

Price .75

Canada's Greatest NAVY!



a cartoon
SEAMAN'S EYE-VIEW
of
Our Sailors in World War Two.
By Stan Davison



Canada



CANADA'S GREATEST NAVY



DEDICATED to the men who wore the uniform of the Royal Canadian Navy in the Second World War 1939-1945

.....to the men of the regular force, the men of the naval reserve, and especially to the men and boys of the volunteer reserve

THE RCNVR SAILOR enlisted in the service of his choice for many reasons. For some the color khaki had no appeal. Other preferred sea-sickness to air-sickness. Still others were mostly concerned with a regular square meal, and a place to bed down the body.

NO "CAREER MAN'S" NAVY this. It was made up of men from many walks of life...lawyers, miners, loggers, country boys, city slickers, bakers, butchers, and candle-stick makers

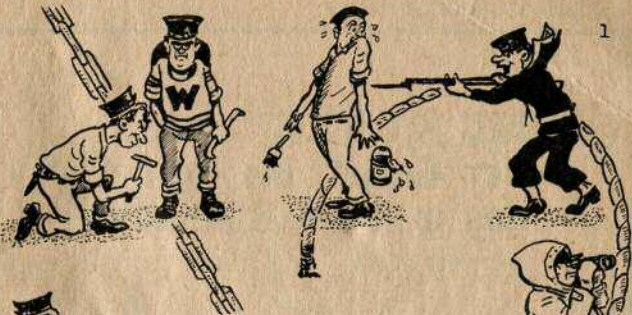
PERHAPS its was the many varieties of human types and personalities which meshed together to make it Canada's "greatest ever" fraternity of men. It cost some two, three, four and even five years of the life span, but for those who came through in one piece it was an unforgettably priceless experience that millions couldn't buy.

A COMBINATION of excitement, comradeship, high spirits, the fellowship of the navy men was a rare thing. "If I must die tomorrow, then I'm sure gonna live her up today."

THIS WAS THE NAVY in those amazingly fragmented days when the target usually fired back
CANADA'S GREATEST



A STAN DAVISON SMILE A DAY PUBLICATION

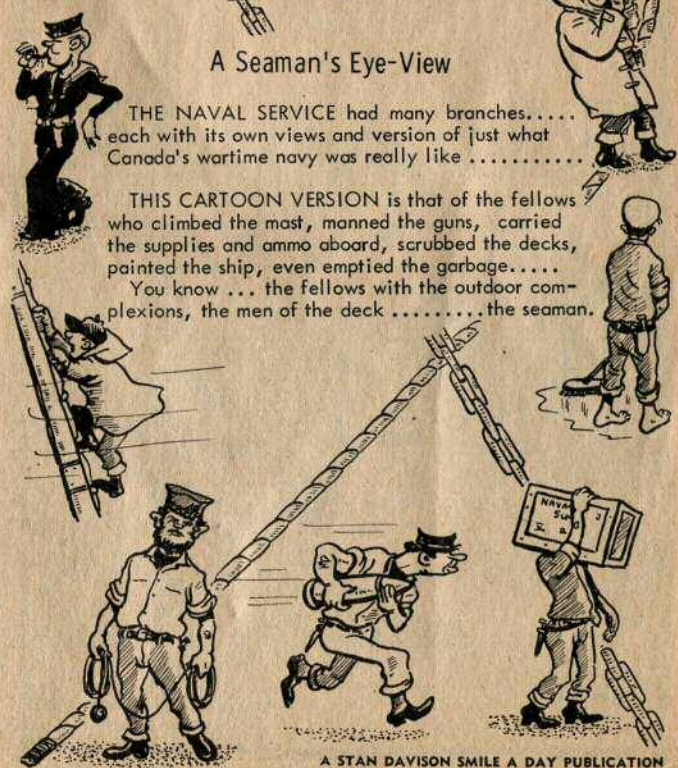


A Seaman's Eye-View

THE NAVAL SERVICE had many branches..... each with its own views and version of just what Canada's wartime navy was really like

THIS CARTOON VERSION is that of the fellows who climbed the mast, manned the guns, carried the supplies and ammo aboard, scrubbed the decks, painted the ship, even emptied the garbage.....

You know ... the fellows with the outdoor complexions, the men of the deck



A STAN DAVISON SMILE A DAY PUBLICATION

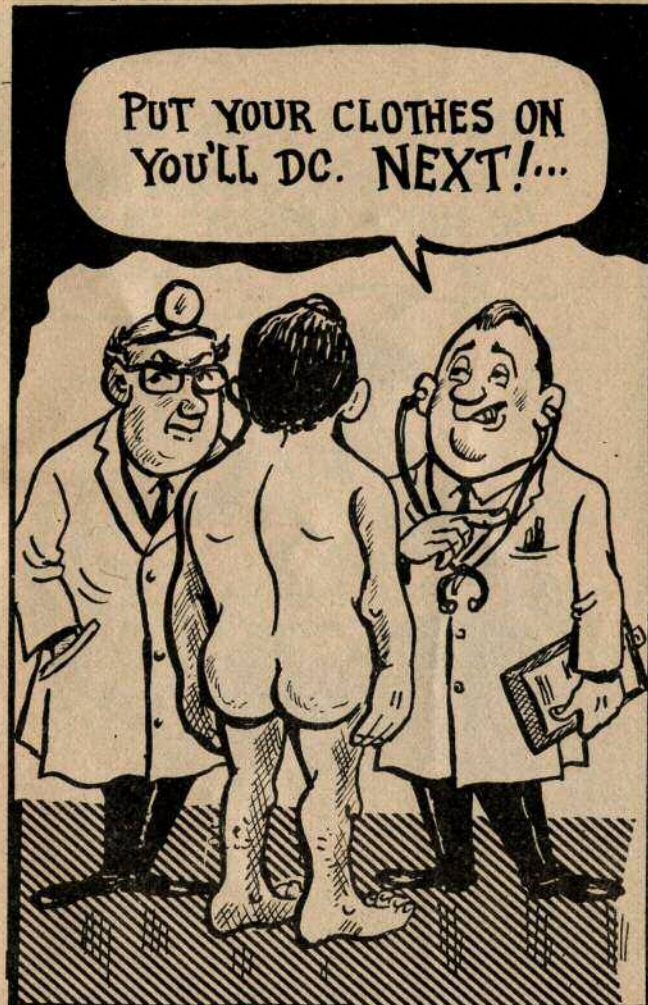
WHAT R.C.N.V.R. could
ever forget his first
day in R.C.N. BARRACKS?



HA, HA, HA,
SUCKER!

YOU'LL BE
SORRY, PAL!





JES!' MUST GONNA BE
A LONG WAR, NEVER HAD
SO MANY WOOLIES IN ALL
ME LIFE!



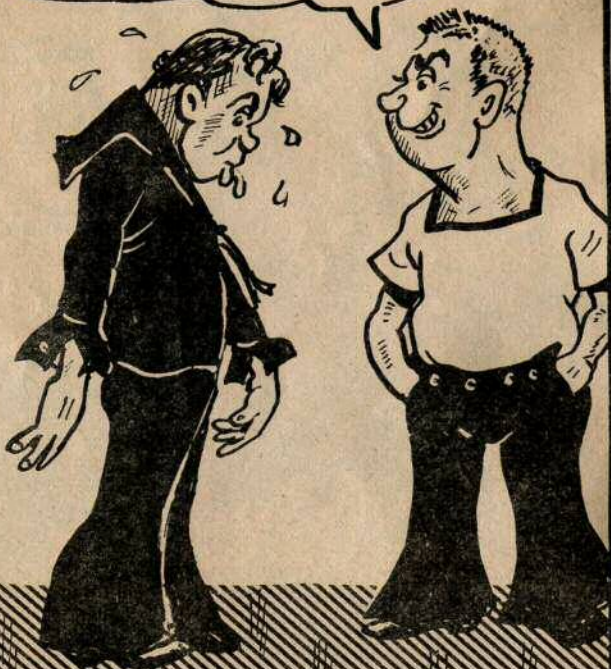
A STAN DAVISON SMILE A DAY PUBLICATION

'MISS MOM ALREADY
EH, HOTPANTS?

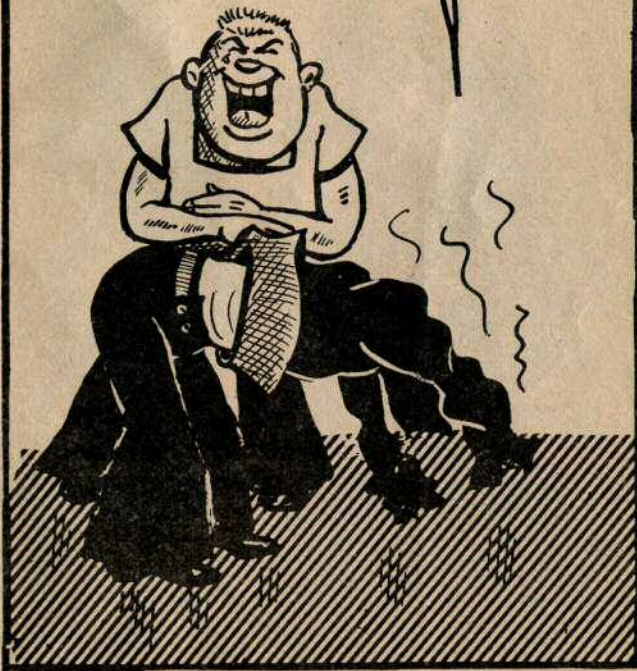


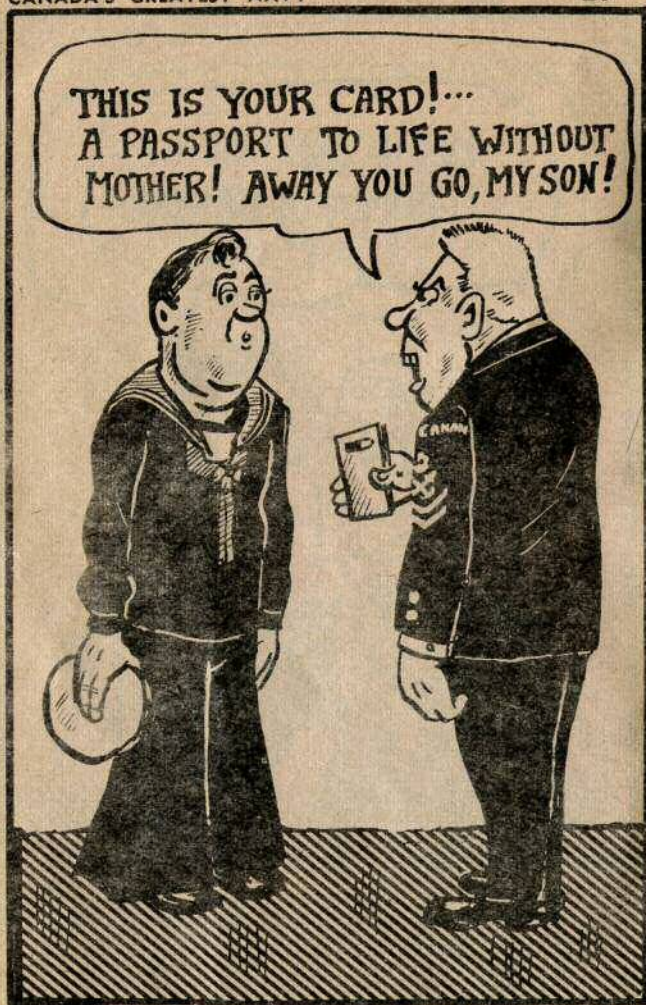
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SO YOU GOT IT ON!...
WAIT TIL YOU TRY TO
TAKE IT OFF!...



COME ON
GIMMEY A HAND!...





A STAN DAVISON SMILE A DAY PUBLICATION



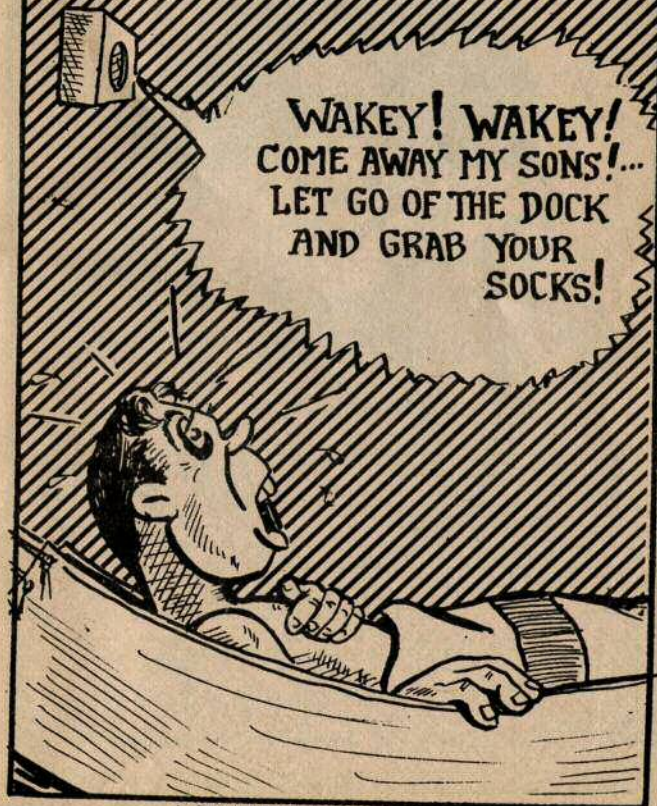
A STAN DAVISON SMILE A DAY PUBLICATION

That first night ... in or out
of the HAMMOCK, for some
was quite an EXPERIENCE!



As was the first
MORNING!

WAKY! WAKY!
COME AWAY MY SONS!...
LET GO OF THE DOCK
AND GRAB YOUR
SOCKS!



DOUBLE MARCH!....



CHAPTER TWO
BASIC TRAINING

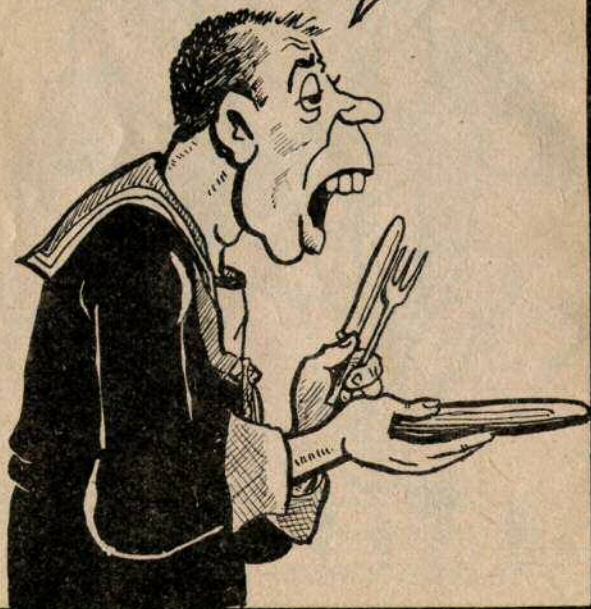
Civilian to sailor with a few
hard learned lessons in between!

For openers a couple of
miles on the trot before
breakfast was enjoyed daily.

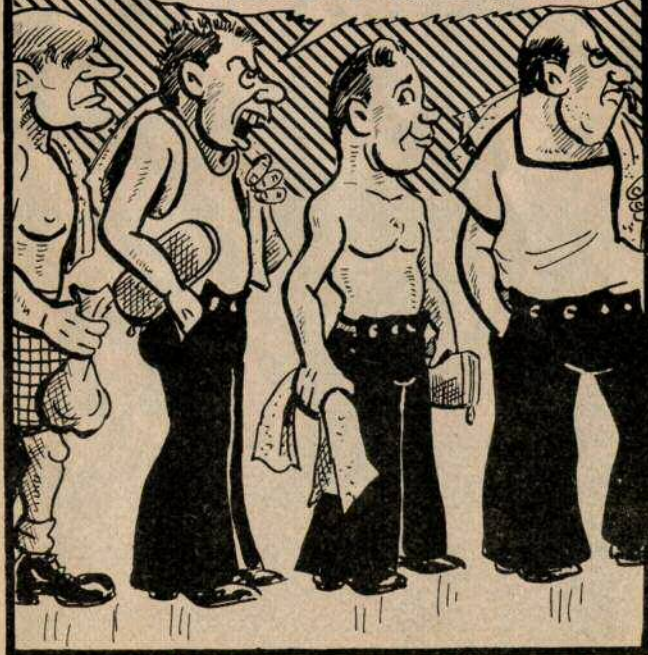
A MOST SADISTIC WAY
TO START TH' DAY!....



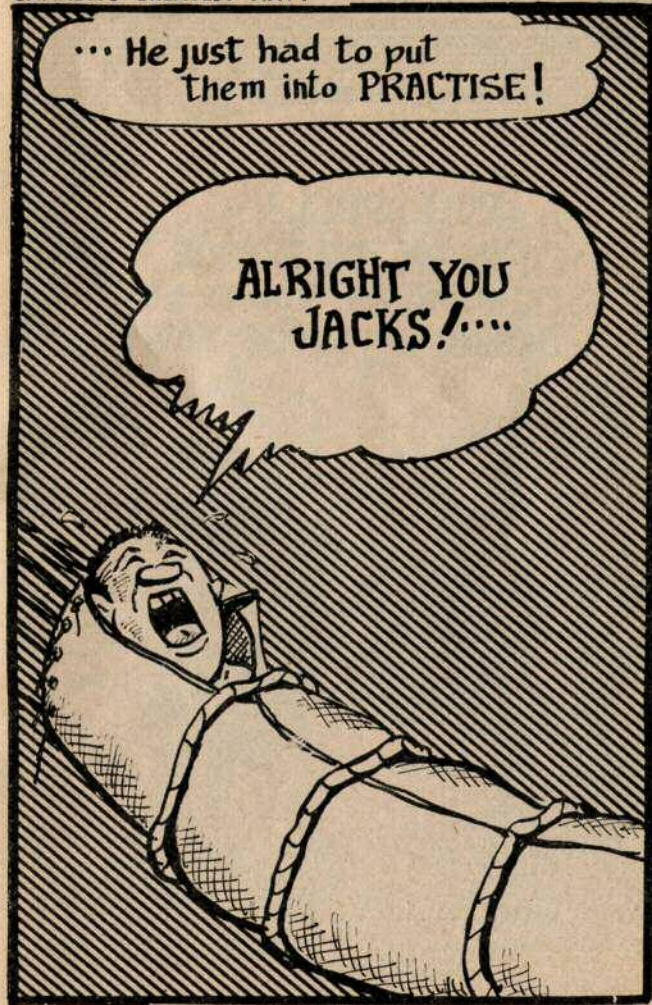
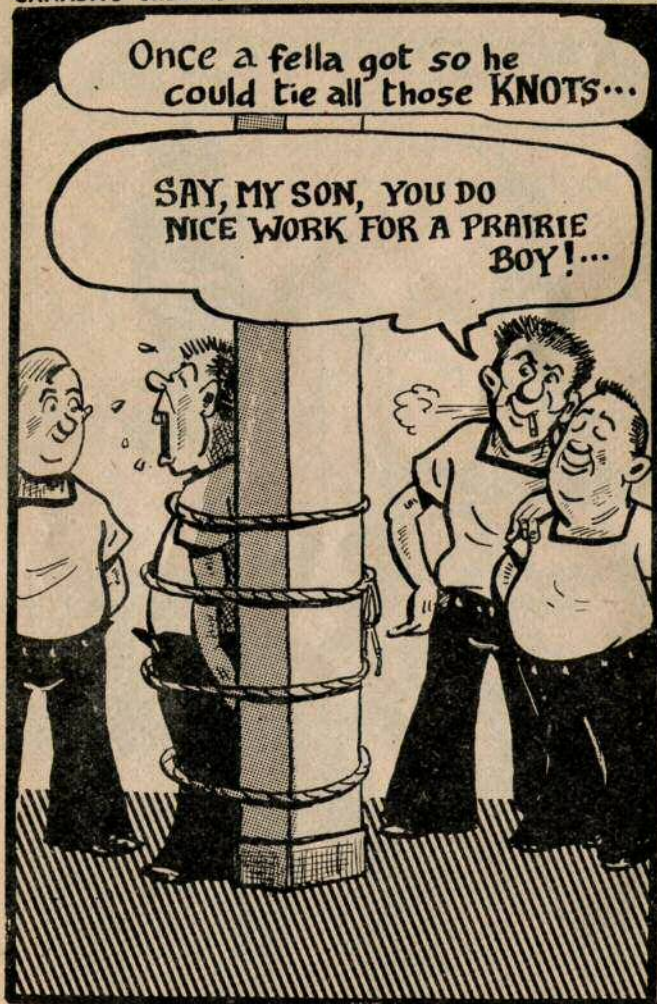
AW' NO, COOKIE!...
NOT RED-LEAD AGAIN
THIS MORNING?

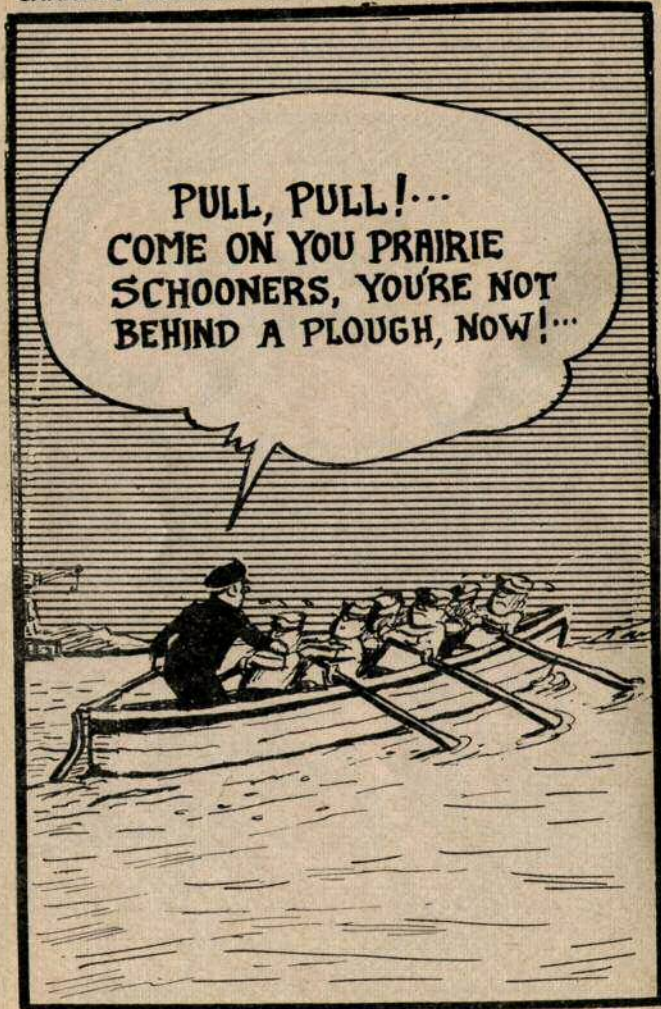


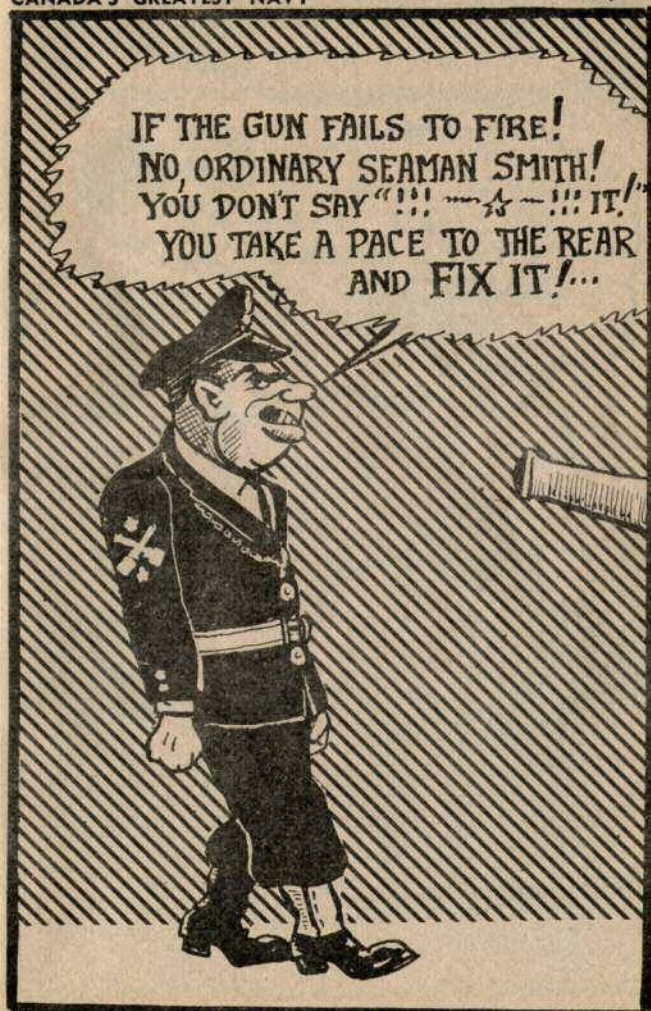
.... WHAT I LIKE ABOUT
THE NAVY.... UNSELFISH TEAMWORK.
EVERYBODY GETS IN TH' LINE-UP.
FOR TH' HEADS, MEALS, PAY.....
COME ON YOU GUYS!...
SHAKE IT UP IN THERE!...





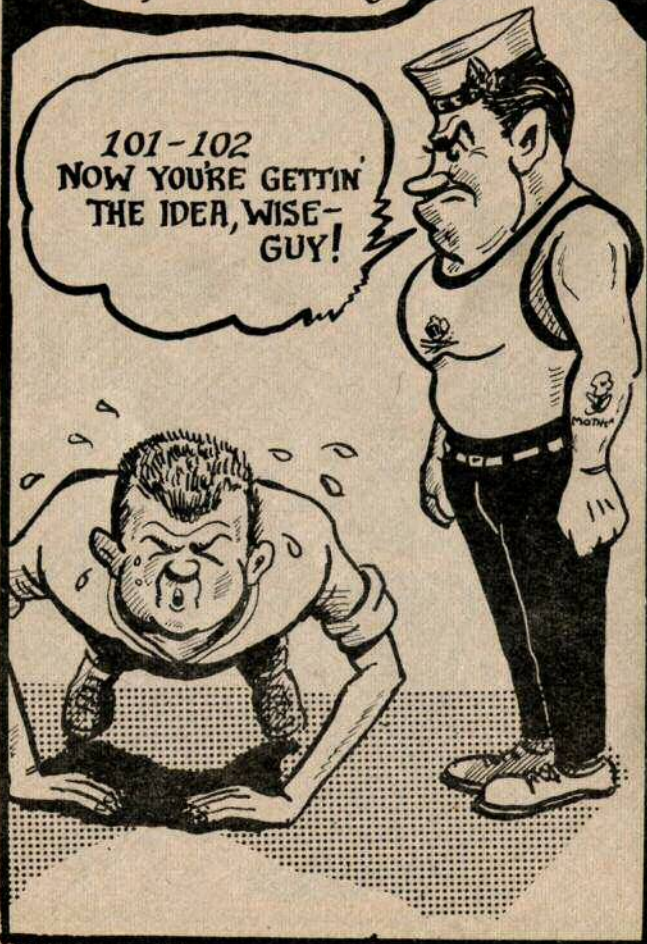






Physical Training

101-102
NOW YOU'RE GETTIN'
THE IDEA, WISE-
GUY!



The manly art of Self-Defence.

STAY WITH HIM, TIGER.
I THINK HE'S GETTIN'
TIRED!

YA!...
OF HITTING
YOU!...



AFTER basic training, those who wished went on to further courses to train for special branches of the service.

Others, if trained on the coast, stayed hidden in "Coward's Cove" (Esquimalt), or were shipped east to "Slackers" (Halifax), where the ships and the war were waiting.

It was here in this famed wartime eastern seaport that a fellow soon realized he was in the navy.

CHAPTER THREE



A STAN DAVISON SMILE A DAY PUBLICATION

While waiting for a ship the Navy had ways of keeping a guy out of---MISCHIEF!...

DEAR MOM!...
YOU'LL BE THRILLED
TO HEAR I'VE JUST
BEEN PROMOTED
TO CAPTAIN...
OF TH'
HEAD!...



A STAN DAVISON SMILE A DAY PUBLICATION

YOU KNOW, UNTIL I ...
WORKED IN TH' GALLEY,
I USED TO BLAME TH' GRUB!



A STAN DAVISON SMILE A DAY PUBLICATION

— One of the few bright times
in barracks was Pay Day!
However sometimes the joy was
short lived... "WHAT CRAP AND POKER
SESSIONS THEY WERE!"

SAY, WINGS OLD BUDDY?
HAVEN'T GOT A GASH FIN,
UNTIL TH' PAYBOB SHOWS
UP AGAIN, NEXT MONTH?



A STAN DAVISON SMILE A DAY PUBLICATION

The R.P.O.'s

For those who chose to go
against regulations, these
Charmers had but four words
before OFF-CAPS...

GIVE ME YOUR CARD!



A STAN DAVISON SMILE A DAY PUBLICATION

A NAVAL CLASSIC

Spotting a young rating with
a broom hung over his shoulder
and slouching across the parade
square in a very un-naval manner,
the angry R.P.O. cut loose with
a blast!...

ARE YOU
A SWEEPER?



NO, SIR!...
I'M A CORVETTE!

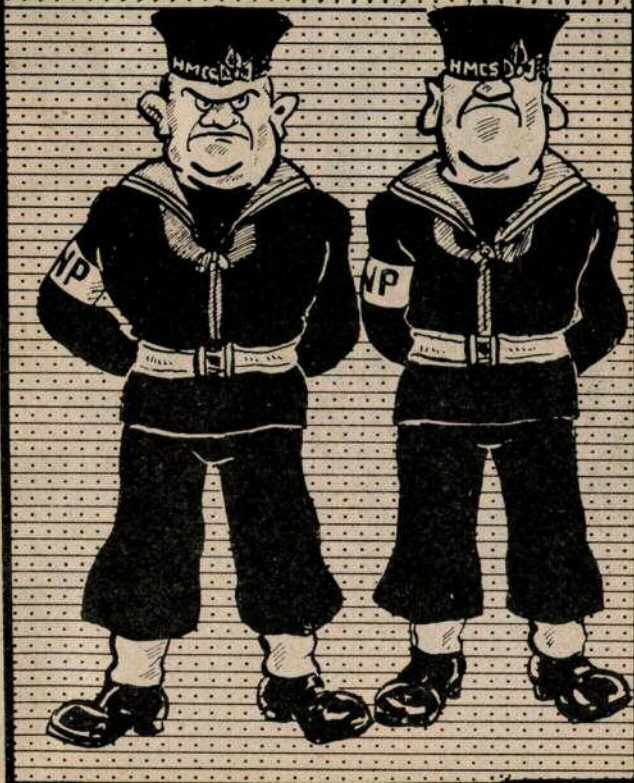


A STAN DAVISON SMILE A DAY PUBLICATION

The Defaulters ..
*The Navy had some delightful
 punishments for these people...*
NUMBER 11, CELLS, DETENTION!



THE CRUSHERS
 or better known as Naval
 Police!...



The Pros in this business
seemed to enjoy the work!



A STAN DAVISON SMILE A DAY PUBLICATION

The Padre
What tales of woe
he heard, this gentleman
of God!

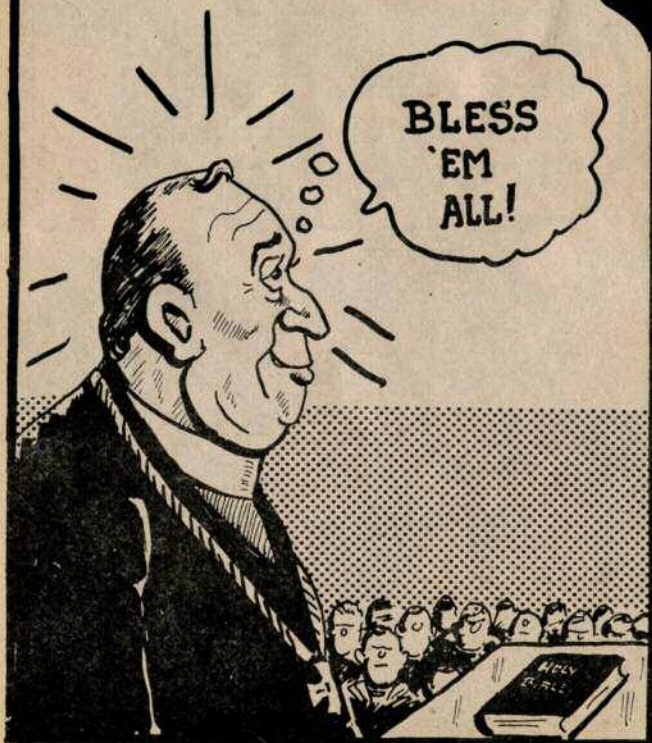
H'mm, I THINK EVEN TH'
LORD, WOULD DOUBT
THIS LADS SAD TALE!



A STAN DAVISON SMILE A DAY PUBLICATION

On Sundays he beamed!...
Compulsory church services
always assured a full house,
to hear his message from
HEAVEN!...

BLESS
'EM
ALL!

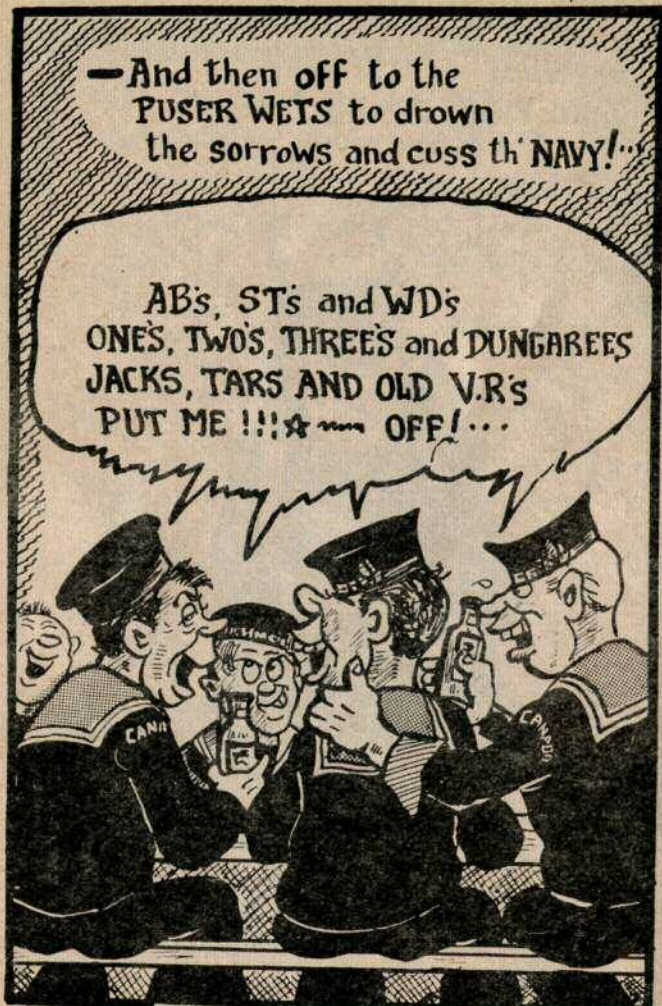


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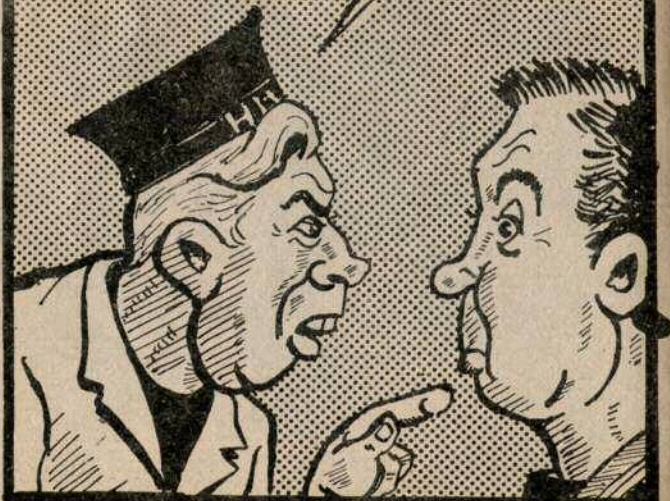
WHAT ☆ ...!!! WAY
TO FIGHT A WAR!...



A STAN DAVISON SMILE A DAY PUBLICATION



DON'T FORGET, SEND IT
TO ME F.M.O. HALIFAX!
TH' FIVER YOU OWE ME!
YA LUCKY STIFF! ...



CHAPTER FOUR First Ship

To the young seaman, getting that first ship had to be his greatest moment to that time.

It didn't seem to matter if she was just a tiny sweeper, a cranky corvette or a larger destroyer. He was going to sea! That was all that counted.



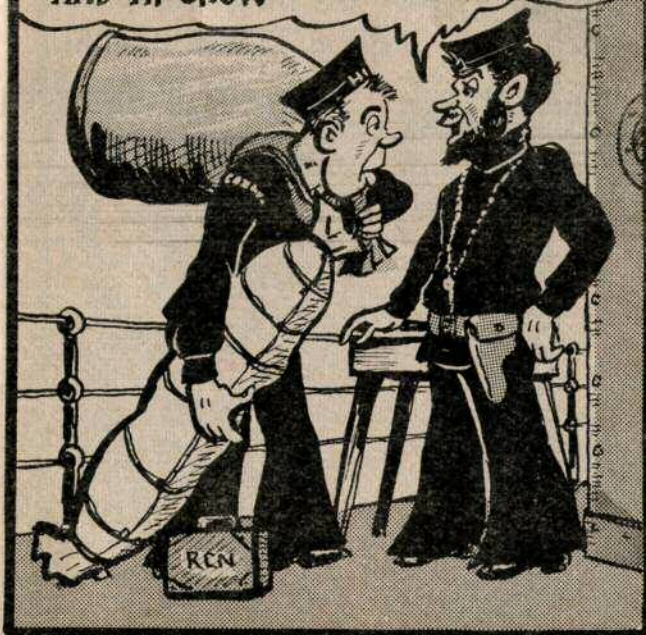
Green as grass, the
Ordinary Seaman was an easy
target for Skylarking old hands!

YOU THERE!...
SALUTE TH' QUARTER-
DECK!
HA, HA, HA

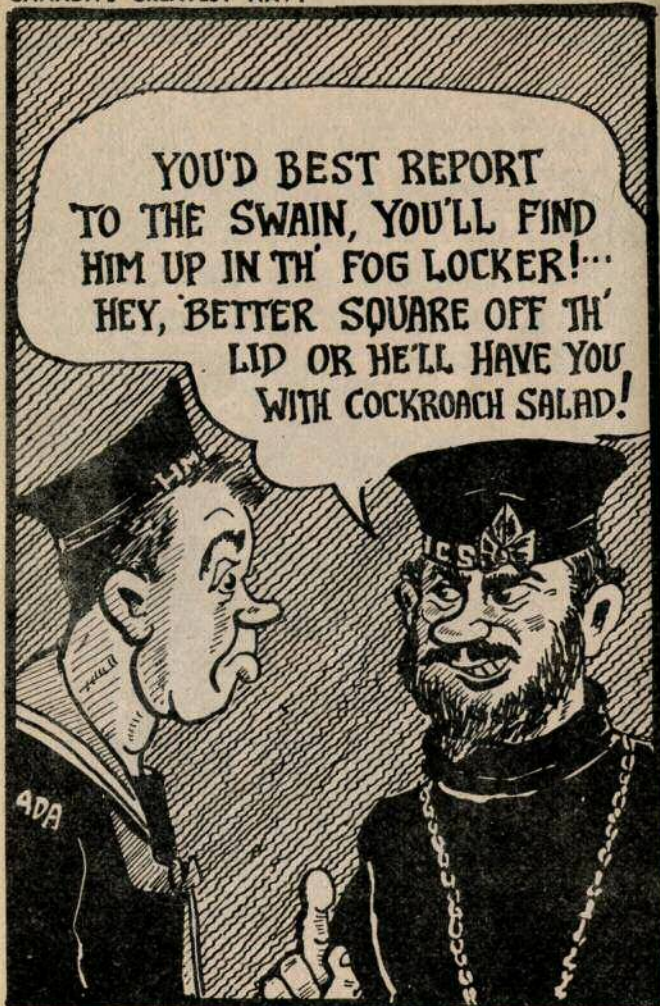


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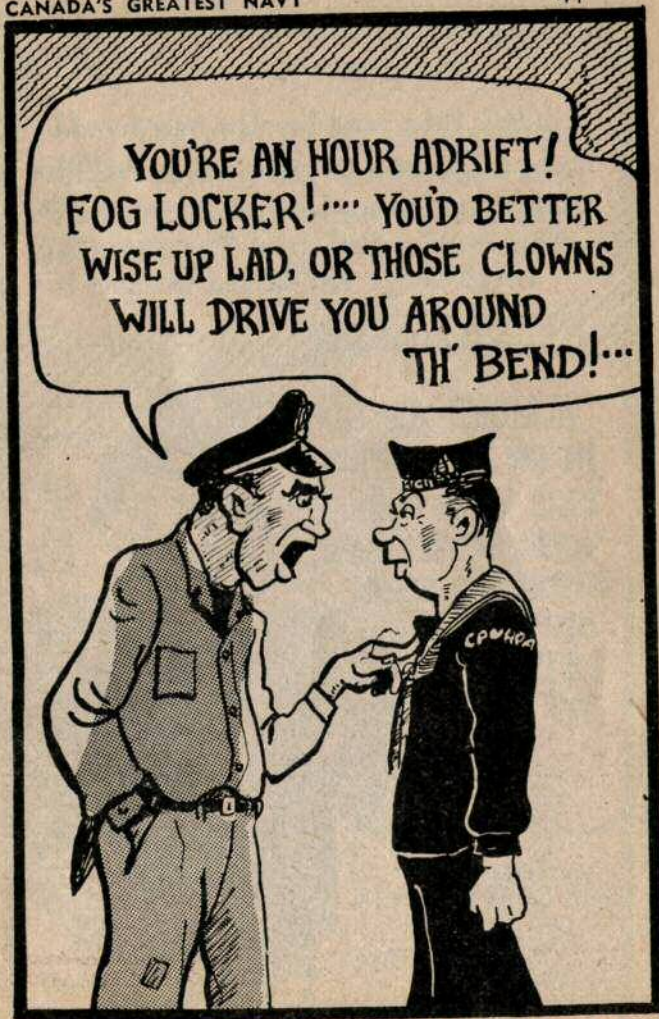
FIRST ONE, EH? LUCKY GUY!...
YOU GOT TH' FIGHTINGEST SHIP IN TH'
NAVY. AINT A GUY WHO AINT FIGHTIN'
TO GET OFF! OLD MAN'S APE! THE
JIMMY IS SICK! TH' RATS HAVE SABRE
TEETH! COCKROACHES ARE PUSER SIZE,
AND TH' CHOW ...



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A STAN DAVISON SMILE A DAY PUBLICATION



A STAN DAVISON SMILE A DAY PUBLICATION

The BUFFER!...

It didn't take long for the new hand to realize life on board ship was not the glamorous thing he had dreamed!...

This kindly gent had the damnest ways of..... shattering dreams!...

ALRIGHT YOU SONS!
IN THE NEXT THREE
DAYS WE'RE GONNA
WASH, SCRAPE, PAINT,
AMMO, AND SUPPLY
SHIP!.... SO
LET'S GET TO
IT! CHOP,
CHOP!



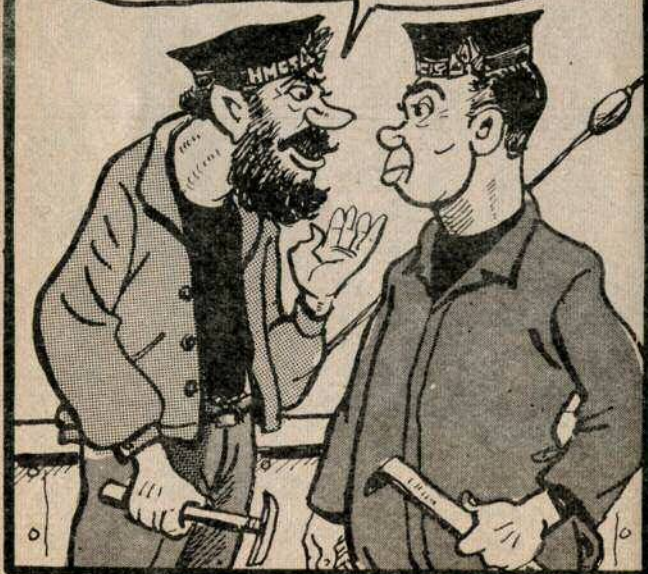
— Many found CAUSTIC SODA....
.... the HOTTEST cleaner in the
NAVY.... as it burned through cloth
and skin!





The central or Midship section
oddy enough was called the Top!

FACE IT, MY SON!... WHAT
TH' HELL IN THIS OUTFIT
DOES MAKE SENSE?

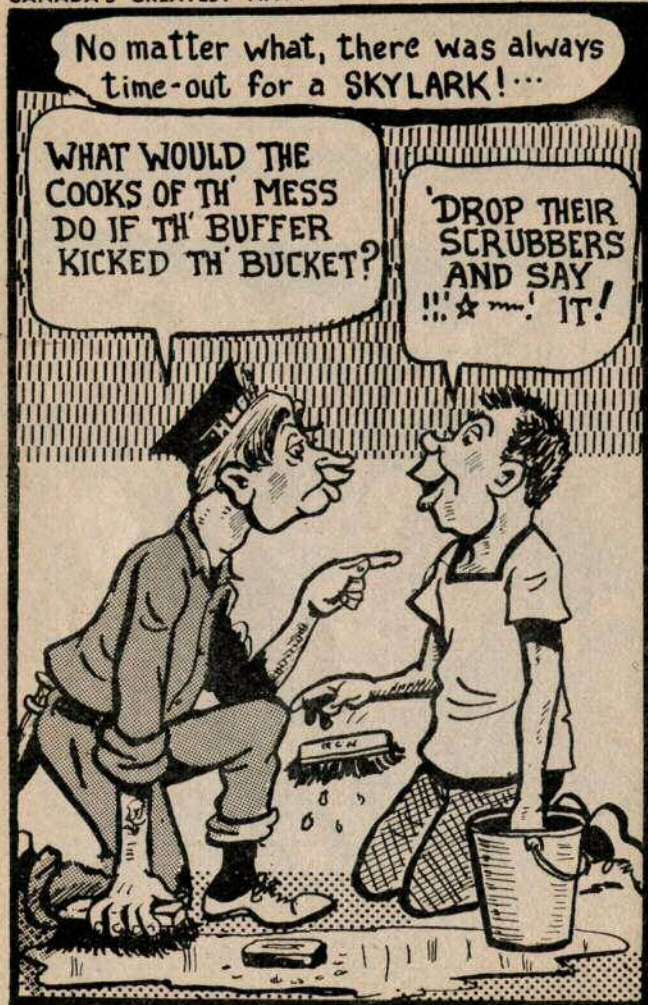


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The forward or sharp end
was known as the Forecastle.
Many things were settled here, after
secure!...



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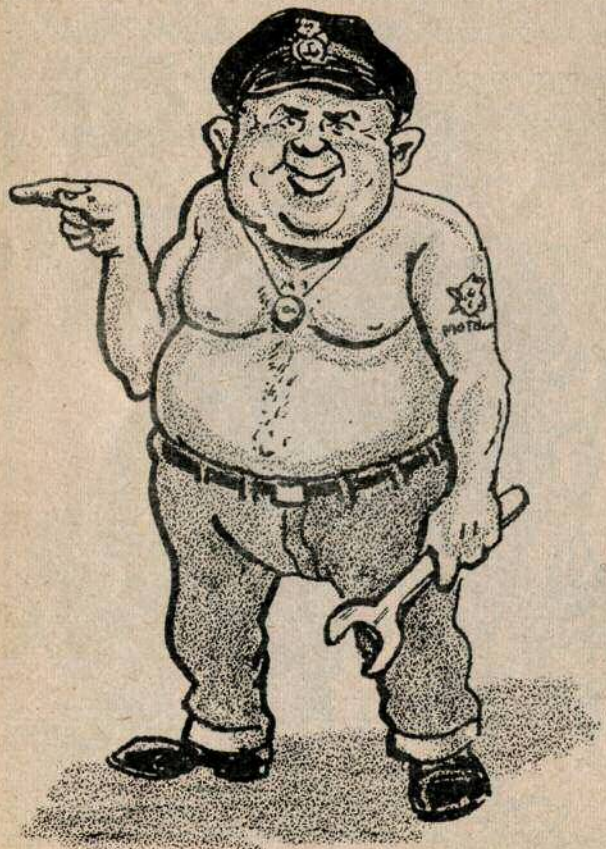
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CARICATURE OF A GREAT ONE



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CHAPTER FIVE

Out To Sea At Last

To Spectators on the shore, the sight of naval units leaving port with the men in blue lining the decks, was most impressive. However, in howling gales and driving snow storms... to the seaman on the deck it was all

BLOODY RIDICULOUS!



A STAN DAVISON SMILE A DAY PUBLICATION

Once out on the open sea steaming toward a rendezvous with a convoy, things fell into a routine of watch-keeping. NEVER DULL, THAT LONELY OLD ATLANTIC heard many amusing bursts of chatter, from the crews of H.M.C. Ships!

I SAY CHAPS... DON'T YOU THINK MRS. SMITH 'ERE MAKES A LOVELY DROP OF TEA?

TAR-ANA!... TAR-ANA!... YOU HOGTOWN RATINGS PUT ME OFF!... EVER HEAR OF BIGGAR, SASKATCHEWAN?

WHEN LIGHTS GO ON AGAIN ALL OVER TH' WORLD.

DID THEY EVER CALL YOU, SID? ACID THAT IS? STOW IT CHUM!

SICK!... DON'T HAND ME THAT!... THERE'S A GUY OUT THERE ON WATCH WHO WANTS TO BE RELIEVED!... HIT TH' DECK, OR GET YOUR HAT AND YOU CAN TELL TH' CHAP ON TH' BRIDGE, ABOUT IT!

FOR SIX TOTS, WHEN WE GET TO DERRY I'LL FIX YOU WITH TH' QUEEN OF IRELAND!... SURE'N YOU'VE NEVER SEEN TH' LIKES, ME BI!...

HEY! 'THOUGHT THEY WERE GONNA GET THIS WASHIN' MACHINE FIXED WHEN WE WERE IN? PROPER !!! * PUSER ROUTINE!...

WHEN THIS WAR IS OVER, I'LL NEVER EAT !!! * SPAM AGAIN!

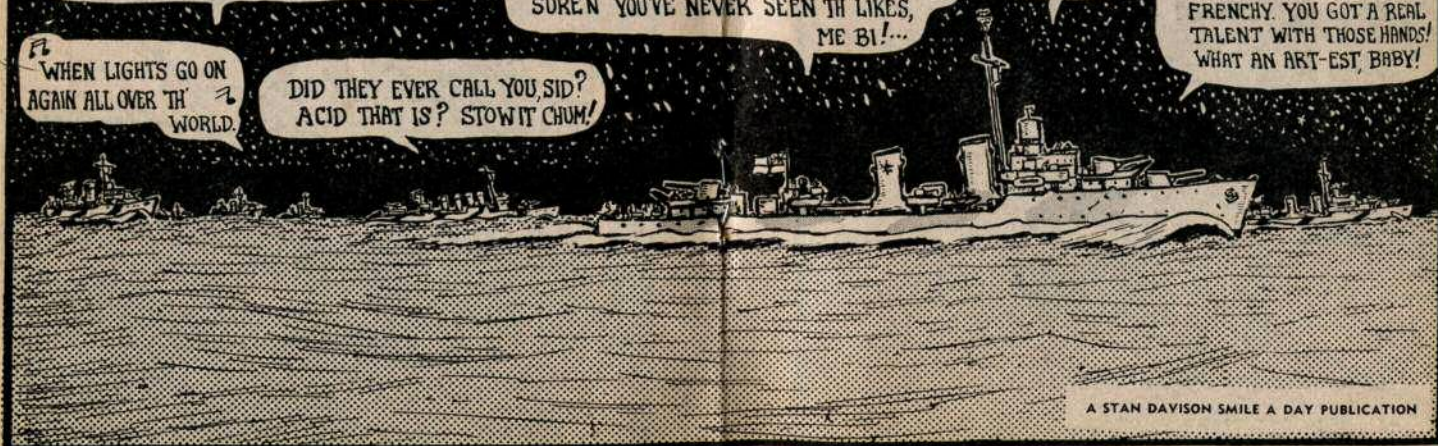
STAY WHERE YE BE, BI AND I'LL COME WHERE YOU'RE TOO!

MAYBE HE'S GOT WARTS ON HIS FANNY AND HIS MOTHER WEARS ARMY BOOTS! I STILL SAY HE'S AS WET AS A SCRUBBER!...

WHAT WOULD I DO IF TH' TIRPITZ WAS CLOSING IN ON US? I'D COME SMARTLY TO ATTENTION AND SAY... HEIL HITLER!... IN CASE VE LOOZE!...

WHAT'S TH' BUZZ COUZ'?

YOU DON'T HAVE TO SPEAK GOOD ENGLISH FRENCHY. YOU GOT A REAL TALENT WITH THOSE HANDS! WHAT AN ART-EST, BABY!



How could a guy become
a sailor if he didn't catch
the odd green one or two?



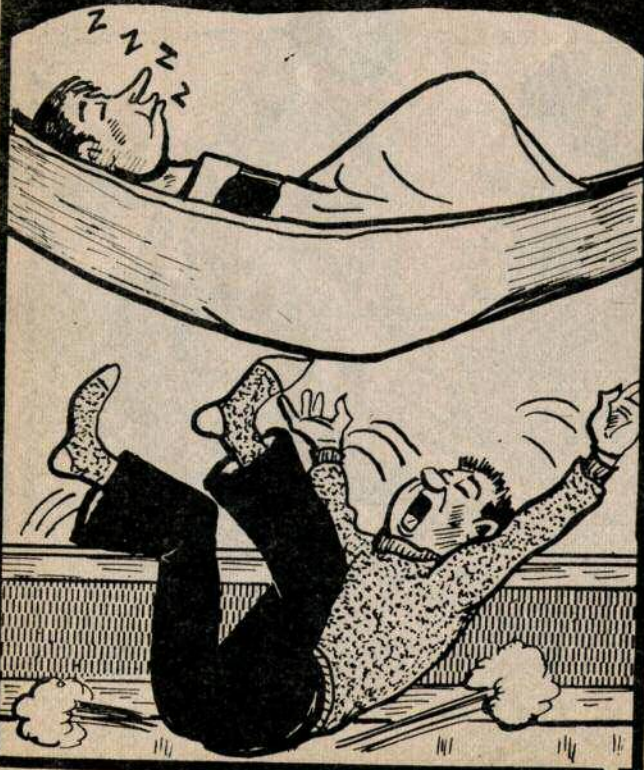
A STAN DAVISON SMILE A DAY PUBLICATION

Knowing how to get the vitals
in ... without wearing them,
was handy!



A STAN DAVISON SMILE A DAY PUBLICATION

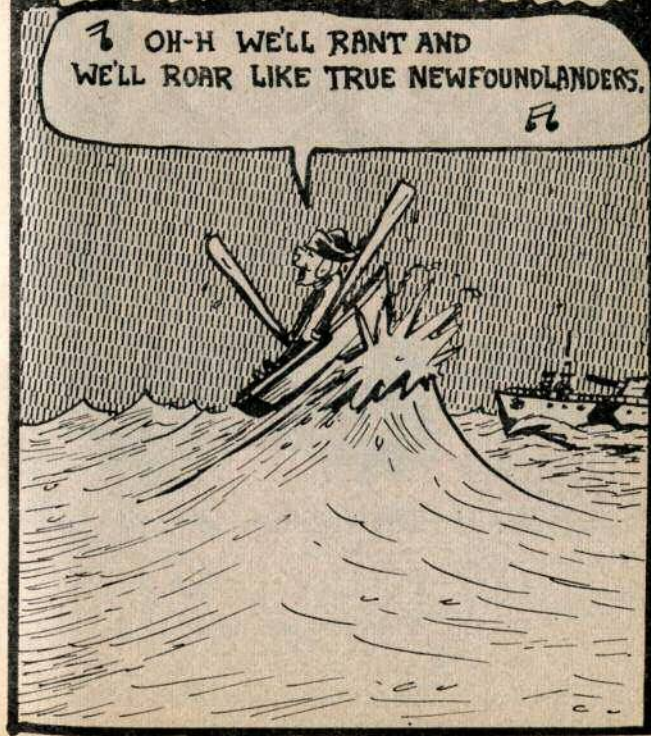
Most ships were over crowded. Billets for slinging the hammock were at a premium. It was either flake out on the lockers or hit the deck!



Just when a guy was beginning to get the hang of things and feeling more like a salt. Lo and behold, bi!... Off the Grand BANKS of NEWFOUNDLAND in a tiny thing, they call a DORY!...

OH-H WE'LL RANT AND WE'LL ROAR LIKE TRUE NEWFOUNDLANDERS.

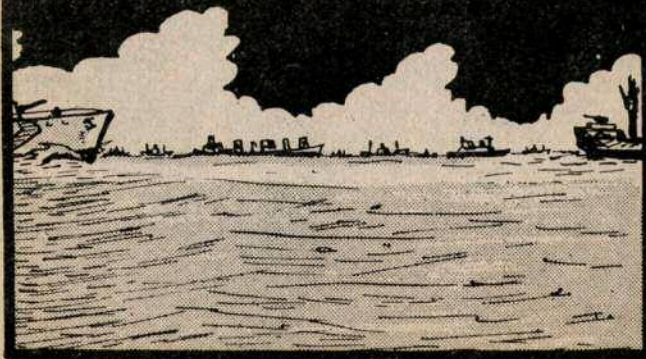
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CHAPTER SIX

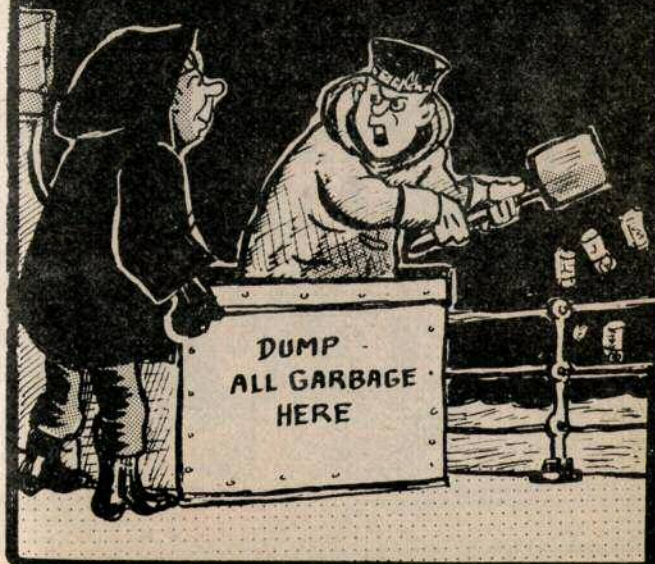
The Convoy

The main role played by the RCN in the Second World War was that of shepherding convoys across the North Atlantic to the British Isles. This was known to sailors as the Newfie-Derry run. Terminal ports of call for the naval vessels were St. John's, Newfoundland, and Londonderry, Ireland.



At sea there was always plenty of ways to keep a seaman busy!...

ALL THOSE MONTHS OF TRAINING, JUST TO BECOME A !!!☆— SEA GOING, NIGHTSHIFT GARBAGEMAN!....



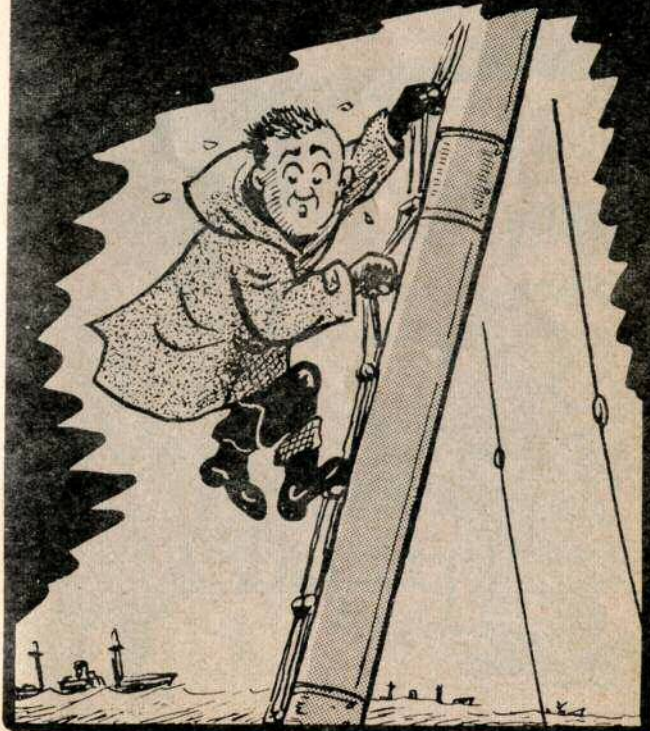
Taking the Ki (coco) to freezing
LOOKOUTS!

JEZ!... WHAT DID YOU
MAKE THIS STUFF WITH?
THE OLD MANS SHORTS?

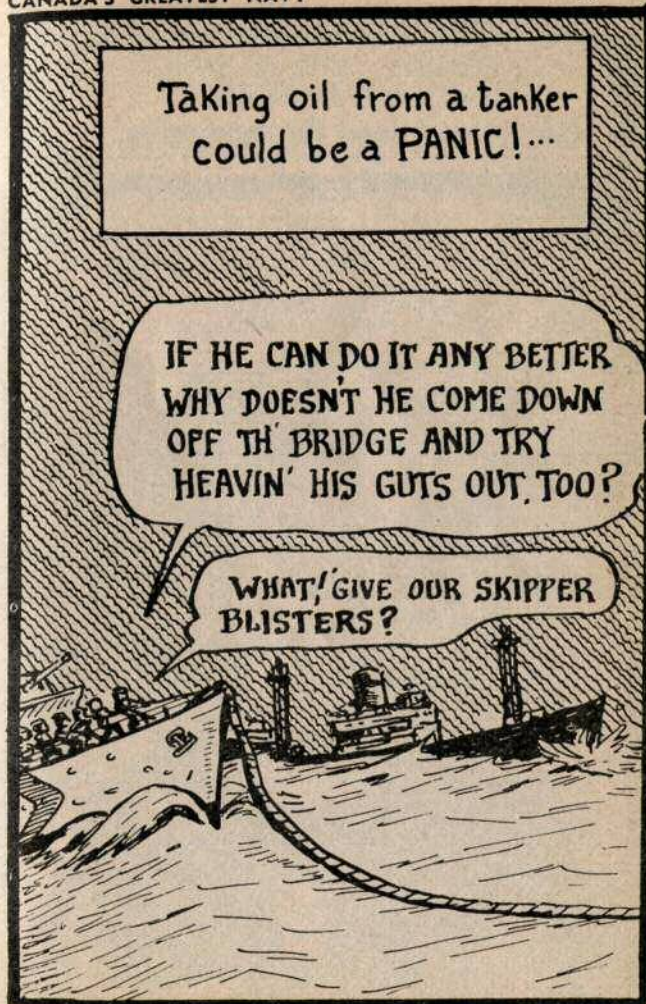


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The first couple of trips up
the stick to the nest were
rather exciting!...

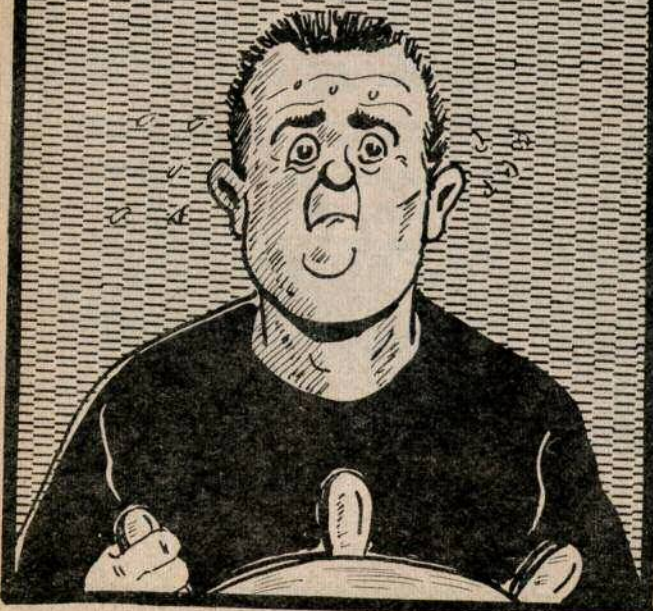


A STAN DAVISON SMILE A DAY PUBLICATION



The first time at
the wheel had its moments!

S-T-E-A-D-Y AS SHE
GOES, SIR!



WASH DOWN THE DECKS!...
WHAT TH' HELL DOES THAT
GOOFY BUFFER THINK THOSE
GREEN ONES HAVE BEEN
DOWN, SINCE WE LEFT PORT?



How about the other branches
of the crew, and what were they
up to?

SON, TO A GUNKERS-
MATE, YOU'RE
EITHER GUNS
OR A....

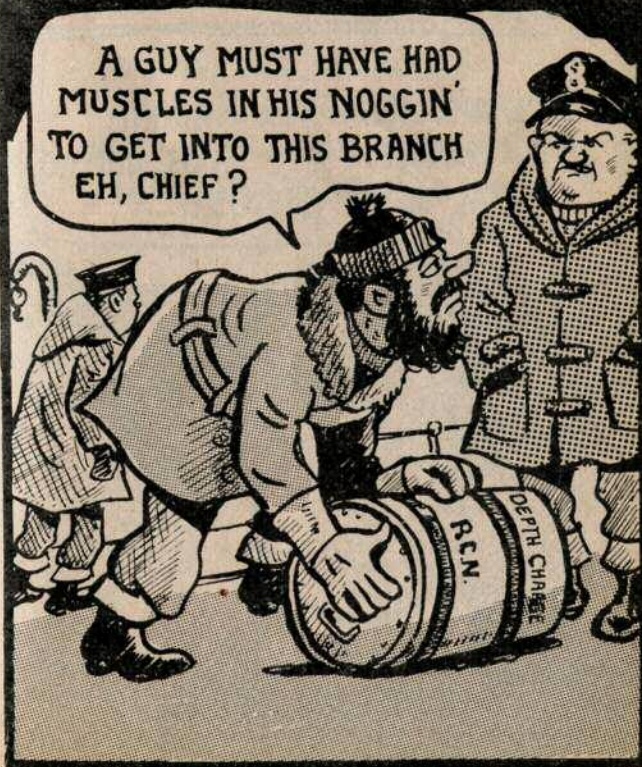
...NON-COMBATANT!



A STAN DAVISON SMILE A DAY PUBLICATION

Seaman Torpedomen
The heavy gang! It was their job to
see that those mighty drums filled with
T.N.T. called Depth Charges were in
position ready to fire!...

A GUY MUST HAVE HAD
MUSCLES IN HIS NOGGIN'
TO GET INTO THIS BRANCH
EH, CHIEF?



A STAN DAVISON SMILE A DAY PUBLICATION

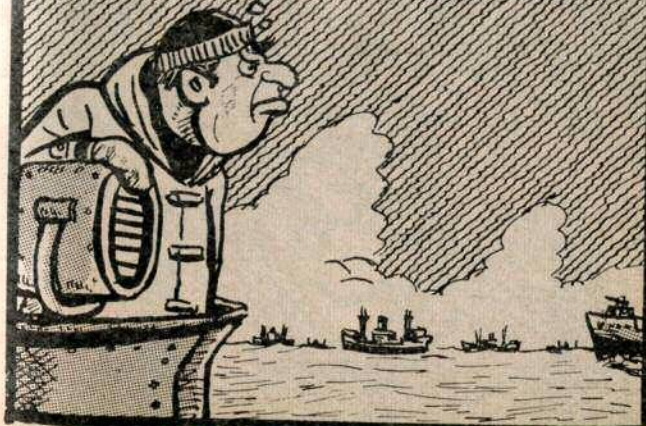
Spark's the Wireless Operator
 These guys were usually at the
 bottom of some of the biggest
 out-house buzzes of the War!...
 The new O.D. was a natural target.

DON'T NOISE THIS AROUND
 BUT THERE'S FIFTY SUBS WAITIN'
 FOR US, UP AHEAD!...



The Signalman, the fellow with
 the squinty-eyes!...

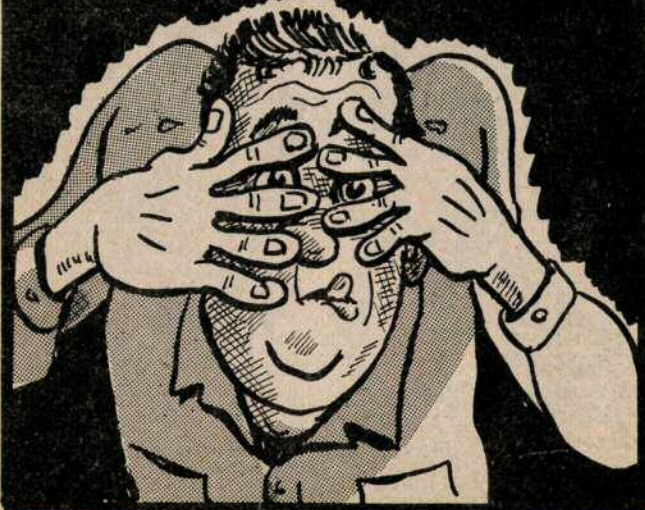
REPEAT! REPEAT!
 JEZ! THAT'S ALL THEY CAN SEND!
 BOY, COULD SOME OF YOU
 MERCHANT CLOWNS USE A
 REFRESHER COURSE IN THIS
 RACKET!...



The Radar Operator

Let these guys see just one extra blip on that set and... blip, blip they really began to FLIP!...

RADAR BRIDGE!...
RADAR BRIDGE!...



A NAVAL CLASSIC

Sighting an unidentified aircraft
The young Sub-Lt. became very, very
excited and flustered....

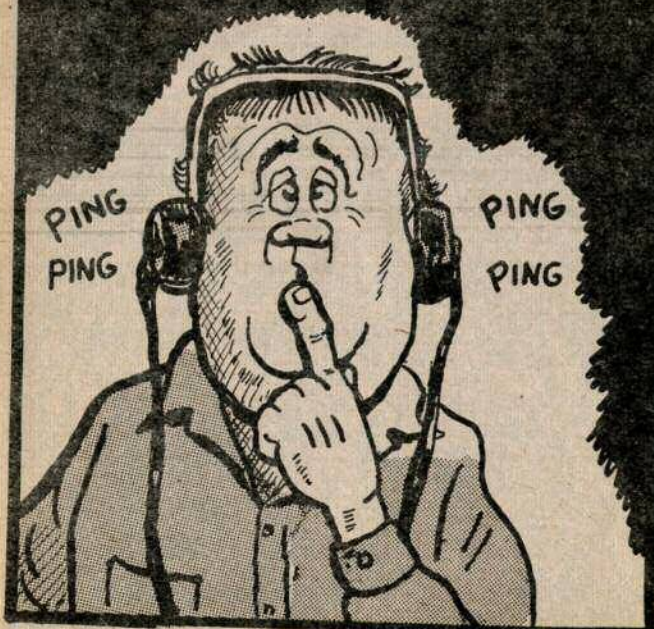


The RADAR OPERATOR Thinking
the officer is skylarking, thought
he'd go along with it and replied...



The Asdic Operator

These poor chaps were always catching it, especially when the contact turned out to be just another school of fish!



A STAN DAVISON SMILE A DAY PUBLICATION

The Upper Deck Stoker

Only fellow in his branch with rosey cheeks!



A STAN DAVISON SMILE A DAY PUBLICATION

... ACTION STATIONS!



There have been many books well written on the subject of Canadian Naval Actions in the second World War...

Every sailor that saw action has his own version of what actually took place in his own mind and needs no refresher on the subject!...

However - when the action bell rang out the scene, the emotions, the sayings and movements were much the same on all

R.C.N. Ships!

EXCITING! FEARFUL! PANIC! CONFUSION!



WHERE'S MY LIFEJACKET?



WHO'S GOT ME SEABOOTS?



OUT OF ME WAY!



GET THOSE BLOODY GUNS CLEARED AWAY!



WATCH WHO YOU'RE PUSHIN', JACK!



COME ON! GET YOUR FANNY UP THAT LADDER!



WHAT'S TH' BUZZ?



WHAT A DREAM I WAS HAVIN'. REMEMBER THAT BLONDE IN NEWFIE. I WAS JUST ABOUT, TO...



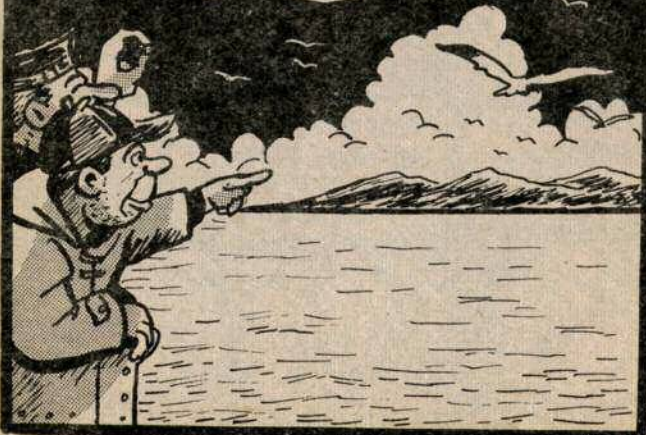
JEZ, LOOK! IT'S FOR REAL THIS TIME!



CHAPTER SEVEN

Jack Shore

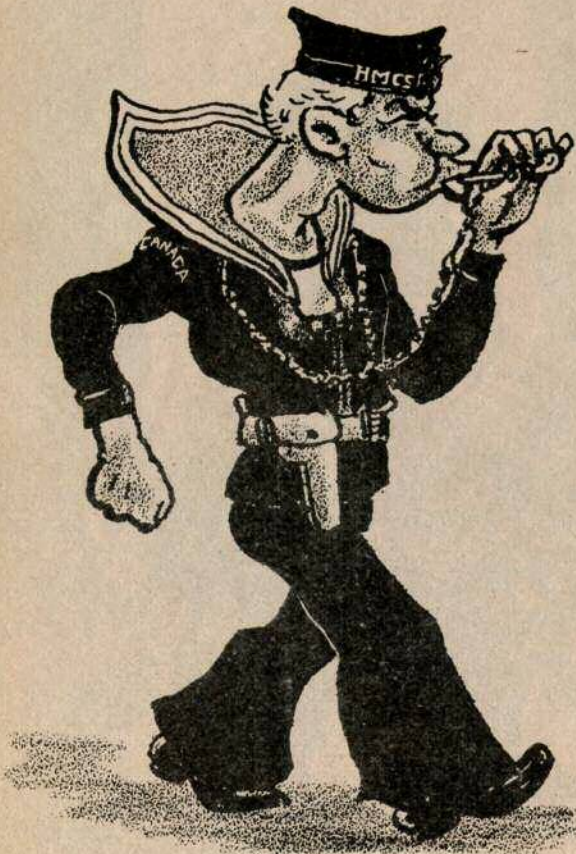
No matter what, to a sailor, his times ashore will always live longer in his memory, especially the sessions in the pubs and the wet canteens with his buddies, the brawls, the dancing.. and...most of all — those wonderful creatures of the opposite sex — Girls!



CARICATURE OF A GREAT ONE



CARICATURE OF A GREAT ONE



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CARICATURE OF A GREAT ONE



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CARICATURE OF A GREAT ONE

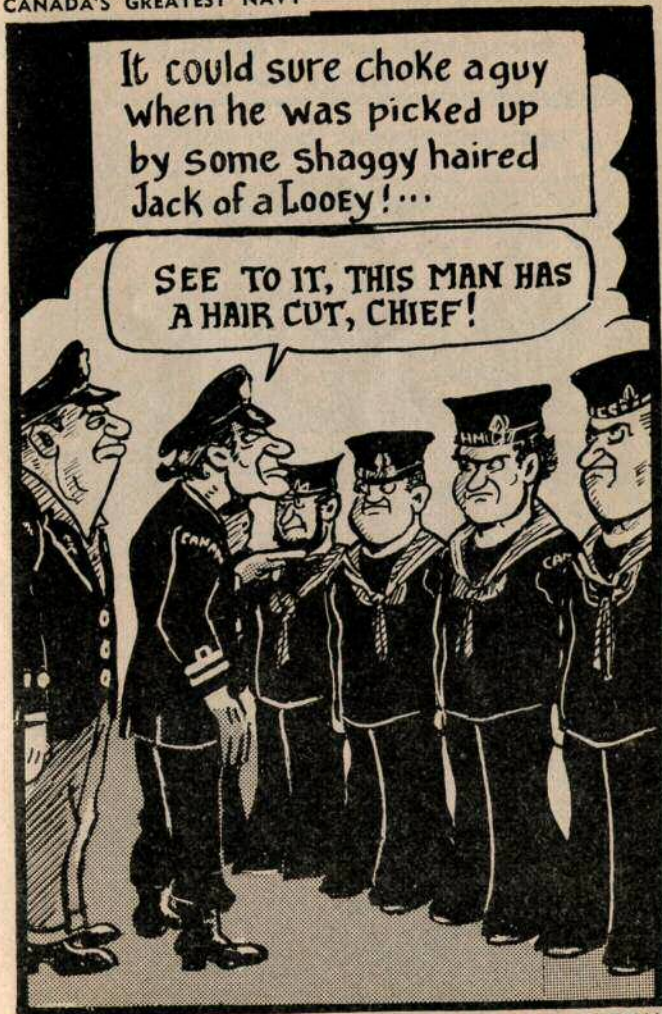


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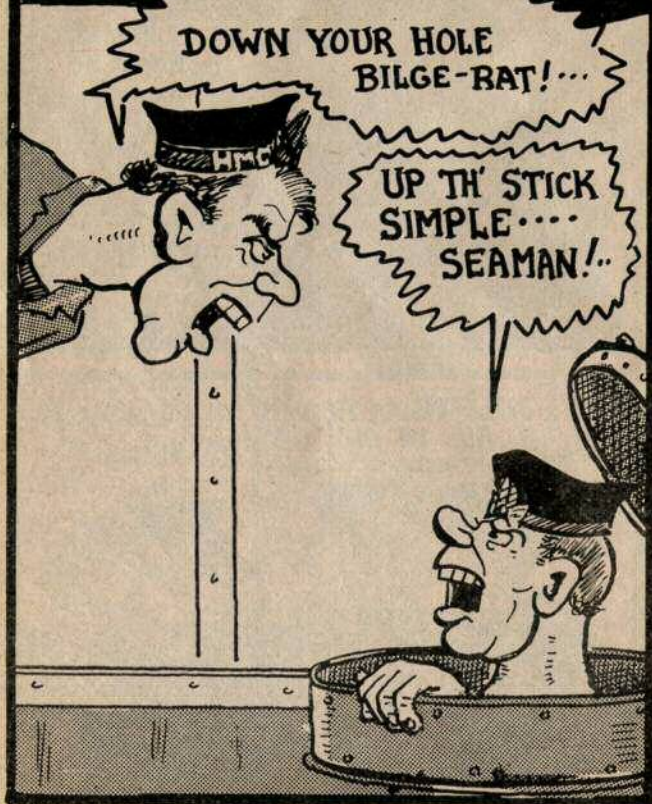


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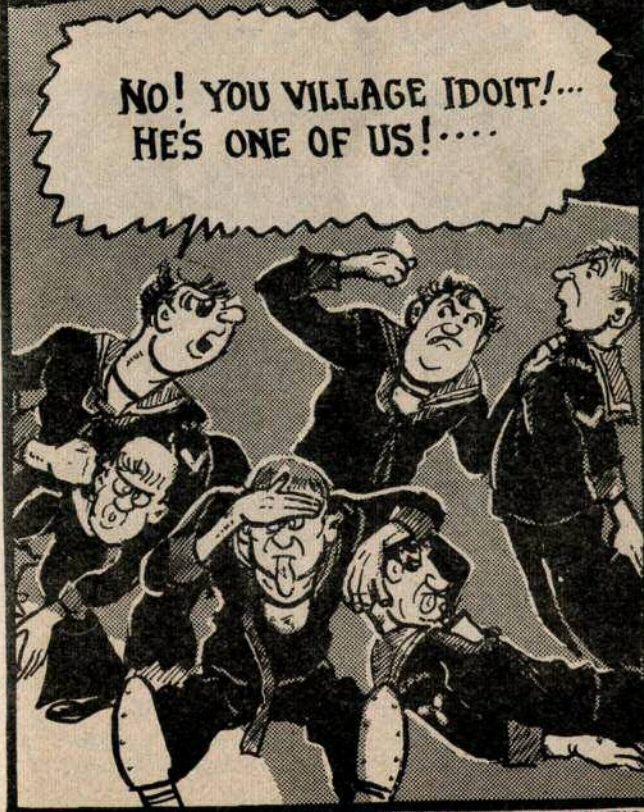


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It seemed that for some reason or other Seaman and Stokers always had a small fued going!



However in a brawl ashore, even in the BLACK-OUT they often came to the others rescue!...



IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC 3
A SQUADRON... YA-WHO-O-O-O



They will never convince the good people of Londonderry that Canada has changed! - WILD INDIANS!

WHAT SAY WE GIVE HIM
A SHAKE AND ASK HIM?



WOE WAS THE POOR HAND WHO STAYED
ON BOARD!

HEY! HEY! WAKE UP! DO YOU
HAVE TO GO TO TH' HEAD?



CHAPTER EIGHT

All The Nice Girls Love A Sailor

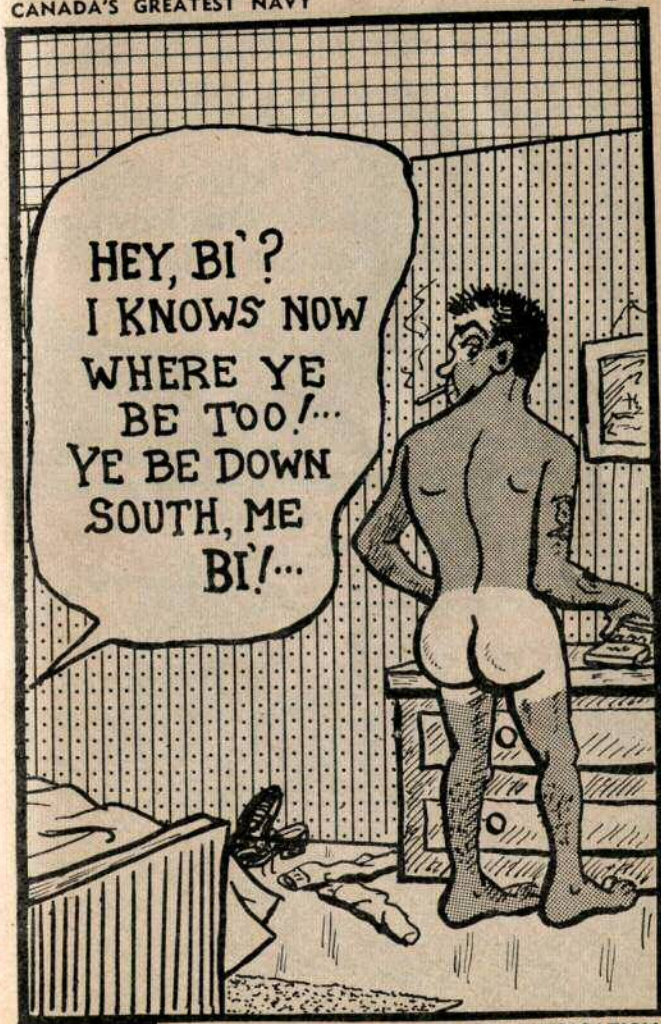
All the nice girls love a sailor...from the sunny Caribbean up to old Newfoundland... and over the Atlantic to war-torn Britain.

Who was so strong?

Who could successfully fight a war and all those girls too!



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Many romances had their begining
in the British BLACKOUT!



'ELLO DUCKS!
GOING MY WAY
LUYEVY?

Once inside a well lighted pub...
sometimes it was just
"OH, MY GOD!..."



A RUDDY
CANIDE-AN!
A LOOKER
TOO!

YOU'RE DAFT LADDIE!...
HOW CAN I GO WITH YOU TO
YOU'RE BONNIE RANCH ON
PORTAGE AND MAIN, WHEN MA
MON'S IN THE MIDDLE EAST?



However in Reyhjavik Iceland it seems they never quite enjoyed the Allies setting up camp in their...
backyard!

HEY, HONEY! HONEST, WE HAVEN'T GOT LEPROSY!...



The Navy had a sweet little gal of it's own...called JENNY WREN!

NAVY! NAVY! NAVY!
HEY, LET'S NOT TALK SHOP TONIGHT. I THOUGHT WE MIGHT CHAT ABOUT TH' BIRD AND BEE! ANYTHING, THAT AINT PUSER!...



MONTREAL.... NOT ONLY
CANADA'S LARGEST CITY BUT
TO A WARTIME SAILOR, TH' GREATEST!

TH' RATIO.... REAL WACKY!...
BUT WHAT A WAY TO LOSE YOUR
MARBLES!



SICK BAY and the poor Tiffy!

IT'S BLUE OINTMENT!...
RAT, TAT, TAT! IT'LL
GET EVERY LOUSY ONE OF 'EM!



OFF A SEAT IN THE HEAD, EH?
TELL THAT ONE TO TH' M.O. WHEN
YOU GET TO R.C.N.H.!...



There was always a big deal made over security as to ship and Convoy sailings. However it was amazing the way those gals in Newfoundland could tell you when

BUT YOU'LL BE AT SEA, and what time!
 BJ!... DAY AFTER TOMORROW!...



CHAPTER NINE

EVERY INCH A SAILOR!

As the weeks became months and the months grew into years the floor was now the deck. The walls had become bulkheads and the Ordinary Seaman very wise and
ABLE!

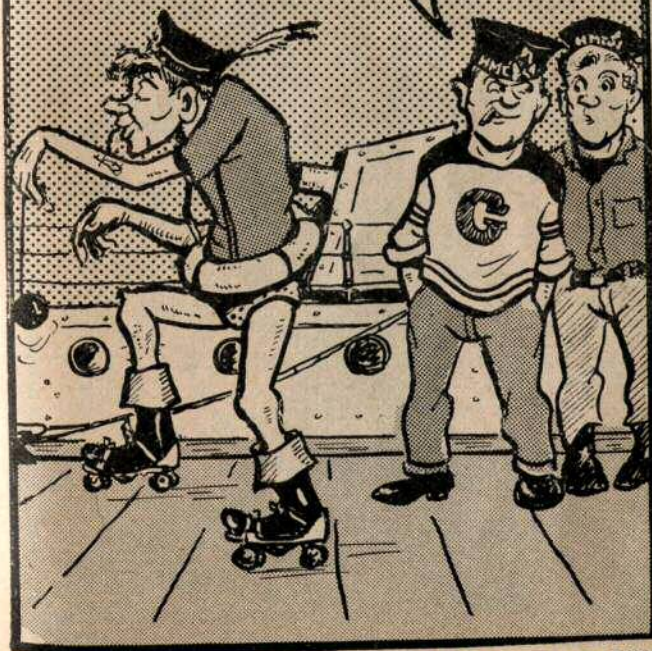


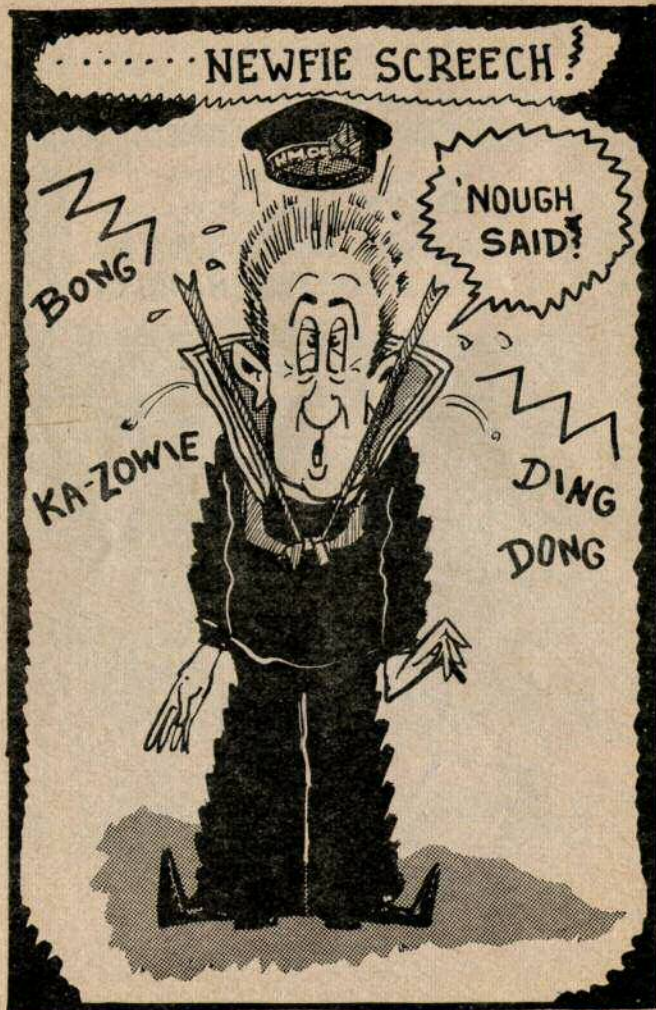
**The BUOY-JUMPER AND THE
JOYS OF MOORING TO A BUOY!**

**COME ON! JEZ, IF HE
COULD HANDLE A SHIP LIKE
HE HANDS OUT PUNISHMENT!
ID BEEN OFF HERE AN HOUR
AGO!**



**CRAZY, HELL!...
HE'S WORKIN' ON A MENTAL
DISCHARGE!...**





Dear John.
A guy had to know just how to handle these cases!

AW' COME ON!... YOU HAVEN'T EXACTLY BEEN KNITTIN' FOR BRITAIN. HEY, REMEMBER THAT ONE IN BELFAST AN' HOW ABOUT THAT GAL IN.....



The task of censoring the out-going mail was usually handled by the ships officers!



Clipped by the Censors Sharpe Scissors!

We have a new Captain. Sure miss the old one. I'm begining to understand what Lord Haw Haw meant when he said "Give the Canadian Navy enough room and space and they'll sink themselves."

This new skipper has inflicted more damage to the other ships in the group than the enemy could ever do.

He is a careerman so maybe some day he'll learn how to bring a ship along-side. P.S. If we don't run out of ships.

Most of the other officers are pretty good heads. There are a couple though who are six and 7/8.

On our last trip we found out it's all a pile of propaganda they have been stringing us. Their not super-men after all. You should have heard 'em squeal like pigs back on the farm, when we fished them out of the drink. Just the same I'm just as glad it was them and not us.

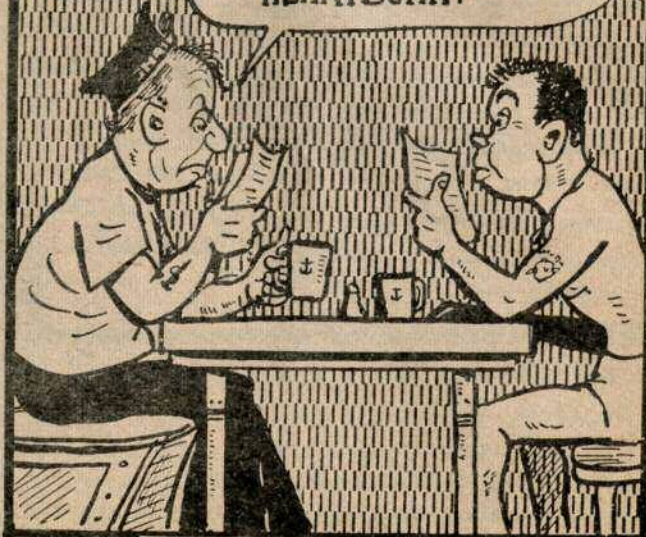
They have taken us off ocean escort, think we're getting ready to invade Europe. Had a Commodore come aboard to tell us what we are in for.

"Unaccustomed as I am to coming on board these small ships," he said. "Who the hell was he trying to hid? We ain't got anything bigger than a destroyer, that counts."

Got to see Nelson's old ship the Victory. Think maybe I'd rather be a wooden man on an iron ship. Better still I wish the war was over and the only waves were the one's in our bath tub.

IT was always a lark when a guy had a letter from home lamenting the war and those awful rations!...

AW', TH' POOR DARLIN'S!...
I MUST SEND THEM SOME OF OUR
LOVELY KIPPER RATIONS! ESPECIALLY
SOME DUCK EGGS WITH TH' BUILT-IN
HEARTBURN!...



When a guy got home on LEAVE
he just couldn't wait to get into
those good old CIVIE'S!...

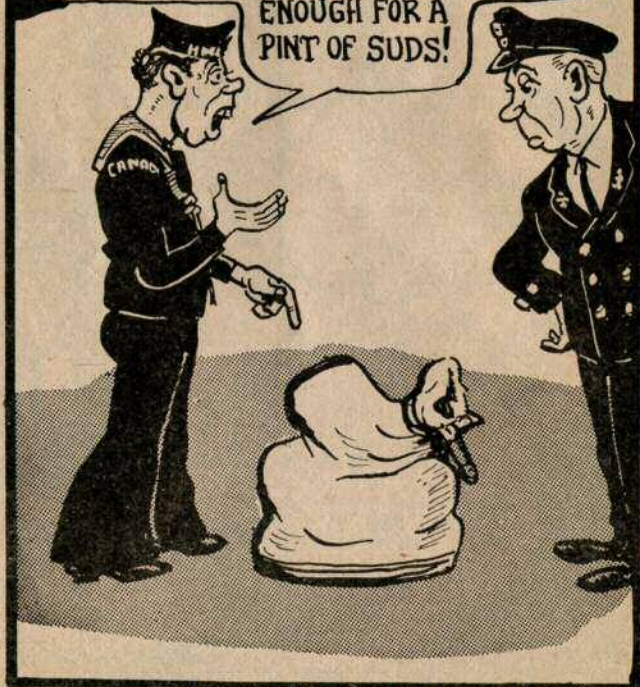
MUST HAVE BEEN TH' RUM!...
COULDN'T HAVE BEEN TH' GRUB, MUM!



Being drafted ashore presented a fearful problem... a puser Kit Muster!

HAVE A HEART, CHIEF! IF I HAVE TO MAKE UP WHAT I'M MISSING... IT'LL BE A YEAR BEFORE I'LL HAVE SCRATCH

ENOUGH FOR A PINT OF SUDS!



Getting a draft to one the newer ladies of the fleet with all the latest modern conveniences, was enough to make a guy feel giddy!...

JEZ! SHOWERS AND WASHERS THAT WORK! A MICK BILLET FIRST DAY ON BOARD!



PICK UP YOUR OWN SOAP, JACK! THIS AINT MY FIRST SHIP!...



Before the war came to an end the British had given the R.C.N. a title. Canada's sailors were known as the **Coco Cola Navy**. However when the Q.M. PIPED, it wasn't Cola that made those spirits rise!



And when the GROG had been issued... MY! HOW THOSE SPIRITS WENT DOWN!...

AH-H... NELSON'S BLOOD!

NECTAR OF DA GODS!

UR-UP! EXCUSE ME!



Came D-DAY and the invasion of France anyone after witnessing this awesome sight of power and might, new the end was near. His days with the R.C.N. were numbered!



1945 It was all over!...
Next came the greatest
moment in the life of an
R.C.N.V.R. Sailor

THIS IS IT!...
THE PAPER I'VE BEEN
LOOKIN' FOR SINCE TH' DAY I
JOINED!...



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Navy, Farewell

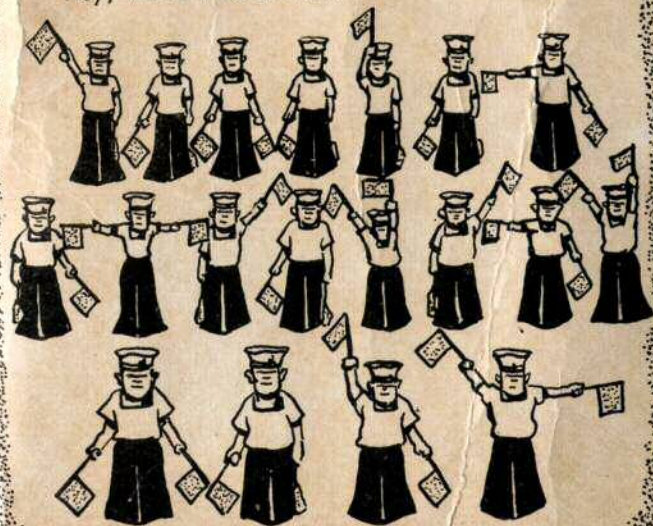
AND SO they dropped their scrubbers
and over the side flung the buckets;
Said "To Hell with the skipper...
and his pal the Jimmy too".

Locked the gunner and his mate in an ammo locker
and said "projectiles to you two."

Shouted goodbye to the "Swain and the Buffer,
"Don't forget, you clowns, stay true blue."

Deliberately forgot to salute the quarter deck
Strolled up the jetty, and looked back but once
to cry ...

"Hey, weren't we one helluva crew!"



CANADA'S GREATEST NAVY

SMILE A DAY

TODAY he may be a little grey, or even chrome-dome bald....

BUT, before you put him down and shove him aside because he looks so obsolete

HEAR THIS, you swingers, you young ones of the jet set, you of the bold new breed

OLD DADDY-O has no envy for your lot in the bright new future...

FEEDING COMPUTERS, or oiling robots he would find hard to dig, even on the moon...

THESE OLD CATS, you see, made their trips before LSD and were where the action was

..... before you were born.

STAN DAVISON

