



THE

Cornwallis News

NEWS OF CANADA'S NAVY
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Black Ensign

Ships of Canada's tiny "black ensign" minesweeping fleet—riding high with pride—churn in and out of harbor these days bearing their own special marks of distinction—a tribute to their victory over Germany's attempt to bottle up shipping in Halifax with high-explosive mines.

The full story of how the enemy's minesweeping offensive off Canada's eastern coast was frustrated by the gallant and efficient work of Navy minesweepers has been revealed by Navy Minister Macdonald.

These marks of distinction are Mine Destruction Insignia conspicuously painted on the ships in the form of bars, chevrons and stars signifying the number of mines destroyed by each individual ship and flotilla. They are in different colors, some meaning the ship got a certain number by themselves, others meaning they assisted in the destruction of a certain number.

"The largest number destroyed by any one ship totalled 18," an official said, "and they're the proudest ship in the whole Navy. They didn't waste any time in chalking up their score on their funnel. Other ships came pretty close to beating them and it was stiff competition all the way through."

"I'd like to say a word about the officers and men," said Lt.-Cdr. R. M. Barkhouse, RCNR, Halifax Port Minesweeping Officer. "From seaman to C.O. they were wonderful. For two weeks they kept going at 20 hours a day, and there wasn't a single defaulter. The more they swept the more they wanted to, and I didn't hear a single grumble."

A veteran minesweeper, Lt.-Cdr. Barkhouse himself went to sea during the first three sleepless days and personally directed the operations of his fleet. In the last war, he sailed the first Canadian drifter sweeper to Gibraltar and put her to work.

ASSOCIATION GROWS

The White Ensign Association is growing rapidly, it was disclosed at the September meeting of the Naval veterans' group, by Secretary W. E. Pounder. As a result of a membership drive put on recently, when it was decided to admit all members throughout Canada who are or have been members of the Royal Canadian Navy, large numbers have sent in applications for membership. At score of new applications will come before the members at the October meeting.

Nominations for officers will also be received at this meeting and elections will be held at the annual meeting in November. Meetings are held in the Torpedo School, in Halifax, on the first Thursday of each month.

In connection with a lengthy discussion regarding expansion of the

MR. ENGLAND SAYS GOODBYE



In true Naval fashion Prime Minister Winston Churchill salutes as he steps aboard the British warship that took him back to England following his historic visit to Canada last month. Accompanying him is a Royal Navy Commander from the ship. RCN Photo.

Mascots At Sea

It has long been upheld that man's best friend is his dog. Strangely enough, the rule seems to have been upheld even at sea, although Fido shares his important position with Tabby in many cases. A sailor's pride in his ship's mascot seems to be only second to his pride in the ship, itself.

Within recent months considerable correspondence has arrived on the editor's desk, dealing with the matter of ship's mascots and particularly their ability to take on parental responsibility, together with all their other sea duties, such as barking at passing ships, making rounds and keeping watch.

Some ships have hard luck with their mascots, such as HMCS Chicoutimi. That ship has had three mascots and at the moment has none. The first dog was poisoned, the second one was rustled by a ship alongside Chicoutimi, in port, and the third one's fate is a mystery.

"Chic" Lost At Sea
The last mascot's name was "Chic" and this loveable beast was one whose origin (racial) was as much a mystery as was his ending. The ship was putting in at Sydney harbour, one day when it was noticed that "Chic" was not on deck, ready to make his presence apparent to the rest of the world. He had been seen shortly before but a thorough search by officers and men, alike, failed to locate him. His fate is just put down as "missing at sea."

HMCS Dauphin, until recently, had a cat named "Bandy." "Bandy" was a survivor of a merchant ship that had been lost and he seemed quite content with his new Canadian warship until she put in at Dartmouth, N. S. The cat went on leave for a week while repairs were being made to the ship but was adrift upon return and got a draft to a tug there.

Continued on page 12

Back Stage With "Meet The Navy"

by L/Wtr. J. A. Tapp

As the stage extravaganza "Meet the Navy" continues its triumphant tour across the country many eyes may read the modest remarks on the posters and programs, "Produced by the Directorate of Special Services, probably very few of us were much the wiser, as the work of this department gets but little publicity.

Association and the setting up of branches throughout Canada, the Secretary said he had received a letter from the Minister of National Defence for Naval Affairs, who is the patron of the Association, endorsing the group's move to make it a nationwide organization.

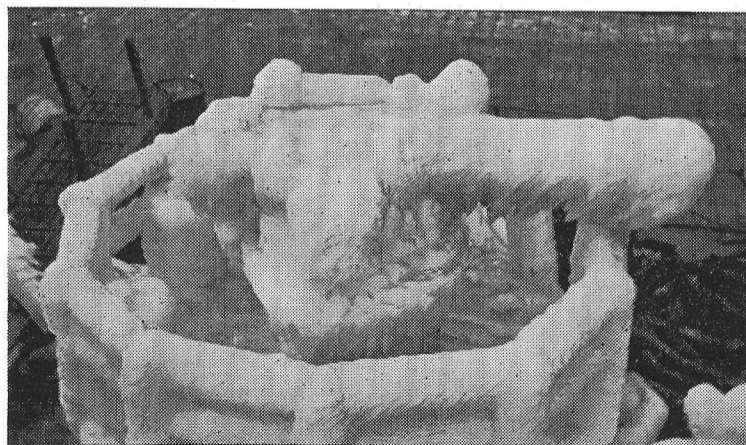
This ubiquitous organization, with its head offices, in Ottawa, and with Captain J. P. Connolly at its helm, might well be termed "The Morale Dept." of the Royal Canadian Navy. It is charged with the mighty task of keeping up the morale of the men at sea by providing comforts, recreation and entertainment facilities wherever they may be serving. The map of the world that covers a wall in the Captain's office is spotted generously with coloured pins where his representatives are covering points far and near at which men of the Canadian Navy are at work.

Only One Item

Although "Meet the Navy" is without a doubt proving itself to be one

of the biggest items on the current schedule, it is only one of the hundreds of enterprises originating in this directorate. Moving pictures and other forms of entertainment must be arranged for and many new ships which come down the ways have to be adopted by some organization to ensure that the men who sail them will not be forgotten sailors. A Special Service officer will interview the heads of various charitable groups and church societies until a sponsor is found for the new ship. The requirements of the ship in question are then ascertained and the information is in turn passed on to the sponsor. This is not a negligible item, as the wants of a sailor serving in a torrid zone would necessarily be some-

B-R-R-R-R!



S/Lt. K. D. Fenwick, RCNR, of HMCS Oakville, said he was looking over some pictures the other day when he came across these and realized that winter is really rolling along. The picture at the left shows what happened to the gun on a Dutch freighter after she had been out in a bit of weather. At the right, a sailor, starts out to stand a watch, prepared to have as much comfort as possible on the job. "Gee, maw, get out those knitting needles."



what different from the heavy woolens which are so welcomed by the crews on duty on the bleak North Atlantic patrols.

Care for Many

And so this important business goes on. Christmas parties are to be arranged for sailors thousands of miles from their homes in Canada. A new ship is being launched! A name must be given it and a suitable dedication afforded—a Corvette captain wants a victrola for his men—ratings on a destroyer want reading matter—sports equipment is urgently needed at some far-off base.

The clamour never dies and the needs never cease but "Special Services" are on deck and soon the articles are obtained and sent on their way. And although few are fully aware of even its existence the vital work of the directorate continues to assist in the production of one of the Canadian Navy's most effective weapons against the enemy—Morale.

"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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SALUTE TO THE ARMY

With the capitulation of Italy and the overwhelming success of the Sicilian Campaign has come one of the first opportunities the men of the Army have had to share in the glories of this war. For four years our brothers in the Air Force and the men of the Navy have been sharing public acclaim for their deeds. The deeds were worthy of acclaim and we are proud of our heroes, but this month The Crow's Nest takes pleasure in paying tribute to the Army.

The sons of the men who fought on the Somme, at Ypres, at Passchendaele and all the other great battles of the last war, have proven themselves, truly, their father's sons. They have proven themselves fighters and conquerors. The Army's part has only just begun but the start is a promising one, indeed.

At any time now the real invasion of Europe may begin and when it does the forces that have been termed "the projectile to be fired by the Navy" will be the forces that will liberate the down-trodden and imprisoned people of the continent. These, too, are the men who must face the aggressor on his own soil - where he will fight hardest! The Army will be the weapon to finally force the gate weakened and battered by the other services, that leads the way to Freedom.

Like the other branches of the Services the men of the Army have also received their share of criticism and scorn for their conduct in districts where they have been camped. Every now and then one of them acts unwisely and discredits his Service by some thoughtless or ill-advised act - and the public is shocked and critical. It is hoped, that when these men return to their homes, they will be remembered, not as those who broke a few laws and shocked a few citizens, but rather, as the men who carried the burning fight to the enemy in a determined effort to preserve the laws and freedoms that make their country worth fighting for.

THE NAVY'S PART

(from the Halifax Herald)

"The naval part is the thread that runs through the whole woof, the burden of the song, the scope of the text."

That was written while the wood was still growing for Nelson's Victory, but age has not destroyed the fundamental truth of it. For, in this, the greatest of all wars, the war in which the surface craft was to be "swept from the seas" by the airplane, mastery of the seas by surface craft remains a dominant factor in the whole global situation.

Today, as in the days of Sir Edward Grey, the Army is still a "projectile to be fired by the Navy" . . . and without the Navy, that "projectile" could not be fired at all.

Looking back four years to the outbreak of this conflict, we begin to understand how groundless were our misgivings about the effectiveness of surface ships. (But, students of warfare will recall an event in the early months of this war: how a number of British ships of war steaming in company were attacked by enemy aircraft in the North Sea—and came through unscathed. That was, indeed, significant.)

And now, with this conflict more than four years old, we realize that the surface ship is not "easy prey" for bombing aircraft, provided the ship's maneuverability is not reduced in narrow waters. Look, for proof, to the record of British heavy ships lost in this war:

Capital Ships
Royal Oak—Torpedoed (submarine)
Barham—Torpedoed (submarine)

Hood—Gunfire
Prince of Wales—Torpedoed (aerial)
Repulse—Torpedoed (aerial)
Aircraft-Carriers

Courageous—Torpedoed (submarine)
Ark Royal—Torpedoed (submarine)
Glorious—Gunfire.

Thus, in every case of the loss of a British capital ship or aircraft-carrier in this war the gun or torpedo played its part, even in the destruction of the Prince of Wales and Repulse in the South China Sea. Bombs were used and took effect, but the deadly strokes were administered by torpedoes.

And let us not forget that in this recent desperate fighting at the Salerno bridgehead in Italy, British capital ships drew in to within a mile of the shore to hurl their great shells into the German positions.

We must keep these facts in mind as we consider Canada's naval position, now and when this war is ended.

Today we have a Canadian Navy worthy of the name. It will grow steadily; and when this war is over we shall not be going back to the conditions which existed when this war began. We dare not.

When the First Great War broke out Canada had very little in the way of a navy, just a couple of obsolete cruisers—the Niobe on the Atlantic, 11,000 tons, carrying an utterly inadequate battery of 6-inch guns that were obsolete as the ship herself; and the Rainbow on the Pacific, 3,600 tons, carrying two 6-inch guns and six 4.7's. While the Rainbow was ready for sea at the outbreak of war on August 4, the Niobe was "in a state of complete helplessness" and it was not until September 1 that she was in commission (and that after a really good job of work). We turn again to the historical record marking the end of 1914-1918:

At the close of hostilities the vessels under the control of the Department of Naval Services of Canada were as follows: On the Pacific; H.M.C.S. Rainbow, depot and training cruiser; H.M.S. Algerine, sloop; auxiliary patrol vessels Malaspina and Galiano; and several motor launches for harbor patrol work. On the Atlantic: H.M.C.S. Niobe, depot and training cruiser; H.M.C.S. Shearwater, submarine depot ship; two submarines; H. M. C. S. Grilse, torpedo-boat destroyer; H. M. C. S. Tuna, torpedo boat; eight auxiliary patrol vessels; 60 armed trawlers; 80 armed drifters; 11 armed mine-sweepers and tugs; and a large flotilla of motor launches for coastal patrol and harbor duties.

As Canadians, we started this war with 15 ships and a personnel, all ranks, of 1,700. Today the Canadian Navy is operating more than 550 ships (including a respectable number of destroyers) and has a strength of upwards of 70,000, all ranks.

The other day we launched in this port the first destroyer (and the largest warship) yet to be constructed in Canada. Shall we not look forward to the construction of ever heavier warships in Canadian shipyards?

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

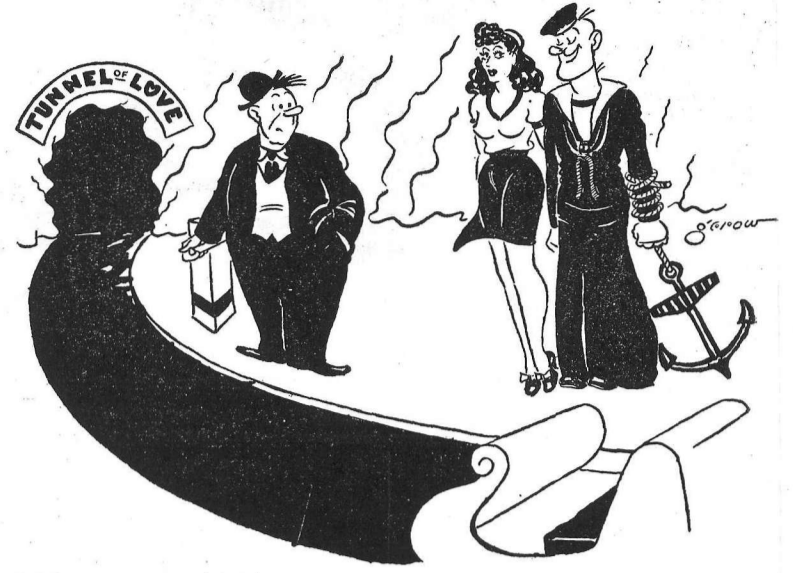
After waiting for four years for some real excitement that was "right up their alley" the minesweepers got it, in one large dose. The way in which the job of locating the mines and disposing of them was carried out, is worthy of the highest praise.

The attempted blockade of Halifax and the complete destruction of the plan has brought a number of things to the fore and enough emphasis cannot be placed on any one of them.

The attempt to blockade Halifax harbour, one of the most important to the Allied cause at the present moment when the United Nations stand ready to administer the death blow to the enemy—should be sufficient proof to all those who would sit placidly by, glorying in the safety of this continent and even taking the isolationist viewpoint, that Canada and this continent are very much in this war and in a vulnerable position—too.

The smashing of the blockade should also bring forth the realization that the continual patrol of coastal waters is one of the most necessary, and possibly the most important part of the whole scheme of coastal defence. Minesweepers and their death-defying crews are essential to the successful operation of the war.

The cleaning up of the minefield proves that the Navy is "on its toes" for it was only because of the constant vigilance of the fleet that the mines were detected and it was because of the foresight of those in charge of minesweeping that the Navy was ready to deal quickly and efficiently with the "surprise." It is to be remembered, too, that there were men on shore who, while they were not required to risk their lives in the actual work, had much to do in engineering the job and who would have had to bear the brunt of criticism had the enemy been successful in any measure, whatsoever.



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.

The Greatest Dollar's Worth

Dear Sir:

Here enclosed, and pronto, is my lowly "pieces of eight" and I might state at this time that it's the greatest dollar's worth I have ever received. The old Crow's Nest is tops with me and my good crew here and some of the hands are subscribers while others are buyers of the paper in local stores.

Best of luck always and smooth sailing. Does my mother, a real Navy fan, ever like The Crow's Nest - wow! Cheerio and blast the Axis
P. O. Al. Oxner,
Naval Control Boarding Parties,
Halifax, N. S.

The Easter Way

Dear Sir:

I have been reading The Crow's Nest for some time and have found many articles of lasting interest. I have sent the paper on home after reading it and have decided to ask you to send it on to my mother and father for one year. Many thanks and keep up the good work.

Yours sincerely,
A. E. Collins,
H.M.C.S. "Cornwallis,"
Cornwallis, N. S.

Good Idea!

Dear Sir:

I have read it (The Crow's Nest) often and find it very interesting as my husband is in the Navy. Trying to think of a suitable birthday gift for my husband's dad, we finally decided to send for a year's subscription to The Crow's Nest to send him as he already has three sons in the Navy. He enjoys reading any material about the Service, especially since all his sons are on the East Coast.

Thanking you, I remain,
Yours sincerely,
Mrs. A. W.,
Digby, N. S.

Proud Puppa

Dear Sir:

Regarding the claim of H.M.C.S. "Matapedia" that their mascot was first to have a litter of pups at sea (September Crow's Nest), we think it only fair to put in a word for the "Lachine." Her mascot has already presented the crew with two litters. We enjoy every issue of The Crow's Nest, especially the banter in "Across Our Bows." Keep up the good work.

Sincerely,
F. A. Sawyer, Sig.,
H.M.C.S. "Cobalt"

Thanks for the information. If everyone would do as you have done and make use of this column, which belongs to the readers, it would grow a lot more interesting.—Ed.

Hey, Mr. Noah!

Dear Sir:

Have just finished reading your

September issue of The Crow's Nest and enjoyed it very much, but I feel I must write you concerning a letter which appeared in your column "Across Our Bows." A letter from H.M.C.S. "Matapedia" states that their mascot is the only one in the Navy to give birth, at sea, to pups. Our former mascot, a dog by the name of "Queenie," gave birth at sea, to five pups on the night of Feb. 3, 1942. The pups were taken ashore and given fine homes. Queenie later went adrift and we have not seen her since. Still later we had a cat by the name of Wilbur, who gave birth to three kittens, two of which died right after birth. The remaining kitten, "Bungy" is still alive and kicking.

Wishing you continued success with your paper, I am,

Yours truly,
Chas. Williams, Sig.,
H.M.C.S. "Melville."

Apparently "Melville" has a homey atmosphere. However, we think it must be embarrassing for "Wilbur" to have his (her) secret divulged publicly like this.—Ed.

Another Challenge

Dear Sir:

I was reading The Crow's Nest today and whilst interested in your correspondence I came across the letter from the crew of "Matapedia". They laid claim to the fact that their mascot was the first to have pups at sea. I am afraid they are about 10 months too late with their claim. The honor belongs to my former ship, H. M. C. S. "Wetaskiwin". Our mascot "Queenie" gave birth to pups last December in mid-Atlantic during one of the worst storms ever experienced.

Let's see if anyone can beat that
Yours sincerely,
Eric S. Mitchell, A.B.,
'A' Block, H.M.C.S. "Avalon"
St. John's, Newfoundland.

We presume poor "Queenie" was as sick as a dog.—Ed.

Keeps Each Edition

Dear Sir:

I have been receiving The Crow's Nest for several months now and like it very much. I have been in St. John's, Newfoundland, visiting my husband, who is in the Navy, and on returning, found my June issue missing. Could you possibly send me one as I would like to keep each edition.
To me The Crow's Nest is very interesting, especially after seeing a Navy town and recognizing many names.

Thanking you,
Mrs. R. E. MacKenzie,
Toronto, Ont.

SYDNEY SPORTS SLANTS

Along with each issue of The Crow's Nest comes the beginning of a new month. This one happens to be October. This particular month is very important in the sportsman's diary. Rugby should be in full swing, hockey players start loosening their joints in preparation for another strenuous season, basketball teams start rounding into shape and all other indoor sports such as badminton, boxing, volley-ball come to the fore. Naval personnel based in "Protector II" will get a fair portion of the above-mentioned sports, although predictions at the present time would be a bad policy, so you loyal Crow's Nest readers will have to wait for next month's issue. In the meantime, the following comments will give you a fair impression of sporting activities carried on at this base.

The senior softball team suffered a major upset being defeated by the Pier S. W. O. D. in the Sydney Senior Softball Finals. The Tars lost both times in the best-of-three series by a one-run margin, 3-2 in the first game and 3-2 in the second. The Point Edward Nine outthit their opponents in both games and had the breaks been divided evenly, the Sailors would have emerged on top. The Navy team established quite a record in Cape Breton, chalking up a long string of victories and even trounced their victors twice in exhibition games.

Chiefly responsible for the remarkable showing made by the "Protector" Softballers is L/Sea. "Hilly" Lang, outstanding pitcher, whose speedball has baffled many a batter, and who already has two no-hit no-run games to his credit. Lang is hailed by local softball fans as the best hurler to show his wares on a Cape Breton Softball Diamond. Much credit is also due O/Sea. "Hod" Hodgkinson, brilliant third-sacker and leading hitter on the team, whose timely bingles counted many a run for the squad. S. A. Stevenson, patrolling right field, stepped into the limelight in the play-offs with five hits in two games, one of which was a towering home run. The team, as a whole, is to be congratulated on its wonderful effort in reaching the finals, and also for the fine sportsmanship displayed throughout the season.

The Inter-part softball league, which has been functioning regularly all summer, has reached the final stages, and at present the Chiefs and P. O.'s are one game up on the officers in the series. The "Brass Button Gents"

Mention In Despatches Given 'Assiniboine' Men

Naval Service Headquarters recently announced that three members of the crew of HMCS "Assiniboine" have been mentioned in despatches for their conduct while in action against an enemy submarine. The three men, and citations accompanying their awards are:

P. O. Lenn Spight, R. C. N., of St. Catharines, Ontario, "For good service and devotion to duty in action with an enemy submarine." Lenn used to do a great job as The Crow's Nest representative in the A/S school, at Halifax.

A. B. William Eric Kehoe, R. C. N. R., of Toronto, Ontario, "For skill and coolness in action against an enemy submarine."

A. B. John Cyril White, R. C. N. I. V. R., of London, Ontario, "For skill and coolness in action against an enemy submarine".

finished first in the League With six wins and only one loss. They experienced little difficulty in disposing of the New Entry Team in the Semifinals. In the meantime, the Officers upset the highly-touted Miscellaneous Team in the other semi final game.

Highlighting the sporting interest at the present time is the ever-popular, traditional Navy pastime. Yes, boxing has taken a firm grasp at this base and we are safe in saying that its popularity will even surpass such major sports as hockey and basketball. Mainly responsible for the sudden interest in boxing is the wonderful training facilities afforded the pugilists. The boxing ring has just recently been completed and scrappers are already training faithfully in preparation for a tournament which will be held in the spacious Drill Hall in the near future.

Exhibition matches were staged at the County Fair in North Sydney. A. B. Jackson, Cape Breton Inter Service Champ. and O/Sea. Geldert, former Maritime Featherweight champion provided the sport-hungry fans with a rousing three-rounder which drew tons of applause. O/Sea. Hodd and Cook Allen, Well-known Middle weights, squared off in the second bout, scheduled as an exhibition. The Tars pulled no punches and gave the spectators a real treat. After witnessing the Navy pugilists in action, the local Fire Department decided to stage a fight-card in order to revive interest in the game, which once held a prominent spot in the Northside Sport picture.

Voluntary tumbling and vaulting classes have been held during the past month under the supervision of PTI Magnan. Numerous ratings have taken advantage of this opportunity to learn gymnastics.

THE LAST OF THE "GRIFFON"

(Port Arthur Division)

By Carl B. Warder, A.B.

My God! What torturous hell it was
The weather as rough as it could be
Half the crew was home on leave
When the "Griffon" went to sea.

On morning watch I must have slept
Five minutes—maybe ten
But blest awakening finally came
To welcome life again.

I've had D.T.'s and snakes I've seen
Of orange and purple tinge
But never such an awful fright
When the "Griffon" had a binge.

I slung my hammock early
The Chief he thought it best
He really wasn't feeling well
And could easily use the rest.

The barometer was falling fast
It was no false alarm
The lightning flashed—the storm it broke
I thought I would do no harm.

The Captain came and woke me up
And ordered me on deck
He'd a fiendish look upon his face.
Which no one would expect.

"Cast off the lines and make it smart
Tell Markewich—more steam
And put the engines full ahead"
Thank God! 'Twas but a dream.

The "Griffon" shuddered—timbers cracked
The deck heaved in the centre
The lights went dim—then finally out
I was sure we'd really wrecked her.

I saw the Save-way Cleaners pass
The Chief seemed right at home
The "Griffon" didn't seem to mind
But all the rest—we moaned.

The Chief then swung her hard to starboard
As cool as you could be
We missed the curb by inches
On our first trip to sea.

We finally made Arthur Street
After a lot of silly scares
A street car stood there waiting
And sending up some flares.

The rain—it just came down in sheets
The thunder—well it roared
The "Griffon" didn't seem to mind
She had her crew aboard.

From overhead blue water dripped
The deck beneath me steamed
My knees—they rattled to and fro
But then, ye gods! I screamed.

For roaring over the Quarterdeck
In a cloak of bluish flame
Belching smoke and brimstone like a serpent
Chier P.O. Sherlock came.

His speared tail round the foremast
He grinned in fiendish glee
More steam! More speed! You lazy lot
He raved and cursed at me.

He twirled the wheel to hard aport
And just then I had to scream
For I looked out the port hole
And we were floating down a stream.

Then thru the ship a rending crash
The masts they shook with fright
The Chief he prayed upon his knees
Oh! what a fearsome sight.

For up a hatchway, gnashing teeth
Lieut. Rogers came
A shot in the arm for seasickness
That was his little game.

The captain bowed in trembling awe
The Chief he cringed and wept
The doc just smiled and grabbed our arms
Well - hell - you know the rest.

The "Griffon" now was making way
Ten knots and maybe more
We weren't much more than fifty feet
From Lake Superior's shore.

Then all at once a mighty crash
(You'll know I wasn't stewed)
The "Griffon" groaned and then collapsed
The C.P.R. went thru.

A little skeptical I know you'll be
No doubt you think I'm braggin'
But the night the "Griffon" put to sea
I went strictly on the wagon.

My, My!

Prof.—Didn't you have a brother in this class last year?

Student—No, sir, it was I. I'm taking it over.

Prof.—Extraordinary resemblance.

Big Names Appearing In Navy Rugby Picture

The big baseball guns have finally been silenced, the bases cleared away, and Wanderers Grounds now presents a mad scramble of football players ironing out kinks and mowing off that access flesh around the waistline.

The Navy is away to ahead start over the other services and practices have been under way nearly three weeks.

Close to 50 men attend the evening workouts and are put through a stiff grind conducted by Coaches Stan. Teasdale, Tiny Herman and Trainer Vic Baldwin. On looking over the prospects we find, the roster is studded with former stars amongst whom are; Scotty Wright, the Kicking Sensation from Hamilton, Mike Hedgewick and Dick Pawley also from Hamilton, the former having been chosen. All Star "Quarterback", Jack Wedley, Bob Isbister and Pat Ried, all saw plenty of competition while doing their part for Toronto Argos.

Jake Eewards, ex McGill triple-threat, man now at Cornwallis should be heading this way in the near future

Valuable Experience

A word about the coaches, Tiny Herman, who was a former star line-bucker for Ottawa Roughriders, has a world of experience to offer and will be a definite asset. Stan Teasdale played with Winnipeg Blue Bombers when they were Canadian Champs and knows all the ins and outs.

There is nothing definite as to whether a league will be formed due mostly to the fact that Airforce and Army have shown little or no interest. However, Lieut. Fred Cook, Sports Officer, has definite ideas on entering the Canadian playdowns.

ENGLISH RUGBY

The English Ruggers have been doing the same training schedule as the Canadian Footballers, and are fast rounding into shape. The league consisting of four teams, Navy, Army, Acadia, and Dalhousie, is due to get under way on October 11

Some of last year's players are back including Hughie Oliver the elusive half-back who used to play with the Vancouver Menalomas, Spike Larabie and Gus Vickers fleet-footed three quarters. Andy Chartren is also back in his position at wing forward.

Coach Vic Baldwin former Vancouver rep. player, Jack Piercy, University of British Columbia, and Lieut. Higginson, Montreal, are newcomers, but bring with them plenty of the old punch.

A challenge has already come from Reg Mylrea's Cornwallis team and it is hoped to arrange a game in the near future.

THE UNICORNER

News from

H. M. C. S. "Unicorn"
Saskatoon, Sask.

By J. M. B.

The Softball season is over and, as this column predicted last month, the "Unicorn" team was on the field when the last ball was thrown. But we didn't win the Northern Saskatchewan championship. No, in the final game against the Knights of Columbus, with the score 4 to 3 in our favor at the beginning of the ninth we had a couple of bad breaks and finished at the short end of a 5-4 score. But the boys were satisfied that they had had a good season.

At the annual inter-service track meet at Griffith Stadium, the "Unicorn" boys did the old Ship proud. They finished third in a field of ten stations and Ordinary Seaman C. J. (Bus) Farrell walked off with the cup for the individual championship.

Friends of Charlie Rayner will be interested to know that the old puck snaffler was home for a few weeks' leave and while here took unto himself a helpmate. Well, of course there was a party—and what a party! Best of luck, Chuck and Mrs. Chuck.

"Unicorn" is losing the oldest member of its staff. Pay Lt.-Cdr. C. G. King has been appointed to Gaspe, Que. This is the hardest blow in months for "Pay" was popular with officers and men alike, always ready to help a mate in any way he could. At a farewell party the members of the Wardroom presented Lt.-Cdr. King with an engraved desk set.

SINCE DADDY'S GONE TO HALIFAX

By Ruth Luke
(aged 11)

The following poem was written by Ruth Luke, 11 years of age, who lives at 106 William street, W., Oshawa, Ontario and whose Daddy is W. J. Luke, A/ERA stationed at Halifax.

Well, here it is another day,
Wartime makes a change, I'd say,
My mom and I just can't relax
Since Daddy's gone to Halifax.
At six a. m. mom's always up
To make our breakfast and feed the pup,
Then off to the Motors she has to run
To work until the day is done.

Then she comes home to work some more
To wash and iron and wax the floor;
There's bills to pay and lots of tax
Since Daddy's gone to Halifax.



Whether you want it hot or heart-rending, classics or Calloway, the cornet section of HMCS Cornwallis band is prepared to fill the musical menu. The members pictured here are: Back row, l. to r.—George Zradicka, Winnipeg; Gordon Beuttenmiller, Toronto; Wally Clark, Vancouver; Aaron Rahn, London; Keith Neil, Winnipeg. Third row—Don Townsend, Vancouver; Assistant Bandmaster Ed. Bunn, Toronto; Bob Van Evera, Toronto. Second row—Assistant Bandmaster Gib. Wyatt, Elfros, Sask.; Gord. Frech, Sault Ste. Marie. Front—Doug Milburn, Toronto. RCN Photo.



Early last month Wren Blanche Locke, of Strathroy, Ont., became the bride of Stoker Bill Wakerley, of London, Ont. The couple was married in the rectory of St. Mark's Church, Halifax, by Rev. W. W. Clarkson. The bridesmaid was Wren Vivian Fetterly, of Winchester, Ont., and the groomsmen were Bill Dawson, of Moncton, N. B. In the above picture Mrs. Wakerley is shown being presented with a silver rose bowl and bon-bon dish by Lieut. Maurice Shea, Recruiting Officer, HMCS Stadacona, in whose office the bride is employed. Those in the picture are: l. to r.—Wren Hazel Reynolds, S/Lt. D. V. McQueen, Mrs. Wakerley, Lieut. Shea, and Surg.-Lieut. R. H. Gourlay.

York Regatta Day

Ratings and Wrens from HMCS Star and HMCS York met in spirited competition along the waterfront at Exhibition Park, Toronto, last month and when the last race was over, matters were about even. Star won the swimming and boxing matches while York scored at the whaler race, ball game and tug-of-war.

The feature event of the day was the half mile race for service whalers which was won by York in a thrilling race in which open water did not appear between the boats at any time. Behind by half a length at the three-quarter mark, York answered Cox. Jack Judges' quickened call brilliantly and pulled slowly into a lead which at the finish was a scant quarter length. Spectators lining the course cheered the two boats to the echo. It gave York a lead in the season's series of 2-1.

The winning crew was composed of Coxswain Leading Instructor Jack Judges, Toronto; srtoke-O/Sea Larry Heinbuck, Toronto; 2nd stroke—Ken Belcher, Toronto; midships—L/Sea. Howard Buscombe, Toronto; 2nd bows—O/Sea. Howard Ryan, Vancouver; Bows—O/Sea. Royal Copeland, Toronto. Time—5.13.

Damcol Dunked

Another feature race was one for Wrens stationed at York and the winning crew finished in front by inches. It was a closer finish than the big race and Padre Lewis Swan, the official judge, had to draw a keen sight to pick the winner. His quick call "No. 6 Wins" resulted in Coxswain Wren Elizabeth Bauchop hitting the cool waters of Lake Ontario and becoming the first Wren in the history of the Canadian Navy to be dumped by an all-feminine crew. The winning boat was made up of: Wrens Elizabeth Bauchop, Galt; Ruth Attwood, St. Thomas; Agnes Robertson, Victoria; Mary Campbell, Saskatoon; Irene Wylie, Winnipeg; Helen Wilkie, Regina. Time: 3.42 minutes.

The second crew was composed of: Wrens Mary Percival, Sudbury; Helen Purvis, Windsor; June Loucks, Napanee; Mona McDiarmid, Brandon; Lorraine Procter, Vancouver; Muriel Fraser, Halifax.

The other feature race was the one for permanent staff crews and was won by the Central Victualling Depot in a quarter mile race-off with Cooks and Maintenance. The winning crew was made up of: S. A. E. J. Graham, London; S. A. E. G. Wickerson, Belleville; S. A. P. O. D. N. Gillespie, Moncton; S. A. B. Swackhammer, Hamilton; S. A. C. L. Smith, Hamilton; L/S. A. F. G. Clark, Toronto. Time: 3.15.

This race climaxed a series of summer thrillers and medals were presented to each member of the winning crew.

In a race for men under training, a stout-hearted crew from "F" Division won the final heat and was made up of: L/Sea. Louis Patton, Toronto; O/Sea. Harold Cormann, Kamloops; Richard Hodnutt, Toronto; Saul Friesner, Toronto; Leroy Deshane, Toronto; A. B. Geo. Thompson, Port Credit.

A further attraction was a quarter mile race between crews from York rugby team and ball team. The rugby team won by half a length in a well pulled race and was composed of: L/Sea. Jack Seitz, O/Sea. Hal Lucas, Jim Scott, Jack Coutts, Phil Jackson, Tom Waldon, all of Toronto. Time: 3.06.

The final race brought together crews from Officers and Instructor classes in a quarter mile race. The winning boat was composed of: O/Sea. Sandy White, Toronto; Russ Burrows, Toronto; Jim Forbes, St. John; Earl Lade, Hamilton; Harry Gibson, Oshawa; George Cloutier, Quebec. Time: 3.04.

Win Diamond Fixture

In the ball game between the two Divisions, York was returned victorious by a 5-0 score. O/Sea. Bus Benson, slow ball artist extraordinary, whiffed 15 Hamiltonians and his cause was aided with home runs from the bats of Sto. Scotty Mair, Newmarket, and O/Sea. Russ Burrows, Toronto.

The feature tug-of-war pull was won by York against Star in two straight and the winning team was composed of: Captain, L/Sea. McMahon, Mimico; O/Sea. Bus Benson, Toronto; O/Sea. Ken Long, Peterboro; O/Sea. Ted Elson, Sioux Lookout; Sto. Bert Raney, Toronto; O/Sea. Edward Smeltzer, Toronto; O/Sea. Doug Carter, Orillia; O/Sea. Red Light, Toronto; S. A. Jim Lang, Hamilton; O/Sea. Frank Johnston,

Toronto; O/Sea. Lellaard Pettinger, Regina.

Have The Drag

A special match between Senior Officers and Junior Officers was won by the former team captained by Padre John Graham, United Church padre attached to York, and his team was composed of: Cdr. J. Connolly, Commanding Officer; Pay/Lt.-Cdr. D. McClure, Accountant Officer; Lieut. H. L. Smith, Sports Officer; Padre Lewis Swan, Anglican Padre; Father Kearney, Roman Catholic Chaplain; Lieut. Harold Woolnough, Drafting Officer; and Lieut. L. W. Scott.

The pull for divisions under training was won by the Instructors class and the team was made up of: O/Sea. Amelle Giacamozi, Calgary; O/Sea. Fred Johnson, Toronto; O/Sea. George Malvin, Hamilton; O/Sea. John Weir, Toronto; O/Sea. John Joyce, London; O/Sea. Roy Bezaire, Windsor; O/Sea. Steve Lawrie, Toronto; Coach—O/Sea. George Noseworthy, Winnipeg.

Central Victualling Depot won the pull for permanent staff and the team was composed of: S. A. M. A. Poole, Woodstock; S. A. J. G. Lang, Hamilton; S. A. G. Greenwood, Windsor; S. A. C. Smith, Hamilton; S. A. P. O. F. Clarke, Toronto; S. A. E. Wickerson, Belleville; S. A. F. Frow, Hamilton; S. A. P. O. D. Gillespie, Moncton; S. A. B. Swackhammer, Hamilton; S. A. H. Latchford, Toronto.

Star Boxers Best

Star cleaned up on York in the boxing events, winning all five matches. *Continued on page 12*

Yorkettes In Action

By Wren Helen Wilkie

This is the first, of what we hope will become a monthly feature, reporting the sport events of the Wrens stationed at HMCS York. Last Spring we took part in a few bowling tournaments but as our numbers have increased, so have the sports in which we now participate.

The Whaler crews are still going strong with five boats shoving off each noon hour for 30 minutes of fun and hard work—repeat-hard work.

Not long ago the winners of the summer Regatta race were defeated by the hard-working crew of Muriel Fraser, Halifax, N. S.; Mona McDermid, Brandon, Man.; Helen Purvis, Windsor, Ont.; Lorraine Procter, Vancouver, B. C.; and June Loucks, Napanee, Ont., with Jack Judges as their yelling Coxswain.

The following week the Regatta winners came to the fore once more with Buscombe as coxswain. The other three crews which to date have not accounted for themselves will be to the front in future races, it is plain to see. So keep in there pulling, gals.

The R. N. ratings at York, determined to learn all possible about Canada, recently took up the game of baseball (or push ball as they insist on calling it). A challenge was handed to the Unit Officer of the Wrens for a game, which was 'doubtfully' accepted. With the boys batting left-handed it was difficult to determine during the first two or three innings of play whether it was a game of rounders, basketball, or just plain rugby. The Wrens, I am sorry to say, did not give a very good account of themselves, due possibly to the fact that the majority of the team had not thrown a baseball since their youth. (ah me!) P.S.—The score of this World series game is not for publication at this or any future date.

Wrens Line-up: Monica Hodges, Vancouver, Denise Boulard, Montreal, Jean Mitchell, Winnipeg; Marie Andrews, Birtle, Man.; Mary Campbell, Saskatoon; Helen Wilkie, Regina; Joyce Cain, Caledonia; Helen Purvis, Windsor; Mona McDermid; Brandon, Man.

R.N. Line-up: Foulcar, Keefe, Gutteridge, Deakin, Boxall, Payne, Har-

Stadacona Sports

By Vic Baldwin P. & R.T.I.

Rrr—ing—. "Stadacona Sports Office, Lieut. Cook speaking." "Yes sir, Navy won the Halifax Senior League Baseball Title last night. Yes, they defeated the Air-Force and ex-big league chukker Phil Marchildon. You don't think it right that Navy should be dominating all the Sports? Give the other Services a chance huh? Say, who is this speaking..... Oh, the Air-Force coach....." Thus begins a day at the old Sport Shop. Anything is liable to happen so let's stand by and get a worms eye-view.

The office door opens and oh, oh, here come some of our ball players. They rush in and swarm into the two remaining chairs while the remainder park themselves possessively on P.O. Andy Chartrens' desk and dive at the Sports Page of the morning Bugle.

Wot's His Game?

"Say what's the idea of that little sports scribe riding me?" pipes "Peaches" Ruven, the self-styled star catcher. Gosh, I talk "Dick" Pawley into pitching airtight ball and one little pop-fly sneaks away from me which didn't make any difference and I get the old rasso. They' jest ain't no justice." "Say listen, hop-head"—This from Danny Seaman whose two lovely line drives broke up the ball game—and addressed to Charlie "Chaw" Burchall, "just because you're a first sacker and close to the bleachers, that's no reason to show off in front of my girl."

This line of good-natured chatter goes on until finally the boys drift out to their "Soft numbers," and Andy heaves a sigh of relief.

Phone rings again, this time for Bobby Parks who's Wren's Softball

son, Wagner, Gates.

The team lacks a good pitcher mainly but Pay/Lt.-Cdr. McClure informs us that this position is as good as filled as soon as his young daughter can get in a few weeks of practice. All reports indicate that she is a 'howling' success, and would do well on a 'bawl' team.

The Wrens went to bat undiscouraged the following night in a game against the Ship's Male Writers. With the 'lanky' Pay/Lt.-Cdr. on third base and 'Shorty' Cowhig on first, the writers' team had the disadvantage of being 'unbalanced' from the first. A switch of pitchers and catchers of the two teams could perhaps account for the final score of Wrens 15—Writers 13.

Incidentally, if the rules of the game were explained to the Writers, it would perhaps not be necessary for their third baseman to dash all the way to centre field to catch a fly ball.

Wrens' Line-up: Writer Bill Wright, Writer Don Matthews, Wrens Mona McDermid, Hazel Evans, Helen Purvis, Mary Campbell, Helen Wilkie, Joyce Cain and S/Lt. E. M. Jess. players have swept aside all opposition

and are now Nova Scotia's Kittenbell Kings—or should we say "Queens" "Bob" comes back with a dazed look and announces he is to attend a banquet for all the ladies teams—and of course, make an after-dinner speech. The only advice he gets is from "Fergie" Ferguson who, by his own admission, is an authority on such things.

The doorway is now filled by those "Cornwallis" PTI's, Reg. Mylrea and Scoop Blades who have swindled a long week-end and at the same time give us a little dig about their track team, in which our boys were shown a clean pair of heels.

Puleeze

Morning mail is sorted and we find a special one from Newfie. Quote "I hear you are starting a rugby team in Halifax, and if you need star players, I'd be glad to oblige. Last year I played with Toronto Navy and would appreciate a draft to "Slackers" to help out." Unquote—No comment.

Next comes a draft to St. Hi. for Russ Phillips. Before leaving he is armed with a "Ten Easy Lesson" Course in French, also an address book, a present from Art Bullock, who spent long enough there to become acquainted with some "lovely French lassies."

Chief "Peggy" Evans has just finished a class in commando training to the Shore Patrol and the good-natured Englishman takes a little time off to explain and demonstrate the fundamentals to Hazel, our Stenographer. Says Hazel "Oh Chief, I didn't know the bear-hug was such an effective weapon."

An umpire is required for a Softball game tonight and miraculously the office is emptied with the exception of yours truly, who had little success in eluding our Andy. Result—The little blonde will probably be waiting at the corner of Barrington and North at the mercy of all the other wolves—Woe is me.

This typical day nears its 1700 deadline with the usual toss for the cokes.—Yes I lost again, and so across the street to the beanery for a slice of pie and return for the night's duties.

We take our leave remembering this thought passed on to us by a heckler:

A Successful PTI Must:

Stand up to be seen?
Speak up to be heard,
And shut up to be appreciated.

OPPORTUNITIES OPEN

Men and women desirous of learning a good trade would do well to visit Navy recruiting offices in Canada where they may get information regarding the Navy's cooking branch. At the moment cooks are required in the Service and the job is one offering good opportunities in this line for persons who have had no previous experience and who are desirous of learning a trade.

Men of good physique may also find a place in the Navy in the Shore Patrol branch where there is still a need for men, particularly those who have had previous police experience.



Baseball fans watched with interest the big league "follow through" used by Mrs. A. L. Macdonald, wife of Canada's Minister of National Defence for Naval Services, as she christened the new Tribal destroyer, HMCS Micmac, the largest warship ever built in Canada, at Halifax, last month. In the background may be seen some of the five members of the Micmac Indian tribe who were present in full Indian regalia, at the launching. The ceremony, which was one of twelve ship launchings in the Dominion that day, was attended by the Naval Minister, Vice-Admiral Percy W. Nelles, RCN, Chief of Naval Staff; Dr. Liu Shih Shun, Chinese Minister to Canada, and others of public note. The ship was launched after having been blessed by Rev. A. A. Rogers, RCN, Senior Protestant Chaplain, Atlantic Coast, and Rev. C. L. Moreau, RCN, Acting Senior Roman Catholic Chaplain, Atlantic Coast. As she slid down the ways the Micmac Indians chanted the hymn to St. Anne, their patron saint, in their native tongue. RCN Photo.

Avalon Sport Shorts

by "Sully"

Calling sports fans everywhere! This is "Avalon" and once again we are with you, to give you the latest dope on the athletic situation up here. Our weather has been very uncertain of late, but we are managing to get all the finals and the semi-finals played off. One by one the leagues are dimming the lights of a heated season.

Our leading paragraph to-day, concerns a marvelous softball team. We are speaking of our own seniors. These lads have played wonderful ball this year, and once again have cinched the Senior title. Recently they edged out the A. A., by a 4-3 score, and this put the night cap on things. The nearest they came to defeat was when they played a 5-5 daw game. We are proud of this aggregation and would be quite willing to put them up against some of these "unbeatable" teams, which we saw advertised in the last month's edition.

Before we close we would like to put in a "plug" for our softball Umps for the reason just concluded.

Thankless as the job was, L/Stw, Driscoll, P. O. Jones and P. T. I. Summerfield did their work well and deserve credit and commendation.

Next we come to the soccer team. Our seniors, after a hectic and hard-fought season, were finally eliminated from the semi-finals, of the Caribou League, last month. The boys really tried and we thank them sincerely for the time and effort which was extended on behalf of the Navy. Some of the best foot-ball seen this year, was played by the avy Seniors and the whole thing was touch and go. Last month they met St. Bon's to play the deciding game of a best three series. Navy lost the first game 3-1, but bounced back to trounce St. Bon's 6-3, in the second game. The score last night was 3-2 and you couldn't tell the winner until the final whistle blew.

Now the team will continue to play in the Orphans League, which includes sni 's teams and any others who wish to hel the Orphans fund. Better luck next year boys.

Although the Senior baseball team tries to dodge the showers in order to lay their games, fate seems to have the the uoper hand. Every ti ne a scheduled is lined up, "Bang"--Comes the rain. Nevertheless the boys in blue are playing in the semi-finals and have as uch chance as anyone to stay to the bitter end. The American Army is the one to watch, and when we say they'll take some beating we're not kidding. Thought we'd be able to givethe final outcome this 1 onth, but no dice. Next month for sure, though.

Ship's organization carries on, holding it's own despite the weather, and from the enthusiasm of the sea-going lads, we judge that things are definitely on the upgrade.

We are very pleased to hear that things in Stadacona are looking up as far as ships are concerned. With recreational sport at both ends, we are sure that the boys will have a much more enjoyable time while in port both here and there. Sports Officers aboard our fighting craft are beginning to get the hang of things, and are speedily organizing the ship's companies. Yes, we are getting there. Keep plugging.

Captain D's sunshine Camp continues to provide healthful relaxation for many lads on ships. On a recent visit to the camp we observed some real organization. Facilities provided for sailors, include volley-ball, horse-shoes, softball, cricket, football, swimming, boating, fishing and a rifle range. Also on set nights, a movie is provided in one of the larger tents. Of course the weather has been very disagreeable this year, but it is still a big change, and a good rest for the boys. The camp is a complete success and we are proud of it.



Pictured above are the members of "Avalon's" Track and Field team which competed at various meets during the summer. Front row, l to r - Milson, Wtr ; Sheehan, Wtr ; S/Lt Ross; Olsson, A/PTI; Burton, PTI Back row - l to r - Thorndyke, Photographer; Beminger, S A ; Reid, Wtr ; Summerfield, PTI; Elliot, A B ; Perkins, S A ; Robinson, S A - RCN Photo.

Interpart soft allbis fast coming to a show-down. A t present the Shipwright South and R.C.N.H. are battling it out for supremacy of the outside league. In the inside league, the Officers team is making things tough for the top-notch Stokers crew. The victor will meet the champs of the outside league for the championship of the whole base.

Yours truly has been doing a lot of umpiring, and no fooling this has been one the most topsy-turvy sessions that we have seen or ever been mixed up in. It is hard to believe that there could be so much fight in some of these innocent-looking officers and men. Let anyone tell us that sport is'nt good for Servicemen's morale.

L/Sea. Andre Charles has been conducting daily P. T. classes for the Stewards and convalescents of this base and has things well in hand. He is good at this sort of work, and the class is showing splendid results. The conditioning and body-building class also got under way again this month, owing largely to the requests of many introduced to the class last spring, who have decided that they want some more of the same. It's good for them, so full steam ahead.

We have an announcement to make this month. One of the things we've dreamt for months is at last becoming very realistic. A new Sports Office, equipped with showers, lockers, gear room and the whole shooting match is under rapid construction on the RCNB Drill Hall. Yes lads our new home will soon be completed and we'll have a first class outfit right in our own splendid gymnasium. This has been needed all along, and just proves that everything comes to him who wants.

Boxers From Royal Navy Ship Take Avalon Tourney Honors

by Newfie John

Inter-ship boxing was featured in our fistic displays of the month with an outstanding card being presented on the Dockyard jetty with 7 ships taking part. Honors went to HMS Orwell who put up a very classy group of boys. The weather was fine and a large and enthusiastic crowd clambered all over the "alongside" destroyers to get a good view of the proceedings.

Pegg, 133 notched up number one for "Orwell" as he outboxed Mathas, 130 a coloured lad from USS Medec. Allen, 140, put the HMS boys two up as he won a split decision over Strange, 135 from USS Algonquin. "Orwell" supporters were enthusiastic with two wins under their belts but were considerably dampened as Laporte, 142, HMCS Arvida, pounded Douglas, 132, "Orwell" unmercifully to win a most convincing decision. Kendrick, 150 BYMS 230 quieted them all the more when he set back Williams, 152, HMS Orwell in a split decision that was decided by referee Olsen. Brule, 165, Q-062 and Weir, 160, BYMS 175, put on an interesting session that again required referee Olsen's decision. The last bout was as good an exhibition of boxing as had been seen here for some time. Both were from HMS Orwell with Lodge 132, and McCall, 128. Lodge won but only by a small margin and the bout received tremendous applause.

Sports Officer McCormick was the Master of Ceremonies and presented each winner with a crest emblematic of inter-ship competition. Judges were W. O. Settingerton from "Avalon"

and W. O. Gardiner from "Orwell". Referee was A. B. Olsen, A/PTI.

Summary

- Pegg, 133, HMS Orwell won over Mathas, 130, USS Medec.
- Allen 140, HMS Orwell won over Strange, 135, USS Algonquin.
- Laprote, 142, HMCS Arvida won over Douglas, 1132, HMS Orwell.
- Kendrick, 150, BYMS 230 won over Williams, 152, HMS Orwell.
- Weir, 160, BYMS 175 won over Brule, 165, Q-062.
- Ledge, 132, HMS Orwell won over McColl, 128, HMS Orwell.

Newfoundland Sailors Pleased With New Gym

Sports facilities in Avalon have received a further impetus with the new showers, offices and equipment rooms being constructed in the spacious RCNB Gym. Already one of the most up to date in any Canadian base it has a hardwood floor space of 160'x113', housing a regulation basketball floor, 5 badminton courts and first class boxing ring.

Plenty of use is being made of the gym for in addition it is used as a drill hall and an entertainment hall for USO Camp Shows showing to Canadian forces in St. John's area. It is capable of seating 2000 with an excellent lighting and P. A. system.

Gentlemen, The Wrens

by E. S. Gish

We stood upon the corner;
Our Wrens were marching by!
A pride that shook the scorner
Brought forth the roaring cry,
"Three cheers are for the ladies,
Who dress in Navy Blue!
A "tiger" for the ladies,
Who bring our banner through!"

Nor was the shouting broken:
They flashed in rhythmic file,
And this was our best token
'To girls in Navy style.
For as they passed beyond us,
Our praise still rent the skies:
And when they passed beyond us,
We turned with moistened eyes.

For when the war resounded
From plain to mountain crag--
With ours, their strength surround-
ed
This country and the flag.
And so the Wrens are marching:
We sailors swell in pride
Their flowing ranks are marching
Together by our side.

You left dear homes that ever
Were rich in tender grace,
And with a strong endeavor
Came forth to take your place.
So now we toast to honor
Our colleagues of the war:
We lift each glass to honor
You Wrens--forevermore!

Stokers Favored Team In Playoffs At St. John's

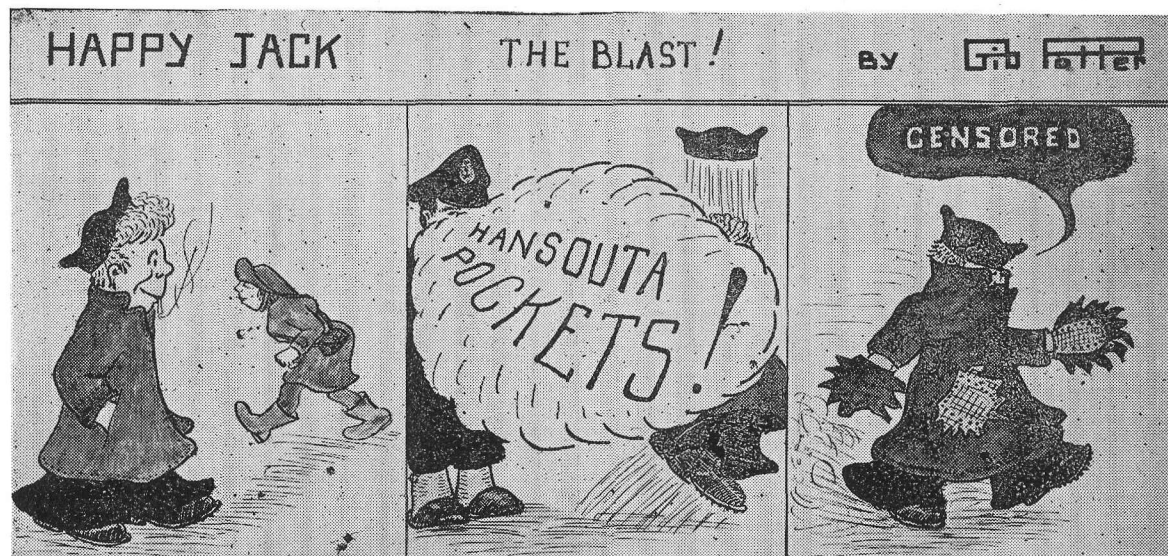
Four teams are left out of 16 in the Inter-Part Softball League of HMCS Avalon. Divided into two sections--Inside and Outside Barracks--the playoffs are now in full swing. In the Inside League, Stokers, BNSO, Officers and Avalon II finished in that order. In the playoffs Stokers promptly polished off Avalon II in 2 straight games and Officers did likewise with BNSO. The final is onow in progress and Stokers with their ace hurler, Petrew, have taken the first of the best of 3 ame series.

In the Outside section play has been much closer, Finish order in this part was RCNH, Shipwrights South, ERA's North, Shipwrights North. Shipwrights South after dropping the first game of theii series with Shipwrights North took two straight behind the expert hurling and hitting of Gordon. RCNH meanwhile took the ERA's North in a close series that was only decided by a third game. RCNH and Shipwright South are now playing off for the right to represent their section in the finals. So far the series shows RCNH with one win, Shipwrights South no wins and 1 tie game. The no decision game was a thriller particularly in the 9th inning with the score tied at 2-2 and RCNH at bat. Gordon, after giving Kirk a hit, struck out two men in quick succession but not before the bespectacled Kirk had moved around to 3rd. Gordon went to work on the last man and with two strikes on him got his last out as Kirk made a great try for home only to be nipped at the plate. The weather hasn't helped us at all of late but by the time the next issue is due we'll have the whole story on the finals which should be worth writing about.

Team From HMCS Hunter Scares 'Star' Whaler Crew

Competing against a crack team from HMCS "Star" at Hamilton Ontario, on September 6, a crew from H M C S "Hunter", Windsor, Ontario, threw a scare into the "Star" men by leading them until the final stretch when they were nosed out by the better trained team to lose the race by half a boat length.

S/Lt. J. Charlton was in charge of the Windsor whaler crew which included such stalwarts as Petty Officer W. J. Wilson, Coxswain, O/Sea. Broadwood, Stroke, O/Sea. Domerchuk O/Sea Girardin, Sto. I. Martin and O/Sea Ryszitnyk.



Kim

By K. G. Vee

A subbie brought him on board at Constantinople. He was just a little bundle of fur about nine inches high. They said he was a honey bear and wouldn't grow any bigger, and—well, you know how sailors are and can guess the result. The lads adopted him as mascot right away, named him 'Kim', and proceeded to kill him with kindness by feeding him jam, condensed milk, sugar, chocolate and what-have-you.

Kim thrived on this treatment and when he wasn't sleeping he was eating or trying to get his paw out of a jam tin, his usual method of hammering it on a desk only fixing it more tightly.

Embarrassing

There was more mischief in that animal than in a cartload of monkeys. One morning, one of my mess-mates had an early breakfast and put the breakfast dish under the mess table on a kettle of hot water to keep it hot. When we came down for breakfast Kim was sitting in the dish covered from head to foot with bacon and red lead, shaking and grinning like a 'jeep' watching a boat-load of crushers sink. You should have heard our killick, who had been swabbing decks all morning and was as hungry as a hunter. His language would have made a chief bluish.

About a week later Kim got into the Captain's cabin, pulled the cover off the sideboard and capsized a plate of cookies and a decanter of port and got as sozzled as a herring. The old Man found him in the middle of the cabin, snoring like a pig and hugging the empty decanter. The skipper was calm about it. He stood for about 10 minutes, just saying prayers under his breath. Then he sent for the Commander and the Commander sent for the cable deck sweeper, Jan Wooley, and told him off to be the bear's trainer.

Old Jan left the skipper's cabin, lugging the bear with him and laughing like a Chief Stoker. "Yere! Wot do 'e think I be?" he howled. "I joined the Andrew as a flatfoot, an' now, blimey, if I ain't a blooming nursemaid to a blankety bear!" However, old Jan's bark was worse than his bite and despite his grousing a kind heart beat above his baggy pants, and so, he slung a hammock for Kim in the cable locker flat and very soon they were just like Mary and her lamb, everywhere that Jan went you saw his bear behind.

Bear-Hug

It was amazing how Kim grew. In a few months he was as big as Jan and he and his trainer used to have all-in wrestling matches on the upper deck every day. It wasn't long, however, before Kim got too big for Jan and after allowing the sailor to pull him about for a time, he would finish by sitting on him, squashing him by sheer weight, laughing like a Cheshire cat and wagging his head from side to side.

We had a good water polo team and nothing pleased Kim more than to swim around with them during practice. The way he could handle that ball was nobody's business. Jan had to chain him up in the cable locker flat when we played another team alongside. We never lost a match that commission. When things

were looking bad for our side old Knocker White, the coach, would whisper something to Jan and somehow, Kim would get loose. In a moment the bear would have joined in the match. This was always too much for the members of the opposing team. Squawking like frightened hens they would scatter and the match would be abandoned. "Knocker" would apologize for such a thing happening and, as he used to say, when he saw that bear in the water, you could have knocked him over with a sledge hammer.

Despite Jan's care and watchfulness Kim was continually getting into mischief. One night at Malta the wardroom officers were giving a big dinner party. Kim, who was ambling about the quarter deck, stopped at the wardroom skylight to gaze at the scene below. It seemed a good party to him and he decided to join it. This he did by dropping through the skylight, smack on top of the dinner table. Talk about panic! Silverware, dishes and glasses flew every direction. The ladies screamed and swooned and most of the officers appeared to be doubled up with agony—or maybe it was laughter.

Jan was sent for again and Kim was dragged away from the ruins of the dinner party, covered with disgrace and custard, and wondering why his overtures had met with such a cool reception.

Stupid!

Kim used to delight in ambling around on the upper deck with the Ship's Company during P. T. In fact, any party moving at the double was his party, and consequently, he spent most of the dog-watches doing No. 11 punishment and enjoying it.

A foreign man-'o-war came to Malta and lay just off our beam. Kim went for a swim and decided to pay a courtesy visit to this ship. When the Q. M. saw the grinning face of a great



Sure, sailors can swim—these sailors, anyway! They're Wrens, taking their preliminary training at HMCS Conestoga, near Galt, Ontario. It may not be beside the sea, but there's a pool at Preston which is just as good on a hot summer day. Wrens Ann Paul, Regina and C. Brown, of Timmins, Ontario are being told, "Sure, the water's fine" by Wrens Sheila Englund, Vancouver, Pat Corry, Magnetawan, Ont., Ruth Lacterman, Vancouver, D Hodgson Minnedosa, Man., and Pam Phipps of Port Arthur.—R.C.N. Photo.

bear looking at him over the gangway, he let out a yell, and being young and nimble, was soon stretching out like a greyhound for the fo'c'sle. The Officer of the Watch, being older and rather stout, soon overtook him.

"So!", thought Kim, "They want to play. Good!" and so, he shambled along the upper deck after them, with that same silly grin on his face and his head rolling from side to side. By this time there was quite a party running. All the idlers on the upper deck were trying, vainly, to overtake the O.O.W., who doubled up the ladder onto the bridge, closely followed by the remainder. By the time Kim arrived at the bridge most of the party was halfway up the mast. A mast presented not the least difficulty to Kim and this friendly bunch deserved the best he could give them, and so he swarmed up the mast after them.

Our O.O.W., wondering what evolutions were taking place on board the other ship, put his telescope to his eye, and when he saw about a dozen sailors perched on the extreme ends of the yards and Kim halfway up the mast he almost jumped through his glass. "Call away the first picket boat and the bear trainer," he yelled. Jan came dashing aft with a tin of jam in his hand, caught the boat and, using jam as bait, soon had Kim back on the ship.

Popular

Soon after this incident we went on a cruise. Kim was an object of wonder and awe to the natives of each port and when the band played and Jan and Kim danced, as was their custom, all the boats in harbor would crowd around to sea this unique sight on a British battle-wagon.

When the cruise ended we returned to Malta to refit, with tragic results to Kim. The dockyard mates refused to step aboard while such a huge and apparently wild animal was roaming about, and so, Kim had to be chained to a ring bolt. The result was disastrous. Having always had the freedom of the ship, Kim could not understand why he should be confined to a length of chain. He began to fret and very soon changed from an amiable old blighter to a dangerous animal. Finally it got so bad it was unsafe to approach him. After much discussion and heartache, it was decided that Kim would have to be destroyed, and this was done.

The old ship never seemed the same again. That shaggy old bear had won his way into the heart of every man and for a long time it was difficult to believe he was no longer with us. When things were dull and conver-

Airmen Down Soldiers, Sailors In Inter-Service Track Meet

The inter-service track and field meet at the Navy League Forum Halifax, on Labor Day proved to be a record-shattering event but it wasn't the sailors of Navytown who pumped up the smashing marks. The R. C. A. F. team, composed of a group of highly-trained and remarkable athletes walked off with the silverware by piling up a total of 96 points as opposed to Navy's 49 points and 25 for the Army. More than 5,000 fans, most of whom were in uniform, witnessed the events.

Victory through air power was realized by a team of athletes strong in every department. The airmen set up new records in seven events and won first place honors in 11 events. Navy won first in three events and Army took initial honors in two contests. Both HMCS "Stadacona" and HMCS "Cornwallis" had team entered in the meet.

Mike Hedgewick of Cornwallis was the star of the Navy teams, capturing a first in the 100 yard dash and placing third in both the running broad jump and hop, step and jump.

100 yards (semi-final): 1st heat: 1, Hedgewick, Navy; 2, Apps, R. C. A. F. Time 10.4. 2nd heat: 1, Craven, Navy; 2, Waram, R. C. A. F. Time 10.4.

60 yards women (semi-final): 1st heat; 1, MacDonald, Army; Zubeck, Navy. Time 8.2. 2nd heat 1, Blake, Navy, 2, J. E. Morrison, Army. 8.2.

880 yard run; 1, P.O. Pettit, R. C. A. F.; 2, Lenover, Navy, 3, Edlund, C. A. F. Time 2.02 1-5. (new Maritime interservice record.)

100 yards final: 1, Hedgewick, Navy; 2, Craven, Navy; 3, Waram, R. C. A. F. Time 10 seconds.

60 yards final, women: 1, Zubeck, Navy; 2, MacDonald, Army; 3, Blake, Navy, 8.2.

120 yards hurdles: final: 1, Morrison, R. C. A. F.; 2, Harris, Navy, 18.1 won easily.

16 lb-shot: 1, Lt. Norm MacRitchie, Army; 2, Town, R. C. A. F.; 3, Kilponi, 40.6½.

440 yards final: 1, Farmery, R. C. A. F.; 2, Sherif, R. C. A. F.; 3, Oltsher, Army. Time 53 4-5 seconds. (new Maritime inter-service record) Pole Vault; 1, Lt. Edwards, Navy; 2, Lt. MacAdam, Army; 3, Barrow, Navy, 10.9.

Hop, Step, Jump: 1, E. J. Burton

sation lagged, one had only to mention Kim to start a flood of stories about him and his misadventures.

If there is a heaven for bears I can imagine Kim there now. It is a land flowing with jam, syrup, sugar and chocolate bars. A batch of matelots is detailed for his special benefit, always prepared to run around, dance or wrestle with him when he feels inclined and when he gets tired his hammock is slung for him and his old trainer tucks him in.

R. C. A. F.; 2, Pinks, R. C. A. F.; 3, Hedgewick, Navy, 41.5 feet, (new Maritime inter-service record.)

Standing broad jump: 1, Sklar, Navy; 2, Town, R. C. A. F.; 3, MacAdam, Army. 9ft. 5in.

Running high jump: 1, A. J. Fraser, R. C. A. F.; 2, W. J. Hodge, Navy; 3, E. J. Burton, R. C. A. F.; 5 ft. 9½ins. (new Maritime inter-service record.)

Running high jump (women): 1, England, Navy; 2, Dodwell, Army; 3, Constantine, Army. 3ft. 10 ins.

One mile run: 1, Pettit, R. C. A. F. 2, E. Ballon, Navy; 3, Sharpe, R. C. A. F. Time 4.38 4-5 (new Maritime inter-services record.)

220 yards final: 1, Powell, R. C. A. F., Wade, R. C. A. F. (dead heat); 3, Craven, Navy. Time 23 1-5 second (new Maritime inter-services record.)

Running broad jump: 1, Burton, R. C. A. F.; 2, Angus, R. C. A. F.; 3, Hedgewick, Navy, 20 ft. 2 ins.

One mile medley: 1, R. C. A. F.; 2 Navy; 3, Army. Time 3.56 Shuttle relay (women): 1, Navy; 2, Army.

880 yards relay: 1, R. C. A. F.; 2, Navy; 3, Army. Time 1.38 (new Maritime inter-service record.)

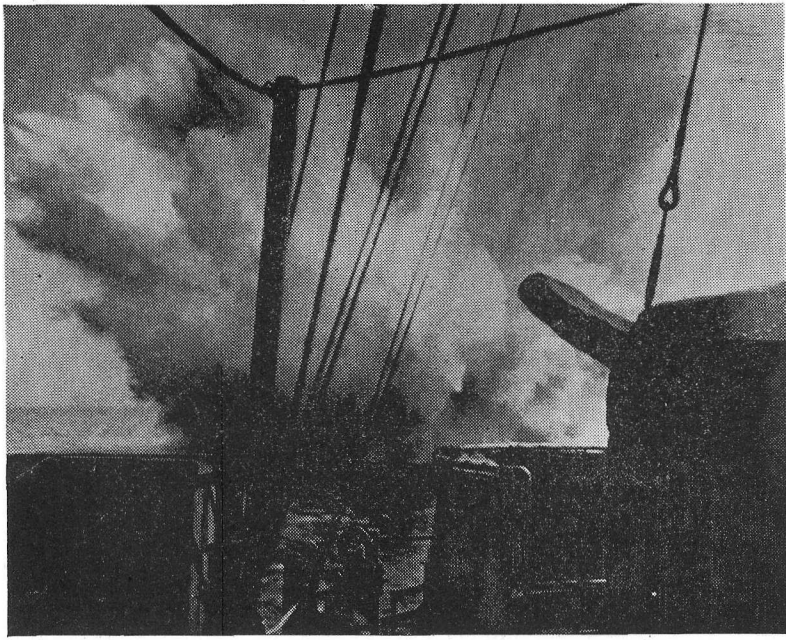
Three mile run: 1, Lonsdale, R. C. A. F.; 2, Jeffrey, R. C. A. F.; 3, MacLaughlin, Army, Time 16.8 3-5.

440 yards relay: 1, Army (MacAdam, York, Wiggs, Thorpe); 2, R. C. A. F.; 3, Navy. Time 47 1-5 seconds. (new Maritime inter-services record.)

Gunner's Mate - When I arrived in Africa they shot off a cannon. A B - Missed ya, huh?



PRETTY SIGHT—FROM A DISTANCE



The above picture shows what happens when a mine goes off with an explosion that sounds like an earthquake tremor and erupts thousands of tons of water. The picture was taken from the bridge of a tiny minesweeper during the recent big sweep. R.C.N. Photo.

Navy Sports Day At HMCS "Queen" Draws Many Enthusiastic Spectators

By Lt. P. H. McKew

Navy Sports day was held recently at Campion College, Regina. The weather was especially fine and an enthusiastic crowd witnessed keen displays of track and field events.

Sports Officer S/Lt. R. I. Shales, showing his natural endowment for organization, prepared a top-notch table and the effectiveness with which it was carried out left nothing to be desired.

Promptly at 1.15 p.m. the Ship's Company "fell in" on the main deck of H.M.C.S. "Queen," marching smartly to the College campus where the program got under way.

Outstanding among the competitors were: O/Sea. Robertson, who displayed stellar talent in track events; O/S.a. Barrett, who showed well as a combination man and O/S.a. Frank Smith who put the shot 42 feet with ease, as well as winning the discuss throw.

Ship's Company Division is to be congratulated on winning the Divisional Championship, but each event was keenly contested and their success entailed most strenuous efforts.

Mrs. N. L. Pickersgill, wife of the Officer Commanding H.M.C.S. "Queen," and Mrs. A. G. Sexsmith, wife of the Executive Officer, presented prizes to the winners and following this a tasty meal was enjoyed by competitors and spectators alike.

The facilities provided by the Campion College authorities merit high praise and everything to ensure a successful meet was provided for.

Summary of Events

100 Yds.—Robertson and Heier (tie), Biegler; 220 Yds.—Barrett, Waite and Shelley (tie), McNutt; 440 Yds.—Ulmer, Grigg, Helfrick and Duckworth (tie); 440 Yds.—Ship's Co., Anson Division, Drake Division; 880 Yds. Relay—Rodney, Ship's Co. and Anson (tie), Drake Division; 1 Mile—Fairburn, Kinwig, Helfrick; ½ mile—Currie, Heier, Parker; 3-Legged Race—Armstrong and Abs, Goodman and Dexter, Kinwig and Nelson; Wheel-Barrow—Wilcox and Gordon, Kerr and Parker, Cugnet and Elchuk; Tug of War—Rodney Division; Baseball Game—Ship's Company; Shot put—Smith, Kinwig, Bolianatz; Dis-

Navymen At Hamilton Getting New Barracks

When next you hear from "Star" through The Crow's Nest we will have moved to new barracks. Even as this is written, working parties are scattered all over the old ship, shifting and moving furniture. We expect that at any moment our desk will be spirited away and we shall find ourselves typing on our knees.

We are all greatly looking forward to start work in the new barracks. It will be so different from the old. Instead of smelk and grime and noise from the railroad tracks, we hope for fresh breezes, clean sun and comparative quiet from noises, other than the usual heard about a training ship.

We won't spoil the climax of the opening day by trying to describe the new barracks to in this article. By this time next month we hope to have picturds and stories galore about the big opening of the new HMCS Star

Shavings From A Lathe In The Ordnance Shop

by W. G. Poirier C. O. A.

One of the O. A.'s, while strolling with a certain young lady in Navy Blue, gazed into her eyes, and was so enchanted by their beauty that he did not realize he had stepped on a wasp's nest. By all appearances he was quite puffed up over the incident.

New Mess.

The Chief P. O.'s of the Ordnance Shop are quite pleased with the organization of their new mess with it's homey atmosphere and excellent service. They are looking forward to the many improvements to be made in the near future.

The 3rd of O. A.'s "Q" have completed their course and are ready for the guillotine.

They all hope the blade won't be too sharp as they are anxious to get their leaves so they can show the folks how pretty they look in their nice uniforms. Incidentally, Norman (4th dimension) Williams keeps the class pretty well tied in knots with his arguments.

Slipping

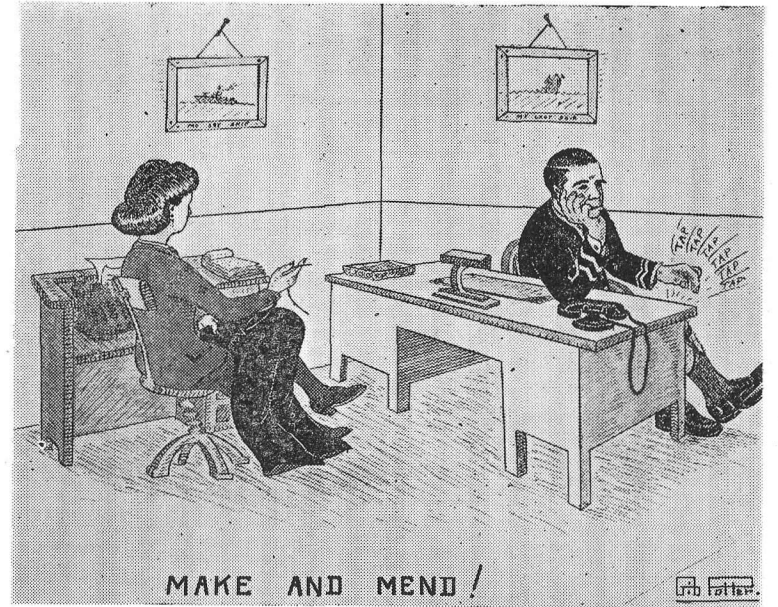
The O. A.'s were conspicuous by their absence at the recent Wrens' dance. Boys, are you losing your S. A. (that's sex appeal not semi-automatic!) or has the new location of the Wren mess cramped your style? Oh well, maybe you'll do better at the jeep's dance as you won't be so well known there, or maybe Chief Writer Gordon could arrange a blind date for you, keeping your marital status a secret of course!!

Locals

C. P. O. Burgess (Roger the Lodger) Berry has returned from another spot of leave in B. C. His absence from local sports was noticed by all, but his accounts of his conquests on the West Coast lead us to believe that although we lost heavily, the Coast got the worst of the deal.

The buzz has it, that C. O. A. Edgitt is due back with us in the near future. We know he won't mind leaving his present location at the Loyal City -- not much!!

O. A.'s Lutes and Szadabos have finally decided to say, "I do." The boys wish them all kinds of happiness. A fund has been organized in the



BOOK REVIEWS

These Books Are Available At The Naval Reading Service

Mr. and Mrs. Cugat Isobel by Scott Rorick. A happy-go-lucky story of married life as told by Mrs. Cugat. Incidents which might occur in any family told with a lightness of touch which will give you many a chuckle.

The Story of Dr. Wassel by James Hilton—The story of a U. S. Naval Doctor who finds himself in a most unenviable situation. He is in charge of a ward at a hospital in Java full of casualties from the 'USS 'Marblehead'. This is the story of his loyalty to his patients and of his untiring efforts to get them safely evacuated when the Island is invaded by the Japanese.

The Case of the Baited Hook by Earl Stanley Gardner. Perry Mason

branch to supply the O. A.'s at sea with cigarettes at Christmas time.

Brain Buster

Here's a little argument which cropped up in the showers one night. How large a hole would have to be bored through the centre of a steel ball six inches in diameter in order to decrease its original weight by exactly one half. (We don't know, either, so don't ask us.—Ed.)

as usual skips close to the line, keeping just one jump ahead of the District Attorney's office. Believe it or not, his main difficulty is in trying to discover the identity of his client!

Death Wears A White Gardenia by Zelda Popkin.

The Credit Manager of a Department store is discovered murdered on the day of a huge anniversary sale. In his hand is clutched a white gardenia. Mary Carner finds out why.

The Nutmeg Tree by Margery Sharp

The irrepressible Julia, about whom this story is written will keep you in suspense—wondering about what she will do next. Her amazing capacity for friendship for all types of people get her in and out of scrapes with breathtaking regularity.

Immortal Sergeant by John Brophy

A sergeant, a corporal and twelve men start out on a patrol in Libya. This story is about the corporal—Colin Spence; about the girl he left behind—Valentine Finch; and about Sergeant Kelly who, though killed in the second quick flurry of action the patrol encounters, brings them through safely through his wise teaching. A dramatic story, well told.

SOME OF THE BOYS WHO MADE THE BIG SWEEP



The Royal Canadian Navy's fighting ships -- big and small -- manned by sailors from every province in the Dominion, recently frustrated enemy plans to bottle up Halifax Harbor with high-explosive mine fields. After many tense and tiring days, the Navy announced complete control of the danger areas off the mouth of the harbor and that the mines had been swept without loss of life or convoyed shipping.

The happy-looking crew of one of the vessels poses for the photographer on the fo'c'sle of their ship before proceeding on another job. They are, left to right: Front row; Sub. Lt. George Schuthe, RCNVR, and Sub. Lt. Joe Adam, RCNVR, both of Vancouver; and A. B. Charles Honour, RCNVR, Montreal; Second row: Cook Len Martindale, RCNVR, Vancouver; L/Smn. Bill Balmer, RCNVR, Toronto; A. B. Ray Cox, RCN, Vancouver; P. O. Lowell Evns, RCNVR, Acme, Alta; L/Smn. Bill Gordon, RCNR, Sarnia, Ont.; Third row: A. B. Malcolm Campbell, RCNVR, Tel. Sid Hargreaves, RCNVR, Toronto; Sig. Lloyd Duckett, RCNVR, Montreal; Sto. Bill Carder, RCNVR, Settler, Alta; L/Sto. Elmer Rose, RCNVR, Vancouver; Fourth row; L/Sto. Percy Young, RCNVR, Winnipeg; A.B. Jack Lancien, RCNVR, Regina; O/Smn. John Bunce, RCNVR, Winnipeg; and O/Smn. Sam Snobelen, RCNVR, Chatham Ontario. RCN Photo.

Sailor: "Boy, oh Boy! Is that blonde a hot number!"

Bouncer: "Do you know who I am? I'm that blonde's husband."

Sailor: "Huh-know who I am? I'm the biggest liar in the Navv."

Regina Tars Hold Dance In Air Force Gymnasium

Lieut-Commander Pickersgill, Commanding Officer, H.M.C.S. "Queen," Regina, Sask., together with his Officers and men spent an enjoyable evening with their ladies recently, dancing to the excellent music provided by No. 2 I.T.S., R.C.A.F. orchestra. This took place in the Air Force gymnasium by kind permission of the Officer Commanding.

Pending completion of their own dancing accommodation, preparations were expertly arranged by the "Queen" Canteen Committee and to them in no small measure belongs the credit for a highly successful undertaking.

Among the highlights was the presentation of a cigarette case to L/Sea. Montgomery, Divisional Petty Officer by the newly-graduated "Hood" Division.

There were several novelty dances for which prizes were given and lucky dancers included, Lieut. and Mrs. Walker, Writer E. Cole and Bernice Cowhig.

At midnight, a tasty repast, prepared by Galley members of H.M.C.S. "Queen," was served and dancing reluctantly ended with mutual hopes for an early repetition.

White-cap Whirlabout

By C.P.O. Reg. Mylrea, P. & R. T. I.

The highlight of "Cornwallis" P.&R.T. programme for the month was the physical training display performed on the occasion of the visits of the Minister of Naval Affairs, Angus L. MacDonald on September 20 and the Chief of Naval Staff, Vice Admiral P. W. Nelles, September 22. Featuring over 100 new entry seamen in a mass rhythmic physical training table performed to music, the 1 1/2 hour programme went off without a hitch. Supervised by Commander Mount-Haes R.N. and Lieut. A. Park RCNVR, all phases of physical training carried out by New Entry Seamen were performed, the mass party breaking into groups for apparatus and mat work, boxing and recreation games. The finale was a parallel bar display by the P.&R.T. Instructors.

Boxing Tourney

The novice boxing tournament September 8 saw action galore when 28 boxers representing all blocks showed their wares in a battle for divisional honors. The semi-final bouts which for the most part were packed with action, were just an appetizer to the crowd of over 2000 spectators who thoroughly enjoyed the bruising final bouts, the best ever carded on any show to date. Benbow Block with a one point lead over Collingwood took the honors for the Block aggregate closely followed by Drake and Anson.

Baseball Champs

The New Entry representatives in the Establishment Baseball loop with two successive victories, 11- and 6-3, over MTE in the finals, captured the Cornwallis championship. The mound duties were capably handled by slim "Jim" Dingate of Winnipeg and "Bull" Carpenter, playing coach from Regina, Brian Cotter, Haligonian, doing the receiving. The heavy hitting fell to a trio of outfielders, Bob. Larkins, senior O.B.A. player from Ottawa George Jackson, Winnipeg and Al. Lennard, of Montreal big four rugby fame.

Sets Record

Racing around the 360-yard obstacle course in the record breaking time of one minute and fifty-seven seconds, Ord. Sea. Gilmet, Montreal boy, hung up a new record which has survived three weeks of sharpshooting by hopeful record breakers. Teams of 10 entries representing all blocks competed in the race, Anson Block winning, closely followed by Effingham and Grenville. To-date only four athletes have broken the two minute mark; Gilmet (Collingwood), McLellan (Anson), Bunda (Effingham) and Carlson (Grenville)

Take Rugby Opener

In the opening rugby game of the Inter-Block League, Anson bowed to Collingwood in a contest that sparkled with beautiful running and passing plays. Although marred by fumbles the game showed promise for the type of football which will be forthcoming later in the season. Al. Lennard playing coach of Collingwood was a continual threat for the winners with his accurate passing. Late in the first quarter he lateraled to Smith after a nice running play, Smith going over for the only major score of the game. Lennard converted for the extra point. Anson's only score resulted from a hefty boot by Spencer, the Collingwood receiver being downed behind his own goal line for a rouge. Spencer for the losers was outstanding throughout the game, La Bine and Riley also contributing some nice plunging and defensive work.

Windsor Sailors Kept Busy With Sports, Entertainment

Sports and entertainment are good for the morale of the troops, and as far as the men of H. M. C. S. "Hunter" at Windsor, Ontario are concerned, there is no lack of that essential product in their menu. On moving to H. M. C. S. "Hunter II", it was found necessary to plow up and level off an adjoining field to provide an out-door recreation centre, and Officers and Ratings went to work with a vengeance. The result was inevitable, and today the "Hunter" men have a field that not only enables them to play softball, Volleyball and pitch Horse-shoes, but in addition provides excellent parade ground as well.

Officers Win Once

Under the supervision of Special Services Officer S/Lt. Frank Gallop and P. T. I. Rockett, softball took a new lease on life, with several exhibition games between the Officers and Trainees being the highlight of the month. Whether it was due to the fact that the Commanding Officers, Lt.-Cdr. A. Ross Webster and the Executive Officer, Lieut. Carmichael played in the first game was responsible for the only win for the Officers is undecided, but suffice it to say it was the only victory for them, the men handing out a thorough shellacking to the Officers at other times.

Stage shows, using members of the Ship's Company, as well as outside talent, have proved highly successful, and in this connection special mention should be made of the stellar piano playing of Able Seaman Bate (now at Stadacona), Leading Cook Mitchell's tap-dancing, and Assistant Cook Tacon's inimitable impersonations.

One of the most active groups to be found anywhere is the Active Service Club, and with pleasant recreational facilities, plus any number of glamour-girl hostesses, the men are always assured of an enjoyable visit to this popular spot. Their main contribution to the social events of the month was a weiner roast on Peche Island, which was attended by over 60 ratings, some of whom got their first "sea time" on the boat trip across the Detroit River. And speaking of Detroit brings to mind that the boys only have to take a short bus ride across the border to avail themselves of the many benefits that are offered by the United Service Organizations who go "all-out" for the Service men.

A popular feature of the month's activities was the Ship's Company Dance which was attended by 200 officers, men and guests. With dance music being supplied by Bandmaster P. O. Wood's swing section of the Navy Band, a floor show by the Active Service Club, and refreshments, a

good time was had by all. The Navy Band is quite popular in Windsor, comprising as it does some 36 members, to young for Active Service, who are at the present time on Divisional strength. Competing against 11 bands at the Ford Company's Annual Show at Belle Island they had the distinction of getting 4th place against bands who have played together fore yars.

Construction is now in full swing for the new barracks to be situated in the Marketorium Bldg. on Ouellette Avenue, and on completion the men will have living quarters and recreational facilities that should be second to none. A strong "buzz" has it that Wrens will be stationed at the new barracks, and already members of the Accountant Branch, which includes P. O. Writers Stevens and Orchard, Leading Writers Spindler and Wright, and Writers Garrett, Windsor, Yates, Budd, Faulkner and Jabora are brushing up on their Emily Post so as not to make any fateful blunders when the eventful day arrives.



Pat Madden

AT THE RINGSIDE

With Charles James, Chief Stoker

Navy boxers made a good showing on programs in the Halifax area during the past month. At a tourney in the city early in the month Pat Phillips put up a fine fight against Van Snick of the Air Force, a cagey and experienced fighter with a lot of experience. Phillips held ground during the first four rounds but Van Snick forced the fighting in the last stanza and won a close decision.

Jimmie Cummings, 118 pounds, found a Tartar in Allan Earl, 120 pounds, a merchant seaman from Glace Bay. Earl, a boy with no reputation here, but who had fought Louis Mithers the week before in Montreal, proved to be a fine battler and hammered out a close decision over Jimmie at the close of a crowd-pleasing scrap.

Tricky Fighter

Pat Madden, 118 pounds, in from sea for a few days, pleased the crowd with one of his finished exhibitions of clever boxing. He had as his opponent Kid Sullivan of Halifax. Sullivan, a good fighter, put up a fine battle, but Pat weakened his opponent with a hard left to the solar plexus, stopping his man in the fourth round.

Roger Whynot, 148, added another quick win to his credit in his bout with Gunner Cowley. Cowley was no match for Whynot, who tore into his opponent from the opening gong, finally putting him down and out half-way through the first round with a hard right to the jaw.

It is hoped that, as in other years, the Navy will be well represented in the Maritime amateur contests to be held November 18 and 19. Training sessions are held Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings in the Drill Shed, HMCS Stadacona, where there are splendid facilities for getting in shape.

Chief Shipwright: Now, then, hurry up, you guys!

O/Sea: "Aw, Rome wasn't built in a day."

Chief Supt: Yeah, but I wasn't boss on that job."

Recruit: "Give me a uniform." S.A.: "How do you want it, too a big or too small?"

Toronto Sailors' Grid Squad Bows To Air Force In Opener

By L/Sea Jack Judges

"York's" first rugby game ended somewhat disastrously when the team was defeated by the R. C. A. F. Hurricanes on September 18, at Varsity Stadium.

Last year's Canadian champions still retain many of their all-star aggregation, and had too much weight and experience for the sailors, who fielded a young team, of which O/Sea. Sandy Milne was the only left-over from last year.

The score was 31-3, but did not represent the run of the game. Costly errors made at inopportune times gave the defending champions breaks which they put to best use. In passing, it is mentioned that only three of the Navy squad were over 21, and of the starting team four were playing their first game of rugby.

Still In There

"York" senior softball team is still in the running for the Beaches Senior Softball League. At the moment the team is in a play-off with People's Credit Jewellers for the right to play Tip Top Tailors for the League Championship.

Pitcher Bus Benson, who has been a mainstay for the team all season, is the hope of the Navy squad, although

recent additions in centre fielder Johnny Adams and second baseman George Gee will help during the play-offs. Adams is a sensational fielder and timely hitter, while Gee is a better than average infielder. These additions permit Scotty Mair, who has been holding down second base, to move out to his proper spot in right field, and the general all-round strength of the team has thereby been improved.

On September 20, the Army Service Corps from Camp Borden visited "York" and a match was played on the Air Force grounds at Manning Depot. The sailors won the game 10-0, and a return match is in the offing. The Borden team featured Neil Colville, Kenny Reardon and a few others of hockey renown.

Pin Spillers

"York's" permanent staff Bowling League made up of sixteen teams of ratings and eight teams of Wrens swung into action on September 20.

The teams were made up of Cooks, S. B. A.'s, Divisional Officers, Supply Assistants, Central Victualling Depot, Sports Locker, Writers, Engineering Staff, Petty Officers, Maintenance, Band, and staff of C. O. R. D.

The Wrens did not divide off in

Continued on page 12

WHY TRURO?

(Being A Word Or Three From The Circulation Manager)

For lol these many moons we have been pestered, plagued, badgered and browbeaten as to why the name "Truro" appears on our dateline, instead of "Halifax". Now, it's Not, (as some have basely insinuated because we are so enamoured of Truro, although it IS a lovely little city--neither is it another case of Discrimination against the city of Halifax. No one realizes more than we do how paradoxical (swell word, that--had quite a time typing it, what with our two-fingered "Hunt & Peck" system and the letter "a" sticking, and all) now where were we oh yes, how para-- how queer it must seem, that the Navy paper should bear the dateline of a town so little associated with Naval operations as Truro.

But-- there's nothing we can do about it. This paper (for certain very important reasons) is printed in Truro--it is mailed to our great and growing legion of subscribers through the Truro Post Office--ergo (Latin for "therefore" to youse guys) to obtain the special mailing-rate, the name Truro must appear on the dateline. But prominently!

This is our final word on the subject (we hope.) As for the next son-of-a-moose who says "Why Truro?" we'll Truro him! We'll clip 'im, so help us, we'll mow 'mi, down!

We might, even, *Ecum Secum*.

THE FIGHTING SPIRIT



Salts of the sea are sincere in the time-honored belief that "mascots" bring good luck and smooth sailing and here we see "Smcky" the pet kitten of the crew aboard HMCS Sault Ste. Marie doing a bit of sparring with Able Seaman Roy Taylor, RCNVR, of Montreal, in the wheelhouse aboard ship. RCN Photo.

THE SAILORS' LADIES

By M. F. R.

It is simply amazing the way the men in the Navy become accustomed to different situations and emergencies and press bravely through to victory. For instance, the other day a young bride-to-be was busy shaking out and displaying her trousseau items to her fiancé, who sat quietly through the scene with a look of calm concentration on his face. We heard his first remark in a slightly awed voice, "Gosh, pillow cases!" And then a short pause, a few more exhibits, and our sailor finished up breathless but triumphant, "Gosh, cotton sheets!"

Is there any truth in the rumour that the boys will fight bitterly and vociferously all attempts on the part of the railroad officials to utilize extra coaches on the trains? Comfortably wedged between a Wren and a C. W. A. C. on his homeward or dutyward trip, with dozens and dozens of the fair sex packed into the same coach, a sailor feels he can look at any future task with true masculine courage. But spread the travellers out thin, each passenger forced to sit formally in one big, empty seat with one big magazine? A thousand times no! Any argument about this would always end in the accepted Hollywood manner, the national anthem sweeping through the theatre, a sailor gesturing to the crowded coaches and declaring ringingly, "This is worth fighting for!"

This month's humor prize really should go to the September issue of the Crow's Nest for the caption over the photograph of the murals, about seeing the beautiful brushes used by the artist. Seems just as credible as a lady ushering her husband and his cheque book into a mink coat department then exclaiming interestedly at the shoes the models were wearing.

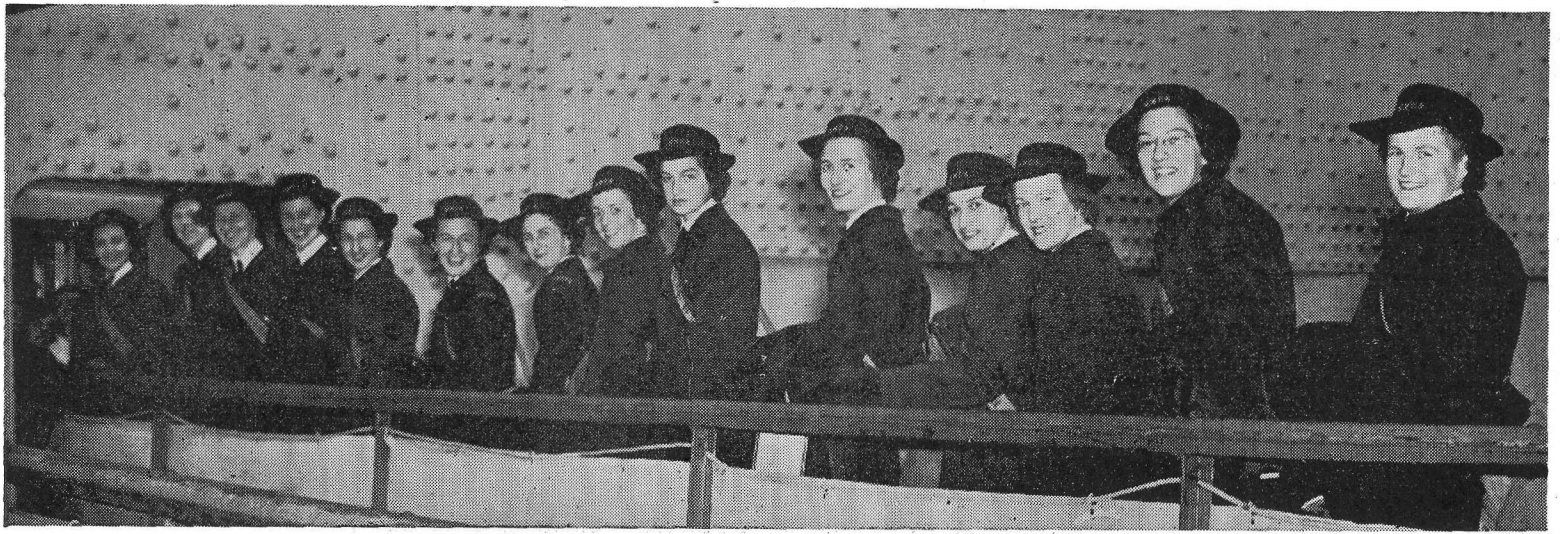
Discipline as taught in the Navy found an ardent believer in a certain gentleman who had only recently stepped into marriage. The more he thought about that strict discipline business, the more he liked it, and decided he would build his whole future life upon what he had been taught. After some months he found an occasion to air his theories with his blonde young wife who had annoyed him considerably over some financial matter. He took a "firm stand," roared out his rules and regulations for her future conduct, ended up with a furious fist pounding a table top. When he opened his eyes after having almost scared himself with such violence, he discovered his fragile, blue-eyed spouse giggling with rapturous delight and entreating him, "Oh darling, that was cute - do it again!"

It didn't take the ladies long to become an important part of this war, we are pleased to see, and the complete transition from brunch coat to burberry was made very clear to us in a conversation held recently with a Wren officer, who was explaining part of her job in Canada. Feeling justifiably proud of her present appointment, our friend remarked, "You see, I've released a Wren for overseas duty" -- and she has!

We don't suppose Roosevelt or Churchill have worried about this a great deal, but if we were asked to add a paragraph to the postwar planning outline from the feminine angle, we'd realistically write down at once—(No. 4A). Draft a scheme to prevent any revolutionary outbreaks when he comes home and introduces the "girl he left behind him" to the "girl he married over there."

We see more talk in the newspapers about changing the style of the Wrens' hats, reminding us that times are not so different from a few years ago when, to the ladies, Suzy was more important than Stalin. Then we ponder once more the fact that men seem perfectly contented to accept any style of clothing just so long as it does not get changed

OFF FOR "SOMEWHERE IN THE BRITISH ISLES"



Happiest girls in the navy today are a group of young Canadian Wrens—the first group to be drafted overseas—who have just arrived at a British port for duty at a Royal Canadian Navy base somewhere in England. Hailing from all parts of the Dominion, they were full of excitement at boarding a

huge troopship before leaving from an eastern Canadian port. For most of them it was their first peek at an ocean liner—and their first sight of the sea. Here the photographer catches them going up the gangway on the first step of their new mission. R C N Photo

British Girls Complete Course At W.R.C.N.S. Training Base

by Georgina Murray, W.R.C.N.S.

Six English Wrens who are returning this week to continue their work in the United States, have recently completed four weeks of basic training with their Canadian sisters at HMCS Conestoga, Galt, Ontario. They are English girls who, since the outbreak of war, for one reason or another have come to the United States, eventually joining their favourite branch of the services at their coming of age.

In the group are included the very first Wren to be signed up abroad, Betty Bleeck, whose home is in Bournemouth, England. Wren Bleeck was caught in France when war broke out and escaped to Portugal and from there secured passage to the United States. She enlisted a year ago last March, and is working in the Signals Division at Washington.

Newest Recruit

On the other hand, Jill Varney "just-turned-eighteen" is the newest recruit. Wren Varney joined the Wrens in Jamaica, where her parents are now residing, and she also works in Signals at Washington.

All six girls are enthusiastic about Canada, and all plan to come back on leave, or whenever possible.

"We knew the very instant we'd crossed the border," said one last week at Galt, "without signs or anything, we just knew we were on British soil. The towns looked different, the signs were more familiar. And then when we went into the diner and saw roast beef and Yorkshire pudding on the menu.....well....."

Gertrude Ransome, Gloria King-Hedinger and Helen Kinsler are all from London, England. Brenda Carter is from Winchester, England, and was sent to Winchester, Virginia, on the town exchange plan, inaugurated during the siege of London.

War Guest

"You may have read about it in your newspapers," Wren Carter observed. "The Mayor of Winchester, Virginia, wrote to the Mayor of Winchester, England, saying that his

on them too much and we realize that maybe the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under the skin, but men will always be a baffling mystery to us!

town could house and care for seventeen girls for the duration of the war. But passage for only three could be arranged and I was one of them. I think I am very lucky. I like it here very much, and I love the work I'm doing."

Gloria King-Hedinger has been since June of this year in the British Naval Liaison Office, New York. Helen Kinsler is in the Fleet Air Arm and since last April has been checking out aircraft at Roosevelt Field.

The girls all said they enjoyed Galt tremendously, and that the out-of-door exercise and carefully planned routine made them think of summer camp life at home.

Caught in Fijis

"It's wonderful...like having a holiday," was the way Gertrude Ransome put it. Wren Ransome left England in the late summer of 1939 on a trip to Australia to visit her aunt. The outbreak of War found her in the Fijis and unable to return to England. Faced with the prospect of being stranded in the Islands for the duration she decided to go to work and earn enough money to get out. She had various jobs, among them accounting, censoring and finally managing the radio station at Fiji. From Fiji she got to the United States and worked her way East to New York by selling dresses in department stores, selling insurance and doing secretarial work. She finally reached New York. She was the first Wren to join the WRNS in New York and has been a pay writer there since last September. She has a father and brother in the British Army. She likes American bathrooms but wishes there were more fireplaces.

From now on, each month, six English Wrens from the United States will take a month's basic training with the WRCNS at HMCS Conestoga, Galt. Although many of these girls have been at their category work for a year or more, and are more than used to their trim little uniforms, all of them will be introduced to a parade square for the first time.

Surg-Lieut. - Why did you put that young sailor in a private room?

Nursing Sister - Because he's too cute for wards.

I Visit Canada

By Wave Caroline Edler, U.S.N.

Just as all eagerly anticipated trips, the train ride to Canada was much longer than the very same ride home. With the train more than an hour late, Yeoman Sykes and I could scarcely contain ourselves.....and when the train *did* pull into Toronto our reunion with our Wren friends was carried on in a slightly unmilitary manner. It was great seeing Wrens Pyke, Clark, and Reyburn, who just a month ago had presented us with a "Waves" birthday cake on the International Bridge, at Niagara Falls, N. Y.

From the station we were whisked away in a Navy car and taken to Hollywood House where we met many more Wrens. Being a "furriner" was most exciting, and we felt like "stars for a day" with cameras constantly clicking. Having tried to get film ourselves for the momentous occasion we were doubly appreciative of such lavish attention. After a tour of inspection we commented that we'd certainly like being stationed in such lovely and livable quarters.

Travel To Galt

Later in the afternoon tea was served on the terrace. Center of interest was the three-tier birthday cake of the Wrens. While we were still in the midst of getting acquainted, it was time to catch the train for Galt. On arriving at Galt, we were again whizzed off in a Navy car. Those M. T. girls are certainly on the job! I was quite amused at the seating arrangement with the benches on the sides, because they reminded me so very much of our police wagons—a comparison I must have gleaned from seeing so many G-man movies.

At HMCS Conestoga we were taken to the office of Lt. Cdr. Macneill who greeted us and suggested an early retiring since Sunday was to be a full day. (Fuller than Saturday!!!) Having met Commander Macneill, it was easy to ascertain later why every Wren was so obviously an integral part of the WRCNS.

After Sunday church services we were honored by inspecting the ranks with Commander Macneill. As the colorful Boy Scout troop preceded the Wrens in review and we all saluted the colors, I recognized that instant as the most thrilling of my stay in Canada. Shortly after the review, we boarded a Navy bus and pursued a steady course to Hamilton. Once near Lake Ontario it didn't take us long to spot HMCS Pathfinder on which we were to have our first "sea duty." When I saw the angle of the gangplank by which we were to approach the ship, I knew that after almost a year in the Navy, I was just then beginning to get really "salty." Commander Macneill ascended the plank and went onto the quarterdeck probably being the first woman in history to be piped aboard a ship. I readily confirmed that instant as the most thrilling of my stay in Canada. The voyage was a grand experience for all of us Wrens and Waves. The seamen showed us the rudiments of semaphore, steering, and abandoning

ship, and in return we taught them the intricacies of how a Wave really ties her tie.

Attend Party

After the voyage some of "Pathfinders" officers accompanied us back to Galt. There we saw the Wrens at the height of celebrating their First Anniversary. All sorts of sports events were held, a ball game played, the candles on the cake ceremoniously blown out by charter Wrens, and a corn roast featured. If any of our Canadian friends would have had time to observe the fabulous amounts of food we consumed, they would have wondered what kind of a point-rationing system had been worked out by the U. S. for members of their services.

The next morning we toured the administration building and also HMCS horticultural projects. I shall always marvel at the self-sufficiency of Wren establishments. Then we went to Jellico and delighted in the gardens surrounding it. We spent so much time in the gardens that we really had to hurry back to the Conestoga via the "Conestoga Bug" a very seaworthy craft (most worthy of scuttling). Having thanked Commander Macneill for the privilege of participating in the WRCNS birthday celebration, we were rushed to the station. The only lamentable part of the whole wonderful week-end was --- we did not miss the train.

NEW HATS?

It's a millinery secret—keep it under your hat!

That's what the Wrens are saying these days about the possibility of getting tricorns with their re-designed new uniforms late this Fall. Word that all ratings are to have an officer-type headgear for tiddley and a real sailor cap for everyday pusser wear is going the rounds and the girls in Women's Royal Canadian Naval Service are quite excited about it.

Most of them like their navy blue
Continued on page 12



Pictured above are the first six of a group of English Wrens to receive basic training in Canada. From left to right Helen Kinsler, London, Jill Varney, London, Brenda Carter, Winchester, Gloria King-Hedinger, London, Gertrude Ransome, London and Betty Bleeck, Bournemouth.

CORN and CLASSICS

By Mr. R. W. McGall, Bandmaster



The people of today believe that they are quite intelligent. They'll tell you so themselves if you ask them. They will point to the aeroplane, the radio, television, or radar and they'll smile with satisfaction. Modern science has accomplished astounding feats, they'll tell you, far outstripping preceding generations. Our medical men, inventors, engineers and even travelling salesmen are away out in front. And this is only the beginning. The future is even brighter. Think of the post-war world. It will be a positive fairy-land of comfort and convenience where housewives will become pets and husbands will go to work by air, if there is any work to go to. The mentality of man is truly at its highest level. The people of the world believe that of themselves, and, strangely enough, they are probably right.

Strange Beast

But man is an incongruous soul. Even though he believes his own generation superior in most fields, there are a few glaring and somewhat unreasonable exceptions. One of these is music. For man, proud of his progress, looking ever forward, turns his head when it comes to music, and looks into the past a hundred years or more. For art, he says, must ever be ancient. And a hundred years from now, the music of today will thus be cherished. Meanwhile, its composers will probably starve to death.

Unfortunate as the situation is, there is hope of vast improvement. Modern music enthusiasts are growing in numbers. Its artistic possibilities are being admitted. Absolute purity in music, as in life, while still thought to be admirable by many, is being recognized as impractical, if not impossible, by many more. But complete recognition cannot be reached until it has become fashionable to enjoy modern music, just as it is now fashionable to enjoy the works of the old masters. When that happens, another monument to artistic illiteracy will have been unveiled.

Competent Authority

For a clearer glimpse into the changing world of music, we leave you in the more competent hands of Elis Siegmeyer, writing in the introduction

"ANGUS"

Posted as missing for nearly a week after going A. W. L. from his ship, Angus is now officially "discharged dead". His is a nameless grave, but his memory lingers on in the hearts of his fellow shipmates on board HMCS Conestoga.

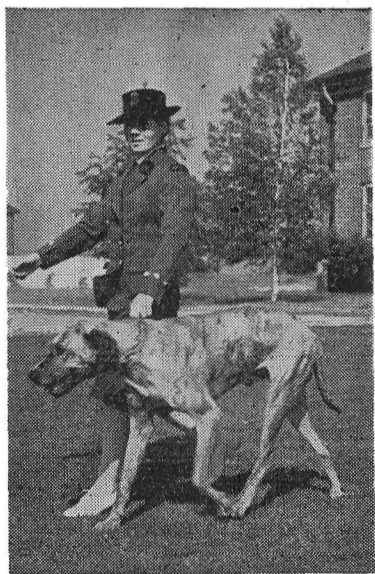
The sad announcement of his demise at an early age was made to several hundred members of the ship's company by Chief Petty Officer Phyllis Sanderson, of Vancouver, recently, and a pall

to "The Music Lover's Handbook" "During the past two generations, deep and far-reaching changes have taken place in the world of music. Ideals of pleasing harmony, beautiful tone, and "pure" expression, held sacred for hundreds of years, have slowly but definitely broken down. Timbres, rhythms, and motives unknown to a previous age-- the beat of the honky-tonk, the noise of the city, the rhythms of jazz and mills and motors, the thunder of the people's war-- all these have found their way into symphonic works. In addition to the dignified "legitimate" sonorities of the traditional orchestra, composers have added, to their scores the moan of the blues, the squealing clarinet, "hot" trumpet, saxophone, and drums, the twanging Kentucky fiddle and guitar--and these scores have been performed in the most distinguished concerts by Koussevitzky, Stokowski, and Toscanini, himself.

"The old dividing lines between "serious" and "popular" music, once so sharply drawn, have grown indistinct. With the serious musicians turning to the more "commercial" outlets, and the tunesmiths of Tin Pan Alley working their way up towards the symphonic field, such divisions may soon cease to have any meaning whatsoever. A new concept and style of music is definitely emerging

of gloom descended upon the ship which had known him so well.

For Angus was a handsome Great Dane, official mascot of the Wrens in training at Galt, where Conestoga is



the WRCNS training ship. Presented early this summer by a public-spirited citizen of Galt, he had been the constant companion of the Master-at-Arms there and attended all inspections morning divisions and parades in his official capacity.

Angus did not turn out for inspection on Sunday, August 29, the first anniversary of the founding of the WRCNS, and since it was a very special occasion, the Wrens knew that something serious must have happened. Working parties searched for him that week without success, and word finally came from a train crew that Angus had been run over on a near-by radial track.

The ship still has "Bytown," a scatter-brained spaniel; "Tribby," the commanding officer's neat little Dachshund, and the usual complement of ships' cats--but Angus left an aching void.

White Ensign Association Endorsed By Navy Minister

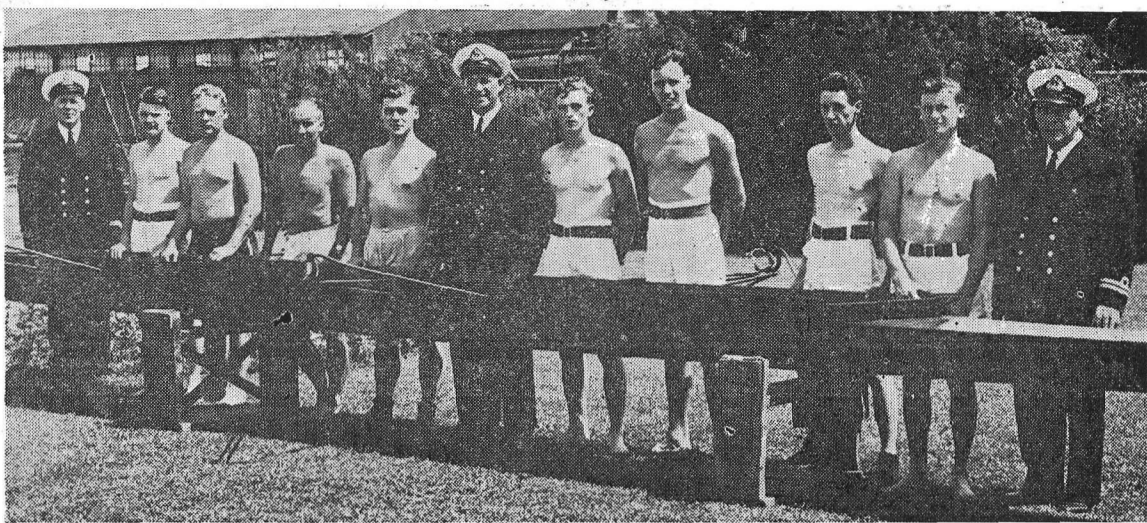
Speaking with reference to the aim of the White Ensign Association to expand into a nation-wide organization for Naval veterans and for men at present actively engaged in Naval warfare as members of any of the Empire's Navies, the Hon. Angus L. Macdonald, Minister of National Defence for Naval Services, writes in a letter to the editor of The Crow's Nest:

"As patron of the Association, I am glad of this opportunity to endorse most heartily the aim of the Association. The remarkable expansion of the Canadian Navy in this war should permit of the organization of branches in many parts of Canada, and I believe that a strong Association can be of great assistance to the Navy, both now and after the war.

"I sincerely hope that the campaign for a larger membership and more branches will meet with the fullest success."

Yours truly,
Signed) Angus L. Macdonald.

WHALERS ARE TOO SLOW



Every morning at 0600 sees these rowing enthusiasts out on Hamilton bay learning to handle a scull under the capable direction of Lt. Robert Pearce, world champion sculler. From left to right--Lt. "Ted" Aggett, X.O. of "Star," O/Sea. P. J. Cleary, O/Sea. P. Ethrington, O/Sea. W. J. A. Gardiner, S/A J. Friel, Lt. Pearce (Sports Officer), Sto. I. G. Thompson, O/Sea. N. M. Lyons, O/Sea. K. A. Johnson, O/Sea. K. R. Weaver, and Lieut. (E) Harry Brewer from C.O.R.D. Photo by Hamilton Spectator.

"Please Return Gear" Plea Of Dockyard PTI

by L/Sea. E. Battaglia, P. T. I.

There is a certain little chill in the air these days that tells us we are rolling into another season of Fall sports. Canadian and English rugby will be taking the headlines and then basketball will start to get into stride again. Here's hoping everyone has a successful and enjoyable season.

Taking into consideration the fact that the Sports Office soccer gear isn't up to much, we are managing to roll off quite a few games. It would be much appreciated if ships that do borrow gear would take our little plea to heart and see that it is returned promptly and in good order so that others may have it quickly and in good condition. Thus we will be able to continue to loan out the gear. "How about it, fellows?"

Want More Work

The Dockyard gymnasium is shaping up nicely and waiting for more ship's companies to get into the muscle-building spirit.

A greater number of cricket games was played last month and if more gear had been available we could have managed more contests. In one week the sports office arranged 35 games. This means that 70 ships took part in sports and this record can be improved upon - but it's up to the ships, themselves. Here is where the groundwork is done in building up muscles and morale.

Now is the time to organize your basketball team. Every ship should be able to boast of one. We will gladly help in any way we can.

Writers Crowned Champs In Base Softball League

Behind the brilliant pitching of Earl "Speed" Manners, H M C S "Cornwallis" Writers completed their remarkable march to the Throne Room when they defeated the Seamen in two straight games, September, 13 and 14 to win the Ship's Company softball championship of Canada's largest training establishment.

Rated lowly underdogs at the beginning of the season and playing in a league composed of two sections with eight teams in each, the Writers ended in third place behind Fleet Mail Office and Asdic School, which gave them a playoff berth with Asdic School to start the semi-finals. Playing brilliant ball behind the pitching of Manners, they took Asdic in two straight games and earned the right to meet F. M. O. for the "A" Section title. Off to a shaky start, Writers lost the first fixture 7-5 but came back strong to win the next two games and eliminate F. M. O. thus winning the A section title and the right to meet the Seamen, winners of the "B" section title, after disposing of Supply Assistants in two straight games.

Entering the finals against the Seamen who were heavy favourites, Writers played heads-up ball and scored a decisive win 13-3, in a seven inning game played before a large crowd. After a bad start Writers won 10-9.

Writers:

Shatford, cf, Killer, c (Capt.), McLeod ss, Forbes, 3b Heath, lf, Bradley, rf, Manners, p, Moule, 1b, Gamble, 2b, Subs: Tittley, Corkum, Edwards, Dobbin and Fokes. Manager: Pay/Lieut J. B. Gick, Coach C. P. O. Wtr. F. Kempton.

Hamilton Sailors Proud Of Winning Boat's Crew

If the officers and men of HMCS Star seem to be a little proud these days--if they are inclined to puff out their chests and look down on a man from another division--forgive them for they have a good excuse. Their whaler's crew has turned out to be a champion one, and no one can say a word against them.

Here is the story--the story why "Star" is so proud. It all started away back in June, when "Star" challenged HMCS York, of Toronto, to a race. "Star" was pretty confident, for they were the champions of the year before--"York" was out to beat them the best way they could. The day of the race came--crowds lined the course, which was a measured mile, just off the Royal Hamilton Yacht Club. They were treated to one of the finest races yet seen on the lower lakes. After keeping up a blistering pace all the way down the course, "York" came in the victor, followed by half a length by "Star."

It was some time before "York" and "Star" met again. In the meantime, the Hamilton crew met the lads from HMCS Prevost, London, and defeated them in an exciting race. Then came the Henley Regatta at Port Dalhousie. Again "Star" and "York" won their heats and met for the final. Again they raced down the course at terrific speed, but this time, "Star" held the lead all the way down, and crossed the finish line several lengths in front of Toronto. They were, then and there, declared champions of the lower-lakes.

Several weeks later, "Star" journeyed to Toronto, to take part in "York's" big field day. It was a great afternoon, much enjoyed by all the Hamilton sailors, but the most thrilling moment of all, came as the two whaler crews took up their positions on the starting line. Down they came, "Star" leading all the way, but as they neared the finish line, "York" in an unexpected display of reserve power, spurted ahead, and took the race by a short nose.

Even as the race finished, arrangements were being made for the two teams to meet again, this time in the final and decisive race. The winners of this race would be the inter-divisional champions for the year, in Ontario.

The big race was held in Hamilton, on the afternoon of the Sea Cadet Regatta. HMCS Prevost came from London and HMCS Hunter from Windsor. Two heats were run off. The winners? "York" and "Star," of course. Again the old rivals met on the starting line. During the first two or three seconds of the race, "Star" broke on oar. They replaced it in a jiffy and steamed down after, "York." They soon overtook them and held the lead all the way down. This time, instead of "York" spurring at the close, they dropped behind, and "Star" maintained their lead, to win by well over three lengths. The race was over--the championship won.

This Ain't The Navy

A dozen matelots from a Canadian corvette landed in New York for the first time. They had twenty-four hours in which to do the town. One or them said, "Boy, show me the way to Broadway and them burlesque shows! Yippee! Gypsy Rose Lee, here I come!" But the other eleven all said, "Nothing doing, none of that cheap, vulgar entertainment for us. We are going down to Carnegie Hall where the Philharmonic is giving a symphony concert. Then, after that we'll spend a couple of hours in the National Art Gallery and maybe have some time left over for the museum."

A seaman was back visiting his home division after being at sea for a month on a minesweeper. He didn't even have a burberry and he was very careful to wear his cap properly squared off. He didn't walk with a salty roll and he hadn't picked up any sea-slang. When asked by some new recruits about his sea experiences, he merely said, "Gosh, I didn't learn much about the sea in the little time I was out. As a matter of fact I'm actually just about as green as you

fellows. After all I've only been in the navy about six weeks longer than you have. Besides, all the time I was sick as a dog and didn't have a chance to see anything at all."

The leading hand had been drilling the new recruits all day with little success. There was one man who just couldn't seem to do anything right. He turned left when he should have turned right, he stood at attention when he should have been at ease and he was a camel walker. As the day wore on he seemed to get worse and worse. Finally the leading hand went over to him, tapped him gently on the shoulder and said, "Now look here, old man, don't your worry a bit. You'll get the hang of it after a little practice all right, all right. We're all pretty terrible at first; why, you should have seen me the first day I took field training. But I can see that you are doing your very best to learn and after all that is the main thing. There's really no hurry, you know, so just take your time and go at it easy. Marching isn't very important in the Navy, anyway."

Girl Bugler At "York"

by Wren Trudy Duffy

Here at York these days there is plenty of excitement so seeing our Censor took a trip here goes with the chatter. Taking the Spotlight on our Personality Parade is Wren Bugler Daphne Purvey an M/T Driver from Galt. This story is very interesting for Purvey as we call her, is the only girl bugler in the RCN, and as far as she knows any other Navy in the world. It all started when Wren Purvey was taking an M/T Course with the CW AC at Kitchener Ont., when scarlet fever hit the barracks and they were all quarantined. Being bored to death and having rhythm in her veins, being natural coming from a musical family, Purvey took to bugling. It didn't sound much like a bugle at first but in a few days her talent was recognized and low and behold a draft from HMCS York to learn bugling, for they needed a bugler badly at Galt to sound assembly, secure and other calls. So lessons began under the tutelage of assistant Bandmaster P. O. Verne Gooch. "Its fun", says Purvey, Wren Purvey enlisted last February in the Wrens at Esquimalt, B. C. Her brother Raymond has been in the Royal Navy for seven years. He is a Petty Officer.

Says Purvey when asked about the feminine angle on bugling "Women make as good buglers as men but it takes a lot of wind and is hard on the lips. I wouldn't recommend it as a career for most girls and I don't intend to continue it after the war. I guess when I get back to Galt I won't be so popular with the gals when they hear that unearthly sound at 0600 in the morning which means "Rise and Shine." but its all in the game." We understand she will continue with her driving and do bugling in her spare time and she can sure handle a transport bus.

TORONTO SAILORS' GRID

Continued from page 9

categories as above, but played under the names of Destroyers—Skeena, Saguenay, St. Laurent, Fraser, Restigouche, Ottawa, Assiniboine, and Huron.

The best scoties of the evening were turned in by—Cameron, C. O. R. D., 275, 296, 173, for a high three-game total of 744.

Weston, Engineering, 231, 160, 255 for a three-game total of 646.

The standing at the end of the first night was—C. O. R. D., Writers II, Engineering Staff, and Band on top of the League, with 4 points each.

In the Wrens section McDiarmid turned in the top score, with a three-game total of 495, and right on her heels were Wren Oliver with 494, Purvis with 492, and Campbell with 482. The high single game for the night was scored by Wren Oliver, with 202.

This was the first night of bowling for the Wrens, with no team competition taking place. The Wrens were out to more or less shape up their teams, and are looking forward to good season.

Mermaids

Five Wrens were entertained by the R. C. A. F. at a dance on Friday, September 17, at Hart House, University of Toronto, and took part in Swimming Races held during intermission.

The Wrens were represented by—Mary Hodgkinson, Vancouver; June Loucks, Napanee, Ont.; Beth MacLaine, Prince Edward Island; Mona McDiarmid, Brandon.

NEW LIBRARY

Officers and ratings of HMCS Stadacona have been finding the new Naval Reading Service branch reading and writing room in the Torpedo and Gunnery School a popular place. The room, No. 327, is well equipped with reading of all kinds and is open daily from 8.30 a.m. to 5 p.m. and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday from 6 o'clock in the evening until 9 o'clock. The librarian is Wren Ardagh. It is suggested that members of book clubs

ANOTHER HARD-HITTING NAVY TEAM



Navy baseball teams are proving to be stiff opposition everywhere in Canada this year and the "York" team is no exception. Shown here at their barracks in Toronto are, l. to r.: Standing—A L Sto. J. Judges, P. T. I.; Max Hurley, Irwin White, R. Burrows, Doug. Winters, Bonar Hayworth, Buss Benson, Sam Gotter and Lieut. H. L. Smith. Kneeling—Ken. Long, Andy Andrews, Bob Stewart, Scotty Mair, Tommy Wynne and Red Gilbert. Photo by Alexandra Studio, Toronto.

YORK REGATTA DAY

Continued from page 4

York's two leading mitt men O/Sea. Bruce Richardson and Erwin Pease could not be matched by Star but in the bouts held, Star displayed class. The first boat was at the 135-pound weight and P. Pringlemyler from HMCS Star starred a second-round knockout over Bill Huck. The second match at 128-pounds was won by decision by Harold Whitney, Star, over Jim Chalmers of York. The best fight of the night was the 160-pound go between Tony Calabelle of Star and Morris Titanic, New Toronto youngster, fighting for York. Calabelle took a very close decision.

The next bout at 180-pounds was won by Star. Stinson of Star beat Joe O'Donahue. This was a return engagement as the two boys boxed to a draw at Hamilton a week previous. The final fight of the evening at 170-pounds was won by Henry George of Star who beat John Gillespie, York's fighting Supply Petty Officer.

The swimming matches were hotly contested and Star came out on top by a 15-13 count. Ratings from Star finished first in all events except the back stoke, while York copped the second and third places in the events.

Donates Trophy

A special match held for the first time was the relay race for the honour of winning the Ordinary Seaman Theodore E. Rising Memorial Trophy. Given by his mother, Mrs. W. C. Rising of Forest Hill, this cup will be up for monthly competition at York. O/Sea. Rising was killed in action aboard his ship HMS Bonaventure while engaging the enemy in the Mediterranean March 31, 1941. He was an accomplished swimmer himself and won many trophies particularly in the province of New Brunswick. His brother, Jerry, is a Lieutenant in the RCNVR and is now at sea serving his country. His sister, Wren Eleanor Rising, is carrying on regulating duties at Ottawa. A team from "A" instructors made up of R. Gynane, Peterboro; R. Hart, Sarnia; J. Edwards, Toronto; M. Hurley, Toronto, won the cup. The time for the race was 2 minutes 10-4-5 seconds.

Events and winners are as follows: 50-yard breast stroke—Sto. T. Park, Star; O/Sea. R. Morrison, York; O/Sea J. Haggerty, York. Time: 31-1-5 seconds.

50-yard backstroke—O/Sea. Dean Peterson, York; Sto. T. Park, Star; Sto. Mackie, Star. Time: 30-3-10 seconds.

50-yard free style—Sto. H. Bradley, Star; O/Sea. R. Morrison, York; O/Sea. G. Kendall, York. Time: 26 seconds.

and others who own suitable books in good condition for which they have no further use, would be doing a real service if they turned them in at the new library.

What To Do

If a naval man gets invited to a dance by a Wren rating, and then a Wren officer invites him, what should he do? Or if a Wren officer asks them that the Wren rating was going to ask, what should he do? What should she do? What should they all do?

It's a nice point—as officers and ratings alike are discovering these days.

Wrens are having as their guests at social functions representatives of other services, but when it comes right down to the individuals, they like to invite navy men as partners. Now, Wren officers are finding that ratings have beaten them to it, and vice versa, in their choice of partners for such evenings.

Apparently commissioned rank is no advantage at a time like this. The early Wren gets the worm.

NEW HAT?

Continued from page 10

felt "strollers," however, and it's a type of chapeau which is universally becoming. College girls adopted the type years ago and have worn their beloved round brims at every season, until ousted by calots or "beanies." The Wrens like wearing them with chin straps, too. They were quite proud of the "salty" look the felt acquired after it had been subjected to fog and rain at Eastern Canadian ports—but Wren officials weren't and new issues were made recently to replace the faded, battered felts. After being packed in a kit bag, they never look quite the same!

Girl-friend: "And how do you like sleeping in a hammock?"

New Recruit: "Oh, there's no room for complaint."

The 150 yard Medley relay race was won by Star team—Sto. T. Park, Sto. Bradley, Sto. Mackie. Time: 1.36 1-2 minutes.

The 200-yard free style was also won by Star—Sto. T. Park, Sto. Harrison, Sto. Mackie, Sto. Bradley. Time: 1.52 1-2 minutes.

Committee

Lieut. (SB) H. L. Smith, Sports Officer, York; S/Lt. R. Spence, Assistant Sports Officer, York; L/Sea. Jack Judges, Sr. PTL, A/B Joe Noble, York;

Wren Helen Wilkie, WRCNS Representative; Clerk of Course, S/Lt. G. M. Mitchell; Starter, P.O. Stewart; Judge, Padre Lewis Swan; Timer, O/Sea. A. Read; Supervisor of Boxing, O/Sea. Bruce Richardson; Assistants, O/Sea. Dean, Peterson; O/Sea. Sam Gotter, O/Sea. Buss Benson; O/Sea. Royal Copeland; O/Sea. Doug Gilbert; O/Sea. Bonar Hayward; Sto. I McDonald, O/D McMakon; Scorer, Wren Dorothy Squires; Prizes, Pay Lt.-Cdr. D. McClure.

FOOTLIGHT FANFARE

Continued from page 6

Classics Caterers

When we desire a touch of the semi-classics we call on S. B. A. Doreen Cunningham and P. O. Ken Cunningham, a team which is hard to beat. They have some beautiful renditions to offer. You may consider their songs a treat well worth going after.

In a lighter vein comes Charles Jeary who has a swell collection of comic songs which have proven to be a tremendous success. He has a top notch stage personality and is always very popular with every audience.

Stadacona Special Services are now preparing for a new fall show. You may rest assured that this Review will be the best ever produced by this office. The show will have a full chorus of dancers and singers. The scenery and costumes will be something out of our world and hopes are high that, after the Stadacona opening late in October, the show will be able to hit the road for a tour of the outposts. L/Wren Wilkins is directing the dancing routine and knowing her ability as a dancing director we feel sure that the show, as a whole, will be very smart and fast-moving.

Entertain Patients

For the past few months the patients of R C N H have been receiving a novel form of entertainment provided by the Special Services Office. A concert is held every Thursday in one of the wards and after the show is over small groups of performers go through the different wards and cheer up those who were unable to attend the concert, with individual performances. This gesture has been greatly appreciated by all who have been entertained.

Entertainment is also provided for the ships and outposts. Concerts are produced every Friday evening at "A" Club and Monday evening generally presents an opportunity for the ships personnel to see an excellent concert followed by a first rate movie at Stadacona Auditorium.

The ships are being visited at an

Customers' Change

By J. M. R.

Once upon a time there was a crew made up of perfect gentlemen. Everyone from the youngest O/D to the skipper was as polite as could be. The Captain always addressed his men as "Gentlemen" and the Gunnery Officer patted the lads on the back and said, "You'll do better next time" when they pulled a 'bull' in their exercises.

On the mess decks it was just the same. Always, it was, "I say, old boy, would you mind passing the butter?" In the morning the men were roused by a gentle rocking of their hammocks and the buffer would say, "Awaken, please, breakfast is served." Oh, they were the nicest bunch of fellows. Why once when they were about to ram a submarine in the North Atlantic, the skipper had, called to the submarine commander, "Hold on, old man, we are about to ram you." Absolutely the very essence of courtesy and politeness.

One day the Good Ship, as it was known throughout the Navy, put in at a port. She had been at sea a long time and most of the crew was allowed to go ashore. The men thanked the captain for his kindness, bid him good afternoon, and then, politely, of course, set off for the downtown section of the city. They boarded a street car and asked directions of the conductor. From the way in which he answered them they decided his home life couldn't be happy.

Arriving downtown they entered various stores and politely asked questions of the clerks, regarding prices, qualities of goods, etc.

An hour after the crew had returned to the ship the captain was almost overcome with grief and dismay. Six of his men were charged with fighting. Below him he could hear the gunner's mate exercising the gun's crew, "Ya, that's right; do it just like ya was born, months apart, one after another—ya got nickelodeon brains!" The Officer of the Watch was screaming, "You, and you, and you—my sons—you know the sons I mean—get cracking and swab this deck. The bloody thing looks like a corner of the city dump!"

All through the ship it was like that. The poor captain couldn't figure what had happened to his nice boys.

Of course, the captain had never gone shopping in the city in wartime and had to ask questions and get answers from clerks in the stores.

average rate of 70 per month by Gib Potter of the Special Services Office who endeavours to fill the requests for cards and small games as completely as possible.

The Motion Picture Office at Stadacona has provided us with some information which we are sure will be of interest to all Naval Personnel. They have booked a good run of first rate shows which may be seen any night of the week at the Auditorium in Stadacona. Besides the shows every night in the Auditorium, pictures may also be seen every Wednesday evening at the M. T. E., Thursdays in the Dockyard Gym, Fridays at Albro Lake, Saturday at the Wrens Barracks, Stadacona, and Sundays at Kings College.

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