



THE **Crown** NEWS OF CANADA'S NAVY

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

## THE CROW'S NEST

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## PICTURE PRAISE

In every service there are branches about which little or no publicity is ever written, sometimes because there is not much of excitement about the job that is being done and sometimes it is just through an oversight on the part of those charged with the job of keeping us posted on what goes on in the various Services.

In the case of the Naval photographic branch the answer probably lies in the fact that the men and women of that department are too busy publicizing the deeds of others to be able to give any time to putting their own splendid record before the reader.

The photographic branch of the Navy has grown from a mere handful of men to a large and well operated department and one which is doing every type of photographic work possible. In some of the photographic offices one finds men and women making photostatic copies of important documents, photographing machinery and breakages so that the technical weaknesses and advantages of certain parts may be studied carefully by skilled technicians.

Perhaps the best known of the Naval photographers are those who are engaged in Public Relations work and who are taking pictures daily of Naval personnel—men who have returned from actions at sea, WRCNS personnel at the varied tasks which they have taken up in this Service, mascots of ships, baseball games, official investitures.

Throughout the invasion campaign a steady stream of splendid pictures of acutal operations has come back across the Atlantic to the newspapers of this country to show Canadians how their boys are faring "over there." Naval photographers are accompanying Naval landing parties everywhere, carrying their heavy equipment and highly sensitive cameras through the gunfire and booby-traps of France but when a picture appears of a particularly "hot" action whether at sea or on land, there are few who stop to think what must have been the position of the "pix-man" when he took it. Usually unarmed, he must stop in the midst of danger, set his camera, load it and then make sure he is going to get the right effect at the right moment.

Those lovely pictures one sees of a destroyer's bow crashing down into the sea usually mean that some photographer climbed to a precarious perch on the ship's mast, twined his legs around some rigging and then proceeded to juggle the camera, a pocketful of flash bulbs and a supply of film about until he was able to catch the desired effect. But the job doesn't end there. While the ship's company, or that portion of it nor required for duty, enjoys a few leisure moments, the photographer shuts himself in a dark cubby-hole someplace and fumbles around in the darkness developing and printing the pictures so that they can be rushed to the censor and from there to Naval Information headquarters from whence they will be distributed.

Just to show what we mean, not long ago a photographer in Halifax took more than 60 pictures in one day in a ship and that night, or rather, early the next morning, the same photographer and a group of fellow photographic branch personnel, sent out more than 300 enlarged prints of those 60 pictures.

And so, the next time you look at a Naval photograph, think for a moment, of the job the photographer did to take it.

## Planning For You

The following is the last 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.

### PENSIONS

**Q.** What is the basis on which pensions are awarded?

**A.** A pension is paid to provide that portion of maintenance which an ex-serviceman is unable to provide for himself due to service disability. Except where complete disability is a result of military service, the pension is not designed to provide complete maintenance. For this reason pensions are awarded on a percentage scale. For example, a man 5 per cent disabled gets a 5 per cent pension, while a man 75 per cent disabled gets a 75 per cent pension, i.e., 5 per cent or 75 per cent of total disability.

**Q.** Who are eligible for pensions?

**A.** All service personnel overseas, who suffer disabilities during service may be awarded pension if the disability is not a result of their own misconduct. Personnel serving in Canada, with no overseas service, may be awarded pensions only if the injury or disease, resulting in disability or death, arose out of, or was directly connected with military service.

**Q.** Does this mean that, if I were overseas and injured in an accident while on leave, any disability resulting would be pensionable?

**A.** Yes, provided the accident did not arise as a result of your own misconduct.

**Q.** What is the scale of pensions?

**A.** The annual rates for 100 per cent disability for all ranks up to and

## A REAL IDEA FOR PEACE

Reproduced by Special Arrangement with New Yorker Magazine

Behold the platform speaker! He grasps the microphone as coolly as though it were a broom handle in his mother's kitchen and warns you (a thousand miles away) to beware of fantastic schemes. Standing there, speaking in a natural tone of voice, he is of the very nature of fantasy. His words leap across rivers and mountains, but his thoughts are still only six inches long.

We have received ample assurance from practical politicians that a federalized world is preposterous and fantastic. But we have also been assured that the short range of the present rocket bombs will soon be corrected. Every day the importance of being fantastic becomes clearer. It does not seem a bit too fantastic to us that the people of this small world should indulge themselves in a common government, or that a Britisher, a Portugese, and a Hollander should live under the same bill of rights.

The men of Dumbarton Oaks are hunched over their U-shaped table as we write this. We wish them strength wisdom, vision. Specifically, we wish them the strength to be fantastic. If they arise from their table with a diagram that is less fantastic, we'll say, than a radio set or a rocket bomb, then they will have failed and we shall

have been betrayed. Of what use is it to equip our ships with the most sensitive detections devices, so they can hear faint vibrations at great distances, only to entrust our lives and fortunes to the deaf, who can't even hear the vibrations of a kettle drum in the same room with them? We wish the conferees strength, wisdom, vision, keen hearing. There are universal vibrations that must be picked up at just this moment in history. They are as insistent as insects in the grass.

Everybody likes to hear about a man laying down his life for his country, but nobody wants to hear about a country giving her shirt for her planet. Why is that? You would think that after such a demonstration of self-sacrifice as we have seen, any nation would gladly bleed and die for the world. Who are we to play the peace safe? After such deeds.

Query: What does Mr. Hull mean when he speaks of "all peace-loving nations"? Who is to decide what nation is peace-loving, what nation war loving? Germany and Japap by their own definition, are peace-loving nations engaged in establishing world peace according to their lights. To many Finns, Russia must seem a war-loving nation. Is Italy a peace-loving or

war-loving nation? It depends on whether you're talking about Italy in the first World War, when she was on our side or in the second World War, when she was on the other. We will never get anywhere till we stop talking about "all peace-loving nations." The phrase is "all nations."

Sir Alexander Cadogan, head of the British group at the conference, said that "the nations of the world should maintain, according to their capacities, sufficient forces available for joint action when necessary to prevent breaches of the peace." A good point. A good point but an old story. The peace of the world was breached when Fascism, began to spread its crimes against society in the nineteen-twenties but although there was at that time among the nations of the world plenty of force available to prevent the breach there was no tendency toward joint action. Nor will there be any tendency toward joint action as long as the world is run on the principle of national sovereignty, by a system of agreements, between sovereign nations. There will never be any tendency toward joint action until it is too late. Therefore, the problem is not how to make force available for joint action but how to make world government available so that action won't have to be joint.!

including that of Sub-Lieutenant (Navy), Lieutenant (Military) and Flying Officer (Air) are:

Man.....	\$900
Wife.....	300
First Child.....	180
Second Child.....	144
Each subsequent child ..	120

Higher rates are provided for ranks above those stated, but the additional pension for wives and children remains the same.

**Q.** If I am totally disabled and need to secure an attendant, is any provision made for me?

**A.** An additional allowance for helplessness, not exceeding \$750. per annum, may be paid in the case of total disability when the services of an attendant are required.

**Q.** If I am killed on military service, what pension will my widow get?

**A.** Up to and including the ranks quoted before, a widow's pension is \$720 per annum. Pensions for children remain the same. Higher pensions are provided for widows of officers above those ranks.

**Q.** If I were killed on military service and left orphan children, what provision is made for them?

**A.** The rates for orphaned children are double those for children with a parent or parents.

**Q.** If I am killed and have dependent parents, is there any provision for them?

**A.** Dependent parents may be pensioned at the rate for a widow, or such lesser rate as may be deemed necessary to provide maintenance.

**Q.** If I am not granted a pension, will I be told the reason why?

**A.** Yes. You are made fully aware of the reasons for the decision.

**Q.** Do I receive pension in all cases of injury or illness?

**A.** No. The injury or illness must result in some definite disablement before a pension can be awarded. It must also come under the classifications set out previously as pensionable

## REHABILITATION PLANS LAID BY WHITE ENSIGN

An executive will be elected to deal with matters pertaining to rehabilitation, it was decided at the September meeting of the White Ensign Association, held in the clubrooms on Isleville street, Halifax. Several important matters regarding reestablishment of Naval personnel, following demobilization, are on the agenda for the October meeting, at which the election of new officers will also be held.

Following the reading, by Cdr. K. Brett, of the Naval Minister's state-

## 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.

### How About That?

Dear Sir:

It was with a great deal of pleasure that I got my hands on the August issue of your swell newspaper. Reading material is at a premium in the best of times over here and I just thought you might like to know that it sure is swell to hear some news from what we consider our more fortunate comrades in Canada.

However, every time we get hold of an issue of The Crow's Nest we can't help but notice the absence of any articles pertaining to some of the activities of our "land ship" Niobe. Perhaps it is our fault, perhaps yours, but if possible please see if you can include some items regarding the many activities which are constantly being carried out here, in and around "Niobe."

A/SPO A. Rainey,  
HMCS Niobe

There is nothing we would like to be able to do more than to carry regular news budgets from Niobe—and, now that you have mentioned it, how about you doing that little job for us, P.O.? Every time we get a correspondent over there he writes articles for a few months and then he gets a draft or too much work to do. It is indeed our wish to carry material from every ship and establishment in the Navy and we wish everyone would take note of this fact.—Ed.

### What, Another!

Dear Sir:

I have been asked, on behalf of the ship's company to drop you a line in which we shall complain (moan) and congratulate you on your famed Crow's Nest. First, we shall do the honors by saying your paper has become very prominent, both with those throughout Canada, Newfoundland

and those overseas. It is well-written and interesting to all who read it. But there really isn't enough about us and our ships. Not that we give a darn about ourselves and we know that that is what you would print if you could get it, rather than the L & C situation in Halifax. It would be nice to hear how brother Joe and cousin Cuthbert are getting along in their new castle class.

Lieut. Bell suggested that the Association appoint a liaison delegate to exchange views with the Canadian Legion so that the two organizations might assist one another in mutual aims.

and those overseas. It is well-written and interesting to all who read it. But there really isn't enough about us and our ships. Not that we give a darn about ourselves and we know that that is what you would print if you could get it, rather than the L & C situation in Halifax. It would be nice to hear how brother Joe and cousin Cuthbert are getting along in their new castle class.

Here is our solution. Why not have a reporter or two to cover the waterfront? With every escort there is an S.O. and with every S.O. there is a Writer who would be more than happy to give you the slant on things throughout the escort and plenty of humor. The RCN has grown until now we have more than a couple of bases along the coast of Canada. There are fellows based ashore overseas who could act as your foreign correspondents and so on. How about it, pal? Do you think we could get in there somewhere?

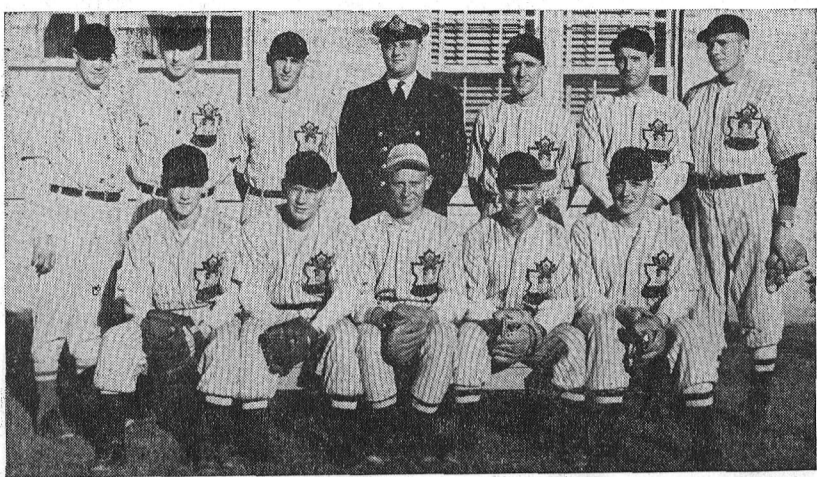
R. B. Forbes, Sig.,  
c/o F.M.O.,  
St. John's, Nfld.

Yowsah, yowsah, you sure can get in there somewhere—but, don't forget—someone has to take enough interest to write the stuff for us. We've wandered aboard ships so much trying to get guys to write stuff we have our foreign service bonus worked up to \$74,361.69—but does anyone ever give us more than a very sincere promise to send news in regularly? Very, very, in fact, very seldom!! We now have a man doing jetty reporting and you will find a very interesting story about HMCS Huron in this issue, but once the ships leave port we have to depend on that very obliging Writer you speak of and so far, well, they're a swell bunch of guys but they have not worn out any typewriters working for us. Now then—

all youse guys and gals who are interested in seeing news of your ship or establishment in The Crow's Nest—don't write in and tell us there isn't any news about you in the paper. We know that. Don't say to yourselves "Oh, I couldn't write anything for a paper!" Sit down and bang the stuff out as best you can, send it to The Crows Nest, and, barring the usual difficulties

Continued on page 3

FIGHT TO THE FINISH



The baseball team of HMCS Unicorn, at Saskatoon, went down fighting in the Inter-Active Service league in that city. Unicorn bowed out to Dundurn in a three-game series. Pictured here are the members of the team: Front row 1 to r—O/Sea. R. Almas, Sto. 1 (M) E. H. McConnell, O/Sea. P. Prediger, T. Leswick and E. Rabussen. Back row—Bill McPhail, coach; O/Sea. D. S. Peters, Stwd. W. Gibson., Lt.-Cdr. C. A. E. White, C.O.; Lt. R. Bothwell B'man "Ace" Corbin, O/Sea. Rice. Missing from picture—O/Sea. W. K. Johnson, G. H. Rettig, Instr. Lieut. "Pep" Pepper.

Hamilton Diamond Nine Suffers Badly By Drafts

by Lieut. Bob Pearce  
Weakened by consistent drafts the ball team of HMCS Star, at Hamilton, Ont., entered the semi-finals of the Armed Services League in the unenviable position of having to play with a scratch team but the losses weren't enough to keep them from winning the Sawyer Industrial League with a complete set of wins. "Cornwallis" gained two of "Star's" top performers in getting Cunningham and Doug. Everett and ace first baseman Eddie Runge was starring with "Givenchy," although I'm still getting his cigar smoke back in Hamilton.

**Big Sports Day**  
We had a grand sports day here at "Star," recently playing softball, soccer, and boxing with teams from the army and air force. The ball game was a standout in all respects. Russ Johnson pitching for us turned in a sterling game in all departments. The RCAF team is the leader in their group so we were very happy to have beaten them and added prestige to our ship.

The soccer game turned out to be another fine exhibition of the Old Country game. They were a little too strong for us due to the fact that they had many English lads on the team who knew too much for our local talent. Despite this the boys at "Star" like their soccer the hard way and it goes over big.

The fights at night were grand, keenly contested and evenly matched. (Jackie Pearce, son of the mighty Bob, was one of the performers on the card. The lad fought a 3-round draw with another youngster. Their weight—70 lbs.—Ed.)

Our boy Kaiser turned in a nice bout. After playing ball and catching Johnson he had army boy Maggiacoma on the deck three times but was not in there enough to put him away.

Fowler of the Air Force and Keeler went three rounds in a splendid fight, Keeler winning but the crowd of 500 thought otherwise.

The night wound up with a big dance much to the delight of the boys and gals who turned it into a grand day.

If you live entirely for yourself, your lifework is entirely too small.

staff for the grand work you all have been doing.

Mrs. E. Sutherland,  
Winnipeg, Man.

Ask Ottawa

Dear Sir:  
If possible could I have information on how to obtain a picture or negative of the group of Engineer ratings on my former ship "Athabaskan" taken in Plymouth, England about one year ago and published in the Crow's Nest about the first of the year. The title heading was: "It takes a lot to stop these lads."

I saw this picture and as I was one of the group, third from the left, and a few of these boys are now missing and prisoners of war it would be very much treasured if I could obtain a print of this picture. I myself spent two months in hospital after that experience.

George Cooper, SPO,  
HMCS Stadacona, I

The purchasing of copies of pictures taken by Naval photographers is covered by Naval orders and makes them available by applying direct to Ottawa. When you have looked up the Naval Order and decided the size of the picture you want, send in your order to Ottawa with as complete a description of the picture as possible, and the time when it was taken.—Ed.

Paging Fearless Fosdick

The Editor is very much interested in the Cartoons of "Fearless Fosdick" and would appreciate it if he could have further correspondence with him. The Editor must know the identity of all contributors of material for The Crow's Nest before that material can be used. The identity of the author can be withheld from the readers, however.—Ed.



Player's Please  
MEDIUM OR MILD

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

Renewed Lease On Life Given Montcalm Sport

By James Einarson

Sport has taken a new lift in HMCS Montcalm at Quebec lately under the direction of P/S/Lt. Murray Hayes. Inter division softball has proved most popular and no doubt if this had been in operation earlier this spring the team in the Quebec Garrison league would have been a strong contender for the laurels. However, Chaleur II won the title and deserves congratulations.

Track and field was another new departure and some of the fellows managed to win points at the Armed Services meet held in Valcartier.

Plans are already being made to line up a strong team in the Quebec Military hockey loop. In all probability four of last year's Dominion Senior

and Allan Cup holders will be with the club as they are attached to the ship at the present time. They are coach Bill Reay, Eddie Dartnell, Bill Robinson and Douglas Baldwin. The latter is rated one of the best defencemen in Canada. With the exception of Dartnell all have also played on Dominion junior title teams. Other strong players include Harold Graham who comes from the west, Marcel Laroche one of the better Quebec amateurs and GingerHall from Toronto.

Boxing is also expected to be in full swing and with shows at least once a month. Leading Seaman Mendoza LaChance is in charge of this party.

It is anticipated that the ship will be entered in the Quebec Garrison Basketball league where it made such a gallant showing last year before losing the final game by three points to RCOG.

King's Kalling

By L/Sea. A. Bradbury, PTI

Hello! here we are once again reporting to you from the Officers Training Establishment HMCS Kings.

Softball has once again held the limelight in sport and a very keen House League has come to a successful close. The winners this month; "Ship's Company" has a well balanced team and played steady ball all the way.

Zulu Division sparked by Johnny Eccles' superior pitching was a serious threat but went down to defeat in a hard fought contest with Ship's Company.

In the final game Warspite Division vs Ship's Company's Doug Heron ex-football star of Montreal Navy, had the seamen in hand until the final innings when they broke loose to score five runs and thereby cinch the championship.

Tennis proved very popular during the month when the officers of 'Kings' took part in three tournaments. Under the careful guidance of Lt. MacKenzie a team of eight, composed of Lt. Seaborn, Lt. Gareau, P/S/Lt's. Davies, Matthews, Shea, Buddo and Gallager, played a home and home series with the Officers of Stad. II.

This series proved very interesting and was keenly contested all the way. Stad. II won the first engagement 4-3 but suffered defeat in the second when the score was reversed.

way with their respective courses. This week saw the 2nd of COA's "Q" get under way, further adding to the man power shortage. It's so bad that when Chief Donnelly wants a job done he has to brown himself off to do it.

New Arrivals

Most recent additions to our staff of OA's M. Dmone from SNAD, Dartmouth, Bill Johnson and Robert White from Newfoundland. Speaking of "Newfie" we saw today Mr. Brigham Young, WOO renewing old acquaintances around the shop during a short visit prior to his return to the island. We couldn't get him to admit it but we think he has gained a bit since last seen by most of us.

Across Our Bows

Continued from page 2

with delays in mail, slanderous remarks and over-ripe poetry, we'll promise faithfully to give you fair representation—but you've gotta make the first move—we ain't physic—uh—cloyvairents—uh—mind-readers.—Ed.

The RCN and Gratuities

Dear Sir:  
Re the gratuity which is being granted to service men—my son joined the RCN (permanent) just prior to the outbreak of war and has served in various ships, almost continuously since that time. Are the RCN men eligible for the gratuity, or is this only for non-permanent men who served during the war?

An Interested Reader,  
Bear River, N.S.

Because there have been a number of enquiries regarding this same matter The Crow's Nest has asked the Directorate of Demobilization (N) for specific details regarding RCN personnel. The permanent force man will not, of course, be eligible for a plain clothing allowance. nor will he receive the Rehabilitation Credit if he is continuing his service with the Navy. He will be eligible, however, for the gratuity payment for the period of hostilities during which he served, right up to the day on which the war officially ends. Should he discontinue his service with the Navy during the 10-year period following the cessation of hostilities, even though he may be retired on pension, he may still make application for the Rehabilitation Credit.—Ed.

Sorrow—Hope—Gratitude

The following letters have been received from mothers of sailors of the Royal Canadian Navy. In their lines lies the real story of the poignant struggle of heartbreak, hope, gratitude and longing that faces the mothers of the men who fight this war. Here is presented that side of the war which strikes

so deeply in the home front. To these who have lost their sons we can only say we hope they can have the strength to face their loss bravely, as have their sons in the making of their unsurpassable sacrifice.—Ed.

Dear Sir:

I am renewing the Crow's Nest with the hope of hearing of the safety of my son who has been reported missing on HMCS Regina, lost at sea. I pray to God that he returns home to me again soon. We mothers get so anxious when we do not hear from our loved ones. He was such a lovely boy.

Mrs. A. S.  
Montreal, Que.

Dear Sir:

It is one year this month that my big boy was lost at sea with all but one of his shipmates who were in the St. Croix.

I send my love and best wishes to all you dear young souls who have to face such dangers to keep us safe. I am just a mother who loved and lost her boy. God bless and keep you all is my wish.

Mrs. C. T.  
Wellington, B.C.

Dear Sir:

Another year has rolled by, but not without its joys as well as sorrows, for our joys have been made possible by receiving The Crow's Nest. Since my son, Sto/I W. G. Sutherland sent me the first edition after he left home in 1941, we always look forward to its arrival.

Our son now has two other brothers in the services, James in the Navy and Ken in the Air Force. I guess you know by now that Sto. W. G. is a prisoner of war in Germany. Like thousands of parents we hope and pray that this war will soon, yes, very soon, be over. I am sending my best wishes to all mothers who have sons in the Services, especially those of the Athabaskan, which our son was in at the time she was sunk.

Carry on Chief. Good luck to your

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

DO YOU KNOW ANY OF THESE?



The above picture will bring back fond memories of other days to many of the members of the RCN. It was sent to us by Commissioned Engineer S. Tapper, Halifax. The picture was taken in Oct. 1920 at the Plymouth Argyle's grounds, England. The team is the Naval Soccer team, first one to be formed following the reorganization of the Royal Canadian Navy. Only a few of the member's names are known to the owner of the picture. Possibly you will know some of them. In the back row, l. to r. are: CPO J. Jenkins, Ch/Sto E. Pounder, ? , L/Stew. Bostick, ? , Second row—Ch/CK. Matters, ? , Rear Admiral L. W. Murray, Shipwright Lt.-Cdr. E. Gilhen, ? , ? , MAA Finch. Third row— ? , Com. Eng. S. Tapper, ? , ? , ? . Front row—SPO Taylor, Shipt. Poole, Capt. Hart.

Avalon Sport Shorts

“By Sully”



Hello again my friends, and for the eighteenth time, I say greetings from “Avalon.” I just happened to check through my rough copy, and believe it or not, I've been writing this column for a year and a half. It doesn't seem like that long

tho', and let's hope that the rest of the war goes as quickly. All in favor say aye!!!

**Booted Out**—This month we can sum up a few things and give you some final checks. In proper order, we commence with soccer.

In the Interservice finals, RCN, was eliminated by the “Newfie” Regiment to the tune of 3-1. Although the RCN aggregation wasn't even considered a serious threat, they beat their way into the finals and a win would have given them the trophy. Too bad lads, but we lost to a good team, and they have our best wishes.

In the Caribou Memorial league knockouts, the RN was trounced by a local college team and now the navy can retire en masse until next season. On the whole, the season was good, and winners weren't evident till the final whistle blew.

**No More Bruises.**—Lacrosse is tout

fini for 1944, and the Salmonbellies (Clothing Stores) are unquestioned champions. In the finals, it worked out to the PTI's and the Clothing Stores for the grand finale, and the betting was fairly even. Each team had won a game and everything looked rosy. The PTI's (and I blush) had the name of bad boys, and were directed by the one and only “Bad man” LaFave. Naturally, most of the support went to Salmonbellies, because they had played clean, smooth lacrosse all season. A good crowd was on hand to watch the Indians (PTI's) get nosed out 9-7, and everyone came away happy, except (naturally) the PTI's. Good game though, and our hats are off to the clothing store.

**Still Going**—This intrapart softball league sure keeps a person on his toes. The outside league took a monopoly on the playoffs, when the Shore Patrol eliminated the remaining Inside Team, and entered the finals with the E.A.'s. In a 3 out of 5 series, the EA's led off with a 4-3 win in a hard-fought game. Shore Patrol bounced back to even the count by trouncing EA's 4-2, only to lose the lead again when EA's returned the compliment by the same score in the third game.

The 4th game of the series spelled finish for this year, when the EA's literally whitewashed the Shore Patrol, 11-0. This win gave them the base championship and no team ever deserved it more than they.

**3 Strikes & Out**—RCN Senior baseballers are also in retirement till next season. Right up until playoffs, Manager LaFave figured his team was

Smart Recreation Hall For 'Protector' Chiefs

By G. W. Exell, ERA

The Chiefs and PO's of this base have not been lacking during the past summer in their zeal to improve their recreational quarters for the coming fall and winter months. They have achieved towards this end, quarters that will compare with any on the Atlantic coast.

A very active committee—with CPO M. Hay as chairman, and the aid of numerous volunteers from among the Chiefs and PO's, created an up-to-date ballroom with an entirely new band stand and lighting effects throughout. This room has also been furnished with easy chairs, chesterfields and floor lamps, giving a very homey atmosphere for our social functions.

Much interest was focused on a smoker held by the Chiefs & PO's in their remodelled quarters, which over 200 members attended. Our guests, were Sergeants from the Army and Air Force and former members who have now obtained Warrant Officer status. The smoker was opened by the Master of Ceremonies of the evening, PO G. W. Exell, calling upon Commander T. Orde for the toast to the King, after which those present were welcomed and the guests of the evening introduced. Commander Orde was called on to speak, and with much humour, reminded those present that the war is still not over and of the big job that still lies ahead.

The Protector Navy band was in attendance and under the able direction of Chief Bandmaster Sainsbury, a fine program of entertainment and music was arranged. Much credit is due to the Chiefs & PO's committee for a very successful and enjoyable evening, and the boys are contemplating more like it, in the near future.

The first dance of the new season was held early in September, and a large gathering of Chiefs and PO's and their guests were on hand to avail themselves of an excellent programme. Music was supplied by the Navy Orchestra under the direction of PO E. Currie.

Something new was instituted, when a social evening was held for the benefit of the boys and lady friends, with cards, dancing and music being the order of the evening.

cinched for a berth. Due however, to a slight misunderstanding of the American Army rules and regulations concerning method of placing teams in the playoffs, the RCN was suddenly outside. We make no accusations, but things were sort of murky. For the season, which was fair, RCN won 7 and lost 6, and had nearly 50 practises.

**“Spare It Up”**—It sorta snuck up on us, but here it is Bowling season again. Looks pretty good too. All department are on top line, and P.T.I.A. Grimes is wearing his head to the bone figuring out a schedule. Grand opening will be in the near future and there's lots of fun for all.

**Wrens Are Still At It.**—Our Wren ball team is in the playoffs with RCAF (WD's) and no one can guess the outcome. The other night they played the first game of the series, and it was declared no game at a 7-7 draw. Darkness set in and they were unable to finish. The weakness on the Navy team is in the pitching staff, but Wren Currie does her best and we like her a lot. Wren Laing in centre field is definitely a ball-player, and her arm would shame a lot of our men athletes. Wren Harris makes a good job of catching, and is quite fearless. We wouldn't be surprised to see them trim those WD's.

**News of The Staff.**—“Chuch” Vuohelainen is out of the hospital and fit as ever. Davey Brown and Pat LaFave are both on leave at present and we wish them the best of times. PO Andre Charles is back with us again and we are glad to have him around. His knowledge is welcome here. Another arrival is Ned Larsen, and he's made a big hit with us, the boys in general—and the Wrens' division.

LET THAT BE A LESSON TO YOU



“Off caps!” barks Chief Skipper John Mahoney, to “Freckles,” as he prepares to sentence the mascot of HMCS Atholl for deserting ship on both sides of the Atlantic. “Freckles” got off with a light sentence—28 days of licking plates—when it was discovered that one disappearance was to hospital, where she gave birth to five pups. Like a good seaman, “Freckles” stands at attention while her master imposes her “punishment.” RCN Photo by Photog. B. McMichael s

SYDNEY SPORTS SLANTS

PO R. Sallis, P&RTI

In the past month, in spite of nearly two weeks rain, sports at “Protector” have been moving ahead at a fast pace.

**Inter-Part Softball**

The inter-part softball league is now in the last lap, and a very enthusiastic fast-moving league it was, with plenty of games to strain the vocal cords of its fanatic fans.

The four top teams have been chosen and the boys are rarin' to go in a grand finish battle for the championship of “Protector.” The finalists are as follows: Chs. & PO's “A”; Miscellaneous; Stokers; Main Guard.

The Chiefs and PO's “A” have recently lost one of their best players, George Seed, who has been promoted to Warrant Officer. Congratulations, George.

Sammy Stevenson, star pitcher for the Miscellaneous Marauders, suffered a severe setback when he threw his arm out a short while ago.

Bill Carson's team of “dust-eaters” is still in very good form, and is highly favored to win the league.

The Main Guard, led by Slim Ruiter, has had a complete change of line-up

due to “old man Draft,” but has seemingly strengthened their team which bodes ill for the other three contenders.

**Senior Softball**

“Protector” this year, has one of the smoothest teams ever to hit the East, as can be evidenced by the games played. So far, they have won 14 games and dropped six, some of them the bitterest fought games ever to be seen in this neck of the woods.

On September 7, they won the City Championship from the Epstein Tigers, of Sydney, in a very close 8 to 6 game. By the end of the eighth inning, there wasn't a man, woman, or child spectator who didn't need an overhaul on his vocal cords.

The boys are now in a 3-out-of-5 series with Phalen's Aces from Glace Bay for the Cape Breton laurels. To date the teams stand tied, with one game and one loss to our credit.

**Lacrosse**

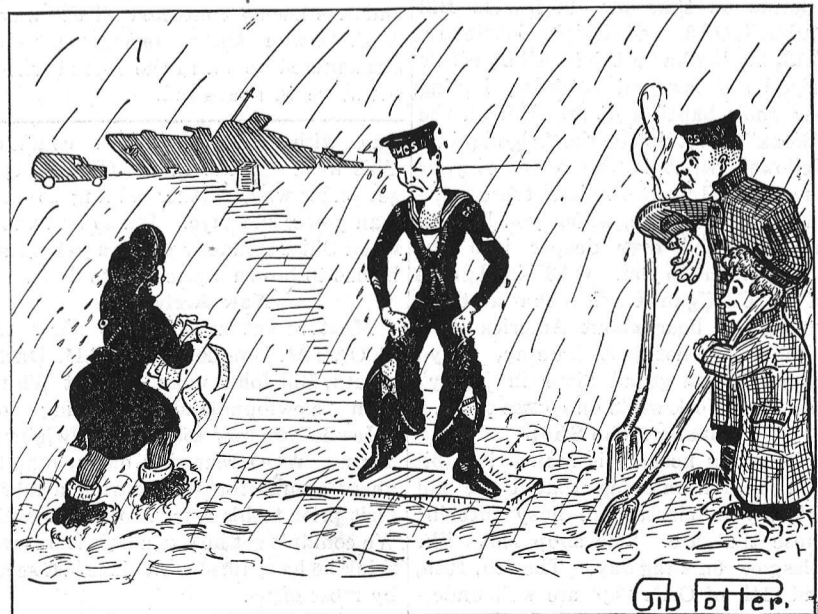
The boys of “Protector” have really gone overboard for that great old Indian game, Lacrosse. They are turning out in “tribes,” and are seemingly trying to see how much they can act like the real history book tribes of lohg ago. Each man seems to believe it is his sworn duty to run madly back and forth chasing a ball half the size of a soft ball and as hard as cast iron. After capturing this elusive missile in a stick shaped like an oblong tennis racket with a bulge in it, he then

Continued on page 12

UP, UP, UP AND OVER!



Harold Melvon A/B clears the bar at 9'9" to win the pole-vault during HMCS Protector's recent track and field meet at Sydney, N.S.—RCN Photo by L/Photog. E. Schwartz.



**THE SAILORS' LADIES**

by M.F.R.



Corvettes probably have more comfortable, wide-open spaces than many of the war-time apartments in which the navy ladies are residing these days. Recently we heard the sad tale of the wife who had finally managed to find a place for everything in their microscopic quarters—then a department store made an error in reading an order from her and sent them a huge package containing one thousand unfolded, double dinner size paper napkins. When the couple saw the delivery boy stagger into their home with the bundle, the wife put on her hat and said, "You find a nook for them, dear, I'm going to join the Wrens." The husband had to move out as there was no space left for him, and they say on dark, windy nights his is the voice moaning through the trees of any overcrowded Navy town, haunting real estate agents and causing landlords to smile smugly in their sleep!

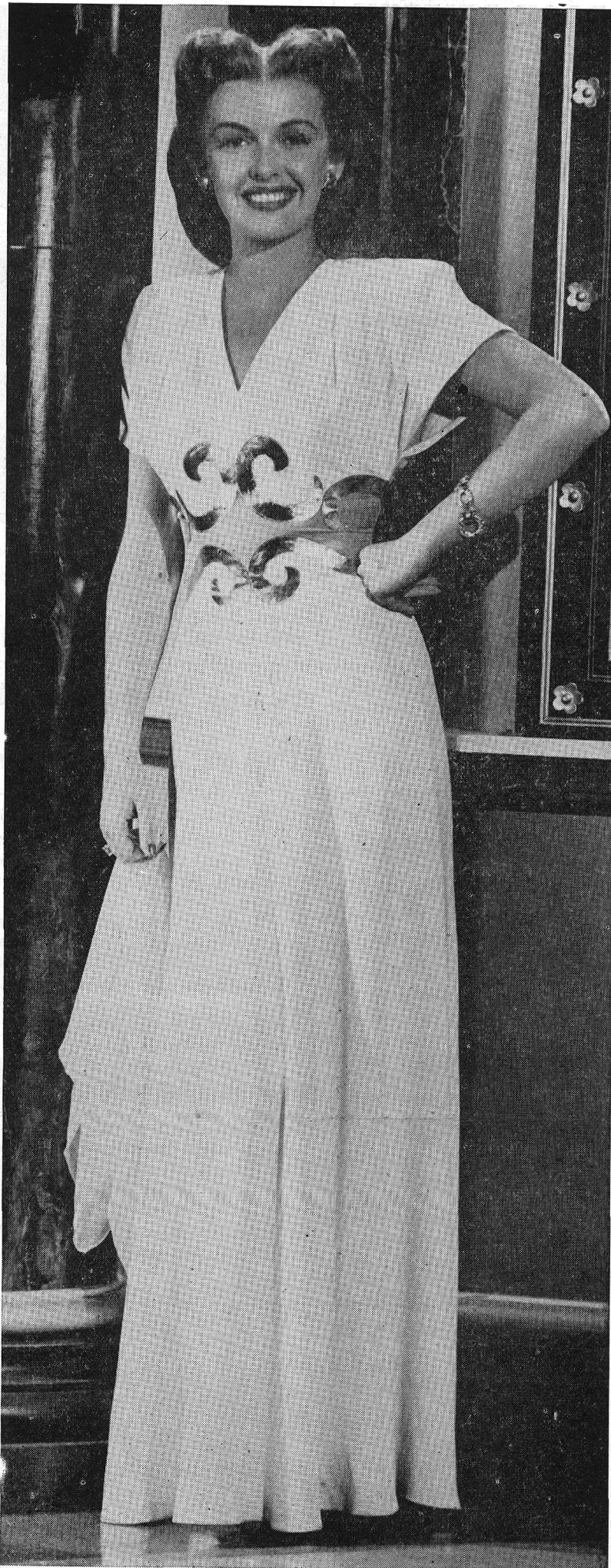
The young sub-lieutenant had donned his uniform for the first time, and found himself self-consciously teetering back and forth at a street car stop in a large city. There had obviously been a holdup in the service, and the patrons milled about angrily. The sub-lieutenant wished he were in the North Atlantic as he caught their glances on his beautiful gold braid. Finally two young boys flung themselves up to him furiously, one prodding the other on to action with words, "Go on Dave, you ask this Inspector where the heck all his old street cars are tonight!" The officer began walking home then, feeling that a brisk walk wouldn't do him a bit of harm.

Received in a letter from a soldier overseas: "We're in France now, and if I dig my slit trench any deeper they'll be charging me with desertion."

One sailor's wife has been trying for weeks to follow the heartrending tale of her favorite soap opera—it has been running about 15½ years she figures and it is a shame to let it down now. Anyway, it seems her two-year old daughter has different ideas, and intends to keep the family standard of drama very high, till her seafaring father comes home. Every afternoon Mrs. H. lies down, switches on the radio, and relaxes happily as the first sobs break upon the airwaves and Dennis prepares to tell his wife that "things just cannot go on like this any longer." At this point the young daughter drags herself to the radio by clutching various chairs and tables enroute, turns it off completely and navigates back to her doll. The only thing Mrs. H. has not tried so far is putting a patterned cloth over the instrument and pretending it hides a bird cage, to divert the daughter, but she thinks then that the baby's protests would probably become less active and more vocal.

Do Men Gossip, and Why Do They, would be a good subject for the next Gallup poll. Some points would be: (1) Half an hour after his wife has poured forth all details of the latest scandal to her husband, he says, "Beats me how you women waste so much time talking about things like that." (2) Ask a man before letting loose a lovely long tale of intrigue if he wishes to listen and generally he says, "Oh, go on, go on tell it—I can stand anything." See point (1) for his closing remark after talk is finished. (3) On the other hand the gentleman may say half heartedly, "No I don't want to hear your latest gossip," and the wife sits back, biding her time. Fifteen seconds of silence later, her husband glares, rattles the newspaper a few times, and then says, "Well, what put you in such rotten humour tonight—haven't you anything to talk about?" On second thought maybe Mrs. Gallup should take this poll!

WOW!



Hi, boys! As you probably know, I'm Frances Gifford, MGM starlet and I've modelled this little white number just for your special benefit. Hope you'll like it—and me. For the benefit of the Wrens I might say this dress is a white crepe dinner creation and the midriff effect is achieved by a waist band of mouse line bordered with gleaming gold kid scrolls.—Acme photo.

**Wren Finds Women's Service Club Truly A Home Away From Home**

By Blondie

One of the finest places to spend an evening in Halifax is the Army, Navy and Air Force Club for women of the Services, in Halifax. There we may meet our friends, relax and listen to our favorite music, have a game of bridge or enjoy the commonest hobby known—just plain loafing. And there's always the snack bar with the home-made goodies flowing over the top, where our "Moms" are tirelessly cooking up something with a service of smiles. The club functions Sundays and holidays all the year 'round, serving free meals for three days at Christmas and New Year's and has been the scene of many a shower for brides-to-be. The pleasures of the Club have long been enjoyed. Now it's time those

who made it possible should know how very much it is appreciated, particularly when we realize how it all began.

Early in 1943, due to the influx of Service women to Halifax, there was a great need for a women's service centre. The need was recognized by three women and a man, namely, Mrs. F.H.M. Jones, Mrs. F. D. Smith, Mrs. F. B. McCurdy, and Mr. W. K. MacKean, who set about, on their own, to organize.

The only available quarters for the new club was an old abandoned work shop, but within a short time they transformed it to a veritable haven, a home away from home.

Then came the House Committee, Miss A. O'Brien, Airforce Group Captain's wife Mrs. Hall, Mrs. H. K. alshaw, Mrs. F. H. M. Jones, Mrs. A. S.

**INSIDE DOPE by an INSIDE DOPE**

By Henry Sherman, A/B



Goodness knows I don't want to sound like an old alarmist, a regular nidnick a la mode, but foul fell movements are afoot and if I don't speak up to set things right who will? Who, indeed?

With the passage of time it becomes increasingly evident that an iniquitous plot is incubating aimed at the very heart of Young Canada: The Cornwallis O.D. Just who these forces of evil are and what they are after I do not know as yet but I'm working on it. And if that is enough to cause any of my readers to sing for joy and crack open another bottle may I implore them to wait until I get there. I may need it.

When I arrived at Cornwallis in 1943 I liked the place. At that time it still belonged to that period of history officially designated as "Long ago and far away," or the Ipso Facto man. What ever the outward manifestations of the base may have been, it was clear that its entire policy was governed by a back-to-the-earth movement. Never had I seen such prodigious deposits of backward earth and whose consistency was so consistently inconsistent as I did that fall and winter at Cornwallis. Some people, the uninformed of course, called it mud.

Nothing gave me more pleasure in those glorious grimy days than a nice tramp through the pristine emulsion Knee-High, a Chinese house-boy I kept for that purpose, wallowing blissfully at my side. Came the Spring and we meandered down the roads of the sprawling establishment gaily inhaling great lungfuls of finely powdered dust and shingle—that is after the rains had subsided and the flat-bottomed barges conscripted by Motor Transport had gone home.

All in all, conditions prevailed that were enough to make a man out of any guy and an angel out of Knee-High or its vice versa since his moral antecedents were always rather doubtful. As he lay there on his cot, three ounces of sandy grit in his little left lung, he smiled wanly and said: "mucheelike Cornwallis, mucheelike Good Earth." And has he heaved his last breath his pyjama top opened to disclose a portrait of Pearl S. Buck tattooed on his chest and authenticated by Paul Muni. Little Knee-High had gone home.

But a hardy tribe was being formed in the Annapolis Valley. The Spartan life on the base (only last October an A.B. calmly allowed a fox nestling inside his jumper to nibble right through to his station card in protest at being stopped by an RPO who asked him the purely hypothetical question of, "Just where do you think you're going with that fox nestling inside your jumper?" and the difficulty of finding sufficient recreation ashore, bred a race of seamen, hardy, disciplined and just dying to go home.

The only place to relax in those days was the Navy League Hostel in Digby. To get there one had to stand in lengthy queues in anticipation of a wheezy bus called up from the retired list to carry thirty-seven percent more passengers than it normally accomodated even in the days before contracting water on the knee.

Thus, solitude and introspection were the order of the day. But alas, how temporary those orders were. No longer can an off-duty matelot sit in peaceful and philosophic contemplation of the deep Fundy waters in the mysterious firmament. No longer can he turn in at ten-thirty because there just isn't any other thing to do (unless he is a white capped non-entity, known as a "jeep" when he'd better be asleep and snoring gently by ten-thirty three or else.) A man can no longer call his soul his home.

With the consecutive opening of the new recreation hall, the huts under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus, the Salvation Army, and the Y.M.C.A. all on the base, and the new Canadian Legion Hostel in Annapolis, little doubt can be left in anyone's mind as to the motivation of these hapless happenings. Someone (and it is not for me to go around mentioning names) is out to corrupt and demoralize the very heart of Young Canada (How did you get in here, Brown Eyes?) They are out to make us soft.

Nowadays a man can hardly show his face without being drafted for a fourth hand in any number of games at the recreation huts or just to sit around, be sociable, and watch the Wrens walk by. Someone insists on showing four different movies every night at the various buildings so that a movie-mad matelot goes simply stark and staring trying to decide which two he can see on any given night if he hustles from one place to the next between showings. The Special Services Officer persists in sponsoring dances and periodic "live shows." And the Base librarian resists any attempts to dissuade her from placing potted plants in every spare nook and cranny of the new library. If that were not bad enough, my agents tell me book-marks have begun to infiltrate in the out-going brochures. Yellow and blue, at that.

They are threatening to paint our mess-halls and blocks in two shades of light and lighter blue. I have apprehended old salts with three G.C. Badges up playing cribbage with bright red and green colored scoring pegs, and have watched with grim satisfaction an Able Seaman turn an R.P.O. away from the Rec-Hall for wearing hob nailed boots. (Maybe there is something to this modernized Strength Through Joy program after all.) But what hurts me most is that they've begun to pave the roads.

Shade's of Knee-High! No longer will I be able to slosh through roads that our trucks have churned up to the average consistency of butter-scotch pudding generously interspersed with plumb-sized pebbles. No more the heady clouds of burning dust that mingles with the exhaust of every passing horseless buggy during the dry spell to form an elusive yet irresistible blended interfusion; enough to send the neighbours packing to the nearest T.B. temple for consumptives. Cornwallis, alas, has lost its bite.

And there is no telling just where this sort of thing may stop. If it intends to stop at all, that is, start a snow ball rolling down hill as the saying goes, and you cannot tell how many birds you may wind up in the bush. Soon the men will just refuse to go to sea unless their ships are fully equipped with bowling alleys, dance floors, reading and writing rooms, and a green and baize curtain at every porthole. What will happen then, I ask of you? Can you tell me what future there can possibly be for our navy under these conditions? Can you?

While you are figuring that one out, you will excuse me for a moment, won't you? Just where does one go to transfer to R.C.N., anyhow?

Bagnall, and Mrs. D. F. Smith. Gradually the compliment increased from the Executive and House Committees to 50 other workers, including the Junior League, Halifax Club Business and Professional Women, and Naval officers' wives.

The Maple Leaf Fund made possible the library, radio and record player with many fine records, and numerous additional comforts.

Another service provided is Camp

A.N.A. at Parrsboro Beach, with reduced fares to and from there. Sandy beaches, swimming boating, and cooking one's own meals all make for a delightful respite from routine.

All these are a few of the reasons why we, of the Services, especially the Wrens, would like to express a hearty thank you to the motherly saints who have done so much to satisfy appetites and spirits of so many of us, all these months.

# Written Without Reservation

By S/Lt. Frank Healy

Somewhere in Scotland—You've heard of the Murmansk run, the Derry run, the mid-ocean run, and even the Newfie run, but the most petrifying run of all—and any Canadian sailor will tell you—is that perilous, agonizing British railway run from London to HMCS Niobe, the Royal Canadian Navy base here—and brother it's some run.

Let's take that weary, war-worn trip. It is the morning of the day you are going to leave London. You make a reservation for a berth. You are told to call for confirmation at four o'clock. You phone at four o'clock. Yes, they have your name but can't confirm a reservation until five. So you phone at five but this time they never even heard of you. You become indignant, and the clerk does likewise, and you get nowhere. So you compromise by agreeing to phone back at six. You phone at six: "Yes, your name was on one of the lists but there's still no confirmation. Tell you what, come down to the station before train time and we'll fix you up. Sure, nothing to worry about."

**Gnnnaaaahhh!**

So an hour before train time you bravely begin your adventure. You go out into the London streets to hail a cab. But all the Americans in town have beat you to it. Fifteen minutes later you are still in the street with an uncontrollable urge to put a bullet in the head of every cab driver. They ignore you so you give up. You grab your luggage and head for the tube station. It's crowded. You stand. You think you're going in the right direction but you're not quite sure. Eventually you arrive at Euston Station. You go to the berth wicket very determined and with a smile on your face. You smartly and confidently give the clerk your name, and then there's a long pause. You lose that smile, you argue, you rant and rave, you leave the wicket with no berth.

Madly you dash through the crowd looking for track nine. You have ten minutes to catch the train. You can't find a porter. You're getting madder and madder. You find your train and start asking questions. A conductor looks at you and laughs, an idiotic sort of laugh and you feel a strong urge to strangle him. He tells you that the king himself couldn't find a seat on that train. Why it's been filled for an hour. But then you discover there's another one leaving 10 minutes later.

You watch your train go without you and wait around for the other one. As it pulls into the station you race with the mob and grab the first seat in the first compartment you see. You discover then that it's a third class compartment and you have a first class ticket. You decide to take the great risk of finding a first class compartment. So you pile your luggage on the seat and dash down the platform and spot an empty first class seat. You stealthily creep into the compartment, leave your hat on the seat, ask some kindly, doddering old lady to keep her eye on it and then run like hell back to the first seat you had. You unload your luggage and hit the dirt again back to your new abode. You have lost ten pounds, your hair has greyed and your shirt is wringing wet, but you cement yourself to the seat and cool off as the train leaves.

## Fagged Out

You relax and feel like a smoke, but a sign meets your eye, this is a non-smoking compartment. "The last straw" you say to yourself but you pull out your cigarettes and looking three women square in the eye you say: "Do you mind if I smoke?" They look at you kindly and say "not at all." You are just striking the match when some gruff old character you hadn't noticed before errips in politely but arrogantly with: "I say old boy, I took special precaution to find a non-smoking compartment." You put your cigarettes back in your pocket. What a lovely trip this will be.

You try to make yourself comfortable but that in itself is a mistake. The light is too dim to read by so you try to doze, it's the only alternative. The hours pass. You have twisted your body into every humanly possible position, first a kink in your neck to the right, then to the left, your legs ache, your arms are in the way—and to make things worse the guy beside you is sleeping peacefully, just like a baby.

Now you're hungry and you have hopes of grabbing a bite at the next station. As the train stops you prepare to make a quick dash to the refreshment stand. You ask a trainman how long you have and he looks aghast and bars back "we're pulling out right away." But after a five minute lapse the train still is motionless so you venture on to the platform towards the tea

stand. You just reach your objective when the whistle blows so you dive madly back to the compartment. But still the train remains. You try again, for the smell of tea is still in your nostrils. This time you get closer, you put your money down as your eyes peer over your shoulder. The woman is pouring tea into a cup. It is not quite full when the train suddenly give a lurch and it's away, this time without so much as a warning whistle. You just manage to catch it on the run, minus your tea, minus your money and minus your wind.

## It's Three O'Clock

You're in to the wee hours of the morning now and still tossing around in that little narrow seat. You are dirty, your clothes are a mess, you are ravenously hungry and tired, the guy beside you won't stop snoring. You look at your watch every five minutes.

At last it's all over, well nearly. You have arrived at Glasgow Station. By this time you have managed to settle down and are beginning at last to go

## BOOK REVIEWS

**The Silence of The Sea.**—By "Vercors". The simple story of an old Frenchman and his niece, and of the German officer billeted in their house. It was written in Nazi-occupied France by an eloquent writer who, like his characters, refuses to compromise with the enemy in any way. The keynote of this little story is absolute silence, a silence, however, that speaks to all hearts heavy under the conqueror's arm. For sheer beauty of language and skilful writing "The Silence of the Sea" is a book worth reading—not once but many times.

**Sharks' Fins and Millet.**—By Ilona Ralf Sues. The author gives us a fascinating account of China, not only the China of the rich who dine on Sharks fins as a delicacy, but also of the poor Chinese of the northwest who live on little else but millet. Having been appointed by Madame Chiang-Kai-Shek work with the Kuomintang government she met most of the famous men who moulded China's destiny.

**Presidential Agent.**—By Upton Sinclair. Another in the Lanny Budd series, this latest of Sinclair's novels is his most absorbing. During a period when important and portentous plans were brewing in the Nazi cauldron, Lanny Budd is cast as a special agent for the President; an agent who ferrets out Nazi plots and reports them to the President. This novel may be read separately from the others in the series and the reader will find it a spell-binding narrative.

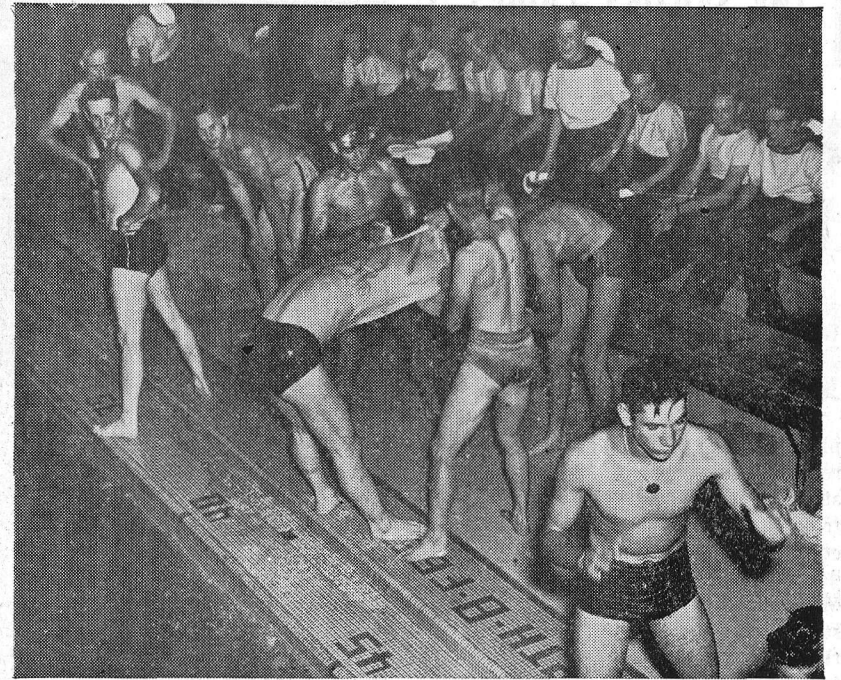
into a deep sleep. But it's too late now. You pour from the train and through the mad mobs. You get lost three times before finding some breakfast.

An hour later you drag yourself onto another train. You don't care what happens now. You're immune to anything. You don't even care if you get there, but of course the navy does. So you arrive at Niobe's quarter deck looking like something the cat dragged in, unshaven and bleary-eyed, loaded down with luggage. The bright looking young officer of the watch approaches you with a beaming smile radiating from his face.

"Glad to see you old man," he greets you. "Trust you had a pleasant trip."

And then you hear yourself replying: "Yes, quite pleasant thank you."

## SWIMMERS' STRIP-TEASE



One of the features of the big swimming gala held in the P&RT Recreation Centre at HMCS Cornwallis last month was the novelty swimming relay in which the contestants had to wear women's dresses, each team member stripping a wet dress off to hand to the next one on his team. This was the first big swimming meet to be held in the new pool.—RCN Photo.

## New Entries At Training Base Have Heavy Month Of Sports

By W. Orban, P&RTI

Another month and more news about the activities of the New Entry Seamen here at "Cornwallis." Let us assure you it really has been a busy month. This being our first assignment, we shall endeavour to live up to the fine work of our predecessor.

A weekly event all summer has been an interblock whaler race. They went one better however, by holding a boat pulling regatta on September 9. It was a good show with stiff competition from all blocks.

Besides a mile whaler and cutter race, there was a relay race. A mixed instructors event, with Ordinary Seaman as coxswains, proved to be most interesting and Hawke Block emerged winner. The final event was a war canoe race won by Drake Block.

P&RTI Tombs did a fine job of organizing his crews from Grenville Block who nosed out Drake Block for the "Cock-o'-the-Walk" trophy.

## Big Swim Gala

Besides being a huge success, the swimming gala held last month proved to be a record-breaking affair with every previous record being shattered. It was a nip and tuck affair with different blocks taking the lead as the Gala progressed. Drake Block clinched the meet by winning the 100 metre Medley Relay, the last event.

A salute to O/Sea. Ford of Grenville Block who is certainly not lacking in intestinal fortitude. He was so game

that he stayed under water too long and had to be pulled out. However, he established a new record of 192 ft. for the underwater swim.

The other records broken were by O/Sea. Donahue who did the 100 metre free style in 1 min. 9 secs; Wren Brent doing the 25 metre free style (Wrens) in 19 1/5 secs. O/Sea, Reddy swam the 25 metre free style in 12 secs. O/Sea. Brown did the 50 metre free style in 31 2/5 secs. O/Sea. Leary swam a fast 17 secs. for the 25 metre breast stroke. O/Sea. Sidwell shattered the 25 metre back stroke by doing it in 16 secs. O/Sea. Coutts won the diving event.

To add to the evening's entertainment, Tom Parks and Frank Johnston put on a swimming and diving exhibition between different events.

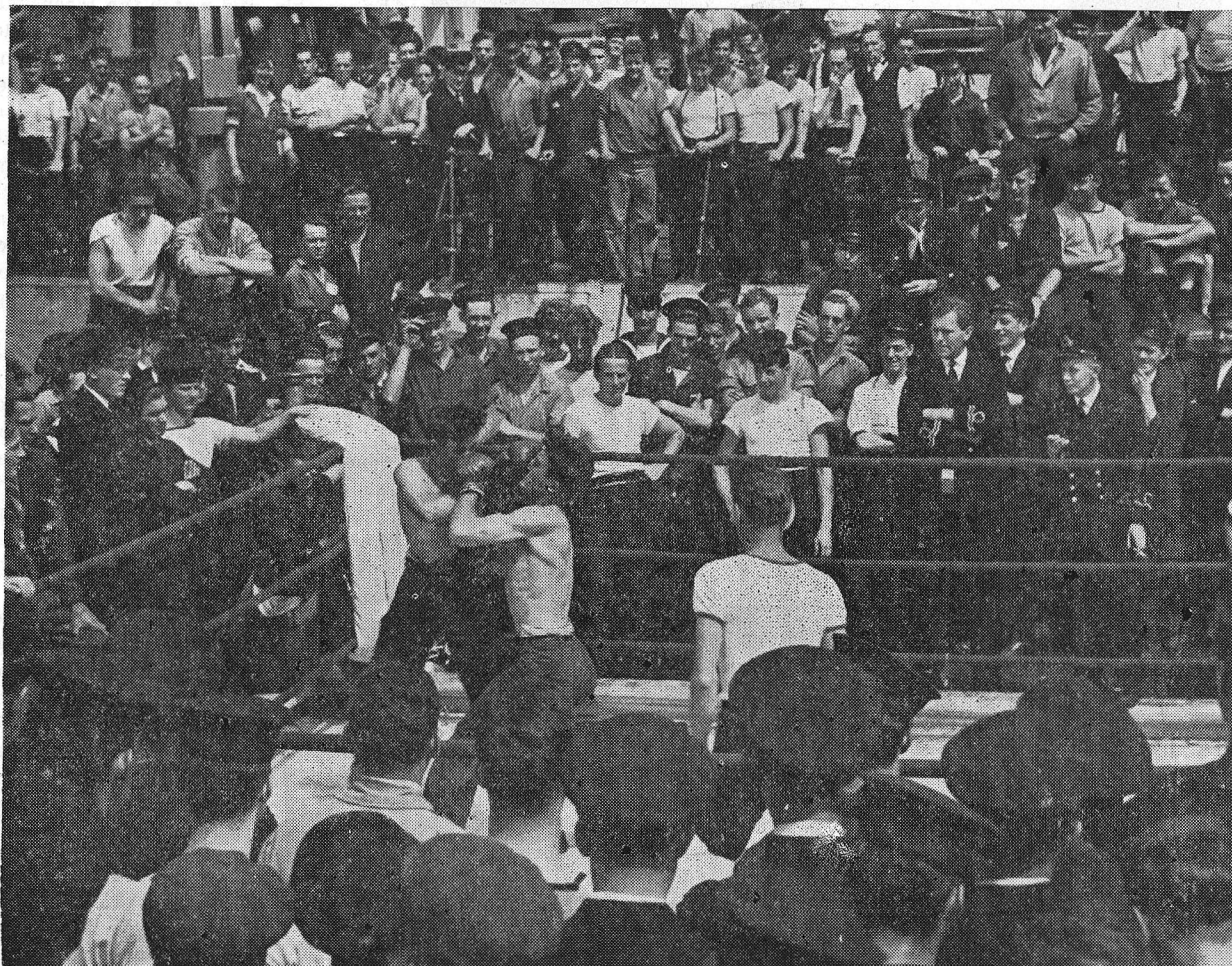
Lacrosse has come into the limelight in the way of recreation this month. It was just a little slow in getting started, but after the first few games, it caught on like wildfire so that now they are going at it hammer and tong. This "modified murder" had the largest attraction both for participants and spectators of any New Entry recreation. Drake Block has the best team but hasn't any spectacular players. They like lacrosse and come out. That's the spirit we like to see.

## East-West Team

Arrangements are now being made for an East-West all star team in the near future. This should be an interesting set-to as both teams have plenty of talent with such names as Mickey McDonald, Bill Allum, Bob Goldham and "Butch" O'Gradnick.

"One man team" Appleby of Drake Block sure can chuck ball. This seaman has a good delivery with either arm and is one of the big reasons for his team being on top of the softball league. However, he has a few sluggers like Kryganowski, Philley, Cross and Rowlands who make the runs.

## TAKE THAT!—AND THAT!—AND THAT!



Canada's "scrapping sailors" who have been playing a leading role in the Battle of the Atlantic since the outbreak of hostilities also spare a little time to do a bit of fighting amongst themselves—but it's only in fun and for the sport of it. In a regulation ring erected on the jetty of an eastern Canadian port, personnel of ships that go to sea display their fistic wares in friendly boxing bouts, while their shipmates take keen delight in witnessing the festivities. Here we see one of the daily noontime "leather pushing" tilts. The pugilists are Petty Officer Johnny Salloway, RCNVR, St. Thomas, Ont. and Petty Officer Davie Strudwick, RN, London England. The match ended in a draw. —RCN Photo by L/Photog E. Dinsmore.

# FLIGHT from "REGINA"

By Henry Sherman, AB

"It's the closest I've come to heaven with nothing on," said ERA John Reuvers, survivor off the Regina, "and I felt pretty foolish up there."

Reuvers had been standing aft on two depth charges with Leading Stoker Pat Flannigan when the Regina was hit, whether by mine or torpedo has not yet been ascertained. There were two explosions, separated by a matter of seconds; the latter one believed to have been caused by the boilers going up, but neither of the two men are certain which one caused them to take off. According to reports of some American seamen who witnessed their flight, the ratings were blown 100 feet in the air.

It was last August that the Regina, on escort duty off the coast of England witnessed the sinking of an American merchantman. The American vessel settled slowly and the entire crew was taken off uninjured by a British LCT. Within an hour and a half, the Regina, standing by, was hit, and sank within 28 seconds.

### Flying High

John Reuvers, who hails from Windsor, Ontario, and trained at HMCS Naden on the west coast, does not remember going up but he knows he was there. His life jacket, trousers, shoes and socks were torn from his body by the blast and if he had kept on going up he would not have had to take much more off to be in the proper rig of the day.

"I flipped over in the air," he said, "and when I looked down, the middle of the ship had dropped out of sight. She was split in two. Then I started falling and was heading straight for the after-deck when the stern rose up in the air and I dropped into the water alongside. If I had hit the deck, well, you'd have had to get this story from Flannigan."

"In the water I turned over and over, going down all the time until I felt my lungs would burst. But finally I shot up to the surface, kicking all the way. The funny part of it that I don't remember hitting the water. I guess I was knocked out for a spell."

### Lucky Move

Fortunately for the crew members, all the gash life jackets on board had been piled on the deck of the Regina when the merchantman went down, for emergency use, and when Reuvers came up his first action was to secure an RCN jacket which he immediately donned whilst treading water.

He stopped in the middle of his narrative to comment on the Canadian life preserver. "It's a darned good jacket," he said. "Got every other jacket beat."

Reuvers then secured a number of cork jackets floating nearby and swam around distributing them to his shipmates. He offered one to Acting Petty Officer Victor Favel from Winnipeg who had dived into the sea from the fore'st'le ventilators, but Vic. refused it. "He wanted an RCN jacket," John explained, chagrined. "Imagine a guy being fussy at a time like that."

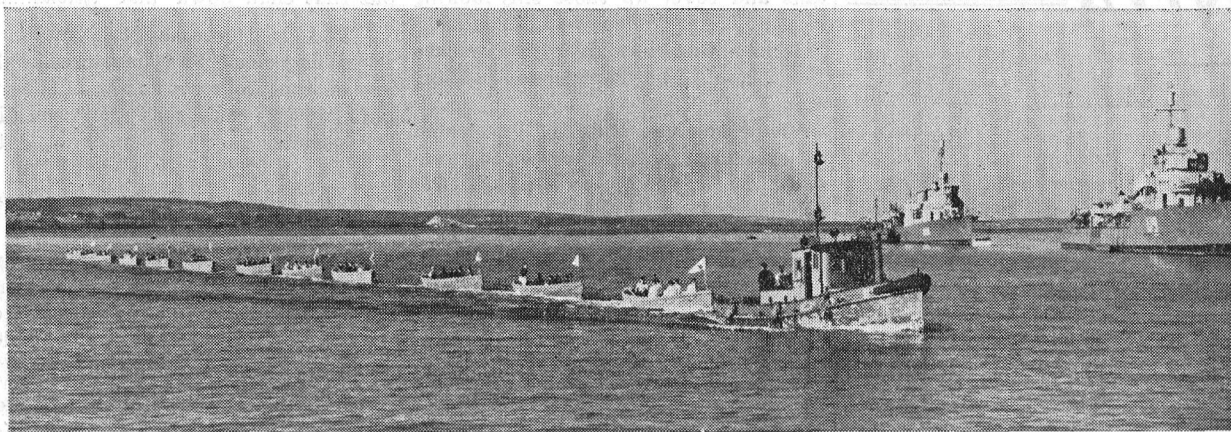
Favel, standing close by, protested with a sheepish, "I knew what I was doing. I saw an RCN jacket floating about 20 feet away and I went for it. Got it too."

### Outstanding Work

Both men were loud in their praise of Surg./Lieut. Gould, the Regina's M.O. He was taken aboard the British LCT, which picked up the Regina survivors after clearing the American ship, covered with oil from head to toe and with a crushing pain in his chest, later traced to a broken breast bone. Yet, within 20 minutes of his coming aboard and swallowing a morphine tablet he performed an amputation on the open deck, taking ERA Lionel Racker's leg off below the knee. His instruments were a galley butcher's knife and ordinary needle and thread.

And, throughout, the Regina's Sam Small, John Reuvers who had had four

## A-SAILING WE WILL GO



The New Entry Seamen were out in full force at "Cornwallis" on September 9 for the Whaler races held in the Annapolis basin. The boats are shown here being towed to the starting line. Grenville Block emerged winner of the contest.—RCN Photo.

## THE GROWTH OF NAVAL LARNIN'

On the occasion of the appointment of a new Director of Naval Education it might be of interest to Naval personnel to review briefly the growth of this Department and glance at the plans in mind for the demobilization period and for the permanent Navy. On Oct. 1 Instructor Cdr. L. N. Richardson, who has been director since the establishment of the Department early in the war, is handing over his duties to A/Inst. Cdr. Percy Lowe, formerly of the Royal Military College at Kingston, and recently Instructor in Mechanics at the Royal Canadian Naval College at Royal Roads.

From a total of three civilian schoolmasters before the war, the Directorate of Education has expanded under Cdr. Richardson to a body of approximately 120 Instructor officers scattered through the Divisions, Training Schools, Operational bases, and larger ships of the Canadian Navy. Their work runs from the elementary arithmetic and English of the new entry training to the difficult radio circuits of the Signal and Asdic Schools, and also includes many voluntary classes, the handling and marking of E.T. and H.E.T. exams, and the organization of a large number of Canadian Legion courses.

### Expansion Planned

It is the intention of the Director so to use and improve the Department as (1) to make Education of the utmost use in the training of personnel to be more efficient in their positions in the Naval Service. (2) to use Educational facilities to help those soon to leave the Navy who wish to improve their own education in preparation for their return to civilian life (3) to enable those remaining in the service to obtain a better education both for its general benefit and more particularly to lead to advancement and promotion in the Navy.

At present the Schoolmaster is welcomed in practically every Training School in the Service, and performs an indispensable duty in teaching the more theoretical side of the work to be covered. However in some schools the theoretical and practical work are so interwoven that no clear-cut line can be drawn between the job of the Schoolmaster and that of the professional Training Officer. What old prejudice existed against schooling has largely disappeared in the realization that modern apparatus and scientific methods require operators skilled both in hand and mind to handle them.

### Handle Legion Courses

The work of the Educational Department in handling Canadian Legion Courses has grown to very large proportions, and in the coming months will doubtless increase still more. Particularly in those bases where there are a large number of men who have spent several years at sea, and now are properly thinking about their own rehabilitation, there will be interest in

years' medicine previous to his enlistment, helped the doctor and ships' officers in the administration of morphine and first aid. He, himself, suffered injuries to his left leg, a broken bone in his right hand, and multiple contusions from the explosion. Yet he did not stop to reflect on his hurts or his brief air adventure.

"I only thought about it once," he admitted. "When I was up in the air looking down on my ship I said, 'What the blazes is this,' or something equally stupid. After that there was too much work to be done."

the educational facilities afforded. Schoolmasters are now being placed in some of these bases where previously there were none. Fortunately, the Canadian Universities have recognized for Matriculation credit many of the Legion courses at both Junior and Senior Matriculation level. So here is an opportunity for many who either wish to go to a University, or could obtain a better job if they could show a Matriculation certificate. It may be possible also to provide a certain amount of vocational training after the armistice in the well-equipped Naval shops, though present Government policy indicates that this will be done under the Department of Pensions and National Health after discharge.

Finally, for those intending to stay in the Service the Department is preparing plans for a more regular system of instruction to replace the present E.T. and H.E.T. and intended to provide (1) pre-requisite education for all the non-substantiative courses (2) general educational background and particular technical knowledge necessary for promotion (3) matriculation certificates so that if the sailor does eventually leave the Service he will fit more easily and profitably into civilian life again. This, of course, will involve the continuance of a substantial Instructor branch, and the allotment of time in the training program to carry out the instruction.

The new Director is at present visiting many points in Eastern Canada gathering information and ideas on these problems.

### AMAZING PROPHECY

This prophecy is on a tombstone dated 1440, in Essex, England:

When pictures look alive with movement free,  
When ships, like fishes, swim beneath the sea,  
When men outstripping birds shall scan the sky,  
Then half the world deep drenched in blood shall lie.

The London Daily Sketch.

An old Navy paper says it's only 15 days from "Have a nice furlough!" to "Have a nice furlough?"

### INSPECTS GUARD OF HONOR



GOVERNOR GENERAL VISITS HALIFAX—His Excellency the Governor General of Canada, the Earl of Athlone, who with H.R.H. Princess Alice last month visited naval, army and air force establishments in the Maritimes, is shown here inspecting a naval guard of honor on a jetty in the Halifax Dockyard. Captain L. F. Banyard, A.D.C., RCNR, can be seen with His Excellency during the inspection while the Governor General, the Commander in Chief of the Canadian Northwest Atlantic, Rear Admiral L. W. Murray, RCN, and Lieut. W.A. Mansfield, RCN, officer in charge of the guard, accompany His Excellency on the inspection tour. —RCN photo by PO Photog. R. Keegan.

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## Jetty Boxing Is Big Hit With Escort Force Men

By L/Sea E. Battaglia, PTI

The ships of this port are going for Jetty Boxing in a big way. A portable ring was set up early last month and the huge crowds drawn to the exhibition are a certain indication of the popularity of this new sports feature.

Highlights of the boxing this month was competition between fighters from HMS Berwick and boxers from the Canadian Navy Ships. To date more than 65 bouts have been held and, if the weather holds out, it is hoped to continue jetty boxing throughout the month.

And here is just a small reminder for the sports officers of the ships of the Western Escort Force. Basketball and hockey are just around the corner so it is advisable to start rooting out your stars early. Capt. D.'s Sports office would appreciate knowing as soon as possible how many ships intend to have teams this year since sports equipment is not always easy to allocate to a great number of players at one time.

### 1600 At Camp

Capt. D.'s Rest Camp, at Miller's Lake, near Halifax, has shown its popularity by the number of letters of appreciation received from ratings who have had the pleasure of visiting the camp. More than 1600 ratings from ships of the Western Escort Force visited the camp during the four-month period of operation—proof that the camp provided for the Navy's sea-going men the kind of rest they needed and wanted. Possibly one of the main factors in making the camp a success was the work of L/Sea. Stan Johnston of Winnipeg. Stan was in charge of the camp throughout the summer and saw to it that everyone was doing just what he wanted to do—some guys even liked washing dishes, he says.

Free movies have begun in the Dockyard Gymnasium, through the efforts of the Sports officer, Lieut. Colin Brown, for the men of ships in port. Keep your eye on the daily bulletin of sports for notice of your favorite picture.

We again draw your attention to the fact that we have facilities in the Dockyard Gymnasium for the following sports: Squash, badminton, basketball, volleyball, weights, high bar and tumbling.

# MIRANDA

by Henry Sherman, A.B.



"Sink the Navy Seeks Scalloped O'Hara!" For months the theatre page of the Daily Cross-Examiner had been devoted to lengthy accounts of the herculean efforts expended in the task of finding a suitable leading man to co-star with "Miranda the Mermaid," "Piscatorial Heart-throb of Millions," in a publicity drive unequalled by anything since the jolly junket that ushered in that mighty epic of the screen, "Phffft, With the Breeze!" Butchie the Gerk had really outdone himself, if such a thing is at all possible for a Gerk. Especially a Gerk like Butchie.

An endless procession of male marine life had waltzed through the aqueous audition halls whilst flash bulbs popped and reporters scrawled furiously. A salmon, voted "The man We'd Like to be Stuck with in the Rumble-Seat of a Two-Man Submarine" by the girls of Gesuntheit College had been turned down because of pink eye. A dashing young octopus, "The Man with whom We'd Like to do some Postwar Planning on the Disposal of Used Torpedo Casings," was dropped after two weeks of rehearsal. "Miranda kept on complaining whenever they ran through a love scene," explained Butchie, "and we just couldn't watch him close enough After all, when a guy has eight arms..."

A flounder, "The Man Who Came to Dinner," used the wrong kind of tooth-paste, and you know what that meant: bad breath, nervous stomach, drondrosis, (drooping garters), and fallen arches within a week. He is now a movie magnate and lives solely on breakfast food box tops. A swordfish, whom the southern belles of "Southern Friedchicken and Yams with Mint Julep Finishing School for Girls" had dubbed "The man Who Knows (Nose) You-all, Yuk, Yuk, Yuk," never had a chance. "Sink the Navy" is a modern revue with music, romance. Have you ever tried kissing a swordfish?

When I joined Miranda and Butchie in the latter's office one afternoon, the long process of sifting had left but two contenders for the coveted role: Nick Immature, an overdeveloped tuna with sensuous lips and sad eyes, and Hank Finatra, an underdeveloped pickarel who travelled about the country in a glass-enclosed oxygen tent and tailor-made bow ties. I saw both of them as I passed through the foyer. Nick Immature, a large fish weighing well over seven hundred pounds, with a large placard bearing the legend "I am a beautiful hunk of fish" pendant from his pectoral fins, was seated before a portable mirror studiously trying to look bored. Finatra was attended by a bespectacled sturgeon who sprayed his throat and knotted his ties and half a dozen frowsy mermaids casually attired in skirt-and-sweater ensembles, whose duty it was to dive for the floor in best fox-hole fashion whenever he started to vocalize. What this was supposed to signify I do not know, and the later intelligence that old pickarel puss was not hoping to supplant submarine-raid siren No. 18, at the moment badly in need of repairs, did not help to clear up things one little bit.

"Glad to see you, Herman," Butchie called as soon as I opened the door. "Those glamour boys outside are giving me the leaping creepies. Have a cigar." I took the proffered cylinder of sea weed and swallowed it with a glass of

cool green looking water. "Hello, Miranda," I babbled, strangely braced. "How do you like your new playmates?" "I don't she replied. One's too big and the other's too small, and neither is much good for the part." All Nick Immature does is stand around, throw his chest out into the wind and expect every girl in the audience to fry in her own fat at the sight of him. As for Hank Finatra and his "Flat-on-your-face Fatimas!" whenever he starts to sing they hit the floor like so many nine pins and clutter the place up so badly there isn't enough room to do anything else. Besides, I'm always forgetting myself and dropping a dime in his ventral fin—he looks so hungry."

At this moment the door opened imperiously and Nick Immature burst into the room leading only by a nose Hank Finatra's oxygen tent wheeled in by Sammy Sturgeon and the entire ensemble. "Now look here," he shouted. "You can't keep me waiting any longer! Don't forget I was dubbed 'The Man We'd Like to go Over Niagara Falls with in a Barrel' by Oshkosh Bigosh High. I won't stand for it!" "Sit down!" barked Butchie.

"And what about Mr. Finatra?" pleaded the sturgeon. "There are ninety-three 'Faint-With Finatra' clubs on the Atlantic landboard alone and each one of them has voted him 'The Man With Whom We'd Like to be Chopped up into Fillet of Soul.' Haven't they Mr. Finatra?"

The pickarel raised himself up on his anal fin for a weak, "Yes," in the key of G. Immediately six bodies hit the deck, one of them, a big-boned blonde, carrying Butchie along with her. "Did you like that, big boy?" she murmured, gazing at him through a half-closed and sultry eyelid. "This sort of thing can happen all the time."

"It can?" The plump proximity was piquant and Butchie began to look at Finatra in an entirely new light. Maybe after all.....

"Not now," hissed the sturgeon, marshalling his brood. "Only when he sings. When I say 'now.' The big blonde raised herself reluctantly and Butchie bounced back to his desk after shooting the sturgeon a particularly withering *coup d'oeil*. " 'Now! 'Not now!' " he muttered. "Why doesn't he call them out by number?"

"I'm sick and tired of the whole thing," Miranda cried suddenly, rising on her tail. "I wish you would both go home. And stop snivelling Nick. Your mascara is dripping."

The giant than turned on his tail with a hardly adequate, "Well!" and, displaying another card suspended from his dorsal fin reading, "I am the Nuts!" charged from the room. Finatra immediately began crooning "So Long for a While" in a voice so intimate as to be almost embarrassing and Sammy Sturgeon hissed, "Now," in four-four time. Nothing happened! "Now! Now!" he shouted.

"Aw button up," shrilled the blonde. "Sad sack didn't get the part so we're all out of a job. If anyone has to fall flat on his face, let him do it. He'd probably look better that way, if it's possible. Come on girls, let's get out of these jumpers and into something more comfortable."

In a moment we were all alone and Butchie turned wrathfully on Miranda. "Now you've done it," he cried. "Left without a leading man or any possibilities of getting one. Wait till Walter Keyhole hears of this. I'll be a laughing stock. I'll lose face."

This last did not seem such a bad idea as any one who has ever seen Butchie's face will testify and I told him so, but he did not appreciate my gay-hearted attempt at *joie de vivre*, and other abstract nouns of a similar nature. He flicked some cigar ash down my collar and told me to go catch my tail in the nearest screen door.

"But you haven't got a tail!" he cried, suddenly inspired "I got it! The idea of the century! I know a fish who moults his coat every fall and pickles it. He has a collection of skin

that'll give you the capon capers. All you have to do is put on one of his used tails and cover up those silly looking legs of yours. Then we'll bill you as 'Herman the Merman from Pizzicato Pi.' You'll be Miranda's leading man."

"Now look here, Butchie," I protested "I'm not an actor and I'm not a merman and I'm not putting on a pickled fish skin for anybody. What would Angus say?"

"It would be nice," said Miranda. "Sure it would," added Butchie. "You'll be a sensation! What do you say Verman?"

"The name's Sherman," I replied haughtily expanding my chest to it's full twenty-six inches.

"I know. We've been through all that before, Berman, just sign here."

With the proper amount of reluctance and coyness becoming to a man of my position, I picked up the pen and was about to attach the old John Henry when X. Lax Lou, the sea urchin who runs for a nickel, popped in with Butchie's Cross-Examiner. "Guess who's back in town?" he cried, shying the paper with hairbreadth accuracy so that it just succeeded in missing my left eye and dealing my nose a healthy cuff on the bridge before fanning out on Butchie's desk. "Ransome Ransome! And is he handsome! Hey, poetry yet!" And with that he floated out above the transom. (I really didn't mean it. But those things will

happen you know. I mean, even in the best of families. Well—if you'd only put that chair down and listen.....)

"Who is Ransome Ransome?" I asked, fingering a newly acquired swelling of the proboscis and wondering if phrenologists could read noses and did my peculiar method of coming into this new protuberance mean I had a nose for news or merely a busted nozzle.

"Ransome Ransome!" Butchie exclaimed, rapidly scanning the front page. "Why he's a hero, the holder of the Crimson tart, and he's just been demobilized from active service."

"He's a merman," Miranda continued "and was mentioned in dispatches for bravery. He swam up unobserved to a German U-boat that was stalking a Canadian merchantman and painted her periscope deep ocean blue. When the German commander tried to surface his craft and train his guns on the merchantman he kept taking it up higher and higher, believing himself to be under water all the time, until the Canadian's AA gunners brought her down from a height of 500 feet. The explosion was terrible and Ransome suffered a broken eye-lash. That's why he got the Crimson Tart."

"But he's still good-looking!" chortled Butchie who had found his picture on page 3. "What a combination! I can see it all now. Ransome returns to co-

star with the Girl He Left Behind Him: Miranda, Piscatorial Heartthrob of Millions!"

"But I don't even know him," protested Miranda.

"I'll fix that," Butchie assured her expansively.

"But what about me?" I demanded. "What about you?"

"Herman the Merman from Pizzicato Pi!"

"Never heard of him. Must be some bum trying to crash the gate. Throw him out..... Wait till I get Walter Keyhole on the phone. Thought I was stuck, did he....."

Glassy-eyed, I turned to Miranda. My dramatic career had gone up in a puff of smoke! All those long hard months, yea, even years of gruelling work, rehearsals, the smell of grease-paint and yesterday's roses; the glare of the footlights, the spot lights, and yesterday's roses: all gone in a single flip of the fickle finger of fate.

"Take me home," sighed Miranda. "You would have looked funny in a fish tail anyhow. And all is not lost. I have some wonderful yesterday's roses."

The chaplain preached a forceful sermon on the Ten Commandments, sending one sailor away in a serious mood.

He eventually brightened up. "Anyway," he said, "I never have made a graven image!"

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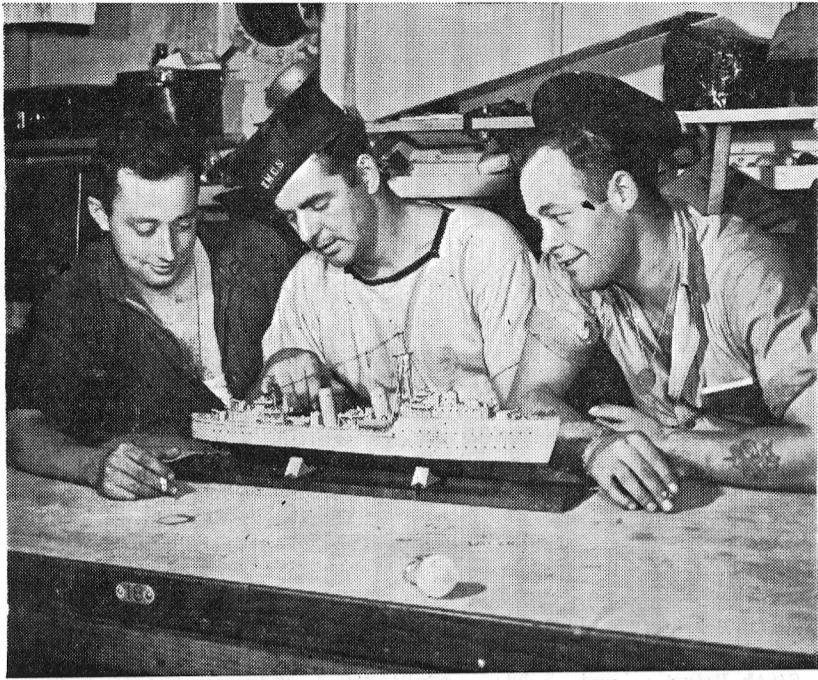


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MISS HURON JR.



The two interested onlookers are AB Ken Peck and AB Bill Nocnan as Tom Harries discusses some of the finer points of his model of the tribal class destroyer HMCS Huron. Ken, seated on the right, disappeared the instant he saw our photographer come aboard but was finally routed out after a lengthy search by his two shipmates. He was furtively "reading" behind four lockers tucked in snug as a bug under six sea bags. "Oh, I really don't mind getting in the picture," he protested modestly, "it's just the flash bulbs scare me so." RCN Photo by L/Photog. E. Dinsmore.

THE LITTLE HURON

By Henry Sherman, A.B.

"And every time the thing would break we'd all sit down and cry about it." The grimy matelot passed his arm across a perspiring forehead. "We sure did." Now it takes a better imagination than the one I've been carrying around for the past few years to conjure up a picture of a hard-hitting gunnery rate shedding tears over anything (curtailment of leave or pay always the honourable exception), but when a dozen-odd of his ship-mates not only bear out his tale but add their weeps to his own, the source of so much devotion and saline solution is well worth investigating.

Lengthy Refits

It was. From out of a long grey case Able Seaman Thomas Harries, AA3, drew a carefully painted model of a ship; his ship; the tribal class destroyer Huron. He had fashioned it over a period of eight months in the long hours between watch. "It wouldn't have taken me so long," he explained, "but she was always needing a refit."

Able Seaman Harries comes from Cornwall, Ontario, and has been with the Huron since her commissioning more than a year ago. H3 dismissed the August earthquakes and the effect they had on his folks back home with the same non-committal shrug with which he disposed of any queries as to his part in any of the various actions the Huron has engaged in. "They just got a bit of a scare more than anything else," he said. He has two brothers, both of whom are in the navy, one serving as an SBA ah, the other an AB like himself.

The Little Huron is the first model Tom has ever built, yet it contains more than 1,500 pieces and includes wood from Iceland, Scotland, England and Russia. The hull came from the chippy shop aboard HMS Toine, and the gun barrels, well, "I forgot to tell you," Harries confided, "but I stole some toothpicks from one of the seamen for them."

No Blueprints

I asked him how he started on the model, and he replied, "Well, I just picked up a piece of wood and, well—started. That's all." He did not work from any plans or home-made blueprints. "The boys would come down to where I was working and tell me, 'this belongs here,' and, 'that belongs there,' until I had all the features of the ship down pat. In that way they all helped."

"But this is an authentic model, then?" I asked.

Harries grinned a little self-consciously. "Well, I'm satisfied with it, and so are the boys. And that's the main thing."

"Sure," chimed in Sig. T. O. Harry McCormick. "That's our mascot! That model is the ship's mascot and we gotta take care of it."

"Hasn't the Huron ever had a mascot? I wondered.

"Only when ashore," one of the boys answered. "We never take one aboard when we put to sea."

"That's right," McCormick added. "They always jump overboard."

"They do?" I remarked, my pencil working furiously. "How do you account for that?"

Sucker

"Well, it's this way," he replied, taking a long pull from his cigarette. "we had a couple of dogs and cats, though we never saw them jump.

But we once had a rat. It was a big thing. Well, it jumped overboard the day before an action. We thought we were goners then. But we fooled that rat. Now it's sorry."

I looked up to see a circle of eager faces watching with ill-concealed amusement my feverish attempts to keep up with the voluble Irishman and realized that I had been "spun a dip." That there was more salt than fact to that particular tale.

"What about these refits," I asked, returning to Harries. "I shouldn't think you'd have to spend much time repairing a model."

"It was the gunfire that did it," he explained. "After every shoot, I'd go below and find that the model had fallen apart. I used to stow it in the air vents of the mess deck, and the ammunition supply men would pick up all the pieces and place them on the table for me to put together when I got back. But the news of my model always got around and every time it was broken I heard about it before going off watch."

"Is it true the Wardroom wanted to have the Little Huron?" I enquired.

"Yes," Harries told me. "The officers said they'd like to have it for their wardroom, but, well," and this quite sheepishly, "I had other plans."

"It was a toss-up between his mother and his girl," volunteered Able Seaman Kenneth Peck, dubbed "ship's mother" by all and sundry.

"Who won?" I asked.

"His mother," was the reply, while Tom Harries turned from delicate amber to a pleasant petal pink. "His girl's getting a cushion cover, instead."

"Tom," I said, "I hear you're going on leave soon. Do you expect

FOOTLIGHT FANFARE

By Gib Potter

It's 'Clear Lower Decks' for Ace Entertainment in "Lets Be Salty," Lt. Clary Harris' Stad. I Special Services latest presentation. While draft trouble caused cast trouble, the t'neful music, smart settings and excellent lighting in a Nautical mood went over in a big way and was enthusiastically applauded at every performance.....

The Show opens with a clever satire on entertainment in general that is handed out to the services. Dolores Hutton's Minsky part was superb. Roger Greig does the narration in fine style. Phil Nichols comedy lead is excellent, with much laugh-provoking by-play in and out of the Audience.....

Hit Tune 'Please Remember' is one of the two serious numbers sung by Greig and Cora Campbell, the Ships rail and picture settings is tops. Later Roger Greig does "Living Very Well" very well indeed.....

The Title Song was put across in top style by Bob Day, starting out to be a playette with lamp post featuring the funniest little Naval Jeep to be seen so far.....

Jean Griffiths does monologues with finesse, possessing a voice of clear quality and flawless diction, and Artist Victor Runtz does amazing things with quick sketches.....

Alex Bowen (Frankenstein of Hi Sailor), back from sea, does a Virginia O'Brien on 'Doin' My Bit' and just about stops the show with his dead pan version....

The Charm of Floradara is recaptured in the famous sextet 'Tell Me  
Continued on page 12

to get married while you're at home?"

"Oh, no," he assured me.

"That's what he thinks," appended Peck, echoed by all present.

I turned to the curly haired QR3. "You seem to be fairly well informed on the subject Ken. Are you married?"

"No," he replied, brown eyes sparkling, "but I'm looking for something."

And there was that about him which makes me bet he'll find it itoo.

Plenty of Service

Ken is a native of St. John and will have been in the navy four years this month. Before joining the Huron he saw service on the Prince David, the Amherst, the Saguenay, off which he was a survivor, and the Brantford. But he has had the "best action on the Huron," and "I enjoyed every minute of it." His most exciting experience occurred when patrolling the Channel Isles.

The current buzz is that a number of the crew will soon be off to Cornwallis for various gunnery courses and advanced non-sub rates, but Peck has an answer to that. "They should keep very man on board," he said. "We don't want any advancements. We just want to stay with the Huron. She's a real fighting ship."

Something More

As to the model, that in what this story has been about; the Little Huron and the big Huron and some of the men who love them both. It is a funny feeling a man has when he must leave the ship he has lived in, yet helped to give life to, since the first day she knifed through the cold waters of the Atlantic to engage the enemy. A feeling that makes a sailor of a retail store cashier like Ken Peck, or a callow youth like Don McCaulley who joined the Navy under age, or a factory worker like Tom Harries: Tom Harries, whose fingers became equally adept at carving a model ship and manning his AA gun. It is the feeling that makes Tom want to stay with the Huron even if it means he remain an AA3 instead of going ashore to pick up his AA2, that made him say, "If I ever come back to the Huron, and I hope I do, I'll build an even better model for the ship."

It will be a proud day when HMCS Huron slips her anchorage and makes for the open sea with her alter ego safely stowed away below decks. The heart of a ship, always a vague and nebulous affair, will have taken on length, width, and depth for all to behold; embodied in the three-dimensional reality of a second Little Huron.

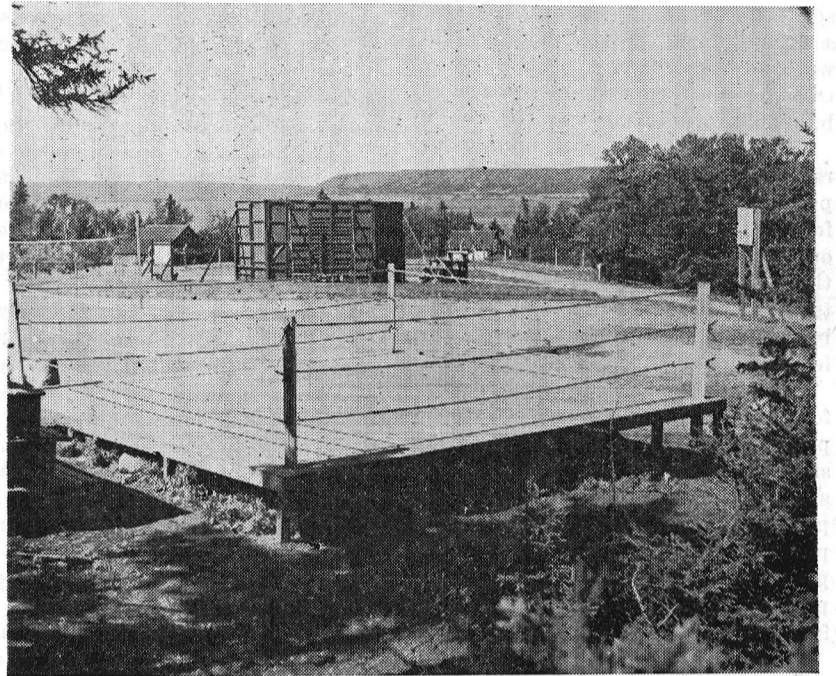
Engineroom Lads Find "Engineer" Produce Own Field For Athletics

The Engineroom department at HMCS Cornwallis, the big training base of the Royal Canadian Navy, in the Annapolis Valley, in Nova Scotia, used to think it would be a great thing if the branch had its own recreation grounds on the base. The Mechanical Training Establishment, where members of the department are trained in the numerous types of work carried out by the branch, is some distance from other recreational centres in the base. Soon a number of the lads were doing more than thinking about it and plans for such a field were drawn up.

Today the MTE has a splendid recreational field, including jumping pits, an outdoor boxing and wrestling ring, a softball diamond, punching bags, volleyball court, tug o' war run, and a race track a tenth of a mile in length and with a 100 yard straightway.

Engineer PTI

Chief Petty Officer Lionel Blades, of Red Deer Alta., who was then in charge of the Physical and Recreational training in the MTE, first thought of the idea



of having a softball diamond and outdoor rink built. Talking it over with Able Seaman K.C. Evans, PTI, from Vancouver, B.C., he discovered that Evans had been employed by a construction company in peace-time and, while his duties had been clerical in nature much of his work had been carried on outdoors and he had picked up considerable knowledge of actual construction work.

Evans set to work measuring spaces and figuring out "scrounges" by which he could get work done and eventually produced plans to include the entire recreational field as outlined above. True, the track at one end of the field ran only inches inside the fence marking the end of the Naval property, but it was inside.

Off-Duty Duty

Soon groups of men appeared during non-working hours and earth and sod were rapidly being whipped hither and thither under the driving attach of the MTE men. Evans supervised the job from the engineering standpoint and the other members of the P&RT staff acted as foremen. The job was long, the weather was torturing but the work went on, despite almost insurmountable difficulties. In the first place, there were those trees and stumps and boulders to be cleared away—and there were a lot of them. Suddenly one evening a big "bull-dozer" tractor appeared on the job, and, to use a Navy expression, "swish" and the trees, stumps and boulders disappeared from the field. Then there was the matter of getting the race track levelled off. The field was on a sloping piece of ground and the whole track would have a decided "lean" if something wasn't done. Again the "bull-dozer" appear-

ed, and soon the track was levelled off, the MTE men having taken earth and sods from the side which the tractor had levelled and built up the down slope on the other side. The baseball diamond was marked off, lanes were painted on the track and the proper handicaps figured out, the jumping pits were dug, an old building was moved to the spot to be used as a locker for equipment, bleachers were erected for the fans (these from bits of spare lumber), the ring was erected and the field was ready for action. Every bit of the work was done by members of the Mechanical Training Establishment.

There is seldom a moment during non-working hours when the field is not in use. Boxing bouts are held every Monday, Wednesday and Friday night. Volleyball and softball are played almost every night. The MTE held a highly successful track and field meet on the grounds recently and training for other competitive meets has been done on the ground.

All-in-all, the men of the department did a very creditable job and as a result of their having given up a bit of their spare time to work on the field, hundreds of men have been given a new opportunity to participate in sports.

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# Writer, Lieutenant And Wren Top Contest Winners

Editor's Note—It should be understood by the reader that, while a number of the suggestions in the following essays have been already adopted by the government, the essays were written some weeks ago, prior to the government taking its action.

## FIRST PRIZE

by Murray A. Stephans, Wtr.

The demobilization and rehabilitation of service personnel presents problems, the effective solution of which demands an approach from a strictly economic point of view.

To allow politics to become involved beyond the point of necessity will spell utter failure. Any plan, to be successful, must consider the economic welfare of the country, which in turn calls for the complete confidence of business as a whole.

Our problems for the most part resolve themselves into the general problem of finding useful employment for the thousands of service personnel once this conflict is permanently settled. The government should determine in advance the potential number of employable persons required for business at the close of hostilities.

This information would form a foundation for the formulation of plans to determine those things necessary to maintain this country in a state of economic stability and prosperity. To accomplish this result, one particular man, well-versed in the problems of business, should be appointed Director of Economic Welfare.

This director should be made responsible solely to the head of the government and to its people. Therefore he must be given the authority to act independently of the desire of political groups, either small or large, within, of course, the boundaries of constitutionality.

Such an appointment would reduce time and money spent on investigations, commissions and committees only to have their reports shelved and be left with the problem in question still unsolved.

Actually I propose a peacetime parallel to the war-time appointment of the Honourable Mr. Ilsley as Finance Minister. Given emergency powers he has kept this country as close to a pay as you go plan as seems humanly possible. Principally as a result of his actions we have averted the tragedy of inflation. Let us now avert the tragedy of post-war depression, inevitable without constructive planning and actions.

Our Director should then order a survey of all industry to determine these things:—

- 1—Number of persons employed.
- 2—Capital expenditures anticipated with the next ten years.
- 3—The type of expenditure this will be e.g. equipment, buildings etc.
- 4—Increased or additional number of persons to whom such expenditures will mean employment and for what period.
- 5—Type of employment (trade)
- 6—Number of former employees now in the service whom the employer will be rehiring.

Other items affecting our national economy need not be singled out here.

The functions of our present National Selective Service would change from its present form of control to that of an information service for the Government and an employment agency for the public.

The result of the survey of industry will enable the Director to know the nation's manpower requirements. He should then order a survey of the service personnel to determine:—

- 1—Number of service personnel who have a definite job to which to return.
- 2—Number of persons qualified in various trades.
- 3—Number of persons intending to resume educational pursuits.

Comparison of the resulting tabulation of the two surveys will present a complete picture of trades and employable persons required in the post-war era for say ten years.

Assuming a surplus of manpower, we must then avert depression and attempt to eliminate the physical and mental demoralization, of unemployment, relief, welfare and its attendant degenerating effects.

Since the national income is in direct ratio to the general economic prosperity of the individuals who compose our nation, we must do those things which will increase our national income. We must give employment to more people and thus create a higher general standard of living and maintain it throughout the years. Our efforts must be concentrated along these lines:—

- 1—The development of Canada. Business should be given an incentive to develop Canada's untapped natural resources.
- 2—The development of world trade. Let us use Canada's War-developed productive capacity to the

benefit of ourselves and the other nations of the world. Re-adjustment of our tariff policy is essential.

3—The development of an equitable, practical labor policy by the government.

Let the government inspire confidence in both management and labor so that the development of productive capacity will not be retarded by misgivings or suspicion on either side. Maximum number of work hours per week, coupled with a minimum wage control is necessary.

Superfluous manpower must not be allowed to exist at the close of the war if we are to uphold our national income. Therefore demobilization of service personnel must be closely controlled in the light of the surveys conducted. Demobilization should become effective in the following manner:—

- Release all personnel;
- 1—whether married or single who have definite guaranteed employment to which to return.
  - 2—required by industry for the various trades as shown from the tabulations of the survey, having regard to place of residence of personnel and local requirements of industry.
  - 3—definitely returning to educational pursuits having regard for the personnel department's advisability of such release.

This plan calls for the maintenance of a fairly large Navy, Army and Air Force. These services should be flexible and their size and numbers should vary in a direct ratio to the surplus of manpower.

To make this practical, there should continue to be compulsory military service call-up. The term of service should be at least one year and even then release in accordance with a definite plan for engagement in industry. I refer to youths who are beginning to enter business or immediately after the completion of their education.

To decrease illiteracy and prevent the exploitation of the youth labor market there should be a high standard of compulsory education. As an alternative in cases where it is beyond the mental capacity of the individual, an extra period of military service should be required. The tendency therefore would be to raise the general

## ESSAY CONTEST PRIZE WINNERS

The following are the winners of prizes of The Crow's Nest Essay Contest on Demobilization and Rehabilitation. It will be noticed that there were several cases in which contestants tied for a place, and rather than split the prizes between them The Crow's Nest has duplicated the prizes. The essays were judged by Dr. Cyril James, President and vice Chancellor of McGill University, Montreal.

First Prize	—\$100.00	Murray A. Stephans, Wtr., V-78779 "F" Block, HMCS "STADACONA", Halifax, N.S.
Second Prize	— \$75.00	James P. Thornton, Elect. Lieut. RCNVR, HMCS "GRYME", c-o F.M.O. Vancouver, B.C.
Third Prize	—\$ 50.00	Wren Reta S. H. Moran, W-900 HMCS "BYTOWN", 589 Rideau St., Ottawa, Ont.
Fourth Prize	— \$10.00	Willard Robert Chedister, PO R.C.N., 3084, Fort San, Sask. c-o HMCS "QUEEN", Regina, Saskatchewan.
Fourth Prize	— \$10.00	F. L. Peter Ross, S/Lt, HMCS "CHALEUR II", Quebec City, P. Q.
Fifth Prize	—\$ 5.00	W. F. MacDonald, Wtr., V-43017, HMCS "STADACONA", Halifax, NS
Sixth Prize	—\$ 5.00	Archibald A. Wenban, C.P.O. P/MX 98898, Ordnance Artificer, (Optical), 3rd. Class, Instrument Repair Shop R.C.N.A.D., HMC DOCKYARD, Halifax, N.S.
Sixth Prize	—\$ 5.00	Lewis E. Bell, Coder, V-44638, c-o FMO, Liverpool, N.S. c-o S.N.O.
Seventh Prize	—\$ 5.00	W. D. Dale, O/Sea, V-65279, Fro-bisher Block, E-8, HMCS "CORN-WALLIS", Cornwallis N.S.
Seventh Prize	—\$ 5.00	Edward M. Ballon, Prob. S/Lieut. HMCS KING'S

### ONE YEAR SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE CROW'S NEST

Eighth Prize	—W. J. Smith, C.P.O., V-32306, P.I.B. Staff, L.&C. c-o Eagle P. O., HMCS "STADACONA", Halifax.
Eighth Prize	—Charles Alan Phillips, A/B, V-17239, HMCS "DUNVEGAN", c-o FMO, Halifax, N.S.
Eighth Prize	—R. F. Swain, Lt./Cdr. (E), RCNVR, Principal Engineer Overseer-c-o Halifax Shipyards, Ltd., Halifax, NS.
Ninth Prize	—D. T. C. Smith, L/Wtr. V-3459, HMCS "PRO-TECTOR" Sydney, N.S.
Ninth Prize	—C. H. Whent, V-81056, HMCS "FORT RAMSAY" Gaspé, Que.
Tenth Prize	—Frederick Phillips, A/B, V-36646, FMO Staff, HMCS "CORNWALLIS".
Eleventh Prize	—G. D. Potter S/A V-45570, Special Services Office, 23 North Street, Halifax, N.S.
Twelfth Prize	—Arthur George Broughton, V-84300, HMCS "UNICORN", Saskatoon, Saskatchewan.

## TWO IMPORTANT OCCASIONS



War Services organizations play a big part in the lives of Servicemen and there is no place where they are making their presence more welcome than in the Annapolis valley and near HMCS Cornwallis. In Digby the Navy League Hostel is visited daily by many sailors and Wrens while at Annapolis, only last month, the Canadian legion opened a giant new recreation centre and hostel. The Knights of Columbus, YMCA and Salvation Army all have recreation centres right in Cornwallis. Last month saw the opening of two of these hostels in Cornwallis, the YMCA and the Sally Ann. In the picture at the left Private L. Cariin of the Army, goes into his act for the large crowd that attended the opening of the Salvation Army hut. In the picture at the right Stan. Wadlow, supervisor at the new YMCA hut presents the prize for a novelty dance to Wren Kay Cochrane, of Toronto, and Sto. Johnny Bellvie, of Winnipeg at the opening of his recreation hall. RCN Photo.

standard of education in addition to retaining jobs for those who require them most e.g. the heads of families etc.

Relative to the rehabilitation of the service personnel the Director would be in a position to know what trades are needed and what tradesmen are available. Therefore he could advise the services as to what type of schools would be necessary to prepare service personnel for return to industry.

Besides maintaining a standing Navy Army and Air Force, it would be one of the useful functions of these services to prepare the individual while serving his engagement, to take his place in industry.

The reason I dwell on general economic welfare is because I believe a long term view must be taken. Granting large sums of money to service personnel would do neither the country nor the individual any good, since the same chaotic conditions would exist after the funds had been spent and a solution of our problems would be no nearer than in the beginning, if not farther away. Things done for service personnel must be based on a solid, permanent foundation not to be lost in a few years.

Rehabilitation plans should include schools staffed by competent instructors, teaching all required trades and subjects. Selection of personnel for demobilization or rehabilitation must be very careful not to make any inequitable decisions such as may arise as a result of the past employment of individuals. It must be remembered that in the several years past our economic situation was not what it could have been. As a result men were

engaged in work which was neither to their liking nor commensurate with their ability but persevered in due to this country's economic conditions. Considerable injustice will be done should this recommendation not be followed.

Actually the problem of grants should be approached from the standpoint of the necessity of the personnel being discharged. The present form of the grant in no way takes into consideration or makes allowances for the re-adjustment which must take place in the majority of cases of married personnel.

Expenses will be large at a time when income will, at the best be unpredictable for any period. The grant should be sufficiently large that it will not be necessary for any man to return and find that he has within the first month of his return to civilian life had to saddle himself with a debt of from one to two hundred dollars.

I speak here for personnel returning to industry since personnel returning to agriculture or further education have already been offered or are being offered sufficient incentive to become happily re-adjusted and with little effort.

Whatever plans are to be made for the demobilization and re-habilitation of service personnel must be made now and must be all-inclusive and thoroughly comprehensive.

Are we going to be as unprepared for peace as we were for war? Did we learn from World War I or are we not going to take advantage of that experience? Immediately prior to the outbreak of war, certain destructively

Continued on page 11

## NAVAL GROUPS AND PORTRAITS

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# Opportunity Not "Hand-Outs" Is Theme Of Contest Answers

## Cornwallis Canteen Gives Prizes

The Crow's Nest this month takes pleasure in announcing the winners of the Demobilization and Rehabilitation contest. Recognizing the importance of inducing Naval personnel to begin thinking about the kind of Canada they want to live in after the war, various organizations and individuals gave their complete support to The Crow's Nest contest. Chief among these were: Hon. Angus L. Macdonald, Minister of National Defence for Naval Affairs, Capt. Paul B. Cross, Chief Staff Officer Reserves, Dr. Cyril James, President and Vice Chancellor of McGill University, Montreal, who selected the winning essays, the Directorate of Demobilization (N), which acted as a judging group to pick the 20 essays considered best from those which were submitted, and Capt. J. C. I. Edwards, Commanding officer of HMCS Cornwallis whose permission to run the contest was given. Special mention is made of the Canteen Committee of "Cornwallis" which made a grant of \$200 for prizes and gave the contest committee every help and encouragement in its venture. To these, and to the scores of interested contributors, The Crow's Nest offers its thanks. We also offer our congratulations to the winners of the contest and, in fact to all contestants, for the many concrete and practical ideas which were put forth and which, we can give every assurance, will be seriously considered by those charged with the duty of planning the future of our country.

Perhaps the most outstanding point noted in almost every entry was the plea to Canada not to give a "Hand-out" to the Service men and women after the war. "Opportunity to earn a comfortable living, is what we want—not a handout" was the basis upon which almost every essay was written. A glance at the prize list on this page will show that in every branch and every rank of the Navy men are thinking seriously on the problems of this country. It is also evident that these persons have made a very comprehensive study of the social structure of Canada and have made constructive decisions for what they

consider a better way of doing things.

*The answers to this contest may be considered the voice of the Service people of Canada. These are the people whose idea it was that Canada was worth fighting for. That idea was accepted by the people of this country as being the right one. It is only just then, that these same people should be given the utmost consideration when they offer their ideas on the running of this country for which they fought.*

**The service man knows what he wants and he challenges Canada to give him the opportunity to attain it!**

### WRITER LIEUTENANT AND

*Continued from page 10*

radical tendencies were gaining momentum in our political life. The success of these was due in large measure to the economic status of the country, the general dissatisfaction that existed, particularly among the middle and lower income classes. Improper readjustment of service personnel will inevitably lead to a recurrence of these same conditions and a possibility that these elements may grow beyond control.

We have spent millions on war; let us now spend whatever is necessary for the welfare and well-being of our country and its citizens.

### SECOND PRIZE

by James P. Thornton, Elect. Lieut

It is generally agreed that those who have served longest and/or seen most action should be the first demobilized where possible.

The decisive factor in rehabilitation is the individual's state of mind. "The wise man carries all his wealth within himself." Ex-servicemen cannot expect the post war world to be a bowl of cherries unless they themselves provide most of the effort to

make it so. One cannot have a happy and contented nation unless the individuals composing it have learned how to be happy and contented themselves.

War is a lottery far more than peace, where a planned future can with ordinary luck be followed. But in war, death may cut all things short. It is impossible to ensure that every man receives exactly his deserts. If any man think his treatment unfair let him reflect on the dead. The best attitude is cheerfulness and acceptance of one's fortune. Unless the men realize this no program can be wholly successful.

After the war enlisted men will fall into two categories, the dead and the surviving. The former are beyond our help. We can only see that they die happy, firm in the thought that their dependents will be cared for.

There are four general categories of the surviving. Those happy few to whom the war has been a stimulating and broadening experience and who are able to capitalise on this. Secondly, those who have been in responsible positions, but whose work has not been of such a nature as to fit them for the humdrum tenour of peace. Some of these are very young men, who cannot for some years expect civilian jobs anything near as good as their war time ones. These must be trained to exert their willpower to start at or near the bottom again.

Thirdly are those visibly maimed by loss of limbs or faculties, and to whom compensation can be made, so far as compensation is possible, on a fairly exact and equitable basis.

Lastly, most difficult to deal with are those whose injuries are of the mind. From the battlefield, men who have been shell-shocked or seared by horrible experience, whose nerves are gone. These men are most difficult to deal with, and an almost individual research and attention is needed in

each case. From behind the lines of men in whom the seeds of idleness or irresponsibility have been sowed, from their having done nothing but eat, sleep and obey orders for so long. Very little was done about the shell-shocked after the last war, but it is now realized that many of the crimes that were committed by or failures that appeared amongst ex-servicemen then, were due to the unhinging experiences of the war, and care should be taken to re-habilitate these men's minds before they are thrown into the world again. The doctors who pass on men should bear this in mind.

Government has already placed before ex-service men its interim proposals for rehabilitation, plans which are amenable to alteration and improvement, which are broadly designed to satisfy any reasonable, healthy man's needs in the line of:— 1) Completion of his education, 2) the teaching of a decent trade, 3) his settlement in farming, fishery and small holding.

The allowances may appear on the small side, but an ingenious man should be able to supplement these by part time work. Many boys work their way through college, why should not a grown man with an army experience behind him?

Very properly, farming and fishing aid is limited to those already experienced. Not enough has been allowed for farm machinery, and interest rates should be lower. For better or worse Canada is committed to an urban economy, and only farmers under exceptional conditions can make more than a bare living.

It must be realized however, that many a man would have liked to have joined up, but age or family cares prevented him. Ex-servicemen should not expect benefits that would give them an unfair advantage over society in general.

To summarise the foregoing any rehabilitation programme should:—

- 1—Inculcate the correct attitude of mind towards life.
- 2—Care for dependents of the dead, and those visibly maimed.
- 3—Train the untrained and settle the landless.
- 4—Pay especial attention to the mentally unhinged, with a view to the full restitution of their faculties and abilities.

Internally, we expect to share in the general benefits of society proposed, that is to say, a better standard of education, which must include better trained and paid teachers, national health and unemployment insurance, and the opportunity to work.

Regardless of politics, full employment and social services cannot be achieved without greatly increased centralized control, and a permanently high level of taxation. In this respect ex-service men are only a part of the general public and must go along with what the majority decide. We can only strive to achieve the maximum incentive to individual initiative with the minimum amount of official interference, and to endeavour to build up an incorruptible public service.

The British Empire Service League can play a valuable part in this as a non-political organization. It is expected that Government will give preference to ex-servicemen in government employ. The Legion should see that its members maintain a high standard of personal integrity and expel those who don't. It should also enlist the sons of Legionnaires in its organization and lead them on the right path of loyalty to the country and personal integrity.

We do not want the dole. We want work. So long as a man is willing to work, his family, his property and other savings should not be dissipated by reason of unemployment. The incentive to save, is the thought that one will, one day have a reasonable hope to enjoy the fruits of same. Old age pensions should not be diminished by personal income from savings.

A nation's labour is the sole source of its wealth. A nation's savings form the basis for all improvement; for saving, that is profit, replenishes the capital fund by means of which improvements of the standard of living of the nation can be made.

Neither nations nor individuals can be set in a mould and cast for all time. Private thought, private initiative, public example and public integrity must always be at watch and ward for the nation's and the individual's welfare.

To make Canada, a merrier, happier land, social diseases must be stamped out. Criminals should be taught trades and jobs found for them before release from jail. The liquor laws should be amended so that a man may take a drink in reasonable freedom. Bread and cheese should be available in beer parlours and no segregation of the sexes should be allowed. The publican should be made strictly responsible for the behaviour of his patrons, and seeing that his parlour is not made use of by known prostitutes. Beer and wines should be obtainable in such eating places as wish to serve them.

The family should be encouraged as the fundamental social unit of the nation and their responsibilities inculcated in the parents. The study of the Bible and respect for religion should be cherished as the basis for the dignity of human life. We may be descended from monkeys, but there is no need for us to act like them.

Internationally, Canada should maintain armed forces commensurate with her economic and international importance. Until much more settled days come again these should be of the order of 50,000 each for the army and navy and 80,000 for the airforce.

Let us maintain and improve our Empire links (the only working League of Nations) and continue good relations with the States. There should be complete freedom of entry and settlement into any part of the Empire, between all the members of the Empire, so long as races and numbers can be assimilated. It is obvious that Indians, negroes, Chinese and Malays can be assimilated in much smaller quantities than some of the white races, but it should be possible for some of these to enter if they wish. Similar arrangements should be made with foreign countries.

An international currency for foreign trade and tariffs that cannot be manipulated. It is too much to expect tariffs to be abolished but we may hope to see them kept within reason. The post war period will be a very trying one in respect to trade, air and sea transport. Let us always remember that the Empire and the States are Canada's natural and best friends.

The third prize essay of Wren Rita Moran will appear next month.

# Torpedo School Winner Of Softball Silverware

By A/PO A. Bullock, PTI

Torpedo School, and Plumbers enacted the last chapter to a very successful Inter Part Softball Season. The initial clash in the best four out of seven, saw Torpedo School win an easy victory from the Pipe Twisters 18-9. Game two, Plumbers won 8 to 4. With the odds now even, the battle grew hot, so did the torpedo school, winning the crown, along with the next two games.

Another potential champion, is the Sr. Softball team with the reins in the hands of Manager PO Art Hepworth and Coach Pap Le Pelley. Aside from doing a superb job of handling, these boys have performed a miracle, in fielding a team, right up, and into the play-offs. The team has suffered a terrific bombardment from draft chits. Still they took third place in the league, walked through 18th Aek Ach, two games straight, for the semi-finals. The finals brought them against South End Athletic Club, in a four out seven tussle winning four in a row.

Entering the City Eliminations, on the road to the provincial playdowns, this wonder nine, defeated the Royal Canadian Army Signal Corps first game 11-0, with Jr. Wright chalking up 15 strikeouts, second game Wright, whiffed another 12 batters to win 8-0, allowing only four hits, per game all within the infield. The team is now standing by to meet Tramways, last obstacle for the city title.

Although a little late in the season, and stranger things have happened, we now have a Lacrosse Team. It started more or less as a conditioner for the Rugby players but enthusiasm got out of hand.

Stad. II had a team, we had a team so an exhibition game was arranged, which we won 6-3, now the boys, want to play Cornwallis. Also there is a strong buzz that the Airforce, and Army are fielding teams.

Ch. PO Gervais, and Dannie Seaman are holding up our end "Interested, Cornwallis?"

Mrs. Old Timer—It says here in the paper that the young girls today are abandoning all restrictions.

Mr. Old Timer—Well, I'd better not catch Mabel without hers on.

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