

HMCS SHAWINIGAN - 25/11/44

Awaiting draft at "Slackers" were we,
When it was posted for all to see:
Two draft lists side by side on view,
Look for your name, which your crew?

One listed HMCS Shawinigan draftees,
The other ours, and where our quays,
The Shawinigan boys laughed at us
Who drew the Nene, a dirty sea bus.

Took a ribbing that day in Halifax,
About our ship, but these were facts:
We had drawn a war torn unkempt Nene,
While they got one spotlessly clean.

Quite a razzing from Shawinigan mates
Some lucky, but who can foretell fates,
While packing their gear and kidding us
. . . we packed with a disgusted cuss.

Shawinigan joined W-2 Group after WUPs,
Nene assigned EG-C5, crying in our cups,
U1228 decided Shawinigan's tragic fate,
"Fishing" her in the nearby Cabot Strait.

Knowing those boys who joked with us all,
Each November Twenty-fifth we recall
How close it was, the fate of one draft,
We remember . . . where'er we look abaft.

Author unknown – 1989

Lost with all hands while on independent A/s patrol out of Sydney, N.S. - 25/11/44

R.I.P.