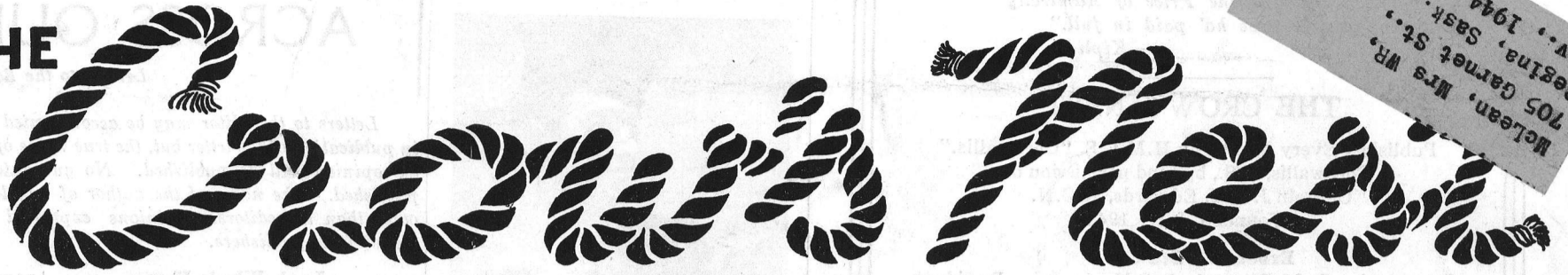




THE



NEWS OF CANADA'S NAVY

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

Vol 3—Number 3 Average Monthly Sales 9,000

TRURO, N. S., SEPTEMBER 1944

Price Ten Cents—\$1.00 Per Year

The New Gratuities

This explanation of the new gratuities for servicemen, as announced by the Dominion government, has been written especially for The Crow's Nest by Lt.-Cdr. John H. McDonald, the Navy's Director of Demobilization.

By Lieut.-Cdr. (SB) John H. McDonald

In the closing days of the last Session of Parliament, a Government measure known as "The War Service Grants Act, 1944" was passed. Under the terms of the Act, it is proposed to pay \$755,000,000 in all to Service men and women by means of War Service Gratuities or Re-establishment Credits.

The fundamental basis upon which the Act is based is length of service. For every month served in the Canadian Forces of Canada, \$7.50 will be paid upon discharge to the dischargee, while for those who have had service overseas, a monthly rate of \$15 is to be paid for such months as were spent overseas. In addition, for every six months spent overseas or portion thereof, an amount equal to 7 days' pay and allowances is to be paid to time of discharge.

Paid in Two Sections

The War Service Grants Act provides for payment of the Gratuity in two sections. The first payment is the Gratuity proper which is based on the foregoing figures and is paid in cash at the time of discharge. It is the intention of the Government of Canada to make this Gratuity available to all those who have served in the Canadian Forces in recognition of their service to the country. The second part of the Gratuity is known as the Re-establishment Credit and is calculated on the same basis as the Gratuity without the inclusion of the 7 days' pay and allowances for every six months overseas. This credit is to be available to persons who do not wish to avail themselves of existing rehabilitation schemes such as the Veterans' Land Act, educational or vocational training. The Re-establishment Credit is not available in the form of cash but will be paid by the Government on behalf of the dischargee for the following purposes:—

- (a) The acquisition of a home, providing the dischargee puts up one-third of the cash equity himself. i.e. credit can be used only to cover two-thirds of the down-payment.
- (b) The repair or modernization of a home owned by the dischargee.
- (c) The purchase of furniture and household equipment in an amount not exceeding two-thirds of the cost.

- (d) The provision of working capital for a profession or business.
- (e) The purchase of tools, instruments or equipment for a profession or business.
- (f) The purchase of a business in an amount not exceeding two-thirds of the equity required for such purpose.
- (g) The payment of premiums under any insurance scheme established by the Government of Canada.
- (h) The purchase of special equipment required for educational or vocational training.
- (i) Any other purpose authorized by the Governor-in-Council.

In determining overseas service the following definitions are to apply:—

"Overseas service means any service involving duties required to be performed outside the Western Hemisphere and includes service involving duties required to be performed outside Canada and the United States of America and the territorial waters thereof in aircraft or anywhere in a seagoing ship of war."

"Western Hemisphere means the continents of North and South America the islands adjacent thereto and the territorial waters thereof, including Newfoundland, Bermuda and the West Indies but excluding Greenland, Iceland and the Aleutian Islands."

With the passage of the War Services

Grants Act at the time of discharge all dischargees who have not been discharged dishonourably will receive the following:—

- (a) A Rehabilitation Grant of one month's pay and allowances to be paid at time of discharge.
- (b) A plain clothing allowance of \$100 to be paid at time of discharge.
- (c) The War Service Gratuity as outlined above which is payable in monthly instalments equal to the dischargee's pay at time of discharge, the first instalment to be payable one month after discharge.
- (d) Re-establishment Credit which may be used up to a period of 10 years from the date of discharge if so desired by the dischargee.

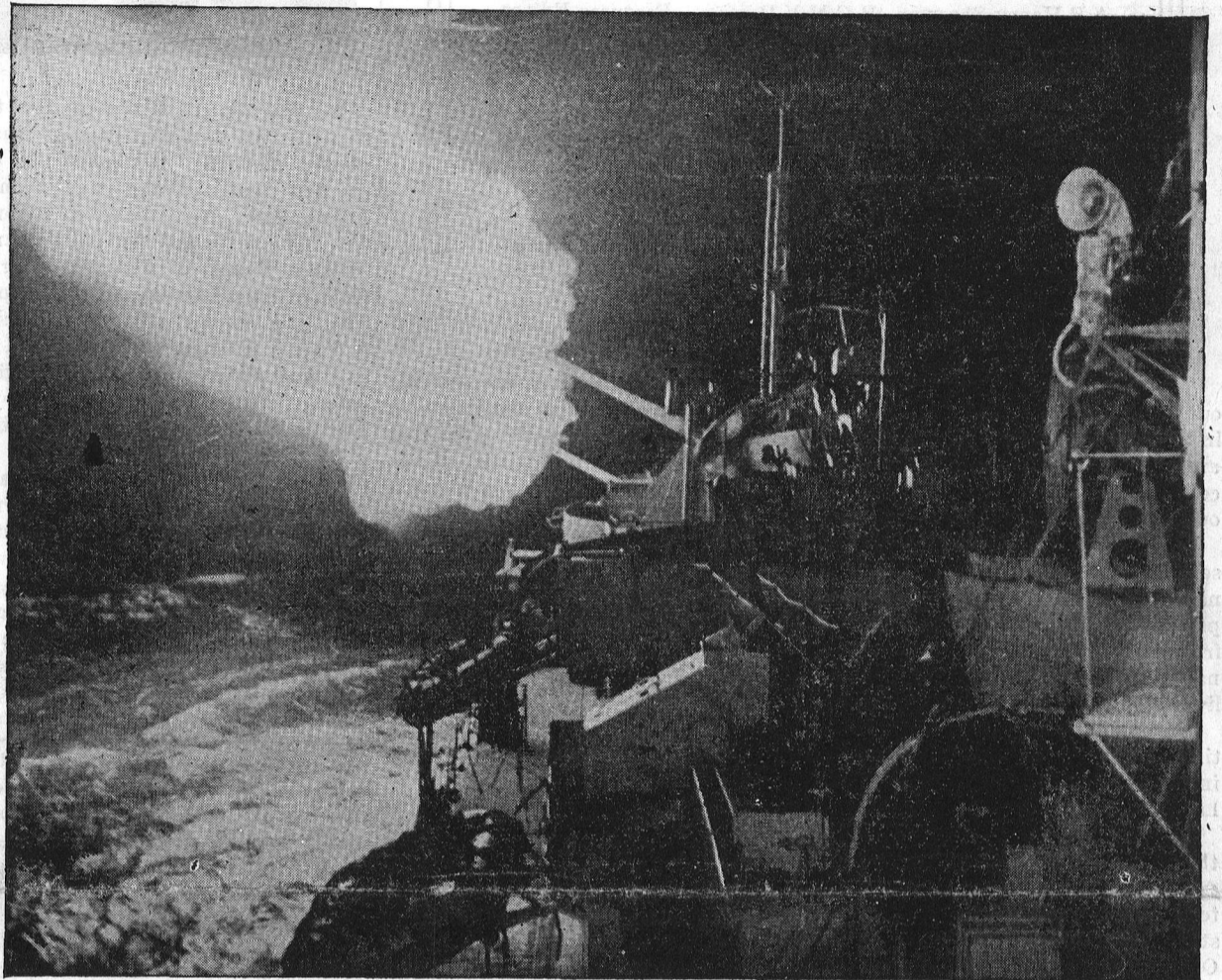
For Example - - -

An example of how the payments will be worked may be obtained from the case of a dischargee who has had 12 months' service in Canada and 12 months' service overseas, whose regular pay and allowances amount to approximately \$90 per month. For 12 months' service in Canada at \$7.50—\$90

For 12 months' service overseas at \$15—\$180
7 days' pay and allowances for each six months' service—\$45 (approx.)
Total—\$315.

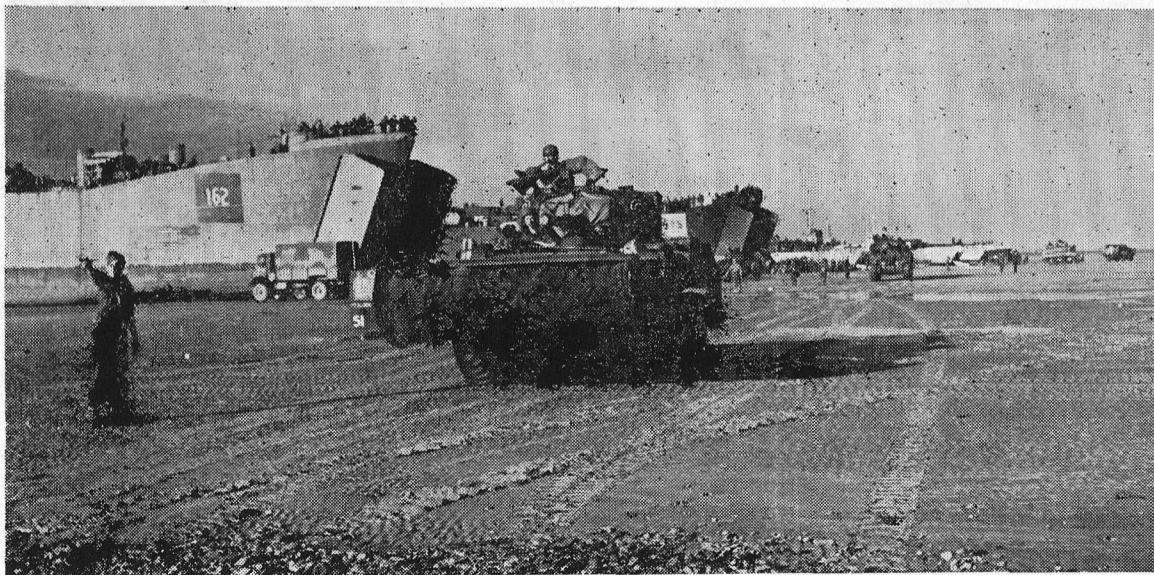
At time of discharge this dischargee will be paid up-to-date, will receive one month's additional pay by way of Rehabilitation Grant of \$90 and \$100 clothing allowance. At the end of the first month he will receive his first instalment of the War Service Gratuity of \$90. At the end of the second month he will receive another instalment of \$90 and at the end of the third month he will receive the final balance of \$90 plus the odd amount of \$45, making a total of \$135.

"ALGONQUIN" FIRES A SALVO



Within a few hours after she had carried out a secret mission, HMCS Algonquin Canadian Fleet destroyer, was busy bombarding the enemy held coast east of Quistreham Canal. Here "Algonquin" is shown firing a salvo at a concentration of enemy troops going down the main road west of Gonnerville. "Algonquin" was commanded by Lt.-Cdr. D. W. Piers, DSC. of Halifax, who came in for high praise from the Army authorities ashore for the manner in which he fulfilled her bombardment assignments, both on D-Day and thereafter. RCN Photo by Lieut. H. J. Nott.

SPEED LIMIT—AS FAST AS FRITZIE MOVES OUT!



Traffic cops and trouble shooters of the invasion beaches of Normandy are the Beach Commandos of the Royal Canadian Navy—tough young Canadians who live and thrive among the sand dunes of the Channel coast. They are there to direct landing craft where to nose into shore with their cargoes of troops, tanks and supplies. They direct the movement of traffic along the beach and disentangle any snarls that may develop in traffic in the water or on shore. They are trained fighters, too, and stand ready to repulse any sneak landing German forces might try to make on their section.

The complicated job of traffic control which confronts the Royal Canadian Navy's Beach Commandos in the section of the invasion coast under their supervision can be guessed from scenes such as this showing great landing ships disgorging men and equipment.—RCN Photo by Lieut. R. Arless.

FIRST FIGHTING FRENCH WRENS PAY INITIAL VISIT TO HALIFAX

By L/Wren E. Bowen

Fourteen French Wrens, members of the Service Feminine de la Flotte, arrived in Canada, August 21, to be the first French Wrens to set foot in this country. Enroute from the Island of St. Pierre et Miquelon, to Washington, for 11 of them, Halifax was the first city they had ever visited and the first time they had ever left their native island.

They were met at Halifax station by French naval officers, Canadian Wrens and Free French sailors from St. Pierre, happy to see girls from "home." Haligonians, accustomed to strange uniforms, from fez-topped Turk sailors to the Norske-marine capped tars of Norway, stopped to stare at the Wrens with sailor hats with the tally bands of the "Marine Nationale".... Their uniforms were distinctive with brass buttons and the Cross of Lorraine on their tunics. Otherwise their uniform was identical with those on the Canadian Wrens..... Navy serge uniforms, white shirts, black ties shoes and stockings.

The Wrens were thrilled on their stop-over in Halifax. They were billeted at Maison Surcouf, the commodious home for the Free French in Halifax. They had dinner at Halifax's dignified Lord Nelson and despite the fact that only two could read or speak English,

they all ordered chicken and ice cream. The second day of their visit they were entertained at luncheon by Canadian Wrens at HMCS Stadacona and they enjoyed talking to French-speaking girls in the W.R.C.N.S. Their visit

Continued on page 12

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

THE CROW'S NEST

Published Every Month by H.M.C.S. "Cornwallis."
Cornwallis, N.S., by kind permission of
Captain J. C. I. Edwards, R.C.N.
Founded July, 1942.

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Copy required by 20th of each month.

Communications may be addressed to Head Office,
H.M.C.S. 'Cornwallis,' Cornwallis, N.S.
Advertising rates supplied upon request.

Material appearing in this publication may be copied providing
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All Material Subject to Naval Censorship.
Printed by the Truro Printing & Publishing Co., Ltd.

THE HEARTHSTONE PEACE

In London, England, representatives of four great nations are working out peace terms to be used at the conclusion of the war. In almost every country in the world groups of learned men are working out peace plans, the plans that are intended to ensure economic security and freedom from war in the years to come. Almost every periodical on the market today carries articles in which is outlined some solution for world peace.

We don't propose to offer a solution for peace and economic distress. The solution was offered to the world hundreds of years ago as recorded for a man named Moses. But we do hope that those with whom the task of laying the plans for the future rests, will bear in mind the fact that the secret of freedom from war does not lie alone in power spheres and free trade and pacts between nations. It lies in the heart of the individual. You don't deal with human lives by economics and tariffs and pacts!

The job which faces the planners of peace is to outline the greatest advertising campaign the world has ever known—a campaign that will sear its way into the heart of every living man and woman and which will turn the fibres of hatred in the world today against avarice and malice of every form.

These men are faced with the task of showing to the peoples of the world that, while the Four Freedoms are so nearly Utopian in their scope as to be unattainable, their greatest value lies in the loftiness of the target which they set for mankind. For just so long as that target remains unattainable and we still try to attain it, then will we be making progress toward real, lasting peace. Once we lower our sights to that which is attainable then will someone find a shortcut to the realization of his ambition and the shortcut will be at the expense of another.

Unless a campaign against individual selfishness and greed is begun, who can guarantee that the successors of those who lay the fine and fair economic principles of tomorrow, will not cast off these responsibilities just as easily as Hitler cast off the moral and financial responsibilities of Germany?

No, if we are to be sure that the children of today are not going to be trapped in the eager maws of war in another twenty-five years, the plans for peace must be laid by the families of the world. And if they are laid properly there, men will live peaceably, one with the other, in that greater family which is humanity.

Book Collections For Overseas Begun By Naval Library Service

Ottawa—'Staff Librarian for duty with Canadian Naval Mission Overseas'—that's the way the appointment reads for S/Lt. Margaret W. Creelman, of Vancouver. Translated from official naval terms it means that she is the first Wren officer assigned to library duties with the Royal Canadian Navy in the United Kingdom. It means that she is being sent over to do an important piece of work, the supplying of Canadian reading material for Canadian ships and sailors.

With her will go three Leading Wrens; Ruth Church, of Mount Royal, Que., Monica Hodges, of Vancouver, and Patricia Walsh, of Toronto. They are all experienced librarians and have been working on base libraries on the east and west coasts of Canada for some time.

Means Much to Tars

For the men in ships working out of British ports and thousands of miles from their home towns, a chance to drop in to a friendly Canadian reading room in Londonderry or London, where they find Canadian Wrens, their home town papers, the newest and best reading material means more than they can ever express. And the chance to organize libraries for them is one that Margaret Creelman has been waiting for.

She will be responsible for organizing and coordinating all library services for RCN personnel overseas. That means her books become sea-going types, and she will almost do the same. When Canadian ships reach harbor, her duties include going on board with bundles of new books and news from home.

Starts in Londonderry

Beginning in Londonderry, where she has been appointed Base Librarian to the Canadian Naval Administrative Authority, S/Lt. Creelman hopes to organize a reading room there, where so many Canadian ships call, to be an informal, friendly Canadian oasis for

the ships' personnel. Then, when that has been done, she will leave one of her assistants in charge and report to London as Staff Librarian to the CNMO.

In the naval library service, she has been assistant at the ship depot in Halifax and on the west coast she inaugurated the library service at HMCS Givenchy. She received her commission after graduating from Officer's Training Course in Ottawa on April 7th of this year.

Rapid Growth

Under the supervision of Lieut. E. F. Gaskell, the naval library plan

FIGHTIN' IRISH



Despite her youth and the fact that she is very small, Topsy, mascot aboard HMCS "Gatineau" is true fighting Irish. Topsy was born in Londonderry, Ireland and is 10 months old. She is owned by Able Seaman William Evans, of Toronto, former GoldenGloves bantamweight champion. The dog knows all crew members and every stranger coming aboard the ship must undergo a thorough "sniffing" before being accepted by Topsy. During the recent channel operations of "Gatineau", the little dog took her place on the bridge with her master who, incidentally, has the important task of relaying the captain's messages by voice pipe to all parts of the ship. Topsy doesn't mind depth charges going off and is getting used to the guns but, like all true sailors she must have a "moan" and so, again like her fellow sailors, she complains about the food.

R.C.N. Photo by L/Photog. E. Pryor

has grown to include 14 units, with a complement of 40 serving from coast to coast in Canada, and Newfoundland, and is now extending its badly needed services to the United Kingdom. Six Wren officers and 33 ratings are now assigned to library duties and the full complement will soon be at work. Organized officially in October, 1943, the library service has attracted some of the best-trained librarians into navy blue uniforms.

In addition to assistance from national organizations, the naval service has a small appropriation for the support of library work. While the latest fiction and non-fiction are of interest, an even more important duty of naval librarians is to see that text books on every subject under the sun are available to men and women in uniform who want them.

This service is being developed as a supplementary feature of the training programme.

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.

Look Who's Here

The Editor:

After a space of many months, a copy of The Crow's Nest has caught up with us. Whilst the effect of seeing the old paper is fresh in my mind, I want to tell you what it did to us.

It made us feel very much at home, even to the extent of wrinkling our nostrils with the remembered aroma of Water Street on Fish Day!

The paper's an excellent booster for morale, an excellent tonic for chokka"-minded ods and sods. I'm more proud than ever of having had something to do with it as Editor-in-Chief. Those hours of heavy discussion in the old "Cornwallis" have produced a good thing. While I am sure the paper is appreciated by those at home, I am certain it is invaluable to those of us on this side. Keep it up, and keep going!

William Hills,
Chaplain, RCN,
HMS "Nabob"

It is indeed a pleasure to hear from Father "Bill" Hills, Editor-in-Chief of The Crow's Nest from its initial appearance, more than two years ago, until the time of his leaving to take up sea duties. Let's hear from you often, Father.—Ed.

Really, I Mean Really?

Dear Sir:

We all enjoy the Crow's Nest to the full and even our usually reticent R.N. co-workers read it from cover to cover and are very complimentary which makes our "Cornwallis" hearts (yes, Fighting 29-er's) swell with pride.

M. Jean Wood, L/Wren,
HMS "Saker",
New York, N.Y.

Proud of DEMS

Dear Sir:

I read a very nice article in last month Crow's Nest about Lt-Cdr. McAlpine, DEMS officer (DEMS—Badge of Honor, August issue) and I can give one real reason why DEMS gunners are doing so well. First, we have one of the finest commanding officers in the Canadian Navy, or in any man's Navy. He takes an interest in his "boys," as he calls them, and he never forgets a face. Some of the lads he has seen only once or twice and then, when he meets them after not having seen them for a couple of years, he can call them by

name. DEMS officers everywhere seen to take an interest in their gunners.
Brek Nord

An Old Friend

Dear Sir:

May I take this opportunity of expressing my admiration for your most interesting magazine The Crow's Nest, which does great credit to that fine Service, the Royal Canadian Navy. It was my good fortune to serve in the RCN from 1933 to 1938 as P&RTI and Chief of the RCNVR's. I read with intense interest all the current events and sports items, especially those concerning soccer, boxing and basketball.

On my return to RN barracks, I managed to get basketball going and last month when leave was curtailed, owing to the opening of the Second Front, I organized two games to be played on the parade for the benefit of the ship's company, between PT staff and P&RT School. Both games were won by the P&RT School, due to the scientific play of the three Canadians included in their team.

Mr. McDonald (Charles) Com. Boat-swain, P&RT, will no doubt remember the time he did third man when R. B. Clarke and I did the boxing demonstration.

Here's wishing all success to your fine magazine.

H. W. Mugridge, P&RT
Bosun,
Portsmouth Naval Barracks.

Thanks very much for the kind words Mr. Mugridge, and also for the copy of your most interesting "Victory Magazine." Charlie McDonald (now Lieutenant) probably cherishes the memory of the demonstration to which you refer, among the countless interesting episodes in a life devoted to sports and sportmanship. We hope we will be able to continue keeping you posted on a lot of your old friends.—Ed.

P.S.—You Bet We Will

Dear Sir:

We have just had the great pleasure of receiving our first edition of The Crow's Nest subscribed for by the members of the mess and I am sure you will be no more pleased to receive this acknowledgement of receipt than we are to receive the paper.

Incidentally, you might be interested in knowing that we have the honor of

Continued on page 12

The
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INSIDE DOPE by an INSIDE DOPE

By Henry Sherman, A/B

(Editor's Note) Failing to receive our monthly copy of Inside Dope from our correspondent of the same name, we set the usual means of communication humming with attempts to contact him, all to no avail. He had disappeared into thin and haddy. Finally, an unidentified prospector from an unidentified desert sent word he had stumbled across an unidentified sailor seated upon a roaring camp fire lurching on french-fried cactus weed and carbon paper. At his feet baked an old clay tablet upon which the following story had been hurriedly scrawled in the cuneiform of ancient Babylon.

Do you know who penned this forgotten masterpiece? If so, please let us know whose little boy this is. We're sure his mother is just dying to find out.

DOCTOR—KEEP THOSE INMATES QUIET! by The Desert Brat



One evening last month 5,000 faithful votaries assembled in the pantheon, nee Drill Shed, to do service to the great god swing, whilst Cab Calloway, our genial genii of the light brown pellicle, plied his divining rod to good effect, mesmerizing the assemblage with a coalescence of fee-faw-fum and hi-de-ho as yet unequalled in the valley of the Annapolis.

The first hour of the night's thaumaturgy was devoted to the individual exorcisms of one Dottie Salters, high priestess, and the immutable Cab himself. For her first offering the petite siren Salters proceeded to knock herself silly in a

chanson de Straighten Up and Fly Rite (Cool down poppa don't you blow thy top!) in which she was ably abetted by the head man of the clan in a war dance for the benefit of all comers.

This was followed by djinn Calloway's performance of his personal last rites in the "St. James Infirmary Blues," "Coasting with J. C.," wherein this same J. C. beat the begosh out of an assortment of wash tubs and temple drums, and that ultimate invocation of an inscrutable diety, "Minnie the Moocher," when the lay boys and girls gave vent to their incandescent fervour with echoes of "a-hi-de-hi-de-hi," and "a-ho-o-o-o-o-de-ho-o-o-o-de-ho-o-o-o-o-o!" Mere words can never do it justice.

But for this catechumen the moment of perfect primacy was when the sharp Salter plaint rang forth in "Milkman Keep Those Bottles Quiet!" I am here to tell you the joint was positively 'jumpin'! When the last tinkle of broken glass had died away, however, I was somewhat surprised to find myself lying insensible under a bench, beaten to a pulp by some energetic Scobo-Queen who, overflowing with jittersauce, had insisted on utilizing my head as a snare drum upon which to beat out her own wierd accompaniment to the banshee on stage. Believe me, three-inch heels can make a wicked instrument. I still carry one of them around with me as a souvenir—where the chickabiddee sunk it up to the hilt behind my left ear.

By the time I regained consciousness the first half of the evening's festivities were over and the dance had begun. As I approached the cement floor I discerned a combination rugby match, treasure hunt, and track and field meet in full swing, in which everything goes and almost everything went, including a little Wren with dimples who crawled out (the term is purely technical) on her escort in search of some less demanding recreation. "I am going back to the block to do one hundred push-ups," she said, "to calm myself down before I go to bed. Otherwise, I may get the bends." In answer to what had caused the rift between herself and friend hubby, she replied, "He wanted to throw me over his shoulder and I kept saying 'no!' And now he's mad at me." And that just serves the little snitch right, if you ask me.

If there is one thing I cannot stand it is a girl who will not be thrown over a body's shoulder.

And, so thinking, I threw my little missy over my shoulder and staggered on to the dance floor for a few capricious cavorts of my own. After oscillating wildly back and forth with a swaybacked motion reminiscent of the time Aunt

P-O-O-O-O-R MINNIE, SKIDDY-DE-BOP----



Yep, you're hep. You know the guy and you know what he does and the way that he does it. Well the Cab played Cornwallis last month and did he get hot! Look at that picture.—R.C.N. Photo.

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

By F. V. Taylor COA



August having come and gone we find very little change in our personnel at Cornwallis and news from our numerous and far-flung outposts very scarce.

Our thanks to COA Beaumont, of HMCS Protector at Sydney, N.S. for his very interesting letter. Reading between the lines we gather that the Chief and his two aides-de-camp, OA's Burney and Henry are having rather a busy time of it now that their No. 1, Mr. Verge, has taken up his duties aboard one of our new cruisers. Better hoist the distress signal, fellows.

Last report from the Pacific coast confirms the rumor "Fearless" Foster is at sea and the OA's shop at Naden I is in the capable hands of OA3 William Illes.

It is with great pleasure we again report that the Ordnance branch has further distinguished itself on the field, or should we say sea, of battle. COA Magnus Pederson, formerly of

Saskatoon and Victoria, now serving in HMCS Haida, has gathered in the coveted Oak Leaf Cluster with his recent mention in despatches.

Receives Medal

On Sunday, August, 13, Capt. J. C. I. Edwards, Commanding Officer of HMCS Cornwallis, presented a medal to Commissioned Ordnance Officer H.

Lucy was laced into a No. 22 bodice instead of her customary No. 34 and was rewarded with Uncle Tiffany, I became conscious of a large group that had formed about us, watching with ill-concealed envy my graceful pirouettes. This silent tribute was on the point of spurring me on to even greater heights when it suddenly dawned on me that the music had stopped. And that the little woman was still hanging limply from my left shoulder.

Mumbling some inconsequential trivia about visiting my dentist twice a year and The Time is Now, I escaped the circle of threatening natives only to return disguised as a newspaperman, chewing fiercely on a wad of freshly printed press cards. "Excelsior!" I cried and plunged into the milling throng of devotees to make for an engaged couple I had met only two months previously under a table in an Eastern Canadian port. "What does Cab Calloway do to you?" I asked.

"He's made me fall in love with my man," the girl answered, clinging to him like wet plaster, "but, on second thought, any music does that . . . I guess he's all right."

Her man said, "I'll tell you later at the block," and winked knowingly. I hurried past a little bit of fluff hanging on for dear life to a sailor's neck, panting, "I can't do that! I tell you I can't do that!" whilst her legs dangled in separate expressions of *ennui*, to question a commissioned gunner who was cutting a mean cement rug with a Wren of the Central Regulating Staff.

"What's the music done to me?" he exclaimed breaking into a frothy gunnery grin. "It's just made me feel good." Then he shrugged his shoulders and thought for a moment. "It—it went to my feet!" And with that he burst into a wild fit of laughter and drove his elbow into my intercostal muscles with a sickening crunch. "Feet it?" he shouted. "It went to my feet!"

With a savage cry of "Yes, sir!" I went to his feet. And bit them. Then ran off with a hobnail buried in my upper lip.

By this time I had lost all regard for what little remained of my battered hulk and, throwing caution to the winds, I approached several jitterbugs who were systematically annihilating each other and all living things within a radius of sixteen feet. One, six-foot-one, rubber-legged individual thrashed me about the brow with his four-foot-eleven companion, then bent over backwards to deal the deck two or three resounding thumps with the back of his head. The Wren recovered in a twinkling, teed off from the vicinity of my nose and somehow managed a juncture with the two arms that reached up to catch her.

"Calloway?" repeated Arms and the Man when I managed to contact him by space-o-phone. "He sends me! He puts me outa this world and all that stuff." Then, looking me up and down, "but I can't explain it to you!" Evidently my pusser drawers were dragging over my boot tops again.

I rolled my Sailor's Snug-Fits up to my knees and approached another gyrating couple. Again the male spoke for the duo: "He's just great! Perfect! Third time seen him! Better 'n Better!" After which burst of incomprehensibility I released his left arm, he spun briefly like a top then went soaring up through the rafters. When last seen, he was flying over Saint John in a westerly direction.

The third time, it was the fitful femme who answered my queries, from between deep sighs, whether of emotion or exhaustion I'll never know. "His band is O. K., I guess," she said. "He's hep for bugs—but bad for worms." Then, by way of explanation, "You're a worm."

Depressed and humiliated, I wriggled off into the arms of the "Y" supervisor dancing hard by with a Wren photographer. "What does Cab Calloway's music do to you?" I heard a strange and faraway voice asking. "The music?" my interrogatee smiled smugly. "It makes me walk on air."

"Walk on me, you mean!" retorted his vis-a-vis, her voice cutting like a knife.

Cut by this unkindest cut of all, he cut her voice and committed hara-kiri on the spot. "That'll larn you to top my gags," he gurgled.

By this time gaily plummaged dodos were beginning to sing merrily in my ears and little frock-coated men with whiskers and wide black fedoras were dancing "Ring Around the Psychopathic Case" in a broad circle about my lurching figure.

"Oh, there's the guy who writes for The Crow's Nest," shrieked a feminine voice, and a Wren descended upon me. "You know what I think of Calloway?" she gasped. "I think he's the most wonderful creature on God's earth." Then sank to her knees in the cement floor.

I bashed her head in and scattered the lonely grave with homemade confetti from my liquor ration card. I knew I'd have no use for it where I was going.

They have given me a nice little room since, all to myself, and they feed me one jazz instrument raw every week. But I gotta run now. Here comes the man with the big brass drum!

W. Mayne and congratulated him on being made an additional member of the Military Division of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire. Senior officer of the Ordnance branch of the Royal Canadian Navy, Mr. Mayne was described in the citation as having "at all times carried out his duties with great zeal, loyalty and cheerfulness. He has, by his initiative and whole-hearted devotion to duty, been largely responsible for the building up of the Naval Ordnance branch to that state of efficiency which now exists."

On looking round the shop we see OA McBurney just returned from 14 of the best, looking bronzed, fit and eager to get back into his spats. Chief Edgett is back in harness again and his rotund figure shows no visible decrease after his recent scrape with the scalpel. One familiar and popular figure is missing and being missed, however. He is Chief Donnelly who is trying to crowd all the many joys of Montreal into a brief and well-earned leave.

Addition to Staff

Most recent additions to our staff are OA Burns, from HMCS Columbia and OA Carroll from the Naval Armament Depot at Dartmouth. Carroll, by the way is turning in a nice brand of baseball on first sack for "Cornwallis."

The fifth and sixth of OA's, who are now sleeping more than usual, have just completed the long grind we all know so well and are waiting impatiently for the order to venture forth in search of fame and adventure.

OA's Reid, Lockwood and Spencer departed for "Slackers" and are now on their way to new ships. OA George Thompson, formerly stationed at Newfoundland, has arrived safely overseas. As yet we have had no news from Shelburne or Newfie. Come on, fellows, let's hear from you.

NAVY A BIT OUTCLASSED IN NEWFIE TRACK MEET

By Newfie John

Canadian Navy competing in the Nfld. Track and Field Championships at Bell Island this month, came third against a class field of competitors that included U.S. stars. In scoring their 20 points Navy scored three winners, a second and two thirds. Smythe turned in a fine performance to take the 220 final after losing a heat. Lynche copped the 889 in a driving finish which saw him pass 4 competitors in the last 100 yards. Dobbin, running in the mile won a 3rd place as did Phillips in the shot put. Navy's relay team pushed an American team to a record and then only lost by a few yards.

The team showed great spirit and dash and although trailing in most events displayed traditional fight all through the meet. PTI Gilmet, manager of the team, stated that he was not disappointed with the final standing and pointed to another meet on Sept. 4 in which he is confident of an RCN win.

The team included: S/Lt. Lynche—
Continued on page 12



by Instr-Lieut John H. Pepper

The other night we were chatting with our genial canteen operator, AB "Scotty" Bob Reid, in the dugout over at Cairns Field, and by dint of persistent questioning we discovered that "Scotty" has really been around. "Scotty" is the trainer for both our hardball and fastball teams, and he is one reason why both teams are still in there in the playoffs battling for the I. A. S. S. O. championships.

"Scotty" wears Service and Victory Ribbons from World War 1. He saw service with the 48th Highlanders of Toronto, and played football on the regimental team in France, Belgium and Germany. After the war he trained the Saskatoon "Sheiks" in the old Western Canada Professional Hockey League. In 1926 and 1927 he trained the New York Americans in the National Hockey League. The boys on the team used to call him "the Big Porridge Mon Frae Glasgow."

Bob was a contender for the Canadian Amateur Lightweight championship in his early days. He has handled dozens of young boxers and trained many city and provincial championship soccer football teams.

Lieut. Bill Graham is the new training officer at HMCS Unicorn. Lieut. Graham studied building construction at the University of Minneapolis, and before entering the service was in the wholesale plumbing, heating, and gas and oil well supply business. As a lad he had a long history of Midget, Juvenile and Junior Hockey with his home town Edmonton Athletic club. In the cage game he was three years with the Northern Alberta Senior basketball champions. Lieut. Graham has taken many prizes as a golfer, and shoots a very low score. In 1933 he was the runner-up in the Alberta Junior Golf championship. After serving aboard HMCS Medicine Hat he had the unique experience of commanding a MTB, en route to report to Commanding Officer Naval Divisions.

Jeep's Journal

O/Sea. Stan Slorance is the author of this yarn "The funniest experience I have had since arriving at HMCS "Unicorn" has probably happened to several others. It happened

the night I first slithered into my uniform. No Admiral ever felt prouder than I as I walked down Second Avenue with my shoes shining, and head held high. Despite the fact that there are several hundred sailors in Saskatoon, I felt sure that all eyes were upon me. Suddenly, without warning, one of the most impressive figures I ever beheld wheeled around the corner. I had no time to see the details of the uniform, but the massive build, the military stride and the blur of khaki demanded a salute. I raised my arm smartly and turned my eyes slightly and was horrified to hear my important-looking officer emit a soul-piercing shriek of laughter. With a pang I noticed the letters "Palm Dairies Ltd" printed across the back of his coat."

The Social Whirl

Since our column last appeared "Unicorn" has held two dances. Our monthly Ship's Company dance was held in mid-July. A girls' orchestra under the direction of Mary La Valles played for dancing to a large crowd that was on hand to swing and sway. The Junior Hostess Club aided in providing partners for those chaps who hadn't had time to become acquainted with our pretty local gals. The Kinettes and Kinsmen kindly provided the refreshments.

On July 27, a dance was held to raise money for the Sports Fund and Benevolent Fund of "Unicorn". The 9,000 square feet of perfect dancing floor at the Barracks was filled to capacity with a happy crowd dancing to the hot licks of Kenny Peaker and his Band. From nine until ten the visitors were invited to make a Cook's tour of the Barracks. Lunch was served by the Officers' Wives and Mothers Association. The main deck was beautifully decorated under the direction of L/Sea. Seitz.

The happy affair was under the direction of Lieut. H. Eltom, and the ticket sale was handled by Lieut. Ross Bothwell.

PO T. MacKay tells us that the PO's Mess held a most successful picnic at Beaver Creek. The feature of the affair was a new type of baseball with 30 to a side. We saw the return of the picnickers, and judging from the sunburns and grins on SPO Gair, PO Dryburgh, and PO Watson everyone had had a splendid time.

Disa And Data

Our thanks to O/Sea. Roy Vetzal and Bill White, P/Stwd. Bill Betttschen O/Sea. Jim Bond and James Hall for their assistance as reporters . . .

Our best wishes go to Lieut. G. Clarkson on his new appointment, and our warmest welcome is extended to Lieut. Wes. Baxter, our new Special Services Officer. The other day a "buzz" went out that a torpdeo was to be shipped to "Unicorn". Quipped Baxter, "Fine, I'll use it for my office."

Amongst our new arrivals are the following Ordinary Seamen: Bill Ash-down, a rugby enthusiast—W. G. Evans, a curler—Orval Trapp, a hockey player—Bruce Hill, a skier—and Arnold Pasieka, a diamond-driller.

Navy's Director Of Music Honored By Goldman Band

By L/Bnd. Joe Wright
From The Yorker

The musical prestige of Lt.-Cdr. A. E. Zealley was recognized recently when the RCN Director of Music was invited to conduct the finest professional band in America, namely the Goldman Band, in Central Park, New York City.

With an audience of 70,000 looking on, Dr. Goldman introduced Lt.-Cdr. Zealley as "the father of naval Bands in Canada." Zealley, who was on leave at the time, was accorded a tremendous ovation.

Perhaps it is not generally known that the Director of Music recruited and trained the first band for the Canadian Navy in December, 1939, here in Toronto. This band was drafted a month later for duty at HMCS "Stadacona."

During the past two years, Lt.-Cdr. Zealley has organized and supervised the training of 14 bands at the RCN School of Music. In this connection he had been capably assisted by WO Huggins, who is a well-known professional musician in Toronto and who was an army bandmaster in the last war.

New Poem By Naval Officer Is Praiseworthy Literature

I, Jones, Soldier—by Joseph Schull, MacMillans of Canada—\$1.75

Many of us have experienced those moments filled with nervous tension when our whole lives seem to parade before us in the fleeting moments, but there are few who have recorded such thoughts and been able to reproduce the cavalcade that fled along the suspense-filled channels of their minds.

Joseph Schull, an officer in the Royal Canadian Navy, has been one of those few. In his new book, "I, Jones, Soldier", a stirring, dramatic poem, born out of his experiences in the early years of the war as a member of the Canadian Army, Schull has brought forth two themes, side by side, until at last they converge in a climactic ending.

The hard, impatient moments before his platoon moves silently forward in a night attack are woven rhythmically through the gentler story of a home and the things of peace. Gradually the developments that made Jones a soldier and a part of the great machine that is the Army are brought into the story until each takes the same tempo, is the same.

I, Jones, Soldier is good reading and offers something for everyone.

Entertainment Galore For Sailors At Stad II.

By Mary Umbach

Waiting for their drafts that will take them here, there and everywhere, the lads at "Stadacona II" in Halifax don't get much chance to find time hanging heavy on their hands. Energetic Herb Shepard, YMCA supervisor manages to keep the entertainment rolling right along and there's seldom a dull moment. He has arranged two dances a week for the lads—hostesses included, mind you, and besides this he throws a gigantic open air dance on the parade ground once a month, at which all sailors in the city are welcome. A band made up by lads if the ship's company holds sway and really is doing a nifty job. By the way, you haven't got a good bull fiddle hanging around in a corner some place have you? That's the one thing that's needed to make the band complete. Just wrap it up and send it off to Herb.

Besides the dances there are movies, of course, and one of the best libraries you'll find in any barracks. The hobby hut at Stad. II is a unique and well patronized spot and here many an inventive lad is preparing to be the benefactor of the post-war world.

Last month W/O Jerry Underwood got a hammer, a few tacks some flags and colored paper and in no time flat the Wardroom was transformed into Stad. II's most beautiful ballroom.

CROWDED FIELD



Competition was both keen and plentiful when HMCS Queen, at Regina, Sask., held its sports day recently. Shown here, just to illustrate what we mean, is the start of the mile race.

Twin Sons Of Executive Officer Christened In Regina Ship's Bell

by Lt. (SB) Pat McKew

On Sunday, August 6, the lusty notes of the Ship's bell were stilled and the Bos'n's pipe was the only disturbing sound as a christening in true Naval fashion was held during divine service. On this occasion the two sons of Lieut. T. H. Barbour, the Executive Officer, made their bow to HMCS Queen at Regina, Sask. Padre J. W. Carter performed the duties of his office, and assisting at the ceremony were Lt.-Cdr. and Mrs. F. C. Aggett and Lieut. M. Cree, who acted as proxy for the Godfathers and Godmothers.

On August 8 we were visited by Commodore E. R. Brock, CBE, RCNVR Commanding Officer, Naval Divisions. Willing hands had polished the ship from stem to stern and the Commodore expressed his entire satisfaction. Many changes had been made and with a lick of paint here and there "Queen", internally, presented a sparkling and fresh appearance.

Connect—HARVEST

Harvest

Those who have passed through "Queen", particularly those from the Prairies, may be interested in knowing that several severe storms have come our way along with the hail pest. These were fortunately not as damaging as in other years, and losses are not appreciably high. A real twister, however, descended on nearby Kam-sack and destroyed a majority of the buildings. Of additional interest to former Prairie farmers is the unusually fine wheat crop, which presents a golden vista to the eye—and this despite the damage from hail and storm. Some half million bushels will soon be rolling seawards, leaving a trail of prosperity and happiness in their way. Many will recall the bag of potatoes that went to seed in the stores and which we planted in the side lot. The results have amply rewarded our labors and the resultant "tid-bits" are being enjoyed with relish and enthusiasm by all.

Seamen's Mess

The Seamen's Smoke Room is undergoing a revitalizing process with the addition of much needed furniture and the "Old Salts" who once graced its friendly atmosphere would hardly recognize their former Sanctum.

Departures

No longer do the booming notes of Lieut. "Guns" R. W. Bennett resound through "Queens" walls, for along with Lieut. R. Smith and P/S/Lts. W. Waddell, W. Allen, I. Alexander and S. Day, he has departed east-

wards to a sea appointment and more active duties.

Army Show

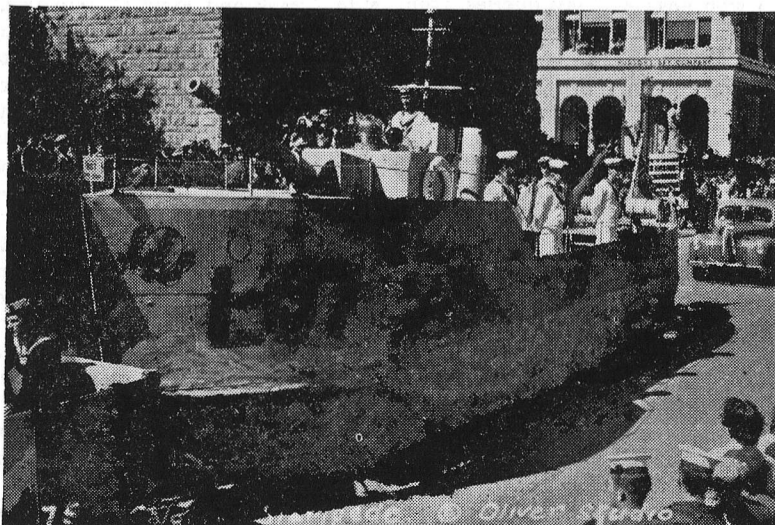
In Regina—when the Army shows it, the Navy sees it. The ship's company was the guest of the Army at an excellent performance of "About Faces of 1944"—a fast moving entertainment and of the type appreciated by all Service personnel. We hope the Navy may be able to retaliate ere long and repay the many favors and kindnesses of the other Services.

Sports news from "Queen" is decidedly slim this month. Sports activities are more or less in the "between seasons" stage, and until the advent of rugby and hockey it is not expected that there will be much doing from a Sports point of view. Our Softball team did remarkably well and won all games in the City Commercial league series. Handicapped by loss of good players we came out second in the play offs.

FIRST AID STATION

This is a notice to advise all personnel in HMCS Stadacona I that a First Aid station has been opened in the Guard House at Stadacona, in Halifax. The station is open from 2200 to 0300 and a duty Sick Berth Attendant will be present during those hours for the convenience of all Naval personnel. The station has been opened on the order of the Naval Hygiene officer in Halifax.

THE WINNING FLOAT



When the big Stampede parade was held at Calgary this summer the boys of HMCS Tecumseh, the Naval Division there, got together and produced this float which took the highest applause from the spectators and the first prize from the judges. Large numbers of the sailors were thrilled at the spectacle of seeing the Stampede for the first time.

NAVY WOOL

GABARDINE RAINCOATS

(WITH OR WITHOUT BELTS)

Satin Lined

\$25.00

Send breast measurement

with \$5.00 deposit

Balance C.O.D. to



WARBUTTON'S

Naval Outfitters

533 Barton Street, E.,

Hamilton, Ontario

THE SAILORS' LADIES

by M.F.R.



Two brothers meet after a long separation caused by the war—how do they greet each other? From the actual cases, the following proves that every nation has its own emotional outlook on things. First, two officers of the RN brothers, stage a meeting after 3½ years apart. A looks up from his desk, face expressionless, eyes blank, "Oh, ah, yes, there you are, I see." Returns to work on desk. B, "Yes, right you are. How are you John?" glancing at the wall over his head. A, "Be with you in a minute, old chap." Returns to work. Few minutes later, "well, perhaps we should go along and have a drink, don't you know. Or something." Brothers walk out calmly, each watching different sides of the walls.

Second example concerns two Canadian boys, in the Army, meeting at home after a long absence. A, walking close to B and surveying him with a broad smile, "Good heavens, you're fat—what do you do in your outfit anyway, sleep all the time? You must have gained a ton!" B, roaring with laughter, and shoving his brother aside, "Listen bud, if you only had a couple more pounds you'd look human. You must lose all you dough gambling and go without decent meals." Both then plunge into an excited, speeding clatter of talk and argument about army detail and implements which makes a ladies' tea party sound like gentle rain upon the roof.

Our last case is about two American boys, home for a family reunion. Conversation booms and soars like a couple of dive bombers showing off for their girlfriends on the ground (if this were possible). A pokes B in the ribs, knocking him over a chair, and past a table, B responds with an armlock and a short display of jiu-jitsu on brother A. Both pound each other happily for some time, insult each other rudely,—and end up by having a marvelous time in the hospital to which they had to be taken for treatment of their case of minor bruises, contusions and general wear and tear.

Grapes of Graft will be the title of our post-war book on wartime landlords. When they start using tri-engined bombers to carry domestic mail, we will ask for experiences from fellow readers—until then, the Government just couldn't handle the letters involved.

Masculine philosophy: When a man comes home at night and says, "It's raining," he means that water is falling from the clouds in some abundance. But, if he comes in and his wife says, "Well, it's still raining," what she really means is, "I am sick and tired of being cooped up here all day with this dismal view, and it would be a very good idea if that magnetic brain of yours figured out something for us to do tonight which would involve getting out of this place, and downtown to a show or a night club."

Said the official host at a dance, "Think I'll put some Heavenly Daze perfume in the air conditioning system tonight—won't cost our patrons a scent!"

From now on the goldiggers will have more "paper work" to do before fastening on their victims. First they will count the markers on a returned man's sleeve telling how many years he has spent overseas. Then they'll run for their list of gratuities payable upon discharge to men in the armed forces. Life is full of more detail every day.

And then there is that silly joke about the two inebriated sailors who hated walking around the barracks on the cinder pathways for fear they'd get ashlete's foot.

Sydney Establishment Wrens Happy And Competent Girls

Sydney, N.S.—A diminutive Wren officer with fire in her eye and a determination to do right by her Wrens is Lieut. Grace Brodie of Toronto, unit officer for Wrens at HMCS Protector, Point Edward, N.S.

The Sydney Wrens, as a matter of fact, are one of the most appreciated group of women in the whole of Canada, and Lieut. Brodie is, in great part, responsible for their popularity.

The base is rather an isolated one, and the arrival of the Wrens did much to brighten it up. There are 225 of them and they attend to the clerical, administrative and house-keeping work incidental to keeping a unit of this size going. Almost all categories are represented—from Captains' writers to sail makers. And from the commanding officer down it is admitted that the Wrens are doing a splendid job.

Because the base is isolated to some extent the personnel are mostly dependent on themselves to keep amused and entertained during off hours. There are, therefore, frequent dances, movies and other recreational activities organized regularly.

Quarters, which are now standard for Wrens, are cozy and comfortable to an extreme. There are three Wren Blocks—two for sleeping accomodation and one for recreation and messing. And the girls are encouraged to make their quarters as home-like as possible. They have guest nights, three nights a week, and from 4.30 on, on Sundays. In order to alleviate the galley help of extra work on guest nights, the Wrens take turns doing stunts in the galley themselves.

The Wrens are very happy in their relationships with the people of Sydney. Homes in Sydney have been opened to them, and it is very common to find Wrens spending their short leaves in these homes. Special parties are also held for the Wrens and ratings in town. These are often tri-service affairs, the onus of the party being on one of the three services each night.

Another distinction for the girls at this base is that they are the only Wrens in Canada who literally take "liberty boats" when they go "ashore." "Liberty boat" is a naval expression used for musters at regular intervals to permit sailors and Wrens to go on evening leave. And, as going "ashore" at this naval base means taking the boat across the bay to the town of Sydney these Wrens are, in this instance, actually observing an old sea custom.

There are a few Wrens, too, who have managed to wangle a little experience in running the harbour craft, and some of them have become quite proficient in the art. Whether there is a future in

this business for the Wrens, or not, is not known just now.

CORDITE AND NEWFIE THE SALTIER OF SALTS

Aboard HMCS Mayflower in the English Channel: Cordite and Newfie are two of the saltiest dogs in the allied navies. Although only a few weeks old, they are much less afraid of the vast expanse of sea which surrounds them at all times than such fundamental puppy problems as going up or down steps, which they haven't yet learned to do.

Born with four other pups, of indeterminate parentage on the North Atlantic while this corvette was proceeding to European waters to take part in the invasion of France, Cordite and Newfie have roughly 100 foster-fathers trying to fill the gap left by the death of their mother a few days after they were born. Their father, believed to be a shore-going Canadian but nobody knows what part of the shore—never has been a factor in their upbringing.

The pups really belong to the entire ship's company. They were born in the signallers and telegraphists mess—"at precisely 4.20 a.m." AB Bill Sanderson of Winnipeg, recalls thoughtfully. Then, when the mother of the pups became ill and died they were fed condensed milk and water from an improvised nipple.

NAVAL GROUPS AND PORTRAITS

A Specialty

Climo PHOTOGRAPHER
501 Barrington St.,
HALIFAX, Nova Scotia

WHO WOULDN'T BE RESPONSIVE?



Wren Horsewomen: For being the well-trained and responsive horse he is Prince Melody receives a handful of oats from his rider, Wren Elizabeth Robinson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Robinson, 3 Strathearn Road, Toronto. Wren Robinson is a coder at HMCS Stadacona, Halifax, N.S.—RCN Photo by L/Photog. E. Dinsmore.

They were off the coast of Normandy for the few days immediately after D-Day—all six of the pups in the care of L/Sig. John Ruddle of Hamilton, Tel. Tom Goode of Vancouver, Tel. Bill Martin of Montreal, Sig. Andre

Belland of Montreal and L/Cod. Harold Wild of Toronto. Then, on putting in to an English port for boiler-cleaning a few weeks later, four were given away to Dockyard workers who asked for them Cordite and Newfie became the charges of bearded L/Sea Jim (Winky) Crutchley of Vancouver, and live now in the ship's forward stores among mops, brooms, hand-scrubbers, soap and rope kept there.

Crutchley says they are no trouble at all, and good company except that every time he lies down they creep up and try to eat his beard.

NICE TREES, HUH?



These Wrens, members of the Waegwoltic Club, Halifax boating and aquatic club, spend their off-duty afternoons swimming and sunning on Halifax's North West Arm. From the right, they are, Wren Caroline Knight, Toronto, Wren Esther Grant, Windsor, Wren Denise Arnoldi, Toronto, Wren Elizabeth Smith, Toronto, Wren Elizabeth Hay, Toronto and Wren Anne Trump, Toronto. They are all coders in the communications branch at HMCS Stadacona, Halifax. RCN Photo by L/Photog. E. Dinsmore.

SEA (Sick) FEVER

Hope you don't mind, Mr. Masfield.)

I must go down to the seas again, tho' the thought of it makes me cry; For all I ask is lodge-and-comp, on a job that's warm and dry. And a square meal and a clean bed with no wakey-wakey waking, And no turning-to after four hour's sleep when the gray dawn's breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the MDO Is a long call and a strong call that may not be answered "no". And all I ask is an SBA who won't suspect I'm lying When I tell him about the aches and pains from which I think I'm dying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the corvette sailor's life, To the hard way and the ship's sway, when I'd rather be with my wife. So all I ask is a stop-draft to put me back in clover, Or failing that, then a harbour-craft, 'til the long war's over.

—A. L. Seaman.

Guide—This castle has stood for 300 years. not a stone has been touched, nothing altered, nothing repaired or replaced.

Tourist—They must have the same kind of landlord we've got!

MIRANDA

by Henry Sherman, A.B.



(TO OUR NEW READERS: This is the story of *Miranda the Mermaid*. A mermaid, as described by the Spaniard Pedro dos Pascudnick, is "all worn down to her hips and after that what happens to her shouldn't happen to a donna." But Miranda, as far as she goes, is a picture of peerless pulchritude, palpably proportioned for the most pampered palate possible in a prattling poetaster like myself. In a word, Miranda is lush. I visit her uite frequently in her dewy diggings and we discuss analytic geometry. On these occasions I wear a secret device known as a Lubber's Life: my own. *Butchie the Gerk* is the producer of "Sink the Navy," an all sub marine revue, starring Miranda and *Waldo the Sea Serpent*, a basso profundo who lisps because he is tongue tied and suffers from migraine because of depth charges exploding under his nose. He also has sinus trouble which he inherited from his Aunt Waldorf, and sings *Asleep in the Deep* for which no satisfactory explanation has as yet been offered. Rehearsals for the show take place in the rear end of the Sagueny—the part that was shot off.

X *Lax Lou* is an ordinary sea urchin who runs messages for a nickle a run, and *Maggie McClusky* is a lovable octopus on crusher duties as traffic cop since her husband went off to the wars. She is an ex-chorus girl of the Quinsky circuit but once more feels the blood of the theatre surging through her varicose veins. She maintains her eight legs qualify her for a stellar role and stubbornly demands, "What have any four chorus girls got that I ain't got?" Not being familiar with the intimate equipment of an octopus, I stubbornly refuse to answer. *Mondoleyo Jones*, a Hawaiian rainbow fish, is complicating matters by trying to snag the part of leading lady and her father, Franklin D. Roosevelt Jones, isn't helping things one little bit by waving his three-million-dollar bank book about as bait. All are saved from an embarrassing situation when Maggie influences *Shark Scapone*, a gambler with "heart o' gold," to back the show. *Scapone's* side kick, an electric eel name of *Shock Charlie*, and *Maggie* are known to have had their differences, but since *Maggie* is a crack shot with a certain dark fluid that no one has been able to convince me is not what it is not supposed to be, or *Shock Charlie* for that matter, he usually gives her wide berth.

Then there is myself and all my relatives, thanks to whom I am now just what I was ten years ago. You're welcome.)

Chapter MVICXXXIV

"Sink the Navy!
We're here to entertain you!"

Sink the Navy
No longer will detain you!
We've girls and dances
And sweet romances;
Music fast,
Music slow,
Come and see our show
Below.
Belay!—The Navy!
Hurray!—The Navy!
Sit up and learn just what gives!
So sink the Navy
And spill the gravy!
Come down: See how the other
half lives!

—Chorus—

We're snappy happy fishes we—
We're happy fishes we, are we . . ."

I returned the lyric to the asymmetrical flat-fish seated on my right with a smile. "Right on the bit, professor," I exulted. "As an opening chorus it can't be beat." "Professor Alldust Huxlei glared at me suspiciously from behind his thick-lensed bifocals and muttered softly to himself. "Me, Professor Huxlei, AB, OD, PhD., HMC! For siggsty-six years I study under der best teachers in Europe, und now-now comes insults! Professor Huxlei vot composes der *Schnecken Sonata* und der *Kreplech Contata* now on der bitt iss! It is to spit!" He did.

We were seated in the first row of the rehearsal hall of "Sink the Navy," to which I had been invited for a try-out of the principals. For the first time, I had descended into the deep without guide or escort and made my way slowly along the undersea boulevards, taking in anew the glories and wenders thereof: seanut and popweed men, oyster-burger stands, and a bank of brittle starfish who were spelling out the latest war and social news by alternately turning themselves on and off in the best photelectric manner. As I watched, one of the creatures blew a fuse and "Mr. Sock-eyed Salmon gave birth to one million and three darling little eggs."

Now I know Mrs. Sock-eyed was once a suffragette and has always championed the equality of man and woman but this is carrying things too far. Either the Salmons get together once more and have those darling little eggs the right way or I want a compassionate draft home as my wife is expecting to become a father any day now.

Arriving at the Saguenay stern, I found *Maggie McClusky* blasting the Shark for all she was worth whilst *Shock Charlie* looked on moodily.

"And just phwat d'ye mean by promisin' all those colleens they'd be stars o' Sink the Navy?" she demanded. Doan't yez know we already has two, ye blitherin' idiot? Meanin' Miranda an' meself?"

"*Maggie McClusky*," the Shark replied, "for an old dame like you to be the star of a show in which I sink many good clams is one very bad joke indeed. It is just a figtree of your imagination which cannot be too good after being married to a crusher for seventeen years and then becoming one yourself. You are a clear case of dementia small-pox if I ever see one which I do more often than somewhat since my customers take to drinking sympathetic gin which is less than healthy for any individual who has a stomach not made of cast iron or, for that matter, any stomach at all."

"The Shark is right," *Charlie* pleaded. "We are merely thinking of the good of the show when we appoint ourselves Casting Directors and sign up sixty-three beautiful mermaids for leading ladies in Sink the Navy. We think this makes very good publicity to have sixty-three or maybe seventy-five leading ladies instead of only just one, as is usual with these things."

Just then two marine mantraps swished by and winked buoyantly in the general direction of *Shark Scapone* and Co. "See you tonight, sugar," cooed the taller one, addressing the Shark. "And you too, honey bun," called her companion; whereupon

Shock Charlie turned a solid shade of red and crackled in three different frequencies.

"So that's it," threatened *Maggie*. "Phwhat is this a castin' office or a blitherin' datin' bureau? Let's see yer little black note-books now, both of ye!" And if there ain't sixty-three new names in thim I'll eat the blastid things without salt. An' if there is . . . She concluded her speech with some outlandish threat about filling something or somebody in. With what, she neglected to say.

At that moment *Miranda* came floating towards me. "I'm so glad you came," she said. "*Waldo* has a head cold, *Scapone* has signed on sixty-three leading ladies, and *Mondoleyo Jones* claims she is going to sue; that *Butchie* promised her the lead."

I said I was glad to see her too. "But where is *Butchie*?" I enquired.

"He's at home nursing a black eye."

"*Mondoleyo Jones*?" "No," she replied. "He was taking one of the chorus girl's waist measurements."

"But there is some one here I want you to meet. It's Professor Alldust Huxlei who is writing the book and music for our show. He's a German plaice who had to flee his home when the Nazis took over. And he's a little sensitive about having his eyes on the one side of his head, so do be tactful."

On look at Professor Huxlei was sufficient to indicate the origin of the expression "poor fish." As what plaice of the genus *Paralichthys* of the order *Heterosmata* isn't. He had a small terminal mouth and his two large eyes were on the right side of his body which, at the moment, was covered with red spots. His blind side was a dirty white (tattle-tale grey) and he had spent all of his life on the bottom of the North Sea looking up and changing his coloration to fit his surroundings every time he moved. Which was quite often if we are to believe a certain bailiff who really ought to know.

He acknowledged my introduction with a short snort, smacked his lips

reflectively, then emptied the bottle with a girdle. "What do you want?" he snapped.

"You must be patient with him," *Miranda* whispered to me. "He has a secret sorrow. And a grudge against humanity."

"Why, what have we ever done to him?" I protested, "other than eat a few of his cousins and sundry in-laws, for which any place should be thankful."

"It was his brother *Julius*," *Miranda* explained. "Some Professor Mast found that flat fishes of the genus *Paralichthys* can assume various colours that correspond closely to their backgrounds although yellows and browns take much less time to copy than reds, greens or blues."

"Sort of chameleon camouflage kids," I equipped.

"Exactly! And very artistic, too. It's for protection, of course. They change colour to blend in with their surroundings. Well, Professor Mast used *Julius* to experiment with. And one day he left him on a piece of Scotch plaid before he went to lunch. When he returned, poor *Julius* had died of utter confusion."

"And that's why Alldust is suspicious of humans."

"Und mitt vun good reasons," interjected the professor who had been eavesdropping. "Der long-leggings, bad-blooded, hot in heades, swoon croons! But you—you vas looking stupid enough. Here—read dis," and he gave me the copy of "Sink the Navy" mentioned above.

"Have you written any other lyrics?" I asked tentatively.

"Ja. I write one for *Waldo*, und I call him 'Asleep in der Deep mitt Little Bo-Peep!' Much more better than first vun *Waldo* is always singing: 'Asleep by Himself.'"

"What about *Bo-Peep's* sheep?"

"No sheeps. Chust *Waldo* und *Little Bo-Peep*. Two is company und tree iss der dod-gasted triangle. Und I haff also written vun scribt

vot is called 'Kisses Smell.'"

"Kisses Smell?"

"Ja! Der idear iss *Miranda* is selling Var Saffing Stemps behind a counter vich says "Puy a Stemp! Don t be Tremp! But if you puy a stemp you don't get a kiss. Und if you don't puy a stemp you get a kiss free. Und effery time you don't puy a stemp you get anozer kisses free."

"And that way you expect to do business?" I asked.

"Qviet!" thundered the professor. "For seffenty-six years I liff on der bottom from der Nort Sea. I look at dings from der under sides up."

"Sort of upside down," I suggested.

"Iss not upsides down! Iss downsides up!" he shouted. "Iss big difference. Und down sides up ven he don't puy no var saffings stemp he gets vun kisses. Ven he don't puy two var saffing stemps he gets two kisses, and ven he don't puy tree var saffing stemps he gets tree kisses. Now do you understand?"

"What happens if you don't buy a victory bond?" I asked sheepishly.

"Dunner blitzen! You vass more stupid vhat you look like. Look at *Miranda*! Beautiful, ja?"

Mentally, I affirmed "ja!"

"Somevun passes by der counter und sees he gets vun kisses for nozzing from such a beautiful girl. Und vot does he do? He puy var saffing stemps und gets nozzing. Look at *Miranda* vunce more. Such a man is vun big patriot, nein?"

"Such a man is vun big something else too," I couldn't help adding. "Come on *Miranda*, let's rehearse some sequences of this new sketch of yours. And thank heavens I'm broke!"

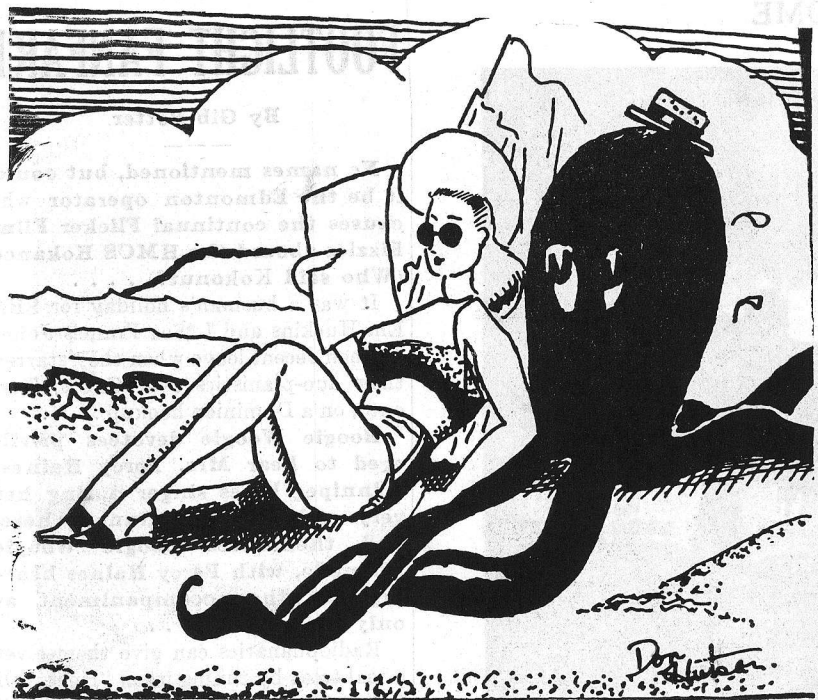
Maiden Aunt, asked to advise her niece as to whether or not she should marry her soldier fiance, about to go overseas:

"Well dear, if I had my time over again, I'd get married before I was old enough to have the sense not to!"

HELLO, HELLO!!



Lovely Paulette Goddard, sparkling Paramount star, is the kind of gal who makes us wish the war would end so we could visit Hollywood.



John! How many times have I told you not to come near me when you're still wet!

Planning For You

The following is the sixth 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 6

TREATMENT REGULATIONS

Q. If I am in receipt of a disability pension, for what treatment am I eligible if I become incapacitated?

A. Pensioners hospitalized for pensionable disabilities receive free treatment with allowances for themselves and dependents as a permanent right. Pensioners (and non-pensioners with meritorious service) may receive free treatment at any time without allowances, subject to qualification from medical and economic viewpoints.

Q. On what scale are the applicable treatment allowances to pensioners?

A. At the rates laid down under P. C. 91: generally at the 100% pension rate less \$30.00 per month.

Q. If I am not a pensioner, to what treatment am I entitled?

A. Any veteran may receive treatment for a non-pensionable disability, provided that such treatment commences within one year of discharge.

Q. Are there any allowances in these cases of non-pensioners?

A. Allowances may be paid for twelve months, or a period equal to the period of service, whichever is the lesser, during the first eighteen months following discharge. They are at the rate of \$62.40 a month for a man and wife, and for a single man, out-patient, \$44.20 a month. For an in-patient, with no dependents or other obligations, the allowance is \$14.20 monthly. There is an allowance for children on approximately the same scale as paid by the Dependents' Allowance Board.

Q. If I am discharged as physically incapacitated and require continuous treatment from the time of my discharge, what happens?

A. In these cases, there is free treatment with pay of rank and allowances of rank up to a ceiling of Lieutenant in the Army, Sub-Lieutenant in the Navy, and Flying Officer (non-flying list) in the Air Force.

Q. Is this continued until I am physically fit?

A. The treatment is continued, but, insofar as allowances are concerned, they may be continued only for a year, or for the period of service whichever is the lesser.

Q. What are the facilities for treatment?

A. Departmental hospitals have been set up at a number of points across the Dominion. In addition, contracts have been entered into with hospitals at a number of other centres.

Salaried personnel are maintained at a number of these places. In places where there is no salaried personnel arrangements have been entered into with doctors and dentists practicing privately.

Q. If, as a result of the war, I require orthopaedic appliances for my pensionable disability, what happens?

A. These are supplied to you for life free of charge. In addition, pension may be granted for extra wear and tear on clothing.

(The next instalment deals with Pensions).

PALSIED POETRY

By Hermes

No. 6. 'Twas the night before dead-line, and all through my hed not a poem was stirring—so I went to bead. Sleap tite.

I think I'll twist this palsied rime Because there is so little thyme In which the dread dead line to meak And save my contract from a brake.

Roses are red; violets blwo. A kiss is nothing divided by tue. The man in the moon can stay out every nite, And nobody cares if he's high as a kight.

My uniform's ironed; my tapes have a knaught— May lord save my wellingtons if I am cot.

My date is a read hed with baby blue uys, But she always is winking at ten other geyes.

The editors swore I could ne'er end this powem, But that's where they're wrong, and here's where I showem.

I've reams left unsaid and my spirit is fitting. But there's one way to finish—and that's to stop wrighting!

THE BLOOD DONOR

In this land, first the Indians mixed their blood

In tiny drops, for peace and brotherhood;

Now you give of this priceless treasure In pints and quarts, and sometimes greater measure

To whom? For what? And why? "He who giveth of his life shall never die"

Your blood will throb the veins of unborn babes

And youth, who'll keep it warm and strong

So you will never die, in very truth.

And when the reaper comes your way You'll laugh; and look him in the eye and say

"You're much too late, the best of me Will now live on and on—I'm tired, Take thou the dregs and get thee gone." *The Outsider.*

An English cub reporter, frequently reprimanded for relating too many details, turned in the following:

A shooting affair occurred last night. Sir Dwight Hopeless, a guest at Lady Panmore's ball, complained of feeling ill, took a highball, his hat and his coat, his departure, no notice of his friends, a taxi, a pistol from his pocket and finally his life. Nice chap. Regrets and all that.

BOOK REVIEWS

These books are available at the Naval Library Service.

Burma Surgeon—By G. Seagrave.

The fascinating story of an American doctor whose desire for plenty of jungle and thousands of sick people to treat was more than granted. He transformed primitive wilderness into modern hospitals, simple native girls into highly trained nurses, until, finally, the war moved nearer and the Chinese army called on him to care for the wounded at the front. A book full of adventure and intensely interesting.

I Like Diving—By T. Eadie. Mid-winter diving in a strong wind and a fairly heavy sea with the temperature of the water at 34 degrees is just one of the dangers that makes this story of a U.S. navy diver exciting reading. Tom Eadie won the Congressional Medal of Honor for his work on the submarine S-4 and he tells, too, the difficult job of raising the ill-fated S-51. He earned this enviable reputation that the words "Will send Eadie down" never failed to inspire confidence.

Rise To Follow—By A. Spalding. The distinguished American violinist has written a most readable and entertaining autobiography. He seems to have led an exceptionally happy life

with few and slight difficulties in the way of his success. Throughout his travels as a concert violinist, Spalding has been a shrewd and appreciative observer of people, custom, music and food all of which are skillfully described.

Bell For Adano — By J. Hersey. Here is the first novel which makes clear the fact that charters and agreements are only as effective as the men who are sent to implement them. Major Joppolo was an Italian-American who went with the army of occupation to the Italian town of Adano, which he tried to rebuild according to his own good instinct and democratic upbringing. He found that an ancient bell which the town had loved had been taken away to make gun barrels and he did something about it. He discovered that there were pretty girls in Italian towns just as there were at home. John Hersey has created liveable and unforgettable characters in a story that is as up-to-date as a March of Time.

The tragedy of the flea is that he knows for certain that all of his children will go to the dogs.

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SPUNKY the SKUNK

(from The Toronto Globe and Mail)

The Navy has a headquarters up on Crescent Rd., called Commanding Officer Naval Divisions, and COND has a mascot.

The men around COND like to keep their distance and talk about the mascot.

The girls like to pet it.

The mascot is a skunk.

The men, while keeping their distance, will tell you the skunk is harmless as long as it isn't suddenly frightened.

The girls, while gushing over it like a kitten, tell you the same thing.

The men, forming a wide perimeter around the little skunk which is called Spunky but sounds like Skunky, tell visitors they have nothing to fear.

"He never fires unless you scare him," explained one of the navy men, taking one step backwards.

He's a Pet

"He's a pet," said Wren Betty Potter of Toronto, placing Spunky on her shoulder. "He knows my voice and can find me when I hide." "Sure," agreed a leading writer (male). "You don't have to worry about Spunky."

The leading writer was talking in a loud voice because he was quite a piece away. Behind a large tree, to be exact.

"We feed him baby food," explained Wren Jean Stewart of Victoria, placing Spunky in her lap. "We feed him pabulum and cornflakes. He's six weeks old."

A supply assistant (male) who did not bother to go out into the garden to see Spunky because, he said, it was a pretty warm day, likes the mascot just about as much as the leading writer.

A couple of weeks ago, the supply assistant and the leading writer discovered Spunky had never been deodorized. He was very young and everybody said he wouldn't emit an odor anyway.

Then somebody dropped him. This surprised Spunky and he gave with the perfume just for luck.

The perfume happened to encounter the supply assistant and the leading writer.

"I was wearing a new uniform," said the leading writer from behind a tree. "I jumped on my bicycle and tore home. No one would speak to me. My friends fled. I buried my new uniform, which cost me \$45, and I had to buy a new one."

"Spunky is a pet," chorused the two Wrens.

"Sure," agreed the leading writer from behind the tree and the supply assistant from the building. "He won't fire unless he's frightened."

Girl—"I'm Aloha, the hula-hula dancer."
Sailor—"Shake."

BEAUTIFUL CONVALESCENT HOME



Set in a picturesque landscape of woods, hills, lawns and lakes, Eaton Hall, home of Lady Eaton, has been loaned to the Royal Canadian Navy for use as a convalescent home for officers and ratings who are expected to return to active service. Under the direction of Surg. Lt.-Cdr. Blair McLean, of Edmonton, Alberta, care will be provided for from 75 to 100 patients. The location offers opportunities for swimming, boating, hiking, tennis and other outdoor recreation, with facilities for billiards, moving pictures and music for inclement weather and evenings. Eaton Hall is a stone, tiled-roofed mansion of 35 rooms, located 25 miles north of Toronto in King County, not far from the town of Aurora.

Taken from the lawns south of the building, this picture shows the tiled roof and towers of Eaton Hall. The dormer windows show the location of the spacious servants' quarters which will be used by the staff of the Convalescent hospital. Between the two wings of the building is a flagstone courtyard where awnings may be spread for patients who wish to spend idle hours in the fresh air. —RCN photo by Lieut. G. Moses.

FOOTLIGHT FANFARE

By Gib Potter

No names mentioned, but could it be the Edmonton operator who causes the continual Flicker Film Fizzles aboard the HMCS Kokanee (Who said Kokonut?)

It was a busman's holiday for SBA Em Huckins and L*Sea Francis Johns on their recent leave when they starred their duo-pianistics over CJCB, Toronto, on a Dominion hookup

Boogie Woogie devotees privileged to hear Mrs. Percy Haines, Winnipeg blues singer during her very welcome appearances here, had themselves Boogie Woogie Alamode, with Percy Haines beating out the accompaniment as only Percy can

Radiophanatics can give themselves a real treat by tuning in on "Hearts Of Oak" Navy program over CHNS every second Thursday (Sept. 14th. etc.). Featuring guest stars from the Services and Cmd. Bandmaster Downie conducting the Navy Band in some very fine orchestrations. Script written and arrangements carried out by Emseeing Francis Johns.

After a strenuous year's tramping across Canada from coast to coast (and Halifax, too) with a side trip to Newfie for sea-time, the cast of "Meet The Navy" Special Services Extravaganza, relaxing on well earned 28-dayers before reopening rehearsals which are scheduled for early in September

Cab Calloway, Jack Denny, Jan Savitt, Hamids Circus and Amateur Radio shows are an indication of the high calibre of entertainment presented at the Navy League Forum this past summer season. But for jam-packed crowds, the Serviceman's dance nights still lead in attendance records, as the G. I. Jivers Jive. Manager Lordly and his able assistants are to be congratulated on their "In Tune With The Times" presentations

What's Cooking Dept; Stadacona's concert group is in rehearsals on a superdooper revue entitled "Lets Be Salty" to be previewed in September for the laudable purpose of hyping the morale of the T. R. & T. W.'s. (Tired Ratings and Tired Wrens.)

darker shades. Of course each particular colour must be allowed to dry before another colour is added.

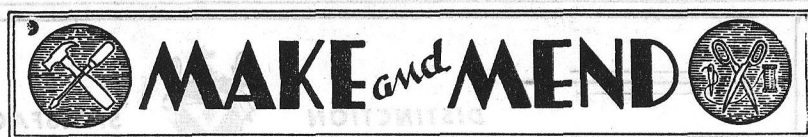
Guide lines for filling in may be drawn lightly with pencil on your white enamel background.

When the design has been finished up it should be given 2 coats of crystal clear spar varnish to protect it.

As long as your glasses are not knocked about, or washed with very strong soap in hot water, the design is there for good.

You never know what you can do until you try, so start in! If you don't like your finished design you can easily scrape it off and you still have your glasses—unharmful.

The photograph at the top of the page shows a few different kinds of glasses and the type of designs that can be painted on them.

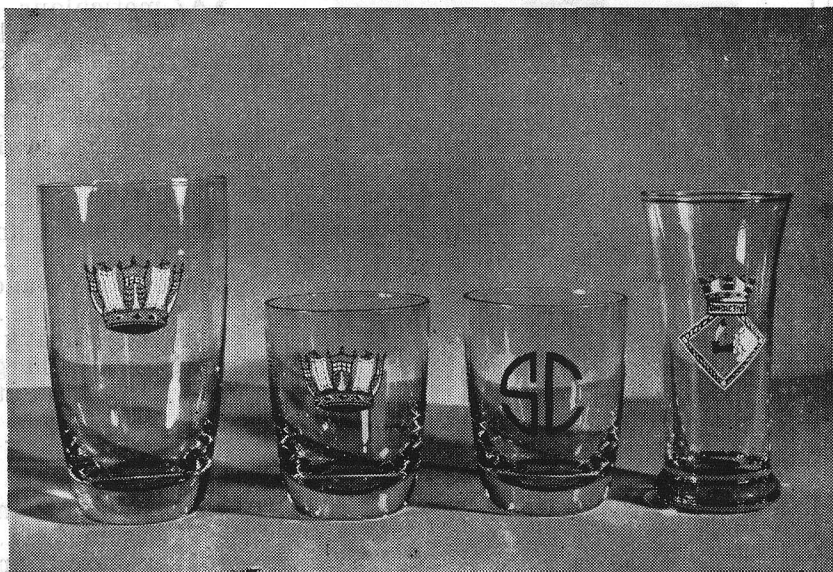


EDITOR'S NOTE:—This is the second in a series of handicraft articles for members of the services.

HAND-PAINTED GLASSES

How often have you admired hand painted glasses in shops, and wished you could afford some just like them? Well you can! Here's how you too can have them for about 2c worth of material each, plus willingness to try plus cost of the plain glasses. This will add up to a set of glasses that look like a million dollars and will be the envy of all your friends.

First of all you need some glasses on which to paint your designs. Plain glasses with smooth sides, like those shown in the photograph above are best. Pick them yourself if possible and avoid those with flaws, such as bubbles or strains, as they will detract from your design.



In addition you will want two sable hair water colour brushes, a No.0 and a No. 2, (obtained in any art shop) and five small tins of good quality household enamel in white, black, red, yellow and blue. These are your primary colours from which you can mix any colour or shade you wish.

For beginners the more common mixtures are as follows:—

Red + yellow = Orange

Red + blue = Purple

Red + black = Brown

Blue + yellow = Green

These should give you enough colours for almost any design you choose.

The next step is to choose a design. The following are suggested:—Ship's crest, school crest, family crest, flowers, airplanes, ships, fish, birds, insects; your name, initials or monogram, insignia or rank or rate (substantive and non substantive).

The design should be simple to start with and should be proportioned to the size of the glass you are decorating.

How It's Done

Draw your design in outline on a plain sheet of white paper. Cut your paper so that when it is put inside the glass your design will show through the side at the height you wish it to be. Holding your paper in place stuff a

cloth down inside your glass so that it holds the paper in the desired position. You are now ready to paint.

Hold the glass flat in the palm of your hand grasping the sides with thumb and last two fingers, holding your cloth wadding down with the first 2 fingers. With a No. 2 brush fill in your design with a coat of white enamel. Set it aside to dry for 24 hours. The surface on which you are painting must be free from dust, dirt and grease or your enamel will not take.

After your first coat of white has dried go over the whole design with another coat of white, let it dry, and repeat the process until your whole design is blocked out in an opaque white coat.

When your last coat of white has dried commence filling in your coloured portions, always painting your lightest colours first and working towards your

CANADIAN TARS READY SPIRITUALLY ON D-DAY

A Newfoundland Port—Royal Canadian Navy sailors in Britain preparing for D-Day were not only physically and mentally keen but "spiritually ready" for whatever the future, held, according to Chaplain J. R. Scott, RCN, of St Croix, N.S., a naval padre just returned from a visit to bases in the United Kingdom.

"I talked with officers and ratings aboard several Canadian ships, and many of them were definitely slated for action in the invasion of Europe," Chaplain Scott said in an interview here. "They were a high-spirited lot and at first glance you'd imagine they didn't

have a care in the world. but I soon realized that most of them had done a lot of quiet thinking. Those boys know what prayer means. It was a great experience to talk with them."

Chaplain Scott was the fourth RCN padre serving in the Newfoundland Command to make a round-trip visit to Britain by service passage. The others were Rev. J. M. Armstrong, of Middleton, N.S., Rev. J. E. Morgan of St. John's, Newfoundland, and Rev. Horatio Todd of Ottawa. He spent two weeks in Northern Ireland and Scotland and accompanied Rev. D. M. Sinclair of Sydney, N.S., senior Protestant naval chaplain at a large U.J.K base, in visits aboard ships which soon afterward were taking part in the invasion.

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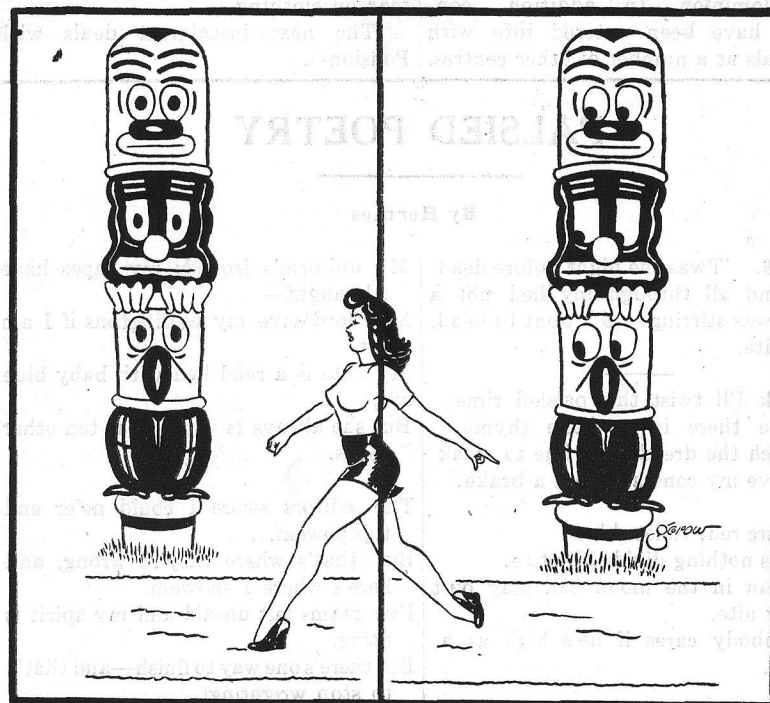
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---FOR P.T.'S SAKE---

by Warrant Officer (SB) Tommy Graham



The most encouraging sport news of the month was scored by Ottawa when the powers that be partially lifted their January edict on service sporting activities. Although the new order only slightly loosened up on the restrictions set down in war department's ban at the outset of the year, it did, in no small manner, bring added joy into the hearts of the service sport fans and chased away some gloomy clouds brought about by the initial ruling.

While the new order still restricts service personnel to playing within the boundaries of their command area, "except in special cases," it does allow commanding officers authorization to administer and interpret the order to meet the needs within his area, thereby making it possible for fairly strong local competition. Service personnel, however, are still prohibited from playing on civilian teams and civvies are not allowed to compete for service teams.

It's Going To Be A Battle

Coach "Bud" Morrison's baseball clan from HMCS Stadacona, annexed the Halifax Defence Baseball League pennant for the fourth consecutive semester when they scored a pair of wins in their final two games of the campaign to nose out the ship yards for top honors, but the riveters are fairly spoiling for revenge and are out to make it mighty tough for the Stadaconamen.

In the opening session of their best in seven series, Hank O'Rourke's ship-building gang tomahawked the sailors, and what's more, did so in a mighty convincing fashion. At the end of hostilities the score read 10-0 for the men who build ships.

However, as the battle now stands, it's even "Stephen", for the Stadaconamen came back smartly in their second conflict to administer a nice 5-2 beating in the second game while in the third go, the clubs fought to an 8-8 deadlock.

Now that the navymen have pulled even with the riveters their hopes are high and their determination even higher to win the series but it's not going to be as simple a job as most people are inclined to believe.

The sailors have been hot for their last two games. Can they hold that temperature? Coach Bud Morrison is certain they can. He's equally sure that the demon of over-confidence hasn't gripped his heroes. But the portly mentor agrees that their opponents are going to be mighty dangerous to the bitter end.

Clyde Roy had the "Indian sign" on the sailor swatsmen in the initial tilt letting them down with five well-scattered singles, while his mates pounded the offerings of "Long John" Reid, navy's ace right handed twirler and Dick Pawley number one flinger for the navy, all around the ball park. Mike Genth on however came back to square accounts. The towering tar doing some high class and high powered thinking up on the hill before tossing his offerings at the hit-greedy shipbuilders, who just couldn't solve his slants effectively.

Pawley's second chance appeared to be a winning one in the early part of the third battle and stout Richard was coasting along with a 5-0 lead when the shipyard crew climbed aboard his offerings and the navy's starry southpaw was lucky to wind up with a deadlock.

This operative picks the navy to take the series if they pull up their shoe strings which seem to be lagging again, but if they don't recover their mid-season zip their aspirations for the Maritime title this season will go wanting

Cornwallis Nine Seek Title

Despite the fact that they took a pair of trimmings at the hands of Stadacona's balltossers, in a recent exhibition series, Cornwallis sport officials announce that their ball club from the large training base in the Annapolis valley will seek Maritime Baseball honors this year. The Deep Brook boys, have a well balanced club and with more competition might upset the apple cart. In their initial start along the playoff trail they came through with a close win over the highly regarded Yarmouth nine and now are favorites to take the series.

It's a long time since we've heard any talk of football but that doesn't mean that the popular fall pastime is a dead issue around these parts. Far from it, says Lt.-Cdr. Fred Cook, Stadacona sports impresario who popularized the sport in Halifax last season by bringing down two crack "Upper Canada" navy teams to participate against the star-studded football machine from Stadacona.

It's a little premature to go out on the proverbial limb and say just what the football plans are this season but rumours have it that both Stadacona and Cornwallis have signified their intention of fielding teams in whatever league is formed within the Command. Stadacona still has a starry collection of gridmen within her portals. Among them "Mike the Mighty" Hedgewick, one of the Dominion's outstanding backfielders and a former star in the ORFU, with Hamilton Wildcats, Frankie Morris, the husky lineman of Toronto Argos fame Roy Gerlitz, a kicking star in western Canada gridirons, Steve Levantis, formerly with Toronto Argos, John Parkin a stellar lineman with Toronto Argos, Al Lenard, a former Hamilton Wildcat, and Dick Pawley, who also performed with Hamilton.

Cook, it is said, is contemplating on the services of S.A. Pete Sande, former Calgary gridiron coach, to handle his charges this season. Last year Lieut. "Tiny" Herman, former Ottawa Rough Rider coached the club.

At Cornwallis sport's genius Charlie MacDonald has a formidable lineup available headed by Toronto's renowned Royal Copeland, who won an all-star rating in the OFRU last season. Other gridiron gladiators around Deep Brook include Chuck Millman, former western grid star, Jack Wedley ex-Toronto Argo, Bob Goldham, Toronto and Jake Edwards, Queen's University star.

Football takes hold in autumn and unless we are awfully far at sea gridiron games are in the offing for followers of the sport around these parts in the none too distant future.

Fastball games come and fastball games go, but after all they are really not supposed to go on forever, but that's just about what balltossers representing Saskatoon's HMCS Unicorn division were set to do during a city playoff game at the Hub city of the prairies recently when they battled 22 innings to a 2-2 deadlock. The game was halted due to darkness.

Withdraw "York" Football Team From Ontario Rugby Competition

Toronto—HMCS York's entry in the Ontario Rugby Football Union senior series has been withdrawn, it is announced by Lieut. Hal Smith, sports officer.

With a reduction in strength of the ship's company imminent, it was explained that it was extremely doubtful if York would be able to sponsor a

team in the fashion it has in other years. Hence the withdrawal.

Lieut. Smith advised Harold Bailey secretary of the ORFU of the decision, and it was with regret that the latter learned of the intention.

Said Mr. Bailey: "We're very sorry that Navy is unable to be a part of our league.

SEAMEN WIN JACKMAN TROPHY



Taking part in the second tournament held for the F. J. Jackman trophy, the New Entry Seamen at "Cornwallis" captured the mug from the New Entry Stokers during a boxing bout that provided all the thrill and action any fan could wish for. The cup, which is given in competition for the best boxing teams in the New Entry Seamen and Stoker ranks, is put up at a tourney every three months. Shown here are the members of the recent successful NE Seamen's team.—RCN Photo.

Seamen Sweep Stoker Fighters To Capture Boxing Tournament

By CPO "Scoop" Blades, P&RTI

Spirited on by a cheering section of 1000 men the New Entry seamen swept through the ranks of the Stokers to win an overwhelming victory in a recent boxing card held in the Cornwallis Drill Shed.

Seamen versus Stokers tournaments are always a colorful affair and this proved away above average in enthusiasm and determination on the part of the seamen to win back the F. J. Jackman Trophy, held by the Stokers for the past three months.

There were 13 bouts in all and after the smoke of battle had cleared the count stood nine bouts won by the Seamen and four nods to the Stokers.

The opening featherweight bout started off slowly with both boxers measuring their opponents. In the second and third rounds both opened up and two rounds of fast boxing ensued. O/Sea. O'Gryzlo, a clever Calgary boy, landed the most telling blows and was awarded the decision over Sto Foulds.

One Of The Best

One of the best bouts of the evening featured O/Sea. Bedard and S to McNeil. It was touch and go during all three rounds with never a dull moment. The slightly longer reach of Bedard was perhaps instrumental in his winning over the hard-hitting Stoker.

Stoker Harding an extremely fine boxer from Montreal threw everything but the ring posts at his opponent O/Sea. Bryan. The game seamen absorbed a great deal of punishment and Harding was unable to uncork the punch to count.

In the middleweight class O/Sea. Ank of Ottawa, scored a K.O. over his opponent Sto. Blais in the second round. The following bout in the same class saw smooth-working Bruce Richardson, of Toronto, score a T.K.O. over Sto. Rosen.

Immediately following the bouts Mr. F. J. Jackman, of Montreal, presented prizes to the winners and the newly won cup to Cdr. Bonnycastle, the New Entry Training Officer.

Results of Bouts

O/Sea. O'Gryzlo def. Sto. Foulds; O*Sea. McCann def. Sto. Mark; Sto. Godard def. O/Sea. Craig; O/Sea. Tobias def. Sto. McCall; O/Sea. Bedard def. Sto. McNeil; O/Sea. Murray def. Sto. Garneau; Sto. Harding def. O/Sea. Bryan; O/Sea. Anka def. Sto. Blais; O/Sea. Richardson def. Sto. Rosen; sto. Dunham def. O/Sea. Barr; O/Sea. Powell def. Sto. Maple; Sto. Porter def. O/Sea. Gaddy; O/Sea. Troisi def. Sto. Waddington.

SOCCER REGAINING PLACE WITH CANUCK SPORTSMEN

By Stan Burton, P&RTI

Although soccer has been pretty well crowded out of the service sporting spotlight these past few years it appears that the ancient pastime is actually coming into its own at last and thanks to a group of sportsmen around these parts a five-team loop has been organized and operating for the past three

months.

Teams from the Fleet Air Arm of Laborne, the RCAF station, HMS Canada, the Army and Stadacona have been waging inter-service games which have been keenly contested. At present the Stadacona soccerites are leading the loop with seven wins in eight starts, having dropped their only tussle to the Fleet Air Arm eleven.

At the completion of their schedule the first four teams in the league standing will meet in a round robin knockout series with the two winning squads tangling in a two-out-of-three series for the league crown. The playoffs are expected to get underway in mid-September.

Chippawa Likely Entry In Service Grid League

Winnipeg—Inter-service rugby will likely make its bow here this fall now that rumors have it that the famed Blue Bombers will not operate this year.

News of the service loop was disclosed here recently following a conference by sports officers of the four armed services in the Winnipeg area in the persons of Lieut. Dennis Brown, Navy; Lieut. Fritz Hanson, army; Flight Lieut. "Buff" Horton, air force and Lieut. Lee Sherman, U.S. Army.

Just how many teams will comprise the proposed league remains uncertain but it is thought that the RCAF will field at least two squads, the navy one, while the U.S. army and the Canadian Army will combine strength to form a fourth aggregation.

During the conference the sports official discussed plans for the entire fall and winter sports program and it was disclosed that it is intended to organize inter-service hockey, basketball, badminton, volleyball, curling and soccer leagues.

A golf tournament involving all four services, both men and women,

will also be held, with September 6 being slated as the starting date for teeing off on the fairways.

ODDS 'N' ENDS

Score Cricket Win

Victoria.—Paced by C. Pugh Morby and Cotterhill who hit for double figures, HMCS Givenchy's cricket team scored an impressive 135-90 victory over Spencers in a league game held here recently. C. Pugh was the star of the match scoring 63 of the winner's runs.

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OW-O-O-O-O-O!



When it comes to pretty ankles, Vivian Rowatt, of Victoria, B. C., doesn't have to take a back seat for anyone. She was winner over 29 competitors in the "prettiest ankle" contest, held by the Naval Shore Patrolmen of Halifax at their big picnic at Shad Bay, N. S., last month. The picnic was attended by more than 300 persons. That's her ankle those Patrolmen are looking at so intently. RCN Photo by L/Photog. Ed. Pryor.

PULEECE! PULEECE!

"Help, Shore Patrol, help! This man is stealing my lunch!" In answer to the cries of the lovely blond beauty a dozen husky Naval Shore Patrolmen pounced upon the offending sailor, slashed a variety of headlocks, armlocks and leglocks on him and retrieved the sandwiches for the flaxen-haired female. Then they let him go—without even a warning about his conduct.

Of course, the whole incident took place at the picnic, held on a Sunday afternoon at Shad Bay, by the members of the Naval Shore Patrol, their ladies and families. Over 300 persons were present at the picnic, which included swimming a long sports program, supper and fun galore.

The picnic, sanctioned by Lt.-Cdr. R. W. Woods, RCNVR in charge of the Shore Patrol here, was arranged for by a committee consisting of Petty Officer Patrolman P. R. B. Campbell, of Kapuskasing, Ont., CPO C. Evans, Halifax, PO J. Duffy, of Charlottetown, PO R. MacIntyre, Souris, Que., and L/Patrolman Spencer, Halifax. Eight members of the WRCNS worked all Saturday evening preparing the lunch for the outing and some 50 Wrens were present at the picnic.

Well, Now!

The two contests which won the most interest during the afternoon were the "best-looking patrolman" and "ladies' ankle" contest. The "best-looking patrolman" contest was won by chestnut haired L/Patrolman Stanley McLean, of Dartmouth, who admitted that having his wife as one of the 10 judges might have given him a bit of an edge. Close runners-up were: Alfred Maynard, Patrolman, of Chatham, Ont., and Walter Fincham, of Vancouver, who placed second and third, respectively.

Trimmes ankle at the picnic was credited to Vivian Rowatt, of Victoria, B.C., with Miss Connie LeBlanc of Halifax coming second and L/Wren Sue Dimock, of Toronto, placing third.

Another feature of the picnic was the ladies PT class which was conducted by Chief Petty Officer C. Evans, Shore Patrol P&RT instructor. Many a lady went home with a slimmer but sorer body than she had when she started out on the picnic.

Two negroes were discussing their chances of being drafted.

"Tain't gwine to do 'em no good to pick on me," said Sam, "cause I ain't gwine to do no fightin'. Ah ain't lost nuthin' in dem countries and dey can't make me fight."

"Yo' may be right," replied Mose wisely, "maybe they can't make yo' fight—but they can take yo' to where de fightin' is an' den yo' use yo' own judgment!"

Gallant Vessel Is Sunk Helping Merchantman

Ottawa—Loss of the Royal Canadian Navy corvette, HMCS Regina, while going to the assistance of a merchant vessel in difficulties in invasion waters, was announced by Hon. Angus L. Macdonald, Minister of National Defence for Naval Services. Two members of the crew are dead and 26 ratings and one officer are missing.

After the Regina was damaged a course was steered for shallow water in an attempt to beach the corvette but 40 minutes later the order to abandon ship had to be given.

HMCS Regina is the 17th warship and the seventh corvette lost by the Royal Canadian Navy in this war.

An outstanding event in the career of the Regina came while she was on convoy duties in the Mediterranean early in 1943. At that time she brought an Italian submarine to the surface with depth charges and engaged it in a spectacular running gun duel. Terrific fire from the Regina quickly took the fight out of the Italians. The submarine sank soon afterward and the Regina picked up 21 prisoners.

The submarine was first reported by AB Joseph Melbourne Saulnier, RCNVR, of Meteghan River, Digby County, Nova Scotia, who is reported in the present casualty list to have been killed in action. He won mention in despatches for his part in the encounter with the Italian submarine.

The only officer serving in the Regina at the time of her loss who was also present at the battle with the submarine is Lieut. Roddick Barclay Thomas, RCNVR, Longueuil, Quebec. He was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross. Lieut. Thomas is a survivor of the sinking of the Regina.

The commanding officer of the Regina is Lieut. W. Jack Radford, RCNR, of Grand Lake Road, Sydney, Nova Scotia, who is among the survivors. He was appointed to command the ship September 1, 1943.

PRESENTS HISTORIC PAINTING



An interesting historical memento of nearly half a century before Canada formally undertook the organization of a naval service was presented by His Excellency, the Governor-General, the Earl of Athlone, to the Naval Board when he gave them a picture of the Canadian gun boat, "Prince Albert." Originally a passenger steamer and at that time one of the fastest screw-driven steamers on the upper lakes, "Prince Albert" was purchased in 1866 by Captain Wyatt and armed as a gunboat. She carried a number of 12-pound Armstrong guns and four 14-pound brass howitzers and had a complement of 75 officers and men. "Prince Albert" was 170 feet long, with a 30-foot beam and 13-foot hold.

In this photograph are shown, left to right, Captain H McMaster, RCN, Deputy Chief of Naval Personnel; Engineer Rear-Admiral George L. Stephens CBE, RCN, Chief of Naval Engineering and Construction; the Earl of Athlone, and Hon. Angus L. Macdonald, Minister of National Defence for Naval Services.—RCN Photo by Lieut. G. Moses.

Navy Preparing Fleet Air Arm For Service As Part Of Fleet

Ottawa—His immediate task that of seeing that everything is ready for the day when Royal Canadian Navy manned aircraft carriers, "Nabob" and "Puncher" go into service with the

fleet, Cdr J. S. Stead, RCN, is Director of the Naval Air Division, serving at Naval Service Headquarters.

While officers and men of the Royal Canadian Navy will be supplemented at first by personnel of the Royal Navy's Fleet Air Arm in manning the two new aircraft carriers, Cdr. Stead sees the day when the Canadian navy will provide its own flying personnel. At the present time, he said, 31 officers of the RCNVR are training as pilots at Fleet Air Arm establishments in Canada, while 22 other RCNVR officers are training with the Royal Navy as observers.

Many Transferring

Flying personnel of the Royal Canadian Navy is further augmented by 25 RCNVR officers who are on loan to the Royal Navy. An even larger number of Canadians, who joined the Royal Navy directly as Naval Airmen and who have since obtained their commissions, are transferring to the RCNVR.

It would take a year and a half before the aircraft carriers could be entirely manned by Canadian personnel, it was indicated.

"We are training the nucleus of the personnel required to operate naval aircraft from the two new carriers," Commander Stead said. "All personnel required to train for air duties both ground and air crew, are being and will be chosen from those now serving in the Canadian navy."

"There will be no recruiting outside the naval service unless expansion takes place beyond present plans."

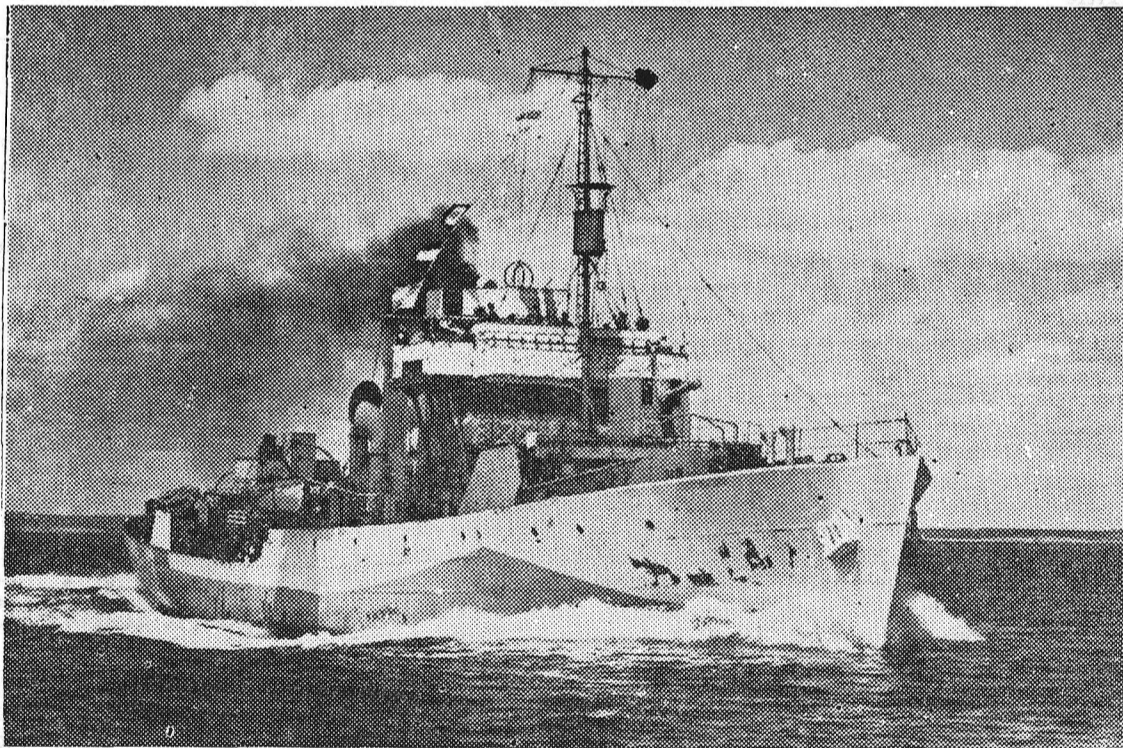
Cdr. Stead remarked that those at present under training would train with the Royal Navy and would serve with it until such time as they were required for service with the Royal Canadian Navy. He pointed out that much of the air crew training for the Fleet Air Arm was being carried out at the present time in Canada.

Husband—I miss the old cuspidor since it's gone.

Wife—You missed it before—that's why it's gone.

near Truro, N.S., told an interviewer that O/Sea. Hum is one of the smartest members of the Security Guard, all of whom are hand-picked for their neatness, intelligence and devotion to duty

A GALLANT SHIP GOES DOWN



Sinking of HMCS Regina while on invasion duties has been announced by Hon. Angus L. Macdonald, Minister of National Defence for Naval Services. "Regina" is the 17th Canadian war vessel to be lost since the outbreak of the present war. Casualties include two dead and 27 missing. HMCS "Regina" pictured here, had previously seen service in the North Atlantic and the Mediterranean. While serving in the latter area, she engaged and sank an Italian submarine with gunfire and took 21 prisoners. One of the first of the revised corvettes, the "Regina" was commissioned in January, 1942.

THE ORIENTAL TOUCH

Two bright-eyed Chinese sailors from Montreal, friends since boyhood, are on duty in the Newfoundland Command of the Royal Canadian Navy. Both are highly popular and universally admired by their officers and fellow-ratings alike.

O/Sea. Get Chung Wong, 21, is serving aboard the corvette HMCS Algoma. "He's a favourite with everyone in the crew, and a smart and efficient sailor," says his commanding officer, Lieut. L. F. Moore, of Wolfville, N.S. O/Sea. Victor Check Foo Hum, 20, is an escort corporal in the RCN Secur-

ity Guard in this busy port. According to his officer, Lieut. Richard Sweeney, of Bermuda, Hum "was purposely selected for this job because his bearing and conduct are a fine example to other ratings on the guard."

Hum is a son of Harry Hum, 1002 St. Urbain St, Montreal. His mother is in China. Young Victor finished his second year in high school before he joined the Navy last December, and now he's continuing his studies through Canadian Legion correspondence courses. He hasn't been to sea yet but hopes he'll get a sea draft before

1944 is over.

Good, Clean Fun

Wong is a son of Mrs L. W. Wong, 1133 St. Urbain St. He enlisted in September 1943 and has been aboard the Algoma since last spring. Recently, half in fun and half in earnest, he offered to become the corvette's official "dhobie-man" or laundry artist. Another rating is doing that job at present as a sideline, but if Wong replaces him the Algoma will be the first ship in Canada with her own Chinese laundry man.

Lieut. Sweeney, whose mother lives

When in Port Call at

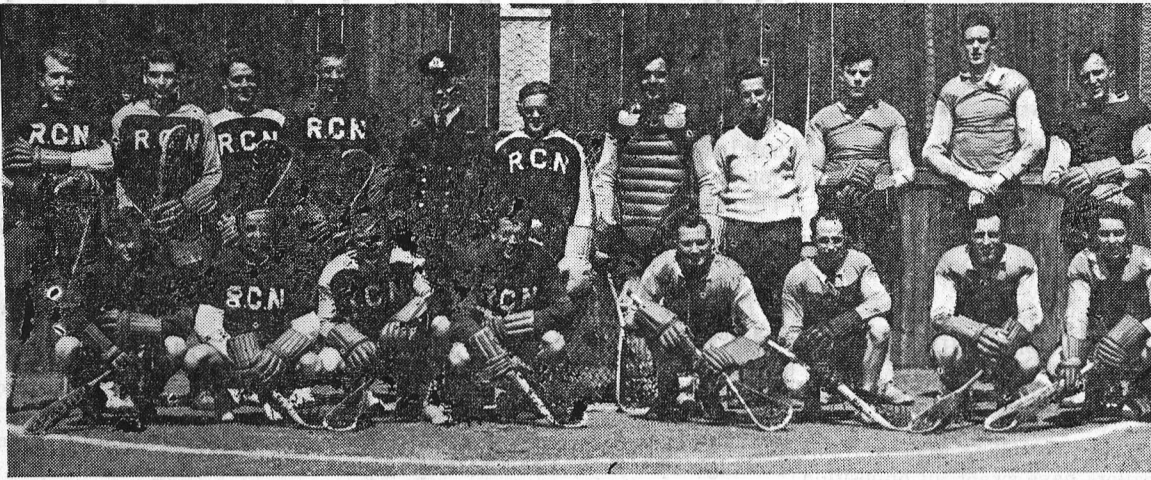
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AVALON BOXLA ENTHUSIASTS



Lacrosse unknown to Newfoundland has been finally introduced by the Avalon Sports Office. Pictured here are the Salmon-bellies and Indians twowell known names in Canadian Lacrosse who took part in the Intra-part League opener. Organized by A/PTI Lafave, the six-team league is probably the only one in operation in any base or division in the Canadian Navy. Back row l to r.: Lt. McPherson, Toronto, Ont.; Alex Watt, Edmonton, Alta.; Gerwin Dobbin, Toronto, Ont.; Bill Henderson, Leamington, Ont.; Lt. J. McCormick P&RTO, New Glasgow, N. S.; Don Rowley, Montreal, Que.; Sexauer, Sprucefield, Alta.; Dort Desorsiers, Cornwall, Ont.; Bert Borton, Vancouver, B. C.; Al Sced, Victoria, B. C.; Caydziene, Vancouver, B. C.; Front row l. to r.: Bill Gardner, Winnipeg, Man.; Ed Polowy, Vancouver, B. C.; Davey Brown, Verdun, Que.; Pat LaFave, Cornwall, Ont.; Bill English, Vancouver, B. C.; Shanahan, Orillia, Ont.; Flett, Vancouver, B. C.; Pottruff, Winnipeg, Man. RCN Photo.

Avalon Sport Shorts

By "Sully"



The opening paragraph of this column is usually devoted to a crack or two about the weather in this nifty Canadian Naval Base. This month leaves me in a rather awkward position. The weather is beautiful, and has been forsome time. (Touch wood). Every league is up to date, and progress has been amazing. Navy had been more or less in the doldrums, but things are much brighter at present.—There's the gun—and away we go.

Seventh Inning Stretch—To celebrate his return to HMCS Avalon baseball circles, George Layman pitched the RCN to a 7-4 victory over the US Infantry All-stars on a recent Sunday. The tall gangling right-hander was really happy to be back with us, and the team was behind him like a brick wall. RCN is now at the top of the heap, and although it's a tough grind to the finish, we are quiet confident as to the outcome. Another welcome return of late, was Bud Menet. He's a PTI now, and we're glad to have him back. Pat LaFave says to watch his boys, because they are on the move.

Heart-Breaking, Ain't It?—Although the senior softball team here has as impressive a roster as any other team, it just seems to be guided by the wrong side of fate. In their last game against a Yankee team, our pitcher allowed two hits for two runs, which is nothing to sneeze at. However, the lads in blue could only get to the Yank hurler for 1 hit and one run. It was a wonderful game, but naturally we'd like to win. In the appearance previous to this RCN played a double-header with two RCAF teams and came away with six points.

Naught—Naught—Well, we now have something a little more definite to give you in regard to soccer. Wotta league, wotta league!! Recently the RCN bucked the RN to a scoreless tie, which leaves everyone practically in the same place as previously. Had the RN run, it's a sure guarantee that they would have been base champions. Had the RCN been victorious, they would have practically cinched the league. At the opening whistle, RN leads the league with 12 points. RCN follows with 11, as does the local army team. RCE brings up the rear with 2 markers. Following the scoreless battle, the league stands—RN 13, RCN 12, NR 11, and RCE 2. Yours truly manages the RCN club and is praying fervently that the NR and RCE can pull a few sneakers on the RN. If they don't, RN will be champs, as we work on a point total

system. There was a time folks, when I wouldn't cross the street for a soccer match, but I've definitely changed. It's a great game, and my boys are a grand bunch.

You've Had It, Chum!!—As we head into the ship's lacrosse league play-offs, there is only one team which is a mathematical cinch for a berth. Clothing stores under the name of Salmonbellies have played heads up lacrosse all season and deserve to win. However, two more teams have to be included in the finals, and as usual, anything can happen. One of these teams will definitely be the Tartars (Stokers to you). They have a fast team and gave the Salmonbellies their stiffest competition of the year. The PTI's (Indians) will probably make the third team, and then comes the battle. Although brand new to this base, lacrosse was a big hit from the first, and the play-offs should be something to watch.

Inside or Outside, You Guess! A recent interpart softball game, determined the playoff berths of the inside league. Things were sort of bad when we wound up with a three-way tie on our hands, and only two teams allowed in the finals. However, "Ed" Polowy gave the Ships' Office a bye, and Annex played a sudden death game with administration for the number two slot. Administration emerged victorious in a spectacular upset, and now they and Ships' Office will meet Shore Patrol and the ERA's of the outside league for the base championship. Dobbin and Polowy have done a grand job of their leagues and each is hoping to have the number one team.

Cherchez Les Femmes—I'll be dog-goned if our fair Wrens haven't come through with a fair to middlin' ball team in Avalon. Although a little slow at the start, interest picked up, until now they are practically unbeatable. In a game with the city all-stars, our gals ended it with a lop-sided, 22-4 victory. In their league games, they have trounced the Air Force W D's by scores of 12-6 and 16-8 while dropping only one game by a 6-12 score. With the addition of their own softball sweaters interest naturally jumped and the girls jumped with it. The only flaw which is apparent, is the W D's team from group headquarters. They have a pitcher who seems to baffle our ladies, and she might make things very troublesome for PO Bill Henderson's gals as far as the league championship is concerned.

We Ain't Fooling!!—Just to show that they really do mean business the Wrens here are already getting their bowling league organized. At a meeting a few nights ago, they elected a president, secretary and treasurer and are doing things in a very tiddley manner. To get the proper perspective and advice as to most suitable procedure, they invited PO Henderson and PTI Summerfield to direct their meeting and enthusiasm ran high. Their ranks

Win Yachting Meet

By Newfie John

RCN sailing team scored an upset victory in the recent yacht series defeating Avalon Yachting Club by the convincing margin of 46-24. A total of two races, using snipes, was held with Navy topping the locals in both. St. John's papers in writing of the series said, "Numbered on their team are several Canadian and International champions, and local yachting is very fortunate in having them as guests. Both their racing as individuals and their tactics as a team are quite an education to the local enthusiasts".

Team captain is Lt. (SB) William son with skippers being Lt.-Cdr. Sewell, Lt.-Cdr. K. Glass, Lt. (SB) Williamson and Lt. (SB) L. Cond. Crews consisted of Surg. Cdr. W. Graham, Lt. W. Whyte, Lt. (SB) H. Irish, Lt. (SB) W. Mitchell.

are growing and believe-you-me, they are organized.

Run Rabbit, Run—Hats off to a game collection of sporting track and field men. Training schedules are very irregular in this neck of the woods due to a number of reasons; but the lads did their best to make an impression—and succeeded. At Bell Island, the American Army cleaned up, followed by Canadian Army and RCN, respectively. A separate article appears elsewhere in this issue so we'll just hand an orchid to the team as a

SYDNEY SPORTS SLANTS

By PO R. Sallis P&RTI

In the past months there have been several changes in good old "Protector" at Sydney, N.S.

Petty Officer Johnny Altman, the dynamic little sports representative of "Protector" has finally left us. The base that is profiting by our loss is none other than "Cornwallis." Johnny conducted this column in very creditable fashion for many months.

Johnny has been in charge of sports here at Protector ever since it opened and has done a wonderful job of putting Protector at the top in the Service Sports World.

Track and Field

Once again "Old Sol" came through for the lads and lassies of "Protector" by giving is loads of sunshine for our much anticipated track and field meet. It started with a "Bang" from the starter's gun sending the 100 yd. dashers flashing up the track in a whirlwind burst of speed. Don "Stoker" Kerr, speedy shortstop of the Senior Softball team, took the 100 yd. finals in a fast 11-1/5 seconds, with SBA Jardine of the "Arm Jabbers" a close second, and Purnell of the Main Guard, a very comfortable third.

In the 220 yd. dash, Campbell, again from the Stoker's ranks, broke the finishing tape in 27-3/5 seconds, followed by O/Sea. Pattan and "Flash" Boynton, who is in "Snowberry" at the present time. The Main Guard were the rulers of the 440 yd. dash with blonde thatched Purnell, their top notch athlete, turning in a very nice time of 64-1/5 seconds, tagged very closely by Hamilton of the Chs. & PO's team.

The remaining events were as follows:

Wrens 100 yd. dash—L/Wren "Bert" Odgen; Irene LaBonte; Nan Hinshalwood; Men's 440 Relay—Stokers; Ch's & PO's, Miscellan ous, 1 min, 53 3/5 secs.; Men's 1 mile relay Stokers, Ch's & Po's, Miscellaneous, 1 min, 27 2/5 secs; Men's Running high jump—Payne, Smith, Swaine, 5 ft. 4 in; Wrens Running High Jump—LaBonte, Osborne, 4 ft, 3 in; Pole Vault—Melvouen, Hurst, Linn, 9 ft, 6 in; Running Broad Jump—Marks, Campbell, McMillan, 18 ft, 4 in; One Mile run—Jane, Hagle, Snyder, 6 min. 17 secs.

The highlight of the day was when whole, and a "thank you" to PTI Gilmet for a good job of coaching.

SBA Jardine, who joined Protector about a week before the meet, won the Shot Putt on his first attempt, with heave of 34 ft. 4 in. It was really a spectacular throw and the crowd (especially the Hospital staff) nearly went wild when the distance was measured off. In the Tug o-War, the Stokers again moved to the head of the class by defeating all entries and then taking the Officers for a ride in a challenge pull made by the Officers. A big hand should go to the Stokers, who with only a five man team, won the meet by a big margin.

Softball

The sports here for the past month have really been something with Old Man Weather lending a helping hand by giving us plenty of sunshine.

The Inter-Part softball league has been a succession of fast-moving, highly spirited games, with the Ch. & PO's "A" team moving up to tie the "Miscellaneous Marauders."

The game that brought the Chiefs their tie for first position was one of the best games of the season. Firey "Red" Beckett, chucker, of the chiefs was the high-light of the game chalking up 19 strikeouts to his credit.

The remaining positions of the league are held as follows:

2nd—Main Guard, 3rd—Stokers, Tied for 4th—Officers, Seamen, Ch. & PO's "B" & NHQ, 5th—Band, 6th RCNH.

The team of "Skirted Sailors" led by "Nan" Hinshalwood on first, and "Terry" Potvin on the mound, are really out to blitzkrieg any opposition that might come their way. Although they dropped their first two games to the Airforce "fast-ball" lassies, the girls are showing a great improvement and we are expecting big things from them in the near future.

Another very popular sport here at Protector is Soccer. Although all games played are only exhibition, a great amount of fighting spirit and good clean sportsmanship is shown.

The league consists of Officers, Stokers, Chs & PO's and the Band. At present, the Stokers are leading the league without a loss to their record. The Officers, led by Lt. Welsh, are giving the "Clinker Knockers" a run for their money with the Chs & PO's right beside them. The band is holding down a solid cellar position with "Tiny" Shea as leader.

The senior softball team is hitting a terrific pace, winning six games out of eight played and improving with every game. Bill Carson, the star catcher for the team, has taken over the coaching duties since the transfer of Johnny Altman and is doing a first rate job. By all indications, it looks like Protector has a 100% chance of winning the Island Championship.

SYDNEY SWING-MASTERS



A band is a worthy asset to any establishment and HMCS Protector, at Sydney N.S. is particularly proud of this splendid group of musicians. First row l-r: R. Mallan, J. Wesson, D. Mason, R. Sayles, Capt. James McCulloch, RCN, C.P.O.H. Sainsbury Bndmstr. H. Dunstan, E. Richards, G. Heaton, T. Jordan. Second row, l-r: C. Cowper, A. Austin, C. Dunstan I. Pinnell, E. Mihalek, D. McAskill, D. McKinley. Third row l-r. F. Penney, T. Maltese, E. Dunstan, A. Fudge, L. Stubbs, K. Mills. Fourth row l-r. A. McDonald, H. Ford, R. MacLeod, W. VanEvera,. Fifth row l-r. W. Bass, H. Ainsworth, T. Milner. Sixth row A. Hatfield. RCN Photo—by PO Photog. J. Simpson.

Crack Navy Track and Field Athletes Eke Out Win Over Air Force Team

By W/O (SB) Tommy Graham

Although pressed to the limit throughout, crack navy track and field stars from HMCS Cornwallis, HMCS Stadacona, HMCS Kings romped through with sufficient wins to give them a nine point margin over the RCAF performers in the annual Maritime Inter-Service sports meet held at the Navy League Recreation grounds recently.

As a result of their triumph the navy regained possession of the Navy League Trophy, emblematic of the service championship. The airmen held the title last year. So keen was the competition between the sailors and airmen that the outcome was in doubt until the final event of the day—the 880-year relay, which the navymen captured by a comfortable margin.

Three new records were established and several equalled as the starry sprinters and jumpers of the armed forces gave out with their athletic ability.

Close Struggle

Throughout the afternoon it was a nip and tuck struggle between the sailors and airmen, with the soldiers pretty well out of the running. The fliers got off to a comfortable lead thanks to brilliant efforts of Burton, Mitchell, Shore and Thomas, but the navymen fought back strongly with George Haywood, Cornwallis speedster Eddie Ballon, Kings starry miler, Royal Copeland, Cornwallis jumping ace and diminutive Ann Zubec, Stadacona's flashy Wren star registering a series of wins to put their team into a lead they never relinquished, despite the fact that going into the final event of the day they carried but a three point lead.

In the final of the 100-yard dash, "Whizzer" Mitchell, the crack express of the Air Force was credited with a dead heat with Cornwallis' speed king, George Haywood when the margin was so close that it was considered impossible to declare a winner.

Across Our Bows

Continued from page 2

having the first sea-borne band that the Canadian Navy has produced to date and I am sure that there will be thousands of Canadians who are serving afloat (no digs at the Stanchions) who would have liked to have had the honor of doing just that.

We certainly have plenty of facilities for sports on board and have quite a competent sports committee in the persons of Surg. Lt.-Cdr. Rice and PO Ferguson, P&RTI.

I am quite sure Lt.-Cdr. Rice is well fitted for the job because in addition to this sports work he still has to carry out his surgical duties and he has proven how capable he is in those by performing an appendectomy, with the able assistance of Surg.-Lt. Reid and the staff of the Sick Bay while the ship was at sea.

I could go on for hours on things like that but I guess I had better close for this time.

Nelson Rutt,
HMS Nabob.

P.S. —Keep the Crow's Nest coming at all costs.....

We are indeed pleased that you have so much enjoyed receiving your copy of the paper and hope that each succeeding edition will receive just as welcome a reception. Don't be afraid of writing too much. We will welcome news from you each month if you wish to send it to us.—Ed.

Dear Sir:

Your paper gets better and better with every edition.

R. H. Caldwell, RA 4,
Liverpool, N.S.

Third Henley Meet Win Chalked Up By "Star"

By L/Sea. George Dallas, PTI

Hamilton:—HMCS Star's senior whaler crew carried off the Lower Lakes championship for the third consecutive year at the famous Henley Regatta at Port Dalhousie recently when they won by five lengths over three other navy crews representing HMCS York, of Toronto; HMCS Prevost, of London and HMCS Hunter of Windsor.

Coached by Lieut. Bob Pearce, former schulling titleholder and co-swain by C.P.O. W. Carey, the Hamilton sailors have swept all opposition before them this year.

Although they've turned in several sparkling performances during the season Star's junior whaler crew lost a close half a length battle with HMCS York's entry in the Junior Whaler competition finals at Port Dalhousie.

Still Going Strong

Star's senior softball nine continues to hold its own in a three way battle for first place honors in the Hamilton Service League. Although the team has been compelled to shift their roster around several times during the season due to drafts of star players, they've managed to field a winning club and are highly regarded as favorites to take the silverware.

Soccer has been getting no little amount of attention at Star recently and sailors around this establishment have garnered a stellar squad that has been enjoying successes against RAF teams from air force stations at Mount Hope, Hagersville and Jarvis.

Kings Kalling

By L/Sea. C. Bradbury, PTI

Sparked by the all-round playing of Al Lenard, Gaye Stewart, and Stu Lindsay, the Cruisers fastball nine, picked from the Onslow and Pembroke divisions of the officers in training at this institute of learning, captured tournament honors during the last month.

The senior fastball nine, which enjoyed a good season in the South End Twilight Fastball League, was knocked out of play but is keeping in shape by playing a series of exhibition games with ball tossers from Stadacona, the Dockyards and Simpson's of the Industrial League.

Staff Officers who took a two-out-of-three game series with brother officers at Stadacona II were recently handed a 5-1 setback at the hands of the Cruisers.

S/Lt. Davies of the Ushant division raced through all opposition in a convincing manner to win the recent tennis tournament. Staff Officers Lieut. MacKenzie and Lieut. Gareau and S/Lt. Riley fought their way into the semi-final round, with Davies and Riley reaching the final bracket. Davies, a former titleholder at Alberta, proved too much for his opponent and won the title in straight sets.

Eddie Ballon, Al Lenard, Cleveland, Wilson and Doug Marshall, were representatives from Kings who competed at the recent Halifax Inter-Service Track and Field meet.

Namesake Town Fetes HMCS Annapolis Crew

Not long ago HMCS Annapolis came home—right to her home district in the Annapolis basin and the citizens of Annapolis Royal decided a celebration should be held. As a result the crew of the ship was entertained at a reception in the town's well known "Sail Loft" and later a banquet was tendered in the Masonic Temple. Following the banquet the guests again adjourned to the Sail Loft where dancing was enjoyed. Among those at the head table at the banquet were: Lt.-Cdr. Walmesley, RCNR, commanding officer of the "Annapolis", Capt. J. C. I. Edwards, RCN, commanding officer of HMCS Cornwallis,

H.M.C.S. "Unicorn's" Baseball Squad Rolling On Against League Leaders

Instr. Lieut. John H. Pepper

Lieut. Russ Bothwell has done a splendid job as playing coach for our baseball team in the Inter-Active Service Sports Organization league. "Both" has done a pacable job on second and first and has been a consistently good hitter. The other night he played 22 innings of fastball and his experience on second and his steady, heady ball were a strong factor in holding our opponents. Lt. Bothwell outlines the recent activities of his aggregation as follows.

Came play-off time in the Service League here and Unicorn was not even in the picture. The odds around town made it look very grim for us and a 6-3 defeat in the first game made it even worse. So just to show the town's folk how a Navy team can fight we went out there and took the second game 4-2. A very special mention goes to our boy "Pete" Prediger for his eighth inning triple with two on that broke up the old ball game and also a bouquet to the veteran "Ace" Corbin who came back, after being shelled from the mound two nights previous, with a neat four hitter.

Another lad who has contributed much to the success of our club is Ralph Almas. Besides being the best shortstop in the league Ralph has also come through with some fine relief hurling.

The board of strategy has been busy figuring out a way to sink this Dundurn Army team, which won the exhibition tourney, to let us at the Air Force for the league championship.

Our trainer "Scottie" Reid has been ironing out the kinks, so our club is in top shape for this all important final encounter. Old "Doc" has cleared up some real nasty charley horses and such.

Provincial Swim Meet

Lt. Wes Baxter coached a group of natators from HMCS Unicorn at the Saskatchewan Provincial Championship Swimming meet at the local municipal pool. In the special men's relay a team composed of O/Sea. MacDonald, Hall, Slorance, and Morgan, placed second to the Regina Boat Club. O/Sea. Morgan was third in the senior men's 50 yd. and O/Sea. Slorance was also third in the senior men's 50 yd. free style.

Sawatsky Tops Meet

August 17 saw our ship's company engaged in a track and field meet at Griffiths Stadium. Lt.-Cdr. C. A. E. White acted as chairman of the meet and all officers, PO's and Ldg. Hands worked hard to make the affair a success.

A/AB Henry Sawatsky piled up 19 points, winning three running-jump events, second in the pole vault and third in the standing broad jump. In the high jump Swatsky made 5' 8". Pressing him closely with 16 points was O/Sea. Kornell.

Wren Irene Wilkie led "Unicorn" Wren competitions with 15 points. All our Wrens including Lieut. Peggy. Kidder deserve credit for their good sportsmanship and lively participation in the afternoon's fun.

Millions fight and millions die
That, out of all this fuss,
We may build a decent world
That starts with guys like us.

the Mayor of Annapolis Royal, Commander G. McClintock, RCN, executive officer of "Cornwallis" and Lieut. S. E. McKeyes, RCNVR, Special Services Officer, HMCS Cornwallis. HMCS Annapolis has been adopted by Annapolis Royal.

CAPTURE HENLEY PULL



Coached by probably the best known figure in the world of rowing, the whaler crew from HMCS Star, at Hamilton, Ont., last month copped the whaler championship at the Canadian Henley, winning the half-mile race over teams from HMCS York, at Toronto and HMCS Hunter, at Windsor, Ont. The team members, pictured here are: Back row l-to r—A. Kozelecki, K. Christmas, L. Ormerod, Front row l to r—M. Norton, Lieut. R. Pearce, coach; W. Carey, Cox'n, and H. Bottrell.

Dear Sir:

Please renew my subscription to your breezy, little paper. I would miss its appearance very much, being just another Mother of another Sailor boy. I find the whole of the contents more than interesting and I look forward to each month's copy.

Mrs. D. L. Vail,
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It gives me great pleasure to renew my third subscription to The Crow's Nest. The more I read the paper the more I am impressed with the splendid work that is being done to turn out one of the best Navy papers.

Mrs. E. O. Williams,
RR 2, Cochrane, Alta.

Dear Sir:

I have enjoyed your articles so much, I would like my wife to read them for herself and so I am sending her a subscription.

J. D. Moore, L/Sto.,
HMCS Stadacona,
Halifax, N.S.

FIRST FIGHTING FRENCH

Continued from page 1

Cont. after shoes and stockings. was climaxed by with a dance held in their honor at Maison Surcouf during which they joined with Free French sailors in toasting the joyful news of the liberation of Paris.

The Wrens are typical of the young people of St. Pierre et Miquelon, which has the highest percentage of its citizens in uniform of any French colony in the world. It is a small island, 90 miles square with a population of 4,000, situated 180 miles north of Cape Breton Island.

The women's Naval Service of St. Pierre is older than Canadian Women's Naval Service, being organized in 1940 by Free French officers. The girls serve in all categories the same as their Canadian sisters. However, there are no Wren officers in their service.

Liverpool Tars Take All

By Writer K. C. Bazeley

Liverpool:—Navy athletes walked away with everything but the bleachers at the local ball park here recently in winning all honors in the annual Liverpool Track and Field Meet, held in connection with Navy Week ceremonies. Boxing, fastball and water sports also featured the athletic activities for the week.

Paced by B. Hubble, who won the 100 yard dash and the mile marathon and "Flannel" Flannigan, who took top laurels in the high jump and running broad jump events, the sailors made every event of the program a winning one.

Office,—H.M.C.S. "Cornwallis", Cornwallis, N. S.

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