



THE

Crow's Nest

NEWS OF CANADA'S NAVY
FOUNDED BY H.M.C.S. "CORNWALLIS" • HALIFAX, JULY, 1942

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And So - To War

By 'JENNIE WREN'

Back in the good old days, actually only back about eight not-so-good old days, we were a happy, healthy, husky group of twenty-nine Wrens. Now, at the end (we hope) of our travail, we find ourselves still numbering twenty-nine, but a shade two or three or eight less healthy and husky, but, bless our travel-wearied and Navy-worn souls, still happy.

We used to live in near-luxury on the Nursery ship of the Wrens at Galt. That is the spot where girls are girls and sailors just aren't. Where debs become almost accustomed to wielding, without too much hysteria, nice, cosy, little, grey numbers called floor cloths, and glamour gals learn what glamour boots really are. We were signed, sealed and saved for the Navy. Outfitted, counterfitted, and steamfitted for the cold, cruel world that was waiting with bated breath and butterfly nets for stray birds like us.

And so, when we had grown into our glamour boots we were taken aside one day and told by P/O Ockenden, who had, we now realize, a rather peculiar glint in her glimmers, that our time had come. We were to put away childish things and go into the war-weary world, to eke out our own existence in the new and terribly exciting Deep Brook. And here we have been eeking ever since. Eeking and creaking with the cold, that is.

We left Galt station in a shower of "Lucky dogs"..... "lucky gals" and "lucky Lu-lu's". We fell into the train in assorted bundles of one girl to a suitcase, or was it one suitcase to a girl? Anyway, the suitcase helped us a great deal, I'm sure. Nobody else would. L/Wren Adams, the pint-size Regulator in charge of us, (this was particularly amusing, as most of us were at least six feet tall and considered very handy with our javelins) ended up by scrambling aboard in a shower of important-looking papers, and clinging by her two good teeth (front ones) to the lower step as the train, hurried us at a dizzy speed of two knots to each striped railroad tie towards Toronto, Montreal, St. John, — ah and Deep Brook!

However, before we arrived at this Eden of the Navy, without any Eve, I might add, we still had *adventure* ahead of us— adventure and then some.

The Trusting Souls

Amongst the many things we had been told, and in our trusting birdlike way believed, was that we were to look especially tiddley to march through Montreal, after breakfast at the Station, to Ana House. Instead we were hardly allowed to get all our flat feet with their mizzen metatarsals on the station platform, before a sailor—he must at least have been an Admiral's favorite nephew—contrary to the nice lazy Navy march, we had learned to master with comparative ease, whirled us through the interested and bulging-eyed crowd as though we were going to a hat sale. I can safely say that there are 29 Wrens eagerly awaiting the time they meet up with that same sailor, when at such time we will tie him with a sailor's knot to the back of our brand, new ambulance and with

siren blowing, run *him* through Halifax. We are very unfriendly to *that* Sailor.

We had a lovely day in Montreal, with the aid of its citizens. We stalked the streets until 1500, and then with appeased appetites we gathered beneath the shadow of the Winged Statue of You-Know-What, that may be found sheltering weary travellers at Windsor Station.

Lovely Weather

Once more we were on our way. So were a goodly assortment of the New Zealand Air Force. That evening we joined forces and sang our way across the tip of Maine. Next morning, we were introduced to Saint John, and its inimitably hospitable climate. It was at this point I became the fond owner of my present Bar-Room Baritone Boom. What was at one

Subscriber To Crow's Nest Receives Paper In Algiers

"We certainly enjoyed getting The Crow's Nest when we were away," a sailor told a member of the paper's staff last month.

The staff member acknowledged the compliment and asked the seaman where he had seen the paper when he was away.

"Oh, we've just returned from the Mediterranean," was the answer, "and one of the fellows got his Crow's Nest at Algiers."

That certainly does extend our present field. For some months now The Crow's Nest has been going to subscribers in the east, west, north and south of this continent, in England, Scotland and Ireland and in Bermuda, but we weren't aware that we were known in Africa, also.

The Fleet Mail Office should take a bow for this one.

THE PREACHER'S WAITING FOR ME AND MY GAL(?)



The bride (sixth from the left) was beautifully attired in a gown of flowered tablecloth. The adorable little flower girl (sixth from the right) carried out her duties in charming manner. The guys and "gals" in the above picture are all male personnel from H.M.C.S. "Stadacona," at Halifax, who took part in the popular revue "Easter Parade," presented by the Special Services Branch, "Stadacona," April 25. R.C.N. Photo.

time a nice lady-like sort of voice could now be used for either hog or fog calling. All we saw of Saint John was what we gleaned in a fast and perilous drive in an open cattle truck where we stood and sadly, with cow-like eyes, saw our simple but tiddley grandeur slowly reduced to an unattractive blue. Our hat brims—always a little indefinite anyway, now looked definitely broken in spirit, as well as in their original allure? After flirting with Mister Death—on several corners, we eventually made the embarkation point. (Some girls wished we never had). With great showing of sea-worthiness, and loud statements of "crossed the ocean my dear, just dozens of times." "Never get sea-sick!" We gangwayed our way aboard.

Stand By!

Oh yes, it was a very comfortable ship, the cabins that were made available were "alright for those who couldn't take it, but I don't want one." "The water looked a little sleazy maybe, but then water always did, didn't it?" "Oh yes, let's go up to the top deck." Oh my, yes—so up we climbed, battling with the ever-increasing wind until we lined up along the deck with the other old Bay of Fundy salts. They looked us over—smiled to themselves, and we looked them over and smiled at each other. Wonderful fun. Ah girls, the life of a sailor! So, we stood by the rail—and sang. Soon we just stood by the rail. Then we just stood by.

A little less jubilant, and a great deal fonder of terra firma, we staggered ashore to be formally introduced to Nova Scotia. A cup of coffee, and our tummies disentangled themselves from our intestines, and resumed their rightful places just to the south of our throats.

The final stage of our journey had arrived. Ten more miles, and we would be there! We

would have arrived at the Mecca of the Maritimes, the end of the Rainbow. We would have grabbed the brass ring from the Merry-Go-Round. Life would smooth itself into a happy hunting ground, and round of sailors, shells and sand—nice, white sizzling sand. Azure water, lapping gently at the edge of those magnificent white beaches!

Deep Brook!

"DEEP BROOK"—Next Stop." A fiendish sort of scrambling around started. Everybody brushing everybody else's coats, our rather damp hats were retrieved from under weights of books where they had been placed in a rather optimistic attempt to straighten the somewhat Airwaterous brims. Wren hats do look so silly when they are worn La Australian desert fighter. So—after girlish shrieks and coy glimpses unto our almost never-used, new compacts, we prepared ourselves for that Shangri-La of Nova Scotia—DEEP BROOK!

The train slowed, stopped. We looked, rubbed our eyes, gulped, looked again, pinched ourselves tentatively. It was true, this *was* it. It must be, because there was Ma'am, but heavens—What were those things on her feet? We had certainly never seen them on any of our officers in Galt, but then maybe they were protection against mosquitoes or some exotic plant we had not as yet become familiar with.

Back to the Land

We alighted—At least we sank off the train, lifting one foot slowly after the other, and finding them several times larger and heavier, due to a most impressive coating of bright, red clay and mud mixture—resembling feet wrapped in sacking instead of shoes. And oh! that lovely, lovely sign we worked so hard to achieve. It indeed was relegated to the things that were. However, we must not give these gobble-eyed, whistling sailors

any indication of the irony of the situation we now find ourselves in. All those oft-repeated cautionary reminders to quote "Look as tiddley as possible, first impressions are so important, remember you are the only Wrens that they have seen" etc. etc.—They beat through our brains. With determination, and what was left of our strength, we oozed our way down the road, in a fine imitation of weary Wrens winding their way westward.—Ho! (French for Halt.) We Ho'd alright, nearly fell on our faces in the mud—the muddiest mud we'd ever seen—and so much of it. We were welcomed charmingly, by Third Officer Languedoc, and skeptically we decided that it just couldn't be as dreary on the inside. It must be a combination of the rain, mud and "Mal De Mer." Must be, certainly.

Are We Happy?

Then we looked at each other, and our senses of humor asserted themselves, we started to laugh. We realized too, that it was a very good lesson against believing all you hear. And if third Officer Languedoc could look as healthy and attractive, it must have some good points. And now, at the end of our first week, we'd like to tell you, that we're very happy here. We wouldn't change places with anybody in any other ship. We're

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Here's How It's Done

When it comes to buying Victory Bonds the men in the R.C.N. vessel "Standard Coaster" can show people the way it should be done. The quota for this vessel was set at \$500. On April 24, two days before the campaign opened the crew subscribed \$1900 all in the one day! More subscriptions have been promised and are still coming in.

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

"THE CROW'S NEST"

Published Every Month by H.M.C.S. "Cornwallis."

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C. P. O. James A. Arnott, R.C.N. Sports Editor
Communications may be addressed to Editorial Office,
H.M.C.S. "Cornwallis," Halifax, N. S.

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ABOUT OURSELVES

Because of its rapid growth and the fact that it changed some months ago from being a purely "barracks" paper to one of national scope, The Crow's Nest is quite often asked questions regarding its field of endeavour, its purpose and, in fact, much of the operational facts about the paper.

At a meeting of The Crow's Nest staff, held early in April, for the purpose of giving the paper a better constitutional footing, certain rulings were laid down which we feel would be of interest to our readers, particularly the several thousands of Service men, for whose benefit the paper is primarily published.

The Crow's Nest is, first of all, a newspaper published by H.M.C.S. "Cornwallis" for all the Officers and ratings of the Royal Canadian Navy, wherever they may be. Its purpose is to provide a medium of expression for men of the service, to give a certain amount of instructional and educational reading to the men, with particular regard to Naval life; to act as a morale-builder and source of entertainment for the men; and lastly, to give to the Canadian public a picture of the great Service of which we are a part and to acquaint "outside" readers with the job—its joys and its sorrows, its trials and tribulations—the men of the Navy are attempting to do.

The fact that the paper was taken up, from the first edition, by Servicemen and civilians alike, has been adequate proof to the management, of the great need in the Navy for just such a publication. Shortly after that first edition was published The Crow's Nest was flooded with contributions from all parts of Canada and its circulation shot upward with amazing rapidity.

Today, it speaks for the men of the Navy everywhere. Its subscribers are found from Labrador to California, from Esquimalt to England and Scotland. It has been recognized by leading Canadian newspapers, as well as by well known radio commentators, as a paper that may take its place with other accepted periodicals of Canada. So much for its scope.

The main feature of the operational work of the Crow's Nest is that it has no paid staff. No member of the staff receives pay other than his Naval salary and all articles and stories, unless credited to other publications or civilian authors, are written, voluntarily, by Naval personnel. Articles and pictures are received from the majority of the Naval Divisions throughout Canada and the sending in of such material is prompted by a genuine interest in the welfare of this publication which they rightfully consider their own. Fortunately, this interest has continued to increase, rather than lag and The Crow's Nest has been able to establish itself firmly and permanently.

BUY FOR THE FUTURE

This editorial, while directed at all the men of the Royal Canadian Navy, is meant particularly for those large numbers of men in the Service who stepped from school life directly into the role of a fighting man. These are the men of the Navy who have had no experience in business life and who have no job to which they can return after the war.

Looking at the Victory Loan as, they are bound to do, not merely as an effort to aid in the financial support of the war, but also as a strictly business proposition in which they will be the benefactors, it must occur to these men that now, while they have an assured salary, they should be saving for the future.

While there are at present numbers of men and groups at work on the post-war problems that must surely come with the end of the war, it is not to be denied that there will be problems that cannot be coped with at the moment and

which must be adjusted in the course of time. These problems may affect the lives of every one of us. There can be little or no guarantee that every man who has been in the uniform of his country will have work when the conflict has ended. Therefore, it is imperative that we, ourselves, look to that day and make provision for possible weeks, or months without work.

A Victory bond will do that. Bought on terms that, while admittedly meaning sacrificing numbers of privileges, are not prohibitive to the average officer or rating of the Navy, a Victory bond is a safeguard against hard times when the war has been won. It is also the means by which a car may be owned after the war, a house bought, further education acquired.

THE NAVY SPEAKS

Admiral Sir William James, Britain's First Chief of Naval Information, is no supporter of that oft-quoted name for the Navy, "The Silent Service." He believes the story of the Navy should be told.

This thought seems to be finding more favour throughout the entire Empire as time goes on. Every day one sees more and more stories of the Naval man and his work. At long last, the old idea that the work of the Navy should be enveloped in complete secrecy is wearing thin and this war is proving that publicity, properly given out by competent authorities is indeed a tremendous asset to the Service as a whole, as well as being a morale-builder for the nation.

The people of Canada, in particular, who had for many years seen their Navy as something to smile at, are taking an interest in the Service. More than that, they are taking pride in the fleet of "little ships" that has handled, the major portion of Atlantic convey work since the beginning of the war. They won't soon forget how important sea protection is to them. They shouldn't be allowed to forget. Publicity regarding the Navy will ensure that they do not.

DEMOCRACY AND WAR

By the Rev. William Hills, R. C. N.

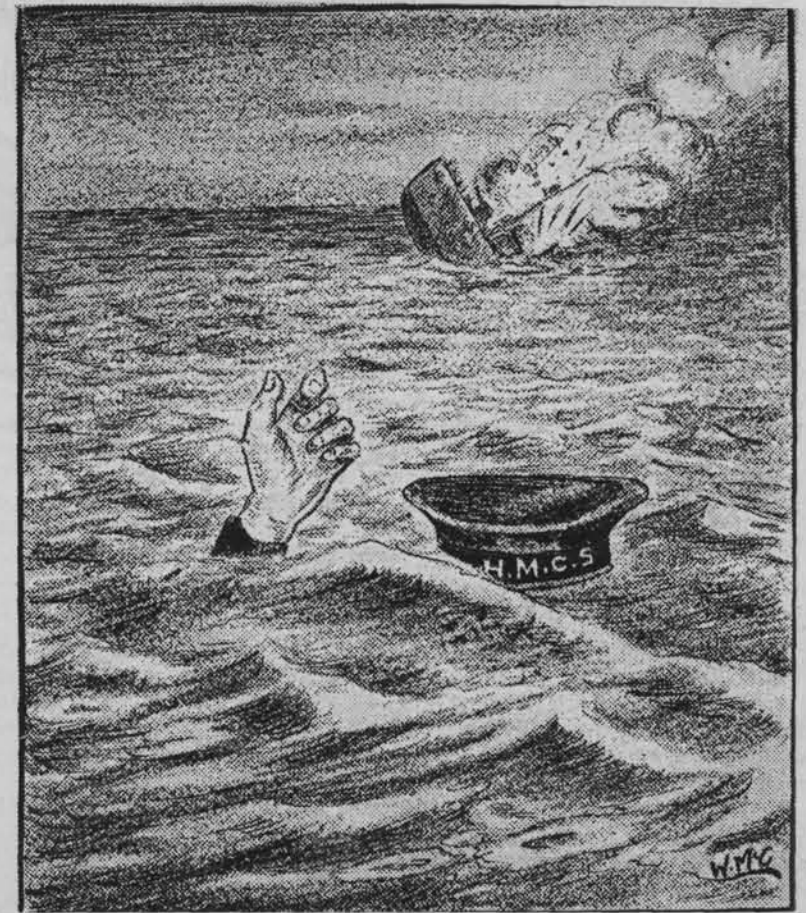
This war has disclosed a good many things we won't like to see. It has revealed the weaknesses of our own political systems. It has demonstrated that in spite of this, the spirit of the Nation is steadfast and sound. The credit for this goes more to the school, the home, and the church, than it does to the inner councils of any political party. Let us examine the effects of this war upon our own democratic system.

One fact is at once self-evident. Democracy works best in a time of peace. Therefore lasting peace should be the aim of every democratic man. As a system, Democracy is not favorably situated in a world which is exposed to war, for its very principles of freedom and equality do not make a swift mobilisation of the people for war an easy thing to accomplish. That is why Hitler had the advantage in the early days of the battle. It wasn't so much that the democracies were asleep. They were just being true to their own principles. Whether we like it or not, restrictions upon our personal freedom must be expected and accepted, whilst we are in the fight.

In its ideal form, Democracy depends upon the continuous discussion and criticism of its programme and institutions by an enlightened public opinion. Obviously, in a time of national emergency, this right of the democratic man must be curtailed and controlled with a view to the security of the nation. However, what controversy has arisen has more often manifested what one writer has called "the passions and petty tactics of the party struggle" than the serious contributions of an enlightened mind. If Democracy is to work, it must have a high individual standard of education. Apart from all other considerations, an intelligent citizenry would sound the death knell for the rule of the demagogue—Hitler, Mussolini, and company—for these men have built their empires upon ignorance and prejudice.

The Magna Carta was signed in 1215 on the fields of Runnymede. On this continent, the great forward steps which marked British constitutional growth (the Reform Bill of 1832; the Parliamentary Representation Act of 1867; the Parliament Act of 1911; the British Commonwealth Act of 1931) have received additional color from the American Bill of Rights, which in the short compass of 461 words assures and defends the four freedoms of religion, of speech, of the press, and of assembly. These have been lately revived in the "Atlantic Charter," and actually embrace the whole object of Christian religion, the integrity, the wholeness, the independence of man,—that freedom which, springing from faith in God, is the only kind of freedom, which, for its own sake, is worth preserving. It was only after the Christian Church had proclaimed that every man had a soul that the politicians discovered that every man had a vote!

BUY VICTORY BONDS



He gave his life—you are only asked to LEND your money!

ACROSS OUR BOWS

Letters to the Editor

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

Honest Criticism

Dear Sir:

I feel that the nautical language used in the radio program, "Our Fighting Navy," is far removed from reality—and its use is not complimentary to the intelligence and educational standard of the average youth of today, who forms the greater part of our young and fast-growing Navy. They deserve more consideration in this respect.

Our seamen indulge in much

COMMANDMENT

Don't Worry See Your Chaplain

By Cdr. G. McClintock, R.C.N

War is cruel. It disrupts the normal pursuits of Peace and sends a man far away from his home and in so doing loads him down with worries and cares which normally he wouldn't have. Homesickness, too, creeps up on him and he gets "Blue." We all of us, experience it in one form or another. What can you do about it? Sometimes, to have, a yarn with someone will help and your Chaplain is the man to see. The Chaplains busy themselves in your interest. They are commissioned to be your "Friend and Advisor" and most denominations are represented in the Chaplain Service. Don't hesitate to unburden yourself to your Chaplain. He's used to dealing with men and he'll bring all the weight of his experience to help you solve your problems. If he can't do the job he'll get someone else who can. You can rest assured that what you say to your Chaplain will be strictly in confidence. When you are "down in the mouth," unburden yourself to your Chaplain and kill the "worrier-bug" with his help.

more serious talk. Today's sailor is proud of his country, his freedom, his citizenship, and above all, the right to worship in such manner and place as his heart dictates. Being such a fine, young man and possessing such ideals and views, he should be represented in true form to the people of his country in such manner as to leave no doubt in their minds regarding his splendid personality and reflecting his character, untarnished by any form of burlesque. He is not a showman or a roughneck.

I regret that I have not been accorded the pleasure of serving afloat with our youthful Navy lads, but close contact with them has convinced me that they are just another "Shorty" (In Which We Serve). You will recall his remark—if you have seen this fine picture portrayed. Although a Naval picture the high spot is surrendered to our brother service, the Army—where the detachment of the 1st Army, evacuated from Dunkirk by the destroyer "Torrin," is marching off the landing quay—remember?

(Shorty) "If I was not so tired, I'd cheer!"
Utterly unselfish, generous to a fault—that is our Shorty of the R.C.N., R.C.N.R., and R.C.N.V.R.

Yours very truly,
"SKIPPER"

"Pocket" Navymen

Dear Sir:

I understand the Nazis are very proud of their pocket-battleships, but I don't think we can be very proud of our "pocket" Navymen. I am referring to a large percentage of our Naval ratings ashore in the city of Halifax. My personal opinion is that they are the untidiest, sloppiest outfit that I have seen any-

Continued on page 3

Across Our Bows

where in two wars. So far the Wrens have managed to maintain their smart appearance, hence, they are exempt from this criticism. Take a walk along Barrington Street coming toward the north end of the city at 5 o'clock on any week night and you will notice that about 60 per cent of the Navy men you pass have their hands in their coat pockets. Some of them are not even content with this, but they have their coats wide open and their hands in their trousers' pockets. The Royal Navy ratings are no exception, either.

Surely there is some solution to this problem. The Army and Air Force personnel don't slouch along looking like hoboes. I have tried on the street on many occasions to remind one and another that they are not in civilian life now and to smarten up and take their hands out of their pockets, but I got nothing but insolence in return. If the poor dears suffer from cold hands, why can't we issue them with muffs? Or, it wouldn't be a hard job to modify the gas mask carrier into a convenient muff. Anyway, joking aside, something should be done. Either the pockets should be sewn up altogether or numerous patrols placed on all main streets until the trouble is remedied. I have never mentioned the prevalent long hair and caps stuck on the backs of heads. I'll be content if the "hands in pockets" problem gets settled first.

Yours for a smarter Barrington Street Navy,
Only a Chief.

Thank You

Dear Sir:
The Crow's Nest is a good paper and I'd like all the folks in the interior of Canada to see just how we are getting along together.
A. Springthorpe,
A/L/Sto., R.C.N.R.

Recruiting Office, N. B.!

Dear Sir:
I like the navy very much. When H.M.C.S. "Spikenard" was sunk I had a friend on it. I liked him very much. Just the other day I received a newspaper. It's name was The Crow's Nest. I have a poem I wrote I would like to put in it. It is enclosed in this letter. The name of it is "The Navy." I have lots of pictures and books about the British and Canadian Navies. I read your paper and liked it, too. I would like if you could tell me more about the Navy—about ships and men. I would like to join the Navy but am not old enough yet. I have a sailor's shirt and summer hat. I have a lot of pictures just of British warships.
Your friend,
Arthur Tucker (age 11)
8 Hawthorne Ave.,
Ottawa, Ont.

THE NAVY

The Navy guards our shore,
We'll surely win this war
Keep 'em coming back to shore,
Buy War Savings Stamps more and more.

Our ships will have the guns—
Not the Huns,
Buy War Savings stamps to make them run
And Hirohito, Adolf and Benito will be chased to Kingdom Come.

Nice work, Arthur! We hope all our readers are as patriotic as you. Thanks for your letter.—Ed.

Open Recreation Wing At North End Canteen

By P. O. Wtr. J. Sangster

At noon on Thursday, April 22, the new recreation wing of the North End Services Canteen was declared open by Dr. J. Routley, National Commissioner of the Canadian Red Cross. The new wing consists of a recreation room for billiards and ping-pong enthusiasts, and a new dry booth for soft drinks, cigarettes and innumerable other items.

The billiards room, with two tables and complete equipment for both snooker and billiards, is generally conceded to be the finest in Halifax; and at the risk of sounding smug we will say that it is very doubtful whether any Service Canteen in Canada in Canada can display a more tiddley table than the shiny new mahogany and walnut which is the latest addition to the N.E.S.C.'s recreation facilities.

Largely Attended

Present at the opening of the new wing, in addition to Dr. Routley and Mr. Murphy of the Red Cross, were Mrs. Banyard, president of the N.E.S.C. committee, Mrs. F. C. Cornell, secretary, Mrs. Kingsley, treasurer, Mrs. Rowlings, head of house management, Mrs. Lindsay, advisory head of kitchen, Mrs. Murray, Mrs. Kendall, Mrs. Mathers, Miss C. Levis, Mrs. Lane, Mrs. Bethune, Miss McLennan (of Sydney, N. S.) Miss McManus, Mrs. Young and Mrs. Howard. Mrs. J. C. I. Edwards, who was instrumental in planning the new accommodation, was unable to attend.

Red Cross Donation

In declaring the new wing open, Dr. Routley was acting as representative of the Canadian Red Cross, whose very generous donation has made possible the addition of the wing and purchase of the new equipment. Dr. Routley congratulated the ladies of the Canteen on their work, and expressed his gratification at having been able to attend. He said: "I am happy to know that the Red Cross has been able to aid in affording some measure of home atmosphere to Servicemen away from home."

Ordinary Seaman Doug. (Stonewall) Jackson, 17-year-old goal-tender with Winnipeg Rangers, contenders for the Canadian Junior Hockey Championship and the Memorial Cup, is being given much of the credit for the successful stand made by his team.

Knots To You

By LOG-LINE

Suggested Epitaphs
Here Lies
Joseph Goebbels
—As Usual.

Herman Goering
His Last and Most Fitting Uniform
—A Wooden Overcoat.

Adolf Hitler
His Final Territorial Demand
—Granted.

Reported, No Confirmation
That a signal was made at a W.R.C.N.S. barracks recently to this effect:
"Wrens while on duty will wear issue stockings only. Anyone found wearing anything else will be severely dealt with."

What's the Odds?

Mack: "Why does that pawnshop have three balls above the door?"
Jack: "That means two to one you don't get it back."

Are You Ribbing?

Travelling on a bus route strange to her, the old lady was very anxious not to pass her destination. Suddenly she leaned forward and poked the conductor in the rib with her umbrella.

"Is that the Bank of England, my good man?" she asked.
"No, ma'am," replied the conductor coldly, "it's me."

Answer The Question

A steward stood at the gangway of the liner and kept shouting for the benefit of the arriving passengers, "First class to the right, second class to the left."

A young woman stepped daintily aboard with a baby in her arms. As she hesitated before the steward he bent over her and said in his most chivalrous way, "First or second?"
"Oh," said the girl. "Oh, dear it's—it's not mine."

Then there was the Scotchman who took the springs out of his car so they wouldn't give.

Buy Bonds to Bar Bondage

Army and Air Force
Are doing their full share,
Fighting and winning
On land and in the air;
But should the Navy
Not win the war at sea
No one (but our dead)
Would ever then be free.
So let's make victory's
Assurance even surer—
BUY VICTORY BONDS
And put fear in Der Fuehrer.

Gala "Farewell" Dance Given New Entry Tars

On Friday night, April 9, the New Entry Seamen in "A" Block, H.M.C.S. "Cornwallis," held their farewell dance in the North End Services Canteen. Their guests were a group of Wrens together with a number of young ladies from the Hostess Clubs from prominent Halifax firms.

Big Event

For their last big event before leaving Halifax for Deep Brook, the entertainment committee, headed by S/Lt. E. Lambert, spared no effort in putting the dance over. A thirteen-piece orchestra comprising members of the "Cornwallis" band supplied the music and at intermission provided a five-man "jam" band to head a sparkling floor show. Included in the Navy "Five Bombers" were: Mickey Shannon, on drums; "Hoary" Russell, clarinet; "Wally" Clark, trumpet; "Boog-it" Davis, tenor sax and Bert Graham, piano. Also in the floor show were: Supply Assistant Potter, former trick rope champion of the Calgary Stampede, Miss Adele Longard, smooth singer of blue ballads, and a group of New Entry seamen in an instrumental novelty.

After refreshments were served a Conga Line was formed and led by the New Entry Training Officer, Lieut.-Cdr. Campbell. This dance was the climax to a grand evening which was undoubtedly the best of the season. The lads are looking for more nights like this in their new home.

Canadian Naturalist To Lecture To Sailors

One of the best known lecturers and naturalists in Canada, Dan McCowan, an authority on bird life, wild animal life and Indian lore, comes to Stadacona Auditorium May 10, in the course of a coast-to-coast tour sponsored by the National Council Y. M.C.A. War Services committee. His talk is a nature study of the Rocky mountains and is illustrated with lantern slides, gathered in the course of over 25 years experience. He has presented a number of series of talks over the C.B.C. and when the King and Queen were visiting Canada Mr. McCowan was requested to accompany them through the Rockies and the Selkirks. His talk, while educational, is given in humorous and spicy form.

The lecture will begin at 2030, May 10 and admission is free.

RECOGNITION ARTICLE FEATURES FAST PLANE



The Ju 89 has had a prominent place in the air news from the Tunisian front in recent weeks. A large four-motor bomber, this plane has also been used as a troop carrier.

The outstanding characteristics of the plane are the fat, heavy fuselage, arrowhead shape of the wings and a high tail plane with low double fins and rudders. It is a monoplane with four inline engines. The nose of the plane is thick and square with transparent panels underneath and a raised cabin on top. It has a gun-turret in the tail and another on top of the fuselage.

The Ju 89 is the bomber version of the Ju 90 and has a maximum speed of 230 miles per hour.

Compare the Ju 89 with the Halifax (last month's plane) and the Liberator.

Victory Loan Competition Keen Among Ships Of Navy

Four ships of the Royal Canadian Navy over-subscribed their fourth Victory Loan quotas on opening day.

First vessel to go over the top was H. M. C. S. Ross Norman, in which each man averaged a subscription of more than \$100, to over-subscribe by more than 200 per cent. The other vessels were H.M.C.S. Gaspe, H.M.C.S. Andre Dupres and H.M.C.S. Quesnel.

To spur competition among the seamen, each vessel will fly a "quota pennant" as it reaches its objective, while a "cock-of-the-walk pennant" will be flown by the ship leading day by day according to its class of vessel. A "Royal Raspberry Pennant"—showing a vivid red raspberry on a yellow background—must be flown by the lowest subscribing ship.

On the Pacific Coast the Navy subscribed more than \$40,000 on the first day of the Victory Loan campaign.

London Boxer Winner At Kingston Tourney

Only one man on H.M.C.S. Prevost's boxing team came back from the assault-at-arms at Kingston with a victory to his credit, but all returned with added experience and a desire to meet some of the other divisions' top fistsmiths soon.

Hector Rivet, a lad from 'way up in Northern Ontario, where they grow 'em big and tough, was the successful London boxer. Others who made the trip to H.M.C.S. "Catarqui" were Jesse McKenzie, George Brickenden, Jim Wallace, D. A. Bell, and W. R. Lynas.

GETTING READY TO GO ON THE AIR



This is one of the bands you have heard on the navy radio program "Hearts of Oak." The picture is of the band of H. M. C. S. "Cornwallis" preparing for a broadcast.—R. C. N. Photo.

Plan Program Featuring Verse Written By Personnel Of Navy

All right, all you budding poets and poetesses, here's your big chance to jump from an "unknown" right into the "big-time", in a single leap. Word has been received from Naval Service Headquarters, at Ottawa, that a plan is now under consideration for the presentation of a program over the National Network of the C.B.C. featuring verse by personnel of the three Armed Services. The programs will be given weekly and will be of 15-minutes duration.

What is Wanted

Verse submitted must be original and preferably of moderate length. Material dealing with the background and progress of the war from a Naval point of view is most to be desired.

Personnel serving on the East Coast may submit their material to Lieut. Stuart Robertson, Special Services Officer (N), H.M.C.S. "Cornwallis," c/o F. M. O., Halifax, N. S. The material should be clearly written (typewritten preferably), on one side of the paper, only, and with a fair amount of space between the lines. It will be forwarded to the Directorate of Special Services at Naval Service Headquarters. Personnel in other parts of Canada would be well advised to rush material directly to the Directorate of Special Services since it is important that it be received as soon as possible.

NEWS FROM "OVER THERE"

Introducing—H. M. C. S. "Niobe." What is "Niobe?"

Why it is the headquarters and manning pool for all ratings in R.N. and R.C.N. ships serving overseas. It is a place where the boys get together and exchange gossip from home. At "Niobe" there are girls of numerous women's services and a lot of the lads have fallen for the charms of these lassies and tied the marital knot.

Good Entertainment

Largely due to the efforts of the Captain, Executive Officer and the other officers of the ship there is good entertainment provided for ships' crews, sports and smokers being a regular part of the recreational menu. Shows, sponsored by the E.N.S.A., featuring star performers from the British stage and screen, have been enthusiastically received.

If it's winter when you come to "Niobe" the boys advise bringing your skates. There are plenty of good rinks.

Hockey has been the feature attraction throughout the winter months and the nearby arena has been the site for some melees which would have done justice to any of the big puck palaces in Canada. The R.C.N. played a series with the Canadian Army Service Corps and won three games and tied one in the four-game series.

Team on Tour

The Navy's first tour was with the R.C.A.M.C. and the games were all rousing conflicts. In the first tour Navy played hosts to R.C.A.M.C.

through a number of the principal cities of Scotland. The sailors came out on top with four wins and a tie. The rinks were jammed for each game with 5,000 or 6,000 wildly cheering fans, some of them seeing their first hockey since the outbreak of hostilities.

Navy attacks were spear-headed by S/Lt. R. Perowne, H. Milne and Lieut. Koyl, all of whom stormed down the ice to score on solo efforts.

In the second tour, the R.C.N., billed as a Canadian Naval Unit, had its ranks bolstered by players from ships. This series was played against the S.S. and in the first game the Navy trounced their opponents 7-3, Moe Cockburn, of Verdun, Que., well known P.T.I., starring.

Fast Soccer Team

Large numbers of soccer games have been played between R.C.N. and R.N. ships and various military units. The sailors' team at "Niobe" has been very successful with most of the scores being on the right side of the ledger. The personnel of the team had been constantly changing due to drafts but the following names of players will be familiar to followers of Navy sport in Canada: Alfred, Sto. I; Milne, A. B.; Golding, Plmr.; Peakman, Dunnell, P.O.; Hancock, P.O.; Maple, A.B.; Carter, P.O.; Hurl, A.B.; Shirley, Yeo.; Buckley, A.B.; S/Lt. Orr. #

A softball league has already been organized and is now underway. It is hoped the season will be as successful as was last year's team.

NEW GROUP OF GUN-BUSTERS READY TO START BUSTING



Pictured above are members of the last class of Ordnance Artificers qualifying. The boys had just finished off their exams when they had this group photo taken "aboard" a couple of guns that were being moved from the gun battery. They will now take on the important task of helping to keep the armament of the Royal Canadian Navy in first-class condition. (Photo by Mr. R. D. Blofield)

Wrens and C. W. A. C. Girls Guests At Electrical Artificer's Big Party

Some poet chappie once asked a question similar to this: "What is so rare as a day (with) June?" We might suggest as an answer—an evening spent with a Wren at the Electrical Artificers' Dance April 9 at Dalhousie Gym., Halifax.

Yes, folks, we all had a great time, even those of us who were obliged to take our wives and hence were not eligible for a Wren. Assisting the Wrens in trying to teach the E.A.'s how to dance was a squad of the C.W.A.C. led by Lieut. Judy A. Giles. Hope you enjoyed yourselves, girls.

Girls At A Premium

A section of the Navy band supplied music in sufficient quantity and high enough quality to please everyone. They played a "Paul Jones" in the early part of the evening after which Wrens and C.W.A.C.S. were at a premium.

The organizing of this successful dance was done by Chief E. A. Jack Ross (Stormy to us) and an able committee consisting of S. Martin (Pride of Winnipeg), L. May (Halegonian), R. Dickinson (from a place called Toronto), C. Marlatt (a Vancouver man) and W. Weir (Trail, B.C.)

Unfortunately Reg. Dickinson was not able to be present as he was called away on a Hun-Hunting job a few days before the dance. We appreciate your help Reg.

Towards the latter part of the evening refreshments were served buffet style to those who wanted them. The refreshments being free, everybody did want them. Due to the noble efforts of our budding scientist Marty (Marty) the most popular form of refreshment was the

punch bowl (or rather the contents thereof) and many were the demands that were made upon it. Of course Marty's formula is an unofficial secret. The punch bowl suffered the fate of all good punch bowls. It was broken—so was Marty.

Waltz King

After the refreshments everyone settled down to a good hard session of trucking, etc., except Stormy. He settled down in a corner. Our Stormy objects to

all forms of dancing except waltzes.

We were very pleased to see among our guests, Lt/Cdr. (SB) W. H. G. Roger, Lt/Cdr. (SB) D. M. Sutherland, Lt. J. J. Kenmay, Lt. (SB) J. D. Delvin, Lt. (SB) J. J. Smith, and Mr. R. Ventham, Wt. Elect.

Easter Parade Revue Is Fun-Filled Surprise

The Special Services Office (N) presented the "Easter Parade" revue on Sunday night, April 24 in Stadacona Auditorium, for Naval Officers and their friends. This show turned out to be something a little different from most presentations seen in this area. S/Lt. Don Adams of the Special Services Directorate is to be congratulated, not only on the production, but as a song writer. The "Four Inch Gun," his latest number, sung by P.O. James Bell, is a rousing song and was performed with vigour and fine vocal ability by the soloist. The words for the song were written by Lt.-Cdr. William Strange of Ottawa.

The show opened with a Wet Canteen scene containing a good display of Victory Loan Posters in the rear, and a lusty chorus did a lustier interpretation of Richard Hadden's "Men of the King's Navy," originally produced in this theatre and dedicated to the R.C.N. A little ditty in waltz time followed, entitled "We Love to Sail on the Sea" in which everyone gets a crack at telling what they like doing in the Navy. S. A. Potter and his rope act proved that the Navy has enlisted Cow-boys as well as Seamen. Then came the ever popular Carmen Miranda in the person of S.B.A. James Slosky with so much glamour and wiggles that the real Miss Miranda can hang her head in shame.

The Finale, called "Fashions of 1943" opened with an Easter setting of flowers and greenery and an intriguing white stairway. Cook Manuel Maltin, who M.C.'d the entire production did an excellent job with this number. If he can cook as well as he can emcee we're all going to eat at "A" Block from now on. Twelve muscular models, all Stadacona male personnel displayed a wierd assortment of clothes which caused much laughter amongst the audience. Nothing was missed from beach wear to a blushing

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STADACONA PLUMBERS GO 'ALL OUT' IN GIVING BIG PARTY



When the plumbers decide to have a party they don't leave off any of the trimmings. In fact, to make use of the lowest form of wit, one might say that any party staged by the plumbers will be a fitting occasion, indeed. The boys of this branch of "Stadacona" Shipwright department had music, food, a program and plenty of enthusiasm for their party staged at the North End

Canteen last month. A program was provided by the Special Services branch, a Navy orchestra made music all the while and the plumbers made sure there was plenty to eat. In the above picture are shown the majority of those who attended the dance. (Photo by Hayward, Halifax.)

Shavings From A Lathe In The Ordnance Shop

By Dick Donnithorne, O.A.

Another old Naval tradition seems to be disappearing, due to the times around the shop these days, and that is the old "cuppa plu".

"Little grains of sugar,
Little drops of tea,
Make a combination,
Getting rare to see!"

Even the real tea hounds are seen with a bottle of milk these days. Watch those waist-lines boys!!

Another class passed examinations recently and the successful members are quite happy about the whole thing. The first thing they did (before the canteen opened, of course), was to tear off their white cap covers and cast them to the four winds.

Home Papers, Note

Most of them are looking forward to a drop of leave in various points of the Dominion and boy, are they ever going to spin some "salty dips," so they tell us! This successful class consisted of Frank Carey, Hank Courtney, Jack Lovekin, Jack Tarbutt, Ormand McKissock and Bill Carnegie. Mr. W. Mayne is back in the port again after a visit to Ottawa, where he combined business with pleasure. The pleasure part consisted of managing the Navy senior basketball team, who played the Morrisburg Sailors.

Everyone had a good trip and although they didn't emerge victorious, they really enjoyed the games against truly sporting opponents.

Bereaved

We are sure that everyone will receive with regret the news of the recent bereavement of "Happy" and Mrs. Hampson in the loss of their four-year-old daughter. We extend our heartfelt sympathy.

Unfortunately, Mrs. Hampson informs us, "Happy" is in hospital overseas, seriously injured, which indeed makes this a dark hour. We all hope by the time this is in print, that he is well on the road to recovery.

Lay Off

We have been trying to pump some stories from recent arrivals from "Avalon but with no luck. Little by little, however, the news trickles toward our ears, but you don't have to worry boys as this has to be censored before being printed? That a relief?

And now to finish, if a shell "drifts" off to the right when fired across the water surface, which way will it "drift" when fired, vertically or straight up towards the sky?



Let's put the 'go' in Goebbels!—BUY VICTORY BONDS!

NEW COMMANDING OFFICERS' LIBRARY



One of the first places upon which commanding officers of ships call upon making an Eastern Canadian Port is at the office of Capt. "D" and, as a result, there is usually some delay in getting in to see this very busy officer. Captain J. D. Prentice and his staff at Halifax hit upon a plan by which officers waiting outside could relax and make use of their time. Thus the room pictured above, known as the Commanding Officers' Library, was opened. Here the officers may make themselves comfortable in easy chairs and read the latest Naval orders promulgated, catch up on current magazine fare, or buy refreshments at the counter just out of sight at the right of the picture. Waiting their turn to see Capt. "D" are, l. to r.—Lieut. W. J. McIsaac, Lt.-Cdr. J. E. Mitchell (g) and Lt.-Cdr. Jordan H. Marshall, newly-appointed Senior Naval Officer Pictou and Charlottetown. R.C.N. Photo.

The Language Of The Navy

By "Dugout"

To which someone, seeing the title of this article, is almost bound to respond to the effect that from what he has heard of it, it gets pretty "fruity" at times. Or to use a Navy expression, the 'navy' is a place where b---y is a word of common use, and b----d a term of endearment."

However, the purpose of this article is not to discuss the shortcomings of Naval language, but the more picturesque aspects of it.

Reasons For It

The relative isolation of seafaring life, the familiarity with things and circumstances unfamiliar to shore-going people, and the great background of tradition in the Sea Service have all tended to produce in the Navy a language, or more properly, a phraseology of its own. Much of it stems from the days of sail, but remains unchanged in this day of steam; other words are derived from the more courtly forms of speech used in Elizabethan and Stuart days, their counter parts still being found on shore in the language of the law courts.

Perhaps the greatest factor of all in the survival of this distinctive phraseology is the first. The relative isolation of seamen on board, from those of other trades, made the use of sea terms to describe everyday occurrences easily understood, which is not the case of trade terms used on shore. In the latter case, not everyone would be familiar with their meaning, and so their use would not become general.

Sail-Days Terms

Examples of terms originating in the days of sail are numerous. To "keep one's yardarm clear" is a much-used phrase to indicate steering clear of trouble, as fouling of yardarms in the days of sail was sure to bring serious

results. The description of a flat calm as a "wind up and down the mast", "all parts bearing an equal strain" to indicate that things are running smoothly, to be "taken flat aback"—astounded, and "hove to"—stopped, are all typical phrases. Everything "ship-shape and Bristol fashion" refers to the reputedly smart appearance of ships from that port.

The custom of striking the bell to indicate time, still carried out in the Navy, antedates by many years the wearing of the now ubiquitous wrist watch. To "warm the bell"—striking it ahead of time—an expression used as a Navy equivalent of jumping to conclusions is derived from this custom. The Service custom of lookouts singing when the bell strikes ensures that they are on the alert. Incidentally one never shouts in the Navy, "sing out" is the correct expression, and "hail" if one is calling to a distant person. The responses to a hail by an approaching boat seem strange to a landsman. If officers are on board, the reply is

"Yes, yes," if men only, "No, no."

About Rum Tots

The expression "the sun is over the foreyard," indicating that one thinks it is about time to have a drink, comes from these days. Presumably, in those days of "wooden ships and iron men," the previous night's hangover had evaporated by that time! "Nelson's blood" meaning rum, seems to have taken root ashore to a certain extent. "Splicing the mainbrace"—the issuing of an extra tot of rum to celebrate a special occasion, is a well-known phrase. The main brace, being the biggest rope in the ship, was seldom spliced, hence the expression.

"Celebrating the siege of Gibraltar," a term used to indicate

Navy Show Performers Well Received At Digby

The tour of the Navy Concert Party to Deep Brook and Digby proved a highlight in the lives of performers, and would appear to have brought pleasure to the listeners. With Lieutenant Stuart Robertson as Master of Ceremonies, the program included a twelve-piece band, directed by Bandmaster Robert McGall, C.P.O., with Jerry Forbes of Edmonton as soloist; a demonstration of "gym" work by six Instructors from Cornwallis, under Lieutenant A. Park; dancing, comedy and music in the care of Wrens Anita D'Allaire and Bea Gibbs of Montreal, and Betty Reilly Shaw of Edmonton; Syd Smith; Bill Richards; Fred Stone; Tony Stechysyn and Dixie Dean.

The party found themselves royally treated by the Board of Trade of Digby, with a delightful reception at the Clubhouse under the patronage of Captain J.C.I. Edwards and Mayor and Mrs. E. J. Therriault.

a party foregathered to celebrate nothing in particular, derives its meaning from the fact that the fortress of Gibraltar was continuously under siege for several years in our wars with Spain in the 18th century.

Is-was

Certain words seem to have become the peculiar property of the Navy, their use having apparently died out entirely ashore. Thus, "ullage" denotes the drainings from a rum cask, also being used as a term applied to a worthless person.

"Mundungus," the official term used for loose tobacco left in a case after it has been emptied, is another. Barrico, pronounced "breaker," a term for a small water cask, is in the same category. "Euphroe," a term used for a rope supporting the centre of an awning, secured to the canvas, seems to be another. And not many people, even in the Service, know that a deflection calculator used in submarines is officially known as an "Is-was"!

Turning to the more archaic forms of expression used in official correspondence, we still "submit for the consideration" of a senior, and conclude the personal official letter with "I

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PRESENTED WITH MEDALS BY RADIO STATION



Appreciation of radio work carried out, particularly in "Hearts of Oak" the radio program presented every other Thursday by the Royal Canadian Navy, was shown Lieut. Stuart Robertson, left, and Chief Petty Officer Robert McGall, right, on April 8 by radio station C.H.N.S., Halifax, when each was given a medal inscribed with the words: "To those who have shared with us in the advancement of broadcasting." The presentations were made by Rear-Admiral R. W. Murray, R.C.N., following the "Hearts of Oak" broadcast. Lieut. Robertson is Special Services Officer (N) in H.M.C.S. "Cornwallis" and C. P. O. McGall is the Bandmaster of that establishment. Photo of Lieut. Robertson by R.C.N.

PUFFS from the POWDER-ROOM

NEWS OF THE WRENS

WEDDING OF WREN AND SAILOR FIRST LOWER DECK CEREMONY

By Wren G.E.R. Shaw

Simply carried out in a setting of spring flowers, in the lovely chapel of H.M.C.S. "Kings," Halifax, N. S., the wedding of two ratings provided something in Naval history on Friday, April 16. The bride was S.B.O. Wren Doris Elizabeth MacLean, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas MacLean of Winnipeg, Manitoba, and the groom was Officers' Steward Albert Kerr, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. George William Kerr, of Cobourg, Ontario. This was the first occasion on which two Canadian Naval ratings had been joined in wedlock.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. Canon Stanley Walker, Dean of "King's" College, and the bride was given in marriage by C.P.O. Richard A. Bentley. Wren Marion MacDonald of Montreal was bridesmaid; and the groomsman was L/S.A. Allan Pearson of Toronto.

Organ music was provided by Leading Stoker W. E. Pounder, formerly Chorister and Organist of Durham Cathedral, England. The bride carried a small white Bible, the gift of P. O. Thorne, formerly of "Kings." During the signing of the register, P. O. Tony Stechysyn sang Schubert's "Ave Maria." The ushers were O/Sea. James Magahay and Josepy Beatty.

Reception Given

Following the ceremony the wedding reception was held in the Wren's Recreation Room presided over by Third Officer Evelyn Cross of "Kings." Servitors were Leading Wren Dearing, Wrens D. Hay, R. Pelletier, L. Hawkhurst, B. Gibbs and A. D'Allaire. The toast to the

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THE SAILORS' LADIES

By M.F.R.

These days we think that a really sensible sailor needs a girl in every port, just in case a few of the weaker ones cannot survive being civilians. This street car business, for instance. Last week it was pouring rain, and the car was filled to the last inch of space. One girl's veil caught on the top button of a man's coat and everyone heard the awful ripping sound as he proceeded past her, complete with veil. "My goodness," she screamed after him wrathfully, "I knew I needed a new hat for Easter, you didn't have to force me into it!"

You have to be thin, agile and resourceful to get off the car once you are on, and we know one girl who gave up her weekly trips to a reducing parlor this year as she swore that going down to work and back every day, with its accompanying wriggle-on and wriggle-off routine, was wearing her weight down faster than any mere steam bath could do it.

The Navy League recently asked the public to send it their old decks of playing cards for the boys to use on board ship, and one young girl was doing fine, accumulating quite a respectable total. She finally revealed that her biggest "haul" would come when her two brothers got home on leave from the Army and the Air Force, as she had written them (with true Naval ingenuity) to be sure and bring her a few decks of cards from their recreation rooms, as she felt sure her sailor friends needed them more than they did!

Shortages crop up in the funniest places. Now the feminine world is having trouble finding facial tissues, without which no make-up job can be considered an absolute success. The understanding family grocery store can be persuaded sometimes to save your ration of one box, under the counter, until you arrive breathlessly to claim it. And then there is the girl who has the future all figured out like this:

"You slink out after dinner, when the darkness has shrouded the streets in gloom and mystery. Tiptoeing down to the corner drug store, you sidle nervously around to the back door, and tensely give three short knocks and a long one. A slot is opened, a pair of eyes appear—"Lillian sent me," you whisper as your teeth chatter in agitation. The slot closes, a door opens and a long arm appears and in the hand is a small box of facial tissues. Hastily you offer your money and then clutching the box under your loose coat you run fearfully home, not stopping for breath until you are safe in your hall with the door locked behind you. Mark my words.. that day is coming!"

One thing we would like to know—why do sailors prefer red hats on their girl friends? This is almost as interesting a puzzle to us as the disillusioning fact that sailors do not roll when they walk.

We always enjoy the jokes

UNIQUE WEDDING



Setting a precedent in the history of the Royal Canadian Navy, S.B.O. Wren Doris Elizabeth MacLean, of Winnipeg, Manitoba, was married April 16 to Officers' Steward Albert Kerr of Cobourg, Ont., the couple thus becoming the first two ratings in the Royal Canadian Navy to be joined in wedlock. The ceremony was conducted at King's College chapel and was conducted by Rev. Canon Stanley Walker, Dean of the college. R.C.N. Photo.

PORTHOLE PATTERN

Congratulations! to P. O. Curtis and P. O. Frame; and to Leading Wrens: A. Leman; R. Bunting; Whittle; Jesse; M. Wilby; Blythe; Dearing; Ride-out and Owen.

Sympathy is extended to L/W. A. Leman of "King's" Gallery, who has been notified that her son John, is reported "missing" in The Crow's Nest, and in this connection are reminded of a cartoon which appeared some years ago in the Saturday Evening Post. A tall husky sailor stood in a submarine staring intently through the periscope, and his senior officer sat at a desk nearby. Suddenly the sailor announces calmly, "Nothing to report, sir, but a slender grey gull wheeling gracefully o'er the dark, winter sky." Could our Navy boys say it more delightfully?

L/W. Leman's late husband was a Great War Veteran, while she herself had experience as a War Worker. One of her sons, Henry Hudson, recently received his discharge from the Artillery in Winnipeg; while the other son, George, is with the Airforce at Yorkton. L/W Leman is originally from Queensboro, Yorkshire, England.

Wren Edith Randell, who claims the distinction of being the first Wren from Newfoundland, is all "a-dither" over plans for her forthcoming furlough. "Bon Voyage! "Randie"!

Gastronomic Atrocities

- One chicken sandwich;
 - One ginger ale;
 - One order cinnamon toast;
 - One slice of squash pie;
 - One orange crush!
 - One bowl noodle soup.
- "Anybody got an aspirin?"

Also heard—Some nice harmony from Cabin 3—sometimes known as the "Agony Quartette."

"SISTER" WORKS ON SET



These are the real heroes of "Corvettes In Action," the new picture being made by Universal Pictures, in which is told the story of the corvettes of the Royal Canadian Navy. The men shown above are not actors, but Canadian seamen being given First Aid by Nursing Sister E. Preston, R.C.N. Note the expression of Assistant Director Vernon Keays in light suit in background. Official Royal Canadian Navy Photo released through Universal Pictures, Inc., for "Corvettes in Action."

Wrens Drop Cage Contest To Speedy Liverpool Team

The Girls' Basketball Team of "Kings" had an exciting encounter with the "Liverpool Ladies" on April 9. Making the trip by station-wagon, under supervision of Third Officer Florence and Coach P/O (P.T.I.) Wardell, the girls had a thoroughly enjoyable outing; despite their loss of the game with the score at 29-15. The "Ladies" are a strong team having played together for six years and two years ago were the Maritime High School champions. While the "Wrens" are a newly organized team, they showed the

results of good condition and teamwork, reflecting credit on their Coach, especially as only three members of the team have had previous playing experience. Following the game the party was entertained at a reception at the home of Mrs. M. Prisque.

The members of the team were: "Liverpool Ladies": Young, M., Kailbach, E., Thorlbourne, A., Seaman, B., Dufresue, V., Zinc, E., Burgess, L., Prisque, M.

"Wrens": Smythe, MacDonald, M., Blythe, D., Hinshelwood, N., Brazier, Estelle, M., Durham.

The return game at "King's" April 14, resulted in a 41-27 score for the Liverpool team.

THE VOICES WITH THE SMILE IN THEM



These five young ladies beg you not to pull any of those "corny" cracks about telephone numbers. They've heard them all before and they know the answers to them all. The quintet of Wrens are operators in Stadacona Telephone Exchange, at Halifax. Three of them were trained telephone operators before joining the Service but two have just begun the work since putting on uniforms. From left to right, they are: Wren Agnes Braybrooke, L/Wren Doris Cade, Wren Charlotte Macbeth, Wren Gwen Parsons and Wren Eva Tomlinson. R. C. N. Photo.

Mooring 'mongst the Stars

By William H. Mooring

Exclusive to The "Crow's Nest"

Hollywood, May 1—Do you remember Luise Rainer? The dark-eyed, doll-like little will o' the wisp, who won two of Hollywood's golden Oscars straight off as the best actress of them all for 1936 and 1937? Do you remember how mysteriously she then disappeared from the screen and did you wonder why? She was a sensation in "The Great Ziegfeld" and again, as the Chinese woman in "The Good Earth." Paul Muni told me at the time that he considered Luise the greatest actress ever to reach the screen.

Well, this week, I've been seeing Luise over at Paramount studio. We lunched together in the studio cafe and two hours later we still were "taking Hollywood apart" on the steps of Miss Rainer's dressing room. It was sunny and Luise was happy about being back in pictures again.

Starring in "Hostages"

Paramount are starring her in another war film titled "Hostages" and even before she was half way through it they asked her to sign a long-term contract, so it looks as if she's back to stay. Why did she leave?

Well, she tells me she got genuinely confused and scared. It sounds like nonsense, perhaps, to those of you who only know Hollywood by what you read about it, but I can believe her. She was just a young Viennese girl of humble parentage and simple

WELCOMES STAR ON RETURN TO HOLLYWOOD



W. H. "Bill" Mooring, well known British columnist in Hollywood and author of the exclusive Crow's Nest feature "Mooring 'Mongst The Stars," lunches with Luise Rainer at the film capital shortly after her return to picture work for Paramount studios. Mr. Mooring tells in his column this month why the petite star suddenly left Hollywood despite outstanding success in pictures.

upbringing when she first came to Hollywood. She had always wanted to act and from the age of 16 had been doing a bit of stage work, but she was what the world would call an "unknown." Suddenly she comes to Hollywood for MGM: is starred in the Ziegfeld film after doing only one small role in "Escapade" with William Powell. And what does she find? That all Hollywood is at her feet. Big men start flattering her: pressmen start hounding her for interviews: everywhere she goes flash bulbs pop off in her face. She is no longer a person but a public property. Whether she likes it or not, she is turned out of her neat little dressing room and given a large sumptuously furnished suite of rooms so that when people see her at the studio they will be suitably impressed. Luise didn't want all that. It embarrassed and frightened her and then later when her marriage to screen writer Cliff Odets turned out badly (she told me, "I married him more because I was lonely and wanted someone to care for me, than anything, although we did believe we were in love, too") she asked MGM to release her from her contract so that she might return to the stage for awhile. They refused.

Re-instated

When she decided to break her contract anyway, that meant she was as good as through with Hollywood. Now however, she has made her peace and has recommenced her screen career with Paramount. It will be interesting to see whether MGM think of her for the part of Jade

in their film of Pearl S. Buck's novel, "Dragon Seed." They could "borrow" her from Paramount. Hedy Lamarr has been mentioned for this part especially since she did that rather warm half-caste, Tondelayo, in "White Cargo...." That's some-

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SNUBMARINE

by j. a. b.

Another tricky tale of the North Atlantic by j.a.b. Like all others, it, too, is true and like most of the others it leaves somebody aboard ship with his face a crimson hue.

The destroyer rolled jerkily through the choppy seas of the North Atlantic. In the ward-room the Doctor looked gloomily at a stack of mail ready for censoring. Nearing Port once again, the letters were beginning to pour in and he viewed his task with no great appreciation. The Gunnery Officer, stretched out in an arm-chair, grinned sympathetically.

"Tough, job, Doc! I'd offer to help but I have to go on the bridge in a few minutes. Otherwise, of course—"

The Doctor interrupted with a disbelieving snort as he pulled out the first letter and rapidly scanned the closely-written lines.

"At least it's been an uneventful voyage," he said optimistically, "So they probably won't be writing too many taboos."

Guns chuckled as he pulled on his bridge coat and found his cap where it had fallen to the deck behind the table.

"You can have my job today if you like—I'm not a bit fussy about all this wet fog. Cheerio, I'm off—don't work too hard."

Action Ahead?

He made his way to the deck and stood for a moment at the railing eyeing with distaste the thick blanket of fog all but blotting out the grey turbulence of the sea. The shadow of a merchant ship loomed up close ahead. They were evidently rounding up a straggler. As he stood there, he suddenly stiffened and focussed his gaze intently at a spot directly abeam.

Running through the froth of whitecaps was a consistent streak which should not have been there. It could only be a wake. He stared in horror as he watched the periscope cutting through the water—good God! Surely they'd seen it from the bridge! That merchant ship almost dead ahead! To be attacked now when they had brought the convoy so far—when they were so nearly home!

As these thoughts flashed through his mind he was racing for the bridge at top speed. Desperately he sprang up the ladder and pointed over the side, unceremoniously blurting out, "Did you see that, Sir?"

The Captain had turned at his precipitous arrival and nodded casually. Guns stared—his look of amazement rapidly changing to one of intense chagrin as the Captain answered, "Oh yes. As a matter of fact you're the fourth to report it. The merchant ship ahead is towing a fog buoy—that's it!"

LIFE

[By Jack Cameron, A. B.]

A little bit of laughter
A little bit of grief,
A little bit of heaven
A little underneath,
A dash of love
A dab of hate
A bit of luck
A touch of fate,
A score—a miss
A sigh, a kiss,
I guess that's what we live for.

A little scrap of paper
A little scratch of ink,
A little filthy lucre
A little speed and drink,
A smile—a tear
A haunting fear
Of love in vain
For someone near,
The will to stand
For Home and Land,
I guess that's what we die for.

BOOK REVIEWS

These Books are available at the Naval Reading Service

Time of Peace by Ben Ames Williams. This story has, as a background to an impressive story of a devoted father and son, a history of the American people. It is not a day to day history of dates and actual events but a history of what the American people thought was happening during the years from 1930 to Dec. 7, 1941—the developing mass opinion about world events leading up to the day of "Pearl Harbor."

Ship's Doctor by Rufus W. Hooker M. D. This book strikes a new note in sea stories as it deals exclusively with the viewpoint of that little known but rather important man in the larger Merchant Ships—the Ship's Doctor. In telling of his experiences Dr. Hooker shows the wide field in which a Ship's Doctor must be proficient. His sketches of people he has met and the cases he has had to treat are written with facility and understanding and they make very pleasant reading.

The Voyage by Charles Morgan. A fascinating study of the strength of character of one man and its effects on his friends and relatives. Charles Morgan is well known for his story of the last war—"The Fountain." The story of "The Voyage" is easily its equal and is a book well worth reading.

Dress Rehearsal by Quentin Reynolds. A chance meeting with Vice Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten led Quentin Reynolds straight into the most thrilling experiences of his life—The Battle of Dieppe, of which he relates many individual acts of heroism. Mr. Reynolds writes with a dry humour that has become famous.

Little Man by Herbert Sallans. The story of the "little

man" in Canada, covering the period from the beginning of the century to the present time, is personified in the character of George Battle. This is a truly Canadian story of the little noted but powerful middle class, and is told by a Canadian author with great understanding.

Calamity Town by Ellery Queen. This is Ellery Queen's first mystery story in three years. It is well worth waiting for. Ellery "Smith" visits the little town of Wrightsville where he finds all the ingredients for a murder. He watches for trouble and he gets it—though from a totally unexpected quarter. This is a real puzzler.

Brazilian Adventure by Peter Fleming. This is the story of an expedition through the heart of Brazil. Throughout the story runs an element of the farcical and one catches oneself wondering if the "explorers" are not schoolboys playing "Amazon" up the backyard creek. The author's sense of humor makes of this travel book something new and different and vastly entertaining.

Recommended Reading:

Victory Through Air Power by Major Alexander P. de Seversky.

Storm by George Stewart.

Tortilla Flat by John Steinbeck.

What Makes Sammy Run? by Budd Schulberg.

Heroic Dust by Theodora Dehon.

The Captain From Connecticut by the Author of *Captain Horatio Hornblower*—C. S. Forester.

The Last Doorbell by J. K. Vedder.

CORN and CLASSICS

By Bandmaster R. W. McGall, C.P.O.

Trombones are like women with male voices. Like women, they are little understood, changeable, beautiful, intense, blatant and capable of expressing the full scale of emotions. Yet their voices can be deep, full and guttural or smooth and soothingly tenor. They are indispensable to bands, orchestras and dance bands. They are balky, hard to master, the despair of amateurs; but in the hands of an expert they are docile, mighty and willing. Since Tommy Dorsey, everyone knows what a trombone looks like, but let's see how it works, let's see what happens when he moves the slide.

We'll Take His Word

There are seven positions of the slide. At each position, five or more notes may be produced by variations of the lip pressure and tensivity. When the trombonist is at work he must do all of these things: Read the music; adopt the proper position of the slide, adopt the correct lip formation for each note, keep each note in tune, produce a vibrato or tremelo, usually by hand, often by lip, interpret the music correctly, phrase it pleasingly, and breath in unnoticed places. If you think that's easy, try it.

In the band, the trombones are a vital section. Their deep, commanding tones and their sweet-voiced solos, duets, trios and quartettes are a major part of the ensemble's depth and appeal. They are used for much the same purpose in the symphony. Their contribution to the modern dance band has become common knowledge. Of all the brass family there is none more maturely serene, more confident nor more surrounded with personality than the trombone.

Super-Six

Here at Cornwallis we have six trombonists, sparked by Clare Kennedy, one of Canada's leading exponents. Sagacious, wise to the world, he is known to the boys as Pops and he has

played with the nation's best, including Percy Faith, Geoff. Waddington, Horace Lapp, Albert Pratz and a multitude of others. Next in line is Ron. Morton, a Toronto boy whose progress is amazing the experts. Walter Olafson and Vern McFarlane from Pt. Arthur and Charlottetown, respectively, are invaluable veterans. Our newest members are Cecil Gray, a promising youngster from Peterboro's Salvation Army Band, and Alfred Johnson, one of Canada's foremost concert pianists. Working together, they make a great section; one which assures Cornwallis of the very best in trombones.

Next month we'll take a look
Continued on page 12

SEA POETRY

By P.O.P.

The following article has been written a contribution from the members of the Defensively Equipped merchant Ships' staff at Halifax and is dedicated to the D.E.M.S. ratings of the Empire who have passed on, giving their lives freely that the vital supply lines may be kept in operation. It has been written by one who has a very deep feeling for these men. This is the first of a series of articles on Sea Poetry that will appear in The Crow's Nest.

I have enjoyed reading the various editions of The Crow's Nest and have noted particularly, various Naval Ballads, Songs, etc., that have appeared in its columns. All are interesting and the more they are studied or used the more this generation will realize the debt of gratitude we owe to our ancestors, many of whom were born of the sea and helped in no small way to build the Empire of which we are fortunate enough to be a part.

"I sing the British Seamen's praise,
A theme renowned in story;
It well deserves more polished lays,
For 'tis your boast and glory.
When mad-brained war spreads death around
By seamen you're protected;
But when in peace the nation's found,
These bulwarks are neglected."

Ever since the vessels of Englishmen first ploughed the seas the stirring adventures, heroic deeds and jovial character of our seamen have inspired the poet, balladist and song-writer. Many of these writers were professional seamen and this fact is proven by the number of excellent naval songs and ballads in which nautical terms were used much more correctly than they are in many of the modern works found today.

Always the seaman's life is full of the unknown, mystery, tragedy, joy, humour and his picturesque existence, so many have been his partings and his home-comings.

"The hope of return
Takes the sting from Adieu."

He fires the imagination, stirs the depths of pathos. Many listened breathless to his wondrous tales. Many have shared his joys and sorrows. He has ever stood near the pulse of national and home life and pen and pencil could not but find a fruitful theme in his deeds and personality.

"Tier upon tier, the squalid sceptres mourn,
Heave up your soul, and by the constant urn!
Ye streaming flags, dread omens to the foe,
Ye brazen tubes, dire ministers of woe,
Ye casks, ye puncheons, stow'd with generous cheer,
Blocks, cables, cordage, catheads, capstan, hear,
Blithe cans of flip, and jest promoting grog,
And thou, great naval way, wiser, the log,
While scoff'd, unnerved and spiritless we moan,
Witness our torments, and attest each groan."

Nelson's Feeling For His Sailors Illustrated In Ancient Biography

(From "The StrayLine" H.M.C.S. "Prevost")

Recently, H.M.C.S. Prevost, London, Ontario, received from Mr. Fred Landon (of the University of Western Ontario) a copy of Southey's Life of Nelson. It bears the date 1829.

The book is intriguing for more reasons than one. Its character, for instance, has been framed carefully to suit the young reader of the early nineteenth century. On the flyleaf, Fr. Johnson says of this particular Family Library edition that, they are, "books you may carry to the fire, and hold readily in your hand." This biography, for instance, "is adapted to the use of young persons.... by the omissions of exceptional passages."

There will be nothing to offend the most tender young sailor, we are sure, and there will be much to refresh even the most sophisticated navigator's mind.

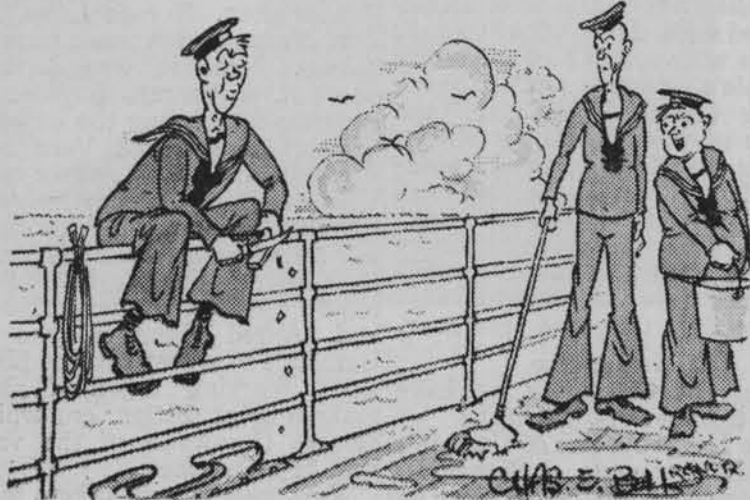
Waited His Turn

Two incidents may stand out in the reading...occasions not so well remembered as some in the life of the famous admiral. One is, when during the Battle of the Nile, Nelson, in Vanguard, received what might have been a fatal wound. The surgeon, it seems, "quitted the poor fellow then under his hands, that he might instantly attend the Admiral." "No," said Nelson, "I will take my turn with my brave fellows."

The other reference is just previous to the Battle of Trafalgar and is a not so famous entry in his oft quoted diary...Sept. 13...1805. "If it His good providence to cut short my days upon earth, I bow with greatest submission, relying that He will protect those so dear to me, whom I leave behind. Amen, Amen, Amen."

ON THE LEeward SIDE

By Chas. E. Bell



"He just sits there whittling all day long...Says it reminds him of the old corral."

SMALL CRAFT

By C. Fox Smith

Several letters have come in to The Crow's Nest from readers who listened to the C.B.C. Maritime network program "Hearts of Oak", presented by the Royal Canadian Navy, April 8, and heard the master of ceremonies, Lieut. Stuart Robertson, R.C.N.V.R., read the following poem. "Small Craft" written in 1917, is one of a collection of "Sea Songs and Ballads" by C. Fox Smith and published by Methuen & Co., London, England.

When Drake sailed out from Devon
to break King Philip's pride,
He had great ships at his bidding and
little ones beside,
Revenge was there and Lion, and others
known to fame,
And likewise he had Small Craft
(which hadn't any name!)

Small Craft—Small Craft—to harry
and to flout 'em!
Small Craft—Small Craft—you cannot
do without 'em!
Their deeds are unrecorded, their
names are never seen,
But we know that there were Small
Craft—because there must have
been.

When Nelson was blockading for three
long years and more,
With many a bluff first-rater and oaken
seventy-four,
To share the fun and fighting, the good
chance and the bad,
Oh, he had also Small Craft—because
he must have had!

Upon the skirts of battle from Sluys
to Trafalgar
We know that there were Small Craft
—because there always are!
Yacht, sweeper, sloop, and drifter—
today as yesterday
The big ships fight the battles—but
the Small Craft clear the way.

They scout before the squadrons
when mighty fleets engage,
They glean War's dreadful harvest
when the fight has ceased to rage:
Too great they count no hazard, no
task beyond their power:
And merchantmen bless Small Craft a
hundred times an hour!

In admiral's despatches their names
are seldom heard,
They justify their being by more than
written word:
In battle, toil and tempest, and dangers
manifold,
The doughty deeds of Small Craft will
never all be told.

Scant ease and scantier leisure—they
take no heed of these,
For men lie hard in Small Craft when
storm is on the seas:
A long watch and a weary from dawn
to set of sun—
The men who serve in Small Craft,
their work is never done.

And if, as chance may have it, some
bitter day they lie,
Outclassed, out-gunned, out-numbered,
with nought to do but die,
When the last gun's out of action,
goodbye to ship and crew—
But men die hard in Small Craft, as
they will always do!

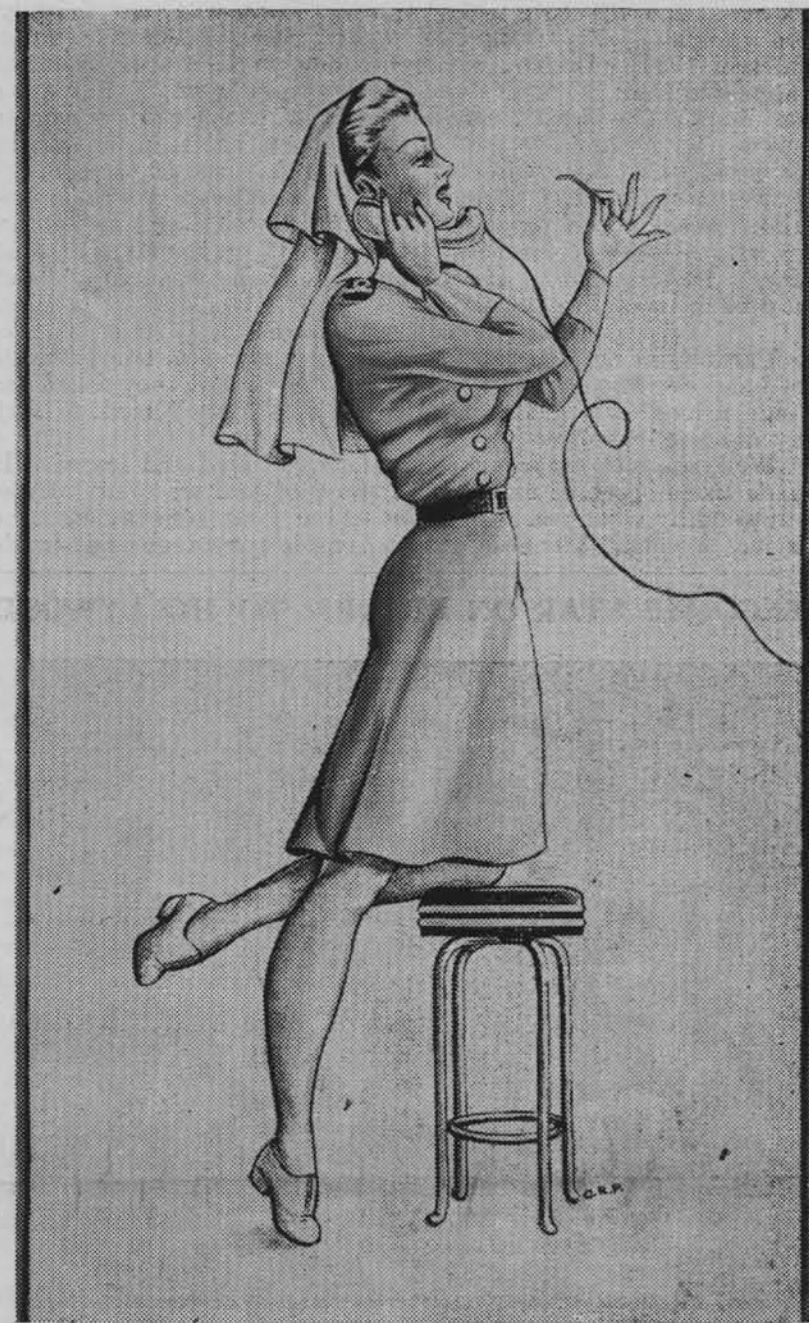
Oh, Death comes once to each man,
and the game it pays for all,
And Duty is but Duty, in great ship
and in small,
And it will not vex their slumbers, or
make less sweet their rest,
Though there's never a big black head-
line for Small Craft going west.

Great ships and mighty captains—to
these their meed of praise,
For patience, skill and daring, and loud
victorious days,—
To every man his portion, as is both
right and fair,
But oh! forget not Small Craft, for
they have done their share.

Small Craft—Small Craft—from Scapa
Flow to Dover:
Small Craft—Small Craft—all the
wide world over:

Curvettes

by PARRISH



"But, Doctor—I only held his hand while I took his temperature!"

TOUPEE OR NOT TOUPEE

By Curly

The other day while passing a mirror, I hazarded a glance at my head and was rudely awakened to the fact that cruel fate was rapidly robbing me of my hair. Horrified, I frantically clutched a fingerfull of the remaining filaments and attempted to cover the barren regions of my dome. Those of you who have experienced the loss of hair know the futility of attempting this as a brisk breeze will upset the whole arrangement.

At present, my pate bears a striking resemblance to a relief map, with an oasis in the centre and the Polish Corridor down one side. I have been advised to cut all my hair down close to the skull. The idea might be all right, if upon doing so, I could sneak off to some place like India and wear a turban until it grew again, but to appear in the city streets with a plush top would be sheer folly. Any man who has done this should be awarded the Nobel Prize for Valor. Lately I've been thinking of either grafting some of the bristles of my beard or transplanting some of the moss from my neck onto my "Lost Horizon. Shine, Sir?"

Some people delight in taking advantage of the fact that I am

At risk of war and shipwreck, torpedo, mine and shell,
All honour be to Small Craft, for oh! they've earned it well!

practically destitute of hair by gathering in small groups at corners and whispering "He is a young man until he takes off his hat." Those bitter, stinging words! Well, at least I have a high, intelligent forehead.

One time while swimming I was mistaken for a water ball and was nearly put out of existence by a vicious kick on the head before the error was realized.

I'll never venture to attend another political meeting. Last time I attended one I was nominated as candidate for mayor. The meeting agreed I was hiding nothing.

Toupee or not toupee—that is the question!

Now, Girls!

"The average woman has a vocabulary of only eighteen hundred words." It is a small stock, but think of the turnover.

NATIONAL SECURITY

Think Well
Don't Tell
All You Hear
Far and Near
Better Not
Talk a Lot

SPORTS AFLOAT

By C.P.O. Jim Arnott, P. & R.T.I.

The Morrisburg Sailors at Ottawa made it two straight games over Navy to continue on in the Eastern Basketball finals. Navy eagers, recently back from the capital, never under-estimated the Sailors. Both games were played at the Ottawa University gymnasium. A fair number of fans turned out to see the games both nights and, witnessed, according to general opinion, smart basketball with both squads giving everything. The games, for at least three quarters of the time, might have gone either way, but Ottawa seemed to have the drive at the finish. Ron Rutherford, with a total of 31 points for both games, started for Navy. Chipper, who starred for Ottawa, played a stellar game and accounted for 21 points in the final game.

The Minister of Naval Affairs, Angus L. Macdonald, opened the series by tossing the ball up at centre. The Minister, previous to tossing the ball, was introduced to all players by Manager Warrant Ordnance Officer Bill Mayne. Coach Jack Thomas still claims Navy best team out of the Maritimes and worthy representatives of the East.

The Navy League Recreation Centre, formerly the home of Wanderers Amateur Athletic Club, will shortly open its gates to summer recreation for Service personnel. Not only will this affect active participants but also those who like to get out of doors and witness clean, well-contested sports. The Halifax Ball League, of which Navy are members, will again operate this season. Last year the League were hosts to thousands of ardent ball fans.

The new Physical and Recreational Training Officer at Stadacona is Lieut. F. T. Cook, R.C.N.V.R. Warrant Officer Charles McDonald, former Sports Director has taken over the Physical and Recreational Training school at the new Naval training base at Deep Brook, N. S. Lieut. Cook has a big job on his hands for in recent years the Navy has built up a strong reputation in sports under the capable leadership of W. O. McDonald.

It looks very much as though the Senior Ball Club has started off on the right foot this season. A capable training and coaching staff is headed by Jack Carrigan as manager, Dev. Vickers and R. Ruvin as coaches and Andy Chartren as trainer. Approximately 60 players from various parts of Canada are doing conditioning exercises so as to be ready to step out doors and start the more serious grind when weather permits.

Senior Softball is also being organized. C.P.O. Eddie Short has been appointed manager and has started the ball rolling towards a strong City entry this year. A former player and always an ardent sports fan Short knows what it's all about.

The Gymnastic team headed by leading Seaman Harold Bee did a masterful job on short notice in entertaining the fans during half-time intervals at the recent Basketball play-offs. Bands from Stadacona and Cornwallis were on hand, to further entertain the fans.

All is going well with sports activities at H.M.C.S. Niobe, according to P.O. Reg. Mylrea, recently returned from abroad. Reg. was lucky enough to tour with the Canadian Hockey team around parts of Scotland. S/Lt. Ronnie Perowne, P. & R.T. Officer at Niobe, is still singled out as "Ex Montreal Royal" in the Scottish papers. L/Seaman Moe Cockburn of Verdun, did well during his short stay at Niobe. Moe also toured with the team. By all accounts sports are playing an important part at Niobe in keeping the boys fit and occupied. Soccer a national sport in Scotland has been prominent at the Canadian Establishment. Inter Part as well as games versus R.N. ships have provided recreation for quite a number of officers and ratings.

The Asdic School were winners of the Inter-school Hockey trophy, while Writers, were the winners of the Department League, up of 12 teams. Due to the Forum closing it was unfortunate that a play off series between the A/S school and Writers could not be played to decide the winner.

Hockey undoubtedly played a major part in keeping the Tars fit during the winter months, with basketball taking second place. It is unfortunate that more artificial plants are not constructed for use of service men for skating, playing hockey and for ice carnivals.

Defeated Navy Cagers Offering No Complaints

The Tars have no complaints and feel the better team won in the Eastern Basketball semi-finals at Ottawa. Leading both games for the best part of the first periods Navy was eventually beaten, first by seven then by eleven points, not considered high in basketball, but, nevertheless, defeats. The scores were 41-34; 51-40.

The Capital City quintet had a definite advantage in height and before long came to the

fore in speed. Features of the first game were Ron Rutherford's magnificent offensive thrusts, most of which paid off the defensive work of Bill Devitt and Buck Berry. Jake Edwards, a high scorer and former Ottawa player was the marked man on the floor and wasn't allowed much leeway. Jake, however capitalized in the plays he set up.

Too Strong

Starting strong in the second game and at one time ten points in front, the Navy were overcome by sheer determination by Ottawa, led by Chipper. Rutherford once again starred for the Navy in spite of being closely guarded.

GETTING THE KINKS OUT AFTER THE WINTER LAY-OFF



Above are shown a number of the men aspiring to berths on the Navy ball team this year, undergoing conditioning prior to outdoor workouts. The Blue-jackets have a title to uphold this season and intend starting right. R.C.N. Photo.

AT THE RINGSIDE

With Charles James, Chief Stoker

It is rather quiet just at present with the boxers. Quite a few of our good performers have departed for Deep Brook, including our young Boxing Instructor "Barney" O'Connor. However, with the new P. and R. T. Officer, Lieut. F. T. Cook keenly interested in the formation of a real, first-class fighting team, we are hoping to have lots of action in the near future. With the Arena and Forum now clear of hockey it should not be hard to get something going. The people of Halifax are always pleased with the Service tournaments and no doubt are looking forward to seeing more of the same high standard as the last one.

It is pleasing to see that H.M.C.S. "Avalon" in Newfoundland has started boxing and wrestling shows. Some of the boys who have done well in Halifax rings, including Davey Brown, Raymond Bobbett and Leo Charbonneau are putting up good fights.

Montreal is putting on another big Victory Loan Boxing Tournament on May 8, when Johnny Greco and Maxie Young will top an All Service card. If it comes up to the standard of the one in November last, when over \$10,000 was made for the Victory Loan it will be well worth the efforts of the promoters. A card of twelve bouts was so evenly matched that there were no knockouts recorded.

Prevost Hoopla Team Climbs To Second Place

By O/Sea. G. I. Ronald

April was a big month for the lads of H.M.C.S. Prevost's basketball team. With several new additions lending real power to the squad, they climbed from the cellar to a second-place tie in the London Y.M.C.A. House League. A combination of circumstances, especially construction work at the "Y", has meant that no playoff is likely.

But there's no getting away from the fact that Navy was the hottest team in the league during those last three weeks of the schedule.

Easily the Prevost star was A/L/S Bill Breadon, whose arrival in London was the signal for the team's renovation. A former star of the famed Simpson Grads team in Toronto, his style was outstanding. He averaged about 18 points a game personally and fed a good dozen or more to his teammates every time out.

Baseball Prospects Are Bright As Players Start In Training

The spacious Naval drill shed at Stadacona served the purpose April 19 for the opening training session for the Senior Ball Players in the Navy. After a successful season last year the Blue-Jackets won the coveted Maritime title. By all appearances witnessed in recent work-outs, the Navy intends making a strong try at retaining the silverware.

No fewer than 60 are making a bid for a berth on the Senior squad. Not many of last year's faces were around for the opening workouts. Although several are away at sea they may possibly be around ere the opening game starts.

Limbering Up

The indoor training sessions have consisted mostly of physical exercises, limbering up and getting the kinks out of their wings. Andy Chartren has been putting them through their paces and is enthusiastic over the general interest and vigour the boys are showing. Andy, a former athlete and still a tough baby on the rugby field knows the importance of being fit and intends to start the boys off on the right foot.

Space doesn't permit a complete listing of all players turning out and in short time the squad will be trimmed down after which some will probably be drafted elsewhere. However, let's take a squint at the situation as is. No less than eight moundsmen have reported for duty all with fairly good reputations and if appearances mean anything the big holes made by the absence of Dick Pawley and Jim Harrison will probably be plugged up. Behind the bat, in addition to Bill Sterling and several potential catchers is veteran Ruvin, E.R. A. Ruvin who has the appearance of Mr. Baseball was selected to coach the batteries and has a number of years experience coaching and playing ball to back it up.

Infield Intact

The infield of Burchell, D. Vickers, G. Vickers and Billy Hannon may be intact, but if not, at least ten capable players are ready to fill the gaps.

Outfielders with the ability of Danny Seaman, Aukie Titus, Hal Stade or Johnny Rowland are tough to replace, more so when Titus could be used as relief pitcher and Stade in the infield, equally as efficiently. However, another twenty likely candidates are anxious to prove their ability at taking over the outfield.

Strong Organization

The organizing end of the Senior club has been very efficiently drawn up by Lieut. F. T. Cook, the new P. & R. T. Officer at H.M.C.S. Stadacona, who will act as managing director. Managing the players is Leading Stoker Carrigan, better known around Winnipeg as former manager and umpire, who, nevertheless, needs no introduction locally. He's rated tops and considered a big asset to the team. Sick Berth P.O. Vickers, who will be handling the infielders as coach, also needs no introduction. Dev.

will undoubtedly develop a smooth working infield. Rounding out the coaching staff is E.R.A. Ruvin, a veteran player who will have all to do with pitchers and catchers. Pay-Lieut. Jim Lampken will handle the business end of the club. Jim's interest in baseball of recent years has been as an ardent fan and his knowledge won't be amiss. Andy Chartren ably fills the bill as Trainer.

LONDON BARRACKS DANCE PICNIC FOR JIVE-LOVERS

By L/Wtr. James A. Tapp

It was a great day for the "hep cats," the "gaters" and their respective "hop chicks" when H.M.C.S. "Prevost's big draft dance rolled around and the Navy went rug-cutting "en Masse." Bob Wybrow swung the baton and his merry gentlemen delivered the stuff in a very solid style while lovely Doris Martin made many nautical hearts skip a beat with her sweet warbling.

Mohammed couldn't come to the mountain so the "ship" was moved over to the Masonic Hall for the occasion and the atmosphere was just as salty as the main deck of a battle-wagon. The stage was replete with a roped off gangway leading up to a well appointed Quarter deck with a gigantic gun turret in the background.

AND SO-TO WAR

Continued from page 1

going to get a terrific kick out of watching this establishment and our particular part in it grow and grow until it means to people on the outside what it means to us on the inside. We are grateful of the privilege of being the first Wrens here, and proud to be the Sisters "and not too weak, we hope" of the fine group of officers and ratings that go to make up H.M.C.S. "Cornwallis."

Many Changes In Staff Of 'York' During Month

The Glamour Boy of Sick Bay, Douglas Hester, has been drafted recently to H.M.C.S. "Cornwallis," Halifax. Accompanying him was "Tuttles" Jack Barron, of London, Ontario.

In another draft to "Stadacona" we lost our prizefighter, Harry Low, and "Smiles" as we call him, Jamie Bond.

Sick Bay P.O. Gordon Wynot of H.M.C.S. "Preserver" has arrived here and has ambitiously dug into his duties.

Surgeon Lieutenant Laing and Surgeon Lieutenant Cram have turned out to compete for a berth on the Sick Bay Bowling Team, which consists of Leading S.B.A. Don McPherson, P.O. Gordon Wynot, S.B.A. John Brodie, S.B.A. William Hayes, S.B.A. Stan Coogie, and S.B.A. Riss Belson.

Supply Syndicate

The Supply "CO-OP Syndicate" members are spending their spare time listening to lectures given by Warrant Officer Devlin.

Some of our charter members have left the good ship "York" and joined other establishments, where they will be expected to spread the gospel of the Co-operative Syndicate. Here they are: Writer Bob Walker to H.M.C.S. "Star," Hamilton, L/S Herb Harrison to "Stadacona," S.A. Harry Christin to "Carleton," Ottawa and S.A. Reg. Francis to C.O.R.D., Toronto.

The following writers have been drafted from Ship's Office to "Bytown," at Ottawa:— Leading Writer, Fred Pullen and Writers Harold Noseworthy, Herb Barbour, Ken Oswell and Hugh McEwen. We hate to think of them leaving, but what grand Wrens are replacing them! Ordinary Seaman Reg. Hall has been promoted to Commissioned Rank, as a Pay Sub-Lieutenant.

P. O. Writer Harold Cowhig could not resist the beauty of Toronto's female element, and became a married man in March. Congratulations, Harold!

Give Party

Lieutenant and Mrs. Carmichael gave a fine party for the Recruiting Staff on the 7th of April. The party was in honor of Writer Aikmon and cigar "passer-outer" Lieutenant Elliot, who recently became the proud father of a bouncing baby boy. Writer Jim Aikmon is going to the east coast.

Continued on page 12

THE MEN BEHIND THE MEN IN THE SPOTLIGHT AT YORK



To have champions men must be trained to be champions but it is seldom that these trainers get proper recognition for their efforts. However, the men who do the sports groundwork at Toronto are not forgotten. Pictured above are some of those who carried out the training work at H.M.C.S. "York", at Toronto, this year. From l. to r., they are: O/Sea. Irvine Peace, Writer Gordon Erickson, O/Sea. Dick Roberts, L/S.A. Len Hardwick, O/Sea. Max Hurley.

Royal Navy Pool Soccer Team Defeats Toronto In First Game

Navy Playing Prominent Part In All Phases Of Sports Life In Queen City. Cagers Again Win Garrison Trophy. Wrens Active In Bowling

By O/Sea. Dick Roberts

The Royal Navy Pool established recently at York has already made itself known in sport circles. On Wednesday, April 14, they fielded a soccer team against Toronto Ship-builders and won by a 2-0 score.

Incidentally, it was the first match of the season in Toronto, and featured very good play, despite a high wind and chilly atmosphere. The R.N. lads, though small in size, are very fast on their feet, and displayed control of the ball such as has not been seen here in some time.

Royal Navy Team

Goal, Payne, Cardiff Reserves; Right Back, Kerr, Gateshead; Left Back, Pett, Royal Navy; Right Half, Thompson, Stirling & Camille, Victorias; Centre Half, Tolger, London & Dulwich, Hamlet; Left Half, Jones, Redcar Jrs.; Outside Right, Smith, Newcastle; Inside Right, Dekin, Royal Navy, Centre Forward, P.O. Harris, Royal Navy; Inside Left, Boxhall, Fulham United; Outside Left, Hembler, Royal Navy.

Former Pro. Stars

Boxhall, former professional, scored both goals for the R. N. team. Outstanding were Folger, P. O. Harris, and Kerr.

Future games have been arranged, and it is expected that the boys will be on top when the season ends. Keen interest in the team is shown by Sub/Lt. Barnes and Graham, R.N.V.R.

Won Title Again

The Navy Basketball Team from H.M.C.S. "York" defeated No. 1 I.T.S., R.C.A.F. in a two-

game final and for the second year in a row the sailors won the championship of the Toronto Garrison Basketball League. The round score was 52-40. Ordinary Seaman Bill Breadon, team captain, was the spark that fired the team to a win in the first game, but a quick draft sent Breadon on his way on the eve of the second match. Into the breach, however, stepped O/Sea. Bobby Kerr of Toronto Broadview fame and Steward Don "Spees" Walker, regular guards, and so spirited were their play that no let-down occurred.

Two other prominent players were O/Sea. for W. T. Berry and Galbraith, the team's ace forwards; O/Sea. for W. T. Harvey "Tiny" Moore, E.R.A. Art Thornton; O/Sea. Andy Andrews and O/Sea. Don Whalen rounded out the team. Lt. Harold Smith coached the squad.

Many Changes

The "York" Squad probably

set a record for changeable line-ups. At the start of the season O/Sea. Walter "Shag" Park, Ray Murphy, Gordie Wright, George McDowall, Steve Levantis, along with S.B.A. Bill Devitt, formed the squad. Drafts took the seamen of the squad west and Devitt to the east, where he starred for the Halifax Navy. Ordinary Seaman Bill Breadon and Bobby Kerr then took over, along with Seamen Herbie Rand, Art Holiday, Bruce Sutherland, George Abram and Toasty Janetos. Drafts again broke up the team, but help arrived in the nick of time when a Morse Pool became established at York and the team continued on its winning way.

On its way to the title "York" defeated Dental Corps, No. 1 Manning Depot, No. 1 Training Command, No. 6 I.T.S., No. 1 I.T.S.—all R.C.A.F. Teams, and No. 2 District Depot. A post-session match was planned between "York" and the Military Hospital team, which was the champion of the Camp Borden League, but again a draft broke up the Navy squad and because of the lateness of the season no attempt was made to organize another team.

What, More Shiny!

Hockey officially wound up when No. 1 Training Command, R.C.A.F., defeated "York" for the O.H.A. Championship. However, an exhibition game was played early in April against University of Toronto for the benefit of a student at Victoria College who unfortunately lost his eye in a hockey match. "York" was not a full strength, and lost a close match 8-7. Sto. Scotty Mair was the best of the sailors up front, while O/Sea. Max Hurley, subbing for O/Sea. Bud Lemaiche, played a good game in

Toronto Naval Division Invaded By W.R.C.N.S.

"York" has not missed the W.R.C.N.S. invasion. Twenty-five Wrens have started their duties here. They are acting as Writers, Telephone Operators, Messengers, Postal Clerks, and Pay Writers.

With Wrens Bauchop and Robertson among the ledger-keepers, there should be no worry about one's pay.

Wrens Price, Bird and Wilkie are kept busy in the Records Office. The Fleet Mail Office boasts of Postmistress Mitchell and three Wrens, Campbell, Hunt and Hutton, who cope with the piles of mail coming in and out daily.

"Switchboard—Thank you, Sir," says a feminine voice when you lift the telephone receiver. Wrens Attwood and Jennings work shifts with Wrens Andrews and Woods. Yes, you can get the wrong number much more quickly than in the good old days of deep bass voices.

NAVY SCHOOL OF MUSIC POPULAR "YORK" ASSET

The baton is raised and with the downbeat the band of the R.C.N. School of Music, stationed at "York" strikes up with the stirring strains of the Naval March, "Trafalgar."

Lieutenant A. E. Zealley is carrying on his excellent work with the able assistance of Warrant Officer W. E. Huggins, who was bandmaster of the Machine Gun Corps' band during the last war and more recently solo bassoonist with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra.

Leading Bandsman T. A. Moore is arranging most of the music.

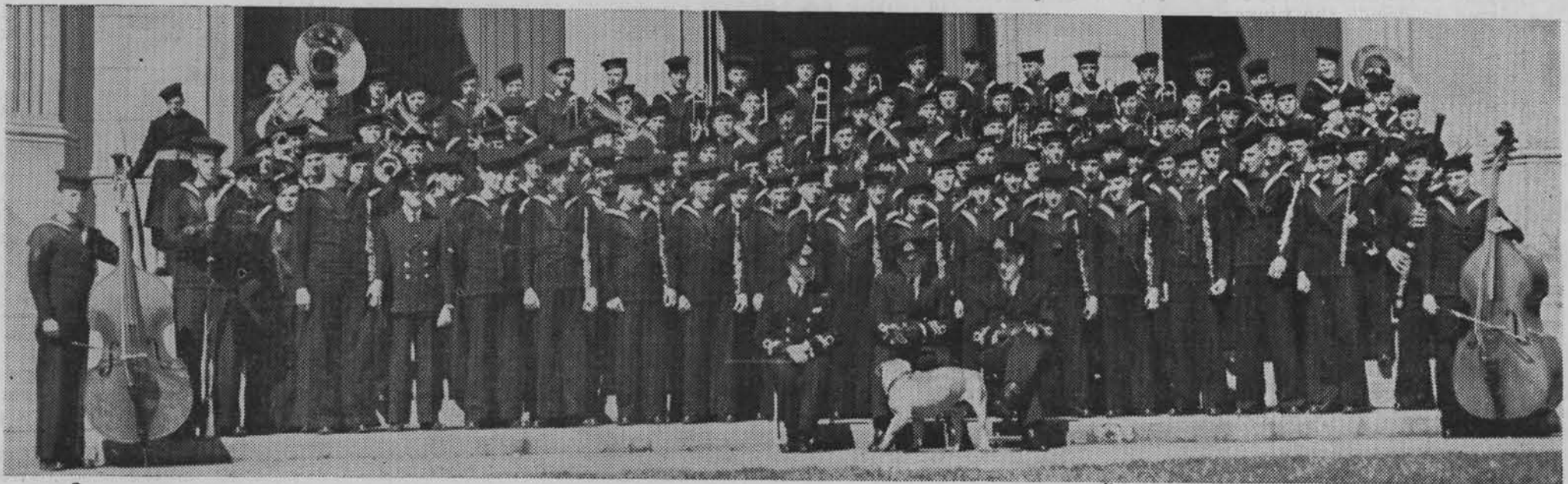
A Dance Orchestra—yes, a Dance Orchestra—composed of twenty-one men, chosen from top-flight orchestras of Toronto, is now in process of rehearsing and promises to be one of the finest aggregations of its kind ever formed in Canada.

the nets.

The students entertained the sailors to supper at Burwash Hall, Victoria College, and among the guests were Ace Bailey, former coach of the University's ice squads, and Mr. T. A. Reed, secretary of the Athletic Association, University of Toronto,

Continued on page 12

HUGE NAVY BAND RECRUITED IN RECORD TIME AT TORONTO



The one hundred and twenty bandmen pictured above represent the Royal Canadian Navy School of Music Band at H.M.C.S. "York," Toronto. The members of this band were recruited in the short space of 90 days by the Director of Music, Lieut. A. E. Zealley. Lieut. Zealley has also supplied a complete band for H.M.C.S. "Protector," at Sydney, N.S. besides sending bandmen to H.M.C.S. "Cornwallis" and H.M.C.S. "Stadacona," at

Halifax and H.M.C. "Signal School" at St. Hyacinthe, Que. He has probably created a record in band organization work without equal in the Dominion of Canada, having organized six bands to the satisfaction of all Commanding Officers where the bands are stationed. All of this work has been completed in the short space of nine months.

A/S School Spring Dance Highlight Of The Season

By L/Sea. C. J. Bell, H.S.D.,

The long-awaited A/S School Spring Frolic has come and gone and many people are sorry it can't be held weekly. The buzz is that the dance was such a big success that an agitation is already afoot for just one more before June. Only the hard and diligent work of the committee, headed by Lieut. Gardiner, made the dance the success that it was. The masterful way in which Lieut. Stuart Robertson handled his emcee duties and the fulfilment of Jerry Naugler's promise to go all out for the occasion in the providing of music, were big factors in a big evening.

Trophy Presented

One of the feature items on the evening's program was the presentation of the inter-school hockey trophy to the A/S team. Lieut. Dean, the A/S officer, introduced Miss Violet MacFarlane who presented the cup to the captain of the team, one, Leading Seaman Bell. Lieut. Dean offered three cheers for the team.

Lieut and Mrs. Wilkinson won the prize for the spot dance and the waltz contest was captured by Leading Seaman Bert Nott and Mrs. Nott. Leading Seaman Victor Abbott and his winsome partner won the hotly contested jitterbug event, getting the judge's nod over an Air Force finalist who put up a grand struggle. All contest winners received four dollars in War Savings Stamps.

INSPECTS WRENS

The Queen stood on a dais outside Buckingham Palace gates on April 11 and took the salute as 1,000 Women's Royal Naval Service officers and ratings marched past in celebration of the fourth anniversary of the re-inauguration of that service. Her Majesty is commander-in-chief of the W.R.N.S.

Later the Queen and the Duchess of Kent attended an anniversary service at Westminster Abbey where they had a guard of honor of the W.R.N.S.

Inter - Service Championship Won By "Discovery" Cagers

The Navy entry from H.M.C.S. "Discovery" climaxed a very successful basketball season on Thursday, April 15, by defeating the Sea Island R.C.A.F. squad 38-24 in the third and deciding game of the final best-of-three series.

During the regular season, paced by O/Sea Jim Campbell, Dave Yard, and S/Lt. Walt Mackenzie, the team won six of their eight starts, finishing in a tie with the Fusiliers for the league lead. In a sudden death post-season game, the Army boys were smothered by the Navy to settle the final standing. The Navy then stood by while the Fusiliers and R.C.A.F. settled the semi-finals in favour of the Airmen.

Win Finals Opener

The opening game of the finals was anybody's game up until the final whistle, but the Navy had a slight edge throughout and finished on the long end of a 31-30 count. Dave Yard, Jim Campbell, and Jack Herwynen, were the big guns for "Discovery" and Powell of the Airmen was the biggest threat.

Sailors At "Chippawa" Present Boxing Tourney

H.M.C.S. Chippawa staged a successful boxing tournament last month. Four boxing bouts and a wrestling match provided plenty of action for a large and enthusiastic gallery.

Feature boxing bout was the battle between Bill Orbane, 176, and Brain Lynch, 170. After stirring exchanges the bout was declared a draw. Later in the evening, Orbane took on Gordon Krisko and won.

First bout on the program between N. A. Collette and John Ferris, a pair of featherweights, resulted in a draw. The boys from the Anson and King Divisions put up a good scrap.

E. W. Lindstrom, King division, won from Pat Woods, Jarvis division. Woods, who weighed 135, spotted his opponent 20 pounds.

Billed as the main attraction, Steve Kosak, light heavyweight wrestling champion of Canada, defeated Gib Gordon, middleweight champion of Western Canada, in a wrestling match. Kosak won with a body hold after ten minutes of grappling.

Great credit is due S/L O'Connor for putting on a splendid show. The sports officer of the ship, supervised and arranged the entire program.

Glen Rasen was the referee, while S/Lt A. Godfred and O/Sea. Simenik acted as judge and time-keeper, respectively.

Before the second game could be played, O/Sea. Yard was on his way to start his W/T course, and a much weakened Navy squad could not cope with the improved R.C.A.F. team who had added Wally Myers to their line-up. After holding the Airmen to a 21-20 score at the end of three quarters, they weakened and the final score was R.C.A.F. 32, Navy 23. Jim Campbell and R. N. Lundie kept the Navy in the fight with their deadly shooting.

Take Crown

In the deciding game for the Inter-Service Championship, the Navy found an able replacement for Yard in the person of O/Sea. Ray Jenkins, formerly of Shores Jewellers in the Vancouver Senior League. After a slow start, the Navy came from behind the 6-1 score at the quarter to gain a 10-10 tie at the rest period. In the final half, the Navy started to roll and with W. Mackenzie, J. Campbell, and Ray Jenkins leading the way with 10 points apiece, and R. Lundie with 6, the Air Force squad were snowed under by 38-24, giving "Discovery" the championship.

Navy: W. Mackenzie 10, J. Campbell 10, R. Lundie 6, J. Herwynen 2, R. Jenkins 10, T. Yule, D. Lee, Maclean, Marr. Total 38.

Sea Island R.C.A.F.: W. Myers 7, McArthur, Duffy 2, Fields 2, Powell, Mullin 8, McKim 3, Shuttleworth, Farnum 2. Total 24.

In addition to the line-up of the final game, Stoker Goodburn and O/Sea. Yard were regular members of the team until the

Navy Parade At London Best In City's History

By L/Wtr. James A. Tapp

Everybody loves a parade and the citizens of London present no departure from the old adage, but when word is spread that "The Navy is Here" they seem to rally with even greater enthusiasm.

It was truly a great day for the Navy when over 500 officer and ratings of H.M.C.S. "Prevost," together with a contingent of 100 Wrens from the nearby Galt training centre, the C.W.A.C.'s, the Sea Cadets and the London Air Cadets joined forces to bring to this city one of the largest parades to be presented under Naval auspices.

Takes Salute

The ship's company moved off from the newly acquired parade ground early in the afternoon and proceeded down Dundas Street to the Beal Technical School Auditorium where church services were conducted by Major Hennessey and Padre Wearing. The parade then retraced its steps in a panorama of marching music and all the other items that help to lend color to such a display. On the reviewing stand at the City Hall, Lt.-Cdr. John R. Hunter took the salute and was accompanied by Major Hennessey, Padre Wearing, Capt. Mary Barker, CWAC, and First Officer Isobel McNeil, WRCNS, and other military officials.

It was the first time that the Wrens had appeared in any public function in this region and they were greeted with much acclaim. This was especially true when the parade returned to HMCS "Prevost" and the sailors played host and served tea to the ladies in blue and took them on an inspection tour of the ship. "Open Gangway" was declared from 1600 to 1700 and it was the first opportunity many of our Navy friends have had to look at the inside of this inland training establishment.

The parade was led by Lieut. D. G. McGill, Executive Officer, and S/Lt. Currie McMillan, Training Officer, who was also in charge of all the technical arrangements, acted as second in command.

THE UNICORNER

News from

H. M. C. S. "Unicorn"
Saskatoon, Sask.

By J. M. B.

Spring has come—at least what passes for Spring in this neck of the woods. The river ice has gone out, snow storms have given place to dust storms, and young sailors' fancies lightly turn to thoughts of corvettes, mine-sweepers, and destroyers. But even if it isn't much of a Spring, it does provide us with a couple of spacious parade decks—the streets on either side of the barracks. Besides that, the whaler goes back into the river and the boys get the feel of an oar for the first time. Oh yes, even on the prairies Spring has its compensations.

The Ship's Company had a dance in the Ship's Recreation Room late in March. It was the usual lively affair. Maybe we shouldn't mention this, but it seems as if we see the same cute dainties down here for every dance. We wonder if the pretties just take over each new class as it comes in. Kind of a "kiss the boys good-bye tonight and kiss the boys hello to-morrow." If such is the case, and we're not saying it is, the girls are really helping the war effort.

That was a full week-end, for the following Sunday the full Ship's Company along with about 250 Sea Cadets paraded to church in the morning and to the show in the afternoon. That isn't as contradictory as it sounds for the show was a sermon too—a sermon of the greatest kind and one that the lads aren't liable to forget for a long time. It was that great picture of Noel Coward's "In Which We Serve." After seeing it, our prairie sailors had an altogether new idea of the Navy, and when they heard the Captain of "Torrin" read to his men the same prayer they hear every morning it made them feel that they are really part of the "greatest navy in the world."

This has been a rather dead season for Sport—hockey is finished and softball hasn't begun yet. However, there was one event in which the "Unicorn" won its share of glory, and that was the Provincial Speed Skating Meet held in the arena here. Ordinary Seaman Jack Birch won the mile open and the relay team placed second in the inter-service race.

The Ship recently lost one of its oldest old-timers. Writer Erickson, who has been here as long as anybody can remember, was recently drafted to Esquimalt. We will miss him around here. Apart from his elephant memory and downright efficiency, he was always ready to do more than his share of work in any of the Ship's activities. Others of the Ship's Company drafted are Able Seaman Watson, and Shipwright G. Quaale.

Three new Officers have recently joined the Ship: Lieut. D.W.J. Acheson, who will take up duties as Recruiting Officer, Sub.-Lieut. G. C. Clarkson, and Sub.-Lieut. J. A. Christ. The latter will be remembered by the lads from Calgary Division as he served as an Instructor there for eighteen months.



Pictured above are the members of the basketball team of H.M.C.S. "Discovery," Royal Canadian Naval Division at Vancouver, B. C. Last month this team won the Inter-Service basketball championship in Vancouver. They suffered a severe loss in losing one of their star players before the second game of the final series came off but for the last game of the series had acquired a strong, new star. The member of the team, l. to r. are: Front Row: Sto. Goodburn; O/Sea. J. Campbell; Lt.-Cdr. Glassco, Commanding Officer; S/Lt. W. Mackenzie, Sports Officer; O/Sea. T. Yule. Second Row: O/Sea. R. Lundie; O/Sea D. Yard; O/Sea. Husoy; O/Sea. Kennet; O/Sea. Baldwin; O/Sea. Marr; O/Sea. Chatwin; O/Sea. F. Roma. Absent: O/Sea. J. Herwynen; Bob S/Lt. D. Lee; O/Sea. MacLean; O/Sea. R. Jenkins.

final series, when they were both drafted for further training in the East. Over the entire season, all players showed keen interest and, whether regulars or substitutes, turned out faithfully making Coach Walt Mackenzie's task a simple one. Results of this came to the fore when drafts and injuries riddled the team toward the end of the season.

TEACH ME

Almighty and all present Power,
Short is the Prayer I make to Thee,
I do not ask in battle hour,
For any shield to cover me.

The vast unalterable way,
From which the stars do not depart,
May not be turned aside to stay
The bullet flying to my heart.

I ask no help to strike my foe,
I seek no petty victory here,
The enemy I hate, I know,
To Thee is also dear.

But this I pray, be at my side
When death is drawing through the
sky,
Almighty God who also died,
Teach me the way that I should die.
—Sgt. Hugh Brodie,
Royal Australian Air Force
(Missing in Action)

Deep Brook Doings

by

SHADRACK

ALL was confusion in "A" Block recently as troops started to move out to their new quarters in Deep Brook, Nova Scotia. Such a hustle and bustle has not been seen in a long time around the block but finally kit bags, hammocks and attache cases were packed and all piled on the train headed for the new Naval Training Establishment.

That night back in "A" Block old ghosts coughed and wheezed as the dust settled back in its accustomed place. The wind sighed through the empty corridors looking in vain for some bare toes to chill or some hair to ruffle. All was still. Its halls were dead, its lads were fled.

The lads were down in Deep Brook. Wallowing in mud up to their knees, they worked and worked and worked getting things organized in the new metropolis. Despite the mud, the hard work and other discomforts one and all voted the new diggings tops and way ahead of "A" Block.

Senior officers commended the lads for the way they got down to it and squared things away in one short week. Although by no means ready yet, the new base is in running order and the men are back at their studies with a minimum loss of time.

A new spring fashion in hair cuts was inaugurated the other day by a member of Grenville Block who shall remain nameless but you'll know who we mean. It is an upswept job, close-clipped with a fetching ridge down the centre fore and aft and hanging becomingly over the forehead. It is likely to be unique in hairdos this season as warning has been issued that it is copyright and no one else is to have hair clipped in any fashion.

Fires are things to be avoided. We can all help in preventing them by being careful about cigarettes, hot ashes and oily waste. The latter if left lying around is apt to burst into flame and any oily waste should be put in a bucket away from walls or outside and away from the buildings.

The other day one of the careless set his hammock on fire and it was only by prompt action when smoke was seen issuing from the building that a serious outbreak was averted.

Rumour has it that Mitzie and her Muddlers are planning to put on a show sometime in the near future. The buzz is that the Wrens will burst forth with something of the musical comedy revue type before very long. We wish them luck and will back their efforts to a man when the show is produced.

Possibly later on a "Talent Incorporated" might be launch-

O HEAR US WHEN WE CRY TO THEE



One of the most noteworthy things about Naval life is its close affiliation with things religious. The church has always held a foremost place in the life of the Navy and today, in war-time that place is no less guarded. In the lower picture "Stadacona Auditorium," at Halifax, is shown packed to the doors with sailors and Wrens, for the Easter service conducted by Rev. H. R. Pike, Protestant chaplain-in-charge. The band of Stadacona is providing the music for the singing of the hymn. In the top picture Father Langlois, Roman Catholic chaplain, celebrates Mass for a large number of Naval personnel. R. C. N. Photos.

WREN IS NEW SECRETARY NAVAL READING SERVICE

One of the most successful volunteer enterprises undertaken in Halifax since the war began, the Naval Vessels Reading Service now has a member of the W.R.C.N.S. on its staff. Third Officer Elsie Bow, of Regina, arrived from Ottawa in April to take over the duties of secretary-treasurer of the Reading Room.

Third Officer Bow, who was one of the first members of the Women's Naval Service to receive training at Kingsmill, Ontario, has a huge task to cope with. Daily hundreds of books are handled at the N.V.R.S., many of them being sent out to hips while many more are drawn from the library by men ashore.

It is possible that similar libraries may be started in other communities where there are Naval establishments, Third Officer Bow stated.

LIFEBUOY FOLLIES SHOW MAKES HIT WITH SAILORS

".....and if perchance you win, Oh, Charlie, do be careful, won't you, dear?"

A lot of people in the audience closed their eyes and went back to those rollicking days of the early 1920's and smiled as the memory of "The Dumbells" came back to them. And on the stage dressed in his famous gaudy jacket and skirt and with the wisps of hair sticking out from beneath a disreputable felt hat, little Pat Rafferty, the effervescent comedian of "the good old days" swung along with his pithy song. Accompanying him was Jack Ayre, accomplished pianist and member of the original "Dumbells" cast.

Enjoyable Show

The occasion was the presentation of "The Lifebuoy Follies," presented by Lever Brothers, Limited, in Stadacona Auditorium during the second last week in April. The variety show was a big hit and on the several nights it was presented to Naval personnel gales of laughter could be heard coming from the large auditorium as the various acts of the highly entertaining show were presented. Music, dancing and slapstick comedy all added up to make a show that the men of the Navy enjoyed thoroughly.

LOTS OF ENTERTAINMENT FOR DEEP BROOK TARS

Nightly shows have been keeping the boys and girls in Naval Training Establishment, Deep Brook, well supplied with top notch entertainment. Such pictures as "Gentleman Jim," "Broadway," "The Major and the Minor" and other Grade A film-fare, have been greatly appreciated.

On Tuesday, April 13, the concert party from H.M.C.S. "Cornwallis," Halifax, presented a preview of "The Navy Show" which was later shown before a capacity audience in Digby.

"Jam Sessions" are being held each week, featuring the Navy Dance Band under the direction of C.P.O. Bandmaster R. McGill. The first session was held on Wednesday, April 21, and the lads and lasses were treated to a concert of "solid jive."

Jerry Forbes did a grand job on the vocals. Added attractions were Bandsman Riddell with his singing guitar; Ernie Leavett, accordionist; and Westbury and Bates, piano and violin duo.

S/Lt. Les. Allen, Special Services Officer was an excellent Master of Ceremonies and Father Hills baton-waving made a great hit with the large assemblage. The concert was opened and ended with a Community Sing film.

The nightly showing of film features and the frequent concerts for the entertainment of the "Rubber-Boot Brigade" at Deep Brook, are conducted by the Special Services staff.

MANY CHANGES IN STAFF

Continued from page 10

Acting Leading Seaman Al Flowers had only completed saying, "I do" at the altar when he had to go to H.M.C.S. "Provost" for two months.

Leading Seaman John Hastings, stationed here for 18 months, was drafted to Halifax. He left early last month after becoming the proud father of a son the day before his departure.

Leading Seaman Sam Wheeler was drafted to Regina, while Leading Seaman Bob Madsen and Fred Derrick headed east.

Sailor: "How about some old-fashioned love making?" She! "All right, I'll call Grandma down for you."

ed which would put on revues every so often from talent—male and female—in the establishment.

It will be the policy of this department to print from time to time what is thought to be the origin of naval customs and traditions. Anyone who has anything to offer in that line or any news or gossip of Deep Brook that is interesting may send it to Shadrack, Naval Training Establishment, Deep Brook. No stamp required if mailed in the establishment.

To start the above off: did you know that Guyvo in Navy slang means smart, an oatmeal party—a Scotchman, a Donkey's Breakfast—a straw mattress, and a Sea Daddy—a New Entry Instructor?

WEDDING OF WREN

Continued from page 6

bride was given by Captain A. M. Hope, R.C.N.; to the bridesmaid by the Groom; and to the Navy by Mr. Pearson. The wedding party dined at the Carleton Hotel and later a dance was held in their honor in the Signal School.

Among the guests of honor were Captain and Mrs. A. M. Hope, Canon and Mrs. Stanley Walker and Staff Officers and their wives, as well as Wren Officers on duty in the city.

Included amongst the lovely gifts received were a handsome silver fruit bowl from the Captain and Staff Officers, and a set of flatware from the Ship's Company.

Mr. and Mrs. Kerr left on a honeymoon to Cobourg, Toronto and Winnipeg, and will return shortly to duty at "Kings." They will have the best wishes of the Ship's Company in their married life.

CORN AND CLASSICS

Continued from page 7

at the instrument at which to sniff was once a social grace. The instrument that made its way through barriers of cheap commercialism and even less expensive prudery to a place in Carnegie Hall. Yes, the saxophone.

MOORING 'MONGST

Continued from page 7

thing you really ought to see. I've met Hedy lots of times but I never remember seeing as much of her as I did during that

THE LANGUAGE OF THE

Continued from page 5

have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant," a phrase only exceeded in courtesy to the Spanish ending "Q.B.S.M."—que baso su mano—who kisses your hand.

"EASTER PARADE"

Continued from page 4

bride, in the person of S.B.A. Bill Meyer, complete with train and veil. Leading Writer Maurice Boivin and S.B.A. Charles Lynch did the vocals with finish and smooth line.

The whole show, though short, was fast moving and filled with laughs. It was designed and produced by S.B.A. Francis Johns, now associated with Special Services. W/O James Downie, the popular Bandmaster scored and conducted the entire production. H.M.C.S. Stadacona Band performed the music.

ROYAL NAVY POOL

Continued from page 10

who, incidentally, is a very good friend of the Service Units in Toronto.

Sailor lads and lassies joined forces for the first time in open competition in Toronto on Friday, April 16, and made their presence known in the Service Bowling Championships sponsored by the Canadian Bowling Association.

ninety-minute film trip into the tropics.

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