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



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BEST OF LUCK.

"The Victory Bells are breaking up that old gang of mine....."
Such is the song Ye Ed. has been singing since V-E Day. Every week
has brought word that a correspondent here or an artist there has traded
his uniform for a civvy suit and is leaving the kindly shelter of the Service
to venture forth into the unhappiness that lies in the world beyond the
barracks' gates.

At last, the blow has hit our own doorstep. It was bound to come,
but it came like greased lightning. Overcome with grief, his head bowed
low, Leading Seaman Joseph Patrick Trainor, once one of the 'aster sprinters
in the Maritimes, dragged his feet into the office and announced, "I've
got my 'ticket!'" Just that. Nothing more—except, of course, the
jump he gave when the editor's face hit the deck with a resounding smack.

Joe Trainor, for more than three years the advertising and circulation
manager of The Crow's Nest, joined the staff immediately following publica-
tion of the first edition. He was with it all during those grim months
when some said "Cease publication! The red ink's running low!" and
others cried more loudly still "Never Say Die!" And so, with a few in-
jections of pence-illon, gathered from here and there, the sheet rolled along,
the circulation manager had more and more names to keep track of, the
advertising manager had more and more ads to keep track of—in fact,
Joe was kept pretty much on the jump.

Then the sun came out and we bought a bottle of blue ink. Everyone
on the staff smiled at everyone else on the staff. The auditors didn't
sneer at us any more. Someone once wrote in and said they liked the paper.
The circulation manager and the advertising manager used to get together
in his office and gloat over the piles of money on his desk after an edition
had been sold.

And then, to have this happen. It just goes to show you—if a guy
really wants something badly enough he's pretty likely to get it. And so
Joe got his "ticket" and has gone home to Winnipeg.

We feel sure we can extend, along with our own best wishes, those
of all the readers of The Crow's Nest to MR. Trainor. For his loyalty
and helpfulness in every way we are very grateful.

ANOTHER "DISCHARGE"

There is probably no Service canteen in Canada better known than
is the North End Service Canteen at Halifax. To sailors, their wives,
sweethearts, mothers and sisters, particularly, the North End Service
Canteen has become famous throughout the Dominion as the meeting place
in Halifax for the Jacks and Jills who man and help to operate our ships of
war.

There the men and women of the Service were able to relax in so many
ways. There were bridge tournaments, billiard games, ping pong, dart
boards, magazines, pianos, radios, writing rooms, dances, lunches and
—above all—big easy chairs in which to slump and dream of home.

Thousands upon thousands of men and women enjoyed the substantial
meals offered by the canteen and prepared by the capable staff and
volunteer workers.

The friendships formed in this leader among Service canteens were
perhaps the greatest work performed by the organization. Loneliness
soon became an unknown quantity once a Serviceman had begun to visit
there regularly. The attractive entertainments that took up most of the
nights of the week drew together groups of persons who soon became fast
friends. In fact, not a few romances found their beginning 'neath the
roof of the NESC.

However, with the scene of the war shifting to the West Coast the
North End service Canteen nears the end of its existence. This old friend
will soon be "taking its discharge", but there is one thing that will never
be lost. The veterans of this war, when it is all over, will long remember,
with gratitude and fondness, those who, since the early days of the war
provided for the guy who longed for "just a little bit of home".

THE FRONT PAGE

Looking out to sea from a gunnery control tower of HMCS Uganda,
in which he serves, Able Seaman Joseph LeClair, of Charlottetown, P.E.I.,
keeps a sharp watch for anything that might look the least bit Nipponese.
The control tower is Joe's action station

This clever bit of photography with its "Life"-like composition is the
work of Lieut. Gerry Moses of Naval Public Relations branch.

**HERE and THERE
IN
HMCS MONTCALM**

With W. J. E.



The men and women of HMCS Montcalm, here at Quebec, seem to be great travellers. Just for instance, there's O/Sea. Fred Blaker who spent his leave in the Yukon, recently. Then there is our Wren Zimmerman who whipped down to St. Andrew's By The Sea for part of her leave and then tripped back to Toronto for the remaining portion.

And speaking of travelling, CPO J. Cloutier is wearing a Grand Canyon grin these days because of the travelling his ball team is doing in the Quebec Garrison League. This team has lost only one game to date and leads the loop at the moment.

Among the travellers who will leave this ship in the near future for a long journey are a large number of Pacific volunteers.

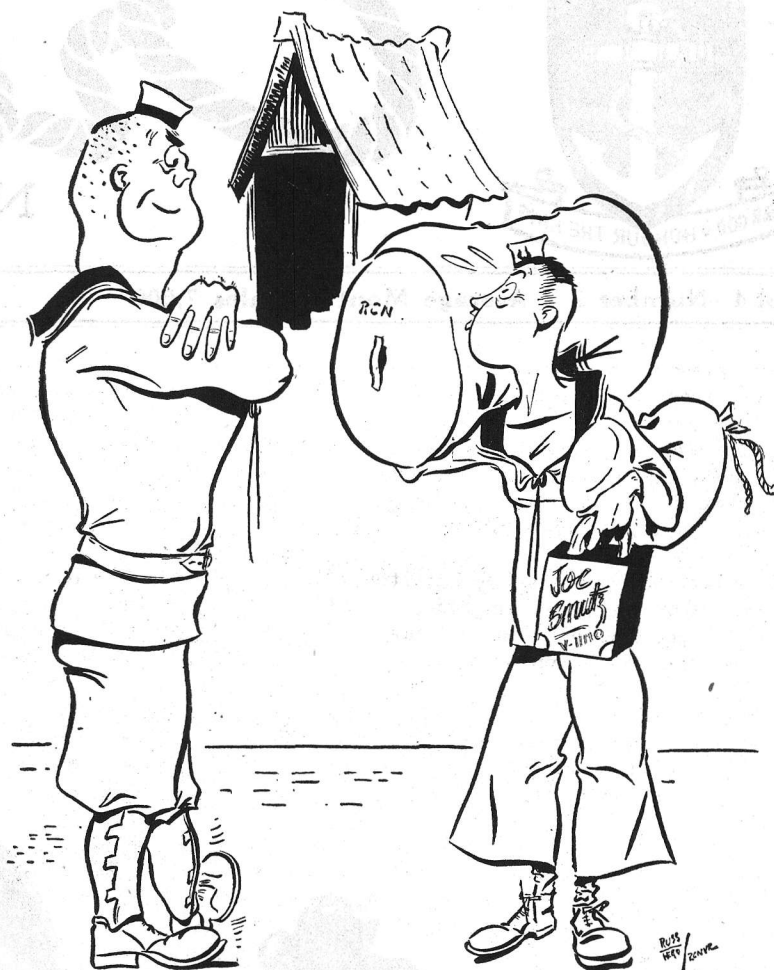
Several ex-shipmates visited the old frigate recently, among them Phil MacPherson, Bill Aves and Marcel Laroche.

Joe Thiveriege lost that "Don't Fence Me In" feeling on a recent visit to Chicago and reports the town "too big to roam around in."

Wtr. Eddie Turgeon passed the Havanas out the other day to help announce the arrival of an eight-pound heir. After the usual congratulations he was deluged with entreaties to tell where he was able to get cigars.

"Got a pen I can borrow?"
"Sure thing, pal."
"Some paper, too?"
"Guess so."
"Going past the mail box when you go?"
"Uh-huh."
"Wait till I finish this letter?"
"O.K."
"Lend me a stamp?"
"Yeah."
"What's your girls' address?"

THIS NAVY OF OURS



All set for a solid Twenty-eight and loaded down with gear and the guard at the gate wants to see your Dog License, Marriage License, Liquor License, Blood Chart, Radio License, Train ticket and everything is in your Burberry—at the bottom of your Sea-bag!

IMPORTANT!

Read the ...

"Notice To Veterans"
Advertisement

on page six of this issue



At a Fleet Air Arm base in the United Kingdom, known as HMCS Fledgling, Canadian sailors are being trained as air mechanics to take up duties with the new air branch of the Royal Canadian Navy. After a rigid 16 to 18 weeks training in their own specialized branches, they are sent to various stations in the United Kingdom for experience before joining Canadian squadrons. It is just one phase of the big naval air-training scheme. The camera catches a typical classroom scene as a petty officer instructor lectures a group of airframe mechanics. That piece of mechanism, by the way, is a Lux Type Floatation gear. RCN Photo by W/O. L. Sheraton.

Albert And The Corvette

Now there's a famous base called Shelburne,
That's noted for fresh air, not fun,
Where Mr. and Mrs. Ramsbottom,
Had sent young Albert, their son.

An acting fourth class were young Albert,
Arrayed in his brass, quite a swell,
With his gold hooks and Canada badges,
The finest that Goldbergs could sell.

He didn't think much of divisions,
The Wrens were all fiddlin and small,
There weren't no blasts, and nobody weighed off,
In fact, nothing, to laugh at, at all.

So in order to by pass the ordeal,
He nipped out a door round the side,
And wended his way down the jetty,
In search of a good place to hide.

Now Albert had heard about Corvettes,
And how they was pokey and small,
If he once got himself hid aboard one,
He'd never be found out at all.

So straightway the brave little fellow,
Without very much more ado,
Crawled into the number one boiler,
And closed the door after him, too.

It were tranquil and peaceful for Albert,
A far cry from harsh R.P.O.'s,
And 'tweren't long till his head started bobbing,
He were lost in a heavenly doze.

It were to bad for somnolent Albert,
That the C.O. had left a request,
For the stokers to flash up the boiler,
In order to give it a test.

So they started the fire in the furnace,
And with no thought of harming a soul,
They made it so hot for young Albert,
That they boiled up the little lad whole.

Now Albert's escape had been noticed,
To find him out hadn't been hard,
He couldn't be found in the mess hall,
And nobody'd picked up his card.

The test was all finished next morning,
And the chief said he thought it would pass,
But all that was left of young Albert,
Were his eyes bobbing round in the glass,

The M.O. were called on the double,
But he didn't know quite where to start,
For besides being par-boiled and blistered,
Young Albert had all come apart.

The pension board cabled his father,
That his name from their list had been crossed,
And Albert was charged with desertion,
And all his gratuities lost.

—Anonymous— HMCS Shelburne

WRENS WERE HEROINES DURING BIG EXPLOSIONS

by L/Wren Evelyn Bowen

The stone frigate, HMCS Stadacona saw its most motley crew on Wednesday evening July 18, when Wrens fled their block on a sharp "clear the Lower Decks" from the Stad bugler. After the resounding and shaking first explosion that knocked some out of upper bunks as they cat-napped; spilt tea as others ate in the mess, Wrens cleared the decks and were out of the block faster than pay-night speed. In shorts, bathing suits, pyjamas, pusser smocks, slacks, partial rig of the day minus some essentials such as black stockings and collars and ties; in bedroom slippers, sneakers and beach shoes; with their hair in pig-tails, pin curls, in rag curlers, the Wrens came as they were.

"As You Were--"

And as they were they trooped off in trucks to be evacuated to Pleasant Park. From there, on invitation from Flight Officer M. Ritcey, officer commanding Gorsebrook W.D. barracks, they marched through the streets of Halifax to Gorsebrook and if nothing else, they diverted the minds of anxious and worried Haligonians who were glad to have something to laugh at for a few minutes.

While the sailors back at Stad slept on the parade square or did volunteer work fighting the fires or helping the evacuees, the Wrens slept on the floors of the W.D. barracks between blasts and during the night polished the hardwood floor as each blast sent them scooting a foot across the

deck.

More Wrens than ever have now a special spot in their hearts for the Air Force after their marvellous hospitality of that night and the next morning when they fed over 900 hungry Wrens breakfast of oranges, bacon and eggs, toast and coffee.



WREN HEROINES OF THE EXPLOSION.....Wren Marjorie Kwalheim and Leading Wren Ruth Kidd, two Prairie girls, stuck to their posts during the explosion night at Bedford Basin Naval Magazine, putting through thousands of calls at the switchboards in the armament depot in the centre of evacuated Dartmouth area. Wren Kwalheim is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elias Kwalheim of St. Vital, Man. and Ruth Kidd, formerly a school teacher in Alberta towns, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Kidd of Drumheller.—RCN Photo by Lieut R. G. Arless.

Home Sweet Home

Never were the Stadacona girls so glad to see their Wrennery, four red brick walls and roof, quite intact from the thunderous night when they returned at noon Thursday after the danger period.

Now that it is all over many humorous tales are being told and many adventures of "How I Spent Explosion Night" and each day new tales are added to those to the superlative way the Wrens behaved during the emergency. With all the descriptive passages of the explosion in "Barometer Rising" going through their minds, those who were being merely shepherded did as they were told without hysterics or dramatics.

Many Wrens were so busy during the night, they had no time to worry. S.B.A.'s were on duty all night at the hospital; switchboard operators Evelyn Snelgrove, Georgina Consaul and Marjorie Sandie worked all night putting Stadacona calls through, coders and visual signallers worked all night in the dockyard sending signals through and messages to ships ordered to leave the harbour. Lieut. Gladys Finch, Staff Officer Operations worked in the operations office from the time of the first blast all during the hectic night.

Helped Citizens

Throughout the city and in Dartmouth Wrens helped look after evacuated civilians. They worked all night at the Wanderer's club serving milk to babies and coffee and sandwiches to evacuees, and assisted at other evacuation centres throughout the city.

Heroines of the night were two Wren switchboard operators who stuck to their posts in the naval armament depot, in the centre of the Dartmouth evacuated area keeping communication lines open. Wren Marjorie Kwalheim, St. Vital, Man. put the first call through of the fire from the magazine and before the fire truck had left the depot, the first explosion rocked the building. Her co-worker Leading Wren Ruth Kidd, Drumheller, Alta, came from an afternoon off in Dartmouth to spend the rest night taking calls and assisting civilians (who streamed into the depot all during the night) in finding relatives and seeking shelter from the blasts.

A British Columbian arrived at the gates of Heaven and asked for admittance.

"Where are you from?" inquired the genial saint.

"British Columbia."

"Well you can come in, but you won't like it."

Player's
Please

MILD OR MEDIUM

"IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS"

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

Wrens in Dentistry Plan For Future

By Lieut. J. Barrington.

VANCOUVER—Jill Tars working with the Canadian Dental Corps are not a bit puzzled about their post-war rehabilitation plans. They'll just carry right on in dentistry—as civilians.

Last January, just before Wren recruiting closed, the Women's Royal Canadian Naval Service added this new category to the list of interesting and important jobs being done by the Navy ladies.

As soon as the words "dental assistants" were whispered about, hundreds of applicants were knocking at the doors of WRCNS recruiting offices across the country. Seventy-five were chosen, and after basic training they went to Toronto for a concentrated course with the Dental Corps.

There, they skimmed through anatomy and the intricacies of radiography. They studied the mixing of cements and fillings, and gained a knowledge of dental instruments.

THEY "Just Know" "Feminine intuition", they now sturdily proclaim, often helps them to know in advance exactly which drill or forceps to hand the dental officer as he performs an extraction or fills a cavity in a sailor's tooth.

Then, too, Salty Jack doesn't keep putting off his trip to the dentist the way he used to do. In fact the boys are lining up nowadays just to have that "bib" tied on by a pair of soft, pretty hands. When sailors come ashore they often are badly in need of the excellent dentistry the service supplies, and the new feminine touch makes them more than willing to face the music.

Wren Officer Goes To Army

OTTAWA—First transfer of a Wren Officer to the Canadian Women's Army Corps took place in July, when Lieutenant Mary Sewell, WRCNS resigned from the naval service to accept an appointment in the CWAC.

Lieut. Sewell has been acting as Unit and Quarters Officer for the Wrens living at HMCS Carleton for several months, since her duties as a

TIFFY TALKS

By Bill Newman, L/SBA

Here we are back again with some more doings and stuff regarding the Tiffies of Cornwallis. Much to my delight I am able to report that the SBA's ball team has cinched a play-off berth in the ship's company league by beating the band this evening to the tune of 11 to 7. Things looked bad for a while but now that we are still in the battle let's get on with the job of knocking out the Supply's and the harding-hitting Shore Patrol. No wonder those N. P.'s are hitting so well—those boys carry their bats around with them these days. By the time we commence the finals we should have several of our stars back from leave. Toohy Patz, Howie Ward, Chief G. Brennan, Chief Bob Johnston and Johnny Sim are due back in the near future.

Quite a few new faces are appearing in the SBA staff these days. Some of the boys who have recently joined our happy home are L. Scaysbrook, J. Sutton, K. Paisley, H. Dike, J. Reid, S. Reid, Abe Goldapple, Hewitt, Frency Marcou, R. Young, M. Rouse, S. Oakley, P. Wilson, B. Lewis—and we are looking forward to many more.

Those who missed the weiney roast we had the other night, really got seen off. What a swell and successful affair it turned out to be. Congratulations are in order for the committee of John Frid, Sandy Sommerville and thanks to Murray Hatt who helped us out greatly on the transportation problem also Haggis MacBagpipe MacSween who lead a nice Sing Song.

Recruiting Officer were finished. Prior to her recruiting work in this area, since May 1944, she had been Recruiting Officer in London and Windsor, Ontario, and spent a short time in Newfoundland.

Daughter of Colin J. Sewell of Iberville, Quebec, she enlisted in January 1943 as a Wren, took her basic training at HMCS. Conestoga in Galt, and was commissioned in March of that year. Before her enlistment she had worked for the Inspection Board of the United Kingdom as an inspector at Fairchild Aircraft corporation.

Looking forward to her new army duties, as a Regimental Officer, Lieutenant Sewell is wondering if she can remember not to mix her salutes, after doing it the Navy way for so long.

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Albert And The Corvette

The "Brat" Becomes Beautiful



BGP3

"Bonita", freely translated from the Spanish, means "cute" and that's Bonita Granville all over. Formerly identified with "brat" roles, blonde Bonnie is now a swim-suit siren of the first

water. In her latest movie, Universal's "The Beautiful Cheat", Miss G. branches out into the warbling field, singing "Is You Is Or Is You Ain't" to her new leading man, Noah Berry, Jr.

Stand Easy!



After eyeing Army oculists' charts which show that many men are neglecting their precious orbs these days, Daun Kennedy, of Universal's "Night In Paradise", thought up this remedy for revision of the vision situation. It's an "eye-chart swim suit", guaranteed to give anyone an eyeful.

"Ottawa" Giant Baby-Buggy For Tiny Son of Canadian Tar

by S/Lt. Ed Fitkin

OTTAWA—If there is anything you'd care to know about looking after a baby on board a warship, just ask the crew of HMCS Ottawa.

They're experts on the subject now, even if it isn't part of their wartime agenda, because the Canadian destroyer, on its recent return from the United Kingdom, brought home to Canada an 11-months-old baby.

The young man is Robert Fraser, a chubby, friendly little fellow with a mass of red curls and a disposition that turned the entire ship's complement into eager servitude.

Tragedy of War

Baby Robert is the son of Motor Mechanic E. Fraser of Toronto, and to see the little fellow smiling, gurgling and gooning, you'd never realize that behind this tiny tot's sunny disposition lies one of those ironic tragedies of the war

You see, Baby Robert's mother was killed by one of the last German V-bombs to fall on England. Only late saved the little fellow's life.

He was pulled out of the debris, unscratched but virtually a temporary orphan for his father was on active duty.

Lieut. Edna Whinney, WRCNS, of 331 MacLaren Ave., Ottawa, the officer in charge of repatriation of Canadian Navy wives and children entered the picture.

She learned from Fraser that he would like to have his son sent to his sister in Canada. She is employed in the Fleet Mail Office, Halifax.

The First Scheme

Lieut. Whinney set out to fulfil this request. She approached authorities on the possibility of having Baby Robert returned to Canada in a troopship.

Two other WRCNS officers, Lieut. Cdr. Nancy Pyper of Toronto, and Lieut. Agnes McPhee of MacDonald College, Montreal, were returning in the Ile de France—and they were only too eager to look after the baby.

But the request was rejected. "A baby on board a troopship?" officials echoed. "Unheard of!"

Undaunted by this rebuff Lieut. Whinney approached naval headquarters with a plea to gain passage for Baby Robert in a warship returning to Canada.

The request was granted. Not only that but a signal was immediately despatched to have shipwrights erect a crib so that the youngster could travel home in class.

To crown the homecoming was the granting of leave for Motor Mechanic Fraser to accompany his young son home.

No baby ever received more flattering attention. His crib was placed in the captain's cabin. Nearby was a fair sized tub in which he bathed. Also near at hand was a small clothes-horse on which young Robert's soiled garments were hung up to dry.

Robert didn't know what all the fuss and fanfare was about.....but he enjoyed every minute of the cruise, hardly let out a whimper. And as far as being "seaworthy" is concerned, he should be quite an acquisition to the Royal Canadian Navy some 18 years hence.

Baby Robert is at present with his grandparents at Pictou, N. S.

Sailor on leave in Montreal: "Can I take you home?"

She: "Sure, where do you live?"

Good Luck and Best wishes to the mother of the "Canadian Tar" from the crew of HMCS Ottawa

"Pretty swell joint you have here," remarked the doctor as he examined the Wren's knee.

Palsied Poetry

By Hermes

OUR MAD MENAGERIE

The cow gives milk
And beef
And buttons;
Anything at all
But muttons.
Cows don't seem to give a damn
For lamb.

Who brings you bread and bottled cream?
Who don't you change in middle stream?
Who takes your money on the nose
And fails to "place" and rarely "shows"?
Who proves that matter's over mind
By doing things to your behind;
And gives you glue when he is blind,
Or meat-loaf, as the grinders grind?
Why, don't you know? It's plain,
of course:
The horse.

For goodness' sake!
Do you like hake?
There's one thing that I cannot buy
No matter where or how I try,
For no one seems to have a whale
For sale.

Pigs are pork,
Pigs are ham.
Pigs are bacon,
Pigs are Spam.
Amazing all the things we dig
From pig.

They say that man's best friend is dog:
A platitude I'd like to jog.
Man feeds the brute and plays the page
To Fido's every whim and rage.

He eases poodle's tiny tension,
Sees the mastiff gets a pension,
Treats his wife with condescension
For her litter's small dimension.
Surely you'll agree the plan
Is mer-ly: dog's best friend
Is man.

Drat,
The rat!

There has been such a flagrant chunk
Of writing writ about the skunk,
And most of it is fragrant bunk
About the way the critter stunk!
The skunk don't st nk; it's merely
woody:
Nothing but a pungent pussy.

Behold an ancient paradox:
The lazy, stupid, stumbling ox.
He can't give milk;
His meat is tough;
His huff and puff is mostly bluff.
That's why it's always orthodox
To wish a pox
Upon the ox.

Full many things that seem absurd
Are often done because a bird
Had whispered low, but still was
heard
And some are closed in pub and park,
Some run their courses after dark.
And, listening, you may hear remark:
That was a lark!

A Wren approached a new floorwalker
and said: "Sir, Have you any notions
on this floor?"

Floorwalker: "Yes, madam, but we
supress them during working hours."

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INSIDE DOPE by an INSIDE DOPE

by Henry Sherman, A. B.



If it is true that life begins at forty, I do not intend to move a muscle or twitch an eyebrow until I am forty-five. I am always late, and when I am celebrating my forty-fifth birthday it should not surprise me in the least if a little grey man in a long beard should hobble up to the festive board and calmly announce that I am sixty-seven. He will probably be right. I just can't seem to get there on time.

Perhaps this is in some way connected with the fact that my first urge upon entering a room (any room) is to shut all the windows and seal the cracks with putty. Perhaps it is because the only exercise I ever got was shaking my head slowly from side to side when any one suggested a trip to the local gymnasium. That is, until a few weeks ago.

With my little Czarina I was sitting in the rec hall beanery lazily sipping at a cocaine eggnog when a Leading Wren hove into view with a mass of muscle in tow. Now, the L. W. was well known to both the help-meet and myself, but since we had come to the restaurant for the express purpose of playing footie under the table we both studied the ash at the end of our hashish hookahs minutely in the vain hope that they would go away. They did not. They dumped their trays on our table and proceeded to pack away enough calories to last this little one for many a long day.

Meanwhile, a subtle change had come over my bitter half. She ran a lingering finger over the man's bulging biceps and turned accusingly to me. "Why haven't you got any of those?" she demanded.

"Hustle, bustle, who wants muscle?" I countered blithely. "Don't you know electricity's the coming thing?" The eyes of my soul-mate indicated plainly that splitting wood and sifting ashes weren't the only things a fancy physique was made for, and a pregnant hush fell over the room and had to be removed by the Shore Patrol.

In a flash, I knew that all was over between us and muttering, "It is better to have loved and lost—much better," I made for the nearest exit. Lead-Gwen Burge, for it was she, restrained me. "Don't go," she said. "Fred can fix you up."

"Sure," said Fred, surrounding a dark cloud of chocolate ice cream. "I was once a 97 pound weakling."

And that, gentle readers, was how I met Fred Brunt, and that was how it came about that I signed a solemn pledge to visit the old PRT School (peace be unto her ashes—and we do mean ashes) twice a week. Fred Brunt is about six feet two and weighs 190 pounds—all of it hard stuff. He belongs to that cult of muscle men founded by the late Petey Aih who come rushing into the mess hall every noon hour, bosoms bulging, and spoil every one else's appetite with a flagrant display of what they've got that we ain't got. The point has often been made that the PTI can't help his looks. I am inclined to believe he could.

Fred was born in an empty swimming pool somewhere in Toronto many years ago but, feeling an urge to see his American parents, he packed his carpet bag and journeyed to New York at the tender age of eight. I don't know what transpired at this momentous meeting, but one thing led to another and Fred took to drink. He's been in it ever since.

While retaining his amateur standing—that is, he couldn't be paid by cheque—Fred swam for the New York Athletic Club and the Park Central Athletic Association. In '39 he joined Billy Rose's Acquacade at the N. Y. World's Fair and understudied Johnny Weismuller. The next year, still with the Acquacade, he switched his attentions to Buster Crabbe. He had some bit parts on the Warner Brothers and Paramount lots in Greater New York City and worked in some swimming shorts. He really didn't want to, but there were too many girls around.

For a few seasons he taught swimming at summer hotels in Florida and California. He toured Miami Beach with his own water show. But it was not until he joined the navy and came to Cornwallis as a PTI that he got his real break: He found me.

Fred said he was going to build me up and put pounds on my back. This he did by the simple expedition of putting pounds on my back: pounds and pounds of cast iron. He called it barbell. There we were in the "work-out" room, stripped to and from the waist, looking for all the world like a pair of Greek adenoids. All around me athletic young men were tossing thousands of pounds of iron weight over their heads and between their legs. My instructor threw one of the lighter weights to me, I caught it easily and immediately sat down on the floor the better to contemplate it. Of course, I couldn't get up again until he had removed the onerous burden but he only laughed and said: "In a few weeks you'll be a new man," which suited me fine but meanwhile I was looking out for the old one.

I was then alternately thrown on a wooden rack, a bench, the seat of my pants and the back of my head, clinging all the while to a pair of iron dumbbells as my tormentor called, "watch your breathing! Watch your breathing!" a very thoughtful admonition for that process threatened to stop at any moment should I relax my vigil one iota. The correct method for barbell breathing, as I understand it, is to take great noisy gulps of air that has all the qualities of having been passed through an old running shoe up into the nostril and to exhale equally great noisy gulps through same, dilating them (the nostrils) fiercely and groaning like an ancient Christian martyr. Just what this accomplishes I fail to understand, but best results may be had with a slight cold in the head.

After half an hour of pushing and pulling, of heaving and hauling, reminiscent of some of the finer points in Tales of Torquemada, El Brunto lured me onto the basket-ball court to "loosen up" for barbell ties you tighter than a pre-war belly-band. The "loosening," consisted of having a basket-ball shot at me from the end of the gym floor which invariably caught me somewhere in the midriff and knocked what little wind remained there whistling through my pallid lips.

It was with a cry of unemployed relief that I finally succumbed to the showers and idly let the warmish water play over me. It was as ungentle to my tired limbs. Peace at last! But not for long. The indefatigable Brunt was soon hauling my loudly protesting carcass to the water's edge. "A good swim in the pool is just what you need to loosen you up" he said.

I fixed him what I thought was an icy stare and caustically remarked that I had just been loosened—with his ersatz medicine ball. But to no avail. "Can you swim?" he demanded sternly. "Under happier circumstances....." I began. He pushed me in.

Fortunately Mr. Brunt is an excellent life-saver.

That night, after crawling painfully to my writing desk, I cut a fresh pen from the back of a porcupine I keep for that purpose and began "The Birth of a Muscle," or "Ten Nights on a Barbell Floor." But a delicious torpor,

BOOK REVIEWS

"Checkmate in the North" by W. G. Carr, Lt. Cdr., RCNR. (Macmillans in Canada \$3.50) Don't let the first two chapters of this book or its rhetorical sub-title, "The Axis Planned to Invade America," fool you. It is not a political symposium dealing with that phase in German geopolitics that called for a joint attack upon Canada and the U. S. A. by the forces of Germany and Japan. It merely starts out that way, and concludes in a similar vein, but sandwiched between the first two chapters and the last one lies the book's real value and the author's great facility in a tale. In discussing the political and economic importance of the Northland, Commander Carr is rather colourless and not particularly original; fortunately he does not tarry there long. He goes on to tell the story of such fascinating personalities as "George," the Polish aviator who is apparently endowed with three times a cat's nine lives and rapidly running out of those; Flt. Lieut. Al Cheeseman, "The Flying Alderman," from Port Arthur, Ont.—one of the greatest of all bush

pilots; Old Mac, trapper and trader of the North country, and Bill Durrell, who supervised the construction of Goose Bay air base, and it is then that his volume lives. The story of these men is the story of Goose Bay, the saga of the big ships that came and went on her miles of hard runway. It is a modern adventure tale set against a backdrop of the wild beauty of the Northern Lights, mountains of snow and the iron-bound shores of Labrador. All who love a good yarn cannot fail to enjoy it.

Readers Companion, Edited by Louis Kronenberger. (Macmillans in Canada \$2.75) One of the more recent additions to the Viking Portable Library, "Reader's Companion" is that rarity in the book business exactly "as advertised." The jacket tells any prospective purchaser that inside he will find "a personal anthology selected for re-readability from the writers of 2000 years for the readers of today," and Mr. Kronenberger, in his introduction, further elaborates this personal viewpoint. He chose the component parts of his collection

known locally as that o-old feeling, overcame me and I dozed. A short time later I was awakened by a distant crackling and, looking up, saw that the sky was red. It was 3 a. m., much too early for sunrise, and soon I discerned the blazing outlines of the PRT school. In the morning, nothing but a smouldering heap of ashes remained. Somewhere, there, should be an object lesson in this.

because he had read each and every one of them several times, intends to read them several times more and, if no one else likes the book, he is going to enjoy it thoroughly at any rate. Fortunately, however, Mr. Kronenberger has excellent taste. The various contributors to this collection, from Plato to Dorothy Parker, from Chaucer to Lewis Carroll, representative as they are of every mode and mood in the story of literature, have this one thing in common: their literary excellence. Necessarily, the poets have a larger representation than they who pen prose—such are the advantages of brevity—and very few of our favourite "quotables" have eluded Mr. Kronenberger's net. In prose, the longer passages by such masters as Tolstoy, Flaubert and Henry James are interspersed with delightful aphorisms, letters and "odds and ends." It is truly the ideal "companion" for a rainy afternoon or the long hours of midnight watch; a reader's companion.

CMM's Wife: "How did you break your husband of staying out nights?"
PTMN's Wife: "When he came in last week, I called out, 'Is that you, Jack?'"

CMM's Wife: "Well?"
PTMN's Wife: "My husband's name is Joseph."

And then there's the fellow who offered his girl a Scotch and sofa and she reclined.



Notice to Veterans

ALL BRANCHES OF CANADA'S ARMED SERVICES

IT HAS BEEN BROUGHT to the attention of the Department of Veterans Affairs that efforts are being made by unscrupulous promoters to defraud ex-service men and women of their war services grants and re-establishment credits.

The Department of Veterans Affairs is anxious to obtain information in regard to any such instances so that action may be taken to recover such funds and, where possible, to take steps to see that legal action is instituted against those who have defrauded Canada's veterans.

If any returned veteran, has experienced any such frauds, please write immediately giving full particulars so that an investigation may be made by law enforcement officers in the community involved.

In the meantime, for your own protection, sign no documents involving your war service grants or re-establishment credits until you have consulted the officials of this department.

Issued under the Authority of Hon. Ian A. Mackenzie, Minister of Veterans Affairs.

DEPARTMENT OF VETERANS AFFAIRS

FOOTLIGHT FANFARE

by Gib Potter, S.A.

Stadacona Special Services had its own Romantic Interludes recently with the marriage of Cora Mae Campbell, of Winnipeg, to 'Em' Huckins, of Toronto; while Lesley Hill, of Vancouver, wed Malcolm Clark, of Edmonton. Congratulations and best wishes to the happy couples

Proceeding under forced draft, a Cavalcade of Hits from previous Special Service Shows garnered guffaws galore at Stadacona, Scotian and Aldershot Military Camp performances

Appropriately opening with the hilarious "Wakey, Wakey" Skit, followed by Mae Cook's mirth-provoking monolizations, the comedy tempo predominated throughout

It was Gondolas Aweigh when Muriel Thompson and Bill Theroux hit the high notes of Grand Opera with 'Giannia Mia'

In "Crazy House" local representatives of Zanys Inc., Phil Nichols, Bob Stanway and Paul Harrington's antics bring down the house with June Near, Lesley Hill and Muriel Thompson's "Hubba, Hubba" entrances distracting attention more than somewhat

The "Officer of the Day" Skit, a satiric conception of a saturnine four ringer (Malcolm Clark) dispensing justice with a Gilbert and Sullivan touch to optimistic requestees, was salty pusser fare

Strictly on the good side, the soloing of Wren Parkinson, Lesley Hill, Muriel Thompson, Louis Lecour, Malcom Clark and Bill Theroux registered solid; with Taps Terrific by Jean Adams

"Get Yourself A Geisha" as done by Francis Johns and Bob Stanway was especially gooved for Pacific Volunteers being educational as well as entertaining for Tokyo-Bound matelots

With his Discharge in his pocket, John McDonald's farewell service performance scored a show stop at Aldershot Military Camp

Lighting and scenic effects were ably handled by Bob Hughes, of Mimico, Henry Dunning, of Winnipeg, Al Watt, of Kingston, Frank Jago and Henry Thow of Toronto Accompanists were Barbara Potter, of Halifax, and Francis Johns, with

Sailor: "Did you know that tunnel we just came through is two miles long and cost twelve million dollars?"

Girl (fixing hair): "Well, it was worth it!"

Stoker: "Darling, I can read you like a book."

Wren: "O.K. But there's no need to thumb the pages."

CPO: "Did she like the new bathing suit you bought her?"

PO: "Yeah, you should have seen her beam when she put it on."

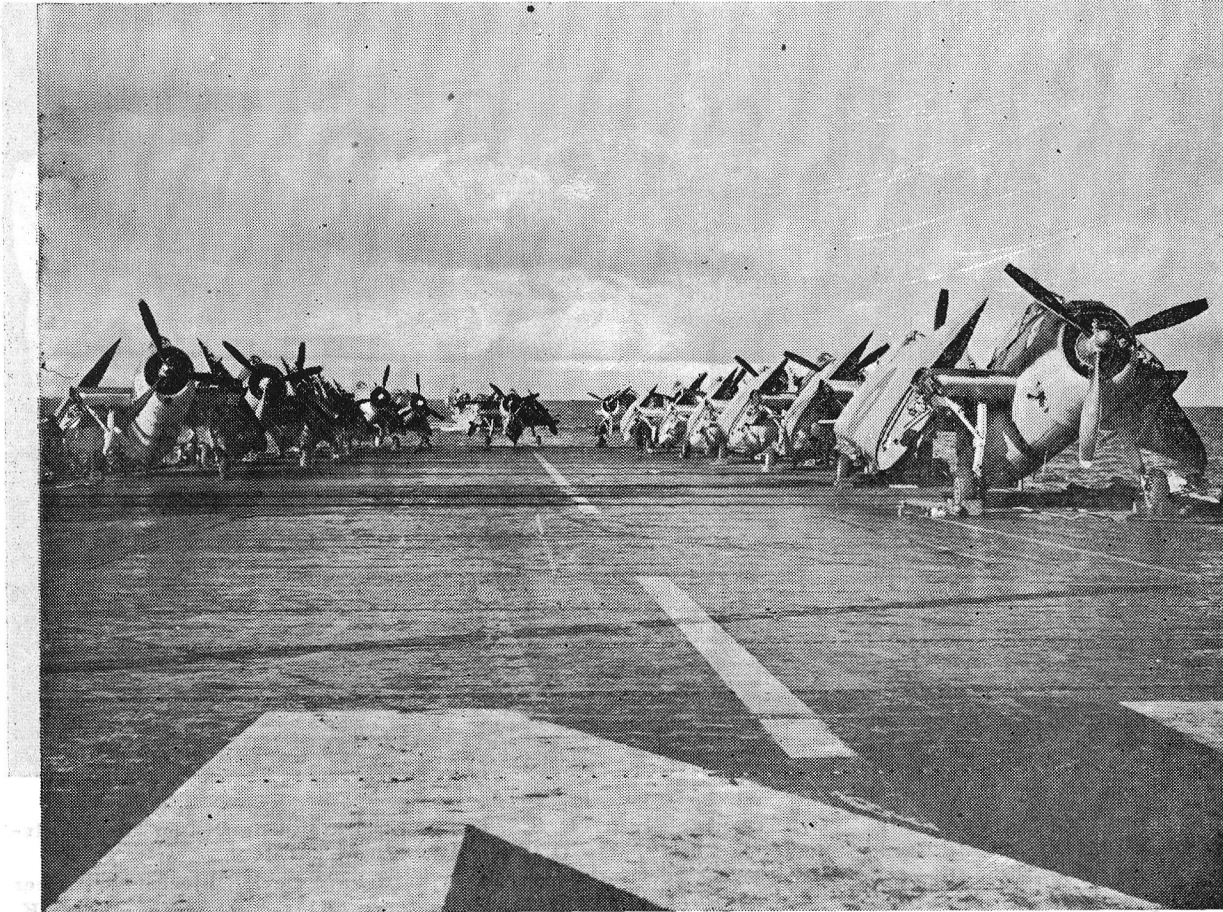
Phil Nichols doing an efficient job on a program that was tops in entertainment from curtain to finale

Gordon Riley infos that between his regular duties aboard HMCS Victoriaville and extra cirricular duties, he is busier than a seaman working a swindle

Noon Jive Sessions by HMCS Peregrin's Band are a Reet Treat with the Hep Cats wearing themselves down to their Ankle sox

With Wrens relaxing at Palmer's Lodge, Waverley and the ratings suntanning at Captain D's Camp, the Guys and Gals who want to get away from it all are doing okay right about now

No Waldo! Special services did not put on the pyrotechnics display at Halifax



There was drama ahead but all was serene under a warm sun when this picture was taken on board HMCS Nabob, aircraft carrier. In glistening array, wings folded, on the port and starboard sides of the carrier's flight deck are stubby Avenger bombers. An unseen U-boat disrupted this tranquility shortly afterwards by crashing a torpedo into Nabob and inflicting severe damage. Only superb skill and courage enabled the stricken ship to crawl to the safety of a British port—five days later. The U-boat attack occurred off North Cape, Norway, in August 1944. RCN Photo by PO Photog. Guy Goulet.

Present Bells Of Ships To Sponsor Communities

OTTAWA—Cities and communities which sponsored RCN warships being decommissioned will be presented, wherever possible, with their adopted ship's bell, as a token of the Canadian Navy's appreciation, it has been announced by Naval Service Headquarters.

Announcement also was made that civic gifts, such as pianos and washing machines, are being removed from the decommissioned vessels and are being pooled for further use by Canadian warships slated for Pacific duty. Articles of this nature, as well as other luxuries, are in constant demand. Special Services Officers in coastal points have a growing list of requests from ships being refitted for the Far East theatre of war.

Group Adoptions

Ships which receive these transferred gifts will be informed of the identity of the original city or community

which made the donation, thus enabling the continuation of "ship-shore" good-will relationship and civic pride in a certain ship. As only the

larger Canadian warships are to see Pacific action, it is hardly likely that any one city or community will completely adopt one ship because of the expense such an undertaking would involve. Instead, under the share-the-gifts plan, it now is probable that two or three cities or communities will be banded together as mutual benefactors to a ship.

Should articles be considered no longer useful to seagoing ships they will be given to shore establishments. In this way, the original gift will continue to benefit persons who have served or still are serving in the Canadian Navy.

All articles of historical value, such as engraved badges, silver plate, etc., are being removed from decommissioned ships to Navy archives. It is planned to transfer them later to the naval establishment nearest the sponsoring city or community for display purposes, and following naval tradition, will be kept for ships which in future may bear the same name.

A dinner guest in a Virginia home was telling his host how to prepare ham that would be even better than the famous Virginia ham. "Place the ham in a deep pan," said the guest, "and then for one whole day soak it in rye whiskey and then cook just a little while. The second day add a bottle of Jamaica rum and cook a while. The third day add a bottle of port wine, and on the fourth day a bottle of bourbon."

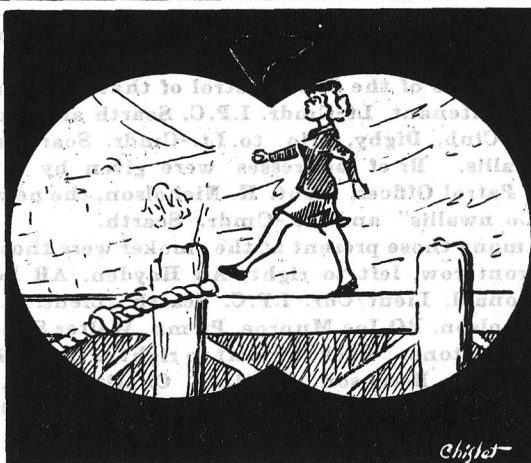
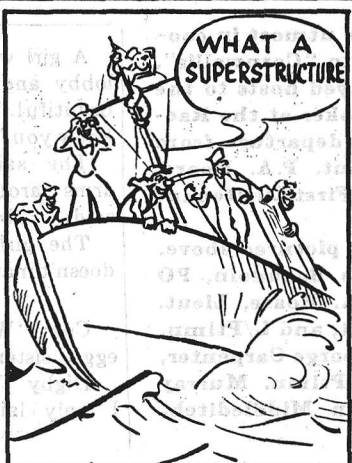
The host turned to his Negro cook, Sam, who had been standing by listening with great interest, and asked "Sam, what do you think of that?" "Ah don't know about de ham, boss," he answered, "but it sho do sound like the makin's of mighty good gravy."



DRINK **Coca-Cola** ICE COLD

ROCKY BOTTOM

SHERMAN CHISLET



ASHORE AND AFLOAT WITH THE O.A.'S

by W. Fraser Hughes, OAA



The Navy is known as the silent service and at times it seems that men who 'go down to the sea in ships,' to use a well-proven expression, do not receive their due.

It seems easy for some to forget the deeds and actions of those who have, "taken the strain"

out where the Canadian fighting ship has done her part in such a gallant manner. Speaking more specifically we want to do a little back-slapping for the Ordnance Branch. In other words we're sticking our chest out. At the start of this war the Ordnance Branch was so small that if the O.A.'s were laid end to end they would reach from—? to—?. Well you'd still only have about eight guys. But since that time the branch has increased about 6000% (we made that look as big as we could). Which means that the branch is growing up fast. With all this in mind we were glad to hear of the recent promotion of the senior Ordnance Officer C.O.O. H. W. Mayne to Ordnance Lieutenant. Next in line to receive a promotion was A. J. (Brigham) Young, W.O.O., who is now C.O.O.

In our perusal of the June issue of the Crow's Nest we discovered that one of our O.A.'s A.A. Wenban has poetic talent. We thought that the two poems written by him were worthy of mention in this column. Let's have some more.

As can be expected quite a number of O.A.'s are beginning to show up at Cornwallis now. C.O.A. Irving Parsons passed through several weeks ago, on his way to enjoy 58 days leave. Harry Moore came ashore from HMCS Saguenay and has since gone on leave. Bill Weiler, Louis Thorne and Roy Hawken blew in from HMCS Protector, and Roy continued on his Pacific leave several days later. Roy is quite a scientific gardener as a hobby, so now he has 30 days to till the ground with a little calcium here, and some nitrogen there, and also that other stuff they use.

It's Catching

It really must be, this marriage business. The most recent O.A. to



Coast to coast representatives of Naval Canteens met recently at Naval Service Headquarters with present trustees of the Canadian Naval Services Benevolent Trustee Fund to consider the disposition of acquired and future canteen profits and the liquidation of canteens finished operating with the close of war in Europe. Also considered were plans upon which the policies, aims and operations of the fund will be based.

Front Row (left to right) Able Seaman T. J. Billinger, HMCS, Ldg. Writer A.L. Murry, HMCS, Yeoman of Signals C.R. Hobson, HMCS, Mr. W.G. Mills, C.M.G., Deputy Minister (Navy), Lt.-Cmdr. (S) S.H. Garrod, HMCS, Commodore H.G. DeWolfe, D.S.D., D.S.C., Chief of Naval Staff, Mr. R. Whatley, Financial Superintendent

(Navy), Lt.-Cmdr. (S) S.S. Berlin, Commanding Officer Naval Divisions, Chief Petty Officer W.J. Wilson, HMCS.

Back Row (left to right) Captain Paul Earl, Chief Staff Officer Reserves, Lieut. (S) Arthur Chapman, HMCS, Ldg. Seaman G.K. Gage, HMCS, ERA 4th Class A.H. Povah, HMCS, Capt. (S) J.J. Jeffery, Secretary, Naval Board, Chief Petty Officer Writer A. Frander, HMCS Ldg. Signalman L. Shannon, HMCS, Lieut. (S) C. W. Primeau, HMCS, Chief Petty Officer Writer G. Jones, HMCS, Ldg. Seaman R. E. Franklin, HMCS, Lieut. (S) B. McManus, WRCNS, Conference Secretary, Chief Petty Officer M. C. Burch, Capt (D) staff, Captain A.M. Hope, RCN, Chief of Naval Personnel. RCN Photo by PO Photog. R. Morris.

join the ranks of marital bliss is Allen McKay who left Cornwallis at the end of June for 58 days leave.

Reg. Barber and W. MacNeil recently returned from the United Kingdom. Going the other way is Harold McWhinney who got a quick draft after returning from his Pacific leave. A new destroyer seems to be his destination, which should be quite a change after a long session at Cornwallis. O.A.'s W. Hill and Doug Harwood are Pacific men enjoying leave at the present time. The usual hum and rattle of the shop is not the same now. Could it be that we do not hear the vocal efforts of Doug's "The Rush—an Win—ter" drifting above the noise of the shop.

We reported last month that the 1st. W.O.O. had qualified. Now we are glad to hear that C.O.A. Kenny Fell from that class is to be made Warrant Officer Special Branch—Congratulations.

Strictly Local

Mike "Killer" Kovacs has taken a sudden interest in photography,

or could it be a certain attractive Wren in that branch? Jim "Muscles" Lovell received a beautiful tie clip from the chaps in the shop the other day. The tie was clipped just below the knot. Any gash ties would be appreciated by "Muscles" for future use in case of a similar emergency.

Peeved at Meatless Days

That well-rounded little chunk of manhood Bill "Uncle Elby" Mohring is getting worried. His record corpus periphery of 75" is taking a beating. He says he can't keep it up on fish. "That is brain food". Another thing seeming to bother "five by five" is to obtain a suitable chair in front of his workbench. Well Bill, no trouble at all, one of those "curvi-liner" tractor seats would do the trick very nicely.

At this writing the most recent arrival at Cornwallis is C.O.A. Ernie "Ginger" Edmonds, just off 58 days Pacific leave and looking very fit. We would like to have some first hand news from other bases. Send it along care of The Crow's Nest.

THE SAILORS' LADIES

by M.F.R.



During a recent cold, rainy spell we received a letter from a friend with the disgusted comment, "I am beginning to believe that some big combine in Canada just tells us we have summer so we'll buy appropriate clothes

Among the remarks not yet received in overseas mail: "Oh no, I'm not at all in a hurry to get back home. I hope the troop ships take their time about these crossings and don't rush this back-to-Canada business too much."

The art of sun tanning occupies a lot of the leisure time and effort on the part of some people, but its reward seems very shortlived. In August the ladies say, "My goodness, you look simply beautiful, Louise. Every inch a nice dark brown." One month later the same scene will read, "Well, frankly, Louise, if you insist on wearing that black draped jersey number don't you think you should whitewash over that dirty tan, or something?"

All these rehabilitation plans are so unnecessary, if one just reads the romantic stories in the current magazines. Men in uniform are divided briskly into two classes. (1) Those who were rising young engineers before their enlistment, have wonderful positions to return to. Are tall, have lean hard torsos and clear, sharply alert eyes (from looking for the enemy). (2) Those who were nearly vice-presidents in advertising firms, have wonderful positions to return to. Are tall, have lean, hard torsos and clear, sharply alert eyes (from looking for the enemy).

That tank full of tropical fish precipitates another problem. Patriotism struggles with the food books. Should the fish be forced to observe two meatless days per week?

"Certainly, don't you want to release food for the starving European goldfish?" answers one school of thought, while the other insists firmly "Not at all. Feed them twice as much as usual and you won't have to worry about how to get them back home after discharge. They will just

be a pleasant memory by that time!"

The new housing ideas sound wonderful, but they are a potential danger too. What sailor's family will move into a whole house, and then be able to resist tacking up a few shelves and a couch in the empty hallway? Rooming in the usual naval establishment town is not good training for the gracious living of civilian days as set forth on paper.

The end of the Pacific war is going to be an unmitigated headache to one young man. Before he went overseas a few years ago his girlfriend bought her wedding dress, but the boy said, "Oh, I couldn't marry you till the war is finished. You'd worry so much when I am gone." So she packed it away and waited. Then he was given Pacific leave, she had the wedding cake baked and the bridesmaids chosen, and he gulped, "Oh, I couldn't marry you now. You'd worry about me catching leprosy and such from the Japs." She is eating the cake and biding her time. Perhaps at the end of the eastern war the Australians will accept immigrants and he can say, "Oh, I couldn't marry you till I make my fortune. You'd worry so much." Or is that underestimating the power of woman as the ads say?

SPECIAL SERVICE FOR "CORNWALLIS"

All orders received from "Cornwallis" will be completed and mailed—PREPAID—within forty-eight hours after receipt of same.

This service, of course, applies to men dressed as seamen, only.

In addition to this, we are now in a position to handle orders for officers' and petty officers' uniforms, of serge or doeskin, and can guarantee delivery within three weeks in this work. We can assure very expert workmanship as the undersigned has spent thirty years in the designing and manufacturing of these garments.

J. P. GALLAGHER

TAILOR—94 SACKVILLE ST. HALIFAX



Paying tribute to one who had given them the utmost in cooperation and assistance during his appointment to "Cornwallis", the members of the Shore Patrol of that Base played hosts to the First Lieutenant, Lt.-Cmdr. I.P.C. Scarth at a smoker at the Racquette Club, Digby, prior to Lt.-Cmdr. Scarth's departure from Cornwallis. Brief addresses were given by Lieut. P.A. Hoare, Shore Patrol Officer, Lieut. H. Nicholson, the new First Lieutenant at "Cornwallis" and Lt.-Cmdr. Scarth.

Among those present at the smoker were those pictured above. Front row, left to right, AB Hayden, AB Leo Beaudoin, PO Jim Donald, Lieut./Cdr. I.P.C. Scarth, Lieut. P.A. Hoare, Lieut. H. Nicholson, PO Joe Munroe, Pt mn. Walter Sweet, and L/Ptlmn. Tom Johnstone. Back row, left to right, Ptlmn. George Carpenter, Ptlmn. Otto Berenson, L/Ptlmn. Charlie Davis, Ptlmn. Murray Brush, Ptlmn. Johnny Davies, and O/Smn. Dan Middleditch.

A girl was walking through a hotel lobby and a sailor said to her: "Hello beautiful." The girl said, "I don't know you."

The sailor walked over, put his arms around her, kissed her and said: "Now do you remember me?"

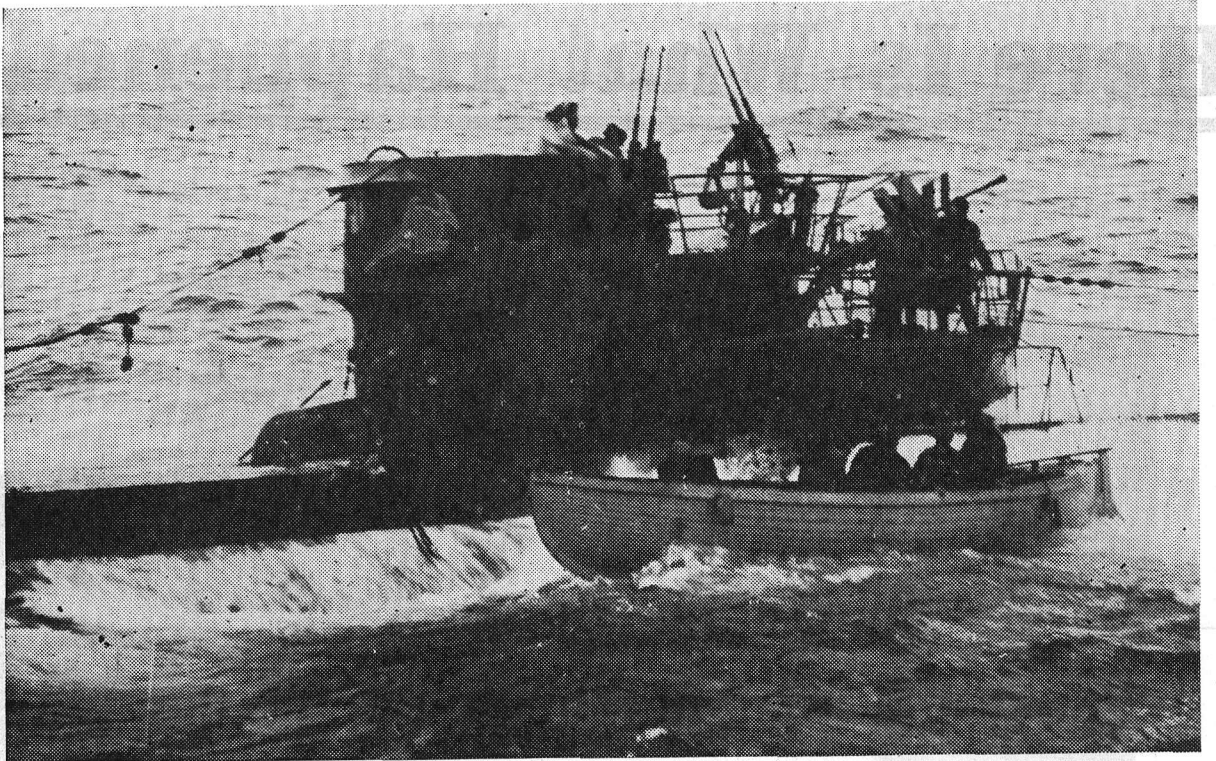
The girl replied: "Now.....it doesn't matter."

Cox: "What's wrong with these eggs, sister?"

Digby Waitress: "Don't ask me I only laid the table."

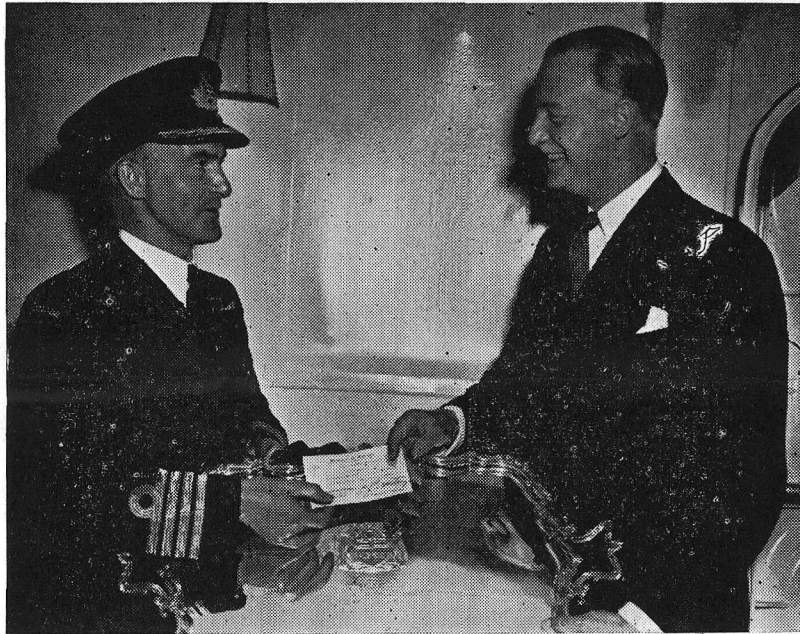


NAVY SHOW IN PARIS: Celebrities galore were in the French capital when Canadian Navy's musical show "MEET THE NAVY" opened recently for a one-week run in Paris on the first lap of its continental tour. Lieut.-General J.C.H. Lee, U.S. Army, the show's No. 1 fan in Paris, threw a party for the cast and the guests included Marlene Dietrich, Jack Benny, Nino Martine, Grace Moore Ella Logan, Larry Adler, other stage, screen and radio personalities. It was a highlight of the show's overseas career. The show moved on to Brussels the following week. There are approximately 90,000 Canadian sailors who would literally give their eye teeth to trade places with these two lucky individuals. For it's not every day you can get this chummy with Marlene Dietrich. The men are Petty Officer Ivan Rominoff (left) and Leading Bandsman Bill Crampton of Toronto. RCN Photo by Lieut. R. Kemp



A Royal Canadian Navy announcement told more than a year ago of a group of Canadian warships destroying a submarine in the North Atlantic. What was not revealed at that time was the fact that the submarine had been boarded and an attempt made to salvage her. The U-boat had been so badly damaged by depth charges and gunfire, however, that she soon sank forcing the boarding party and crew members to leap into the sea.

The white ensign can be seen draped over the shell-battered conning tower of the Nazi submarine as she lies wallowing in the trough of a North Atlantic sea. Beside her is a whaler from HMCS Chilliwack, first ship to sight the sub, first ship to hit her with gunfire and first ship to put a crew on board. Some of "Chilliwack's" boarding crew are shown on the conning tower and others on the deck. The men in the whaler are waiting their chance to leap onto the U-boat. This photograph was taken by Sig. John Harvey Hamilton, of Gilbert Plains, Manitoba, from the deck of "Chilliwack" with aid of a camera loaned him by Lt. C. M. Temple. RCN Photo.



The Province of Ontario has done proudly by its namesake, HMCS Ontario, new cruiser and the senior ship of the Navy. Here Major James Armstrong, Agent General for Ontario, is shown on the day of the ship's commissioning presenting Capt. Harold Grant, DSO, Commanding Officer, a cheque for \$5000, which will be devoted to amenities for the ship's company. Together with the cheque went a beautifully engraved silver tray and a rose bowl. The Provincial chapter of the I.O.D.E. has also offered to provide amenities to the extent of \$1500 to the ship's company. RCN Photo by Lieut. R. Kemp.



BACK FROM OVERSEAS: Members of the crew in the RCN corvette HMCS "Lunenburg", a recent arrival from overseas, were ashore in the Channel Islands a short time after the Nazis had cleared out hurriedly. Here some of the boys display German flag, helmets, and officer's jacket and respirator. Seated on the gun barrel are Sto. Alfred Lefebvre, Toronto, AB Fred Marshall, Cobourg, Ont; Sig. Sidney Watt, AB Edgar Olliver and Sto. Lou Pombo, New York City. In front are Tel. Allen Luckraft, Prince Albert, Sask; Tel. Michael Andriaschuk, Winnipeg; Tel. Lloyd Boles, Toronto.



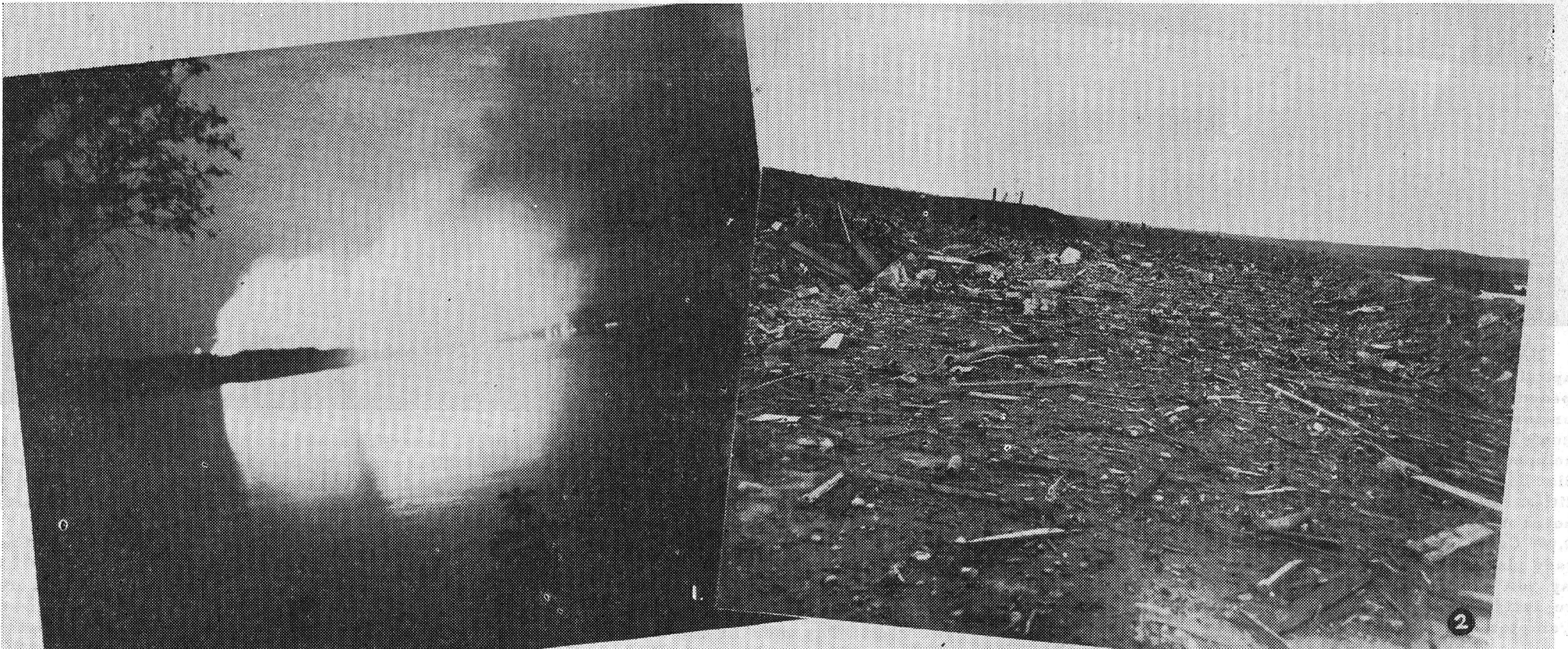
ABOARD HMCS UGANDA IN THE PACIFIC: These four Canadians played key roles in the firing of Canada's first shell against the forces of Japan—CPO. Kenneth Barker, Lieut. Eric Makovski, L/Seaman John B. Elder, and CPO. John Rafter. These men felt it was appropriate that it should be a "B.C. shell," since British Columbia is the only spot in Canada shelled by the Japanese in this war. They are standing in front of their six-inch gun turret in HMCS Uganda. RCN Photo by Lieut. G. Moses.

WINNIPEG WRENS SPEND DAY AT SEA: Forty-seven Winnipeg and Manitoba Wrens stationed in Halifax were guests of their home-town's adopted ship, the Algerine minesweeper HMCS Winnipeg for a sea trip down Nova Scotia's coastline on Dominion Day.

It was upper deck stokers' turn to be "joe'd" into peeling the four large pots of spuds for chicken dinner and the girls took turns helping them out. Peeling away are Helen Ward, Stoker Bob Glencross, Jean Bridges, L/CK Ralph Gaessell and Jean Sanderson. RCN Photo by L/photog. G. Frankfurter.



Here Is What Happened At Halifax Area



Here are six of the best pictures to come out of the Halifax Explosion disaster.

1.- A night photo, taken from across the Basin, of the fire which caused the 18-hour series of explosions.

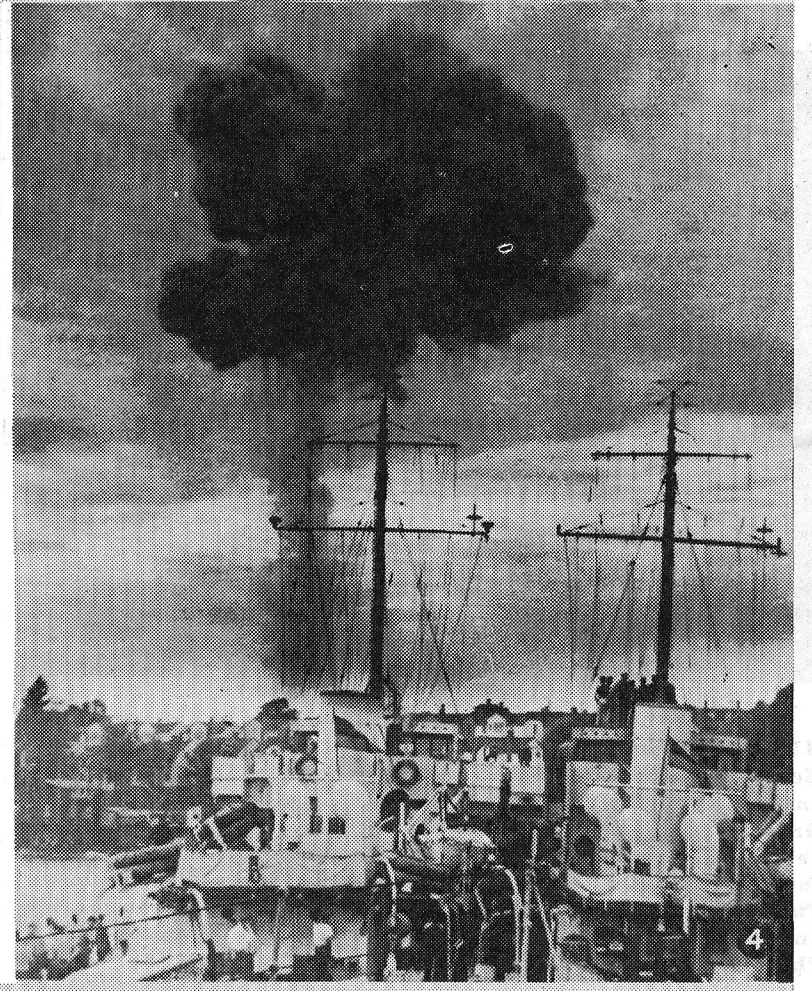
2.-This was roadway which led to the jetty upon which the first explosion occurred. Buildings along the way were levelled and the road was unrecognizable.

3.-Many were forced to evacuate their homes. Here one matelot, on L. and C., grabbed his "cart" and enjoyed a good night's rest in a South end park.

4.-Here is what the citizenry saw after the initial blast had been felt. This snap was taken from more than 2 miles from the scene.

5.-Buildings in the blast area were smashed beyond recognition from the concussion, as the one here.

6.-This view shows one of the last fires to be extinguished. To the right is the remains of the Jetty upon which the trouble started.



Halifax Navy Club Headed For Ball Title



ONE FOR THE SHAGGER—During a recent clash between Halifax Navy's crack ball club and the defending Maritime Champions from HMCS Cornwallis, it remained for an old "Cornwallis" boy to draw first blood for the Halifax nine. Here "Shag" Park, first baseman of the Halifax club, trots over the plate in one of the early innings. Catcher "Red" McKenzie of the "Cornwallis" club is the other player. The Halifax lads won the game 7-1 for their third straight win over the champions this season. RCN Photo by Lieut. R.G. Arless, RCNVR.

Declared One Of Best In Canada This Year

One of the best, if not THE best, amateur ball club in Canada this season. That's a very large mouthful. But that's exactly what they are claiming for the Halifax Navy ball team which is currently leading the Halifax Senior Baseball League by the wopping margin of 6½ games. Sprinkled with some of the best amateur ball players in the country, it is little wonder that the Halifax club is wheeling right along in the direction of the Maritimes crown which is at present held by the navy lads from HMCS Cornwallis. In competition his season they have won 15 games and lost only two. They have won 6 out of 6 exhibition games as this is written and they had a streak of 13 straight victories to their credit at one stage of the show. Not so dusty.

All-Star Coach

At the helm of the Halifax team, of course, is the mild-mannered Bud Morrison, the gentleman from Petrolia, Ont., who used to catch a good deal of ball down that way. In a mid-season poll Bud has earned a place with six other Navy lads on the league's all-star roster.

Bud of course is listed as the coach. Then there is Irv. "Peaches" Ruvin from Montreal, currently leading the hitters of the loop with a .404 average. Ruvin also catches.

Pitcher Larry Angus from Windsor, Ont., has three victories in league competition to his credit, allowing only three runs in 29 innings of ball which is more than something. He also has that 7-1 victory against "Cornwallis" nicely tucked away in his hip pocket.

Gee Plus Whiz

Georgie Gee from Toronto, plays just as good baseball for Halifax at shortstop as he did hockey for Cornwallis last winter. He hasn't hit his best clip with the bat yet but as a defender of the short patch he has no peers.

Ken McFadden has also grabbed a spot on the all-stars through his sound work at the hot corner and his steady hitting at the right time.

Bud Heximer, who also played hockey for Halifax Navy, holds down the centre field area with proficiency besides leading the league in various departments. He leads in runs with 17; hits with 25; homers with a pair; bases stolen with 34; in addition to which he has hit safely in his last

eleven games. He is almost a lead pipe cinch to get the "most valuable player" award this season.

The Big Train

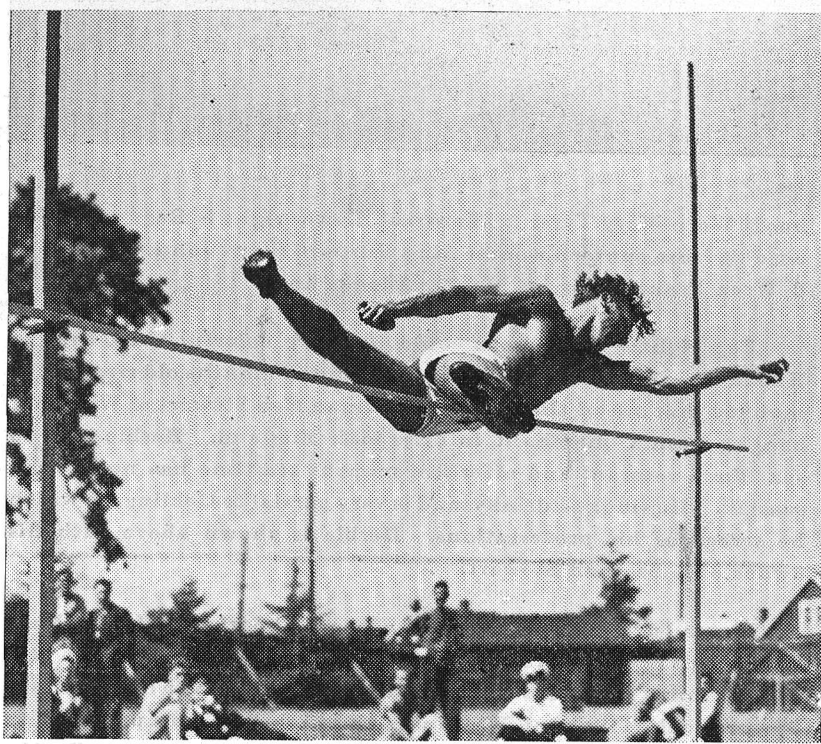
Right fielder on the all-stars is Danny Seaman, captain of the club

and heaviest hitter in the league. He leads in runs batted in and both doubles and triples. Dan once tried out with the New York Giants.

Bob Porter, left-fielder, makes it an all-navy outfield. He is from Toronto Maple Leafs and Syracuse Chiefs in the International League and played with Springfield in the Southern Association.

That is a pretty powerful lineup to toss at any unsuspecting opposition. They should have no trouble with the Maritime crown this season and at present they are trying to arrange a visit to the Toronto Sandlot Tourney in the Fall.

Two Indians were talking things over between air raids in a Belgian trench. "The way I figure," spoke one, "when they smoked the pipe of peace in 1918, nobody inhaled."



UP, UP, UP—AND HE MADE IT!—Yes, not only did Jack Herwynan make that lovely leap over the high jump bar, but he also collected the highest number of points at the Inter-service track and field meet held at Victoria B.C. recently. The team from "Naden", of which Jack was a member, came out first in the scoring only two points ahead of Patricia Bay Flyers.—RCN Photo.

As A Natter Of Fact---

BY JACK PATTERSON



It took the blast at the Bedford Basin Magazine to unearth a number of navy lads who, prior to joining up, were well-known in sports throughout this Dominion. We don't mean that literally. It just happened that while making the rounds with the first press party into the area we happened to bump into S/Lt. Bill Smithwick who spent a couple of nightmare-ish nights there during the fireworks. While Bill told us snatches of what he recalled about the preceding nights he happened to mention that he played football at the University of Saskatchewan in '36, '37, and '38. He was an end on that team which turned out such fellows as Bud Weaver who has since been killed with the RCAF, Bill Brovoski of the Regina Rifles, Al Gregory a Lt.-Col of the same outfit, and Dunc Gross, now a major in the army.

Bill also mentioned that S/Lt. Forbes Munroe, who, with Captain O.C.S. Robertson, G.M., R.D., RCNR, commander of the Dockyard, directed the fire-fighters, also was a pretty fair ball player before he left Ottawa to join the Navy. There were many others whose business was in the magazine area who had some colorful sports background. For instance there was S/Lt. Bill Kimlock from Saskatchewan, S/Lt. L. Landry, Lt. Vince Coade, Lt. D. Scott who played for Assumption College not to forget Lt. Cdr. L. Miller, O.C. of the magazine, who once was a very prominent athlete at Acadia University. And one of the lads who has considerable to do with removing the scattered debris in the area is Lt. Lloyd Williams who played football for McGill University. Williams, incidently, is no relation to his namesake of the "Cornwallis" basketball team, although, before he went to McGill he played with the hoop star's brother, Tommy Williams, RCAF, while they both attended the University of British Columbia.

Ten minutes after the call went out at "Stadacona" for volunteers for fire-fighting at the magazine there were more than 200 ratings eager to get going. When the party headed for the area PO Jerry Fleming was in charge. Jerry used to be the soft-hearted tough guy who pushed the new entries around through the barracks routine at "Cornwallis" last summer. Mickey McDonald, the PTI who went to sea from the "Cornwallis" P. and R.T. School to take an officer's course, returned to Halifax recently aboard HMCS Chilliwack. He's getting his discharge soon. Navy boys seem to have a monopoly on baseball writing in the Halifax papers. While Leo Ornest bats out the Herald's yarns, Keith Matthews tell the tale for the Chronicle. Ed Fitkin, former editor of the "Yorker" at HMCS York, is now a sub/lieutenant with department of Naval Information. Tommy Graham, our sports editor, will soon be leaving Halifax where he has done a bang-up job in that department for three years, for the West Coast office.

Esquimalt Tars Win By Narrow Margin

by P.T. I. Don Hanson

This month at "Naden" finds the sports spotlight centered chiefly on track and field.

Using a mass Navy Track and Field meeting from which to chose and start training the "NADEN" track team, Navy went on to win top honors in the big Inter-Service Track and Field Meet here at Victoria. This has been the first of its kind held in the Capital city and it went over very successfully with strong entries from all services. The service girls were well represented in all events and naturally added interest to the meet.

Tops By Two Points

After a well-fought contest, beginning at the very first race to the last event, the small but determined Naval team managed to finish a close two points ahead of its most aggressive opponents, the Patricia Bay Flyers. After the first few events the Flyers took the lead and it was only with the combined and all out efforts of every man including three fleet relay teams that the Navy team was successful in taking the lead again by the second last event. Jack Herwynan was top individual man, winning the hop, step and jump by bouncing 41 feet 7 inches, the discus, second javelin, and third in the high jump and mile. Lt. Tom Harford from Birmingham, England, was a powerhouse of energy, leading two relay teams to victory besides taking two seconds in the 100 and 220 yds, and placing third in the broad jump. Don Hanson, PTI came through with a first in the 880 yds, also second in the mile and second in the 3 miles. Lt. S. Cohen sparked the relay teams, also placing 3rd in the 100 yds. The relays added many points to the Navy's total and included such fleet sprinters as P. O. Dann, Calgary, and P. O. Redder, Belleville, Ontario, P. T. I. Schick, Vancouver, P. O. Sibbons, Dover, England, Jimmy Jack, P. Y. I., Cal-

gary, and P. O. Hurst, England.

Wrens Winners Too

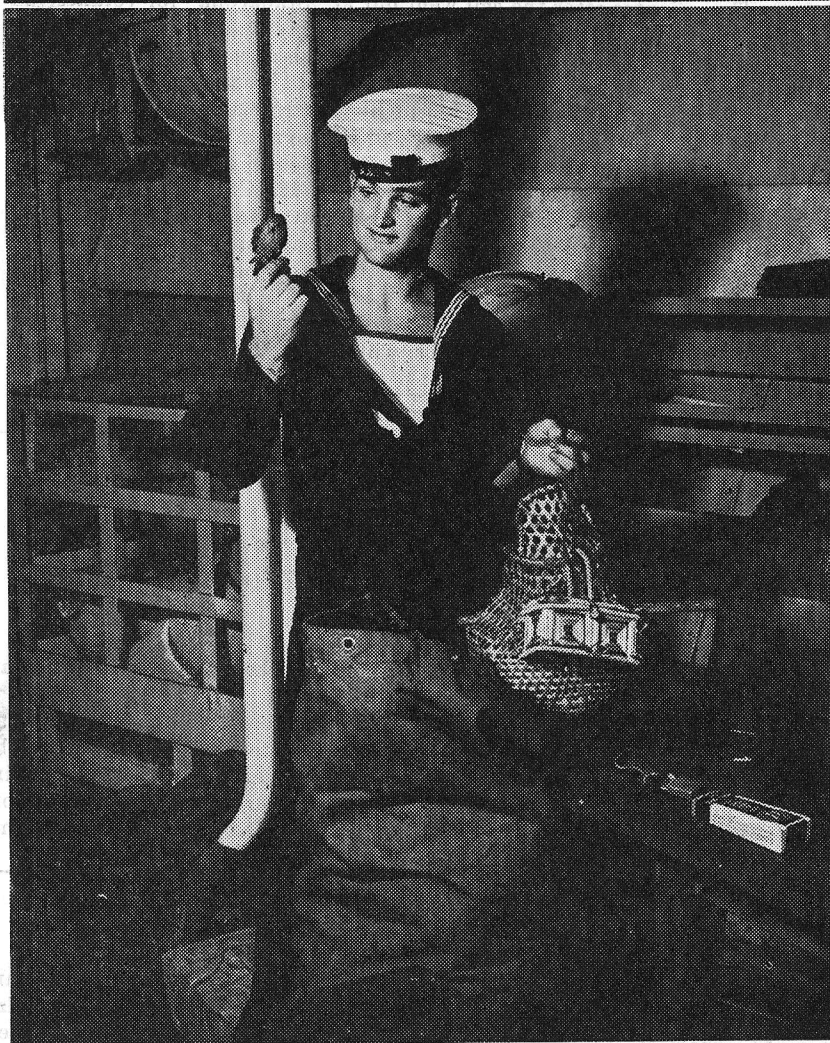
In the girls events our Wrens came home with the majority of the prizes led by Shirley McDonald, from Medicine Hat. Shirley was faster then ever in all the sprints, coming second only to the B. C. Champion C. W. A. C. Robertson. Reenie Downs showed the right kind of spirit by turning out to help and end up with top honors in the high jump and third in the broad jump. The Wrens 300 yds relay team also led the field with Norma Liffon Reenie Downs, Wren Bradshaw, and Shirley McDonald.

LITTLE TWISTED

On a busy day a woman walked into the office of the court room at Atlanta, Ga., and addressing Judge Blank, said:

"Are you the reprobate judge?"
"I am the probate judge."
"That is what I was saying," she said, "and I have come to you because I am in trouble. My husband was studying to be a minister at a college seminary, and he died destitute and left three little infields, and I have come to be appointed their executioner."

Mascots For Morale



In every part of the world where fighting men gather the link with home is one of the most important features of the morale-building program. Letters, parcels, pictures, newspapers—all of these provide invaluable links with home which help to keep the men and women of the Services contented and happy.

In the Navy, and particularly in the sea-going ships of the Service, mascots are one of the chief "boulder-uppers" for the sailors. The playful puppy that scampers about decks and trembles fearfully under a bunk when guns begin to bang, reminds men of that pup they left at home. It gives them something on which they can shower affection without fear of being laughed at, for even the toughest of sailors will be gentle and kind with an animal.

Pictured here are some of the mascots which have become the favored friends of sailors and Wrens of the Royal Canadian Navy.

Top left: With the paying off of HMCS Kings, Halifax, Wrens there are wondering what to do about their mascots. Gravel Gert e. II, a kitten who was born at sea, and Rags Tags Cinder, a shaggy graying, old dog who has inhabited the fo'c'sle and mess hall for the last six months.

Gertie is shown above partaking of her usual dinner. With

her is Wren Mary Tyrer of Montreal. Lower right is Rags accepting a tidbit from canteen worker Alice Burns of Saint John, N.B., while L/Wren Frances Fox, of Montreal looks on.

Top right:—No mascot could be more colorful than that of HMCS Annan. Their pride and joy is a nine months old ring-tailed monkey that one of the crew, Able Seaman Ken Stewart of Winnipeg bought from a merchant in Liverpool, England. Herbie took to sea like a veteran, and after five months sea time has never been seasick. He smokes, drinks, and is very partial to tickling, to which he screeches his protestations. Herbie is shown above with his owner Able Seaman Stewart.

Lower left:—Newest mascot on board the frigate HMCS Waskelesisu this is pert parrakeet, a small tropical parrot—but the bird will get some "leave" first before fighting the Japs. So will its "boss," Stoker Jack Finch of Winnipeg, shown here as he prepared to leave the ship after her recent arrival at a B.C. port for pre Pacific refit. Finch picked up the parrakeet in Panama while the ship was making a 7,000 mile trip through the Canal from Halifax to the west coast. The sailor took the bird home with him but said he intends to bring it back. Finch is a Pacific volunteer.

Wreck Survivor Skippy Happy Now

By S/Lt. H. Walker

St. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND:

Step up and shake the paw of "Skippy" luckiest dog in the world.

Mascot of the Canadian frigate Glace Bay, this pure bred Scotch terrier is animated proof that truth is often stranger than fiction. "Skippy", if he could talk, could tell a remarkable story but because he can't we'll have to reconstruct his amazing good fortune from the officers and men of Glace Bay who rescued him from starvation and drowning in the Atlantic.

It was in March of this year that a lookout in HMCS Glace Bay sighted a piece of flotsam bouncing around on the Atlantic Ocean, 450 miles north of Ireland. At first it looked like a submarine. Action stations were sounded.

The Lucky Dog!

But let Lieut. Cmdr. Fred Bogardus, of Vancouver, captain of Glace Bay, tell the story: "When we came closer we saw it wasn't a sub at all just a part of an LCT (Landing Craft Tank). I was about to order it sunk by gunfire when I decided to put aboard a boarding party."

When the boarding party broke into the locked cabins of the LCT they found the little dog, more dead than alive in one corner. "He was nothing but skin and bones and the M.O. (medical officer) estimated he hadn't had anything to eat for more than five or six days," said Glace Bay's commanding officer.

When the dog was brought back from the LCT, along with the log books of the derelict craft, a number of ratings tried to get it to show recognition of a name. The only name it responded to was "Skippy" so it's still "Skippy".

Picks Own Master

With animal instinct the dog showed particular interest in one rating, Tel. TO. Pricey Wilcox, of Swift Current, Sask. Wilcox took the famished little pooch under his care and slowly nursed him back to health. By common consent of the ship's crew, Wilcox is the new master of "Skippy" and will take him back home to Saskatchewan when his job in the Navy is finished.

How the Landing Craft Tank came to be bouncing around on the Atlantic is a mystery but Lt. Cmdr. Bogardus speculated that it was probably washed overboard from a ship bound for the Pacific.

From the log of the LCT, found in the cabin, it was learned that the LCT had taken part in D Day operations. It would appear that the little dog was along for the ride on D-Day, too, and went through the heavy gunfire. "Skippy" is still allergic to gunfire and whenever Glace Bay fires a practice round he scampers to his new master's wireless cabin and hides.

The WT cabin is also Skippy's "action station" and he stands by whenever the call is sounded. The dog takes his shore leave whenever Wilcox does, has a particular liking for Londonderry, Ireland, where he hunts out dockyard rats along the jetties and has, according to his master, "a whale of a time."

The ship's company bought a collar for their mascot and it reads: "Skippy, HMCS Glace Bay."

Just so he won't get lost.

But Skippy is careful about where he wanders now. No more LCT's for him.

When Paul Revere roused the men of New England in 1775, he shouted, "To arms. The Redcoats are coming!"

If he made the same ride in 1945, he would probably say, "The Redcoats are coming. Fill out occupational and family status questionnaires; register for employment interviews; accomplish all rationing forms and letters and prepare for preliminary physical examinations."