



THE

Crow's Nest

NEWS OF CANADA'S NAVY
FOUNDED BY H.M.C.S. "CORNWALLIS" • HALIFAX, JULY, 1942

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Champion Ship

More championships came York's way this past month. The 200-yard swimming relay title of the Toronto Garrison was won by S.B.A. Jimmie McKeown, O/Sea. Bruce Gilbert; O/Sea. Jack Northwood; and O/Sea. Don Dunlop. O/Sea. Irving Pease won the Toronto Garrison heavyweight boxing title; and Electrician Cy Roworth; P.T.I. Jack Judges; Cook (SA) Strat Bokogorge; P.O. Shipwright Wilf Haynes and Writer Stan Coagie topped pins to win the Toronto Garrison Bowling title, with Judges coming through with a high three game of 827 to win the individual title.

York also made a strong bid for the aggregate winning honours, losing to No. 1 Manning Depot by a 28-26 score. It was the closest finish to a swimming meet in Toronto in a long while and the last race decided the winner.

Drop Opener

The senior softball team opened its season May 15 at Kew Beach, and lost a close game to Tip Top Tailors 4-3. O/Sea. Buss Benson hurled an excellent game for York and did his best to win the contest with a long triple in the fourth inning which scored coder Ken Long. Benson later scored himself but a 2 run rally by Tip Tops sent them into the lead again. A rally in the 6th was nipped by Big Susie Turner of the winners, who hurled mid-season ball, and York didn't threaten again.

O/Sea. Red Gilbert came through with a brilliant pick-up in the first inning, to throw a Topper out at first for the fielding high-light of the game. O/Sea. Andy Andrews, breaking into senior ball, caught an excellent game.

With the reputation of last year's team to uphold, the Tars are digging in, and with a game in hand, should settle away and become a contender for League honours.

Beat "Star" Bowlers

In addition to winning the Toronto title, the York bowling squad took on the strong championship squad from H.M.C.S. "Star" Hamilton, and defeated the sailors from the ambitious city by a 3,452-3,040 score.

Unsettled weather has confined the opening of York's Inter-Department Softball league to only two games during the first week. Ten teams comprise the league, with entries from Sick Bay, Instructors, N.P.'s, Provisions, Supply, Officers, Writers, N.O.I.C. Cooks and Maintenance. S.B.A.'s won the opener, defeating the Instructor squad 9-8.

"CEASE FIRING"



The above picture has quite a story attached to it, in that it not only is an example of the splendid type of photography carried out by the photographers of the Royal Canadian Navy, but it also serves to illustrate the versatile accomplishments of one of the members of the staff at Halifax.

The portrait is of Petty Officer Photographer "Jimmie" Simpson, who one day appeared at the photographic office to have a chat with his old friend Petty Officer Photographer J. G. Kempster, only R.C.N. member of the department. Jimmie had just come in from a ship and had seen a bit of action. His camera-clicking pal decided they ought to record the event in some way and so, the visitor stood while P.O. Kempster dabbed charcoal on his face, ruffled his hair, shoved his steel helmet back on his head and then, without even apologizing, threw a handful of water in his chum's face. Then he set up camera and lights and snapped the shutter. The result—a smoke-begrimed, perspiring matelot, enjoying a cigarette at the conclusion of an action. That's just the type of go-to-hell expression quite a number of Germans have seen on the faces of Canadian sailors whom they had the misfortune to meet on the high seas.

Petty Officer Kempster, being something of an artist and quite pleased with the result of his experiment, then made an oil painting from the photograph he had taken. The above is the picture of his oil painting. The photo of the oil was also made by Petty Officer Kempster.

Purchase Membership In Halifax Tennis Club

A lot of ratings and Wrens will be pleased with the announcement by "Stadacona" P. & R. T. Office that 100 membership tickets for the South End Tennis Club have been bought to be made available to all Wrens and ratings of ships and establishments at Halifax. Racquets and balls will also be put at the disposal of players. Ratings wishing to play may receive tickets on application at the P. & R. T. Office, while Wrens will receive theirs at their respective es-

NEED SHORE PATROLMEN

A recent notice sent out by the Commanding Officer Reserve divisions states: "It is required to recruit an additional 300 ratings for Shore Patrol duties. Civil Police experience is not necessary but applicants must be of good physique and between 35 and 40 years of age. Applicants should report to the nearest Naval Recruiting Office."

The three clay courts belonging to the club are on Young Avenue and are now open to players.

New Recruiting Officer Saw Surrender Of Fleet

A veteran of the last war, Lieut. Maurice Shea, R.C.N.V. R., has taken up his appointment as Recruiting Officer, H.M.C.S. "Stadacona," Halifax, N. S.

Lieutenant Shea has had a most interesting Naval career and comes from a family in which sea-life has played a considerable part. He served in the North Sea in the Dover Patrol and ended his service at Scapa Flow after the surrender of the German Fleet. He considers himself fortunate to have been

Our First Birthday

Next month The Crow's Nest will be a year old—and are we proud! Since the paper started last July it has increased in size and scope far beyond our expectations. The first issue was published for H.M.C.S. "Cornwallis" and was meant primarily for the ratings of that establishment. Before the next month's issue came out, however, it was evident that others wanted to have a share in the paper also. Officers took an interest in this "ratings" paper. Other divisions began sending material to us. Civilians began to ask how they could subscribe to it. The fact was advertised far and wide by newspaper and radio that the Navy had a new paper. And so, as the months went by The Crow's Nest gradually became a part of the Royal Canadian Navy everywhere.

For the great interest that has been shown in the publication both by Service personnel and by civilians we offer our readers a hearty "Thanks." Your continued interest has made it possible to continue doing what we want to do—to keep on giving you a newspaper.

Because the next issue is our Anniversary Number we want to make it an exceptionally good one—one that will represent the Navy in all parts of the world. That is why we are asking that, next month, particularly, every division in Canada, in Newfoundland and in the United Kingdom, try to send in a story about your establishment. Let your fellow sailors know what their chums are doing and where they are. Let's all pull together and make the July issue of The Crow's Nest the best and most representative edition of the paper yet published.

YORK INSTRUCTOR WED

Wedding bells rang for Royal (Bonnie) Bonhomme, Instructor at York for the past eight months. Bonnie made a trip to Ottawa, his home town, where the occasion was celebrated. The bridegroom is now back at York looking forward to the day when his wife comes up from Ottawa to make a home for Bonnie in Toronto.

able to witness the surrender of the German Fleet.

His grandfather, whose name was also Maurice Shea, was the last veteran of the Battle of Waterloo. He died 50 years ago at Sherbrooke, Que.

Lieut. Shea has a son, O/Sea. Maurice Shea, at present at H.M.C.S. "Cornwallis," Cornwallis, N. S.

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

"THE CROW'S NEST"

Published Every Month by H.M.C.S. "Cornwallis."

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WHOSE VICTORY?

Perhaps no discussions have been given more prominence in publications of all kinds today than those regarding the capability of air power to successfully carry on the war to a favorable conclusion for the United Nations.

Air power has done a remarkable job in this war and it can safely be said that the tide of disadvantage would not have been turned nearly so quickly in favor of the Allied Nations had it not been for our brothers in the air. They deserve the greatest of honor and should be accorded a rightful place in the historical writings concerning this war.

However, the fact that the picture of air strength has been presented as one versus the effectiveness of the sea and land power strikes close to home and The Crow's Nest feels both justified and obligated in taking part in such a discussion.

One opinion that has been openly expressed is, that, given sufficient air power, the Allies can bring the war to the wished for conclusion solely by this means of offensive. We think it is fair to say that, given sufficient sea-power, which, in the modern Navy means inclusion of landing forces, the same result could be achieved. Doubtless, the Army could hold forth the same proud boast.

We are reminded of an England and a little island called Malta which were smashed at and hammered for days and weeks and months by the then mightiest air force in the world, and who will say that the peoples of these islands were on the point of submission? Never in history had the determination of the residents of these islands risen to such a pitch!

The fate of the crack British battleships "Prince of Wales" and "Repulse" has been held up as an example of the superiority of air power over sea-power. The official story of those battles also includes attacks on these ships by submarines. One might find it a little difficult to manoeuvre a ship so as to escape both submarine and air attacks. It is also an illustration that the enemy can perhaps, be rather effective in air defence also. Had there been air defence to take care of air attacks the battleships would probably have been quite able to more than hold their own against the submarines.

Air attacks on warships also brings us to the story of the German battleships that escaped from a French port despite the fact that they were said to have been under a continual air onslaught for many weeks previous to their escape from the port. A combined force of Naval, Army and Air units of sufficient strength could have taken the port but it was possible for camouflage alone to act as protection against air power.

The peoples of any land can attune their daily lives to air attack. Their mental attitude can be altered and their habits and customs varied to permit them to carry on under attack from the air. In the course of time the instinctive urge within man to shape his mode of life to protect him against attack from the sky would supply the answer. Air raid shelters, under-ground factories and barrage balloons are early proofs of this.

But men given the choice of life or death at the muzzle of a 15-inch gun or at the point of a bayonet right on their own soil do not have the opportunity of finding a means whereby to live in safety. They must submit or die! And that is the only choice we can give the ruthless aggressors whom we face today—submit or die!

No, this war will not be won by air power alone. It will be won on the sea, on the land and in the air and each Service will play and have played an essential part in the victory.

Germany is a big country with a lot of territory at present in her hands. Thousands

of tons of bombs were felt necessary for a destructive two-night raid on the industrial city of Duesseldorf—just one city! Given sufficient air power the Allies could conquer Germany. But given sufficient backing the combined Services will do the job more quickly and more effectively.

PRAISE FOR THE 'PEG'

Word comes from a Winnipeg Naval Officer who subscribes to The Crow's Nest, that the good people of that Manitoba city have been so hospitable to the men of the Senior Service there that, at times, finding enough men to fill the invitations extended presents something of a problem. It is little wonder that the men at H.M.C.S. "Chippawa" have such a strong feeling for the 'Peg. It is indeed doubtful if any city in Canada has been more thoughtful of the men in the Navy than Winnipeg. The Navy League Branch there is one of the most active in the Dominion, the Canadian Legion is, at the moment, furnishing a spacious and modern mess hall for the men of "Chippawa" and numerous other organizations have made much-appreciated contributions to the welfare and comfort of the sailors.

In most cities where Naval men are stationed the residents have done a great deal to keep the lads happy but Winnipeg's record is accentuated by the fact that it is, as far as Naval operations are concerned, an "inland" city.

HUMBLE PIE

"I'm getting sick and tired of being treated like some kind of criminal in the offices around here."

That was a statement made by an Able Seaman a few days ago after he had completed doing barracks' routine upon his discharge from the hospital. It is not the first time this same thought has been expressed and hard feeling has more than jonce been brought to the fore by a display of bad manners on the part of office personnel in the Service. Actually, discourtesy on the part of those whose duties require them to deal with their fellow Navymen over a counter, is a glaring indication of their lack of executive ability, for no executive who hoped to be successful in life would dare to "throw his weight around" when dealing with the public. These same offenders, were they employed in private business offices in normal times would be fired if they displayed a listless or unmannerly attitude toward customers.

THE SEAMAN'S ROLE

From The Halifax Chronicle

The growth of Canada's Navy has been both striking and phenomenal. But there is a factor which is all too often overlooked in considering that growth, and that is the individuals whose talent and energy have made it possible. In this sense Rear-Admiral Murray's remarks at Dalhousie's Convocation on Tuesday last, (May 11) and more recently at the graduation ceremonies at the Nova Scotia Technical College take on special significance. Rear-Admiral Murray's emphasis was on the individual. The role that seamen have played in the history of civilization since earliest times is a notable one. But it is one which many people are apt to take for granted without full appreciation of what it has meant in terms of individual courage, initiative and grit. Sailing across unknown ocean wastes seeking new lands and discovering new continents—in short, providing the means for the spread of knowledge to the four corners of the earth has been the seaman's task for centuries.

Most of us have little knowledge of the historic role of those who through the ages have followed the call of the sea. Naval history, whether it relates to the men of the fighting fleets, or to those of the merchant fleets, is a fascinating subject and one which deserves far closer attention than it receives.

The tremendous responsibilities which rest upon Admiral Murray's shoulders as Commander-in-Chief of naval forces in the ceaseless struggle against the U-boats, fall more lightly because of his unswerving faith in those under his command. Of such is the stuff of which the Canadian Navy is made, and it is something of which every one of us can well be proud.

For this reason, if for none other, it is especially fitting that he should have been called upon a special Convocation speaker to tell in the simple straightforward language so characteristic of the "Silent Service," something of the notable and historic role which seamen have played in the growth of civilization.

THE WAR OF NERVES



Invasion! When? Where?

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.

ATTENTION WRENS!

Dear Sir:

I happened to come across a copy of The Crow's Nest in our fo'c'sle here and as a result am rushing in a subscription form. Before joining the W.R.C.N.S. I was working in the Naval Dockyard at Esquimalt, B. C., and I also have a brother in the R.C.N., serving in "Iroquois," so I am really interested in the Navy.

"Best wishes to the staff and progress of The Crow's Nest."

Sincerely,

Wren Patricia Roberts,
No. 1 Station,
c/o F.M.O. H.M.C.S.
"Bytown,"
Ottawa, Ont.

May we congratulate you on your prompt action and your eagerness to learn about the service which you have joined, Miss Roberts. Your example might well be followed by all the other Wrens joining the Navy—and, quite frankly—we hope it will be. Ed.

MAKES SURE OF COPY

Dear Sir:

Must say I get a good deal of real enjoyment out of reading The Crow's Nest. "The Story of 'Awkin's 'Alo" with its accompanying illustrations, as given in your April issue, was certainly all right!

Sometimes I find that copies of your paper here in Halifax are all sold out before I have had any opportunity to buy mine. So I would be most pleased if you would place me on your subscription list for one year.

Yours truly,
E. B. Reeves,
Murdoch Square,
Halifax, N. S.

his crooked cross has replaced the Cross of Christ.

It is not enough to turn out the planes, the tanks, the bullets and the ships. It is not enough to draft the men and make

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This Is God's War

By Rev. William Hills,
R. C. N.

The aims of the Nazi Germans and the Fascist Italians are both un-Christian and anti-Christian. Despite the long history of the Italian peoples with Christianity, it is of little use to excuse them their share of condemnation, for by their co-operation with Adolph Hitler, they have found themselves now bound hand and foot to his war machine, which operates not only on the battle-field, but in the mind and soul as well. The "stab in the back" has become a boomerang, and the Italian state now finds itself as complete a vassal of Hitlerite Germany as ever Vichy France.

The triumph of the Axis powers would (1) abolish every area of personal freedom and subject it to the tyranny of the state; (2) abolish the machinery of law and established justice and subject it to the arbitrary decisions of a dictatorship; (3) abolish the democratic concept of the family of nations and subject all peoples to the domination of a so-called master-race; (4) abolish free governments everywhere and make them subject to a supreme, military power; (5) abolish the whole educational system for truth and substitute in its place an education for death.

To men in the Services there is a special temptation to forget that the very centre of this warfare is the battle for the things of the spirit. If this battle is lost (and it is lost every time the things of iron and steel and of routine crowd religion out of its rightful place in our lives) though Hitler and Mussolini be "hung, drawn, and quartered," yet the Axis will have won, for where-ever its God-less philosophy raises its head, where-ever it takes root in either word or practice, there

NAVAL HISTORY WRENOVATED

By L/Wren Lorna Chase-Casgrain

The history of Canada's Navy begins long before most people think. Way back, while English sails darted hither and yon over the four or five seas, way back, delightfully seaworthy Canadian Indians plied the rivers and lakes in their sturdy birchbark canoes, and carrying, along with the depth charges and torpedoes, their birch-dogs, whose birch-dog bark started the system of our now famous *Dog-Watches*, when the birch dogs would birch bark, and start the bells on their collars ringing, a furious clanging for an alarm, or once every half-hour to tell the time, which of course, started the Navy custom of ringing bells. The Indians always carried two birch dogs, who took turns being on duty watch, from 1600 to 2000, which was when the Indians relaxed and shot crap for scalps.

We'd Often Wondered

Once when the game got too rough and somebody was murdered, the killer was strung up at one end of the boat and quartered until he was dead, so of course that end of the canoe became known as the Quarterdeck, or maybe it was when another Indian lost his last two bits there. Anyway, as a last gesture, the murderer on that particular day was permitted to eat his favourite meal before being quartered, so he consumed two plump little girls captured from an enemy tribe. He enjoyed them so much he forgot his plight for a moment, and muttered "Ate belles and all is swell".....and so, but need I go further? Except to say that he was an extremely untidly eater, and made such a *Mess* that.....well, now you know.

First Tribals, Huh?

As Canada's Navy grew, the officers and men, still Indians, increased in skill and seaworthiness. They began to make rowboats, which although slower, went backwards, which suited them fine, as they never cared where they were going, they only wanted to see where they had been, also they could troll. When they caught a big fish they'd wattle their approval in the manner of present-day sailors whistling at wrens: WHEE-Wneew! If too small they'd throw it back with a disgusted negative whistle, and this of course, was the historic

beginning of the very Naval custom of piping aboard and overboard. Once they caught their hook on a log, and through a complicated series of events, rolling, trolling snip's logs etc. first started. (Historically, of course.

Defaulters were called up on the Quarterdeck for convenience. If found guilty they were quartered right then and there, or scalped, or perhaps even given a severe punishment. Requestment hadn't been instituted by then. If a Mat lot wanted shore leave he merely asked the Officer on Watch: "Chief Muc-in-the-face" (from Deep Brook),

"may I go strolling on the moonlit beach tonight with fair Giggling Eyes, daughter of Able-Bodied Moose-Hunter Growing Pains? And if so when does the Liberty Boat leave?" If the Chief approved, he would mutter "Ugh," and perhaps "Has she got a friend?" If he didn't approve, he'd cut off the matelot's left ear and send him to peel potatoes.

Chief Whodunnit

One day a defaulter was asked for an explanation of his misconduct, (He had borrowed somebody's tomohawk), and he was so embarrassed, all he could stammer was "I—I—I—" So the Chief roared (he was a Master-at-Arms), "That's enough!" and cut off both his ears and his nose, thereafter no explanations were allowed, and defaulters all had to say "I, I, Sir," which was heap plenty confession.

There was great excitement another time, when three huge ships, bigger than anything they had ever seen—(and by this time they had built some good-sized catboats and sloops, came sailing into port (censored). Up through the hubbub on the shore, where wide-eyed papooses, (or is it papeese?) hid behind their mothers' beads, came the knowing voice of Chief Commodore (2nd Class) Water-on-the-Knee, who said: "Why, dear me, this is 1492, so it must be Columbus arriving!" And so it was, dear reader. There was a tremendous welcome for him, and great feasting that night, and from then on, as we know, the Indian and the white man were firm friends and together, side by side, in fact locked in mortal embrace, they built the Navy and paddled their own canoes down, or up, through the years.

What? No Rationing
Which brings us up to Almost

Modern Naval History when George Washington became famous by crossing the Delaware in a Criscraft, and Laura Secord crawled through the woods for days to pacify the enemy by giving them a five-pound box of her famous chocolates.

By the Naval Service Act, the Dockyards were turned over, ((must have had something to do with the Halifax Explosion)) to the Dominion of Canada by the English Government, and Canada agreed to let the R. N. use them, which after all, was only fair. And this is when the submarine was invented, because the Dockyard, having been turned over, were now under water (very Naval, don't you think?)

An Admiral Idea

In 1910 Admiral Kingsmill was lent to the Dominion Government, but I never heard if we ever gave him back. Later on they lent us Admiral Jellicoe, who had splendid ideas, but they were too expensive, and as they hadn't thought of raising the taxes then, he had to be discarded. This was too much for the British, who refused to lend us any more Admirals, and so we had to breed our own.

A few years later they felt badly about it, and in 1920 gave us a lovely present of a cruiser, two destroyers and two subs. But it gave Parliament quite a headache for several months, trying to compose a suitable "thank-you" letter.

After that our Navy grew very fast, as young things do, and now as our voice changes we find ourselves a very superior group, and why not? We are composed of Sailors and Wrens! There's your answer, Ho! And with Ahoy and Avast! we sail into more History with Never a Dull Moment.

SYDNEY SPORTS SLANTS

L/Sea. J. Altman, P. & R.T.I.

Now that old man winter has faded from the picture, and the sun is casting it's hypnotic rays down on Point Edward, where the new Naval Base, H.M.C.S. "Protector" II, is located, the everlasting urge to get out-doors and enjoy the warm sunshine and fresh air, seems to be the innermost feeling of nearly all Naval Personnel stationed there.

A heavy sports and recreational programme is anticipated this summer, and work has already commenced on the large playing field, which will be utilized for baseball, softball, soccer, track and field, etc. We also have a spacious Drill Hall at our disposal, which is at present used for volley-ball, and will house the boxing ring, which is now under construction. P. T. classes are also taken in the Drill Hall only when unfavorable weather conditions prevent them from going out-doors.

A very successful cross-country run was held May 14 with approximately 200 new entry ratings participating. With ideal weather prevailing, and Commander Shedden, Commanding Officer, officiating as starter, the runners were off at the crack of the gun, on their long hazardous journey, which led to a stone quarry, scrambling up a steep hill, along a gravel road and finishing in the Dockyard

O/Sea. Eddy Churchward, Toronto stalwart, stepped right out front, and maintained a fair lead until midway in the race, when O/Sea. "Bucky", Buchanan, pride of Sydney, started to draw closer to the leader, and threatened him until 100 yards from the finish. However, Churchward put on an additional burst of speed to capture first place. Finishing in third place a scant 10 yards behind Buchanan was O/Sea. Lefoot. Presentation of the prizes was made by Commander Shedden.

The "Protector" II Inter-Part Volley-Ball league is well under way, with eight teams competing and, with more than half of the schedule completed, we find the Bandsmen and Seamen teams at the top of the league with six points, Chiefs and P.O.'s, Communications, Hospital and Stokers teams, each have four points, and occupying the cellar position are the Officers and Miscellaneous teams. Competition is very keen and players thoroughly enjoy the games. A trophy, donated by Merchants Clothing, Sydney, will be presented to the winning Team.

Congratulations are in order to the "Protector" Officers' Bowling team, in repeating their fine performance of the past two years, by winning the Inter-Service Officers' Bowling Championship for the third consecutive year, with the Trophy now remaining in permanent possession of H.M.C.S. "Protector" II

Padre MacLean won top honors in the League by taking the high single and high average, and along with Pay. Lieut. Ford, who is also no mean "Timber Topper," has played on all three Championship Teams.

Presentation of the Trophy was made at a dinner, tendered
Continued on page 12

NAVY'S PHOTOGRAPHIC FAMILY IS GROWING UP



When the war first started photography wasn't used a great deal by the Navy but within the past two years giant steps have been taken in the use of films for many purposes. Some are used for publicity purposes, others are used for entertainment purposes and probably the majority taken by the ever-increasing staff of the photographic department are used for technical work essential to efficient execution of Naval warfare. In the above picture are shown the photographers, projectionists and office staff of the photographic section of H.M.C.S. "Stadacona" at Halifax, N. S. First Row: S. Thomas,

P.O. H. E. Adams, P.O. H. Page, Mrs. A. M. Mcris, S/Lt. H. H. Black, P.O. J. G. Kempster, P.O. E. Thatcher, H. Lehan, T. Delvelano.
Second Row: F. Wedgewood, S. Soar, Wren B. E. Heyes, Wren M. Stuart, Wren P. Farrell, Wren E. M. Jackson, Wren H. L. Lighthouse, Wren W. E. M. Nelson, W. Soar.
Third Row: D. Chadwick, A. Spiro, J. McLean, C. King, J. Merriman, G. Goulet, E. Dinsmore, K. McRae.
Fourth Row: A. Andres, L. Steen, D. Ferguson, R. Milne, W. Park, S. Instrall.
R. C. N. Photo.

PARTY PANICS

By Jenny Wren

On the evening of May 17, there was a great hustle and bustle in the Wrens' Quarters at Cornwallis. Furtive glimpses into rather dusty and unused mirrors, the odd pat of flour on one's nose (begged, borrowed or stolen from P.O. Priest) a beet, saved from dinner sometime last week, was lent with great pride for a little extra touch of red on girlish, unadorned lips. Curlers were removed from hair, girdles brought out from hidden sources and climbed into—and with a final dash of alluring water (perfume to you) we were away.

The First Party

To what? To the Artificers' Party, of course. The first dance since we had arrived in Cornwallis (formerly known as Deep Brook), some five, muddy weeks ago. I may add now before my pen runs away with me that *Things In General* have improved considerably since I last endeavoured to impart to the readers of *The Crow's Nest*, our general impression of this Establishment. First of all, the mud has contrarily turned to a very fine and very insidious dust. Where before, saying "Good Morning" or "Hello" to your friends was a more or less casual affair, now it has to be prepared for. You take a long glass of something wet that immediately turns the star dust that has gathered in your eyes, nose and throat to a nice sticky consistency resembling its original state of mud. Then after you have juggled the first glass of monture around in your mouth, you take a second. This acts as a rinse. By this time, aided with some muscular actions of the jaws you can in a swell voice give a fair imitation of your old civilian self saying "Good Morning, Mary"—or whomever else you wish to honor. Personally, I just glower or use my hands.

Weather—Lots of It

The sun is out almost every day—Mondays to Sundays excepted. Each morning you go up or down a street and have to ask somebody where such and such a place is. Entirely due to the happy faculty of the Construction Company for throwing the entire place into a state of confusion by putting up three or four new buildings while you have been sleeping. Now the Wrens have been moved from their original "Shack by the track" ominously named "Thunderer" to a far superior building on the Bay called "Superb"—much more intriguing.

I'm afraid I have digressed from my original news, The Party. Remember when I told how we all felt when we arrived in Deep Brook? Rather as though we were the first white women in N. S.? Well, that night the tables were turned. Having been diligently instructed in the habit of always being on time, "Girls—Navy time 5 minutes ahead, etc. etc.", we arrived as invited 8 p.m. sharp. In fact it was so sharp that "Pug" Hunter—a newly-arrived Wren—all dressed up in the msot becoming navy-blue suit with light blue trim on the shoulders and a dash just above the right elbow, had us lined up 15 minutes before. Dear, dear, little Pug. Little did she know. So, in a decorous and laughing ladylike fashion we ambled across the street—in other words we crossed over the trail—to the Ship's Mess—45-1.

Gyped

We were met in cavalier fashion by C.O.A. Donnelly, his gracious manner only exceeded by his hospitable handshake. Expecting the usual 1000 to 1 ratio, we timidly looked in the dance hall. What was this? Where were the highly-touted and looked-forward-to Artificers? Someone mumbled something from the doorway that "the

boys were shaving." Well—in we went. Beautiful, romantic, colored lights, dance floor all prepared for the "light fantastic"—tho' we thought it should be mandrastic. Yes, the band was there, ten stalwarts, turning up, quite composed, and composing of Charles Faith, Elwood Petersen, Alf Johnson, Mickey Shannon, Erin Rahr, Robert Van Everett, Clare Kennedy, Bill Sherman, Donald Buchini, Len (Boog-it) Davis. A very impressive collection of musical masters.

Wretched Wrens

The Girls seated themselves in a circle around the floor with lowered eyes and folded hands, contemplating with delicate curiosity their plight. After five weeks for some of us, and enough weeks for the others we at last found ourselves in the same predicament that our civilian sisters now find. Ten gals for every gent. We knew the other couldn't last—our debutante days were done. The next thing to decide was who to beat to the gun—or drum in this case. Who was going to get C.O.A. Donnelly? At this point, and just in time—they came, our strong, tall, Navymen. The lights got brighter, lips turned up, and pouted at 0915 instead of 0720. We danced and danced until our Navy-weary feet cried for some Branacle Bunion Break-down Salve.

M.A.A. Little showed himself as equally adept at following the intricate steps of Boogie Woogie as he does in following the intricacies of the average Sailor's life! I can recommend him to any hepcat. Also on my honour list for dancing is R.P.O. Curtis (Blue Eyes to you and you) and our own well-loved Chief Mechanic White. What a rug-cutter he turned out to be. If he can keep his engines running as smoothly as he does his feet, Adolf better watch out.

Dance Held At Annapolis Royal For Naval Officers And Wrens

An enjoyable, informal dance was held May 6 at the Masonic Hall, Annapolis Royal for Naval Officers and Wrens stationed at H.M.C.S. "Cornwallis," Cornwallis, N. S.

The dance was given by the Port Royal Group, who knit for the Women's Territorial Service in Britain, to raise money for wool. Those responsible for the

success of the party were the following women who comprise this worthy group: Mrs. Olive Irwin, Mrs. Wilfred Crosby, Mrs. K. Edwards, Mrs. C. Blankstein, Mrs. B. Hutchins, Mrs. J. McGrath and Mrs. G. H. VanDyke, who, to the regret of all, has left for her home in Toronto. The Master of Ceremonies was Bruce Hutchins who very ably handled

THE SAILORS' LADIES

This year the ladies were a bit behind their sailors in spring fashions, as the white cap covers appeared on the scene almost before the last fur muff was laid to rest. One young thing was considerably annoyed with her sea-going boy-friend on this account. She was putting on her customary hat, ready to go out with him, when he gazed at her with mock horror and exclaimed, "Are you still wearing that old thing?" Then, while she glared at him with honest fury, he tilted his cap rakishly before the mirror, and continued, "I've been in my white chapeau for ages!" * * *

There is a new radio program on the air in the morning which features the old play on words idea. Some of the prize winners reported so far have been quite good. "Archaic is what you can't eat and have to", says one lady. "Buccaneer" another man groaned, "is what you'll pay for corn if inflation comes." "Franchise" (hold your breath) are what French girls wink with. * * *

We have heard rumours of a quaint naval custom in connection with correspondence. It seems some of the boys promise faithfully to write their girl friends every day, and then life being what it is (also sailors) they look around for a "reasonably exact facimile" of this guarantee. One answer to the problem has been the mass production job. Said young man sits down with pen and paper, and writes diligently for an hour or so. At the end of that time he has almost a week's supply of letters written, each dated differently, and each in a separate envelope for mailing. It is amazing to find such a simple solution to the oft-repeated cry from the girls that "mail just doesn't come for days, and then it all arrives in big bunches!" * * *

Things we can't explain to men include why a dessert which looks so blatantly like cake, is called Boston cream pie. Or why the ladies still cling to that old superstition of "dreaming on" a piece of wedding cake—a man would always suggest a more practical way of finishing it off. * * *

Victory gardens are wonderful things—if you are not cursed with the many poor relations of your next door neighbor's lilac bush. There is nothing in a backyard which grows more chummily through the soil than the myriad roots and shoots of a nearby lilac bush—unless it is lily of the valley. Maybe this latter looks sweet in brides' bouquets, but there is nothing demure or backward about the way it grows madly in every inch of garden space. There is not much use trying to dig it up—you'd only have the foundations of a good-sized house sunk long before the lily got exhausted. And we venture to say if you built a house on top of that foundation, your first floor would be soon spotted here

his responsibilities.

Amongst those present from "Cornwallis" were: Captain J. C. I. Edwards, Cdr. and Mrs. G. McClintock, Cdr. Mont-Hayes, Lt.-Cdr. E. Cowan, Lieut. and Mrs. Tennant, Lieut. Fred Martin, Lieut. Duncan Lennox, and Lieut. LeFevre. Two young ladies from Annapolis Royal, now in the services, Sergeant Monica Logan, C.W.A.C., and Wren Kay Livingstone, were also present.

IT'S THE WHOSIS OFF THE WHATCHMACALLIT



Don't let that puzzled look kid you. The Wren pictured above is Motor Transport Driver Kay Mackenzie of H.M.C.S. "Cornwallis," at Cornwallis, N. S. and she knows that motor inside out. Besides being able to push Navy vehicles over the road in an efficient manner Kay also pushes a pretty fluent pen. She's the W.R.C.N.S. Editor of *The Crow's Nest* and dishes out a lot of palatable reading for youse guys 'n' gals. R. C. N. Photo.

WEDDING BELLS ARE HEARD OFTEN AT KING'S CHAPPEL THESE DAYS

By G. E. R. S.

Weddings would seem to be the order of the day at "King's" with no less than two taking place in the Chapel in one day.

Williamson-Thompson

L/Sto. Hatfield Williamson will receive congratulations on his marriage, recently, to Miss Vera Thompson. "Red" is deservedly popular in the Ship and both he and Mrs. Williamson have the best wishes of everyone aboard.

Jones-Davidson

A pretty wedding was solemnized in King's Chapel on May 24 when Florence Jean, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Davidson of Wolfville, became the bride of Eric H. Jones, son of Mrs. Jones and the late H. Jones of Hartlebury, Worcestershire, England.

The attendants were: Wren Grace Thorpe, of Lethbridge, Alta., and L/Wtr. John M. Brasers of Hartlebury. The bride was given in marriage by P.O. Gillard. Rev. Dean Stanley Walker performed the ceremony. A reception was held later for a few intimate friends.

Worthen-Wilson

Trinity Anglican Church, Halifax, was the scene of a pretty wedding at 8.30 o'clock on the evening of May 20, when Rev. J. T. Ibbott united in marriage Joan Beatrice, second eldest daughter of Mr. John G. Wilson and the late Mrs. Wilson, of Halifax, and L/Sea. Joseph Harold Worthen, of North Head, Grand Manan, New Brunswick.

The bride was given in marriage by her father and entered the church to the strains of the wedding march played by Mr. William Roche. Her attendants were her sister, Miss Dorothy Wilson, who was maid of honor, and Miss Dorilda Flanigan as bridesmaid. The groomsmen were Douglas Pye, R.C.N. R. The flower girl was little Gladys Hutt. During the signing of the register the choir sang, "O Perfect Love." The ushers

and there with a dark green leaf growing up happily through the boards. * * *

Our favorite cartoon of the month shows a rather portly husband, attired in a green organdy apron, standing in the kitchen amid towering piles of dirty dishes. He is explaining something to his masculine friend, who is horrified at the scene, in these words: "Of course I'm the boss—my wife wanted me to wear a blue apron and I insisted on this green dotted one."

were: L/Sto. Jerry Poore, R.C. N.R., and Reg. Topping, R.C.N. A reception was held at the bride's home.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. Wilson of King's Canteen, who has a long and interesting Naval career behind him.

KING'S CALLING

By G.E.R.S.

The departure of Third Officer Evelyn Cross from "King's" has occasioned sincere regret among the Wrens, but all will join in wishing her continued success in her new appointment.

Sport is well "under weigh" in all departments here and those in charge are well pleased with the response.

Wren Anita D'Allaire, who became so well known through entertaining with her brother, Ray, has been drafted to Toronto. Her place as messenger at King's has been taken by Wren E. A. Crawford, of Medicine Hat.

A little newcomer at King's, Patricia Darlene, infant daughter of Able Seaman and Mrs. Charles H. Bradley, was christened in the Chapel recently. The god-parents were: Miss Lillian McLellan, Miss Florence Todd and Able Seaman Richard Triance.

Wrens Entertain

Working with Special Services department, the personnel of H.M.C.S. "King's" have presented two successful programs recently at Rockhead Hospital and at King's Signal School. Considerable new talent has been discovered. Ratings taking part were: L/Wtr. W. Snook, Wrens Rucart, Reynolds, Durham, Lucas and Fath, Sig. J. Terrill, L. H.C. Stevens, A.B. Jack Goldthorpe, A.B. R. Triance, A.B. John Mahoney. Wren G. E. Shaw acted as M.C. and high-lights of the program were the singing of Captain and Mrs. Morrow, songs by S/Lt. "Cy." Hale and dancing by S/Lt. Hodge. "Gib." Potter of Special services brought greetings and best wishes.

The JEEPSEYE VIEW

by Ducker

Ah, Deep Brook! Once referred to as the Shangri-La of Nova Scotia but quite erroneously, for Shangri-La despite the magnificent splendor of its Blue Moon mountain and its intriguing population of rejuvenated centenarians is an inadequate comparison for this favorite spot of the gods, this land of hope and glory, Deep Brook! For, to the unprejudiced eye, the location of H.M.C.S. Cornwallis must be the essence of perfection. A little mud there may be at times but is not the precious gem sometimes enhanced by the mediocre appearance of its mounting?

More Jeeps

Two weeks ago approximately, Deep Brook reverberated to the rising crescendo of a multitude of male voices. The train, with its time out of mind reputation for dizzying speeds and punctilio, whistled into the station, dropped four score and twenty more or less bewildered individuals onto the station platform and departed with a howl on its route to the far corners of this peninsula.

A more polyglot and polychromatic assortment of individuals it would be difficult to find.....short and tall, light and dark, curly-haired and generous browed, all were proselytes of this new creed which makes the gunnery officer not only as powerful as God but also much nearer to the scene of the proceedings. But even now we wide-eyed converts (for I was one of them) did not understand the full implication of what joining the Navy was yet to mean. Our blissful ignorance was rapidly coming to an end.

"If You Don't Mind"

The morning following our arrival, a steward of some sort quietly knocked on all our doors and asked each member individually whether he felt like getting up for something vaguely referred to as P. T. He was very "nice" about it all and implied that no offence would be taken if we should prefer to stay in bed for a little while longer. That was rather considerate, so to show our appreciation, everybody arose lest we hurt the feelings of whom-ever was in charge. The lieutenant in charge wasn't quite as pleasant as he might have been, but no one can really expect a lieutenant to be very pleasant at such an hour of the morning. He complained about stragglers and latecomers but we merely attributed that to peptic ulcers or dandruff or some such serious disease.

The next big event in our lives centered around a route march to take place later that morning. It was hinted rather strongly that said route march would be compulsory, binding everyone short of paralytics and idiots. No one felt like demurring, after all the thing did have a certain health value and it was felt that absenting oneself would have a value diametrically opposed. So after weighing the pros and cons of the thing and deciding that it would not be quite sporting to go and see the captain and thus have the whole thing abrogated, we determined to go on with the march. Corn plasters were at a premium that night!

F-a-a-wl In!

But came Monday morning and our course began with gusto. One portion of the class was allocated to gunnery, the other to divisions. Exactly what these terms meant many of us were none too sure, but bracing our stooped civilian shoulders and attempting a mediocre show of efficiency, we staggered blindly on to discover what the gods had decreed.

The gods were in a rare mood that morning! An efficient looking lieutenant cast his eyes over us and in a very benign manner asked us if we had any objections towards making a left turn. Now a left turn (or a right turn for that matter) is a very complicated affair and must take years of endless and untiring practice. To be told suddenly that one is expected to turn left without preamble can be quite befuddling. As a consequence, there was no conformity about our reactions to this reasonable request. Some turned right, others left, some stood stock still. The lieutenant was very reasonable, however. One might have expected him to be somewhat vexed. As a matter of fact, he remained quite cool, one might almost say, icy. His voice dripping with saccharine, he asked one hapless and witless victim whether or not he knew the intrinsic difference between right and left. The unfortunate "jeep" muttered something in-

audible and incoherent. It was obvious he did not know the answer to that essentially naval problem.

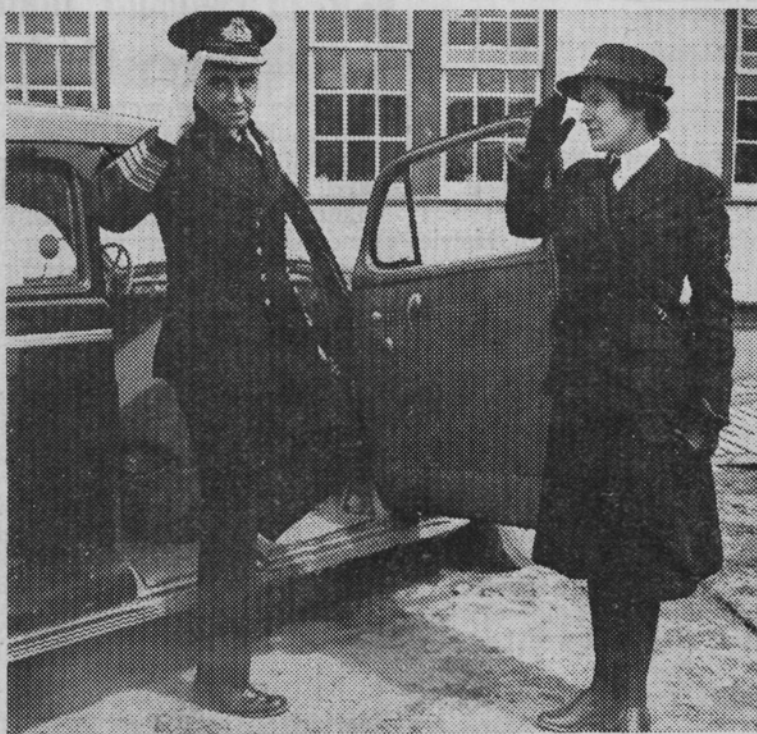
So What?

But after the initial difficulties had been ironed out, we proceeded to our various classes. We of the Divisional course loped with lackadaisical languor toward our classrooms for the sole purpose of discovering how infinitesimal was our knowledge of things nautical. The instructors, with salt dripping from every word poured forth reams of purely unintelligible matter into our virgin brains. We sat there doing our best to appear even remotely aware of what was being explained. Whether a carley float was a bad sprain or some kind of a conveyance, most of us were none too sure. For several days, I cherished the former opinion.

But what impressed most of us, after the first few days, was the puerile insignificance of the curriculum itself. One of the instructors, with that ludicrous attitude of one who fancies he is throwing a bomb-shell, asserted that we were expected to learn in four months, what would normally have taken six years during peace time. Well that shouldn't be too difficult most of us thought. After all we have brains.....after a fashion.

Nevertheless, some found the shortness of the day rather disconcerting. A 24 hour day in ordinary circumstances and for purely civilian pre-occupations has been found to be quite adequate for the average person. But the old civilian amenities hadn't provided for working thirty-six out of every twenty-four hours. Consequently some of us more stolid ones found it rather difficult to adjust ourselves to this living on borrowed time. The majority succeeded, however, and strange as it may seem, even found time for those quite extraneous pursuits such as eating and sleeping and daily ablutions. Others, more timid than the rest, refrained from such shows of weakness, lest the in-

THE SKIPPER COMES ABOARD



No one seems more pleased with the new Royal Canadian Navy Training Establishment at Cornwallis, N. S. than Capt. J. C. I. Edwards, R.C.N., Commanding Officer of H.M.C.S. "Cornwallis." Organization of the giant "ship" is a huge task calling for all the executive ability at the command of this well known Naval officer. Captain Edwards is shown above returning the salute being given him by his driver, Leading Wren Lorna Chase-Casgrain (M. T.), as he alights from his car. R. C. N. Photo.

structors interpret them as evidence of dereliction from the path of duty. The low death rate in Deep Brook is but a mere indication of the hardiness and stamina of its newly acquired citizenry.

".....The Sons I Mean"

The group allocated to gunnery had a no less diverting time of it. The first three days consisted of field training. It was then that corrugated arteries and worn out pistons asserted themselves. Many wondered how the instructor could be so so consistently pernicious and concluded that his childhood had been unduly inhibited. "Get those hands out of sight!" "Check those slopes!" "Hey you, right turn, I said, not left." Hour after hour with our arches slowly collapsing, we plodded, going nowhere with stupid doggedness, prodded on by the ever-present, gloating fiend behind us. Just how much human flesh and blood can bear, we do not know. But we are certain that a man can go on marching long after he is dead.

But dead or alive we have been here at Cornwallis somewhat over three weeks. The pace hasn't relaxed noticeably. Every day a group is chosen to perform the duty watch. Outside sentries and inside sentries unanimously proclaim the beneficent value of getting up at three o'clock in the morning (0300, if you care to be puser). The whaler's crew have an exciting time of sweeping floors but gaze askance at the incongruity of able-bodied men sweeping corridors while members of the supposedly gentler sex take over the more arduous jobs of welding and riveting in our wartime factories.

No Kicks

However, nobody's kicking, most of us are much too tired for such strenuous exercise. Some day, and the day is not far distant, many shall go to the less nerve-racking and soul-searching duties of ramming submarines. It may be a source of consolation for the staff officers to know that their efforts have been appreciated. When we are in the midst of troublesome times, let us say in ultra-bad weather or clinging to a carley float, we shall remember our instructors, who, in the true spirit of the divisional system, mothered us along in our courses. Fond memories of our gunnery officer will serve to make these hardships seem insignificant.

So to Deep Brook the land of

MOO-SHINE

by j. a. b.

This one is alleged to have really happened. We'll take j.a.b.'s word for it.

It was a grey day in the North Atlantic—heavily overcast with a short chop breaking the long swells. The Corvette tossed uneasily as though still unrelaxed after the attacks of the previous days. The Captain's mood suited the weather. Depressed at the loss of two freighters in the convoy, he was now faced with the problem of a shortage of food. Two days previously he had picked up 35 men from one of the torpedoed ships and the reserve supplies of food were proving inadequate. He discussed the matter with his First Lieutenant and they seemed unable to find a solution.

"It'll be four more days before we can hope to reach Port at this rate. With an extra 35 to feed there is only enough food for two meals really."

Short Rations

"Short rations for everybody," remarked the No. 1, "I only hope we've shaken off those damn U-boats."

"Yes," agreed the Captain, "If we were sure of that we could leave the convoy to the others and make our own way in. Otherwise our only chance is to pick up some meat from one of the other escorts."

The Captain didn't like his idea very much, for if the U-boats were still in the vicinity, two Corvettes hove-to wouldn't help the chances of the convoy. However, it was the only possibility of getting supplies, and, so, having made his decision he promptly put it into effect.

They were soon able to contact another Corvette and the Captain turned to the signalman, "Signal to the K000—" "Can you let us have some beef?"

Coming Up!

The aldous lamp flashed and promptly the answer came back, "Yes, stand by for a line." Not wishing to lower a boat a line was rigged between the two ships. It was ticklish work but smartly carried out and a bulging sack soon rested on the deck. The Captain breathed a sigh of relief as he flashed his thanks and the two Corvettes resumed patrol.

"Thank goodness that's over—keep us going a bit longer, anyway. Better find out what they've sent us and we can reorganize rations."

The No. 1 cheerfully nodded his agreement as he went below. One worry off his mind, the Captain relaxed as he waited for his information. His expression changed, however, when he saw the look of consternation on the First Lieutenant's face when he returned.

"What on earth's the matter?" The First Lieutenant gulped for words but eventually he got it out, "They—they've sent us a case of Beer!"

of it overboard.

"I know but little of the world, and seeing no joy in guilt, myself, I cannot conceive how others pursue it."

When he first arrives ashore he thanks Heaven he is not married, for the word "Wife" spells to him "slavery, chains, leaks, short allowance, sea-sickness, and the press-gang." But in due time he falls in love, and before the curtain comes down he has discovered that a wife to him is a ship well manned, a prosperous pilot, a successful voyage, victory, prize money, and a First Lord of the Admiralty.

REQUESTMAN

By J. P. Trainor, A. B.

Dear God, I know you've lots to do—

Eternity must seem too short To answer all requests to You.... But soon we hope to be in port, And then we'll have a refit due. So, if You will, my fears relieve— O Lord, Who wind and wave can still—

This humble sailor's prayer receive:

"Please let me live, at least, until I've had my twenty-eight days leave."

Why Is A Ship Called A She?

By P.O.P.

"A Thousand eyes are on her; for she floats confessed a queen upon the subject main."

This question has not yet been satisfactorily answered as far as the writer is concerned. What have you to suggest?

From the Nautical Play "Eliza" a musical piece—produced at Drury Lane in 1756-7—Old Sturdy—the Veteran tar described himself:— as "cradled on shipboard, as rough and uncivil as the rude elements that rocked my youthful slumbers, yet within this tempest-beaten hulk I have still a sound heart of oak, and may that heart be shivered into splinters if ever I insult a woman. Woman, bless 'em, they're the sailors sheet anchor, his joy ashore, his hope at sea, they're his treasures that reward the toils of life and the sweets that enable us to taste its sour without making wry faces."

"Delays and Blunders" a comedy by Reynolds, dealing with the troubles that beset the unsuspecting naval officer fresh from the sea, who says that money is such a load that to sail pleasantly he must chuck some

perpetual sunshine and Italian-blue skies, this class will soon say farewell. It will be difficult to leave without stewing the country-side with tears of anguish. But leave we must. Small use to cry over spilt milk, it only makes it salty for the cat.

SEA POETRY

By P.O.P.

This month P.O.P. writes of Sea Poetry as it concerns the character of the sailor.

Now take a look at the character of the foremast man, his views of life and duty.

His Creed

.....Manliness, merit, mirth, friendship, and love,
All in that gallant sailor unite,
Who while doing his duty below or above
Is as ready to pardon as willing to fight.

One Charles Dibdin visited London, Eng., about the time the country was terribly cast down by the disaster which led to Byng's execution. There was need to revive the national spirit and patriotism. Dibdin says, "the character of the British tar, plain, manly, honest and patriotic, had not very pointedly been put forward, who also sang "Content's this life's best weather gage."

Love honour as thy life
Never as a paltry thing
Protect thy friend and wife,
Spare foes, and serve thy king.]

N. B. Last line—"Spare foes" is rather significant and traditional. The man of the sea, knows the penalty for ignoring this law.

There are characters in the sea service towards whom the feeling of the men is indicated in verse. The purser and the boatswain received particular attention, the former was perhaps the best abused of the officers, but not altogether with justice, since his supposedly mal-practices were frequently a consequence of the regulations in force at the time.

"The Sailors Complaint" or "The True Character of the Purser"

As his name foully stinks, so his butter rank doth smell.
Both hateful to sailors, scarce good enough for Hell.
The nation allows men what's jittery to eat,
But he, curse attend him, gives to us musty meat;
But biscuit that's mouldy, hard stinking Suffolk cheese,
And pork cut in pounds, and pork cut in pounds for to eat with our pease.

This was probably the contribution of a landsman, at a seaman's suggestion, in the reign of Queen Anne, and the purser is described as:

"The worst of all plagues that e'er fate did decree
To vex and to punish the poor sailors at sea."

The real sailor puts the matter somewhat differently, for instance, at the time of the mutiny in 1797, when the victualling was a most serious ground of dissatisfaction, it was system and regulations, not the officers whose duty it was to put the latter into execution.

Not winds to voyagers at sea,
Nor showers to earth more necessary be,
Nor to the thirsty boatswain flip,
Than is a purser to a ship.

Also—where the helmsman of Sir Francis Drake sings:-

Oh, how the purser shortly will wonder,
When he sums in his book
All the wealth we have took
And finds that we'll give him none of the plunder;
At sight of our gold the boatswain will bristle,
But not finding his part
He will break his proud heart
And hang himself strait t'the chain o' his whistle.

(Musical piece by Sir William Davenant).

One more song, ascribed to Gabriel Harvey, and in which all the officers are mentioned—entitled:- "In Praise of Sailors."

When as the raging seas do fume,
And lofty winds do blow
The sailors they go to the top,
The landsmen stay below.

Our Masters mate takes helm in hand
His course he steers full well
When as the lofty winds do blow,
and raging seas do swell.

Our Master to his Compass goes,
so well he plies his charge,

The Boatson he's under the Deck,
a man of courage bold,

The Pylot he stands on the Chain
with a line and a lead to sound. (lead and line in more modern language)

Our Captain he is on the Poop,
a man of might and power.

The Quarter Master is a man,
So well his charge plies he,
He calls them to the pump amain,
To keep their leakt ship free.

The Language Of The Navy

By "Dugout"

Many of the words in Naval phraseology are used in the sense attributed to them in past times, and not the modern meaning. Thus "request" means ask, pure and simple, not the modern meaning of a rather peremptory demand, except perhaps when one is "requested for one's reasons in writing," usually the sure sign of a storm ahead!

To "incur the displeasure" of your senior, as a result of it, is an example of the use of a word that is almost in disuse ashore. To "repair" on board, to "wait" or "attend upon" a senior officer, a ship's "company"—her crew—are examples of the use of words in meanings other than those attributed to them nowadays.

The Naval Prayer used in the Service has some very fine phrases in it. That describing the Navy as "a security for such as pass upon the seas on their lawful occasions" is probably the best known of them.

The Bible Says

The King's Regulations and Admiralty Instructions, the "bi-

SONG OF THE "SEA-SLUGS"

(Anonymous)

Contributed by Lt. Maurice P. Shea,
R.C.N.V.R.

Sing me a song of a frail M.L.
May the Lord have mercy upon us;
Rolling about in an oily swell,
May the Lord have mercy upon us;
Out on a high explosive spree,
Petrol, Lydite, and T.N.T.,
Looking for U-Boat 303,
May the Lord have mercy upon us.

Sing me a song of a bold young "Lieut.,"
May the Lord have mercy upon us;
Two gold bands on an "Owed for suit,"
May the Lord have mercy upon us;
Ship the cable and full ahead,
Hard a starboard and heave the lead,
The detonators are in my bed,
May the Lord have mercy upon us.

Sing me a song of a bright young "Sub.,"
May the Lord have mercy upon us;
A terribly ignorant half-baked cub,
May the Lord have mercy upon us;
Of the King's Regulations he knows not
one,
He has left undone what he ought to
have done,
And oh! My Lord, when he fires that
Gun,
May the Lord have mercy upon us.

Sing me a song of a CMB (Engineer)
May the Lord have mercy upon us;
Bred in a garage and sent to sea,
May the Lord have mercy upon us;
Taken away from the motor trade,
Seasick, sorry and sore dismayed,
But a hell of a "Knut" on the Grand
Parade,
May the Lord have mercy upon us.

Sing me a song of the M.L. Cook,
May the Lord have mercy upon us;
With a Petrol stove in a greasy nook,
May the Lord have mercy upon us;
Our meals a lukewarm lingering death,
We'll praise the Hun with our final
breath
I he'll strafe our Galley and slay our
Chef,
May the Lord have mercy upon us.

Sing me a song of a North Sea Base,
May the Lord have mercy upon us;
A dirty forgotten one horse place,
May the Lord have mercy upon us;
When the wind blows West how brave
we are!
When the wind blows East, it's different
far,
We wish we were back in the Harbour
Bar,
May the Lord have mercy upon us.

ble" of the Navy, contain many examples of this phrasing. The use of the expression "acquaint" in its old sense of make known, to "cause" certain things to be done, and be "diligent" in the execution of duties are typical uses of words in senses that have nearly fallen into disuse in modern practice.

The wording of a Naval Commission is a distinct contrast to its Army equivalent. In the latter, one is described as our "Trusty and Well-Beloved" So-and-So, in whom "especial Trust and Confidence" is reposed and so on. Not so in the Navy. After "constituting and appointing" one, and "strictly charging" one to carry out ones duties, it winds up with the ominous sentence—"Hereof you, nor any of you, may fail as you will answer the contrary at your Peril"—and a capital "P" at that! Nothing soft about it at all, and not half so politely as they do it in the Army.

Navy "Jive"

Naval slang is practically an inexhaustible subject, and the description of slang as the "poetry of the masses" fits it well. In common with Naval language, its allusions to seafaring matters are quite understandable in the Navy but sound strange ashore.

If one wishes to be really insulting to a shipmate, you can take your choice by calling him an "Urk," an "Uullage," a

"Wart," a "Dog's-body" or a "Monkey's Orphan". If it happens to be a civilian, a "Counter-jumper" is about the ultimate in abuse; for a soldier, a "Pongo" or "Swaddy" will do equally well.

Conversely, they can be described as "pukka Navy." A ship your ship is particularly friendly with is known as a "chummy ship," and when people are bosom friends, they are known as "raggies." When they quarrel, they are said to have "parted brass-rags."

Slang, however, is in a continual state of change, being bound by no dictionaries, and expressions all the rage today will be as dead as a dodo tomorrow. It is interesting to note that in the R.C.N., a slang vocabulary of its own is developing, the use of the word "mick" for a hammock being an example. This term is now officially forbidden, however.

He Can't Mean It!

Sometimes the use of Naval expressions ashore can be attended by strange results. The writer has never lived down one such occasion, when in charge of a party of ex-Servicemen at a Remembrance Day open-air service. It was a bitterly cold day, and when the bugler, a portly ex-army man, tried to sound the "Last Post," he found that his bugle was frozen up. He leaned over and reported the fact in a

Continued on page 12.

Curvettes

by PARRISH



You make me tired! We've been married a week and you say you still feel funny kissing a killick!

THIS NAVYMAN IS DYNAMITE



Pictured above is Supply Assistant Bill Orban of H.M.C.S. "Chippawa," Winnipeg, winner of the Heavyweight Inter-Service Boxing title in a tournament held last month at 103 Company quarters, Fort Garry, Winnipeg. He is being presented with his prize by Major Massey. Just behind him at the left is S/Lt. Bill O'Connor, popular Special Services Officer in "Chippawa." S/Lt. O'Connor is well known in Halifax and Toronto.

MEN'S MESS AT WINNIPEG DIVISION IS FURNISHED BY CANADIAN LEGION

H.M.C.S. Chippawa Men's Mess will soon become one of the naggiest spots in Canada for use exclusively by ratings in initial training.

"Face-lifting" operations in the mess are expected to be completed early in June with a complete renovation of the spacious ladies' locker room of Winnipeg's former swank Winter Club.

To be called the "Legion Room" in honor of the Canadian Legion, who are spending \$2,000 for furniture, etc., the mess is to have one mural decoration 45 feet long and five feet deep along the south wall. Other walls are to be decorated by mural panels.

Seaman Doing Murals

An important contribution to the successful execution of these plans is being made by St. Vital's artistic Ordinary Seaman James A. Andrews, who is doing the mural decorations and who has been chief guardian of the color schemes and general comforts of the new Legion Room.

Clever "Chippawa" Boxer Wins Three Bouts On Card

There's a heap of two-fisted dynamite aboard H.M.C.S. Chippawa these days in the form of barrel-chested S/A Bill Orban 21, of Regina.

Recently copping the undisputed championship of the lt.-heavy class, of all services in M.D. 10 by disposing of three men in a single evening, Boxer Orban is a sweet performer and a sure crowd pleaser.

In the recent championship go, the best of Orban's opponents lasted less than two minutes. A clean scrapper who breaks cleanly, Orban really bears down when serious fighting is needed.

Still Amateur

Although Orban received numerous bids to have a try in professional circles, he is still an amateur and is apparently intending to remain one. During 1941-42, Orban was taking a P.T.I. course at the University of California, and later was P.T.I. for the city of Regina.

Able Seaman Johnny Roberts, also presently stationed at Chippawa, is no guy to meet in the dark, either. Swarthy complexioned Roberts, 1942-43 Manitoba welterweight top runger, was a Golden Gloves runner-up in recent West Coast scraps. Roberts was beaten by Pidgeon Hank Elgie, who went on to take the tournament laurels.

Orban and Roberts, along with Acting P.T.I. Savoie, a novice with promise, invaded Regina territory last month for an all-service tilt. Ordinary Seaman Joe Simeniks, is acting as treasurer.

Special credit is due Andrews for the way he has woven the structural difficulties of the walls and ceiling into an integral and strengthening part of his mural.

Naval Smartness

Structurally necessary pillars in the Legion Room are being embellished by circular seats with blue upholstery. The floor is to be highlighted by such naval insignia as killicks, stokers, etc.

Furnishings are to include chesterfield pieces, and books will line specially constructed shelves. Drapes for the windows are being supplied by the Junior and Senior R.C.N.V.R. Auxiliaries.

Renovation of the Mess has been under supervision of S/Lt. William O'Connor, Special Services Officer.

The policeman, bouncing his night-stick against the paving stones, came upon a bedraggled individual who was down on his hands and knees beneath a street lamp peering carefully at the ground.

"What's the matter?" inquired the cop pleasantly. "Lose something?"

The citizen turned his face up, cocked two bloodshot eyes, and, still on his hands and knees, replied:

"Yup. Ish awful tough. I jusht losht a quarter."

"Too bad. How did it happen?"

"Hole in my pocket. Ish awful tough."

"Did you first miss it right around here?"

"No, I losht it down on the next corner."

"Then what are you looking around here for?"

"The light ish better at thish corner."

Many Changes In Staff Take Place In Chippawa

New captain of H.M.C.S. Chippawa is active, 35-year-old Lieutenant-Commander G. F. McCrimmon of Toronto, Ontario. Lt.-Cdr. McCrimmon has served both in Canada and abroad, his duties in the latter respect being on the staff of the Commander-in-Chief Western Approaches, and was stationed at Plymouth, England. Later his duties with the R.N. brought him to Canada again, following which he was posted to command the Chippawa. Lt.-Cdr. McCrimmon assumed his latest charge April 1.

Back to his desk as Executive Officer goes gentlemanly Lieutenant D. C. Mackintosh after a month's interval as acting captain before the appointment of Lt.-Cdr. McCrimmon. Filling numerous posts this war, Lieut. Mackintosh has served both afloat and on the beach. Various posts in H.M.C.S. "Fredrickton" afloat, and at shore stations in Toronto, Winnipeg and Halifax, Lieutenant Mackintosh did his first stunt aboard the Chippawa from May 1941, to January, 1942. After a period afloat he was appointed to H.M.C.S. "Bytown," and was later returned to Chippawa as Executive Officer.

New Jimmy

Rusty-hued Lieut. A. D. Rayburn has been appointed First Lieutenant succeeding Lieut. W. B. Kinsmen, who assumes a similar post aboard HMCS York, Toronto. Lieut. Rayburn is a seaman's officer who began his naval career on the lower deck, achieving the rank of P.O., LTO, before receiving his commission and appointment to Chippawa. Prior to being named to his present post, Lieutenant Rayburn was Chippawa's training officer.

Training Officer

With the promotion of Lieutenant Rayburn from Training Officer to First Lieutenant, S/Lt. Darling, has been named training officer. S/Lt. Darling is an Edmonton boy and has been in Chippawa one year.

Chiefs Changed

Replacing leather-lunged C. P.O. Ralph Gregory, who has been transferred to H.M.C.S. "Stadacona" is Irish, red-headed P.O. G. A. Kilgour, 23, of Stratford, Ontario, who has been in service since 1937. Kilgour received his training under the

A CREED

By Capt. Dick Diespecker

If they should ask you,
"Why do you fight?"
Tell them, "For Freedom, for the Right
To live in peace; to worship God;
To build a cottage, turn a scd
That is my own; to trust my friends;
To know that when the day work ends,
A wife and children wait to greet
Me with a smile. I fight to meet
The future unashamed; to read
What books I will; to choose the creed
I wish; face politicians unafraid,
And criticize, if need be, laws they've
made.
These are the web of life; for these I
lend
My strength; these are the rights that
I defend."
From The "Stray-Line," H.M.C.S.
"Prevost"

Seamans Mural Paintings Are Praised By Shipmates

O/Sea. James A. Andrews, artist painting the mural decorations in the Men's Mess of H.M.C.S. Chippawa, is expected to complete his task here in June.

Those aboard Chippawa who know the full story of Andrews' smooth-working technique are loud in their praises for his efforts. Andrews' work has more than simply beautified the mess because there has been a noticeable difference in the pride the men take in their mess now that surroundings have a more tiddley aspect.

It is felt that in view of the low cost of Andrews' working methods, his ability could be employed in various stations across Canada.

man he is succeeding and is one of the youngest men in Canada to occupy a post of equal responsibility below decks. Kilgour sailed in HMCS "Assiniboine" the August day of 1942 when the wolf packs were given some pointers in Canadian seamanship.

R.P.O. Changes

Leading Seaman C. L. Marion, for five months acting R.P.O. assumed an instructor's post in May. Marion, who has been in service since 1937, was an able seaman in his present first Lieutenant's watch at war's outbreak. Succeeding Marion to the R.P.O.'s desk is Leading Seaman N. P. Wilson, who sailed in "Ottawa" until her fatal day. Prior to becoming acting R.P.O., "Norm" Wilson was instructing at Chippawa.

'Peg Junior Auxiliary Gives Navy Ambulance

June 4 is the official date set by the Minister of Transport for delivery to H.M.C.S. Chippawa of one completely equipped ambulance purchased for the Winnipeg training station as the 1942 project of the Junior Auxiliary to the R.C.N.V.R.

The gift of the ambulance was in addition to the regular efforts of the auxiliary which usually require raising well over \$1,000 each year. A cheque to cover payment for the ambulance went forward recently. The amount of the cheque was \$2,000.

The new ambulance will fill a great need at Chippawa, and Miss Vivian Stone, president of the Junior Auxiliary to the R.C.N.V.R., states the ambulance will carry a bronze plaque suitably inscribed.

MORE SPACE GIVEN NAYY TO HANDLE LONDON CREW

Taking over of more office space from the Army has brought a further enlargement of HMCS "Prevost" at London, Ontario to coincide with bigger training classes and a stepped-up training program.

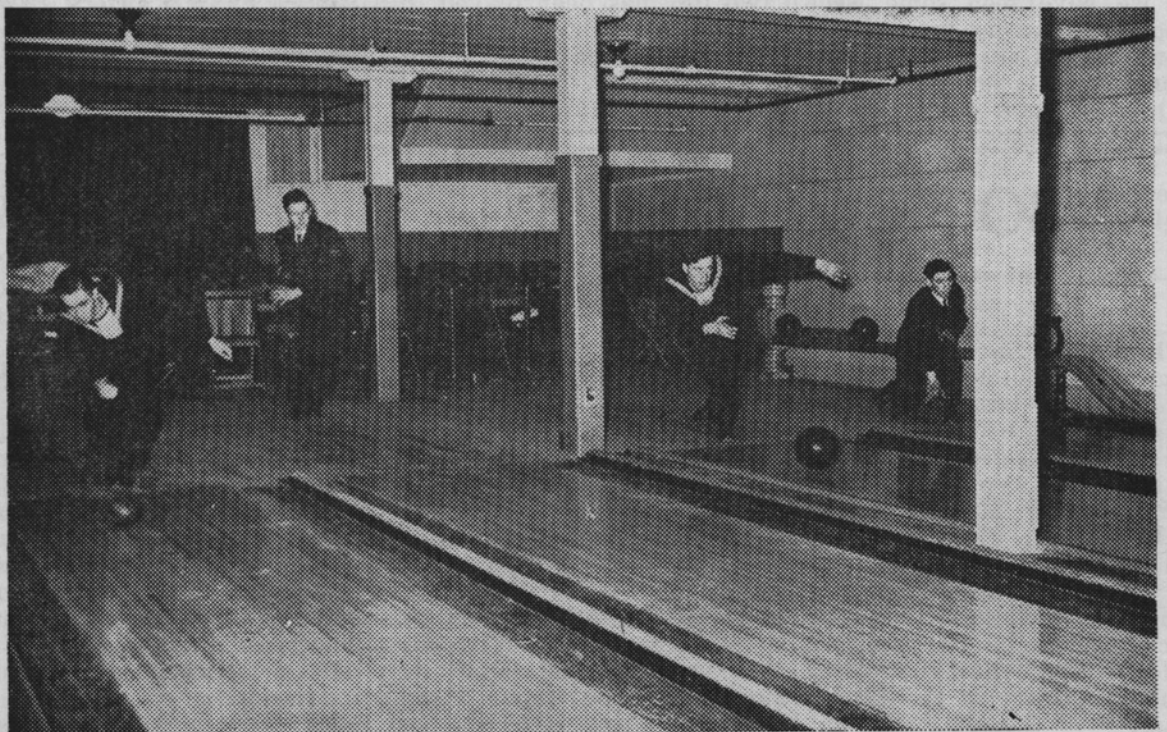
Offices vacated by the Army's M.D. 1 Recruiting Headquarters have been converted into the local R.C.N.V.R. recruiting centre. What used to be the Navy recruiting office is now the school room and the ex-school-room "down below" is now filled with bunks (first time in many moons it's been anything but hammocks in Prevost). Stores have been moved from "A" deck to the "C" deck room that was once a seamanship instruction room. Up top the men's mess is being enlarged, and new rooms have been opened for the band and for the University of Western Ontario Naval Training Division classes.

MUST FACE IT

Little Child: Daddy, will I look like you when I grow up?
Daddy: Everybody seems to think so.

Little Child (with a frightened look): Well, I won't grow up for a long time, will I, daddy?

NOT MANY BARRACKS EQUIPPED LIKE THIS ONE



No, there aren't many barracks equipped with bowling alleys of their own but H.M.C.S. "Chippawa," at Winnipeg has its own bowling alleys and its own swimming pool. The barracks formerly housed the Winter Club there and almost complete recreational facilities were turned over to the Navy. As can be seen from the above picture, both five and ten pin bowling is enjoyed and the alleys are in constant use.

LED EAST COAST COMMAND IN TOPPING LOAN OBJECTIVE



When H.M.C.S. "Standard Coaster" sets out to take part in a Victory Loan campaign, she really takes part in it. With a quota set at \$500.00 the members of the ship had over-subscribed that amount before the campaign got under way. When the final figures had been announced the little ship had subscribed a total of \$6,750. Of this amount \$2,000 was subscribed through relatives of the men aboard ship. The crew members averaged \$194.00 each, thus leading the entire East Coast command.

Pictured above are the members of the crew. Back Row, l. to r.—A/M M. J. N. Cunningham, Toronto, Ont.; L/Sea. W. A. Buffett, Fortune Bay, Nfld.; A. M. M. K. J. Craddock, Victoria, B. C.; A. B. A. J. MacDonald, Dalhousie, N. B.; M. M. L. C. White, Murray Harbour, P. E. I.; A/ M M. H. W. Denley, Toronto. Middle Row, l. to r.—A. B. B. P. MacRae, Park Corner P. E. I.; Sto. "M" R. Tomlinson, London, Ont.; A. B. R. P. Hill, Noel Shore, N. S. Front Row, l. to r.—A. B. W. Durant, St. John, N. B.; Sig. K. C. Ross, Winnipeg, Man.; A. B. F. X. Messier, Montreal, Que.; Sto. "M" R. S. Martin, Mulgrave, N. S.; Sto. "M" R. C. B. MacFarlane, Toronto, Ont.; Cook M. J. Gaumont, Ottawa, Ont.; O' Stwd J. E. Overall, Edmonton, Alta. Seated—Chief Skipper J. L. N. Cormier, Havre St. Pierre, Que., Commanding Officer of the ship, who organized and directed the loan drive aboard "Standard Coaster"; "Susie," the ship's mascot, and Skipper A. C. Bedard, Engineer Officer, Deschambeault, Que. Missing from the picture—A. B. F. J. Barrett, Vancouver, B. C.; Sto. "M" L. P. Fournier, Pictou, N. S.; C. M. M. J. C. Douglas, Dunoon, Scotland; A. B. M. N. Blair, Windsor, Ont. R. C. N. Photo.

"Two-Up" Game Suffers Blow As Result Of New Regulations

Special to the Crow's Nest From H.M.C.S. "Griffon"

During the recent weeks the seriousness of the war has been driven home in a very tangible way to that large body of sportsmen who are ardent players of the game called "two up."

It is no longer possible for a couple of players to enter their favorite playing field and sit down to a little game with their favorite suds, for instance a player who likes playing with "Big Town Super Suds" is frequently greeted with, "What kind of 'Small Town Ordinary Suds' do you want?" In many instances the referee sneeringly announces "Nothing but draft."

To the connoisseur of the game this is the crowning insult and we have seen some weep copiously into a nearby spittoon when greeted in this vulgar manner.

There is talk going round

that leading "two up" players are petitioning the government for permission to recruit a special "two up" division to be used as shock troops when the allies invade the continent. It is expected the government will accept this offer as it is generally known that devotees of the game are in a very savage mood since their favorite suds have been cut off. Those on the inside predict a much earlier end to the war due to this development.

Your scribe has it on good authority that an officer here is taking a subscription to erect a suitable monument at the last known place where a game of "two up" has been played to a showdown without having to change equipment.

So give till it hurts, men, for it's a good cause.

BOOK REVIEWS

These Books Are Available At The Naval Reading Service.

The Land I Love—by Stephen Longstreet. Another book by the author of the best seller—Last Man Around the World. In his new novel Longstreet deals with the story of a typical American family of four boys and their rise to success. Dris, the eldest of the four is the most promising and this book deals primarily with the succession of steps by which he climbs the political ladder to the highest rung of all—the Presidency of the United States.

Double for Death—by Rex Stout. This popular mystery writer gives us another story solved by that eccentric detect-

ive, Tecumseh Fox. Andrew Grant is suspected of murder and his niece, Nancy, escapes from the police to beg Fox to clear him. The chase is an interesting one and the finale exciting.

The Hour Before the Dawn by—W. Somerset Maugham. The setting for this story is the Sussex Estate of the Henderson family—Graveny Holt. It is a story of a typical English family during the present war. Though the background is of the war, Maugham deals mainly with the personalities of this family and their personal experiences, hopes and disappointments.

Knots To You

By LOG-LINE

Berry Me Not

Steward: "Will you have pie, sir?"

New S / Lt.: "Is it customary?"
Steward: "No sir, it's fox-berry."

Says Sky Larkin'

"One swallow does not a summer make—but it's often the fore-runner of an early fall."

Washed Out

A would-be "killick," taking his exam for power-of-command, was ordered by the Gunnery Officer to march a squad back and forth along a jetty. He gave the order "forward march" all right, but was thereupon stricken with a temporary paralysis of the vocal cords. As the squad marched smartly towards the jetty's edge and a mass immersion, the G.O. turned to the stuttering lad and shouted, "For gawd's sake, at least wave goodbye to them, won't you?"

"William Shakespeare, A.B." (or, New Light on a Great Man's Life)

Two issues ago, in a corny verse As bad as this, or maybe worse' We drew your attention to certain facts

Revealing the prophetic abilities of Omar Khayyam in foreseeing the present liquor situation in

Marion Alive

—by Vicki Baum. Throughout this story, which takes you to Germany and Austria, Russia and England, America and Switzerland, the vivid personality of Marion runs brilliant and sparkling. Marion, who is able to see the fun of the most trying situations, gains her independence early in life and each chapter is full of highly coloured incidents and situations.

The Lone Wolf

—by Louis Jos-

Continued on page 12

CORN and CLASSICS

By Mr. R. W. McGall, Bandmaster

The story of the saxophone is much like that of an actress—an actress, who has risen to stardom through the ranks of tawdry burlesque, night club revues, bit parts and flamboyant roles. There are many who look down upon such stars—and saxophones—blind to their real ability and musical worth because of their uncultured beginning. It has been the fashion to sniff at them, for they were symbols of the jazz age, and of a decadence in modern youth. But youth was not decadent, the sniffers found, and jazz is their stimulant. It is potent stimulant, a free, unfettered stimulant for this new and healthfully vigorous youth, this youth who would have done with stuffy thinking and prudish "fronts." Youth is doing well in the world today. So is jazz, the actress and the saxophone.

A Misleading Word

But jazz is a misleading word. From a humble beginning, through many formative stages, and with many growing pains, jazz has become modern music—music which expresses much of life in the world of the present, music which, when our history is written, will be a part of our art, our culture and our civilization.

Now about the instrument itself. The saxophone is a member of the reed family. It is the newest of the instruments and its development has no doubt been the fastest.

Without Equal

Today the saxophone is a wonder of instrument engineering, beautifully toned, flawlessly pitched and perfectly balanced. Its range of accomplishments in all types of music is almost without equal. It is made in many sizes, from the small soprano to the ponderous bass, and forms

brilliant, full-chorded sections. Modern band arrangements are scored for a full saxophone section. The dance band gains much of its color, versatility and depth from its four, five and six-man teams.

Saxophone soloists are being featured with symphony orchestras with amazing success. Here is a voice that is new and one which cannot be duplicated. Much of modern music depends upon it, and with modern music it is taking its rightful place among the musical achievements of our generation.

Not Easy To Play

Contrary to popular belief, it is not easy to learn to play the saxophone. Unfortunately, it is comparatively easy to learn to play a few tunes on it in a more or less recognizable fashion, which gives rise to the fallacy. But, like all instruments, to play the saxophone with any degree of musicianship takes years of study, and to play it professionally in modern bands and orchestras is a full-time career.

In the band of "Cornwallis" we have seven saxophonists, all of whom do double duty, being clarinetists as well. Playing altos are Bill Sherman of Toronto, Chic Bombardieri of Calgary and Charlie MacGregor from P. E. I. On tenors we have Doug Chislett, of Montreal, Don Buccini and Horace Russell, of Winnipeg, and Len Davis of Toronto. Playing two instruments, they are a valuable asset to the band.

Next month we'll introduce the section which is probably the most colorful in the band—the drummers and the drum major.

Halifax (and please, no cracks!) Now here's a truth that's known to few—

Bill Shakespeare was a sailor, too! Oh, yes, he must have sailed the ocean—

For these lines in "The Tempest" show that he viewed his seetime with deep emotion (if not devotion):

"Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground:

Long heath, brown firs, anything; The wills above be done, But I would fain die a dry death."

The Dictionary Up-To-Date

Chivalry—a man's inclination to defend a woman against every man but himself.

Fishing Rod—a pole with a liar at one end and a worm at the other.

Hansom Cab—a peculiar vehicle where the facade of the driver is anterior to the posterior of the person on the interior, Husband—what's left of a sweetheart after the nerve has been killed.

Insurance—dead' man's alimony.

Interlude—a time between times.

Skeleton—a person with his inside out and his outside off.

Spinster—a bachelor's wife.

Weakening—a girl who means no but can't say it.

SHIP'S COMPANY HOLDS DANCE



Pictured above is a group of Sailors, Wrens and civilian ladies who were present at the successful party staged at the North End Canteen, Halifax, by the Ship's Company of H.M.C.S. "Niagara." Dancing, a stage show, provided by the Special Services branch of the Navy, and refreshments, were the order of the evening. Some 15 Wrens were guests at the event.

GALLEY GOSSIP

Chief Cook Patterson, R.C.N. has been operating the South Cafeteria for the past month, and according to all reports he is putting out some good meals. C.P.O. Patterson has been in the Navy for the past seven years, and has served a considerable time aboard Canadian destroyers. He has also been in charge of the galley at R.C.N.H. Some of the men who are assisting him in the Cafeteria are: P.O. Jock Glasgow, P.O. Larry Nice, and a number of capable cooks. Leading Cook Gordon Wright is doing a great job with the pastry.

P.O. George McIntyre, R.C.N. who is a native of Nova Scotia and has been in charge of "A" Block Galley for the past two months, has been in the Navy for seven years, and before joining the service put in some time on the Merchant ships. He recently returned from the other side aboard the Iroquois.

P.O. Kenneth Rooke who has been assisting P.O. Jack Keating in the Cooking School, is continuing his good work. P.O. Rooke has been in the Navy for some time and has had a number of months out at sea.

L/Ck. Ralph Schnare, R.C.N. V.R., proud owner of the D.S.M. has been working in "A" Block galley for the past few months.

L/Ck. Jack Adams, R.C.N. V.R., has been in the Navy for the past three and a half years. He has seen considerable action in Canadian Corvettes, and is now taking a spell ashore. He is now in "A" Block galley.

They tell me that P.O. Shano and P.O. Michaud are forming a soft-ball team. The team has had a good work-out, and will soon be willing to take on all comers.

P.O. Darbie Kane, now on seven days leave, after having been at sea for some months, is a veteran of the last war, and has so far had quite a few months on board a number of the Navy ships in this one.

L/Ck. McArthur has been attending the Cooking School and has passed for P.O. Cook. Good luck Mac.

L/Ck. Lionel James, R.C.N., who hails from Victoria, is now getting in some barracks time after spending two and a half years on a Canadian Destroyer. L/Ck. James has been in the Navy the past four years.

BACK IN GAME



Dev. Vickers, formerly of Cape Breton, has once again stepped into harness with the Navy ball team at Halifax. He has also been selected as team captain. His experience should be of value to younger players.

HERE COMES THE PITCH—IT'S A HIT!



Halifax Navy, 1942 Maritime baseball champions, split a doubleheader with Truro Beacarts in their first appearance of the season last month when they journeyed to Truro. In the first game the sailors collected a total of 11 runs to 6 by the homesters but in the evening encounter they took the short end of a 4-2 score.

The teams were showing far from mid-season form in the games but their displays were promising. In the above action shot Ruven, Navy catcher in the afternoon game, lines a hard one out for a single in the fourth inning while Wembley, Navy left-fielder warms up for his turn at bat. Duranceau, Truro catcher crouches waiting for the pitch that didn't arrive, as Umpire Ferguson looks over his shoulder.

R. C. N. Photo.

NEW ENTRIES AT H.M.C.S. CORNWALLIS RUNNING FULL PROGRAM OF SPORTS

By L/Sea. Vic Baldwin, P and R.T.I.

Swish—"Say, boy, what's the idea of all these mercuries dashing madly by the old sport shop window? You say they're practising for the weekly cross country run? Well, it sure looks promising for stiff competition for the next big Wednesday night frolic of these turf pounders."

Yes sir, the first cross country race was held Thursday May 13, at 1900 over an approximate course of 2 miles. It so happened that a drop or two of liquid sunshine had seen fit to wend its way towards this establishment, and the good swimmers were right in their element. Note—It was the first rainfall for over a day.

The race was won in very fast time by O./Sea. Brown, Benbow followed closely by Duncan of Effingham, and Parker of Hawke. Out of 96 starters including two new entry Divisional Officers, 78 were able to conquer the grueling course and cross the finish line. The shield and cup for the winning block was won by Effingham with Benbow a very close second.

Stokers Challenge

Flash—A challenge has just come from the Stokers who are of the opinion that they are more than a match for the fleet-footed seaman. Well boys are we going to take that lying down? The answer is: A Seaman vs Stokers race will be held in the very near future.

Every Friday night at approximately 1900 the far-off strains of "Heave My Hearties" can be heard from an anxious cox'n as he valiantly urges his crew towards the finishing line. The first of these weekly regattas was won by Grenville 6 and 7, Cox'd by L/Sea. La Belle. The next two boats crossed the line in a blanket finish, with S/Lt. Edwards of Benbow, nosing out Effingham 7 and 8, piloted by Lieut. Taylor. The cup and shield is at present resting in Grenville block, but according to the latest buzz, the trophies are due to change hands this week.

Softball games are in progress every night until sundown, and the first part of the schedule nearly completed, shows Hawke 6, Effingham 3, Grenville 5, and Benbow 2, as the teams to beat. On May 16, Effingham block played a challenge game with their divisional officers and emerged victorious by a cricket score of 17 to 7.

Boxers Train

Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday night, novice as well as experienced boxers are starting to erase some of the old "kinks" under the able coaching of L/Sea. O'Connor and L/Sea. Manderson who report that they already have an expert team and are now making plans for a new entry novice boxing tournament.

Track and field activities are still in the bud, but a committee of S/Lt. Edwards, L/Sea. Vic Baldwin and L/Sea. Patterson, have decided that workouts will be held every Monday, Wednesday and Thursday nights and open to all who are interested. On looking around the barracks we find such stars as Jake Edwards, who was last years Maritime pole vault champ. Also Jack Fraser sprint champ of 1938 Empire Games.

Don't forget lads., that every night P. & R. T. Instructors are on hand at the gymnasium to



EDDIE SHORT

Managing the Navy Softball team at Halifax, C.P.O. Eddie Short, G.M., brings to the team a wealth of experience in the game and claims he is shaping up a team that will be right in there for the silverware when the championships roll around.

Eddie isn't one of the newcomers to the Navy. He joined the R.C.N. as a boy seaman thirteen and a half years ago. He was a member of the only give coaching in tumbling, box-work, parallel bars etc.

Avalon Sports Shorts

By "Sully"

Hello fellows and greetings from "Newfy." This month finds a number of changes in the old Alma Mater, Avalon Sports Office, and heading the list is the promotion of our boss. Yes sir, he's a full-fledged Lieutenant now and there isn't a better one around. Also in the line of promotion, Bob Greene has departed for Halifax and a Sub-Looie's course. He's a great guy and good luck to him.

We have quite a competent staff here at present and the acquisition of two more P.T.I.'s was entirely welcome. Geoff. Harris and Andre Charles came to us around the first of May, and believe me, this office is a hot-spot now.

But hold on, this is a sports column! Well, let's see now, the big thing of late was the Variety Show put on by the Sport's Staff itself. A complete gymnastic variety show, was dreamed up, directed and done by Lieut. J. D. McCormick and staff. Everything from fire-eating to fisticuffs was presented, and if one can believe the reports nothing like it was ever seen in St. John's. One feature was Club Swinging, extraordinary. It was extraordinary in that it was done with flaming clubs, and was received so well that we were asked to repeat the performance at a church concert and again at the Naval Ball. Ah yes, we are under way now.

Spring is starting to spring around these parts, and with it comes soccer and softball. This is quite a town for soccer, and

three Indoor Garrison Championship teams to win the Garrison Cup in Halifax and played on the Navy team when they first went into Senior Softball in the old Fraternal League.

He has been well known in Navy boxing circles for a number of years and was an oarsman of some note, having been in the boat's crew that won the Oland Cup the last time it was up for competition, in 1938.

Eddie says there are many new and outstanding prospects from the Maritimes and other parts of Canada lining up for softball with the Navy this year. The Halifax League is affiliated with the Maritime Softball Association and will be a contender for the Maritime championship.

CHARNY ENGINEER CHIEF CELEBRATES BIRTHDAY

Engineer Lieut. John Tizard last month celebrated his ??? birthday aboard H.M.C.S. "Charny." The ??? means that no one, including himself, knows just how old he is. His wealth of practical experience in steam, added to the fact that he was born "in sail," indicate a ripe old age. Biographies reveal that he first met his parents on a sailing schooner off the coast of Newfoundland.

Our inquiring reporter, questioning Lieut. Tizzard's wife, though unable to confirm his age, gained the impression that he is about 21. This figure was not substantiated by checking his service certificate.

C.E.R.A. Johnstone, on behalf of the Engine-Room staff, presented their popular "chief" with a splendid leather club-bag. Later the Engine-Room staff joined the members of the wardroom in watching the "chief" wield a carving knife on a cake that Cook Sutton managed to produce despite the sugar rationing. The cake was graced by one tallow candle in an effort to aid a failing memory and it was decided to start scoring all over again.

The many friends of the "Chief" both ashore and afloat join in wishing him "Many Happy Returns."

WRENS ORGANIZE

The Wrens have organized a smart softball team and are now affiliated with the Nova Scotia Softball Association. A league has been formed in Halifax and girls' teams from the Air Force, Army, Navy and Civilian population of the city have been entered. The teams will play at the Navy League Recreation Grounds Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evenings. Admission to the game is 10 cents. Season's tickets may be bought for \$1.00.

we've seen anywhere from three to five games in an afternoon and evening. Most of the teams are naturally from English ships and anyone who doesn't particularly care for soccer, would get quite an eye-opener from some of these British teams.

As for the softball, things are becoming well organized, but of course, due to weather conditions, we are a little behind in this sport. However softball and baseball are big items around here in this country and once they get started—look out!

Basketball is still going strong but will come to an abrupt end very shortly. The Navy Seniors are in front, with one play-off game with St. Bonaventure College to go. The Intermediate team, fought hard but was no match for the St. Bon's, and although the League hasn't finished yet, the College has finished the title for the second year in succession. They are just plain good. Three other teams, Shamrocks, C. L. B., and the Commandos rounded out this league and some good basketball was played all the way through.

That's about all until the summer sports get under way. Don't forget to look for this column next month. There should be some real sports news for you then.

Mooring 'mongst the Stars

By William H. Mooring

Exclusive to The Crow's Nest

Hollywood, June 1—They've always welcomed service men in the studios. The R.A.F., U. S. Army and of course, the Canadian and British navies.

If your turn should come up, I hope I'm able to take you round as I have so many visiting parties. Meanwhile, however, what's it like to spend a typical day in Hollywood?

At 10 a.m., we meet at the Warner Brothers studio, in Burbank. A mile or two away Lockheed and Vega are turning out planes at a plant which even seems to dwarf the city-sized Warner studios. Huge oblong buildings of reinforced concrete—26 of them—rise above the rest. They're the actual shooting stages where the movies are made. Dotted around them are hundreds of supply buildings, offices, wardrobe stores, carpenter shops, plaster shops, make-up salons, restaurants and even hospital depots. Inside, it's like an exhibition grounds and today it's hot.

"This Is The Army"

We're glad therefore, to find the first big stage air-cooled. Here they are making dance scenes for Irving Berlin's "This is the Army." A fine place to bring the navy, eh? Yet not so bad, for it's like a real theatre today and on the stage, dancing with George Murphy, are fifty of the loveliest girls you ever set eyes on. They are wearing.....well, they look like Sally Rand's feather fans and not much more. Off in the wings you notice a party of fellows with long-handled brooms. Every time the girls finish another dancing scene and dance director Leroy Prinz calls "cut," these fellows start the most interesting job of deck swabbing you could imagine. They come out of the wings and brush away the powdery footprints, ready for the next scene to begin. Now if you had that kind of company looking on you wouldn't mind how much deck swabbing you got, would you?

Sisters Popular

Are any of these girls well known? Are they going to be stars some day? The answers are "no" and "maybe." One of them comes over to talk to us. She turns out to be Joan Leshe's sister. Her sister's a star so she still has hopes. Hollywood seems to go for sisters. Just look how Joan Fontaine got along after sister Olivia de Havilland had made good.

On an adjoining set, Director-in-Chief Michael Curtiz is doing musical scenes with the U. S. Army boys. 150 of them. All soldiers, under strict military discipline. They march into the studio every morning with a band going and all equipment on. Some of them occupy pup tents just outside the studios. Others are camped inside, but they all carry on as if the filming of "This Is the Army" were military training. Soon they hope to come to Canada, or over the water, but that's not official yet. They get paid regular army rates, which is a lot less than most of them made, for they are mostly stage and screen people. One fellow who sings in the film, used to play the New York stage with Walter Huston. Now Carl Nickolas, —that's his name—has to get special permission to join Walter for lunch. The soldiers get "chow" army canteen style.

Look—Louella!

Leaving them we find on another set, Ingrid Bergman doing an intimate scene with Gary Cooper for "Saratoga Trunk." Just as Director Sam Wood is telling her to put even more accent into her lines, along comes a rush of wind. It's a Warner Publicity man bringing the famous American columnist Louella Parsons for a look around. You've no idea how a typical Hollywood publicity agent sweats when Louella comes visiting. She's a simple, gracious person really, but they get all upset because of her circulation system. She's read by many millions of Americans every day, so they are scared to death in case an important star should fail to recognise her and bow. That's how it is in Hollywood. Life is full of shots and big shots, but it's amusing.

Next we visit statuesque Alexis Smith, only 22 and lovely to be sure. Irving Fapper who directed "One Foot in Heaven" is directing Alexis in "The Ani-

mal Kingdom." The stars are Ann Sheridan (over there in the far corner knitting till her turn comes round), Dennis Morgan and Alexis, who is wearing a Chinese house pyjama for a scene with Marjory Gateson. The two women have just had the house re-curtained by one of those Hollywood artist fellows and he's gushing about his job while everybody on the set breaks into titters. Poor guy, how you like to be actor who has to play parts like that? Everytime it's the same. Swish!

Quick, Watson!

"Gee," he says, at the end of each scene, "I wish somebody'd bring me a bottle of pop with marijuahana in it, I feel so darned silly."

Alexis turns to him and says, "Never mind, remember I still love you," and he looks compensated. Who wouldn't be?

We get just a peep at Humphrey Bogart and Nancy Coleman working with "fat man" Sydney Greenstreet—pure English although working in U. S. A. for many years. They're filming "Conflict" and enjoying it. Bogart usually plays such tough roles you'd hardly expect to find him such a quiet, milk-mannered fellow. He's a great reader, deep thinker and would make a wonderful war correspondent.

New Star?

Then working on "To the Last Man," there's Helmut Dantine, the fellow who played the Nazi airman in "Mrs. Miniver." He's going to be a big star in next to no time. Was an Austrian diplomatic student when Adolph marched into Vienna and clapped him into a concentration camp as a leader of a Catholic Youth Group. Watching the business with us is Helmut's fellow Viennese, Marie Palmer, a refugee because she had a Jewish grandfather. She's just made a good start as Maxim Litvinov's daughter in the Warner picture, "Mission to Moscow" and they think she's quite a find. Well, it's mid-afternoon and we've walked five miles. Now we've to go and see Sol Lesser's all-star film, "Stage Door Canteen," which is one of the best shows ever made in Hollywood. Two unknown young men stand out as stars—made in just two hours as we

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Shavings From A Lathe In The Ordnance Shop

By Dick Donnithorne, C.O.A.

Everyone seems to be preparing these days for the draft to H.M.C.S. "Cornwallis," at Cornwallis, N. S.—that is, everyone around the O.A.'s shop. Many, of course, such as C.O.A. George Moyes, will be sorry, indeed to leave Halifax after having grown so attached to the place. George is at present "sweating" drops of ink over the W.O.O.'s exams which we hope turn out successfully.

Sports seem to have slowed down lately, due, we suppose, to the "between" seasons. The other day the O.A.'s were to have played the Gunner's Mates at softball but the game was postponed due to lack of grounds to play on. At least, that was their excuse, but we suspect the G.M.'s were a little nervous of the outcome.

The bowling league seems to be going along fairly smoothly and is taking all comers.

And No Wonder

If you see a look of pride on the face of Warrant Ordnance Officer W. H. Mayne you'll know it's there because our Victory Loan quota was over-subscribed many times. The canvasser, O.A. Berry, is to be congratulated on his successful campaign. He sure had a gleam in his eye for a couple of weeks.

Another successful class which passed out last month after a lot of "book-larin" included: E. Laforet, J. Kennedy, R. Temple, A. Ward, E. Wilton, J. Therien, J. Dodds, A. Forrest, K. Leach and R. Hyndman.

They are (most of them) now enjoying some leave (whatever that is) and are all over the Dominion. We wish them the best of luck on their next jobs.

Not Forgotten

Several of the boys have left this port lately for other lands. Jim Haywood and Stewart Mein are overseas, although we haven't heard from them recently. Also if you are walking down a street somewhere in Britain

Entertainment In—

Stadacona Auditorium

May 10th—A lecture was given by Dan McCowan of Banff, Alberta, in the Stadacona Auditorium, for ratings and officers.

This proved to be one of the most interesting evenings in the new Auditorium as Mr. McCowan held a spell-bound audience for an hour and a half with his beautiful slides, his fine delivery and his humorous anecdotes.

May 14th—Over 200 Wrens entertained the Stadacona Ratings at a dance in the Auditorium. This was the second in a new series of Wrens dances and proved a popular diversion which everyone enjoyed. Special Services arranged the dance and floor show. "Cokes" and "Doughnuts" were the orders for supper.

May 14th—Special Services entertained for two hours at the YMCA Hostel at the request of the genial Y supervisor, Ian Thompson. Over 500 sailors, soldiers and members of the merchant marine enjoyed the fast-moving stage show with music

written especially for it by S/Lt. Don Adams and SBA Francis Johns of Special Services.

May 17—The Main Communications Office took over the Auditorium for their first dance under the supervision of Special Services. Over four hundred danced to the strains of the Stadacona Dance band and the floor show proved a tremendous hit with everyone.

May 21st—The first Officers' Dance was held in the Auditorium. Over 400 Officers and their lady friends attended the affair. Again Special Services did a grand job in arranging everything. Many of the officers serving aboard H.M.C.S. Ships were in attendance and it was noticed also that the majority of the ladies attending were also in uniform. The dance was preceded by an "At Home" at Admiralty House. The Ward Room Mess Secretary arranged an appetizing buffet supper and Wrens and ratings added to the evening's entertainment with a specially arranged floor show

you are apt to bump into O.A. Fenton who at this moment is enjoying some amber.

Mark Donnelly is up in Montreal—enjoying St. Catherine Street—the lucky dog, and Ken Fell is probably strolling along Yonge Street in Toronto—boy, who says miracles don't happen?

Lewis Daws is at present in charge of Regulating in the shop. The only difference between Lew and Simon Legree—we are told—is that Lewis doesn't carry a whip. How we'll suffer for that crack!

We had a card from C.O.A. "Fearless" Foster the other day who was travelling overland to B. C. Said the card—"After seeing the prairies I can understand why you cowboys joined the R.C.N." Fred Denison went down immediately to catch the next plane west, but they wouldn't let him aboard with a machine-gun.

George Verge and Knobby Clarke are running neck and

neck these days painting their respective houses. We were all going up to help either one over the week-end but on discovering their ration cards were no good until about June 3 the whole idea lost its appeal.

To finish—If two objects travelling in opposite directions meet, and then one, due to its weight, carries the other with it, the two objects must momentarily stop before the one can reverse its direction. How would this work if one was a 15" shell and the other a .303" bullet, and how long would they be stationary?

In the early hours the sleeper was roused by his nervous wife saying:

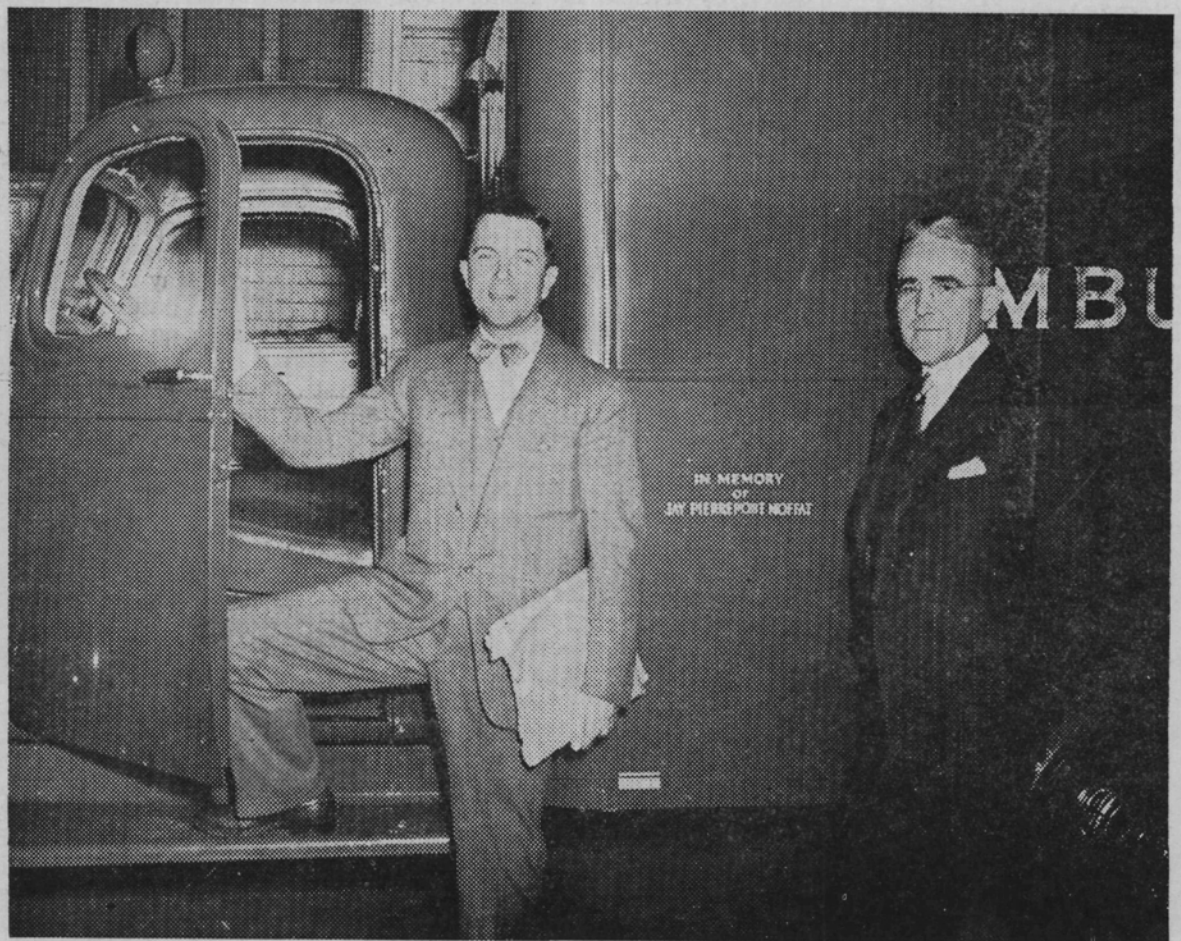
"John, I'm sure I heard someone coming up the stairs."

"Wha's the time?" he asked sleepily.

"Just two o'clock."

"Tha's all right," he said turning over, "it'll be me."

FINE NEW AMBULANCE PRESENTED TO NAVY



The Royal Canadian Navy has a lot of good friends in the United States and not the least of these are the subscribers to the Maple Leaf Fund Inc., which last month presented a new ambulance and a number of radios to the Royal Canadian Navy at Halifax. The ambulance and radios were a most welcome gift and will certainly be usefully employed. Pictured above are: Warren Publicover, New York (left), treasurer of Maple Leaf Fund, Inc., and John B. How, New York, vice-president of the organization. These men drove the ambulance from New York and presented it and the radios to Rear-Admiral L. W. Murray, R.C.N. The Ambulance was presented in memory of Jay Pierrepont Moffat of New York. R. C. N. Photo.

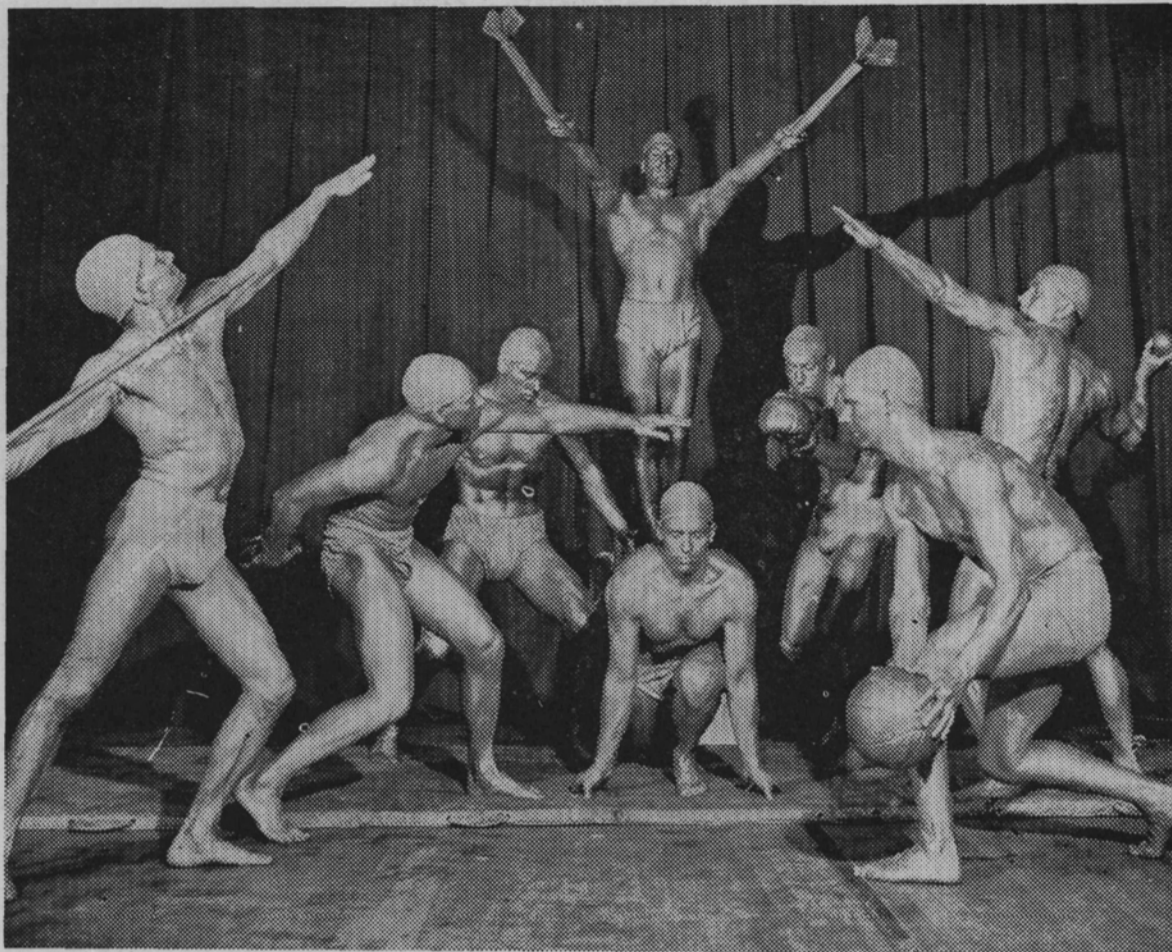
More Boxing Tournays Wanted By Avalon Fans

By Ollie Olsson

The old rock has been taking an awful beating lately and for some time to come will be nursing its black eyes and bruises, as the R. C. N. mixes it with the U. S. Army, R.C.A.F., Canadian Army, and the U. S. Navy. So hand onto your seats—here we go. Seconds out, round one. In the first round the R.C.N. took top honors, winning 3 and drawing 1 of four fights. This was only the beginning but to quiet the blood-crazed throng we had to promise more. So we're off again with seconds out round two. Here Canadian Army took the lead as the Navy and Air Force lost all but 2 of the 8 fights. Round three, and again the Navy battlers were in the judges' bad books, as the Canucks in khaki bobbed and weaved their way to victory. But round four, was entirely Navy. Avalon II got the nod winning three out of three. These bouts were to our way of thinking, more evenly matched and of better quality than anything previous. A few of those taking part were Bobbet A.B., Bobby O'Neal, Sto. I, Armstrong Sto. II, Davy Brown Sig. and Leo (Tiger) Charbonneau. Round five was a short one in which the boys in blue shared the

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STATUETTES IN BRONZE THRILL VARIETY SHOW CROWD



One of the most thrilling acts presented at the variety show held in "Avalon" last month and sponsored by the Sports Office, under Lt. J. D. McCormack, was the bronze statuette feature pictured above in which various members of the ship's company depicted sports in the same manner as they might have been portrayed in statuary by the Greek of ancient times. This remarkable photograph shows clearly the splendid appearance the men gave in the act. Those taking part were: 1. to r.—J. Little, Wtr., Quebec; B. Greene, P.T.I., Ottawa; A. Charles, P.T.I., Montreal; G. Murphy, Wtr., Winnipeg; G. Harris, P.T.I., Vancouver; Ed. Burchmore, L/Sea., Montreal; S. Summerfield, P. T. I., Windsor, Ont.; top centre, Stan. Burton, P.T.I., Montreal. R. C. N. Photo.

Rattle --- Rattle

The other evening an amusing little incident took place. A Wren M.T., whizzing along the highway in a decorous manner, with the Captain riding comfortably (we hope) in the rear, came upon a rating, thumbing his way optimistically towards his training establishment.

The Captain in the goodness of his heart asked the driver to stop and "Give the poor boy a lift." She did. In climbed the sailor with a grateful sigh and proceeded to talk. Have you ever heard a sailor talk to a good-looking Wren when he thinks he is all alone? The driver, aware of the complications that were setting in, and endeavouring to relay the fact that they were *not* alone, naturally stripping gears in her confusion, at last drew up to the Administration Building where she had been told earlier in the evening to leave the Captain.

The sailor sat, the Wren started to get out. The sailor said "What's the hurry, Babe?" the Wren said, "I'm not in a hurry but perhaps the Captain who is in the back seat may be."

With which knocka-the-noodle remark, she agilely leapt out of the car, across the hood and arrived on the other side in time to open the door for Captain.

When on her return to the car she found the sailor in a state of complete collapse and moaning, "Of all the cars on the highway, I would have to be picked up by this one, and here I've been absent without leave for two days!"

Newfoundland Variety Show Receives Thunderous Ovation

By Newfie John

Here we are back again fellows and all set to tell you about the big show we had in Avalon this month at R.C.N.B. Gym. Sports Officer J. D. McCormick called it a variety show and he was certainly right; it had everything; boxing, wrestling, fencing, fire-eating, rope-climbing, tumbling, box-horse, high bar, parallel bar, pyramids and a grand and glorious final of bronze masculine repeat masculine statuettes! The R.C.N. band was there, too, and as usual they gave a sterling performance. A lot of the boys took their gals and when the final count was taken it was well over 2000.

The show was started with a nice exhibition of wrestling by Myatt and Bessette. Both of these boys are good and left little doubt with everybody as to their scientific application of the grunt and groan.

A Real Crowd-Pleaser

Our little boxing star from the C. M. Station Bobbett 125 hunting for his 3rd win in as many fights almost caught a tartar in Jack Henry 130 from the U. S. Army. Boy! it was all action and although our Navy lad hit the deck for a 9 count in the 1st, he didn't stay the underdog long. In the second it was Henry who heard 9 tolled over him and in a slam bang 3rd round it was Bobbett by a hair. Well after that the fans were ready for anything but the second bout didn't give just that. It brought together Clough 135 R.N. against Lee, 136 U. A. Army. This was the old story of the short and the tall and although the boys tried it didn't have the lustre of the 1st bout. It was a decision to Lee.

P.T.I.'s Charles and Summerfield then gave an exhibition of bayonet fencing that left little to be desired. Equally good was the foil, sabre and epee display by Saipre R.C.N.H. and Spencer H.M.S. Greenwich.

Hot Lunch

Sometimes the grub isn't so hot up this way but everyone was sort of surprised at the way Cook Fleet of Ft. William ate mouthful after mouthful of fire in the next event. Yes sir, real fire!! Well, the story is that this very versatile lad is an ex-show performer and that this little act was a cinch to him. Needless to say he got a big hand.

Rope-climbing was the next feature and it remained to the very capable P.T.I.'s—Burton, Charles, Harris and Summerfield, to give a real demonstration. It was well received.

Tumbling, box-horse, parallel and high bar held the spotlight for the following 20 minutes as the crowd thrilled to the Burton-led gymnastic team of

Charles, Summerfield, Harris, Murphy and Little.

The final acts gave the crowd something to talk about as Cooper of R.C.N.H. and Burton of the Sports Office led their respective teams in two great acts. Cooper first of all with his team gave a fine performance of a series of pyramids that brought forth rounds of applause. Winding up the show was the most spectacular act of all, something that brought down the house, as the audience awed to a super display of statuettes. Eight bronze figures—Burton, Murphy, Little, Charles, Summerfield, Harris, Greene and Birchmore—gave successive "stills" of Tug O'War, Wheel of Progress, Indian Wrestling and Achievement. It was a beau-

AT THE RINGSIDE

With

Charles James, Chief Stoker

The good old Navy sport of Boxing has begun to rear its head again after a dormant spell. On Thursday, May 13, a party of Naval boxers visited the A.T.C. at Eastern Passage. The party included Mickey McMullen, Pat Madden, Jimmy Macdonald, Harry Simpson, Jimmy Haley and Dave Ross. Unfortunately, there were only matches for Pat Madden and Mickey McMullen. Pat won a good three-round contest against Gnr. Gallant, and Mickey McMullen fought a fine exhibition bout with Gnr. McGoorty. Dave Ross who was to fight Gnr. Henderson injured his thumb in training and was unable to fight. After a splendid evening's entertainment the boys were entertained at the snack bar by Col. Macdonald, a very fine sportsman, who is thoroughly behind the boxing stuff at the A.T.C. on Thursday, May 20, the Stadacona Sports Staff headed by their enterprising Sports Officer, Lieut. Cook, put on their initial boxing programme, by kind permission of A/Capt. A.C. Wurtele, 11 fine bouts between the Main Guard, Stadacona and the Dockyard Guard. The boys were fairly evenly matched, there being only one knockout. All the contestants gave their best and very good sportsmanship was shown by all. Some of the boys showed distinct promise and should be back in the ring in future bouts.

Efficient Work

Lieut. Ray Smillie, one of the

Continued on page 12

tiful sight and a fitting climax to a great show as the crowd applauded them to the echo.

Before we sign off we can't forget to mention the clowns. All through the show Al Menzies and Bob Green put the crowd in stitches with their crazy antics. It put a lot of pep in the whole affair and both boys deserve credit for their excellent performance.

Staff Of "Avalon" Hospital Takes Active Part In Sports

By S.B.P.O. Cooper

The subject of sports amongst the staff of the hospital in "Avalon" is looked upon with the greatest of interest, because, being in the Medical branch, the boys realize a healthy mind in a healthy body, is one of the finest assets in a man's life. We at the hospital realize this, so we turn to sports. During the time that sports started at the base, from scrub games to the present fine system of organized sport, for which our thanks go to S/Lt. J. D. McCormack and staff for doubling the activities around the base, the boys of R.C.N.H. have taken an active part in all sports, with credit to themselves and praise for their instructors and coaches.

During the winter months, they have represented the hospital in every kind of sport. Our bowling team did well by placing second in the interpart games, after some very fine, and close games. One of the season's outstanding players was Bill Kirk, leading the team in some fine scoring. Johnnie Dunham, one of the hospital standbys of Memorial College days, acquitted himself with credit, as also did Nels Blodgett, Ace Bailey, and last but not least Johnnie Rouffer, the admitting office ray of sunshine. Dunham and Kirk also represented us in the city inter-club team, both giving a good account of themselves. The basketball team, got going with a bang, after a lot of hard work on the part of Jack Hilton, who organized and coached it. Jack did a good job and produced a team on par with some of the finest teams in the forces today. The team came right through to the finals with only the B. N. S. O. to beat, but after a fast brilliant game, the boys were beaten by 4 points, final score 23 to 19.

Boxers Progress

Our boxing group, under the capable leadership of Alf Loughlin and with a fine trainer in Rourke Frew, is progressing with rapid strides. As you know, a boxing team must have sparring partners. This is ably handled by Ches. Smith, who turns out regularly. Smitty wanted to lose a few pounds so decided to have them knocked off, and now during practice hours he takes on all comers. Watch that waistline Smitty because we need our General Sports Manager in good condition.

Locky represented the hospital in an exhibition bout at the beginning of the season, against heavy-hitting Stoker O'Neil of Avalon II who is quite a seasoned fighter and is ex-Golden Gove champion of Quebec. Locky lost by decision. He has a grand fighting spirit, is calm, cool, and collected while

in the ring. George Potts and Al Hood, are developing into good fighters, and we hope to see them in the ring soon.

Trackmen Hopeful

Most of the boys turning out for boxing and physical training, are just conditioning up for the coming season of softball, football and swimming. Let's hope we see some track meets this summer, too. We hope to have a track team, which will likely be under the capable leadership of E. C. Harbord, Warrant Wardmaster.

Every noon or supper hour sees a hard working bunch of S.B.A.'s down in our small gym, some practicing hand stands, and head stands, others punching the bag, or each other. Our gym is shaping up well, thanks to Lt. McCormack for his cooperation and generous support, enabling us to have the

Continued on page 12

Kings Officers' Classes To Be Only 'Lower Deck'

Capt. Adrian Hope, R.C.N., of Montreal, commanding officer of H.M.C.S. King's, Halifax, N. S., virtually since the officer's training establishment was organized here two years ago, has left his shore "ship" for posting to sea duties.

Capt. Hope came to Halifax in August 1941, three months after the buildings were taken over by the Navy from King's College. In the early stages of training more than 80 per cent of officer candidates were drawn from civilian ranks, and had no previous sea experience. At present, Capt. Hope said, more than half the officers are drawn from the ordinary seamen.

A new ruling announced by the navy last week provided that all candidates for officers must first train 22 weeks as ordinary seamen, so by the end of the year it is expected King's personnel will be 100 per cent from the "lower deck."

MOORING AMONGST

Continued from page 10

watch that film. They are Lon McCallister, 20-year-old lad who plays a soldier who'd never been kissed—and William Terry. Both may be called up soon, but if they get the chance, you'll see their names in lights. All the big stars are in the Canteen picture which ought to interest, especially, those of you who may have been New Yorkwards lately. Gracie Fields, Merle Oberon, Katherine Hepburn, Ray Bolger, Ned Sparks (still not smiling) and Yehudi Menuhin the violinist are extra good. Takings from this film go mostly to keep the New York "Stage Door Canteen" going.

Had Hidden Supplies

Our evening is spent in Paramount studio seeing "Five Graves to Cairo," story of British Intelligence versus Rommel foxy-ness. Erich von Stroheim plays Rommel. The story suggests that the Afrikan Corps' early successes against the British were due to hidden munitions supplies, prepared in five "graves," or depots, by German archeologists before the war began. How the British find 'em and blow 'em up, makes exciting stuff. Then again, the film proves what a great dramatic actress is the little brunette, Ann Baxter. Well, there goes another Hollywood day and the editor called "cut" around tea-time!

(Note. If you're ever on shore liberty hereabouts, telephone Santa Monica 6-4036 and we'll try to arrange a real visit.)

Talent Wanted

The Special Service Office for H.M.C.S. Stadacona is looking for TALENT...If you can sing, dance, act, play an instrument, impersonate, tell stories, recite or do anything that will help in forming stage programmes come up to room 304, top deck of the Yopedo and Gunnery school and have a chat with SBA Johns or one of the special Services Officers. Programmes are being given almost daily somewhere or other, either within the barracks or outside, and you can do your bit in bringing entertainment to the troops.

Royal Navy Team At York Playing Top-Notch Soccer

The R.N. soccer team had a successful run during April and May, losing only two matches out of ten.

Two close and exciting matches were played against Research Enterprises Ltd., both of which resulted in a narrow victory for the R.N. team—the first by 3 goals to 2 and the second 2 to 1. Good team-work was shown on both occasions.

The R.C.A.F. fielded a strong team in their match, and a heavy one, but the extra speed of the Navy boys was sufficient to give them a two-goal lead which they held until the end.

The R.C.A.F. was avenged by the Army, who obtained a well-deserved win of 3 to 1, although the R.N. were short of three of their first eleven players, owing to sickness. Now that the team is up to full strength again they are looking forward to a return game in which they hope to reverse the score.

Show Great Form

In two games against the Shipbuilders and another two against John Inglis Ltd. the R.N. showed great form, winning both matches against the Shipbuilders 2-0 and beating John Inglis Ltd. 4-1 and -0.

Ulster United were the strongest team that the R.N. have come up against so far, and the defence was hard put to it to stem the Ulster forwards. However, the Ulster team succeeded in getting three goals, winning 8-1.

In their last game the R.N. came back into winning form again, with a 2-1 victory over Toronto Scottish, making their record for the month look most encouraging.

AT THE RINGSIDE

Continued from page 11

finest amateur fighters Canada has produced, also Olympic Welterweight Champion proved a competent referee and handled the bouts very efficiently. The judges were Lieut. Cook, R.C.N. V.R. and S/Lt. Harris, R.C.N. V.R., Timekeeper C.P.O. James, and P.O. Andy Chartren acted as M.C. Much of the success of the show should be attributed to C.P.O. Short, who worked hard in getting the two teams ready for the bouts, and took good care of the boys in the corner.

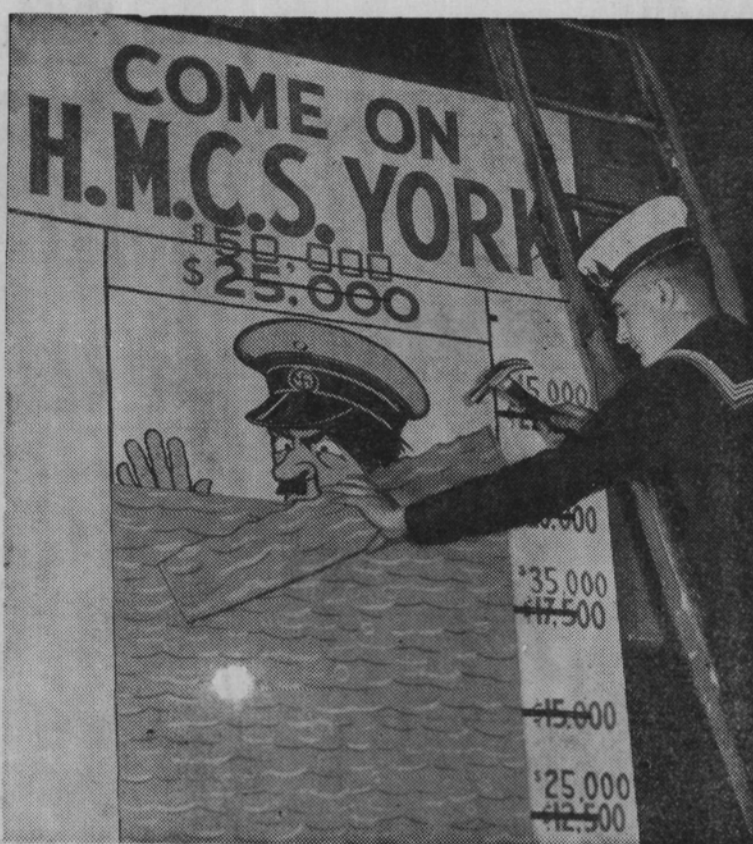
The results were:-

- Sto. Broome won over A.B. Luce on points.
- O/Sea. Galbraith won over A. B. Heady Knockout.
- O/Sea. Kay won over O/Sea. Thomson on points.
- A. B. Killen won over O/Sea. Theobalds on points.
- O/Sea. Barleu won over O/Sea. Hunt on points.
- O/Sea. Mather won over O/Sea. Gardiner on points.
- O/Sea. Lafrance won over P. O. Morry on points.
- O/Sea. Randazzo won over Sto. Hillery on points.
- A. B. Mattison won over A. B. Lindsay T.K.O.
- O/Sea. Weston won over Sto. Lewis on points.

Good Bouts

There were two exhibition bouts. The first between Sto. Simpson and Sto. Macdonald was a nice bout between a strong fighter and a smart boxer. The boys did not pull their punches and put on a good show. The other between Sto. Pat Madden, the Maritime Service Bantam Champion, and A. B. Teddy Swain a good little fighter from Toronto was the tid-bit of the evening. The two boys boxed

TRIPLE LOAN OBJECTIVE



H. M. C. S. "York" set to work on the Fourth Victory Loan, with between \$25,000 and \$30,000 in view. A unique way of recording the progress of the Ship in the campaign was a full size painting of Hitler with the water lapping around his feet. As the sales mounted, so did the water and it was easily seen that Herr Hitler would be drowned before the end of the first week. The objective was then raised to \$50,000 and early in the second week Hitler was well immersed. Finally \$75,000 was set as the goal and by the middle of the third and final week this mark was passed and at the end of the campaign, over \$82,000 had been raised.

This set an all-time record for York amounting to more than three times the amount raised in the Third Victory Loan also, with less than 2,000 Officers and Ratings to be canvassed, it set a record for Basic Training Divisions across Canada, being equal to at least a bond per man.

For this fine showing, H.M.C.S. "York" received a Victory Loan Flag which is proudly flown from the yard-arm. The ship was also given a special Honour Certificate.

SYDNEY SPORTS SLANTS

Continued from page 3

by the Army Officers in Sydney. A very enjoyable evening was spent by members of the three Services, which was concluded by the presentation of the Trophy to Commander McCullach, R.C.N., Executive Officer, H.M.C.S. "Protector" 1, by Colonel Dobbie, Officer Commanding Sydney and Canso Defences.

To commemorate the successful effort made by the Navy bowlers during the past three years, Captain Schwerdt, R.C.N. N.O.I.C. Sydney, presented a new trophy to the League for annual competition. Members of the Navy Team are: Lt.-Cdr. "Bud" Wilson, Surg.-Lieut. Quenton Jacks, Pay.-Lieut. Austin Ford, Pay.-Lieut. Gerry Collins, and Padre Ronald MacLean.

Boxing training is carried on regularly, and we are anxiously looking forward to our first boxing tournament which will be held as soon as the boxing ring is completed. Attending training sessions are J. Mombourquette, Inter-Service Middleweight Champion, 1941, and Ray Gazzell, Bantamweight, who represented the Navy in the Inter-Service Tournament in Fredericton in March, along with numerous, less-experienced boxers, who are being guided by Sto. Pinkerton, a former pugilist, who was a pretty fair scrapper in his day.

a very fast three rounds, and thrilled the large crowd to the last bell.

We are hoping to have more of these bouts in the future and hope that a greater interest will be taken in the good old sport by the boys of H.M.C.S. "Stadacona." There is every facility for training in the drill shed including a fine ring, and training sessions every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings at 1900.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE

Continued from page 6

hoarse whisper, and, unthinkingly, it was acknowledged in the customary Navy manner by "Very good." The look of astonishment that came over his face was comic, as he had never heard the expression before, and interpreted it literally. And in spite of all explanations afterwards, that it really was the customary phrase to use in acknowledging a report, I still doubt that he really believed it, as it was a considerable source of joking for many years after.

The use of expressions peculiar to the Navy has much to commend it. It generates a feeling of esprit de corps and pride in being in the Navy, and the proper use of the more official phrases stamps a man as being "pukka Navy." By modern standards of speech they may seem stilted, but underlying them is a spirit of courtesy that in these days of hustle and bustle we can ill afford to lose.

BOOK REVIEWS

Continued from page 8

eph Vance. A different mystery story in which one follows the trail of the thief rather than that of the detective. The Lone Wolf of Paris leads you on an exciting chase ending with an aeroplane fight over the English Channel.

STAFF OF AVALON

Continued from page 11

gear with which to work.

Team Roes Well

The hockey team did well under Chester Smith trainer and manager. Their captain Bob McDonald, Ck of the hospital was one of the outstanding players of the season, with Tommy Hare running a close second. Some fine goal tending was done by Len Craig. We had a good lineup, with Tommy Hare as centre, ably supported by Russ Delmore, Leslie Coolen, Jim Woods, Stan Anderson and Jake Jacobs. The defense was a solid, bucking, tough, but square-shooting line, with Walt Preston, Tom McCarthy, Alf Loughlin, and Gordon Binkley defending the net with professional skill.

THIS IS GOD'S WAR

Continued from page 2

speeches in parliament. It is not enough to re-organize the whole economic system. Something else must be done. Something which concerns the Church. Something that not only has to do with our brains, our pocketbooks, our gasoline tanks, but something that has to do with our souls. When we have done this, this callousness, this apathy, this "coldness" that we see on many hands towards our war effort, all this will disappear, and for the first time we will be able to wage this fight with our whole heart, mind, and spirit

MORE BOXING TOURNEYS

Continued from page 11

honors with the U. S. Army. Bobbet R.C.N. winning the first bout while Clough, R.N. lost the second to Corporal Lee.

Hope For More Wins

Round six is coming up and the Navy lads are hoping to win, when they travel to Argentina to compete with a colourful U. S. Navy team. The grunt and groanists who have to date given a very good account of themselves, will accompany the boxers adding to an already perfect card.

SWITCHBOARD BLUES

By Wrens Eva Tomlinson and Lorraine Smith

(To be sung to the tune of "Scatterbrain")

Everytime we say it's busy
You can hear them all complain
Isn't it a pity, or, my goodness, what a shame.

We are very nice and courteous
But you'd think we were to blame
Isn't it a pity! what a shame.
They ask for R.M.S. and P.M.O.,
Cornwallis Wardroom too!
It's just the same as being in a hurricane.

But when we say it's busy
You should hear the voices change
Oh, isn't it a pity we're on the P.B.X.
Exchange.

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