

21st. August, 1945.  
Vol. II, No. 1.



"I remember, I remember,  
The place where I was born,"

This edition is dedicated to the original members of the crew now "discharged demobilized".

V-J Day has come and everyone is beginning to think. Their thoughts are not the frivolous care free thoughts of men in a happy efficient and contented ship, but are of the grave reality of imminent return to civilian life in a matter of months. Just how many months it will be, no one knows, but the fact remains that it will be so and we begin to think seriously of post-war careers. "Shall I go back to High School or University?" "Shall I set up my own business?" "Will there be a job for me if I don't go back to school or set up my own business?". It is a mighty big problem and one well worthy of the serious thought that it is being given.

Many have had no experience in the world at large outside of the Navy and some of these undoubtedly feeling attached to the life will turn RCN, but regardless of where you may be at present or in the future, we hope that you may prosper in all you do, and also that you will look back favourably on memories of the ship and her honour.

The following is a list of the members of the crew now "discharged demobilized".

- |                 |            |      |
|-----------------|------------|------|
| Anderson, A.    | Le Clair   | H.   |
| Armstrong, N.   | MacKenzie, | D.J. |
| Buntain, S.     | Marshall   | N.   |
| Butler, R.L.    | McCartney, | J.   |
| Byron, R.J.     | Miller,    | C.F. |
| Chapman, J.     | Munn,      | H.   |
| Clark, E.       | Pepper,    | W.   |
| Cox, E.         | Plante,    | R.   |
| Esbaugh, J.     | Pullan,    | F.   |
| Fennessey, F.W. | Smith,     | A.R. |
| Forbes, A.B.    | St. Jean   | A.   |
| Forbes, G.      | Talbot,    | C.A. |
| Forshaw, J.H.   | Thorburn,  | J.G. |
| Gray, A.W.      | Wells,     | G.A. |
| Harvie, B.      | Westman,   | C.   |
| Hutson, M.D.    | Young.     | R.M. |
| Jones, L.C.     | Hooper,    | R.A. |

Levis ( Leave-us ) in Refit:

Coming alongside everyone was dashing about madly looking for fenders, and in desperation, were about to ask for thick-skulled volunteers (at least so I heard over SQMPZ Radar from my point of vantage two fathoms abaft and above the crow's nest,)

At the same time there seemed to be a slight controversy as to upon whose oness lay the responsibility of moving a certain garbage can.

Safely alongside, everyone was mustered and detailed off to start carting all moveable gear to safe stowage in such places as the cells at the barracks, the local arena etc., where it would be both out of the way and also so that it could be found later. In the midst of this deluge of dockyard workmen began to swarm aboard and they tore things apart and carted more things ashore. Much to everyone's regret, all of the material for a new copy of "Layvee Light" was lost in the shambles and we are just now getting around to finding bits of it here and there. The Tiller Flats yielded many strange and wonderful things which, according to reports had been "lost over the side". Just think, if we had known earlier that upwards of fifteen fenders were hiding down there it would have prevented our thick-skulled volunteers from showing their loyalty to the ship.

All of the initial excitement is over now and we are left with the grim realities of the ultimate in inconvenience. However we must keep up morale, (but for a sense of humour many of us would end up in mental wards).

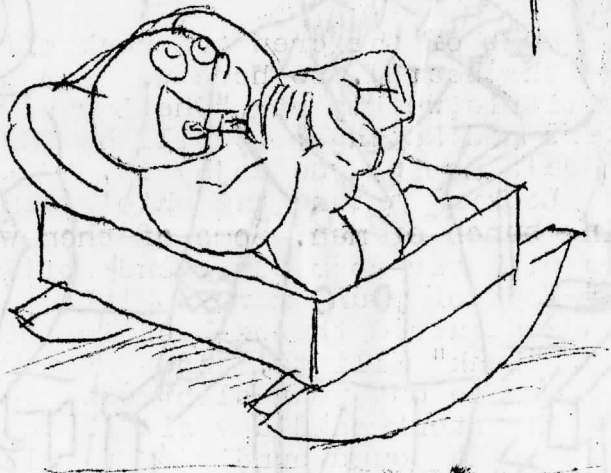
Walking along the upper deck t'other day, the thought struck me that here was a chance to make some graft. All we would need are a grand stand, a Ticket Seller and several "Popcorn Peanuts" men, and lo and behold the newest angle in the time honoured "Sport of Kings", a right on our own upper deck. Of course it would lack the grace of equinity (few women are as well shaped as a horse), but why should the crowds kick? They have no steeple chase here and besides, what could look more graceful to people used to driving oxen than the genus "Homo Sapiens" cavorting over workmen, water pipes, steam pipes, and acetylene gear with bell bottoms swirling gally in the breeze.

ooOoo



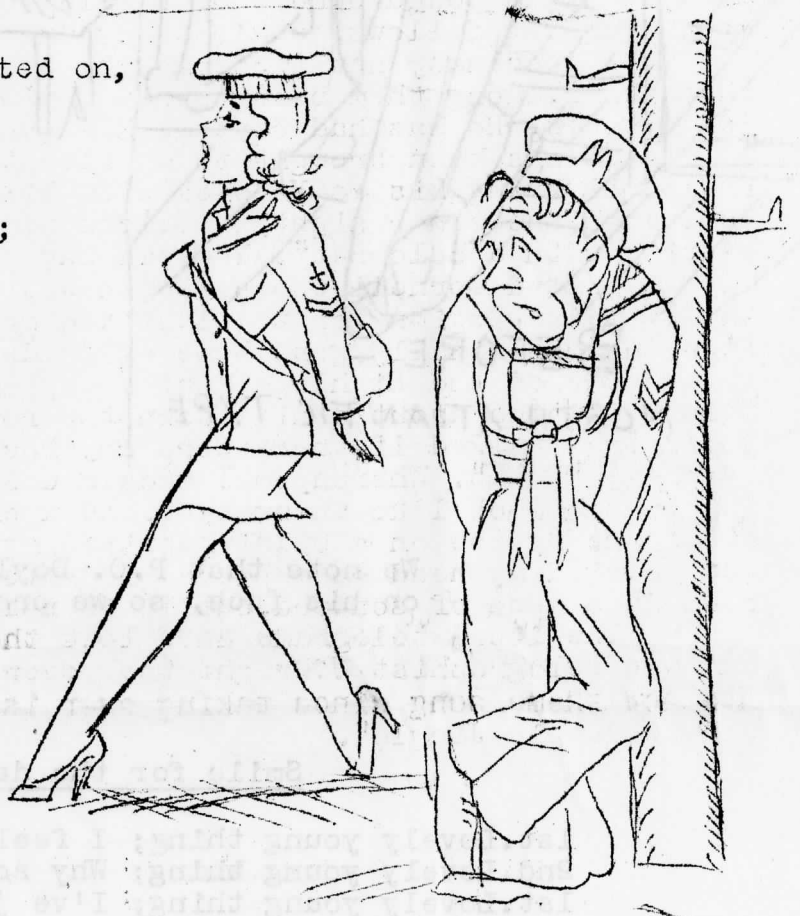
Getting the Bird

When I was a little boy,  
Upon my mother's knee,  
I prayed to be a sailor man,  
And sail upon the sea;  
And go away to distant lands,  
And live and fight and rage,  
And get a talking parrott,  
In a great big golden cage.



But now the years have drifted on,  
Alas, and woe is me,  
For I am now a sailor,  
Upon the deep blue sea.  
There is no talking parrot,  
How could there be one when;  
Despite my best endeavours,  
I can't even get a Wren!

A.B.Ed Grayson,  
H.M.S.Ledbury.







We note that P.O. Doyle has had the same treatment on his face, so we presume it is all part of refit.

Smile for the day.

- 1st. Lovely young thing; I feel just like a fresh egg.
- 2nd. Lovely young thing; Why so dearie?
- 1st. Lovely young thing; I've just been laid.

-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-

(Afterglows)

( as heard through the Wardroom Pantry Window.)

Lieut. Phil Lawrence our former Navigator is now C.O. of  
H.M.C.S. "Swift Current"



Elect. Lieut. Tommy McClelland is now on A/S maintenance Staff  
at Stadacona.

Lieut. Hank Hunter; Stadacona.

Lieut. Jerry Cooper and his charming wife are enjoying 42 days  
leave prior to his discharge.

Lieut. Andy Garrett was disappointed in his hopes for leave and  
is now X.O. of HMCS "SWIFT CURRENT".

Lieut. Dick Welwood also disappointed in leave but not in love  
is on operations staff at Shelburne.

Lieut. Carl Burnes is now a civilian.

Lieut. Eric Oakley our new Signals Officer comes to us from  
HMCS "VANCOUVER".

S/Lt. Wee Willie Givens, and S/Lt. Fred Fleming both come from  
HMCS "ANNAN".

### WATCH YOUR STEP

The completion of Poundmaker's refit coupled with the possibility of an early departure for the Stontown leaves the feminine field in Lunenburg at our disposal. Even such characters as myself will have their big chance to go steady. This happy situation brings added responsibilities and pitfalls for "Jack The Wolf". "Canada" has a great attraction for many women around here, and the cry "Go west with Jack" is heard in many places. Therefore in all fairness to the "Girls back home", and for fear that an innocent sailor may end his happy days in that "devil's snare" Matrimony, ratings might take notice of the following advice.

1. Let it be known that you are married -- or at least have kids.
2. Egg nogs are a dangerous food.
3. ----- Beach is a killer after dark. (ask PO Keech, he knows.)
4. Under all and every circumstance shun the ninth hole at the golf course. (Turf conditions are deplorable according to golf fans).

--O-O-O-O-O-

Chipman Golden Glow's representative Rice Jones declared in a statement today that the company expects to declare an all time high in dividends to shareholders and guzzlers alike. (He should know.)

--O-O-O-O-O--

### FOR PHOTOGRAPHY FANS

Many and varied are the opportunities in this district for the camera fans aboard the ship. Have you seen the "Ovens"? Here you will find material made to order. Take the Bridgewater road for about two miles out of town and then turn off to the left and follow the shore. You can't miss the highway signs. Cunard Beach with its wide sandy shores and bars provides some excellent shots. High rocky cliffs and open caverns into which the sea endlessly rolls will give you pictures that will be wonderful souvenirs of your stay here. It's only an afternoon's bicycle ride and I'm sure that you will think it well worth your trouble.

The small fishing village of Blue Rocks situated about four miles from town is another ideal spot. One can easily walk out early in the evening in time to catch some of the loveliest sunset shots on the east coast. The light and shadow effects of the rocky shore and the fishing vessels with their tall masts reflected in the still waters below are terrific. Fishing nets hung out to dry, lobster crates piled high awaiting the next season, old anchors lying around, and a thousand other things provide plenty of detail for your shots. Here you can film life as it really is in a small coastal fishing village and come away with shots that you will forever treasure. Many of you must be tired of patrolling the main drag. Make it a point to get out and see some of these places. I guarantee that you will find material here and that beyond a shadow of a doubt it is worth going after.

Lens Wacky.

ATTENTION ALL READERS

This being the first edition put out in some time, it has meant a great deal of work for very few contributors. This is your paper, and its success in the future depends upon the amount of support that you give it and the number of contributions that you turn in.

If you want to take a poke at your favourite PO, or L/Sman, write a few lines on the subject and hand them in before 0900 every Wed. morning.

All contributions must be signed when turned in but no names will be printed.

More articles along the same line as the one on photography will be very favourably accepted, so just sit down for a few minutes before you write a letter to your girl friend, and let's hear what is on your mind.

This edition is being mailed to the men whose names are listed on the front page, and we would like very much to hear from all of them.

A basket will be provided on S/Lt. Fleming's desk for contributions.

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"Dear Sir"

is a book written by Juliet Lowell, made up of excerpts from "letters of ribaldry and desperation culled from war plants, draft boards and Government Agencies." Here are a few samples, try them on for size.

State Selective Service  
333 West 2nd Street  
Los Angeles, California.

Dear Sir,

I recieved your notice of Seduction and will be there March 29th.  
Gene P-----

--O--O--O--

U.S.O.  
San Diego.

I hear that you are looking for a pianist or violinist male or female, being both I offer you my services.

Francis K-----

--O--O--O--

Captain William Lee Tracy,  
Fort Custer, Michigan.

Dear Captain Tracy;

My sergeant told me that if I studied nights I might be able to make a first class foll. Is this better than a Second Lieutenant.

Fred K-----

--O--O--O--

Civil Service,  
Hall of Records,  
Los Angeles.

Please mail me the Civil Service papers. How old do you have to be to do it? My 17 year old daughter couldn't could she.

William Q-----

--O--O--O--