to and from the lakes may be arranged through the sports office. We think a dip in the lake is worth two in the ocean, but of course, we come from the Great Lakes district.

HMCS Riere du Loup still figures she has the top-notch softball team of the Western Escort Forces and scores to date indicate hers is no idle boast. However, HMCS Rosthern comes up with a challenge, offering to take the R du L squad on at any time and with the promise that the game will be a good one. Well, howdyalikethat!

Here's something that will catch you on the point of the chin. Lieut. Colin Brown, recently appointed Capt D's sports officer, is having a boxing ring built to be used on the jetties by ships' crews during leisure hours.

Many readers will be wondering where the popular Lt.-Cdr. Ab. Chilcott, former boss of this office is holding forth now. Probably he'll come up next month with some news from his new office at "Niobe" and give us all the latest overseas dope.

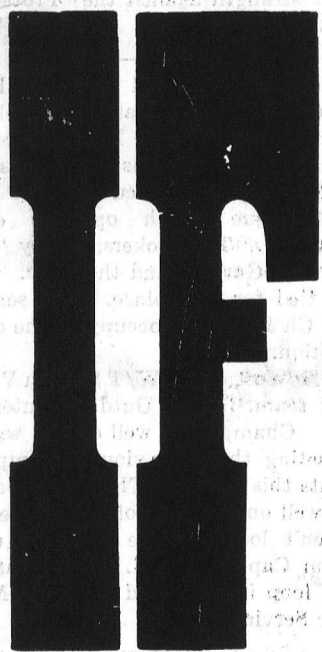
number of games to date.

MTE lead Sec. "A" with 16 points, Plumbers second with 12. ASTC next with 10 and FMO with nine.

In Section "B" we have RCNH on top with 14 points, Torpedo School next with 10, ERA's 8 and Dental Corps 6.

Why do the sermons that we hear always seem to fit someone else?

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