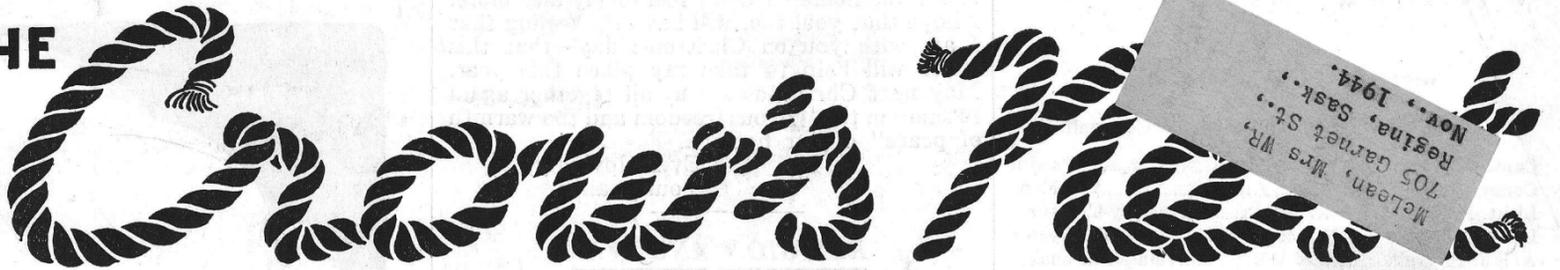




THE



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TRURO, N. S., DECEMBER 1943

Price Ten Cents — \$1.00 Per Year

Still Smiling!

He's one of the heroes of the Royal Canadian Navy but he'll never go back to sea again—for Telegraphist Chuck Kent, RCN, of Calgary, is lying in a hospital bed today with the lower part of both legs amputated. He miraculously survived a direct hit by a German bomb during a fight between a Canadian destroyer and enemy aircraft.

A grin on his face, though he's still suffering, the 21-year-old sailor relaxed on his pillow in hospital and told how a 2,000-pound bomb ripped through the port bulkhead of the signal room and sliced his legs from under him before careening out the starboard side and exploding at the water line.

"I guess you might say I just reached the end of my luck," he said casually. "You see once before I was torpedoed and spent 12 hours clinging to wreckage before being picked up. I never thought I'd finally get it from a bomb."

Kent's ship was doing patrol duties with four other ships about three miles off the coast of Spain when attacked by 20 German bombers "of almost every type." One of the ships, a British sloop, was hit by a bomb dead amidships and sank within 40 seconds.

"I was standing in the corner of the room when the bomb struck," Kent said. "I guess I didn't really know what had happened. It came fast. The only reason I wasn't killed was because the bomb didn't explode until it passed through."

"The bomb cut right through my legs. I came down on the stumps and fell over. Blood was gushing from the open wounds but not like you'd think. The shock slowed up the flow. All the time I knew what I was doing. I knew I had to stop that flow of blood or die right there."

"I dragged myself across the room and spotted one of the crew," he continued in a non-

"AND, SANTA,—IF IT WOULDN'T BE ASKING TOO MUCH—"



Drawn exclusively for The Crow's Nest by Robert Chambers

Periscope Prize

A British Port—Lt.-Cdr. Henry K. "Hank" Hill, RCNVR, of Toronto and Kingston, is one man who believes in applying business principles to the Battle of the Atlantic. The first rating on board his ship, HMCS Calgary, to spot an enemy submarine gets a flat bonus of \$100!

Altogether, "Hank" Hill is one of the most unique corvette captains at sea today. To begin with, he is past the age considered most adaptable to the rigorous life of "the roughest ships afloat." The legend is that corvette fighting is a young man's game. "Hank" is 43.

Wealthy Sportsman

He is what the Sunday magazine sections might refer to as "a wealthy sportsman". In his right ear dangles a small ring, a salty touch which he and his friend Jimmy Davis (also a Canadian Navy commanding officer) considered apropos during a spot of leave at Londonderry. In peacetime he enjoyed a prosperous living from grain, canneries—and in his younger days around Kingston—even a newspaper. He gave up the comfort and security of these profitable ventures to go to sea in 1940.

His name had long been familiar in yachting circles around Toronto and the New England states, where he competed (with marked success) in international races. With the coming of war he offered his services to the Canadian Navy and one of the first assignments they gave him was the recruiting of 50 experienced yachtsmen to serve on loan to the Royal Navy.

"On one condition," said Hill. "I must be counted as one of the fifty."

chalant tone. "Then I hauled out my knife and cut the straps from my life belt. I handed them to the guy and asked him to tie up my legs to stop the blood. I guess that saved me."

HMCS Winnipeg Knows Meaning Of The Words "Merry Christmas"

by P/S/Lt. George Ronald

HMCS Winnipeg, a minesweeper-type, escort ship launched at Port Arthur recently, is probably one of the best-equipped vessels at sea today—thanks to Navy-minded Winnipeggers.

Hundreds of the "little things" which go to make sea life so much happier have been contributed by citizens of the Manitoba capital through the HMCS Winnipeg Fund, begun last April by Mayor Garnet Coulter.

Here are just a few of the things the "Winnipeg" has: 3

wash boards, 6 coffee makers, 2 toasters, an 8-gallon electric coffee urn, 2 pianos, 2 washing machines, a soft-drink cooler, 2 waffle irons, 2 gramophones, a radio-gramophone, a silver tea service, 4 radios, 38 magazine subscriptions, 20 fur vests, a pin-ball game, scores of records and several musical instruments.

On top of that the people of Winnipeg, through the Fund, are sending a Christmas gift to each member of the ship's company.

IN THIS ISSUE

The following persons have very kindly contributed articles, cartoons and messages to this issue of The Crow's Nest as a Christmas gesture to the men and women of the Royal Canadian Navy: **Mr. Stephen Leacock**, noted Canadian author and humorist, **Mr. Lou Zwering**, sports writer, The Star and The Chronicle, Halifax; **Mr. Robert Chambers**, staff cartoonist, The Herald and The Mail, Halifax; **Miss Deanna Durbin**, lovely Universal Pictures star; **the Hon. Angus L. Macdonald**, Minister of National Defence for Naval Services; **Vice-Admiral Percy W. Nelles, C. B., RCN**, Chief of The Naval Staff; **Rev. B. C. Martin, RCN**, Senior Roman Catholic Chaplain.

The Crow's Nest extends its thanks to these contributors.

Members Of Famed Sea-Faring Tribe Proud Of New Destroyer HMCS Haida

A British Port—When the members of the "Haida" tribe heard that the Royal Canadian Navy planned to name a Tribal Destroyer in their honor they promptly called a Pow-wow. They felt deeply appreciative of the gesture and so they were determined to return the compliment in some form.

That was why a letter arrived just as the newest of Canada's British-built Tribals was being commissioned at the shipyard which makes this port famous. The letter, which contained a cheque for One Hundred Dollars, had been forwarded by A. M. D. Fairbairn, Secretary

to the Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia and Chief Gid-anst an adviser to the Haida Tribe. The money had been collected by voluntary contribution from members of the tribe and was to be devoted to buying comforts for the ship's company.

The crew of "Haida" have sent their thanks in a letter signed by Cdr. H. G. DeWolf, RCN, Commanding Officer.

A small tribe, numbering less than 500 in all, the Haida Indians have a fierce sea-fighting reputation that reaches far back into the turbulent history of the Pacific sea coast Red men. That is the tradition that will be perpetuated in the lean, tough destroyer now faring forth under Canada's fighting flag.

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

"THE CROW'S NEST"

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

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CHRISTMAS LETTER

In hundreds of homes in Canada this Christmas there will be joyous re-unions between Service men and women, arriving home on the most precious of all leave—Christmas leave,—and their families. In hundreds of other homes there will be a different measure of happiness—but happiness just the same. There will be a letter from a loved one in the Service. In a great many more homes, however, there will be only a half-hearted attempt at being gay—there will be something lacking in the Christmas celebration—a boy or girl in the Service won't be coming home and there hasn't been any letter.

It is to these mothers, wives and sweet-hearts who won't be seeing their sailors this year at Christmas and who haven't received a Yuletide message that we offer the following letter, just to try to fill the gap.
Darling:

Tonight is one of those clear, crisp nights when every moment you expect to hear someone singing a Christmas carol, or church bells ringing. It's one of those nights when you just sort of sit down and try to live again all the Christmases you've ever known—like when I sent my first letter to Santa Claus asking for a pup, (gee, how I wanted a real dog I could talk to and play with) and how let down I felt when I didn't get him. I remember I was told that word had been received that there were so many orders for pups that year there just weren't enough to go around. And then there was the time when Dad said he was going to set a bear-trap and catch the old gent when he came down the chimney. I guess that was the closest I ever came to hating Dad. And that same year he gave me that swell, big sleigh and I guess I never loved him more. It was that year, too, that someone gave me a bunch of handkerchiefs and I couldn't figure out how anyone expected to make a guy happy at Christmas-time giving him "hankies!"

A couple more years slipped by and I came to that perilous time when, in order to stick with the gang, I had to deny Santa Claus and in order to quiet my own fears of a blank Christmas I wrote a letter to this doubtful character, anyway. More years rolled along and I got a job delivering parcels after school. I started saving in August and by Christmas I was able to give you a wrist-watch. A wrist-watch, to me, had always been better than a car, or a fur coat, or anything. And then, when you opened the parcel, tears came into your eyes and I felt silly and blurted out, "Well, gee whiz, don'tcha like it!"

It seems an awfully long time since that Christmas four years ago, just before I was about to leave for the coast. But your words, as we sat together in the living room by the fire, after the others had all left,—those words never fade—I'll always remember them—"This has been a lovely day for us with the family gathered together, the Christmas carols on the radio, the warm fire, the good things to eat, the noisy unwrapping of parcels; the mixture of joyous freedom and the warmth of peace. I think that this day more than any other brings out the meaning of 'home.'"

"And we, who remain here at home, want you to remember always that this war is being fought for all of this, not just for us, as individuals. You must not think of us—think instead of this Christmas day—of every part of it. Try to be courageous wherever you are, but if some time you are afraid, don't be ashamed. We must all meet fear, at one time. It will be your job to conquer it. May God bless you."

Yes, dearest, I am remembering that

Christmas and somehow the memory of it brings me home—I don't feel lonely any more. I hope that you, too, will have the feeling that I am with you on Christmas day—that this letter will help to take my place this year. May next Christmas see us all together again to share in the "joyous freedom and the warmth of peace" of our home.

Ever lovingly,
Your Sailor.

RELIGION AND WAR

by Rev. William Hills, R.C.N.

There have been many answers to the question "What is Religion." The simplest is often the most profound. Religion is simply following a person, and to the Christian that Person is Jesus Christ. To some who pride themselves upon their high capacity for intelligence, Jesus Christ is accepted merely as a Galilean visionary. To more of us, having gone through the ordeal of four years of bloody war, He reveals Himself as the sternest realist the world has ever known. Despite the fact that some have pictured Him as a man of meekness and humility to the exclusion of every other quality of personality, yet it remains true that His voice is the voice of the Eternal.

Jesus Christ lays claim to every department of human life. If this claim had been acknowledged by the whole world, it is certain that this oft-quoted line would be untrue:—

"After 1900 years of Mass
We've got as far as poison gas."

And yet, because He has not been accepted as the Way, the Truth, and the Life of men, we are forced into a dreadful conflict which is none of our making nor choosing. Said Jesus, "All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." Let the rulers of Germany hear those words if they will. Let Corporal Hitler listen to what Corporal Bonapart said before his banishment to the island of St. Helena:—

"Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne, and myself founded great empires. But upon what did the foundations of our genius depend? Upon force. Jesus alone built his empire upon love and to this day millions of men would die for Him.

Again he said, "There are only two powers in the world, the spirit and the sword. In the long run the sword will always be conquered by the Spirit.

A victory for the sword is unthinkable, for the dictators would sweep out of existence our Churches, which for all their imperfections have been the cradles of man's search for the good life. Einstein, the scientist, in relating his experiences in Nazi Germany concludes by saying, "I feel great admiration and am truly attracted to the Church, which has had the persistent courage to fight for spiritual truth and moral freedom. I feel obliged to recognize that I now admire what I used to consider of little value."

ET IN TERRA PAX

The following is a special Christmas message by Rev. B. C. Martin, R. C. N., Senior Roman Catholic Chaplain.

In these days when the peace of the world is disturbed by the horrors of war, one hesitates to repeat the old message announcing the Advent of the Prince of Peace; yet we look forward to the future with confidence and hope that after Victory, a permanent peace based on the Christian virtues of justice and charity will be firmly established in the world. This is the end and object of our existence as members of a great service with glorious traditions.

Let us then unite our voices to those bearers of that message that reverberated throughout the hills of Judea "Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis."

TO OUR READERS

The staff of The Crow's Nest extends to its readers the wish that all shall enjoy a very Merry Christmas. Speaking on behalf of the men and women of The Royal Canadian Navy, to the people of this Dominion, we feel free to say that we, in the Navy, hope it will be our privilege to contribute, in large measure, to an early peace that will ensure that all the Christmases to come will bring with them, everywhere in our land, the fullest measure of the sacredness, joy and goodwill that is the very meaning of this festive season.

THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT



ACROSS OUR BOWS

Letters to the Editor

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

Same To You

Dear Sir:
I look forward to this Navy paper and enjoy it so very much. It seems to bring my son closer to me, although he is overseas. Naturally, he is in the Canadian Navy and, like all mothers, I'm proud of my sailor. Best of luck to you all and may all enjoy a very happy Christmas and a successful New Year.

Mrs. E. E. Poirier,
Los Angeles, Cal., U.S.A.

particular crew on page 8 of the October number of The Crow's Nest. However, we understand that you can't print the pictures of all and it's fine to see the faces of at least a few of the gallant lads and to note that they come from so many different parts of our wide Dominion. Congratulations to them and to the staff of The Crow's Nest who are turning out such a very splendid monthly.

Mrs. James Scobie,
Wilton Grove, Ont.

Dear Sir:
We find The Crow's Nest a very interesting paper and it gets read from cover to cover, not because our son is in the Navy but because it really is interesting.

Mrs. A. Boniface,
Ingersoll, Ont.

We, too, are sorry that we cannot print the pictures of all of our fellow Navymen who take part in the many valorous deeds performed at sea and ashore, but finances and space just don't permit. Since the name of the ship in which your son is borne was not released by the Department of Naval Information we are prohibited from using it. It might be of interest to readers to know that, as a Service paper, The Crow's Nest is not permitted to "scoop" civilian publications by printing information which would not be available to the daily press.—Ed.

It's Good, Too!

Dear Sir:
Acting upon the request of several shipmates to compose a letter or poem consisting of traditional words used in the Navy, and not known to the average civilian, I have written the enclosed verses.

The original idea was to have enclosed duplicate copies to our homes and friends and have them re-write it, filling in the explanations for the Service terms used in the poem so that

Continued on page 3

Perhaps Another Time

Dear Sir:
For the past year The Crow's Nest has come to us regularly as a gift from our son who spent that year in HMCS ".....". We have looked eagerly for its arrival and would not like to miss a copy as we loan them to others and then file them among the "treasures" awaiting our lad's return.

We understand HMCS "....." was the little Minesweeper referred to under the front page column entitled "Black Ensign" which stated, "The largest number destroyed by any one ship totalled 18 "....." and they're the proudest ship in the whole Navy." You can understand our bit of disappointment when we could not find a picture of that par-

Messages Of High Naval Officials Point To Danger Of Complacency

On this our fifth Christmas at war, I am pleased to have the opportunity, through the medium of "The Crow's Nest", to extend to all personnel of the Royal Canadian Navy my warmest greetings for Christmas and the New Year.

Looking back over the past year I feel we have good reason to be encouraged by the progress we have made along the path of victory.

The coming year, we know, will not be easy. I am sure, however, that, whatever difficulties and dangers may lie ahead, the men and women of our Navy will still further enrich the great traditions which are in their keeping.

Angus L. Macdonald,

Minister of National Defence for Naval Services.

Men and Women of Canada's Navy:

We, the people of a christian and democratic country, naturally associate Christmas with peace. PEACE, the very antithesis of war, means to us FREEDOM; freedom of religion, of speech, freedom from want and fear; the four freedoms of the Atlantic Charter. This is why perhaps, especially at this Christmas time, we are thinking of the peace to come; this, too, is why we are at war.

We have now better cause for rejoicing than at any other time of this war. Italy has disintegrated and is now fighting by our side; Russia is relentlessly and with great vigour driving the Hun back where he came from; the Pacific war is now one of Allied offense. But, let us remember, it is only by the undaunted and unflinching efforts of the United Nations that the tide of war has changed in our favour.

It is true we have cause for optimism and that present events augur well for shortening the war. We are strong, yes, but our enemies are yet unbeaten and will remain so till we have won a just peace. Your strength, or lack of it, will be reflected at the peace conference whenever or wherever it may be held. Let us be wary of complacency and a slackening of our efforts for, until that day is won, there will be no peace on earth to men of good will.

Percy W. Nelles,

Chief of The Naval Staff

Across Our Bows

Continued from page 2

we might find some amusement from their answers.

Upon finishing this composition it was suggested that I forward it to you, with the idea that you might publish it and we could send printed material home.

Sincerely,
H. A. Cox, S.A.,
HMCS Avalon,
St. John's, Nfld.

The poem appears elsewhere in this edition. Just one more suggestion—why not give the folks a chance to become more familiar with the Navy by sending them all subscriptions to the paper? One dollar a year does it. (Advt.)—Ed.

Gosh, Lady, Thanks!

Dear Sir:

In the excitement of my recent marriage on Oct. 9, I slipped up on sending in my renewal before, so could you please continue my subscription from the September issue.

Congratulations on the "greatest little paper in the world." It gives us women at home a chance to know about the life our men are leading. Keep up the good work.

Sincerely,
A Crow's Nest Fan,
Toronto, Ont.

We wish you every happiness. Since receiving your letter the staff

members all have bruised ears from going through doors too carelessly.—Ed.

We Hope So, Too

Dear Sir:

I read The Crow's Nest every month and enjoy it very much. I hope the paper continues to cheer up the boys in the Navy. I find it swell reading. I am sending money, for which please send a monthly edition to my wife. I'm sure she will enjoy it as much as I do.

Yours truly,
E. Soucie, L/Sto.

You're Right, But—

Dear Sir:

In your November issue of The Crow's Nest (page 5) I noticed a picture of a Navy band playing which has aroused our interest inasmuch as it has resulted in a discussion of the ethics of the uses of the Union Jack. I was always of the opinion that our Flag was never allowed to be used as drapes; that it should never be flown so that it trailed in the dust, or used as a table cover. Now as you can plainly see in the picture, the Union Jack is not only under the feet of every man there but it is so far on the ground that the ends of it are tucked under in the dust, whereas in the background the Stars and Stripes can be seen flying, plainly. Maybe I am all at sea regarding the uses the Navy can put the flag to, but anyway, it will show you how well we read and look at The Crow's Nest which we enjoy very much, especially as we have one son, John Vidler, AB, in the Navy, at present stationed at Sydney, N. S., and another son over in England in the Army.

Dockyard All-Stars Formidable Cage Team

by L/Sea. E. Battaglia, PTI



Escort Forces sports activities have been right on the beam lately, with plenty doing both on the soccer fields and in the gymnasium. The Canadian boys, particularly, are making more and more use of facilities in the gym for basket-

ball and volleyball. Due to the weather becoming too chilly for outdoor sports as many as three games an afternoon have been played by Canadian ships.

The RN ships are still having their go at soccer every day but games are limited owing to lack of sufficient playing fields and gear.

The Dockyard All-stars swamped the "Y" Flashes in the first game of the YMCA House basketball loop by a 57-24 score.

The Navy lads made it a fast and furious game with quick passing and accurate shooting that had the heavier "Y" boys lost.

Line-ups: All-stars—Connors 10, Connell, Wedley 8, Levantis 9, Whalen 20, Kaplan 10. Flashes—Johnson, Craig 4, Trudy 11, Warrell 4, Fraser 2, Harriman, Hunter 1, Stone 2.

In invitation games with the Air Force of the Eastern Air Command the All-stars have won two games out of three.

Capt. "D's" Writers and Gunnery staff have taken to playing volleyball in the Gymnasium and have played as many as two or three games a week.

In closing Capt. "D's" Sports staff takes the opportunity of wishing all ships and establishments the compliments of the season.

Hoping you will put me right on the picture,

Mrs. Mollie Vidler,
Erieau, Ont.

We must admit to being a bit shaky on the regulations, ourselves, but it is our opinion that the flag is only supposed to be used decoratively at funerals and on pulpits. However, it is likely that the decorations in the picture were arranged by well-meaning persons who did not know the regulations and the Navymen probably decided discretion was the better part of valour and said nothing about them. We think a closer inspection of the picture will show, however, that the flags do not cover the top of the bandmaster's dias nor the bandstand. The front row men have accidentally placed their feet upon the flag-covered railing.

You Should Be Proud!

Dear Sir:

I must say The Crow's Nest is a wonderful paper, especially to us Navy-minded mothers. How delighted we



were to see our daughter's picture in the November number as she took part in the WRCNS Revue. She is the sixth one in the front row and joined up last March in Calgary, Alta., and had been at HMCS Cornwallis

Mechanical Training Department Gives Schooling In Many Fields

East of RCN Barracks' power plant, at Halifax, with its tall smoke stack, lie two, long, low, brick and concrete buildings which house the present-day Mechanical Training Establishment, Halifax. They are planned, and provide excellent facilities for the instruction of Engine Room personnel.

The MTE is devoted also to do teaching of trades and the development of skills necessary in the Engineering Department of the Navy. A section of the building is segregated for quietness and the isolation necessary for class room instruction in Engineering, Mathematics, Mechanics and allied subjects.

Not Always So Good

Not always has the MTE been so well housed. Following the outbreak of the present war, Engine Room personnel were trained in the Forum, near Halifax's Exhibition Grounds. Then a rather ancient building was obtained in the Dockyard. Here new entries of all rates for the first time, learned what was in a Boiler Room and Engine Room of a Service vessel. Leading Stoker Courses for ratings with sea experience were also conducted. In charge at that time was Lt.-Cdr. (E) B. H. Dodds, R.N.

While the M.T.E. in Halifax gave instruction in steam-operated marine equipment, the M.T.E. at Pictou, N. S., conducted courses in marine internal combustion engines.

Early in 1942 this establishment was closed down, and from then on both kinds of training were given in Halifax.

In the autumn of 1942 the present modern buildings were occupied, and Cdr. (E) B. R. Spencer, RCN., who had been responsible for west-coast training, was appointed Officer-in-Charge of the M.T.E., Halifax. Lt.-Cdr. (E) I. J. L. Palmer, RCNR, was later appointed as his assistant.

Many Courses

The Mechanical Training Establishment HMCS Stadacona is now devoted to the training of Leading Stokers and Leading Stoker's (M).

The training shops at this port consist of the Machine Shop, Engine Fitting Shop, Boiler and Blacksmith Shop, Coppersmith and Sheet Metal Shop, Bricklaying Shop, Pattern Shop, Moulding Shop and Internal Combustion Engine Shop.

New entry training has been transferred from Halifax, to the MTE. HMCS Cornwallis, Cornwallis, N. S.

Avalon Navy Pins

By Jim Martin

Well, spillers, we're back again with more dope on how the Avalon Seniors are getting along in the alleys. 'Tis queer, this keeping a bowling team together—no foolin'. One fellow is drafted, then another goes on leave, someone is moved—and what does the captain of the team, wind up with? Right! A great big headache.

The team is rolling along quite smoothly at present and is taking all opposition right in its stride. We have a fair record to look at now.

since last April, in the clothing stores, but is now stationed at Victoria, B. C. We are very proud to have all our children in the Forces—Wren Iris Drew, HMCS Givenchy; L/Sea. Colin A. Drew, DEMS; Pte. G. T. Drew, RCASC, in England; L/Sea. G. A. Drew, on convoy duty.

Mrs. A. Drew,
Victoria, B. C.

Pictured above are Iris and Gordon Drew, who met in Halifax in August of this year.—Ed.

Thanks?

Gentlemen?:

Herewith one buck from my latest casual for which I would like you to send a subscription to my young brother who is in hospital.

Yours for more leave and sunshine,
Jack Sheehan,
HMCS Avalon,
St. John's, Nfld.

We know something about you, too, Sheehan—Ed.

MONTREAL NAVAL GROUP AN ACTIVE ORGANIZATION

One of Montreal's most active ex-Servicemen's organizations, the Montreal ex-Naval Men's Association has written the White Ensign Association of Halifax expressing a willingness to affiliate with it in a Dominion-wide organization.

The Montreal group was formed in May of 1938 when a number of former Naval officers and ratings gathered together and were given temporary meeting quarters in the RCNVR division there. The association grew in size and became well known throughout the city. Meetings are carried out in typical Navy style and many pleasant social events are held in the club rooms each year. The members also devote a good deal of their time to doing welfare work among ex-Naval men and no less than 45 joined the armed forces to go on active service. Of these three have already given their lives in action.

Promising Array Of Ice Talent Assures Good Games At 'Peg

by P/S/LT. George Ronald

Hockey is again under way between the services in Winnipeg and HMCS Chippawa has a promising-looking array of talent working under the direction of playing coach Bill Allum, last year a defenseman with the American League champions, Buffalo Bisons.

Harry Neil, former Winnipeg Monarch mentor, and last year's Navy coach, remains with the team in an advisory capacity.

Here are the players, with their previous clubs:

Goal—Gordie Bell, Buffalo Bisons, American League champions; Harry Barefoot, Winnipeg Monarchs.

Defence—Remi Vandaele, Montreal Royals; Bill Heindl, Portage La Prairie Terriers; Hughie Millar, Omaha Knights of the American Association.

Forwards—Joe Bell, New York Rangers; Wally Stefaniw, Cleveland Barons; Lou Medynski, New York Rovers; Morden Skinner, Baltimore Orioles; Vic Lofvendahl, Springfield Indians; Joe Peterson, Bill Vickers and Ben Jurda, Winnipeg Rangers; Gus Schwartz and Spence Tatchell, New

York Rovers; Tommy Fowler, Dave Nichol and Carl Gardener, Winnipeg Esquires, and Doug Lewis, Buffalo.

Sub-Lt. Leacy Freeman, of Montreal, is manager. O/Sea Ray Dowling is equipment manager and Sto II Bill Hendry is water boy.

Halifax Naval Veterans' Association Elects New Slate Of Executive Officers

The movement toward a united Naval men's group, as suggested to other Naval Associations throughout the country by the White Ensign Association of Halifax, this fall, has begun to get results, according to W. E. Pounder, secretary of the W.E.A. Mr. Pounder recently received a letter from the Montreal ex-Naval men's association in which it was stated that that organization is in full accord with the plan to unify the Naval groups and expand on a Dominion-wide basis.

New Officers

The White Ensign Association last month held its annual meeting and a new slate of officers was elected. The Association executive for this year is made up of: Patron, the Hon. Angus L. Macdonald; Hon. Pres., Vice-Admiral P. W. Nelles, RCN; Pres.,

Capt. (E) J. G. Knowlton, RCN; Vice-Pres., Cdr. T. Hood, RCNVR; Chairman, CPO W. H. Polhill; Vice-Chairman, J. G. Wilson; Secy.-treas., W. E. Pounder; Asst. Secy., C. F. Christian; Executive committee (civilian)—W. Wilson, W. Melhuish, J. F. Owen, J. Crawley; RCN committee—W/O R. J. Venham, W/O J. F. McNeil; CPO J. Jensen; press secy., CPO S. C. Rose; Master-at-Arms, E. Smith; Advisory board—CPO J. Jenkins, W/O M. E. Priske, E. G. Johnson.

Members of the Association made a creditable showing on Remembrance Day when they paraded to the Sailors' Monument in Halifax in company with a detachment of Royal Canadian Naval Sea Cadets. Cdr. Hood, vice-pres. of the association placed a wreath on the monument.

MIRANDA

By Henry Sherman, A.B.

Yesterday, in the cool shades of evening, I flung myself on my white charger and rode furiously down to the beach in a wild gallop guaranteed to turn the hair of every onlooker white on the spot. What a ride! Unfortunately, I have no white charger, so I walked. What a promenade!

As far as I was concerned, all of life had slowed down to a walk. I was really feeling low. Wandering down through the sand, I came across my mind, which was doing a little bit of wandering on its own, but took no notice of it. We weren't on speaking terms. Every time I wanted it, the darned thing could never be found.

I strolled through the sand looking for solace, comfort, or a bottle of beer. How I longed to hear the girlish voice of a girl. Or the cooing voice of a coon. Anything at all. "Hello, there!"

It was the fishy voice of a fish. And a tail fin tickled my nose.

I turned around, and in my very fish-side manner murmured, "Pardon me chum, but you're all wet." Not meaning to be rude, of course but facts are facts.

"Why don't you take your hat off when you address a lady?"

My goodness! Fish have sex??????

By this time my eyes had grown sufficiently accustomed to the half-light for me to discern that I was talking to a half-fish. And not half-bad either.

Tipping my hat politely, I relapsed into the vernacular, as it were, and offered my paw, saying, "Give me some skin!" She gave me some fin. Across the old bezer.

"You are in the presence of a lady. Please conduct yourself accordingly."

I conducted myself accordingly. "Pleased ta meetcha," I said.

"That's much better," she retorted. And proceeded to file her nails.

Since time began, every story written about mermaids has discovered the heroine sitting on a rock, combing her hair. Take it from me, it is all a lot of flotsam. She should be filing her nails. All mermaids file their nails. Even the bald ones.

Naturally, this sudden appearance left me a little surprised and open-mouthed for a while. However, by the time three flies had flown in and I had swallowed one, I knew it was time for me to change my tactics.

"Pardon me, but you don't look like Margie, or any one else I don't know, for that matter. Just who are you?"

"Miranda. Miranda the Cornwallis Mermaid," she said. "I live beyond the jetty in a sunken cave. Now come here, silly. I'm going to think all those stories about sailors are just so many fish tales if you don't sit a little closer."

Having been raised to obey a woman's slightest wish, who was I to argue? I sat a little closer.

"You see," she confided. "I want you to do me a favour."

Well! Imagine that! Umpteen thousand, six hundred and eighty-three men at this base (including the Captain) and Miranda had selected



me as her confidante. Would I help her! Would I do her a favour! Would I sit closer! Hummmmmmm?

"I'm asking you," she continued, "because I feel I know you better than the others. I've watched you many times, here on the beach."

The memory of a certain night and a certain Wren rushed through my brain. Just how much *did* she know? And how much *had* she seen? Well, she'd just have to be broad-minded. That's all.

"How do you know?" I asked. This was getting out of my depth.

"Ah!" said Miranda, without dropping a stitch. She was knitting now. All mermaids knit. For the Navy League.

"You see," Miranda proceeded. "Things are pretty tough on us girls now. All the mermen have been drafted as submarine-raid wardens, and things just don't seem the same any more. I just don't know what to do with myself."

I looked at Miranda. She looked at me. And there, in the dusk of eventide, two minds met, or something along those lines. She cut quite a charming figure in the warm after-glow of sunset, with her cool, limpid eyes, her graceful figure, and long, flowing green hair. All mermaids have green hair. Some long and flowing. Some short and drizzly. But all green.

Miranda, I thought, was well fitted to do a terrific morale job on H. Sherman, V-65913, RCNVR. But I said nothing. Miranda, I could tell, was thinking, too.

After thinking thusly for a few minutes, we returned to normal again with a jerk, whom we both ignored for the rest of the evening.

"To return," Miranda returned, "I want you to get me an application blank, forthwith and without more ado. I want to be a Wren."

"Certainly, I'll get you an application blank—a what?"

"A Wren."

"A Wren?"

"Yes, a Wren."

Miranda, it seemed, wanted to become a Wren.

"But Miranda," I pleaded. "It all seems so strange. So bizarre. So je ne sais pas what to do."

"And what is wrong with a mermaid joining the Wrens?"

"Nothing. But isn't it a little unusual?"

I had a vivid mental picture of Lieut. Carruther's, WRCNS, expression when I asked her for an application

The Ultimate Fate of the Chesapeake

by Stephen Leacock

(Exclusive To The Crow's Nest)

Everyone recalls from his school history the immortal story of the great fight between the American Frigate "Chesapeake" and the British Frigate "Shannon" outside of Boston on June 1, 1813. It is not merely the victory of the "Shannon" that is remembered but the chivalrous nature of the conflict, the ships meeting after a courteous challenge from Captain Broke of the "Shannon" to Captain Lawrence of the "Chesapeake." Broke generously offered to send any of his attendant vessels out of range of helping him. The ships were an even match—"Shannon" 1,066 tons, broadside 544 pounds, crew 330; the "Chesapeake" 1,135 tons, broadside 570, crew (about) 400.

The result of the battle was a complete victory for the "Shannon" but with terrible loss on both sides. Lawrence was mortally wounded; Broke so desperately wounded as never fully to recover, though he lived to be an Admiral and only died in 1841. There is a fine account of the battle in Mr. C. H. J. Snider's book "The Glorious Shannon's Old Blue Duster."

A "Chunk" of Wood

Now I have always had a certain personal interest in the "Chesapeake." I have on my library table a "chunk" of very hard wood (teak or mahogany, I suppose) about 8 inches by 3 by 2½ inches, that was originally a piece of the "Chesapeake." I have had it for nearly 70 years, the kind of thing you never lose if you pay no attention to it, and like the fidelity of an old friend.

When I was leaving England 67 years ago, as a little boy of six, my grandfather who lived in the Isle of Wight gave me this piece of wood and said, "That was a piece of the 'Chesapeake.' Written on it in his writing, but now faded beyond recognition, were the words—A Piece of the American Frigate Chesapeake—captured 1813."

I always wondered how my grandfather came to have a piece of the "Chesapeake," and this gave me an interest in the fate of the vessel. But any printed account in the histories merely said that the "Chesapeake" was taken across the Atlantic to England—which is quite true,—and was commissioned in the service of the Royal Navy,—which is not so.

But it has only been of late years when I have been concerned with writing Canadian History and especially recently when I have been occupied writing a historical introduction (*Canada and the Sea*) for the narrative of *Canada's War at Sea* which Mr. Leslie Roberts is compiling under official auspices, that I have been able to get full details of the fate of the old ship. I am indebted here very greatly to the library staff of the Boston Public Library.

* * *

The amazing thing is that the "Chesapeake" was taken on to England, and is still there,—all the best timbers of the vessel, built in solid as they came out of the ship went into the making of a mill and still throbbing and quivering all day as the mill, a hundred and twenty-three years old, still hums in an English village, grinding corn.

Noble Resting Place

The mill is at Wickham,—and if you don't know where Wickham is, I may say it's near Farcham,—and Farcham?, well, close to Portchester,—and Portchester?—well, that's where I lived in England. Anyway,

form for a mermaid called Miranda; but Miranda was in no mood to be trifled with.

"I want to join the Wrens."

She had courage.

"I want to join the Wrens."

She had determination.

"I want to join the Wrens."

She had a one-track mind. But what a figure! And, since figures don't lie, who was I to argue with a figure like that?

"All right," I said. "I'll do it, Miranda, just to seal our friendship."

Well, Miranda has her own ideas as to what materials should be used for sealing friendships and, late last night, as I wended my way to my palatial pallet in Unicorn Block, I felt strangely elated. We have a date for tomorrow night, same time, same place, but, as today is The Crow's Nest deadline, I won't be able to tell you about it till next month. By then, who knows, she may be busily engaged with P. T. in the Galt swimming pool.

But before going, there is one scientific fact that must out, Dr. William Beebe please note. Miranda didn't taste at all like a fish.

all these places are in Hampshire, freely admitted to be (by all who live there) the noblest of the English counties.

So there's the mill, and nobody knows about it. The reason is that people who know all about the "Chesapeake" know nothing of Wickham and people who live in Wickham know nothing about the "Chesapeake," though of course they all know about the old mill. If you said, "That mill was built out of the American ship 'Chesapeake' wasn't it?" They'd say, "Ay, like as not!"—meaning that that would be just the kind of thing to build a Hampshire mill out of.

Here is the story, though lack of space forbids full citation of authorities.

After the battle of the 1st of June the "Chesapeake" was sailed (or partly towed?) to Halifax harbour,—a voyage of five days. She entered the harbour in the wake of the "Shannon" on June 6, presenting a terrible contrast of glory and tragedy, pride and honour,—gay strings of bright flags of victory flying above but battered ports and broken bulwarks, patched up as might be after the havoc of the broadsides.

Judge Haliburton, the famous writer still remembered for *Sam Slick*, went on board. "The Chesapeake," he wrote, "was like a charnel house main deck filled with hammocks of the wounded, dead and dying the deck had of necessity (heavy weather?) not been cleaned steeped in gore as in a slaughter house." The body of Captain Lawrence who had died on board, lay on the quarterdeck under the Stars and Stripes. He was buried, with many of his men, in Halifax.

Lost in History

The "Chesapeake," refitted as might be, was sailed across to Portsmouth. There history loses her with the false lead that the Royal Navy recommissioned the ship. This is not so nor can I find any definite authority to say that she ever sailed again. She was bought as she stood for 500 by a Mr. Holmes. He broke up the vessel, sold several tons of copper from the sheathing with all fittings and timber and doubled his money. The main timbers were pitch pine, new and sound and some of them were sold for house-building in Portsmouth but the best of them were bought by a Mr. John Prior for £200 to build a mill. This he duly erected (1820) in the hamlet of Wickham. The main timbers of the deck, built into the structure intact, were (and are) 32 feet long and 18 inches square. The pilings were used, just as they were, for joists.

With that the "Chesapeake" was forgotten and Wickham,—it antedates the Norman Conquest,—fell asleep again.

Forty years later a descendant, or relation (I cannot trace him) of Captain Broke of the "Shannon" got interested in gathering information in a memoir which he wrote he quotes a letter from the Vicar of Farcham, date of 1864, with the information given above and the statement that

the timbers of the "Chesapeake" (in fact the whole mill) seemed "good for centuries yet."

They talk in centuries in Hampshire. Then comes another sleep.

Then a Hampshire Gazetteer and Guide of 1901 reports that the mill at Wickham made of the timbers of the "Chesapeake" is still intact and in active operation.

Then followed another sleep of the topic till in 1943 I woke it again by writing to the present Vicar of Farcham. I hadn't written sooner because, although I knew the "Chesapeake" was in a mill, I was looking for the mill to be on the Isle of Wight.

So I wrote to the Vicar of Farcham who referred me to Mr. George Orwell who referred me to Mr. George Orwell of Farcham who has done a lot of antiquarian work, especially in things concerning the Navy and whose writings under the name of *Historics* are well known to all people who love British Antiquities (very fine people.)

Mr. Orwell writes me to say that the mill is still (April 4, 1943) quite as it was, timbers and all, going strong and likely to go a long while yet.

* * *

What ought to be done about it? These timbers of the deck of "Chesapeake,"—rebuilt into their earlier semblance, should have something—of the sacred memory of the deck of the "Victory." Why not buy them and give them to the United States? They should be a gift to the Naval Academy at Annapolis. Those who know that place will recall its trophies,—the proudest part of the establishment. There swings still afloat the schooner—"America" that won the cup in 1850 something, never recaptured; there is the old "Constitution" and the "Reina Mercedes" and there in the great hall is Perry's flag with his "Don't give up the Ship", and much else.

The "Chesapeake" would build into a fine platform, the old deck reproduced, for Mr. Churchill to lecture from.

— o —

Snappy Winter Program Started At "Chippawa"

HMCS Chippawa is now embarked on a program of top-notch entertainment for the winter months.

A new stage has been erected at one end of the parade deck and the Canadian Legion War Services and Winnipeg Co-ordination Board entertainment troupes are presenting the men with the very best in "live" musical and comedy program.

The Legion has also provided a projector for movie shows and contributed \$400 to the cost of construction of the stage.

Inter-divisional competition and rivalry has been heightened by a new program of boxing. The ring erected on the main deck is just the thing for these shows. Boxing instruction absorbed during regular classes in the daytime is on display at these evening tournaments under direction of the P.T.'S.

Don't Know Place

You can take it from Chief Engine Room Artificer Percy Pocklington that members of the Winnipeg Winter Club absolutely "didn't know" their former premises when they inspected HMCS Chippawa at an "open house" on November 20.

Chief Pocklington, superintendent of the Winter Club building since 1927, "stayed on" after the Navy took over. And he says some club members actually had to ask at times what part of the building they were in.

Hundreds of civilians, and members of the other armed forces, wandered the length and breadth of the ship. Officers and ratings were on hand to answer their questions about all the things that go to make a smoothly-functioning training centre.

Winnipeg and Chippawa are now perfectly well acquainted.



"Look here men—there are ship's mascots and there are ship's mascots!"

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

By William H. Mooring

(Exclusive to "The Crow's Nest.")



It would be a nice thought for Christmas, but those of us who know from experience, how costly is the luxury of overconfidence, are not going to fall for it. I'm speaking of the dangerous attitude of "oh-the-war's-all-over-except-for-the-shouting", which spread through Hollywood as soon as United Nations forces set about Italy. The Hollywood Victory Committee which arranges for movie stars to go on war bond tours and concert trips to the fighting fronts, noticed a cooling off of interest. Some of the stars—and they'll be named one of these days—have always "ducked" whenever asked to go, but now more and more are doing it.

Buck Up "Lead-Swingers"

It's been getting so bad that Hollywood had to call a meeting of those stars who have been "doing their bit" in this direction, to see whether they could shame those who haven't.

At the meeting, which was thick with celebrities, most of whom didn't know just what was coming up, were Bob Hope, Gracie Fields, Jack Benny, Kay Francis, Frances Langford, and several others who've been around the world to sing for the boys. Suddenly at the back of the hall, someone saw two men in uniform. Capt Clark Gable and Lieut-Commander Robert Montgomery. They got up to speak when called and every word they said had been passed by the Official censorship authorities. If it hadn't they'd probably have told some of these stars what they think of them.

Not "Our Gracie!"

Later Gracie Fields was asked to make a recording on her recent concert tour for E.N.S.A. which took her through Great Britain, North Africa, and Sicily and would have included Italy if she'd had enough time left. No one among the British colony, nor even among the Americans in Hollywood, has done as much as Gracie, in troop concerts and war charities work, yet a few disgruntled people back in England seem to "pick" on her every time she comes back to her job on this side. They overlook the fact that she is doing a valuable service to the Cause by helping create understanding and good humour between British and American people. Prime Minister Winston Churchill knows it, however, and he has ordered a strict censorship on the official Eighth Army paper "The Crusader" because its editor recently singled out Gracie for an attack aimed at all British people who do not stay all the time in Britain.

I dropped over to see Gracie one morning. She'd just started reading and humming a new song. That's how she learns'em. Sits alone and hums them over quietly to herself before she tries them with her pianist. Anyway she put down the song when the radio blared that Mr. Churchill had just said it was unfair to criticise Gracie when she'd been doing so much. Soon newspaper people began calling her for her reaction. "Oh just let's get on with the job and make no more fuss", she told them, "stupid criticism isn't going to help win the war...let everybody do all he can whatever his job and wherever it happens to take him." Then she sat down and wrote a cable message to Mr. Churchill. "You are very kind," it ran, "and I thank you. God bless you. Gracie Fields." If only a few more in Hollywood would follow her example, the Victory Committee wouldn't find it so difficult to get talent to entertain the boys.

Prefer Reel Action

Some of the biggest movie stars think up the lamest excuses: they don't really know there's a war on at all. They haven't gone short: they haven't been bombed. As Gracie says "Everybody ought to be able to see what I saw in Sicily: It's surprising what courage comes to you when you need it."

I guess Christmas in Hollywood will this year find more uniformed "visitors" from Great Britain, Canada and other Allied countries, than ever. So arrangements are being made for as many as possible to spend Christmas Day with movie stars. You'd be surprised to know the names of some of them who've pleaded that "rationing points" will not permit them to feed guests. Others are raising their own turkeys, chickens

and so forth. Plenty of them are only too happy to receive all the officers and men they can crowd into their houses. I suppose it's the same with the stars as with other people. Some will do their best and then a bit more, while others "swing the lead," or as the Americans says, "goldbrick".

Hollywood Canteen is all set for a big day Christmas, so if any of you happen to be this way, don't forget to look in. Bette Davis and John

Canadian Navy Author Is Paid Unique Tribute

First book by a Canadian to be so honored, Lt.-Cdr. Frederick B. Watt's narrative poem, "Who Dare To Live" was dramatized on the program, "Words at War" over the NBC network on October 26. The book was chosen by the Council on Books in Wartime for its program.

Lt.-Cdr. Watt's book achieved remarkable popularity from the time of its first publishing. Well known in the Navy, Lt.-Cdr. Watt has had enough experience with the sea in two wars, as well as in peace-time, to speak intimately and expertly of that which is close to his heart—ships. He has written large numbers of individual poems and has also published collections of his poems. "Who Dare To Live" is his first book-length work.

Most recent tribute to be paid this author's stirring poem is the fact that, because of the anticipated demand for the book in England, the first printing in that country has not been released and the second printing has already begun in order to cope with sales when it goes on the market.

The Interpreter by Philip Gibbs. The setting of this new novel by Sir Philip Gibbs is partly in America and partly in war-time England. John Barton, American journalist, is given the job of interpreting the English to his own people. The personalities of characters in each country are vividly portrayed.

Up Periscope by David Masters. True incidents of British submarine warfare of the present time. Vivid descriptions of drama below the surface—triumph, disappointment and humor. The life of the submariner as it is lived today.

Murder Down Under by Arthur W. Upfield. Something new in the mystery line. The setting is Australia; the detective a half-caste. A disappearance starts the astute detective on the trail. Further mysteries develop on the way. A cleverly written

This is a most unusual occurrence in the publishing business.

BOOK REVIEWS

These Books Are Available At The Naval Library Service

story with an unusual twist.

The Dead Can Tell by Helen Reilly. An accident that proves to be a murder sends Christopher McKee, head of the Manhattan Homicide Squad, on a chase through New York upper circles. The murderer had never heard of 'a Hoffman'.

One Small Candle by Cecil Roberts. "There is not enough darkness in all the world to put out the light of one small candle," Charles Woodfall reads these words on the tombstone of some one's loved pet as a young man. Later after wandering from England to America, Italy, Austria and Poland he is to recall them when he finally sees the end of his loneliness.

Patter From 'Prevost'

by Wren A. Beattie

Everyone at HMCS Prevost, London, Ont., certainly put all they had into the Fifth Victory Loan. The subscription was over 200%.

Open House was a great success at this Ship. The establishment was open to the public from 1 p. m. until 8. There were guides to show the visitors through every cabin, gangway, mess, canteen, schoolroom or any part of the Ship they would like to see.

The Wrens proved they were very good sailors a few weeks ago when the staff were taken out on the "Shirl," a training vessel at Port Stanley. Several of the boys felt a little under the weather but it took only a short time for everyone to get their sea legs and enjoy the outing.

One of our Wrens was admitted to the hospital the other day with a very bad cold, but she is progressing nicely and expects to be back on the job quite soon.

The other day at the Blood Bank two of our young officers were standing waiting their turn with their jackets off and their sleeves rolled up when one of the nurses came over and very politely asked them if they were "brothers" from the Seminary.

"Indecision Squad"

We now have a staff "precision" squad. Any morning in the week between 7.30 and 8.30 you can look out over "Prevost's" Parade Square and see the writers being put through their paces by one of the instructors. Some mornings it is quite amusing, especially when the command 'right turn' is given, and half the squad turns right, a quarter turns left, and the other quarter just stand their ground and look blank.

Two more Wrens have arrived at "Prevost," one is a clothing supply assistant and the other is a victualling supply assistant. We are now six strong.

The inter-ship bowling league is well under way. Since we took most of the baseball games from the officers they in turn are giving us a little competition on Wednesday nights at the bowling alleys.

The first basketball game of the season was played at the "Y" last week between Navy and the "Y". Our team started off with a bang. We hope they can keep up the good work.

"Darling, the maid has burned the eggs. Wouldn't you be satisfied with a couple of kisses for breakfast?"
"Sure, bring her in".

had to do the job. The film extras will probably get their chance this year.

Here's wishing you all, the very best for Christmas. May Hitler discover there's stuffing in turkey and get nothing but an extra helping of trouble for 1944. To you a toast to Victory after victory for the New Year.

DEANNA SAYS "MERRY CHRISTMAS" TO THE NAVY



Born in one of the Dominion's most Navy-minded towns, Deanna Durbin, Canada's lovely contribution to Universal Pictures, follows in the line of other Winnipeg natives and remembers the Navy. She sent the grand photograph shown above for this issue of The Crow's Nest, with the message, "Merry Christmas to the boys and girls of the Royal Canadian Navy and The Best of Luck for The New Year.—Deanna Durbin." (Exclusive to The Crow's Nest.)

Garfield who started the idea just over a year ago, since when over 1,000,000 men have been entertained there, told me to remind you. Don't know just which stars will be there Christmas night, but a lot of 'em will be.

He's Even "B" Grade

They're having the mile long Santa Claus lane on Hollywood Boulevard just the same as pre-war days, with lights full on as usual. Last year the dim-out ruined that, but it's

"lights on" again here. Santa Claus in his chariot, with the cardboard reindeer will ride again, every evening at eight, but the "snow" which used to fly around him from artificial wind machines, will not be seen this year. It was soap flakes, or oatmeal and they haven't got any of either to throw to the winds, so Santa will ride in "fine weather" instead. Stars used to ride with him: a different one each night, but each year it's got so that lesser and lesser actors

THE YEAR IN NAVY SPORTS

by Lou Zwerling

Exclusive to The Crow's Nest

The record of the Royal Canadian Navy in sports of all kinds has been as impressive to the fans of the Dominion during the past year as their work at sea has been to the public in general.

Without taking any of the effectiveness away from their training, their convoy work, or their shattering blows against the U-boats, the blue-shirts have competed in almost every branch of sport with flattering results.

Not every Navy team won its league or gained national recognition, but not a single Navy team in any sport could be rated as a "weak sister."

In the Maritimes the Navy has dominated the picture. The teams representing the tars have done wonders in providing entertainment for men of the three services and civilians alike.

Strictly Amateur

Starting away back last spring when hockey was the big game, the sailors rose to great heights down here before dropping out in favor of the RCAF team led by a former major leaguer.....and last year's Navy team was strictly an amateur outfit.

Then came baseball and even such major leaguers as Joe Krakauskas, former hurler of Washington Senators, and Phil Marchildon, who won an impressive number of games for Philadelphia Athletics in 1942, failed to stop Halifax Navy.

The sailors blazed a trail of glory through the City League, fought their way to the Nova Scotia title and then took the Maritime crown in straight games.

Dick Pawley, who hails from the Stratford section of Ontario, and perhaps the greatest amateur hurler in the Dominion, sparked the team in its drive. He was ably assisted by boys from all over. There were playing coach Dev Vickers and his brother Gus, from Sydney Mines, also Charlie "The Red" Burchell from the same place, Billy Hannon, of Halifax, Larry Angus, Ace Parker, Tim Neary, Eddie Bealand, Bud Morrison, Peaches Ruven, Buddy Heximer, George Brent, Jack Wedley, Alex Rosnoski and others who helped bring honors to Navy.

While the ball season was still alive the footballers commenced what they hoped would mean a drive towards the Grey Cup and top Canadian honors.

To Good, Maybe?

Such was not to be the case. The team was good enough to do great things but the custodians of the Grey Cup wouldn't let Halifax Navy have a peep at it. The locals showed their worth when under the direction of Lt. Charles "Tiny" Herman, they whitewashed the Montreal Navy 9-nil, when the latter outfit was leading its own circuit by a clear margin, and then went on to take Toronto Navy 18-1.

Now the Navy is getting ready for

HMS Friendship's Crew Happy In The Service

"Is this a happy ship?" Of course it is! With a name like ours could it be anything else," asked the Commanding Officer. A couple of matelots standing nearby overheard the conversation and grinned. In fact, everyone seemed happy.

It was the name of the ship that had made the reporter ask the C.O. if the ship was a happy one. Commissioned Sept. 15 at Toronto, HMS "Friendship" got off to a good start with a good name and the crew was received in very friendly style at Toronto. Her commanding officer, Lt.-Cdr. E. T. Durrant, R.N.R. and her Executive Officer, Lieut. D. Adamson, were both pleased and impressed by the cordial welcome given all members of the crew during their stay in Toronto. They are also highly pleased with the spaciousness and fittings of the ship.

"Our friendship has its bounds, however," declared Lt.-Cdr. Durrant. "If we meet up with a ship flying the wrong colors they won't find us very friendly."

With a few additions to her comforts "Friendship" will be lacking nothing that the well-fitted ship should have. High on the brief list of things still needed are, a new gramophone and some records and, some squash racquets.

Somoron Stories

Did you ever hear about the moron who sleeps on his stomach so the Japs can't bomb his navel base?

Did you ever hear about the moron who backed out of the bus because he heard a woman say she was going to grab his seat?

Did you ever hear about the moronette who ate gunpowder so her hair would grow out in bangs?

Did you ever hear about the moron who sat up all night studying for a blood test?

Did you ever hear about the moron who had a chair put by the side of his hospital bed for rigor mortis to set in?

a new hockey season and down here at least there should be a stronger outfit than in the 1942-43 year. Three notables for the team are Gaye Stewart and Bob Goldham, formerly of Toronto Maple Leafs, and Jack Shill, who showed so well when he filled in as netminder for Boston Bruins last season. With much additional strength this trio could well give Halifax Navy a real contender for Allen Cup supremacy.

The sailors have done so much all over Canada in boxing, basketball, track and field, as well as aquatics that space doesn't permit any sort of complete review of the year's achievements in Dominion sports.

But sportdom knows that where you see a Navy team it is one that provides keen competition and good sportsmanship.

PUSSER POME for FOLKS AT HOME

By H. A. Cox

To you, who have lads in the Navy, And think that this Service is keen, Let me tell you a most touching story In a language that you've never seen.

Of a wavy Navy matelot, Who tapped pusser slops while at work, He was salty to pull this cute swindle Of a tiddley and pusser's dirk.

Now thieves are a curse in this outfit, So a Killick ran him by the neck, And the Jimmie ordered his presence— On the Q-Patch, or Quarter-deck.

The X.O. reviewed all the charges And cursed, as we all know he can; Then, to rid himself of some trouble, He placed him before the Old Man.

"Off caps," as he stood there before him He told the Old Man all he knew, But the skipper was grim, and decided, "I'll make an example of you!"

Next morning he lashed up his hammock Not knowing just what lay ahead, He dohobied, then went to his breakfast Of bacon and Navy red lead.

All the rest of the day he was worried And the work got under his skin, In fact, he got wind up so much, That he filled all the younger blokes in.

That gave him a rifle to shoulder And he doubled till stand-easy came, He cursed the divisional quarters Where a number replaced his old name.

As evening quarters rolled around We cleared lower decks in his name, And we stood at attention in silence As he faced us and did the same.

Then the Old Man, with "bible" in hand, Examined and read to the crowd, The rating "off'd caps" for the old boy And he read o'er his case out loud.

On the day of September the 7th, From a ship you were drafted ashore; You had flaked out while painting a deckhead And they didn't want you any more.

You were piped to muster for draft, next day, But you wouldn't heed the call. The green ones were acting out, I guess, And you thought your new 'sweeper too small.

Again on the 9th, you were rank with screech, You had spliced the main brace on your own; You were browned off later, to do some work, And the shore patrol found you at home.

We have found the gash you hid in the heads, I have taken the hook from your arm, And the 90 days of cells, attached,

R.C.N. Help On Farms Earns British Gratitude

The British public have expressed their appreciation and admiration in no uncertain terms for the seamen of the Royal Canadian Navy who spent their shore leave helping out on the farms in Northern England while their ships were in British ports. This has been evidenced by the hundreds of letters which have poured in since from both sides of the border, offering unlimited hospitality to any of the Canadian matelots who care to accept it.

With the traditional adaptability of the tar the men took to harvesting with gusto and brought a breath of the western prairies to the English farmlands.

Up in Northumbria one detachment went sheep-farming. A farmhouse loft was made shipshape, hammocks were slung and comfortable living quarters established. Here in the sheep country sheep-dipping was their favourite job and they proved they could handle sheep as well as they can handle ships.

Brown and fit they returned to their ships when their leave was up, greatly benefitted by the change and amazed and delighted with the hospitality they had received.

Bowling Gossip

By "Goose-Egg Gus"

TIMBER!—A favourite expression heard in the vicinity of Sydney YMCA on Wednesday or Friday evenings, where the Navy lads and lassies congregate for their regular "maple splintering" session.

An eight team Ship's Company league has been formed and is progressing favorably under the direction of PTI Sallis. The schedule is nearing the half-way mark, and we find the SA's at the top, of the heap, followed closely by the Officers, Stokers, Writers and Hospital teams.

The Wrens, at present occupying the cellar position, are due for a break and the female "timber-hoppers" led by Wren Publow are confident they will be near the top before the schedule is completed. SA Ferry is leading the mob in the race for high single, and Pay/Lt. "Jerry" Collin has rolled an average of 177 to lead in that department.

Officer-of-the-Day: "You're not eating your fish. What's wrong with it?"

Ordinary Seaman: "Long time no sea."

Curious Old Lady: "Why, you've lost your leg haven't you?"

Cripple: Well, damned, if I haven't! Guarantee us no trouble or harm.

You'll be discharged from the Service, Low diet will feed you enough, And where you go I'll warrant, You'll scrounge no more gash or duff

Now, weighed off, he wheeled around, With a guard in the front and the rear, This round-rigger vanished for 90 days— And our story is ended, here.

SYDNEY SPORTS SLANTS

by P.O. J. Altman, P.&R.T.I.



Sporting interest at "Protector" has reached a new high, and now a majority are participating in the various activities, whether it be Seamen, Stokers, Officers or Writers, they enjoy the keen competition, regardless of the Sport, and the urge to win has created friendly rivalry among the teams.

Volley-Ball, is at present the most prominent Sport in the Base and the eight-team League is functioning regularly each Tuesday and Thursday.

The Chiefs & P.O.'s team is well on its way to another championship. Under the watchful eye of "Spiker" James, the champs have turned back the Artisans, Officers, Stokers and Seamen, and have yet to suffer their first defeat. George Seed's Artisan team also have designs on the trophy and will make a strong bid in the play-offs.

The Cape Breton Senior Hockey League will again operate in Sydney, it was decided at a recent meeting of the League Executive.

Navy, Army and RCAF teams will provide some thrilling action for the Cape Breton hockey fans who will see puckchasers, representing every province in Canada, participating in the Island loop.

The Navy will ice a well balanced squad which will consist of former amateur and college stars. It is rumoured that Mickey Roach, who coached "Protector" team last winter, will again guide the Sailors in their quest for top honors.

Preparations are under way for a natural ice rink in the Base, for use of RCN Personnel for skating and Inter-part Hockey.

Badminton also enjoys its share of popularity and racquets and shuttle-cocks are available at the Sports Office. And what a terrific beating they have been getting. An open tournament will be held in the Drill Hall and should produce some good competition.

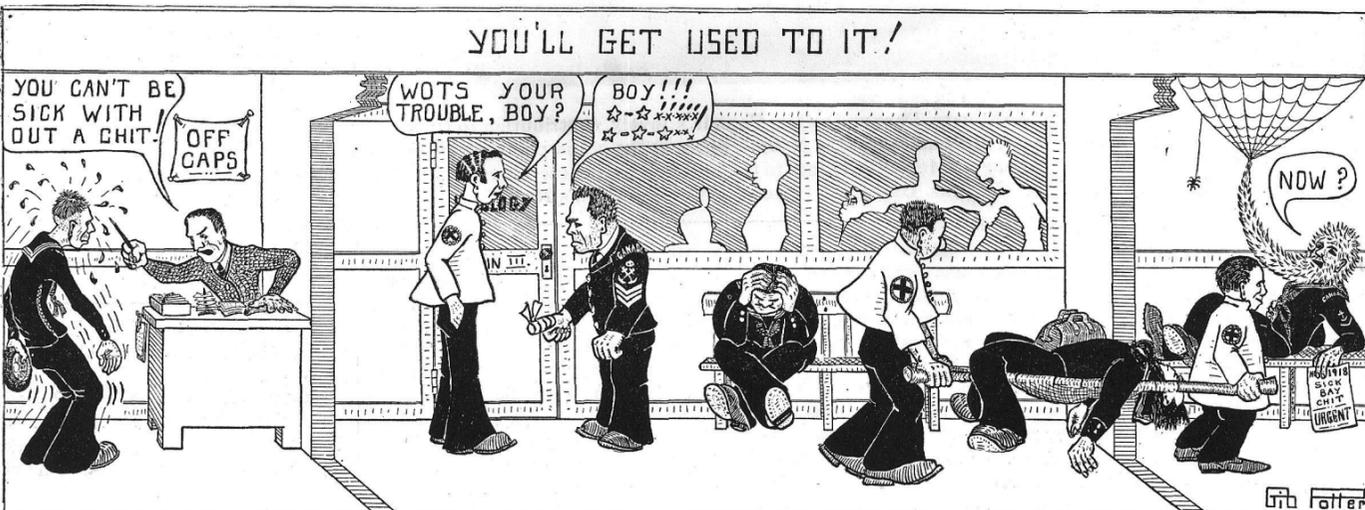
The Wrens also take advantage of the Sports facilities at the Base and are very active. Recently a Wrens Sports Committee was elected and they have started the ball rolling by entering a team in the bowling league. They have a four-team volleyball loop and badminton is also proving popular with the girls-in-blue.

The Navy hoop team, former Nova Scotia finalists, have played several exhibition games during the month. In the first game of the season the Tars swamped an Army team to the tune of 64 - 4. ERA Snider and "Lofty" Ruter ran wild, scoring 44 points.

The North Sydney RCAF proved easy prey for the Sailors, in the second game of the season, the final score being Navy 48-RCAF 8.

Prospects for a top-notch Basketball team look good. Welcome additions to the squad are S/Lt. Flowers and A. B. Fraser, Both have played good basketball and will strengthen the team considerably. Lieut. Andy Chisholm has taken over the coaching duties and under his able guidance, the Navy cagers will renew their quest for Maritime honours.

L/Sea. "Ronnie" Sallis, who joined the P&R staff at "Protector" last month is about to join the ranks of the "Associated Order of Hen-pecked Husbands". The lucky girl, we are informed is none other than Wren Florence "Sparkie" Flynn, who is stationed at "Cornwallis". Congratulations "Ronnie" and "Sparkie" may your lives be filled with everlasting health and happiness.



Christmas Mail

by j. a. b.

The destroyer had come alongside after weeks at sea in the North Atlantic. The Officers relaxed in the wardroom. Conversation was desultory. For a brief time they were quite willing to forget ships and convoys; U-boats and storms—all the vicissitudes of life at sea in wartime. Soon they must take up the threads again, for there was much to be done in port. In the meantime they waited, ears cocked, for the welcome report, "Mail's aboard, Sir." It was not an ordinary mail for which they waited. Christmas had come and gone while they were on convoy duty. They waited now for their Christmas mail.

The Doctor hurried through the wardroom clutching a brown paper parcel. Officers sat up, alert. "Has the mail come?" The Doctor shook his head, smiled smugly and answered, "This," (patting his parcel affectionately), "This is the laundry I lost three months ago."

The "Daily" Paper

The first mail bag arrived—mostly newspapers in this one. The Chief subscribed to his home town daily paper so it was practically his own personal mailbag. Four week's accumulation of neat brown rolls tumbled out on the deck. The Chief opened a nice fat one, "This should be a good one," he remarked. He snorted in disgust as he held up the glaring red headlines, "Russians Capture Kiev".

The Sub was buried in his 'Small-town Daily Tattler' (published weekly). "Hm!" he murmured, "I see Mrs. Brown has had another baby." Torps peered over his shoulder, "Lance Corporal Margaret Brown?" "Sure," answered the Sub, "Marg's all right."

Packages arrived and the newspapers were forgotten. The wardroom was soon in a welter of brown wrapping paper, string, stickers, box-lids and odds and ends. Torps proudly wore a leather cap, Guns a pair of yellow and black ear-muffs. The Doctor was seriously reading a note—his hands encased in wool-lined gloves. The signal's Officer was trying to find a plug to try out a new electric razor. The Captain was fitting a cigarette into a new holder.

Opened In Error

The Junior Engineer had received so many interesting looking packages he was promptly accused of having a birthday. "Those can't all be Christmas packages", accused the First lieutenant. The Junior Engineer insisted they were as he opened a box of chocolates, nuts and Christmas cake and hastily attempted to replace the lid.

"Don't do that!" exclaimed the No. 1. "There's a note inside. You'd better read it—it may have been sent to the wardroom, you know".

Torps had by this time managed to undo the intricate wrapping from a large flat package marked 'photograph'. An unsuccessful attempt was made to claim this for the Wardroom, too, as it was the photograph of a very lovely girl.

There were some more papers for Chief and then the precious letter mail. All was quiet.

The Captain went into a huddle with his writer opening Official mail, for some of it could not wait. His eyebrows shot up at one (O.H.M.S.) which commenced, "Dear Madam," He was relieved to note the 'copy' mark.

The Chief pushed newspapers out of his lap (to add to the confusion on the deck,) and became absorbed in letters and cards.

The Cad!

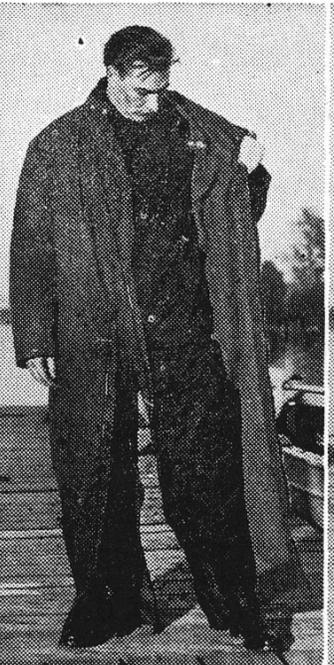
A Post Card was passed around from an Officer on leave; it was much frowned upon. It read (naturally), "Too bad you're not all here."

A frightened voice, "Where did I put that fat one?"

An absent-minded suggestion—"Try your breast pocket."

Where's the Doc? There's mail for him."

"He's gone ashore. It can wait—"



Zoot-Suit For Sailors

Canadian sailors standing watch this winter on the chilly North Atlantic run may look something like prehistoric monsters but they will be able to face the wintry blast with considerably more nonchalance than ever before, thanks to the newest thing in weatherproof clothing now in quantity production for early issue to seagoing personnel in escortships.

It will not be issued as personal kit to ratings but will replace duffel coats and oilskins in the "loan clothing" issue to ships, for use of those aboard who need it.

Known as "Navy Zoot Suit"

The new clothing is officially called a Weatherproof Protective Suit but the lower deck wasted no time in christening that he did not report to the Regulating Office on arrival. Then to make matters even worse he came doubling across the parade ground just as morning divisions were in session, almost knocked the X.O. down, took a short cut through the files of subbies and without even an attempt at a salute. As to where he came from, no one aboard is quite certain. It is the opinion of some that Mr. Spooks is finally realizing some sense of duty and for matters of convenience, he chose the senior service.

The new outfit consists of two sets of coveralls, the inner one of gaberdine, windproof and spray repellent material, lined with double pile wool and the outer of butyl (synthetic) rubber, a material being hailed enthusiastically as the successor to oilskin.

Since the garments are designed to be worn over the new RCN waist-coat-type lifejacket, no fashion writer could stretch the imagination enough to call their lines flattering but they do keep a man warm and dry and their weight is considerably less than that of the sheepskin coats previously worn.

Safety Zippers

The inner coverall is quilted all over, except for the knitted cuffs at wrist and ankle, and fastens with two zippers, one from the right foot up to the waist and the other from the left foot to the collar. This long zipper has a special quick release feature which enables the wearer to disengage the slide and rip the whole thing open in one swift motion. The entire garment can be shed in a matter of seconds in case of emergency.

The lining is reduced to a single thickness over the middle, where the lifejacket will supply all the warmth needed, and the bulge necessary to accommodate the lifebelt is kept from sagging in the general direction of the knees by means of stout web braces.

The outer coverall is similar in design, with two long zippers, and makes the wearer waterproof from neck to seaboots. Over the top of it he puts the hood, also made of butyl rubber. This covers the face much the same as a knitted Balaclava and falls well over the shoulders.

Ready For Anything

With the whole outfit on a seaman can face with equanimity any kind of weather, from freezing wind to icy splatters of spray, secure in the knowledge that neither can penetrate his shell.

An additional advantage is that the butyl rubber outer covering is also gasproof and merely by donning his mask as well, a man would be fully protected against any of the known war gases.

One of the oldest problems of the sea is to keep a man warm without piling on so much clothing that he sags at the knees. Research has been going on continuously since the war began for a satisfactory solution and with the present outfit, the designers believe they have found the answer.

lucky dog's got his family here."

"I say," said a sympathetic voice, "Didn't you get any mail?"

The Officer addressed gloomily shook his head.

"Oh well, cheer up!" continued the s. v., "I'm sure the Chief will loan you a paper!"

MR. SPOOKS

By James A. Tapp, L/Wtr.

This new entry at HMCS Carleton Mr. Spooks, really gets away with murder. To begin with, he joined the ship without the customary draft chit. The Recruiting Officer denies attesting him and the Master-At-Arms swears that he did not report to the Regulating Office on arrival. Then to make matters even worse he came doubling across the parade ground just as morning divisions were in session, almost knocked the X.O. down, took a short cut through the files of subbies and without even an attempt at a salute. As to where he came from, no one aboard is quite certain. It is the opinion of some that Mr. Spooks is finally realizing some sense of duty and for matters of convenience, he chose the senior service.

We Think!

For you see Mr. Spooks would never have been inducted. Mr. Spooks is a dog. A dog of doubtful parentage, but it has nevertheless been conceded that Mr. Spooks is a dog.

It seems that on commissioning, most ships adopt a dog. But that first day we saw this alleged canine most of us were sure that if we were going to do any adopting—he wasn't it. So Mr. Spooks adopted us. And realizing how futile it would be to object, no one as yet has disputed his rights in the matter.

In fact he has since become a fast friend of everyone around the Dows' Lake training establishment. Just to manifest his democratic trend of thought, Mr. Spooks falls in with the P.O.'s one day and with the hands the next. He is an honorary member of all the messes and his money is no good. Even his religious persuasions are a bit doubtful as he sometimes falls out with the R.C.'s and on other occasions joins in the prayers led by the Protestant Chaplain. But it is quite obvious that someone should have a fatherly talk with Mr. Spooks. For it has been discovered that our new friend is not by any means a "teetotaler." Although for a couple of weeks prior to the opening of the wet canteen he stayed close to the barracks and seemed quite moderate in his habits generally. But he was apparently only virtuous by comulsion.

It is now being buzzed that Mr. Spooks is capable of consuming one pint of ale at one sitting without any apparent loss of equilibrium.

"Able Sea-Dog"

When his personality and friendliness had finally permeated to the inner sanctum of the wardroom his qualifications were reviewed, his progress noted and it was decided to rate Mr. Spooks "Able Sea Dog" (for shore duties only) But it has been gratifying to see that the promotion hasn't gone to his head and he may

still be found on any watch right around the clock, standing duty with his subordinates.

Probably the most remarkable thing about this fellow, though, is the manner in which he has adapted himself to the naval routine around "Carleton." He may be seen any evening after 1800 in the seamans' showers performing his daily ablutions with the other hands. For although Mr. Spooks may not be strictly temperate, in spite of the fact that he is UA for purposes of grog and although he is sometimes a little adrift for divisions, he knows that every good sailor is a stickler for cleanliness.

Form Fellowship League

Organized recently in HMCS Cornwallis, the Naval Christian Fellowship League is bringing together large numbers of Naval people who are interested in young people's work for study and fellowship. The membership of the league is drawn from former members of young people's groups from coast-to-coast. The league meets each Wednesday evening in the "Iron Duke" block. Members of the executive of the organization are: Hon. Presidents, Padres Sinclair and McLeod; president, O/Sea, Chesley Ervin; vice-pres., Sto. Alvin Ewart; secy., Wren M. Thompson; treas., Wren Main; convener of music committee, Wren Adams.

Shavings From A Lathe In The Ordnance Shop

by G. Poirier C.O.A.



The critical moment has at last arrived for the W. O.O.'s "Q." After weeks of studying the end of the course sure looks good to them.

O. A. Silver is back in the shop, having just returned off leave, after doing about a year's sea time on one of

our destroyers.

O. A. MacBurney who has been travelling with the "Canadian Naval War Exhibition" sponsored by the Navy League of Canada, is back with us. During the nine months with the show, MacBurney visited seventeen principal cities, from Coast to Coast. His job was to look after the gunnery equipment and answer queries. Since his return he has been promoted to O.A.3 and is now bustling about the shop. While at the West Coast he saw some of the boys and tells us "Fearless" Foster is doing a good job.

O. A. Penny has been given the role of Instructor during the absence of O. A. Lapsley, who is on the sick list.

Deer, Deer

Who says O.A.'s aren't marksmen as well as machinists. O.A.'s Couse and Williams were out hunting some time ago, and came back with two nice deer.

The boys are sorry to hear that O.A. Costello, who was home on leave, is in hospital in Hamilton.

O.A. Gill looks very happy lately. He goes around the shop with a smile from ear to ear. Something nice must have happened to him. Let us in on the secret Les.....

The third of O.A.'s are now taking turns getting in a little sea-time, and are anxiously awaiting the time when they can get ships of their own, to carry on doing their bit on a larger scale.

Jarvis Thompson who has been with us for quite some time is now doing his bit at sea. His cheerful smile and humor is surely missed around the shop.

Dannie Hazelwood, Jarvis's sidekick has passed his trade test for O.A. and is now awaiting results.

And Where?

O.A. Robertson is right hand man in the shop now. If he starts the week with a smile on his face, you can easily tell he spent the week-end in Halifax. Must be the bright lights, eh? Or who?

O.A. Cochrane after completing his course has returned to his old job on optical work. He has been replaced by O.A. Kennedy.

INSIDE DOPE by an INSIDE DOPE

By Henry Sherman, A.B.



Well, here we are again: this is your Special Inside Dope, operating from the inside of the Special Services Office of HMCS Cornwallis. Things are really beginning to take shape in these parts. The progress on both the swimming pool and new recreation building is most encouraging, the library is adding an ever growing list of new books to its shelves, and the prospect of spending the winter here becomes more and more pleasant all the time. In fact we're going to be happier here than back home on furlough.

I n't it wonderful what the fear of Number Eleven will do to a guy?

They say that music soothes the savage, and we guess that holds true for all kinds—even sailors. The sawing of a violin, whining of a sax, even the deep sonorous apologies of a tuba all aid in the sprucing of spent spirits and ministering to morose and moping morale. (Ain't this alliteration SWELL?) The truth of this theory was demonstrated very clearly to your reporter last month. The most popular job in his block was a fellow who played a radio. But then again, he doubled on the shoe horn.

It thus came to pass that every other Sunday afternoon, the HMCS Cornwallis band, which we think is slightly more than terrific, now presents a band concert. Some five dozen bandmen gather together to make music under the skilful baton of Wt. Bandmaster R. W. McGall, and the result is a maelstrom of magic melodies that sets the old drill shed aglow with pleasure.

And no wonder! We know for a fact that our band just couldn't operate on a professional scale, on account of because the boys' salary list would look like one of Mr. Ilsley's cuffs after a Budget meeting; and our answer to "What have we got that Mart Kenny hasn't got?" is, "Seven times as many musicians and, brother, are they hot!"

The birds and bees
Have shown their knees
For ages past, unheeded.
But when a girl!
Her legs unfurl,
Gosh! How our eyes are "kneeded!"

The experts tell us that Canada will face a male shortage after the war. The girls are going to be superfluous, more or less (is it possible?) Right now, however, the Wrens at Cornwallis are making hay while the sun shines, and even when it rains. With the ratio about one thousand, six hundred and twenty-three to one in favour of our feathered friends, the gals can afford to be choosy. But we, who read our vital statistics, know it won't last forever. And when "der Tag" arrives and they come knocking at our doors, are we going to have good memories! "Aren't you the Wren who broke that date with me to go on the 'Gold Standard'?" "Oh, boy!"



The equipping of the mammoth stage in the drill shed proceeds apace, thanks in main to the help and co-operation of Lt.-Cdr. E. Cowan, of Care and Maintenance, who has a profound and alert understanding of the problem of entertaining a few odd thousand trainees when winter clamps his icy mitts down upon Cornwallis, and the bright lights(?) of the nearby metropole no longer lie in easy bus-reach. He is also building a stand for the dispensing of heated canines (hot-dogs, stupid) on a scale magnificent, which will operate in those stilly hours after sunset when the ratings' tums fondly turn to thoughts of auxiliary sustenance. Till now, they have made havoc of the common or garden chocolate bar, and doughnuts, which, while adequate, hardly pack the full quota of calories, vitamins and stuff that a growing lad needs to surround and sink a U-Boat single-handed.

The Special Services Office, therefore looks upon Lt.-Cdr. Cowan much in the light of a Patron Saint, without whom their progress in these fields of recreation would be slow and sluggish to say the least and we could say a lot more. You know us!

Darkness, like a deep plush curtain hanging everywhere. And through the soft, warm stillness, her voice: "Take me. Let me feel the strength of your arms about me, you great big handsome brute—you."

Silence.

"But can't you see that I love you," she continued. "You are breaking my heart."

R. C. N. RADIO PROGRAMS

"Comrades in Arms"	Sundays	1830-1900 A.D.T. 1730-1800 E.D.T.
"Bards in Battledress"	Mondays	1930-1945 A.D.T. 1830-1845 E.D.T.
"Fighting Navy"	Thursdays	2230-2300 A.D.T. 2130-2200 E.D.T.
"Headquarter's Report"	Wednesdays	2315-2330 A.D.T. 2215-2230 E.D.T.
"Freres D' Armes"	Mondays	(French Network)

TO MOTHER

By Lieut. Wm. Spender Darby

Am trying hard to understand
Just what I miss,
'Tis not her dainty little hand,
'Tis not her kiss
Though both were soft and tender,
yet—
Not only these can I forget.

And often in the dark of night,
Still wakeful yet
Before the dawn of morning light
I can't forget
The wondrous thing she gave to me,
The promise of a world to be.

I'd catch the beauty of her smile
So sweet,—at me;
But always in a little while
It ceased to be,
I longed to keep it clear and plain
And prayed till it was mine again.

Yes, prayed for her who taught me so
Always to do;
As long as summer suns shall glow
All my life through
And found at last, so doing,—this
In mother-love I've naught to miss.

As long as life shall be for me,
She's always near,
And so, for all eternity,
She's ever dear.
She understands the way I've trod
Her love and mine are one,—in God,

'Tis love, my world to be,
She gave to me.

Asdic Branch Club Dance An Enjoyable Social Event

Outstanding among the recent events of interest from the Anti-Submarine School at HMCS Cornwallis, was the Chiefs' & P.O.'s Club dance, held at the Colonial Arms Hotel, Annapolis Royal.

Approximately 50 couples were in attendance, enjoying the dance music supplied by Cornwallis bandmen, who did a splendid job of keeping things rolling. One of the main attractions of the evening was the half-hour floor show presented during intermission and conducted by A. B. Dowie of Special Services office.

The hall was attractively decorated and novelties were in abundance. The dry canteen and cloakroom were ably handled by A. B. Cruickshanks. Members of the dance committee were: CPO's Middleton, Laphen, Taylor and Wells.

Another event of the month was the marriage of one of the new SDI's,



I took a careful bite from the chocolate bar in my hand, following its contour with my tongue to make sure that none of the peanuts fell out.

"But I must have you," she went on. "I must."

"Oh, go on with you now," I replied. "I'll bet you say that to all the boys," and returned complacently to my candy. Maybe she doesn't know it, but chocolate bars are hard to get.

That was Ann Sheridan, folks. You know; red hair, warm lips, and things.

Now wait a minute. There is no sense in grabbing your kitbag and rushing down, 'cause Annie doesn't live here any more. That was the picture that played last week. Bob Hope is on tonight, and are we going to have fun.

Yes, it is the new 35 mm. projector that is set up in the drill shed every night for ship entertainment that has inspired this objectionable outburst. But we are proud of this machine. The sanguine screen epics on which we now rest our observant optics are the same size that one sees in commercial movie houses. And we get them before they do!

Changing the bill four times in each and every week assures a good variety of film fun for every one at the base, and also provides a splendid solution to the dating problem.

Yes, sir. Take your date to the movies and see how it really should be done. Of course there are a few odd people here who don't seem to be in need of any instruction whatsoever.....

The lights went low, and Charles Boyer oiled his motor, shifted gears and started to pitch woo "weeth Haaddy," making all sorts of noxious remarks about running through Miss Lamarr's hair with or without shoes. Really quite interesting. "If you think they're good," whispered a killick beside me, "look at that couple behind you." And sure enough, there they were: a Wren and her "steady." And let me tell you, those kids knew how.

For ten cents, double features yet!

Boarding Parties Find Good Food Most Important For Happy Ship

"A good galley is the most important thing in keeping a ship's company contented, in my opinion," declares Petty Officer Al. Oxner, senior hand who takes charge of Naval Boarding parties in the inspection of merchant ships at an Eastern Canadian Port.

Petty Officer Oxner ought to know what the score is in this regard, too, for he has been inspecting ships and talking with crews for more than three years now and it is part of his job to uncover any dissatisfaction among crew members.

He started out working with the Naval Boarding Service officer early in the war and has seen the department grow from a staff of four men to about three-score. The office now combines Convoy Equipment Inspection with its earlier duties and from its inception has been an integral part of N.C.S.O.

Little has been said of the work of this office during the war and little of the real work actually done by these men can be told now. It can be said, however, that the task of the boarding parties is one of the foundation pillars of the unbroken supply line that feeds the allied battlefronts of the world. Unless these men do their jobs well ships can leave this port rampant with disease, ill-equipped, with discontented crews or in danger of being damaged or destroyed by sabotage.

Wide Representation

A most interesting fact is that the Boarding Service is made up of men from every part of the Dominion from all three branches of the Navy. Sticking to the old adage, "United we stand, divided we fall," these men have been able throughout the past three years to work in complete harmony with one another.

Besides their more important job of detecting deficiencies in ships and their crews, the members of the Boarding Service act as middle-men in the supplying of charities and comforts to ships. They also check on claims of ships' crews for charities for which they are ineligible.

The men pride themselves that they have only once in the scores of instances in which they have been called out on crew trouble had to use force in carrying out their duties.

They draw no line on ranks. The lowly sailor and the high-ranking officer receive the same treatment. In the course of their work they check on everything from proper stowage of cargoes to morale. A ship must also get a clear "Bill of Health" before she sails.

When a boarding party goes aboard ship all of the men act in strictly "pusser" manner. They are marched aboard, lined up and told off for duties. They do their work quietly, coolly and efficiently. A boarding party can be called out at any time of day or night and in any kind of weather. Almost invariably they are well re-

PO J. A. Kirk, at Halifax. The couple is honeymooning in Florida.

The club was sorry to lose its former president, CPO R. W. Chapman, who, with CPO Middleton, has departed for parts unknown. His position as president of the club has been filled by CPO E. Bonser.

ceived by the ships they inspect and find great personal satisfaction in doing their work well.

Many Linguists

Most officers in the Service are linguists, some of them speaking as many as five languages. One of the officers speaks Arabic quite fluently. The department is under the command of Lt.-Cdr. Frederick B. Watt, RCNVR. One of the members of the boarding parties is L/Sto: George Beaman, a survivor of the "Jervis Bay" who received the D.S.M. for his part in the famous show.

AT THE RINGSIDE

With
Charles James, Chief Stoker

The Navy was well represented at the Maritime Amateur Championships held at Dalhousie Gym on November 15 and 16.

HMCS "Cornwallis" sent up a fine team which copped five of the championship titles, while HMCS "Stadacona" managed to win the Welterweight title. In the Flyweights, Arnie Ramsay of "Cornwallis" won over J.E. Brown RAF in a clean hard-hitting contest, while in the Bantamweight final, Jack Turner of "Cornwallis" met Eric Winter of St. John N. B.

During the first round, Turner was injured but he carried on the fight, dropping his opponent twice for counts of nine and winning a clever decision on points. After getting into the finals on two previous occasions he clinched the Featherweight title with a fine win over Willard McCormack of St. John.

Claude Warwick of "Cornwallis" won by default over his opponent LAC Sorenson. Warwick, Canadian title holder, showed fine form in winning the semi-final from Naiper of St. John.

Percy Lee, RN, fighting for the "Stadacona" team, met a team-mate, Tim O'Leary in the final, who put up a great fight against a clever and experienced boxer, making a very interesting final for the Welterweight trophy. The light-heavy final brought out a fine, promising fighter Jack Herwynen "Cornwallis", after beating a tough, experienced man—Bearcat Weatherbee, in the semi-final, ran into another tough fighter in the final Cpl. Stogne RCAF. Stogne came out of the corner with the idea of punching Herwynen out of the ring but the young Navy lad began to get the measure of his man, finally knocking him out halfway through the second round. Herwynen is definitely a fine prospect.

On November 10, some of the sailors paid a visit to "Y" Depot where an entertaining show was put on by the boys. Percy Lee, R.N., and Tom O'Leary staged another battle. A grand fight was halted halfway through the second round, resulting in an eye injury to O'Leary. Wally Meyers and Wes Hurst put on a fast acrobatic wrestling bout which amused the airmen, but the highlight of the evening was a bout which went to three falls. Ted Argue won two out of the three from Bernard, Montreal.

THE SAILORS' LADIES

by M.F.R.

Our young sister is very enthusiastic about her first Christmas contribution to the Navy. She rushed home one night full of the great idea, shrieking, "Isn't it wonderful? All the girls are going to collect something—and then every sailor is sure to get a kitty bag!" With solemn interest we told her she must certainly consider the Navy "the cat's meow."

The young bride-to-be was telling her best friend on the street car recently the thrilling details of her proposal of marriage. It seems she and her boyfriend stopped before one of those fortune-telling weight machines where the patron presses down the button indicating the fortune he'd like printed on his card. With sober attention the boyfriend looked over the variety of questions offered him for his cent, and then pushed the button marked, "Will I get my wish?" Promptly, out jumped the card with his weight neatly marked on one side, and his answer on the back—"Yes, you will get your wish if you act quickly now and stop beating around the bush." The whole thing was just so unbearably romantic that the boyfriend turned round, pocketed his poundage card for future reference—and proposed to the girl right there in front of the weight machine!

Coming from the same lady who thought a Sub-Lieutenant managed the periscope in a submersible vessel—you know what we mean—word reaches us now on wings of laughter that she is firmly convinced that Petty Officer is a nasty, derisive title!

Civilian Christmas shopping this year is like something invented by Hitler to undermine his next victim's morale. 1943 will find Dickens' version of the night before Christmas just a whimsical memory, with the newspapers of December 25 no doubt carrying the following news items:

Dec. 25: Police here are hunting for a woman (not named) who waited patiently for three hours yesterday while a group of salesgirls in a large department store carried on their private conversation in a huddle at the other end of the counter at which she was apparently trying to purchase something. When a clerk finally approached the woman, enquiring, "Have you been waited on, Madam?" it is reported that the customer gave a blood-curdling, unintelligible scream and fled from the store. She has not been heard from since. When interviewed upon the subject the salesgirl said, blankly, "Gee, she must be awful touchy."

Bigtown, Dec. 25: Four ladies from the same bridge club have posted a cash reward for the apprehension of the sales-person who sold each one of them "positively the last pre-war pair of stockings in the shop" the other day. They now find that they each gave each other the same last pair as a Christmas gift, which seemed to make the Yuletide exchange a rather monotonous affair. Mrs. Thompson says she didn't mind so much being fooled on the age of the hose, "But the pair I gave Mrs. Jones are definitely a smarter shade than these things she gave me!"

Canadiana, Dec. 25: After boasting all year of the precocity of her son Wilbur, of how much cleverer he was than the other little boys and how he got such *origina* ideas on ways to do things, Mrs. Wilson has suddenly stopped talking and it is reported that Wilbur is being sent to the local reform school next term.

Friends close to the family say that Wilbur went downtown at the height of the Christmas shopping season, walked right past all his young friends lined up to see Santa Claus—and bought out and sent home, addressed to himself, three counters of toys and gadgets on his Mother's charge account. When asked why he did not simply "whisper in Santa's ear" as to his preferences, Wilbur delivered a



Dufresne-Gonthier

That "love, honor and obey" part of the marriage ceremony will only go so far in the case of the bride in the above picture. When it comes to obeying, AB Alexander Dufresne, of Magog, Que., will do as he is told by his pretty wife, the former Mary Angela Gonthier, of Montreal, who happens to be a WRCNS Sub-Lieutenant. They were married last month in a double-ring ceremony in the Dockyard Chapel at Halifax, by Rev. Hugh MacDonald, R. C. Chaplain. The wedding was the first one in which a rating and a Wren Officer of the Canadian Navy have been married. RCN Photo.

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completely detailed monologue on the physical and scientific impossibility of any hired employee either being able to remember his desires if he were so informed, or if he did, then managing to get down the fireplace in the Wilson living room which his Mother never allows lighted anyway because the dirt from it would ruin the wallpaper. While his Mother took a good grip on herself, controlling her features admirably, five-year-old Wilbur finished up, "Besides, don't you think this Santa Claus business is a bit childish, my friend?"

Yorkettes In Action

By Wren Helen Wilkie

With the coming of winter, the Wrens at York stowed their oars and secured their whalers. Determined, however, not to let their figures (?) down at this important season of the year, they turn out every Thursday night for basketball, volleyball and badminton on the deck of York. Before the end of the year, PO Teddy Morris (Navy Rugby Coach) hopes to have a cracker-jack of a girls' basketball team, but perhaps we had better say no more until we see the team in action.

Ailey-Oop

No, it isn't a side show that performs every Monday night down on Terauley street, it is just the Wrens bowling. Eight alleys see action, the like of which has never been seen before, as each Wren, in her own 'Wreny' style, religiously throws three balls down the gutter. Miracles do happen though, and the following high scorers are looked upon by their fellow-bowlers as magicians: Mary Campell, Saskatoon-244; June Near, London, Ont.-255; Irene Wylie, Winnipeg-244; Anne Kolda, Ashville, Manitoba-263. Taking names of Destroyers to distinguish the teams, 'St. Laurent' proved to be the fastest ship and is now well ahead of the others. This team is made up of Mary Campbell, Joyce Cain, Caledonia Ontario; Edna Auger, Thurso, P. Q.; Merle Draper, Vancouver; Rose Andrews, Birtle Manitoba; and Lilla Halverson, Minnedosa, Manitoba.

The Wrens not only exercise their bodies but also their voices. Loyal supporters of the rugby team, and now of the hockey team, the players have been heard to complain that they could not distinguish the referee's whistle from the shrill shrieks of the Wrens.

So, in Sports as well as in our duties, the Wrens "Carry On" at York.

SISTER SUSIE

by Pte. W. Hinson, V. G. of C.
Sister Susie's way down East,
She won't knit sox no more;
She's looking at the fighting ships,
A-heading for the war.

I know what's in our Susie's mind
She'll win this war, you bet.
Hitler thinks he's had a fight,
But he ain't seen nothing yet.

Now Susie's got the Navy trained
She's sure to fix them subs,
Then she'll be heading for Berlin
To get that bunch of scrubs.

Sister Susie just won't knit
Although my sox are thin,

"HI SAILOR!" EAST COAST HIT REVUE



Sailors like plenty of talent and beauty in their entertainment but they don't have to go outside their own barracks nowadays to find it. Take a good look at the caste of the revue "Hi Sailor," recently produced by "Stadacona" Special Services office in Halifax, and you'll see the beauty part. Anyone who saw the mirthful and cleverly staged show can vouch for the talent in it. The revue has been seen by 3500 persons and received high praise.—RCN Photo.

"VOX POP" PLAYS SANTA TO NAVY



Two of Radio's best known mirth-makers, Parks Johnson and Warren Hull, conductors of the popular Monday night "voice of the people" program, known to listeners as Vox Pop, recently celebrated, from Halifax, the program's 12th year on the air by bringing to its American airwave audience the story of the Royal Canadian Navy's part in the battle of the North Atlantic. Here are the program participants and interviewers who told the public about some of the excitement they have experienced in the Navy. They proudly display prizes they received for their part in the show. 1. to r.—Convoy Sig. George Corless, Toronto; PO Merton Keeler, Halifax; PO George Powell, Timmins; Sto. Peter Dalpe, Timmins; Warren Hull; Wren Carol Sellars, Vancouver; Parks Johnson. Sitting in front is Sig. Eric Timmins, Hamilton. On the bicycle pre ented to him is L/Sto Jack Smith, Toronto. R. C. N. Photo.

FOOTLIGHT FANFARE

At the conclusion of the present run of the Special Services Stage Show "Hi Sailor," some 3500 persons will have seen it. And that is to say 3500 enthusiastic and appreciative officers, Wrens and ratings. By far and above the best that Special Services of HMCS Stadacona has produced to date, "Hi Sailor" is a fast-paced, cleverly-staged musical revue. Chockful of spicy comedy and catchy tunes, the show features the best of talent available—Wrens and ratings who have given up all their leisure time, and put their heart and soul into making the production the success it is. That it is a success, there is little doubt, if packed houses, generous applause and highly-complimentary comments are indicative of such. "Hi Sailor" was produced under the supervision of Lieut. Clary Harris, with dramatic direction by S/Lt. B. Berlin, and original music and lyrics by SBA Francis Johns.

Opening the show with a peppy note that is sustained throughout, "Follow the News" shows the rating-performers as newsboys, with the traditional calls. Marching down from the back of the auditorium, they join John Bray in song, as the curtains open to disclose the dancing lovelies in a "Rockette" routine. As the curtain rings down, Garry Garrioch steps into the spotlight with "Nelson Did It," a song that's now on everyone's lips. And that girl really puts it over. Then Harvey Aitken and Audrey Butler combine their flair for comedy in a rib-tickling skit appropriately entitled "Seductio Ad Absurdum." Easy-on-the-ear is the best description of Rose "Jimmy" James' rendition of "In Love Again." Throaty and mellow, she makes you think of the girl you left at home.

"Three Magazines," with Garry Garrioch as the Merry Widow, Eva Tomlinson, Gwen Parsons and Betty

She's swapped away her knitting things
For a new belaying pin.

Sister Susie's going to win
She'll do some knitting then,
But now she's all drest up in Blue,
A real, nice-looking Wren.

Barrie as the Cover Girls, and Gordon McKeen, Fernand Leveille and Harvey Aitken as the Cover Boys is a tuneful, mirthful production number that brings rounds of applause, and no wonder, with the girls at their loveliest, the boys at their funniest and Garry at her best. May Cook's monologues, "The Hairdresser" and "Debutante" are high-spots in the show. Humorous and bright, Miss Cook talks her way right into the audiences' heart. "Hi Sailor," the title song is built up into a grand song-skit as Jocelyn Wragge sings a welcome to Johnny Till as the Sailor, Had MacDowell as the Soldier and Henry Thow as the Airman. An Active Service Canteen setting and the uniforms of the three services make this number a standout.

Waltz Number

William Whiteley's Impressions are not only very funny, but delivered with a histrionic excellence that delights all. Long to be remembered, "Adoration" sees the curtains open on Lesley Hill and Gordon McKeen waltzing in a setting of fluted pillars, draped with white velvet swags and tails, and the traditional white prancing horse. Waltzing up to the microphone, they blend their splendid voices in the love-song "Adoration." Then they are joined by the Corps De Ballet, whose grace and smoothness make the ballet dance a thing of beauty. Betty Gibson and Margaret Bremner as the Pas De Deux dance beautifully as does Betty Crawford as the ballerina. "Better Late Than Never" is the title of a hilarious skit in which Alec Bowen as the Convict, Gordon Riley as the Priest, Gwen Parsons and Eva Tomlinson as the huntresses build up to a climax that leaves the audience in

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CHRISTMAS DAY

By Aunt Jemima

'Twas Christmas day on board HMCS "Slopchit." The lads in three mess had just finished their Christmas pudding and consumed their pint of rum, which is served out every day at twelve bells by the Chief cook. As the stewards cleared away the dishes and brought along the coffee and cigars the boys settled down to enjoy themselves.

Tiddley, What?

The messdeck was very cosy. The captain had bought a new carpet for the occasion and the armchairs and settees had just been recovered during a recent refit. The reading lights cast a warm glow over the scene. The soft hum of the radio, mingling with the silvery laughter of the Wren stewards in the pantry, together with the tinkling of wine glasses floated up the stairs and brought a smile to the stern lips of the captain, as he stood at the wheel, twisting it to the right and then to the left, so that the track of the ship made the message 'A Merry Christmas' to one of our aircraft circling over head.

The boys had just finished toasting the "crushers," (Regulating Petty Officers, affectionately called crushers because they crush any harsh Petty Officer who speaks sharply to any ordinary seaman), when Joe Hook-roppe jumped up on a chair "Pay attention boys," he said, "the entertainment is about to begin. I call upon O/Sea. Jim Crow for a song."

Industrious Lad

O/Sea. Jim Crow was a favorite with everyone. He had joined the Navy three months before and by his industry and paying attention to his kind Petty Officer teachers had already attracted the Captain's keen eye. In recognition of his smartness the captain had awarded him with two good conduct badges, which Jim proudly wore, one on each arm.

Amid much hand-clapping and cheering Jim made his way to the piano and whispered to the pianist. A moment later his fresh young voice was singing that stirring old ballad 'Sweet Violets'; a hush descended on the crowd, and when he finished there wasn't a dry eye on the messdeck and rough sailors unashamedly wiped away their tears with the backs of their horny hands.

"Thank you Jim Crow, that was awfully sweet," said Joe Hookrope, when the applause had died down, "and now I call upon A.B. Jack Strop to amuse us."

"Right, lads," said A.B. Strop in his breezy way. "We'll start off with a riddle. A cat fell down a well eight feet deep, for every two feet he climbed he slipped back six inches, how soon did he reach the top?"

Soon everyone was tackling this problem with pencil and paper, each man trying desperately to be the first to solve it.

"Was it a black cat?" asked the Chief Buffer.

"What did you say the muzzle velocity was?" enquired the Gunner's Mate.

Able Seaman Strop was about to reply when a terrific explosion shook the ship.

Break It Up

"Tumble up and man the guns, lads!" roared the Captain. "We are being attacked by enemy submarines."

With amazing speed the ship was prepared for action, the carpets rolled up and put away in the lockers, the wine glasses and dishes returned to the pantry, and each man had his broom clearing up the deck for action. In less than 15 minutes each man was standing at attention behind his gun with his trusty cutlass swinging by his side.

The Captain stood on the bridge, a commanding figure with his sword upraised, and gave a stirring address, concluding with these words:

"This is the first time we have been in action, my men, and I know that you will follow me wherever I go. Together we will show these Huns that it is dangerous to attack the good ship "Slopchit." and now Present. Fire."

Immediately a thunderous cheer burst from a thousand throats on the gallant destroyer, followed by the roar of the guns. Soon the air was thick with bomb-shells, torpedoes and depth charges (known as "hash cans" because they make a "hash" of submarines).

The "Slopchit" discharged broadside after broadside at the three sinister-looking, enemy submarines which were just visible on the horizon.



One, Two, Three—

Soon there was a terrific explosion onboard the first submarine and she disappeared. A moment later the nose of the second was seen to rise out of the water and she vanished into the ocean. The third one must have been hit by an incendiary bomb as

Avalon Sport Shorts

by Sully

Greetings to you sailors and sailor-ettes everywhere. We salute you from the winter playground of the Royal Canadian Navy and sincerely hope that you are all in the best of health and bubbling with optimism. At the present time "Avalon" doesn't look like a winter playground—in fact it doesn't look like much of anything with this drizzle coming down, but we expect by the time this becomes your reading material, we'll be up to our necks in snow,—or ice-water!

In comparison with all my previous columns, I'm afraid this one will be somewhat lacking in actual sports news. This is not a serious matter of course, because this just happens to be a rather slack season in "Avalon." Summer activities are concluded and as Canadian Football is not played in this country, we find ourselves with an open season. However, we try to alleviate this shortage by filling in with weight-lifting, basketball practices and so on, so that it really isn't so noticeable. Of course, there is one sport that is very active right now, and is also one of the more popular pastimes for our rainy season. I'm referring to the interpart bowling league which has been successfully operating for the

past couple of months and has now reached the mid-season mark. I, for one, was amazed at the enthusiasm evidenced by practically everyone in the base. I had never had much to do with navy bowling before, but can readily see that it is indispensable, especially here, where the weather is quite contrary, at times. There are 16 teams engaged, and the difficulties which I had visualized, in running off such a schedule just didn't materialize. Naturally there is a little trouble sometimes when some teams fail to appear for a game, but as this is mainly a repair base, and a lot of the teams are Shipwrights and E.R.A.'s, it isn't hard to find a good excuse for them.

We have absolutely no worries about basketball. When the time comes, it is probably the most popular of all indoor sports, both for our naval personnel and for the civilians hereabouts. Our interpart league has already taken shape and the main hold-up, I think, is the opening of our new Sports Office. We have been patiently waiting for the past three weeks to move in, but some little

farewell, Ye Gallant Ship and crew You roam the mighty ocean deep. So we at home can calmly sleep.

Note: The names of the characters in this story are fictitious. Any resemblance to anyone living or dead is incomprehensible.

Editors Note: Aunt Jemima is the well known writer whose column "Heart-aches Healed" is so widely known and read all over the civilized world and Germany.

Farewell, Ye Gallant lads in blue

Canadians Capture Laurels From American Boxing Team

Wins Bicycle Race

by Newfie John

L/Wtr. Milson of "Avalon" copped the annual 22-mile bicycle race of St. John's, Nfld., recently. It was the 2nd year in a row for him only this time he knocked some nine minutes off his record of 1942. Just consider 22 miles of cross country, most of it on dirt roads, in 62 minutes.

It was a great win for RCN. Of the nine who started, four positions—1st (Milson), 3rd (PTI Burton), 4th Lt. McCormick) and 5th (L/Wtr. Sheehan)—were captured by Navy.

Following up their opening boxing victory of last month over U. S. Army, RCN scored a sensational 4-2 win over U. S. Navy before an excited 1200 fans at the RCNB Gym Nov. 2. Becket, Campbell, Cunningham and Evans were top men for us chalking up 3 decisions and 1 K. O.

Davey Brown lost the opener to Natole, USN, but only after the fans had seen some of the best boxing for a long time. Both boys could hit and the crowd was in an uproar from the opening gong. The bout was even going into the last round and only telling left hooks by the American

Continued on page 11

thing always pops up, to push the date ahead. However, we expect to take root in the barracks any day now, and then things will really begin to take shape in a hurry.

There has been much difficulty this year in making any progress regarding hockey. The question of ice, has been the main factor, because up until very recently, it looked as if we just wouldn't have any. St. Bonaventure College is not open to us this year, and the Arena is strictly for pleasure skating and curling. At present tho', a scheme is underway to provide natural ice surfaces in different parts of the town, sponsored by each of the three services. I'm not at liberty to enlarge on these facts as yet, but I can assure you that, if it is at all possible, interservice and interpart hockey will definitely be on the schedule this winter. Such notables as Bill Shill and "Spike" Larabie are residing with us at present, and it would be a shame to have them go to waste. Not only that, but any good Canadian likes his hockey, and the benefits are many. Wish us luck, folks.....

There are a lot of weight-lifting enthusiasts at present, who are just waiting for the organized classes to get under way. A lot of them are getting in condition with Andre Charles in his conditioning class. We have just acquired a very good set of weights from our own Naval workshops and they receive constant use from some very big boys. One big stoker whom I'm sorry I can't name, stands in the gym and plays around with 300 pounds, just for warming up purposes. Slightly exaggerated perhaps, but nevertheless he is very good. There is no doubt whatsoever that a regulated course in weight-lifting is a great body-builder and as I said before, we have many lads who will flock to us just as soon as the new Sports Office opens up. More of this heavy stuff later.

Last, but not least by any means, we come down to our Ship's Organization. The weather has been rather unfavorable of late, but our English friends just go right on playing football as tho' they didn't notice it. Most of the Canadian ships, now that softball is finished, are directing their efforts to basketball, bowling and swimming. A number of the ships companies have requested afternoons in the gymnasium, and have put themselves under the charge of one of our PTI's for an afternoon of PT and Recreational Training.

As this is the December issue of the Crow's Nest, we wish to take this opportunity of extending our best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, to all our friends wherever they may be. We in Avalon are, of course a little envious of the people who will get home for this all-important season, but for us to indulge in self pity would only be futile and very selfish.

Lieut. McCormick, PO Stan. Burton, PO Bill Gardiner, Geoff. Harris, Andre Charles, "Sully" Summerfield, George Davies, Jack McKenzie, Adrien Bourque, and Davey Brown,—the P&RT staff of "Avalon," wish you all, the best of luck for the entire Christmas season.

R. C. N. WINS FAST BOXING TOURNEY



Pictured above are members of the RCN and US Navy boxing teams who fought in the recent RCN vs USN competition in the Gym at "Avalon." RCN won 4 matches to 2. 4th from the left in back row is Campbell one of RCN's ace performers. Campbell has 2 wins in 2 starts. Next to him (5th from left) is Evans ex-Olympic star who won his match by a decision. 7th is Leo "Tiger" Charbonneau a veteran of RCN boxing who had his bout defaulted. 8th is PTI Bourque, manager of RCN team and chief whip of the card, running all 6 bouts off in the good time of 75 minutes. Front row l. to r. is Cunningham (2nd) who has shown remarkable form in winning both of his starts, one on a decision and the other a 1st round K. O. 3rd is Davey Brown, sporting some facial damage from the night's work. Brown fought the best man US Navy had and although losing it was a close battle. He has a 1 win, 1 loss record so far. Next to him is Becket RCN, Glasgow, Scotland, an old-timer in the game who easily won his match. Next is Lt. McCormick, Sports Officer of Avalon who arranged the tournament.—RCN Photo



AN EVEN BREAK by ACE FOLEY

The Maritimes' outstanding sports writer keeps you informed and entertained daily in . . .

THE HALIFAX CHRONICLE HALIFAX DAILY STAR

Cornwallis Boxers Take Five Titles In Maritime Championship Tourney

HMCS Cornwallis boxing team came through in great style and proved that condition is the main stay in every boxer's life. It all happened in Halifax at the Maritimes Amateur Championships when the "Cornwallis" leather-pushers stepped into the ring and punched their way to five of the eight coveted titles.

The spotlight shines on Jackie Turner, flashy little Flyweight, who entered the Bantam-weight class and proved that speed is better than weight. Jackie fairly dazzled his opponents with speed as he stepped around and hit them at will.

Plucky Lad

In the final, an accident happened, which almost cost Turner the championship. Midway through the second round, the Referee stepped on his heel, breaking two small bones and badly bruising the tendon. However, Turner showed enough courage to go on and knock his opponent down twice before the final bell, to win the title.

In the Flyweight class, Amie Ramsey punched out a decisive victory over J. Brown of the RAF to win the title.

Oliver Geldart and Bill Rochon really shook up the Featherweight class, and for a while it looked as though the teammates would have to face each other in the final. Willard McCormick, of Saint John, remedied this; however, by edging out a close decision over Rochon to put him out of it. In the final, Geldart beat McCormick decisively.

"Stad" Boxer Wins

Solly Vineberg was put out of the Welter-weight class the first night when Gilbert of the RAF beat him in an exciting battle. Percy Lee of HMCS Stadacona later put the skids under Gilbert.

Claude Warwick, impressive Light-

weight, had too much on the ball for W. Naper, of Saint John. He took the lead from the start and kept it all through the bout. Sorenson of "Y" Depot was unable to meet Warwick in the final, due to an injured hand. Warwick automatically took the championship.

In the Light-heavyweight class Jack Herwynen showed plenty, to walk away with the title after giving his two opponents a lesson in boxing. Herwynen, a smooth worker, has enough natural ability to some day become a first rate fighter.

Accompanying the team were Mr. C. McDonald, P&RT Officer; PO B. O'Connor, staff boxing instructor (coach); AB H. Dubs (ass't. coach); and AB H. O'Reilly (trainer).

THE UNICORNER

News from

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

By J. M. B.

They still come in acting and talking like farm lads and after eight weeks they still go out acting and talking like sailors. There seems to be no limit to the number of Prairie boys who have a hankerin' to go down to the sea in stone frigates. And the good ship "Unicorn" is still carrying on the motherly job of changing them from blue denim to blue serge.

At the present time Lt.-Cdr. C. A. E. White, our Captain, is away and Lieut. O. K. McClocklin is carrying on in his stead. Training Officer J. A. Crist has been promoted from Sub-Lieut. to Lieutenant. We are all looking forward to the day when we will scuttle this old tub "Unicorn" and move into our new building. With luck this might happen before the end of the year.

See "Corvette" K-225

The other day the whole Ship's Company was the guest of the Tivoli Theatre to see the picture "Corvette K-225". It was an eye-opener for the boys who have never seen a ship or the sea and they came away with a better idea of what they were in for. We didn't hear of any of them asking for a discharge.

The canteen staged a very successful dance in the Cavern ballroom recently and rai ed about \$80 toward new recreation room furniture.

A boxing team from "Unicorn" made a flying trip to Dafoe to meet fighters from No. 5 Bombing and Gunnery School in an exhibition card. The boys were able to hold their own and got a great kick out of the plane ride. The hockey team and basketball team are rounding into shape and are looking forward to their coming schedules.

We have seen some familiar faces around during the past couple of days. L/Sea. "Happy" Best dropped in to say hello on his way to Scotland and we also saw P/S Lt's T. Davies, A. Burrows and L. Mathewson. Oh yes, and SBA Harry Taylor who has shot so much stuff into so many arms around here in the past, also dropped in.

GIVE US JUST ONE MORE GAME



They may not play again this year, but if they do you can depend on it, this trio will be an important factor in the outcome of the game. Pictured here are, l. to r.—Mike Hedgwick, mighty mite of Halifax Navy football team Lieut. Charles "Tiny" Herman, coach of the team, himself a former football player of renown, and "Dutch" Davey, young player from Stratford, Ont., who has been doing sensational work with the team this year.

Whether the Navy squad will get a game in at Toronto on December 4 depends on just how badly battered the Hamilton Wildcats are after their triumph of November 27 over Winnipeg RCAF Bombers, in which they captured the Canadian Rugby title. Hamilton promised to play a benefit game with the Navy team if they won the title but injuries to the team left the squad pretty weak after the championship tilt. Navy fans are anxious to see the highly-touted sailors get a crack at the title-holders and the two wins they procured last month against Navy teams from Montreal and Toronto have only made backers more rabid in a yelling for another match.—RCN Photo.

CANADIANS CAPTURE LAURELS

Continued from page 10

boy finally stopped Brown.

Veteran Fighter

Becket, fighting under RN colours gave an interesting display in beating Powers, USN. Obviously the older of the two the, RN boy chucked in all the tricks that age and experience give and emerged a winner by a close margin.

Campbell put RCN into a lead when he fought a masterful fight against Grimes, USN. It was the best of the night and the crowd got a great kick out of it. Flailing away with both hands the Canadian tar just couldn't be stopped although the USN lad was far from a novice. It was another decision win.

Cunningham, RCN, kept his record clean as he made short work of Nordonne USN, tagging him about half way through the 1st for the 10 count. Cunningham has all the earmarks of a first class boxer and the fans were a little disappointed that the bout didn't last longer.

Deliposta, USN, cut into the big lead RCN had when he pounded out a close win over Dube. Our boy was game, and although beaten, got a big hand for his efforts.

Evans, RCN, put the tournament in the bag as he displayed a brilliant offense in the opening rounds.

FOOTLIGHT FANFARE

Continued from page 9

stitches. Garry Garrioch, Fernand Leveille and the entire cast follow through with the Wren lament "Lady Can You Wield a Mop" a bright short story in song.

Harvey Aitken singing "You Gotta Be Rugged" is really a treat, and his version of "All I Had" is just about tops—a born comedian and a grand personality. And Betty Gibson proves that she's "tops in taps." The splendid baritone voice of John Bray opens the number "Sometime Before" as the second curtain lifts displaying a raised ramp with a huge picture frame in the centre. Through this picture-frame step "the Navy's most beautiful Wrens," eight breathtakingly lovely girls in costumes depicting the beautiful women of history. 'Jimmy' James

in L/SA Asselin, who was runner-up for the Canadian title in 1938. P.O. Cotey and Sub-Lieutenant Jack staged a hotly contested combat. This show was keenly watched and a class of fencers is being formed by L/S A. Asselin.

is a dream in white and gold as Helen of Troy; Stella Pennington is a lovely, seductive Salome; Lesley Hill as Guinever is truly entrancing with the traditional cone-shaped headdress; Mary, Queen of Scots is stately and beautiful in the person of Audrey Butler; Eva Tomlinson is a far lovelier Du Barry than the original; Gwen Parsons makes a gorgeous Lady Hamilton, pert and petite; Josephine portrayed by May Cook is definitely charming and vivacious. As the girls take their places in formation, and a blackout brings out their costume designs in fluorescent paint, the number reaches the heights of beauty.

Hula-La

"Fiji Isle" which opens the second act, after intermission, is a spectacle in color, with the girls and boys decked in gay sarongs, and a setting in the South Pacific. Harvey Aitken, Alec Bowen and Gordon McKeen as the Three Missionaries are subtly amusing, Johnny Till singing "Aloha Oe" adds an authentic note; and Gwen Parsons, Betty Barrie and Eva Tomlinson as the Hula Dancers are a treat for the eyes. "Swecha of Sweden" is another topnotch production number, with Garry Garrioch and the boys doing a grand job of vocalizing; and Sub-Lieut. Jack Hodge turning in a terrific job of tap-dancing that had the audience cheering.

"Doc Jekyll" sees Harvey Aitken as the Doc, Alec Bowen as the Monster and Gwen Parsons as the Angel in one of the most hilarious moments of the show. "Best Places" offers a tuneful duet, with encores of sophisticated variations. The Reprise of "Adoration" brings on the boys in a burlesque of the girls' ballet—excruciatingly funny. John Bray ushers in the finale singing "Your King and Country Needs You Now." Then the entire cast assembles on stage in a lovely montage effect, climaxed by everyone raising cardboard squares to form a huge Union Jack, circled by rainbow lighting.

Deserving of special mention is Francis Johns for his brilliant music, lyrics and staging; to Monsieur Regor who designed the stunning costumes; to Donald Armstrong, stage manager; and to the hard-working stage crew, Ira Matlock, Charles Vaughan, William Whiteley, and George Eyles; and to Alec Bowen for the outstanding set designs.

Special Services Officer—Have you any stage experience?

Stage-struck Sailor - Sure, my leg was in a cast once.

Star - Studded Queen Hockey Team Grabs Off Spotlight In Saskatchewan

by Lieut. P. H. McKew

HMCS Queen hockey team quite rightly holds the spotlight these days for we have an aggregation which we believe is headed for Memorial Cup honors. At our first game on November 18, while we won over the formidable Commando team by the narrow margin of 3 to 2, it was our first time out, and more decisive results may be expected in future. We are fortunate in having several Southern Saskatchewan Stars, including Ordinary Seamen Barrett, White, Quigley, and Slika. If our team can stick together for the season, we feel that "Queen" hockey club will be a credit both to the Service and to hockey as a whole.

Cagers In Action

Queen has entered a Basketball team in Southern Saskatchewan Basketball league. Games are played at the YMCA every Wednesday and Saturday. We have dropped our first two games, but are improving each time out. The league lasts until the end of February at which time playoffs occur and the winner has the right to meet any challenging team for the right to represent Saskatchewan in the Dominion Finals.

An Officers' bowling league is also one of the features of our winter activities and we have 20 enthusiasts, who turn out regularly each Tuesday evening. We haven't broken any records so far, but we have hopes of being in good shape by the time the turkey rolls come around.

Steal Show

At a recent ambulance display staged by the RAMC, our PT squad put on an exhibition which literally brought down the house. Congratulations are in order to Lieut. Ed. Walker and L/Sea. E. Briggs who were responsible for the performance of this stellar squad.

Our dance floor is now completed and by kind permission of our Cap-

tain, Lt.-Cdr. Pickersgill, we will open officially with a Ship's Company dance in the near future. Three hundred guests are expected and a successful evening appears to be in the offing.

A report of this and of other Social activities taking place during the current month will be in the next issue of the Crow's Nest.

Like many other training establishments, we are becoming Wren minded and we are now the proud possessors of five W. R. C. N. S. members. Latest arrivals are Wren Irene Elliott of Calgary, Wren Dorothy McLean of Kamloops, and Wren Pauline E. Gar-side, Regina. We extend to them a cordial welcome.

'York' Gridiron Squad Can Be Proud Of Record

By L/Sea. Jack Judges

"York's" Rugby Squad did not win the Ontario Rugby Football title this year, but they made it interesting for all corners.

The average age of the team was 21. This in itself speaks well for Coach Teddy Morris, as those who know rugby realize it is not much more than a junior team which he had at his disposal. The fact that he had them in there making it tough for all opposition is proof of his ability to get the best out of fellows. A further fact is, that, of all the teams in the Union, Navy was the only one that had to build from scratch. Other clubs had enough left-overs from last year to make a start, but only Sandy Milne was on hand at "York."

Hockey

"York" is not represented by an aggregation of N.H.L. all-stars, but has on the ice a squad quite similar in type if not in name to last year's grand crowd. O/Sea. Red Gilbert guards the nets.

Fencing made its debut into HMCS York when the followers of Foil and Sabre were treated to a display of the art by members of the Ship's Company and Mr. E. A. Dalton, a former Canadian champion. Mr. Dalton gave a short history of the various weapons used, and then proceeded to demonstrate each with a capable opponent

Niobe Notebook

(A few notes from "Over There")

by PTI's J. Hancock and M. Cockburn

Greetings and salutations—Once again this is Camp "Niobe" calling from "over there." The summer sports league wound up in fine style with the presentation of cups and medals at Sunday Divisions, September 26, by Captain E. R. Brock.

The Stokers softball team took the softball title after eliminating the Watch-Keepers in a very close game, 3-2. Members of the winning team were as follows: G. Dempster, (Toronto) S. Greenhalgh, (Hamilton) R. Taylor, (Hamilton) J. Shelley, (Montreal) G. How, (Dartmouth) S. Moses, (St. Catharines) J. Rudge, (Windsor) R. Rounding, (Windsor) J. Duff, (Port Colbourne) J. Cleary, (Cornwall) E. Riley, (Powell River, B.C.) J. Wilson, (Timmins) J. Smith, (Sudbury) J. Bremner (Port McNichol). Trainer—J. Moore, (Sydney, Cape Breton) Coach—M. Burns, (Vancouver).

In the Volleyball League, the Chiefs and P.O.'s (Executive) came out on top after a brisk series with the Communication team. Those on the winning team were: Yeoman C. Scott (Paris), Yeoman G. McCue (Drumheller), RPO W. Gibbs (Winnipeg), RPO A. Thompson (Toronto), CPO Barker (Victoria), CPO M. Miller (Regina), Plbr. A. Hopewell (Montreal), PTI J. Hancock (Toronto), PO Wm. Chedister (Victoria), Yeoman A. Andres (Calgary).

Lucky Horseshoes

The Accountant Branch edged out the Seaman for the Horse hoe championship. In the final series every second shoe was a ringer, which shows the boys were really on. Upholding the honors for the Accountant branch were: Leading Writer B. Laing (Hamilton) and Leading Writer A. Jones (Winnipeg). Then once again the Accountant Branch stole the limelight by taking the Table Tennis league. Chiefs & P.O.'s (Executive) ended up in a very close second place. Leading Writer G. Ferguson (P.E.I.) and Supply Assistant J. Rae (Toronto) copped the silverware for the Accountant Branch.

"Niobe's" hockey squad hasn't started as yet this season, pending arrangements being made by the Canadian Y.M.C.A. Overseas, who by the way have been doing excellent work for Niobe in every manner possible. The Ship's Company make full use of the twenty odd pair of skates in the sports office which are available to one and all. The Chiefs & P.O.'s (Executive) held a dart and cribbage tournament this month and the buffer—PO Stevenson walked away with the cribbage series taking PO Liversidge two straight games in the finals. Yeoman McCue was the decided champ in the Dart Tournament. This month Bingo was one of the highlights, as £46 in cash prizes were given away to the Ship's Company. We believe this to be the only Canadian Naval base to run Bingo along these lines as it cost the lads nothing to play. Gym hockey got away to a flying start and has proved very popular. The teams play three minute periods which are packed full of action and bruises; and the lads get a real work-out.

The movies are well organized now and two different pictures a week are shown. Early in the month an ENSA Concert party called "Double Scotch" entertained the Ship's Company in the drill hall and it was tops from start to finish. The boys really gave them a big hand in appreciation.

Regular Dances

Netherhall, a Wren's quarter near-by, sends a regular invitation to us for their Sunday night dances which are "A-1" and enjoyed by all who go.

The Billiard and Snooker room is going full blast and is booked up every night, and has just been outfitted with new equipment. A snooker night was held this month between HMS "Orlando" and "Niobe". Our team consisted of six Chief and Petty Officers and six seaman and miscellaneous ratings.

The Chief and P.O.'s were represented by MAA Tim O'Leary, Chief Steward Johnson, R.P.O. Gibbs, Yeoman Scott, Yeoman McCue, and CPO Miller. The seaman and miscellaneous team was composed of L/Wtr. Jones, L/Wtr. C. Hobbs, Tel. Grant, A.B. Webb, L/Wtr. Laing, and PTI M. Cockburn. The scoring was counted as the highest number of points made per team. "Orlando" CPO's won out by 13 points and Niobe's Seaman team walked off, winning by the large total of 157 points. Refreshments were served and a splendid night was had by all. A return match at Niobe is now being arranged.

The CPO's held a dance this month in the Recreation Hall. Music was furnished by records over the P.A. system and Harry James' records—No! no relation to Harry James our T.I.—were put to good use. The Captain, Officers and Nursing Sisters were present and a good time was had by all.

Sailors At Universities

Over here fellows sometimes find it hard to choose a place to spend their leave. Our Padre has overcome this difficulty by securing special courses in Universities in both England and Scotland. The chaps enjoy these special courses and at the same time are taken on tours around the country and given lectures. Thanks to our Padre—Rev. Harry Ploughman.

This month twelve Canadian Wrens found their way to "Niobe" one morning and were promptly shipped out again next morning to their censored destination, which brought forth many drips and moans from Niobe's mate-lots. Better luck next draft, fellows.

Wedding bells were heard to ring out for the first time in HMCS Niobe's Chapel, when Stoker Petty Officer Ward took Nursing Sister Mary Frame to be his wife. The marriage was in true Naval Tradition with the Chief and Petty Officers forming the guard of honour and drag-ropes crew. The reception was held in the Chief and Petty Officers' Mess and Captain Brock was the first to toast the newly wedded couple.

AN RCNVR RECORD TO BEAT

This year brings to a close the 19 years service Tim O'Leary has rendered the RCNVR. Tim first enlisted in Toronto on September 26, 1924. In the Toronto Barracks at that time the ship's company numbered something like fifty in complement. Here Tim first performed his seamanlike duties as bugler. From Toronto he proceeded to Halifax to head out to sea on the "Ypres" which at that time was a minesweeper. In 1926 he qualified as one of the first seaman gunners the Canadian Navy had. From there he advanced up to Gunlayer 2nd class and became an instructor in the Gunnery School. In 1929 he passed for Leading Seaman and went off to sea again in one of the R.N. ships, the "Capetown." In 1931 he was back to sea again in the "Skeena" and 1934 saw him serving on another R.N. ship the "Dundee." In 1936 he became a Petty Officer and also took on the job of being a husband and making his home in Toronto. 1939 saw him at sea again in HMS "Berwick" when the King and Queen paid their visit to Canada. The same year he was presented with the Coronation Medal. At the outbreak of war he came to Halifax and took up duties at "Stadacona," and was transferred to HMCS Venture to take up his first regulating PO's duties. Hence he went to HMCS Niobe and passed professionally for Master-at-Arms at HMS Sandhurst, and became the "Jaunty" at Niobe.

The O'Leary family is quite well represented in this war. Besides Tim,

HERE and THERE IN HMCS MONTCALM

With W. J. E.

Judging by the team's showing in its first game, the basketball team here should be in the thick of the fight for the honors in the Quebec Garrison Basketball league this winter. In their first encounter they managed to outscore the RCOC quintette 30 to 11.

After a somewhat shaky start the bowling team is starting to go places. They are in second position at the present time, three games back of the pace-setters.

To show their appreciation to Jim Einarson, four ratings from Ottawa, Clifford Martell, Pat Warmock, H. R. Wilson and D. W. Good presented him with a small present on the occasion of his birthday.

One of the new ratings, Harold "Doc" Dafoe is a nephew of the illustrious, late doctor by the same name. In case you cannot remember who he is, it is Doctor A. R. Dafoe who brought the quintuplets into the world.

Feeling the call to combined operations, S/Lt. K. G. Crowhurst has left HMCS Montcalm for overseas service. He will be missed in his duties as training officer.

If he is as good as his famous uncle, Ivan Johnson should be a big help to the ship's hockey team. His uncle was the famous "Ching" who played with New York Rangers for many years.

Add social notes, Jim Einarson of the ship's regulating office entertained in honor of his birthday. Leading Cook Higham made a cake for the occasion. Only coffee was drunk, however.

At the present time only two Wrens grace our ship. They are Anita Currier from Sherbrooke P.Q. and Ruth Kidd, the little red-head from Drumheller Alberta. Both girls are welcome additions to the establishment.

The boys here are going to indulge in boxing this winter. S/Lt. Poirier is in charge of arrangements in this sport.

Congratulations are being extended to L/Sea. J. P. Woods who is taking the fatal steps into the holy bonds of matrimony in the near future.

Harley H. Cowan is another of the ratings who has taken the step lately. At the present time he is taking a course in "Cornwallis."

Competition is very keen every week for the cup donated by A/Lt.-Cdr. E. F. Noel for the best division of the week.

Joe P. Woods made a good record by winning the cup two weeks in a row. It was the first time that any division had won it twice in succession.

"Waitress, what's wrong with these eggs?"
"I don't know; I only laid the table."—The Gateway.

there are two brothers serving with the forces, one in the RCNVR, and one with the Army now in Italy.

One outstanding feature of MAA O'Leary's service in the RCNVR is that he has never had a black mark on his papers—has never even been on the Quarter Deck with his hat off!

His athletic ability has not to be missed either, as it is known he was quite a boxer in his younger days. At "Niobe," you will see him playing at all sports with the rest of the Ship's Company.

His wife now resides in Toronto with his one son who is two years of age. M.A.A. Tim O'Leary—We Salute You!



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Popular Officers At "Chippawa" Leave Winnipeg On New Service

Three of HMCS Chippawa's most popular officers left Winnipeg last month following appointment overseas, two to combined operations duty and one on loan to the Royal Navy. They are: Surg-Lt.-Cdr. John L. Silverside, Lieut. A. D. Rayburn and Surg-Lieut. William Arbuckle.

A native of Winnipeg, Lt.-Cdr. Silverside joined the Navy in 1940. His successor as senior medical officer is Surg-Lieut. Quentin D. Jacks, of Brandon.

Lieut. Rayburn, also headed for "combined ops," is succeeded as Chippawa's X.O. by Lieut. L. D. Cannon, of Montreal. Lieut. Rayburn, whose home is Calgary, first joined the RCNVR in 1929. Unattached to the Navy from 1936 to September, 1939, he rejoined the day war was declared and went to the west coast as a leading seaman.

Lieut. Arbuckle, of Toronto, is a graduate of McGill University, Montreal. He went active in July, 1942, and was stationed at Esquimalt before being appointed to "Chippawa" about a year ago.

TUG O' WAR MEN IN THE MONEY



They're in the money! And—judging by the wide smiles, they're going to enjoy spending it! Pictured above are the nine stalwarts from Drake Division at HMCS Hunter, who won first place in the Tug-Of-War contest at the Track and Field meet held recently at Windsor, Ont. Defeating strong teams from Frobisher Division, Officers and Accountants, the "huskies" above are: l. to r. Front Row: O/Sea. G. Jervais, O/Sea. R. Pelkie, O/Sea. J. M. Presley and O/Sea. V. C. White. Back Row: O/Pat. H. Heidt, O/Pat. Chapman, Sto. I. H. Gordon, O/Sea. J. Seagull, and O/Sea. J. A. Marion. Photo by L/Sea. Dolamore, HMCS Hunter, Windsor, Ont.