

# THE MONTHLY LETTER



# EDITORIAL

I would like to point out for special notice, the question and answer 'duel' between the Captain and an un-named contributor. I personally feel ATHABASKAN's record is second to none, and will remain so, however, one man's opinion has never pushed the world in either direction. The question of ATHABASKAN's honour has been brought to light, and although not the original intention, the Captain has been asked to give the answer. Both appear elsewhere in this issue.

Although this has developed through a chain reaction, I consider it a very good idea, and unofficially consider it should be continued. Questions of a similar nature, should there be others, could be given to the Paper's Staff and an attempt will be made to have them answered by either the Captain or an Officer who is most directly concerned. General 'beefs' should be handled by the Welfare Committee, but other questions, such as illustrated, would be welcome.

With this edition of the paper, I, as Editor, feel a bit proud of the "ATHABULLETIN". The paper has progressed considerably since the first edition when Gerry Gray and I wrote, published, edited, printed, bound and read the whole shooting-match. The Staff has worked very hard at putting out a good Christmas Issue, and they haven't failed! For this time and effort I wish to extend a "well done" in the form of special Christmas Greetings to all who have helped keep this paper heading in the right direction.

And now, bowing in the other direction, a very Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year to all on-board from the Paper's Staff.

-- Editor.



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## "CHRISTMAS MESSAGE"

"And it came to pass in those days there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus; that the whole world should be enrolled. This enrolling was first made by Cyrenus, the governor of Syria. And all went to be enrolled, every one into his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth into Judea, to the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; because he was of the house and family of David, to be enrolled with Mary his espoused wife, who was with child. And it came to pass, that when they were there, her days were accomplished, that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him up in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn. And there were in the same country shepherds watching, and keeping the night-watches over their flocks. And behold an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the brightness of God shone round about them, and they feared with a great fear. And the Angel said to them: Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people; for: This day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David. And this shall be a sign unto you: You shall find the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly army, praising God, and saying: Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good will."

(St. Luke 2.)

If there is a wish I may make today, it is that each one of us will take time to meditate upon that beautiful page of the Gospel, so simple and yet so sublime in the way it describes that greatest mystery of our Christian faith; the mystery of our Redemption! The modern world has eaten out the heart of Christmas, as it has for most of your Christian festivals, and for many, Christmas is far from meaning the birth of Christ whom they ignore in their daily lives. Christmas, to them, merely means an occasion to exchange gifts, to eat plenty and to drink, not wisely but too well, which often means to offend Almighty God. Let us not deceive ourselves. Christian means "of Christ" and if we are really Christian we will take the opportunity today to give our hearts and our thoughts to the Divine Infant of the crib who takes our human nature in order that we may become partakers of His divine nature.

May Christmas be for all of you full of spiritual consolations, and may we all be granted the precious gift of Peace promised to all "men of good will".

Father P. Roy, R.C.N.,

Chaplain.

## "SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT"

As I see it, there seems to be a great controversy regarding past bombardments which ATHABASKAN has carried out. I'd better explain before I go any further, rather than give the Reader any wrong impressions.

This controversy, or talk; in regards to bombardment is based mainly on what goes on in the minds of the men behind the guns. It seems as though everytime the Enemy retaliates, we weigh anchor and take-off -- that's where the query comes in. The question asked by so many is "Why?". Why do we have to shove-off? Why can't we stay and give them Hell like other men and ships fighting for the great cause of Freedom? I believe that if the Ship's Company were given a chance to prove themselves efficient, and ready for any retaliation the Enemy might have, we would be recognized at a moments glance by all our Allies that now stand under the Flag of the U.N. Canada would be a standout as "tops" among people the world over! I ask you - think it over!

.....anonymous.

### A REPLY TO ANONYMOUS

by  
The Captain

There are a number of reasons why we don't "stay and give them hell" when shore batteries open up on us, and all are quite straight forward.

A Destroyer was not designed to fight it out with shore batteries, especially in shoal waters with no room to manoeuvre. A Destroyer's plates are light; she has no armour. She's designed to fight at sea; the fast, darting terrier, snapping at the lumbering bear; hitting, feinting, withdrawing and hitting again.

To be sure, in World War II. Destroyers often had to be used to cover troop landings - and evacuations; Narvik; Dunkirk; Greece. Then, they HAD to fight it out with the shore batteries; and many were lost. But it was a case of necessity. It had to be done.

In our present role in this campaign, we are not intended to fight it out with shore batteries. There would be nothing to gain, and we'd be playing into the hands of the enemy. It's an unequal fight, and the odds are stacked in favour of the shore battery, in every respect. A battery, such as those we have bombarded, are a small hard-to-hit target as shown in the sketch above. SHOULD we be lucky enough to score a DIRECT HIT on one of these guns, - well, one gun, worth a thousand dollars or so, would probably be knocked out; perhaps two or three enemy would be killed. On the other



Top panel illustrates a carefully entrenched gun position. Such positions are usually underground, and may be covered with only logs and earth. These emplacements may also include living and sleeping quarters.

Bottom panel is a "ship's eye" view of a camouflaged enemy gun position.

hand, we present a large, easy-to-hit target to guns who have a stable platform to shoot from. It only takes one well placed shell, to bring about the complete destruction of the ship, - valued at about nine million dollars - and the loss of probably most of her personnel. A major victory for the Commies, and a hard set back for the United Nations Forces.

If, as "ANONYMOUS" suggests, "other ships" under similar circumstances in this Campaign, have rested at anchor and fought it out with shore batteries, rest assured that they disobeyed orders, and probably have had to answer for being such fools as to risk their ships.

No, lets face facts. Give us a ship to fight and sea room in which to manoeuvre, and fight we will. But lets not try to fool ourselves or anybody else - by thinking that we'd be hailed as valiant heroes by staying to fight it out with shore batteries under existing circumstances; instead, we'd be bloody fools. And the Commies would lick their lips in glee if for a moment they thought that the United Nations Commanders were going to permit their Destroyers to do so; its just what they want.

### IN THE PAST

Reminiscence begins on the afternoon of 13th Sept., 1943, when "UGANDA" was hit by a radio controlled bomb off the invasion coast of Salerno. From Malta, by devious routes, unescorted, and using only one screw, she made her way to Charleston, S.C., where she became "Canada's First Cruiser".

Commanded by Captain E.R. Main-guy (now Vice-Admiral, Chief of Naval Staff), and with Commander Pullen as X.O., "Uganda" returned to England to re-engage in the war in Europe, but was ordered to the battle in the Pacific.

Through the Med., Red Sea, Gulf of Aden to Ceylon, was a trip long to be remembered by the Canadians, who swam in the Gulf of Aden and bargained with the artisans of Ceylon. Sydney, Australia; where several blushing maidens packed up the billy-can and married Uganda's adventurous sailors.

On 4th May, 1945, with Task Force 57, UGANDA bombarded Miyake, the most Northern island of the Sakishima group. Shortley before Noon, HMS "Formidable" was struck by a kamikaze and the same afternoon UGANDA retaliated by shooting down one of these entrapped bird-men, in flames.

And now we are here again for another Christmas, for the same purpose, with a different foe. If you have an opportunity to visit any of the places mentioned, which are all very near, your friends of 'old UGANDA days' would appreciate knowing how they look from the other end of a gun barrel.

### CATHODIC PROTECTION DEVICE

Cathodic protection of the exterior underwater hulls of large active ships is still in the experimental stage, and at present most of the development work is being done by the R.C.N.

H.M.C.S. "ATHABASKAN" is, as far as we know, the first ship of destroyer size upon which a cathode protection system for preventing corrosion of the exterior underwater hull has been installed, using steel anodes.

Between two dissimilar metals, especially when immersed in salt water, (an excellent electrolyte), a galvanic action takes place that tends to eat away or pit and corrode the metals.

Now to overcome this, zinc plates were first fitted with limited success. Lately an improvement over the zinc were the magnesium plates. The idea is that the zinc or magnesium will be eaten away, leaving the ship's hull intact.

But in search of perfection, a new application of a time tested system is now being experimented, onboard "Athabaskan". For in breweries and distilleries and any processing equipment that has closed systems which continually corroded away internally the "Cathodic Protection Device" has worked wonders.

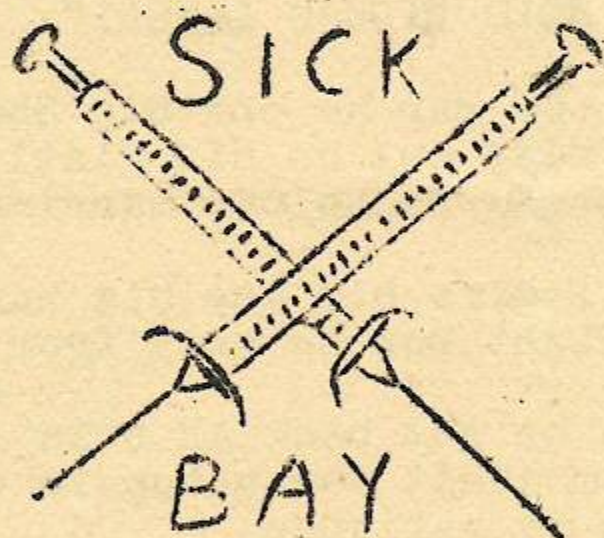
It is a means of purposely incorporating an electrical current opposite to that created by the galvanic action of the ship's hull. In this system the steel anodes, fitted on the Bilge Keels, will be

corroded away instead of the hull. Thus when a "Hull Potential Reading" is taken, it is merely a means of determining the proper current to apply to the ship's hull, to completely neutralize the ship's natural galvanic action.

Consequently when, each morning, shortly after "Hands Fall In" you observe C.P.O. Mielen walking to the stern with what appears to be a mystery box and a replica of a "Cod Jiggers Hand Line" -- don't be too alarmed -- he's not going fishing, he's about to take a "Hull Potential Reading".

Many other things such as speed, proximity of other ships, and water temperature, vary the hull potential.

This should also explain why we use manila lines in berthing, etc. That way we insulate our cathodic protection system from external disturbing influences.



Have you noticed the line-up at Sick Bay is much longer this month, and might even double before the month is finished ----- Let's hope not!!

I am looking forward to fewer customers in the New Year - don't let me down!!

A rating came to me not so long ago, thinking he'd caught something in Sasebo, and seemed to think it was quite funny. Now that he has had a few of my 'blunt' needles, he isn't laughing.

By the way, who is the man, or should I say mouse, that made the crack about my closest friend -- MY PIPE!! Maybe he was due for a needle and didn't want to reveal himself.

In closing the Medical Dept. wishes you a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year.



Boom-boom-da-boom!  
(The Death March)  
ATHABASCA's vigilant basketball five smashed into a 16-22 loss against those (choke) Cayuga athletes when they met last week on the American gym floorboards in Sasebo.

Dave Burke, erstwhile skipper of the Athabee Five led the attack, but (to pull an old chestnut out of the fire) "lack of practice" caused the defeat. After all Cayuga has been spending more time in harbour than we heroes. Someone's gotta fight the war!

The line-up for the 219 was as follows:  
Dave Burke  
Harry Ruppel  
Nick Malysh  
Ian Anderson  
and a newcomer  
Lieut. Evans.

FLASH - - - FLASH !!

Do your kidneys bother you? Do you find yourself caught short on watch?  
Then come to our Sick Bay for a chit, you'll need it on your watch.

Dog Owners - Attention!

Two fire plugs are being installed on the Quarter-deck for your convenience on evening walks.



BILL'S LAMENT (Alias "Sigs")

By gar this Nick, he one big  
   Shmoe,  
 He also miss out on der Mistletoe  
 Der go de vistle for the watch to  
   come  
 I'm look, I'm look where is that  
   bum?  
 I'll bet he still ban dun below,  
 Dat stinker, AH! Now I remember,  
 He see da show.

But now anodder hour she done  
   pass  
 If Nick don' come I kick his ---!  
 At last I'm hear a faint clitter  
   clatter,  
 Yo Ho it's Nick stumble up the  
   ladder.  
 Now comes the verst time of dis  
   vatch  
 I'm got to explain dis smart lad  
 We're in the crotch.

To a sig dis mean we're doing  
   fine  
 No got worry about corpen nine.

Annoder hour she done past and  
   gone  
 Not me, dis Nick he think I sing  
   a song  
 But it soon sink in we's all  
   alone  
 He got no worry but to answer dat  
   phone.

Finis (By Gar)

"OLD NICK'S LAMENT"

Dis Bill by gar he one big Shmoe.  
 He also miss out on his Mistletoe  
 Dis Bill you no ho one married  
   man  
 For dis I give him one big han  
 Maybee right now he away from da  
   wife  
 But when he get back AH some life  
 While I'm await for watch to end  
 I'm lose my patience  
 For all da time geev. panic sta-  
   tion  
 When all a sudden I'm hear such  
   clatter  
 For someone he fly up the ladder  
 By gar maybe old Bill to come up  
   to relieve me  
 No tis not old Bill just some OD  
 This gook Bill if he no come up  
   soon  
 I get mad and kick him on end of  
   prune  
 While I wait for Bill I think of  
   de fun  
 I'm have under the "OK" sun  
 Corpen nine she bring me out of  
   da dream  
 To see where we are in da screen  
 Now the next hour come to pass  
 I'm tink I'm kick old Bill in ...  
 Old Bill he finally come up  
 After he has his snooze and sup  
 I'm ver glad I'm finish dis watch  
 For I'm go below for some sleep  
   to catch

All dis is corn, but I know  
 It not like some ham I know.

Write by Hand by Gar



To quote a heretofore unquote-able statement that was heard on the train coming from Camp Wood, "I came up with a hangover, and by Gawd, I'm taking a hangover back with me!" That just about expressed the sentiments of one and all bodies present. It was in fact about the sum total of conversation heard for the whole six hour trip back to Sasebo.

It all started very early in the morning, as all things start in the Navy. We, the 40 odd of us, formed the party that was to go to Camp Wood. Having been piped at 5:30, we groped our way through the cold gray dawn, packed our bags, and went on our merry way.

Having been warned by the previous hardy pioneers who made the long trek, we managed to grab a case of beer to help smooth out the long train ride, especially to be used for medicinal purposes, of course. Anyway we all piled ourselves into the car and settled down to the long voyage. In about an hour the noise in the car was chaotic. What with every Tar on the train making like a potential Mario Lanza (possibly inspired by the Asahi) and singly lusty sea-chanties. Time fled on the wings of music, and in no time we were approaching the station at Kunitomo. From there we were herded into two large American Transport Busses and taken to Camp Wood. By then we really needed a rest.

Immediately on entering the

living quarters, we were set upon by a 'large-sarge-in-charge', and he hastened to lay down the law. He was quite an amusing character, his vocabulary was limited to "Youse guys", "lissen here", and "I don' wanna catch ya makin' a pest of yourselves". Between babbling about the brig and being sent back to Sasebo, and all sorts of horrible threats, the future was beginning to look dim. The sarge turned out a pretty right guy, tho'.

We drew our blankets, pillows and SHEETS, from the stores and immediately upon making up our beds we all pulled a T.U. routine. The effects of the train ride had caught up to us. About 20 minutes after crashing, a great commotion was heard; by the way personnel were activated I decided to investigate, and I wish I hadn't. It seemed that there was an exercise air-raid and before we could get our wits about us we were all herded into a bean-bag sized shelter. There we stayed for the next hour, and when the ordeal was over, all hopes of sleep had vanished, so we trudged to the messhall for a supper of....b-e-a-n-s.....!

The coming of evening opened up a great variety of entertainment. There was a Xmas Party (consisting of a bingo game) and then the WETS. I went to the bingo game for a while and found they were auctioning off 3 day passes. I thought of what the 'Jimmy' would say if I came back to the ship 3 days adrift, and told him I had bought a pass for seven dollars. I think he would have taken a dim view of it, to say the least. Now to the Wets and then to bed. There is nothing more comforting in this world than going to bed and knowing that you don't have to get up in the morning. Most of us were cursed with habit tho', and eight-thirty the next morning we were all on our way towards the Service-club to get a cup of coffee to start us on our restful way.

Trying to cram a million things inside of a short day is a credit to the staunchness of the Canadian Sailor. The only casualties suffered were stiffness of muscles and aching bones. Nothing fatal, of course, but a great deal of suffering. Pass the "Sloans" please!!

Golfing, basketball, billiards, bowling and other sports, all reputed assences of restfulness and



and health, were tried. By supper time one could see messmates using both hands to shovel food into their mouths. In fact, many were so tired the only way they could eat was to wait for a yawn and then 'cram'. A short half-hour snooze fixed us up considerably, and then a dash for the showers. This completed, we all hied away to the Cocktail Bar for a small shot of 'inspiration' and 'strength'.

In case any of you 'old tars' think the only drink in the world has a rum base, I recommend that you try a Camp Wood Whisky Sour ...guaranteed to take the floss off the direst tongue.

That night an Airforce "Glee Club" troupe visited the Camp. After their performance they joined us at the Cocktail Bar. As they were all singers, and naturally by this time, we were all singers, the evening ended with a sing-song.

Gad, those 'trappers' look posh in their uniforms! If we had similar suits the percentage of re-engagements would probably increase. To tell the truth, on first sighting the troupe, Lonvik mistook them for a travelling convention of Grey Hound Bus Drivers and was heard to ask the time of the next bus to Calgary. Evidently he wanted to get to the Stampede.



Later we returned to the block, feeling mellow, only to be informed that Camp Wood was in condition "Flash Yellow" and were 'told-off' to an air-raid shelter. This met with loud groans and moans, as we were all tired from a hard day getting rested. Fortunately the senior 'sober' hands quietened the argumentive lads and so into the shelter. But at last the alert was over, and into ....ahh....BED!!

All in all, it was an experience, and we who were not rested had only ourselves to thank. But who on God's Green Earth would rest with so much to do. I wouldn't miss the chance of a return engagement, and I know the others agree. It is top-line.

"I SAW THE LIGHT"  
by  
Glover

My eyes are dim, I cannot see,  
Flashless Cordite has blinded me.  
From on the bridge there comes a yell,  
"What was the marking on that shell?"

"X-Gun Supply, won't you get wise,  
We just lit up the whole darn skies."  
"Sorry Chief, I did my best,  
That shell is marked just like the rest."

"X" Gun - T.S., what is the score,  
Which are those shells, and what is more,  
Mark that flashless good and bright,  
We want no shells that give out light."

Now we'll try this shell for a change,  
"X" Gun - Director, have you the range.  
We'll fire this gun and really place 'er,  
Oh my God, that shell's a tracer.

"Sorry Chief, I'm in a stew,  
They've got me baffled, just like you.  
I think I'll quit, get my coffee cup,  
And then let "B" Gun louse it up!"

Do we look strong? Just don't bust up Sasebo or "Cayuga" that's all!!

The Chiefs have long up-rights  
With loads and loads of room  
No wonder when I want some gear  
I feel so full of gloom.

First I shake a couple of lads  
So spry and full of vim  
They growl and bark  
As if its just another childish  
whim.

The article of gear I want  
Is usually at the bottom  
Meantime the guys are asking me  
"Why the hell you want em."

"I got to get the gear" I say,  
"Its part of the routine.  
Besides I'm your messmate,  
You want me to stay clean?"

After half an hour or so  
The guys get kind of cranky  
So I come up with my bit of  
gear  
A pretty monogramed hanky.

If only we had a wardrobe  
So tall and wide and strong.  
With lots of room to stow our  
clothes  
And still room to play ping pong.

Oh wouldn't we be happy  
With gear all pressed and neat  
I tell you boys to these old eyes  
That would really be a treat.

I'd like to get that architect  
And knock him off his rocker  
The fool who took a messdeck  
bench  
And converted it to a locker.



### Strikes From The Night Fighters Mess (Group 16)

We sure wish Christmas came  
once a month, with all the par-  
cels of food that have been  
flowing in. Some of us have  
even gained weight!

We just look very sad, and  
silence prevails, when some  
fool says Happy New Year. We  
all know with the coming of the  
New Year, a famine is in sight.  
Kure famine naturally!

Last time in Kure, one of  
our members, due to lack of  
food, turned to romance. The  
object of his affections was a  
cuddly little P.O. Plumber  
from Belfast. This little charm-  
er was appropriately named Chrome  
Dome. The climax of the whirl-

wind romance was a ride to the  
wets in a cab. During this in-  
nocent little joy ride, the  
virtuous little Chrome Dome was  
forced to take sanctuary on the  
roof of the taxi. I wonder what  
happened in the cab, hmm!

FLASH! FLASH!

The above mentioned member  
is so intrigued by plumbers as a  
whole, he is secretly corres-  
ponding with Alex Ross.

Kure does have one good point  
which I almost forgot to mention  
a forty-eight hour pass there  
is good from Thurs. till Tues.  
You would never guess who dis-  
covered that!

A couple of our members would  
like to put forward a vote of  
thanks to whoever's responsible.

sible for the all night leave in Sasebo. It was the first time in harbour that midnight passed them by so quietly.

I have heard a rumor that there was a new floor show at the Anchor Club. According to some critics I have talked to, it was simply out of this world. I wonder if A.B. Bryan could use it on the Christmas Concert Program?

If you think anything in this column refer directly to some member of 16 mess, you are probably right. All I ask, please do not tell anybody else.

I now close with the question of the month:

Why shouldn't a man with the Buffers' flying experience be granted a Pilot's License?

#### 15 Mess

A few items of interest from 15 mess.

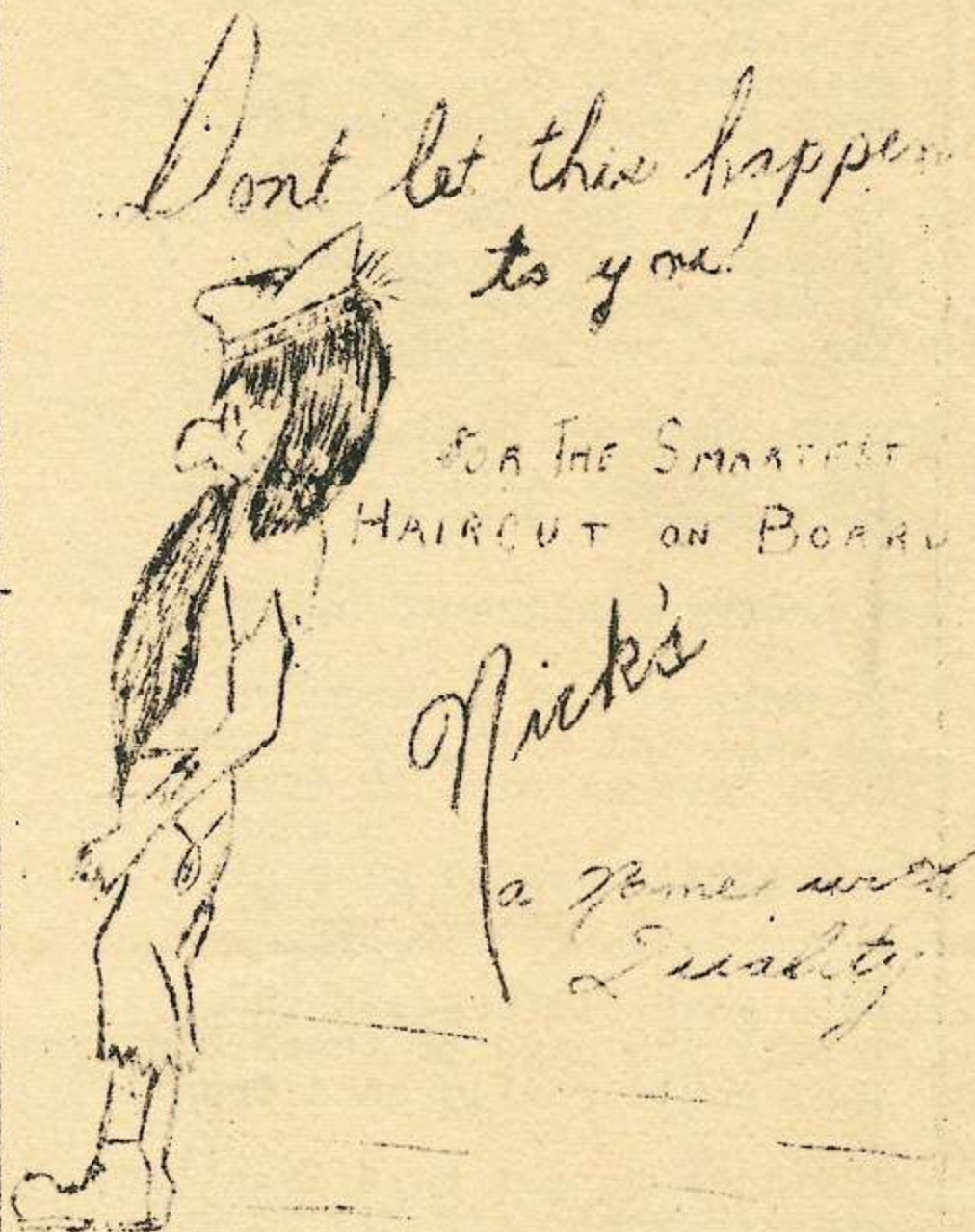
P.O. Towne was missed in the mess for a trip while he took Old numbers one, two, three and four ashore. He tells us they have them tucked away nice and tidy. Do not know for sure if P.O. Towne was victualled in "Semi - County" or not, but says he is glad to be back aboard.

If you have noticed P.O. Towne walking around with that perplexed look lately, it's because he has not as yet become conditioned to the idea of not having his four fish to fuss over and hence that "I seem to have forgotten something." look.

Another busy member of the mess the last few days, has been Chief Boutillier. The preparing room near the galley always is a busy place, but with Christmas a week away there has been more than the usual activity down there, what with weighing and mixing fruit and nuts and all that strange mumbo jumbo that contribute to the science of making a successful Xmas Cake. You can relax too boys, because the Chief tells us it has that necessary ingredient to give it that certain flavour.

Each and every member of 15 mess wishes at this time to extend the Seasons Greetings in the Ship.

Our coffee has been black,  
Our coffee has been blue,  
It has been referred to as good old  
pusser stew,  
If there is someone onboard,  
Who coffee they can make,  
Why not save the duty cook an early  
shake.



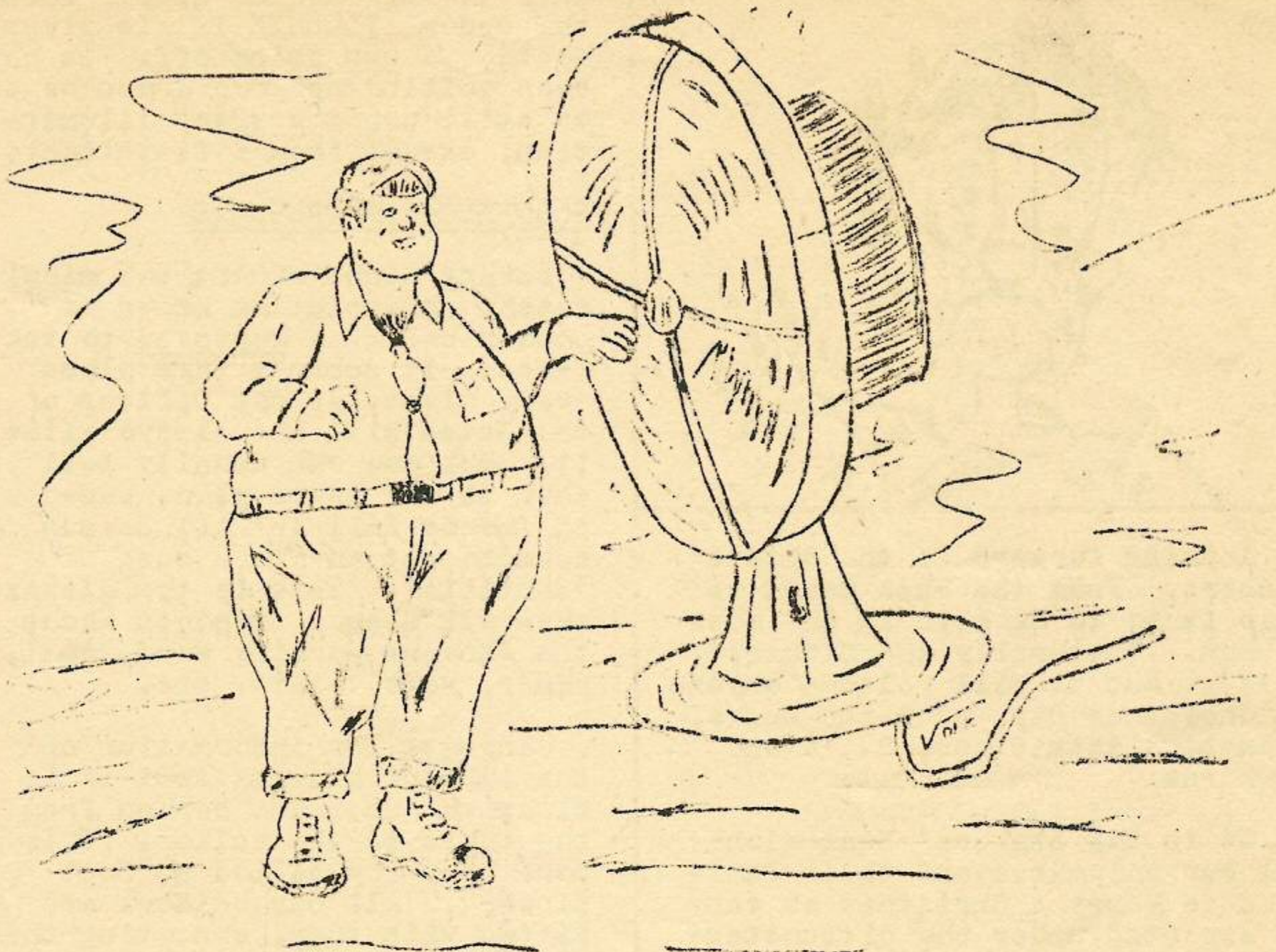
We have received Christmas cards from many scattered parts. From H.M.A.C.S. Brockville in Halifax, to H.M.A.S. Sydney, H.M.S. Belfast, Ceylon et c., out here.

Sure is going to be great in the New Year not to have to count on your fingers and sit around with that haunted look on your face wondering what day was last Monday. It's either feast or famine -- up till now not a calendar -- now maybe three maybe four. Yes we got one of those kind too -- Artistic ain't they?

Chief Petty Officer Lecuyer known as "Strictly Semi," up here is seriously considering writing his congressman, unless we get more "Roy Rogers" picture aboard.

Who is the ----- that has a poetic mind so early in the morning?

Those benches aren't so strong are they Thomas? Or is it the benches!!



### "BLACK GANG NEWS"

Up until now this mess has been conspicuous by its absence from the pages of "ATHABULLETIN". Finally we have been shamed into contributing, but it is doubtful if it will in any way increase the value of the "ATHABULLETIN".

The Senior Hand in the Stokers' Mess is P2SM2 Dave Murdoch. Dave, (the Bulgie One, maybe not as bulgie as Remphrey, but he is fast getting that way) joined the RCNVR in January, 1941. He served throughout the war, and in November 1945, he went outside for a holiday on civvy street. After this holiday Dave joined the R.C.N. Right now he is a little cramped as his last ship was the "Maggie".

Like all other messes throughout the ship, we have our share of characters. Take, for instance, Sam (The Man???) Rosko. Sam is the only known Stoker in the R.C.N., RCN(R), RCNVR, and even the WRENS, who figures the best way to see if a Boiler Room Fan is running is to stick his hand in the blading. Tell us Sam, did it hurt very much?

Then if you want to stay in one piece, don't ask ABSM1 Tommy Love where he was last time in Sasebo.

Yes, we even have our share of the queer fellas - RCN(R) - in our mess. Our mess has two of them. They are ABSM1 Jim Hilton and P2ER4 Joe Meredith, both from the Reserve Division "MALAHAT". This is Jim's second time over here. What happened Jim, these Japanese girls getting you?

We are hearing rumours that OSSMS Ralph (Tell me this) Lehan is coming back to Sasebo to take up permanent residence when he gets his discharge. Gee Ralph! We all thought the girls in Mcntreal had everything!

Since leaving Esquimalt we have lost three members of our mess via the promotion route. They are P1SM3 Sims, P1SM3 Morely (how are you going to like it on the East Coast?) and P1SM3 (I'm a lonely little Petunia in an Onion Patch) Sewell.

When we left Esquimalt OSSMS Art Shepherd was the Mess Deck Dodger of the Stokers' Mess. Now he is Mess Deck Douger again. I could be he is a good Douger. (We won't say what he is good at dodging though). What have you got to say about it all Shep???

Everyone in the Stokers' Mess



is looking forward to the Ship's Concert. From the Buzz Board we hear it is to be held in the Mess of Men. (Naturally the Stokers' Mess). But we will welcome anyone on Christmas Day, even the Cooks, Seamen, Electricians, S.A.'s and Stewards.

We in the Stokers' Mess wish all our shipmates and their families as Merry a Christmas as can be expected under the circumstances, and all the best for the New Year.

#### ENGINEERING QUESTION OF THE MONTH

What is the pitch of the "Athabaskan's" propellers and what does it mean?

ANSWER: The pitch is 13' 1". It means that every revolution of the shaft drives the ship 13' 1".

THINGS THE STOKERS WOULD LIKE TO KNOW: Who the seaman was who phoned the Engine Room one night and made with the following conversation:—"Is this the E.R.A. of the Watch? Well look there is smoke coming out of the For'd Chimney."

Who is the person on watch in the Engine Room who replied "Well don't lose any sleep over it, that is what it is there for."

Why did C2ER4 Nurse sell his sewing machine to ABSM1 Wilson. Now Wilson really has the washing pressing and sewing business tied up.

Why did all the E.R.A.'s decide to shave off their beards? At least they proved one point...the only one able to grow a beard is Chief Wood. Then again, the Big Chief, CLER4 Lundgren didn't try!

What is supposed to happen when the order 'ILLUMINATE' is given, besides a gun going off. We have been waiting now for 4 months and we still don't see any illumination, except from a flashlight!

#### SOOT BLOWING TROUBLES

Every night during the middle watch, an evolution known as Soot Blowing is supposed to take place. It doesn't take place every night, as the Officer of the Watch will not always allow it. But you can usually tell when it has taken place because at 'hands fall in' all Seamen seem to get an acute case of "Sootitis". This is the disease when all Seamen complain about the Stokers burning wood, coal, paper, rags, waste, etc.

Anyway, for information only, the idea of blowing soot is to clear the soot and carbon from the tubes in the boiler. This is done by a rig called a "Soot Blower". All our boilers are fitted with them, excepting the Bogey. When you want to blow soot you simply open the "Steam to Blower" valve, and play the steam jet around the inside of the boiler. This will loosen any soot and carbon which is carried out of the funnels by the draught coming through the air flaps of the furnaces.

Before soot is blown, permission has to be given by the Officer of the Watch. If there is no wind, he says no; if there is wind, he says no. Actually if movements of the ship permit, the Officer of the Watch should change course and have the wind blow across the ship to carry away the soot.

Lately, when asking 'permission to blow soot' you can always depend on a "Negative". Evidently they're tired of saying negative. No don't get excited, they didn't say "Wait one, affirmative, roger, wilco, affirmative and out." Never happen! But here's what did happen:-

E.R.A. - "Permission to blow soot"  
Poet on Bridge:-

"The X.O. has a little ship,  
With decks as white as snow,  
But every time the Chiefy phones  
The answer it is "NO".

Well, now the Engine Room has a new way to ask permission to

blow soot. We think the poets  
are ABSML Nelson and ABSMS  
Sigalet.

Here is their contribution.....

I call, I call and again I call,  
But still I get the same old  
stall,  
There is no wind, the decks are  
like snow,  
But soot is something I just have  
to blow.

Now, "Permission to Blow" is all  
I ask,  
May I have your approval to get  
on with the task?  
But again you say "There is no  
wind",  
This looks to me like the very  
end.

But still I've tried, now what to  
do,  
I guess I will have to leave it  
to you.  
You claim to know when the wind  
is best  
Although I don't believe the rest.

And so this poem must come to an  
end,  
As so do all other things my  
friend,  
So would you kindly let me know,  
Just when I have "Permission to  
Blow".

So much for Soot Blowing.

THE LITTLE FOLK  
by:- anonymous

Down in the Gear Room  
Neath the Coolers I'm told,  
Dwell the little folk,  
So hardy and bold.

They scamper and play  
From Dawn until dark,  
Teasing the Watchkeepers  
Just for a lark.

Over the coolers,  
Around the F.L's,  
Up and over the casings  
They dodge just as well.

But all of a sudden  
They all disappear,  
Everything grows quiet,  
Yet you know they are near.

Your lub oil goes up  
The thermometers rise,  
The pumps start to screaming  
Those cute little guys

Their jokes have begun  
And for an hour or two,  
You'll puzzle and wonder  
Why they are picking on you.

So make friendly with them  
And treat them right,  
Cause they'll keep you company  
During the long silent night.

7 & 9 MESS

News from the home of the eyes  
and ears of the ship is at an all  
time low. We are mostly, at this  
time, counting the long days till  
we get home (198).

Several members of the mess  
are due to go back for courses  
when their reliefs arrive. We  
hope they get here soon. All the  
best of luck to you when you  
check in at NADEN. They tell me  
that working rig is No.3's there.

Vic Jesse was awake for 6 hrs.  
yesterday. An all time record  
for T.U. Jesse.

Charts Gerzanich, the assist-  
ant Navigator, still can't find  
his boots. We think AB Storey  
must be using them for repair in  
his business venture.

Big Lou Bohmer, the irrigation  
expert from the Fraser Valley,  
has decided to divert the water  
that flooded our mess as a result  
of a leaking pipe by diamond  
drilling a hole to the Stokers'  
Mess.

The question of the week:----  
"Who do you get permission  
from to shake the M.O. to get a  
chit to go to the heads while on  
watch!"

In closing - remember our  
motto: "Hold Everything!"

- Reported to us on Wednesday:
- LOST - Small grey Persian Cat-ans-  
wers to name "Snuggles"  
Last seen by Main Galley.
  - LOST - 1 pr. Rubber sea-boots.  
They are believed to have  
been left in the Bakery.
  - LOST - Twenty-five ft. of fire-  
hose from reel outside  
Main Galley.
  - LOST - 3 Gallons red-lead, re-  
moved from 'uppers' near  
Galley.

Extract from Menu for Thursday:

Supper: Spaghetti ala Italianne  
with tomato sauce.

Coincidence.....???????

MESS ONE RENDEZVOUS

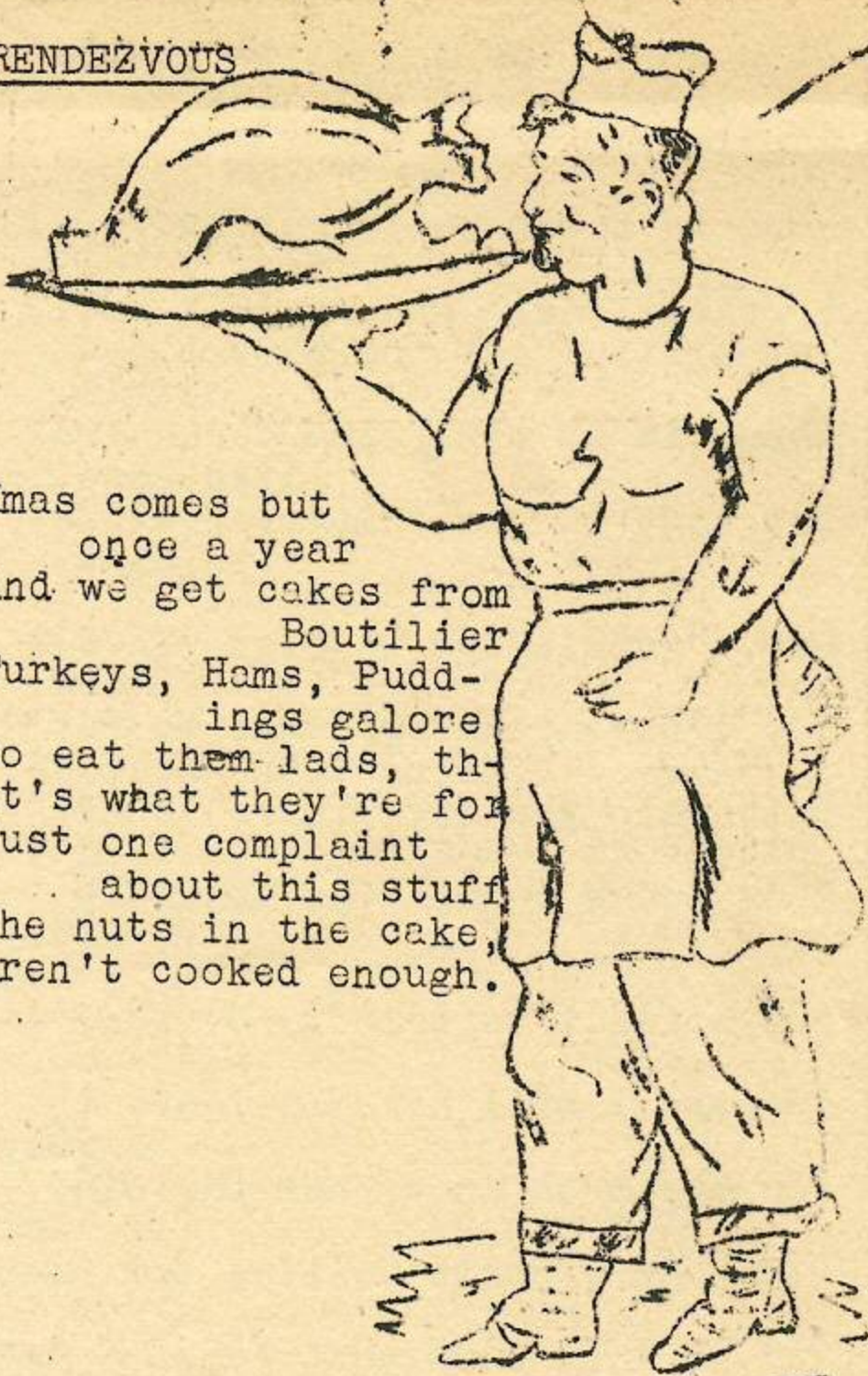
Twas the night before Xmas  
And through the AthaBee  
Not a creature was stirring,  
Not even a flea.

The boys were all sleeping,  
Except those on watch,  
When some son-of-a-gun  
Fell down the hatch.

Then out of his cart  
Bobby Burns did appear  
And yelled with delight  
"Wake up, Santa is here!"

They turned on the lights,  
But were in for a shock,  
That son-of-a-gun  
Was just our Laycock.

Xmas comes but  
once a year  
And we get cakes from  
Boutilier  
Turkeys, Hams, Pudd-  
ings galore  
So eat them lads, th-  
at's what they're for  
Just one complaint  
about this stuff  
The nuts in the cake,  
aren't cooked enough.



NEWS TO DATE

It's surprising the number of men on the Athabaskan who wish a transfer to the Supply Branch. What the Supply Branch is wondering, is the reason for this enthusiasm. Of course we can always use ANOTHER man in our Branch.

We are indeed sorry to see Ordinary Seaman Rees has been asked to recommence his work as seaman. It's indeed a pity when the Supply Branch must go to the length to spare one to do night watches.

We congratulate ABNS1 Laycock on his accomplishment of becoming a seaman. As well as Laycock's previous accomplishments as a gunnery rate and shore patrolman he is now learning which is the Starboard and which

is the Port side of a ship.

We're all very delighted, (and I am sure the rest of the ships company agree with my sentiments.) that LSVS1 Johnstone has once more joined the ships company after his long convalescence. It happens that Johnstone mentioned to the wounded in the Ward, quite modestly of course, how he managed to get a sprained kneecap.  
Continued next page.



The rechange of  
'change' in the Cooks  
Branch. P.O. (wild),  
Bill Hughes was re-  
placed by P.O. Hop-  
kings in the bakery.  
We are looking for-  
ward to an improve-  
ment.

NOTICED ANY?

quote "It was much more romantic to be disabled by a green-one in a typhoon than to be hit by a bullet in the front lines."

In closing, Mess One wishes every man onboard a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

#### CABIN 68.....

Here is the Gunner's Mess roving reporters Howard and Buchanan again. Looks like the Christmas Seasons rolling around and we have heartily agreed that we couldn't find a better place to celebrate, we would like to try and talk the Captain into sending a landing party ashore to look for a tree, but we think we would run the U.N. oiling fleet dry, looking for an island with a tree on it.

We lost a few members of our wardroom in 68. A/B Dave Marsh who went to hospital to have his unmentionable hacked off. O/S Lloyd Clark who incidently will rise to the heights of a full-fledged A/B in a couple of months. Hope it won't swell his head. He is away having his appendix hoisted out, we aren't wishing them any bad luck but hope they stay away a little longer than they would usually. There are only 25 or so now in the 68 wardroom Dinner Table. Quite roomy, what?

From our last trip into Sasebo the Chief and PO's lost a messman, he was moved back with us. What happen to him? The new feller going up in his place was a sorriful thing to see when A/B Charlie Greengrass took over the duties. Four members of the other side of our table are kind of worried after what happened to door-slammer Dave.

Getting back to the Christmas cheer and spirit, 68 cabin wish ourselves and everybody onboard even the dog "Guns" a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year, and hope we aren't here for another one.

A complaint has been received from our girl "Guns", she asked us to advertise in our gallant paper not to feed her so much ice cream. Last time she said she was sick for a couple of days. After all, she only had three bowls of it.

W.K. says.....

If you happen to walk by the messdeck hatch and you hear strange noises, don't be alarmed, as it is only L.S. Peterson and A.B. Manzer revving up for the early morning flight.

Who is the member of our mess who saw "Mutiny on the Bounty" 3 times because he recognized some old friends. Not giving any hints, but every other day in harbour, you will find him standing diligent watch on the brow.

Also a certain P.O. recently turned from an alcoholic anonymous to an alcoholic always. Having taken the advice of one of the higher ups, he has decided to spend the next 30 days onboard.



If you are a betting man you will be interested to know there is a certain L.S. in our happy little home, commonly known as "Fearless Fred", whose latest exhibition of courage is to 'fearlessly' say, "I'll bet anyone fifty (50) dollars that the war will be over in January!"

A certain rugged rate of the mess has been watching for a letter from a Miss. Lately it has just been a miss!

As a lot of you probably know the mess next door is already





Latest in Styles  
BY

"MURSE"  
" "

The Finest Name in

TAILORING

Lookout Reporting....

"P-2 Lookout relieved,  
Wheelhouse in 'State  
Able', Bridge in 'State  
Baker', and Ship 'Air-  
Guard'.

If you see a chicken run  
out of the Galley some  
morning, it was one egg  
that got away.....

Ever hear of the little  
moron that dropped a  
razor down the front of  
his pants and said, "It  
won't be long now."

overrun by Commies. One is part-  
ial to wearing boots of all sizes,  
particularly those three feet in  
length. Also the "Scotchman" from  
Montreal who plays cards like an  
a-----!

Signing off we will give you a  
condensed bit of advice, if you  
feel tired and run down, and no  
place to sleep, contact L/S Riva  
for inside information on a  
flaking out spot in the OPS Room.

Are you burdened? Do you carry a  
heavy load? Let me help you. It  
has come to my attention that I  
am short one belt for a burberry.  
Now that it is the Xmas Season  
and I am full of the spirit I  
would gladly accept the gash one.  
As the famous old Chinese sage  
once said, quote, "He who has two  
burberry belts should share his  
wealth with one of his old ship-  
mates who is short." Unquote. In  
1202 he also said, quote, "He is  
a poor chum who will not accept"  
Unquote. So if you have a gash-  
ers you wish to sell, trade, or  
just plain donate, contact Brian  
Forbes in the A.C.R. or 7 Mess.

P.S. If I'm in the Mess I will  
probably be T.U.



UNCLE DUDLEY SAYS....

Either P.O. Lazaruk or  
L.S. Ford will have to  
reduce. It's dangerous  
hanging over the side  
when having to pass  
them on the upper-deck.

Twas the day before Christmas and  
all through the ship,  
Not a tot could be had, not even  
a sip.  
We were all sittin' and drinkin'  
and thinkin' of home  
And all wondered why we ever  
started to roam.

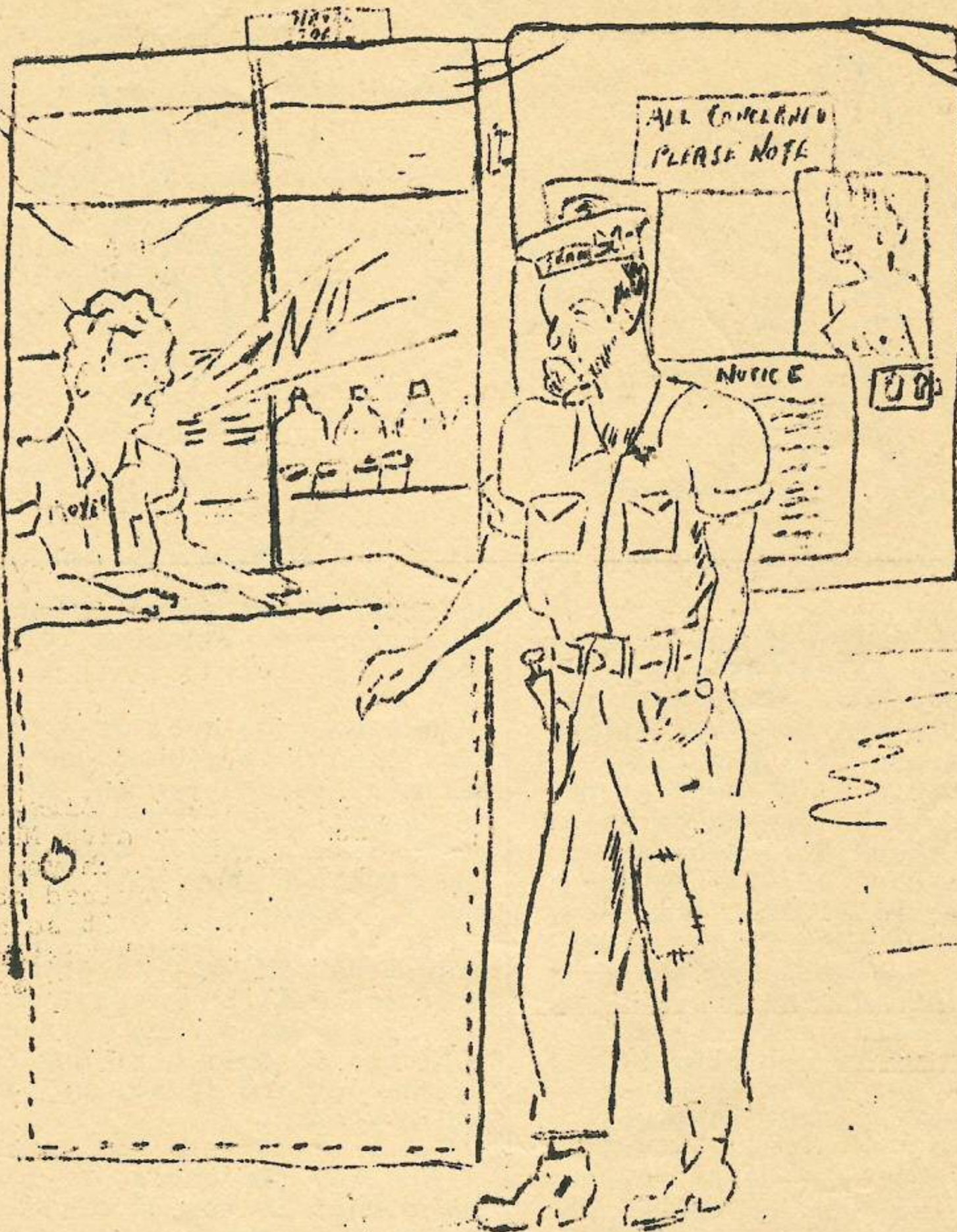
We talked about times had at Xmas  
gone by,  
And we all drank our tots with a  
heartfelt sigh.  
We laughed and we sighed at the  
times that we had,  
The good times, the bad times, and  
the times that were sad.

Yes the years seemed to recede  
along with our thoughts  
Probably hastened by the effect  
of the tots.  
The watches, the lookouts, the  
weather and all  
Passed out of our minds like rain  
in a squall.

And all that was left were memor-  
ies so nice  
Of sleighing and skiing and ska-  
ting on ice.  
And parties and laughter and  
sounds that were jolly  
Of the tree in the corner and the  
room full of holly.

Oh yes, for an interlude we left  
behind  
The toils and the troubles of our  
daily grind.  
But our duties were still there,  
they had to be done,  
And still there will be fun in  
Xmas to come.

.....by Gray.



When the buffer sends me to draw  
some gear,  
I saunter away with a quiet tear.  
To the Stores I go in hopeless  
cause,  
For I know that MOYES is no Santa  
Claus.

I tiptoe up gently and rap on the  
door,  
Someone says, "What in blazes are  
you here for?"  
I salaam three times, drop my  
knees to the floor  
And wish I was away on some for-  
eign shore.

Can I draw a scrubber, hard soap  
and a scraper,  
While I'm down here, some hammers  
and six sheats of sandpaper.  
A couple of buckets, that will be  
fine,  
Oh yes, three or four balls of  
sailmakers twine.

All these things I asked for,  
Keerist, what a dope!  
If I get just one item I sure  
wouldn't mope.  
Ahh! I got what I needed, it's  
been a good day,  
Youve dona a good job lad, the  
Buffer will say.

They're not bad guys, the not  
overly wise,  
I guess they didn't see that  
smirk in my eyes.  
But they'll look up their records  
anc chew on their nails  
When they find I've taken them  
for two brand new pails!

We must leave here slyly, with  
minimum noise,  
Cause we wouldn't think of waking  
P.O. Moyes.



## MOVIE NEWS

Well here is the first news regarding the films. As you probably already know, this ship is supplied with ten American Films which are drawn from the film exchange in U.S.S. "JASON" at no cost to us. Also we exchange 3 films with the R.N. Sasebo Exchange at a cost of £1. We exchange these films each time we are in Sasebo. The films we try to get, are the ones, we thing, you people would like to see. Such as musicals, comedies and mysteries. It is not always possible to get these types of shows, as the "JASON" supplies all the American ships, as well as all the U.N. ships; so therefore, when L/S Ford or myself go over to exchange films, we have to take what we can. We have a choice of about twenty films, and about a third of these we have already seen, so you see we can't always get the ones we would like.

On this trip I think we were pretty lucky in getting the films we did. Our quota for the ship is ten, which is laid down by the Film Exchange. The way this worked out, is based on the size of the ship drawing them. Since it is not always possible to get the one's you want we have to take the good with the bad. The films we draw from the British Exchange are not as good as the American, but with this type of exchange we can interchange with ships at sea, whereas the

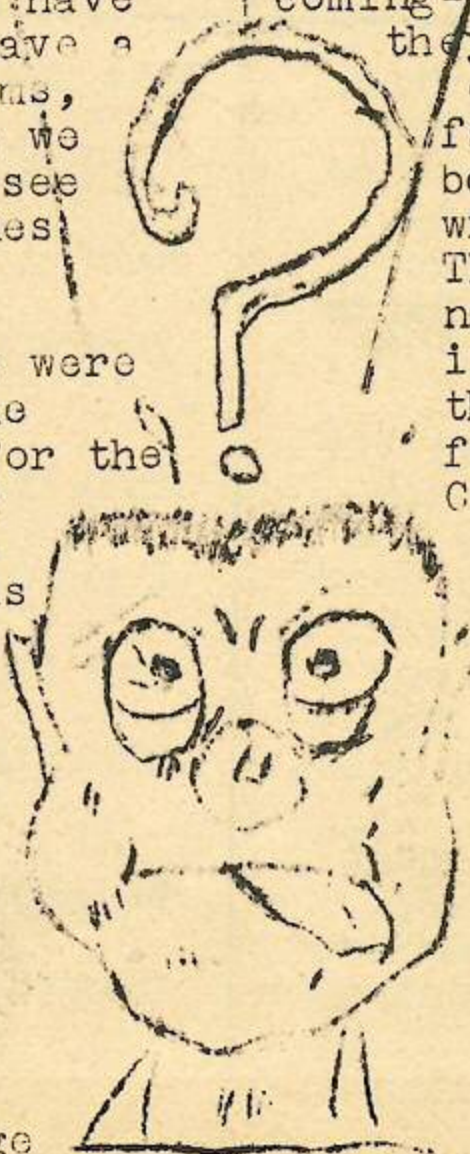
American films aren't supposed to be exchanged without a lot of paper work.

The average cost of a film from the "JASON" is around one hundred dollars, so you can see if we lose, or damage them beyond repair, it would cost plenty. Also over at the exchange they have News reels and T.V. Shorts which you have already seen. I inquired about more when I was in, but it seems that we have seen all the latest releases. The next time we are in Sasebo I will see if they have any later releases out and if so, we will try and get them.

The way the shows are picked for the Seamen is the P2 of the watch coming-off asks his watch what shows they would like. As far as I can see, this is the only fair way of doing it. If anybody else has a better way I wish they would inform me. The shows are held on alternate sides of the messdecks if it is possible. Sometimes this isn't done due to the fact the Cooks are making Ice Cream.

If anybody is wondering how many shows are put on at sea, the number shown is twenty-one.

The persons who look after the machine when any trouble arises are C.P.O. Sharpe and L/S Riva, who have really done a swell job of it. I think a vote of thanks should go to them.





There seems to be a case of mistaken identity onboard. Hope you had a nice birthday Bryan. Smitty also had a birthday this month.

Volker is now in the 293 shack. How are you making out in those cramped quarters George? It must be kind of crowded with two big fellows like you and Jesse down there. Bad Buck is still his quiet self onboard, but Wow, when that boy gets ashore!! Lou Bohmer is now in the 293, seems he can't get used to the strange surroundings. He had a plane going south that was actually going north. Must be that upside-down P.P.I. "Yalu" Ritchie is standing Radar Watches now. Can't understand why they put him on White Watch though. He is supposed to be getting instructions.

That about takes care of us, still a happy branch - hot to go, so will do so. Merry Christmas and have no fear as we will guide you through the New Year.

Thought for the day:-

Why does everyone come to attention when P.O. Black walks down the 'uppers'?

Well here we are again with a few notes from the R.P. Branch.

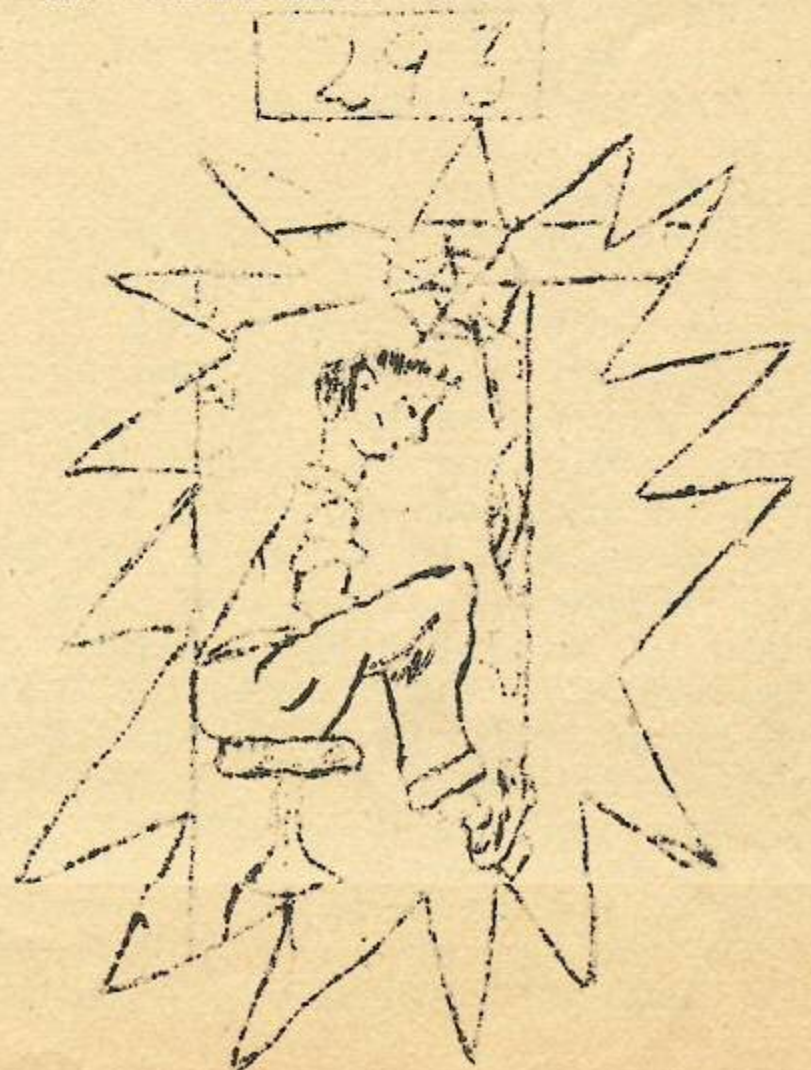
There are four chaps who will 'Siouxn' be going home to take a course, and not the kind you get in Japan! We are speaking of AB's Burke, Lang, Hainer and Gerzanich of course. These four lucky fellows are leaving on the "Sioux" for that far away place called Canada. If all goes as per schedule they will arrive in the rainy season. Better take your rubbers fellows....seaboats that is! We hate to see the old trappers leaving, nevertheless you are bound to get advancement when you are young and on the ball. Believe me they are always on theirs! Willie and Smitty are kind of cheesed-off because they can't go. What would Mamasan do without you two? It's still a close race, Willie is two ahead now.

From all reports, everyone seems to have had a good time at Camp Wood.....the "Rest" Camp. There is a buzz going around that Wimp and Scott just paid for the train ride.

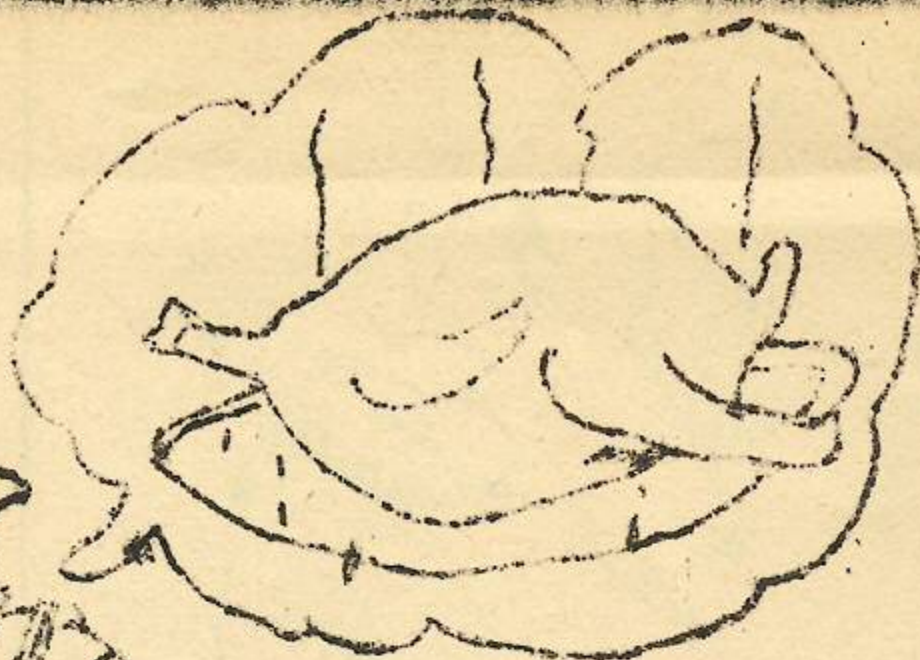
P.O's Black and Bridges have shaved off their beards for reasons unknown. I think we know but we won't tell. Well anyway they were able to grow one..... Jones!!!

Does the Engineer Officer want to go to Hong Kong so badly that he is putting salt-water in the oil?

PO Lazaruk when asked how it was to be a PL said, "Great, now I can always find lots of hair to cut when I'm low on money."



XMAS  
5/1



## ASDIC ECHOES

Byyy..I must flyyy, so long.....  
au revoir...auf wiedersteten.....  
....what, you still here? I guess  
the trouble was that we had such  
a swell smoker (hic) and what with  
everyone telling you guys that you  
were the sole support of the Asdic  
branch, etc., etc., that you fig-  
ured that the whole system would  
crumble if you left.....stout-  
hearted chaps. We did succeed in  
losing one of our members though.  
John 'Ali' Wythe has left our  
hallowed messdecks for Canada-side  
duty...he's probably sitting down  
right now to a big fat Xmas dinner  
at HOME and I can see him now, as  
he is lifting his third or fourth  
bottle of good Canadian ale to his  
parched lips, shedding a tear of  
remorse for us lucky guys who are  
making such a grand name for our-  
selves over in peachy old Japan.  
...I'll bet! In case any of you  
who are un-informed as to the  
state of the future of one Thomas  
Shields and one Peter Reimer, I  
shall enlighten your minds as to  
why there are great moans and  
groans emitting from 5 and 7  
Messes...It seems that the above  
mentioned rates got all hopped up  
about returning to Canada the last  
trip in and had employed their  
long evenings to telling the green  
eyed messmates about how nice it  
would be to eat a Xmas dinner at  
home and how they would be think-  
ing of us and all that malarkey...  
well their reliefs never showed  
and the beating they are now tak-  
ing is fair horrible...Well that's  
the way the ball bounces boys.  
Their reliefs are A/B Ayotte and  
P.O. Hamlin, by the way, and when

they do show up they had better be  
prepared with a fair alibi.

I mentioned a while back that  
we had a smoker....well we did and  
much to the satisfaction of the  
entire Asdic Branch we all got  
ever-so-slightly in the blind....  
Mr. Hurl engineered the 'party'  
and by the time the curfew tolled  
we had got everything off our  
minds and were all hot to go for  
another short month at sea, the  
only trouble was that in the morn-  
ing no one could remember what the  
beef was and so we're right back  
where we started from....Oh Well  
at the rate that Tom and Pete are  
leaving we should have a smoker  
every month....

Well I'll close now and will  
wish you all a very Merry Xmas and  
especially to those poor rates  
that have to spend another festive  
season surrounded by the cold-  
steel bulkheads of a ship...maybe  
next year we'll all be home....



UNCLE DUDLEY SAYS.....

Don't waste Kisby  
bouys, if a man goes  
over the side, throw  
him the hole.

It wasn't the hat, it  
was just to see how  
'hard-over' we could go!

Thought for the day...can the Nav-  
igator get us to Hong Kong, or is  
that the reason we haven't gone  
yet?



"TODAY'S LESSON"

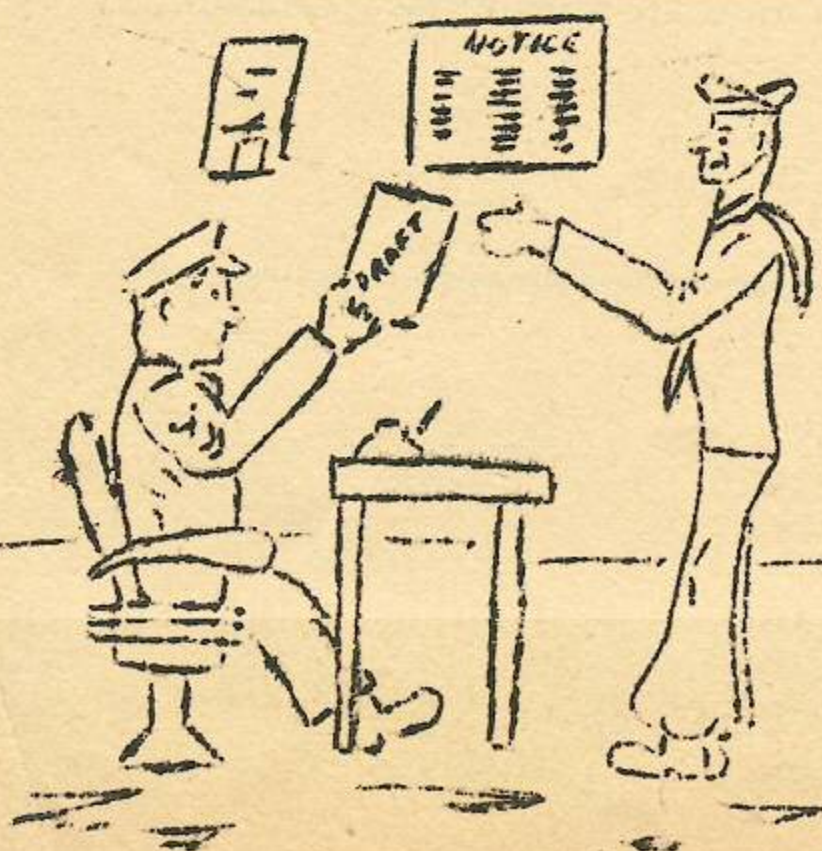
by "Nabob"  
(Son of Paybob)

The Gospel according to St. Mainguy, Volume 1, Chapter 6, Verses One to Fourteen.

And it came to pass that on the 4th day Jack was summoned by the Cox'n, who sayeth unto him, "Jack be thou this day on draft from Halifax, which is known as Slackers, to Toronto, which is known as the Holy City. Thou shalt gather together thy possessions, and, placing them in thy hatbox, go forth on thine Ass over the Great Sea of Fundy and further to the River Lawrence, where, upon the 6th day, thou shalt reach Toronto, which is known as the Holy City."

So Jack, having mustered his kit in the presence of the Divisional Officer, girdeth up his loins and set forth upon his Ass, to report to the Synagogue "York" at Toronto, which is known as the Holy City.

And lo, upon the 5th day as Jack was riding upon his Ass he became upon Montreal, which is known as the City of Sin, where he didst meet a fair Maiden, who sayeth unto him, "Jack, where goest thou?"



And he answered, saying, "I go upon my Ass to Toronto, which is known as the Holy City, wherein I am to report to the Synagogue "York" upon the 6th day."

But the Maiden sayeth unto Jack, "Thy journey is long and without rest. Tary a while and rest thine Ass. We shalt dine upon wine and cigarettes in the place of worship, which is known as the Hawaiian Lounge."

So Jack tethered his Ass at the Market Place and did go forth with the Maid to the place of worship where they drinketh much wine and smoketh many cigarettes.

And on the 6th day, when the sun rose high into the Heavens, Jack did repenteth for his sins and in haste to depart upon his journey riseth from the couch of the Maiden saying unto her, "Fair Maid, for what am I indebted unto thee for this night of revel?"

And the Maiden replieth unto him saying, "Thirty pieces of silver."

So it was upon the 7th day that Jack approacheth Toronto, which is known as the Holy City, and upon his arrival at the Synagogue "York" did seeth the Master-at-arms, who is known as Jaunty, and who speaketh unto him, saying, "Jack, where hast thou been?"

And Jack replieth unto him saying, "I have been to Montreal, which is known as the City of Sin, where I did meet a Fair Maiden with whom I did tary to drink wine and rest mine Ass."

And the Jaunty sayeth, "This is sinful, which thou hast done, report thyself to the Medical Officer and cleanse thy body."

Upon the 8th day, Jaunty leadeth Jack before the altar from where the Captain looketh down upon him, saying, "Jack, where hast thou been?"

And Jack falleth upon his knees before the altar and, kissing the feet of the Captain, sayeth, "Oh most gracious Sire, I have been to Montreal, which is known as the City of Sin, and where I did drink of wine and tary with Fair Maid."

Wherein the Captain sayeth unto Jack, "Thou hast wandered from thy path like lost sheep and fallen into the valley of temptation. Thou shalt go up into the mountain where for 40 days and 40 nights thy bed shall be of wood; thy clothes of white duck; thy windows of iron bars; thy food shall be cooked in the Main Galley; and of Good Conduct Badges - thou shalt have none."

Here endeth the First Lesson.....



ROBBER'S  
 COST  
 "YOUR MONEY GOES!"



Limited Amounts of:-

- Irish Stew.....10¢
- Soups.....10¢

Cigarette Tobacco:-

- Vogue pkg.....05¢
- Players pkg.....05¢

American Cigarettes:-

- Chesterfield.....1.00
- Old Gold.....1.00
- Camels.....1.00
- Lucky Strikes.....1.00

Canteen Specials:-

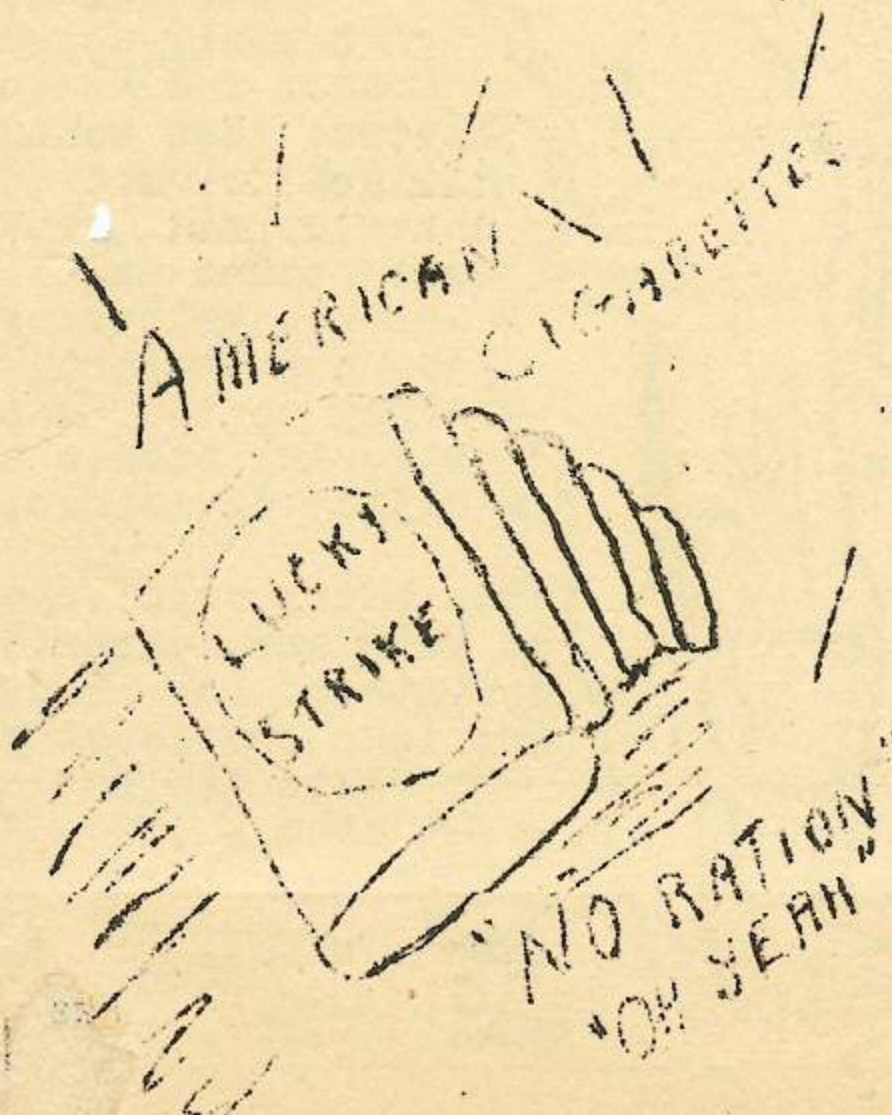
- Bars.....05¢
- Candies.....05¢
- Razor Blades 2 pkg.....05¢
- Shick Sets.....75¢
- Gillette Sets.....75¢
- Enos Fruit Salts.....35¢
- Old Price.....50¢
- Beans.....10¢
- Peanuts.....20¢
- Mixed Nuts.....30¢
- Tobacco Pouches.....75¢
- Old price.....1.50
- 3 Nuns.....45¢
- Old price.....95¢
- Life Savers.....05¢

Anyone wishing Dungarees or shirts, hand your money, with the order, to the Canteen Manager or Server.

- Pants..... 2.35
- Shirts..... 1.50

Also, if you wish radios, electric razors, etc., etc., contact Canteen Manager or Server.

The Staff wishes everyone a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.





# SEASON'S GREETINGS

*From the [unclear]*

At this time, when the name "Athabaskan" is on our lips night and day; splashed across the front pages of our newspapers, cited for devotion to duty and complimented for our good work. It struck me as an excellent time to let you know, the history of "Athabaskans." The facts, figures and data were obtained when in the first Athabaskan by Lieutenant Commander Lantier and myself, it is now in the form of a small booklet.

The ships crest in the glass cabinet in the after canopy although not quite correct according to Naval Headquarters design, was also designed by the two of us. It's only difference being that the Maple Leafs are at the top of the crest instead of at the bottom.

I shall reproduce the history of the tribes in two installments, ending with the story of the first ship.

## THE "ATHABASKANS."

Athabaskan, a family of North American Indians, recognized by a common language, were one of the most widely spread on the continent and also known as Dene or Tinné. The culture of the Athabaskan group however, conforms, rather closely to that of the non-Athabaskan tribes of the same areas and to some extent the same is true of their physique, although the majority of tribes belong to a broad-headed, tall type widely spread in north-western North America and sometimes called the Athabaskan type. The Athabaskan peoples fall into three geographical divisions - the northern, the south-western and the Pacific coast.

The Northern divisions occupied the Yukon and MacKenzie drainages and the head of the basin of the Fraser; in other words the whole interior of Canada, and Alaska north-west of Churchill River. In this vast stretch fronting on Hudson Bay and the Arctic and Pacific

the Athabaskan lived on salt water at only one point - Cook Inlet in Alaska. The culture was relatively uniform over the area, being wholly without agriculture and primarily dependent on either Caribou or Moose and Deer hunting. Huts and vessels were built of skins and bark, clothing of dressed skins or fur cut and pieced to fit the body. Their life consisted of the simplest routine and they lived in small wandering bands without any political unity. They frequently inter-married. The principal tribal groups in this division were: Khatana on the lower Yukon and Cook Inlet. Kutchin, including the Locheux on the middle Yukon and east

toward the MacKenzie on the River; wknife vey, Hare and in Mac- and east south in Sarsi, the were lower Athera Copper the Yello Dognib Sla-Chipewan and Beaver in Kenzie drainage toward, to the the plains, the neighbours of Blackfeet who very similar; Nahava, the upper Yukon; Sekani, upper Fraser and Peace Rivers; then south British Columbia, shington and were three small abaskan tribes or ds, now extinct, oking on the map stepping stones to Pacific divisions.

The total population of this area covering a sixth of the North American continent perhaps did not exceed 30,000.

