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THE

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Service Family

It sounds strange but there is a little woman in Hamilton, Ontario, who has a medal representing approximately 140 years of service in the Armed forces of Canada. The lady is Mrs. Robert Seager and the medal is the Life Award Medal of the Navy League of Canada, presented to her by the Hon. Angus L. Macdonald, Minister of National Defence for Naval Affairs, in recognition of her having seven sons and two grandsons in the Armed Services.

Mrs. Seager is also a holder of the Silver Cross, one son, George Thomas Seager, having been killed at Hill 70 in World War I. Another son, Richard, is also a veteran of the 1914-1918 struggle.

Those in uniform at present are:

John, a retired Chief Stoker of the Royal Navy who was called back into service in September of 1940 and is at present engaged in duties on Admiralty staff in London. He is a holder of the Long Service Medal.

Arthur Edward Seager, senior sergeant with the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders, who is back in Hamilton after having spent two years in Jamaica during this war. He holds the Army Efficiency Medal.

Robert C. Seager, a Regulating Petty Officer in HMCS Stadacona at Halifax, who is also a holder of the Long Service Medal.

Narrow Escape

Robert has had three years and four months active wartime service and was over in Britain during the blitz. He was taken off the Empress of Britain 10 minutes before she left on her last trip. He had two years and four months on convoy duty aboard HMCS Vision in the North Atlantic before coming ashore.

Herbert S. Seager is another Regulating Petty Officer in HMCS Stadacona and, keeping abreast of family practice, is also a holder of the Long Service Medal. He also has the Coronation medal, received when he represented Hamilton Division at the Coronation ceremonies. He was an instructor at HMCS Star for two years, later going on Atlantic convoy duty.

Corporal Ernest Seager is a member of the Argyle and Sutherland reserve battalion. He has also had a good number of years in the uniform.

Leonard Seager is a Petty Officer Q. R. I aboard HMCS Ottawa. He was a member of the crew of HMCS Assiniboine when she had her famous battle

SEAT IN THE SMOKER—FOR TWO



They may never have seen one another until they got on the train, and they may never see each other after they get to the station, but this Wren and sailor are being practical about wartime transportation problems. Caught by a naval photographer while they slept soundly on one of those familiar black leather seats, the pair are definitely "sleepy in the service."

There isn't much money to spare when naval ratings go on leave, and even if the cash did run to first class tickets and pullman berths, these two probably couldn't have got reservations, what with the long line of priority pushers ahead of them. This is the way most servicemen and women sleep on all-night train rides.

The cameraman didn't wake them up to get their names and that's the way it should be, for nameless, they become symbols of the service. It's the middle watch on any train going anywhere. The picture wasn't posed—that's the attitude most sailors have for their baby-sister-service; it's a brotherly shoulder she's getting to sleep on, and it would be there if she needed one to cry on, too.

They've got a lot in common, these kids. British naval tradition is all theirs, and so is pride in the Royal Canadian Navy. They don't talk about it though; instead they gripe about back pay, casuals, lack of leave. Fretting for a draft is a common denominator for both Wrens and matelots, and so is beefing about navy food, rations, almost anything. But stop to think of it, they both chose the navy by enlistment.

They'll both do a good job so long as they're needed, and perhaps stay on in the Navy afterwards. Right now though, peace and what comes with it seems far away and there is only the immediate problem—sleep. R. C. N. Photo.

with a submarine. All his time has been spent in the North Atlantic on convoy work. Yes, that's right, he, too, holds the Long Service medal.

Another Medal Due

Benjamin, the youngest of the brothers, is a crew member of HMCS Digby. He is due for his Long Service medal in March of next year.

Another brother, Edward Victor was in the Army for seven years in peace-time and had served three years' war service when he was discharged for medical reasons.

Mrs. Seager has two grandsons serving in the Navy, both of whom are sons of Richard Seager, veteran of the last war. They are: George Richard Seager, Leading Stoker, who was in HMS Ramillies when she took part in the sinking of the Bismarck. He was on loan to the Royal Navy at the time.

Ronald Seager, an Ordinary Seaman in HMCS Cornwallis, who joined the Navy only recently.

Altogether the number of years of service of this remarkable family totals approximately 140. If Mrs. Seager is proud of her family it isn't hard to understand.

THEY KNOW WHY YOU SHOULD BUY BONDS



Sole survivor of the torpedoed Canadian destroyer, St. Croix, Stoker I William Fisher, RCNVR, of Black Diamond, Alberta, was welcomed back to Canada by the Prime Minister, the Naval Minister and senior naval officers, but one of the most sincere and enthusiastic handshakes came from Wren Jill Humphrys, of Victoria, B. C., because Jill had experienced a U-boat attack in the North Atlantic herself. In England as a motor transport driver during the "blitz" when her mother was killed in an air raid, Wren Humphrys was on her way back to Canada to join the Navy when the Polish ship she was in was attacked by a U-boat, but undamaged. Wren Humphrys is a writer now in Naval Service Headquarters at Ottawa.—R. C. N. Photo

Gallant Guardian

Battling through the gales and fog and sleet of the North Atlantic for the past two and a half years, HMCS Matapedia, typical of many escort ships of the Royal Canadian Navy, has completed more than 100,000 miles of convoy work without having a ship torpedoed or lost.

Only once was her record seriously threatened. A freighter which had been in her convoy went down after an attack by a U-boat, but it was a straggler that had fallen 18 miles astern of the convoy at night and in dense fog. It was not recorded against Matapedia.

During her two and a half years of mid-ocean escort staunch Matapedia and her stout crew have experienced many adventures. Twice they almost went down before fierce winter gales that iced ships until they were dangerously top-heavy.

Real Battler

On the first occasion they were in mid-ocean when the storm struck. During the days that followed Matapedia had her bridge mashed in, the windows of her wheelhouse broken and the mess decks covered with a foot of water. The convoy was scattered in the gale but was herded together afterward by Matapedia and other escort vessels.

Shortly afterward she hit another bad gale off Newfoundland. She rode the storm for ten days without rest. Matapedia was the only ship in the escort to come through with part of the convoy. The rest of the convoy and all the escort vessels turned back for shelter until the gale blew itself out. Once again Matapedia's bridge was broken up by the force of the waves and one man was slightly hurt.

Not So Funny

One incident spoken of with amusement now—but not so funny then—was when the captain, sleeping in his sea bunk wakened, sure that he was drowning. A huge wave had crashed into the wheelhouse, covering deck and captain with four feet of water.

Most disappointing incident was when Matapedia was despatched to pick up some survivors. When the ship reached the scene they discovered what they took to be cases of Scotch whisky floating around on the ocean. Smacking their lips they hastened to pick up the rationed luxury. The disappointment came when they found the cases contained not Scotch but shaving lotion.

"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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WE WILL REMEMBER THEM

This year, as Remembrance Day again comes to us, there are new names to remember, names belonging to people who were dear to all of us. The names of the crew of HMCS "St. Croix" must be added to that already long list of those who died that men might live. They have joined those who in that last war might wonder if they died in vain. They have joined those who, in this war, might be made to feel that they, too, had died in vain.

Everywhere about us the words "Speed The Victory" cry out at us — beseech us. And everywhere about us, too, there are those whose cry is "five cents an hour more". This is the cry that will echo to the grave and make our heroes wonder. Yes, there are those to whom that five cents an hour seems to mean more than one life an hour. The streets of Grecian cities lie strewn with the wasted bodies of starved men, women and children and the alleys of the cities of occupied France are alive with movement as the citizens loot the garbage cans left out by the invader. But the enheartened people of Greece and the humiliated Frenchmen turn toward the North American continent for the hope of things to come and back across the ocean to them comes the growling murmur, "five cents an hour more."

Surely, life and laughter and freedom are more important things to worry about than the question of whether management shall save five cents an hour or labor shall gain five cents an hour. Surely, the knowledge that the enemy haunts our very door and that there are men still willing to face him, without questioning their right to higher wages for the job, is enough. Surely, the column upon column of casualty lists that appear in our papers daily are enough to make each of us now put our shoulders to the wheel that we may be worthy of those whom we honor this Remembrance Day. Let us remember then with our voices, with our hands and with our resources. Let us, when we say we will remember really mean it, and not hear a hollow, mocking challenge drift in from the sea, "Yes, but only for five cents an hour more."

CORVETTE K-225

"For the strength of the ship is the Service,
And the strength of the Service, the ship."

These lines taken from the first verse of "The Laws of the Navy", the famous poem by the late Ronald A. Hopwood (reproduced in its entirety on page 12 of this issue) exemplify the whole theme of Naval fighting efficiency. The new Universal picture "Corvette K-225" now showing in Canadian theatres, is an exciting and realistic picturization of the meaning of those two lines of poetry.

Many war pictures have been produced in the celluloid city but few can stand up to the critical eye of the Serviceman who has seen service in the area pictured. "Corvette K-225" will stand the test. Written by Lieutenant John Rhodes Sturdy, RCNVR, this remarkable story carries with it a ring of truth and reality that is bound to make it great. The filming of the story has been carried out without the usual attempt to make certain characters stand out as super-heroes. It has been, it seems, filmed with the express idea of bring-

ing to the people of this continent a true picture of the Corvette and her crew.

The Corvette "Donnacona" is intended to be the star of the picture and every opportunity is taken to show the splendid sailing and fighting qualities of "the back-bone" of Canada's little-ship Navy. Co-starred with the ship is the crew - not Randolph Scott, nor Andy Devine, nor Noah Beery, Jr.—but every man aboard the vessel, and automatically every lad in the Canadian Navy who joins a Corvette, becomes a star, because his story has been told.

Sinking two subs and bringing down two planes doesn't happen in every corvette crossing, as it did with HMCS Donnacona, but this fact doesn't take anything away from the authenticity of the picture. We all know that such a thing is not at all impossible and it is likely when, at the end of this war, things now secret are made known to the public, it will be found that some of our ships have had just that experience. The picture shows the effect of rigid discipline at the right time and, on the other hand, how a crew will "fight its guts out" for a captain the men consider "a right guy" — "a good Jo".

Citizens of Canada will recognize their own sons and daughters in this chronicle of Canadian sea warfare and this fact will lend itself nicely to making it strike into their hearts. They, perhaps, will not notice small, inconsequential, technical flaws that might be picked up by members of the Service, but from what they have learned of ships and the Navy they will know, better than ever before, the job that is being done by those at sea.

Theatre-goers who knew something of the filming of the picture on this coast were not expecting very much from it. The "rushes", run off from time to time in RCN Barrack's theatre during the taking of actual sea scenes, looked drab and uninteresting. It was felt by many that the film would be just another war picture. Hollywood and its film experts changed all that.

"Corvette K-225" is a splendid tribute to the Royal Canadian Navy because it is real.

CHAPLAIN'S CHORE

By Rev. A. A. Rogers, Senior Protestant Chaplain
Atlantic Coast Command

Though comparatively little is said or read about the work of the Chaplains of the Royal Canadian Navy, no greater mistake could possibly be made than to conclude that the Chaplains who minister to the gallant lads who "go down to the sea in ships" have little to do, and likewise accomplish little. Their's is a busy ministry; a ministry fraught with many and grave responsibilities, but also presenting great and glorious opportunities.

Many people there are who hold that Naval personnel have little use for religion. This view is quite erroneous. True, there are those who may believe that they can do without God; there are some, perhaps, who make a point of trying to do without God. But is this sufficient ground for despair! It was not for Jesus; it cannot be for His followers. It only constitutes the greater necessity for Christians, as a wise man has said, "to keep a light in the window.....facing the bitter seathe bitter sea by which unhappy souls at length come back" to the household of virile faith. Further, although there are those who may seem indifferent to the high claim of spiritual things, it does not take a Chaplain long to discover the fact that sailors are essentially religious. "These men see the works of the Lord: and His wonders in the deep." In their hearts is the faith that no man sails alone; that the "Eternal Lord God, Who alone spreadest out the Heaven, and rulest the raging of the sea," is ever with them, and will finally bring them to the haven where He would have them be.

In these days of ideological militancy and ruthless oppression, days when the destinies of men are being molded for many generations to come, ministers of the Church of God are called upon to render service in many ways. But no more important service can be rendered than is being rendered by the Chaplains who live and work with the men of the Navy. The results of their efforts may not be wholly recognized in these present times, but in future years—when the brave and hearty sailor lads "enjoy the blessings of the land, with the fruit of (their) labors"—the true worth of their work will be fully known.

Tribute To St. Croix

by Mary Chisholm

In the following poem Miss Chisholm, a citizen of Halifax has embodied the actual thoughts expressed to her by a young member of the HMCS St. Croix It is the spirit of Canada's Fighting Navy.

Can't quite believe he won't come back
That lad with a cheerful grin,
Hearing still his teasing laughter and
"See you next trip in."

Now, from stem to stern I know her
She'll do just so many knots,
Her plates are bent a bit from battle
But her engine room has lots!

Blue of eyes and tall of stature
Not at all the type to die,
Filled with love of life and laughter,
One keeps asking, wond'ring — Why?

More than once, I thought — 'We're
finished,
She can't take another crack,'
Shaking like a tired fighter
Somehow—she would bring us back!

Often then, I thought, perhaps,
That I should like a draft ashore,
But after every trip I'd say,
'Oh well. Just one trip more.

Now, I feel somehow inside me
If Fate should make, at last, a score
I would rather stay beside her
Than lie rotting on the shore!"

These are words—a sailor spoke
them.

Certainly they mean a lot;
Men like him are dying daily
That we may keep the things we've
got.



How I loved to taunt and tease him
'Bout his battered 'jetty ship',
Meaning just the very opposite,
Dreading every single trip.

Then one eve' I went to meet him
Joking, laughing, we had fun—
Still I see his red-haired brilliance,
In the summer's setting sun.

More than that, his words still haunt
me,
Nor did his eyes their meaning hide,
"Don't you laugh, now, if I tell you
How I really feel inside.

Just two years ago I joined her,
Proud and scared as any boy,
Glad to do my share of sea-time,
Glad to meet the old St. Croix.



St. Croix is gone—How many mothers,
Wives and sweethearts, deeply felt
the pain?
Shed your tears—renew the fighting,
Prove they didn't die in vain.

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.

About Politics

Dear Sir:

I've read in The Crow's Nest editorials that politics are taboo with you, but there's a question that has been in my mind for some time and possibly you can answer it without "sticking your neck out."

It is this: "Is a serviceman entitled to freely decide, and if necessary, express, his own opinions on the various political parties?" For instance, is he free to believe that the Progressive-Conservatives or the C. C. F. could carry on Canada's war effort better than the present Liberal government?

Is there any "disloyalty" in his so believing—in other words, is he sworn to believe in and serve the Liberal government blindly, or is it to the King and the country of Canada that he owes his allegiance?

I'm asking these questions as one who, in civilian life (over three years ago) took an interest in how his country was run and who expects to continue that interest when he gets his "civvies" on again.

If you don't care to take the re-

sponsibility for answering this letter, possibly you could print it without comment and see what other readers think.

Yours sincerely,
V. R.

The whole point of question in the above letter lies in the matter of having a political belief and expressing that belief. There is no body or individual on earth who can say that a man shall or shall not believe in any particular creed or politics. That is one of the chief reasons we are fighting this war. Every Serviceman is free to believe whatever he wishes about any political party in the country and if a Dominion election is held it will be found that the Navy will give every man every possible assistance in the exercising of his franchise in whatever way will best uphold his beliefs. That is Democracy.

However, during a period of wartime men of the Naval service are not allowed to express political views to others, either in writing or by word

Continued on page 4

THE SAILORS' LADIES

by M.F.R.

That song "There's something about a sailor" must have been written by an expert. The other day we noticed a young blonde girl moodily eating lunch, a Navy ring on her left hand, a large silver locket with the Navy insignia around her neck, and on her hair she wore a sailor's cap band tied through the curls in such a way that the letters HMCS stood out clearly like a waving pendant. Despite such a wealth of sentimental reminders she seemed very lonesome and dejected—sort of Navy blue you might say!

War-time puts no restriction on the ladies' bridge clubs, as they call them. After careful study of this institution we feel that the most successful female foursomes which meet regularly for bridge are those which hew to the line of three basic rules: 1. Play a few brisk rounds of cards at the start of the evening, thereby marking up at least one page of the score pad even if you have to write everyone's name two or three times and add in their weight and telephone numbers to fill out the game total.

2. Serve a simple lunch early and quickly so that none of the ladies will have to spend much time running back and forth out of the room and thus missing valuable bits of the current conversations. 3. When the men ask you next day how many hands you played, just ignore them and tell them something vital about the Smolensk area.

Fat lady's lament at a party—Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we diet!

Rumors of lady street car drivers affect us very favorably. Now there will be none of this rigid sticking to the old monotonous car stops all the time, with a little variety thrown in on Sunday by way of church stops. Soon we should be accustomed to scenes for instance of a street car drawing up with a flourish in front of a small grocery store in the middle of the block. The few men in the car look annoyed and bewildered—the ladies start up suddenly with all the alert intensity of a G-man three steps from the latest spy haunt. Then the driver swings around to face her female audience and announces, "Ladies, Watson's got a load of Canned Pork and Beans on my last trip east—anybody want off?" Guess.

Winter makes its loathesome presence known again. This season always reminds us of the visit of a very boring guest who stays and stays so

New Schoolmasters

Three new schoolmasters have joined the staff of HMCS Stadacona. They are S/Lts. Lester Sellick, who taught in Charlottetown, P. E. I., Mervin Wass, formerly on the staff of Kennedy Collegiate, Windsor, Ont., and George Connor, formerly of Hamilton Technical School staff, in Hamilton, Ont.

long that everyone is at the suicidal point before he finally leaves. In vast relief the hostess then overdoes the "do come again" line, putting what sounds like fervor into her words when really she is just taking deep, joyful breaths of the un-guest-tainted air. Then, like a boomerang, before everyone has finished being thankful that the guest has gone, he is back again on the strength of that last, blissful farewell.

Two junior high school girls were discussing life rather publicly recently, both admitting that to grow old and gray would be "my gosh, just terrible, Agnes!" One of the girls remarked vehemently that she was certainly going to spend just as much time as ever in jitterbugging and the latest dance steps after she was married, in an effort to fool the advancing years. The other girl thought this over for a while and then brought out her verbal surprise package: "You know, Jean, I often ask my mother about that and she told me last night that you absolutely *don't notice* how awful it is getting old so you don't seem to mind it *at all!*"

We know one young thing who promised to write her boy friend every day and what with one thing and another tempus keeps fugitting in a disgusting way before she puts pen to paper. As a result she back-dates all her letters, trying furiously to remember what she was doing a week ago Sunday which would make interesting reading. This has proven such a complicated business that we are afraid it will take her at least a month after the peace treaty is signed and sealed before she can write her way up to the correct date.

This month's bright saying prize should go to the anonymous author of the following three lines—purported to have been received in a personal letter to a newspaper correspondent on the subject of the current shortage of male escorts:

1938—What a man!
1942—What a man?
1943—What s a man?

Wren: "Why is your tongue black?"
Stoker: "I dropped a bottle of Scotch on the Street, and the road had just been oiled."



Lowery — Dewar

Well known by members of the Accountant Branch throughout the RCN, Pay/Lieut. Murray Lowery RCNVR, of Toronto, recently took as his bride Wren Phyllis Dewar, of Vancouver. They were married in Bethany Church, Halifax, by Rev. A. A. Rogers, Sr. Protestant chaplain, Atlantic Coast Command. The bride was given in marriage by Pay/Lt.-Cdr. J. D. S. C. Cromarty and was attended by Wren Beth Prindeville. The groomsmen were Pay/Lieut. D. A. Collins.

The bride and groom are both members of the staff of Commodore C. R. H. Taylor, RCN and, at a reception given following the wedding, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Crockett, the Commodore proposed the toast to the bride.

Lieut. Lowery is known to both officers and ratings of his branch since he has the distinction of joining the Navy as a Writer, in May, 1940 and going from that rank to Leading Writer, PO Writer, CO Writer, Sub-Lieutenant, to Lieutenant.

Dunn — Holt

A wedding of considerable interest was solemnized in the chapel at HMCS Kings last month when Wren Osla Jane Holt, of Montreal, was united in marriage with Lieut. Timothy H. Dunn, of Quebec, First Lieutenant of HMCS Chilliwack. Rev. J.H. Graven chaplain, RCN, officiated at the wedding. Attendants at the wedding were Misses Lucille Holt and Marie J. Dunn and Lieut. Tom Seagram. Fifteen

POSTMAN SCOTTY SAYS

Hi fellows! Yes, this is your 'Postie', but we're sorry we aren't dishing out any mail at the moment—just a couple of suggestions. If you follow out these suggestions it will assist us a whole lot, but what is more important it will also be a great help to you in getting your mail more quickly, especially now that the season for Christmas parcels and mail has begun to roll around. The suggestions I would like to pass along are:

1. That you inform your correspondents of the necessity for using your full name, rating and official number. It would also help if they would address letters and parcels in ink instead of in pencil. You might ask them to drop the use of your nick-names until you are home on leave. You see, we don't know you by those fancy tallies.

2. That you advise Mom, Dad, your wife and all the folks back home as to the best way to pack and wrap those Christmas presents. Your parcels probably have a good deal of travelling to do and if they are carefully wrapped and packed you will receive them intact. If they are not you will probably get a jumble of food and wool in a parcel and we will have a messy looking sorting table with crumbs and jam all over it.

Mascots At Sea

Continued from last issue

One of the crew member of HMCS "Dauphin" is from Dauphin, Man., the town after which the ship was named. He was home on leave not long ago and learned there that an organization planned on giving a washing machine to the ship.

Want New Mascot

HMS Gateshead, an English ship that has been on Atlantic duty, is badly in need of a mascot. They had a good one but the dog is believed to have been shanghaied. Anyone wish to supply "Gateshead" with a mascot is asked to communicate first with the First Lieutenant, c/o Fleet Mail Officer, Halifax, N. S. The dog should be small, of sturdy breed, friendly and with a definite taste for sea-life. Whether the dog be girl or boy is of no consequence. HMCS Rosthern has no mascot to brag about but they are ready to hand out a challenge that the ship's basketball team can deliver the goods to any other team willing to take them on. "We'll play them on the quarter-deck, if necessary," declares Lieut. S. R. Armett, a member of the team.

ratings from HMCS Chilliwack were guests at a reception at the Nova Scotian hotel following the ceremony when the ship's coxswain presented the couple with a silver service.

Coulson—Fountain

The Dockyard chapel at Halifax, was the scene of a pretty wedding when Hazel Pauline Fountain, of Westchester, N. S., became the bride of Hugh David Coulson, of Capreol, Ont. The ceremony was conducted by Rev. W. A. Paterson, RCN.

Bowie—Stewart

Rev. A. A. Rogers, RCN, officiated at a quiet wedding in the Dockyard chapel at Halifax, last month, when Dorothy G. Stewart of Hamilton, Ont., was joined in wedlock with PO Angus MacDonald Bowie, also of Hamilton. The couple were attended by Mrs. Helen Barker, Halifax and PO Edward M. Kushner.

HERE and THERE

IN

HMCS MONTCALM

With W. J. E.

October 9, 1943, will live long in the memory of the ratings in HMCS Montcalm, for on that date the new men's canteen was officially opened.

Largely due to the untiring efforts of the ship's commanding officer, A/Lt.-Cdr. E. F. Noel was the mess room made possible. In his own quiet way he secured donations from various influential and business friends in the city of Quebec.

Two interested visitors at the opening who spoke briefly were the two principal R.C.N. padres, Reverend E. G. B. Foote, Protestant Chaplain and Reverend M. McIsaac, Roman Catholic Chaplain. These two gentlemen are on a tour of the various naval establishments in the Dominion. They both expressed keen satisfaction at the work being done for the ratings in Montcalm.

* * *

Two things for the book. J. D. Seaman is a ordinary seaman attached to the Montcalm. A letter was received at the post office addressed to Charlie McCarthy. The latter is at Chaleur II, however.

* * *

Proving that it is a small world, two ratings from HMCS Unicorn met on the train going down to Montcalm both bore the name of Hanson, O. L. and H. E. After conversing for quite a while they found that they were related but have never met each other before. Incidentally they lived within 100 miles of each other in Saskatchewan.

* * *

Wedding bells rang out for A/B M. Larochelle on October 9. Congratulations are extended to you, Monsieur Larochelle.

* * *

Congratulations are also extended to P/S/Lts. C. J. Mitchell and L. F. MacDuff on their recent marriages.

* * *

The ship has lost five capable officers recently in the persons of S/Lts. J. R. Grenier, P. Irwin, M. Belanger, K. M. Macdonald and Pay/Lieut. J. E. Gareau.

Continued on page 11

LET'S RING SHIP'S BELLS, BABE



It seems that the spirit of Hallowe'en pervaded the kitchens of the Royal Canadian Navy—and the cooks and stewards had a field day with a mess of pumpkins. Here's the result—a coy little Wren with cucumber legs and a parsley skirt and hair of cabbage shreds who has absolutely knocked a big seaman for a loop—or was it something he had to drink? Looking at that turnip nose it would be hard to guess! The Wren is Marie King, Officer's steward, of Toronto, and the chef is Chief Petty Officer J. J. Moran, R. C. N. R. of Montreal. The navy needs more cooks and stewards. R.C.N. Photo.

IM A ROPIN', RIDIN' COWBOY (SAILOR)



Yippee! That's Gib. Potter, SA attached to Special Services staff, C-in-C., at Halifax. Gib, who happens to be holder of several cups and championships for roping, was winner at Calgary stampede on a number of occasions. He is seen here as he took part in a Victory Loan show presented in Halifax by members of the armed services. —RCN Photo.

COMMENDED FOR RESCUE WORK



The Officers and men of the Canadian minesweeper HMCS Georgian were most highly commended by two governments for the efficient manner in which they carried out the rescue of 10 U. S. Army flyers when their plane crashed in North Atlantic ice fields. The Americans were adrift in two rubber floats for 18 hours before being rescued. They were high in their praise for the Canadian sailors and the manner in which they treated them. Here are the Maritime and Quebec ratings who assisted in the rescue. From left to right, they are: (Front row) A. B. Robert McFadden, RCNVR, Sackville, N. B.; Electrician John Mahoney, RCNVR, New Glasgow, N. S., A. B. George Reid, Quebec City, Que.; Stwd. Clarence Wark, RCNVR, Truro, N. S., and Sto. Roland Himmelman, RCNVR, Bridgewater, N. S.; (Back Row) A. B. Howard Sullivan, RCNR., Canso, N. S.; Ldg. Sto. Douglas Hockley, R. C. N., Dartmouth; Ldg. Stwd. Edward Lytle, RCNVR, Halifax and Sto. Raymond Finlay, RCNVR, St. Johns, N. B. RCN Photo

Across Our Bows

Continued from page 2

of mouth, without prior permission from Naval authority. The reasons for this are obvious, since in the first place, the Navy is not a political organization and, in the second place, men allowed to speak freely on matters about which they know only part of the story, could easily cause a serious breach in a united war effort. Furthermore, there would doubtless begin a large scale misuse of political influence in order that voters could be cudgeled and bribed into voting against their own personal opinions. These restrictions are covered, quite completely, in Canadian Naval Regulations. —Ed.

Good Recruiting Medium

Dear Sir:

I must say that although I have never been in the Naval forces, your paper to me is very interesting, and makes one wish that I could and was able to be among the fine fellows of Canada's Navy. Being raised on the coast of England (North Sea Coast) I ever long to see again the boats, ships and swelling waves and now call to mind the lines of Kipling: "Who has desired the sea Those immense and contemptuous surges That shudder, stumble serene, ere the stabbing bowsprit emerges."

Robert Dawson,
Winnipeg, Man.

Dirty Us!—

Dear Sir:

It may seem like a small point to most people, but it's blasphemy to a Queen's man.

Jake Edwards (rugby story, page 3, October Crow's Nest) has been instrumental in slaying so many McGill men in competitive sports that the Red and White College probably regarded him as Sports Enemy No.1 at one time.

Jake is a graduate of Queen's University where he won six "Q's" (letters) for winning in Intercollegiate sports. This is a distinction never attained by any other Queen's student.

He was such a thorough Queen's man that they made him Director of Sports and Physical Education after graduating. He is on indefinite leave-

of-absence while in the Navy.

McGill.....Bah!!!
Sincerely,
"Tricolor"

P. S. Jake also starred on the Argos team in 1936.

We offer "Tricolor" the opportunity of attaining saintly status as we take refuge in the well-worn phrase, "To err is human, to forgive divine", but we remind him that we could stick by our guns for in stating that Lieut. Edwards was a "McGill triple-threat man", we are almost upheld in the above letter. Therein lies the beauty of ambiguity.—Ed.

No Age Limit

Dear Sir:

The Crow's Nest finds its way into many parts of Canada and doubtless elsewhere. It has been my pleasure to have received copies each and every month since publication, copies sent to me by ratings now serving afloat who were members, splendid lads at that, of "The Admiral Beatty" Sea Cadet Corps of St. Thomas, Ont. It is, to my knowledge, read with deep interest by men, no longer of tender years, but who are reaching the allotted span of life, who served in the Royal Navy and are now resident in Canada. I am enclosing \$1.00 for one year's subscription from one such chap-pie. Please have copies forwarded to his address.

By the way, I have in my possession a copy of the "Laws of the Navy", from the pen of the late Admiral Ronald Hopwood, R. N., a rather lengthy work, but if you consider such would be good copy for The Crow's Nest I would be pleased to forward same to your office.

J. W. S. Johns, C. E. R. A. (ex-RN)
Halifax, N. S.

Thanks for the letter, Chief. We are pleased to know that the paper is being well received. "The Laws of the Navy" will be found reproduced in this edition.

Should Win Argument

Dear Sir:

There was a 'slight' discussion amongst some of the boys the other day, you might call it an argument, and I ventured to express my opinion which I have held for a long time. The enclosed arrangement expresses my idea of it all very much according to "Hoyle".

Having been under the tender care of the Navy a few times during the last war, I think I am entitled to express a first class opinion and it comes straight from the heart of one of the old P. B. I. (Poor Bloody Infantry.)

Yours very sincerely,
P. Kitchin, C. 89314 (this time)
426775 (last time)
Eastview, Ont.

The Anchor Man
Of The Whole Shebang

You can sing of the army — air force too,
You can doff your hats to the navy blue,

Those guardians of the oceans lanes,
The fighting men of the book of Janes,
They take whole armies here and there—

See they are fed — and don't go bare,
In His good time they'll bring 'em back
Then we'll all have jam and less hard tack,

All we have we owe to the navy blue
The Lord of The Fleet and all his crew,
So doff you hats to that fighting gang
To the anchor man of the whole shebang.

You can sing of the army — air force, too,

Fortissimo for the navy blue
Those fighting men who follow the sea
Who man the ships of The King's Navee,
Well known to all the world as "Jack"
He's the man who holds the wolfish pack,
Searching the oceans through and through
Hunting the wolf shark's murderous crew,

(We'd all be sunk at the present time
If we hadn't those men and ships of the line)

The winds, the waves and the salt sea tang
Form the anchor man of the whole shebang.

Sing well of the army — air force, too
High C's right for the navy blue,
The senior service of them all
They hold us up when we might fall,
His work is play — his play is sport—
He's got a girl in every port,
The policeman's lot of the son-of-a-gun?
Why he just makes it a happy one.
Without him we would never get there
Never get back — nor anywhere,
You can doff 'em again to that cheery gang

CORN and CLASSICS

By Mr. R. W. McGill, Bandmaster



Ranking high among the world's most honored fallacies is the old chestnut concerning temperament. For generations musicians, actors, writers have been accused of it or the lack of it. Even today many people think that a man cannot be a good musician unless he has long hair, beats his wife or becomes a drunkard. They believe that he cannot think constructively or analytically but that he is guided by willy-nilly emotions, urges, and possibly the odd mirage. The suggestion that most musicians are quite sane and even practical people with normal impulses and desires would kindle brisk debate in almost any circle. And, most unfortunately, to prove the point might be very poor business. For the public will pay more if they think the musicians are a trifle mad.

Temperament A Cloak

The fallacy has been strengthened, no doubt, by the musicians themselves. For, being human, there are some among them who rather enjoy the privileges of temperament. In some cases it offers a cloak for a weakness; in others it provides needed sensationalism to soothe the ego. Often it is used as an excuse to cover various shortcomings such as laziness, lack of ability or knowledge. But this cannot be charged to a minority of musicians alone. Truck drivers, parsons, coal-miners and politicians, people in high places and in low are often guilty of using the same gag. In the field of public speaking, a temperamental frenzy is often employed to drive home a point, be it true or untrue. Hitler is the best known advocate of this technique. But, like most tricks, it cannot be worked too often for people soon get wise, and the user becomes the loser. Hitler, we trust, will very shortly prove the point.

To the anchor man of the whole shebang.

Sing well of the army — air force, too,
They're there by grace of the man in blue

The guardian of the trackless seas
Whose vigilance will never cease,
Protecting all — we're kith and kin,
The might of his right is sure to win,
On the mighty ocean's restless roll
He'll carry on till the One Great Scroll
Is read for all — and all will hear,
He'll be there on deck for The Last
All Clear

To hear The Lord Almighty's Will
In the great — gentle calm of —
"Peace — be still."

We All Want Them

Dear Sir:

In the recent Navy show "Meet the Navy" which was enjoyed so much by Navy personnel, the hit song was "You'll Get Used To It".

Would it be possible for you to publish this song in a current issue of your paper, as it was sung by Jack Pratt? I am sure the rest of the Navy would appreciate knowing the words. Thank you.

Yours sincerely,
E. A. Paver, S. P. O.,
Halifax, N. S.

We are sorry to disappoint you P. O., but we have been unable, as yet, to procure the words of "You'll Get Used To It." Repeated requests, both for the words of the song and for publicity pictures have brought no results.—Ed.

Mischief"

Dear Sir:

I read The Crow's Nest every month and then pass it on to my father who is a last war navyman. I find the paper very interesting and amusing.

You have never had a request like mine so I am wondering if it's O.K. to ask? I am enclosing a picture of "Our son" — in other words, "Mischief". He is the son of SPO H. D. Bartlett, of Toronto. My husband has been in the Navy since 1926. I



Commercializing on temperament is also a common practise. With people believing that all artists must be temperamental, many completely normal artists have been forced to adopt such a pose in order to maintain their status. By the same token many phonies in the field of music, put on a great display of temperament in an endeavour to create the impression that they are artists. This group of contemptible parasites is the most injurious of all to the musical profession and it is comforting, indeed, to learn that they are being found out.

You Too, Girls

Women, too, often attempt to commercialize on temperament. In many cases it is for no better reason than to get out of doing the dishes. Their temperamental natures, they claim, simply cannot stand the drudgery of housework. So the old man must hire a maid. Many others believe that it is an attribute of charm and that the occasional temperamental flare renders them more desirable. This may or may not be true if the flare is genuine. If it is not genuine the result is lamentably undesirable.

Getting back to musicians, it is our belief that members of that profession are no more temperamental than people in other walks of life. Musicians often develop a peculiar nervous concentration or a marked sensitivity which, in contrast to others, may be mistaken for temperament. But in reality they are mental conditionings, brought about by years of striving for perfection of their art. And these are not undesirable. For with a keen appreciation of the art of music, comes a greater appreciation for all that is good in life. Sad indeed it is, that all men cannot possess the temperament of the true musician.

know he would like to see this picture in your paper. The boy's name is Bobby and he is the image of his Dad and worth fighting for, don't you think?

Yours truly,
Mrs. H. D. Bartlett,
823 Craven Road,
Toronto, Ont.

Indeed we do think he is worth fighting for, Mrs. Bartlett. Just to keep such smiling kids free to merit the name "Mischief" is worth a lot — especially in Bonds!—Ed.

R. C. N. RADIO PROGRAMS

"Comrades in Arms"	Sundays	1830-1900 A.D.T. 1730-1800 E.D.T.
"Bards in Battledress"	Mondays	1930-1945 A.D.T. 1830-1845 E.D.T.
"Fighting Navy"	Thursdays	2230-2300 A.D.T. 2130-2200 E.D.T.
"Headquarter's Report"	Wednesdays	2315-2330 A.D.T. 2215-2230 E.D.T.
"Freres D' Armes"	Mondays	(French Network)

"Open House" At Tecumseh Draws Hundreds Of Guests

For the first time in a number of years HMCS Tecumseh was thrown open for the inspection of the public recently. Over six thousand persons examined the Ship from stem to stern, and their exclamations and comments indicated that they found the workings of a Stone Frigate both fascinating and interesting.

To arouse publicity for the "Open House" and the Recruiting Campaign, a 12 - pounder, with a Precision Squad Escort, was paraded through Calgary's Metropolitan area. At the main intersection of 8th Ave. and 1st Street West, blanks were fired from the 12 pounder, arousing many exclamations from the startled crowd.

The parts of the Exhibit which excited most interest from the Public were a 12 pounder HA/LA., manned by a gun's crew, and firing blanks; a whaler, fully rigged; a Carley Float, equipped with emergency rations and a dummy.

The walls were covered with very interesting photographs of various class ships, and instructors were on hand to explain the various models and pictures. There were motion pictures being shown at intervals during the afternoon and evening.

University Navymen Board Training Ship

(From Queen's University Journal)

Recently Queen's University Naval Training Division went for a three-hour cruise aboard HMCS Mage-doma. Only 60 of the division's total enlistment of 93 sailors made the trip, as some of the new entries have not yet had their medical examinations.

The college tars went aboard and smartly saluted the quarterdeck in true naval tradition. The ship cast off and, at a speed of 18 knots, headed for Collins Bay. The division was divided into groups which were shown around the ship by officers who explained, in detail, the workings of different parts of the ship. The (anchor) was dropped in the bay, and the sea-boats were lowered in order to give the lads some boating practice. In spite of the rough swell, the boys kept the boats upright. One seaman almost "hit the drink" while climbing aboard, but everyone was accounted for as the ship headed back for Kingston. All had their caps "battered down" because of the strong wind. The captain was the only one to lose his, much to the delight of the crew.

Star Of Service Film Poor Picture Patron

Name three Canadian girls who wouldn't nearly burst with excitement, turn down a date with their best man and even pay plenty of money to see themselves featured in a movie. Give up? Wren Janey Martin, of Windsor Ontario is one.

Chosen to represent the Women's Royal Canadian Naval Service in a National Film Board production which is a story of Canadian women in the air force, army and navy, Janey has a featured role in "Proudly She Marches," which is being shown in theatres across Canada now and for the next three months. Is she excited? No.

When the "Canada Carries On" film was shown in Ottawa theatres the other day, Wrens flocked to see Janey Martin in the movies, but Janey didn't. It's not known definitely if she has seen it at all yet, but she certainly didn't go for the first three days.

FAMED WEST COAST BAND PAYS VISIT TO TECUMSEH



"Naden" Bandsmen Thrill Calgary Crowds

The famed RCN Band from HMCS Naden at Esquimalt, B. C., paid its first visit to Calgary in connection with the Canadian Naval War Exhibition recently.

Several parades and concerts were held throughout the ten days that the band was there. Two concerts were held at St. Georges Island

Park, and twice daily in the Hudson's Bay Building.

The Canadian War Exhibition benefitted greatly by the presence of the band, as return visits were paid by many people just to hear the band. Also as an added attraction, a Bofors gun was borrowed from the Ogden Shops. This proved most interesting, as it was the first public showing of

the gun in Calgary.

While the band was in Calgary, they were entertained royally by the local citizens. Parties, dances and other social functions were held, to fill in their days. Two Naval dances were also held, with the Swing Band of the Naden Band, providing the music, which was acclaimed the best that Calgary had heard in years.

Chippawa Host To City During Annual Fun Fair

It was "open gangway" to hundreds of civilians and servicemen alike as HMCS Chippawa played host to the annual Fun Fair staged by the 180 members of the Winnipeg Junior Women's Naval Auxiliary.

Transformed by a welter of colorful booths, games and uniforms—and by scores of the Auxiliary's pretty workers—the parade deck was unrecognizable as such. It was more like the midway of a fall fair.

The result of this show: Winnipeggers contributed more than \$2,000, which the Auxiliary will convert into ditty bags, wool, sick bay supplies, cigarettes and magazines for men in military hospitals, and train receptions for ratings passing through the city on their way to either coast.

Grand Effort

The figure of \$2,000 represents an increase of \$900 over last year's Fun Fair total, and is \$400 more than the Auxiliary's 1943 goal of \$1,500.

A highlight of the evening was presentation of a fully-equipped naval ambulance, a gift of the Auxiliary, to Lt.-Cdr. G. F. McCrimmon, commanding officer, who officially turned the keys over to the medical officer, Lt.-Cdr. J. L. Silversides. The ambulance is now in daily use at

Winnipeg Regatta Obstacle Race Is Entertaining Program Novelty

By P/S/Lt. George Ronald

Something new in the way of a Navy treat was presented to Winnipeggers one afternoon, recently, when HMCS Chippawa staged a "regatta" on the wind-whipped Red River. It was "make and mend" for all men under training so the banks of the river were lined with rabid supporters of the three whaler crews that saw action.

The seamen walked off with the honors in the straight pulling race, staging a last-minute spurt which slightly increased their four-length handicap lead. The officers were the victors in the obstacle race, and the instructors were left out in the cold altogether.

Routine in the obstacle jaunt began with the crews having to shove off from the bank. L/Sea. Bill Alderson was waist-deep in the cold water before the instructor's boat was finally freed.

Study Hour

After rowing round a buoy, the boats had to put in at the Winnipeg Rowing Club's jetty, where each coxswain recited a page from the seamanship pocket manual. Next—the crews "backwatered" across the

Chippawa.

The Fair lasted from 1500 to midnight. During the evening the Navy band played for dancing. Sub-lieutenants were "barkers" for the various bingo, spin-the-wheel and fish pond games along the "midway".

Convener of the Fair was Mrs. Campbell Lawrence. Her chief assistants were Miss Mary Campbell, Miss Agnes Richardson and Miss Allison Chown.

stream before proceeding to a bridge where a carton of soft drinks was lowered to each crew. After the pop was downed, coxswains had to signal by semaphore for permission to continue. Then it was a straight race to the navel jetty.

Members of the officers' crew were: P/S/Lts. M. J. Brennan, A. M. Torrie, J. Paterson, M. A. Patterson, D. A. Scrivener and E. Kurtz. The seamen winners were O/Sea. F. W. Younger, J. J. Caw, W. Millar, J. Elgar and Tommy Fowler, and A/B Roy Pascoe. S/Lt. K. A. Laird law was chief umpire, and A/B Bill Sanderson the starter. L/Sea Jack Cameron was at the wheel of the umpire's launch.

PUT PEP IN MARCHING AT "STAR"



Every morning and every evening for divisions and quarters, the lads of HMCS Star, at Hamilton, Ont. are marched round the parade ground to the stirring music of this bugle band. It certainly adds great colour to the ceremony, and new recruits soon learn to step off in true Naval style. Photo by Hamilton Spectator.

Nursing Sister At Halifax Is Named Matron-In-Chief

Marjorie Gordon Russell, Registered Nurse, of Toronto, is the first woman to fill the position of Matron-in-Chief of the Royal Canadian Navy. Her appointment to that rank (equivalent to a Commander in the R. C. N.) was announced by Naval Service Headquarters recently. With the Royal Canadian Naval Hospital at Halifax as her headquarters, Matron Russell is in charge of all the nursing sisters and sick berth attendants there, and St. Hyacinthe, Quebec, Sydney and Deep Brook, Nova Scotia.

Promoted from Nursing Sister to Matron shortly after joining the R. C. N. in March, 1942 she has been in charge of the new R. C. N. hospital at Halifax with nearly 500 beds, as well as supervising the adjacent naval hospitals at shore establishments. She was Principal Matron, and is now Matron-in-Chief for the whole of the Commanding Officer Atlantic Coast command.

Stone From City Hall Among Ship's Fixtures

by P/S/Lt. George Ronald

A stone paperweight that until recently was part of the community hall steps in a tiny Manitoba village will be "standard equipment" on HMCS Deerwood, a minesweeper soon to be commissioned in Vancouver.

Lt.-Cdr. E. S. McGowan of Victoria, for two years commander of the Navy dockyard at Halifax, and captain of the new ship, received the stone during a recent visit to Deerwood, Man.

He also came away with promises of a steady stream of comforts for his crew from the village of 300 population. People of the neighboring towns of Miami and Altamont will also help, he reported.

Unique Distinction

A guest at HMCS Chippawa, Winnipeg, during his Manitoba visit, Lt.-Cdr. McGowan said it was possible that Deerwood was the smallest Canadian community to have a warship as its namesake.

Other Manitoba centres for whom sweepers have been named are Winnipeg, St. Boniface, Transcona and Portage la Prairie.

Three officers of HMCS Portage Lieut. Young, her skipper, and Lieuts. Holtern and Redfern—passed through Winnipeg recently on a similar visit to Portage la Prairie to arrange for comforts for their men. One immediate result of the visit will be the presentation of a Portage la Prairie crest to the ship.

THEY SAY

Have you ever stopped to think of the wrong that lies In the simple words "they say"? When you stoop to repeat a tale you've heard, Don't you know you are paving the way?

For the story you tell may have been told By many others before; And the person you tell may tell it again, And add a little bit more.

It isn't the things you say of me, Or the things I say to you— It's the things somebody said I said, Or that someone says I do.

You may brand the tale as a gossiping lie And refuse to believe it still; But the seed once sown will quietly bud And flower against your will.

There is heart-ache enough in the world, old pal, Don't add to the gossiping cry — For the friend who counts is the friend who hears And smiles—and lets it die.

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

By William H. Mooring

(Exclusive To The Crow's Nest)



Here we are back again, after the late summer lull. Studios have switched almost entirely away from war pictures because they feel newly liberated countries will have had enough of it and demand comedies and musical and adventure stories instead. So will some of those who've never needed "liberating." It goes for Britain and Canada and Australia, where people want a laugh or two when they get time for a movie show.

What—No Gals!

Lloyd Nolan and William Bendix, both top notch actors and swell fellows, were jawing over a drink with me the other night. It was lemonade! We were in a dry bar, that's why. Both appear in the new war picture "Guadalcanal Diary" written by Richard Tregaskis, and just finished by 20th Century-Fox. There are no girls in the picture at all. "It sorta upsets the usual romantic balance of a screenplay to have no women in it," said Bill Bendix (he's going to get an Academy Award next Spring, you see if he doesn't) "and it doesn't add to the fun, but it makes for a better picture if it's got to be about the war." Lloyd Nolan also in the "Guad" film, agreed. If you put love stuff into actual war stories, it falsifies them, he says. I agree. That was my personal complaint against "So Proudly We Hail," although Paulette Goddard, Claudette Colbert and Veronica Lake, in any other circumstances, are just my dish of movie dessert.

Another One

"Sahara," Columbia's last minute war picture set in North Africa, stars Humphrey Bogart, also in an all-male cast, but there will not be many more of them. Bogart's picture rather "digs" at the British and makes them look like simple Simons even though they are shown to be brave soldiers.

Everybody in town is shocked by the news that Deanna Durbin and hubby Vaughn Paul are getting a divorce. I went to their wedding and often visited their lovely home on Aaltair Drive, Brentwood. It seemed to me that they had everything a young couple could wish for in this world. Last time I called they were both there together.

When I left they came to the door with me, Meanhed my coat from the guest lobby and helped me into it, while Vaughn talked hopefully about his chances of making good in the Navy.

Plasma, Not Pictures

I left them hand in hand, smiling. Now.....it's gone the Hollywood way. Maybe I never again will believe any Hollywood marriage to be safe and happy. Deanna's latest film "Hers to Hold," in which she is seen donating blood at the Red Cross Bank, has led the Los Angeles Blood Bank to set a rule against any motion picture stars giving their blood for purposes of being

photographed for publicity. Several stars went along with their press agents and at least one, after posing for the picture, excused himself without shedding his blood. The Red Cross now says to all such requests "a film star's blood is just as good as anybody else's.....no better.....and much as we need plasma, we invite people to give it without publicity." Dead right!

Next month (probably on Dec. 8th) 20th Century-Fox will release their new film "The Song of Bernadette" which introduces the lovely new star, Jennifer Jones. I've sneaked a view of part of it and expect it to prove a sensational picture. Not on musical comedy lines, of course, but away from the war and a lovely story.

The U. S. Army's picture "This is the Army" already has raked in ten million dollars for Army Emergency Relief and will double it before it's finished. Why not a sequel to it, with cast recruited from the boys in blue? Title? "And Here Comes the Navy."

Corvette K225 Hit

The R.C.N. shows well in Universal's sea picture "Corvette K 225," but it would have been better without any love story to weight down the exciting adventures against U-boats. I sat with an officer of the R.N. when they previewed it and he said he couldn't pick out any technical mistakes, or "howlers" as we call them. Naturally

Thousands Visit Centres Run By Jewish Congress

60,000 servicemen of all denominations from the combat forces of Canada, the United States, and other United Nations have visited the larger Service Men's Centres of the Canadian Jewish Congress, according to a statement by Harry R. Moscoe, executive secretary of the War Efforts Committee of the Canadian Jewish Congress. These Centres, which are located in Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, Winnipeg, Moncton, and Vancouver, are being operated by the Canadian Jewish community as a token of esteem for the men of the forces.

Many Service Centres

The total is composed of 25,000 visitors to the Toronto Service Men's Centre, 17,000 to the Centre in Montreal, 8000 to the Halifax Centre, 4500 to the Winnipeg Centre, 3000 to Moncton and 2500 to Vancouver. Other centres, whose attendance figures are not included in this total, are located at Saint John, London, Kingston and Brandon. The operation of these centres was undertaken after the Canadian Jewish Congress had furnished 1300 recreational huts, the quarters of the Army, Navy and Air Force of the Dominion.

The facilities offered in the Service Men's Centres of the Canadian Jewish Congress vary with each Centre. Most of them have relaxation rooms, entertainment, social programs, canteens, music rooms, shopping and mending service, etc. The Service Men's Centres are operated by the Women's Division of the Canadian Jewish Congress.

I couldn't. I don't know a corvette from a cruiser but I think I can recognise "guts" and the film certainly shows that the R.C.N. has plenty of 'em.

Hollywood's "great lover," in trouble again, could help himself out of it nicely by joining up, or at least dipping into his pocket or giving a little of his time, to help national services, or United Nations war charities. He'll probably rely upon the lawyers and the studio politicians instead.....as long as it works.

Arthur Treacher, Hollywood's nicest butler, is working a Victory garden near his North Hollywood home, but says "if Victory depends upon my brussel sprouts, I'm afraid the duration is going to wear much to well."

Hear, Hear!

Joan Bennett just wrote a book titled "How to Be Attractive"..... as if we wouldn't have believed her without. In it she says "nothing beautifies a woman like a look of compassion." If the printer had left something out, we still would agree, wouldn't we?

A party of selected Royal Artillery "ack-ack" gunners, visiting California on a goodwill and exchange of ideas mission, did the town this week, with more lovely young hostesses to show them the sights, than I ever saw before. Officers were entertained by British Consul General Eric Cleugh, Ronald Colman, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Herbert Marshall, Brian Ahern and Nigel Bruce.

Mary Pickford, Canadian born American threw open the gardens of Pickfair for two days, to accommodate the lot of them, officers and men altogether. Kay Francis poured tea with one hand and signed autographs with the other and Herbert Marshall, Benita Hume Colman and a few other British colonists "looked in for a few minutes." Three cheers for Mary and the new spirit of democracy. It's American, but Canada had it first!

Instructor: I won't begin today's lecture until the room settles down. Voice from rear: Go home and sleep it off, old man.

Wren (to boy friend, who was driving wildly down the road): For heaven's sake, use both hands.

Sailor: Can't. Need one to steer with.

PARDOD BY SDIFFLE

by Jay Emmar

With cold weather coming on we can soon expect to see the price of handkerchiefs rise rapidly as the demand becomes greater and greater. I was fortunate in getting a good stock early this year because I managed to get one of those early colds that cling to one for some weeks.

One evening at supper-time I was about to take a bite of food when suddenly, I sneezed without warning. I looked down for a long time and studied the food on my plate, but it was no use. My wife's eyes were fixed on my somewhat reddened proboscis and she asked in a voice 10 per cent anxiety and 90 per cent glee, "Have you got a cold?" My wife should have been a veter — uh, doctor, I mean. She just loves making people well and strong again.

The Give—Away

I muttered hastily, in answer to her query, "Pepper, just a little pepper." The next minute I gave the show away by executing, without thinking, a very weak snuffle. That was enough. The Missus immediately clothed herself in her Florence Nightingale air and started bustling about in the kitchen. I heard the kettle go on the stove. A washtub I hadn't seen in years made its appearance on the kitchen floor and the kitchen table became cluttered with utensils, bottles and cans.

I had played patient before for my wife and the thought of the whole ordeal made me perspire. In a few moments I was sneezing again and between sneezes a few raspy coughs began to make their appearance.

In a few moments the "do or die" room was ready for me. I was ordered to get into my pyjamas and bathrobe. "Now," said my get-better half, "come out here dear, and we'll have you all fixed up in a moment. I have a nice mustard foot-bath ready for you."

I looked suspiciously at the steaming tub on the floor and then shuffled over to the chair beside it. Have you ever noticed how women can stand hot water a lot more than men can? My wife is no exception. I stuck my feet into the air and began to lower them slowly over the water until the soles just touched the surface. The water was hot, far too hot, I was sure. I was just going to suggest that it could stand a dash of cold water when my doctoring darling, seeing my hesitancy, exclaimed, "Oh, come on, you're not a baby. Get them into the water!" With that she gave my knees an encouraging shove that ended only when my feet struck the bottom of the tub.

Hot, Eh?

"Yeeeeeooooooooowww!" I screamed. I yanked my feet out of the tub and looked at them. They were crimson. The flesh was raw. They steamed and burned. "Look at that," I bellowed. "I'll be walking on my hands for the rest of my life!" My wife stuck her hand into the water, drew it forth quickly and glanced at my blushing boot-fillers. "I guess it is a little too warm," she said, starting toward the kitchen sink. Just then, however, I coughed and her mind immediately

travelled in another direction. She picked up a bottle from the table.

"Here, take a good dose of this cough medicine. It'll relieve your cough." She poured out a healthy dessertspoonful of yellowish liquid and shoved it into my mouth. I swallowed a little and spat the rest out into the tub. "What kind of cough medicine do you call that?" I challenged. She gave me an exasperated look and picked up the bottle. "It's Dr. Urded's quick-acting....." She was smelling the bottle. Then an apologetic look came over her medical mien. "Oh, darling, I'm so sorry. Last spring when I was doing some varnishing I had a little shellac left over and I put it in that empty bottle. Oh well," she added cheerfully, "it will probably give your lungs a protective coating against germs."

By this time my cough was rasping in my chest. The "doctor" decided she should put a menthol rub on my chest. She went to get the jar of menthol, muttering something about people who don't know enough to put on heavier underwear when cold weather comes. She returned in a moment with the jar open and a huge gob of the greasy looking stuff already on her hand. That's one thing about my wife. When she sounds action stations she doesn't fool.

Refreshing

I had opened the front of my pyjama coat and was gazing down at the paper on the floor on which the tub

Continued on page 12

BUY BONDS---



Don't be fooled.



"Allright if you insist, they wear 'em to keep warm, too!"

FOOTLIGHT FANFARE

By Jack Cameron, A.B.



"You'll get used to it—you'll get used to it"—but will you? Personally, we think we'd have to see "Meet The Navy" a good many times before we got really used to it and could stop laughing and marvelling. When the big show hit this Eastern Canadian port last month it was a complete sell-out and there is no doubt at all that it could have run much longer than the one week it was in town.

Like all shows of its kind it has its strong points and its weak points, but the majority of the numbers are hits. Thousands of Service men and women, seeing the show as guests of the Royal Canadian Navy were loud in their acclaim and John Public everywhere says it will hold its own with any Revue on the road today.

Pat Quinn's Music

The original music from the show was absolutely tops and we feel positive that one number among many others is destined to be a hit—the title—"In Your Little Chapeau" by P. E. Quinn and R. W. Harwood. This song has everything, including a beautiful melody that will leave you with some very pleasant memories of the entire show. S/Lt. Quinn composed the music for six other original numbers in the show all of which were a very definite asset and provided excellent musical settings for the acts rendered by the cast.

The Production in its entirety was under the supervision of Capt. J.P. Connolly R.C.N.V.R., Director of Special Services and the revue showed the direct result of untiring concentration and effort on the part of all who were connected with it.

Many Old-Timers

Although most of the talent was absolutely new to the East Coast, many of the performers were recognized by servicemen through their connection with the various Special Services concert groups. Names such as Bill Richards, Tony Stechyshyn, Dixie Dean, Sid Smith, Bill O'Connor, Wren Shaw and many others were well known through the scores of performances they gave for the benefit of servicemen and the enjoyment of all.

The song "You'll Get Used to It" written by John Pratt and Freddy Grant is definitely the catch number of the show as rendered by Pratt in his "dead-pan style. The comedy trio of Pratt, Goodier and Murton rolled up a score of innumerable laughs and Wren Shaw certainly gave an excellent account of herself with her own unusual brand of humor.

Humor was not the only item well represented however as vocalists such as Oscar Natzke and Valentine Kukuza proved there is a very definite "V" in Variety. Their renditions could only be excelled by the true quality of their splendid voices. The accompanying chorus too was of the finest, an asset definitely indispensable to the show.

The stories told by A. Cameron Grant were enjoyed by everyone and are still being related in restaurants and hostels where Servicemen gather. (We are still getting mixed up with the word hang—gah).

Should Do Broadway

Although we could go on indefinitely with our writeup on the show we are forced to call a halt somewhere as our column is getting shorter but before going on to another subject may we leave you with this thought in con-

nection with the show. If you haven't seen it, don't miss it. If you have seen it, think about it and maybe you'll agree with those who have said it should play Broadway.

The Stadacona Special Services Office which is in the very capable hands of Lt. Harris and S/Lt. Berlin made a fine gesture a few weeks ago by having a dinner dance at the auditorium for their concert group entertainers.

It was felt that in view of the swell job these performers had been doing in the past for Special Services the tables should be turned at least once. Stadacona Special Services did precisely that, but, in a big way.

Special invitations were extended to Capt. and Mrs. A. C. Wurtele, Cdr. and Mrs. Kingsley and Lt.-Cdr. Donaldson. The Stadacona band played and Stadacona "B" Mess took care of the catering and supplied the stewards.

Percy Haines played several selections during dinner and Leading Cook Don Porter entertained with a novelty song and dance. It was an excellent party very well handled and all who



Lt. Harris



S/Lt. Berlin

Big Party

Home Run

by j. a. b.

The convoy had been safely turned over an hour previously and the escort ships had altered course for the home port. The night was dark with great wreathes of fog swirling about the ships and intermittently blotting out the long, restless swells of the North Atlantic. It had been a nasty trip—trying to keep the convoy together. There had been two persistent stragglers and it was with a great feeling of relief that the Senior Officer had wished them onto the relieving Escort Force.

Last in Stinks

The Captain of the senior destroyer rang for more speed. Without the drag of the slow, lumbering merchantmen, the ship was showing her heels in the run home. Her knife-like bow cut through the swells with a satisfying swish; the wind sang in her rigging.

The Captain sighed with satisfaction. The other escorts were somewhere astern. He grinned as he thought that for once he'd be the first to make port. His satisfaction was short-lived for it was soon apparent that another destroyer was rapidly overtaking.

"If he comes belting out of the fog and winks 'peek-a-boo' at me, I'll fix him!" He growled as he strove to pierce the heavy blanket of fog—racking his brains the while for a suitable reply.

Let's Go

The other destroyer had for some time been aware that the S. O.'s ship had put on speed. Her Captain—large, jovial and mischievous—had promptly ordered more speed in his own ship. His eyes twinkled when eventually a darker blur showed through the fog ahead—they were rapidly overtaking and would soon pass the other ship. He called for the signalman.

"Signal to the S.O., as we pass." He dictated a short message.

As the two vessels drew abeam the signal flicked out, "How'm I doing?" There was no reply.

attended enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

Leaving Branch

At this point we would like to mention a fact that we feel sure will be of interest to all who are or have been connected with Special Services. The Senior Special Services Officer, Lt. M. L. Devaney, has informed us that he is leaving this branch to take up duties at sea.



Lieut. Devaney has given a good

Curvettes

by PARRISH



"Speaking of Passes —"

many months of his Naval career for the cause of entertainment and we who have had the privilege of knowing him have found him to be an efficient and diplomatic officer and a gentleman all the way. We truly regret the loss of Lieut. Devaney but our loss will be another department's gain.

NO BOTHER

In a gay and carefree mood, a man telephoned a friend at two o'clock in the morning. "I do hope I haven't disturbed you," he said cheerily. "Oh no," the friend replied, "that's quite all right. I had to get up to answer the telephone anyway."

BOOK REVIEWS

These Books Are Available At The Naval Reading Service

Atlantic Meeting by H. V. Morton. This is not a bald historical account of the meeting between Winston Churchill and President Roosevelt which resulted in the Atlantic Charter. It is the personal story of Churchill's voyage in the Prince of Wales—as personal as the clothes he wears and the cigars he smokes. H. V. Morton writes delightful sketches of the Prime Minister and of life in a battleship in wartime. Mr. Churchill thoroughly enjoys his trip—the twinkle in his eyes never long absent.

When Mr. Morton remarks on the uneventful voyage West, Churchill's answer is "a mischievous, 'We ain't home yet!'"

His complete disregard of danger is the despair of the Captain and Officers of the HMS Prince of Wales. His personality and charm are vividly portrayed by an able pen.

The Man Next Door by Mignon G. Eberhart. A spy story of wartime Washington. Maida Lovell, confidential secretary, finds herself enmeshed in a network of intrigue as she strives to protect Stephen Blake from a murder frame-up. An exciting story by a well-known mystery writer.

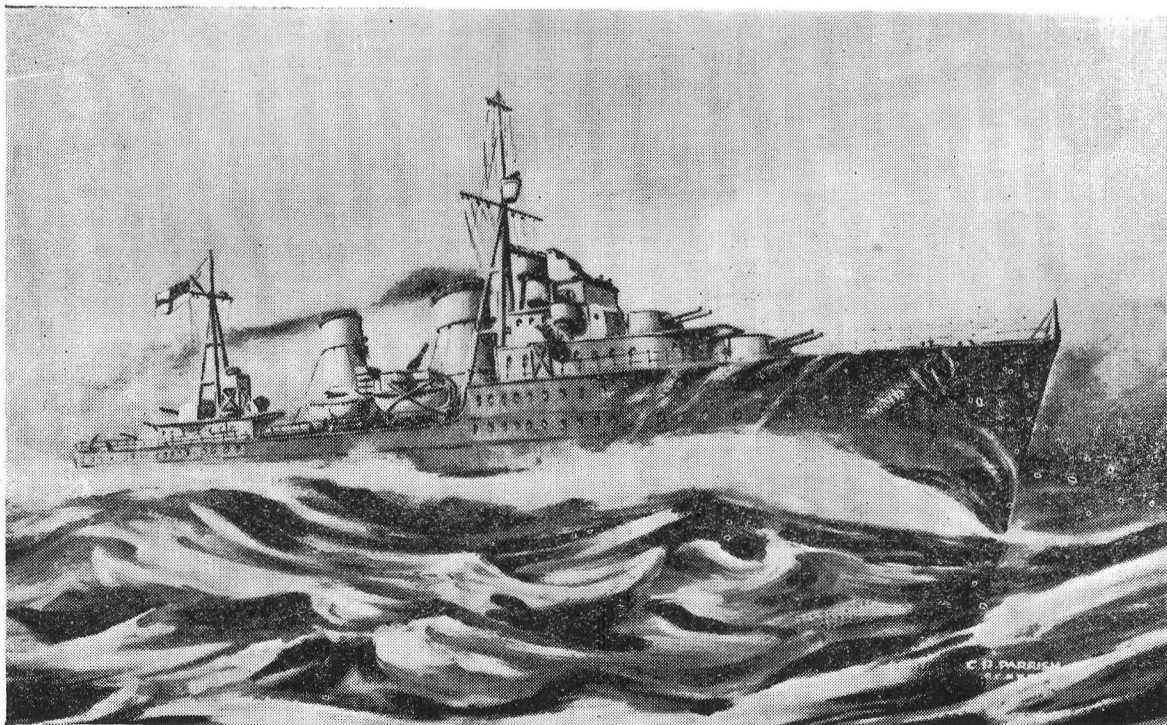
A Bullet in the Ballet by Caryl Brahms and S. J. Simon. An hil-

arious murder mystery in which Detective-Inspector Adam Quill finds himself tangled up with a Russian Ballet Company, the members of which refuse to take the murder seriously. Quill is led down many a blind alley and led right back up again. An impudent and entertaining story.

Goose Feathers by George Digby. "A child born on a goose feather bed is born to wander." George Digby wanders to most of the far-flung corners of the world where he meets many strange and interesting characters. Beauty, charm and pathos; success and tragedy vie for the reader's interest in this semi-autobiography of an understanding journalist

Chinese Students Having Little Fun

McGill—(C. U. P.)—Chinese students are now forbidden to smoke, drink and dance, according to an order of the Ministry of Education received in this country recently via the Associated Press. The order banning these activities warns against "bad department and acts of violation of wartime thrift and economy." Simultaneously with this decree was issued another one forbidding permanent waves for women students.



The above picture is of an oil painting of one of Canada's new tribal class destroyers done by C. R. Parrish, a painter in the Royal Canadian Navy. Parrish has been a valued contributor to The Crow's Nest since the first issue and his "Curvettes" are well known to all our readers. Coming from Sarnia, Ontario, to Canada's east coast, he is now a member of the ship's company of HMCS Cornwallis, at Cornwallis, N. S. His spare time is almost completely taken up with the pursuance of his hobby which he hopes to make his profession after the war. — RCN Photo.

SEA POETRY

By P. O. P.

This month P. O. P. writes of Sea Poetry as it pertains to the seaman's occupation. The excerpts used here are more than ordinarily interesting because they are written in English that has long ago fallen into disuse. These articles are written in tribute to the men of Defensively Equipped Merchant Ships.

*Would you know, Pretty Nan, how we pass our time,
While we sailors are tossed on the sea?*

Very attractive is the poetry that presents the seaman engaged in his occupation and handling his ship, or paints a vivid picture of the vicissitudes of his profession. The ever varying nature of the sailor's duty is depicted—his enjoyment of fine weather, battling elements, his carousing when the wind was fair or foul, his rising, oftentimes, to the occasion, in the performance of stirring or heroic deeds. The discipline of the sea was as much to him as was that of the Service. Often left to act on his own initiative and exercise his own wit and discretion, not only his own life but those of his shipmates, depend upon his efforts. Truly, he must be possessed of mental and physical nimbleness, resourceful, self-reliant and most skilled in the essentials of his art and craft.

*To pas the seas som thinkes a toylle,
Som thinkes it strange abrod to rome,
Som thinkes it grefe to leave their soylle,
Their parents, cynfolke and their whome,
Thinke sae, who list, I like it nott;
I must abrod to try my lott.*

*To Purchase fame I will go rome.
(probably Queen Elizabeth Era)*

Of similar character is the more famous ballad of Martin Parker (Charles I reign), who was supposed to have died in 1656. In spite of his intemperate habits—"bathing his beak" in nut brown ale—he was the best ballad maker of his day. His "Sailors for my money" was the original of Campbell's "Ye Mariners of England," or perhaps, it is more correct to say, the ballad upon which it was sung in his time. Martin Parker's ballad has for its second title "A New Ditty," written in praise of Sailors and Sea Affairs, briefly showing the nature of so worthy a calling and the effects of their industry. Of the

15 verses, here are three—the first, third and twelfth:
*Countrie men of England, who live at home with ease,
Did little thinke, what dangers are incident o' the seas,
Give care unto the Saylor who unto you will show
His case, his case; how ere the winds doth blow.*

*Our calling is laborious, and subject to much care,
But we must still contended be with what falls to our share.
We must not be faint-hearted, come tempest, raine or snow,
Nor shrinke, nor shrinke; how ere the winds doth blow.*

*Into our native country with wealth we do returne,
And cheer our wives and children, who for our absence mourne,
Then doe we bravely flourish, and where soe ere we goe,
We roare, we roare; how ere the wind doth blow.*

N. B. The spelling of some words differs in this form, but not for reasons of rhyme—i.e., countrie and country, winde and wind. There is no confirmation whether the differences occurred in the original manuscript, nevertheless, it should be noted that the sixteenth century was early for the use of modern spelling. The final "e" in raine, shrinke, winde, doe, returne, etc., was used at a much later date, especially in West County ditties and even today the pronounced e is still common with West County men, especially when they are enthused or relating some interesting story.

Of similar kind is Laurence Price's "The Jovial Mariner," or "The Seaman's Renown." He was a contemporary of Martin Parker, but changed sides at the time of the Commonwealth.

*Sail forth, bold seamen, plough the liquid main;
Fear neither storms nor pirates, nor strive for gain;
While others sleep at home in whole skin
Your brave adventure shall great honours win.*

Price confirms the period in "The Jovial Mariner" by his mention (verse 3 below) of....."Royal Charles his reign."

*I am a jovial mariner, our calling is well known;
We trade with many a foreigner to purchase high renown,
We serve our country faithfully, and bring home store of gold,
We do our business manfully, for we are free and bold.
A Seaman hath a valiant hearth and bears a noble minde;
He scorned once to shrink or start for any stormy winde.*

*Brave England hath been much enriched by art of navigation;
Great store of wealth we home have fetched for to adorn our nation;
Our merchants still we do supply with traffick that is rare,
Then seamen cast your caps on high, we are without compare.*

*Our land it would invaded be if seamen were not stout,
We let our friends come in on sea, and keep our foes without;
Our privilege upon the Seas we bravely do maintain,
And can enlarge it when we please in Royal Charles his reign.*

*We kiss our wives when we return, who long for us did wait,
And he that's single need not mourn, he cannot want a mate;
Young women still are wondrous kind to seamen in their need;
And sure it shows a courteous minde to do a friendly deed.*

As true today as it was at that time, quite well could it read: "And can enlarge it when we please in Royal George his reign."

"Steak and spuds," rasped out the famished customer.

"Yes, sir," said the waiter, beaming, "and will there be anything else? How about lamb chops and peas?"

"No, I want steak."

"How about some nice beef and Yorkshire?"

"No; steak," said the customer, becoming slightly red about the face.

"Crab salad, or perhaps you pre-

fer port pie?" smiled the other.

"I ordered steak—" began the customer.

Just then the manager intervened.

"What do you mean by all this nonsense, waiter?" he asked. "I distinctly heard this gentleman say steak."

"That's all right, sir," replied the waiter. "I'm just making him feel at home. He's the barber at the end of my street."

Kate Smith Charming At Picture Premiere

(Exclusive To The Crow's Nest)

By Wren Kay Reyburn

She is charming, courteous and intelligent. Who am I speaking of? Why, Kate Smith, of course, the gracious Lady of Lyrics who was Star-in-Person at the premiere showing of the Naval epic "Corvette 225 in Ottawa on Oct. 19.

The night before the picture, the famous Miss Smith granted an interview to the Press and tired tho' she was after her long trip, the spontaneous manner in which she received us convinced all present that the many fine things said of her by those who have ever spent any time in her company, were not unfounded. Not only did she answer all our questions with alacrity but she gave us a small but interesting glimpse into her own life.

No Mail Shortage

We learned that Richmond, Virginia is her home. That she has always loved to sing. That she has a passion for collecting rare and beautiful pieces of 'Lustre' ware. She told us of the 1500 odd fan letters a week that she receives, and of the many requests for her to sing newly-written songs, of the variety of gifts that some of her many admirers send her, and lastly of her love of almost unprocurable French perfumes. Ah me! What a gal is Katy!

Towards the end of the interview we asked her what were her favourite songs. Her answer was typical. First in heart comes her country's National Anthem "My Country 'Tis Of Thee" and close behind the more familiar one "The Star Spangled Banner" which she sings in such a Star Spangled manner.

Pinned on her plain, black dress were two pairs of Wings, one the Wings of the United States Air Force, and below them a highly cherished pair from an admirer in Royal Canadian Air Force. Yes, Kate Smith is a gracious lady and her simple friendliness to this Wren Rating will long be remembered. Here's to more of her kind!

Dietitians Join The Navy To Plan Sailors' Meals

For the first time in the history of the Royal Canadian Navy —or the Royal Navy—women are to have a hand in what our sailors eat at sea.

Five Wren dietitians have been appointed to act in an advisory capacity in the preparation of food in all naval ships and establishments. Their chief concern is to see that the service is provided with a balanced and varied diet.

The dietitians are: Pay/Lt. -Cdr., Doris Taylor, WRCNS, of Winnipeg who will be stationed at Ottawa with the post of Chief Dietitian; Pay/S/Lt. Ruth Sinclair, WRCNS, of Clarkson, Ont., stationed on the west coast; Pay/S/Lt Dorothy Doyle, WRCNS, of Jacquet River, N. B., whose territory includes the 18 Reserve Divisions across Canada; Pay/S/Lt. Helen McKercher of Dublin, Ont., stationed at HMCS "Cornwallis", Cornwallis, N. S., and Pay/S/Lt. Elizabeth Crozier of Port Perry, Ont., stationed on the east coast.

The new department will come under the jurisdiction of the Director of Victualling at Naval Service Headquarters, Ottawa.

Tell Best Use

No change in rations has been made and none is planned. "Navy rations are abundant and of the best quality," said Lt.-Cdr. Taylor. "It is our job to see that the best possible use is made of them."

Dietitians will, among other duties, analyze menus, detect diet deficiencies, ensure that the balance of foods in smaller ships is correct and plan easily prepared but healthful meals for small ships where cooking is particularly difficult in rough weather.

"The Navy," Capt. Elliott, the

DON'T FORGET THE NAVY, KATE



"How about a pair of Fleet Air Arm ones" asks Wren Kay Reyburn WRCNS Editor of The Crow's Nest, as she admires the R. C. A. F. wings worn by Kate Smith the famous singer, who with Randolph Scott was, an honoured guest at the Premiere of the R. C. N. picture, "Corvette K. 225" in Ottawa recently.—R. C. N. Photo

I LIKE YOUR BRASS---HAT

By Jenny Wren

Jenny has been off her nest for some time and she's very sorry for it. But she has laid a couple of eggs since she's been in the Metropolis of Ottawa, and when hatching time arrived nothing came out but a very poor political pop-in-jay named "Pete."

Pete was a good little bird, but just couldn't take the gaff, and so one day I buried him outside of NSHQ. Everybody was there including 26 Captzins and at least one or two Admirals. Well, you ask me "who is Pete?"—three guesses—Pete is the nickname for Jenny's stories. You see, it's really hard to write in or about Ottawa. I could tell you of Wallis House, the immense Wren Barracks, and of the many amusing little incidents that take place at NSHQ, but that would make it dangerously personal. I could tell you of the feminine excitement that pervades the Wrennery re the new hat that will be issued within a month probably (the uniform a little later) or of the intense determination of everybody here to go "over the top" on this Fifth Victory Loan. All this and Headquarters too, went to make up "Pete." So, after looking and contemplating, I buried him. I buried him when I started to think of what would happen if suddenly the powers that be, put HMCS Bytown, with its high ratio of gold braid, to sea, and brought a tough sea-worthy little vessel like "Ville de Quebec," to Ottawa. At that point my sense of humour and the fantastic got the better of me, and I just had to bury "Pete." As I say, he was a good little bird, but not strong enough for the mentally O.K. to get to love.

"It" City

And so, here I am, still searching for a story for "Crow's Nest" readers. However, there is one thing I can say—Navy life in Ottawa is very, very different to Navy life at a coast establishment. Here are gals and gobs galore, there are shows (if you can get into them), restaurants (with long line ups) beer! but not much—paved roads (that don't suit a sailor's gait), hotels, with all rooms reserved far in advance and a steady stream of service people all looking for some place to go, something to do, and somewhere to do it. I can look back

present Director of Victualling, said, "Expects far-reaching results from the change, recognizing the importance of a well-presented, nutritious meal. For too long the manner in which food appeared on the table has depended almost solely on the individuality and temperament of a ship's cook. Some of these have served marvelous meals, but others require some guidance."

For women to have anything to say regarding life aboard ship—distinctly a man's department so far as the Service was concerned—was almost revolutionary. Already, however, reports tell of pleased comment by the men.

on "Cornwallis" with quite a sentimental sigh for its grand country, and its simple life. It seems to me now, that it was a far larger and more open establishment than I thought at the time. There didn't seem to be so much aimless rushing about. Far away fields always look greener my friends!

However, I do like my work here! Its like sitting in a newsreel theatre all day. The things you read about in the papers, I see pictures of. Quite often I run across pictures of people I used to know. Just recently in the Cooks and Stewards file I found the face of one of the first people I met at "Cornwallis" last April, staring up at me,—P.O. Hiquebran—Hi Jo! He certainly looks well fed, and by the line-up of elegant pies that Wren Widders is guarding, I'd say the food must have vastly improved since Wren cooks stepped in to help. Good work gals! I also came across the smiling face of S/Lt. "Chuch" Tathgab who I see is now overseas. I wonder what he did with his station wagon? And Chase-Casgrain and P. O. Major playing golf!

From Halifax we get great quantities of pictures—again the cooks and stewards take the lead. Those gals will

Continued from page 12

Avalon Sport Shorts

by "Sully"

La de da, de la de da, tis Autumn!" Oh pardon me, folks. We were just humming the seasonal tune, prior to bringing you the sports news from Avalon. Yes it is autumn, and we can only say that, we have never seen a much nicer Autumn. No fooling, boys and girls, if they could have put this weather in July and August instead of what we got, things would have been much more convenient. Better late than never tho', so who's complaining?

Now it can be told, and what a story! Our senior softball team blasted it's way to it's second straight championship by defeating the Ack Acks in straight games. Of course, there was no doubt in anyone's mind as to the outcome, but anyway it's all over. The boys in blue played magnificently all through the season and behind the stellar pitching of Eddie Petro stayed way out in front from the beginning. Lads like Bissonette, Barisky, Weber, Menet and Shack are all to be congratulated and especially Petty Officer Grif Jones who coached the team all thru'.

We are sorry that we can't bring the same news about the baseball team as we did about the softball team, but we just can't do it. Altho' it looked like our boys would be victorious, the American team was just a little bit better and copped the final series, two to one. In the first game, the Yanks lambasted the sailors by the score of (censored). Yes, it was that bad. Our hopes were raised a bit tho' when the tars bounced back and surprised the Amerks by the score of one to nil. We were more surprised than our opponents tho' and we're not kidding. The boys of the U. S. Army were really good. Our hopes were short lived when in the final game we went down before the lovely pitching of Fry to the tune of 10-4. Although we lost the series we would like to say a word of praise for one, George Layman. Throughout the season he always was in some spot on the team, but in the final games he stepped up to the pitcher's mound and just as if he were used to it, blasted them by the Yanks, one, two, three. In the one to nothing game he fanned 15 men and allowed only one hit. His final game was nearly as well pitched, but his support left something to be desired.

Last month we reported that the Senior Football Team had been eliminated, but since then another team has been carrying on. A number of the seniors have joined hands with some RN ratings in the barracks, and the resulting team is known as the RN pool. They have played on the average of three games a week and although there is no league functioning, these British lads have been playing heads up football. They are all very enthusiastic and have been turning out faithfully.

The Avalon interpart bowling league is now in full swing and strange to say, we have not encountered any of the usual setbacks—AS YET. There are 16 teams entered from as many departments and the bowling averages, considering the time of the season, are quite good. The Regulating Office is ploughing along guided by Joe Cucinati, and Kirk of the RCNH is making sure that his boys don't lose any ground. Bowling is one of the most popular sports in Avalon.

The Badminton season opened recently at this base. As yet, only the officers are playing and this is due, largely, to the shortage of gear. Many of the officers have their own gear, and naturally this helps out a lot. However, before long we hope to be able to include those ratings who show a real interest in the game. The trouble at present, as always, is the fact that many men can't be trusted to take good care of such

MEET THE BASEBALL CHAMPS OF ST. JOHNS, NFLD.



Yes, they're champs...and how! This is the powerful HMCS Avalon team of St. John's, Nfld., that bowled over all opposition in Senior Inter-Service Softball, both Canadian and American, in a smart five team league. They made remarkable record winning all their games except an early season tie. The playoffs were a "shoo in" as they walked through the semi-finals and finals in five straight games.

Front Row: (From l to r.) P. O. Jones, coach, S. Shack, C.; M. Barisky s.s.; Cdr. Balfour, X. O. "Avalon"; B. Menet 1b; F. Codyre, 3b; Lt. McCormick, Sports Officer. **Back Row:** (From l to r.) Bissonette, c.f.; Webber, 2b; Petrow, p.; Leymah, p.&rf.; Williams, 2b.; Olsen, manager.—R.C.N. Photo.

things as Badminton rackets. We hope to see some changes soon tho', and we'll tell you about them next issue.

A small but efficient boxing team has been working out faithfully for the past month and last month brought added glories to Avalon Navy. Davy Brown is back in our Sports Office, and we know that most of you will remember him as a pretty classy fighter. At any rate there is one American Soldier who knows as much. Davy forced him out of the running in the second round of a very one-sided slug-fest. In the other bouts two more navy lads left no doubt in anyone's mind about the sailor scrappers. Campbell chopped his opponent to pieces and Cunningham put on a superb boxing display to outpoint his man. Our team was allied with some American men from the Fort and boxed against a visiting team from Argentina.

PTI Charles' conditioning and body-building class is again in full swing and is enjoying the same success with which it was greeted last spring. Many of the ratings of the Accounting Branch requested for this type of class, and we were happy to oblige. Charles has been doing a magnificent job, and is to be highly commended. He also looks after the P. T. for the convalescents and stewards in the base.

Now for the news of the Sport's Staff itself. This month sees many changes in the old "Alma Mater" Ollie Ollson, who served so faithfully for so long in this office has at last reported to "Cornwallis" for his P & RT course. Bud Menet, who was also a leading light on our senior teams accompanied Ollie.

The latest item concerns things which happened to us only a few days ago. We looked around quick and who do you think we saw? None other than "Spike" Larabie. Yes, he's here in Avalon and we suppose will join our staff. PTI Davies joined our little throng and he is very welcome. We expected him before, but due to an accident he was delayed. However he's here now and he'll be put to good use. We forgot to mention, that in exchange for PTI Courville we received Jow Dubrufski.

Our Wrens' Recruiting Office is still up top, and doing a fine job. Miss Irving is on tour and in her absence, Miss "Kit" Sparks, Prob. Writer, is taking over. This time next month she'll be "deep in the heart of Conestoga". Good Luck Kit....

SYDNEY SPORTS SLANTS

by P.O. J. Altman, P.&R.T.I.



Outstanding sporting even during the past month was a boxing tournament held in the spacious Drill Hall of HMCS "Protector."

Featuring 13 bouts in nearly all classes, one exhibition, and one amateur match, the tournament was witnessed by approximately 600 officers and ratings of the Sydney Command, and their lusty cheers echoed through the rafters, as the mitt-slingers slugged it out in a style all of their own.

The final bout of the evening's entertainment brought together A.B. Jackson and O/Sea. Geldert, two outstanding lightweights in a rousing five-rounder. Both boxers were in good condition, and gave everything they had right from the opening gong. Geldert, a scrappy southpaw, used his unishin' left to a good advantage as he landed blows to the head and body, and got the nod from the judges. Jackson proved a game loser and won the admiration of the spectators with his two-fisted style of attack.

The presence of the highest ranking officers of the Sydney Sub-Command proved an inspiration to the pugilists, and enabled them to give their best possible. Prizes were presented to all competitors by Commander Shedden, Commanding Officer, HMCS Protector.

Boxing Tourney Results

Lightweight (Novice) - Sto. Richardson defeated O/Sea. Faulkner; O*Sea. Marshe defeated O/Sea. Hudson. Welter (Novice) - O/Sea. Day defeated O/Sea. McKeown. Middle (Novice) - O*Sea. Christenson defeated O/Sea. Woodhill; O/Sea. Nichols defeated O/Sea. Schnare. Middle Exhibition - Cook (O) Allen defeated A. B. Yodd. Lightweight semi-finals (Novice) O/Sea. Barr defeated O/Sea. Hatte; Sto. Richardson defeated O*Sea. Marshe. Welter semi-finals (Novie) - O/Sea. Amon defeated O/Sea. McDonnel; O/Sea. Melanson defeated O/Sea. Day, T. K. O. 3rd round; Feather finals (Novice) - O*Sea. Huckins defeated O/Sea. Clay. middle finals (Novice) - O/Sea. Nichols defeated O/Sea. Christenson.

Lightweight finals (Novice) - Sto. Richardson defeated O/Sea. Barr. Welter finals (Novice) - O/Sea. Melanson defeated O/Sea. Amon (K. O. 2nd round). Lightweight Amateur (5 rounds) - O/Sea. Geldert defeated A. B. Jackson.

The Chiefs and P.O.'s won the interpart softball championship, after defeating the powerful Officers' team, two straight games in the best-of-three finals.

Able coached by P.O. Isaacs, the "brass-button boys" came through the entire season with only one defeat and certainly deserved to win the title. Supt. Duggan and E.R.A. Beckett held down the pitching duties for the champs, while Ch. E. A. "Bob" Cummings carried out the catching assignment. Ch. E.R.A. George Seed, and E.R.A. Rudling, were the heavy hitters of the team, while E.R.A. Cleland, patrolling the outfield, robbed many a batter of sure hits, in making spectacular catches. Congratulations, gang, and hope you are around next season.

Still more orchids—We hate dwelling on the subject but we want to take the opportunity through this column to congratulate the Halifax Navy Baseball Team in capturing the Maritime Senior Baseball Championship for the second consecutive season. Nice going, Navy.

With the wind whistling around the old "Point," and the temperature slowly dropping, sporting interest is gradually swinging to Hockey, Basketball, etc.

Hockey players are already attending organized training sessions, supervised by the PTI, helping to improve their condition and prepare themselves for the more strenuous sessions when they get on the ice.

Several members of last year's squad along with numerous other players from various parts of the country are attending the classes, and when the season comes around, "Protector" will again have a strong team representing the Navy in Sydney.

The inter-part volley-ball trophy, at present in the possession of the Chiefs and P.O.'s, last year's champs, is again up for competition. At a recent meeting of the various team representatives, it was decided to form an eight-team League, consisting of the following: Stokers, Bandsmen, Officers, Hospital, Ch. & P.O.'s, Seamen and Artisans.

Teams are practicing faithfully, and anxiously looking forward to their first game. The Ch. & P.O.'s team, captained by P.O. Brown, will again,

Sailors Trim U.S. Army In Fast Boxing Tourney

by Newfie John

Avalon staged the first indoor boxing show of the season, last month presenting a first class inter-service show at RCNB gym. U. S. Army, both from Ft. pepperell and Argentinia, were present, along with RCN. The standard of boxing was unusually high and the 1000 spectators witnessing the 7 bouts were treated to an excellent night of fisticuffing.

Of the 7 matches RCN came out on top 3 times losing 1; Argentinia won 2 lost 5; Ft. pepperell won 2 and lost 1.

Navy showed excellent form, particularly their winners, Brown, Cunningham and Campbell. Brown was a TKO winner in the 1st round with Cunningham and Campbell unanimous decision winners.

Brown's bout, short-lived as it was spectacular, saw the Navy boy punching furiously and solidly, forcing Hunter, Argentinia, to quit 15 seconds before the 1st round ended.

Cunningham featured a beautiful left and lightning footwork to outclass Martin, Argentinia, by a good margin. It was a splendid bout and brought roars of approval from the crowd.

Campbell was outstanding in his match with Kotasek, his opponent of no mean ability. For a round and a half it was anybody's fight, but from there on it was all Campbell. Employing uppercuts in the late 2nd and 3rd, he cut the Army boy to ribbons and was given complete agreement by the judges.

The show was sponsored by the Sports Office under the direction of Lt. McCormick, P. & R. T. Officer, capably assisted by staff Instructors, headed by P. T. I. Bourque. Panter P. O. Whynot was the referee and Plumber P. O. Charbonneau, RCNVR, and Lt. Pyburn, U. S. Army, Ft. Pepperell, judges.

be back with a star-studded squad, defending their title, however, S/Lt. Pollack, representing the "gold braid," is confident his team will be in there for the pay-off. No predictions of a winner will be made from this corner at this early stage, but we are sure that the champs will have to be hot to retain the trophy.

Last month Point Edward suffered a small scale invasion by approximately 90 girls in blue. Yes, the Wrens have moved in and have already made it known that they will be active in Sports. We warded off the attack by promising to co-operate with the fairer sex, and with the kind permission and assistance of Lieuts. McCallum and Brodie, a volley-ball league is being organized which will consist of six teams. Arrangements are also under way to stage badminton and table tennis tournaments. The Drill Hall has been allocated to the Wrens each Wednesday night, and naturally the male portion of the Ship's Company will always be on hand to watch the games.

Basketball is still popular at this Base and practice sessions at the YMCA are widely attended. Lieut. Andy Chisholm will guide the Navy Hoopsters in their quest for another Cape Breton championship, and with most of last year's team available along with numerous other players, the coach will easily be able to select a strong team to represent the Navy in Sydney.

The Navy Bowling Team has swung into action in the City Senior League, playing each Wednesday. Bowling facilities are not available at the Base, and in order to comply with the numerous requests for the popular winter pastime, an effort is being made to secure the YMCA alleys for two or three nights per week for RCN personnel serving in the Base and in Ships alongside.

Shavings From A Lathe In The Ordnance Shop

by G. Poirier C.O.A.



The Fifth Victory Loan finds O. A. Edmonds scuttling briskly around the shop with a pencil in one hand, forms in the other and that salesman's "come hither" look on his face.

By all reports, the O. A.'s seem to be supporting the drive with their usual enthusiasm which means, of course, that the shop should go over 100%.

Golden Rule Days

The second of W. O. O.'s (Q) are at present undergoing a period of schooling in preparation for their future exams. Needless to say this modern method of education will seem quite unique to them compared with the slate-pencil days when they last went to school.

Changes in Shop

O. A. Chilvers has been put in charge of the regulating office now that C. O. A. Poirier is in classes with C. O. A. Donnelly and C. O. A. Edgett. O. A. Gill is now in charge of the shop, having replaced Chief Donnelly.

Quite a number of the erstwhile Cornwallis O. A.'s are enjoying a fairly liberal leave prior to their departure for the U. K. where they will undergo special courses.

Speaking of the U. K., we are glad to hear that O. A. (Hap) Hampson is back with us again. We all wish him a speedy recovery.

O. A. Couse, having completed his course, is now occupying a board in the draughting office under the keen eye of O. A. Menzie. He is relieving O. A. Wallace who has left for the U. K. to take a course.

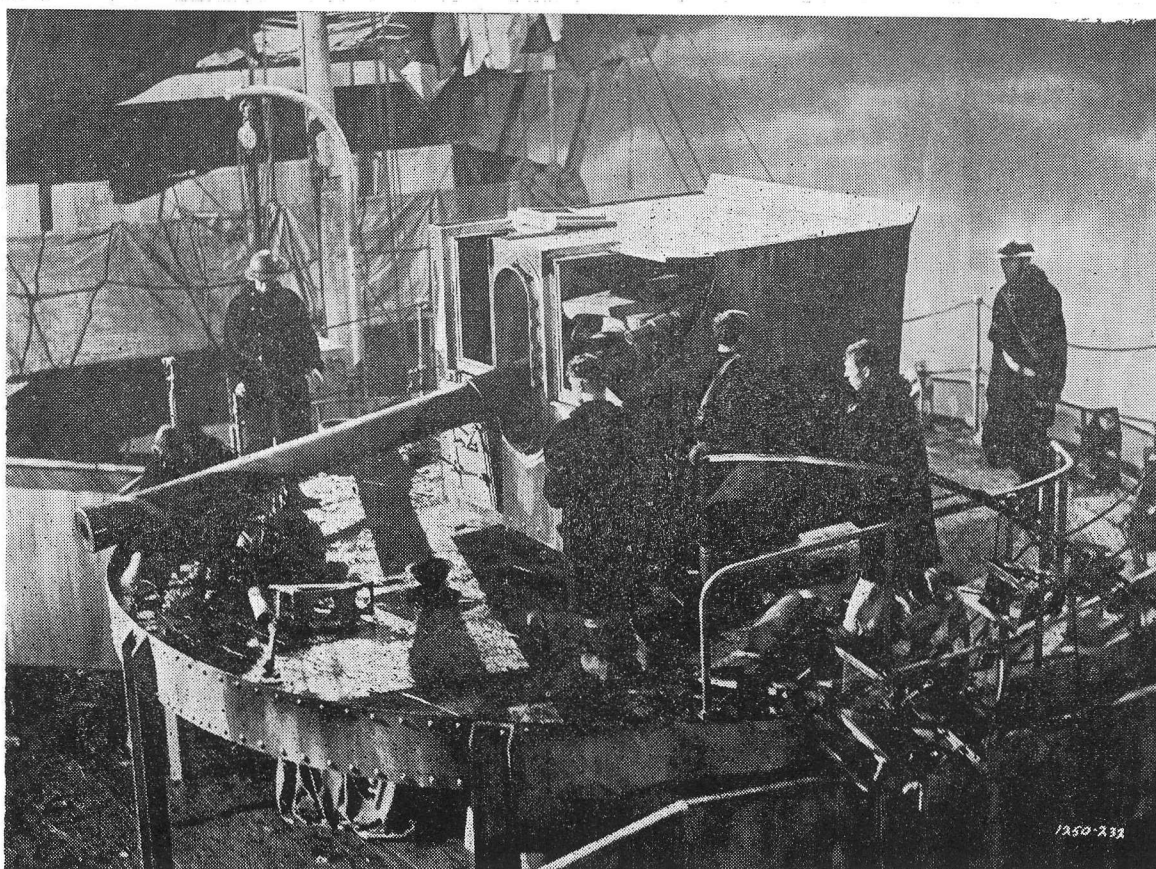
Starting the Grind

The 4th of O. A. 's may be seen any day now doubling up and down the parade square.

Of course it is quite natural for O. A. 's (Q) to be tripping and falling over each other. However, like any other class, they promise to be an aggressive lot and you can bet your last set of twins (4.7's) that they'll be able to fall all over each other by the time their field training is completed.

Romantic, Ain't It?

There seem to be some very energetic romances between some Wrens and some O...A.'s but when one of these lovely birds brings a cold roast chicken (weight 7 lbs.) back off leave for her O. A. well, he sure must have her securely lashed and stowed. That's what happened to one of the boys, but that's nothing compared to what's going to happen to him if he doesn't



Here is a scene from the new Universal Pictures release, "Corvette K-225", the film in which a Corvette takes the starring role. Recently premiered at Ottawa and Halifax the film is destined to become one of the great pictures of the war. The portrayal of the duties of a corvette at sea during wartime is realistic and impressive.

White Ensign Group Nominations Are Held

There will be a vote for only one office when the White Ensign Association of Halifax holds its elections on November 4. All offices but that of vice-chairman were filled by acclamation. J. A. Wilson and W. H. Milson will contest the open office.

Officers elected by acclamation are: Patron, Hon. Angus L. Macdonald; Hon. Pres., Vice-Admiral P. W. Nelles, RCN; president, Capt. H. N. T. Grant, RCN; Vice-president, Cdr. T. Hood, RCNVR; chairman, CEA W. H. Polhill; civilian committee, J. F. Owen; W. Melhinish, J. E. Crawley; RCN committee, Wt. Electrician R. J. Ventham, Wt. Engineer J. F. McNeil, CPO Jens Jensen; Master-at-Arms, E. Smith; secy.-treas., W. E. Pounder; press secy., CEA S. C. Rose.

The meeting was well attended and was addressed by L/Wtr. J. M. Reddit managing editor of The Crow's Nest, who spoke on the subject of promotion work as it might be applied to the expansion of the White Ensign Association into a National organization.

pass around a leg or two (off the chicken, of course.)

O. A. "Ike" Townsend was in to see us the other day to spin some salty dips. He tells us he had a great time in the States and hopes to be going back soon. He also tells us, the reason he stands at the rail all the time is because he likes to watch the seaweed flit by.

Many Famed Canadian Athletes Now In Training Establishment

HMCS Cornwallis is proud of the galaxy of athletic stars it is gathering under the Royal Canadian Navy's white ensign.

They keep turning up on every hand...Gaye Stewart, famed Toronto Maple Leaf hockey star, an ordinary Seaman, officer candidate... "Jake" Edwards known to Queens, Ottawa Roughriders, and Toronto Argos fans as one of the best in big-time rugby, a lieutenant RCNVR... Clause Warwick, featherweight champion of Canada, a Regina lad who has held the Saskatchewan title for the past four years, now an officer candidate... "Bill" Shill, who rose to international hockey fame with Boston Bruins last season, another officer candidate Harvey Dubs, of Windsor, a professional who holds the inter-service Canadian welterweight championship, an able seaman in the navy... Jack Nash of London, Ont., known to the world as one of Canada's outstanding contributions to golfdom, a probationary sub-lieutenant... "Monty" Wood and Tom Boynton, outstanding Canadian squash players, both of Toronto, and both probationary sub-lieutenants... Al Lenard of Hamilton Wildcats, an all-Canadian rugby star, an officer candidate... "Chuck" Millman of Stratford, Ont., Calgary and Vancouver, formerly of the Calgary Broncs and the Vancouver Grizzlies in the Western conference - and there are many others, from every field of sport.

Athletic Captain

Their records are part of the history of Canadian sport familiar to every Canadian sports fan—but for the duration they're writing a new kind of history in which sports play no mean part. Their commanding officer at HMCS Cornwallis, Capt. J.C.I. Edwards, RCN, was a hockey, and football player of no small repute, and as one of Canada's top-ranking tennis players won cups and shields wherever Canadian warships touched tennis-minded ports of the world in peacetime years.

Wren: Freddie, darling, get the nails. We're going to spike the puncy.

Rugger Notes

by L/Sea. Art. Bullock, PTI

The English rugby team is coming along by leaps and bounds. Every night the Navy League Recreation Centre sees the boys being put through their paces by Lieut. Lancaster, who has years of playing experience behind him. The team, though not as strong as in former years, is shaping into great form as the days go by.

The first league game for the Navy took place at Wolfville, bringing the tars to grips with the strong Acadians

Cage Teams Plentiful In Escort Force Ship

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



Soccer has taken the spotlight in Escort Forces Sports activities during the past month. Some interesting games have been played and some ships

have set up records for themselves, such as H.M.S. Georgetown, whose team has not lost a game in this port. H.M.S. Buxton has held them to a 2-2 tie but has never succeeded in getting an edge.

Softball has just about passed out of the picture, only the odd game being played between ships. There are two ships that have been trying to get together for some time, "Minas" and "Chilliwack." Neither team has lost a game this season. If they do meet it will be a game worth watching.

Basketball games are going to be plentiful here this winter, judging from a survey of Ships' material. Every ship has a team and almost all have some pretty good men to work with. "Chilliwack" got the ball rolling by taking "Battleford" into camp recently, 29-11.

Skating will be another sport on the front page next month and inter-ship hockey games can be arranged through the Escort Forces Sports Office. Here is a line to the wise! Those wishing to skate or play hockey this season—send for your skates now!

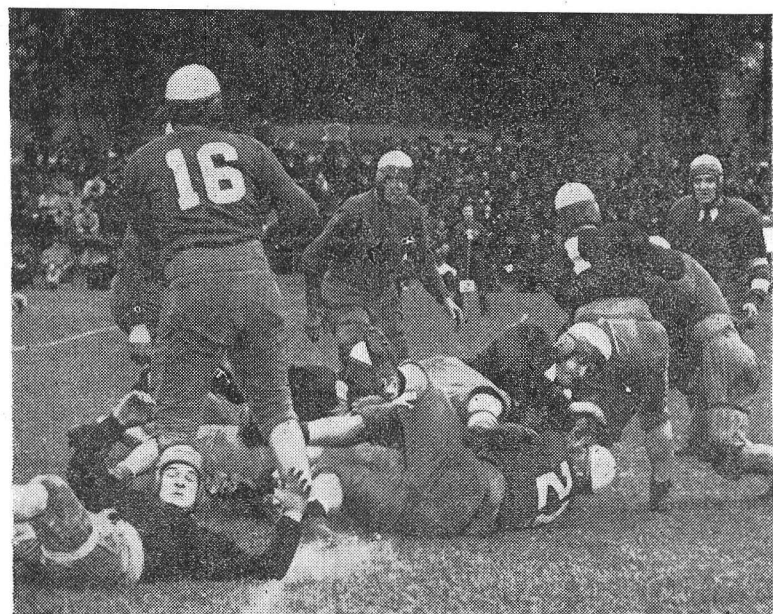
The Maritime Amateur Boxing Championships are taking place this month and it looks as though it will be quite an affair. The lads are all hard at it getting into shape. Don't miss this show.

Main Guard and Firemen are progressing well with regular morning P. T. periods, taking instruction on parallel bars, box horse, rope climbing and ground work. The majority of those taking part have never had previous experience with this equipment and are only too willing to learn.

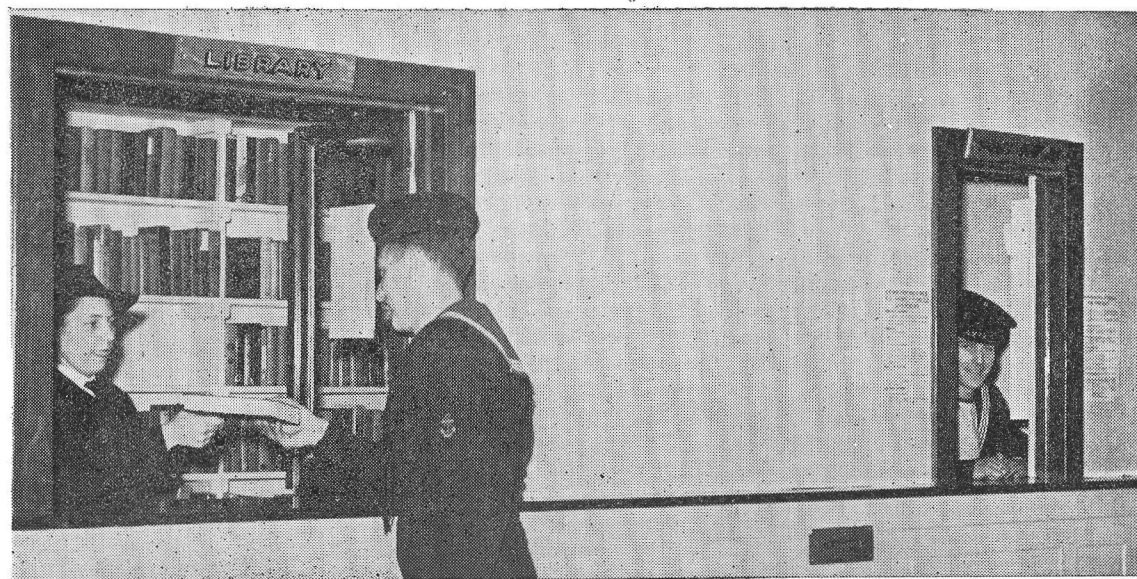
who defeated the sailors 31-3. Being the first game for most of the Navy boys, it paid for itself in experience.

The next game is with the Army, who lost their first encounter to Acadia, also, and if we have anything to say (quoting the Navy) boy their next game will be lost to us.

This year's line-up has only three of last year's names appearing in it, Padre Craven, PO Andy Chartren and Sto. Scallion. Johnny Bird, well known to all who follow English Rugger, is another cog in the machine.



Admitted by experts throughout the country to be one of the finest Canadian football aggregations ever to be assembled on one team in the Dominion HMCS Stadacona rugby squad has been having a tough time trying to find someone with whom to play. Shown here is an exciting moment during the game played with a team from HMC Destroyers, last month when the "Stad." squad scored a 23-6 victory over their opponents. - RCN Photo.



HMCS Chippawa's new 2,000-book library is now in operation—and nights aboard are just that much more enjoyable! What with bowling alleys, swimming pool, the roomy, attractive canteen, and now the library, Winnipeg tars-in-training have "all the comforts of home"—and then some. The library is operated in conjunction with the post office, a recent innovation at Chippawa. Distribution of mail to the rapidly-growing ship's company is considerably easier with the new letter and parcel depot and its success is a tribute to the efforts of Lieut. (S. B.) B. H. Langdon. Instructor A. E. Webb, of Winnipeg, since drafted to HMCS Cornwallis, was the first librarian.

At one end of the spacious parade deck (once the skating rink of The Winter Club) a permanent stage is being erected by Navy shipwrights. When finished, it will provide an ideal set-up for moving pictures and concert presentations. A sparkling winter program of such shows is being lined up.



Shown here are the members of the Senior Softball Team of HMCS Protector, at Sydney, N. S. These lads made a remarkable showing this year. Standing l to r—A/Ptr. H. Poulton, SA S. Stevenson, AB A. Talbot, Sto. R. King, L/Sea. H. Lang, (Captain); AB J. Poplowski, O/Sea. H. Hodgkinson, AB J. Egan. Seated — Sto. B. Lukasik, ERA S. Scorige, PO J. Altman (coach); O/Sea. A. Brown, Surg.-Lt. L. Davey, (Manager).

The Navy Coast To Coast

The RCN greets the Canadian public over the air waves with considerable frequency these days. The Naval Information Radio Section is currently broadcasting on five different programs over the national network of the CBC.

Just about every type of program is in use. A fictional series, which traces the career of a young Canadian V. R., is heard every Thursday evening. This is a straight dramatic show called "Fighting Navy", and its hero, Jack Marlowe, is familiar to a lot of us. Although "Fighting Navy" is a play, all the Naval content is completely authentic and accurate. Indeed, a good deal of the material was secured through first-hand observation, since Broadcasting Officers tie themselves off to sea at every opportunity. This programme, sponsored by the British American Oil Co. Ltd, is heard over 31 stations.

Variety Program
"Comrades in Arms" is a variety and informational program shared with the Army and Air Force. It presents dramatizations, actuality broadcasts from the battle-fronts, interviews with outstanding servicemen, and so on. Heard on 44 stations from coast to coast, "Comrades in Arms" is in its second year of broadcasting. Recently, the French counterpart of "Comrades in Arms" was premiered on the CBC French network and is titled "Freres d'Armes."

Program number four is a weekly commentary program titled "Headquarter's Report". Also, a tri-service program, it deals in straight commentary and interview.

"Bards in Battledress" rounds out the picture of Naval broadcasting in the national field. Featuring poetry written by servicemen and women, it enjoys great popularity, despite its comparative newness.

All these programs are written and presented by servicemen, and they obviously just about cover the whole range of radio entertainment. Drama, news, variety, music, poetry, and commentary add up to quite a selection of program types. Check on the schedule of these programs, and listen in, if you're not already doing so. By the way, every one of these programs welcome all and any criticism, suggestion and comment. Particularly "Bards in Battledress", which is always on the hunt for new poets.

O/Sea: Roman women must have worn queer clothes!
L/Sea Howzat?
O/Sea The Schoolmaster says they heated their houses by carrying hot coals around in braziers.

Ticket Salesman: "Have you a reservation?"

Sailor going on leave "Do I look like an Indian?"

Bad Breaks Not Enough To Stop Soccer Squad

by Alf Crowder

The Navy's Senior Soccer team is still plugging along, despite the tough breaks it has received during the season. There are only a few of the original players still on the team, what with illness, drafts and that cherished 14 days' leave.

The founder of the team, P. O. Cook Murray, has been drafted to the West Coast. He gathered together enough players to represent the Navy, in order that those who loved the game could have an opportunity to play it and also, so that ships' teams might have some competition when they came to port.

Most of the players are from the West and have played, at one time or another, for senior teams. The goalkeeper, Bill Johnson, played over half the season before going on leave. Since Bill left Dick Shimmin, a past master at goal-keeping and an outstanding forward, has taken over the duties.

Dependable Men

To help out the goalie there are two fullbacks, Gordie Wilson and Mc Arthur. Both play a beautiful game. Holding down left half is Bill Dickson, an easy, but sure-of-the-ball style of player. At centre is Bob Deaves, former star of the Vancouver Blue Birds. Right half was Jack McKay, at present on leave, now replaced by Harvey McDonald.

On the forward line are, Ken. Earl, right wing, Tommy Robins, centre, and Nick Alexander (on leave), left wing. Outside wings are Kummerfield and William "Adorable" Bond.

Besides a full team, which seems hard to get for a game, there are,

Avalon Claims Record For Pitcher's Prowess

Avalon believe they have a record in service baseball pitching for 1943. Their claims are for the no-hit, no-run hurling of P. O. George Leyman in an Inter-Service Baseball final, for the St. John's city championship. Leyman's record was all the more remarkable in so much as his effort was against a hard hitting American team from Ft. Pepperal. He was almost perfect permitting only 2 men to reach first, both on balls that hit the batters.

Officers of Avalon are inclined to be a trifle boastful of their season's softball record. Beaten in the semi-finals of a classy inter-part league by the champion Stokers, they still emerged with an excellent score for the season. Of a total of 24 games they won 16 lost 7 and tied 1. Managed by Lt. McCormick, their itinerary carried them to many foreign diamonds, including a 3-game series with U. S. Navy at Argentina where they won all 3.

Avalon lost the Inter-Services Baseball title for St. John's Nfld. bowing before a superior American Army team in the odd game of best-of-3 series. Navy lost the first by a 19-2 margin, won the second 1-0 on a no-hit, no-run effort by pitcher Leyman, but lost the final 10-4.

Len. Day, linesman, Frank Walsh, Bill McKay, Carruthers and Alf Crowder, team captain.

Since the former manager and captain left, Art Bullock, a member of "Stadacona" P&RT staff, has been acting as manager and making a nice job of it. Last, but not least, in the set-up is Chief Evans, coach and referee.

'We Want Someone To Play With Us!' Is Cry Of 'Stadacona' Rugby Players

Latest word on the mixed up Navy rugby situation at Halifax is that the tars will be pulling for Hamilton Wildcats to take the Dominion football crown this year. That's about the only way the starry Navy squad will get a game in, by the look of the picture, since all likely competitors in the East have folded.

Coach "Tiny" Herman has fought a brief but fierce battle in trying to get the Navy squad into the Dominion set-up but, since the Navy entry was of necessity sent in late, the C. R. U. has ruled the sailors out.

The only thing left to do, at the moment, is to try to create sufficient interest in the Canadian game in Nova Scotia to get it on a good footing and the way the experts figure it, the best

way to do that is to bring the best competition possible east for a charity game.

Sam Manson, president of the Hamilton Wildcats, has promised, if he wears the crown this year, to bring his team out for a game with Navy any place they wish to play, the entire proceeds to go to war charities.

There's no doubt that a team winning the Canadian crown without having played the Navy team at Slackers would be champs in name only, for it is the opinion of the best in the game throughout the Dominion that Navy this year has, perhaps, the finest group of players ever assembled on one team. If challenges mean anything Navy is the champ right now because they'll play any team willing to meet them.

HERE AND THERE

Continued from page 4

Plans are being made for the ship's company to enter hockey and basketball teams in the Quebec City leagues and judging by the material on hand they should make a fine showing.

The ships company has also entered a bowling team in the M. D. 5 Military league. They bowl duck pins and would like to compete in a telegraph match with other teams. For further information contact Writer Bob Coriveau.

The ship's softball team, though they lost out in the semi-finals made a very creditable showing as they finished in second place in the regular schedule.

A welcome addition to the Navy life in Quebec city is the new K of C hut stationed on St. Peter street. It is open to all ratings and any visitor to Quebec will be made welcome there.

Dog Drafted To 'Queen' For Duration Of War

By Lieut. (S.B.) P. H. McKew

Hail and farewell ceremonies were held at HMCS Queen on October 12, when Pay/Lieut. E. Palk—all 6 ft. 4 inches of him, was entertained by his colleagues at a mess dinner prior to his departure overseas. At the conclusion of dinner, the Officer Commanding, Lt.-Cdr. N. L. Pickersgill presented Lieut. Palk with gold cuff links traditional and symbolical link of his association with the "Queen." His successor, Pay/Lieut. Harold Wright was welcomed in the customary fashion, and following this the evening was enlivened by an enthusiastic musicale.

It is not often that draft formalities are accorded to one single solitary individual. However, "Queen" can claim such a distinction in the "personage" of Royal Duke, the newly

Avalon Navy Pins

By "Jim" Martin

Well readers, down the alleys with the Navy Pins we find the lads in blue entering this field for a second season. Last year we didn't fair so well, winding up in the old clean-up position, fourth, but were rated the team to beat all season. We finished the league with second highest team pinfall.

This year we are entered in a new league, allowing four men to a team. We have played four games and lost one point by six pins. This was accomplished only when one of our top spillers, Harry "Stokes" Doucette became too friendly with 'ye ole king pin!' Thus we have won 11 out of 12 points so far.

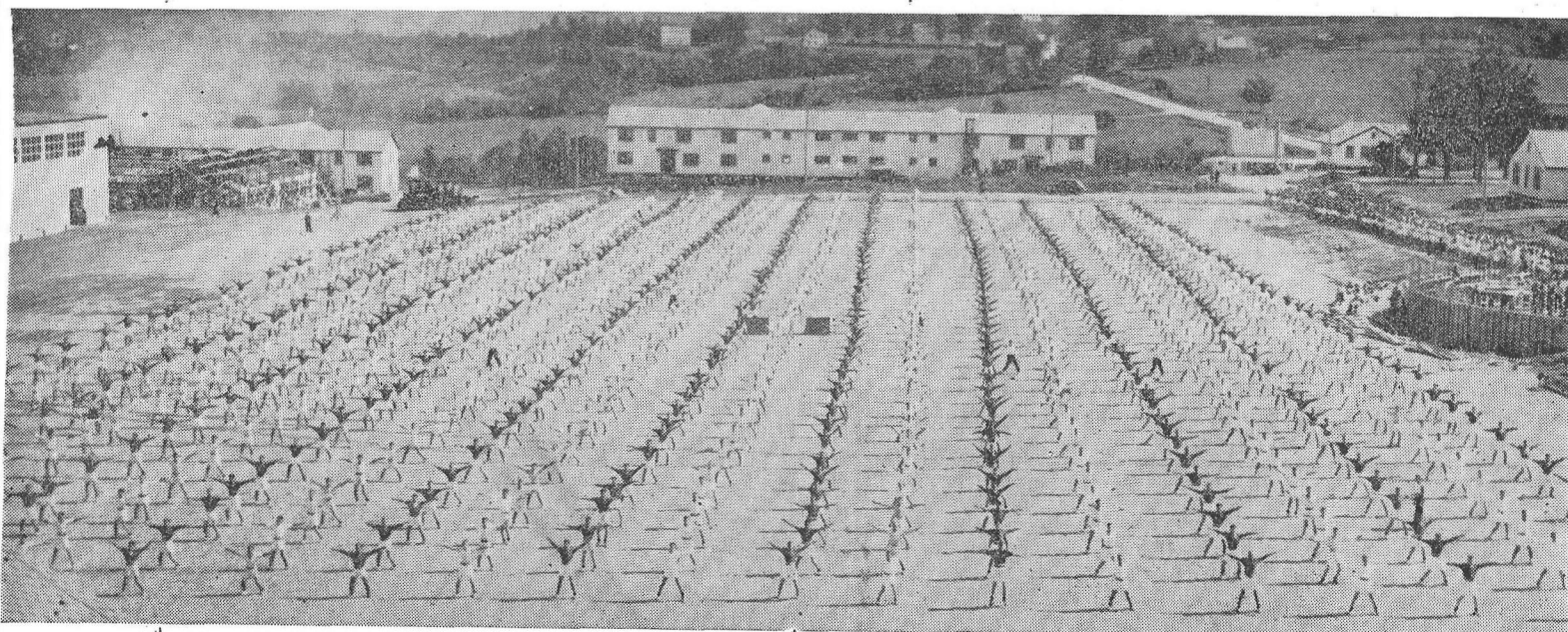
And so, still another year in bowling comes around, and the Navy Pinsmen known in this league as RCN Stores become a worthy and feared opponent to all teams of the league.

acquired mascot. This gentleman to wit 45 lbs. of bulldog was drated to us from Wren Constance Thornton and is on loan for the duration. He is an extremely popular member of the Ship's Company and the terror of cats and all fry of his own fraternity. Our greatest difficulty is to keep everyone from feeding him and to ensure his good health, dietitian duties have been assigned to an Ordinary Seaman, with very specific feeding instructions.

Royal Duke will shortly be participating in our marching and his presence will, we are sure, enhance the Navy's prestige.

Another addition to the "Queen" is a boxing ring—and speaking of boxing—Ordinary Seaman Babiuk of this Division competed recently in an inter-service tournament, winning handily over his RCAF opponent.

We have also the lumber on hand to lay down a dance floor. This is now in process of construction and we shall shortly be at home to our good friends in the other services who have opened their doors to us in the past.

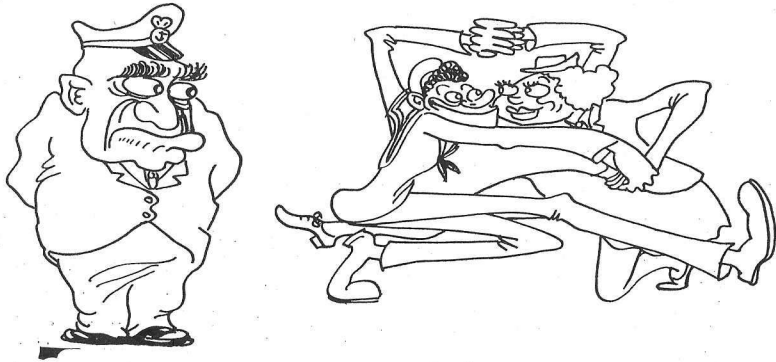


The above display was put on recently at HMCS Cornwallis by New Entry Seamen trained by the New Entries' staff. The picture is of a mass rhythmic display being done to music by over 1,000 men. It is one of the

largest that has been put on by the Navy. Viewing the display were Hon. Angus L. Macdonald, Minister of National Defence (Navy) and Vice-Admiral Percy W. Nelles, RCN. Photo by Mr. R. D. Blofield, Gnr., RCN.

INSIDE DOPE by an INSIDE DOPE

by Henry Sherman, A. B.



The Special Services Office at HMCS Cornwallis is clearing the decks in preparation for the winter offensive here, in the Acadian Valley. Faced with the task of providing entertainment for the Staff and Trainees at Canada's largest Naval Base, the officers in charge have lost no time in getting started.

With the arrival of the Navy Show looming up hard to starboard, the entire personnel of the Care and Maintenance Office buried their tiddleys under six feet of Cornwallis mud, donned cover-alls and pitched in to prepare a stage which could hold the huge production. Two hours sleep a night, green paint and glue for coffee and wood shavings with ketchup for dessert was what they lived on for a while, but the results well warrant all the blood, sweat and tears that were expended on it.

HMCS Cornwallis now boasts a stage the equal of any to be found in a legitimate theatre. And that's a lot of footage. The "boards" are now available to any budding Hamlets and blooming Lady Macbeths to be found in our midst. Its popularity is assured with all those ratings who wish to use it as a rehearsal ground for avoiding work parties by entering Sick Parade. There's nothing like an authentic groan propelled by a hard-working diaphragm to get one a day off. The stage is located in the Drill Shed which can seat 3,000 in comfort and 10,000 in a pinch.

Saturday, Oct. 16, saw the first of a series of weekly dances to be held at the drill shed here. Wrens and ratings, jeeps and killicks jived and jammed to the sweet music of a swing band composed of bandmen drafted from the local wet canteen.

And what's more: Something New Has Been Added! You can now trip the light fantastic with your favourite femme from ashore! Of course there is the little detail of signing her in and out at the gate.

But the boys really are glad of this privilege. This is no reflection on the Wrens here, who are all very lovely and talented ladies. But there just aren't enough of them. And no guy can get the best out of a stately measure if six or seven A. B.'s insist on coming along too.

Despite its being first of the series, really a trial run, the dance was a great success. The gals and guys were all tiddleyed, despite the rain, and a good time was had by all. (The old chestnut!) Many came just to hear the music, but those people are just naturally lazy, anyhow. One of them

broke into a cold sweat at the sight of one of our colourful killicks cutting a cement rug with a Wren Writer. But who wouldn't?

A Chief of the old school, with service stripes up to his collar bone, stood by shaking his head in wonderment. Your wandering reporter approached and asked him: "Did you ever see dancing like this back in the nineties, venerable sir?"

He thought hard for a moment, then answered: "Once—but the place was raided."

Ah, yes, times have changed, as we are so forcefully reminded each time we drink our pusser tea. Or is it coffee? One of the P. T. I.'s here has promised to make us the prize jitter-bugs of the base for five dollars. He used to teach wrestling!

Lieut. S. E. McKyes and S/Lt. S. R. Morton are in the toils of organizing a choir and glee club from the transient talent of the trainees. Already the choir has acquitted itself with honors in "Tars of the Navy," a local revue complete with scenery and costumes and the beguiling talents of two comedians O/Sea. F. O. Dowie and E. A. Harms. Their efforts are now being augmented by singers, Archie MacDonnell and Johnny Kilpatrick, both Ordinary Seamen, Wrens Cecile Mills and Lila Armstrong, and, most recently, Leading Bandsman Clifford Clarke, late of the Navy Show, pianist and choir master who will in future be in charge of the Choir and Glee Club. When last heard from, they were taking the Road to Mandalay... Now don't jump to conclusions. You do SO know what we mean.

I LIKE YOUR BRASS—HAT

Continued from page 8

be in the movies soon! Wrens Edna Allan, Kay Floyk, Catherine Beaton, Anne Berzenski and L/Wren Dorothy Blythe, all seem to be doing their bit to see our Navy lads are well fed. Well, you know the old saying—"the way to a man's heart etc. etc."

Salute-ations

To get back to Ottawa. Its been called a mad house—a city of complete confusion—a squirrel cage, an ant hill—dozens of descriptive words, and not any really explanatory. Its like working for a large and very exclusive department store. In a short time you notice that half your working hours are spent with your right hand waving up and down in the air. The one thing you notice is that everybody somewhat resembles

those funny little animated people that the film folk use to illustrate how not to spend money foolishly. Brisk, stiff, straight, little people that can only walk backwards and forwards and move mostly their arms and legs. That's we, the service people of Ottawa.

Of course there is the more serious part. And there, is the fact that if the heart of the Navy is in Halifax, its clothing is here.

Sometimes we get shaken out of our safe, little office seats, like when "St. Croix," went down, taking with her all but one of our boys. It wasn't much fun then knowing and seeing all their faces lined up on your desk waiting to be put in brown paper envelopes to be sent to the pap rs, for you andjyou andjyl to read about; knowing on Monday, of the heart-break and sorrow many families and friends would be feeling by the following Friday. No it's not all fun. And it's pretty tough on the sailors and officers who have been to sea, or who haven't and want to, to have to sit here, and do work that *must* be done so that others may go and repay the "fly-paper" hanger for "St. Croix" and all other Canadian Navy losses.

Somebody has to stay here—but be glad it sin't you. Enjoy the smell of the sea and let us city slickers enjoy our "Nut House Special" as...est we can.

Well, "the time has come," the walrus said, to "speak of other things," and I too must return to the land of the limp hand—Fear not, Jenny has not deserted you, she had just taken leave of her senses.

PARDOD BY SDIFFLE

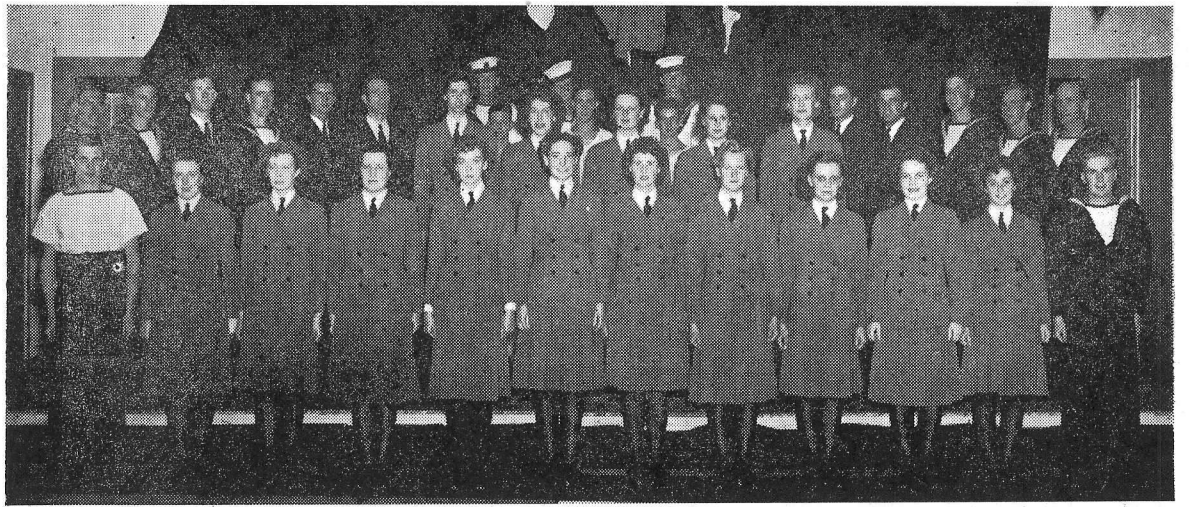
Continued from page 6

had been placed, when all of a sudden my tender home-nursing enthusiast planked her hand on my bare bosom and I let out another scream as the icy goo oozed onto my skin. My feet came up in the air again and I splashed them down into the tub for a second scalding.

The Missus never passes up an opportunity. As I threw my head back, my face screwed up with agony, my torrid toes crying out for cold and my ice-bound breast crying for warmth, she began dabbing menthol across my forehead and down the sides of my nose — to clear the passages, you know. In her haste, however, she got a fairly large dose in my left eye. It stung like fury and I leaped up to grab a towel from the wall.

It was nice there in the hospital and my wife was good to me, bringing me books and other things to help make life pleasant. But she was a little cool and I knew the reason. After all, I had sort of gypped her out of a medical triumph. She would have been able to doctor my shins where I scraped them when I fell blindly over the tub, but when my hand fell on the hot plate of the stove she had to call the doctor. She would have been able to look after me at home, too, of course, once he had fixed up my hand, but the trouble was that they had to move me to the hospital. That was because when I was lying unconscious on the floor

TRAINING ESTABLISHMENT PRODUCES SMART REVUE



Pictured here is a scene from "The Navy's Here", first revue produced by "Cornwallis" Special Services Office. A definite hit.—R.C.N. Photo.

THE LAWS OF THE NAVY

Dedicated to his comrades in the Service by the Author

Ronald A. Hopwood

Now these are the laws of the Navy,
Unwritten and varied they be;
And he that is wise will observe them,
Going down in his ship to sea;
As nought may outrun the destroyer,
Even so with the law and its grip,
For the strength of the ship is the Service,
And the strength of the Service, the ship.

Take heed what ye say of your rulers,
Be your words spoken softly or plain,
Lest a bird of the air tell the matter,
And so ye shall hear it again.

If ye labour from morn until even,
And meet with reproof for your toil,
It is well—That the gun may be humbled,
The compressor must check the recoil.

On the strength of one link in the cable
Dependeth the might of the chain;
Who knows when thou mayest be tested?
So live that thou bearest the strain!

When the ship that is tired returneth,
With the signs of the sea showing plain,
Men place her in dock for a season,
And her speed she reneweth again.
So shalt thou, lest, perchance, thou grow weary
In the uttermost parts of the sea,
Pray for leave—for the good of the Service,
As much and as oft as may be.

Count not upon certain promotion,
But rather to gain it aspire,
Though the sight-line shall end on the target
There cometh, perchance, a miss-fire.

Can't follow the track of the dolphin?
Or tell where the sea swallows roam?
Where leviathan taketh his pastime?
What ocean he calleth his home?
Even so with the words of thy Rulers,
And the orders those words shall convey,
Every law is as nought beside this one—
"Thou shalt not criticize, but obey!"
Saith the wise, "How may I know their purpose?"
Then acts without wherefore or why;
Stays the fool but one moment to question,
And the chance of his life passeth by.

If ye win through an African jungle,
Unmentioned at home in the Press,
Heed it not—no man seeth the piston,
But it driveth the ship none the less.
Do they growl? It is well; be thou silent,
So the work goeth forward amain
Lo! The gun throws her shot to a hair's breadth,
And shouteth, yet none shall complain.
Do they growl and the work be retarded?

It is ill, speak, whatever their rank;
The half-loaded gun also shouteth,
But can she pierce armor with blank?

and she was phoning for the doctor
I developed quite a little case of pneumonia.

Doth the paint-work make war with the funnels?
Do the decks to the cannon complain?
Nay, they know that some soap or a scraper
Unites them as brothers again;
So ye, being Heads of Departments,
Do your growl with a smile on your lips,
Lest ye strive and in anger be parted
And lessen the might of your ship.

Dost deem that thy vessel needs gilding,
And the dockyard forbear to supply?
Put thy hand in thy pocket and gild her;
There be those who have risen thereby.

Dost think, in a moment of anger,
'Tis well with thy senior to fight?
They prosper, who burn in the morning
The letters they wrote overnight;
For some there be, shelved and forgotten,
With nothing to thank for their fate,
Save that (on a half sheet of foolscap),
Which a fool "had the honor to state—"

If the fairway be crowded with shipping,
Beating homeward the harbor to win,
It is meet that, lest any should suffer,
The steamers pass cautiously in;
So thou, when thou nearest promotion,
And the peak that is gilded is nigh,
Give heed to thy words and thine actions,

Lest others be wearied thereby.
It is ill for the winners to worry,
Take thy fate as it comes with a smile,
And when thou are safe in the harbour,
They will envy, but may not revile.

Uncharted the rocks that surround thee,
Take heed that the channels thou learn,
Lest thou name serve to buoy for another
That shoal, the Courts-Martial return,
Though armor the belt that protects her,
The ship bears the scar on her side,
It is well if the Court shall acquit thee,
It were best hadst thou never been tried.

Now these are the laws of the Navy,
Unwritten and varied they be;
And he that is wise will observe them,
Going down in his ship to sea.
As the wave rises clear to the hawse-pipe,
Washes aft, and is lost in the wake,
So shall ye drop astern all unheeded,
Such time as the law ye forsake.

Now these are the laws of the Navy,
And many and mighty are they.
But the hull and the deck and the keel
And the truck of the law is *Obe*y.

FAST WORK

With J. O'B. LeBlanc as loan chairman, the navy started towards its \$2,500,000 objective with heartening news from Charlottetown where 97 lads training in HMCS Queen Charlotte took just 30 minutes to over-subscribe their quota.

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