

The CROWSNEST



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The CROWSNEST

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LADY OF THE MONTH

Pictured on the opposite page is HMCS *Athabaskan*, heroine of the story, "Night Train from Songjin" (page 4). She is in a much more tranquil mood, here, than she was on the night she was spitting shells at a Communist supply train that tried, and failed, to run the gauntlet on the east coast rail line in Korea.

In recognition of the good work done that night—and on other occasions, too—two members of the ship's company were recently awarded decorations and two others were mentioned in despatches. The commanding officer Acting Captain J. C. Reed, received the OBE (Military Division) and CPO George Vander-Hagen, the Coxswain, the BEM. Mentioned in despatches were Lieut.-Cdr. Harry Shorten and CPO John Shea.

The *Athabaskan* now is undergoing armament conversion at Esquimalt. To her credit are three full tours of duty in the Far East. On those three tours she spent a total of 1,068 days—or one month under three years—away from her home port; was at sea for 75.5 per cent of that time; steamed 203,907 miles, and fired 21,349 rounds of four-inch and 40mm ammunition at the enemy. A remarkable record, to say the least.

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Cover Photo—Pictured during sea trials off Halifax is HMCS *Gaspé*, senior ship of the First Canadian Minesweeping Squadron. The first 'sweeper to be built in Canada since the Second World War, the *Gaspé* was commissioned last November at Lauzon, Que., and sailed from there to Halifax. She was joined before the end of the year by the *Chignecto*, *Cowichan* and *Thunder*, all three of which are due for delivery to Mutual Aid. Ten more minesweepers are due for completion this year. (HS-29019).



RCN NEWS REVIEW

Ships Observe Yule in Sasebo

Christmas 1953 was a comparatively happy one for Canadian destroyers in the Far East.

The *Huron*, *Iroquois* and *Crusader* were together in Sasebo; with no war, the Christmas theme of "Peace on Earth" had a deeper meaning for the ships' companies than last year, and in the *Iroquois*—her last patrol completed—officers and men were preparing for the journey home to Canada.

There had been plenty of Christmas mail—the biggest morale booster of all—and many of the officers and men heard their families speak personal Christmas greetings from home.

Three sailors on board HMCS Athabaskan display the oriental finery they acquired during their tour of duty in the Far East. They are (left to right) Able Seamen Ed Knipstrom and Leroy Kullman and Ldg. Sea. Art Broster. (E-25841)

The *Huron* was the first to arrive in Sasebo. She had left Yokosuka on the 17th, after two days of anti-submarine exercises, and entered Sasebo on the 19th, securing to No. 1 Buoy—close to the liberty landing. The *Crusader* came in two days later from patrol, and the *Iroquois* followed on the 23rd.

The weather was unusually mild, even for Japan—so mild that the *Huron's* officers challenged the *Crusader's* to a softball game on Christmas Eve afternoon. The challenge was accepted, and the *Crusader* won the game 20-18.

The ships began Christmas Day with emphasis on the religious significance. Protestant personnel attended Holy

Communion at midnight on Christmas Eve in the *Huron*, and on Christmas morning in the *Crusader*. Divine Worship was held on the *Huron's* fo'c'sle head later in the morning, with a choir from the ship leading in the carol singing.

Midnight mass for Roman Catholic personnel was held in the *Iroquois* on Christmas Eve and morning mass in both the *Huron* and *Crusader* on Christmas morning.

Christmas dinner climaxed the day, and there was food aplenty. In the *Crusader*, for instance, officers and men sat down to cream of tomato soup, roast stuffed turkey, giblet gravy, cranberry sauce, princess potatoes, fresh peas, Christmas pudding with rum sauce, Christmas cake, fresh fruits and mixed nuts. The menus in the *Huron* and *Iroquois* were similar.

Prior to dinner, the officers of all three ships entertained the chiefs and petty officers in their respective ward-rooms.

During the day, officers and men from the Halifax, Ottawa and Victoria areas heard tape-recorded messages from their families. The messages were recorded a few weeks previous to Christmas through the courtesy of radio stations in these cities, and the tapes forwarded to the ships in time for the big day.

Hundreds of ditty bags arrived from Canada shortly before Christmas, and these were distributed among the crews of all three ships shortly after they arrived in Sasebo. The ditty bags were donated by various branches of the Navy League of Canada.

With Christmas over, the *Huron* and *Crusader* sailed on patrol to Korean waters, and the *Iroquois* remained to await her relief, HMCS *Cayuga*, before heading homeward on New Year's Day.



New Glasgow Recommissioned

The first of the modernized frigates to be assigned to West Coast duty, HMCS *New Glasgow* was recommissioned at Halifax on January 30, just ten years, one month and one week after she was first commissioned during the Second World War.

The *New Glasgow*, her armament, her electronic gear and even her appearance remote from that of Battle of Atlantic days, will carry out trials and a working-up program before sailing to her new base at Esquimalt, B.C., this spring.

She is commanded by Commander Georges A. LaRue, of Quebec City and Victoria, who was in command of the *Beacon Hill* before she was paid off at Esquimalt for conversion.

Iroquois New Globe-Girdler

Her second tour of Korean duty behind her, HMCS *Iroquois* began the New Year by steaming for her home port of Halifax by way of Hong Kong, Singapore and the Mediterranean — a journey that was to bring her miles steamed during the tour to around 48,000. The ship reached Halifax February 10.

The homeward voyage of the *Iroquois* added another to the list of globe-girdling journeys by ships of the RCN, since her outward trip was by way of Panama and Pearl Harbour. Scheduled ports of call on the way home were Hong Kong, Singapore, Colombo, Aden, Suez, Port Said, Malta, Gibraltar and Ponta Delgada.

Ships to Greet Prime Minister

Three Canadian destroyers will be in Tokyo to greet Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent when he arrives there in the course of his flight around the world, which began February 4 when his plane took off from Rockcliffe Airport, Ottawa.

The *Haida*, *Cayuga* and *Crusader* are scheduled to visit Tokyo from March 8 to 12, the first time that three Canadian warships have called at the Japanese capital at one time. Prime Minister St. Laurent will visit each of the ships on the afternoon of March 11 and will address the ships' companies.

Athabaskan Gives \$2,000 to Charity

A cheque for \$2,000, divided among a number of local charities, was a Christmas gift to Victoria's less fortunate citizens from HMCS *Athabaskan*, back from Korea on December 11.

RCN FIRSTS IN 1953

The first anti-submarine destroyer escort, HMCS *Algonquin* (converted from a Fleet "V"-class destroyer) was commissioned at Esquimalt.

* * *

A Canadian destroyer, HMCS *Crusader*, was tops among the "train busters" of the United Nations fleet in Korean waters. Her score was 4½ trains. The *Haida* accounted for three others and the *Athabaskan* two.

* * *

Canada's first naval reserve air squadron was formed at Toronto. Before the end of the year, two more had been established, at Kingston and Victoria.

* * *

The first jet aircraft (*Banshee* all-weather jet fighters) were ordered for the RCN. Twin-engined Grumman S2F aircraft were chosen to replace *Avenger* anti-submarine aircraft.

* * *

The First Canadian Escort Squadron and the First Canadian Mine-sweeping Squadron were formed in the Atlantic Command.

* * *

The first four of the new aluminum-and-wood minesweepers were commissioned, as were the first three of the modernized anti-submarine frigates.

* * *

For the first time in the peacetime history of the RCN, the Navy's strength approached 17,000 officers, men and Wrens on full-time naval duty.

* * *

The RCN was able to send a Coronation Squadron of six ships to the Coronation Naval Review at Spithead—a first for such an event from the viewpoint of size and number of ships.

* * *

The first naval torpedo to be manufactured in Canada, under contracts totalling \$40 million, was turned over to the RCN.

* * *

Other "firsts" were the large, modern men's accommodation blocks at Naden and Shearwater.

The ship's fund, made up mainly from profits of the destroyer's canteen, was the source of the welcome gift, which was voted by the ship's fund committee.

The money was presented by CPO George Van der Haegen, Ldg. Sea. Andrew Eburne and AB Herbert Cilli, on behalf of the ship's company. Donations included \$700 each to the Protestant and Roman Catholic Orphanages; \$300 to the Queen Alexandra Solarium and \$25 each to the Red Cross and the Salvation Army.

Ten Sea Cadets On Southern Cruise

Ten Sea Cadets from across Canada are learning shipboard routine and seeing the underside of the world at the same time from the decks of HMCS *Ontario* on her cruise to Australia, New Zealand and the South Seas.

The choice of cadets for the trip was made on an area and merit basis from

the 109 Sea Cadets Corps. The West Coast, for example, is represented by Ldg. Cadet Lloyd Magnussen, of Prince Rupert, B.C., who was winner of the "best cadet" award in his corps a year ago and has been one of its outstanding members.

Following are the names of the chosen cadets and their corps:

Ldg. Cadet Donald J. Power, *Terra Nova*, St. John's, Nfld.; PO Gilbert W. Austin, *Magnificent*, Dartmouth, N.S.; PO Victor K. Halliday, *Cornwallis*, Digby, N.S.; PO Michael J. Newton, *Victory*, Montreal; PO John Bradley, *Haida*, Toronto.

CPO David I. Stewart, *Ark Royal*, Toronto; PO Clifford F. Carless, *Dundas*, Dundas, Ont., PO Gordon E. Hall, *Impregnable*, Regina; Ldg. Cadet, Alan E. Christie, *Chinook*, Lethbridge, Alta., Ldg. Cadet Lloyd J. Magnussen, *Captain Cook*, Prince Rupert, B.C.

Night Train From Songjin

by H.S.

DOWN THE north-eastern coast of Korea, from Songjin to Wonsan, runs the line of the Hamkyong railroad. Everything is peaceful there now but there was a time, not so many months ago, when along the length of this line a grim game of cat-and-mouse was being played. The cats were the destroyers of the United Nations, the mice were the trains carrying vital supplies from Manchuria, from China, and probably from Russia, to the Communist forces in Korea.

The game had a novel twist, in that the mouse holes were protected by guns which could pound a small ship to pieces. Instead of a mouse, the cat might find it had a tiger by the tail. For these reasons, the game was played in the dark, and although the ships regarded it as something of a sport, the game was played for keeps.

A typical night would find HMCS *Athabaskan*, a Canadian tribal class destroyer, engaged in this honourable pastime of "train-busting". Upper deck personnel are at their action stations. The ship is completely darkened, and all brasswork is covered over so that it will not glitter. In the spaces between decks, men watch radar screens, operate radio sets, tend the engine-room throttles, and stand by as ammunition

or damage control parties. Water-tight doors are closed and the forced ventilation is shut off, so that if a shell bursts aboard, the risk of flooding or fire will be minimized. The ship is silent, except for the low-voiced orders to the helmsman, the hum of the engine-room fans, and the faint whir of the radar aerials as they sweep the sea and sky.

It is a dark night, with low clouds and wisps of fog over the mainland. Visibility is limited, and as the ship creeps in close to the coast, all that can be seen ahead is a vast, black, shapeless bulk. This is the hunting ground.

High above the main part of the ship, in the director, are the men upon whose eyesight and skill a large part of tonight's success or failure will depend. At the searcher sight, which protrudes through the top of the director, is the ship's Executive Officer, Lieut.-Cdr. Harry Shorten, of Calgary. He is at present slowly scanning the full arc of the horizon with powerful binoculars on a swivel mounting, in steady search of targets or danger. Below him, in the director itself, sit the four men of the director's crew: PO Edward Aubrey, the director layer; Lieut. Jim Creech, the gunnery control officer;

CPO Frank Roach, the rate officer, and PO Bill Brandt, the director trainer. All are from Vancouver. Their binoculars are fixed rigidly, so that to see anything they must train the director, and where the director points the guns point also. Petty Officers Aubrey and Brandt both have handwheels beside them. One trains the director from side to side, the other trains it up and down, and under PO Aubrey's right hand is the firing trigger which, when pressed, will send high explosives hurtling through the air. Lieut. Creech gives the orders to the guns and controls their fire. Beside him, CPO Roach, a quiet-spoken, pleasant-faced man, passes target information to the fire-control room, or "T.S.", as it is known. As possible target areas come up, these men train the director on them, and watch intently. Should anything happen, a word will bring the guns into violent action.

On the bridge below the director, the Captain, Commander J. C. Reed, of Toronto, cons his ship along the coast by radar information passed up from the operations room. Beside him is the Principal Control Officer, Sub-Lieut. Keith Young, of Kelowna, B.C., who co-ordinates the fire of all the guns in the ship. At the binnacle, passing the Captain's orders to the wheelhouse, is Lieut. Frank Keefer, of Halifax. Around this central group of officers stand the lookouts and signalmen, their white anti-flash hoods showing faintly in the darkness and their binocular lenses glinting as they, too, sweep the sea and the dark shoreline.

The land is now only a mile and a half away, and the whole ship is tense. This is point-blank range, and should enemy batteries spot her, the ship could be in for a rough time. So far everything is quiet, but even the quiet is ominous. The land slides slowly by, menacing in its huge blackness. The sea is flat calm, except for the faint ripples of the bow wave as the ship moves at five knots to the first target area. These areas are stretches between tunnels, and the only places where the trains can be hit. The trains' favourite tactics are to lie in a tunnel getting up steam, then to streak across the open spaces to the shelter of the next tunnel. This railroad does not publish any time-tables, so it is a matter of long and patient waiting if you are to catch your train. Tonight either

Starshell from a Canadian destroyer, in this instance HMCS *Nootka*, hangs over a section of Korean coastline under bombardment by the ship. (NK-953)



the train has not arrived, or has been and gone, so the ship moves cautiously away down the coast.

In the operations room under the bridge the ship's navigator, Lieut. James Clapton, of Victoria, works steadily plotting the ship's track along the shore. There is a danger line beyond which no ship may go—the edge of the swept water. Inside that line are enemy mines, and the ship must keep her distance. Beside him, his plot teams at the radar scans pass constant ranges of the land and selected points, not only to the navigator but also down to the T.S., where they are set on the fire-control instruments. In a corner of the ops. room, PO Harold Gregory, the

the beaches can be clearly seen, and the dark gullies seaming the cliffs. There is also an occasional wisp of white. Is it fog . . . or train smoke? Each is carefully scanned, and each in turn is rejected. The minutes tick by, and nothing happens.

At 2230 coffee and sandwiches are brought to the men at their posts. The food has been prepared beforehand in the ship's galley by Lieut.-Cdr. Eric Fleming, the supply officer, and CPO Stan Johnston, both of Victoria, and their staff. Two men from each action station go to the galley and draw enough for the hands at their station. The ship is now rounding a point where there are no known batteries or railroad cuts

one on the upper deck strains his eyes at the shaft of white against the black hill. A train, or another false alarm? Even as they look the vertical plume flattens out and becomes a streak of white racing along the base of the cliff. Lieut. Creech shouts into his broadcast system, "Alarm Train!" PO Aubrey closes his right fist. With a shattering crash the guns fire, and six shells are through the sky towards the flying target. It is apparent immediately that they are too high. While they are still in the air Lieut. Creech is passing his correction.

"Down 400".

Beside him CPO Roach has already reported to the T.S. that the target speed



only Prince Edward Islander in the ship, sits at the voice radio sets which link the ship with another destroyer 20 miles away. Keeping an over-all eye on the plotters is CPO George Jenson, of Victoria, the CPO in charge of the ops. room. The ranges and bearings these men are passing must be accurate and no mistake, however small, escapes this quiet, experienced man.

Suddenly the engines stop, and the guns stand to. The director has reported a dark object in the water ahead, but at the moment it is too far away to identify. It might be a log, or a fisherman's float, or it might be a mine or mine-laying sampan. As the ship slowly closes the object, it is seen to be a derelict sampan, with no one in it. The order "All quarters relax" is passed, and the patrol continues.

The moon has now risen behind the clouds, and things are a little more distinct. Through the big binoculars

and the crew relaxes to enjoy the hot coffee and sandwiches. Only the radar crews and the submarine detectors cannot relax; they drink their coffee and eat the food without an instant's break in their vigil.

Once around the point, things tighten up again. There are good target areas here, but there are known gun positions, too, and either may require sudden action. The damage control parties forward and aft check their equipment again, the ammunition supply parties clutch their shells a little more tightly, and on the bridge and in the director the binoculars carry on their endless search.

Without warning the director swings violently to a point just ahead of the starboard beam, where a cliff runs down into the sea. The searcher sight has seen a plume of smoke, and brought the director onto the bearing. The guns follow automatically, and every-

is 30 knots, moving from left to right. The corrections go on, and again the guns thunder, the concussion shaking the whole ship. This time the arrow of steam and the fiery tracer seem to race together, meet, and vanish in a great cloud of steam, shot through with a shower of sparks, and a ruddy under-glow. A hit.

Instantly the guns fire again, and yet again. The close range weapons come into action, adding their bark to the deep roar of the main armament, and the night is split with streams of tracer. The ship is shuddering to the shock of the gunfire, and the smell of cordite is sharp in the air. Finally the smoke blinds the director and Sub-Lieut. Young orders "Check, check, check". The firing ceases, and when the echoes rolling back from the shore have died out, there is complete silence.

The train has been stopped, but now it must be destroyed. The North Ko-

reans are noted for the speed with which they repair tracks and equipment, and the train must be rendered absolutely useless. It is too dark to see exactly what has happened, so "B" gun is ordered to illuminate with starshell. Leather-lunged CPO David Freeman, of Victoria, brings his gun to the ready. The gunners load the long shell into the gaping breech, and as they ram it home the breech block clicks into place. Freeman orders "Fire". The gun blasts and as it recoils and ejects the empty casing a new round is rammed in. Again the order to fire, and again the gun flings its heavy projectile into space. When three rounds are in the air the gun ceases fire.

The first shell bursts, and it is immediately apparent that it is not satisfactory. The smoke of the shell bursts has combined with the steam and fog to form a low cloud which hides the area from the light of the starshell. No combination of range settings and elevation will produce a burst to illuminate the cut where the train was last seen. Reluctantly the order to stop starshell is given. Without a visible target, it is a waste of time and ammunition to carry on firing.

The Captain and the First Lieutenant hold a council of war. Until visibility clears, there is no point in staying here. The decision is made to hunt elsewhere for a time, and the ship moves off, but there is not a man on board who is not wondering what may be lying back in that silent cutting. The hit may have stopped the train permanently, or it may have been able to limp into the tunnel. The director crew think the train was stopped for good, but the close range tracer and the gunsmoke blinded them before they could be sure. However, with visibility as it is they can only wait and hope.

It is now midnight, and the men have been keyed up for four hours. While the ship is moving to her new station the coffee and sandwiches come again, and all hands relax, as much as they are able. Excitement is running high. In the wheel-house the normally passive Coxswain, CPO George Vander-Haegen, of Victoria, is chewing more of his cigar than he is smoking, and deep in the magazines and the engine rooms the conjecture is wild. In the heat of the action very little information has reached them, but now the news is filtering down with the food. Did we or did we not get a train?

In such an atmosphere the slow, patient search goes on along the coast, but nothing is moving. The gunfire and the glaring starshell have sent every-



Time out for a smoke is taken by two members of a Bofors crew on board the Athabaskan. They are Ord. Sea. Robert Simser, left, and AB Jack Fair. Both men are from Toronto. (AN-267)

thing to cover. There is no sign of enemy guns as yet. At 0200, as a rising breeze lifts in from the sea, the ship comes about and commences the run back to where the train was hit. Again the tension mounts, but this time it is an odd mixture of optimism and a sick feeling of "What if he got away?"

All through the long night the plot ranges have come up steadily, and now they recommence ranging on the cutting where the train was seen. As the bearing comes clear the GCO orders "Illuminate", and again the starshells hang in great clusters of light in the sky. This time the air is clear. Anxious eyes search the embarkment, but nothing is visible on the rails. Suddenly

there is a wild yell from the director, "There he is! Follow searcher sight!" The director swings to the bearing, and Lieut. Creech says calmly, "Director target". The train has been derailed, and is lying crazily down the side of the embankment and along the beach. The Captain smiles broadly as he gives the order to Sub-Lieut. Young, "Engage".

Under the light from the starshell which "B" gun keeps constantly in the air, and with a definite target in sight, the director goes deliberately about the job of destroying the train. Salvo after salvo of high explosive smashes into the jumbled cars, moving steadily along as each is destroyed. Little is left un-

NEW YEAR'S 'PARTY' HELPS OUT HOSPITAL

On BOARD HMCS CRUSADER—The ship's company of HMCS *Crusader* spent New Year's Eve at sea off the West Coast of Korea and "celebrated" the occasion by donating nearly \$150 to the Vancouver Island Queen Alexandria Solarium for Crippled Children.

The donations were made during an amateur "disc-jockey" show, broadcast over the destroyer's public address system and patterned after a program produced by Ed Farey over Radio Station CKDA in Victoria.

The idea for the ship's program started in the messdecks when it was learned that the destroyer would be at sea on New Year's Eve, and the "go-ahead" was given by the commanding officer, Lieut.-Cdr. W. H. Willson, of Calgary.

The project was organized by Ldg. Sea. Henry Carlyon, of New Westminster, and with PO Mansell McKellar, of Victoria, as master of ceremonies, the program got under way at 10 o'clock on New Year's Eve.

During the two-hour show, a total of \$148.07 was donated by the ship's company to the Queen Alexandria Solarium, and requests ranging from jazz to semi-classical were broadcast over the P.A. system.

The requests weren't for the sailors themselves, either. Many were for relatives back in the Victoria area—which is home to a large number of the *Crusader's* officers and men. The donations, together with a list of the requests, were forwarded to Mr. Farey with the hope that a "Crusader Night" broadcast over Radio Station CKDA would be arranged.

Princess Margaret To Unveil Memorial

The Plymouth Naval Memorial will be unveiled by Princess Margaret on May 20, according to an Admiralty announcement.

The memorial is the last of three constructed by the Imperial War Graves Commission to link at each manning port the commemoration of sailors of the navies of the Commonwealth who in two wars gave their lives and have no grave but the sea. The others are at Chatham and Portsmouth.

Next-of-kin of all who are commemorated on the Plymouth memorial will receive invitations to attend the ceremony. A request has been made that they await the letter of invitation before communicating with the Commission.



PO Reginald McLuskie, of Vancouver, captain of "X" gun, polishes one of the trusty weapons that helped earn for the *Athabaskan* a reputation for hard, straight shooting. (AN-301)

damaged when smoke again obscures the target, and the order to cease fire is given.

Ears are still ringing from the gun-blast when the First Lieutenant leans over the side of the director and speaks to the Captain.

"Sir, there are three tank cars, several box cars and the locomotive off the tracks. They won't be going anywhere, so we or the aircraft can come back in the morning and finish up. Would you care to inform the ship's company, sir?"

Commander Reed looks up at the bulky figure in its white anti-flash gear, silhouetted against the sky, and replies, "I will, Number One, well done," then picks up the microphone through which his voice can reach all the men in the ship.

"Men, we have just got a train. There are several tank cars, box cars and a locomotive derailed. We will come back at dawn and make a fast run through the area to look at it and perhaps make another firing run if needed. Good shooting, and well done." Throughout the ship men grin at each other in the knowledge that the months of training and teamwork have paid off.

At dawn the ship returns and steams at high speed past the scene of the action. No activity can be seen, but

the *Athabaskan* fires several more salvos to discourage anyone working in the area, and to do more damage. A radio message is sent for carrier aircraft to come in and complete the destruction; then the ship hauls out of the danger area. With daylight in the sky, this part of Korea is definitely unhealthy for ships, and the *Athabaskan* has no wish to be silhouetted against the sunrise. The weary crews secure action stations, clean out the guns, return their equipment and head below for a hot and very welcome breakfast.

The night's work brought signals of congratulations from other ships and from admirals far from the scene, but there were nights when no trains were seen, or when they were seen and missed. Sometimes the ships were driven away from the shoreline by enemy gunfire, and there were many nights when heavy fog made operations impossible. Nevertheless, at every opportunity the ships went in for this deadly game of cat and mouse. The messages of congratulation were welcome, but far more important was the knowledge that with every train destroyed, they were depriving the Communists of munitions and supplies needed to support their forces in the lines further south. The ships counted the game worthy of the stake.

Queen's Commendation

Valuable Jet Aircraft
Twice Saved by
RCN Pilot

The airmanship of Lieut. (P) Alan John Woods in saving a British jet aircraft on two occasions during a flight from Namao, Alberta, to the Naval Air Station, Dartmouth, N.S., has won him the Queen's Commendation.

The aircraft, a British Supermarine "Attacker" jet fighter, had been in Namao, north of Edmonton, for winter testing and was being flown to Dartmouth last spring so it could be loaded in the *Magnificent* for return to the United Kingdom during the Coronation Cruise.

The flight was uneventful until Lieut. Woods left Winnipeg, where refuelling had been carried out. A Dakota "mother ship" was following him and loaded drums of fuel at Winnipeg so the jet could be refuelled at the Thunder Bay airport at the Lakehead.

He experienced radio failure between Winnipeg and Thunder Bay and took off from the latter point for Toronto rather than North Bay, originally scheduled as his next stop but now partially closed in.

On this leg of his journey, Lieut. Woods noticed the engine revolutions dropping and saw the fuel pressure warning light come on. He took all the normal steps to correct the difficulty, but the "revs" continued to drop, the engine quit and, after three unsuccessful attempts to relight the engine, he realized it was either "down" or "out".



LIEUT. (P) A. J. WOODS

He glided down the east leg of the Grand Marais radio range from the 30,000-foot altitude at which he had been flying. From the nearest airfield, Kinross Field at Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, he learned that the ceiling was 1,500 feet—unpleasantly close to the ground, considering the speed and height at which he had been flying. When he reached the twilight sector of the radio beacon, he dropped swiftly through the cloud, emerging at 2,000 feet with Kinross Field three miles straight ahead. He landed the dead-engined jet and waited for the Dakota.

Water was found in the fuel and it was supposed that it froze in the low pressure filter, causing fuel starvation. The tanks were drained and refilled and Lieut. Woods fled another flight plan, this one to Rockcliffe Air Station, Ottawa.

The weather was clear for this leg of the flight and Lieut. Woods had passed the radio range stations at Killaloe, about 90 miles west of Ottawa,

when he noticed the engine speed fluctuating and the jet pipe temperature rising and falling. He tried again to correct the trouble, but engine "revs" dropped rapidly and the fuel pressure light came on. Relighting action was taken, but again he had no success.

With his altitude 30,000 feet, Lieut. Woods made a quick calculation of the possibility of gliding with a dead engine from just east of Killaloe to Uplands airport at Ottawa. The chances looked slim, but he tried it and made it.

The engine was inspected and, after successful ground running, Lieut. Woods decided to carry on to Dartmouth. He flew at an altitude of 35,000 feet. When he was over Megantic, Que., near the Maine border, the same troublesome symptoms appeared. This time, however, the aircraft responded to the emergency procedure and he reached Dartmouth without further incident.

The aircraft, incidentally, was equipped with an ejector seat and Lieut. Woods could have bailed out on either occasion when his engine quit by merely pushing a button.

The citation of the Queen's Commendation reads:

"Lieut. Woods' resourcefulness and ability have, throughout his service, set a high example to his fellow men. Recently, while flying a ferry mission in a jet aircraft, Lieut. Woods experienced a flame-out at 30,000 feet. Unable to effect a relight he set up a glide for an airfield some 60 miles distant.

"Through judicious use of radio aids available and excellent handling technique, he descended through a solid cloud layer, based at 2,000 feet, and carried out a successful landing at this field.

"Two days later, in the same aircraft, Lieut. Woods experienced another engine failure and again glided some 60 miles to a successful landing on an airfield. His coolness and excellent judgment in these two emergencies saved a valuable aircraft from damage or destruction and reflect considerable credit on himself and his service".

Lieut. Woods, a naval flyer since 1945, has been for a year Officer-in-Charge, Naval Detachment, Central Experimental Proving Establishment at Namao, where aircraft are tested for cold weather performance.

Heap Big Smoke Callum Big Canoe

Naval communication is known to consist of radio telephone, wireless, semaphore, lights and signal flags. Even asdic and radar have been enlisted for passing information.

Lest any sophisticated modern may think that all fields of communication have been exhausted, let him hark back to "ancient" history—the Royal Canadian Navy in 1927.

In May of that year, HMCS *Patrician* (destroyer) conducted a patrol through West Coast channels in search of alleged seal poachers.

The ship's motor boat was launched with skiff in tow to take an armed party to one of the islands. In the event that the party had to communicate with the ship, the following instructions were issued:

"You should attempt to make smoke signals as follows: A series of six separate columns to mean 'I am returning to Hicks Island'. Smoke signals will be answered by *Patrician* by a smoke screen."

No poachers were sighted and it is not known whether the Royal Canadian Navy actually resorted to smoke signals.

The Story of . . .

'AWKINS' 'ALO

Of all the stories that circulated through the fleet during the Second World War, none achieved such universal popularity as a happy little piece entitled *The Story of 'Awkins' 'Alo*.

"Awkins' 'Alo" was printed privately at Halifax in February 1942 but the demand for copies became so great that it was reprinted for public sale in September of that year, and was reprinted twice more.

The story was introduced to the RCN by Bos'n (A/S) William C. G. Pett, who came to Canada on loan from the RN in 1941 and is now a lieutenant-commander, RCN(R), attached to HMCS *Scotian*. Lieut.-Cdr. Pett recalls hearing the story in various forms during his years in the Royal Navy, which he entered as a boy seaman in 1926.

"Looking back," he says, "I feel that my version was considerably influenced by that of Commander S. J. Gunn, who in February 1939 was captain of HMS *Tourmaline* and now is secretary of the Youth Hostels Association in London. At that time I was a newly promoted A/S Bos'n serving as first lieutenant in HMS *Sapphire*. Both ships were running for the A/S School at Portland".

The Pett version was told for the first time shortly after he joined HMCS *Ottawa* as A/S officer for the 10th Escort Group in the Clyde in April 1941. Later he was employed with Lieut. (now Captain) P. D. Budge in working up Canadian escort ships preparatory to their joining in the Battle of the Atlantic, and it was during this period that "Awkins' 'Alo" was first produced in printed form.

The original purpose was to add a light touch to a training guide being produced by the working-up staff. Sub-Lieut. Pat Milsom, RCNVR, (now lieutenant-commander, retired), who was serving in one of the newly-commissioned corvettes, produced illustrations in the dog watches while his ship was working up at St. Margaret's Bay.

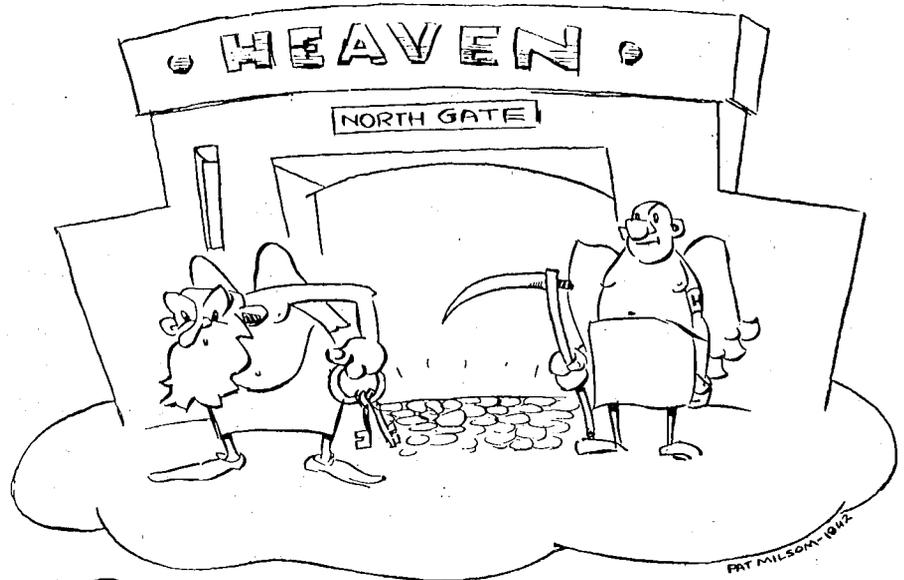
The first printing was run off in the dockyard at Halifax. There was only a limited number of copies and these quickly became collectors' items. In November 1942 the story was reprinted for public sale and the proceeds were donated by the artist to the Sailors' Comfort Fund of the Women's Naval Auxiliaries.

The story became associated with work-ups, and the cottage which served as headquarters for the working-up

staff at St. Margaret's Bay came to be known by the code-word "Halo". Later, when the training staff moved to Pictou and occupied the former golf clubhouse there, the place was known (though never formally commissioned) as "HMCS *Halo*". These were the relatively primitive predecessors of the

much more elaborate HMCS *Somers Isles*, at Bermuda.

Thanks to Lieut.-Cdr. Pett, copies of the first two printings of "Awkins' 'Alo" have been made available to The Crows-nest. The story is reproduced here, together with some of Lieut.-Cdr. Milsom's drawings.



I LANDS UP IN 'EAVEN

Then of course there is the story of the two sailors who met each other in Hell . . .

"LOOK HERE, Justice Hawk-
ins, what are you doing here? After the life you led on earth, I would have thought you

would have gone to the other place.

Justice replied:

Well! It's a long story . . .

Remember we was on the fore lower messdeck.

Well, I ended up with a bang against the Golden Gates.

CONSUMABLE STORES



AND I DRAWS ME 'ARP WHICH I SIGNS FOR

The Regulating Angel told me to get me bag and hammock inside, gives me me card and tells me to report to the Mobilizing Office.

So I reports to the Mobilizing Office.

They sends me away to draw me 'arp—which I signs for, pass the Doctor, and report to the Dooty Saint of the Mess.

'E tells me to fall in on the parade at OH eight double OH in the morning.

So I falls in on the parade at OH eight double OH in the morning and along comes the Dooty Archangel who starts detailing the hands for work from the left—

- "Saints' Mess!
- "Angels' Mess!
- "Paradise Lane Sweeper!
- "Bible Class!

"Remainder . . .
"Arpin'."
So I goes away on me cloud and I 'arps from eight till four and the following morning when I falls in on the parade I falls in on the left and along comes the Dooty Archangel and 'e starts detailing the 'ands for work from the right.

- "Saints' Mess!
- "Angels' Mess!
- "Paradise Lane Sweeper!
- "Bible Class!
- "Remainder . . .
"Arpin'."

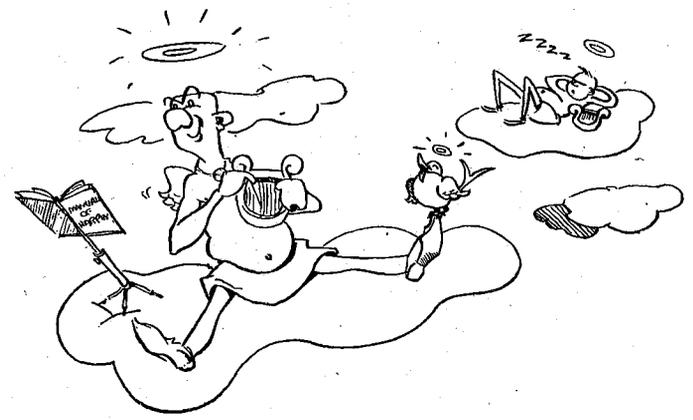
So again I goes away on me cloud and I 'arps from eight till four and I thinks tomorrow morning when I falls in I'll fall in in the centre. Which I did.

Along comes the Dooty Archangel and 'e starts detailing the hands for work . . .

- "Saints' Mess!
- "Angels' Mess!
- "Paradise Lane Sweeper!
- "Bible Class!
- "Remainder . . .
"Arpin" — and 'e stops just when 'e gets to me.

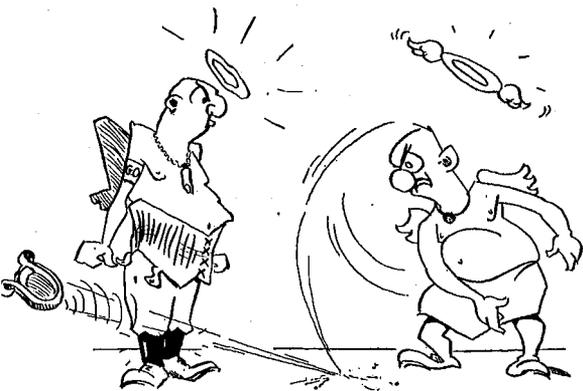


THE REMAINDER—'ARPIN' . . .



AND I 'ARPS FROM EIGHT TO FOUR

So I throws down me 'arp. 'E sez, "You're for 'arpin'!" "Arpin'?" sez I. "Arpin'!" sez 'e.



SO I THROWS DOWN ME 'ARPI

I sez, "I'll see Saint Peter, if there ain't no justice in 'eaven."

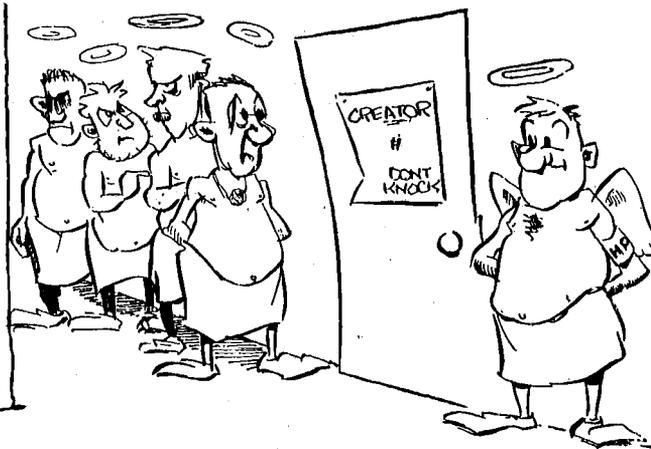
"What's to do?" 'e sez, "You'll see Saint Peter."

Which I did.

So I see Saint Peter and 'e sez, "Creator's Report," and the Regulating Angel sez, "Right Turn, Double March, fall in outside the Creator's cabin at OH nine double OH in the morning."

So I falls in outside the Creator's cabin at OH nine double OH and waits for me

REQUESTS
FOR
LONG LEAVE
HERE



FALL IN OUTSIDE THE CREATOR'S CABIN
AT OH-NINE-DOUBLE-OH

name to be called. Then the Jaunty calls me name and I doubles in smartly.

"Ordinary Angel 'Awkins, off 'alo," and 'e reads out the charge.

"Ordinary Angel 'Awkins. Sir, did commit an act to the prejudice of good order and 'eavenly discipline in that 'e did refuse to 'arp when called up to do so."

So the Creator sez, "Well, 'Awkins what 'ave you got to say?"

So I explains me case. Then 'e sez,

"No excuse. You comes up 'ere to do a course in 'arpin'.



SEVEN DAYS 'ELLI

We've all got to do these things you've got to do these things.

"Seven days 'ell."

And that's why I'm 'ere.



ORDINARY ANGEL 'AWKINS—OFF 'ALO!



... SO 'ERE I AM!

THE SINKING OF U-488

IT TOOK LITTLE more than four hours to sink U-488, on April 14, 1944. Working smoothly together, two ships, HMCS *Swansea* (frigate) and HMS *Pelican* (sloop), shared in the destruction of the submarine. The action was carried out as coolly and precisely as if it had been an exercise on the tactical table. It would, in fact, have done the tactical table credit.

The days that preceded the action were without particular interest. The 9th Escort Group, composed of HMC Ships *Matane* (Senior Officer), *Swansea*, *Stormont* and *Owen Sound*, had left Londonderry on April 9 to join HMS *Biter* (escort carrier), which had been working with the 7th Escort Group (HM Ships *Pelican*, *Cygnets*, *Woodcock* and *Crane*).

On the way to the area, *Stormont* reported he had detected wireless transmissions, presumably from a U-boat, ahead, and this was subsequently confirmed by a signal from Admiralty. The group searched the area briefly before proceeding to join the *Biter* and *EG 7*, which were now supporting a convoy bound from Gibraltar to the United Kingdom. On the 11th, however, C-in-C Western Approaches told *Biter* to take *EG 7* and join *EG 9* in the area where the U-boat was suspected to be.

The groups began their sweep of the area with high hopes but when one day passed, and then another, without even a hint of a U-boat, the patrol began

to take on the appearance of a wasted effort.

Then, just after the watch had changed at noon on the 14th, the *Swansea*, stationed two miles on the *Biter's* port quarter, obtained an asdic contact on her starboard bow at 2,200 yards.

The position of the contact indicated an immediate threat to the *Biter*, and *Swansea* wasted no time in pouncing on the sub. Eight minutes after the contact was obtained, the frigate dropped a ten-charge pattern over the target. In the interval, *Biter* had altered away and detached *Pelican* to join in the hunt.

Swansea swung back at 1,550 yards and prepared to carry out a second attack. However, contact was lost at 500 yards and *Swansea* reopened the range. Contact was regained and the ship delivered a second depth-charge attack.

Contact was lost after this one and *Swansea* and *Pelican* commenced a methodical search for the submarine. Three-quarters of an hour later, the *Pelican's* asdic picked up the sub and *Swansea* hurried to join her.

Calmly the ships got ready for a deliberate attack on the sub, with *Pelican* directing and *Swansea* attacking. When this one failed to bring results, they organized another, in which the *Swansea* dropped a literal barrage of depth charges on the signal from *Pelican*. The latter then followed up with a ten-charge pattern.

The results this time were most satisfying. A minute after the *Pelican's* last charge hit the water, the submarine broke surface. The *Swansea*, which had turned and was bows on to the target, promptly opened fire with her four-inch guns. The *Pelican* joined in and several hits were obtained. Then the *Swansea* steamed into administer the *coup de grâce*—a ten-charge shallow pattern. It was not necessary, however, for before she reached the target the submarine's bow tilted skyward and she sank beneath the waves.

Both ships sent away whalers to pick up survivors. A fairly heavy sea was running and the boats were hard put to find the floating Germans. Observing this, the *Swansea* took over direction of her whaler and the boat obtained a sizeable bag. The first German to be encountered was an officer reclining in a little yellow carley float, his legs crossed and his hands clasped behind his head.

The Canadians signalled for him to paddle the short distance to the boat but he stubbornly shook his head. They could come and get him. He changed his mind, however, when the boat started off toward others who were in the water nearby.

The whaler eventually gathered a full load and was on its way back to the ship when eight more Germans were sighted hanging to a raft. A line was thrown to them, the intention being to tow them to the ship, the boat being

Depth charges explode astern of the *Pelican* as she delivers an attack on the submarine. (R-1733)



too full to accommodate any more passengers. Some of the eight nevertheless made a determined effort to get into the boat and only by means of force were they prevented from doing so.

All told, the *Swansea's* whaler collected one officer, five petty officers and 11 men, while the *Pelican's* boat picked up four officers, among them the CO of the U-boat.

Some of the prisoners later confirmed that their submarine was getting set to attack an aircraft carrier (the *Biter*) when the *Swansea* dropped her first pattern. The frigate's charges did not do any appreciable damage but they certainly caused the U-boat captain to make a radical change in his plans.

The officer taken by the *Swansea* stated that he believed that the seventh

charge dropped in the frigate's final attack must have been a direct hit, for no one in the U-boat remembered anything after that; their actions in bringing the submarine to the surface were purely automatic.

By 1735 the two victors were on their way back to join their respective groups. *Biter* welcomed them with, "Well done, you two. Very good team work . . ."

The praise was indeed well earned. Not only had the pair disposed of the U-boat in just over four hours, but had done so at the cost of only 56 depth charges and about 45 rounds of four-inch ammunition.

The submarine sinking was the second of three in which the *Swansea* participated during the war, or, to be more specific, in the year 1944. The

Survivors of U-488 are helped on board the *Swansea* after being brought alongside by the ship's whaler. (R-1722)



This German prisoner, one of those rescued by the *Swansea's* whaler, is still in a state of shock resulting from the heavy pounding dealt his U-boat by the *Swansea* and *Pelican*. The same was true of a number of other survivors from U-488. (Photo R-1719. This and the other photos accompanying this article were taken by Ldg. Tel. John McFerran, a member of the *Swansea's* ship's company.)

first "kill" was achieved on March 10 in company with HMS *Forester* and HMC Ships *St. Laurent* and *Owen Sound*; on September 1, the *Swansea* combined with HMCS *Saint John* in the destruction of U-247.

Commanding officer of the *Swansea* on all three occasions was the celebrated Commander Clarence A. King, RCNR, to whom U-boat sinking was "old stuff". In the First World War, as an officer in the Royal Naval Reserve, he was credited with one "kill" and two "probables" while in command of Q-boats, and was awarded the DSC.

His first success of the Second World War occurred in August 1942 when his ship, HMCS *Oakville* (corvette), finished off in spectacular style a submarine first spotted by a U.S. aircraft. Then came the *Swansea's* three 1944 triumphs. The second of these took place just nine days before Commander King's 58th birthday — further, conclusive proof that the young fellows didn't have exclusive rights to the ocean hunting grounds.

With his Second World War awards — the DSO, U.S. Legion of Merit, bar to the DSC and a Mention in Despatches — to add to those he won in the First, this veteran officer retired from the service in 1946, with the rank of captain, and returned to "The Anchorage", his fruit farm at Oliver, in B.C.'s Okanagan Valley.

CANADA and the SEA

An Address by Rear-Admiral H. F. Pullen, Chief of Naval Personnel, to the Eastern Canadian Section of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers

Gentlemen:

I was greatly honoured to be asked to speak to you tonight and to voice some thoughts and observations on a subject in which we are mutually interested. That subject, of course, is ships.

I do not intend to go into the details of ship design or construction. That I shall leave for my colleagues in the technical branches of the Service. I would like, rather, to touch in a modest way on the history of our shipping and shipbuilding industry. To make a proper, thorough job of this would of course take much longer than the time available to me this evening, but I thought I might dwell on a few historical highlights as illustrations of what the ship has meant to Canada.

Nowadays, and I suppose it has always been thus, there are those who think of history as something that should be sealed up, put away and forgotten. The present and future, they say, deserve all our thoughts and energies. They ignore the fact that history is the foundation on which the present and future are built. It is not always a firm foundation, and often the materials in it are pretty thin, but a foundation it is, all the same. Without it—without, in other words, a knowledge and understanding of the past—we are susceptible to the first strong wind or current that comes our way.

We in our particular sphere are fortunate, in that much our history has been fashioned by great men—whether they were designers, builders or sailors, or a combination of all three. From them we have inherited traditions of service, skill and bravery of which we can indeed be proud.

A few minutes ago, sitting here in these comfortable 20th century surroundings, in this great glistening city of Montreal, I cast my thoughts back two and three hundred years. I tried to picture Cartier coming up the river to Hochelaga, the site of this very city, the first white man to sail the St. Lawrence.

I saw Champlain, questing westward and finding the Great Lakes . . . and I saw that heroic, tragic figure, La Salle, not content with the seigneurie

mockingly called La Chine, but restlessly seeking new worlds for France.

Picture for yourselves La Salle's little band, wintering beside the Niagara. Their leader, armed with a King's commission to build forts and open up trade with the west, is expected to join them shortly. With him he will bring tools, equipment and rigging for a ship which they are to build to sail on the upper lakes.

La Salle arrives, but almost empty-handed. His barge has been wrecked and all has been lost but the cable and anchor. Nevertheless, they press on. In spite of hardships, difficulties and the constant threat of Indian attack, in the spring their ship is ready to be launched. She is named *Le Griffon* and, to the booming of cannon and shouts of the workmen, she slides into the water.

Like so many of La Salle's enterprises, this one was to have a tragic ending. *Le Griffon*, the first ship to sail on the Great Lakes, made only one voyage. After being launched, she was towed up the Niagara river to Lake Erie and on August 7, 1679, set sail for the upper lakes.

She sailed through Lakes Erie, St. Clair and Huron to Green Bay on Lake Michigan. Remaining to continue his explorations, La Salle dispatched her

to Niagara with a load of furs. She never reached her destination, disappearing with all hands.

Now you may wonder why I chose this venture as a highlight of our history. True, it was a failure from a material point of view—and plunged poor La Salle even deeper into debt—but its failure lay only in the execution. The vision from which it sprang lived on and in time became reality, until today it exceeds La Salle's grandest dreams by far.

Then there was Jean Talon, the Great Intendant, who might well be called the father of the shipbuilding industry in Canada. The first "timber-cruisers" were dispatched by Talon and, on the basis of their reports, he recommended to the Crown that the building of ships be undertaken in Canada.

To stimulate interest on the part of the colonists, Talon ordered the construction of a vessel of 120 tons and, while paying for it out of his own private funds, placed it at the disposal of the king. Soon other ships were on the ways, and, before he left Canada, in 1672, Talon was able to report that 350 men, out of a total population of less than 7,000, were engaged in this one industry. For the next 80 years the industry flourished at Quebec. In the mid-1700's there were built a number of warships, some of whose names survive today in ships and establishments of the Royal Canadian Navy—the *St. Laurent*, *L'Algonkin*, *Le Caribou*. Then came a decline, attributable largely to the corrupt practices of the notorious Intendant, Bigot, and, by 1760, shipbuilding was practically at a standstill.

This condition persisted until after the American Revolution. Then the whole of the shipbuilding industry experienced a spirited revival. Contributing to this were Britain's hungry demands for ships and their cargoes, and the influx of thousands of United Empire Loyalists, industrious and ambitious, who applied themselves energetically to forest, farm and sea.

During this period, the scene began to broaden. Quebec and Montreal continued to grow and prosper, but into the picture came the Maritimes, then, by fits and starts, the Great Lakes.

Wartime Ensign Returned to Ship

A White Ensign which has travelled far since the end of the Second World War has returned briefly to its home ship.

The ensign is one taken ashore from HMCS *Toronto* by one of the ship's coders, "Cam" A. Pringle, when the *Toronto* was paid off in 1945.

Mr. Pringle, who is manager of the Edmonton branch of a paint company, presented the ensign to Captain George A. Manning, commanding officer of HMCS *Nonsuch*, during a recent parade of the Edmonton division.

The flag was sent to the recommissioned *Toronto* for onward transmission to the City of Toronto as a souvenir of the frigate's Second World War service.

Mr. Pringle, whose former hometown was Regina, has a brother in the service. He is CPO W. R. Pringle, who is serving in *Niobe*.

The next 75 years might be termed "The Golden Age" of shipping in Canada. In countless ports, from Montreal to Passamaquoddy Bay, ships were built and put to sea. They sailed in local waters, to the Atlantic fishing grounds, and to the far corners of the world. By the middle of the 19th century, Canada was among the four great shipping nations of the world.

In 1864, at Quebec alone, 60 vessels were launched. Hundreds were launched in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and such towns as Yarmouth, Pictou, Windsor, Shelburne, Hantsport, Weymouth, Parrsboro, St. Martin's, St. George, St. Andrew's and Saint John became known the world over by their ships.

I have had occasion to visit many of those places in recent years. In most of them I found it hard to realize they had once been famous shipping centres, their harbours a forest of masts and yards. For the present, at least, history has not been kind to them.

It was not until nearly 100 years after La Salle's *Griffon* that ships again made their appearance on the Great Lakes. Then it was not commerce, so much as the needs for naval defence, that spurred activity in this direction.

With the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, merchant vessels were impressed into the King's service and shipyards were established at Detroit, Niagara and on Carleton Island, near Kingston. Subsequently the Governor, Sir Guy Carleton, ordered that no vessels were to navigate on the Lakes except such as were armed and manned by the Crown. However, the King's ships were permitted to carry freight on such occasions as it was possible for them to do so.

This practice continued until after the War of 1812, ceasing when the two countries wisely agreed that an undefended border was, perhaps, the safest border.

Ships on the Lakes reverted to purely commercial purposes and, as the settlements on the shore began to increase in size and numbers, found plenty of business awaiting them. There were few roads, and no railways, and these new communities depended on ships to take their goods to market. As in the Maritimes, many a small town had its own shipping industry—wharves, shipyard, warehouses and skilled workmen.

My own home town of Oakville was one. The people of Oakville were proud indeed of the exploits of the brigantine *Sea Gull*, which was built there in the 1860's at a cost of \$16,000. In 1869 she was chartered for a voyage from Toronto to Port Natal, South Africa, and,

with her captain and a crew of nine fresh-water sailors, made the voyage in three months. From Natal she sailed in January 1870 for Boston, with a cargo of sugar and other products and some 37 passengers. From Boston she carried a cargo of flour to St. John's, Newfoundland. Thence she proceeded in ballast to Sydney, Nova Scotia, to load with coal for Montreal. From Montreal she was towed up the canals to Kingston, and from there sailed to Toronto with a cargo of cordwood. She was away, in all, for 13 months. In that time she made a profit of \$2,000 for her owners. Not bad for fresh-water sailors!

By 1878 Canada possessed over 1,300,000 tons of registered shipping. Yet the handwriting was on the wall and by the end of the century would become cold, hard fact.

As early as 1809, a steamboat had sailed the St. Lawrence between Montreal and Quebec; in 1833 the *Royal William* made her epic voyage across the Atlantic—the first ship to do so entirely under steam; by 1850 there was regular steamship service on Lakes Ontario and Erie.

But it was not steam that ended the "Golden Age" so much as the advent of iron, and then steel ships. The blow fell on the Maritimes, where shipbuilding was the most widespread industry. Lack of capital and the necessary skills,

together with the high cost of materials, blocked the Maritimes from entering the new field with any degree of success.

Quebec's eminence as a shipbuilding centre also declined, and there was a certain amount of dislocation on the Great Lakes. Montreal, on the other hand, by becoming easily accessible by water for the first time, was given the impetus that made it the city that surrounds us today. And on the Lakes, the opening up of the west—La Salle's dream of 200 years before—caused a rapid expansion of the merchant marine that more than compensated for the revolutionary changes in the shipbuilding industry.

And so we come to the 20th Century. But first let me pause for a moment's reflection. In something like 2,000 words I have tried to give you an outline of the history of shipping and shipbuilding in Canada over a period of 200 or more years. It has perforce been a very sketchy outline, and I know that much has been omitted. However, I think one thing has become evident:

This history of shipping might just as properly have been titled a history of Canada. From Cartier to Confederation, it was on the oceans, lakes and rivers of this country that her destinies were fashioned. Discovery, exploration, settlement and trade were carried out



A demand for wooden minesweepers brought a revival of traditional skills in many small villages on Canada's East Coast. Much of the work was done by hand by craftsmen whose skills had been handed down from generation to generation. This was a typical scene in a small Nova Scotia village. (H-1351)

almost exclusively by water. There were the ships of Cartier and Champlain; the canoes of the *coureurs des bois*; the *bateaux*, Durham boats and York boats, successors to the canoe as river carriers; the "Golden Age of Sail", when ships from Quebec and the Maritimes ranged the whole of the world; the schooners and steamships of the Great Lakes, taking settlers and their goods westward and bringing back their products from the forest and the soil. It is impossible to exaggerate the contribution made by these craft, from the humblest to the proudest, to the growth and development of Canada.

In this capsule history, I have neglected, as I have said, many factors and areas in which ships were involved in the making of our country. There are the fisheries, from the very beginning one of our most important industries.

There is our Pacific Coast, where the ships of Cook and Vancouver and the canoes of Mackenzie, Fraser and Thompson found for us a land whose potential is only now beginning to be realized.

There is the Arctic, that frozen land of shattered dreams, whose frontiers still await a conqueror.

Then there is the Navy. If it was the merchant vessel—mercantile seapower—that transformed Canada from a wilderness to a growing, prosperous nation, it was the warship—naval sea-

power—that determined the course of the transformation and sheltered it from harm.

It was England's superior seapower that made possible the successful British invasion of Canada and it was seapower that sealed the British victory.

The hundred years of peace that followed the War of 1812 were guaranteed by Britain's pre-eminence at sea. Canada was able to press forward, except for a few local interruptions, with the development of her territory and resources. Highways were built and great railroads linked one end of the country with the other.

In the process, Canadians turned their backs on the water. When the new, 20th Century generation came along, it was taught many things, but one thing it was not taught was Canada's debt to the sea. The ship and all it had meant, and still meant, were ignored. It was an unfashionable subject in a time when the railroad train, the automobile and then the aircraft were whirling goods and people across the country.

The Second World War did bring a certain awakening. Many Canadians found out for the first time that this country possessed a Navy and that Canada had shipyards able to produce both naval and merchant craft.

However, there is a real danger that this awakening was only temporary and that unless vigorous steps are taken,



The finished hull of a destroyer escort—in this case the future HMCS Saguenay—slides into the waters of Halifax harbour. The ship is being built by Halifax Shipyards Limited. (HS-26857)

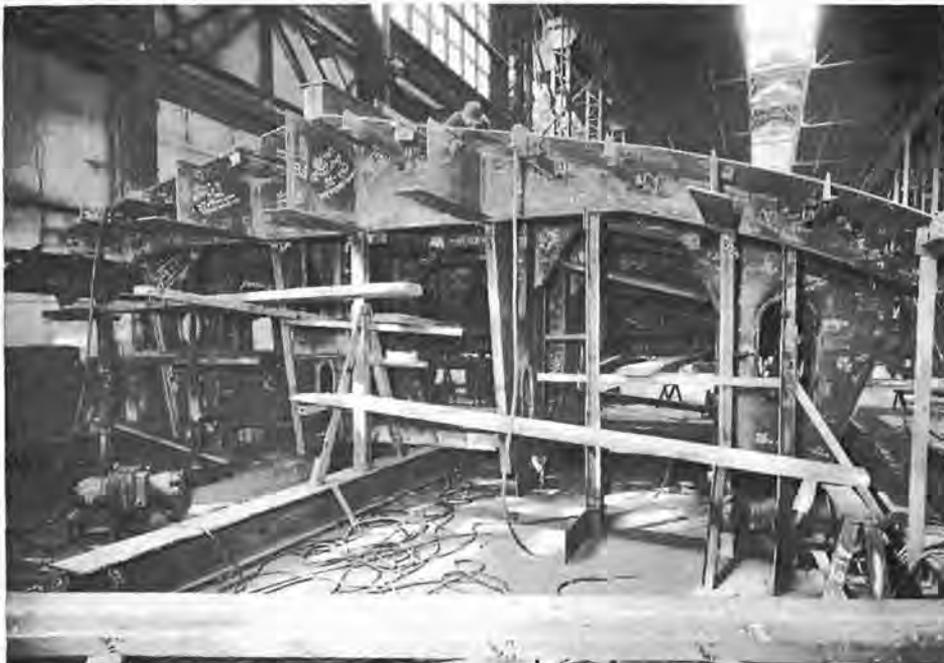
the lessons of history will again be forgotten. People talk of the Air Age, and the Atomic Age, and again the ship is dismissed as a rather archaic appendage to our transportation system. Disregarded is the fact that we are the fourth largest exporting nation in the world, that we export about one-quarter of our gross national product, that our imports frequently equal, and even exceed, our exports—and that a very large proportion of these imports and exports move by sea.

Our prosperity, and our safety, still depend as much as they ever did upon our free and secure use of the sea.

As their share of ensuring that this condition is not disturbed, the Navy and the shipbuilding and allied industries are in the midst of a program unique in Canadian history: They are engaged in the production of ships in numbers to meet Canada's treaty obligations and the needs for her defence, and in the same process are on their way to making Canada self-sufficient in so far as the production of these ships and their armament and equipment are concerned.

This is an undertaking of which all Canadians should know and in which they should take great pride. It offers a very real sign of our stature as a nation, of our growing productive capacity and of our acceptance of our responsibilities in international affairs.

Its fulfilment will, we sincerely hope, form a vital contribution to that collective force whose object is the preservation of peace . . . to serve, not as an agent of destruction, but as "a security for such as pass on the seas upon their lawful occasions".



The destroyer escort program which is now well under way in a number of Canadian shipyards required that the shipbuilding industry adopt a number of new techniques that never before had been attempted in this country. A sample is shown above, where prefabricated deck units, bulkheads, and frames are being assembled in the Canadian Vickers plant at Montreal in units prior to being joined together to form the hull.

TRAINING IN SAIL

by A. Q. K.

Oriole IV, 92-foot Ketch, Has Busy Summers On East Coast

TO BE STEERING and in control of a graceful 92-foot ketch as she lifts, plunges and boils along over the Atlantic under a vast, high spread of canvas is only a dream for many of us, but it has been the lot of a selected group of Royal Canadian Sea Cadets, as well as various UNTD Cadets and other officers and men under training in the RCN and RCN(R) for the past three summers.

The yacht *Oriole IV*, used by the RCN, is a steel-hulled vessel whose two masts tower nearly 80 and 60 feet above her mahogany decks and support a main-sail and mizzen and three headsails, respectively. Below decks, her main cabin seats 16 at two tables and contains a radio transmitter-receiver and

chart case, while below the cabin's deck are stowed tinned and bottled "dry" provisions.

The galley and cook's cabin lie forward of the main cabin, flanking the mainmast, and forward again is the large forecabin with its seven bunks for cruise personnel. Aft of the main cabin are the captain's cabin and a cabin for two officers.

Then comes the engine room, housing the Ailsa Craig diesel auxiliary motor, generator, etc., and two small cabins for the stoker and three seamen of the permanent crew.

The *Oriole's* skipper is Lieut.-Cdr. E. T. Coggins, of Weymouth, N.S., who first sailed in his father's schooner and

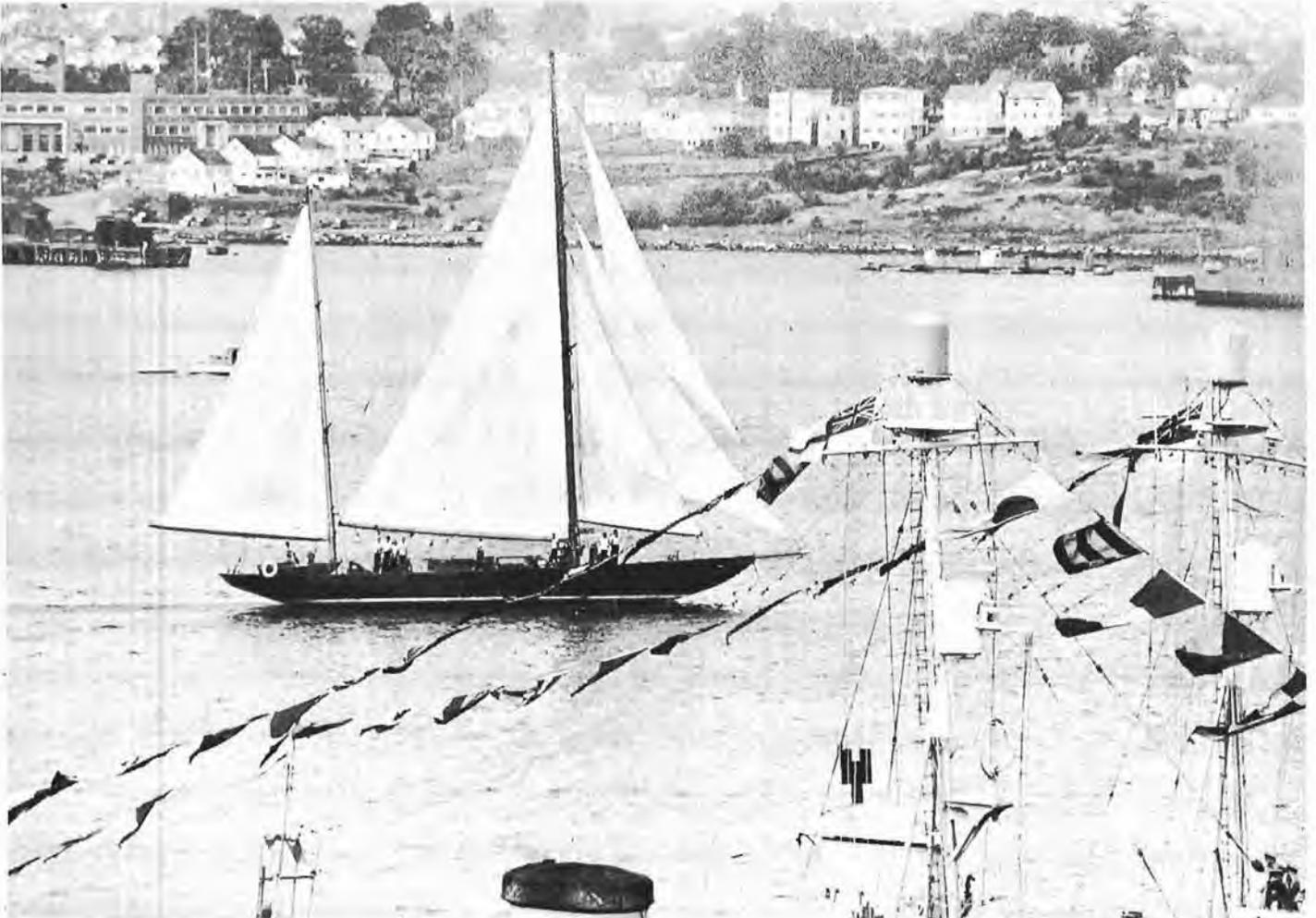
carried on as a schooner captain, with experience also in steam that qualified him for the RCNR and an appointment to HMCS *Gaspé* (minesweeper) at the beginning of the Second World War.

Exclusive of his naval qualifications, he holds master's papers (coast-wise) and a mate's certificate (foreign-going). For several years after the war he sailed as an officer in Canada's Merchant Navy with the Acadia Line, after which he entered the RCN.

The *Oriole*, presented to the RCN by the Navy League of Canada, spent her first summer with the Navy taking out men under training in *Cornwallis*.

The following year she was moved to Halifax, to be based in the dockyard.

The *Oriole IV* is shown under way in Halifax harbour during Navy Day celebrations there in 1952. (HS-20958).





Sea Cadets put their backs into hoisting the mainsail as the *Oriole* heads for the open sea. (Photo by the author).

Her first cruise was to the French islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, carrying a number of JOTL Course officers, and it was on the 460-mile run to St. Pierre that she made her captain particularly proud by averaging better than 10 knots. For three and one-half hours of this time, she averaged 13.7 knots.

Her cruises through that year included a voyage to Cape Breton Island and the beautiful Bras d'Or Lakes.

Other activities included representation of the Navy at the annual Fisheries Exhibition at Lunenburg.

The handsome ketch began the summer of 1953 with a cruise to Gloucester, Mass., one of the United States' greatest fishing ports and a rival of Lunenburg in the international fishing schooner races in which the *Bluenose* gained undying fame. This 12-day round trip was notable not only for the hospitality extended by the Americans, but also for some exciting adventures at sea. Fifty miles south of Yarmouth, N.S., the *Oriole* was struck by a 40-knot wind, which she weathered handily, making 12 knots under mainsail alone. There followed a thunder-and-lightning storm lasting five hours, during which the wind blew from all points of the compass.

July saw the *Oriole* again slipping from the dockyard for Gloucester, this time with a UNTD complement (another UNTD group having sailed in her for

two days at the end of June). After four days in port, she proceeded to Manchester, Mass., where, with a smaller Navy yacht, the *Grilse*, she started in the biennial race to Halifax at noon,

With sails furled, the *Oriole IV* proceeds under power toward her berth at the Shearwater jetty.



July 16. This was the third time that RCN yachts had competed in the 366-mile classic, but this time they were destined for disappointment.

Bowling along at 10 to 12 knots, the *Oriole* carried a good breeze for the first 24 hours, to make her landfall at Seal Island at the southern tip of Nova Scotia. Then the wind dropped so that the next 20 miles to Cape Sable required 72 hours. Another 24 hours brought her to the finish line at Halifax, under power.

For those Sea Cadets who had been selected from all across Canada to spend their 1953 training period in HMCS *Shearwater*, the *Oriole* meant an added thrill, for in her they got a good taste of life at sea. In charge of the Sea Cadets were Lieut.-Cdr. Dean Bragg and Instructor Lieut. A. Q. Keasbey, as well as CPO Thomas Lockhart, all from *Shearwater*.

Each day the *Oriole* put out into the harbour, her brasswork gleaming and her decks spotless after assiduous polishing and scrubbing by the Sea Cadets. Under the guidance of the ship's permanent crew, the cadets removed the sail covers and, ranged in line along the broad deck, hauled together on the halyards to raise each great sail in turn.

Now the engine was stopped and the yacht moved majestically forward under the vast spread of tall, white sails. There was plenty to learn, what with

halyards, jigs, sheets, outhalls, topping lifts and backstays, plus the 38 pieces of running rigging, and each to be hauled on or let go at the proper time. But it was not all work, for there were hours to relax in the sun on her broad deck as she heeled to the breeze and bowled powerfully along over the ocean.

Some sat up forward to feel fully the tremendous lift and plunge of the bow, while the long, gracefully curved stem dropped down to cleave the sea, rolling out a wide bow-wave and spreading roaring foam each time the *Oriole* dived.

Others took instruction in steering by compass, so as to stand a trick at the wheel and have the thrill of really sailing this splendid ship. Now and then bearings would be taken on buoys or lighthouses to fix the yacht's position. After 25 miles outward on the sea, hands sprang to back-stays and sheets as the vessel tacked to return to port. Now the long swells came behind her, and she drove along with easy motion, the vague coastline looming large again.

The foaming bow made its long, rhythmic lift and a stately descent all in measured time, while the bowsprit seemed to fly over the approaching uncleft water. But as she entered the Halifax harbour approaches the wind dropped, the engine was started and the sails were reluctantly lowered. The Sea Cadets were mustered to furl the great sails in succession as they came down and to help the seamen make ready the hawsers. Securing to the *Shearwater* jetty, the *Oriole* saw her sail covers laced on and all her ropes' ends cheesed down into smart, flat coils by the now seasoned Sea Cadets.

The day at an end, the *Oriole* lay quietly at her berth in a harbour of memories.

New Sailors Put on Poundage

The transition from civilian to sailor apparently doesn't involve loss of appetite, according to statistics compiled at *Cornwallis* on the St. Laurent Division of new entries.

At the start of the 16-week course last August, the new entry seamen averaged 148 pounds in weight, 36 inches in chest measurement and 29 inches around the waist. The average height was five feet seven and a half inches.

By the end of the course the average weight had gone up five and a half pounds and there was a two-inch gain in chest measurement and an inch more on the average waist.

Every man in the division gained in chest and waist measurements and increases in weight of as much as 15 pounds were observed.

The Supply Branch

by A Supply Officer

An Unofficial, Unabridged And Unconfirmed Account Of How It Got that Way

It is common knowledge that approximately 85 per cent of the work done in the navy is carried out by the supply branch.

Now just how did all this come about? you may ask. It is true that in the early days there was no special branch to attend to stores and financial affairs in the fleet. As far as we know, the branch was first established by King whatname . . . the chap that was always mucking about with old whoozit . . . you know who I mean, anyway.

One day he was holding conference with his ministers and in all probability the conversation went like this:

" . . . anyway, I told her I was at a convention with some of the boys from East Mercia, so she dropped the matter."

"Wimmin, wimmin . . . they're all the same. Ah well. Say, you're minister of war, aren't you? Think it's you, anyway."

"War . . . war . . . oh yas! War . . . sure, why ya ask?"

"Three hearts. Well, I was wondering if ya'd thought of creating a supply branch . . . you know, logistics, closed for stock taking, no payments until Friday and all that sort of stuff."

"Yeah . . . yeah . . . six spades . . . well, majesty, I s'pose it could be arranged. Lotta work, though, lotta work. Gotta make up several thousand forms and . . . pass the jug, majesty . . . and that sort of stuff."

"Organization would be easy. Half the people doing some sort of paper work . . . gotta impress the taxpayer, y'know . . . and the other half auditing and inspecting the stuff and then filing it away. Y'might say, 'seein' how the other half lives', hey?"

"Yak yak. Gad, majesty, y'still got yer sense of humor, that's fer *dang* sure. Pass."

And so it came about. As any Instructor Officer can tell you, if you can tear one away from his Greek translations long enough, a study of naval history reveals that the supply branch since its inception has determined the final result of every war and operation that maritime powers have undertaken. Fr'instance, back in 7000 B.C., when the Chaldeans engaged the Marmites, or whatever they were, the third Chaldean Heavy Squadron was forced to withdraw at the first attack . . . the arrowheads and bowstrings were locked in

the magazine and the paybob was ashore on a week-end, with the keys in his pocket.

Then about 2800 years later the Egyptians under Tut-tutandtut successfully attacked the Phoenician Sixth Fleet just off Malta. All the Phoenicians were in a state of shock because the old Chief in the clothing store had opened her up for a whole day. In their complete bewilderment the Phoenicians were easy prey to the attacking force.

And so it went, down through the centuries. And as the years rolled past, the outline of a supply branch grew clearer and clearer.

By the middle of the first century, personnel selection had entered the picture, when the more intelligent men (those who could read and write) and the best looking were selected for Writers' courses. It was in this period, too, that it was established that all officers in the branch must wear great, thick spectacles. It was this latter requirement that speeded up the invention of spectacles, which were not designed until some years later by Machiavelli, a distinguished Greek courtesan.

Taking its example from the excellent work being done by the supply branch, the rest of the navy began to revise its thinking and soon specialist branches were created for the purely executive functions within the service. First they organized gunnery and communications. These two branches are still trying to outshout the other about who is 'senior' . . . to the amusement of supply blokes, who merely sit back and smile amidst the argument.

It is interesting to note that the duties of the first communicators were to dash madly thither and yon bearing messages written on scraps of paper held aloft in a cleft stick. As an afterthought it might be added that it is also interesting to note that upon retirement from the service, supply personnel invariably become snapped up as financial advisors and executive directors of large international corporations, whereas ex-communications people usually find themselves pushing a bike for some telegraph company.

(To be continued.)

Ed. Note—The author unfortunately was unable to finish this article before press time since he accidentally sat on his glasses and has to wait several weeks before the medical branch can examine him for new ones.

SAILOR ON HORSEBACK

by C. S. J. L.

*Rancher Robert F. Coates
Doubles as Lieutenant
in RCN (Reserve)*

THERE is a sprinkling of former cowboys in the Navy, and the odd ex-sailor can be found riding the range, but the distinction of being the only man to combine the two occupations belongs to Rancher Robert F. Coates, of Macleod, Alberta, who doubles as Lieut. Robert F. Coates, RCN(R), of HMCS *Tecumseh*, the Calgary naval division.

Rancher Coates operates a 7,500-acre spread in the foothills country, 25 miles west of Macleod. In the spring and summer months, it keeps him going full-

time, but in the fall and winter, when the demands of his ranch are less exacting, he drives 125 miles to Calgary every Monday to attend drills at *Tecumseh*. Then he becomes Lieut. Coates, navigation instructor at the Calgary division.

What makes this 31-year-old rancher-sailor (or sailor-rancher) an even more unique figure is the fact that he went into the business of raising cattle, and made a success of it, without any background whatsoever.

He was born at Darlington, England, and, on leaving school, went to sea, at the age of 16, as a cadet in the Merchant Service. He spent 18 months with the Reardon-Smith Company in tramp ships out of Cardiff. Later he was with the London Tanker Company. Twice during his cadet days he lost his ship. The first was sunk by the pocket battleship *Von Scheer* in the convoy in whose defence the *Jervis Bay* made her epic stand. The other, a gasoline tanker, was torpedoed off Norfolk, Virginia.

In April 1943, Coates entered the Royal Naval Reserve as a lieutenant. After courses at Greenwich and in *Pembroke*, he came to Canada to pick up a corvette, HMS *Rosebay*. The ship worked up at Pictou, N.S., and Tobermory, Scotland, then joined the East Indies Fleet, and was based on Colombo, Ceylon. Convoy duty took her to Aden, Bombay and Calcutta. After a refit in South Africa, the *Rosebay* operated off the Burma coast.

Three weeks before the war ended, Lieut. Coates was appointed Flotilla Navigator for the 34th MLGB Flotilla. For four months these craft picked up Japanese prisoners who had been slow to surrender. After an appointment to the barracks at Singapore, Coates returned to England in April 1946. One last job was to return a landing craft flotilla to New York, via Gibraltar and the Azores. Coates was demobilized in November 1946 and returned to the Merchant Service as Second Officer in the *SS Kootenay Park*.

After six months of this, Robert Coates made his big move. With an ex-RNVR officer who had had some agricultural experience, he bought a ranch in the Columbia River valley near Windermere, B.C. It was the fulfillment of a dream that had sprouted and grown during the long night watches at sea during the war.

At the end of the first winter, Coates was left alone on the ranch but by then he had got the hang of things and carried on successfully.

In May 1951, Coates joined forces with a partner and bought a ranch at the south end of the Porcupine Hills, about



HOME ON THE RANGE

Lieut. Robert F. Coates, RCN(R), astride his trusty cow pony on his ranch in the Southern Alberta foothills.

25 miles west of Macleod. The Big Coulee Ranch, as it is formally called, contains 7,500 acres of foothills grazing land. The ranch is only 25 miles from the Rocky mountains and looks down the Waterton Park Gap into Glacier National Park in the United States. It is located in high country. The altitude at the ranch house is 4,600 feet and the range is mostly around 5,000 feet.

Big Coulee is no dude ranch. A lot of work is done there. Two to ten cowboys look after 600 head of cattle and 15 head of horses, the requirement for ranch hands depending on the season. In April and May it is calving time. Then comes haying time, when 300 tons of hay must be put up for the next winter. At branding time the cattle are rounded up and the unbranded ones stamped with the Big Coulee mark. From June to September the cowboys have a variety of jobs to do, not the least of which is to keep 39½ miles of fence mended.

Life on the ranch is not too rugged. The original log cabin has been rebuilt and now contains a living room and three bedrooms. Electricity is supplied by the ranch's own power plant. Propane gas is used for cooking and heating. A water system has been installed in the bath house, located between the main house and the bunk house. Lieut. Coates was recently married and the feminine touch has added much to the appearance of the place.

Since Coates took over the ranch, he has engineered six stock dams, using two caterpillar tractors and two scrapers on the job. These will make the water supply more certain.

In 1948, Coates entered the Royal Canadian Navy (Reserve), Retired List, and in February 1952 he went on the Active List at *Tecumseh*. He attended drills at the division for the balance of the winter and in the fall of '52 went to the West Coast for two weeks' full time training. In November of last year he spent a fortnight in HMCS *Sault Ste. Marie*.

It is no easy task to maintain his naval connection—that long drive to Calgary can be a tough one when the weather is bad—but Lieut. Coates enjoys his once-a-week transition from rancher to sailor. *Tecumseh*, in turn, considers itself fortunate to have on its rolls an officer of his enthusiasm and experience.

One thing seems inevitable, and that is that Lieut. Coates will be dubbed with the nickname of "Cowboy". However, it is a nickname of which he can indeed be proud.



PO Jack Mooney explains the principles and construction of a radio transmitter to members of the Cornwallis Amateur Radio Club. (DB-2463)

ACTIVE AMATEUR RADIO CLUB AT CORNWALLIS

The whole world is the proverbial back-yard for members of the recently formed Amateur Radio Club at HMCS *Cornwallis*.

Already the radio "hams" have established numerous contacts in many countries, including points behind the Iron Curtain. Among "acknowledgement of reception" cards received by the club to date is one from Rumania. It bears a censor's stamp, along with the inscription, "We Fight for Peace"—proving to the *Cornwallis* amateur radio operators that the Red propaganda machine isn't overlooking any opportunity to spread its doctrine.

Formed at the original suggestion of Commander R. W. Murdoch, who was then Officer-in-Charge of the Communication School, the amateur radio club started out with high aims and low finances. The latter problem was solved when the ship's fund provided a \$600 grant. The money is being used to construct a 300-watt transmitter, with club members constructing the unit themselves.

Initial aim of the organization is to promote interest in amateur radio operation and activities, and at the same time provide a form of recreation to interested persons.

The club enables members to obtain Certificates of Proficiency in Radio, Amateur Grade. In this connection, sufficient instruction is given in basic fundamentals of radio theory and operating procedure to allow members to write examinations for "ham" tickets.

At Monday and Thursday evening meetings, club members receive a combination of theory instruction (by PO Jack Mooney) and a session of construction and actual radio operation. Several members who possess amateur radio tickets are helping the club's program considerably, by supervising the would-be "hams", who in turn gain their early experience operating a 50-watt transmitter.

Auxiliary Expands Effort

One of the most active organizations of its kind in the country, the Women's Naval Auxiliary to HMCS *Star* expanded its efforts on behalf of the Navy still further in 1953.

Reading material and parcels were sent to men serving in RCN ships in the Far East; every recruit leaving Hamilton for *Cornwallis* received a parcel; visits were made to naval personnel in hospital; the auxiliary arranged and financed *Star's* annual picnic and Christmas party, and money to buy instruments was given to RCSCC *Lion*.

LOWER DECK PROMOTIONS

Following is a further list of promotions of men on the lower deck. The list is arranged in alphabetical order, with each man's new rank, branch and trade group shown opposite his name.

RCN

ALLEN, Kenneth L.....LSCS2
 AQUIN, Robert C.....LSCV1

BALDWIN, Douglas H.....LSCS2
 BARNEWALL, Bruce E.....LSCS2
 BARTLETT, Edward G.....LSCR1
 BELL, Ronald H.....PIAR3
 BENNETT, William M.....C2CS3
 BICKNELL, Thomas D.....LSBD2
 BLIGHT, James A.....P1CR2
 BONNEAU, Roland J.....LSOM1
 BREWER, Frederick J.....LSCS2
 BROWN, Robert F.....P1CV2
 BUCHANAN, Alexander G.....LSCS2
 BURKE, George W.....LSCS2
 BURKHOLDER, Douglas I.....LSBD2

CALFAT, Louis J.....P2BD3
 CIZ, Michael.....C2CV3
 CLARKSON, Thomas.....C2CS3
 CLUTSAM, Donald J.....LSBD2
 COUGHLIN, Ralph B.....LSCS2

DALEY, Coleman A.....LSLM2
 DAVIES, Donald E.....LSVS1
 DAVIES, Ralph E.....C1CR3
 DAWSON, Gerald A.....LSCR1
 DENISON, Norman E.....P2RN3
 DODSON, Paul L.....LSCS2
 DRINNAN, Stewart M.....LSCR1
 DUBUC, Paul A.....P2BD3
 DUNBAR, John A.....C2CS3

EXLEY, Earle W.....P2CR2

FEHR, Jacob.....P2CR2
 FINNIMORE, Kenneth R.....LSCS2
 FRASER, Gordon.....C2CV3

GALLAGHER, Gerald V.....P2CR2
 GAUDREAU, Patrice E.....P2BD3
 GAZLEY, Raymond A.....LSCS2
 GERMANO, Vernon P.....LSLM1
 GILBERT, Bruce H.....LSCS2
 GOODWIN, Alan R.....LSCR1
 GRAHAM, Ivan E.....LSCS2

HAMM, Bruce E.....LSCS2
 HAYES, John.....LSCS2
 HILLABY, William G.....LSCS2
 HINDLE, Frank H.....P1CR2
 HODGKINS, Frederick W.....P1CV2
 HUGHES, Leslie C.....LSCR1
 HUTCHISON, George M.....LSCS2

JACKSON, Robert L.....LSCS2
 JONES, David L. G.....P1CR2

KARLOWSKY, Arnold A.....LSCS2
 KETTLE, Robert G.....P2CV2
 KIRKPATRICK, Lloyd G.....P1CV2
 KRILLOW, William.....LSCR1
 KUZAK, Stephen.....LSCS2
 KONSAHRADA, Edward R.....LSCV1

LAMOUREUX, Louis G.....LSCS2
 LANE, Hugh G.....LSCS2
 LEGAULT, Jean-Paul D.....LSCR1
 LOWTHER, John A.....LSCS2
 LUSK, Gordon H.....LSCV1

McLEOD, Kenneth D.....C2CV3
 MacDONALD, Joseph K.....LSCR1

MacFARLANE, George E.....LSCS2
 MacNUTT, Gerald E.....LSCS2
 MALLARY, Alan L.....LSCS2
 MEADS, John L.....C1CV3
 MILLAR, Melvin L.....P2CR2
 MILLIKEN, Gordon R.....LSCS2
 MOSS, Austin, J.....LSCS2
 MUGRIDGE, Robert O.....LSQMS
 MUIR, James M.....P1CV2

NICHOLS, William C.....P1ER4

OAKLEY, John H.....LSBD2
 OLIVER, Clarence S.....LSCS2
 OLSON, Reginald H.....LSCV1

PARIS, Arthur T.....P2BD3
 PEPIN, Rene H.....LSCR1
 PERRY, Norman A.....LSCR1
 PIRT, Bruce Hill.....LSCR2
 PITUL, William.....LSCR1
 PLAMONDON, George E.....LSBD2
 PRITCHARD, Edward G.....P2CR2
 PURDY, Gerald R.....LSCR1

READ, Leonard W.....P1SH4
 RINTOUL, Alexander J.....LSCR1
 ROACH, Gordon J.....P1CR2
 ROBERGE, Bernard L.....C2CV3
 ROY, Pierre Andre J.....LSCR1

SAVOIE, Gerald J.....LSCR1
 SAWYER, John E.....P1SH4
 SCHAEFER, Roy H.....P2BD3
 SHATTUCK, Wayne A.....LSCR1
 SHERWIN, Frederick H.....LSCV1
 SIEBER, Mervyn W.....LSCR1
 SKANES, Gerald B.....LSCR1
 SMITH, John B.....P1CV2
 SMITH, Robert G.....LSCS2
 SMYTH, James A.....P1CR2
 SOUTH, Douglas C.....LSCR1
 STEPHENS, Wilbert R.....P2CR2
 SWEET, Garfield T.....LSCR1

THOMPSON, Reginald F.....C1CR3
 TITFORD, Charles W.....LSCR1
 TOFFLEMIRE, Roscoe E.....LSCR1

WALLACE, Robert.....P1SH4
 WALTER, Real J.....P2BD3
 WATLING, Malcolm W.....LSCS2
 WHALLEY, Terrence D.....LSCS2
 WICKSON, William F.....P2CV2
 WILCOX, Douglas G.....LSCV1
 WILLIAMS, Noel F.....P1CV2
 WILSON, John C.....P1CS3
 WILSON, Keith J.....P2CR2
 WILSON, William A.....LSCS2
 WILSON, George R.....LSCS2
 WORRALL, George H.....P1CV2
 WORTHINGTON, Donald E.....P1CV2
 WRAITH, Edward D.....LSCS2

YOUNG, Robert J.....LSCR1

RCN (R)

ACOTT, Douglas.....C2CV3
 ANDROWSKI, Donald.....P2CK2
 AITKEN, Robert.....C1CV3
 BAGG, Joseph.....P2AAS
 BEAR, William.....P1QR1
 BEAUMONT, Edward.....LSAAS
 BELLAMY, William.....LNSN1
 BRYANT, Geraldine.....WLVS1
 CAVE, Donald.....LSCK1
 CLARKE, Gordon.....C2CV3
 DERRICK, Frederick.....C1QR2
 ERICKSON, Alfred.....P1AW2
 GAGNON, Robert.....LSAW1

GALLANT, Albert.....LSSM1
 GREEN, Edward.....LSQMS
 HAYWOOD, Harold.....C1CV3
 JENKINS, Kenneth.....P2TDS
 KAVOLIUNAS, Anthony.....LSLRS
 KIRBY, Howard.....LSCV1
 LEVALLEY, Kenneth.....LSRPS
 LITTLE, Neville.....P2TDS
 MERCER, Gordon.....C2MM3
 MUIR, Ian.....LSTDS
 MUNRO, James.....LSTDS
 NAAS, John.....C2MM3
 NICHOLSON, George.....C2ER4
 O'CONNOR, Arthur.....LSNS1
 PAUL, Stanley.....LSCR1
 ROGERS, Jack.....C1TDS
 ROY, Alexander.....P1QMS
 SCHRIER, Sam.....LSAAS
 SIDNELL, Joan.....WLPW1
 SMITH, George.....P1ET4
 SPOONER, Charles.....LSCR1
 STANFIELD, Ralph.....P1TA2
 STILL, David.....P2NF2
 WELLS, George.....C1QR2

HELICOPTERS TURN TO ANTI-SUB DUTY

Trials with special equipment are being carried out in Northern Ireland by the first squadron of anti-submarine helicopters to be formed by the Royal Navy's Fleet Air Arm.

Formed recently at the Royal Naval Air Station, Gosport, near Portsmouth, England, 706 Squadron is equipped with Westland-Sikorsky S55 helicopters, capable of lifting eight men. The helicopters are similar to those in service in the Malayan jungle war.

One of the advantages in using the 'copters as close air escort for convoys is that they could be operated from small platforms on the upper decks of merchant ships. The RN is working closely with the United States Navy in developing this new form of defence against submarines, which can also be adapted to the seaward defence of ports. The USN has already conducted experiments with a special sonobuoy which can be lowered into the sea from a helicopter hovering a few feet above the surface.

Helicopters of 848 Squadron, equipped with Sikorsky S55s, flew more than 3,000 hours during 10 months of operation in Malaya in 1953, where the squadron arrived in January. They lifted nearly 9,000 troops and 170,000 pounds of freight and evacuated 220 sick and injured soldiers from the jungle.

Other tasks included the lowering of tracker dogs used by troops in Malaya to round up bandits, the dropping of leaflets, and low reconnaissance of jungle clearings suspected of being bandit headquarters.

'COOKIE'

by J. H. W.

DUSTY removed his cap and placed it on the table—a sign that the company was to his liking and he was about to tell a story. He ordered another round and, indicating an Irish farmer standing at the bar, began thusly:

D'ye see that fellow talking to the owner? He puts me in mind of the ship's cook of the old 'V—'. Patrick Aloysius O'Malley was his name, and a wonderful baker, too, though I'd never say it to his face.

It was in the winter of 193—. We were lying in the trot at Scapa, trying to dry out after a run ashore in the Clyde and a rough passage back through the Minches. The snow that had fallen all night was being scraped off the upper, with many a curse at a sky that spoke of more to come.

The bosn's mate came on deck to pipe stand easy, and what with the cold and all, the brooms and shovels were abandoned with even more alacrity than usual. The messdecks were soon alive with steaming bodies, cigarette smoke and polite conversation. We began arguing the question of a suitable duff for dinner, and the killick, who was standing by playing with the linen we were going to tie it up in, got a most diabolical twinkle in his eye. Then he tossed the bag to me, me being the cook of the mess that week, and said:

"Here you are, lad—snow pudding."

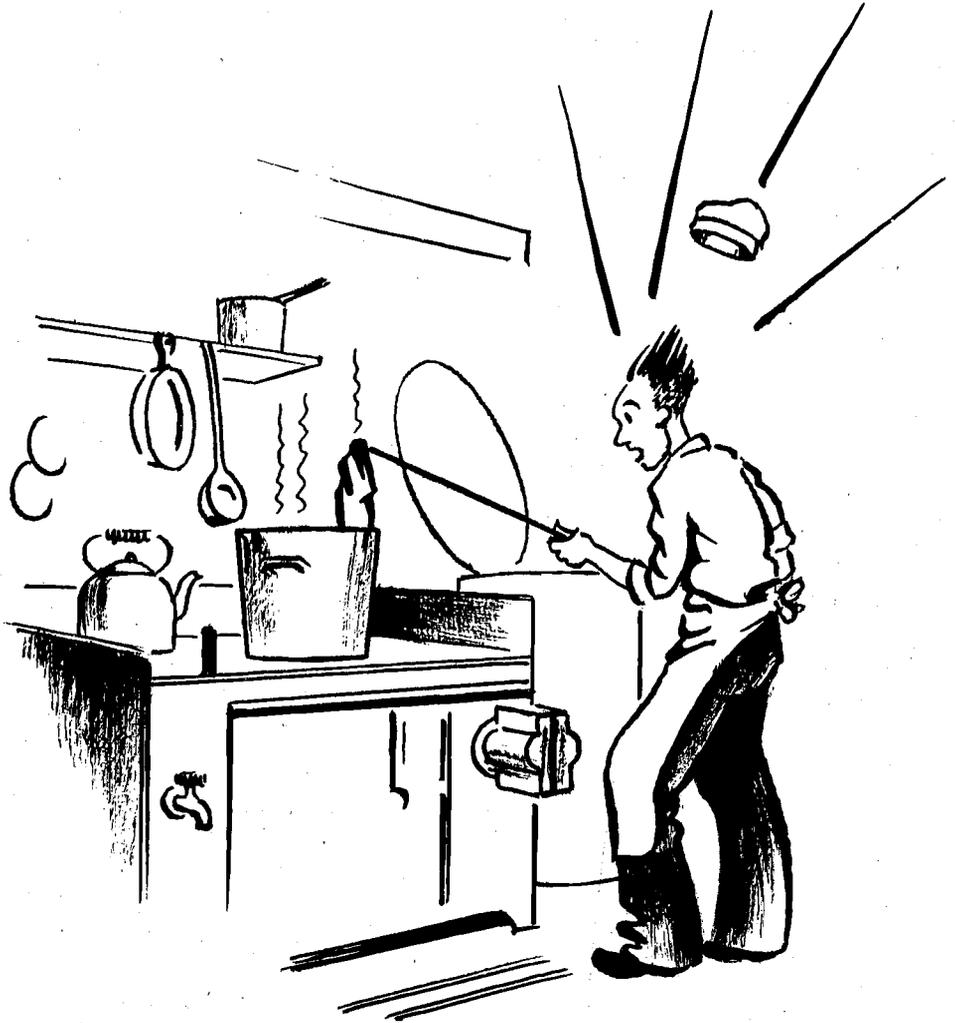
It took us a minute or so to see his idea, and then the game was on. We went up to the fo'c'sle and moulded snow to the exact specifications of a plum duff, lashed it in the linen bag hammock fashion with a little wooden tag, and took it to the galley.

"Seven mess, Cookie!"

"Righto boys, in she goes."

"And in it went, into the boiling pot along with the others. Well, dinner time came and as soon as the stew was finished I went up to the galley and hung around a bit until the others had drawn their stuff, then sang out for ours. Cookie reached up for his wire hook and poked it into the pot. He swirled it round a bit, gaffed, and extracted a limp, well stained mess of cloth and string. I had to bite my tongue to keep from laughing—his face was such a picture. Of course I accused him of ruining our duff and went to get the killick.

"What's this about you spoiling our duff?" says the killick.



"So help me, Tom, I put it in the pot with my own two hands, and I haven't left the stove this morning. I can't understand it!"

"Why, you Houdini in cook's clothing—that duff was the only food we can trust you not to burn, and you've gone and boiled it away; What about it?"

We got a makers that afternoon, and you could hear the first libertyboat laughing all the way into the fleet canteen at the thought of poor old O'Malley spending the rest of the day making cakes for seven mess. Yes sir, he was a fine baker, though 't would never do to say it to his face.

Dusty lit a cigarette and after a few puffs embarked on another anecdote concerning the illustrious O'Malley.

"We sailed for Hong Kong soon after that, and what with a bit of luck and Cookie's goalkeeping the ship's team became flotilla football champions. That summer Cookie's hook came through, and so one fine Thursday morning he was informed by the Old Man that Depot would be pleased to rate P. A. O'Malley to acting leading cook, subject to con-

firmation when he'd passed an E.T.I. The papers had arrived on board at the same time so the next day Cookie wrote the exams. He was a good cook and a fine goalie, but no scholar, and he failed the English paper miserably.

"The skipper gave him one last chance, and warned him that if he failed again the hook would go back and he, O'Malley, would go with it. The news concerning Cookie's impending draft produced widespread consternation, for the football team was depending on his goal-keeping ability. For another six months he was tutored by the sparkers. When the day that would decide Cookie's fate arrived, the First Lieutenant unwittingly provided the answer by deciding to paint ship.

"Stages were rigged and work began along the port side. Cookie was in the wireless office, listening to last minute instructions, when a messenger appeared to tell him he would be required with pen and ink in the wardroom at 1400.

"For half an hour Cookie sat under the port scuttle frowning at the questions.

The Sub who was invigilating rose to answer a knock at the door, and by the time he'd told the navigator's yeoman he didn't have the keys to the chartroom Cookie had reached up and passed the paper out the scuttle. The matelot painting there wiped his hand on his dungarees, passed it to his neighbour, and so from stage to stage it went, along the ship's side to the break of the forecandle and inboard to the wireless office. There in record time it was completed by a congregation of brains in a fair imitation of Cookie's sprawling hand, and passed back along the same route. Cookie was doodling on a piece of scrap, glancing occasionally at the scuttle from the corner of his eye, when a hand appeared, ostensibly grasping for support. He waited, and when the Sub's attention was diverted by another knock at the door, reached up and retrieved the paper.

"When the results were returned to the ship, Cookie was informed he had earned the astounding mark of 95 per cent, was congratulated and formally presented with his hook. Success exacts its price though, boys, and it was a lot of money O'Malley spent that night on beer. Incidentally, I was navigator's yeoman in that ship, and when I knocked the second time the Sub suggested I check the chronometer some other time. Very important thing is timing, which brings us to the business at hand—Whose round is it?"

RN FLAG OFFICER CANADIAN-BORN

*Rear-Admiral P. W. Brock
Attended RN College
of Canada*

A Canadian-born officer who received his initial training in the old Royal Naval College of Canada has been promoted to flag rank in the Royal Navy. He is Rear-Admiral P. Willet Brock, DSO, whose promotion from the rank of captain took place recently.

Rear-Admiral Brock was born in 1902 in Kingston, Ont., where his father, the later Dean R. W. Brock, was Professor of Mining at Queen's University. His early education was obtained in Ottawa, while Dean Brock was Director of the Geological Survey and Deputy Minister of Mines.

When Dean Brock agreed to help in the formation of the University of British Columbia, the family moved to Vancouver and Rear-Admiral Brock attended King Edward High School there. He entered the Royal Naval College of



Three rousing cheers were given Captain (now Rear-Admiral) P. W. Brock by his ship's company when he left HMS Kenya at Kure, Japan, to take up an appointment at the Admiralty. This photo was taken by an RCN photographer serving in HMCS Nootka, which was berthed at the same jetty as the Kenya. (NK-586)

Canada in 1917, having passed first in the entrance examinations.

The college was then in Halifax. After the explosion in December 1917, it was temporarily housed at the Royal Military College, Kingston, then was moved to Esquimalt in the summer of 1918.

Rear-Admiral Brock graduated, at the head of his class, in 1920 and was sent to the Royal Navy for training as a midshipman. It was shortly after this that he transferred to the RN.

In the Second World War, Rear-Admiral Brock served for some time as executive officer of HMS *Mauritius* (cruiser) and took part in the landings in Sicily, the Italian mainland and the Normandy beaches. In support of these landings, the *Mauritius* fired more rounds than any other ship in the Allied fleets.

In the first week of May 1945, just before the Armistice, he was a senior member of the naval party that seized the German naval base at Kiel, and shortly afterward he became Naval Officer in Charge there.

Rear-Admiral Brock later served as Chief of Staff to the Flag Officer (Destroyers) in the Mediterranean, then commanded HMS *Kenya* (cruiser) in the Korean war theatre. For services there he was awarded the Distinguished Service Order. Until November of last

year he was Director of the Operations Division at the Admiralty. In April he takes up the appointment of Flag Officer, Middle East.

Admiral Brock is married to the former Doreen Collinson, daughter of a captain in the Royal Navy, and has a home at Walton-on-Thames, Surrey. He has four brothers: David H. Brock of the Victoria Daily Times; Phillip H., Vancouver, a Water Resources Branch engineer; Thomas L., of Aluminum Limited, who is at present with the London office, and Dr. Britton Brock, consulting geologist to Anglo-American Ltd., Johannesburg, South Africa.

Rear-Admiral Brock was not the first Canadian-born officer to attain flag rank in the RN. Before Confederation, Nova Scotia alone was able to lay claim to having contributed seven flag officers to the Royal Navy. The most famous of these was Provo William Parry Wallis, who as second lieutenant brought the United States frigate *Chesapeake* into his native Halifax as a prize. This distinguished officer reached the rank of Admiral of the Fleet and lived to the age of 101.

Canadian-born, too, was Sir Charles Kingsmill, who served in the RN from 1869 to 1908, became Director of the Naval Service when the RCN was formed in 1910 and retired in 1920 with the rank of Admiral.

RECRUITING IS YOUR BUSINESS

by W. A.

FEW naval men, after enrolment, give a second thought to recruiting. They have a vague notion that some sort of branch or office must exist somewhere to process and despatch recruits to *Cornwallis*, and, presumably, someone must know something about the correct number and type of forms to complete and submit. Once he is through his entry routine, the average man is no doubt more than willing to forget completely the whole tedious business of I.Q. tests, interviews and medical examinations which, coupled with the necessity of assembling a battery of strange-looking documents the like of which, in all probability, he has never seen before, make his enrolment a far from simple business.

The above viewpoint is not too surprising as recruiting is, in a sense, a form of non-naval activity inasmuch as it does not involve any of the functions commonly associated with the actual fighting of ships and the problems of keeping them at sea. Nevertheless, without recruits and the department which *finds*, selects, and handles them,

the Navy would very quickly wither and die for lack of new blood. Naval recruiting cannot be relegated to the background of naval life and be regarded as the business of the very few appointed for recruiting purposes.

The word "finds" has been accented in the previous paragraph as the Armed Forces of Canada are, in effect, competing with industry and the professions for the best young brains of the country. The youngster we are seeking is also the type for whom every personnel manager in Canada has his eye peeled. Somehow the recruiter must gain the attention of eligible young men to present the career-story of the Navy and the benefits of naval life. With the limited financial resources available for large-scale advertising campaigns, this becomes an individual problem which each recruiter must solve to the best of his ability as local circumstances dictate. Speeches are made; newspaper and radio interviews are arranged; newspaper and radio advertising is purchased; tours are organized which take the Navy into small, out-of-the-way

places; vocational guidance lectures are delivered to schools and, in general, any form of activity which presents the Navy to the public is eagerly pursued. In spite of all this, however, the best of all recruiting and public relations publicity is, of course, the "satisfied customer": He who is, in all respects, the true naval man, proud of his service and his career. If every man of the very large number of such now serving in the Royal Canadian Navy were to appoint himself an unofficial Naval Ambassador and, without any attempt to recruit, merely state at every opportunity the pros and cons of naval service, current advertising campaigns would have much greater impact and the actual enrolment figures would quickly improve. The facts of naval life speak for themselves and will do their own recruiting.

Having obtained the interest of a young man, the recruiter's next duty is to ensure the applicant is fully aware of naval obligations, opportunities and conditions of service and then to determine for which branch of the Service he is best suited. Four factors determine this—I.Q. score, educational background, physical standards, and personal inclination. When one or all of the first three factors are opposed to the fourth, the recruiter very often has the difficult task of deciding with the young man—who is very likely determined to enter the service in some capacity—which branch will make the applicant happiest and, therefore, of more use to the Navy. This is, however, no more difficult than dealing with the young man who wishes naval service but has no personal inclinations or obvious aptitude for a particular branch. In either case, the recruiter must be extremely careful to avoid any suggestion of "rail-roading" an applicant into a category for which he is not suited or may feel later that he was "talked" into entering.

Bad counselling is bad recruiting and leads to dissatisfaction. Dissatisfaction leads to lowered morale and discontent and, finally, to second-class service. Better, as happens from time to time, to delay attestation until the applicant has given long and serious consideration to the step he is about to take and has fully discussed all aspects of his prospective career. In spite of our urgent requirement for manpower, the recruiting office is very definitely NOT a machine designed to feed young men into one



Last minute instructions are given to nine Kingston and district navy recruits by PO Kenneth Childs, recruiting petty officer at HMCS Catarauqui, prior to their departure for Cornwallis. Back row, left to right, are Douglas Saunders, John Adams, John Neeley and Robert McQueen. Front row: James Jenkins, Leonard Lyons, George Botting, Barnard Leveque and Stanley Fillion. (Photo by Wallace Berry, Kingston.)

end and cut them off in one-fathom lengths as new entries at the other.

Naval entry standards are high, leading to large numbers of rejections. In this connection, nothing is more saddening to a recruiter than to turn away as gently as possible a smart-looking, keen young man who fails to qualify through lack of education. The Recruiting Officer's theme in schools and young people's associations is, "Stay in School—Get as much education as possible!". In the writer's two and a half years in recruiting he has far too often shaken his head and sighed over the rejection of what might have been a future Admiral—had he stayed in school a little longer and had his wits sharpened.

The recruiter must know a great deal about the service in order to answer innumerable—and sometimes amazing—questions. He must possess a fund of tact, patience, and occasional firmness to handle undisciplined and "smart" young men who must be made to realize that, whilst naval discipline is not harsh, it is not geared to tolerate smart-aleck behaviour. Such youngsters cannot be enrolled until the recruiter is fully assured they have the intelligence and

plain guts to survive the transition from irresponsible, unguided home or civil life to the obligations and requirements of the service. The recruiter is in the position of selling the Navy and simultaneously keeping a wary eye on prospective purchasers, for, in turn, the recruiter is buying for the Navy the young men and women attracted by his sales activities.

And what has recruiting to do with serving personnel not appointed to recruiting duties? As I remarked earlier, the recruiting staffs must find the eligible young people—and press gangs were outmoded some considerable time ago. The service cannot spare enough men or money to ensure every youngster in Canada is aware of the facts of naval service. But we have some 16,000 spokesmen already enrolled! The inference is obvious.

Some two years ago an excellent poster was distributed within the Service. The wording of this poster is as true today as when it was printed. In colour on a navy blue background, a hand points straight out at the reader and the caption states:

"RECRUITING IS YOUR BUSINESS".

Huron Sailors Learn How 'Other Half' Lives

ON BOARD HMCS HURON—A dozen sailors from this destroyer have learned how it feels to be attacked by their own ship—from 150 feet overhead.

In anti-submarine exercises with the U.S. Submarine *Pickerel*, off a United Nations naval base in Japan, 12 members of the destroyer's company spent six hours submerged in the undersea craft, while the *Huron* carried out dummy attacks from above.

All agreed they would rather be "up top" for the real thing. As Petty Officer Cecil Briggs, of Calgary and Windsor, N.S., put it: "It's rather weird sitting down there, hearing the screws of your own ship roar by over your head. They sounded like the wheels of a train."

Seconds afterward, there was a loud thud on the sub's hull. "Our boys were really on the target . . . we were glad it was only grenades they were dropping."

The Canadian sailors were guests of Lieut.-Cdr. Henry B. Sweitzer, commanding officer of the *Pickerel*, and his boat's company. A similar number of officers and men from the *Pickerel* spent the day in the *Huron*, observing the exercises from the surface.

The destroyer-men were given ring-side seats in the sub's control room during the diving operations. The only "veteran" submariner among the Cana-

dians was Lieut. Ronald H. Coell, of Ottawa and Vancouver, who was making his seventh dive.

After the *Pickerel* had submerged, the visitors were shown through the boat from stem to stern, and what impressed them most was the amount of equipment packed into the sub. As one of the bewildered Canadians said: "With all that gear to operate, no wonder 80 per cent of the crew are petty officers".

AB George D. Guertin, of Ottawa, prizes a small card handed him as he left the *Pickerel*. It reads: Be it known to all good sailors that: Able Seaman George D. Guertin, RCN, was this date totally submerged in the USS *Pickerel*. In consequence of such dunking and his initiation into the mysteries of the deep, he is hereby designated an Honorary Submariner . . .". The card is signed by the *Pickerel*'s commanding officer.

The ten other Canadian "Honorary Submariners" are: Petty Officers Andre F. DeBaeremaker, Toronto and Halifax; Cyrus A. Brooks, Windsor, Ont., and Alfred J. Stevenson, Dartmouth; Ldg. Sea. Henry T. Dingle, Dartmouth, and Able Seamen Donald J. Henning, Toronto; James G. Glover, Ottawa; William N. Watson, Toronto, and William C. Johnson, Kingston, Ont.

SOLDIERS FOR DAY DECIDE NAVY'S OKAY

ON BOARD HMCS CRUSADER—Forty officers and men from the *Crusader* turned soldier for a day during the ship's first patrol of her second tour of duty with UN Naval Forces in the Far East—and all agreed that the Navy has its points.

Officially known as "Operation Sampan", the exercise was held during the destroyer's patrol in the vicinity of Yang Pyong-Do, an island off the west coast of Korea, and was designed to provide officers and men with additional experience in landing operations, demolition and small arms handling.

Under the command of Lieut.-Cdr. J. R. Nunn, of Hamilton, the platoon was landed on Yang-Pyong-Do by a U.S. Marine LCM and proceeded by truck to the exercise area. There, small arms training was carried out with Bren guns, rifles and pistols, while demolition teams went to work on "strategic installations". The demolition teams also progressed the work on fixed defences of the island, assisting the Korean Marine Corps garrison in blasting trenchlines. Later, the sailors also trained in methods of camouflage, how to avoid detection, and how to prepare Army "C" rations. To round out the exercise, the platoon marched its equipment back to the beachhead.

The weary sailors returned to the *Crusader* firm in the conviction that there's nothing like a warm messdeck, a hot meal and comfortable hammock—especially after a day in the Army.

The platoon's demolition team was headed by Lieut. Norman C. Eversfield, of Toronto and Victoria, and Commissioned Officer F. A. Jones, of Swift Current, Sask. CPO Richard March, of Victoria, was senior instructor.

Wren Training Centre Commissioned

The training establishment at Burghfield, Reading, England, where members of the Women's Royal Naval Service receive their initial training, has been commissioned as HMS *Dauntless*.

The Royal Navy's rule that every commissioned shore establishment must have at least a waterborne tender to bear the name has been complied with by giving the name HMS *Dauntless* to a craft ferrying naval personnel on the Medway to Sheerness.

CORONATION PHOTOGRAPHS

Selected Pictures Listed For Benefit of Those Wanting Souvenirs

COR-39—Maj.-Gen. J. D. B. Smith, LS T. E. Finnegan, CPO Fred Stiner, Lt.-Col. Paul Triquet.

COR-40—Maj.-Gen. J. D. B. Smith, Lt. M. J. Waymouth.

COR-41—Mr. Norman Robertson, Lt.-Cdr. Fay Rutledge, Lt. Margaret Chapman, Lt.-Cdr. J. E. Korning.

COR-43—Mr. Norman Robertson, CPO Stiner, Lt.-Cdr. Korning.

COR-47-51—Canadian contingent practising for procession.

COR-52—CPO M. H. Keeler, CPO George Black, at Windsor Castle.

COR-53—AB T. H. Earl, LAC J. D. Poissant, at Windsor Castle.

COR-54—LS D. T. Honer, Cpl. Robert Maxwell, LAC Patrick Cassidy, at St. George's Chapel.

COR-57—Commonwealth contingent members visit St. George's Chapel.

COR-58—AB T. H. Earl, LS L. H. Lakey, AB J. W. Hall, LS C. Williamson, LS J. N. Neve, CPO R. Beaulieu.

COR-72—CPO R. Beaulieu, CPO Douglas Abbott, at Buckingham Palace.

COR-75—LS Tom Sawyer, LS W. Farmer, CPO R. Beaulieu, by statue.

COR-78—CPO H. Black, CPO C. R. Moore, on double-deck bus.

COR-112—CPO Douglas Abbott, CPO G. H. Black, LS John Munro, LS W. A. Gemmell, CPO Cecil Moore, at Buckingham Palace.

COR-113—CPO R. Beaulieu, CPO Edward Ratcliffe, LS W. R. Gaudet, LS William Farmer, at Buckingham Palace.

COR-114—Group of Canadian naval personnel watch Grenadier Guards at Buckingham Palace.

COR-115—Group of Canadian naval personnel in front of Buckingham Palace. Queen Victoria memorial in background.

COR-116—Canadian naval personnel in front of Buckingham Palace.

COR-117—Canadian naval personnel; Queen Victoria memorial in background.

COR-118—Canadian naval personnel at steps of Queen Victoria memorial.

COR-119—LS Clifford Cooke, LS W. Gemmell, LS J. Munro, at Queen Victoria memorial.

COR-120—Canadian naval personnel visiting Westminster Abbey.

COR-121—Canadian naval personnel at Royal Pavilion, Westminster Abbey.

COR-122—Canadian naval personnel crossing Whitehall by House of Commons.

COR-123—Canadian naval personnel in archway at House of Commons.

COR-124—Canadian naval personnel, by monument of Richard the Lion-Heart.

COR-125—Canadian soldiers, sailors and airmen on Thames Embankment.

COR-126-127—AB Angus Rose, AB J. W. Hilton, LAC B. Buttner, Cpl. K. A. Nobbs, at Tower of London.

COR-128—AB Robert Levey, LS J. Munro, LS W. Gemmell, S/Sgt. Frank Osborne, WO2 Norman Whiston, at Tower of London.

COR-129—AB Robert Levey, Sgt. W. R. Southcombe, at Tower of London.

COR-130—LS Clinton Nickerson, LS Gilbert Ainsworth, at Tower of London.

IN THE belief that many of those who served in the ships of the Canadian Coronation Squadron or who were members of the Coronation Contingent are desirous of obtaining photographs taken during those memorable weeks of last summer, a list of official photos has been compiled by The Crowsnest and is published below.

The list is not a complete record of all photos taken by service photographers who covered the participation of Canada's forces in the Coronation. It confines itself to naval personnel and naval activities and includes only those pictures considered likely to be of interest.

The photos are listed according to their negative numbers, each of which has a brief accompanying caption which serves to identify the photo. Prints may be obtained by sending an order to the Naval Secretary, Naval Headquarters, Ottawa, attention Photographic Section, quoting the negative number of the photograph, giving the size and finish required, and enclosing a money order for the full amount payable to the Receiver General of Canada.

Sizes, finish and prices are as follows:	
4 x 5 (or smaller) glossy finish only ..	\$.10
8 x 10 glossy or matte finish50
11 x 14 matte finish only	1.00
16 x 20 " " "	3.00
20 x 24 " " "	4.00
30 x 40 " " "	8.00

COR-154—Wren Bernice Neill, LS Clifford Cooke, at Trafalgar Square.

COR-164—AB Jack Hilton, AB Angus Rose, at Trafalgar Square.

COR-228—Capt. Rob Mackay, CPO Stiner, CPO Abbott, at Buckingham Palace.

COR-185—Duke of Edinburgh, Lieut.-Cdr. M. Smith.

COR-186—Duke of Edinburgh, Cdr. R. P. Welland, inspection of Canadian contingent.

COR-232—LS Jean-Jacques Joly, LS W. J. Easterbrook, LS William R. Gaudet, preparing for Coronation procession.

COR-350—Canadian naval contingent passes Canada House during Coronation procession.

COR-210—CPOs Stiner, Keeler, Bonner.

COR-311—CPOs Abbott, Bonner, Moore, with Grenadier Guards.

COR-230—CPO Art Myatt, CPO Eric Dawtry, at Pirbright.

COR-231—CPO Rosaire Beaulieu, CPO George Black, CPO A. Brown, at Pirbright.

COR-232—LS John Joly, LS William Easterbrook, LS William Gaudette, at Pirbright.

COR-233—LAW Kathleen Sutherland, AB Guthrie, Cpl. Gladys Pledger, Cpl. L. Valanasky, at Pirbright.

COR-234—Gnr. Percy Hiltz, Constable Tom Devries, LS John Cookson, at Pirbright.

COR-235—Lt. M. J. Waymouth, LS William Barlow, LS John Munro, Lt. W. S. T. Jackson, CPO Al Bonner, AB Len Beaton, LS James Simpson, at Pirbright.

COR-236—LS Don Homer, Cst. C. F. Williamson, AB Ken Bradley, LS James Marr, at Pirbright.

COR-239—AB M. D. Crawford, S/Sgt. Herb Firby, Sgt. K. H. McLeod, Sgt. Cliff Dencer, Sgt. John Adams, CPO Al Jaeger, at Pirbright.

COR-285—PO Stan Prior, AB John Ledoyen, AB Ron Gorman, PO James Sexauer, PO Edward Maynard.

COR-289—PO Albert Simons, PO Cliff Morris, OS Earl Hamilton, AB Ron Gorman, LS Howard Lyon, PO James Graceffo, at Greenwich Pier.

COR-350—RCN component, Coronation procession, led by Cdr. Welland, marching past Canada House.

COR-320—Wren Bunny Neill, LAW Cathie Sutherland, in Hyde Park.

COR-322—Wren Neill, Wren Dorothy Moar, Sgt. Thelma Earnshaw, LAW Cathie Sutherland, on London tour.

COR-325—Wren Neill, LAW Cathie Sutherland, Wren Moar, PO C. A. Gordon, Lt. Margaret Chapman, on London tour.

COR-326—Lieut. Chapman pens autograph.

COR-321—Canadian servicewomen on their way into Hyde Park.

COR-323—Canadian servicewomen watch troops training for procession.

COR-368—Canadian naval street liners stand easy at their Cockspur Street posts.

MAG-4532—Sea Cadets: PO Alex O'Connor, PO Russell Lake, PO John Dec, PO Leonard Hamilton, on board *Magnificent*.

MAG-4533—Sea Cadets: LS H. C. Serjeant, PO Fletcher Till, PO G. M. Court, on board *Magnificent*.

MAG-4534—Sea Cadets: PO E. A. Mitchener, PO L. Potvin, Lt. William Doyle, PO S. Zanon, PO T. A. Drolet, on board *Magnificent*.

MAG-4672—Commodore Rayner, Sea Cadet PO Mitchener, Lt. Doyle.

MAG-4554—R/Ad. R. E. S. Bidwell, CPO H. Cooper; latter receives LS and GC Medal.

MAG-4553—R/Ad. Bidwell, CPO A. MacDonald.

MAG-4555—R/Ad. Bidwell, CPO R. Rodger.

MAG-4556—R/Ad. Bidwell, CPO J. Herman.

MAG-4557—R/Ad. Bidwell presents LS and GC Medal to CPO N. Brumm.

MAG-4588—*Magnificent* at Spithead.

MAG-4590—*Magnificent*, *Amerigo Vespucci*.

MAG-4605—Navy, Army and Air Force personnel stand at attention as HMS *Surprise* approaches.

MAG-4608—*Ontario* at Spithead.

MAG-4610—Outline illumination. HMAS *Sydney* at left; other ships cruisers and destroyers.

OT-1315—Air Commodore A. P. Ross, AOC Eastern Air Command, inspects Guard of Honour on board HMCS *Ontario* during official visit.

OT-1334—Coronation procession, Hyde Park.

OT-1338—Spithead. Premier Frost of Ontario chatting with CPO C. J. Padget.

OT-1341—Ontario personnel cheer as Royal Yacht passes during review of fleet.

OT-1344—Spithead Review. Chiefs and POs' divisions at attention, on board Ontario.

OT-1353—Vancouver Boys' Band in Ontario, with PO Bob Mackay. Ship at Portsmouth.

OT-1320—Ship's band on quarterdeck of Ontario.

OT-1324—Ontario at Portsmouth. CPO Howard Cartier, CPO William Hibbert, Lt. G. Barrick, Cd. Gnr. Denis Colegrave, CPO Leo Benish, PO David Sadler.

OT-1326—PO Leo Oliver, AB Les Bowman, in Buckland Abbey.

OT-1328—LS Charles Moore, OS Edwin Stone, at Torquay.

QB-849—Coronation Procession: Naval contingent led by Cdr. Welland.

QB-899—Ship's company of Quebec cheers as Royal Yacht passes.

QB-905—Spithead Review. Destroyer illuminated.

QB-906—Spithead Review. Destroyers and cruiser illuminated.

QB-907—Spithead Review. Cruisers and carriers illuminated.

QB-908—Spithead Review. Cruisers and carrier illuminated.

QB-933—Party for Coronation Contingent on board Quebec.

QB-934—Quebec Coronation Contingent party. Group photograph.

QB-935—Coronation Contingent party on board Quebec. PO Newman, R/Ad. Bidwell.

61412-N—Wrens of Coronation Contingent, on board Franconia.

61453-N—CPO Arthur Myatt, PO Robert Farrell with Australian Army personnel at Pirbright.

61454-N—LS Charles Knighton, LS Bernard Hughes, AB Richard Smith, CPO William Clews.

61468-N—AB John Hall, with Maj.-Gen. J. D. B. Smith and Lt.-Col. Paul Triquet, at Pirbright.

61469-N—LS James Marr, LS Tom Finnegan, with member of Rhodesian African Rifles, at Pirbright.

61470-N—At Pirbright. LS Ted Price, Sgt. Gordon Somerville, Cpl. George Poulter.

61487-N—In London. LS Cliff Cook, Pte. Marcel Mondoux, Cpl. Elphis Cormier, Pte. Marcel Kilby.

61495-N—At Bloody Tower. WO2 Norman Whiston, CPO C. R. Moore, CPO Douglas Abbott, S/Sgt. Frank Osborne.

61549-N—Wren Dorothy Moar pins medals for Sgt. Thelma Earnshaw before dress rehearsal of Coronation procession.

61559-N—LS Tom Sawyer, LS George Johnson, AB John Hall, at tent encampment at Kensington. Albert Memorial in background.

COR-307—At Earl's Court; PO John Dunbar, Sgt. George Thwaites.

COR-312—Sleeping quarters for Canadian servicemen in Exhibition Hall at Earl's Court.

HS-25354—Quebec illuminated.

HS-25465—La Hullose illuminated.

HS-25423—Magnificent leaving Halifax for Coronation.

HS-25369—Sea Cadets prior to leaving for Coronation.

HS-25374—Vancouver Island members of contingent.

HS-25375—P. E. I. members of contingent.

HS-25376—Saskatchewan members.

HS-25377—Alberta members.

HS-25380—CPO Bonner and PO Simpson.

HS-25381—Quebec members.

HS-25382—LS William Walsh, LS Norman Gould, AB Angus Rose.

HS-25383—Manitoba members of contingent.

HS-25394—Coronation Contingent on Stadacona parade ground.

HS-25396—LS J. Cuell on board Magnificent.

HS-25399—CPO Kitchen and CPO Jaeger boarding Magnificent.

HS-25378—Ontario members of contingent from Windsor, London, Charing Cross, Woodstock, St. Thomas, Stratford, Chatham, St. Catharines, Hamilton, Kitchener, Tillsonburg.

HS-25379—Ontario members from Toronto, Kingston, Peterborough, Trenton, East York, Oshawa, Belleville.

HS-25384—Ontario members from Smiths Falls, Timmins, Ottawa, Almonte, Fort William, Port Arthur, Alfred.

COR-186—Duke of Edinburgh and Cdr. Welland; inspection of Coronation Contingent.

OT-1333—Ontario in Portland Harbour with British Home Fleet.

MAG-4625—Sioux dressed for Spithead Review.

MAG-4626—La Hullose on day of Spithead Review.

COR-153 to 162—Photos of Wren Neill and LS Cooke on London tour.

'SWING YOUR PARTNER'

The old phrase, "carrying coals to Newcastle", took on a new meaning for crew members of HMCS *Iroquois* shortly before the destroyer completed her second tour of duty with United Nations naval forces in the Far East.

Four thousand miles from their native Canada, 25 members of the ship's company got their first real lesson in Western square dancing—compliments of the Japanese.

The lessons were taken during a five-day good-will visit by the *Iroquois* to the Japanese port of Nagasaki. In search of recreational facilities for the ship's company, Chaplain (P) George Soutar, of Toronto and Victoria, called on Rev. Ernest Best, director of the U.S. Methodist Mission Educational Centre in Nagasaki. One of the first offers made to the Canadians was an invitation to attend a folk dance, sponsored by a Japanese young people's club associated with the Nagasaki YMCA.

The 25 sailors who attended the dance were greeted, not by mystical music of the East, but the lively strains of a regular Saturday night "hoe-down". Before the night was over, they were taking lessons from their Japanese hosts in the art of Canadian and American square dancing, and for most of the sailors it proved to be their first real fling at "swing your partner . . . promenade".

The sailors learned that square dancing, now becoming the rage among some Japanese young people, was introduced into the country during the American occupation.

In return for their dancing lesson, the Canadians were able to offer something Western that their hosts had not yet mastered, but were most anxious to learn: The English language. The young Japanese are members of an English club, and were eager to try out their grammar on the Canadians. The guests also provided sandwiches and coffee, which, at \$2.50 per pound and hard to find, earned them the title of Nagasaki's "Number One" visitors.

During the *Iroquois'* visit, arrangements were made for crew members to tour the city, target for the second atomic bomb dropped on Japan. Highlights of the tour were visits to the University of Nagasaki medical college, largest in the Orient, the ruins of the Urakami Church, formerly the largest Roman Catholic cathedral in the East, and to the reputed home of the famous "Madame Butterfly".

The commanding officer and officers of the *Iroquois* were entertained ashore by Rev. and Mrs. Best, and the latter were received aboard, together with Monsignor J. Fraser, a senior Canadian missionary of St. Francis Church in Nagasaki, the first Canadian church established in Japan and only recently restored following damage by the atomic bomb.

Navy Babies First of 1954

What threatens to be a naval monopoly is developing in Victoria where the city's first two youngsters of 1954, duly launched in the young hours of January 1, were born to Navy families.

The field of coincidence was broadened, too, for, as happened last year, the baby's father is a bandsman at HMCS *Naden*.

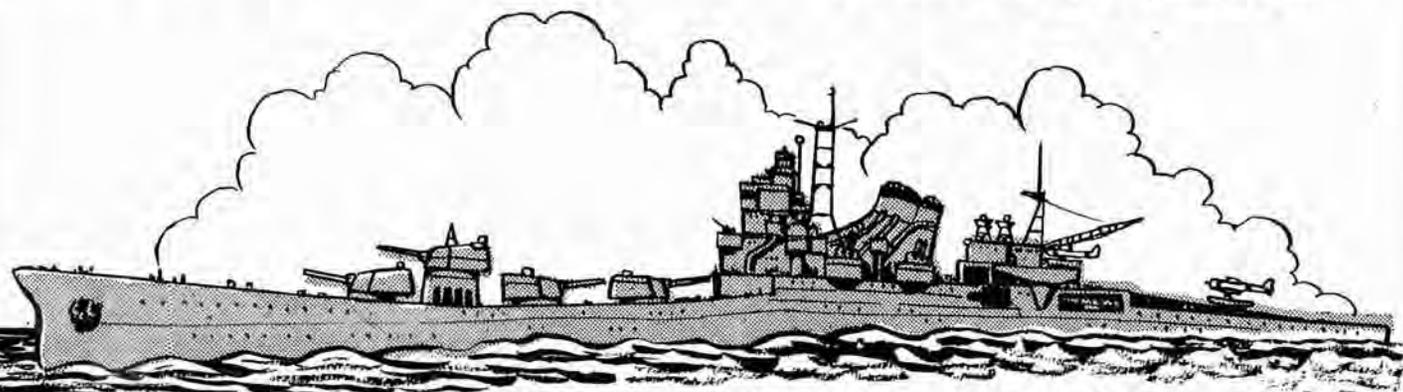
The happy parents are AB and Mrs. James Ryan whose daughter, Nora Charlene Ryan, arrived just three hours and three minutes past midnight. AB Ryan plays the clarinet in the *Naden* band. Nora weighed seven pounds, two ounces. Her mother, Shirley, is 17 years old.

The Navy claimed the second of the seven youngsters born New Year's Day. It was a baby girl born to PO Donald Gould, HMCS *Ontario*, and Mrs. Gould at 9.07 a.m.

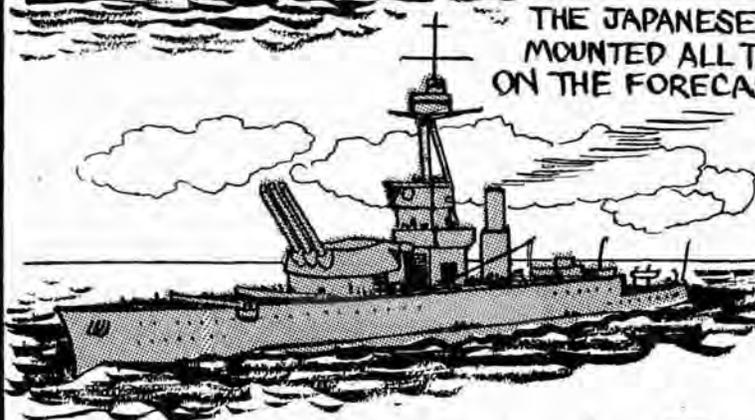
Neighbours of the Ryans, Mr. and Mrs. D. Lee, were in third place. Last year's first new Victoria resident was Doreen Joyce Drake, whose father, PO I. A. Drake, plays the flute in the *Naden* band.

NAVAL LORE CORNER

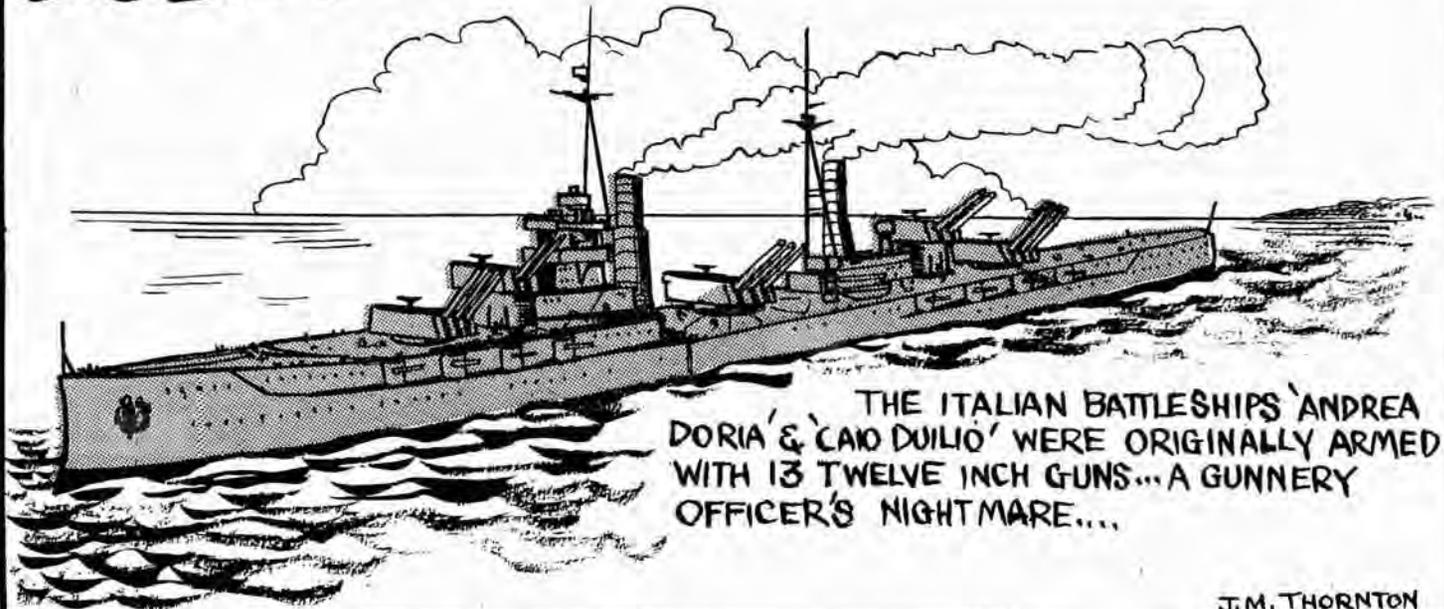
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