

421 Bay St.,
Amelia, Ont.
L3V3X5
Jan 18/04

Dear Bryan, Sir!

When I heard that you were writing a history of J. M. S. Hallam, I jumped on board!

This is a somewhat frivolous anecdote concerning an episode which took place in June 1945, in Newfoundland, after Hallam had served for many years in the R. C. N., and now, tho' was being ordered to take six nursing sisters out to sea, to demonstrate the dropping of depth charges. What humiliation after fighting U-boats in dangerous waters!

I, and the other five nursing sisters got our sea legs under us, and out we went, saw action & returned to St. John's. On the way in, the first lieutenant asked if I would like to steer the ship through the narrows. Would I indeed!! My Newfoundland sea-going ancestors would be so proud of me!

I stood at the helm (a twenty-year old occupational therapist) and down the voice pipe came "Steer 3° to port." The lieutenant standing behind me said "Repeat the orders, so I dutifully replied "Steer 3° to port," whereupon the captain, Brick Angus (whose nerves at this point must have been quite frayed), yelled "Call me Sir! And of course, I did

THIRTY YEARS LATER, I met Brick Angus again! He and my husband, Allan Dougall, had commissioned

A. M. L. S. St. Bonifaz at the Lakehead in 1943,
and had been shipmates until Rick became captain
of Hallowell and Al became Fleet Engineer Officer
stationed in St. John's. Their paths crossed again
at a St. Bonifaz reunion. Misses were invited, too!

The party was progressing nicely, when I heard
Hallowell mentioned, and I remembered that day
in 1945! Knowing Rick must, also, I asked him, "Do
you remember the day, at the end of the war in 1945
when you took six nursing sisters out for a deceptive
'charge demonstration'?" He exploded! "Do I remember.
That was the WORST day of my life. I told all
the sailors to clean up, wash their hands, and DON'T
TOUCH ANYONE!"

Then I confessed that I was the one steering this
ship through the narrows, and he yelled at me, "Call
me Sir!", he was horrified, and said, "Oh, no! Did
I really say that?" Funny story thirty years later, but
so stressful for the ship at the time. Women on board -
horror of horrors!

Anyway, Hallowell survived, God bless all who
sailed in her.

I'm now yours,
Jean Day, N.S. (S.B.)
- now -
Jean Murray Daygall