

THE

Crow's Nest



VICTORY
NUMBER

**YVONNE DE CARLO**

For your Special Edition of The Crow's Nest we present this very special edition of femininity, Vancouverite Yvonne De Carlo, acclaimed "The Most Beautiful Girl in the World." Yvonne is starred in the new Universal Pictures film—"Salome—Where She Danced."

THE Crow's Nest

NEWS OF CANADA'S NAVY

SPECIAL SECTION

JUNE, 1945

28 PAGES



"WE HAVE PRISONERS ABOARD"

THE CROW'S NEST SPECIAL

We have taken the above picture as a symbol for this special edition of The Crow's Nest. These flags, proudly flying from the yard-arm of a Canadian war vessel, represent the International Hoist for "We Have Prisoners Aboard." It is symbolic of the entire Allied war at sea but for us Canadians it is more particularly descriptive of the magnificent showing Canada has made with her Navy in the struggle. The Canadian Navy has played a very real, a very large part in imprisoning the aggressor nations of Europe in their own countries.

And so, here is your Navy. In the pages of this special issue we have attempted to present, in concise, readable form, the story of the men, women and ships that have done the job at sea.

To give this story in detail, to cite all the instances of valour, efficiency and ingenuity which have placed the Royal Canadian Navy on a level with the greatest sea-powers in the world, would, it will be realized, be impossible here. Nevertheless, we have attempted to touch, however lightly, on every department of Naval life. In some of the articles and pictures of the issue we have combined several departments and phases of the sailors' story. We have, purposely, laid stress upon actual operational activity, but ask the reader to understand that we are not, in any way, attempting to withdraw attention from those whose lot it has been to be stationed ashore for long periods, or for the entire period of hostilities up to this time. The Royal Canadian Navy is an entirely volunteer fighting body and the man who shows exceptional ability in his gunnery course may find himself instructing at an inland Naval division for month after month, while the Wren whose rhythmic feet resulted in a draft to the Navy Show may be trying to make her tapping toes heard above the roaring crescendo of a buzz-bomb exploding outside a London theatre.

No matter what story or picture or cartoon appears in these pages, if you are a Navyman, be assured, you are here. It may not be your picture, your name may not be mentioned in the story, but you are a part of it. It is for you and about you that the special edition of the paper has been printed.

Lastly, we pay tribute to the memory of those brave companions, the sons, husbands, brothers, sweethearts of men and women throughout the entire Dominion, who have given their lives, ashore and at sea, in the battle which we term the "Fight For Freedom."

In the latter part of this extra section of The Crow's Nest will be found a very comprehensive and detailed article regarding Rehabilitation. This article is printed, not with the idea that Rehabilitation is coming tomorrow, or next week, or next month. It is not printed as the unfailing recipe for post-war contentment for the Serviceman. But it is a part, a fairly substantial part, of "Freedom."

The other parts of the true meaning of that word are being sought out everywhere among the Allied nations and the task of finding them belongs to each of us. On behalf of Navy men and women we say to our civilian readers that the number of Navy men who believe that the world owes them a living is very small, indeed. The number of Navy-men who believe that the world owes them the right to make a living is 100 per cent.

They most certainly don't want to be "molly-coddled." We only ask that you remember the opportunities which we—the people of Canada—have promised these sailors and sailorettes—Remember?.....?

Please keep on remembering. Don't, in years to come, allow the word "freedom" to ring in hollow mockery in the ears of our veterans—over the graves of our dead.

Canada's "Sheep Dog" Navy Defeated The U-Boat's Purpose

History Shows That War Against Submarine Raiders Started Back In 16th Century

Built up largely for the purpose of convoying Allied shipping through the sub-infested waters of the North Atlantic, there is perhaps, no task by which the Canadian Navy is better known than that of anti-submarine warfare. Her glories are closely connected with the vicious telling blows which she has struck at the enemy and with the innumerable convoys which have safely crossed the icy expanse of the Atlantic under the protection of the little ships of the now famous "sheep-dog Navy."

It is fitting then that the story of the submarine should precede the account which lies in the following pages, of the Canadian Navy's part in this war. This article has been written, specially for The Crow's Nest, by Dr. Gilbert N. Tucker, Naval Historian, who has outlined, in very interesting fashion, the development of the under-sea raider, its uses, the steps that have been taken to counteract it, and a summarization of its effectiveness in modern sea warfare.

—Editor.

By Dr. Gilbert Norman Tucker

The continually increasing scientific and technical knowledge of the last two centuries has profoundly affected almost every aspect of human life, including the waging of war. Until very recent modern times naval warfare had always been fought in two dimensions only, a fact which gave it a simplicity that must inspire wistful envy in the breasts of naval commanders today.

The ancients are said to have occasionally employed divers for the purpose of doing annoying things to enemy ships; for example, cutting their cables so that they would drift ashore. Vague contemporary references to under-water vessels have come down from both the 16th and 17th centuries.

In the seventeen-seventies Davis Bushnell, an undergraduate at an American university, built a submarine. In 1801 another American, James Fulton, best known for his pioneer work in connection with steam-vessels, also completed a submarine which he tried unsuccessfully to dispose to the government of Napoleon. Fulton's invention was later turned down by the British Government as well.

During the American Civil War the Confederates built and used several vessels capable of navigating under water. One of these, called the *David*, required a crew of nine men. So small was her margin of buoyancy that every now and then, when *lawash*, she would sink with all hands. Of 40 men who had manned her at different times, she drowned 35.

Practical Development

The very early boats were propelled, either by human muscles which were too weak, or by steam which made it impossible for them to submerge completely. Practicable submarine boats awaited the development of the internal-combustion engine for use when cruising on the surface, and of the storage battery to drive the vessels when submerged.

The prototype of the modern submarine was invented by John P. Holland of Paterson, New Jersey, an Irish patriot, who saw in such a vessel, used against the Royal Navy, a means of achieving the independence of Ireland. In the year 1900 the Admiralty ordered the first submarines for the Royal Navy; and these were of the Holland type.

By 1907 all the great naval powers, most of whom bought plans and permission to use them from the Holland Company in the United States, were building their own submarines.

The offensive weapon of the earlier submarine had been an explosive charge, to be placed by the submarine itself against the hull of the intended victim. It is obvious that had this method of attack not been improved upon, neither submarines nor those who sailed in them would have had much of a future. By the time that effective boats had been produced, however, a far more formidable weapon was available for their use.

In 1860 Robert Whitehead, an Englishman working for the Austrian Government, had perfected a reasonably efficient automotive torpedo. These pioneer torpedoes, whose warheads consisted of about 50 pounds of gun-cotton, were slowly developed into the far more formidable and very various weapons of today. Later, in the course of the first world war, submarines were to reveal their usefulness as minelayers.

Before the advent of the auto-

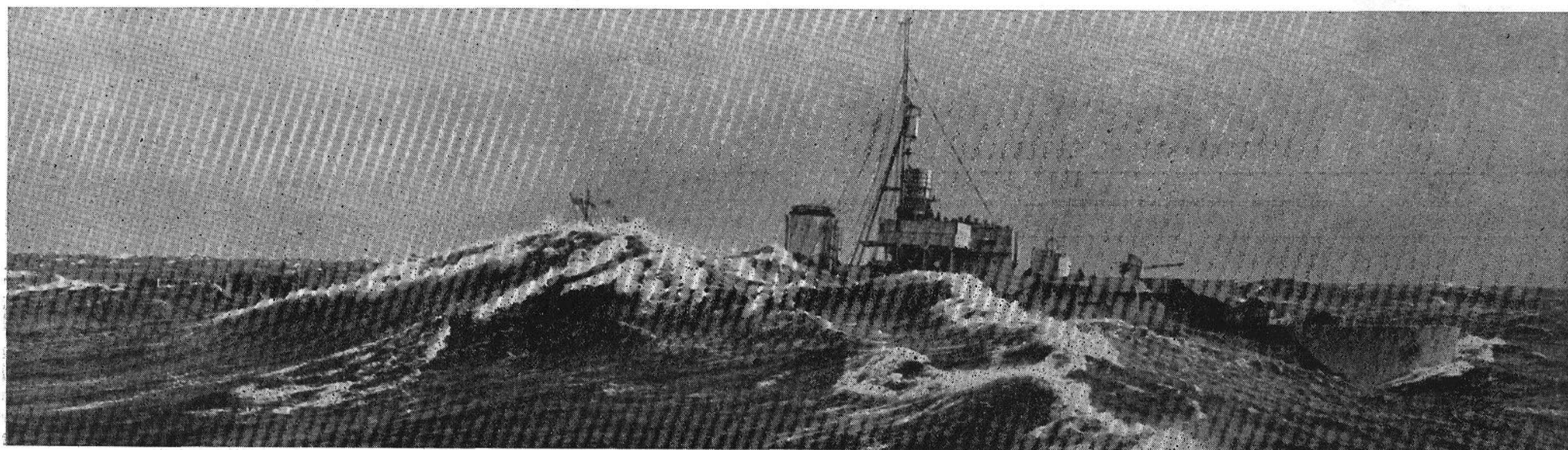
motive torpedo the gun had reigned unchallenged. The larger the cannon-ball or shell, the larger the gun needed to fire it; and a big gun has to be mounted in a large ship. Heavy blows, therefore, could only be dealt by big ships.

The torpedo had a revolutionary

Continued on page 4



When the history of this war is told an important place will be held by the pictures painted by the Naval War Artists department at Ottawa where some of the best artists in Canada have been busy painting scenes pertaining to Canadian Naval activity. One of the members of this department is Lieut. Gordon Stranks who painted the cover used in this special edition of The Crow's Nest. The picture shows an Able Seaman, symbolic of the men and women, the everyday girls and boys of Canada who joined the Service and won their part in the war at sea.



Convoying Practice Developed During World War I Crisis

As the U-Boat Developed So Did the Means of Fighting Her, and Thus Radar and Asdic Came To Be

Continued from page 3

effect upon naval warfare, and this was partly because it conferred upon small vessels, including submarines, the power to deal knock-out blows against even the mightiest warships.

When the first world war came in 1914, submarines were considered by almost everyone as instruments for use against other warships; and according to some naval experts these elusive and lurking underwater craft had signed the death-warrant of the big surface warship.

On the proving ground of war, however, when used against other warships their performance was only mediocre; yet they succeeded in limiting the conditions in which it was safe for large surface ships to operate. It was not long, however, before the Germans began to use their submarines against merchantmen; and so effective were they when used for this purpose, that they came unpleasantly close to defeating Great Britain by cutting off her indispensable supplies from overseas.

In April, 1917, German submarines sank no less than 881,027 tons of Allied shipping.

Ancient Practice

To protect merchant ships and transports in time of war by sailing them in escorted convoys, is almost as venerable a practice as is naval warfare itself. During the wars waged at sea between the nations of western Europe in the days of sail, merchantmen were sailed in a convoy as a matter of routine.

Throughout the earlier years of the first world war, nevertheless, the Admiralty had not introduced convoys as a general practice. This reluctance was based upon several considerations, the weightiest of which was the difficulty, supposed to be insuperable, that the merchant ships would experience in keeping station. By the spring of 1917, however, so desperate was the prospect that the decision was made to try the method which in the past had worked so well. Convoys were organized, their use was extended, and they were extremely successful.

The menace of the German submarines was never wholly eradicated but it ceased to be a primary danger. The defeat of the U-boats was largely due to the introduction of convoys; yet there were other reasons as well. Small patrol and escort vessels, among which destroyers and trawlers played the leading parts were used in large numbers; and the

resources of the Allies in this respect were considerably augmented when the United States entered the war in April, 1917.

The depth-charge and the hydrophone were the two most important anti-submarine devices invented during that war. Nets, mines, Q-ships, and Allied submarines, also played a part.

Famous Name Born

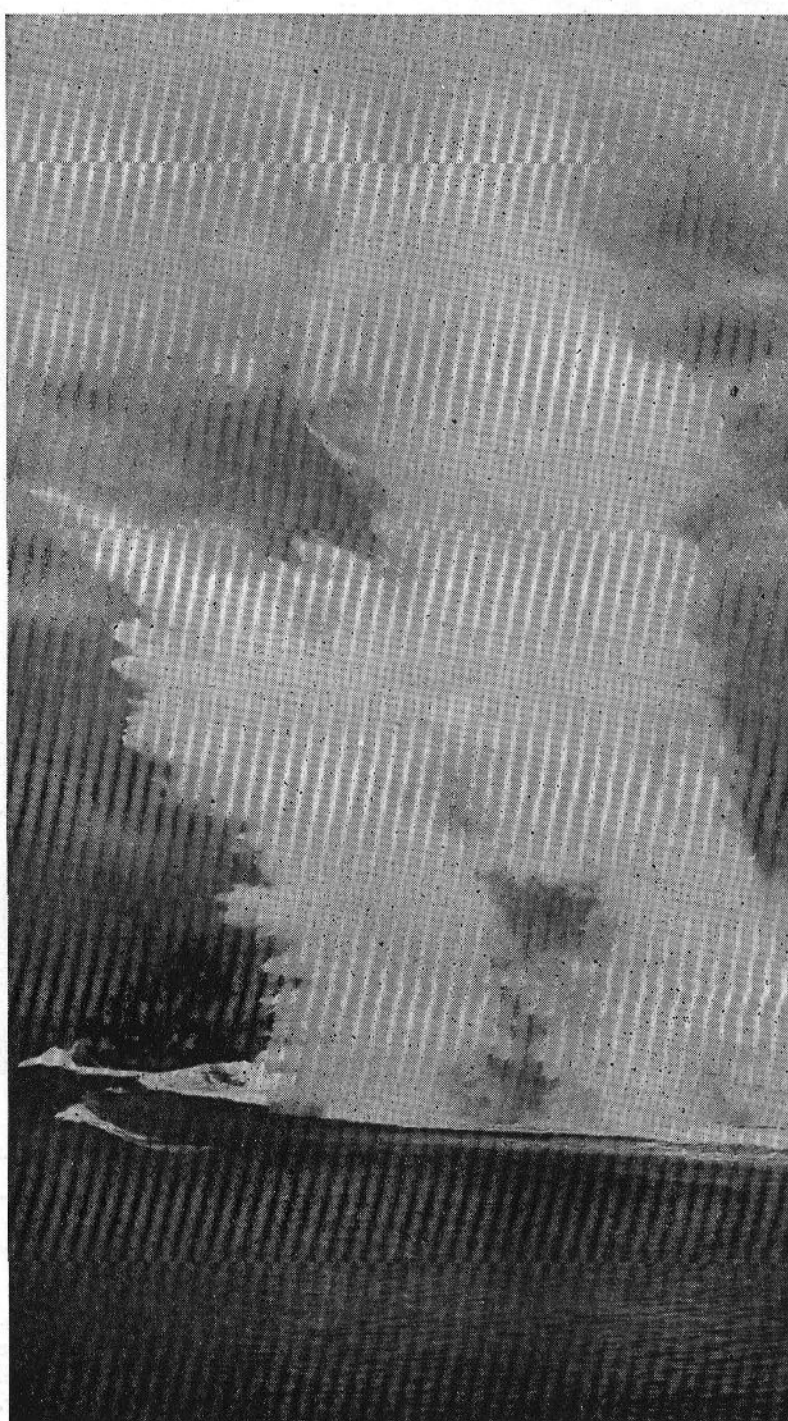
During the interval between the two world wars submarine designs were improved, but not in any radical way. Means for destroying U-boats were also studied. Among the countless committees that had been formed during the hostilities was the Allied Submarine Detection Investigation Committee, the initials of whose title were destined to become famous.

The basic idea of that magic device was suggested to the committee during the war, and the details were afterwards worked out, independently and successfully, both in Britain and in the United States. The early steps toward the invention of radar were taken in Great Britain. The Admiralty also developed or adopted designs for escort vessels greatly superior to the North Sea trawlers which had been used in such numbers during the war, and a few of them were built. Among these designs was that of a whale-catcher which was later to be called the corvette, and which had been developed shortly before the second world war began.

In the years that immediately preceded the second war the Admiralty seems to have been reasonably confident of its ability to meet a future U-boat campaign. In the event of hostilities it was intended, should U-boats be used against merchantmen, to put a large part of the shipping into convoy at once, and the necessary arrangements were made in advance.

As soon as hostilities opened the German Navy began an attack on trade by means of submarines, a campaign which was destined to be waged relentlessly throughout the whole course of the second world war.

During this second war the U-boats had in their favour a much stronger hull-construction, greatly increased range, higher speed, a wealth of new devices both material and tactical, and a very highly-developed organization. In the earlier war the U-boats had been



The treacherous under-sea enemy was not the only concern of the lads who fought Canada's ships. There were the angry seas of the North Atlantic, too. At the top is a frigate on convoy duty ploughing along almost concealed behind a roller. Below, the terrific explosion of a depth charge released by a destroyer.

based almost entirely upon the restricted coasts of Germany itself, from which they could reach the ocean only along routes flanked by at least one hostile coast.

In the later war the Germans controlled most of the coasts of western Europe, a situation which, it had often in the past been supposed, would render any exercise of British sea power almost impossible. In the earlier war the submarines operated singly; in the later one they co-operated closely with each other, and generally attacked in co-ordinated groups, sometimes very large ones. Salvoes of torpedoes were usually fired in place of the single ones which had formerly constituted the normal dose.

The U-boats also conducted sustained campaigns against merchant shipping at a much greater distance from their bases than would have been possible at an earlier date. In general, the speed of merchant

ships had not increased much between the two wars.

In This War

In dealing with the U-boats during the second world war, Great Britain and her allies also had many relative advantages; and they sorely needed every one of these. At the beginning of hostilities the problem connected with operating convoys under modern conditions were clearly understood, and the necessary organization existed on paper.

The airplane made it possible to patrol effectively very much larger areas than could have been covered at any earlier time, and to provide an increasing amount of air support to escorts. General Allied superiority in the air enabled the bombers to attack, repeatedly and heavily, the bases upon which the U-boats depended.

The various means of locating submarines and following their movements, taken all together, con-

stitute one of the greatest marvels of human ingenuity; and the means of destroying U-boats when detected were both improved and multiplied. One of the most valuable of all the assets that the Allies enjoyed in waging their war against the submarines was the massive production of cargo-ships by the yards of the United States.

A very marked characteristic of the second world war, as compared with any of its predecessors, was the astonishing rate at which methods and equipment were modified or changed. The campaigns by and against the U-boats fully shared this peculiarity; the balance of advantage moving from one side to the other at different stages of the conflict.

In the latter half of the war the U-boats ceased to threaten complete disaster to the Allied cause; but they were seldom less than a very serious menace. As in the previous war, the most dangerous individual enemies of the submarine were the destroyers; and of these there were never enough.

The use of very large numbers of specially designed anti-submarine escort vessels was a striking feature of the war at sea. The submarines were able to limit the freedom of movement of enemy surface warships, and to sink or damage a few of them.

Commerce Prime Prey

Commerce-raiding has always been the orthodox means whereby in war, the weaker naval power has sought to injure its stronger opponent. Until the present century this activity was necessarily carried on by surface vessels, the frigate and the latter cruiser being the types of ships usually assigned to the task. It was never decisive, yet it seldom failed to inflict serious damage.

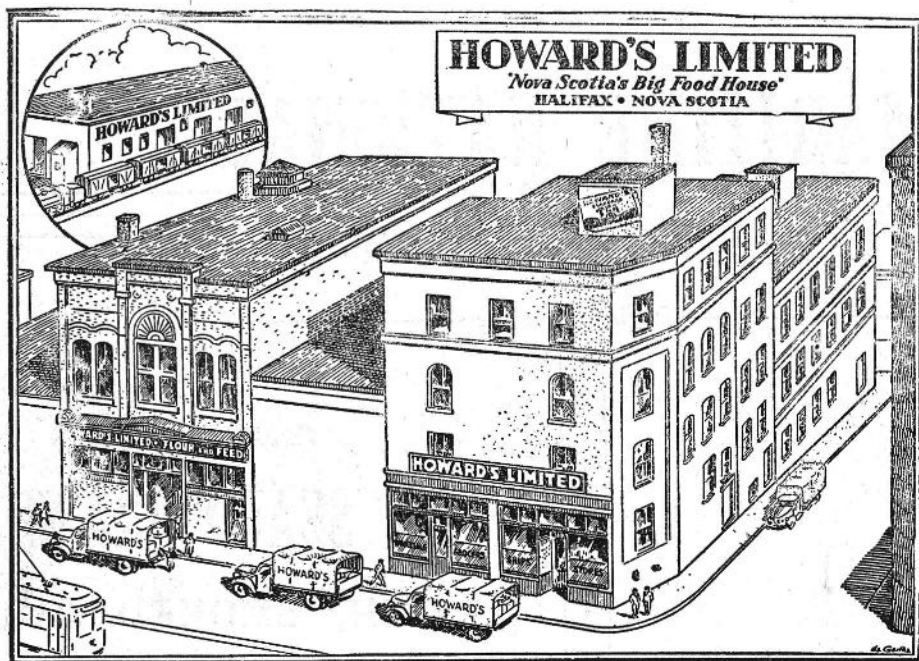
The raiders' purpose was to capture or destroy enemy merchant ships at sea. Their favourite hunting grounds, naturally enough, were those areas where their quarry was likely to be present in large numbers principally the approaches to terminal ports, and the neighbourhood of straits or prominent headlands. The usual means of protecting the trade against raiders were elusive routing, convoy and the use of frigates or cruisers, or ships of the line if they were needed. These warships afforded protection by blockading the ports in which potential raiders were lying, by patrolling focal areas and trade routes, and by escorting convoys.

The ideal ship for any of these purposes was one just fast enough to run down any raider that was likely to be sighted, and just strong enough to overmatch her in a single-ship action.

The submarine, used against merchant shipping, is neither more nor less than the most dangerous type of raider that naval warfare has known. Every one of the principles mentioned in the immediately preceding paragraphs, moreover, is applicable to the submarine and anti-submarine warfare of today and yesterday.

During the two wars in which

Continued on page 9



HOWARDS LIMITED have enjoyed the privilege of playing their part in supplying the food front of the Royal Canadian Navy.

A large part of the food used aboard Canada's fleets in the Battle of the Atlantic, food aboard merchantmen of the United Nations—was provided from the warehouses of Howard's.

Today, with the end of the European war and the conclusion of hostilities in the Pacific theatre in sight, we look forward to the days of the not too distant future when we shall chandle ships of peace instead of ships of war.

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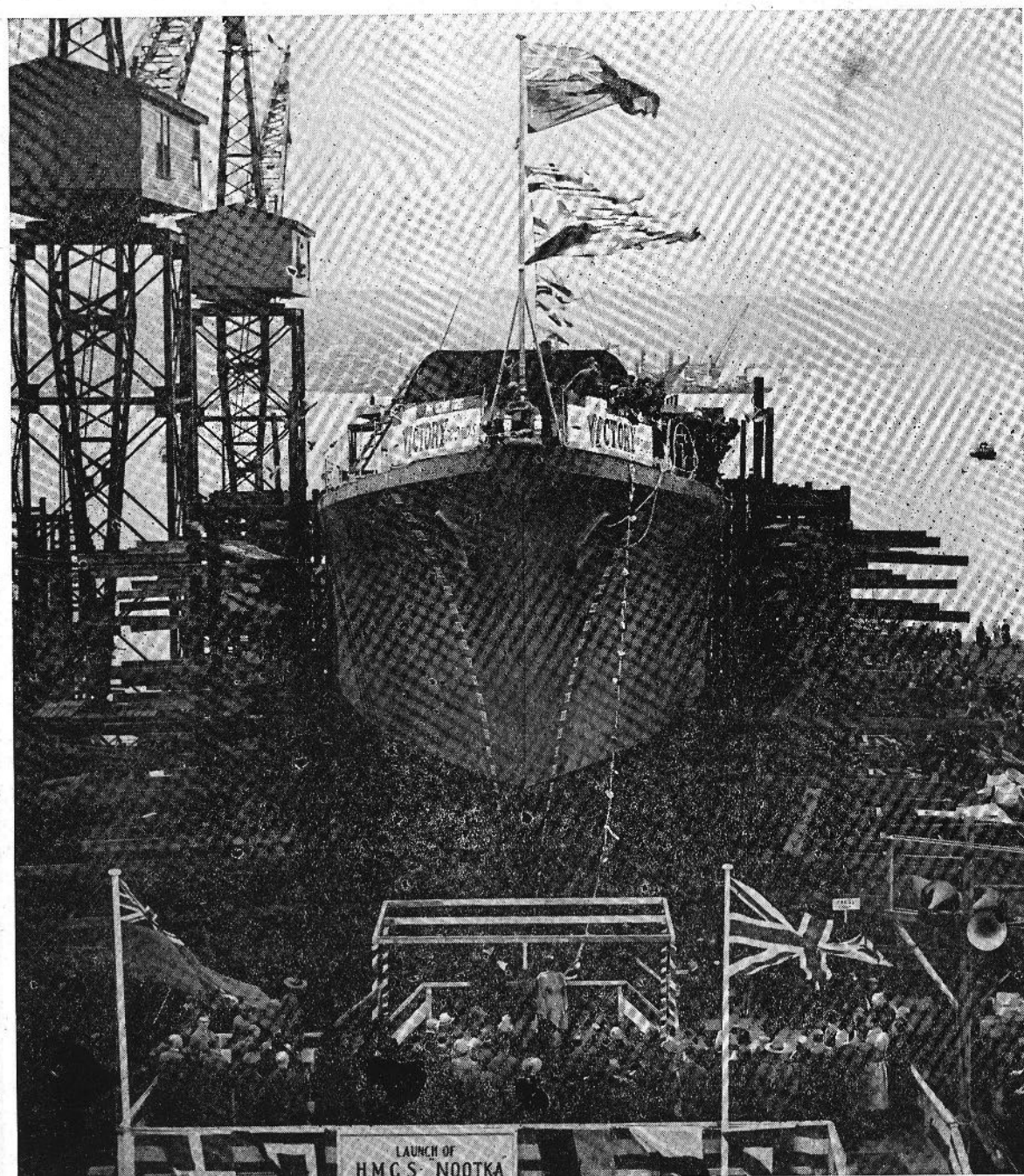
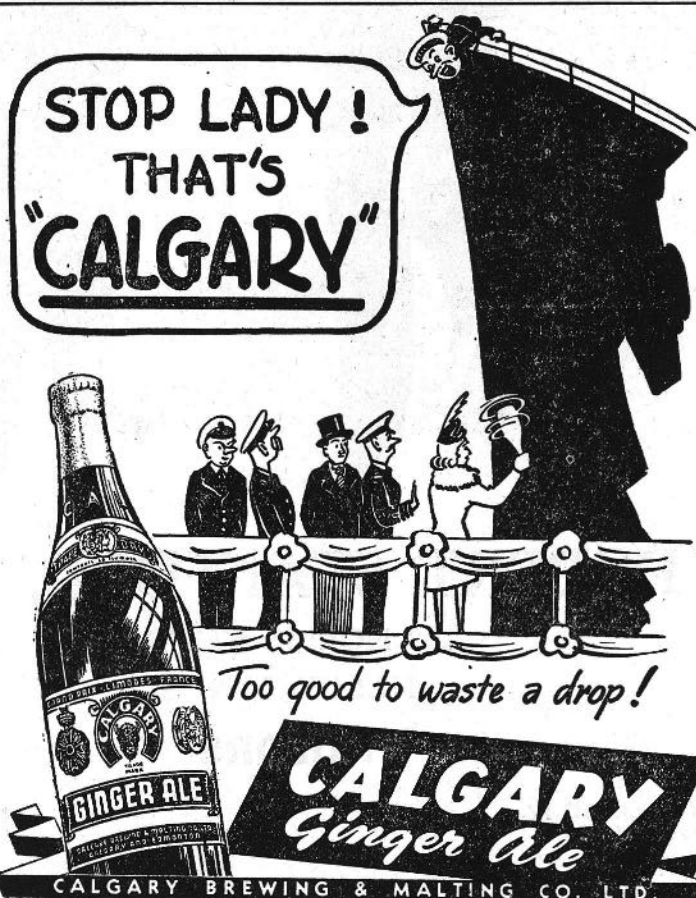
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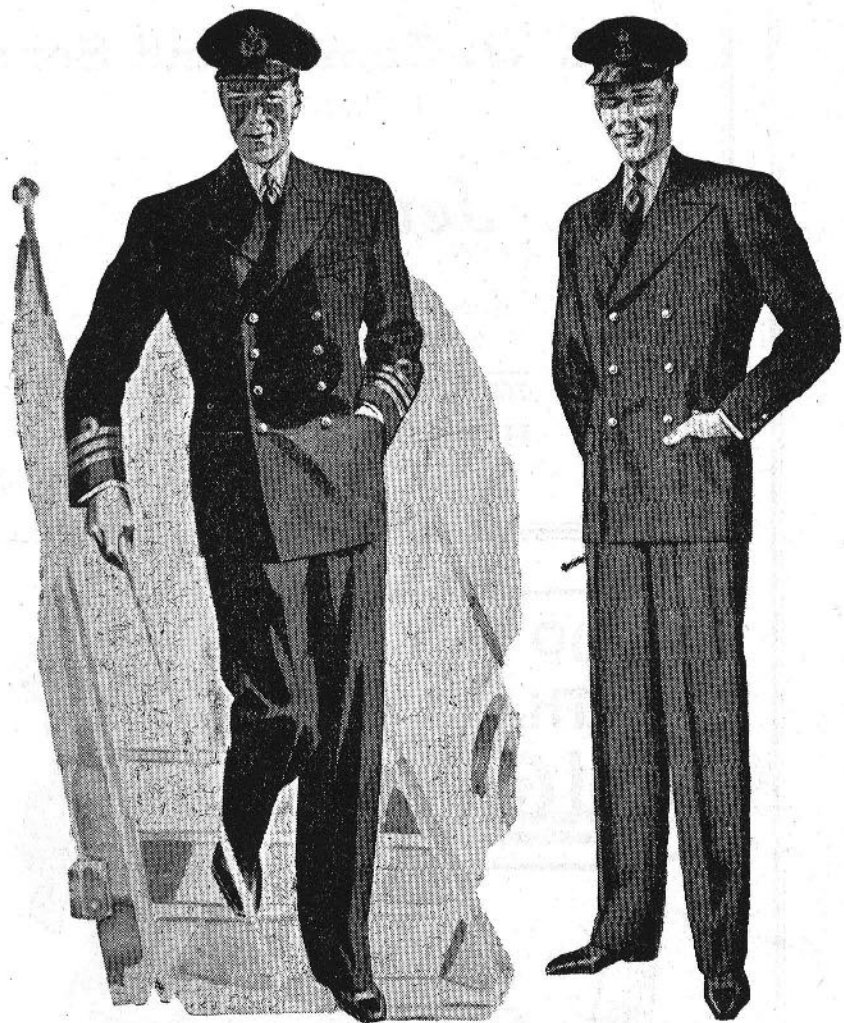
We're in the Navy Too!

THE first destroyers built in Canada were constructed by Halifax Shipyards Limited. H.M.C.S. Micmac and H.M.C.S. Nootka are now being commissioned for service with Canada's fleet. Two more on the ways will soon be launched to sail with their sister ships in the fight against Japan.

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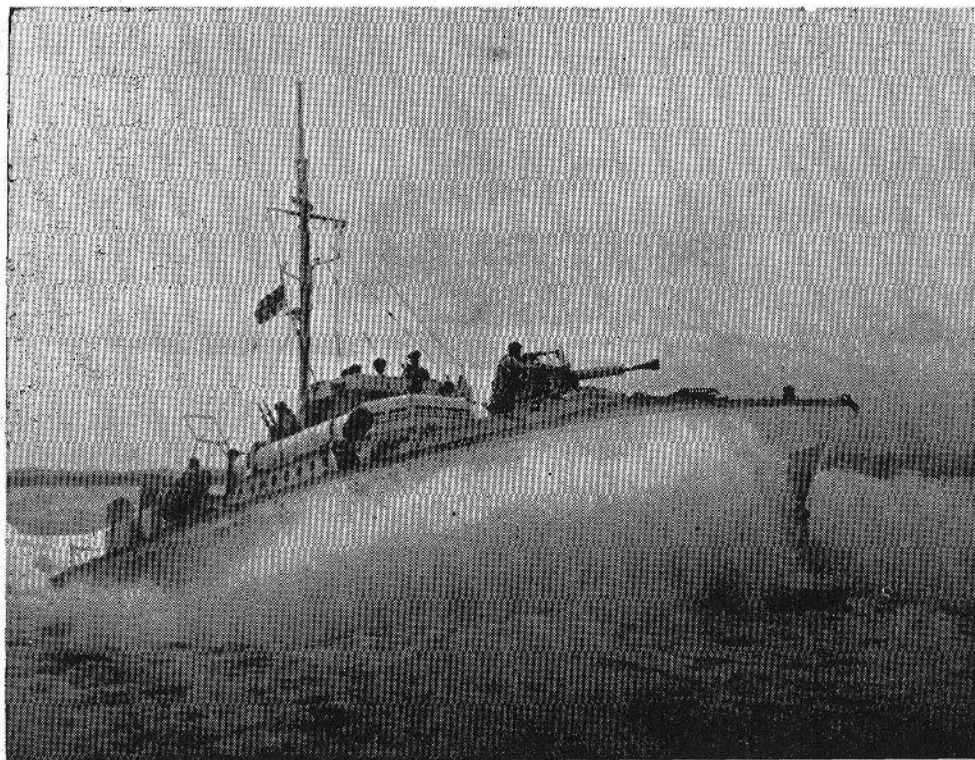
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Canada's Convoy Work Paved Road To Berlin

From Wooden-Gun Beginning To Great Team Displays, They Finally Broke The Nazi Back

SUB SURVIVORS

The war story hasn't been written yet in which every person taking part in the action received proper credit for the part played. It is impossible for the feelings and emotions, the extra steeling of the nerves needed by some to face gun-fire, the lightning decisions of others in carrying out fighting orders, to be taken into account. One can't delve easily into the whole being of each one of the little men who go to make up a fighting winning crew, nor into the workmanship that makes one vessel more efficient than another.

And so, in the following account of some of the submarine battles in which ships of the Royal Canadian Navy have taken part, and won, it is hoped that the reader will forgive discrepancies which might appear obvious to him but which, to the editors, were not known.

To present the whole glorious picture of the battle of the North Atlantic alone, not to mention the sea battles which have involved the Canadian Navy in other waters, would take page upon page and even then would be sorely lacking in important detail as well as the smaller incidental facts which add realism and color to the word picture.

To track down and battle an unseen enemy in storm-lashed waters and to let depth-charges go—knowing in your heart that you got the sub—and then to learn that, because of lack of positive proof of the sinking you can only be given credit for a "probable", or even less, has been the heart-breaking experience of many a Canadian war vessel.

"TWENTY POSITIVES"

Up to the time of writing, however, no less than 20 positive sinkings have been credited to ships of the Royal Canadian Navy—and the scorer is hard to convince. This number may seem small when one considers that the principal role of the Royal Canadian Navy has been the protection of the north Atlantic convoy route—to the extent of 100% in the summer of 1944—but the real measure of the success of the Navy must be taken in the

amount of shipping that has been able to carry on successfully on this route, on which the Germans placed their most concentrated undersea effort.

To do this Canada's seamen had to begin the job fearlessly, energetically and with a great deal more bravado than fighting equipment.

The now famous story of HMCS Windflower, one of the first of the Dominion's corvettes, setting out with a convoy which she was to "protect" with her light anti-aircraft guns, the only real argument she had aboard, and the dummy gun mounted forward, is an example of the daring and disregard for danger which was required of our Navy in the early days of the war.

Another amusing story is that of the little ship which met a heavily armed surface craft in the Atlantic. Immediately the Canadian challenged the other but received no answer. The Captain made a signal informing the larger vessel that if she did not answer the challenge the corvette would open fire.

Immediately, the reply came back—"Carry on Canada with your gallant little ship". It was the mighty British battleship 'Rodney' that had made the signal.

A "ONE-TWO PUNCH"

But it wasn't to be that way for long. Soon the Canadian fleet was to be able to pack a punch against the U-boats which finally was one of the chief causes of the failure of the enemy submarine campaign in



PROOF IN THE FLESH—Sometimes it was hard to bring back proof of a U-boat kill. But in the case of HMCS Swansea picking off her second raider of the war the proof was there in the flesh. Survivors of the Nazi undersea craft are shown above being helped from the water after depth charges had brought the enemy to the surface.

the North Atlantic.

Successes against U-boats began when "Chambly" and "Moosejaw" two Canadian corvettes, ganged up on an undersea raider, "Chambly" blowing the sub to the surface with her depth charges and "Moosejaw" closing in to ram. This was in November of 1941.

In January of the following year

the veteran destroyer "Skeena" directed a 66-hour battle against a U-boat pack in the North Atlantic and, while the results were not disclosed, the defence of the convoy was not without success.

One of the most exciting of all U-boat encounters by Canadian ships was that of HMCS Assiniboine, during the summer of 1942. The destroyer encountered a sub in the west Atlantic and, with only 200 yards between the vessels, gunfire was exchanged, both crafts scoring hits. The accurate firing of "Assiniboine's" gun's crews, however, and the efficient manoeuvring of the destroyer to place her in advantageous positions, finally brought about the positive destruction of the sub.

One of the fastest submarine sinkings on record was that carried out by HMCS Ville de Quebec, which was announced in January, 1943. Bringing a submarine in the western Mediterranean to the surface with depth charges, "Ville de Quebec" repeatedly hit and rammed the sub until it sank. The whole action, from the time of dropping the charges until the U-boat sank, was nine minutes.

THE BIG ROUND UP

In the early days of March, 1944, Canadian and British craft combined to bring about the greatest destruction of U-boats in history. During April of that year the first Canadian-built frigate, HMCS Waskesiu, attacked and sank a U-boat about 500 miles north of the Azores, while defending a valuable convoy.

In May, June, July, September and October of the same year Canadian ships were credited with U-boat kills or with assisting in them. Another Canadian ship was also credited with a probable kill in July.

This year a number of submarine sinkings and probable sinkings by Canadian warships have been announced, the battles of HMCS St. Thomas and HMCS Annan being

Continued on page 11

"Sighted Sub, Sank Same!"

Listed here are the names of the Canadian vessels which have to date, been credited with "positive" U-boat kills. They are listed in the order in which they got their submarines. Probably sinkings and undecided ones are not shown.

HMCS CHAMBLY—

HMCS MOOSEJAW—

Chambly attacked with depth charges and blew U-boat to surface. Moosejaw closed in and rammed her.

HMCS ASSINIBOINE—

A gun duel in the western Atlantic with only 220 yards between the vessels. U-boat sunk by ramming and charges from Assiniboine's port and starboard throwers.

HMCS OAKVILLE—

Action in Caribbean. U-boat was attacked with gunfire and rammed three times. Two-man boarding party gained control of conning tower.

HMCS VILLE DE QUEBEC—

In western Mediterranean, a U-boat was brought to surface by depth charges, engaged by gunfire, repeatedly hit and rammed at right angles.

HMCS PORT ARTHUR—

On convoy duty in western Mediterranean, Port Arthur located an Italian submarine attacked with depth charges.

HMCS REGINA—

Regina subdued submarine which she sank in Mediterranean in a spectacular running gun duel after damaging her with depth charges.

HMCS ST. CROIX—

While protecting a convoy in the Atlantic, two U-boats were sighted on the surface and St. Croix gave chase, sinking one of them.

HMCS SNOWBERRY—

HMCS CALGARY—

Action took place while on convoy duty. Assisted by Royal Navy frigate Nene.

HMCS WASKESIU—

While engaged on escort duty in the North Atlantic Waskesiu destroyed a U-boat which was attempting to attack a valuable convoy.

HMCS CHILLIWACK—

Action took place in North Atlantic. A group of Canadian vessels, assisted by an R.N. destroyer, took part. Chilliwack played major role.

HMCS ST. LAURENT—

While on duty in the North Atlantic and assisted by the frigate, Swansea, destroyed sub.

HMCS PRINCE RUPERT—

Newly-commissioned frigate played major role in destruction of sub in mid-Atlantic. Assisted by two U.S. ships and Grumman Avenger plane.

HMCS SWANSEA—

Assisting Swansea in the destruction of her second U-boat was an R.N. sloop HMS Pelican.

HMCS HAIDA—

While operating in western approaches to English Channel Haida and HMS Eskimo took over attack after U-boat was bombed by a Czech-manned RAF Liberator. U-boat forced to surface by depth charges.

HMCS OTTAWA—

Ottawa and HMCS Kootenay write "finis" to another sub.

HMCS SAINT JOHN

In November of last year Saint John was assisted by Swansea in getting a submarine. This was Swansea's third encounter.

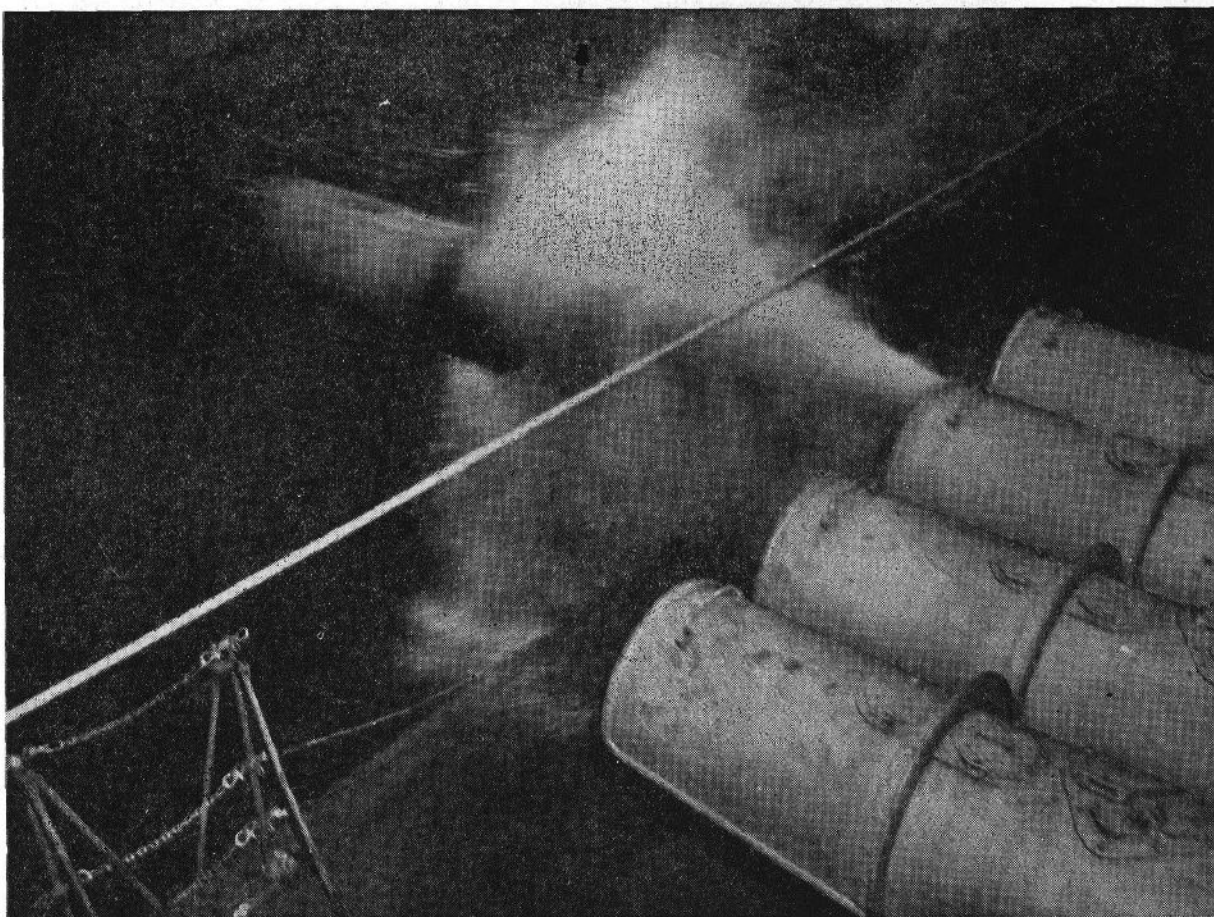
HMCS ST. THOMAS

St. Thomas, a corvette, accounted for a U-boat in February of this year.

HMCS ANNAN

Getting the last announced "kill" for the RCN in the European war, Annan got a sub last April.

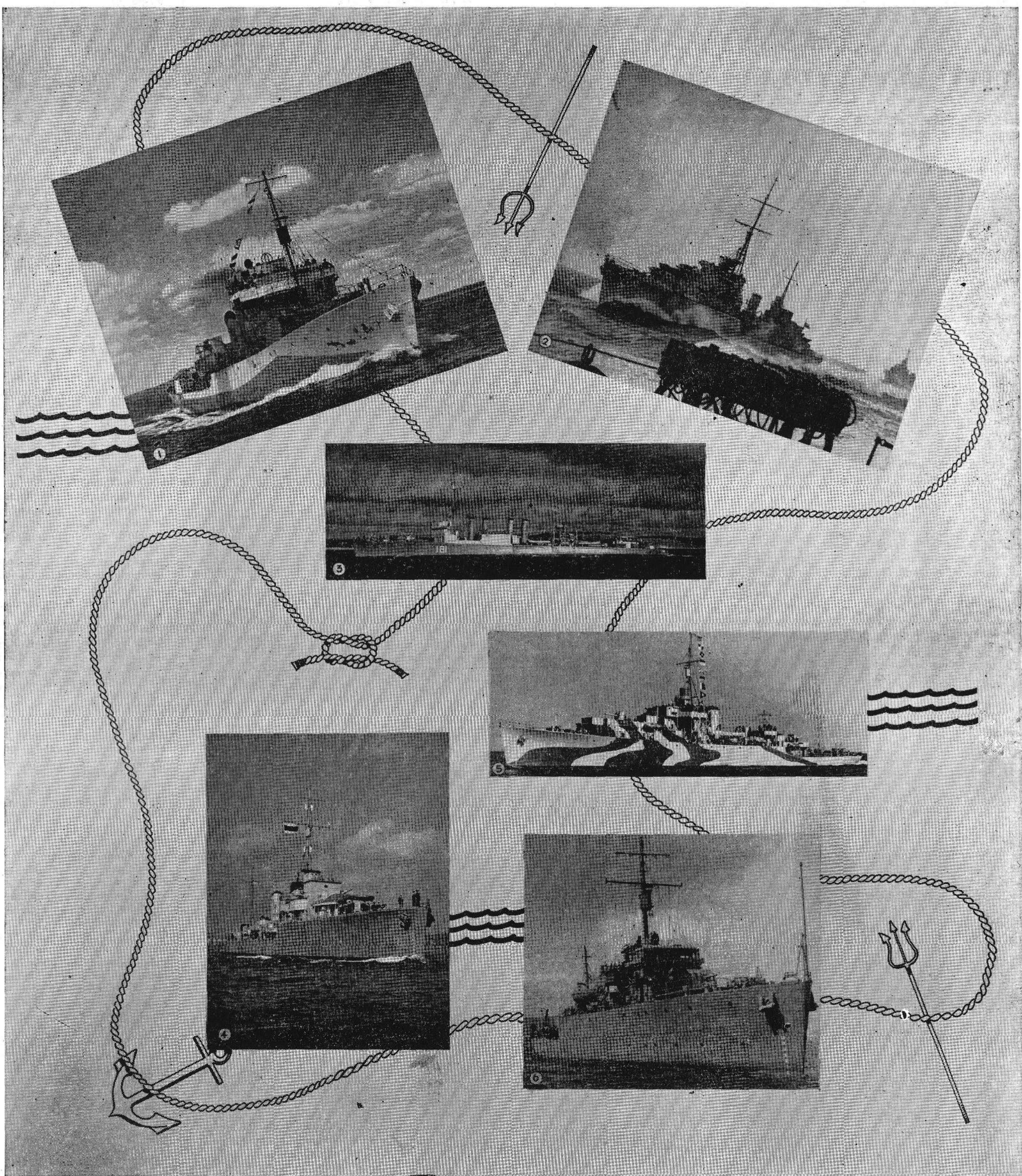
ALGONQUIN FIRING FISH



"FIRE TWO"—It wasn't only the U-boat which made effective use of the deadly "tin fish". Often our destroyers brought them to bear with devastating effect on enemy craft. Here a torpedo leaps from the port torpedo tubes of the powerful Canadian destroyer, HMCS Algonquin. Actually a miniature

robot submarine, carry hundreds of pounds of high explosive in its warhead, the torpedo is one of the most effective weapons against surface craft. The initial charge fires the torpedo out of the tube and clear of the ship. From then on it is driven by its own engine and steered by self-contained mechanisms towards the target.

LITTLE SHIPS EARNED VICTORY---BUT AT A PRICE



The ships in Canada's Navy were small in size compared with the battlewagons of the Royal Navy and the U.S. Fleet. But they packed a powerful wallop. And no one was in a better spot to bear witness to this than the pig boat men, some of whom were rounded up flying the black surrender flag from the conning towers of their undersea craft following V E-Day. They lived in mortal fear of our gallant little corvettes, our frigates and destroyer escorts which convoyed the many materials of war across the North Atlantic.

The price the enemy paid in undersea raiders was high, probably higher than is intimated in the official list of U-boats destroyed. The official scorer

is an exacting fellow and for the records there had to be definite proof. Many a gallant little packet made port after a brush with the enemy, confident of a score, only to learn that the evidence of victory wasn't sufficient for the official record.

It was inevitable that we should pay a price in the grim business of war. The undersea marauders, hundreds of them in the North Atlantic, took their toll in Canadian lives and ships. Pictured on this page are some of the ships which didn't return. Most of them are credited with at least one U-boat before their fatal tangle with the Nazi craft.

1. HMCS Regina, a corvette, sunk in waters off the United Kingdom following an underwater explo-

sion, presumably a torpedo, August, 1944.

2. HMCS Athabaskan, destroyer, torpedoed and shelled in the English Channel, April, 1944. Eighty-five of her crew were taken prisoner, by the Germans, 128 listed as dead or missing.

3. HMCS St. Croix, one of the old "four-stacker" destroyers turned over to the Canadian Navy by the U.S. Torpedoed in the North Atlantic, October, 1943.

4. HMCS Ottawa, River Class destroyer, torpedoed and sunk in the Atlantic, September, 1942.

5. HMCS Valleyfield, frigate, torpedoed in the North Atlantic, May, 1944.

6. HMCS Clayoquot, minesweeper, torpedoed and sunk in the Western Atlantic, December, 1944.

THE PRICE OF ADMIRALTY

*They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.*

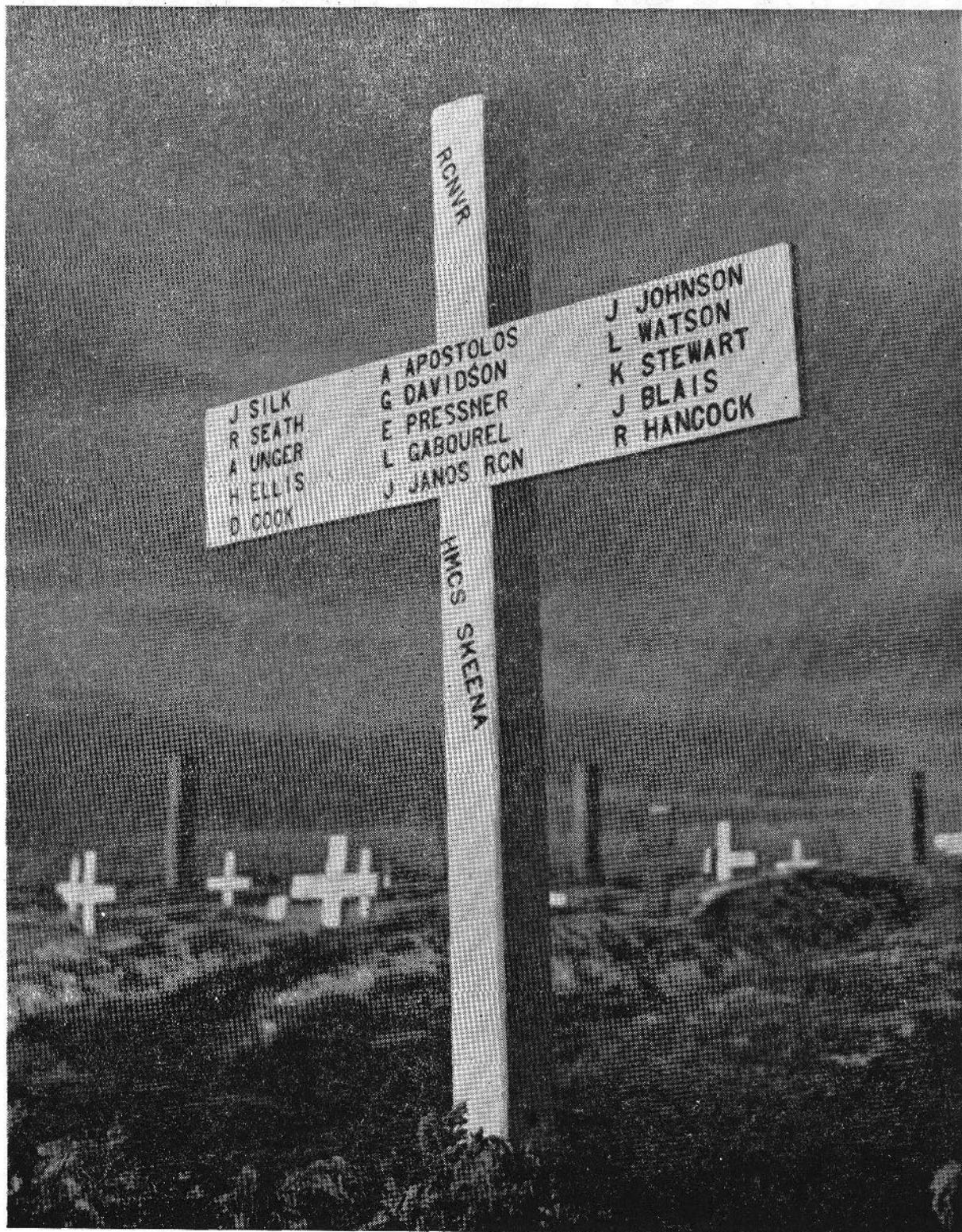
Laurence Binyon

SHIP LOSSES

(Times shown are dates of announcement of losses.)

- June 29, 1940—HMCS FRASER—Destroyer**
Cut in two in collision off Bordeaux, France.
- Oct. 28, 1940—HMCS MARGAREE—Destroyer**
Cut in two by bow of merchant ship in North Atlantic convoy collision.
- Oct. 30, 1940—HMCS BRAS D'OR—Minesweeper**
Believed foundered in storms.
- Mar. 27, 1941—HMCS OTTER—Patrol Ship**
Lost off Sambro Light, Halifax Harbour, by fire.
- Sept. 29, 1941—HMCS LEVIS—Corvette**
Torpedoed in North Atlantic. Attempted tow by another corvette failed.
- Dec. 10, 1941—HMCS WINDFLOWER—Corvette**
Sunk in North Atlantic when boilers blew up after her stern had been ripped off by merchant ship she was convoying.
- Feb. 19, 1942—HMCS SPIKENARD—Corvette**
Torpedoed and sunk in submarine attack on convoy in North Atlantic. Sank in three minutes.
- Sept. 14, 1942—HMCS RACON—Patrol Ship**
Presumed lost through enemy action while guarding convoy of merchant ships. All hands lost with her. Attack by U-boat in fog.
- Sept. 18, 1942—HMCS CHARLOTTETOWN—Corvette**
Torpedoed and sunk in heavy fog on escort duties in Atlantic.
- Sept. 21, 1942—HMCS OTTAWA—Destroyer**
Torpedoed while on escort duty with a convoy in the Atlantic.
- Feb. 16, 1943—HMCS LOUISBURG—Corvette**
Went down under attacks from enemy dive bombers and torpedo plane while on convoy duty in the Mediterranean.
- March, 9, 1943—HMCS WEYBURN—Corvette**
Destroyed in Mediterranean by an explosion, presumably a torpedo since submarine was reported in the vicinity.
- Oct. 1, 1943—HMCS ST. CROIX—Destroyer**
Torpedoed and sunk by U-boat while on convoy duty in the North Atlantic. All but one, of 81 crew members who survived were lost when rescue ship HMS Itchin was torpedoed.
- Feb. 7, 1944—HMCS CHEDABUCTO—Bangor Minesweeper**
Beached after collision in the St. Lawrence.
- Apr. 29, 1944—HMCS ATHABASKAN—Tribal Class destroyer**
Split in two by enemy torpedo in the English Channel off the French coast.
- May 15, 1944—HMCS VALLEYFIELD—Frigate**
Torpedoed and sunk while on convoy escort duty in the North Atlantic.
- Aug. 18, 1944—HMCS REGINA—Corvette**
Lost by undersea explosion while going to the assistance of a merchant vessel in difficulty in invasion waters.
- Sept. 1, 1944—HMCS ALBERNI—Corvette**
Sunk while on invasion duties.
- Dec. 8, 1944—HMCS SHAWINIGAN—Corvette**
Lost while on invasion duty in the North Atlantic.
- Jan. 31, 1945—HMCS CLAYOQUOT—Bangor Minesweeper**
Torpedoed and sunk in the North Atlantic.
- March 25, 1945—HMCS TRENTONIAN—Corvette**
Recently sunk by torpedo from German U-boat while on escort duty in North Atlantic.
- April 25, 1945—HMCS GUYSBOROUGH—Minesweeper.**
Torpedoed in North Atlantic. Fifty-three lost.
- May 11, 1945—HMC MOTOR TORPEDO BOAT 463.**
Sunk in an explosion off LeHavre. Five wounded, no lives lost.
- May 11, 1945—HMCS ESQUIMALT—Bangor Minesweeper**
Torpedoed in North Atlantic. Forty-four dead or missing.
- May 16, 1945—HMCS SKEENA—River Class Destroyer.**
Driven against rocky coast of Iceland in 60-knot gale. Fifteen ratings lost lives due to exposure.

SYMBOL OF SACRIFICE



Sometimes The Dice Rolled "Seven"

"We searched around for the rest of the night hunting for survivors but we didn't find any," says the curly-headed kid who has just come in off a trip from 'derry. The other matelots in the mess listen intently, all eyes focussed on the grisly two-badge killick sitting in the corner. His pipe is slowly lowered to the table and his face has become suddenly haggard.

CONVOYING PRACTICE

Continued from page 4

the Germans have used them for destroying commerce, however, the U-boats came considerably closer to achieving a decision than any raiders ever had before them. Their employment in this way has inevitably led to extreme ruthlessness. Surface raiders, when they could do so, captured the enemy merchantman and took her in to port. When they had to destroy her they normally provided for the safety of her crew and passengers, a custom which in course of time became embedded in international law.

Submarines are usually unable to capture their prey, or to spare a prize crew, or to provide in any other way for the safety of those on board.

At the present time it seems likely that in any naval wars of the near future submarines would continue to exert a limiting influence on the movements of enemy surface warships, and to be used with tremendous effect against shipping.

On the other hand, they would no doubt be largely or wholly discarded if the means of detecting and destroying them became efficient enough, or if the airplane were to succeed in taking over the functions of the merchant ship, or should international disputes come to be settled by other means than war.

"Are—are you sure it was her? Positive?" Then, without waiting for an answer he got up, groped momentarily for his hat and went out.

"God, but that's tough," murmured a sailor huskily. He turned to the kid who had been telling of the sinking. "His boy was aboard that packet."

"Gosh!" moaned the lad, "and I had to let him have it, just like that!"

That's the way it sometimes happens. The first buzz usually starts around the messdecks in port. The boys aren't supposed to talk about it of course, but usually someone does. Then the wires begin going out to parents, wives, brothers and sisters—"We regret to inform you....."

The News Comes Home

They go to every part of Canada—to the prairies where only a couple of years ago some lad watched chaff streaming from a giant thresher, little dreaming that he would soon be a sailor; to a small town in the Laurentian hills where a French-Canadian boy had left his job as a grocery clerk and had gone to an East Coast port where he had learned to speak English, to fire guns, to be a seaman.

All the next-of-kin having been notified, the official announcement of the ship sinking is made and a nation, miles from the reverberating echoes of giant guns and bombs, feels the stabbing hurt of war.

In some cases the newspapers tell how men crowded in lifeboats and shivering in the icy cold of the night, sang and cracked jokes. There was the lad in HMCS Clayoquot, for instance, who sang out, as he went over the side of his sinking ship, "News flash! Clayoquot destroys Nazi torpedo!"

Other stories tell how men—or rather, mere boys, in many cases, died bravely, asking no quarter from Fate and giving none. Heroes.

Heroes? Why, that kid who lived next door, the one with the quiet voice and shy expression—was he one of those heroes? There must be some mistake. He wasn't the type to dare an enemy to do his worst—to laugh in the face of death.

He's The Same Lad

But it is the same lad. He was still quiet of voice and shy in appearance only he had become a man, was doing a man's job. He was a part of a happy ship's company and in a happy ship you learn that neither in little things or big things do you let your shipmates or your "packet" down.

These then, are the men who have played an outstanding part in making the Canadian Navy the fourth ranking Naval power in the world today—a Navy that has been praised for its prowess in every corner of the globe—except in those sections where admiration has been replaced by fear.

D-DAY--The Beginning

Just as the world waited for the moment when a certain day would be designated V-E Day, so the world waited throughout the spring of 1944 for that day which was to be known as D-Day.

Suddenly the news broke—D-Day had arrived. Troops of the Allied nations were being carried to the coast of France by the greatest invasion armada the world had ever known. Allied warships were bombarding the coast of France with everything they had and Allied warriors were storming the Normandy beaches against little resistance.

Part of that great armada that set out from England in the early hours of June 6, Canadian vessels played a big part in the "Big Show" and Canadian sailors thrilled at the privilege of being active spectators in the landings that were to herald the end of the Nazi domination of Europe.

Advance Guard

The biggest job carried out by Canadian sailors in respect to the invasion, however, was the preparatory work which had to be done before the great volumes of troops could be transported across the Channel in safety.

For weeks before the long-awaited day arrived the little ships of the Canadian Navy plied back and forth through the waters of the channel, sweeping the mine-fields the enemy had sown, breaking up the submarine packs that lurked in the water-lanes and reporting on anything and everything that looked like enemy activity along the coast. Sometimes the ships had to protect themselves against plane attacks while carrying out their sweeps, but they carried on and history proves they did a good job.

When H-Hour arrived the bigger ships of the Canadian Navy took their place in the forefront of the job at sea. The Canadian Tribals then in commission surged forward against the coast of France in company with British, American, Polish and other Allied ships of war and the record of each will go down in the annals of sea warfare—a tribute to Canadian seamanship. The corvettes, minesweepers, Canadian-manned M.T.B.'s and the Canadian Armed Merchant Cruisers, converted to efficient carriers and landing troops and equipment, scurried back and forth across the channel, up and down along the invasion coast-line, shepherding the troop-laden vessels of the armada, organizing the landings, policing the sea.

First on Beaches

Canadian sailors were among the first to set foot on the beaches of France where the heavy ships of war had blasted the coast-line, exterminating any serious opposition which might have presented itself. Combining their effort with that of the Allied Air Forces, they pounded the "strongholds" of the "Master Race," reducing them to rubble and paving the way for the army for which the people of France had waited for four long years—the army of Liberation!



WHAM—The six inch guns on board an Auxiliary Cruiser of the Royal Canadian Navy fire a salvo. To the left can be seen the "ready use" ammunition lashed in brackets around gun platform.

Navy Commandos Did Tough Job Well

"Now, remember. When you hit the beach you've got to be fast, quiet and absolutely cold in your attitude. You are being depended upon to scout the fortifications and wipe out as many of the enemy as possible. Then you signal for the ships to come in when that part of the beach is ready for a landing."

Sounds a bit like a movie director telling Humphrey Bogart, Peter Lorre and Sydney Greenstreet just how they are to act in a super spy picture, doesn't it? Well, it isn't. It's a Canadian Naval Officer detailing a group of his hard-

as-nails commandos during D-Day preparations.

The men have completed a grinding, muscle-hardening course that has put them in top-notch physical condition and made them as cold to the horrors of hand-to-hand combat as it is possible for any one to be. They are trained to hair-trigger fitness after gruelling months spent midst Scotland's rugged hills, learning to starve and like it, freeze and not whimper about it, have bullets spattering about and zinging overhead, without twitching a muscle.

The men of the Navy's Combined operations were the men who, on D-Day had to land and prepare the beaches before the landing craft came in to disgorge the thousands upon thousands of soldiers who were to start the march on Berlin.

Beach Traffic Cops

Following the ensuring of a comparatively safe landing for the troops to be put ashore the Commandos became traffic cops on the beaches. They worked in close co-operation with the Naval Officers in charge of the landings and organized the landing of troops and material.

The role of the Commando has been much glamorized in this war and indeed, the part played by these fearless fighters has truly been a glamorous one. But it is hard to see yourself in an heroic role as you lie motionless behind a hummock of ground trying to work your way to a position

Continued on page 11



THE NAVY'S WINGS—Under the guns of a Canadian destroyer, fighter planes of the Royal Navy head across the Arctic for the attack on the German battleship "Tirpitz". This squadron was led by Lt. Cmdr. Digby Cosh, RCNVR, of Ottawa. Flying with him were Lieut. A. N. Pym, Kingston, Ont. and Lieut. H. P. Wilson, of Orillia, Ont.

Canadian Wings In Fleet Air Arm

How many times we have heard that Allied planes lashed out at German ships along the fiords of Norway or at enemy shipping in Arctic waters. And how many times we have just taken it for granted that the air raids were carried out by members of Allied Air Forces. The actual number of times in which these planes were operated by sailors would be surprising to Mr. and Mrs. John Public.

The number of times, too, when these planes were either flown by Canadians operating with the Royal Navy's Fleet Air Arm, or had set out on their mission from the decks of the Canadian manned Royal Navy carriers "Nabob" and "Puncher" would also provide quite a surprise.

For months before these vessels were put into service as Canadian manned carriers the Naval Air Division had been training Canadians for the dangerous and important task of operating the flat-tops and of flying the Fleet Air Arm planes. After considerable training in Canada the men proceeded to the United Kingdom to complete courses there.

One of the many colorful operations in which Canadians, flying planes with the Fleet Air Arm took part was the historic attack on the great German battleship "Tirpitz" as she lay in the shelter of a Norwegian fiord a year ago. At least six Canadians flew planes which took part in the action that resulted in the severe crippling of the big battle-wagon.

"Puncher" and "Nabob" are still active in waters bordering the continent and it is with terrific pride that the sailors aboard these ships point to the records of the two flat-tops—Canadian-manned.



SOFTENING 'EM UP—Invasion meant many things to the destroyermen of Canada's Navy. One of their jobs was to patrol the coast of Normandy, slamming steel at the

enemy gun emplacements so that the Armies could secure their beachheads. Here is shown the famed HMCS Algonquin, a destroyer of the Fleet class, firing her forward guns.

Shore Patrol Won Friends Despite Task

It's a cold, monotonous job and you've got to be a pretty fair sort of fellow to make any friends on it, but the Navy's Shore Patrolmen seemed to have been equal to the task of doing the job and having a lot of friends, too.

There was a time when Shore Patrolmen were not picked as carefully as they are today and they went out on the street with little idea of how they should handle trouble if the occasion arose.

Then, upon the recommendation of a number of very experienced officers, courses were begun for them. These courses taught the patrolmen patience, fairness in their dealings and how to handle difficult cases with a minimum of force. The training job was carried out by experienced policemen, lecturers, wrestlers and boxers. However, in the case of the wrestlers and boxers, the stress in training was laid on when not to use rough tactics, rather than when to use them.

As a result, the patrolman going his rounds has become the friend of the sailor, the man whose efforts are directed toward keeping the men out of trouble. His tone has become one of quiet, helpful advice, without any embarrassing blasts when large numbers of persons are standing about listening.

His efficiency has increased and, given proper cooperation by the police authorities, he is able to maintain, in a very effective way, order among the Naval personnel of the community in which he is stationed.

FROM WOODEN-GUN

Continued from page 7

among the latest accounts to be released.

These incidents, described so briefly here, as they must be in accordance with the space we can afford are indeed, the colorful, defiant story of brave men and little ships that flaunted the German and his undersea hordes.

These are but a few of the men and ships who made it possible to deliver to Allied armies and airmen the men, machines and food that have today trapped the Nazi in his homeland, beaten and broken. These are your ships—your sailors.

NAVY COMMANDOS

Continued from page 10

from which you can keep tab on the Jerries that are waiting to pick you off at the first sign of movement.

The Commando's clothes are probably soaking wet and as he lies there shivering he smiles to self—"and to think, I volunteered for this?"

On yes, didn't you know? The Combined Operations boys are volunteers within a volunteer organization. All men of the Royal Canadian Navy are volunteers and all Naval commandos have specially volunteered for their work. And they wouldn't be anything else!

The practice of flying a "PAYING OFF PENDANT" is supposed to have started during the last century. It has been said that the custom started when all the cleaning rags in the ship were tied together and hoisted from the mast-head to indicate that the ship was finished with them. This was done when the ship left her station bound for home port to PAY OFF OR DECOMMISSION.

"I can't marry the Chief, mother he's an atheist and doesn't believe there is a hell."

"Marry him, my dear, and between us we'll convince him he's wrong."

A sailor walked into a bar and ordered a beer and a straight whiskey. To the bartender's amazement he drank the beer, but carefully unbuttoned his coat and emptied the whiskey into his inside pocket. Curiosity overcame the barkeep.

"What are you doing there?" he asked.

The sailor snorted. "I'm minding my own business, and suggest you do the same. I ought to climb

across the bar and, give you a punch in the nose."

With that a little mouse lifted, his head out of the sailor's pocket eyed the bartender belligerently through bloodshot eyes, and snapped: "And that goes for your cat, too!"

Girl: "Do you know what they are saying about me?"

Sto: "Sure, that's why I came over."

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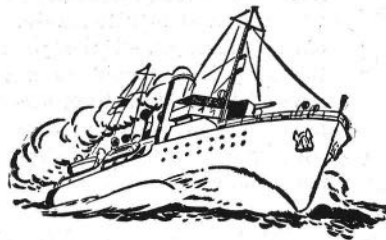
While our business depends on talking, nevertheless, it's hats off to the Navy—"the silent service."

During this war our dealings with the men of the Navy have been numerous and most cordial. For that spirit of friendly co-operation we say:

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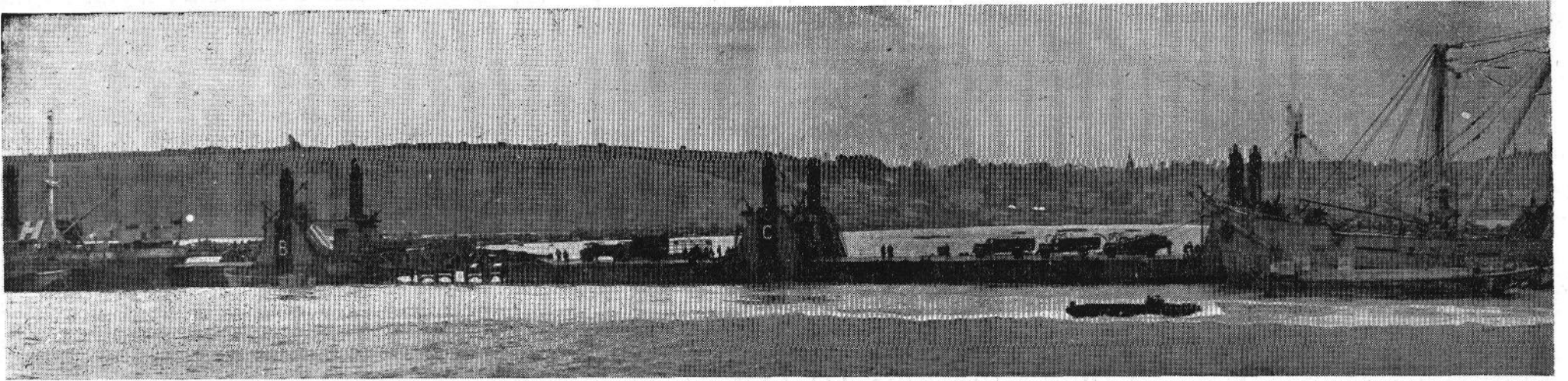


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Canadian Mission D-Day Nerve Centre

BY COMMANDER P. MacRITCHIE

Formation of the Canadian Naval Mission Overseas in May of 1944 was the forerunner to the greatest mass achievement in the history of the Royal Canadian Navy. The Mission, with headquarters in London, was the nerve centre for the mighty Canadian armada that crossed the Channel on D-Day and linked up with the Royal Navy and other Allied Navies in effecting the gigantic landings along the coast of Normandy.

D-Day, saw three flotillas of Canadian Landing Craft Infantry disgorge their troops along the French Coast. Two of these flotillas carried the new illustrious Ninth Canadian Brigade to the beaches at Bernieres-sur-Mer, while the third helped the Americans farther along to the westward. They presented a picturesque sight as, in line abreast, they dashed for the shores less than three hours after the guns of the capital ships opened up their barrage on the German-held coast.

Mothered The Flock

It was to these same beaches that Prince Henry, and Prince David, the two former Canadian Armed Merchant Cruisers, now parent ships, sent their smaller landing craft, also loaded with Canadian troops. These two ships which had patrolled the blockade routes along South American ports early in the war were now doing a motherly-duty as they sat there in the sunlight.

Afterward they played a part in the landings in the South of France, and still later, in Greece.

Prince Robert, the third former Canadian A.M.C., before and during the days of the French landings did a noble job of conveying thousands of tons of shipping to Mediterranean ports. In more than 12 months, Prince Robert, in her new role of anti-aircraft cruiser, helped escort more than a million troops to and from Italy, and in all that time did not lose a single ship despite the presence of enemy glider-bomb planes operating from Bay of Biscay ports.

Algonquin and Sioux, Canada's two Fleet destroyers, also proved

Do You Know---

"TELL IT TO THE MARINES" is an expression in common use today. According to Colonel W. P. Drury, Royal Marines, the term is ascribed to King Charles II who, on hearing a story regarding flying fish in the Southern Seas, referred the item to a Marine Officer who was also in attendance. This officer corroborated the yarn and the king is supposed to have remarked "that, in future, should we have any occasion to doubt any statement, we will first 'tell it to the Marines'."

The first Uniform Regulations for the Navy were issued in 1748 by the British Admiralty, during Lord Anson's time. In 1825 a book of these regulations, together with pictures, was issued. This was during the term of office as Lord High Admiral of the Duke of Clarence, later King William IV.

The usual colour of naval ships is grey, when operating in northern waters, blue in Mediterranean and Southern Waters, white in China seas. H.M.S. "TEMERAIRE" which was built in 1877 was probably the first ship to be painted grey. This was a violent change from the universal colour of black which prevailed until that time.

their mettle on D-day, and thereafter. These two destroyers for days after D-day hammered away at targets in the Bay of the Seine and came in for warm commendation from the naval authorities for the part they played in silencing enemy batteries and playing havoc

with troop emplacements.

Worried Fritzie

The Canadian Coastal Forces, two flotillas of which, operated by Canadians, were worrying enemy shipping movements along the Channel ports for months before D-day.

The Canadian Beach Commando Force which received a gruelling training in preparation for the invasion was not, however, called in until several days after D-Day, but in that time it helped discharge 66,000 vehicles and more than 42 tons of stores on the beach to which it had been assigned.

For weeks prior to D-day, two flotillas of Canadian minesweepers carried out the hazardous job of clearing the lane through which that endless procession of ships sailed from ports of England to France on D-day. These ships, in the words of the Commander in Chief of the Naval operation, carried out one of

the most hazardous tasks ever assigned to a unit of any Navy.

Convoyed Harbour Vessels

Canadian corvettes, too, were prominent in all these operations, and they are still engaged in convoy work along the coasts of the United Kingdom and Europe. To these little Canadian ships went the mammoth job of conveying to the beaches of France the gigantic Mulberries and Gooseberries that were to form the artificial harbours to which the troops and stores were landed. It was a slow and painstaking operation, and the storms that arose shortly after D-day added to their tribulation.

But there were other factors that contributed to the success of D-day. The story of a secret naval victory, one of the greatest of the war, was only revealed several months after it had taken place. It was the first account of how units of the Royal Navy and the Royal Canadian Navy crushed the U-boat threat to our invasion forces. In a battle that went on without respite for weeks, they sank many enemy U-boats and suffered only slight casualties to themselves. This episode is rated as one of the greatest mass U-boat killings of the entire war.

Five and six of the flotillas were at sea at a time, and to protect the convoys as they moved from the northwest and down the Bristol Channel into the English Channel, these anti-submarine flotillas carried the battle to the enemy.

Miraculous Successes

In that time hundreds of thousands of tons of shipping sailed up the English southwest Channel with the great armies and masses of supplies that were to sweep the enemy back across Europe, and, almost unbelievably, among these big ships only one was lost.

The Canadian Tribals, Haida, Huron and Iroquois, were at sea ready to meet any attempt by the Germans to attack the anti-submarine patrols with surface vessels.

One of the most amazing jobs done by the allies after the initial landings in Normandy was the building of two "portable" harbours capable of handling the millions of tons of cargo and the vast armies of men needed in the invasion of Europe.

Scores of merchant ships were sunk off the Normandy coast to form breakwaters behind which concrete pontoon jetties, pre-fabricated in England and towed across the Channel, were strung together.

Ships of the Royal Canadian Navy helped the tedious job of protecting the pontoon jetties on their way across the English Channel towed by tugs at a top speed of three knots.

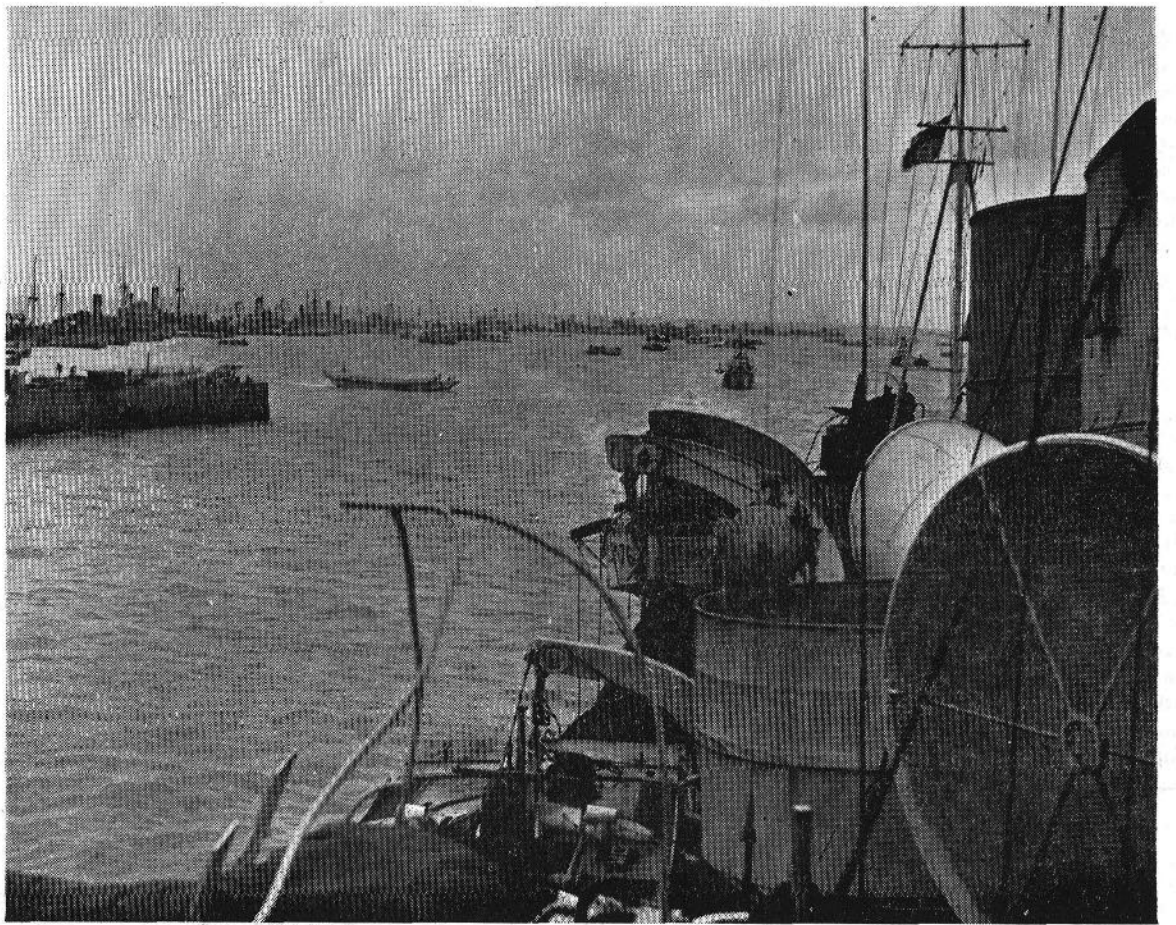
Top photo shows trucks hauling supplies from ships alongside the line of pontoon jetties stretching from the breakwater to the beach.

Lower photo, taken from the decks of the Canadian infantry landing ship, HMCS Prince David, gives some idea of the activity off the coast of Normandy while the pontoon jetties were being prepared. Barges, harbour craft, tugs, landing craft, the breakwater of sunken merchant ships and sections of the "portable" harbour which have already been moved into position, can also be seen.

German Narvik Class destroyers did come out and they were intercepted by both British and Canadian Tribals and badly hammered.

The other escort groups, were doing equally brilliant work and due to their tactics the U-boats disappeared altogether from the Channel and its approaches.

Continued on page 13



Mediterranean Show Skylark For Assault Landing Craft Lads

When Sicily was invaded in the summer of '43, four Canadian flotillas of landing craft participated. Their job was to go in, under enemy fire, and put the troops ashore. "Assault landing craft" they call these little ships, and it's a good name.

The excellence of the Canadians' work in this theatre was testified to by a Royal Navy Engineering officer who commented: "Canadians are just about ideal for this work. They've got imagination, initiative and dash. There's a certain recklessness about the job which appeals to them. We can use as many as you send us."

The young Canucks had already proven their mettle under fire. In the November landings in North Africa, three of them, Lieut. Judd Whittall, RCNVR, of Vancouver, Sub. Lieut. J. D. Donaldson, RCNVR, of Toronto, and PO (Motor Mechanic) E. Whelan, RCNVR, of Montreal and Saint John, N.B., won mention in despatches.

Lieut. Whittall was flotilla officer of a group which landed American troops and supplies near

Oran. His report of proceedings bears out the excellent deportment of our men in this action:

"In spite of heavy bombardment from a shore battery, fire from a destroyer, continual sniping from shore, and a most difficult approach to the beach, the craft were maintained in day and night operation.

"Morale was superb and the men genuinely loved their task which was regarded more as a skylark than a serious operation. It was difficult to get them out of the craft to be relieved and the loss of sleep or missing a meal never caused a complaint."

The experience gained in this action was used in the training of increasing numbers of young Canadians who now wear the special insignia of the "Combined Ops," and was put to good advantage during the Sicilian campaign.

In September, 1943, when the invasion of the Italian mainland began, the same four Canadian flotillas were on duty in the Straits of Messina, and the services they performed were outstanding.

Providing Many Extra Comforts For RCN Ships In Pacific War

Ottawa—Canadian ships detailed for service in tropical waters will have living conditions equal in comfort to ships of the Royal Navy and the United States Navy, it is announced at Naval Service Headquarters.

Increased ventilation and increased insulation were among the formidable problems facing those whose job it is to keep ships of the Canadian Navy in fighting trim. The experts have overcome the obstacle and bulkheads and deckheads of Pacific-bound craft will offer maximum protection against heat to the men manning Canada's ships in the sea war against Japan.

More Fans

More and larger fans and additional air trunks will provide better ventilation for mess decks occupied by Canadian sailors serving in the searing heat of the tropics.

Refrigeration space has been enlarged on most ships, assuring that perishable foodstuffs can retain all

their vitamin-giving qualities and affording ships' crews a varied and balanced diet.

Cold water drinking fountains are another added feature in the overhauling program occupying ship's fitters.

Awnings for harbour use will be supplied and with a twofold purpose. Primarily the awnings shield the deck plates from the tremendous heat but they serve an auxiliary—and important—purpose took, affording a place of shady repose for off

duty sailors who wish to catch forty winks.

Some Air-conditioned

Some ships are air-conditioned in certain compartments but this is only possible on larger craft, it is pointed out. The smaller ships have not the space required for air-conditioning but it is considered improved ventilation will afford a large measure of relief to heat-oppressed officers and ratings.

Only safe and non-poisonous refrigerants are used in air conditioning and refrigerator systems. Use of ammonia or sulphur dioxide would constitute a grave danger to the crew if the pipes should be shattered.

The work of preparing ships for the tropics is a job on which medical and engineering officers are working in close co-operation to assure that the crews maintain a high standard of fighting efficiency.

CANADIAN MISSION

Continued from page 12

But while all this was going on, the escort groups shepherding their charges across the convoys routes of the North Atlantic were not idle. It fell to Canadian destroyers frigates and corvettes to protect the whole of the Atlantic convoy route during the summer months, and in that period they safeguarded the largest convoy ever to sail to the United Kingdom, comprising more than a million tons of shipping. This convoy was brought across without loss of a single ship.

Big Contribution

Taking into account the fact that the Canadian Navy protected the whole of the Atlantic convoy route during the summer months and contributed over 100 ships and 10,000 personnel to the invasion fleet, the losses incurred were amazingly small. In addition to these, hundreds of other Canadian naval officers and men were attached to ships of the Royal Navy in the Channel and in the Mediterranean. Others serving in the Fleet Air Arm took part in many strikes against enemy shipping in the Bay of Biscay, in the Mediterranean and along the Norwegian coast. In 1944, two escort carriers, Nabob and Puncher, were manned by Canadian naval personnel.

Throughout all these operations, the staff of the Canadian Naval Mission Overseas, worked at fever pitch, and in a very short space of time a smooth-running setup was created and almost overnight Canada found herself a leading Naval power.

A ship's masts or funnels are said to "RAKE" when they lean aft, according to Captain Becket, R. N., and are said to have "BOS-UN'S PRIDE" when they lean forward. The Boatswain was responsible under the Navigating Officer for the ship's rigging.

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THEY CLEAR THE WAY;—When there's work to be done these little packets go about the monotonous, yet hazardous, business of sweeping the seas from daylight to dusk. There isn't much glory to sweeping, they'll tell you, but their job is a vital one. And it's always a welcome relief when the work is completed and they get the order "in sweeps" and head back to their jetties as these ships pictured above.

FAIRMILES—TORPEDO BOATS DEADLY TO SLOW WARSHIPS

"Buzz-bombs with water-wings" might be a good name for Canada's fast-fighting and hard-hitting Fairmiles and M.T.B.'s. Darting back and forth over the water at speeds ranging up to 50 knots, the little craft present an elusive target to enemy guns, yet once they are within striking distance the punch they pack is not at all commensurate with their size. Even U-boats and destroyers are regarded as fair game, when they are to be found, by these Baby Austins of the sea.

The Fairmile is a wooden ship, 112 feet long, powered by twin gasoline engines, and specially suited for inshore and anti-submarine work. It is a rugged customer which rides low in the water, is fast and can change its course or develop speed quickly. They carry depth charges, gun units and the latest scientific sounding and listening devices. The Fairmile has great range and striking power.

Fastest Warship

The M.T.B. is another wooden-hulled vessel, built of mahogany with Canadian spruce, elm and veneers. Their three 1400 h.p. engines drive them at over 50 knots: the fastest warships in the world. They take any weather in their stride; their hull draws only 18. They weigh less per h. p. than most bombing craft, and operate silently at a cruising speed of 30 knots; have a cruising radius of over 1,000 miles and can pull a load of 26,000 pounds. They are equipped with depth charge apparatus, torpedo tubes, anti-aircraft and machine guns, the armament rotating on raised power-turrets.

These M.T.B.'s were used in all the important operations at Dunkirk, Tobruk, Normandy, etc.

Colorful Role

Whilst the Fairmiles have been used mainly for convoy escort work in coastal waters such as the St. Lawrence River and Gulf, the Bristol Channel, the Irish Sea and the English Channel, the M.T.B.'s have played a perhaps more colorful role.

They dash out, usually at night, speed into the very jaws of enemy shore batteries to rout German convoys and engage them. Hunting mostly in twos and threes, they seldom reject an opportunity to attack the enemy, regardless of odds. And if, by a surprise thrust, they can capture intact, instead of sinking their objectives, they do so, and proceed forthwith to port with their "booty." Shades of Drake and Raleigh, the freebooters

are at it again!

Cargo schooners are particularly choice morsels, but to get at such juicy targets, the M.T.B.'s have to dispose of armed lighters and trawlers and E-boats.

"E" For Easy

Built for the same purpose as our M.G.B.'s, the E-boats have been used mainly to escort convoys, but they do not enjoy a high reputation with our men. "E for Easy" is the nickname tagged on them by Royal Navy flotillas of Gun and Torpedo Boats.

With the gradual shrinking of the enemy's sea "frontage," the area of operations for these hornets of the sea has gradually lessened, but there was still the odd German convoy attempting a run along their steadily diminishing coastlines and these ships were sure to find some of the intrepid raiders hot on their tails.

These small craft did not just happen. The Small Boat Programme of the Dominion Government has run into figures of more than \$20,000,000, involving the services of small boat yards all over the country. They have built every type of boat from Special Minesweepers and Gate Vessels to Army Bridge pontoons and Plywood Dories; every type of boat needed to fill the requirements of Navy Army and Air Force.

The building of small boats was essentially a peacetime industry but developed overnight into a vast wartime activity.

Foiled Daring Attempt To Halt Allied Shipping

V-E Day would be a long way off yet, in fact, even D-Day would probably not have taken place yet, had it not been for the prompt, prepared action of the Royal Canadian Navy's minesweeping fleet in the early days of June, 1943.

One day ships of a convoy escort force reported enemy mines at the mouth of Halifax Harbor. Plans which had been made long in advance were immediately put into action. This was it!—the day which Halifax Port Minesweeping Navymen had said would come—and it did.

Three-fold Task

The task was a three-fold one. First, in order to see that no interruption to supply lines was caused, the 'sweeper fleet had to clear a channel for incoming and outgoing ships and maintain this swept route. Secondly, they had to make exploratory sweeps to determine the extent of the minefields, believed to have been laid by ocean-going U-boats. The third job was to clear the whole mine-sown area in "mopping-up" operations.

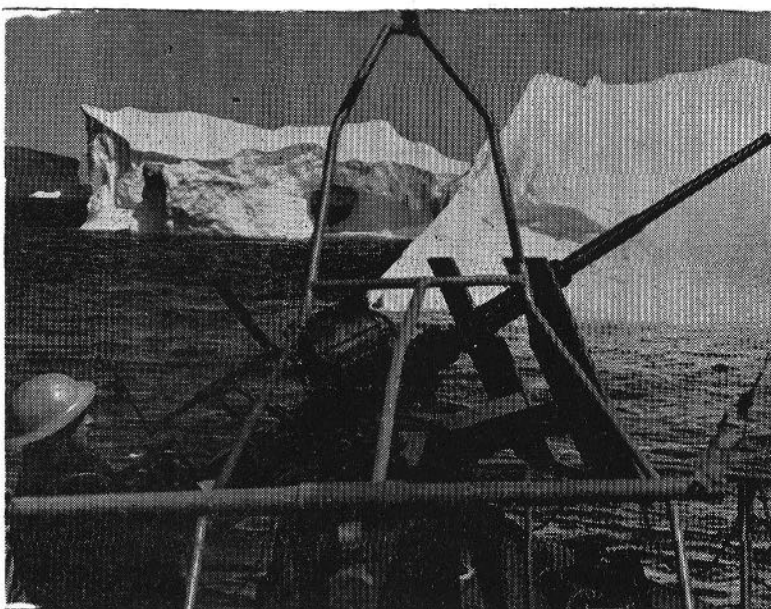
The sweepers carried out the entire job without a single ship loss or a single casualty—a proud record which even those who laid the plans for the sweep had not hoped to attain.

To do the job the crews worked for two weeks for 20 hours a day, and did it without grumbling. The men got a terrific kick out of exploding the mines and the sweep reached such proportions that the ships were given a special ensignia for taking part in the effort and were also allowed to paint chevrons on their funnels indicating the number of mines destroyed by them. The highest count for one ship was 18.

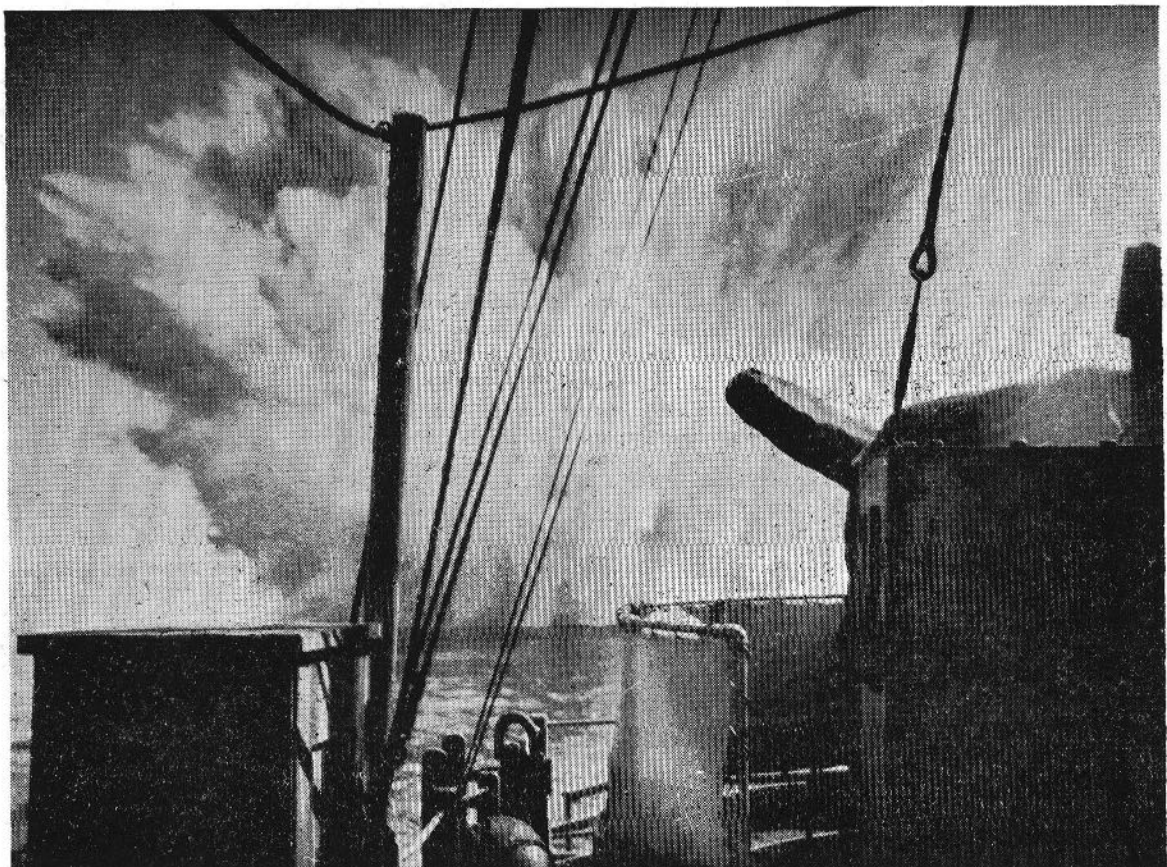
Their First Break

It was the first real break the men of the sweepers had had during the entire war. Day after day, week after week, month after month, no matter what the state of weather, they had patrolled the sea-lanes waiting for something to happen. And nothing ever happened. Then, suddenly, their world of monotony became alive, excitement ran high. Twenty-hour days became a regular thing and yet the hours passed more quickly than they ever had before. Men who had craved excitement and wondered at themselves for wanting it after they had heard the first mines explode, stayed at their jobs, carried out their duties with clock-like precision and kept the convoy route open—the ocean highway leading to Berlin.

The heavy, waxed and beribboned pigtail affected by sailors in olden times causes us amusement today. They went out of use around 1785 but when worn, were a mark of distinction as they indicated that the wearer was an old hand in the Navy. The "recruits" who came on board were usually "pressed men" and wore their hair closed cropped.

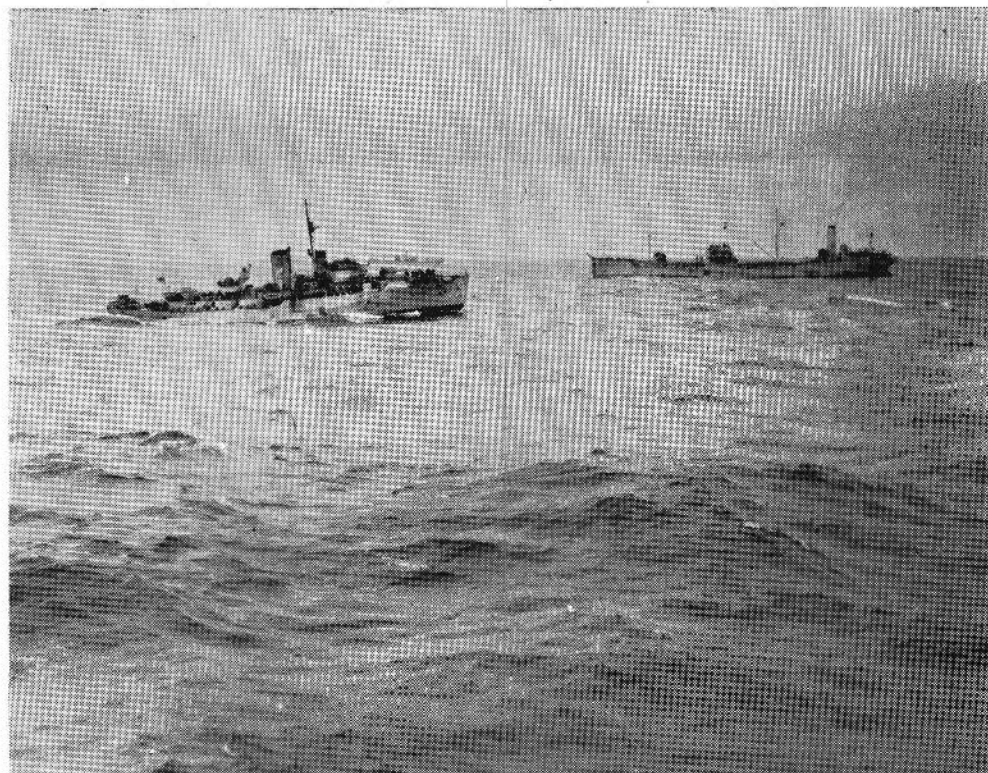


ICEBERGS AND OERLIKON:—A curious formation of iceberg—one with a hole through its centre—forms a background for this study of an Oerlikon gunner at his post on a Royal Canadian Navy motor launch, patrolling the Western Atlantic. But icebergs weren't always objects of beauty. In foggy weather they were something to be cautiously avoided.



NAZI HIGH EXPLOSIVE:—Don't ever think that the little minesweepers didn't play a big part in the Canadian Navy's job during this war. Sweeping the beaches of Normandy prior to D-Day was probably their

biggest job. But when the enemy was closest to our shores they kept the convoys moving. Above is a shot of a Nazi mine being exploded just outside of Halifax Harbor. During this sweep in 1942 there were many of these deadly machines exploded harmlessly.



Among the heroes of this war must always be counted the men of the Merchant Navy who, throughout the struggle, have manned the ships of convoys and carried the goods through to the fighting forces and war areas.

Hats Off To West Coast Fishing Fleet

In the early days of the war the west coast of Canada, with its deep indentations and myriad small islands, presented a special problem for patrol. The mainland itself stretches for some 1,580 miles the islands present another 3,980 miles—a total of 5,560 miles to watch over.

Fortunately, the day war broke out a third reserve of the Navy, drawn from men in the west coast fishing industry, was already in active operation: the Fishermen's Reserve.

Formed early in 1939 as a safeguard in case war did come, the men of this Reserve knew intimately the long Pacific coastline. Their boats, which they brought with them into the Reserve, were built to negotiate the inlets of the coast. Large and sturdy, these craft were easily converted into patrol boats.

The Fishermen's Reserve did much more than patrol the coast. Boats were fitted up for mine sweeping and this dangerous, but most essential job was undertaken by them. They attacked Jap subs threatening shipping along the West Coast. They supervised the rounding up of Japanese fishing boats on the British Columbia coast, taking into their charge in all more than 1,000 craft.

A Great Comfort

In the days when the infant Canadian navy was still in her swaddling clothes it was a great comfort to know that the sea lanes on the west coast were being kept free and clear, and the Fishermen's Reserve must have seemed a friendly, yet ever-watchful beacon, to the blacked out citizenry on the Pacific shore-line. They discharged every purpose for which they were organized, and discharged it most satisfactorily.

The situation soon changed, however. The Royal Canadian Navy built up a strong naval force on the Pacific coast, the menace from Japanese surface and undersea craft disappeared, and it was felt that the Fishermen's Reserve might be disbanded. It was.

The men who belonged to the Reserve had the choice of joining the RCNVR or the RCNR or of going back to their regular pursuit of fishing, and the Fishermen's Reserve, its job done, passed into history.

The Merchant Navy

LITTLE SILVER LAPEL BUTTON AMONG MOST RESPECTED BADGES

No story of the Navy's part in this war would be complete without a few words about two groups of men—and even a few women—who have braved the worst that Nazi and Neptune had to offer. We mean the men of the Navy's Defensively Equipped Merchant Service and the men and women of the Merchant Marine.

DEMS ratings—as the Navymen who sailed in merchant ships came to be known—took their places in freighters, tankers, every type of allied shipping vessel, early in the war and carried on right through to the end.

At first they attempted to give the ships protection with light anti-aircraft weapons but later the merchant ships received heavier guns, when they became available, and the sailors of the Navy trained guns crews from the merchant ships' crews and saw to it that the guns were in order at all times.

Thus they assisted in the protection of the plodding freighters that plied the seven seas bringing war materials, food and men to the battlefronts of the world.

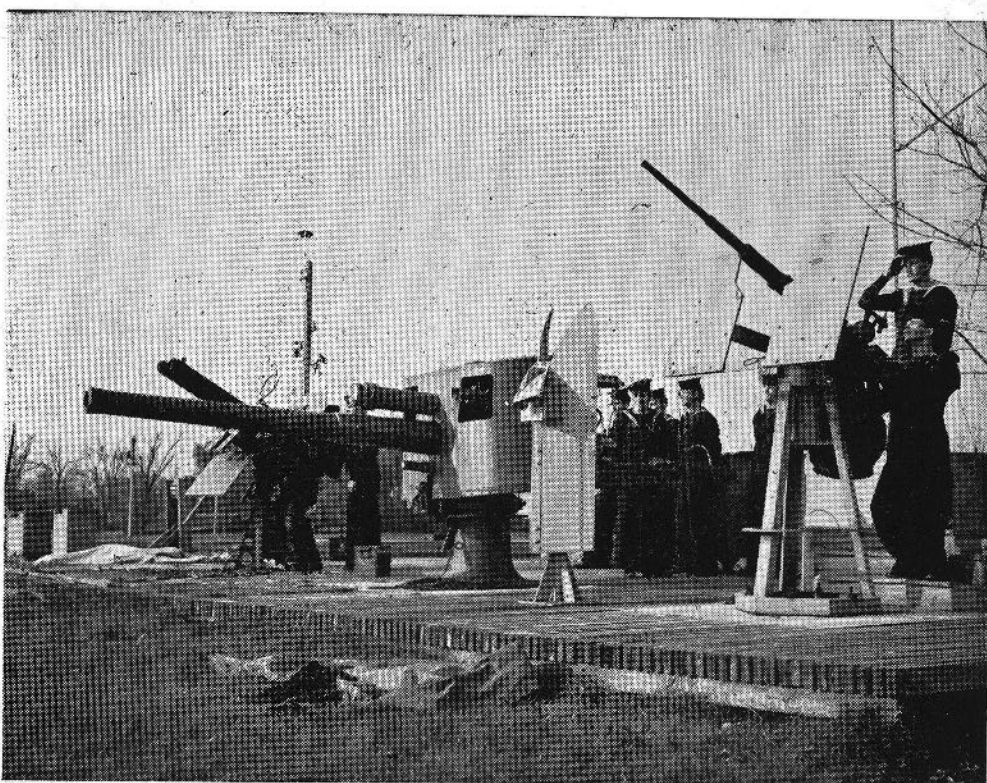
These freighters, these heavy-laden vessels with their hulls thrust deep and vulnerable into the ocean, were manned by men of many nations; men whose only badge of distinction was a tiny little button-worn

on the coat lapel. Through the long, heart-breaking early months of the war, when the Luftwaffe hung like a foreboding curtain about the channel ports of England and pounded pitilessly but unbreakingly against the island of Malta, the men of the Merchant Navy made that silver badge one of the most honored insignia in all history.

From all corners of the earth they came, Britons, Americans, Canadians, Norwegians, Dutch, French, Greeks, Lascars, Hindus, Chinese, men from every Allied land and there were some who once had called hostile lands their home.

And they gathered at the Merchant Navy centres of the world and took their ships out into the sub-infested, mine-strewn oceans, some with ammunition, some with high-test gasoline, a single spark to which would blow the ship to nothingness, and some with ton upon ton of heavy solid steel.

These rough and ready men, whose hearts are so much bigger than their pockets, whose loyalty knows no bounds are the men who supplied the world that Victory might be ours. Hundreds, thousands of them gave their lives in order to deliver that Victory. They ask for very little but Democracy owes them so very much.



The above picture shows men at a DEMS training centre learning the operations and handling of the various types of guns used aboard merchant ships. These lads have placed themselves alongside the Merchant Navymen and protected ships everywhere in the world.

Team Work Paid Off In Aleutians

"Thank you for your services, smartly and efficiently performed, and a vital, essential part of the operations now being brought to a successful conclusion. It has been a pleasure to have you in this command, officially and personally. Well done."

That was the message signalled by the Commanding Officer of the Alaskan Section for the US forces to the commanding officers of HMCS Vancouver and HMCS Dawson, two of the five ships engaged in important patrol and escort work with the US Navy in Alaskan and Aleutian waters.

For many weeks the Canadian vessels worked in close co-operation with their American allies in operations which culminated in the successful occupation by U. S. forces of Attu.

The U. S. Commander of the Northwest Sea Frontier also commended the efficient manner and the enthusiasm with which the escort duties of the "Vancouver" and "Dawson" were carried and also remarked favorably on the efficiency and high state of training of these two ships:

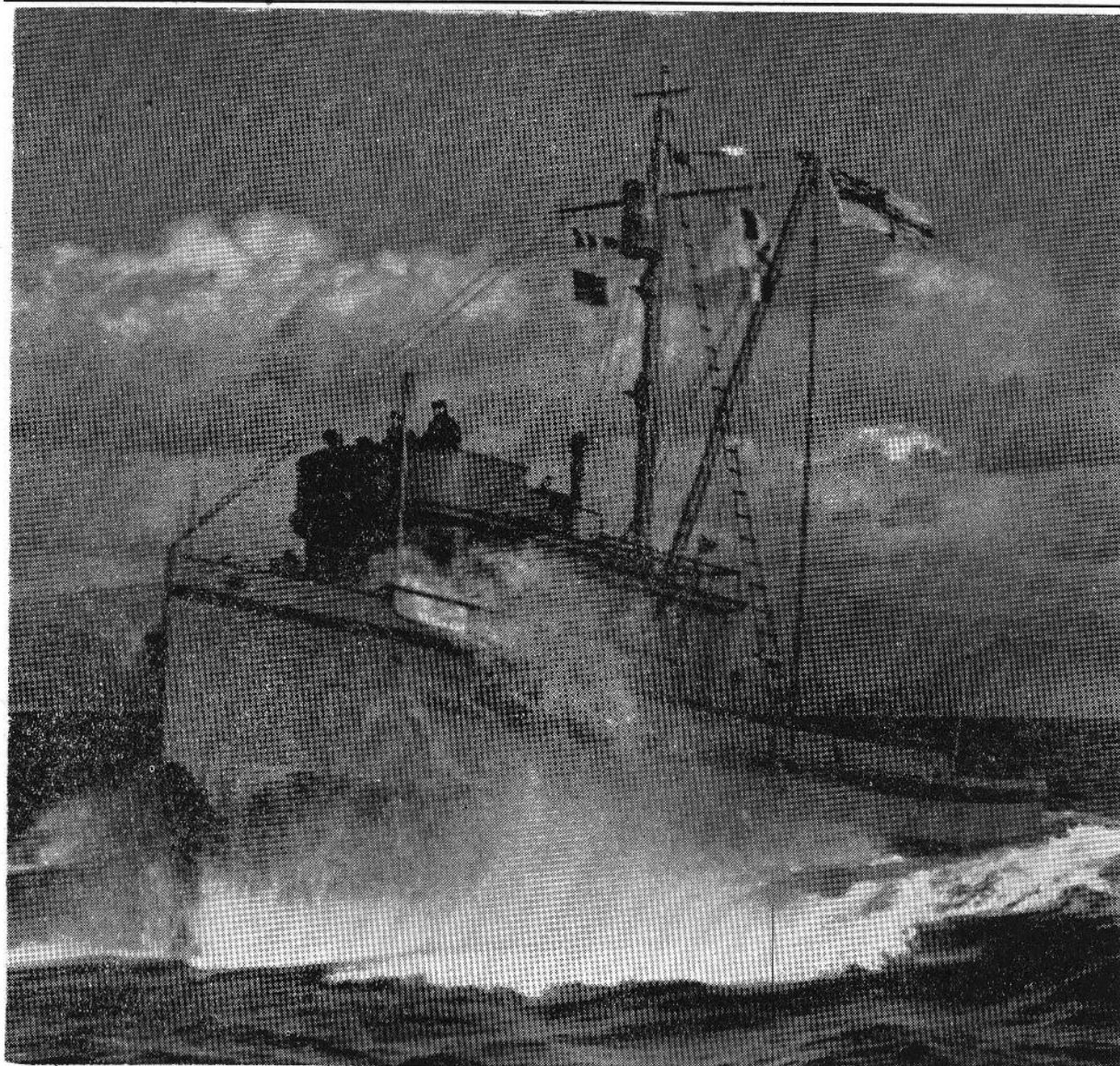
They Never Missed

".....There were two noteworthy factors in their performances. First: neither ship ever missed a rendezvous, an exceptional performance; second: both vessels were ready for any service at any time and were on a number of occasions called for unexpected duty on short notice or no notice at all. Throughout, their duty was performed with smartness, efficiency, and effectiveness....."

The other three ships were likewise thanked for their co-operation and assistance.

Ships of the Royal Canadian Navy are still co-operating with the U. S. Naval forces in those far northern waters. In addition to patrol, minesweeping, and escort duties, these ships are engaged in the many and varied naval activities in connection with Canada's various defended ports and areas along the coast of British Columbia.

The control of merchant shipping in these areas is a further commitment and, in close co-operation with the RCAF, protection is supplied to the various focal areas.



Stepping into the breach when [Canada's West Coast was threatened with] invasion, men of the West Coast Fishing Fleet patrolled the sea-lanes ceaselessly in their little ships, keeping watch against the enemy.

Heavy Responsibilities Carried By Sigs.

Signals Branch Navy's Nerves

How far can a Navy go without communications? Nowhere! The Communications branch of the Navy must be the nerves of the Navy. The men and women of that excellent branch of the Service carry one of the heaviest responsibilities of any group in the Navy and they must be trained to keep their eyes and ears open at all times and their mouths shut most of the time. And even the proverbial talkativeness of women has been overcome in this latter effort. The Wrens of the Signal branch have come through—if you'll pardon the pun—with "flying colors."

On every ship, at every training establishment or division, at every operational port, there must be signalmen. Men who stay on duty long hours, transmitting messages by wireless, by lamps, flags, teletype and other methods of communication. In sea actions they must be alert, cool and above all, efficient, for upon them will depend the outcome of the battle in many cases.

Enjoy Honored Position

"Make a signal." The words sound so simple and yet there is so much training, so much care needed to carry out that order. It is no wonder the Navy's signalmen enjoy one of the most honored places among the fighting forces of the world.

But there is one group of signalmen about whom little is ever heard. Sometimes they feel—and with good reason, too—that they are the forgotten men of their branch. They are the men who man the outpost signal stations along the rocky barren coasts of the country where enemy landings might be attempted. In some of these places there are groups of only a dozen or so who, throughout the long winter days and nights toil at all-important jobs and having contact with the rest of the world only by means of the monotonous dit-da-dit of their wireless apparatus.

Key Men in Rescues

Suddenly, in the middle of the night the duty operator will pick up a message that a ship has been torpedoed off the coast. He gets the location and all the information about the action that he can and relays it to the nearest operational base and in a short time rescue ships are speeding to the scene of the sinking to pick up survivors and, in many cases, to "kill" the enemy submarine.

At HMCS St. Hyacinthe, the Navy's Signal School, thousands have been trained to carry out these important duties and the high standard of competence achieved by the Signals branch of the Royal Canadian Navy has resulted in a large number of awards being won by members of that department, numbers of the decorations being awarded by foreign governments.

the charms you've got
they sway me not
'cause you're a dame
and i'm the same

you're wondrous fair
but i don't care
the others swoon
i'm quite immune



The promptness and accuracy of the signal organization between ships has often meant the saving of lives. More than likely the rescue of these men from HMCS Clayoquot by the corvette HMCS Fennel depended a good deal on a man behind a lamp similar to the one shown above, the type used in all ships for visual signalling to other ships or to shore bases.

Divers' Story Little Known But Colorful

There is one branch of the Navy from which the men attending the San Francisco conference can gain the secret of world peace. It would be only a few moments before they would know what must be the state of world affairs to ensure lasting peace if they were to watch the Navy's divers doing their dangerous job.

Stepping aboard an RCN diving boat they would probably see a figure clad in a diver's suit step from a cabin. He goes over and speaks to a couple of men standing beside the pump. Then he puts on the helmet and his two mates tighten it onto the suit, check the air hose, and over the side he goes.

Complete Faith

From that moment the diver's life is completely in the hands of the men at the pump. He must have implicit faith in them. They in turn must trust him to know his job thoroughly, to know how fast he can descend to the required depth and how fast he dares to ascend again to the boat. There must be perfect cooperation, understanding and, above all, faith between these men.

Every man who aspires to becoming a diver must be in top-notch physical condition. One scar on a man's body might disqualify him from a diver's course for skin tissues have to be strong to stand up under the terrific pressure placed upon the body.

Cold, Dark Work

Most of the time the diver must work with his bare hands in water which, even in summer is not warm enough for enjoyable bathing. Imagine what must be the pressure at say, 80 feet down. If the diver descends too fast and does not allow pressures to equalize he will find himself in serious trouble. He must ascend even more slowly than he descends in order to allow his body time to prepare itself for lessening of pressure from without. The results of descending or ascending too quickly in diving can only be described as horrible.

If you want to know more about the dangers of deep sea diving, however, don't ask the diver. He alone knows the dangers of his work; and he keeps them to himself.

RISK A LIFE TO SAVE ONE—SAILORS' MOTTO

The small value which sailors place upon their own lives when the life of someone else is at stake can probably be gauged best, in this story of the Navy's part in the European war, by the record set by the men of the RCN in rescues at sea and in the combatting of the great peril of ships—fire.

The stories of heroism among men of all ranks of the Royal Canadian Navy in rescue work are many and some of them are of such outstanding character as to be almost legend.

Sometimes the rescues concerned the entire crews of sinking warships or merchant vessels, other times they had to do with the crews of aircraft that had been shot down or forced into the sea and, still other times, they concerned possibly only one critically sick man aboard a merchant ship.

Accomplish The Impossible

It is not easy to get a seaboat away at the height of a gale to pick up survivors of a sinking as they toss about on the gigantic waves of the North Atlantic. It isn't easy either to drive a whaler through water that is being spattered by bullets and bombs from enemy aircraft—but it has been done time and again during these past five years.

Individual sailors and officers have dived repeatedly into icy waters to try to rescue men forced into the sea from a sinking ship. There are few ships in the Navy which have not played their part in rescue work, more dangerous often for the individual than actual battle.

This reckless disregard for personal safety has been one of the main links of friendship between the men of the merchant service and those of the Navy. Merchant seamen the world over tell stories of being rescued by Canadians, of having warm clothing and food and medical care provided for them by Canadian warships.

Fire aboard ship, at any time, is a terrific hazard, but during wartime, when so much of the material carried by ships is of an explosive nature, the first cry of "Fire" strikes fear into the heart of the bravest sailor.

Calls For Supreme Courage

Not a few times in this war have Canadian sailors been called upon to fight fire and the worst ones have usually been on ships in harbor—ships loaded with high explosive which, if the fire ate its way to the ammunition chambers, would explode with a force similar to or greater than, the one which flattened Halifax during the first world war.

Indeed, the marksmanship of Canadian sailors came in for much praise when they sank a burning ammunition ship at an Eastern Canadian port by placing their shots at the water-line of the vessel at points where they would not touch the dangerous cargo. In order to achieve this they had to place themselves in a hopelessly perilous position, not knowing at what moment the fire might reach the explosives.

This is but one example of the type of fire that has been overcome by sailors—all "in the line of duty," of course.



THE

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REGULAR SECTION

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Canada Sending Powerful Force To Pacific

Heavier Types Of Ships To War Against Japs

SIXTY VESSELS AND 3500 NAVYMEN INCLUDING AIR CREW TAKE ACTIVE PART

Ottawa—The Royal Canadian Navy will send a powerful modern force into the war against Japan, it has been announced by Hon. Douglas C. Abbott, Minister of National Defence for Naval Services.

Approximately 60 Canadian warships, excluding replacements, will serve in the Far East in operations which will be primarily offensive.

Various Classes of Ships

These ships will include aircraft carriers, cruisers, and anti-aircraft ships, fleet destroyers and frigates. One, the cruiser, HMCS Uganda, has already seen action with units of the British Pacific Fleet. A second cruiser, HMCS Ontario, now in commission, will proceed to the Far East on completion of her trials. The anti-aircraft ship, HMCS Prince Robert, saw duty in the Pacific earlier in the war as an armed merchant cruiser, and subsequently served in the Mediterranean and the Bay of Biscay.

Two aircraft carriers, now nearing completion, are being acquired from the government of the United Kingdom. Known as "light fleet" carriers, they are the largest warships Canada has ever had. Each is manned by a crew of over 1,300 men including air personnel, which will be drawn as far as possible from 800 Canadians now serving or training with the Fleet Air Arm of the Royal Navy.

The destroyers will include three remaining Tribals, HMCS Haida, Huron and Iroquois, and the "V" class destroyers, HMCS Sioux, and Algonquin, all of which have established themselves in convoys to Russia, in strikes off Norway and in invasion waters off France. They will be joined by HMCS Micmac, the first destroyer to be built in a Canadian shipyard.

Getting New Destroyers

The RCN is also acquiring from the British Admiralty, a flotilla of fast new fleet destroyers and these will form part of the Canadian destroyer group in the Pacific.

Although not yet specifically mentioned by name, some 36 of the newest Canadian frigates will be allocated to the Far East.

As soon as operational requirements permit, the Navy Minister said, personnel designated for the Far East will receive 30 clear days leave at home in Canada, plus any other normal leave which may be due.

Special campaign pay will be provided for those actually serving in the Pacific theatre of operation on a scale running from 30 cents a day for ordinary seamen to \$1.00

a day for lieutenant-commanders and above. This follows the practice already established by the Royal Navy and brings Canadian rates more into line with those of the United States Navy.

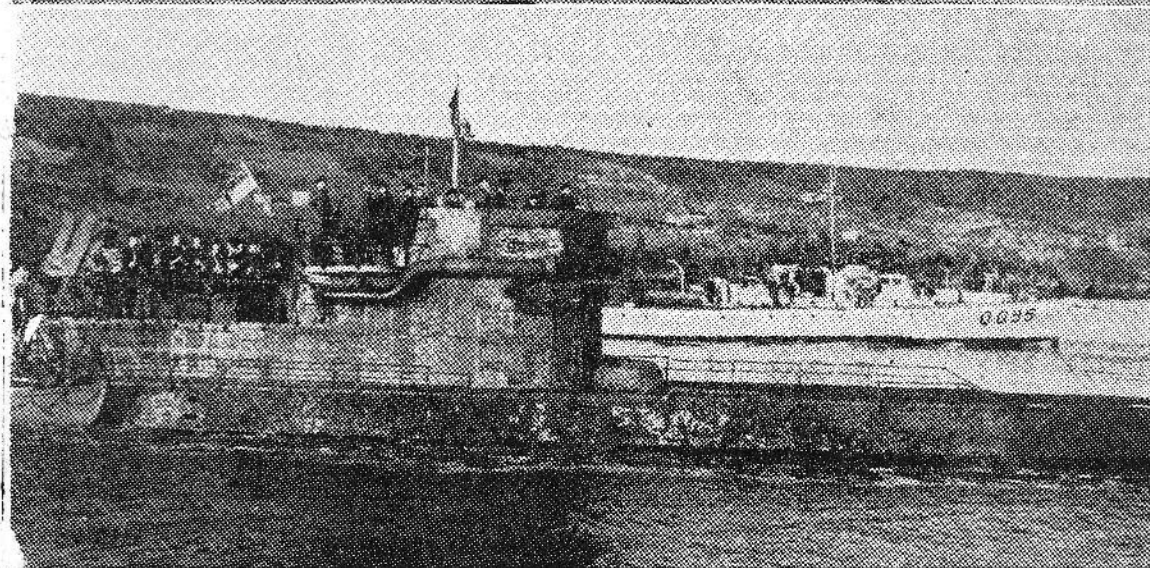
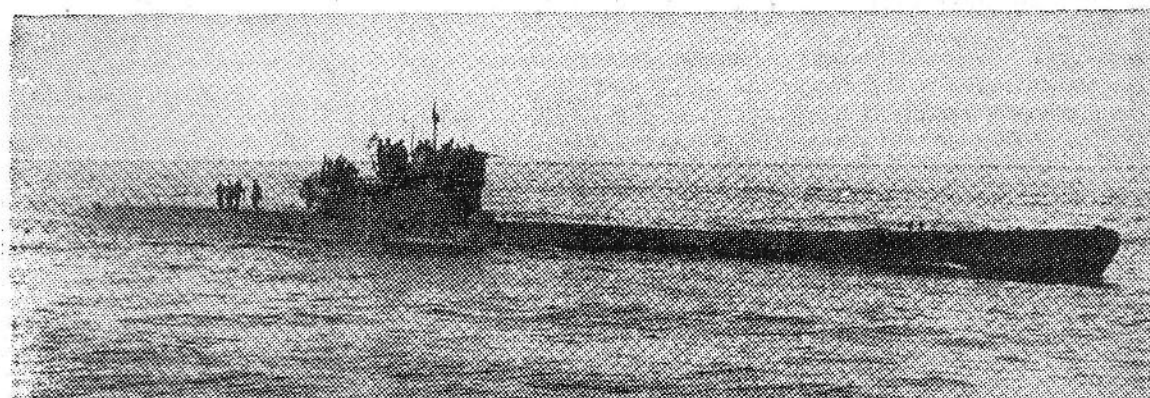
Strictly Voluntary

Emphasizing the voluntary nature of the RCN's participation in the Pacific, Mr. Abbott said he had issued definite instructions that no pressure of any kind was to be brought to bear on personnel to volunteer.

"It is expected that the number of volunteers will be well in excess of requirements," he stated. "The number of sea-going personnel for the European war was approximately 50,000. In the Pacific some 13,500 will be required because only the larger and more modern ships will be used. Accordingly, a process of careful selection from those who volunteer appears inevitable.

"The figure of 13,500, of course, does not include the personnel who will be required to serve ashore in Canada in order to support the fleet afloat, but as many as possible of those who volunteer will be given an opportunity to go to the Far East."

"SUPERMAN" GIVES UP



U-BOAT SURRENDERS TO R.C.N. FORCES OFF NEWFOUNDLAND: Black and sinister against the slate-gray sea and sky, the German submarine shown in the top photo terminated its showdown war against Allied shipping at dawn on the morning of May 14 when it surrendered to ships of the Royal Canadian Navy off Newfoundland. German prisoners still on board the sub can be seen on deck awaiting the arrival of an RCN tug. The lower photo of the same U-boat clearly re-

veals the "Schnorkel" breathing apparatus lying alongside the conning tower, the rusty deck guns and the submarine's overall ugliness in comparison with the sleek RCN Fairmile motor launch standing guard in the background. On board the U-boat can be seen first security guardsmen, intelligence and investigating officers of the Royal Canadian Navy. The sub's black flag of surrender has been furled and the White Ensign of the RCN waves proudly in the breeze.

CREW OF NAZI SUBMARINE REMAINS CONVINCED HITLER RIGHT

By Wren Gwynne Williams

Shelburne, N. S.—As U-889, first German submarine to surrender in North American waters, came into Shelburne Harbor it was watched by many—both civilians and Naval personnel—with mixed feelings.

We had been told on Sunday morning, May 13, by our Commanding Officer, Commander R. Jackson, RCNVR, of the probable arrival of a submarine about 1500 that afternoon. The tide of excitement ran high. It didn't come in as expected at 1500, and in the interim of two hours till its eventual appearance, the inevitable Nova Scotian mist thickened, its dank fingers creeping into our very bones, as we watched and waited.

Two Dollar Seat

A few of us were fortunate enough to be taken up in an RCAF "Canso A" and viewed from the sky the exciting event of the boarding of the submarine outside the gates of Shelburne Harbour.

There was an air of breathless expectation about the waiting hundreds, and then out of the mist appeared one of the four escorting Fairmiles (MLs 058, 117, 118 and 121) followed by a frigate. We waited while two more of the Fairmiles hove into view, then like a black viper, the long thin body of the submarine was apparent through the mist. In that minute each one of the watchers felt the full impact of the term "unconditional surrender". This was our unbeatable enemy—the "super-race".

Its Stinger Gone

It was a reassuring sight later to be able to look towards the harbor and see the harmless U-boat—like a hornet with its stinger removed—lying at peace in the harbor, OUR harbor!

In speaking to members of the boarding party and afterwards when the majority of the crew of 55 were

removed, I learned some of the inside story of these men of Hitler.

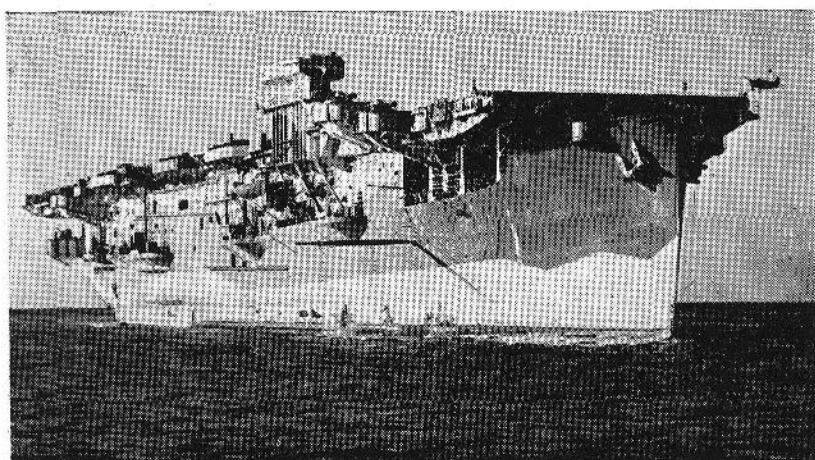
Their captain, Korvetten Kapitän Frederic Braeuchner, a handsome man of 26, was very obliging to all those who contacted him and told of his home in Hamburg, his young wife and of his firm belief in the Nazi doctrine. His

men seemed glad to be finished with war and their first words on being taken were—"Thank God it's all over." These men realized after the oil fields were lost that Germany was doomed and they received word while at sea of Hitler's death. He was, they believe, "the only man ever born", but they are loath to return to Germany for they know that the country is levelled and will never be the same. Most would like to remain in Canada. Although the crew members were confident that their U-boats were superior to anything that the Allies could put forth, they praised the combined U.S.-British air power very highly. One had described an air raid on a German city, telling of the sky being black with planes, and he said that never had he seen such a terrifying sight.

The Hitler Touch

Most of the men were young—the oldest being thirty—and as their inglorious and hopeless situation hit them they reacted in various ways. Tears rolled unheeded down one boy's face as he thought of his family back home, but the poison of Hitler's mad teaching came to the fore in another of the prisoners who remained at all

Continued on page 19



Among the ships that Canada will send to the Pacific war will be her aircraft carriers "Nabob" and "Puncher". Canadian sailors have been and are training with the Fleet Air Arm in England for duty aboard these ships. Pictured here is one of the two Flat-tops

"If Blood be the Price of Admiralty
Lord God we ha' paid in full."
—Kipling



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HOMING

By A. A. WENBAN, OA(O)3

So you are getting your discharge soon? What are you and I going to take with us besides our 'ticket'?

Everybody's experience in the service has been different. Some have felt baffled and bitter as their ideas and ideals for the Navy have been lost in a maze of red tape, or blocked by jealousy and pride. Others have had the chance for the first time to do the kind of work they had long wanted to do, and have got a great kick out of doing it.

We have every reason to be proud of our record. Starting from scratch we have built up the third greatest Navy of the United Nations. For five years we have got the North Atlantic convoys through, and that was plenty tough. Our ships and men have put up a good show from the Mediterranean to the Arctic, from Madeira to Murmansk, at the Italian landings and the Normandy beachheads. We have done a good job of teamwork, and it has cost each of us a lot.

Canada needs to pull together. When the battle was toughest and the danger greatest we learned the kind of team work that Canada must have. We who saw what that spirit of teamwork produced must carry that same spirit to the nation. We stuck to our post through the heat of action and the monotony of routine. We made lasting friendships and lived together cheerfully under cramped conditions. We appreciated the qualities and character of a shipmate above his rank. These are the things that we have learnt at much cost, let's pass them on. They will enrich the life of our home-town. The folks back home are much the same as people in the Service. Let's quickly put into practice the principles we learned when the going was toughest.

Most of us have been 'civilians in uniform.' All our troubles won't just vanish when we get our 'Ticket.' The nation is people, ordinary folk. "The Government" at which we throw so many bricks, is you and me. We say that the German people are responsible for the crimes committed by their leaders. Then we must accept that what happens in Canada, good or bad, is squarely on our shoulders. By what we do, or leave undone, we shall make or mar the future of the nation. To make this country great we must work hard and think hard. We shall have to get used to making our own decisions again. Victory is less a reward than an opportunity. Mr. Churchill said in his Victory speech "It is the victors who must search their hearts in their glowing hours and be worthy by their nobility of the immense forces that they wield." That was said to us. You can't make a good omelette of bad egg. You can't build a united nation out of a bunch of chiselers and "me-first" guys. It is no use sitting back and asking for a soft job to be handed out to us on a plate. It is no good expecting the other fellow to do all the work.

So let's go, and build into this country the best things out of our experiences in the war years. The mistakes we've made we can avoid. The future is ours, and we can make it a worthy one. It will be our communities, our homes, our children that will be the Canada of to-morrow!

NO DISTINCTION MADE

It has been brought to the notice of the Editors that there is an impression among some of our readers that The Crow's Nest is pretty well an RCNVR organ. One critic stated that, with the exception of the Commanding Officer, HMCS Cornwallis, all names mentioned on our editorial masthead above were those of VR personnel.

It is most unfortunate that any wrong impression has been gained in this respect. Numbers of our contributors are RCN men and we make a definite effort to make no distinction between any of the three branches of the Service. For this very reason we have, as far as possible, cut out all reference to the branch of the Service to which any persons belong whose names are used in the paper.

During the three years in which The Crow's Nest has been published there have, from time to time, been RCN officers and ratings as members of the Executive and Editorial staffs of the paper. In selecting staff members every effort is made to get men and women whose assistance will be most valuable, regardless of rank, department or branch. It will be easily understood, however, that the largest numbers of personnel with journalistic experience are, naturally, found among VR personnel. We repeat what we have said many times before—this paper is for all Naval personnel!

HELPFUL ASSISTANCE

The staff of The Crow's Nest wishes to express its most sincere thanks to the many persons, both civilian and Service, who have given so freely and willingly of their time, talents and facilities, to help make this Special Edition the souvenir issue we hope it will be.

IT'S UP TO US

We are all part of a Plan
Vaster than any we make,
Ocean and continent span—
All human life as the stake!
Shall we be better or worse.
For these last years of distress,
War, is it blessing or curse?
That's up to us guys, I guess!
Teamwork we've learned we can use
Building a new world ahead,
Better, if that's how we choose,
Worse if we let it be—dead!
Taking life easy's not living
You don't build new nations that way,
Life means hard thinking and giving
From you and from me, from to-day

A. A. Wenban, OA (O) 3

Come Day, Go Day Heaven Send Pay Day

by Mr. H. McClymont, Cd. W.O.

Elsewhere in this issue you will find a picture depicting naval ratings drawing their monthly (or fortnightly) payment. Although the picture was taken many years ago and uniforms and titles changed, the routine hasn't altered a bit. To-day we still find the Paying Officer and a Writer behind the table, the Master-at-Arms, Regulating Petty Officer or Coxswain to one side, the Witnessing Officer present and, of course, the hopefuls lined up with eager looks on their faces. I am going to attempt to present one or two phases of Monthly Payment which are often overlooked in the more important business of "getting paid."

The Supply Officer has two onerous responsibilities laid on him by regulations; first, to see that all personnel receive credit in the ship's ledger for all pay and allowances earned by them; and secondly, to ensure that payment of these sums of money, less proper charges (or debits), is made at the time set for payment.

On the other hand, naval personnel should also be concerned with knowing what credits they should receive, what charges they have incurred, and what amount should be given them at the table. If they receive less than they should, an immediate query should be made.

Check Your Pay!

Where possible, "query tables" are arranged for this purpose; if none is available, the ship's office staff will attend to questions, and if the ship's office is not located conveniently enough, queries can be directed by letter. Should personnel receive more than they expected, it is a wise plan to report this also at once. By the raising of queries the Supply Officer is materially assisted in carrying out his job.

Very often it is discovered that information regarding advancement, award of badges, etc. has not reached the ship's office, and steps can be taken to obtain it. Regulations provide for officers and ratings refunding any overpayments made, but it is better to have such an item attended to as soon as it happens.

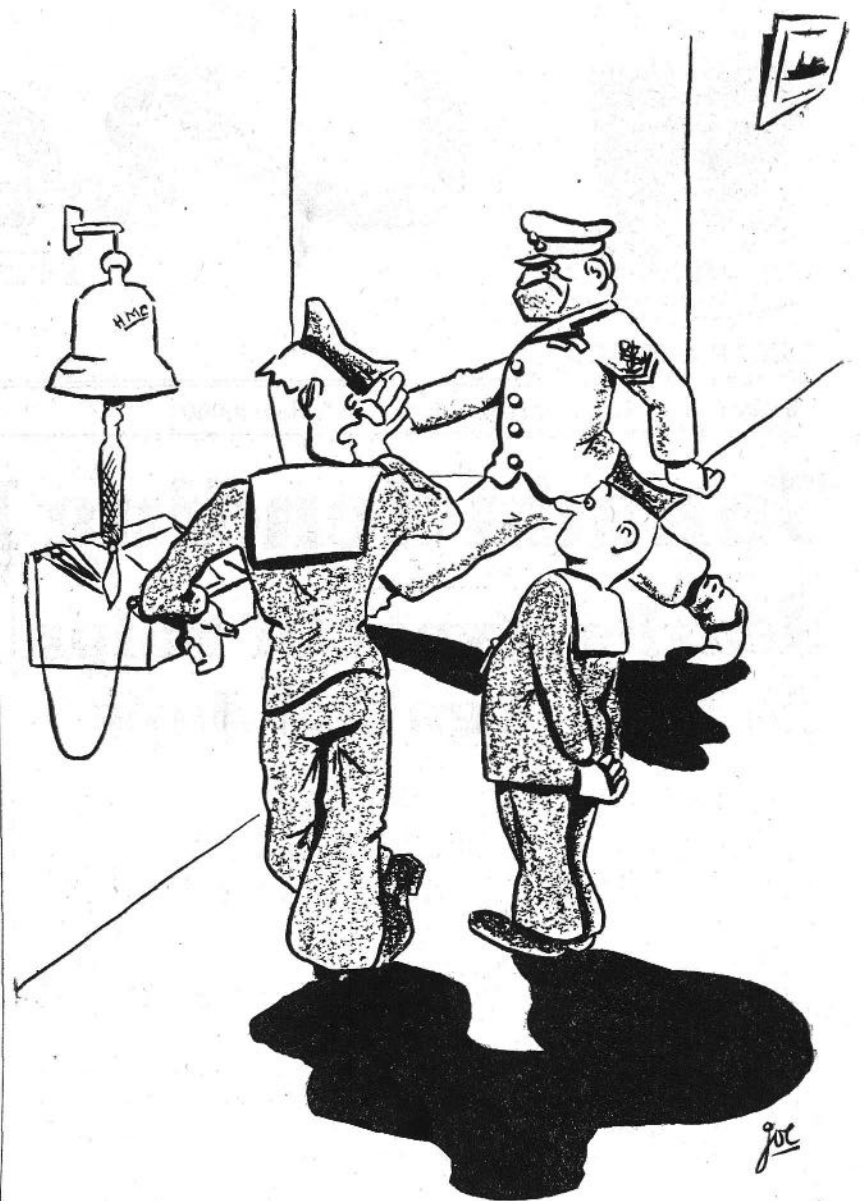
Some Nursing Sisters Will Go To Pacific

by Helen Bannerman

Canadian Press Staff Writer
Ottawa (CP)—Canadian Servicewomen who wear crisp white veils—3,925 nursing sisters—are awaiting official word on how many of their number will be needed in the Pacific theatre, while service chiefs debate medical personnel needs.

The matter hinges directly on the size of medical units to be sent with the 43,500 Canadian soldiers and sailors, and an undisclosed number of airmen, who will take part in the war against Japan.

The Royal Canadian Navy, which



His Mother Was A Gunner's Mate!

ACROSS OUR BOWS

Letters to the Editor

Letters to the editor may be accompanied by a fictitious pen-name to be used in publication of the letter but, the true name of the author must be submitted before the opinion will be published. No guarantee is given that any letter will be published. The name of the author of any letter will not be divulged to anyone other than the editors. Opinions expressed here do not necessarily reflect the views of the publishers.

Wants Greatest Unity..

Dear Sir:

In your May issue there is a paragraph noting that a certain organization is to make application for a Dominion Charter, and stating that it gives a great deal of attention to demobilization and rehabilitation.

As the war draws to a close, there will no doubt be a great many organizations proposed or founded to continue associations formed in wartime. There is no objection, whatever, to these so long as they confine themselves to social activities. But when it comes to questions of ex-servicemen's rights, matters of pensions and liabilities, legal advice, hospitalization and all the intricate personal problems that will face ex-servicemen, there is only one competent body to look after this and that is the Canadian Legion, Br. Empire Service League, who have, I believe, around 200,000 ex-service members of this and the last war, and who have been dealing for the past twenty years with those very problems that new and inexperienced associations are now arising to deal with.

The same thing happened after the last war, but eventually most of the many associations merged to form the Legion. Join some particular organization that personally appeals to you if you like, but at the same time if you wish to give the maximum help to ex-servicemen who need help, you will also join the Legion.

J. P. Thornton, Elec. Lt.,
HMCS Gryme,
c/o FMO,
Vancouver, B.C.

will operate in the Pacific in close cooperation with the British Navy, at present has no hospital ship nor a base for the 60 ships of its far east force. Plans are being drawn up for Navy Pacific medical personnel needs and some of the senior service's 330 nurses are almost sure to go.

Gosh, Did We Start This?

Dear Sir:

Considerable controversy seems to have arisen regarding the richly-deserved publicity that HMCS St. Boniface teams have received through the columns of The Crow's Nest.

To all and sundry (especially HMCS Sault Ste. Marie), let us point out a few pertinent facts. Our last year's softball team was beaten once by "Sault Ste. Marie", and that by a margin of one run, during a period when half our ship's company was on leave. Therefore, they have never actually played our complete team.

"Sault" did defeat our hockey squad, but then our athletic teams never refuse to play anyone. While on that subject, it might be said that several times during the past season, HMCS Sault Ste. Marie did not deem it wise to accept a challenge from our basketball team, which is still undefeated and still is willing to take on any ship in the RCN.

To us, it just looks like another case of sour grapes. A "Crying Towel" is being forwarded.

Hugh B. Young, Lieut.
for Ship's Company,
HMCS Boniface.

And they think they have trouble at San Francisco!—Ed

Any Offers?

Dear Sir:

Going through some of my papers, I discovered the first six, Vol. I, No. 1, to Vol. I, No. 6 editions of The Crow's Nest. I believe some of your readers are interested in compiling a complete set of copies, so I am open to an offer for them.

Vic. Runtz, SyPO.
Naval Laundry
HMCS Stadacona,
Halifax, N.S.

The Buck is Ours

Dear Sir:

I've been a steady reader of your
Continued on page 26

"---COME ON ALONG, I'M THE LEADER OF THE BAND"



When Wren Peggy Lawson of Winnipeg, took part in the band-leading contest at the Cornwallis Gunner's Mates May dance in Annapolis Royal last month, she didn't know that by winning it she became the G.M.'s Queen of the May. Peggy (second girl from the left in the above picture) discovered her rise to royal ranks when CPO Jimmie Lawson, of Peterborough, Ont., master of ceremonies, announced her as the contest winner. Jimmie had a hard time convincing the crowd that it wasn't a put up job and that Peggy wasn't related to him.

QUIPS from QUEEN

Camelias and a Baby Panda are in store for "Counsellor" O/Sea. Dutka and the lads who helped put over the top dance of the year. The main deck and the Stork Club, (similarity was purely coincidental) are now tie for the darce spot of the month. New innovation on the decorative side and the "Skit" produced some startling discoveries.

The "Voice," alias O Sea G. McTavish and the "Crooner," alias O/Sea A. Frankson, ably assisted by the "chorus" of O/Sea G. Wardley, A. Simmons, R. Vane and W. Elliott, resplendent in beautiful wigs (a product from the boat-swall's stores) drew generous applause. Several near casualties occurred through creaking joints when several Petty Officers tried to outdo the Seamen in terpsicorean gyrations while "rug-cutting" to the music of Jerry Gage swing band. To the S.A. who dropped his tray (loaded with coffee, etc.) we saw the guy what tripped you. Quite a dance, Yes sir!

Wot's in A Monicker?

The cribbage and table tennis tournaments which are now under way have brought forth some plain and fancy nicknames, as follows:—O/Sea Gopher) Helofs, L/S.A. (Blue Nose) Jeffery, P.O. (M rtle) Hyland, A/B (Pusser) Abs., L/Sea (The Voice) Cowburn, L/SA (Beer) Hall, L/Sea. (All-nost) Nelson, CPO (Nail-Bender) Tucker, O/Sea Walter (Small) Large, S/BA (Horizontal) Reif, L/SA (Brickette) Henry, L/SA (Gremlin) Gillingham, O/Sea (Juicer) Elliot, Wrens (Whiz) Whitney, (Fickle) Richard, and (Lambie) Lamond, plus several unprintable ones. Coupled with the usual Naval Slang these tournaments are producing a complete new language to the uninitiated and when they are completed we wonder if the final tally will read:—The "Nail-Bender" trim-

med the "Juicer" who "Whizzed" the "Voice" after taking "Horizontal" leaving "Beer" with "Myrtle" and "Blue Nose" . . . what a queer.

Navigation Opens

After the long winter freeze up, Lake Wascana is once more open for Navigation. The whalers are now reposing in the creek astern of the "Queen" soaking up after their winter storage. The familiar, "Hup" Hup" will soon echo over the lake while blisters blossom. Fond memories of the departed from HMCS Queen will be stirred as we again depart on our "boating" activities.

New Smoke Room

To the seamen who have gone before, there will be a brand new reception room for the lads in their bell bottom trousers (tiddley type) just as

soon as some new furniture arrives. A recent transformation of the room in the sou'west corner of the ship into a lounge and smoke room has provided a long felt want and we "off caps" to the fellows who have spent their off hours in tiddleying up the spot. Judging from the collections of "Pin Ups," when finally decorated, home will never be like this.

CREW OF NAZI SUB.

Continued from page 17

ties sullen, aloof and uncompromising, stating only that he had promised his Fuehrer not to give up any property belonging to the Reich. They all stated that they had been betrayed by their own people at the gates of Moscow.

Contrary to belief the Germans on this boat were well equipped with the very best clothing, food and other equipment. Each carried canned vitamin tablets; the main beverage was wine—Italian—of superior quality.

U-889 left Kiel April 5 with instructions to attack shipping off New York. In crossing it did not surface for 50 days due to the "schorknel", a recently developed device that enables air to be passed below while the vessel is submerged.

U-889 has since been moved to Halifax but it still is a grim reminder of the horrors of war, and the visible realization to all of us at HMCS Shelburne that with Germany it has really ended.



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PLAYER'S NAVY CUT
CIGARETTES



NAVY SHOW SHOTS

By Gersha

Aldershot, Hants, Eng.:—So, here we are, happy to be on the ground when the prisoners of war are returning. They do seem to be glad to see Canadians—(the chorus-line, especially) and playing for them is just about our biggest thrill to date.

Members of the Russian Musical Ensemble, directed by PO Ivan Romanoff, are happy about a program which they will be privileged to present to a group of Russian prisoners of war in the near future, and have been preparing several stirring Russian numbers for the event.

Two of the show's artists have been compelled to accept a release from duty through illness. They are L/Bndsmn Joe Marks, of Vancouver, and Beverley "Duke" Cross, of Calgary, of the dancing team, The Four Jacks. Duke's place in line will be taken by AB Leonard Hill, of Toronto.

Back to Canada

Lieuts. A. Cameron Grant and Eric Wild, returning to Canada on the same ship which had brought the cast of the show to England, employed their time well by organizing concerts on shipboard.

A most notable event of the Aldershot run has been the wedding of L/Wren Beatrice K. Gibbs, of Montreal, to F/O Donald J. McIntyre, of Trail, B.C. "Gibbie" is one of the original nine who played in the Halifax and Cornwallis area in the early months of 1943, prior to the formation of the "big show."

May 5 brings nostalgic memories to four of the cast for it was on that date in 1943 that the quartette reached Toronto to form the nucleus of the "Navy Show." These were: Tony Stechyshyn, Bill Richards, Syd. Smith and Ray D'Allaire. "Dixie," now Lieut. Dean, arrived a few days earlier. Anita D'Allaire followed several days later and had the honor of being the first girl in the show, Betty Shaw and Bea. Gibbs being required to wait a week or two for "release" from Halifax.

Best wishes to Mrs. James Hancock whose marriage took place recently in London. Husband Jim is SBA Hancock of Courtice, Ont., and has established a firm reputation as an able comedian in troop shows. Mrs. Hancock is the former Eleanor Smith of Cobalt, Ont., serving over here as a Lieut. with the occupational therapy department of the RCAMC.

How'd'ya Mean That?

Speaking of "bons mots," the aforementioned James, being congratulated on his wedding, brought forth a speech which promises to become a classic. Said he: "In an organization of this kind there is bound to be a certain amount of "beefing" despite which we form many pleasant associations which will be pleasant to look back upon and here's one guy who's anxious to be looking back upon them P.D.Q.!"

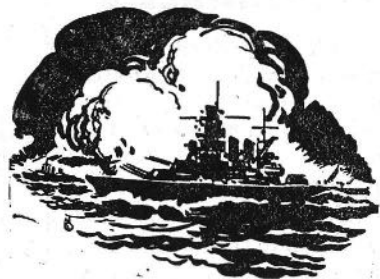
Freddie Rons and his aggregation of nautical music-makers, continue to give pleasure over the BBC with their Sunday noon program of "jive" and nonsense. Incidentally, the gang would like to go on record as saying "Thanks" to all the boys and girls at BBC studios who have outdone each other in showing courtesy to the visiting seamen and Wrens.

Those who have been privileged to visit the various movie studios have also enjoyed rare and special privileges and have been royally treated.

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With every member of the Canadian Forces entitled to a \$100 clothing allowance on demobilization, department stores throughout the country are expecting a mass buying spree by ex-WRENS, CWACS and WD's. In Ottawa recently, A. J. Freiman's Limited, staged a fashion show designed especially to illustrate what can be done with \$100.00 to build up a practical, inexpensive wardrobe.

In Canada, servicewomen are allowed to keep their uniforms and they may be worn as civilian clothing provided they do not resemble a uniform of one of His Majesty's armed forces. Above, model Betty Hook, of Ottawa, shows Canadian Wrens what can be done to their sailor hats and jackets. The addition of bright checked taffeta certainly eliminates that "uniform" look. At right in regulation uniform is Leading Wren Mary-Jean MacDonald, of Vancouver.

Wren Ramblings

by Wren Kit Todhunter

The past month has seen many changes in Stadacona and the most recent is the departure of many of the coders from ACHQ. Such old timers as L/Wrens Mary Claire Seitz, Claire Moon, Karsalie Fraser, Wrens Fran Daubney, Joan Stanley, Gubby Arnoldi and a host of others felt a little sad as they left the office that had been their home for so long. No more last minute dashes for the bus that carried them to work on the 12-8 watch, no more lusty singing as they drove back from the 6-12 shift. It's on foot down to the Dockyard now.

It was in July of 1943, almost two years ago, that the first Wren coders reported for duty in ACHQ, and since that time they have faithfully worked the clock round on their four watches. Last week when the surrender signals from German subs began to come in, the coders felt that their hard work had been rewarded and, glad that their career at ACHQ had ended on this triumphant note, they are now settling down to their new surroundings in the dockyard office.

Entertainment A-Plenty

Around the barracks the current cry seems to be, "Why don't we do this more often?"—referring of course

to the many new activities planned by P&RT office. A dance for Stadacona personnel, held in the new Recreation Building on Friday, May 11, was so much appreciated that another is being planned for the 18th. Bridge enthusiasts are clamouring for more Progressive Bridge sessions after the great success of the one held recently in the upper fo'c'sle. The "2030 Club" is also proving very popular. Meeting in the lower fo'c'sle, the club consisting of a small group of Wrens from each division entertains a number of invited guests from the base. The folk dancers led by L/W Dow also choose the lower fo'c'sle for their sessions. We really are finding it hard to keep up with all these activities, but it's easy to see there is no lack of things to do in the Wren block. Much credit is due to S/Lt. McAuley and her staff for their untiring efforts in this field—we're just wondering what they are going to think of next!

ALL RCN PRISONERS EXCEPT TWO FREE

Ottawa—All officers and ratings of the Royal Canadian Navy taken prisoner during the war have been freed, with the exception of two officers in Japanese hands, it has been announced by Naval Service Headquarters.

A total of 90 Canadian naval officers and ratings were taken by the enemy during the European war, all but five of these being captured at the time of the loss of the Tribal class destroyer, H.M.C.S. Athabaskan in the English Channel in April, 1944.

The two officers in Japanese hands in Java are Lieut. (SB) George H. Tidy, RCNVR, whose mother, Mrs. Olga L. Tidy, lives at 21 Kenneth Ave., Toronto, and Sub-Lieut. Richard Hugh Leir, RCN, son of Mr. Hugh Leir,

LITTLE LIMERICKS

By Wren Laurie Madison

ocelots
have polka dots

why
is a fly
on the same piece
of pie
as my eye
why

the camel thrives in desert lands
he doesn't find it gruelling
he plods for days on arid sands
and seldom needs refueling.

we paint our nails, we paint our face
we even paint our hose on
apparel we will soon replace
by painting all our clothes on.

the men all clamor
because she has glamor
damn'er.

wolves may sometimes frighten you
and you may find them gruesome
but, entre nous, (between us two)
i often wish i knew some

when vocal cords were given out
the poor giraffe was not about
with such a wealth of throat around
too bad he isn't wired for sound

i spoke to a panther
no anther

i don't miss nylon stockings
i never feel the lack
my legs don't matter anyhow
until the men get back

elephants should learn to stay
a simple, soothing shade of gray
for seeing them in shades of pink
is apt to drive a man to drink

kangaroos are well designed
with strong propellers worn behind
and mrs kay is trickier yet
she sports a built-in bassinette

The Mills House, Penticton, B. C. Both were serving in the British cruiser H.M.S. Exeter, and were captured when the ship was sunk in action.

'Grand Old Lady' Of Fleet Loses To Atlantic At Last

Ottawa—The 13-year-old destroyer, HMCS Skeena, met swift destruction on the grim north shore of Videy Island, two miles off the Iceland port of Reykjavik in a fierce gale in the early hours of October 25, 1944, it has been announced by Hon. Douglas C. Abbott Minister, of National Defence for Naval Services.

Fifteen ratings were lost, death resulting from exposure as they were tossed about in floats in frigid Reykjavik waters. Those of the ship's company who remained aboard or who could be brought back aboard when their helplessness in the terrific sea became apparent were saved.

"Grand Old Lady"

"Skeena", grand old lady of the Canadian Navy, had had five years of warfare and had borne herself always with distinction. She had seen action in the Atlantic and the English Channel. She had scored successes against submarines and enemy surface craft. She carried honorable scars of storm and sea battle and in the end she fell victim to the elements she had conquered so often in her long career.

Commanded by Lieut. Cmdr. P. F. X., Russell, of Halifax, "Skeena" was ordered to the Iceland command in early October together with HMC Destroyers "Qu'Appelle," "Chaudiere," "St. Laurent" and "Assiniboine". On the night of October 24, the group was patrolling the approaches to Reykjavik when it was struck by a 60-knot gale and the senior officer, Commander J. D. Prentice, D.S.O., RCN, directed his sorely tried ships inside to such shelter as was available.

Crashed on Rocks....

"Skeena" dropped her anchor at 10.30 p.m. but when Lieut. William Kidd, first lieutenant of the ill-fated ship and on watch at the time, got a subsequent hearing through squalls of snow and sleet it was discovered that she was dragging. He gave the order to go ahead at 12 knots and that was followed by "Full ahead!" just as the vessel crashed stern on at five minutes before midnight. Both propellers were sheared away and then the ship swung her full length on the rocks.

"Skeena" was rolling, and pounding, when the order "Stand by Carley floats and rafts," was given. Almost immediately after came the order "Abandon Ship!"

The starboard seatrans had been smashed by the 15-foot swells that were breaking over. The port seaboard was lowered but foundered. A few

floats were gotten away and one of them was washed up on Videy. Others were carried out into practically open sea by the ebb tide and finally swept ashore on the mainland beneath seamed snow-covered Mount Esja. Before they reached the mainland they capsize repeatedly and the men's hands were too numb to allow them to use the paddles.

Natives Saved Many

The majority of the men who survived after taking to the floats that night never knew how they saved themselves or how they were saved. Some of them found shelter in empty huts and were discovered there by rescue parties after daylight. Others were taken care of by poor Iceland crofters who plied them with blankets and sheepskins and to whom they owe their lives.

The funeral of Skeena's dead on October 28th was the most impressive ever seen in Iceland. The men were buried with full Naval honors in the War Graves Section of Fossaburg Cemetery, Reykjavik, a white cross with the name and number of each man at the head of his grave. The cemetery slopes down to a quiet bay and in the near distance are the snow-clad mountains which held Reykjavik in their clasp and which blaze like white fire on a sunny day.

Book Reviews

MacKenzie King, By Emil Ludwig. (MacMillans in Canada. \$1.25) Take one heaping tablespoon of Ludwig's portrait sketch, add one half an editorial from the Toronto Globe and Mail, stir gently and you will have as complete a picture of Mackenzie King, the man and the prime minister, as you may stumble across in many a new day. There can be no doubt about it: Mr. Ludwig does like Mr. King, but, in steering clear of political controversy and propaganda, he has succeeded in writing a well authenticated and historically unbiased brochure around the life of a great political figure of the day—not always an easy thing to do. He has outlined the course of Mr. King's life against a backdrop of history rather than politics, and, through his estimate of Mr. King and of his place in our time, has telescoped the position and importance of Canada in her relationship to the rest of the world. It is a short book, easily paced, and profusely illustrated. Read it.

Amphibious Warfare & Combined Operations By Admiral of the Fleet the Lord Keyes. (MacMillans in Canada. \$1.50) It is a broad and well authenticated outline of combined operations from 1759 to the present day; an attempt to reduce those operations to a basic common denominator whereby the parallel lessons of history to be drawn from them may be the more indelibly stamped upon the mind of the reader. His chief message: The bitter comment of Thomas More Molyneux, who, in 1759, wrote ".....we have never employed our minds in the study of this war 'til we have been called upon to make use of our bodies also. Thus when it is too late.....we doubly fatigue our mental faculties, with the vain hope of retrieving lost opportunities." Admiral Keyes' judgments of some of the lost opportunities of the

past and present world wars are always concise, very often severe; his evaluation of the immense possibilities of combined ops and the conditions that are prerequisite to their successful conclusion convincingly accurate, yet his writing is so curt, so devoid of adjective and metaphor, that he must needs look to the ranks of students of military science for the most of his readers. To the rest of us, the search for just one little figure of speech might prove too exhausting.

Compass of the World, Edited by Hans W. Weigert and Vilhjalmur Stefansson. (Macmillans in Canada. \$4.50) This symposium is, in the words of the editors, "intended to correct some of the basic misconceptions of political geography which threaten to confuse the minds and plans of statesmen, soldiers, and the general public alike." The 26 authorities, whose joint efforts comprise this interesting volume, include contributors of such widely divergent appeal as Archibald MacLeish and the editors of Fortune; yet each one has limited his discussion to that subject he has particularly studied. The book is divided into six sections, covering different phases of the new geography. Here you will find essays of peculiar insight dealing with the ideology and creed of geopolitics, Sir Halford Mackinder's much vaunted "Heartland," population trend and international relationships, and the new world that is opening up for us in the north. It is an exciting, vital book, required reading for all who would deepen their understanding of those forces which are blazing the trails of a new and fateful period if man's history.

Bashful sailor: "Gosh, I guess I'm just a little pebble in your life."

Not so bashful gal: "Well, why not get a little boulder?"

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J. P. GALLAGHER

TAILOR—94 SACKVILLE ST. HALIFAX



by L/Wtr Doug Drew

Last month we told you Tommy Rayson was going to take on Dave Arnovitch, the RCAF champion. Well, he didn't. Arnovitch wouldn't go more than three rounds so that was out. Instead, we lined up Little Chief Tom Setee, the Powerful Piute from Prince Albert. The Chief had just returned from overseas where, for two years, he was Canadian Army welter champion and he also knocked off a few good British welters. Frankly, everybody thought our Tom would be doing well to last the six-round route. But did he ever cross up the experts! Rayson TKO'd the Chief halfway through the second round. He hit Setee with an overhand left in the first round that put him down for a nine count and a lot of the 1500 fans in attendance figure he never actually came out of that punch. Already we are looking for a suitable opponent for Rayson for another fight card on June 15.

The perennial "Ace" Corbin will be back once more to handle hurling chores for the Navy base ball nine with sturdy Pete Prediger on the receiving end. Corbin, Prediger, Walker, Gibson and Lt. Tom Bothwell will be the only experienced members on the team but even the first practice showed that the rookies know how to hustle the pellet around.

We Want Skinner

The boys are trying to talk Alf Skinner into turning out. (Alf starred last year with the Biggar Bloomer Girls).

Tom MacKay is still packing them in each Wednesday and Sunday nite with his movie machine. You fellas coming home on leave should take advantage of this attraction. Tom refuses to show anything but the best of pictures. Why pay 13 cents outside? Save your money, son.....

Lt.Cdr. C. A. E. White and Al Bake manned the first dinghy to venture on the river this year. We wouldn't like to say that Bake actually got seasick but he certainly wasn't hanging around sick bay for the next two days to give a blood donation.

Unicorn's basketball five walloped the Dundurn lads to the tune of 87-35 to finish off a very successful season. The combination of Lt. Bill Graham, 'Little Mayo' McClure, "Rollo" Cham-

BEAT-IT-OUT-A-BOOGIE-BEAT



She smiled when she sat down at the piano—and is it any wonder? The piano had just been presented to the Wren's Recreation Hall at HMCS Protector by the Kiwanis Club of Sydney, N. S. Four Kiwanians stand by to hear the pretty Wren give out with the first tune and if she can play the way she can smile the music will be wonderful. The Kiwanis Club of Sydney has been exceptionally kind to the men and women of "Protector" and the piano will afford many hours of pleasure.

GASPE GOSSIP

By Norm Horn, SA

After a months absence from the Crow's Nest, your reporter returns with the latest news of Fort Ramsay.

During the last month, more than enough "farewells" and "hello's" have been said. And one of our first farewells was to Chief Writer Rollie English, of Pictou, N.S., who, unfortunately, was drafted. Arriving here the day after Fort Ramsay was commissioned, Rollie has been active in all sports, and outside activities. By his good sportsmanship, and clean playing, he has gained the respect and admiration of all.

Come Back, Come Back, Old Pal

Another farewell wassaid to L/Sea. John "Mac" MacLeod, of Charlottetown, P.E.I., who also was drafted. Mac, in his year and half at Gaspe, was known by all, and liked by all. Now that he has left us, his winger, AB Chet Bagnell, of Edmonton, Alta., is a pretty lonesome guy.

Sad news arrived at the base awhile ago when the death of L/Sea. John Crockett, of Charlottetown, P.E.I. was announced. Johnny arrived here a little over a year ago, and during the time he was here, made many

friends.

Hurrah! Wimmin!

The long-awaited arrival of Wrens, finally got here. Yes, Fort Ramsay now has its own complement of 14 Wrens. The main draft, consisting of 7 Sigs, and Switchboard Operators, arrived here last month, and was really welcomed. The cooks claim that they never saw so many fellows up for breakfast as they did the morning after the Wrens got here. When asked how they liked Fort Ramsay, a couple of the girls stated that they thought they were going to like it, and then one of them, with a sly glint in her eye, added, "Well, what girl wouldn't, with about 40 men to every girl?" And to think that I always thought only sailors were wolves.

Newsnotes

Drafting: Lt. Wes Baxter to Bytown, "Klinker" MacPhail to Cornwallis, "Little Joe" Lebras to York. Also, to the land of the liquid that makes Highlanders so brave goes popular Petty Officer George Hood. Yes, Unicorn's loss is Niobe's gain.... (How about some of you old Unicorn hands dropping a line and letting us know where you are and who you are doing?)

V-E Day was observed rather quietly in Gaspe. Monday night an informal dance was held, and the following day, Sunday routine was observed, and a mammoth dinner served to the fellows and girls. Said Chief Cook Paul Gariepy, of Winnipeg, "I'll bet this will be the first time that these sailors have received T-bone steaks in

OUR COCKROACH

By L. C. Glover, AB

There are many many sayings, In this mad, and dizzy whirl, One is, "God to every creature, Gave a purpose in this world."

But there's one that has me puzzled, It's purpose, I can't find He's the ever present cockroach, We have tried to leave behind.

Tho' we strain our very "innards," Moving gear and lockers, too, That lousy little cockroach Keeps hidden from our view.

It's true he has no compass Or other travelling tool, But that pesky little cockroach Is a navigatin' fool.

And I'll bet when work is over And once more we go to sea, In the messdeck you will find him, Having chow with you and me.

LIGHTS GO ON AGAIN ALL OVER THE ATLANTIC

LONDON—(BUP)—The grim battle of the Atlantic officially ended May 28 with merchant vessels free to leave England out of convoy, their lights brilliant from bow to stern, their course unhindered by zigzag tactics.

The Admiralty, in a brief statement, said that beginning at midnight British time, ships could sail independently.

"By night they will burn navigation lights at full brilliancy and need not darken ship," the Admiralty said.

Simultaneously the lid was lifted from the closely-guarded struggle which for more than five years endangered Britain's life lines.

Worst Losses

The worst losses were suffered by Britain in 1941. One out of every 181 vessels that set sail from England was sunk. In that year the Germans perfected their "wolfpack" submarine tactics and the magnetic mine was an unsolved problem.

In 1942, armed convoys reduced the loss to one ship out of every 239. In subsequent periods, greater protection by warship and plane lessened the figure until in 1944 only one of every 1,000 vessels fell victim to the enemy.

Epic Battles

Many bloody and epic battles were fought to keep the sea lanes open.

One of the most famous was a three-day attack on a huge Malta-bound convoy in August, 1942. The Germans struck with submarines, torpedo boats and aircraft. Despite heavy losses the convoy steamed through the Mediterranean with its vital cargo for the hard-pressed garrison.

Up to the first of this year, 9,000 individual war convoys either had successfully entered or cleared British ports. One of the largest convoys comprised 150 vessels.

The lifting of regulations in non-combatant waters will speed the return of American servicemen from Europe.

THE SAILORS' LADIES

by M.F.R.



Ice boxes would be much more practical if their drip pans were equipped with alarm clocks at the nearly overflowing point. One lady of our acquaintance has no sense of kinship with the excess water, and as a result it is continually slinking under her kitchen linoleum to hide its hurt feelings. "It's a good war reminder, though," she opines. "Now I know all about the Himalayas and how difficult the flying is there—I go over 'The Hump' every five minutes when I'm in the kitchen."

A man is a person who always wants your half of the newspaper despite the fact that he has just glanced through

both, decided to give you this half, but then you seem to be enjoying it altogether too much and he decides he made the wrong selection for himself after all.

Letter from a friend describing VE-Day: "My goodness, I never saw anything like it before in Toronto. Perfect strangers spoke to one another, and some people jovially slapped others on the back!"

San Francisco debaters fear potential international causes for dispute, but do they know the one remark which causes the most living room explosions? It is the bland comment issuing from a diabolically smooth countenance: "Now, don't you worry your pretty little head about that big political matter."

The discussions continue as to whether Hitler made his biggest mistake in not invading Britain five years ago, or in not reinforcing Rommel more strongly at Alamein. Our opinion is that he slipped up by allowing the camera to be invented—no one who has seen the pictures from Buchenwald and Dachau will ever again assist the Germans to make another comeback.

Short bridge coats, high wellington boots and awesome beards have played their part in the first half of the war to impress mere civilians with the habits of seagoing men, but the funniest to date is the young sailor who smeared himself all over with "Velvet Leg Film" and then insisted solemnly, "Veteran of the Jap conflict, don't you know, old boy!"

The winter and spring colds and flu should be over by now, but no one is any closer to a cure for these ailments. Does it lie in vitamin pills, doctors' checkups, hardy exercise, steam baths? We asked one man who has not had a cold in over a year to what he attributed his good health. "Well, I'll tell you," he began, "I get a lot of stiff exercising out of this rocking chair and I always have a newspaper along with me for fear I get going too fast—never fails. Joe broke his leg on a ski trail this year and Frank is so busy taking health tablets I never see him any more." Each to his taste, as they say.

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DEEP BROOK,

NOVA SCOTIA

ALONG JETTY ROW

Didja ever stroll along the jetty, actually going nowhere in particular just meandering about having a look-see at this and a gander at that?—If you have then you are aware of the many things that happen, if you haven't then you want to try it for you'll be amazed at the number of former buddies of civvie street you bump into. Nowhere can be classed as a better "meeting place" than the jetty and the jetty at "Slackers" is the cross roads of all navy men.

We just happened to be strolling down the jetty when a familiar face came into view. It was that of Harold Ockenden, that popular sailor of some 30 year's service. A chippie chap, Harold enlisted when the navy was in its infancy and the erstwhile "builder-upper and tearer-downer" has done considerable globe trotting since. To sa, he was one of the best known men in the service wouldn't be untrue because there are few men with senior service in the navy who haven't at one time or another met, bumped into, or contacted him.

Now a Warrant officer, Harold is on the staff of the FEO, at Halifax and makes the rounds of ships in harbour, checking on the various defects and "needs" of the rakish grey packets.

While we were conversing, two looies hove in sight. They were the Regina twins, Tommy Cook and William, "Wimpy," Haggett, both of whom used to be 'stick boys' or Harold back in the good old days.

Further along the jetty, Surg. Lieut. Lew Morris, former sawbones in the Annapolis Valley was observed proudly displaying saps of the latest addition to the Morris family which arrived several weeks ago. Another showing snaps was Lieut. Eric Fisher, former number one aboard "Pictou" who is tackling the same duties aboard "Battleford." Eric, a groom of not many days, married a pretty Wave who is a Second Lieut. Junior Grade and stationed at Washington, D.C.

Leaving lonesome looie to his memories we climbed over a gangplank of a nearby Algerine and wandering through the messdecks we bumped into that softball pitcher of note Merlin "Bev" Gray, who hails from Windsor, Ontario having a quiet game of gin rummy with his working partner, Tommy Dawes, who, makes Edmonton his hometown—in the wardroom of the same ship Lt.-Cmdr. Harry Watson, the ship's Commanding officer was being presented with a derby by Lieut. Jimmy Hicks, of Toronto, on behalf of the wardroom officers....others present were: Subbie Barney Apple and Lieut. Hughie Young, Lt. Al Mouton, Lt. Johnny MacArthur, S/Lt. Bill Hill, and Lt. (E) Ron Wilson.

Vaughn Patterson, chubby faced PO Writer, who hails from Winnipeg and whose time in the service dates back to the outbreak of hostilities, induced us to step into his mess on a nearby destroyer for our next call. Here we met a lot of "old timers".....first came Malcolm "Mac" Brown, a peace-time member of the Edmonton RCNVR division, who is the ship's buffer and Mac was talking about getting back to civvie street and opening up his ice cream company.....gnawing away at a delicious-looking apple was Chief Ted Easton, of Vancouver and the TGM sure seemed to be enjoying this morsel of food. Ted Rigby who hails from Ottawa and is the ship's coxswain was also filling his innards while L/Sea. Sandy Young, of Regina, was trying to out talk AB Cecil Biggs of Saskatoon, which is quite a job.

Journeying over to another ship we contacted Montreal's Eric Hutchinson and John Bourns of Vancouver trying to talk "I don't like girls" Derrick Scovil also of Vancouver, into accepting a "date" with a lovely number for the "rat race" that evening. As it seemed obvious it would entail considerable time before a decision could be reached we hurried back to the jetty again, just in time to stumble onto the former Calgary hardware man, Les Blackburn, and a shipmate, Chief Stoker Jimmy Braden, of Dartmouth, who invited us aboard for lunch where we met E.A. Jack Skinner from Windsor, Ontario, and another mess-mater E.A. William Cook, of Wallaceburg, Ont.....following the victuals and bit of chin-wagging about the good old days, we headed back to the jetty and to work.

Judge: "Madam, is it true that you drove over your husband with a truck loaded with potatoes?"

She: "Yes, your honor."

Judge: "Well, what have you got to say for yourself?"

She: "I didn't know it was loaded."

"Give me a kiss like a good little girl."
"Okay, but you'd like it better if I gave it to you like a bad little girl."

We've seen some girls fascinated by the roll of a drum, but most of them are inspired by the roll on the drummer.

RULERS OF THE KING'S NAVEE



Attending his first meeting of the Naval Board at Naval Service Headquarters, the newly-appointed Minister of National Defence for Naval Services, Honorable Douglas C. Abbott, K.C., B.C.L., is pictured here with members of the Board. Left to right are: Captain A. M. Hope, R.C.N., Chief of Naval Personnel; Captain H. G. DeWolf, D.S.O., D.S.C., RCN, Assistant Chief of Naval Staff; Vice Admiral G. C. Jones,

C.B., RCN, Chief of Naval Staff, Mr. Abbott; W. Gordon Mills, C.M.G., Deputy Minister; Engineer Rear-Admiral George L. Stephens, C.B.E., RCN, Chief of Naval Engineering and Construction; Captain Geoffrey B. Hope, O.B.E., R.C.N. Chief of Naval Equipment and Supply; Captain Paul B. Cross, V.D., R.C.N.V.R., Chief Staff Officer Reserves, and Captain (S) Joseph Jeffery, R.C.N.V.R., Secretary Naval Board.

ASHORE AND AFLOAT WITH THE O.A.'S

by C. E. McBurney, COA.



The happy conclusion of a part of the war seems only to have stirred a heap of restless hearts into getting up and going someplace. Or perhaps, this comes from a sweet remembrance of those care-free days, when in the spring, everyone's lease was up and everyone decided to move — and everyone had a house to go to. They would grumble at their present abode until happily installed, furnishings and all, on the doorstep of the "new house," there to wait patiently until last season's possessor, a little tardy perhaps, was safely deposited on the street. Of course, then ensued another 52 weeks of taps that dripped and smoky furnaces and dust catching light fixtures, until time to move again. Well maybe the parallel exists today with so many postings. But everyone doesn't have the opportunity of choosing his own "house."

Welcome, Boys

A group of nice, fresh 4th class OA's from the first class of 1945 left not long ago for Halifax, and thence who knows where. They include V. T. Pownall, Joe Daley, Ron Lawrence, Alan Bathurst, and H. J. Smith. By the way, Jim McDowall set the pace in that class with a big score way up in the eighties.

Venturing farther afield (and he's just the boy who can do it) J. A. Dupont has gone, in great haste, to Scotland. Did manage to snap off a bit of leave first tho'.

Maurice "Dimples" Carroll, all signed and sealed for Pacific duty, has gone out to HMCS "Prince Robert" to take under his wing a small group of OA's in lieu of COA Stan Silver.

Others to make a bee-line for Scotland, so we're told, are Art Forrest, Shelbourne's li'l old hustler, and Rod Humber who managed to get home for awhile first.

HMCS "Courtenay" has experienced a change, in that Elmer Bauer has come to Halifax to be replaced aboard by Jack Lloy.

What! Mail!

What d'ya know! A couple guys have taken it upon themselves to drop us a line, so from "Haida" we hear that Ernie Blair was given a 3rd class status and that "Buck" Taylor is striving valiantly to keep the salt water out of the signal pistols!

Roger Descotes, after a spell of leave is enjoying his job in Montreal to the full, and wishes to be remembered to all the gang.

Bouncing Babies. They're becoming

FOOTLIGHT FANFARE

by Glib Potter, S.A.

It was Double Feature Time at Stadacona, Scotian and Peregrine as Stadacona Special Service's "See Legs" and Peregrine's "My Shattered Nerves" blitz-premiered to appreciative audiences. Several extra performances were given to Aspirinize the Shattered Nerves of V-E Day celebrants; with a side trip to Sydney by the "See Legs" troupe.....

Concurrently Stadacona's Baseball Mogul, producer Lt. Clary Harris batted a 1000% in the entertainment league with a slick and smooth show, that has the distinctive Francis Johns touch.....

Surprise of the evening was Percy Haynes, erstwhile Boogie Woogie Exponent, on a comedy Role which he handled with Rochesteristic finesse.....

The Roller Skating Wizards, with Harry Dunning's profession alability and showmanship ably supported by talented Jean Adams in clever whirls and spins, spotlighted a Smart Act.....

Fine Voice awards to Muriel Thompson, Cora Campbell, Marge Waterson, Lesley Hill, Bill Theroux, Malcolm Clarke, Louis Lecours and Henry Thow.....Midgie Rhodes tap dancing featured several specialties and Paul Harrington, Bob Stanway and Phil Nichols furnished the comedy element in hilarious rapid fire skits that were strictly on the Zanie side.....

Cast members include Pat Patriquin, Margaret Smith, Pat Startup, Maxella Wingert, Dorothy Kay, Vicki Sanders, Dot Howse, Eileen Barrett, Bob Forster, Ken Weir, Bob Day, Gordon Rauche, Joe Lesperence, Wesley Choban and Carl Ramsay whose fine work individually and collectively did so much to make the show successful, not forgetting the accompanists Em Huckins and Francis Johns.....

SSO says thanks-a-million to Charles Vaughn, Marshall Smith, Robert Hughes, Neal Waddington, W. Laurence, Jerry Taylor, George Asgerison, Ted Lancaster, Chief Docker, James Morrison, Joe Voture, Com. Eng.,

ing more popular all the time. Albert Malton, stationed in Toronto, and a comparatively new husband, as husbands go, became a poppa a short time ago. Then, some people just don't say a word about anything, so this is no scoop, but the Mr. and Mrs. Fred Dennison's are boasting their first, a baby girl. And ErnieEdmonds, again passing out used fag ends, and straining the buttons on his vsitibule announces the arrival of a second, RCN recruit. Incidentally, it appears that Ernie will be off to Niobe soon to pick up a new Fleet Class Carrier.

Wally Cunningham did famously on a COA's course through which he struggled all on his lonesome, and left some time ago to keep the instrument shop in good order at SNAD.

Cowboy Hitch

During 28 da's plus, and spent out west, Norm Williams, fully fed up with the single state, got himself married and honeymooned happily in the vicinity of Banff Springs. I've never seen a man smile so much in all my life!

Taking some time off in Toronto is "Jack'-of-all-Trades" Harold Mewhinney. We find that with his absence, production has slowed down to a standstill. It's grim!

Mr. "Bob" Edgett, WOO has withdrawn all support and gone on a couple weeks of well-earned leave. Here's hoping he experiences a few days of fair weather.

A recent vistor to Cornwallis was Don Stewart, who used to loll about aboard HMCS Chaudiere, but is now busying himself with Ordnance Inspections around and about the east coast. Seems to be liking it, too.

Clifford Allen has just staggered in after spending two sweet weeks in Ottawa and the sight is enough to make anyone put down his pen and wonder.

Jackson and WO Diamond for their contributions to the scenic, costumes and lighting effects.....

The Hellzapoppin motif featured "My Shattered Nerves" with Gag Acts in the audience predominating Satirica Triumph was the Dead-Pan Work Party duo cribbage-playing in the aisles and other unlikely spots throughout the program.....

Roger Greig's singing high-lighted the vocalizing, with Ollie Dowie and Eric Finch's mugging laffact stealing the comedy numbers.....

Gable-eared John MacDonald's New Entry rube act clicked with strong instrumental finish.....

Lola Maye doubled in brass from yodelling and skits to pianistics with Lloyd MacDonald.....

It was Shake-a-Leg with cheese-cake effects as Edith Reeve, Noreen O'Keefe, Pat Slessor, Betty Martin, Mary Lix, Ruth Armbrust, Mary Denholm, Joan Sellars, Jean Coulter, Marge Bowes, Dawn Walker, Marion Bunker, Gary Charnley and Greta Baxter glamourized the pony line dancers.....

Hellzapoppers included Bob Dickson, Wally Enfield, Frank Gilbert and Roy Mitchell; with the Saner side represented by Fred Martin, Willie O'Dell, Stan Florkow, George Rose, Larry Sawatsky, Don Morrison and Marcia Tibbs.....or was there a saner side? Particular credit is due all those responsible for the staging and special effects in producing a Hit performance.....

HMCS Kamsack has its musicians with ERA John McKee, of North Bay, Ontario, a pianist of note, while Cornelius Sampson, of Charlottetown, PEI, will whip out the old guitar at the slightest provocation and mow-em-down with music.....

Formerly Senior Special Service Officer and Executive Officer of the Navy Show, Lt. M. L. Devaney, of HMCS Niagara and "Columbia" is now Rehabilitation Officer at HMCS Scotian.....

Sto.: "The girl I marry must be able to take a joke."

Wren: "Naturally, that's the only kind you'll ever get."

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DIGBY, N. S.

Benny In Britain

By Ben Ford

Greetings, Mates from this side of the pond.

Spring has come to Merry England and Bonny Scotland at last. As L/Smn PTI Don Hanson who recently left for Canada remarked, "This is real 'Givenchy' weather—makes you kind of homesick."

Those old pranksters of "Prince Robert" fame L/Stwd. Charlie Halfyard and the inimitable Doby Hart were together again for a few days in "Niobe." Since then Doby has left for a destroyer and Charlie for a cruiser. Among recent departures are some of the more famous names of the Canadian Navy, including AB Gordon Petrie of hockey fame, to Canada; L/Smn Tex Shea who was betrothed a few months back—to sea again; P.O. "Porky" Hulme of the Glasgow CFMO and formerly of Western Canada hockey, for Plymouth where he is rooming with PO Wtr. Brian Brady the ex-Northwest Golden Gloves Lightweight Champion.

Milt Schmidt and Roy Conacher refereed the semi-finals of the RCAF at Paisley and Schmidt and Porky Dumart the finals. During the season the RCAF were thumped by both the Army and "Niobe" and so did not enter the Canadian Forces United Kingdom Championships played at Brighton.

* * * * *

Thanks to the kind co-operation of Cmdr. (SB) Peter MacRitchie CPRO, London, we were able to score a "beat" on the Army. Sub. Lt. Roy Kemp and L/Photog. Bill Olsen took action shots of the games while yours truly did stories of the games, through Cmdr. MacRitchie for the Canadian Press. If Jack Patterson, former Sports Editor of the Vancouver Sun and my old boss on the sheet, now Associate Editor of the Crow's Nest, was listening to Gerry Wilmot's "Eyes Front" program and caught my resume of the games, why I'm sorry, Jack. I was in the midst of typing the broadcast at 53 Haymarket in London when Gerry Wilmot called me to the CBC studios for the broadcast. After a wild ride in a cab I was whisked into a recording studio. If I sounded at all nervous it was because I was trying to read over my unedited copy and pick out the split infinitives and comas where periods should be and vice versa.

* * * * *

P.O. Photog. Charlie Beddoe of the RCN Combat Film Unit blew into the office off a Tribal recently. It was HMCS Huron, a happy ship. On board I met or renewed acquaintances with many athletes. There was Hughie Millen, now a P.O., who captained the 1941-42 season Victoria Navy puck squad. The Winnipeg defenceman now tips the beam at about 210. The Sports Officer is S/Lt. Bob Chipman who played a whale of a rugger game when Royal Canadian Naval College nee Royal Roads waltzed home with the British Columbia Rugby Championship. Drinking tea in the mess was Roy Jaeger from Verdun, Quebec, who was Dominion 1941 Breaststroke Champion and 1941 Quebec Freestyle Champ. His buddy, Al Peers, also from Verdun and the Montreal "Y", and 1940 Freestyle Champ was likewise present. Punching a bag amidst ships were Bud Jeffries a West Coast boxer, George Sinclair a Winnipeg wrestler and Ugo Masi an amateur boxer from Hamilton, Ontario. PO Paddy Mitchell a Toronto Irishman is the ship's coach. Writing a letter was Robert Campbell a skier from Niagara Falls, Ontario. Yet another hockey player was Dick Guinan of the Trail Juniors, 1944 Memorial Cup finalists. Still another was Freddy Miller a defenceman with the 1943-44 St. Boniface Athletics. The Navigating Officer is Lt. R. Kettlewell, former Olympic star.

Still on the subject of ships I visited a former Canadian Auxiliary Cruiser in London. Aboard her I met CPO Wtr. Bill Murray and L/Wtr. John Sutherland, L/Sto. Malcolm Smith, L/Cook, Ray Jamieson, Stores PO Williams, PO Stwd. Stutz Lienwebber and L/Stwd. Bus Gagnier. Since then all these men have left the ship for Canada via Niobe.

* * * * *

Touching All Bases: Softball leagues are mushrooming up in "Niobe," a sure sign of spring. Jimmy Dumeah who pitched baseball for the Victoria Navy for two seasons was in barracks recently. He hoped to get back to Canada in time for the ball season. Jim had a tryout with the Detroit Tigers and Del Baker liked the sturdy youth with a hopping fast one, a hook, a sinker and a change of pace. Baker was all for farming him out to Dallas of the Texas League but Dumeah was already attested in the Navy at Windsor, Ontario. Seaman beat out Stokers 5-4 at Paisley in the Interpart Hockey finals. Stokers had not been stopped all season in league play, this being their first defeat. Seaman were bolstered by recent arrivals from Canada. Officers won the first half of the basketball season winning the final game by a lone point from Stokers. Officers and Chiefs and PO's are now in the throes of the playoffs for the second half title. Niobe lost to the nearby American base at Roseneath but walloped the highly touted HMCS Saskatchewan club 46-39. The Band easily disposed of the Writers in the volleyball finals and later took the measure of an All-Star team. Leading Bandsman Mickey Crawford and Norm Fester of the HMCS Niobe Band have left to join the Royal Canadian Navy Show. Mickey, a flute player was a member of the World Champion Kitsilano Boys' Band who won the title at the Chicago World's Fair in 1933 and successfully defended it in England in 1934 and 1936. Norm is a torrid trumpet player who formerly got his licks in with Jerry Fuller at Calgary. They join Leading Bandsman Doug Allan also an ex-Jerry Fuller man, Doug having gone to the show last October.

BODY-KNOTTERS CLASS BEGUN AT PROTECTOR

by Sportfan

This column is just going to be a short breeze about a new sport at HMCS Protector—at least, it is new to this particular ship. It's the old grunt and groan game, wrestling—and it all started here a couple of months ago under the supervision of Instructor Mike Wilson, ex Montreal YMCA instructor. The science of tying knots in the human frame is becoming very popular around this part of Nova Scotia.

In these classes amateur and professional wrestling is taught but the main theme is good sportsmanship. In a short time there will be organized bouts and until then wrestlers are keeping in good physical condition by having regular workouts on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

Wants "Outside" Meets

With this set of wrestlers Mike figures on having competitions between teams from different bases. Among his proteges he has ex-pro's such as Wtr. Henry Caulombe, of Ottawa; Chief Painter Smith, of Toronto, Sto. Vezina, Montreal, and ERA Tommy Bruce, of western Canada, all of whom had many wins to their credit throughout the Dominion before they enlisted.

There are also a number of promising beginners, such as Stokers L'Esperance and Westlake, of Windsor, Ont. Sto. A. Gerez, Montreal, an all-round athlete, and Leo Gariepy, Montreal, well known runner and Laurentian skier.

With this bunch Wilson predicts good results and as soon as we get our ring in operation out go the invitations and you'll hear more from us.

PALSIED POETRY

By Hermes

Pardon me, but have you got a match?

I wish I were Aladdin,
And I had Aladdin's lamp;
I would talk like Clifton Fadiman,
Without his writer's cramp.

I would sing like Nelson Eddy;
I would have Charles Boyer's eyes;
I would spend my nights with Hedy
When I had no other ties.

My physique would shame Charles
Atlas
With its California tan;
And the number of my conquests
Would befuddle Charlie Chan.

Yes, if I but had Aladdin's lamp
I'd be the girls' delight.
But, more important, brother,
I would always have a light.

RPO (at Ship's Company dance):
"Yes, miss, I love dancing. It is
probably in my blood."

Partner: "Then you must have bad
circulation—it hasn't got to your feet
yet."

And did you ever stop to think that
the pin-up girl came just as elastic
went out?

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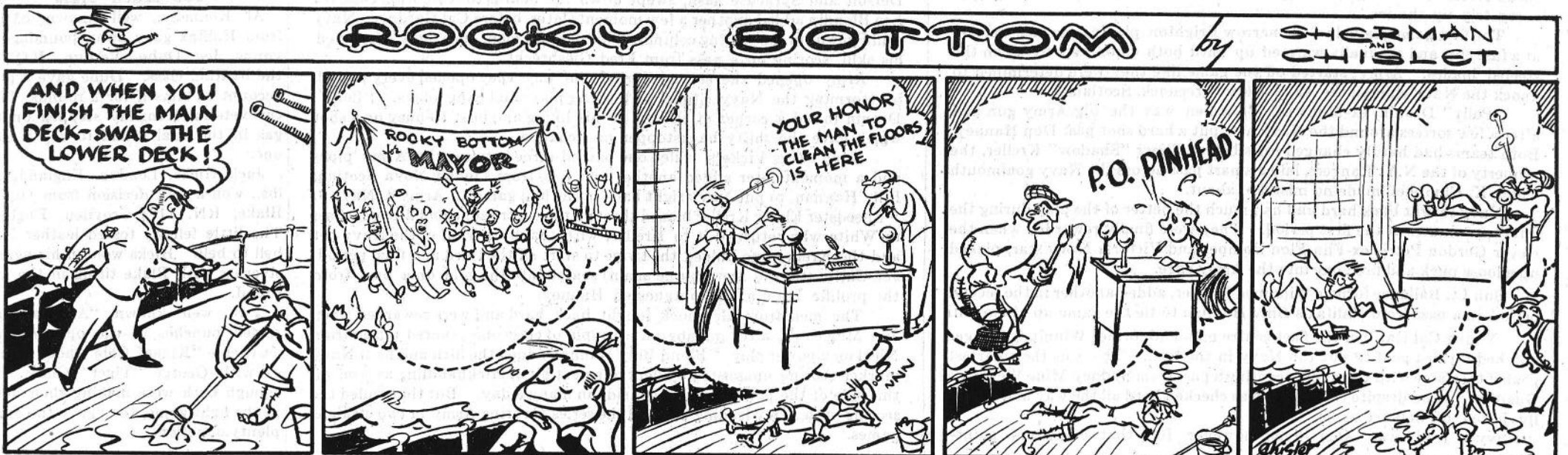
501 Barrington St.,
HALIFAX, Nova Scotia

WHERE THEY ARE NOW

by Warrant Officer (SB) Tommy Graham

Former Executive Officer at the RCNVR division at Edmonton with then Lt.-Cmdr. E. Shaver, now Commander Shaver, was Lieut. Stewart Fraser, who is at present stationed in Halifax, as is. Cdr. Shaver. Doug Ford of Calgary is a Lieut. and gunnery officer of HMCS Sioux. He recently returned to Canada after 14 months of overseas service. Dave Bimmie is a Lieut. and navigating officer of the Ettrick. Tommy Pie is now Chief a Writer recently returned to Canada after 14 months service overseas aboard Sioux and CPO Writer Ed Carney is from Ottawa and presently stationed at Stadacona. Irene Gauthier of Calgary is a Ldg. Wren and is stationed at Kings. James Moran of Montreal and Boston, Mass. is a Warrant Officer instructing at the navy's cooking school at H.M.C.S. Cornwallis. The former postal clerk of Toronto, Charlie Graham, is now a Lieut. and Fleets Mail officer at Halifax. Sidney Buxton, of Vancouver, is a lieut. and serving at Scotian. Ron Wylie, is a Lieut. and number one of the corvette Chicoutimo. He formerly held the same appointment aboard Collingwood. Norman Aldrich of London Ont., is an A.B., London serving aboard Brandon. Floyd Noyes, is a PO Wtr., presently serving at "Halgonian." His home is now at Chatham, Ont. He is a peace time member of the RCNVR and enlisted at Saskatoon. Doug Smith, of Winnipeg, who joined the peace time navy in 1938 is now a PO and serving aboard Noranda. Bob Bolleau, of Ottawa, is now serving at Stadacona. Wilf Stebbins of Saskatoon is a L/Photographer and stationed at Scotian. Lieut. Pete Molson, of Montreal, is Executive Officer aboard Levis. Lieut. John Sturdy, of K-225 story fame, holds the same appointment aboard Kapuskasing. Opal Ward, of Ward Island, Ont., is now a Ldg. Wren and is serving as a Writer at Stadacona. "Red" Graham, of Ottawa, is an AB, and serving aboard Galt. Stan Anderson, of Calgary, is now a PO Wtr. and is stationed at Peregrine. Harold Killeen, of Ottawa, was an AB prior to his draft back to civvie street a few weeks ago. Laurie Rafuse, of Bridgewater, N.S., is a Sub. Lieut. and with the M.G.B.'s overseas, as is Lieut. Don Lonie, the football star Montreal and Ottawa. Nick Nosey, the barber, of Winnipeg, is doing his tonsorial chores at Stadacona's B mess. Coxswain John "Jake" Morgan is still aboard HMCS St. Stephen and recently became a papa for the second time—it's a girl.

Bobbie Morrison, who formerly did radio announcing at Winnipeg and Toronto before joining the navy, is with Naval Information at Ottawa and doing the same type of work. Bill Hill, who used to play basketball for U of B.C. Thunderbirds is now a Subbie and serving aboard St. Boniface. Jerry Fleming, who joined up at Edmonton early in the war, is now at Stadacona having recently been drafted ashore from HMCS West York. Bill Krassie, who hails from Regina and points west, is doing electrical chores for the navy a Scotian and is a Ldg. Tel. but expects a promotion soon. George Manson is a Lieut. and serving aboard HMCS Levis. Paul Wilson is serving aboard HMCS LaSalle and is a Lieut. Rolly Evans, who used to be with telephone company in his home town of Edmonton, is doing similar chores for the navy at Halifax. Ken Higham, who ran a men's haberdashery in the Alberta capital, is a Supply Assistant and stationed at Halifax. Ann How, of Montreal, is now a Ldg. Wren Photographer and on the staff of Chief Public Relations Officer at Halifax. Ken MacRea, of Regina, is a Ldg. Photog. and recently was drafted to Scotian from Cornwallis. Jimmy Arnott is a CPO Physical Training Instructor and stationed at Stadacona's new gym. It is rumored a promotion is in store for him shortly. Denny Ellerbeck of Ottawa and Winnipeg is also doing gym chores at the Stad sports palace. Frank Marr, the former Edmonton rugby star, who enlisted in the navy at the early stages of the war is now number one of HMCS St. Stephen. Scatter Campbell, who did a lot of M.L. sea duty is another officer aboard. Jack Oakie, the "jewelry king" from the Alberta capital, is now aboard HMCS Digby and his wife Lil is looking after the business in Halifax. After a lengthy service in the RCNVR, Jack Burgess has finally been given a commission and is under training as a subbie now. Andy Ross, another old timer in the VR's who suffered a mishap at sea sometime ago, is back on duty and at present the smiling gunnery officer is stationed at Cornwallis. Ernie Elson, who has been cooking for navymen for 23 years, is a Chief and at present is looking after the welfare of the cooks of sea-going ships working out of Halifax. Norm Brady, of Ottawa, is stationed in Halifax and recently received his commission in the Accountant branch. Johnny McCormick, of New Glasgow, is now Lt.-Cmdr. and in charge of sport activities for navymen in the North West Atlantic command. Herman Baker, who hails from Newfie is dockyard bo's'n of Scotian, he is a Lieut. and has been decorated with the B.E.M. Ralph Strickland is a green-stripe warrant officer and is with the Fleet Mail Office in Halifax. Ottawa's Rod Keegan is a PO Photographer and with CPRO at Halifax. Bud Morrison who comes from Petrolia, Ont., and who played a lot of ball in Ontario circuits, is coaching the Stadacona entry in the Senior Baseball League at Halifax again this season.



Navy Team Wins Newfy Service Badminton

As A Matter Of Fact---

BY JACK PATTERSON



WEST COAST NOTES—Hughie Morrison, who, before he joined the Navy, was one of Canada's brightest young golf stars and city champion in Vancouver, is now patrolling Halifax with the Shore Patrol. Maxie Poole, who spent a good deal of last year in Vancouver at "Discovery," is now located at CVD, Halifax. George Wood, one of the fortunates aboard "Guysborough" when she was "fished", joined the Navy less than a year ago in his home town, Vancouver. It was like old home week in the pay office at "Stad" recently with Ernie Cook, Glen Yule Johnny Brown and Bill Good tossing ledgers around. Ernie Cook incidentally, is on leave, and hopes, like most everyone else, to be out and back to his business in Trail, B.C., before the end of the summer. Wilf Haapala from Nanaimo is also located at Halifax working on harbor craft. Lt. Ted. Bearrie, Edmonton, who spent 14 months in the "Sioux" is back in Canada and currently renewing old acquaintances in Halifax.

UP AT "CORNWALLIS" Johnny Sparks, one of Lt. Bill Halkett's photographic staff, has picked up his hook and duly celebrated at the 7-to-9 o'clock. And Bill Schwartz, another leading Photog, is an addition to that staff. Bill Harper, who recently left "G" galley at "Cornwallis" for Newfy, is now located with his old boss, Chief Ernie Mulcaster. L/Smn. Hank Wilson is at the Base, a recent arrival from "Niobe", with greetings from our old pal Ben Ford, who is helping to publish the weekly journal at that establishment. Wilson is a well-known hockey referee and handled a game recently in Paisley. The Navy, he says, had a pretty fair club over there during the past season. Lieut. Malloy, of the "Cornwallis" canteen, has picked up another half ring. Ray Sellars, the aquatic star, is in "Cornwallis" taking a C.W. course. CPO Bill Peakman, PTI, is now located at Sydney, Alex Read and P.O. Gardiner are headed for Montreal and Toronto, respectively, for courses. Lt. Lytel of the Wrens is now situated at "Peregrine."

PETE SANDE AND HIS CREW of ball hawks aboard "St. Boniface" are rapidly getting that ship considerable fame on the sport front. They had a crack basketball club and are now set to take on all comers in softball. Some of Pete's chums include Hank Martin, a former grunt and groan artist from Toronto, Lt. "Red" Wilson, a darned good hooper from Winnipeg and Montreal, S/Lt. Bill Hill and Lt. Hugh Young of Toronto, another pair of nifty hoopers, Johnny Ahern of Moncton, George Alleston, the "buffer", who recently left for Toronto to middle-aisle it, Bill Heddle of Vancouver, and "Paddy" Paterson, of Montreal, Pete's winger. Pete, incidentally, is the same young man who used to do such a creditable job of hockey refereeing on the West Coast and through the prairie provinces before the war.

JOEY JOHNS, ONE OF THE MEMBERS of Cornwallis' senior hockey club during the past season, caught himself a "Niobe" draft not long ago. Also located over there now is Bill Coull of the Base P and RT staff. And speaking of P and RT drafts, Don "Wings" Whelan of the senior basketball champs, has gone to Newfy with Reg Bailey and Johnny Walker. RPO "Van" VanEmber is a recent addition to the staff of the New Entry Reg at the Base. His last spot was "Stadacona". And an apology to CPO Hacker. We referred to him as "RPO" last month. He is a QR 2, in charge of the New Entry Administration Office at "Cornwallis", and of putting the hundreds of New Entries through training.

S/Lt. Buck has another ring now. During the V-E day celebration in the Dockyard at Halifax one of the padres bumped his noggin going through one of the watertight doors. Following a short silence he remarked, "Will some sailor please say something appropriate".



The new Minister of National Defence for Naval Services, Hon. Douglas Charles Abbott, K.C., B.C.L., is a lawyer by profession, whose home is at 35 Aberdeen Ave., Westmount, Que. He represents St. Antoine, Westmouth, Montreal, in the House of Commons.

Pete Returns To His Old Ship

It took Pete Thompson 24 years to get back to his old ship, HMCS Niobe. But, instead of a cruiser with 10-inch guns this new Niobe had no visible armament, but possessed around 268 funnels. Impossible you say? No, it isn't the largest ship afloat, for the new HMCS Niobe is a shore station, a stone frigate welded to the jetty in Greenock, Scotland. It all happened like this. L/Stwd. Peter Thompson, the Captain's steward at HMCS Niobe first joined the RCNVR at Halifax in 1916. He served on the Canadian cruise from September 1916 to February 1918 during which time she did convoy work and saw action in the Caribbean Sea.

He was on a trawler on Halifax harbor at the time of the great Halifax explosion when the S.S. Imo and the Mount Blanc collided loaded with munitions aboard. His ship was unserviceable for some time after being literally tossed out of the water. The bulkheads, admit Pete, folded in like an accordion.

Pete was discharged in 1919, after first serving aboard the HMCS Niobe awaiting demobilization. The original "Niobe", like its successor, is not

Capacity Crowds Watch Three-Day Tournament

In a closely contested 3-day badminton tournament under the directorship of Lt/Cmdr. Brown, the Newfoundland Badminton Championships were decided at the RCNB Drill Shed, recently. The tournament was open to the allied armed forces and civilian personnel. No less than 193 entries were entered with the majority coming from Naval personnel. Enthusiasm ran high throughout the tournament and on the final night the capacity crowd which came to witness the finals was rewarded with a sensational brand of badminton as the finalists battled tooth and nail for supremacy in their respective classes.

Clarke Tops Cormier On Newfy Card

—by Davey Brown

Before a capacity crowd of 4500 fans Norman Clarke, sensational Windsor, Ont., lightweight, won a unanimous decision from Bernie Cormier, classy young puncher out of New Waterford, N. S. Going into their most important bout since arriving at this base, both fighters showed a record of six wins and one defeat. Their only set back was wiped out in return bouts and fight fans considered the winner should be hailed as the outstanding lightweight in this area.

Just before the bell ended the first round Cormier hit the deck in his own corner but was up before the count started. Second round saw Clarke go on the offensive as he rushed Cormier into the ropes, where he worked to the body with both hands. Cormier appeared to be confused and couldn't display his usual smooth style against the aggressive Stoker from Windsor. In the final round Cormier tried with right hand punches, knowing he was behind. Both fighters toppled through the ropes landing on the apron of the ring. The decision for Clarke proved very popular with the crowd.

Rough and Tough

Semi-final brought together Jack McIntosh, RN light-heavy weight with Jack Irennen, Flt/Sgt RCAF. This bout provided plenty of action as the big boys decided to settle it their own way. Kidney punches,

afloat but her 10-inch guns still guard vital points on Vancouver Island and the mainland.

The RCN team made a clean sweep of all classes winning 5 out of 5 championships.

The most thrilling match of the tournament saw Ned Larson, Vancouver, B. C., and Bill Walters, Picton, Ont., nose out Jack Ewebank, Winnipeg Man, and Bob Green, London, Eng., in a spectacular "Meriwell" finish to cop the men's doubles championships. After dropping the first game 9-15 and being down 9-14 in the second game, Ewebank muffed the bird that would have given them the championship.

Larsen and his partner put on a desperate rally to win the game 17-15 to force the series to an extra game which ended in the favour of Larsen and Walters.

Outstanding player of the tournament proved to be Jack Ewebank who won the singles championship and paired up with Barbara McKiel of Winnipeg to win the mixed doubles besides being in the finals of the men's doubles. Bouquets are also in order to Ned Larson our versatile PTI, who lost to Ewebank in the men's singles reached the finals in the mixed doubles with his partner Irene Hatchell and won the men's doubles with Bill Walters.

thumbing, rabbit punches, hitting on the break and after the bell had the crowd in an uproar from start to finish.

Brenner knew all the tricks and won the unanimous decision although McIntosh proved to be the most popular with the crowd.

Al. Alfred welter from Moose-Jaw, Sask., proved to be too strong for Dinty Moore, Verdun, and after two short counts the referee awarded Alfred the bout by a TKO in the first round.

Most sensational bout of the evening saw Jerry O'Connor popular young lightweight from Montreal, score a third round knockout over Jimm. Beatty, RN rating from Glasgow, Scotland. First two rounds saw Beatty and O'Connor trade their best shots much to the delight of the crowd. O'Connor tagged the handy Scot coming off the ropes and connected with solid lefts and rights to the head to floor Beatty for the full count as the crowd roared their approval.

Chris Mentis representing the Canadian Army from Sherbrooke, PQ won over Jimmy Parks, RN, in a great fight. Parks appeared to be well in front but the judges surprised the crowd giving a split decision to Mentis.

Too Much Class

Al Kennedy, well known battler from Halifax gave away poundage to young Joe Dube, Verdun, P.Q., in the bantam class. Dube gave a good account of himself for 2 rounds. Then the veteran Kennedy stepped on the gas in the final round to cop a close one.

Jack Hicks, London, England, 117 lbs., won a split decision from Dubley Blake, RN, 117½, Croyden, England. The little fellows tossed leather from bell to bell. Hicks won on his aggressiveness with Blake tiring in the final round.

Two well known "Avalon" lads tossed punches in the opening bout as Richie "Killer" Cole traded punches with George "Tiger" Chase. Although both were making their debut in the fight game, they gave the crowd plenty of action.

"Niobe" Puckmen Drop Series To Army Overseas

By Ben Ford

A star studded Canadian Army Base Workshops hockey sextette from Brighton defeated our Royal Canadian Navy team from HMCS Niobe at the Brighton Ice Rink in two straight games, to win the Canadian Armed Forces United Kingdom Hockey Championship recently.

For sheer speed, power, playmaking ability, stickhandling and bodychecks the games surpassed anything seen in the United Kingdom for years. HMCS Niobe with the younger, faster club continually outskated their foes only to be out-foxed around the goalmouth while the more experienced NHL veterans made every Army chance count and were dangerous every trip up the ice.

The first game played on the narrow Brighton playing surface opened at a fast clip and gradually warmed up until both clubs were flying on the steeled blades. Army started off the game like they were determined to knock the Navy club all the way back to Greenock, Scotland.

"Polly" Drouin, ex-Montreal Canadien was the big Army gun and after a few sortees around the Navy nets put a hard shot past Don Hanney. Both teams had hardly changed lines before Elmer "Shadow" Kreller, the property of the N.Y. Rangers, laid a smart pass across the Navy goalmouth which K. Campbell made no mistake about.

Navy fought back hard and had much the better of the play during the final ten minutes of the first period. They were finally rewarded when the clever Gordon Petrie ex-Flin-Flon Bomber and Victoria Navy star, picked up a loose puck and fired one into the Army cage.

Sub Lt. Ballance former Winnipeg Ranger, added another in the second period on a pass from Halifax's Billy Hannan to tie the game up at two all.

Young Cal Gardner the fleet centre man and former Winnipeg Ranger notched a third goal to put the Navy in the lead. This was the smartest goal of the game with Gardner accepting a pass from Sydney Mine Victoria's Gus Vickers and despite the fact he was checked hard all the way and actually jolted off balance as he shot.

Navy's lead was short-lived however for that consistent point-

maker, "Polly" Drouin, again scored for Army to tie the game up tighter than a prewar girdle.

"Polly" Drouin showed why he was NHL calibre by picking a spot and letting fly early in the third period to become the individual scoring star of the game and win the game for Army. Navy pressed hard for the equalizer and had the best of the play during the final stanza but could not score the equalizer.

Starting right in where they left off Army in the second game, again tried to skate the Navy team ragged before they could find their ice legs. Hardly was the packed house seated when "Red" Doran former Toronto, Detroit and Syracuse flash, swept down the boards to score from close in. Leo Blondin added another a few moments later before Cal Gardner, Navy could put us in the scoring column. That Drouin man, once more, displayed his skill, scoring on a pass from Fred Giesbrecht.

Army opened the second period the way they opened every period, by storming the Navy citadel with power plays and gang plays. "Polly" Drouin found a corner of the net to his liking and beat Henney on a shot which gave the shifty backstopper no chance.

Navy's Gus Vickers drilled one past Munroe between the Army pipes and a moment later added another on a pass from a fellow Nova Scotian, Billy Hannan, to put Navy right back in the ball game at Army 4, Navy 3. Speedster Elmer Kreller blazed through the centre zone and flipped a pass to White who returned it to Kreller, with thanks in front of the Navy net and the Kreller one bulged the twine to start off the third and final period. Joe Catlin (the old Army game again) soared into the goal on a pass from the prolific Drouin and outgusted Hanney.

The men from Greenock fought back hard and were rewarded when Jim McKeown, after missing on a couple of close ones, snared a pass from Nicol on a power play. Blond Billy Hannan added the fifth and final Navy marker scoring unassisted by dent of a neat bit of stickhandling as seen on this side of the pond or any other side in many a day. But that ended the scoring with Army leading 6-5, and the series favoring Army in two straight games.

Diamond Sports Hold Sway At 'Cornwallis'



New Entry Nines In Spotlight

By Chuck Millman, P.T.I.

Summer sports are currently in full swing at HMCS Cornwallis and holding a good deal of the interest of the Base fans are the New Entries both in softball and baseball.

Drake Block, prominent in softball last season, is hard at it again this season and at press time those lads were leading the New Entry block competition with four straight wins. Effingham boys are right on Drake's tail, however, having dropped only one game in four.

Baseball on the big diamond attracts considerable attention and the teams representing the New Entry Section are turning up considerable classy material. Hawke block is leading the hardball show to date with a couple of smart wins. Out of this league will come a representative team with which it is hoped to challenge the Senior Base team and also play in the three-team base league embracing New Entry, M.T.E. and Ship's Company.

Lacrosse Booming

The lacrosse league is running along smoothly with some big name players adding a lot of class to the competition. Most of the players who made such a big name for "Discovery" on the West Coast last year are at the base at present. The league is so closely contested so far that all five blocks are practically together in the standings.

Soccer is booming, too. And again it is the West Coasters who are supplying much of the class to the league. Some very good competition is in the offing for the new league which is just getting underway.

Highlighting the past month in New Entry sports fun at "Cornwallis" was the boxing and wrestling show attended by some 3,000 fans. The boxing feature brought together O/Smn Don Mitchell and Dunc Walton who tangle for three interesting rounds before Mitchell was awarded the decision.

"Robbie" Robinson ko'd "Blondy" Girardin in another bout while the feature of the evening and a very interesting show was the boxing exhibition put on by Harvey Dubs and Slugger McIntosh, both from Windsor, Ont. McIntosh is a nice fighter and handled himself well but the old master Dubs had plenty of tricks in his bag and it was a real treat for the fight enthusiasts when he cut loose.

Spike Pirzek and Hangman Hunter who wowed the squirm fans at the base the previous month, put on another thrilling struggle which sent the Crowd into great whoops of joy. Hunter defeated Pirzek, two falls to one.

Kovacs Is Upset

In the main bout Mike "Killer" Kovacs and Pat Gerard, the Flying Frenchman from Halifax, hooked up in mortal struggle. There were no fatalities, however, but Gerard won two falls to one.

Many athletes are out in the new Entry section for track and field, and although the weather has been against a great deal of competition lately, the coaches expect to muster a strong team for coming competitions.

On the indoor sports front, table tennis had a recent whirl with a tournament in the New Entry Section that brought out 64 entries and some very keenly contested matches.

work-outs are in progress and "Bunny" she has another championship team making.

Roly Lewis out at RCNH No. 1 has organized an 8-team softball house league made up of mixed teams, half wrens and half ratings—looks like a good idea,.....way to go Jesse.

"Naden" Ring Card Pleases

By L/Sea. K. Darbyson

Five hundred howling spectators witnessed a spectacular boxing show recently at HMCS Naden in which Royal Navy boxers engaged in a seven-bout card which was run off in one hour giving the fans but little time between thrills. All bouts were of three rounds duration and fought under service rules. The novices provided exciting entertainment with their enthusiastic performances.

Although there was not a single kayo, AB McPhail and AB Glasspool, in the middleweight bout staged a thrilling exhibition, the fight being stopped in the second round when the latter suffered a broken nose and dropped the fight on a technical knockout.

In the heavyweight match AB Van Guylandburg who gave away twenty pounds to AB Johnston showed fast, classy footwork and smart counter-punching to take the decision.

AB Slather was awarded the nod from the judges when he carried the fight to AB Campbell through three fast rounds of another middleweight bout.

AB Pantan beat PO Stroud by decision after both men had fought themselves weary. AB Fortt showed a lot of punching ability to defeat Sto. Roodledge. In other bouts Sto. Inman won from AB Aldridge and AB Moore decided Sig. Bellchambers.

Lt J. H. Pepper, sports officer, HMCS Naden, was in charge of the show, assisted by PO Sibbons and CPO Chartren who acted as master of ceremonies. WO Sinnett and Lt. Pepper acted as judges, with SBPO Matteson as timekeeper and Surg. Lt. Alford as duty MO. Prizes were presented to the Competitors by Lt. Cmdr. A. Park. S/Lt. I. McInnes, RNVR acted as referee.

OH BROTHER!

(from "Niobe" Haller)

"I'll tell you how it is", said the young sad looking soldier, as he finished his 77th beer . . . "I met a young widow, with a grown up daughter, and I married that widow. My Pa met our step-daughter and finally married her. That made my wife the mother-in-law of her father-in-law, and made my step-daughter my step-mother, and my father became my step-son.

See? Then my step-mother, the step-daughter of my wife, had a son. See? That boy was, of course, my brother because he was my Pa's son, but he was also the son of my wife's step-daughter, and therefore, her grandson. That made me grandfather to my step-brother. Then my wife had a son. My mother-in-law, the sister of my son, was his grandmother, because he is her step-mother's child. My father is the brother-in-law of my child, because his step-sister is his wife.

I am the brother of my own son, who is also the child of my step-

THIS ONE TIED IT ALL UP:—Navy's team in the Halifax Senior Baseball League got off to a good start on the 24th of May in Halifax but they did it the hard way. It took them until the ninth inning to catch the Shipyard club in an exciting struggle. But once they tied it up they went on to an 8-3 victory in ten innings. Here is the tying run being squeezed over the plate for Navy. At bat, having just laid down a neat bunt which went for a base hit, is "Peaches" Ruven. Coming in with the tying run is Hawker. On the third base coaching line is Navy Manager Bud Morrison. Shipyard's catcher is Rouse while Third baseman Gray is coming in on the play. The other two teams in the loop, Army and Air Force, played the second half of the opening double feature with the Fliers taking the measure of the soldiers, 3 to 2.

Stadacommentary

by S/Lt. Vic Baldwin



NOW IT CAN BE TOLD—Theoretically, being a none so important personage in a barracks setup is hardly flattering. However, this state of inertia literally "paid off" when Stadacommentary's brain trust found that this scribe was the only member of their faculty who could be spared for a business aunt from coast to coast.

Having returned, I find the old work bench as spotless as it was when I packed my marked deck of cards, dodged a guy who claims I owe him for a V-E day debt and proceeded west.

TRAVEL NOTES—Dining car gossip, . . . four self-

admitted financial tycoons discussing business interests—nothing lower than the five figure category—One overstuffed manifesto demanded a nod received an extra cut of pie, then filed a complaint to the over tolerant waiter to the effect that he had been "seen off" for an extra nickel—Their four shiny tips added together would hardly purchase the price of one of their evil-smelling stogies. . . . A recent landslide caused the train a few hours delay, so I wandered over to the local store and downed a coke, which I'll swear was fresh from the oven. A lady passenger was exalted at her purchase—unmentionables that hadn't been sold anywhere else in Canada since '39. (Hope they fit, Mum!) Due to our prolonged wait the dining steward announced "Dinner on the House." I dashed madly for the victualling depot—to avoid the rush—but our four Wall Street wizards were even faster. . . .

ONCE A SALT ALWAYS A SALT—Met an old shipmate recently discharged and back to his old job as engineer. This lad, even in the old days, whiled away his time with fantastic tales of adventure on the bri-y. Hardly giving me time to recover from his playful pat on the back, he launched forth with his latest fabrication: It seems that a few nights previous an inebriate with a somnambulist flare had succeeded in staggering overboard. My chum took possession of the controls and circled around for an hour in an effort to locate the unfortunate. Not having a boat, however, he couldn't lower one—It was here that my diaphragm regained its normal

mother. I am my mother's brother-in-law, my wife is her own child's aunt and my son is my father's nephew. Therefore I am my own grandfather. . . .

AND I CAN'T STAND IT. . . !

Dug from the archives—by "R-bb'e"

status and I was able to hustle back to my car.

ONE FOR THE BOOKS—After cleaning a few khaki clad boys at the old army standby, I stood a chap, travelling coach, to a berth. Next morning I inquired as to whether he enjoyed his siesta. "Never again", he replied. "You see, when I'm squeezed in all night up for'ard, I dream of a comfortable "Standard Lower", but last night I pictured myself back in that cattle wagon and couldn't sleep one iota!"

A MORE SERIOUS NOTE—Chatted with a released army veteran back from overseas who had just acquired a job as trainman. Our conversation was rudely interrupted by the presence of one of the company officials who proceeded to give my new acquaintance a verbal pasting. The trainman was proudly wearing his discharge medal, also overseas ribbons, and a victory loan tag. These three insignias were the reason for this ignorant official's attack; which started with said official demanding their removal from the trainman's uniform and ended with my friend's refusal to do the same. Turning on his heels the "big shot" fired his parting crack "Alright, wear them if you want to!"

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AVALON SPORTS SHORTS

By "Chuck" Vuohelainen, PTI

Greetings once again from dear old "Newfy." With old Sol giving us a bit of a break outdoors sports have picked up considerably and once again our Sports' Office has become a beehive of activity. Our sports staff has been strengthened with the arrival of some new PTI's in the person of Don 'Wings' Whalen, Reg. "Crib" Bailey and Clarence "Sonny Boy" Walker, all likeable lads and we greet them with open arms.

* * *

The Soccer team has started off on the right foot and has swept aside all opposition in very convincing style. They have won straight pre-season games and have yet to taste defeat and coach "Jock" Ferguson expects his team to keep up their winning ways as the season progresses.

* * *

Playing manager "Wings" Whalen has injected new life blood into the softball picture and should be able to produce a top notch aggregation to uphold the RCN in this department. A few of the notables turning in pre-season work-outs were: "Red" Martin, "Lefty" Jordan, Ronnie Rowe, Pat Harvey, Les Wade, Doug Gregg, and a host of others.

* * *

Track and Field work-outs have started with Reg. "Crib" Bailey in charge and with the first meet only a couple of weeks away, Reg. predicts the R.C.N. team will hold their own as he has oodles of talent among them Gervin "Swiftly" Dobbin all Newfoundland mile and half mile champ.

* * *

Our genial boxing mentor, Davey Brown, has quite a collection of pugilists in his boxing stable, some of the name fighters being, Norman Clark, Al. Alfred, Bernie Cormier, Al. Kennedy, Jerry O'Connor, Joe Hinch, Joe Dube, Art Frayling, Irving Keenl /side, Pete Massey and a real welcome addition in the form of Heniri Paré well known in Navy fight circles. Davey's boys have run out of opposition as the Americans have decided to pack it up for this year and it is a shame to see such good talent going to waste. We are willing to pit our boys against anything in the Maritimes. . . . so how about it?

* * *

Our Ships Sports Organization is going ahead in leaps and bounds and the boys "who go down to the sea in ships" are kept happy and that is our aim. Very popular with the boys are the inter-ship swimming meets which are run off under the supervision of Len Serebrin, also a new addition to our staff—The first swimming meet was won by HMCS Hallowell, and the last won by HMCS Lanark.

* * *

Our versatile wren PTI "Bunny" Marsh is kept more than busy organizing Wrens' Sports activities and is doing a swell job. Wrens PT classes twice weekly are in progress to rid the girls of excessive baggage. Softball

INSIDE DOPE by an INSIDE DOPE

By Henry Sherman, A/B



The war in Europe is over and, as the world slowly, dazedly emerges from labours such as have never before so racked her mighty frame nor bathed her brow in such prodigious quantities of blood and sweat, we wait with anxious heart the development of that embryo first conceived in the warm womb of Casablanca, Quebec, Teheran, and just now emerging into the first consciousness of day in the cradle that is San Francisco. World Security Organization! The travail has been too long, the birth-throes too harsh for us to tolerate anything that may threaten this nascent body. And yet . . .

Prior to V-E, Mars rode roughshod over personal ambitions and idiosyncrasies—both of individuals and nations—as we willingly submerged ideal and identity to the common task of winning the war. But with the first dawn of victory, with a war in the Pacific still to be won, individual and nation both became increasingly conscious of their own egos, their own political and economic aspirations—to the detriment of a professedly common purpose. The irresistible pressure that had served to unite and integrate the varied and multifarious forces engaged in combating Nazism—the will to win the war—had somehow evaporated and the will to fashion a lasting peace does not seem to be quite strong enough to keep these turbulent forces working in common harness. Surely there is something wrong here. Has the world been delivered of frail progeny after the costliest of all gestations only to have her offspring perish while the midwives argue over a choice of antiseptic?

If you take a large buzzing blue-bottle fly and look at it through a microscope, you may see a number of ugly little parasites crawling about it who doubtless feel their fly to be the bluest, the grandest, the merriest, the most vital being in the universe and that the world would be at an end should it cease to buzz.

This writer believes that the allied peoples today are suffering from somewhat the same malady. Each believes that his nation, his way of life is the bluest, the grandest, the merriest, the most vital in the universe and that the world would be at an end should it cease to buzz, or its buzzer vary ever so slightly in frequency. This is an absurd fallacy.

We, as individuals, have gladly surrendered part of the powers with which we are naturally endowed to the organized communities of which we are members in return for the broadening of the sphere of our remaining powers. We abandon, for example, the right to take "justice" in our own hands, and are freed from the danger of such violence at the hands of others. Now, the nations must be prepared to do the same thing: substitute the law of organized society for the law of the jungle. Surrender part of their sovereignty in return for the enlargement of the sphere of their remaining powers.

When we, as individuals, took this step we progressed from the solitary cave dwelling to those complex masterpieces of modern architecture that reach with outstretched fingers for the stars. When we, as nations, learn to do the same, who knows, the stars may be within our grasp.

Strolling down the main drag of the base the other day, we came upon an interesting spectacle: a disconsolate matelot squatting by the roadside moodily breaking rocks for "landscaping" purposes. A tear splashed down his chest, staining his "lodge and comp" badge, and he muttered mournfully: "This takes every ounce of patriotism out of me."

We have just unearthed a little incident that occurred some time last winter (a few weeks ago) in the officers' training block. It appears that a particularly gullible Prob. Sub. Lieut. was duty G. O. of the day and some of his friends decided they would like to play games. The weather was cold and an order was promptly drawn up and placed on the notice board to the effect that the duty G. O. was to flush all those "things" in the heads at 0100, 0300 and 0500 to prevent the mains from freezing. The poor guy fell for it hook, line and sinker, entered his name in the "shake" book for the above mentioned times and when the QM roused him at 0100 dutifully made the rounds of the heads and flushed each and every utensil. Several spectators had gathered to behold this awe inspiring sight, but, deciding that things had gone far enough, they erased his name from the "shake" book for the two subsequent calls after he had removed himself to bed.

It was to no avail. At 0300 and 0500 he was around again—flushing as if his very life depended on it. Either he was automatically awakening or else just didn't get to sleep at all. And with all that running water it is quite likely that he didn't.

The final blow came recently when the class had a graduation party and our hero was presented with the OBE (Order of Bathroom Efficiency) for

Bands More Than Justify Existence In The Service

By Lt. Cmdr. A. E. Zealley

RCN Director of Music

Who would have thought away back at the beginning of the war that our Navy was going to have 16 bands with a personnel of 570 bandmen? And yet, it is a fact.

The questions might be asked "Have these bands justified their existence?" What has been their particular function as sailors are trained to go to sea? The answers are quite simple. It was realized that the RCN with its small personnel at the beginning of the war, would one day take its place with the leading Navies of the world, and this proved to be no dream.

Only Two In 1942

Until July, 1942, there were only two RCN bands, namely, Stadacona and Naden, but our Navy commenced to grow so rapidly with the ever increasing number of Inland Bases being opened up as Basic Training centers, requests were continually reaching Naval Service Headquarters for more bands. The result was that the director of music was instructed to organize another three bands for Cornwallis, St. Hyacinthe and Avalon, respectively.

The bands already organized were giving such valuable service that Headquarters decided to establish a school of music for the training of bands to meet future requirements. The director of music was appointed to HMCS York at Toronto in December, 1942, where the school was to be established, and from which 11 new bands were trained and organized.

Do Morale Job

We are not going to dwell upon the merits of any individual band, but will say that they have one and all done a good job in building up the morale of their Ship's Company with their bright cheerful music. The smartness of our Naval bands on parades and ceremonials has

received much favorable comment in the press. All our bands maintain excellent dance bands which, needless to say, is always appreciated by any Ship's Company.

Perhaps special mention should be made of the Navy bands serving afloat. We take our hats off to these courageous little bands of only 15 musicians who divide their duties as Gunners and Bandmen when at sea.

Here is a list of our present Navy bands: HMCS Uganda, (afloat), HMCS Ontario (afloat), HMCS Niobe, HMCS Stadacona, HMCS Peregrine, HMCS Cornwallis, HMCS Shelburne, HMCS Protector, HMCS Avalon, HMCS Hya-

"daring and devotion beyond the call of duty." Incidentally, they still call him "Flush!"

In a contemporary CW class an interesting question was posed to the RPO instructing these young hopefuls in matters military policy and etc. Question: "To get promoted to a Master-at-arms, do you (RPO's) write exams or do you just keep a score card?"

Anybody in the market for a white hat tally?

We have been asked to withhold the names of the chief protagonists in the above two draymas from life. Something to do with *OLQ or something. We don't know.

V-E day brought a number of things in its train and one of them was a photo of our girl back home sporting the new hat she had bought to celebrate the surrender. It was designed in the form of a victory garden automatically reconverting itself from carrots to chrysanthemums and it netted us this bit of logic: Hats cover the head. A head is the foam on a glass of beer. Beer gives us a headache. Looking at our girl's new hat doesn't do us any good either.

With the war in the Far East taking the spotlight, Stanislaus has taken to burning the midnight oil in order to read "How to speak Chinese in eleven easy lessons." So far he can say: "Good evening. Is your father at home?"

"The PO tells me I'll have nothing on tonight. And you?" "Don't be scared of my sailor suit. I wasn't in Halifax on V-E day."

They tell us that summer is just around the corner which may be why we were approached by some Wrens last week to do a story on this year's female swim suits. Well, we tried but had to give up the attempt. There wasn't enough material.

*Officer-Like Qualities, pinhead. You'll never make a PSL.

cinthe, HMCS Donnacona, HMCS York, HMCS Chippawa, HMCS Chatham, HMCS Discovery, HMCS Naden.

ACROSS OUR BOWS

Continued from page 18

fine paper for some time, in fact, most of the time I've been in the Navy. I have just recently been discharged but would like to keep in touch with the gang.

I don't know if your paper can be sent to "Civvies" (sounds good, eh?) or not but am enclosing the fee for one year's subscription—if it can't be sent just refund my money.

You have a fine paper—keep up the good work!

E. R. McNaughton,
ex-Sig. T/O,
Saskatoon Sanatorium.
Saskatoon, Sask.

Yes, the paper can most certainly be sent to "civvies" and we are pleased to have your name on our lists.—Ed.

Paging The Pic Man!

Dear Sir:

I have enjoyed the Crow's Nest very much, particularly, the covers. They are by far the best I have seen on a magazine of this type.

I miss Miranda and her adventures. Is she a thing of the past or just taking a holiday? I hope to see her back again.

Margaret Dodson,
Vancouver, B.C.

Thanks for them kind words about our covers ma'am. The photographer just asked for another raise. About Miranda—the gorgeous gal got into the movies and has been so busy making her new picture—"Miranda—Where She Swam" that she hasn't written a line to us in months. She may get around to it again some day.—Ed.

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In the above picture the former band of HMCS Cornwallis, under the leadership of Mr. Robert W. McGill, Commissioned Technical Officer, prepares to present a concert program. A large number of these bandmen were drafted to HMCS York, at Toronto,

where they are carrying out their duties at present. Like the band pictured above, all Naval musical organizations have made a great contribution to training and to morale-building in the Navy—for everyone loves a band.

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--FOR P.T.'S SAKE--

By Tommy Graham

From the outset it looks like a "Navy Show" as far as the Maritime baseball supremacy goes, for our sailor sandlotters at Halifax and Cornwallis look mighty impressive in early season engagements and at this writing neither club has tasted defeat.

Coach Red Gilbert, the former Toronto diamond artist, who is handling the reins for the Cornwallis clouters this season, has mustered an aggregation that will go a long way toward retaining the title they copped last year.

In their opening tussle, a part of the Annapolis Valley Blossom Festival, the Cornwallis clan rode roughshod over the armymen from Aldershot to register a 9-3 triumph.

Al Peterson, who used to do a nice job on the mound with Vancouver ball clubs in peace-time, was on the hillock for the sailors and was master of the situation throughout.

Gilbert performed at second and along with Jimmy Stoneman, who handled the short stop chores, and Calgary's ball ace, "Lefty" Wilson who toiled at first, was outstanding.

Eddie Slowinski and Bill Heindl, of hockey fame, teamed up with Bobbie Fulton in the outer gardens and turned in a smart performance of patrolling the pastures. Fulton was quite powerful at the plate, copping the day's batting honors with three safe bingles in four attempts, Heindl sliced a long drive for a three bagger to take the distance hitting honors.

In every department the Cornwallis clan are powerful and should make things mighty interesting for all opposition this season and that includes "Bud" Morrison's starry array that represents Halifax Navy's entry in the local senior loop.

Morrison's mob includes some of the best ball artists in Canada—27 performers adorning the roster. In their first two tilts of the season they turned in wins, defeating the last year Halifax champion Shipyards 8-3 and polished off the Army nine 13-4.

On their play and diamond reputation the Halifax tars should breeze through a victorious season, receiving their greatest opposition from the Shipyards, who have three talented "imports" who received their ball schooling across the border. Too, the armymen, under the direction of Art Upper, might pull a surprise win as they are a classy nine.

Morrison's navy roster glitters with talented diamond exponents. In the soupbone department he can call on seven flinging arms in the persons of Larry Angus, Ed Parker, Neil Staples, Bob Halloran, "Lefty" Reinzo, Mike Gentron, and "Bruno" Braun, all of whom have baseball reputations in their home town circuits.

For receiving duties Morrison employs a trio of stellar snubbers in "Peaches" Ruven, Doug Ball and Kenny Abel. Ruven spent his leave this season working out with Montreal Royals, of the Interational loop, while Ball saw duty with Seattle Rainers in the Pacific Coast league before joining the navy.

Dev Vickers has been transplanted to handle first base chores and has as his understudy a lad with the handle of Cascadden. George Smart looks after the keystone sack and is mighty impressive. His stand-in is Thomas, who performed for the navymen last year. George Gee, of Toronto ball fame and a hockey player of note, is number one on the shortstop assignments with Mervelede his relief. Ken McFadden is back at third with Halliday as substitute.

Bobbie Porter, who toiled with Syracuse and Toronto in the International league, patrols left field with France as his understudy. Bud Heximer is back at centre pastures and Danny Seaman still holds sway at right field, "Mickey" Ryan, being his stand-in.

Clary Harris, prominent in Halifax sport circles is managing the club and Wilf Chisholm is back as trainer.

Divisions across the country are also boasting of their ball clubs and at Edmonton the Nonsuch tars have entered the local senior fastball loop with a contending club. Unicornerers at Saskatoon have also mustered a starry diamond aggregation, while the Tecumseh lads at Calgary announce they have rounded out a nice club also.

The Regina tars, who can always be counted on to field a club, are away to a nice start in their loop while the Chippawa boys at Winnipeg are also doing well in the 'Peg sports whirl.

Sydney and Shelburne report they have ball representatives in their community while sailors at Port Arthur are also reported to be organized.

"Star" blue jackets, at Hamilton, are also performing on the diamond while the Yorkmen at Toronto are away to a flying start in their loop.

Hunter boys at Windsor so far have been concentrating only on scrub games but hope to field a club in an organized circuit. At Prevost, in London, the good word is that their representative is ready to go, so from all reports across the nation sailor sport enthusiasts are in for a big year.

And now that the war theatre has moved to the Pacific probably there'll be a lot more sport action on the west coast. However, Naden and Discovery, at Esquimalt and Vancouver, respectively, manage to take an active part in their community sport attractions.

Newfie reveals news that men based at Avalon aren't lacking in sporting entertainment and competition and ships at sea are getting in challenge games with other ships in their group when in port.

Navyman Warns Against Taking Too Easy Attitude With Nazis

By Tommy Graham

The first phase of World War II—its objective, total defeat of Germany—came to an end at 12.01 a.m. Western Front Time, Wednesday May 9. The task of bringing the Nazi fanatics to unconditional surrender had required five years, eight months and eight days. In World War I four years, three months and 10 days elapsed before the Germans admitted defeat. Canada suffered, up to the eve of V-E day, 102,875 casualties in the Navy, Army and Air Force, including 37,206 dead and 3,769 missing.

Now come the slow steps in the complex and tortuous campaign of denazifying the enemy—a task which this observer believes will be an arduous and painstaking one. We base this belief on our dealings with prisoners taken by Royal Canadian Navy men following the surrender of two Nazi U-boats on this side of the Atlantic recently.

Full of Contempt

I was present at the surrender of the first enemy undersea craft, the U-889, just outside the port of Shelburne, N.S. and at the interrogation of the sub crew of the U-190, which gave herself up at Bay Bulls, Nfld., where I watched and listened to more than 100 products of Hitler's Youth Movement, full of contempt for their interrogators, withstanding questioning with disdain and making insincere and evasive answers, and the main impression I bring back is how considerably the Germans were treated despite their attitude.

Little Too Easy

True, we are a peace-loving people and show malice to none. Too, International law states prisoners of war should be treated according to regulations set down at Versailles, but it seemed that at both these ceremonies of surrender, too much leniency in treatment which often bordered on courtesies was shown these Nazi undersea dogs.

They all had stock answers. Impudently they denied knowledge of Nazi atrocities, persecutions of the Jews, murder and slave concentration camps and other crimes, but added if these were facts they must have been right because they were carried out by the party which in their minds was never wrong.

They confessed they lost the war because the whole world was against them. Right to the bitter end, even though they knew they were on the downgrade, they had faith that their leaders in Germany would come forth with some secret weapon that would alter the course of the war in their favor.

They related that Hitler never made a mistake. When asked if they believed he was dead, they replied. "We do not know, but we believe what the papers say that he died at the front with troops."

Mostly Wrong

They could see no wrong in the atrocities of the father land and the fanatical followers of the party and one arrogant third officer piped up, "right or wrong, my country."

In both instances the men were mere youths, ranging between 19 and 25 years in age, only two members being over 30. Slightly built and swarthy in complexion these Aryan supermen who sailed as officers and ratings in Hitler's sub surface marauders were confident that 'Germany Destiny' would ultimately be fulfilled. They struck one as being as arrogant in defeat, as confident in surrender, as they were ruthless in their many actions against allied shipping.

All were openly boastful of their affiliation with the Nazi party claiming that the German people as a whole were solidly behind all the evil machinations of Hitler's clan.

One officer's attitude in particular was indicative of their thought-processes. He, a third officer, had recently tendered his resignation in order that he might return to Germany to teach in a Hitler Youth school—the breeding ground of Naziism, where young Germans were impregnated with the basic belief that it was Germany's God-given right to rule the entire world.

Sank "Esquimalt"?

One could not help but feel that if these potential fuerhers were to be returned to a conquered Germany in their present state of mind, the entire effort of the past five-and-a-half years might prove to have been in vain. While one of the interviews was being conducted, brilliant interrogation by a naval intelligence officer, the captain of the U-190 admitted it was his sub which had been active in the vicinity of Halifax and that his was the dubious honour of having torpedoed the gallant Canadian minesweeper, the Esquimalt, in which 44 men were lost. An-

World War I. The Germans have been taught to kill, kill, kill! They are military minded and severely disciplined. It is our job to change their mode of living and thought and though it will be a tough chore it has to be done if we hope to maintain the peace we've spent the last five and a half years getting.

OKAY, LET'S GO!

By A. A. Wenban, O.A.(O) 3

Okay, we've won that darn war, What's it all for? Where from here? Somehow we've got to be men with a vision.

Men with a target to aim at ahead, Men who will care for their nation's tomorrows.

Fighting men that's what we are. So let's fight, For the things that we all know are right.

We are the fellows to remake nations, That's where it starts -- in our hearts.

Too many crooks? Okay we'll be honest, Too many slackers Here's men that will work.

Chiselers? Here's some will give without grab ing. That's how it starts Let's go!

A romantic pair were in the throes of silence as the car rolled smoothly along an enchanting woodland path, when the girl broke the spell:

"John, dear," she said softly, "can you drive with one hand?"

"Yes, my sweet," he replied in an ecstasy of anticipation.

"Then," said the lovely miss, "you'd better wipe your nose. It's running."

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Battle Of Four Horsemen Better Than Screen Thriller

Ottawa—"Tony" Law—Lt.-Cmdr. Charles Anthony Law, D.S.C., R.C.N.V.R., of Quebec City—has returned to Canada after four years of service in Motor Torpedo Boats. He looks back with a sort of detached amusement on a hectic career; and in particular on the last big action in which his famous flotilla was engaged.

A man tailor-made for service in the diminutive MTB's—slight, trim fast-moving-taking up very little space, making very little noise—Law has had so many encounters with German ships in the English Channel and the North Sea that he is hazy about numbers and details. He is principally concerned, at the moment, with getting back to the artist's brush and palette which he laid down five years ago. But the last large action in which his flotilla was engaged—"The Battle of the Four Horsemen"—had some unusual features.

Care for the Old Lady

The action took place on the night of November 1, 1944. Preparations for the costly landing on Flushing were under way and a famous battleship, was to take station off the port and bombard German positions. A complicated network of allied patrols had been spread out through the North Sea to ward off attacks on this battleship and the other bombarding ships. Law's flotilla was assigned to one of these patrols, with strict instructions to let no E-Boats get by them.

Law's flotilla numbered four boats. He commanded one; "Bones" Burk, (Lieutenant C.A. Burk, D.S.C. and Bar of Toronto) had another and the other two were commanded by Lieutenant Craig Bishop of Sherbrooke and Lieutenant Glen Creba of Winnipeg. Their patrol area was a strip of sea five miles long off the Hook of Holland. It was a small area and they had to remain strictly within it so as not to interfere with any of the other patrols.

About seven in the evening, just before dusk, they arrived on station. A heavy swell made things thoroughly uncomfortable. The first thing sighted was a German convoy preparing to put out from the Hook.

Company—Ouch!

They formed up and went in for a torpedo attack. Just as they were closing nicely they spotted seven or eight German E-Boats moving up from the south to intercept them. The E-Boats are formidable enough; about 125 feet long and well-gunned. If the four Canadians got in between the E-Boats and the convoy they would be nicely trapped.

Law and Creba immediately swung off and made for the E-Boats. They raced down along the line of the enemy with all guns firing, turned as they reached the end and headed out for sea. The Canadians had scored a number of hits and although they had also taken some punishment they had had the better of the action. The E-Boats made off through the dusk and were not heard from again.

Meanwhile Burk and Bishop had gone in for their attack on the convoy. An explosion and a column of smoke rising from one of the merchantmen showed that at least one torpedo had gone home. Then the attackers swung seaward again, and came out to join Law and Creba.

Bishop's boat was limping badly. It was holed by the gunfire of the convoy's escorts and only quick and brilliant work on the part of the engine room ratings and the crew saved it. It was decided that the damaged boat could make England alone. The other three resumed patrol and the German convoy returned to harbor.

The Four Horsemen

Then the real fun began. In spite of the heavy sea it was a beautiful night with a moon that gave almost daytime visibility. And in the unwelcome light of that moon the Canadians spotted, and were spotted by, the Four Horsemen of Flushing. The Horsemen were four German flak trawlers, reputed to have operated in the vicinity of Flushing, Holland, since the time of Noah. If so, they had undergone numerous refits, because they were quite modern and heavily armed. They were known to every M.T.B. man in England for the viciousness of their gunnery and their apparent indestructibility.

The Canadians formed up warily and went in to attack the trawlers. They were met with a storm of gunfire;

men reappeared, steaming on an opposite course. The unpleasant truth began to break in upon Law. His three M.T.B.'s and the four German ships had been assigned by their respective admiralties to exactly the same patrol area. They were all there for the night and the five-mile stretch of water was going to be crowded.

Zig-Zag-Zam!

The two groups of ships moved warily up and down in the bright moonlight, jockeying for position. The Canadians raced in to close range, let go with everything they had; roared out to the limit of the patrol area, zig-zagging away from the German fire. The Horsemen came after them. The Canadians circled away, looking for an opening.

Suddenly a salvo, not from any of the trawlers, straddled Law's boat with a resounding 'Whumph!' It was the greeting of a newcomer, a German M-Class minesweeper, and it had come from 8,600 yards away—about five

miles. To Motor Torpedo Boats, accustomed to fighting at ranges of 200 yards and less, it is disconcerting to be straddled at five miles.

The Canadians turned their attention to the minesweeper for awhile; but she seemed to have other things on her mind and disappeared. Then they sighted what they thought was a German sailing boat and for a few minutes concentrated on stalking her. Law, in the leading ship, was just about to open up when his coxswain tapped him on the shoulder. "Here's our friends again, sir."

The Four Horsemen had sidled gently into the rear of the procession trailing the sailboat; and now they let the MTB's have it—good. The Canadians ducked, ran; circled back again. From that time on they concentrated on the Horsemen.

Chase me, Charley

The Indian fighting went on all night. The Horsemen stalked the Canadians, the Canadians stalked the Horsemen. The MTB's would rev up suddenly and close; swap punches with the Germans in a brief, brilliant tangle of tracer shells—break away for another period of stalking and try the whole thing over again. They were

all "very trying" as one man remarked.

How much damage they did to the Germans the Canadians do not know. They did score many hits and their casualties were light. But no ship on either side was crippled. Toward dawn the Horsemen rode off, apparently relieved that the weird night was over. The Canadians left a little later, with the same feelings. And the battleship, down the coast off Flushing, thundered away serenely, unconscious, as battleships are, of the trials of the small boat men who screen them.

A medically discharged Navy hero put on his civilian clothes and went for a stroll. Pausing at a corner, a spinsterish female approached him and berated him soundly for lack of patriotism, adding:

"Why isn't a man like you in the service?"

The ex-sailor looked her up and down coolly and finally replied:

"Same reason you're not in Earl Carroll's Vanities—physically unfit."

PO: "My wife can be an angel when she wants to be."

CPO: "Mine too — any time now."

ISN'T IT THE TRUTH?

By Ti-Jos

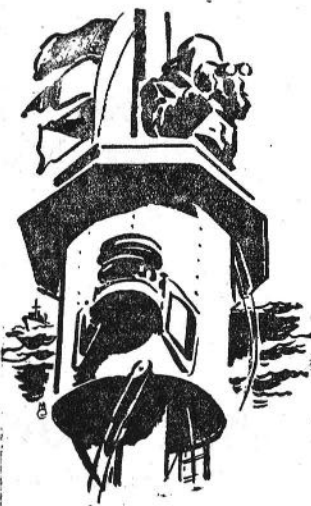


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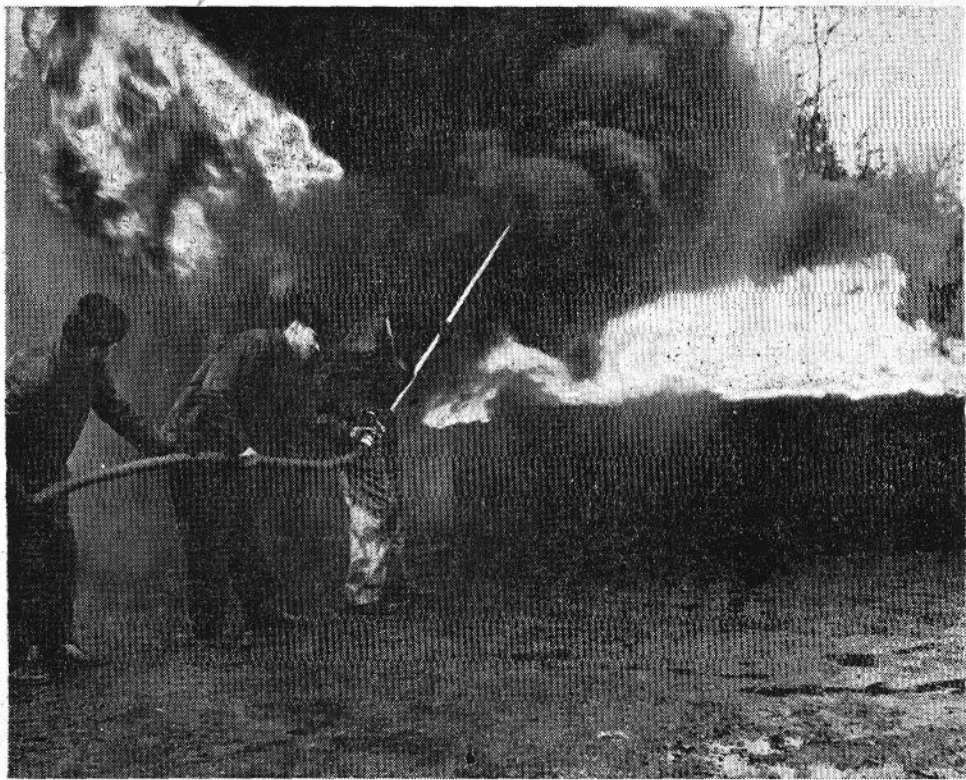


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WHAT'S COOKIN' —In hard-hitting, dramatic gun actions from the English Channel to the Bay of Biscay the Royal Canadian Navy's three tribal destroyers, "Iroquois," "Huron" and "Haida," have set up enviable records among other allied navies. With the ships constantly at sea the galley is one of the most important regulators of the crews' morale. Here are three cooks of the "Iroquois" preparing the next meal for her 300-man crew.

FAST OUTPUT OF TARs TRAINING MIRACLE

Just as a Canadian corvette dared to put to sea in the early days of the war with a wooden gun mounted for'ard, so, in those same early days the Canadian Navy dared to train men with what weren't even reasonable facsimiles of the instruments of Naval warfare—because she had to.

And the speed with which men were trained and sent to sea, the efficiency with which these civilians of yesterday learned to operate and fight their ships was proof that those who had taken them through their courses, such as they were, had carried out a miracle of training.

Divisions Across Canada Feed-line For Ships Of War

Many a Canadian has smiled amusedly when hearing some sailor at an inland training division of the Royal Canadian Naval Volunteer Reserve say he was stationed aboard "HMCS". Yes, it does sound amusing to hear of one of His Majesty's Canadian Ships in the middle of the prairies—but the story back of those divisions is a highly enlightening one.

It was in these "stone frigates" all across Canada that the Dominion found and trained the bulk of its Naval men. It was here that for years before the war a few civilians had taken enough interest in "the token Navy" to spend their summer holidays training with the permanent Navy. When the call to arms came these men rose to the need and began recruiting men from farms, cities, towns—from every type of work, from every kind of environment.

Got First Training

It was here, too, that these recruits learned the basic knowledge and received the training that was to start them on their way to being sailors. Because of the intensive courses given at these RCNVR divisions the more technical and advanced work could be begun immediately upon their being drafted to coastal areas and in a very short time they were ready to go to sea in Canada's warships.

The Divisional Headquarters will be used largely in the discharging of personnel from the Navy, also, and if they do that job as well as they did the important one of recruiting and training the men and women, they will merit the praise that has been heaped upon them by Naval officials.

The following figures (by provinces) showing the numbers in the Navy at the close of 1944, is evi-

Enemy Didn't Wait

While Canadian factories were gradually changing over their equipment to produce the instruments and armor for war, a savage enemy who had been preparing for years was already carrying on actively in home waters.

In every branch of the Service men were using make-shift equipment and many of them had to go to sea without ever having heard a shot fired in practice without even knowing what enemy aircraft or seacraft looked like.

Then slowly, painfully slowly, at first, the equipment began to arrive. Ships, guns, torpedoes, depth charges, delicate detection instruments, navigational equipment. Ever faster the Canadian Navy took her place in the forefront until she finally arrived, with her fleet of little ships and, largely, volunteer sailors, to the position of fourth Naval power in the world.

Ready At Last

Her men no longer trained with wooden rifles, no longer walked about her coastal establishments dressed in as much of a Naval uniform as was available for issue and the rest "civvies." Her men appeared smartly dressed, bronzed and hard from inland training—ready.

A country aroused to the vulnerability of her long and largely unprotected coastline, aroused to the danger in which Democracy and Freedom were finding themselves, provided men and equipment. The effort had been successful—but it was dangerously close to being too late. It must never happen again. That long coastline is always the same, the value of Freedom remains unchanged.

ence of the great task that was accomplished:

	Men	Women
P.E.I.	1,226	33
N. S.	6,183	191
N. B.	2,420	199
Que.	10,461	665
Ont.	36,415	2,493



Feeding and clothing, among many other items that rarely reach the headlines are taken care of by the supply branch. The work of these men and women is vital in the organization of the Royal Canadian Navy and the large number of people engaged have done an excellent job.

Pay Branch Causes Headaches But Staff Knows Its Stuff

The carelessness and general inefficiency of the Accountant branch of the Navy is often a widely discussed subject by all ranks. And the treatment of that subject is one of the greatest injustices of the Service. The Writer, or the Supply Assistant is the guy who is usually "nattered" about and actually, he is usually the guy who "takes the can back" for someone else.

Because of the fact that the chief duties of the members of the Writer and Supply departments of the Navy have to deal with money, leave and food, they come pretty closely under the eye of every rank and every department.

Scribe Always Blamed

However, because they are the men who look after documents and the clerical tasks of the Service, little effort is ever made to really help them in their work. The sailor simply says to himself "Oh, I won't worry about checking on my pay to see that I am getting all my allowances and extra pay. The Writer will take care of that." And then, months later, the matelot is asked to pay back money that has been over-paid him because he forgot to inform the pay office

Man.	7,136	640
Sask.	6,140	488
Alta.	6,874	471
B. C.	11,234	696
Br. Empire	532	87



PAY PARADE:—This pay parade took place when you and I were considerably younger, Maggie, but the practise is still the same. It's "nip smartly up to the pay table, off caps, yell out your pay number, don't forget to say "sir," pick up your cap and money and double smartly away." The uniforms in those days apparently came in two sizes. By the way, that fellow at the left, with his coat unbuttoned, is the crusher. —tsk, tsk.

that he was no longer carrying out the duties of a higher rating than that which he held. He is then likely to rant about the inefficiency of the blank, blank Writers.

In the same way, Officers find themselves leaving things for Writers and S.A.'s to do at exceptionally busy times. A month later the Captain asks to see a certain file or wants to know something about a

certain shipment of provisions. Everyone goes into a "flat spin" trying to get the information and eventually the Writer or S.A. gets a blast for not being able to produce the required figures. Ah me, 'tis a sad life—in some ways.

Finding Out Now

The men at sea in ships have really only begun, during these last

Continued on page 30

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NAVY'S CAMERA-CLICKERS TAKE PIX PLUS RISKS

Throughout this issue of The Crow's Nest readers will find a considerable number of photographs. Almost every picture in this issue of the paper was taken by a photographer of the Royal Canadian Navy.

It is seldom one thinks of the man who takes the pictures. Most readers are prone to think about those whose faces appear in the pictures. Now, look over the photos in this issue and note what must have been the precarious perch of the man who took the pictures, in many cases.

The work of the Naval photographic branch doesn't embrace only pictures used for publicity purposes alone, however. Naval photographers have been carrying out technical jobs which require very skilful lighting and composition—sometimes the "shots" show a broken piece of machinery and a study of the photograph tells the reason for the weakness in a certain part. Other pic-

ers of the Navy have done their job well and we especially, are grateful to them for the splendid effort they have put forth in helping us to prepare this issue.

Like all other men and women in the Navy they sometimes deviate from the serious side of their work and do a "trick" job by way of experiment—as in the above picture. To get this effect you have to follow



tures are taken in hospitals where the Navy's surgeons have been able to make detailed studies from the prints and thus give greater assistance to sick personnel. Copying of drawings and other pictures, the negatives of which are not available, has assisted greatly in training work in the service.

Helped a Lot

The male and female photograph-

the words of a popular song "and accentuate the positive, eliminate the negative..." but, unlike the song, the main idea is that, in the end, you do mess with "Mr. In-between." The picture, known as a "base relief", which strongly resembles a wood-carving, was made by P.O. Photog. J. Simpson, and L/Photog. J. Sparks of HMCS Cornwallis photographic staff.

Newsmen Made Canada Truly Navy-Conscious

Because the curiosity of people is so easily stirred up and soon gives way to the spreading of dangerous rumor, the Navy had to partially forsake its "Silent Service" tradition in this war and bring home to the people of Canada the story of what their sons and daughters were doing in the war at sea.

To do this the Department of Naval Information was set up and newspapermen from all parts of Canada were put to work writing the "news" of the Royal Canadian Navy. The job hasn't been an easy one for men who were used to getting in on a story and rushing it to press as soon as possible. Often the tales had to wait weeks and even months before they could be released safely, without helping the enemy, without distressing relatives of Naval Personnel.

So often, too, the most exciting part of a Naval story has to be withheld, perhaps to be told at a later date in the days of peace, perhaps never to be told at all. And so, the Public Relations Officer and the members of his staff must write the story in as interesting a fashion as possible, knowing full well that the real story can't be touched.

Covered the War

The men and women who have been your Naval war correspondents have followed the Navy to every part of the world and have "covered" the battles, the rescues, the sinkings—all the things that go to make up the complete chronicle of Canada's part in the war at sea.

Some of these men have lost their lives or been sent to enemy prison camps while carrying out their duties.

The members of the Department of Naval Information have, through the newspapers of this country and the radio networks, made Canada Navy-conscious, interested in the fighting force that was once scorned as being only a "token" Navy. They have helped the civilians of the country to realize the full meaning of the sea and its dangers during wartime. They have also pictured in words the humorous and lighter side of life in a Service noted for the strictness of its discipline. They

have tried to see that each department received its rightful share of publicity so that the importance of each job, no matter how small, might be understood by all.

The reaction of Canada to the stories that have appeared in the press of this country has proven that these men have done their job well and are more than capable to carry on bringing home of the news of the Royal Canadian Navy's part in the Pacific war.

(PAY BRANCH CAUSES)

Continued from page 29

few years, to find out what a good bunch of fellows Writers and S.A.'s really are. Only a small percentage of them in the early years of the war had the opportunity of serving in ships and this was particularly true of the former. Within the last couple of years, however, more and more Writers have gone to sea and, besides proving themselves able to take their place in action, have proven good friends of the seamen and other crew members. More than a few sailors are getting more pay or faster advancement because the Writer aboard ship took an interest and produced that all important article in Canadian Naval Regulations which said that "because so-and-so was carrying out such-and-such duties he was to be paid in a higher rating."

And lastly, those collars and ties may look nice but it costs less to wash your neck down to where it meets your jumper than it does to get those darned detached collars laundered.

a man's best friend is his mother and he's wary of any another till he gets in a state where friendship don't rate and a mate is the fate he would rather.

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THAT'S ONE THING ABOUT THE PACIFIC WAR—It sure is. There won't be any ice-chipping to do! The Battle of the North Atlantic didn't just mean the fight against U-boats. It meant the fight against lashing winds and raging seas—and ice! Ice is one of the most dangerous enemies because the added topweight may seriously threaten the stability of a ship.



HOTTEST MEN IN THE SERVICE—The Navy's stokers have indeed, one of the hottest and dirtiest jobs of all. Those boilers are no place for a man with claustrophobia to be working and boilers have to be cleaned well and often. The life of the stoker in time of action is unenviable, too, for he must work below deck and never knows what is happening, except when a mine or depth charge pattern goes off and then he gets the jolt—but plenty!



SO THAT'S WHAT AN ARTIFICER DOES!—Well, that isn't the whole answer, quite. There are several kinds of artificers (quite a tongue-twister, that word) and they are a very essential part of the Navy, for they are the men who see to it that all parts of the ship are in working order. Some look after the guns of the ship, others the torpedoes, still others the engines. The Navy's oldest group of artisans are the shipwrights who care for all woodwork in a ship. The two lads above are working at a forge in the blacksmithing department.



THEN THEY'RE OFF TO SEA AGAIN Yes, the lads have a draft to a new packet and, as the Quartermaster scans them, perhaps wondering if they are as good a bunch of guys as the crew that has left the ship, the officer at the gangway checks them aboard. Some of these lads are

probably joining a ship for the first time—a bit nervous about it all but anxious to get going. To others, who have been qualifying for higher rates ashore, it is an old story and a welcome one, for most sailors don't favor barracks life if they can catch a "happy" ship on a good run.

MEN ON HELL'S KITCHEN STAFF CAN ONLY PRAY IN ACTION

"They tell me that in our action the sub came right up beside us and opened up with her Oerlikons."

"What do you mean, they tell you? Weren't you there during the action?"

"Sure I was there, but brother, when your a stoker you stay down in hell's kitchen during an action and all you are interested in is seeing that that old ship can do what the old man wants her to, when he wants her to. If he orders full speed ahead you've got to see that he gets it. As far as the action goes we just keep on slugging it out with the boilers and pray that the enemy doesn't slam one down our way."

Hard on Nerves

"That's the toughest part of being in action for the engine room crew. Almost everyone else is up on deck right in on the scrap and seeing the fight. Down below we don't even know whether we're winning or losing but we do know that if a 'fish' is fired at us we've likely 'had it' because they usually strike right about the engine room."

Yes, that's one of the stokers of the RCN talking. He's just one of those hundreds of men you might

see emerging from the holds of ships, their faces covered with grease and soot, their hands raw with blisters, their muscles aching. These are the men who give the ships life; the men who see to it that the ship obeys when the throttle is moved.

It's a Hot Life

All of these lads have to take extensive courses—some learning the ins and outs of steam-driven engines, others the intricacies of

diesel power. All must learn to keep on working, no matter what action the ship is engaged in. All do learn that a stoker's life is spent in a tropical climate—even in the North Atlantic!

The present day "Frigate" derives its name from "Fregata", a Mediterranean vessel which was propelled by both sails and oars. According to an old work of 1771, a frigate was described as "a light, nimble ship built for the purpose of sailing swiftly. These vessels amount twenty to thirty eight guns, and are esteemed excellent cruisers." The reference to them being cruisers really has to do with their general sailing or cruising ability.

O. Sea.: "If I got as drunk as you are, I'd shoot myself."

Cox: "And if you were as drunk as I am, you'd miss yourself."

MAKIN' SOMETHIN' FROM NOTHIN' JOB ARTISANS CALLED UPON TO DO

One way to describe the men who comprise the artisan classes of the Royal Canadian Navy would be to say that they are the men who keep the various working parts of the navy in smooth operating condition. Another way would be to say that they are the blokes who are able to make "somethin'" from "nothin'" when the occasion demands it. And the occasion often does.

Plumbers, shipwrights, coopers, blacksmiths, electricians, mechanics and painters, all have their place, and men with trade experience can readily find their proper niche in the Canadian naval service.

Ashore, the artisans comprise that nucleus of tradesmen without which no modern community could exist. There are telephone lines to be put up and maintained, plumbing to be installed, buildings to be painted, windows to be replaced, all the odd jobs that are so simple to the trained craftsman and so hopelessly involved for the uninitiated. On board ship they are even more indispensable.

Anything Can Happen

The engine room artificers, particularly, are kept on their toes at sea. There is no calling in at the nearest supply house then when a part burns out or is smashed to smithereens by shell splinters. Then, it is that the greatest speed and ingenuity is called for. Somethin' must be made from nuthin' and in a hurry.

Chippies, ordnance artificers, radio artificers, are

up against the same thing. At times the sea may be a more implacable foe than the Hun, and search with ripping, tearing fingers for the vital parts of a ship before claiming her for her own. It is the artisans' job to keep that ship afloat and in fighting trim, to heal her from the ravages of sea and shrapnel, gale and gunshot.

Radio and telephone wiring, all the latest scientific devices which control the guns, pumps, engines, constitute the veins and arteries of a fighting ship, her very life lines, and it is up to the artisans to keep these channels free and healthy. The "healing hand" wielding a monkey wrench!

Keep Ship Trim

They have another job too. The unknown poet (or poetess) who wrote: "A little bit of powder, a little bit of paint, makes me look like what I ain't!" didn't specify whether the ditty applied to women or ships. We think it is equally applicable to both, vain creatures that they are. Nothing can make a ship more ship-shape, cleaner and more comfortable, than a daub of paint in the right place, and though many an O D has left his "hitch" aboardship with the feeling that he did more painting than fighting he knows that the painter who supervised the job did much towards making his craft a happy ship. Much more than old salt and seasick pills will ever admit. We just happen to be that way.

LO-AN-WACKIE

By L/Wtr. John Caldwell

(Illustrated by L/Wtr. J. Cranswick)

By the shining deep sea waters
By the dark and broad Atlantic,
Lo-an-Wackie had his lodging.
Dwelt he there at Stadacona,
Writer of the Stadaconas.

Deeply wise was Lo-an-Wackie,
All the lore his Chief had taught him
He had learned, and well he used it.
For he knew what one and one is,
Dealt in short and long division,
Multiplying and subtracting,
Knew the meaning of the Signals,
Handed out the White King's Wampum.

When the fighting braves, returning,
Clamoured "Do we get Hard Layers?"
Or, bewildered, asked more Wampum,
Lo-and-Wackie came among them,
Added up what one and one is,
Multiplied and then subtracted,
Plied his short and long division,
Read to them from many signals,
So impressed them with his wisdom



That they soon forgot Hard Layers
And, departing, joined the hunt for
Dark-eyed maids and firewater.

So the Chief loved Lo-an-Wackie
For he saved him many queries.
For the White King loved him also
For he saved him bags of Wampum.
Wise and loved was Lo-an-Wackie,
Writer of the Stadaconas.

Do You Know---

"BILLIE BLUE" was the nickname given to Admiral William Cornwallis, Royal Navy. This officer disliked being tied up to a jetty or lying at anchor and so put out to sea as often as he could. This involved the very frequent flying of the "Blue Peter" the blue recall pendant, to recall the ship's boats and libertymen to prepare for sea.

"STEAL THE COMMANDER'S PAINT—" is an expression used when the unwary sailor accidentally comes into close contact with wet paint aboard ship. The Commander, or Executive Officer being responsible for ordering the ship painted gives meaning to the expression.

The rank of Lieutenant-Commander was not introduced until the year 1912. Previous to that change, the title used was Senior Lieutenant.

COOK MAINSTAY OF

Continued from page 29

their buttons.

On board ship, the cook spells "morale." There can be no doubt about it. He does more for the initial happiness of the men on board than any other individual on the ship. There are stories of the sea finding her way into the holds and spoiling the food stores, and cooks staying up all the night to bake fresh bread to supplement the dehydrated diet that was all that remained.

They Fight, Too

Every man on board ship has an action station. Cooks are no exception to this rule. And many a navy cook has seen an action through, sustained battle wounds, then beat it back to the galley to make sure the boys had something hot to put under their belts when all was secure.

They have their problems too. Provide a balanced diet to please a group of men from every stop and station of life; cook a meal for a thousand men and make it compare with the mess ma made back home, these are some of the things that face a navy cook every day of the week—or should we say three times a day. Yet, judging from the number of men who have gained weight in the service (and show us 6,423 who haven't) we can only conclude that the problems have been more than met. The navy cooks have come, seen, and conked them right out of existence, and if that doesn't entitle us to an extra plate of duff tonight nothing ever will.

Pictures of Ships and the Sea

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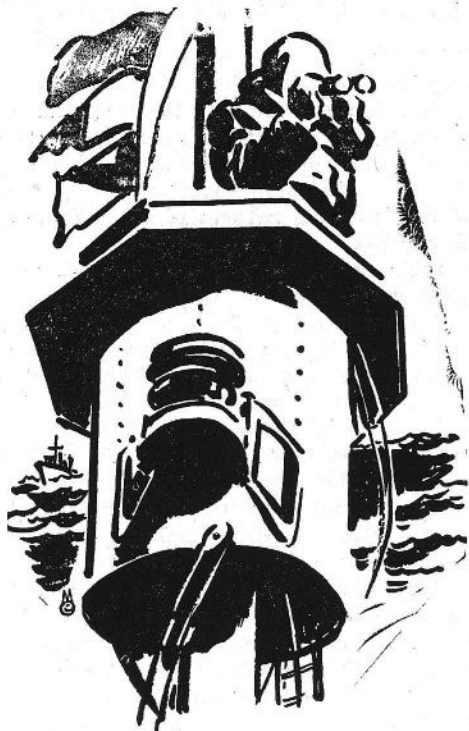
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REMARKABLE RECORD SET BY MEDICAL MEN

"Uh-uh—not me! I'd just as soon die here as die up in that Sick Bay. I'm not going up there if I can help it."

That's the way more than one Navyman felt about Sick Bay in the first days of the war when there was a terrific shortage of medical staff in the Service. But the story is a different one now.

There was practically no medical service at the first of the war. There wasn't a single Navy bed in which to put a sick sailor. The men of the Navy were taken care of in Military hospitals or by the Department of Pensions and National Health.

Today the Navy has seven excellently equipped hospitals and 1750 beds. There are 400 Medical Officers, 300 Nursing Sisters and more than 1500 other ranks and ratings in the Medical Branch.

Highly Praised

Time and again during the course of the European war, the doctors and Sick Bay attendants of the Navy have received high praise for their efficient, skillful and courageous work and, in the field of research the Navy has been a leader for many months.

To tell a complete story of all the accomplishments and activities of the branch is impossible in so small a space as we have here. The stories of the development of cures for sea-sickness (one of the outstanding medical discoveries of the war), the new treatment for immersion foot, the boosting of the morale of Navy men by opening Well Baby Clinics in congested areas to take care of the health of Servicemen's children, the concerted battle against venereal disease, the daring and successful operations performed at sea under trying conditions when instruments and equipment have been lost during sinkings, all of these are part of the amazing chronicle of the Medical branch.

Highly respected for the work

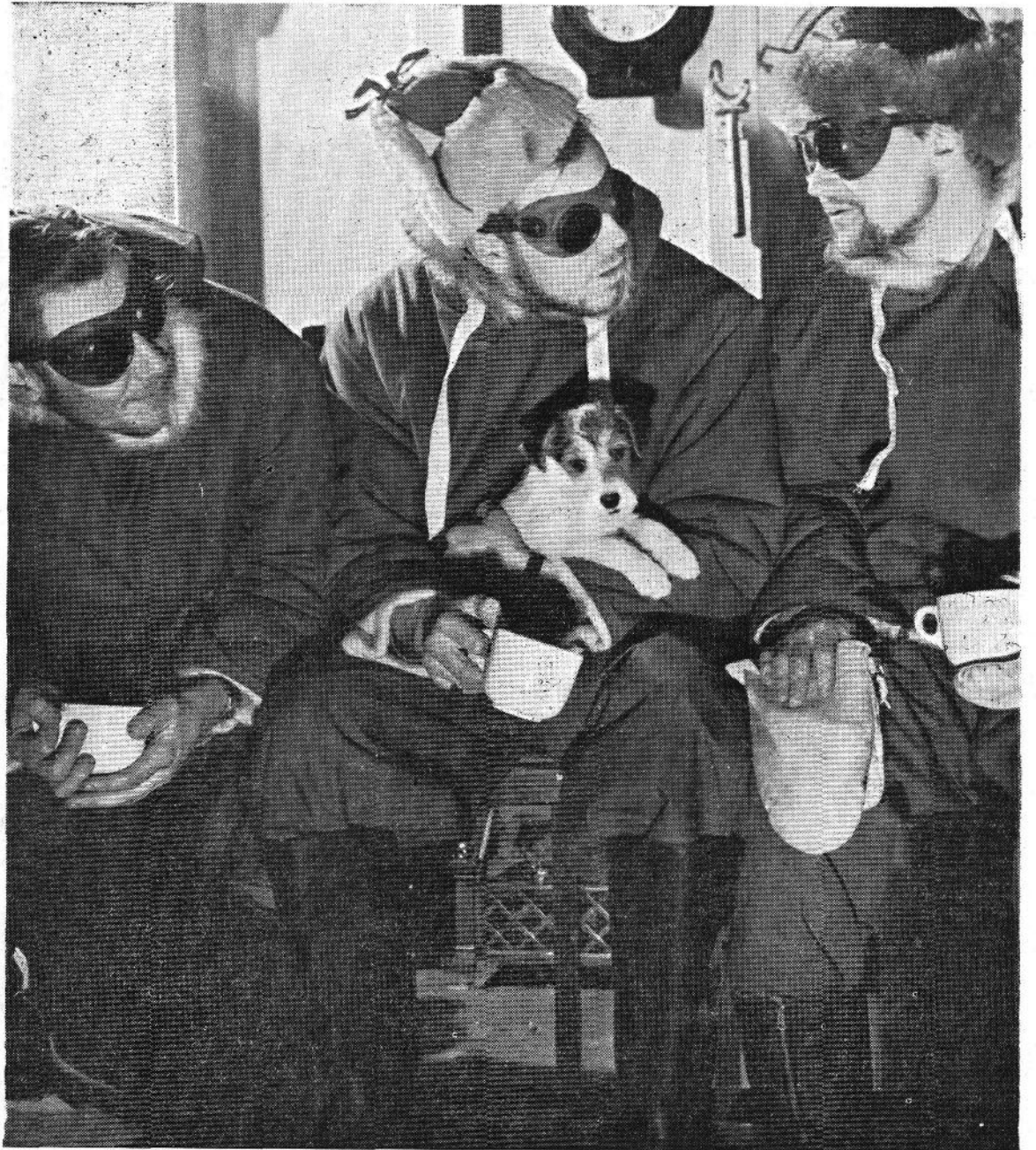
that they do the doctors, nurses, laboratory technicians, druggists, dietitians, and sick bay staff, have made a very important contribution to the well-being, efficiency and general happiness of the Canadian Navy.

Surgery At Sea

How a doctor can perform a delicate operation on an improvised operating table in a ship that is rolling and pitching in a heavy sea, is far beyond the comprehension of the average layman. The special concentrated food rations which are a part of the equipment of all life boats and rafts in the Navy have been a blessing to many, many sailors. The experiments in the elimination of night-blindness among seamen has resulted in numbers of ships being saved because alert lookouts were able to spot danger in the nick of time.

Numerous operations have been performed which, while making Naval personnel of greater value to the Service, will benefit the individuals throughout their entire lives. One of these cases is the straightening of strabismic eyes. With the straightening of the eyes usually severe cases of inferiority complex entirely disappear. Another is provision of proper glasses and often the affected eyes regain their normal strength.

And so, the Navyman today doesn't shy away from Sick Bay. When all is not well with his health he heads for Sick Bay and has the matter remedied—and that's just what the Navy wants him to do...



LOOKING AT THE WORLD ETC.:—These three officers of a Canadian destroyer are having the customary "mug-up" before going on watch. They are wearing the rose-colored night glasses which accustom the

eyes to the darkness. All are wearing fur parkas which, like the trousers, are made of Grenfell cloth. All the clothing is R C N issue, including the fur hats, for duty in northern waters.

BICUSPID BEAUTICIANS NOW GOING TO SEA TO TEND JACK TAR'S MOLAR MALADIES

When a voice calls, "Just a minute there, I'm going to fill you in!" aboard ship these days one hardly knows whether to put up one's dukes or to throw the head back and "open wider please." For the battle of the bicuspid has left snug harbour and taken to the open sea.

Triple-Threatmen

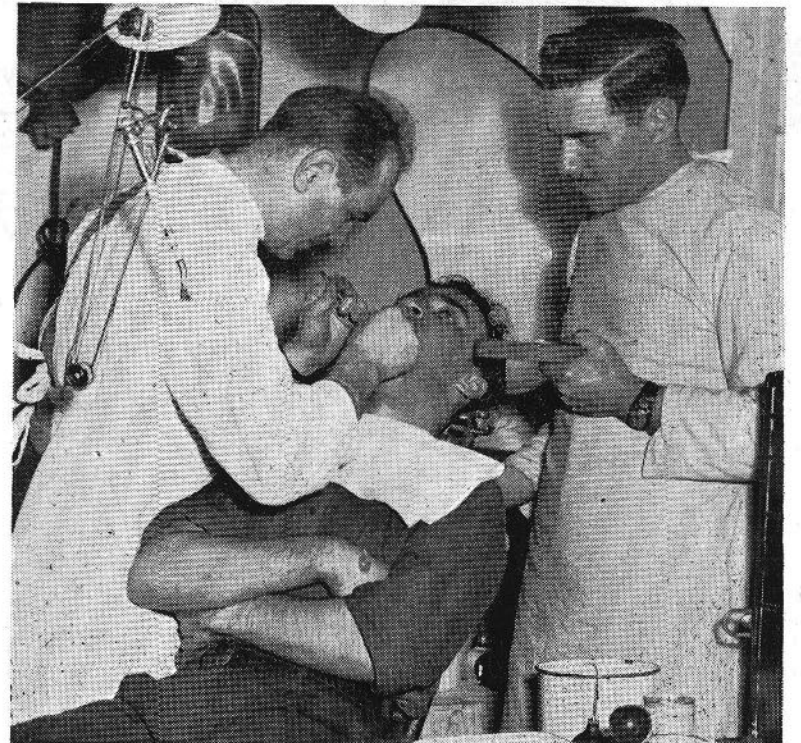
After 5 years of war against the Axis, the Canadian Dental Corps, serving navy, army and air force, numbers over 1,100 officers and 3,000 other ranks. Of the officers, 130 are attached to the navy alone; 17 of these are serving ships based in the U. K. and at least 4 others are on their way there to augment the total.

The Mobile Clinic, which nowadays can and does follow an attacking army almost into front line dugouts, has been used by the Naval Dental Corps. They were parked right on the jetty, within yards of several ships. But now they have a better idea.

Each Canadian warship is fitted out with a comfortable and well-scrubbed Sick Bay. And it takes only a matter of minutes for a complete dental kit to be set up where the dentists can practice their art with a minimum of trouble to everyone.

Cruiser Carries Dentist

But more and more the trend is to provide dental treatment while at sea. HMC cruiser Uganda carried a dental officer at all times. So will our new cruiser, at present nearing completion. Our Fleet aircraft carriers also will have dentists aboard. And it is quite possible, in view of the compact dental kits



WIDER, PLEASE:—"Dentist-at-your-door" service is available to the officers and men of the Royal Canadian Navy as soon as their ship hits the jetty. The officers and men of the Canadian Dental Corps Naval Command move right into the ship's sick bay and set up shop. In this way Canadian sailors get quick, comfortable treatment that takes them away from their duties or their shore leave for the absolute minimum of time.



BLOOD MEANS LIFE:—Surg. Lieut. John M. Murray, Victoria, B.C., of the hard-hitting tribal destroyer "Iroquois," examines a consignment of blood plasma. The needs of our forces for this dried blood is great. Many a wounded Canadian owes his life to this plasma, and because of it will once more walk the street of his home town. Men and women of the Royal Canadian Navy were themselves among the many who contributed this vital life-saving preparation to the blood banks throughout the country.

with which they are now provided, that dentists will be able to transfer while at sea instead of wasting a couple of days until the ships put in to port.

Ashore, again, "something new has been added." Girls! The first class of Wren dental assistants graduated in Toronto last month

and are now busily engaged in passing the cutting cutlery in shore bases throughout the Dominion. Our shattered manhood! Now, when we go to the dentist we'll have to keep our mouth shut, we mean we'll have to desist from vocalizing. Doggone! Oh, well, maybe she'll hold our hand.

ALL WORK--NO PLAY MAKES JACK A DULL TAR

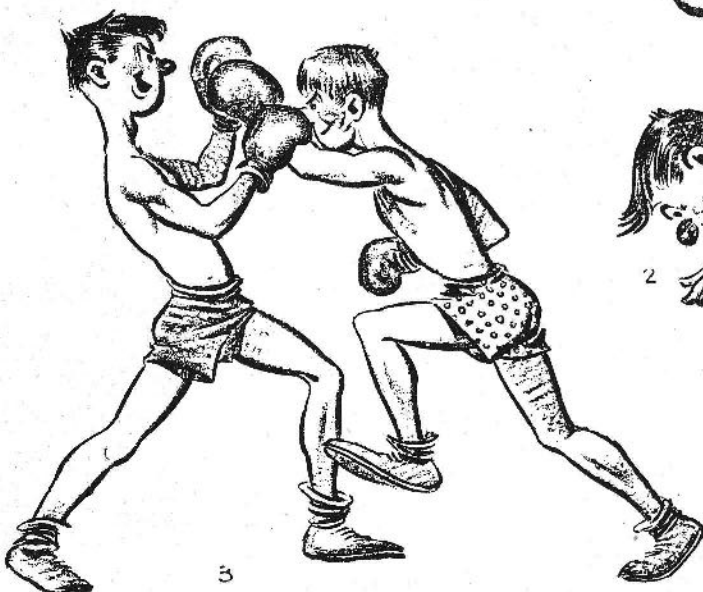
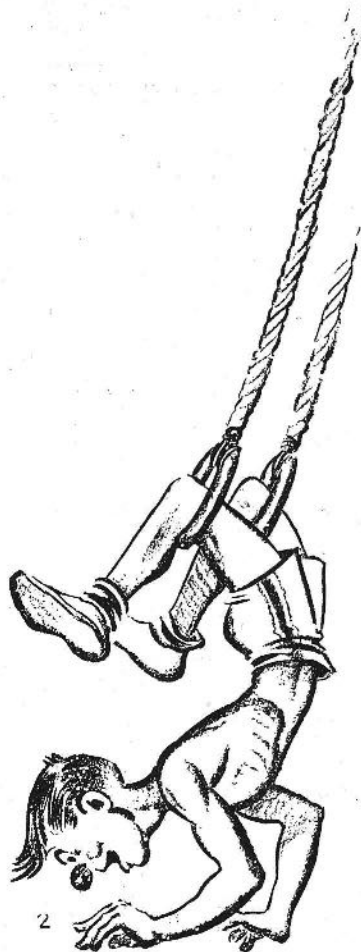
Exercises For Muscles ---Both Body And Facial

In order to keep Jack Tar an efficient fighting man he must also be kept physically fit and happy. For this reason great stress has been laid by the Navy on Physical and Recreational Training as well as upon the entertainment side of life. To the navy have flocked men and women from the world of athletics and today these people instruct in every form of recreational training.

In the early days, too, the need for entertaining the thousands of men and women in the Service was foreseen and Entertainment Officers were appointed at the various large bases. Later these men were grouped together under what is now known as the Special Services Directorate. Working in conjunction with this department are the Auxiliary Services organizations such as the Salvation Army, the YMCA and the Knights of Columbus. These, together with Special Services, have done a most commendable job. Dances, novelty entertainments, roller and ice skating, hobby huts, ships' shows—every form of relaxation and pleasure has been brought to the Navyman.

In the accompanying layout Norm Laws, one of the Navy's best known artists, brings a few sketches from life dealing with sports and recreation.

1.—A sailor and a Wren enjoy themselves at a night club, part of the entertainment provided for them in a Blind Date show. 2.—An aspiring Tarzan of the Navy twists his torso on a set of swinging rings at a P&RT centre. 3.—Two lads mix it up in the Navy's favorite sport—boxing. 4.—Ah, yes, we mustn't forget those priceless moments of relaxation in the Service hostels. 5.—A lovely Wren lets her hair down, doffs her uniform and proves that, when it comes to figures, Wrens are just the gals for the job. She is a member of one of the many ships' shows produced for Naval personnel. The Navy Show, still entertaining Naval personnel overseas, is perhaps as well known as any Service show of its kind. 6.—Then there's the Saturday night jump when training callouses are forgotten and Benny Goodman reigns supreme. 7.—All the nice girls love a sailor, the song says, and this lad is certain there are a lot of nice girls in the CWAC, a group of whom came to entertain he and his mates aboard ship. 8.—Three lads in Londonderry decided to go roller skating but they had to give up because the guy in the centre broke his dignity.



STAIRS

Salutes The Navy!

STAIRS have been ship conscious ever since their earliest days, when most of their merchandise was brought from the Old Country in ship's bottoms. Later they themselves became shipowners with a fine clipper fleet of thirty-two vessels. And with their extensive trade as ship chandlers they have always had active contacts with "they that go down to the sea in ships and do business in great waters." Hence their ability to appreciate to the full the magnificent wartime achievement of Canada's Navy—which they gratefully salute today.

For Canada's six ships of war of 1939 have multiplied fifty-fold to 370 today—the 1700 navy men have increased sixty fold to 95,000—and in addition over 550 patrol boats and auxiliary vessels now fly the White Ensign. How these ships and how these men have acquitted themselves is to be seen in the thrilling record of their perilous convoy duty on the broad Atlantic and their valour and efficiency on Normandy's beaches.

So Stairs and we all are mighty proud of our brave boys in blue and wish them Godspeed until they come home to us again.

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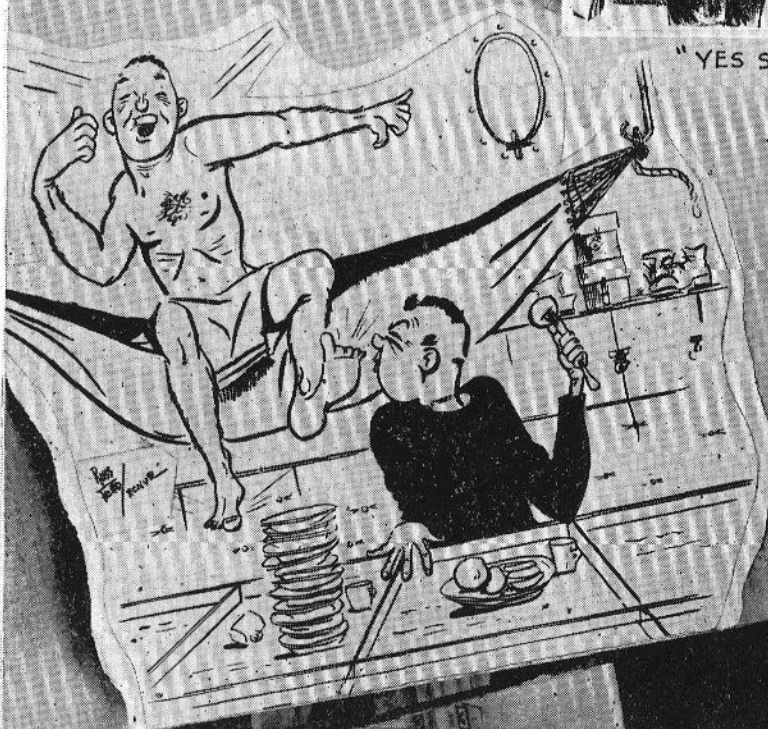
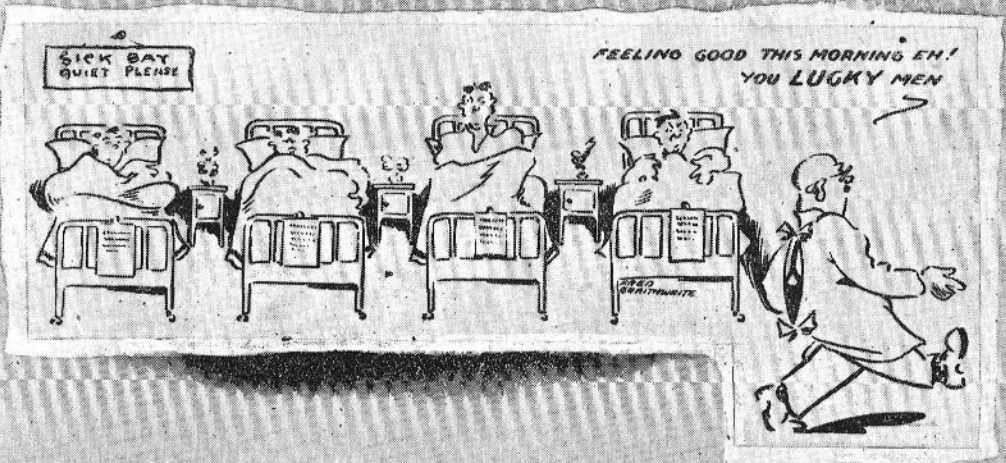
The many miles of pavement at this, the largest naval training base in the British Empire were laid by Standard Paving Company, Limited.

We are pleased to have been associated with the construction of this magnificent establishment—and with that of many other Naval, Army and Air Force stations throughout the Maritimes.

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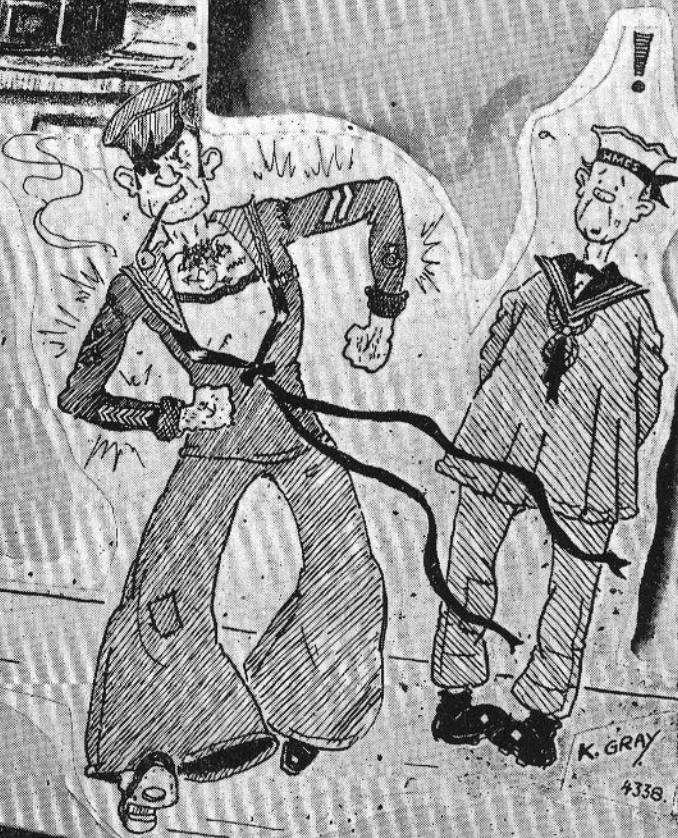
LADY HAMMOND ROAD

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA



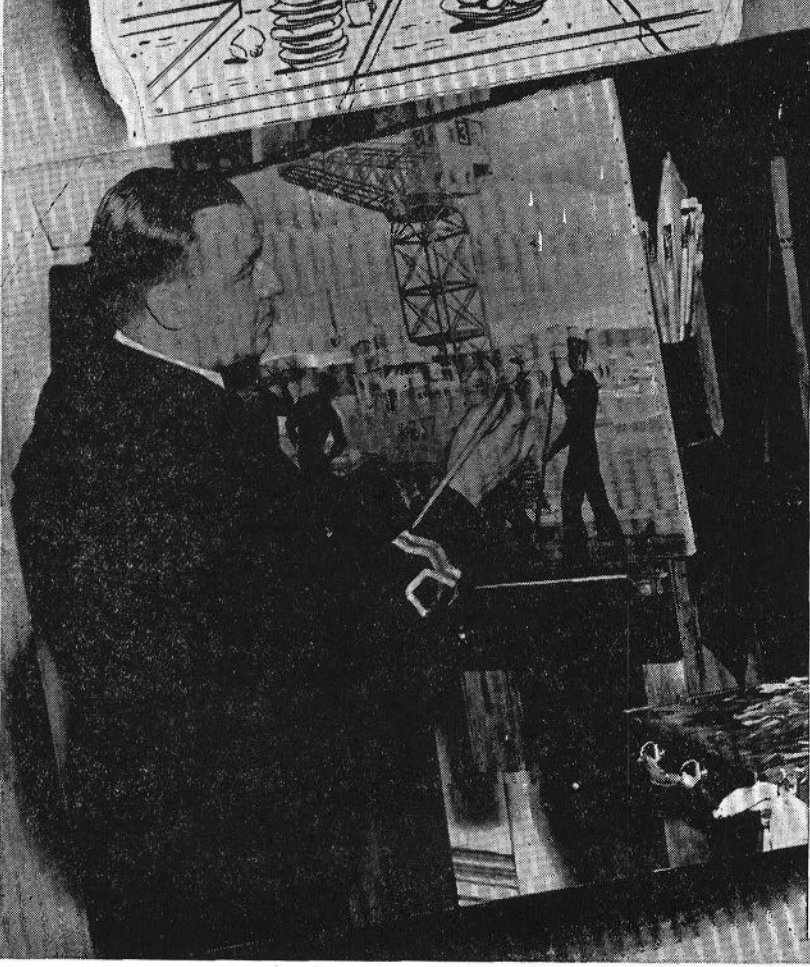
"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH"

"THERE IS NOTHING AS FINE
AS THAT FEELING OF
GOOD FELLOWSHIP
ESPECIALLY AT SEA"



LAUGHS AND LIFE

Naval art played its part during the five grim years of war. Many a laugh was provided through the columns of the various service newspapers by Navy lads who used their spare time cartooning. Many of Canada's best known artists also have done valuable work in recording, in oil and water color, the many phases of the Navy's big job. Above, are some cartoon examples. Lower left is Lt. Donald MacKay, famed Canadian artist, who has made some valuable art records. At right is an example of the work done by O/Sex. J. Andrews, RCA, of Winnipeg.



Navy's Educational System Of Benefit Long After War



Pictured here is Lieut.-Cmdr. A. E. Zealley, Director of the Naval School of Music, whose job it has been to train bands for the various shore establishments, inland divisions and ships of the Royal Canadian Navy. The fame of Naval bands has spread throughout the entire Dominion and some of them, notably the original band of HMCS Cornwallis, under the leadership of Commissioned Bandmaster R. W. McGall have achieved international as well as nation-wide attention. Bands play a large part in the training program of the Navy. Photo by Star Newspaper Service.

The Educational Branch of the RCN is patterned after the RN branch. It has a twofold program—the instruction of specific naval subject matter and instruction in academic subjects which the Navy requires for advancement or which may prepare VR personnel for a better job after discharge.

Every naval rating during his initial training is given a brushup in elementary mathematics and English. An effort is made, as it is all through his naval career, to make him conscious of current affairs. Upon arrival at Cornwallis he is tested in these fields by the Schoolmaster, and his qualifications for advanced training are judged according to these results and his "M" score. In advanced training, academic subjects such as physics and mathematics are handled by this branch. Hence we find the Naval Schoolmaster at such places as St. Hy., the Asdic School, the MTE, the Gunnery School,—in fact, anywhere that requires the practical built on the theoretical.

Necessary For Promotion

Advancement in the RCN calls for definite educational prerequisites. These may be measured in terms of civilian standards, or by naval examinations ET1, ET2, and HET. These examinations may be written in any ship or shore establishment once each quarter. The schoolmaster arranges facilities and offers instruction in the subjects involved.

In wartime, naval personnel may, through the Canadian Legion Educational Service, take almost any educational course offered by Canadian schools and universities. The work is carried on by correspondence, with the Schoolmaster acting as liaison officer and giving assistance when wanted.

The Utopia of The Educational Branch is Royal Roads, that country estate on Vancouver Island where "Snotties" are given a three year naval education. This institution is under the Director of Naval Education, and gives the lads the equivalent of a university education.

Where Personnel Selection Officers are not borne, the Schoolmaster carries on the work which the former normally does. He knows the story on rehabilitation and acts as vocational guidance officer. Just what his task will be when the discharge routine is stepped up remains to be seen.

Schoolmasters carry on their work in Canada, overseas, and at sea. They are borne on any ship from a cruiser up. On cruisers they act in their usual capacity and as weather man.

The Naval Educational Officer who has plied his trade in civilian life and brings his talents to the service gets a real pleasure and satisfaction working with these lads.



Canadian literature has taken great strides forward during this war and Naval authors have made their contribution to it. Not the least of Naval writers who have set a high mark is Lieut.-Cmdr. Frederick B. Watt, whose stirring narrative poem *Who Dare To Live* enjoyed record-breaking sales as one of the finest writings to come out of this war. Lt.-Cmdr. Watt has written large numbers of short poems during the past several years and below is a typical story of the sea told by a man whose close association with things Naval gives all of his works a very authentic touch.

DIRT FLEET

By Lt.-Cdr. Frederick B. Watt

Ore boats from Wabana,
Same old course we steer—
Slowly moving Newfoundland
Down to Whitney Pier.
Colliers out of Sydney,
Steaming on and on—
Never getting anywhere
Farther than St. John.
Toughy ships and scruffy ships,
Brothers of the coast,
Doing what we're told to do
Where we're needed most.

Fog forever off the Banks,
Dust beneath the chutes,
Thick enough to fill your pores
And your ruddy boots.
Dirt ashore and dirt at sea,
Dirt by dark and day,
That is how you win a war—
Leastwise, so they say.
Up and down, and down and up,
Past Cape Sable Isle,
Past Cape Race and past Cape
Spear
And earning every mile.

Light ship pounding like a drum,
Deep ship buried green—
Liners sail on wider seas
But never quite as mean.
Snow squalls just off Scatari,
Subs off Sambro Head,
Mines off Newfie—these we count
When we count our dead.
Out of Fundy, past the Gut
Down Conception Bay,
Doubling back before our wake
Scarcely fades away.

Limey and Canadian,
Panamanian, Greek,
This is not a run for those
Who would glory seek.
Heroes' crowns get tarnished soon
Underneath the tips;
Ours no moving spectacle
Except of moving ships.
In and out, and out and in,
That's all you're asked to do,
And beef like hell if that's your
mood—
But make your rendezvous!

There were times when seamen
Gathered for the fight
When they saw the signal fires
Leaping in the night;
But there'd be no beacons
Where they count the most
If it wasn't for our run
Up and down the coast.
Steel is in the making—
Breton's sky is red—
Dirt and dust and seaman's sweat
Keep those beacons fed.

Maybe deepsea freighters
Sometimes pause to reck
Where they got those brand-new
tanks
Stowed on upper deck.
Maybe boys who'll use 'em
Soon to end the war
Will remember they were once
Just Wabana ore—
Dirt ashore and dirt at sea,
Dirt by dark and day,
Until the fire called out the stee
And slag was cast away.

From Toronto Saturday Night.



It is no secret that pinup girls have played a big part in this war. The number of Navymen's locker doors that are decorated with pictures of beautiful girls with beautiful accessories is terrific. Some of them are pictures of men's wives, others are of sweethearts but the majority are of girls in the movies, in model agencies, on the stage. Maureen O'Hara is one of those who is a favorite of the boys in blue and here she is in a charming new pose. She is an RKO starlet.

There is no organization that has helped to make the men more happy ashore and afloat than has the Royal Canadian Naval Film Society. Through the work of this splendid organization films, projection machines and screens have been supplied to the majority of ships at sea and to shore establishments. Thus the sailors have been able to have the latest in screen entertainment brought to them regularly. In port the ships trade films and thus get them thoroughly circulated.

Naval Library Service Providing Best For Knowledge-Seeking Sailormen

Old Chinese proverb has it there are three sailors who do not read books: Tu-Glum Tu, Tu-Dumb Tu, and No-Yen Tu.

Chinese sage never visit Naval Library Service branch. We've got books even for those guys.

Spread throughout the Dominion, Canadian Library Service branches are doing a mighty fine job of catering to the varied and vagarious tastes of the literary lads and lassies who are wearing blue this season. Latest works of fact and fiction sit side by side with the old classics and the Rover Boys, and if you can't read we've got pictures too.

Begun By Officers' Wives

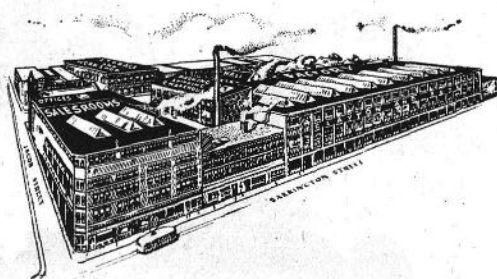
The Naval Library Service really had its beginning when a number of officers' wives decided to gather books together to send to the Naval hospital in Halifax and to the various ships that arrived in that "Eastern Canadian port." The books were donated by individuals and various organizations throughout Canada. Later, the navy took over and appointed trained librarians to handle the work. Now, most of the ships at sea have their own libraries which are replenished whenever they reach port. Special "Ships' Libraries" have been established, whose sole function is the servicing of these floating book bins and they are to be found at the various ports and operational bases on both coasts.

The libraries also serve shore-based personnel in every naval establishment in the Dominion, as well as the men doing duty in outpost stations. There is nothing like curling up with a good book to relieve the dull monotony of grey routine and weary lagging hours. Something like "A Better Guide to Seaman-ship," or "Social Security and Reconstruction in East Galicia."

A vote of thanks is definitely due the Canadian Legion, the I.O.D.E., the Navy League and all the other organizations whose splendid and steady gifts of books and magazines have, to a large measure, made possible the Naval Library Service. Most of the canteen funds ashore make their respective libraries monthly grants with which to purchase current literature of their own choosing, but the libraries could never hope to keep up with the voracious demands of their "clients" from this one source alone.

Sailors Reading The Best

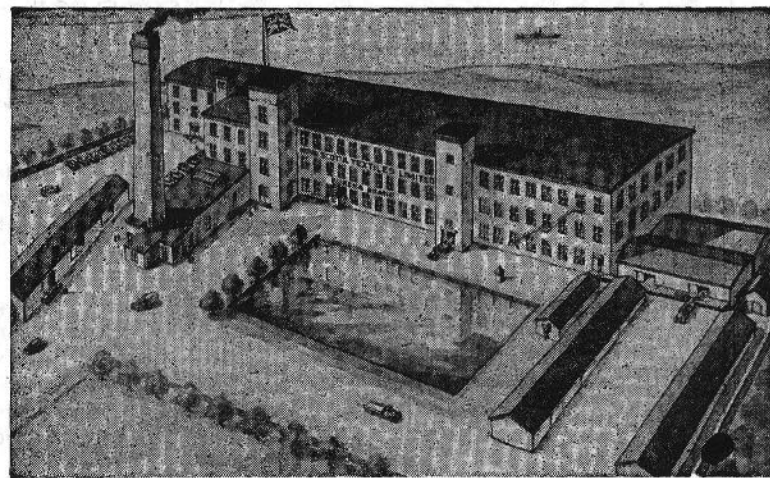
For it is a fact that our servicemen and women are reading, and like they have never read before. The almost criminally mistaken notion that prevailed in the early days of the war that all they were interested in was Super comics and Thorne Smith has been corrected and, today, there is a constant stream of the best in literature flowing by the serviceman's door into which he may dip to his heart's content.



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Naval Uniforms
Since The Inception
of the
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A Tribute to the Navy--

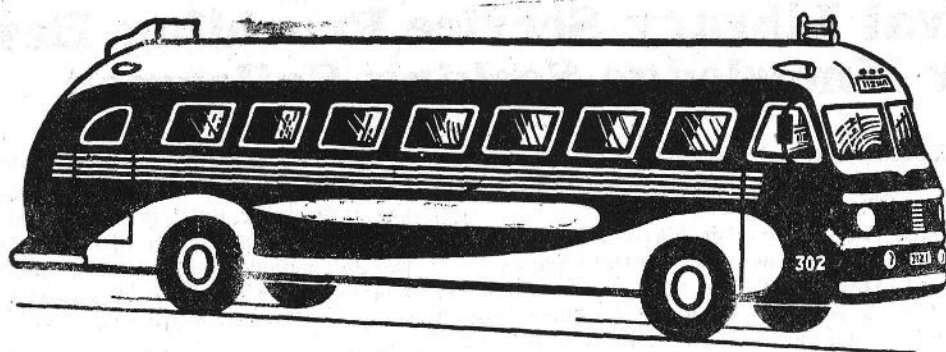
- The men of Canada's navy are a magnificent fighting force. They have braved the ice of the North Atlantic, the lurking peril of the submarines, the very beach frontiers of Europe.

With their 370 ships of war, their 550 patrol boats and auxiliary craft and their 95,000 personnel they have raised Canada up to become the FOURTH naval power in the world.

These virile men deserve our best consideration. And Nova Scotia Textiles will provide them with serviceable and comfortable "Windsor-Wear" undergarments and "Evangeline" Bloomers for their women folk through our dealers across Canada.

Nova Scotia Textiles Limited
WINDSOR, Nova Scotia

Serving, too!



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THE story of the Navy—the immortal record of the indomitable courage of Canada's men of the sea will live forever in the hearts of Canadians everywhere.

ACADIAN COACH LINES and WAGNER TOURS LIMITED are proud of the boys and girls in blue and take pride in the Royal Canadian Navy.

We are proud, too, of our record in conveying so many thousands of naval personnel on our buses at H.M.C.S. Cornwallis and elsewhere. For your appreciated courtesy and co-operation—we say "Thank You!"

It's A Man's World---But Wrens Love It



"GUNS"—This is Third Officer Frances Randall, WRNS, twenty-one year old blue-eyed blond gunnery officer, on loan from the Royal Navy to demonstrate latest methods of target practise and range shooting to gunnery officers and ratings trained at the port of Halifax. The Wrens, indeed, filled some pretty big shoes.

"A man who wouldn't lie to a woman," observes Salty Sam, "has little consideration for her feelings."

ERA: "How'd you get along with your wife in that fight the other night?"

OA4: "Aw, she came crawling to me on her hands and knees."

ERA: "What did she say?"

OA4: "Come out from under that bed, you coward!"

O/Sea: "So your wife eloped with your best friend. Who was he?"

L/Sea: "I don't know. I never met the guy."

CONTRIBUTION BY WRENS PROUD RECORD INDEED

By Lieut. Florence Whyard

This is a day for remembering, and Canadian Wrens have a great deal to remember from the past three years. Organized to release men for more vital jobs and for service at sea, 6,000 members of the Women's Royal Canadian Naval Service have done exactly that—and more. They have not only taken over enough shore duties to release a sufficient number of men to man several convoy escorts, but they are carrying on at jobs which were formerly marked "For Men Only."

Back in May, 1942, when the Minister of National Defence for Naval Services announced in the House that a woman's service would be organized as part of the RCN, it was forecast that possibly up to 5,000 women might be required altogether, and that they would be entrusted with jobs such as cooks, stewards, drivers, writers, coders, and similar women's work.

Wartime Variety Show

Today there are W/T stations manned entirely by Wrens; Wrens are handling signal towers at naval bases; Wrens are doing medical research for the R.C.N., Wren Dietitians plan menus and supervise meals for the entire navy, ashore or afloat; all shipping through the Welland Canal has been checked by a Wren; and so on, and on and on.

Today Canadian Wrens are serving at more than 50 naval base and establishments throughout Canada, in Washington and New York, in Newfoundland, in the United Kingdom and Ireland.

There is not a single one of them who, pausing in the midst of excitement, with European Victory so near, would give up her share in the bringing about of that Victory for anything in this world. Perhaps her job has been one of the thousands of routine assignments, dull and utilitarian, absolutely without adventure, but she knows that back of the ships that sail, and the men, are those behind-the-scenes workers who helped make it possible—the Wrens.

About All of Them

This special issue of the Crow's Nest is a chance to put on record some of these girls whose names will never be published, who will never be mentioned in despatches, never get "dream drafts" or overseas jobs. This story is written for them.

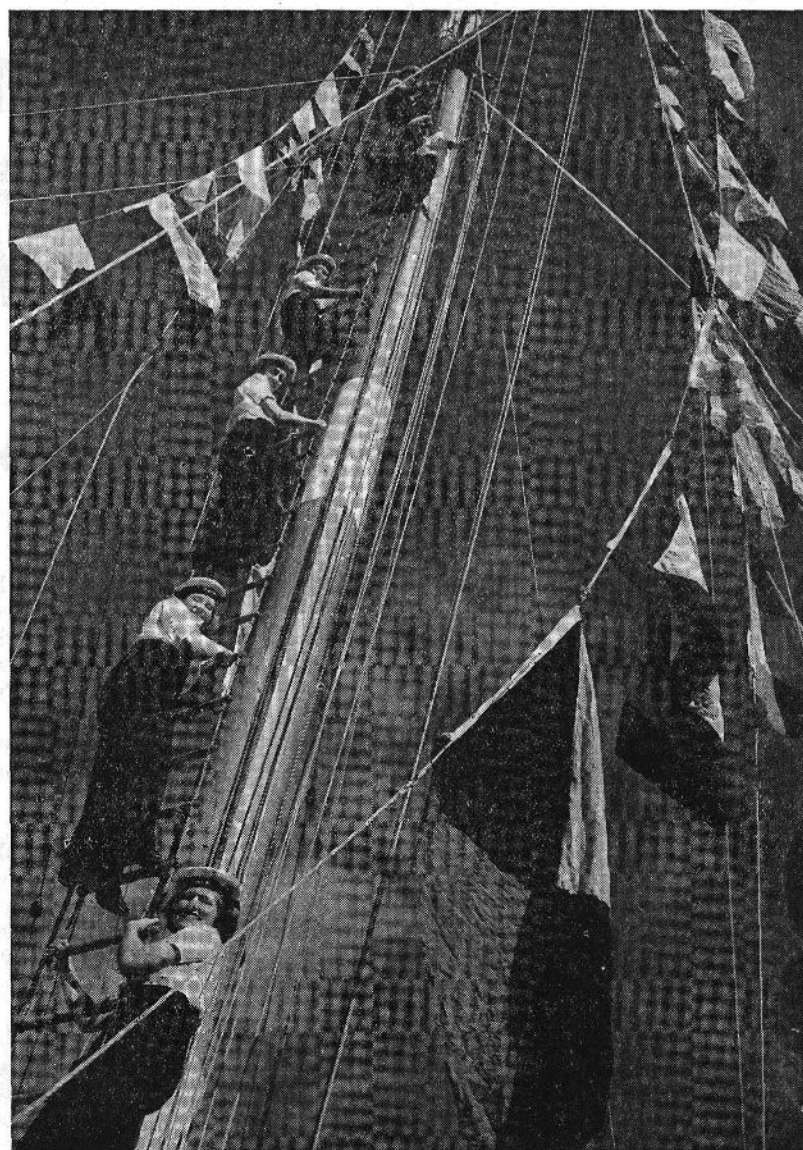
It is written for the stewards in Wren Establishments far from either coast; for the cooks who are

up and at it long before the rest of the personnel rise from their double-deckers; for the unsung regulators who work long hours at tedious bits of jobs and wait anxiously for Wrens to skim under that midnight deadline. It is for the hairdressers and the tailors who gave up their own shops to do the job in uniform at a fraction of the pay; it is for the Wrens who watch their friends pass Selection Boards and don those officer's stripes—for all the Canadian girls who are doing their part in this war the way Winston Churchill said they would: "Gaily and grimly."

Today is their day,—and tomorrow will be their day too, for this country will remember its women in uniform when they have become just women again. Three years ago, they responded in such large numbers to the first call for Wren recruits that Naval Service Headquarters was snowed under by applications to serve.

No Softies Allowed

Remembering that many of the women in the first Wren class had been prominent leaders in their line of work, whether scientific, educational, civic or social, the record of that class, in August 1942, becomes amazing in itself. For these mak-



SIGNALS AND SIGNALETES:—A former army camp at St. Hyacinthe, Que., was transformed by the Royal Canadian Navy into one of the largest naval signal schools in existence. Here ratings, officers and Wrens were trained in the latest technique and procedure of visual signals, radio-telephony, wireless telegraphy, radar, direction finding, coding and decoding messages, teletype operating and variety of related subjects. The Wrens above, trained as visual sigs, claim as much agility and courage as the signalmen when it comes to clambering up a mast.

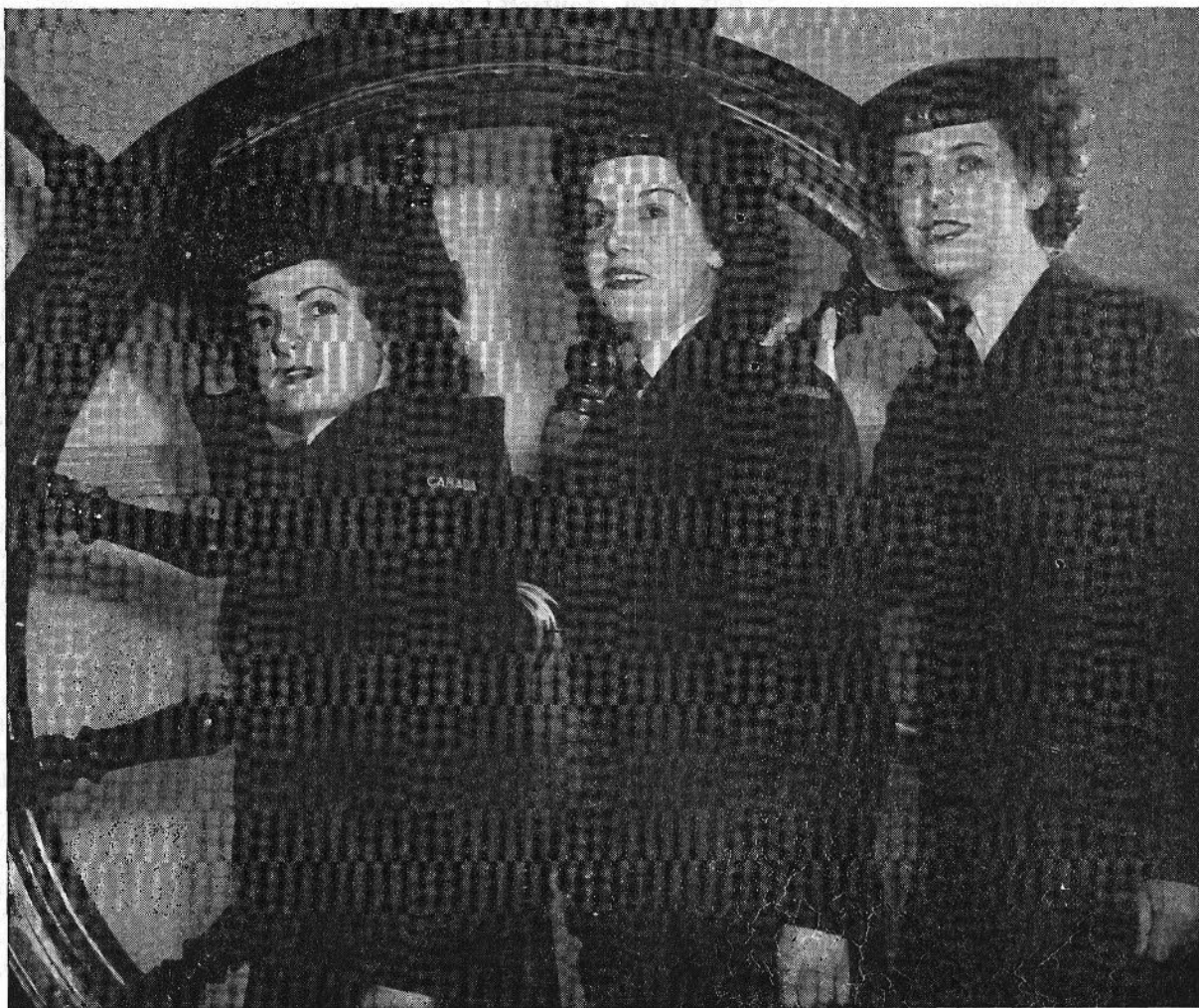
ers of naval history drilled, worked studied, attended lectures, scrubbed decks and washed dishes for four weeks wearing their one bit of issued uniform—navy blue cotton smocks. Even on their graduation day, in-

spected by Rear-Admiral (then Commodore) Reid, they marched proudly by the saluting base in those smocks, and were told by him "You are badly needed by the navy."

Continued on page 40



ACTION ROOM WRENS:—Canadian Wrens often never see the sailors they relieve for duty at sea but these Wrens, trained in Halifax, were taught their work by the seamen they relieved. They are learning how to place model ships in position on the "horizon" of the action room. According to the actions being worked out, they place sinking, damaged or burning ships, friendly or enemy subs, as called for, on the horizon. They must know how to regulate the lighting required and place the models at the correct degree.



THREE LITTLE SISTERS:—The only three sisters in Women's Royal Canadian Naval Service are these three Wrens—Marjorie, Audrey and Shirley Taylor, from left to right.

Daughters of Mrs. Jean Taylor of Ottawa, they enlisted in the Dominion capital and have been serving as messengers at Naval Service Headquarters.

Sailor--Read This Page--It's Important

Rehabilitation Program Designed To Give Veterans Kind Of Canada They Want

**ONLY WHEN DOMINION IS AS
SERVICEMEN WISH IT TO BE
IS VICTORY REALLY GAINED**

by Lt.-Cmdr. E. C. Salmon

The Huns have been scuppered and the Japs are scuttling around the Pacific not quite sure what happens next. V-E Day has arrived at last.

The show isn't over for a lot of us—but some of us have done the job and will pretty soon be out of Canada's Navy uniform. We'll be through with Western Ocean weather and chasing U-boats—because we've got hold, at last of the thing called Victory.

We've got a line on Victory—but have we actually got this prize into harbour, all snuggled down and all fast? The answer depends on what you call victory.

The Real Victory Is.....

Victory isn't just the winning of an argument or a fight; it's only really victory if it leads to something far beyond mere winning. Anyway—what was our fight all about? The fight quite properly became a business of scuppering as many Nazis in the Atlantic and the Western Approaches and the English Channel as we could manage—and the Canadian Navy got pretty good at doing just that. But scoring a card of good Nazis—dead Nazis—was after all only a means to an end.

The simple fact is that Adolf and Company—followed in due course by Hirohito and his yellow outfit—expressed their intention of taking charge of the affairs of a whole lot of countries and people, including Canada and Canadians. And Canadians took a poor view of this notion—and so we found ourselves on the Western Ocean looking for underwater Huns. But—we were looking for those Huns and blowing them up and down only because we wanted Canada our way.....And so Victory is really won only when Canada is what we want Canada to be.

Canadians We Want To Be

That means that Victory is won only when we Canadians are what we want to be as Canadians. We can blow off steam a bit when we've finished off all shipshape the Hun killing evolution—but we still haven't clewed up the whole mess until we are what we want to be as Canadians out of uniform.

You and I have won our victory when we have a home, a job and a future that promises happiness to us and our own folks, when we have established and confirmed our stake in Canada. That's what we went to war about.....

And that's where the three 'Rs' come in. Rehabilitation, Readjustment—Reconstruction. These three are just as important to you in Peace as a cleverly and well built ship, a gun that could shoot and a harbour to put in to have been to you in War.

Nobody is going to expect you, in this special edition of your own newspaper, to swallow a lot of detail about three words which are all three too darned long anyway. In fact, one of the three—Reconstruction—we will pretty well dodge altogether. Reconstruction, the building up of Canada to a prosperity for all Canadians, is initially a planning job—and it is a job which can only be planned as world conditions moving back to peace allow.

The \$64 Question

Rehabilitation—which is a hell of a word, (some of us who have been dealing with Rehabilitation for months still think it is about 10 letters too long along the water line) is something about which a whole lot has already been said, and about which a whole lot more is going to be said to you, and asked about by you. And what is it?

To start with, let's say that if a whole country and a whole world could be disrupted by a total war and yet could slip back without any fuss and upset to a full and easy peace, there wouldn't be any Rehabilitation as a programme and a plan. Not in Canada, nor in the countries of any of Canada's democratic allies. Canadians have been fighting totalitarians because we

didn't like, and didn't intend to put up with, any government gang bosses who said to all and sundry—“Do this and don't do that, go here and go there—and live only the life we say you can live.” Canadians have been fighting because we believe that free choice of what he wants to do and where he wants to do it is something every man has to have to be really a man—and because we were very certain we were going to hang on to as much of that choice as the needs of all in our community permit.

But Help Yourself, Too

The Rehabilitation Programme is just this—Help; Canada's help to Canada's men and women whose lives have been disrupted by years of fighting Canada's war. It is nothing else but help and, like all help from anybody to anybody in this world, its capacity for success is measured by the degree in which the man who is to be helped HELPS HIMSELF. That's simple and obvious, too,—and surely that's the way people who have been fighting for free and individual responsibility want help.

Canada's Rehabilitation Programme doesn't tell any Canadian released at last from the discipline of war what he HAS TO DO in peace, or WHERE he has to do it. Of course—we're not Nazis. But it does do all it possibly can to advise him as to what there is for him to do and what he is best fitted to do, and to help towards a further fitness. And it does give him, besides advice and effort, very essential help in the way of gratuity and grants and credits,—help towards home as well as job.

Hold on—we're not going to talk figures and facts. Not in this edition of the Crow's Nest. (We people who were shoved into this Rehab.....business would like a holiday from facts and figures too.) And, anyway, you should have read those facts and figures by now. Probably you have, and, if so, you've very likely asked questions and found the answers.

Navy Doing It's Share

The Navy has been doing its

best, and will go on trying until all wartime Navy people are properly fixed back in Civvie Street, to make sure Navymen and women get all they possibly can get of this rehabilitation help. For months there have been officer counsellors in all the Commands, doing all that circumstances allow to get across to you the facts and figures of the plan, and to give answers and advice when questions have been asked them—and urging you to read all you can about the plan. In fairness to those counsellors and all Navy Rehab.....Staff, it might be mentioned that the legislation covering the whole business would just about sink a frigate—or a corvette, anyway. It adds up to

tons like that, not because anybody got any fun out of producing it, but because any attempt to cover the infinity of cases and conditions likely to arise in the post-war problems of about a million Canadians just naturally grew that way. And even now questions can be asked which make for a lot of head-scratching and digging into bumph.....So you might remember that a devil of a lot has been done about YOUR question before you ask it—and particularly remember that something of that effort has been a dead loss if YOU don't think, and ask, and get it straight—so that you can use your share of all that legislation and the help that can come out of it for YOU and YOUR missus and kids.

The Navy had a lot of say in the beginnings of that legislation, and the Navy is putting its oar in at Ottawa all the time—keeping an eye on the problems of its own people. The Navy isn't interested in telling its people about Rehabilitation just for the job of telling it. Rehabilitation has got to work, and it's got to work “all out” for the Navy. (It can't, of course, if Navy people don't pull

their weight—every man in the boat. But we take it they will—that every Navy man and woman will do his or her stuff when the time comes, and is getting ready to do that stuff by learning the answers. We stick our necks out in Ottawa about it; we simply say that, whatever anybody else may or may not do, the Navy **always** does its stuff.)

When your time comes to be discharged the Navy isn't going to keep you hanging around any longer than it can help. We reckon that a man either wants to be an active Navy man or a civilian; no mucking about in between. As a matter of fact, we may have fancied our chances a bit too much in this direction—maybe we've set a target a bit out of range. But, even if we do fall a bit short—maybe we won't,—we still think we shall have done the job nearer your ideas than if we'd given ourselves lots of time to get you out of bell-bottoms into fore-and-aft creases and turn-ups.

CONTRIBUTION BY WRENS

Continued from page 39

to replace men for active duty and I know you will be welcomed by them.’

This was the beginning—the attaching of another arm to the Service. It was a new, graceful arm but it proved itself equal in strength and just as deft as its predecessors had been. The page of modern Naval history will not be complete unless much space is devoted to—the ladies—God bless 'em!

and the load's just been taken off. You've worked a ship or a gadget or a gun, and while you worked it your own life and the lives of your shipmates—not to mention a bit of Canadian history and a bit of that Victory you were after—were in the efficiency of your eye and your hand and your foot.

This getting back to normal is a perfectly ordinary, simple human affair—perfectly understood by doctors. There's nothing queer about it, nothing dangerous. Nothing dangerous to your body and mind—and you needn't even realize you are shifting back to normal. But there is a bit of danger in it—because while it's happening you have to get used to Civvie Street again; and you might find yourself wanting to part brass-rags with Civvie Street and all that's in it just because you didn't know you were a little bit on edge.

Worth A Thought

This is worth thinking about—worth a little thought before you go ashore to Civvie Street. If everything in Civvie Street slides into place like the parts of a gun—then that's that. But if some of those parts don't seem to fit too well, and call for a bit of patience, well—that patience is probably easier to find if you can stop and think that maybe that hangover stuff wasn't altogether bilge.....

It all adds up to this—you have changed, you aren't quite the fellow who went off to the Navy. As a matter of fact, you're a bigger man than you were—you can't do the things you've done without growing a bit. But you've got to change again and, while you're doing it, see the other fellow's side of the picture. Be patient, helpful, thoughtful, tolerant and co-operative with your own folks at home, with civilians on the job and round about. And it will all come out in the dhobie. And you'll be a civilian and a citizen, just like all the rest, without your ever remembering you had to go through a bit of that last 'R'.

And you will have clewed up, lashed up and stowed and made all snug that thing called Victory. It'll be yours.....

Readjustment Problems Might Be Nervous Hangover

Readjustment.....That's something else again. That's something nobody can plan for you, something that can't be helped by cash or credit. But it's something that can be helped by a bit of advice—advice from Navy people who happen to have come ashore to this Rehabilitation show, and have been able to learn a lot about what happens to a man when he comes back from years of war and has to find his sea-legs in Civvie Street.

You won't find that advice here or not much of it. (As a matter of fact, there's a booklet about this readjustment—and it's worth your while to read it. You'll probably find you know all the things it talks about—but it may be useful in helping you to remember those things at the right time.)

And what is this other 'R' we are asked to take as a part of the really simple business of getting back home and settling down?

Now, Before You Joined Up

Well, perhaps the best way to take a first crack at this particular 'R' is to take a sight at it before it was an 'R'—when it was plain Adjustment without the Re-. For a long time we Navy folk have accepted a lot of things as a part of our lives—pretty much all of our lives, in fact. The same rig as the other fellow, the same life as the other fellow, in depots and mess-decks. Doing things by numbers—very nearly eating and sleeping by numbers. Doing what we were told—and taking it as a sort of law of nature that somebody a bit higher up the scale does the thinking, and we've only got to do the doing. Watch on deck and watch below, by rule and order—and liberty ashore with only our own inclinations to be amused.....

But, if there's one thing certain about us all at this stage of the game it is that we don't have to be told what Navy life is like. In fact, all this simply has become our life—and that's the point; we're liable to forget it wasn't always our life. Most of us can hardly remember that when we first marched into all this we didn't fit. We belonged in Civvie Street—as everybody does in the long run. But a time came when we DID fit—when we were Navy. Change somewhere—adjustment somewhere. And not in the Navy—that stays put in all its essentials. Change—adjustment **We Changed**

Back To The Beginning

The 'R', the readjustment—that's simply going astern to where we started from and where we have to go again, for the rest of our lives. It's simple enough—and a lot of us may be wondering what all the words are about. But it is a fact that we who are in this Rehab.....game know as a fact that some Service men have come home and run into trouble just because they didn't understand there was any 'R' which is readjustment.

Because this readjustment has to take place at a certain period of our lives when we are not absolutely dead on balance, when we haven't quite got our shore-legs. There are three factors which are affecting

us, pretty much without our knowing, at just that period—three factors making it necessary for us to watch our step and be sure of our hold, just as pitch and roll and the big one coming over green demand some part of our awareness when we are busy on the job at sea. We're just coming home, to the homecoming we've been dreaming about for years, the homecoming which is the biggest thing yet—and we're feeling a bit whoopee, and are likely to react a bit over the edge to anything that interrupts that whoopee. And the folks back home are in the same state. That's one thing—another is that, in spite of the whoopee, there is on our minds a realization that the future has to be fixed up, the job fixed up, home fixed up—things to do; things that affect the whole of life ahead of us. And the last thing and the big fellow coming over green—that's a sort of nervous hangover from war which we don't know about, but which is there, all the same.

Your Shattered Nerves

Maybe YOU think this is bilge, that you took the war in your stride, that you won't have any nervous hangover. Well, maybe you won't but it's worth remembering you might. You never knew it, perhaps, but your nerves found war a bit of a high load to carry

THIS ADVERTISEMENT
PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST
OF EX-SERVICE PEOPLE



War Veterans Insurance NOW AVAILABLE

Offers protection, without medical examination in most cases, to those discharged.

When Canada entered the present war, it was realized that men and women who went into uniform faced the possibility of returning to civilian life with their health impaired, or with some physical disability. It was realized also that, as a result of this impairment in health or disability, many service men and women would be unable to provide protection for their families through the normal channels of commercial life insurance. To meet this situation, Parliament, at its 1944 session, passed an Act known as The Veterans Insurance Act. This act has now been proclaimed and applications may be made for policies under it.

WHAT ARE THE SPECIAL FEATURES OF WAR VETERANS INSURANCE?

One of the principal features of War Veterans Insurance is that, with very few exceptions, it is available at low cost, without medical examination. No extra premiums are charged where the veteran's occupation is unusually hazardous—such as, mining, construction, commercial flying, etc.—and, in addition, premiums are waived in the event of total disability. There is no extra cost for this waiver of premiums.

WHO MAY APPLY FOR WAR VETERANS INSURANCE?

Any ex-service man or woman is eligible. In addition, widows or widowers of veterans may apply for the insurance on themselves if the veterans were not insured under the Act. Merchant Navy personnel in receipt of a war disability pension from the present war are eligible also.

WHAT TYPES OF INSURANCE ARE AVAILABLE?

The plans of insurance available are 10 Payment Life, 15 Payment Life, 20 Payment Life, Life Paid-up at 65 and Life Paid-up at 85; that is, premiums may be paid for 10, 15 or 20 years or until age 65 or 85 respectively. The longer the term of payment the smaller the premium required. Term and Endowment policies are not issued. The insurance is of the non-participating type, that is, no dividends are paid.

WHAT AMOUNTS OF INSURANCE ARE PROVIDED FOR?

Policies may be applied for in amounts ranging from \$500 to \$10,000. The amount of the policy is payable only in the event of the death of the insured.

HOW ARE PREMIUMS PAID?

At the option of the veteran, premiums may be paid monthly, quarterly, half-yearly, or annually. There is no additional cost to the veteran for paying premiums on a monthly basis.

IS THERE ANY CASH SURRENDER VALUE?

After premiums have been paid for two full years, the policy may be surrendered for its Cash Surrender Value, or it may be transferred to Paid-up Insurance or Extended Term Insurance. There is no provision for loans against the policy.

AT DEATH HOW WILL THE INSURANCE BE PAID?

The maximum amount which may be paid at death is \$1,000, with the remainder being paid, at the option of the insured, in one of the following three ways:

- (1) The money, plus $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. interest, may be paid to the beneficiary in equal instalments over a period of five, ten, fifteen or twenty years, as selected. If the beneficiary dies, the payments are continued to his or her estate.
- (2) The money may be paid in equal instalments as long as the beneficiary lives.
- (3) As in (2), but instalments are guaranteed for five, ten, fifteen or twenty years, whether the beneficiary lives or dies.

WHAT IS THE EFFECT OF A WAR DISABILITY PENSION?

If, on the death of the insured, the beneficiary receives a pension, the insurance money will be paid as follows:

- (1) If the policy is paid up, the full face amount of it will be paid to the beneficiary in the manner elected by the insured, plus the pension.
- (2) If the policy is not paid up, then the capitalized value of the pension will be deducted from the face value of the policy and instead, the beneficiary will receive the paid-up value of the portion deducted, plus the excess, if any, of the face amount of the insurance over the capitalized value of the pension. If the policy has been in force at least six months and the beneficiary is the wife or husband or children, or both, of the insured, at least \$500 will be paid as well as the paid-up value of the remainder.

WHO MAY BE NAMED AS A BENEFICIARY?

Where the insured is married, the beneficiary must be the wife or husband, or children, or both. If the veteran is single, the beneficiary must be the future wife or husband, with a parent, brother or sister, named as a contingent beneficiary to receive the insurance money should the veteran die unmarried.

CAN RE-ESTABLISHMENT CREDIT OR PENSION BE USED FOR VETERANS INSURANCE?

Yes, this is one of the purposes for which the re-establishment credit may be used. Premiums may be deducted from pensions also, if requested.

IF THE VETERAN BECOMES TOTALLY DISABLED, WHAT HAPPENS?

If this occurs before the veteran reaches the age of sixty years, and he is not in receipt of full pension for the disability, no further premiums need be paid.

ARE THERE ANY RESTRICTIONS AS TO TRAVEL, RESIDENCE, OR OCCUPATION?

In addition to being free of occupational restrictions, the insurance also is free of restriction as to travel and residence.

EXAMPLES OF MONTHLY PREMIUMS PER \$1,000 INSURANCE

AGE	Payable for			Payable till age 65	Payable till age 85
	10 years	15 years	20 years		
20	\$2.89	\$2.12	\$1.74	\$1.20	\$1.14
25	3.18	2.34	1.93	1.39	1.30
30	3.53	2.60	2.15	1.64	1.51
35	3.93	2.91	2.42	1.98	1.78
45	4.98	3.73	3.16	3.16	2.59
55	6.45	5.01	4.40	6.45	4.03

NOTE: If it is desired to pay the premium annually, multiply the above rates by 12. There is no additional cost for taking advantage of the monthly payment plan.

Further information and application forms may be obtained from the nearest office of the Department of Veterans Affairs or by writing direct to the Superintendent of Veterans Insurance, Department of Veterans Affairs, Ottawa. Services of a trained counsellor are available for individual interview with each veteran who wishes information concerning this insurance.

Issued under the authority of Honourable Ian A. Mackenzie, Minister of Veterans Affairs.

DEPARTMENT OF VETERANS AFFAIRS

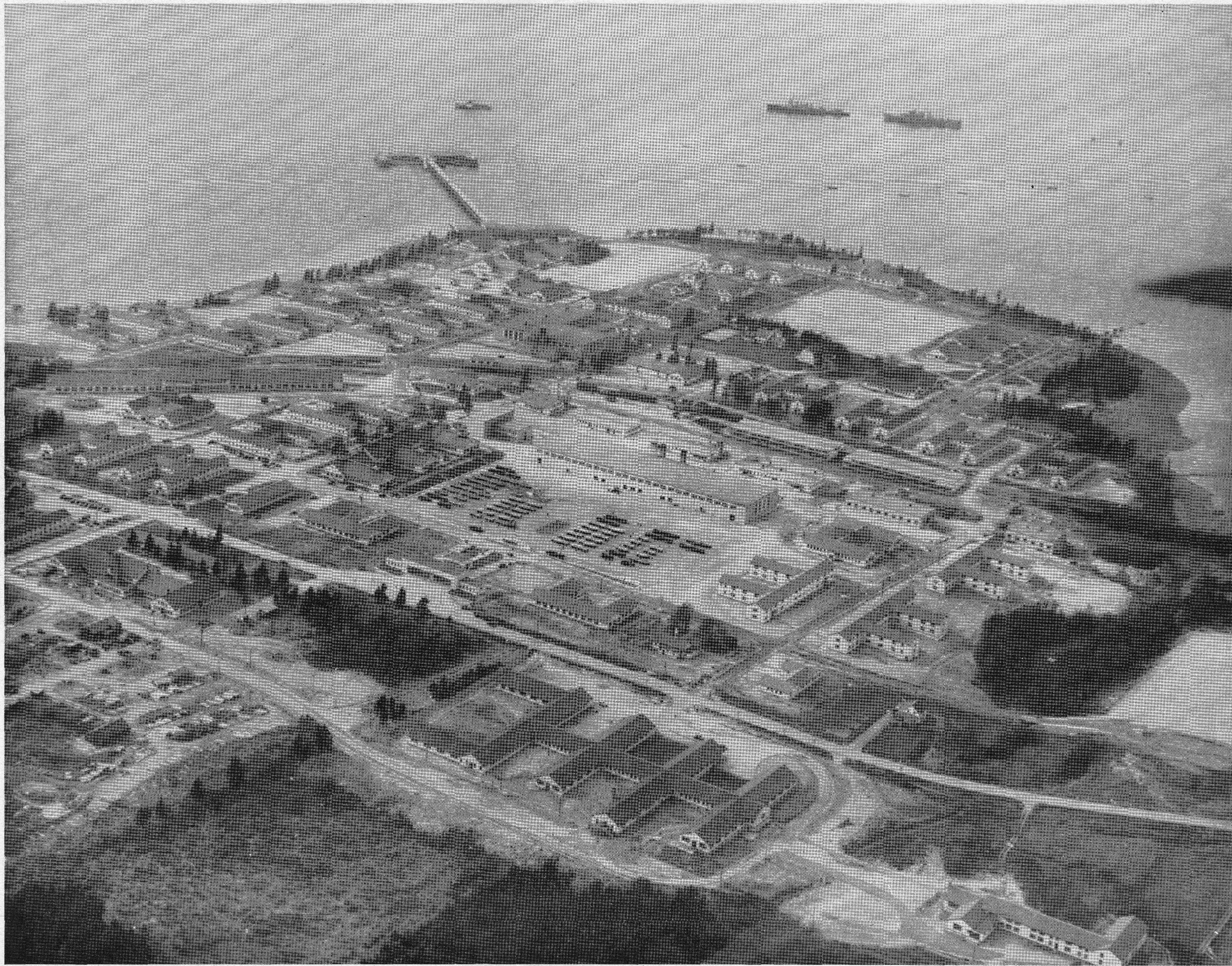
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**... and please,
God, bring him
home soon.**

Amen

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~ H.M.C.S. Iroquois ~

One of Canada's new Tribal Class destroyers — displacement 2,000 tons, twin 4.7 gun mountings reinforced by numerous anti-aircraft weapons, torpedo tubes and depth charges. Complement: 14 officers and about 250 men.

Painted by Gordon Grant for the makers of PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

McLEAN, Mrs. W.R.,
705 Garnet St.,
Regina, Sask.,
NOV., 1945.