



THE

# Crow's Nest

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

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## MAIDEN VOYAGE

The story of the first Canadian Wren to take a trip out to sea.

By Wren Nora Jackson

To walk into my first Navy job and be told that I was going to sea was thrill enough, but to see the ocean for the first time in my life, during wartime, aboard a tanker, was beyond all my dreams.

The harbour craft we went out on, carried a group of sailors, who were going out for their first gun practice and they looked quite unperturbed about it. As for me, I was practically stepping on everybody to see everything. The interesting sights were pointed out to me and then I was immediately told to forget them. I could never forget any of the dull greyships, the dirty little tugs. I hope that some day I will see the ships in peacetime, clean and white.

### What a Size!

When one of the sailors said "that's it sir," I couldn't believe it. It was the first time I had ever seen a ship close-up and it looked simply enormous. Climbing up the rope ladder was quite an experience and one that I could never forget. It's not as easy as it looks, especially getting over the side with a skirt on. When I met the Captain on the bridge of the ship, it was too much for me, and I was tongue-tied, the ship looked so different from the harbour than it did from the harbour craft. It seemed much longer and I had no idea that they went down so deep. I could hardly believe it when I saw the engine-room and men working down below.

The Captain pointed out the different parts of the ship and explained, or at least tried to explain, to me how the paravanes and depth charges worked, and how they refuelled ships at sea. Being from Ontario and never expecting to even see the sea, and then to find myself on the bridge of a ship, with a huge duffie coat on, watching sailors load guns and seeing the tracer bullets up in sky, was to me one, long day-dream.

### Swing and Sway

A message came "Jackson is wanted aft" so I made my way aft. I certainly haven't got any sea legs, because although

## ENCOURAGING

Encouraging to the men of the lower deck of the Royal Canadian Navy is the fact that of the 20 R.C.N. promotions announced on July 1, 16 were men who had come up from the lower deck. Among them was Commissioned Master-At-Arms W. Pember, M.E.B., who is the first and only Commissioned Master-At-Arms in the Royal Canadian Navy.

## THE CREW WAS THRILLED TOO



One of the biggest thrills of her life occurred when Wren Nora Jackson, the comely young lady pictured above, was given the opportunity of going to sea in a tanker during wartime. Nora's own version of her unique experience is told in the story at the left of this picture. R.C.N. Photo.

## UNUSUAL SISTER RECORDS ESTABLISHED BY W.R.C.N.S.

The establishment at "Kings" feels that it may have something unique in the way of service with three sisters forming part of the staff. The girls are Leading Wren Ruth and Wrens Edith and Margaret Bunting, of Beupre, Que.

Among others who can boast of distinguished service in their families are: Wrens Abrillamae and Dolores Allen, of Port Arthur, stationed at Kings and Stadacona, respectively, who have three brothers in the Ser-

vice as well; Wren Ruth Phaneuf, Outremont, Que., one of six children in uniform. Her father, J. A. Phaneuf was in the Black Watch regiment in the last war and tried to enlist in this one.

Wren Ann Walker, of Winnipeg, has three brothers serving in the Navy, while her father, formerly in the Army, is engaged in war work. Several sister groups are in evidence in the Wrens including: Pat and Delois Nielsen of Lethbridge, Alta.; Gladys and Iona Davis of Tobermory, Ont.; and Mavis and Marjorie Anderson, of North Bay, Ont.

it was supposed to be a calm sea, I found myself swaying from side to side. What would happen on a rough sea, I don't know. Some cotton batten was given to me, I put it in my ears and stood there, my hands to my ears, my mouth open, with this huge duffie coat on, looking quite intelligent, I'm sure. Every time I heard the command "Fire" I was terrified. I had never heard such a loud explosion in my life and I couldn't realize there would be such a noise. To be asked to lunch with the Captain just topped off my trip. As usual, I never imagined that there was such comfort below decks—practically all the comforts of home. All in all, it was a day that I will never forget, and never get tired of talking about. it.

## NOT LOST

As a result of the press release date on certain material being later than the usual publishing date of the paper, The Crow's Nest is late in coming out. The editors felt the delayed material was important enough to be included in this month's edition. We hope our readers will bear with us in this matter and will not have decided, as a reader once did on a previous occasion when the publishing date was held up, that, "The Crow's Nest" was overdue, presumed lost.

## Quisling Quest

### The Story Of Norway's Brave Little Navy

In many cities and towns of Canada today men of the Royal Norwegian Navy may be seen on the streets but comparatively little is known of this branch of one of the most determined Allied nation's fighting services. These facts are presented by the Royal Norwegian Government's Information Bureau and The Crow's Nest takes pleasure in publishing them for the benefit and information of its readers.

The Commander-in-Chief of the Royal Norwegian Navy is Rear-Admiral Elias Corneliussen. He was appointed in November 1941, in succession to Rear-Admiral Edward Diesen. Second-in-Command and Chief-of-Staff is Rear-Admiral Edward Danielson.

### The Fighting in Norway

The Royal Norwegian Navy was mobilised on the outbreak of the war between Germany and the Allied Powers. At the time of the invasion of Norway, the Navy consisted of about sixty warships, including two coastal defence battleships, seven destroyers, nine submarines, and a number of torpedo-boats, mine-layers, minesweepers, and patrol boats; about sixty auxiliary vessels—fishing protection ships, armed trawlers, and whale catchers; the coastal artillery units and the naval air service.

At the time of the invasion, the ships of the Navy were scattered all along the coast, from the Norwegian-Finnish border in the North to the Swedish-Norwegian border in the South. In spite of inferiority both in number and quality, the Norwegian Navy resisted the German surprise attack with skill, courage, and desperate tenacity, in fact, almost "to the last ship." The Norwegian Navy sank and damaged 36,650 tons of German warships, more than her own total tonnage, and sank or captured about 100,000 tons of German transport vessels.

Only two destroyers, one submarine, ten fishing protection ships and other auxiliary vessels, reached British ports.

### Present Strength

Since the summer of 1940, the Royal Norwegian Navy has been steadily increased by ships transferred from the British Navy on terms which are laid down in the Military Agreement. One ship has been transferred from the U. S. to the Norwegian Navy on lease-lend conditions, and to-day the Norwegian Navy, in spite of further losses, consists of nearly sixty vessels.

### Personnel

The personnel of the Royal Norwegian Navy totals about 490 officers and about 4,500 petty officers and ratings, of whom about 1,200 have been posted as gunners on Norwegian merchant ships.

### Operations

Norwegian ships are used for the same purposes as British ships of corresponding types. This includes; ocean escort of convoys across the Atlantic, local and coastal escort work on the coast of Great Britain, the East Coast of Canada and the United States, offensive operations against enemy shipping, raids on the Norwegian coast—some of which have been entirely Norwegian operations—and

minesweeping off different parts of the British coast and even in the Middle East. Norwegian destroyers took part in escorting troop ships and transports during the great landing in North Africa.

A number of U-boats, enemy surface vessels and transports have been sunk or damaged by Norwegian destroyers, corvettes, motor-torpedo-boats, submarines and other vessels.

### Losses

By March 1943, eleven ships had been lost since the re-organization of the Royal Norwegian Navy, which began in the summer of 1940.

### MARCH ON U. S. SOIL

Sixty girls from H.M.C.S. Conestoga were chosen to march in Magna Carta parade in Niagara Falls, N.Y. This is the first time that Wrens have marched on foreign soil. Their marching was super (shoulder high for four hours), and, from the applause and cheering, everyone seemed to think they were excellent. We Were!!

## BOOKS WANTED

Are you a member of a book club? If you are, how about turning your books over to the Naval Reading Service when you have finished with them? The lads at sea would like to have books to read and it is difficult for the Service to keep a good supply on hand at all times. Little donations from the canteens of the ships receiving books would not be amiss, either, it is understood. Persons sending in books are asked to make sure the books are not too old. The average sailor is a "heavy" reader and current books are the ones he will most enjoy.

"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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Comman'er G. McClintock, R.C.N. .... President  
Lieut. K. Dixon, R.C.N.V.R. .... Legal Advisor  
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**FOR THE FUTURE**

From all parts of Canada, verbally and by letter, birthday congratulations have been coming in to The Crow's Nest and the management is not a little flattered and pleased by this evidence of having done a job that has achieved, at least, a measure of success.

The Crow's Nest had its start during dark days in the War, for one year ago this month the optimism that is noticeable today was not quite so evident in Allied countries. The fact that the paper has been able to weather difficult times and overcome barriers, just as the Navy has overcome the obstacles and perils that lurked in its path, is one of great satisfaction.

While operational facts concerning the publication have been reviewed from time to time for the benefit of readers, it might be interesting to give some of the historical data regarding its origin.

In the spring of 1942 it was felt by Commander Humphrey McMaster, R.C.N., then Commanding Officer of H.M.C.S. "Cornwallis," at Halifax, that there was a great need in barracks for a paper in which the ratings of the ship might express themselves and which might be a source of education and entertainment for them. Accordingly, his staff officer, Lieut. David Clark, R.C.N.V.R., set about getting the machinery ready for a regular printed publication. Whether Lieut. Clark's choice of personnel for the paper was good or bad the reader can decide for himself. Certainly, his enthusiasm was not lacking.

In July of 1942 the first edition made its appearance in "Cornwallis" and nation-wide expansion rapidly followed.

Today the almost 8,000 sales per month are sufficient proof that Naval men are glad to have a newspaper they can call their own. Not only ratings, but officers and civilians, take keen interest in The Crow's Nest and all have been of inestimable assistance in telling the editors the type of material that will be of greatest interest and in supplying much of this material.

This expressed need for such a paper brings us to another very important point. It is pleasing indeed to hear of so many people being satisfied with The Crow's Nest but the staff of the paper is not yet satisfied with it. Even though most divisional points and many of the ships have been most cooperative in supplying news for the paper, we would like it to be more representative, yet. Our aim in this respect is threefold.

First, we want to publish a paper that will be of interest to the greatest number of readers possible. We want it to be complete, informative, entertaining and, above all, expressive of the views of the Navyman, be he officer or rating.

Secondly, we want the circulation of the paper to increase so that its coverage will bring to all men of the R.C.N. news of themselves and their friends. We also want The Crow's Nest to act as an instructional publication for the civilian population of the country in order that these people may have a better understanding of this great Service to which we belong.

The third and most important part of our aim is to build up a publication that will not cease to function at the conclusion of this war but rather will continue to operate for the men of the peace-time Navy and for those who have served with the Navy at any time. This may be termed our post-war aim. Its importance is obvious. When peace does come again the Navyman is going to want some voice in the government, for whose preservation he has fought. Individually, his voice in matters of

state will be lost in the general clamour and babble. Collectively, the men of the Navy can make themselves heard and can make others listen. If now, they will build up a Service publication that is strong editorially and financially, a paper that is filled with material that will cause people in every walk of life to read it, the problems of the Navyman can be brought to public notice.

The Crow's Nest does not claim the right to be that exclusive Navy publication, but it does claim that there should be such a journal, for as in everything else in life, it is true here also, that in union there is strength.

By doing what you can for The Crow's Nest now, both in the matter of sending in material and buying the paper, The Crow's Nest, may be able to do for you the things that you will want done in the future.

**DON'T BE A NAZI**

Not long ago at an Eastern Canadian port, a vicious rumor was started. The rumor gained momentum and soon was racing from tongue to tongue throughout the city. Then it spread to the outlying parts of the district and from there to distant parts of the province. Whether it went beyond the province or not, we cannot say, but it is possible that it did.

The rumor involved a number of members of one of the services. It was cruel and hellish and although the story was complete enough in detail to be taken as fact, it was proven to be absolutely without grounds. An official denial was printed but unfortunately rumors travel faster and farther even than the modern, speedy and far-reaching news services of the world. It is unlikely that all who heard the rumor read the denial as published.

Since it has been discovered that similar rumors have been begun in the past about corresponding departments of the other two branches of the armed services, it may be taken for granted that the story was started by saboteurs of public morale. There is little doubt that had the story become more wide-spread than it did it would have seriously hampered recruiting and great damage would have been done.

These lies are cleverly thought up. They are of a type that catch the public interest. They are the type of lies that people like to tell to others. Adolf Hitler and his fluent crony Dr. Goebbels fooled a whole nation with them. Don't be like a Nazi and help to spread them in this country.

**VICTORY AHEAD**

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

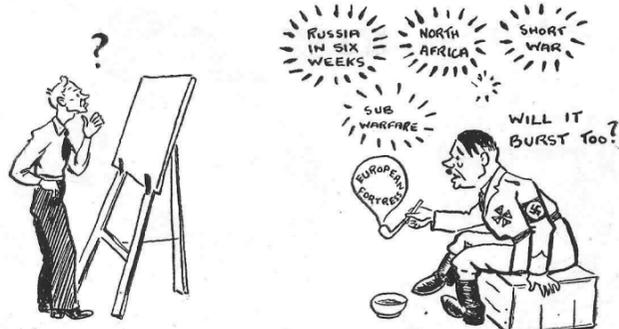
Ever since the first issue of the "Crow's Nest," the management has permitted a member of the editorial staff to use this space for editorial comment which is frankly marked as "religious." From the first editorial, a year ago, we have been constant in pointing out and emphasizing the ultimate issues of this global war. We believe we are fighting for the Right against the wrong. We believe that this is a war, not for the seas, nor for the skies, nor for the land, but for the soul of man.

We have noticed that wherever Hitler and his satellites have, for the moment, become supreme, that the religious liberty of a man has been destroyed. Although we do not consider that every man who fights on the side of the Allies is either good, Christian, or perfect, yet we believe that every man senses that he has become a member of the Great Crusade. We have no hesitation in affirming that, in its fundamentals, this is a holy war, for it is a war for spiritual objectives. There can be no freedom, no justice, no mercy, no peace, if God is left out.

It is not for nothing that the leaders of resurgent China, the first great nation to feel the force of the Eastern aggressor, are Christian. It is not for nothing that General Montgomery, under whose brilliant leadership so great a victory was granted to British North African arms, is a Christian. It is not for nothing that H. M. the King, who, with his Queen, has been so constant in the fulfillment of his exalted office, is a Christian. These leaders, representative of the millions of common men and women who talk like them, and feel like them, are upheld by the hand of Almighty God.

Towards the end of David Lloyd George's "War Memoirs" of 1914-18, there is this striking sentence: "You cannot fight a winning battle with a retreating mind." That must be our watchword for the war months to come. That can be each man and woman's spiritual contribution towards the Victory of Faith.

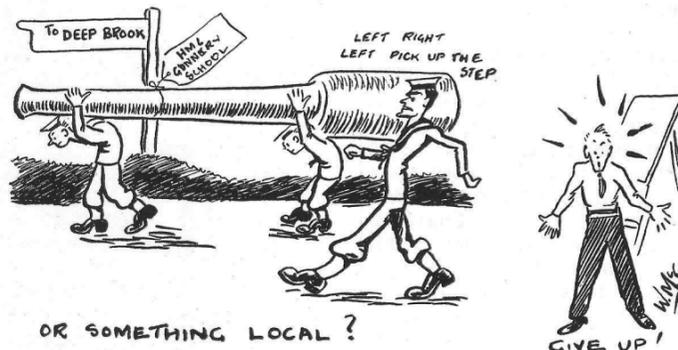
**DILEMMA DRBWN**



THE EDITOR WANTS A GOOD CARTOON THAT'S A PROBLEM! — SHOULD I DO ONE ABOUT HITLER'S SCHEMES BECOMING UNSTUCK?



OR ABOUT THE MEDITERRANEAN? OR THE SUB MENACE?



OR SOMETHING LOCAL?

**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.

**Atta Girl**

Dear Sir:  
Enclosed please find one dollar for on year's subscription to The Crow's Nest. I have been in the Wrens for nine months and have been an interested reader of the paper but lately have found it rather hard to get. I do hope you can start my subscription with the July issue.

I am in charge of the clothing store for the Wrens here in Ottawa. As most of my male relatives served in the last war and in this one in the Royal Navy and the Merchant Marine, and as I am also English and come from the port of Liverpool you can understand why there was never any doubt from the start of the war which service I would join. I can honestly say I have never regretted joining the Wrens and am proud to be doing my bit to help the Navy and to win the war.

With all good wishes to The Crow's Nest for its future success.

Yours sincerely,  
Petty Officer E. Hartland,  
W.R.C.N.S.,  
Ottawa, Ont.

**The Best Way**

Dear Sir:  
Please find enclosed postal note for \$1.00 as a remittance for my new subscription to your paper. I have thoroughly enjoyed all its contents and would not want to miss any issue.

I remain,  
W. J. Lawrence,  
N.P.O. 605,  
Halifax, N. S.

**We Are Grateful**

Dear Sir:  
A very fine friend of our's, whose son went down with H.M.C.S. "Fraser," has seen two or three copies of the Crow's Nest sent me by my brother and has enjoyed them very much indeed and so, I am enclosing herewith one dollar so you may place her on your subscription list.

Yours truly,  
J. V. Bailey,  
313 Syndicate Ave.,  
Fort William, Ont.

The Crow's Nest hopes the lady will continue to enjoy the publication to the fullest extent and will find in it the feeling of pride and gratitude which the Navy holds for her son and for all its lads who have done their duty in this supreme manner.—Ed.

**Good To Hear**

Dear Sir:  
We have had the greatest pleasure all through the winter months reading The Crow's Nest and looking for familiar names and faces. Here's wishing The Crow's Nest and all its staff a second year of success and a Happy Birthday.

Yours sincerely,  
Mrs. E. Sutherland,  
Mother of two Navy Sons.

**Take A Bow, Jenny**

Dear Sir:  
Here's something you may or may not consider an addition to your rather famous "Crow's Nest." I shan't consider it an insult if you don't use it since

Continued on page 12

# PUFFS from the POWDER-ROOM

NEWS OF THE WRENS

## AFTERNOON ON A BEACH

By Jenny Wren

There comes a time in every person's life when the urge to do nothing—just nothing—surpasses that other desire to become an important factor in today's regimented living. Regimented that is, to we girls in the King's Navy. And so, today I gave in to that urge and complete with my book, rug, and sun-glasses, and comfortably attired in slacks (ah! the blessed and highly prized privilege of being able to discard a uniform and climb into slacks) I proceeded to try to find myself a secluded "spot." I wasn't particular where that spot was to be, but quiet and away from the howling mob it must be.

Down the hillside I climbed, onto the beach, clutching frantically at my assortment of comforts, and feeling somewhat as a school-child playing hookey must feel.

### Ah, Peace

How quiet everything seemed! How very peaceful and pleasant. The gossip and complaints—how far away and unimportant they were. How difficult to think of war, and blasting, bursting noise, death and destruction, when if you looked up into that clear, blue, cloudless sky all you could feel within you was peace, and a gradual draining from your body of the daily strain. What did it matter if our lives were not quite as we had hoped they would be? If our work and our effort to work hard seemed trivial and unnecessary to the war effort on the whole? That there was after all very little glamour and a lot of hard, unexciting work to be accomplished? All these thoughts passed in a panorama across my mind, and I realized that if we could always have the privilege of a few secluded moments in which we could be by ourselves if we wanted to, to just lie on our backs and look up into that calm, celestial sky with no fear of death suddenly rushing out and down on us, we were very fortunate.

### Just Wonderin'

I spread my rug, and lay down on it. My mind was a blank, and I let it stay so, for as long as it would. And then, as sometimes happens to all of us, it started to flash back. Back to the beginning of Navy life. To the day I arrived in Galt. Looking back now, it seems many years ago, and looking at the different types of girls that came into the Service on that day, I couldn't help wondering at what their lives consisted of then, and how they contrasted with the present. Were they happy? Had they put into their new Navy life all they had intended to? Had they got out of it all they had hoped to? Had their view points changed as much as their appearances? Had their horizons grown along with the miles they had travelled? Did they, took have their moments of discouragement and futility? Did they, too, take pride in individual small jobs well done in order to complete an impressive pattern as a whole? Could they understand just exactly what we were trying to accomplish, and what exactly our uniforms stood for? Did they too, often feel a little lonely and confused, and sometimes feel the restrictions more than bearable? What was the answer? Would this life, this strange new uniformed existence prove of mental and physical benefit to the majority, or would it breed a resentment and a misunderstanding of rules and regulations? Would we as a group be able to accustom ourselves to *thinking* as a group, and not as individuals? Would we be able to gracefully relinquish our past freedom in

thought as well as in deed with any degree of willingness?

I thought of individuals—the Wren who had had a great personal loss in her life and who to avenge this had come into the Navy to work as hard and as diligently as possible—and was doing so;—of the young, spoiled daughter of a wealthy family, who joined the Navy partly through patriotism, but mostly for glamour, and had found the sledding very tough and quite devoid of glamour, but who persevered and was now a popular and happy Wren. Of the many girls whose brothers, sweethearts and husbands were in the Navy, and therefore they themselves were closely aligned to this Service, and somehow the knowledge that these—and all others—had *wanted* to join the Wrens—had *wanted* sufficiently to give up their past lives to help in their own small ways, made me feel I was a lucky girl to also belong to it.

### My Ship

Turning over on my tummy and letting the sun soak through my back into that spot that causes one to say A-h-h-h, I let my mind continue to wander. This time it was about "Cornwallis" as a place. Comparative pictures sprung up in my mind's eye. Dark, dingy old buildings, poor sanitation, crowded city streets. Disease and dirt on all sides. Very little sunshine, or grass or flowers. And then I thought of the miraculous row on row of clean white and green buildings that go to make up H.M.C.S. "Cornwallis." Of the sparkling, clean water, the rolling hillside, and the long stretches of beach. Of the steady hum of activity from the cranes and tractors that were putting up, almost overnight, new, clean buildings. Of what Cornwallis would look like in another six months. I saw the exciting, soul-stirring sight in my mind of the thousands of young men marching to the slow, easy, attractive Navy march. The sunshine on the instruments of the Band as they marched with them. The proud lift of the heads as they passed the Ensign. The bantering laughter and quips the necessary grumbling and complaints that go to make up a happy Ship; all this and much, much more erased that feeling of wanting to get away from it all, and sent me hurriedly scrambling up the hillside to join once more in the daily routine of being a Wren.

Everybody needs a councillor. We all get fed up, over-fed and under-fed sometimes. The sky and what lies way up beyond it is a very wise means of straightening out snarled minds. I like my odd moments on the beach, and I hope that others will find the solace and understanding here that I have found.

## THE SAILORS' LADIES

By M.F.R.

Sailors are purported to lead a very romantic existence, and from now on it looks as though they will have to supply enough extra mystery and glamour for their girl-friends too. The ladies have remodelled their lives during this war to such a cold, practical basis that we were not surprised to hear the following the other day. "Summer," orated one girl, "no longer means waving trees and silvery moonlight to me. All I can think of when you mention that season, is—no more vitamin pills till September!"

Maybe there is no connection at all, but it is more interesting to believe that Churchill had The Crow's Nest anniversary in mind a little while ago when he said so optimistically that the first flush of victory was upon us now. After all, the Allies have achieved most of their successes during this last year since the Navy paper came into being!

A great deal is written about the tendency of war to toughen men and destroy completely their earlier Emily Post training—but we have our doubts. It comes to us on very good authority that the young Air Force boys upon arriving at their first training camps, all exhibit one habit. When things go wrong during the day, when their marks are low and the world looks very dark, when their fury is great and their wrath on a high order, they simply lose all gentlemanly restraint and explode with, "Oh, my shattered nerves?"

Silly Simile—As inconspicuous as a girl's hand with a new diamond ring on it.

The everyday dinner has now assumed proportions so terrifying, that it is about time some scientist perfected a type of three-meals-in-one pill for us poor frustrated civilians. Eating is now a major manoeuvre with all forces co-operating for a happy conclusion. The kitchen of the future may very well be hung with so many charts, graphs and Government releases that the eater can watch just what quantity of each item he should be consuming at one sitting, if he is patriotic. It is not impossible to imagine a boarding house scene where one gentleman says, "Will you pass the bread, please?" and the other guest replies, "One moment, please, while I consult our hostess Civilians Daily Systematic Guide to Point-Perfect, Graphically-Correct, Government-Approved Consumption of Food-stuffs in Short Supply."

Nice to see the Navy receiving and approving of, increased newspaper and pictorial publicity these days. We *knew* it wouldn't be long before the gentle influence of the Wrens would be felt—you know, men always like more attention when the ladies are around.

One place the Sen or Service does not automatically assume first position in parade is in the line-up before office and other large buildings, waiting for their girl-friends to appear for lunch. Air Force, Army and Navy men all observe the first come, first served rule here for their vantage point—but we suppose the Navy boys would say modestly that even if they weren't first in line technically, they'd be the first ones the girls would

## WREN'S AT KINGS INSPECTED BY THEIR CHIEF



Early in June the Wrens of Halifax were visited by the Director of Women's Services for Canada, Commander Dorothy Isherwood, W.R.N.S. In the above picture Commander Isherwood is seen inspecting a group of Wrens at H.M.C.S. Kings. At her right is S/Lt. Honor Currie, W.R.N.C.S. Unit Officer at "Kings" while behind them is S/Lt. Shiela Florance, W.R.C.N.S., of Winnipeg, who relinquished the office of Unit Officer at "Kings" to take up a new appointment. R.C.N. Photo.

## Gardening In The Navy

By Wren M. L. Pyke

I have been asked to write an article on the vegetable garden we are having aboard H.M.C.S. "Contestoga" the W.R.C.N.S. Training Establishment at Galt, Ont., this summer.

I feel that already enough has been both said and written on the worn out phrase "Victory Gardens," so will not bore you by further repetition—I will merely tell you a few amusing incidents in connection with our garden, and also some words of warning to the over enthusiastic "Victory Gardeners."

As you all know, we had a very late spring, and, so, as soon as I hoped we had seen our last snow storm, I decided to get things under way in the garden.

The first major problem was obtaining a man to plough the garden for us—this was very difficult as farmers are at a premium just now, and far more difficult to obtain than coffee, sugar, etc.

However, after a great deal of phoning around the countryside with no success, I happened to spy, one morning during divisions, a farmer ploughing in a field next to the Establishment. So I kept an eye on him till we were dismissed, then ran over (literally, on the double) to him and approached him on the subject of ploughing the garden for us. He happened to be a young chap and didn't "Reckon he could until he had spoken to his father"—so I told him to let me know as soon as possible.

That evening, as I was stepping out with the Officer of the Day, to lower the ensign, who should appear but my farmer friend with his father. I was terrified they would walk right up while the ensign was in the process of being lowered, but, fortunately, they were too interested in the whole procedure to do this.

The farmer agreed to come and all was settled in that direction, and the ploughing soon got under way. He amused the the

notice, anyway!

Our invention of the month will be a combination crutch and Radar equipment for the Victory Gardener. The first part is self-explanatory to anyone who ever found he limped and did not run to the nearest exit after a day in the backyard, and then Radar should be the very thing to sound out the enemy weeds before they even appear above ground.

Regulating Office a lot as he would phone and leave a message to the effect "Tell Wren Pyke to meet me in the next field this afternoon" or "The manure will be along soon," which seemed a very odd message to be delivered at a Naval Establishment.

Every gardener has his trials and tribulations, and we have been no exception to the rule. One of the worst has been in the sad case of the tomatoes.

They were planted out on a lovely summer day and we all anticipated eagerly when we would be eating lovely, ripe, juicy tomatoes. First, a storm blew up that evening, which proved to be one of the worst we had had in a long time, and either washed out or flattened a large percentage of the unfortunate tomatoes.

Just as they were recovering from the shock of the storm, I had a working party out hoeing weeds and when we came along to the tomatoes, I pointed them out and carefully explained (or so I thought) to be careful. I was called away for a little while, and when I came back I found a whole row of tomatoes had been hoed out by mistake!

However, I still have hopes of tomatoes this summer, and, true to the good old Naval tradition shall "Carry On."

Some girls show distinction in their clothes. Others show distinctly.

# "King's" Officers And Ratings Hear Famous Musical Artists

by G. E. R. S.

Something very special in the way of entertainment was provided by the local committee for the personnel of "King's" on June 20 at their Sunday concert. Preceded by a sparkling programme of songs, comedy, magic and dancing expertly "M.C.'d" by Signalman Jack Terrill (alias "Jacqueline") of "Jacqueline and Mabel!" presented by ratings, the highlight of the evening was the singing of Dr. Ernesto Vinci and Miss Portia White. Such was the artistry of these two singers that the audience remained completely spellbound through encore after encore, graciously given.

Dr. Vinci, a former physician and opera star of Milan, Italy, who came to Canada some five years ago, has earned an outstanding position as one of the Dominion's greatest vocal teachers, crowning his achievement with the tuition of Miss White. During January of this year both Dr. Vinci and Miss White were received at Government House, Ottawa, by His Excellency, the Governor-General and Her Royal Highness, The Princess Alice, where Miss White also sang following her debut in Ottawa, under the sponsorship of the Morning Music Club.

The program ran the musical gamut, from operatic area to Negro Spiritual and the ballad; and with the splendid accompaniment of Mrs. Joy Redden, one of Halifax's most excellent accompanists, gave real enjoyment....

Special guests for the evening were Madame Vinci and Master Timothy Matthews. Master Matthews, the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Vinci for "the duration" is the son of Mrs. Laughton Matthews, Director of the Womens Royal Naval Service, and with Mrs. Vinci was introduced to the audience.

After their performance the artists and guests were enter-

tained in the Wardroom at H.M.C.S. "King's."

"Kings" entertainers have been going to town recently, doing their stuff not only at the Signal School concerts on Sunday evenings but entertaining as well at Rockhead Hospital, St. Andrews, St. Matthews and St. Paul's Church programs. On one evening the officers under training, with S/Lieut. Tommy Benson, formerly with C.B.C. at Winnipeg, as M.C., presented the entire program.

A party of Wrens was entertained at the Dartmouth Army Barracks one evening recently and reports having a grand time.

The members of the R.C.A.F. Women's Division entertained a party of Wrens at an enjoyable "quiz" and social evening. The Wrens were low scorers on the quiz but were royally entertained.

The Canadian Legion Concert Party presented an enjoyable program for the Wrens in their recreation room last month. It is hoped this may establish a precedent in such matters, as it makes a grand "break" or the duty watch.

# Sports At High Peak In Stadacona Barracks

By P.O. Wtr. J. Sangster

The Interpart Softball League is making excellent progress, with 81 teams entered and two games being played off each evening on Admiralty House ball grounds. Top standing in the League is held by M.T.E., with six games played, five won and one lost. Post Office is next with four games won and no losses out of a total of four played. Torpedo School and Plumbers are neck and neck behind the mail boys, each with four wins and one loss out of five played.

### Wrens Active

The Wrens are entering enthusiastically into the field of sport in Halifax and elsewhere. The Wrens' softball team of H.M.C.S. "Stadacona" is in the lead in the Halifax Ladies' Softball Circuit, with a creditable record of five games won and no losses, with five games left to play. Other teams in the Ladies' League are the civilian ladies' team, the R.C.A.F. Women's Division and the C.W.A.C.

### Ladies' Track Meet

On Saturday, July 10, the athletically-inclined residents of the Wrennery will turn out on Admiralty House grounds for a track and field meet. The meet is intended as a prelude to Inter-Service meets of this type, and it is hoped that arrangements will be made for Wrens who show to good advantage on Saturday to represent the Navy when they meet Army and Air Force later in the summer. The system used in this first meet will be to divide the Wrens into divisions by Blocks ("A" Block, "B" Block etc.); the idea is, of course, to foster the competitive spirit

in the athletic field and the system will be carried on into future activities if it continues with its present success. The Stadacona Sports Office personnel are doing their best to stir up interest in sports activities, particularly from the competitive point, but it is essential that the initiative should come from among the ratings themselves.

### Net Game Popular

Officers, Wrens and Ratings alike are turning out en masse, when the weather permits, at the South End Tennis Club. On the few good days that have thus far put in an appearance, there have been turn-outs of from 40 to 50 tennis enthusiasts.

There are several artists of the game frequenting the club already, and there's a fair possibility of some close tournaments this season. For the information of those who missed the original announcement in the June issue of The Crow's Nest, the Navy provides free passes, tennis balls and racquets for ratings and Wrens, and there are three clay courts reserved for them at the club, which is just a few yards south of the corner of Young Avenue and Inglis Street.

"I'm so relieved," reported the girl on the drill press to her companion. "I've just found out that those funny lumps on my arms are muscles."

Two girls were being followed by a lone seaman. Finally one of the gals could stand the suspense no longer. She turned to the seaman and ordered—"Either quit following us or get another sailor."

### FLASH

Hope you didn't miss the Christening the other day!! Galt had a little sun.

# THE SECOND CROP

By Wren Edna Evans

There's a second Crop of Poppies Growing wild on Flanders Field But these blooms are deeper, redder Than any former yield.

For the roots are soaked with life -blood

Of a second group of men, As the cry goes round the world once more,

To Arms. To Arms Again.

There's a second troop of soldiers Now fighting hard and strong To hold aloft the Torch of Faith Their comrades held so long. They fight with dauntless courage These British hearts of oak Our men, as men in days of yore, Still spurn the foreign yoke.

There's another group, the Mothers, Who watch with saddened hearts As the Pride of our Canadian Youth For other lands departs.

But thoughts of Victory cheer them; Hold high our Freedom's Shield. We hope and pray Our Second Group Sleep not on Flanders Field.

# Kings' Kampus Kapers

By G. E. R. S.

Staff Officers of "Kings" have distinguished themselves in the local softball loop, proving the most efficient team on the campus. The Officers-Under-Training have had the distinction of beating the much-vaunted and formerly unbeaten "People's Credit Jewelers" team, rated as tops in the local league. Each division in the ship boasts of having a team, including the "Long Navigation" course members. The Ship's Company team has been doing well for itself, too.

### Want A Fight ?

Anyone having pugilistic tendencies should get in touch with A.B. "Sammy" Jacobs, now serving at "Kings." Hailing from Mo'real, "Sammy" can boast of some smart victories in the ring, including the Maritimes' Lightweight crown. In Montreal he was managed by Lew Wyman and Jack Rodgers and his ring encounters have taken him over considerable territory. He is looking forward to some scheduled bouts in the near future.

Another noted sportsman who has joined the staff of "Kings" recently is P.T.I. Billy Hannon, well known Haligonian who has made a name for himself in many branches of sport, notably, baseball and hockey.

"Kings" Wrens have been handing out a snappy brand of softball as part of the Stadacona-Kings team, with no losses to date. The "Kings" players are: Hinshalwood, Healey, Estell Smythe and G. MacDonald.

# SUH!

From Cornwallis M. T. Gals

Yes suh! no suh! pahdon me suh? Thank you suh, please suh? Yes indeed, suh!

All day, every day, that's what we hear

Echo's—re-echo's until we all fear That when the war is over, and in civvies once again

It'll be darn funny when on Union Street or Main

We come face to face with a former Officer,

And instead of "Suh?" we let out a rather threatening Grrrr

What will he do?? Will he shoot us full of lead?

"The meek shall inherit" it long ago was said.

So God bless the Officers, we love them everyone,

But wait until the peace comes, when every Mother's son

Will once more be as we are—only not entirely so

'Cause we can then tell them—the darlings—where to go!

# --NAVAL NUPTIALS--

### Reyburn—Mackenzie

The wedding was quietly solemnized at Digby, N. S. of Mr. and Mrs. A. Tevis Reyburn on May 29, 1943. The bride was the former Wren Nora Kathleen Hammond MacKenzie, W.R.C.N.S. Editor of Crow's Nest, daughter of Mrs. Norma Hammond, Toronto, Ont. The groom is Project Director of an American Aviation Company and son of Mrs. Florence Kelly Reyburn, New York City. Witnessing the marriage were Unit Officer Johanne Longuedoc (W.R.C.N.S.), P/O Margaret Adams (W.R.C.N.S.) and Wren "Pug" Hunter (W.R.N.C.S.). The groom was attended by Lieut. Andre Lemieux, of H.M.C.S. "Cornwallis," Deep Brook, N. S. The bride and groom spent their honeymoon at Milford House, Annapolis County.

### Murray—Lainsbury

One of "King's" Wrens was married in a pretty ceremony in Hamilton, Ont., May 27 when Dorothy Joan Lainsbury became the bride of Mr. George Ralph Murray, at the home of the groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George R. Murray. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lainsbury of Vancouver, B. C., and was attended by her sister Mrs. William Sutherland, also of Vancouver. The groom was supported by Mr. B. Redding of Hamilton.

Mr. and Mrs. Murray enjoyed a brief honeymoon at Niagara Falls prior to returning to their duties, Mr. Murray in munitions work at Hamilton and Mrs. Murray as an S.B.A. at "King's."

### Metcalf—Perkin

With bride and bridgroom in uniform, a pretty wedding took place in the Malakoff United Church on Thursday, June 3, when Wren Edna Orlena Perkins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Perkins of North Crow, Ont. was united in marriage with A.C. 1 William Thomas Metcalfe, R.C.A.F., of Davidson, Sask., son of the late Mr. Metcalf and Mrs. J. Wismer, Toronto.

The bride, who is stationed at "King's," Halifax, was attended by Miss Mabel Ellis of Sarnia, Ont. and was given in marriage by her father. The groom was supported by Sapper S. Clude-

ray, R.C.E., Toronto. The ceremony was performed by Rev. A. Y. Robertson. The Organist was Mrs. Atholl Caldwell, and Mr. Roy McBride was soloist.

The young couple spent a brief honeymoon in Toronto, later returning to duty at their respective stations.

### Watmore—Anderson

One of the prettiest weddings held in "Kings" Chapel was solemnized recently when Wren Clara Anderson, daughter of P.O. and Mrs. G. Anderson, of Halifax and Toronto, was united in marriage with Signalman George Watmore, of London, Ont. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dean Stanley Walker and was witnessed by many friends of the bride and groom.

The bridesmaid was Wren Joan Mackie, of Vancouver, and the groomsmen were the bride's brother, Stoker George Anderson. A reception was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Moore, 109 London Avenue, Halifax.

### Lemieux—Carter

Gowned in a beautiful ivory satin dress and matching veil, Miss Irene Carter of Halifax, became the bride of Petty Officer Robert Lemieux on July 1, when they were united in marriage at St. Patrick's Church in Halifax. The couple were attended by Miss Doris White and the bride's brother, Mr. Melvyn Carter. They are honeymooning in Ottawa and Montreal.

Petty Officer Lemieux is well known at "Cornwallis" as a painter and also as an artist of no mean ability.

### Redditt—Cole

A quiet wedding was solemnized at St. Joseph's Church, Halifax, on June 7, when Jean Mary, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Johnathan Cole, of Stratford, Ont., was united in marriage with L/Wtr. James M. Redditt, son of Mrs. Redditt of Goderich, Ont., and the late Frederick R. Redditt. The couple was attended by Miss Margaret Harrison, of Halifax, and Able Seaman Joseph P. Trainor, of Winnipeg. Mr. and Mrs. Redditt left for a brief visit at Digby, N. S. They are residing in Halifax.

Leading Writer Redditt is the managing editor of The Crow's Nest.

# Conestoga Sports

By

### Corny Stogy

At last the Weather Man has taken into consideration the fact that there are such sports as softball, tennis, golf and gardening (see S.B.'O's for further information) at the W.R.C.N.S. establishment at Galt, Ont.

The W.R.C.N.S. Softball team has been organized under the leadership of Wren Marsh. Taking drafts and such into consideration, we now have a team that is really making hay. (If you'd seen them pitching hay last week, you'd have known the reason).

Before the team was really in full form we played a scheduled game against the London C.W.A.C.'s. Well, I said we weren't fully organized, so you know the rest. But we'll make it up to the Navy!!

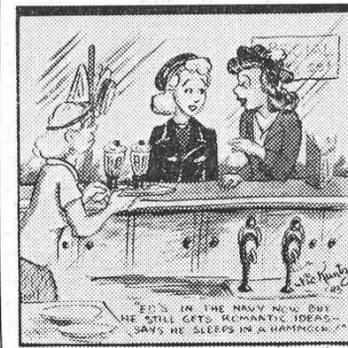
We played the Preston Rivulets (no small stream, I mean team, either). Surprised W.R.C.N.S. of H.M.C.S. Conestoga were victorious with a score of 13-8. Soon afterward the Wrens

whitewashed the C.W.A.C.'s at Kitchener, 13-2.

Bowling has caused much interest between W.R.C.N.S. and teams from Kitchener C.W.A.C.'s. The Kitchener team has been beaten several times by the W.R.C.N.S. and, consequently, haven't come back the last three weeks. Of course, it could have been the weather??

The swimmers are patiently awaiting the opening of the Preston Pool. Here's hoping we aren't grease spots before the gala event. In the meantime, the Y.M.C.A. Pool is being used by all ardent swimmers.

By L.S.A. Vic. Runtz



## Wrens In H. M. C. S. "Stadacona" Proving Worth In Trying Tasks

By Wren Allison Hardy

The Wrens at H.M.C.S. Stadacona may not "hoist the main brace" or "swab the decks" of a sea-going vessel, but at the operational port they have proved in their three-months tenure that they can "go down to the sea" by railway and take a hand in the affairs of the Royal Canadian Navy.

Mustered in their fo'c'sle one evening recently, the hundreds of Wrens heard without too many gasps that their numbers would be almost doubled within as short a space of time as the Galt Training Establishment and the Quarters' Office could arrange. This will mean that the minimum complement of Wrens for this "ship" will soon be aboard.

From the approval of the Wrens' work by officers in the Navy, it is indicated how many more Wren ratings can be sent here to release men for sea and other duties.

### Important Jobs

Sail-making, coding, meteorological work, confidential book correcting, supply, canteen, steward, cook, all types of office work are among the innumerable jobs the girls are doing. Security about many of the Wren jobs and about this port itself has been well maintained by the Stadacona girls of their "Wrennery," blithely so-called.

At Galt, the appeal of the West coast is tremendous but there are few Wrens at this East port who would ever change, once they have felt the tides of the war ebbing and flowing so close by their ship.

As if planned for their special benefit, the draftees usually arrive in the midst of a blackout of the "ship," swing in by the Basin, taking a quick look as

they go, slide into the station, climb into the familiar Liberty Boat of their old ship at Galt, rattle over the cobble-stoned streets and stop by the gate, to march in three lines up the first of many roads until they reach the Wren block and Regulating Office.

### No Longer Jeeps

Through the fatigue of the train trip, the strangeness of this new port and the uncertainty of what lies ahead, the Wren draftees know, with a great deal of satisfaction, that basic training is over and they can "roll up their sleeves" and get down to work.

Grim as some of the conditions in this port, or any wartime port, would be, the Wrens have adapted themselves to their jobs,

their quarters and their leisure time. H.M.C.S. Stadacona, itself, is still growing. Piles of lumber, stone, holes, mud, are aboard for the unwary. The street cars provide "sea time" for the girls by their bouncing roll. The cabins, with newcomers all the time, are almost swelled to capacity and agile Wrens fish out of suitcases for their morning "catch" of clean shirts and collars, as well as the odd snack from home.

Strongly impressed upon the trainees, the value of epaulets and arm stripes is as nothing in this port, since burberries are the order of the day but before long the hands reach up almost automatically to the hat brim, now slightly curled by the weather into fluted shapes.

### Pressing Pastime

The main game of the Wrens is "Iron, iron. Who has an iron?" and so much leisure time goes into this that it is very strenuous. The linen room tries to oblige by keeping open for long hours and formulating certain rules of the game but the winning of a grand slam is as nothing compared to the strategy of really doing up a shirt.

In the remnants of off-hours a number of the Wrens have put on a concert party, playing on four occasions: twice for the Wrens, once for officers and once for ratings. Fortunately, Wren Garrioch, with professional experience as singer, actress and director—the Gracie Fields of the W.R.C.N.S.—is aboard and from results of her first concert production, the monthly appearances should draw hanging-to-the-blackout-curtains audiences, as near-capacity ones greeted the first. "Corny but I never had so much fun since I've been here" is the general comment from the sailor ratings.

### Waltzing Women

Wool suit, black shoes and all, the Wrens trip the light fantastic with the best of them, not only visiting the many dance halls in port but giving the occasional, and very popular, dances themselves at the Torpedo School auditorium.

The month of romance has touched the hearts of the Navy girls and several weddings have taken place, preceded by the usual showers (not apt to be kitchen ones). Trousseau of clean white shirts, collars, closed at the knees and black silk stockings have been tenderly

## TRY GETTING TO FIRST BASE WITH THESE GIRLS



As yet unbeaten in the Halifax Ladies' Softball League, the girls of H.M.C.S. Stadacona's W.R.C.N.S. diamond squad look like strong contenders for the title. The members pictured here are—1st row, l. to r.: Lillian Paxton, Margaret Smythe, Barbara Hughes, Therese Longpre, Eva Tomlinson. 2nd row, l. to r.: May Estelle, Olga Holawaty, Ethel Laing, S/Lt. Angela Gaunthier, Jeannette MacDermid, Jean Ireland, Grace MacDonald. 3rd row, l. to rt. Nan Hinshalwood, Norma Healey, Sto. Don. Harris, assistant coach; L/Sea. Bob Parks, P.T.I., coach; Evelyn Abbot and Daisy Brazier. R.C.N. Photo.

## CHIT-CHAT

By W. T. Blakeley, O/Sea.

For the information of civilian readers a "chit," as referred to in the following article, is a slip of paper issued to ratings giving them permission to draw certain articles, to proceed ashore during working hours, to attend sick bay, or any of a dozen other purposes for which a rating must gain special permission.

There can be little doubt that Canada's seamen in training will encounter nothing so complicated during the rest of their lives as methods of obtaining The Chit. If there are any definite rules concerning The Chit, men with the longest Naval experience feel those rules were buried with Horatio Nelson and have since moulded into illegible dust in the austere dankness of historic Westminster Abbey.

It is not meant to imply that there is no one in the World War II version of His Majesty's Royal Canadian Navy who has been able to use The Chit successfully.

### Clever, Wot?

The most successful use of The Chit to come to the writer's attention during this war occurred 18 months ago, when an Ordinary Seaman got The Chit to go to Sick Bay for an aspirin, and three weeks later emerged from the Naval Stores somewhat wearied by trying experiences, but tightly grasping three hard-won volumes of K.R. & A.I.

Nature, with due kindness, had corrected the ailment for which the aspirin was needed, and the seaman had, like a kite rising against the wind, risen against adversity and enjoyed the prosperity which followed. He now has a Killick acting as press agent, who sells tickets for lectures by this rating on "The Chit and How to Use It."

### Nota Bene

As is only fitting, the writer has had some experience with The Chit. Following is a sample experience, culminating in some degree of success and proving conclusively, that, with the proper amount of foresight The Chit can be obtained. The main thing needed by a rating seeking The Chit, it will be noted, is strength to pursue a good cause eagerly....

My particular need for The Chit occurred during the rush

packed for short leave.

The tramp of marching feet echoes in the June air, as the six divisions of Wrens take up drill again. Later on, it has been planned to hold quizzes on Navy subjects. Both these measures will help the draftees who come from Galt after their short period of basic training, over icebergs of Naval problems and around the shoals of lack of Naval knowledge.

The Stadacona Wrennery now has Lieutenant Robson at the helm, while the former unit officer, Sub-Lieutenant Shaughnessy, has sailed to Galt.

of hands to P.T. at 0615 when I was inadvertently kicked, pushed, and trampled into submission. As I lay on the floor, I was vaguely conscious of a great studded boot crashing into my ribs. I opened my eyes and looked up into the rage-contorted face of a mammoth P.T.I. His lips, I noted, moved with incredible swiftness. I was able to discern certain words. I'm sure I heard the word "clown" quite distinctly. And there was something about "being there by now!"

### Still Breathing

Pulling myself to my feet, I muttered something about having broken an arm and a leg in my fall. At this juncture, the P.T.I., showed unmistakable signs of kindness for a P.T.I., examining me hastily. However, four or five fountains of blood spurting with each beat of my heart, seemed insufficient evidence of my need for The Chit and immediate dispatch to Sick Bay. Between 0615 and 0645 that morning, I doubled through 23 miles of brush and bog with my division, being only ten paces astern of the last man as the division hung up a new record for the distance. I sustained myself through this ordeal by thinking of such soothing things as a fire at sea at midnight.

Next followed a regrettable weakness of character. After

Continued on page 12

# Curvettes

by PARRISH



"Gotta go and start drowning now, dearie. That gorgeous big sailor has just gone down to the beach..,"

# Eight Hundred Acre Ship

One Of Most Modern, Complete and Efficient Training Establishments In The World, H.M.C.S. "Cornwallis", New Royal Canadian Naval Base Nears Completion. Newspapermen Guests Of Ship During Two-Day Press Conference. More Than Five Thousand Ratings Already Aboard.

Back in the early 1700's the people of the Annapolis Basin district in Nova Scotia set their jaws and clenched their fists as great ships of war sailed in on the calm waters of the Basin and British sailors landed and strode the streets of the communities thereabouts.

And now, in 1943, the Navy has returned to Annapolis Basin. This time it has been welcomed by the inhabitants and more genuine hospitality and cooperation could not be found anywhere than that extended to the members of the Royal Canadian Navy. The more than 5,000 Navy men there today are, for the most part, members of the ship's company of H.M.C.S. "Cornwallis," the giant training ship that has been established near Deep Brook, Nova Scotia, on a strip of shore land in the heart of this beautiful province.

## \$12,000,000 Camp

While the \$12,000,000 "camp" has been under construction for more than a year now, and much has yet to be done before it will be completed, it was only recently that it was decided to tell the story to the public. And so, on June 22 and 23 an official party of newspapermen, representing well known publications, news and film syndicates in Canada, was invited to the establishment to be taken on a conducted tour of the grounds and buildings and to take pictures, where censorship allowed, of the thousands of things that might be of special interest to readers.

The site of the camp is near that of the oldest settlement of white people in North America (excepting Mexico), for it was at Annapolis Royal that De Monts started a settlement in 1603. The old French fort, Forte Anne, is now used as a museum. Near here, too, is Cape Blomidon, mentioned in Longfellow's "Evangeline."

## Welcomed By Captain

Upon the arrival of the party of newspapermen they were taken to the conference room in the administration building and were there officially welcomed by Captain J. C. I. Edwards, Commanding Officer of H.M.C.S. "Cornwallis." Captain Edwards gave the pressmen certain facts regarding the purpose of the establishment, stating that it was begun with the idea of increasing the speed with which officers and ratings might be efficiently trained for duty ashore and afloat.

On the bus tour during the first afternoon of the conference the guests had their eyes opened to many things that were not known to them and there were a few things that would probably be news to the men right within the establishment. For instance, did you sailors know that the coal dump at Cornwallis will store 20,000 tons of coal; that the gun battery is reputed to be the longest in the world; that 6,000 men can stand on the five-acre parade ground?

## Bus Tour

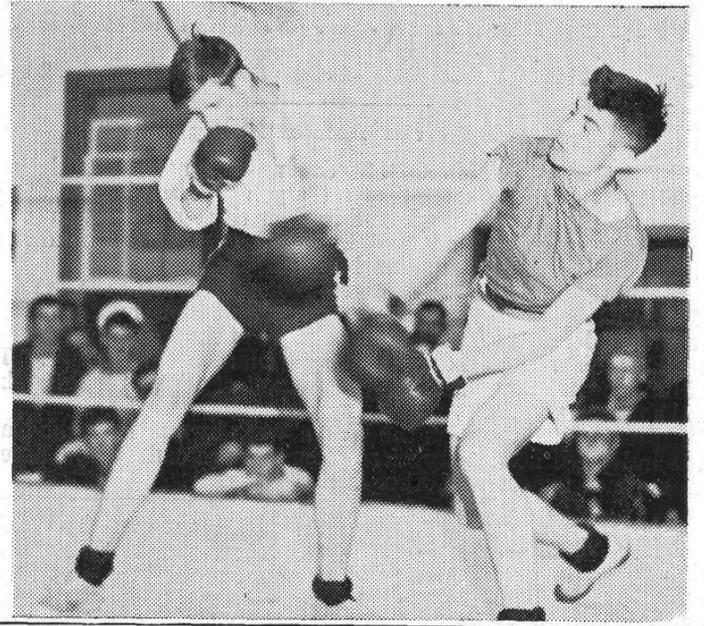
The pressmen were taken up to watch ratings firing at the rifle range and following this

they drove around the entire establishment, stopping at various buildings such as galleys, mess halls, living quarters, the hospital, the post office and the bank, central stores, provision stores and the bakery. They were taken to the top of H.M.C. Gunnery School and from there viewed Evening Quarters. In

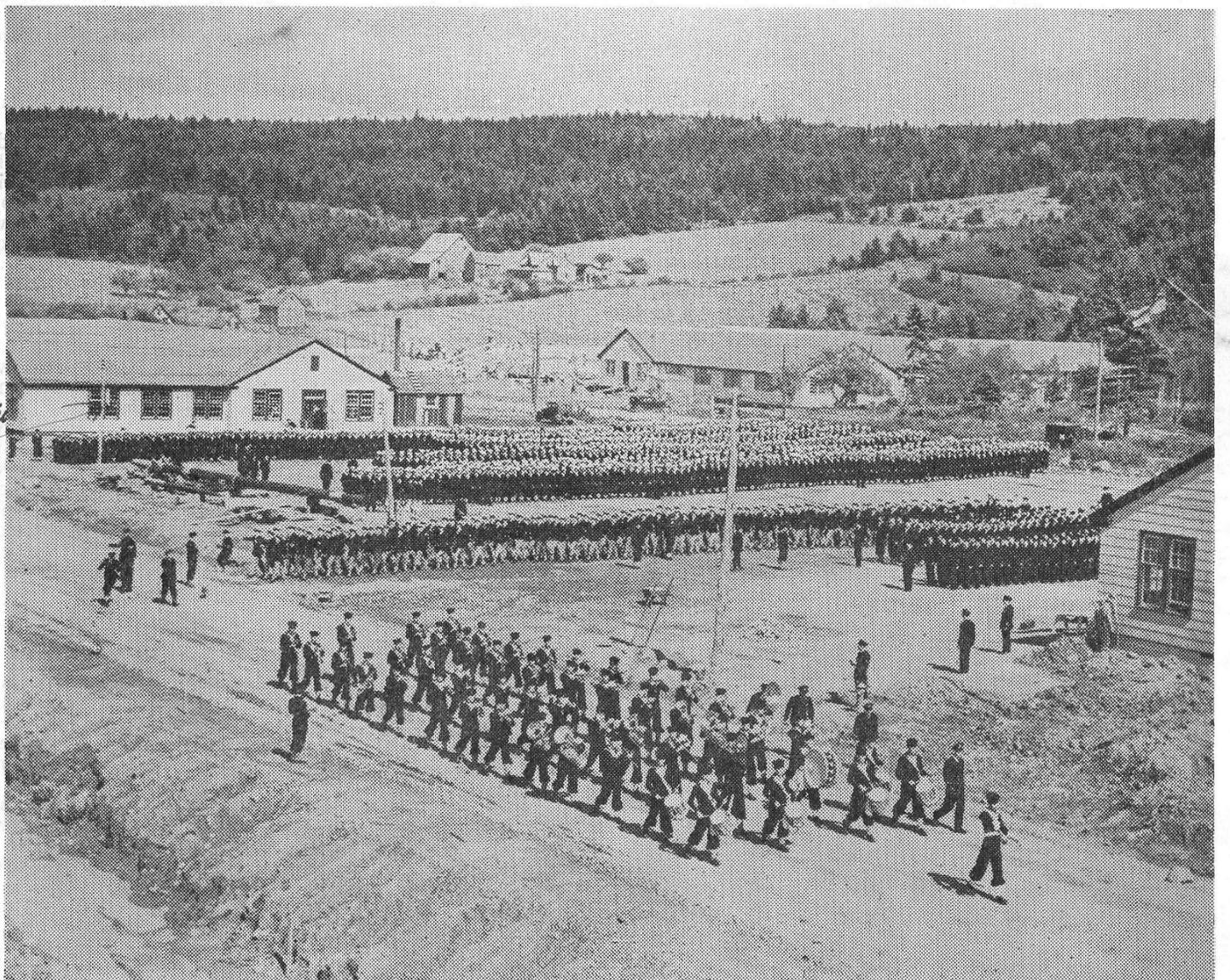
the evening they saw a boat race and a display of games and exercises by the P. and R. T. staff. During the tour the men were kept well informed of proceedings by Lt.-Cdr. George Lawrence, Press Liaison Officer and R. Lieut. Dunn, former newspaperman and member of Corn-

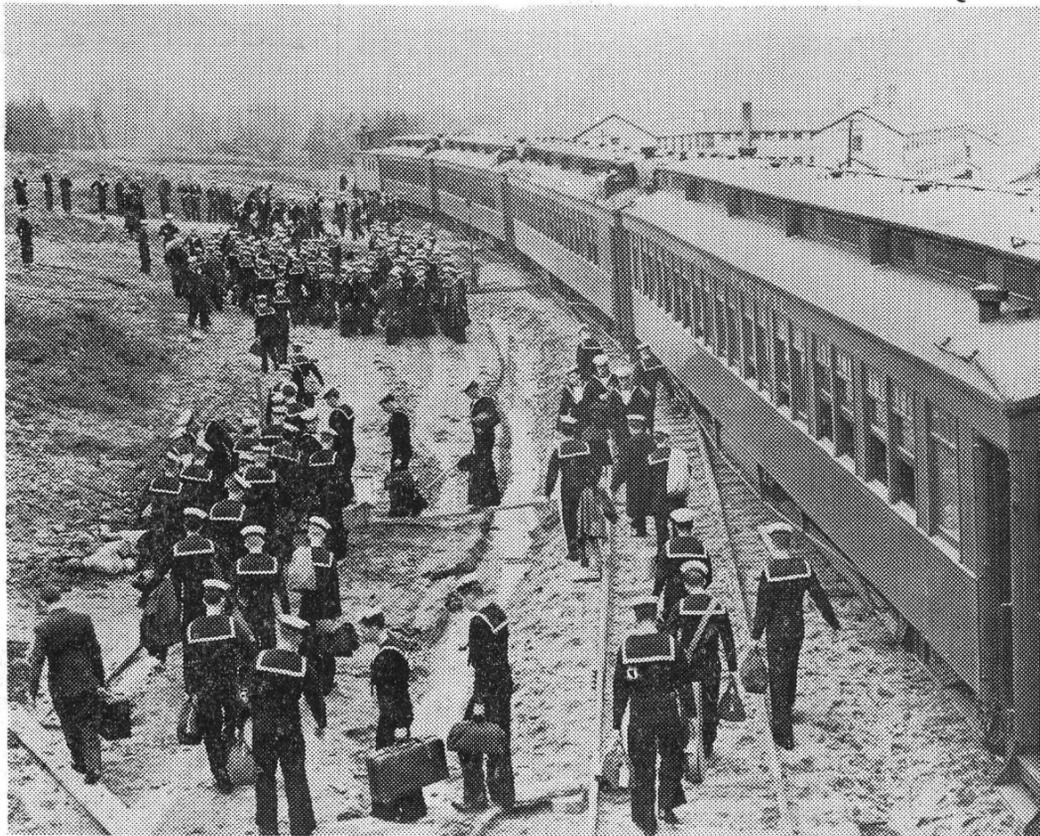
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## SCENES AT THE NEW CORNWALLIS

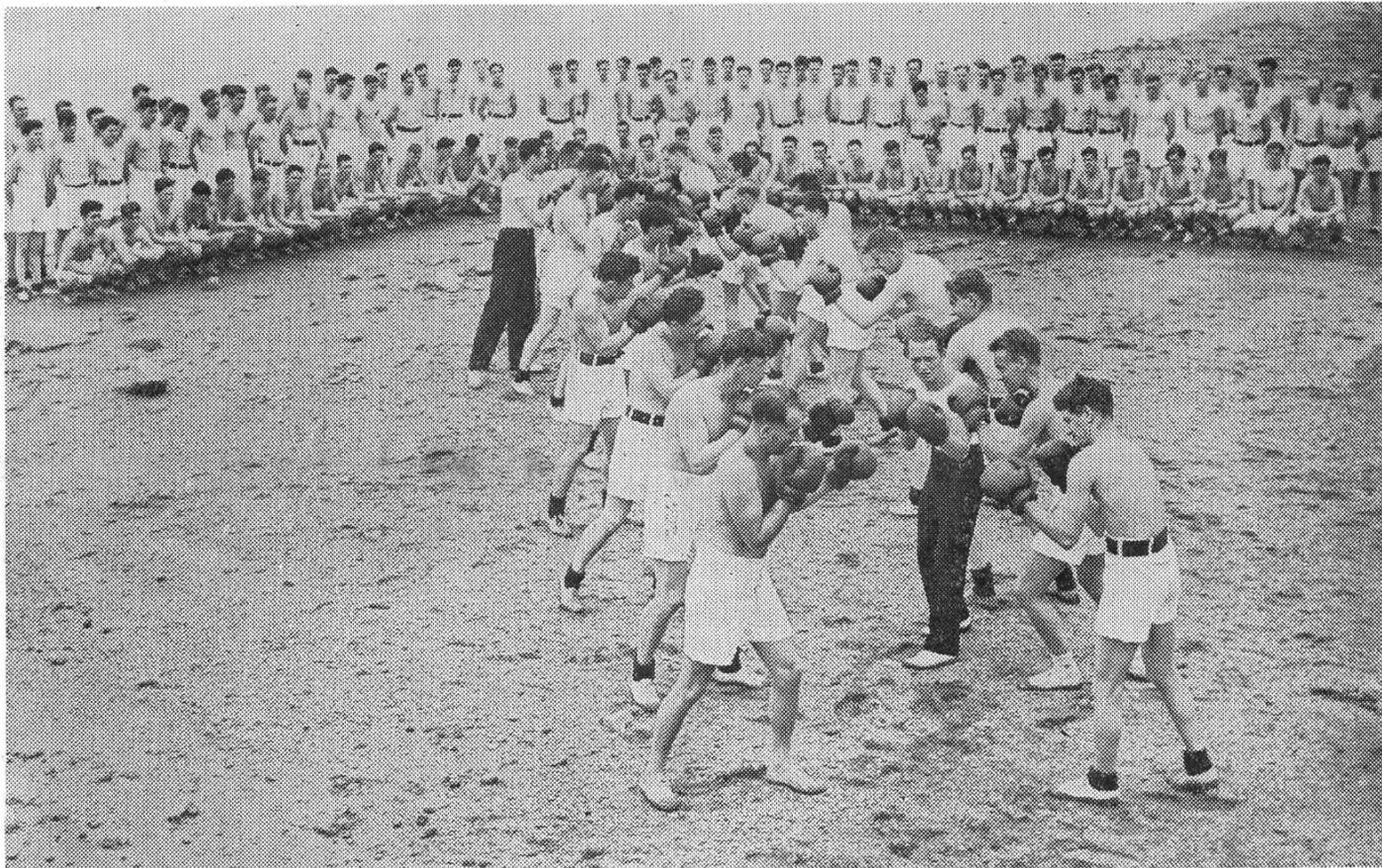


On these pages are depicted various phases of life aboard H.M.C.S. "Cornwallis," the great new training base of the Royal Canadian Navy, situated near Digby, N. S., on the shore of the Annapolis Basin. At top right two ratings slug it out during one of the New Entries' boxing shows held in the ship. While fun and exercise are features of the establishment religion is not neglected by the Navy and centre right picture shows Captain J. C. I. Edwards, R.C.N., reading the Scripture to the Ship's Company at morning Divisions. At his right is Commander G. McClintock, R.C.N., Executive Officer of the ship and behind him stands Rev. William Hills, chaplain, R.C.N. In the background are a number of Navy Nursing Sisters and at the extreme right is Master-At-Arms George Little, R.C.N. The lower picture shows the men marching off following Evening Quarters, one of the most impressive of regular Navy ceremonies. Led by the band the almost 5,000 marching men make a colorful display. R.C.N. Photos.

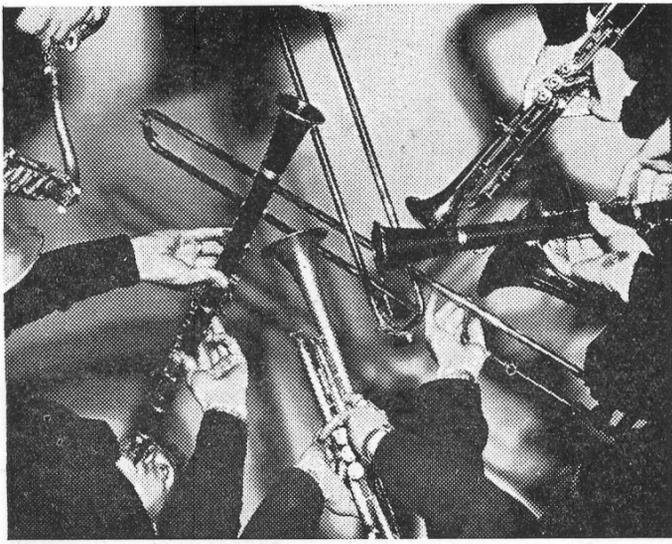




Famous for the training given its young sailors, H.M.C.S. "Cornwallis" is also becoming well known for its young ladies—the members of the W.R.C.N.S. Early last month Wren Susan MacKay of Saint John, N. B., was chosen as Queen of the Apple Blossom festival at Kentville. She is shown at top left with her fellow motor transport driver, Peggy "Pug" Hunter, of Toronto, who was her lady-in-waiting. Top right shows a draft of New Entries arriving at "Cornwallis." Second picture at the right shows a large group of ratings being taught the rudiments of the manly art, by members of the skilled P. and R. T. staff. At lower left Mr. David Gibson, Bo's'n of "Cornwallis" directs members of the manual division in the piling and checking of hammocks belonging to the men of the new draft. Mail is one of the important things in the life of every member of the Navy and it is mighty important at "Cornwallis" where there are large numbers of men who have only recently left their home areas. The picture at lower right shows two men unloading some of the mail bags that carry thousands upon thousands of letters to the barracks every week. R.C.N. Photo.



## SYMPHONY IN SWING



This may look like a shoe's-eye view of the start of a jam session but don't be fooled. "Cornwallis" band has begun to develop something new in music and hopes to present a concert for the lads in the near future. The new music is "Symphony in Swing" and you jitterbugs may hear Rachmaninoff's Prelude—but you'll love it the way these lads play it. R.C.N. Photo.

## CORN and CLASSICS

By Mr. R. W. McGall, Bandmaster

"Mamma, buy me a drum."

You probably said that when you were a kid. And more than likely you stood on a corner watching a parade go by, and your backbone tingled when you saw the drummers. It was the same all through school, and when you reached high school you found yourself rather envious of the drummer in the dance band. Even though you're fifty you still feel your step lighten when you hear the beat of a drum, and if dinner is late you'll drum on the table even if you're ninety. Drums fascinate people from the heart of the jungles to New York's swankiest nite club. Drums move them; their hands and their feet and their emotions. But it isn't the sound of the drums; it's the rhythm. It's the rhythm that gives life to the drums, and the rhythm that helps to make life for those who hear them.

## Rhythm For All

Everyone is naturally sympathetic to rhythm. If it's the rhythm of marching men, you want to march. If it's a dance rhythm you'll want to dance. There are rhythms to match most human moods, and we adopt the rhythm of our mood quite easily. Just as easily we can adopt the mood of any rhythm that we may hear.

Some rhythms fill us with courage and patriotism. Others make us happy or sad, vigorous or lazy. There is a need for rhythm in almost everything we do and without it, life would become unbearable. That is why drums fascinate us—drums and the rhythms they make.

In all types of bands and orchestras the drummer's job is to produce rhythm. He must do it smoothly, flawlessly, for the success of the rendition depends upon it. He is also called upon for a multitude of effects, including the use of cymbals, tom-toms, bells, tympani, triangles and chimes. The weight and might of the ensemble are largely dependent on the drum section, and the tempo is at their mercy. To be a good drummer is an accomplishment often greatly underrated.

## Booming Business

A band on the march usually carries four to ten drummers, depending upon the size. The most important man here is the bass drummer, upon whom the responsibility of the pace rests



NAVY DRUMMER BOY

completely. It is his job to set the desired pace, and, even more important, to maintain it. His job looks easy, but it is one of the most difficult in the band. The side drummers on the march are responsible for the highly important rhythm, and their job is tough, too.

Playing a concert, the average band uses four drummers; bass, two snares, and a utility man playing tympani. Here too, the rhythm is the thing, but is only a part of the work of the drum section.

## Trap-Happy

Little need be said about the drummer in a dance band. He is literally the engine that makes the thing go. Upon him depends the success of every dance, be it a debutante ball or a waterfront shindig. Many people think that drummers are not musicians, but they are sadly mistaken. Mistaken too, are the unhappy few who think that dance drummers are slightly demented. The actions of some drummers, which lead to this conclusion are a bit unusual, but if analyzed they are found to be no more than expressions of sheer joy in the rhythm which they are producing. Of course there is a good commercial angle here, as most people are crazy enough to pay good money to watch the antics of a man they believe is crazy. But it is usually true that good dance drummers know a lot more about enjoying life than do their more sophisticated critics.

## Good Supply

The Band of Cornwallis is well supplied with good drummers. The Bass drum for both

## Boom-Erang

By j. a. b.

As usual, j.a.b. makes you wait until the last line of the story before ending the suspense of the sea-mystery. Another true yarn spun in the breezy jargon of the sea.

Entries in the log read:

Wind, East, force 2  
Barometer, 20.08 rising  
Sea and Swell, 2  
Visibility, 8

Which might strike one as being a very cryptic way of describing a beautiful spring night in the Western Atlantic. Moonlight made a broad path along the low swell lighting the way for the perfectly formed convoy—Southbound.

The destroyer holding station ahead jauntily zig-zagged across the path of the moon. No fog, no storm—none of the everyday trials of convoy escort work, which can be so irksome regardless of the presence of U-boats.

The Officer of the Watch was enjoying the peace and quiet and the really good weather which was a decided change from a week of cold and fog.

## Heads Up!

He slowly paced the bridge when he was suddenly startled out of any semblance of relaxation by the sound of a gun and the whirr of the shot overhead. He heard the splash distinctly as the shell struck the water off the starboard side of the ship. Jumping to the speaking tube he called the Captain who was snatching a couple of hours sleep below.

When the Captain arrived on the bridge they discussed the mysterious shell—it had apparently arrived out of nowhere. Nothing else happened.

"Contact the leading Merchant Ships," decided the Captain, "Find out if any of them saw the gun flash."

This was done but no one had seen a thing. No explanation was forthcoming. All was once again peaceful and quiet and bright moonlight. The spirit of complacency had fled the ship—lookouts overworked their binoculars and every man on deck anxiously watched for further developments.

There were none.

Came the dawn and a signal from a Merchant ship, "Request medical advice. Seaman struck on the head Gun recoil."

concerts and parades is handled by Horace Moore, a Toronto lad, and one of the best in the business. Bob Stevenson and Mickey Shannon do excellent work and triple duties, being principal concert drummers, dance drummers and reliable men on the street. Assisting with the concert work and doing an admirable job on parades are Mercer MacTaggart, Don Lineker, Alf Goldberg, Eric Trowell, Norm Bastin, George Giles, Stu McFarlane and Pete Peterson.

The most noticed man in all the band is without a doubt the drum major. That's the tall and agile lad who leads the parade and twirls the mace. He is Al Campbell, an Edmonton lad, and it was in that city that he acquired his unusual skill. How he manages to keep from dropping it is a secret known only to Al, and for further information I refer you to him. The important part of his job is directing the movements of the band when it is playing on parade. He is responsible for starts, halts, wheels and counter-marches. As well as being an able drum major, Al plays alto horn in the concert band.

Next month we'll meet the unsung heroes of the band, the horns and the basses.

## Mooring 'mongst the Stars

By William H. Mooring

(Exclusive to "The Crow's Nest")

Hollywood, July 1—One thing you all have in common with the Hollywood film stars of your own age brackets. You wonder, as they do, what the chances will be like when the war is over and the order of the day is "back to the old job." To Bill Smith, who used to be a decent boot repairer, it will not matter much if the war has added a few wrinkles (as it very likely has!) Joe Jones can go back to his job at the bank with bags under his eyes as big as those he keeps in the safe and the boss will not say to him, "well, I don't know, Joe, you see you haven't kept that old glamour." The film heroes have just that extra hazard to face and speaking of "extra" hazards is like double talk, in Hollywood, because some who were either big stars, or about to become big stars, will find no kind of work waiting for them in movies, except as extras.

## Lovely Help

I was talking to Alan Ladd the other day. Corporal Alan Ladd, who after waiting several years for a chance in motion pictures, met a girl who used to be a big star, named Sue Carol. Sue is now an actor's agent. "I'll show you the ropes," she said, "that's what's the matter with you. You don't go the right way about it." So she became his agent, landed him a goodish part in the RKO picture, "Joan of Paris" and straight away Paramount signed him up to a long term contract. They made him darken his fair hair because he'd got to play a sort of villain (and all naughty boys are dark, they say. That's why the ladies are supposed to prefer us tall, dark and/or handsome). They starred Alan Ladd in "This Gun for Hire" with Veronica Lake, the only one-eyed glamour girl in Hollywood. This week came news from England that Alan's performance in "This Gun for Hire" had won him Britain's Annual Gold Medal, given to the best actor of the year, on a vote in which millions of movie fans join through the British film magazine "Picturegoer."

## Brilliant Start

It is the first time any young star has ever won it with his first important picture. Previous winners have included such well established stars as Ronald Colman, Clark Gable, Charles Boyer, Gary Cooper, Robert Donat, Laurence Olivier and Clive Brook. "It sure puts me in swell company" said Alan, "and I hope when I get out of the army (he is presently making army training films, in a Hollywood studio taken over by the United States Government and he gets eighty-five dollars a month instead of six thousand a month, which was his Paramount salary when he joined up!)... "I hope when I get out of the army, Hollywood will remember what the British fans say and give me a chance to take up where I left off." It seems likely they will because Alan had proved himself especially in his latest hit, "China." But what about all the young Hollywood fellows who were just on the verge of big things? Will they get another chance? Many of them fear not. Well, as Alan Ladd said, "if I don't get back, the Mrs. is still an agent... she'll keep on working." Sue Carol, you see, became Mrs. Alan Ladd just over a year ago. As to Bill Smith and Joe Jones... well...if they haven't got a second string breadwinner back home, maybe they'd better start looking!

## Two Awards

Greer Garson, long a very fine friend of mine, got the best actress award, for "Mrs. Miniver," so for once the British fans agree with Hollywood folks who gave her the Academy Oscar, for the same great performance. Greer now has won the Gold Medal two years straight off.

Last year she got it for "Blossoms in the Dust." She is just finishing "Madam Curie," the X-ray story (and no cracks about will everybody be able to see through it, before it even begins!) in which Walter Pidgeon, Canada's greatest gift to Hollywood, is again her co-star. Pidgeon is one of the most natural fellows I've ever met among the actors. There always seems "a bit of the actor" about most of them: perhaps that is to be expected, but Walter Pidgeon is just the sort of fellow you like to run into over a pint of beer.

With an hour to spare, he has a great flair for interesting conversation. And, they do say, that "the way he has with the ladies" is not entirely reserved for his screen work either. He's certainly popular. Who can blame him?

I reckon he ought to get a Gold Medal and an Oscar within the next year and I give him, as a strong tip for some such honor within a year or two, at most.

## Intelligent!

My pal John Loder, who recently married Hedy Lamarr, was in the British Intelligence service during the last war. He's a linguist but who'd need to know more than one language to talk to Hedy?

Because Deanna Durbin's picture "100 Men and a Girl" was so successful, Universal are now going to make a film called, "100 Girls and a Man." Sounds even better eh?

Charlie Chaplain is "readying" as his next film, the story of Landru the Bluebeard of France who when he found himself in a tight corner, with too many ladies, cut off the heads of all but the one he wanted. Now Charles is likely to drop the subject for awhile. His title, bought from Orson Welles, was to have been "Lady Killer," but there's already been a film by that name. So he hasn't even got the title left, although it cost him 10,000 dollars!

While most of the Hollywood boys are packing the greasepaint ready to enlist, 20th Century-Fox boss, Colonel Darryl Zanuck, returns from the U.S. Army, to his desk. He's on the inactive list so now he can get busy!

Sabu, the Indian boy of "Elephant Boy" fame, joined the U.S. army, which sends India's reply to Japan, clear around the world.



# 'Avalon' Cage Team Is Winner Of Fifth Title For Naval Base

By "Griff" Jones

Climaxing its most successful season, the R.C.N. basketball team, present Newfoundland senior basketball champions, journeyed to Argentina for an exhibition game with the previously unbeaten 3rd Infantry team. The game was a thriller from start to finish with the Navy nosing out the Americans 67-66. According to the spectators, this game produced some of the finest basketball they had witnessed in a long time.

## Slow Starting

The Navy were slow to start and it was not until the third quarter that they started to play their regular fast passing and breaking game.

Sorry, fellows, we forgot to tell you that we were the winners of the Newfoundland Senior Basketball League. Of course you all knew that we would do it again. Yes, this is the second year that the R.C.N. seniors have lifted the championship.

The league in which we competed consisted of six teams, St. Bon's Seniors, St. Bon's Intermediates, Canadian Army, two teams from the R.C.A.F. and the R.C.N. The Navy defeated the St. Bon's Seniors in the finals, a two out of three game series, in two straight wins. This win by the team gave H.M.C.S. "Avalon" its fifth Newfoundland championship in as many starts—two basketball, baseball, softball and hockey. Not bad—wot?

## Who's Who

Now to give you a little of the personal side of the Navy team. One of the most outstanding players on the team is the Captain, Russell "Andy" Anderson of New Westminster, B. C. Although Andy does not usually lead the scorers his dazzling passes and set-up plays make him one of the most valuable team members. Working with Andy on the forward line are the Schroder brothers, Ernie and Dick, from Montreal. Both are comparatively small in stature but their speed and aggressiveness make them continual scoring threats. The two first string guards, Bert Borton of Vancouver and Art Ballantine of Toronto have proven their worth both as guards and scorers. Art, who was the "bad boy" of last years' team, mended his ways this year and played a much more valuable game, always being well up in the scoring column. Bert, probably the most natural player, has been a tower of strength both offensively and defensively. Jumping alternatively at centre we had Al Seed of Victoria, a midget of 6' 5", and Carl Fitzpatrick, 6' 1", of Windsor, Ont. Al and "Fitz" played a fine game all season and used their height to great advantage on the "bucket" play and in taking rebounds off our own backboard. Cecil Bayefsky, of Toronto, one of last year's regulars, although one of the shortest and lightest players on the team made up for his size by his speed and ability to check his opponents. Doug. Skelly, another Toronto boy, though not a high scorer proved to be a good solid guard. Doug., incidentally, was the only Seaman on the team. Next, Ron Thorne, Windsor, Ont., one of the most versatile athletes in the base. Although this is Ron's first year in basketball he has been able to hold his own with the best of them. A newcomer to the team is Art Godkin of Charlottetown, P. E. I. He only played in a few games at the end of the season but showed everyone that he really knew his basketball. Al Hurley, who played bigtime basketball in his home-town, Windsor, was forced out of the competition early in the season by an old leg injury. Two other players who were lost midway through the season were Joe Bell, Sarnia, and Tommie Brazier, Windsor, both draft-

ed to one of H.M.C. ships, the team certainly missed their services as they were outstanding players blending in well with the style of play used. The coach? Oh yes! Well, it happens to be yours truly, Griff Jones of Victoria, B. C., home of the famous basketball team, the Victoria Dominoes.

## U.S. Navy And Army Boxers Nose Out R.C.N. In Matches

By Ollie Ollson

Hi fellows, here we are in the squared circle again as the month of July finds the Old Rock still shaking with the thud of leather and shuffling feet as the R.C.N. comes up against the U.S.N. and the U.S. Army. Although our boys threw plenty of leather they came out second best as the crew of a U.S.S. Cruiser sailed in with both fists flying. However we managed to throw up a barrage that all but stopped them in their tracks. The star spangled boys came through with five wins and the blue and white with four. The judging was rather close on the first three bouts and the U. S. gobs did not seem to agree, but as we all know that's what judges are for.

The next card took place five nights later with the U. S. Army and again the Navy pugilists came out on the short end of the score. This time with a greater margin as they lost five of the eight bouts. In most of the bouts the boys in blue showed that they really had what it

## Avalon Sports Shorts

by "Sully"

Hello to sailors everywhere, and again we say, "Greetings from "Newfy." We are back again with the sporting news we promised you, and believe us, we've got some too!!

Many of you have probably seen a certain French Canadian P.T.I. by the name of Adrien Bourque, in action, and we just want to let you know that he is now a member of our staff, here in Avalon. When it comes to apparatus work he is tops, and is a welcome addition to our versatile staff.

Soccer, as always, in this port, is outstanding and looks like it will stay that way. Nearly all English ships arrange for soccer games immediately upon reaching port, and progress from this to games with the Canadian navy and the local militia. Our own senior soccer team shows great promise.

We have two leagues at present participating in softball. A new system is being used this year in regards to schedules. We have an inside league, in which teams from barracks take part, and we have an outside league in which all Naval establishments outside of barracks are engaged. The knockout series is just ending and the actual league play is about to begin. From these branch teams, our senior soft ball team is chosen and we are quite positive of a first rate team.

Baseball practices commenced lately, and we were quite pleasantly surprised at the enthusiastic turn-out. We have a number of good men in this base and we'll need them too. As you probably know we hold the Baseball championship for these parts.

A body-building and conditioning class is held twice a week

takes, but were a little slow in using it. The only trouble with this card was the fact that they used U. S. intercollegiate boxing rules and it slowed the actual fighting considerably.

We were treated tops at both of these U. S. bases. The American boys were all clean fighters and we are ready for a return card at any time.

in R.C.N.B. Gymnasium, under the capable instruction of L/Sea. Andre Charles. He is a splendid physical example for the pupils, and really knows his business. Many ratings and officers alike are benefitting from this class and the whole show is a wonderful success.

Our Acting P.T.I. "Ollson" (Ollie for short), has his track and field team on the move and although it's early in this country, for this kind of sport we want our men ready for the meets. Track and field is more like a delayed action bomb around here. One day it isn't and the next day—thar she blows!! Ollson is quite a man on the track himself, and we are all looking forward to a successful season.

For the last few weeks an instructional swimming class has been in progress at the Caribou Hut, and again we are fortunate as far as instructors are concerned. Many of you will remember L/Sea. Stan Burton as a very capable swimmer, and instructor. It is surprising, the number of naval ratings who want, and need good instruction.

Our bowling league just came to a grand finish, with the Regulating Office as the winner. In the last games, Reg. Office was trailing, but with a supreme effort, did some wonderful bowling and passed their opponents to take the championship and the \$25.00 prize. All the teams were good this year, and some keen competition was on display.

A new note enters our sporting news this month. The local regatta committee has gone into action, and has invited the Navy to enter a boat pulling team. This is not a whaler race but a competition between proper racing shells.

Now we come to the biggest item in our news report. Ship's organization. The need for recreation for ship's companies has long been recognized but last month's totals proved beyond a shadow of a doubt, that this work comes second to none. No less than 3,500 men were provided for in the line of physical recreation. These men all come from ships which use this port as a base and their enthusiasm for our program is in evidence 100 per cent. We arrange for

Continued from page 12

## Super Variety Concert Ends Series At Avalon

By Newfie John

We had another great Variety Show up here in Avalon last month, featuring a top line gym display plus wrestling and boxing, sponsored by Sports Officer McCormick who was Master of Ceremonies, ably assisted by his very capable crew. At least 1500 persons, 90 per cent of whom were service personnel, saw the show which was put on in the spacious R.C.N.B. Gym by permission of Cdr. Davis, R.C.N., Commanding Officer H.M.C.S. "Avalon." It was, as always, a well presented show with little or no time between each event.

The smart team of Bourque, Little, Burton, Murphy, Charles, Summerfield and Harris were outstanding and were featured throughout the entire show. They took part in box-horse, club swinging, hand-balancing, tumbling, parallel bar, pyramids and as clowns. Perhaps the features that took the spotlight were the acts in hand-balancing put on by Murphy and Bourque. Certainly nothing like it was ever seen before at this base and the crowd responded with volumes of applause.

Lt-Cdr. Kypper gave an excellent display of epee fencing with P.O. Spencer, Sig. Doucette and A. B. Beer. In addition he gave a fine commentary to assist the audience in understanding this sport better.

Flaming club swinging, a repeat by popular request was loudly applauded as was the tumbling and parallel bar. The bar work was especially good as some splendid pyramids were unfolded in rapid succession.

Two fine bouts of exhibition boxing were seen as Charbonneau, 160 and Sandulla, 160 squared off as did Kinshen and Clough, 135. Both bouts were of a high calibre, producing some good boxing. In addition Myatt and Benstead at 165 gave the followers of the grunt and groan a thrill as they fought a hard 15 minutes with Myatt finally pinning Benstead as the minute hand moved to zero.

That was just about the show but it would hardly be fair not to mention clowns Summerfield and Harris. Both were good and kept the crowd in excellent humour. Summerfield in addition pulled a Larry Adler as he entertained the crowd with his mouth organ. Of course the R.C.N. band was in evidence and W.O. Ronnie Holroyd had his boys in rare form, particularly with his rendition of "Deep In The Heart of Texas."

Lt. McCormick says this will probably wind up the season for indoor shows. However, there is little doubt that all of the eight presented were unqualified successes. The attendance and interest was extremely high and great credit must be given to this department for its efforts.

## A WARNING

Ottawa, July 2 (CP)—Sailor, beware—don't give away duty-free cigarets ashore in Canada, or else.....

Published in Canadian war orders and regulations is "Naval Order 2840 cigarets—illegal disposal," over the signature of Capt. R. A. Pennington, Secretary of the Naval Board.

Capt. Pennington issues this instruction: "The practice of giving away duty-free cigarets ashore in Canada is to cease forthwith and appropriate action will be considered in any cases of infraction of this order."

## AVALON'S CHAMPION BASKETBALL TEAM



7 Pictured above is the crack R.C.N. Senior Basketball team of H.M.C.S. "Avalon." They not only won the St. John's City Championship but in an unofficial sudden death for the Nfld. title took on and downed a previously undefeated U. S. Army team, winning in a thrilling last minute rally 67-66! Front row r. to l.: G. Jones (coach), Victoria; R. Anderson; New Westminster; R. Schroeder, Montreal; R. Thorne, Windsor; E. Schroeder, Montreal; C. Bayefsky, Toronto; Lieut. J. McCormick, Sports Officer, New Glasgow, N. S. Back row r. to l.: D. Skelly, Toronto; C. Fitzpatrick, Windsor; A. Seed, Victoria; J. Bell, Sarnia; B. Borton, Vancouver. R.C.N. Photo

## Smart New Petty Officers' Mess Splendid 'Chippawa' Addition

Boys who left Chippawa recently will recall the noise and dust brought about by the crowd of shipwrights and electricians, and sundry other navy men and civilians, and would probably be lost in the ship now. On the starboard (Garry St.) side of the old quarterdeck, for example, is the new P.O.'s mess. This extends from the starboard bulkhead to a point in line with the old gangway which now extends right on to the parade ground.

The area closed in makes a mess of good size for our P.O.'s and instructors. On the starboard side of the new mess a wet and dry canteen has been built in. The ports on the after end, looking out on to the parade ground, are being draped. The color scheme of bulkheads and deckhead is in ivory and white, while the smart chesterfield suite and wicker furniture purchased for the mess, blends well with the murals in which yellow ochre, green and marine blue are the predominating tints. Drapes and furniture were purchased by the Sr. "Women Auxiliary" of Chippawa.

### Artistic Murals

The two mural panels are on the forward bulkhead. The handiwork of O/Sea. J. A. Andrews, they depict respectively Ulysses and the Sirens, and Ulysses and the Lotus Eaters.

Homer's Odyssey deals with the adventures of Ulysses during his ten years of voyaging home, and in these murals the two incidents mentioned are modernized to present Ulysses as a C.P.O. and his men as Tars. In the Lotus Eaters, Ulysses sends three men ashore to re-

## First Wren Reserves Being Trained At 'Peg

Yes! The Wrens are here! The sound of hammers and saws is music to their ears as it means that their own cabins and foc'sle are being rapidly completed.

Of course, Winnipeg's Jack-Tars outnumber the Jill-Tars for, as yet, there are only three aboard H.M.C.S. Chippawa, but we know that 'ere long more will be coming to swell the ranks.

### Reserves

There is a reserve unit of probationary Wrens attached to the ship; the first such unit in Canada. These navy-minded girls spend their Wednesday evenings learning the customs, terms, traditions, drill, discipline, and history of the Service. Their enthusiasm is equalled only by their impatience to report for active duty.

The training of these Wren-to-be is in charge of male officers of the ship and, as is to be expected, many unofficial and off-the-record incidents ensure that Wednesday evenings are never dull!

### Re-Inforcements

There is an order now out that very shortly Wrens will be replacing Writers, Cooks, Supply Assistants, Stewards, and Drivers at Chippawa. Third Officer Graham of Regina, at present in charge, is looking forward to the time when her small group of three grows to real proportions.

Assisting Third Officer Graham, are Wrens Catherine Wilson of Vancouver and Elizabeth McGibbon of Toronto, both of whom are carrying out duties as stenographers and writers. Third Officer Graham is Interviewing Officer for all Manitoba and Port Arthur, and it is her opinion that a great many girls choose the Senior Service because they have fathers, brothers or other relatives in the Navy. Both Wrens at Chippawa are from Navy families. Wren McGibbon is the daughter of Lieutenant-Commander Rooney, and she has other relations and friends in the Silent Service. Wren Wilson has a brother, obert, wearing the uniform.

## THE SEAMANS "IF"

(With Apologies to Rudyard Kipling)

By V-56600

If you can keep your head when leading seamen,  
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you.  
If you can still be sick when M.O.'s doubt you,  
And overcome their doubting too.  
If you can wait and not be tired of waiting,  
For all the chances that (you're told) will rise;  
Or being hated don't give way to hating,  
And yet not look too good or talk too wise.

If you can dream and think it not disaster,  
When three "G.C.'s" are all that you can claim.  
If you can meet all Chiefs and Quartermasters,  
(And Wrens,) and treat 'em all the same.  
If you can bear to hear the beef you've spoken,  
Twisted around to show that you are wrong;  
Or early in the morn be woken,  
And rise, and greet the buffer with a song.

If you can talk with crews and keep your virtue,  
Or go to "Kings" nor lose the common touch.  
If neither "Jimmy I's" nor M.A.A.'s can hurt you,  
If R.P.O.'s still count, but none too much.  
If you can fill that nice new dickey,  
With three foot four of manly torso won,  
You'll find the life is not too sticky,  
And be just as good as me, my son!

## Winnipeg Baseball Players Shellack Airmen In Opener

Good work in the field and steady pitching by Larry Desjardins resulted in the Winnipeg Tars defeating Royal Canadian Air Force 8-2 at Osborne Stadium, Saturday, June 5, in the opening game of the Inter-Services Baseball League. It was the official opening of baseball in the City and with appropriate ceremony the new circuit was started on its way.

His Honor, R. F. McWilliams and Premier S. S. Garson were in attendance. High officials of the Services took part in the pre-game exercises.

Lt.-Cdr. McCrimmon, Captain of Chippawa, tossed the first ball to Major Charles Otton, while Air Vice Marshall, T. A. Lawrence, donned catcher's pads. The R.C.A.F. band was in attendance.

## Modern New Sick Bay Added To Winnipeg Ship

A hospital ward, medical inspection room, dentists' office and dispensary, are all features of the new medical and dental quarters built into the Smith Street side of the parade ground at "Chippawa."

Winnipeg boys remember the sick bay as being on the mezzanine deck in the ship proper. (Officially, the ship's stern is the entrance to the parade ground from the main gangway and quarterdeck). Starting at the point where the First Lieutenant's office used to be, a recruiting office has been built in. Entrances to the new bay are effected from both the re-

### Navy Hits Out

Our local pitcher, Larry Desjardins, had the Pigeons worried. Only two hits were scored by them in the first 6 frames; in 7 and 8 he allowed six, and struck out nine. The Airmen turned out 3 hurlers to combat the Navy but failed to sink them. Air Force's, Keith McLeod, played a good game, striking out 6 of our batters; 4 of them in succession.

cruiting office and the parade ground.

The medical inspection room takes care of all routine examinations for new recruits; and facilities have been provided to carry out all the work and tests necessary. The sick bay proper is no larger than the old one, but is both more complete and more convenient.

### Hospital

Leading off from the bay is hospital "Ward A" with seven beds. Here hospital cases of a non-surgical or non-contagious type are taken care of. In charge of sick bay and hospital are S.M.O. Surg.-Lieut. Young, Surg.-Lieut. Little and Surg. Lieut. Arbuckle.

Immediately aft, (or south) but separated from the hospital are the dental offices under the supervision of Captain King, complete with waiting room, X-ray Bay, and of course, the chair itself.

Up-to-date equipment and expert medical personnel ensure that the ratings will receive the best of attention.

## POPULAR RCN PAYMASTER SERVING IN "CHIPPAWA"

Need we say any paymaster is popular? At Winnipeg is English-born Lt.-Cdr. Conquer, V. D. Youthful and active for all his many years with the Navy, Lt.-Cdr. Conquer is proof that the Navy life does no one any harm.

During the first world war he served from 1914 right up to September 1919, and returned to civil life after reaching the rank of Warrant Officer. With the Dominion Civil Service from 1919 to 1939 he by no means forgotten the Navy. In July 1924, he re-joined and served with the Ottawa Division of active reserves.

From then until 1939 he piled up a consistently good record of Naval Training, taking in two or three weeks training every year with the one exception of 1925.

### Coronation Visit

In 1937 Lt.-Cdr. Conquer visited England for the Coronation, being one of six officers elected to represent the Royal Canadian Navy. While in the Old Country he witnessed the Royal Navy Review at Ports-

Continued on page 12

blue. Instructors Simovitch and Millar are round the U. S. (Nervous) Centre quite a bit these days. Could it be the girls that are the attraction, or is it coffee and doughnuts?

## NAVY DIAMOND SQUAD—OUT WHERE THE WEST BEGINS



One of the strongest amateur teams in the city of Winnipeg this year, the diamond squad of H.M.C.S. "Chippawa" can be looked for as one of the teams that will be reaching for the silverware when the schedule winds up. Front row, l. to r.—Joe Simenik, Elmer Weiss, Joe Peterson, Lou Medynski, Bill Heindl, Joe Bell, Spence Tatchell, Bill Baxter, Ken Lockhart. Back row, l. to r.—S/Lt. Bill O'Connor, playing manager; Bill Vickers, 'Ducky' Skinner, Mike Genthon, Roy Letourneau, Hugh Miller, Bill Hendry and Surg.-Lt. Bill Arbuckle. Larry Desjardins, pitcher, Gordon McKenzie, coach and the president of the club, Lieut. D. Rayburn, executive officer of "Chippawa," were unable to be present for the picture. Photo by E. Mathews, Winnipeg.

## CHIPS FROM CHIPPAWA

### Congratulations

Lt.-Cdr. McCrimmon, our skipper, was married June 12. We wish him all happiness.

Lieut. Rayburn now has a young Jimmy added to the family. We thought leave-passes were being handed out very liberally. Probably it's just his way of handing out cigars.

S./Lt. Hamilton is also to be congratulated on the arrival of his new son.

Instructor Guay is another on the list of proud fathers. Also a boy. Apparently the Navy here needs no advice on how to keep it's strength up.

### Promotions

Leading Seaman McKay is

now Petty Officer McKay. Nobody will want to Scotch that, and so far as we are concerned he is still the real McKay.

Toship's little moron. The new O/Sea. who thought a Sub-Lieut. was the captain of a submarine.

To checker champ. Instructor Nosworthy laid down an open challenge for a show-down at checkers. There were no takers. Guess he's got us all scared.

To new P.O.'s messman. Steward Scott in his nice long white aprons is being rapidly convinced by the P.O.'s that he would make a good steward.

### Thorns

Amidst all the discussion re the suitability of the murals being

painted in the men's mess, we almost forgot there is a war on.

Surprising the amount of interest being displayed in Art and Mythology these days. Almost everyone wants to get familiar with Homer's Odyssey as portrayed in O/Sea. Andrews' murals.

To the Weather. We went into white ducks June 2; and have been wishing we were ducks ever since.

### We Notice

C.P.O. Kilgour has had a re-fit and is mighty proud of his fore and aft rig. We notice, however, that his white coat complete with choker collar was soon dropped in favor of the

# 'SHORE LEAVE SHIP'

By James A. Tapp, L/Wtr.

All day long these new entries, in HMCS "Prevost," at London, Ont., toiled on the parade ground. They were blasted for haircuts, skylarking in ranks and all the other misdemeanors for which a jeep is inadvertently responsible. They were ordered around by Officers, P.O.'s, and Leading Hands alike until they knew the pusher routine backwards.

But when these much disciplined matelots went ashore on the 1800 Liberty Boat they hastened to the Active Service Club to hold a Council of War. First, a selection board was held, and with all the dignity of Presiding Officers, two ordinary seamen interviewed their fellow classmates in an endeavour to choose a complete officer complement for their make-believe ship, which would come into being when their routine day was over.

Once these gentlemen were selected, they were expected to act and appear with all the severity and aloofness of their ship's officers. For those ratings whose qualifications did not impress the "Board" enough to grant them a job as Staff Officer, a chance of "joining" as "O/D's" was offered. All accepted.

With all the seriousness of morning Divisions at "Prevost" our commissioned "O/D's" fall in for "Coke Parade" and the little group is reported by an alleged R.P.O. to the X.O. to the C.O. They even have a Leading Steward who is eventually detailed off to get the "Cokes," and so hilariously they go on, each revelling in his new if only part-time promotion. When a lower deck man wishes to absent himself for the evening to take some gal to a movie, he must appear as a requestman and bring his case to the attention of the Number One through the proper channels. To witness one of these requestment and defaulter parades is funnier than an Abbott and Costello movie. Punishments that may be meted out to a rating who is "run in" for chewing gum or being improperly dressed might mean his returning back aboard his real ship, the "Prevost," an hour before his leave actually expires. And strangely enough, the punishments are usually carried out. These boys take pride in their shore leave ship, and they are proud of the Navy.

The attitude of these men makes them really get a bang out of their rigid training period, and a check with their instructors revealed that they were all doing exceptionally well in classes.

From the knitting corner: "Remember, Pearl Harder, girls."

## 'York' Baseball Squads Slip Badly During June

H.M.C.S. "York's" Ball teams slipped a bit in June, but not so badly that they passed out of competition. The first team lost close games to Tip Tops, People's and Army—Beach League rivals—but is still in second place. O/Sea. Bus Benson continues to hurl good ball and is now getting help from O/Sea. Russ Burrows. Contrary to general nature, both hurlers are good hitters, with Benson being the leading hitter on the team. Sto. Scotty Mair, second baseman, is the second hitter.

The second team, which plays in the Toronto Garrison League, has won one and lost two. The squad defeated No. 1 Equipment Depot, R.C.A.F., but lost to No. 1 Manning Depot and No. 6 I.T.S., R.C.A.F. Drafts have affected both teams, but replacements have been found and the games are all being well contested.

The "York" House League is going full blast, with S.B.A.'s in the lead. Instructors are second, with officers a close third.

Officer: "What happens when the human body is immersed in water?"

Sailor: "The telephone rings."

## POPULAR LONDON SKIPPER



Lt.-Cdr. John R. Hunter, R.C.N.V.R. popular "Skipper" of H.M.C.S. "Prevost" takes time out here from a busy day to strike a familiar pose for the photographer. Lt.-Cdr. Hunter has guided many hundreds of sailors who get their start in London. In his career as Commanding Officer he has played the role of everything from business adviser to Cupid. A draft of ratings never leaves Lond on without his familiar words of advice. He was in command of one of the famous M.L.'s during the first world war.

## FIGHTING TEAM FROM A FIGHTING SHIP



Pictured above is the softball team from H.M.C.S. "Drummondville" which opened the ball season in Pictou this year and cleaned upon the Pictou Shipyards' team. The pitching of Tel. Sawaski was a feature of the game. Those present in the picture are: Back row, l. to r.—Sto. Poplawsky, Cd. Horton, Sto. P. O. King, manager; Lieut. Ishbister, Sto. P. O. Geddes; A. B. Cookman. Front row, l. to r.—S/Lt. Sim, Std. Carter, L/Sea. Currie, Tel. McMillan, E.R.A. Crowe, coach, and Tel Sawaski. Photo by R. H. Sherwood, Pictou, N. S.

## Swimmers Of Division At Hamilton Win By Close Margin Over London

By James A. Tapp, L/Wtr

A galaxy of swimming stars revealed their presenece in the Nay, on June 17, when HMCS "Star," the Hamilton Division of the RCNVR and HMCS "Prevost" London, Ont., staged their first inter-divisional aquatic exhibition in the Hamilton Municipal pool before hundreds of enthusiastic spectators.

### Bobby Pearce Stars

Lt. "Bobby", Pearce erstwhile world champion sculler, led his water polo team to a close win over London's aggregation in the feature event of the evening, and some really exciting moments were offered. Standouts for "Star" were Pearce, McKay and Allister while the scoring honors for "Prevost" were shared by Charlton, Laforest and Harpur.

## Hamilton Whaler Race Won By Crew From York

H.M.C.S. York's whaler crew pulled a surprise on Hamilton Bay, June 20, when they defeated H.M.C.S. Star's highly rated boat by 2½ lengths in a three-quarter-mile pull.

The Toronto crew pulled a steadier stroke throughout, although they did catch a crab about half-way. It didn't affect the stroke, however, as Cox Jack Judges picked up his men with the next stroke. Hamilton didn't let the winners move away at any time during the race, and were pulling a strong stroke at the finish.

### Sweet Revenge

The victory was sweet revenge for ship's company at York. Last year Star decisively defeated them off the seawall at Exhibition Park, and memories last long in the navy.

York's winning crew was made up of L/Sea. Judges, cox; O/Sea. J. W. Aitkens, L/Sea. A. F. Cockwell, O/Sea. Larry Heimbuck, L/Sea. T. Buscombe, O/Sea. Reg. Bailey. C.P.O. Montague trained the crew.

Lieut. Harold Smith, sports officer, stated that a return race will likely be staged on the old regatta course at Exhibition Park in the near future.

The starter for the race was Lieut. Bob Pearce, of sculling fame, and clerk of the course was Sub-Lieut. Don Boxer, of rugby renown. Sam Manson handled the mike.

R.P.O.—"Wipe that opinion off your face!"

Eighteen year old Tommy Parkes already a Dominion record holder was an easy winner in the free style events. Dean Peterson, London entry and Ontario champion copped the honors in the backstroke races, and Lieut. MacKay and O/Sea. Tracey were superb in the plain and fancy diving displays.

The London team, managed by S/Lt. Tommy Gale, included Charlton, LaForest, Preston, C. and F. Harpur, Dean, Peterson, Cloutier, Milburn, Porter, Tracey, Butterworth, Knaggs and DeLaporte. For Hamilton under Lt. Pearce were MacKay, Parkes Allister, Redman, Peterson, Boecker, Harrison and Sennett. Timers P.O. Linton and L/Wtr. Tapp, Starter Tommy Creighton.

## 'Star' and 'York' Boxers Stage Fast Tournament

The Hamilton and Toronto navy divisions squared off in the ring on June 19 at the Army Trades School Gymnasium in Hamilton. Star could not match men against several of York's first string team, but in the novice matches they outscored York six to one.

York took the two bouts for experienced boxers when O/Sea. W. Wolfe scored a close decision in the best fight of the night over La Forme. In the other feature, Seaman Billy Wilson (who was quite a hockey player for York last winter) K.O.'d O/Sea. Barko in 1:40 of the first round. Wilson did it with a hard left to the chin that left his opponent dazed in the middle of the ring. Wilson was set with a quick one-two to finish it off, but noticing the condition of his opponent he held fire and returned to his cor-

## Royal Navy At Toronto Leading Soccer League

The Royal Naval Draft stationed at H.M.C.S. "York" is continuing its successful Soccer career. Since the last note appeared about these boys they have played five matches, and emerged the victors in each case. The results of the matches are as follows:

- Research Enterprises 2-1 away.
- Army (Newmarket) 4-3 away.
- Army (Newmarket) 2-1 home.
- Toronto Shipbuilders 4-1 away.
- Lancshires 4-1 away.

All the above games proved to be clean and interesting, those against the Army being the most keenly contested, with the decision frequently in the balance. The members of the R.N. team appreciated the keenness and sportsmanship of the Army Team so much that they are looking forward with great pleasure to meeting them again early this month.

Several other games have been arranged for future dates, and it is hoped the same spirit of sportsmanship and goodwill will characterize the battles to come.

## STRONG CHIPPAWA TEAM EYEING DIAMOND TITLE

By O/Sea. A. E. Webb

With any kind of luck at all the Winnipeg Division should do well in the Inter-Services Baseball League.

A line-up of promising players augers well for the team, and it is hoped to bring the trophies home. Some of the players will be well known to Winnipeg boys. Among them are A/L/Sea. H. Miller, who will be remembered for his good work in the Navy hockey team during last winter. Before joining up, he played with Omaha Knights for one year and is most at home playing short-stop.

### Powerful Pitcher

O/Sea. Larry Desjardins, pitcher, played juvenile baseball for St. Boniface, and junior for

ner. It was sportsmanship at its best.

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## Ottawa Sailor At York Is One-Man Track Team

O/Sea. E. J. Piche, Ottawa, has turned out to be a one-man track team in himself. Representing "York" at the weekly Service meet held at Exhibition Park, Toronto, on June 8, he won all events carded. He took the 1-4 mile run, the 75-yard dash and the standing broad jump. In addition, he is a member of the swimming team; the boxing team; and played on the rugby squad last fall. His instructor reports that he does well in his classes in the R.A. course—so Piche is quite a man!

## EIGHT HUNDRED ACRE

Continued from page 6

wallis ship's company.

On Wednesday morning, June 23, the pressmen were taken to divisions and witnessed a March Past, following which they inspected the Mechanical Training Establishment, the Physical Training School, Junior Officers' Quarters and the W.R.C.N.S. Quarters.

One of the most interesting phases of the tour was the visit to the New Entry Training department where they saw classes under instruction in dry land boat drill, instructional films, night look-out table, heaving-line instruction, semaphore, torpedo depth charge drill, and class work, including anti-gas.

In the afternoon the party paid a visit to the Gun Battery and watched the lads going through their paces in the "Foundry," as the battery is called. They also saw the important anti-aircraft dome teacher in action.

### The Big Thrill

The big thrill of the day came when the men were taken out to a training vessel to be taken for a short run. While at sea they transferred to one of H.M. Submarines and were shown through the interesting craft.

The interest shown by the newspapermen was indeed representative of the interest that the whole of Canada has in this new training establishment of the Royal Canadian Navy. Hundreds of questions were asked by the men and most of them expressed the opinion that the men of the Royal Canadian Navy are certainly receiving top-notch training with the best of equipment and instruction. No phase of Service life is being neglected in H.M.C.S. "Cornwallis" and almost every officer and rating aboard the ship will say that it has been a privilege and a pleasure to have been attached to it.

## CHIT-CHAT

Continued from page 5

donning the rig of the day and falling in for Sick Parade at 0800, I found it physically impossible to double to Sick Bay with those of my mates who were suffering from such minor ailments as Double Pneumonia or Black Diphtheria.

### "Crool World"

Again making my way to my bunk, I collapsed, remaining unconscious until long after morning divisions when I was discovered "sleeping." With incredible swiftness I was on the quarter deck for being adrift. A penalty of seven day's cells immediately became 14 days when I failed to "off caps" suitably with my broken arm.

Two weeks is a long time for a suffering man to wait, regardless of how patient he may be. During this time I thought

of many schemes for getting the Chit, selecting the boldest of these plans on the day of my release.

It was necessary that two of my chums carry me to the door of the Captain's office. Drawing upon my experience as an amateur actor, I opened the captain's door and swooned onto his pile rug. My plan was met with immediate success. "Get this man out of here. Do anything! Give him The Chit." I enjoyed the desperation in his voice. It was a voice that could stand no more. I had beaten the game.

It had taken me only fifteen days, which, I have been given to understand is remarkably close to the Canadian Naval record of 13 days, 9 hours, 43 minutes, posthumously awarded to a rating who dropped dead, according to medical records, from complications arising from chronic athlete's foot, but which his friends identified as an advanced state of leprosy.

## ACROSS OUR BOWS

Continued from page 2

it was written purely in admiration for this hilarious pen-woman "Jenny Wren."

You probably are aware that we Haligonians are weak from fighting the Battle of Halifax with our fair war-time visitors, and it's a relief to find someone who can "take it."

Anyhow, the enclosed is yours, help yourself! Wouldn't it be funny if Jenny Wren were a Haligonian?

Sincerely,  
A Haligonian Hen

### JENNY WREN

Who is this "Jenny Wren" you have

Whose humour dots your sheet?  
I'm sure she must be really grand  
And one I'd love to meet.

It seems that in this last short while

That she's been in the Wrens,  
She's learned a major lesson  
You should copy if you can.

You know we love our Province,  
Every city, tow and ship;  
I don't think it's unnatural  
If we are proud of it!

We've taken awful razzings  
In these four years of war,  
And many angry words we've spat,  
And always we get sore.

But Jenny Wren, who'er she is,  
Has really got the knack,  
And if she ever left here  
She'd be always welcomed back.

She taunts us 'bout our muddy shores,  
And natters on at Deep Brook,  
But who could dig a hate up  
With her truly funny outlook?

I think she can see both sides,  
The ups and downs we face,  
I'm sure she's just the type  
Who'd fit in any place.  
So, a bright 'hello' to Jenny Wren

I wish there were a few more  
Who would follow your example,  
And develop sense of humour.

A nice tribute to pay to our Jenny. No, she isn't a Haligonian but she tells us she thinks Halifax is O. K.—Ed.

### Good Suggestion

Dear Sir:

I enjoy reading your paper, The Crow's Nest very much and am enclosing \$1.00 for one year's subscription. The stories you have are very interesting. But how about some short sea stories, non-fiction, such as the "Regina Sub-Sinking," the Life story of the good old "Ottawa," etc.

Sincerely Yours,  
Johnny Cormier, R.C.N.R.  
H.M.C.S. "Glengova."

Thanks for the suggestion

## Knots To You

By LOG-LINE

### Slackers

Slackers is an awful town—I like it. Old and dark and tumble-down—I like it.

The liquor's scarce, the prices high—  
The weather's seldom ever dry—  
But the girls are nice, and that is why—I like it.

### See?

The scene was the wet canteen and the topic under heated discussion in one corner was the early closing hours caused by rationing. Most of those present were opposed to any curtailment of a man's beer-drinking privilege, but the final word on the subject was uttered by a large, red-faced matelot, who put down his emptied glass, wiped his lips with the back of his hand (being a tidy chap) and boomed: "Well, wot I sez is this—if a bloke ain't drunk by nine o'clock on this stuff, he ain't tryin'!"

### West Coast Technique

A sly old maid from Vancouver,  
To get a man, tried this manoeuvre—  
She jumped on his knee  
With a gurgle of glee,  
And nothing on earth could remove her.

### Toast To A Certain Newlywed

Here's to matrimony, the sea  
for which no compass has ever  
been invented.

### A. W. O. L.

There was a young sailor named Trent  
Whose proboscis was awfully bent;  
He followed his nose  
One day, I suppose,  
For nobody knows where he went.

### Woo-Woo!

Jack: What is home without a  
mother?  
Mack: My girl, tonight!

### Not Needed

It was his first time ashore  
in a month, and Stoker McDill  
was in such a hurry to get  
downtown that he stepped into  
the path of a street-car and was  
promptly knocked for a loop.

A crowd gathered and the  
motorman yelled at the people,  
"Stand back! Give him air!  
Somebody hurry with a drink of  
whiskey!"

At this, McDill spoke up in  
a weak voice:  
"Never mind the air."

### Who's Beefing?

A letter came to the editor  
recently, addressed as follows:  
"The Crow's Nest, H.M.C.S.  
"Stockyard," Halifax, N. S."  
And that's no bull.

Johnny. Your letter arrived too  
late to do anything about it this  
edition but we'll try to have  
something along the line you  
want in the August edition.  
Such suggestions make the editor's  
job easier. It's a little  
hard to know just what the  
fellows want to read in their  
paper and hints are always welcome.—Ed.

### Puleeze!

The Crow's Nest received a  
letter last month that was signed  
only with the writer's initials.  
While the letter was of a constructive  
nature and had in it  
nothing objectionable, we must  
adhere strictly to our policy of  
printing those letters to which  
the real name of the sender is  
attached. To adopt any other  
policy would be extremely dangerous  
to the paper. It is again  
emphasized that persons not  
wishing their names to appear  
with letters may attach a pen-  
name for publication purposes,  
but, the real name of the author  
must be signed on the letter.  
It will be known only to the  
editor.—Ed.

## STRONG CHIPPAWA

Continued from page 11

St. Paul's College. He also played for Norwood and St. Boniface in the senior games. There is no doubt that as a hurler he is a tower of strength to the team.

O/Sea. E. Weiss, third base, played senior baseball for Transcona. This team took second place in the senior league last year. O/Sea. Weiss is also a soccer player and played for the Weston team.

Instructor Lou Medynski played softball for "Chippawa" team last year and is well known in the hockey game. He played for the Winnipeg Rangers who were Dominion champions in the 1940-41 season and the following year for the New York Rovers who were the Eastern Amateur hockey champs for 1941-42 season. At hardball he is a utility player but prefers first base.

O/Sea. Letourneau, our short-stop, has played juvenile baseball for St. Paul's College and was associated in the Manitoba Junior Championship team for 1942.

### Former Pro

Canadian-born Sto. 11 Bill Hendry, who has lived at Mountain View, New Jersey, U.S.A. since 1926 and who recently transferred from the U.S. army has had many years experience in hardball. "Johnny Dough-boy" as we call him, plays catcher or short-stop; has played since he was in the sixth grade and up through high-school. He played semi-pro baseball for four years.

O/Sea. Tatchall (pitcher) and O/Sea. Vickers (short-stop and out-field, respectively,) have been brought up together through mid-get, juvenile, and junior games. In 1942 they played together for East Kildonan Rangers who were undefeated in 26 league and play-off games.

## POPULAR PAYMASTER

Continued from page 10

mouth and took the opportunity of inspecting some of the R. N. destroyers and the Royal Indian Marines.

### Second World War

At the outbreak of war in 1939 he was called to active service once more. He took up duties at N.S.H.Q., Ottawa, on September 10 and served there until the end of July, 1940, at which time he was appointed to H.M.C.S. "Stadacona," Halifax.

It soon became evident that three of the R.C.N.V.R. divisions were outgrowing their officer strength, and in February 1941 he was posted to H.M.C.S. "Chippawa" as a re-inforcement to our ship. Lt. Cdr. Conquer has therefore been in a position to watch, with interest, the rapid expansion of the R.C.N.V.R. since the outbreak of this present war.

## AVALON SPORTS SHORTS

Continued from page 9

any type of sport that they wish to indulge in, and transportation

## Shavings From A Lathe In The Ordnance Shop

By Dick Donnithorne, C.O.A.

At last the boys are all aboard "Cornwallis" after having said their farewells and adieus to the fair people of Halifax and have settled down midst a beautiful setting of trees and brand new "super-structure."

After seeing the country around here—"Breathes there a man with soul so dead—?"

The O.A.'s Shop is splendidly situated and with the present equipment should be on top-line. All we fear now is an "invasion" from the lads on the West Coast when they hear of all this.

After travelling to "Cornwallis," the 2nd O.A.'s Qualifying obtained their marks, the successful men being: Anderson, McAlpine, Forbes, Sherwood, Hyndman, Waite, Handfield, Balcome, Smith, Roach and Burfitt.

Last month we made an erroneous report that Mark Donnelly was in Montreal. Poor Mark has had several letters from Montreal (from the fair sex we'll warrant) saying how sorry they were that he hadn't called on them as yet. He is working like a horse right now so don't be surprised to see him with a bag of oats (wild ones) when he goes on leave next month.

A majority of the boys went to the Chiefs' and P.O.'s dance held at Digby, N. S., last month and had a wonderful evening concluded by an enjoyable sing-song in the bus. With the main body arriving only the day before the dance it rather cramped the style of the O.A.'s who had been aboard for a couple of months, but even at that they didn't do too badly. Al. Lapsley, of Toronto, dished up cake and sandwiches with the cokes.

After the war some lucky girls will get these fellows. Boy, you should see them dhoobeying their shirts, etc. It's easy to see that they follow the "soap operas" on the radio, because they can be seen at all times going up the dormitories with their linen and box of "Whiter Washer" under their arms. In any case, we can't see how our wives can get it done so white—and all in one morn. Wonderful persons, these wives!

And now, before we proceed to bed and to slumber, to be wakened to the song of the birds in the trees, we must ask another whacky question: If a sailor marches approximately three miles per hour, what time will these gay Lotharios get aboard when they miss the last bus from town?

and equipment are also provided by us. Our own boys are quite happy about the whole thing, and our English friends can't express their appreciation enough.

## I Want 'The Crow's Nest'

Enclosed please find \$1.00, in payment for a one-year subscription to "The Crow's Nest." I understand that the paper will be sent to any address in Canada, Newfoundland or The United States, postage paid.

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