



THE

Corvette

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Story on Page 9



Latest fad in the Canadian Navy seems to be the wearing of an earring in the lobe of the left ear. It's quite the style, at least on HMCS Leaside which recently arrived from overseas with crew and other personnel returning from the United Kingdom. Fifty percent of the ship's crew has adopted the distinctive "buccaneer" decoration and in the above photo L/SBA Jack Varrin, Schreiber, Ont., performs the ear-piercing operations on two converts—Stoker John Munnoch, Sault Ste Marie, Ont., and St. George Newman (in chair) Haney, B.C. Varrin, a five-year Navy man, says his best haul was 25 in one week. A sterilized needle is used to puncture the lobe of the ear, a thread is drawn through and left in the perforation until the ring, usually 10 to 14 karat gold, is inserted.—RCN Photo by PO Photog E. Dinsmore.

Many Famed Corvettes Reach End Of The Trail

Sydney—The Royal Canadian Navy's vast destoring program continues to ramble along at a merry clip and with crews working on a 24 hour swing shift six days a week, ships which have out-lived their usefulness are being stripped and sent up the river to Sorel, Quebec to be turned over to the War Assets Corporation at the rate of three a day.

To date 56 vessels of the corvette class have been put through the mill which features the removal of all essential gear aboard than can be of further use to the navy in the war against Japan.

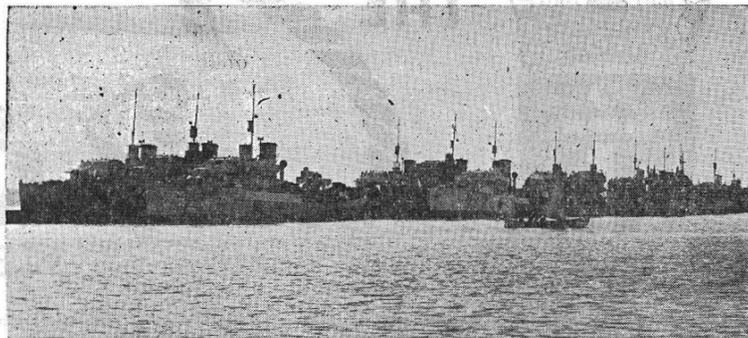
Some of Canada's most famous ships, veterans of the convoy routes during the long war years with Germany and her Allies have been put through this stripping process.

Today just inside the spacious Sydney harbor, anchored at trot buoys are 36 of these vessels, five four stacker destroyers, three Bangor minesweepers and 28 corvettes, which after hundreds of thousands of sea miles have come to the "end of the trail."

Appropriately named the "bone yard fleet," these vessels, the majority of which have more than four years of sea service behind them, with successes against the enemy, rescues at sea, salvage of crippled merchant ships and safe escort of millions of tons of war materials to and from allied ports, are shortly to be "paid off."

Among the more "famous" is HMCS Chambly, now under command of Lt. Cmdr. J. B. B. Shaw, RCNVR, of Victoria, which holds the distinction of being the first Canadian ship of war in this or any other war to sink a German U boat.

Another to reach the last phase is



At the end of the trail are these ships which now lie at anchorage, secured to trot buoys just inside Sydney harbor. Their job done, these sturdy vessels which guarded the convoy lanes during the long war years now await destoring. Their personnel complement will be reduced, their ammunition taken ashore and they will be stripped of all and any gear that will be of further use to the Navy in the war against Japan. Upon completion of this undertaking the ships will then steam to Sorel Quebec, on their final voyage, where they will be turned over to the War Assets Corporation for subsequent disposal.—RCN Photo by PO Photog. Ed Pryor.

Captain Kidd Fashion Adopted By Canadian Tars At Sea

By Mary Casey In the Halifax Mail

"What is that sailor wearing in his ear?"

You may have asked yourself that question in the past few days if you are at all observant. If you looked closer you would have seen that it was an earring, and you weren't having hallucinations either. Canadian sailors have taken to wearing earrings. Just one at a time, however, in the left ear.

One rakish-looking tar has attracted a great deal of attention on Barrington Street in Halifax, with his thick, black curly beard and the tiny gold circlet dangling from his port ear. He recalls to many the pictures one often sees of Captain Kidd, lacking only the black over one eye worn by that swashbuckling buccaneer of old. For several hundreds of years the wearing of ear rings has been left to the ladies but at last the old fashion is returning, for a time at least, among the men of the sea. How long it will last, no one has endeavored to predict.

A number of Halifax jewellers have sold hoop earrings to sailors and even had requests to pierce the ears of some fashion-wise "matelot". However, most of these delicate operations have been performed aboard ship.

One For His Pal

A sterilized needle is used to puncture the lobe, a thread or ribbon is drawn through and this prevents the tiny hole from closing over. When

the ear is healed the gold ring is inserted. One jeweller reported an increased demand for hoop earrings for women but knew nothing of the latest style for men.

A young sailor approached a saleslady in a Barrington Street jewellery shop the other day and asked to purchase one earring. Probably being of an economical turn of mind he only wished to buy what he needed. However, the saleslady persuaded him to buy a pair and give one to his friend. Both then sauntered very casually down the street, each with one ring in his left ear.

Sailors have a traditional reputation of being superstitious, and perhaps in this we can find a reason for the strange fad, now prevalent. The piercing of the ears and the wearing of plain gold rings in them was, many years ago, considered to be a sort of talisman to protect the eyes. What the connection is we do not know. And why in one ear? Only a sailor could answer that query.

There are many reasons given by sailors when asked why they wear them, some obviously thought up on the spur of the moment—"We wear one for every sub we sink" or "It stands for enlistment for the Pacific."

One sailor thinking the latter idea very useful, would like to see all the Canadian sailors in the Pacific wearing them. Who knows what sort of avenging pirates the Japanese would think them.

HMCS Calgary, under command of Lt. George Orr, RCNVR, of Toronto, who lays claim to being in on two kills and taking a hand in a probable third.

Then there's HMCS Kenogami, under command of Lt. Ralph D. McKenzie, RCNVR, of Regina, who besides being one of the busiest ships along the convoy routes during her war years also took part in sub battles.

There is HMCS Thorlock, too, which was one of the two ships to have first picked up a German U-boat at sea following cessation of hostilities in Europe.

Although not in the glory acquiring bracket, but still mighty prominent in the navy's show during the long war years are HMCS Matapedia, commanded by Lt. Chris F. Usher, RCNVR of Victoria which during her 204,000 miles of travel never lost a ship in her convoy. Recently too, just before the end of

the war she rescued survivors.

Four more corvettes whose teats are legend, are, HMCS Chicoutimi, under command of Lt. A. Earle Giffind, RCNVR of Halifax, HMCS Buctouche commanded by Lt. H. Esson Young, RCNR of Victoria and HMCS Dauphin, whose commanding officer is Lt. Edw. R. O'Kelly, RCNVR, of Toronto, and HMCS Barrie which is commanded by Lt. Wilf Stoknis RCNVR of Vancouver.

All boast of close to 200,000 miles of sea travel and remarkable records of their service afloat.

Five four stacker destroyers to reach the end of their service are the over-aged ships which were turned over to the RCN by the American government, these are, HMCS Columbia, St. Francis, Buxton, Annapolis and Hamilton.



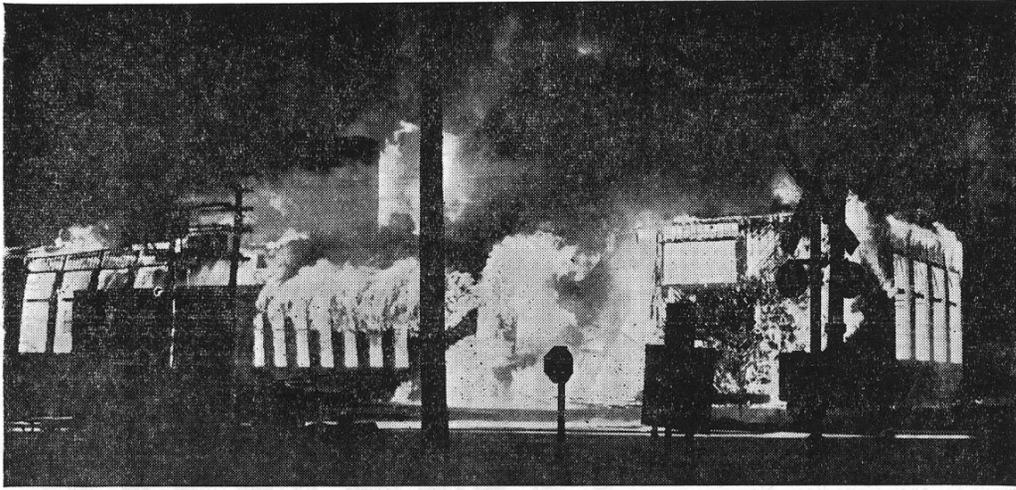
The charming pin up above is Carol Bruce, lovely Hollywood star who poses in this smart bathing suit for the readers of the Crow's Nest. As this nautical shot shows, captivating Carol would look beautiful on any deck.

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Cornwallis Physical and Recreational Training School Destroyed By Fire

Cornwallis—Fire which broke out at 2.15 a.m. July 1st, completely gutted the one and one-half year old Physical and Recreational Training School here despite a three-hour battle by fire-fighters to save the building. Unofficial estimates place the loss at \$300,000.

The blaze had apparently smouldered for hours between the walls of the building for soon after the discovery of the fire the flames shot up and defied efforts of the fire-fighters to bring it under control.

Fireman and equipment arrived at the scene a few minutes after the fire had been discovered but the flames spread so rapidly that the building could not be saved. Firemen battled the blaze for three hours and concentrated their efforts in preventing the flames from spreading to nearby buildings. The danger to other buildings was lessened by the fact that there was no wind to fan the flames.

Loss of the P and R T School was a blow to Cornwallis personnel. Many recreational installations were housed in the building including three

swimming pools, the gymnasium, physical training section, locker rooms and offices.

The building, 200 feet long and 50 to 60 feet high, was the largest of its kind in Canada.

Cigarettes Rationed To American Navy

American sailors will be smoking less with the rationing of cigarettes, cigars and smoking tobacco in the United States.

Special ration cards have been issued to all service personnel in establishments throughout the country. The new cards limit purchasers to six packages of cigarettes, or 24 cigars, or four ounces of smoking tobacco each week.

Book Reviews

Democracy Against Unemployment—By William H. Stead. 1942

A book for the general reader rather than the student of economics. It is the conviction of the author that the factors causing unemployment can be identified and that adjustments can be made which will make the economic system serve the need of the people with greater justice and efficiency and let us move closer to the democratic objective of "Freedom from Want." A study is made of the causes of our increasing unemployment problem and the various ways in which attempts have been made to offset them, including the organization of labour, social insurance and government and industrial planning. These schemes are examined in the light of three practical tests of working effectiveness; first, the degree to which the system encourages the development of productive capacity is to satisfy human wants, secondly, the degree to which such productive capacity is utilized, and finally, the equity with which the benefits of such production are distributed to meet human needs and desires. Part III deals with employment and purchasing power. The author discusses the concentration of money into monopolies by industrial and financial groups and how New Deal has sought to check this tendency by government controls. Mr. Stead feels that the solution to the problem lies within the present structure of private capitalism subjected to rather close government controls with co-operation replacing "belligerent" independence. Evolutionary rather than revolutionary directions are suggested which future policy might follow to bring about an effective distribution of purchasing power and to promote full use of productive capacity.

Canada After the War—After complete victory is won what will happen in Canada? How will the problems of unemployment, agriculture industry, finance and international relations be solved?

This book comprising ten articles written by experts in the fields of economics, industry, social planning and international affairs presents the problems peculiar to them and offer their reasoned suggestion for solutions. Each article submits ideas and information which stimulate intelligent and thoughtful discussion of these important issues.

Twenty Careers of Tomorrow—By Darrell and Frances Huff

According to the authors of "Twenty careers of tomorrow" "There never has been a time when the job outlook was so vague or so exciting as it is right now." Truly this is the case, and this is the book for the young man in search of a stimulating as well as remunerative way of earning his livelihood. It is a simple, practical well-illustrated picture of new trends in the business world, with chapters on Electronics, Transportation, Plastics and various advanced in-

Continued on page 9

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For thirteen years, in apple blossom time, Nova Scotia's Annapolis Valley has selected a queen to reign over a three-day apple festival. Queen this year was Naring Sister Irene Cunningham, Wolfville, N. S., a nurse at the Royal Canadian Naval Hospital, St. John's, Newfoundland.

Leading the regal procession from the Grand Pre Memorial Park chapel in the land of Evangeline are the Queen and Captain J. C. I. Edwards, Commanding Officer of HMCS Cornwallis. —RCN Photo by P. O. Rod Keegan.

They go together



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— Kipling



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THREE CANDLES!

Now we can blow out the three candles on our birthday cake for this issue marks the beginning of the fourth year of Crow's Nest publication.

During these past three years we have enjoyed the privilege of producing your paper—a task which would have been impossible without the interest of men and women in the service and our civilian readers and without the loyal support of those who have faithfully contributed their talent to these columns. For this appreciated interest and support we say "Thank You."

We have endeavoured to make the Crow's Nest interesting and informative. It is difficult to appeal to all our readers with their varied interests but we trust that, for most, we have succeeded.

The Crow's Nest is your newspaper. We welcome news of your ship be it sea-faring or a stone-frigate. Your contributions—news, articles, cartoons, letters to the editor, and your suggestions are always appreciated.

Space does not always permit our publishing all the material that we would like to print, but we do strive to cover the news as equitably as possible.

DECOMMISSIONED

The Navy's No. 1 Weekly newspaper, the Yorker, published by HMCS York at Toronto, has folded up after 68 weeks of continuous publication.

Originally issued as a mimeographed sheet and later printed through courtesy of the Toronto Globe and Mail, the Yorker became one of Canada's outstanding service newspapers. Now due to an inadequate supply of printers and because York is mainly a discharge centre the decision was made to conclude the publication.

The Yorker first saw the light of day in March 1944 and on its inception was staffed by five Toronto newspapermen—Ed Chantler, Scott Young, Gordon and Hal Walker, and Ed Fitkin—all of whom later were promoted to Public Relations.

Able edited and widely circulated the Yorker was, for the most part, operated by Ed Fitkin, Hal Walker and Annis Stukus who became editor-in-chief recently when Public Relations beckoned Ed Fitkin to Ottawa.

York personnel and the many others who read and enjoyed its columns will regret the passing of the Yorker—a paper which has contributed much to the interest of York and the Royal Canadian Navy.

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 the publishers.

The Young And The Old

Dear Sir:

Your paper provides a great source of interest not only to myself, but to the rest of the family, right from the oldest down to the youngest. There have been numerous articles about someone or other, that is known to us all, and just now my brother is home on Pacific leave, and he has read all the old copies right up to date.

Lois Dickey
Ottawa, Ont.

Dear Sir:

Congratulations, you have certainly turned out a wonderful edition.

E. H. Smith Lieut.
H. M. C. S. Truro.

Dear Sir:

It is with pleasure that I have perused your recent "Victory Number" of the Crow's Nest. The special edition is certainly a credit to your staff and does justifiable credit to various branches of the Navy and their part in the organization as a whole.

C. G.
Halifax N. S.

Space does not permit our printing all the letters that have been written commending our "Victory Number" but we wish to express our appreciation to the readers of the Crow's Nest who have congratulated us on our story of the Navy.—Ed.

THIRD WARSHIP TO BE NAMED "ONTARIO"

HMCS Ontario is the third warship to bear that name. The other two were built in 1756 and 1818 respectively and were ships of the Royal Navy. One of them was a Brigantine sloop of 384 tons, which mounted 18 guns and served with the West Indies Squadron.

Almost 10 per cent of Ontario's tonnage comes from her weapons. Each six inch turret weighs 120 tons and the ammunition for them weighs even more.

Ontario just missed being the first cruiser of her class. Originally laid down as HMS Minotaur, before being transferred to the Canadian Navy, she was to have been first cruiser of the Minotaur Class. Eventually, HMS Swiftsure completed building first and Ontario thus became second cruiser of the Swiftsure Class.

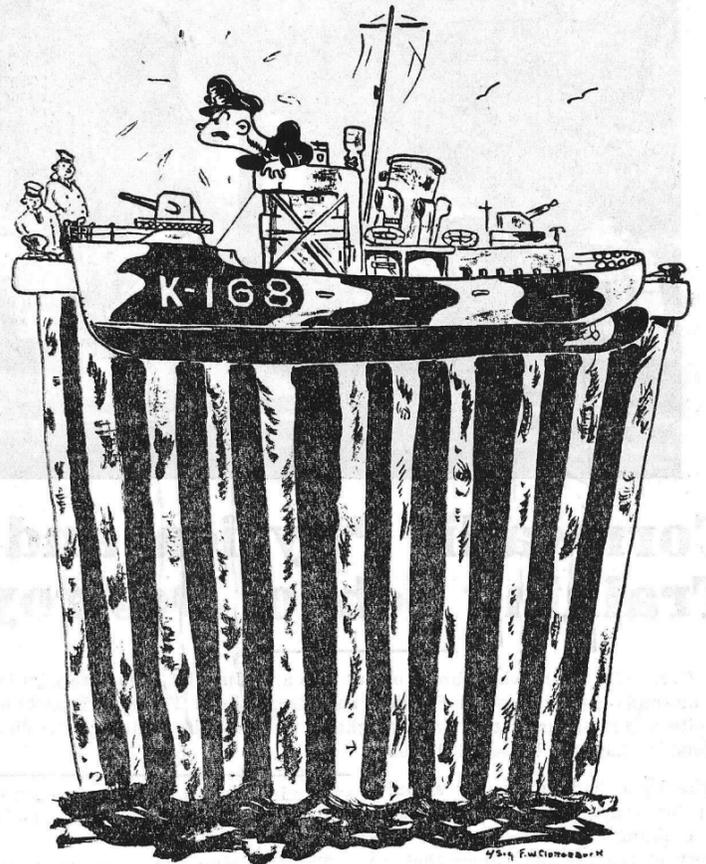
APPOINTED



Lieut. S. E. McKyes, General Manager of the Crow's Nest and Special Services Officer at HMCS Cornwallis since its commissioning who has been appointed to that post at HMCS St. Hyacinthe, St. Hyacinthe, Que.

Entertainment produced under the direction of Lt. McKyes has been a high point in the activities at Cornwallis and he has taken a keen interest in the developments of recreational facilities at the base. Outstanding among these developments was the construction of the Recreation Building—with its theatre, restaurant, library, and bowling alleys—one of the finest recreation centres in Canada.

An invisible ray of energy, Radar travels through space at the speed of over 185,000 miles per second—the speed of light.



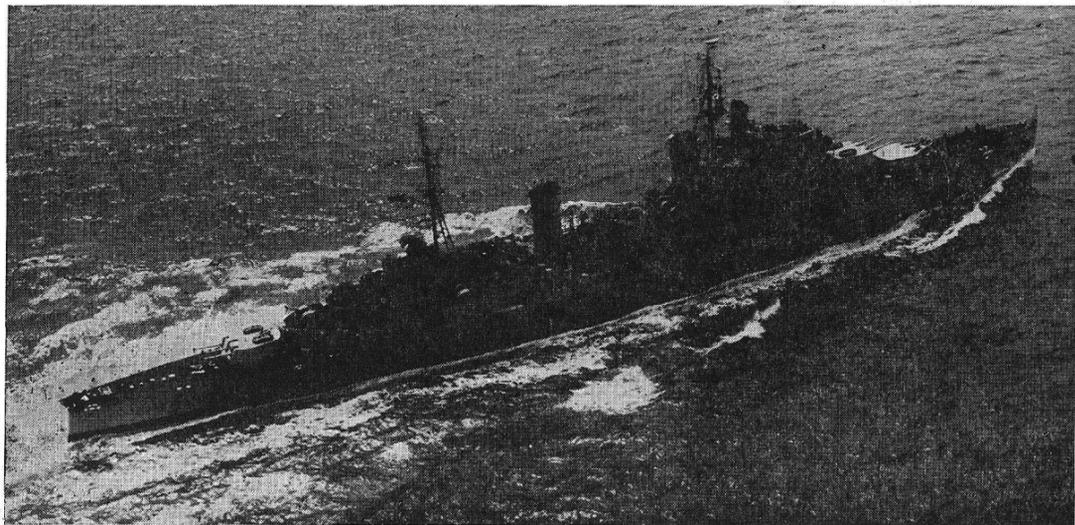
Who the hell was the QM responsible for those lines?

PALSIED POETRY

by Hermes

It never rains but it pores;
It never sweats but it pores.
It's raining cats and dogs, by heck:
I'm in a poodle to my neck.
I'm lightning struck in one place twice
(Am I a man or just a mice?).
Love me little, love me long;
Sell your fiddle for a song.
Man wants but little here below:
The gals want less; they've more to show.
Look upon the brighter side:
You never know until you've tried.
Love in a cottage. Love is blind.
P's and Q's are things to mind.
Hell is paved with good intentions
And a thousand new inventions.
Dead men tell no tales, they say:
(What a mercy 'tis that way).
Health is wealth and Haste makes waste;
New grooms sweep clean, if that's your taste.
Don't pine for the best; stand up, demand it.
The good die young: they just can't stand it.
Facts are stubborn things of yore;
And women are facts you can't ignore.
First in war and first in peace;
When will wonders ever cease?
Figures don't lie, we always heard,
But "two-way stretch" made that absurd.
And now I've filled my monthly space,
The wretched swift may have the race.

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Canada's newest and finest—HMCS Ontario—commanded by Captain Harold T. W. Grant, RCN., of Halifax, shown from the air during recent "trials" off the Coast of Ireland. With three triple-turret six-inch guns and five twin four-inch mountings, "Ontario" is the most heavily armed ship in the Canadian Navy. Her sister Cruiser, HMCS Uganda, has one less four-inch mounting.—RCN Photo by Lieut. H. Nott.

"Ontario" Sails On Way To Join Pacific Fleet

BELFAST, IRELAND—Immaculate as a model at a fashion parade, as trim and spirited as a thoroughbred racer and exuding potential power from every line of bristling armament, Canada's newest and most powerful warship, HMC Cruiser Ontario sailed from here recently, on the first leg of a journey which will carry her into the war against Japan.

Described by a visiting Rear Admiral as the "Queen of the Canadian Navy," HMCS Ontario, under command of Captain Harold T. W. Grant, of Halifax, has just completed a four-day series of "trials" through which Canada's second cruiser came with flying colors.

During the four-day trial period, Ontario was sent through every manoeuvre it is ever likely to be called upon to do, and at the finish of as arduous and tensely-expected 96 hours as they could experience, there were beaming, triumphant smiles of approval on every face from Captain Grant down to the most ordinary Ordinary Seaman.

There were speed trials, gun trials, compass trials, anchor trials, asdic

trials, steering trials and numerous other tests. Aside from the usual adjustments required in certain equipment, the trial results were tribute to the thorough workmanship that went into the building of the powerful cruiser.

Originally laid down as an 8400-ton warship, Ontario's tonnage was boosted to near the 12,000 ton mark by the latest gunnery control, radar and other modern equipment.

Second six-inch cruiser of the Swiftsure class, Ontario's armament consists of three triple six-inch turrets, five twin four-inch mountings, four 4-barrel pom poms, four single-barrel pom poms, four twin oerlikons, six single oerlikons and six torpedo tubes.

Gunnery tests under direction of Lieut. (G) E.T.G. Madgwick, of Ottawa, were carried out in an atmosphere of semi-anxiety on the third day of trials.

Ontario has responded nobly in speed trials, had done everything, even a bit more, than had been expected. But the big test would come when the big guns were fired to determine "blast" effect.

Any fears were wiped out in a hurry. The six-inchers were fired by barrel and by turret, and aside from the usual electric light bulb casualty list, little damage resulted.

One broadside from Ontario is about the equivalent of the combined broadside from four Tribals, in amount of shells despatched. But the destructive content of Ontario's big guns is more concentrated. It would take ten frigates, or forty corvettes, firing simultaneously, to equal, in weight, the output from one of Ontario's broadsides. And neither group could create nearly as much havoc.

Ontario can stand 13 miles offshore and drop four tons of concentrated death and destruction per minute on enemy positions. Equipped as it is with the most modern of gunfire control directors, it can blast enemy planes out of the sky before the naked eye can spot them. In point of fact, Ontario would be bad medicine for enemy aircraft.

When Ontario steps into her first action against the Japanese, approximately 300 of her men will be working the guns, about 120 of them on the three triple-turret six inchers. Each turret houses 27 men of the gun's crew and 13 others work at shell-handling, cordite handling and shell-hoisting parties. Another 95 handle the four-inch guns and 85 men the smaller armament.

THE SAILORS' LADIES

by M.F.R.



Discharges become the order of the day for an increasing number of Naval men, and with this trend we have discussions at any hour on what the boys will do when they retire from the Services. One young man insists, "I am going to spend days just sitting. I'll get up late in the morning and then sit. I'll have lunch, and sit all afternoon. Just relaxed, not doing anything or thinking much. And I'll sit all evening. I know I can keep this up for days if I just get a chance!"

Then there is another problem. How are the sailors' ladies going to get back to their home towns with the piles of equipment they seem to have accumulated? In this connection we should be very glad of any suggestions on how to transport a tank full of tropical fish the several hundred miles by train, to Toronto. They were presented to us by another departing couple. Some ideas already on the list include putting each fish into a separate chocolate milk bottle, full of water, place all the bottles in one of those metal carrying trays the vendors use and just carry it on the train as though at any minute we would jump up and start selling bottles right and left. There must be some way of getting those fish home, without dumping them into the St. Lawrence with maps and hoping for the best.

According to the newspapers and magazines, the only method not yet used to sell mining stocks in one of our most reputable cities is by having a fat man in a derby with a big cigar in his mouth stand on a street corner peddling gold bricks. If all the "wonderful opportunities" in mines overflowing with minerals were laid end to end, there would not be room for a radish to grow anywhere five minutes walk north of the Union Station!

A sure sign of the change back to civilian clothes was illustrated in a men's store the other day, when a Navy wife wished to buy a white shirt for her husband. "Yes, indeed, Madam," the clerk smiled amiably. "How many will you have—four, five, six?"

We hope the scientists are busy inventing an effective reducing tablet for the postwar years, or something drastic will happen to the slim Canadian silhouette. Anything is liable to register on the scales when the chocolate manufacturers no longer restrict individual purchases, when meat becomes more tender and less like last year's briefcase, and when cake shops work overtime to tempt buyers into their stores instead of closing several days a week to keep them away!

To put it another way, waiting for an income tax refund is like contemplating death. You know it will come, but you can get awfully gray, waiting.

Benny In Britain

By Ben Ford

'Tis with a heavy heart that I battle this old "Kipper built" mill, a poor excuse for one of Mr. Remington's best. Many of the old guard have left us during the past month and hence the reason for our sadness. "I'm on the Canada draft" is quite the hue and cry around Niobe of late. You help them cash a cheque for a short suds, help them pack and then bid your fond farewells, mumbling as they depart something about "hope to see you in Canada." Ah me, Canada! And here I sit languishing in a terrific fit of homesickness ever since VE Day. But enough of that and now to get on with the news-briefs.

At The Buzz Foundry

The lower deck is alive with "buzzes" these days concerning the future of the good ship Niobe, the former Smithston Institute. In fact there are so many buzzes one finds it hard to keep up with the latest in the "hot off the griddle series." If you don't hear a good buzz by the end of the morning why it's well nigh time to start one for the afternoon session.

Hardest working crews in the establishment are those connected with drafting. The Drafting Office where Lt. Comdr. Poole holds forth capably assisted by Lt. Al LeMarquand, Lt. Bell, Lt. Don MacKay, Lt. Howard Minogue, P. O. Stoker Stewart and Writers Don Daynes, Jim Mulcahy, Jack Auld and Art Davis and A.B. Dave Rabinovitch (he of the long black flowing beard) have been working the clock around in an effort to keep the drafts from ships decommissioning flowing smoothly and putting the same men on the ocean transports or Naval vessels homeward bound.

Our Mell Tosses The Bull

The newly formed "Canuck Club," a recreational group formed to take part in activities when and where its members wish, hiked out to "Grant's Farm" near Loch Thom Road Friday 25th May. While there is nothing spectacular about a club having a hike there is when a member is chased by a bull. Prexy Bill Sproul tells this one on his roommate Mell Monkhouse. Mell was walking across a field looking very resplendent in a red jacket when up charged a snorting bull. Mell beat a hasty retreat for the nearest fence. Fortunately two legs proved faster than four in the race. Monk claims two records for this feat, he broke Percy Williams' 220 dash mark and Dunc McNaughton's high jump record. To wit the "Fighting Irisher" Bill Sproul casually remarks, "That's tossing a lot of bull, Mell."

The noon hour record session from the Torpedo Shop was enhanced recently by the clever announcing of Telegraphist "Robbie" Robison who formerly did a trick with a radio station in Saskatoon. He is a refreshing relief from the British announcers who insist upon calling theme songs "signature tunes."

He also has the drop on Canadian announcers as he doesn't have to commercial "Do you suffer from athletes foot?" or "Do you suffer from B. O.?" If so use Niobe has no commercials on its own powerful five watter.

"Swing Those Lights"

Visited the new Canadian cruiser HMCS Ontario recently accompanied by the effervescent "Bill Howe from Toronto." The harbour craft we boarded for the run out to the Ontario was manned entirely by WRNS personnel adorned in bell bottom trousers. The ship's name was "Ark" and she was ark by name and by nature for after an hour and a half of steadily plying between warships and battered old hulks we were not yet at our destination. Luckily an RAF crash boat came along side and we clambered aboard on the dead run. Suffering nothing more dangerous than a severe drenching when the crash boat churned half the river we were soon whisked alongside the pride of the RCN. After shaking the paws of the multitude, including Bill "Blackie" Garner, Doug Hamilton, Harry Fowler, Charlie Halfyard, Cliff Way, Joe O'Brien, Jack Owen, Reg Morgan, Chris Falasconi among others, we were escorted to the messdecks to partake of some of Chief Cook "Pinky" Stevens and P.O. Cook Charlie Christie's excellent cuisine. L/Wtr. Freddy Smith conducted as on a tour of the "big boy" who, according to the crew, is a good ship, well found. In the Ship's Office P.O. Wtr. Kent Lovick was slaving away on a ledger alongside Middle Don Cameron. All too soon we had to leave the "fighting ship" to return to our own "brownstone frigate."

"Aye But The Major Was Vexed"

Recently three writers from Niobe, L/Wtr. Laurie Adam, George Graham and Bud Christie (the first two mentioned have since been drafted to Canada) enjoyed a spot of leave at St. Andrews. They were about midway through their round of golf on Royal Ancient St. Andrews when they noticed a crowd accompanying the foursome behind them. Suddenly a tall stately looking gent in an army uniform left the party and dashed up the fairway to the Canucks. In broad English he addressed them, "I say there you fellows would you let this next foursome go by?" He went on without giving time for a reply, "That's Lord Wavell, Viceroy of India, in the foursome."

The Major had expected them to be awe struck like himself in the presence of such a dignitary. Instead George Graham, with a wicked gleam in his eye calmly inquired, "Do you know who I am?" "No" replied the Major, feeling slightly rebuffed. "I'm George Graham from Toronto." When last seen the Major was trudging back to join Lord Wavell's party, shaking his head and muttering something about "those crazy Canadians."

FROM THE DUFFEL BAG—JOEY JOHNS the ex Seattle Seahawk in the Pacific Coast Professional Hockey League is the latest acquisition of the sports staff. He came from Cornwallis, where he played hockey the past two seasons, as a replacement for another puck chaser, GORDIE PETRIE. L/SMN BILL COULL also arrived with Joey as a replacement for DON HANSEN, however Bill was only with us long enough to have a cup of coffee before he was drafted back to Canada in the reduced complement scheme . . . C.P.O. JOHN HANCOCK, the generalissimo of the sports office has also picked up a Canada draft after a three year hitch in the U. K. John will be succeeded by his old chum, MOE COCKBURN . . . P.O. PHOTOGRAPHER CHARLIE BEDDOE and L/PHOTO. BILL POULIS were with us for a few days shooting scenes in and around Niobe with movie equipment. Shots were taken of sports, recreation, the barracks, the harbour from the top of the hill, LOCH LOMOND and GREENOCK. The lads even shot the first anniversary of the YMCA Club just outside the gate. It was a splendid anniversary party and so a large bundle of roses must be tossed into the collective laps of Supervisors IVAN MALLET and BOB SMITH and their staff for their hard work . . . L/WTR. JOHN ELLY a sterling lacrosse man from Vancouver and Powell River went home on foreign service leave . . . Speaking of lacrosse players this news is a little late in arriving but GORDON "BEAU" ACKLEY has picked up his commission and is now working in RCN Depot at Peregrine. Beau was one of the best stick wielders in the business before he traded his gutted stick for a writer's badge way back in early 1941 . . . The much publicized Niobe Track and Field Day which was to have been held July 2nd has been cancelled owing to the movements of men from the base . . . CHIEF WRITER CHARLIE GORDON picked up his warrant and has left for Canada . . . They say all the pillars in the YMCA Club collapsed when Charlie left . . .

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INSIDE DOPE by an INSIDE DOPE

By Henry Sherman, A/B



We should like to print herein a letter we have been carrying around with us for a good while now. We found it in a book at the naval library last year, have re-read it dozens of times and never once failed to experience that little tug at the heart strings we felt that first time we read the simple yet tender message many months ago. It reads:

"My dear—

"I have tried everywhere I can think of to buy you a new pocket dictionary. But they tell me in all the stores that there will be no more for some time. It seems every one has the same trouble.

"So here is this old one that I located. It is the one that Daddy used long ago.

"Much love darling and good spelling.

"Lovingly,
"Mummy."
* * *

There is Young Canada for you. And there is his mother. The lad who, through five and one half long years of bitter conflict safely conveyed the tools of war across the stormy Atlantic, braving storm and sub, enemy and elements, and licked them both. He is young—19 or 20—not long out of school. He is still harassed by the number of "n's" in "millennium" and still uncertain as to how he can help bring it closer to our time. He knows vaguely that he wants to "do" something after he gets out; he is not quite sure what. Meanwhile, he has that old dictionary—the one that father used long ago—to help him study for that one subject he missed in his last year at High.

All in all, he's a nice sort of guy and we're not very worried about him. He's been smoking a few more cigarettes lately and, perhaps, he's had an extra glass of beer, but when that letter comes from home with love and kindness shining from it like a warming beacon the tough veneer of assumed manhood is quickly pierced. He may be going to the Pacific now; he may be going home, but, in whatever direction his path may lie, the boy—for that is all he is—will be all right. The mothers have seen to that.

* * *

Despite a prevalent rush of post V-E day restlessness, basic training and assault courses are continuing with undiminished fury in the Annapolis Valley. The boys out here know all there is to know about hunting tactics and wolf packs and, impatiently awaiting their drafts to sea, they are itching for a chance to practice what they have learned. We were watching a few of them in Digby last Saturday night.

* * *

And, we don't care what *any one* says, summer has definitely come to Cornwallis. Yesterday, we saw a killick taking the "hook" off his winter underwear.

* * *

The P&RT staff was sad. A flock of New Entries had received their discharges before the massive muscle boys could really sink their teeth into them, and there was hardly a thing for the lads to do. Then their restless eyes fell upon the sleek, well-fed bodies of the ship's company staff. What fallow fields to conquer! The boys were becoming fat, stodgy; developing sedentary spreads. What they needed was exercise!

And so was born the recreational training programme, which sees to it that every man, woman and child on the base has one afternoon of supervised sports every week. It isn't compulsory, but you've got to go. It's coercive. The training programme runs the gamut from baseball to bowling, from swimming to sunstroke, from hiking to long talks in the woods. To facilitate matters, they are going to keep the rink open all summer, and one of the gentler PTI's has promised to teach us to skate in ten easy sittings. After all, the hardest thing about learning this sport is the ice, when you come right down to it.

* * *

Henceforth, however, only the experienced will be allowed in the boxing and wrestling rings—at least so we have been told. It seems that a group of neophytes were going to it on the canvass campus last week when one of the boxers burst into tears and had to be led back to the dressing room. It was subsequently learned from his mother that some one had hit him.

* * *

A number of readers have written to ask us for information pursuant to their discharges and we should like to take this opportunity to clear up the whole thing. The method of discharging, as we understand it, is not very well understood. It's under done.

Stanislaus tells us (and may we say that as a news source he is absolutely unreliable) that it will work on a point system: 1,865 points being required for an honourable discharge, complete with liquor permit; easy credit terms on request. Each rating will be interviewed by an examining officer, and the questions will run something like this:

- How many years in the service? 1 point (ea. yr.)
- How many years at sea? 1 point (ea. yr.)
- Got a DSM? 2 points
- Got a DSC? 2 points
- Got a Victoria Cross? 2½ points
- Colour Blind? 1614 points
- Got a girl? 10 points
- Got two? 1867 points

Of course, this does not sound very satisfactory but, as Stanislaus always says, nobody loves a fact man. And we've always called a spade a spade—that is until we tripped and fell over one the other day.

* * *

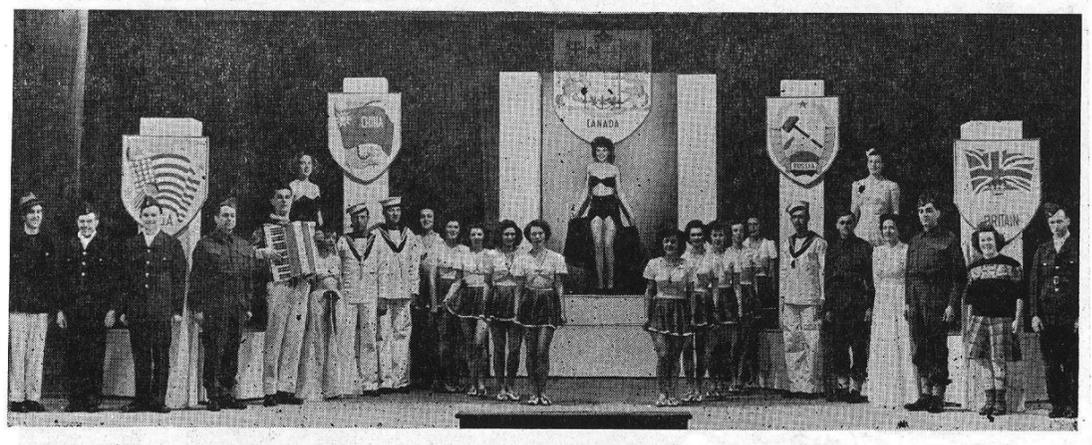
Still and all, we would advise you to take those figures with a dose of salts.

* * *

We were passing the parade square the other day and paused to watch a squad of hardened seamen, back on course, no doubt, being put through their paces by a raucous-voiced PO. The day was hot, the men were bored with their routine, the PO was bored with the men and one disgruntled AB was continually falling out of line. Nobody paid much attention.

Finally, however, the instructor could bear it no longer and, after making a few polite inquiries as to the matelot's questionable origins, he inquired sweetly, "...and how is it every one in the squad is out of step but you?"

"The recipient of this time-honoured query turned wearily to face his tor-



A shot showing the cast of "Now's the Time" presented recently under the direction of Special Services to an audience of 3000 at HMCS Protector. The Ship's Show was also played for over 1000 R C A F personnel at Reserve Airport, Sydney, N. S.—RCN Photo.

ASHORE AND AFLOAT WITH THE O.A.'S

by W. Fraser Hughes, OA 4th



All good things unfortunately must come to an end, and in this case it's the loss of one of our best reporters, C.O. A. "Mac" McBurney, who, after taking top honours in the 1st W.O.O. class, has left "Cornwallis" for one of those extended vacations usually called Pacific leave. Around about August 1st he should be making tracks for the West Coast to do a little Jap chasing aboard HMCS Uganda. Good luck "Mac" and get some for us.

The 1st W. O. O. celebrated the end of their little session of learning in the 'pusser' manner, but I didn't say wets. This of course was followed, the next day, by the usual rash promises etc, etc. But we know they didn't mean it. Anyhow C. O. A.'s Carl Routley, Arnold Pace and Kenny Fell are on their Pacific leave.

"Shangri-La"

What next! Believe it or not on any Wednesday afternoon the O. A.'s, and others can be seen not in the shop, gun battery, or range, but doing jack-knives off the high dive, running around the diamond, and indulging in many other forms of relaxation. Do you still want that ticket to "Civvie Street"? What am I saying?

Money! Money! Money!

We hear by the radio that C.O.A. Mark Donnelly has decided that a horse has a "fore" and "Aft" line according to his answer on the "Share the Wealth" program. Anyhow it paid off to the tune of \$2.50.

"It's a Girl"

Congratulations to George and Mrs. Hodges on the arrival of a baby girl. This blessed event makes George eligible to become a member of the triangle club, and gives him a high priority on safety pins. Hope you get some sleep George.

"Local Gossip"

Dave Levine of old "Cornwallis"

mentor. "Pay no attention to them," he said. "They're just doing that to aggravate me."

* * *

Now that balmy nights and people to match are arriving with increasing regularity, we like nothing better than to go for a stroll, heading in the general direction of Wolves' Corner. What with the frequent fog and all, you never know what you'll end up with. What pleases us most, however, is the sight of those trim little craft making port with escort vessels deployed on all sides. Ah, me! those Wrens sure are popular!

* * *

Stanislaus has just told us of a crusher who temporarily misplaced his wallet containing among other things his ID card, his station card, his money. Fortunately, he received a money order in the mail that very day and hastened to the bank to cash same. It appears, however, that he had not been in the habit of frequenting this fascinating place and the teller, failing to recognize him, refused to part with any of the grubby green stuff for his bit of blue.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but I can't cash this money order for you unless you have some means of identification. Have you any friends on the base?"

"Heck, no!" growled the victim. "I'm an RPO!"

* * *

Which just goes to show you how badly mistaken a man can be. That crusher may not know it, but out here we're very partial to RPO's. You can't beat them. We wish we could, but we can't.

* * *

And, once and for all, we should like to settle that old controversy: ratings do not live longer than officers. It only seem longer.

has packed up and gone off on leave. He plans to tackle the Japs afterwards, but in the meantime we understand he is also planning to take unto himself a bride. Good luck Dave! But tell us will the small Levine's "Jive" like their ol' man?"

The latest class of O. A.'s qualifying was the 2nd, with Charlie Head first on the list. Need I say a little elbow bending polished off the long grind. "Herb Oxley has bade farewell to all here, and taken a trip to Avalon. Don't let that bicycle show up the transportation system in Newfie too much Herb.

C.O.A.'s John Menzie and Tony Kruk have just recently, although somewhat overdue, had their rate confirmed. John is still looking for that ruler which he stuck under his arm two years ago. Apart from that he still manages to keep ahead of the shop with his details of mechanical devices.

O.A.'s Harrison from "Port Colborne" and Steve Sabados from the "Wentworth" dropped in for a short stay at Cornwallis recently. New arrivals include C.O.A. Stan Silver, who by the way wears a very contented look on his face, O. A.'s 3rd I. Townsend from the "Hamilton," and A. Garden from "Prince Henry," O.A.2 Mike Bachynski from "Prince David," and O.A.4th J. Williston from "Prince Henry."

There has been a split between the team of Kovacs and Edwards. Mike "Killer" Kovacs is resting in R. C. N. H.—"Who done it?"—and Bill Edwards jumped a train for a straight 28, which we understand is to include a wedding ceremony. Bob Barr, Guy Gravel and George Hamilton are all enjoying 58 days of the best.

The grapevine has it that C. O. A. Borthwick has an addition to the family. But we don't know whether it's a "he" or a "she". Which just goes to show we could use a few tips.

Killick: "How did you get along with your wife in that fight the other night?"

Another Killick: "Aw, she came crawling to me on her hands and knees."

Killick: "What did she say?"

AK: "Come out from under that bed, you coward!"

REFITTING FRIGATES FOR ACTION IN PACIFIC

Victoria—Two sleek Canadian frigates, HMCS Prince Rupert and HMCS Cape Breton are now tied up at Esquimalt naval base. They arrived here from the Atlantic via the Panama Canal, and will be refitted before leaving for action in the Pacific theatre of operations.

HMCS Prince Rupert was commissioned here in 1943. Forty per cent of the frigate's crew of 155 men and officers made the return trip to Esquimalt.

The sturdy ship will be made ready for action in the Pacific. Refrigeration, water-cooling apparatus, and additional insulation will be installed. Camouflage will be altered.

HMCS Cape Breton arrived here direct from Ireland. Since she was launched in Quebec City in 1943, the frigate has seen action in the English Channel, on the route to Russia and in the invasion of Normandy.

Throughout her career in the Atlantic, the "Cape Breton" suffered no serious damage. None of her complement of 150 officers and men was lost.

Over fifty per cent of the crews on the two frigates have volunteered for service in the Pacific.

Chaplain: "Son, are you saving half of what you earn?"

O/Sea: "No, sir, I don't get that much."

Have you ever stopped to think that the pin-up girl came in just as elastic went out?

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THROUGH A SCUTTLE

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



Our first query this month concerns "Prize Bounty" and a reader asks for information as to how the prize fund is compiled and distributed. This subject is perhaps of general interest, more so since the Battle of the Atlantic is now over, and one that I would like to deal with in this column. Unfortunately, however, I am prevented from doing this by the Official Secrets Act.

I was rather interested in a recent newspaper article on the good ship H M C S "ST. LAURENT" wherein it was stated that her recent trip up the St. Lawrence as a troop-ship was her first voyage up the river whose name she bears. Those of us who were members of the Ship's Company when she was commissioned in England in February, 1937, remember the return trip to Canada, via the Azores and Barbadoes, arriving Halifax early in April—how we scrubbed and painted to rig her for her maiden voyage to the St. Lawrence; the welcome we received at Quebec and Montreal; the coronation celebrations there on 12th May, 1937; our return down the St. Lawrence and visit to Chicoutimi.

It was in Quebec City that we were honoured by a visit from the late Canon Frederick G. Scott who presented the Ship's Library with some books, among them being an autographed copy of his "The Great War As I Saw It," a most refreshing type of war book.

The "ST. LAURENT" was formerly H M S "CYGNET," one of the "C" class of destroyers commissioned in the Royal Navy. Others in the class were "CRUSADER," "CRESCENT" and "COMET," all of which the Royal Canadian Navy took over, including the flotilla leader H M S KEMPENFELT, re-named "AS-SINIBOINE." The "CYGNET" was well-named for she certainly had some of the attributes of the bird she was named after. Her new name of "ST. LAURENT" was quickly changed to "SALLY RAND" and without going into details, thus retained her special charms.

I have been told that "SALLY" wasn't very ladylike on some of her North Atlantic runs in heavy weather, but neither was she on her first trip to Canada in 1937 when we wallowed around for three days in a Bay of Biscay storm. But these moments are forgotten in the thoughts of peaceful sailing through tropical waters under a starry sky bright with the Southern Cross.

Canadian Ship-building

By the time these lines appear in print, H.M.C.S. "MICMAC" will have completed her trials and commissioning ceremonies. The building of a warship of her size in Canada marks

a real step forward in the history of ship building in Canada. We have contributed in no small measure to the tonnage of war shipping in freighters, minesweepers, corvettes and frigates since 1939. Any maritime nation must maintain a larger Merchant Fleet as well as a Fighting Fleet—the second to protect the first, and the first capable of quick conversion to self-defence. With an increase of export and import of goods, larger Fleets are required. This was realized by England very often, we find in British Naval History, and we are reminded of the prodigious ship building effort put on in that country late in the 15th century to carry the trade which had formerly been in the hands of Hanseatic Merchants and their ships.

King Henry VIII has high claims to be regarded as the Father of the English Fighting Fleet. Starting with such ships as the "SWEEP-STAKE," the "MARY FORTUNE" and the "SOVEREIGN," he was responsible for the "REGENT" built in 1489. These were merchant ships but equipped for defence and intended in time of war to fight as well as to protect lesser armed merchant vessels.

It is an interesting side-light to note the differences that exist in the gunnery armament in the ships of today compared with these early ships. The "REGENT" carried 225 guns, all breech-loaders, firing a ball not more than 9 ounces in weight. These guns were man-killers only, certainly they could not seriously damage a ship. The earliest known ship, by the way, to carry guns was the "CHRISTOPHER OF THE TOWER" built in 1410. The muzzle-loading gun was invented around the year 1500, and Henry VIII was prompt to have these installed in his ships. The heavier weight of the new guns, if placed on the upper decks, threatened to capsize the ship and it was then that a shipwright named Baker suggested housing the guns on the main or cargo deck and running them out through openings pierced through the ship's side. When not in use the gun apertures were closed with watertight doors or "portes." Armament policy has varied during the years in the size and number of guns, but the principle of protection of merchant fleets has remained the same.

Matelot: "What do you do when you can't sleep at night?"

Stoker: "I drink a glass of wine every half hour."

Matelot: "Does that make you sleep?"

Stoker: "No, but it makes me satisfied to stay awake."

E. A.: "How about a little kiss, honey?"

Halifax Honey: "Can't. My lips are chapped."

E. A.: "Aw, c'mon, One more chap won't hurt you."



With that lovely smile, the ravishing brunette shown above is made to order for your locker door. She is Vivian Austin, scintillating Universal Pictures star.

Ballet Big Feature At Captor II Dance

Contributed by L/W Joan Campbell

Summer seems to be here for the time being at least and sun worshipping matelots are enjoying the brief season. The numerous resorts along the Saint John and Kennebecasis rivers are popular on week-ends for boating and swimming enthusiasts. Commuters who travel back and forth daily, loudly acclaim the joys of country life.

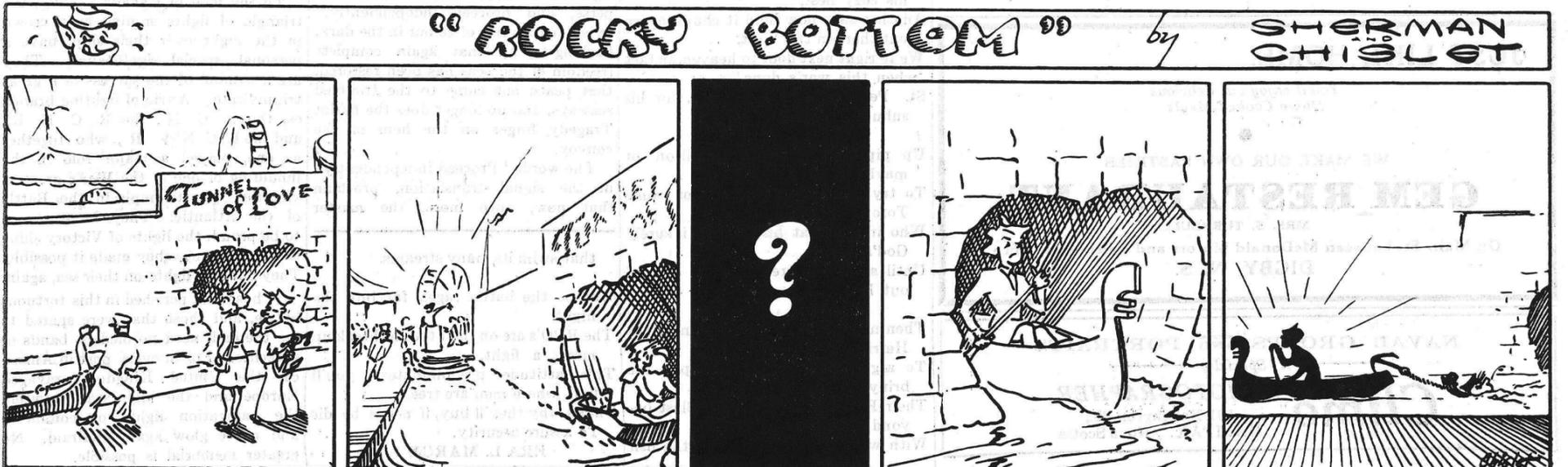
Hospitality is graciously dispensed by Ldg. Writer Norman Plant at his summer abode at Renforth. This camp is a joint effort of a group of writers who believe in sharing their good fortune with those who must dwell in the city. A boat, good swimming, tennis and golf are included. Food depends on what you can cook,

borrow or steal and any one of the three is acceptable.

Social activities for the season were terminated with a gala dance at the Admiral Beatty hotel. Supper, free beer and a floor show added zest to the occasion. A ballet under the direction of Com. Boatswain Leonard Holland appealed to the more aesthetic patrons. With Lieut. R. A. (Tiny) Thompson as number one ballerina, an accomplished and unusual performance was given. The costumes designed by L/W Laura Gardiner did much to enhance the display of pulchritude available. It is doubtful if more startling results could have been obtained.

During the evening bowling prizes were presented by Capt. J. A. Heenan N.O.I.C. Saint John. L/Tel. Sid Parfitt captain of the winning team was foremost on the list. Sid's enthusiasm and hard-work were responsible for such a successful season. Among the other prizes presented were: to Patrolman J. S. McKenzie for the season's highest average; Lieut. R. A. Thompson for the high single score; Patrolman G. Gasparini for the high three strings individual score.

Summer sports are getting underway and P.T.I. Mike Demchuk is busy laying the ground-work for the coming season. A garrison baseball team has been formed and is composed of both Naval and Army players. This team competes in the city league. The erection of a volleyball net on the parade square is providing exercise and amusement for many others. If the weather behaves there's fun to be had. Having to contend with the elements is just a bit annoying at times.





Lovely Louise Fornaca, dancing star of the New York musical comedy hit "Oklahoma," spent her one week's vacation from Broadway at HMCS Cornwallis starring in a revue directed by Special Services. Miss Fornaca is shown here at St. John, N. B., with the crew of the tender "Husky".—Canadian Army Photo.

V-E DAY AT NIOBE

by Ben Ford

Sound that trumpet, crash those cymbals, for VE Day in HMCS Niobe was one of the happiest and most successful days in the history of the establishment. It was no makeshift affair for the whole idea and plan had been worked out weeks before by Captain J. R. Hunter and Commander E. M. Detchon.

The actual VE Day announcement took place at a most precise moment, May 7th, when fellow Canadians from another service were present. Captain J. R. Hunter made a short speech at the conclusion of the visiting RCAF "All Clear" show in the Drill Hall. The show itself had been one of the finest ever to visit HMCS Niobe and the announcement of VE Day further kindled the spirits. The show people were all smiles when the Captain gave the glad tidings and a gentle reminder that the entire battle against world domination was not complete; there was still a job to be done. In all it was a down to earth speech packed full of human interest.

Before announcing officially Niobe's plans for a VE celebration the following evening Captain Hunter congratulated his ships' company on their work. There was a genuine lump in his throat which could be easily detected as he realized he would perhaps never again address all his men again. For many VE meant home and loved ones.

News of the termination of fighting in Europe spread rapidly through the barracks after the concert and before long the courtyard and quarterdeck was teeming with naval personnel. Actually a VE celebration took place on this evening. Many members of the Niobe band brought their instruments to the courtyard while all the ship's company aboard chanted "We

Want The Captain," until Captain Hunter appeared. He was hoisted shoulder high while the ship's company sang "For He's A Jolly Good Fellow."

While the band struck up marching tunes the ship's company followed their Commanding Officer around the barracks and RCNH and onto the sports field where they gathered in a circle around Captain Hunter and the Niobe Band. The band played many Canadian songs and a few Scottish airs and folk songs but the hit song of the evening was a song made famous by Harry Lauder, "I Belong To Glasgow." It seemed fitting that this tribute should be paid to Scotland, which has served as a foster home to the men of Niobe throughout the past few years of the war.

A "make and mend" was declared the following day, May 8th, as soon as the final arrangements and work had been completed for the official VE celebration. There was a colorful parade led by a rating attired in regalia of a naval officer complete with four straight painted stripes. A dance was held on the bowling green. The remainder of the band played a band concert on a stage set up on the sports field.

Ample stocks of food were at hand on tables set up on the field and there for the taking. Twenty one barrels of beer secured at Edinburgh especially for the occasion provided the liquid refreshment. A huge pile of debris and stumps had previously been placed on the field with a cardboard "Hitler" adorning the huge pile for a victory bonfire.

Niobe had an "open gangway" for the celebration but few men left the establishment, preferring to remain in barracks or bring in their lady friends.

The whole celebration was one of joy with wrens, men, officers, nursing sisters and civilians all mixing together without a hint of formality.

On the following morning the Niobe ships company and WRCNS took part in a march with Greenock R. N. personnel to "Bagatelle" between Greenock and Gourrock. Vice Admiral Fraser, the Greenock F.O.I.C., took the salute. The parade was followed by a "make and mend."

The following day at "clear lower decks" Captain J. R. Hunter again addressed members of his ships company and commended them for their splendid behaviour over the holiday. He remarked that it was significant to note that the Chief Constable of Greenock had told him that he or his force had not found occasion to caution one Canadian during the celebration in Greenock.

So ended VE Day in Niobe, for the men and women were soon settled again at their former tasks. A brief summary of the celebration might read "a good time was had by all."

The Battle of Shelburne

Come on, let's start an argument, that's what you'll hear them say.

In every cabin on the ship, just at the close of day.

It's warm in here it's raining out, there's nothing else to do

So—you think you know most everything, well now, let me tell you.

So there it starts, and when t'will stop, no one will really know.

About wheat crops they'll argue, and how big the apples grow,

They'll cover every subject from B.C. to Halifax.

We doubt if Webster ever heard a fraction of the facts.

One guy swears the angels sing outside his cozy nest,

Another says now hold it chum 'cause out there in the West,

We're right next door to heaven, in fact when this war's done,

St. Peter says he'll use B.C. for his suburban home.

Up pipes a guy from Hamilton or maybe Owen Sound

To try to make a jackass of some Toronto clown,

Who insists that his fair city is surely God's elect,

Until some Montrealeer starts stickin' out his neck.

Then next the Bluenose challenges the Herring Choker brave

To argue their experiences upon the briny wave,

Their Provinces are Heaven Blest beyond all fondest dream

With wild game hunting and the fish

When The Lights Went On At Sea Again

by L/Wtr. Jim Robbins

The Telegraphist on watch is lolling easily in his swivel chair, with his head-phones adjusted so that he can catch the call sign, but still carry on a conversation with his "Opo" of the watch, the Duty Coder.

"Business" is rather slow, the usual submarine dispositions are a thing of the past, and it seems as if the "boys" up at Admiralty are taking a breather after the long haul that ended on 9th May. The story the Tel. is spinning, is like most Navy "dips"; about the "run" he had on VE night, and the girl that he met. It gives a chap some prestige when he has a story to tell that will make the other chap grin slyly and say: "Gee, and every time ashore too!"

Suddenly there is a crackle in the set, and with the unconscious ease of long practice, the Tel. starts jotting down the groups. Rather peevishly, because it was a good story, he draws out of the corner of his mouth to his avid listener: "Just a sec., another General." It is a General signal from the Admiralty to ships in the area.

That is how, undramatic, without fanfare, but just as another bit of routine, the historic word came to many ships in the European theatre, that "Navigation lights are to be burned at full brilliancy." Thus in a few words, the blanket of darkness that tyranny had forced on the world's greatest highway of commerce, the Atlantic, was lifted.

From the bridge of this little ship you can see the convoy waddling along, big and little silhouettes in the late May night. From big Liberty ships to dumpy little ex-coasters, they plow along within the grand pattern of protection, a pattern proven in many days long battles against an implacable enemy. It is a marvel of precision, neat tidy files, like a platoon on parade, but a precision that has only been attained after six years of practice, six years of struggling, cursing, keen-eyed, vigilant station keeping, the unromantic routine of convoy work. It is just like hundreds of other convoys that the scurrying little escort ship has herded, fought for, and cursed at, in a long, long fight against sometimes rather discouraging odds.

But tonight it is a little different, we hear that the Striking Forces have rounded up most of the thugs wearing the black flag, and the tension is not as it has been for so long. The end is in sight.

The lookout on the bridge wing grabs for his glasses, and shouts to the Officer of the Watch: "Green 90, coloured flares, sir." It is the dreaded signal from the Commodore of Convoy, meaning literally, scatter, every man for himself, and God help the ship that comes into the U-boat's torpedo sight.

It sends a little tingle down your spine, because it brings back those dark nights of the wolf-pack attacks, the mad, hateful moment when the A/S contact is made, and the Attack is on. It brings a tightening of the stomach muscles, and a momentary struggle to master the animal fear that comes with fighting the unseen. There is a memory flashback of blinding flames on the water, puddles of thick oil, derelict life rafts, and the crushing tremble of the ship as the depth charges are laid. And always the personal uncertainty of just what is going on, other than in your little part of ship.

But tonight, it has a new sense, the signal is a happy one, it says: "Disperse, and proceed independently." It is a joyous riot of colour in the dark, flashing to all that again complete freedom of the seas has been restored, that peace has come to the troubled seaways, and no longer does the harlot Tragedy linger on the hem of the convoy.

The words "Proceed independently" in the signal translation, proclaim that now, once more, the master

that swim its many streams.

And so the battle rages, far into the night.

The RPO's are on their toes to break up many a fight,

This attitude predominates, you'll find where men are free,

That's why they'll buy, if needs be die To assure security.

ERA L. MARCH

mariner is sovereign in his ship—it is the rebirth of free enterprise the emancipation of the sea man from collectivism. Now a man can take his ship lunging across her kindly bosom, the sea, unfettered by regulations imposed by war-time necessity, directly to her port, as dictated by the Trade. On an Atlantic unthreatened by undersea marauders, the fruits of Freedom can be carried in the bottoms that made it possible, speedily, efficiently, and unafraid.

While perhaps now and then the men on the big bridges found it hard to play "follow the leader," and it was sometimes exasperating in the little ships to see lights blinking in defiance of black-out regulations from the ports of the big ships, it was a good team, these two—the best. And tonight, at the parting of the way, both the veterans with the "MN" ensignia, and the skippers on the escort ships, are a little wistful, and thoughtful. But it is a good feeling to be on the winning team, to have won deservedly. There is a lot of mutual admiration, forged in the blaze of not a short inspired fight, but a long, tedious, gruelling one, in which faith in the right, determination, and crystal hard courage, won, over the cunning, piracy, and hateful creed of a resourceful enemy.

When the lights went on, it was as if a heresy had been committed. It went against all training, and the hard discipline of all our sea experience. Navigational lights were only something we read about in our manuals in Training School, and saw fitted, but seemingly useless, on the ship. Tonight, when the white, masthead light blazoned forth, and the port and starboard, red and green lights blinked on, it was a signal of the end of an era. The end of an era of hatefully long watches in a darkness thick with the poison of War and stealthy attack, and horrible death. No more would hours be spent bucking through the monstrous seas, drenched throughout, standing near a depth charge rack, trying to pierce the cloak of the night for some sign of the foe. Never could we dare to catch a relaxing smoke, lest the glow of the match or cigarette tip give away our position to an alert enemy. All of the stumbling through hatches, crashing into hurrying messmates in the mad scramble to action stations was over. All this and a thousand minor memories of a hundred nights have become no longer a living nightly burden of thousands of Canada's seafighters on the Atlantic. Tonight, they plow over their battlefield, homeward bound, with the lights of Victory shining from the masthead and yard-arms.

To the men of Canada's Navy, the triangle of lights shining as a crown in the night over their ship, have a personal, special significance. They are a symbol of the success of a great triumvirate. A trio of fighting branches, the R C N, the R C N R., and the R C N V R, who together as one, played a major role in the moulding of one of the War's greatest victories—the triumph in the Battle of the Atlantic. They have reason to be proud, the lights of Victory shine tonight, because they made it possible. They put the lights on their sea, again.

Those that perished in this tortuous battle, and those that were spared to see the end, need no medals, bands or speeches. For in every port in America, the United Kingdom, ravaged Europe and the high seas between, the navigation lights of commerce and peace glow again unafraid. No greater memorial is possible.

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TRIBALS ENTERING HALIFAX HARBOR



"Glamour" Ships Back In Canada

The Royal Canadian Navy's battle-scarred Tribal destroyer fleet returned to Canada recently to end one triumphant campaign against Germany in Europe and to refit and prepare for another against Japan in the Pacific.

The sleek-hulled grey and black fighting ships—H M C S "Iroquois," "Huron" and "Haida"—came home from the war leaving behind them a string of Nazi air, sea and underwater opponents at the bottom of the North Atlantic, the English Channel, the Bay of Biscay, the Norwegian fjords and along the Arctic convoy lanes to Murmansk.

They came back in the line of more than a hundred ships of Canada's navy now returning from the European theatre. With the regular operational crews of the Tribals came returned ex-army and navy prisoners of war and other high priority navy men from the United Kingdom.

Commanding the Tribals were Captain K. F. Adams, of the "Iroquois", whose ship has 35 German merchant ships and one plane to its credit; Lieut. Cmdr. R.P. Welland, D. S. C., of the "Haida", and Lieut. Cmdr. H. V. W. Groos of the "Huron".

Before the crews left the other side for home they had a chance to see and talk to their vanquished foes. "Iroquois" was sent, as one of her last jobs, into Oslo as an escort for Norwegian Crown Prince Olaf and his staff, and later went to Copenhagen to escort the German cruisers Nurmberg and Prinz Eugen back to Wilhelmshaven.

Now in Halifax where they are refitting, the three Tribals, to be joined by the recently completed HMCS Micmac, first Tribal to be built in Canada, will leave soon for their next assignment in the Pacific.

Meanwhile the crewmen of the veterans of the European war are spending well-earned leave at their



When Canada's powerful Tribal Class destroyers, HMCS Iroquois, Huron and Haida, put into Halifax recently after long overseas service, Vice-Admiral George C. Jones, C.B.E., RCN, came on board to greet the officers and men. Pictured here are left to right; Lieut. Cmdr. Harold V. W. Groos, RCN, in command of "Huron"; Captain Kenneth Adams RCN, and of "Iroquois"; Vice-Admiral Jones; Captain (D S.C.) Hibbard, RCN; Lieut. Cmdr. Robert C. Welland, D.S.C., RCN, in command of "Haida". All three commanding officers are from Victoria. Lower picture shows the three Tribals proceeding into Halifax harbor, "Iroquois" in the lead followed by "Huron" and "Haida."

respective homes across the Dominion prior to joining the ships again for the next round.

Captain Adams has been appointed Commanding Officer at HMCS Stadacona since his arrival from overseas.

BOOK REVIEW

Continued from page 3

dustries. Although the approach is American, the up-to-the-minute information should prove valuable to
Lorwin L. Lewis—*Postwar plans of the United Nations.*

In this volume Mr. Lorwin presents a factual survey of the domestic plans of the individual nations for the organization of their own countries after the war and for the co-ordination of all national policies to produce international co-operation. He describes not only the postwar programs for reconstruction drawn up by the various governments but also those proposed by such economic and social groups as trade unions, chambers of commerce etc. This is the first attempt to give a general picture of the purposes and plans of the United Nations.

As A Natter Of Fact---

BY JACK PATTERSON

A young man who dropped into this department the other day has a fair yarn of the sea to tell his youngsters when he gets home again to Vancouver. His name is Al Harvey and through five years of war he has been both in and out of the navy and the merchant navy. Right now he is on his way to the United Kingdom on what he hopes will be his last assignment before he settles down with his wife, a Halifax girl, and their two youngsters. Al's story would take a large sized volume to tell. But sketchily, here it is. When war broke out back in 1939 he was caddying at Marine Drive Golf Club in Vancouver. The merchant navy attracted him and away he went. We bumped into him again in 1941 as he touched his home port briefly and at that time he had been "fished" while in merchantmen no less than seven times. Each time he had been fortunate enough to be rescued. After each experience, however, he went back for more. But after his tenth torpedoing, and being still in one and the same piece, he decided that he had better not press his luck. He settled for a shore job and for the past two years has been working on anti-sub gear in Halifax. On his newest assignment he is overseas with a group of highly trained men, the nature of whose mission none of them now. Al Harvey is the same shy young fellow who used to tote clubs around Marine Drive. His hair is greying, and little wonder. And there are a few crow's feet around his sharp eyes. But the fact that he has had the George Medal and the Order of the British Empire pinned on his breast has made little difference to this lad who still likes nothing better than to get out with the boys at Marine down behind the caddie shack pitching pennies.



There was no intention to make this column a story of Marine Drive's caddies. But it appears to be rapidly becoming one. This next report is about a pair of brothers who caddied at that golf club with Al Harvey. They are the Morrison boys, Hughie and Doug. When war broke out Doug, the younger, left Canada with the first paratroop outfit and Hughie joined the navy.....

When the Ile de France nosed into the pier at Halifax recently with the jumping lads back from overseas, the Morrison's were together again for the first time in a number of years. Hughie was on the jetty waiting for the kid brother. It was through one of Doug's pals that Hughie got Doug's story of the jump over the Rhine.....

Doug's chute, he was told, caught in a tree directly over a Jerry machine-gun emplacement. While Nazi marksmen were riddling one of Doug's comrades, Doug unlimbered his two hand grenades. Hanging there in the tree it was a tough job hitting that nest with a grenade and his first try was deflected by the branches of the tree. His second toss did the trick. Just as the German crew were swinging their gun on him the grenade exploded amongst them.....

Also back from Niobe recently, aboard "Puncher", came Joey Johns, who played hockey with the Cornwallis hockey club last winter..... And Ray Ogston, the Orillia lad who did such a great deal to make the "Discovery" lacrosse club the success it was on the West Coast last summer, was also aboard the carrier..... Keith Matthews the former Vancouver Sun reporter, is keeping his hand in by doing sport stunts for Ace Foley of the Halifax Chronicle..... Ed. Fitkin, the man behind "The Yorker" which published its final edition recently, is now attached to the Department of Naval Information..... Lieuts. Bill Halkett and Harold Irish have also joined that staff and will be covering the Pacific war soon with their highly efficient cameras..... Also P O Photog Rod Keegan, who hopes to pick up his warrant soon.....

GOOD LORD, DELIVER US!

The collected natters of a Matelot.

From Barbers and Stewards and new P.T.I.'s.—
From S.A.'s who never hand out the right size—
From Ping-Merchants, Gunners and other queer guys—
Good Lord, deliver us!

From O.D.'s and Subbies and Acting P.O.'s—
From chums in the wets, spilling domestic woes—
And from Wrens who never dance on their own toes—
Good Lord, Deliver Us!

From Writers, from Warrants, and Lieutenants (S)—
Whose motto re casuals is "Never say 'Yes'"—
And think a poor sailor could live on much less—
Good Lord, Deliver Us!

From Dentists and M.O.'s and S.B.A.'s too—
From Cooks who add water to hash to make stew—
And from all other troubles besetting our crew—
Good Lord, Deliver Us!

A. L. Seaman.

The Front Page

Wearing battledress, with a Sten gun in one hand and a grenade in the other, Gunner's Mate C. P. O. W. H. Roberts of Halifax says, "Come on, Canada!" as he points out the target in the Pacific. C. P. O. Roberts exemplifies the spirit of the Royal Canadian Navy and the determination of the United Nations that spells finis for Japan.

The Cover photograph is the work of P. O. Photog. Norman Keziere and the map was drawn by L/Sea. Ralph Ewing.

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DEEP BROOK, NOVA SCOTIA

ALONG JETTY ROW

Funny thing there was no jetty about for miles, but for close to a mile in length, ships three abreast were at anchorage and all the ships in this column were of the same class—the corvette type. We'd seen many of these packets before, practically all of them. Yes, they'd been grouped in the past, but never more than six together at once. Too these groups were operational and with the exception of a few days in port they were usually employed on convoy escort work, but here before our eyes more than 60 ships stood idle. It was hard to believe for every last one of these vessels had always been so darn busy before.

There had to be a reason for this so your "Jetty Joe" set out to fathom the problem. It wasn't difficult to unearth the necessity for this parade of ships but it kinda hurt a little inside when we heard what was going to happen to these rakish herts of the deep that paved the road to Berlin.

Yes, here was the end of the "Sheep dog Navy." All 60 or more of these ships had played a big role in their battle with Germany's U-Boat fleet while escorting merchant packets along the convoy routes, but with the Victory in Europe, cessation of the convoy system, and these ships had been declared surplus to naval requirements.

They had reached the end of the trail and were ready for the scrap yard. No longer would the famed corvette, that literally drove the Nazi undersea dogs from the sea, be a part of the Navy. They had done their job—and done it well—and now their future rested in the hands of the War Assets Corporation, to do with them as they so see fit.

This parade of vessels was just inside the Sydney harbour. They'd assembled there after being called in from their convoy chores. A great many navy men who'd often sailed in the same convoys were for the first time given the opportunity of meeting either old pals or other navy chums they'd met since enlisting. Their stay was anywhere from one to two weeks so they got around a bit.

Then came the call and the ships sailed into Sydney to tie up along the jetty here to be stripped of all essential gear which could be of further use to the navy. This completed in a matter of a day or three then a short lived steaming trial and off on the ship's final voyage—up the river to Sorel.

There were many famous ships in this aggregation. H M C S Chambly, first Canadian ship of this or any other war to sink an enemy U-Boat, who also has two other probable kills to her credit. Also other corvettes with sub kills and assists to their credit, such as Ville De Quebec, Moose Jaw, Calgary; Oakville, Port Arthur, Chilliwack, and Drumheller.

Also in the group were the four corvettes of the famed "barber pole brigade" Wetaskiwin, Agassiz, Sackville and Galt, who together the destroyers, Skeena, and Saguenay, first organized the barber pole group in June, 1942 while working on the mid ocean run.

Also present was Collingwood, grand old lady of the corvettes being the first Canadian ship of this class to be put in service. Kenogami, Morden, Kitchener of movie fame in K-225, Algoma, Athol, Arvida, Orillia, Quesnel and Summerside, all steady old work horses along the convoy lanes each with memorable stories of rescue at sea, salvage and attacks against the enemy to their credit.

All of these corvettes, the whole darn bunch of them, have done a job that deserves praise and it's orchids and hats off to the men that sailed them.

Another vessel, manned by Canadians, H M S PUNCHER, the aircraft carrier pulled into the port of Halifax recently and aboard were many "old timers" senior Chiefs and P. O.'s of Canada's peace time navy. A most hospitable bunch of boys are those in the Chief's mess, headed by Chief Gunner's Mate Eddie "Queenie" McFayden of Victoria. McFayden has probably instructed more navy men in gunnery than he can remember and he should be among the top notchers when it comes to the number of men he's put through their paces. A heller on the parade ground—and he gets results—Eddie is exactly the opposite in the mess and is indeed popular with his mesmates.

The boys aboard should be well fed—and they say they are—for in charge of dishing up the victuals is another old Timer Freddie Waters also of Victoria, who fed the boys out at Naden in peace time.

Another west coaster and also a Chief Gunner's Mate, is George "Passenger" Stagg, who's mighty proud of his gun crew aboard the flat top and who many a sailor will recall receiving a "blast" from while taking gunnery instruction from him.

It seemed like the entire's ship's crew was from the west coast and all permanent men, for three more boys from Victoria, who used to be around Naden in the peace time days were also about. Chief "Hookie" Walker, big and fatter than ever, almost bowled Chief Alan Paver, the good looking stoker type over as he paid his respects with a hand shake that almost made powder out of our knuckles. There's a brass ring of Warrant on the sleeve of Harold "Tubby" Shergold's tunic and the former gunnery man of some 15 years service is looking mighty fit these days. Like their skipper Captain Roger E. S. Bidwell, R. C. N. of Halifax, the boys are all sold on the aircraft carrier type of ship and wouldn't take a draft off if it was offered on a silver platter—so they say—but I wish we had a platter and a draft to offer them and see what they'd do.

Ralph D. MacKenzie, who back in pre war-days used to sell oil and gas to dealers in Regina and thereabouts on the prairies will soon be heading back to the rounds. The popular westerner has for the past four years been aboard the corvette Kenogami, aboard which he rose from junior subie to Commanding Officer has just taken his packet up the river to Sorel and turned it over to the War Assets Corporation. He'll be around only long enough to get his ticket and then it'll be home to the missus and the infant daughter he hasn't seen. Ralph was an innocent victim of a tie slicing surprise which he'll never org, solely due to the fact that it was done by two newspapermen whom he hadn't even been introduced to. The scribes of a large sheet in Upper Canada stepped into his ship's wardroom on a story and while in the process of obtaining information required, Ralph walks in only to be pounced upon by one of the newshounds who promptly sliced the tie at the knot. It was Ralph's birthday, the newsie didn't like the tie, he said, so he removed it and next day sent him two and a box of cigars in return. It was all in fun and Ralph took it that way. A great guy is Ralph, popular with his crew and all whom he comes in contact. The navy'll miss him and the oil business should boom again in the west.

Flash

Truro, July 11—The crack Cornwallis Baseball nine to-day scored a double bill victory when they tilted the Debert Army team 8-6, and the Truro Bearcats 13-11 on the Truro Athletic diamond.

The sailor was pacing the floor when the glad tidings arrived via telegram: "Maxine gave birth to a little girl this am. Both doing nicely." On the bottom of the telegram was a sticker: "When you want a boy, call C.P. Telegraphs."

Writer: "How's your new girl?" SA: "Not very good." Writer: "Boy, you always were lucky."



Watching some of the other performers at the Royal Canadian Navy's recent water pageant held in HMCS Naden's new swimming pool are; Wrens Beryl Hayden-Luck of Vancouver, Lorta Shand of Montreal and Margaret Stewart of Montreal. All three are stationed at HMCS Givenchy.

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

By Tommy Graham

There seems to be no stopping the winning ways of "Bud" Morrison's navy nine who are so far out of sight in the Halifax Senior Baseball League that even the deepest-lying outfielder can't be seen by the rest of the loop. In an even dozen games played, they've won eleven. Add to that five exhibition victories and you have a record that is reminiscent of the marks established when the fabulous Rupert Rangers from the Bronx ruled the American League roost.

The Halifax sailor sandloters have been hot since the outset, fulfilling the pre-season prediction of their chubby, red faced pilot, who boasted his club would waltz through all opposition this season in a breeze. The question is, can they hold the same temperature throughout the remainder of the campaign? Stout Morrison is certain they can. He is equally sure that the demon of overconfidence has not gripped his heroes and he already has designs on the pennant.

The navy home forces have the Indian sign on the other three clubs in the circuit and have been feeding the opposition plenty of that "you can't beat us" technique. Actually they are in a class by themselves, powerful in every department, a heavy hitting outfield, steady diamond guardians and a pitching corps which have blossomed into consummately clever sleight-of-hand artists, completely gaffing opposing batsmen.

But despite their big lead, games in the loop are all closely fought. Only the staying power and the will to come through with the goods in the pinches has brought about the sailors' triumphant march. Art Upper's airmen from out Dartmouth way are in the runners-up slot and seem to get better every time out. A few more Yankee "imports" have bolstered Vince "Footsie" Ferguson's Shipyard mob and the riveters still possess high hopes of retaining the league crown they copped from the tars last season. The cellar dwelling Army men also have injected a few new faces into their lineup and after a wobbly start are coming along in fine fettle. Its still a long way until playoff time and there's plenty of determination in all three opposing clubs to topple the soaring sailors, but methinks it's not going to be a simple job.

Down Cornwallis way, Coach "Red" Gilbert, who is handling the reins of the Deep Brook tars who ran away with the Maritime ball crown last season, is predicting revenge triumphs over the Haligonian sailors who toppled his charges in a pair of exhibition tilts recently. He's made a few changes on his roster and the newcomers according to the diamond gossipers around that neck of the woods relate that the injection is just what the club needed. The sailors in training have a well-balanced club, just as good as that which won them the title last season, but they'll have to be much better than that to take Morrison's mob into camp. The blue jackets are scheduled for another brace of exhibition tilts in Halifax shortly and the forays should garner a lot of attention from ball fans.

Sailor sport enthusiasts suffered a severe setback on the early morning of July 1st this year when the spacious and most modern gym at Cornwallis was gutted by fire of unknown origin. The huge Physical Training and Recreational centre was one of the best of its kind in the Empire, was one of the main attractions of navy men and women in training at the large base during leisure hours and it will be sorely missed. Very little was salvaged from the building which was completely destroyed. In the better interests of sport and for the comfort and welfare of the establishment's personnel it is hoped that the powers that be will see fit to replace the building at an early date.

While the Halifax Navy baseball nine continue to soar to "dizzy heights" the ball playing tars at Nonsuch in Edmonton are dropping to depressing depths and in a dozen games they've yet to register a victory. Twirling on the mound for the Alberta Capital sailors is none other than Al Young, one of the better baseball hurlers in the province.

Where They Are Now

With all this shifting and drafting of ships and men this department will soon have to hire Scarlet O'Neil or a super sleuth of the RCMP or FBI to locate these wandering sailors you seek to know the whereabouts of. It's pleasing to note, however, that this column is being so well received and while we can't promise to print all the requests at one time we'll endeavor to inform you of as many of your friends as possible each month.....

Those seeking A. B. Jimmy Foxall who hails from the Calder district in Edmonton will be pleased to know that Jimmy is now a Shipwright and following a spell at Sydney and Stadacona is now home on 58 days leave prior to going to the Pacific..... A. B. Al Gratton, of Montreal is now serving aboard the aircraft carrier, HMS PUNCHER..... Al Sexsmith of Regina is a Lieut. having received his commission from the lower deck. He recently received his discharge through the priority method and will take up residence at Vancouver where he will work with a paper firm.

William "Big Bill" Bosley, is a Sub. Lieut. and after a lengthy spell in H M C S Wallaceburg he is now a Rehab Officer at Hamilton..... Bill Newbigging who used to be paymaster at HMCS Catarqui is now at HMCS Scotian and recently received his "brass hat." His new rank is Commander (S) Wm. Newbigging. Harold Cowhig a peace time member of the RCNVR division at Regina is now Warrant Officer Writer and on the staff of the Captain's Secretary of HMCS Stadacona..... Ray Synette of Montreal is a Lieut. and serving with the Torpedo school at Stadacona. He formerly was with M. L.'s..... Aubrey Pickels, who was a peace-time member of the RCNVR division at Port Arthur is a Lieut. He married a girl from New York and is now a Rehab Officer at his home town..... "Doc" Dickinson of Timmins and all points north who used to be a writer at NSHQ, is now a Lieut. (S) and paymaster of HMCS Kirkland Lake..... Eddie Howard who in peace time was an advertising employee of the Edmonton Journal recently received his commission to Sub. Lieut. from the lower deck and is now home on leave after a spell overseas..... Sto. Les Johnson is serving at HMCS Protector in Sydney.

Ernie E. M. Love, of Calgary is now at Givenchy in Esquimalt and recently was promoted to Lt. Cdr. (S). Bert Crockett one of Canada's better known swimming instructors and ice maker extraordinary who hails from Edmonton is a P. O. at HMCS Cornwallis.....

A. B. Jack Conroy of Edmonton is now home on leave awaiting discharge on the priority scheme following considerable service afloat and abroad.....

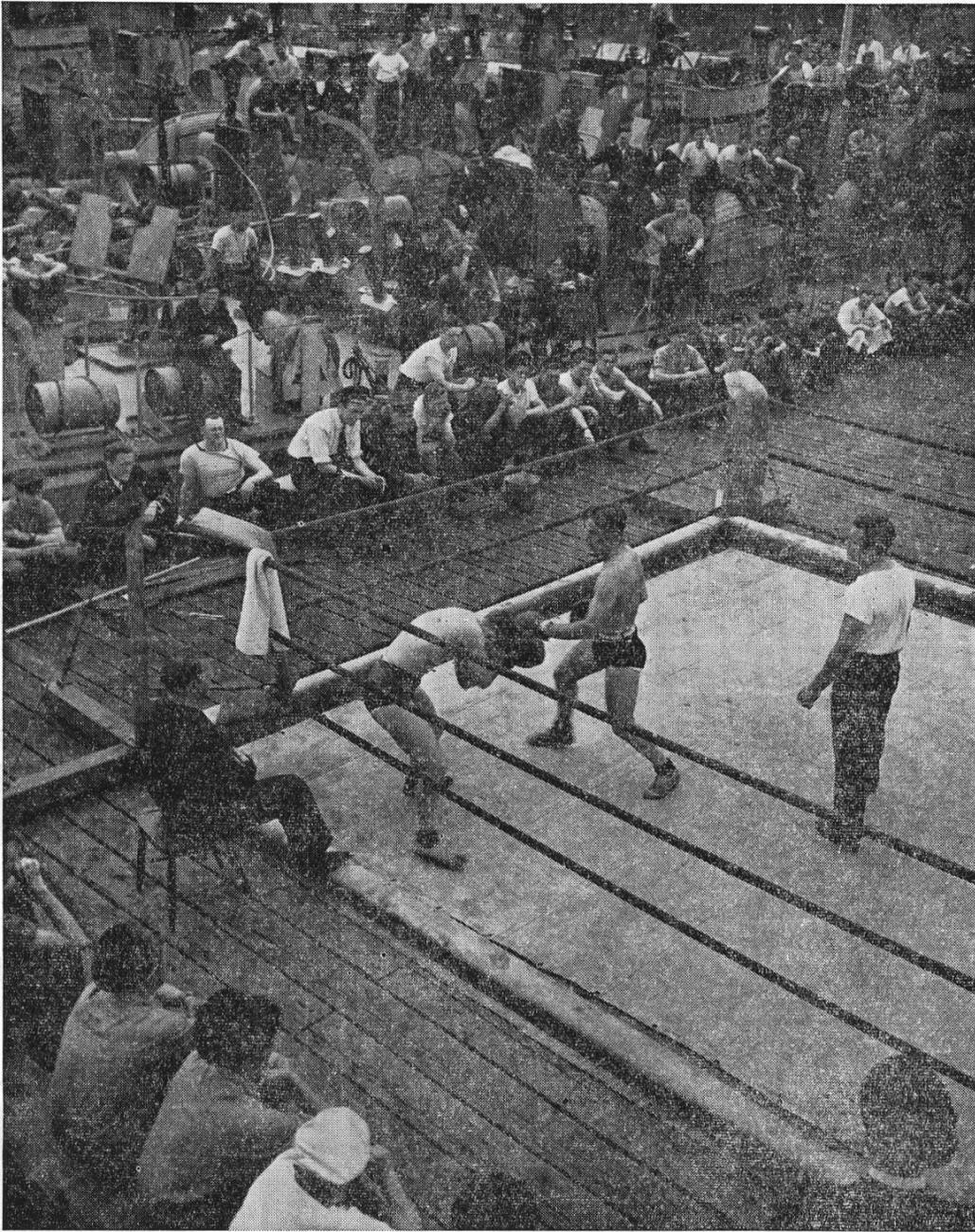
P. O. Wallace Mutch is another Edmontonian home awaiting discharge. He recently was serving at Newfie.....

Al. A. Robertson, who was a well known commercial traveller in the Maritimes before he joined the navy is now Special Services Officer at HMCS Protector in Sydney and doing a nice job of it..... Dave Peacy is a Lieut. having been commissioned from the ranks. He is now at Vancouver and soon hopes to receive his discharge on the priority roster..... Lt. Herman Soup of Winnipeg is enroute to his home town following a spell on the aircraft carrier HMS PUNCHER.....

Lloya Ford is with the Plumbing shop at H M C S Scotian..... Dartmouth's Cyril Smith is a Shipwright and following a spell at Galt Ont., and Ottawa he is now in the model shop at HMCS Scotian..... C P O "Queenie" McFayden of Victoria is Chief Gunner's Mate aboard the aircraft carrier HMS PUNCHER and really sold on the floating flat top.....

Frankie Daws of Edmonton is now a Chief Cook and serving aboard the cruiser HMCS Uganda..... Nellie Lambert of Kingston is a Wren and serving at HMCS Protector..... Lieut. W. A. Calder of Vancouver is serving aboard HMCS Kitchiner.....

New Entry Baseball Boys Have Nifty Diamond Nine



"Puncher" Can Circle World Twice Without Refueling

HMS Puncher the second aircraft carrier to be manned by Canadians is a sleek, new vessel which, although a baby flat-top, nevertheless is capable with her aircraft complement of punching the enemy with a tonnage of steel and high explosives comparable to that of a modern 35,000-ton battlewagon.

Puncher which arrived in Halifax recently undoubtedly will live up to her name and carry on the traditions of the baby flat-top fleet which already has proven valuable both for escort of convoys and assault on the enemy. Built too late for the opening of the second front, Puncher was outfitted at top speed for battering the Japs into submission.

Close to eight hundred eager young Canadians, P.O.'s and C.P.O.'s with special technical skill, man Puncher, which is commanded by Capt. Roger Bidwell.

An ugly-duckling she seemed from the dock, like a liner whose superstructure and funnels had been sheered off in collision with a low bridge. Yet despite the unfamiliar profile and the war-time garb of green-gray-black camouflage, she is a powerful vessel with a thin bow and gently curving hull.

Puncher is an economical ship. Driven by a single screw geared to steam turbines, Capt. Bidwell said that, as a merchant ship she would be considered fast and she could pace any convoy, although her speed could not be published. Without refueling, he said, she could circle the earth twice at cruising speed; at top speed make a return Atlantic trip without taking on oil or supplies.

The upper deck of Puncher, as on all carriers, is the flight-deck. The flight deck is an air-strip running the length and breadth of the ship except for the narrow "island" supporting the bridge and navigation room.

Two large squares in the flight deck on which an aircraft could squat, can be lowered to the hangar deck, and thus form elevators for moving the planes

from one deck to the other.

Since no plane could gain take-off speed on such a short run as the side of a baby flat-top's air strip, the planes are launched by machines which catapult them into the air. The machines were indicated to us by the escorting officers, but not described for their operation and design would be of value to the enemy.

Landing a plane on a flat-top is a ticklish job, particularly when the ship is running through a heavy sea. With the air strip bouncing up and down sometimes as much as 15 feet, the pilot, taking directions from the flight officer comes into land while the carrier is usually pounding ahead at full speed into the wind, thus giving the plane a lower airspeed. Through directions indicated by movement of the flight officers arms, the pilot at the proper moment puts the tail of his ship down first. In a good landing the hook on the tail of the aircraft catches one of several cables strung six or eight inches above the deck. The cables have hydraulic shock-absorbers at either end and bring the plane to a swift stop.

In case the tail hook on the plane fails to catch one of the cables, or a cable breaks or the hook is pulled out, a barrier cable, waist high, is used to prevent the landing plane from crash-

Any time two fellows put on the gloves and square off for a session of beak-busting it's good fun, particularly for the spectators. Here, to provide some friendly competition and noontime recreation, a boxing ring has been erected on the Fairmile Motor Launch jetty in Halifax and a series of bouts conducted for the entertainment of the ships' companies. The boxers are S/Lt. Clifford Wellman of Edmonton (left), and AB Bill Terreau, Montreal. These shows are part of the recreational program conducted in the yard by Lt. Robert M. Greene, Halifax, Captain D's sports officer.—RCN Photo by L/Photog. G. Frankfurter.

ing over the side of the carrier or into other craft on the flight deck. A plane coming to such a crash stop is not usually extensively damaged, and the pilot is seldom hurt.

The "island" rising out of the flight deck on the starboard side is the nerve centre of the ship. On the top of the narrow structure is the open bridge. The officer in command is located on the left side, overlooking the bow of the ship and the flight deck. At his side and in front of him, are speaking tubes, buttons and electrical communication devices which keep him in constant communication with every department of the ship, the gun crews on various decks, and the aircraft of his ship which may be several hundred miles away.

Below the hangar decks are the engines, hospital, dental clinic, galleys, messes, lounges, storerooms and quarters for the crew. They are similar to those on other fighting ships. Puncher's ratings sleep in narrow bunks which in daytime are folded against the wall, taking hardly more room than hammocks.

Sport Still Booms At Cornwallis Base

By Chuck Millman

Cornwallis—High spot on the New Entry sports programs at this base during the last month or so have been the Saturday and Sunday afternoon baseball sessions. The games have not only attracted a goodly number of spectators but also supplied some pretty nifty baseball.

TIFFY TALKS

By L/SBA Bill Newman

My! My! What lovely weather to drown our sorrows! But who am I speaking of fiffies having such things as sorrows. Life is so peaceful in our branch that the sun shines even when the rain is coming down. Of course we felt rather sad when rigor mortis set in and froze promotions, long leave and worst of all discharges.

However, I believe things are commencing to thaw out a bit. Leave is being granted again, also there is a rumor that Tiffies over fifty years of age are to be discharged. That should get me ousted, with my bald head and middle age spread how can they prove any different. As for promotions I believe they are also starting to move. It is rumored that L/SBA Lou Haley is taking over the duties of A/PO Buffer at R. C. N. H., Cornwallis, while P. O. DeFrost goes on leave. However there is a possibility Lou Haley may be forsaking us in the near future to raise chickens. Lou isn't the only one working on his discharge. Quite a lot of us spend most of the time wishfully thinking up an angle to get home in a hurry.

"Speaking on Sports"

Regarding sports, the S. B. A.'s rolled through the first half of the softball series with 4 victories and 1 defeat, and we are hopefully looking forward to a play off berth, although quite a few members of our team are on Pacific leave including P.O. Howie Ward, L/SBA Johnnie Sim, CPO Bob Johnson. Besides that we are losing the services of our star first-base man Gerry Patz. He is heading Winnipeg way for a couple of weeks. However, we still have Paul McKegney, Phil "Flash" Reynolds, Sandy Sommerville, F. Rocheleau, G. Krisko, Chief G. Brennan and our pitching star Caroll Gardner ably assisted by Red Wilson.

Some of the new faces on the lineup are Art Sutton, Shrimp Hovey and E. Roberts.

The afternoon of sports we have been having once a week is really proving popular and thoroughly enjoyable to the Medical Branch. The first p. m. we had two hours of bowling in which we had an elimination tournament. Seven teams competed, Medical Officers, 2 S. B. A.'s and 2 Wren's teams. Surg. Cmdr. Sinclair's team went undefeated to take the series. Members of his team were Surg. Lt. Pete Bourne, Surg. Lt. Dave McLaren, Surg. Lt. Barbara Barker and Surg. Lt. Cmdr. Curly Walters who also had the high single for the afternoon of 299.

Runners up were teams captained by Comm. Wt. G. A. Slocomb, Wt. Bill Allen and P. O. Howie Ward. Top bowlers for the Wren S. B. A.'s were Bernice Stanfield, Sally Jerome and H. Boswick.

Wrens Beat Tiffies

The next Sports "make and mend" we played softball. One Team of S. B. A.'s defeated the Medical Officers while our other Tiffy team took a beating from the Wren S. B. A.'s.

Lt. Cmdr. Johnny Johnston starred for the M. O.'s in spite of the fact he had his Wellington's on. As for the other game, the Wren naturally showed the best form.

For other entertainments we have been throwing the odd dance. In fact the other night we had a very nice "doings" at the "Y" Hut—5 piece

During one session the New Entry boys challenged the senior club, beat them no less, 5 to 3, although the seniors were playing with one or two gaps in their regular lineup.

The New Entry softball league, too has been turning out some classy competition and solid entertainment. Currently Drake Block is topping the league with Effingham in close attendance.

Lacrosse has been getting a heavy play with some closely contested games complete with displays of temper and the usual skull cracking that accompanies exhibitions of this old Indian game. Current scramble for the league lead finds Hawke Block with a slight edge and being pressed closely by Effingham and Grenville.

Soccer is Booming

Soccer has taken a hold in the New Entry department with some really clever material turning up in the various blocks. Effingham is showing the way with Grenville in second spot.

Drake block is the most recent winner of the tug-of-war competition and a recent track and field meet proved to be one of the best ever staged at the base with Hawke and Effingham breaking even after an exciting fight for points throughout the competition.

The New Entries still conduct their friendly competitions with the Stokers and one of the most recent and successful contests brought the two departments together in a series of contests that included two hockey games, seven softball games, bowling, lacrosse, volleyball, soccer and basketball.

Considerable activity is in evidence in other branches around the base, too. The Wrens have been out in large numbers for softball and a good club is representing the base, although

in their first encounter of the season they were knocked off by the Wrens from "Stadacona," 10 to 7.

Also the Ship's Company Inter-part softball league has been turning in some lively competition.

orchestra, magicians and lovely grub, sandwiches and cake. Everyone seems to have had a swell time. Thanks to the Committee, President John Frid, vice-president, Sandy Sommerville, treasurer, Bernice Stanfield, Myrna Clarke and Grace Bain.

SPECIAL SERVICE FOR "CORNWALLIS"

All orders received from "Cornwallis" will be completed and mailed—PREPAID—within forty-eight hours after receipt of same.

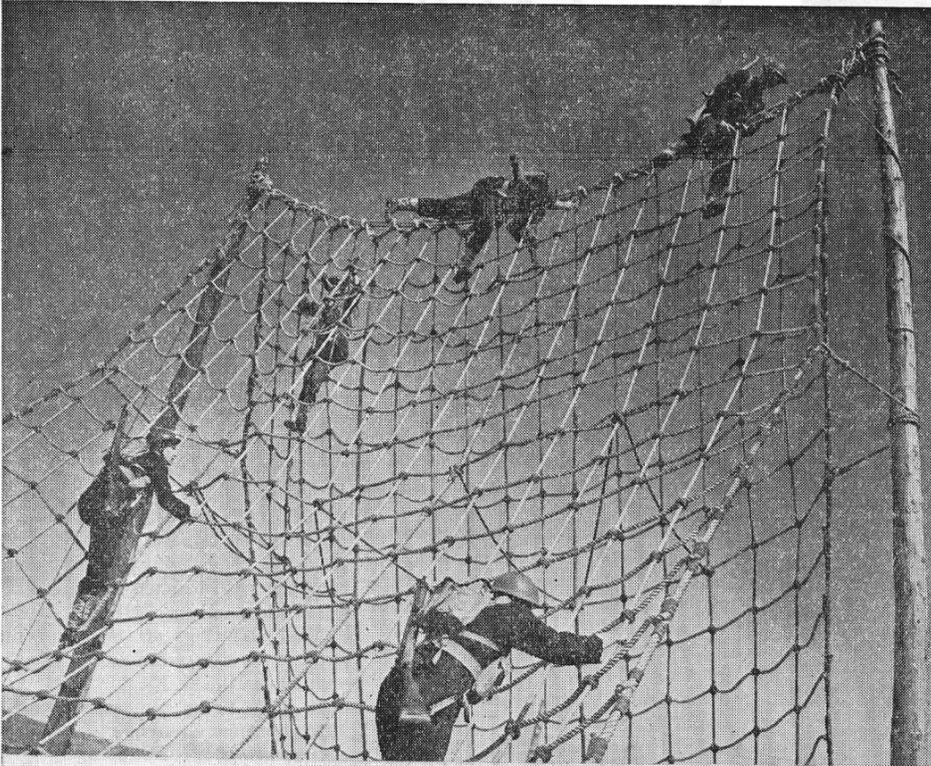
This service, of course, applies to men dressed as seamen, only.

In addition to this, we are now in a position to handle orders for officers' and petty officers' uniforms, of serge or doeskin, and can guarantee delivery within three weeks in this work. We can assure very expert workmanship as the undersigned has spent thirty years in the designing and manufacturing of these garments.

J. P. GALLAGHER

TAILOR—94 SACKVILLE ST. HALIFAX

NAVYMEN PREPARING FOR ACTION IN PACIFIC



Leaving nothing untold these exclusive pictures take us for a whirl over the Assault Training Course which Pacific Volunteers are taking at HMCS Cornwallis in preparation for action in the Pacific theatre of operations. In the Pacific, Navy men will encounter unfamiliar Japanese battle tactics and peculiar terrain. Trained under conditions similar to those found in the Pacific a P. V. will know what to do when he gets into action — How to land on the beach and how to get through barbed wire entanglements. He will have a knowledge of light automatic weapons and grenades and will know how to stop the Jap in bayonet fighting and close combat.

In the picture at top left, the P. V's under training, dressed in dungarees, are shown climbing over the Scramble Net and at right they clear the Jump. Centre left, with bayonets fixed, they crawl through a barbed wire entanglement — and at right, cross a stream on a rope bridge. Lower left is a close combat shot showing how to give a Son of Heaven some of his own bad medicine with a Japanese strangle hold—lower left, with thunder flashes exploding on all sides, the P. V's scale the Wall. Knowing the right thing to do at the right time, and with training such as this—the men of the RCN will be more than a match for the Nipponese. RCN Photos by Lieut. W. Halkett.